The Bohemians.
An Opera in four Acts
(founded upon Murger's Novel "La Vie de Bohème")

Composed by G. Puccini

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(Printed in Italy)
THE BOHEMIANS
THE BOHEMIANS
(FOUNDED UPON "LA VIE DE BOHÈME," BY HENRY MURGER)
AN OPERA IN FOUR ACTS
BY
GIUSEPPE GIACOSA AND LUIGI ILLICA
MUSIC BY
GIACOMO PUCCINI

ENGLISH VERSION OF
ACTS I AND II BY WILLIAM GRIST
ACTS III AND IV BY PERCY PINKERTON

ARRANGED BY CARLO CARIGNANI

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**CHARACTERS**

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*Students—Work Girls—Citizens—Shopkeepers*

*Street vendors—Soldiers—Restaurant waiters—Boys*

*Girls, &c. &c.*

*Time about 1830 in Paris.*
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... rain or dust, cold or heat, nothing stops these bold adventurers.

Their existence of every day is a work of genius, a daily problem which they always contrive to solve with the aid of bold mathematics.

When want presses them, abstemious as anchorites—but if a little fortune falls into their hands see them ride forth on the most ruinous fancies, loving the fairest and youngest, drinking the oldest and best wines and not finding enough windows whence to throw their money; then—the last crown dead and buried—they begin again to dine at the table d'hôte of chance where their cover is always laid; contrabandists of all the industries which spring from art, in chase from morning till night of that wild animal which is called the crown.

Bohemia has a special dialect, a distinct jargon of its own. This vocabulary is the hell of rhetoric and the paradise of neologism.

... ... ... ... 

A gay life; yet a terrible one!...

(H. Murger, preface to the "Vie de Bohème") (*)

(*) Rather than follow Murger's novel step by step, the authors of the present libretto, both for reasons of musical and dramatic effect, have sought to derive inspiration from the French writer's admirable preface.

Although they have faithfully portrayed the characters, even displaying a certain fastidiousness as to sundry local details; albeit in the scenic development of the opera they have followed Murger's method by dividing the libretto into four separate acts, in the dramatic and comic episodes they have claimed that ample and entire freedom of action which (rightly or wrongly) they deemed necessary to the proper scenic presentation of a novel the most free, perhaps, in modern literature.

Yet in this strange book, if the characters of each person therein stand out clear and sharply defined, we often may perceive that one and the same temperament bears different names, and that it is incarnated, so to speak, in two different persons. Who cannot detect in the delicate profile of one woman the personality both of Mimi and of Francine? Who as he reads of Mimi's "little hands, whiter than those of the Goddess of Ease" is not reminded of Francine's little muff?

The authors deem it their duty to point out this identity of character. It has seemed to them that those two mirthful, fragile and unhappy creatures in this comedy of Bohemian life might aptly figure as one person whose name should be, not Mimi, not Francine, but "The Ideal"

G. G.—L. J.
"Mimi was a charming girl specially apt to appeal to Rudolph, the poet and dreamer. Aged twenty-two, she was slight and graceful. Her face reminded one of some sketch of a hightborn beauty; its features had marvellous refinement. The hot, impetuous blood of youth coursed through her veins, giving a rosy hue to her clear complexion that had the white velvety bloom of the camelia. This frail beauty allured Rudolph. But what wholly served to enchant him were Mimi's tiny hands, that, despite her household duties, she contrived to keep whiter even than those of the Goddess of Ease."
THE BOHEMIANS
by
GIACOMO PUCCINI.

First Act.

In the Attic.
Spacious window from which one sees an expanse of snow-clad roofs, on left a fireplace. A table, a small cupboard, a little book-case, four chairs, a picture easel, a bed; a few books, many packs of cards, two candlesticks. Door in the middle, another on left.

(Curtain rises quickly. Rudolph and Marcel. Rudolph looks pensively out of the window, Marcel works at his painting "The passage of the Red Sea" with hands nipped with cold, and warms them by blowing on them from time to time, often changing position, on account of the frost.)

Allegro vivace. \( \text{\textit{d}=108} \)
Marcel (seated continuing to paint).

This Red sea Passage feels as damp and chill to me.

Marcel.

As if down my back a

(stream were flowing.)

But, in revenge, a Pharaoh will I drown.
Marcel.
(to Rudolph)
And you?

Rudolph (turning himself a little).
Lo stesco movimento.
Lazily rising,
See, how the smoke from thousands of
(chimneys floats upward)
And yet that stove of ours
No fuel seems to need, the idle rascal!
Content to
poco rit.

live in ease, just like a lord!

Marcel.

'Tis now a good long while since we paid his lawful

Rudolph.

Of what use are the forests, all white under the snow?

wa - ges.

Mar. Now,

Lo stesso movimento.

Rudolph, let me tell you a fact that over-

Rudolph.

(approaching Marcel) a tempo

a tempo

(blowing on his fingers)

And I Marcel, to be quite

comes me

I'm simply frozen

ff a tempo

col canto

164387
I’ve no faith in the sweat of my brow.

All my fingers are frozen.

Just as if they’d been touching that iceberg,

Touching that block of marble, the heart of false Mur-

Ah! love’s a stove consuming a deal of fuel.

(time a long sigh laying aside his palette and brushes and ceases painting)
Where the man does the burning
Too quickly, and the woman the lighting

As the one becomes ashes
The other stands and watches

Meanwhile in here we're frozen
And we're dying of hunger

Fire must be lighted (seizing a chair and about to break it up.)
I have it! This crazy chair shall save
(joyously at an idea which has seized him)

(Runs to the table and from below he lifts a bulky manuscript)

Eu - re - ka!

Yes!

You've found it.

a tempo come primo

When gen - ius is rou - sed, i - deas come fast in

p a tempo come primo

fla - shes

(pointing to his picture) No; think what a stench would occa - sion!

Let's burn the Red Sea!

But my dra - ma, my beau-ti-ful dra - ma shall give us

100357
warmth. a tempo
Marcel (with comic terror).

In-tend you to read it. 'Twill chill us.

paper in flame shall be burning The soul to its heaven returning great

(loss but the world yet must bear it when Rome is in

col canto col canto

(gives Marcel a portion of the manuscript)

peril!
Marcel (with exaggeration.)

Great soul! Well!

Here take you the first act.
Tear it.

And light it.

Rudolph strikes a flint on steel, lights a candle and goes to the store with Marcel; together they set fire to a part of the manuscript thrown into the fireplace, then both draw up their chairs and sit down, delightedly warming themselves.

How joyous the rays!

Colline enters frozen, and nipped up, stamping his feet and throwing angrily on the table a bundle of books tied up in a handkerchief.

Surely, miraculous apocalyptic are dawning!
For Christmas eve they ho-nour by al- low-ing no pawning!

Rudolph.

(to Colline)

self-seeing fire in the stove)

Gently, it is my drama

See if a fire here?

In

Brilliant!

blazes.

I find it ve-ry sparkling!

(The fire languishes)

Brevity's deemed a treasure.

Too short its phrases!
(taking the chair from Rudolph)

These foolish

Your chair pray give me, Author.

Rudolph (taking another portion of the manuscript).

Here is the next act.

entr'actes merely make us shiver. Quickly!

(to Colline)

Hush not a whisper.

(Rudolph tears up the manuscript and throws it on the fireplace, the flame revives. Colline moves his chair nearer and warms his hands, Rudolph is standing near the two with the rest of the manuscript.)

Lo stess movimento.

Colline.

Colour how true

Lo stess movimento. How deep the thought is
Rudolph.

In that blue smoky drama is dying full of its love scenes ardent and

Colline. rif. a tempo Marcel.

new A leaf see crackle a tempo Those were all

Rudolph (throws on the fire the remaining manuscript).

Marcel.

kisses Three acts at once desire to hear.

Rudolph.

(applaud enthusiastically)

Marcel.

Dreams that in bright flame soon disap-

Colline.

Dreams that in bright flame soon disap-

On ly the daring can dream such visions. Dreams that in bright flame soon disap-
(the flame diminishes)

Mar.

pear.

Ye

Mar.

Gods! see the leaves wellnigh perished!

C.

How vain is the drama we cherished!

Mar.

PP molto rall.

They crackle! they curl up they

Mar.

Colline. die.

The Author! down down with him we

The Author! down down with him we

100337
(From the middle door enter two boys, one bearing food, wine and cigars, the other a fagot of wood. At the noise the three at the fire turn round and with a cry of wonder they dart on

the provisions borne by the boys and deposit them on the table; Colline takes the wood and carries it near the store.)

Rudolph.

Marcel.

Colline.

(grows towards evening) (enthusiastically)

Then abundance of a feast day we are destined yet to know.

Bordeaux (enters with a triumphant air.)

Schaunard (throwing some

Such wealth in the

Then abundance of a feast day we are fated yet to know.

190857
(Exeunt the two boys)

(Picking up the coins)

(incredulously)

Tin coin on the ground)

balance Out-weighs the Bank of France.

Then takethemthen take them.

me-dals? in-spect them! (Showing one to Marcel)

gridato

You're deaf, then? or beareyed? What face do they

pleggero

Rudolph. (bowing)

King Louis Philippe to my monarch I bow. Shall King Louis Philippe at our

Mar.

shall King Louis Philippe at our

S.

shall King Louis Philippe at our show?

shall King Louis Philippe at our

shall King Louis Philippe at our
(They place the money on the table)  
(Will go on recounting his good luck; the others do not listen to him, but go on arranging everything on the table)

Now I'll explain;  
This gold has— or rather silver—

Has

Marcel.

(putting wood on the stove)

First the stove to replenish.

its own noble story.

Colline.

"Twas an

So much cold has he suffered.
Eng - lish- man then, Lord— or Mi-lord as may be, Desired a nu-

Rudolph.

Where is the food?

Mar.

Off! Let us furnish the ta- ble!

S.

si-cian.

Colline.

There!

I flew to him.

12

(They make up a great fire in the stove) (they arrange the viands,

gridato Here!

S.

I pay my homage;

Accepted, I en- quire.

C.

Here's cold roast-
while Rudolph lights the other candle)

Mar.

And savoury patty.

C.

When shall we start the lessons?

poco rall.

When I seek him, in answer to my question When shall we start the

ff poco rall.

les-sons?" He tells me: "now at once!"

rall. a tempo

look there! showing a parrot that on the first floor hung; then con- tinues: "you must
Rudolph.

Brilliantly lightens the room into

play until that bird has ceased to live,

Thus it befell, Three

splendour.

(puts the two lighted candles on the table)

Marcel.

Here are the candles.

days I play and yell,

Then on the servant girl try all the

Colline.

What lovely pastry!

Mar.

With no table-cloth

S.

charms where with I'm laden, the charms where with I'm laden. I fascinate the
Rudolph.

An idea.

The Constitutional.

Excellent paper! One eats a meal and swallows news at the same time.

With parsley I approach the bird.

His brilliance.

(arranging the newspapers as a table-cloth, Rudolph and Marcel bring the four chairs to the table while Col-

Meno.

beak Lo-ri-to opens, Lo-ri-to's wings outspread Lo-

Meno.

line busies himself about the eatables.) poco ral. (seeing that no one is listening, grasps

ri-to opens his beak. A little piece of parsley gulps as Socrates is
Colline as he passes with a plate.) (pettishly)

dead.

Colline. parlato

The de-vil fly a-way with you en-tire -

Who?

Poco meno.

(singing the rest in the act of commencing to eat the cold pastry.)

gridato

What are you do-ing? No,

(with solemn gesture extends his hand over the pastry and prevents his friends from eating it, then takes the cata-

bles from the table, and puts them in the cupboard.)

Fraught with gloom and sorrow. To-dine at home on the day of Christmas vi-gil,

While the Quartier Lat-in em-bel-lish-es Its ways with dainty food and tempting

roll.
16 Allegretto mosso. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 122.

Meanwhile the smell of savoury re-lish.

Frit-ters. The old street fills with fragrant o-

(Rudolph, Marcel and Colline surround Schuonard merrily.)

door. There singing joyously merry maidens ho-ver

Tis the glad-some Christ-mas eve.

Tis the glad-some Christ-mas eve.

Tis the glad-some Christ-mas eve.

Having for echo each a stu-dent

\( \text{b} \)en sostenido il tempo
Moderato.

Little of religion comrades I pray.

Within doors

I. Tempo. (Allegro brillante.)

(Rudolph locks the door then all go to the table)

Drink we. But we dine away.

And pour out wine.)

Marcel.

(All are in amazement)

Benoit.

(two knocks at the door.)

Who is there?

A piacere

'Tis I!

A piacere

'Tis Be-

A piacere

(solemnly)
17 Allegro vivo. $d = 152$.

Tis the landlord is knocking.

noit.

Allegro vivo. $d = 152$.

their glasses.)

Bolt the door quickly! (calling towards the door)

gridato No, there is no one.

Benoit. 'Tis fast'ned! (without)

Give me a word pray.

Schaunard. (after consulting his friends goes and opens the door)

At once.
(receiving him with great cordiality)

Benoit (enters smilingly, showing a paper to Marcel)  

(a piaccere)

Hal-lo! Give him a

The rent.

col canto

18 Andantino mosso.  \( \text{dotted} \)  \( \text{100} \).

Rudolph.

Quickly.  

(offers Benoit a glass of wine)

Mar.

seat friends.  

Schaunard.

(with gentle firmness insists on his sitting down)

Some

Sit down!

Andantino mosso.  \( \text{dotted} \)  \( \text{100} \).  

Do not trouble. I beg you.

Benoit, Rudolph, Marcel and Schaunard seated. Colline standing.

Your health!  

(All drink.)

Mar.

Colline. Bordeaux.

Your health!

B.

Thank you!
Marcel. Good health! (ingenuously)

Glad to hear it.

Drink up! (Puts down his glass and turns to Marcel showing him the document)

Tis the quarter's rent I call for.

(raising his glass)

(interrupting him) Your health!

Another tipple.

Your health!

and therefore— Thank you!

(All touching Benoit's glass)

Drink we all your health, Sir!

They sit and drink; Colline takes the stool near easel, and sits down also.)

Drink we all your health, Sir!

Drink we all your health, Sir!

Drink we all your health, Sir!
Benoît (resuming to Marcel)
To you I come as the quarter now is ended.

Marcel.  
(Showing Benoit the money on the table)
PP

B.  
you have promised.

Rudolph (with amazement aside to Marcel)
Art mad?

Mar.  
Schaunard.  
(aside to Marcel)
Hast seen it? Then

Mar.  
What do you?  
PP

Mar.  
19  
Andantino.  \( \text{d} = 56 \)

give your care a respite and join our friendly circle.

Mar.  
(re-sting his elbows on the table)
con maratra intenzione

Mar.  
Tell me how many years—Boast you of my dear
Our own age less or more.

Sir. Benoît. (parlato)

My years! Spare me I pray. Much more, very much more

(While they make Benoît chatter, they fill up his glass immediately that it is empty)

(Muttering his voice and with mischievous tone of half)

C. Tother

He says 'tis less or more.

(to spoken protesting)

Mar. evening at Mabille I caught him In a passage of

Mar. love. Benoît. (uneasy)

At Mabille. 'Tother evening I
Mar. caught you. De-ny? She was lovely. (slaps him on the shoulder)

Schaunard. (half drunk, suddenly) Old Bynchance'twas. Ahive-ry.

Rudolph. Old ras-call Old rascal!

Mar. He's an oaktree. He's a

S. ras-call! (slaps him on the other shoulder) Old ras-call!

Colline. Vile seducer!

B. He has good taste then.

Mar. cannon. Her hair was cur-ly auburn. With ar- dent

S. Benoit. (laughing) Old knave.

ha! ha!
Lo stessomovimento, \( \text{d} \cdot \text{d} \).

Rudolph (with ironical gravity)

Ardent with joy he sprang to her embraces.

To him she

Ardent with joy he sprang to her embraces.

Benoit (in very confidential style)

 bashful was I in youth; Now somewhat I repay me.
Must know that my one delight is a merry dam-

(accentuated)

Ancora più mosso

sel and small.
do not ask a

cresc. molto e string.

whale, nor world map to study, Nor like a full moon, a face round and ruddy; But

sosten.

parlato a tempo

leaness, downright leaness, No, No, No a tempo Lean women's

ff sosten.

claws of ten times are scratchy, Their temper somewhat catchy. Full of

pp leggeriss. poco rall. — — ppp Lento
aches too and mourning as my wife is my warning.

(bangs his fist down on the table and rises; the others follow his example; Benoît looks at them in bewilderment) **Sostenuto**

A wife possessing yet

Rudolph. **con forza Sostenuto**

His vile pollution poisons our thoughts confessing impure.

Schaunard.

Colline. Foul shame!

Foul shame!
(Benoit staggeringly rises and tries in vain to speak)

honest abode.

With perfume we must fumigate.

Hence!

Hence!

Benoit.

Hence!

Drive him forth. The repabate.

(They surround Benoit, and gradually push him to the door)

Be silent.

silent.

sensed. Hence expels you.

Be silent.

Be silent.

Be silent.

Be silent.

I say.

Sirs, I beg you.

continually more bewildered)
(pushing Benoit outside the door)

Rudolph.

Hence a-way!

Out your lord-ship, Hence a-way!

Out your lord-ship, Hence a-way!

Out your lord-ship, Hence a-way!

(all standing at the door, looking towards the landing of the staircase)

Wish we your Lord-ship a pleasant Christmas.

Wish we your Lord-ship a pleasant Christmas.

Wish we your Lord-ship a pleasant Christmas.

Wish we your Lord-ship a pleasant Christmas.
(returning to the centre of the scene)

a tempo (laughing)

R.

eve. Ah! ah! ah! ah!

a tempo (laughing)

Mar.
eve. Ah! ah! ah! I have paid the last quarter.

a tempo (laughing)

S.
eve. Ah! ah! ah! ah!

22 Allegretto. $=116$

Mar. Long live the spender!

S. In the Quartier Latin Momus awaits.

Allegretto. $=116$

Rudolph. (They divide the money on the table.) We'll divide.

Colline. We'll divide.
Marcel (holding out a cracked mirror to Colline.)

Beauty is a gift heaven descended; Now you are rich to

decency pay tribute. Bear! have your mane attended.
The first chance can

find I will make acquaintance with a beard eraser. To guide me to the

monstrous outrage of a barber's weapon. Let's
Rudolph.

Marcel. (humorously)

Schaunard (humorously) We go!

We go, we go! (humorously)

We go.

23 Andantino. \( \frac{4}{4} \)

R.

stay here, must I the article for my new journal

Marcel. “Beaver.”

Five minutes only, I know the work.

Colline.

Be quick then.

Well a-wait you
(takes a light from the table and goes to open the door; Marcel, Colline and Schaunard go out and descend the staircase.)

Five minutes on - ly.

Schaunard.
Delay and you'll hear the chorus.

You must cut short the

at the porter's lodge.

Schaunard.

24 Allegro vivo. (l' tempo)

Beaver's growing tale!

Rudolph.
(on the landing near the open door holding up the candle.)

Marcel. (from without).

Go slowly!

Look to the staircase; keep well to the handrail.
Schaunard

(the voices of Marcel, Schaunard and Colline continually receding)
(from without)

Colline (from without)

May the por-ter be damned!

How plaguing dark 'tis!
(noise as of one falling)

Rudolph.

(crying out)

I have tumbled!

R.

(line, are you dead yet? (further off)

Marcel.

(in the distance from the bottom of the staircase)

Come quickly!

C.

Not this time.

(Rudolph shuts the door, puts down the light and clears a corner of the table, places on it pen and paper then sits down and sets himself to write after having put out the other candle which had remained burning.)
Allegretto.

(writes, breaks off, thinks, turns again to write.)

(Is restless, destroys the writing and throws down the pen)

Mimi.

Lento. (without)

Rudolph (to himself).

(A timid knock on the door is heard)

Pardon. (rising)

I'm out of humour! Who's there? Tis a lady!

Lento.

Excuse me. My candle's gone out. (runs and opens)

Pray is it?

(with an extinguished candle and a key)

M.

would you —

No, I thank you! (pressing)

Pray be seated a moment. I beg you enter.
Allegro agitato.

(entr'acte is seized with a fit of coughing)

M

(pressing)

No

Nothing.

R

Are you not well?

You are quite

Allegro agitato.

(swoons, and Rudolph has hardly time to support her and place her on a chair while she drops her candlestick and book)

(sighs)

poco rall.

My breath! 'tis the staircase...

Rudolph.

(Embarassed)

a piacere

(tries to fetch water and sprinkles it on her face)

What can I do to aid her? Ah, this!

How

Mimi.

28 Andante moderato. \( \frac{d}{d} = 88 \)

(revives)

(col canto)

(looking at her with great interest)

Lento a piacere

Yes!

R.

very pale her face is!

Andante moderato. \( \frac{d}{d} = 88 \)

Do you feel better?
Rudolph. (Mimi makes signs in the negative)

Here 'tis very chilly. Nearer the fire be seated an instant!

Mimi. (drinks)

Thank you! Not so much, please! Thank you!

(gives her a glass and pours out wine)

A little wine For you. Like this?

(rising looks for her candlestick)

M. lentamente

Now please allow me to light my candle, I'm feeling much better.

R.

How lovely a maiden!

(prepares to go)

M. Yes!

(see: the candlestick on the floor, picks it up, relights it and hands it to Mimi without speaking)

R.

What? so quickly?
Now good evening.

(accompanies her to the door)

rall.

dolce.

Oh! how

(returning suddenly
to the table)

Now good evening.

stupid, how stupid, the key of my poor chamber

p con agitation

where can I have left it?

Come, stand not in the door.

(Mimi's light goes out)

Good

way, your candle is flickering in the wind
gracious! please light it just once more!

(Runs with his candle but as he nears the door his light too is blown out; the room remains in darkness.)

Oh dear!

(groping about she reaches the table and deposits the candlesticks)

Ah! and the key where can it

Now there's mine gone out, too.

he?—I'm so sorry.

(finds himself near the door and fastens it)

What a nuisance! Where can it be?

28 with politeness and advancing cautiously)

Pray forgive your tiresome little neighbour.
(Turns where he hears the voice) 
Pray for-give your tire-some neigh-bour...

Nothing, I as-sure you!

(looks for the key on the floor sliding over it)

Look for it.

Do not men-tion it, I pray you.  

(knocks against the table, deposits his candestick and searches for the key with his hands on the floor)

Where can it be?

I'm look-ing!

Have you found it?

(Finds the key; lets an exclamation escape; suddenly checks himself and puts key in his pocket)

Ah!

No!
I think so. Found it?

In very truth.

Rudolph.

(reigns to search; but guided by Mimi's voice and movements, tries to approach her)

Not yet!

(Mimi stoops to the floor, continually feeling; at this moment Rudolph approaches her, and stooping, his hand meets Mimi's)

Andantino affettuoso. \( \text{d} = 58 \)

Ah!

(holding Mimi's hand with a voice full of emotion)

Your tiny hand is frozen! Let me
warm it into life. Our search is useless; In darkness all is hidden.

Ere long the light of the moon shall aid us,

(Mimi tries to withdraw her hand)

Yes, in the moon-light our search let us resume, dear. One moment, pretty
maiden, while I tell you in a trice
Who I am,

What I do and how I live.

(Mimi is silent, Rudolph lets go her hand, when recoiling she finds a chair, into which she drops as if overcome by emotion.)

Shall I?

31 Andante sostenuto.

am, am, I am a poet. What's my employment?

Writing! Is that a living? Hardly!
Andante lento.  \( \dot{=} \frac{32}{\text{mm}} \)

I've wit the wealth be wanting; Ladies of rank and fashion all inspired with passion, In dreams and fond illusions or castles in the air.

Richer is none on earth than I! Bright eyes as yours, believe me, Steal my priceless jewels in fancy's storehouse cherished.

Your
roguish eyes have robb'd me,
Of all my dreams be - reft me_

poco allargando
con anima

dreams that are fair yet fleet-ing
Fled are my truant

33
dolciss. molto rall. a tempo

fancies, Regrets I do not cher - ish.

Opp.
b reak - ing, now gold - en love is

For now life's ro-symorn is break - ing, now gold - en love is
Now that I've told my story,

pray tell me yours, too, tell me frankly, who are you? Say will you

Mimi (a little hesitating, but decides to speak)

They

Andante lento $l = 40$

call me Mi-mi, But my name is Lu-ci-a.
My story is a short one. Fine satin stuffs or silk I deftly em-
broider; express, I am content and happy. The rose and lily I make for

36 Andante calmo. \( \text{f}= \) 54.

pastime These flowers give me pleasure as in magical
dolor

rall. dolce

accents They speak to me of love, of beauteous springtime.

col canto

Of fancies and of visions bright they tell me, such as
po-ets, and on-ly po-ets know Do you hear me?
Rudolph. (moved)

They call me Mi-mi, But I know not why!

All by my-self I take my fru-gal sup-per; To mass not oft re-

pair-ing, Yet oft I pray to God. In my room live I

37 Allegretto moderato. $\text{d} = 144$.
con semplicità

poco rall. a piancere

col canto
a tempo

lonely. Up at the top there in my little chamber.

pp a tempo

poco rall.

A-bove the house-tops so lofty.

pp poco rall.

38 Andante molto sostenuto.

con molto anima

Yet the glad sun first greets me, After the frost is

cresc. poco a poco

con grande espansione allarg.

over. Spring's first sweet fragrant kiss is mine!

allarg.

a tempo con espressione intensa rall.

mine! Her first bright sunbeam is

dim. pp a tempo rall.
Tempo I. Andante, agitando appena, sosten.

mine! A rose as her petals are opening Do I tenderly

cher-lish. Ah! What a charm lies for me in her frag-rance!

Alas! those flow'rs I make, The flow'rs I

fashion, a-last they have no per-fume! More than just this I cannot find to

tell you, In a tiresome neighbour that at an awk-ward moment intrudes up on you.
Allegretto. $d = 100$.

(At the shouts of his friends Rudolph is annoyed)

Marcel.

(From the courtyard)

Schaunard. a pianissimo

Hal-lo! you hear not!

Eh! Ru-dolph!

(from below)

Colline. a pianissimo

Ho! Ru-dolph!

Allegretto. $d = 100$.

(col canto)

(Rudolph in the courtyard; from the open window enter a few rays of moonlight brightening the room.)

I have

Don't dawdle!

What has happened, Idle?

Po-et - aster, come!

Mimi.

(Approaching the window a little)

Who are they? (Turning to Mimi)

still three lines to fin - ish.

My friends.

You will know they’re
Marcel. I'm not lonely, we are

What do you there so lonely?

yours.

(remains still at the window to make sure of his friends going.)

two, so to Momus on. There keep us places; we will follow quickly.

(Mimi goes still nearer to the window, so that the moon's rays fall upon her)

Marcel. (gradually departing)

Momus, Momus, Momus, Gently and soft to supper let us

Schaunard.

Momus, Momus, Momus, Quiet and softly we'll to supper

Colline.

Momus, Momus, Momus, Softly and quiet we'll to supper
41 Largo sostenuto. \( \text{L.} \quad \text{54.} \)

Rudolph.  (Turning, Rudolph sees Mimi as if wreathed in light and contemplates her ecstatically)

Largo sostenuto \( \text{L.} \quad \text{58} \)

Lovely maid in the moon-light! Your face entrancing like radiant se-raph

And poetry let flow

from on high appears!  As thus I watch you, The dream that I would
Love alone ever, ever dream returns.

Heart to heart, and

Ah Love! to thee do we surrender.

Soul to soul, Love binds us in his fetters.

(presssissimo)

Love now shall rule our

(-- sostenendo --)

(placing his arm round Mimi)
(yielding to her lover's embrace)

(yielding to her lover's embrace)
Calmo.

I should like—no, I dare not—Could I not come with me?

Say!

What? Mimi!

It would be much more pleasant here to stay, outside this

(With great abandon) rall. molto

I'll be always near you!

(archly)

Who knows, sir?

(chilly)

On returning?

Mimi to put on her shawl)
(gives her arm to Rudolph)  (They go arm in arm to the door)  (with abandon)

M.

(very gracefully to Mimi)

pp dolce.

I obey you, my lord!

R.

Take my arm, my little maiden!

You love me? Say!

M.

(pp dolciss.

Sost.

I love thee.

M.  R.

My love, My love!

My love, My love!

My love!

My love!

(allargando  molto rall. e dim.)
SECOND ACT.

"...... Gustave Colline, the great philosopher; Marcel, the great painter; Rudolph, the great poet; and Schumann, the great musician — as they were wont to style themselves — regularly frequented the Café Momus where, being inseparable, they were nicknamed the four musketeers. Indeed they always went about two together, played together, dined together, often without paying the bill, yet always with a beautiful harmony worthy of the Conservatoire Orchestra."

Mademoiselle Musetta was a pretty girl of twenty......

Very coquettish; rather ambitious; but without any pretensions to spelling.

Oh, those delightful suppers in the Quartier Latin!

A perpetual alternative between a blue brougham and an omnibus; between the Rue Breda and the Quartier Latin.

Well, what of that? From time to time I feel the need of breathing the atmosphere of such a life as this. My madcap existence is like a song; each of my love-episodes forms a verse of it; but Marcel is its refrain.
Second Act.

In the Latin Quarter.

A conflux of streets; where they meet, a square flanked by shops of all sorts; on one side, the Café Momus.

Christmas eve.

A vast, motley crowd; soldiers, serving-maids; boys, girls, children, students, work-girls, gendarmes etc. etc. Outside their shops vendors are bawling, inviting purchasers. Afoot from the crowd, Rudolph and Mimi walk up and down; Colline is near a rag-shop. Schaunard stands outside a tinker’s, buying a pipe and a horn. Marcel is being hustled hither and thither. Sundry townsfolk are seated at a table outside the Café Momus. It is evening. The shops are decked with tiny lamps; a huge lantern lights up the entrance to the Café.

Allegro focoso. $d = 112$

(in due)

Bass I.

Hawkers (outside their shops) Come, buy my oranges.

Bass II.

Sopranos

The crowd (including students, workgirls, townsfolk and others) Ah!

Tenors

Street Arabs.

What Fine apples! Look at them!
Hot roasted chest-nuts! Trinkets and crosses, fine hard-bake!

Hot roasted chest-nuts! Trinkets and crosses, fine hard-bake!

Ah! rack-bet! What uproar!

Hot roasted chest-nuts! Excellent toffee and hard-bake.

Cream foaming and frothy!

Fine hard-bake! Fine hard-bake!

Curtain rises

2 (pushing through the crowd and offering their own wares)

(some) Try our candy!

(some) Try our candy!

Flowers for the ladies! Cream for the babies!

(some) What an uproar!

(others) Hold fast to me, what

(some) Run along! Hold fast to me.

Swiftly
Fat larks and or-to-lans!
Look at them!

(some)   (some)   (all)

Hot roasted

Come, let us pass, let us pass!

Haste a-long!
Come, let us pass, let us pass!

Look at our up-roar!

let us haste a-long!

Look at our chest-nuts! ex-cell-ent hard-bake!

tof-fee! Look at our candy!

What a rack-et-ing, let us

What a rack-et-ing, let us

ap- ples! Look at our chest-nuts!
Rich cream and frothy! Chocolate and toffee!
Hard-bake and candy! Here you have them handy!

Hot roasted chestnuts! Chocolate and toffee!

The crowd.
Ah!

(Shouting to the waiters, who run to and fro)

From the café.
Hasti.

Come along!
With the beer!

Come along!
What a racket! Hold fast to me! come a-

Chaffinches! or-tolans! Chestnuts all

Hither! Some beer!

Waiter!

Em-ma! why, don't you hear me!

long! What racket-ing

long!

hot! Excellent chestnuts! Fine oranges!

Some beer! Hallo!

Bring me a drink! Come along!
Hawkers.

Hass. (all)

Chocolate! jerseys! Who'll buy my carrots!

The Crowd

Hold fast to me! (moving away)

Chest-pits all hot!

What a racket! (moving away)

Look at our oranges,

let us go!

Apples and flowers!

Schaunard (after blowing the horn about which he has long been bickering with the tinker)

What a dreadful D!

What a dreadful
(Pushing through the crowd, Rudolph and Mimi, arm in arm, approach a bonnet shop.)

D! What's the price of the lot?

Mimi. Lo steso movimento.

Rudolph. Let's go and buy the bonnet!

Colline (to the clothes dealer who has been mending a coat for him.)

It's rather shabby, but sound and not ex-

Lo steso movimento.

Legato e un poco ritenuto

M. To thee I'm clinging. Let's

R. Hold tightly to my arm, love! Let's

Marcel (alone in the midst of the crowd, with a parcel under his arm, ogling the girls by whom he is jealously)

(pensive)

(he pays, and then carefully consigns the books to the various pockets of his long coat)

109337
I feel somehow as if I fain must shout: Ho! laughing lasses;

A Hawker.

(crossing the stage) (shouting)

Who'll buy my plums?

Hawkers.

Salmon!

Mar.

Oranges!

(accosting a girl)

Will you play at love?

Let's play to-

Hawker.

Who'll buy my plums!

Mar.

ge-ther, Let's play 'the game of buy and sell!
(a group of girls enter)

Max.

Who'll give a penn'ny for my vir-gin heart?

Schaunard (strolls about in front of the Café Momus waiting for friends; and armed with his huge pipe and hunting-horn, he intently watches the crowd.)

Surging on-ward, ea-ger, breath-less, moves the madding crowd, as they fro-lic, fro-lic, ever in their wild and mad in-sane en-

Sopr. I. Buy our pretty scarfpins! Try our toffee and our hard-bake!

Sopr. II. Buy our pretty scarfpins! Try our toffee and our hard-bake!

Hawkers.

Bassi.

Street Arabs, Flowers for the ladies!

Ah!

Colline (comes up, waving an old book in triumph)

Such a rare copy! well nigh unique; a grammar of
Rudolph (coming out of the milliner's with Mimi.)

(p sostenendo un poco)

Come along; my friends are

Marcel

(to reaching the Café, shouts to Schaunard and Colline.)

To supper! He's gone to buy a bonnet!

(S)

Honest fellow! Ho! Rudolph!

(C)

Runic! Ho! Rudolph!

(P)

Mimi (drawing attention to her pretty new bonnet)

Do you think this rose-trimmed bonnet suits me?

(H)

Street Arabs.

(some)

Hawkers (some)

Chocolate pasties!

Cream of the choicest!

(Marcel, Schaunard and Colline try to find an empty table outside the Café; but there is only one, which is occupied by townsfolk. At these latter the three friends glare furiously, and then enter the Café.)
The colour suits your dark com-

ex-cel-lent hard-bake!

Cream of the choi-cest!

From the Café,

Come a-long!

Come a-long!

Mimi (looking into a shop-window)

poco rall.

Oh! what a pretty neck-lace!

plex-ion.

Hurry up!

Come a-long!

poco rall.
I've an aunt, a millionnaire. If the good God will to take her, then shall you.

(Rudolph and Mimi, thus chatting, proceed to the back of the stage and are lost in the crowd.)

have a necklace far more fine!

Street Arabs. (At a shop in the rear, a shopman, gesticulating frantically, stands on a stool and offers underdrolding, nightcaps etc. for sale. Girls in a group surround his shop, and gaily burst out laughing)

Lo stesso movimento, un po' più animato.

Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Lo stesso movimento, un po' più animato.

(laughing)

Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Citizens. Let us follow the others!

What uproar! What a

Be careful, girls, be careful!

ah!

Excellent hardbake!

ah!

Work-girls and Students.

Work-girls and Students.

ah!

(from the stalls)

Ah!

Hawkers.

Now for the hardbake!

Hawkers.

Lo stesso movimento.

Lo stesso movimento.

making for the Rue Mazarin

rack-ets!

Let's get away, I'm choking!

Rue Mazarin's the nearest!

The coffee's coming

Cream from the dairy!

Flowers for the ladies!

Cream from the dairy!
(they enter the café)

Come prima.

Let's go to the "Momo"s?
now! Let's go to the "Momo"s

0 - ranges, apples and chestnuts all hot!

0 - ranges, chocolate, hardbake and flowers!

Chaffinches, or - toans, junket, what hot!

Come prima.

(Enter from the café Colline, Schaunard and Marcel, carrying a table. A waiter follows with chairs.
The townsfolk seated near seem vexed at the noise which the three friends are making, for they
soon get up and walk away.)

Sop. & Ten.

Hawkers.

(Enter Rudolph and Mimi: she notices a group of students)
8 Lo stesso movimento, ma sostenendo.

Mimi.

(in a tone of playful remonstrance)

Are you jealous?

Rudolph.

What is it?

Colline.

The man in Lo stesso movimento, ma sostenendo.
The vulgar herd I hate, just as did Horace!

Mimi.

Are you

love is always jealous, darling!

Schaunard.

And I, when I am eating, I can't stand being

R.

then in love?

Marcel (to the waiter)

Ah! yes, so much in love! Are

We want a supper of the choicest!

S.

crowded

For many!

166357
Yes, deeply!

Students and Work-girls.

Let's go!

At the Mimus!

(To the waiter who hurries back into the café while another comes out to lay the table)

Marcel.

Rush! Ha-sten!

Schaunard.

Ha-sten!

Colline.

Ha-sten!

Rudolph and Mimi reach the café)

Moderato assai.

(Parpsnol - a Hawker.

(faintly at a distance)

Who'll buy some pretty toys from Parpi-
(joins his friends and introduces Mimi)

Rudolph.

Two places. So we have come. This is Mi-

Colline.

Let's have supper!

Allegretto moderato. \( \text{d} = \frac{78}{8} \)

R.

mi, the merry flow'ry girl, And now she's come to join us,

Our party is completed for I, for I shall play the

poet, While she's the muse incarnate. Forth from my
Andante mosso. \( \frac{1}{4} = 80 \)

brain flow songs of passion, as at her touch the pretty buds blow, a

in the soul awake beautiful Love!

Brillante. Poco meno.

Marcel (laughing) (ironically)

Schaunard (laughing) Ah! ah! ah! ah! My word! What high fun-tin!

Colline (laughing) Ah! ah! ah! ah!


(with droll dignity of manner)

(with a grave bow to Mimi)

Di-gon est in-tru-ri.
(all take their seats as the waiter returns)

**Parpignol.**

(quite close)

poco rall.

Wh'oll buy some prettys from Parpi - gnol!

(catching sight of the waiter, he shouts to him)

Il'grant only an ac - cessitl!

Some

poco rall.

(Enter Parpignol from the Rue Dauphin, pushing a barrow festooned with foliage, flowers and paper lanterns. He is surrounded by a crowd of merry urchins.)

**Allegretto giocoso.** \( \text{\( \frac{d}{d} \) - 132.} \)

Children.

But Parpignol, Par - pi - gnol, Parpignol, Parpi - gnol! Here is Parpi - gnol, Parpignol, Parpi - gnol! With his pretty bar - row bright with flowers! Here is Parpi - gnol, Parpignol, Parpi - gnol! I want the horn, and I the

Par - pi - gnol, Parpi - gnol, Parpi - gnol, Parpi - gnol!
(urchins in a group wrangle round the barrow, while their scolding mothers approach, but their threats of punishment prove futile, for the children refuse to come away.)

Sop. The Mothers. 13 (with shrieks and threats) desciso

Ah!

mine.

Marcel. (looking at the menu and giving his orders in a loud voice)

Schaunard. I'll have turkey!

Bring some venison! And some Rhinisch! And some lobster, only

Colline. Bring some claret, too!
Walt a bit you dirty little rascals, what can it be that
shell it!

sets you all a gaping? Get home to your beds! Get home, lazy
rascals, or you shall all have such a tidy beating! Get

home then, get home, you lazy set of rascals. Dye hear me?
(One mother seizes her boy by the ear and he begins to whimper.)

Molto sostenuto.

Boy (whimpering)

Want a gee-gee, want a drum!

Molto sostenuto. Mi-mi, what would you like?

(The mothers, relenting, determine to purchase toys from Parpignol, to the intense delight of the children)

Some custard.

Schnauzard.

(with an air of supreme importance, addressing the waiter)

The best you've got. For a la-dy!

Tempo I.

Children. (Parpignol moves on, down the Rue Vielle Comédie, the children merrily follow him pretending to play on their toy instruments)
(without)

Buy the drum, buy the drum.

(In the distance)

gnol!

get away it is mine!

15

Andante sostenuto molto.  

(further still)  

a tempo

Parpignol (at the wings)

Parpignol, Parpignol, Parpignol!

Who'll buy some pretty toys from Parpi-gnol!

Andante sostenuto molto.

pp col canto

(a tempo)

(the mothers in a group, gossip near the shops)  

a tempo

P  

(faintly, from without)

Parpignol, Parpignol, Parpignol!

Who'll buy some pretty toys from Parpi-gnol!

sempre pp col canto

(a tempo)
Rudolph. (Enter from the corner of the Rue Mazarin an extremely pretty, coquettish-looking young lady. She is followed by a pompous old gentleman who is both fussy and overdressed.)

And bring me a phial of

Allegro moderato. $d = 120$

(surprised to see Musetta)

Marcel. Oh! Mussetta!

Poison! (in amusement)

Schaunard. Herself!

Colline. (in amusement)

Oh! Mussetta!

Allegro moderato. $d = 120$

Sopr. (perceiving Musetta)

$P$

Look! Yes! She! Mussetta!

Sopr. Shop-women.

She! Look! Mussetta!

subito $pp$

*100357*
(breathless) brillante

Just like a valet

Oh! what swagger!

My! she's gorgeous!

Musi. (walking swiftly and looking about her, as if in search of some one, while Alcindoro follows, panting and tetchy)

A.

I must run here and there. No! no! not for

(as if calling a pet-dog)

Musi.

Come, Lu-lu!

A.

me! I can stand no more! I can stand no

S.

He's had a

100357
(Musetta notices the friends seated at table outside the café and motions Alcindoro to secure the table which the townsfolk have just vacated)

more! How now? outside? here?

pretty good dose I reckon.

(Alcindoro in a state of great irritation sits down and turns up his coat-collars)

Sit down, Lu-lu! (grumbling)

Such a term of fond endearment pray

(a waiter approaches to lay the cloth)

Now don't be Blue-Beard

do not apply to me!
(sits down facing the café)

Mimi (to Rudolph, with curiosity)

And her clothes are smart, too!

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi is?

You had better ask me. Well her name is Mimi.

Colline (scrutinizing Alcindoro)

With his chaste young Su-

The naughty, naughty Elder!

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.

Mimi

(with curiosity)

Rudolph.

The angels can't afford them.
(disconcerted at not being noticed by her friends)

Mus.  Marcel can see me - But he won't look, the villain.

Mar.  setzen; Her surname is Temptation! As to her voi-

Mus.  (getting more irritated)

Mar.  And Schaunard is laughing

Mus.  caution, like a rose in the breezes, so she changes

Mar.  They provoke me past bearing!

Mus.  lover for lover without number. And like the spiteful

Mar.  Ah, could I but beat them. If I could I would

Mar.  screech owl a bird that's most ra-
scrath! But I only have to back my this old pel-

ia-
cious the food that most she favours is the heart!

a tempo

No matter! con awareness

Her food the heart is! Thus have I now none

col canto

(shouting)

pointing to a plate as the waiter hurries thither)

Hi, waiter here! Hi, waiter here! See this

left. So pass me the ragout!

f a tempo

(dashes the plate on the ground; the waiter picks up the pieces)

Alcindore. plate has a horrid smell of onions! (remonstrating)

Don't, Musetta

100367
(aware that Marcel will not look round)

He won't look round! (in mock despair)

do be quiet!

Gently! gently!

No, he won't see me!

gently! manners! manners!

What's the matter?

Oh! this

(in a rage)

Now I could beat him, yes, beat him!

(pettishly)

I meant the

What's the matter?

chicken's a poem!

This
Waiter, such a bore! Just let me have my own way, my own way if you please!

Not so

Wine is most delicious!

I won't be ruled by you! (takes up the menu and proceeds to order supper.)

Not so loud, not so loud!

Expressivo

What a horrid bore you are!

6 Sopr. Workgirls. (crossing the stage, stop short, and look at Musetta)

Only look! Why there she is, there she is, herself, Musetta.

6 Ten. Students.
setta!
(yes! 'tis she, Musetta! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
(they cross the stage)
leggerissimo
(laughing)
Some old stammering dotard's with her; yes! 'tis she, Musetta! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
cresc. poco a poco

Musetta.

Can he be jealous of this old mummy?

Alcindoro.

But (ceasing to give his orders and

What strange be-

ah!

ah!

Musetta.

poco rall.

wait! I'll be even, see if I don't, I'll pay him out! I'll
endeavouring to pacify Musetta, who is fuming)
A.

haviour.
Be qui-et!
Do be calm!
poco rall. 100887
20 Un poco meno.
of her voice as she confronts Marcel.)

Why don't you know me?
(thinking Musetta spoke to him, with placid gravity he replies)

Well I'm giving the order, dear!

Un poco meno.

Now the fun's at its climax!

Colline.

Pro-di-gious!
Rudolph.
No, let me tell you, I never would forgive you,

Mimi.
I love you

Schaunard.
never would forgive you!

To one she speaks because the other

pp dolcissimo

Colline.
The other will not
that about forgiveness?

Feigns not to see the girl which makes her hear.

Mussetta.

But your heart is a-throbbing.

Alcindoro.

Do be quiet!

C.

mad!

a tempo

rall. e cresce.

Mus.

But your heart is a-throbbing!

A.

Do be quiet!

affrettando

rall.
Tempo di Valzer lento. \( \dot{J} = 104 \).

(Still seated, and markedly addressing Marcel, who shews signs of agitation.)

Musetta:

As thro' the street I wander onward

quasi rit.

merri-ly. I wander onward dainti-ly,

quasi rit.

See how the folk look round, Because they know I'm
col canto

a tempo charming, a ve-ry charming, charming girl.

(to his friends in a voice half choked by emotion.)

Hold me back, hold me
Alcindoro (on thorns).

And then 'tis mine to mark their hidden back.

What will all the people say?

a tempo molto rall. and then the joy of conquest over a tempo molto rall.

a tempo 22 (rising)

comes me; Every man is my prize! And thus their hearts, their hearts I

a tempo

capture as if by magic all my own, ah! rapture! ah! rapture! 'Tis mine,
Alcindoro. (getting closer to Musetta, he tries to make her leave off)

This odious singing upsets me entirely!

Mimi. (to Rudolph)

Oh, now I see.

tirely, upsets me entirely!

Musi.: tray'd Why should you be dismay'd?

Musi.: that this unhappy maiden adores your friend Mar-
Yet though deep in your heart, deep in your
cei, adores him madly, adores him

heart rankles the smart you'd never never confess but rather
madly, what a pity!

Ah! she's quite enamour'd of Mar-

(Schaunard and Colline rise, and standing aside, watch the scene with interest, while Rudolph and Mimi remain seated and continue their talk. Marcel nervously quits his seat, and is about to go, but is spell-bound by Musetta's voice.)

Rudolph. (to Mimi)
Schaunard. She once was Marcel's love,

Ah! Marcel will soon give
(Alcindoro vainly endeavours to induce Musetta to resume her seat at the table, where supper is now)

wantonly forsook her fate
rarer game she thought to

in!

Colline.
Who knows what will happen now?

ready.)
capture.

But the snare to some is pleasant for the bitter and the

Goodness me! 'tis most unpleasant,

Musetta.

Mimi.
Ah! Marcel, you are vanquished,

And yet the maiden

Not so loud!

bit.

a-ny-how it is for me!
Marcel—you are vanquished!

my heart with sorrow fills!

Colline.

Gently! gently!

She is pretty, I don't

(turning to Marcel)

And thou your heart is

(nestling closer to Rudolph)

Darling!

This hapless girl fills my

Rudolph (with his arm round Mimi's waist).

Mi-mi! Most faint the love that, when 'tis

See the braggart in a moment will give in! The fun grows fast and

doubt it, but yet I'd rather

100837
breaking you'd never let us know! Ah!

heart, my heart with sorrow! The love's that

wounded, may not make reply! Who can re-

Manners, manners!

furious!

Marcel will have my pipe and a page of Homer! Yes, a page

(a tempo) (obstensibly to Alcindoro)

you would never let us know I'll have my way, so don't you

born of passion ends in grief! That poor un-

vive, revive a love that's dead! None may re-

(angrily)

Gently, gently! (to Colline)

soon give in!

If such a pretty

She is
worry! I'll do just what I like, just what I like, so hold your
happy girl ah! ah! she
vive a
love none may, none
dam-sel should only make eyes at you, you'd forget your mouldy
pretty I don't doubt it; yet I would rather
cresc.
f
a tempo
hold your tongue, hold your tongue!
moves me, she moves me to tears!
may re-vive a love, a love that's dead!
classics, And you'd hasten to fetch her shoe!

have my old pipe and a page of Homer!
a tempo
pp
Musetta. (I must try to get rid of the old boy.)

Musetta (pretending to suffer violent pain in her foot; she sits down again)

Alcindoro. (coyly showing her foot)

Alcindoro. (bends down to untie her shoe)

What now?

Let's see!

Musetta. (screaming)

Break it! tear it! I can't bear it! do, I beg you!

Marcel. (greatly concerned, comes forward)

Ah.

Musetta. (screaming)

Golden youth
Close by there is a boot-shop! Hasten, quickly! He may have boots to

Alcindoro.

What im-prudence!

— you are not dead, not dead for me, but love re-vives a

Marcel.

p quasi rit.  a tempo quasi rit.

strillando

please me! Ah! the tor-ture! how these hor-rid tight shoes squeeze me! I'll take

A.

What will all the peo-ple say?

Mar.

gain in me!___

Schaunard.

Now the fun

Colline.

Now the fun
(takes off her shoe and puts it on the table) (impatiently)

(tils it lie there! Hast-en
Rudolph.
Tis ver-y plain to

A.
What imprudence! Nothing short of

door you came to greet me my heart would straight

S.
becomes stu-pen-dous!

C.
becomes stu-pen-dous!

Musi: 100 367

Musi: 100 367

(Musi: 100 367)

(Musi: 100 367)

(Musi: 100 367)

(Musi: 100 367)

(Musi: 100 367)

(Musi: 100 367)
(Musetta and Marcel embrace with much fervour.)

Meno.

Marcel!

Schaunard.

Enchantress!

Meno. This is the final

allarg.

pp dolce.

Rudolph (to Mimi in amazement as they both rise.)

(a waiter brings in the bill.)

The bill!

Colline. (in amazement)

Tableau!

The bill! What a bother!

Colline. (in amazement)

The bill!

Allegro alla Marcia. Ogni batteria di \( \frac{4}{4} \) equivale a un quarto di \( \frac{4}{4} \).

Drums heard in the distance.

ancora più Lento

tempo pp

Schaunard. (to the waiter) (after looking at it he hands it round)

Colline.

Let's see!

bring it?

Allegro alla Marcia. \( \text{d} = 132 \).

The Tattoo (far away at first; but gradually approaching)

100357
Rudolph (examining the bill)

Heav'n! Out with your coppers!

S. (examining the bill)

Out with your coppers! Colline, Rudolph.

C. (examining the bill)

Heav'n! Out with your coppers!

R. Marcel.

We've not a rap!

S. Rudolph, and you Marcel! I say!

Street Arabs (hastening from the right)

'Tis the tattoo!

Sopr. Work-girls (hurrying out of the Café Momus.)

'Tis the tattoo!

Ten. Students.

'Tis the tattoo!
thirty sous no more! (amazed)

I say! No more than that? (sternly)

I say! No more than that? But

(hastening from the left. As the tattoo is still a long way off, the folks run hither and thither, as if uncertain from which quarter the band will approach.)

Tis the tat-too!

Tis the tat-too!

(they all feel their pockets which are empty; none can explain the sudden disappearance of Schaunard's purse, and they look at each other in surprise.)

(to the waiter)

And my bill please bring to me.

Will they come a - long this way?

No from there!

No from there!
Street arabs (pointing in an uncertain fashion the opposite way)

They are coming down this way! No! have they
(Several windows are opened, at which mothers with their children appear and eagerly await
the coming of the Patrol.)

Here they come!
Here they come!
(gradually retreating)

29 Musetta (to the waiter who presents the bill)

Thank you!

Ten Citizens. (running forward from the back)

Way, there! way there!

Bassi. Hawkers.

Way, there! way there!

Some Boys. (from the windows)

Just let me see! Just let me

Some Mothers.
(The waiter adds the two amounts together.)

Just make one bill of the two!

hear.

(from the windows) Mother, just let me

Li - set - ta, do be

(gradually retreating)

The gentleman will pay who came to sup with me!

Rudolph. (pointing to where Alcindoro went out) [in comic fashion]

Yes, he will pay!

Marcel.

Yes, he will pay!

Schaunard.

Yes, he will pay!

Colline. (pointing to where Alcindoro went out)

Yes, he will pay!

see! Pa - pa, just let me hear!

Now its com-ing,

quiet! To - ny, do have done!

Do be qui - et,
Street arabs.

(he crowd fills the stage; the tattoo advances gradually from the left)

Sop. Work-girls.

They will come along this way!

Ten. Students.

Yes, this way!


Yes, this way!

The tattoo!

do have done!

Marcel.

(The waiter hands the two bills to Musetta.) (aside, comically)

Schaunard. (aside, comically) He will pay!

Colline (aside, comically) Yes, he will pay!

Yes. he will pay! (The shop-people close their shops and come out into the street)

nearer we'll march along beside it!

getting gradually nearer
Musetta (placing both bills at Alcindoro's place)

And after this pleasant meeting, this shall be my

Hawker.

In that patrol you hear the country's
(always nearer)

Musetta.

greeting!

Rudolph.

And after our pleasant meeting, this

Marcel.

And after our pleasant meeting, this

Schaunard.

And after our pleasant meeting, this

Colline.

And after our pleasant meeting, this

And after our pleasant meeting, this

no-ble might!

dolce

pp

100857
shall be her greeting!

(All look to the left; the tattoo is about to enter the square, when the crowd retreats on either side, while the friends with Musetta and Mimi form a group near the Café.)

coming nearer and nearer

Mar. See, the patrol is coming! Look out that the old boy don't.

C. Street arabs.

Now look out, they're coming here! Make way there!

Sop. Work girls.

Do stand back, for they come! Make way there!

Ten. Students.

Sop. Citizens. Shop keepers etc.

Do stand back, for they come! Make way there!


Do stand back, for they come! Make way there!

Do stand back, for they come! Make way there!
Rudolph.

Marcel.

Schaunard.

c.

See the patrol is coming!

catch you with his darling! Now the crowd is tremendous. To escape will be so

coming nearer

now the crowd is tremendous. To escape will be so

32  (Enter from the left the military Tattoo, headed by a gigantic Drum-Major who
dexterously twists his baton, showing the way.)

Mar and Coll.

S.

Sop. Work-girls.

Ten. Students.

Sop. Citizens, Shop-keepers etc.


easy!

easy!

(painting gleefully)

And there's the drum-major! As proud as a

And there's the drum-major! As proud as a

And there's the drum-major! As proud as a (on the stage)
Mimi, Musetta and Rudolph.

Quick, or you will miss them!

Musetta.

Quick, or you will miss them!

S.

Quick, or you will miss them!

Colline.

Quick, or you will miss them!

Street arabs.

The drum-major, look!

warrior of old!

warrior of old! The drum-major, look!

warrior of old!

warrior of old! The drum-major, look!

Hawkers.

warrior of old! The drum-major, look! What a
(Musetta, being without her shoe, cannot walk, so Marcel and Colline carry her through
the crowd, as they endeavour to follow the tattoo. The mob, seeing her borne
along in this triumphal fashion, give her a regular ovation. Marcel and
Colline with Musetta follow the tattoo, Rudolph and Mimi walk after them,
arm in arm, then Schaunard goes next, blowing his horn, while the students,

work-girls, street-lads, women and townsfolk merrily bring up the rear. Marching in time
to the music, the whole vast crowd gradually moves off as it follows the tattoo. Mean-
while Alcindoro with a pair of shoes carefully wrapped up returns to the café in search of Mu-
setta. The waiter by the table takes up the bill left by Musetta and ceremoniously presents it to

(The patrol crosses the
Alcindoro, who seeing the amount, and perceiving that they have all left him there alone, falls
proud as any warrior bold!

all our hearts the conqueror!
passes by and heeds us not!

all our hearts the conqueror!
passes by and heeds us not!

did you ever see his like?

stage going towards the back right)

back into a chair, utterly dumbfounded)

(The tattoo, retreating.)

(Orchestra)
"Mimi's voice seemed to go through Rudolph's heart like a death-knell."

"His love for her was a jealous, fantastic, weird, hysterical love."

"Scores of times they were on the point of separating."

"It must be admitted that their existence was a veritable hell-upon-earth."

"And yet amid all their tempestuous strife they mutually agreed to pause for the refreshment and solace afforded by a night of love; but the dawn merely brought with it some unlooked-for battle which served to drive Love, terrorstruck, away."

"Thus (if life it was) did they live; a few happy days alternating with many wretched ones, while perpetually awaiting a divorce."

"Either as a congenital defect or as a natural instinct, Musetta possessed a positive genius for elegance."

"Even in her cradle this strange creature must surely have asked for a mirror."

"Intelligent, shrewd, and above all hostile to anything that she considered tyrannical, she had but one rule, caprice."

"In truth the only man that she really loved was Marcel; perhaps because he alone could make her suffer. Yet extravagance was for her one of the conditions of well-being."
Third Act.

The Barrière d'Enfer.

Beyond the toll-gate, the outer boulevard is formed in the background by the Orleans high-road, half hidden by tall houses and the misty gloom of February.

To the left is a tavern with a small open space in front of the toll-gate. To the right is the Boulevard d'Enfer; to the left that of St Jacques.

On the right also there is the entrance to the Rue d'Enfer leading to the Quartier Latin.

Over the tavern, as its sign-board, hangs Marcel's picture "The Passage of the Red Sea," while underneath in large letters is the inscription "At the Port of Marseilles." On either side of the door are frescoes of a Turk and a Zouave with a huge laurel wreath round his head.

From the ground-floor windows of the tavern facing the toll-gate, light gleams.

The plane-trees, grey and gaunt, which flank the toll-gate square lead diagonally towards the two boulevards.

Between each tree is a marble bench. It is towards the close of February; snow covers all.

As the curtain rises the scene is merged in the dim light of early dawn.

In front of a brazier are seated, in a group, snoring custom-house officers. From the tavern at intervals one may hear laughter, shouts, and the clink of glasses. A customhouse official comes out of the tavern with wine.

The toll-gate is closed.

Andantino mosso. \( \text{d} = 112 \)

(The curtain rises.)
Scavengers.

(Behind the toll-gate, stamping their feet and blowing on their frost-bitten fingers, stand several street scavengers.)

What

(The officials do not budge; so the scavengers with brooms and mattocks thump the toll-gate and shout.)

there! What ho there! Admit us!

(more vigorously.)

What ho there!

Make haste and let us
give way! We are the sweepers!

pp
(stamping their feet.)

Look how it's snowing! What ho there! We are frozen!

(goes to open the gate; the scavengers pass through to the rue d'Enfer. The official closes the gate again)

An Official (yawning and stretching himself)

All right!

(From the Tavern: The clink of glasses forms an accompaniment to the song.)

3 Sop. 1.

3 Sop. 2 (from within)

3 dolce con grazia

Pass the glass! Let each toast his lass! So pass the glass! Let each lad toast his lass! Ha!

Each one as he sips, as he sips his wine, shall dream of...
Musetta (from the tavern)

Ah!

lips made for love divine!

As the tempo.

poco rall.

loves his glass,

So the gallant loves his lass!

Poco più mosso.

3 Tenori (from the Tavern)

Tra- le- ra- le, tra- le- ra- le

No- ah and Eve!

3 Baritoni (from the Tavern)

Tra- le- ra- le, tra- le- ra- le

No- ah and Eve!

3 Bassi (from the Tavern)

Tra- le- ra- le, tra- le- ra- le

No- ah and Eve!

Poco più mosso.

(All burst into loud laughter.)

rall. — a tempo

cresc.
8. Milk-women. (from within.)

Houp-là! Houp-là!

Custom-house official. (A sergeant comes out of the guard-house, and orders the toll-gate to be opened.)

Here come the wo-men with their milk!
(a tinkling of carters' bells is heard)

3. Carters. (from within)
(Carts pass along the outer Boulevard, lighted by large lanterns.)

Milk-women. (quite close)
(gridato)
(Houp-là!)
(the gloom gradually gives
(to the officials who admit them through the toll-gate.)

1st group.

Good mor-row!
(they move off in various directions.)

2nd group (to the officials)

Good mor-row!
(who enter riding on donkeys)

3rd group (to the officials)

way to daylight)

Good mor-row!
8 Peasant women (enter, carrying baskets) 8 Solo (to the customs-officers) (pay the toll and depart)

(it stops snowing)

But-ter! cheese!

(to the officials) (paying toll and going on)

3 Soprano I. (from the cross-road)

Chick-ens! eggs!

Which way then are you going?

(3 Soprano 2.

(from the cross-roads)

Up to Saint

Well, shall we see you later?

At twelve o’clock.

Mi-chael’s.

At twelve o’clock.

(they move off in various directions.)

clock!

(The officials remove the bench and the brazier.)
(Enter Mimi from the Rue d'Enfer: she looks about as if anxious to make sure of her whereabouts. On reaching the first plane-tree, she is seized by a violent fit of coughing. Then recovering herself, she sees the sergeant whom she approaches.)

Leotard molto. \( \frac{d}{d} \)

(to the sergeant) a \textit{piacere}

Mimi.

(unable to recollect the name)

Allegro. \textit{effettuato}

Oh, please sir, tell me the name of that tavern.

\textit{col canto}

(a serving woman comes out of the tavern: Mimi goes up to her.)

Sergeant.

(\textit{pointing to the cabaret})

Thank you. Oh! my good...

There it is...
Woman, pray do me this favour! Can your find me the painter Marcel? I fain would see him! The matter's urgent! Just tell him softly that Mimi is

Andantino mosso.
(the woman goes back to the inn)

waiting.
Sergeant.
(to a passer-by)

Andantino mosso.

Tempo I. ppp

pp

(other folk now pass through the toll-gate and move off in different directions. The bell of the Hospice St. Thérèserings for matins.)

Official (after searching the basket)
Pass there!

Empty!
(Campanello)
(Day has now come; a sad murky winter's day; sundry couples, homeward bound, quit the tavern.)

Campanelle.

Mimi. 8 Allegro.

Marcel (coming out of the inn.) (amazed) I hoped that I should

Mi - mi\'

Allegro.

Moderato.

find you here.

Moderato. Aye, here we've been for a month, so to pay for our footing, Musetta teaches
a tempo

Mar. singing to those who come here,
And I, well I paint

Vivo.

warriors, there, on the house-front.

Mimi.

9 Andante. \( \text{d} = 48 \)

molto rall.

Where is Rudolph?

'Tis bitter! Pray enter!

Andante. \( \text{d} = 48 \)

col canto

Here.

(bursts into tears)

Mi.

Enter I cannot, no!

Mar.

Why not?
Ah! good Marcel! Oh! help me! Oh! help me!

Say, what has happened?

For Rudolph, for Rudolph loves me, for Rudolph loves me yet avoids me! My own dear Rudolph is jealous, madly jealous.

A glance, a gesture, or...
even a flow'r suffice to make him jealous. Start-ing his

wrath and fury. And oft' at night when feign-ing to be

p expressivo

sleep-ing, I felt his eyes were watch-ing, to spy up-on my

rilenato

sostenendo molto

slum-bers. How oft would he reproach me: "You are not

sostenendo molto

ppp
"Tis jealousy that prompts him, I know. Yet how may I reply, Mar—

Tempo I.

Yet are right, you speak truly. 'Twere best we were parted. Will you
aid us, then, will you aid us to part? Oft to do this have we striv'en, But in Marcel.

I'm happy with Muriel!"

Ah! 'tis true, 'tis vain!"

setta, and she's happy with me, because 'tis mirth that binds us together. Laughter,
pray you!
WAKE him?

"tis well, 'tis well! Now will I wake him.

Overcome by fatigue, just before dawn came, on a bench fast he slumbers. Be-

(coughing persistently)

(motions Mimi to look through the tavern window)

(compassionately)

Un-

hold him. What coughing!

Andante mosso. (Lo stesso movimento)

poco affrett.

pea-sing-ly it shakes me, and Rudolph now forsakes me, and
Lento. *a piacere*

says to me "It is over!"

At day-break swift es-

Allegretto.

(watching Rudolph inside the tavern.)

Marcel. *a piacere*

He's moving, waking and

Mimi. *prapidamente a tempo*

He must not see me.

Well, wants me, come, then!

Mar
Moderato con moto.

Rudolph (coming out of the inn, hastens towards Marcel.)

Marcel, at last I've found you! Where none can hear us. I want a separation from Mi-

R.

mi.

Marcel.

Is that your latest whim?
Love in my heart was dying, almost was
dead,

But her blue eyes new glory on the shed Love swift re-

Ah me! What woe is
col canto

mine!
(Mimi warily approaches, to listen)
Would you now such a bitter pain recall?
(sadly)

Yes! always!

Nay, be prudent! Love

meno mosso

is not worth the keeping, That only ends in weeping.

meno mosso

a tempo

Love must thrive in mirth and gladness or else it is but madness!

a tempo

Rudolph.

18 a tempo

Aye somewhat!

'Tis that you're jealous. And
Mimi. (aside)

Rudolph. He's getting in a rage; poor lit-tle Mi-mil! (with bitter irony)

Mimi's a heart-less mair-den. Prone to

(with great sarcasm of tone)

flirt-ing with all. A scent-ed dan-dy, some lord-ling
Now striveth to win her caresses. With bosom swaying, one foot displaying, so she lures him on with the magic of her smile.

Marcel. Shall I be frank? I think 'tis hardly true.

No, 'tis not true, 'tis not true in

col canto
sostenendo

vain, in vain I smoother all the

sostenendo

tor-ture that racks me I love Mi-

mi, she is my only treasure, I love

accel.

her! But oh! I fear it

(Mimi, astonished, comes closer and closer, under cover of the trees) rall. rit. a tempo

(sadly)

But oh! I fear it!

rall. rit. a tempo
Lento triste. (\(\text{\textit{d=48}}\))

miss so sick-ly, so ail-ing, Ev-ry day she grows

Mimi.

\(\text{molto rit.}\)

allarg.

weak-er. The poor girl, as I think, is dy-ing, dy-ing!

Marcel
(fearing Mimi may overhear them, tries to keep Rudolph further off)

(in a hard voice)

Oh, Rudolph!

\(\text{molto rit.}\)

\(\text{allarg.}\)

con la massima espressione

By fierce in-ces-sant cough-ing her fra-gile frame is sha-ken

\(\text{Sostenuto molto. (d=40)}\)

\(\text{ppp lentissimo}\)

while in her cheeks so pal-lid fires of fever a-
Mimi. (weeping)  molto rit.  a tempo  Woe is me! I'm dying!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)  poco rall.  a tempo

Woe is me! I'm dying!

And my room's but a squa - lid

Softly!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

Woe is me! I'm dying!

And my room's but a squa - lid

Softly!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

Woe is me! I'm dying!

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Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

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Softly!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

Woe is me! I'm dying!

And my room's but a squa - lid

Softly!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

Woe is me! I'm dying!

And my room's but a squa - lid

Softly!

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Softly!

Marcel. (agitatedly, perceiving that Mimi is listening)

Woe is me! I'm dying!

And my room's but a squa - lid

Softly!
Mimi.

(dismalantly)

Ah! I'm dy-ing!

I. yes, 'tis I am guilt-y!

Marcel. (eager to draw Rudolph aside)

List but a moment!

Tempo I. ma agitando un poco

(in tones of anguish)

Ah me! Ah me! All is over! Life and loving, all are ended!

mi's a hot-house flower. Want has wasted her beauty

Nay but listen!

Tempo I. ma agitando un poco

Softly!

Mi. 

allarg. — rit. Mi-mi must die! Mi-mi must

and to bring her back to life would need more than love, far more than

Nay Rudolph, but listen!
(Mimi's violent coughing and sobbing reveal her presence)

a tempo
die!

ppa tempo sostenendo

Rod. (rushing towards Mimi)

poco allarg.

Ha! Mimi! You here? You heard, you heard me?

Lo stesso movimento.

Sway'd by each light sus- pi- cion, a tri- fle yet a- larms me;
24 Lo stesso movimento. 

Not that odour is stifling me!
(seeks to take her into the tavern)

(affectationally embraces Mimi)

R.
Come, come, inside here.

Ah, Mi-mi!

Lo stesso movimento.

Marcel (in the tavern Musetta's brazen laugh is heard)
(running to look through the window)

25 Allegretto mosso.

Tis Musetta that's laughing.
Laughing.

marlante

p. stacc.

Mar.

flirting!

Ah! what a hussy!
I'll not all-

L'offret.

Mimi.

(disengages herself from Rudolph's embrace)

Rudolph.

Farewell! (surprised)

Mar.

low lit!

call molto
Lento molto.

To the home that she left at the voice of her lover,

poco rit.

Andantino.

sad, for. sa.ken Min mi must turn back heavy-hearted.

Andantino. espressivo

poco rit

agitalo un poco

rall.

love and her lover are gone; and she must

cresc.

rall.

a tempo

Lento

rall.

die!

Farewell, then, I wish you

m.s.

rall. col canto

pp
Andantino mosso. \( \text{d}=84 \)

_ritenuto_ a tempo

well! Nay, listen, listen! Those things, those few old things I've left behind me.

_prr. col canto_ pp

Within my trunk safe are stored

_PP, leggerissimo_ pp

That bracelet of gold, The prayer book you gave me,

_PP, leggero_ pp

Pray wrap them up, gather in my little apron, I will send round to

_poco rit._ a tempo

get them.

Dear one, under the
pil-low you'll find my lit-tle bonnet. Who knows? May be— you'd like to

keep it to re-mem-ber our love!__ Fare-well!

Rudolph. Good-bye! I wish you well! dolcemente

Then you're go-ing to leave me— You are
go-ing, yes, you're going my little Mi-mi, ah! farewell sweet dream of
Farewell! Fare-well! glad a-
love!
Farewell our sweet love that's
well to jealousy and fury!
Fare-well suspicion and its bitter anguish!
Kisses sweet that as poet I bought back with care.

Mimi. 31 con anima
Lonely in winter

with death as sole companion!

Mi. with death as sole companion!

But in glad spring-time there's the sun, the glorious sun, there's the glorious sun!
(in the tavern a sound of breaking plates and glasses is heard)

Mus. sun! (from within)

Marcel. (from within) What d'ye mean?

You were laughing; you were flirting; by the fireside with that stranger.

a tempo

Mi. (running out)

I'm not lonely in Spring.

Musetta. mean? (stops on the threshold of the inn and confronts Musetta)

Mar. And how you coloured when I caught you in the a tempo

Musetta. (defiantly)

Rudolph.

Mus. Stuff and nonsense; all he said was: "Are you very fond of

Mar. corner!

As
32 a tempo

Forth from each comrade, you've lilies and roses.

And half-blushing, I made answer, I'd be dancing all day.

You're most frivolous, Musetta!

nest comes a murmur of birds.

This is talk that only leads to things dishonorable.

My own way I mean to have. (half menacing Musetta)

honest. I will teach you better.
When the hawthorn bough's in blossom

What a bother! Why this anger? Why this fury? We're not manners if I catch you once more flirting.

blossom we've the glorious sun!

we've the glorious sun!

married yet, thank goodness!

You shall not do as you like, Miss, I will stop your little

I abhor that sort of lover who pretends he is ah! ah! ah! your
game.
Mimi:

```
a tempo
dolciss.
```

Rudolph:

```
Murmur the silver fountains
```

Marthas:

```
blood!
```

pp
dolce

```
I'm not going to be your blockhead just because you're fond of flirting
```

Marthas:

```
The breezes of the evening
```

Musette:

```
I shall flirt just when it suits me! Yes, I shall, yes, I
```

Marthas:

```
You're most fri-volous, Musette!
```

100357
waft fragrant balsams

shall, I shall flirt just when it suits me!

You can go, and God be

comfort human sorrow

Musetta's going away, yes, going away! Fare you

with you, and for me 'tis a good rid-dance. Fare you
Shall we a-wait, shall we a-wait an-o ther

well, Sir! I say fare-well, I say fare-well with all my

well, Ma'am! Fare-well, Ma'am! pray be-

spring?

spring? (she retreats in a fury; but suddenly stops) (shouting) grido to grido

heart. Go back and paint your house front! Toad!

gone. Viper!

a tempo
Più lento.

(moving away with Rudolph)

(entrés the tavern)

Viper!

Più lento.

ever!

Our time for Rudolph.

Our time for parting.

partings when the roses blow!

When the roses blow.
Ah that our winter might last for ever!

Our time, our time for Rudolph.

Our time, our time for

(moving off)

partings when the roses blow!

partings when the roses blow!

(curtain)
".... At that period, indeed for some time past, the friends had lived lonely lives!"
"Musetta had once more become a sort of semi-official personage; for three or four months Marcel had never met her."
"And Mimi too; no word of her had Rudolph ever heard, except he talked a bout her to himself when he was alone."
"One day, as Marcel furtively kissed a bunch of ribbons that Musetta had left behind, he saw Rudolph hiding away a bonnet, that same pink bonnet which Mimi had forgotten."
"'Good!' muttered Marcel, 'he's as craven-hearted as I!'"

"A gay life, yet a terrible one!"
Fourth Act.

In the attic.

(as in Act I.)

Allegro vivo. \( \text{\textit{brillante}} \)

 Marcel as before, stands in front of his easel, while Rudolph sits at his writing-table; each trying to make the other believe that he is working indefatigably whereas both are really only gossiping.)

Rudolph.

Marcel. (resuming his talk)

Yes in carriage and

In a cou-\( p \)é?

pair. Did she merri-\( l \)y hail me.

Well,

"Musetta!" I question'd; "How's your heart?" "It
Lo stesso movimento.

beats not, or I don't feel it, thankstothis

vel - vet I'm wearing!

Marcel. (endeavouring to laugh)

I'm glad, ve - ry glad!

I'm

(aside)

You hum-bug, you! You're fret-ting and

glad, ve - ry glad!

(resumes his work)

(turning)

It beats not! Bra-vo!

(commences to paint with great vigour)

brillante
Rudolph.

Marcel.

Musseta?

Then I saw, too....

(as he breathlessly stops writing)

(recovering his composure)

R.

You saw her? How strange!

(stops painting)

Mar.

Mi-mi.

Rode in her

 allegro

R.

De-light-ful! I'm glad to

Mar.

carriage, in grand apparel, just like a duchess.
R.

hear it.

Mar

(aside)

(You liar, you're pin-ing with love.)

Rudolph.

a piacere

This pen's too
col canto

R.

awful!

Marcel.  a piacere

(throws down his pen)  (still seated, apparently lost in thought)

This infamous paint-brush!

Sostenuto.

Andantino.

f'express.
Rudolph observing it, he takes from his pocket a bunch of ribbons and kisses it.

**Andantino mosso.** d: 84.

Rudolph.

Ah! Mimifalse, sick-le-hearted! Ah, beauteous days de-part-ed! Those hands so

**pp un poco rall.**

Marcel.

(putting away the ribbons and staring anew at his canvas.) Ah, snow-white

**appena rall.**

How is it that my brush with speed mechanic-al keeps

**appena rall. dolce.**

Ah, Mi-mi! those brief, glad, gold-en days!

**pp un poco rall.**

Moving, and plasters on the col-ours quite a-against my will? And
though I would be painting landscapes, meadows, woodlands fair in spring-tide,

my brush refuses to perform its office, but paints dark eyes and twined

smiling lips. The features of Musetta haunt me still!

Rudolph (from the table drawer he takes out Niki's old bonnet)

And thou! oh rose-pink bonnet, that 'neath her pillow

Ah! frivolous Musetta! thee I can never for...
lay! That in her hour of parting she forgot, Thou
get! I never can forget.

w st the wit ness of our joy, come to my heart, come to my heart, ah
grief affords her pleasure and yet my heart, my heart is

(f clasps the bonnet to his heart; then endeavouring to conceal his emotion from Marcel, he carelessly questions him)

come! lie close against my heart, since my love is dead!

fain to call her to my arms again.

Lento e grave.
Mosso.

What time is it now?

(roused by Rudolph from his reverie, he gaily replies)

Time for our yesterday's dinner!

Allegro. \( \frac{d}{2} \cdot 126. \\

back yet?

(Enter Schaunard and Colline; the former carries four rolls, and the latter a paper bag)

Marcel.

How now?

Schaunard.

How are we.

(Schaunard places the rolls on the table)

(disingenuously)

(Colline takes a herring out of the bag and puts it on the table as well)

now?

Colline.

Some bread?

A dish that's worthy of De-
Mos-thenes: 'Tis a herring!

This is a food that the gods might envy.

Now the Champagne in the ice must go!

Choose, my lord marquis,
(His offer is accepted; when, turning to Schaunard, he proffers another salmon or turbot?)

Marcel. (rust of bread.)

Now duke, here's a choice vol-au-vent with mushrooms!

Schaunard. (he politely declines and pours out a glass of water which he hands to Marcel.)

Thank you, I dare not! This is sostenuto molto.

S. (the one and only tumbler is handed about. Colline, after voraciously devouring his roll, rises.)

a tempo

evening, I'm dancing.
Rud. (to Colline) Colline (with an air of grave importance.)

What? sated?

To business! The king awaits me!

Marcel. (eagerly)

What's in the wind?

What plot is brewing?

(rises and approaches Colline, observing with droll inquisitiveness.)

Schaunard. pp p

What's in the wind?

(Colline struts up and down, full of self-importance.)

Mar. wind?

Colline. poco accelerando

The king re-
Bra - vol!
Schaunard.
Bra - vo!
Sosten.
quires my ser - vices! a tempo
p

(with a patronising air.)

And then I've got to see.... Guizot! s

Marcel.
(gives him the only glass.)
Schaunard.
(to Marcel)
Ho! quaff now a goblet!

Allegro.
(severely goes on to a chair and raises his glass.)

Mar
bumper! a pia - cer, con enfant
S.

Allegro.
Have I per - mis - sion, oh my most no - ble col canto
(interrupting)

Marcel. Stop that! gridato gridato

Stop that! No more nonsense!

courtier? (interrupting)

Colline. gridato gridato

Stop that! No more fool-ing! Give me that tum-bler!

(motioning his friends to let him speak)

With ardour ir-re-sist-i-ble Poet-ry fills my

col canto.

Rudolph. (yelling) Marcel. (yelling)

a tempo No! No! (complacently) a piacere

spir-it!

Colline. (yelling)

Then something cho-ro-

a tempo col canto.
Vivo.

Rudolph.

Yes, yes.

Marcel.

Yes, yes.

At tempo

Graphic may suit you.

Colline.

Yes, yes.

Ss.

Some

A piacere

Dancing, accompanied by singing!

A piacere

Well, clear the stage for

Col canto

A tempo

Ff col canto
Andantino mosso. (moving chairs and table aside, they prepare for a dance.)

Allegretto mosso. $\approx 120$

Rudolph. (suggesting various dances.)

Marcel.

Colline. [Minuet.]

Schaunard. (imitating a Gavotte.)

Allegro. $\approx 72$

Spanish measure)

I vote we dance quare.

ff energico
Lo stesso movimento.

Now take your partners! (Improvising, he beats time with comic pomposity of manner.)

Lal-le-ra, lal-le-ra, lal-le-ra,

(the others approve.) (Pretends to be very busy arranging a quadrille.)

drilles first. I'll lead it.

Lo stesso movimento.

(Approaches Marcel and, bowing very low, offers him his hand as he gallantly says.)

Marcel.

Oh, maiden fair and

la, lal-le-ra, lal-le-ra, lal-le-ra, la.

gentle! (With coy bashfulness of manner, counterfeiting a woman's voice.)

(in his ordinary voice)

My modesty respect, Sir, I beg you!

Lal-le-ra,
(Rudolph and Marcel dance a quadrille)

Mar.

 Lal-le-ra, lale-ra, lale-ra,

S.

lal-le-ra, lal-le-ra, la.

(gives directions as to the figures)

parlato

First there's the Rond.

No!

Balan-cez!

C.

pp

(Rudolph and Marcel continue dancing.) (with exaggerated contempt.)

11 Allegro.

quasi a piacere - a tempo

S.

gridato

You've manners like a clown. (offended)

As I take it, you're in-

C.

11 Allegro.

a tempo

col canto -

PP agitato

stacc.

(taking up the poker) parlato (preparing to receive his adversary's attack.)

S.

Ready! Have at you!

C.

sult-ing! Draw your sword, sir!
The duellists pretend to grow more and more incensed, stamping their feet and shouting.
Marcel. (The door opens and Musetta enters in a state of great agitation.)

Allegro moderato agitato.
Musetta. (loarsely)

'Tis Mimi! 'Tis Mimi who is with me and is ailing. She has not set-tal.

Allegro moderato agitato.

(subito pp)

(subito pp)

(through the open door he spies Mimi seated on the topmost stair)

strength to climb the staircase.

(rushes to Mimi; Marcel follows his example)

Ah!

_ff con stancio ed espansione allargando e crescendo molto_
Schaunard.
(to Colline; they both drag the bed forward)

\[\text{Mino molto. Here's the bed, we'll put her on it.}\]

\[\text{Mino. (passionately)}\]
(Musetta brings a glass of water and makes Mimi sip it)

\[\text{O Rudolph!}\]

Rudolph. (Rudolph and Marcel support Mimi and lead her towards the bed)

\[\text{There! some water.}\]

\[\text{Gently}\]

Mi.
(embraces Rudolph)

(gently lowering her on to the bed)

\[\text{My darling}\]

R.

\[\text{lie down there.}\]

Mi.

\[\text{Rudolph, Oh let me stay with}\]

100357
Musetta (taking the others aside, she whispers to them:)

Rudolph.

Darling Mimi, stay here ever!

saying that Mimi had left the rich old Viscount, and now was almost

(Rudolph induces Mimi to lie down at full length on the bed, and draws

14 Andante mesto.

dying. Ah but where? After searching, I met her alone just

the coverlet over her; then carefully adjusted the pillow beneath her head.)

Andante mesto.

100367
Almost dead with exhaustion, she murmured "I am dying, poco rall.

(excitedly raising her voice)

dying! But listen! I want to die near him, may be he's waiting!

Take me hither, Marcel.

(Musetta moves farther away from Mimi)

15 Mimi.

I feel so much better.

Hush!

Mi.

all here seems just the same as ever!

Musetta.
(with a sweet smile)

Ah, it is all so pleasant here! Saved from

(raising herself somewhat she again embraces Rudolph)
sadness, all is gladness! Once again new life, new Rudolph.

Lips delightful, speak a-

life is mine! Ah! be-lov'd! ah!

gain to me. Once more en-

Musetta. (aside to the other three)

Marcel. What is there to give her?

Nothing!
Mi.
leave me not!

R.
chant me!

Mus.
No coffee? No wine? (in great dejection)

Mar.
Nothing! Larger empty! (sadly to Colline as he takes him aside)

Colline.
In an hour she'll be dead!

Mi.
I feel so cold! If I had but my muff here:

My poor hands are simply frozen. How shall I get them
Lento. (coughs) (Rudolph takes Mimi's hands in his, and chafes them)

warm?
Rudolph. 
Lento.

In mine, in mine, love! Silence! For speaking

(seeing Rudolph's friends, she calls them by name, when they hasten to her side.)

Tis coughing tires me. I'm used to that, though.

Good tires you.

mor-row, Mar-cell! Schau-nard, Col-lie-ne, good mor-row!

(smiling)

All are here, as I see, glad to welcome Mi-mi.

Rudolph.

Hush, Mi-mi, do not
Allegretto mosso. (motioning Marcel to approach)

I'll speak low. Don't be fright-end. Marcel, now be-

talk.

Allegretto mosso.

Andante. poco rall.

(Schaunard and Colline mournfully withdraw. The former sits at the table, burying his face in his
lieve me, a good girl is Mus-set-ta.
Marcel (giving Musetta his hand) poco rall.

Andante.

hands. The latter is a prey to sad thoughts.)
Musetta.

Allegretto mosso. (drawing Marcel away from Mimi, she takes off her
earrings and gives them to him as she whispers:)

Look here!

Mns. poco rall.

sell them, and buy some to-nic for her—send for a doc-tor!

Rudolph.

Keep poco rall. PP
Mimi.

You will not leave me?

Musetta. (Marcel is about to go when Musetta stops him and takes him still further from Mimi)

Stay, listen!

Musetta.

May be what she has asked us, will be her last request on earth, little darling! I'll go for the muff, I'll come with you.

(Musetta and Marcel hastily go out)

Colline.

How good you are, Musetta!
Allegretto moderato e triste. \( \text{D} \quad \text{68} \).

(with increasing emotion)

Gar-ment antique and rus-ty! a last good-bye, fare-

\( \text{pp staccatissimo} \)

\( \text{poco rit.} \)

a tempo

well! fa-ded friend so tried and trust-y, We must part, you and

\( \text{a tempo} \)

I, For ne-ver yet your back did you how to

\( \text{p poco rall.} \quad \text{a tempo} \)

rich man or to might-y. How oft safe in your pock-ets

\( \text{p poco rall.} \quad \text{a tempo} \)

\( \text{pp rall.} \quad \text{a tempo} \)

spa-cious have you con-cealed phi-lo-so-pher and po-ets!
Now that our pleasant friendship is o'er I would bid thee once
more, Oh! companion tried and trusty, Fare—well! Fare—
well! Schaunard, Schausard,

our methods possibly may differ, but yet two kindly, two

kindly acts well do— mine's this one; and your's— leave them alone in
Andantino.  
Schaunard. (overcome by emotion)  
(looking towards)

there.
Philosopher, you're right.

20 Andantino mosso.
(Schaunard looks about him; then, to justify his exit, he)

Tis true, I'll go! Calmo
takes up the water-bottle and goes out after Colline, gently closing the door.)

Più sostenuto.
(Mimi opens her eyes and, seeing that all have gone, holds out her hand to Rudolph who affectionately kisses it)

Mimi.
Have they
Andante calmo.

(Rudolph nods)

left us? To sleep I only feigned, for I wanted to be alone with

you, love. So many things there are that I would tell you; there is

(raising herself somewhat, with Rudolph's help)

one, too, as spacious as the ocean, as the ocean profound, without

con espansione (putting her arms round Rudolph's neck) poco rit.
dolcissimo

limit ah! my love, you are my only love, you are my

love, and all, and all my life!

Rudolph.

Oh! Mimi, my pretty Mi.

pp sostenendo

190857
You still think I'm pretty? sostenendo

Fair as the dawn in

No, the simile fits not; you meant to say

Spring!

fair as the flame of sunset.

They call

me Mimi, they call me Mimi but I
Allegretto mosso.

know not why" (in tender, caressing tones)

Back to her nest comes the
Allegretto mosso.

(pp)

m.s.

mf accelerated

swallow in the spring-tide.

Mimi. (gaily)

(motions Rudolph to put the bonnet on her head)

rall.

Why, that's my bonnet, why, that's my bonnet! Ah!

col canto

Allegretto un poco sostenuto. d':tos.

(Mimi makes Rudolph sit next to her and rests her head on his breast.)

Do you remember how we both went shopping when

pp dolceiss.

190937
first we fell in love? This room was all in

Yes I remember.

Rudolph.

darkness

While you, you were so fright

And to find

end! dolce Then the key you'd mislaid, love.

poco rit. — — a tempo

it you went groping in the darkness!

Yes, searching,
25 rit. graziosamente a tempo

and you, my young master, now I can

searching.

PP rit. a tempo

Mimi.

tell you frankly that you soon managed to

poco rit. rall.

find it.

Rudolph.

espressivo It was Fate that did help me

a tempo

It was dark, and my blushes were unnoticed. "Your

dolciss.

rall. col canto

100837"
Andantino affettuoso.
(as she faintly repeats Rudolph’s words)

Mimi.

*tiny hand is frozen! Let me warm it into life!*

Rudolph.

*Allegro moderato.*

(a sudden spasm half suffocates her; she sinks back fainting)

Mimi.

*a tempo*

(raises her up in alarm)

(breathless)

Mimi.

*a tempo, molto*

(afraid)

26

Rudolph.

*What now?*

Schaunard.

Adagio—

(advancing)—

What now?
Andante con moto.

better.

Yes, yes, forgive me, now its

(gently lowering her)

Gently, for goodness' sake.

Andante con moto.

27

Allegretto.

over.

(Musetta and Marcel cautiously enter. Musetta is carrying a maff, her companion, a phial)

Musetta.

(to Rudolph)

pp a pincere

Sleeping?

Rudolph.

(approaching Marcel)

a pincere

Just resting.

Marcel.

a pincere

I have seen the

col canto
Mimi.

Who (takes a spirit-lamp, and placing it on the table, lights it.)

doc-tor. Hell come, I bade him has-ten. Here is the to-nic.

Musetta (approaches Mimi and gives her the muff.)

Andantino sostenuto. rall.

Oh, how its soft and feath-er-y. No more shall be my poor fing-ers fro-zen.
For this muff shall make them warm. Did you give me this

28 Andante lento molto.
You thoughtless fellow! Thank you, it cost you present?

Yes.

(Rudolph bursts into tears)

(dear. Weep not! I'm better. Why should you weep for me?)

Here, love! ever with you!

My hands are into the muff; then she gradually grows drowsy, gracefully nodding her head, as one who is overcome by sleep.

much warmer; now I will sleep....
(Meanwhile Musetta is busy heating the medicine brought by Marcel over the spirit-lamp, as she unconsciously murmurs a prayer.)

Musetta. \( \text{Andante lento e sostenuto.} \)

(reassured at seeing Mimi fall asleep, he gently moves away from the bedside and motions the others not to make any noise, he approaches Marcel)

Rudolph. \( \text{pp sotto voce} \)

What said the doc-tor?

Marcel. \( \text{pp sotto voce} \)

He'll come.

(Rudolph, Marcel and Schaunard whisper together
Every now and then Rudolph goes on tip-toe to the bed and then rejoins his companions)

Mus. \( \text{Vir-gin, save, of thy mer-cy this poor mai-den, save her Ma-don-na mine, from dolce} \)

(interrupting, she bids Marcel place a book upright on the table, so as to shade the lamp)

\( \text{quasi a piacere} \)

death! Here there should be a shade, because the lamp is flick-er-ing. Like

\( \text{col canto} \)

\( \text{ppp m.d.} \)
(resuming her prayer)

_a tempo_

this... And oh! may she recover, Madonna, Holy Mother, I

merit not thy pardon, but our little Mimi is an angel from heaven!

Not serious.

(approaches Musetta while Schaunard advances on tip-toe to the bedside.
With a sorrowful gesture he goes back to Marcel.)

Rudolph: _sotto voce_

I still have hope. Do you think it is serious? _in a hoarse voice_

Schaunard.

Marcel, she is
(Marcel in his turn goes up to the bed and retreats in alarm)

(sotto voce)

Colline.

Mu-set-ta, it's here!

(a tempo)

dim. col canto a tempo

(turning round, he sees Musetta, who makes a sign to him: that the medicine is ready. Getting off the chair, he is suddenly aware of the strange demeanour of Marcel and Schumann.)

Rudolph.

See now! She's tranquil.

(he asks him, how Mimi is)

C.

How is she?

(pppp)

col canto

(jestingly, almost in a speaking voice)

(lunga)

(as he glances from one to the other in consternation)

R.

What's the meaning of this going and this coming, and these glances so strange?

parlasto con drammaticità

(lunga)
(unable to bear up any longer, he hastens to embrace Rudolph, as he murmurs:)

**Marcel.**

Largo sostenuto. con voce strozzata, ma gridando

Poor fellow!

(fugeth himself on Mimi's bed, lifts her up, shakes her by the hand, and exclaims in tones of anguish)

**Rudolph**

Mi-mi!

(falls, sobbing, upon her lifeless form)

Mi-mi!

(Terrorstruck, Musetta rushes to the bed; utters a piercing cry of grief; then kneels sobbing at the foot of the bed. Schaunard, overcome, sinks back into a chair, to the left Colline stands at the foot of the bed, dazed at the suddenness of this catastrophe. Marcel, sobbing, turns his back to the footlights.)

(The curtain slowly falls)

**Grave.**

(Terrorstruck, Musetta rushes to the bed; utters a piercing cry of grief; then kneels sobbing at the foot of the bed. Schaunard, overcome, sinks back into a chair, to the left Colline stands at the foot of the bed, dazed at the suddenness of this catastrophe. Marcel, sobbing, turns his back to the footlights.)

The End.