THE COMEDY OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.

LADY BESS

JULIAN JORDAN

OLIVER DITSON CO.,

NEW YORK BOSTON. PHILADELPHIA.

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LADY BESS.

A

COMEDY OPERA

(IN THREE ACTS.)

ADAPTATION LYRICS
AN MUSICAL COMPOSITION

BY

JULIAN JORDAN.

ORCHESTRAL PARTS AND LIBRETTOS,
CAN BE PROCURED OF THE AUTHOR.
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Opera Should be Addressed.

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LADY BESS.

Characters of the Opera.

Lady Bess Greenwood. . . . . Mezzo Soprano, or High Contralto.
Geraldine. A Niece and Ward of Robert Barclay. . . . . Soprano.
Bridesmaids { Allis. . . . . 1st Soprano.
Mabel. . . . . 2d Soprano.
Dolly. . . . . 1st Alto.
Daisy. . . . . 2d Alto.
Sir Lovelace Gay, a Baronet, of fashionable celebrity. . . . . Tenor.
Alfred, his Son. . . . . Tenor.
Tipper, Sir Lovelace Gay's Valet. . . . . Tenor.
Sir William Greenwood, a Wealthy Country Gentleman. . . . . Tenor.
Homer Bright, Related to Everybody and Traveling on his Cheek. . Baritone.
Robert Barclay, an English Country Gentleman. . . . . Baritone.
Mark Meddle, a Lawyer. . . . . Basso.
Harry, Best Man. . . . . Basso.
Charles.
Officer of the Law.
Money Lender.
Landlord of Inn, Traveler's Rest.

Plot Of The Opera.

According to the conditions of her father's will, Geraldine, a lovely young girl, is about to give her hand in marriage to a Baronet of fashionable celebrity who is old enough to be her grandfather.

She never having felt the pain of Cupid's dart, philosophically accepts the inevitable. On the day before the wedding she by chance meets Alfred, the Son of the Baronet, and it is a case of "love at first sight."

Sir Lovelace, the Baronet, is superlatively susceptible to the charms of a lovely woman, and when for the first time he sees "Lady Bess Greenwood," a very fascinating beauty, a sort of "Sporting Duchess," and a very dear friend of Geraldine, he falls desperately in love with her, notwithstanding the fact that arrangements for his marriage with Geraldine are all completed and the day close at hand.

At the suggestion of Bright, the boon companion of Alfred, who has informed her of the meeting of Alfred and Geraldine, and of the new aspect of affairs, she lends herself to a flirtation with the Baronet, hoping that he will somehow implicate himself and will be forced to release Geraldine from the contract of marriage with himself.

The scheme thus planned is a success so far as the main object is concerned, but in the working out involves the participants in many laughable predicaments, one of which is the writing of a challenge by Greenwood, the husband of Lady Bess, who dictates it for the purpose of proving to her husband that she was only acting, and that she is in reality above reproach.

The sequel to the sending of the challenge is not what she anticipates, for she thinks the Baronet is a coward. He however promptly accepts the challenge, much to the annoyance of Lady Bess, who is very much afraid her husband "Willie" will be shot. But all ends satisfactorily, The Baronet is compelled by force of circumstances to relinquish his claim to the hand of Geraldine, and the grand finale gives evidence that he regrets the indiscretion which, although it has wrought disappointment to himself, has brought happiness to all, especially to Geraldine and his Son.

Scene, First Act. Court of Inn. *Dress.* Riding Habits principally.
Scene, Second Act. Drawing Room. *Dress.* Afternoon Dress, Half Modern.
Scene, Third Act. The Hunt Ball. *Dress.* Ladies Full Dress, Gents same. Chorus of Men in Full dress Hunting Costume, Black Satin Knickerbockers, White Vest, Red Cutaway Coats.

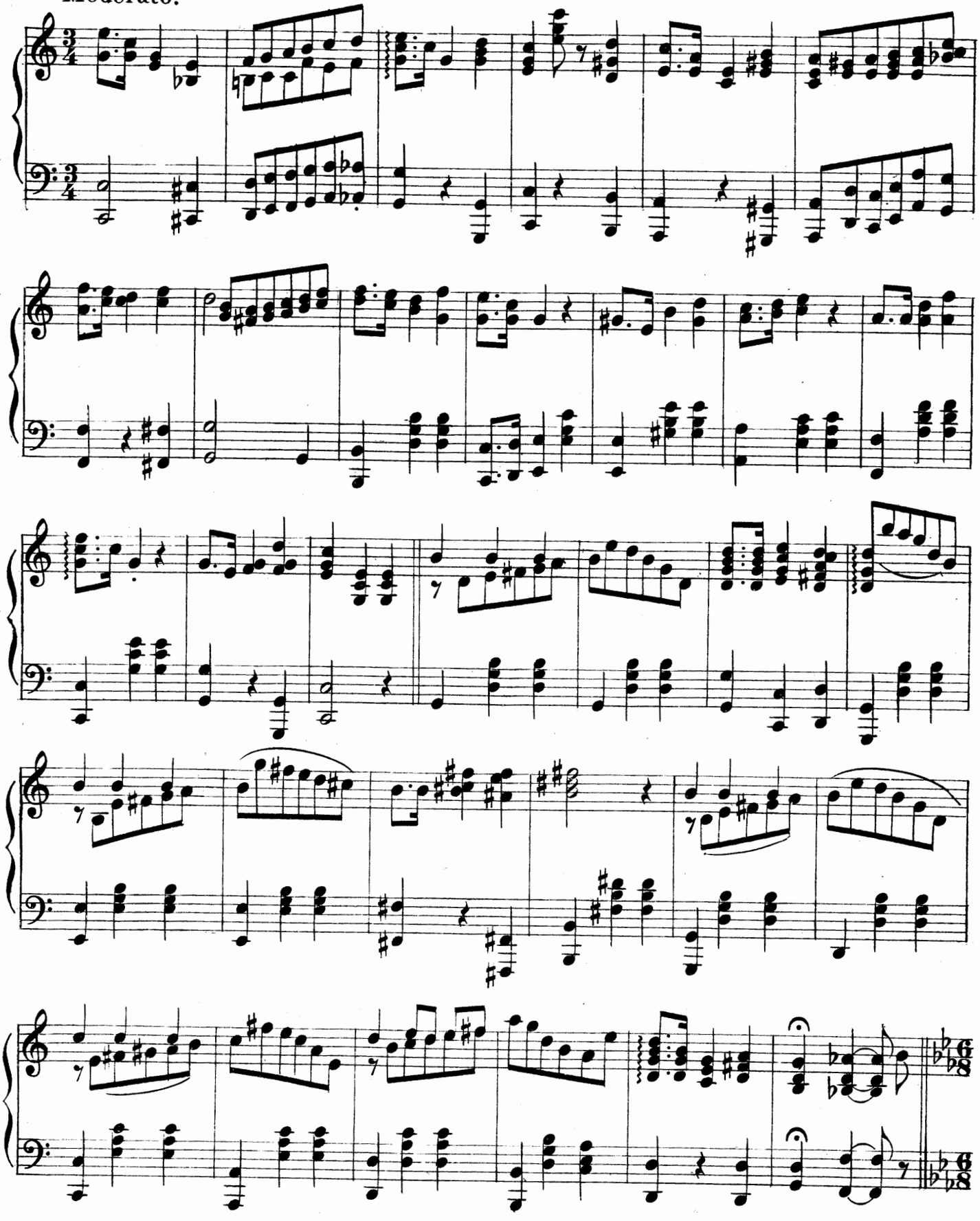
OVERTURE.

TO

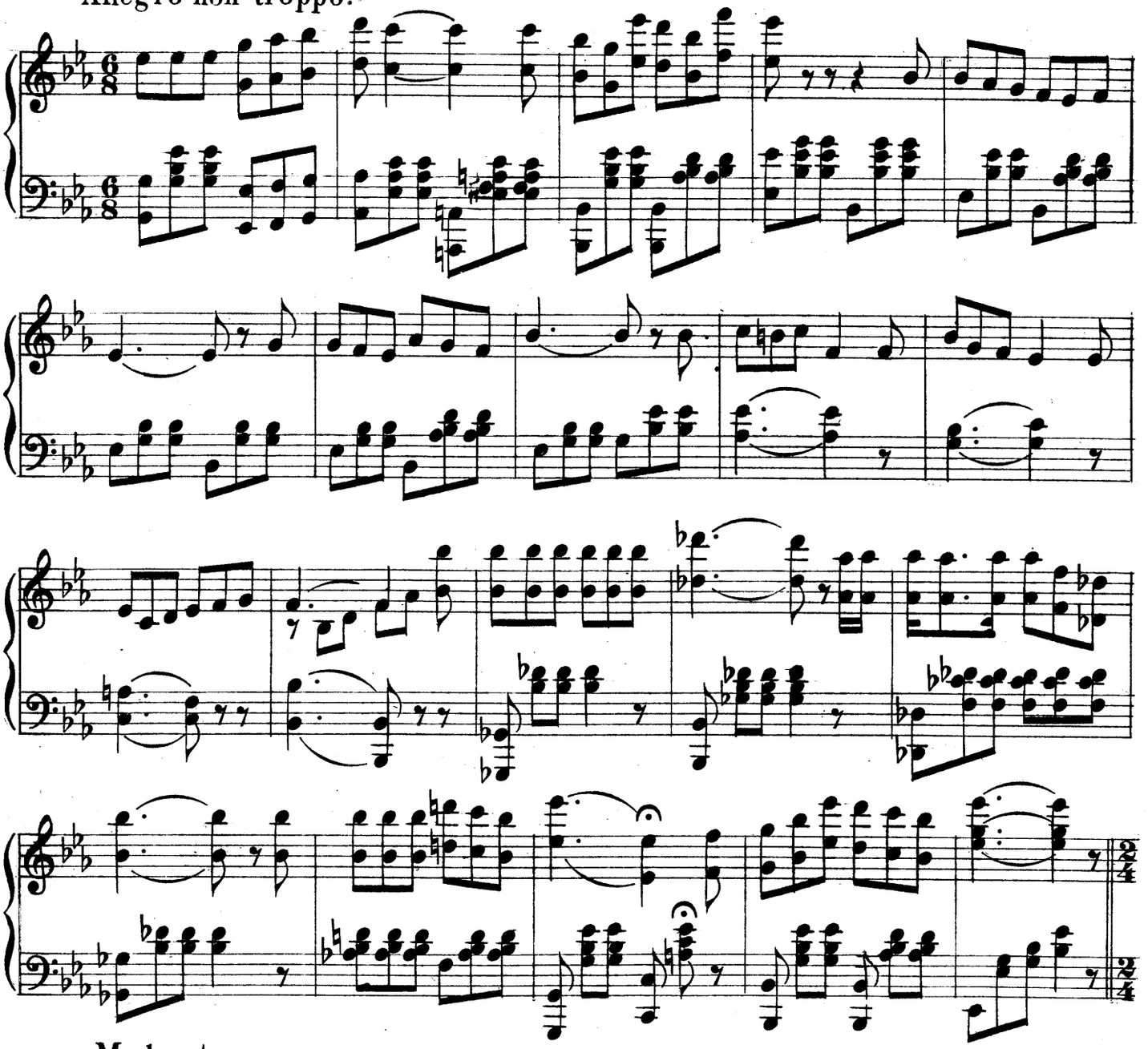
LADY BESS.

JULIAN JORDAN.

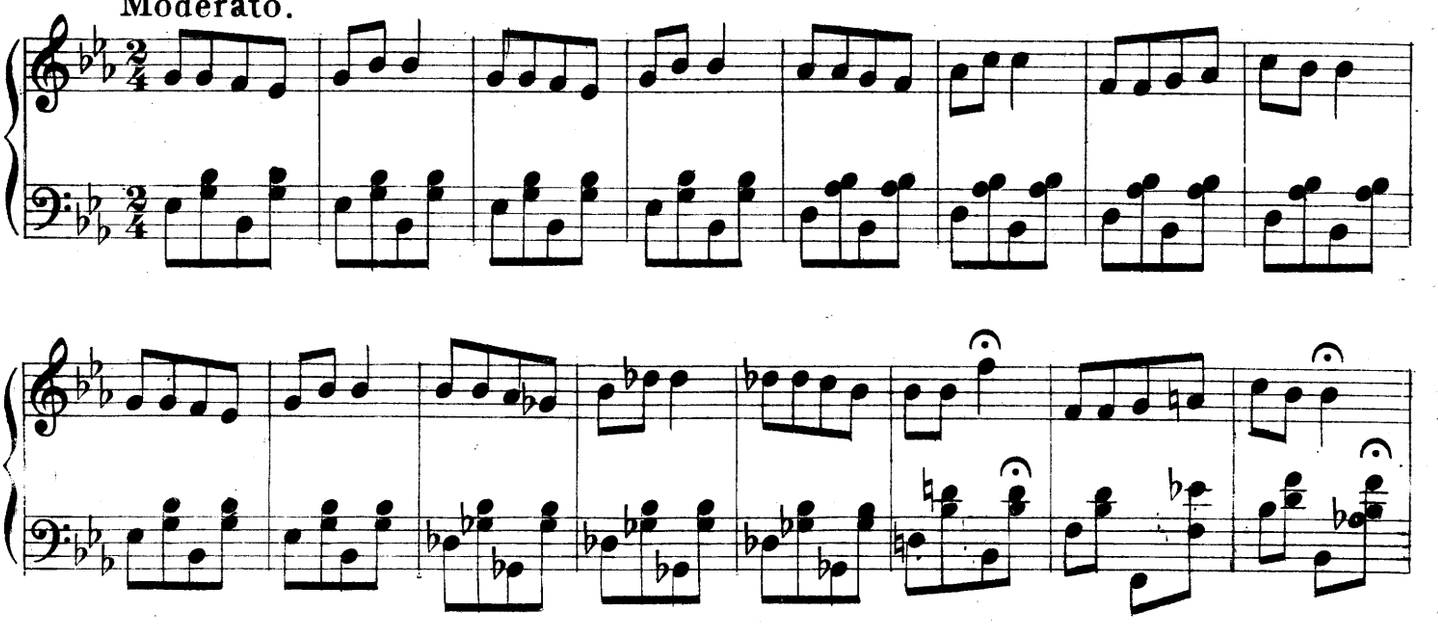
Moderato.



Allegro non troppo.



Moderato.



8va. ad lib.

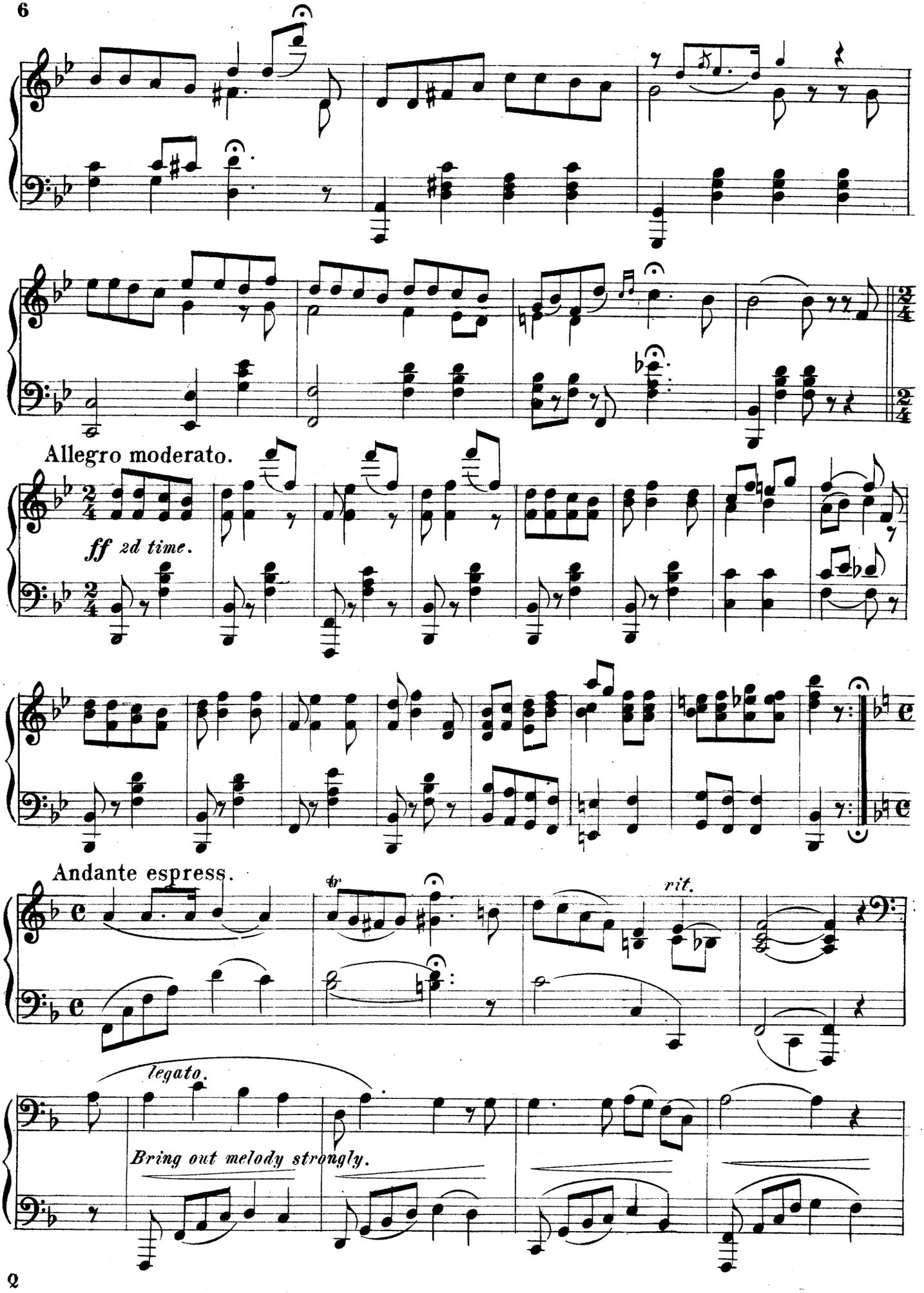
rit.

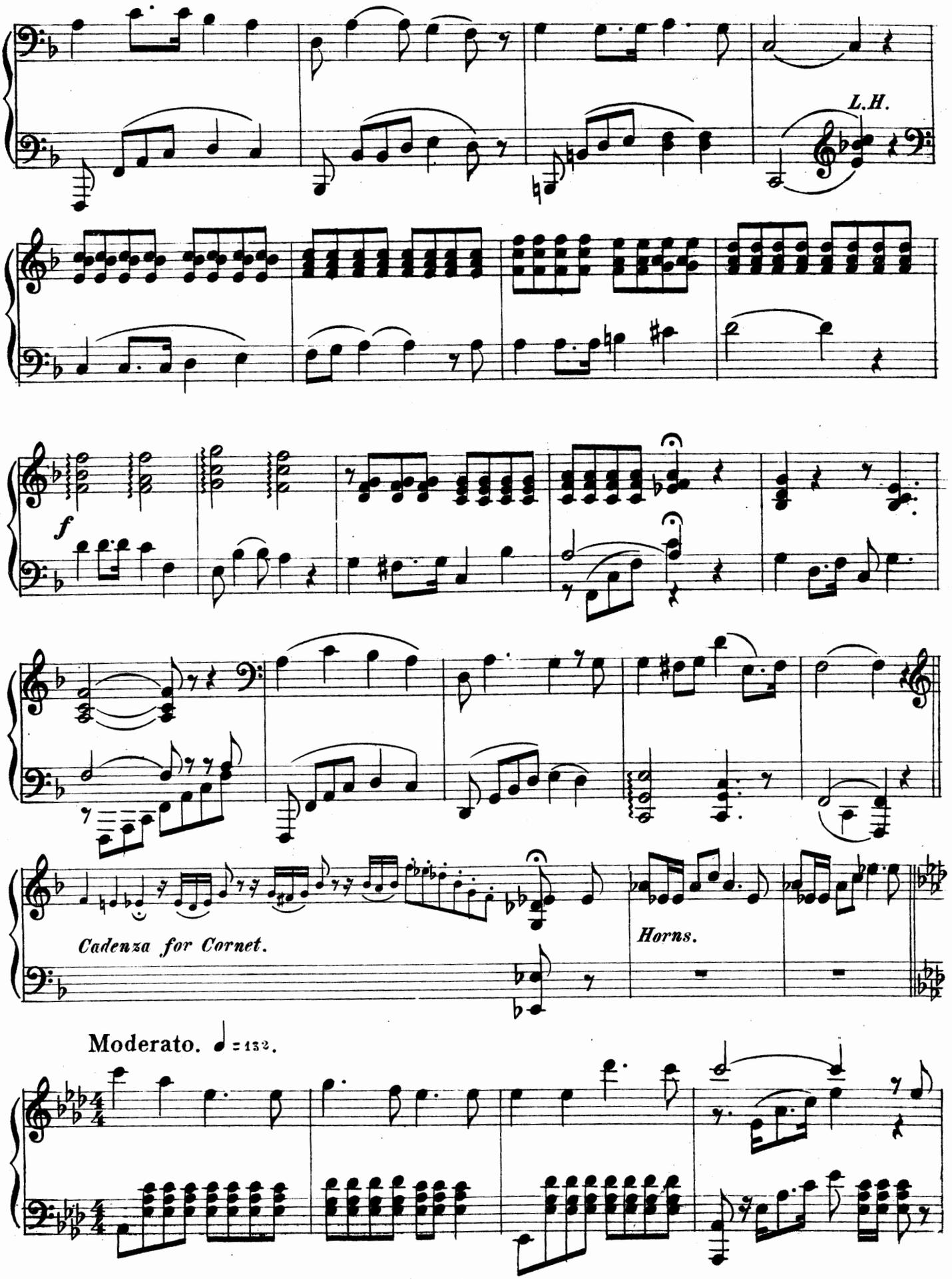
Tempo di Valse.

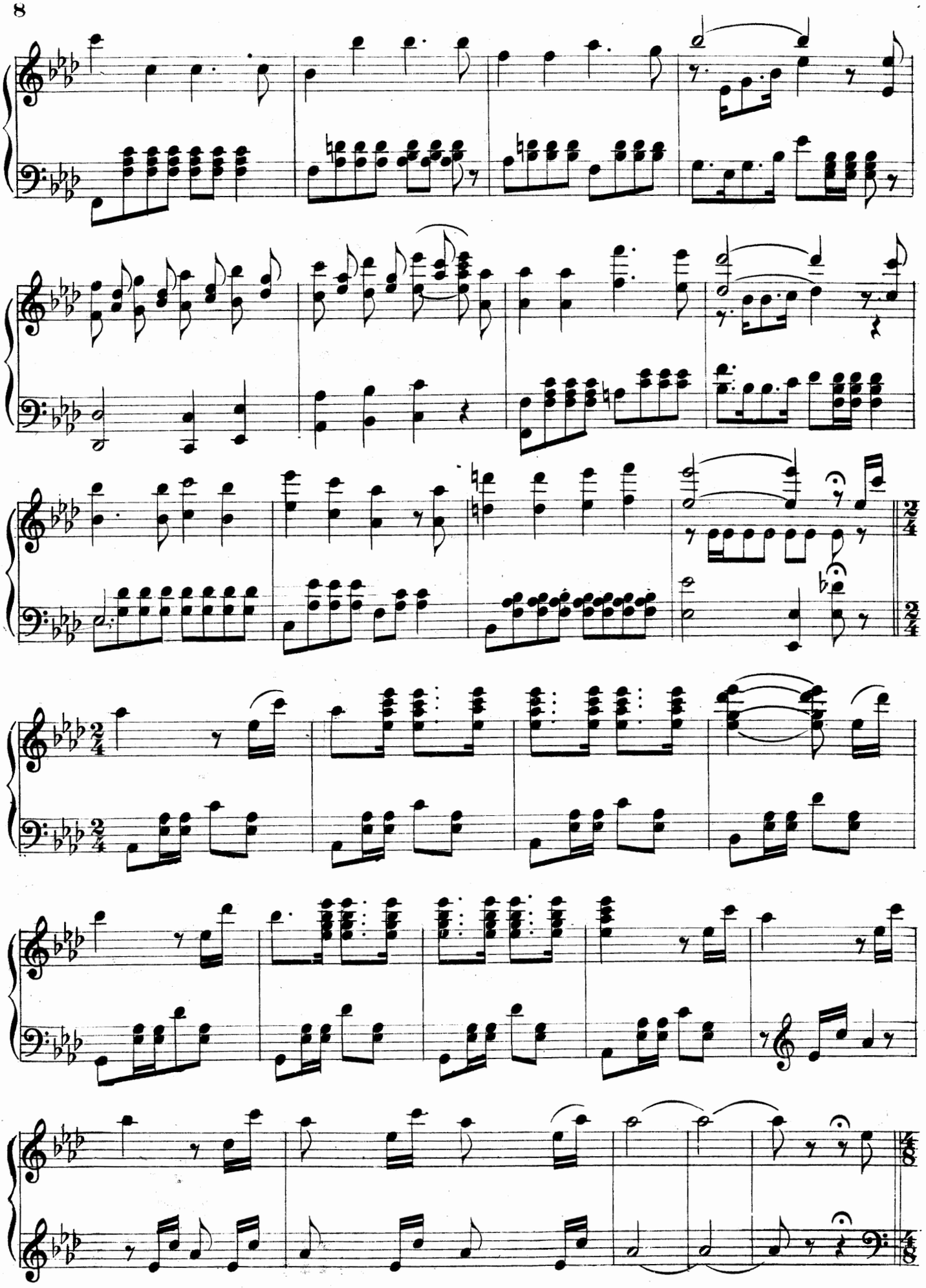
Moderato. ♩=104

rit.

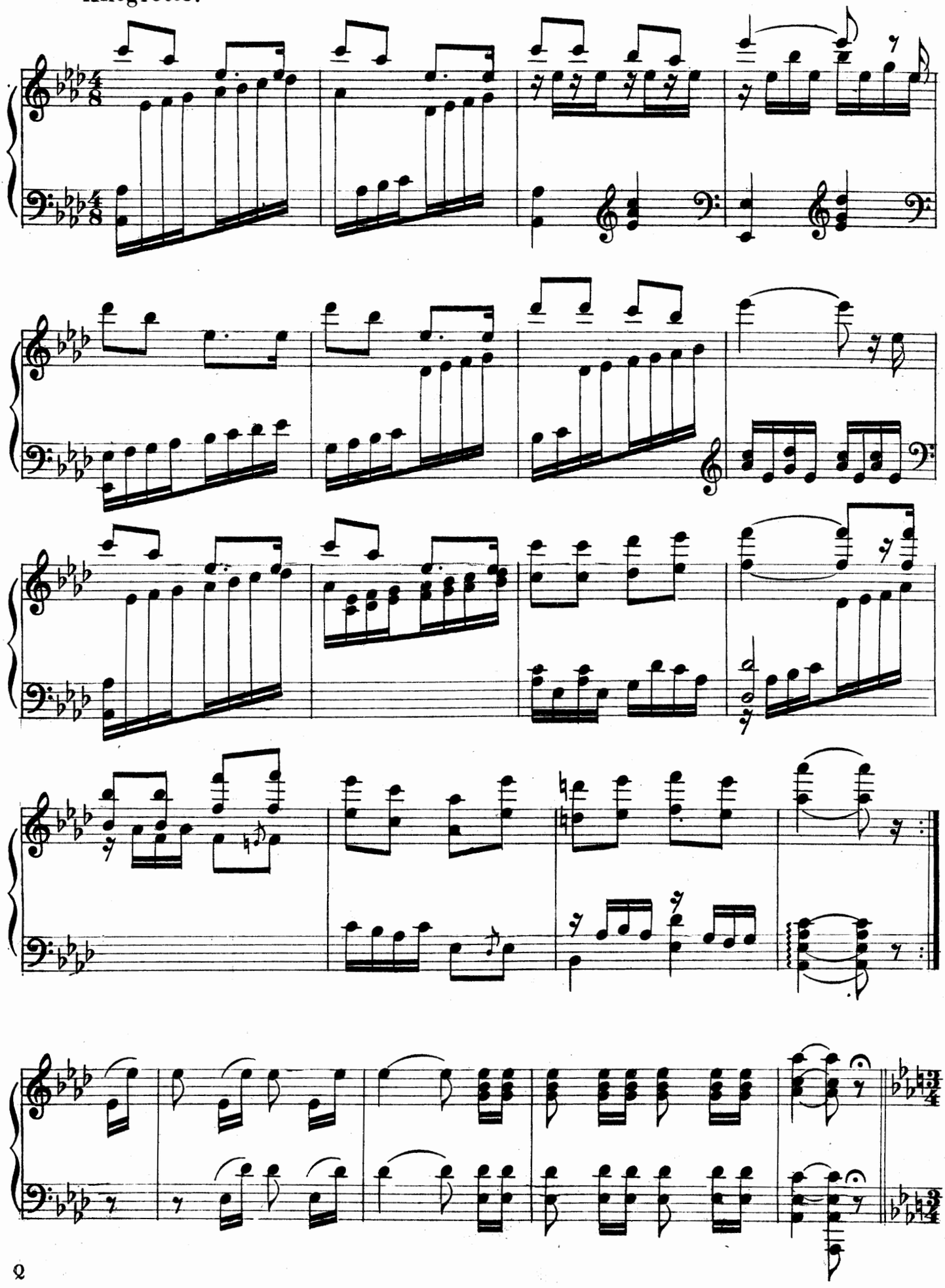
rit.


Allegro moderato.
ff 2d time.
Andante espress.
tr
rit.
legato.
Bring out melody strongly.

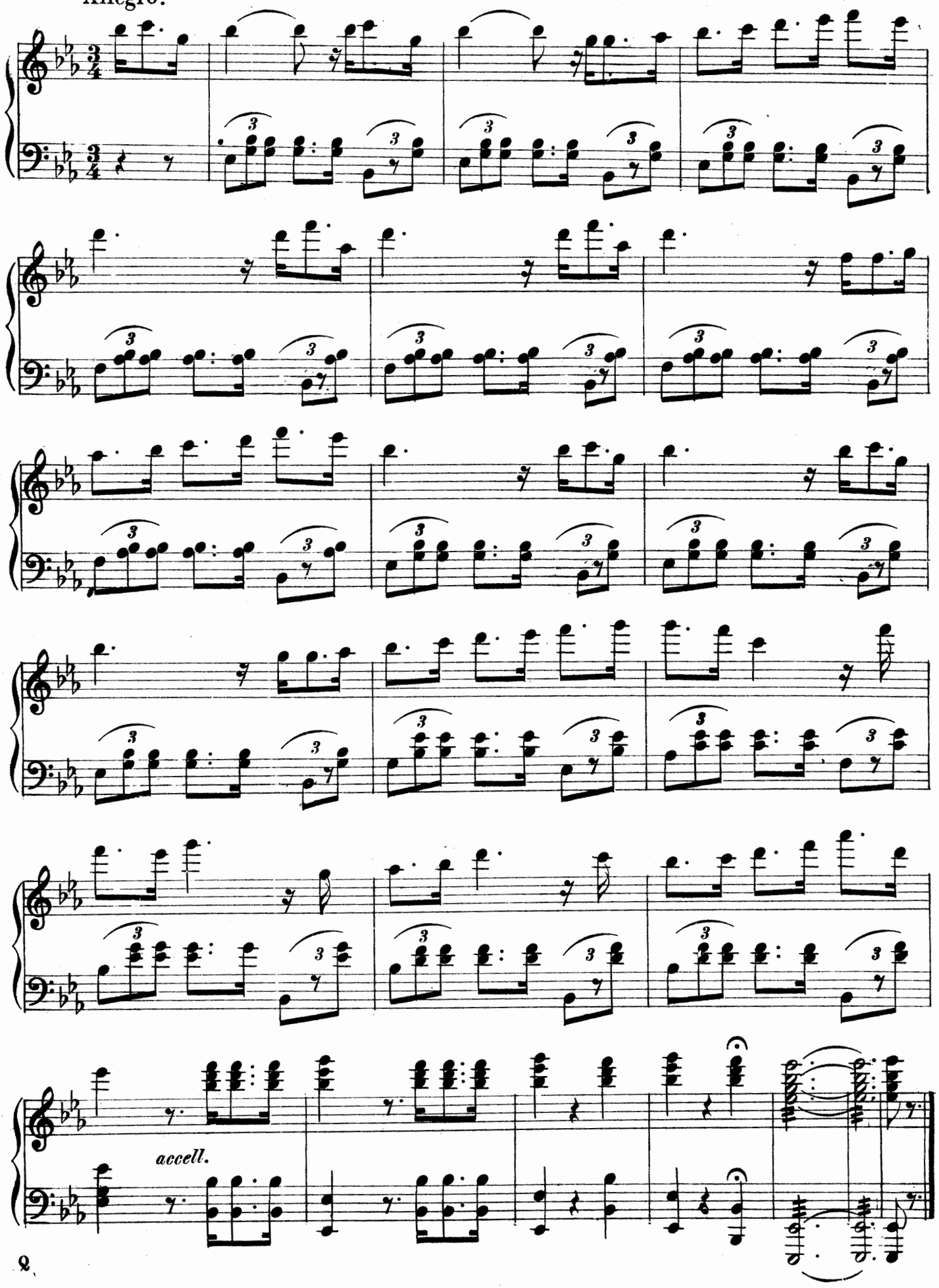

L.H.
f
Cadenza for Cornet.
Horns.
Moderato. ♩ = 132.



Allegretto.

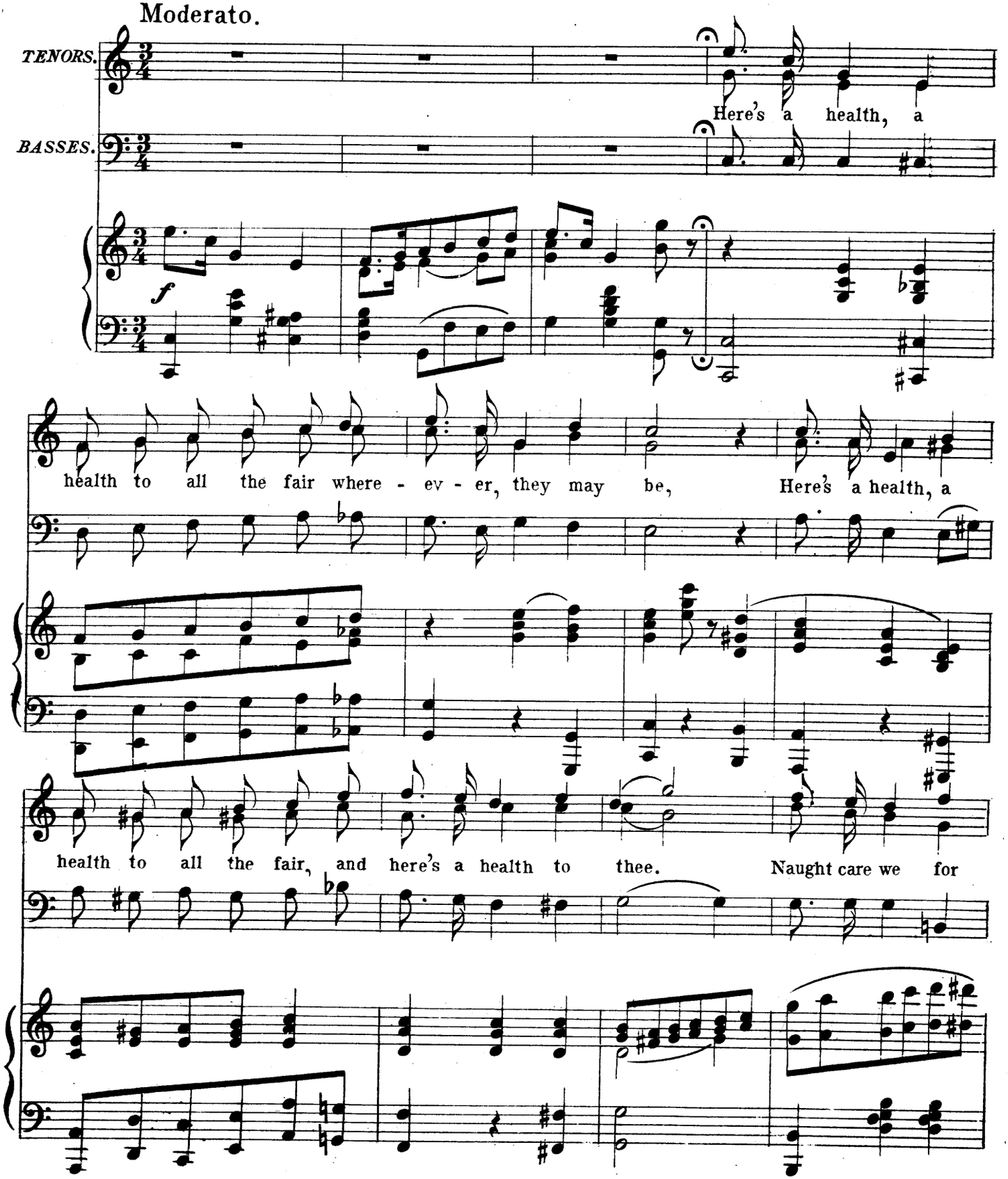


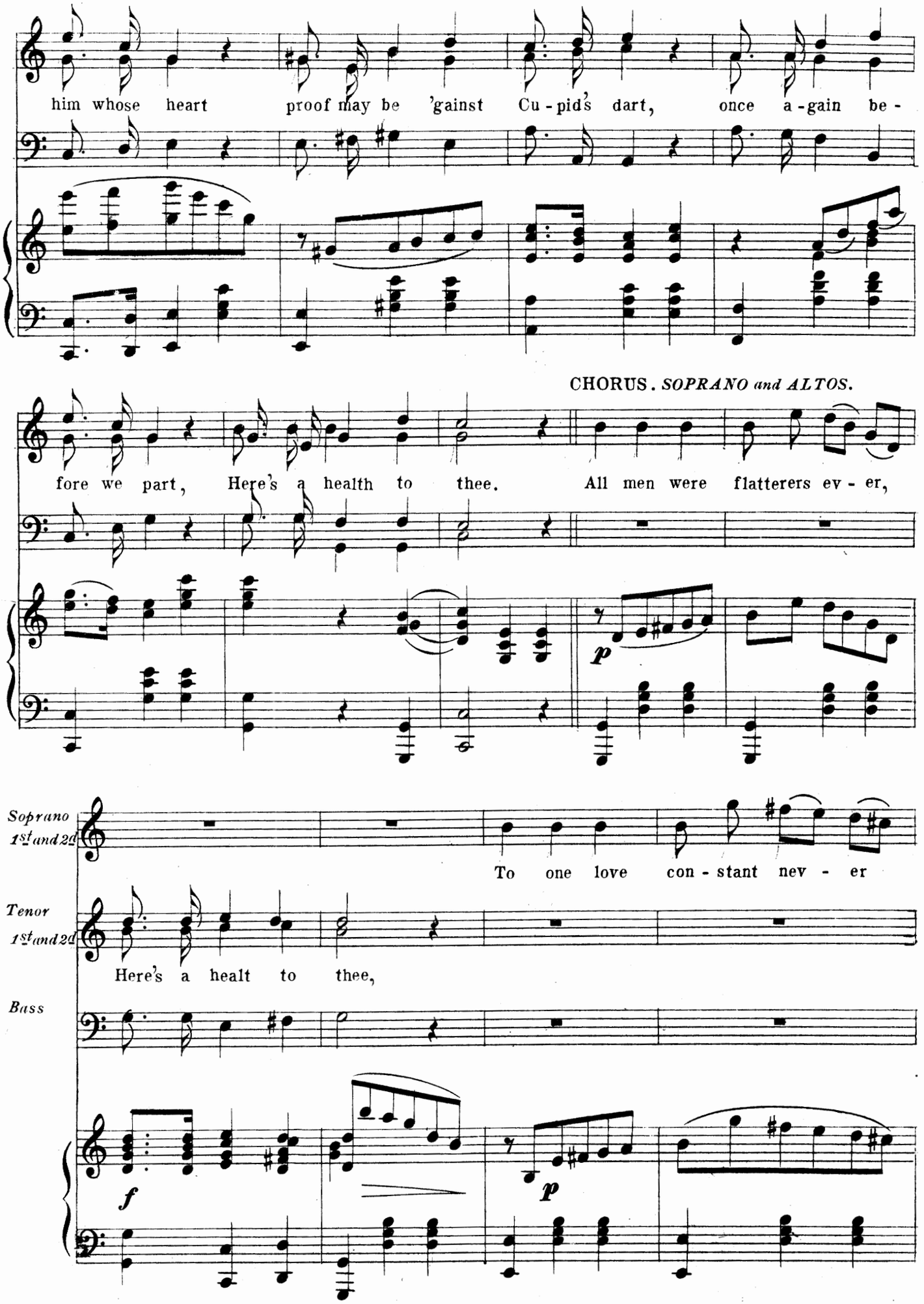
Allegro.

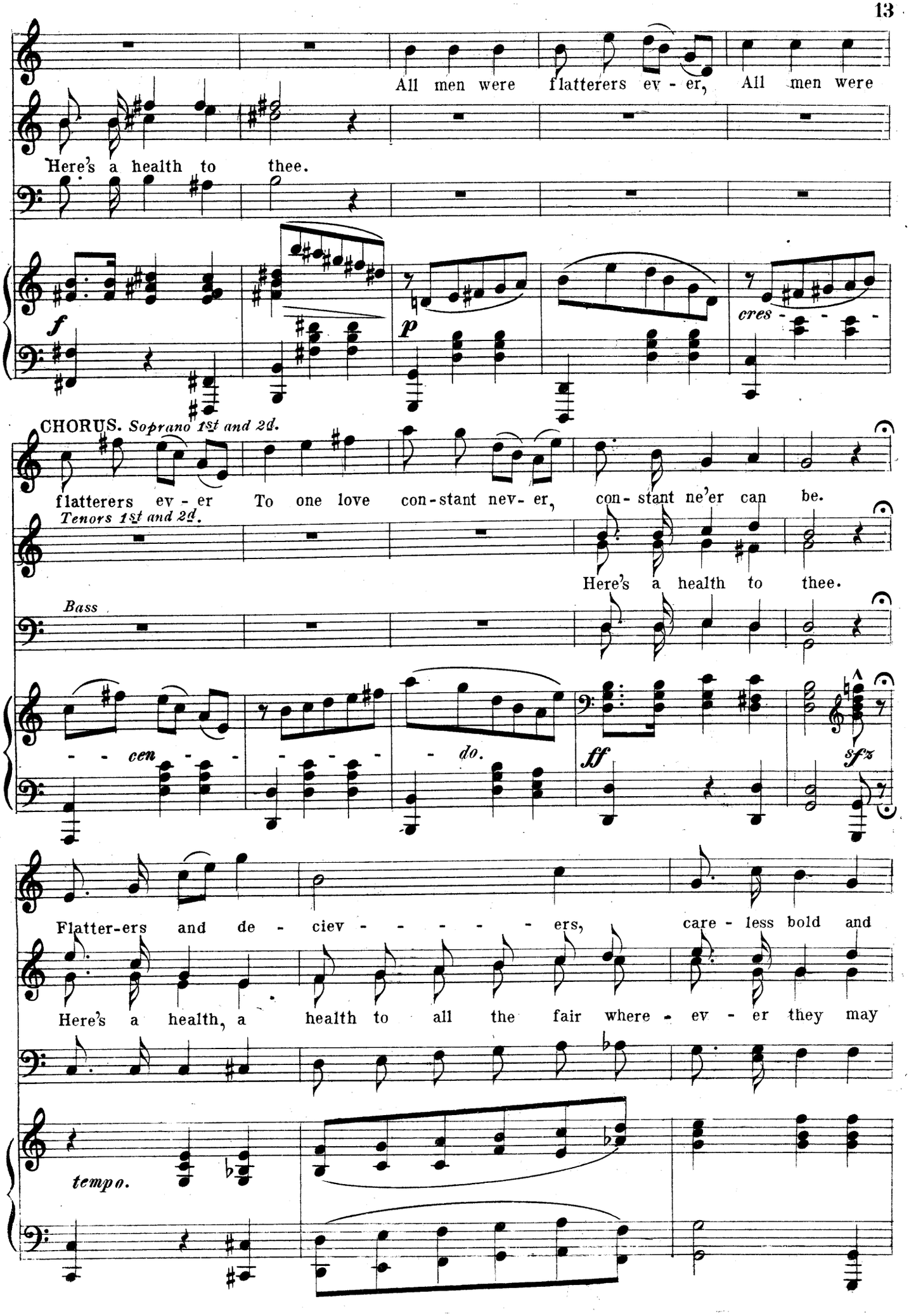


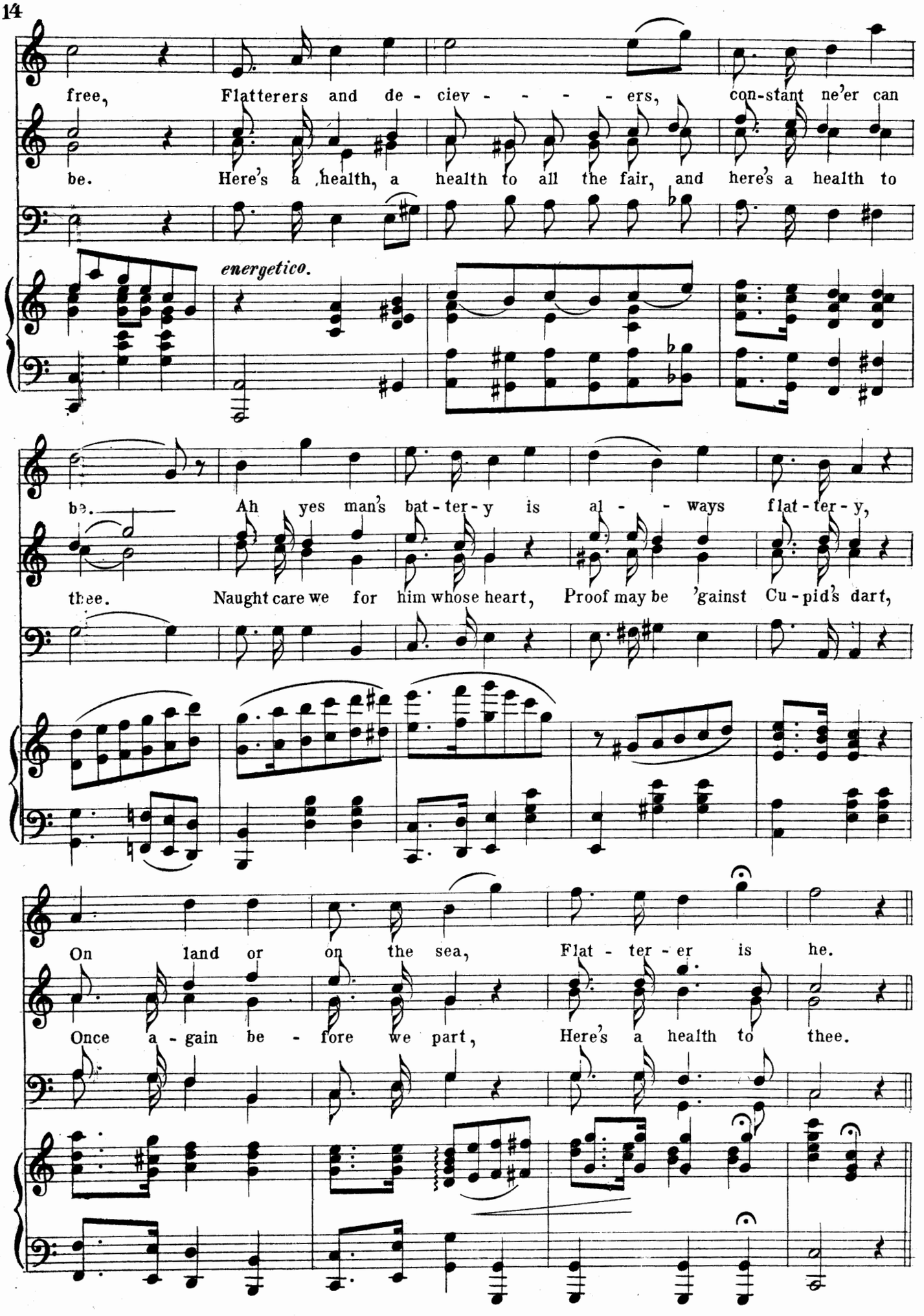
INTRODUCTION.

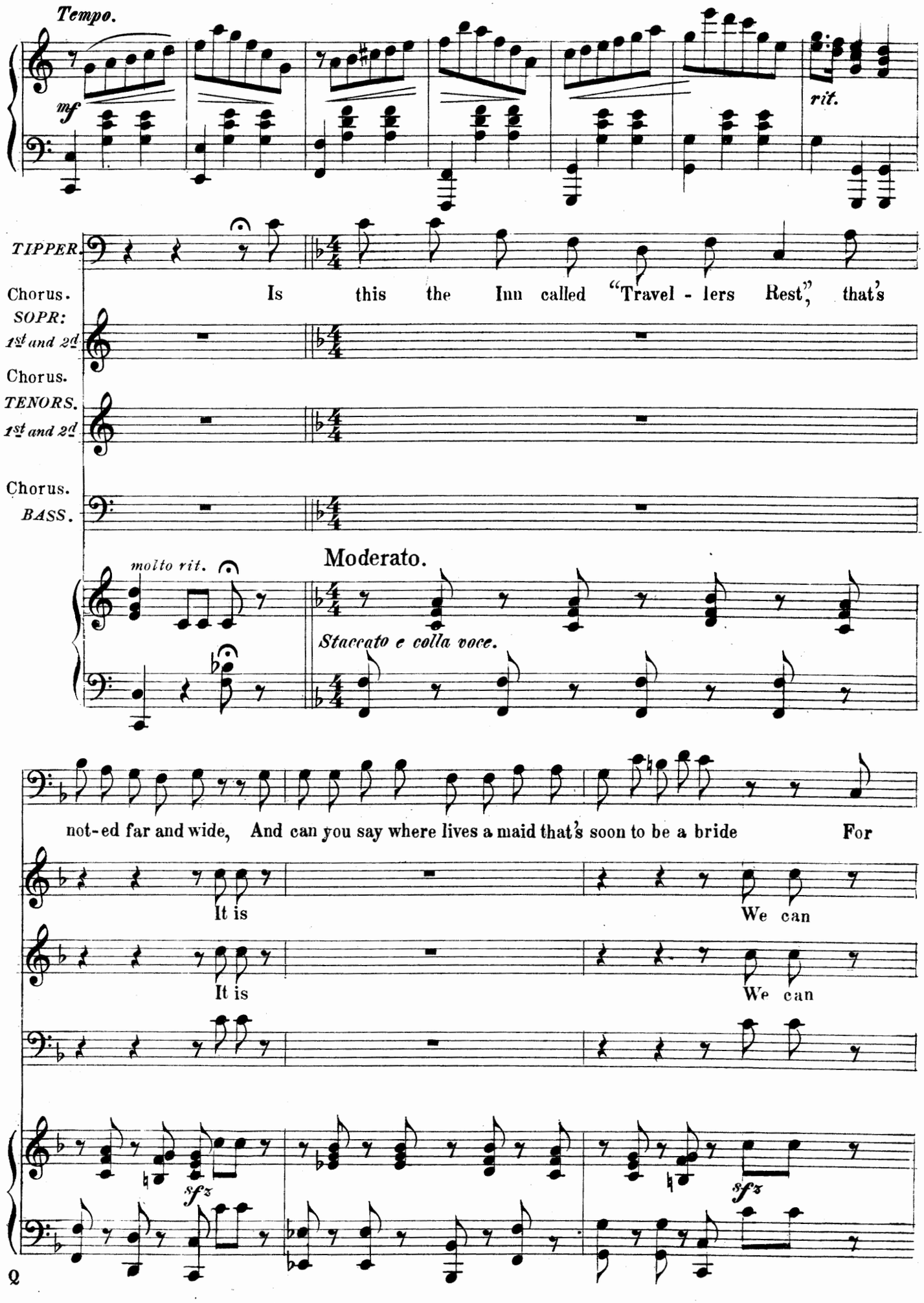
OPENING CHORUS.
to
LADY BESS.

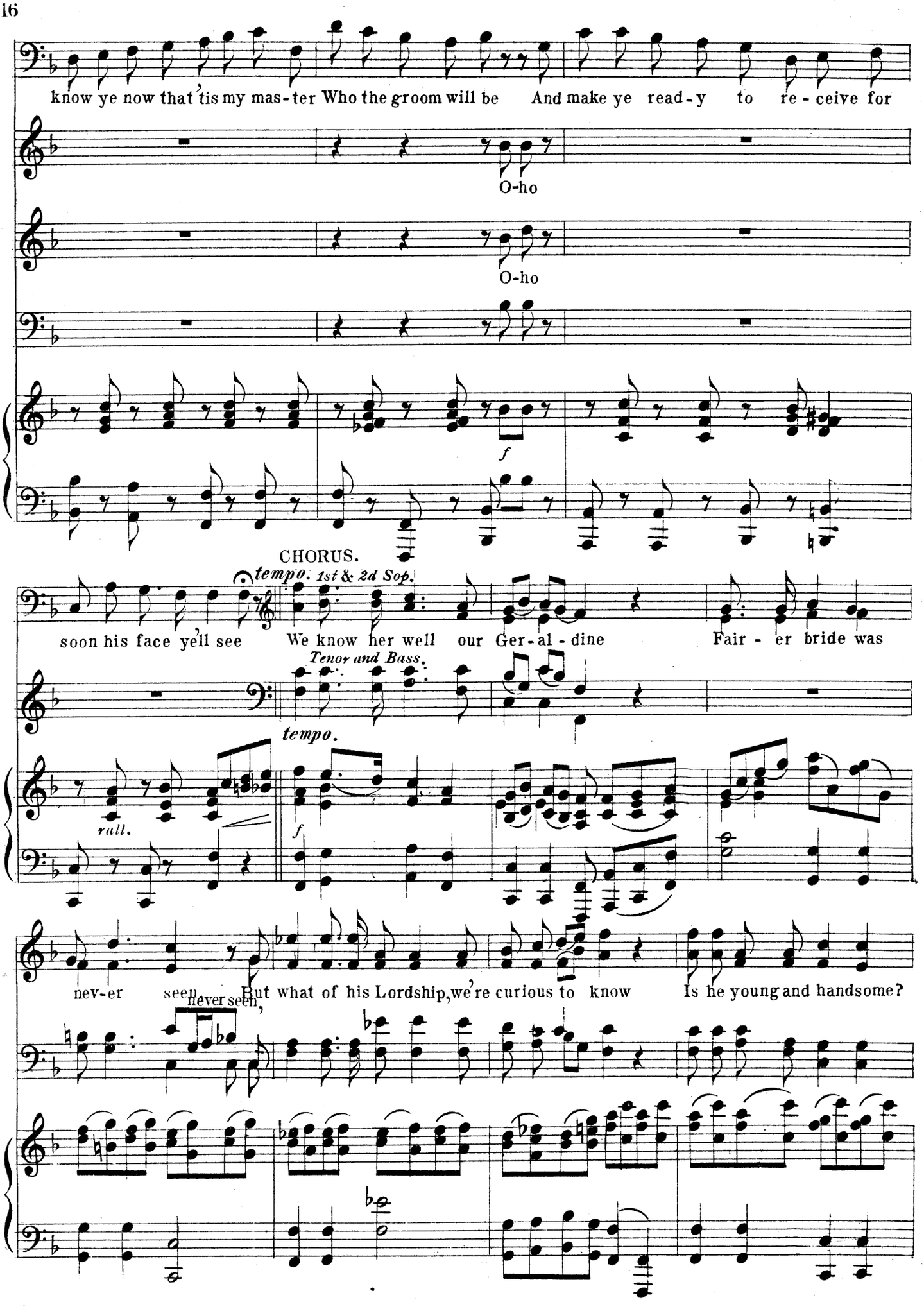


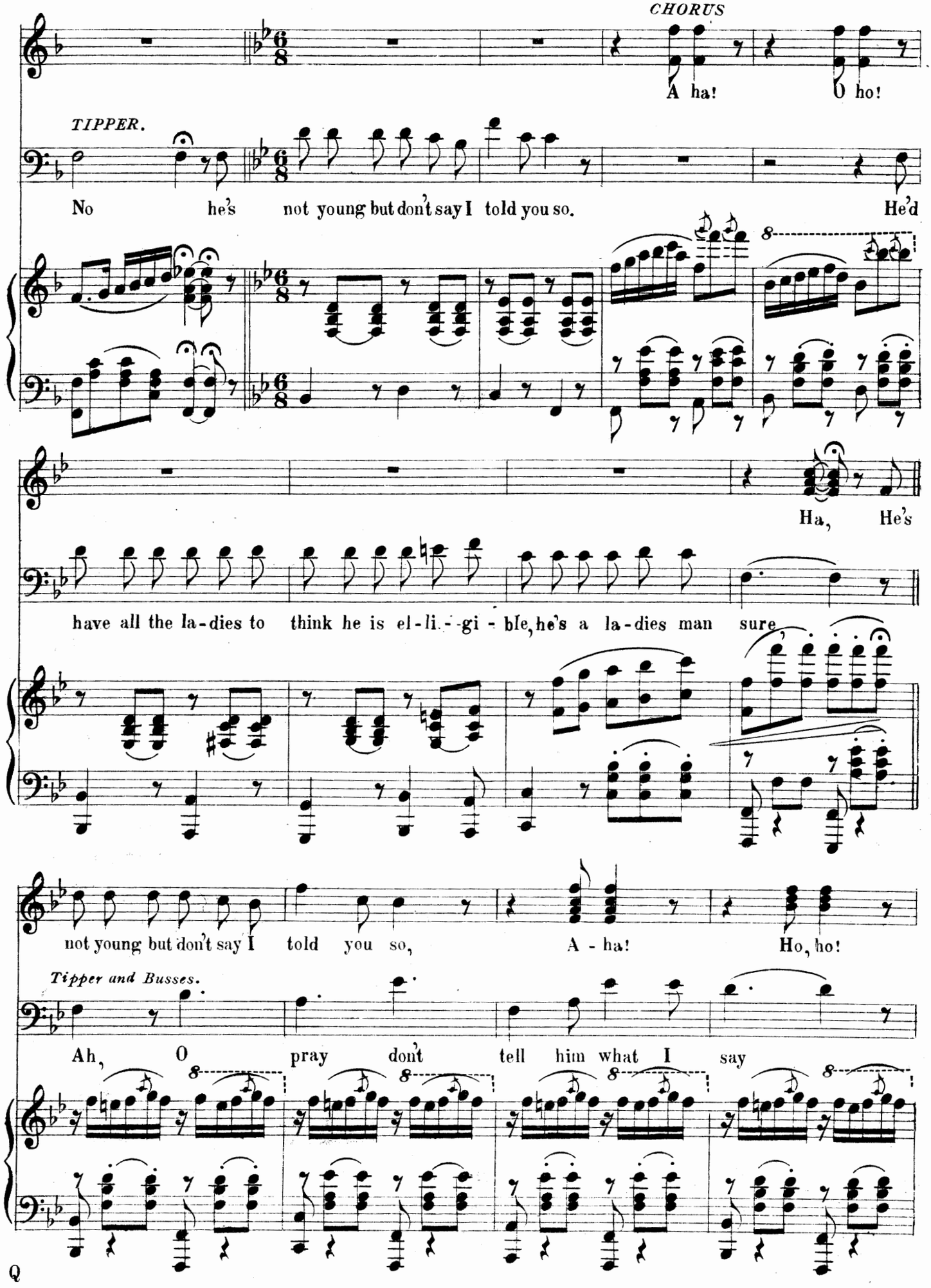

him whose heart proof may be 'gainst Cu - pid's dart, once a - gain be -
CHORUS. SOPRANO and ALTOS.
fore we part, Here's a health to thee. All men were flatterers ev - er,
p
Soprano 1st and 2d
To one love con - stant nev - er
Tenor 1st and 2d
Here's a healt to thee,
Bass
f
p

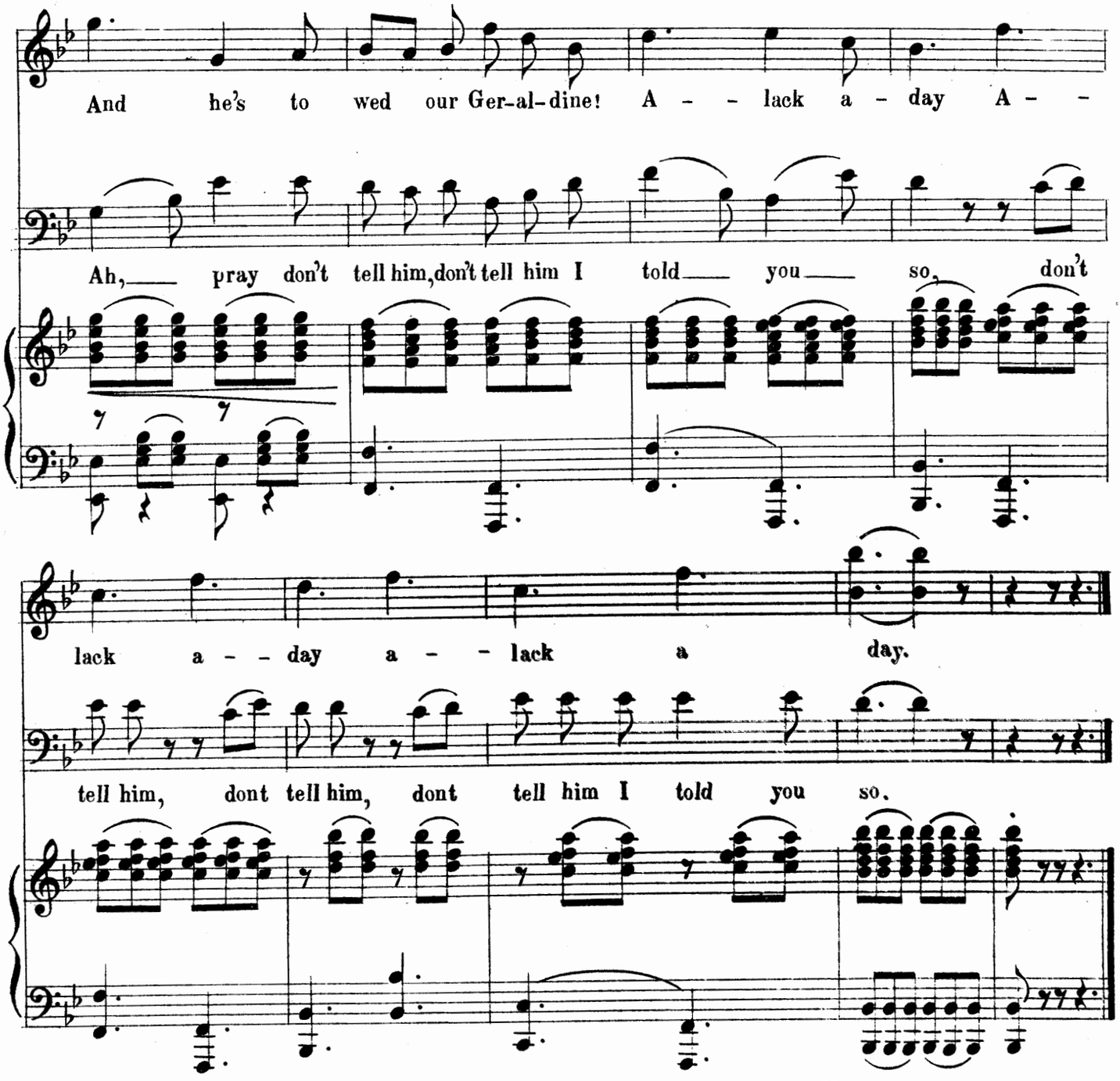

All men were flatterers ev - er, All men were
Here's a health to thee.
f
p
cres - - - -
CHORUS. Soprano 1st and 2d.
flatterers ev - er To one love con-stant nev- er, con- stant ne'er can be.
Tenors 1st and 2d.
Here's a health to thee.
Bass
- - cen - - - - - - - do.
ff
sfz
Flatter-ers and de - ciev - - - - - - ers, care - less bold and
Here's a health, a health to all the fair where - ev - er they may
tempo.


free, Flatterers and de - ciev - - - - ers, con-stant ne'er can
be. Here's a health, a health to all the fair, and here's a health to
energetico.
be. Ah yes man's bat - ter - y is al - - ways flat - ter - y,
thee. Naught care we for him whose heart, Proof may be 'gainst Cu - pid's dart,
On land or on the sea, Flat - ter - er is he.
Once a - gain be - fore we part, Here's a health to thee.


Tempo.
mf
rit.
TIPPER.
Chorus.
Is this the Inn called "Travel - lers Rest," that's
SOPR:
1st and 2d
Chorus.
TENORS.
1st and 2d
Chorus.
BASS.
molto rit.
Moderato.
Staccato e colla voce.
not-ed far and wide, And can you say where lives a maid that's soon to be a bride For
It is
We can
It is
We can
sfz
sfz
Q

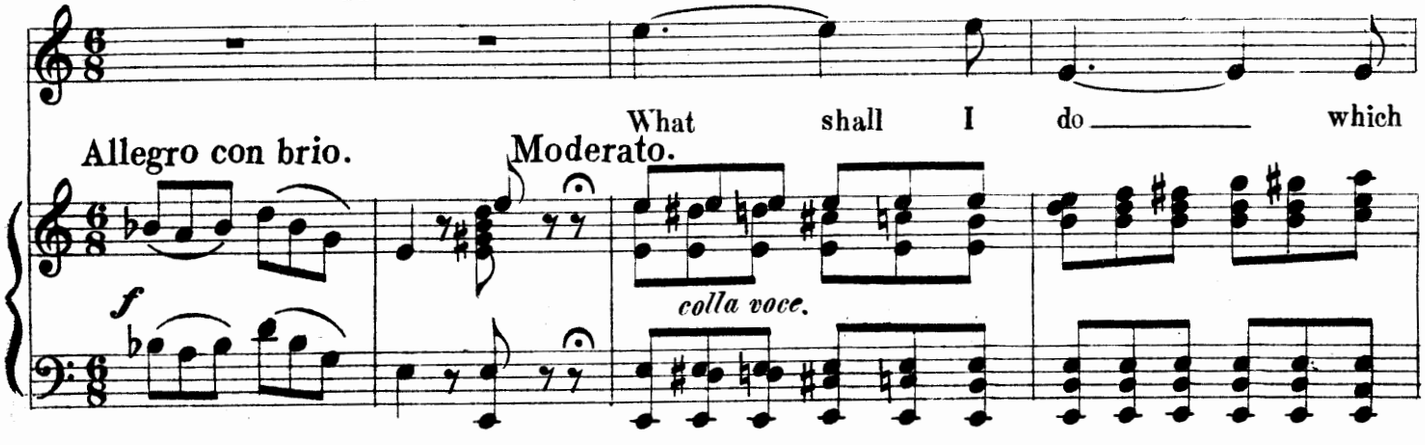

know ye now that 'tis my mas-ter Who the groom will be And make ye read-y to re-ceive for
O-ho
O-ho
f
CHORUS.
tempo. 1st & 2d Sop.
soon his face ye'll see We know her well our Ger-al-dine Fair-er bride was
Tenor and Bass.
tempo.
rall.
f
nev-er seen, never seen, But what of his Lordship, we're curious to know Is he young and handsome?

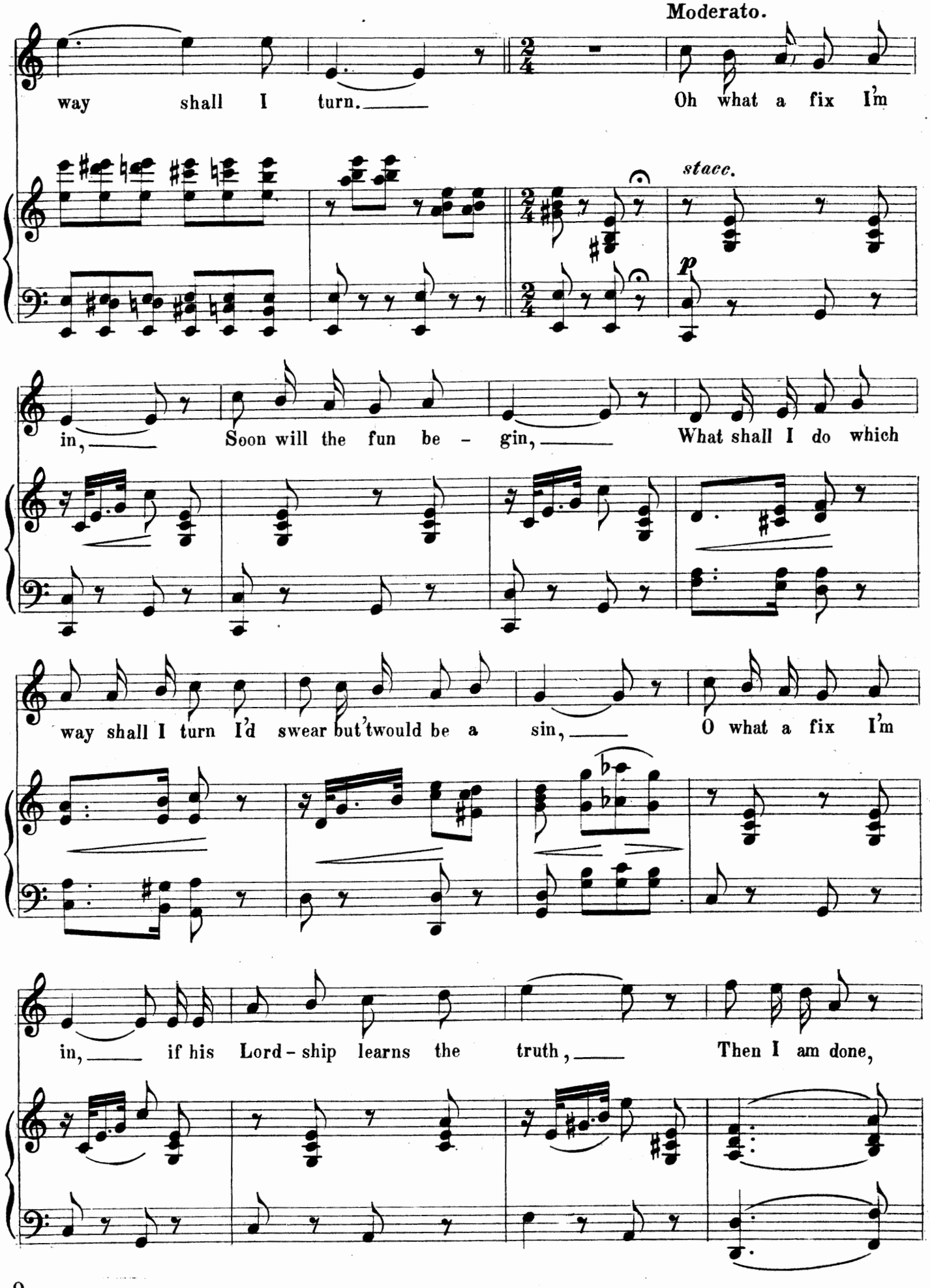

CHORUS
A ha! O ho!
TIPPER.
No he's not young but don't say I told you so. He'd
Ha, He's
have all the la-dies to think he is el-li--gi-ble, he's a la-dies man sure
not young but don't say I told you so, A-ha! Ho, ho!
Tipper and Busses.
Ah, O pray don't tell him what I say

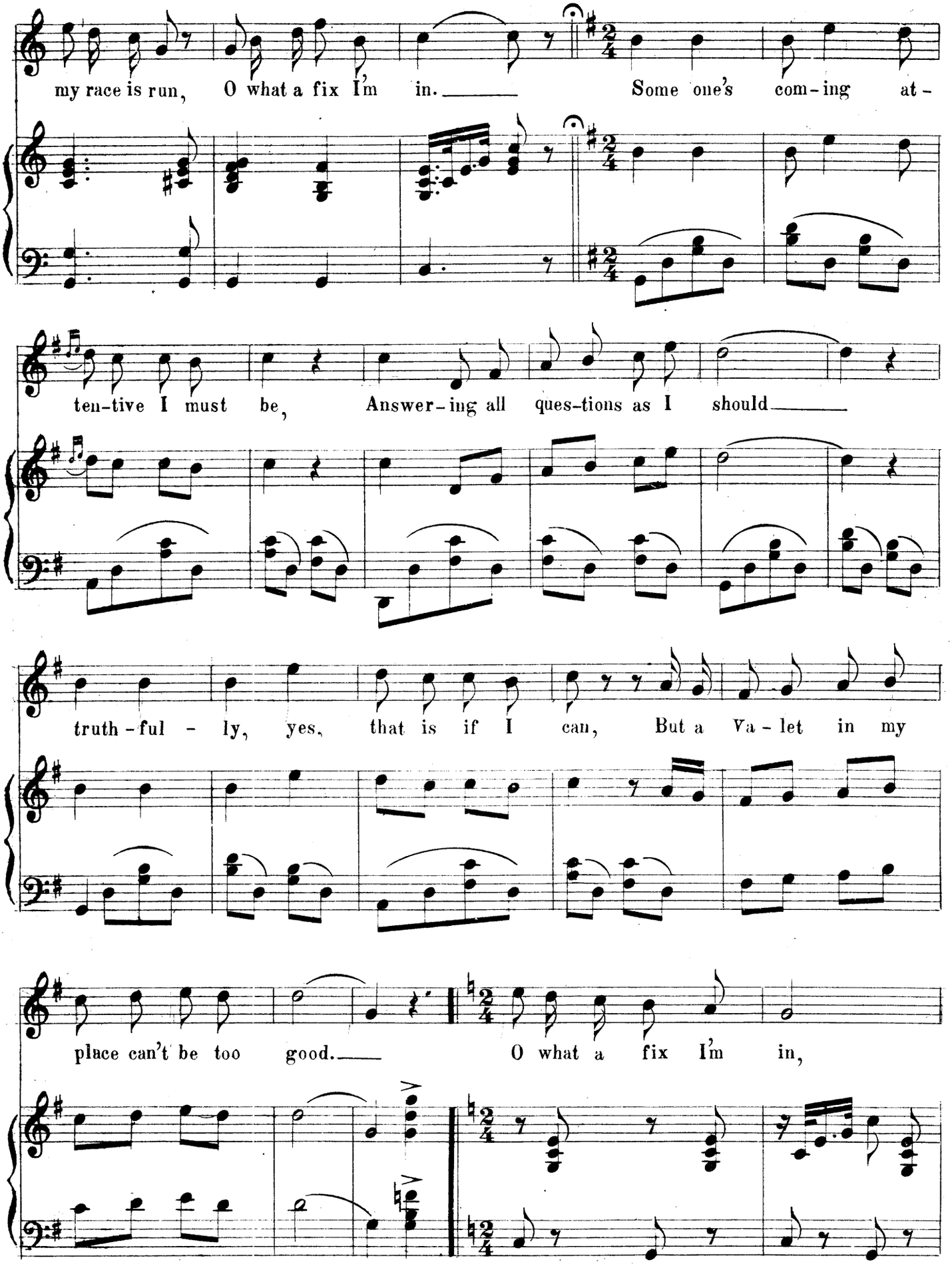


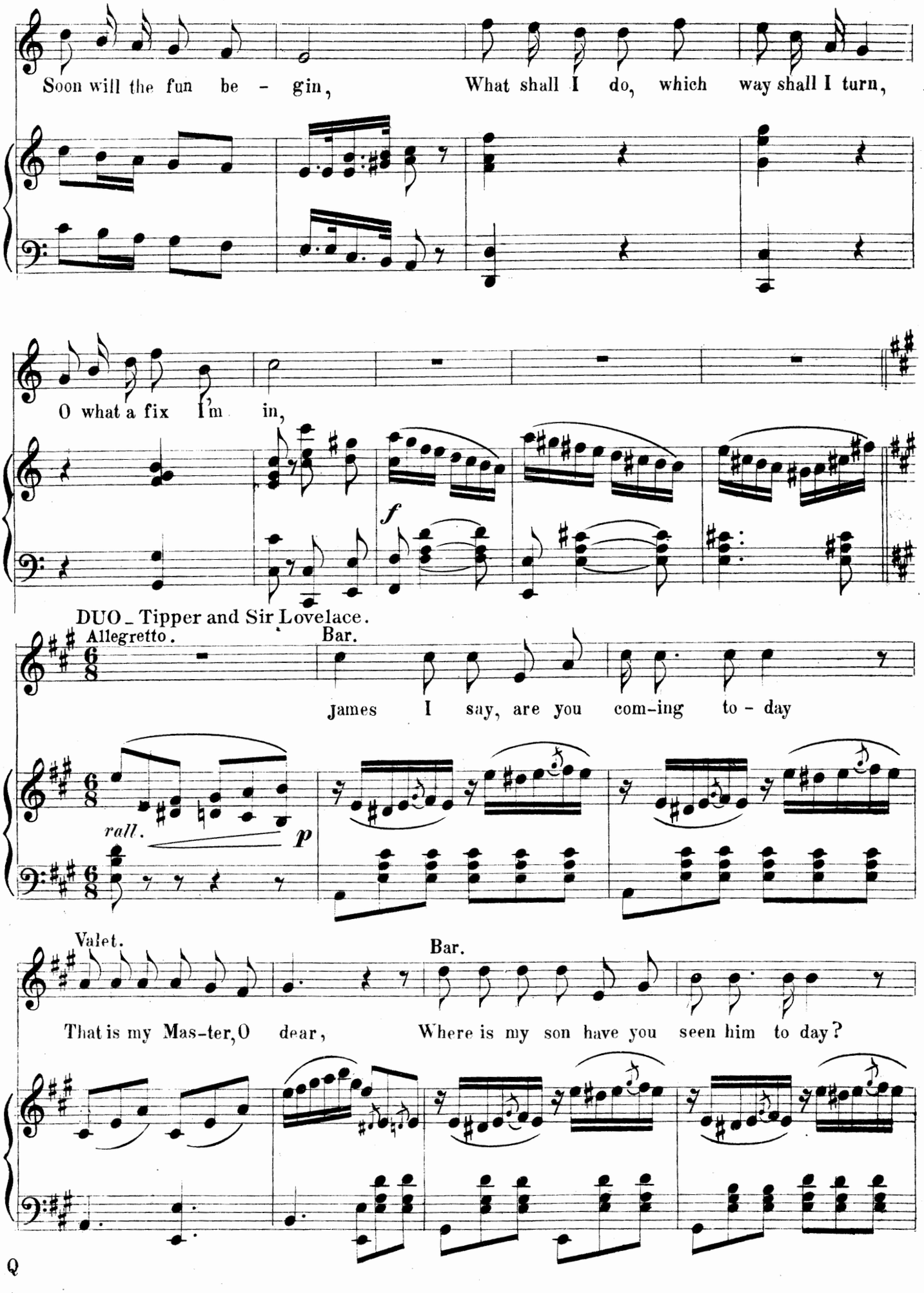
For Chorus Exit repeat last 12 Measures.

(Tipper.) ("Oh, What a fix I m in".)




Moderato.
way shall I turn. Oh what a fix I'm
stacc.
p
in, Soon will the fun be - gin, What shall I do which
way shall I turn I'd swear but 'twould be a sin, O what a fix I'm
in, if his Lord - ship learns the truth, Then I am done,


my race is run, O what a fix I'm in. Some one's com-ing at-
ten-tive I must be, Answer-ing all ques-tions as I should
truth-ful - ly, yes, that is if I can, But a Va-let in my
place can't be too good. O what a fix I'm in,


Soon will the fun be - gin,
What shall I do, which way shall I turn,
O what a fix I'm in,
f
DUO_Tipper and Sir Lovelace.
Allegretto.
Bar.
James I say, are you com-ing to - day
rall.
p
Valet.
Bar.
That is my Mas-ter, O dear,
Where is my son have you seen him to day?

Valet. Bar. Tipper. *(aside.)*

He's all right have no fear, Ah there is a son, a du-ti-full son a

Bar Tipper.

model, a model is he, Ah if he but knew The half that I do, Oh

Orchestra Con sordini. during commencement of lines.

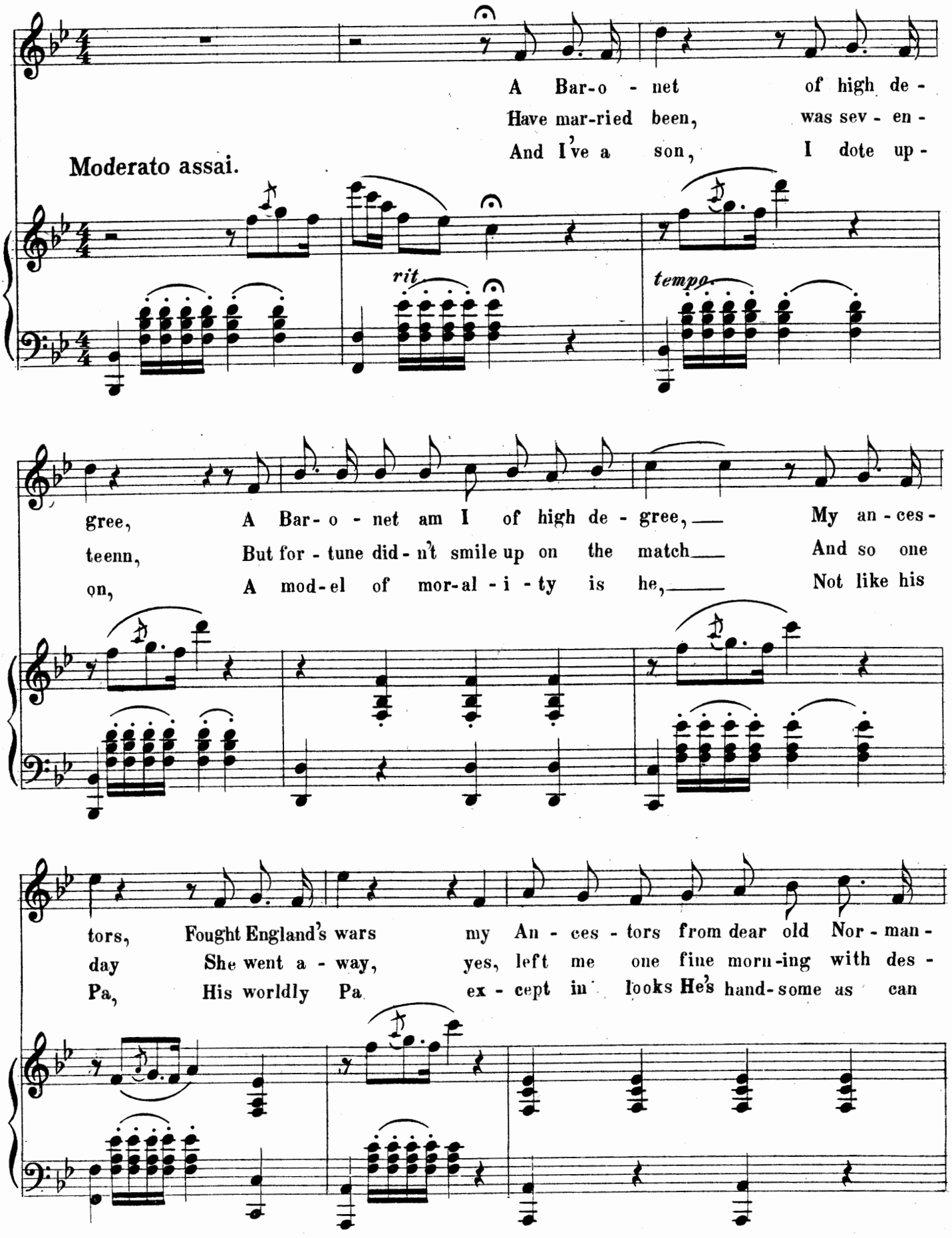
my what a rum-pus there'd be.

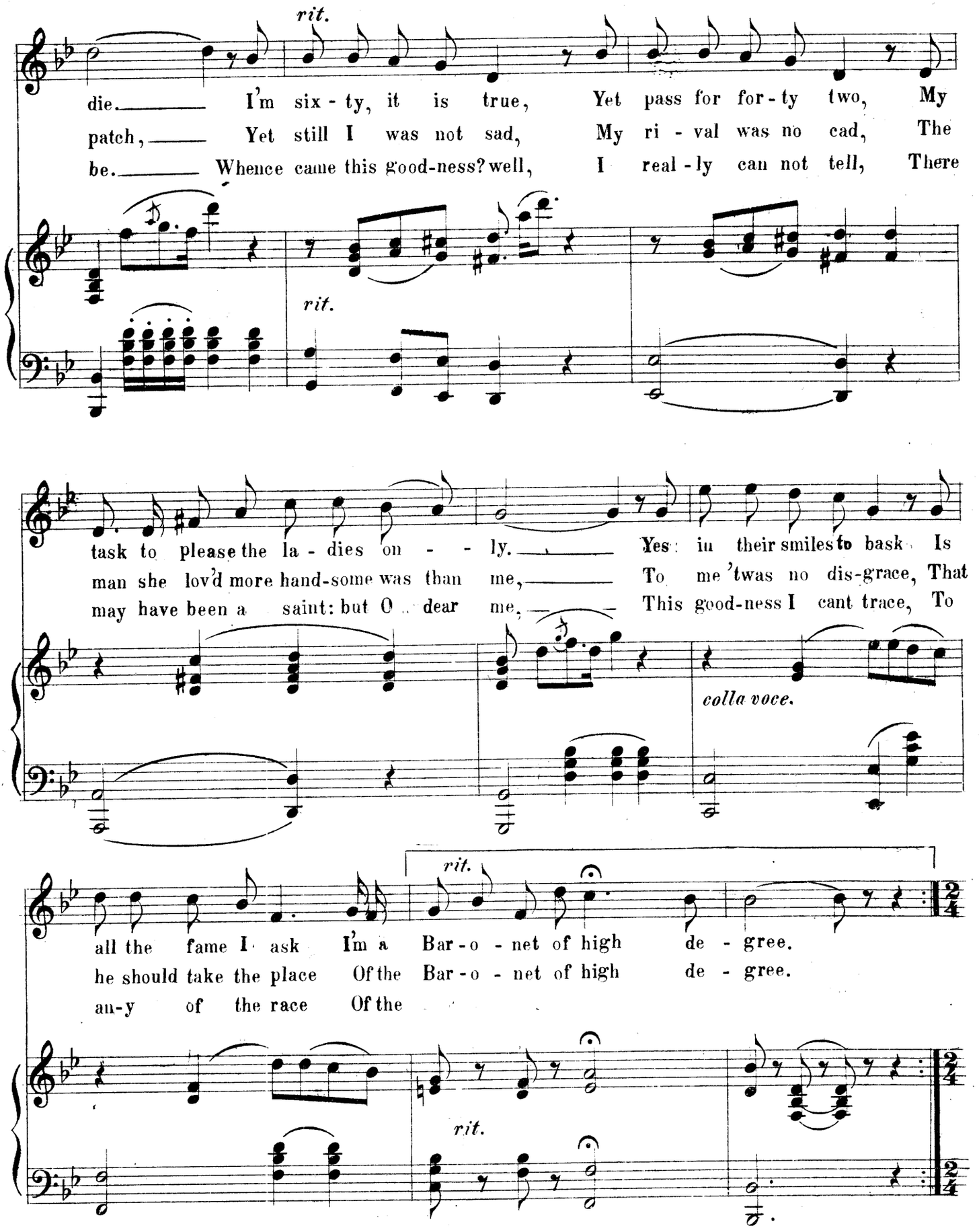
pp

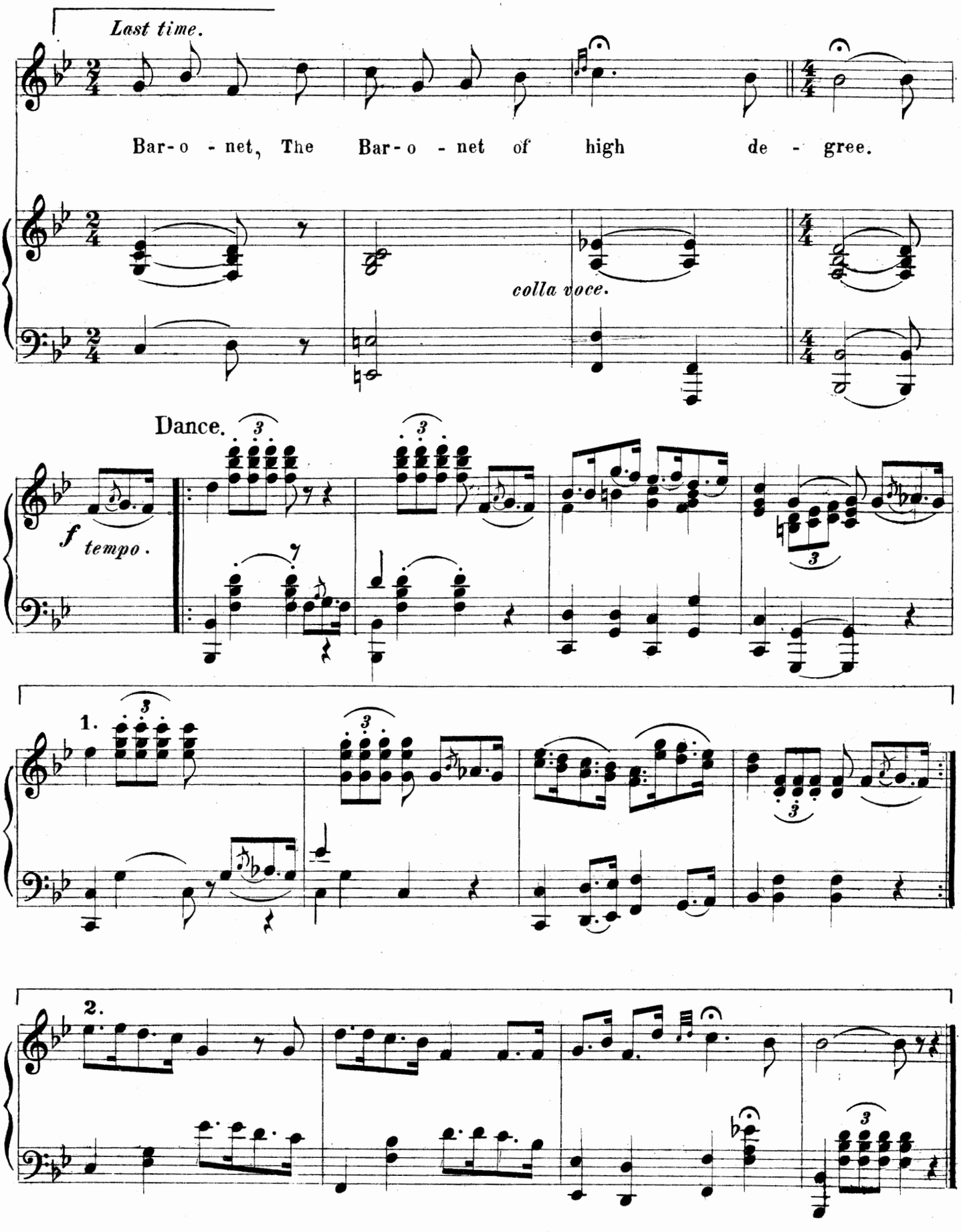
* *1st Time C.*
2d Time A.

Repeat last eight measures ad lib

BARONETS SONG.




rit.
die. I'm six - ty, it is true, Yet pass for for - ty two, My
patch, Yet still I was not sad, My ri - val was no cad, The
be. Whence came this good-ness? well, I real - ly can not tell, There
rit.
task to please the la - dies on - - ly. Yes: in their smiles to bask Is
man she lov'd more hand-some was than me, To me 'twas no dis-grace, That
may have been a saint: but O dear me, This good-ness I cant trace, To
colla voce.
rit.
all the fame I ask I'm a Bar - o - net of high de - gree.
he should take the place Of the Bar - o - net of high de - gree.
an-y of the race Of the
rit.


Last time.
Bar-o - net, The Bar-o - net of high de - gree.
colla voce.
Dance.
f tempo.
1.
2.

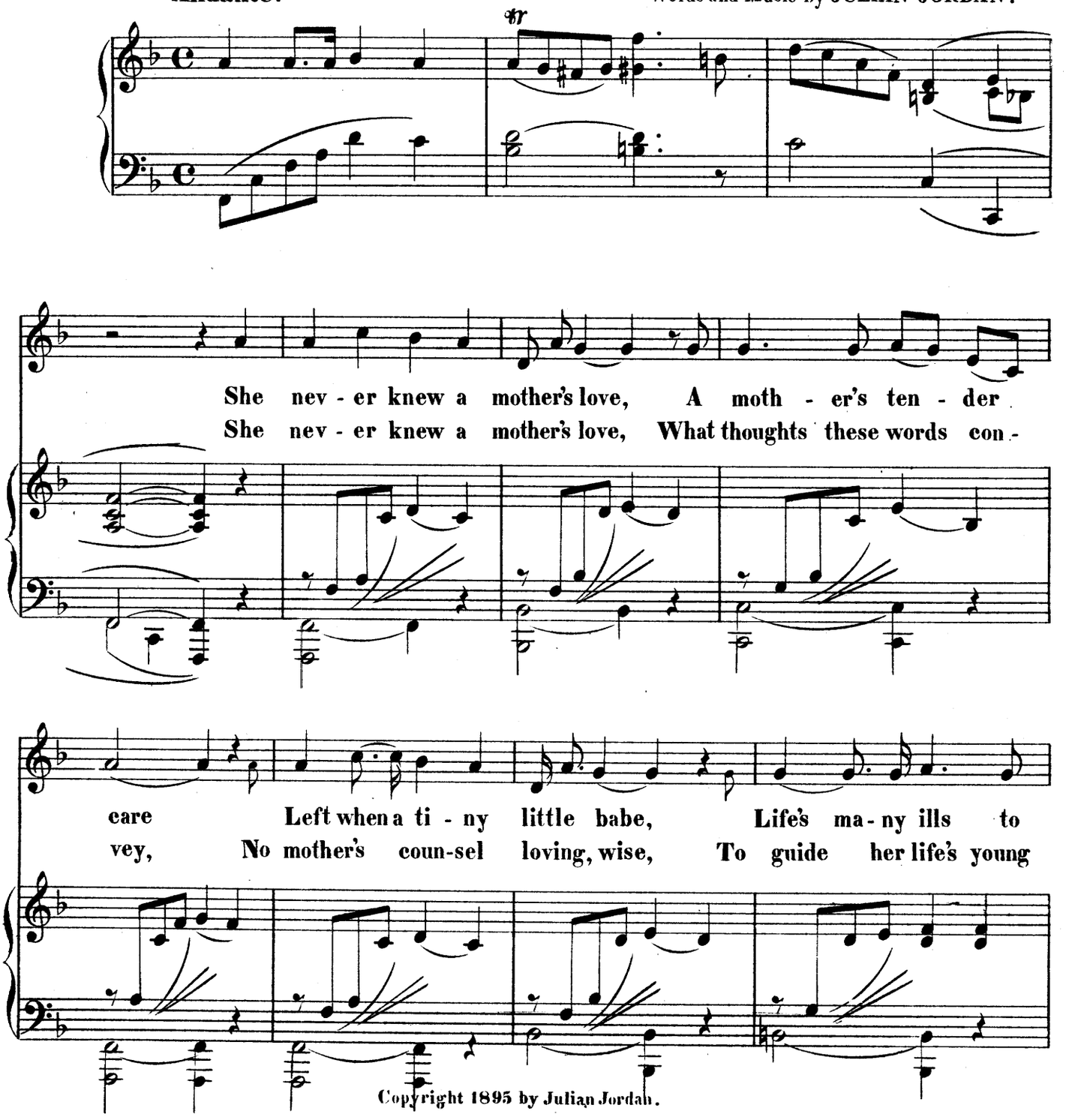
To my Pupil Mr. JAMES MORRISON.

SHE NEVER KNEW A MOTHER'S LOVE.

FOR BARITONE.

BARCLAY.

Andante. Words and Music by JULIAN JORDAN.



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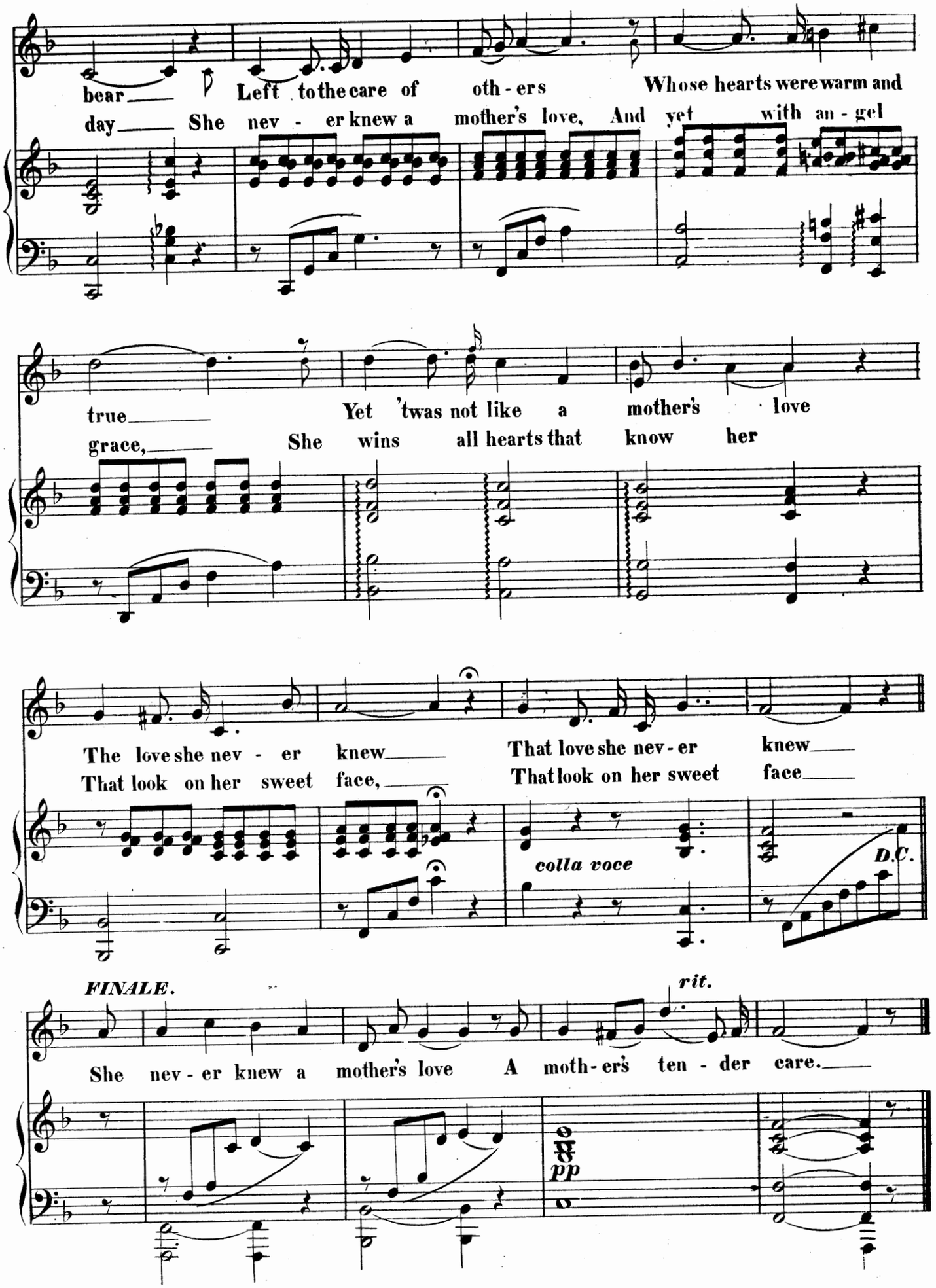
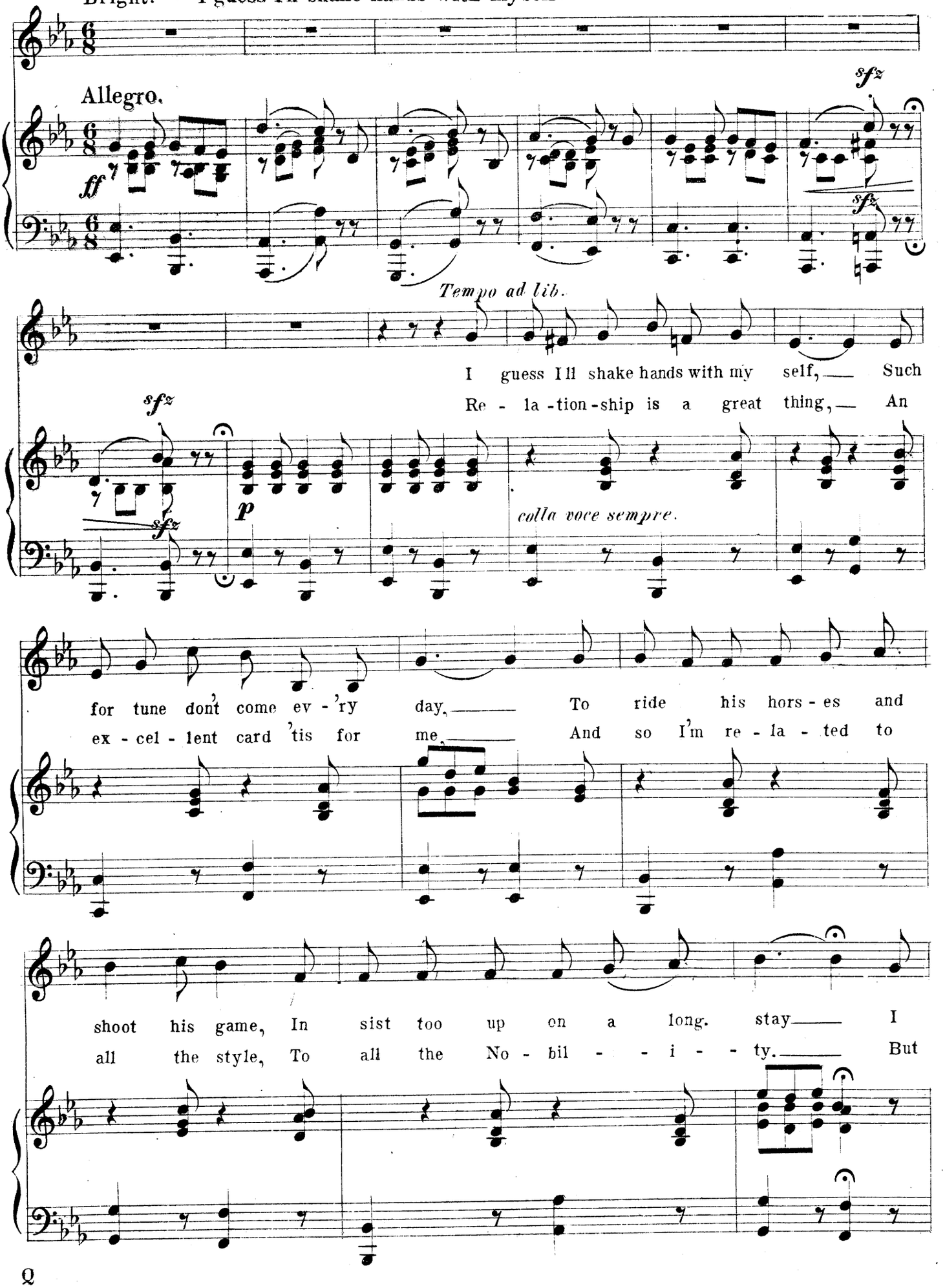
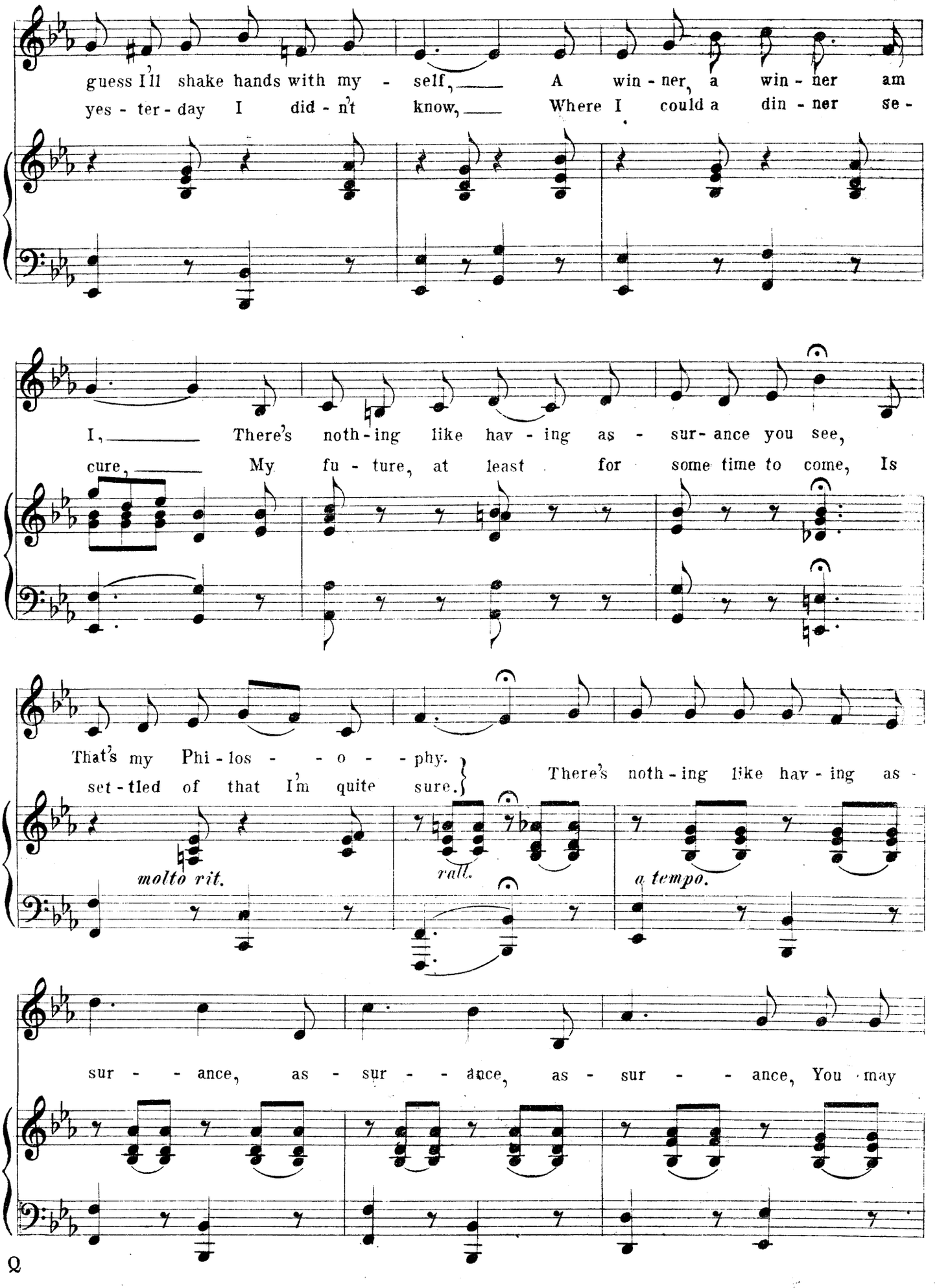
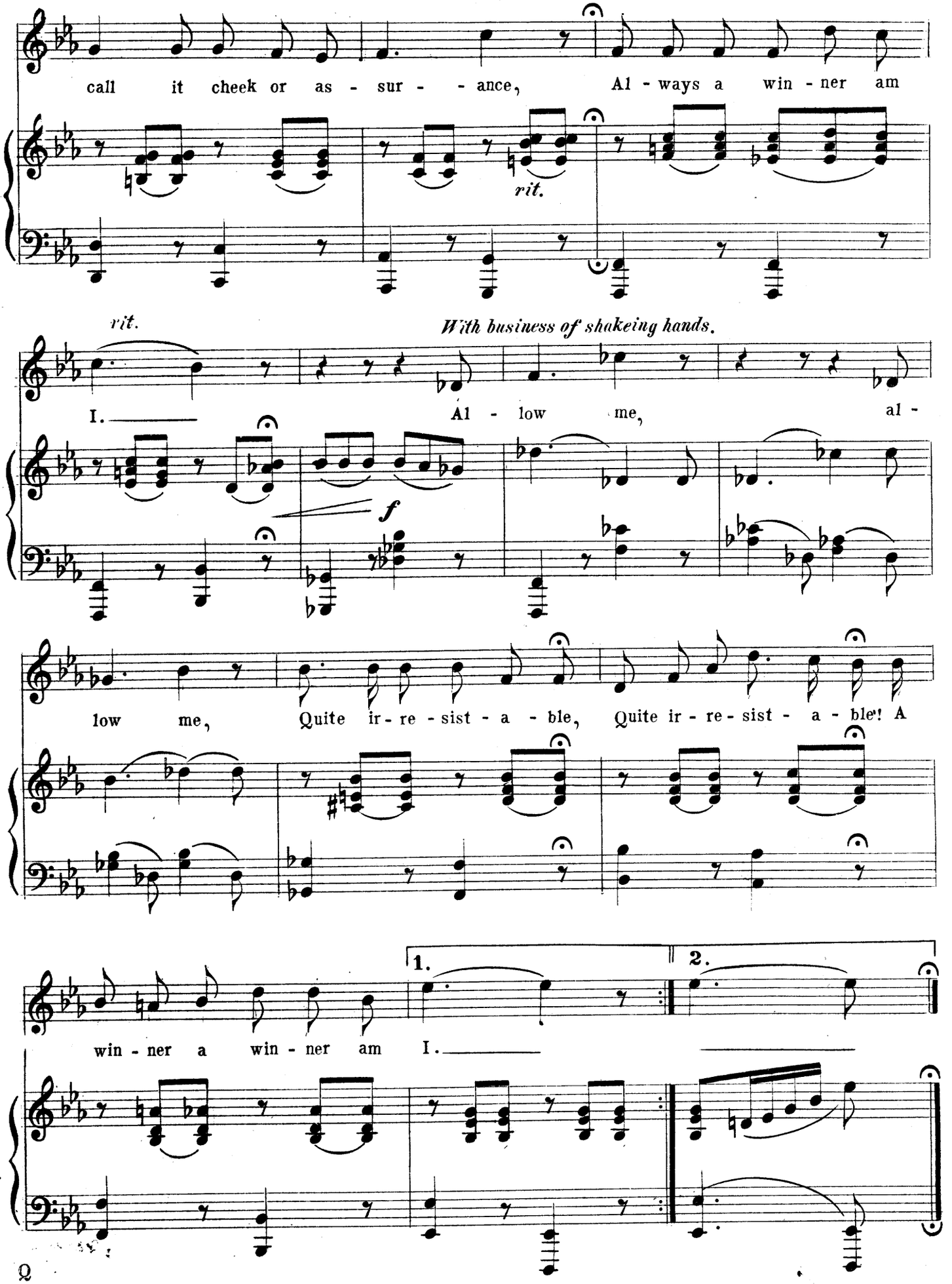

bear_ Left to the care of oth - ers Whose hearts were warm and
day_ She nev - er knew a mother's love, And yet with an - gel
true_ Yet 'twas not like a mother's love
grace,_ She wins all hearts that know her
The love she nev - er knew_ That love she nev - er knew_
That look on her sweet face,_ That look on her sweet face_
colla voce
D.C.
FINALE.
rit.
She nev - er knew a mother's love A moth - er's ten - der care._
pp

No 6.

Bright. "I guess I'll shake hands with myself."

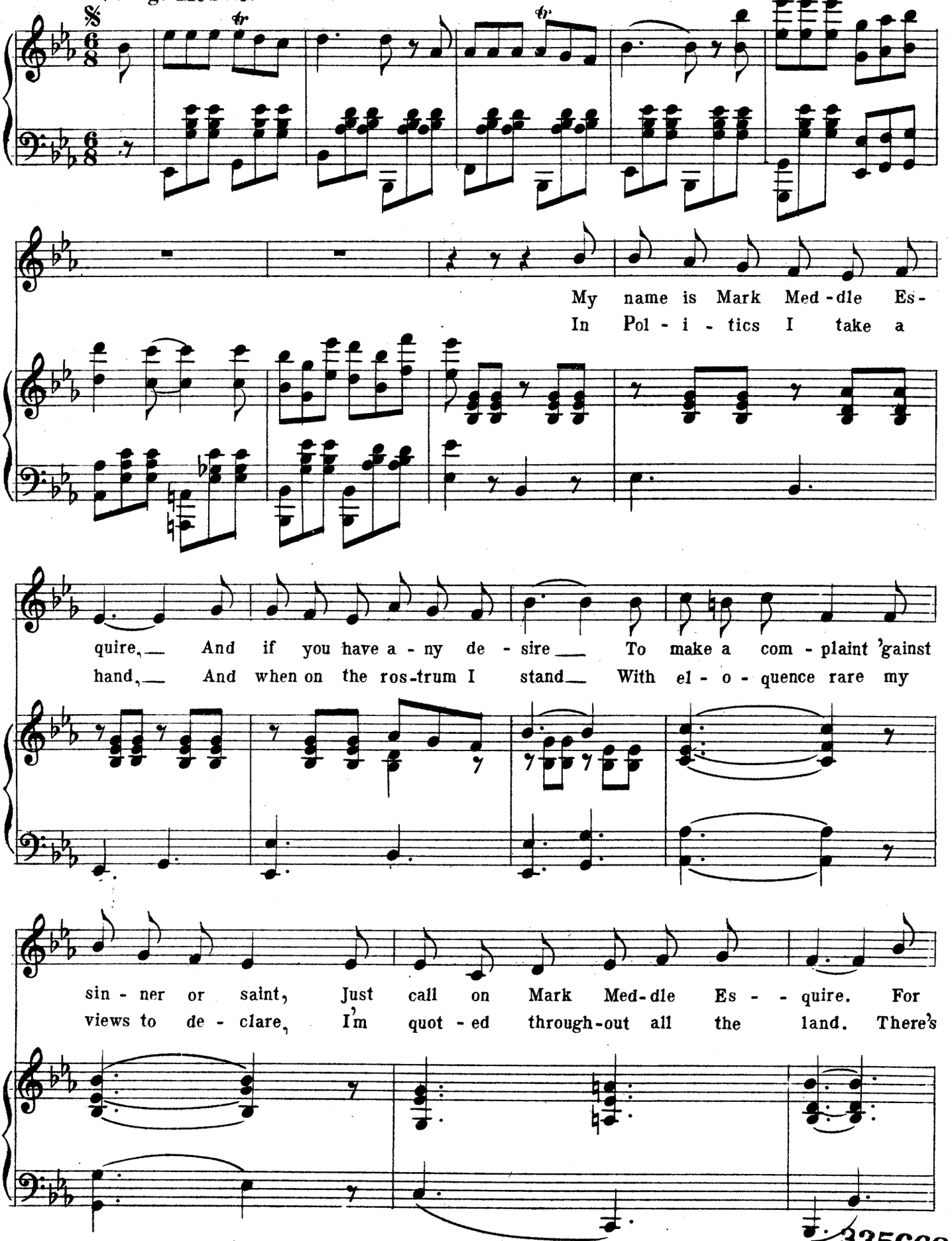



guess I'll shake hands with my - self, A win - ner, a win - ner am
yes - ter - day I did - n't know, Where I could a din - ner se -
I, There's noth - ing like hav - ing as - sur - ance you see,
cure, My fu - ture, at least for some time to come, Is
That's my Phi - los - - o - - phy.
set - tled of that I'm quite sure.
There's noth - ing like hav - ing as -
molto rit.
rall.
a tempo.
sur - - ance, as - sur - - ance, as - sur - - ance, You may


call it cheek or as - sur - - ance, Al - ways a win - ner am
rit.
rit.
With business of shakeing hands.
I. Al - low me, al -
f
low me, Quite ir - re - sist - a - ble, Quite ir - re - sist - a - ble! A
1.
2.
win - ner a win - ner am I.

Officer. Are you the Landlord?

(Song. Meddle.



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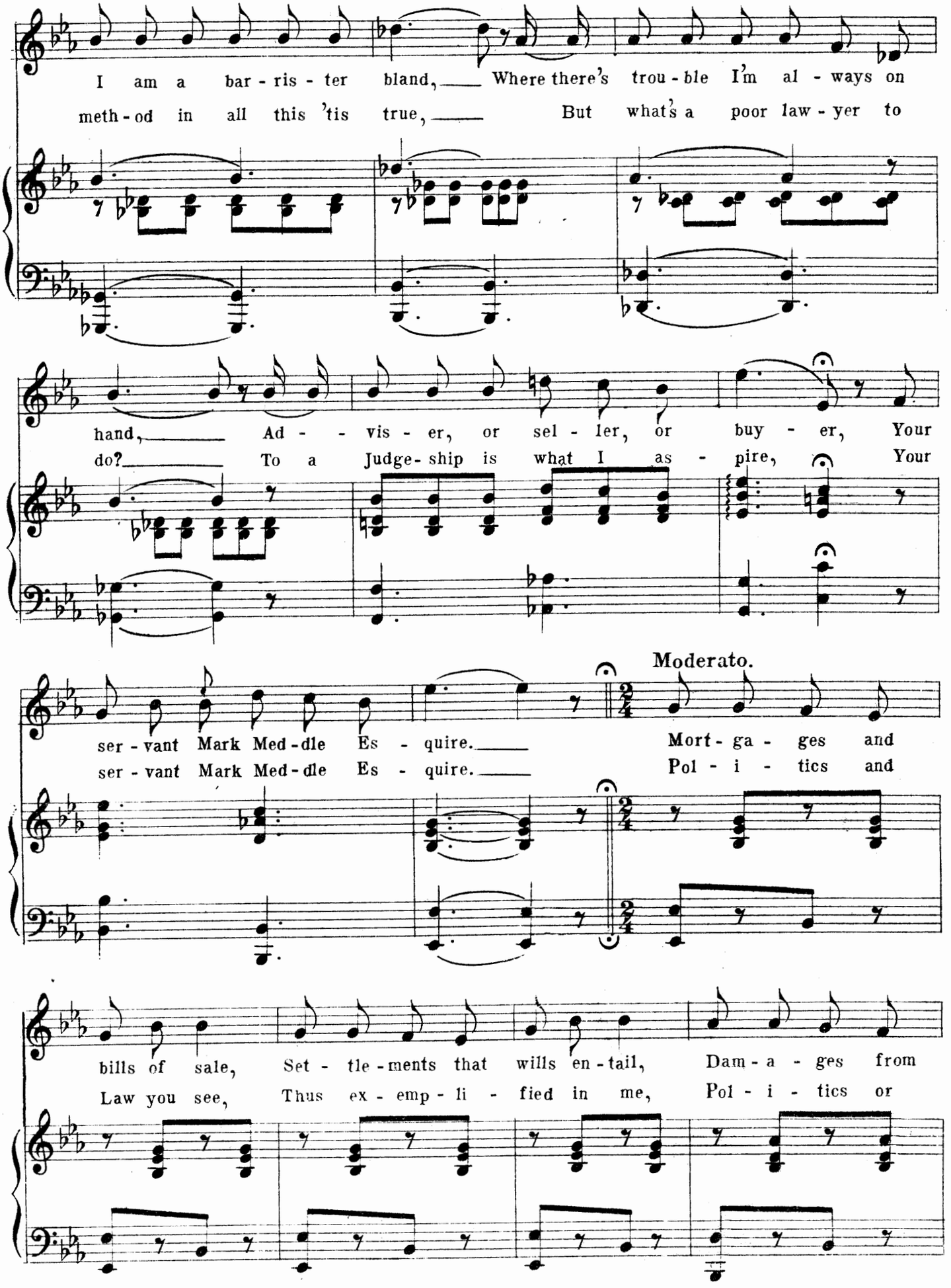
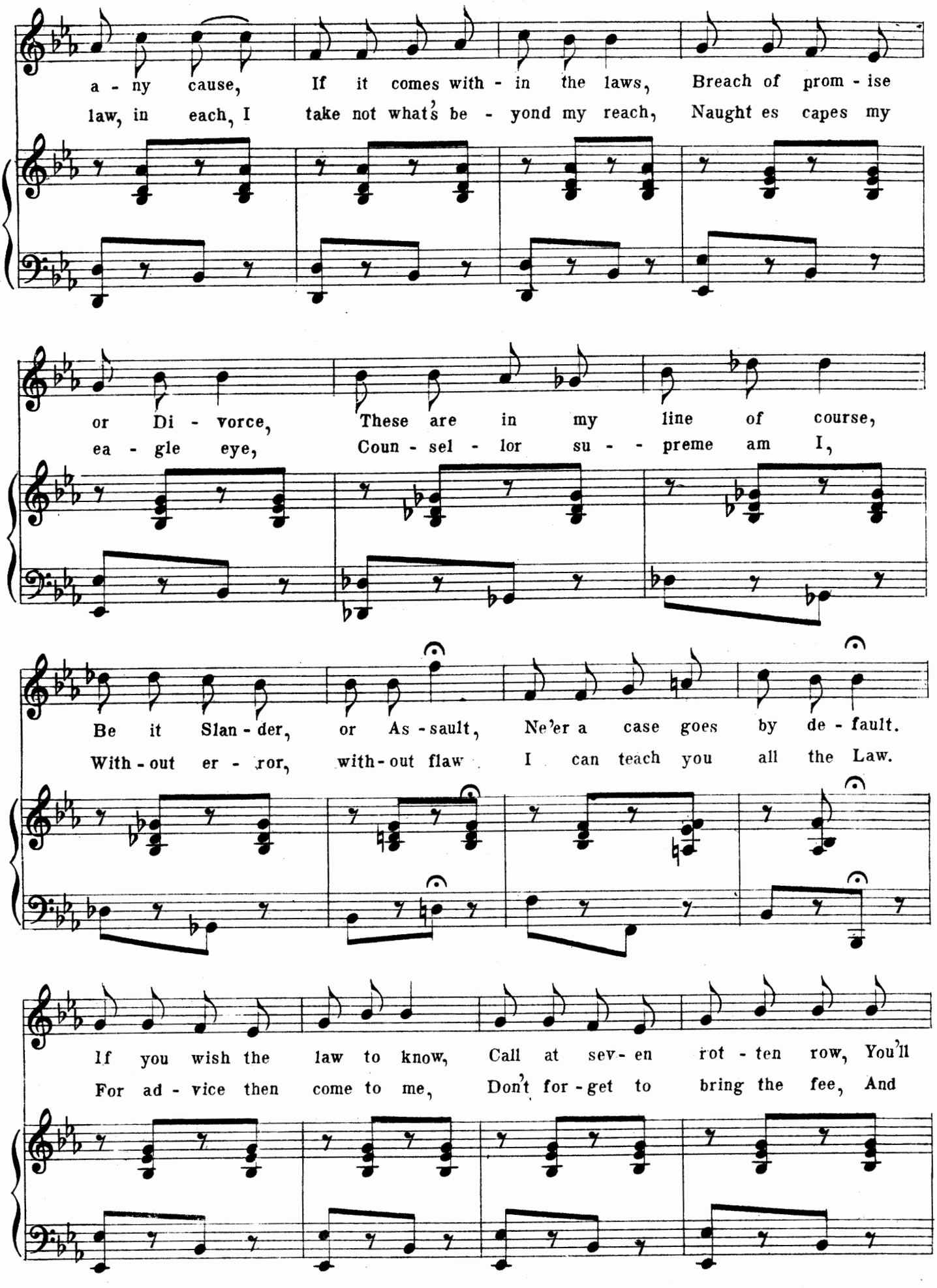
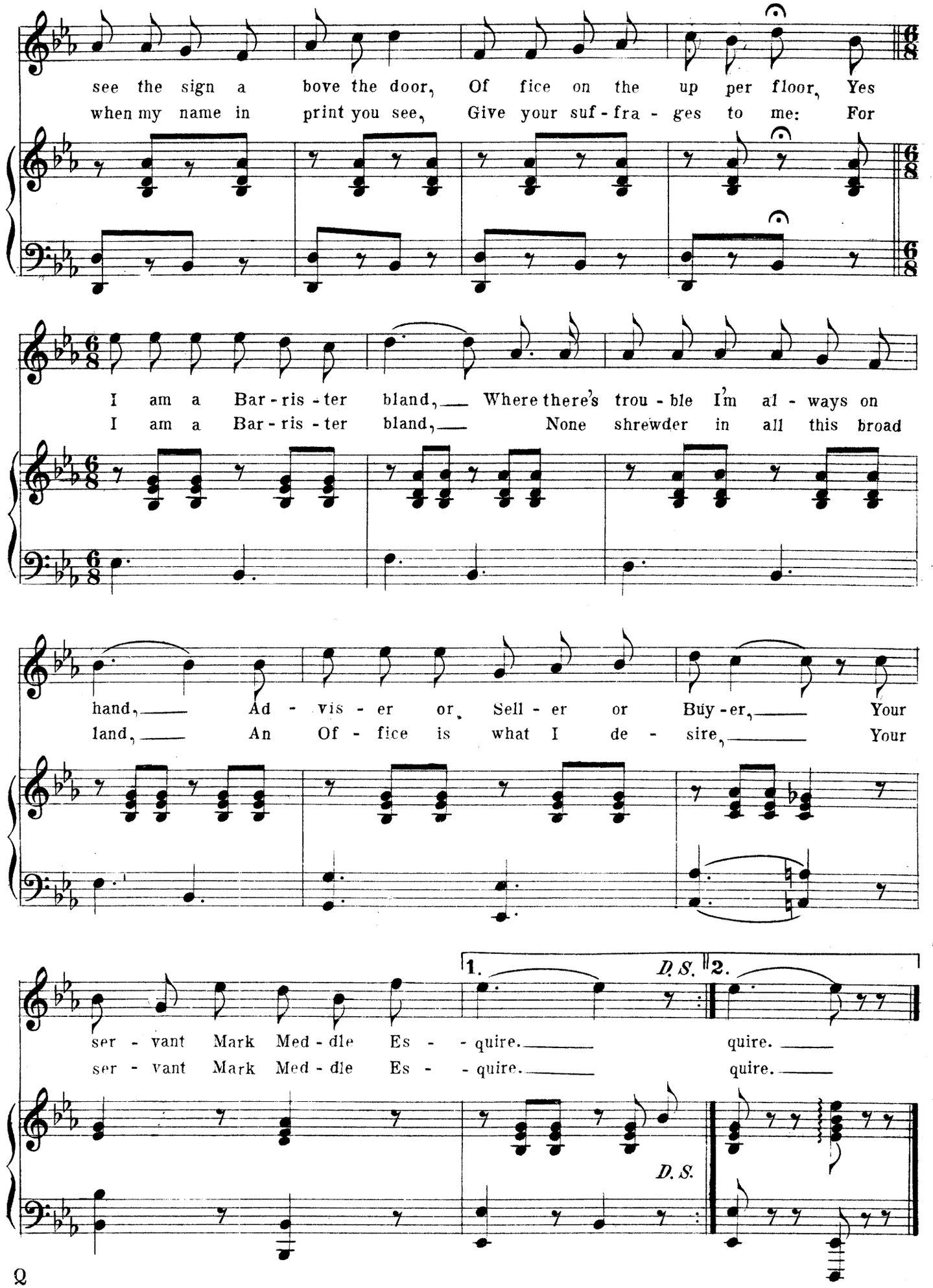
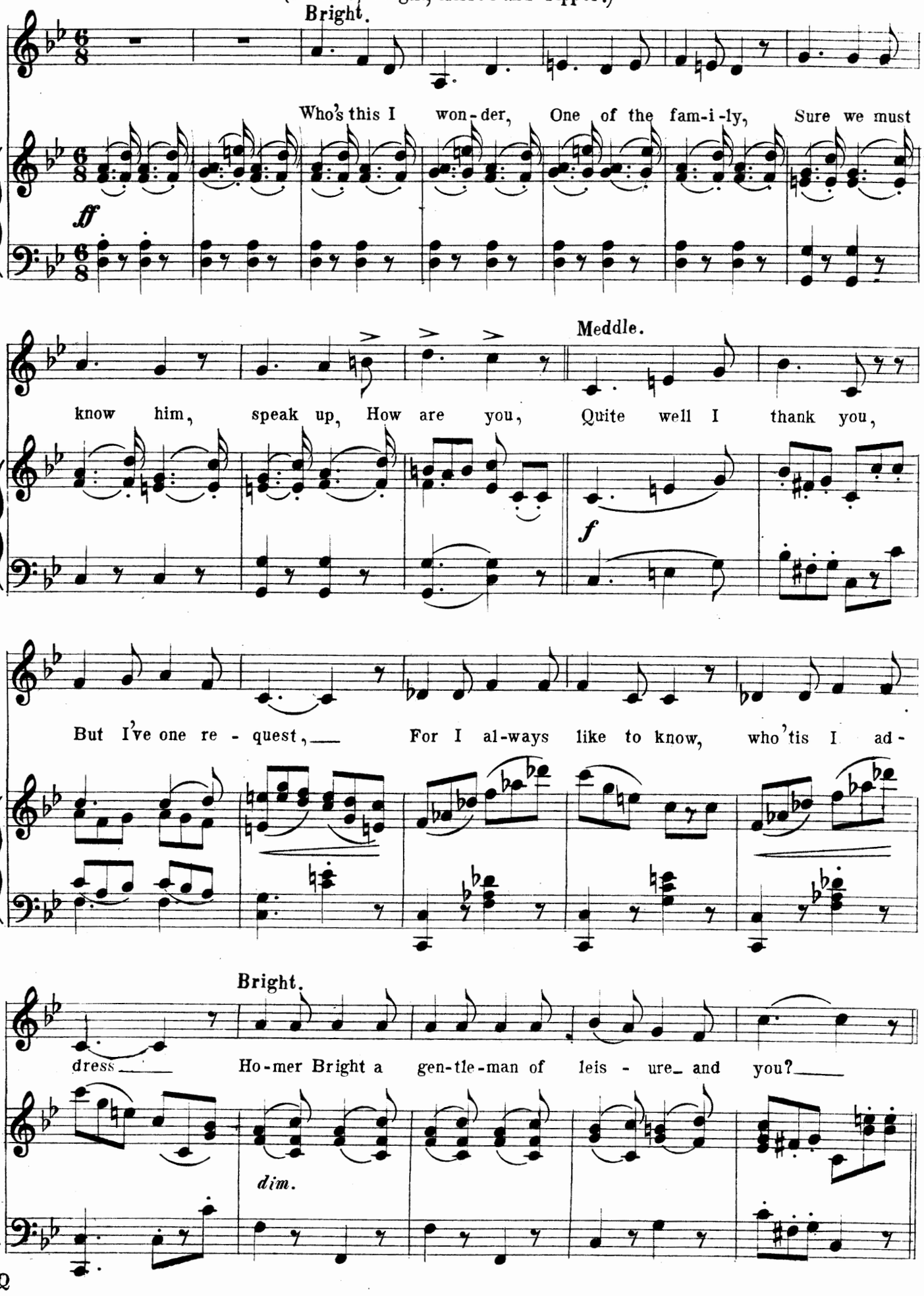
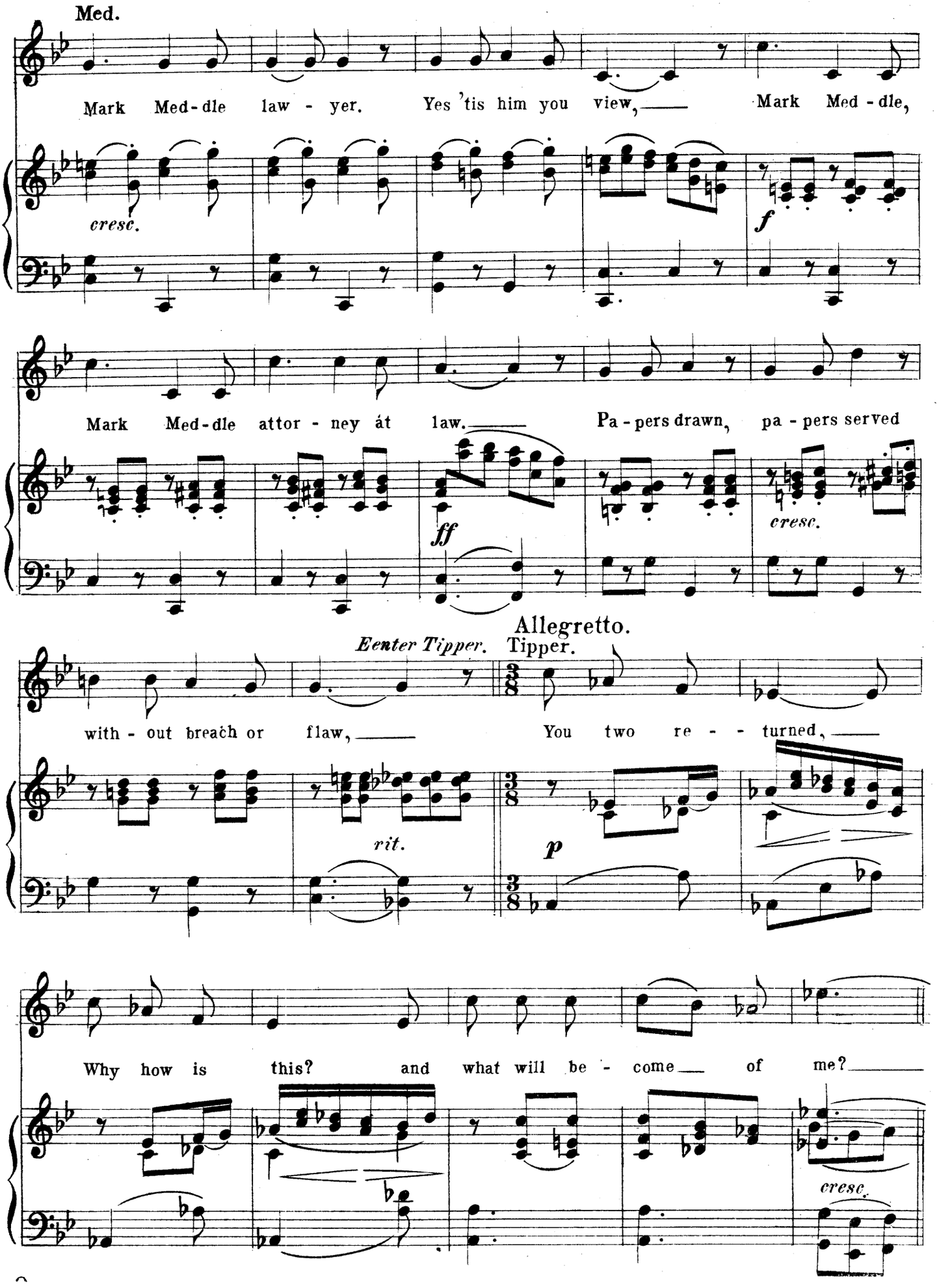

I am a bar - ris - ter bland, Where there's trou - ble I'm al - ways on
meth - od in all this 'tis true, But what's a poor law - yer to
hand, Ad - - vis - er, or sel - ler, or buy - er, Your
do? To a Judge - ship is what I as - pire, Your
ser - vant Mark Med - dle Es - quire.
ser - vant Mark Med - dle Es - quire.
Moderato.
Mort - ga - ges and
Pol - i - tics and
bills of sale, Set - tle - ments that wills en - tail, Dam - a - ges from
Law you see, Thus ex - emp - li - fied in me, Pol - i - tics or

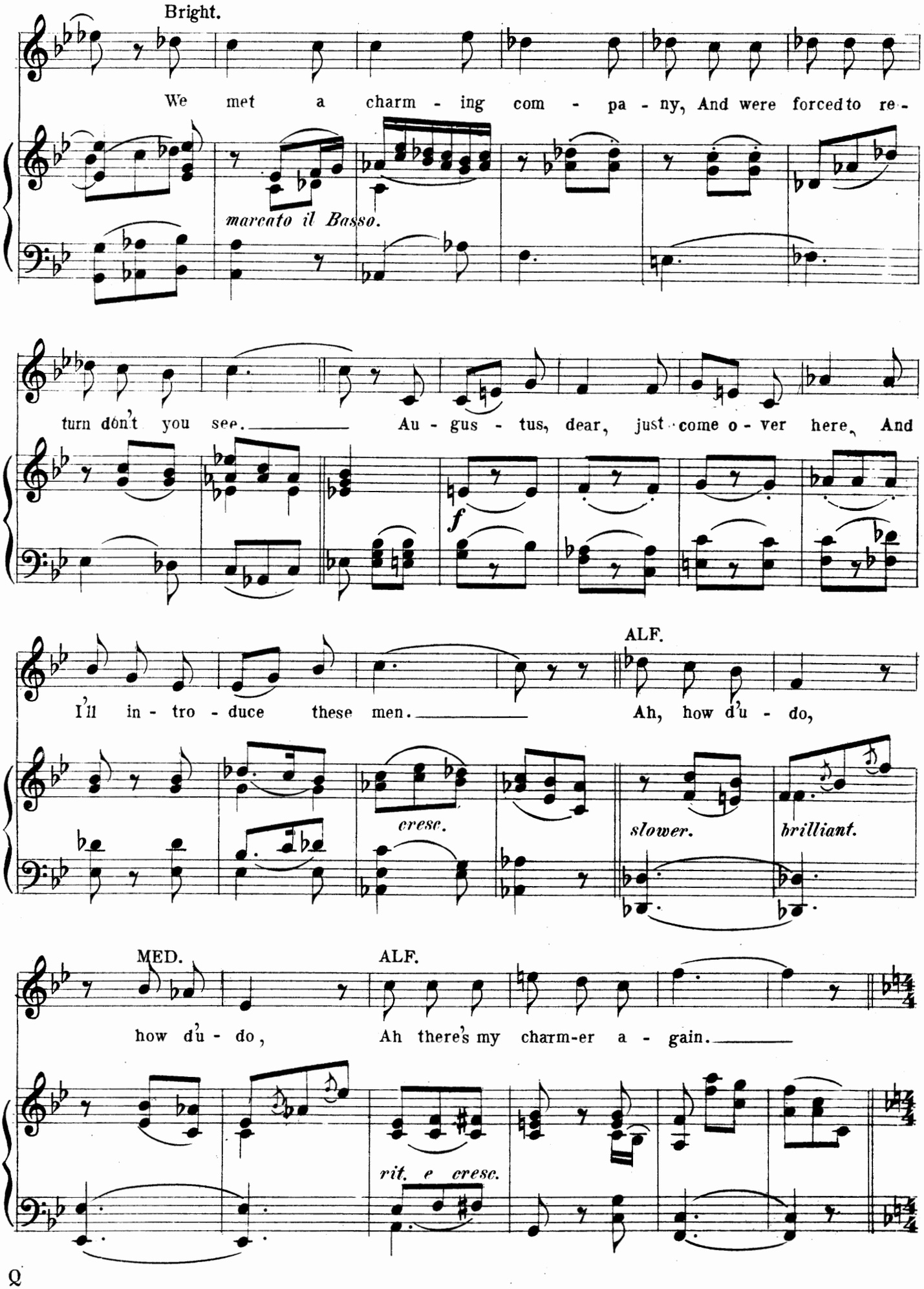

a - ny cause, If it comes with - in the laws, Breach of prom - ise
law, in each, I take not what's be - yond my reach, Naught es capes my
or Di - vorce, These are in my line of course,
ea - gle eye, Coun - sel - lor su - - preme am I,
Be it Slan - der, or As - sault, Ne'er a case goes by de - fault.
With - out er - ror, with - out flaw I can teach you all the Law.
If you wish the law to know, Call at sev - en rot - ten row, You'll
For ad - vice then come to me, Don't for - get to bring the fee, And

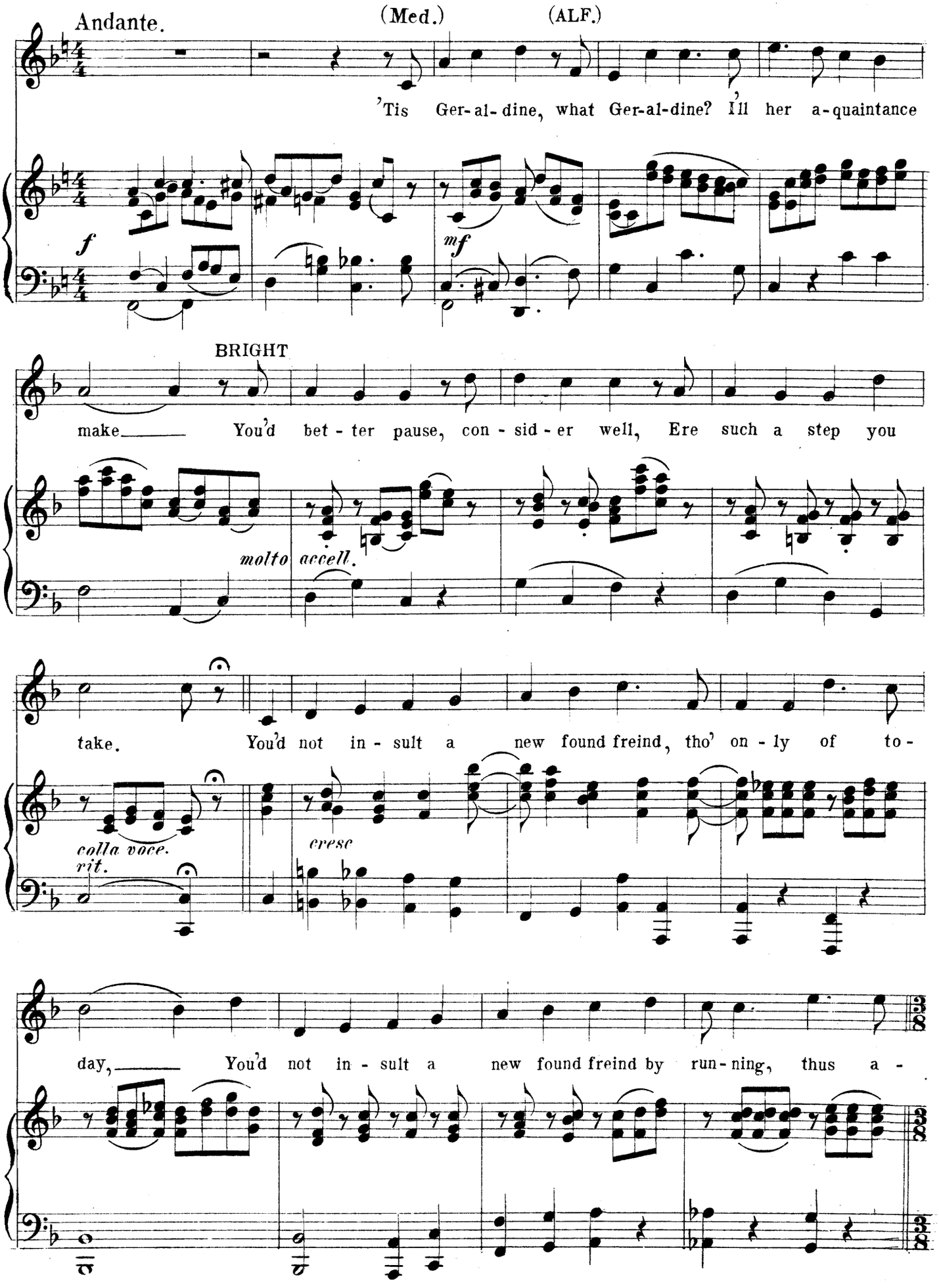

see the sign a bove the door, Of fice on the up per floor, Yes
when my name in print you see, Give your suf - fra - ges to me: For
I am a Bar - ris - ter bland, Where there's trou - ble I'm al - ways on
I am a Bar - ris - ter bland, None shrewder in all this broad
hand, Ad - vis - er or, Sell - er or Buy - er, Your
land, An Of - fice is what I de - sire, Your
1.
D. S.
2.
ser - vant Mark Med - dle Es - - quire. quire.
ser - vant Mark Med - dle Es - - quire. quire.
D. S.

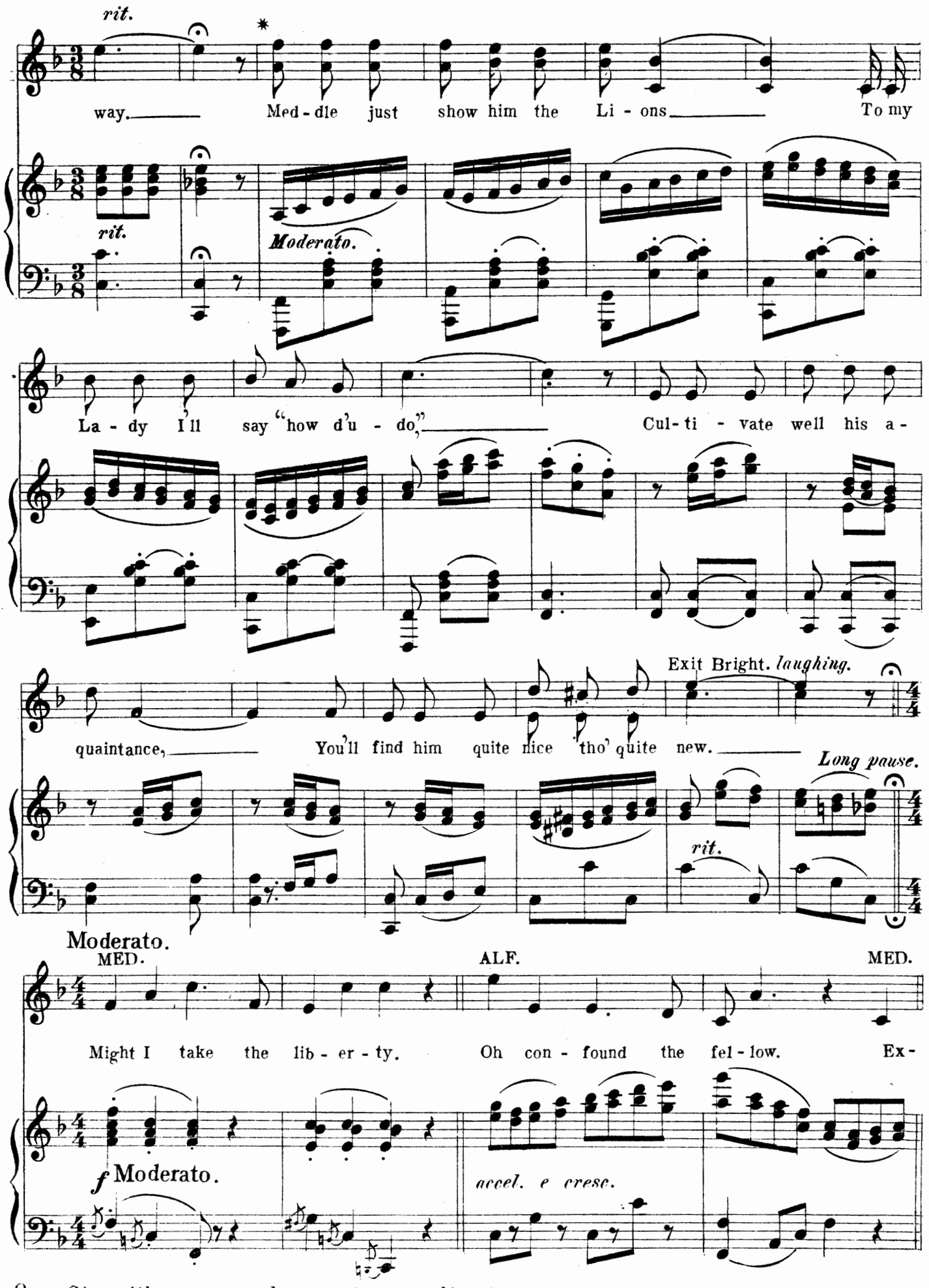
(Meddle, Bright, Alfred and Tipper.)



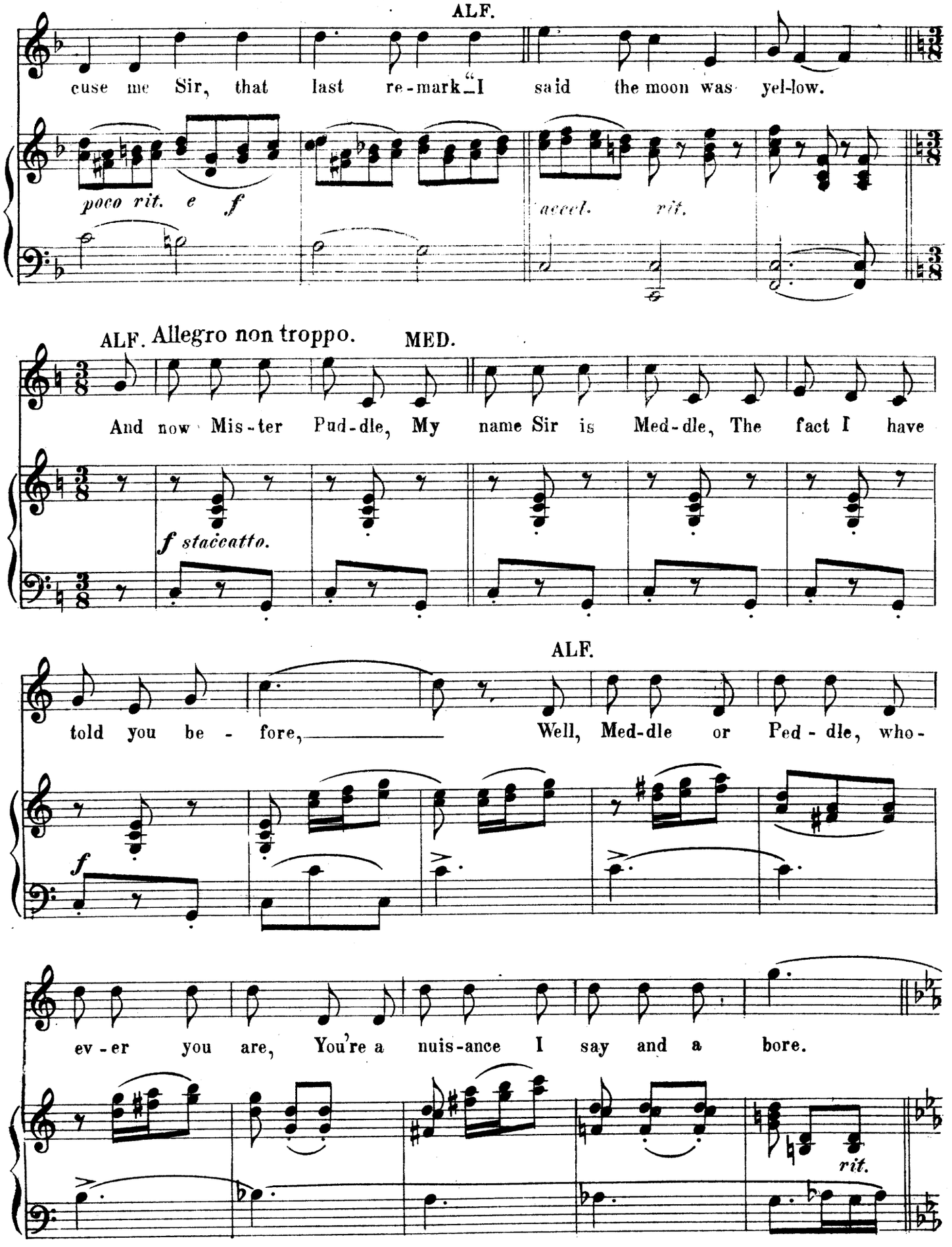

Med.
Mark Med-dle law - yer. Yes 'tis him you view, Mark Med - dle,
cresc.
f
Mark Med-dle attor - ney át law. Pa - pers drawn, pa - pers served
ff
cresc.
Allegretto.
Eenter Tipper.
Tipper.
with - out breach or flaw, You two re - - turned,
rit.
p
Why how is this? and what will be - come of me?
cresc.

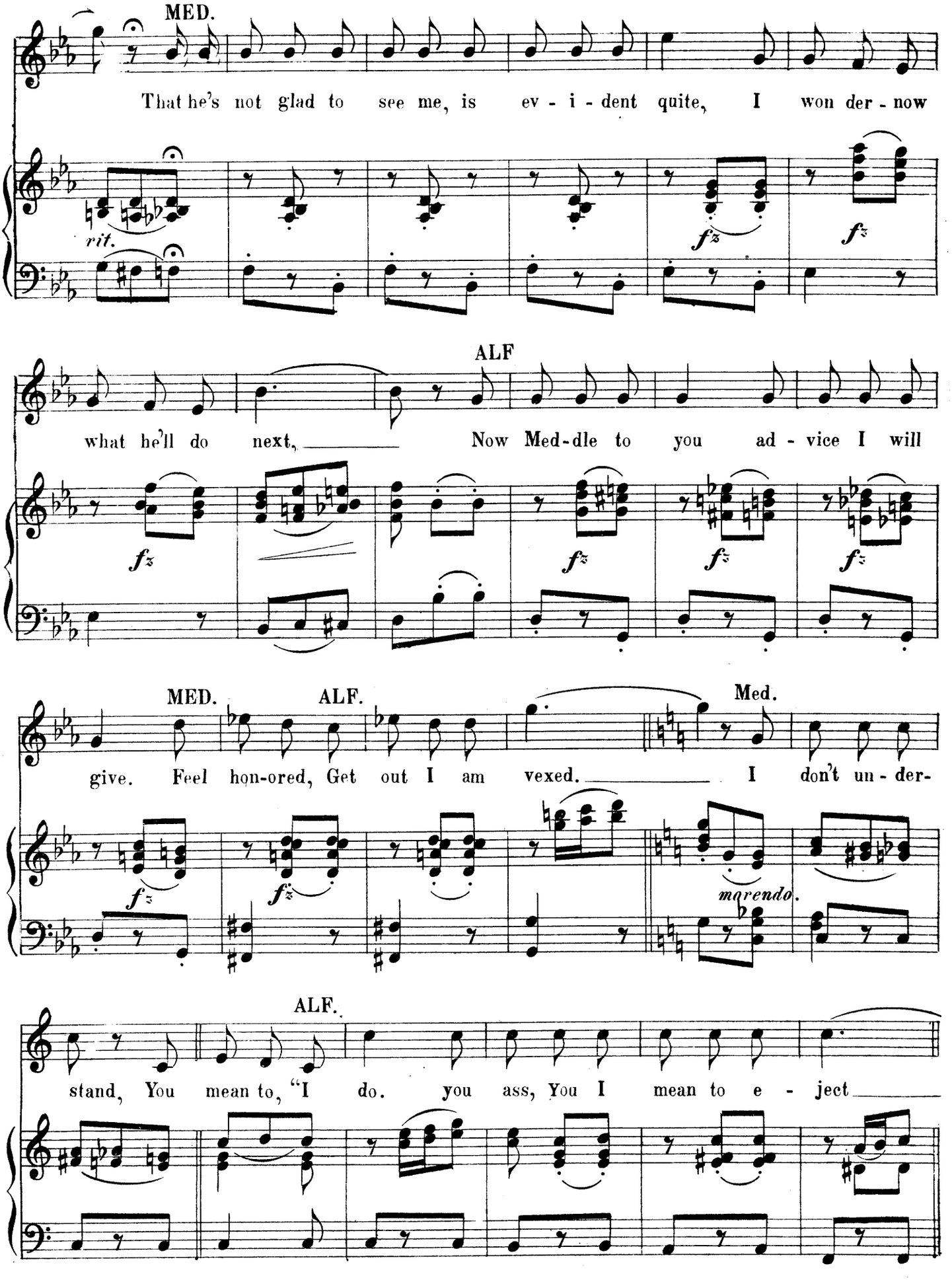

Bright.
We met a charm - ing com - pa - ny, And were forced to re -
marcato il Basso.
turn don't you see. Au - gus - tus, dear, just come o - ver here, And
f
I'll in - tro - duce these men.
ALF.
Ah, how d'u - do,
cresc.
slower.
brilliant.
MED.
how d'u - do,
ALF.
Ah there's my charm-er a - gain.
rit. e cresc.

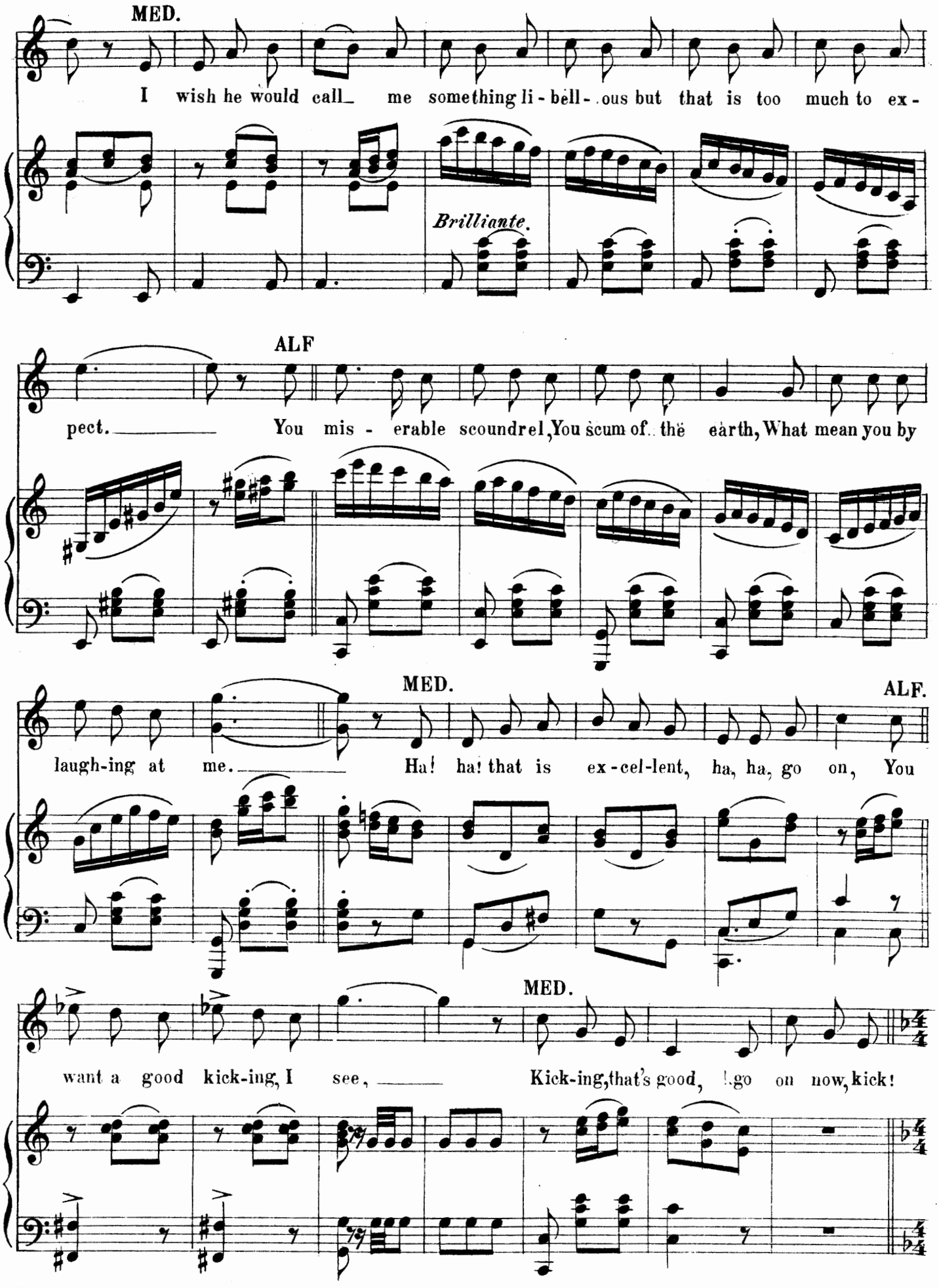

Andante.
(Med.)
(ALF.)
'Tis Ger-al-dine, what Ger-al-dine? I'll her a-quaintance
f
mf
BRIGHT
make You'd bet-ter pause, con-sid-er well, Ere such a step you
molto accell.
take. You'd not in-sult a new found freind, tho' on-ly of to-
colla voce.
rit.
cresc
day, You'd not in-sult a new found freind by run-ning, thus a-

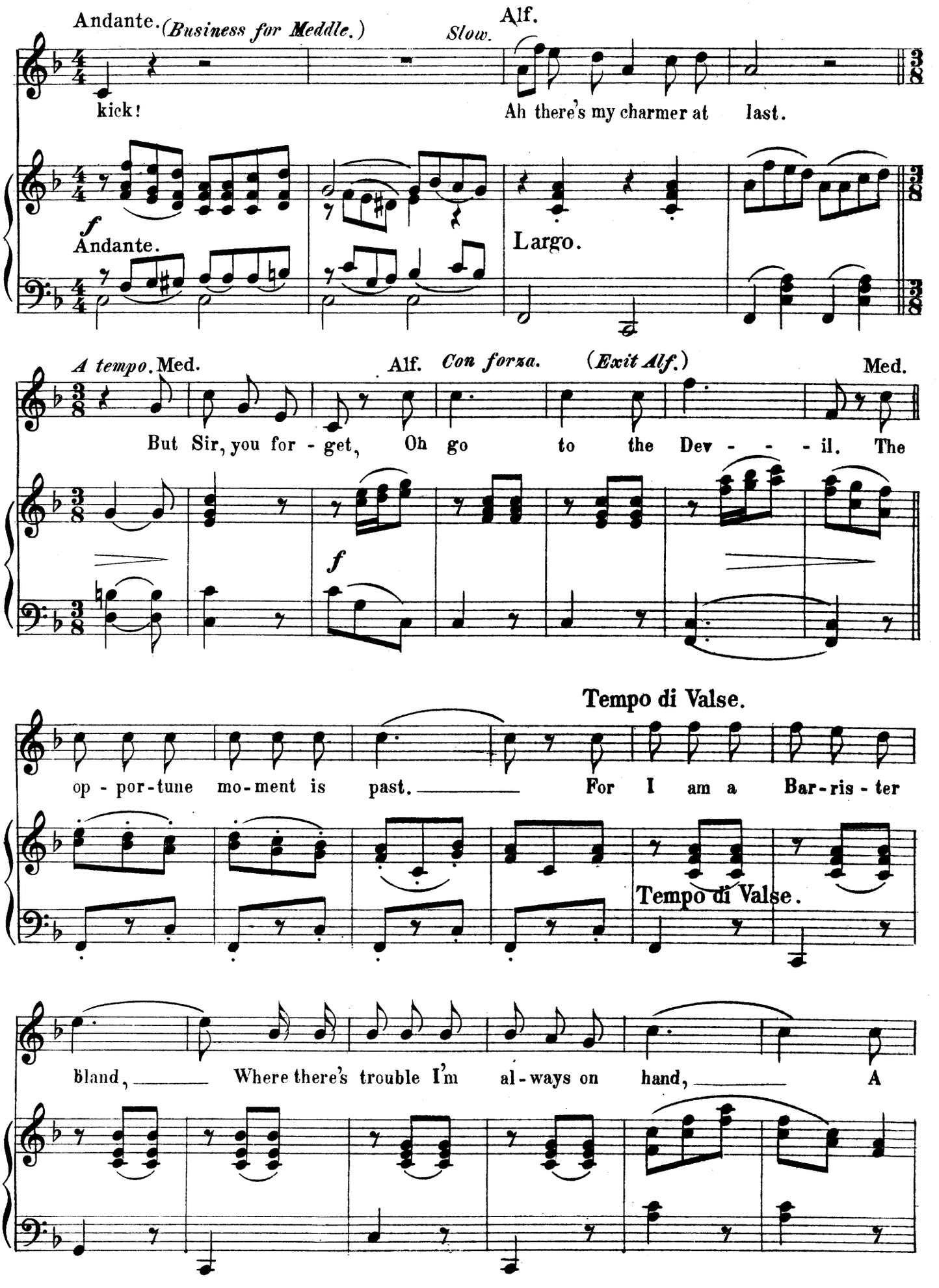


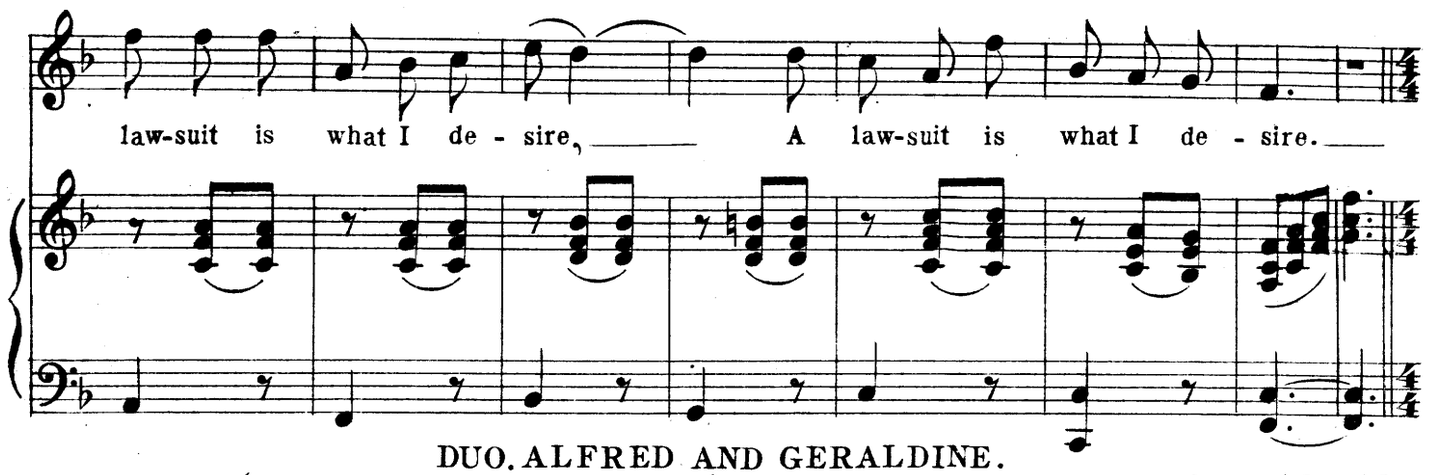
* *Sing either upper or lower notes according to voice.*


ALF.
cuse me Sir, that last re-mark "I said the moon was yel-low.
poco rit. e f
accel. rit.
ALF. Allegro non troppo.
MED.
And now Mis-ter Pud-dle, My name Sir is Med-dle, The fact I have
f staccatto.
ALF.
told you be - fore, Well, Med-dle or Ped - dle, who-
f
ev-er you are, You're a nuis-ance I say and a bore.
rit.


MED.
That he's not glad to see me, is ev - i - dent quite, I won der - now
rit.
fz
fz
ALF
what he'll do next, Now Med-dle to you ad - vice I will
fz
fz
fz
fz
fz
MED.
ALF.
Med.
give. Feel hon-ored, Get out I am vexed. I don't un - der-
fz
fz
morendo.
ALF.
stand, You mean to, "I do. you ass, You I mean to e - ject

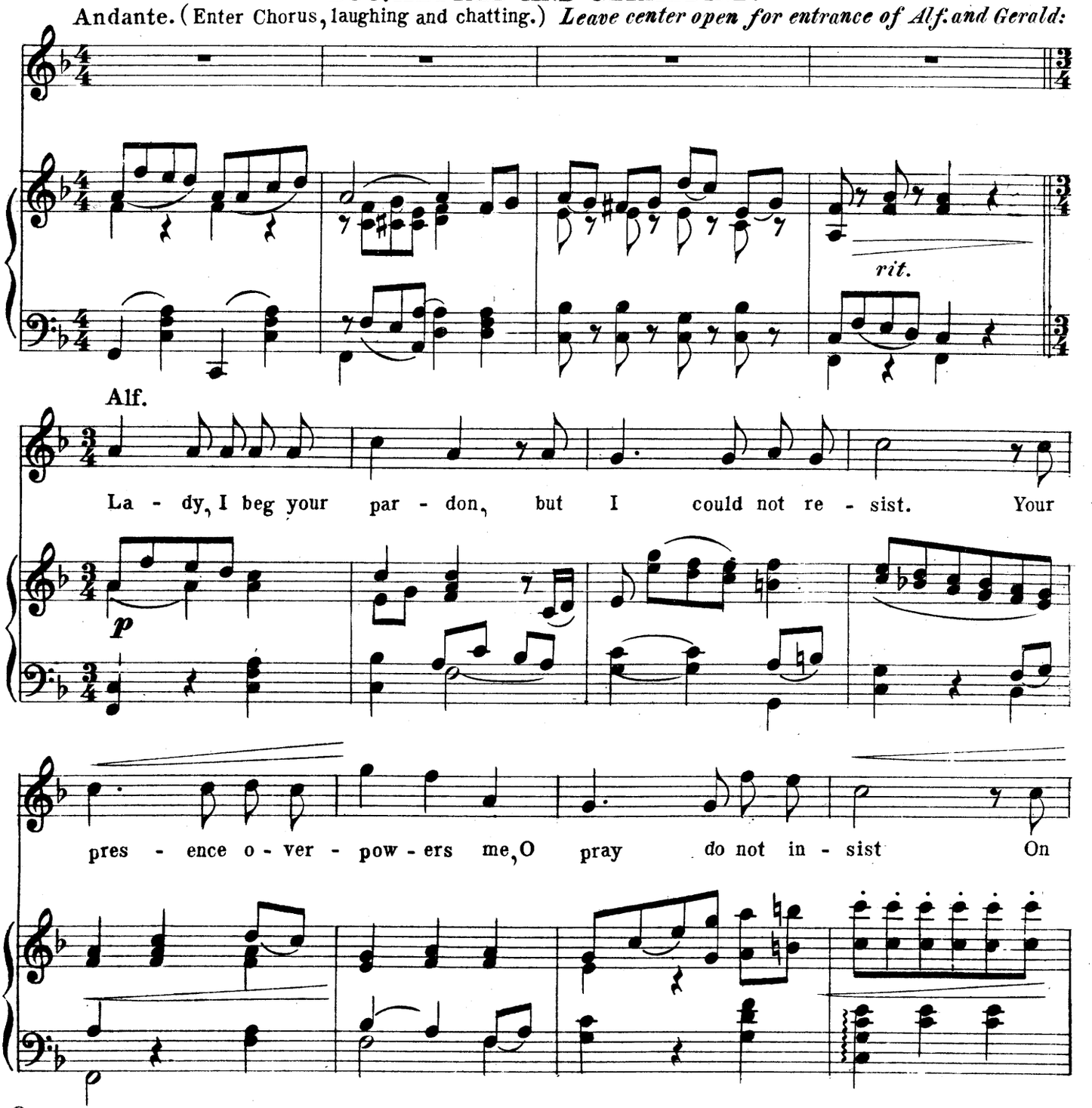

MED.
I wish he would call_ me something li - bell - ous but that is too much to ex -
Brilliante.
ALF
pect. You mis - erable scoundrel, You scum of the earth, What mean you by
MED.
ALF.
laugh-ing at me. Ha! ha! that is ex-cel-lent, ha, ha, go on, You
MED.
want a good kick-ing, I see, Kick-ing, that's good, go on now, kick!

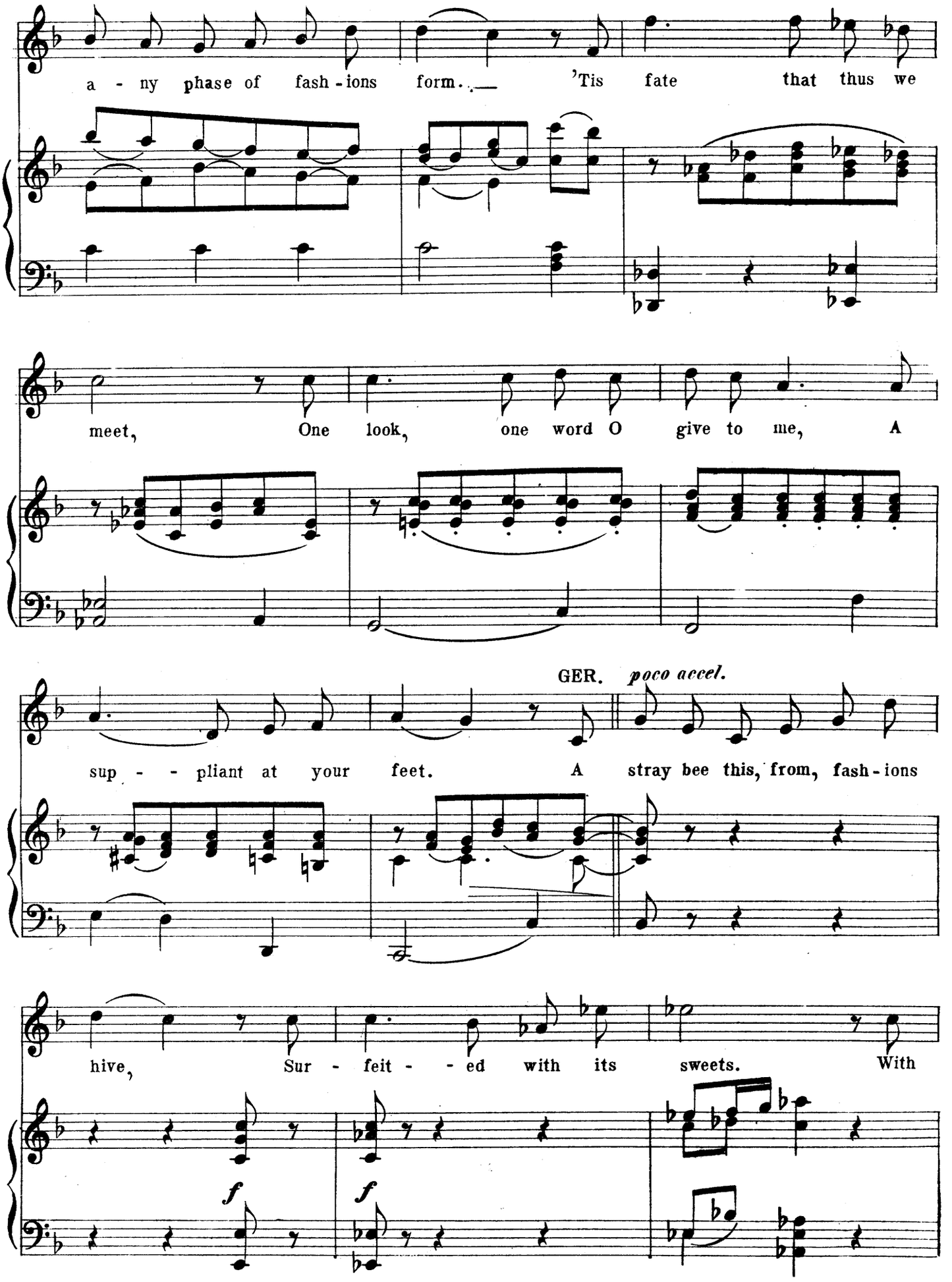

Andante. (Business for Meddle.)
Slow.
Alf.
kick!
Ah there's my charmer at last.
f
Andante.
Largo.
A tempo. Med.
Alf. Con forza. (Exit Alf.)
Med.
But Sir, you for - get, Oh go to the Dev - - - il. The
f
Tempo di Valse.
op - por-tune mo-ment is past. For I am a Bar-ris - ter
Tempo di Valse.
bland, Where there's trouble I'm al-ways on hand, A

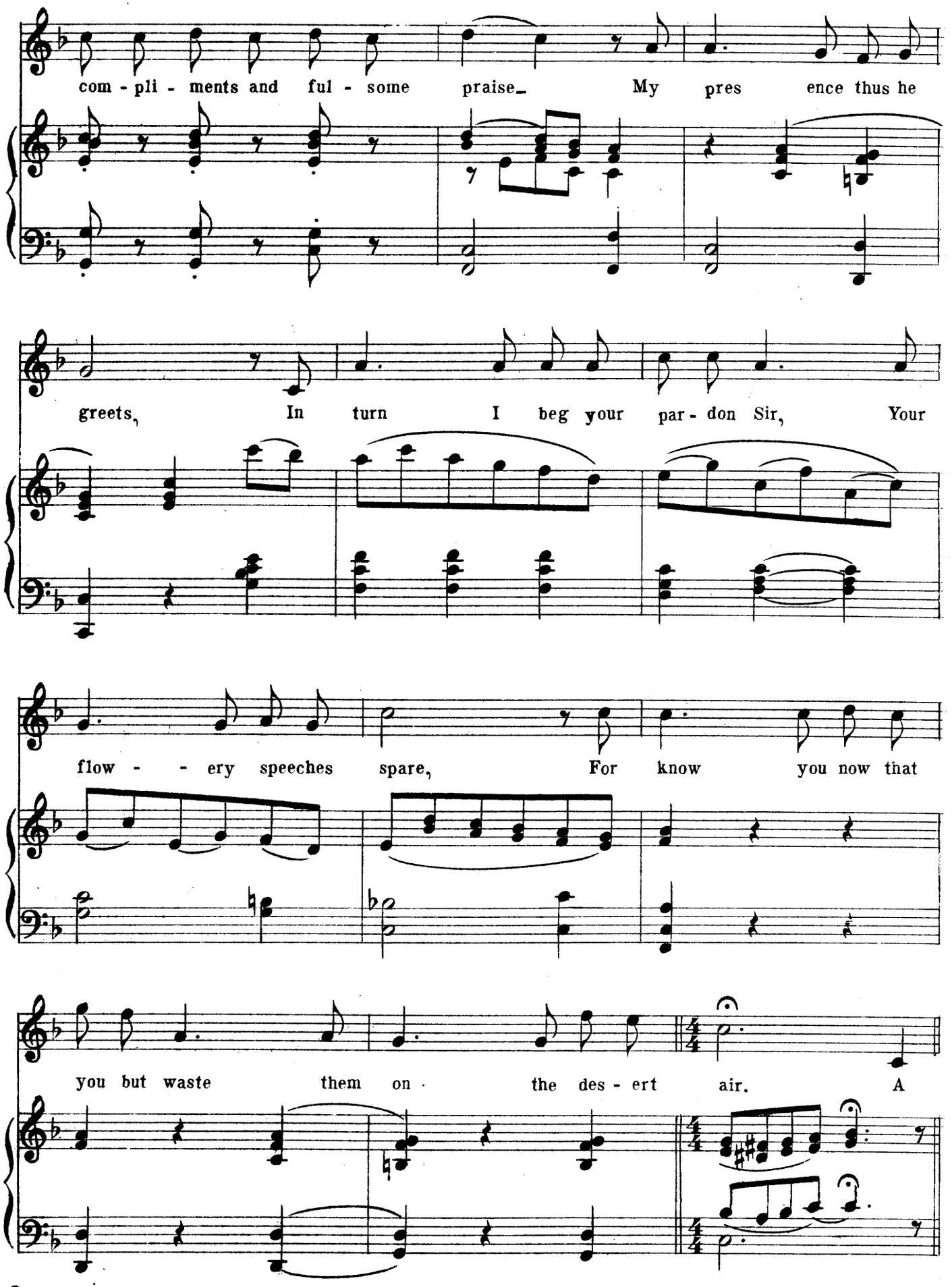


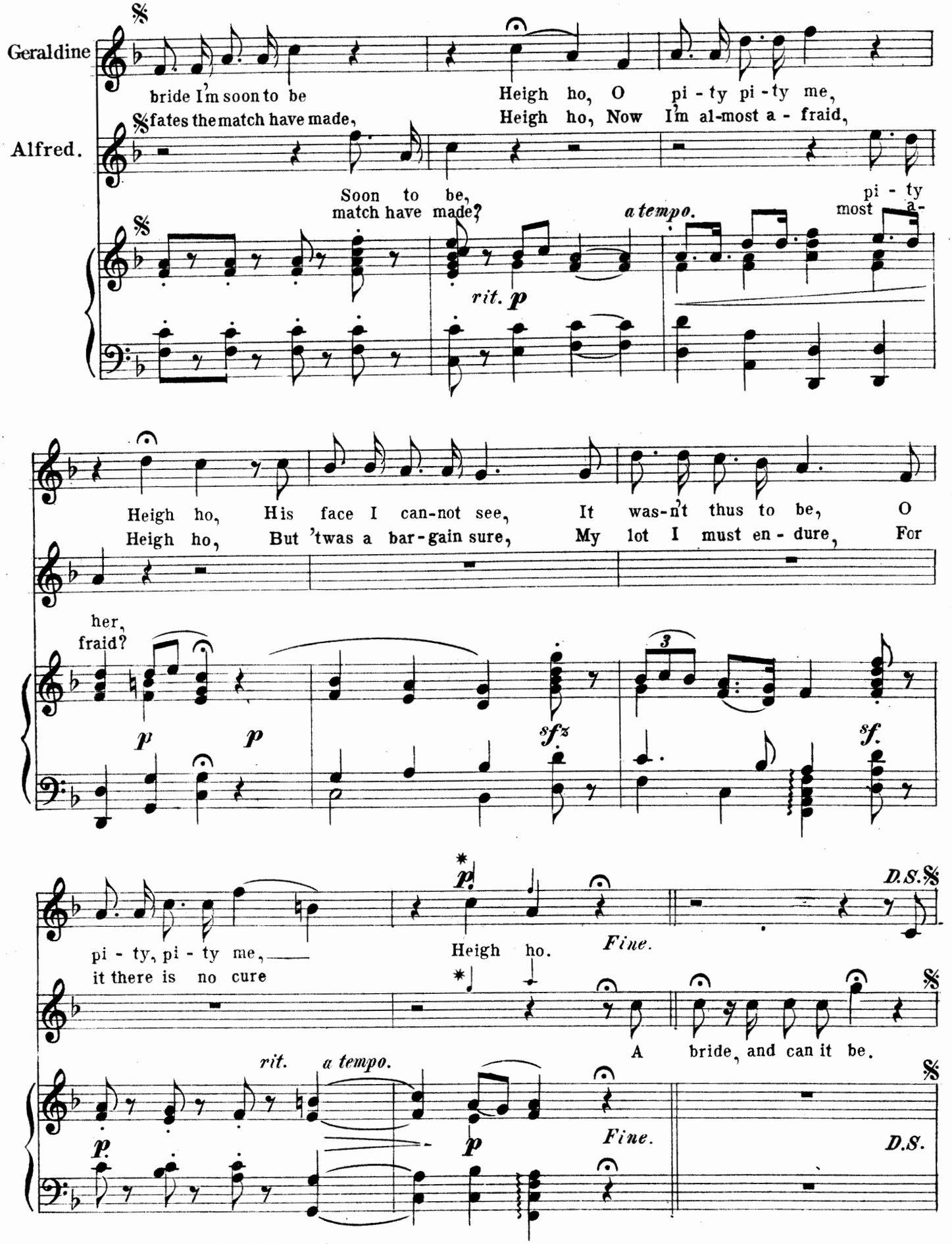
DUO. ALFRED AND GERALDINE.

Andante. (Enter Chorus, laughing and chatting.) *Leave center open for entrance of Alf. and Gerald:*




a - ny phase of fash - ions form. — 'Tis fate that thus we
meet, One look, one word O give to me, A
GER. poco accel.
sup - - pliant at your feet. A stray bee this, from, fash - ions
hive, Sur - feit - - ed with its sweets. With
f
f


com - pli - ments and ful - some praise_ My pres ence thus he
greets, In turn I beg your par - don Sir, Your
flow - - ery speeches spare, For know you now that
you but waste them on the des - ert air. A



* Small Notes Last time only.

Finale. Chorus.

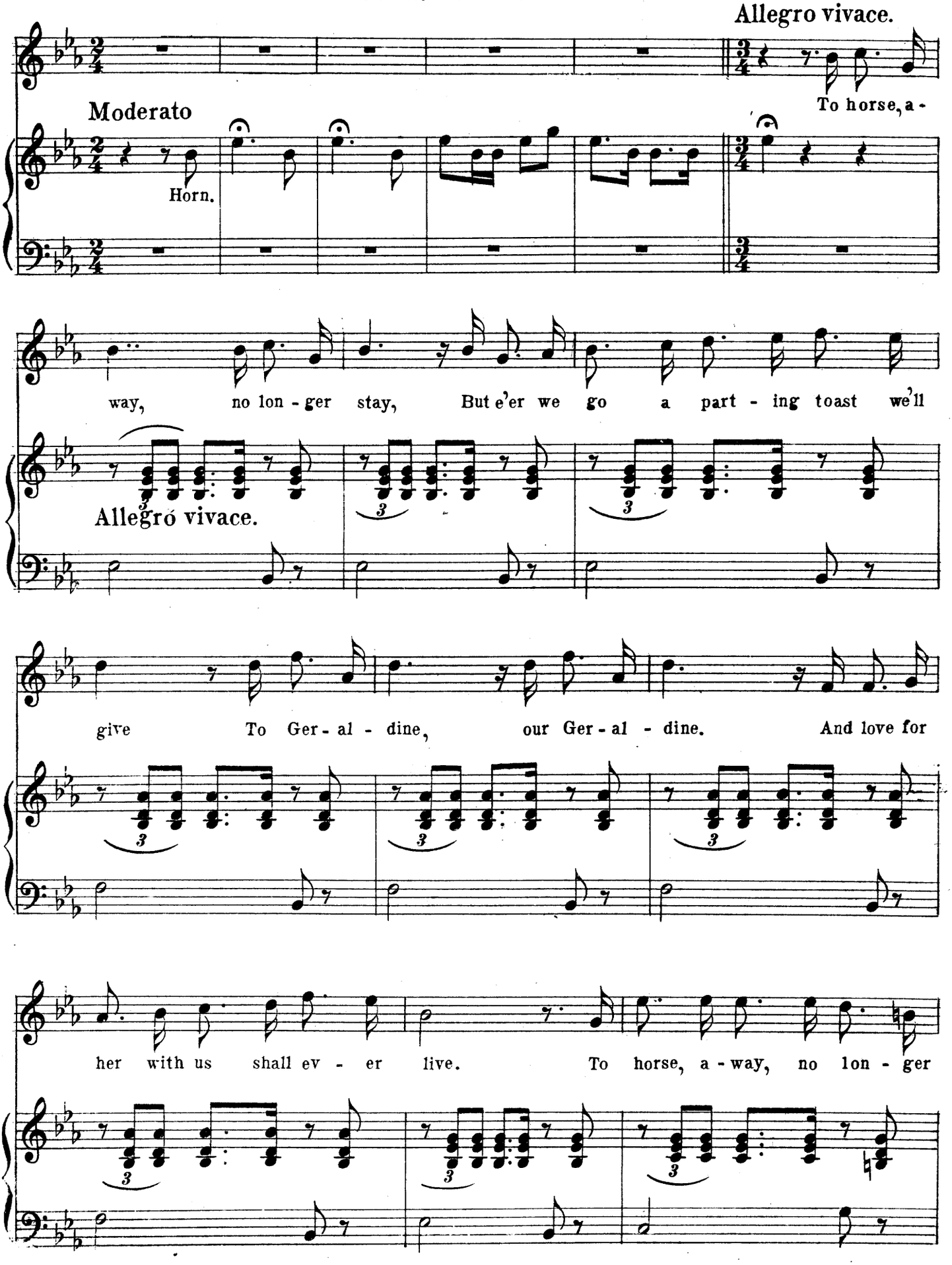
O YES SHE'S SOON TO MARRY.

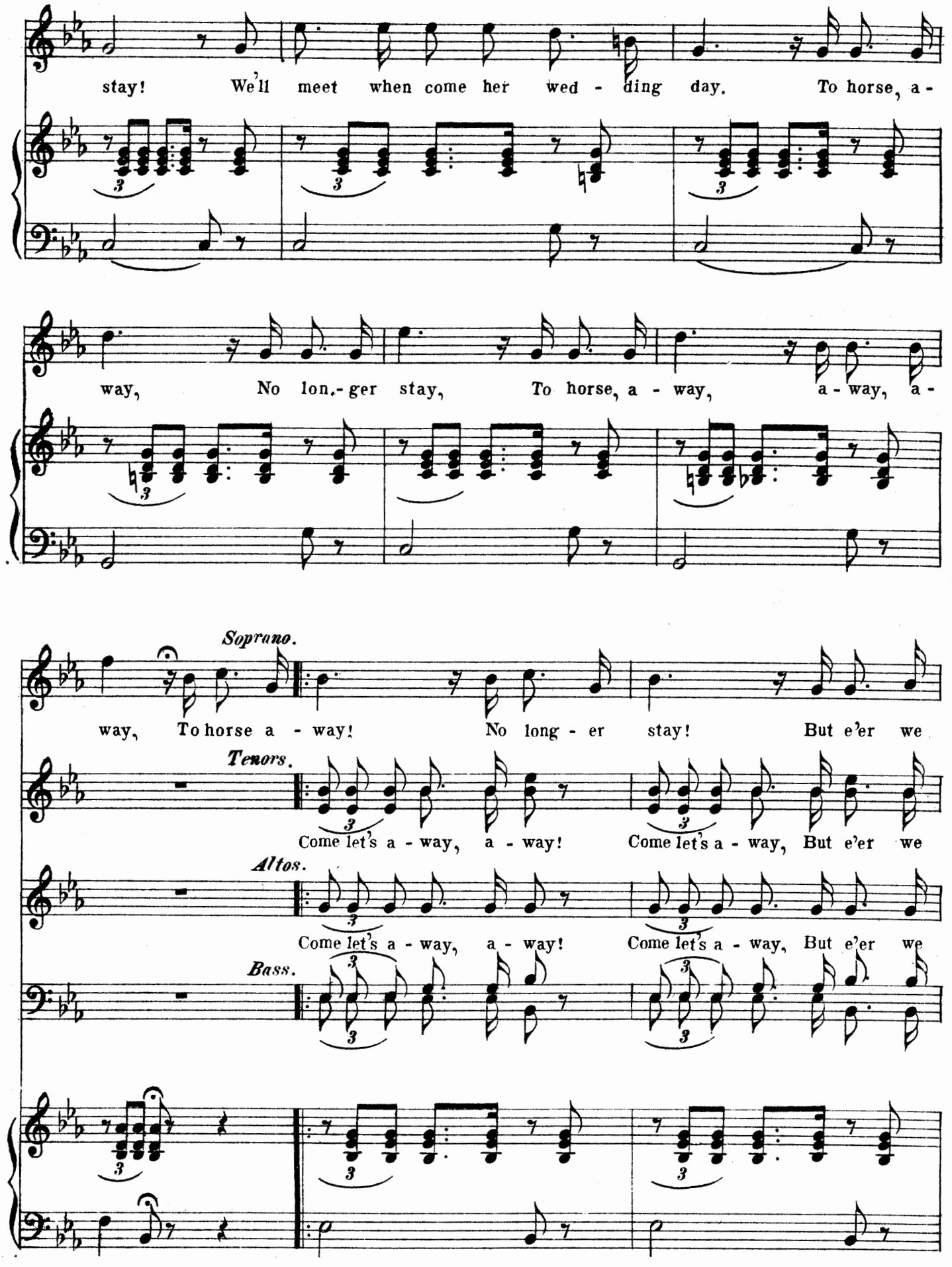
O yes she's soon to mar-ry, mar-ry, mar-ry, Not

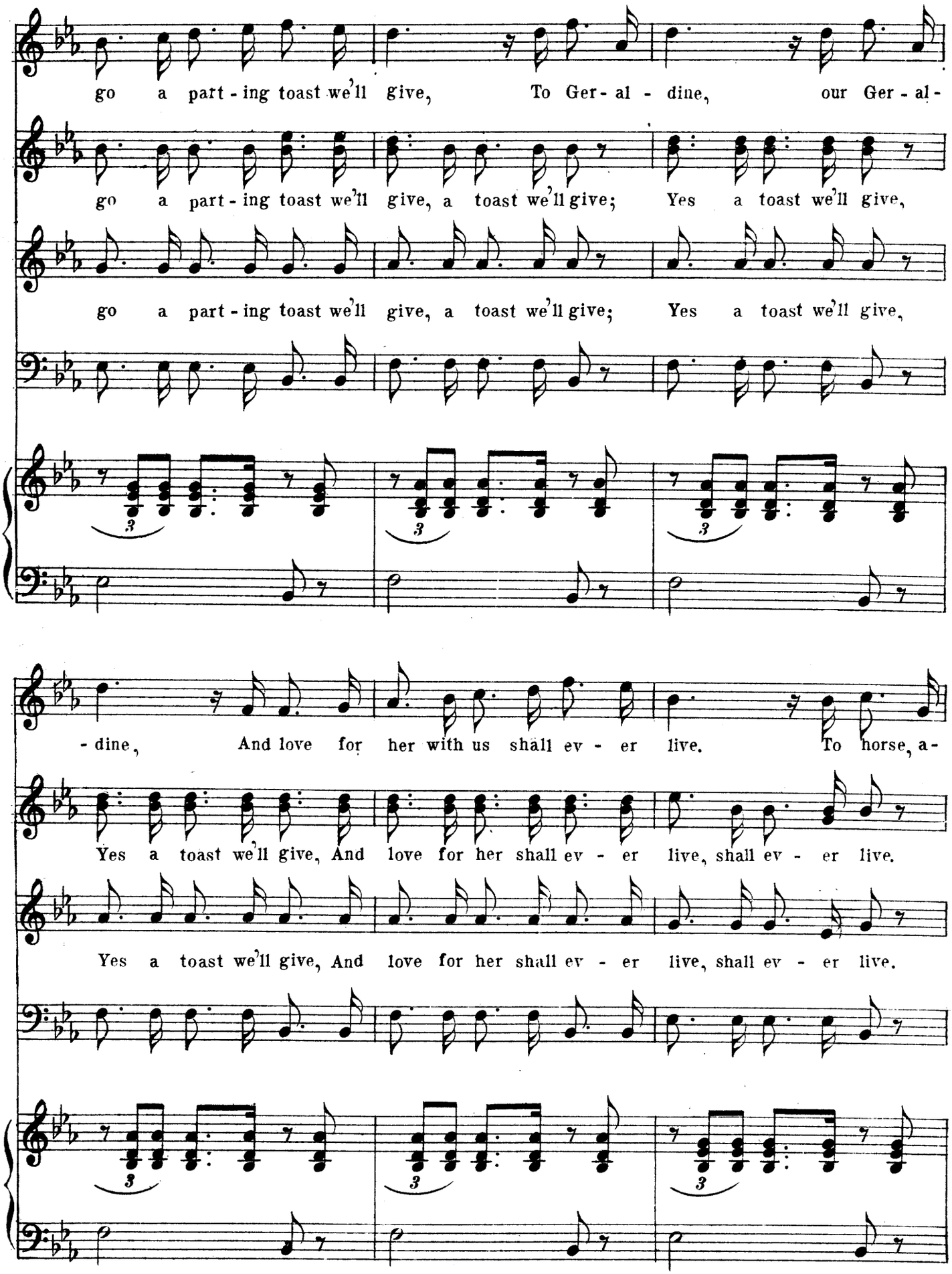
long with us she'll tar-ry, Our Geral-dine so fair, The wedding is to-mor-row, to-

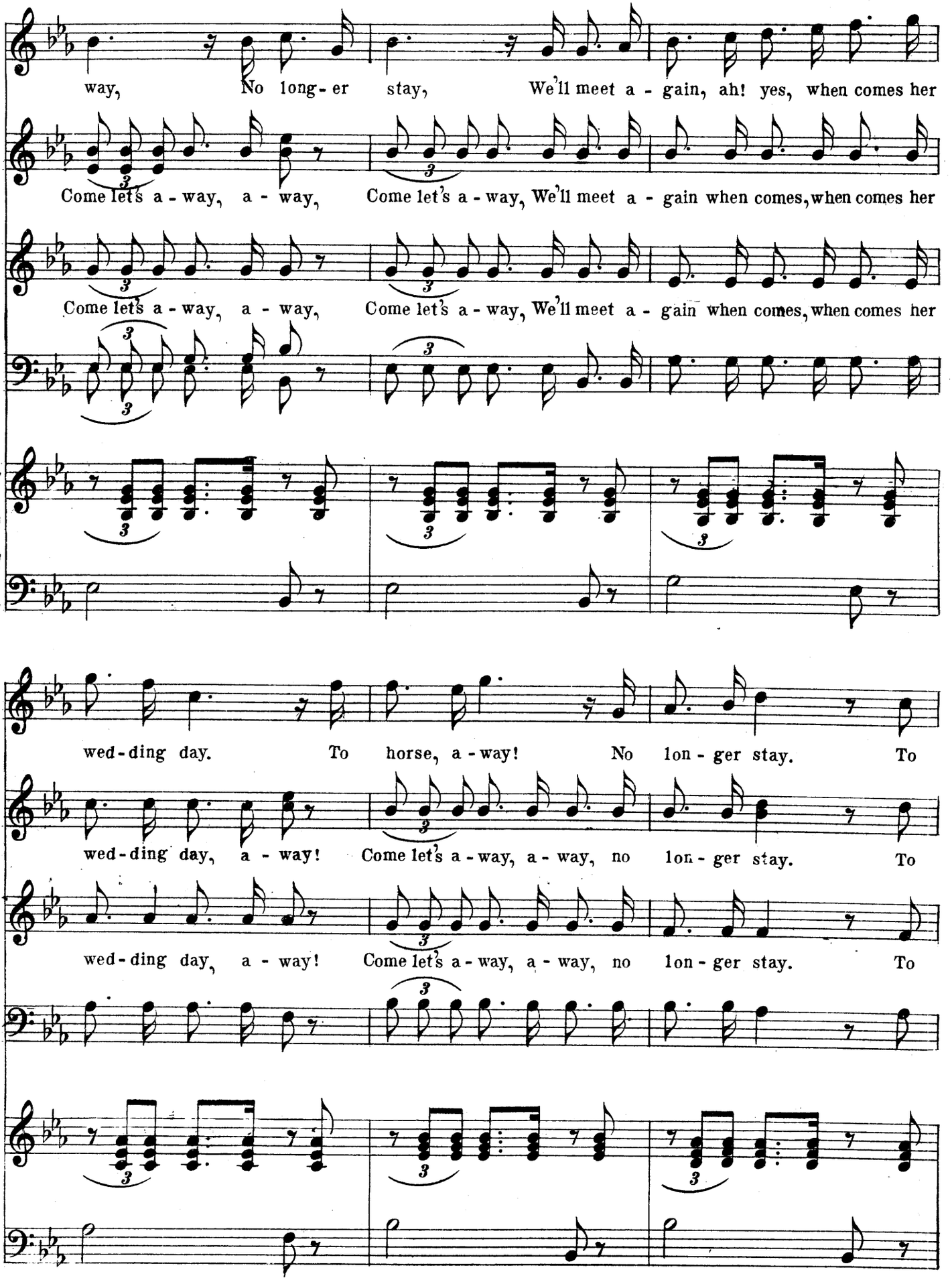
(*Alto and Tenor.*) so fair.

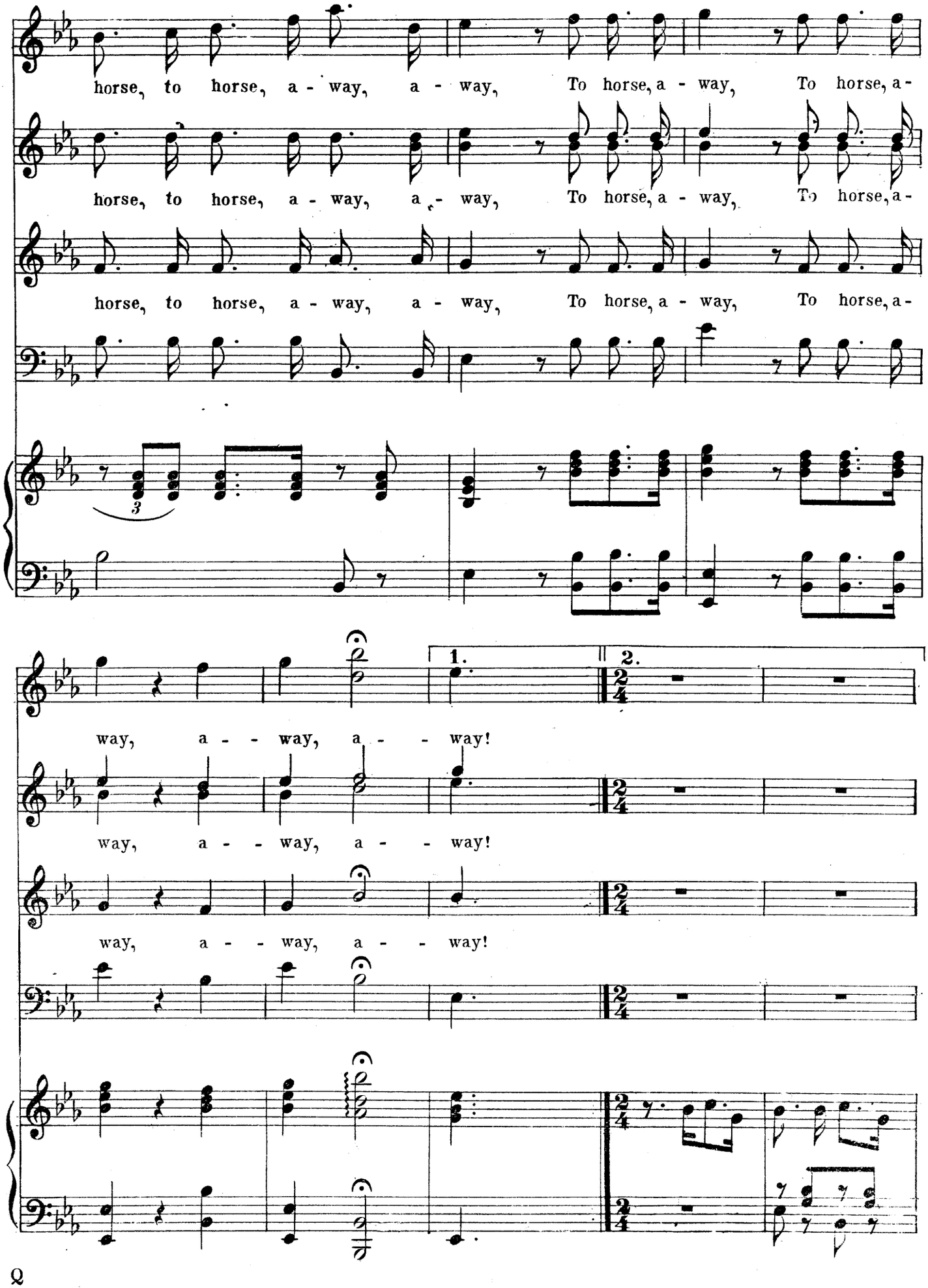
mor-row, to-mor-row, The wed-ding is to mor-row And we will all be there.

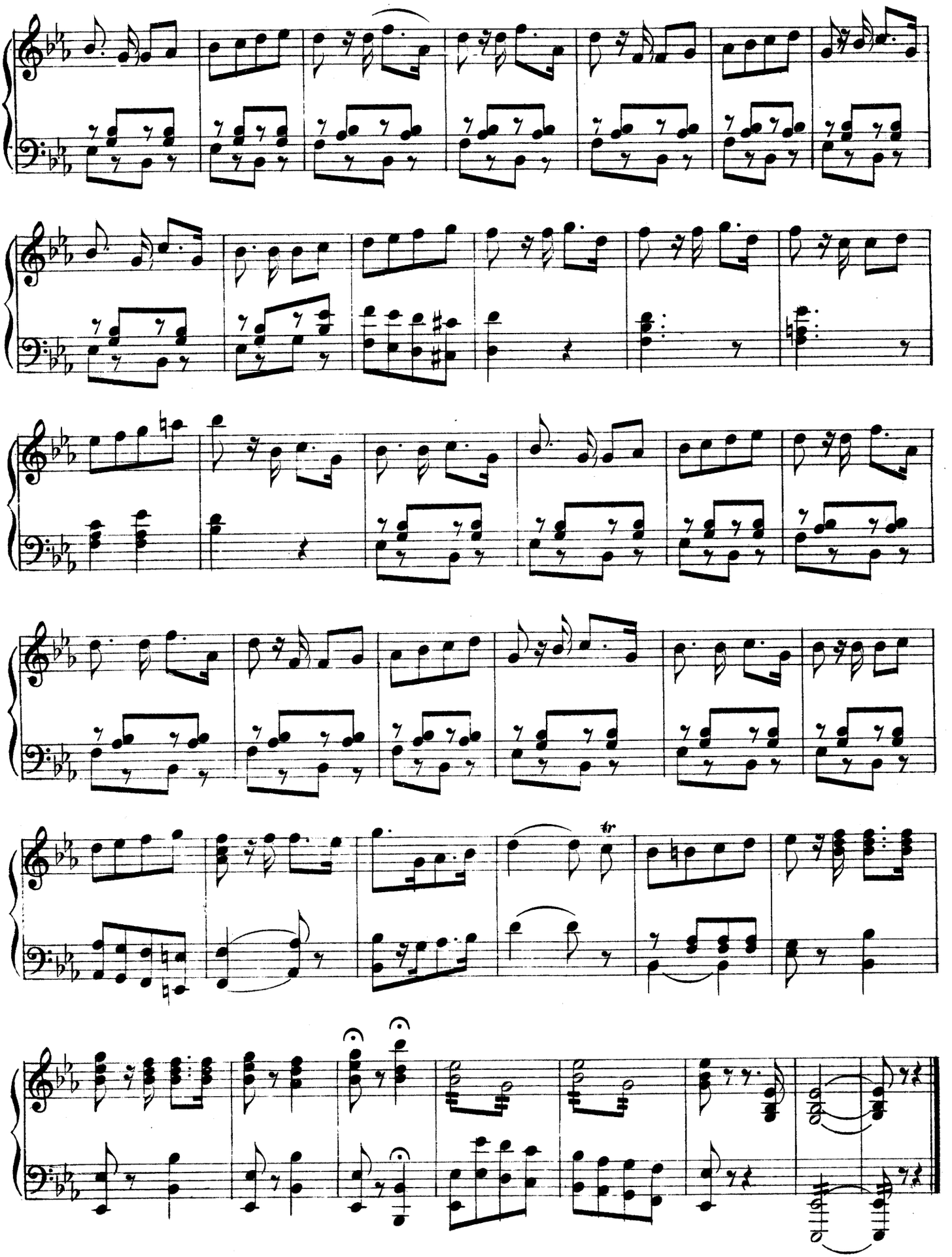

Allegro vivace.
Moderato
Horn.
To horse, a -
way, no lon - ger stay, But e'er we go a part - ing toast we'll
Allegro vivace.
give To Ger - al - dine, our Ger - al - dine. And love for
her with us shall ev - er live. To horse, a - way, no lon - ger


stay! We'll meet when come her wed - ding day. To horse, a -
way, No lon.-ger stay, To horse, a - way, a - way, a -
Soprano.
way, To horse a - way! No long - er stay! But e'er we
Tenors.
Come let's a - way, a - way! Come let's a - way, But e'er we
Altos.
Come let's a - way, a - way! Come let's a - way, But e'er we
Bass.


go a part - ing toast we'll give, To Ger - al - dine, our Ger - al -
go a part - ing toast we'll give, a toast we'll give; Yes a toast we'll give,
go a part - ing toast we'll give, a toast we'll give; Yes a toast we'll give,
- dine, And love for her with us shall ev - er live. To horse, a -
Yes a toast we'll give, And love for her shall ev - er live, shall ev - er live.
Yes a toast we'll give, And love for her shall ev - er live, shall ev - er live.


way, No long-er stay, We'll meet a-gain, ah! yes, when comes her
Come let's a-way, a-way, Come let's a-way, We'll meet a-gain when comes, when comes her
Come let's a-way, a-way, Come let's a-way, We'll meet a-gain when comes, when comes her
wed-ding day. To horse, a-way! No lon-ger stay. To
wed-ding day, a-way! Come let's a-way, a-way, no lon-ger stay. To
wed-ding day, a-way! Come let's a-way, a-way, no lon-ger stay. To


horse, to horse, a - way, a - way, To horse, a - way, To horse, a-
horse, to horse, a - way, a - way, To horse, a - way, To horse, a-
horse, to horse, a - way, a - way, To horse, a - way, To horse, a-
3
1.
2.
way, a - - way, a - - way!
way, a - - way, a - - way!
way, a - - way, a - - way!

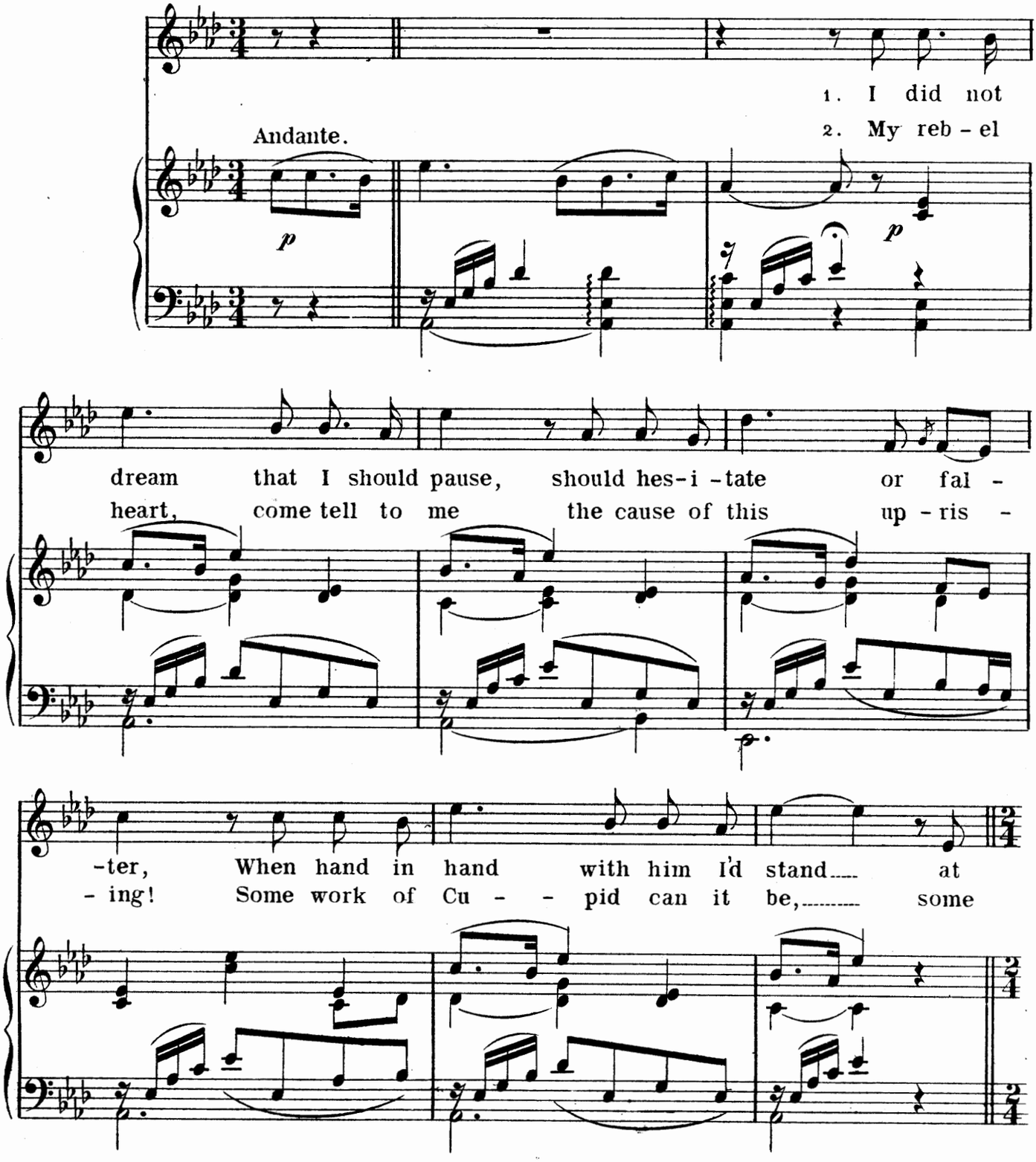

tr

II ACT.

"I DID NOT DREAM!

(GERALDINE.)

№ 11.



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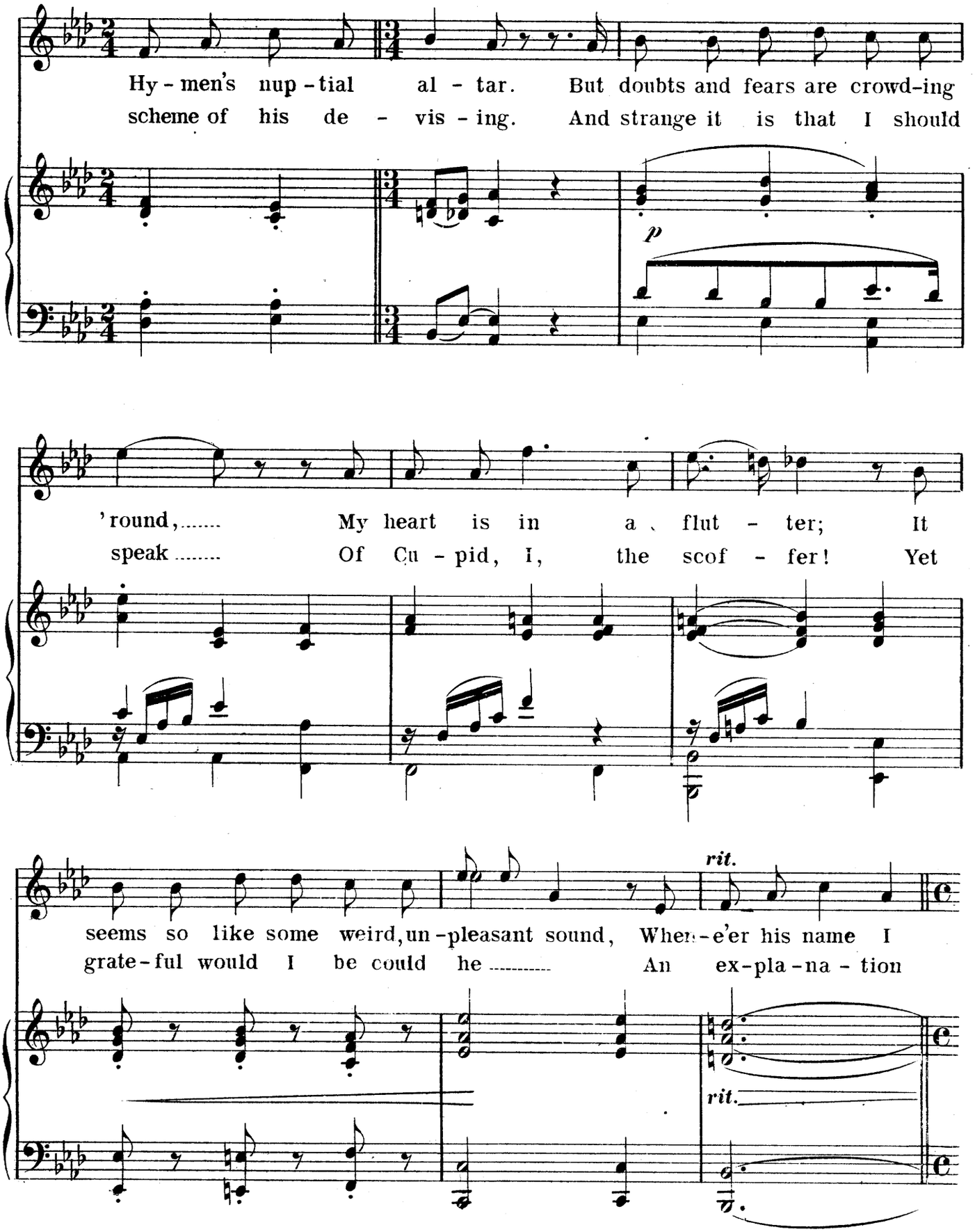
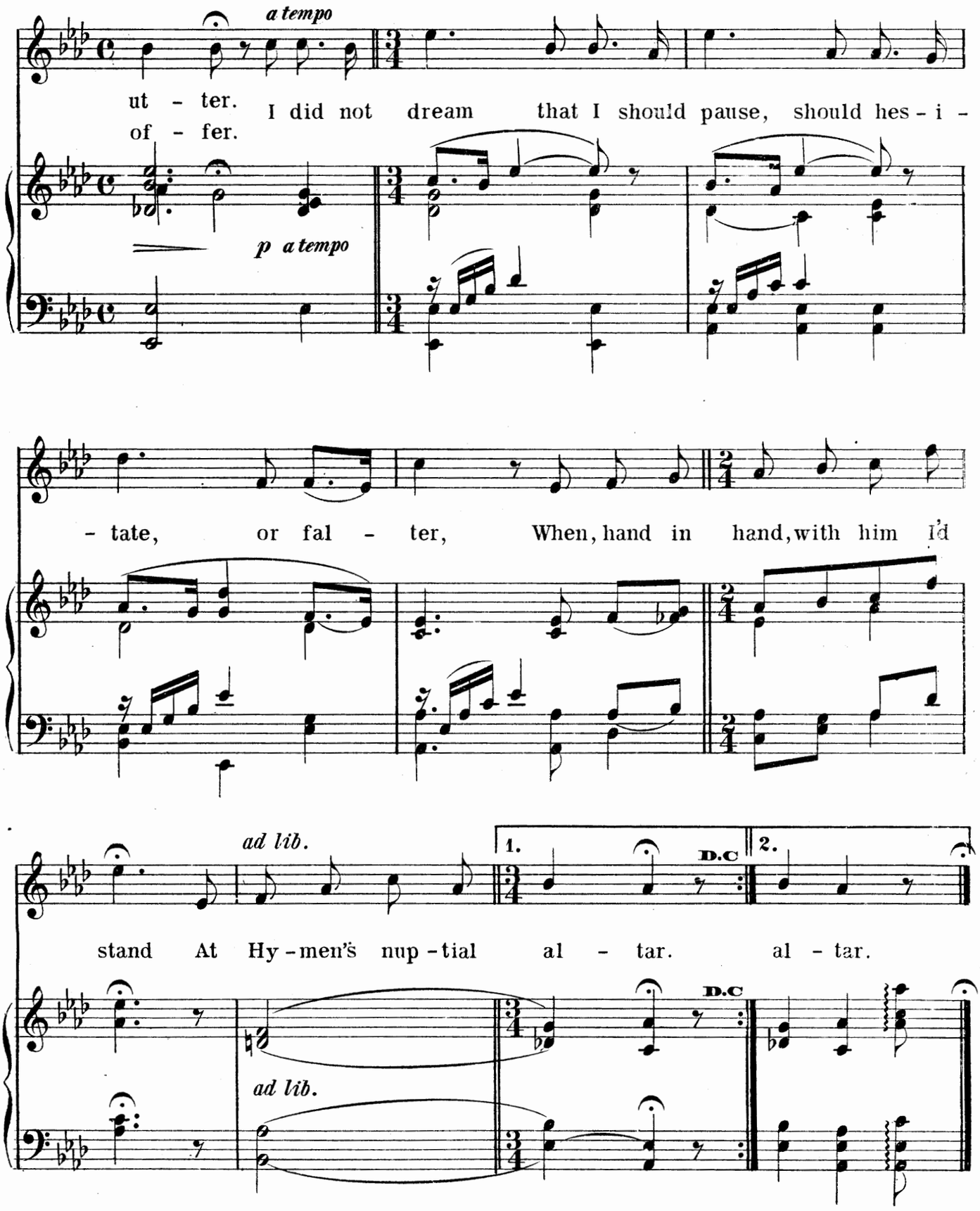

Hy - men's nup - tial al - tar. But doubts and fears are crowd-ing
scheme of his de - vis - ing. And strange it is that I should
p
'round,..... My heart is in a flut - ter; It
speak ..... Of Cu - pid, I, the scof - fer! Yet
seems so like some weird, un - pleasant sound, Whene'er his name I
grate - ful would I be could he ..... An ex-pla - na - tion
rit.
rit.


a tempo
ut - ter. I did not dream that I should pause, should hes - i -
of - fer.
p a tempo
- tate, or fal - ter, When, hand in hand, with him I'd
ad lib.
1.
D.C
2.
stand At Hy - men's nup - tial al - tar. al - tar.
D.C
ad lib.

TRIO.

A COMBINATION RICH AND RARE.

Nº 12.

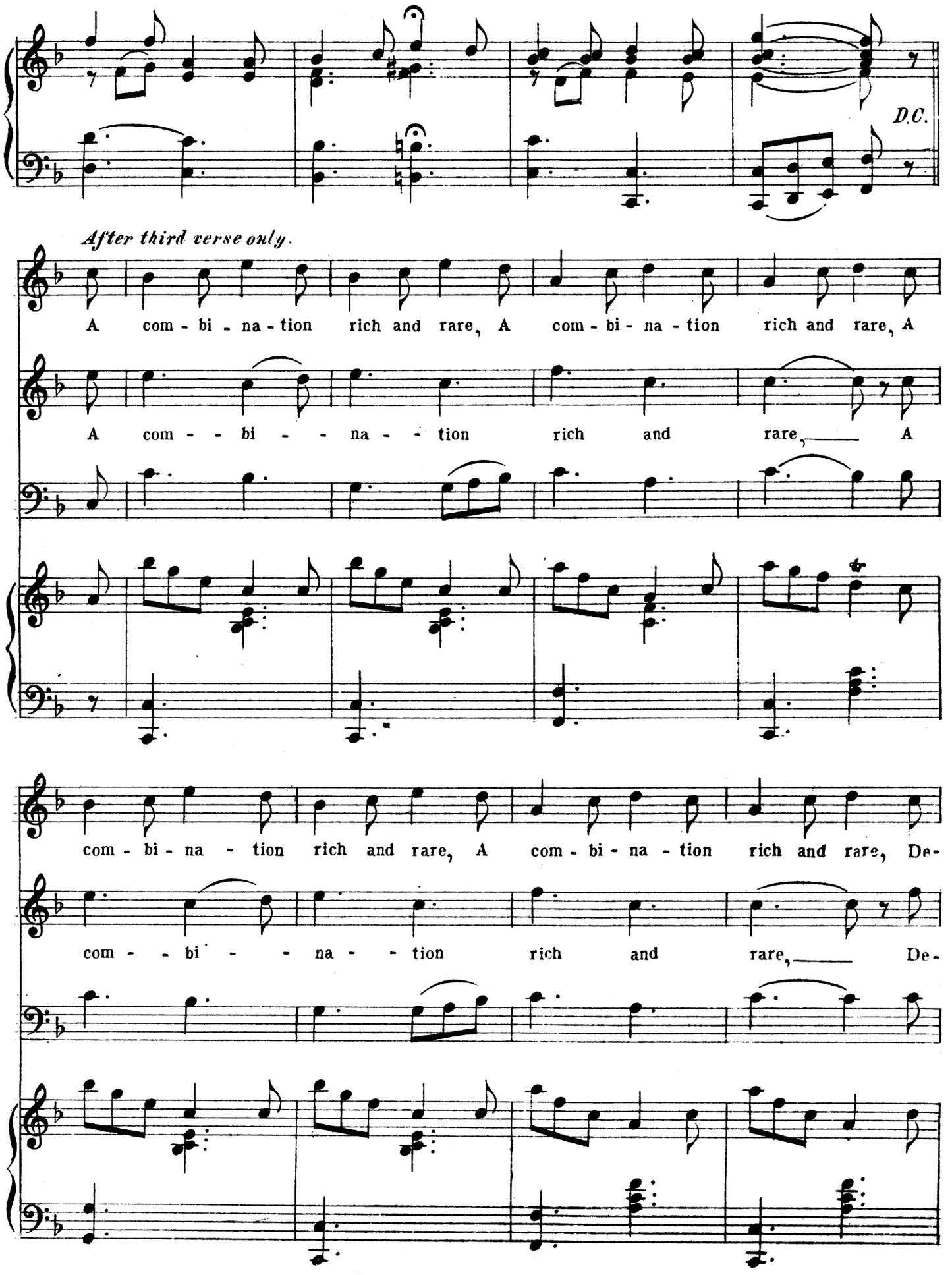
Moderato.

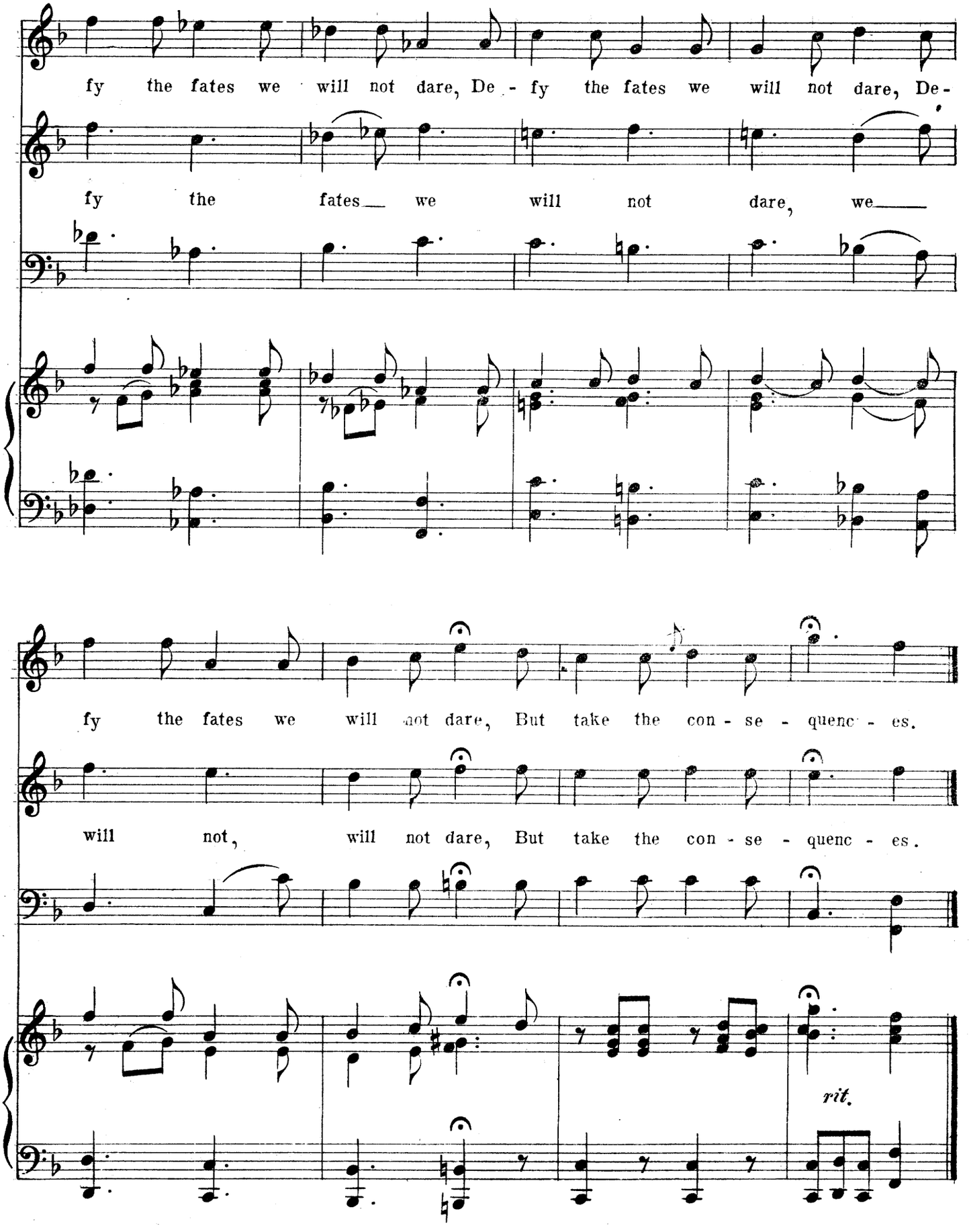
Baronet. 1. Such beau-ty grace and pres-ence rare, Were seen on earth, no
Barclay. 2. Deep lurk-ing in my heart I feel, For-bod-ings I must
Geraldine. 3. Were it but left for us to say Draw now your in-fer-

nev - - er, So queen-ly and so won-drous fair, My heart is thine for-ev-er.
smoth - er, My du-ty plain, a-las there is Al-ter-na-tive no oth-er.
en - - ces. Re-lent-less fate we must o-bey And take the con-se-quen-ces.

Dance.

p leggiero.


D.C.
After third verse only.
A com - bi - na - tion rich and rare, A com - bi - na - tion rich and rare, A
A com - - bi - - na - - tion rich and rare, A
com - bi - na - tion rich and rare, A com - bi - na - tion rich and rare, De-
com - - bi - - na - - tion rich and rare, De-


fy the fates we will not dare, De - fy the fates we will not dare, De-
fy the fates we will not dare, we
fy the fates we will not dare, But take the con - se - quenc - es.
will not, will not dare, But take the con - se - quenc - es.
rit.

CONCERTED NUMBER.

Barclay, Baronet, Lady Bess and Chorus.

Barclay.

My freind the Bar-o - net, To you I'll in - tro - duce, And

Baronet.

Mis - ters Ham - il - ton and Bright with com - pli - ments pro - fuse. What

fire and what fin - ness, A spec - i - men most rare, Yes

Lady Bess.

for a wo - man such as this a man would all things dare. Ex - -

Baronet.

cuse the lib-er-ty I take, But, bless his hon-est face, I

ff

Lady Bess.

on-ly thought I'd like to be a mo-ment in his place, I'm

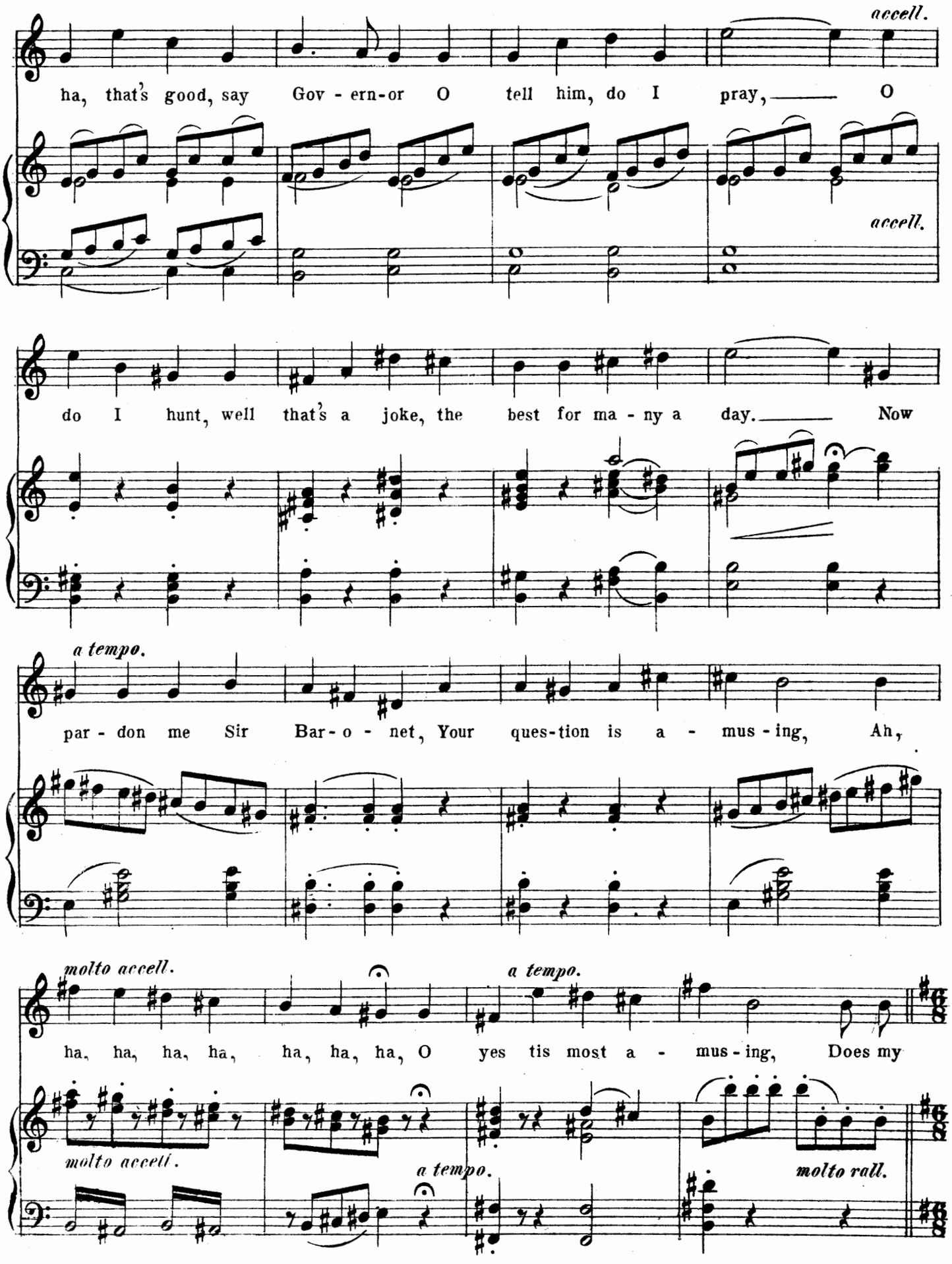
glad you've come Sir Bar-o-net. one thing you'll sure-ly do, Join

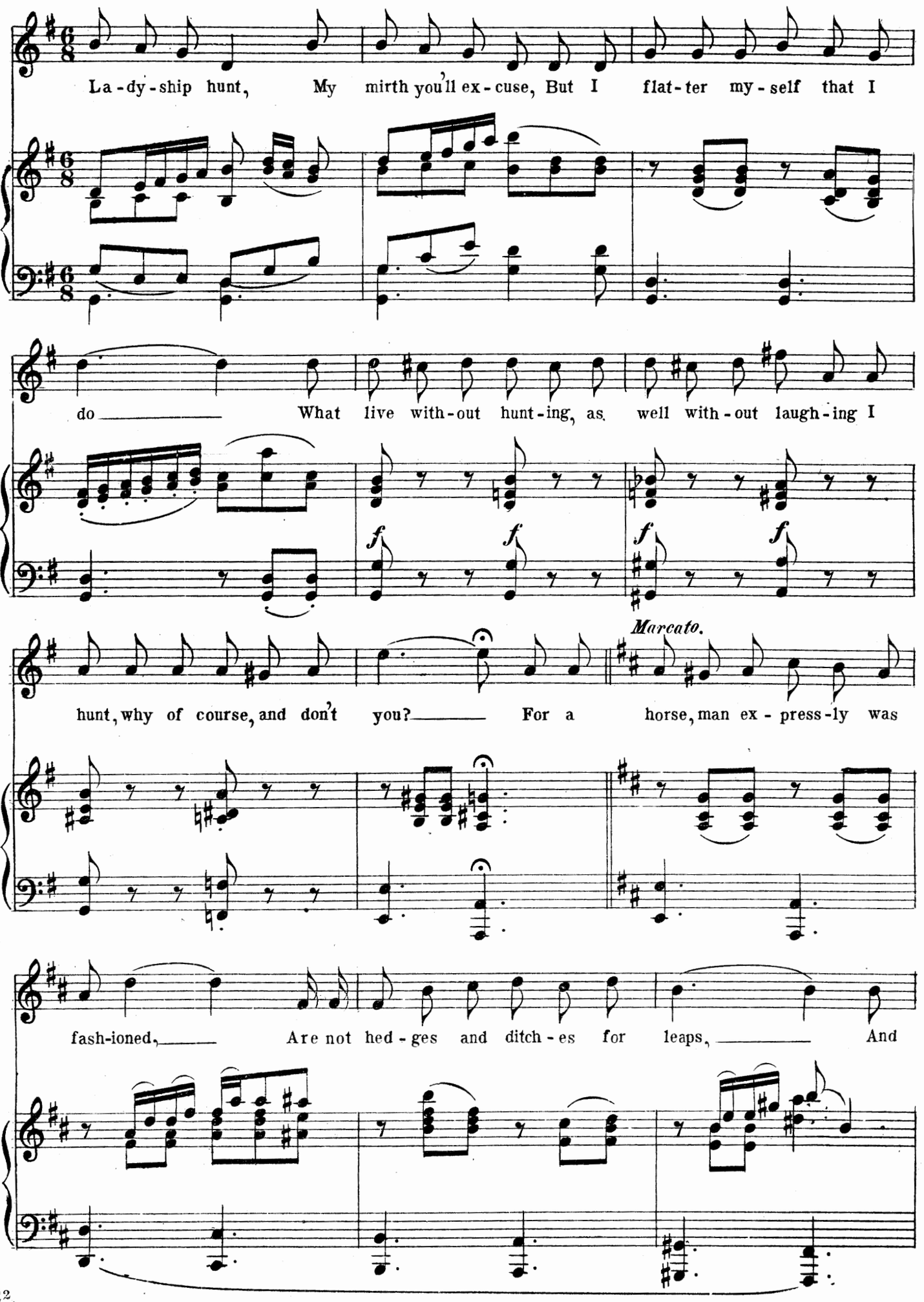
f

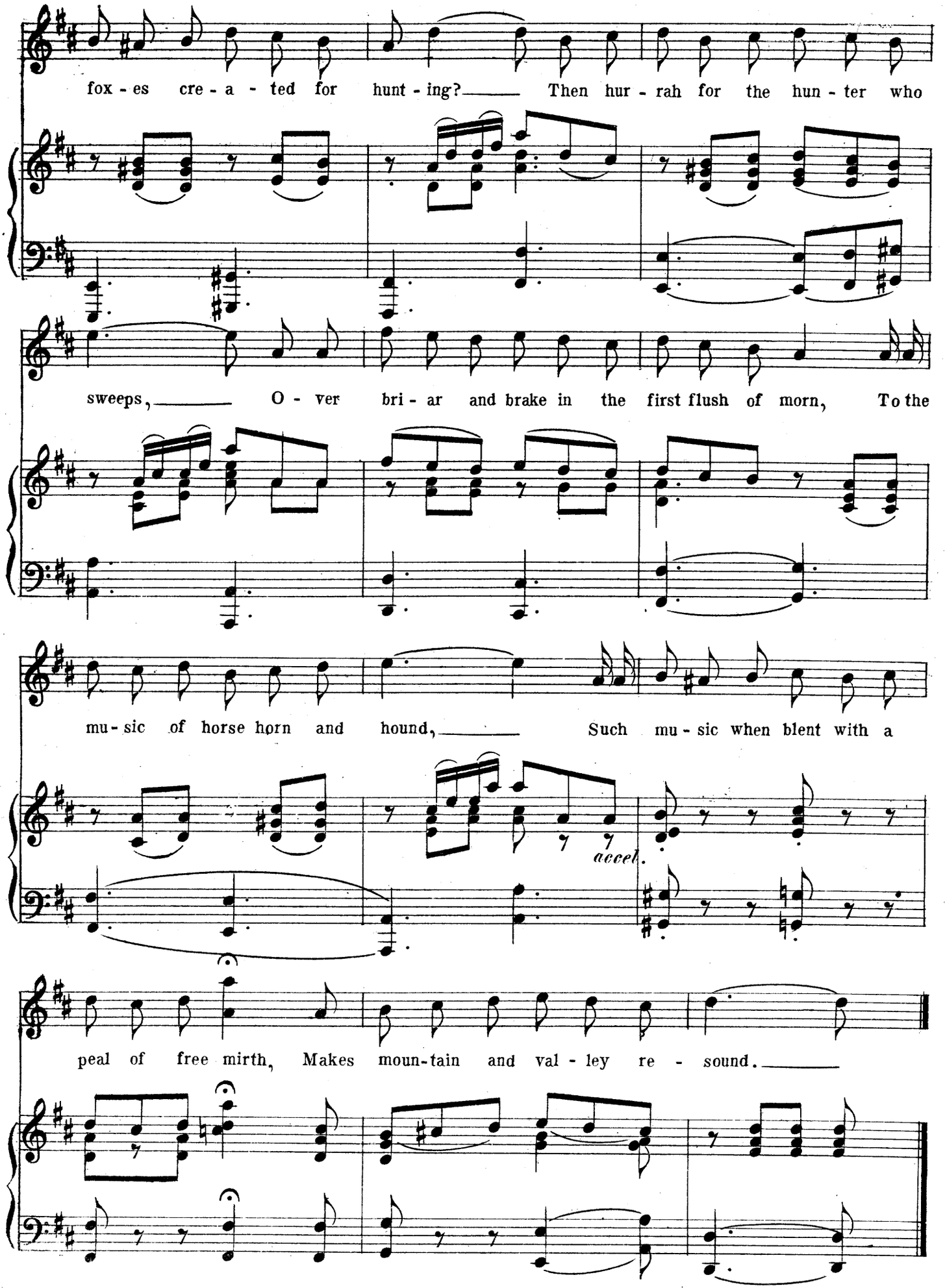
Baronet. Lady Bess.

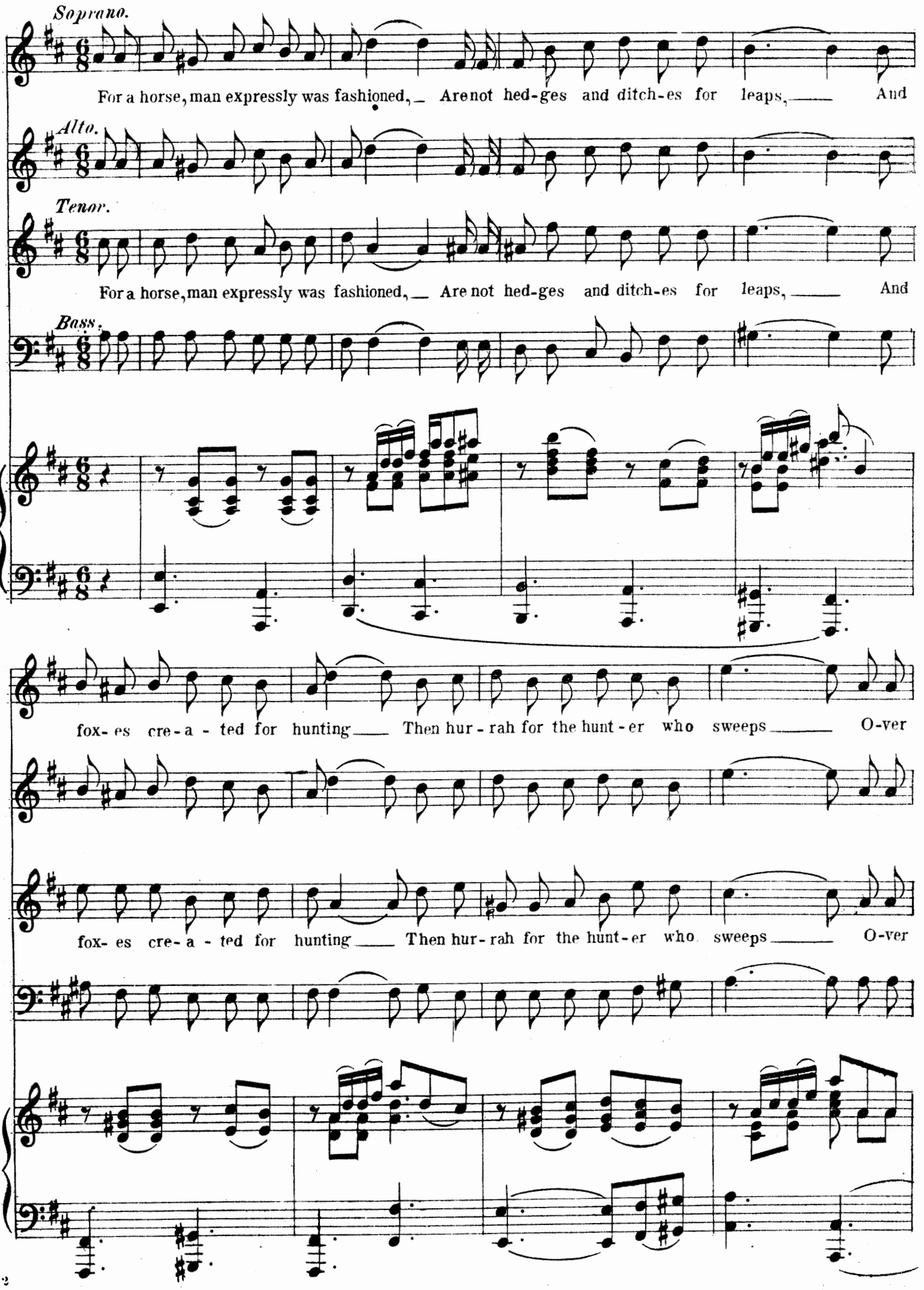
with us in our glo-rious hunt, Me hunt; Oh no, do you? Ha,

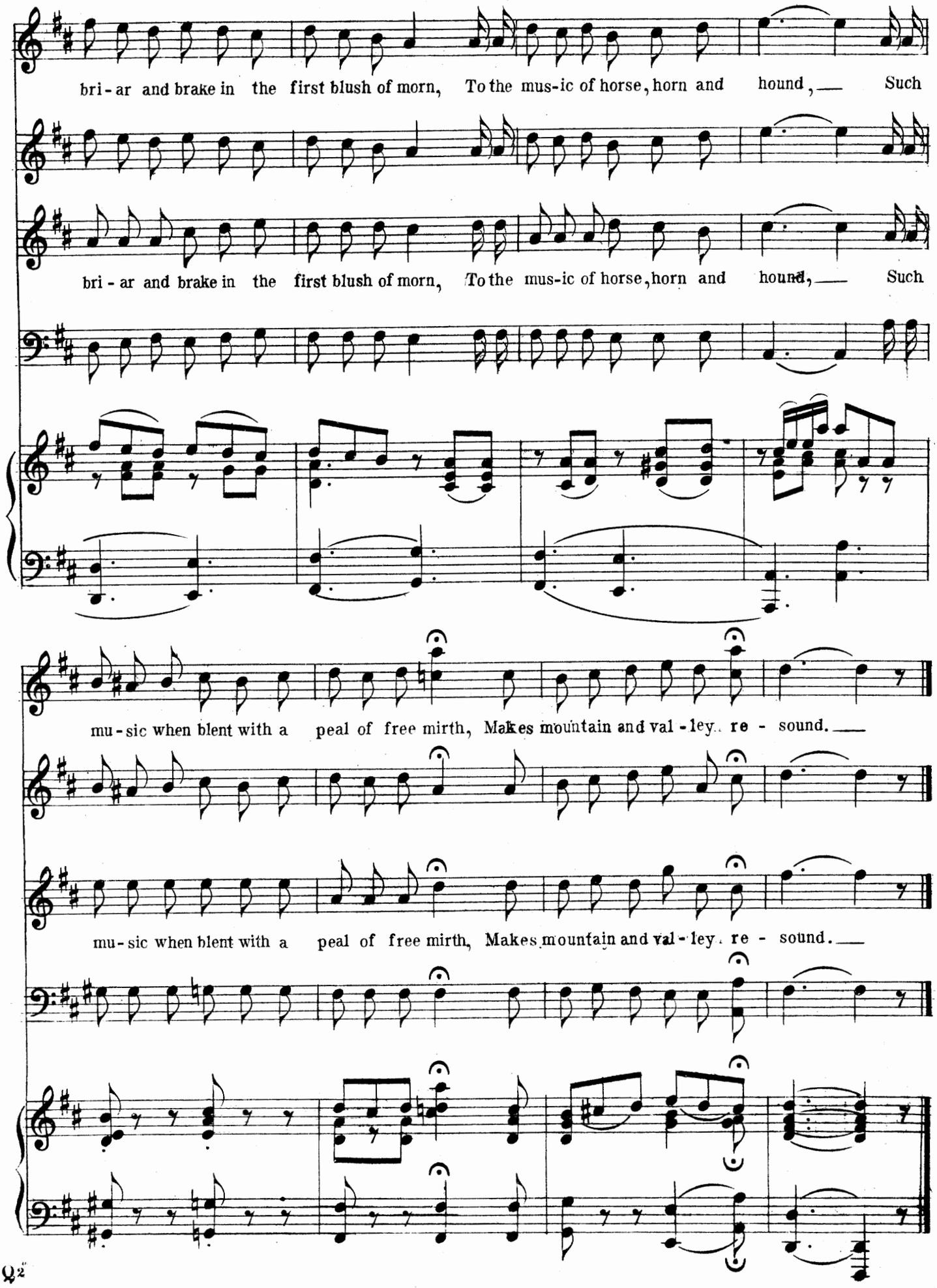
cres.


accell.
ha, that's good, say Gov - ern-or O tell him, do I pray, O
accell.
do I hunt, well that's a joke, the best for ma - ny a day. Now
a tempo.
par - don me Sir Bar - o - net, Your ques-tion is a - mus - ing, Ah,
molto accell.
a tempo.
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, O yes tis most a - mus - ing, Does my
molto accell.
a tempo.
molto rall.

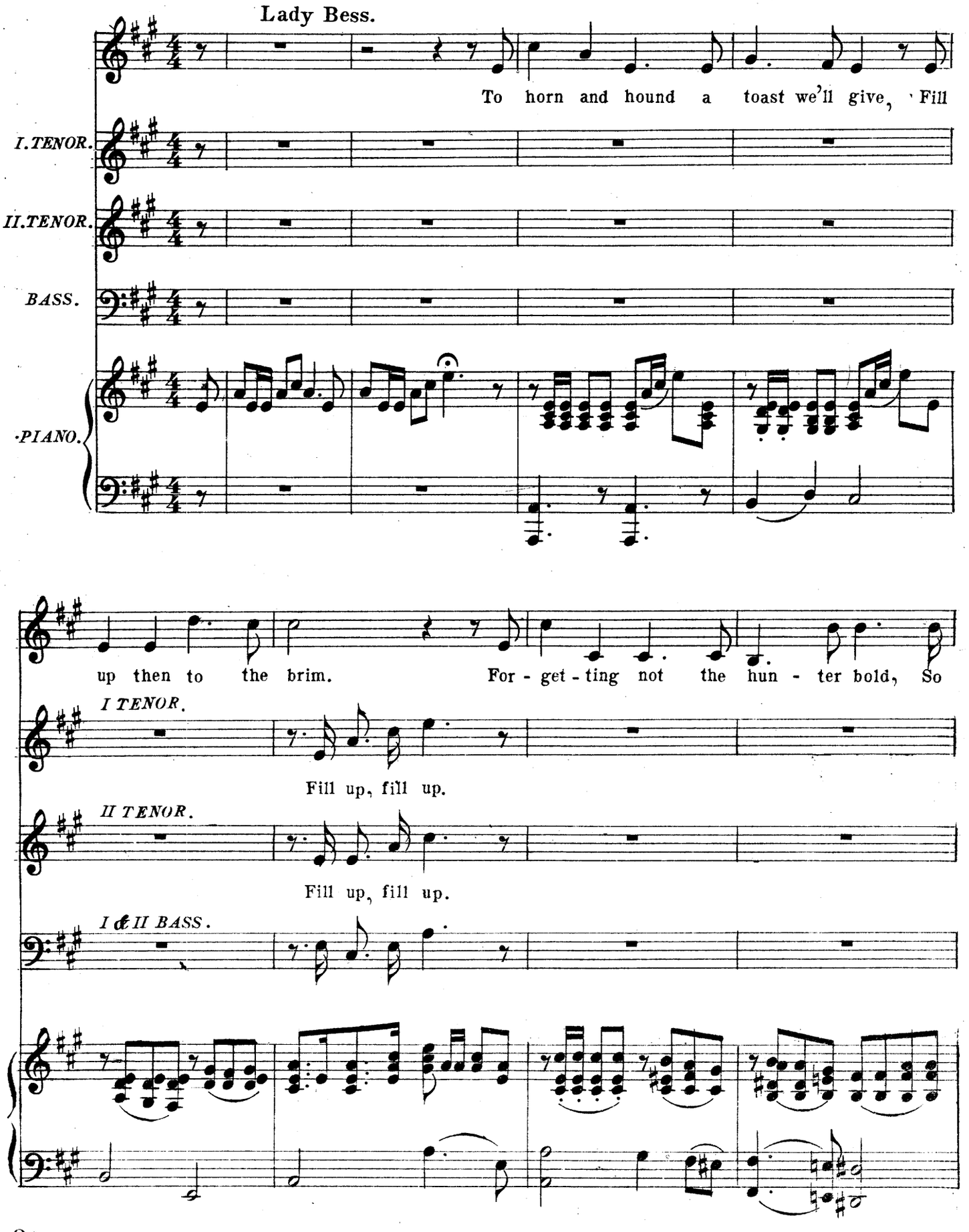

La-dy-ship hunt, My mirth you'll ex-cuse, But I flat-ter my-self that I
do What live with-out hunt-ing, as well with-out laugh-ing I
f f f f
Marcato.
hunt, why of course, and don't you? For a horse, man ex-press-ly was
fash-ioned, Are not hed-ges and ditch-es for leaps, And

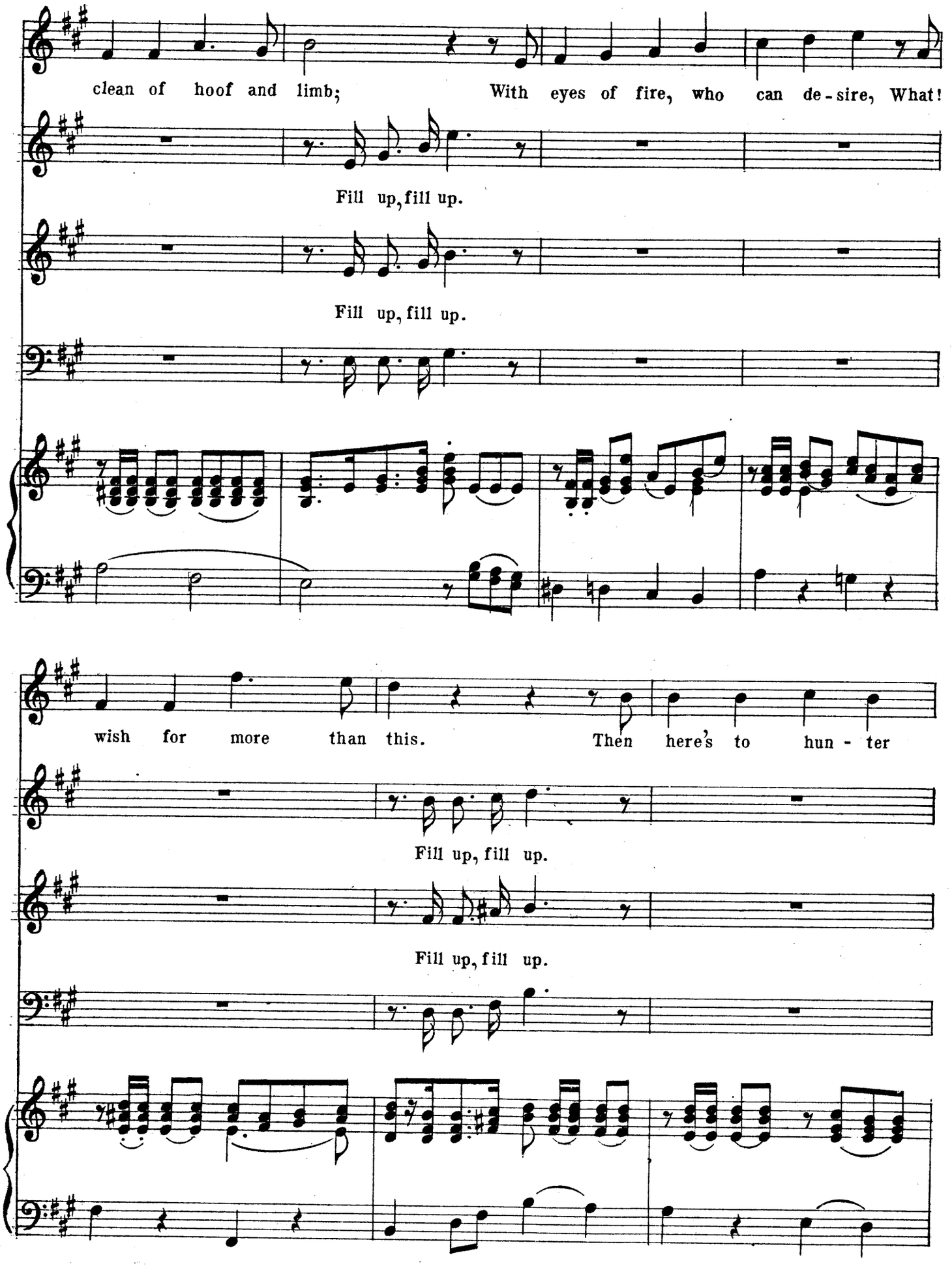

fox - es cre - a - ted for hunt - ing? Then hur - rah for the hun - ter who
sweeps, O - ver bri - ar and brake in the first flush of morn, To the
mu - sic of horse horn and hound, Such mu - sic when blent with a
accel.
peal of free mirth, Makes moun - tain and val - ley re - sound.

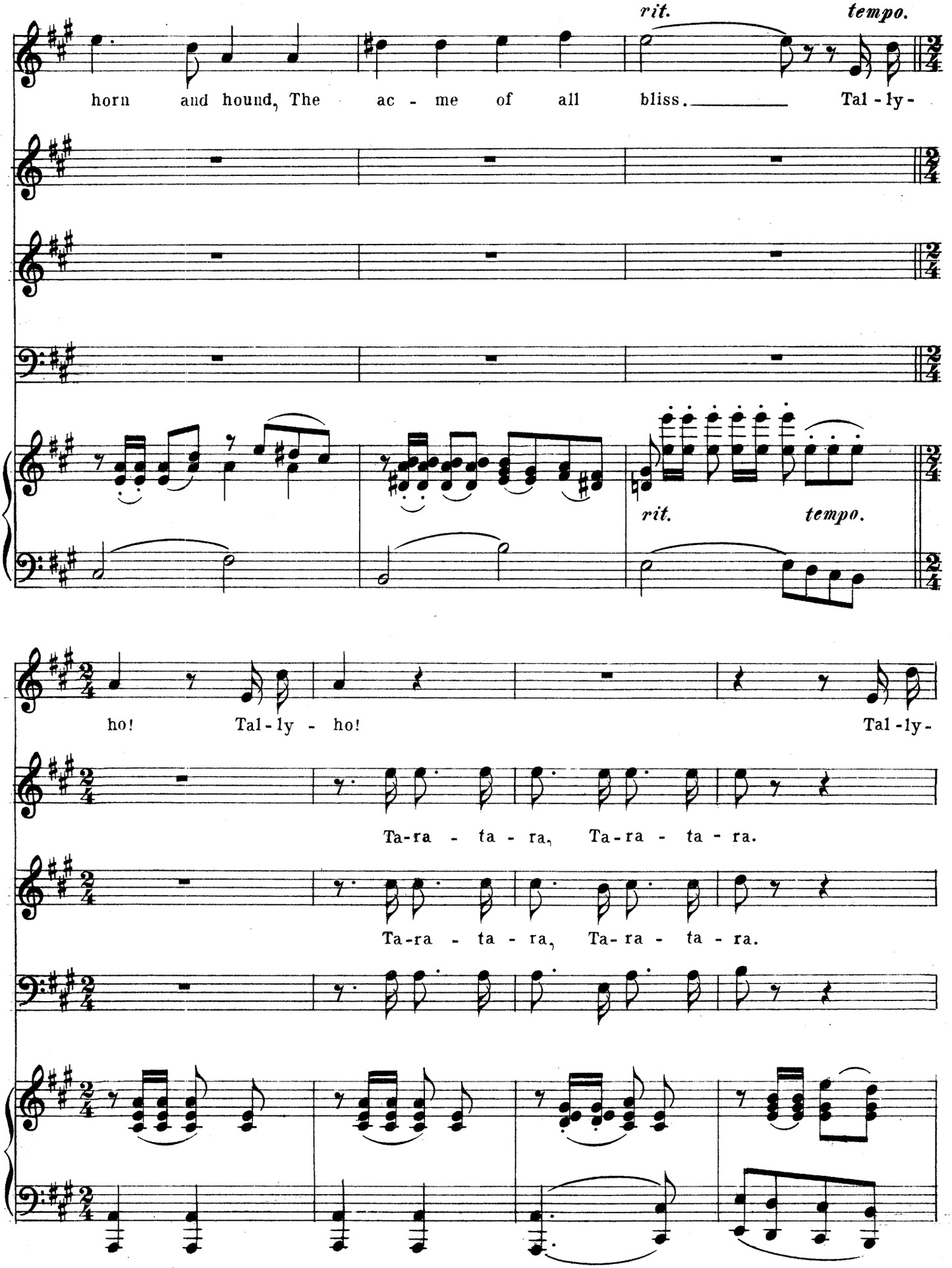

Soprano.
For a horse, man expressly was fashioned, Are not hed-ges and ditch-es for leaps, And
Alto.
Tenor.
For a horse, man expressly was fashioned, Are not hed-ges and ditch-es for leaps, And
Bass.
fox- es cre- a - ted for hunting Then hur - rah for the hunt - er who sweeps O-ver
fox- es cre- a - ted for hunting Then hur - rah for the hunt - er who sweeps O-ver

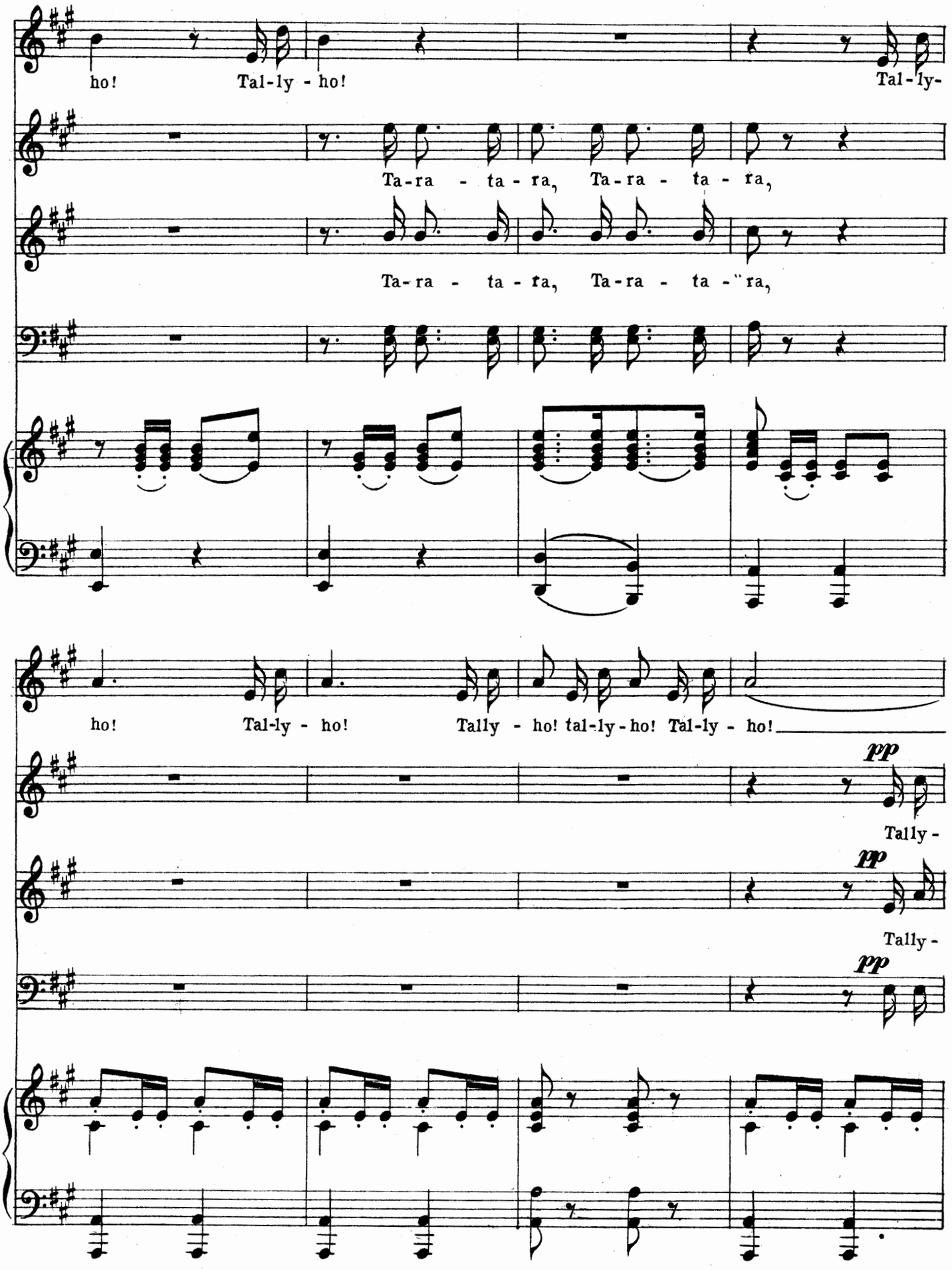

bri - ar and brake in the first blush of morn, To the mus-ic of horse, horn and hound, — Such
bri - ar and brake in the first blush of morn, To the mus-ic of horse, horn and hound, — Such
mu - sic when blent with a peal of free mirth, Makes mountain and val - ley re - sound. —
mu - sic when blent with a peal of free mirth, Makes mountain and val - ley re - sound. —

"TO HORN AND HOUND."




clean of hoof and limb; With eyes of fire, who can de-sire, What!
Fill up, fill up.
Fill up, fill up.
wish for more than this. Then here's to hun-ter
Fill up, fill up.
Fill up, fill up.


rit.
tempo.
horn and hound, The ac - me of all bliss. Tal - ly -
rit.
tempo.
ho! Tal - ly - ho! Tal - ly -
Ta-ra - ta - ra, Ta-ra - ta - ra.
Ta-ra - ta - ra, Ta-ra - ta - ra.


ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tal-ly-
Ta-ra - ta - ra, Ta-ra - ta - ra,
Ta-ra - ta - ra, Ta-ra - ta - ra,
ho! Tal-ly - ho! Tally - ho! tal-ly-ho! Tal-ly - ho!
pp
Tally -
pp
Tally -
pp

Moderato. *2nd Time Sopranos in unison.*

The mu - sic of th horn and hound, What

ho! tally - ho! tal - ly - ho!

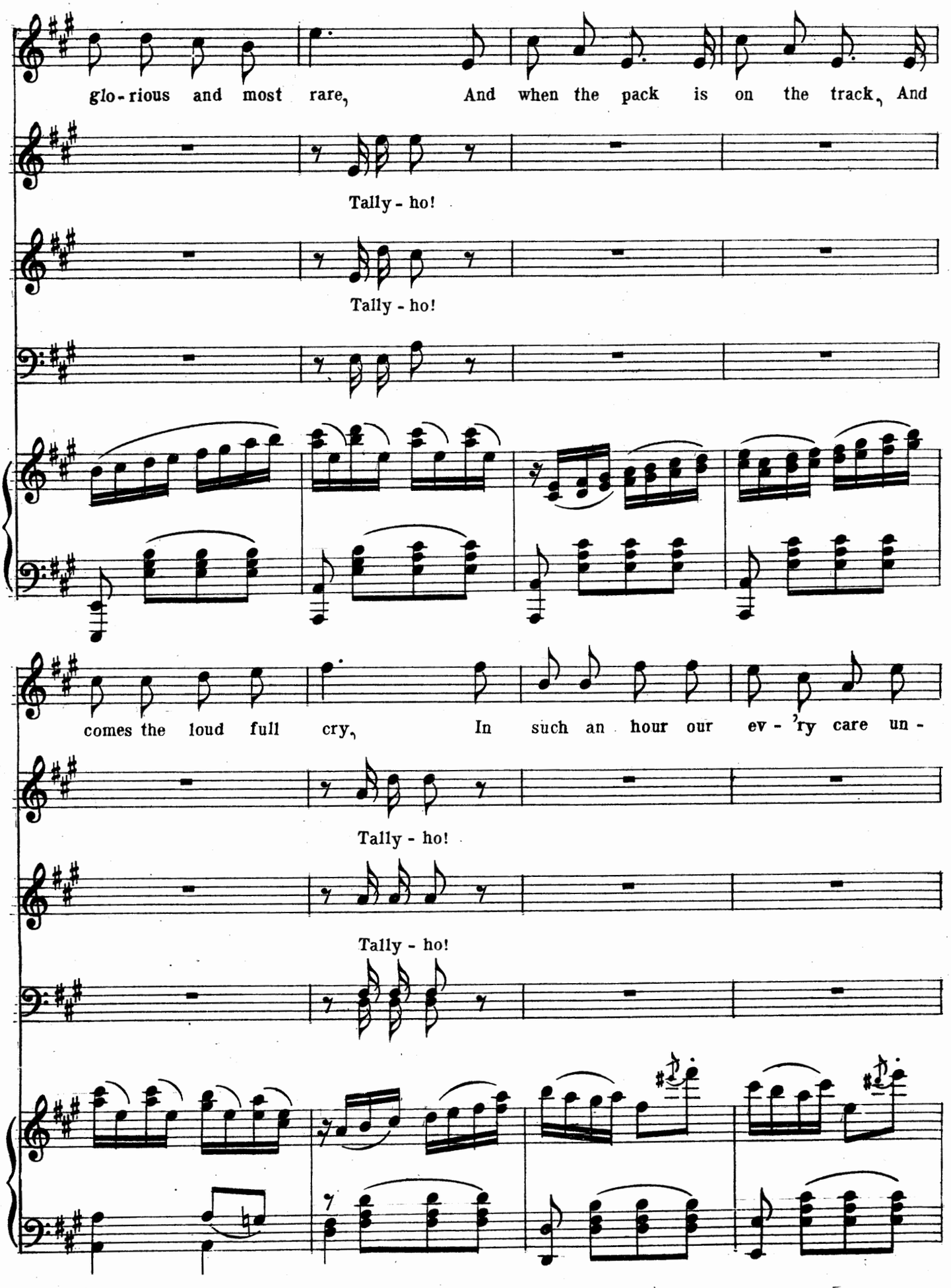
ho! tally - ho! tal - ly - ho!

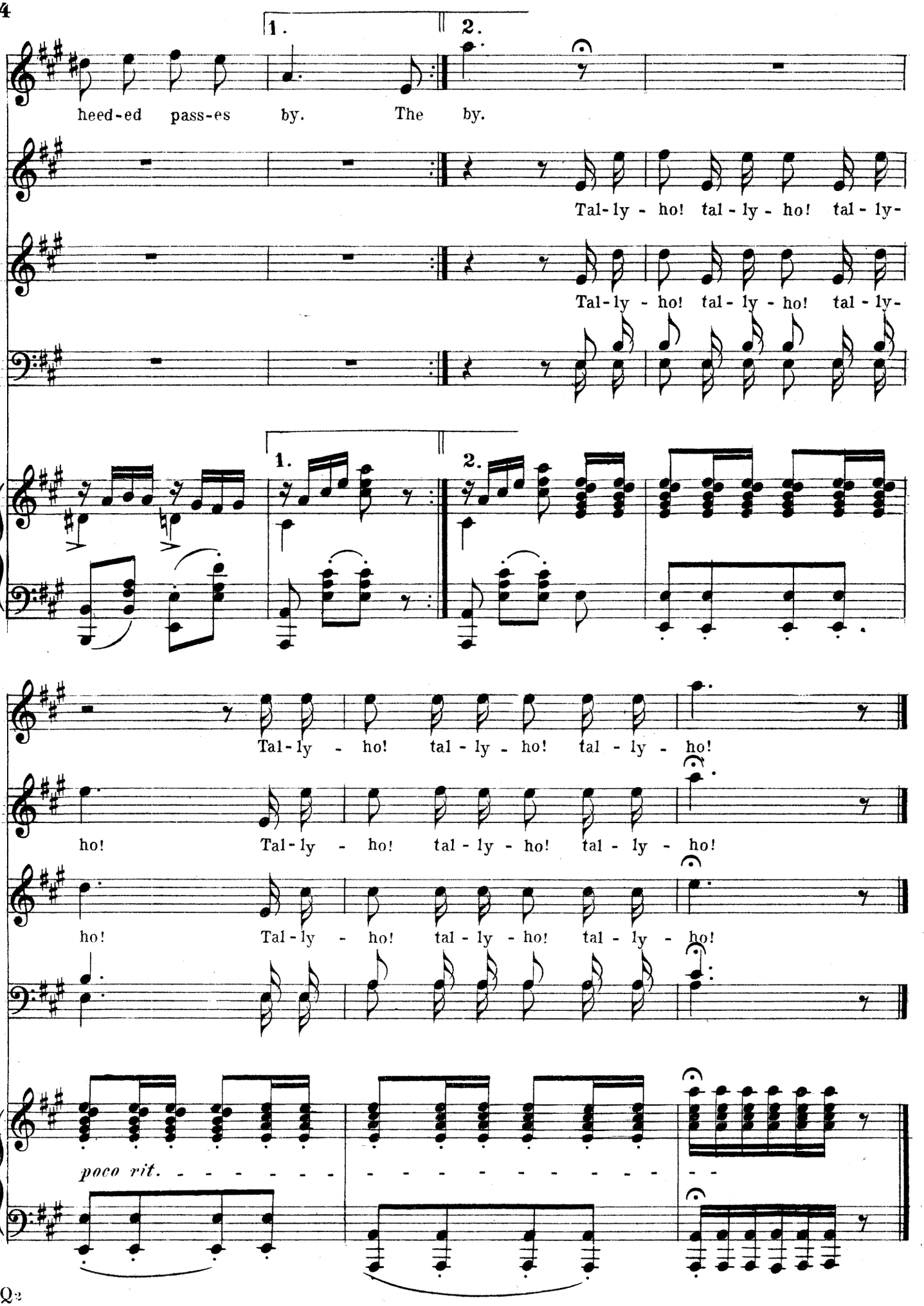
Moderato.

can with this com pare. The mu - sic of th horn and hound, Most

Tally - ho!

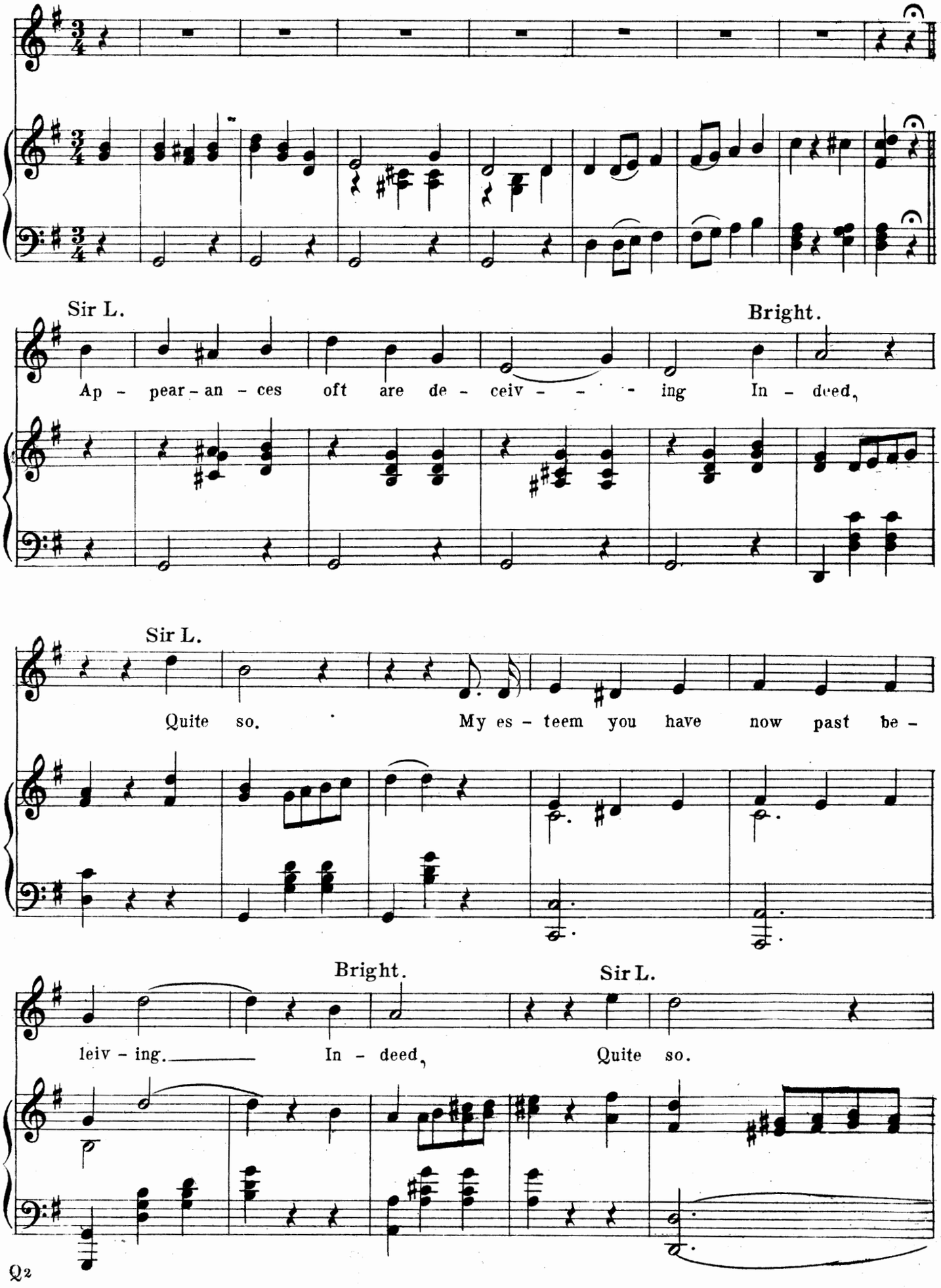
Tally - ho!

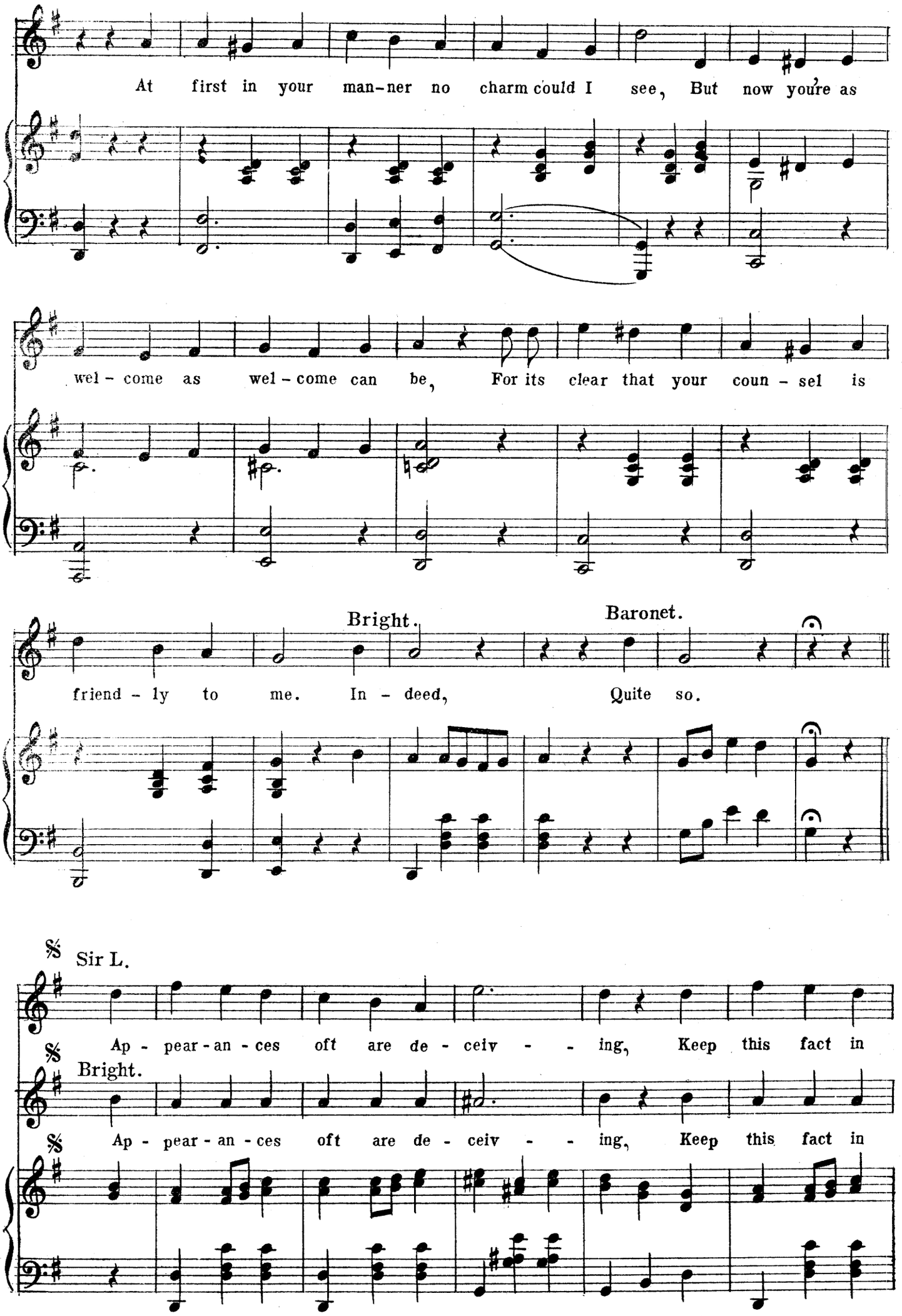

glo - rious and most rare, And when the pack is on the track, And
Tally - ho!
Tally - ho!
comes the loud full cry, In such an hour our ev - 'ry care un -
Tally - ho!
Tally - ho!


1.
2.
heed-ed pass-es by. The by.
Tal-ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly-
Tal-ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly-
1.
2.
Tal-ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly - ho!
ho! Tal-ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly - ho!
ho! Tal-ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly - ho!
poco rit.

DUO.

Appearances Oft Are Deceiving.




At first in your man-ner no charm could I see, But now you're as
wel - come as wel - come can be, For its clear that your coun - sel is
Bright.
Baronet.
friend - ly to me. In - deed, Quite so.
Sir L.
Ap - pear - an - ces oft are de - ceiv - - ing, Keep this fact in
Bright.
Ap - pear - an - ces oft are de - ceiv - - ing, Keep this fact in

mind when re - ceiv - - ing, Or mis - takes you will make, past re -

mind when re - ceiv - - ing, Or mis - takes you will make, past re -

treiv - - ing. In - deed, Quite so.

treiv - - ing. In - deed, Quite so.

Fine.

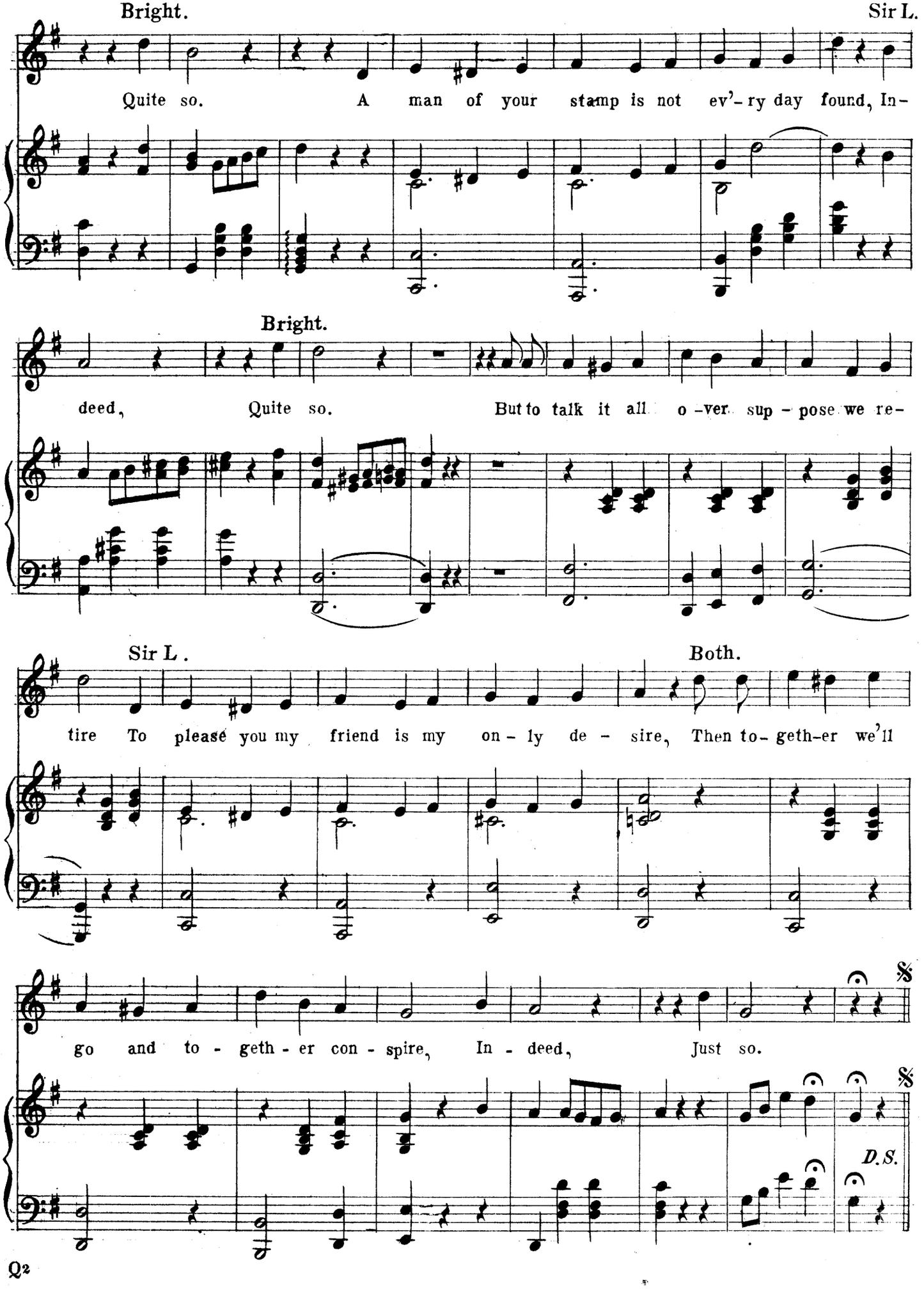
Q2

Bright.

Sir L.

Your phi - los - - o - phy's good and your reas' - ning sound, In - deed,

Q2


Bright.
Sir L.
Quite so. A man of your stamp is not ev'-ry day found, In-
Bright.
deed, Quite so. But to talk it all o-ver sup-pose we re-
Sir L.
Both.
tire To please you my friend is my on-ly de-sire, Then to-geth-er we'll
go and to-geth-er con-spire, In-deed, Just so.
D.S.

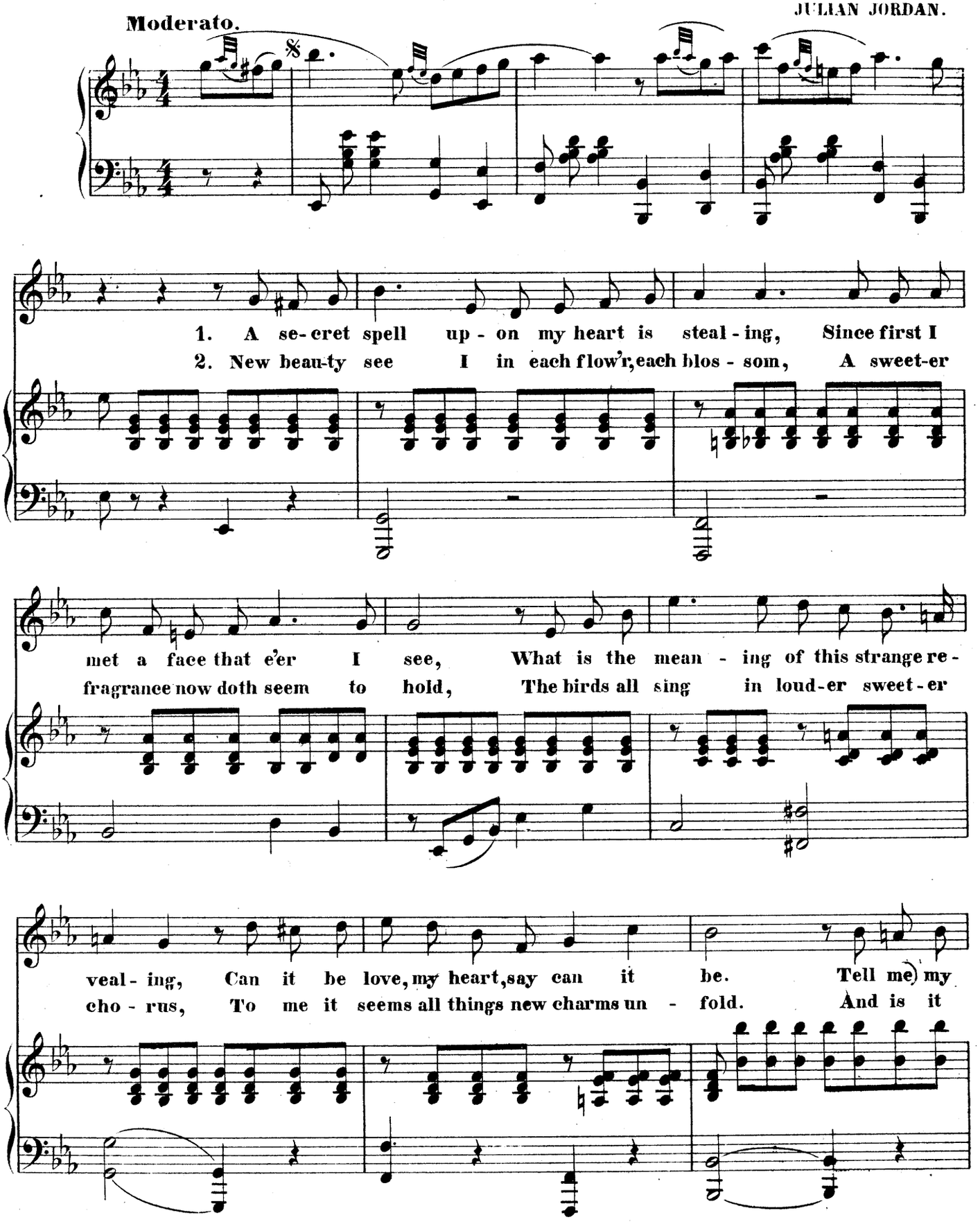
"LOVES AWAKENING."

No 16.

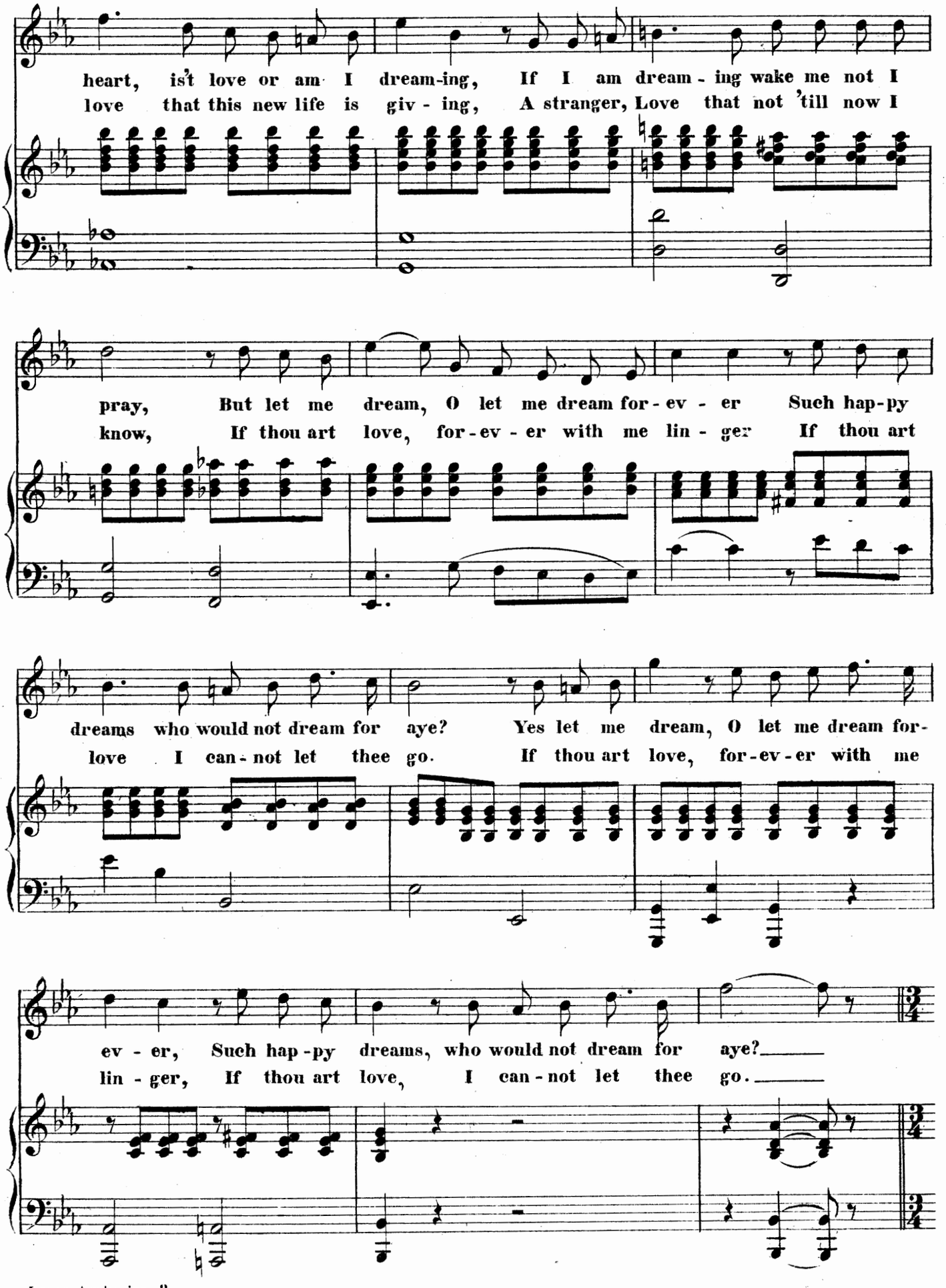
From the Opera "LADY BESS."

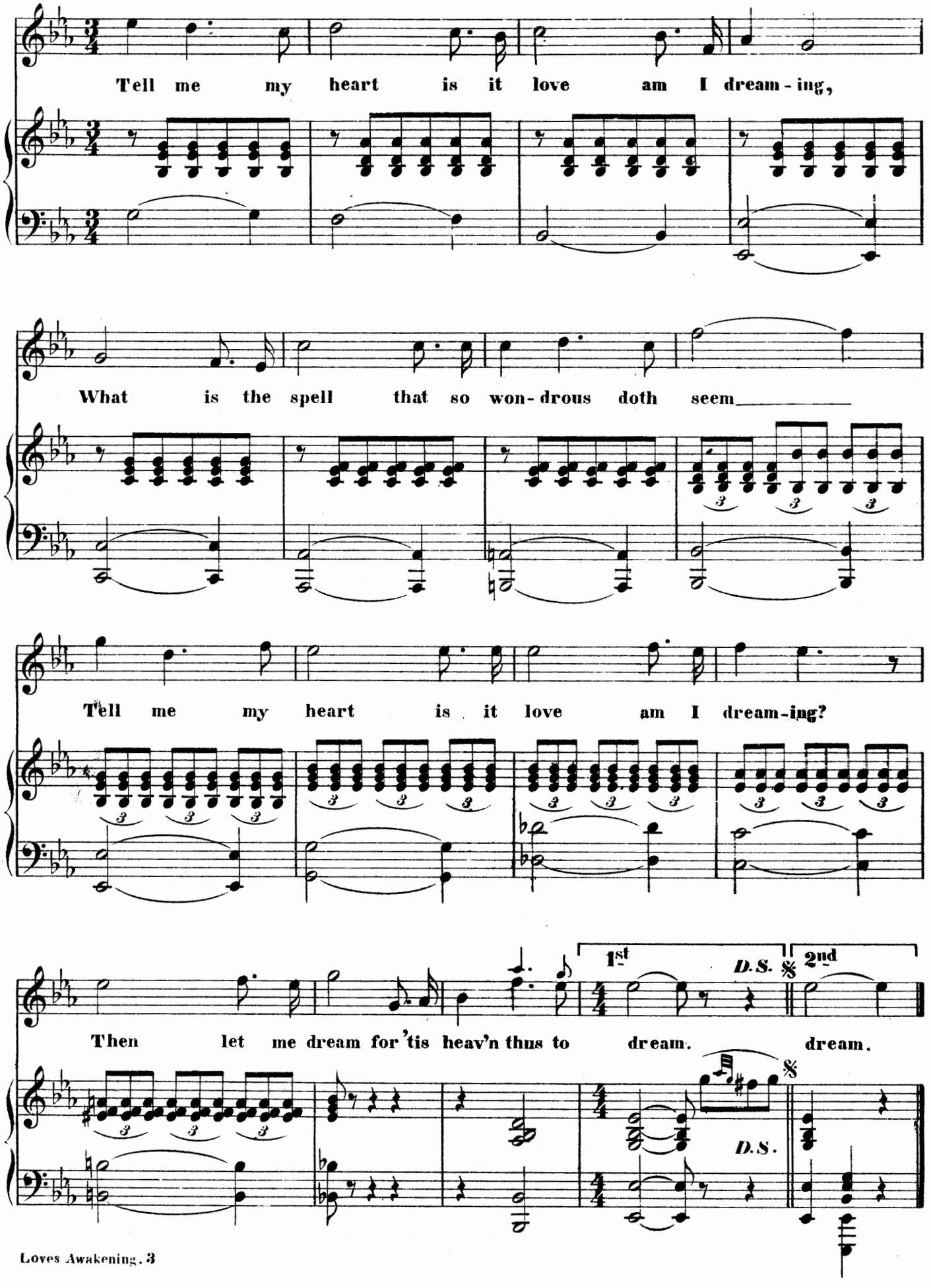
Words and Music by
JULIAN JORDAN.

Moderato.

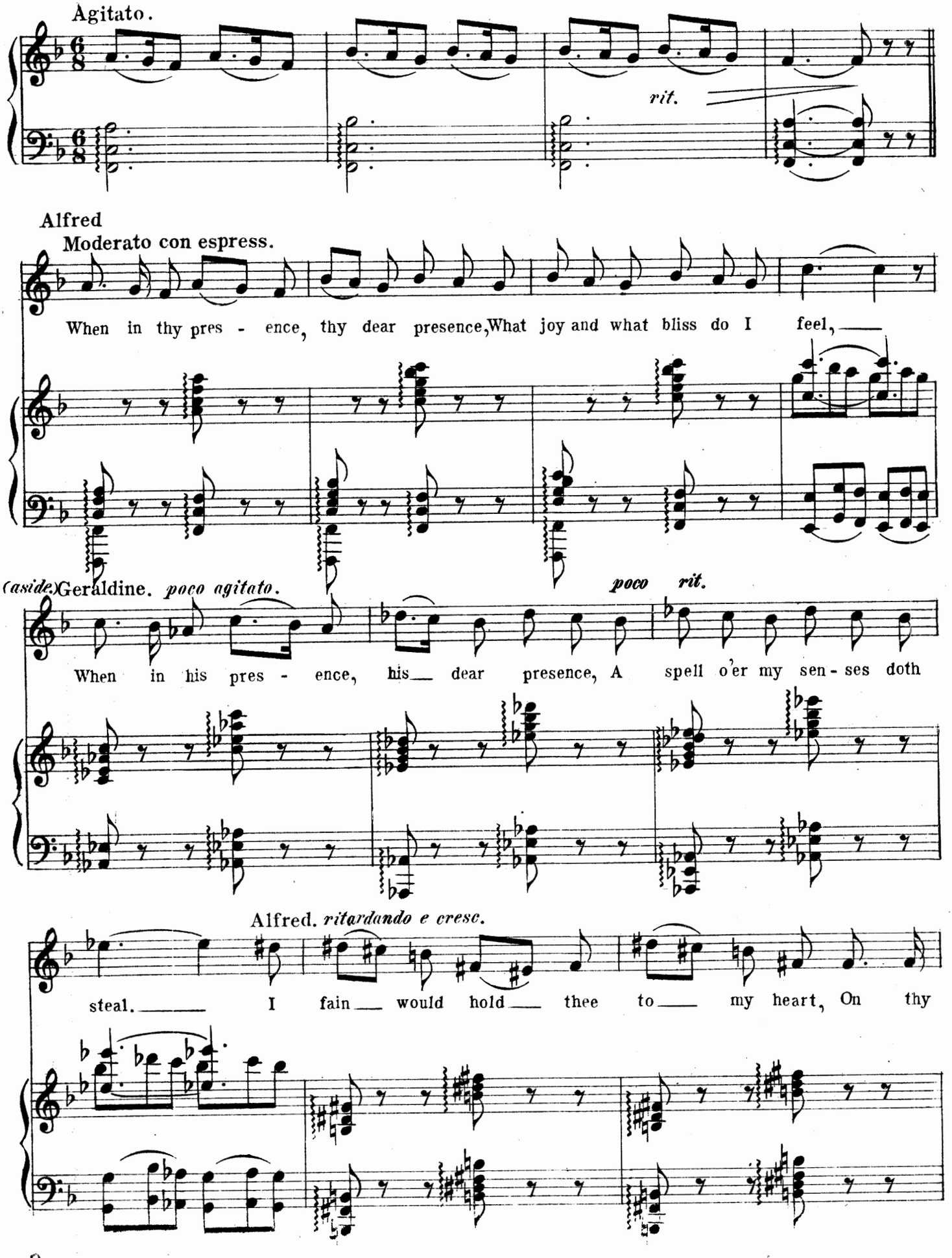


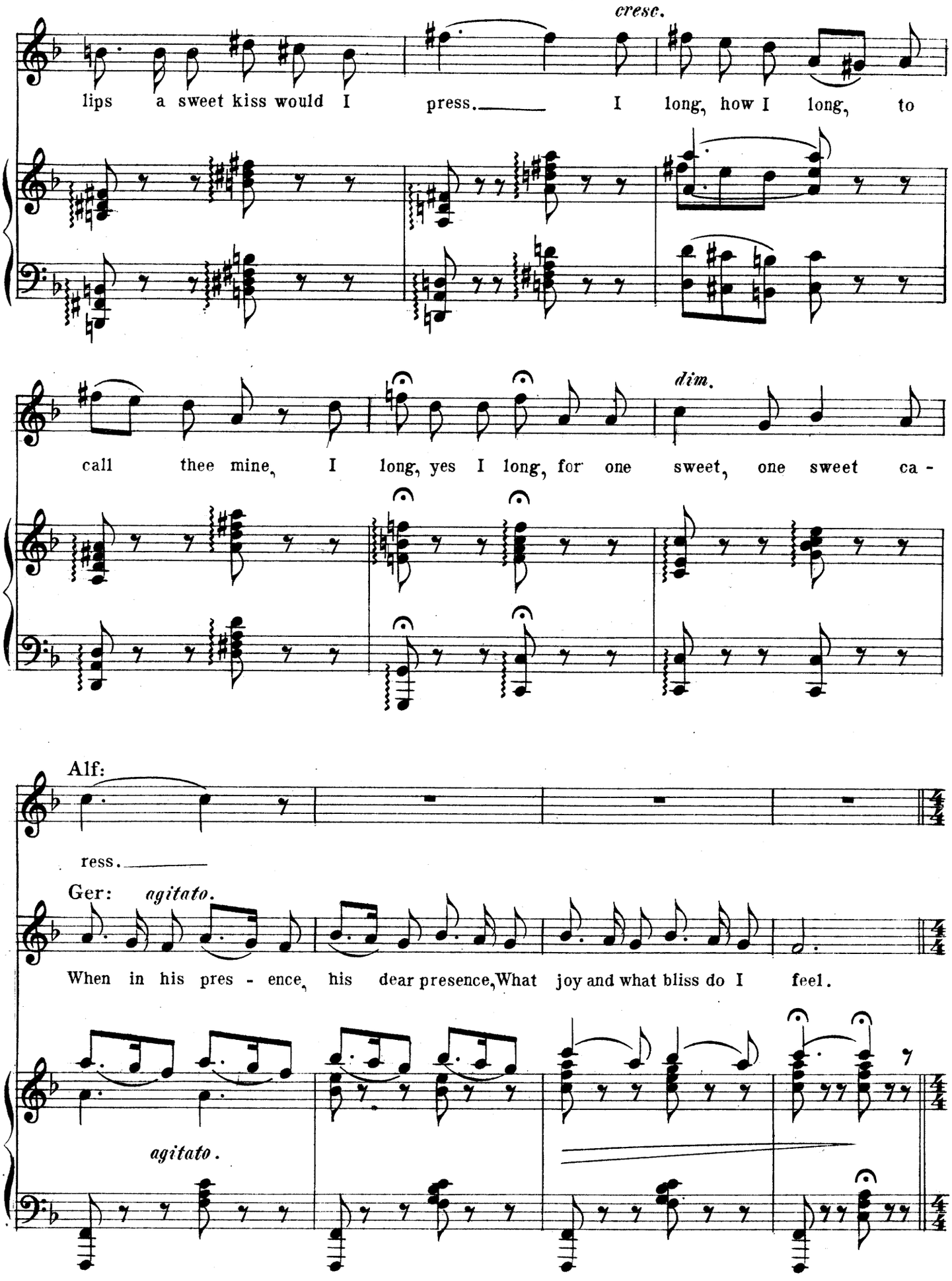
Copyright 1895 by Julian Jordan.

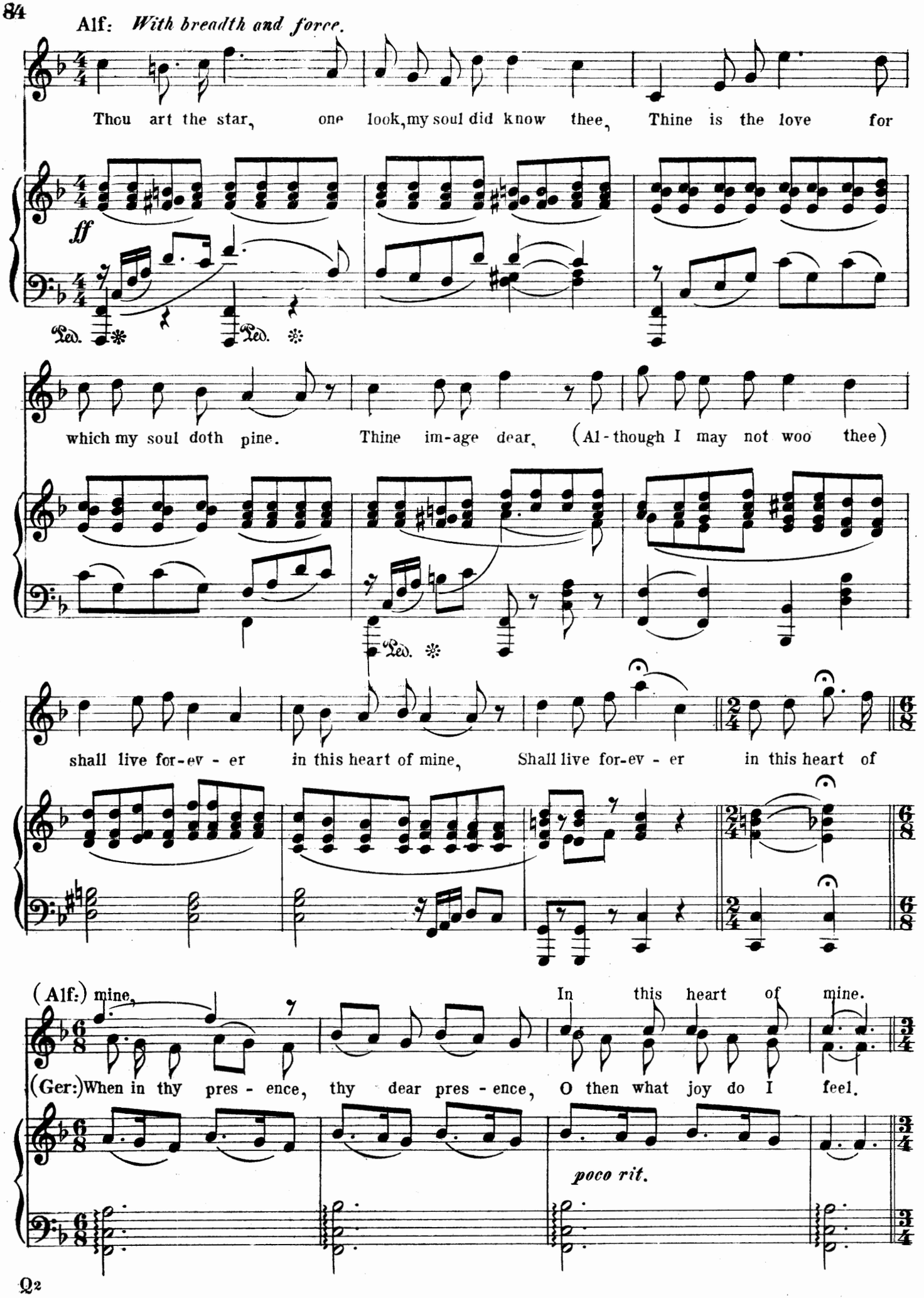

heart, is't love or am I dream-ing, If I am dream - ing wake me not I
love that this new life is giv - ing, A stranger, Love that not 'till now I
pray, But let me dream, O let me dream for - ev - er Such hap-py
know, If thou art love, for - ev - er with me lin - ger If thou art
dreams who would not dream for aye? Yes let me dream, O let me dream for-
love I can - not let thee go. If thou art love, for - ev - er with me
ev - er, Such hap - py dreams, who would not dream for aye?
lin - ger, If thou art love, I can - not let thee go.

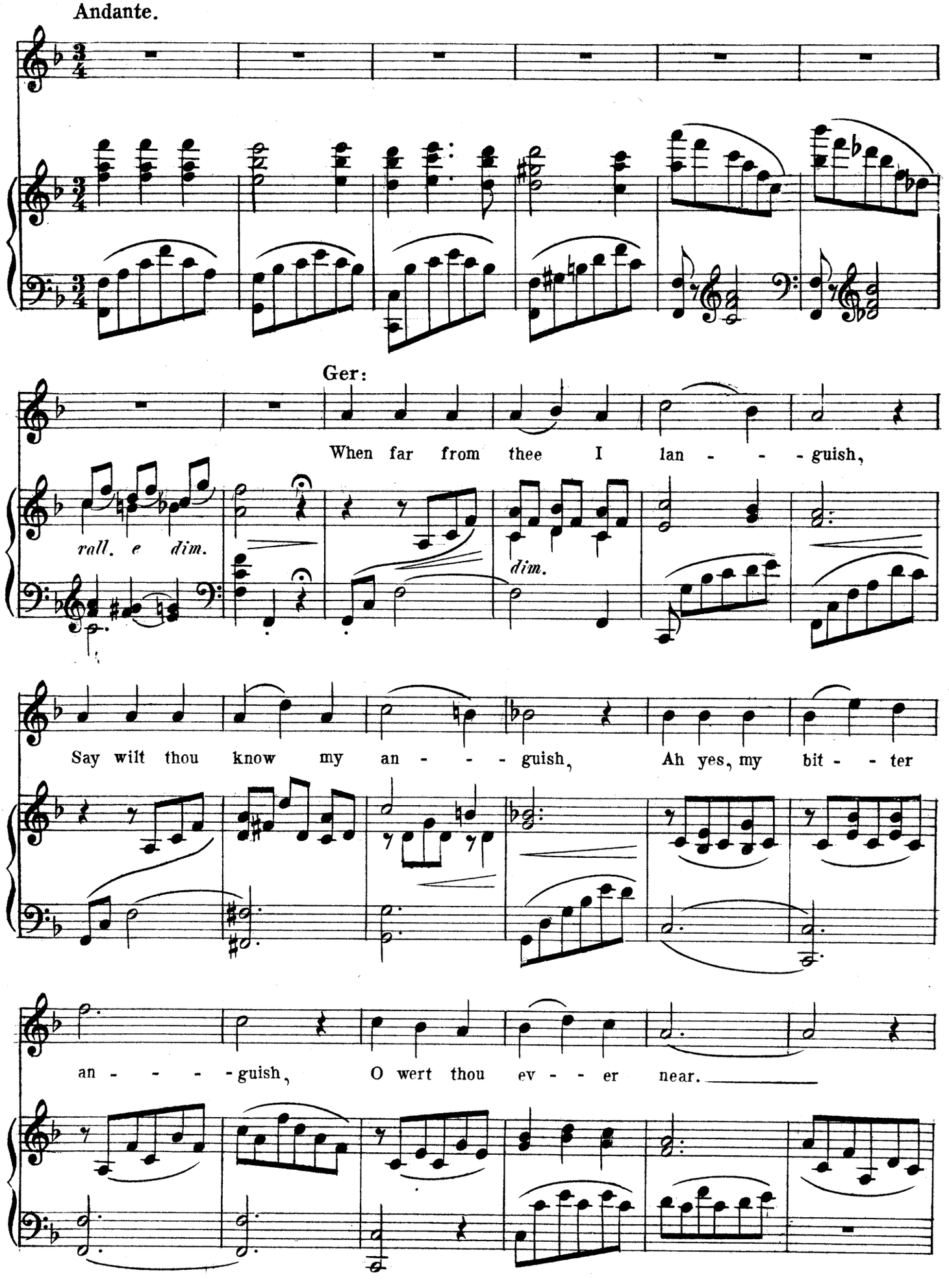

Tell me my heart is it love am I dream-ing,
What is the spell that so won-drous doth seem
Tell me my heart is it love am I dream-ing?
1st
D.S.
2nd
Then let me dream for 'tis heav'n thus to dream. dream.
D.S.

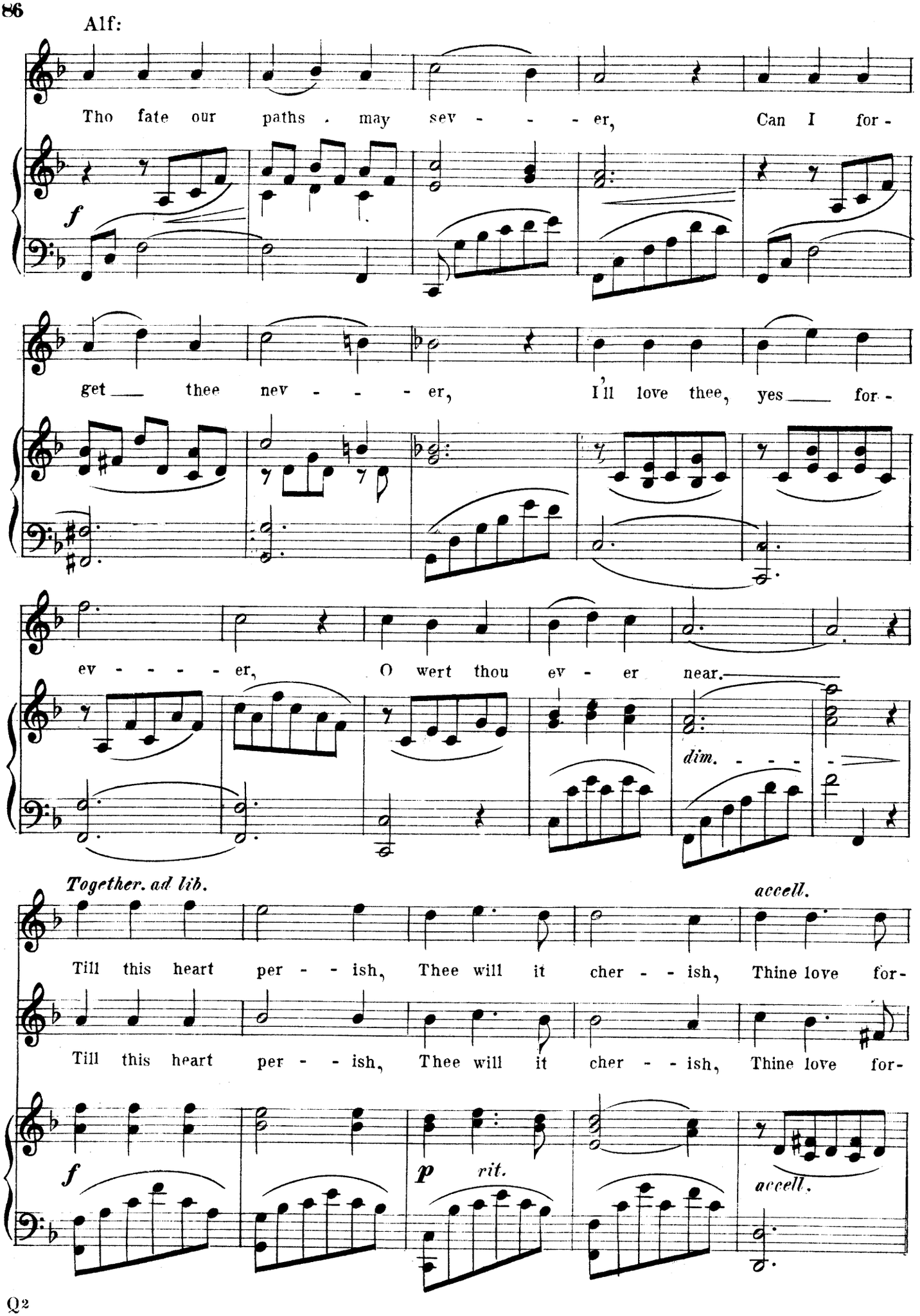
Nº 17. WHEN IN THY PRESENCE.

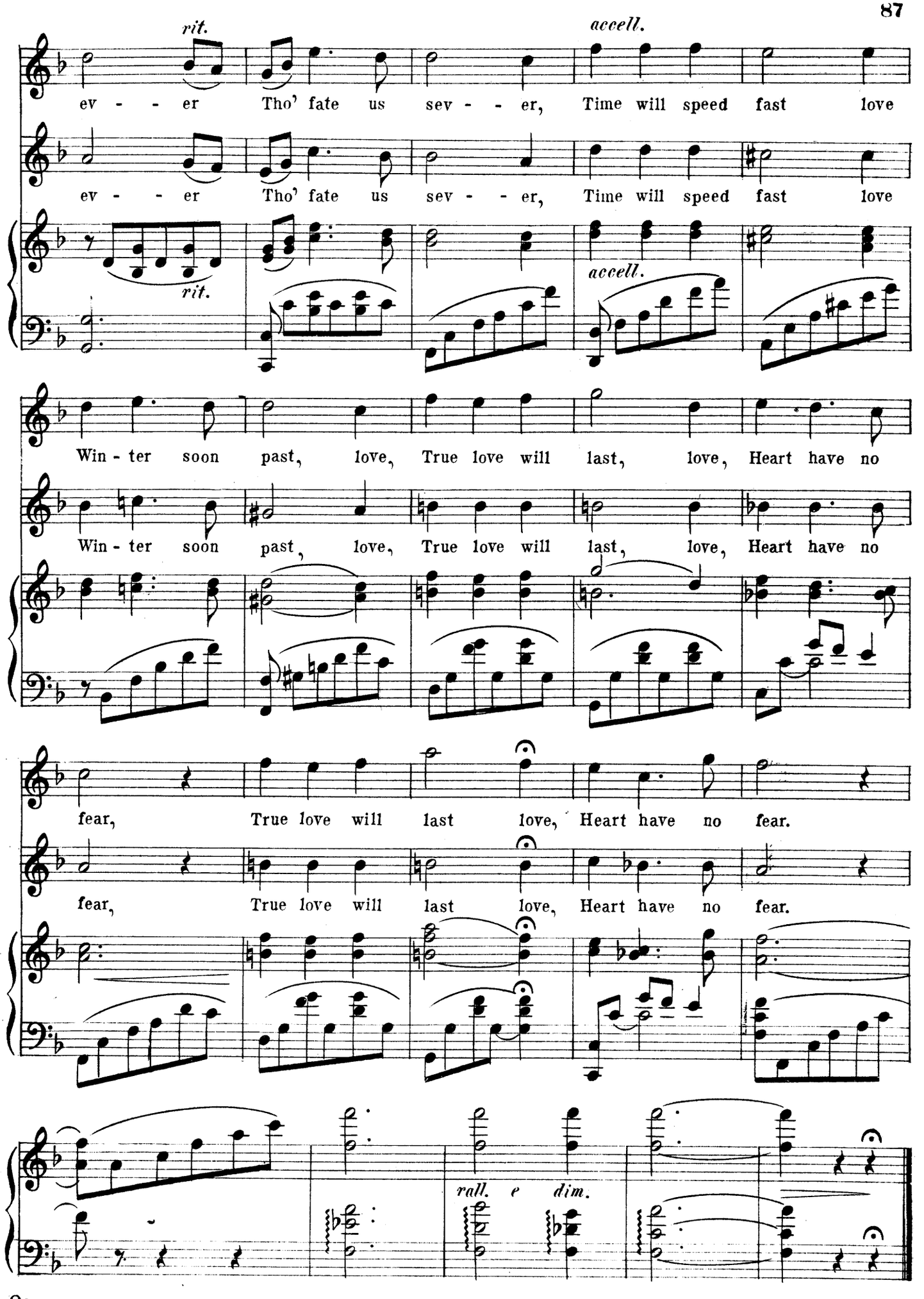



cresc.
lips a sweet kiss would I press. I long, how I long, to
dim.
call thee mine, I long, yes I long, for one sweet, one sweet ca -
Alf:
ress.
Ger: agitato.
When in his pres - ence, his dear presence, What joy and what bliss do I feel.
agitato.


Alf: With breadth and force.
Thou art the star, one look, my soul did know thee, Thine is the love for
ff
Ped. Ped.
which my soul doth pine. Thine im-age dear, (Al-though I may not woo thee)
Ped.
shall live for-ev - er in this heart of mine, Shall live for-ev - er in this heart of
(Alf:) mine, In this heart of mine.
(Ger:) When in thy pres - ence, thy dear pres - ence, O then what joy do I feel.
poco rit.


Andante.
Ger:
When far from thee I lan - - - guish,
rall. e dim.
dim.
Say wilt thou know my an - - - guish, Ah yes, my bit - - ter
an - - - - guish, O wert thou ev - - er near.


Alf:
Tho fate our paths may sev - - - er, Can I for -
f
get thee nev - - - er, I'll love thee, yes for -
ev - - - - er, O wert thou ev - er near.
dim. - - -
Together. ad lib.
accell.
Till this heart per - - ish, Thee will it cher - - ish, Thine love for-
Till this heart per - - ish, Thee will it cher - - ish, Thine love for-
f
p rit.
accell.


rit.
accell.
ev - - er Tho' fate us sev - - er, Time will speed fast love
ev - - er Tho' fate us sev - - er, Time will speed fast love
rit.
accell.
Win - ter soon past, love, True love will last, love, Heart have no
Win - ter soon past, love, True love will last, love, Heart have no
fear, True love will last love, Heart have no fear.
fear, True love will last love, Heart have no fear.
rall. e dim.

Nº 18. QUARTETTE.

GERALDINE.

Soprano.

What sweet, sweet spell is here,

LADY BESS.

Alto.

And now to play, to play my part, To play my

ALFRED.

Tenor.

Ah could I win a love like this, Con-tented would I

BARCLAY.

Bass.

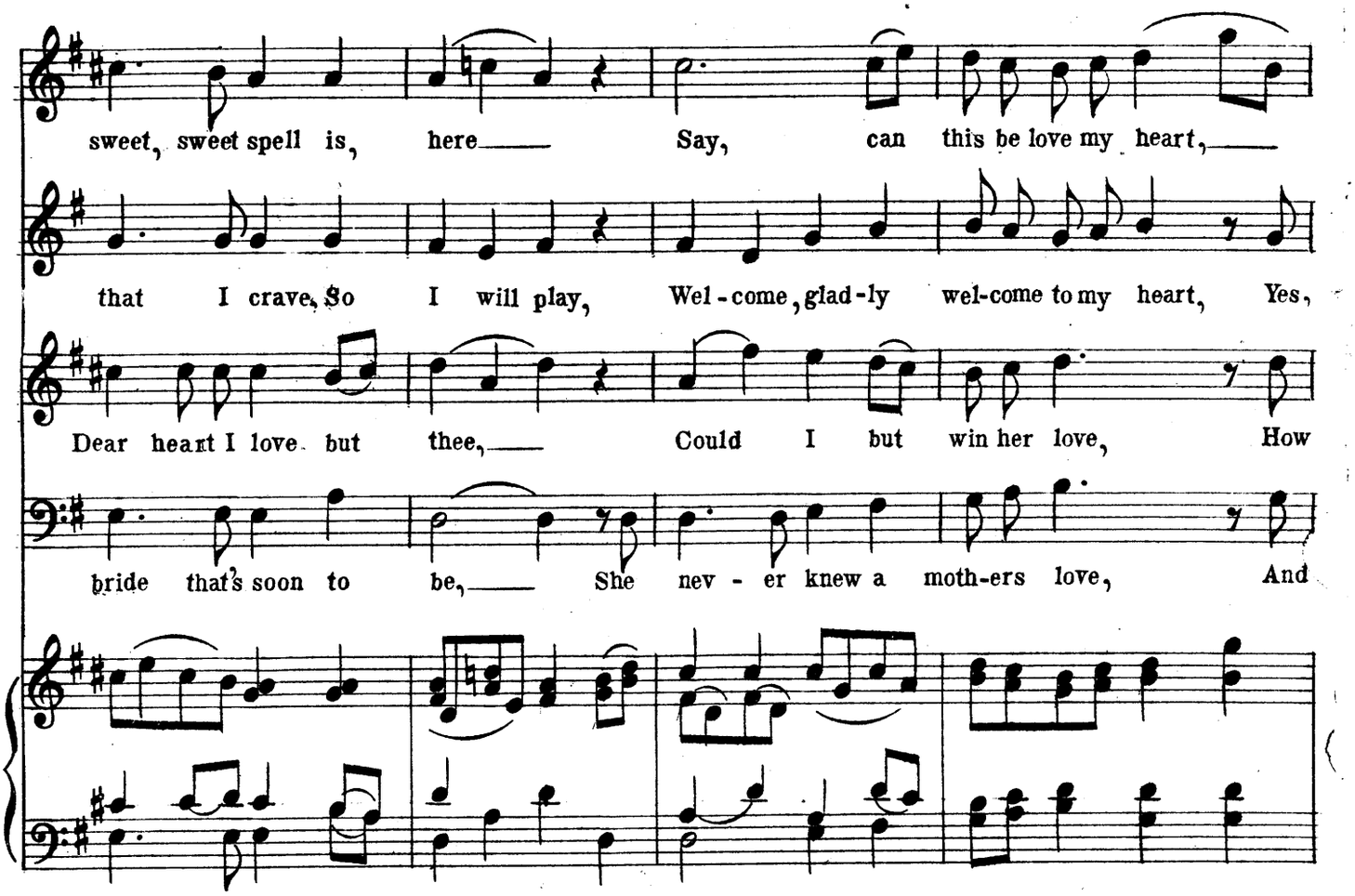
To one the fair-est, sweet-est, best, We pledge our con - stan-

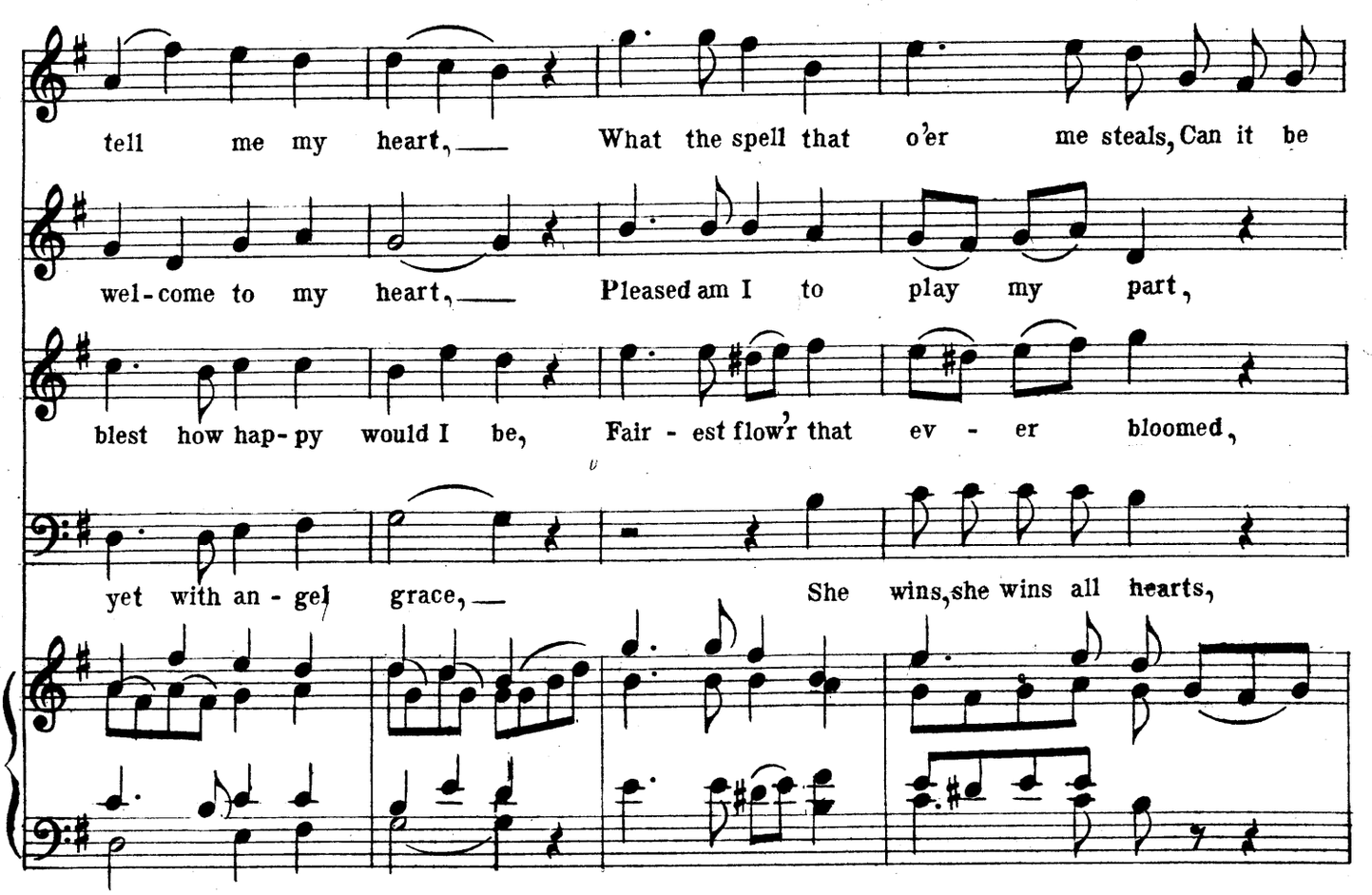
What sweet, sweet spell, What sweet spell doth o'er me steal, What

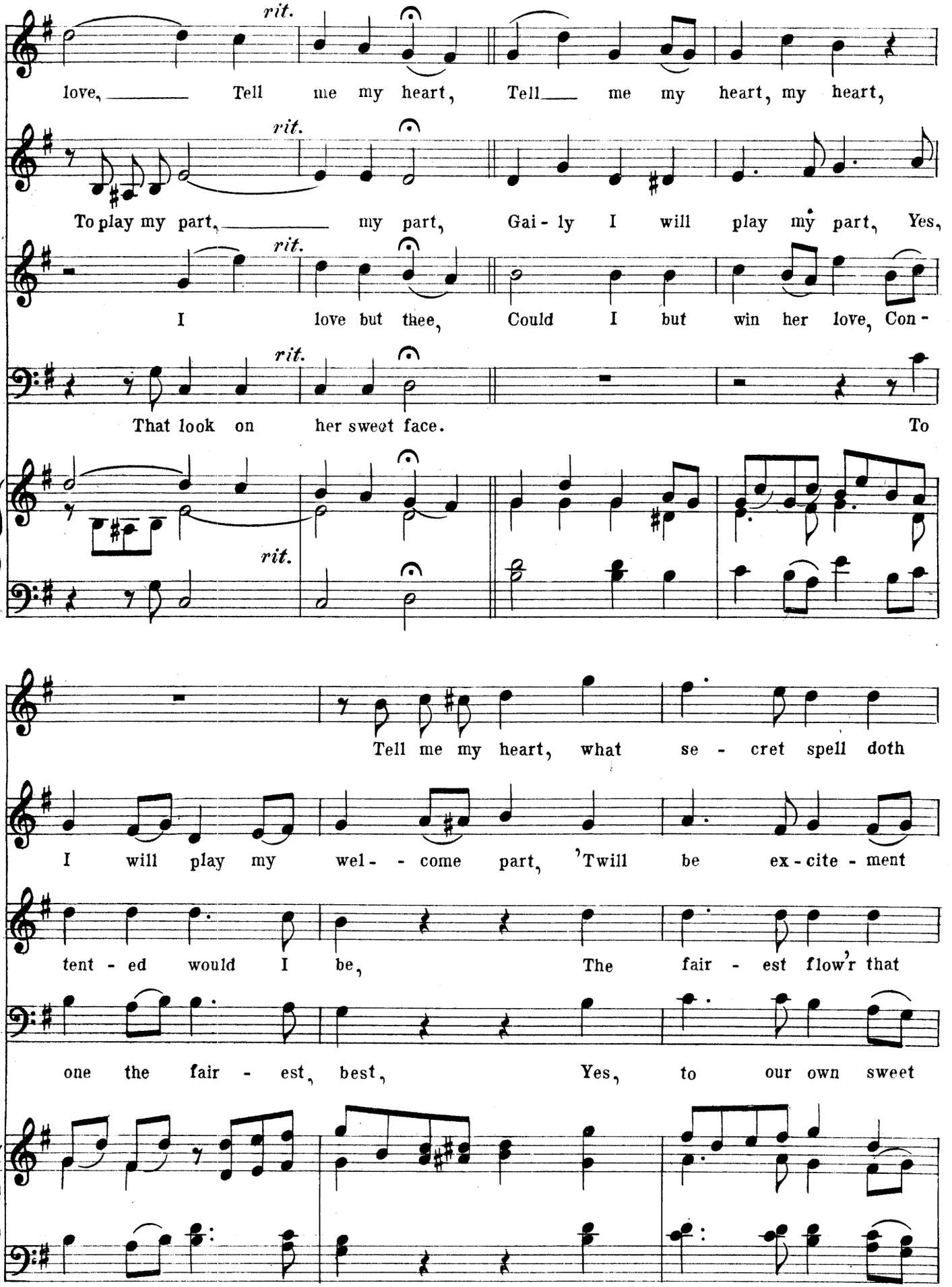
part, To play my part. 'Twill be ex-cite - ment

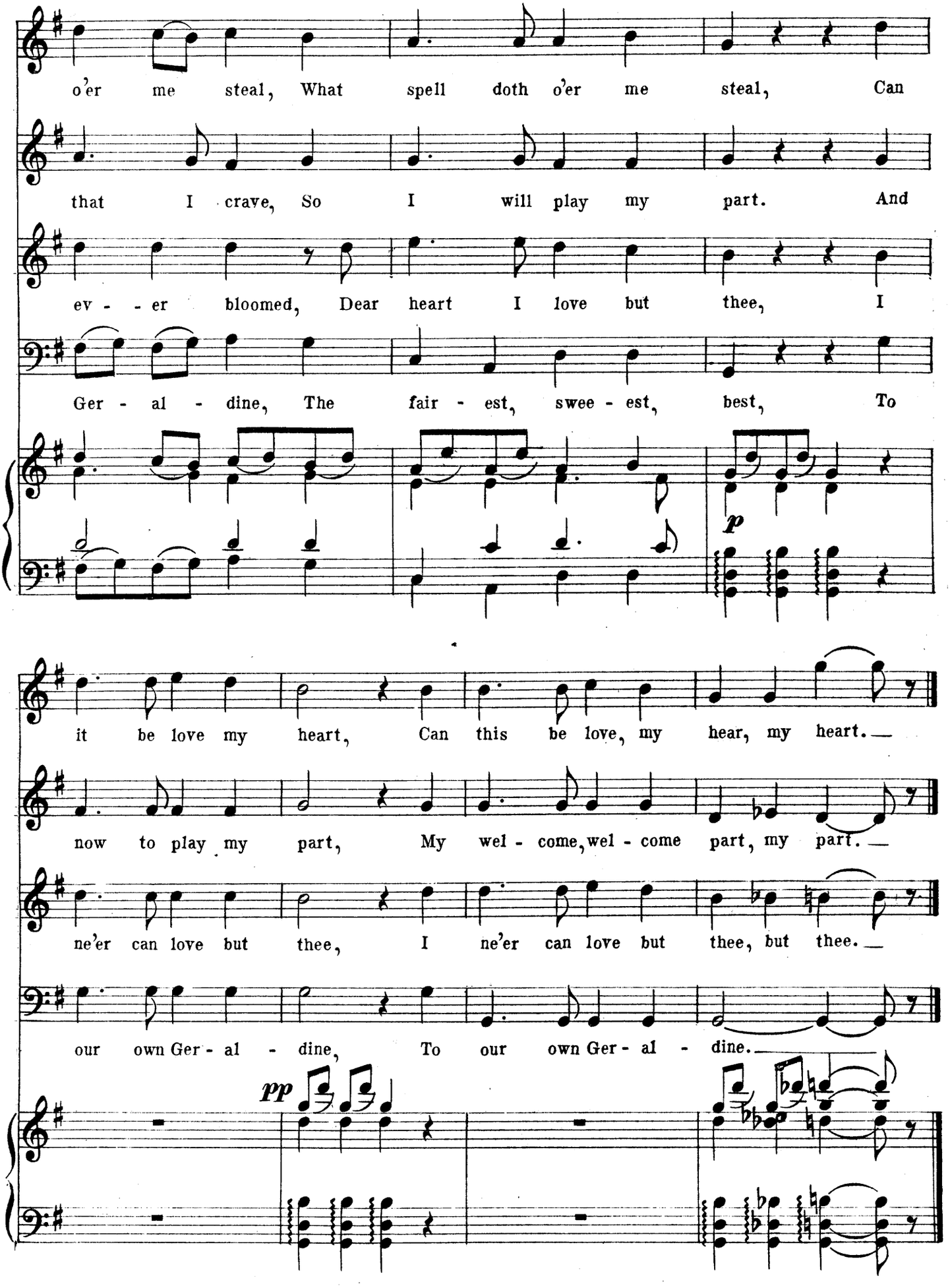
be. The fair - est flower that ev - - er bloomed,

cy, Yes to our own sweet Ger - al-dine, The


sweet, sweet spell is, here—— Say, can this be love my heart,——
that I crave, So I will play, Wel-come, glad-ly wel-come to my heart, Yes,
Dear heart I love but thee,—— Could I but win her love, How
bride that's soon to be,—— She nev-er knew a moth-ers love, And


tell me my heart,—— What the spell that o'er me steals, Can it be
wel-come to my heart,—— Pleased am I to play my part,
blest how hap-py would I be, Fair-est flow'r that ev-er bloomed,
yet with an-gel grace,— She wins, she wins all hearts,

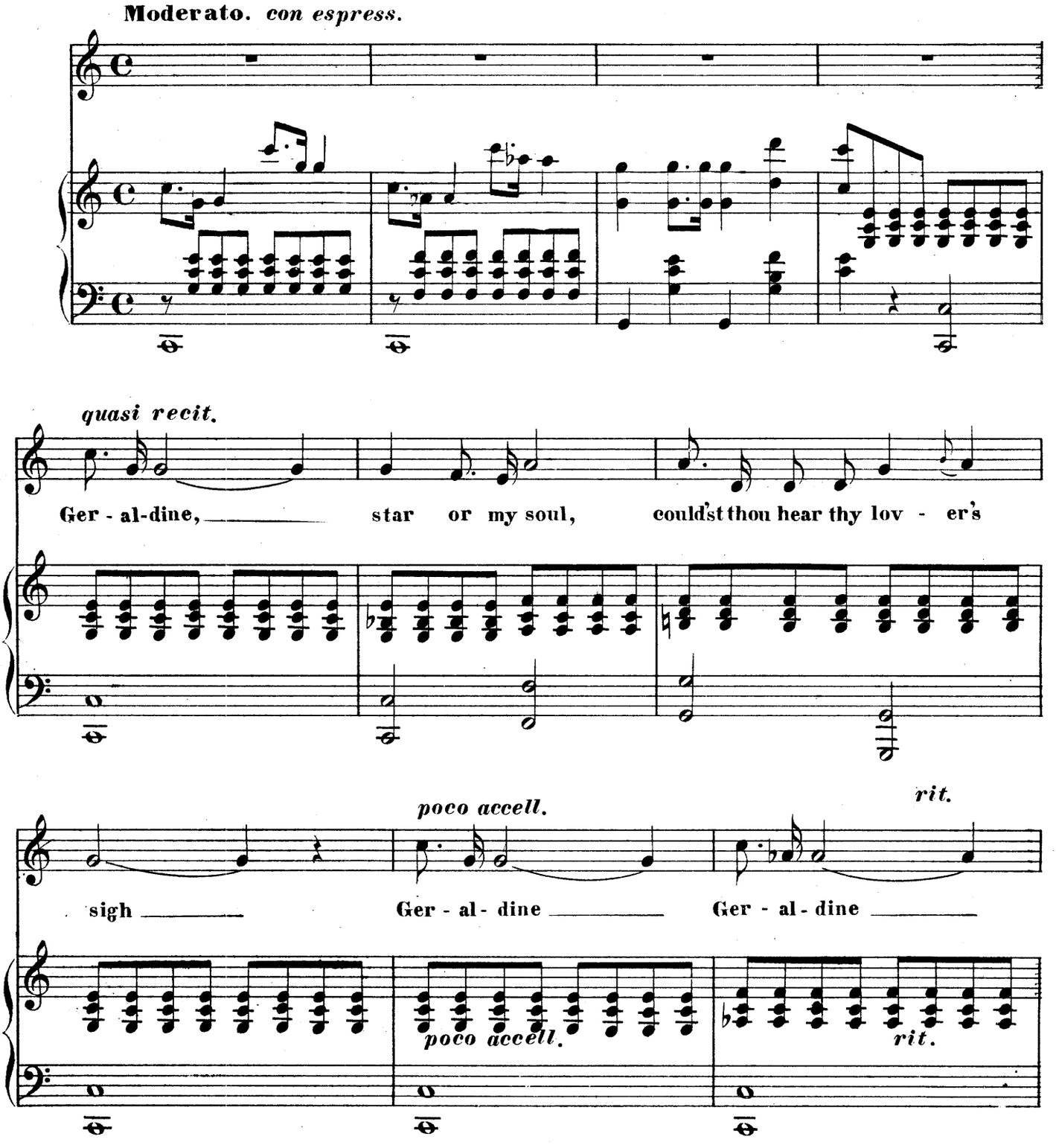

rit.
love, Tell me my heart, Tell me my heart, my heart,
rit.
To play my part, my part, Gai - ly I will play my part, Yes,
rit.
I love but thee, Could I but win her love, Con -
rit.
That look on her sweet face. To
rit.
Tell me my heart, what se - cret spell doth
I will play my wel - - come part, 'Twill be ex - cite - ment
tent - ed would I be, The fair - est flow'r that
one the fair - est, best, Yes, to our own sweet


o'er me steal, What spell doth o'er me steal, Can
that I crave, So I will play my part. And
ev - - er bloomed, Dear heart I love but thee, I
Ger - al - dine, The fair - est, swee - est, best, To
p
it be love my heart, Can this be love, my hear, my heart.
now to play my part, My wel - come, wel - come part, my part.
ne'er can love but thee, I ne'er can love but thee, but thee.
our own Ger - al - dine, To our own Ger - al - dine.
pp

ACT III.

GERALDINE.

№ 19.



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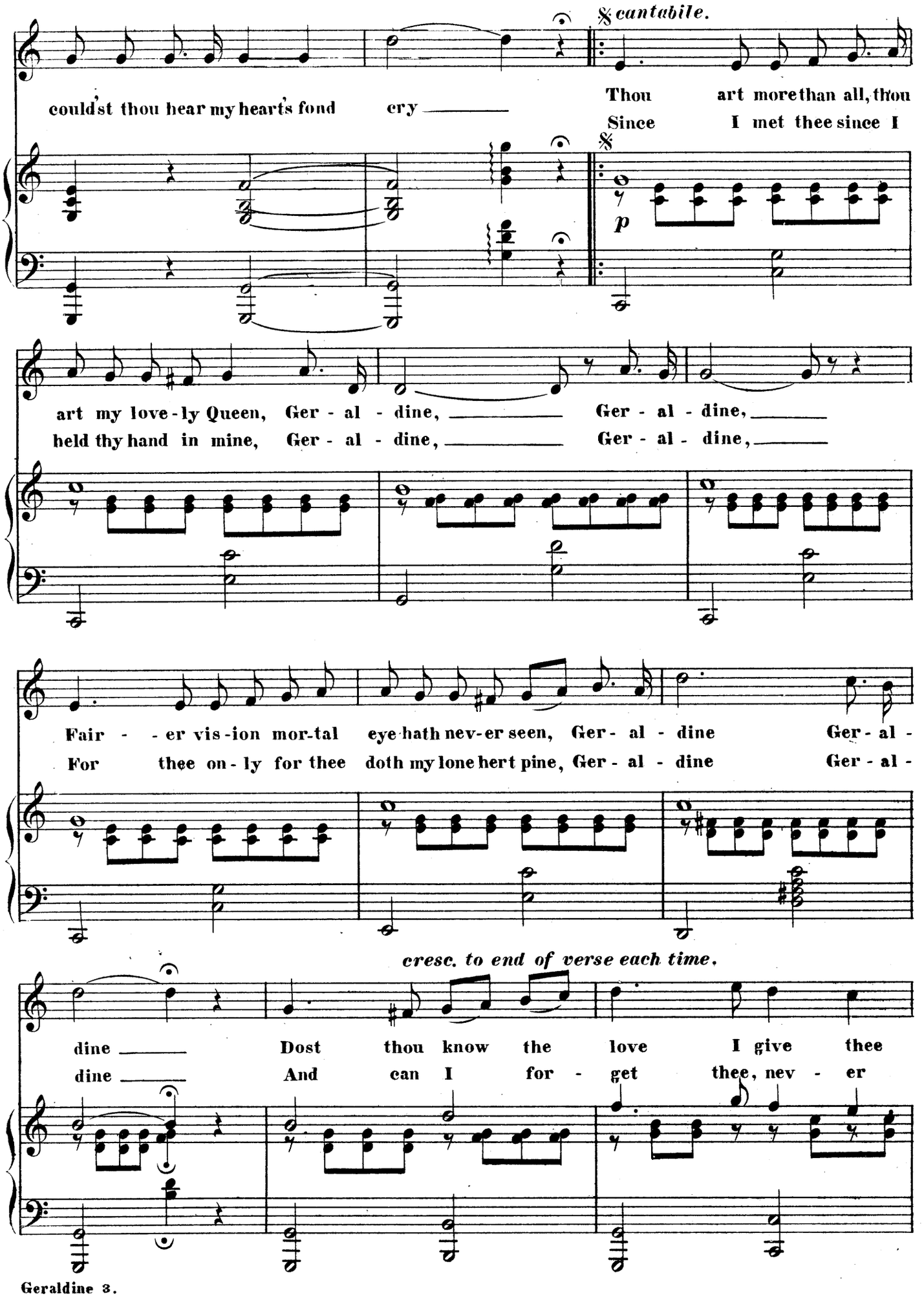
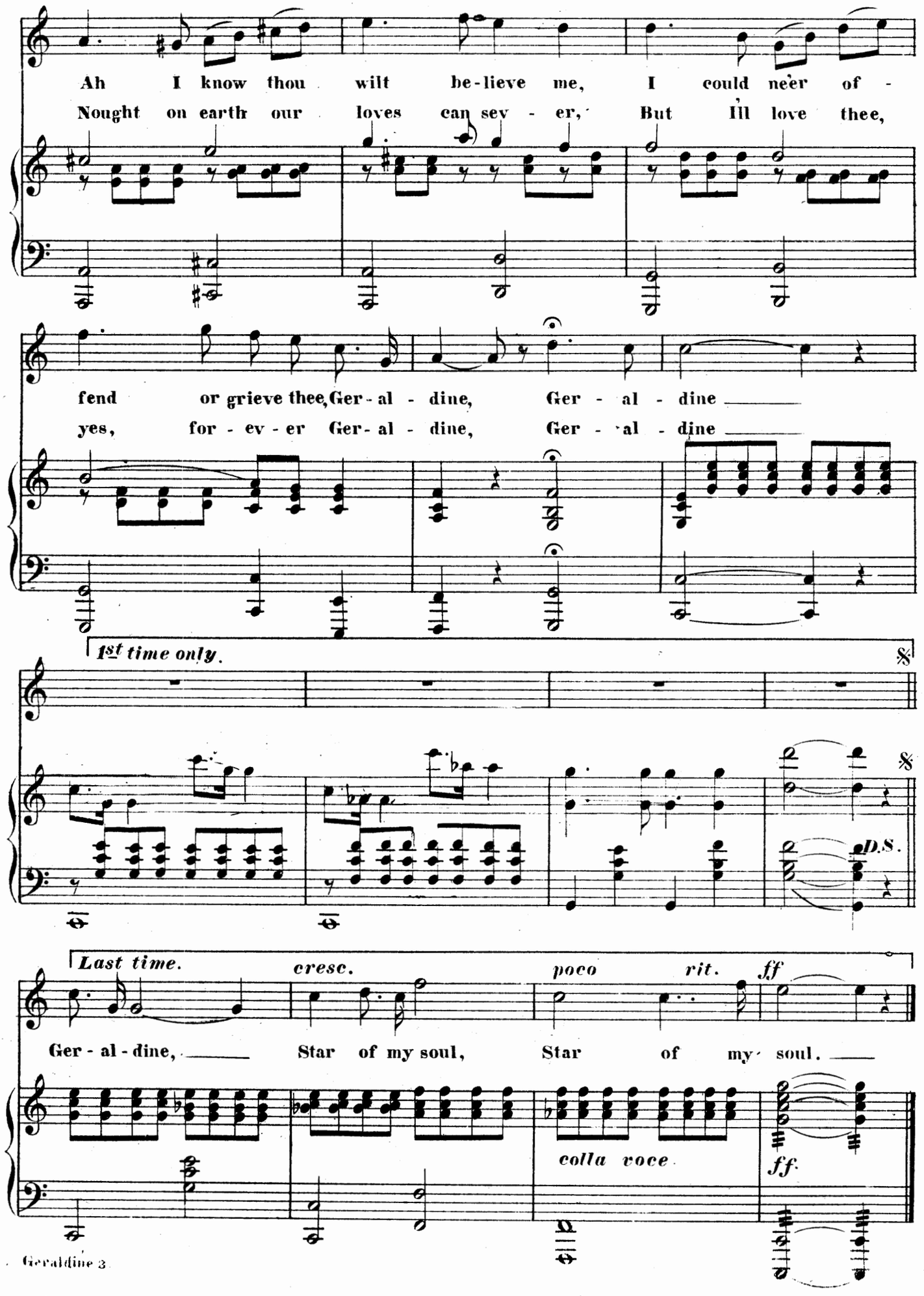

𝄋 cantabile.
could'st thou hear my heart's fond cry
Thou art more than all, thou
Since I met thee since I
𝄋
p
art my love-ly Queen, Ger - al - dine, Ger - al - dine,
held thy hand in mine, Ger - al - dine, Ger - al - dine,
Fair - - er vis-ion mor-tal eye hath nev-er seen, Ger - al - dine Ger - al -
For thee on - ly for thee doth my lone hert pine, Ger - al - dine Ger - al -
cresc. to end of verse each time.
dine
Dost thou know the love I give thee
dine
And can I for - get thee, nev - er


Ah I know thou wilt be-lieve me, I could ne'er of -
Nought on earth our loves can sev - er, But I'll love thee,
fend or grieve thee, Ger - al - dine, Ger - al - dine
yes, for - ev - er Ger - al - dine, Ger - al - dine
1st time only.
D.S.
Last time.
cresc.
poco rit.
ff
Ger - al - dine, Star of my soul, Star of my soul.
colla voce
ff.

Nº 20.

MADRIGAL.

Quartette or Semi Chorus, ad lib.
(Unaccompanied.)

Moderato.

I. SOPRANO.

When a maid-en gives her heart a-way Fa la, fa la la, fa la. Shall she
Marriage is a lot-te-ry Fa la, fa la la, fa la. One may

II. SOPRANO.

I. ALTO.

Fa la, fa la la, fa la.
Fa la, fa la la, fa la.

II. ALTO.

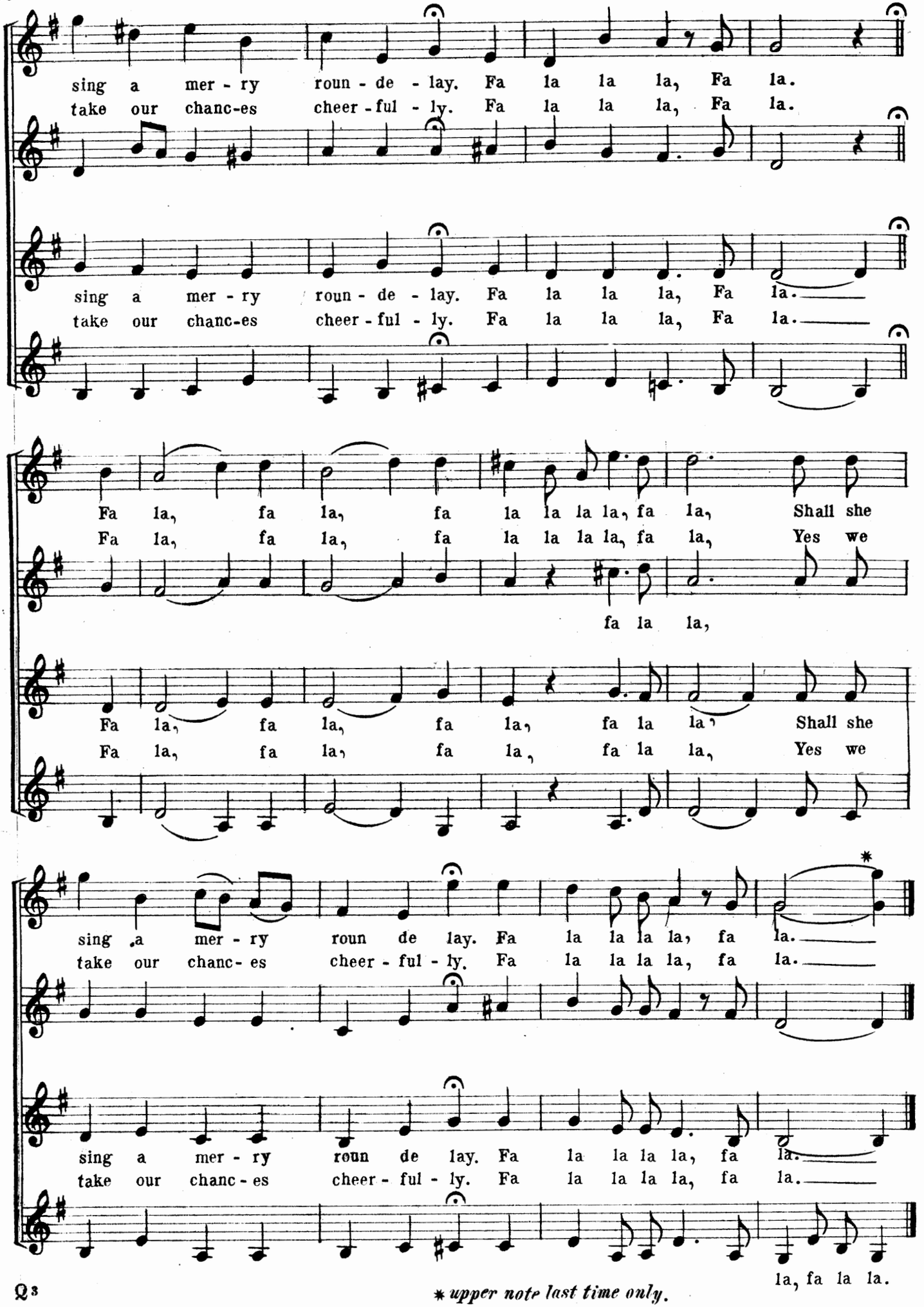
sing a mer-ry roun-de-lay! Fa, la, fa la, fa la la, Will the
draw a blank then, O dear me! Fa, la, fa la, fa la la, As it's

Fa la, fa la la,

Fa la, fa la la, Will the
Fa la, fa la la, As it's

Fu-ture prove or sad or gay, 'Tis a vex-ing ques-tion who shall say? Shall she
al-ways been, so 'twill al-ways be, Yet we take our chances cheer-ful-ly, Yes we

Fu-ture prove or sad or gay, 'Tis a vex-ing ques-tion who shall say? Shall she
al-ways been, so 'twill al-ways be, Yet we take our chances cheer-ful-ly, Yes we



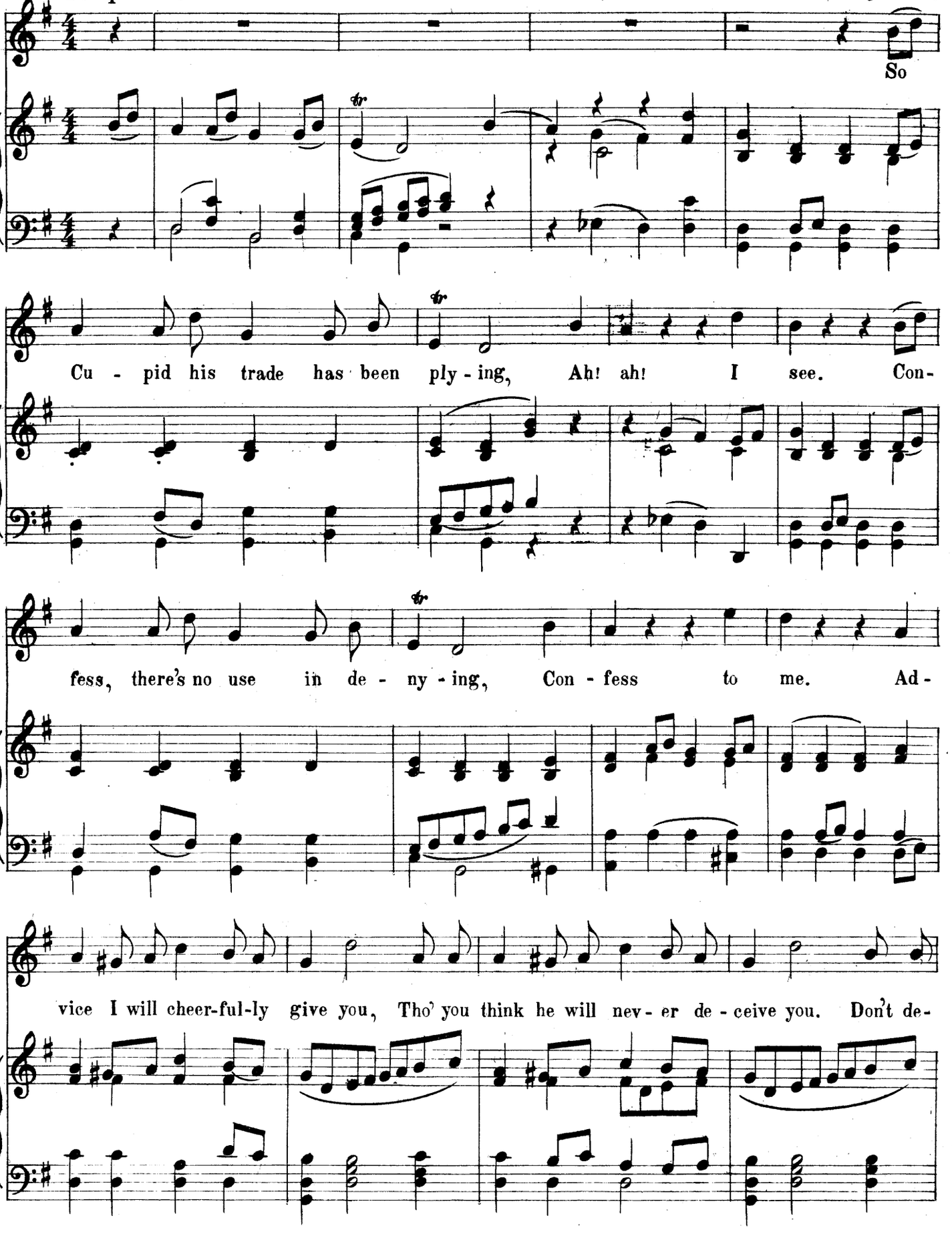
* *upper note last time only.*

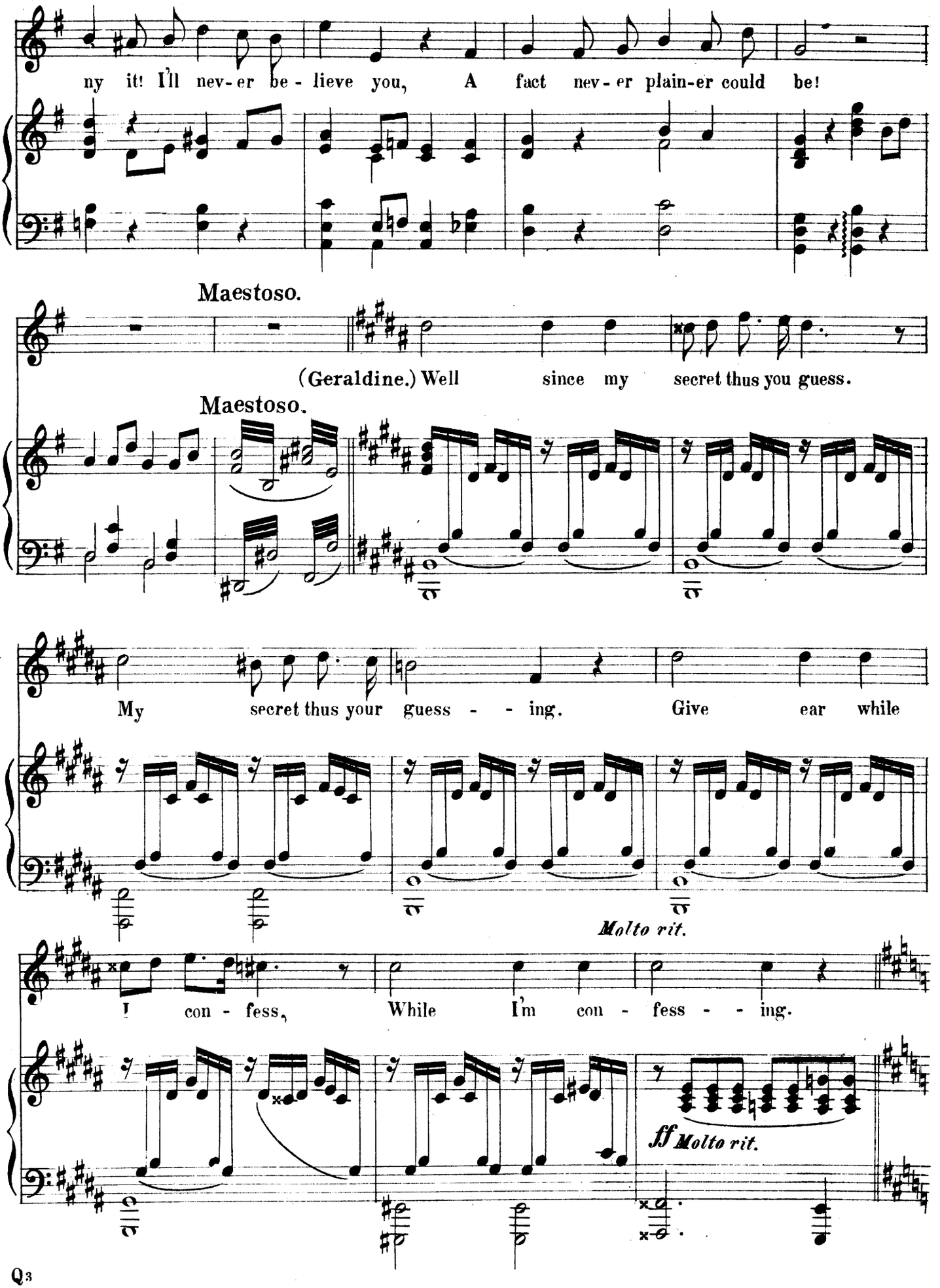
SO CUPID HIS TRADE HAS BEEN PLYING.

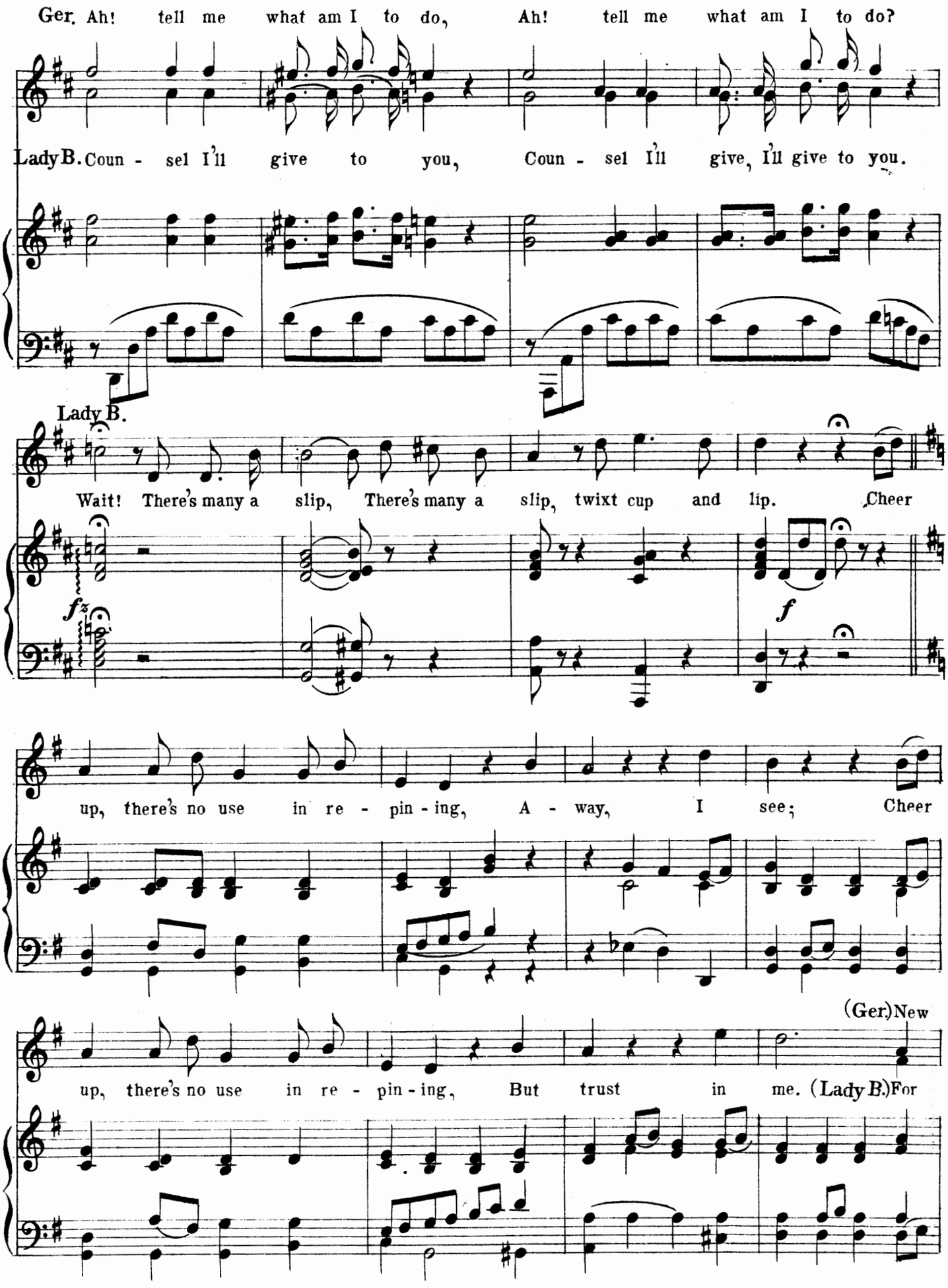
No 21.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Lady Bess.




ny it! I'll nev-er be-lieve you, A fact nev-er plain-er could be!
Maestoso.
(Geraldine.) Well since my secret thus you guess.
Maestoso.
My secret thus your guess - - ing. Give ear while
Molto rit.
I con-fess, While I'm con-fess - - ing.
ff Molto rit.


Ger. Ah! tell me what am I to do, Ah! tell me what am I to do?
Lady B. Coun - sel I'll give to you, Coun - sel I'll give, I'll give to you.
Lady B.
Wait! There's many a slip, There's many a slip, twixt cup and lip. Cheer
f
f
up, there's no use in re - pin - ing, A - way, I see; Cheer
(Ger.) New
up, there's no use in re - pin - ing, But trust in me. (Lady B.) For

hope your kind words now are giv-ing, And cour-age I feel past be-liev-ing, No

you now a bright day is dawn-ing, Per-haps it may come ere the morn-ing, For

more I'll be sigh-ing, and griev-ing, But wait, and see.

you now a bright day is dawn-ing, So trust in me.

No 22. AH! PRAY EXCUSE.

Tempo ad lib.

Lady Bess.

Baronet.

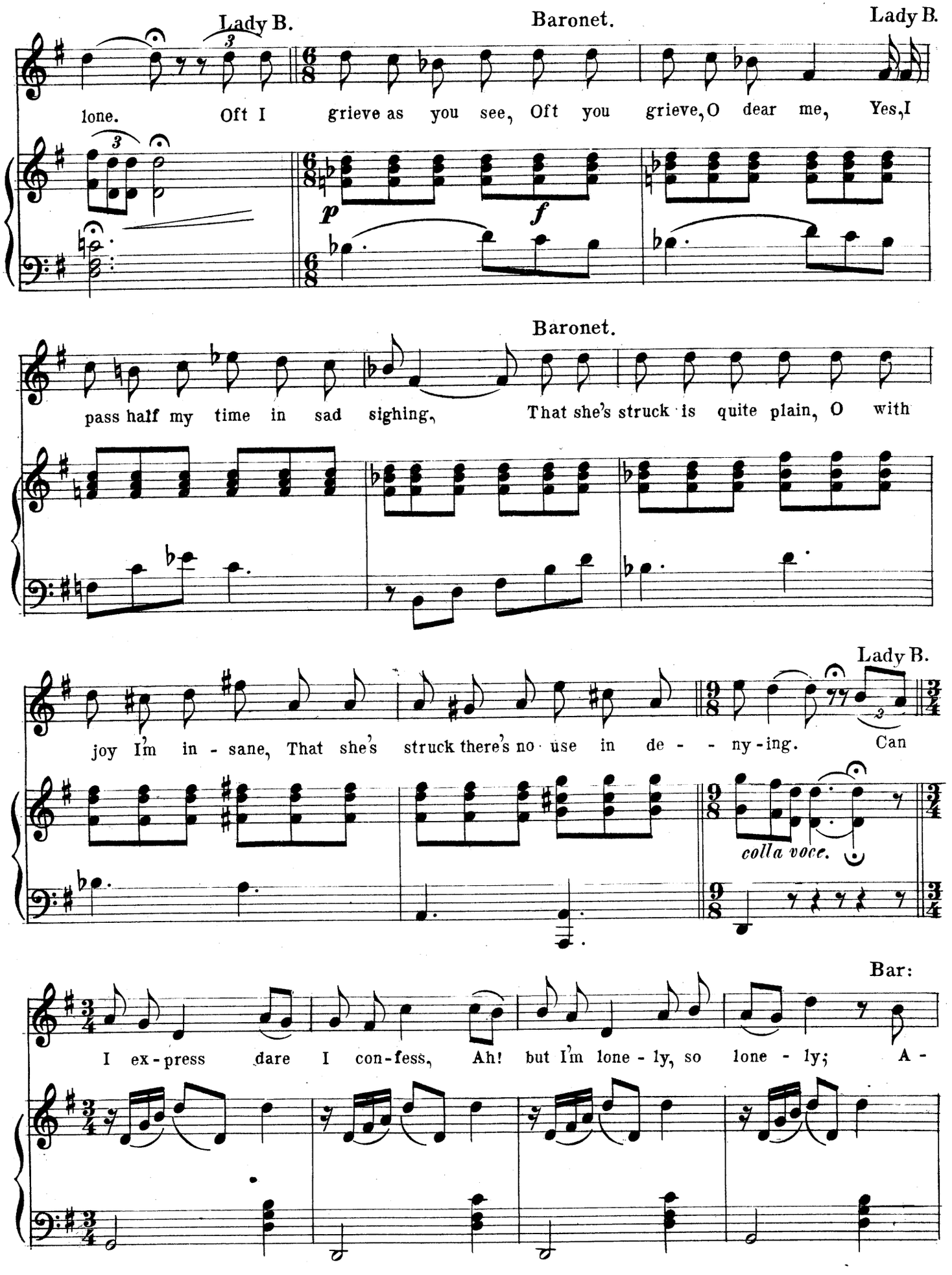
Ah! pray ex-cuse, but I feel so faint, Com-mand me, with-

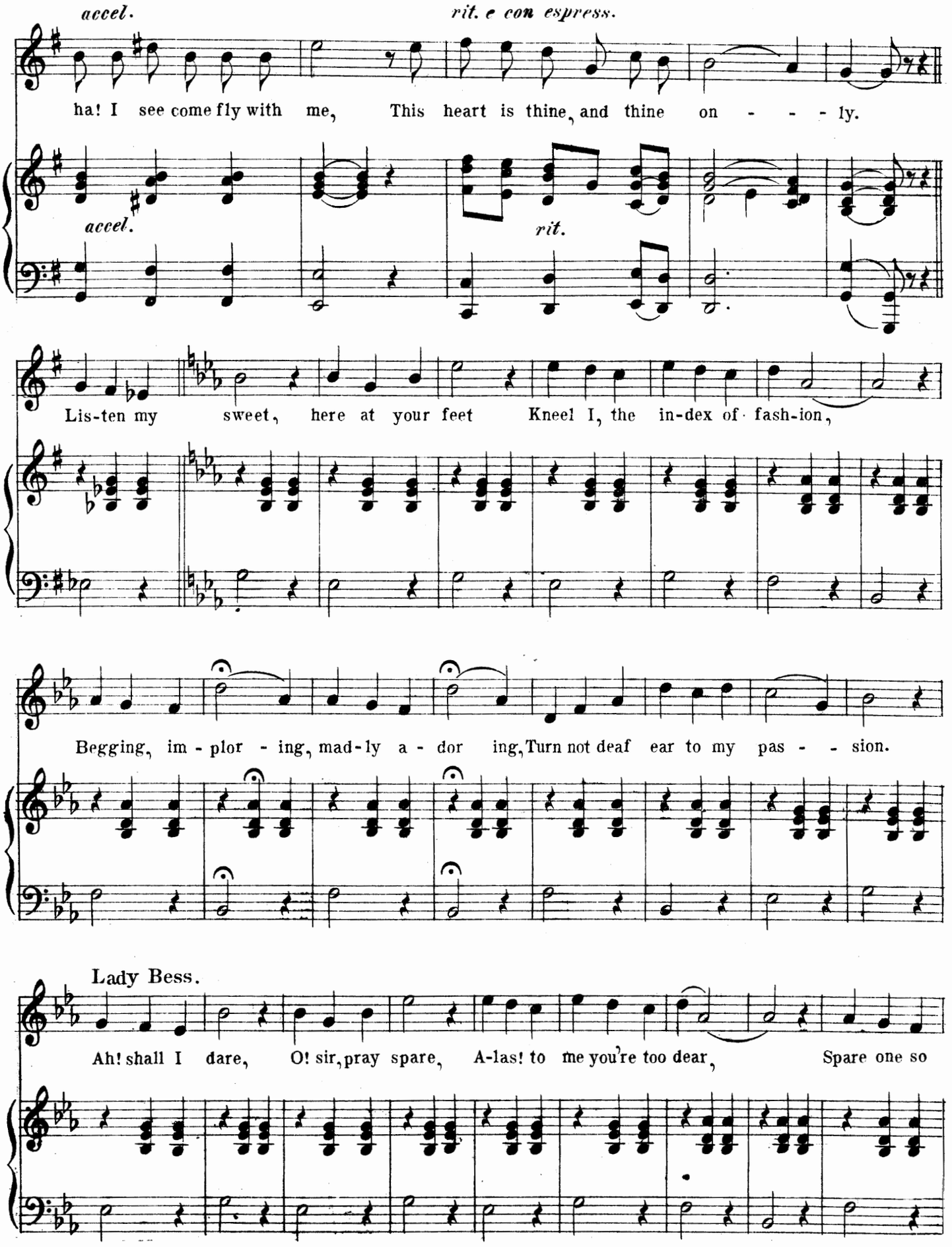
rit.

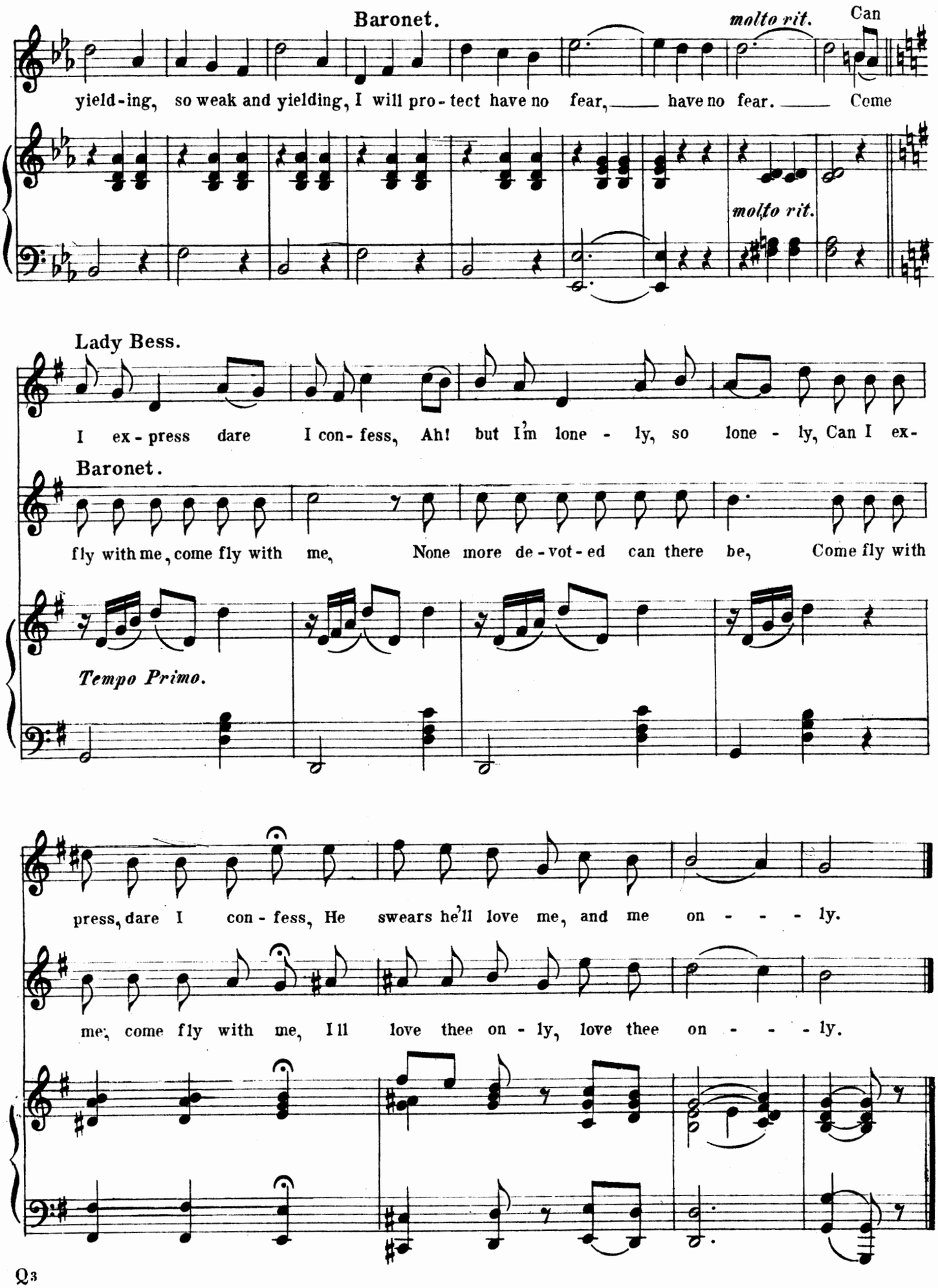
Lady Bess. (*sighing.*)

Baronet.

out re-straint, Such at-ten-tion, I have nev-er known, You sigh, ah! why? were all a-

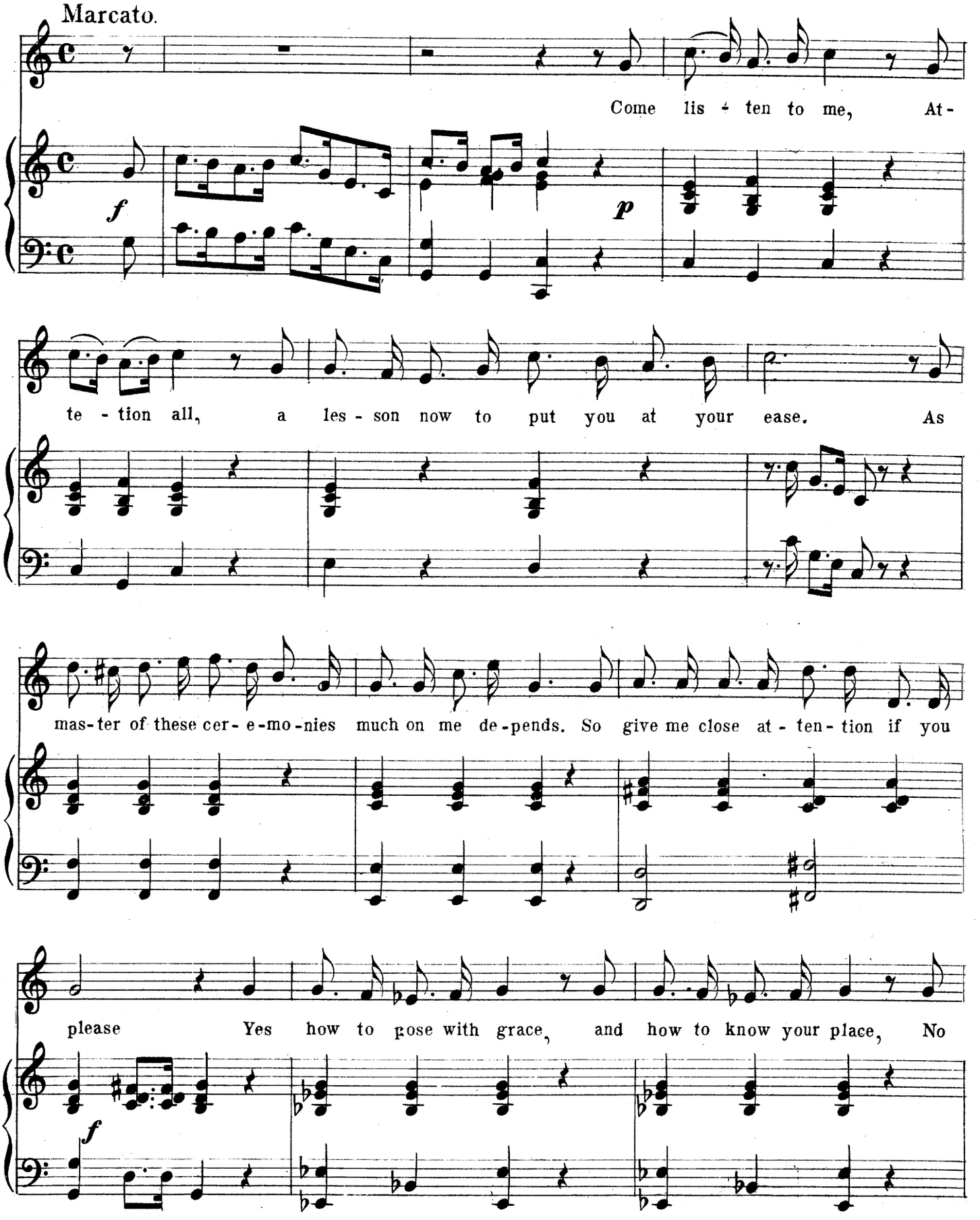

Lady B.
Baronet.
Lady B.
lone. Oft I grieve as you see, Oft you grieve, O dear me, Yes, I
p
f
Baronet.
pass half my time in sad sighing, That she's struck is quite plain, O with
Lady B.
joy I'm in - sane, That she's struck there's no use in de - - ny - ing. Can
colla voce.
Bar:
I ex - press dare I con - fess, Ah! but I'm lone - ly, so lone - ly; A -


accel.
rit. e con espress.
ha! I see come fly with me, This heart is thine, and thine on - - - ly.
accel.
rit.
Lis-ten my sweet, here at your feet Kneel I, the in-dex of fash-ion,
Begging, im - plor - ing, mad-ly a - dor ing, Turn not deaf ear to my pas - - sion.
Lady Bess.
Ah! shall I dare, O! sir, pray spare, A-las! to me you're too dear, Spare one so


Baronet.
molto rit.
Can
yield-ing, so weak and yielding, I will pro-tect have no fear, have no fear. Come
molto rit.
Lady Bess.
I ex-press dare I con-fess, Ah! but I'm lone-ly, so lone-ly, Can I ex-
Baronet.
fly with me, come fly with me, None more de-vot-ed can there be, Come fly with
Tempo Primo.
press, dare I con-fess, He swears he'll love me, and me on-ly.
me, come fly with me, I'll love thee on-ly, love thee on-ly.

INTRODUCTION TO CHALLENGE SCENE.

№ 23.



er - ror if you close - ly fol - low me, And first we will re - hearse of the

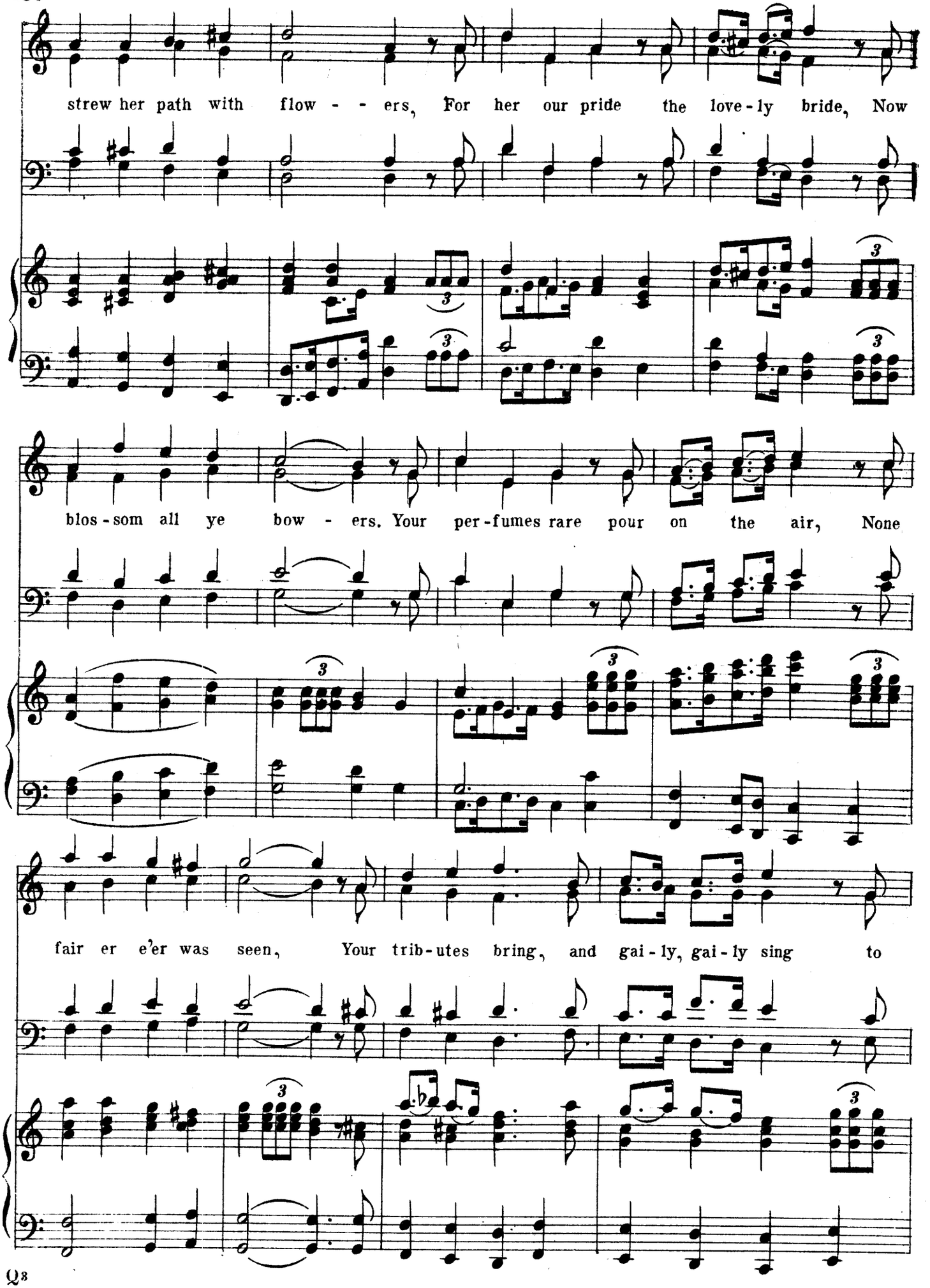
Bri-dal March a verse, For to - mor - row night the wed - ding is to be.

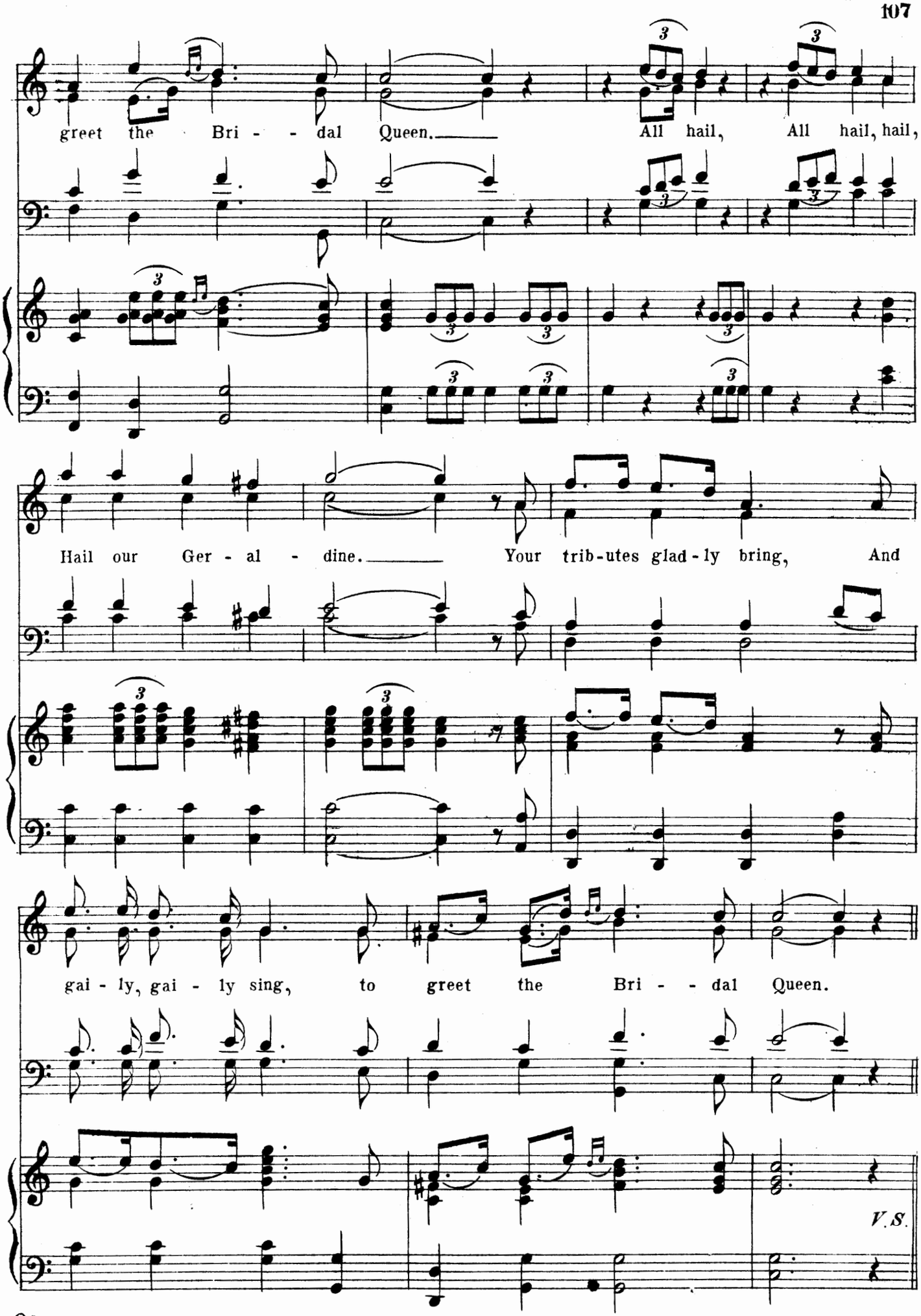
With gar - lands now we deck her brow, And

Tempo Grand March.

Trumpets.

f


strew her path with flow - - ers, For her our pride the love-ly bride, Now
blos-som all ye bow - ers. Your per-fumes rare pour on the air, None
fair er e'er was seen, Your trib-utes bring, and gai-ly, gai-ly sing to


greet the Bri - - dal Queen. All hail, All hail, hail,
Hail our Ger - al - dine. Your trib-utes glad-ly bring, And
gai - ly, gai - ly sing, to greet the Bri - - dal Queen.
V.S.

Nº 24. CHALLENGE SCENE.

Enter Meddle and Greenwood.

Meddle.

Allegro.

Love - lace ver - sus Green-wood? at last the deed is done, As

wit-ness-es pro tem I sub- poe-na ev-'ry one, *slower.* Where is the de - lin - quent, his

rit. *colla voce.*

a tempo.

face I now would scan I'll swear I o - ver-heard the whole e-lope-ment plan.

rit.

Green. *slower.* Lady B. Med.

Do you hear? you prof li gate? Why what's the mat-ter pray. A -

Barclay.

ha, that will not serve you, We'll not be fooled that way, The

rit

Bar-o-net I'll see and de - mand an ex-pla-na-tion, Yes, for an ex-pla-na-tion I will

colla voce.

sue, It must be cleared up no pause or hes-i - ta-tion, A

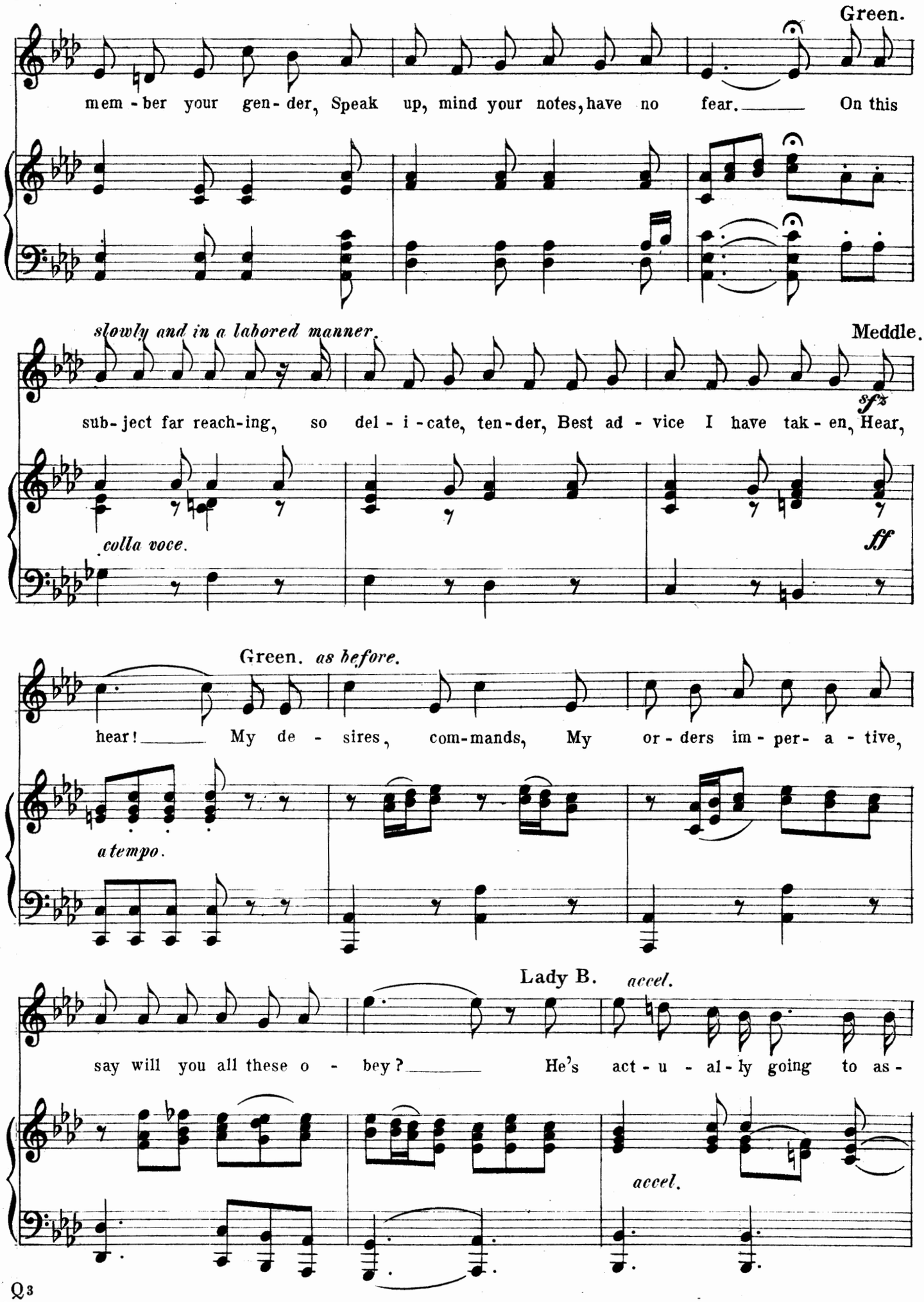
Exit Barclay

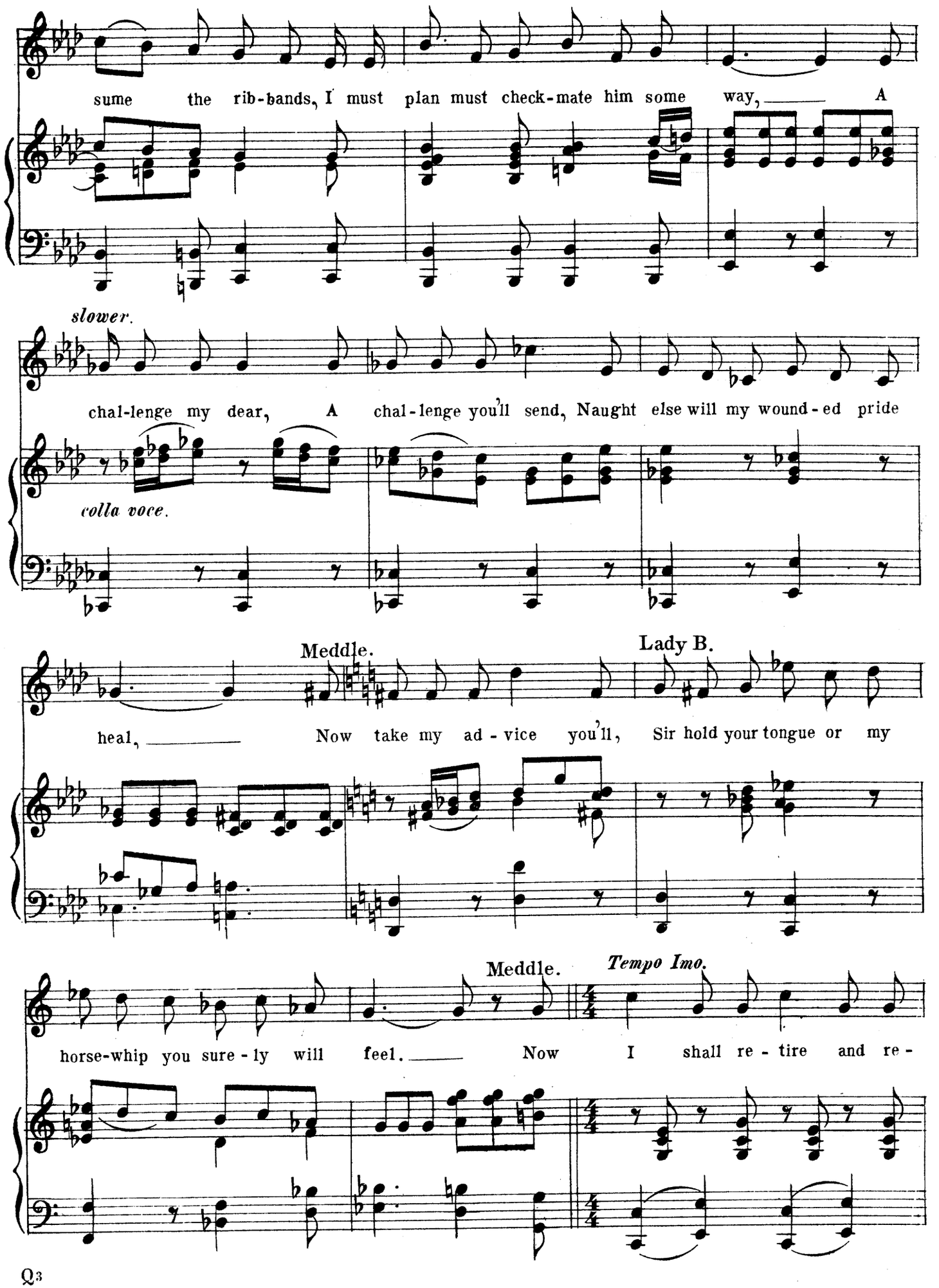
Allegretto.

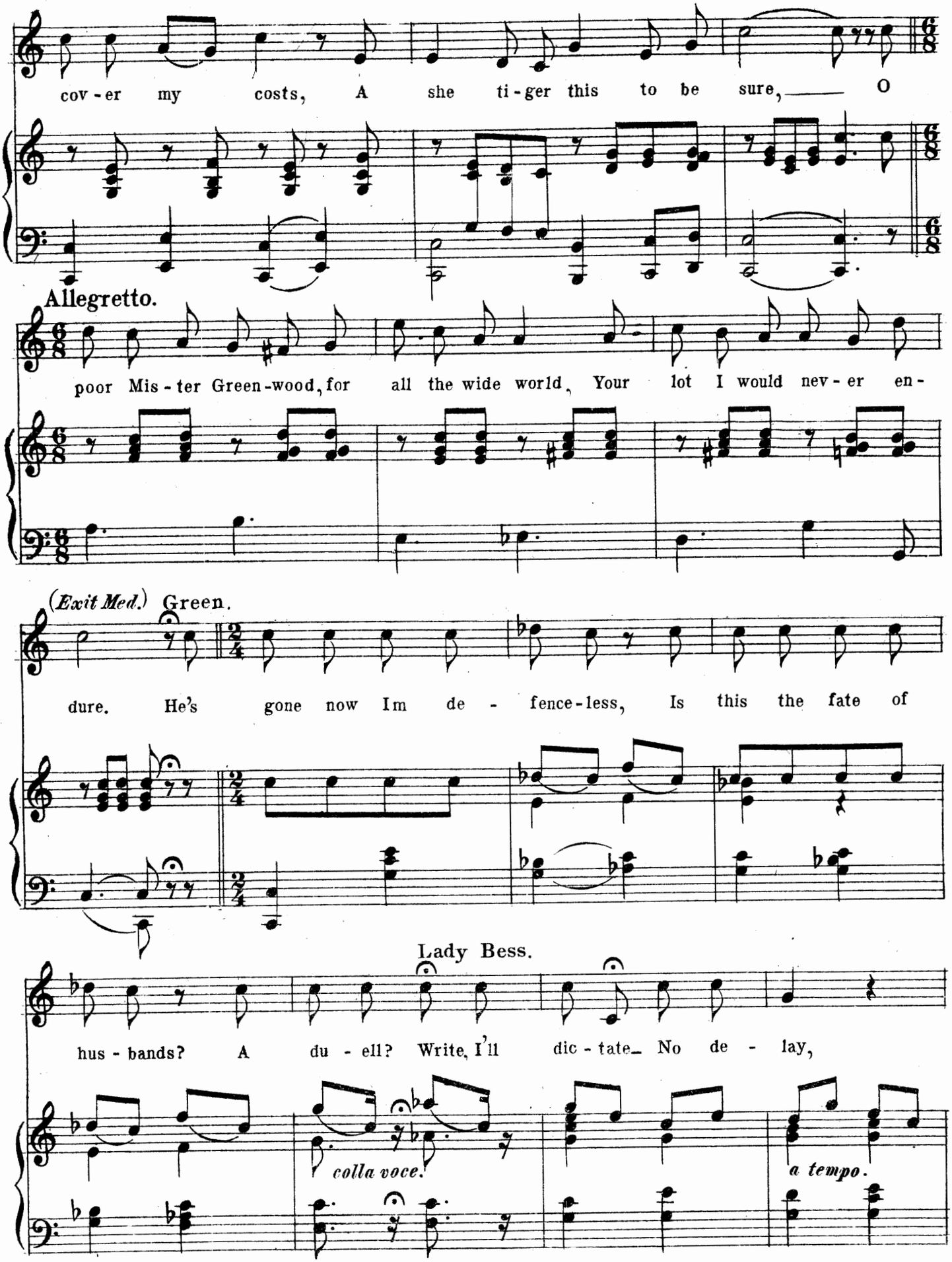
Meddle.

scan-dal in my house 'twill nev - er do. Now take my ad-vice, Re-

rit.


Green.
mem - ber your gen - der, Speak up, mind your notes, have no fear. On this
slowly and in a labored manner.
Meddle.
sub - ject far reach-ing, so del - i - cate, ten - der, Best ad - vice I have tak - en, Hear,
sfz
colla voce.
ff
Green. as before.
hear! My de - sires, com-mands, My or - ders im - per- a - tive,
a tempo.
Lady B. accel.
say will you all these o - bey? He's act - u - al - ly going to as -
accel.


sume the rib-bands, I must plan must check-mate him some way, A
slower.
chal-lenge my dear, A chal-lenge you'll send, Naught else will my wound-ed pride
colla voce.
Meddle.
Lady B.
heal, Now take my ad-vice you'll, Sir hold your tongue or my
Meddle.
Tempo Imo.
horse-whip you sure-ly will feel. Now I shall re-tire and re-


cov - er my costs, A she ti - ger this to be sure, — O
Allegretto.
poor Mis - ter Green - wood, for all the wide world, Your lot I would nev - er en -
(Exit Med.) Green.
dure. He's gone now Im de - fence - less, Is this the fate of
Lady Bess.
hus - bands? A du - ell? Write, I'll dic - tate— No de - lay,
colla voce.
a tempo.

Long pause.

Now then, Sir, no ex - pla - na - tion,

f tempo.

can ex - cuse the sit - u - - a - tion,

colla voce.

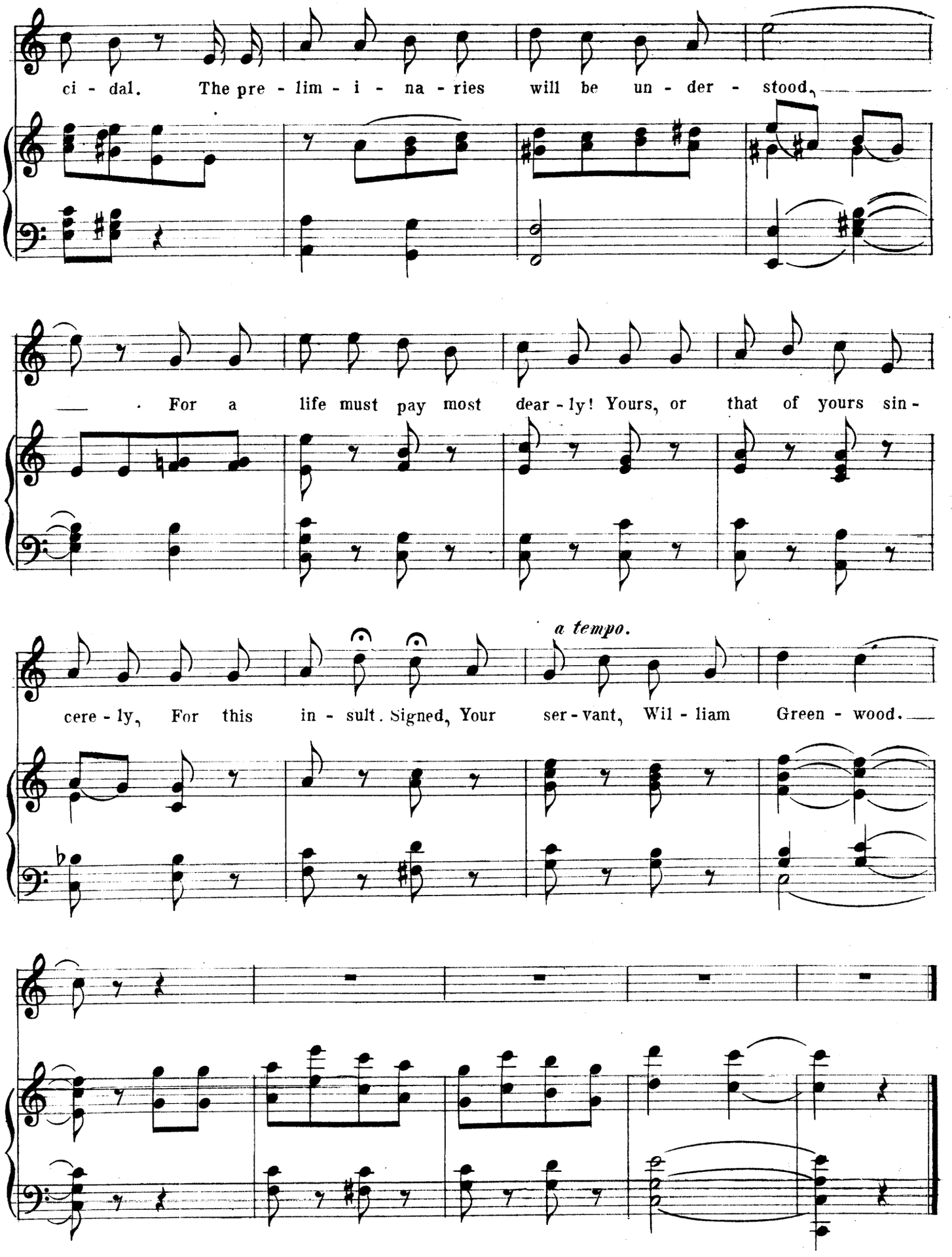
f tempo.

In which you were dis - cov - erd just to day,

Green. Lady Bess. Green.

But my dear, Your tongue pray bri - dle. O this is su - i -

poco rit.

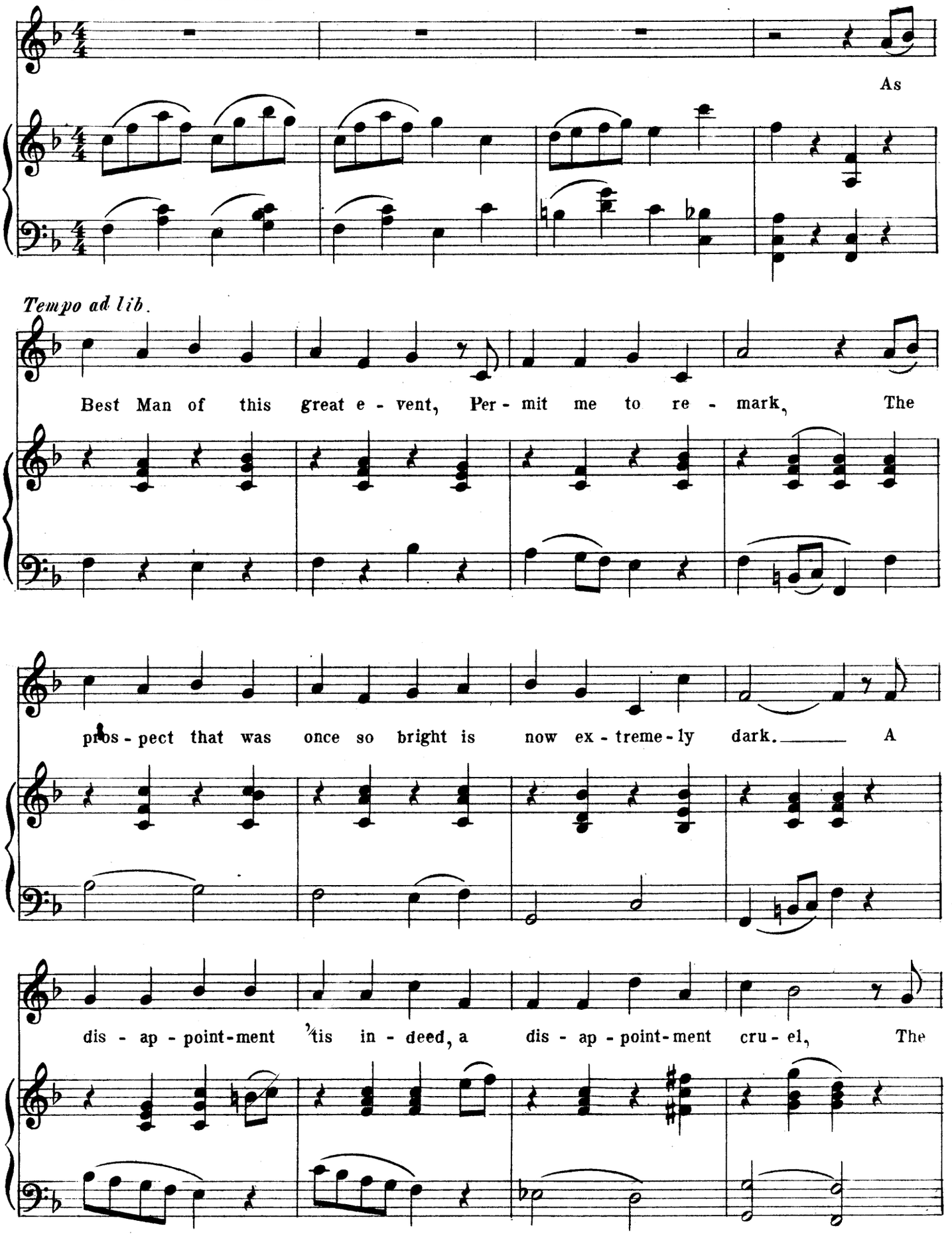

ci - dal. The pre - lim - i - na - ries will be un - der - stood,
. For a life must pay most dear - ly! Yours, or that of yours sin -
a tempo.
cere - ly, For this in - sult. Signed, Your ser - vant, Wil - liam Green - wood.

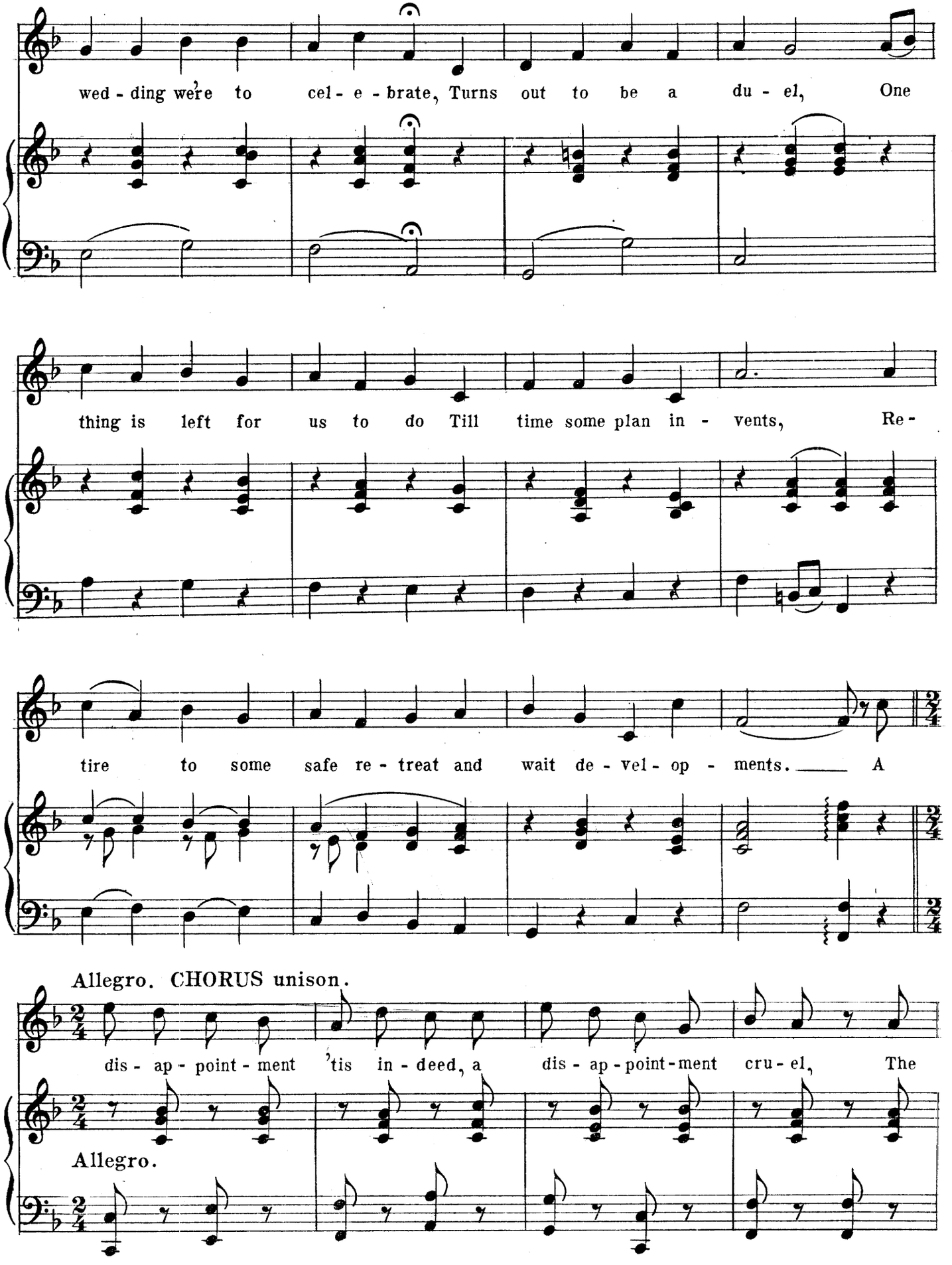
№ 25.

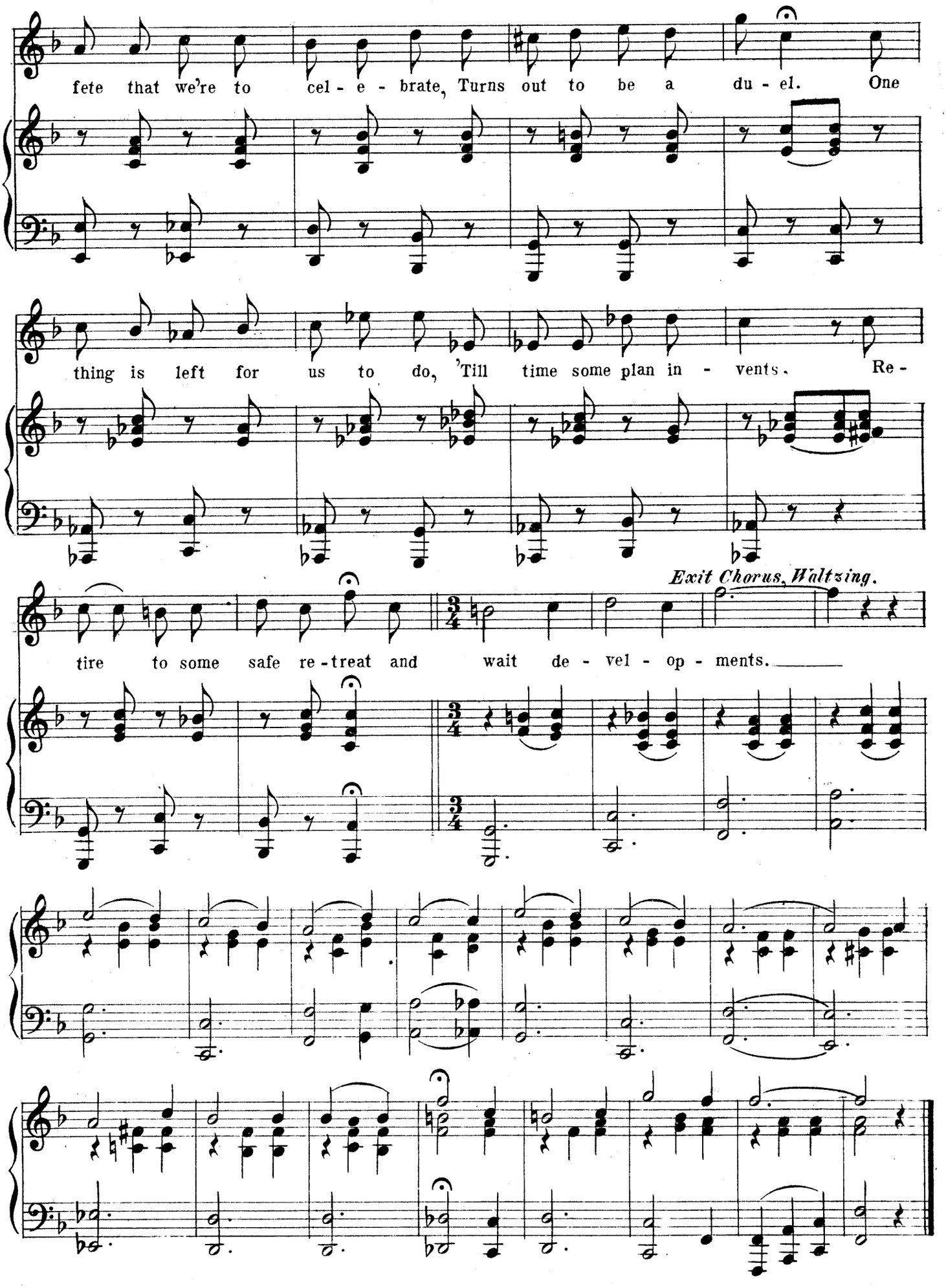
AS BEST MAN OF THIS GREAT EVENT.

Tempo ad lib.

Best Man and Chorus.



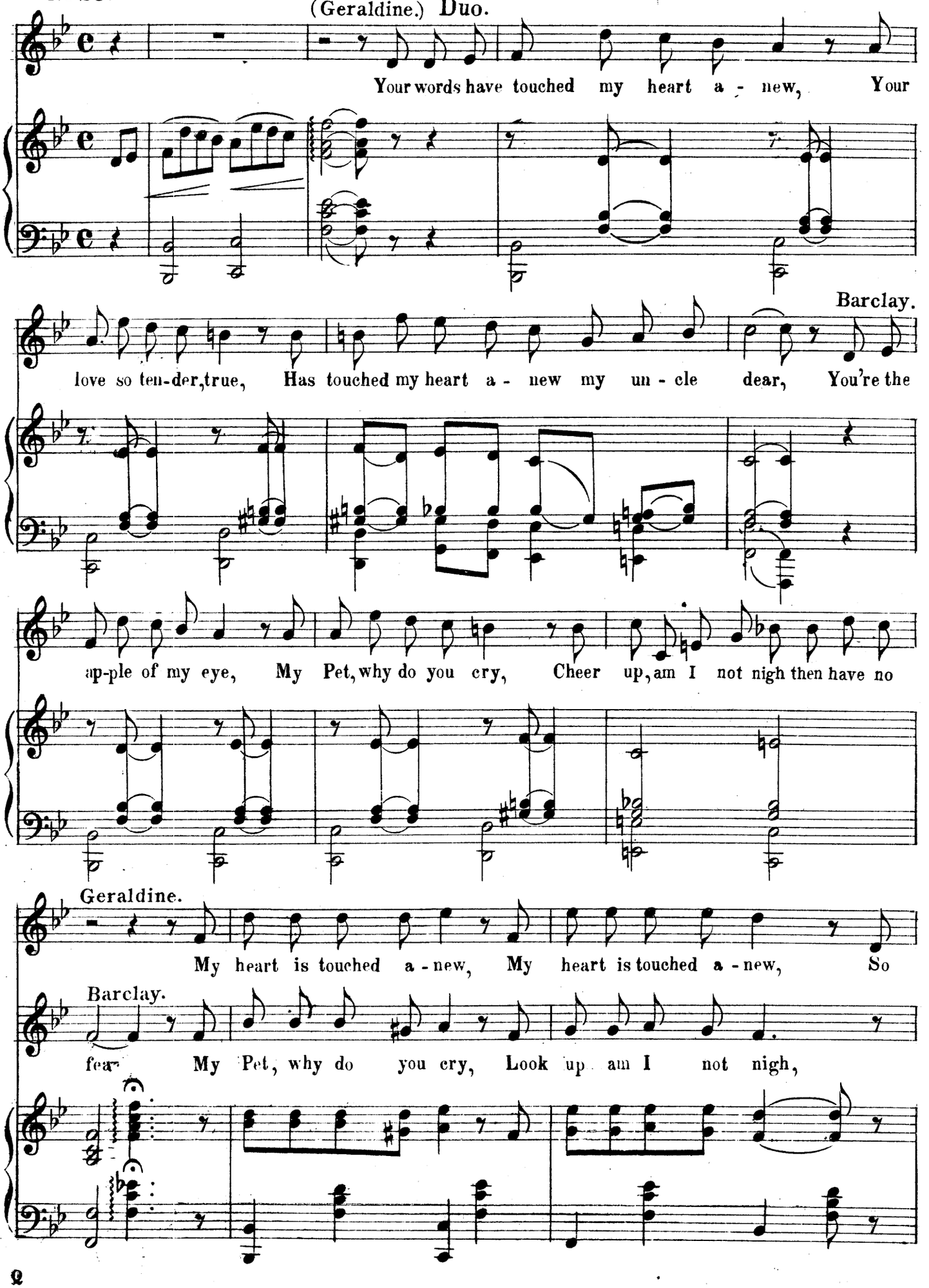

wed - ding we're to cel - e - brate, Turns out to be a du - el, One
thing is left for us to do Till time some plan in - vents, Re -
tire to some safe re - treat and wait de - vel - op - ments. A
Allegro. CHORUS unison.
dis - ap - point - ment 'tis in - deed, a dis - ap - point - ment cru - el, The
Allegro.

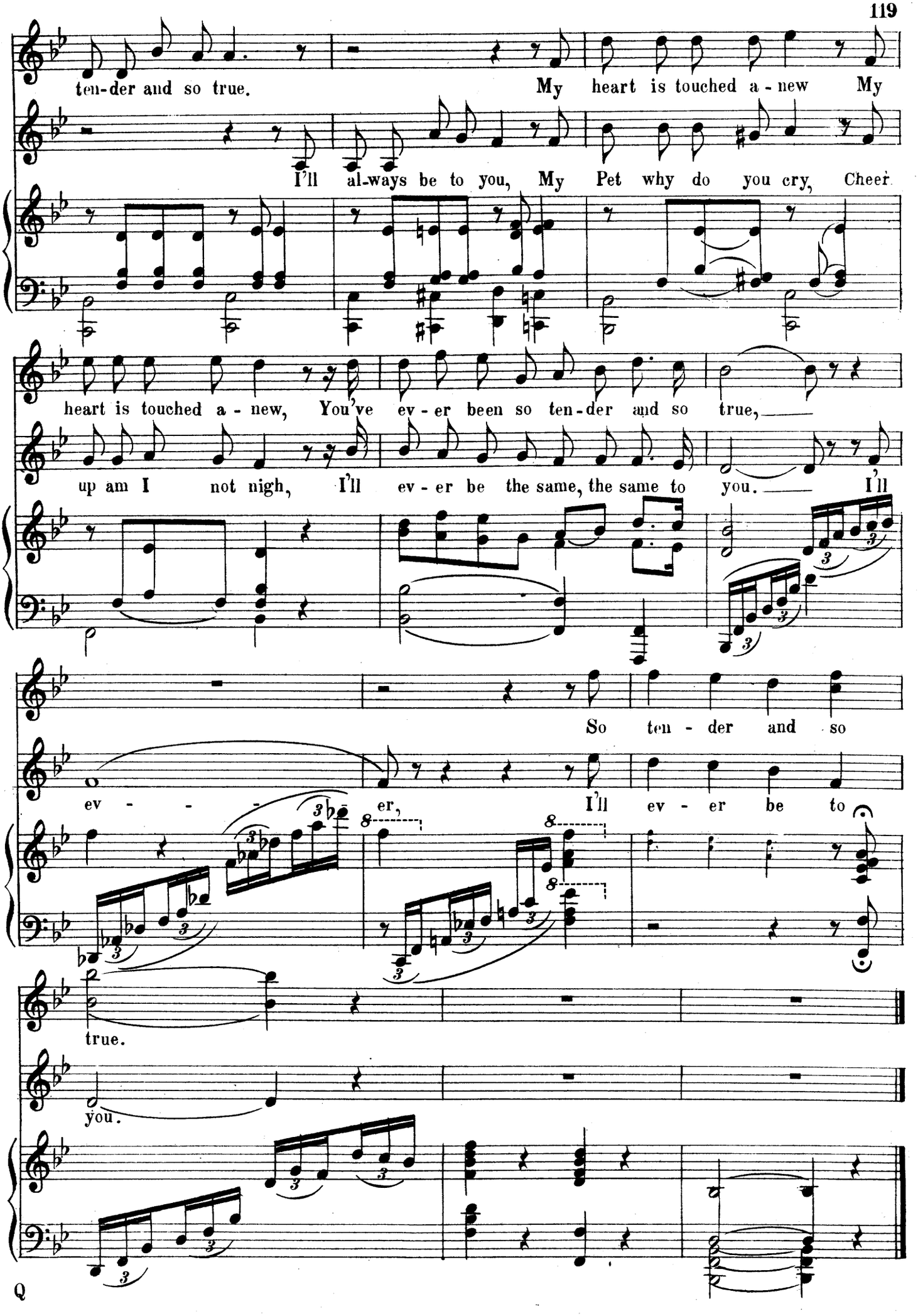

fete that we're to cel - e - brate, Turns out to be a du - el. One
thing is left for us to do, 'Till time some plan in - vents. Re -
Exit Chorus, Waltzing.
tire to some safe re - treat and wait de - vel - op - ments.

№ 26.

SO TENDER AND SO TRUE.

(Geraldine.) Duo.

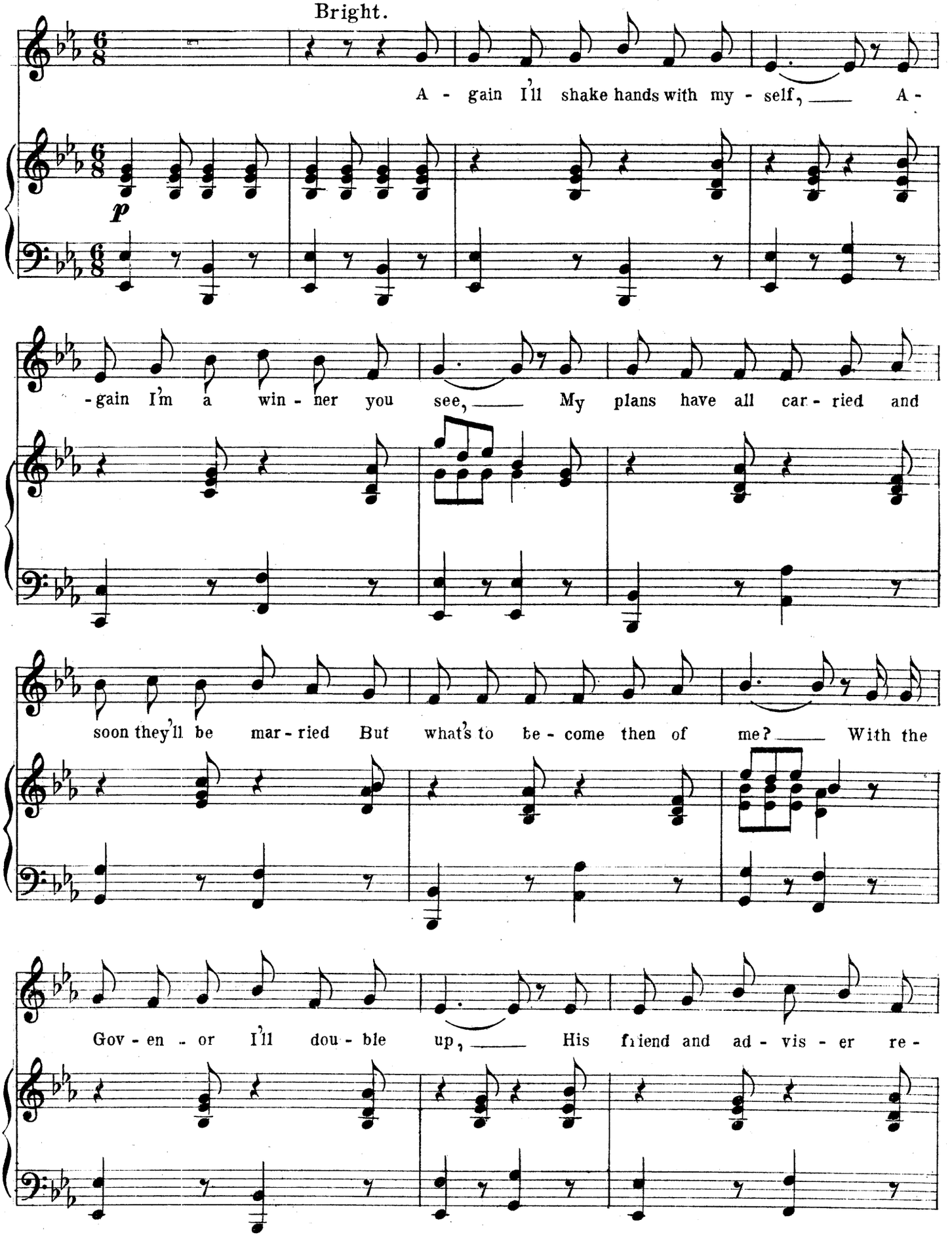


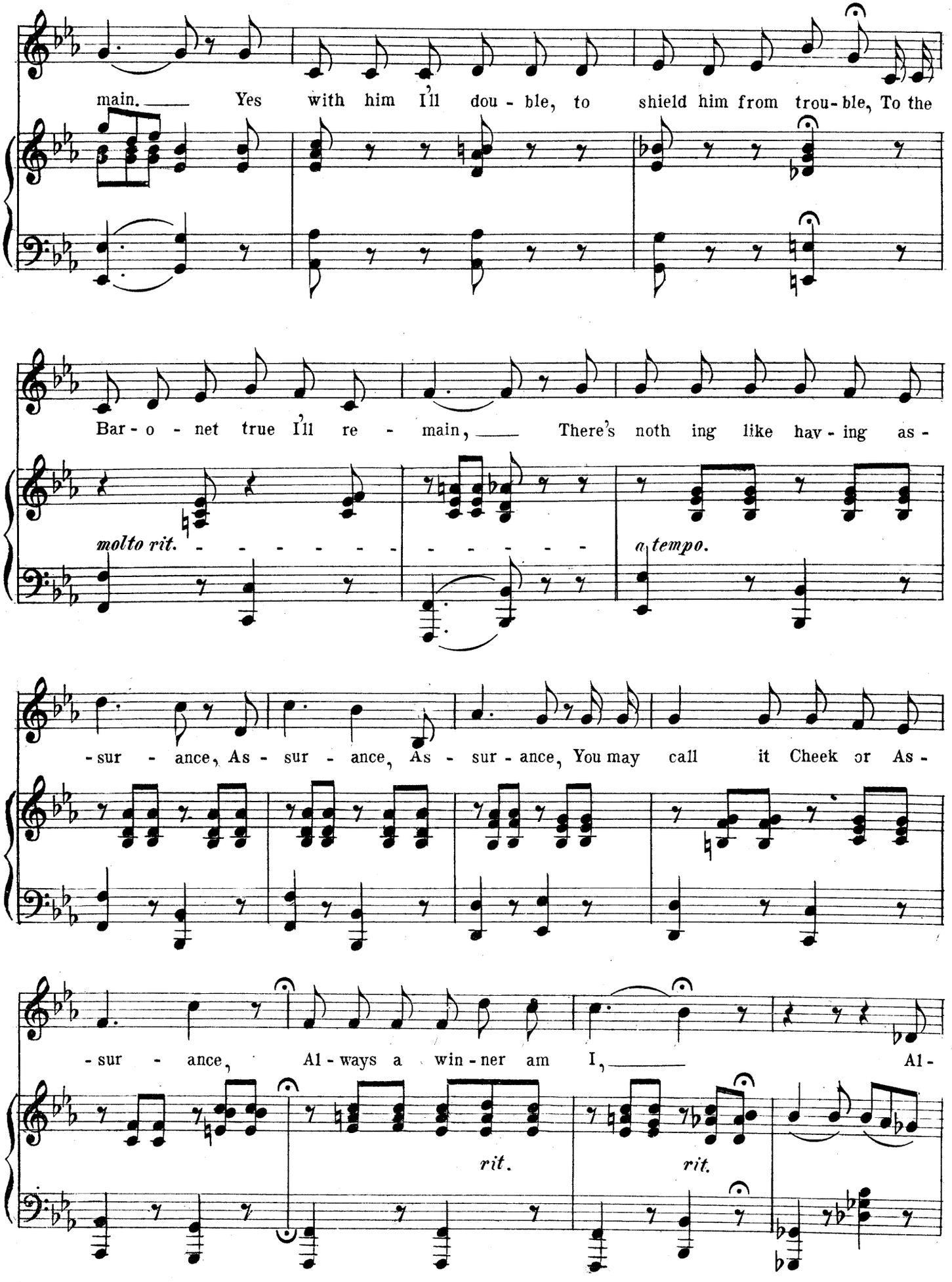

ten-der and so true. My heart is touched a-new My
I'll al-ways be to you, My Pet why do you cry, Cheer
heart is touched a-new, You've ev-er been so ten-der and so true,
up am I not nigh, I'll ev-er be the same, the same to you. I'll
So ten-der and so
ev - - - er, I'll ev-er be to
true.
you.

FINALE.

№ 27.

Bright.




main. Yes with him I'll dou - ble, to shield him from trou - ble, To the
Bar - o - net true I'll re - main, There's noth ing like hav - ing as -
molto rit.
a tempo.
- sur - ance, As - sur - ance, As - sur - ance, You may call it Cheek or As -
- sur - ance, Al - ways a win - ner am I, Al -
rit.
rit.

-low me, al - low me, Quite ir - re - sist - a - ble,

Yes, ir - re - sist - a - ble, A win - ner, a win - ner am I.

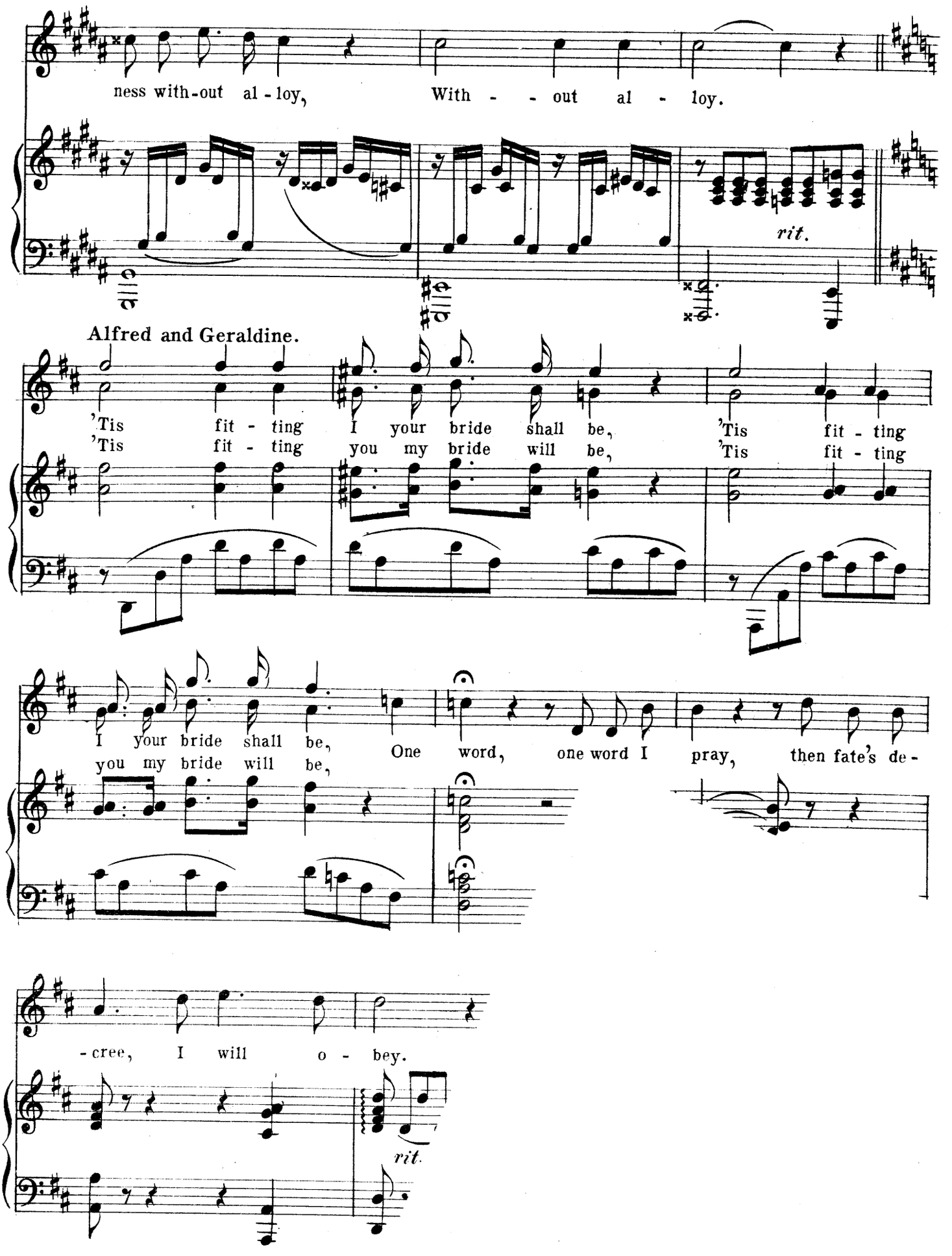
No 28.

ENSEMBLE.

Alfred.

See, see, each face now beams with joy,

now beams with joy, O hap - pi - -


ness with-out al - loy, With - - out al - loy.
rit.
Alfred and Geraldine.
'Tis fit - ting I your bride shall be, 'Tis fit - ting
'Tis fit - ting you my bride will be, 'Tis fit - ting
I your bride shall be, One word, one word I pray, then fate's de -
you my bride will be,
- cree, I will o - bey.
rit.

do - ing, 'Twas fate, 'Twas fate. Youre re - spect I'd a - gain be re-

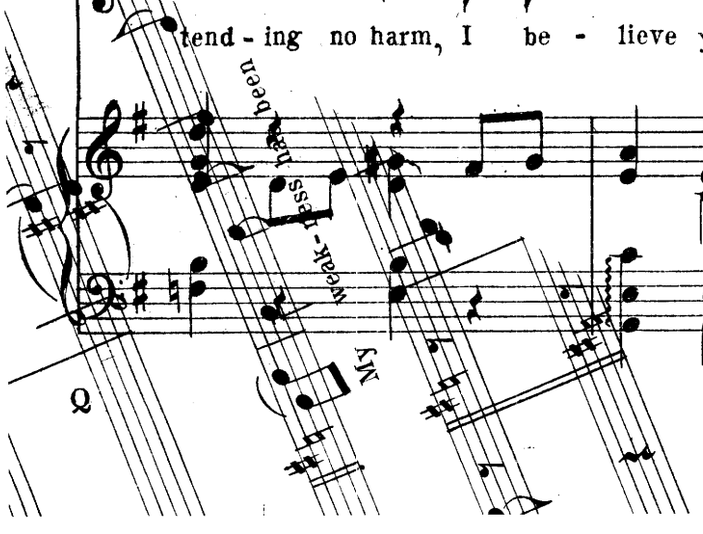
new - ing, e'er 'tis too late, Ah Ma - dam I pray you for -

Lady Bess.

give me, I con - sent - ed for her to de - ceive you, In -

Baronet. Both.

tend - ing no harm, I be - lieve you, 'Twas fate, 'Twas fate.

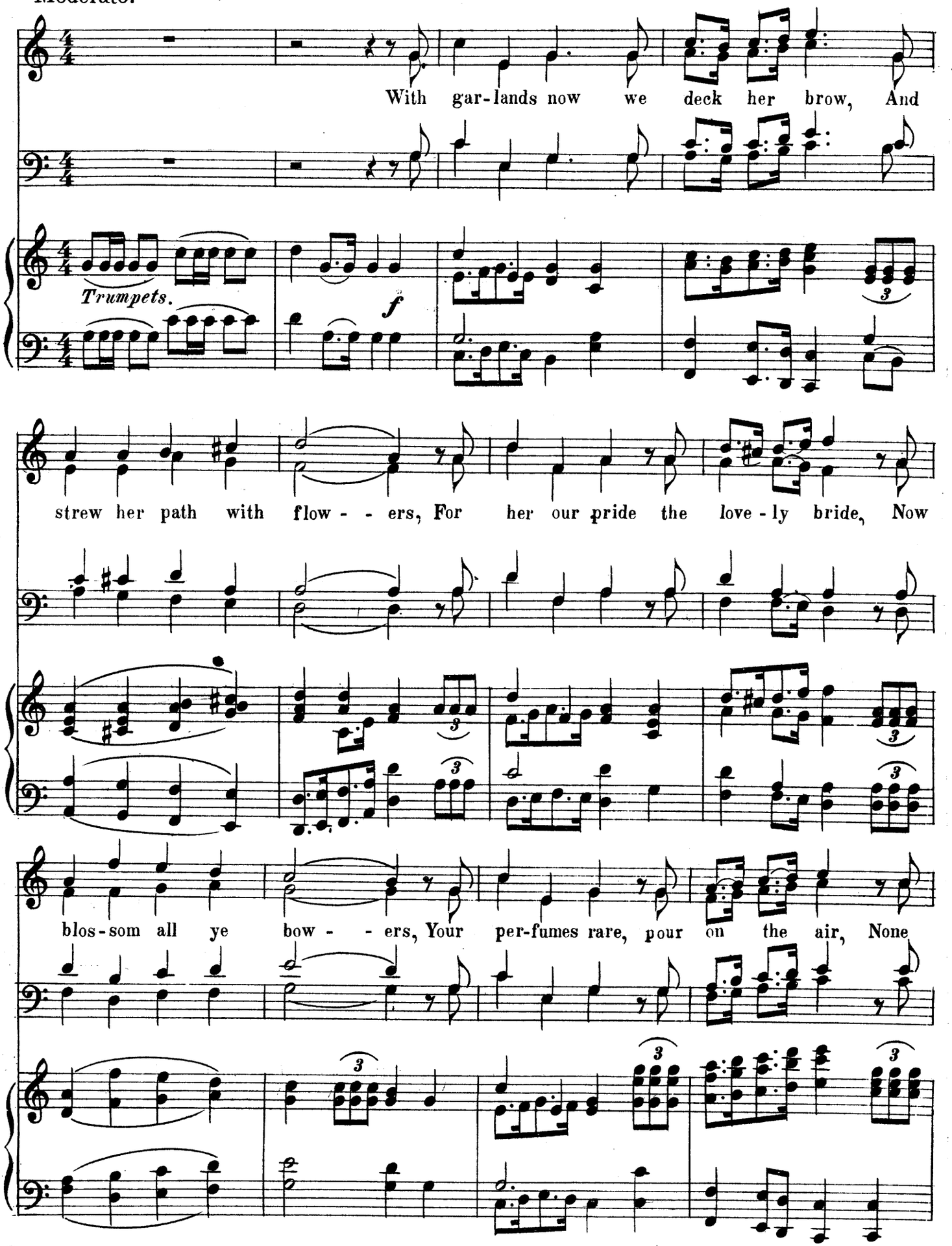


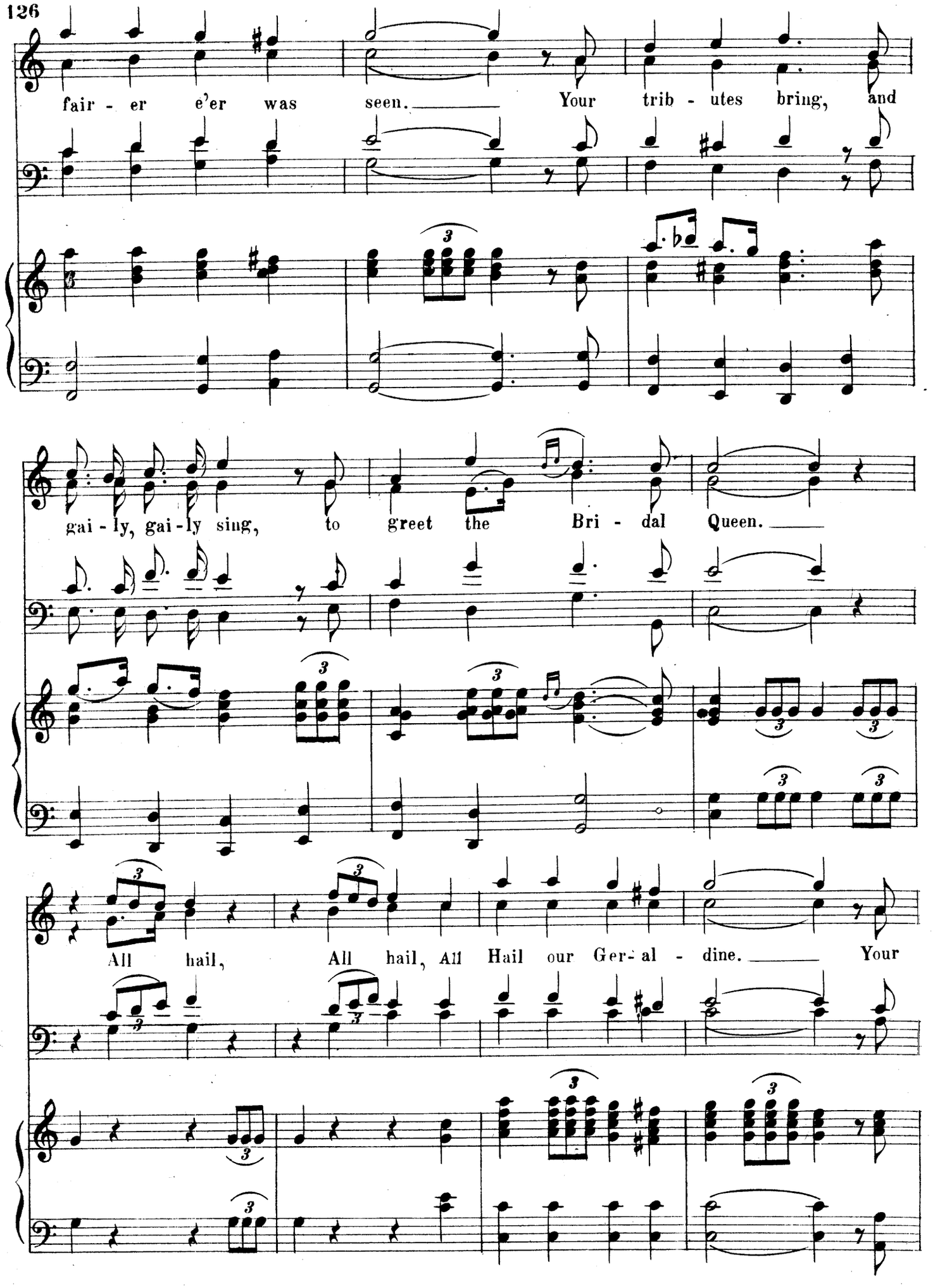
(*Finale Continued.*)

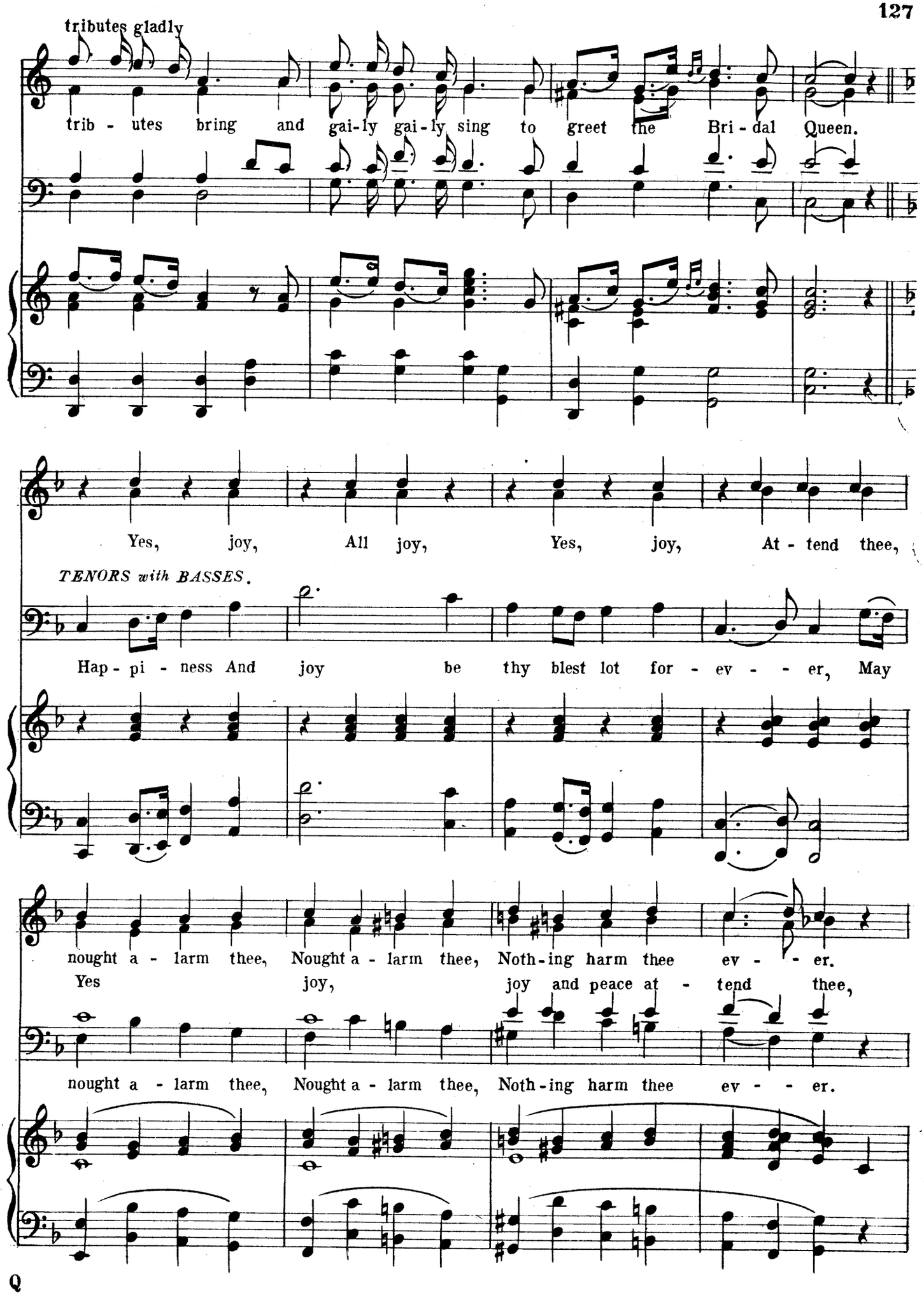
Nº 29.

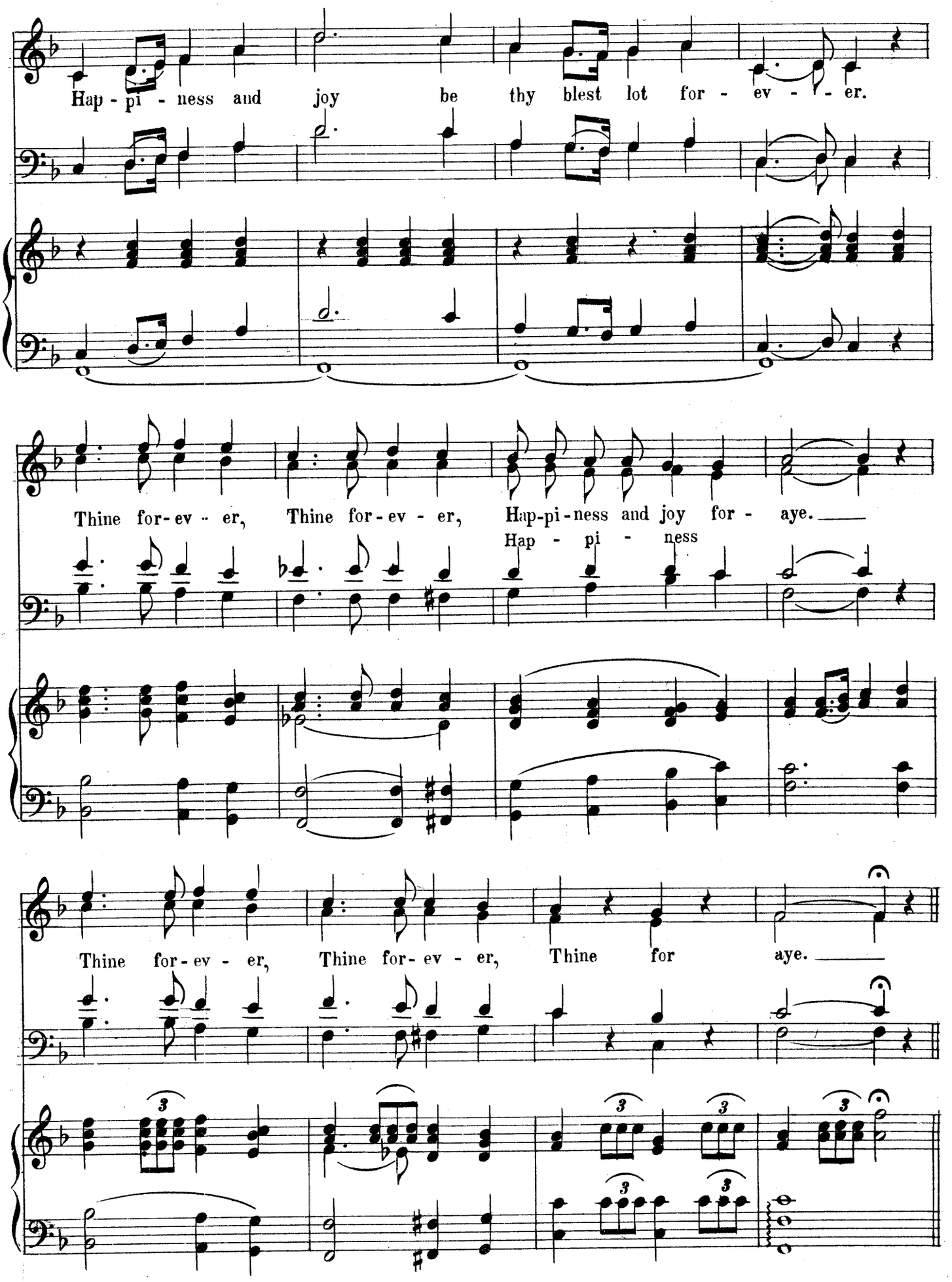
BRIDAL MARCH.

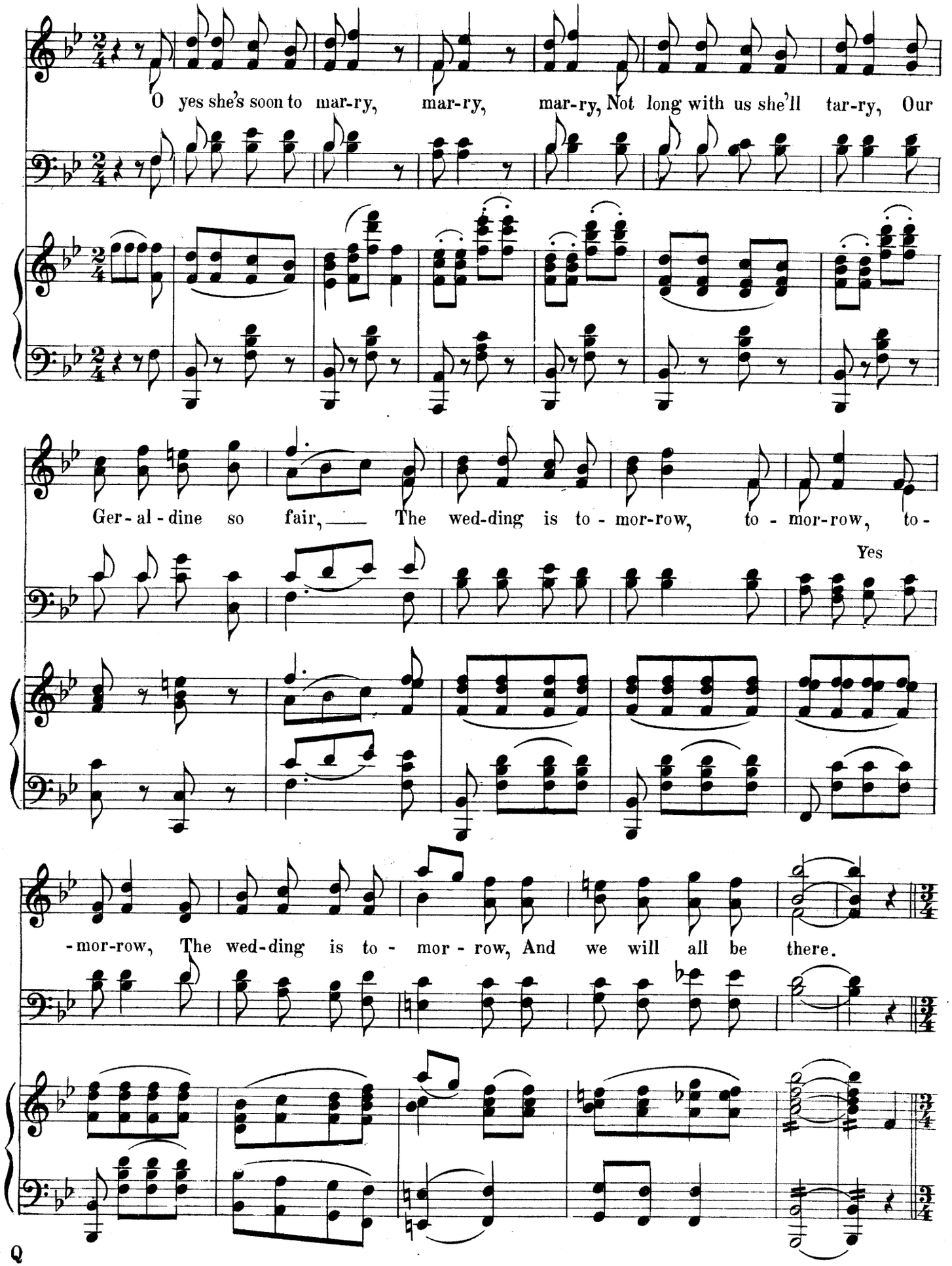
Moderato.



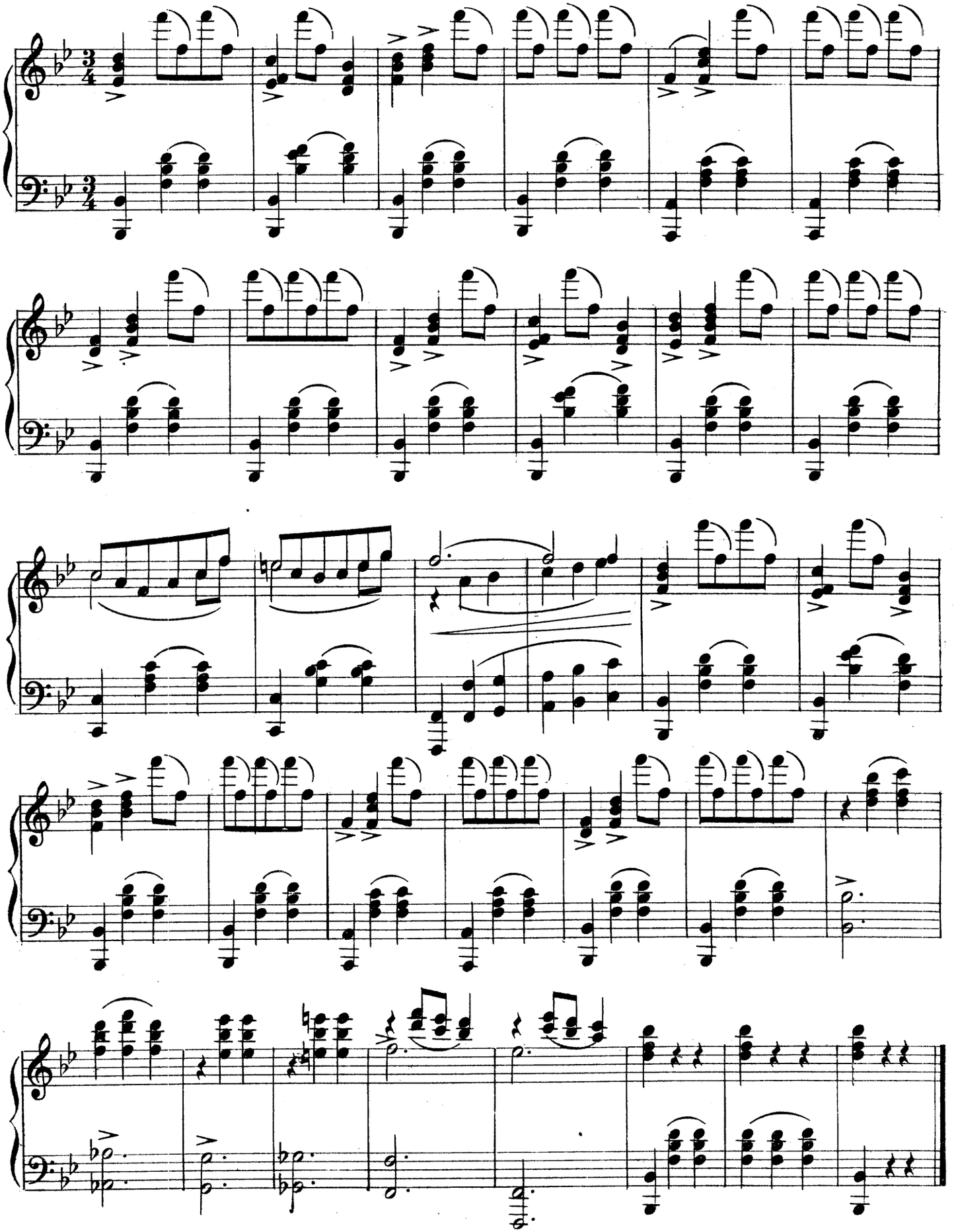

fair - er e'er was seen. Your trib - utes bring, and
gai - ly, gai - ly sing, to greet the Bri - dal Queen.
All hail, All hail, All Hail our Ger-al - dine. Your


tributes gladly
trib - utes bring and gai-ly gai-ly sing to greet the Bri - dal Queen.
Yes, joy, All joy, Yes, joy, At - tend thee,
TENORS with BASSES.
Hap - pi - ness And joy be thy blest lot for - ev - - er, May
nought a - larm thee, Nought a - larm thee, Noth-ing harm thee ev - - er.
Yes joy, joy and peace at - tend thee,
nought a - larm thee, Nought a - larm thee, Noth-ing harm thee ev - - er.


Hap - pi - ness and joy be thy blest lot for - ev - - er.
Thine for-ev - er, Thine for-ev - er, Hap-pi-ness and joy for - aye.
Hap - pi - ness
Thine for-ev - er, Thine for-ev - er, Thine for aye.


O yes she's soon to mar-ry, mar-ry, mar-ry, Not long with us she'll tar-ry, Our
Ger-al-dine so fair, The wed-ding is to-mor-row, to-mor-row, to-
Yes
-mor-row, The wed-ding is to-mor-row, And we will all be there.

Tempo di Valse.



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