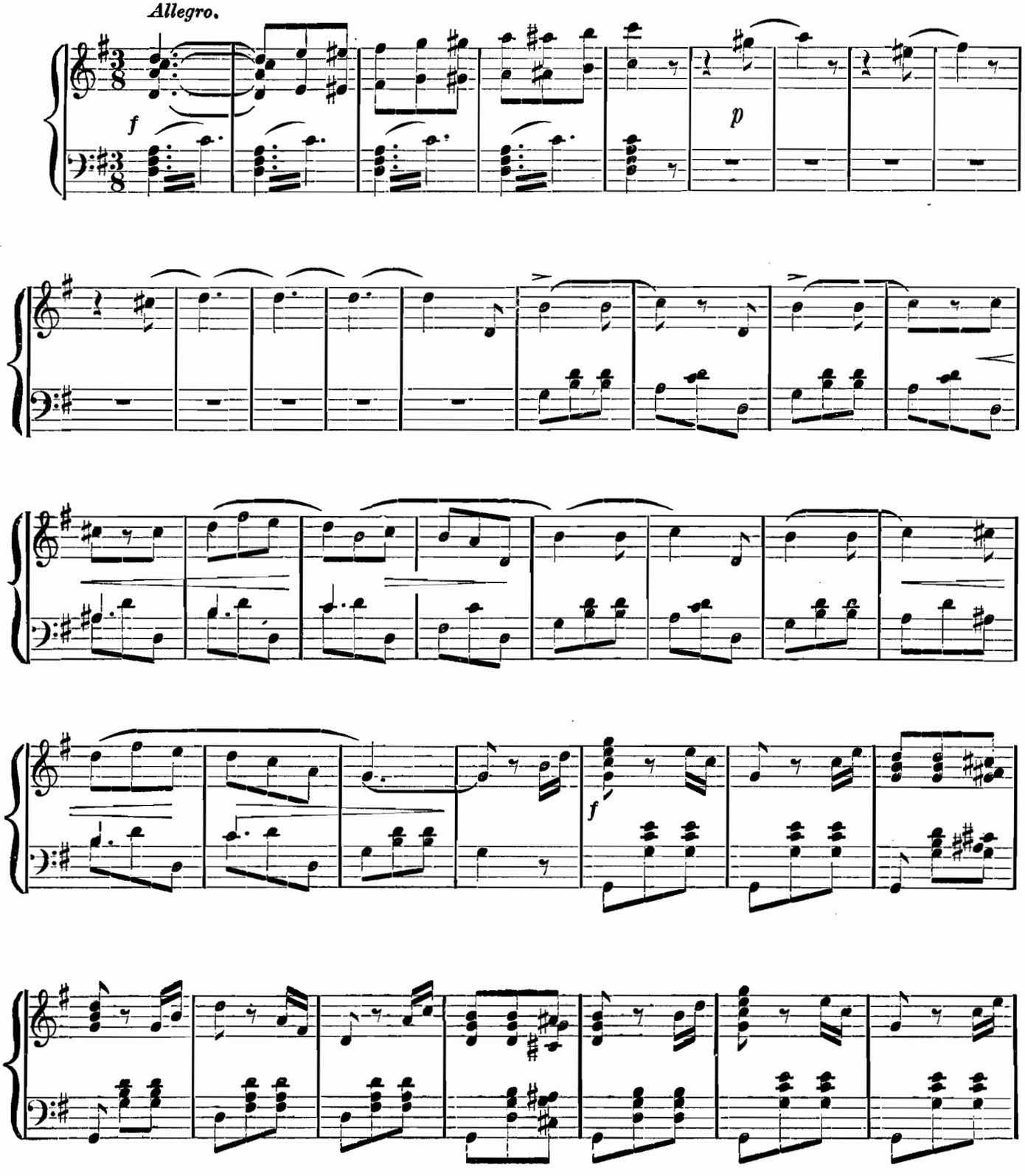
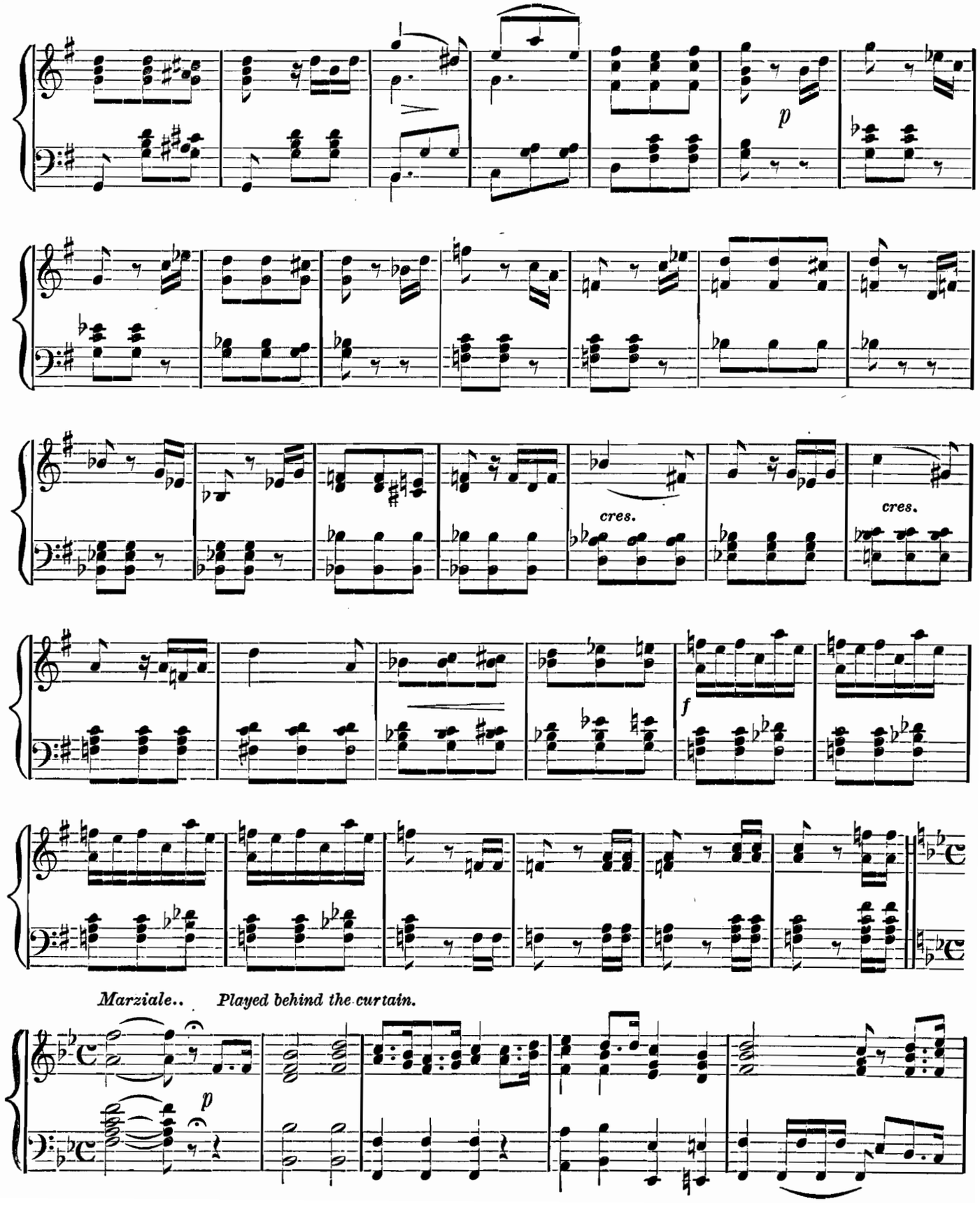
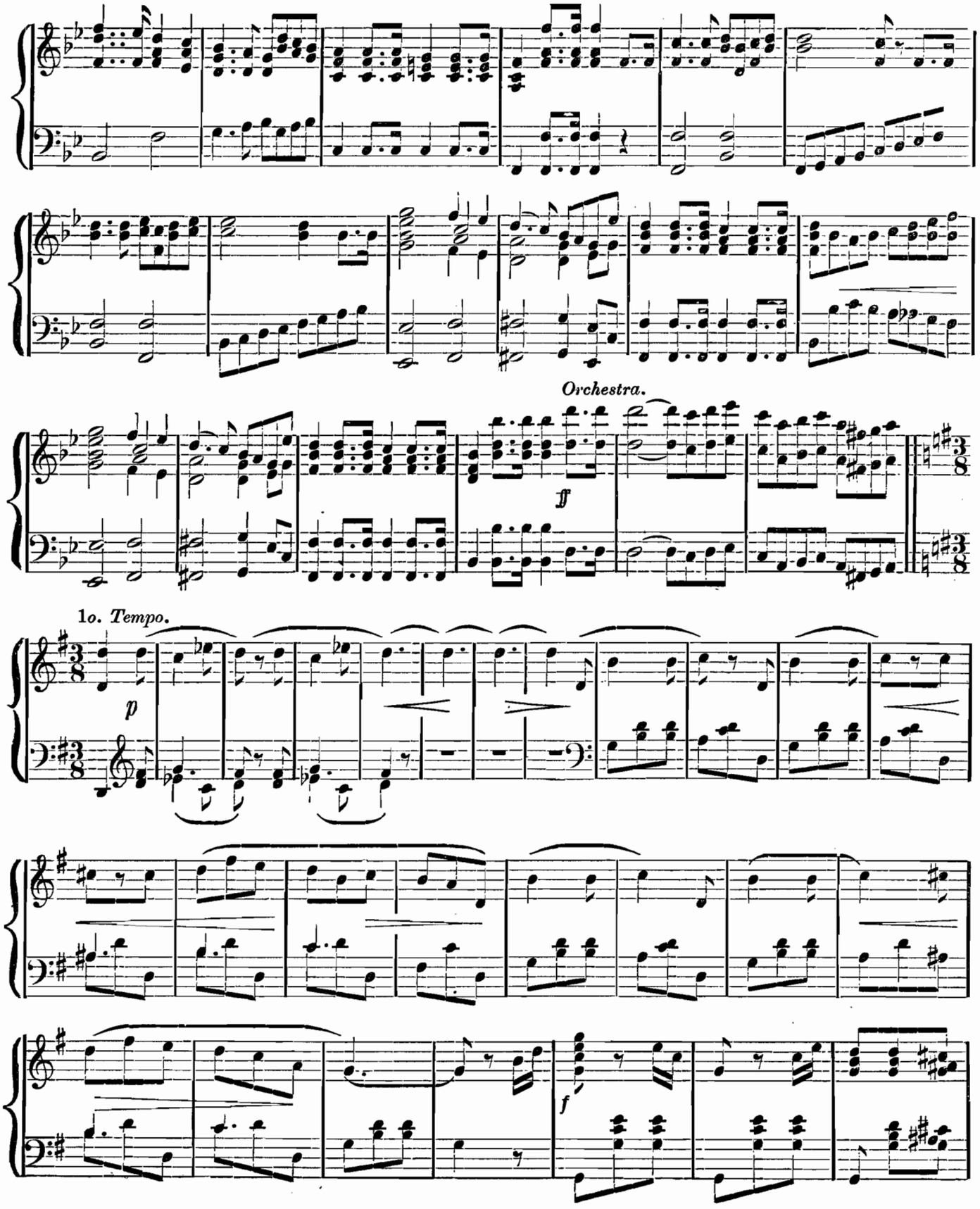
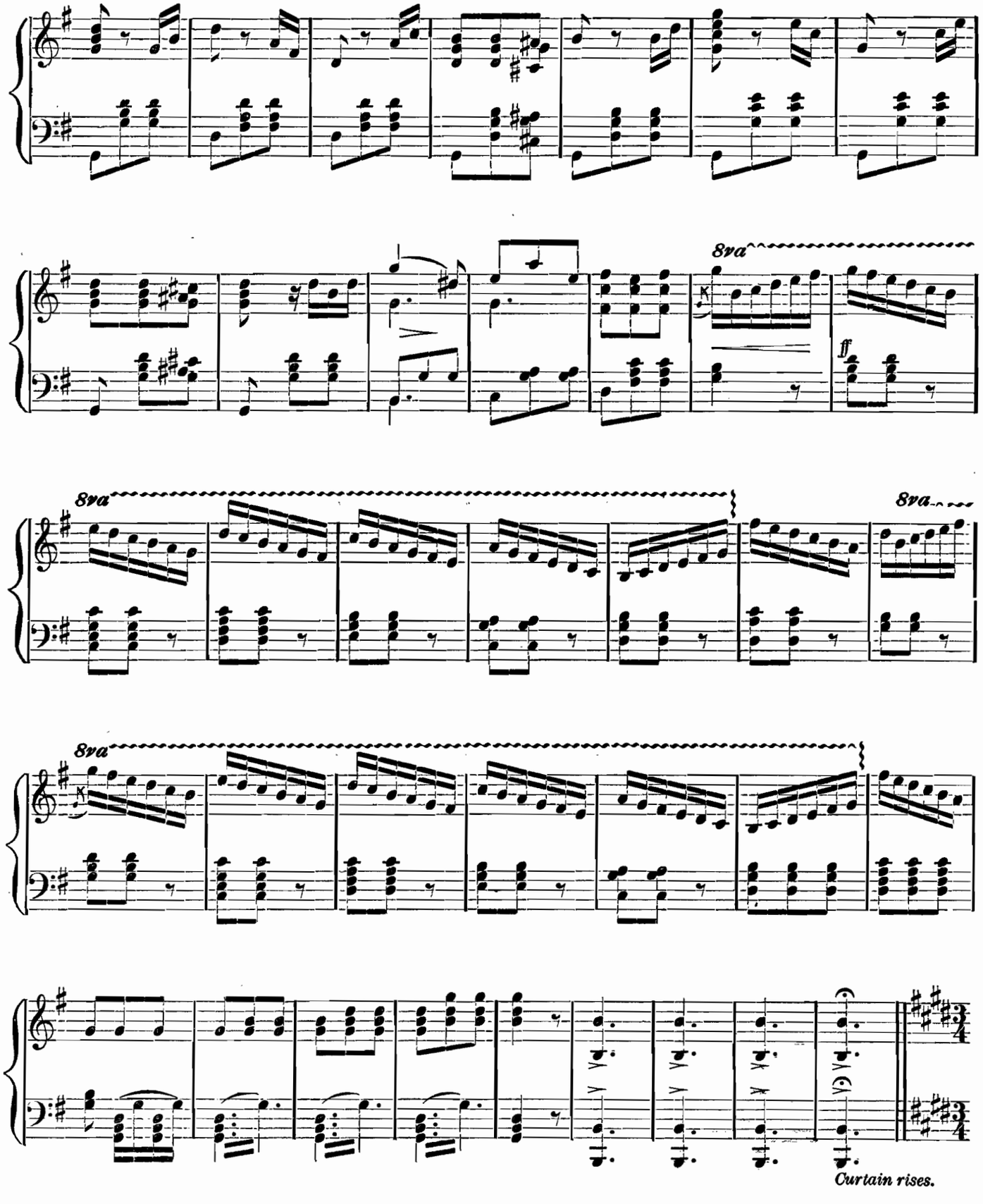
ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE.




p
cres.
cres.
f
Marziale..
Played behind the curtain.
p


Orchestra.
ff
1o. Tempo.
p
f


8va
ff
8va
8va
8va
Curtain rises.

ACT II.

The palace. A grand hall, at the back, a large door opening upon a festal gallery. At the left, a window, at the right, a door leading to the apartments of the princess. On the sides, right and left, large doors on the second wing, and a small private door on the first wing.

WITH OUR PRINCESS.

INTRODUCTION.

SCENE I.— CHORUS OF BRIDES. JOSEFA, the ELEVEN BRIDES, EIGHT PAGES.

Allo. Moderato.

f

JOSEFA.

With our prin - cess we

1st & 2d Sopranos. THE BRIDES.

With our prin - cess we

1st & 2d Sopranos. THE PAGES.

mf

shall be mar - ried, And her train by us will be car - ried. No fear be - tray,....

shall be mar - ried, And her train by us will be car - ried. No fear be - tray,....

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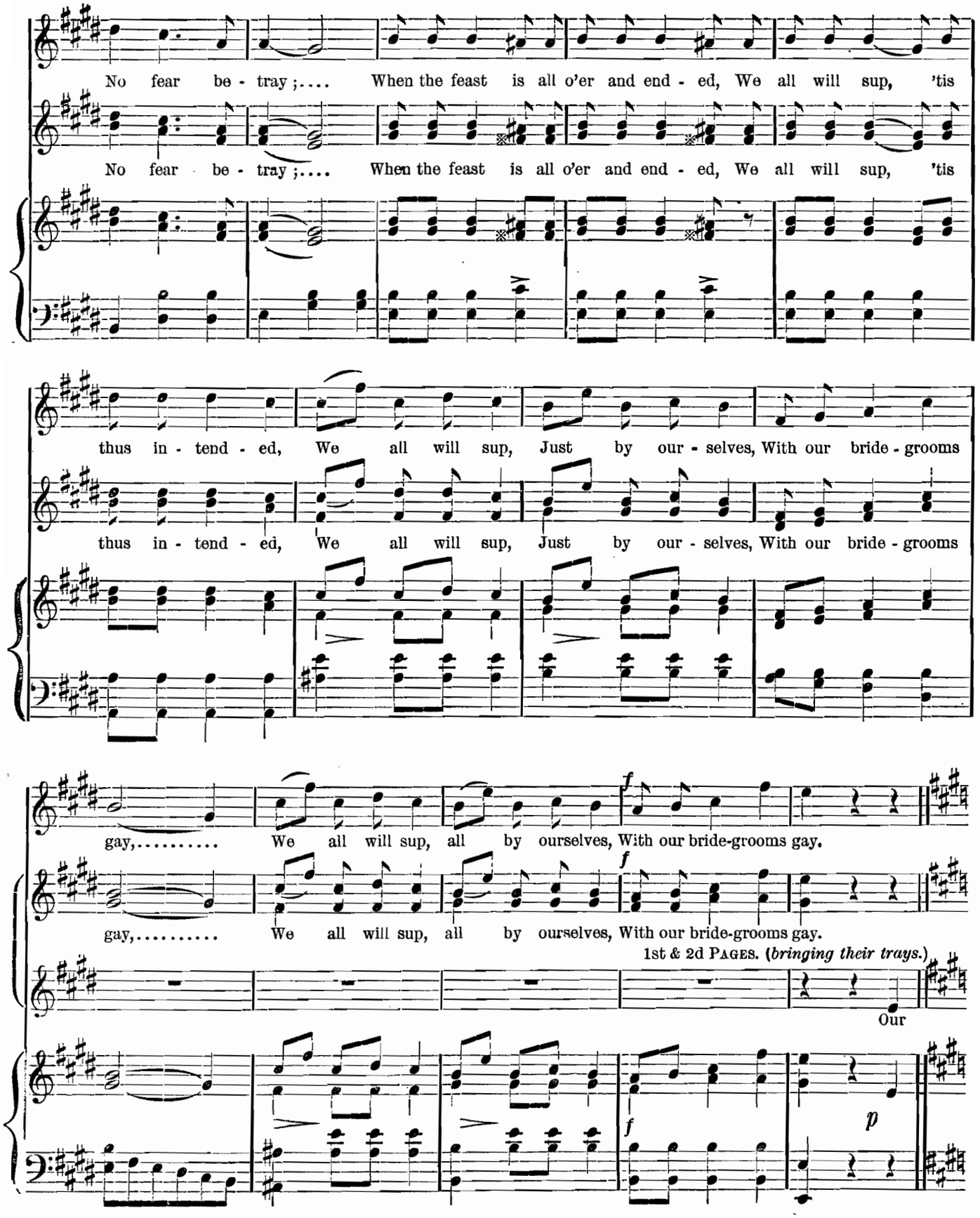
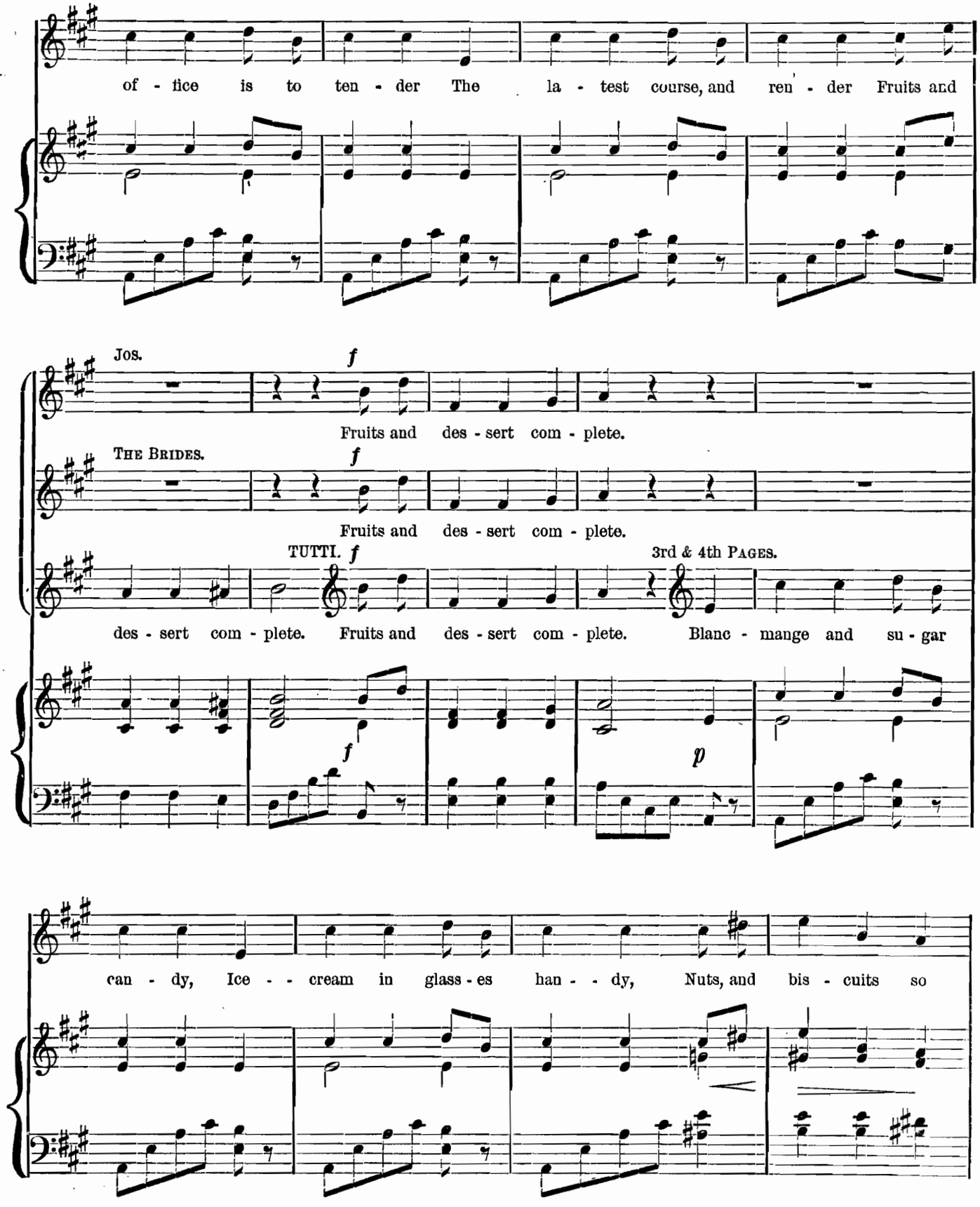
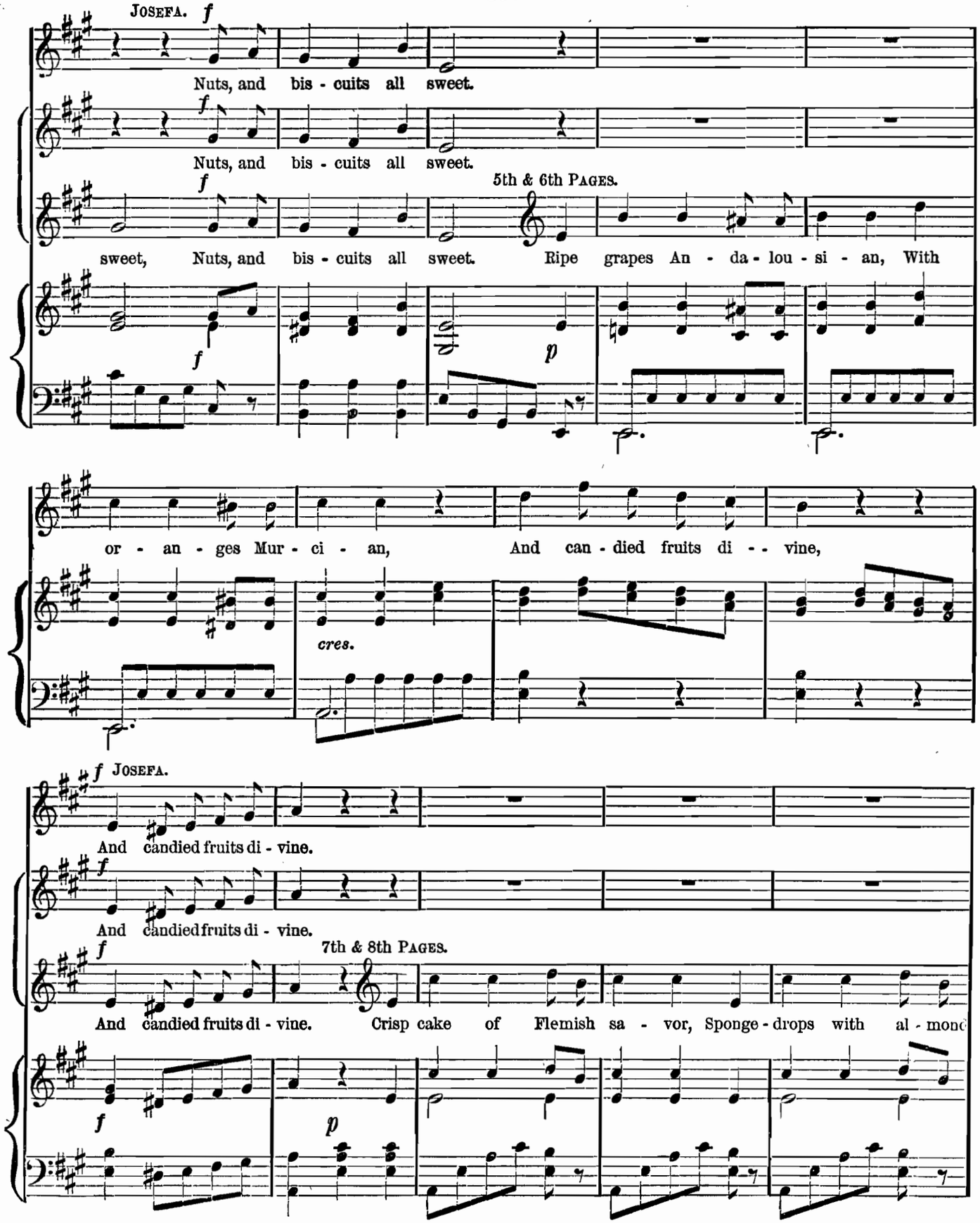
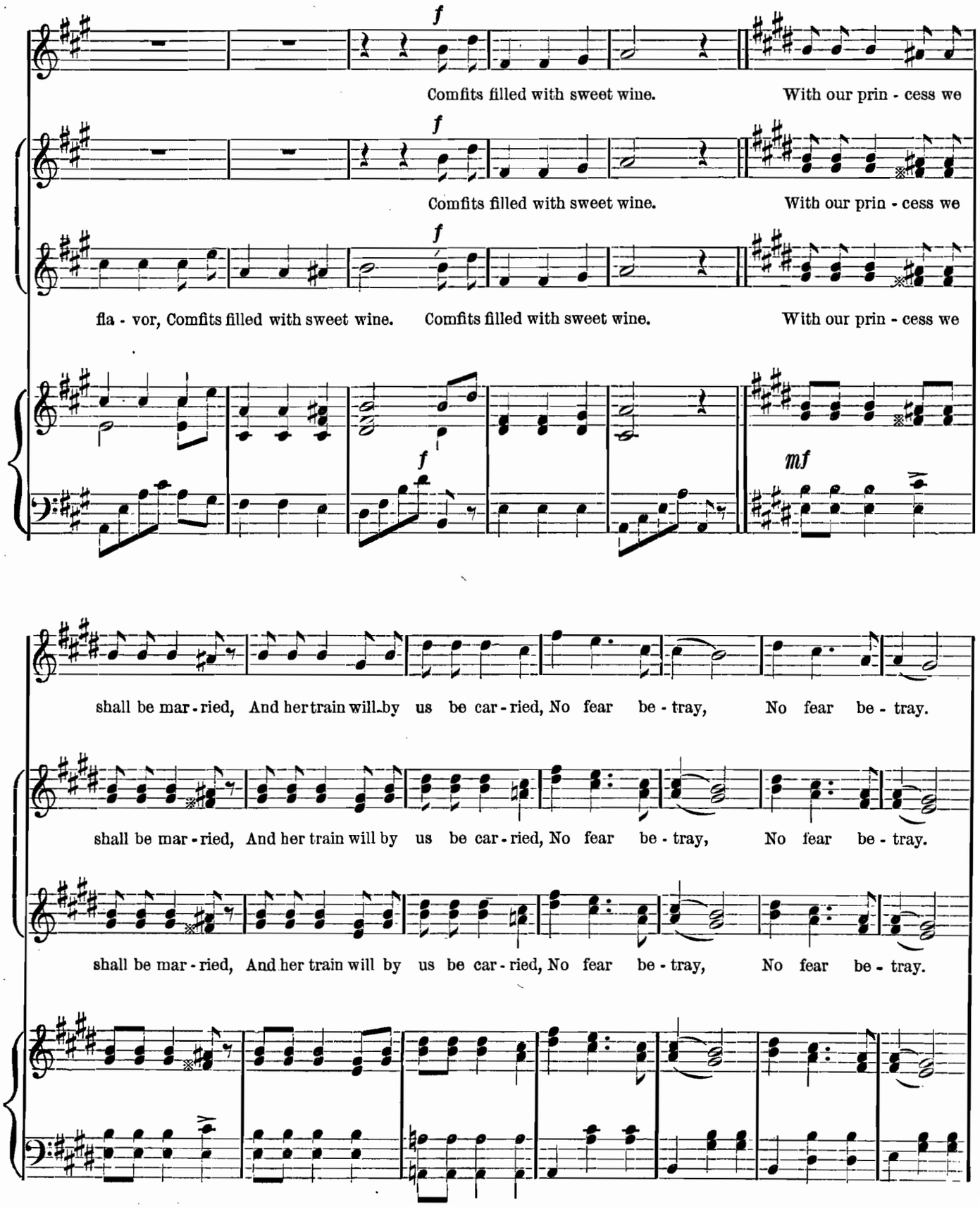
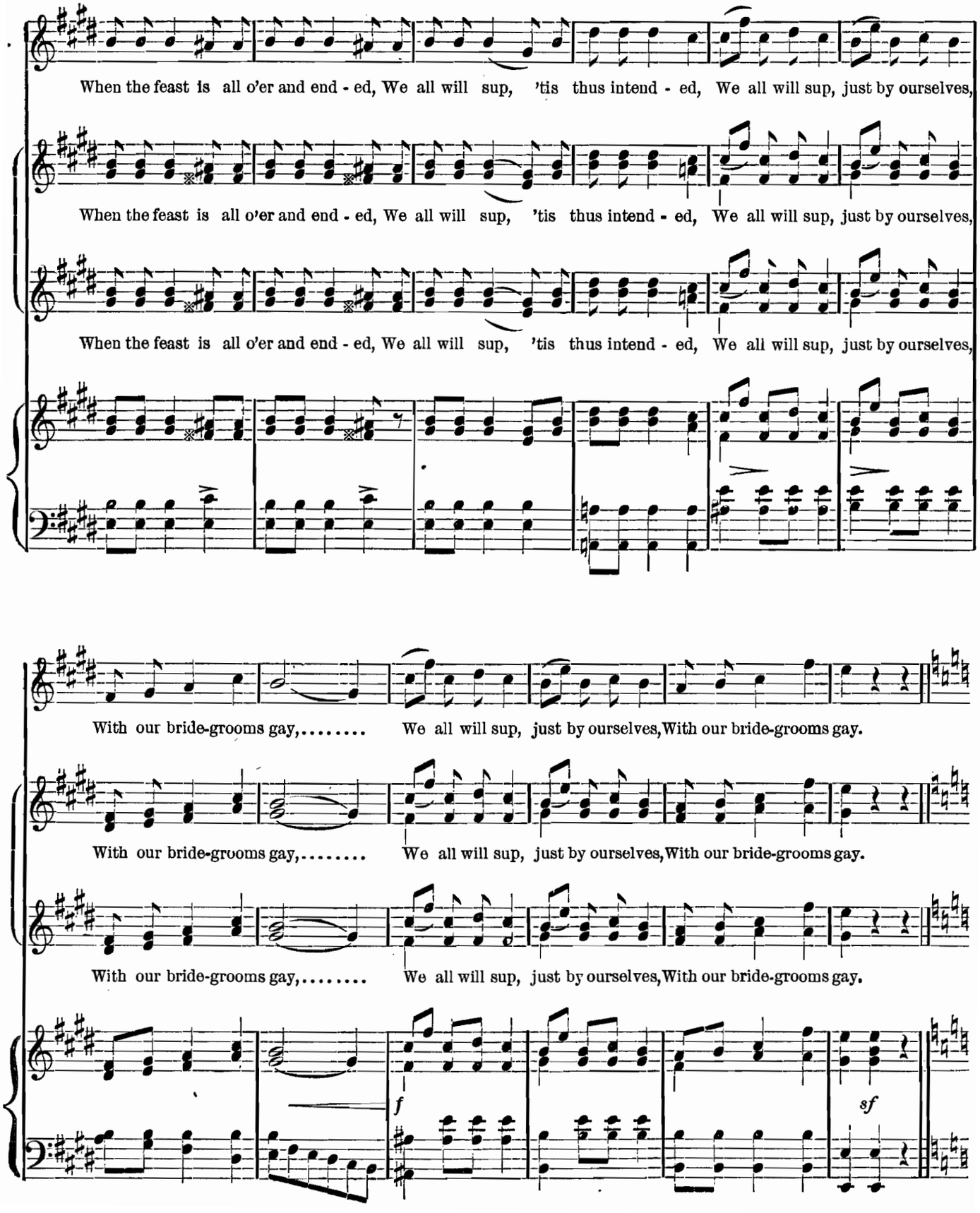

No fear be - tray ;.... When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis
No fear be - tray ;.... When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis
thus in - tend - ed, We all will sup, Just by our - selves, With our bride - grooms
thus in - tend - ed, We all will sup, Just by our - selves, With our bride - grooms
gay,..... We all will sup, all by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
gay,..... We all will sup, all by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
1st & 2d PAGES. (bringing their trays.)
Our

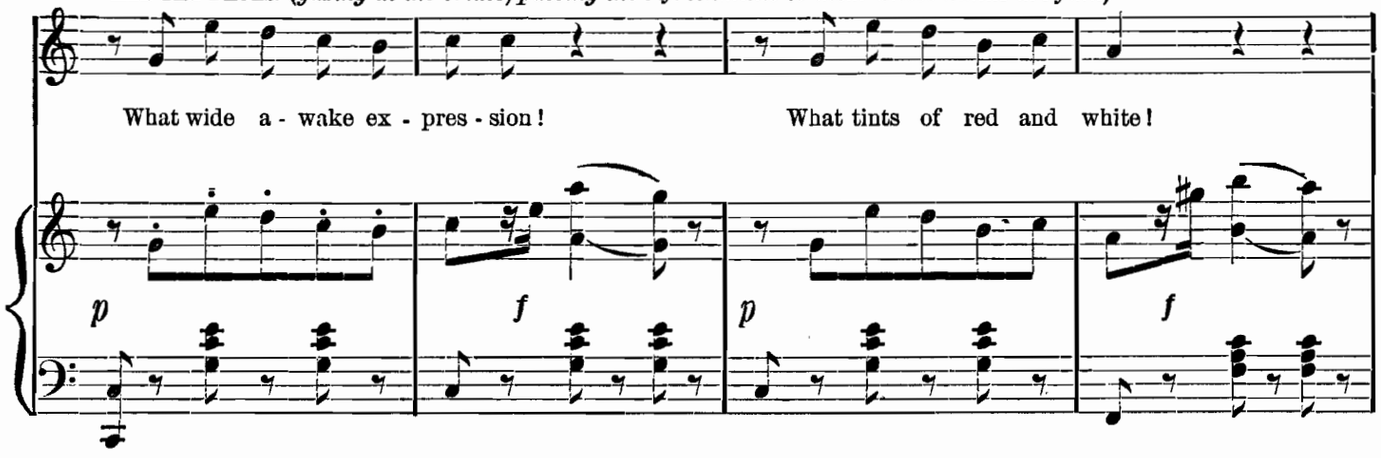

of - fice is to ten - der The la - test course, and ren - der Fruits and
Jos.
f
Fruits and des - sert com - plete.
THE BRIDES.
f
Fruits and des - sert com - plete.
TUTTI.
f
3rd & 4th PAGES.
des - sert com - plete. Fruits and des - sert com - plete. Blanc - mange and su - gar
f
p
can - dy, Ice - - cream in glass - es han - - dy, Nuts, and bis - cuits so

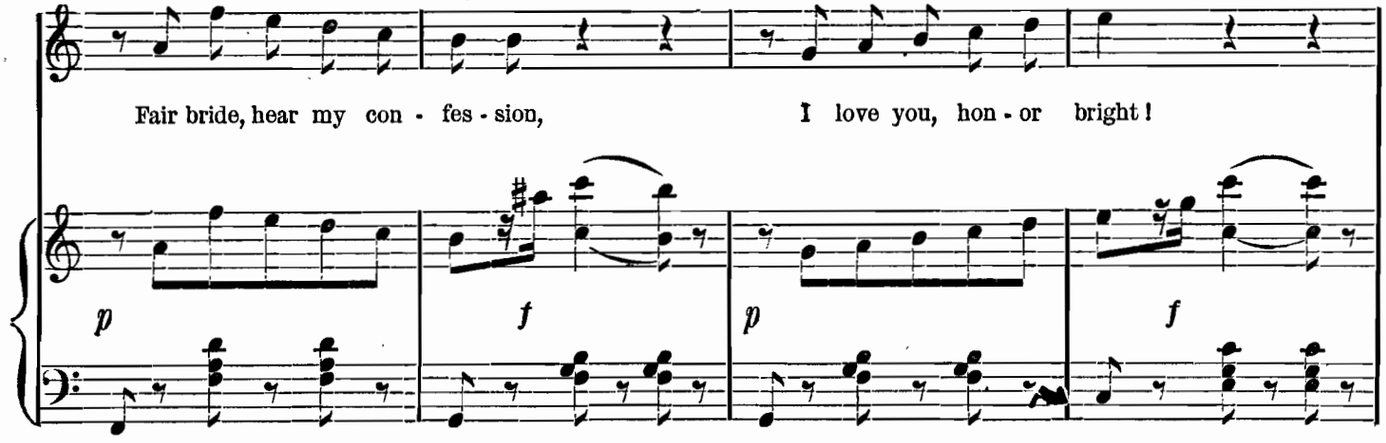

JOSEFA.
Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet.
Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet.
5th & 6th PAGES.
sweet, Nuts, and bis - cuits all sweet. Ripe grapes An - da - lou - si - an, With
or - an - ges Mur - ci - an, And can - died fruits di - - vine,
cres.
JOSEFA.
And candied fruits di - vine.
And candied fruits di - vine.
7th & 8th PAGES.
And candied fruits di - vine. Crisp cake of Flemish sa - vor, Sponge - drops with al - mond


f
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
fla - vor, Comfits filled with sweet wine.
Comfits filled with sweet wine.
With our prin - cess we
f
mf
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.
shall be mar - ried, And her train will by us be car - ried, No fear be - tray, No fear be - tray.

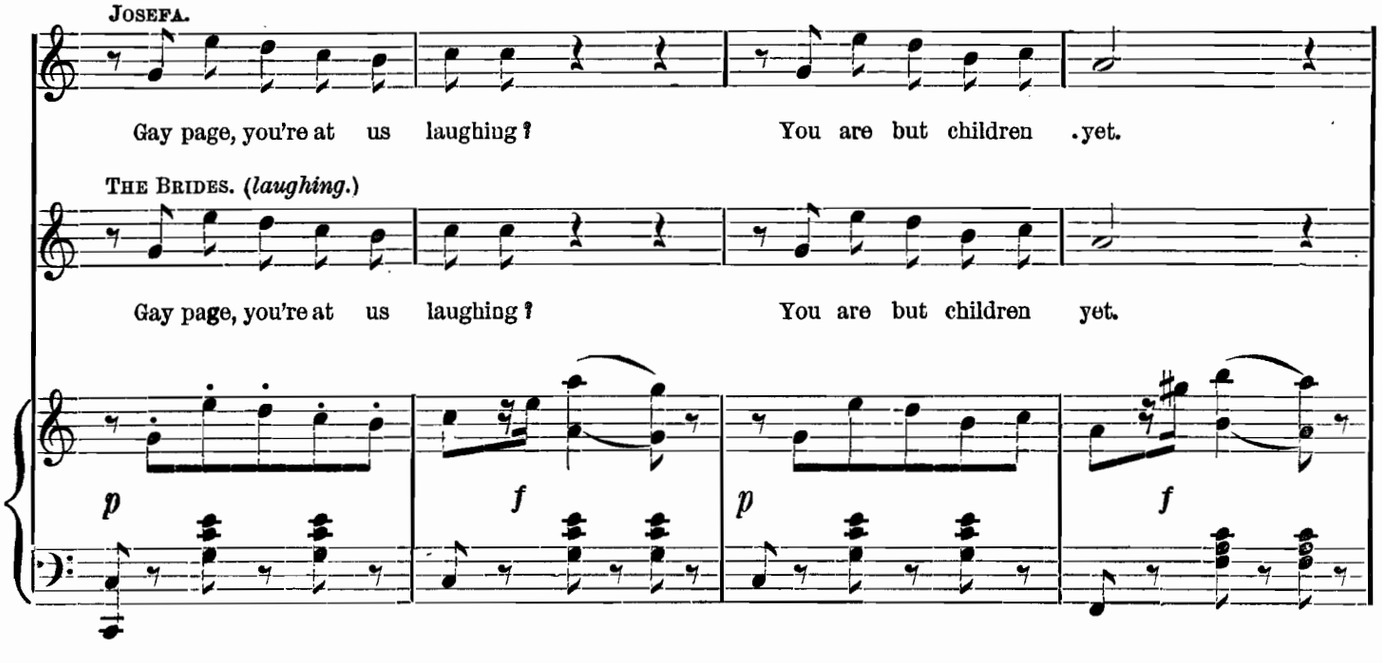

When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
When the feast is all o'er and end - ed, We all will sup, 'tis thus intend - ed, We all will sup, just by ourselves,
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
With our bride-grooms gay,..... We all will sup, just by ourselves, With our bride-grooms gay.
f
sf

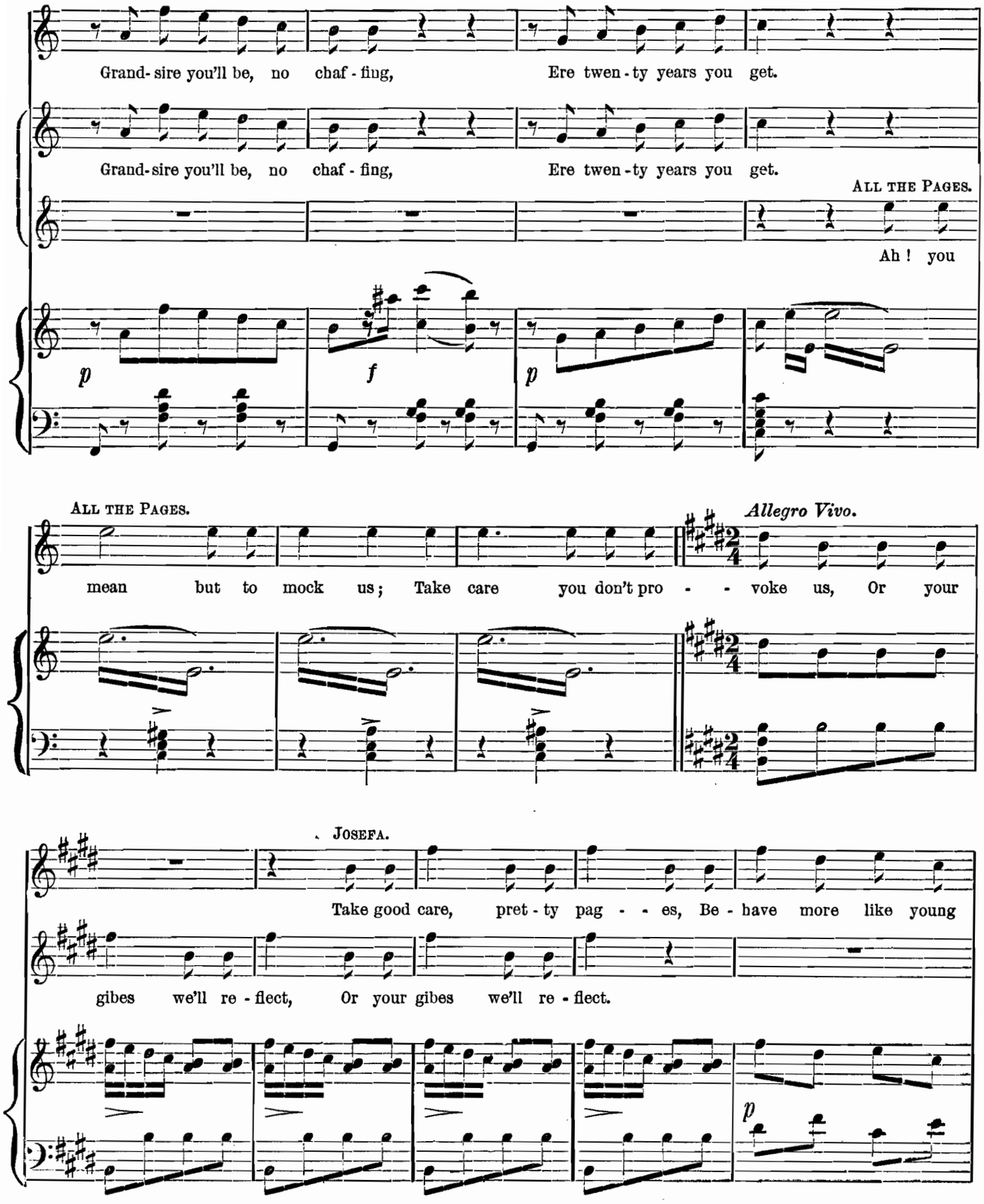
ALL THE PAGES. (*gazing at the brides, passing the refreshments to them whose hands are full.*)

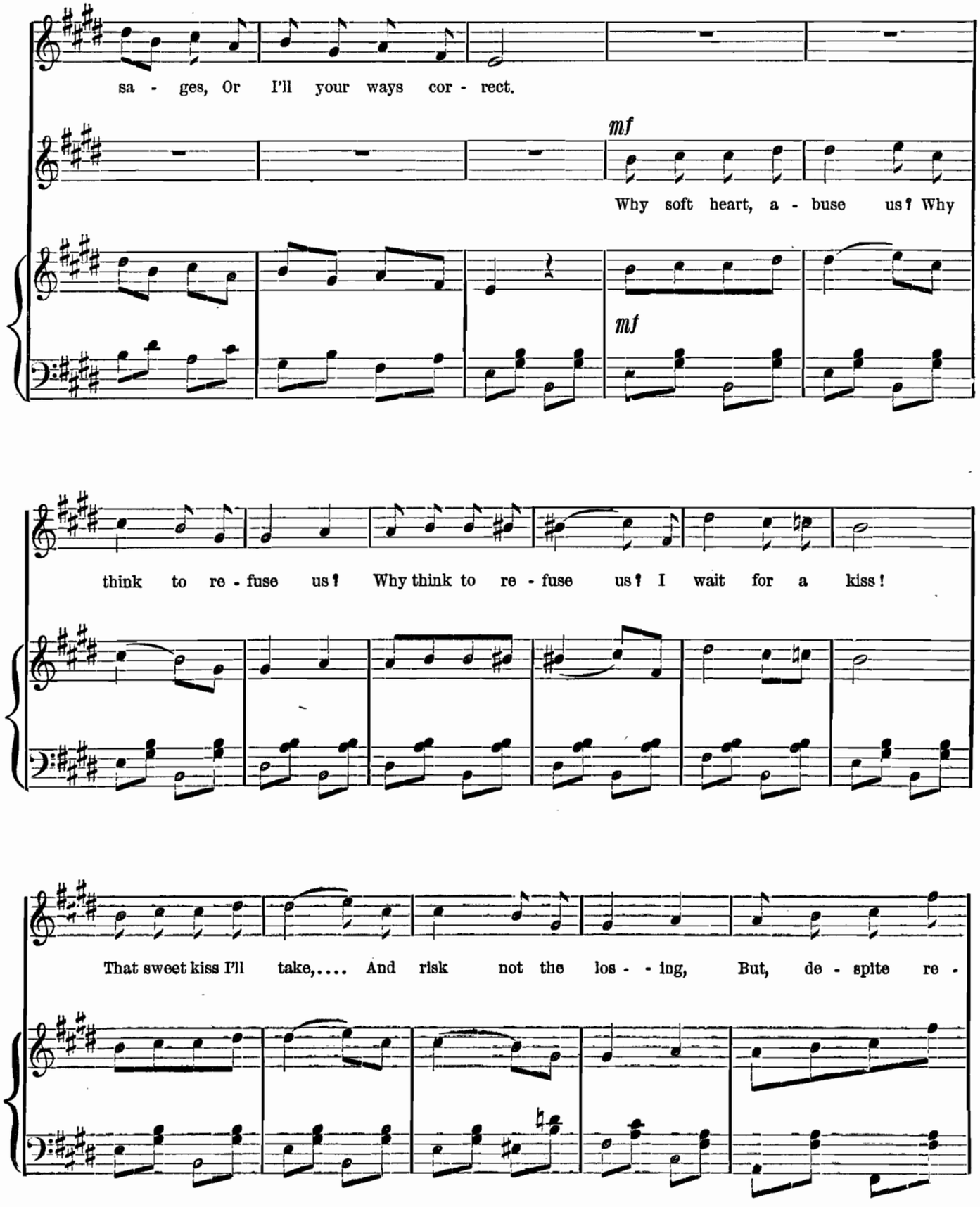


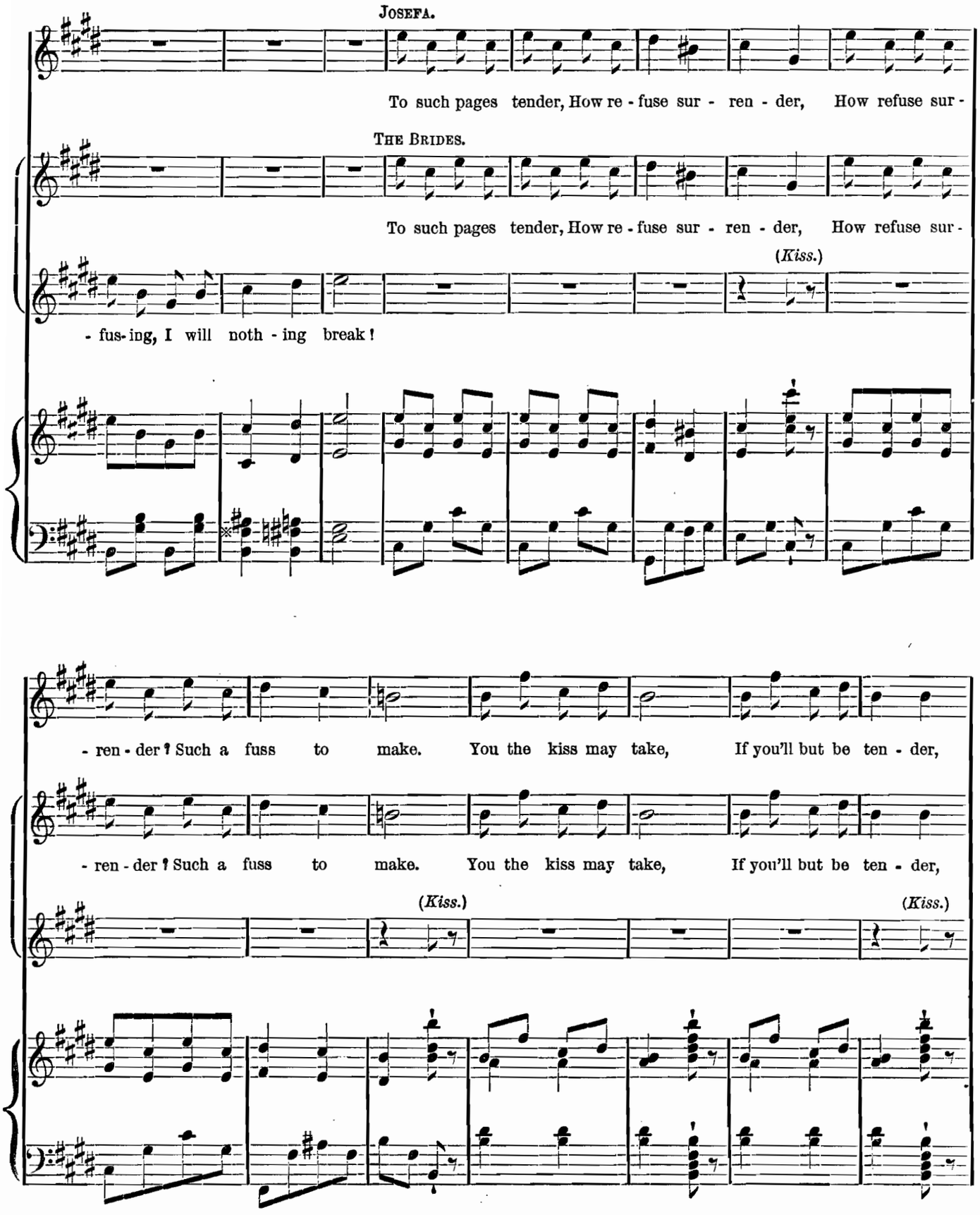


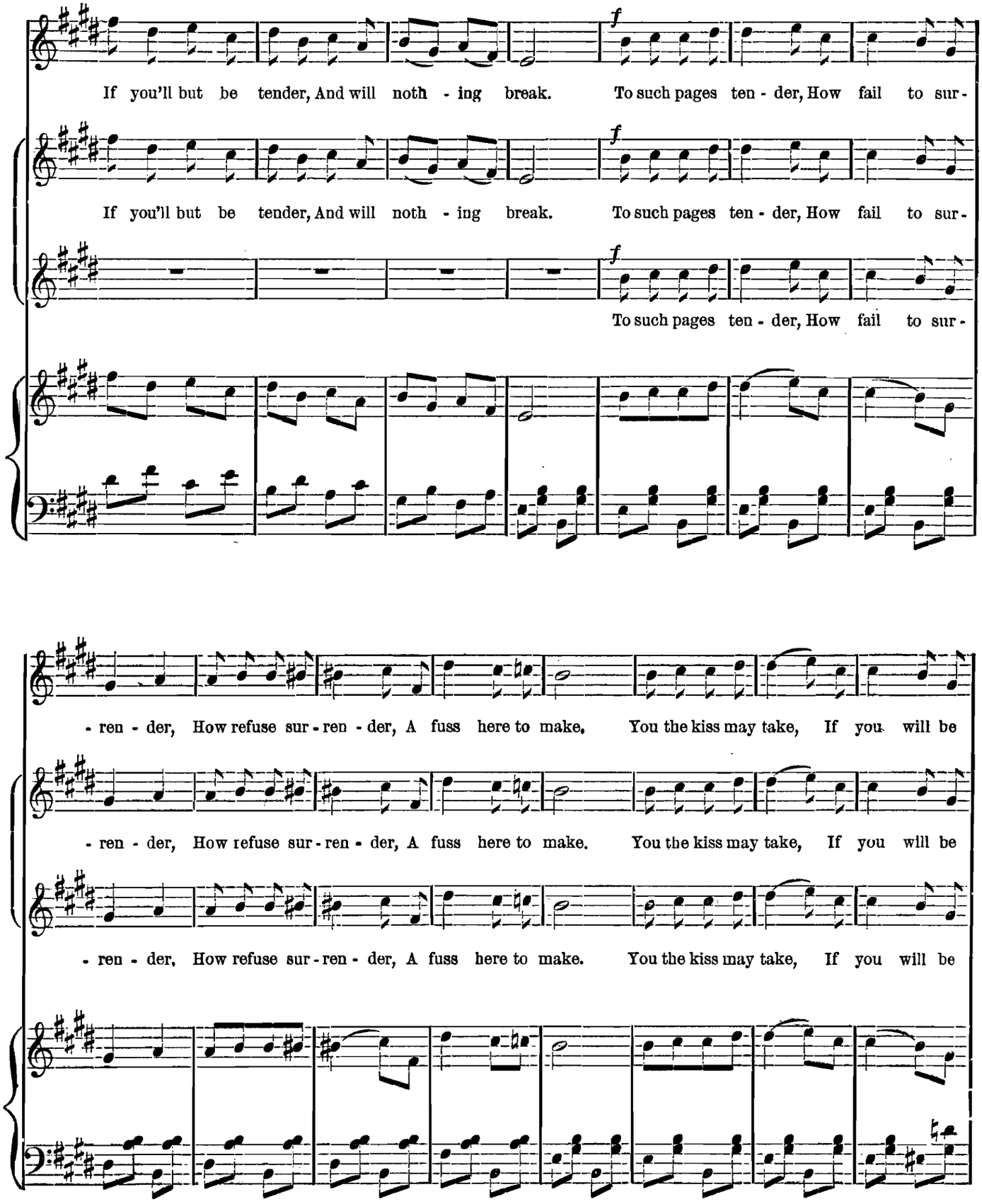
JOSEFA.

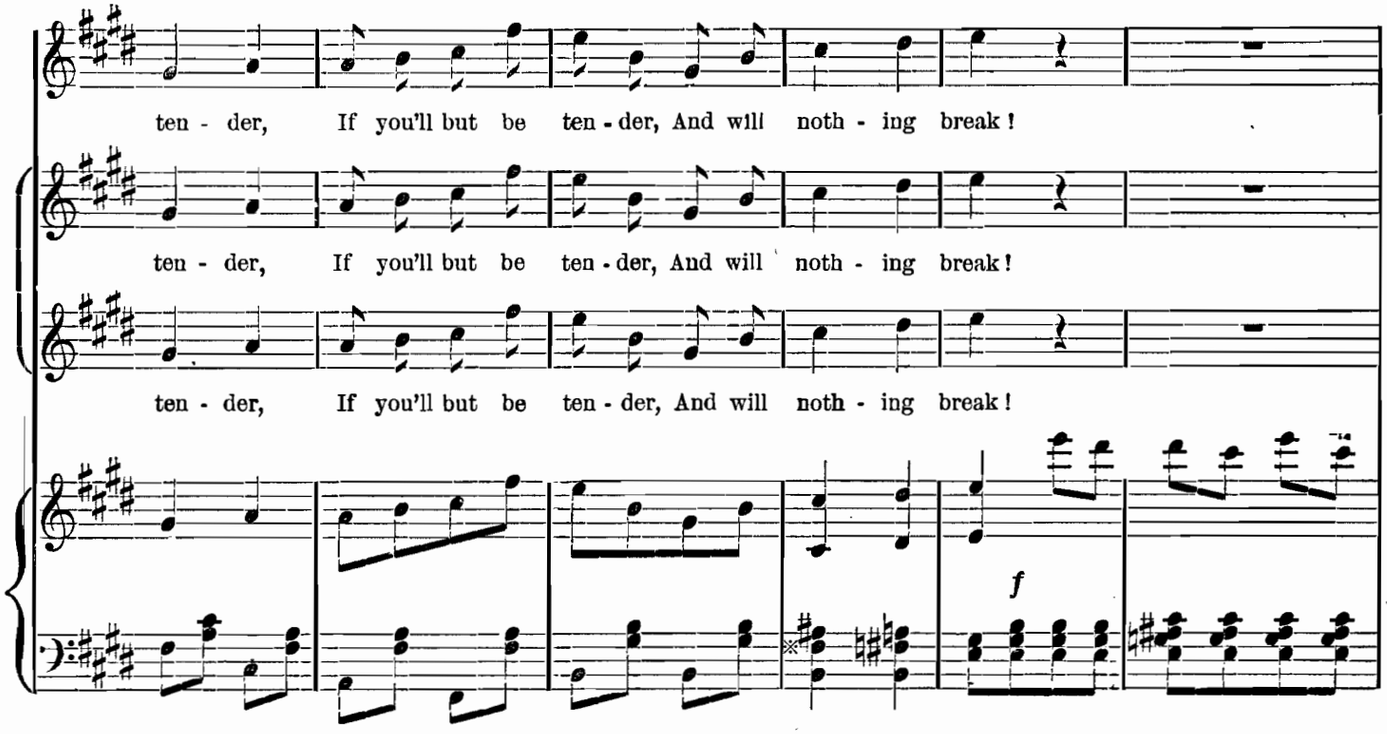



Grand-sire you'll be, no chaf-fing, Ere twen-ty years you get.
Grand-sire you'll be, no chaf-fing, Ere twen-ty years you get.
ALL THE PAGES.
Ah! you
p
f
p
ALL THE PAGES.
Allegro Vivo.
mean but to mock us; Take care you don't pro - - voke us, Or your
JOSEFA.
Take good care, pret-ty pag - - es, Be-have more like young
gibes we'll re-flect, Or your gibes we'll re-flect.
p

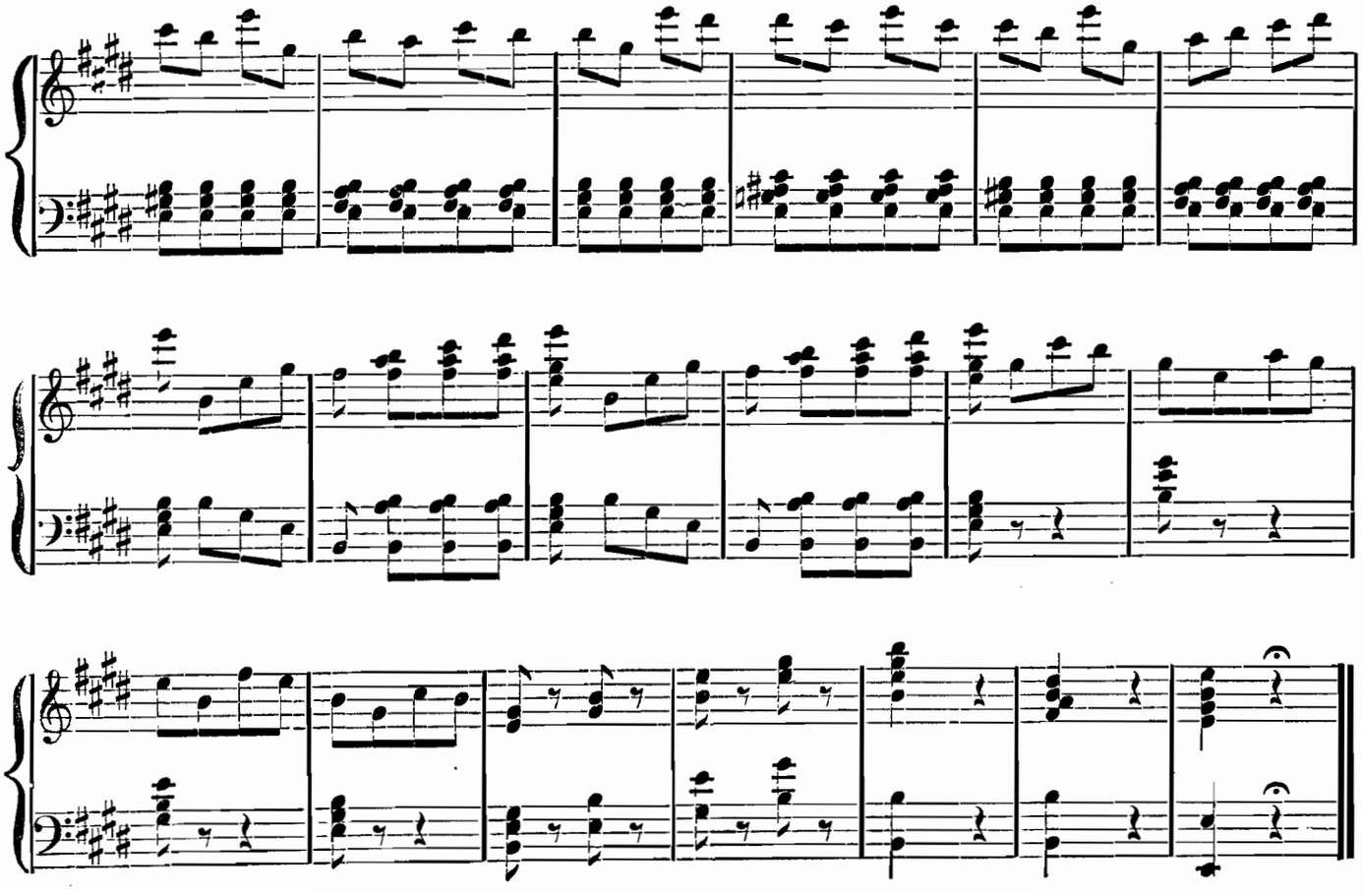

sa - ges, Or I'll your ways cor - rect.
mf
Why soft heart, a - buse us? Why
mf
think to re - fuse us? Why think to re - fuse us? I wait for a kiss!
That sweet kiss I'll take,.... And risk not the los - - ing, But, de - spite re -


JOSEFA.
To such pages tender, How re - fuse sur - ren - der, How refuse sur -
THE BRIDES.
To such pages tender, How re - fuse sur - ren - der, How refuse sur -
(Kiss.)
- fus-ing, I will noth - ing break!
- ren - der? Such a fuss to make. You the kiss may take, If you'll but be ten - der,
- ren - der? Such a fuss to make. You the kiss may take, If you'll but be ten - der,
(Kiss.)
(Kiss.)


If you'll but be tender, And will noth - ing break. To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
If you'll but be tender, And will noth - ing break. To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
To such pages ten - der, How fail to sur -
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be
- ren - der, How refuse sur - ren - der, A fuss here to make. You the kiss may take, If you will be

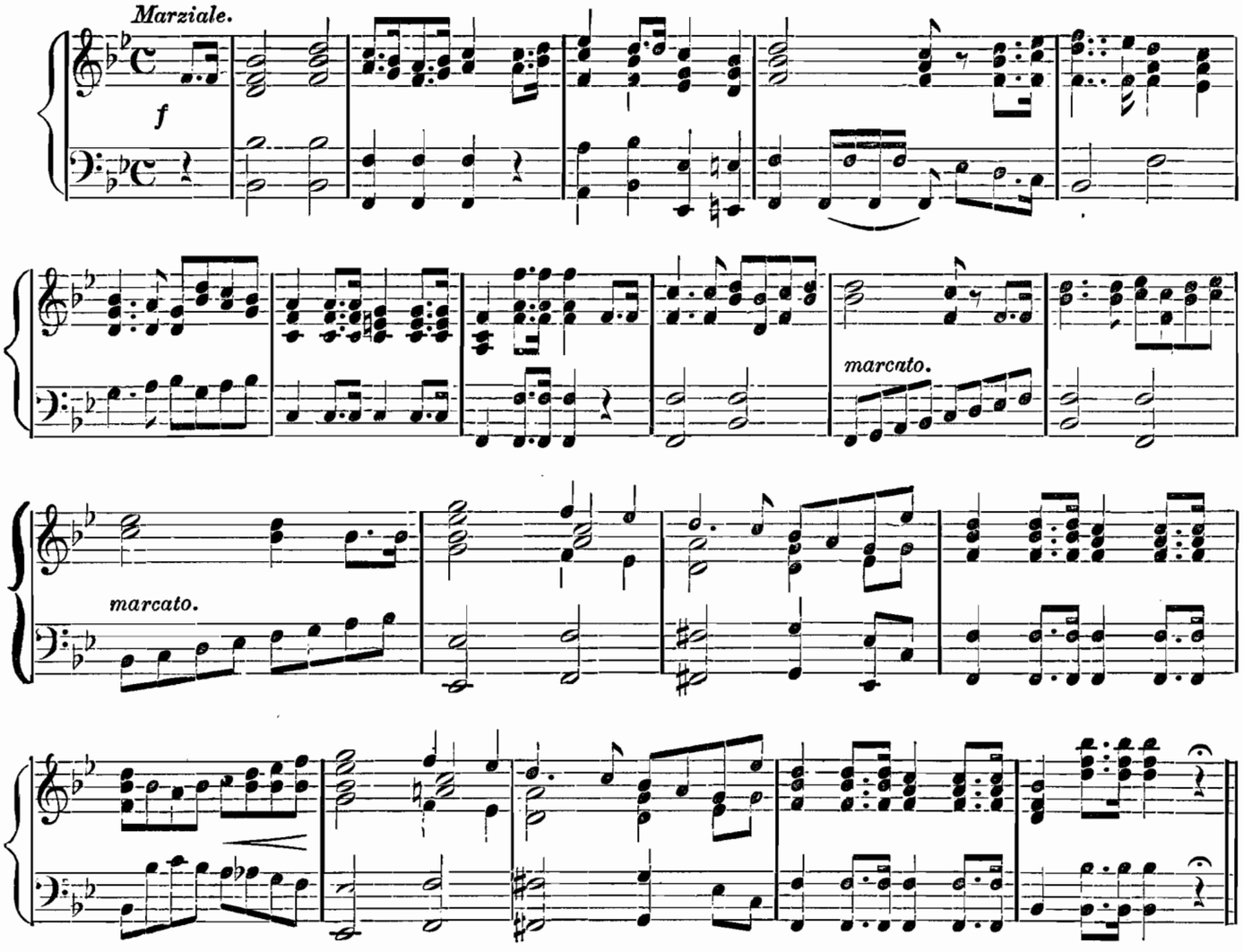


(The pages pursue, and kiss the brides, during this ritornelle. The brides escape, and carry their plates in the gallery.)



NATIONAL HYMN.

BEHIND THE SCENES.



SCENE II. MORALES. *The* PAGES. MORALES *appears at the left, and sees* JOSEFA, *who is the last to go out.*

MOR. (*Calling out.*) Josefa! Josefa!

ASCA. Too late! you will not see her; her service keeps her near the princess.

PASC. And yours confines you to the palace gates.

LAZA. That is so— you are a brigadier now, thanks to the princess, who appointed you last evening.

PABLO. And all the brigadiers are posted at the palace tonight.

MOR. Unhappily! my wedding night does not commence until to-morrow at dawn.

PABLO. Does that distress you?

ASCA. I think it does. She is charming— your wife.

PABLO. And she will have to return alone to the homestead.

LAZA. While Monsieur, the bridegroom, dances attendance here.

ALL THE PAGES. (*Snrrounding him, and laughing.*) Mr. Bridegroom! Mr. Bridegroom.

MOR. Devil take the pages!

PABLO. Come now, my friends,— we must take pity on the poor groom. Who knows! we may be married ourselves, some day, perhaps— when we are good for nothing else! Listen, Morales, I think I have found a way to reconcile matters.

MOR. Ah! so much the better!

PASC. It would not be proper that your little wife, who 's good enough to eat, should remain alone until tomorrow.

MOR. Isn't that so?

PABLO. Without hearing a tender word, or feeling the pressure of a friendly hand

MOR. That is self-evident. What is your remedy?

PABLO. It is this. I will not leave her for a moment, and you will be sure at least, that someone will be near her, to amuse her while she awaits your return. (*All laugh.*)

MOR. Ah! if that is what you call reconciling matters, I don't want it. (*The National Hymn is heard.*)

ASCA. The National Hymn! they are leaving the tables— make room.

ALL THE PAGES. Mr. Bridegroom, to your post!

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SCENE III. *The* KING. DON MOSQUITOS.

THE KING. Very fine, our national air! perfectly beautiful. (*taking* MOSQUITOS *aside.*) We had a little disorder, just now—in the speeches. I pretended to observe nothing, but positively, there was something wrong. When the corporations were received, did you hear any comments?

MOSQ. To be sure, Sire!

THE KING. Thus, in reply to the milk-dealers and the wine-merchants, the prince has pronounced the address prepared in reply to the agriculturists, and felicited them that the works of drainage and canalisation would put as much water at their disposition as they could desire.

MOSQ. They all sneered.

THE KING. Parbleu! they had reason to! The replies to the speeches had got mixed up then?

MOSQ, Pardon, Sire! they were all classed and numbered, but the prince got them all in disorder, one might have said purposely.

THE KING. He is quite capable of doing so. When it came to the turn of the bailiffs, he replied to them what he ought to say to the bankers, that he hoped they would be more busy than ever, and that they might not be sufficient for the crowd of their clients

MOSQ. A crash— then!

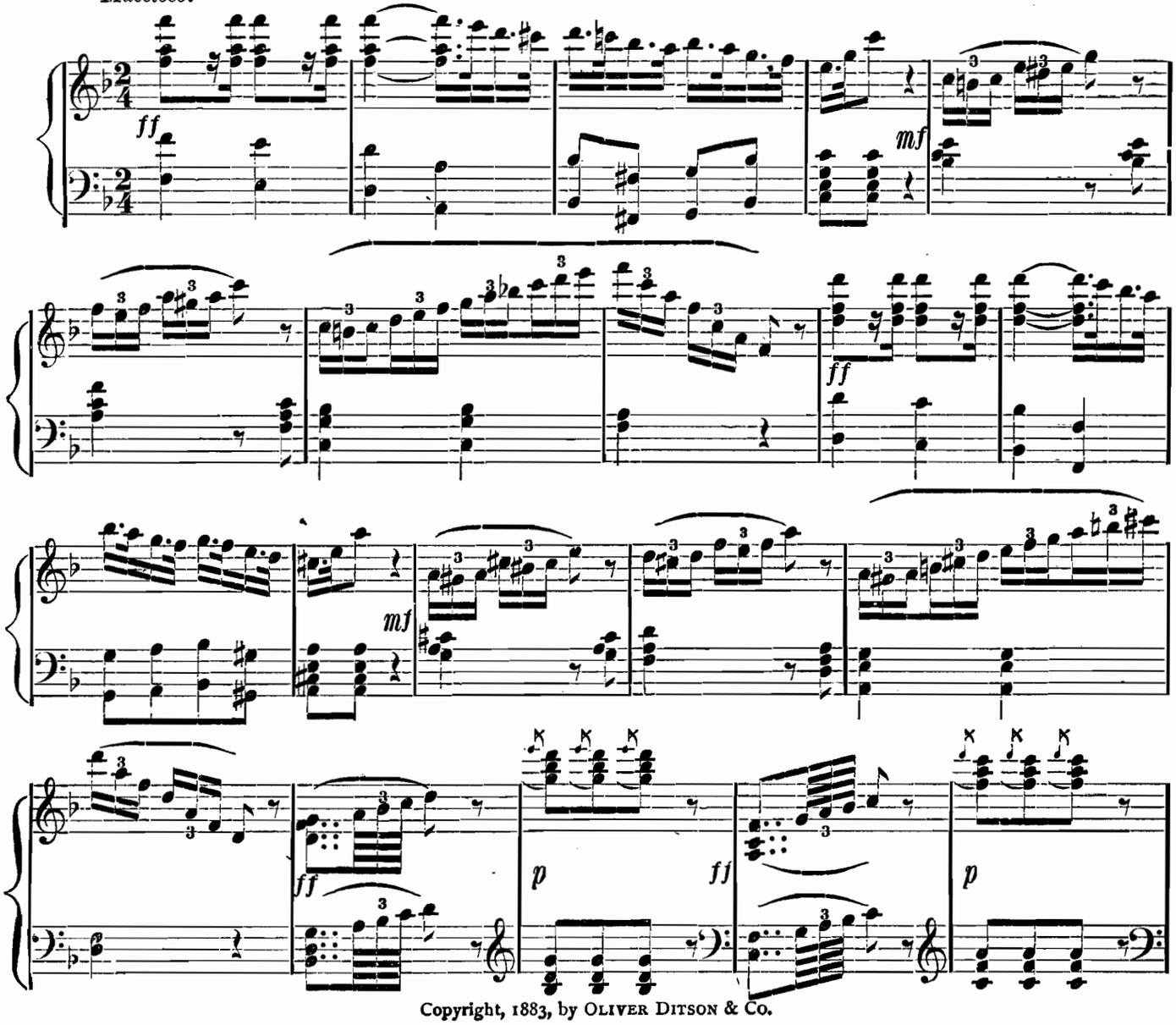
THE KING. 'Tis scandalous! At least, let us seem to take no notice. Here comes my court!

SCENE IV. *The same.* GAETAN. MICHAELA. DONNA SCOLASTICA. *Courtiers. Ladies.* JOESFA. GAETAN *advances first, giving a hand to* MICAELA *who still wears her bridal veil. He pretends not to regard her. All the court follows in stately fashion.*

IN GOTHA'S WORK OF RENOWN.

Entrance of the Court and chorus of the Almanac of Gotha.

Maestoso.



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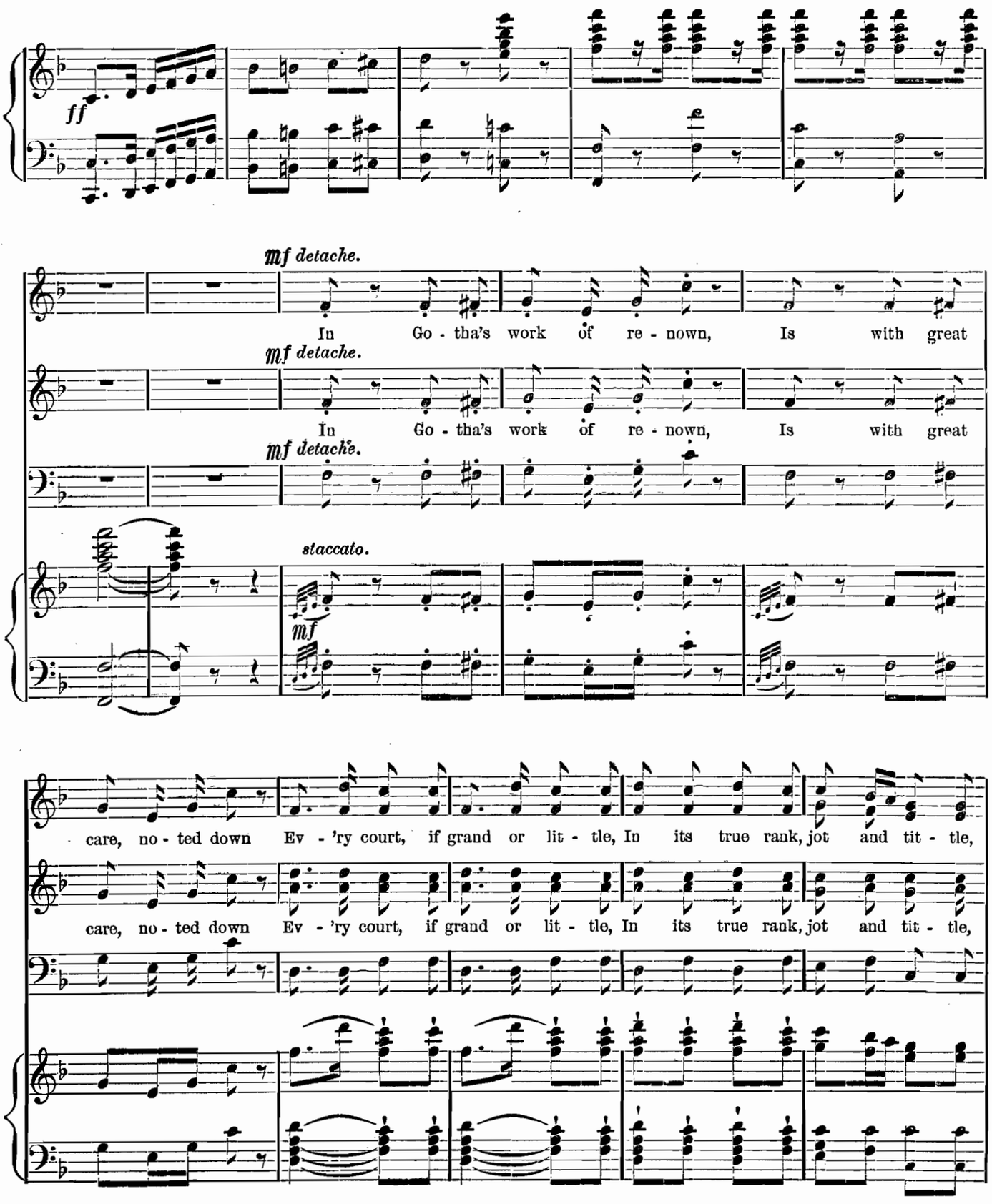
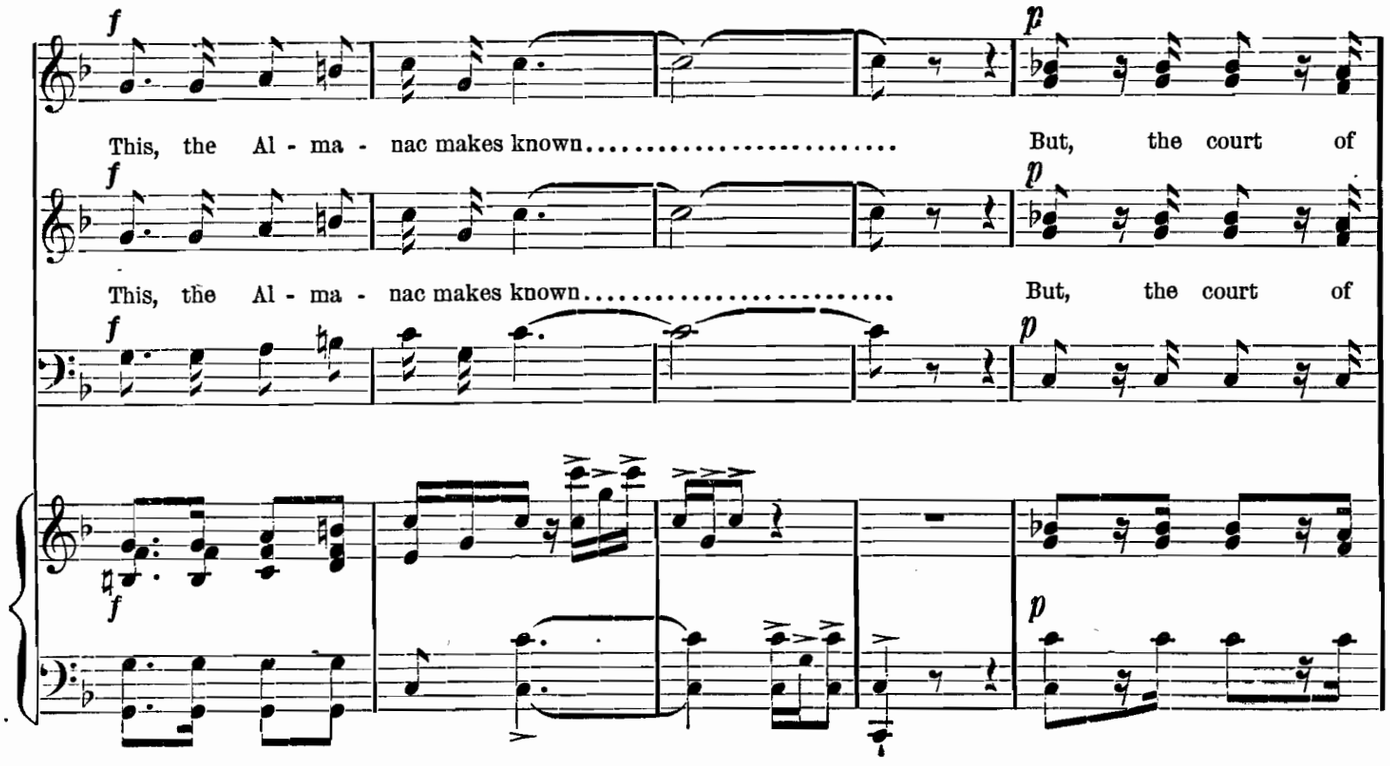
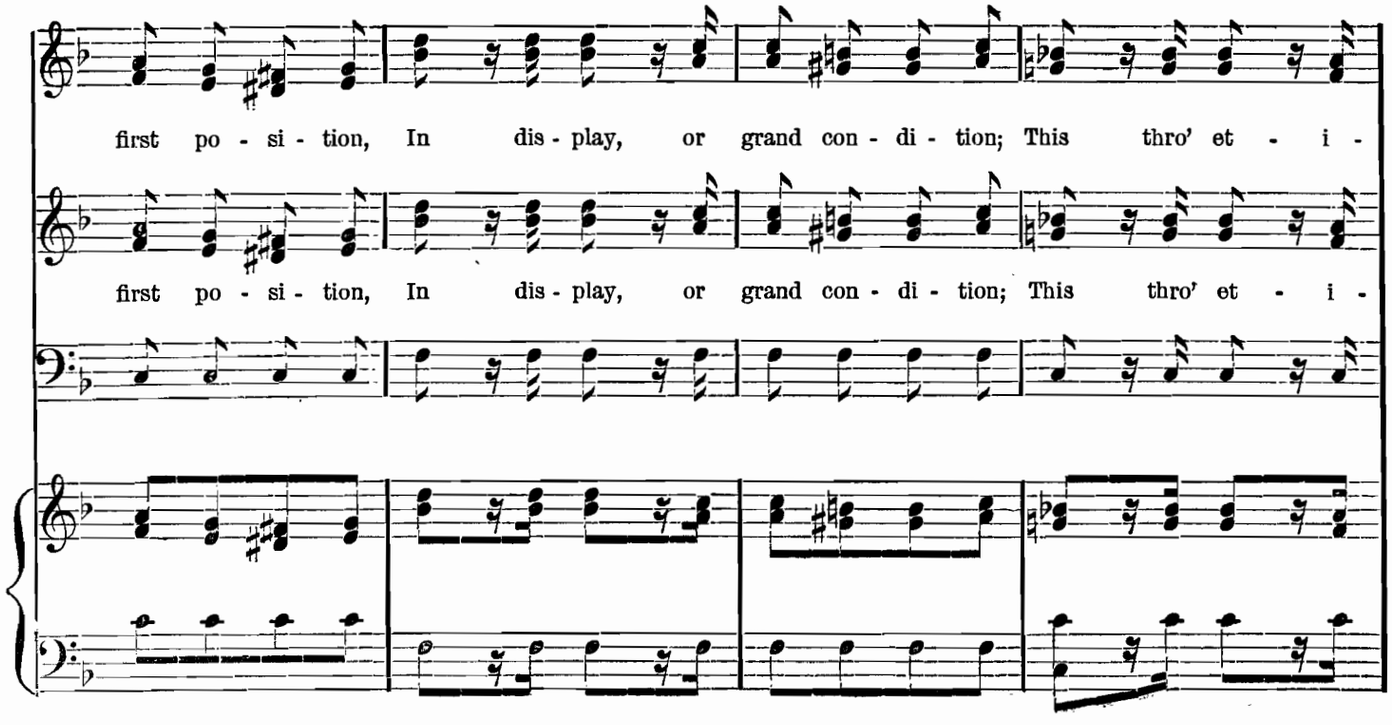
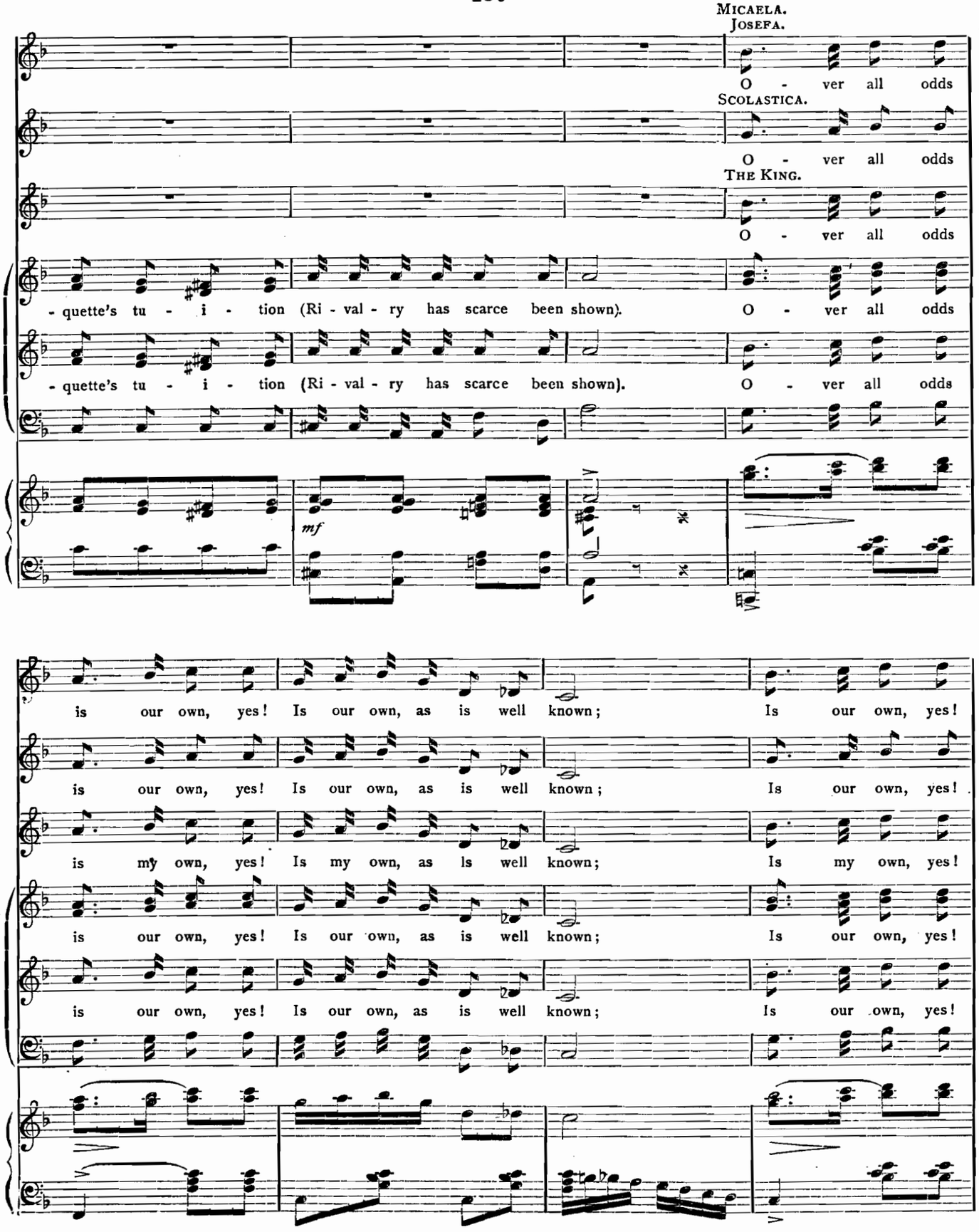
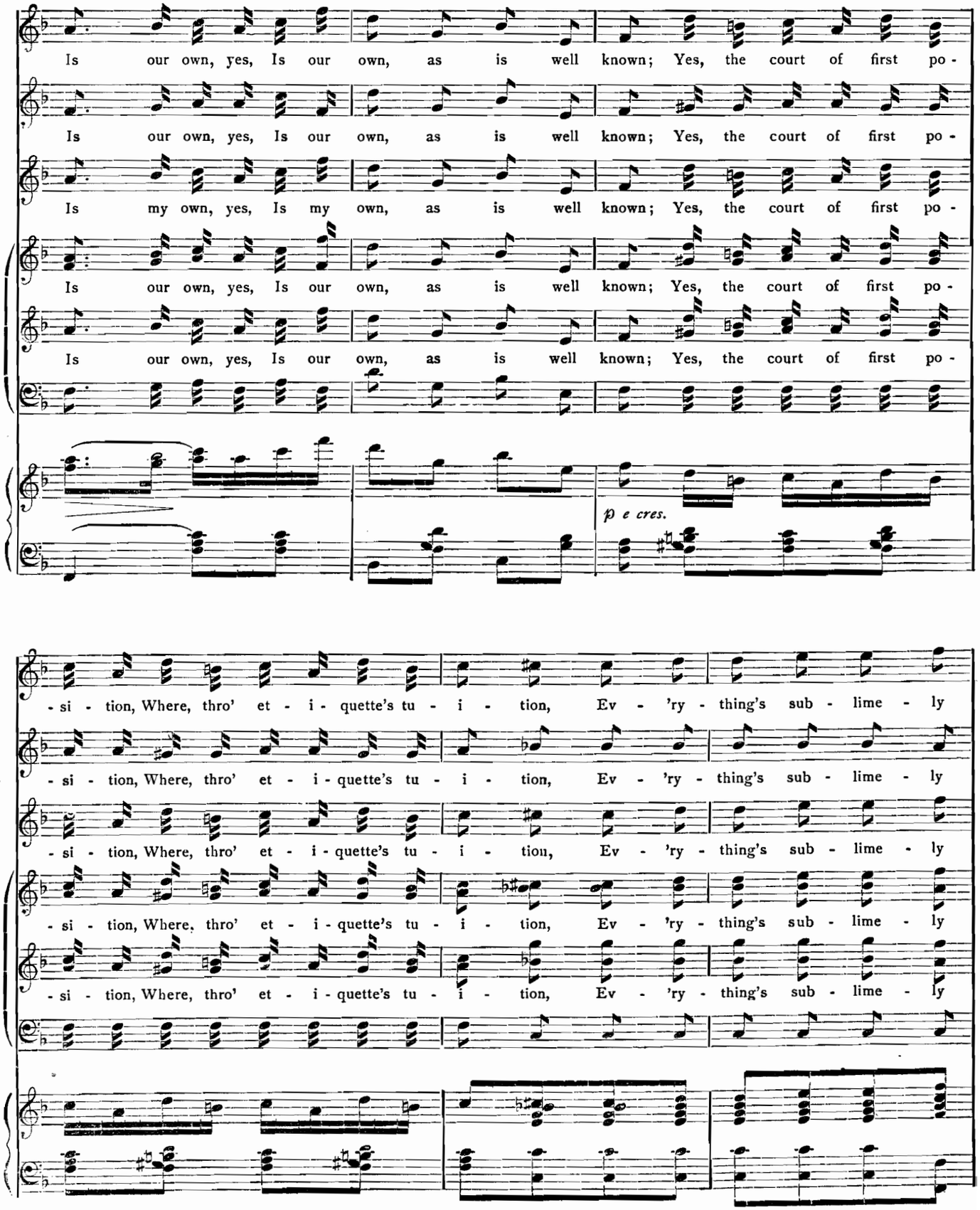
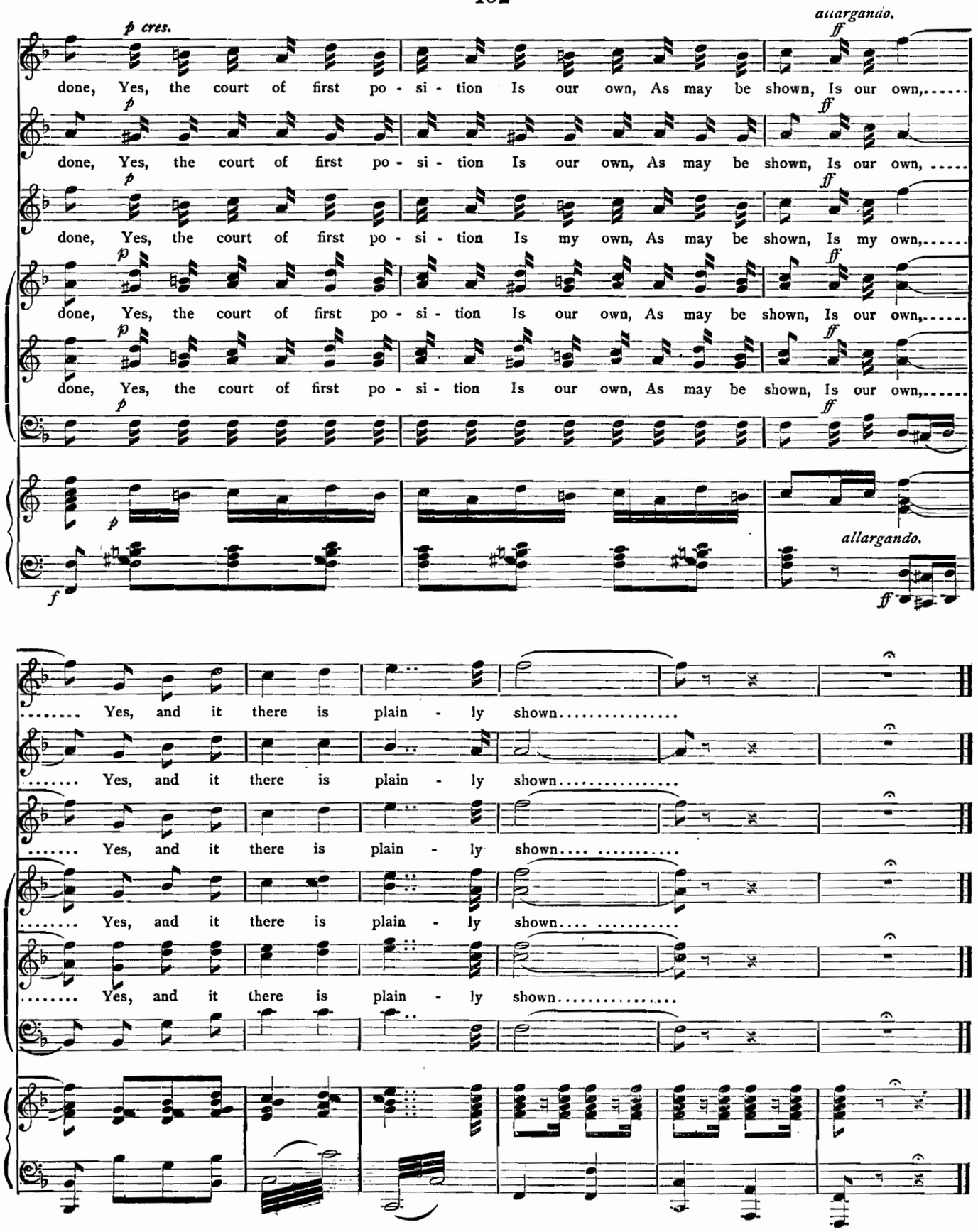

ff
mf detache.
In Go - tha's work of re - nown, Is with great
mf detache.
In Go - tha's work of re - nown, Is with great
mf detache.
staccato.
mf
care, no - ted down Ev - 'ry court, if grand or lit - tle, In its true rank, jot and tit - tle,
care, no - ted down Ev - 'ry court, if grand or lit - tle, In its true rank, jot and tit - tle,


This, the Al - ma - nac makes known.....
But, the court of
This, the Al - ma - nac makes known.....
But, the court of


first po - si - tion, In dis - play, or grand con - di - tion; This thro' et - i -
first po - si - tion, In dis - play, or grand con - di - tion; This thro' et - i -


MICAELA.
JOSEFA.
O - ver all odds
SCOLASTICA.
O - ver all odds
THE KING.
O - ver all odds
- quette's tu - i - tion (Ri - val - ry has scarce been shown).
O - ver all odds
- quette's tu - i - tion (Ri - val - ry has scarce been shown).
O - ver all odds
mf
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is my own, yes! Is my own, as is well known;
Is my own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!
is our own, yes! Is our own, as is well known;
Is our own, yes!


Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is my own, yes, Is my own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
Is our own, yes, Is our own, as is well known; Yes, the court of first po -
p e cres.
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly
- si - tion, Where, thro' et - i - quette's tu - i - tion, Ev - 'ry - thing's sub - lime - ly


p cres.
allargando.
ff
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own, ...
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is my own, As may be shown, Is my own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
done, Yes, the court of first po - si - tion Is our own, As may be shown, Is our own,.....
allargando.
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....
Yes, and it there is plain - ly shown.....

THE KING. (*aside, to* SCOLASTICA.) 'Tis well! all the presentations are over. The court has expressed its joy. What now remains to be done?

SCOL. (*aside.*) Sire! the noble pair, ought in your presence to exchange the first expression of their sentiments.

THE KING. Good! (*aloud.*) Prince, I authorise you to address the princess in a few words.

GAE. (*reading a paper.*) Two people, that nature has separated, have been brought together by our union.

THE KING. (*to* MOS.) Ah! that begins well! I was still afraid of some blundering.

GAE. (*changing the paper.*) The wine growers give us legitimate hopes.

(*Gestures by* SCOLASTICA. MICAELA *smiles.*)

THE KING. (*uneasy.*) What is all that?

MOS. (*alarmed.*) Oh! it is No. 17. The address to the Agricultural Chamber.

THE KING. Go on!

MICAELA. (*to whom the Camérera seems to dictate her replies.*) For my part, I wish to devote myself entirely to your person, and shall seek to lighten for you the burden of government.

MOS. (*to the* KING.) That is well.

THE KING. Oh! she goes straight—she is right—nothing but that to do.

GAE. The cereals make a good show—

THE KING. Better than his—

MIC. I shall follow your wise counsels—and get inspiration from these noble thoughts.

MOS. (*to the* KING) Her highness goes straight ahead.

THE KING. She goes on well, there is nothing to be said to the contrary! Is there anything more?

MOS. Yes, the hay crop.

THE KING. Cut it! (*he shakes hands with* GAETAN, *and withdraws the papers.*) Good! I am content—quite content!

GAE. (*aside.*) Well! It is not difficult! (*he turns upon his heel, and goes away from the princess.*)

THE KING. I have rarely been so happy—(*aside.*) Oh! if I were free, I would send him walking with good heart!

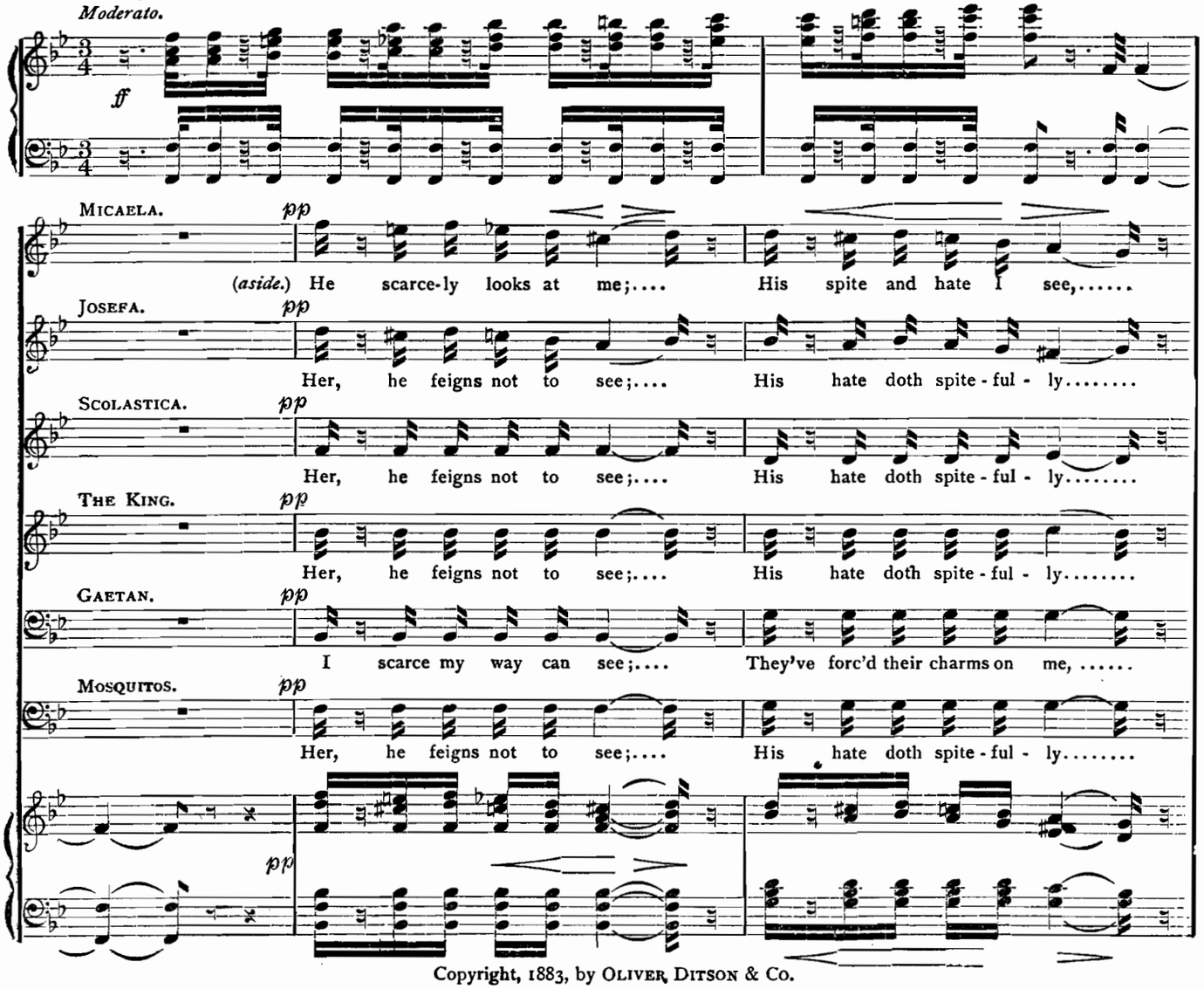
SCOL. The prince has strange distractions.

MIC. (*aside.*) What does it matter? I shall have my turn.

HE SCARCELY LOOKS AT ME.

No. 12.

Moderato.



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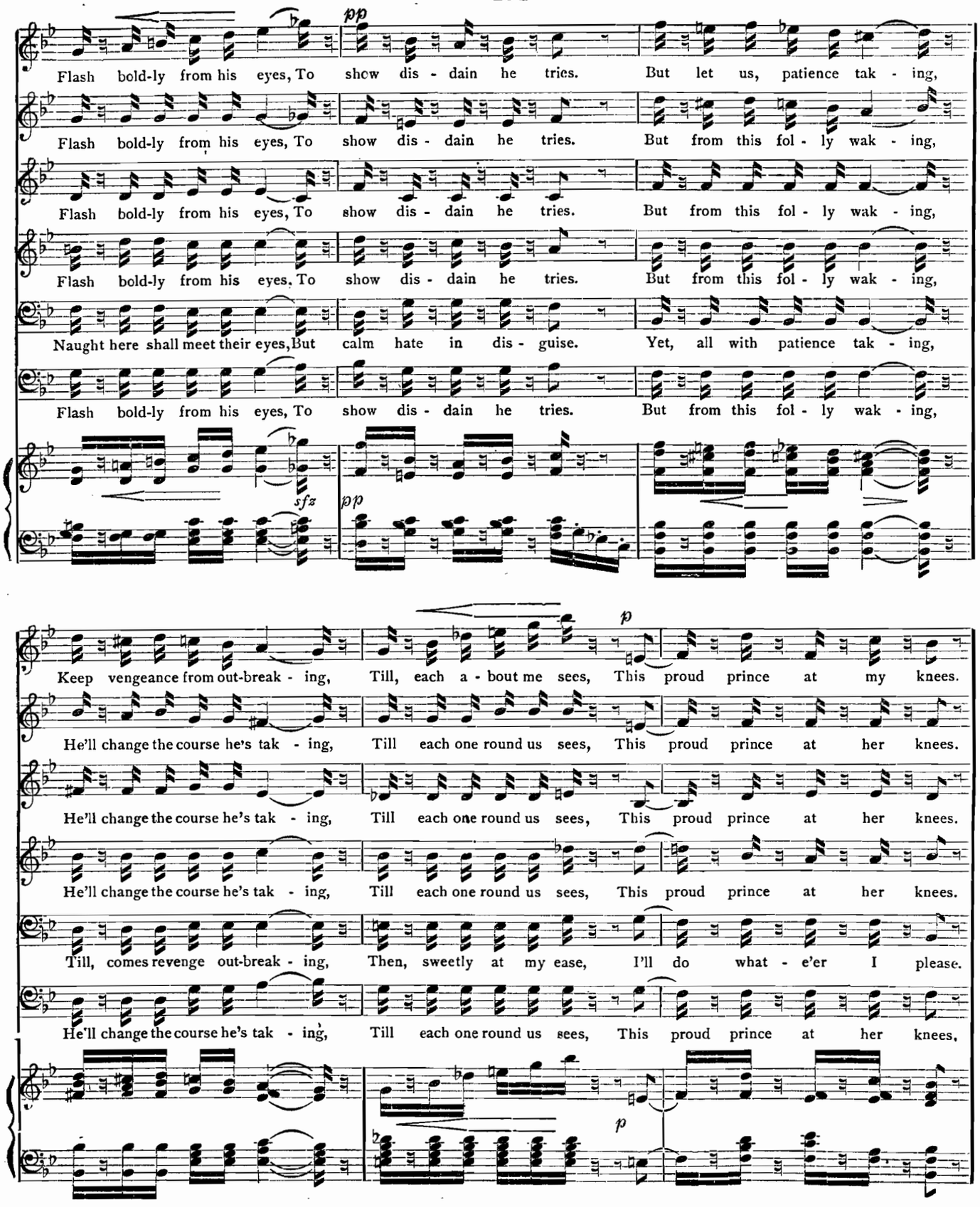
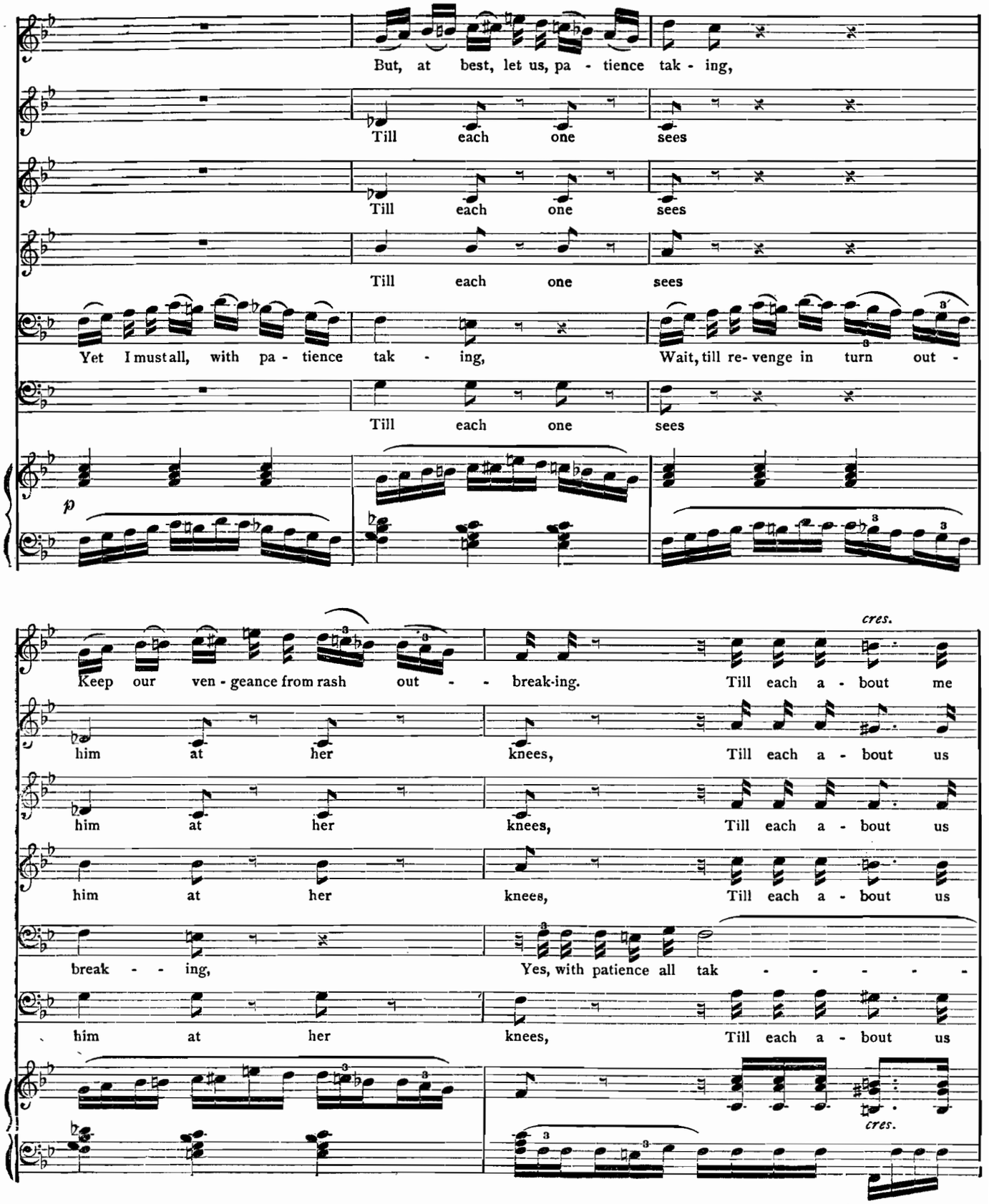
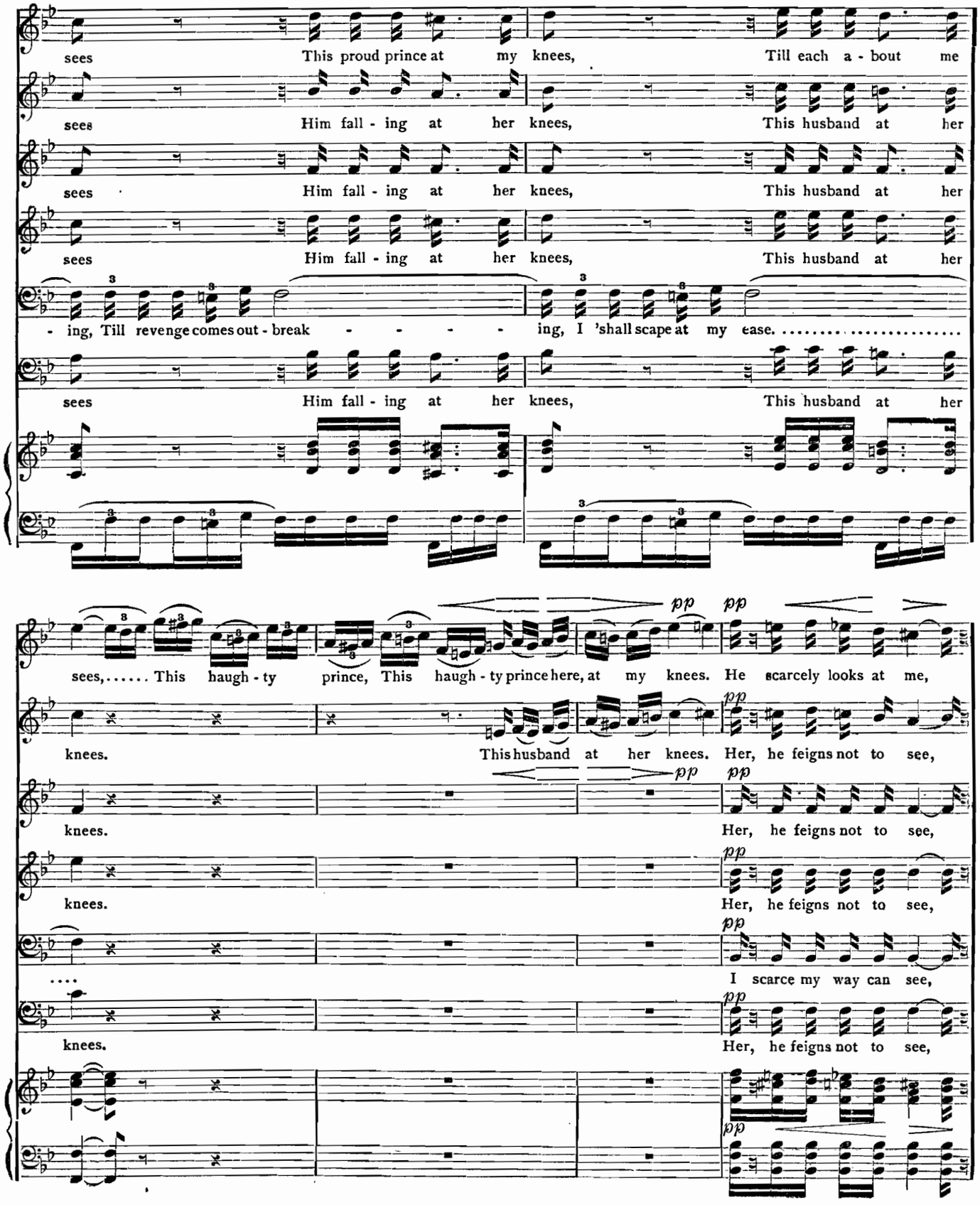
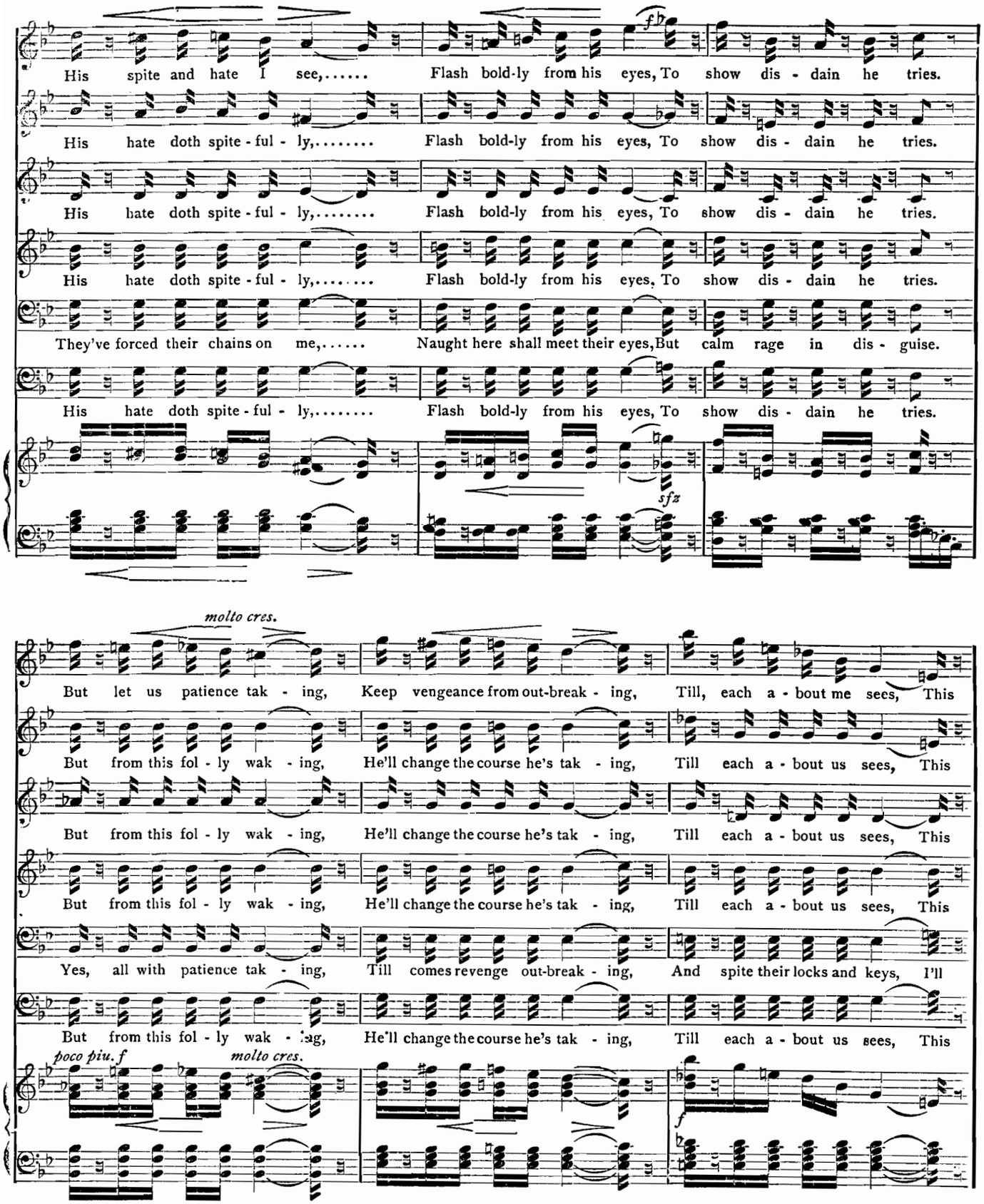
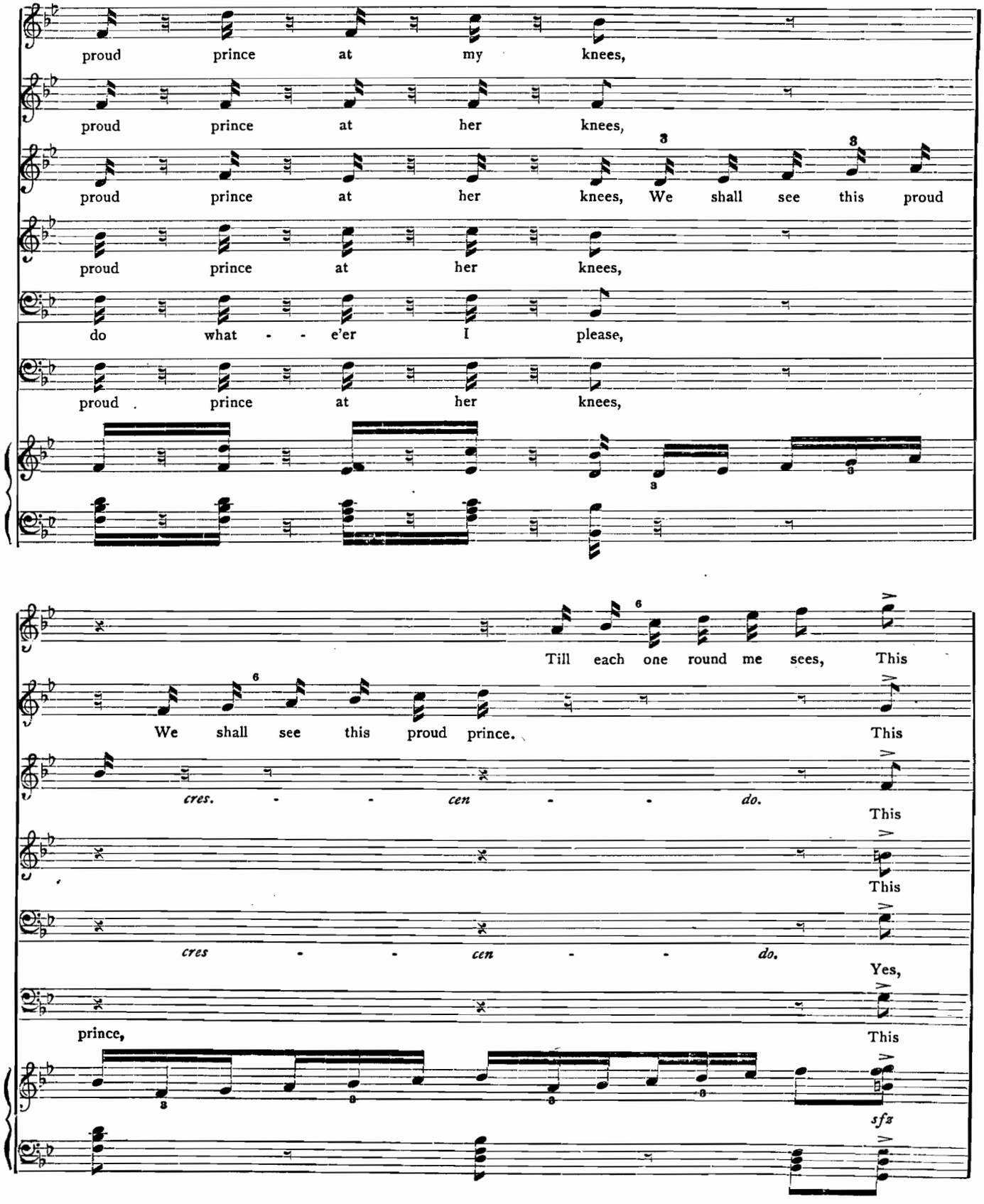
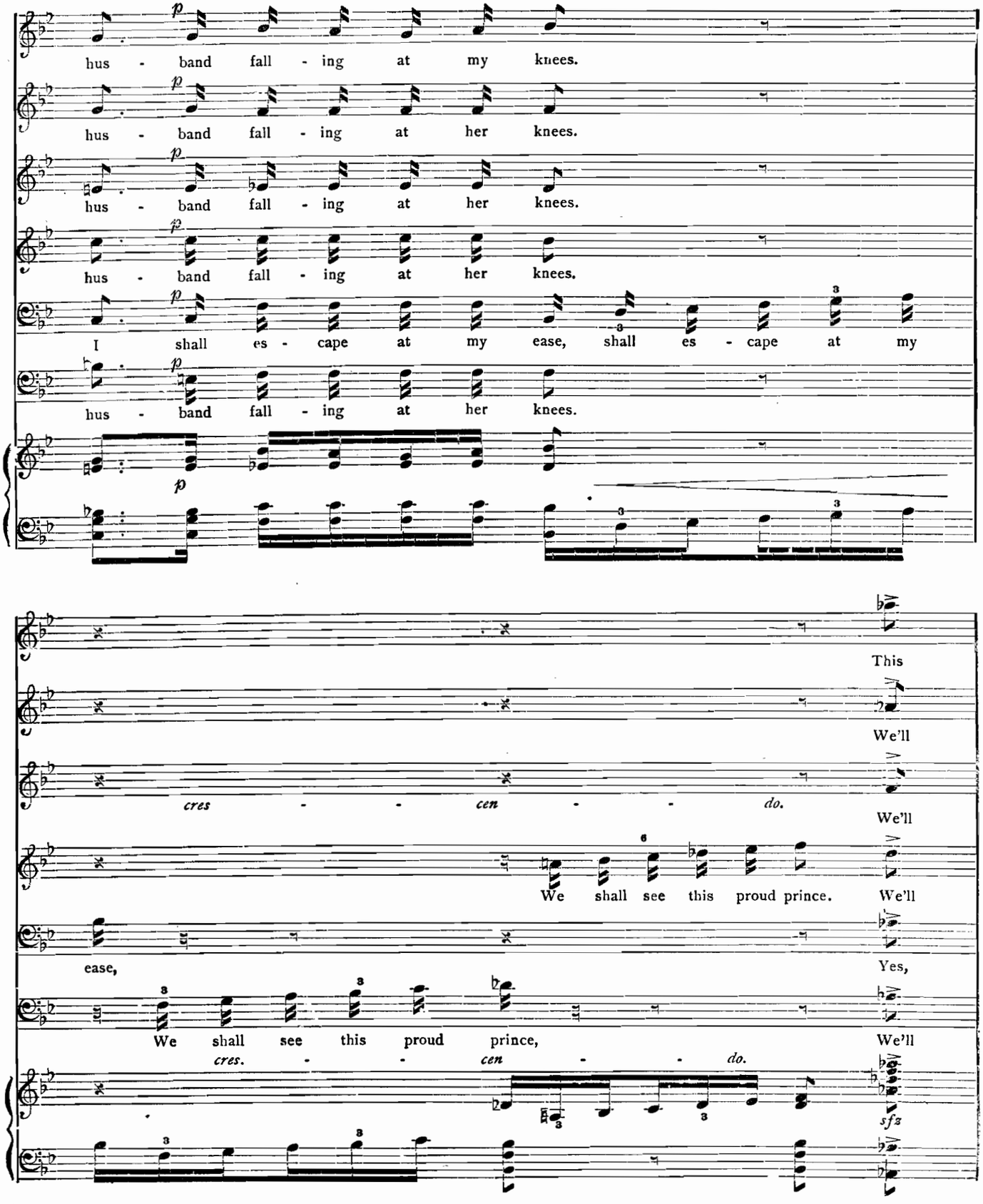

pp
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But let us, patience tak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
Naught here shall meet their eyes, But calm hate in dis - guise. Yet, all with patience tak - ing,
Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries. But from this fol - ly wak - ing,
sfz
pp
p
Keep vengeance from out-break - ing, Till, each a - bout me sees, This proud prince at my knees.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
Till, comes revenge out-break - ing, Then, sweetly at my ease, I'll do what - e'er I please.
He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each one round us sees, This proud prince at her knees.
p

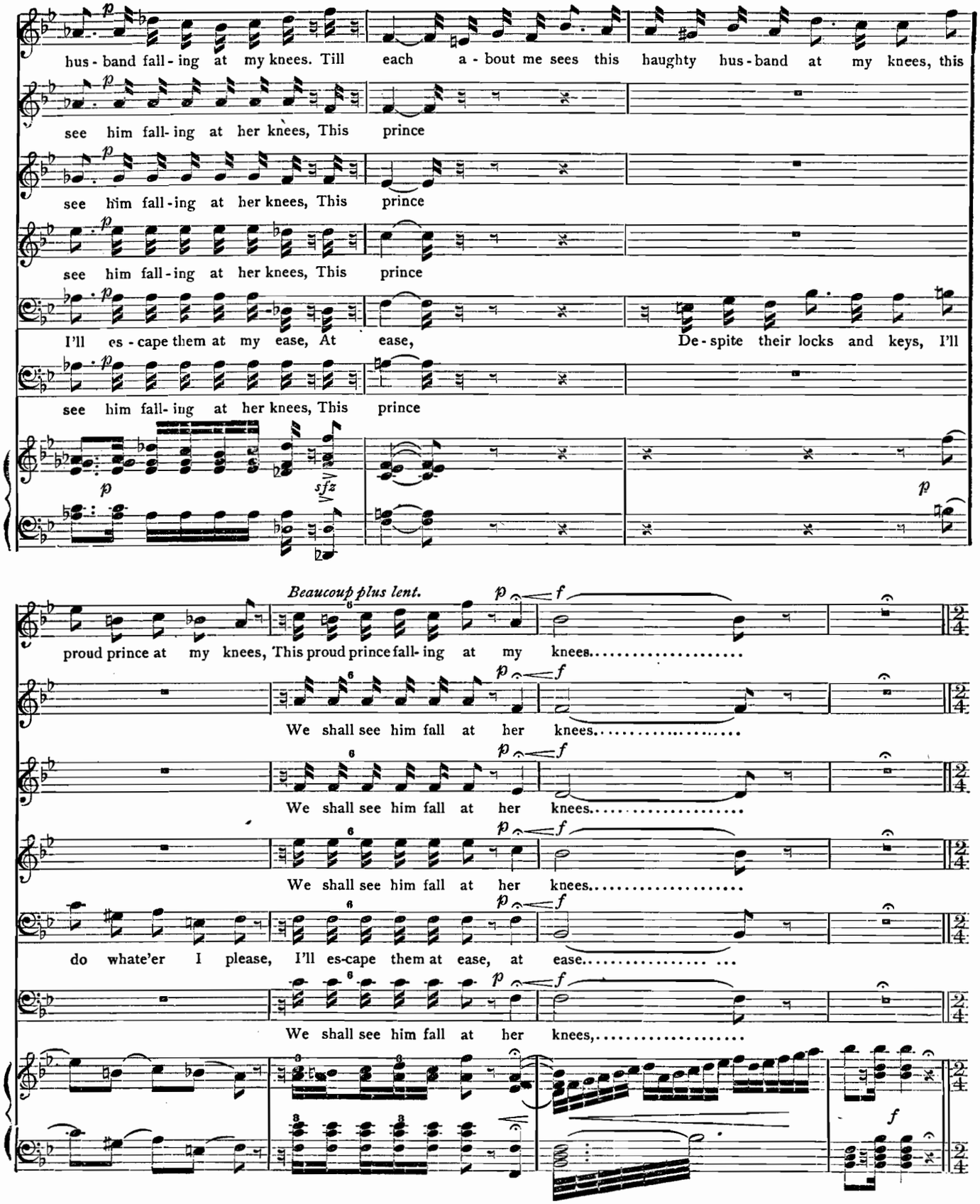

But, at best, let us, pa - tience tak - ing,
Till each one sees
Till each one sees
Till each one sees
Yet I must all, with pa - tience tak - ing,
Wait, till re- venge in turn out -
Till each one sees
p
Keep our ven - geance from rash out - - break-ing.
Till each a - bout me
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
break - - ing,
Yes, with patience all tak - - - - -
him at her knees,
Till each a - bout us
cres.
cres.


sees This proud prince at my knees, Till each a - bout me
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
- ing, Till revenge comes out - break - - - - - ing, I 'shall scape at my ease.
sees Him fall - ing at her knees, This husband at her
sees,..... This haugh - ty prince, This haugh - ty prince here, at my knees. He scarcely looks at me,
knees. This husband at her knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
.... I scarce my way can see,
knees. Her, he feigns not to see,
pp


His spite and hate I see,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
They've forced their chains on me,..... Naught here shall meet their eyes, But calm rage in dis - guise.
His hate doth spite - ful - ly,..... Flash bold-ly from his eyes, To show dis - dain he tries.
fp
sfz
molto cres.
But let us patience tak - ing, Keep vengeance from out-break - ing, Till, each a - bout me sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
Yes, all with patience tak - ing, Till comes revenge out-break - ing, And spite their locks and keys, I'll
But from this fol - ly wak - ing, He'll change the course he's tak - ing, Till each a - bout us sees, This
poco piu. f
molto cres.
f


proud prince at my knees,
proud prince at her knees,
proud prince at her knees, We shall see this proud
proud prince at her knees,
do what - - e'er I please,
proud prince at her knees,
Till each one round me sees, This
We shall see this proud prince. This
cres. - - cen - - do.
This
This
cres - - cen - - do.
Yes,
prince,
This
sfz


hus - band fall - ing at my knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
I shall es - cape at my ease, shall es - cape at my
hus - band fall - ing at her knees.
p
This
We'll
cres - - cen - - do.
We'll
We shall see this proud prince. We'll
ease,
Yes,
We shall see this proud prince,
We'll
cres. - - cen - - do.
sfz


hus - band fall - ing at my knees. Till each a - bout me sees this haughty hus - band at my knees, this
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
I'll es - cape them at my ease, At ease, De - spite their locks and keys, I'll
see him fall - ing at her knees, This prince
Beaucoup plus lent.
proud prince at my knees, This proud prince fall - ing at my knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
We shall see him fall at her knees.....
do whate'er I please, I'll es-cape them at ease, at ease.....
We shall see him fall at her knees,.....

Moderato. THE KING. (*Observing Gaetan.*)

For fear some new mischance be - fall, Give the signal for the ball. Take your partners,

Moderato.

f

all! Ac-cording to established rule, 'Tis I must o - pen first the ball, With my fair daugh-

(*He takes the hand of the Princess, and commences a dance with her.*)

GAETAN.

- ter. You don't ob - ject? No, sure - ly, not at all; Noth - ing change for

DANCE.

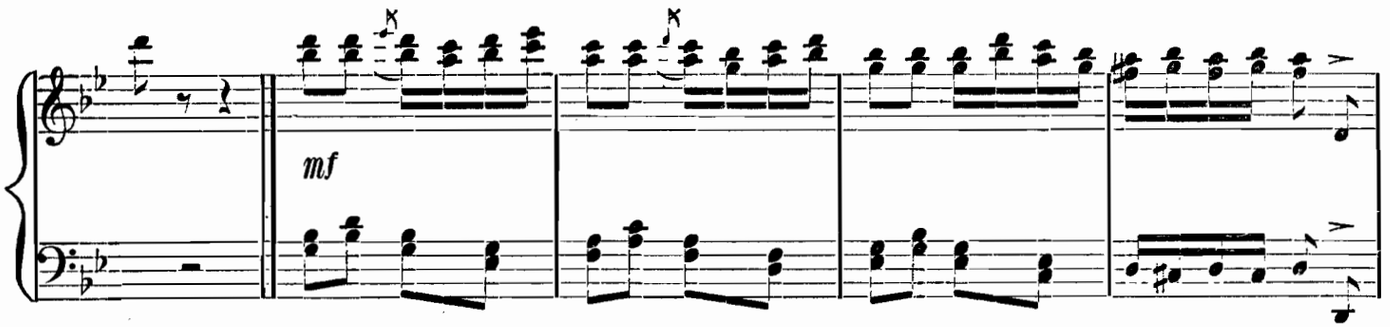
Allegro moderato.

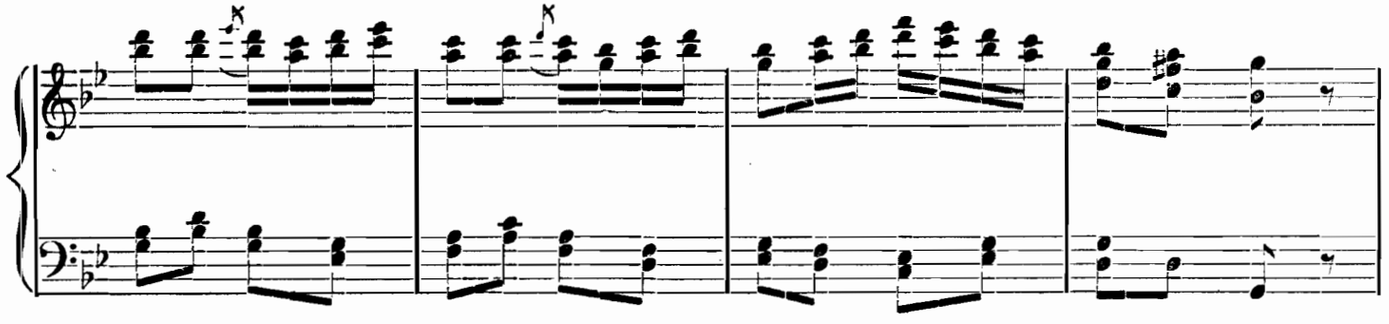
me that you've taught her!

tr

f

Allegretto un poco moderato.





SOPRANO.

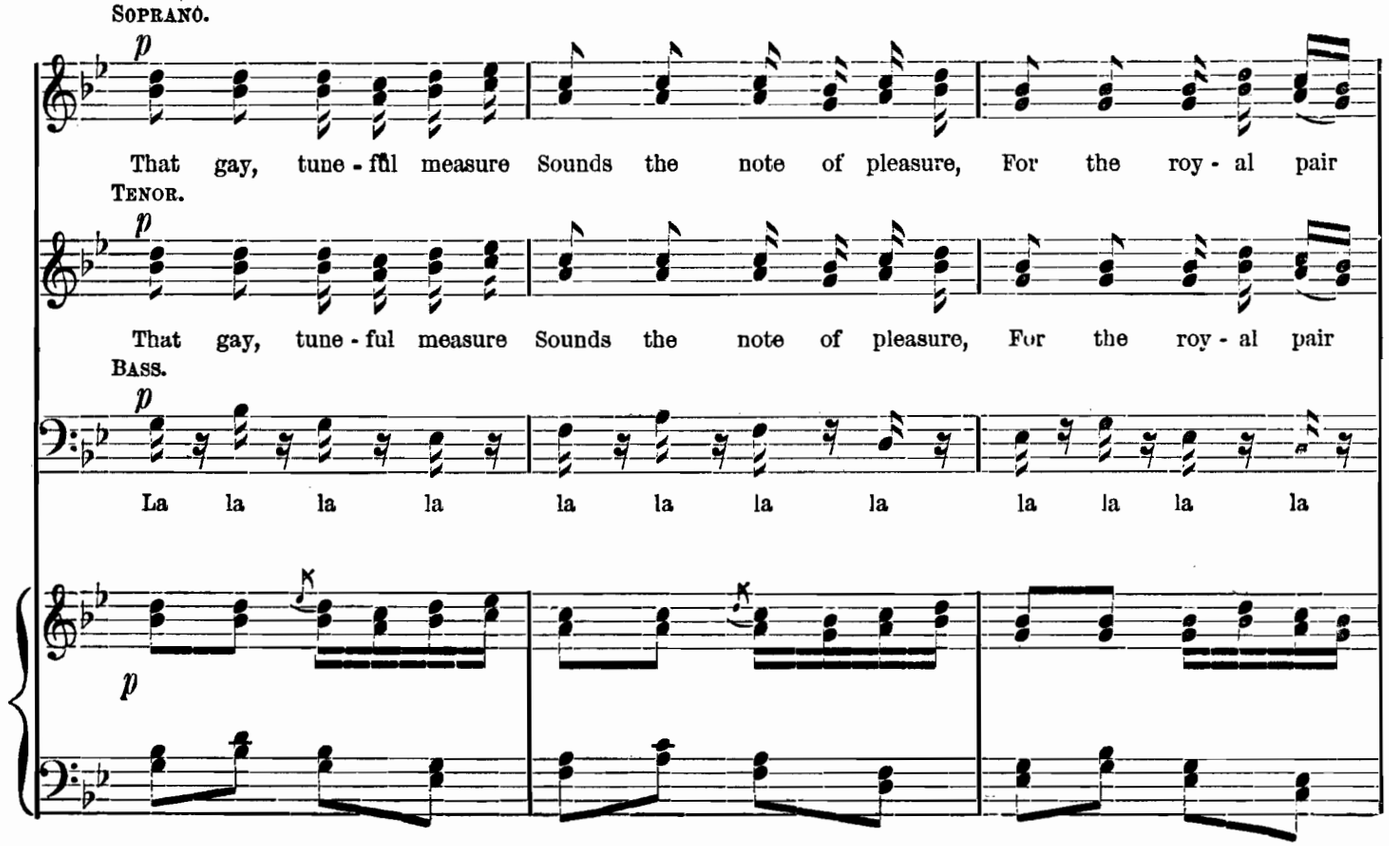
That gay, tune - ful measure Sounds the note of pleasure, For the roy - al pair

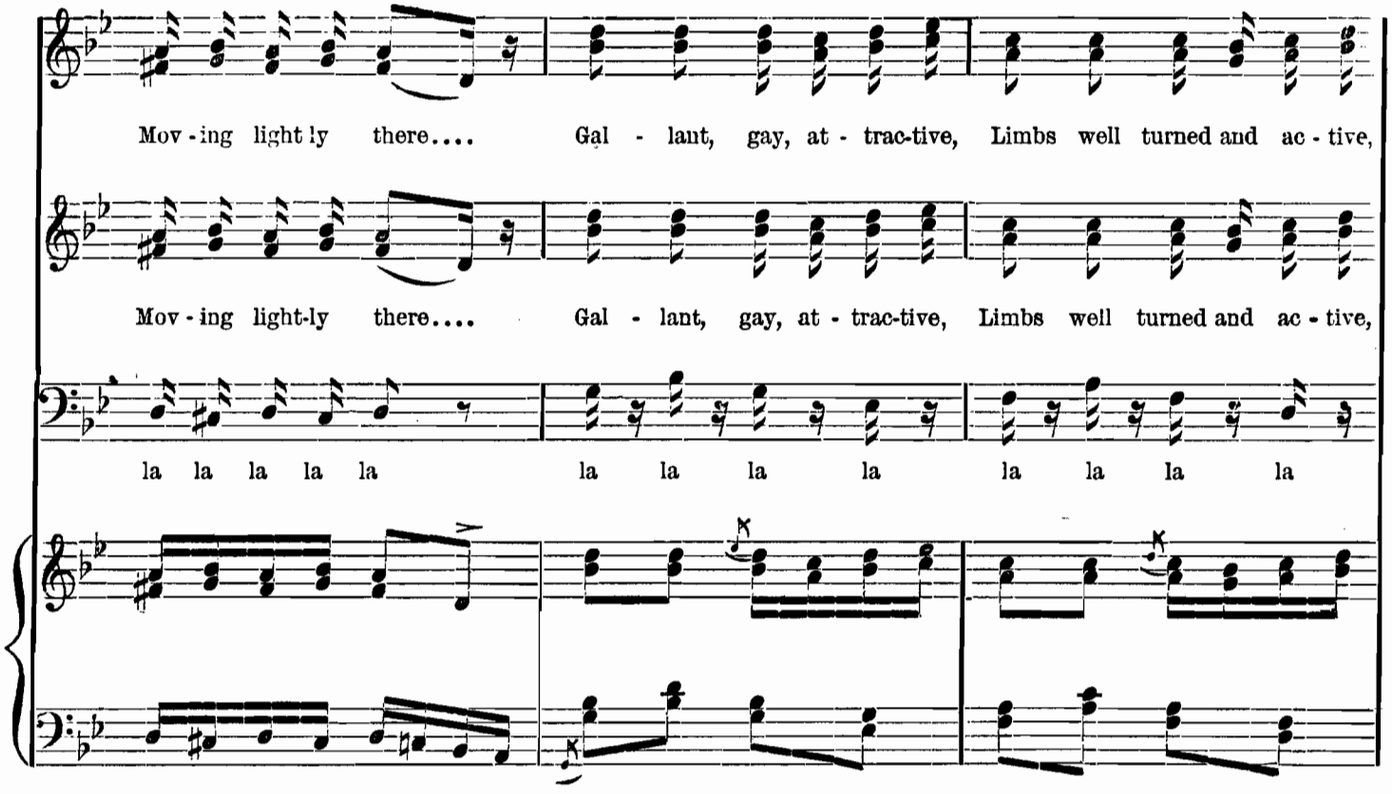
TENOR.

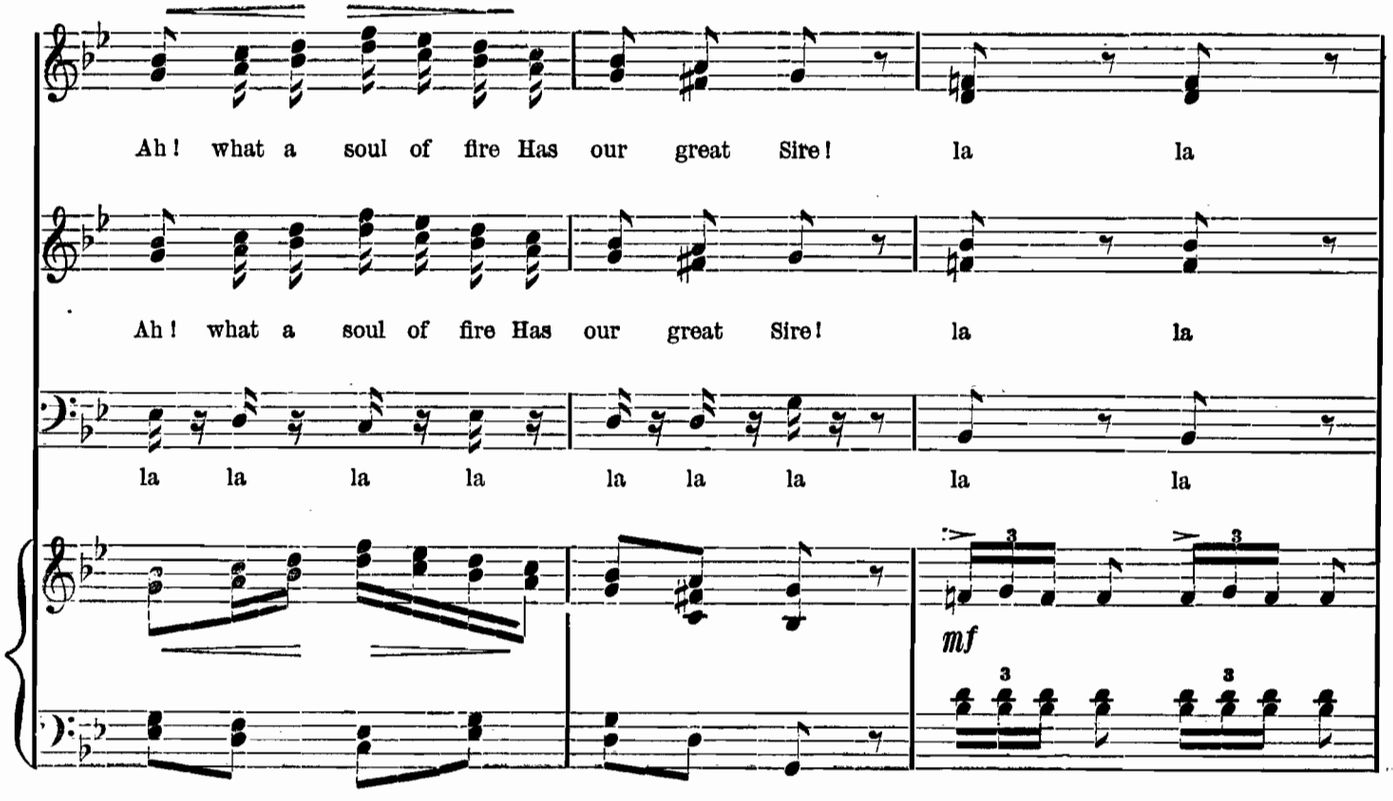
That gay, tune - ful measure Sounds the note of pleasure, For the roy - al pair

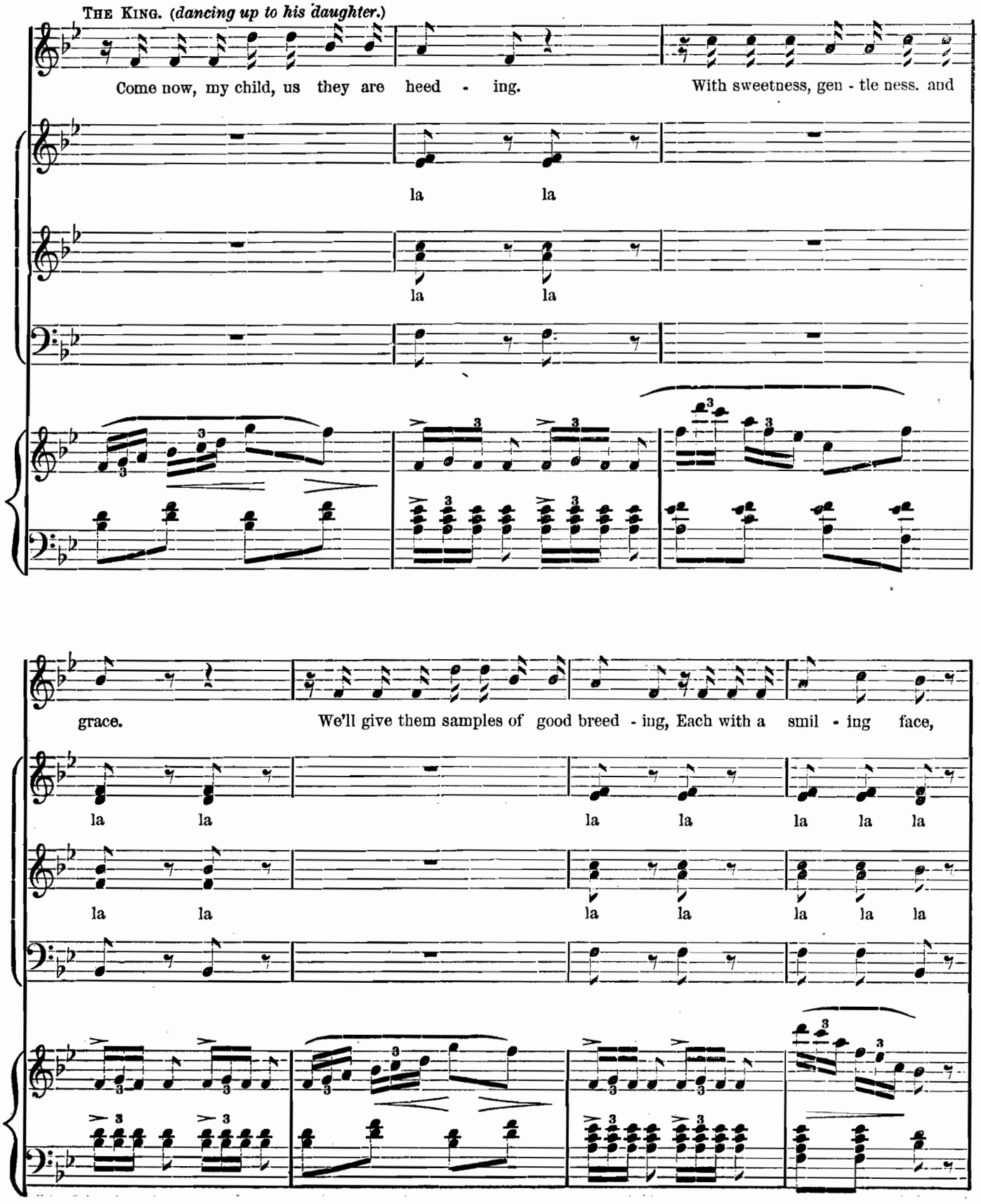
BASS.

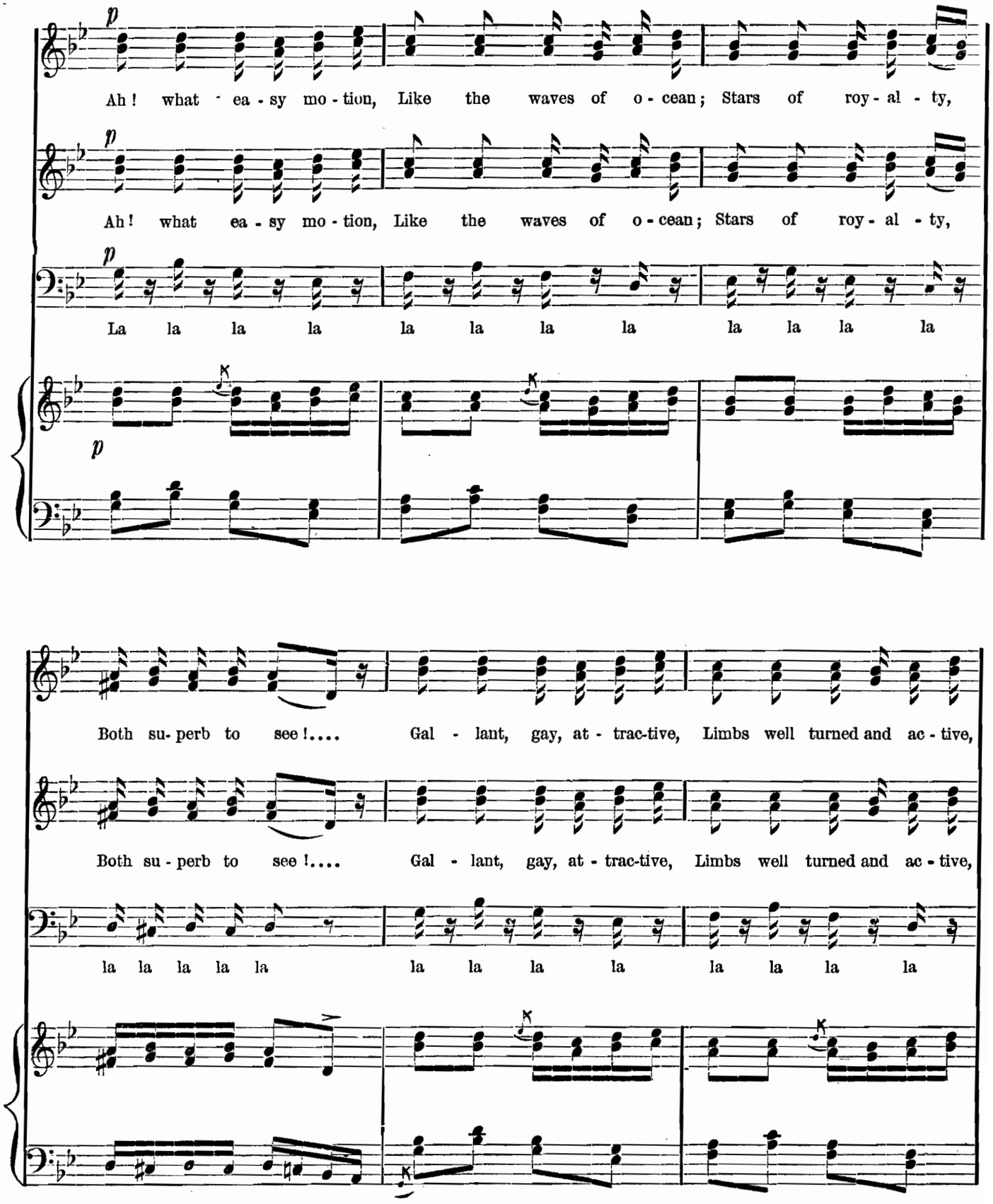
La la la la la la la la la la la la



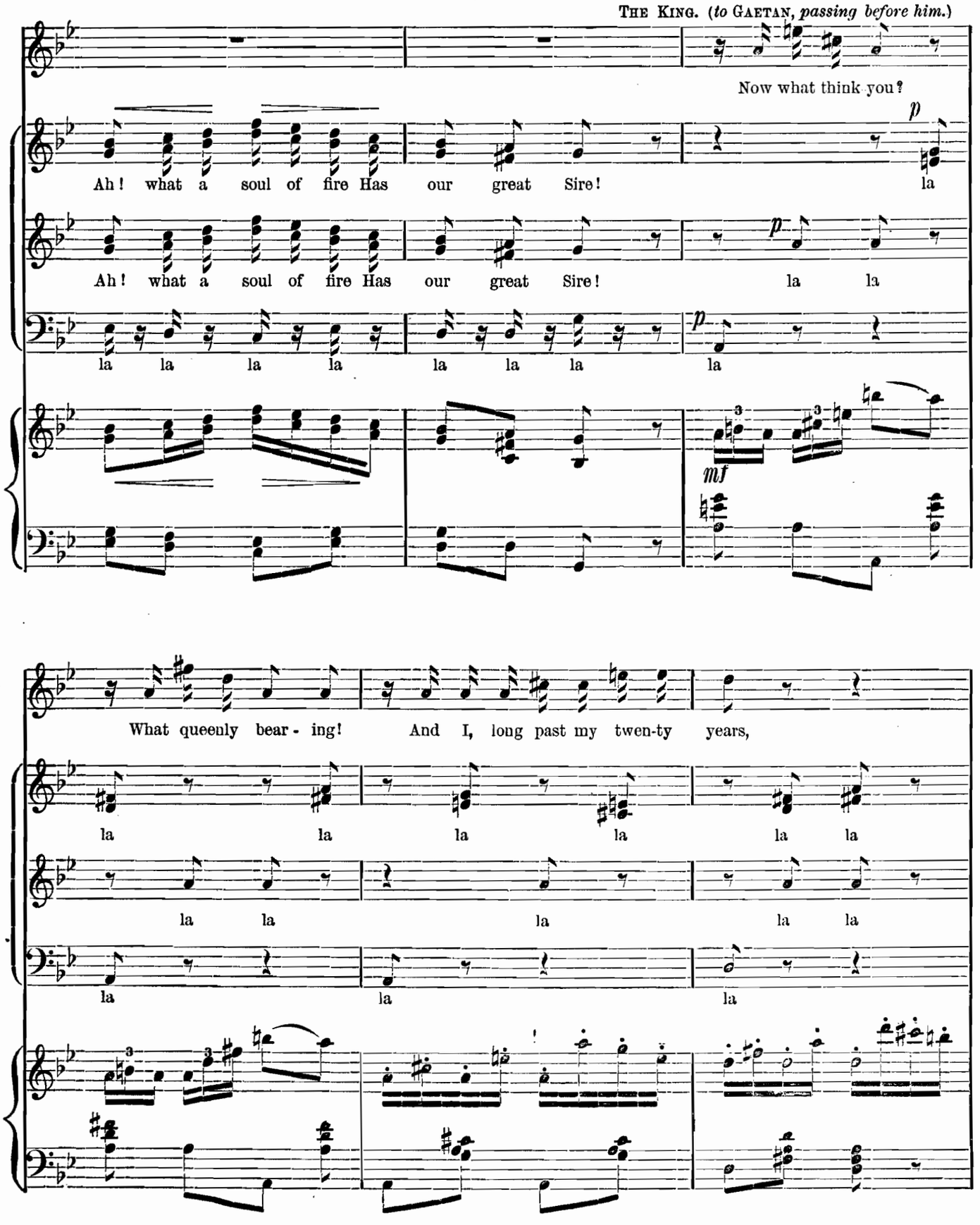

Mov - ing light ly there.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Mov - ing light-ly there.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la

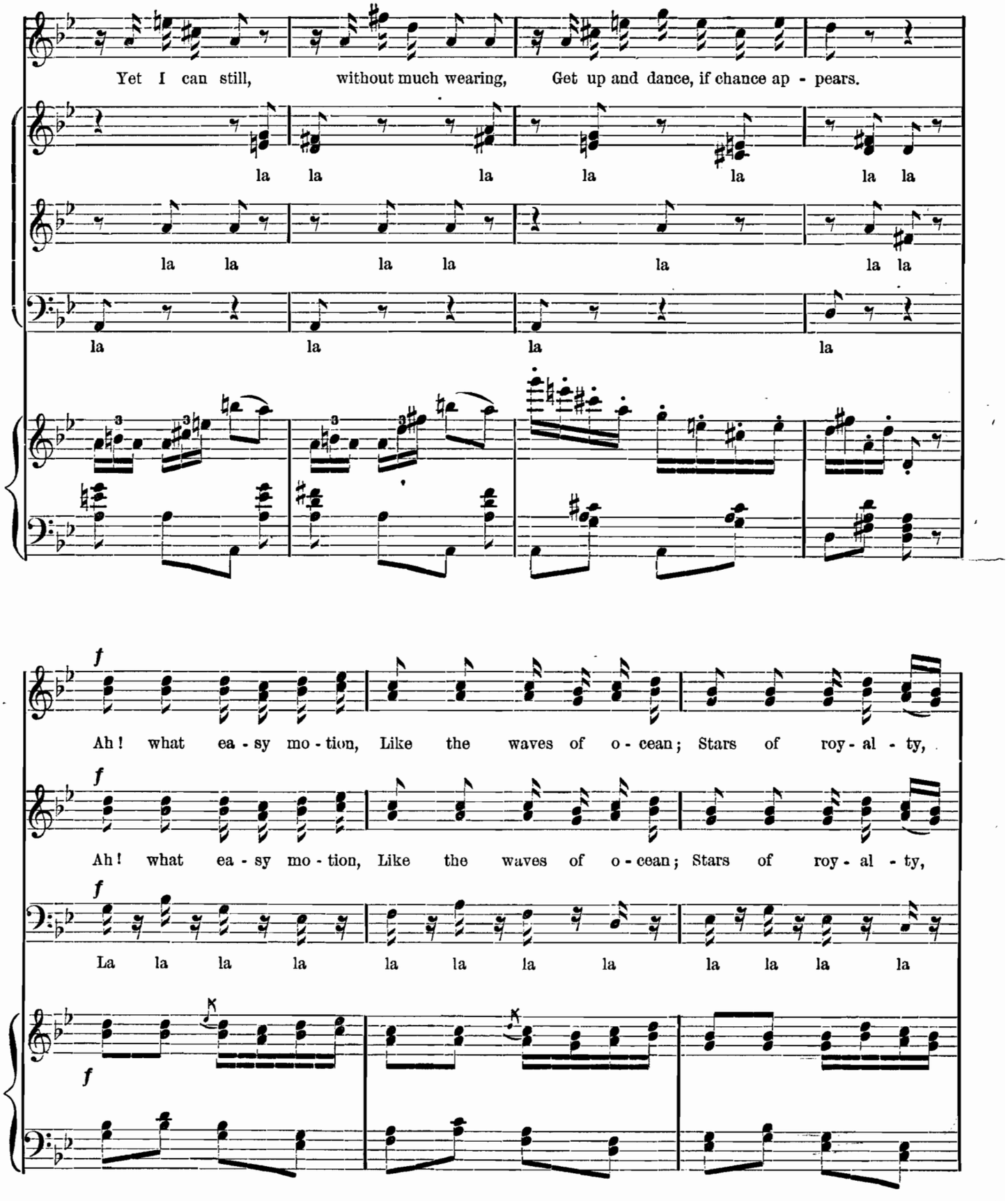

Ah! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire! la la
Ah! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire! la la
la la la la la la la la la
mf

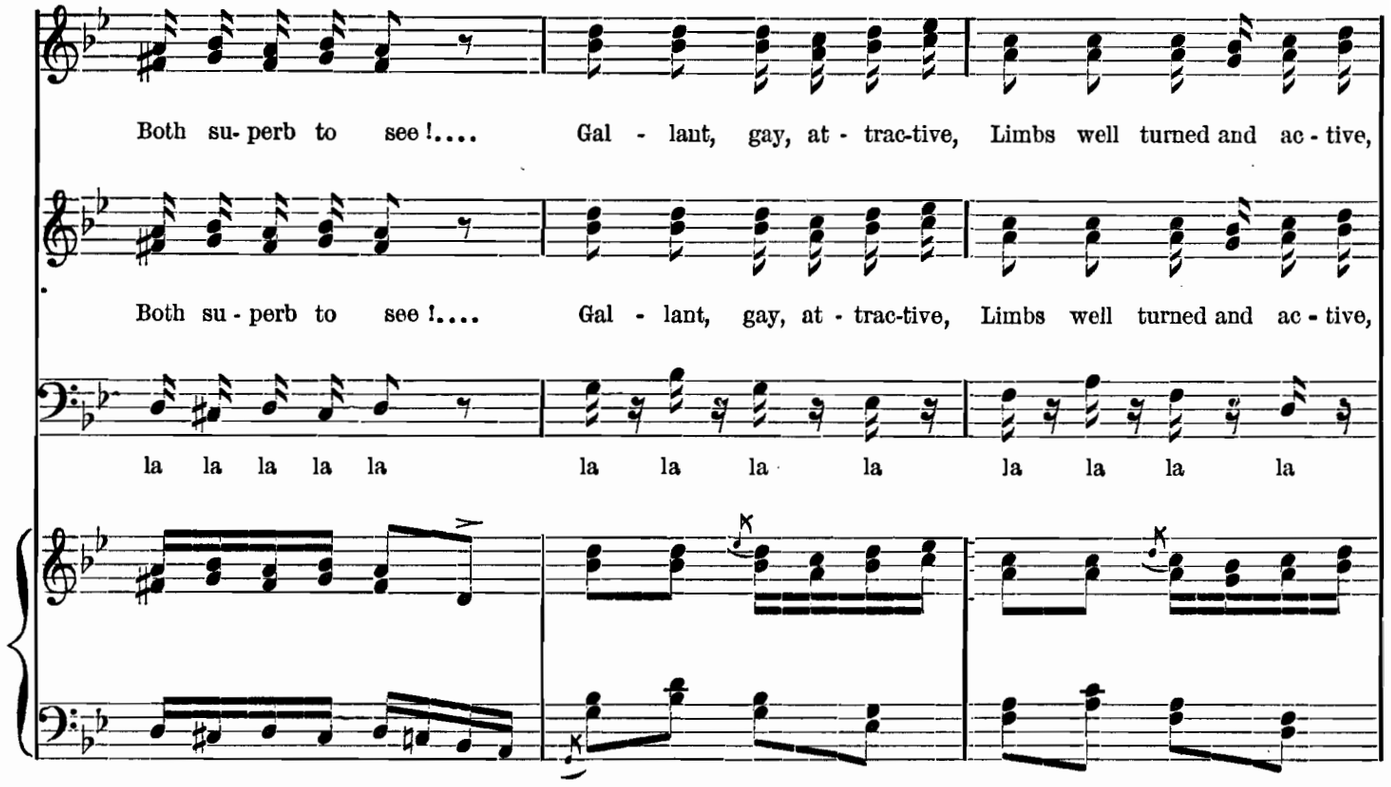

THE KING. (dancing up to his daughter.)
Come now, my child, us they are heed - ing.
With sweetness, gen - tle ness. and
la la
la la
grace.
We'll give them samples of good breed - ing, Each with a smil - ing face,
la la
la la
la la la la
la la
la la
la la la la

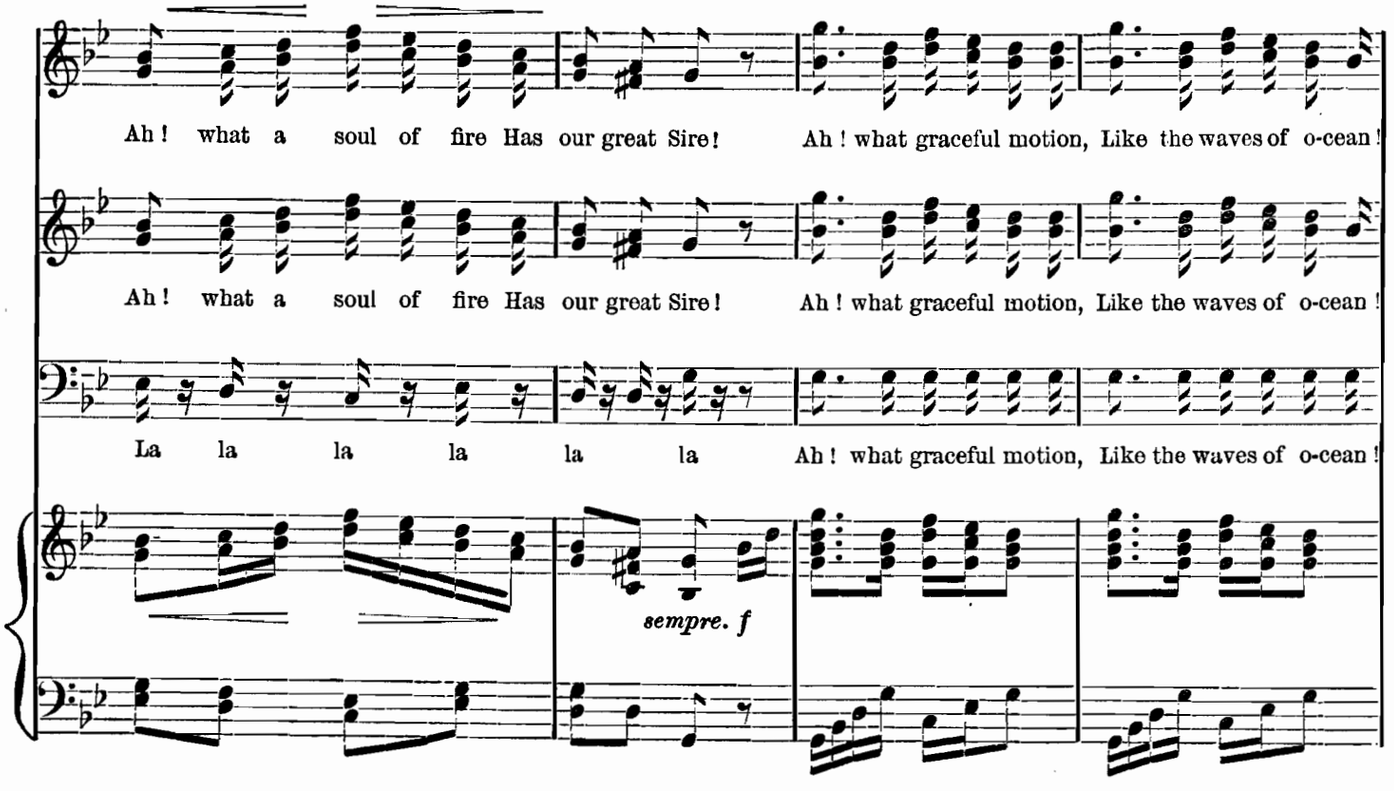

p
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
p
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
p
La la la la la la la la la la la la
p
Both su - perb to see!.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Both su - perb to see!.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la

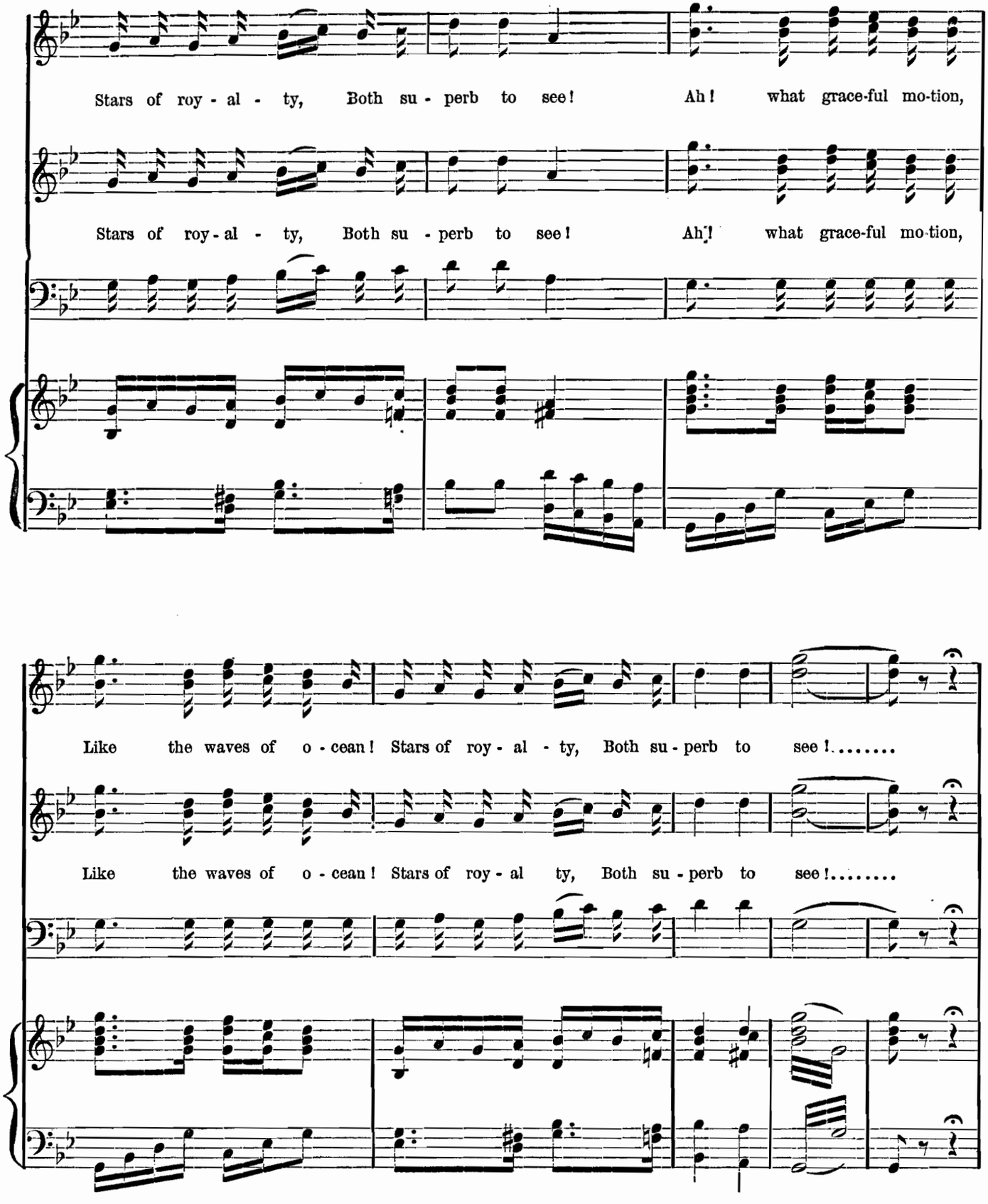
THE KING. (*to* GAETAN, *passing before him.*)

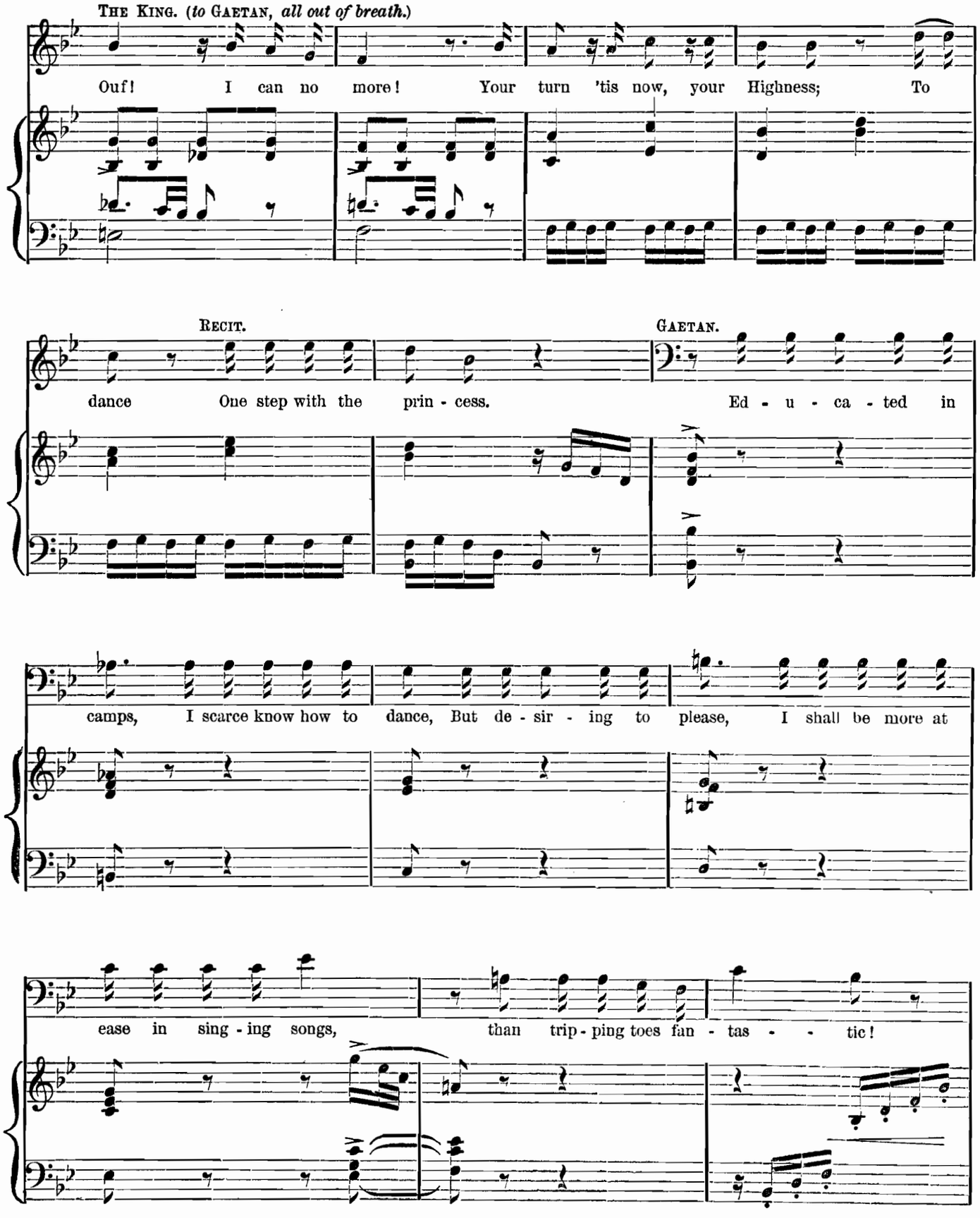


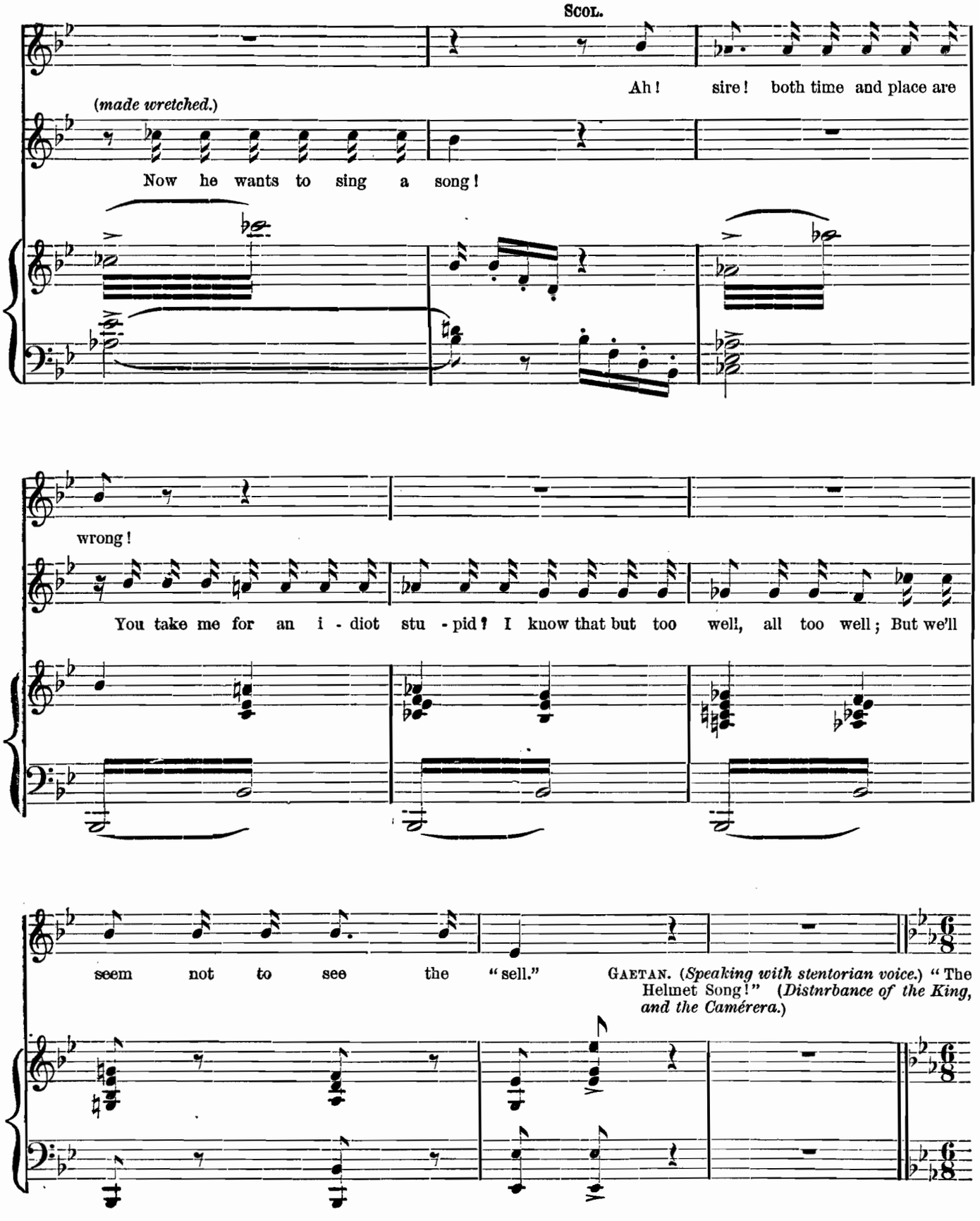

Yet I can still, without much wearing, Get up and dance, if chance ap - pears.
la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la
la la la la
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
Ah! what ea - sy mo - tion, Like the waves of o - cean; Stars of roy - al - ty,
La la la la la la la la la la la la


Both su- perb to see !.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
Both su - perb to see !.... Gal - lant, gay, at - trac-tive, Limbs well turned and ac - tive,
la la la la la la la la la la la la


Ah ! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire ! Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
Ah ! what a soul of fire Has our great Sire ! Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
La la la la la la Ah ! what graceful motion, Like the waves of o-cean !
sempre. f

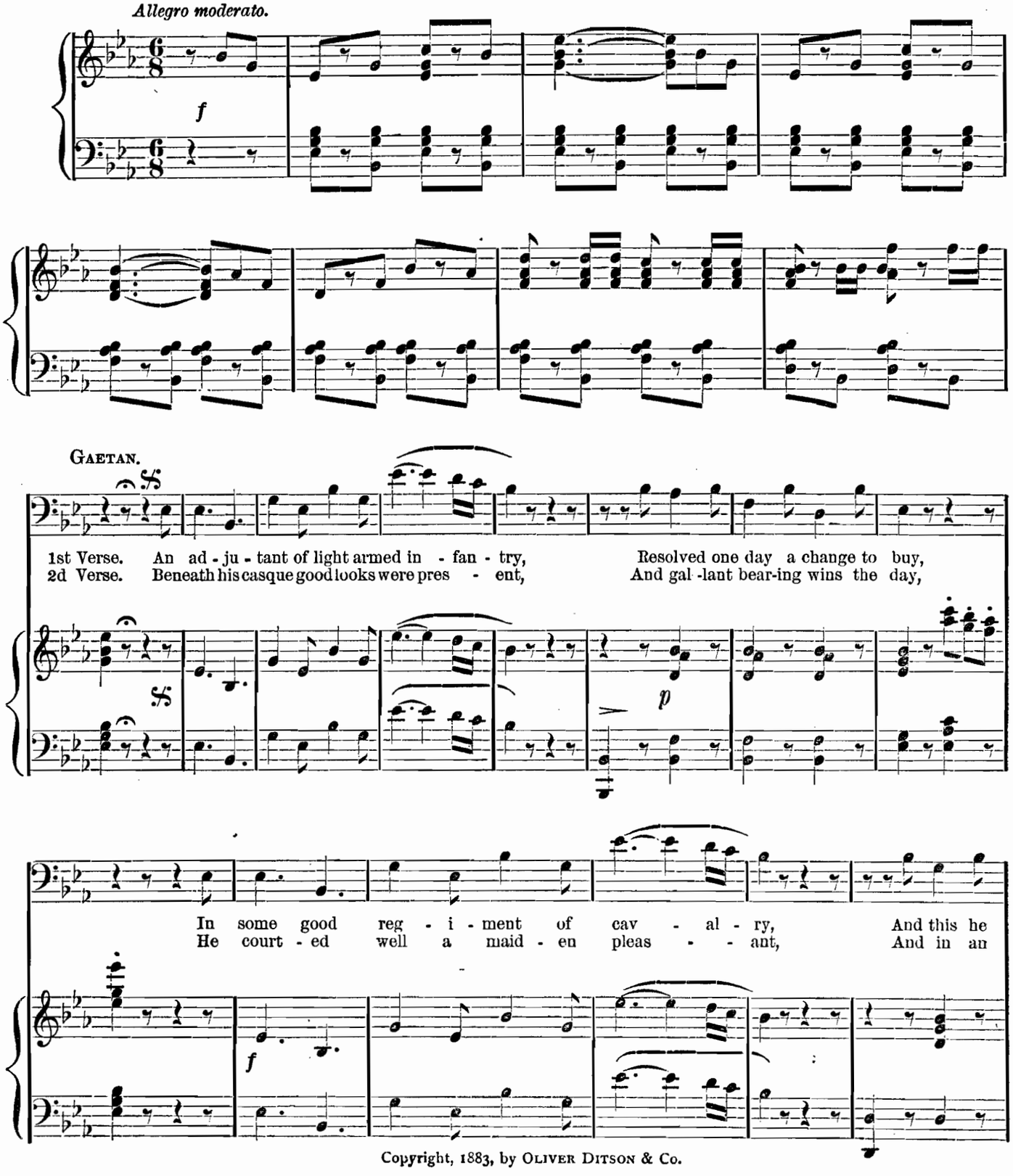

Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see! Ah! what grace-ful mo-tion,
Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see! Ah! what grace-ful mo-tion,
Like the waves of o - cean! Stars of roy - al - ty, Both su - perb to see!.....
Like the waves of o - cean! Stars of roy - al ty, Both su - perb to see!.....


THE KING. (to GAETAN, all out of breath.)
Ouf! I can no more! Your turn 'tis now, your Highness; To
RECIT.
GAETAN.
dance One step with the prin - cess. Ed - u - ca - ted in
camps, I scarce know how to dance, But de - sir - ing to please, I shall be more at
ease in sing - ing songs, than trip - ping toes fan - tas - - tic!


Scol.
Ah! sire! both time and place are
(made wretched.)
Now he wants to sing a song!
wrong!
You take me for an i - diot stu - pid? I know that but too well, all too well; But we'll
seem not to see the "sell." Gaetan. (Speaking with stentorian voice.) "The Helmet Song!" (Distnrbance of the King, and the Camérera.)

THE HELMET SONG.

Allegro moderato.



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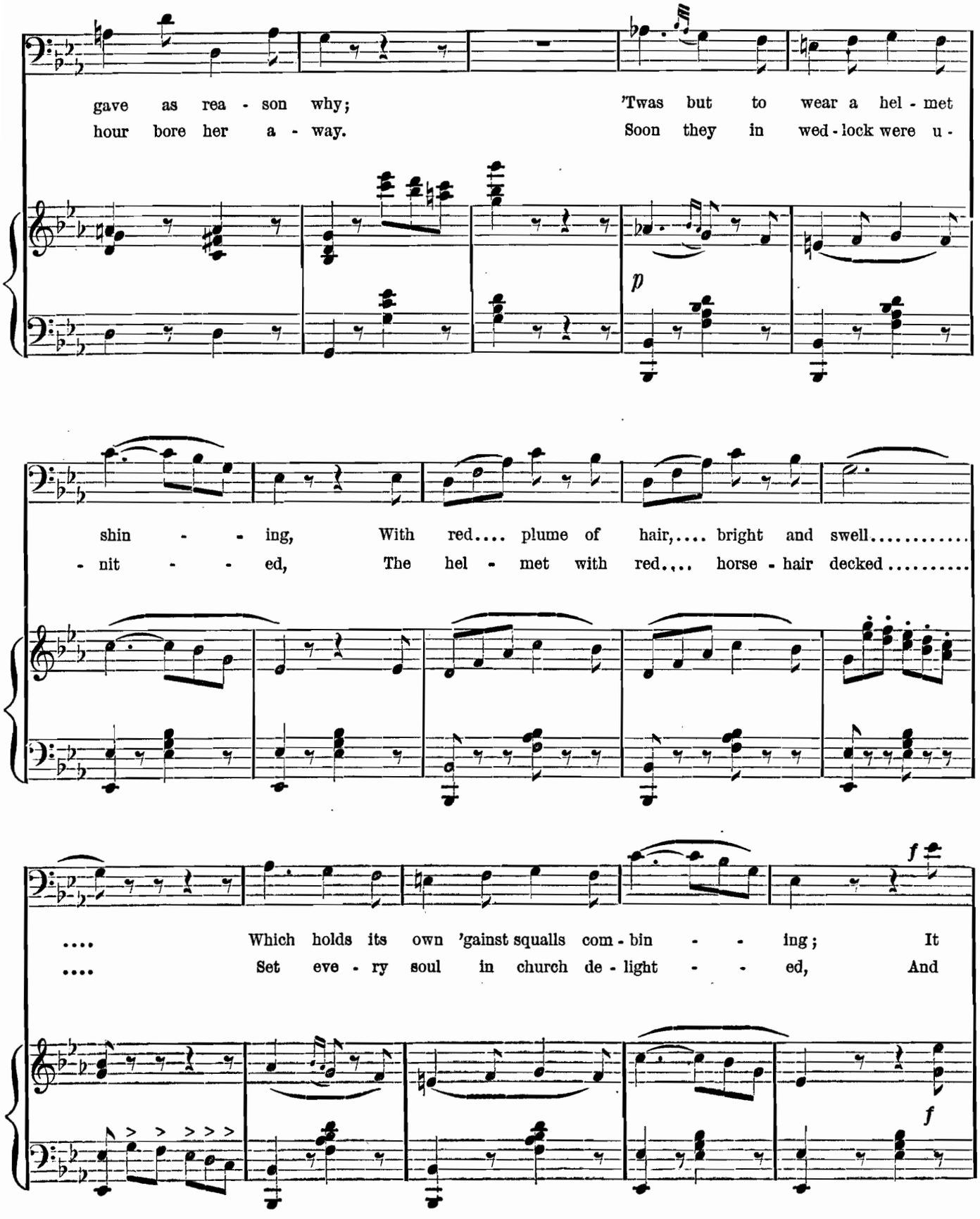
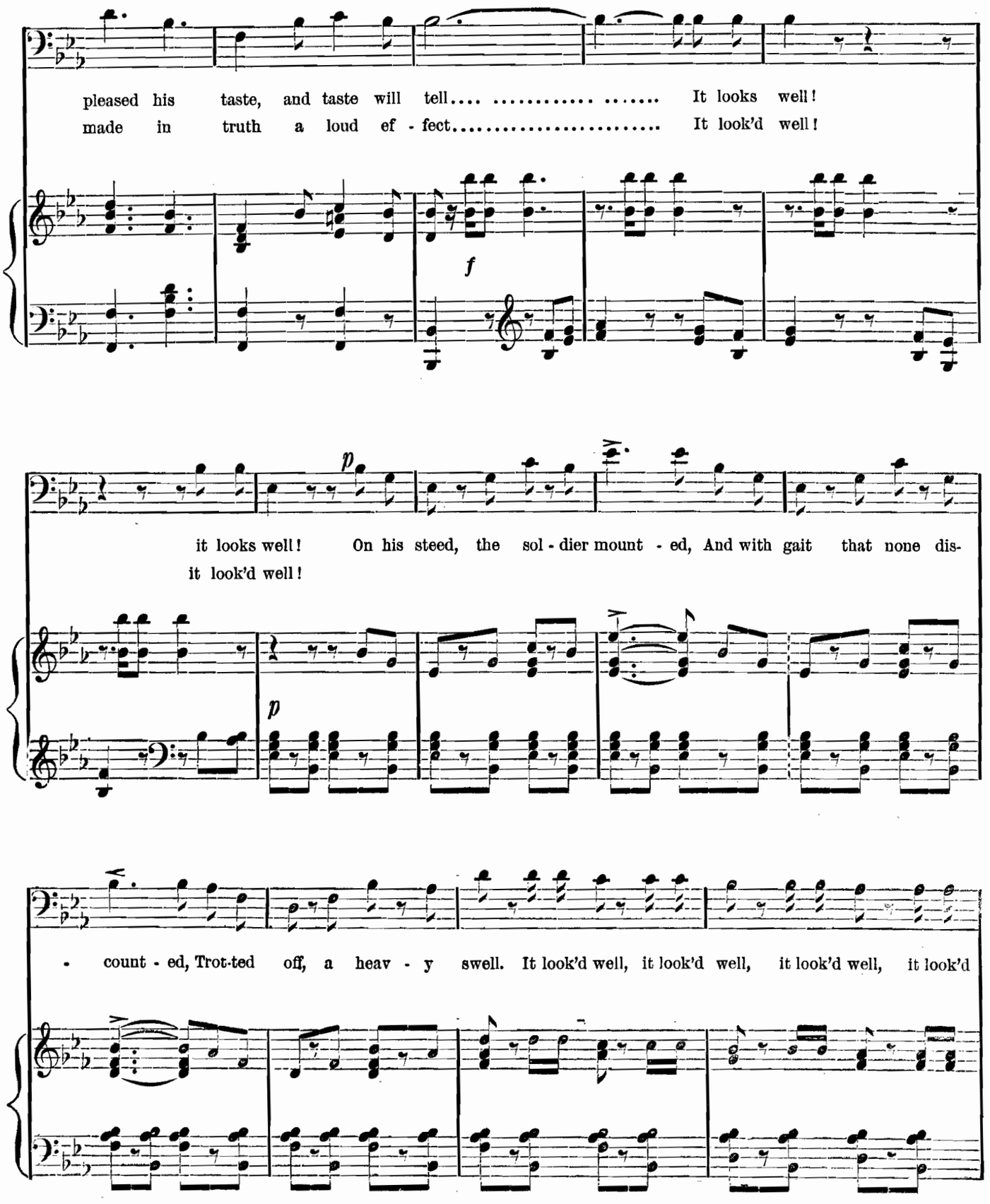
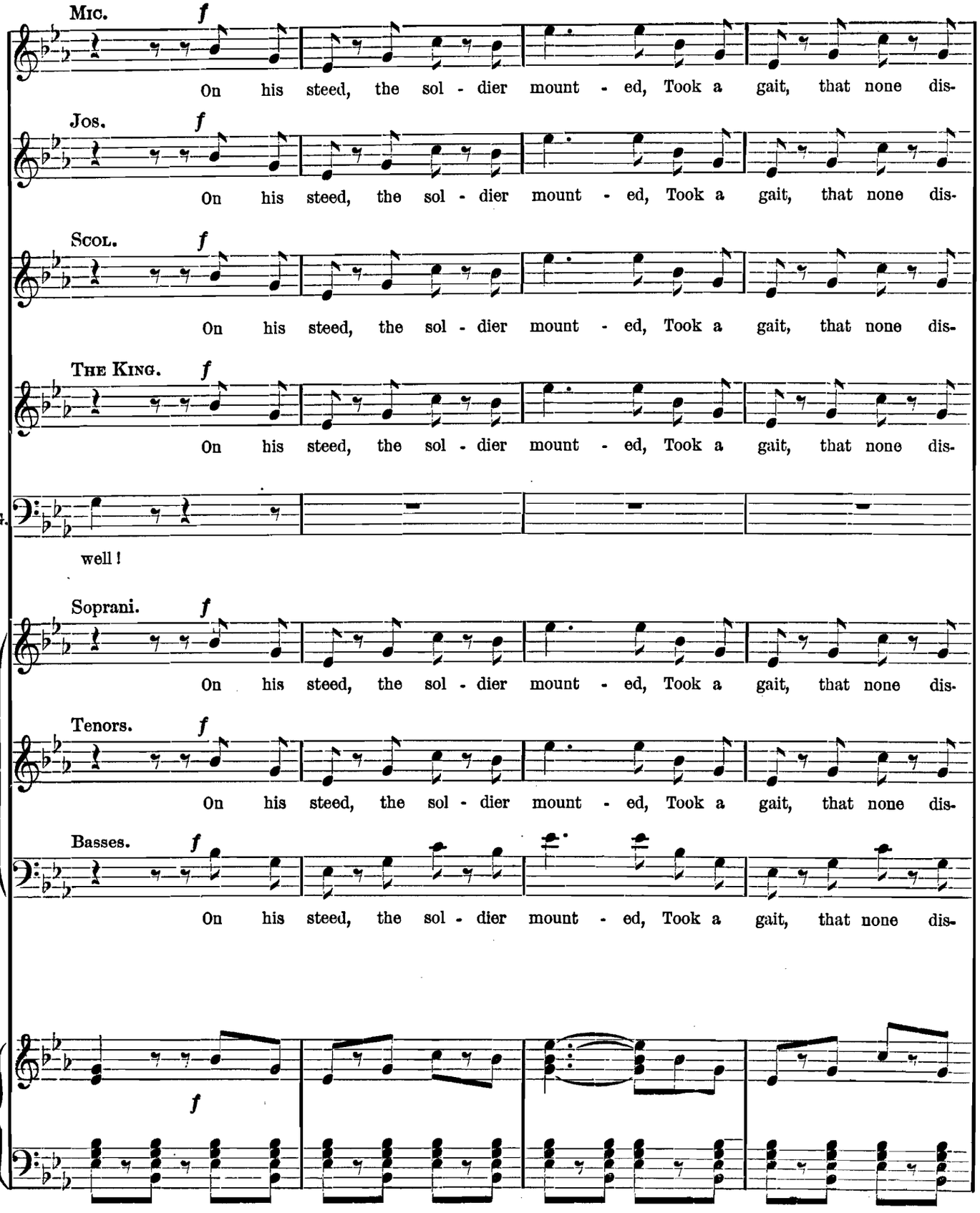
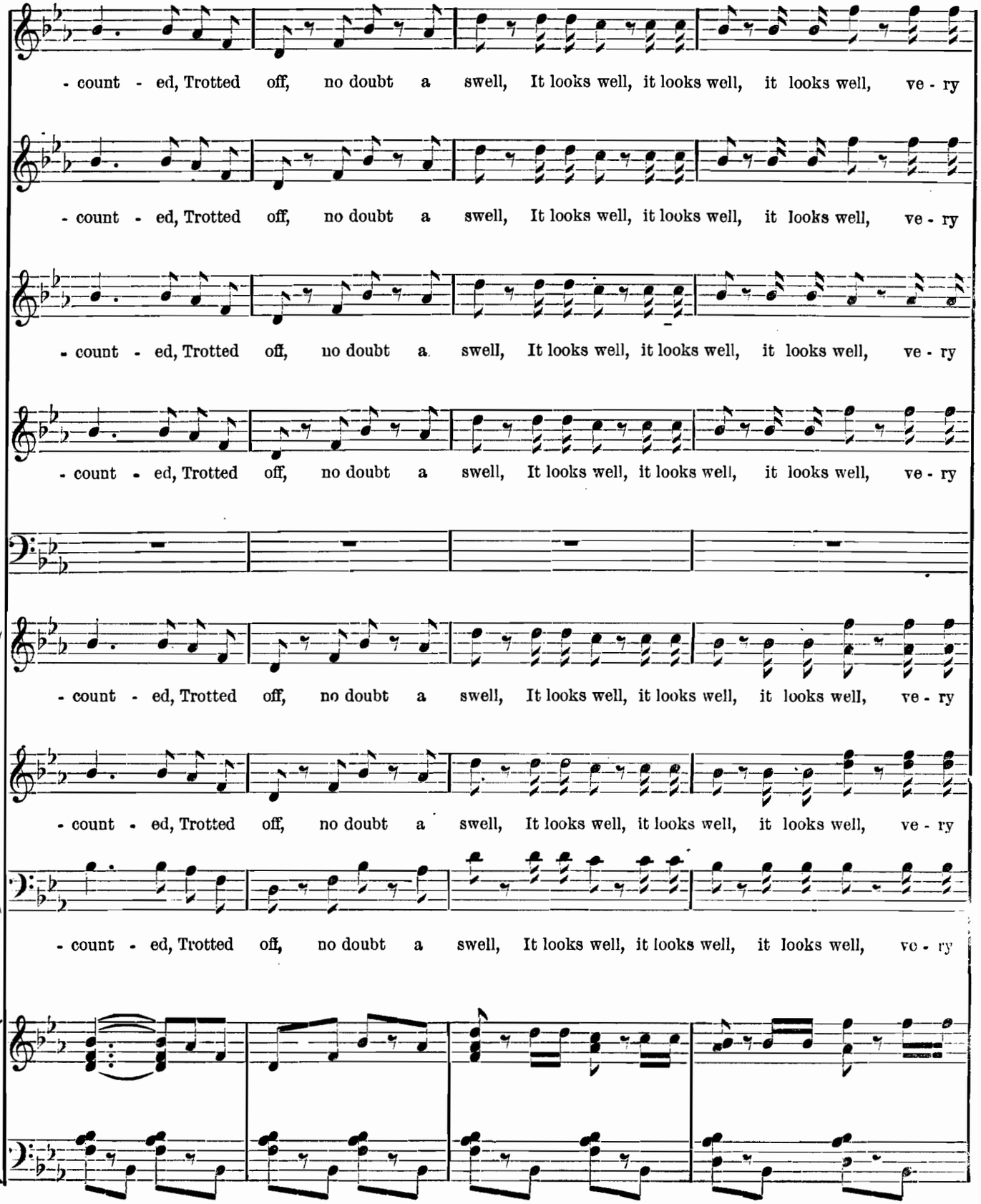
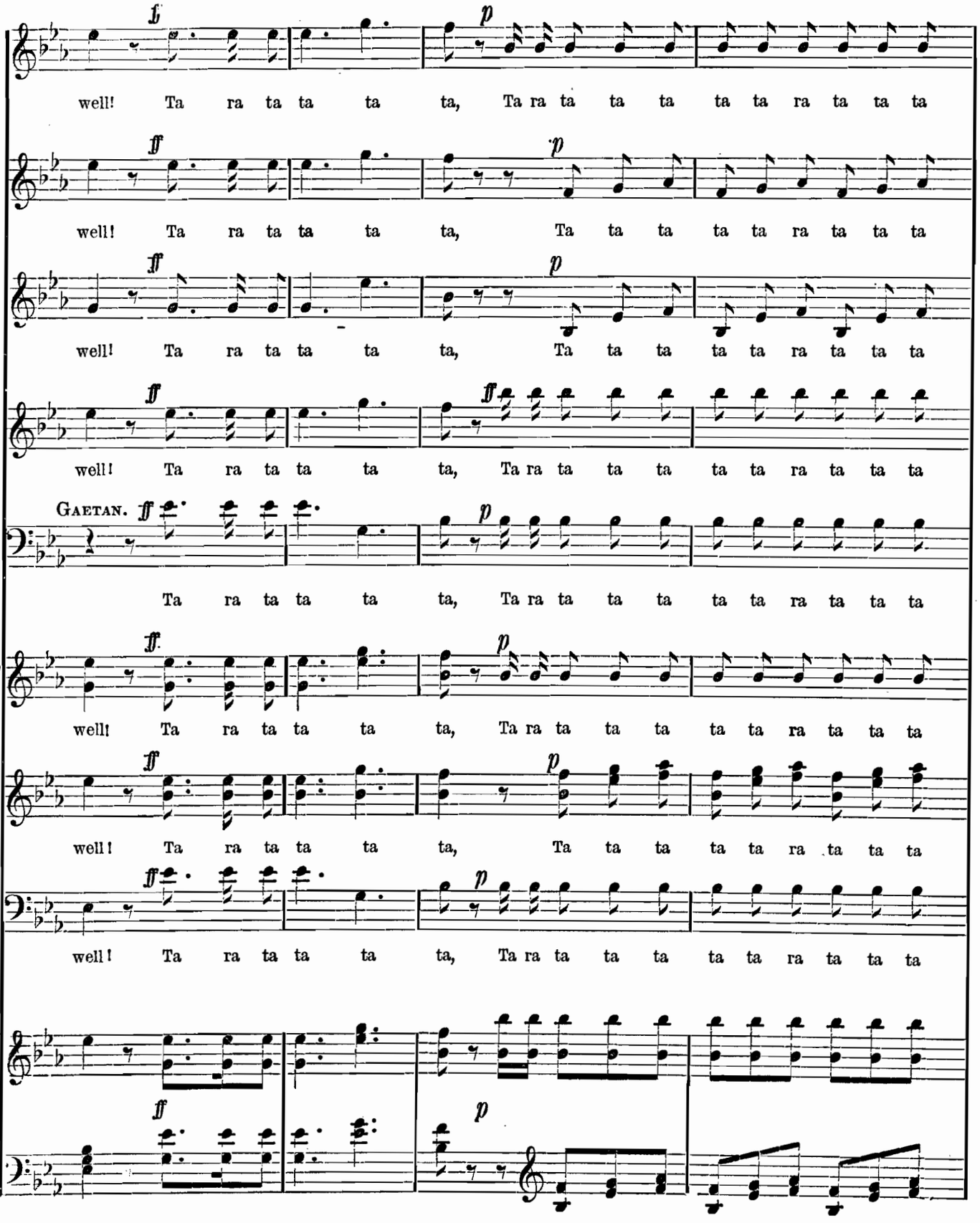
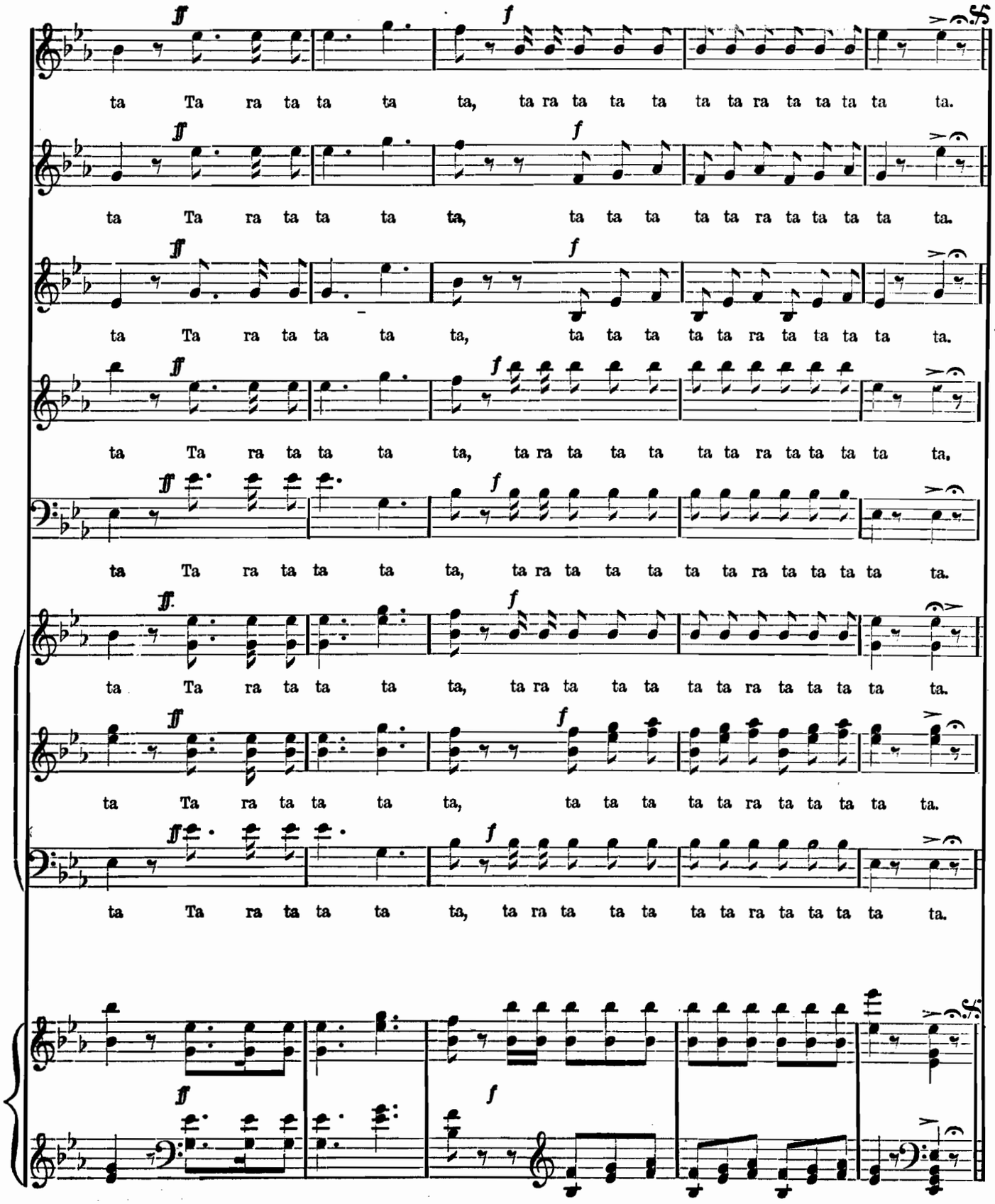

gave as rea - son why; 'Twas but to wear a hel - met
hour bore her a - way. Soon they in wed - lock were u -
p
shin - - ing, With red.... plume of hair,.... bright and swell.....
- nit - - ed, The hel - met with red.... horse - hair decked .....
f
.... Which holds its own 'gainst squalls com - bin - - ing; It
.... Set eve - ry soul in church de - light - - ed, And
f

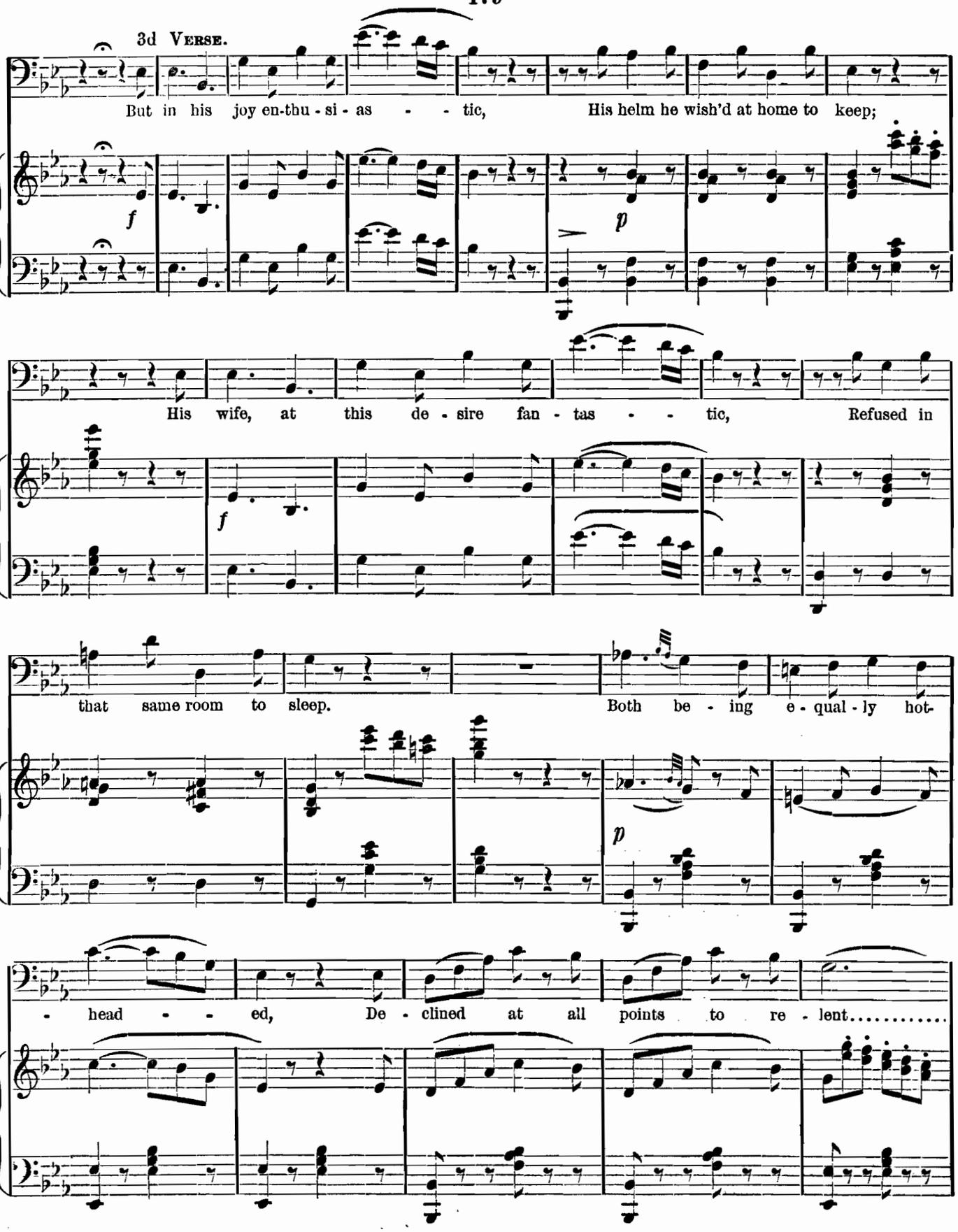

pleased his taste, and taste will tell.... .... It looks well!
made in truth a loud ef - fect..... It look'd well!
f
p
it looks well! On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, And with gait that none dis-
it look'd well!
p
- count - ed, Trot-ted off, a heav - y swell. It look'd well, it look'd well, it look'd well, it look'd

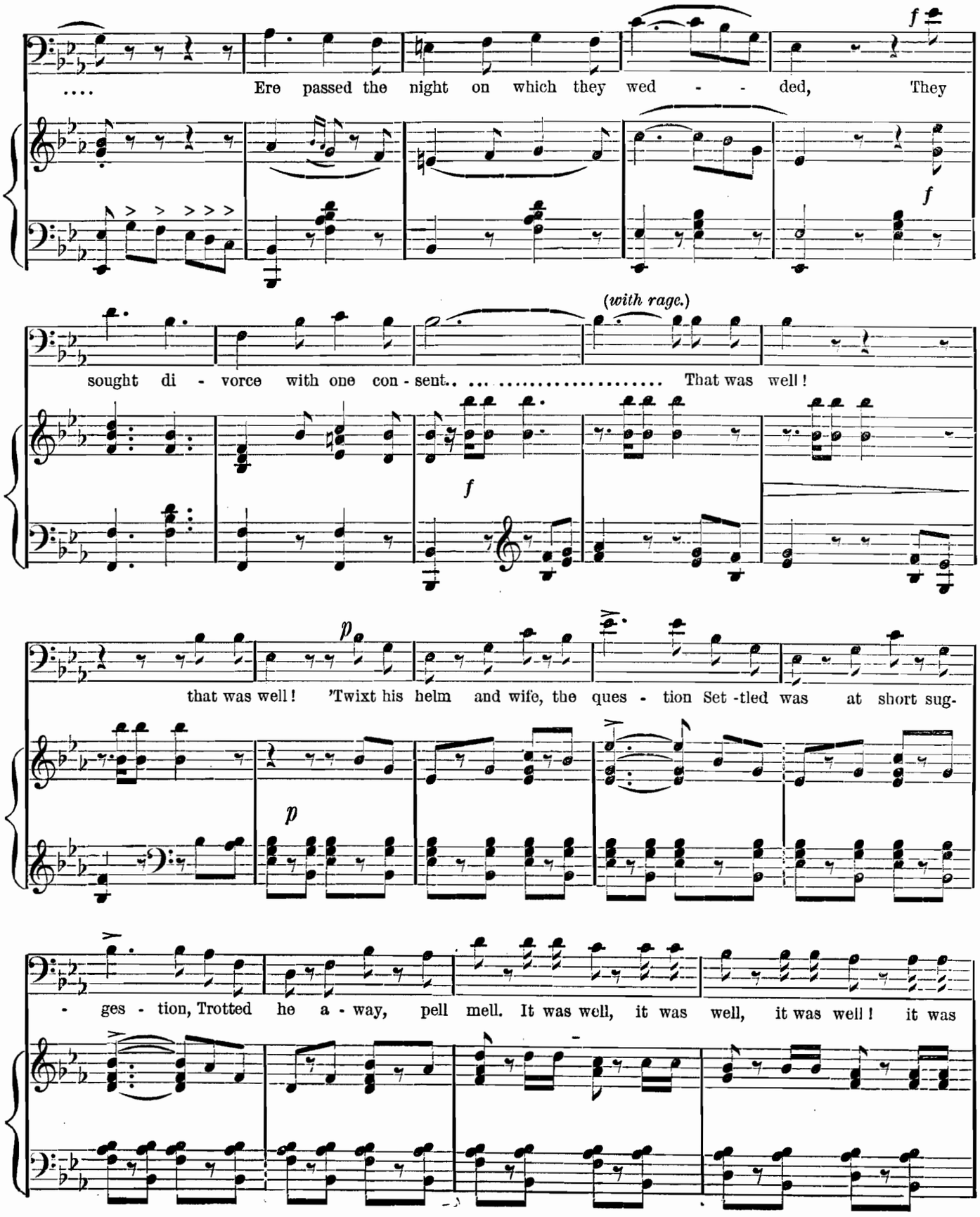

Mic.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Jos.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Scol.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
The King.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
G.
well!
Soprani.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Tenors.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
Basses.
f
On his steed, the sol - dier mount - ed, Took a gait, that none dis-
f

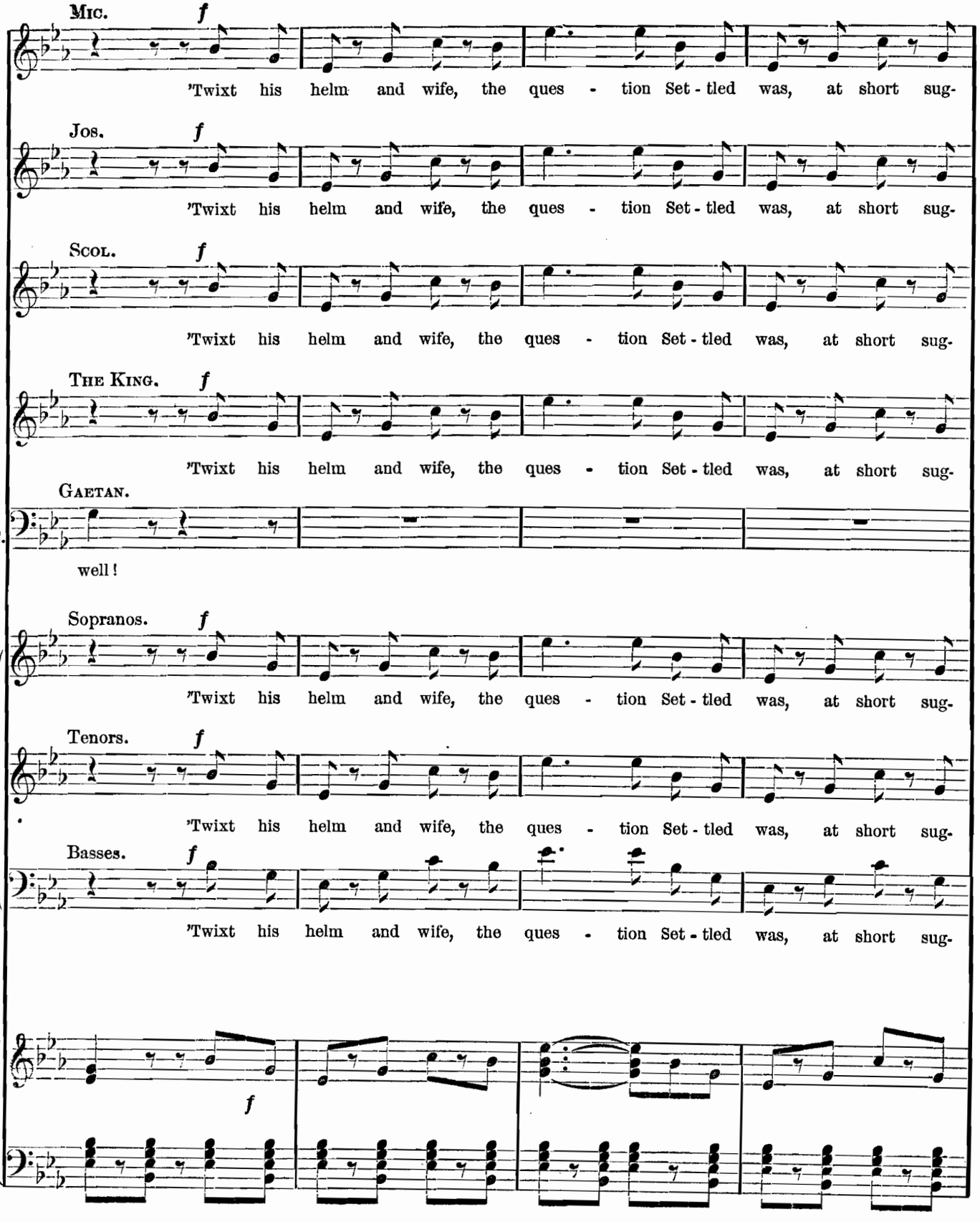

- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry
- count - ed, Trotted off, no doubt a swell, It looks well, it looks well, it looks well, ve - ry

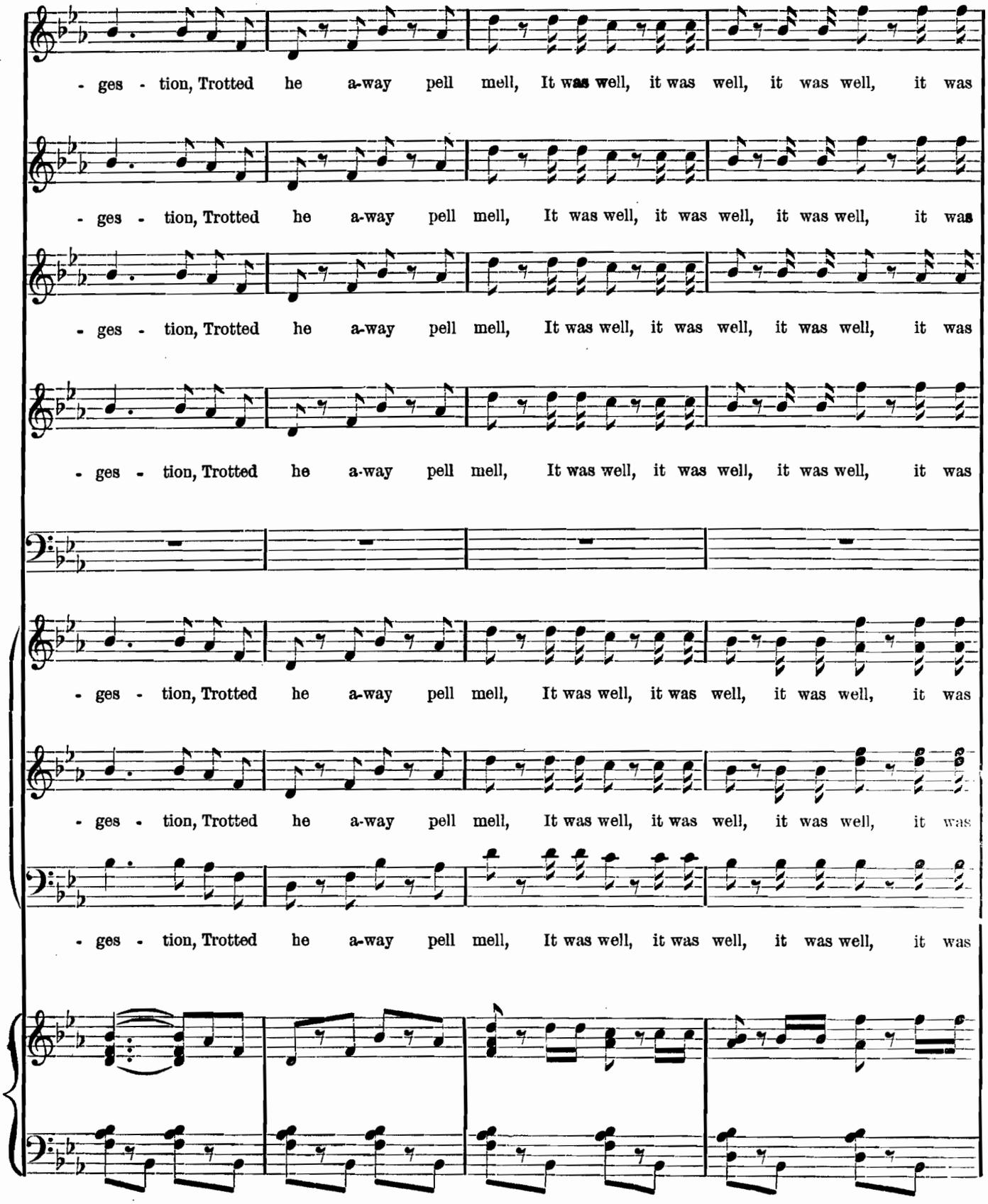

well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
GAETAN.
Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta

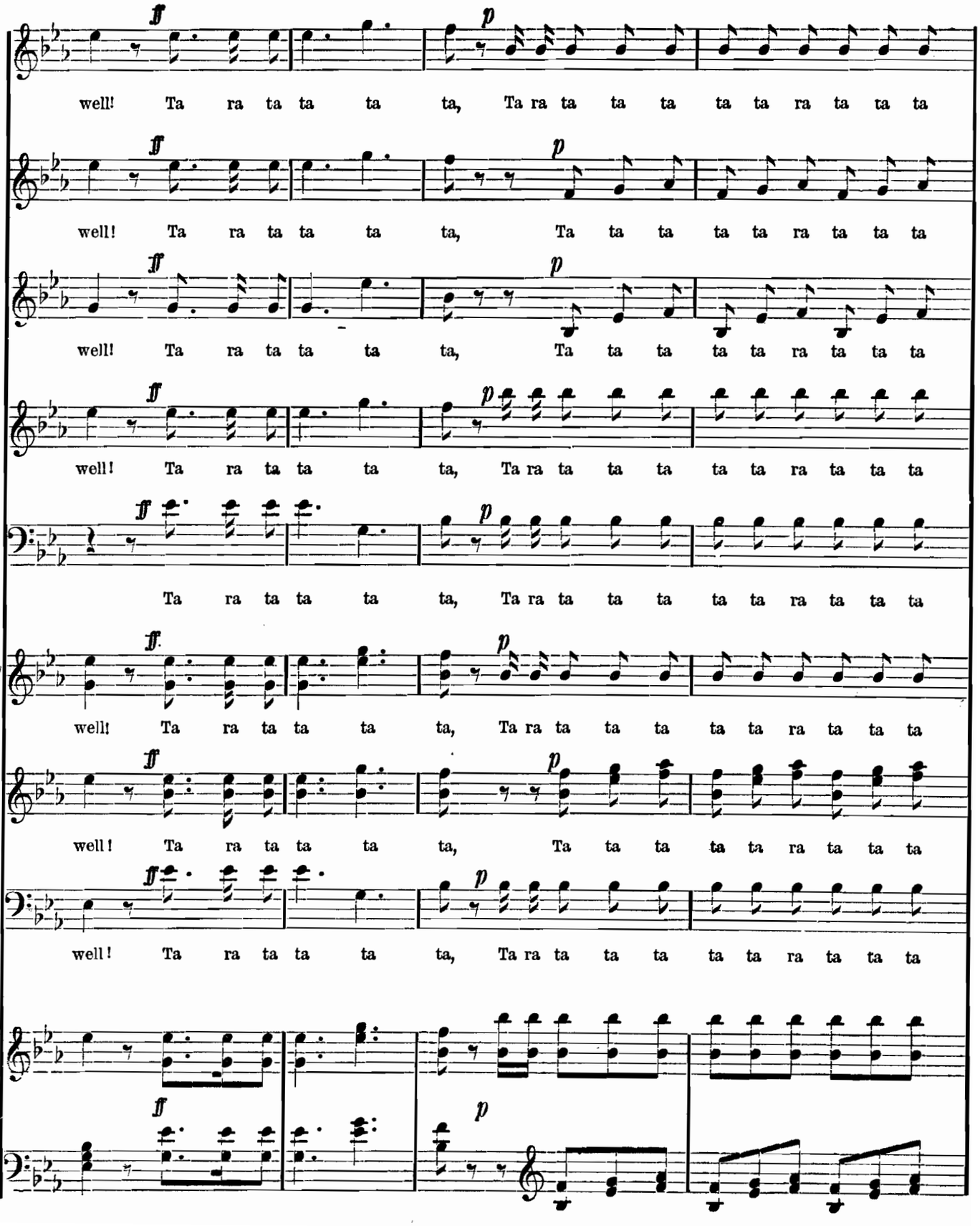

ff
f
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.
ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta, ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta ta.

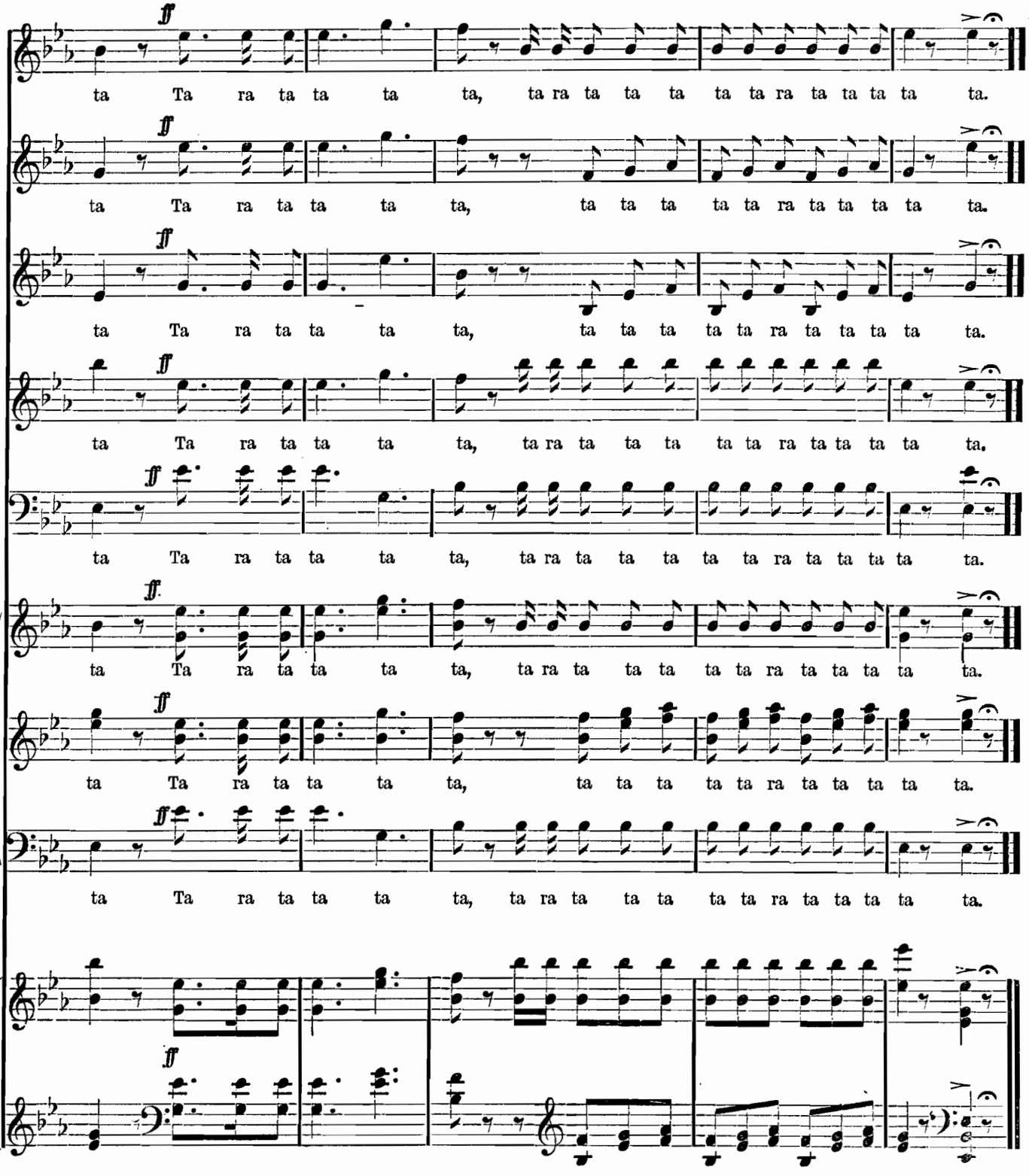

3d VERSE.
But in his joy en-thu-si-as - - tic, His helm he wish'd at home to keep;
His wife, at this de-sire fan-tas - - tic, Refused in
that same room to sleep. Both be-ing e-qual-ly hot-
- head - - ed, De-clined at all points to re-lent.....


.... Ere passed the night on which they wed - - ded, They
f
f
(with rage.)
sought di - vorce with one con - sent. ..... That was well!
f
that was well! 'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was at short sug-
p
p
- ges - tion, Trotted he a - way, pell mell. It was well, it was well, it was well! it was


Mic.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Jos.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Scol.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
The King.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Gaetan.
G.
well!
Sopranos.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Tenors.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
Basses.
f
'Twixt his helm and wife, the ques - tion Set - tled was, at short sug-
f


- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was
- ges - tion, Trotted he a-way pell mell, It was well, it was well, it was well, it was


well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta
well! Ta ra ta ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ta



THE KING. That is a capital song, and very appropriate!

MOSQ. (*to* GAETAN.) Prince, your apartment is on this side. Some one will conduct you thither, and afterward bring you back here, with the usual ceremony.

SCOL. I shall be there, to hand over to your highness the gold key of the bridal chamber.

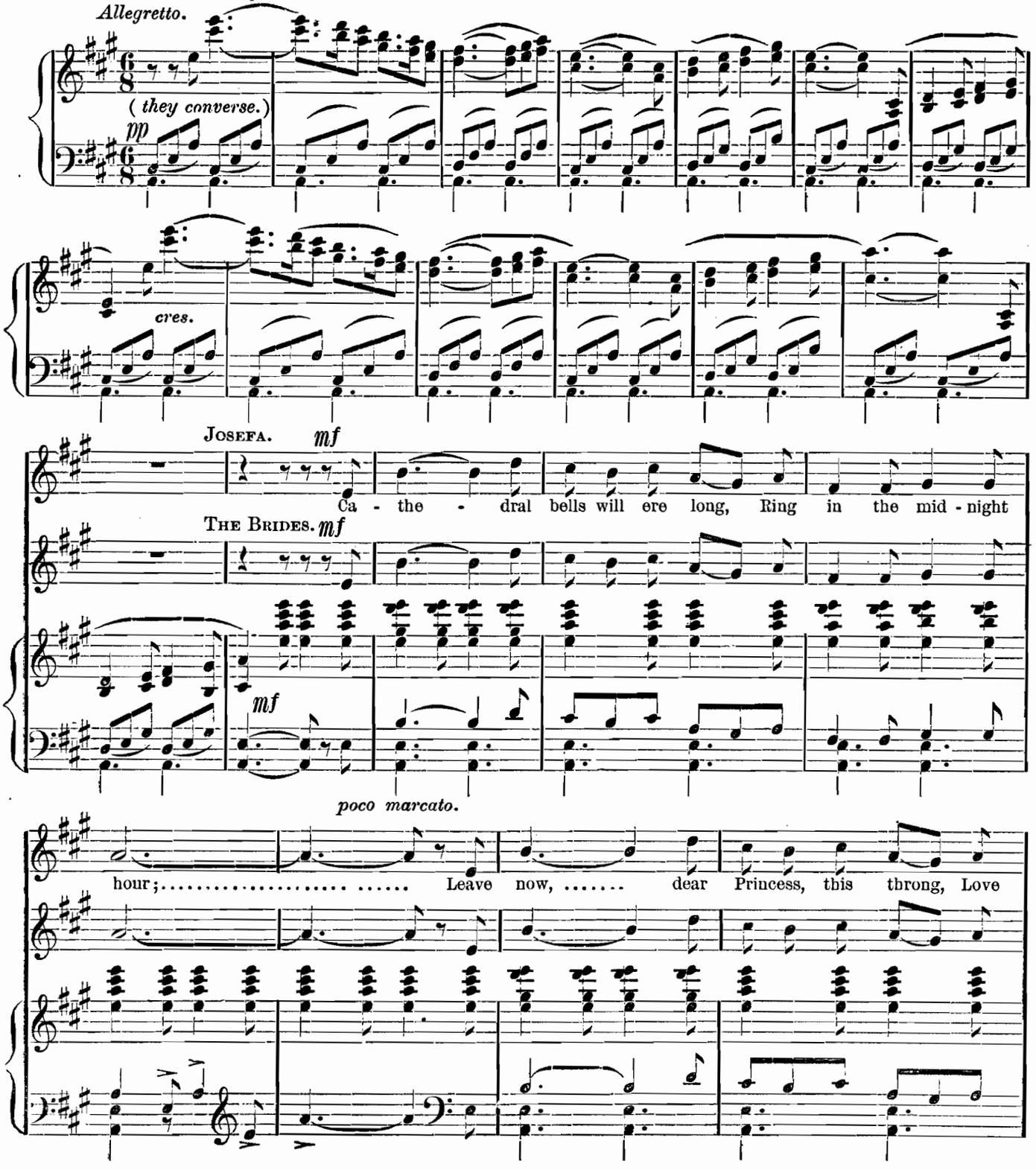
GAE. Oh! you need not hurry!

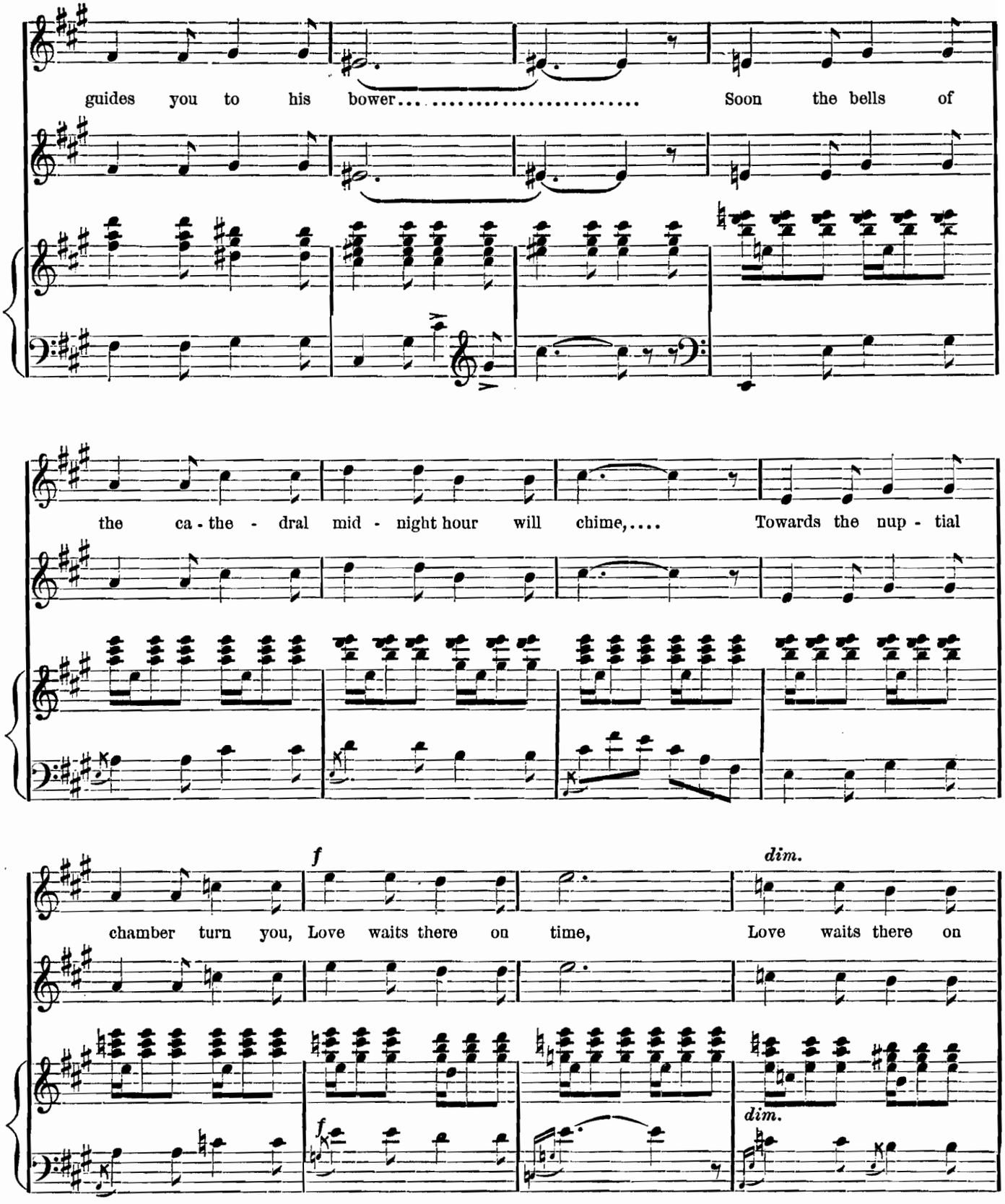
SCOL. Princess, the nuptial chamber is just there. I shall have the honor of conducting you to it, escorted by the young girls, who are married at the same time as yourself. (*She signals; the brides enter.*

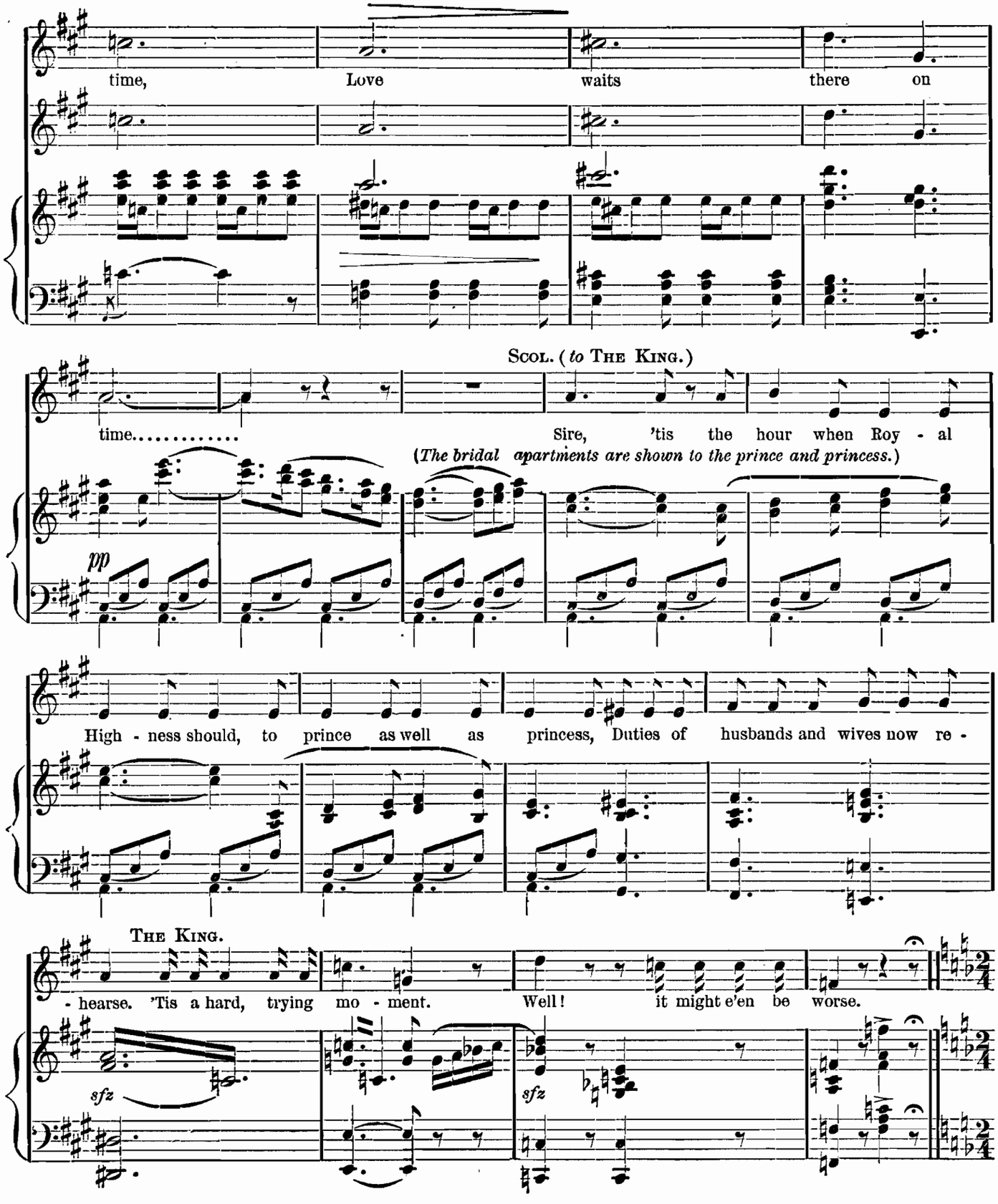
CATHEDRAL BELLS WILL ERE LONG RING.

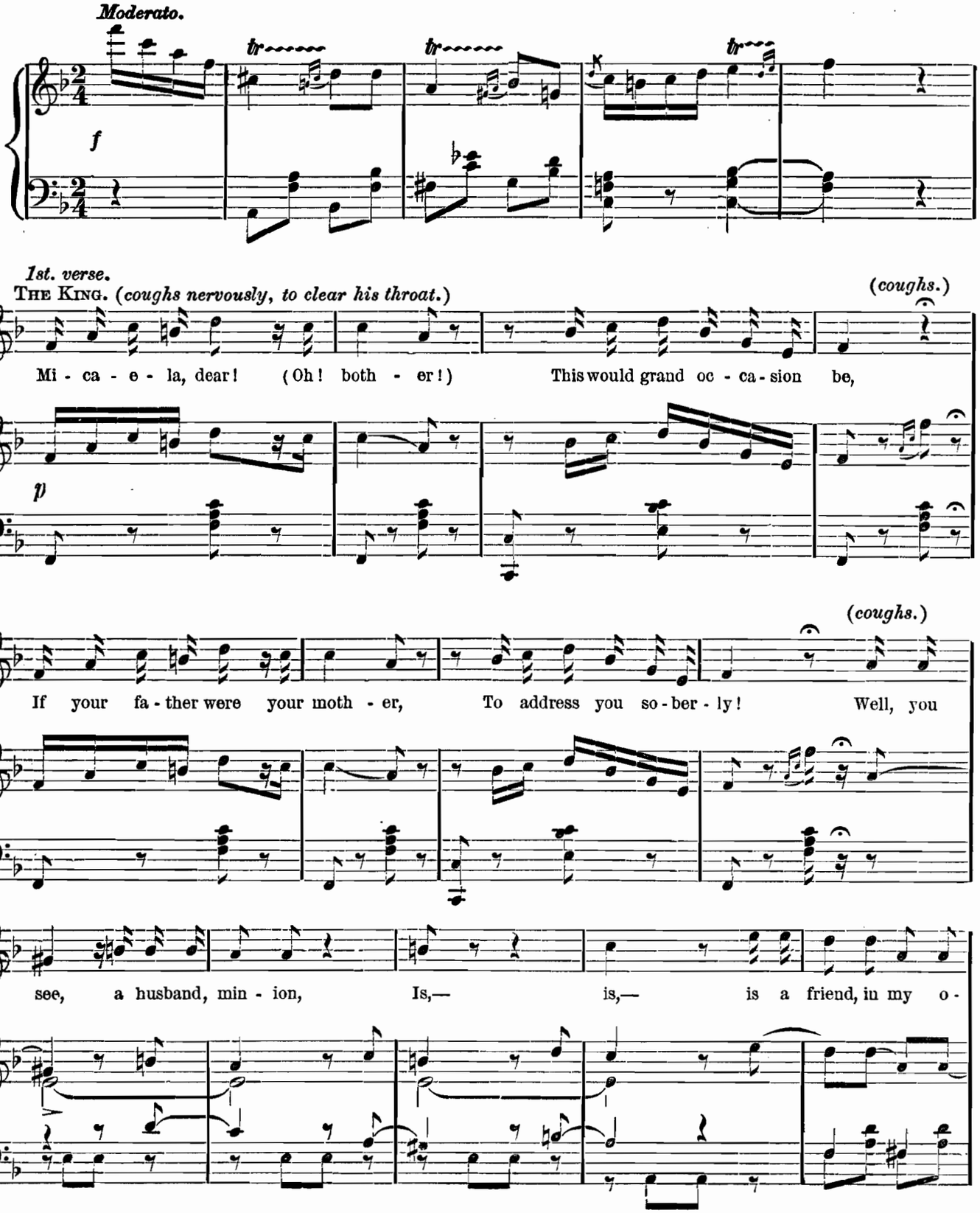
SCENE V. *The same and* THE BRIDES.

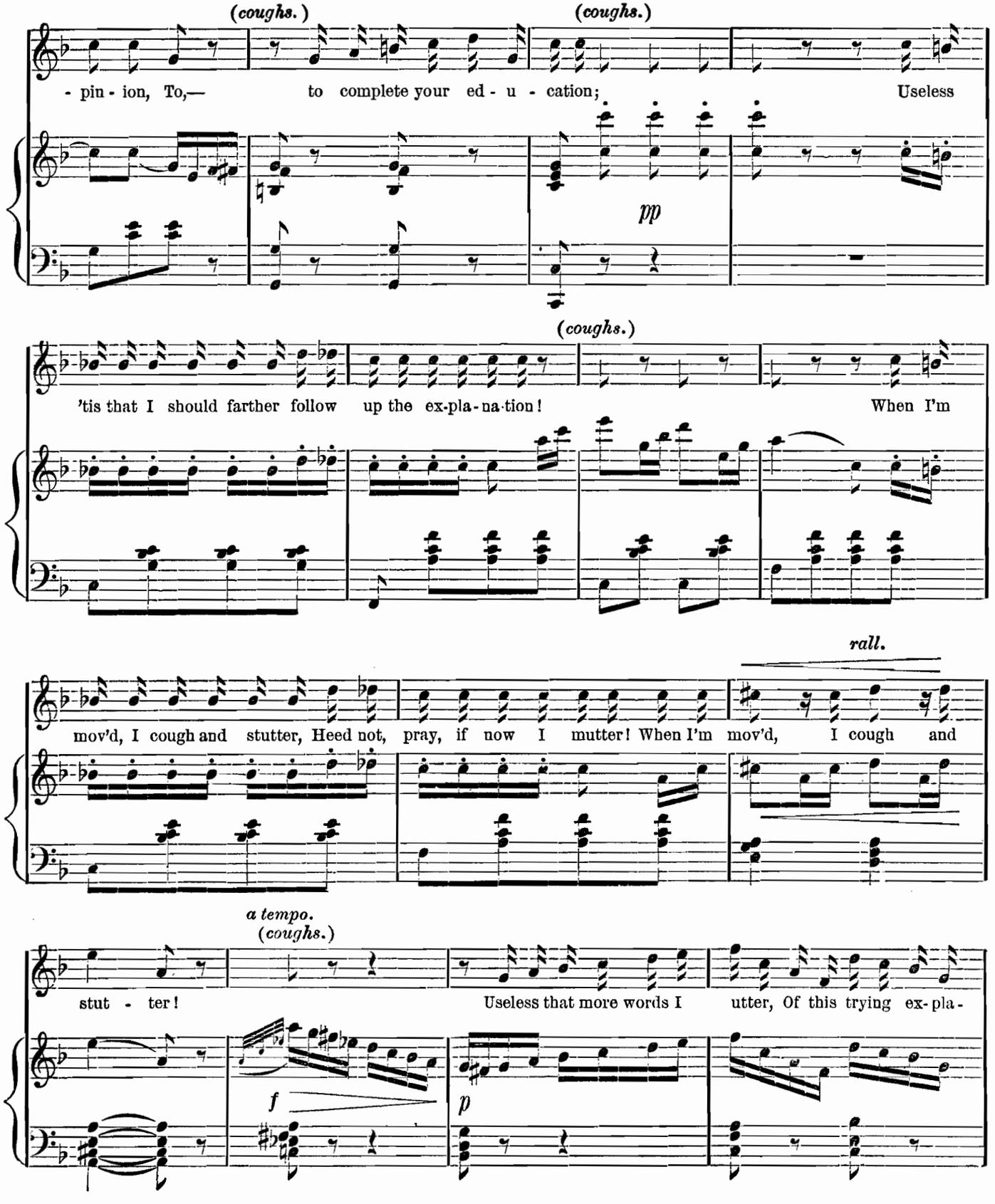
Chorus and Couplets.

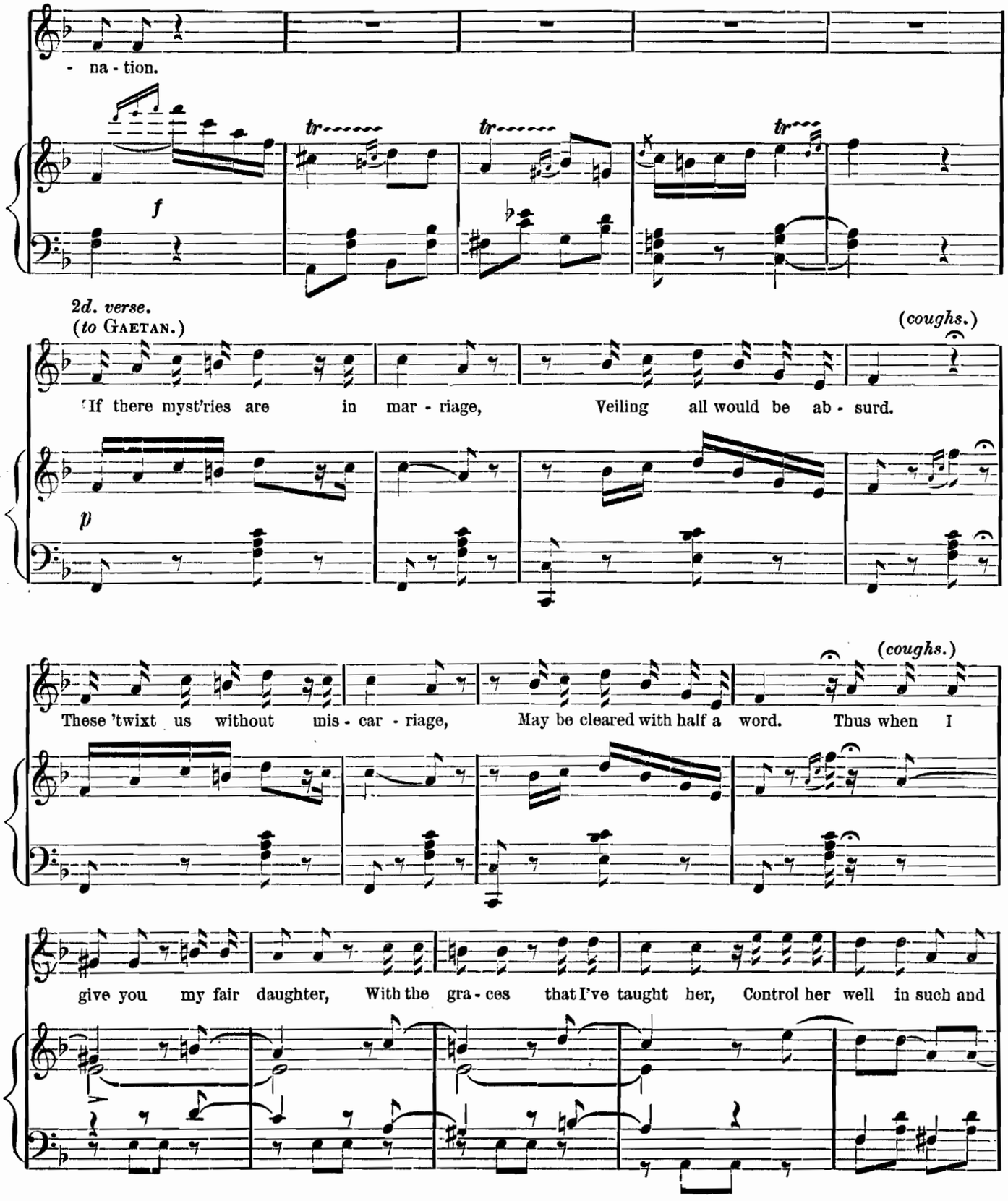


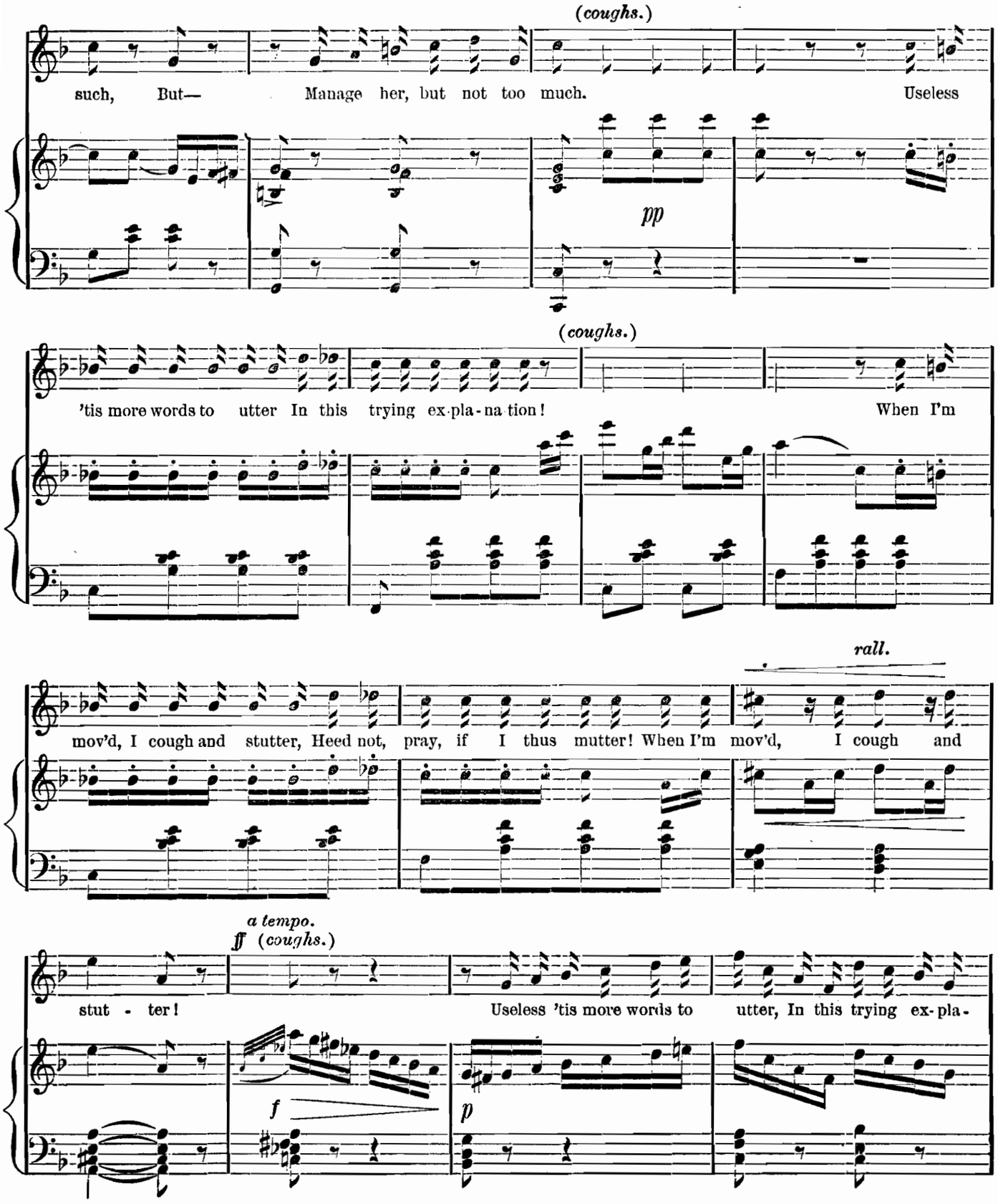

guides you to his bower..... Soon the bells of
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime,.... Towards the nup - tial
f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
f
dim.

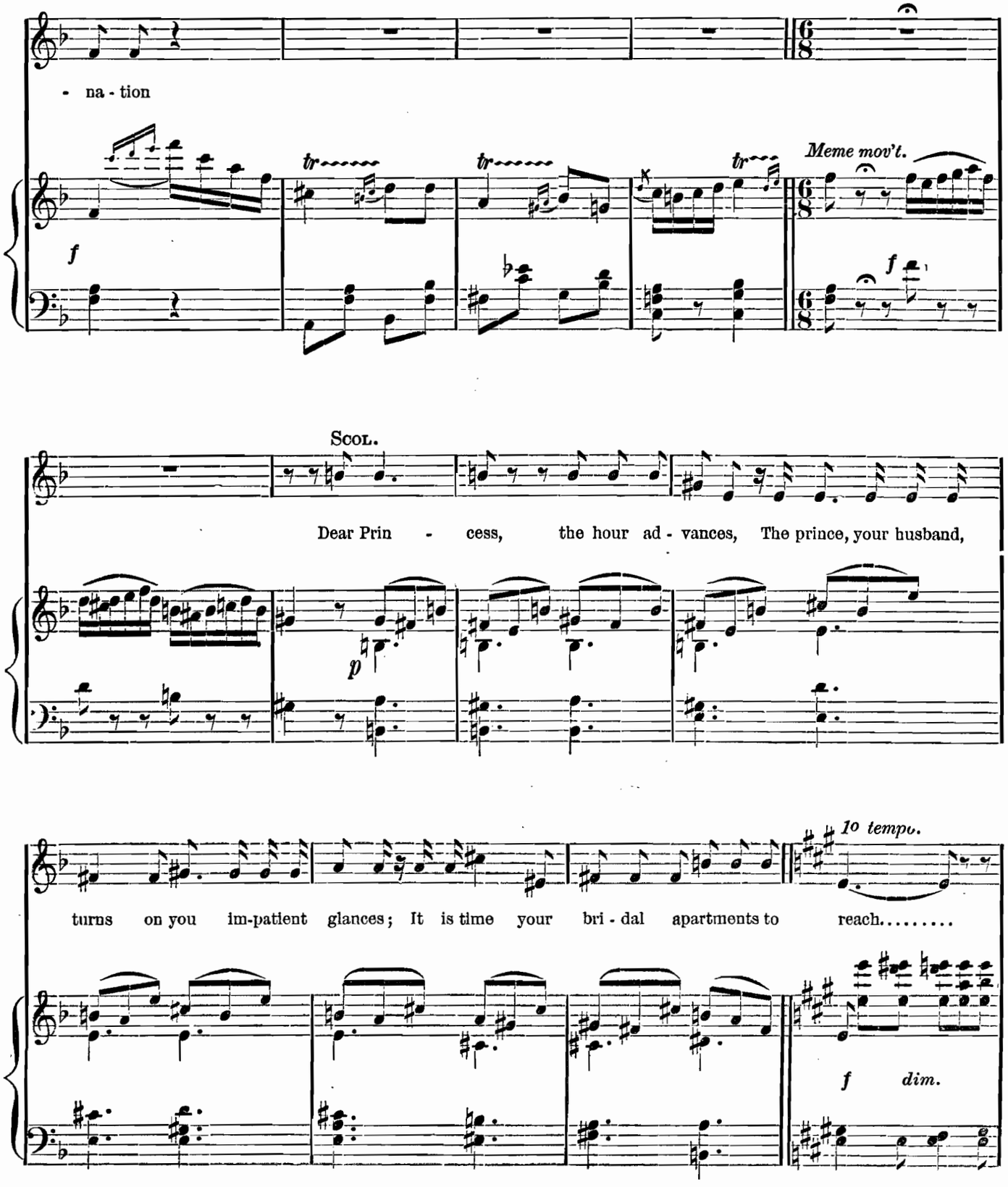

time, Love waits there on
Scol. (to The King.)
time..... Sire, 'tis the hour when Roy - al
(The bridal apartments are shown to the prince and princess.)
pp
High - ness should, to prince as well as princess, Duties of husbands and wives now re -
The King.
- hearse. 'Tis a hard, trying mo - ment. Well! it might e'en be worse.
sfz
sfz

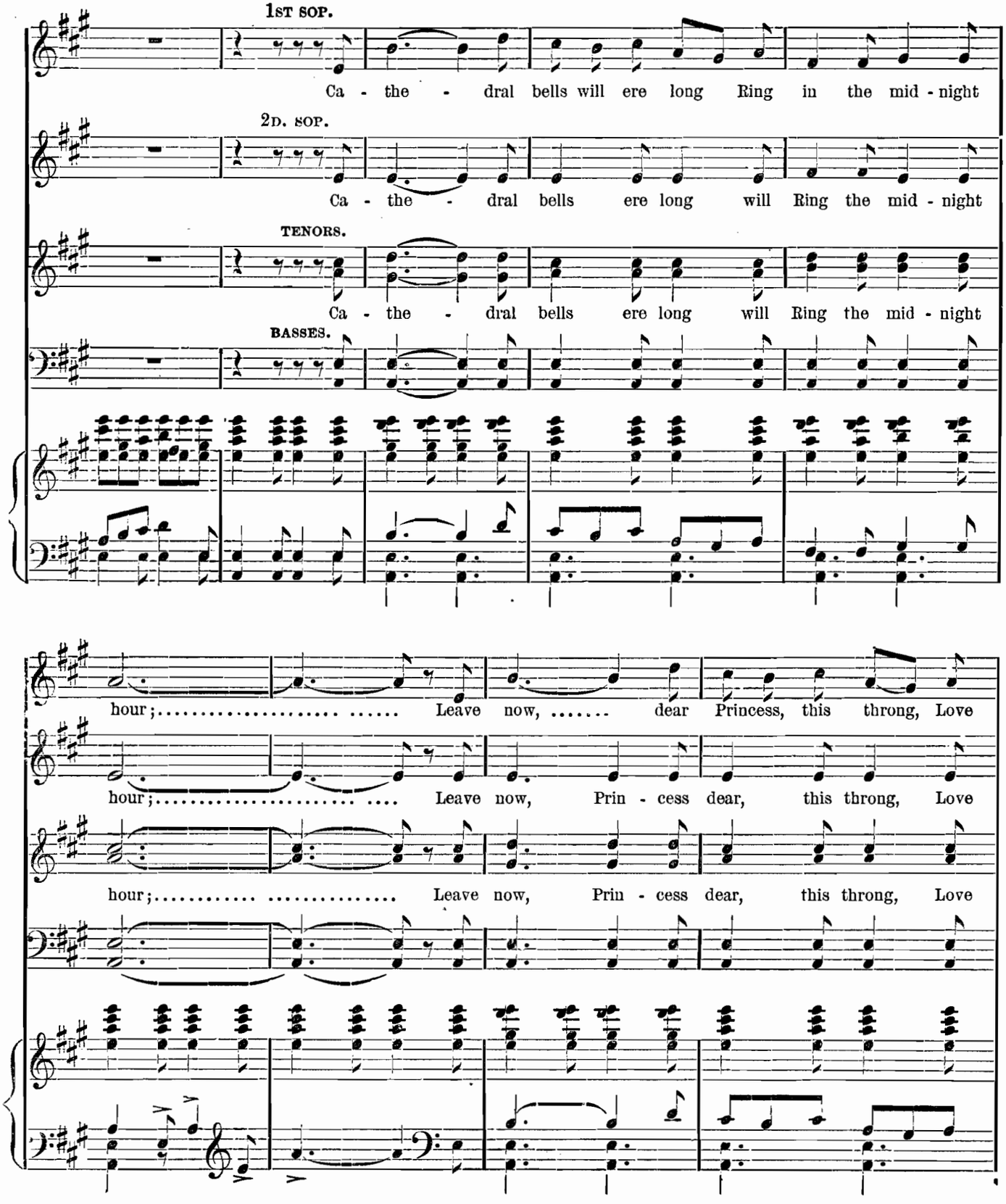

Moderato.
f
1st. verse.
THE KING. (coughs nervously, to clear his throat.)
(coughs.)
Mi - ca - e - la, dear! (Oh! both - er!) This would grand oc - ca - sion be,
p
(coughs.)
If your fa - ther were your moth - er, To address you so - ber - ly! Well, you
see, a husband, min - ion, Is,— is,— is a friend, in my o -

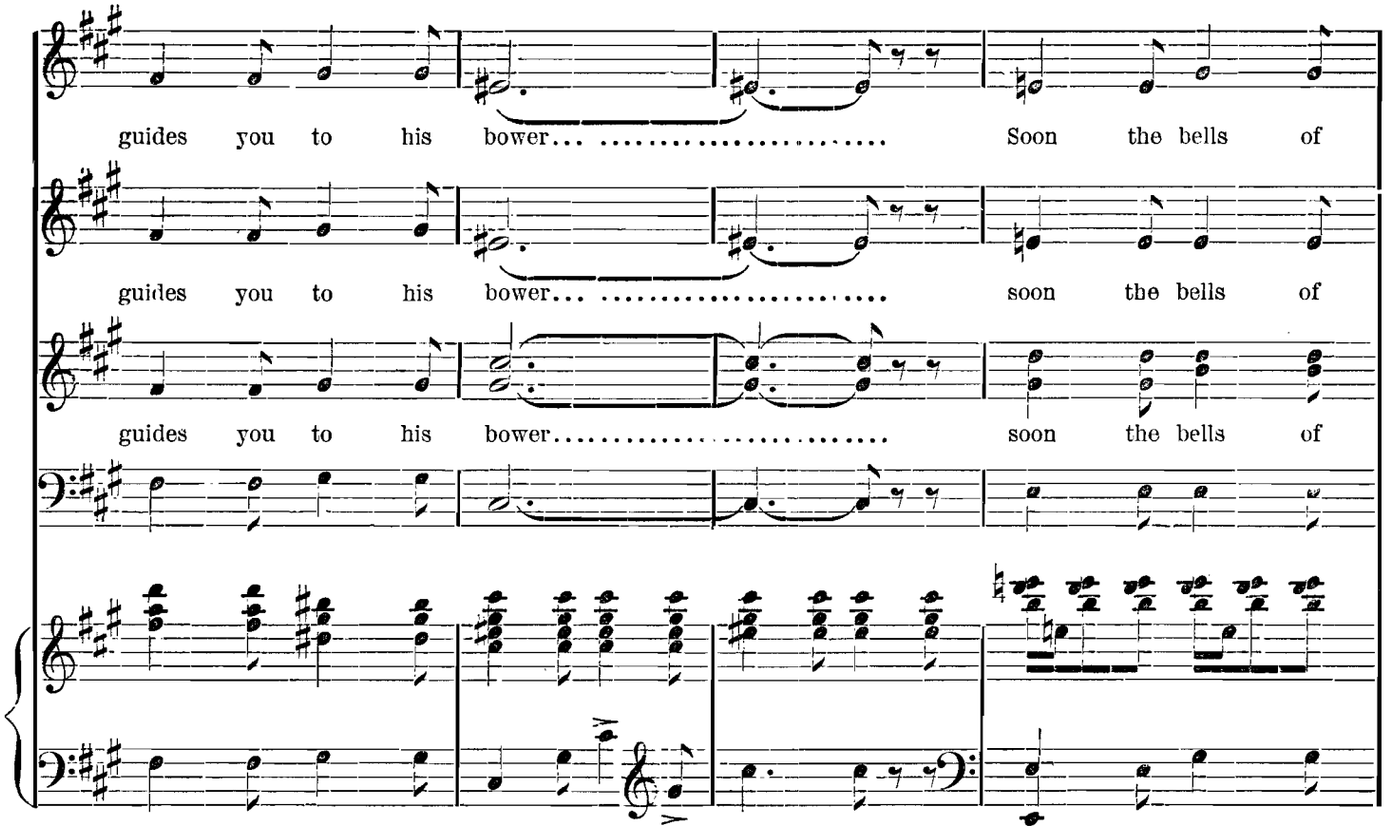

(coughs.)
(coughs.)
- pin - ion, To,— to complete your ed - u - cation; Useless
pp
(coughs.)
'tis that I should farther follow up the ex-pla-na-tion! When I'm
rall.
mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if now I mutter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and
a tempo.
(coughs.)
stut - ter! Useless that more words I utter, Of this trying ex-pla-
f
p

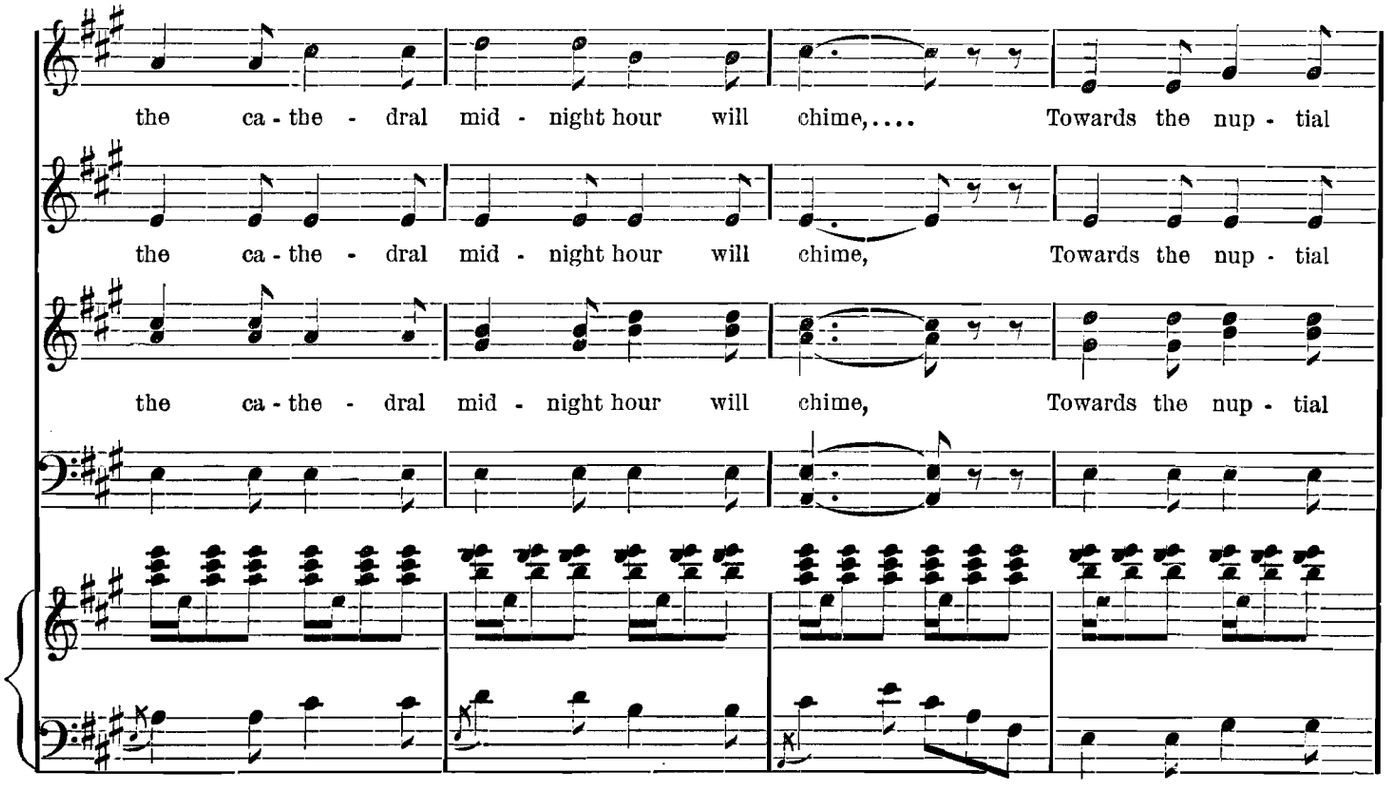

- na - tion.
f
tr
tr
tr
2d. verse.
(to GAETAN.)
(coughs.)
If there myst'ries are in mar - riage, Veiling all would be ab - surd.
p
(coughs.)
These 'twixt us without mis - car - riage, May be cleared with half a word. Thus when I
give you my fair daughter, With the gra - ces that I've taught her, Control her well in such and

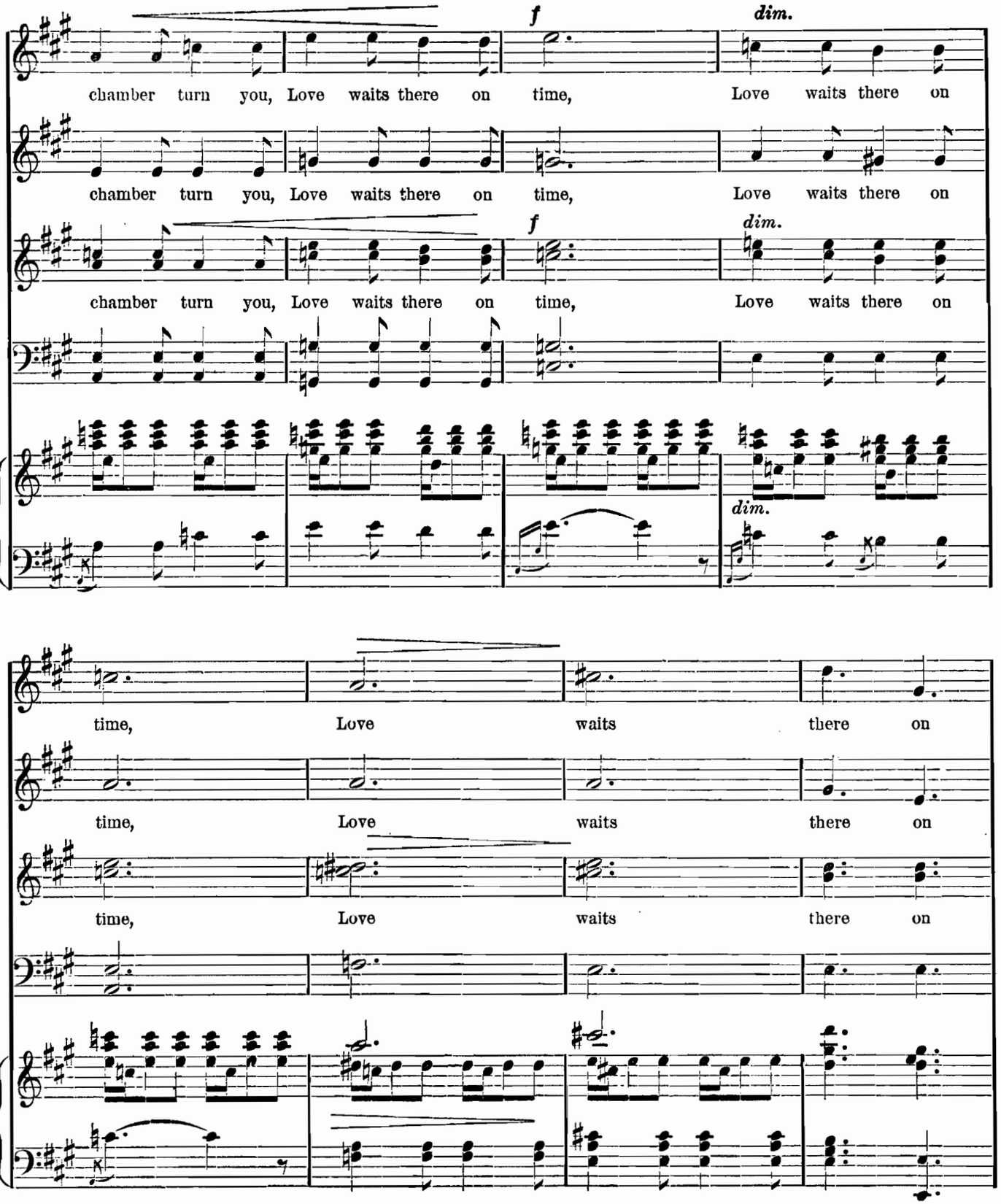

(coughs.)
such, But— Manage her, but not too much. Useless
pp
(coughs.)
'tis more words to utter In this trying ex-pla-na-tion! When I'm
rall.
mov'd, I cough and stutter, Heed not, pray, if I thus mutter! When I'm mov'd, I cough and
a tempo.
ff (coughs.)
stut - ter! Useless 'tis more words to utter, In this trying ex-pla-
f
p

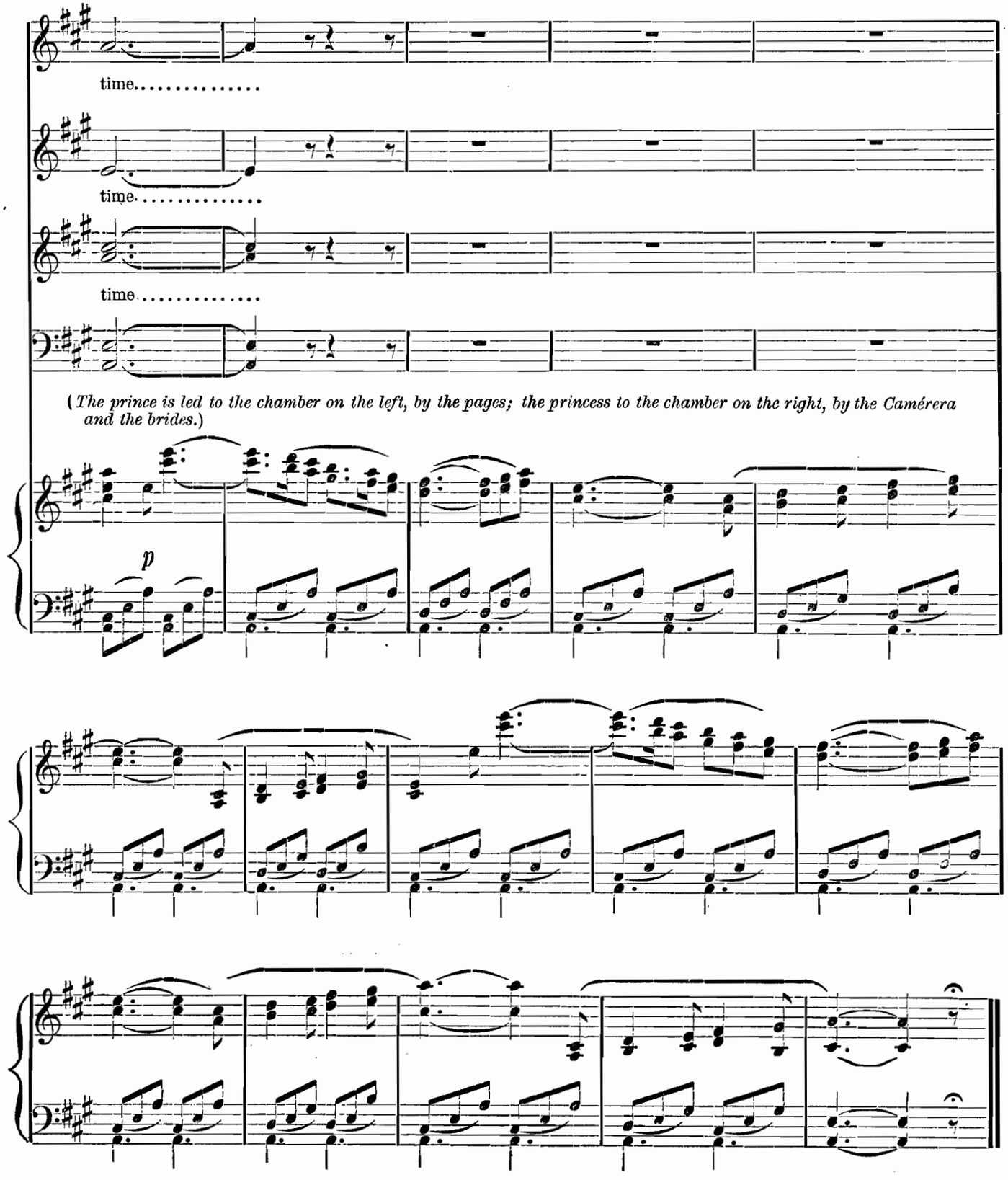

- na - tion
tr
tr
tr
Meme mov't.
f
f
Scol.
Dear Prin - cess, the hour ad - vances, The prince, your husband,
p
turns on you im-patient glances; It is time your bri - dal apartments to reach.....
1o tempo.
f dim.


1ST SOP.
Ca - the - dral bells will ere long Ring in the mid - night
2D. SOP.
Ca - the - dral bells ere long will Ring the mid - night
TENORS.
Ca - the - dral bells ere long will Ring the mid - night
BASSES.
hour;..... Leave now, ... dear Princess, this throng, Love
hour;..... Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love
hour;..... Leave now, Prin - cess dear, this throng, Love

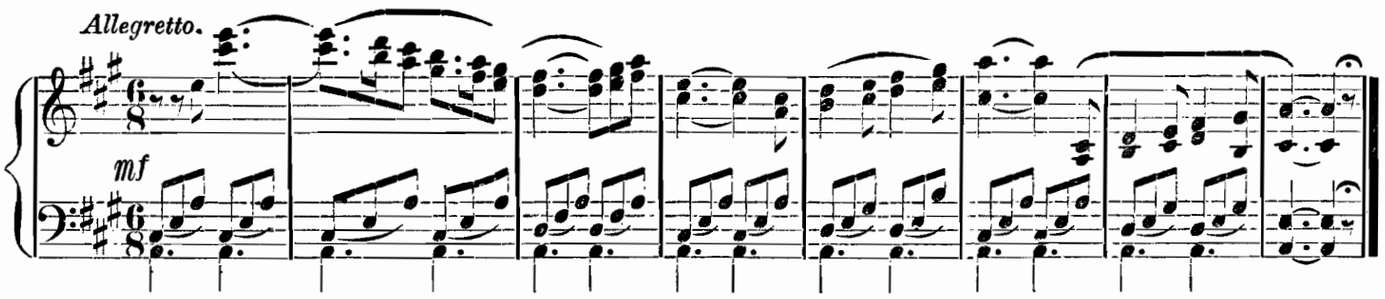

guides you to his bower... Soon the bells of
guides you to his bower... soon the bells of
guides you to his bower... soon the bells of


the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime,... Towards the nup - tial
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime, Towards the nup - tial
the ca - the - dral mid - night hour will chime, Towards the nup - tial


f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
f
dim.
chamber turn you, Love waits there on time, Love waits there on
dim.
time, Love waits there on
time, Love waits there on
time, Love waits there on


time.....
time.....
time.....
(The prince is led to the chamber on the left, by the pages; the princess to the chamber on the right, by the Camérera and the brides.)
p

MELODRAMA.



SCENE VI. THE KING. DON MOSQUITOS.

THE KING. Now, attention! With a joker like my son-in-law, we must be ready for anything. There are moments when I feel a desire to start him off on his travels; but I have sentiments of duty, and shall not forget that the balance of power of Europe is in my hands! All, so far, has been done as agreed upon.

MOSQ. Yes, sire. The sentinels are at their posts.

KING. Good!

MOSQ. The gates of the palace will be rigorously closed.

KING. All right!

MOSQ. All the rooms which surround the bridal appartments will be the object of special surveillance. To conceal the appearance of rigor, I have stationed musicians there, and have given orders that, if a door or window is opened, the national hymn shall immediately be played.

KING. Excellent precaution!

MOSQ. So soon as the people on duty have departed, and the bell of midnight is sounded, nobody can leave here—man or women.

KING. That is as I recommended! We must be prepared at all points. What a joker he is—my son-in-law!

MOSQ. Sire, some one is leaving the apartments of the princess.

KING. Perfect! We have nothing more to do here. I go to watch over, personally, the execution of orders.

SCENE VII. *The same.* SCOLASTICA. *The Brides.*

SCOL. Sire, I have accomplished the duties of my charge about the princess.

KING Oh, it is not she who makes me uneasy! I thank you for your zeal. You may count upon it that nothing will be neglected on my part.

MOSQ. We shall neglect nothing.

KING. Come, colonel.

SCENE VIII. DONNA SCOLASTICA, *then* GAETAN.

SCOL. Brought up in courts, I have never sought to penetrate the secrets of the great. I cannot, at the same time, prevent myself from finding it very strange—the manner of our young prince. What can be his design? What are the motives of his conduct? 'Tis he!

GAE. (*Arrives by the left. To the Pages.*) Good night, messieurs. (*The Pages retire. To himself.*) Here I am! They have brought me here, all the same, and I have only one thing more to do. Oh! they have not seen the end as yet! I would like to find an occasion for scandal that would make them recoil when they believe they have reached the end: Ah! here is the little Camérera come back again.

SCOL. (*Making three steps and a curtsey.*) Prince, here is the key.

GAE. The key? Ah, yes! 'Tis for—(*Points to the bridal chamber; the Camérera smiles an answer.*) Amiable smile! But, in fact, (*Looking at her.*) she must have been well-looking in her day! I think I have got hold of my scandal! (*He approaches her with a sigh.*) If we had time I would explain to you—

SCOL. What, then, monseigneur?

GAE. This key is destined to open a lock, is it not?

SCOL. Yes.

GAE. Suppose one wanted to open another one with it?

SCOL. It would not fit!

GAE. Precisely! Well, this is also the key of the situation. There is a woman towards whom my heart ought to to have gone out voluntarily, and, instead of that, there is another! Ah! I am much to be pitied!

SCOL. Monseigneur!

GAE. (*Taking her hand.*)Tell me—tell me you pity me!

SCOL. I do pity you, monseigneur!

GAE. Thanks for that kind word! (*He puts his arm around her.*)

SCOL. (*Edging off.*) Monseigneur!

GAE. (*Aside.*) She will cry out, and make a devil of a rumpus!

SCOL. (*Aside.*) What a ray of light! This, then, is the secret of his coldness for the princess! That I should have made such a lively impression upon him!

GAE. You pity me, madame! Ah! you have understood me. (*Approaching her.*) Tell me your first name.

SCOL. Monseigneur—Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena.

GAE. Well, Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena, there are mysterious sympathies that draw one soul to another. We would fain struggle against them—we cannot. We wish to conquer them, but we cannot. (*Again putting his arm about her.—Aside.*) Try to get her near the bell-pull!

SCOL. Monseigneur, princes are made to control others—

GAE. And they ought to control themselves! I know that!

SCOL. I referred to others!

GAE. Ah! (*Aside.*) She does not ring!

SCOL. The obedience of subjects is a principle without which the monarchy would be essentially changed. (*She gazes tenderly at him.*)

GAE. Ah, bah! (*Aside.*) But in place of ringing, it seems to me—well, as if I were taken in!

SCOL. And for a spirit well born, that obedience has an unspeakable charm (*The Prince moves off a little, the Camérera follows him*), like everything that springs from a sentiment of duty!

GAE. Could I have expected that? (*Pushing her away gently.*) Well, well, I shall know what to rely upon in your sentiments. (*Quickly.*) Inesilla Vittoria Scolastica Nepomucena!—

SCOL. Monseigneur!

GAE. You may retire.

SCOL. But, monseigneur!

GAE. You may –

SCOL. I obey. (*She makes three steps and a curtsey*) Monseigneur! (*A reverence Aside.*) Never mind; I have read his heart! He will come to it! (*She retires by the little door in the first plan, at the right, after having made a third reverence, always backward.*)

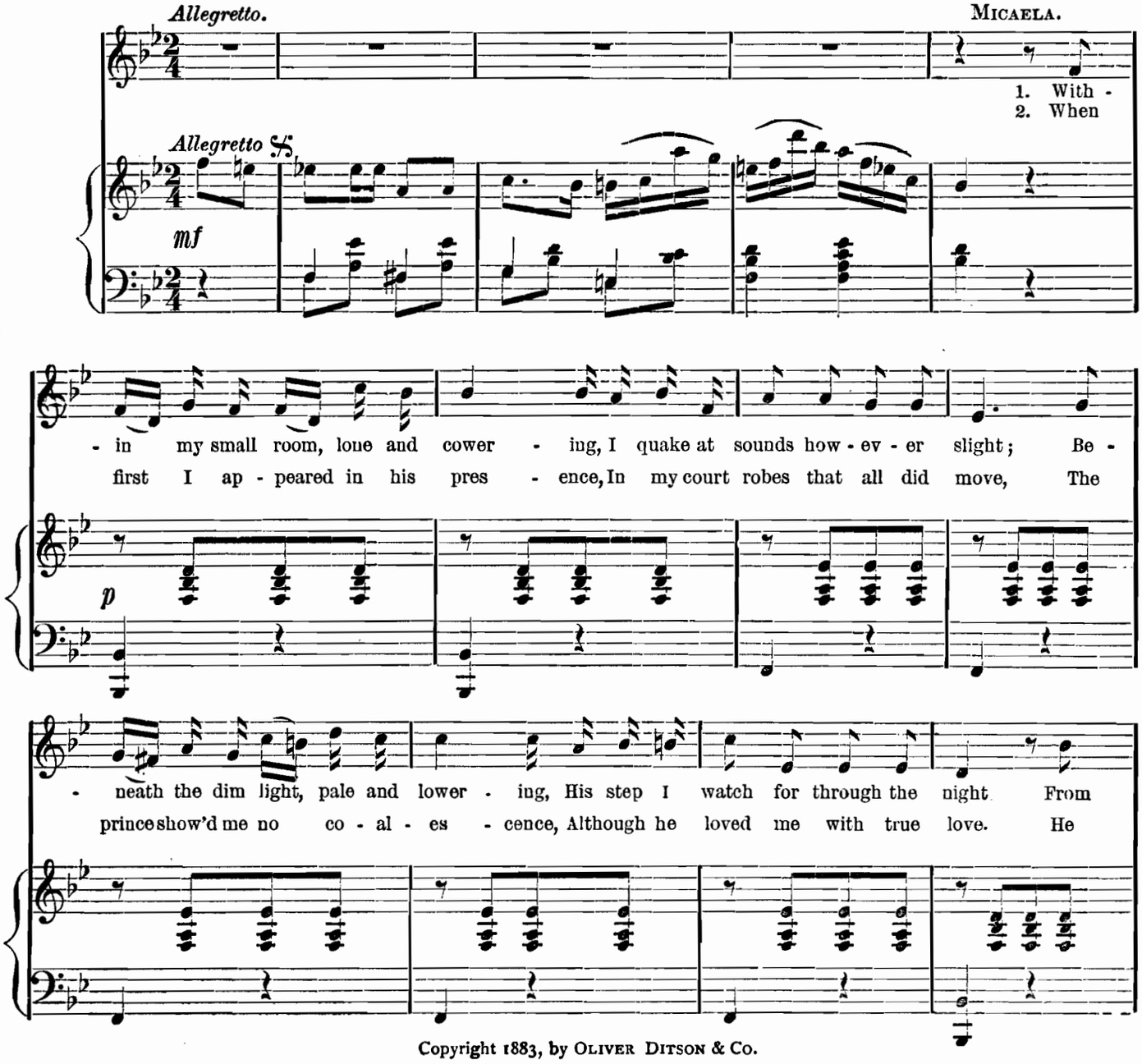
SCENE IX. GAETAN *alone.*

GAE. Well, she is a tough one! I think that after that, the best I can do is to try and escape. (*He half opens a door in the back, the national hymn is heard.*) Good! (*He shuts the door.*) I am kept in sight, which is not saying much, for the ears belong to the party. (*Looking out of the window.*) The window is low, and leads to the lawn. Try it? (*Half opens the window, the national hymn is heard again.*) Good! A military band under the window. (*He closes the window.*) They have thought of everything! (*He looks at the little doors in the first plans, right and left.*) The little doors? (*Pointing to the right.*) Yes, but then I risk meeting the Camérera in the darkness, who has the sentiment of duty! (*Goes to the left.*) By this way? (*He half opens the door, very slowly.*) No music! Have they committed a blunder of forgetfulness? Well, I'll try it! (*He goes out with great precaution.*)

SCENE X. *At the moment when the little door closes, the door of the nuptial chamber at the right opens, and the princess comes out, in an elegant night costume, her head covered with a short veil. The light is partly turned down.*

MICAELA. He is gone. I watched through the key-hole and saw him depart. It is just what he said to me in the garden. And, meanwhile, I was in the bridal chamber, waiting, and instead of going away, he should have said to me so many things that papa did not want to say to me! I hoped he would recognize me, but he did not even look at me.

WITHIN MY SMALL ROOM, LONE AND COWERING.



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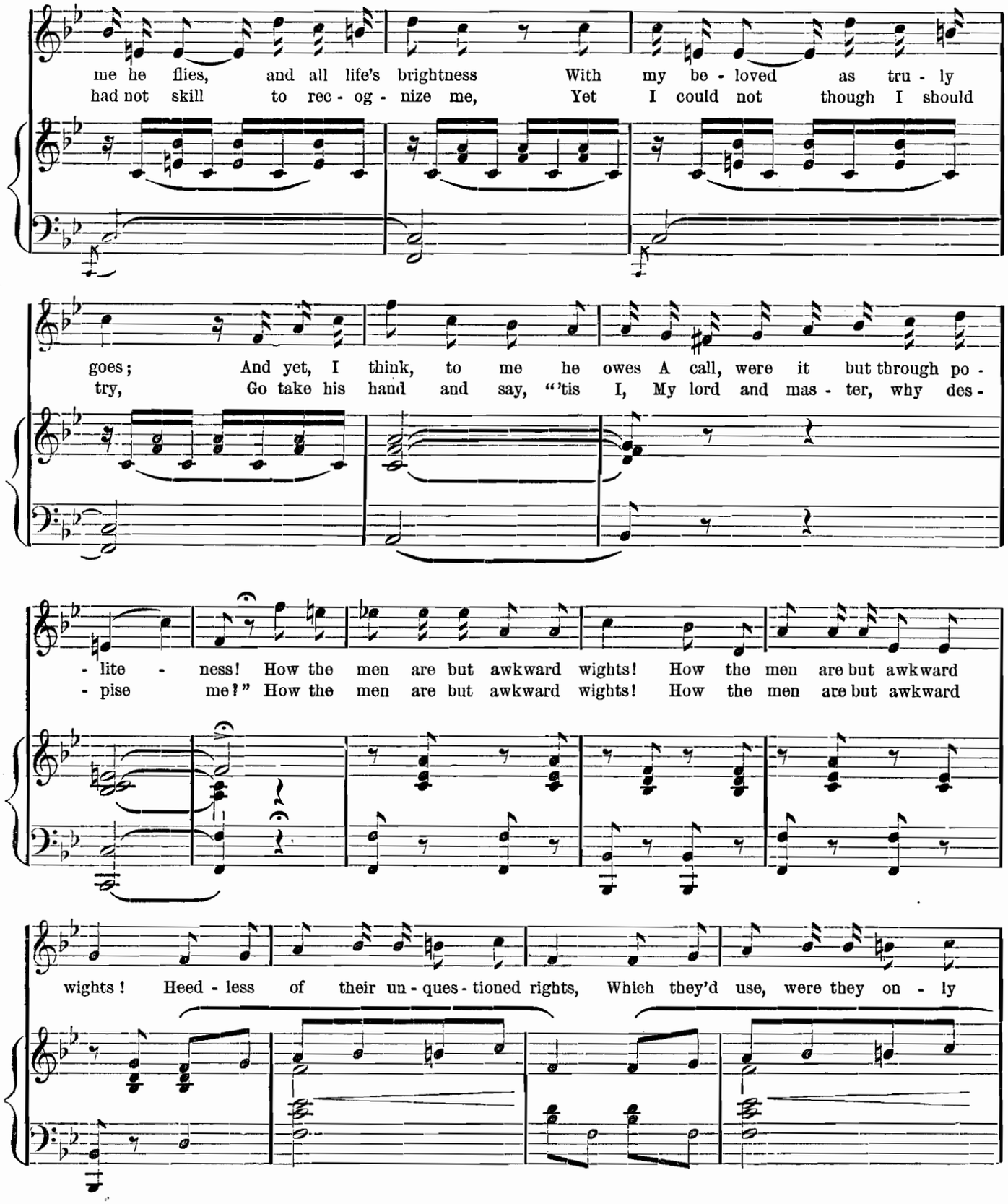
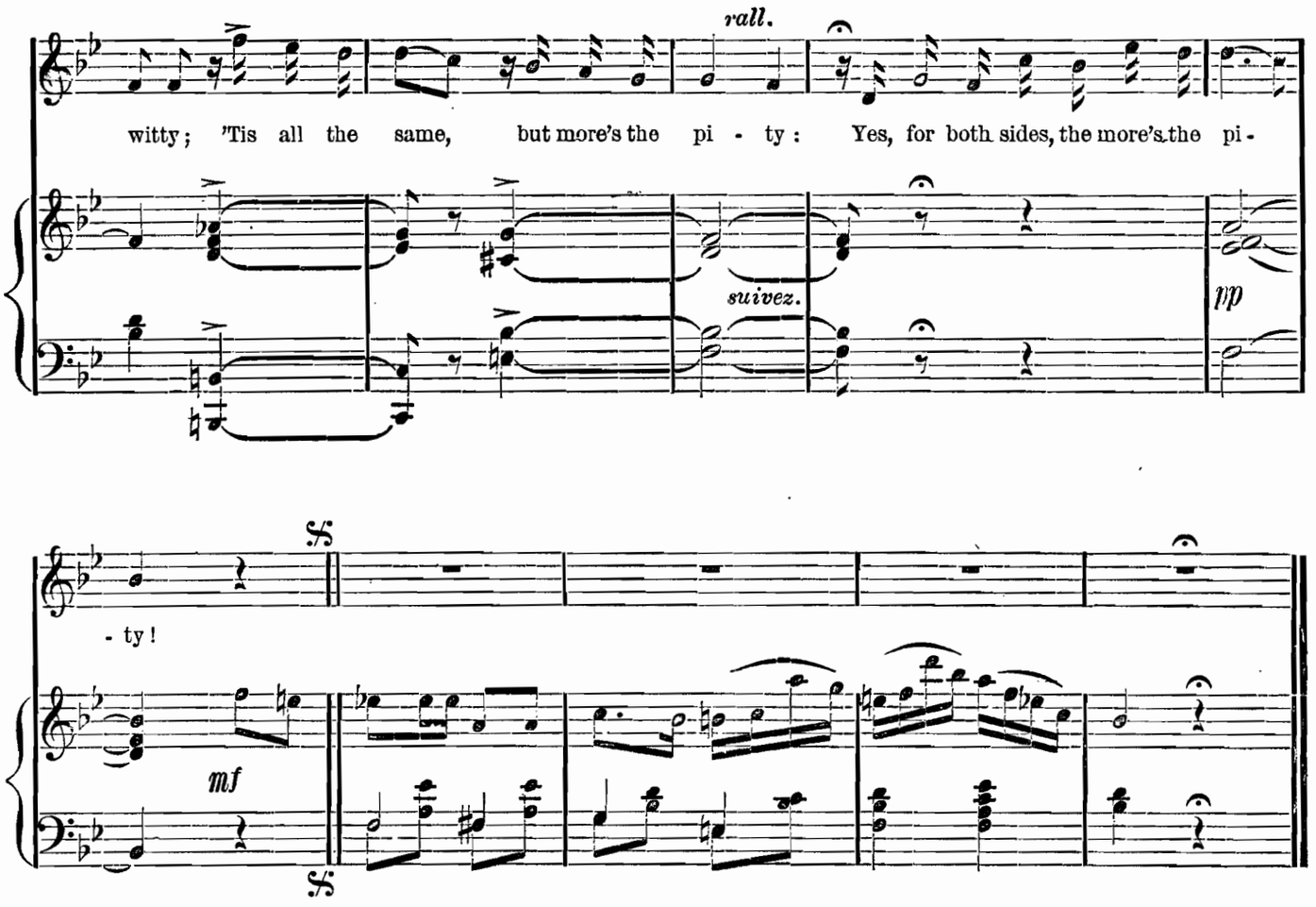

me he flies, and all life's brightness With my be - loved as tru - ly
had not skill to rec - og - nize me, Yet I could not though I should
goes; And yet, I think, to me he owes A call, were it but through po -
try, Go take his hand and say, "'tis I, My lord and mas - ter, why des -
- lite - ness! How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward
- pise me?" How the men are but awkward wights! How the men are but awkward
wights! Heed - less of their un - ques - tioned rights, Which they'd use, were they on - ly



SCENE XI. MICAELA. JOSEFA.

MICA. What is to be done now? (*Hears a door open.*) Some one coming?

JOSE. Pardon—I— Ah, princess! is it you? What a meeting! Just fancy to yourself that it has been impossible to get out of the palace. I am a little belated. I wanted to speak a few words to poor Morales. Well, a husband of the morning, who is obliged to pass the night of his wedding-day on duty as a sentry —that is not pleasant! We have talked for about two minutes, and then he was recalled for service. I heard them close all the doors, and wherever I have tried to pass out, I have found a sentinel with "Nobody passes here!"

MICA. Truly! But the prince cannot go out as well. He will be compelled to come back here.

JOSE. The prince?

MICA. Yes. He has departed. He keeps his word. Oh, you have done well to come back! You have given me an idea. Yes, 'tis this. My chamber of former days is there! (*Pointing to the little door onthe right.*) Ah, well, my poor Josefa, I have a sort of right to enter there. Stay here and keep watch. (*She goes out quickly.*)

SCENE XII. JOSEFA. *Then* MORALES.

JOS. What is her project? I don't know; but since I met her, I have less fear! In these great corridors, in these galleries, one would think the statues were alive. It seems as if the shadows moved about me!

VOICE. (*Outside.*) Sentinel, be on your guard!

JOSE. (*Trembling.*) Ah, mon Dieu! (*A door in the back opens;* MORALES *enters with a lantern.*)

MOR. (*Dimly perceiving* JOSEFA, *who turns her back to him.*) Who goes there? Advance, and give the order!

JOS. Oh, monsieur, 'tis not my fault!

MOR. What? That voice? (*Holds up his lantern.*) Josefa!

JOS. Morales!

MOR. Still in the palace!

JOS. Impossible to get out!

MOR. I will not complain, since I have met you; but what are you doing here?

JOS. Hush! 'Tis some grand mystery! Imagine to yourself that the prince, instead of being with his wife, is roaming through the corridors.

MOR. Truly!

JOS. And the princess also. I think she is looking for him.

MOR. They will not go far. But the affairs of the great people are not ours. Oh, my dear little Josefa! do you realise that we are married since this morning?

JOS. I know it!

MOR. Do you know that we have scarcely had time to say that we love each other?

JOS. That is true!

MOR. Do you know that I have not yet embraced you?

JOS. If—when I bade adieu to you, not long ago.

MOR. A parting kiss—that does not count! Oh, life is a droll thing! To think that we are both here waiting, and that our masters are roaming the corridors!

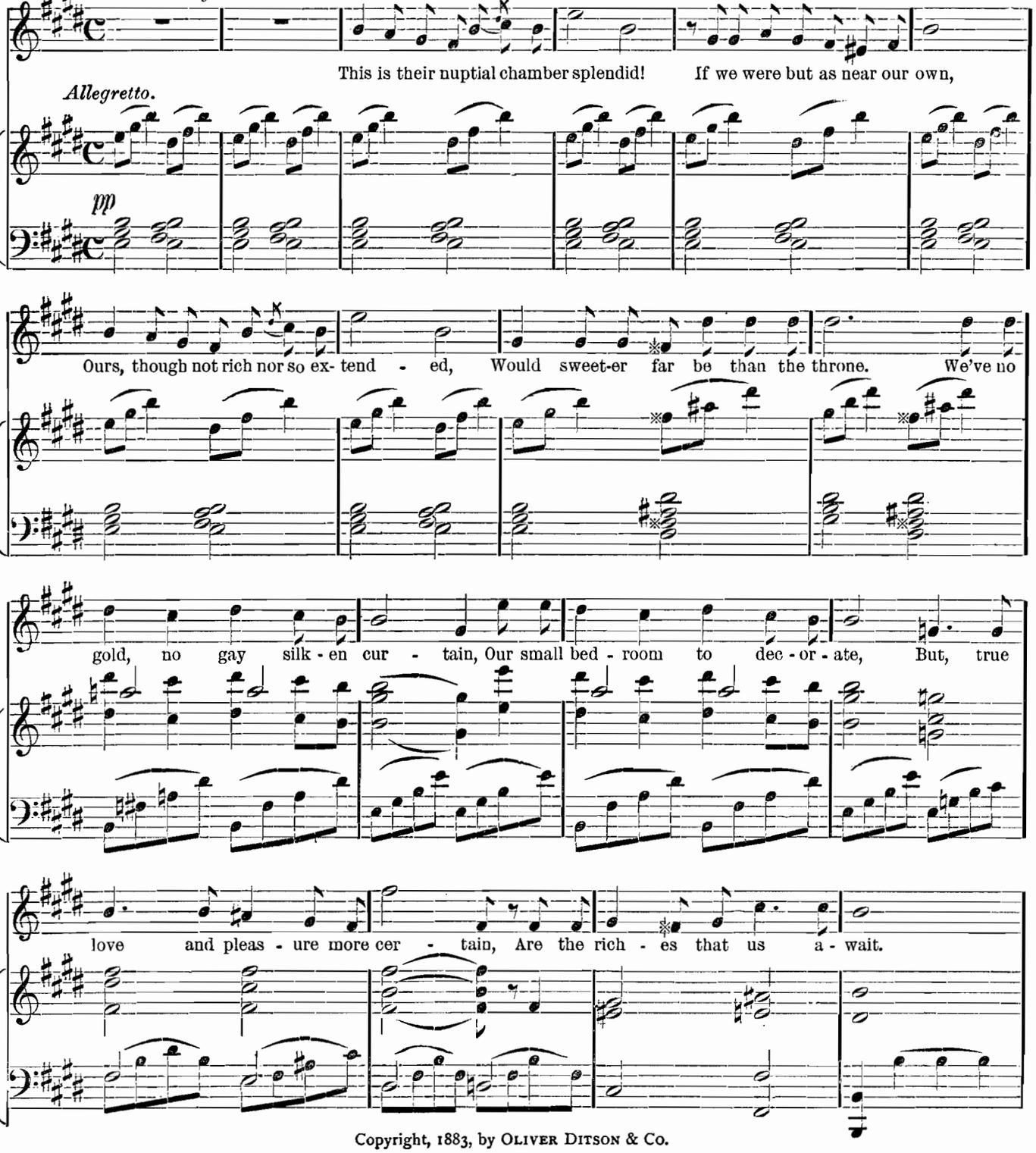
JOS. When they might be there—alone, and so happy!

THIS IS THEIR NUPTIAL CHAMBER.

Couplets in duo.

(They look in at the bridal chamber, of which the princess has left the door open.)

JOSEFA. *Allegretto.*



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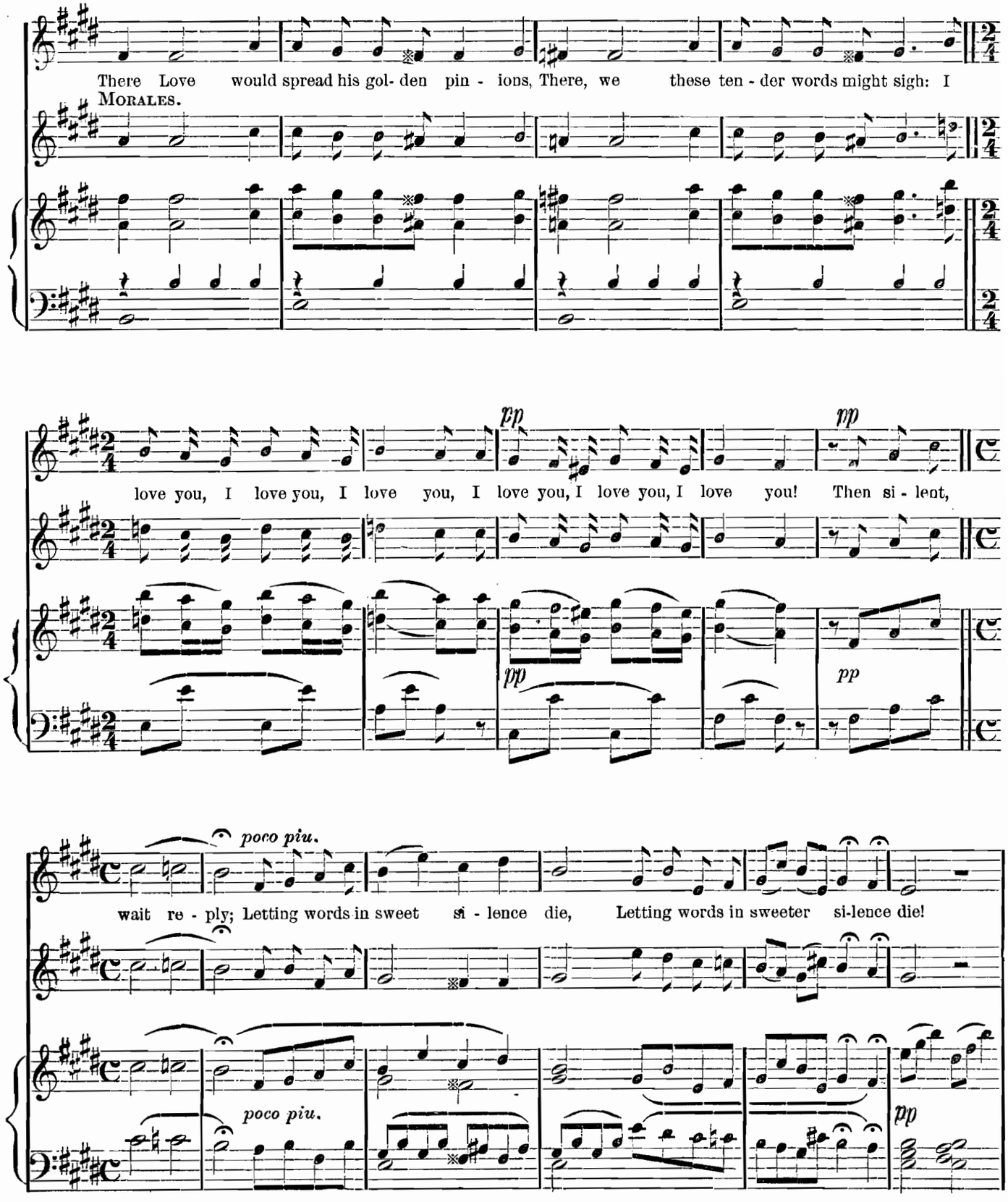
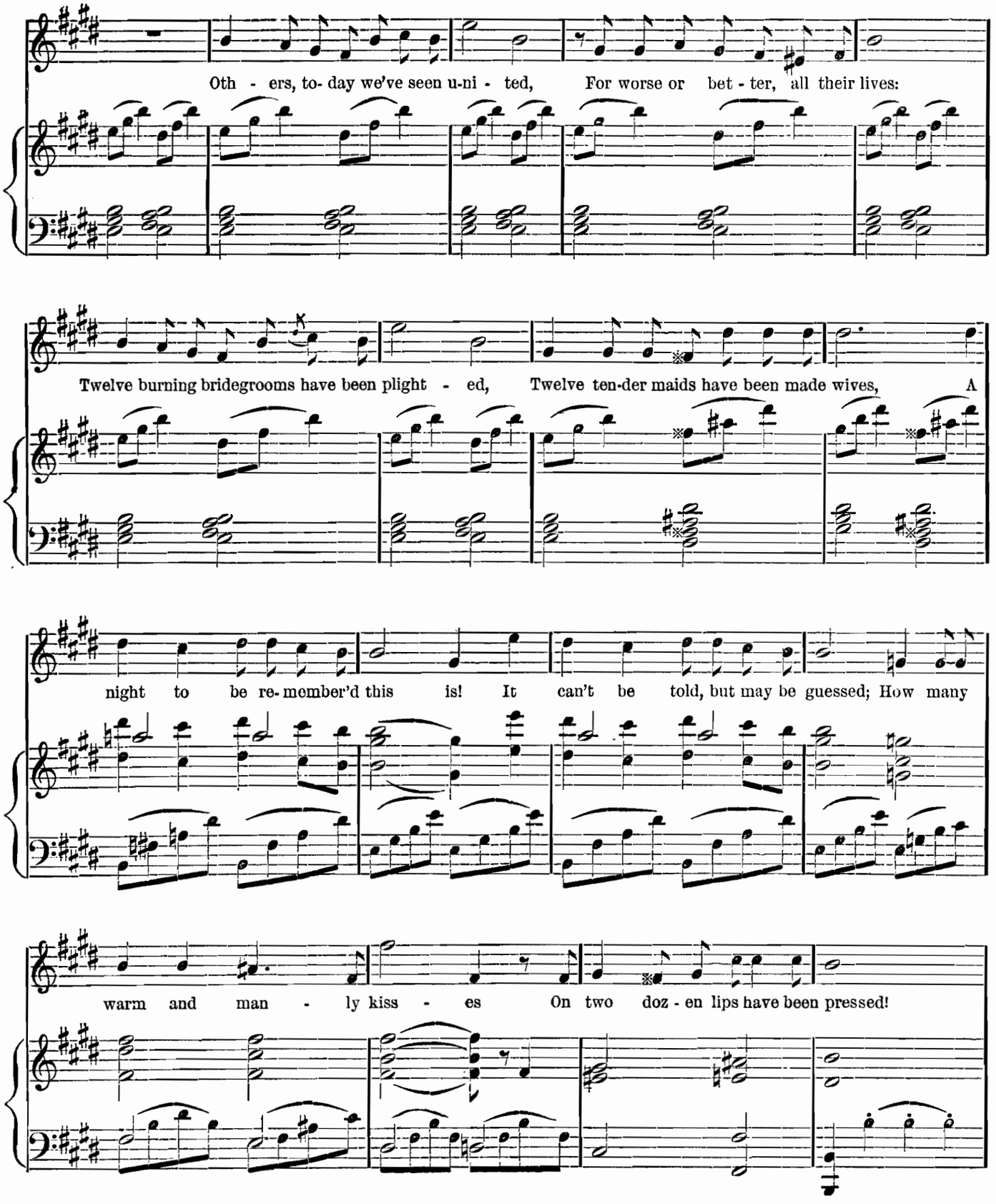
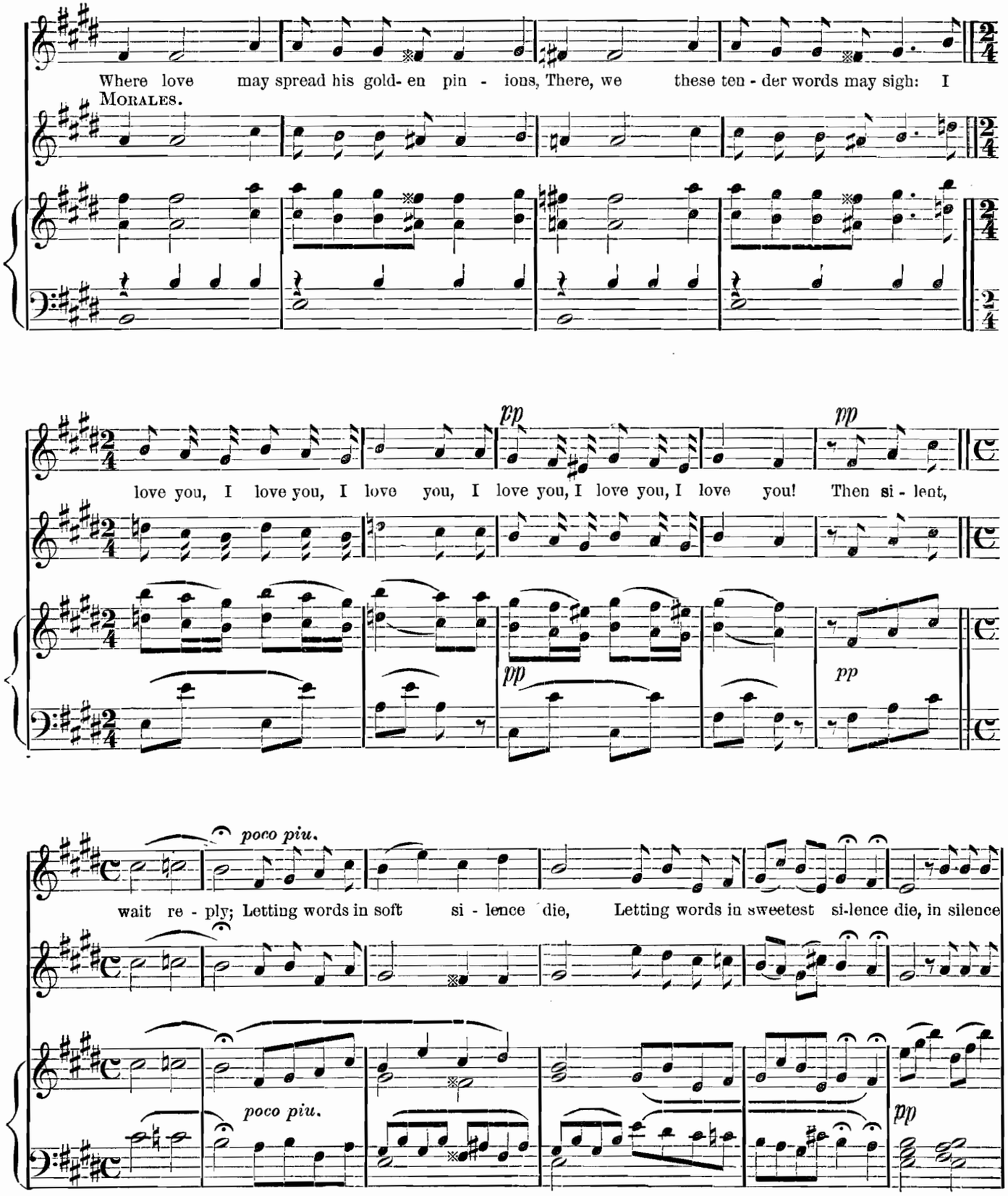
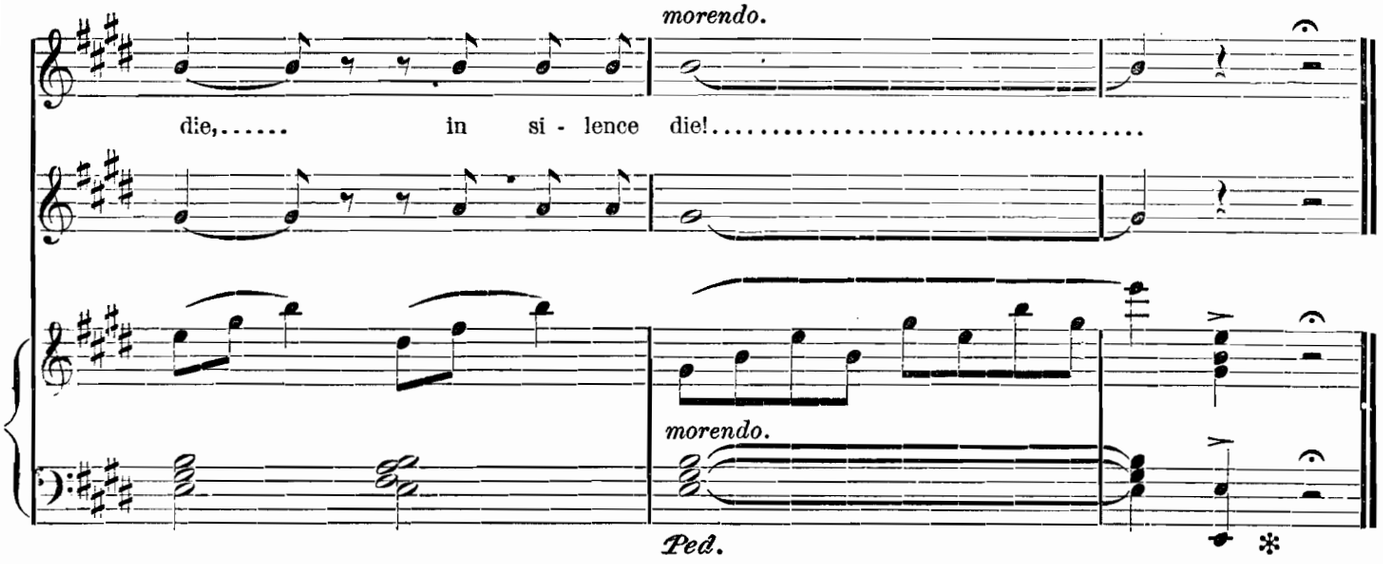

There Love would spread his gol- den pin - ions, There, we these ten - der words might sigh: I
MORALES.
love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then si - lent,
pp
pp
pp
pp
wait re - ply; Letting words in sweet si - lence die, Letting words in sweeter si-lence die!
poco piu.
poco piu.
pp


Oth - ers, to- day we've seen u-ni - ted, For worse or bet - ter, all their lives:
Twelve burning bridegrooms have been plight - ed, Twelve ten-der maids have been made wives, A
night to be re- member'd this is! It can't be told, but may be guessed; How many
warm and man - ly kiss - es On two doz - en lips have been pressed!


Where love may spread his gold- en pin - ions, There, we these ten - der words may sigh: I
MORALES.
love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you! Then si - lent,
pp
pp
pp
pp
poco piu.
wait re - ply; Letting words in soft si - lence die, Letting words in sweetest si-lence die, in silence
poco piu.
pp



MOR. (*Thinking he hears a noise, goes up back.*) Ah! 'tis nothing— nobody. Say then, JOSEFA— a bridal chamber ought to be something fine to see! Suppose we should take a look at it for a moment!

JOSE. You think so? It would be indiscreet!

MOR. What! when there is no one there? Stay! See how handsomely furnished it is. Come and look.

JOSE. I dare not!

MOR. I pray you, come! (*They hear a noise.*) Oh! take care! A lantern! 'Tis the watch on his rounds. Come, let him not surprise us here!

JOSE. I am afraid! (*They enter, the door closes.*)

SCENE XIII. THE KING. *With a lantern and halberd. Then* MOSQUITOS.

KING. I have insisted on convincing myself with my own eyes, if my orders were well executed. All goes well. If the prince had some thought of flight, he must necessarily be brought back here. Oh! on strategy nobody can give me points. Let us see. This is the bridal chamber. (*Turns on his lantern.*) 'Tis warm. (*Approaches and listens— sound of kisses.*) I seem to hear— (*Renewed sounds as before.*) Yes, there is no mistake about it; they are kisses, which are not less tender for being legitimate. (*Changing his lantern from one hand to the other.*) It burns! The European balance is assured. Now I will go to bed. I have well caught him, in the fact! I cannot— I must still watch, though fainting from weariness. Off now, but without noise. (*He half opens one of the doors in the back. The National Hymn is heard.*) Silence! It is I! (*The National Hymn, suddenly interrupted, ends with a "quack."*) There is no more trouble; now you can go to bed.

DON MOSQ. (*Appearing at the back.*) Ah! well, sire!

KING. Well! well, my friend! the balance is assured. Let us make a round, ourselves, to watch over the repose of the married pair. Go on before, and light the way. Make no noise. Sentinals, be on your guard!

SCENE XIV. GAETAN.

GAE. (*Reenters by the little door on the left.*) Impossible to get out. Devilish music! Where am I? (*Approaches the window and looks about him.*) Stay! I have done nothing but turn round in a circle. I have come back to the point of departure— the bridal chamber! Well, no! I will not enter there, even if I must pass the night in this chair. (*Arranges an easy-chair. At that moment the little door at the right opens, the princess in her peasant costume of the first act, appears, bearing a tray, upon which is a lighted candle, and a collation. The obscurity ceases.*) How! who goes there?

SCENE XV. GAETAN. MICAELA.

MICA. Pardon, monseigneur, I did not expect to meet your highness. I had orders to bring this lunch for the married couple.

GAE. (*Observing her.*) 'Tis the pretty JOSEFA, the wife of MORALES. Poor fellow! he is somewhere doing duty to prevent my escaping.

MICA. (*Making a movement— as if to retire.*) Excuse me for having disturbed you!

GAE. You have not disturbed me,— quite the contrary! (*He looks at her smilingly, aside.*) What an idea! That would be droll!

MICA. (*Aside.*) How he looks at me!

GAE. I have not observed you to-day among the twelve brides.

MICA. I recalled, monseigneur, some foolish things you said to me yesterday, and kept myself discreetly in the second rank.

GAE. Naughty one! you have laid aside your bridal dress.

MICA. Yes, I have resumed my dress for the service of the princess, and the wedding night, for me, is put off 'till tomorrow morning, when they shall have relieved guard.

GAE. All right. I am very glad of it; I could not be more so. This is a vengance more agreeable than the other.

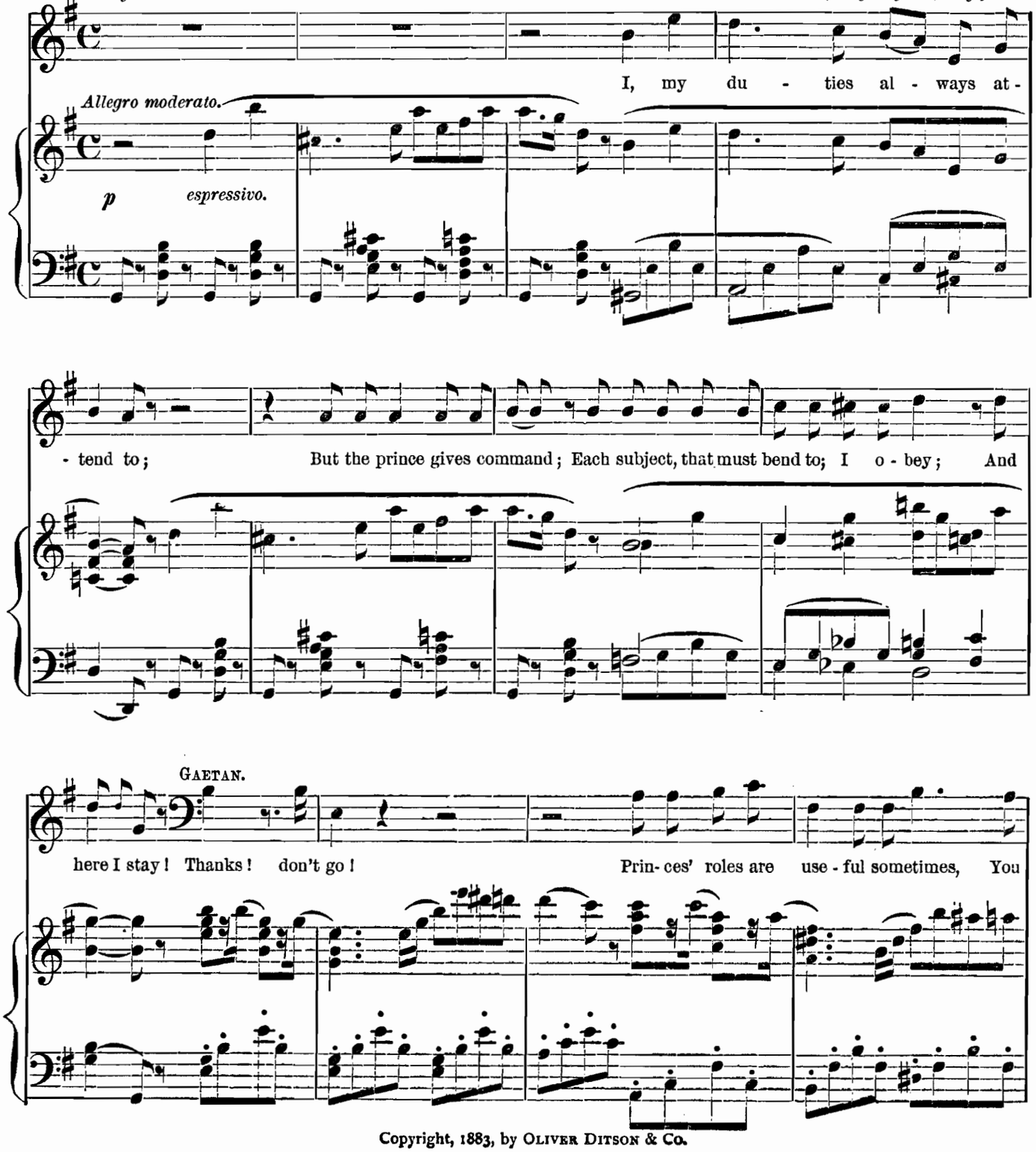
MICA. I will now retire, monseigneur.

GAE. No, stay. (*Aside.*) If she should have the same ideas as last evening, the other had—about the obedience due to princes! (*Aloud.*) Stay, I command you!

I, MY DUTIES ALWAYS ATTEND TO.

No. 16. Grand Duo and Bolero.

Allegro moderato. MICAELA. *(Feigning humility.)*



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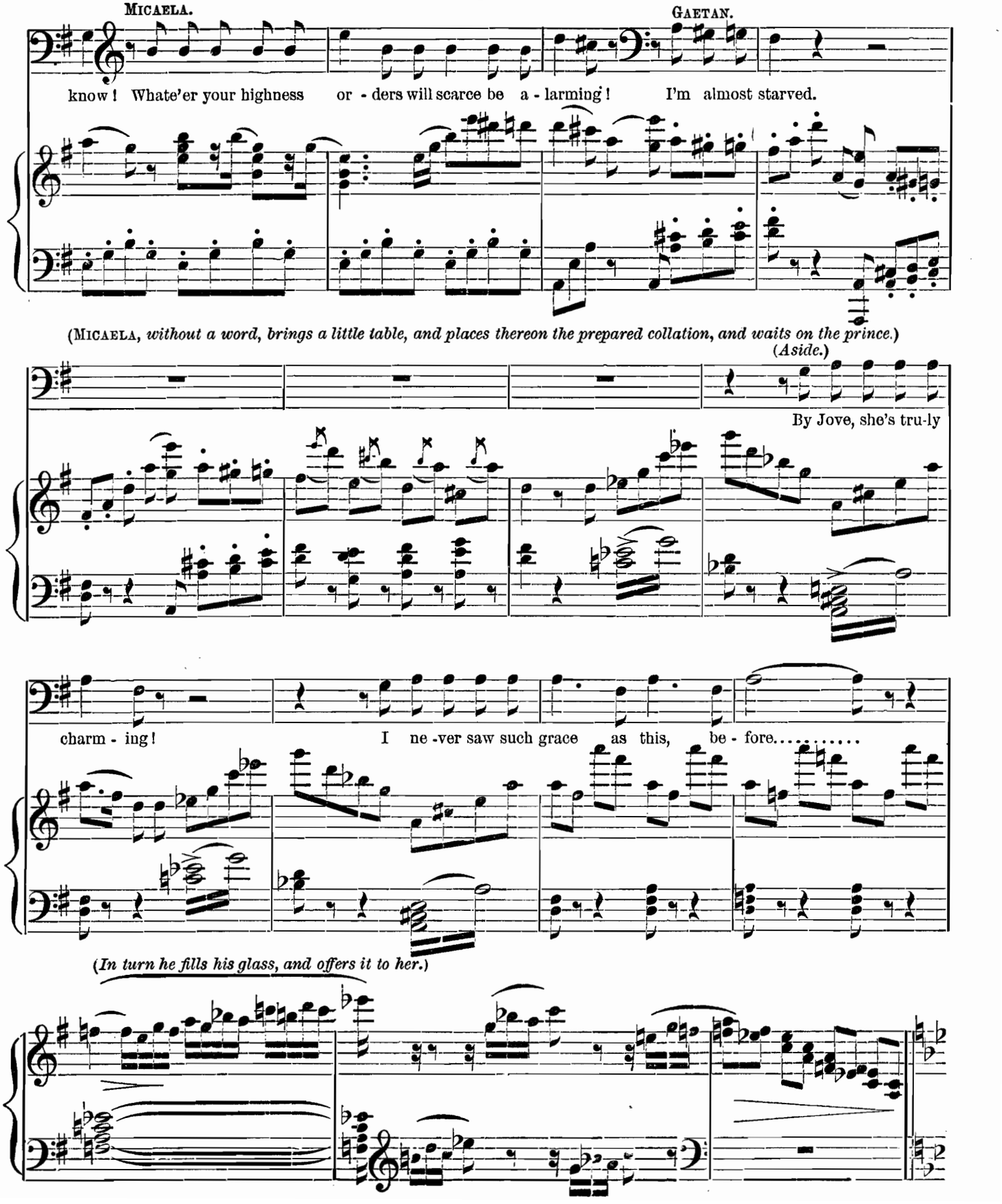
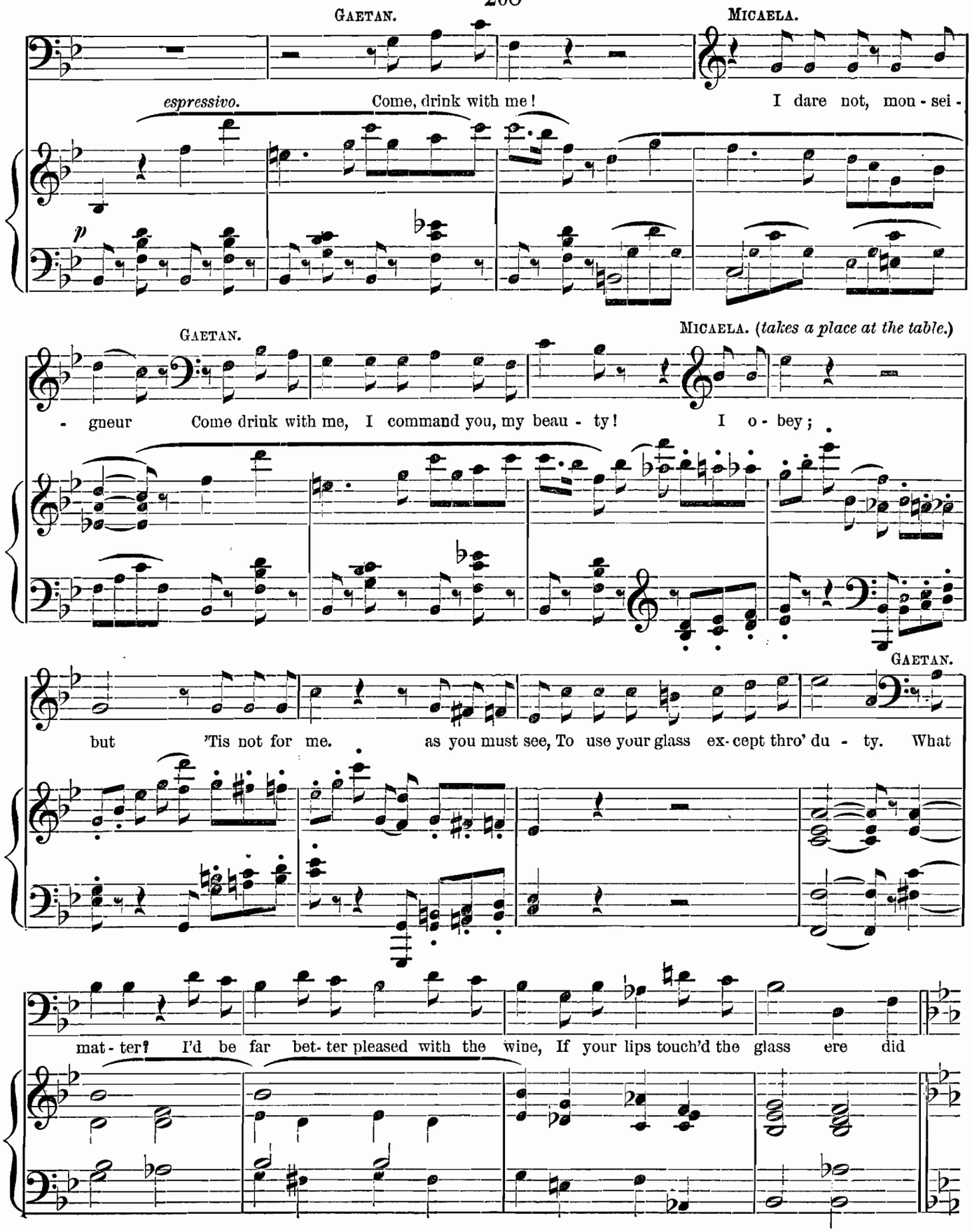
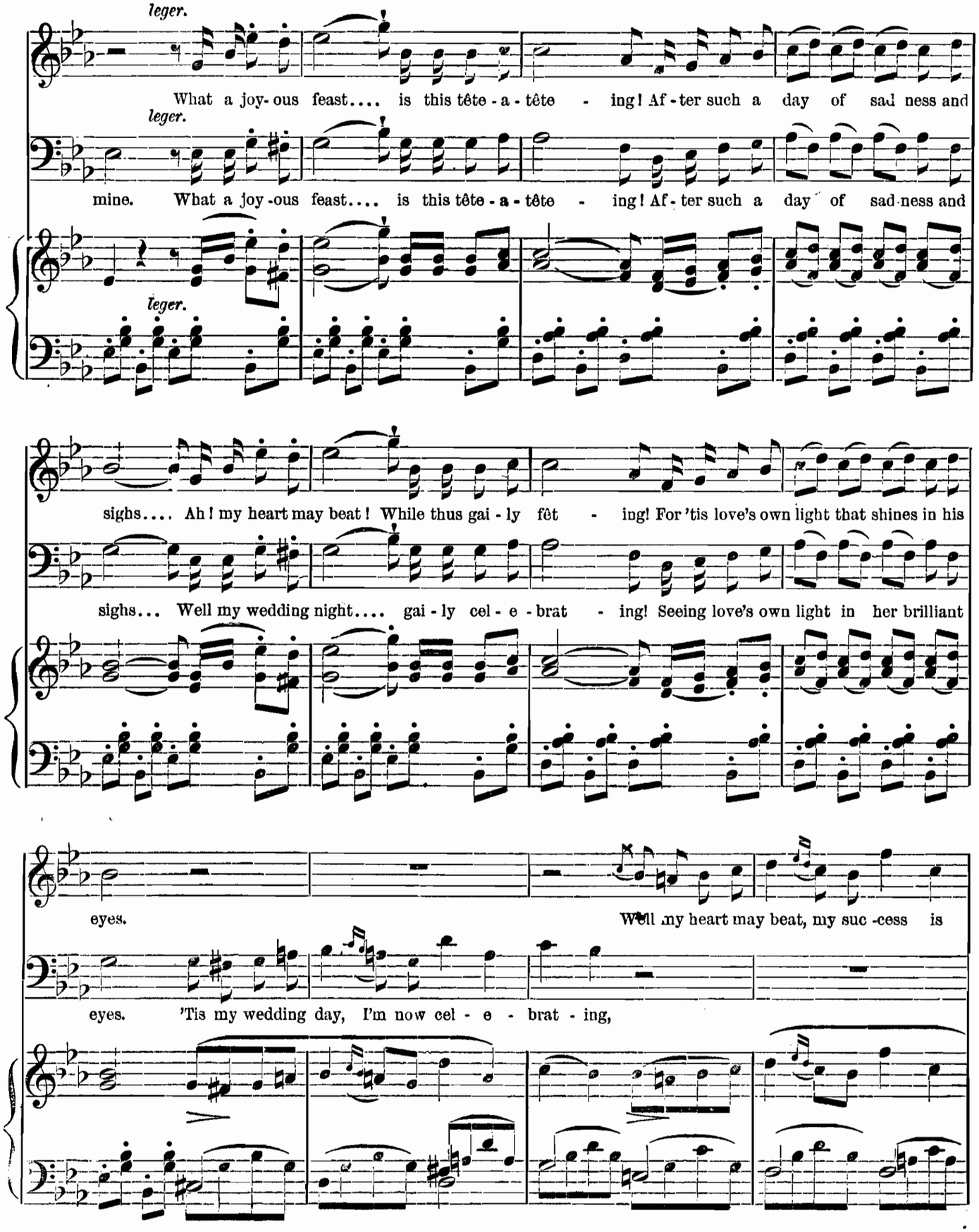
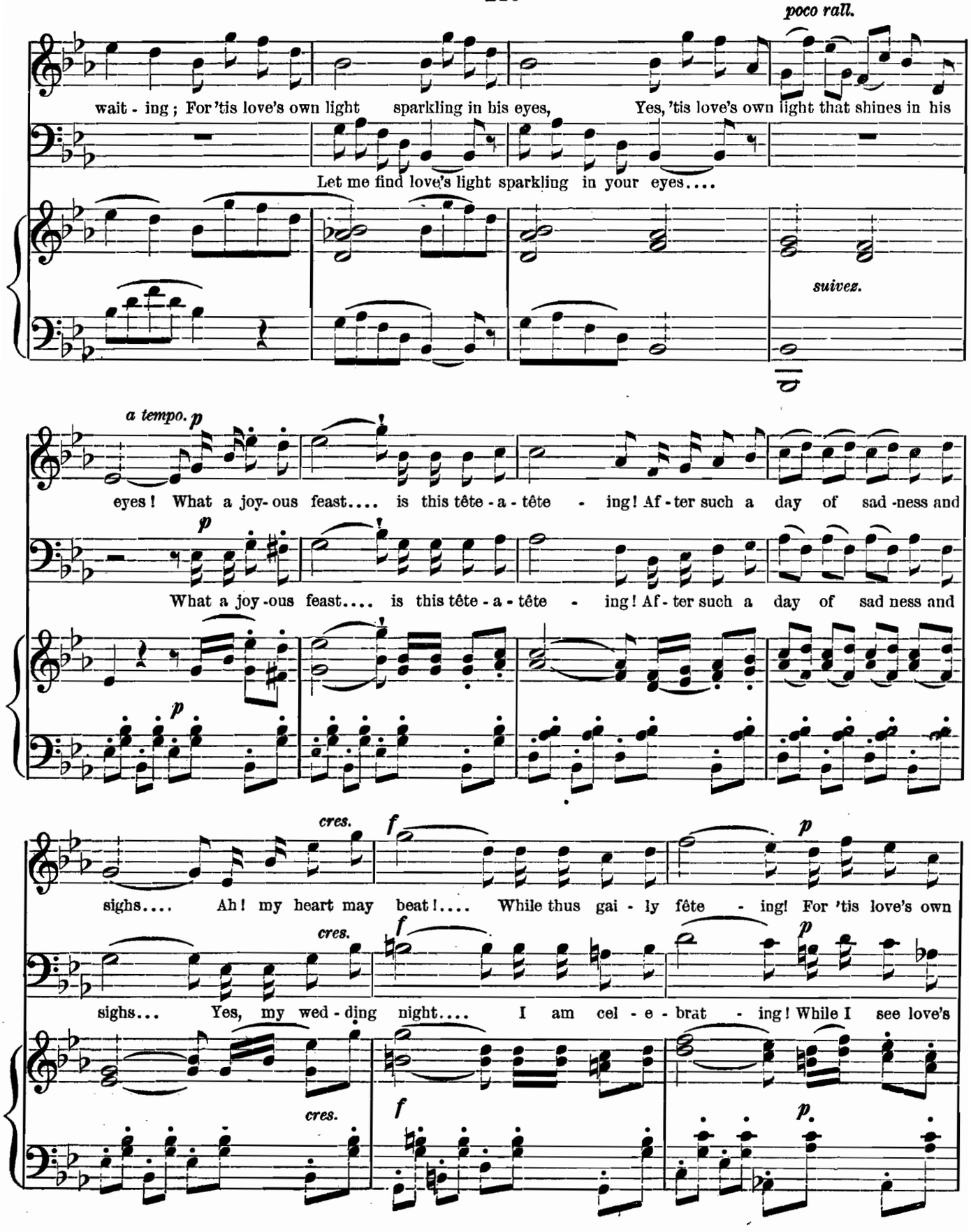
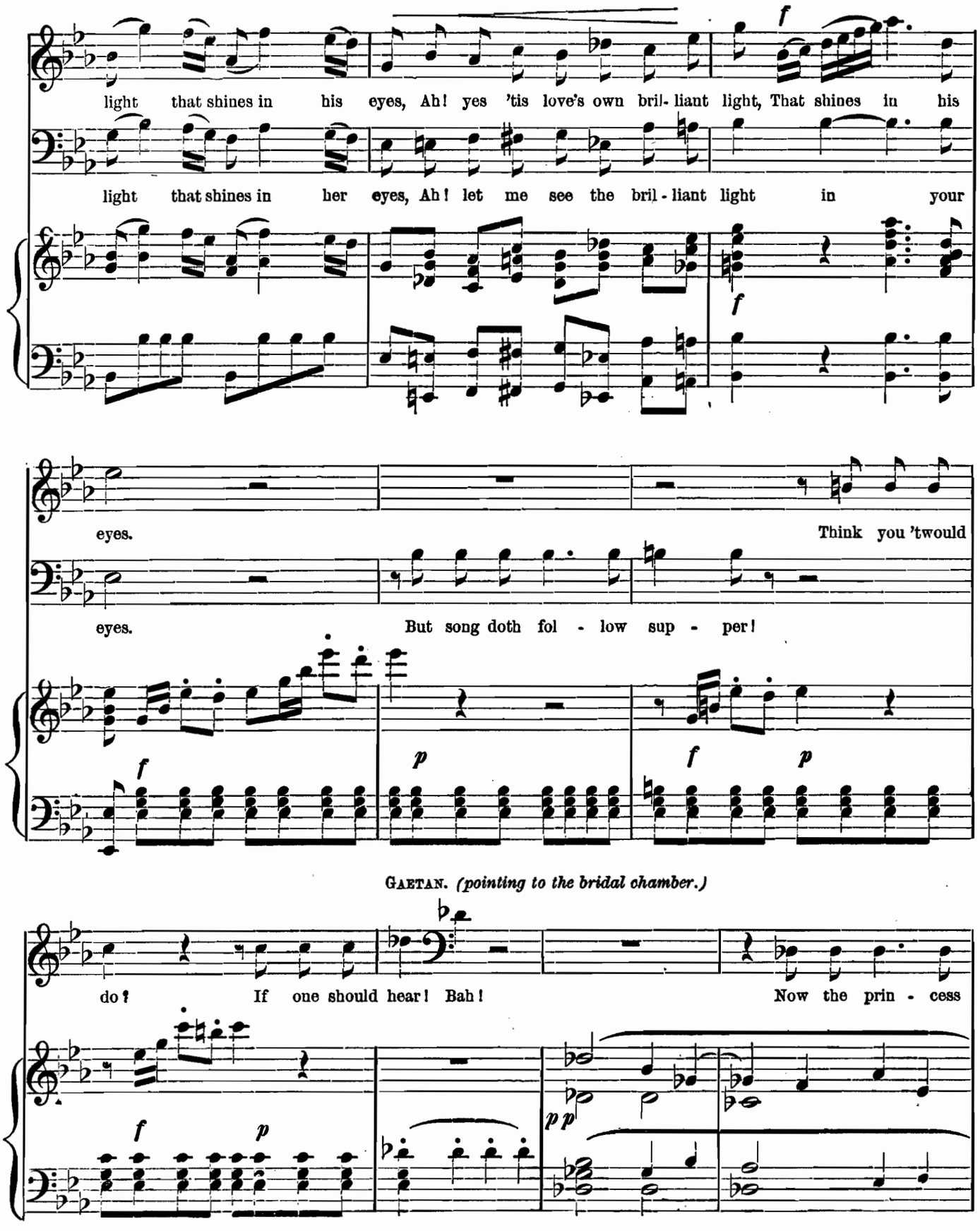

MICAELA.
GAETAN.
know! Whate'er your highness or - ders will scarce be a - larming! I'm almost starved.
(MICAELA, *without a word, brings a little table, and places thereon the prepared collation, and waits on the prince.*)
(*Aside.*)
By Jove, she's tru-ly
charm - ing! I ne -ver saw such grace as this, be - fore.....
(*In turn he fills his glass, and offers it to her.*)

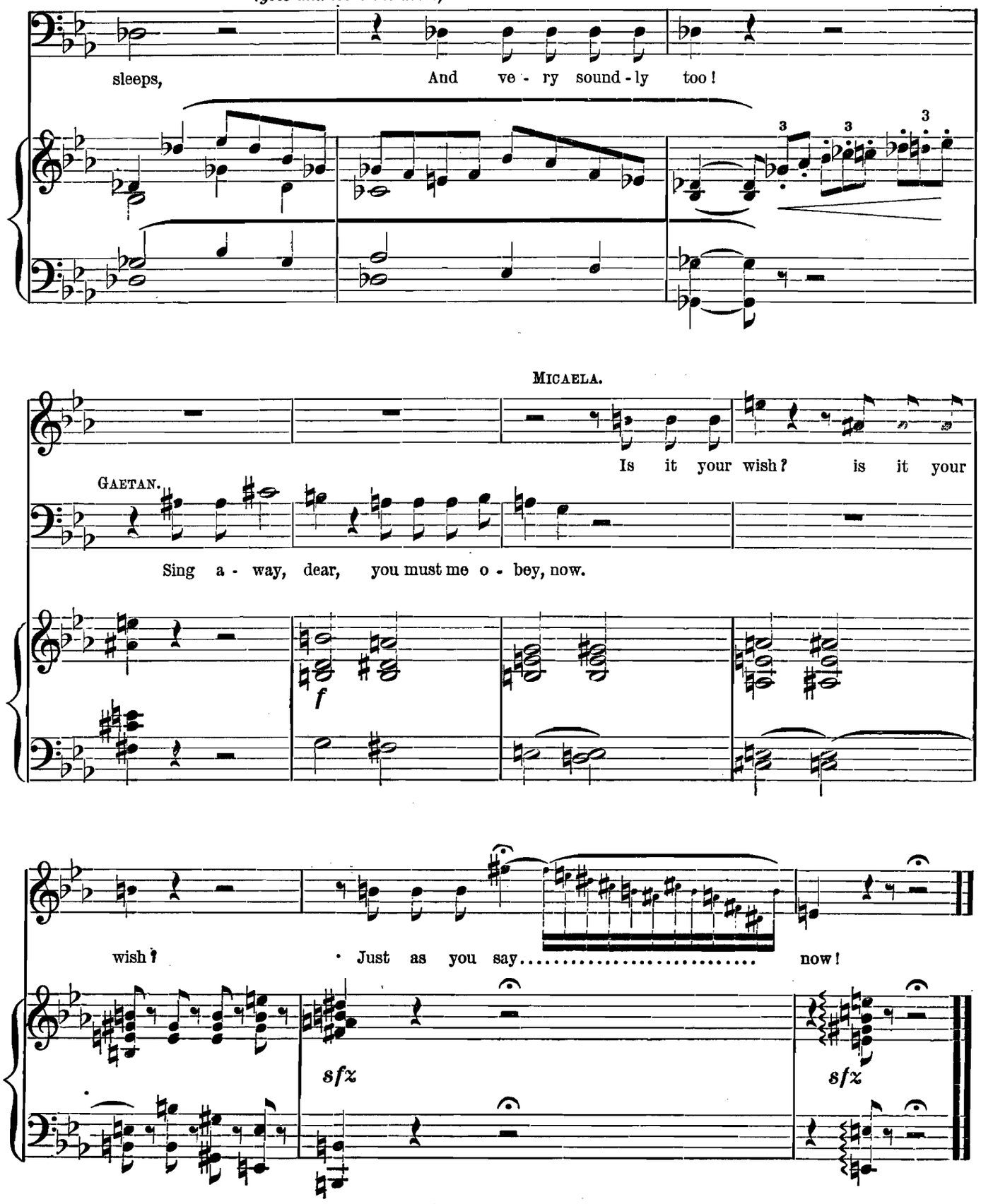

GAETAN.
MICAELA.
espressivo.
Come, drink with me!
I dare not, mon - sei -
p
GAETAN.
MICAELA. (takes a place at the table.)
- gneur
Come drink with me, I command you, my beau - ty!
I o - bey;
but
'Tis not for me.
as you must see, To use your glass ex - cept thro' du - ty.
What
GAETAN.
mat - ter? I'd be far bet - ter pleased with the wine, If your lips touch'd the glass ere did


leger.
What a joy- ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing! Af - ter such a day of sad ness and
leger.
mine. What a joy - ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing! Af - ter such a day of sad - ness and
leger.
sighs.... Ah! my heart may beat! While thus gai - ly fêt - ing! For 'tis love's own light that shines in his
sighs... Well my wedding night.... gai - ly cel - e - brat - ing! Seeing love's own light in her brilliant
eyes.
Well my heart may beat, my suc - cess is
eyes. 'Tis my wedding day, I'm now cel - e - brat - ing,


poco rall.
wait - ing ; For 'tis love's own light sparkling in his eyes, Yes, 'tis love's own light that shines in his
Let me find love's light sparkling in your eyes....
suivez.
a tempo. p
eyes ! What a joy- ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing ! Af - ter such a day of sad -ness and
p
What a joy -ous feast.... is this tête - a - tête - ing ! Af - ter such a day of sad ness and
p
cres.
f
sighs.... Ah ! my heart may beat !.... While thus gai - ly fête - ing ! For 'tis love's own
p
cres.
f
sighs... Yes, my wed - ding night.... I am cel - e - brat - ing ! While I see love's
p
cres.
f
p.

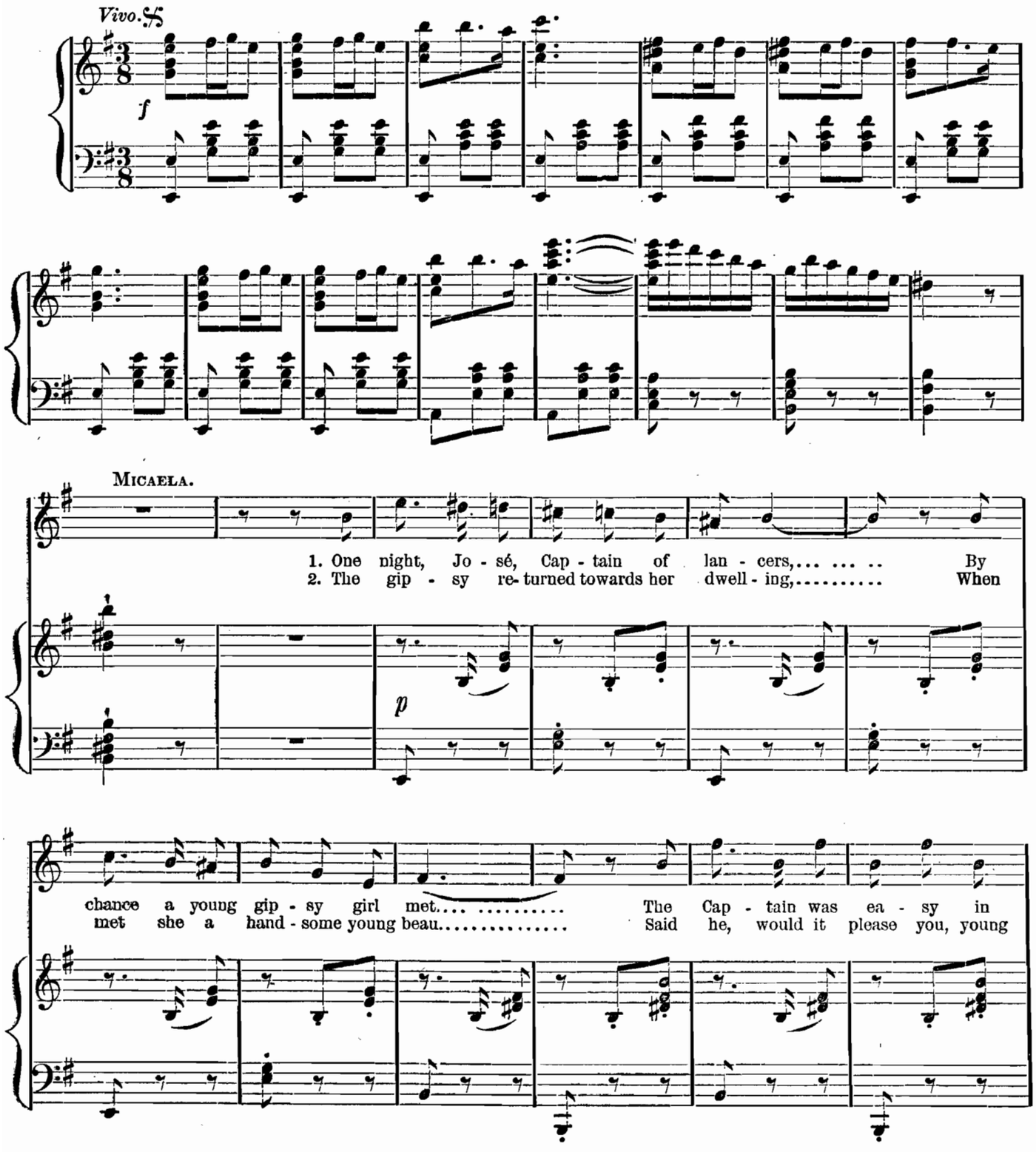

light that shines in his eyes, Ah! yes 'tis love's own bril- liant light, That shines in his
light that shines in her eyes, Ah! let me see the bril - liant light in your
eyes.
Think you 'twould
eyes.
But song doth fol - low sup - per!
GAETAN. (pointing to the bridal chamber.)
do? If one should hear! Bah! Now the prin - cess

(goes and locks the door.)



GIPSY GIRL.

BOLERO.



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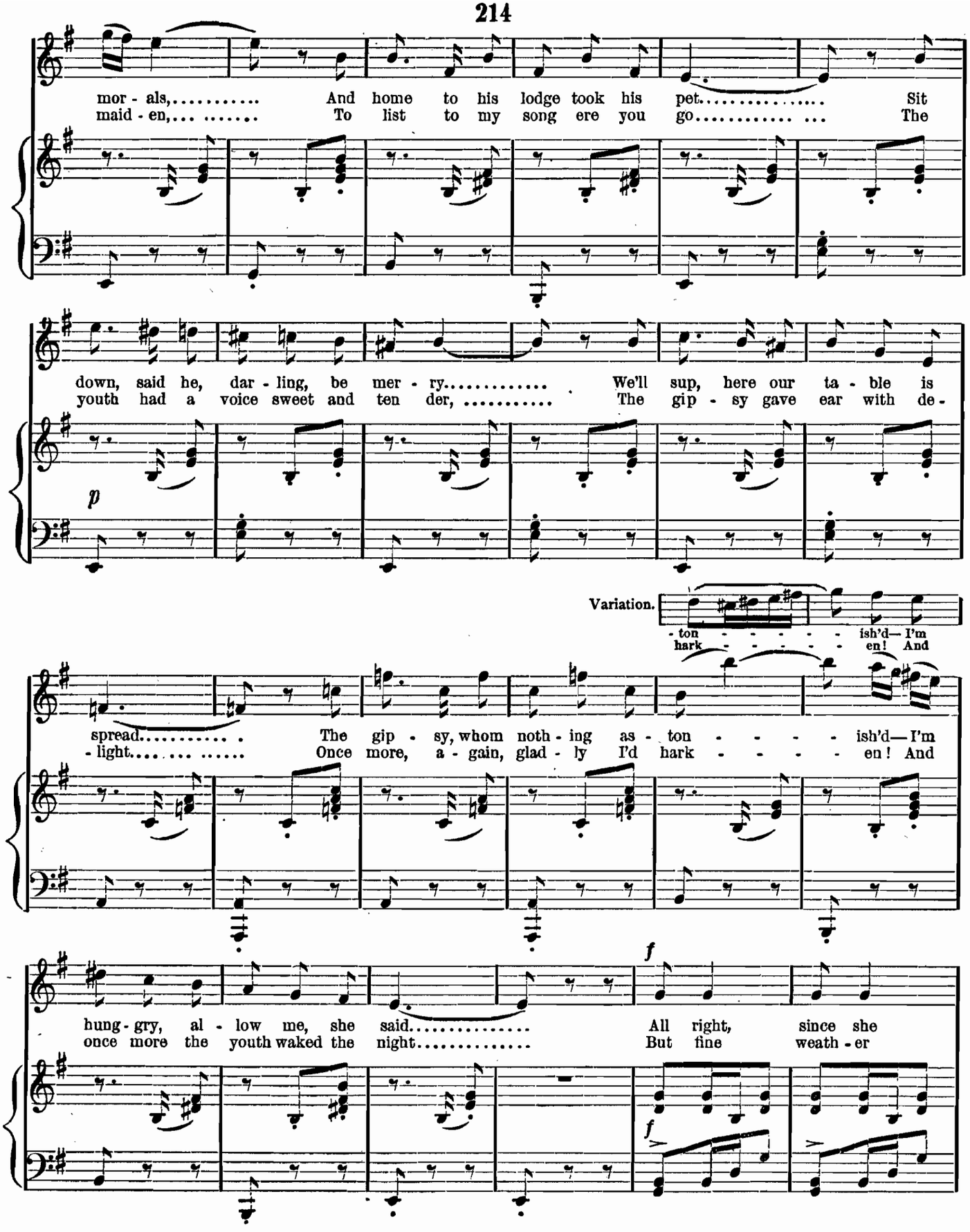
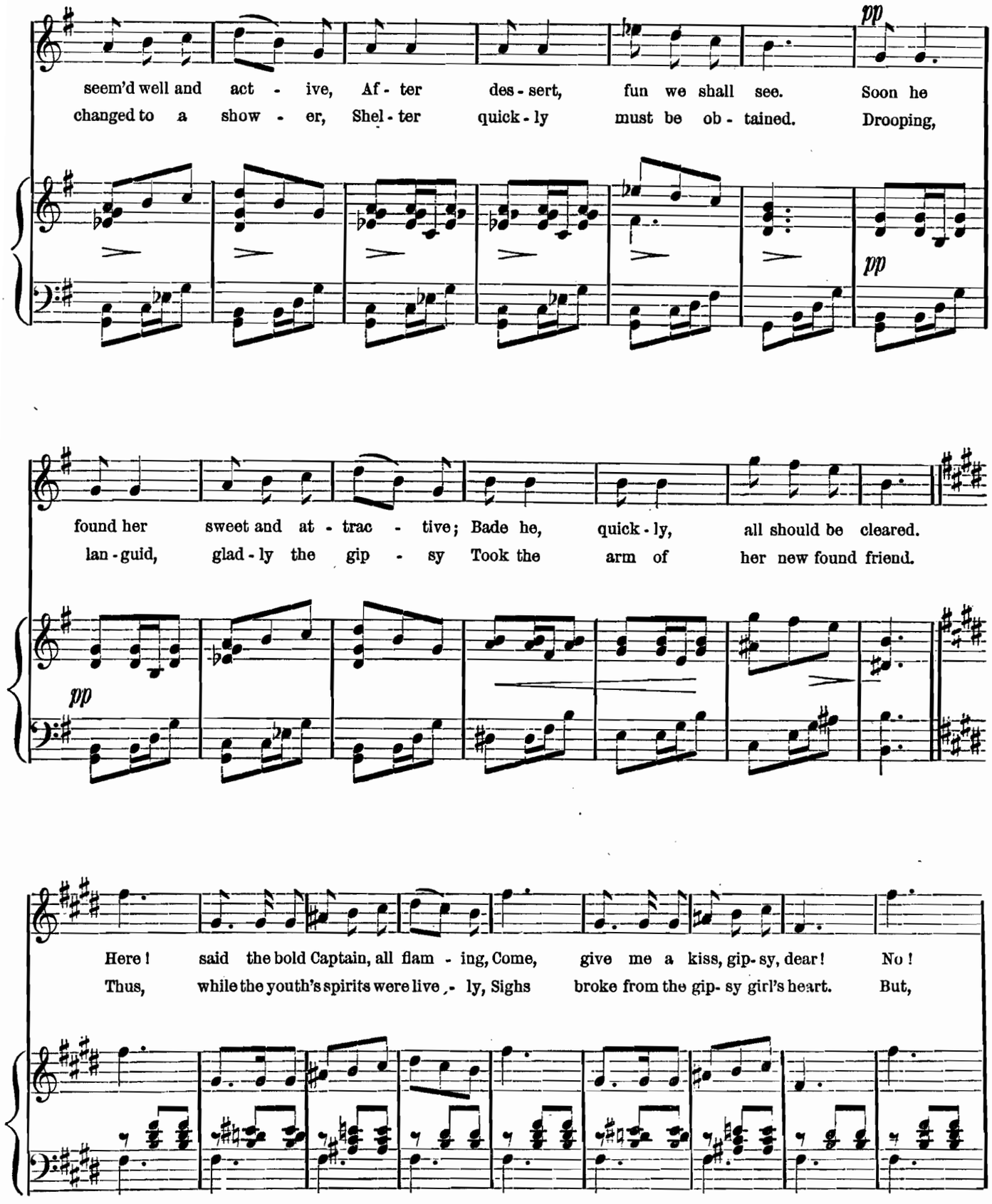
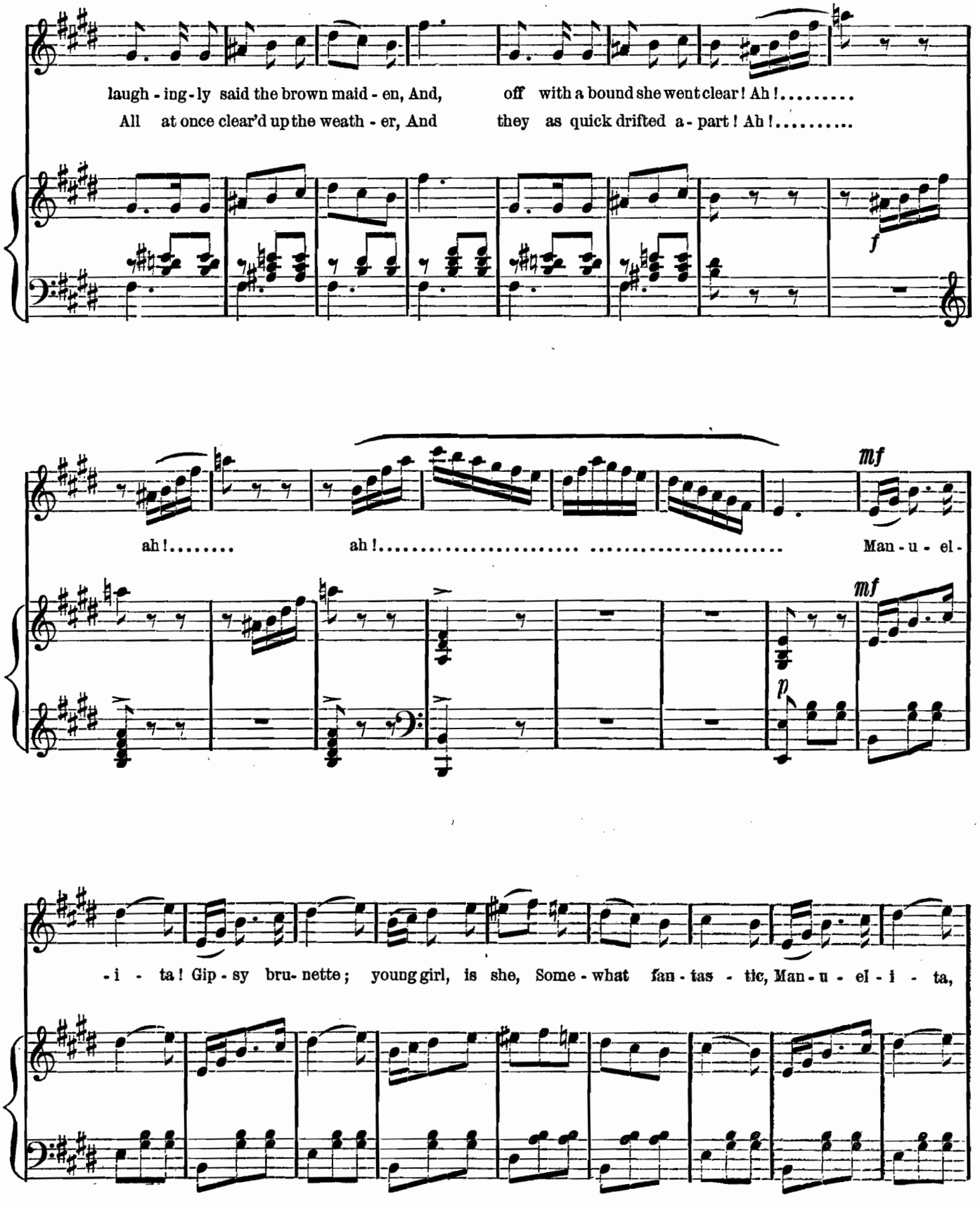
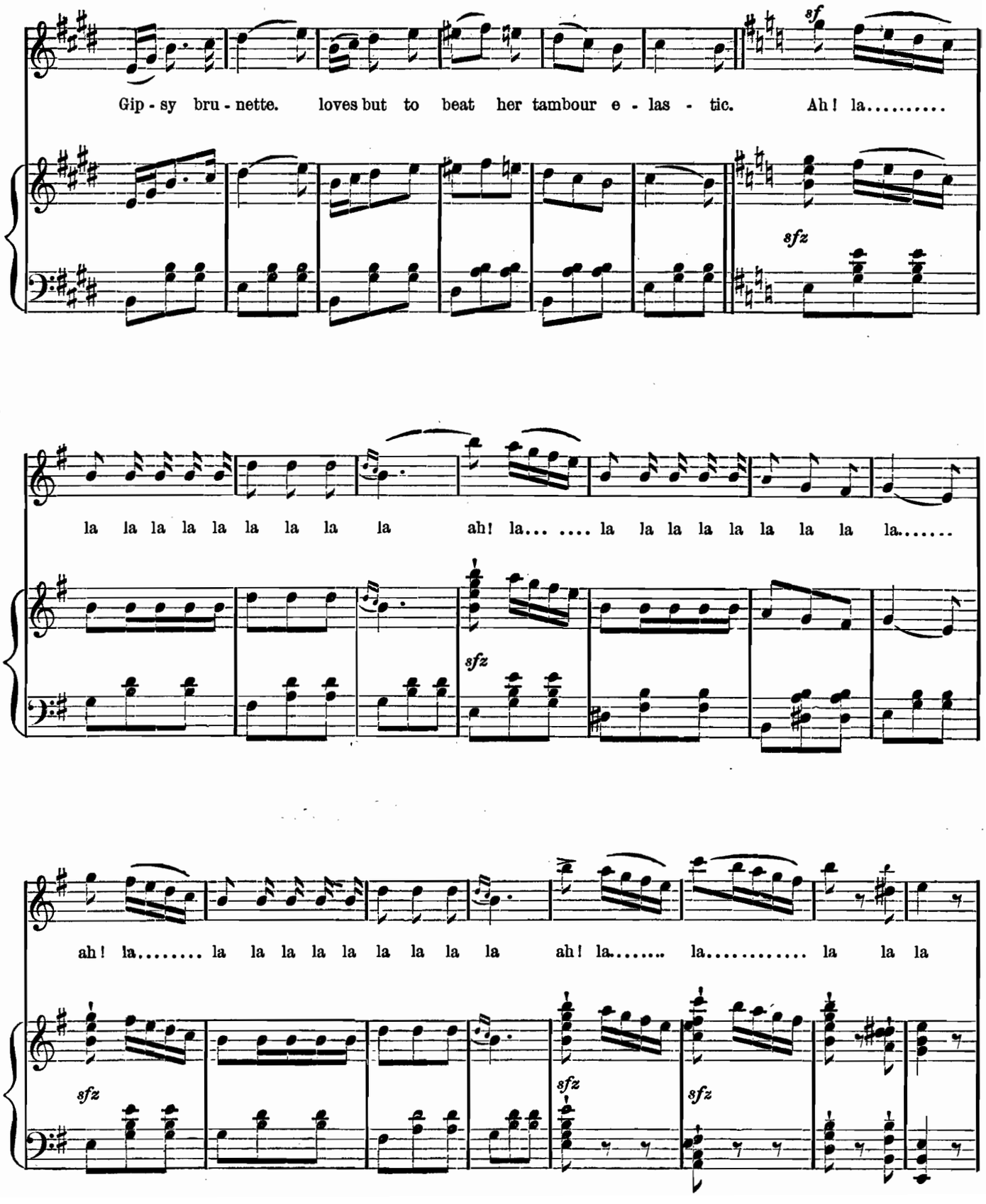
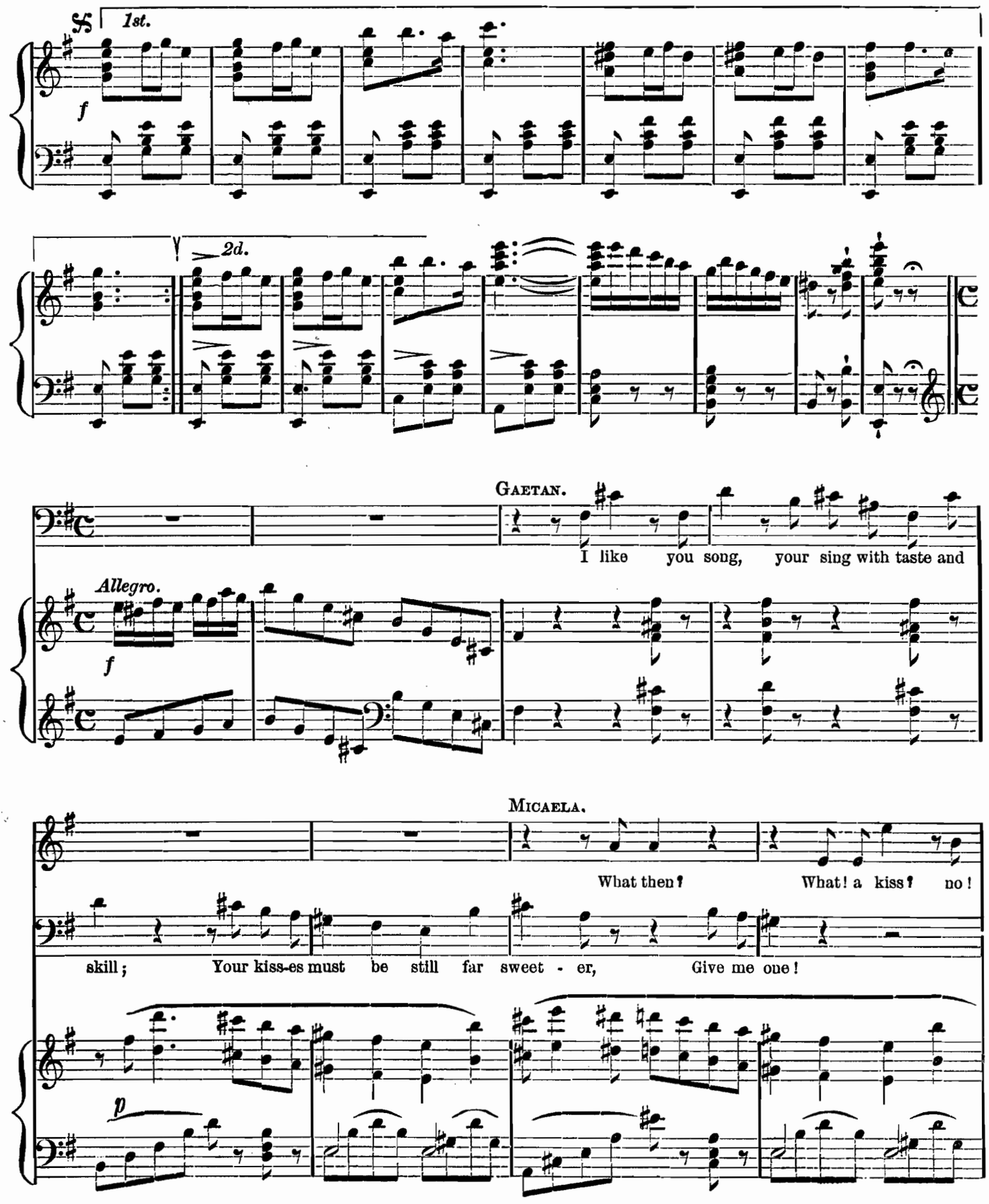
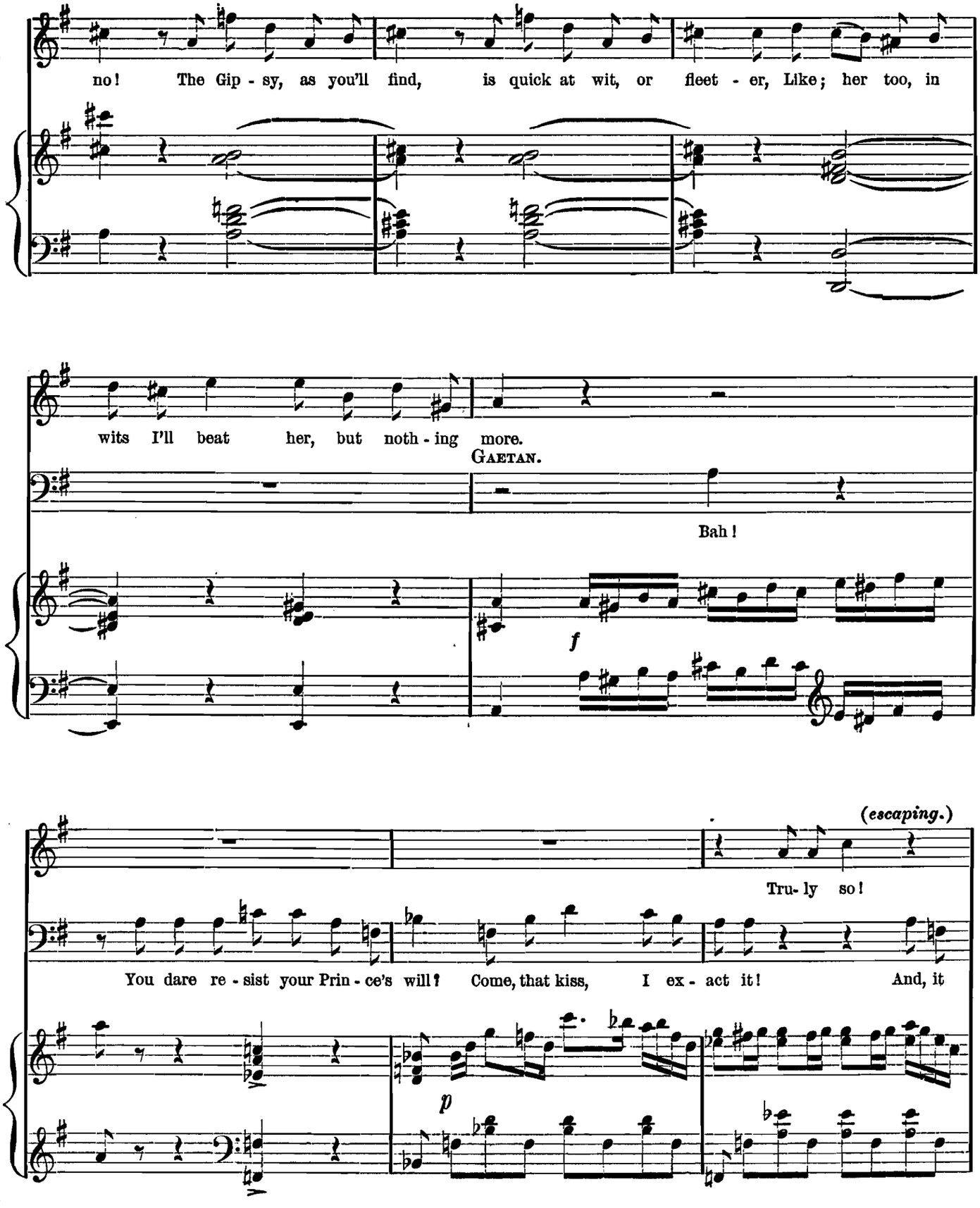

mor - als,..... And home to his lodge took his pet..... Sit
maid - en,... ..... To list to my song ere you go..... ... The
down, said he, dar - ling, be mer - ry..... We'll sup, here our ta - ble is
youth had a voice sweet and ten der, ... The gip - sy gave ear with de -
p
Variation.
- ton - - - - - ish'd— I'm
hark - - - - - en! And
spread..... . The gip - sy, whom noth - ing as - ton - - - - - ish'd— I'm
- light..... ..... Once more, a - gain, glad - ly I'd hark - - - - - en! And
hung - gry, al - low me, she said..... All right, since she
once more the youth waked the night..... But fine weath - er
f
f

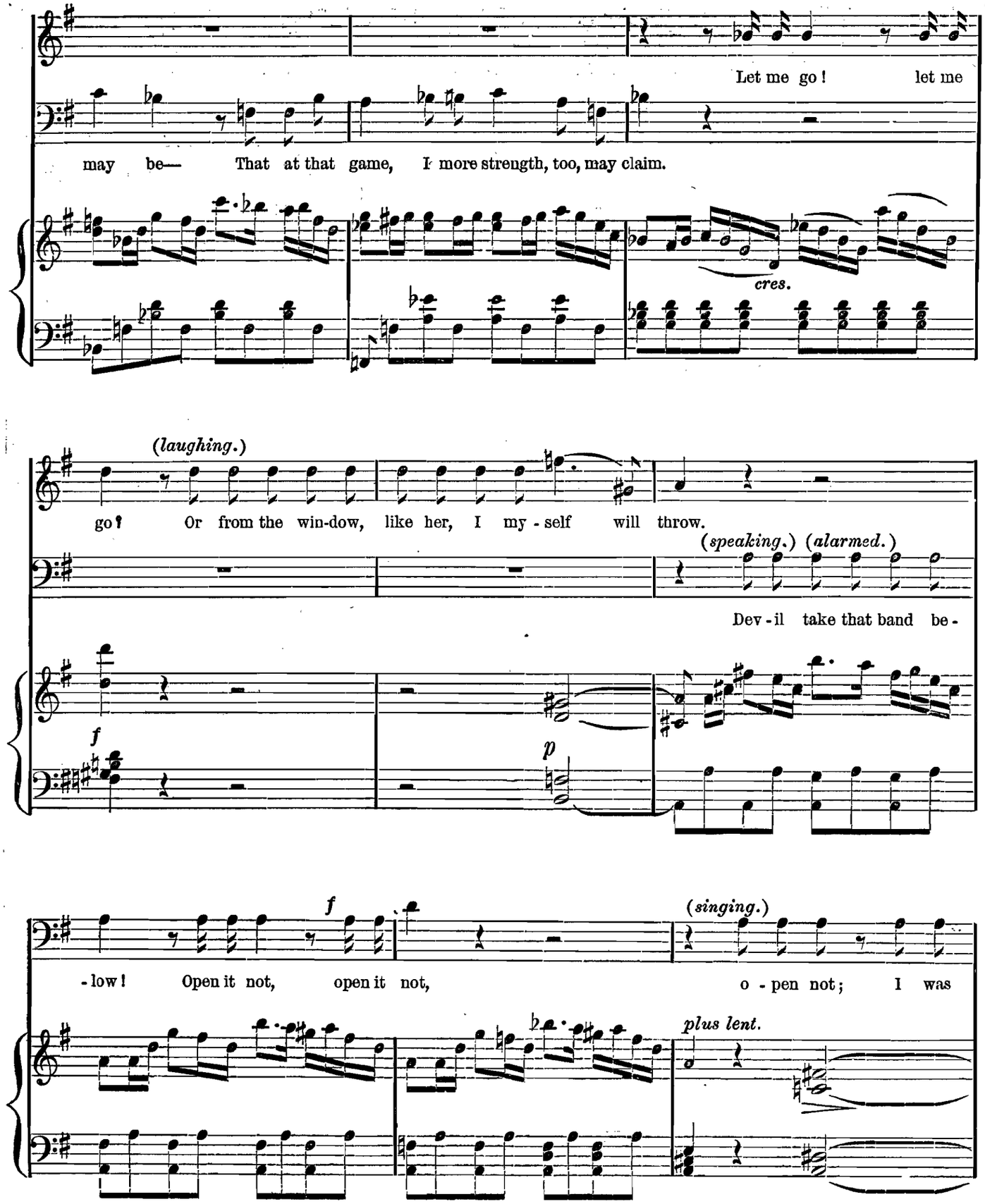

pp
seem'd well and act - ive, Af - ter des - sert, fun we shall see. Soon he
changed to a show - er, Shel - ter quick - ly must be ob - tained. Drooping,
pp
found her sweet and at - trac - tive; Bade he, quick - ly, all should be cleared.
lan - guid, glad - ly the gip - sy Took the arm of her new found friend.
pp
Here! said the bold Captain, all flam - ing, Come, give me a kiss, gip - sy, dear! No!
Thus, while the youth's spirits were live - ly, Sighs broke from the gip - sy girl's heart. But,

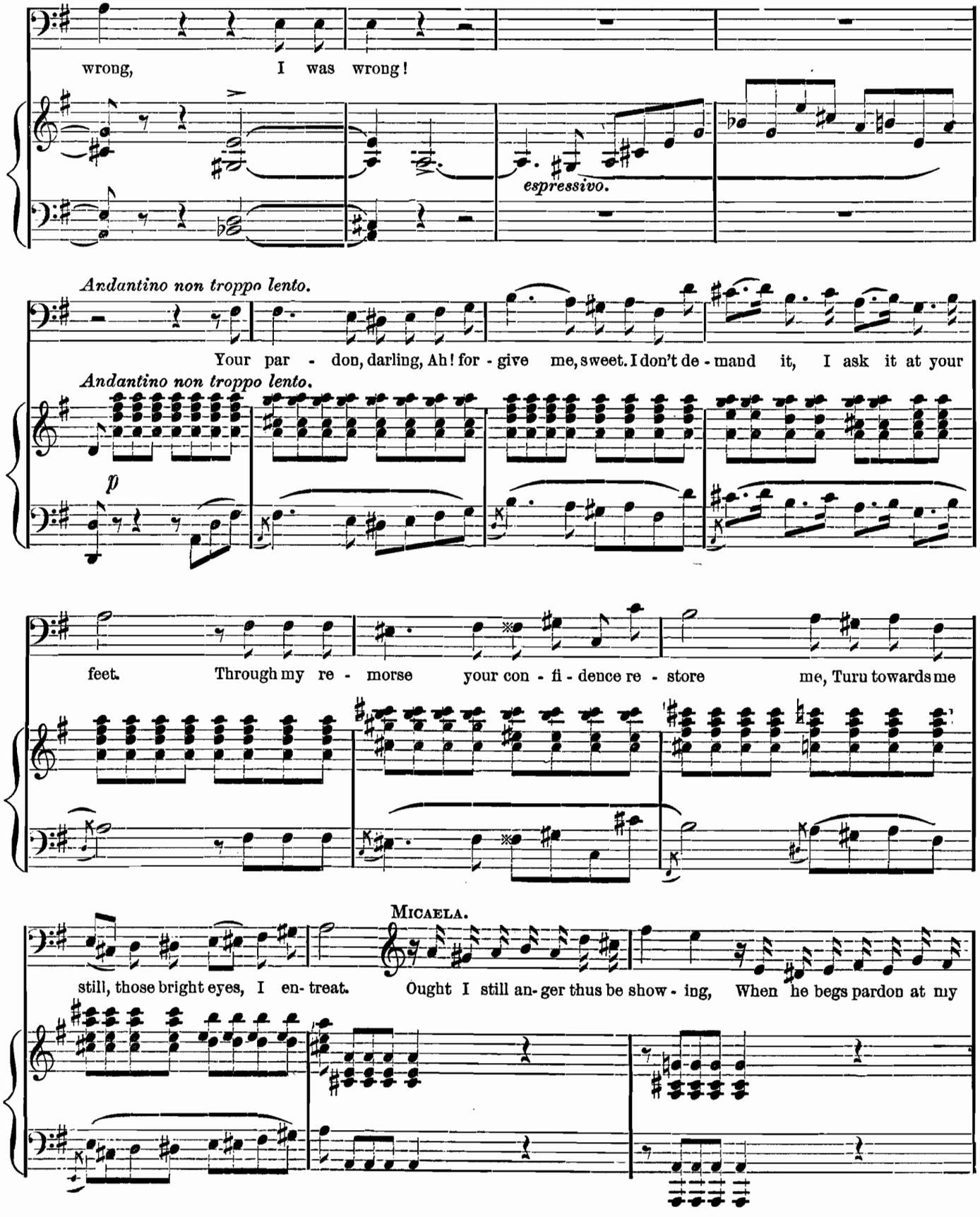

laugh - ing - ly said the brown maid - en, And, off with a bound she went clear! Ah!.....
All at once clear'd up the weath - er, And they as quick drifted a - part! Ah!.....
f
ah!..... ah!..... Man - u - el -
mf
mf
p
- i - ta! Gip - sy bru - nette; young girl, is she, Some - what fan - tas - tic, Man - u - el - i - ta,

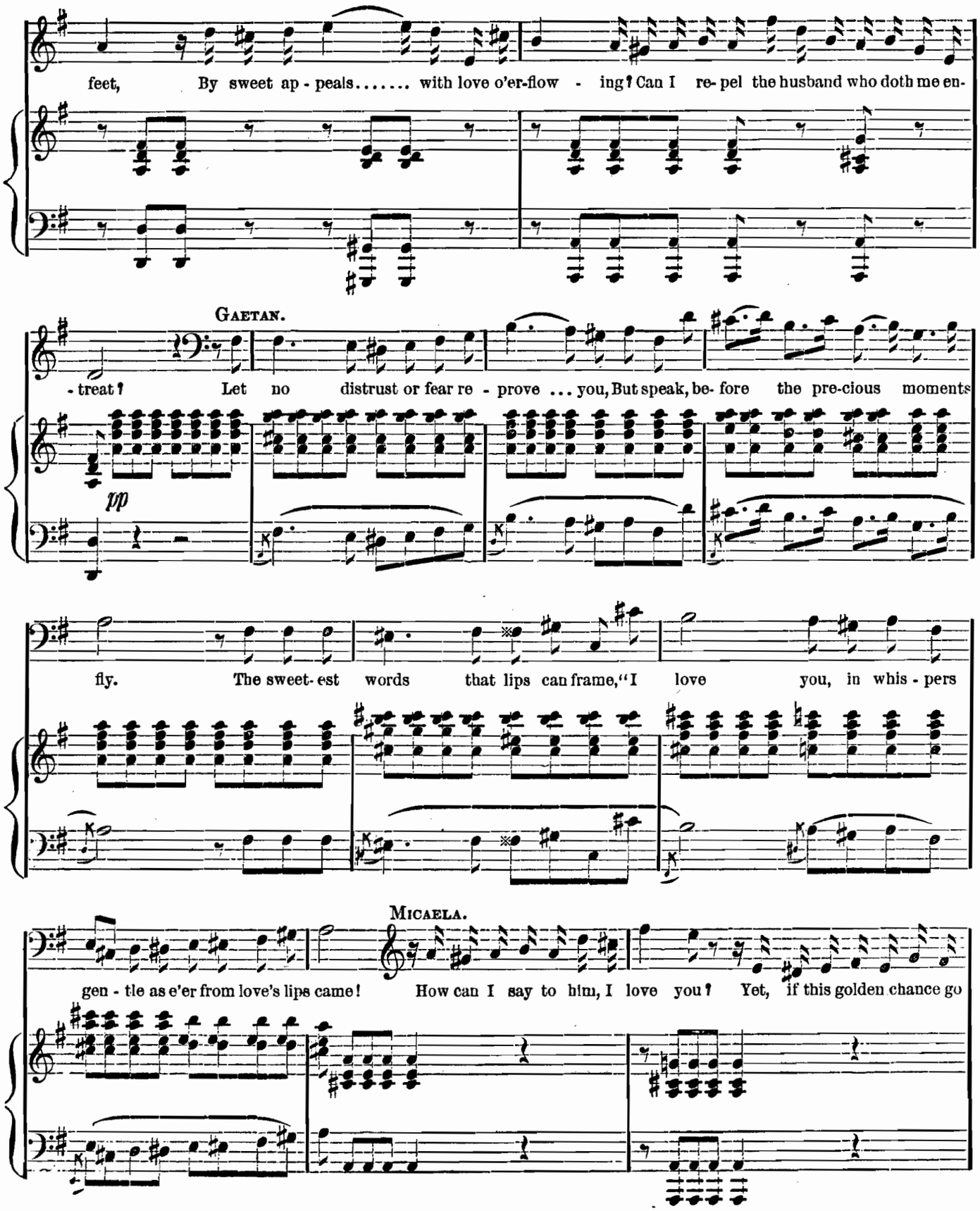

Gip - sy bru - nette. loves but to beat her tambour e - las - tic. Ah! la.....
la la la la la la la la la ah! la... .... la la la la la la la la la.....
ah! la..... la la la la la la la la ah! la..... la..... la la la

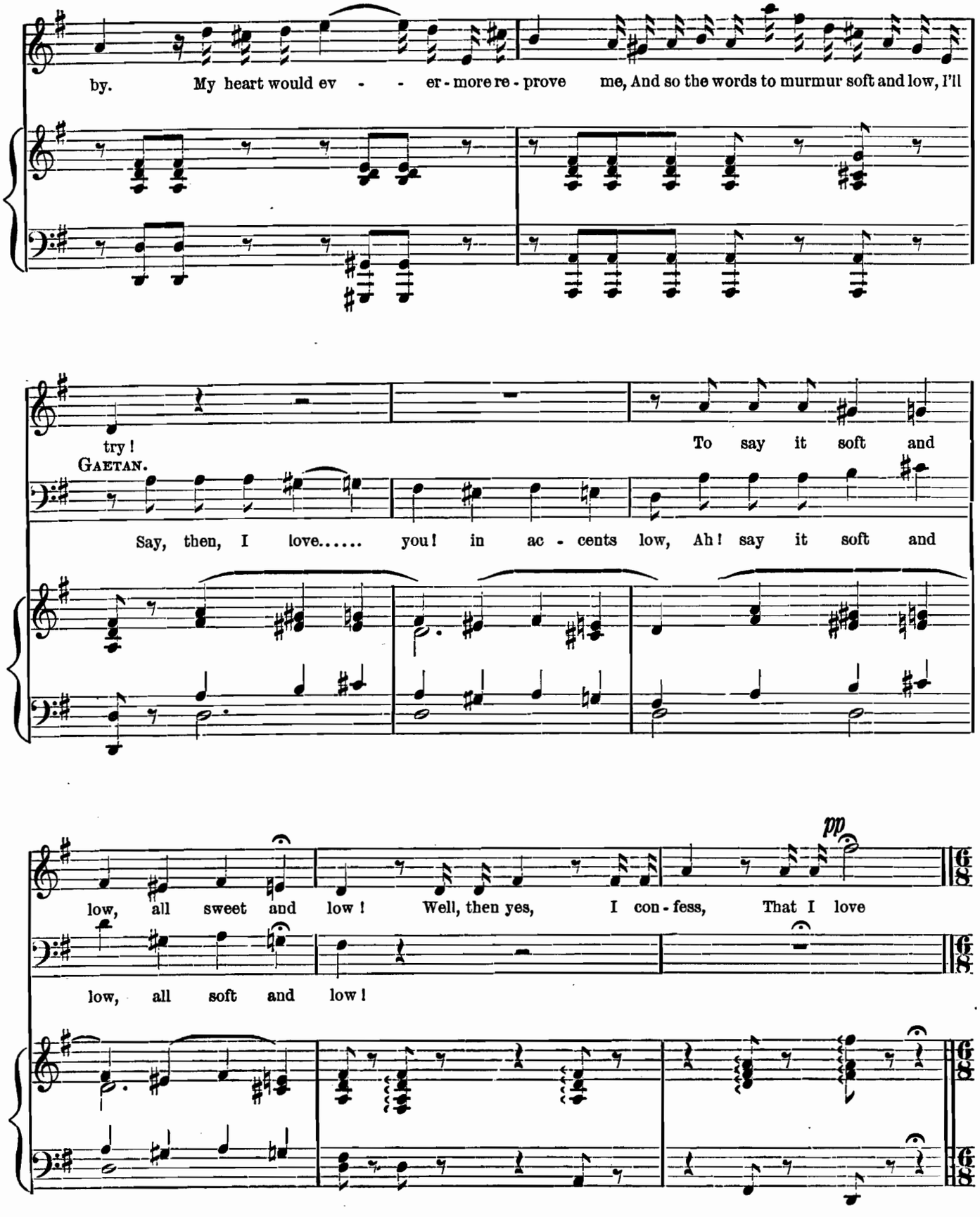

1st.
f
2d.
GAETAN.
I like you song, your sing with taste and
Allegro.
f
MICAELA.
What then?
What! a kiss? no!
skill; Your kiss-es must be still far sweet - er, Give me one!
p

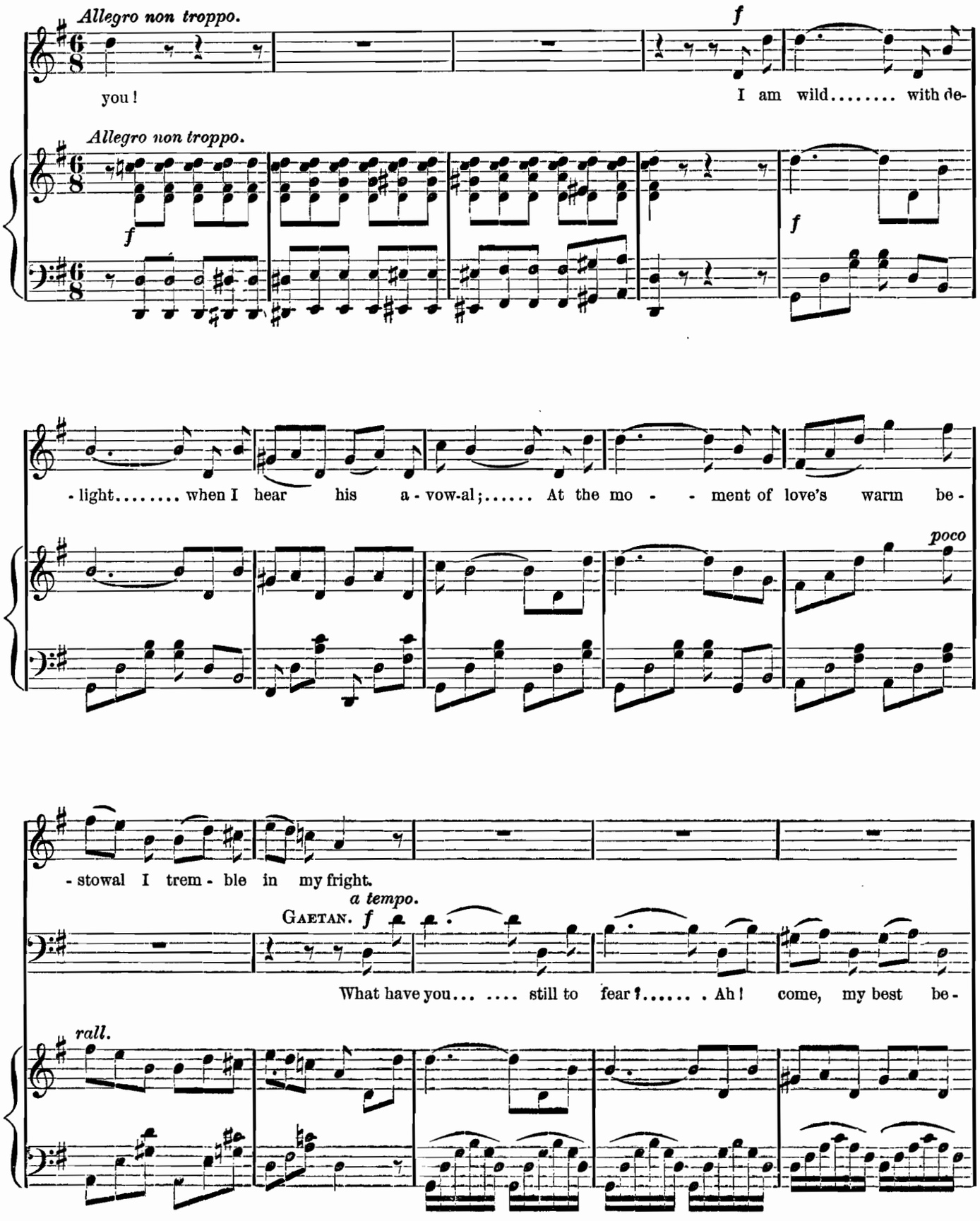

no! The Gip - sy, as you'll find, is quick at wit, or fleet - er, Like; her too, in
wits I'll beat her, but noth - ing more.
GAETAN.
Bah!
f
(escaping.)
Tru- ly so!
You dare re - sist your Prin - ce's will? Come, that kiss, I ex - act it! And, it
p

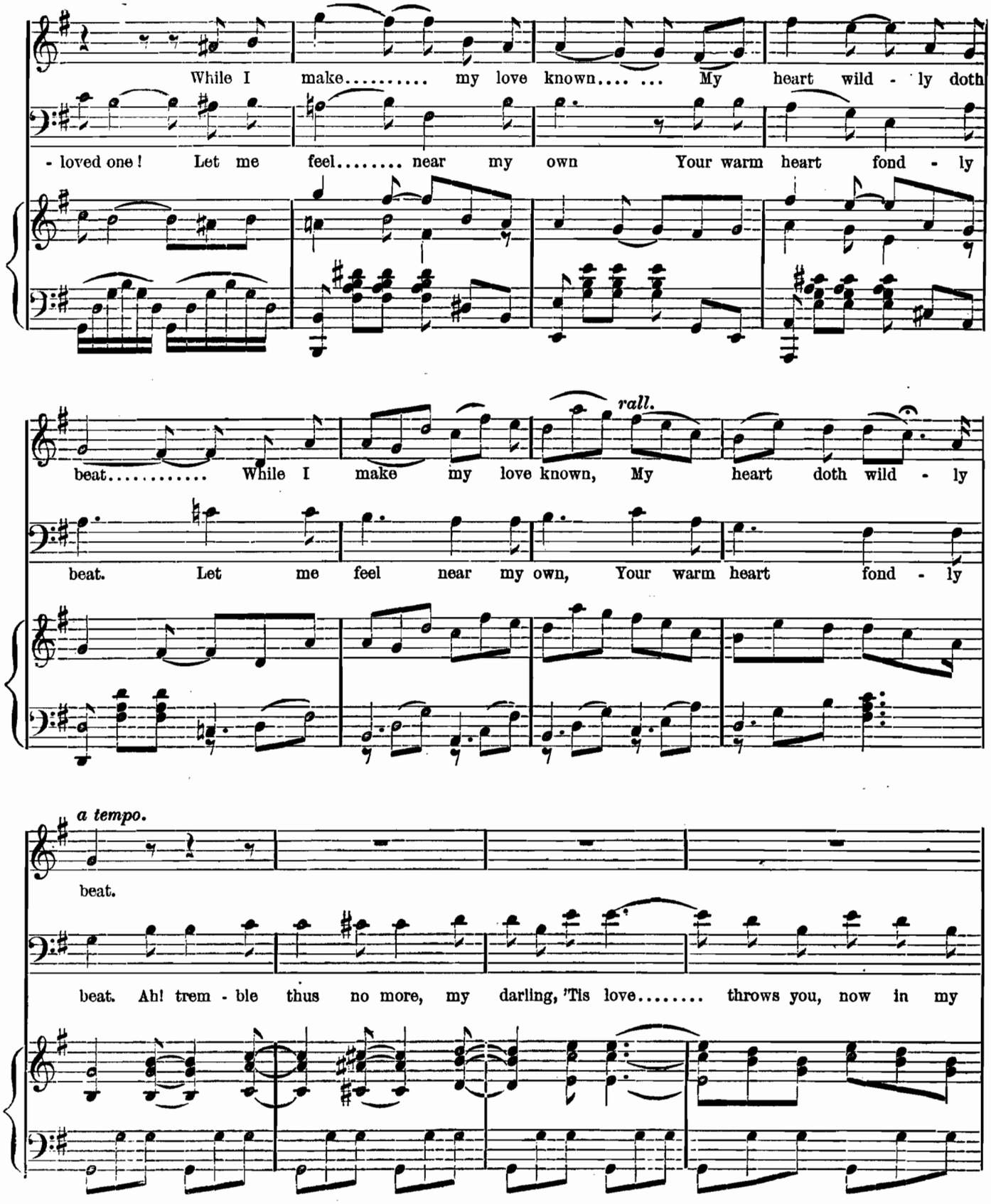

Let me go! let me
may be— That at that game, I more strength, too, may claim.
cres.
(laughing.)
go? Or from the win-dow, like her, I my - self will throw.
(speaking.) (alarmed.)
Dev - il take that band be -
f
p
f
(singing.)
- low! Open it not, open it not, o - pen not; I was
plus lent.

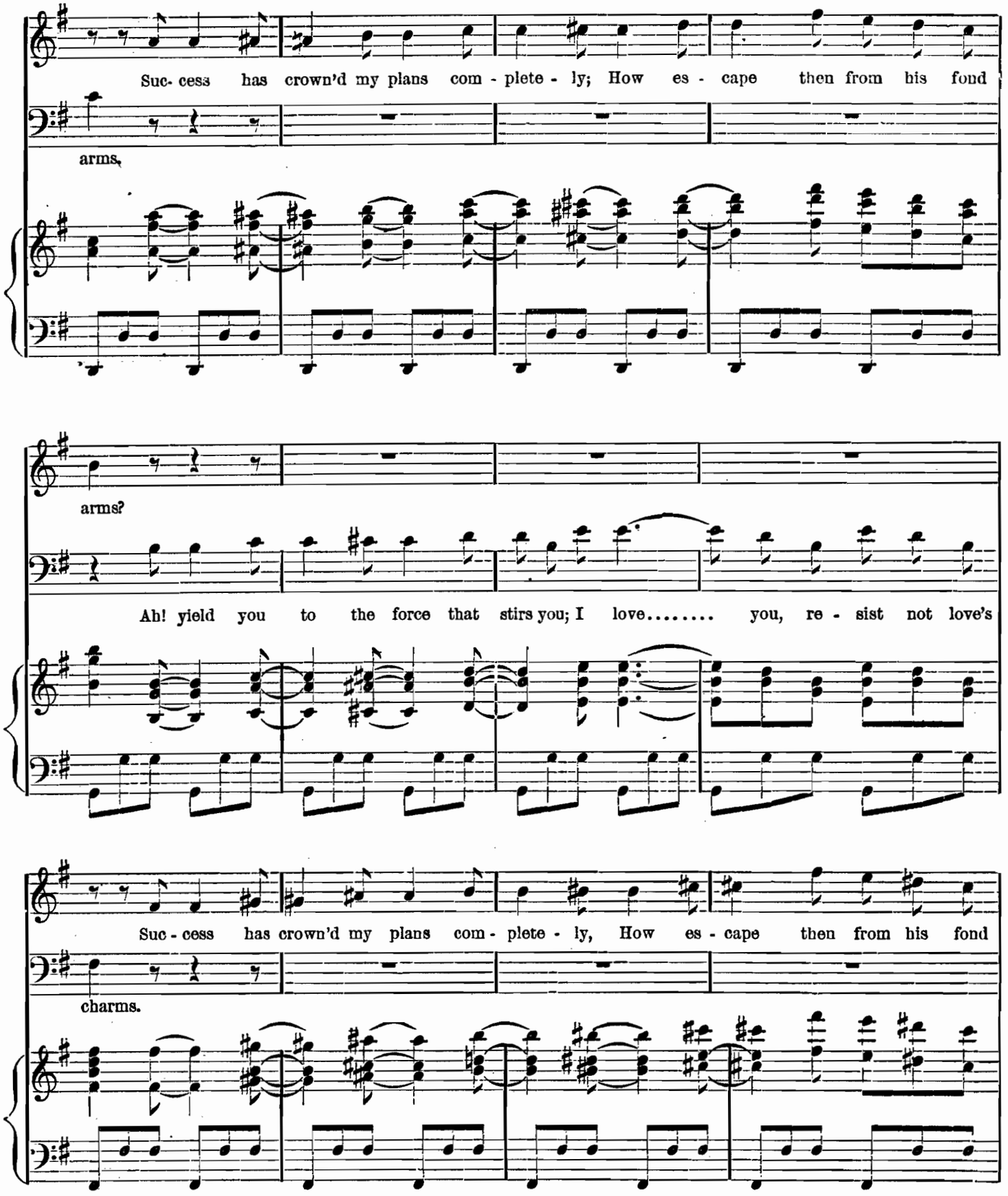

wrong, I was wrong!
espressivo.
Andantino non troppo lento.
Your par - don, darling, Ah! for - give me, sweet. I don't de - mand it, I ask it at your
Andantino non troppo lento.
p
feet. Through my re - morse your con - fi - dence re - store me, Turu towards me
MICAELA.
still, those bright eyes, I en- treat. Ought I still an- ger thus be show - ing, When he begs pardon at my

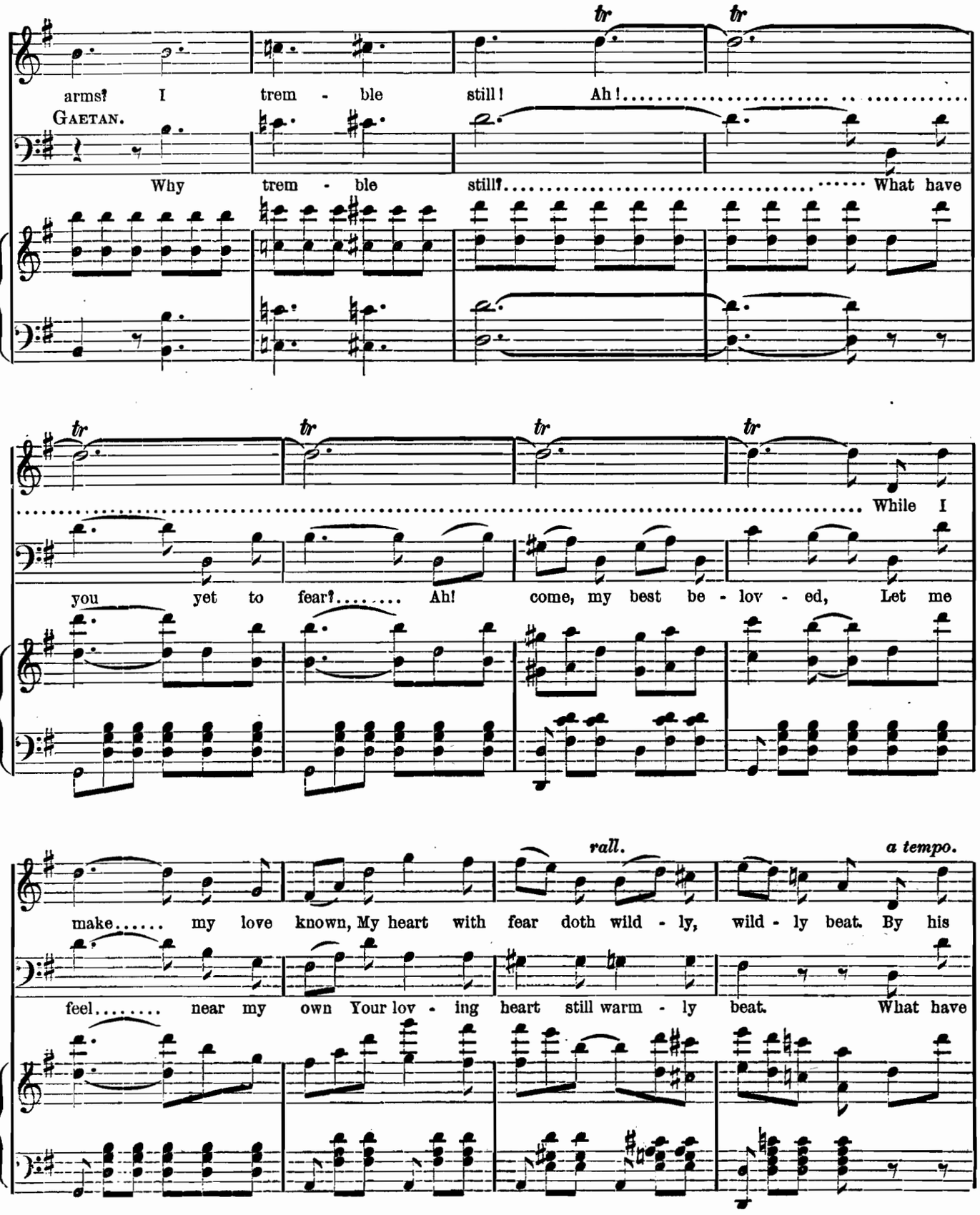

feet, By sweet ap - peals..... with love o'er-flow - ing? Can I re- pel the husband who doth me en-
GAETAN.
- treat? Let no distrust or fear re - prove ... you, But speak, be- fore the pre-cious moments
pp
fly. The sweet- est words that lips can frame, "I love you, in whis - pers
MICAELA.
gen - tle as e'er from love's lips came! How can I say to him, I love you? Yet, if this golden chance go

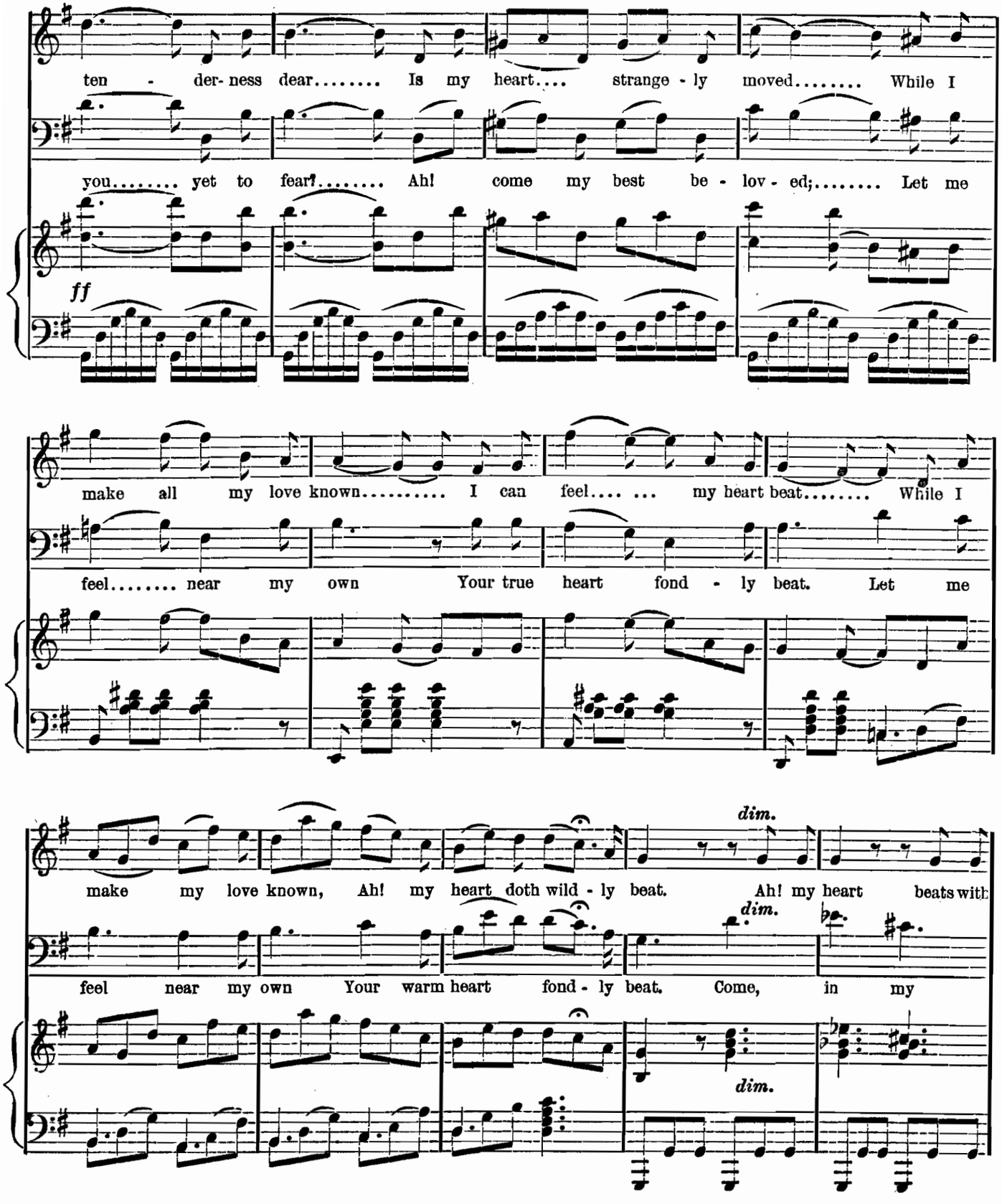

by. My heart would ev - - - er - more re - prove me, And so the words to murmur soft and low, I'll
try!
To say it soft and
GAETAN.
Say, then, I love..... you! in ac - cents low, Ah! say it soft and
pp
low, all sweet and low! Well, then yes, I con - fess, That I love
low, all soft and low!

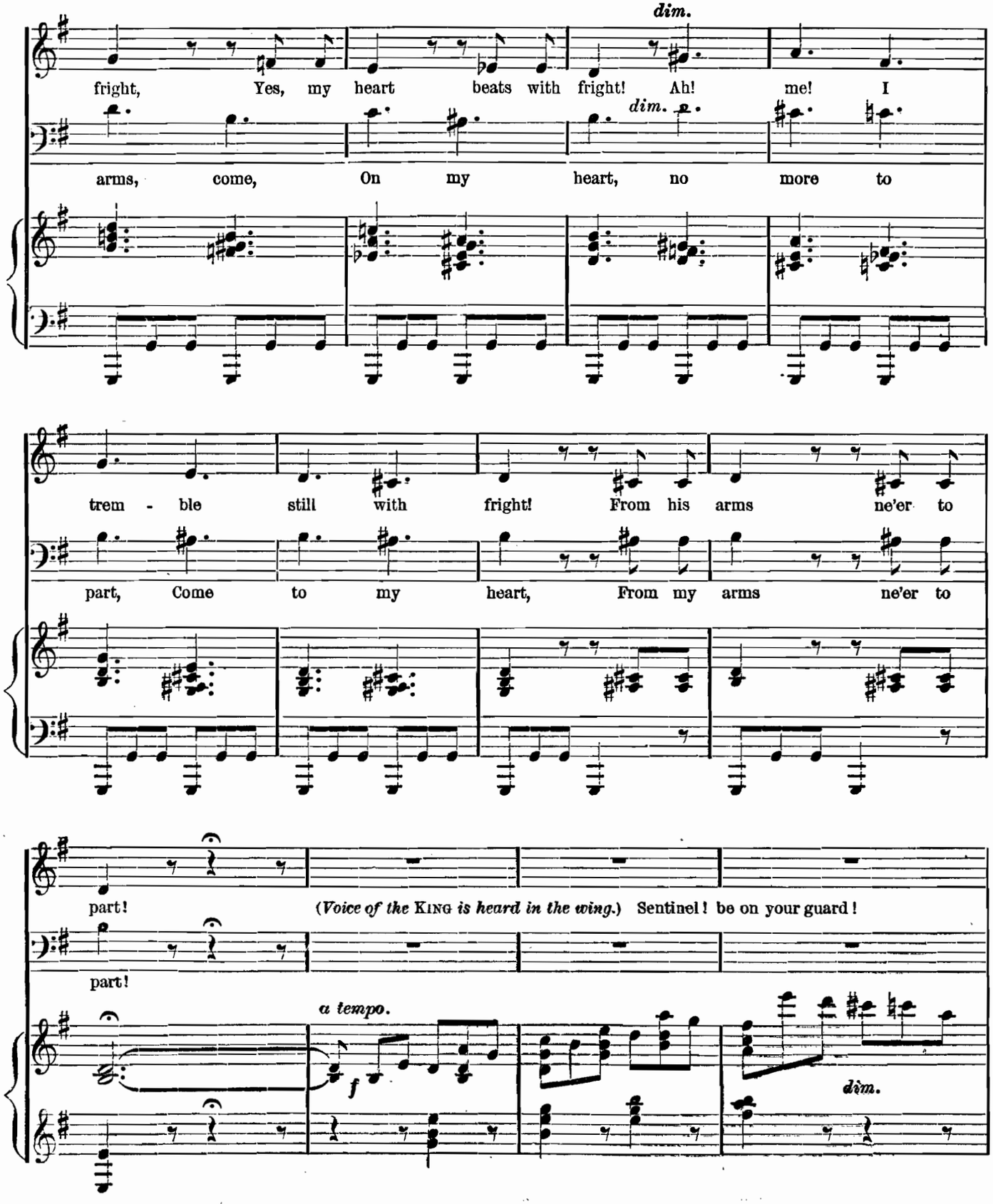
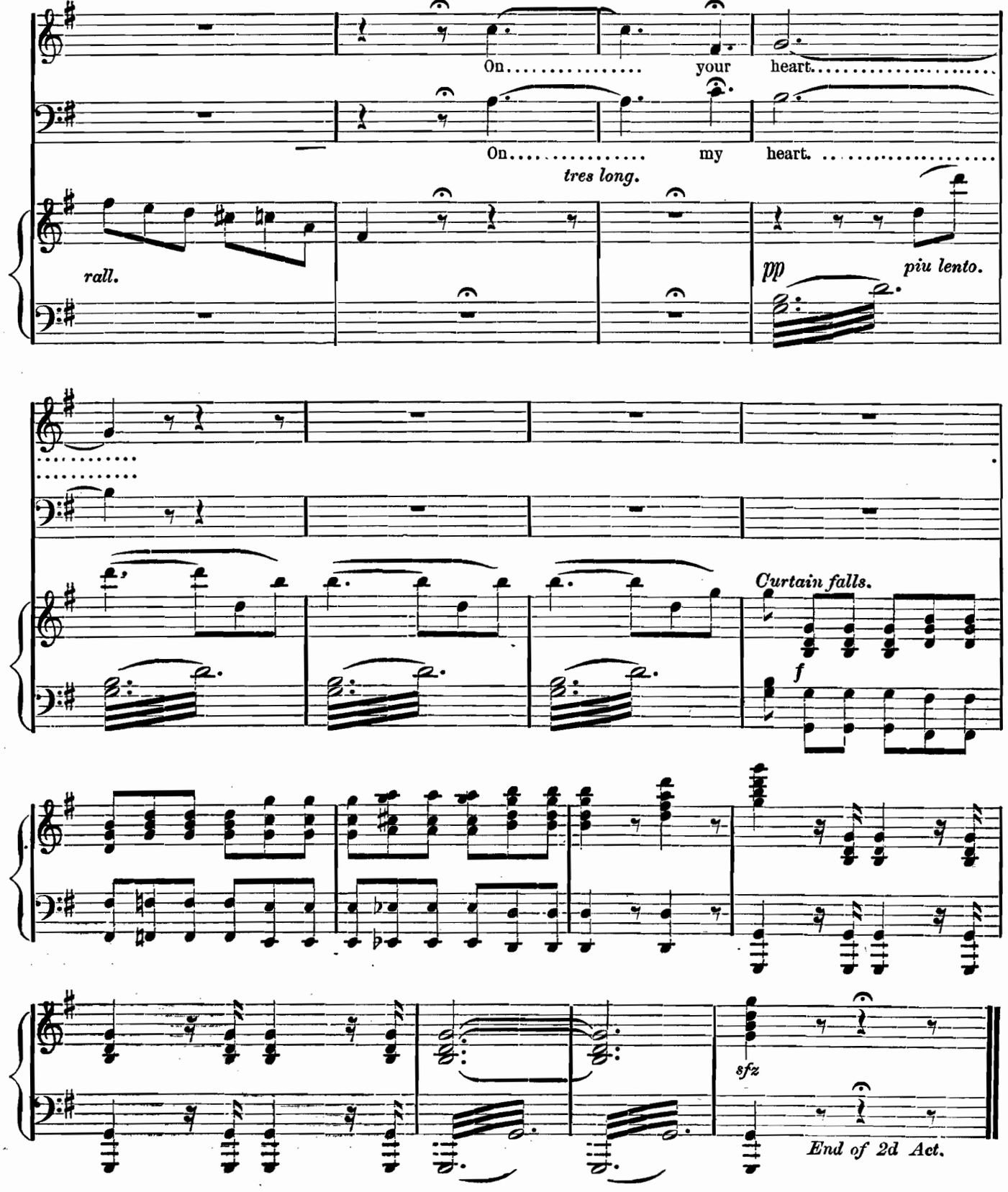

Allegro non troppo.
you !
f
I am wild..... with de-
Allegro non troppo.
f
f
- light..... when I hear his a - vow-al;..... At the mo - - ment of love's warm be -
poco
- stowal I trem - ble in my fright.
a tempo.
GAETAN. f
What have you... .... still to fear ?..... . Ah ! come, my best be -
rall.


While I make..... my love known.... ... My heart wild - ly doth
- loved one! Let me feel..... near my own Your warm heart fond - ly
beat..... While I make my love known, My heart doth wild - ly
rall.
beat. Let me feel near my own, Your warm heart fond - ly
a tempo.
beat.
beat. Ah! trem - ble thus no more, my darling, 'Tis love..... throws you, now in my


Suc- cess has crown'd my plans com - plete - ly; How es - cape then from his fond
arms.
arms?
Ah! yield you to the force that stirs you; I love..... you, re - sist not love's
Suc - cess has crown'd my plans com - plete - ly, How es - cape then from his fond
charms.


arms? I trem - ble still! Ah!
GAETAN.
Why trem - ble still? What have
While I
you yet to fear? Ah! come, my best be - lov - ed, Let me
rall.
a tempo.
make my love known, My heart with fear doth wild - ly, wild - ly beat. By his
feel near my own Your lov - ing heart still warm - ly beat. What have


ten - der- ness dear..... Is my heart.... strange - ly moved..... While I
you..... yet to fear?..... Ah! come my best be - lov - ed;..... Let me
ff
make all my love known..... I can feel.... ... my heart beat..... While I
feel..... near my own Your true heart fond - ly beat. Let me
dim.
make my love known, Ah! my heart doth wild - ly beat. Ah! my heart beats with
dim.
feel near my own Your warm heart fond - ly beat. Come, in my
dim.


dim.
fright, Yes, my heart beats with fright! Ah! me! I
dim.
arms, come, On my heart, no more to
trem - ble still with fright! From his arms ne'er to
part, Come to my heart, From my arms ne'er to
part!
(Voice of the KING is heard in the wing.) Sentinel! be on your guard!
part!
a tempo.
f
dim.

(GAETAN *and* MICAELA, *surprised, separate for a moment, then fall into each other's arms.*)