F. C WHITNEY

presents

MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

in

"LOVE'S LOTTERY"

COMIC OPERA
IN TWO ACTS.

BOOK BY

STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

M. WITMARK & SONS

NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON SAN FRANCISCO
JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG AND VIENNA
ALLAN & CO. MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA
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LOVE'S LOTTERY

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COMIC OPERA
IN TWO ACTS.

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BOOK BY

STANISLAUS STANGÉ

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

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F. C. WHITNEY

Presents

Mme. Schumann-Heink

in

"Love's Lottery."

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

Libretto by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Cast of Characters.

Sergeant Bob Trivet	WALLACE BROWNLOW.
Sir Hervey Aston	GEORGE L. TALLMAN.
Squire Marmaduke Skeffington	W. H. THOMPSON.
Laura Skeffington	LOUISE GUNNING.
Sally Lunn	DELIGHT BARSCH.
Barney O'Toole	JOHN SLAVIN.
Ponsonby Damocles Twiller	H.W. TREDENICK.
Molly Muggins	TEKLA FARM.
Bess Myrtle	IVY CLYDE.
Jane Jones	MARGARET CRAWFORD.
Gill Poorman	LUCIA NOLA.
Tom Ryder	HEATHE GREGORY.
Jack Kite	JOHN H. DUFFEY.
Bill Butler	JOHN NORELE.
Joe Costar	LIONEL ROBSARTE.

and

LINA	Mme. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.

PLACE: Courtyard of Lina's House in the Village of Deanswold.
TIME: Early summer. Morning. PERIOD: George III. A.D. 1818.

ACT II.

PLACE: A secluded part of Deanswold Park.
TIME: Afternoon of day of first act.

Staged by	MAX FREEMAN.
Musical Director	WM. E. MACQUINN.

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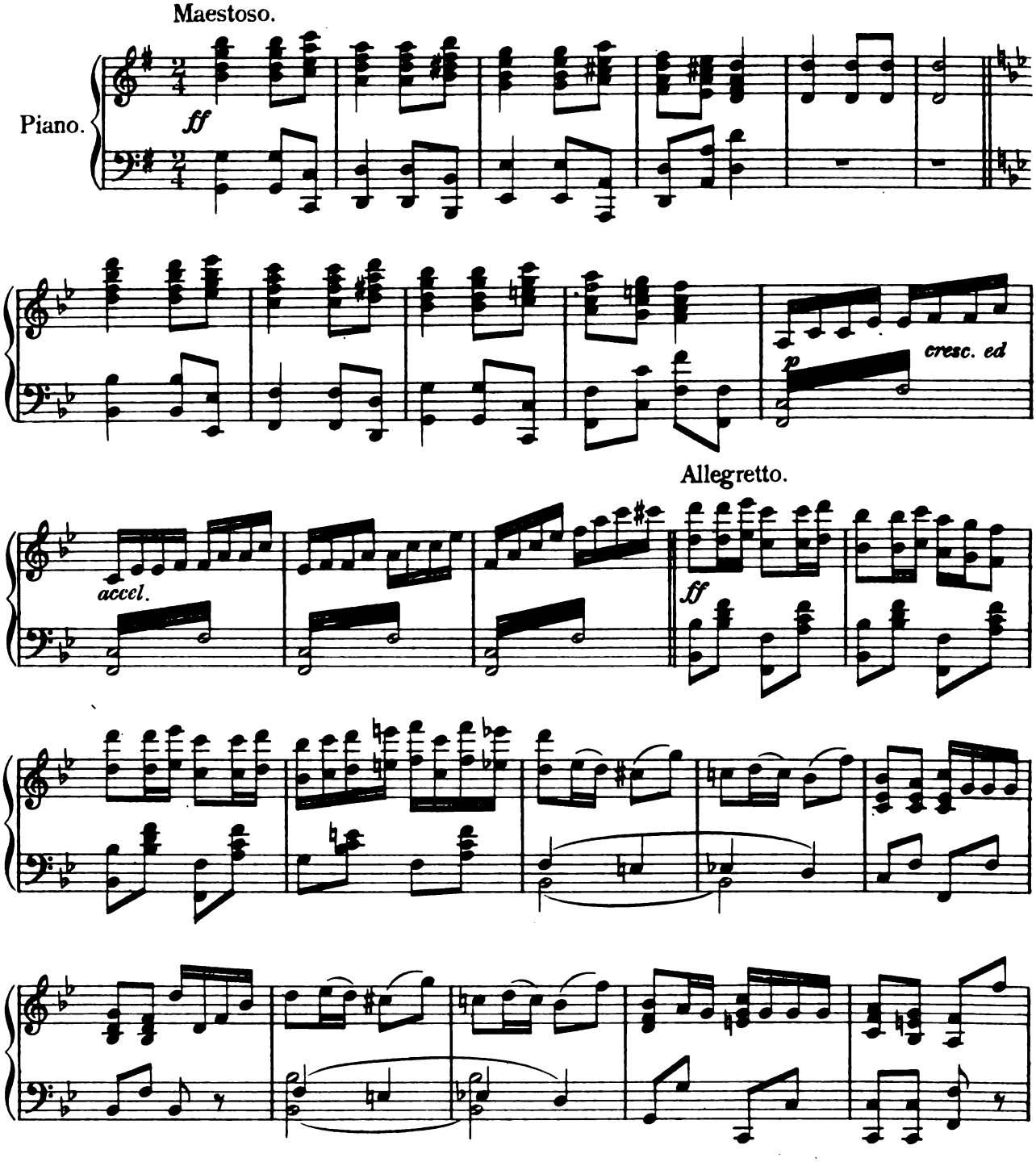
"Love's Lottery."

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

Prelude.

Libretto by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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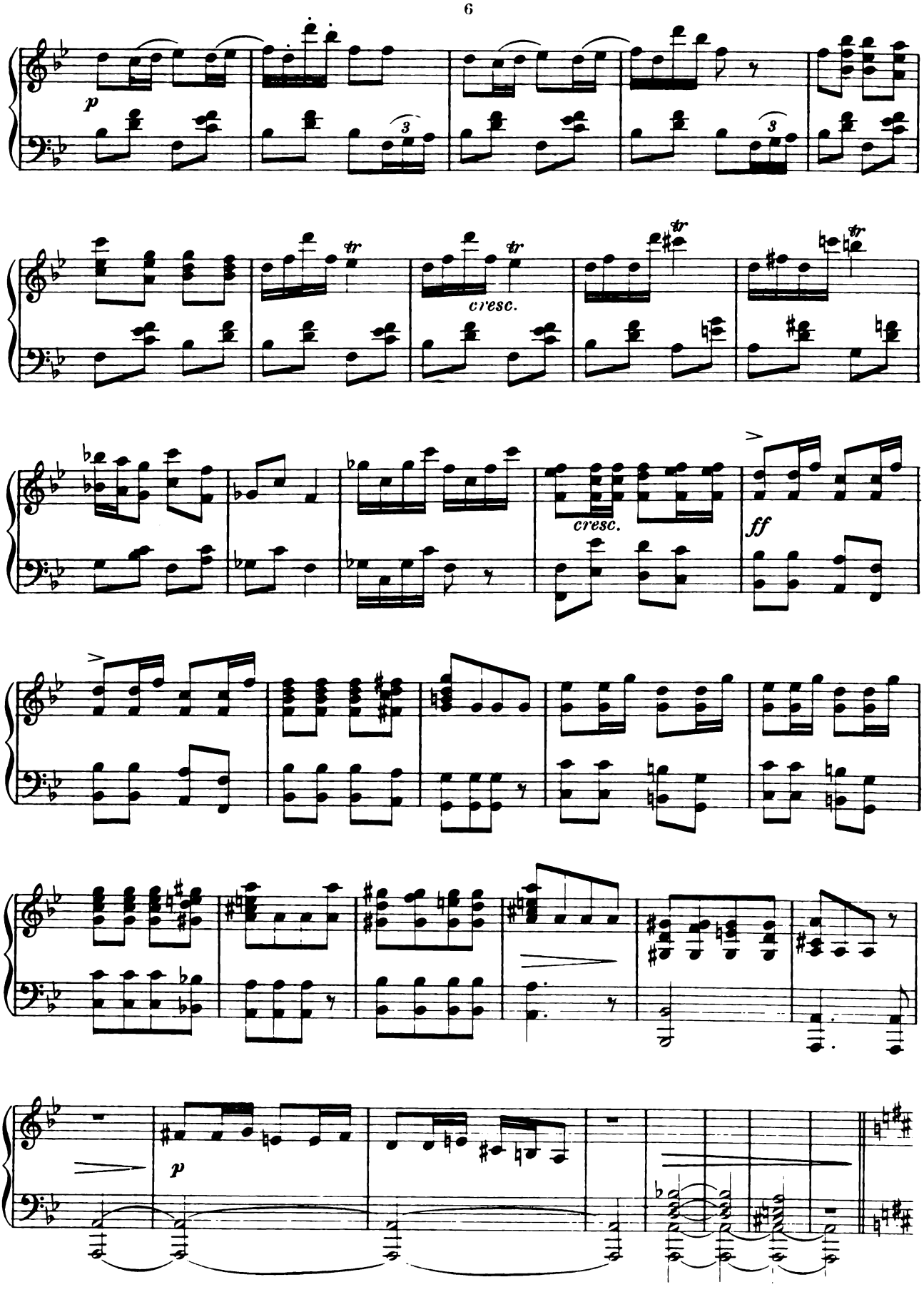
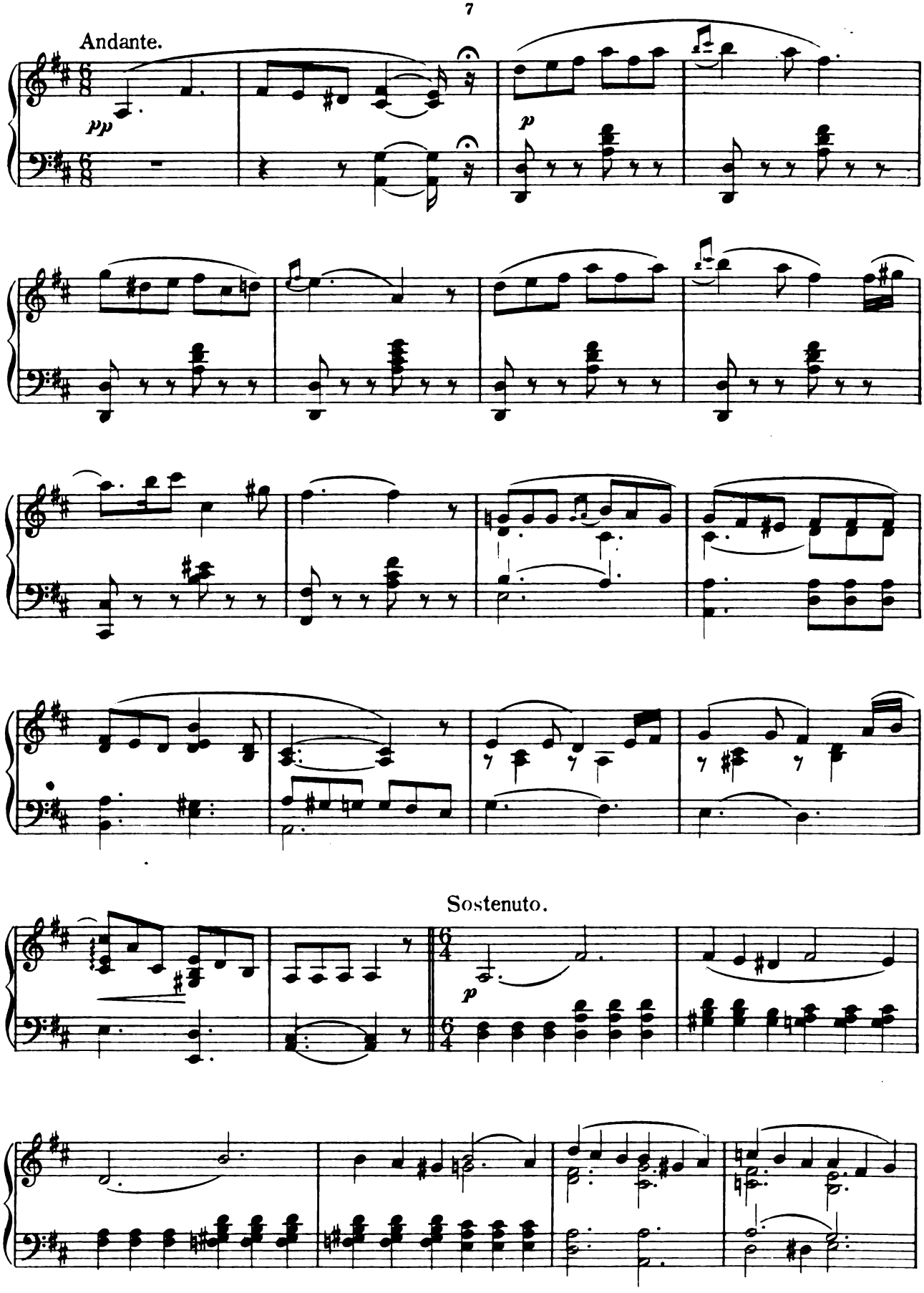
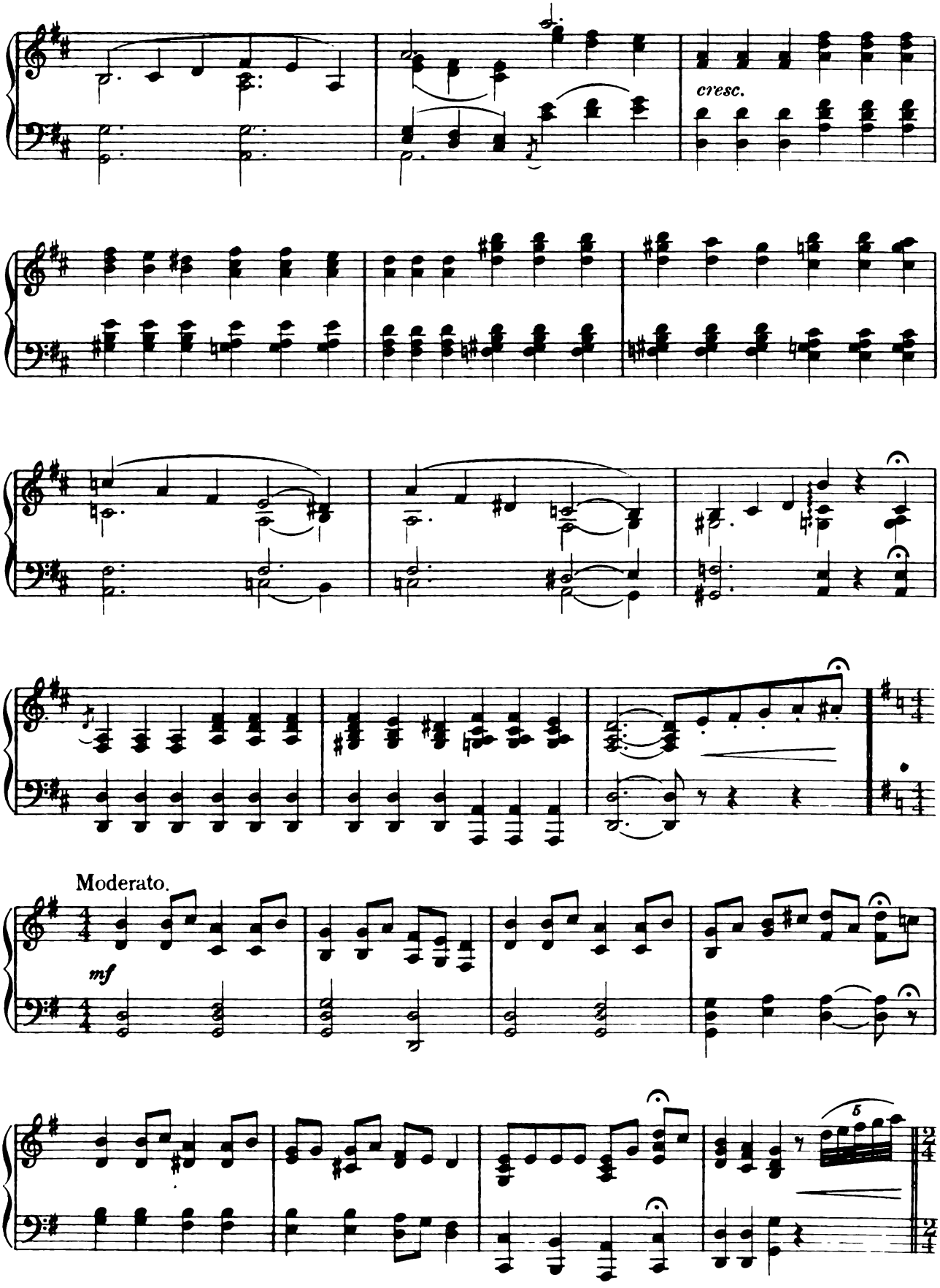
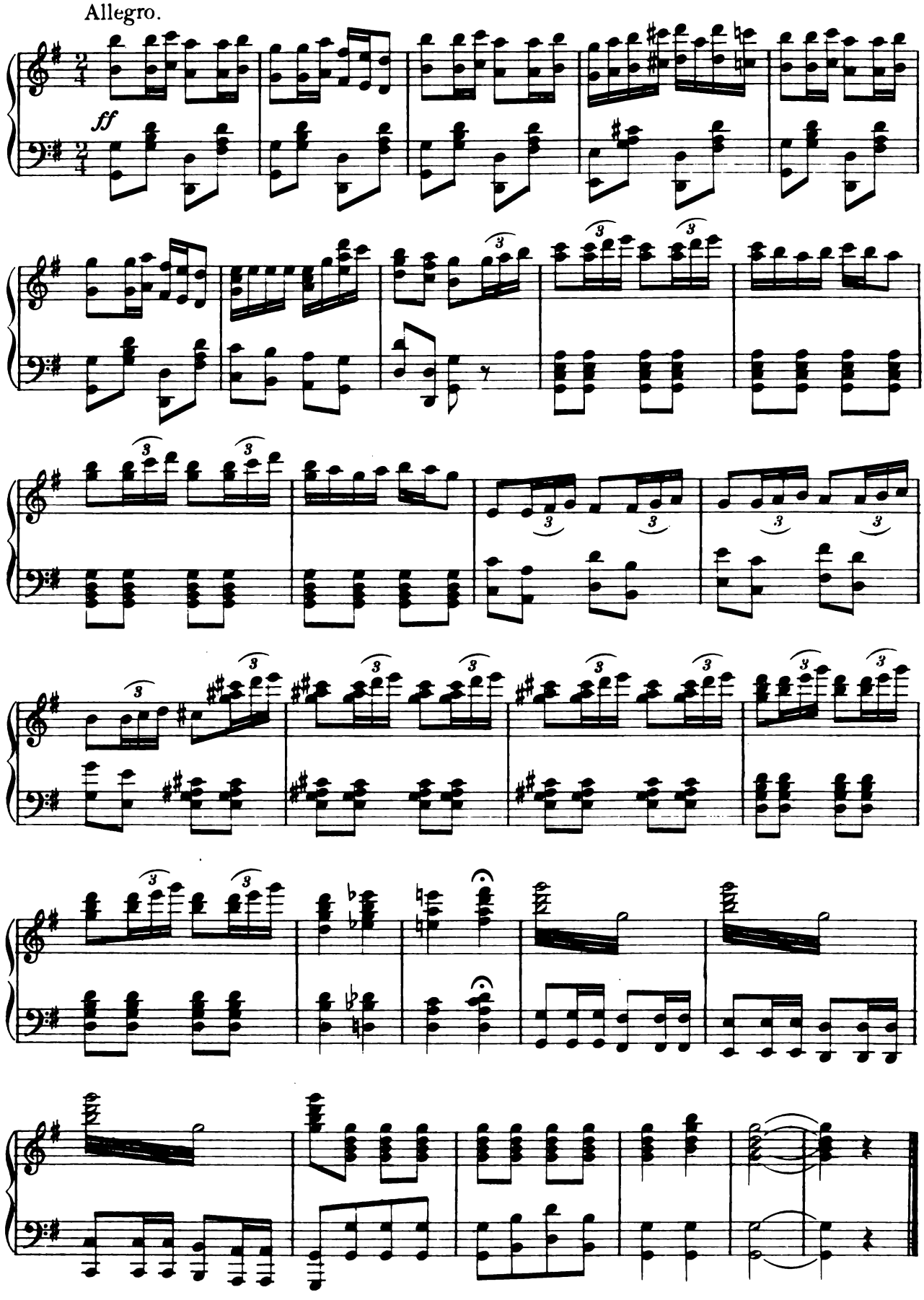

p
tr
cresc.
ff
p


Andante.
pp
p
Sostenuto.
p


cresc.
Moderato.
mf
5


Allegro.
ff

A Song of the Tub.

No. 1a

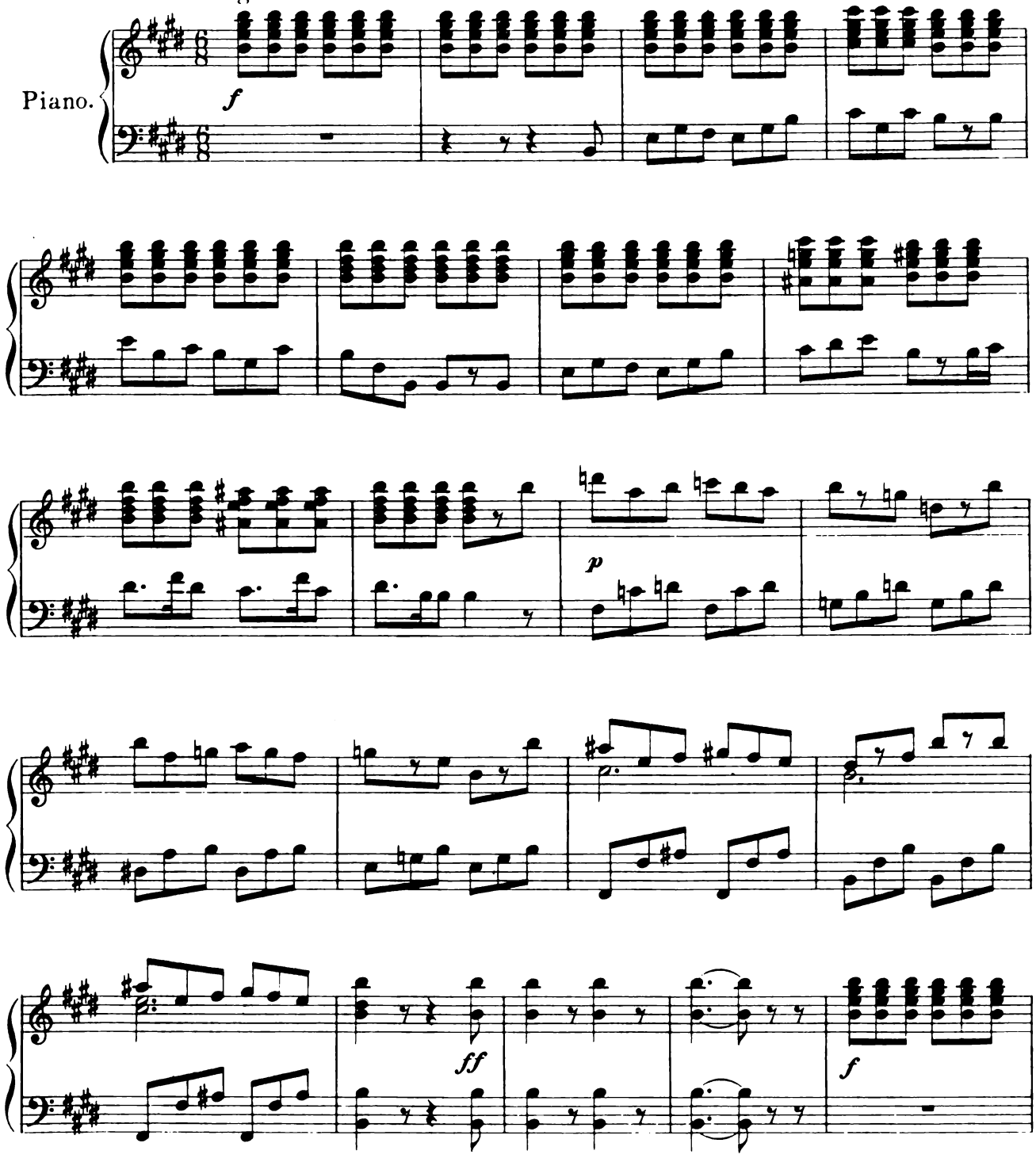
QUARTETTE.

Moll, Bess, Jane and Gill.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegretto.



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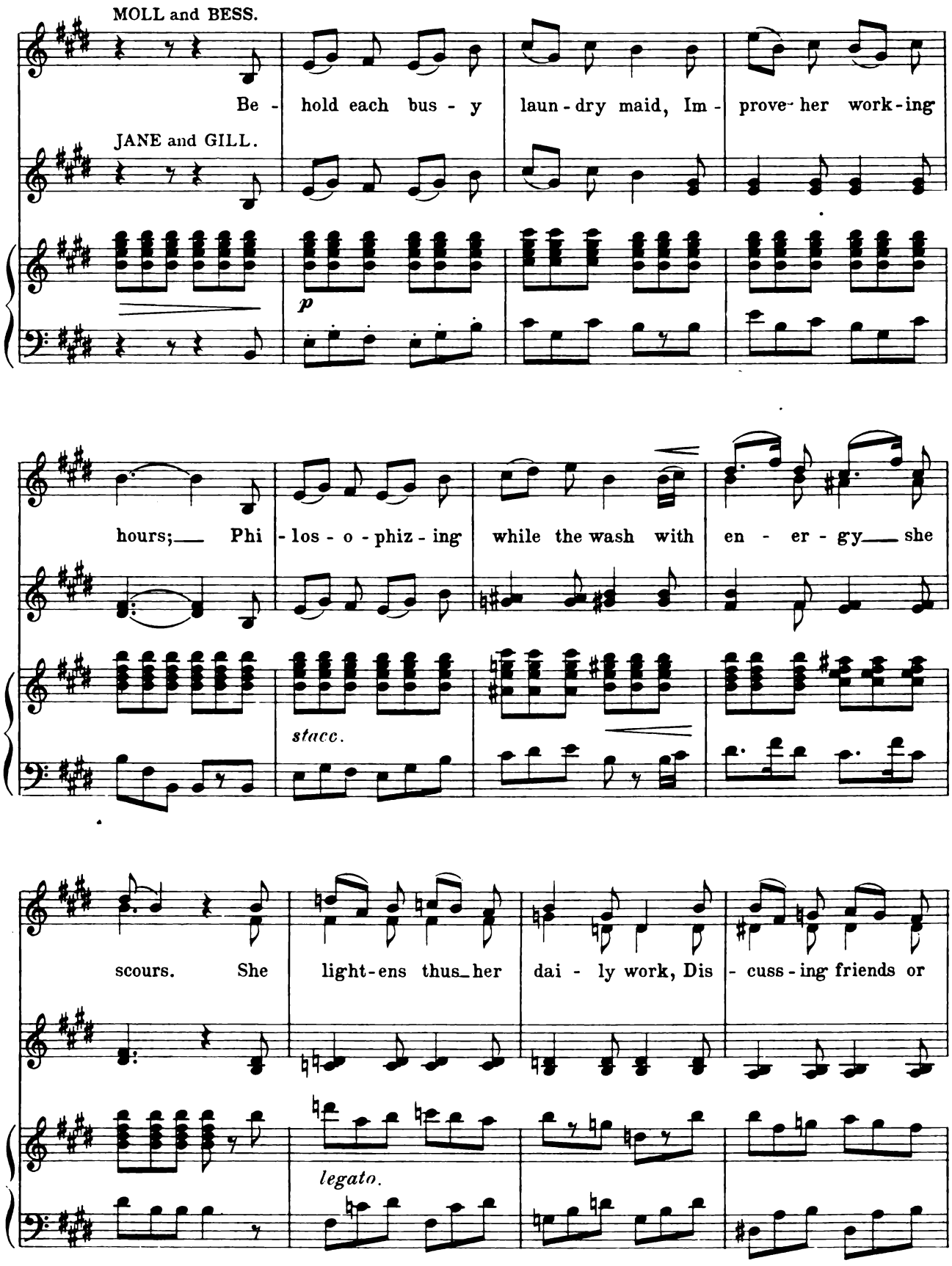
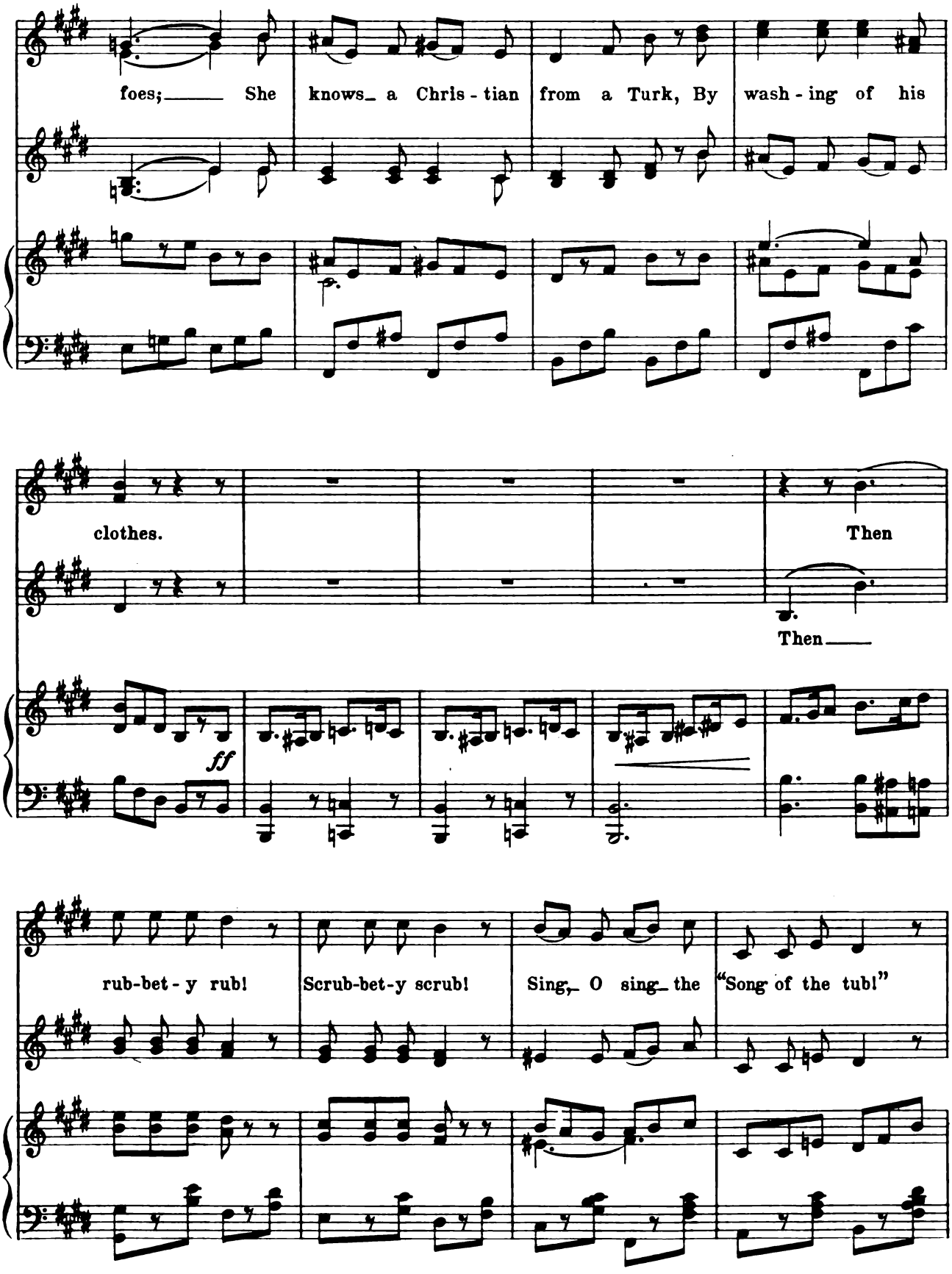
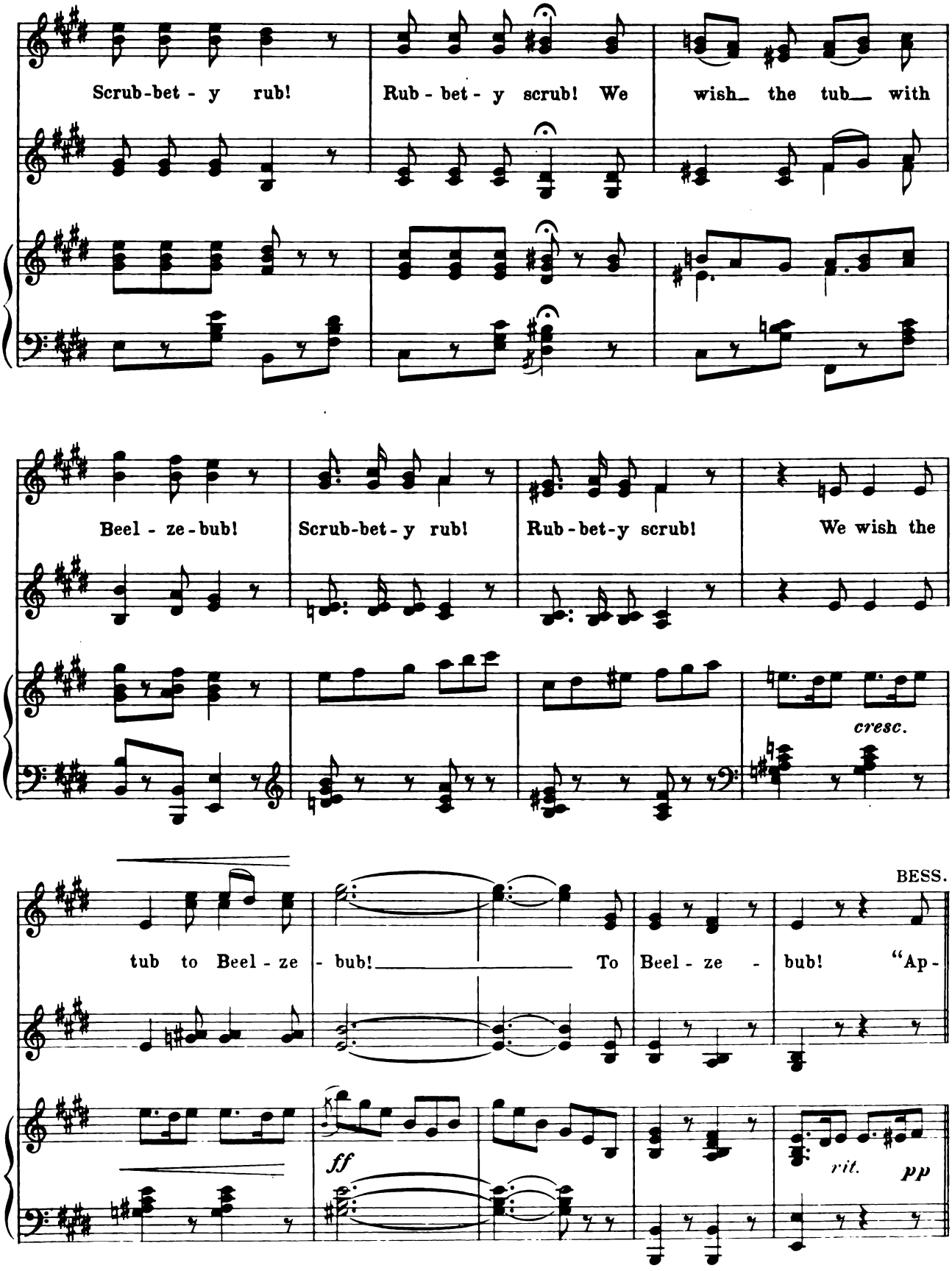
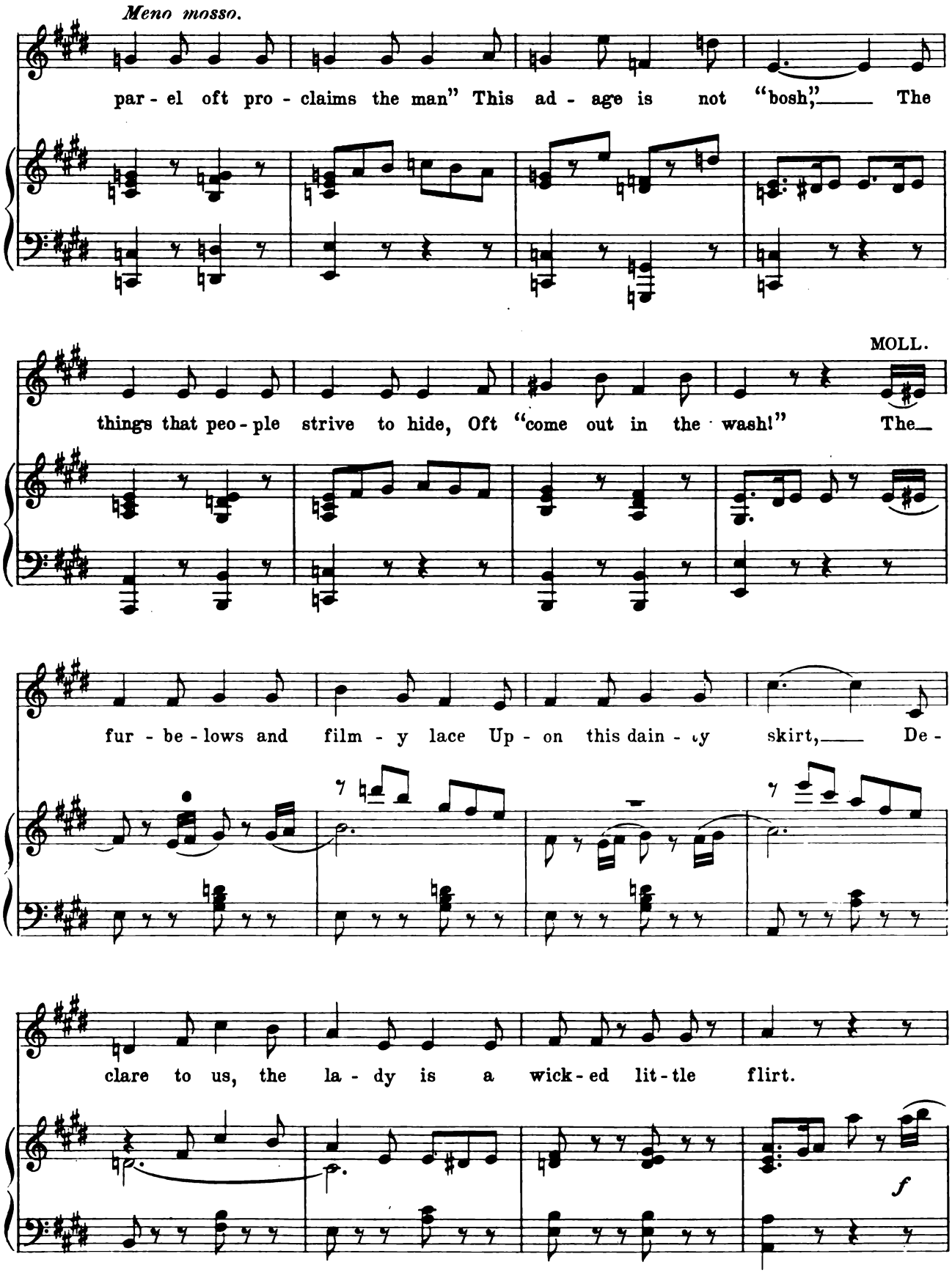
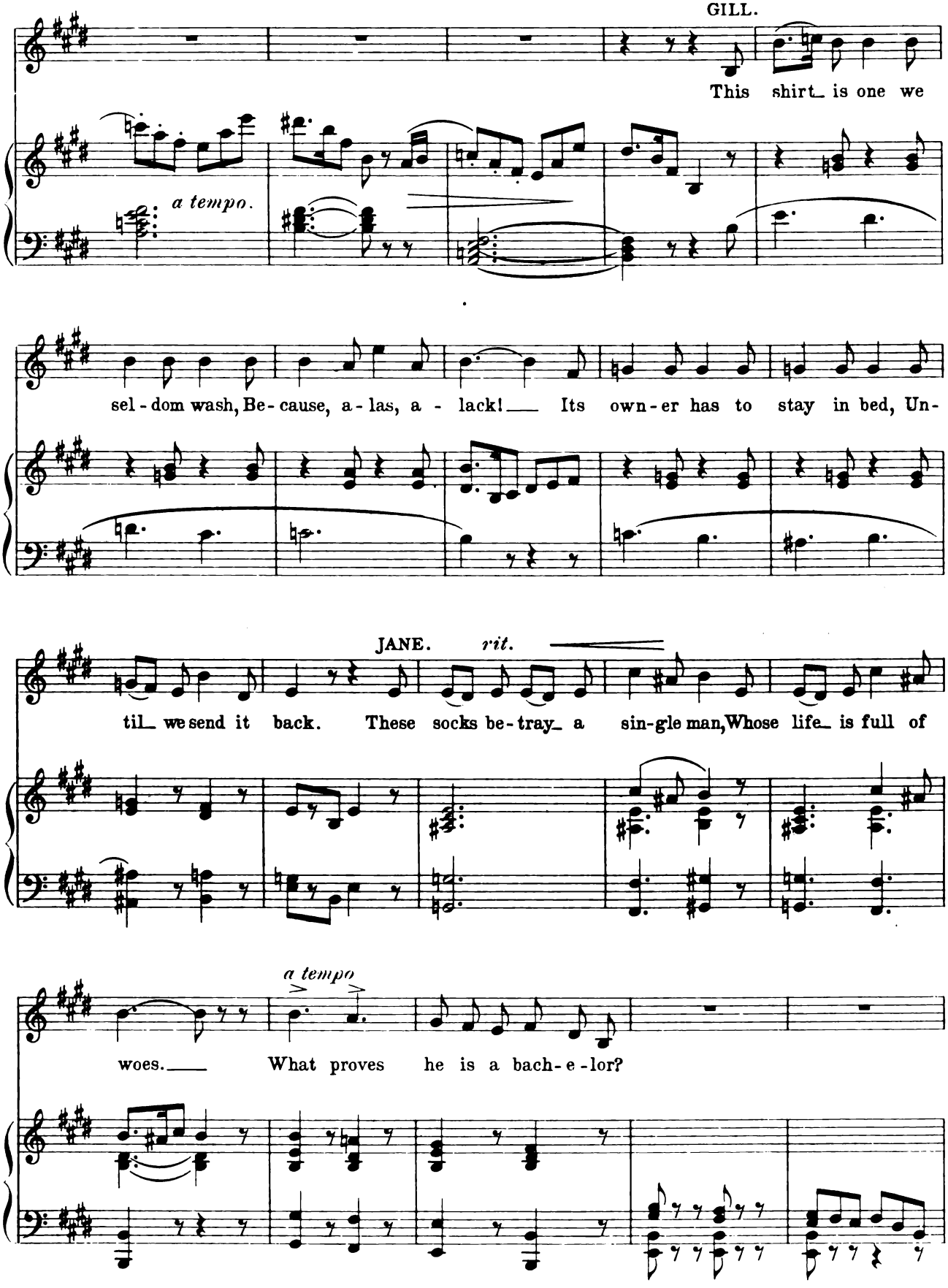
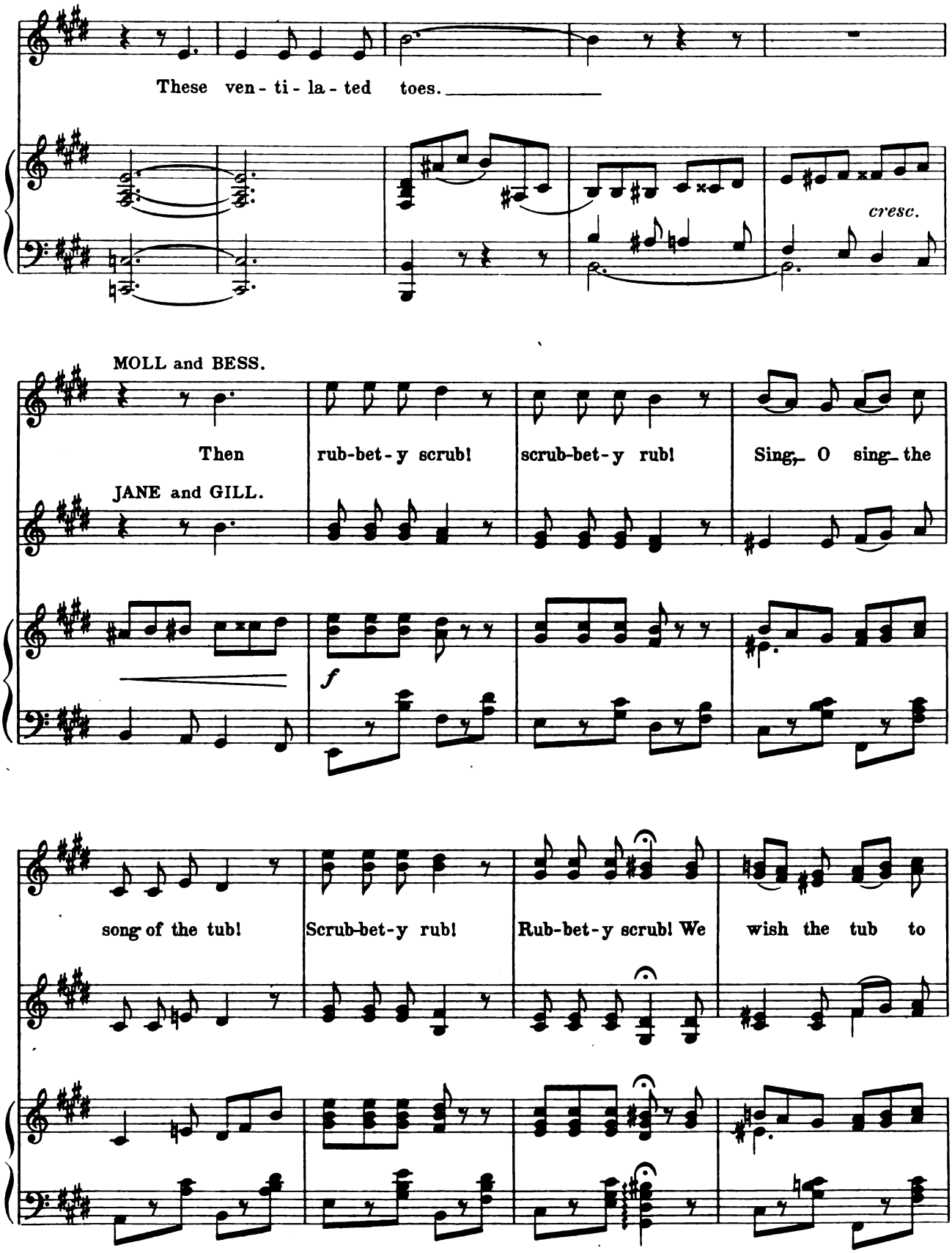

MOLL and BESS.
Be - hold each bus - y laun - dry maid, Im - prove her work - ing
JANE and GILL.
p
hours; Phi - los - o - phiz - ing while the wash with en - er - gy she
stacc.
scours. She light - ens thus her dai - ly work, Dis - cuss - ing friends or
legato.

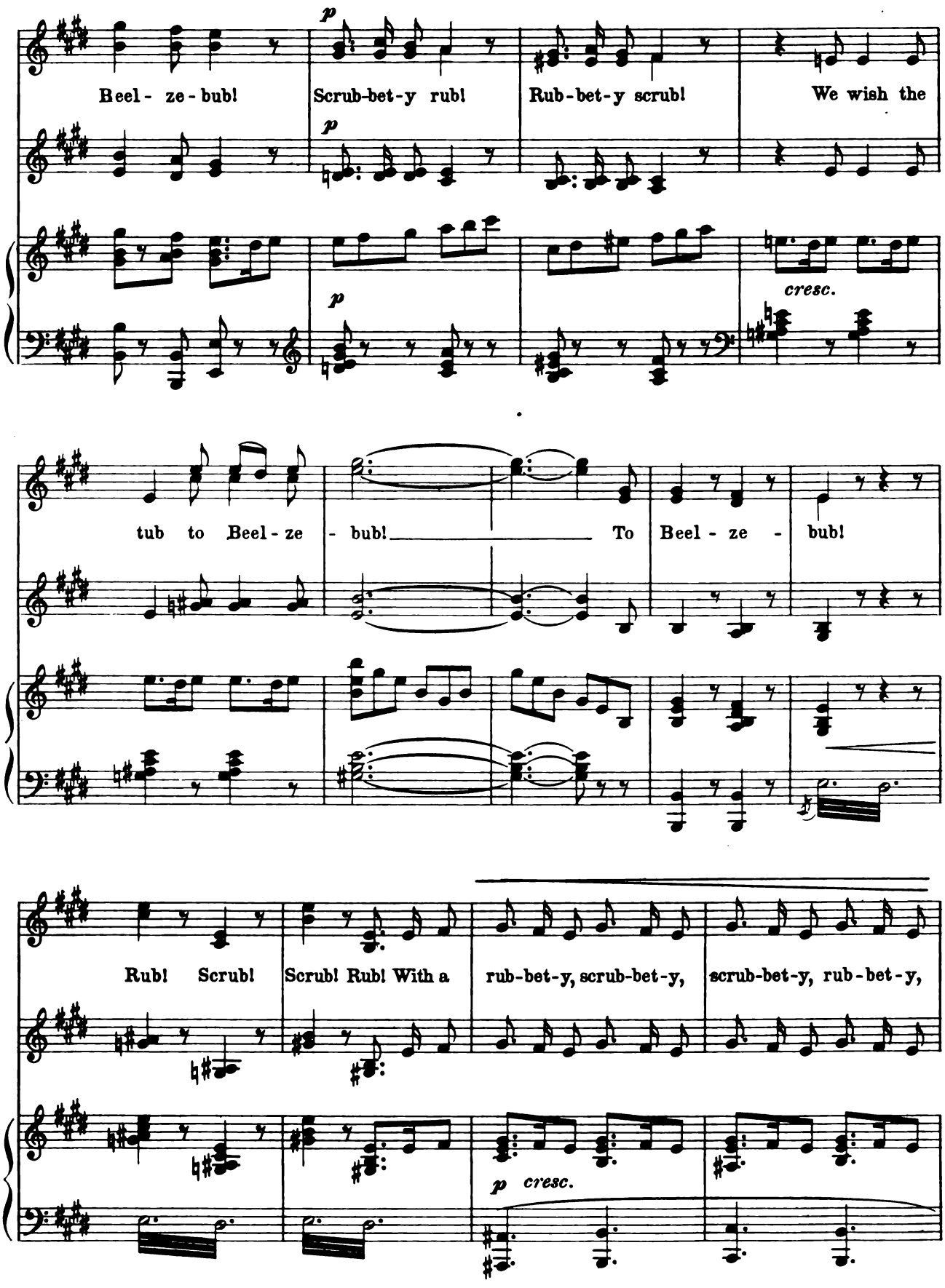

foes; She knows a Chris - tian from a Turk, By wash - ing of his
clothes.
Then
Then
ff
rub-bet - y rub! Scrub-bet-y scrub! Sing, O sing the "Song of the tub!"

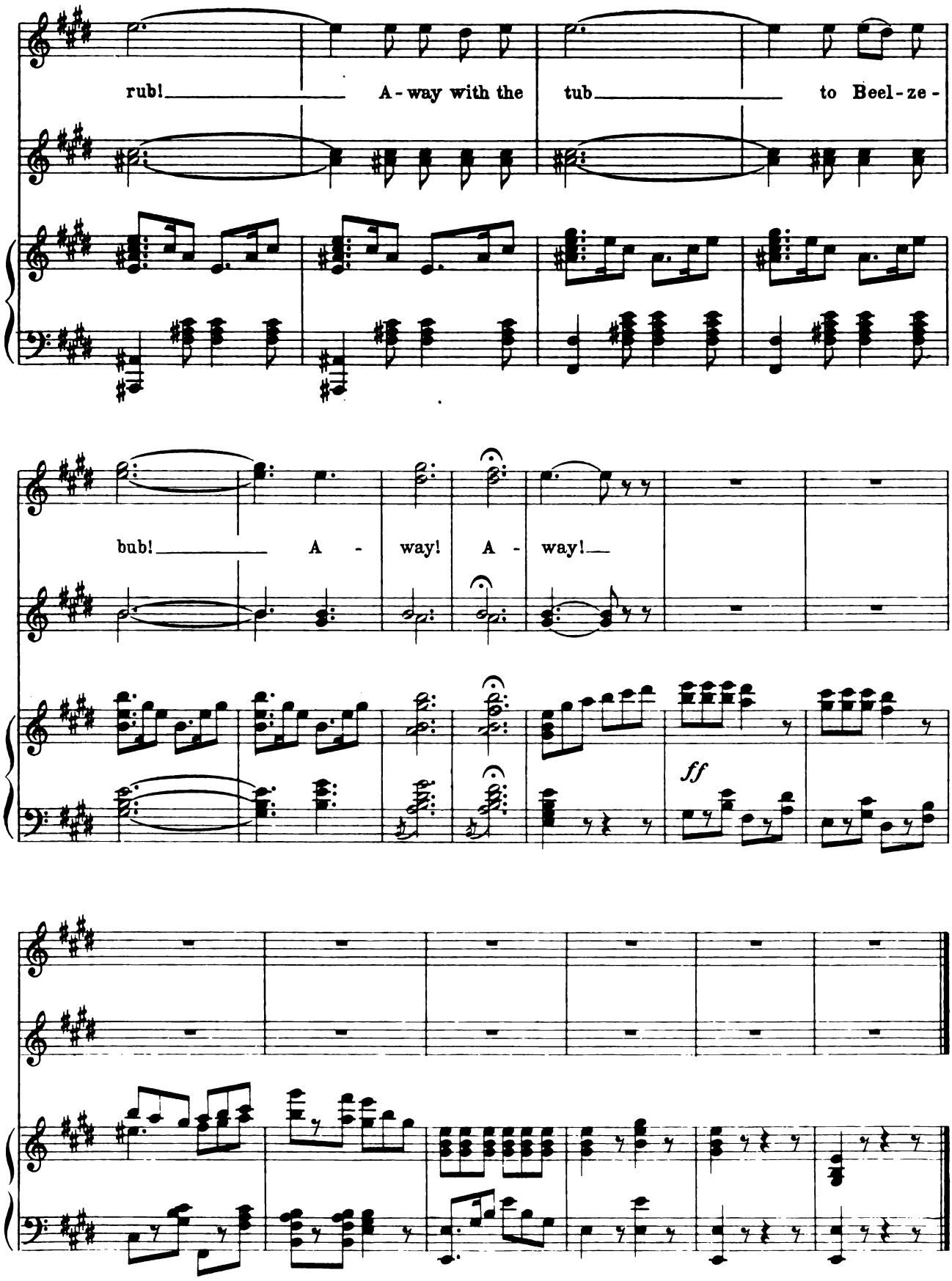

Scrub-bet - y rub!
Rub - bet - y scrub! We
wish_ the tub_ with
Beel - ze - bub!
Scrub-bet - y rub!
Rub - bet - y scrub!
We wish the
cresc.
BESS.
tub to Beel - ze - bub!
To Beel - ze - bub! "Ap -
ff
rit.
pp


Meno mosso.
par - el oft pro - claims the man" This ad - age is not "bosh," The
MOLL.
things that peo - ple strive to hide, Oft "come out in the wash!" The
fur - be - lows and film - y lace Up - on this dain - y skirt, De -
clare to us, the la - dy is a wick - ed lit - tle flirt.
f


GILL.
This shirt_ is one we
a tempo.
sel - dom wash, Be - cause, a - las, a - lack!___ Its own - er has to stay in bed, Un-
JANE.
rit.
til_ we send it back. These socks be - tray_ a sin-gle man, Whose life_ is full of
a tempo
woes.___ What proves he is a bach - e - lor?


These ven - ti - la - ted toes.
cresc.
MOLL and BESS.
Then rub-bet-y scrub! scrub-bet-y rub! Sing, O sing the
JANE and GILL.
f
song of the tub! Scrub-bet-y rub! Rub-bet-y scrub! We wish the tub to


Beel - ze - bub!
Scrub-bet-y rub!
Rub-bet-y scrub!
We wish the
p
p
p
cresc.
tub to Beel - ze - bub!
To Beel - ze - bub!
Rub! Scrub!
Scrub! Rub! With a
rub-bet-y, scrub-bet-y,
scrub-bet-y, rub-bet-y,
p cresc.


rub! A - way with the tub to Beel - ze -
bub! A - way! A - way!
ff

Behold Our Lady Great.

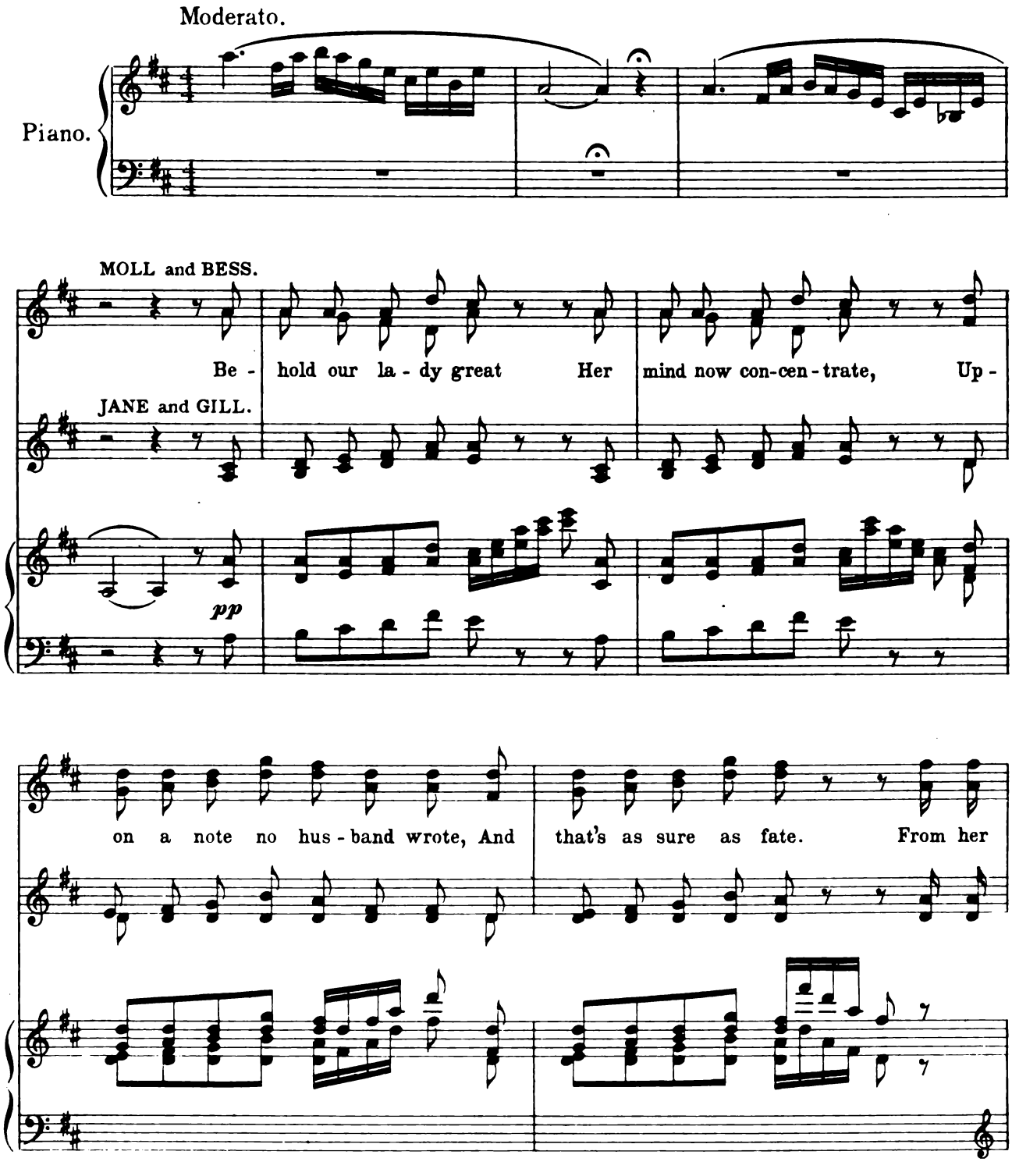
No. 1b.

QUARTETTE.

Laura, Moll, Bess, Jane and Gill.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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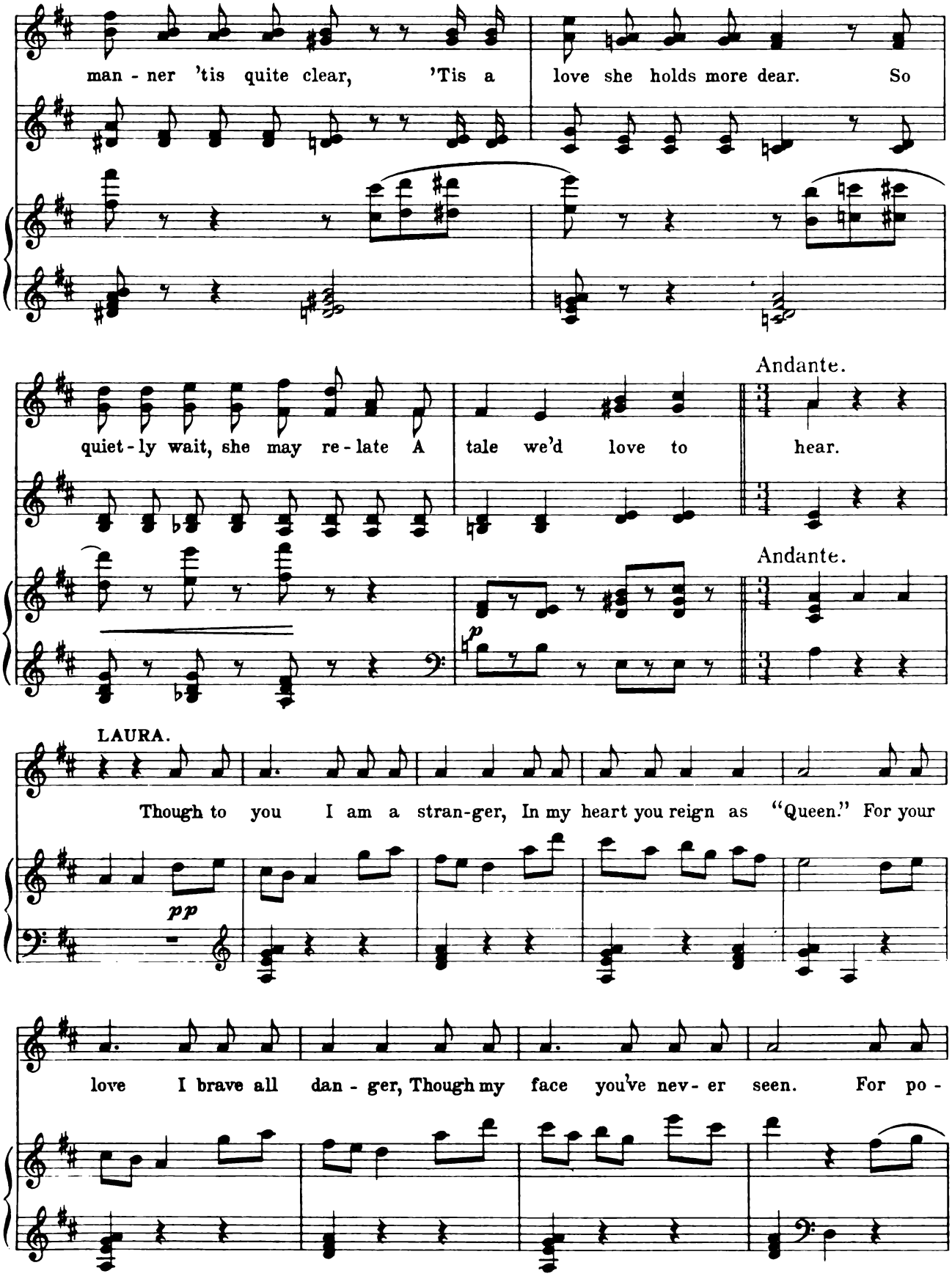
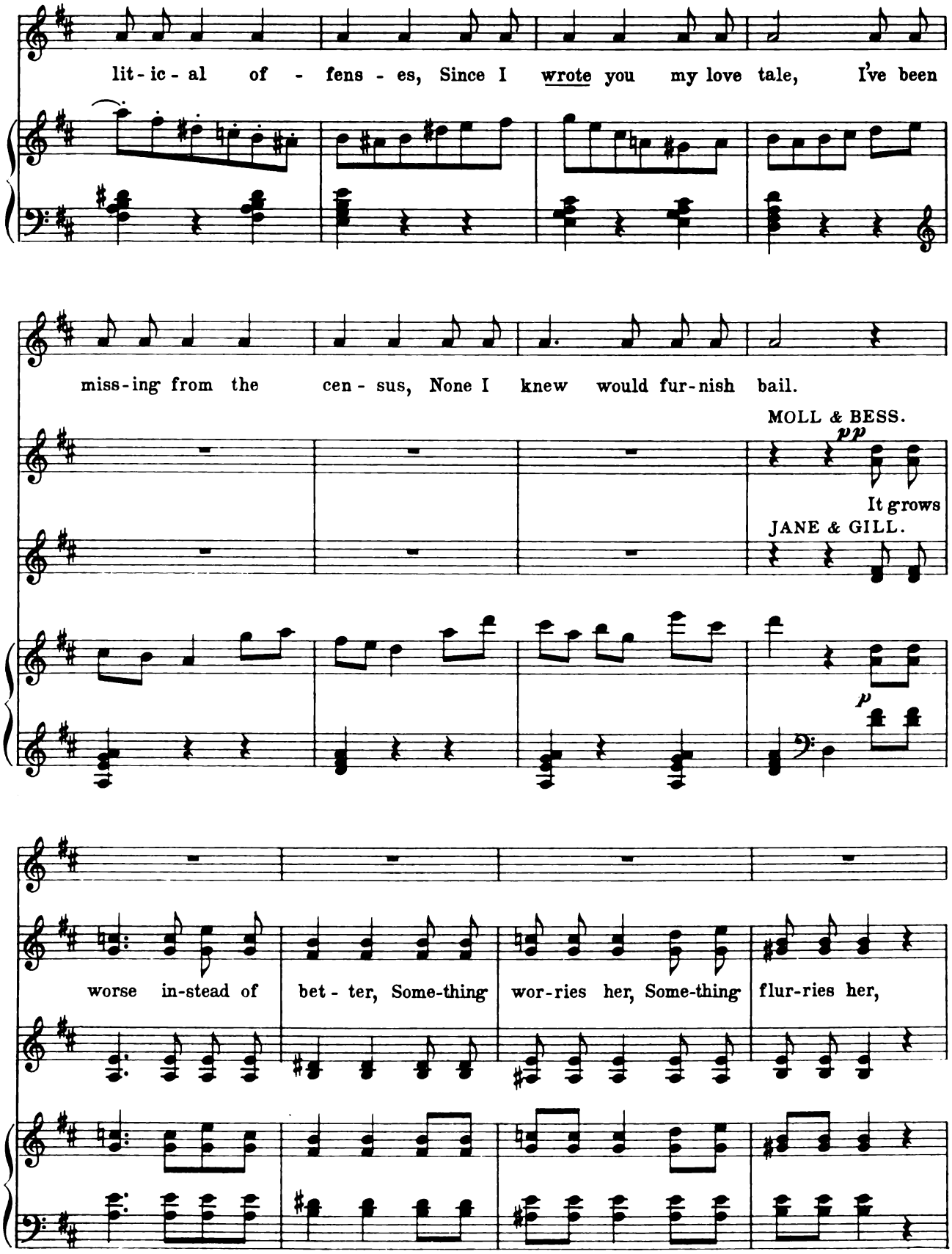
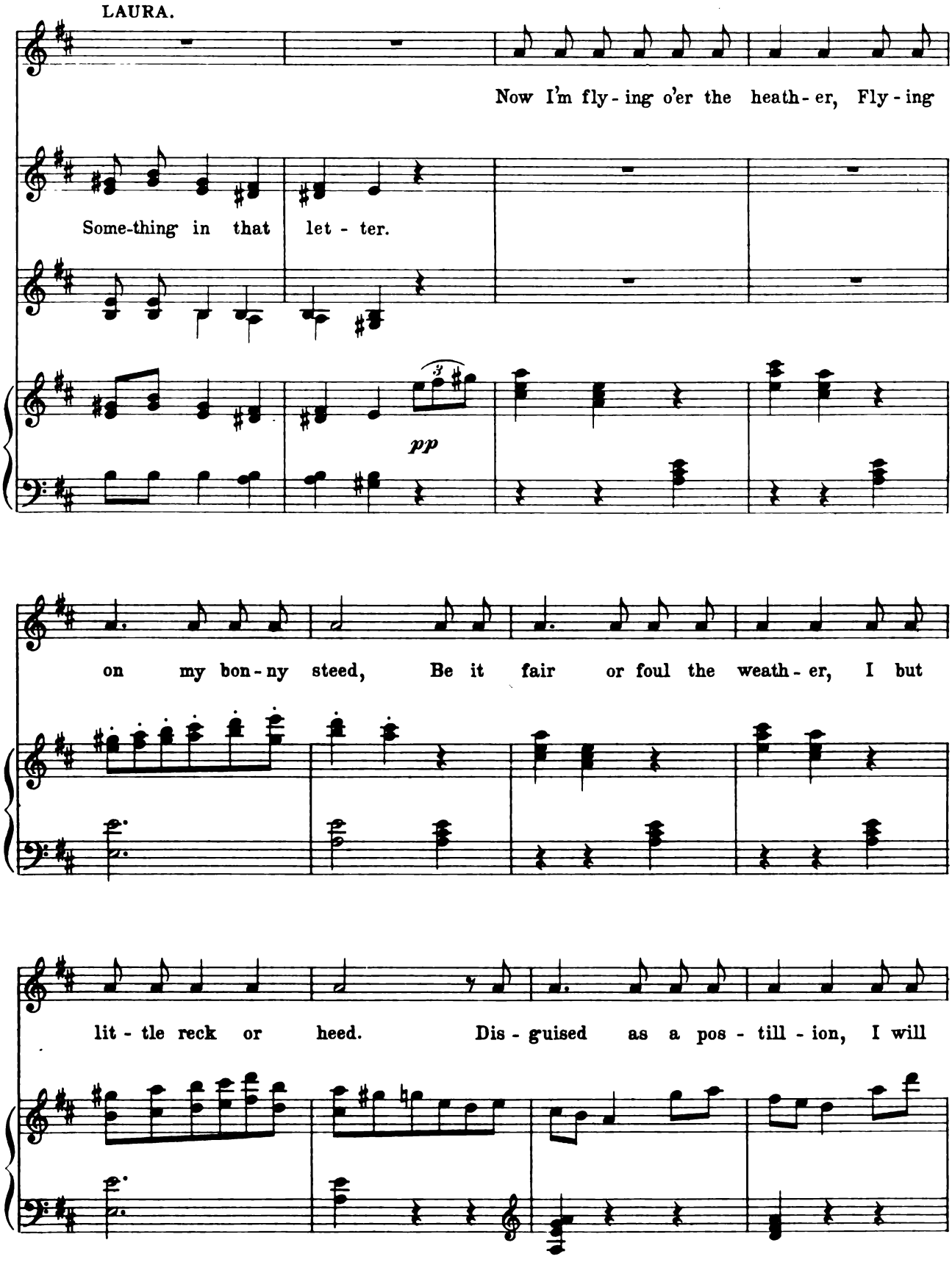
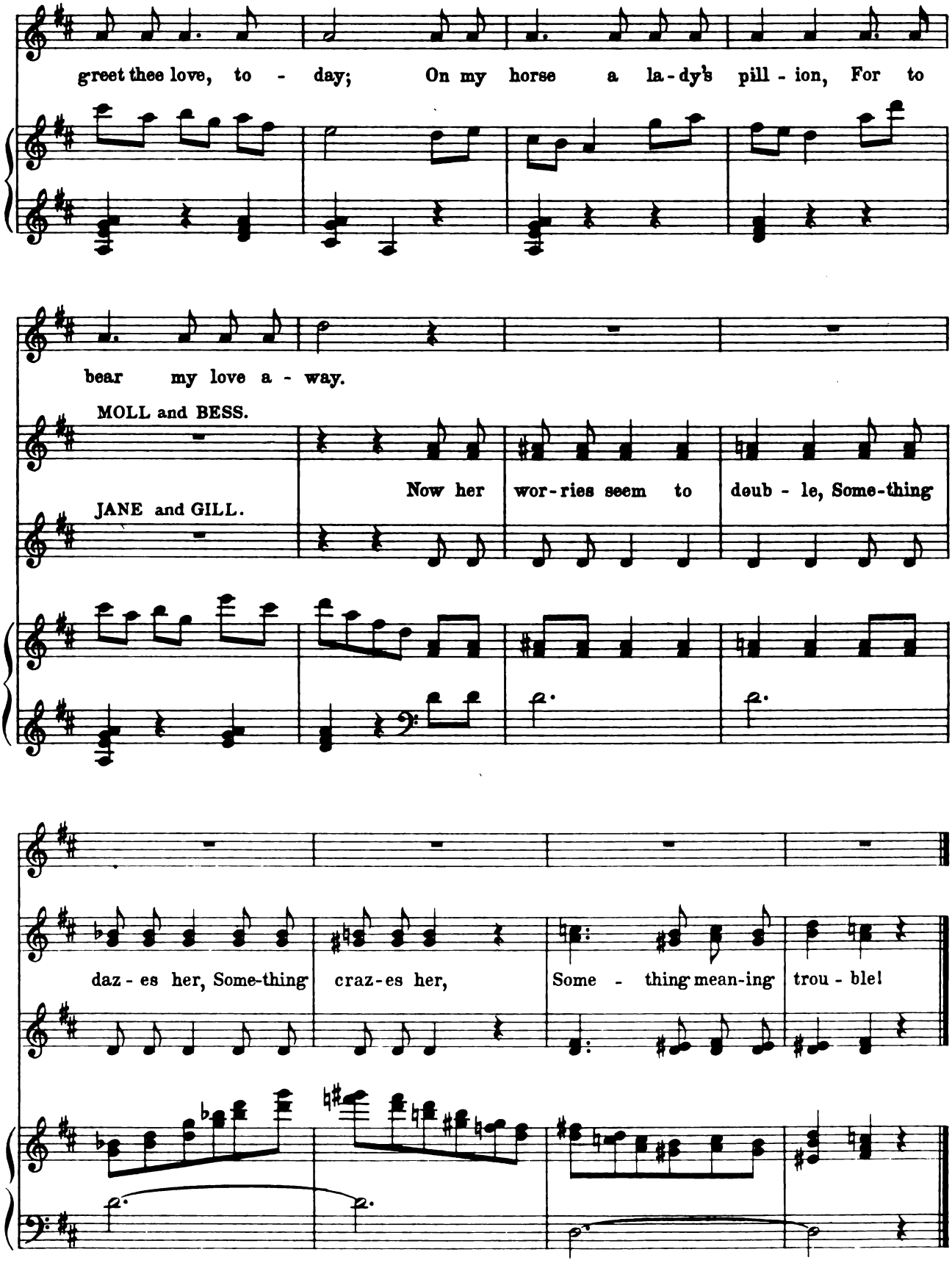

man - ner 'tis quite clear, 'Tis a love she holds more dear. So
quiet - ly wait, she may re - late A tale we'd love to hear.
Andante.
Andante.
p
LAURA.
Though to you I am a stran-ger, In my heart you reign as "Queen." For your
pp
love I brave all dan - ger, Though my face you've nev - er seen. For po -


lit - ic - al of - fens - es, Since I wrote you my love tale, I've been
miss-ing from the cen - sus, None I knew would fur-nish bail.
MOLL & BESS.
pp
It grows
JANE & GILL.
p
worse in-stead of bet - ter, Some-thing wor-ries her, Some-thing flur-ries her,


LAURA.
Now I'm fly - ing o'er the heath - er, Fly - ing
Some-thing in that let - ter.
pp
on my bon - ny steed, Be it fair or foul the weath - er, I but
lit - tle reck or heed. Dis - guised as a pos - till - ion, I will


greet thee love, to - day; On my horse a la-dy's pill - ion, For to
bear my love a - way.
MOLL and BESS.
JANE and GILL.
Now her wor-ries seem to doub - le, Some-thing
daz - es her, Some-thing craz-es her, Some - thing mean-ing trou - ble!

No 2a

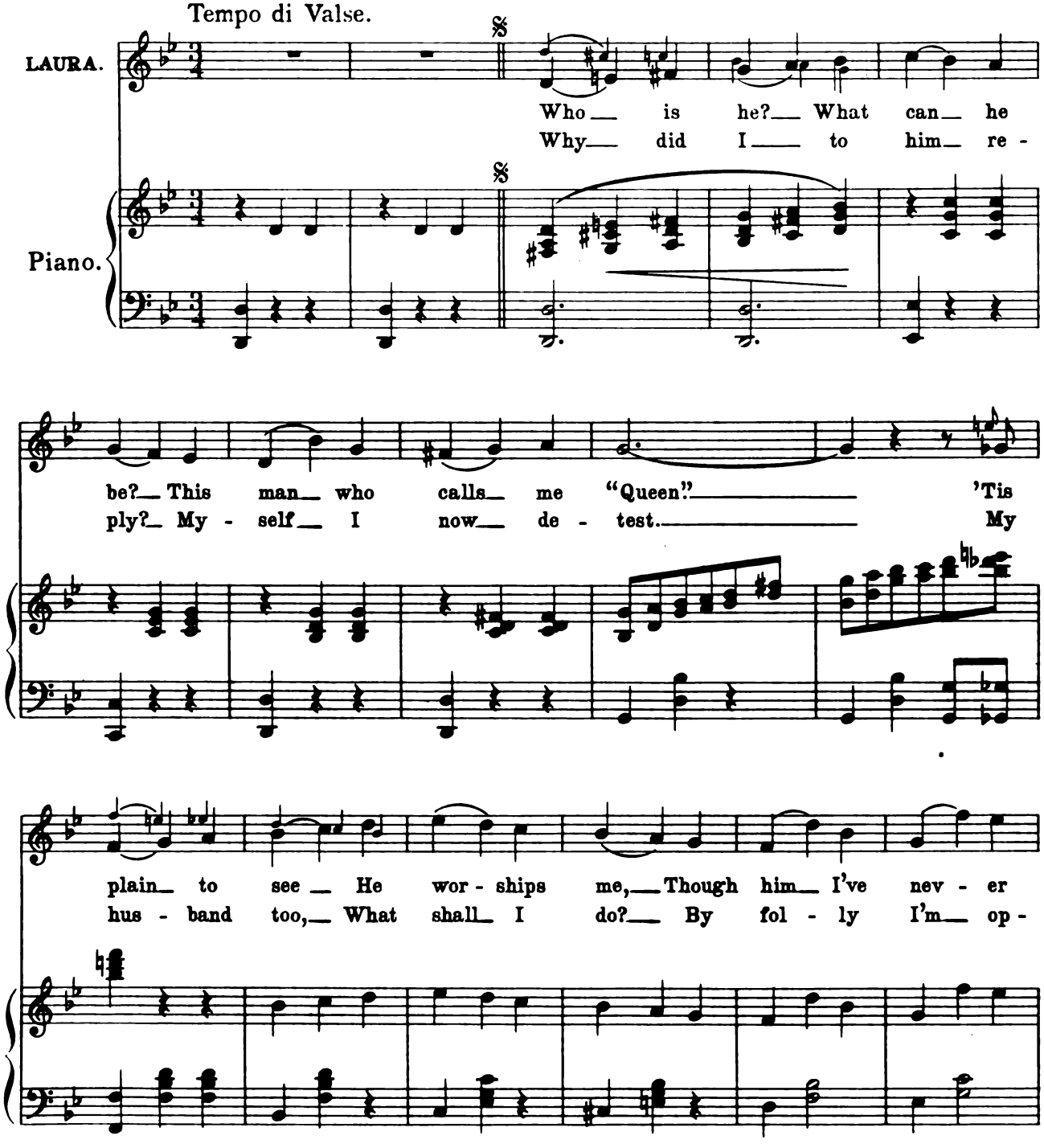
What Art Thou?

SONG.

Laura.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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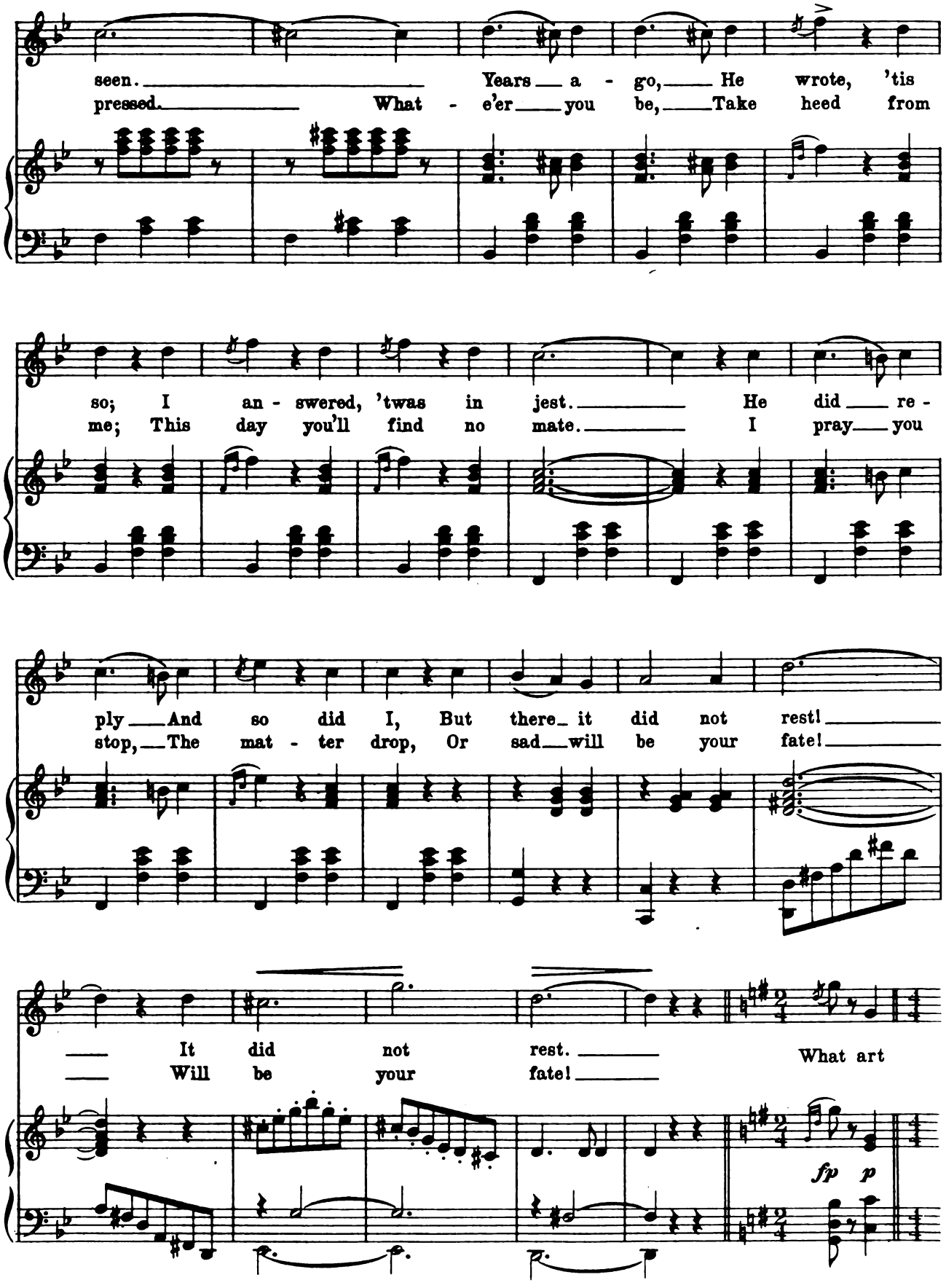
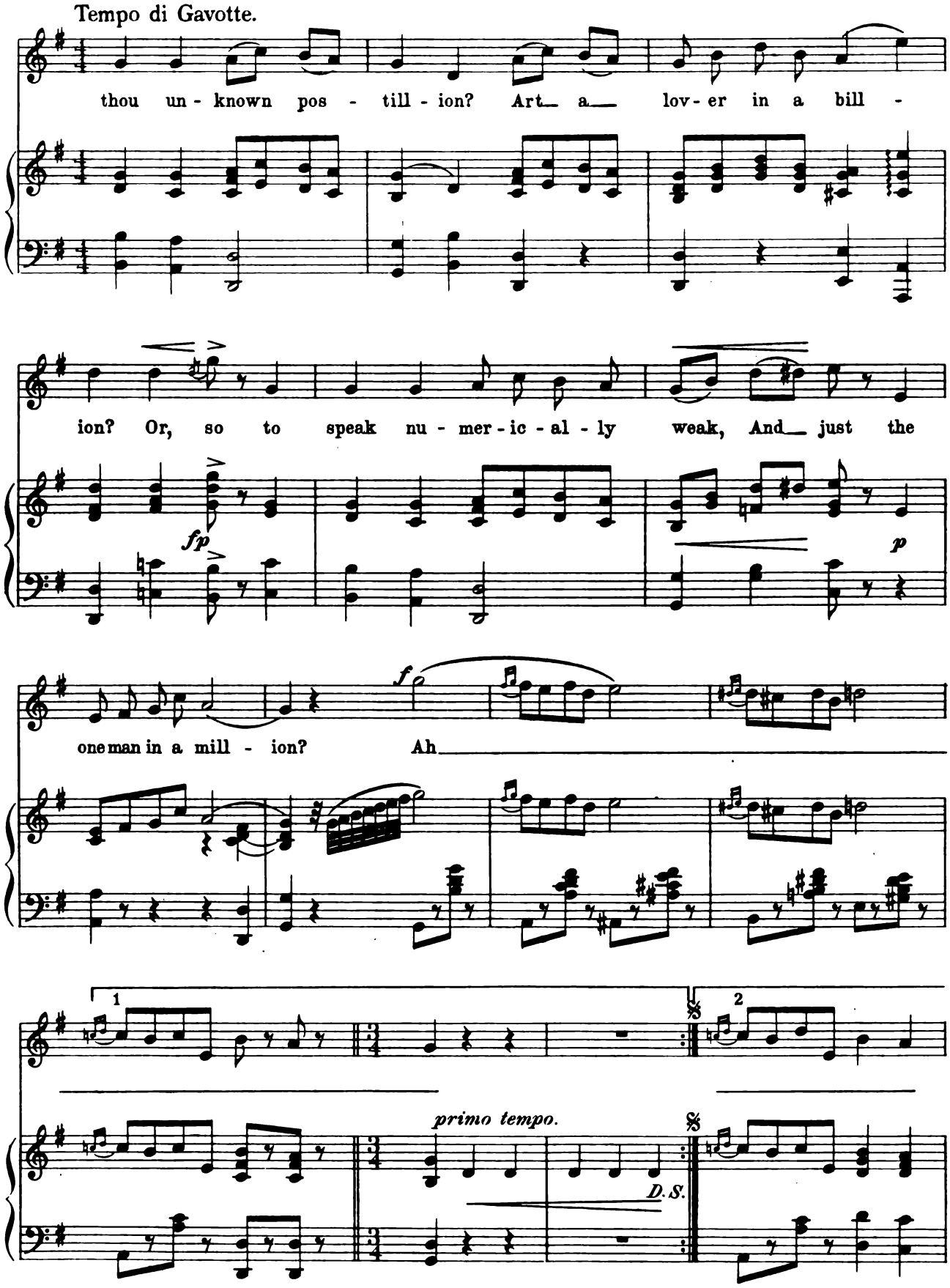
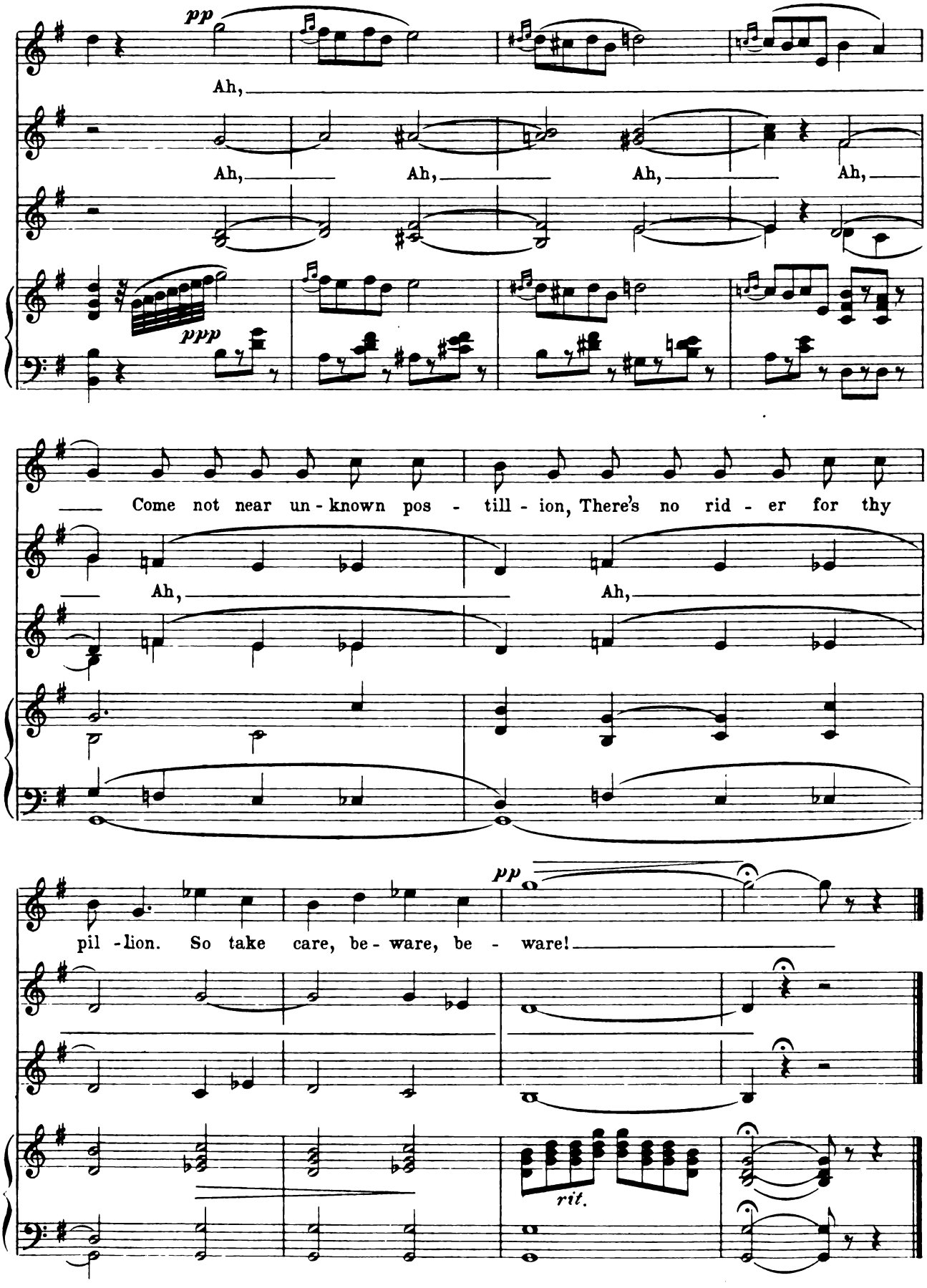

seen. Years a - go, He wrote, 'tis
pressed. What - e'er you be, Take heed from
so; I an - swered, 'twas in jest. He did re -
me; This day you'll find no mate. I pray you
ply And so did I, But there it did not rest!
stop, The mat - ter drop, Or sad will be your fate!
It did not rest. What art
Will be your fate!
fp p


Tempo di Gavotte.
thou un - known pos - till - ion? Art a lov - er in a bill -
ion? Or, so to speak nu - mer - ic - al - ly weak, And just the
fp
p
one man in a mill - ion? Ah
f
1
2
primo tempo.
D. S.

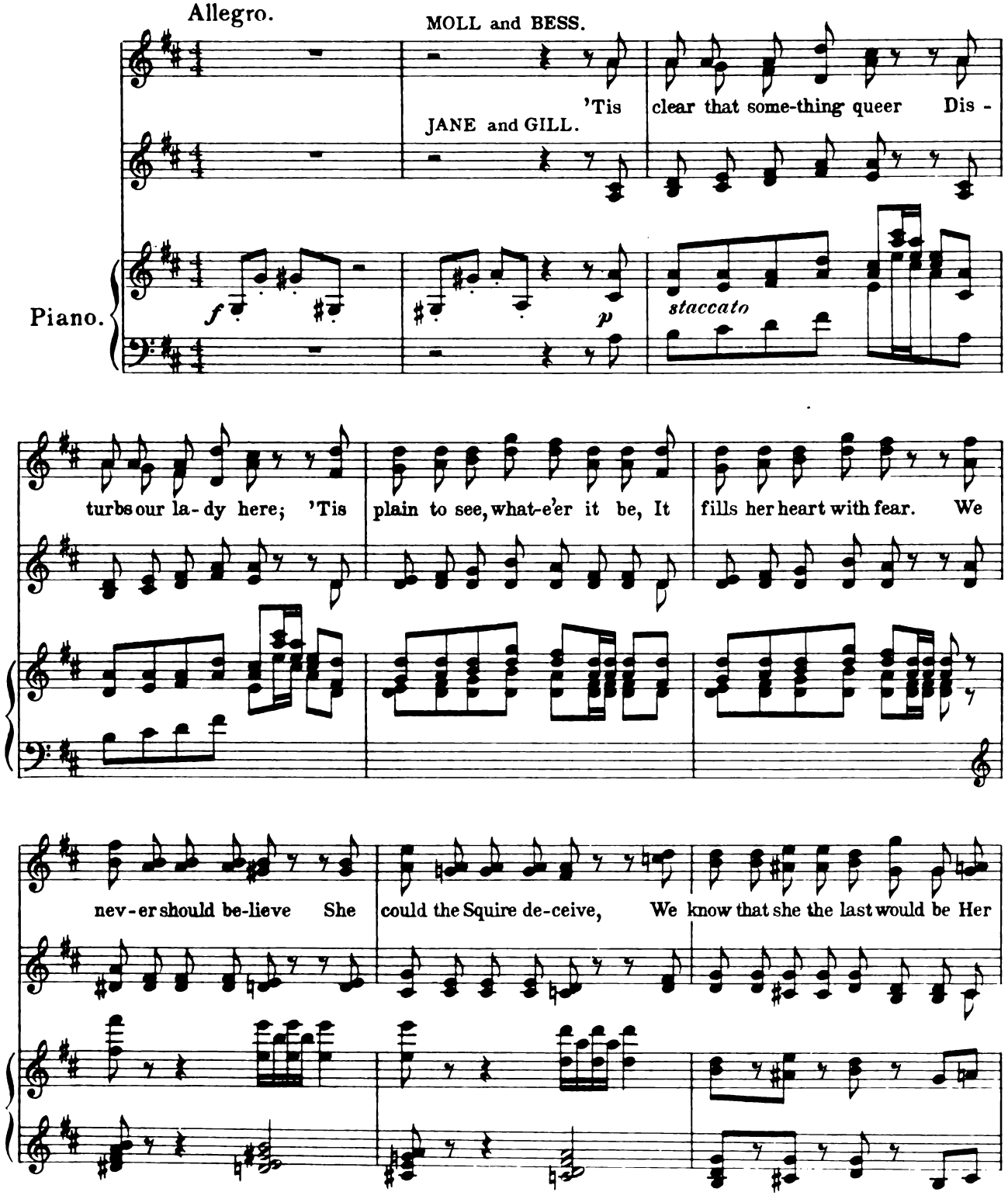

pp
Ah,
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,
ppp
Come not near un - known pos - till - ion, There's no rid - er for thy
Ah, Ah,
pp
pil - lion. So take care, be - ware, be - ware!
rit.

No 2b. Entrance of Twiller.

Moll, Bess, Jane, Gill and Female Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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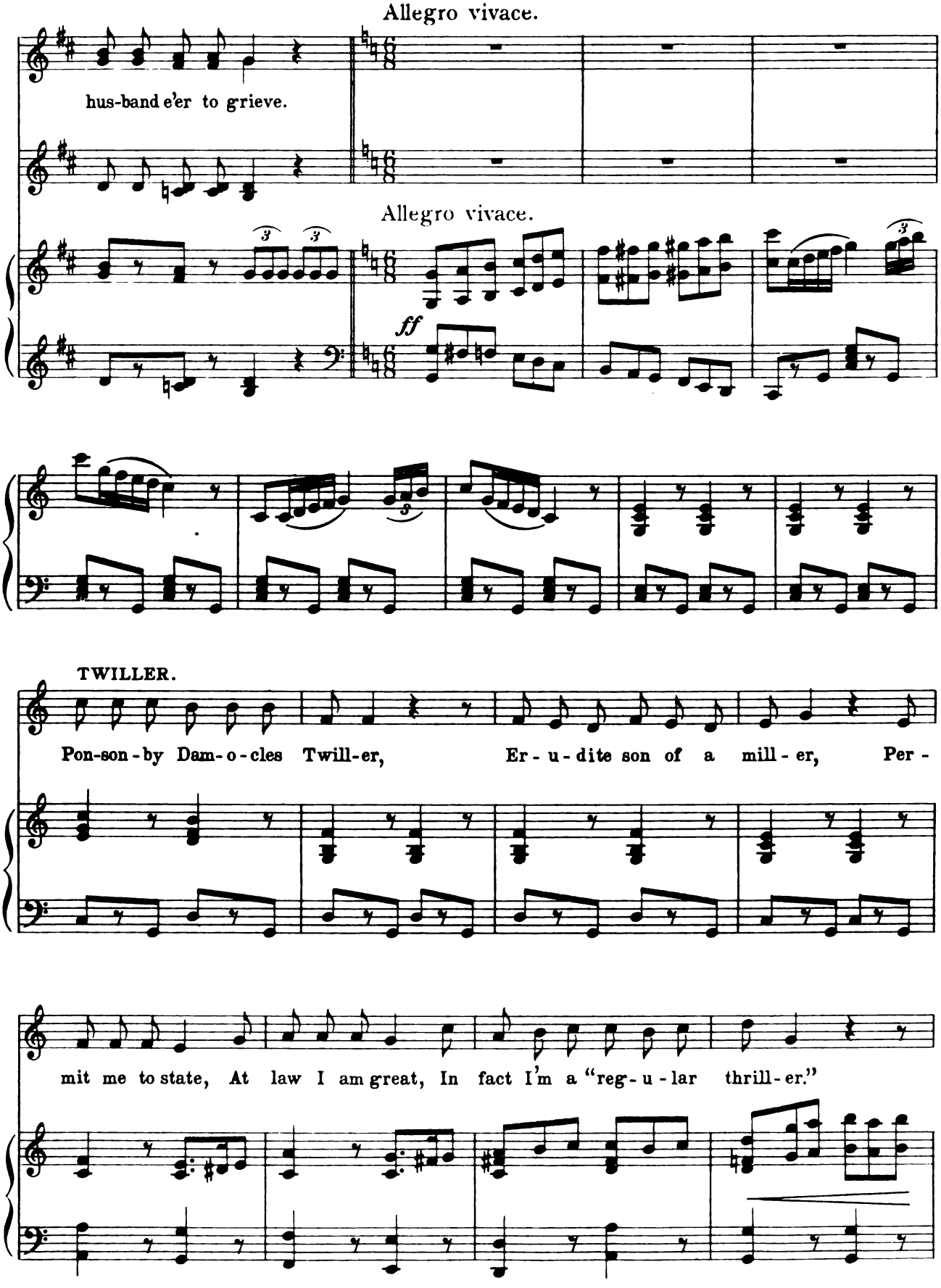
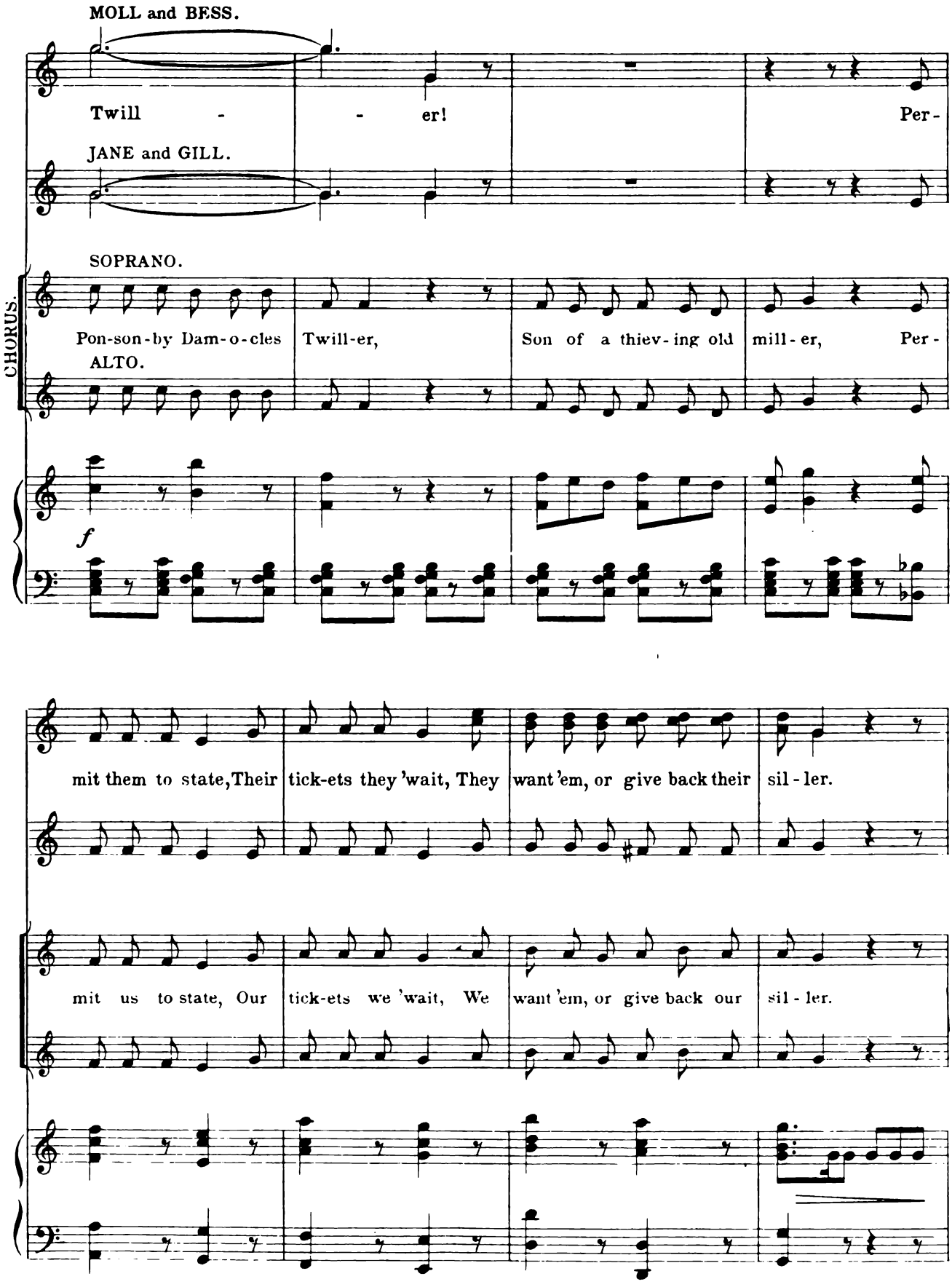
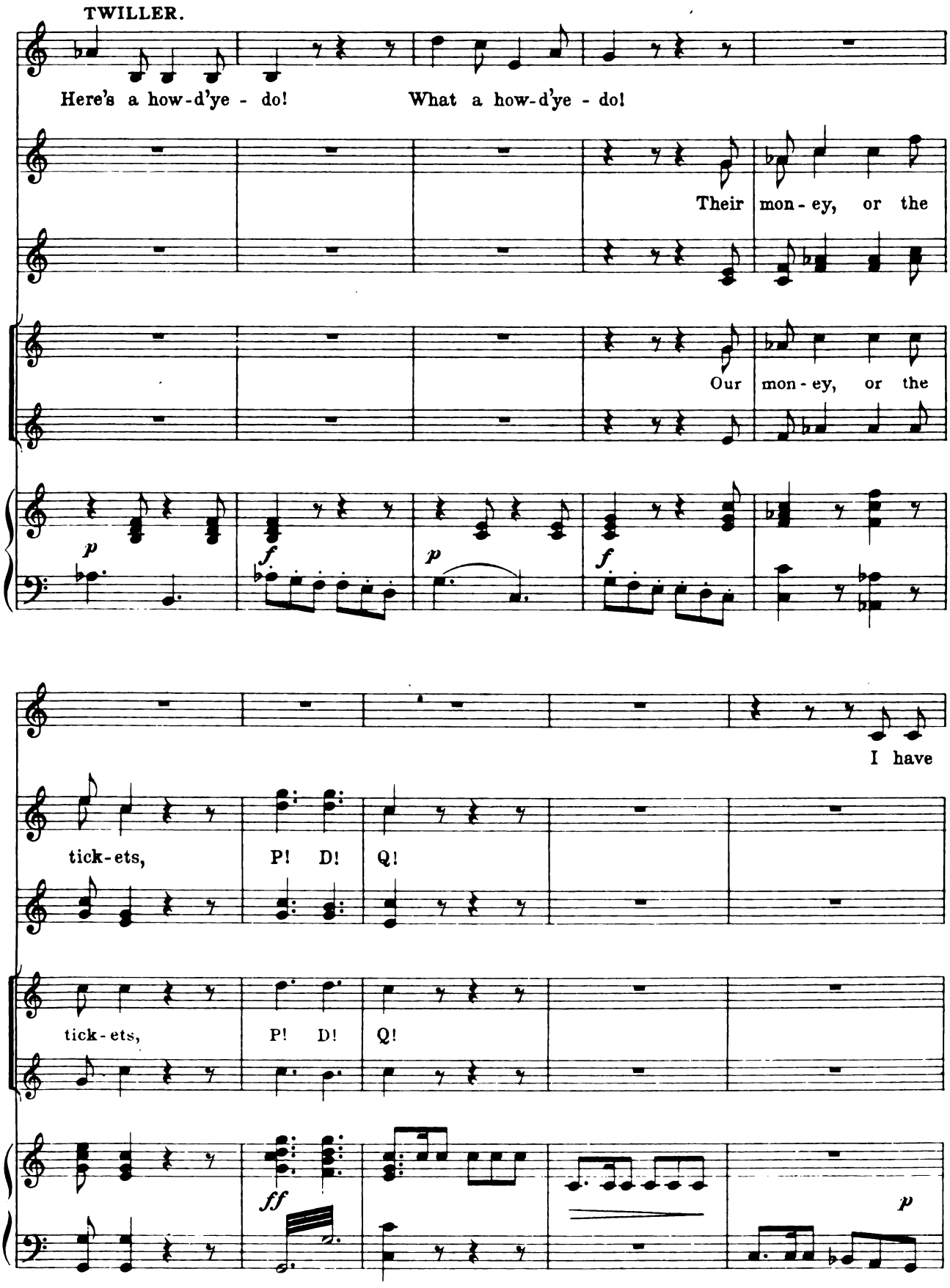
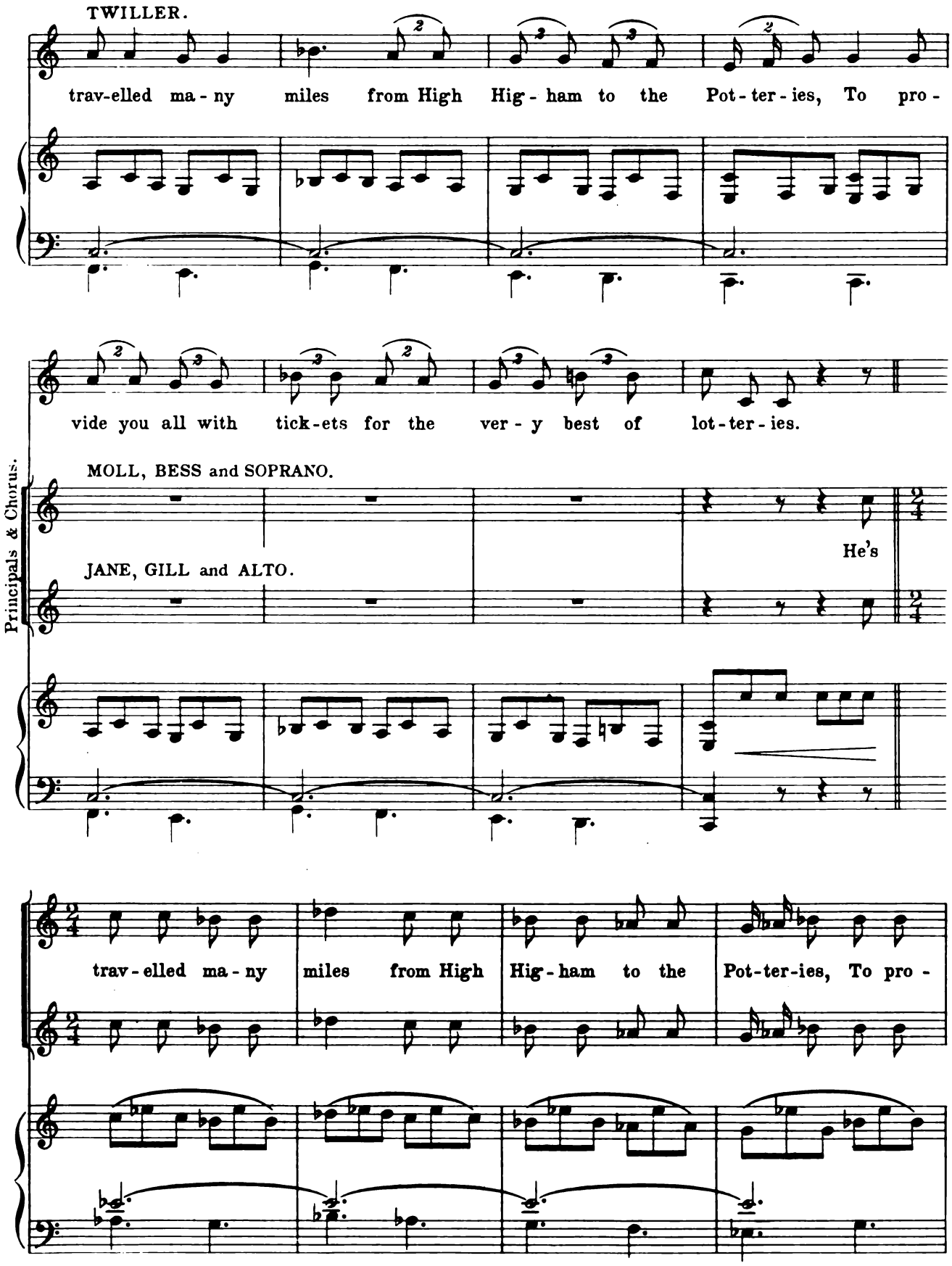
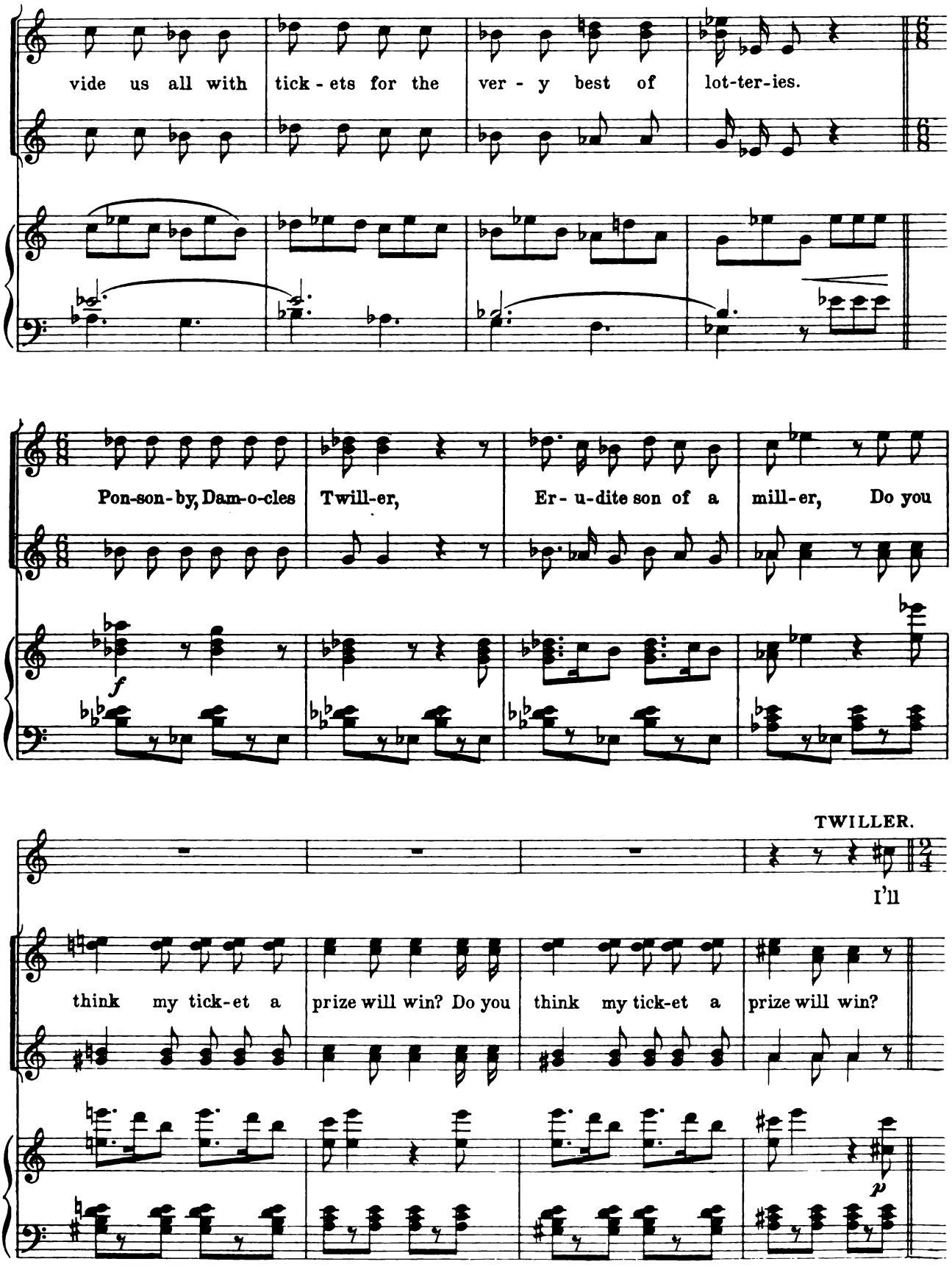
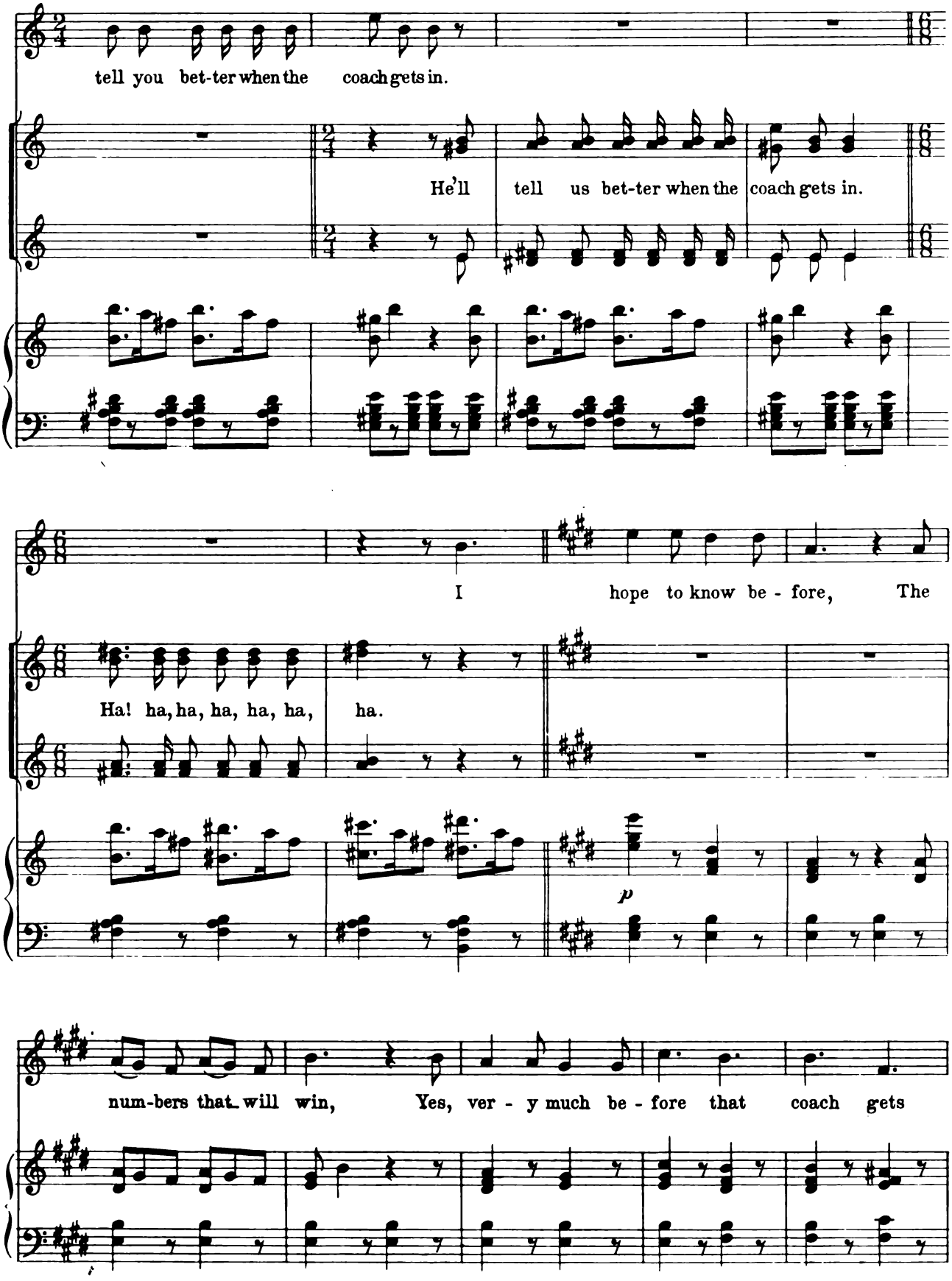

Allegro vivace.
hus-band e'er to grieve.
Allegro vivace.
ff
TWILLER.
Pon-son-by Dam-o-cles Twill-er, Er-u-dite son of a mill-er, Per-
mit me to state, At law I am great, In fact I'm a "reg-u-lar thrill-er."

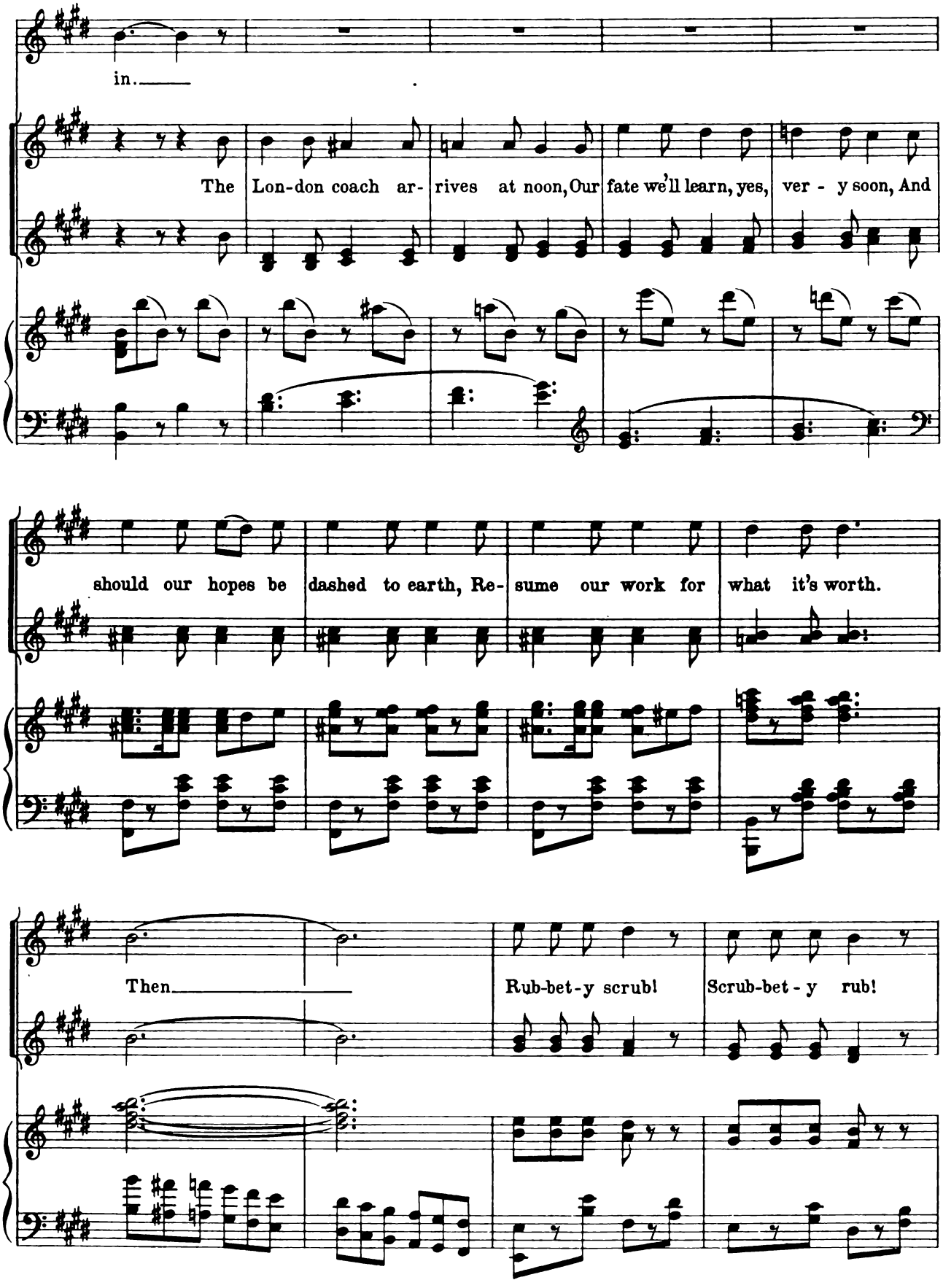

MOLL and BESS.
Twill - - er! Per-
JANE and GILL.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Pon-son-by Dam-o-cles Twill-er, Son of a thiev-ing old mill-er, Per-
ALTO.
f
mit them to state, Their tick-ets they 'wait, They want 'em, or give back their sil-ler.
mit us to state, Our tick-ets we 'wait, We want 'em, or give back our sil-ler.

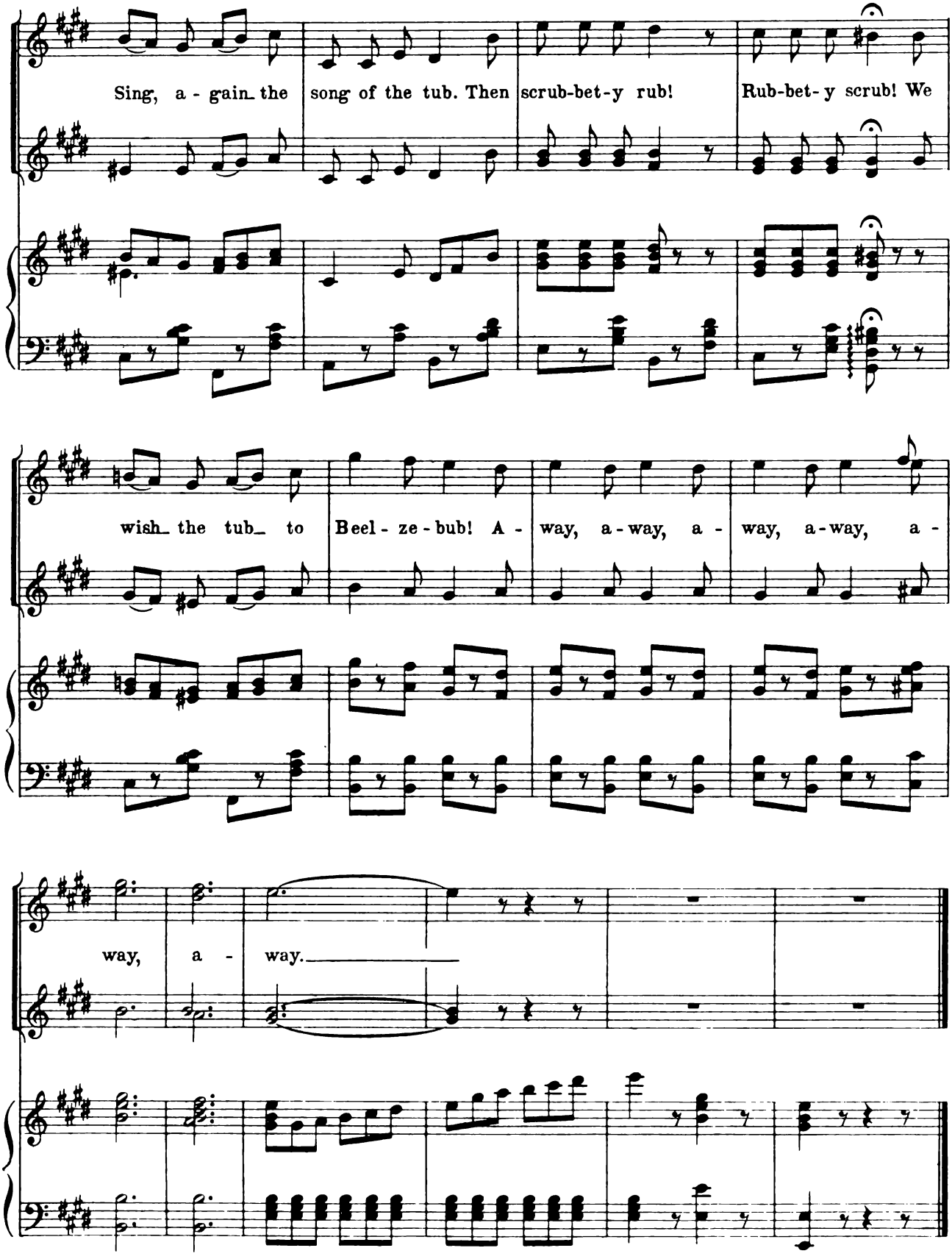

TWILLER.
Here's a how-d'ye - do!
What a how-d'ye - do!
Their mon - ey, or the
Our mon - ey, or the
p
f
p
f
I have
tick-ets,
P! D! Q!
tick-ets,
P! D! Q!
ff
p


TWILLER.
trav-elled ma-ny miles from High Hig-ham to the Pot-ter-ies, To pro-
vide you all with tick-ets for the ver-y best of lot-ter-ies.
MOLL, BESS and SOPRANO.
JANE, GILL and ALTO.
He's
Principals & Chorus.
trav-elled ma-ny miles from High Hig-ham to the Pot-ter-ies, To pro-


vide us all with tick - ets for the ver - y best of lot-ter-ies.
Pon-son-by, Dam-o-cles Twill-er, Er - u-dite son of a mill-er, Do you
f
TWILLER.
I'll
think my tick-et a prize will win? Do you think my tick-et a prize will win?
p


tell you bet-ter when the coach gets in.
He'll tell us bet-ter when the coach gets in.
I hope to know be - fore, The
Ha! ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
p
num-bers that will win, Yes, ver - y much be - fore that coach gets


in.
The Lon-don coach ar- rives at noon, Our fate we'll learn, yes, ver - y soon, And
should our hopes be dashed to earth, Re- sume our work for what it's worth.
Then
Rub-bet-y scrub!
Scrub-bet-y rub!


Sing, a - gain the song of the tub. Then scrub-bet-y rub! Rub-bet-y scrub! We
wish the tub to Beel - ze - bub! A - way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a -
way, a - way.

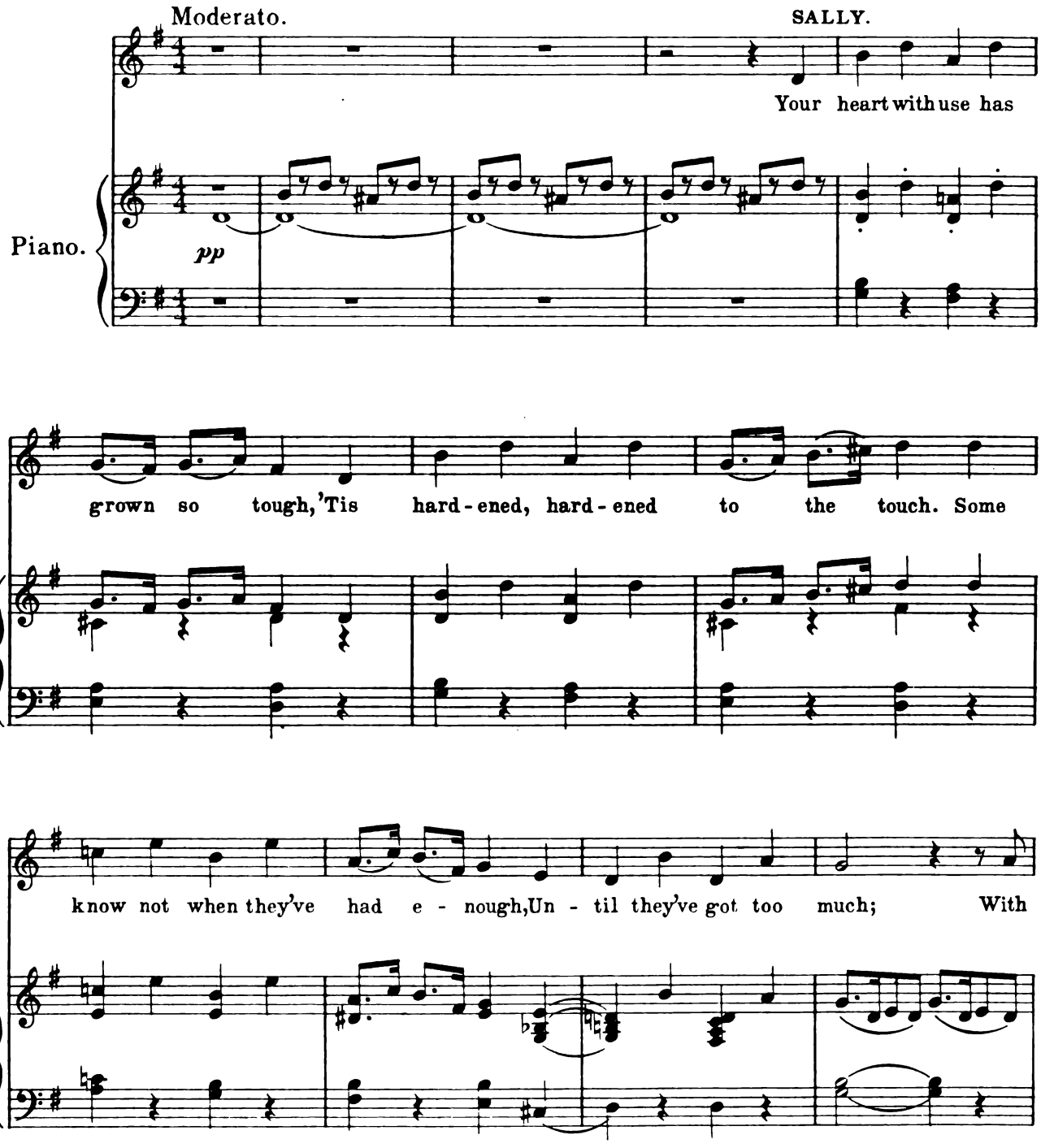
№ 3. Hoax and Coax.

DUETT.

Sally and Barney.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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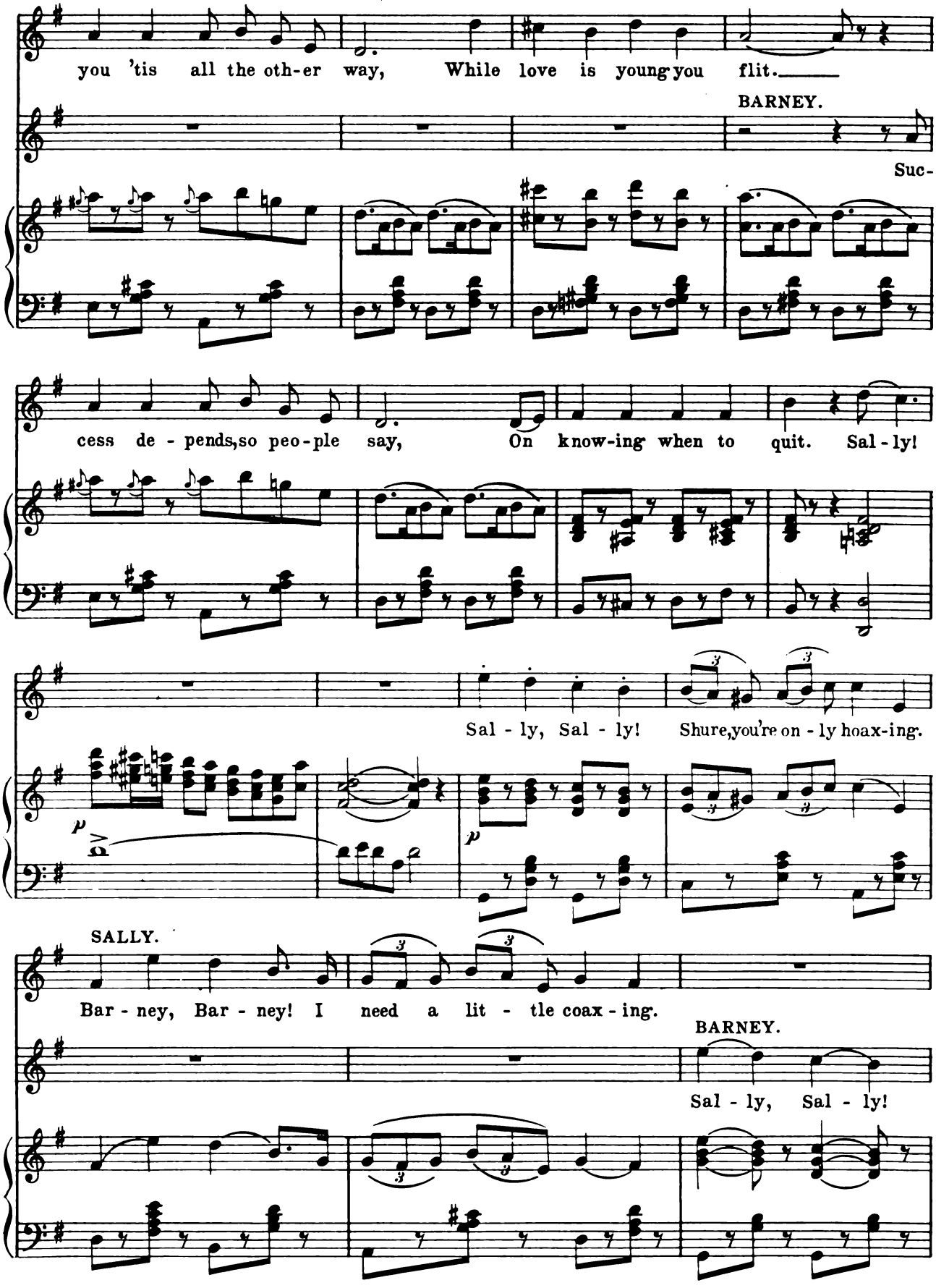
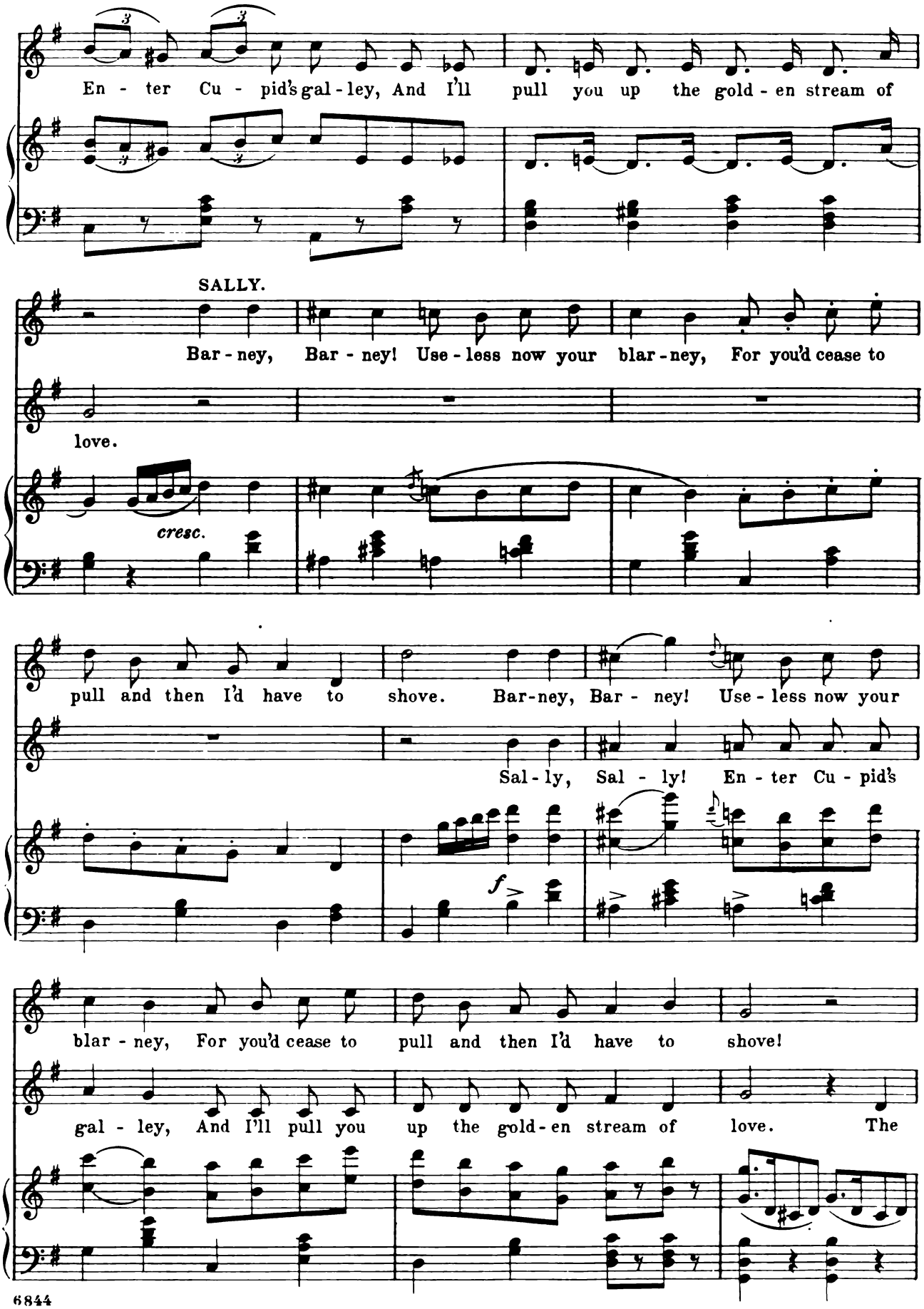
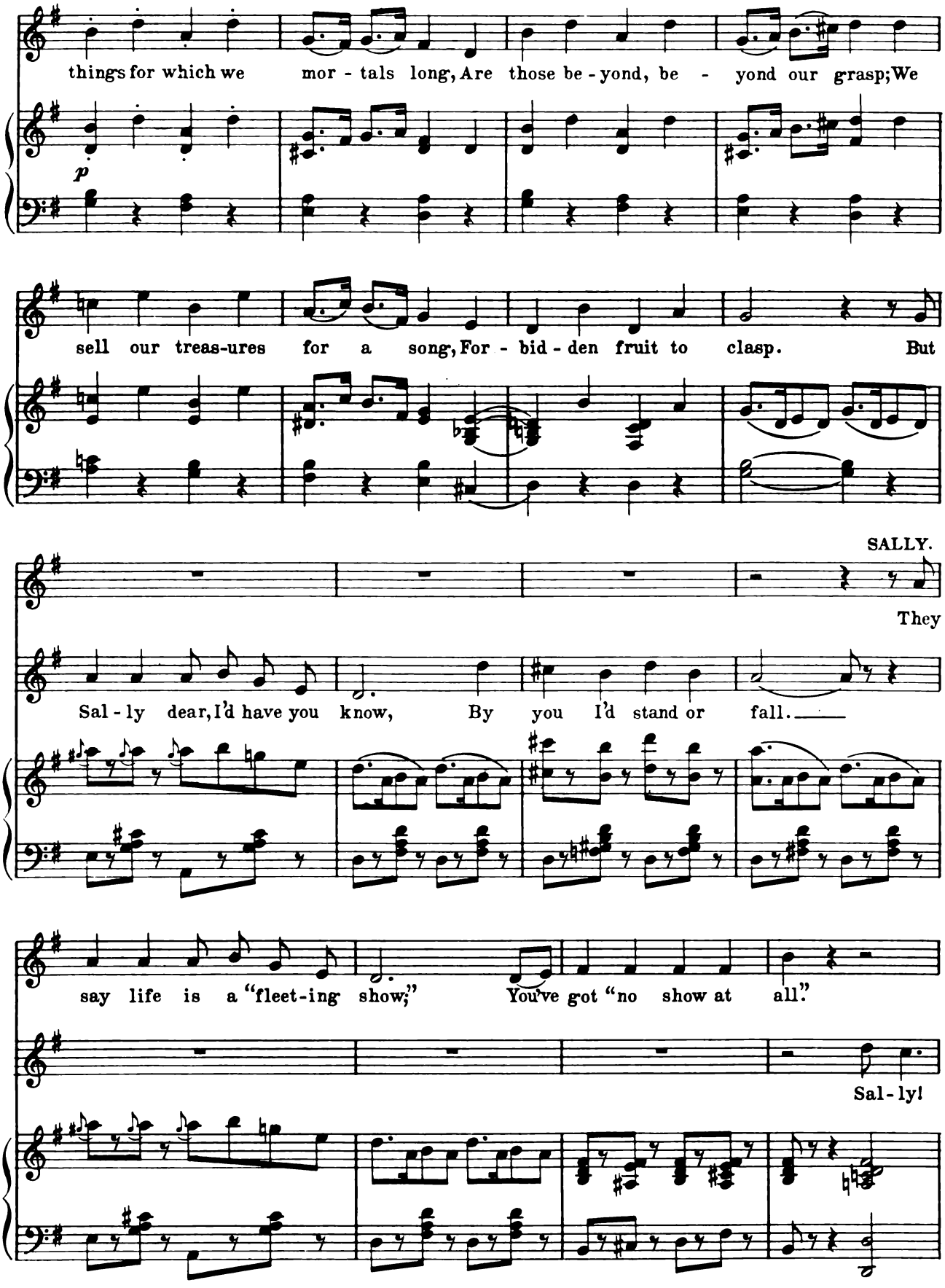
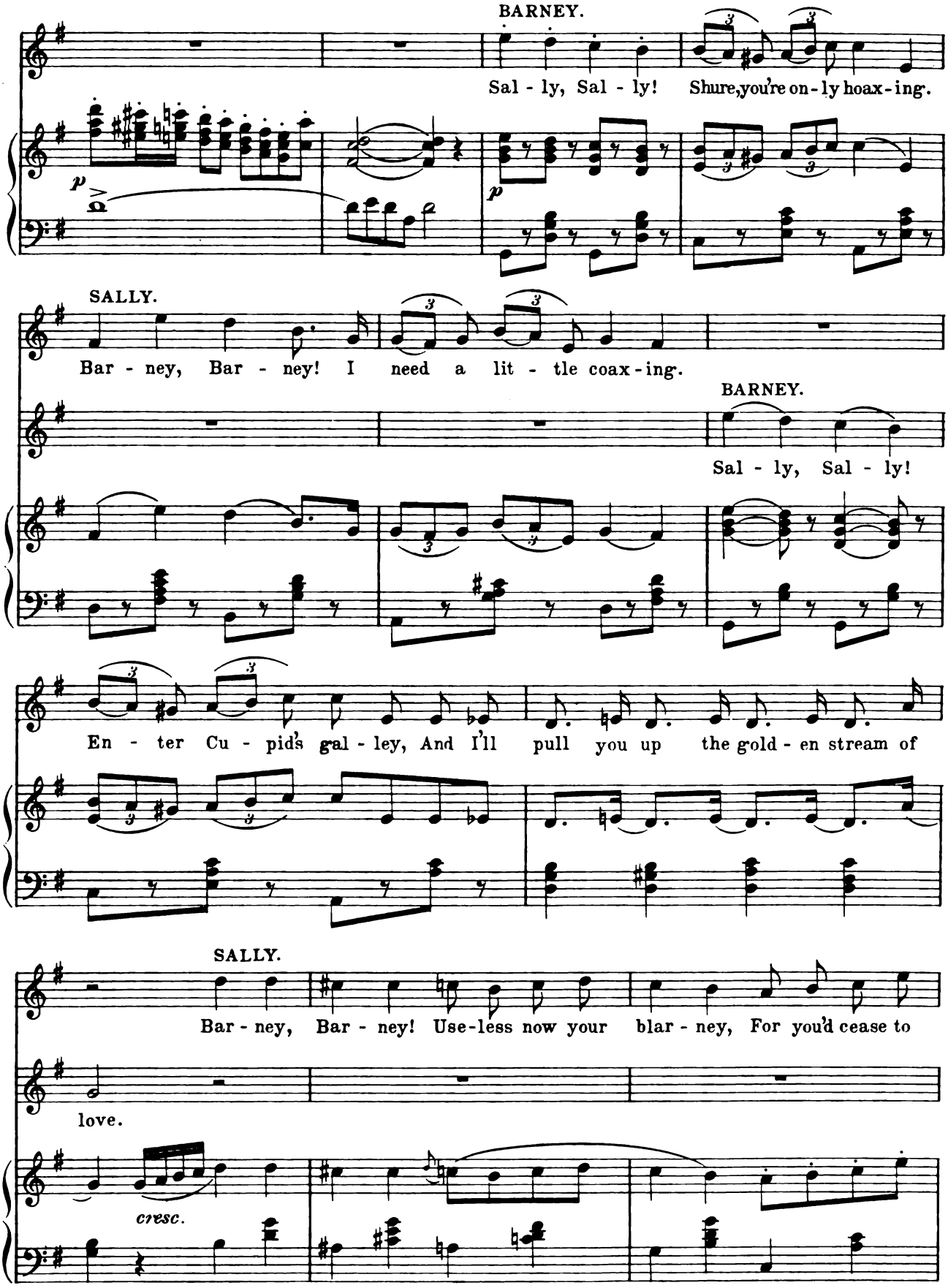
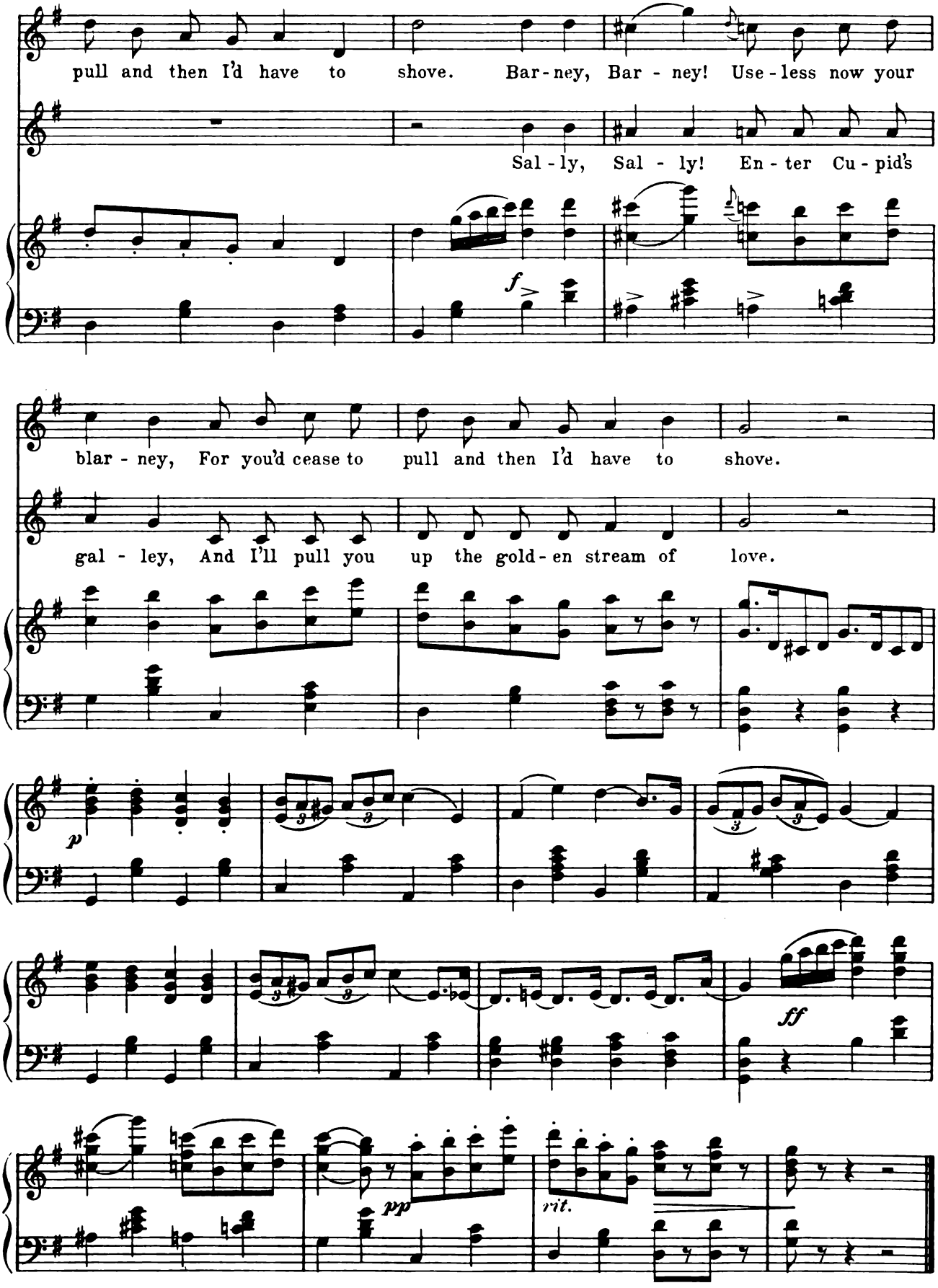

you 'tis all the oth-er way, While love is young you flit.
BARNEY.
Suc-
cess de - pends, so peo-ple say, On know-ing when to quit. Sal - ly!
Sal - ly, Sal - ly! Shure, you're on - ly hoax-ing.
SALLY.
Bar - ney, Bar - ney! I need a lit - tle coax - ing.
BARNEY.
Sal - ly, Sal - ly!


En - ter Cu - pid's gal - ley, And I'll pull you up the gold - en stream of
SALLY.
Bar - ney, Bar - ney! Use - less now your blar - ney, For you'd cease to
love.
cresc.
pull and then I'd have to shove. Bar-ney, Bar - ney! Use - less now your
Sal - ly, Sal - ly! En - ter Cu - pid's
f
blar - ney, For you'd cease to pull and then I'd have to shove!
gal - ley, And I'll pull you up the gold - en stream of love. The


things for which we mor - tals long, Are those be - yond, be - yond our grasp; We
p
sell our treas-ures for a song, For - bid - den fruit to clasp. But
SALLY.
They
Sal - ly dear, I'd have you know, By you I'd stand or fall.
say life is a "fleet-ing show;" You've got "no show at all."
Sal - ly!


BARNEY.
Sal - ly, Sal - ly! Shure, you're on - ly hoax - ing.
p
p
SALLY.
Bar - ney, Bar - ney! I need a lit - tle coax - ing.
BARNEY.
Sal - ly, Sal - ly!
En - ter Cu - pid's gal - ley, And I'll pull you up the gold - en stream of
SALLY.
Bar - ney, Bar - ney! Use - less now your blar - ney, For you'd cease to
love.
cresc.


pull and then I'd have to shove. Bar-ney, Bar-ney! Use-less now your
Sal-ly, Sal-ly! En-ter Cu-pid's
f
blar-ney, For you'd cease to pull and then I'd have to shove.
gal-ley, And I'll pull you up the gold-en stream of love.
p
ff
pp
rit.

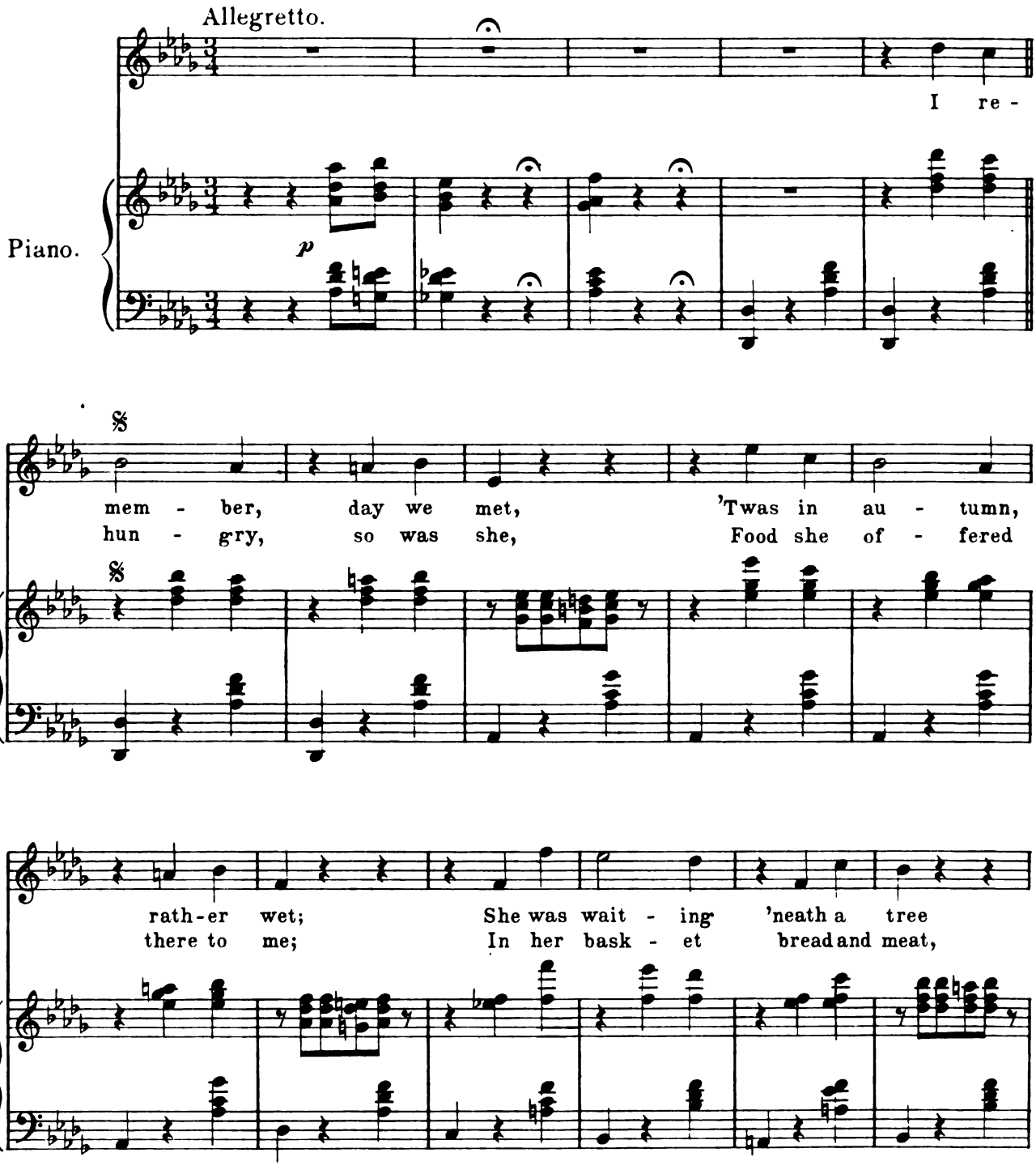
No 4. My First True Love.

SONG.

Hervey.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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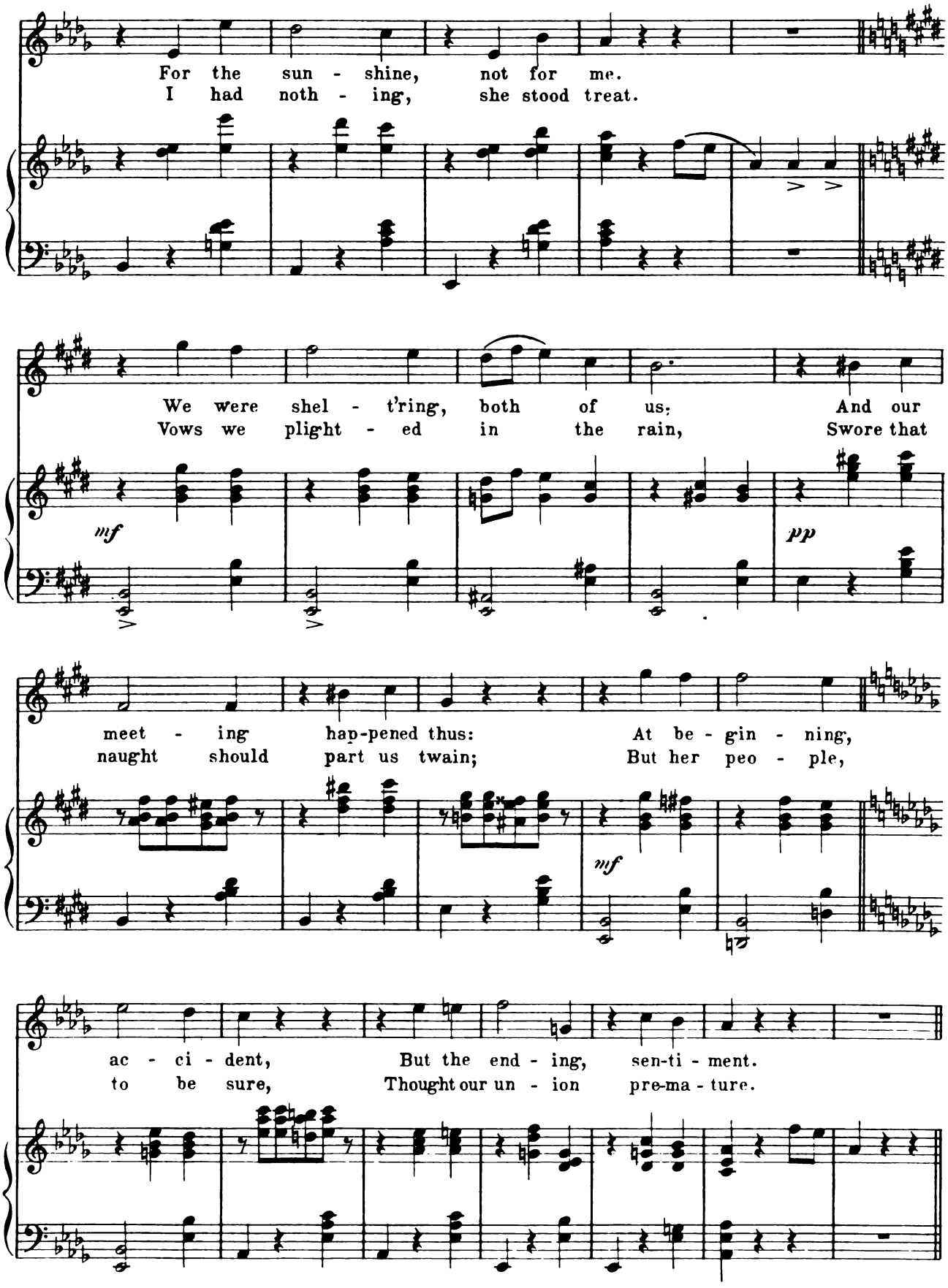
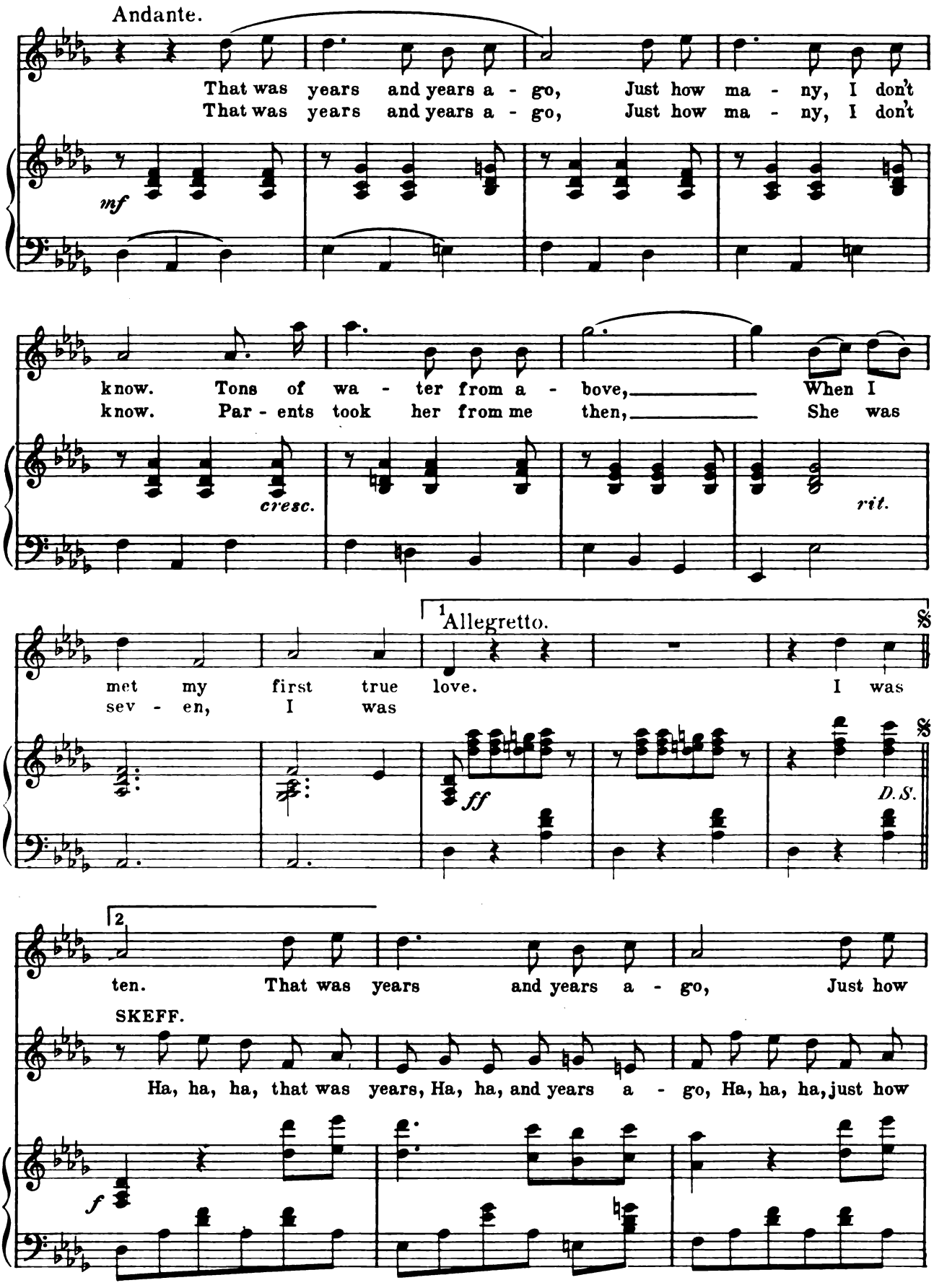
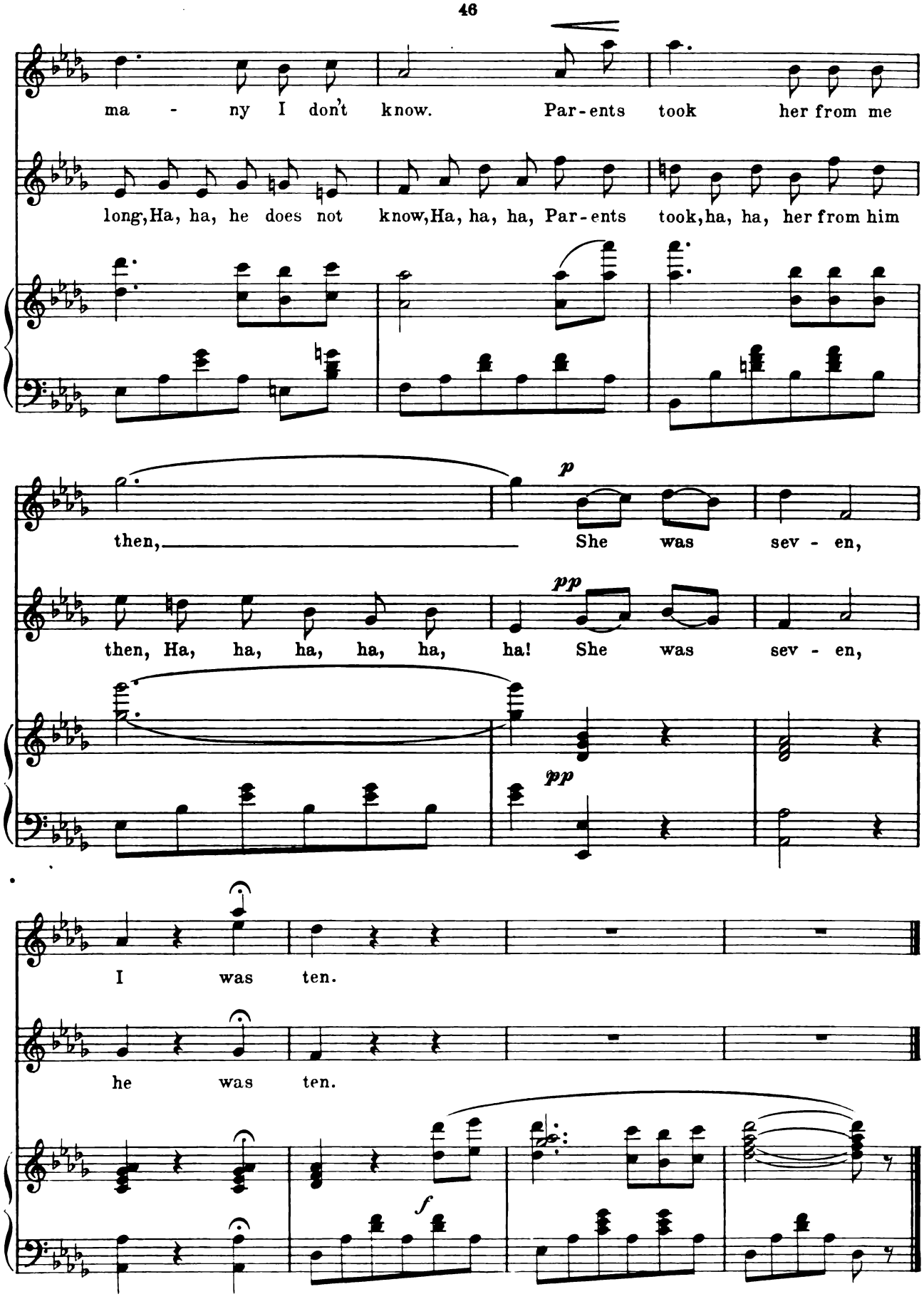

For the sun - shine, not for me.
I had noth - ing, she stood treat.
We were shel - t'ring, both of us; And our
Vows we plight - ed in the rain, Swore that
mf
pp
meet - ing hap-pened thus: At be - gin - ning,
naught should part us twain; But her peo - ple,
mf
ac - ci - dent, But the end - ing, sen-ti - ment.
to be sure, Thought our un - ion pre-ma - ture.


Andante.
That was years and years a - go, Just how ma - ny, I don't
That was years and years a - go, Just how ma - ny, I don't
mf
know. Tons of wa - ter from a - bove, When I
know. Par - ents took her from me then, She was
cresc.
rit.
1 Allegretto.
met my first true love. I was
sev - en, I was
ff
D.S.
2
ten. That was years and years a - go, Just how
SKEFF.
Ha, ha, ha, that was years, Ha, ha, and years a - go, Ha, ha, ha, just how
f


ma - ny I don't know. Par-ents took her from me
long, Ha, ha, he does not know, Ha, ha, ha, Par-ents took, ha, ha, her from him
then, She was sev - en,
p
then, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She was sev - en,
pp
pp
I was ten.
he was ten.
f

The Village Recruits.

No. 5.

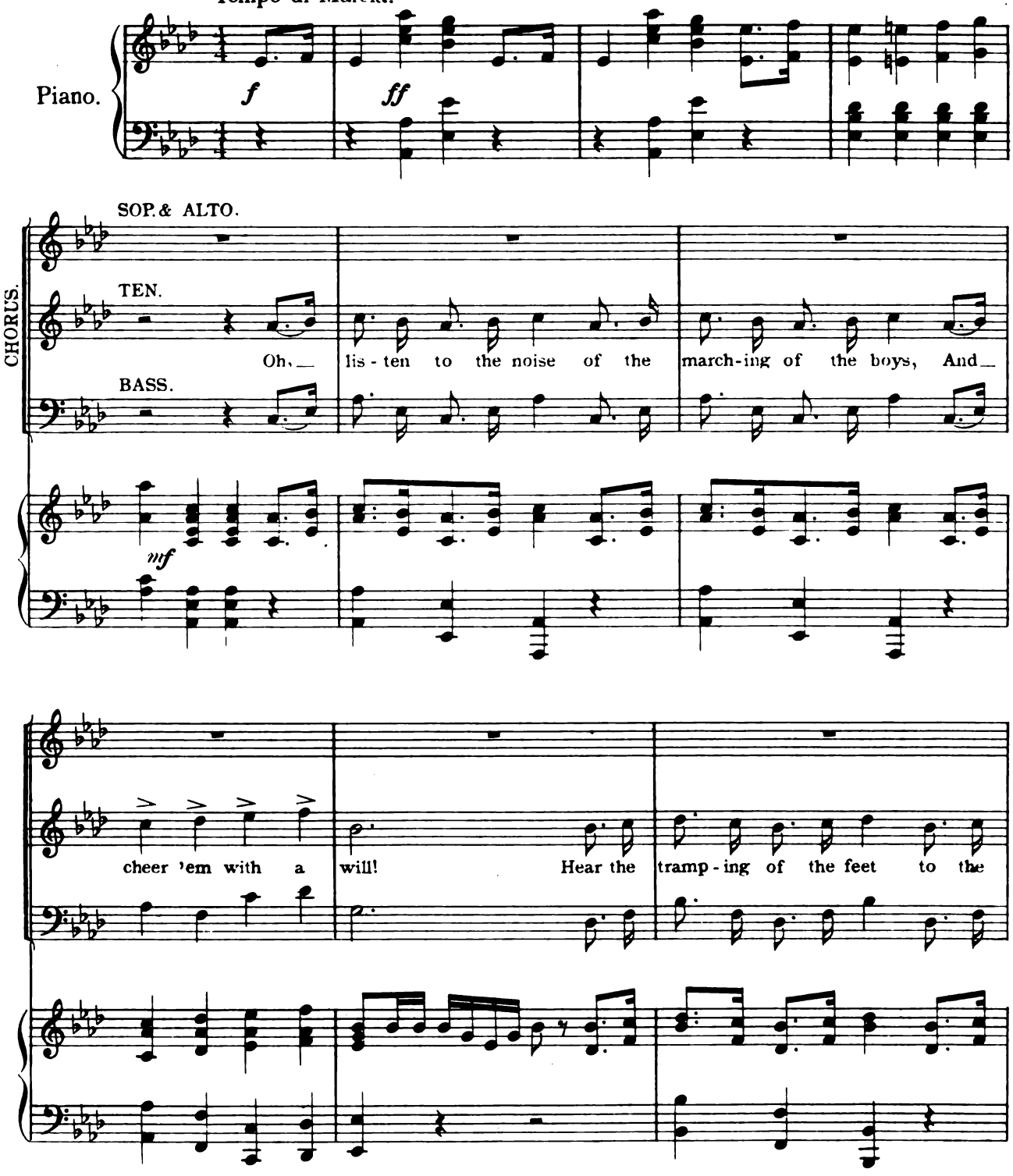
ENSEMBLE.

Moll, Bess, Jane, Gill, Ryder,
Kite, Butler, Costar and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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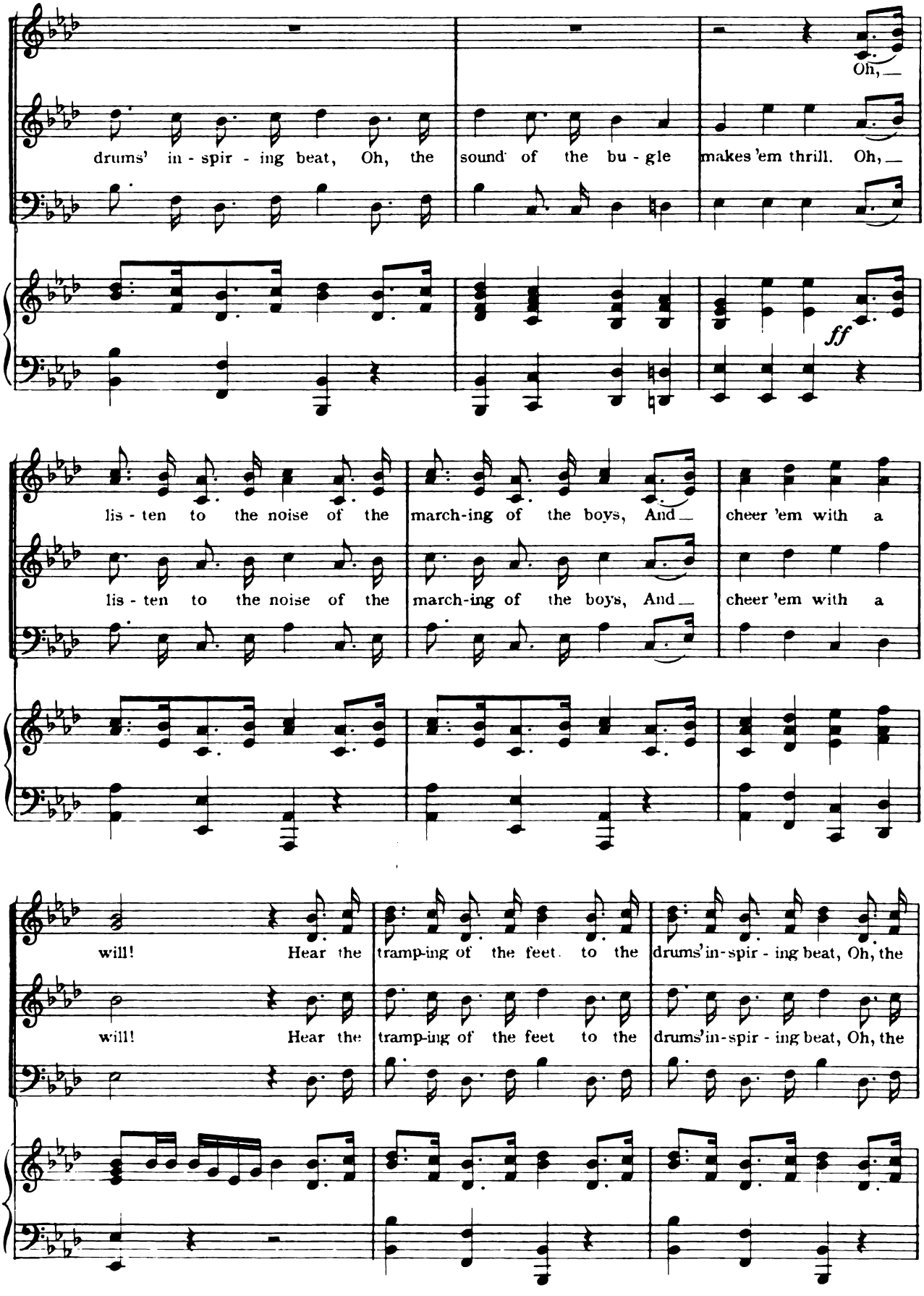
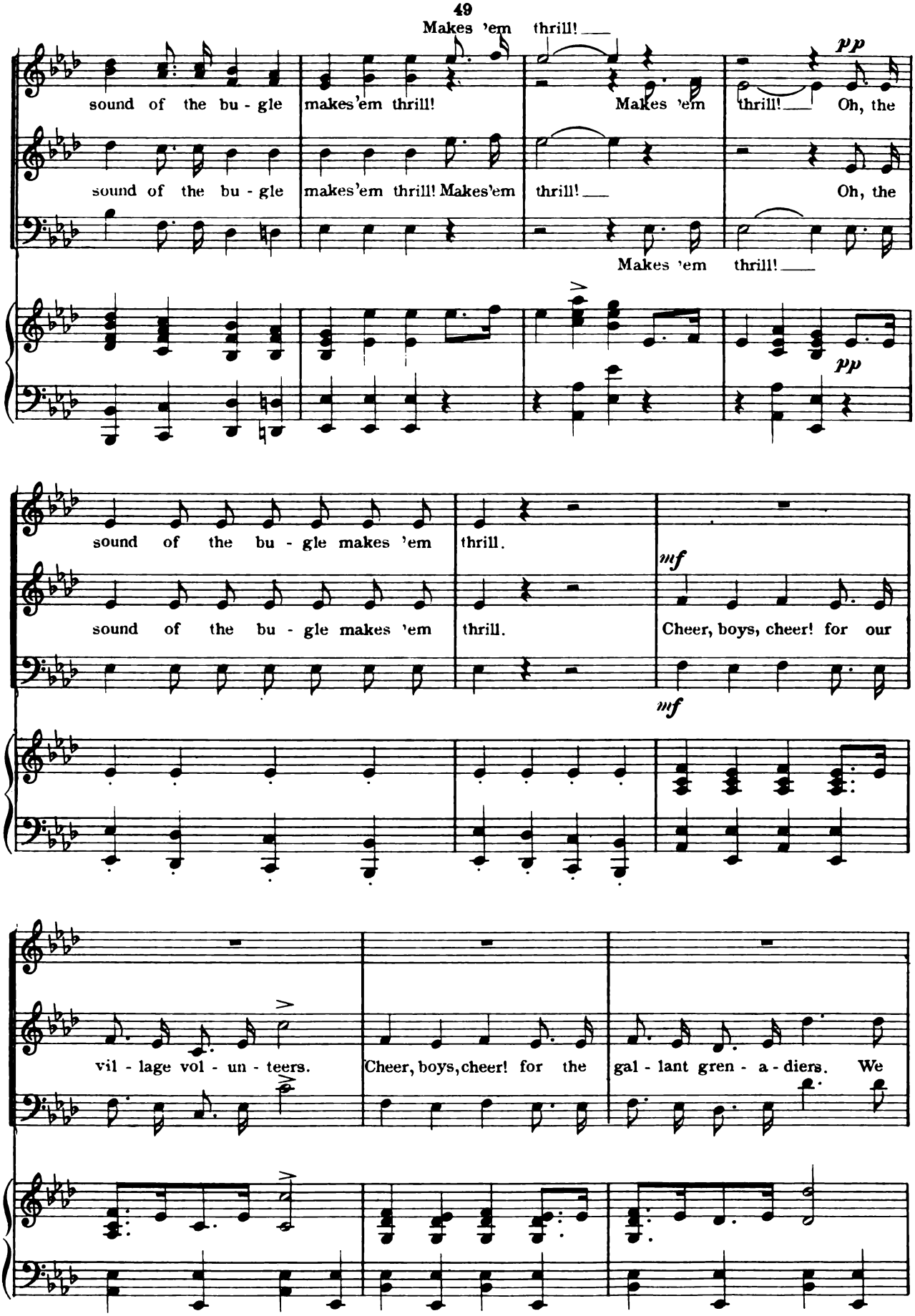
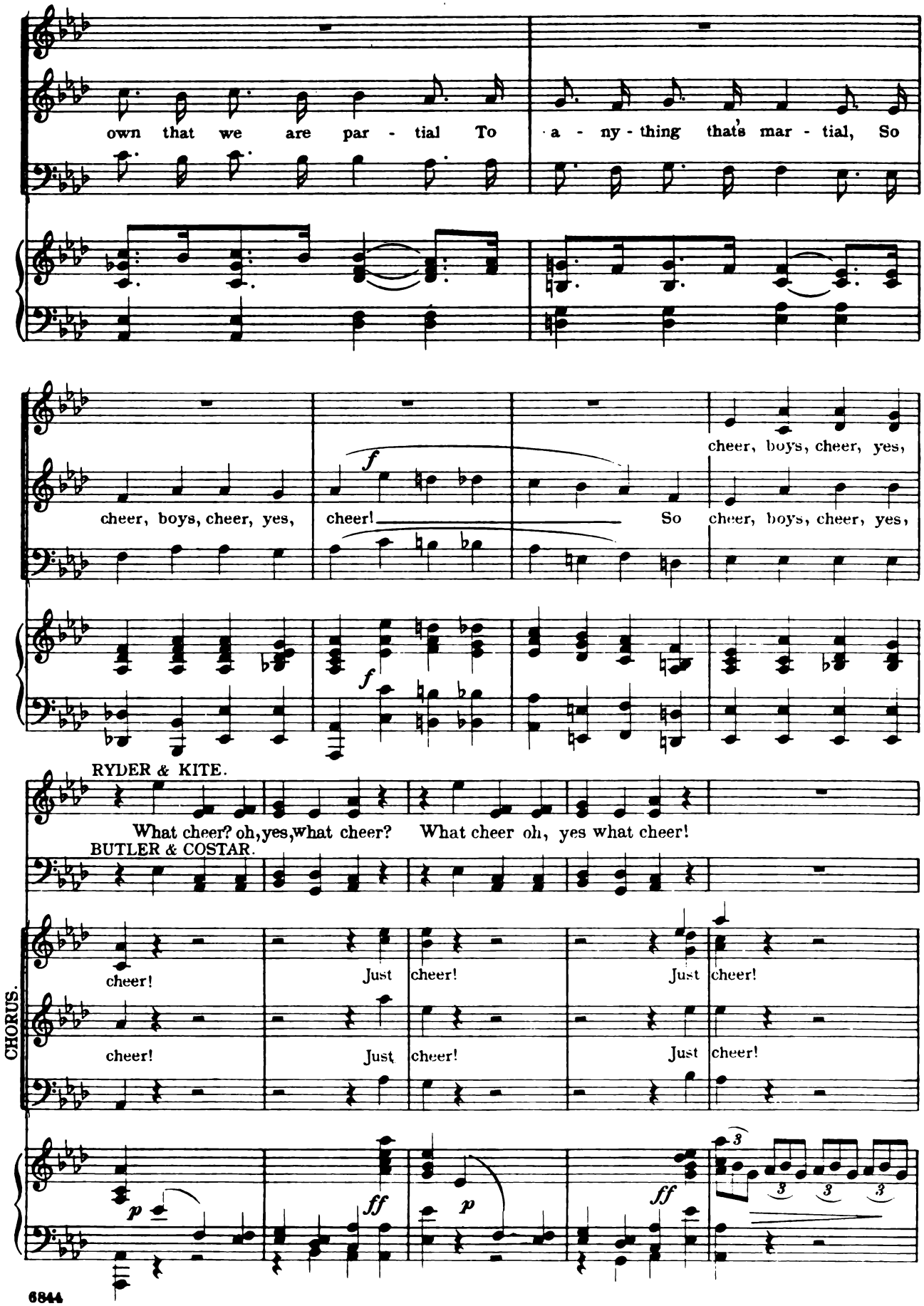
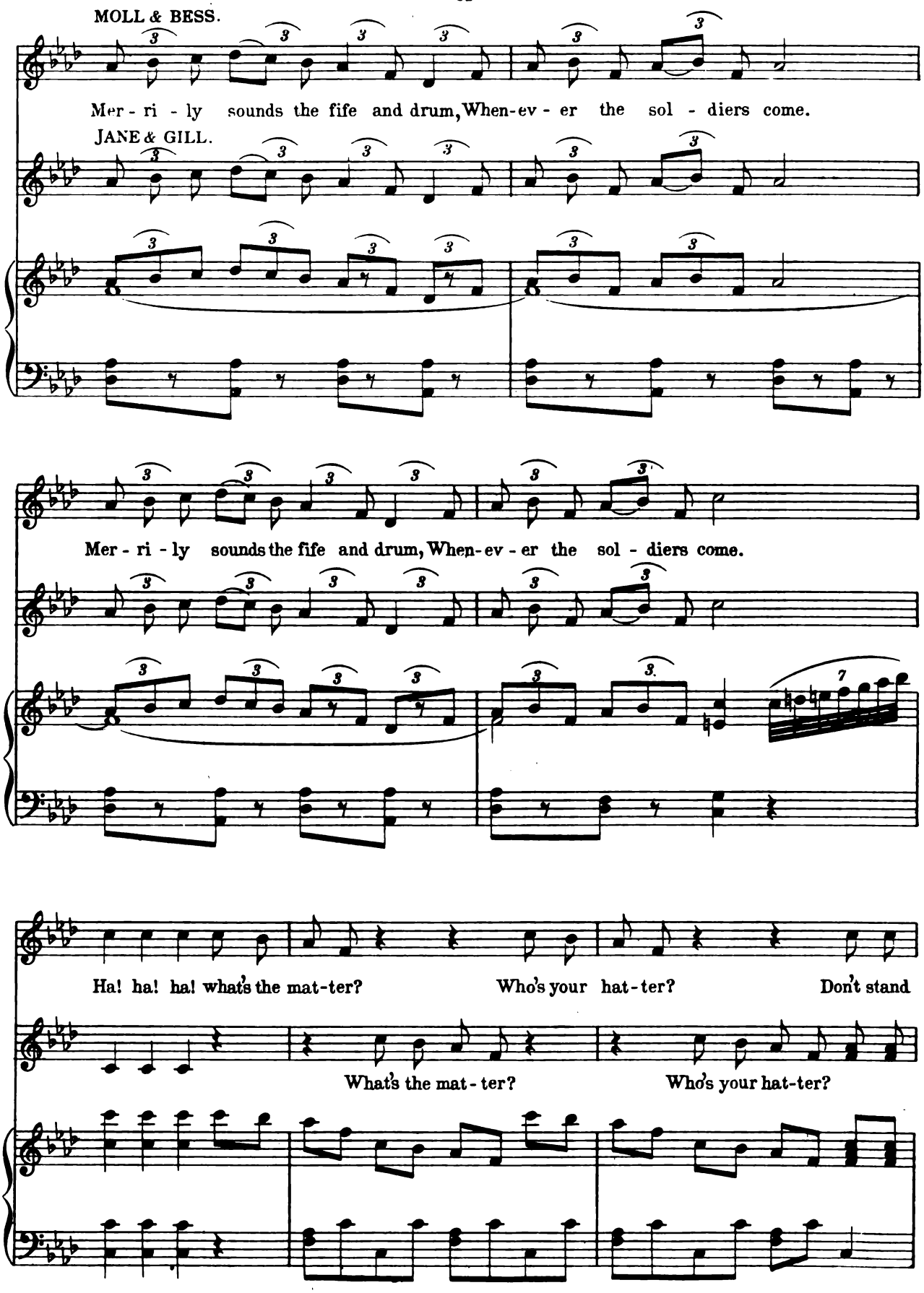
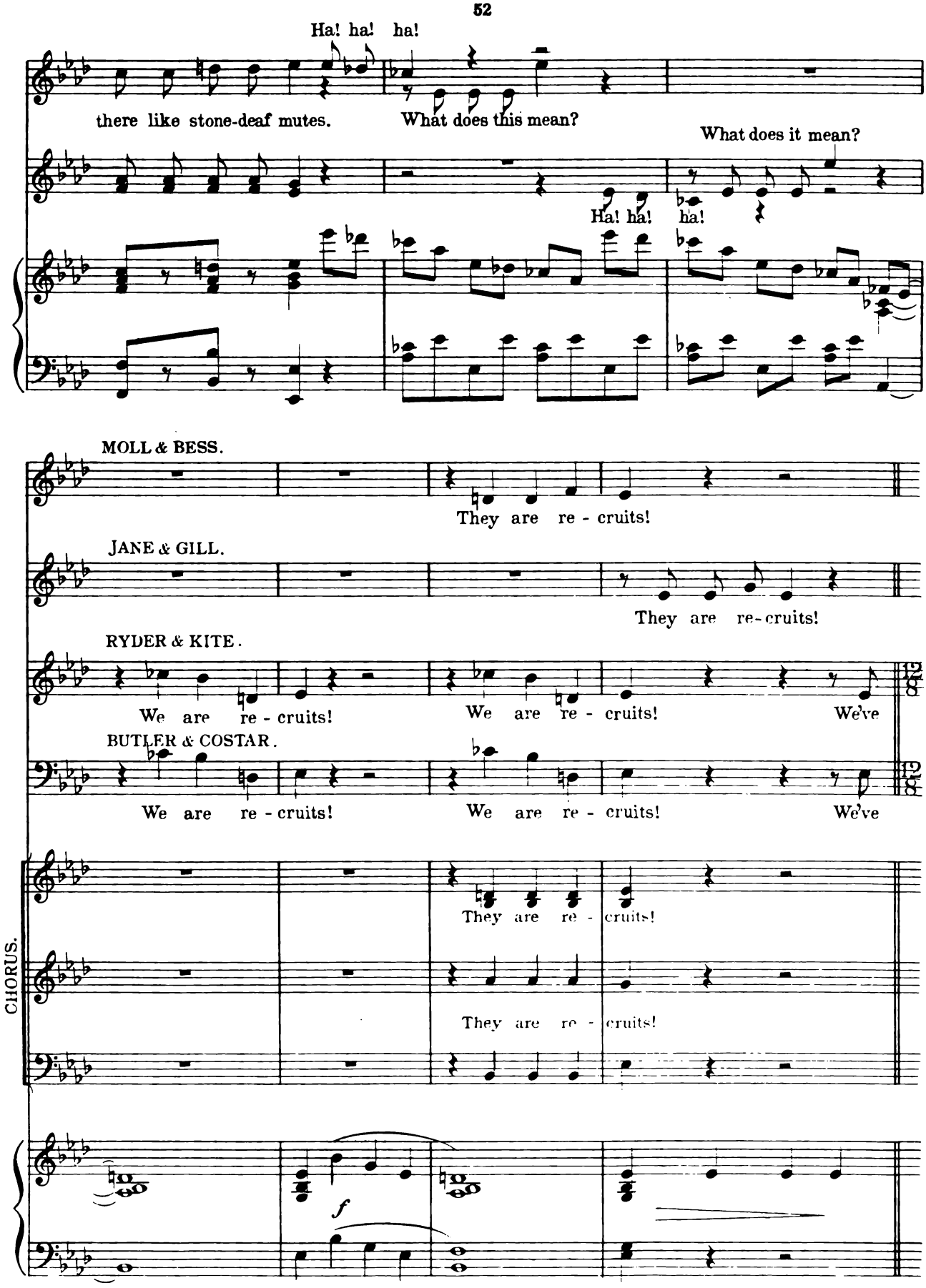
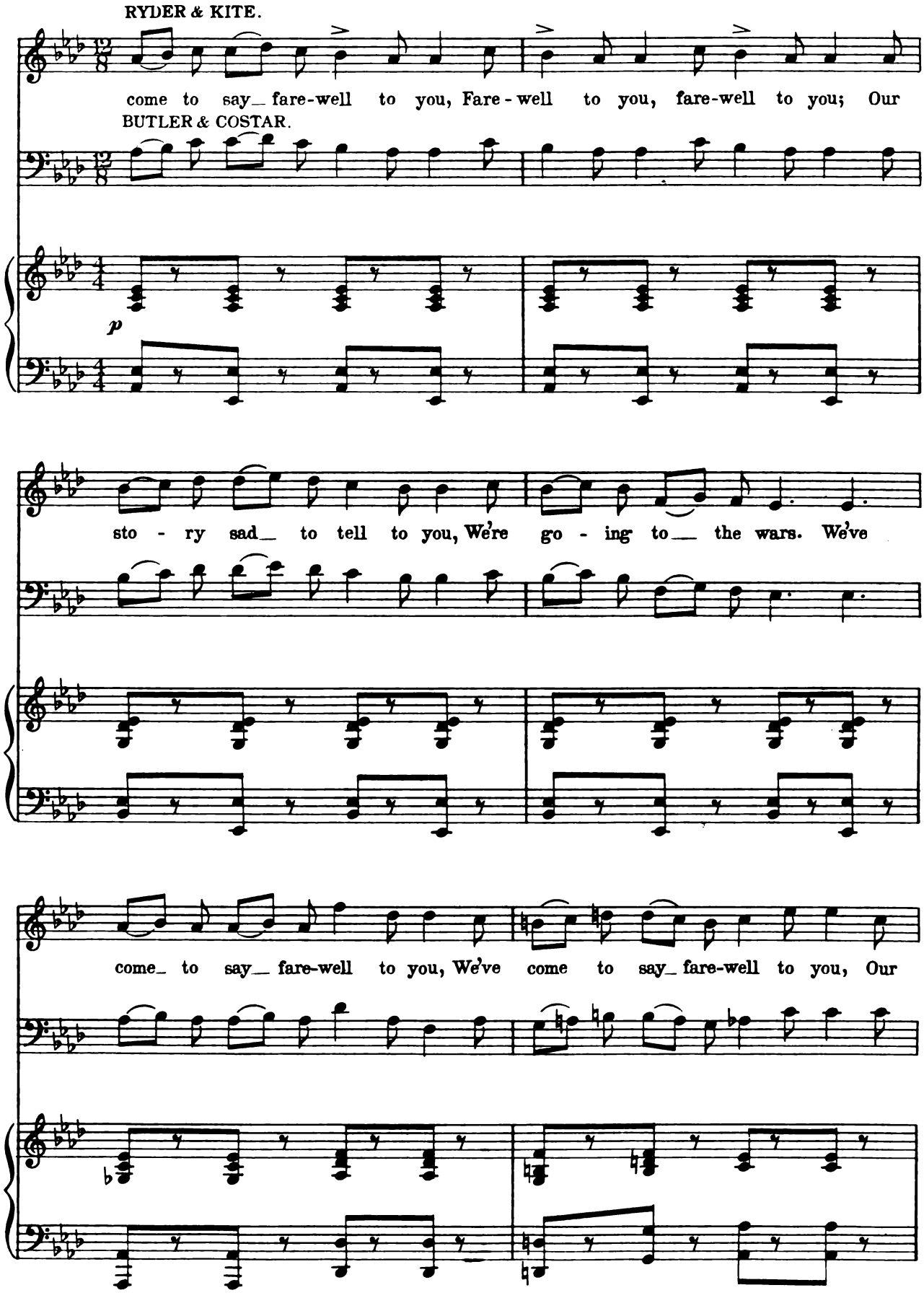

Oh,
drums' in - spir - ing beat, Oh, the sound of the bu - gle makes 'em thrill. Oh,
ff
lis - ten to the noise of the march-ing of the boys, And cheer 'em with a
lis - ten to the noise of the march-ing of the boys, And cheer 'em with a
will! Hear the tramp-ing of the feet to the drums' in-spir - ing beat, Oh, the
will! Hear the tramp-ing of the feet to the drums' in-spir - ing beat, Oh, the

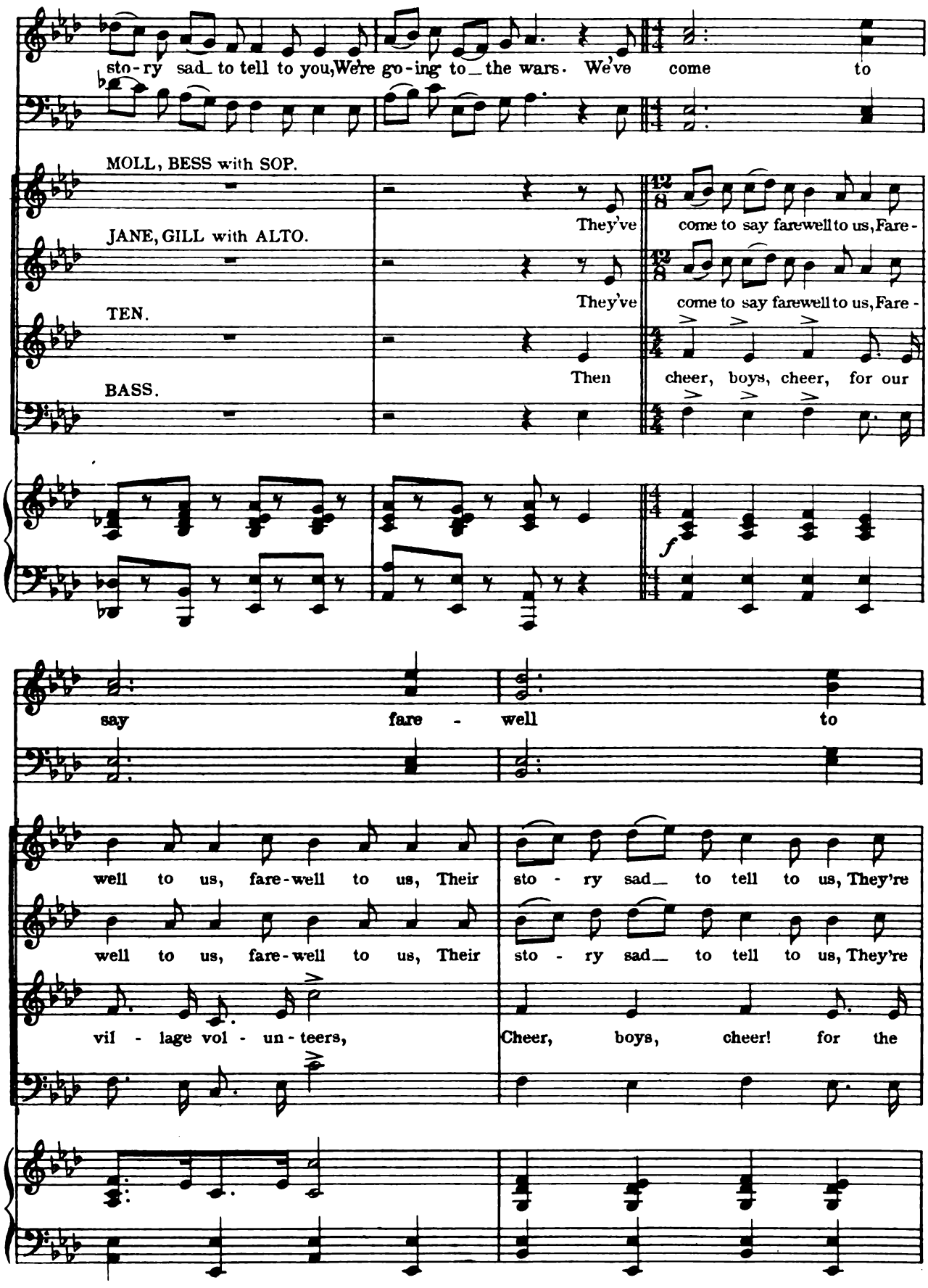

Makes 'em thrill!
sound of the bu - gle makes'em thrill!
Makes 'em thrill!
Oh, the
sound of the bu - gle makes'em thrill! Makes'em thrill!
Oh, the
Makes 'em thrill!
pp
pp
sound of the bu - gle makes 'em thrill.
sound of the bu - gle makes 'em thrill.
mf
Cheer, boys, cheer! for our
mf
vil - lage vol - un - teers.
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the
gal - lant gren - a - diers.
We

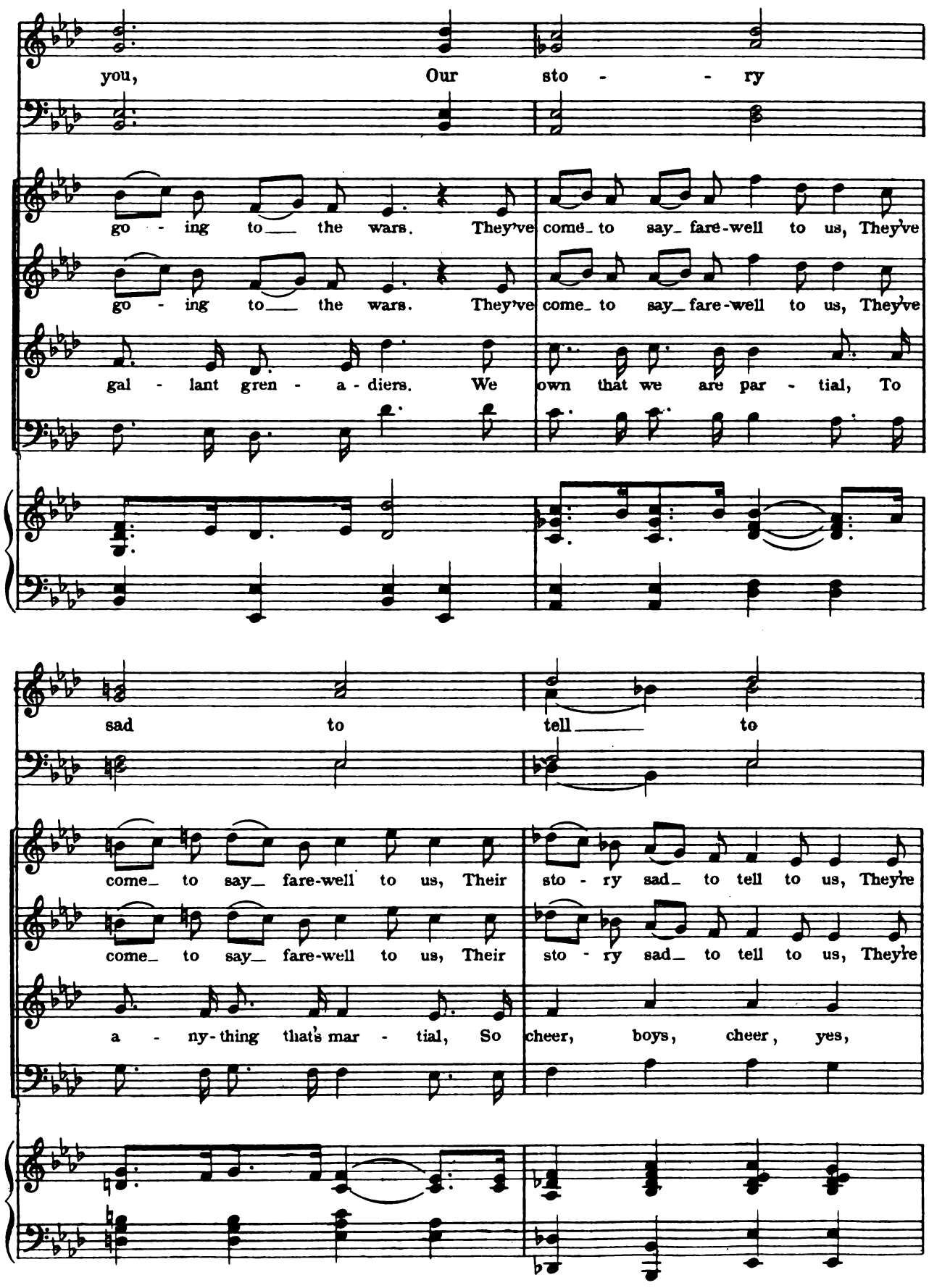

own that we are par - tial To a - ny - thing that's mar - tial, So
cheer, boys, cheer, yes,
cheer, boys, cheer, yes, cheer! So cheer, boys, cheer, yes,
RYDER & KITE.
What cheer? oh, yes, what cheer? What cheer oh, yes what cheer!
BUTLER & COSTAR.
CHORUS.
cheer! Just cheer! Just cheer!
cheer! Just cheer! Just cheer!

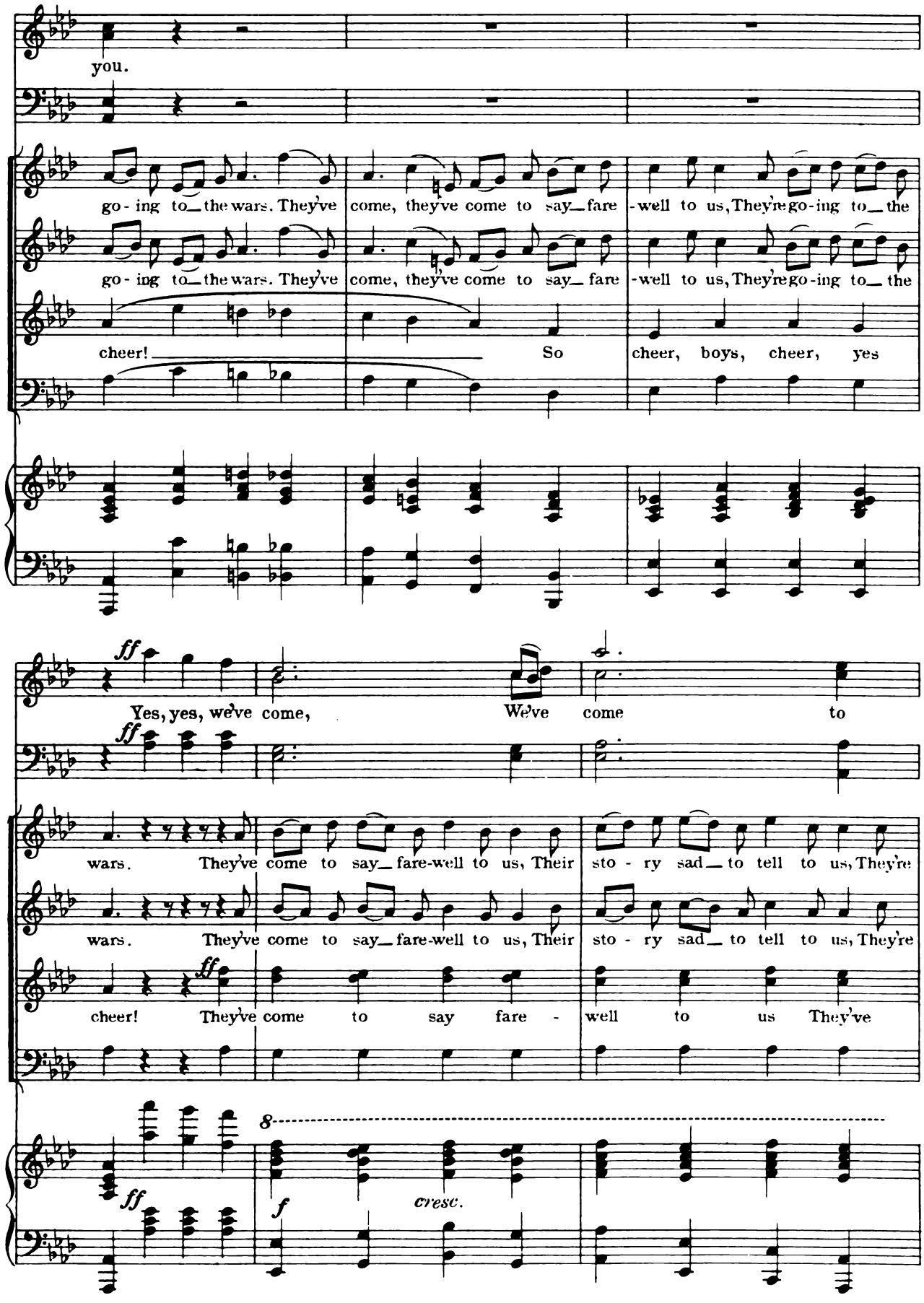

MOLL & BESS.
Mer - ri - ly sounds the fife and drum, When-ev - er the sol - diers come.
JANE & GILL.
Mer - ri - ly sounds the fife and drum, When-ev - er the sol - diers come.
Ha! ha! ha! what's the mat-ter? Who's your hat-ter? Don't stand
What's the mat - ter? Who's your hat-ter?

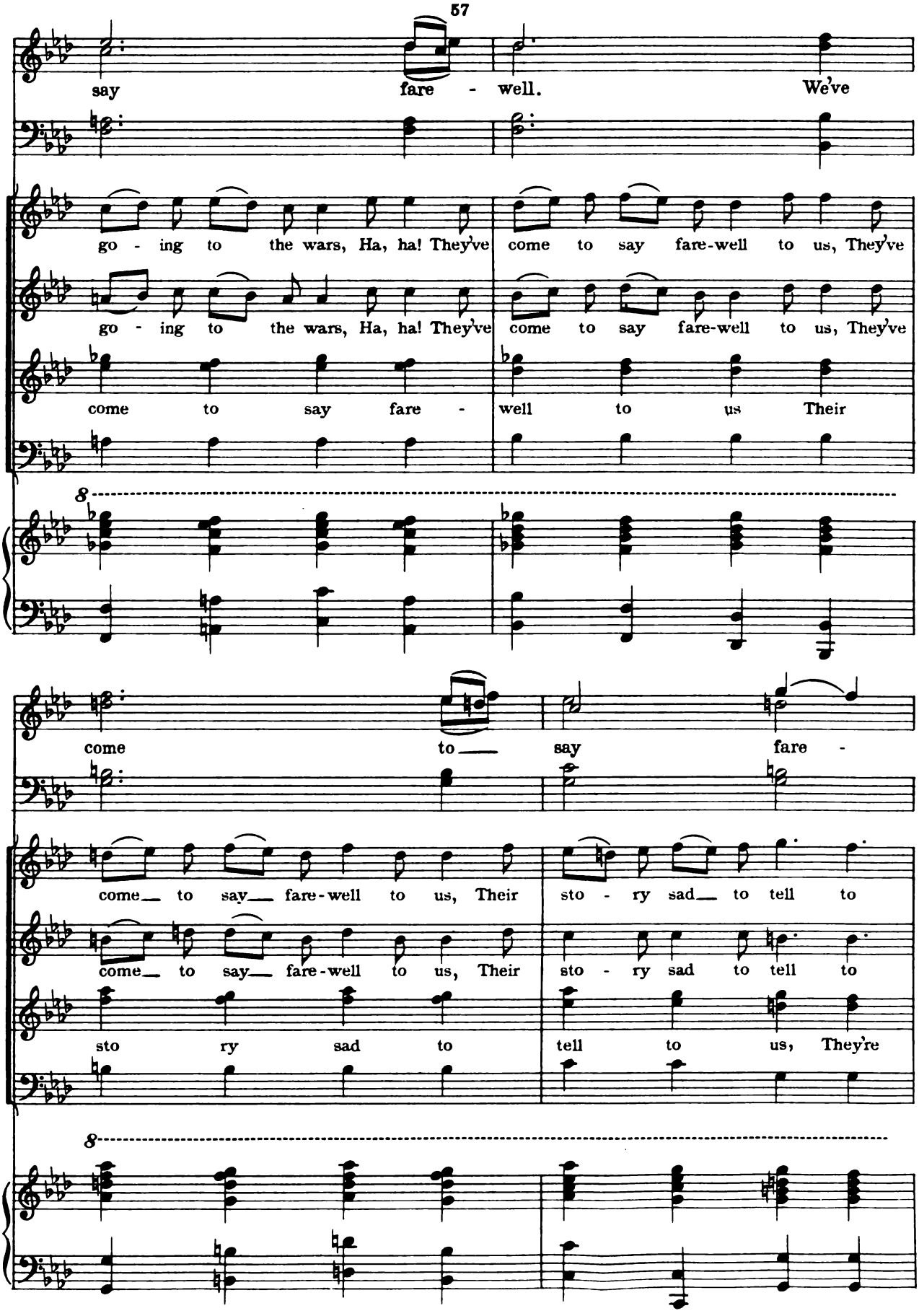

Ha! ha! ha!
there like stone-deaf mutes.
What does this mean?
What does it mean?
Ha! ha! ha!
MOLL & BESS.
They are re - cruits!
JANE & GILL.
They are re-cruits!
RYDER & KITE.
We are re - cruits!
We are re - cruits!
We've
BUTLER & COSTAR.
We are re - cruits!
We are re - cruits!
We've
CHORUS.
They are re - cruits!
They are re - cruits!
f

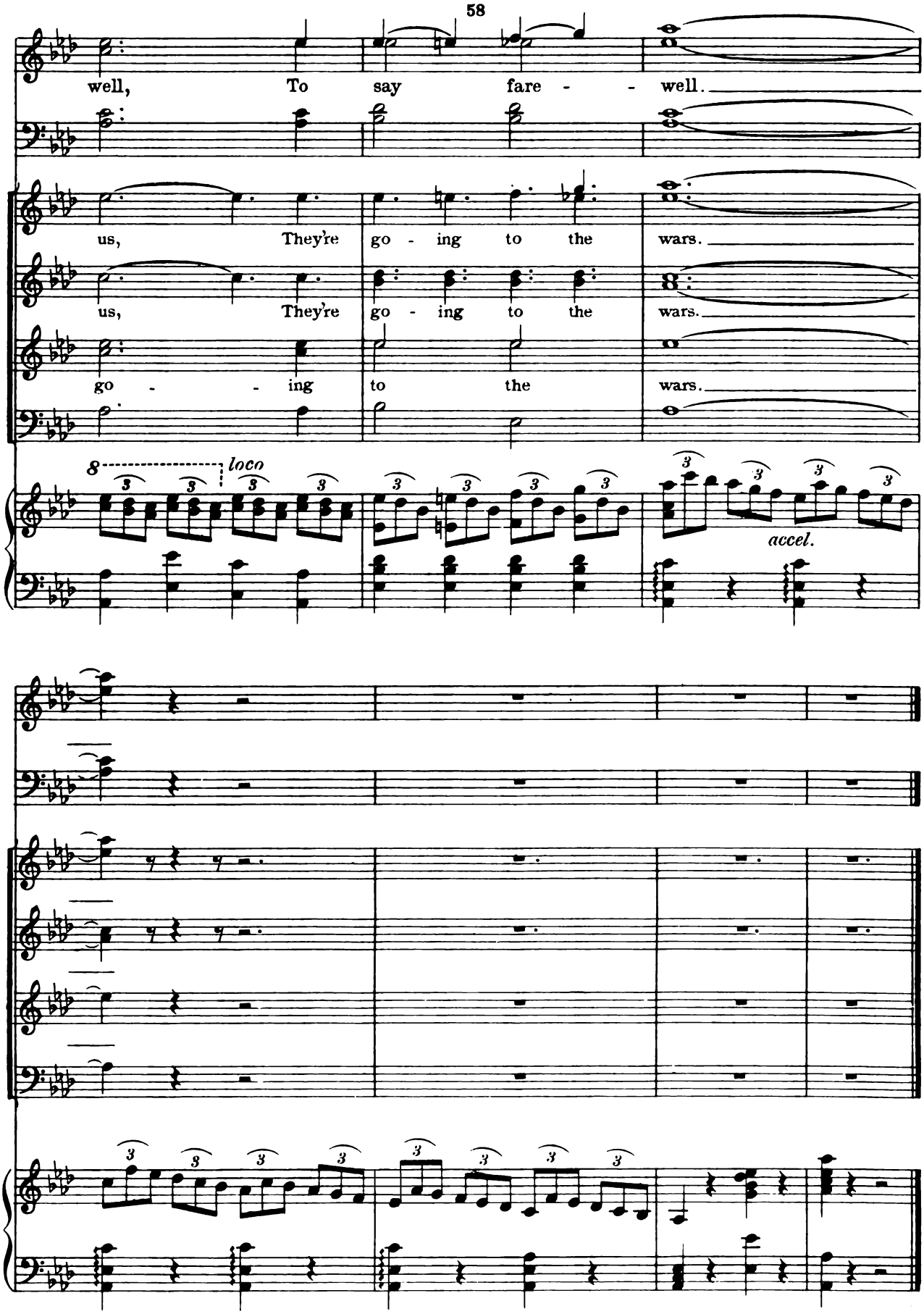

RYDER & KITE.
come to say_ fare-well to you, Fare - well to you, fare-well to you; Our
BUTLER & COSTAR.
p
sto - ry sad_ to tell to you, We're go - ing to_ the wars. We've
come_ to say_ fare-well to you, We've come to say_ fare-well to you, Our


sto-ry sad to tell to you, We're go-ing to the wars. We've come to
MOLL, BESS with SOP.
They've come to say farewell to us, Fare-
JANE, GILL with ALTO.
They've come to say farewell to us, Fare-
TEN.
Then cheer, boys, cheer, for our
BASS.
say fare - well to
well to us, fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to us, They're
well to us, fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to us, They're
vil - lage vol - un - teers,
Cheer, boys, cheer! for the


you, Our sto - - ry
go - ing to the wars. They've come to say fare-well to us, They've
go - ing to the wars. They've come to say fare-well to us, They've
gal - lant gren - a - diers. We own that we are par - tial, To
sad to tell to
come to say fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to us, They're
come to say fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to us, They're
a - ny-thing that's mar - tial, So cheer, boys, cheer, yes,


you.
go - ing to_ the wars. They've come, they've come to say_ fare - well to us, They're go-ing to_ the
go - ing to_ the wars. They've come, they've come to say_ fare - well to us, They're go-ing to_ the
cheer! So cheer, boys, cheer, yes
ff
Yes, yes, we've come, We've come to
ff
wars. They've come to say_ fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad_ to tell to us, They're
wars. They've come to say_ fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad_ to tell to us, They're
ff
cheer! They've come to say fare - well to us They've
8
ff
f
cresc.


say fare - well. We've
go - ing to the wars, Ha, ha! They've come to say fare-well to us, They've
go - ing to the wars, Ha, ha! They've come to say fare-well to us, They've
come to say fare - well to us Their
8
come to say
fare -
come to say fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to
come to say fare-well to us, Their sto - ry sad to tell to
sto ry sad to tell to us, They're
8


well, To say fare - - well.
us, They're go - ing to the wars.
us, They're go - ing to the wars.
go - - ing to the wars.
8
loco
accel.

She Is The Right Girl, Right For Your Money, O.

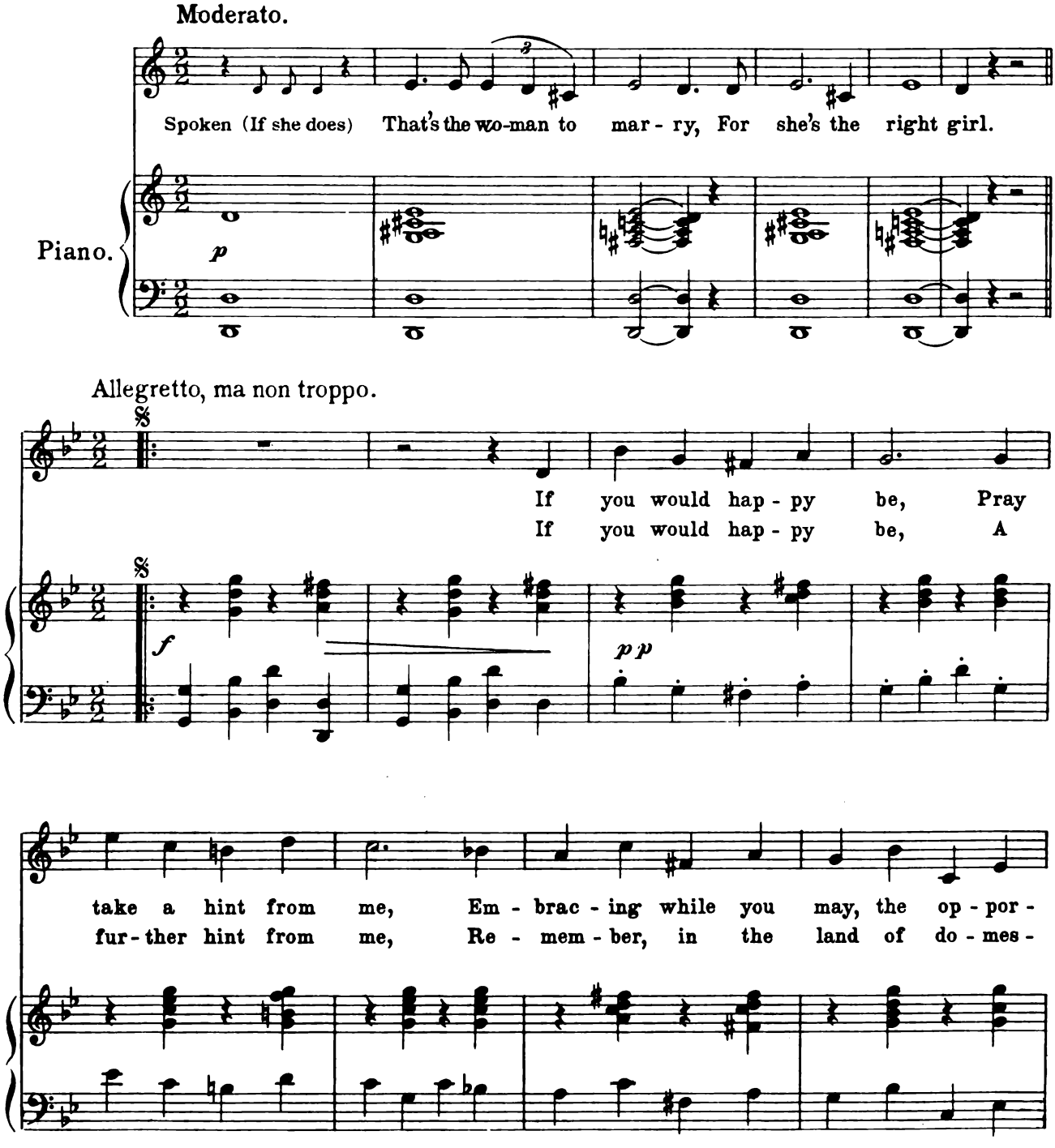
No. 6.

SONG.

Lina and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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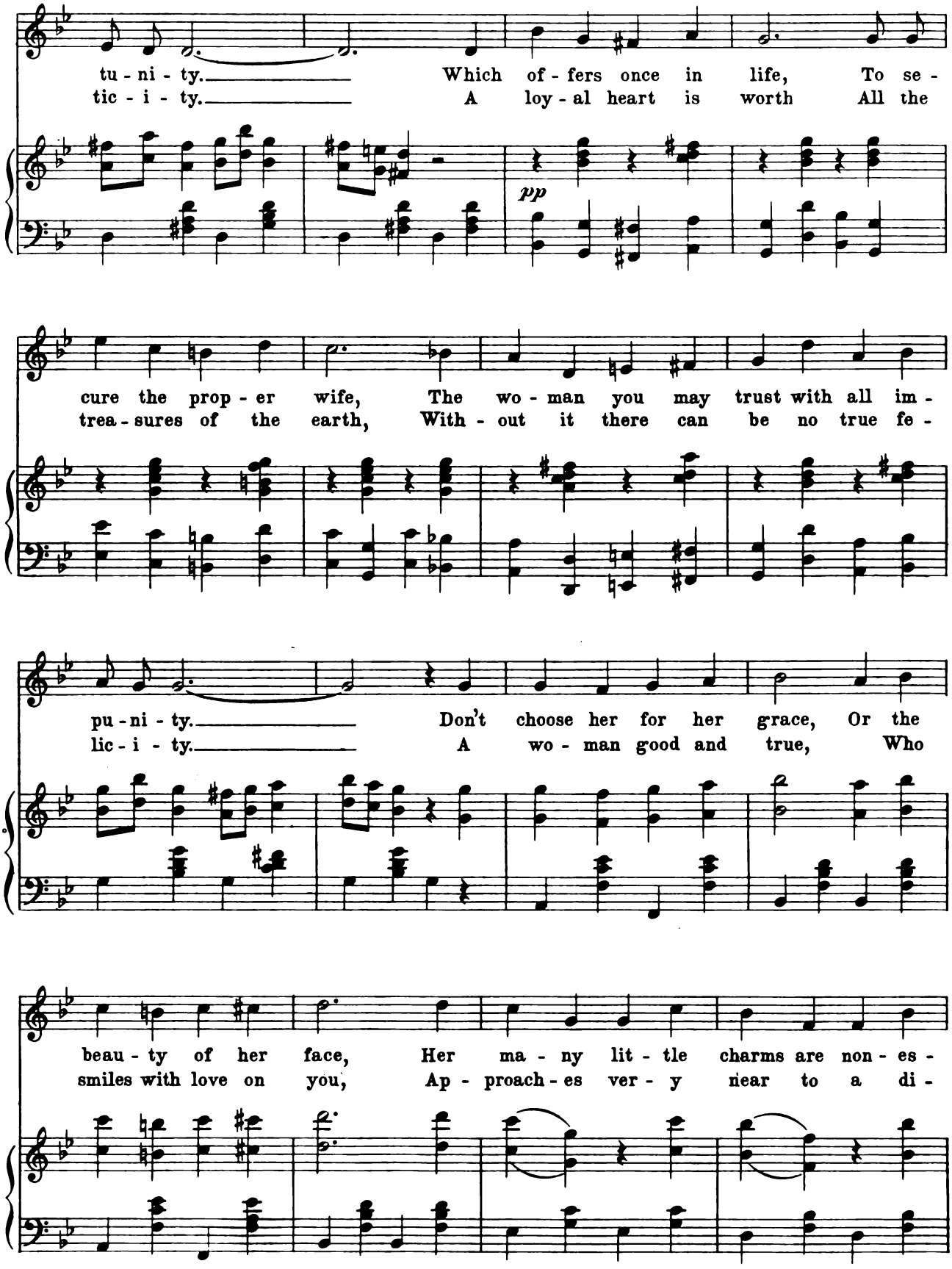
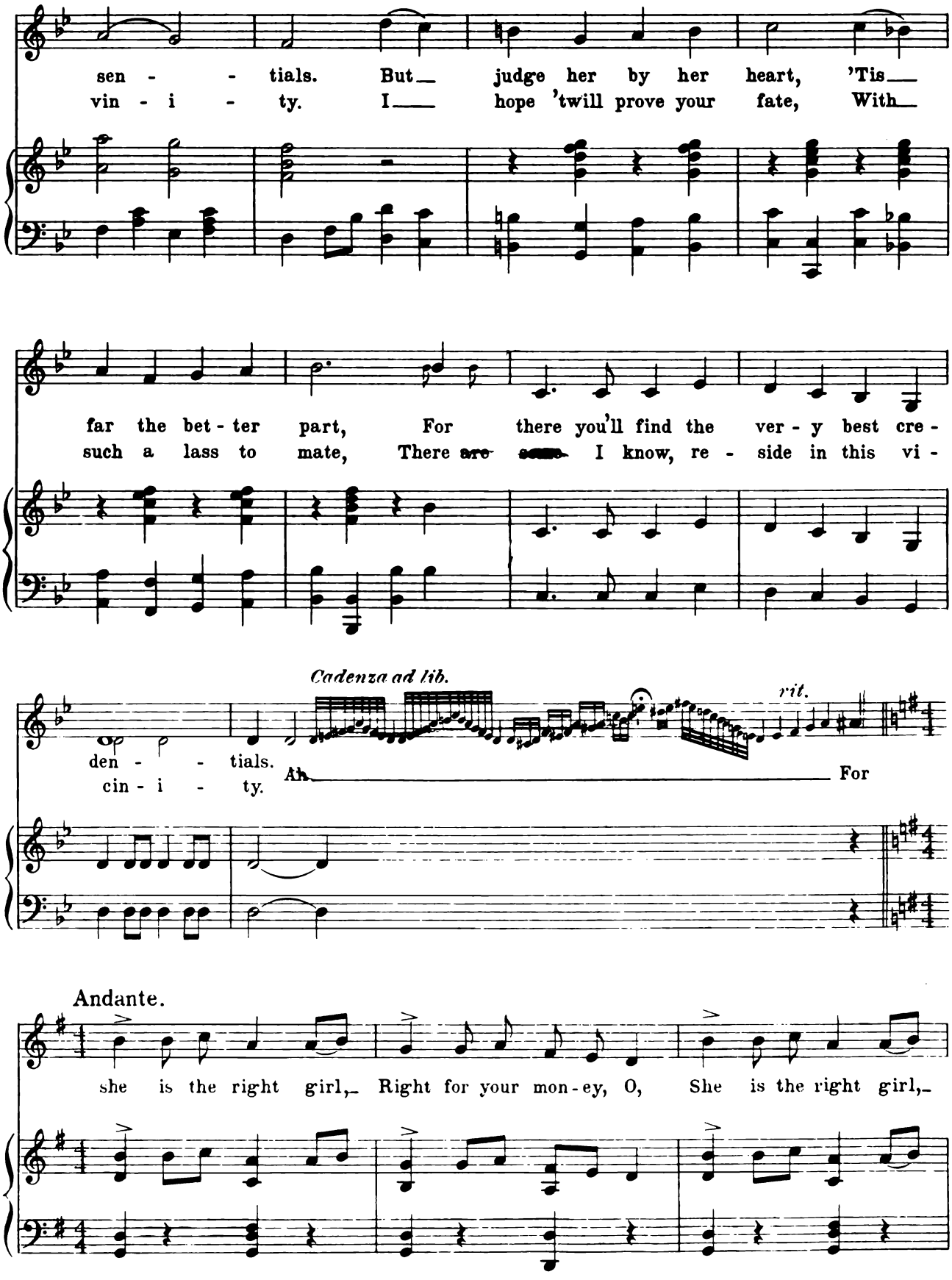
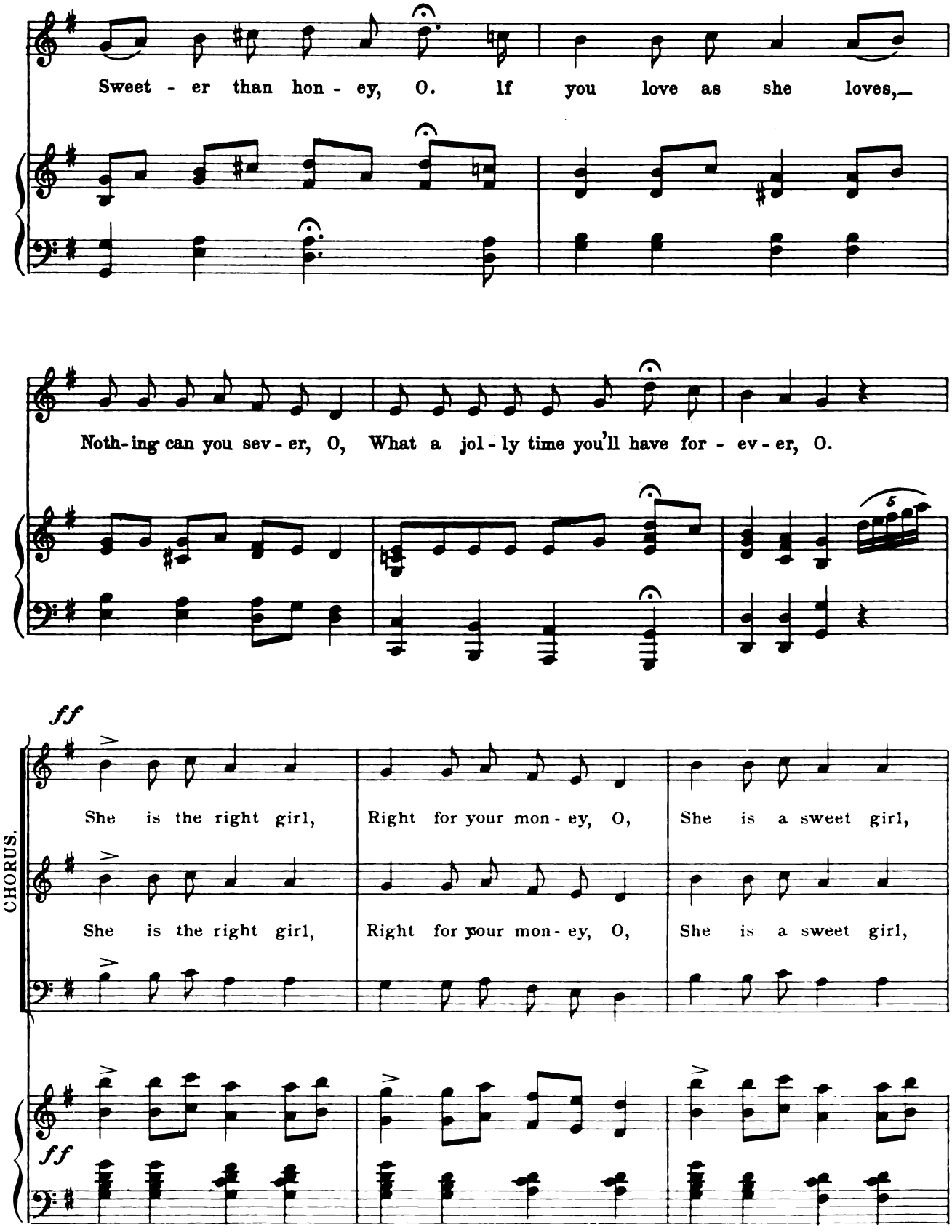
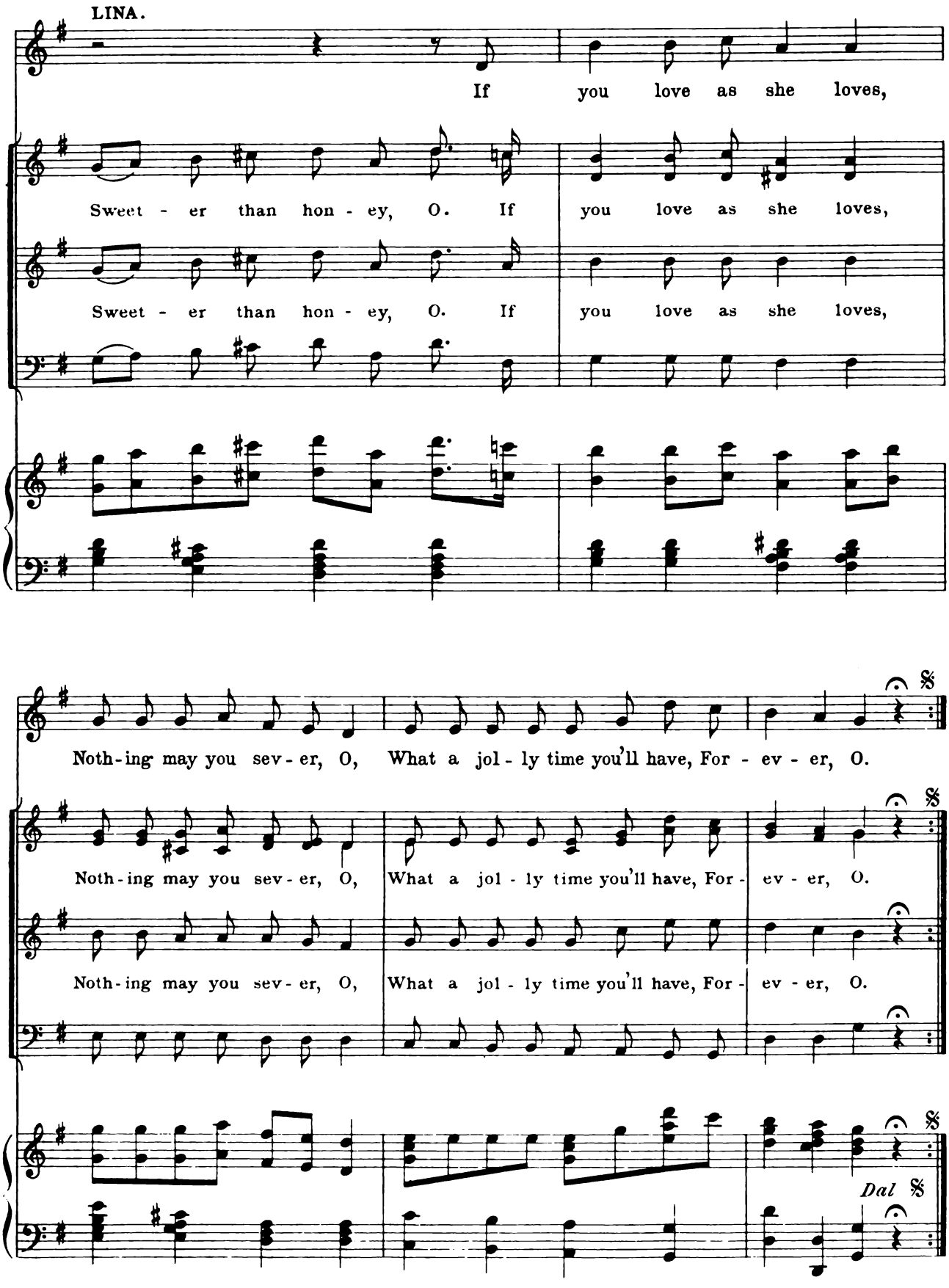
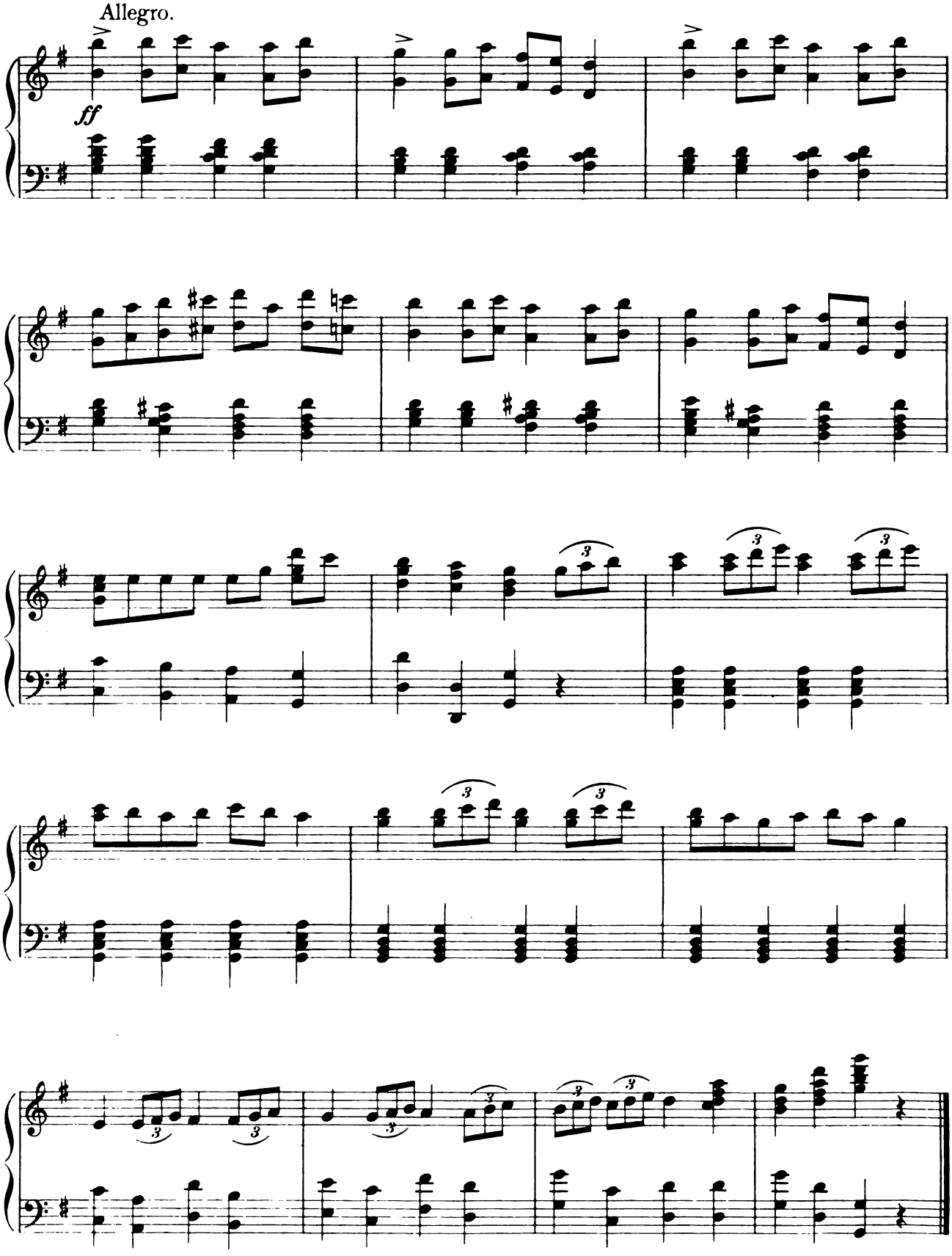

tu - ni - ty. Which of - fers once in life, To se -
tic - i - ty. A loy - al heart is worth All the
pp
cure the prop - er wife, The wo - man you may trust with all im -
trea - sures of the earth, With - out it there can be no true fe -
pu - ni - ty. Don't choose her for her grace, Or the
lic - i - ty. A wo - man good and true, Who
beau - ty of her face, Her ma - ny lit - tle charms are non - es -
smiles with love on you, Ap - proach - es ver - y near to a di -


sen - - tials. But judge her by her heart, 'Tis
vin - i - ty. I hope 'twill prove your fate, With
far the bet - ter part, For there you'll find the ver - y best cre -
such a lass to mate, There are some I know, re - side in this vi -
Cadenza ad lib.
rit.
den - - tials.
cin - i - ty.
Ah For
Andante.
she is the right girl, Right for your mon - ey, O, She is the right girl,


Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If you love as she loves,—
Noth-ing can you sev - er, O, What a jol - ly time you'll have for - ev - er, O.
ff
CHORUS.
She is the right girl, Right for your mon - ey, O, She is a sweet girl,
She is the right girl, Right for your mon - ey, O, She is a sweet girl,
ff


LINA.
If you love as she loves,
Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If you love as she loves,
Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If you love as she loves,
Noth-ing may you sev - er, O, What a jol - ly time you'll have, For - ev - er, O.
Noth-ing may you sev - er, O, What a jol - ly time you'll have, For - ev - er, O.
Noth-ing may you sev - er, O, What a jol - ly time you'll have, For - ev - er, O.
Dal 𝄋


Allegro.
ff

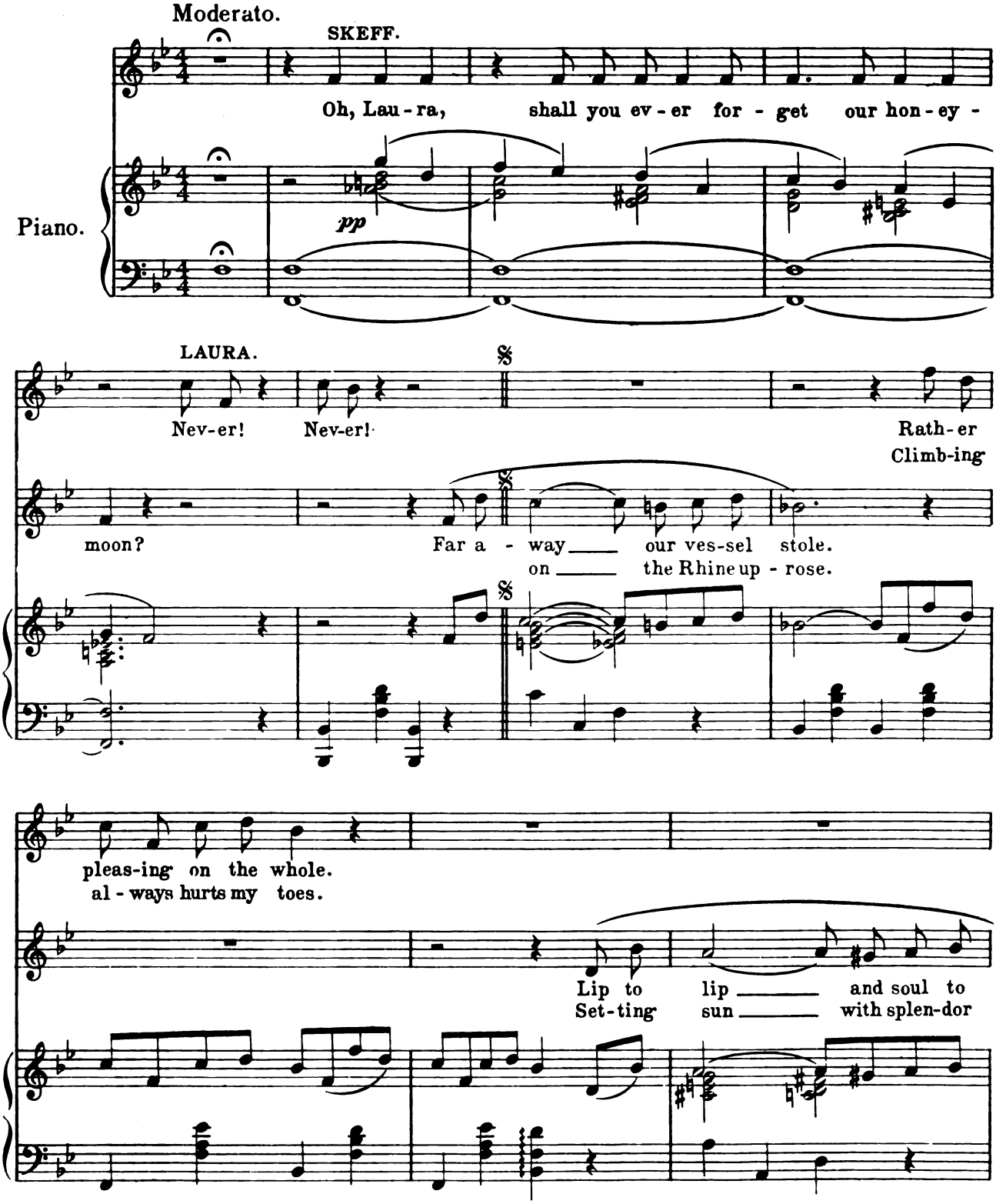
No 7. The Honeymoon.

DUETT.

Laura and Skeffington.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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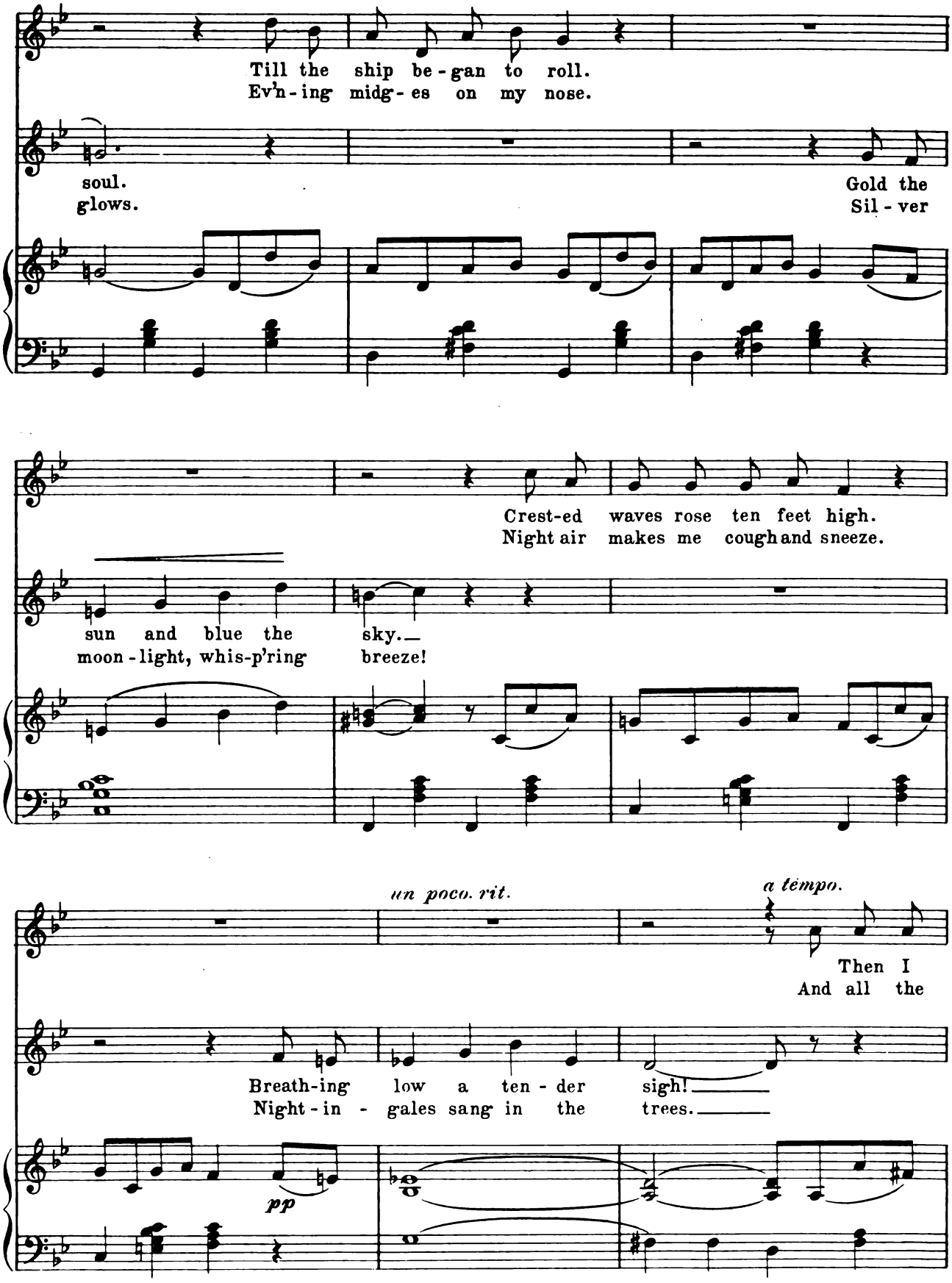
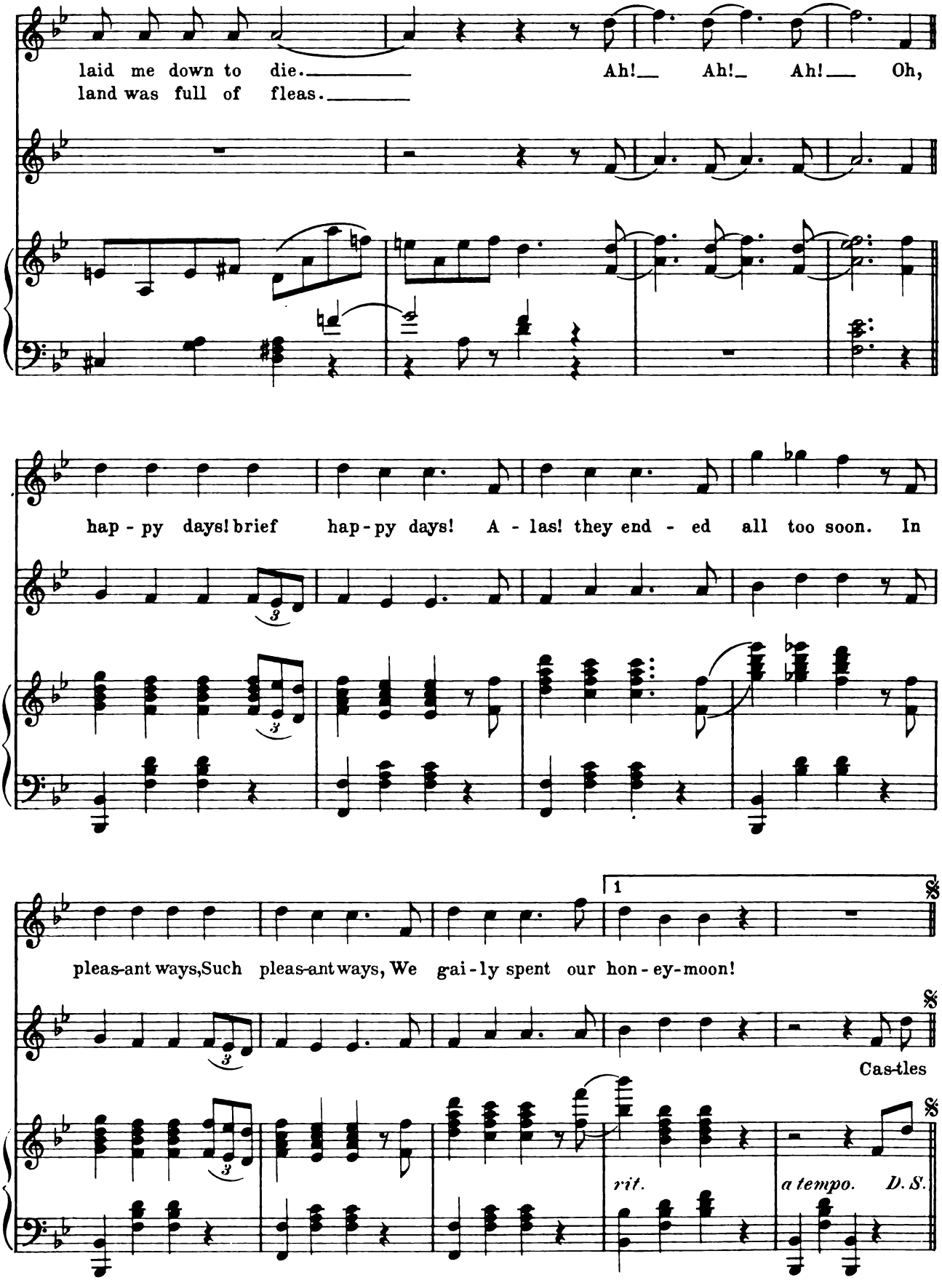
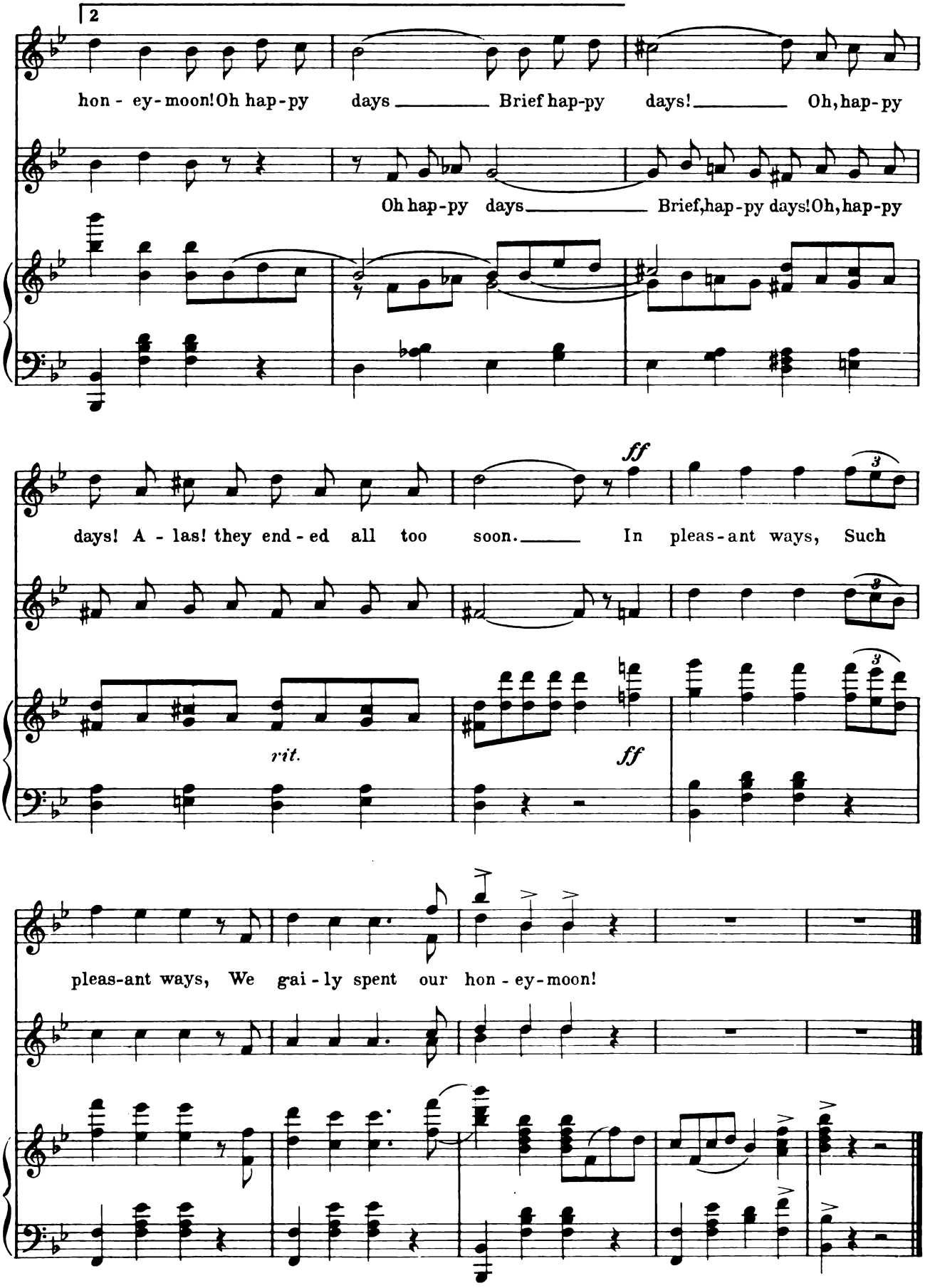

Till the ship be - gan to roll.
Ev'n - ing midg - es on my nose.
soul.
glows.
Gold the
Sil - ver
Crest-ed waves rose ten feet high.
Night air makes me cough and sneeze.
sun and blue the sky.
moon - light, whis-p'ring breeze!
un poco. rit.
a tempo.
Then I
And all the
Breath-ing low a ten - der sigh!
Night - in - gales sang in the trees.
pp


laid me down to die. Ah! Ah! Ah! Oh,
land was full of fleas.
hap - py days! brief hap - py days! A - las! they end - ed all too soon. In
pleas-ant ways, Such pleas-ant ways, We gai - ly spent our hon - ey - moon!
1
Cas-tles
rit.
a tempo.
D. S.


2
hon - ey - moon! Oh hap - py days Brief hap - py days! Oh, hap - py
Oh hap - py days Brief, hap - py days! Oh, hap - py
days! A - las! they end - ed all too soon. In pleas - ant ways, Such
ff
rit.
ff
pleas - ant ways, We gai - ly spent our hon - ey - moon!

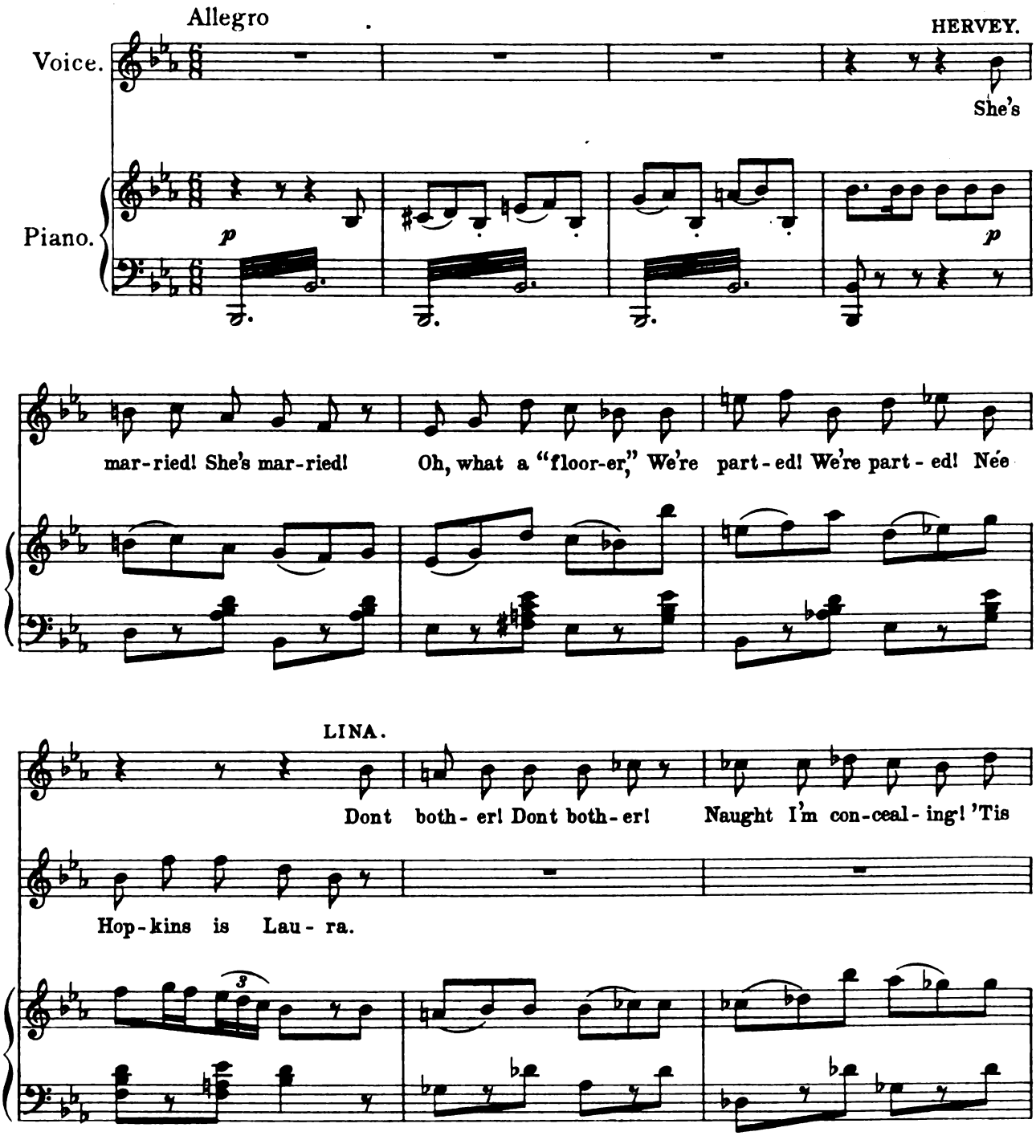
№8. Cupid's a Lad.

QUINTETTE.

Laura, Lina, Hervey, Skeffington and Trivet.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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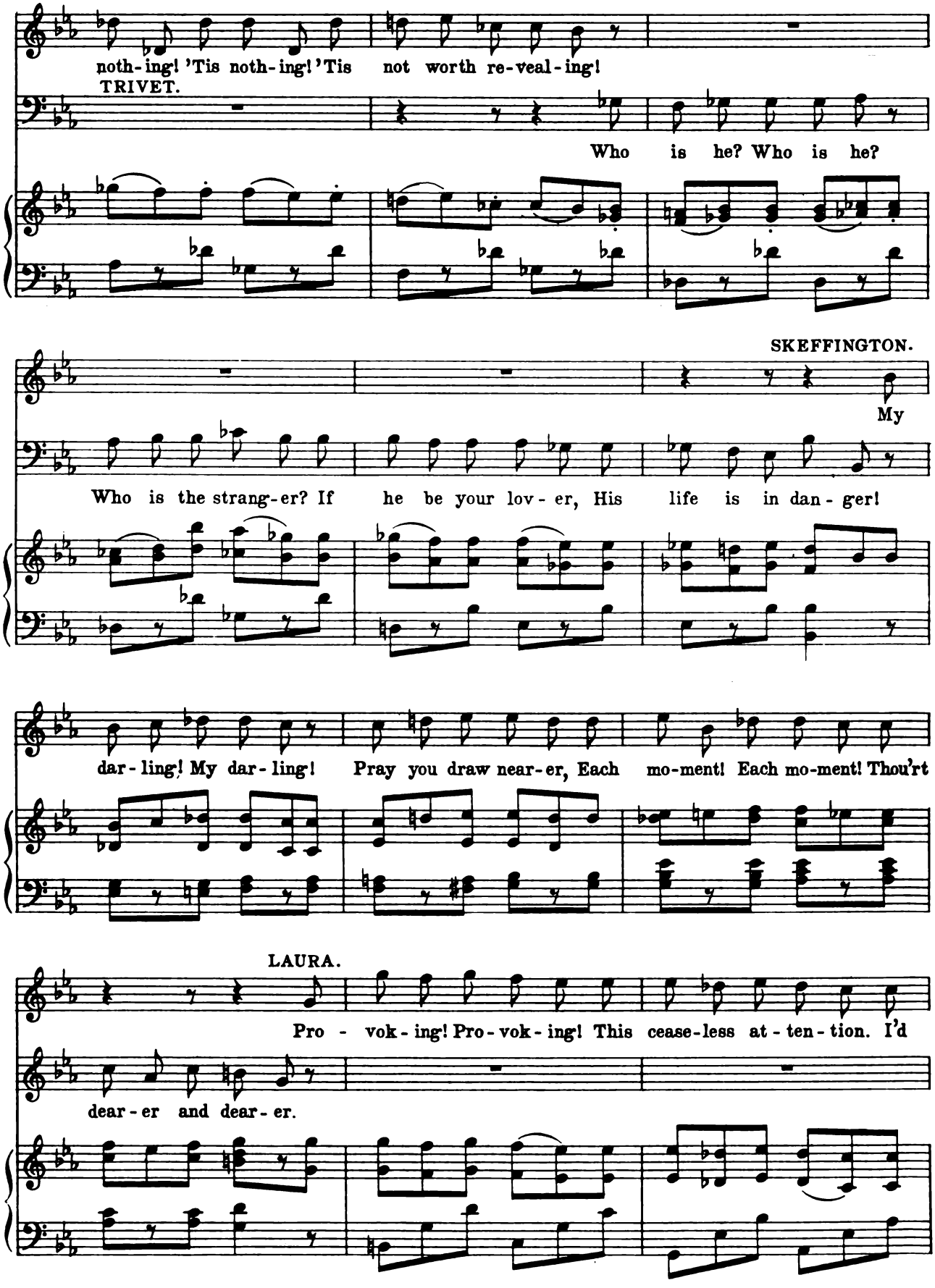
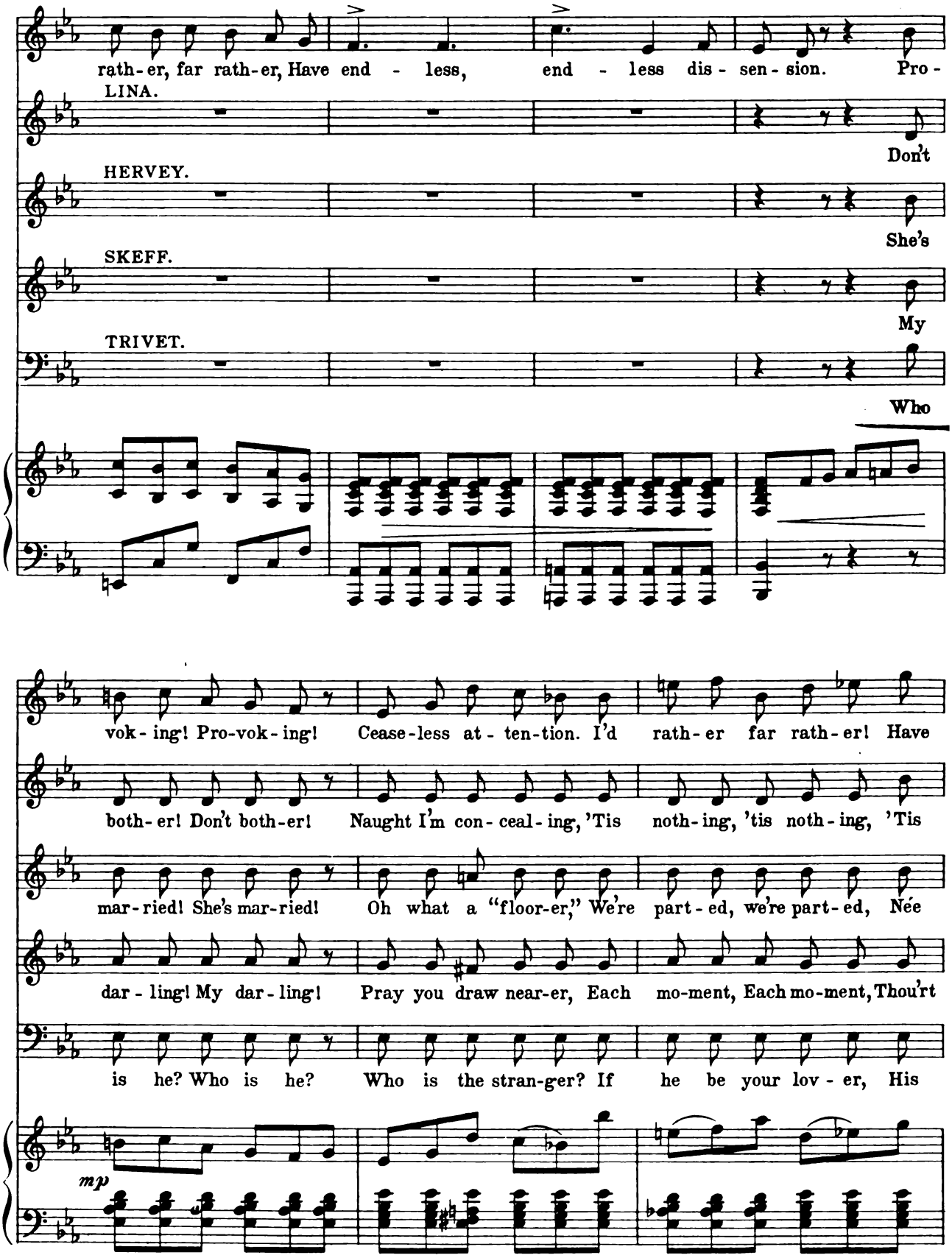
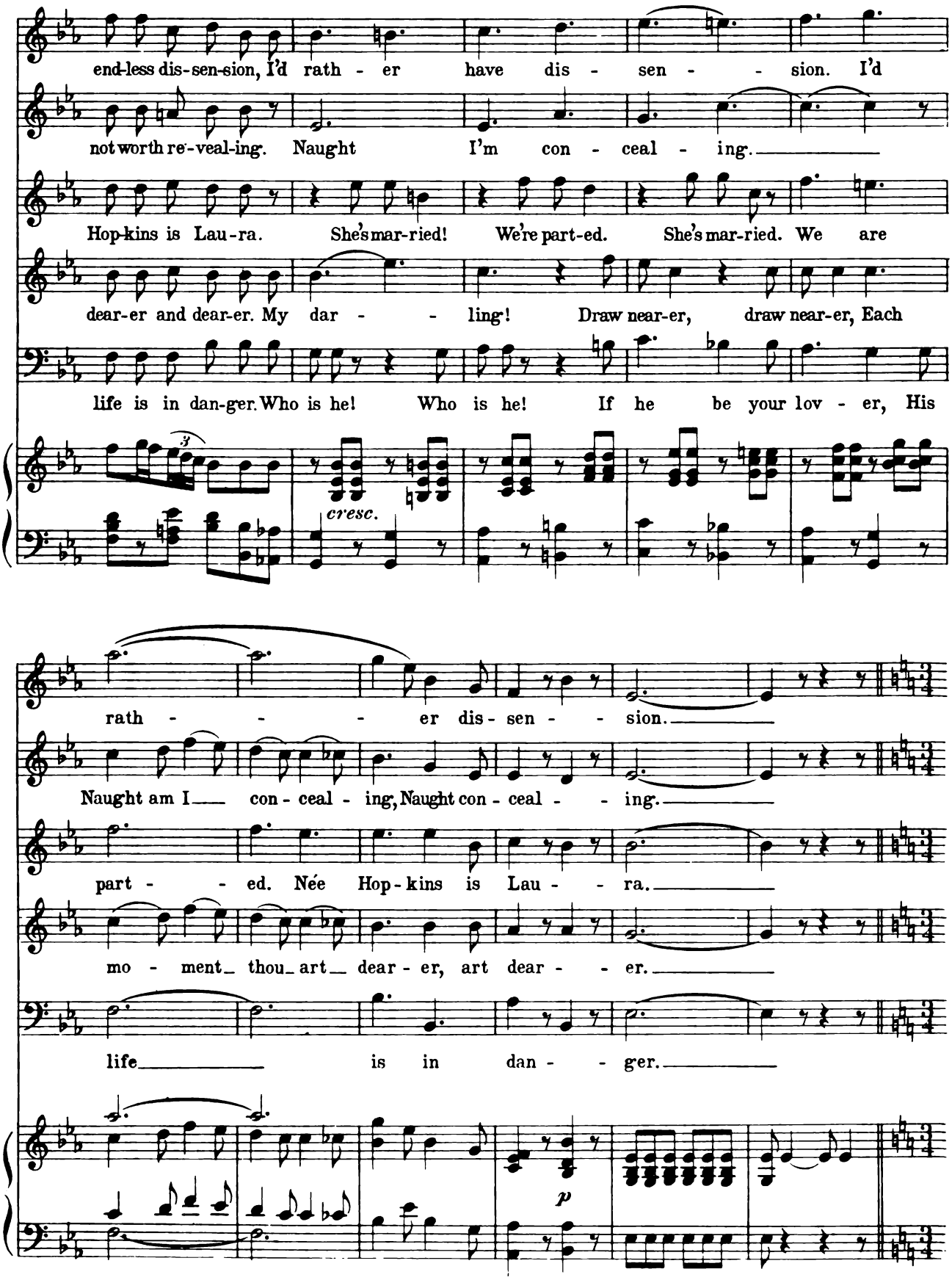
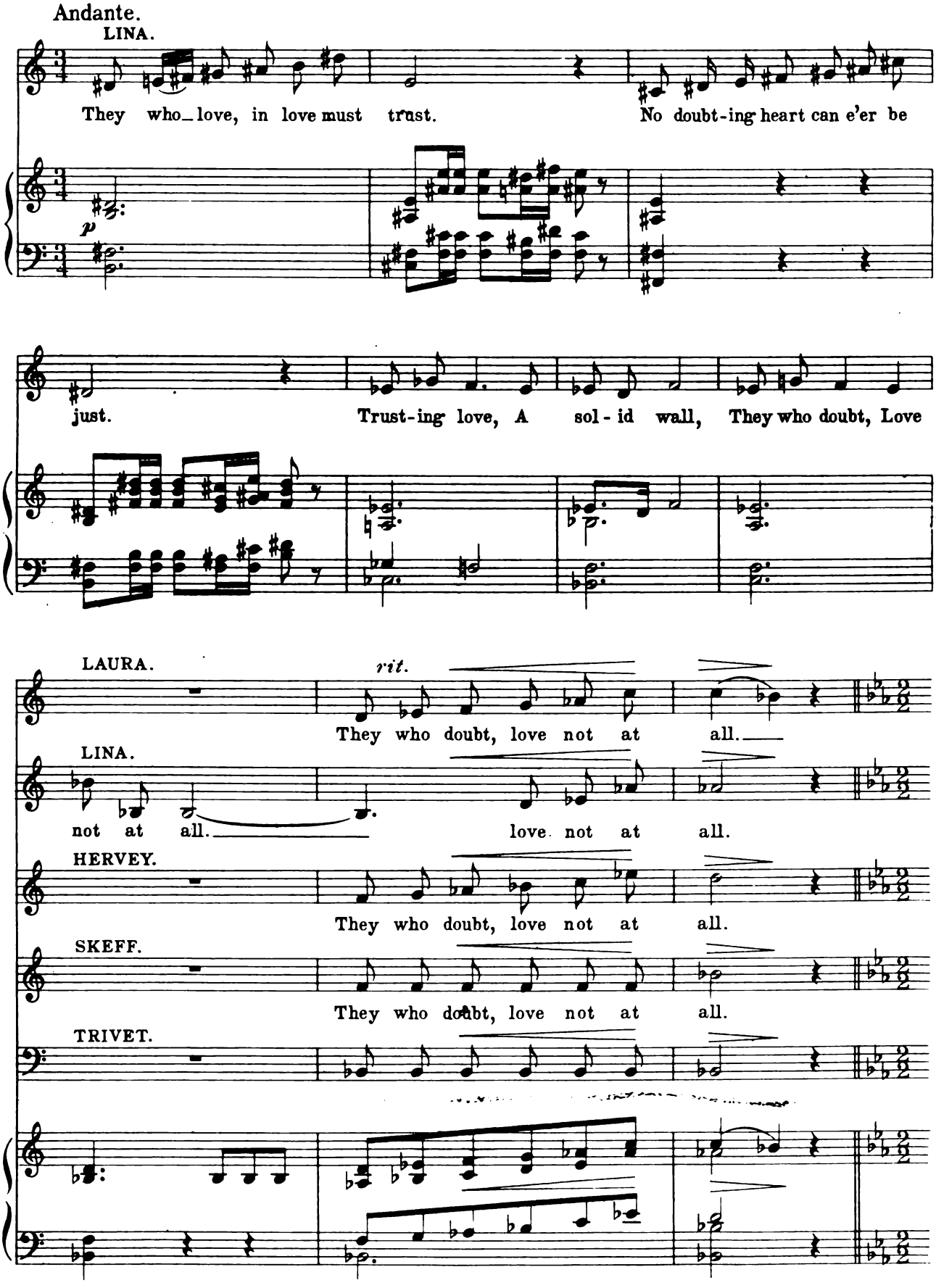
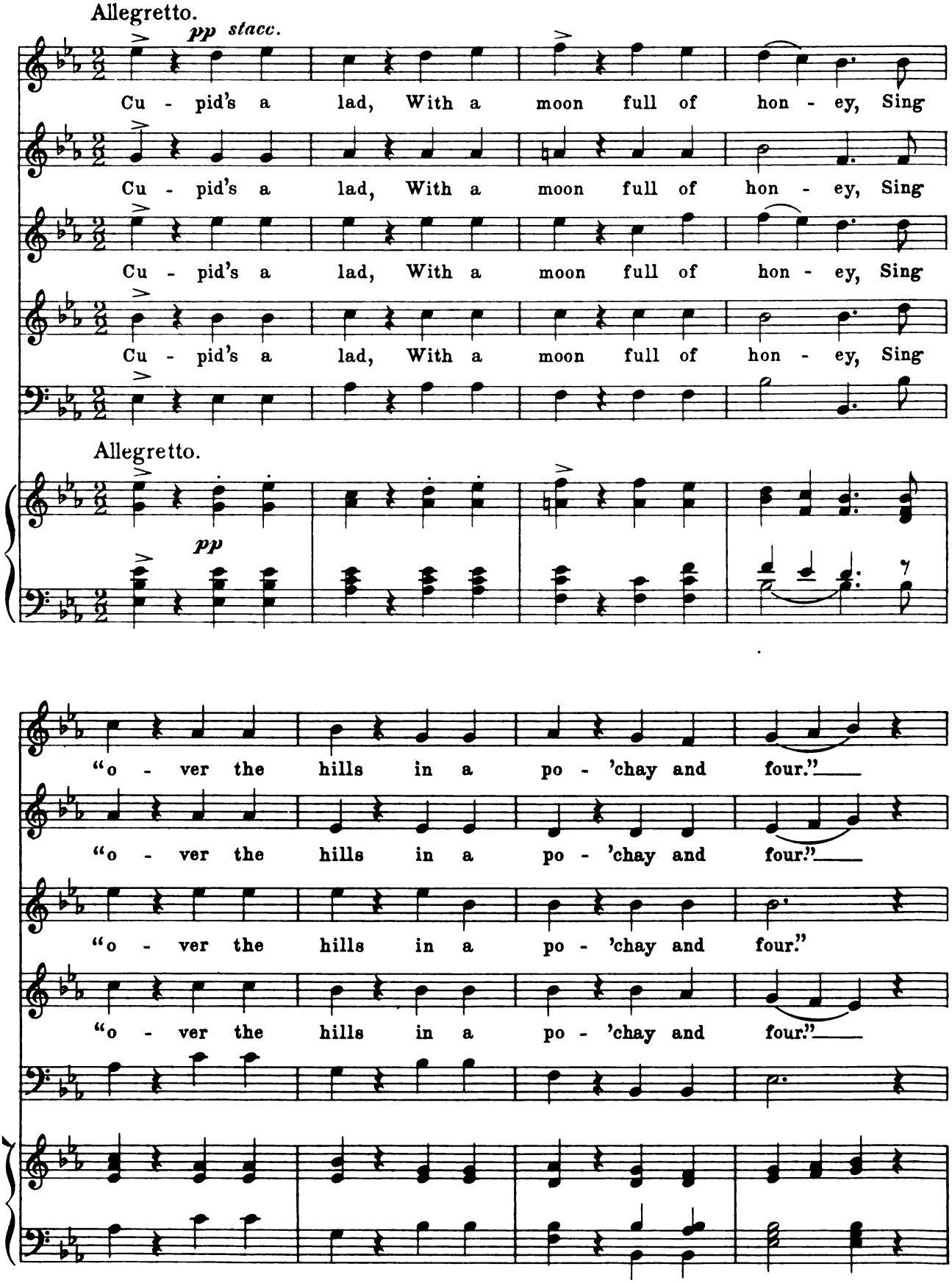
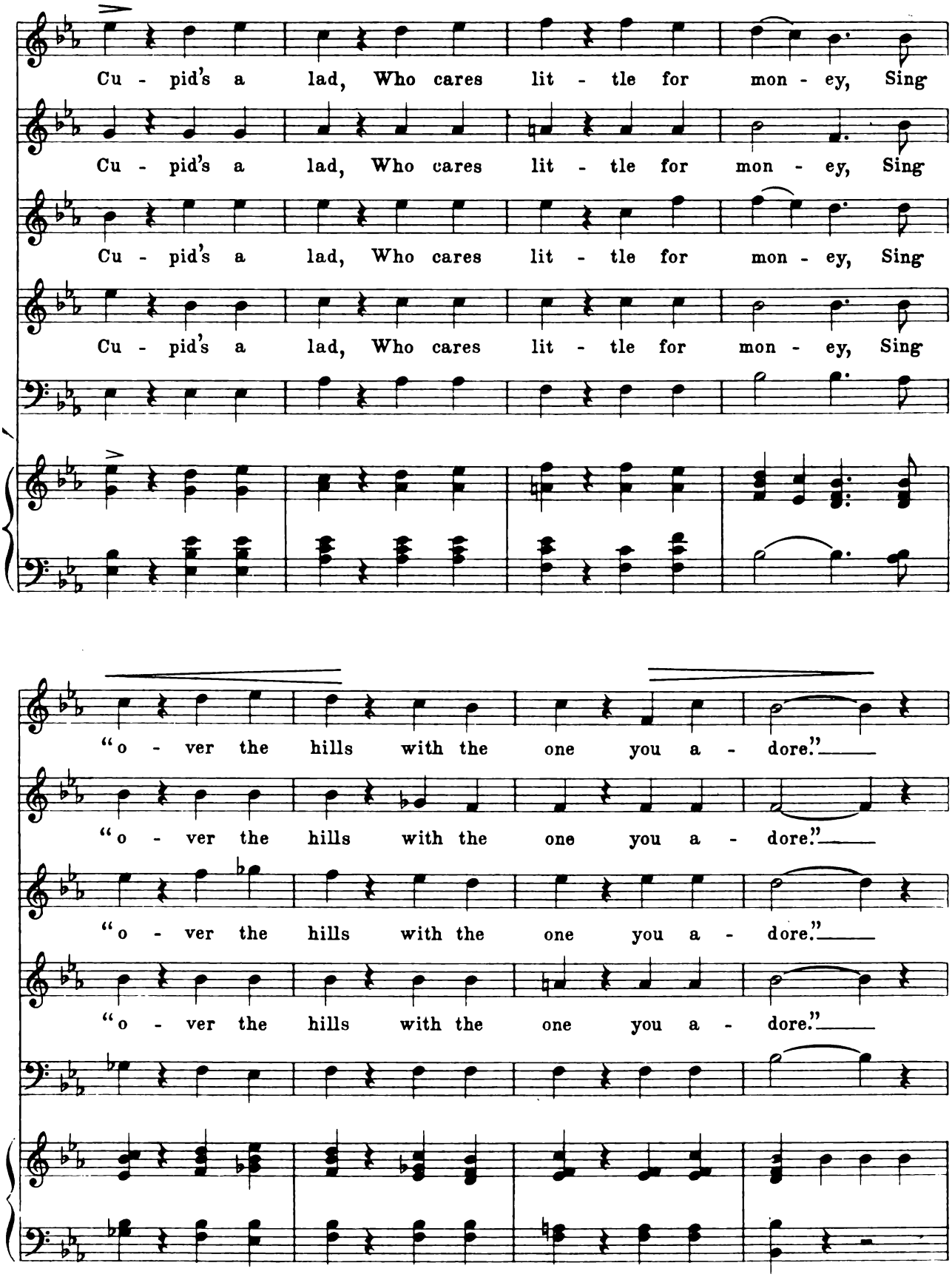

noth-ing! 'Tis noth-ing! 'Tis not worth re-veal-ing!
TRIVET.
Who is he? Who is he?
SKEFFINGTON.
My
Who is the strang-er? If he be your lov-er, His life is in dan-ger!
dar-ling! My dar-ling! Pray you draw near-er, Each mo-ment! Each mo-ment! Thou'rt
LAURA.
Pro-vok-ing! Pro-vok-ing! This cease-less at-ten-tion. I'd
dear-er and dear-er.

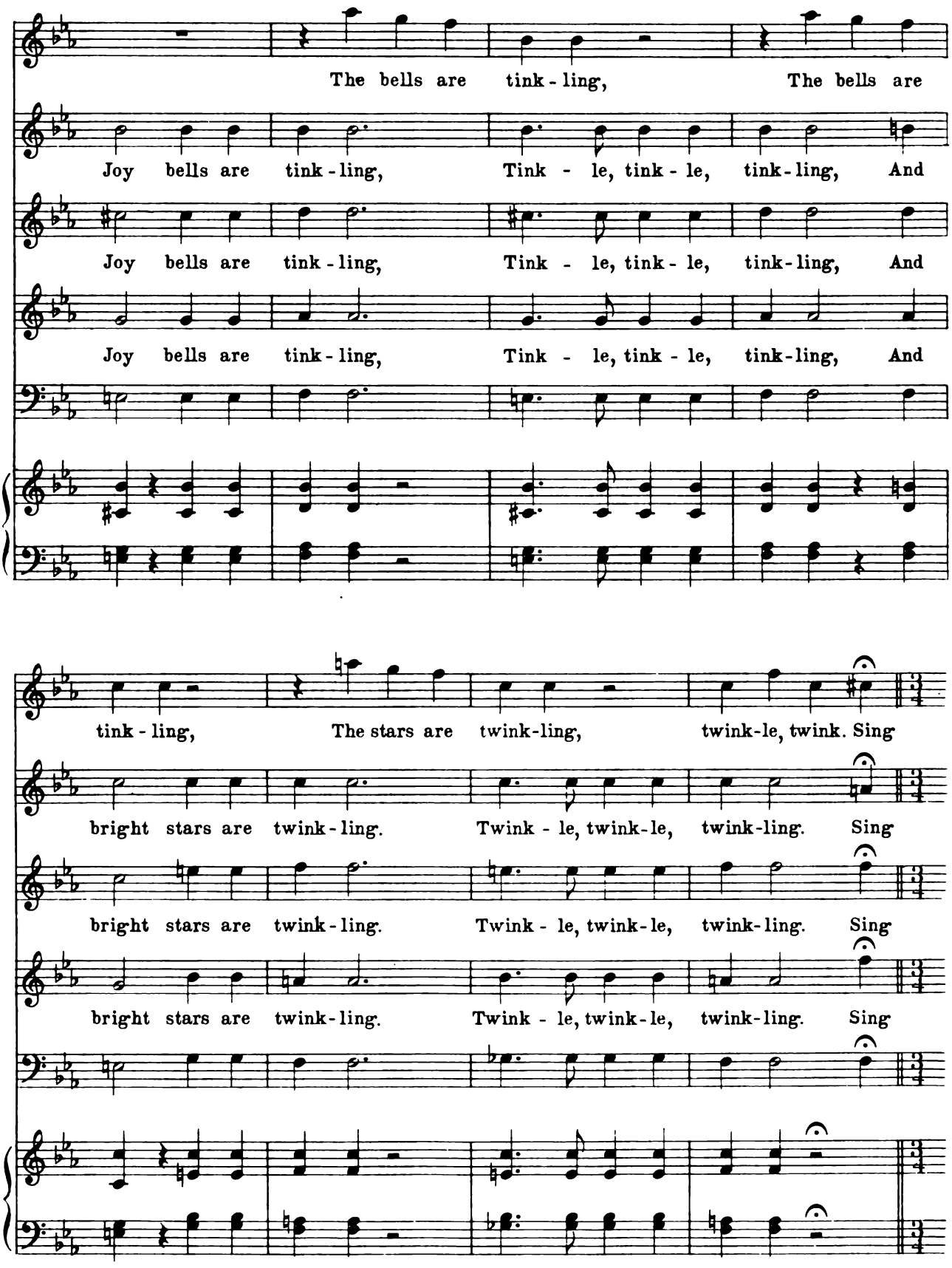

rath-er, far rath-er, Have end - less, end - less dis - sen - sion. Pro -
LINA.
Don't
HERVEY.
She's
SKEFF.
My
TRIVET.
Who
vok - ing! Pro-vok - ing! Cease-less at - ten-tion. I'd rath-er far rath-er! Have
both-er! Don't both-er! Naught I'm con - ceal - ing, 'Tis noth-ing, 'tis noth - ing, 'Tis
mar-ried! She's mar-ried! Oh what a "floor-er," We're part - ed, we're part - ed, Née
dar - ling! My dar - ling! Pray you draw near-er, Each mo-ment, Each mo-ment, Thou'rt
is he? Who is he? Who is the stran-ger? If he be your lov - er, His
mp

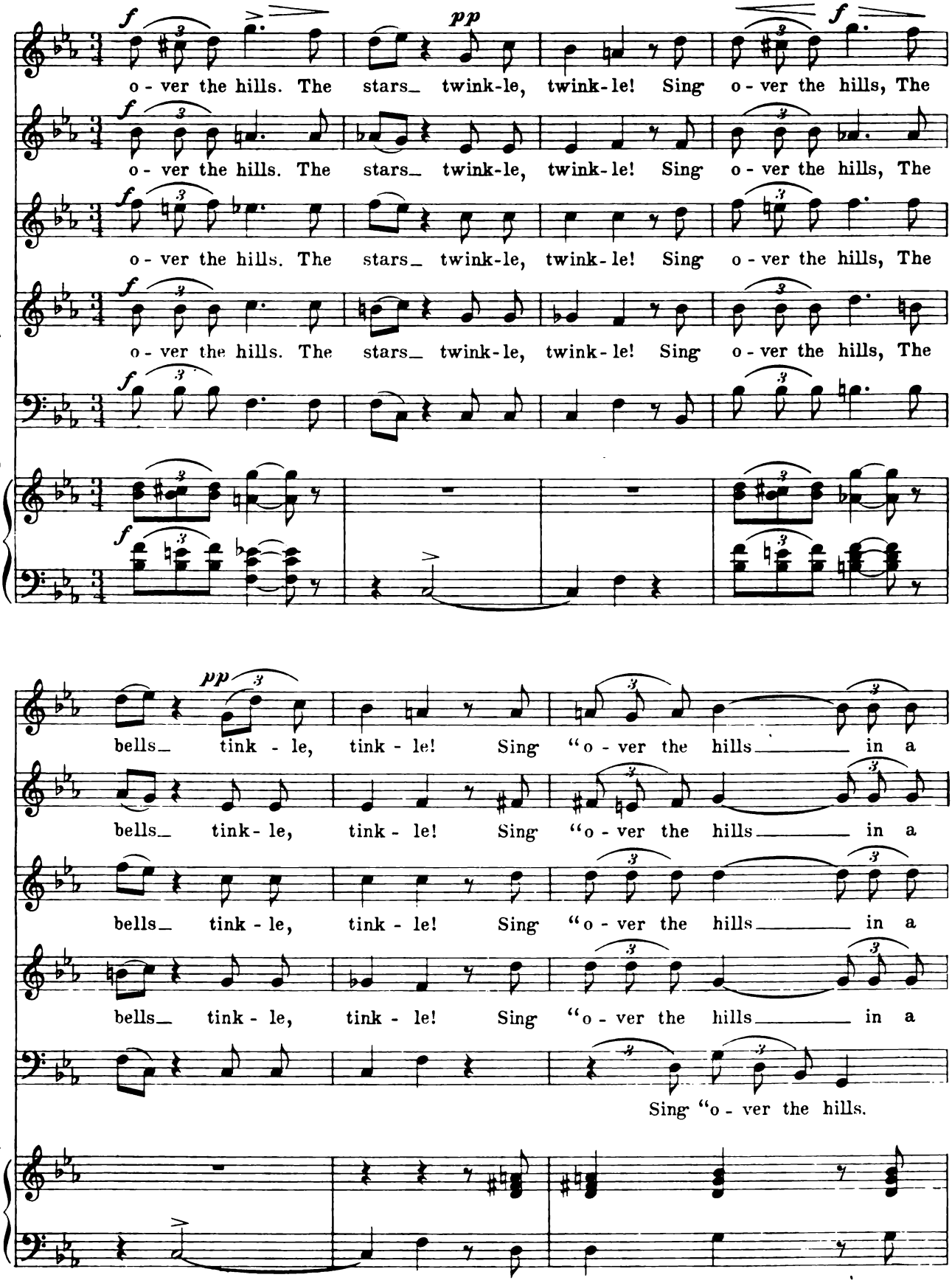

end-less dis-sen-sion, I'd rath - er have dis - sen - - sion. I'd
not worth re-veal-ing. Naught I'm con - ceal - ing.
Hop-kins is Lau-ra. She's mar-ried! We're part-ed. She's mar-ried. We are
dear-er and dear-er. My dar - - ling! Draw near-er, draw near-er, Each
life is in dan-ger. Who is he! Who is he! If he be your lov - er, His
cresc.
rath - - - er dis-sen - - sion.
Naught am I con - ceal - ing, Naught con - ceal - - ing.
part - - ed. Née Hop-kins is Lau - - ra.
mo - ment thou art dear - er, art dear - - er.
life is in dan - - ger.
p

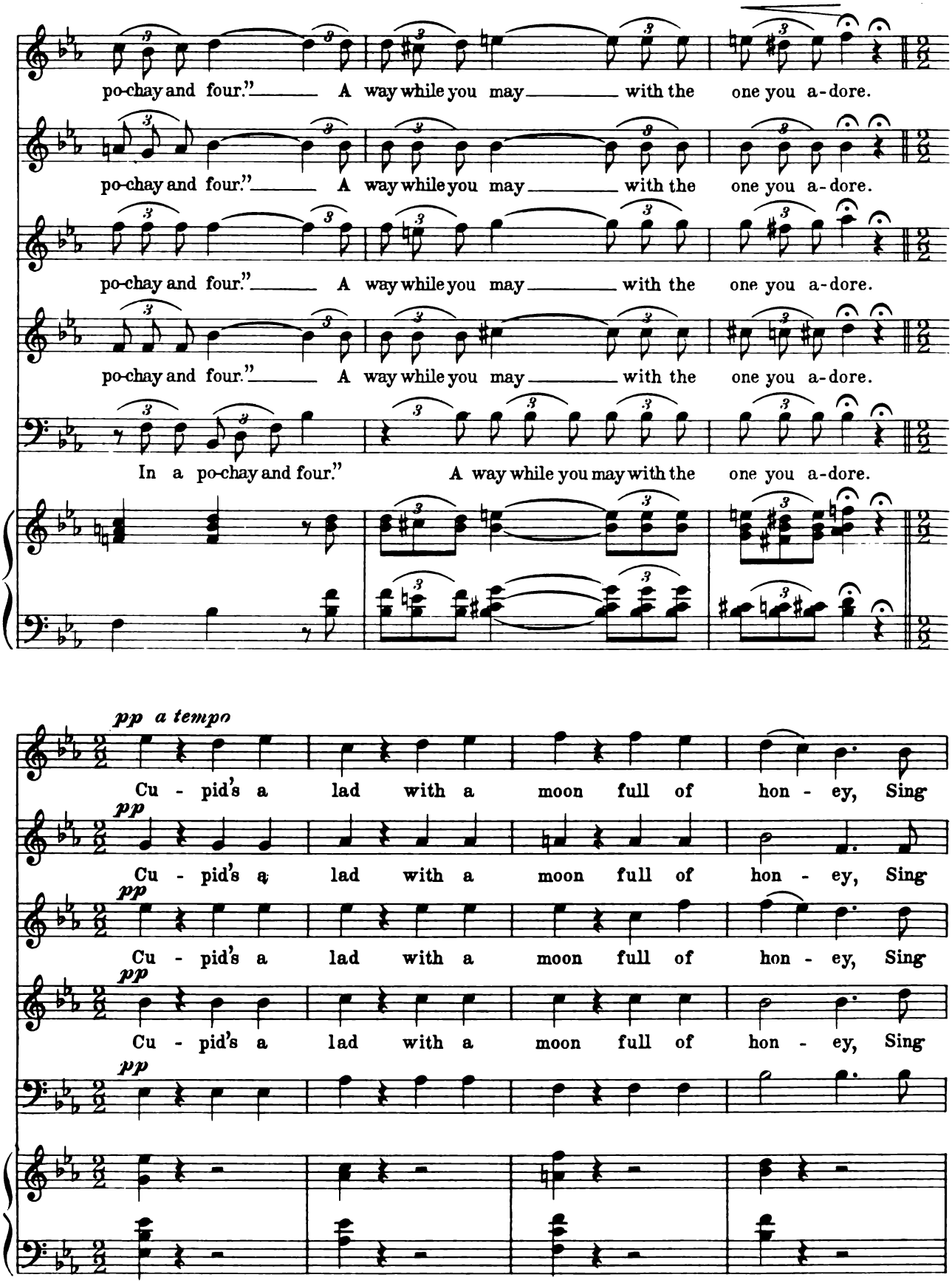

Andante.
LINA.
They who_love, in love must trust. No doubt-ing heart can e'er be
p
just. Trust-ing love, A sol-id wall, They who doubt, Love
LAURA.
rit.
They who doubt, love not at all.
LINA.
not at all. love not at all.
HERVEY.
They who doubt, love not at all.
SKEFF.
They who doubt, love not at all.
TRIVET.

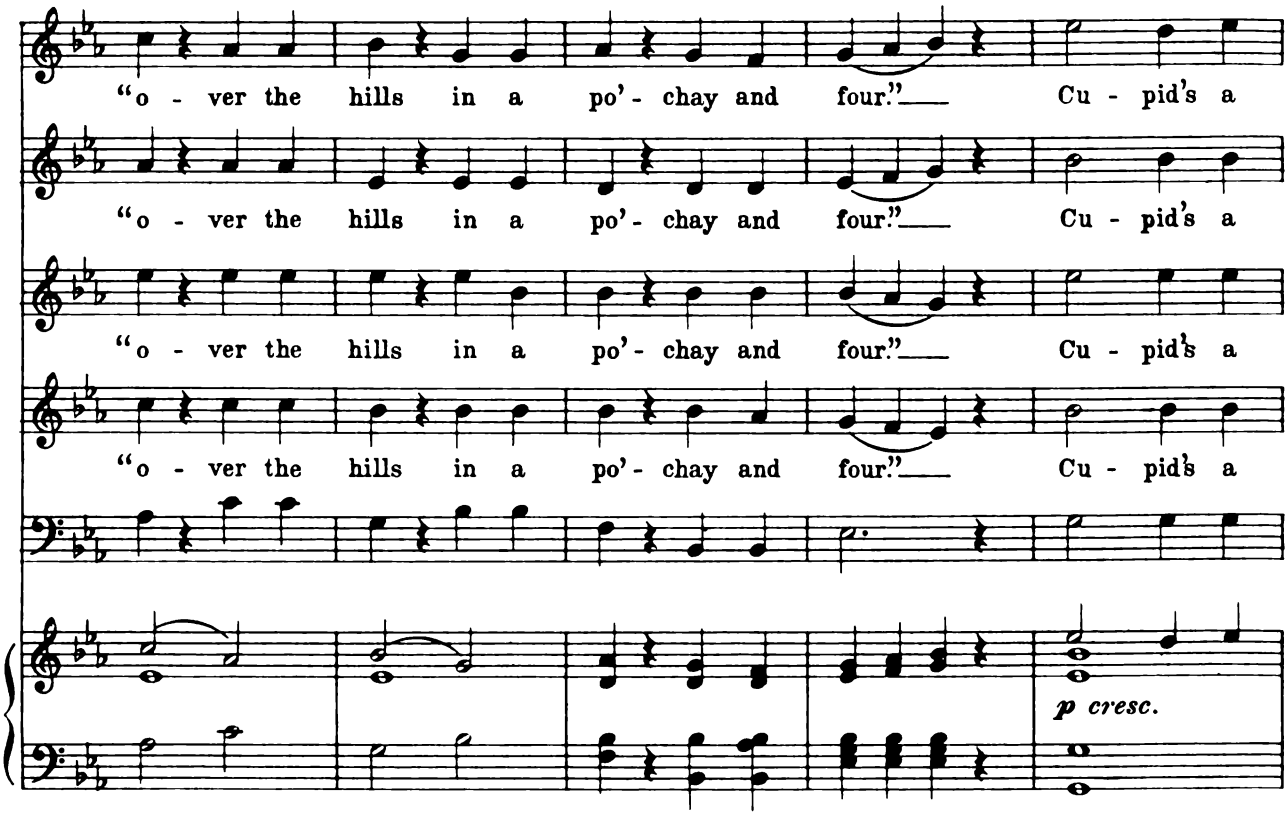

Allegretto.
pp stacc.
Cu - pid's a lad, With a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, With a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, With a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, With a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
Allegretto.
pp
"o - ver the hills in a po - 'chay and four."
"o - ver the hills in a po - 'chay and four."
"o - ver the hills in a po - 'chay and four"
"o - ver the hills in a po - 'chay and four."

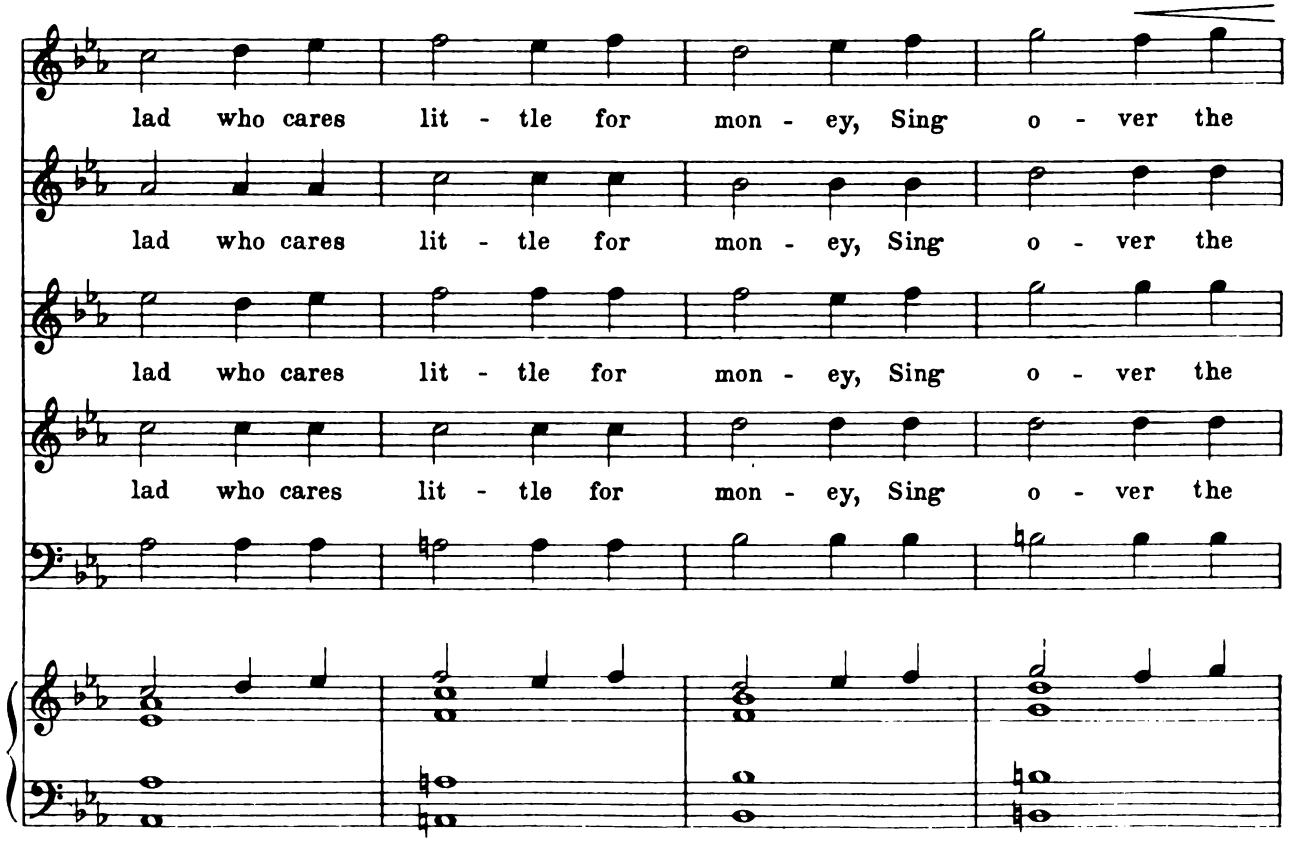

Cu - pid's a lad, Who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, Who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, Who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing
Cu - pid's a lad, Who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing
"o - ver the hills with the one you a - dore."
"o - ver the hills with the one you a - dore."
"o - ver the hills with the one you a - dore."
"o - ver the hills with the one you a - dore."

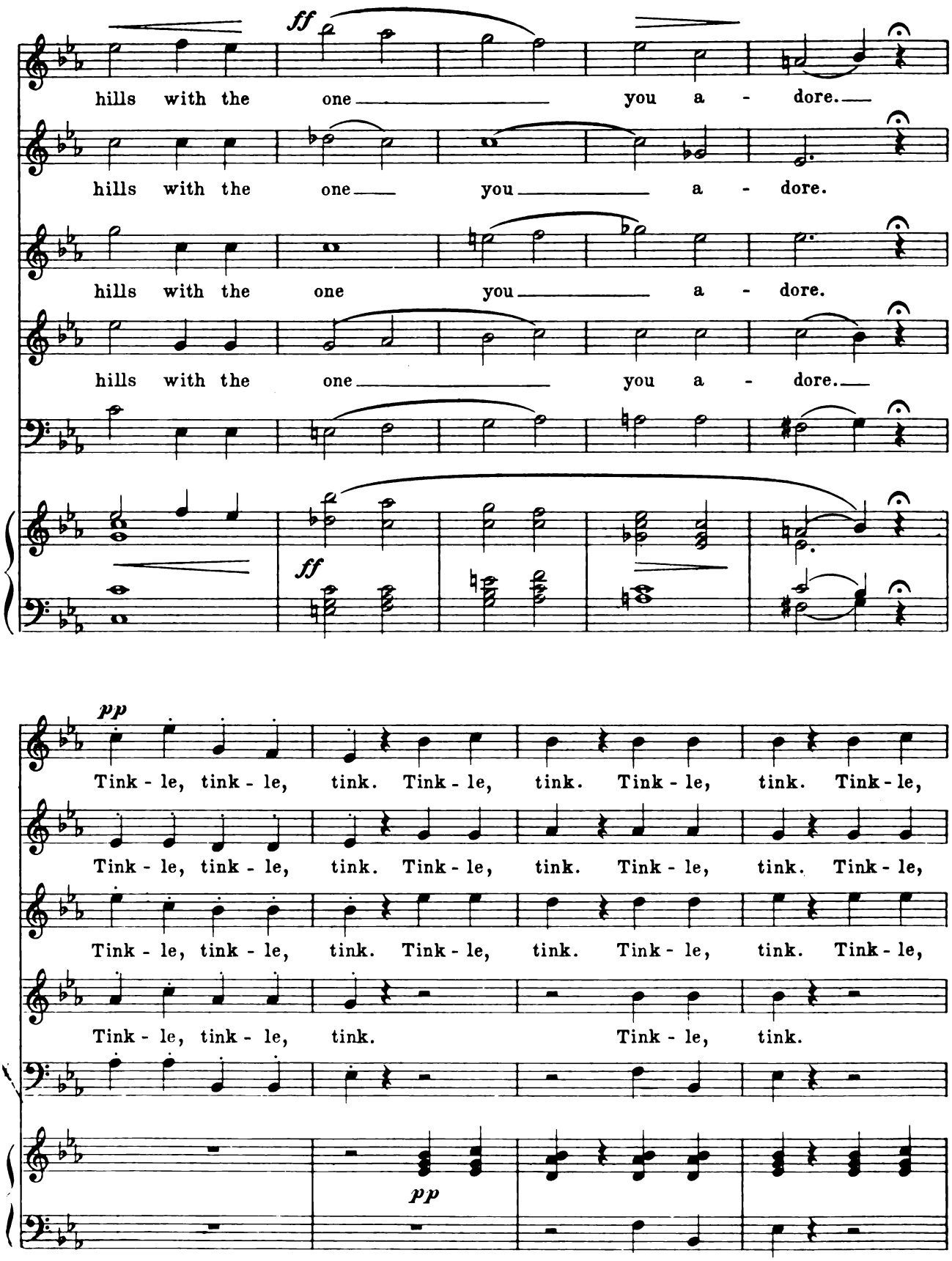

The bells are tink - ling, The bells are
Joy bells are tink - ling, Tink - le, tink - le, tink - ling, And
Joy bells are tink - ling, Tink - le, tink - le, tink - ling, And
Joy bells are tink - ling, Tink - le, tink - le, tink - ling, And
tink - ling, The stars are twink - ling, twink - le, twink. Sing
bright stars are twink - ling. Twink - le, twink - le, twink - ling. Sing
bright stars are twink - ling. Twink - le, twink - le, twink - ling. Sing
bright stars are twink - ling. Twink - le, twink - le, twink - ling. Sing

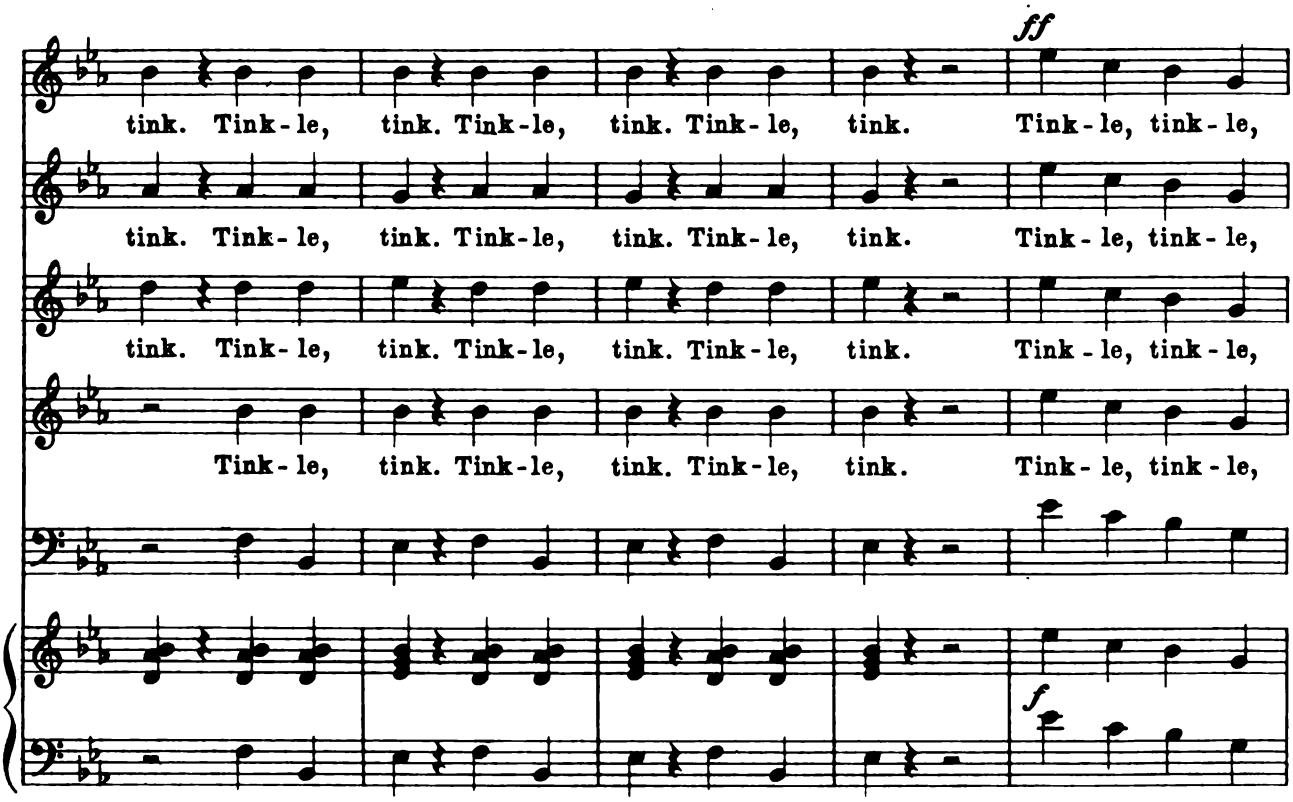

o - ver the hills. The stars_ twink-le, twink-le! Sing o - ver the hills, The
o - ver the hills. The stars_ twink-le, twink-le! Sing o - ver the hills, The
o - ver the hills. The stars_ twink-le, twink-le! Sing o - ver the hills, The
o - ver the hills. The stars_ twink-le, twink-le! Sing o - ver the hills, The
bells_ tink - le, tink - le! Sing "o - ver the hills_____ in a
bells_ tink - le, tink - le! Sing "o - ver the hills_____ in a
bells_ tink - le, tink - le! Sing "o - ver the hills_____ in a
bells_ tink - le, tink - le! Sing "o - ver the hills_____ in a
Sing "o - ver the hills.

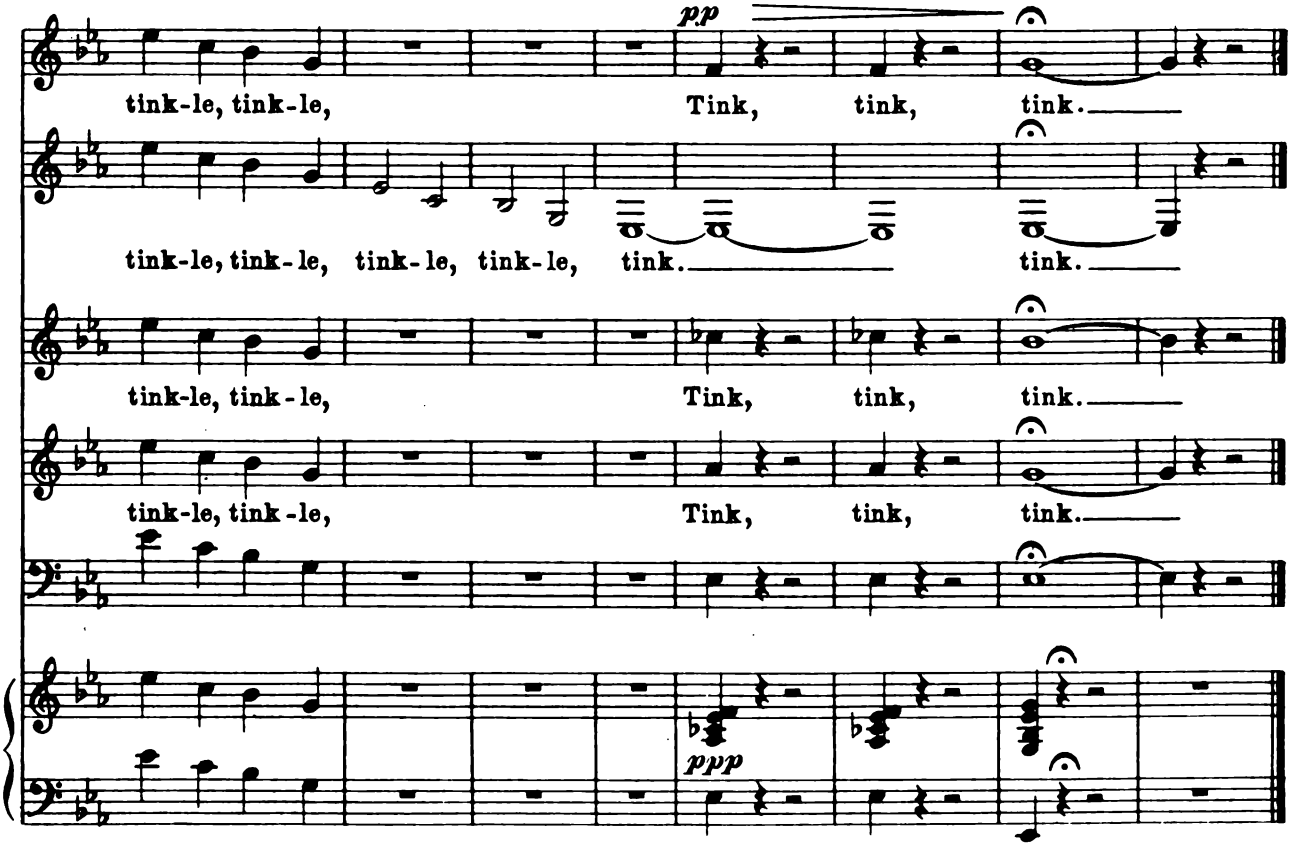

po-chay and four." A way while you may with the one you a-dore.
po-chay and four." A way while you may with the one you a-dore.
po-chay and four." A way while you may with the one you a-dore.
po-chay and four." A way while you may with the one you a-dore.
In a po-chay and four." A way while you may with the one you a-dore.
pp a tempo
Cu - pid's a lad with a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
pp
Cu - pid's a lad with a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
pp
Cu - pid's a lad with a moon full of hon - ey, Sing
pp
Cu - pid's a lad with a moon full of hon - ey, Sing


"o - ver the hills in a po'- chay and four."— Cu - pid's a
"o - ver the hills in a po'- chay and four."— Cu - pid's a
"o - ver the hills in a po'- chay and four."— Cu - pid's a
"o - ver the hills in a po'- chay and four."— Cu - pid's a
p cresc.


lad who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing o - ver the
lad who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing o - ver the
lad who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing o - ver the
lad who cares lit - tle for mon - ey, Sing o - ver the


ff
hills with the one you a - dore.
hills with the one you a - dore.
hills with the one you a - dore.
hills with the one you a - dore.
ff
pp
Tink - le, tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le,
Tink - le, tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le,
Tink - le, tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink. Tink - le,
Tink - le, tink - le, tink. Tink - le, tink.
pp


ff
tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink-le,
tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink-le,
tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink-le,
Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink. Tink-le, tink-le,
f

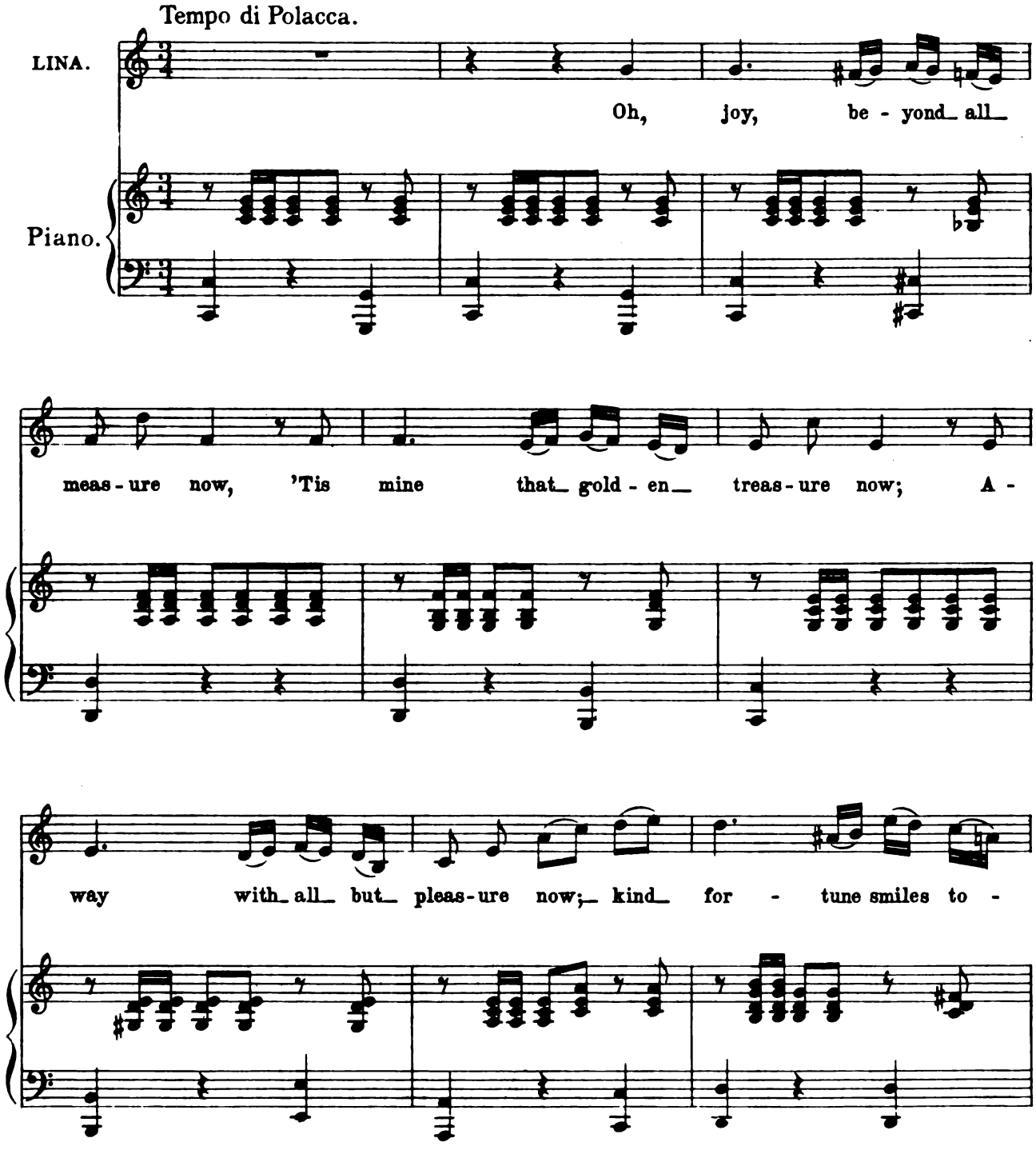

pp
tink-le, tink-le, Tink, tink, tink.
tink-le, tink-le, tink-le, tink-le, tink. tink.
tink-le, tink-le, Tink, tink, tink.
tink-le, tink-le, Tink, tink, tink.
ppp

No 9. Kind Fortune Smiles To-day.

Lina.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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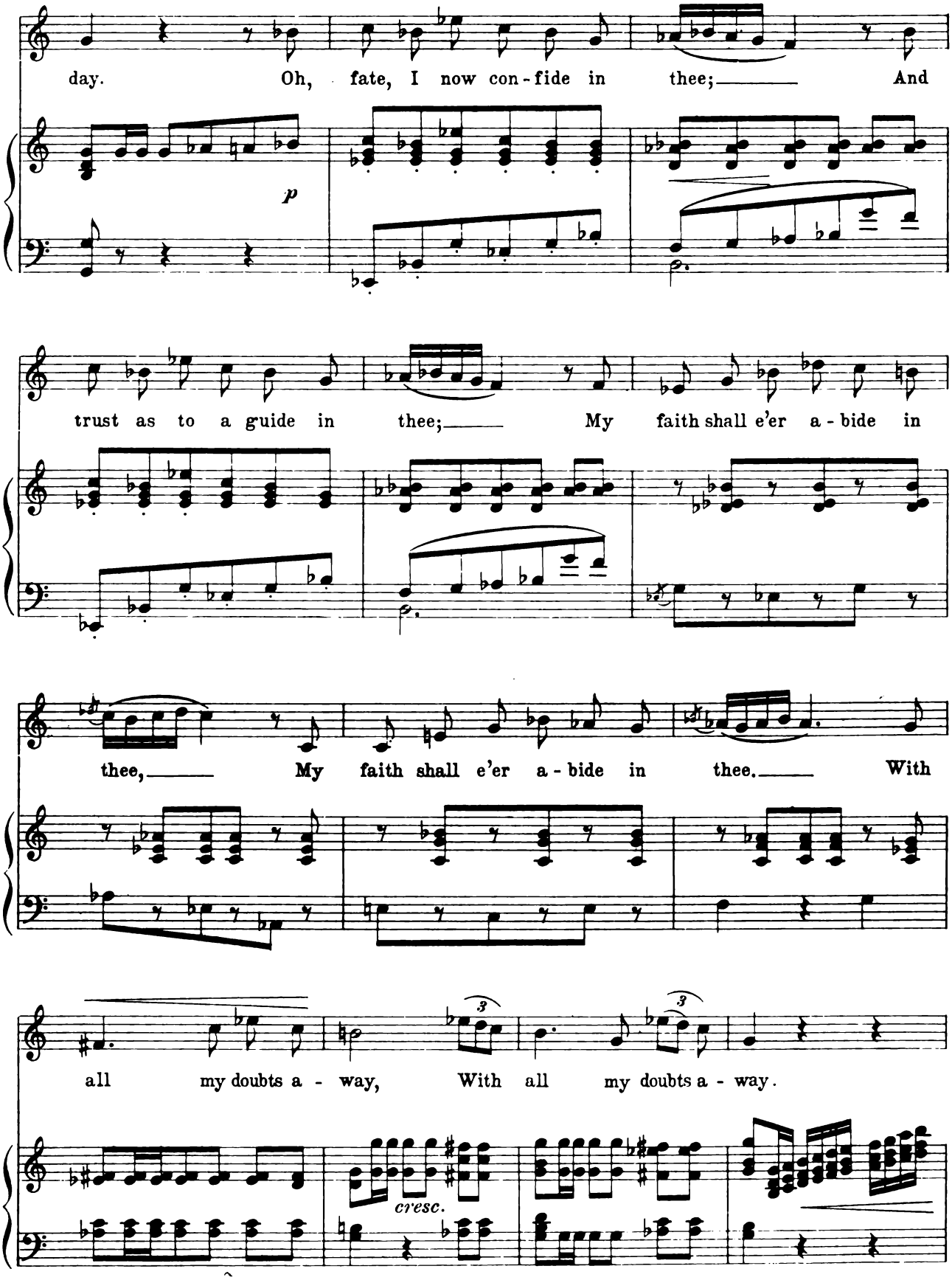
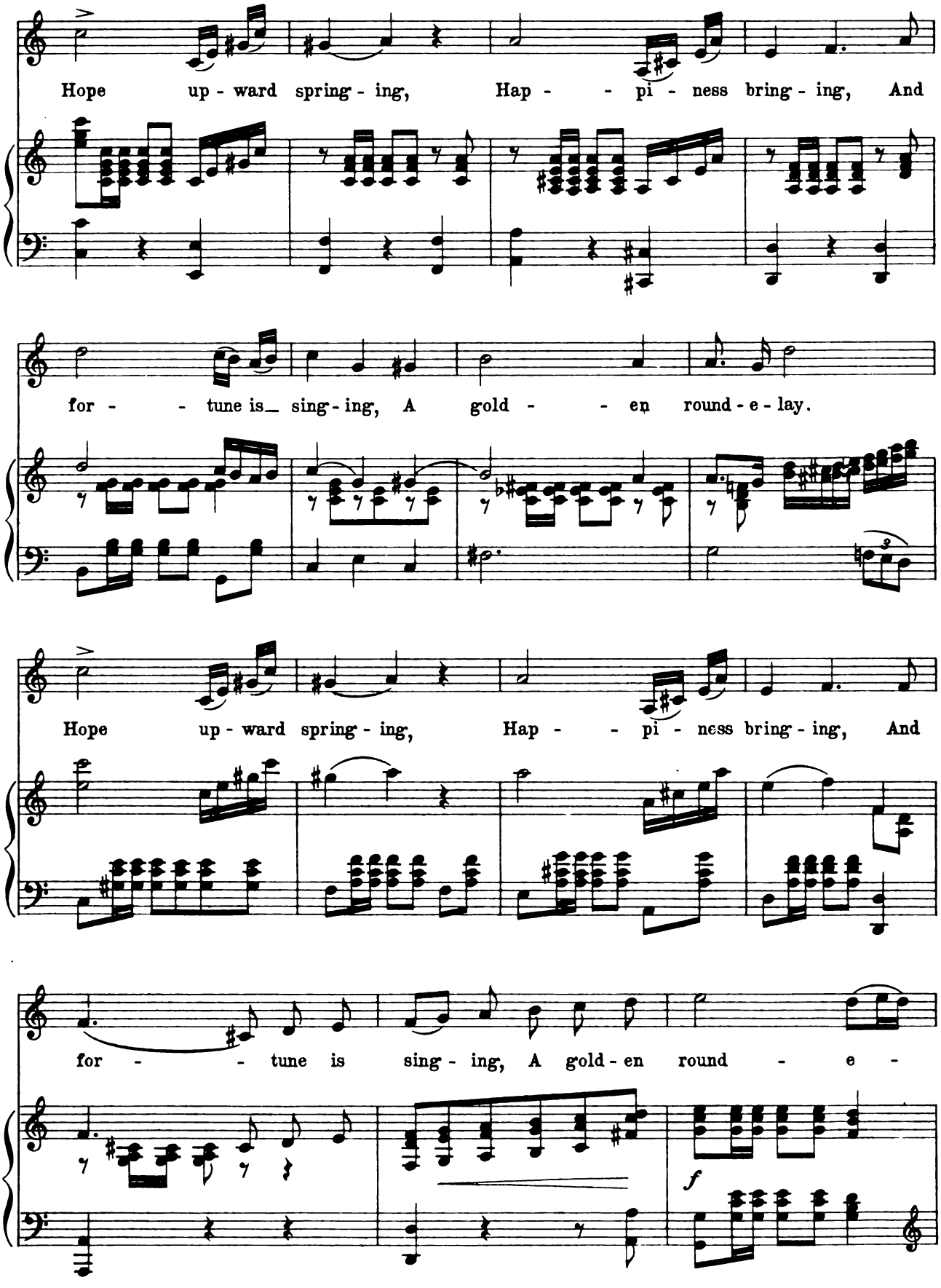
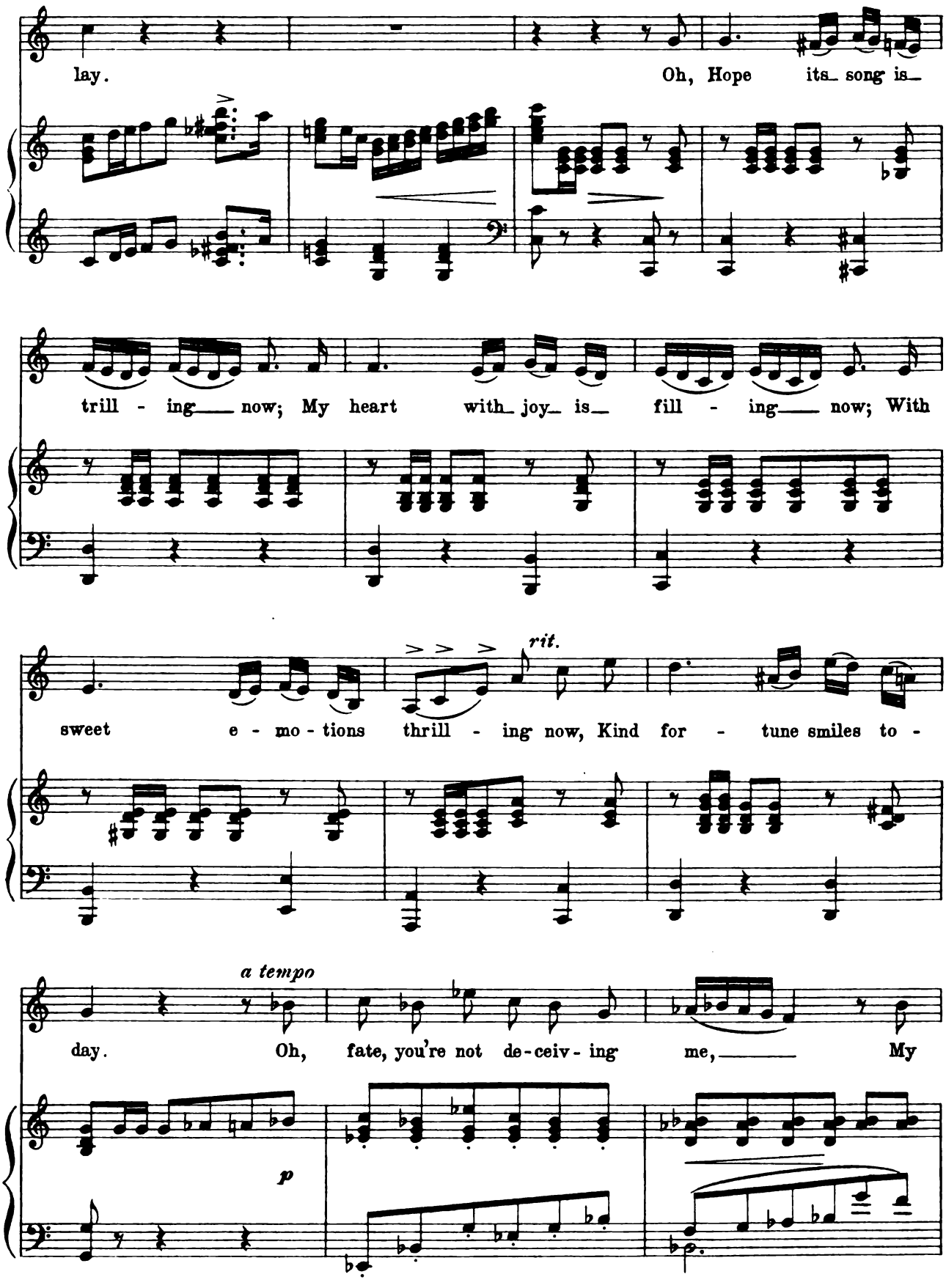
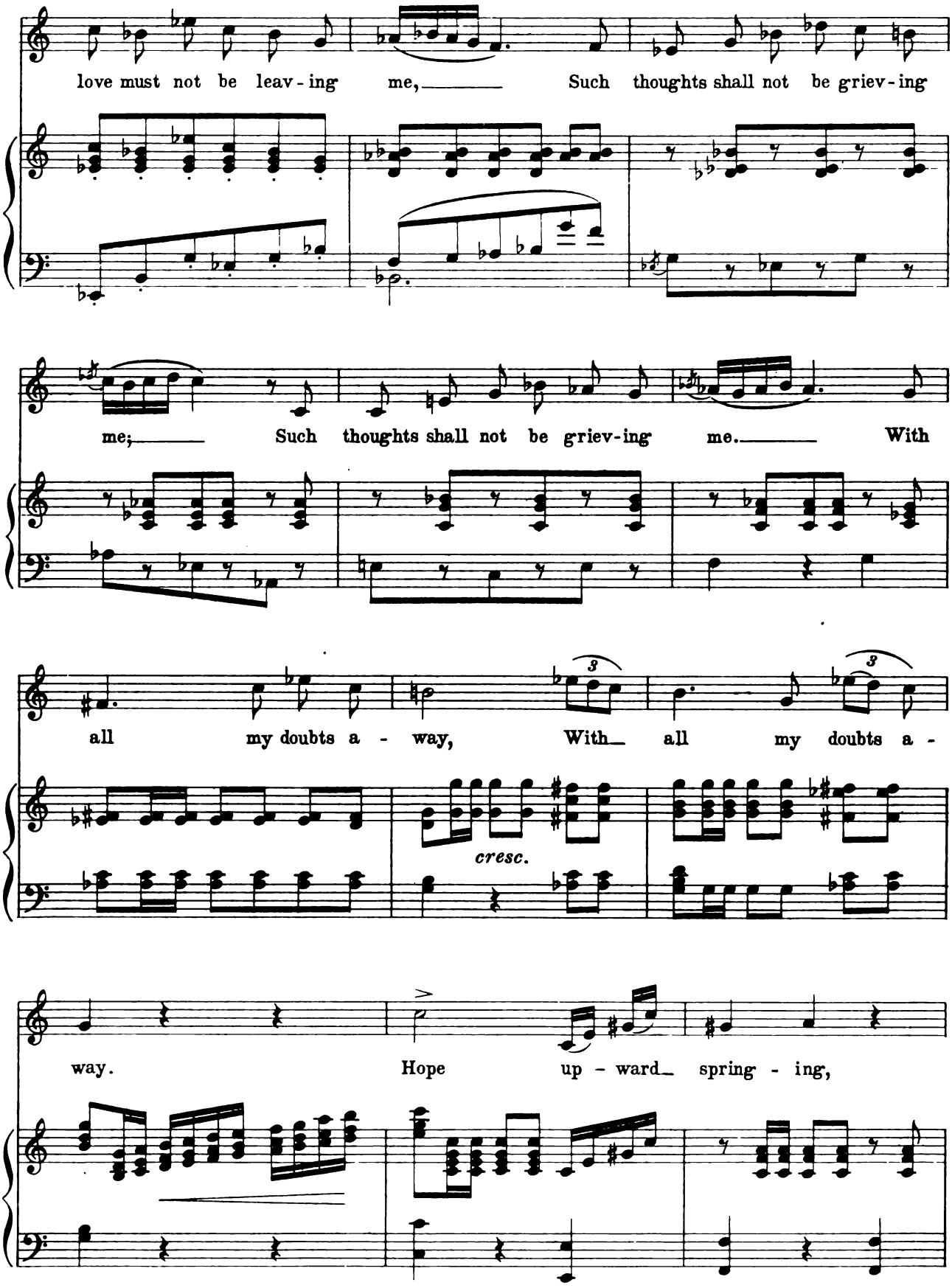
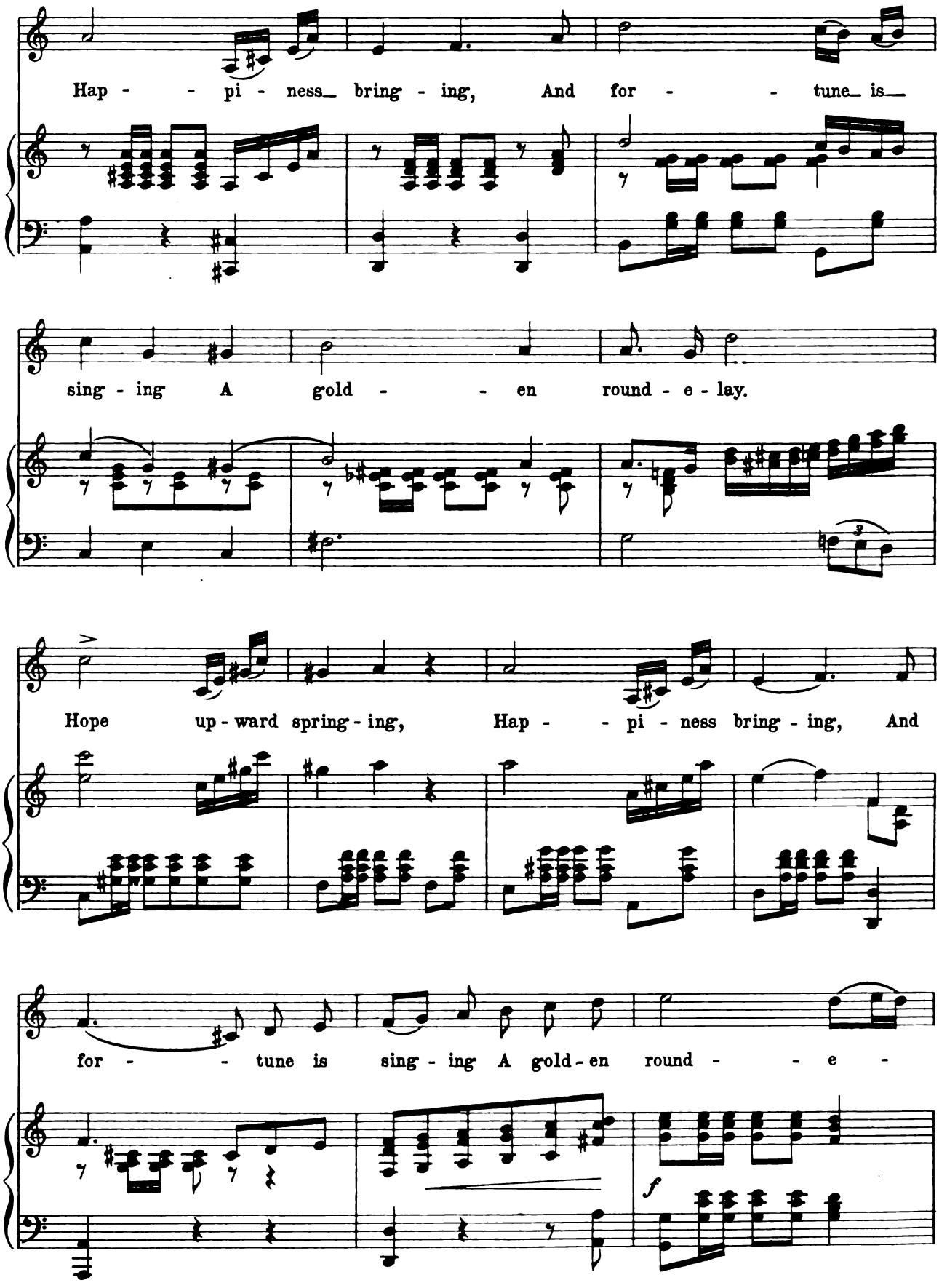
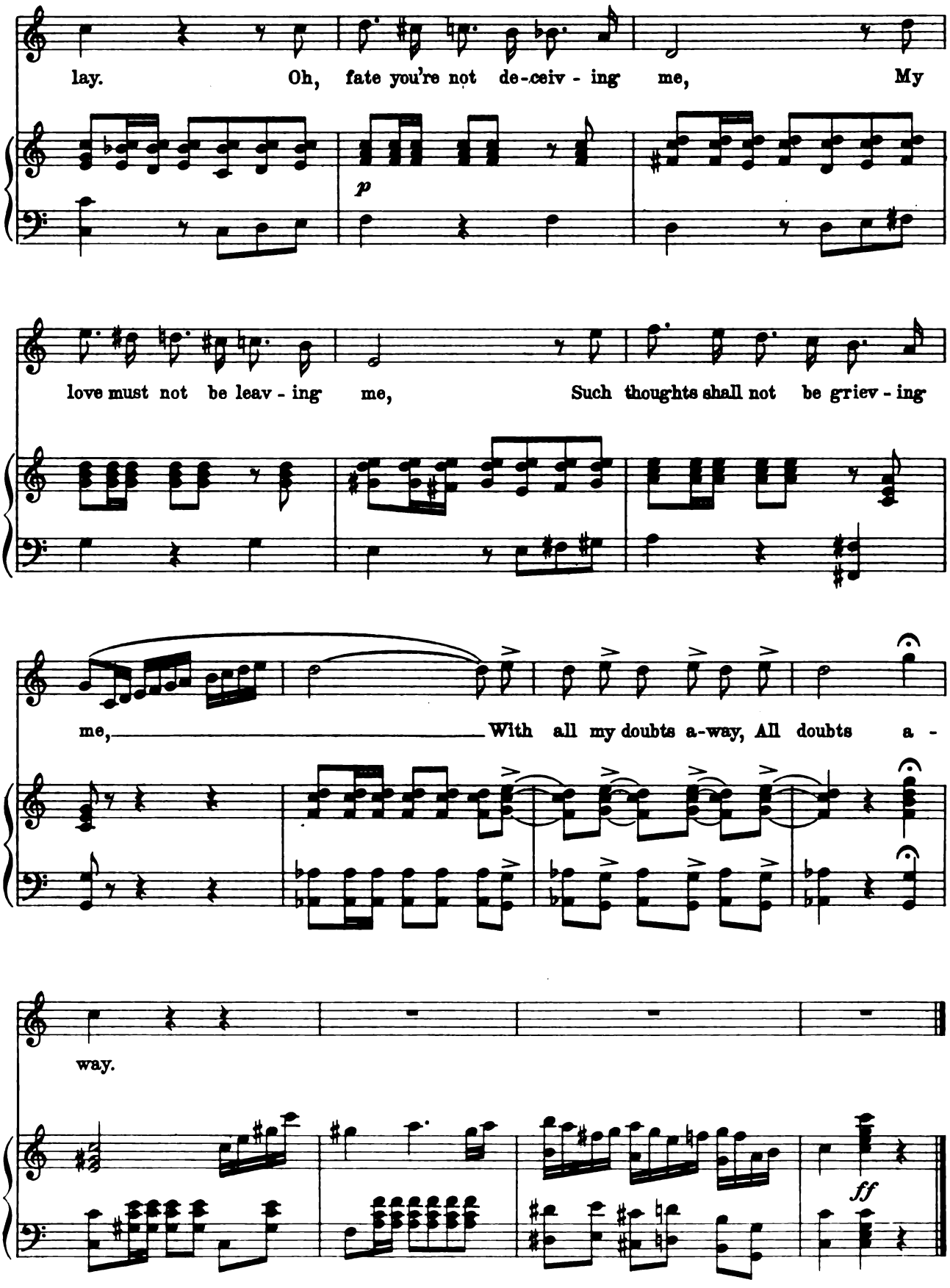

day. Oh, fate, I now con-fide in thee; And
p
trust as to a guide in thee; My faith shall e'er a-bide in
thee, My faith shall e'er a-bide in thee. With
all my doubts a-way, With all my doubts a-way.
cresc.


Hope up - ward spring - ing, Hap - - pi - ness bring - ing, And
for - - tune is sing - ing, A gold - - en round - e - lay.
Hope up - ward spring - ing, Hap - - pi - ness bring - ing, And
for - - tune is sing - ing, A gold - en round - e -
f


lay.
Oh, Hope its song is
trill - ing now; My heart with joy is fill - ing now; With
rit.
sweet e - mo - tions thrill - ing now, Kind for - tune smiles to -
a tempo
day.
Oh, fate, you're not de-ceiv - ing me, My
p


love must not be leav - ing me, Such thoughts shall not be griev - ing
me; Such thoughts shall not be griev-ing me. With
all my doubts a - way, With all my doubts a -
cresc.
way. Hope up - ward spring - ing,


Hap - - pi - ness bring - ing, And for - - tune is
sing - ing A gold - - en round - e - lay.
Hope up - ward spring - ing, Hap - - pi - ness bring - ing, And
for - - tune is sing - ing A gold - en round - - e -
f

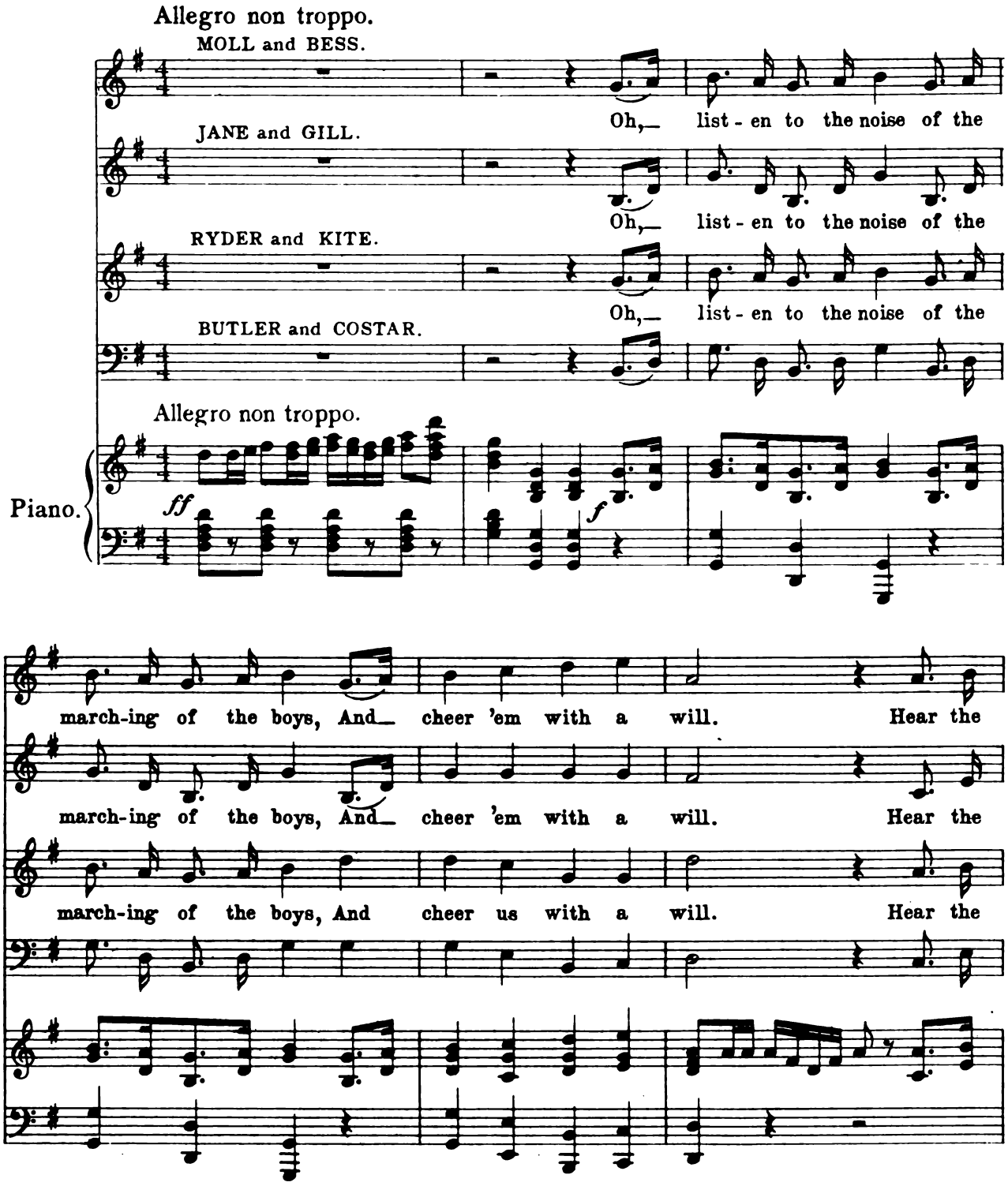

lay. Oh, fate you're not de-ceiv - ing me, My
p
love must not be leav - ing me, Such thoughts shall not be griev - ing
me, With all my doubts a-way, All doubts a -
way.
ff

No 10. Finale I.

Principals and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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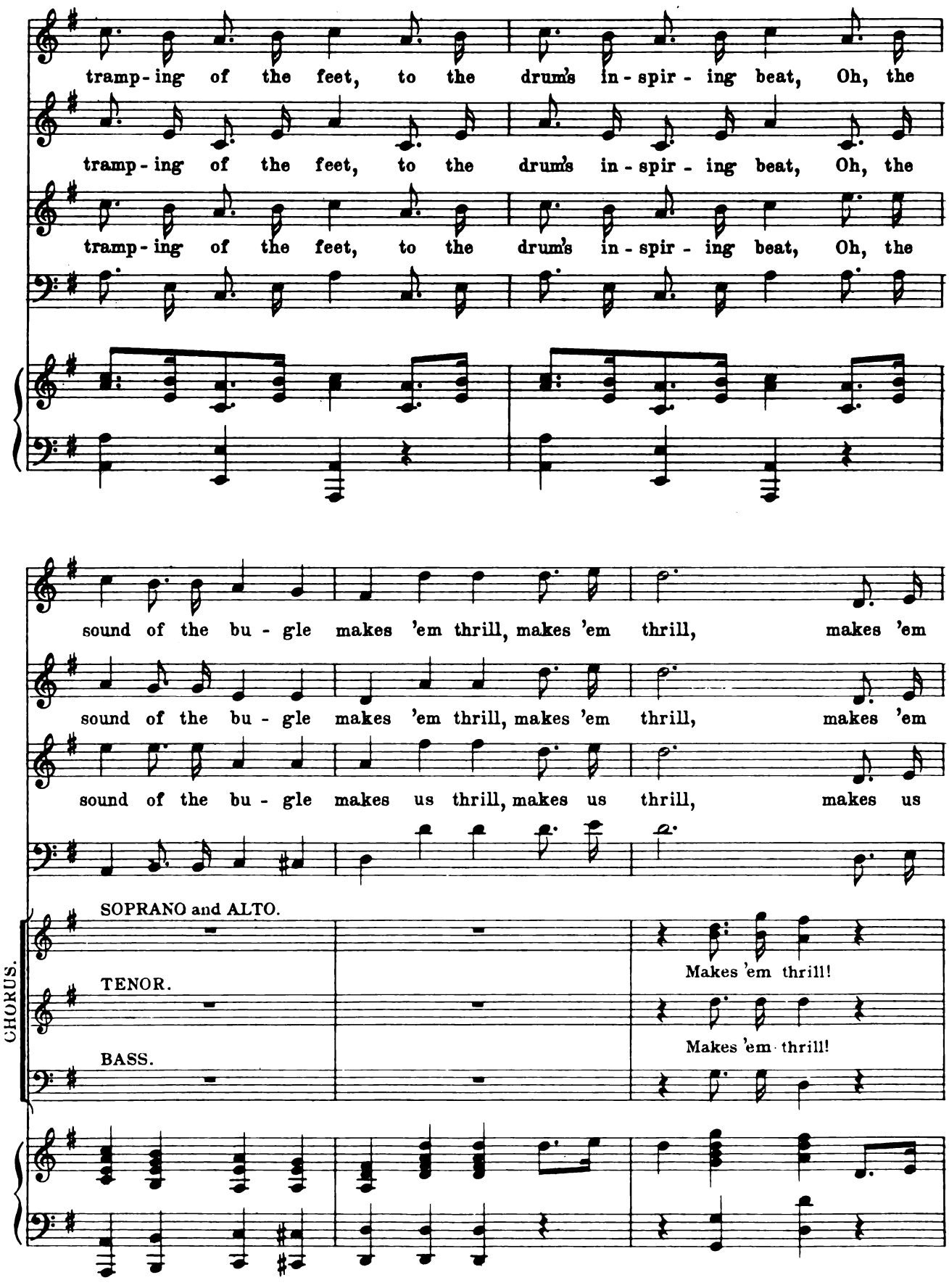
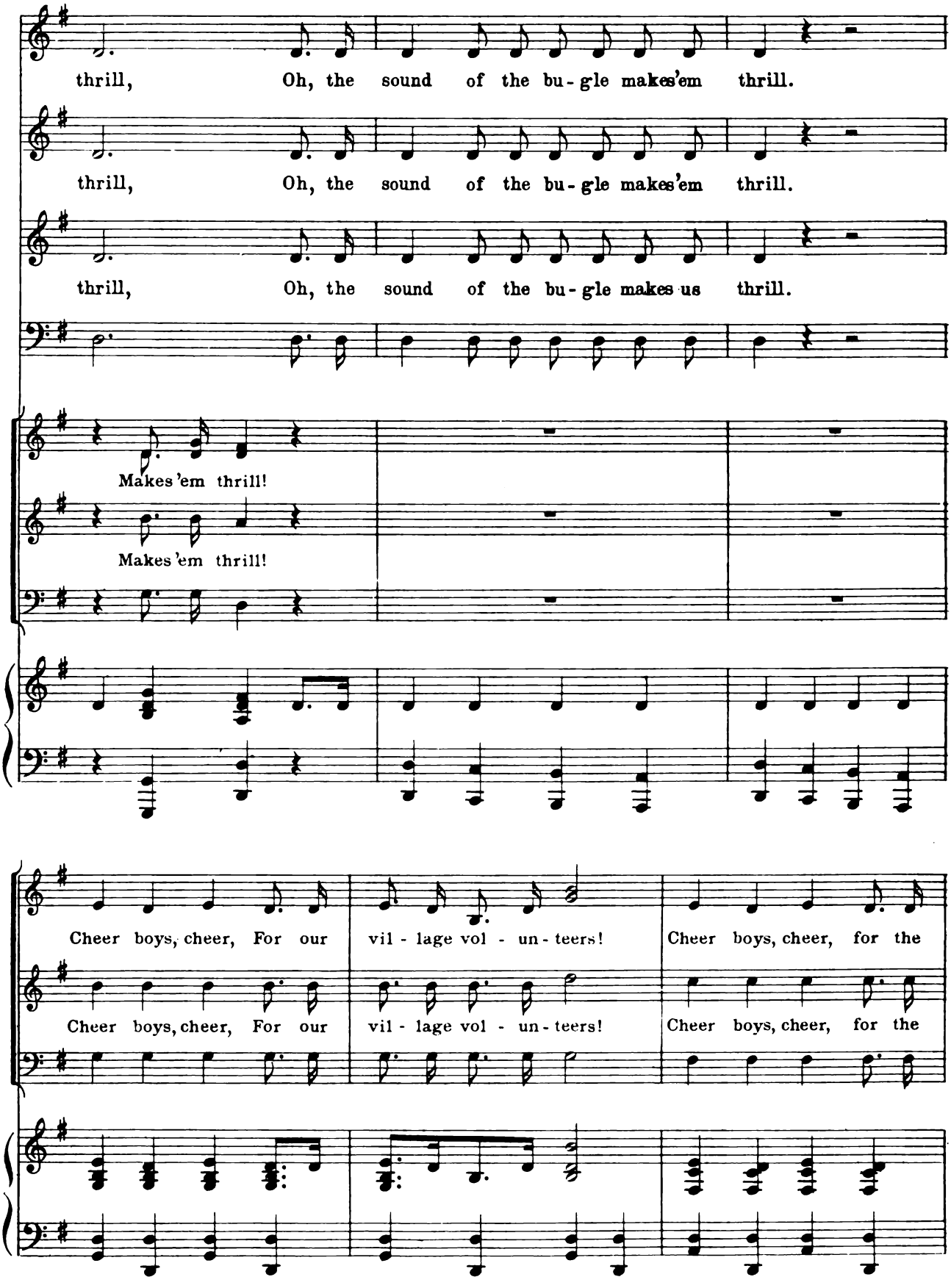
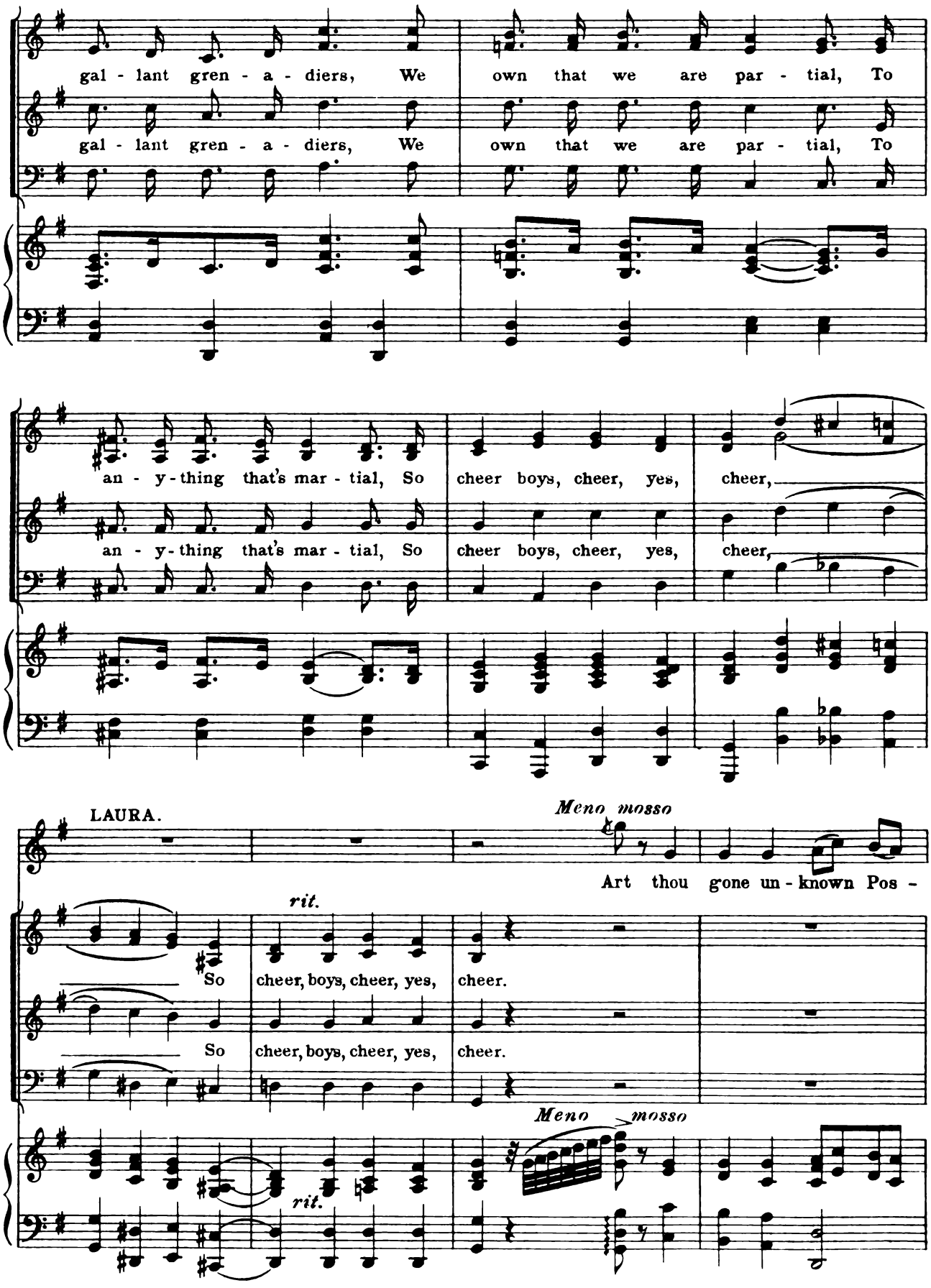
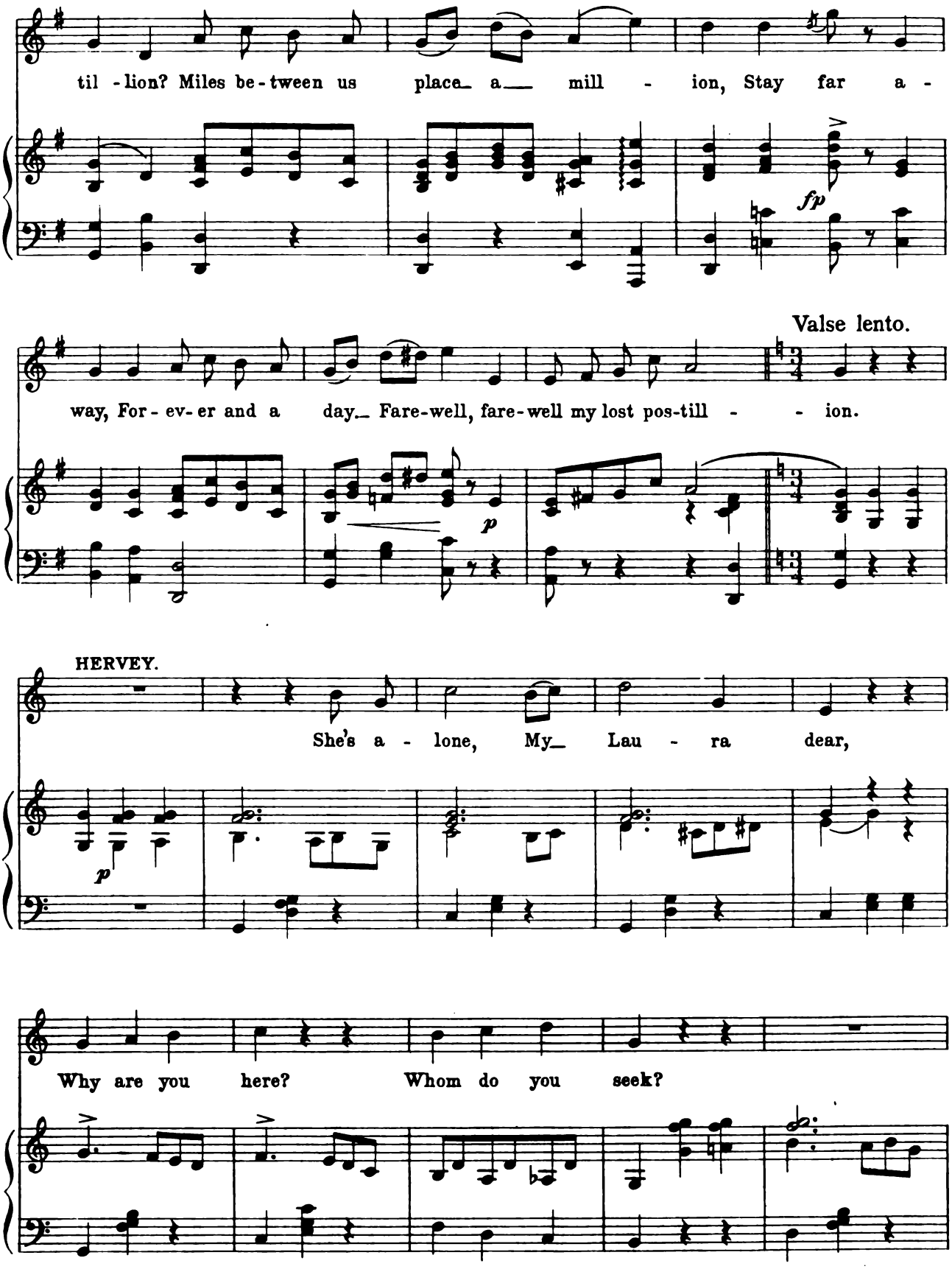
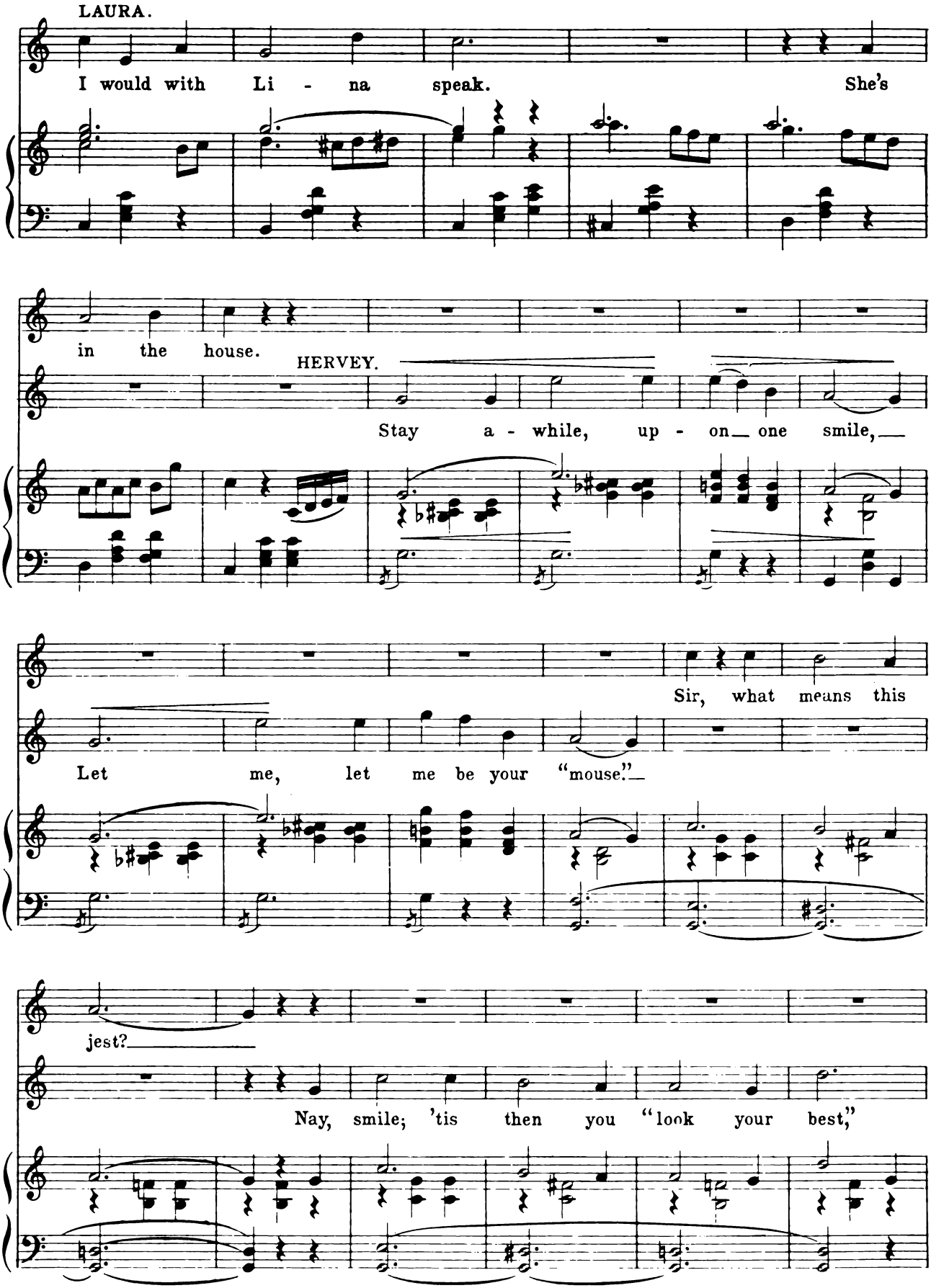
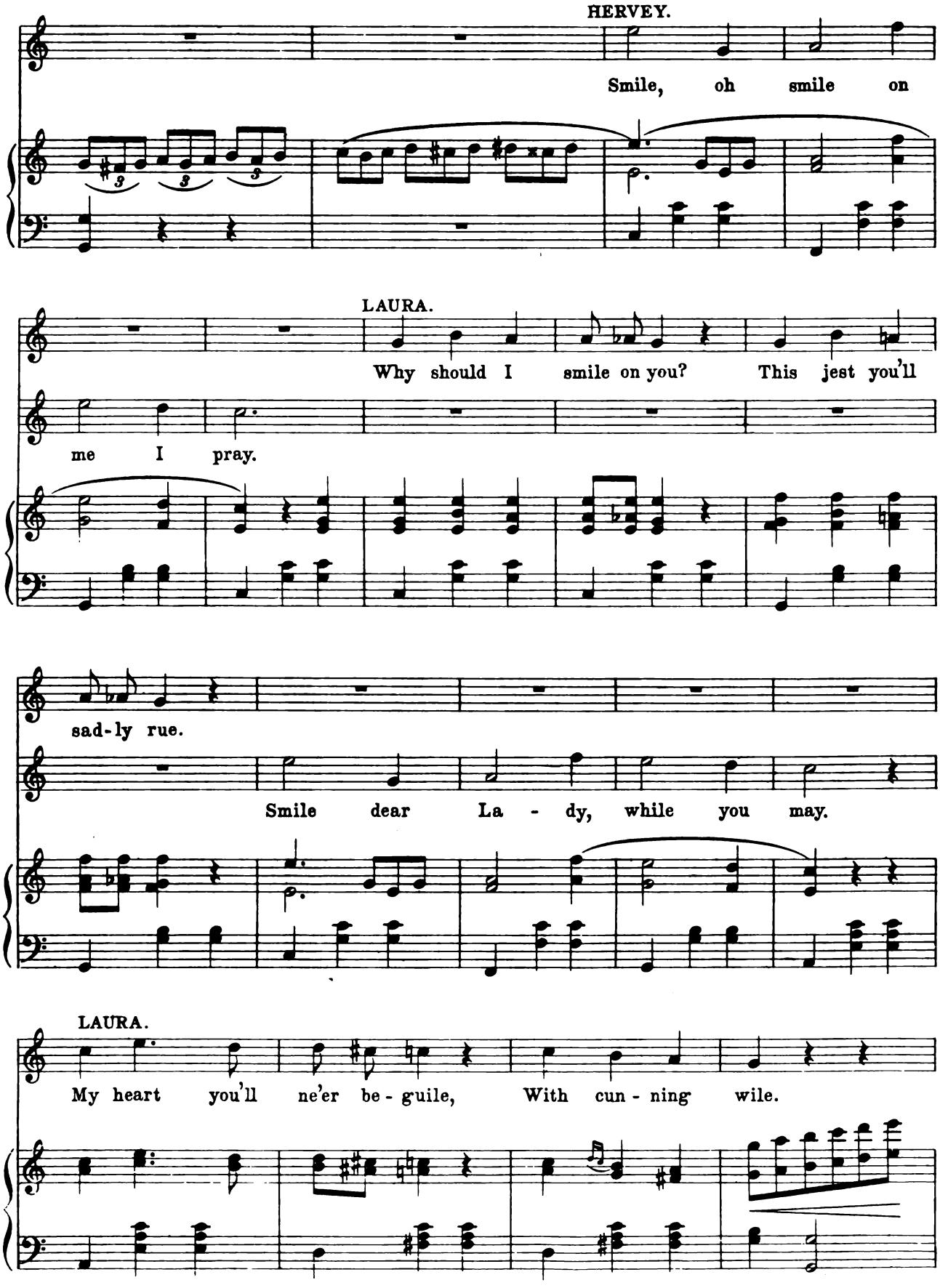

tramp-ing of the feet, to the drum's in-spir-ing beat, Oh, the
tramp-ing of the feet, to the drum's in-spir-ing beat, Oh, the
tramp-ing of the feet, to the drum's in-spir-ing beat, Oh, the
sound of the bu-gle makes 'em thrill, makes 'em thrill, makes 'em
sound of the bu-gle makes 'em thrill, makes 'em thrill, makes 'em
sound of the bu-gle makes us thrill, makes us thrill, makes us
CHORUS.
SOPRANO and ALTO.
Makes 'em thrill!
TENOR.
Makes 'em thrill!
BASS.

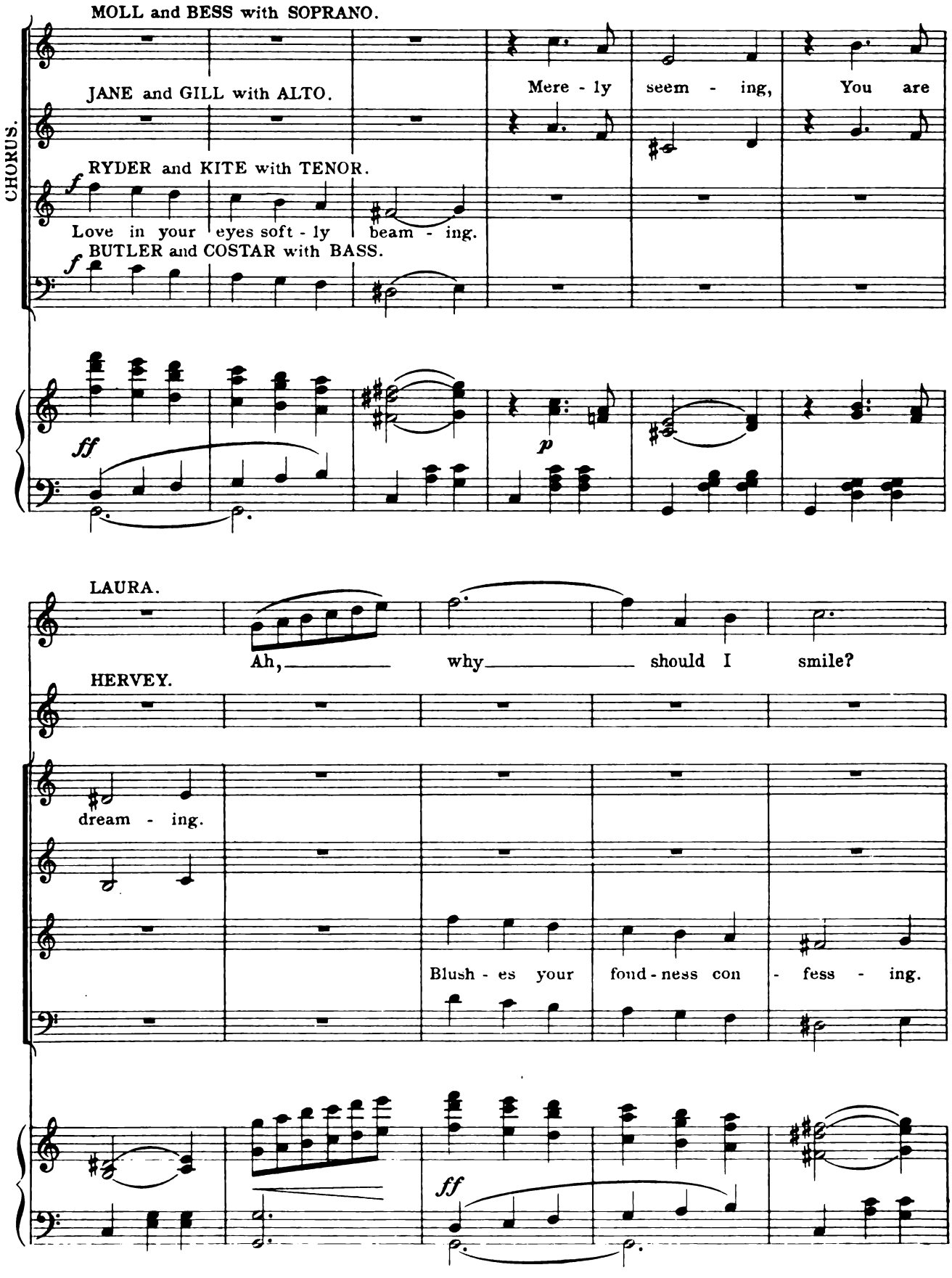

thrill, Oh, the sound of the bu - gle makes'em thrill.
thrill, Oh, the sound of the bu - gle makes'em thrill.
thrill, Oh, the sound of the bu - gle makes us thrill.
Makes 'em thrill!
Makes 'em thrill!
Cheer boys, cheer, For our vil - lage vol - un - teers!
Cheer boys, cheer, for the
Cheer boys, cheer, For our vil - lage vol - un - teers!
Cheer boys, cheer, for the

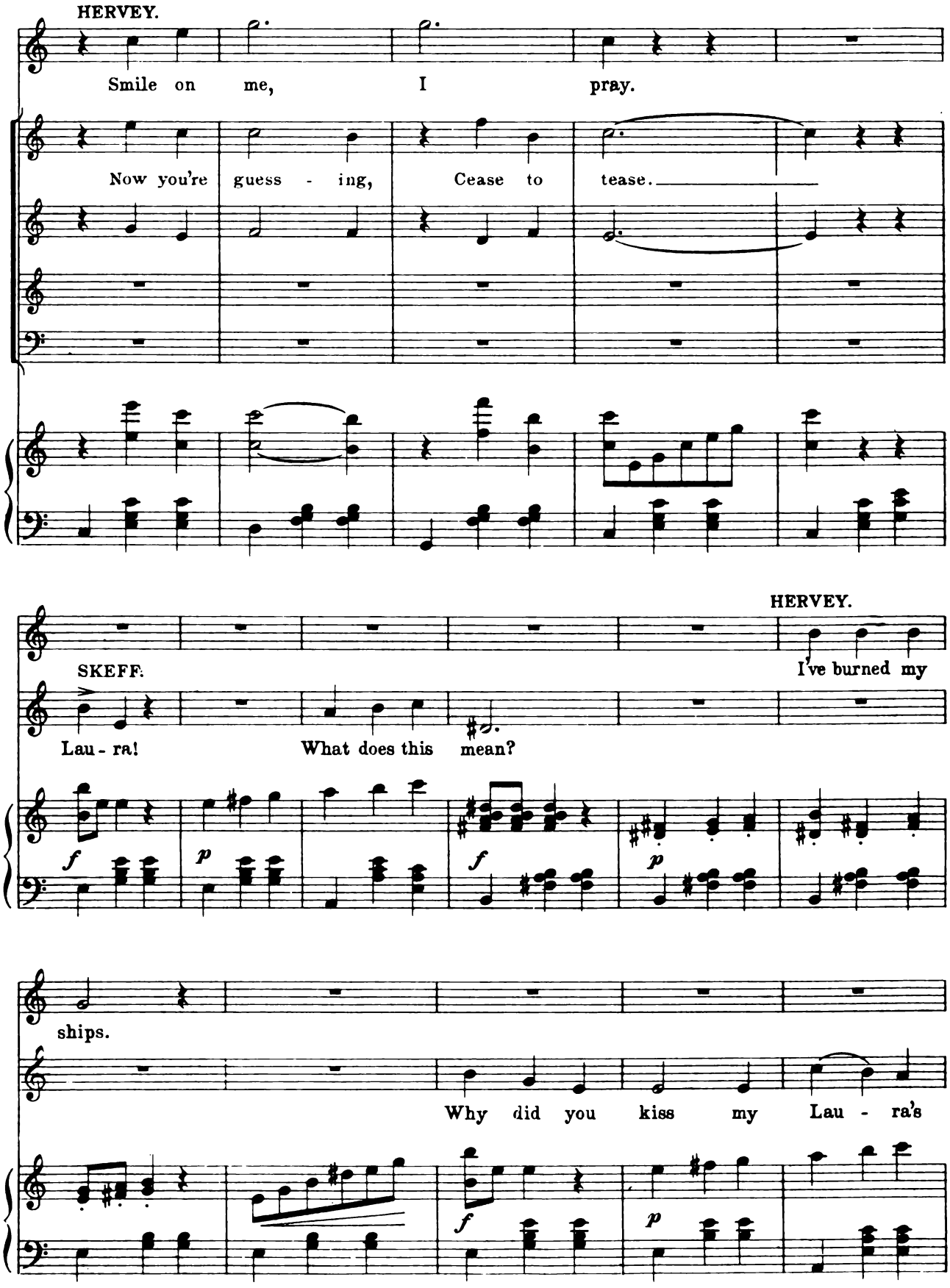

gal - lant gren - a - diers, We own that we are par - tial, To
gal - lant gren - a - diers, We own that we are par - tial, To
an - y - thing that's mar - tial, So cheer boys, cheer, yes, cheer,
an - y - thing that's mar - tial, So cheer boys, cheer, yes, cheer,
LAURA.
Meno mosso
Art thou gone un - known Pos -
rit.
So cheer, boys, cheer, yes, cheer.
So cheer, boys, cheer, yes, cheer.
Meno mosso
rit.

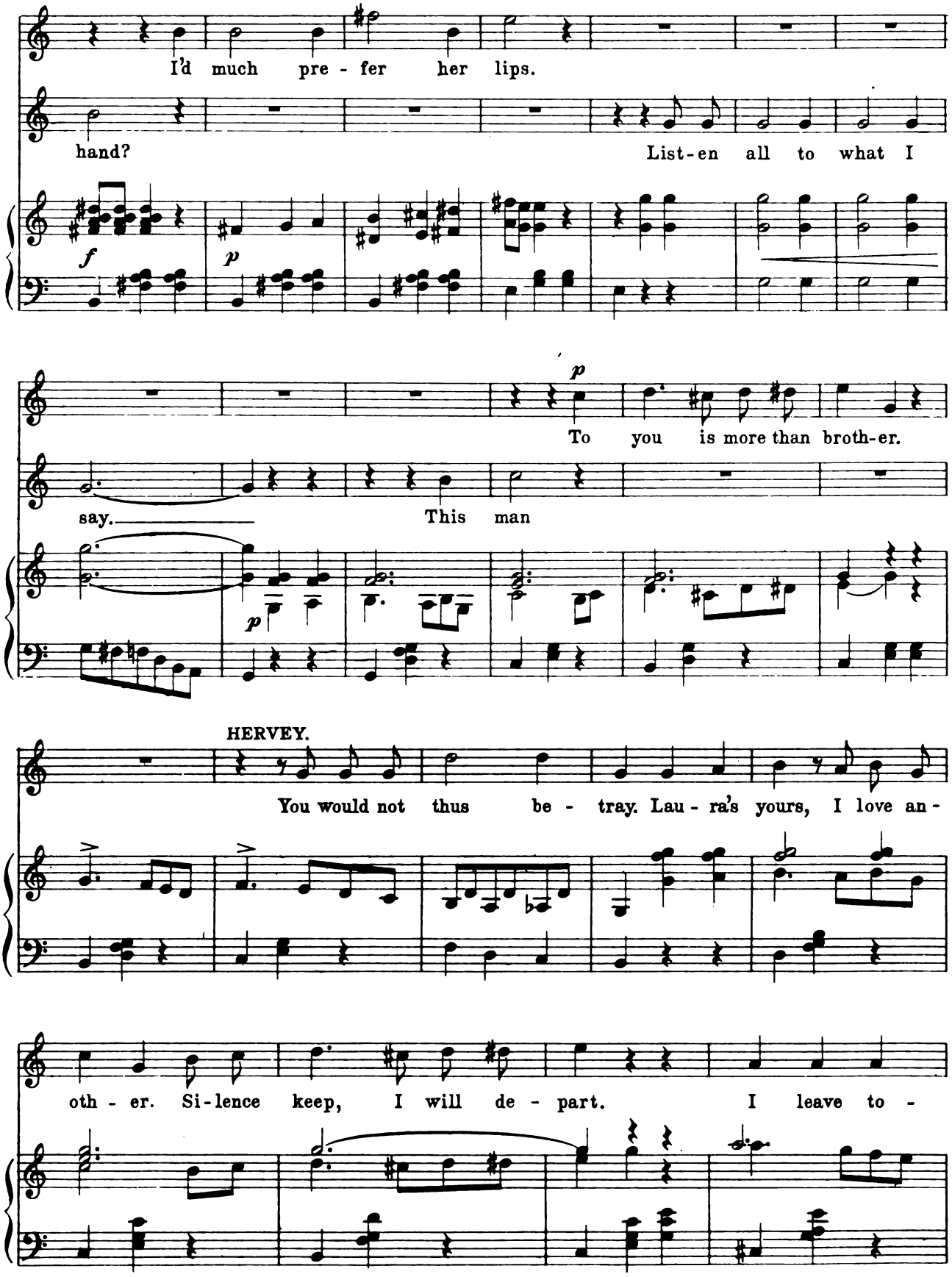

til - lion? Miles be - tween us place_ a__ mill - ion, Stay far a -
fp
Valse lento.
way, For - ev - er and a day._ Fare-well, fare-well my lost pos-till - - ion.
p
HERVEY.
She's a - lone, My_ Lau - ra dear,
p
Why are you here? Whom do you seek?

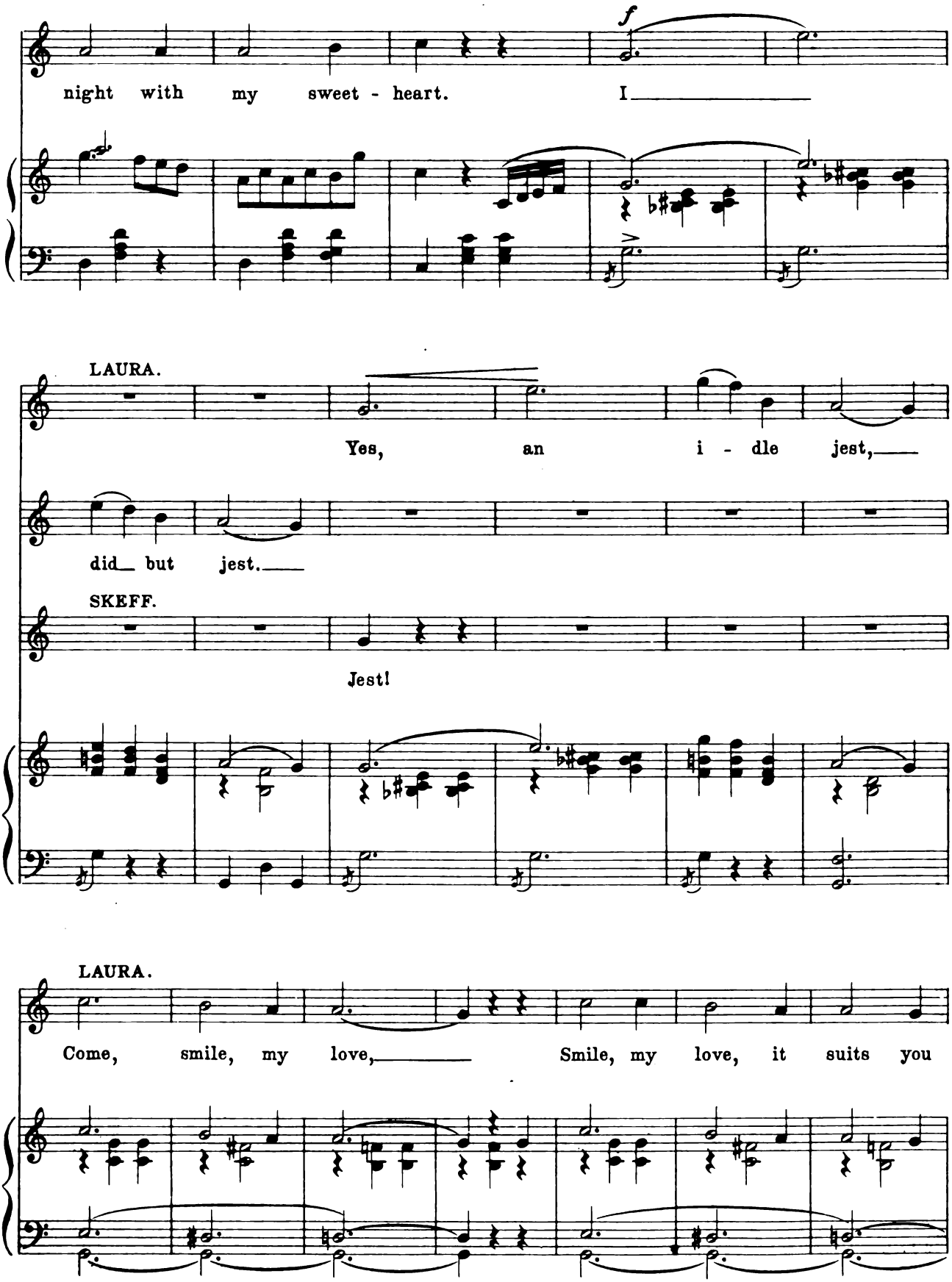

LAURA.
I would with Li - na speak. She's
in the house.
HERVEY.
Stay a - while, up - on one smile,
Sir, what means this
Let me, let me be your "mouse."
jest?
Nay, smile; 'tis then you "look your best,"

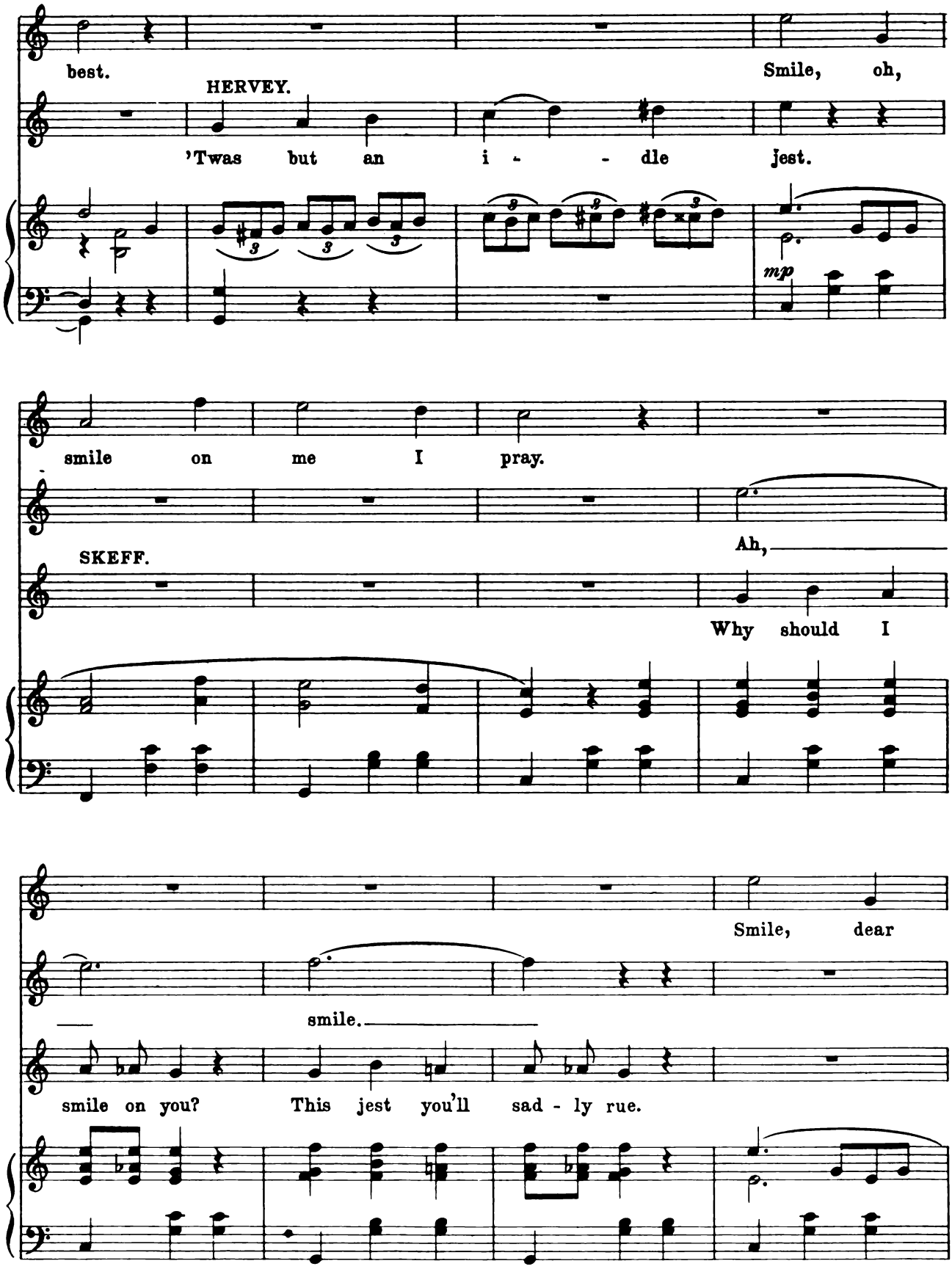

HERVEY.
Smile, oh smile on
LAURA.
Why should I smile on you? This jest you'll
me I pray.
sad-ly rue.
Smile dear La - dy, while you may.
LAURA.
My heart you'll ne'er be - guile, With cun - ning wile.

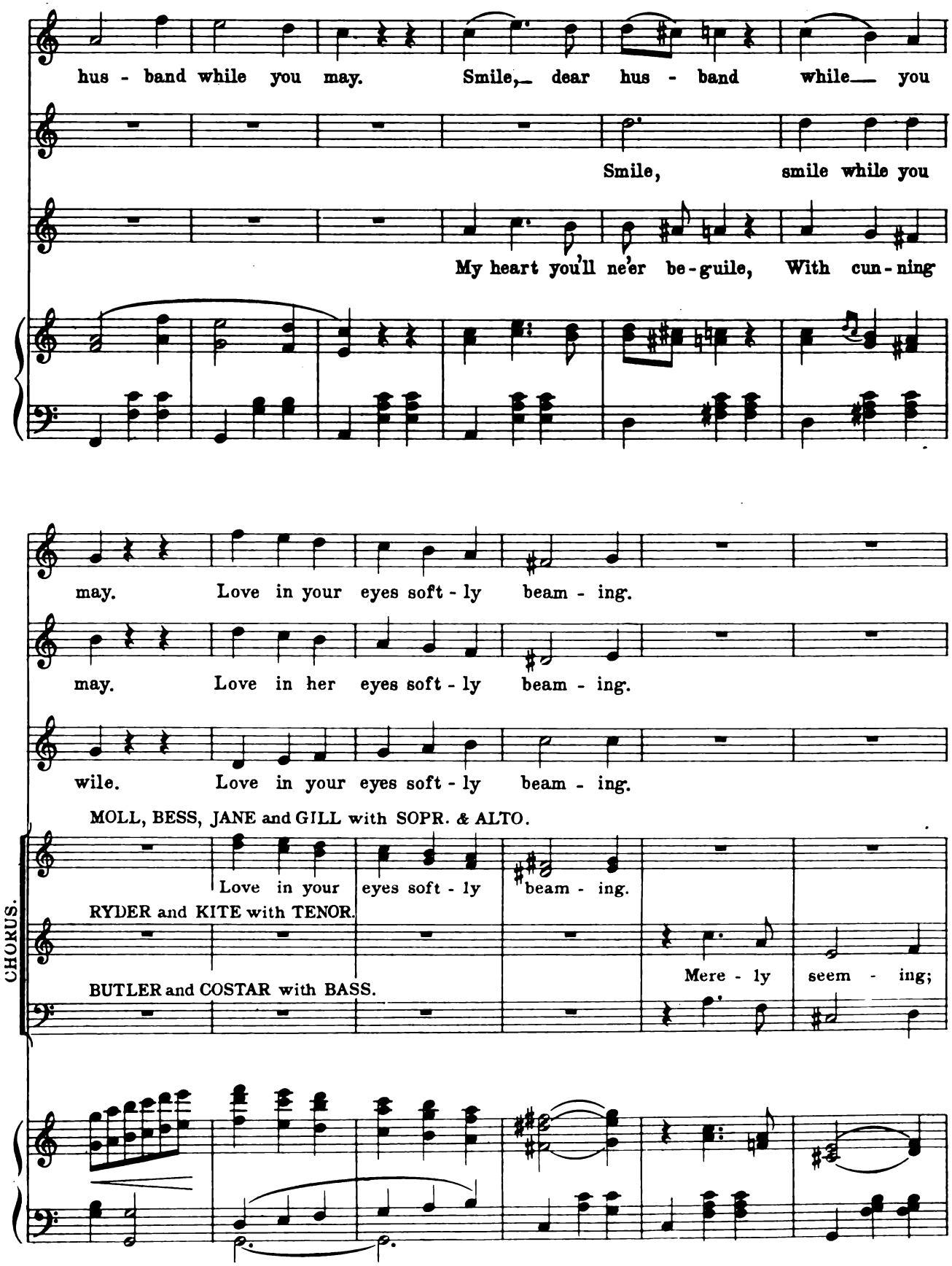

MOLL and BESS with SOPRANO.
JANE and GILL with ALTO.
CHORUS.
RYDER and KITE with TENOR.
Love in your eyes soft - ly beam - ing.
BUTLER and COSTAR with BASS.
Mere - ly seem - ing, You are
LAURA.
Ah, why should I smile?
HERVEY.
dream - ing.
Blush - es your fond - ness con - fess - ing.

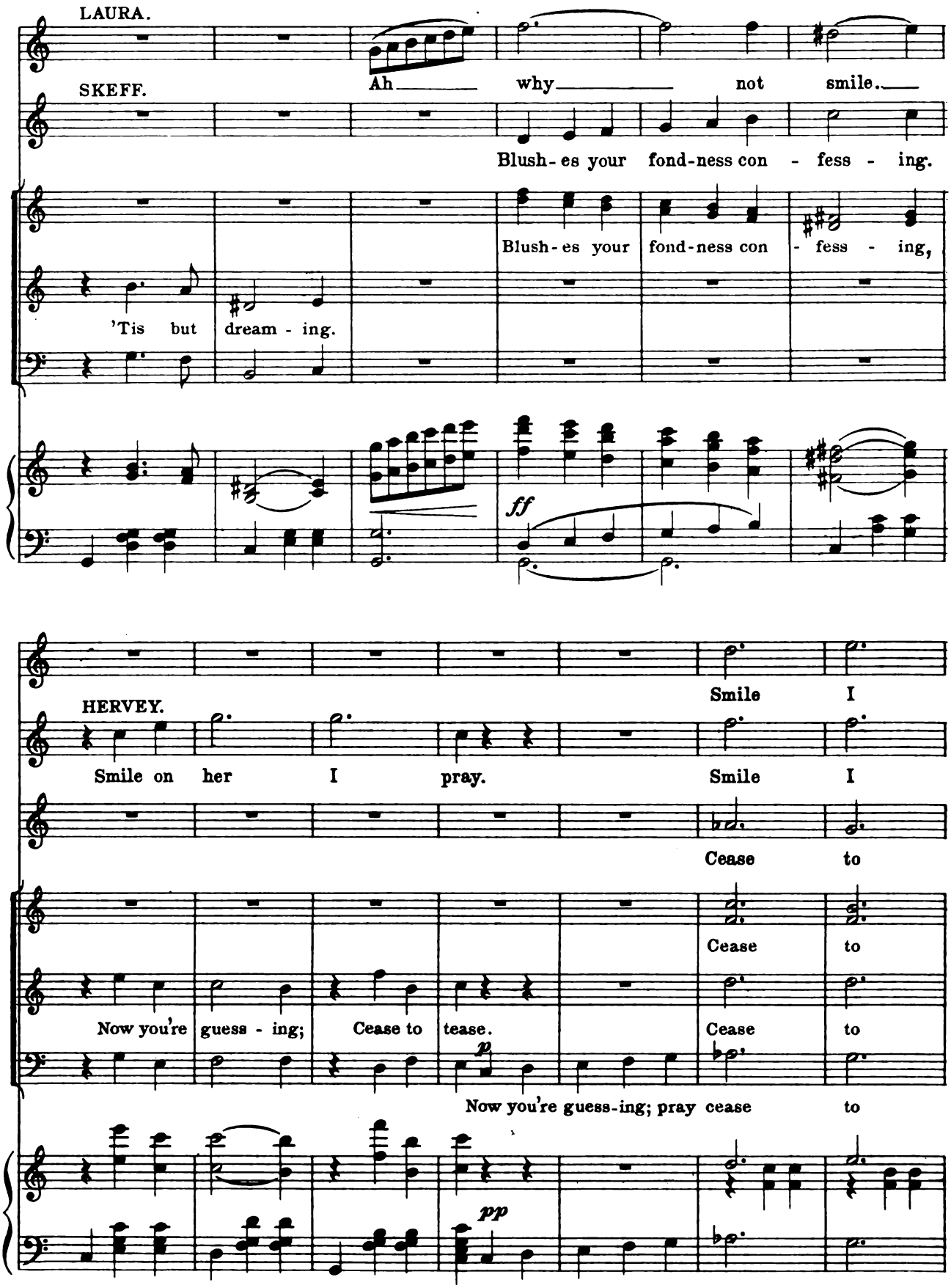

HERVEY.
Smile on me, I pray.
Now you're guess - ing, Cease to tease.
HERVEY.
SKEFF.
I've burned my
Lau - ra! What does this mean?
ships.
Why did you kiss my Lau - ra's

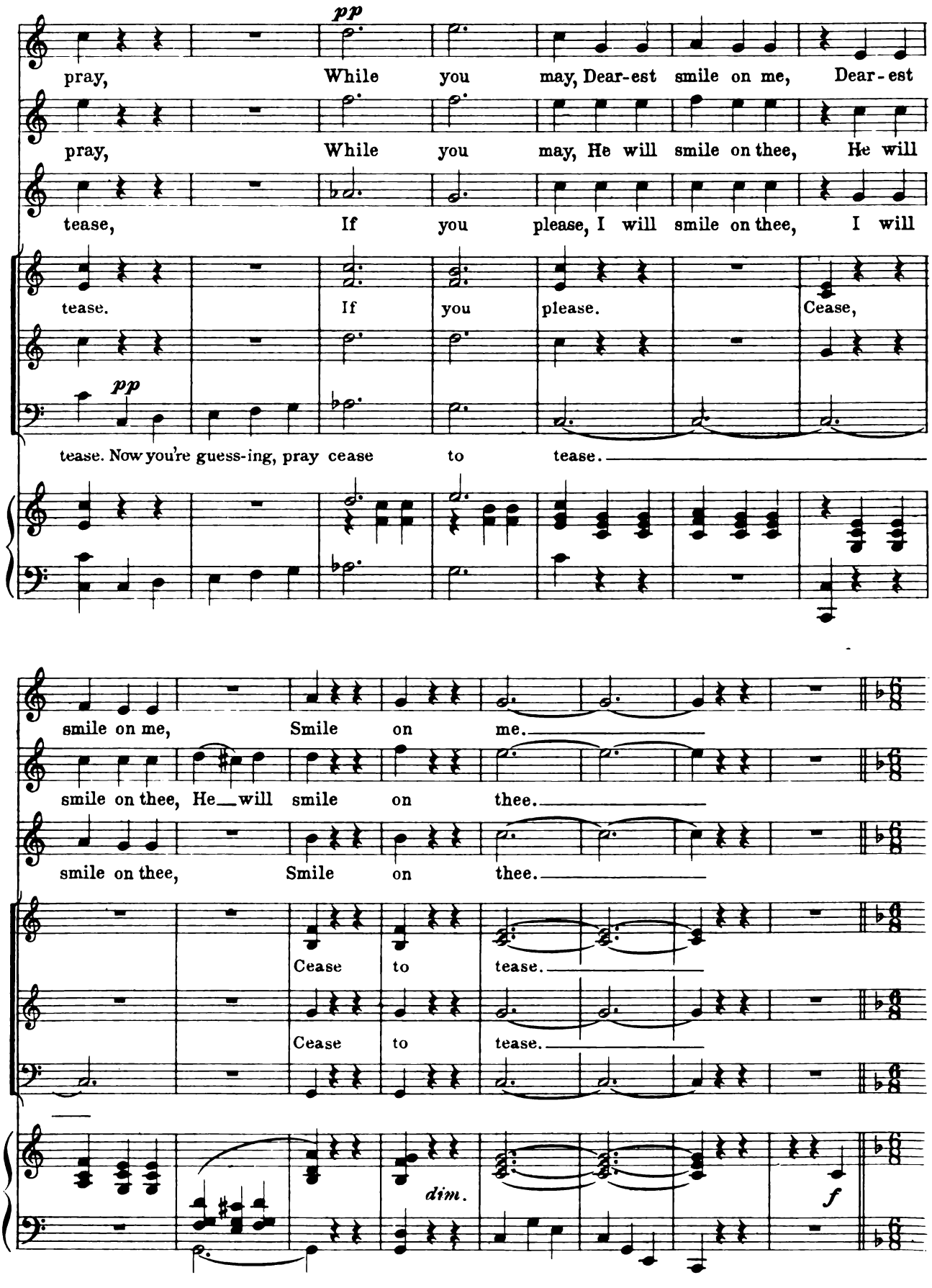

I'd much pre - fer her lips.
hand?
List-en all to what I
f
p
p
To you is more than broth-er.
say.
This man
p
HERVEY.
You would not thus be - tray. Lau - ra's yours, I love an -
oth - er. Si-lence keep, I will de - part. I leave to -

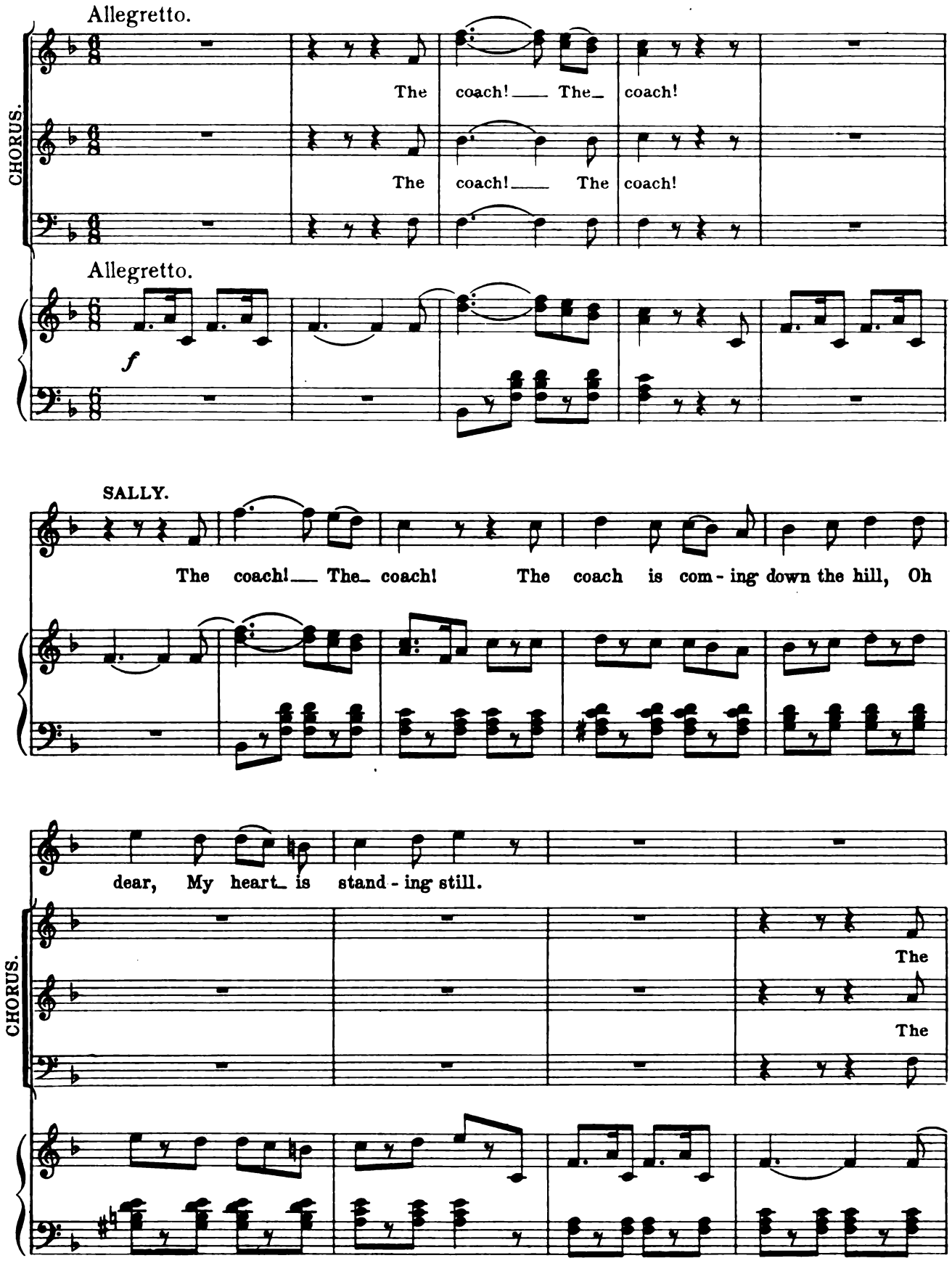

night with my sweet - heart. I
f
LAURA.
Yes, an i - dle jest,
did but jest.
SKEFF.
Jest!
LAURA.
Come, smile, my love, Smile, my love, it suits you

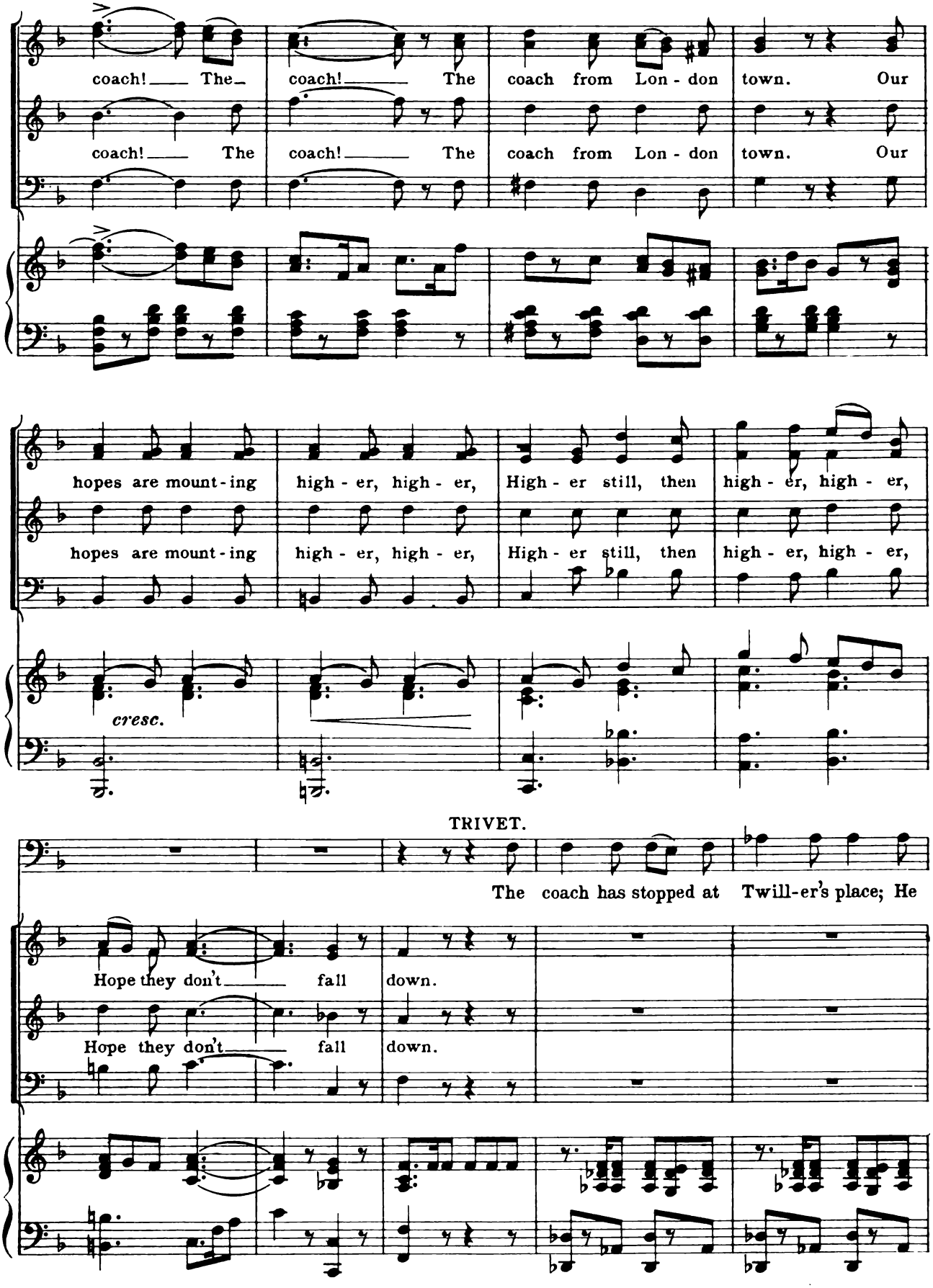

best.
Smile, oh,
HERVEY.
'Twas but an i - - dle jest.
mp
smile on me I pray.
Ah,
SKEFF.
Why should I
Smile, dear
smile.
smile on you? This jest you'll sad - ly rue.

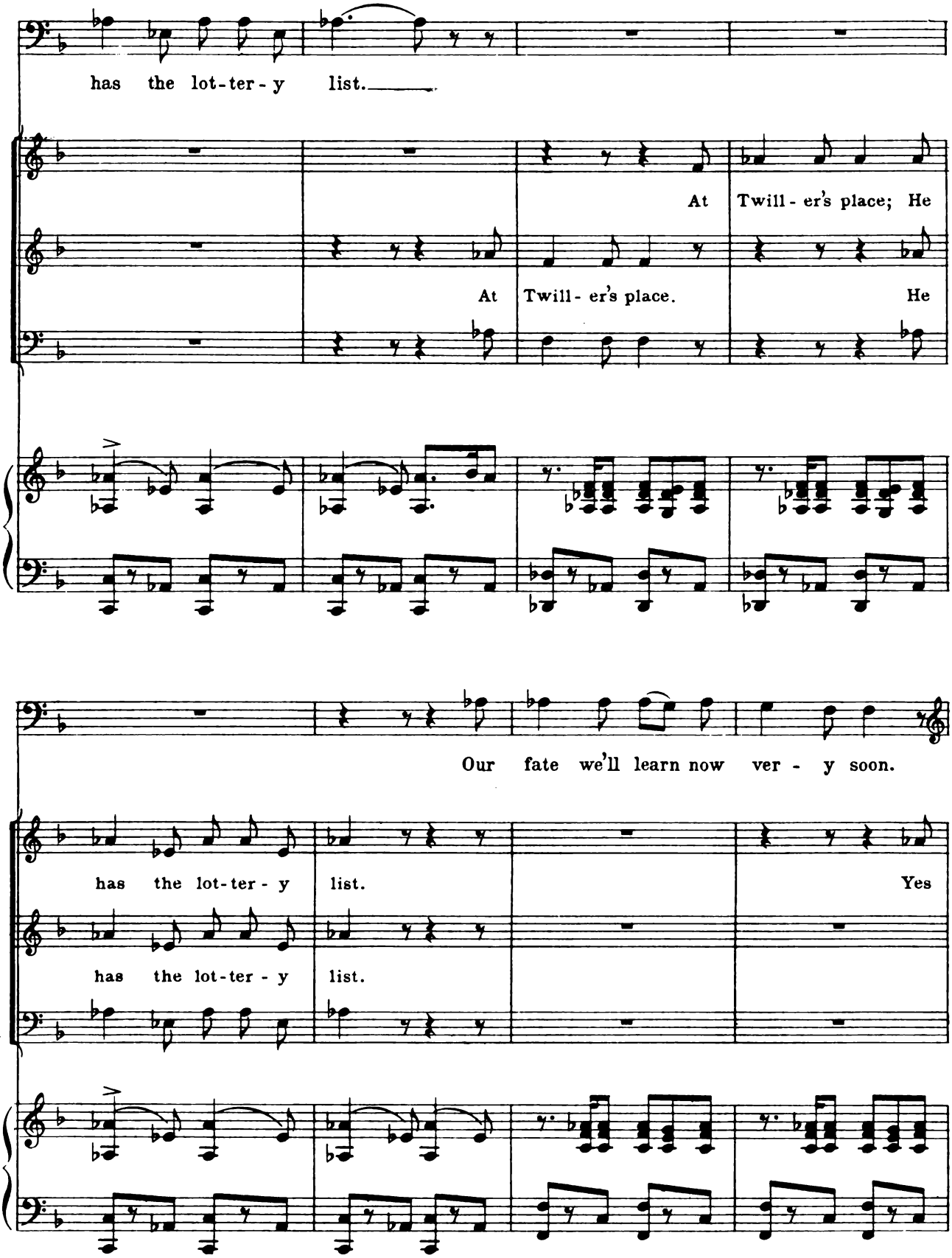

hus - band while you may. Smile, dear hus - band while you
Smile, smile while you
My heart you'll ne'er be-guile, With cun-ning
may. Love in your eyes soft - ly beam - ing.
may. Love in her eyes soft - ly beam - ing.
wile. Love in your eyes soft - ly beam - ing.
MOLL, BESS, JANE and GILL with SOPR. & ALTO.
Love in your eyes soft - ly beam - ing.
RYDER and KITE with TENOR.
BUTLER and COSTAR with BASS.
Mere - ly seem - ing;
CHORUS.

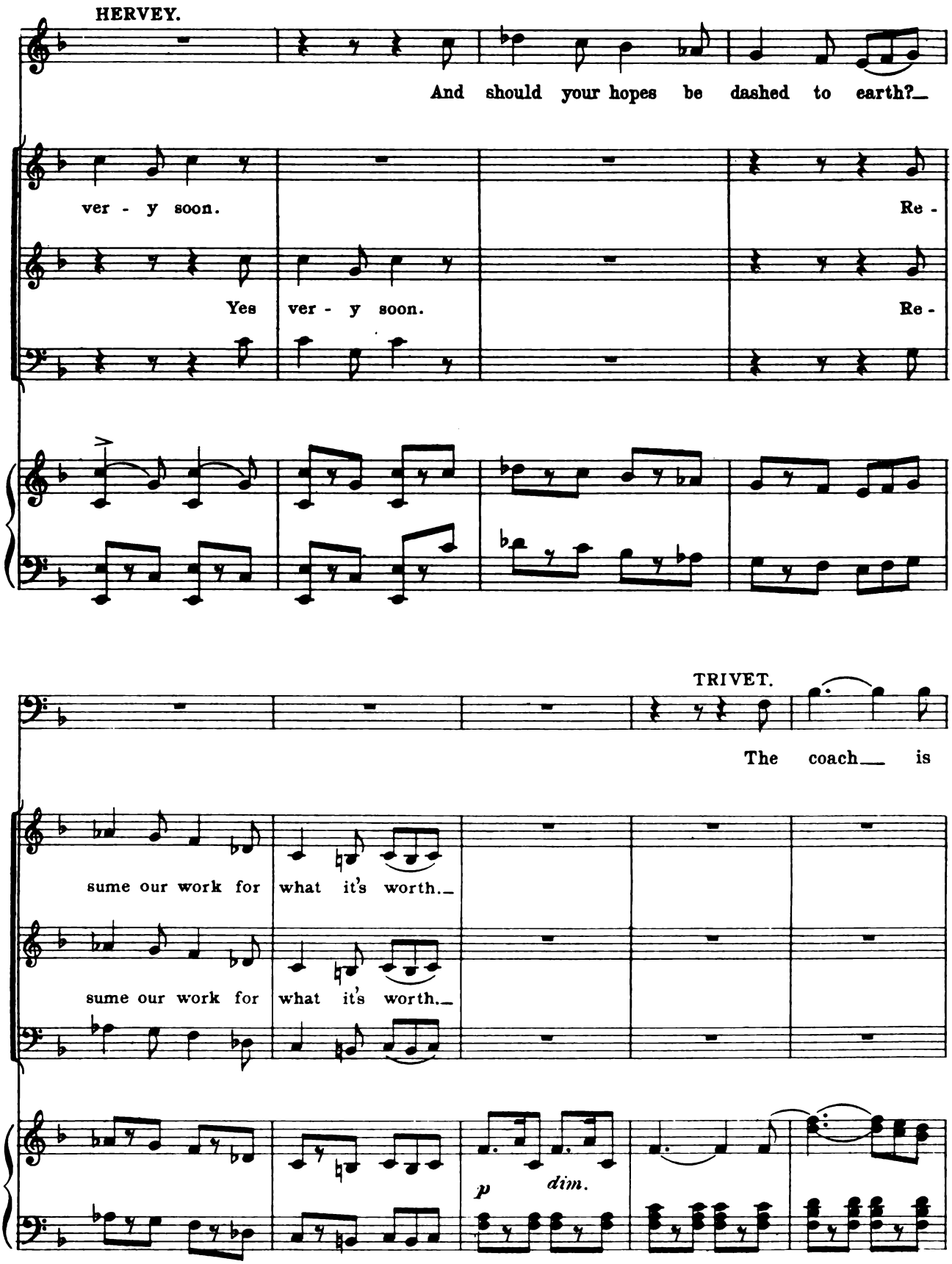

LAURA.
SKEFF.
Ah why not smile.
Blush-es your fond-ness con - fess - ing.
Blush-es your fond-ness con - fess - ing,
'Tis but dream - ing.
ff
HERVEY.
Smile I
Smile on her I pray. Smile I
Cease to
Cease to
Now you're guess - ing; Cease to tease. Cease to
p
Now you're guess-ing; pray cease to
pp

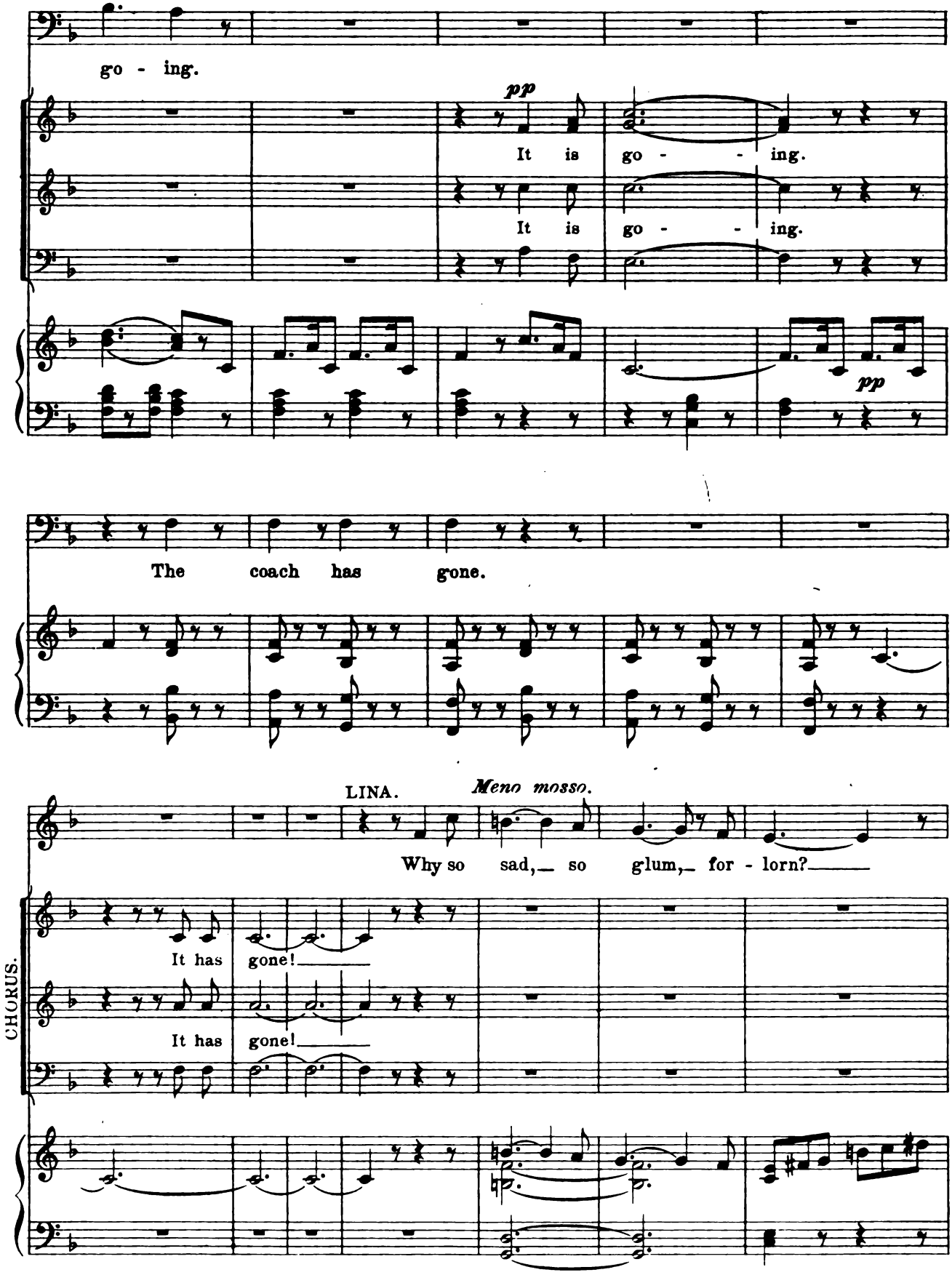

pp
pray, While you may, Dear-est smile on me, Dear-est
pray, While you may, He will smile on thee, He will
tease, If you please, I will smile on thee, I will
tease. If you please. Cease,
pp
tease. Now you're guess-ing, pray cease to tease.
smile on me, Smile on me.
smile on thee, He will smile on thee.
smile on thee, Smile on thee.
Cease to tease.
Cease to tease.
dim.
f

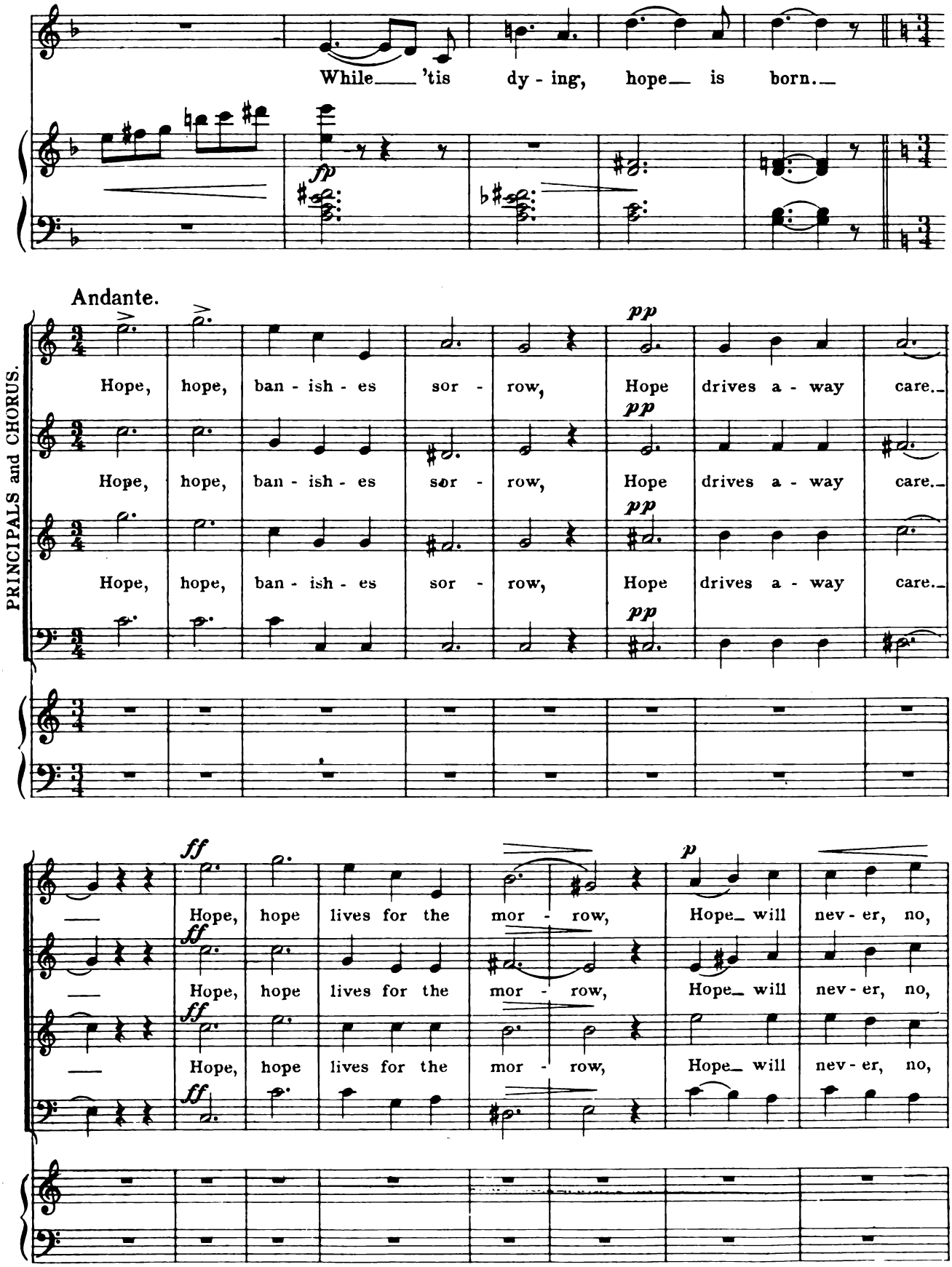

Allegretto.
CHORUS.
The coach! The coach!
The coach! The coach!
Allegretto.
f
SALLY.
The coach! The coach! The coach is com - ing down the hill, Oh
dear, My heart is stand - ing still.
CHORUS.
The
The

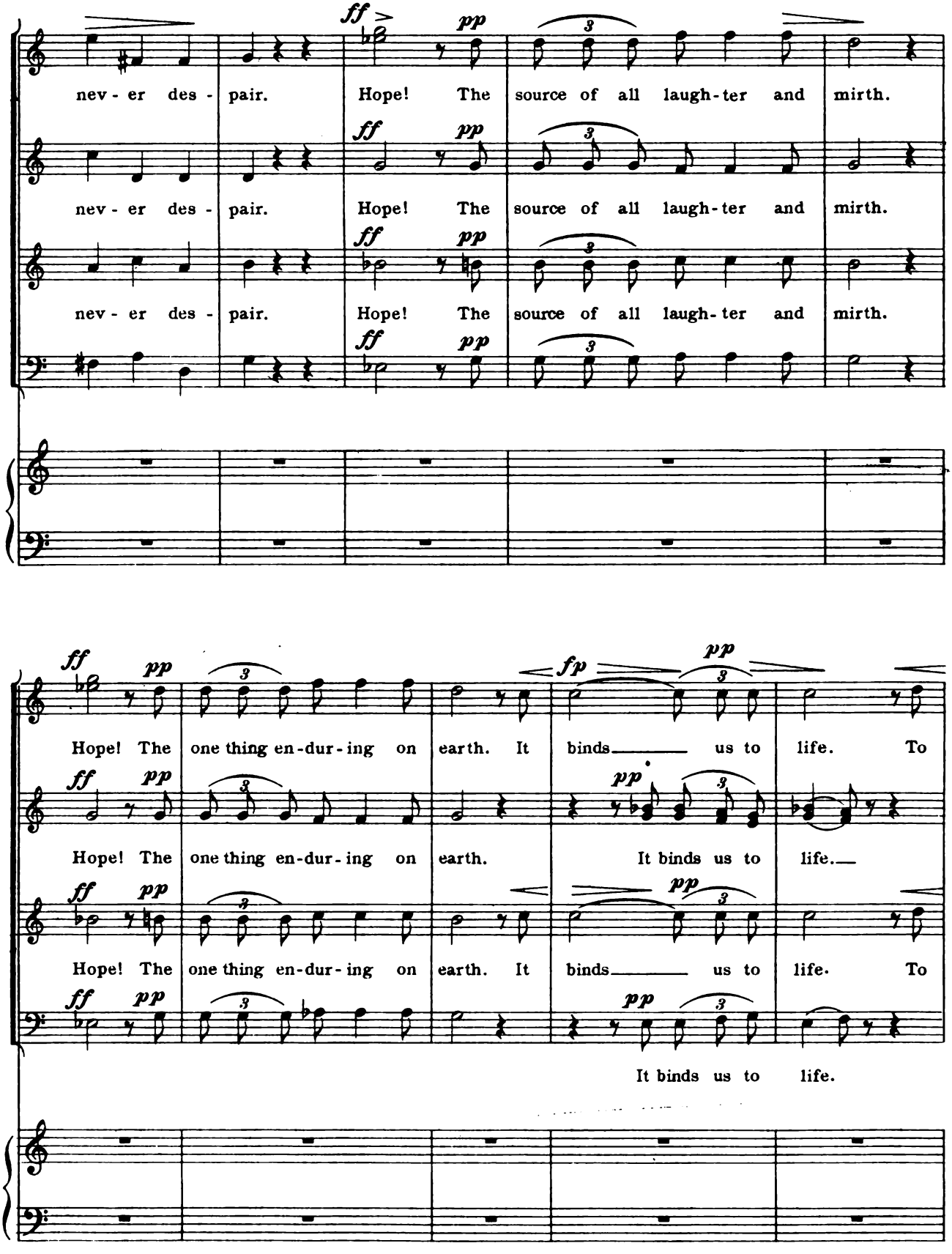

coach! The coach! The coach from Lon - don town. Our
coach! The coach! The coach from Lon - don town. Our
hopes are mount - ing high - er, high - er, High - er still, then high - er, high - er,
hopes are mount - ing high - er, high - er, High - er still, then high - er, high - er,
cresc.
TRIVET.
The coach has stopped at Twill-er's place; He
Hope they don't fall down.
Hope they don't fall down.

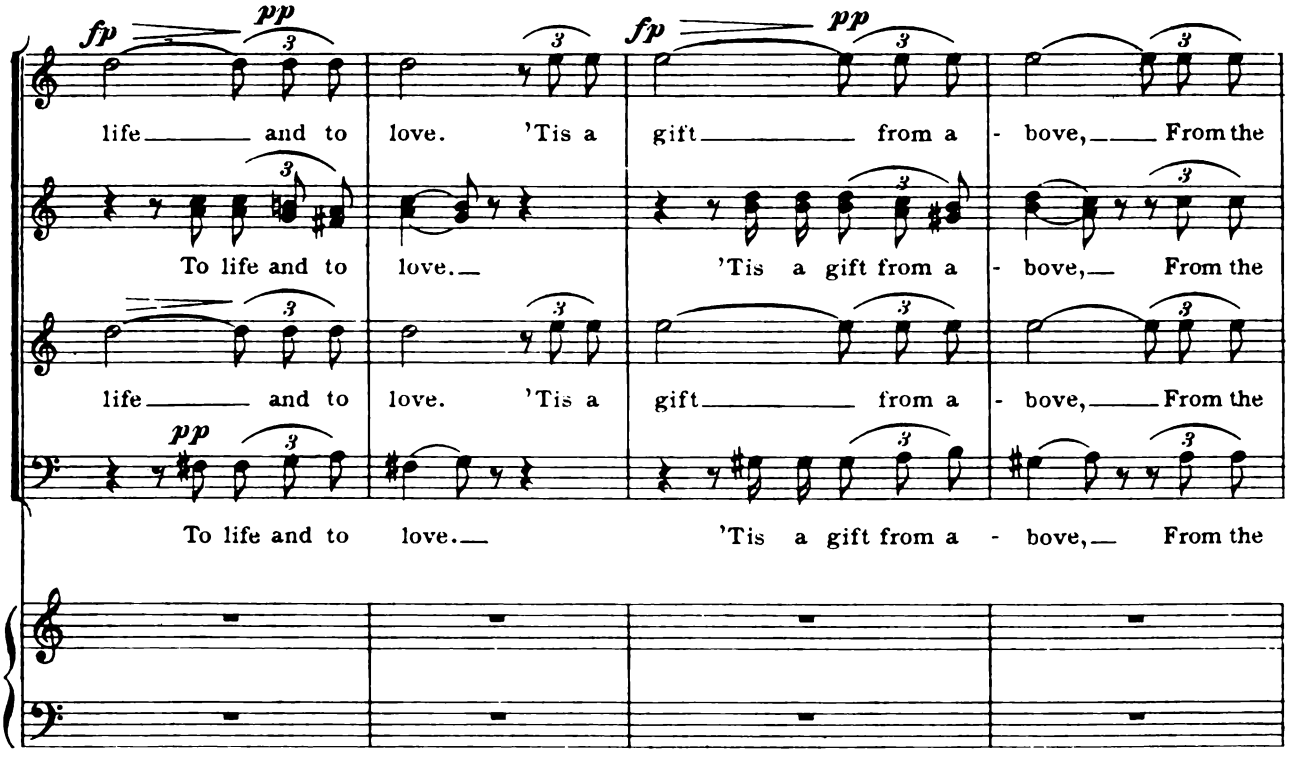

has the lot-ter-y list.
At Twill-er's place; He
At Twill-er's place. He
Our fate we'll learn now ver-y soon.
has the lot-ter-y list.
Yes
has the lot-ter-y list.

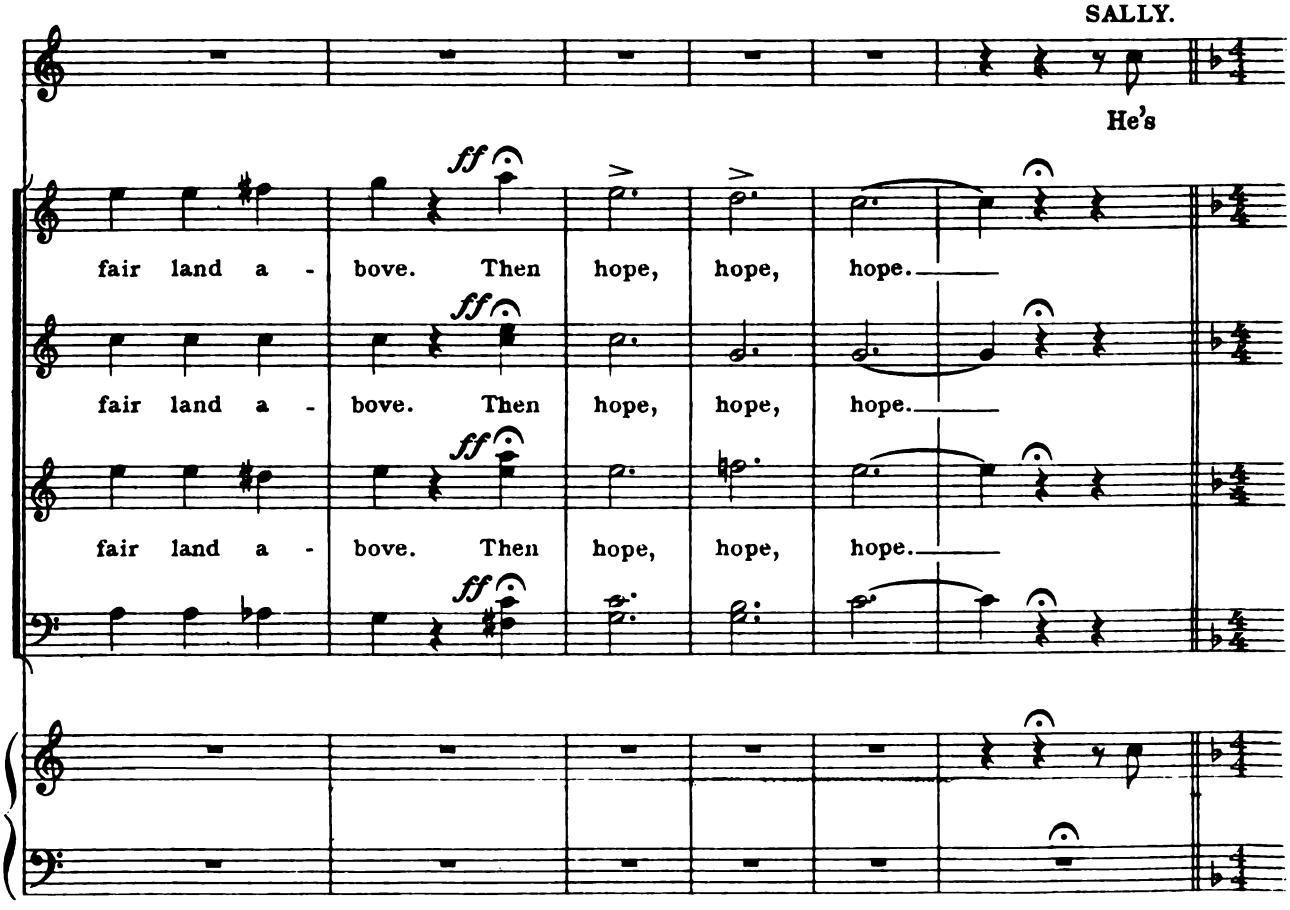

HERVEY.
And should your hopes be dashed to earth?_
ver - y soon.
Re -
Yes ver - y soon.
Re -
TRIVET.
The coach__ is
sume our work for what it's worth._
sume our work for what it's worth._
p
dim.

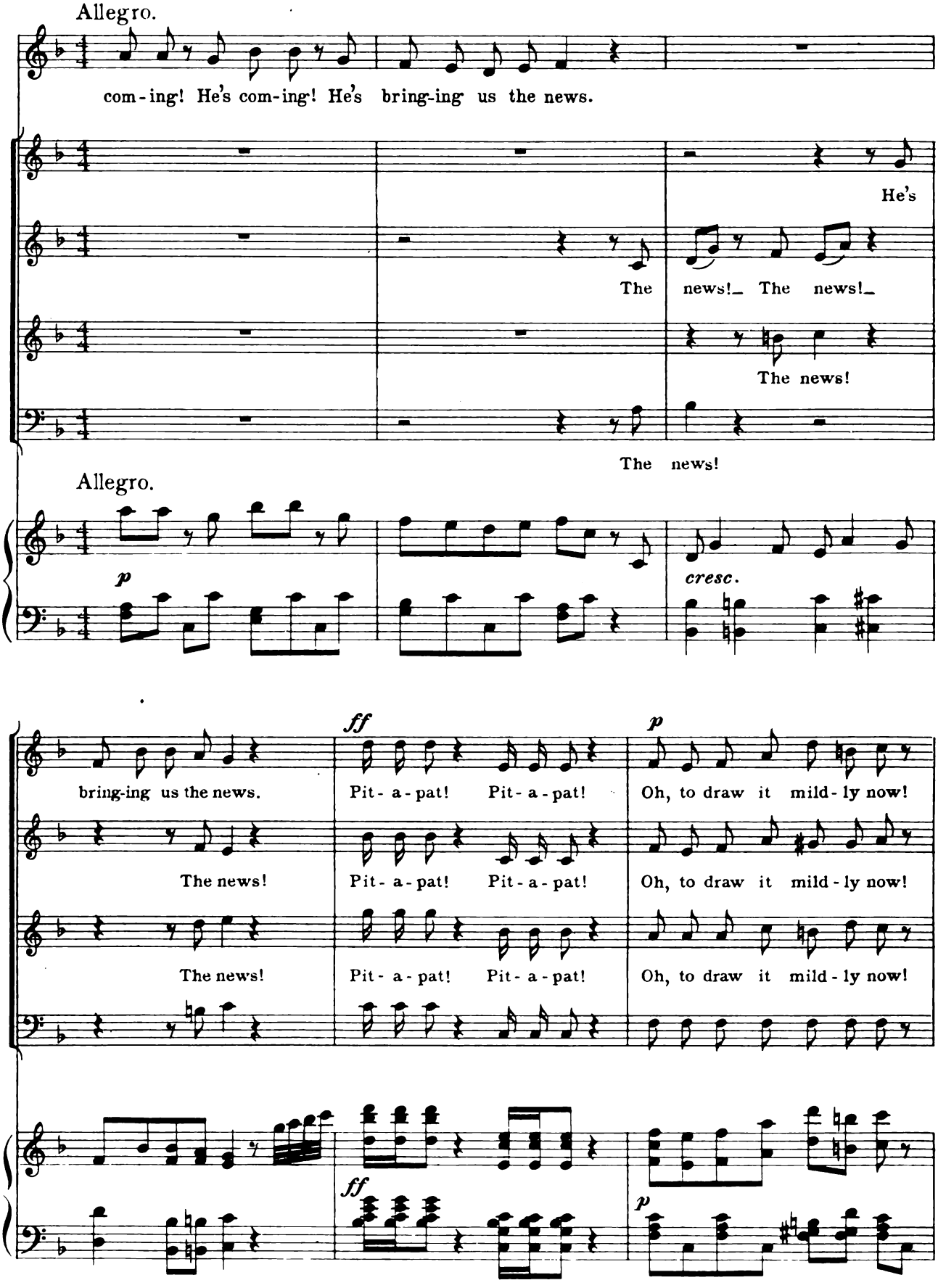

go - ing.
pp
It is go - - ing.
It is go - - ing.
pp
The coach has gone.
LINA.
Meno mosso.
Why so sad, so glum, for - lorn?
CHORUS.
It has gone!
It has gone!

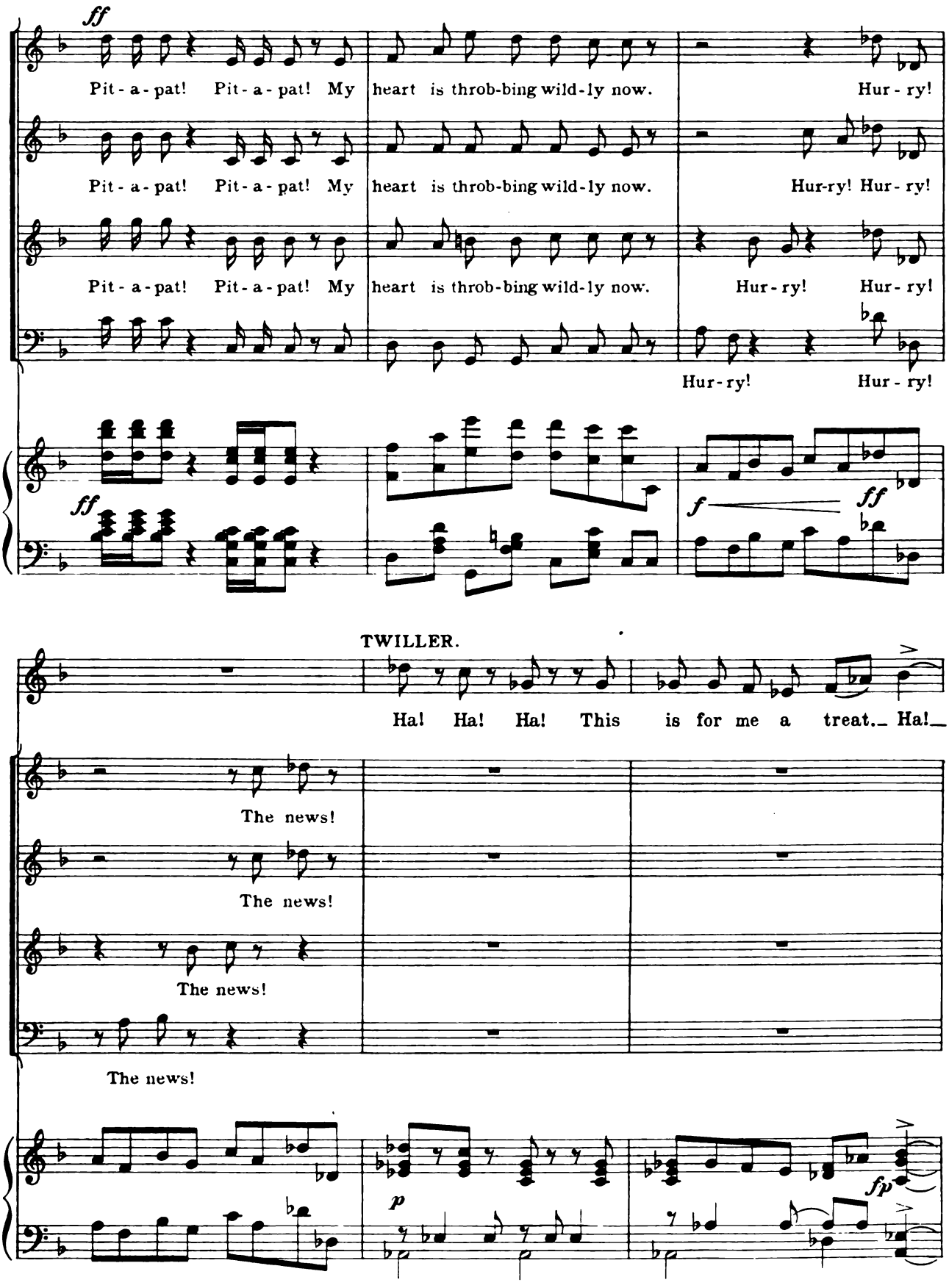

While 'tis dy - ing, hope is born.
fp
Andante.
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
Hope, hope, ban - ish - es sor - row, Hope drives a - way care.
pp
Hope, hope, ban - ish - es sor - row, Hope drives a - way care.
pp
Hope, hope, ban - ish - es sor - row, Hope drives a - way care.
pp
ff
Hope, hope lives for the mor - row, Hope will nev - er, no,
p
Hope, hope lives for the mor - row, Hope will nev - er, no,
Hope, hope lives for the mor - row, Hope will nev - er, no,

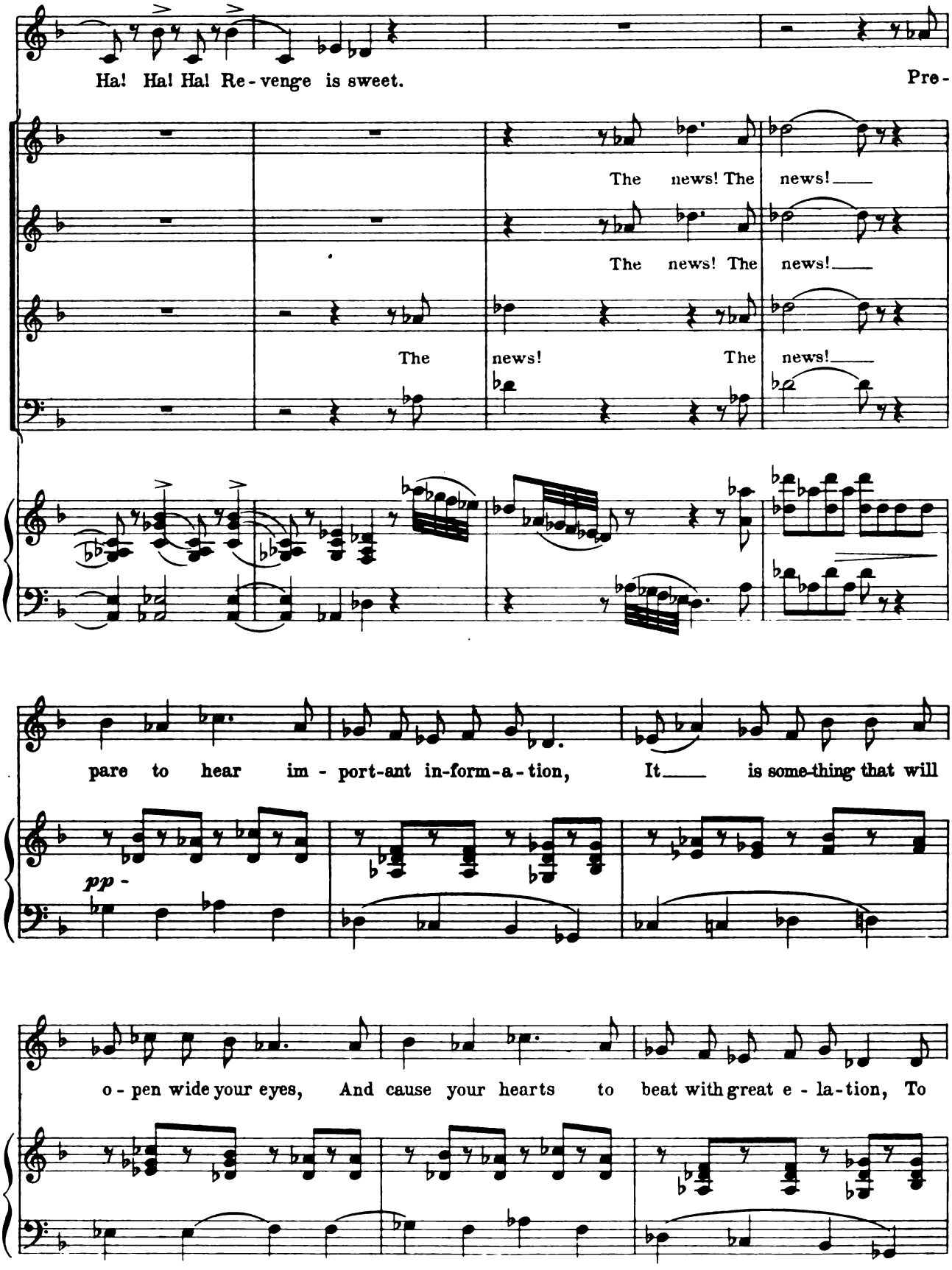

nev - er des - pair. Hope! The source of all laugh - ter and mirth.
nev - er des - pair. Hope! The source of all laugh - ter and mirth.
nev - er des - pair. Hope! The source of all laugh - ter and mirth.
Hope! The one thing en - dur - ing on earth. It binds us to life. To
Hope! The one thing en - dur - ing on earth. It binds us to life.
Hope! The one thing en - dur - ing on earth. It binds us to life. To
It binds us to life.

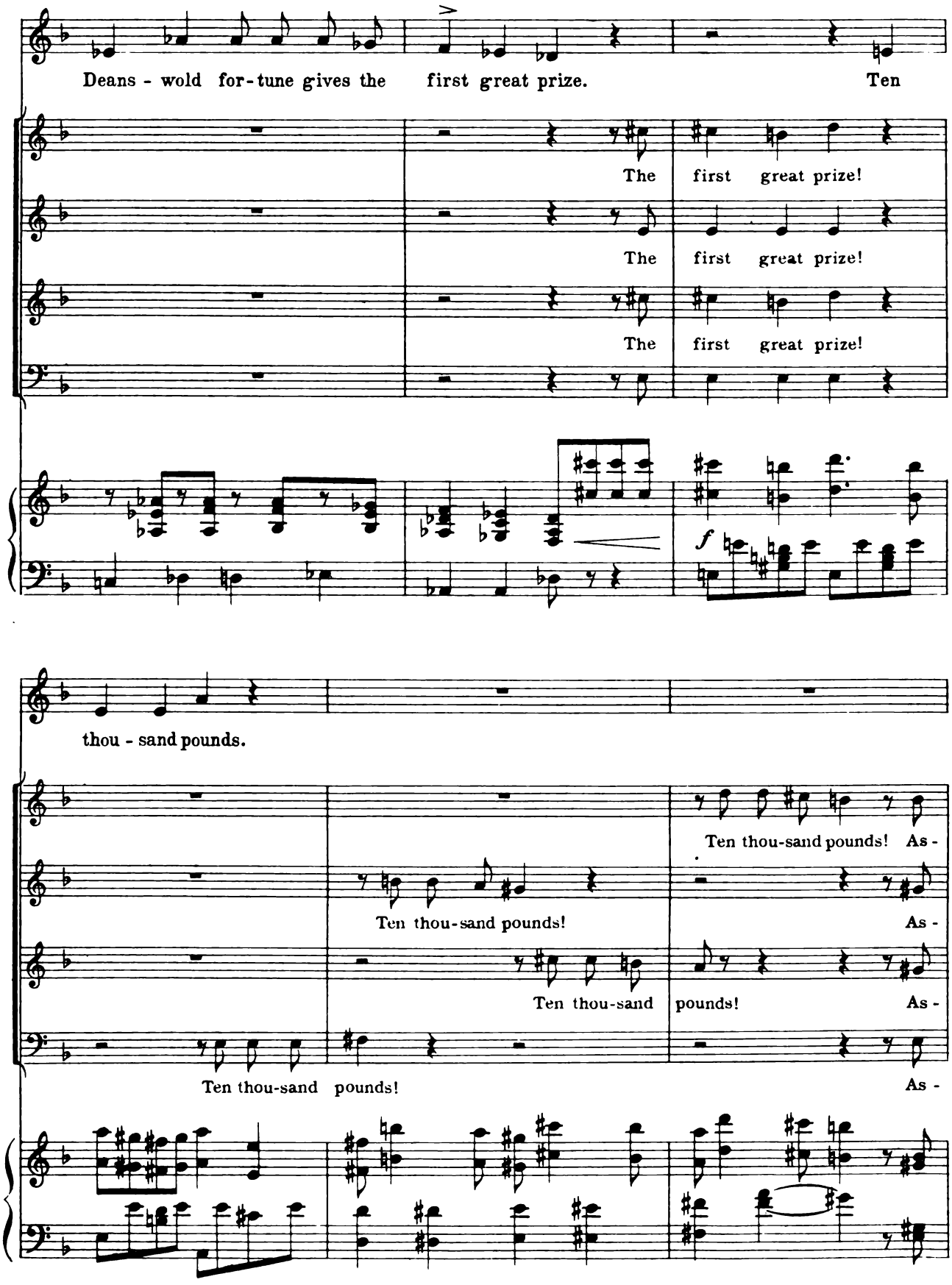

fp pp fp pp
life and to love. 'Tis a gift from a - bove, From the
To life and to love. 'Tis a gift from a - bove, From the
life and to love. 'Tis a gift from a - bove, From the
pp
To life and to love. 'Tis a gift from a - bove, From the

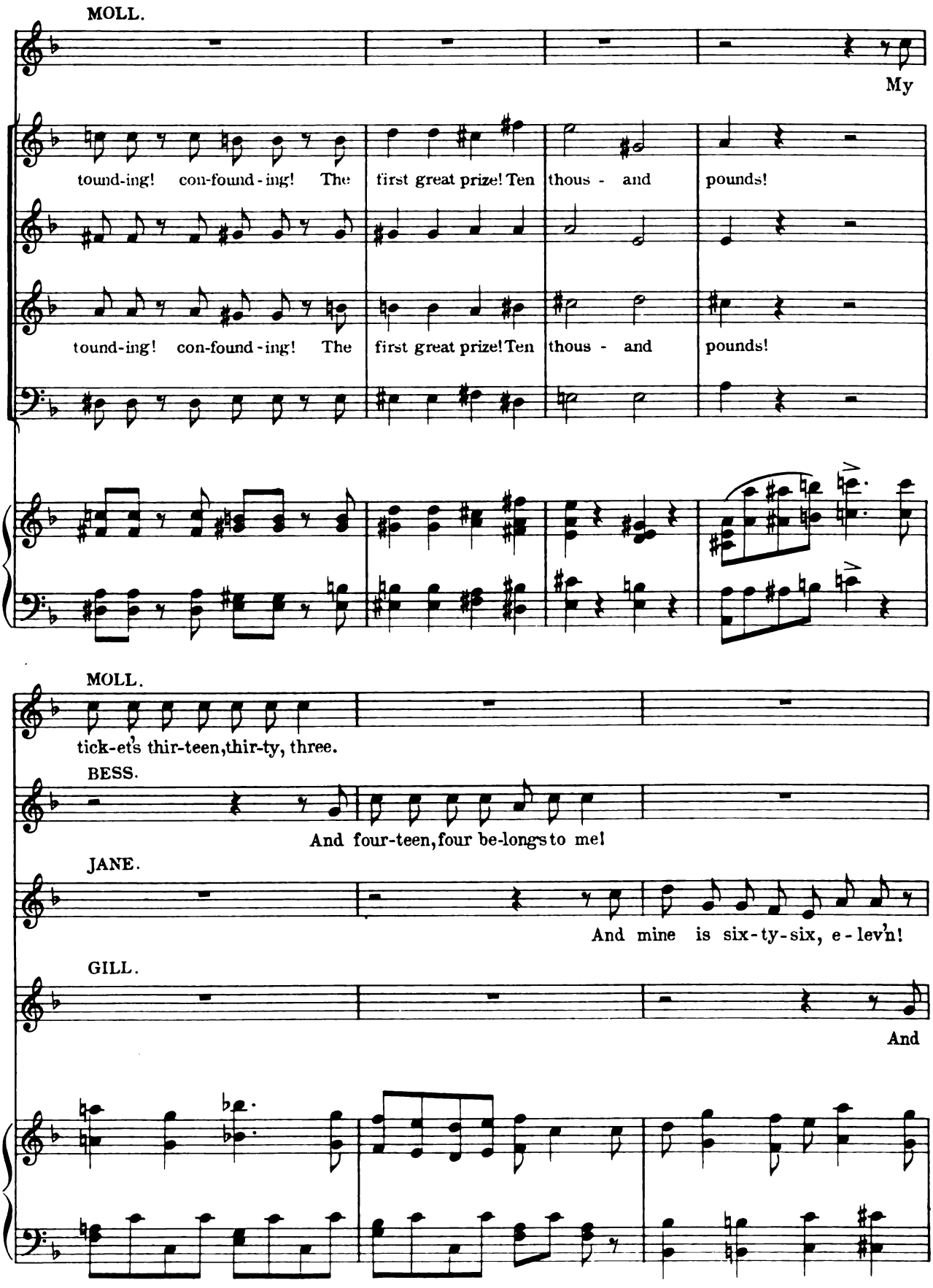

SALLY.
He's
ff
fair land a - bove. Then hope, hope, hope.
fair land a - bove. Then hope, hope, hope.
fair land a - bove. Then hope, hope, hope.

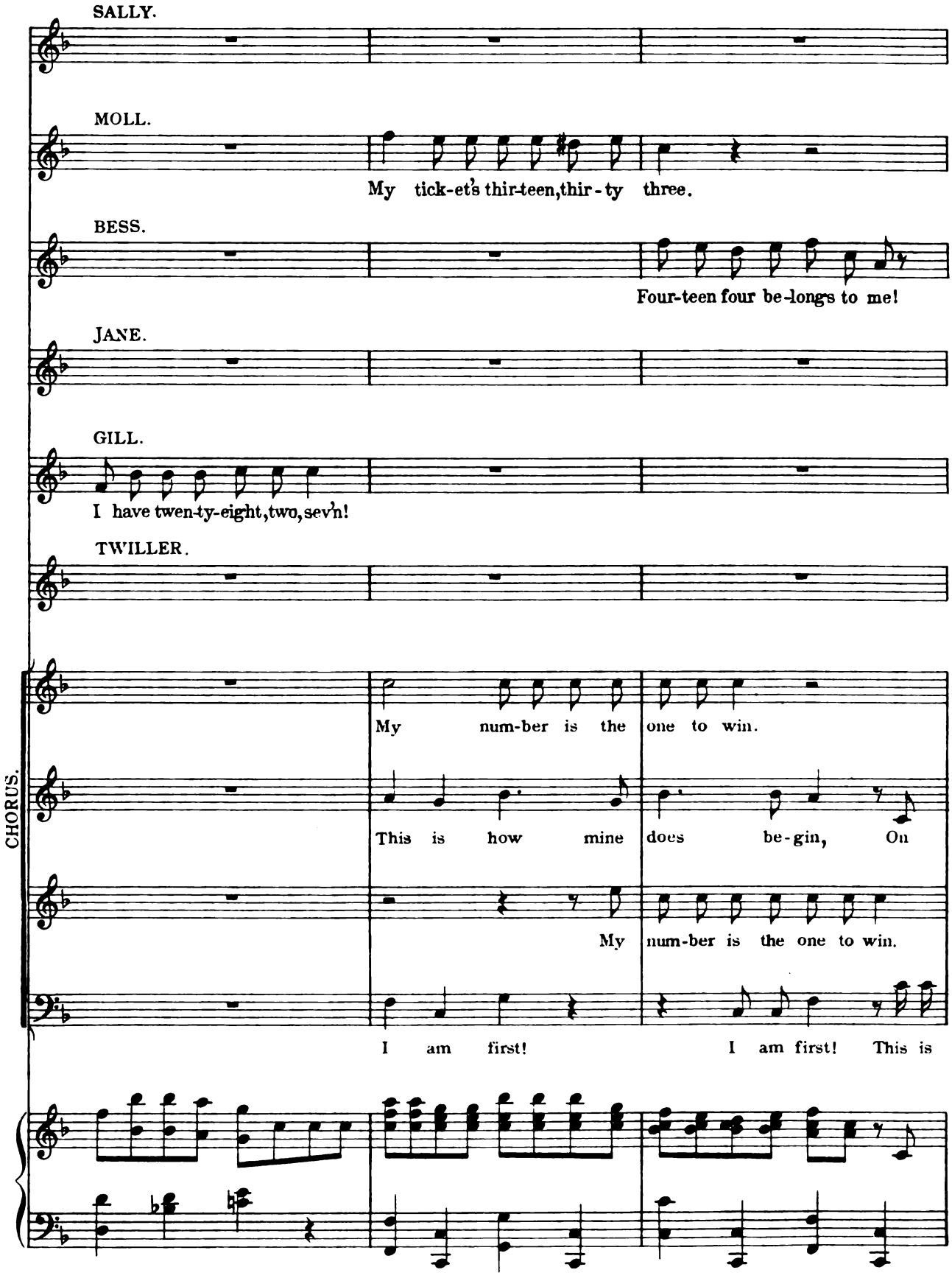

Allegro.
com-ing! He's com-ing! He's bring-ing us the news.
He's
The news!_ The news!_
The news!
The news!
Allegro.
p
cresc.
ff
p
bring-ing us the news.
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!
Oh, to draw it mild-ly now!
The news!
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!
Oh, to draw it mild-ly now!
The news!
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat!
Oh, to draw it mild-ly now!
ff
p

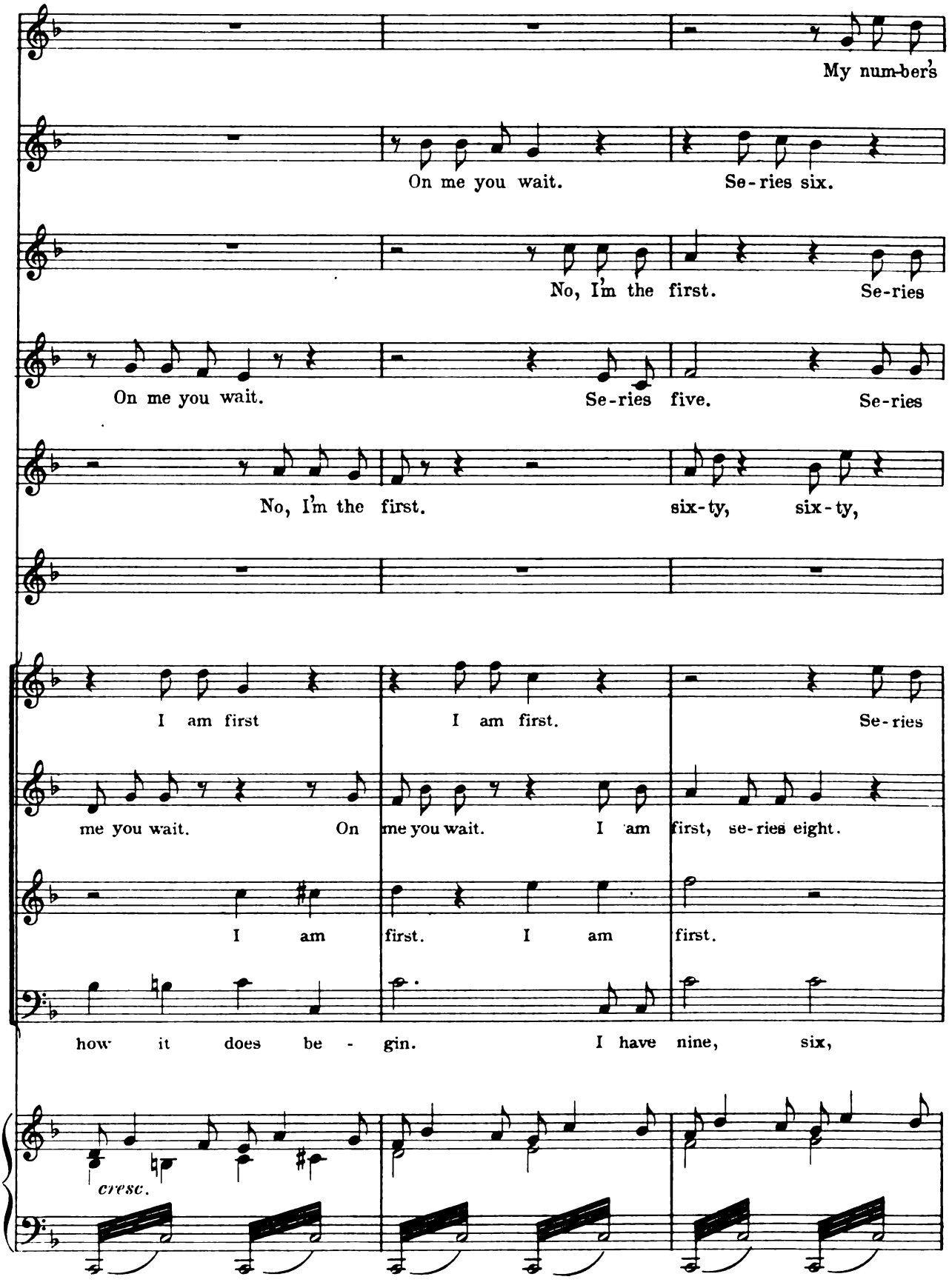

ff
Pit - a - pat! Pit - a - pat! My heart is throb-bing wild-ly now. Hur - ry!
Pit - a - pat! Pit - a - pat! My heart is throb-bing wild-ly now. Hur-ry! Hur - ry!
Pit - a - pat! Pit - a - pat! My heart is throb-bing wild-ly now. Hur - ry! Hur - ry!
Hur - ry! Hur - ry!
ff
f
ff
TWILLER.
Ha! Ha! Ha! This is for me a treat. Ha!
The news!
The news!
The news!
The news!
p
fp

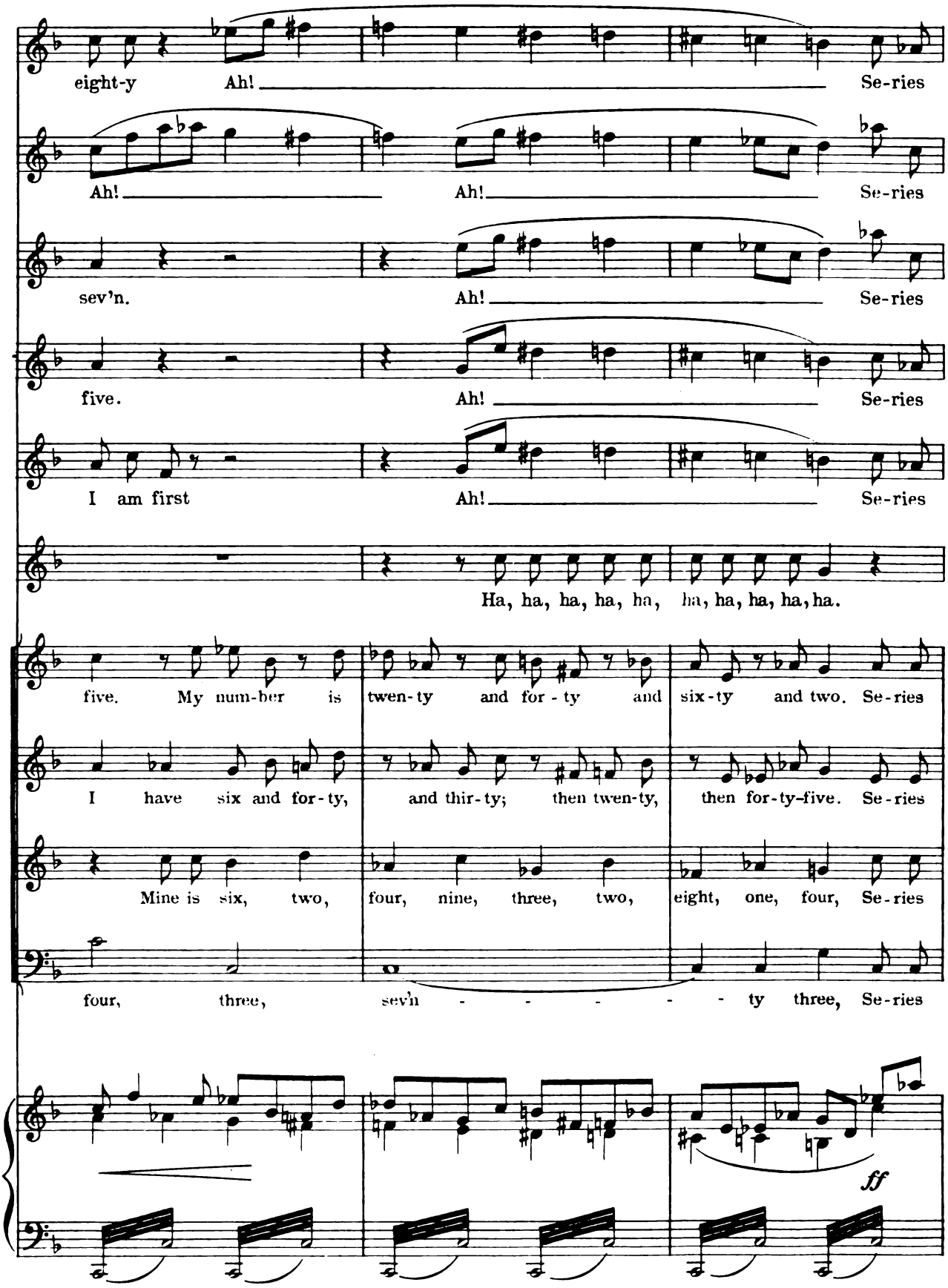

Ha! Ha! Ha! Re - venge is sweet.
Pre-
The news! The news!
The news! The news!
The news! The news!
pare to hear im - port-ant in-form-a-tion, It is some-thing that will
pp -
o - pen wide your eyes, And cause your hearts to beat with great e - la-tion, To

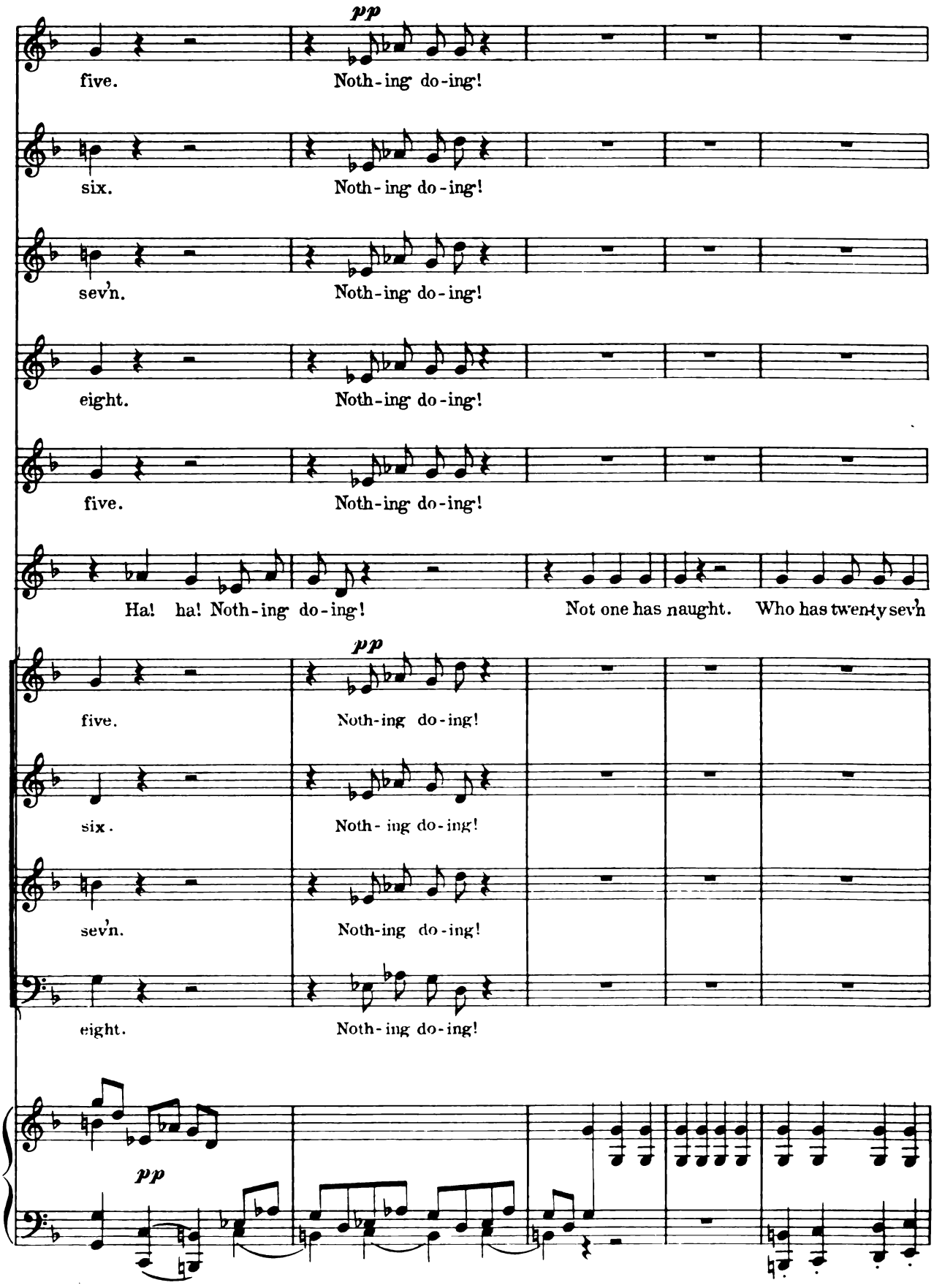

Deans - wold for-tune gives the first great prize. Ten
The first great prize!
The first great prize!
The first great prize!
f
thou - sand pounds.
Ten thou-sand pounds! As -
Ten thou-sand pounds!
As -
Ten thou-sand pounds! As -
Ten thou-sand pounds!
As -

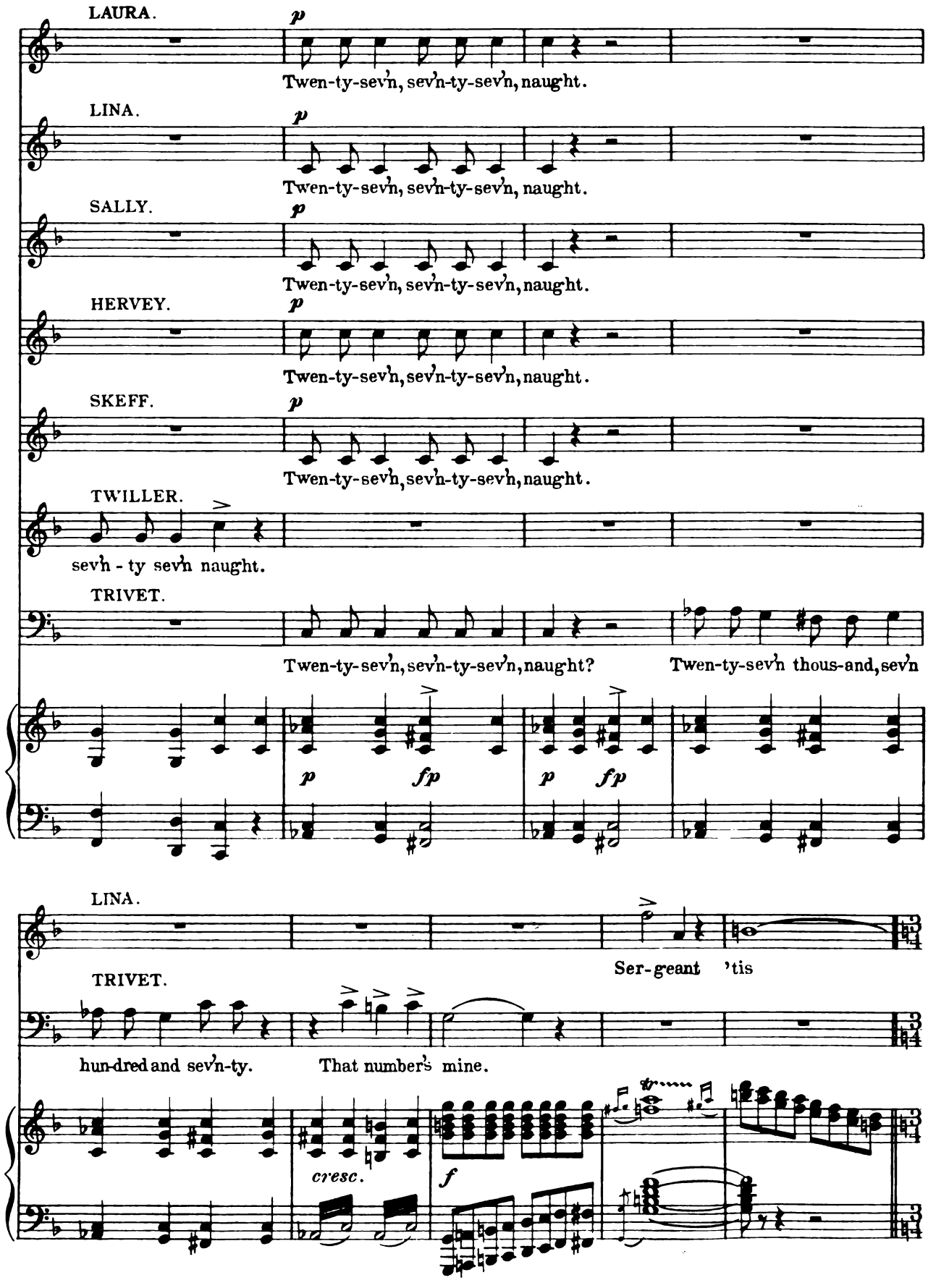

MOLL.
My
tound-ing! con-found-ing! The first great prize! Ten thous - and pounds!
tound-ing! con-found-ing! The first great prize! Ten thous - and pounds!
MOLL.
tick-et's thir-teen, thir-ty, three.
BESS.
And four-teen, four be-longs to me!
JANE.
And mine is six-ty-six, e-lev'n!
GILL.
And


SALLY.
MOLL.
My tick-et's thir-teen, thir-ty three.
BESS.
Four-teen four be-longs to me!
JANE.
GILL.
I have twen-ty-eight, two, sev'n!
TWILLER.
CHORUS.
My num-ber is the one to win.
This is how mine does be-gin, On
My num-ber is the one to win.
I am first! I am first! This is


My num-ber's
On me you wait.
Se-ries six.
No, I'm the first.
Se-ries
On me you wait.
Se-ries five.
Se-ries
No, I'm the first.
six-ty,
six-ty,
I am first
I am first.
Se-ries
me you wait.
On
me you wait.
I am
first, se-ries eight.
I am
first.
I am
first.
how it does be - gin.
I have nine, six,
cresc.


eight-y Ah! Se-ries
Ah! Ah! Se-ries
sev'n. Ah! Se-ries
five. Ah! Se-ries
I am first Ah! Se-ries
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
five. My num-ber is twen-ty and for-ty and six-ty and two. Se-ries
I have six and for-ty, and thir-ty; then twen-ty, then for-ty-five. Se-ries
Mine is six, two, four, nine, three, two, eight, one, four, Se-ries
four, three, sev'n - - - - - ty three, Se-ries
ff


pp
five.
Noth-ing do-ing!
six.
Noth-ing do-ing!
sev'n.
Noth-ing do-ing!
eight.
Noth-ing do-ing!
five.
Noth-ing do-ing!
Ha! ha! Noth-ing do-ing!
Not one has naught. Who has twenty sev'n
pp
five.
Noth-ing do-ing!
six.
Noth-ing do-ing!
sev'n.
Noth-ing do-ing!
eight.
Noth-ing do-ing!
pp


LAURA.
p
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught.
LINA.
p
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught.
SALLY.
p
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught.
HERVEY.
p
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught.
SKEFF.
p
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught.
TWILLER.
sev'n - ty sev'n naught.
TRIVET.
Twen-ty-sev'n, sev'n-ty-sev'n, naught?
Twen-ty-sev'n thous-and, sev'n
p
fp
p
fp
LINA.
Ser-geant 'tis
TRIVET.
hun-dred and sev'n-ty.
That number's mine.
cresc.
f

Tempo di Polacca.

LINA.

thine. Hope up - ward spring - ing, Hap - - pi - ness

bring - ing, And for - - - tune is sing - ing A gold - - en

Allegretto non troppo.

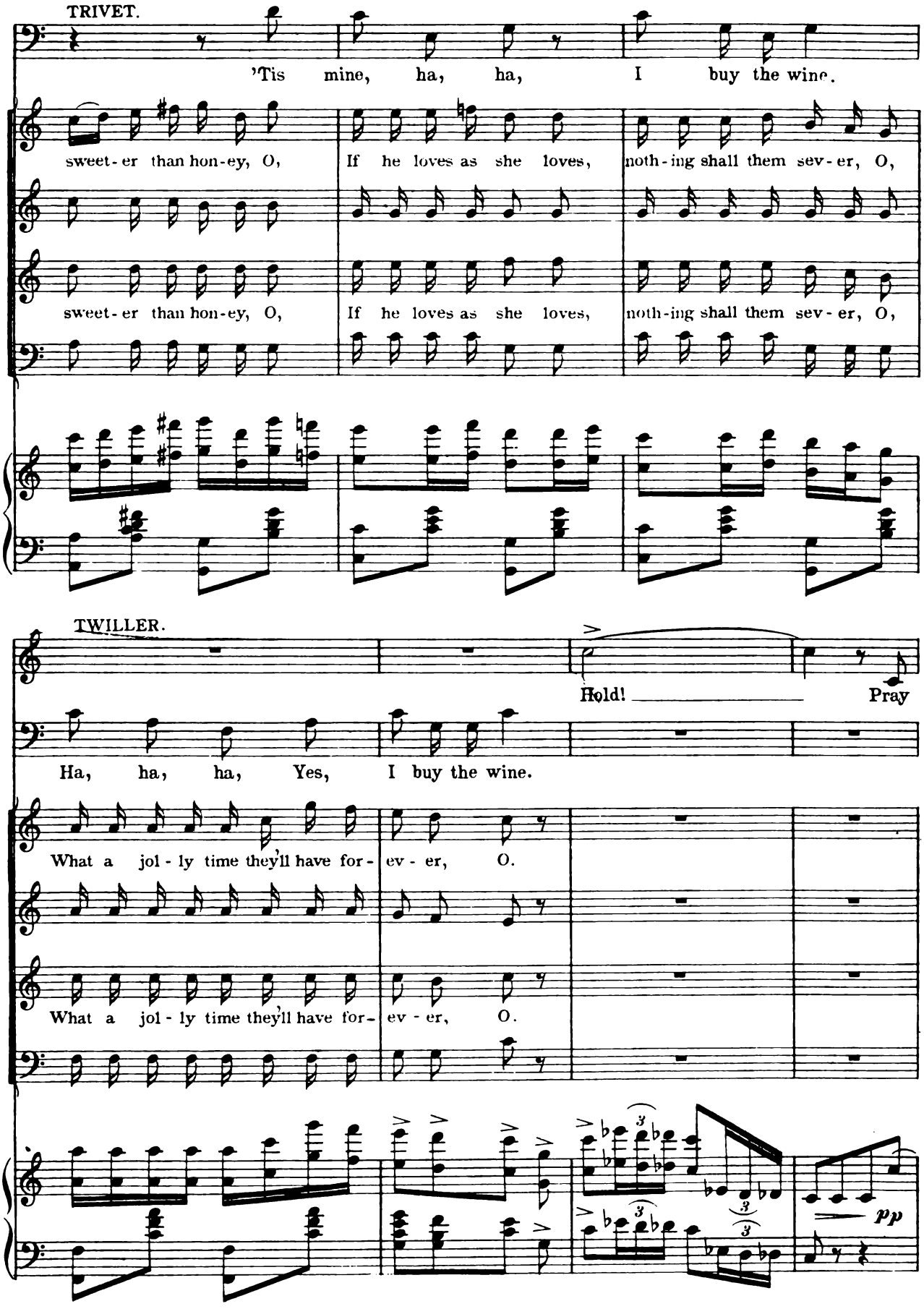
round - e - lay.

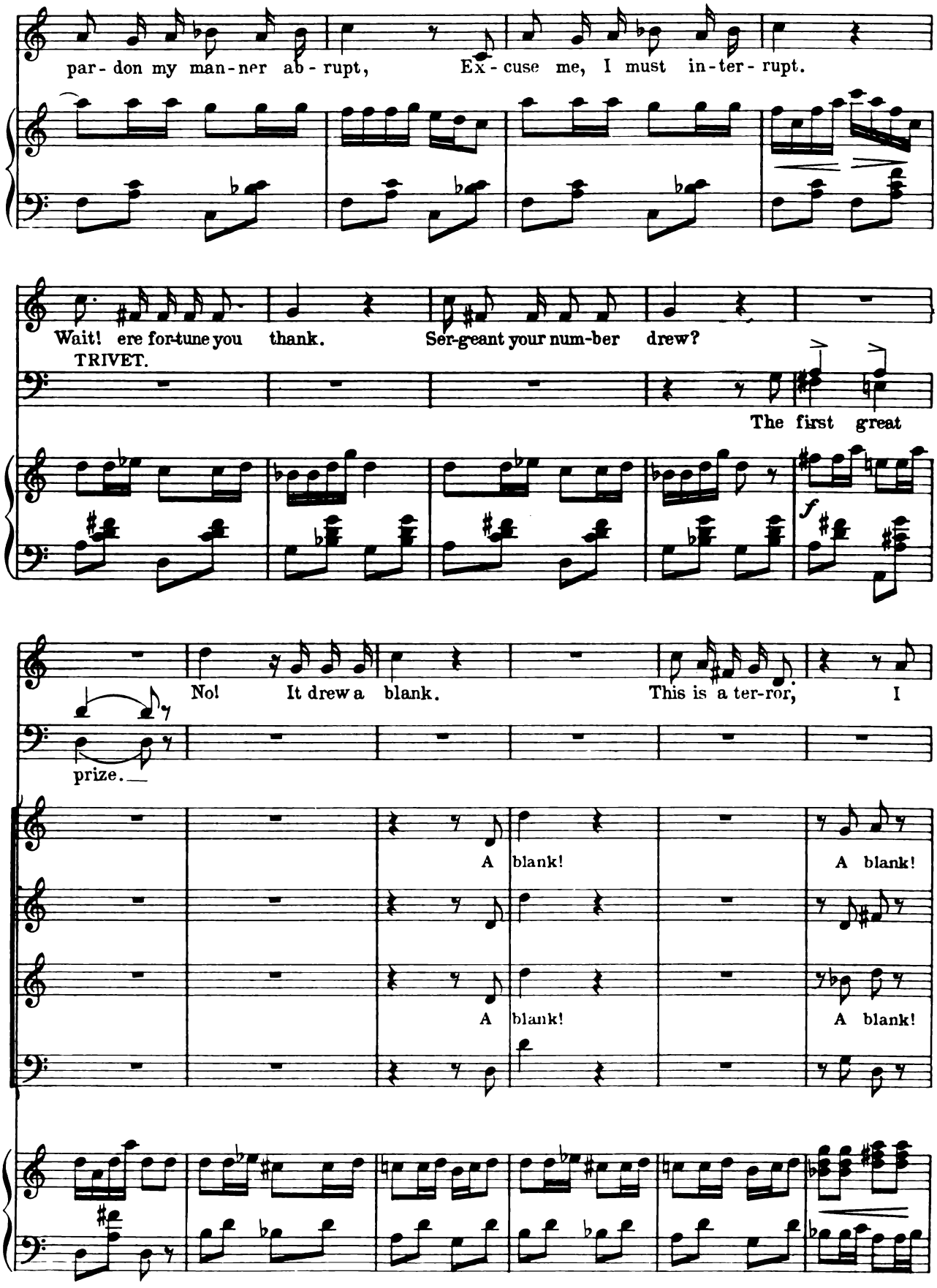
PRINCIPALS & CHORUS.

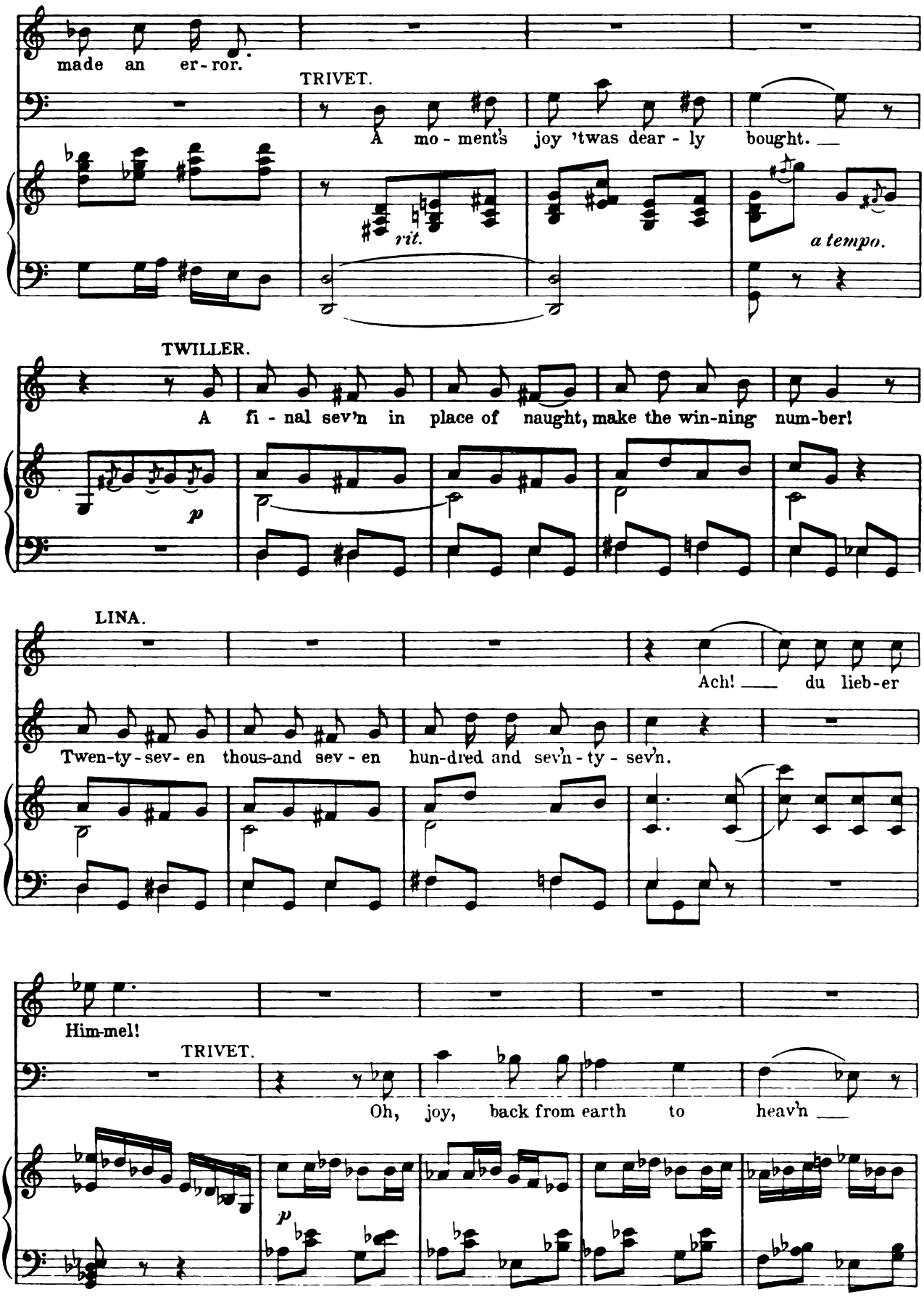
For he is the right boy, right for my money, O, He is the right boy,

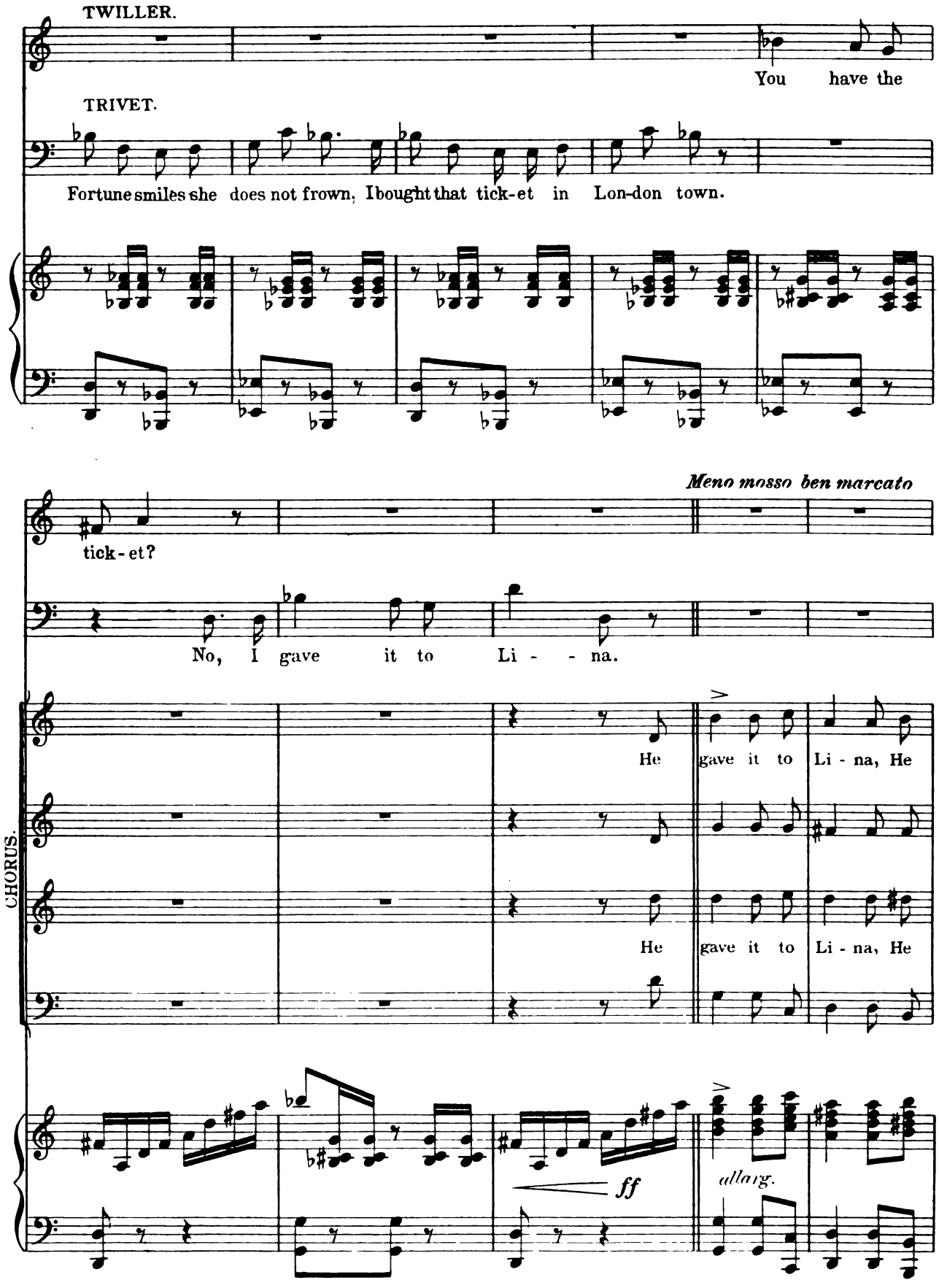
For he is the right boy, right for my money, O, He is the right boy,

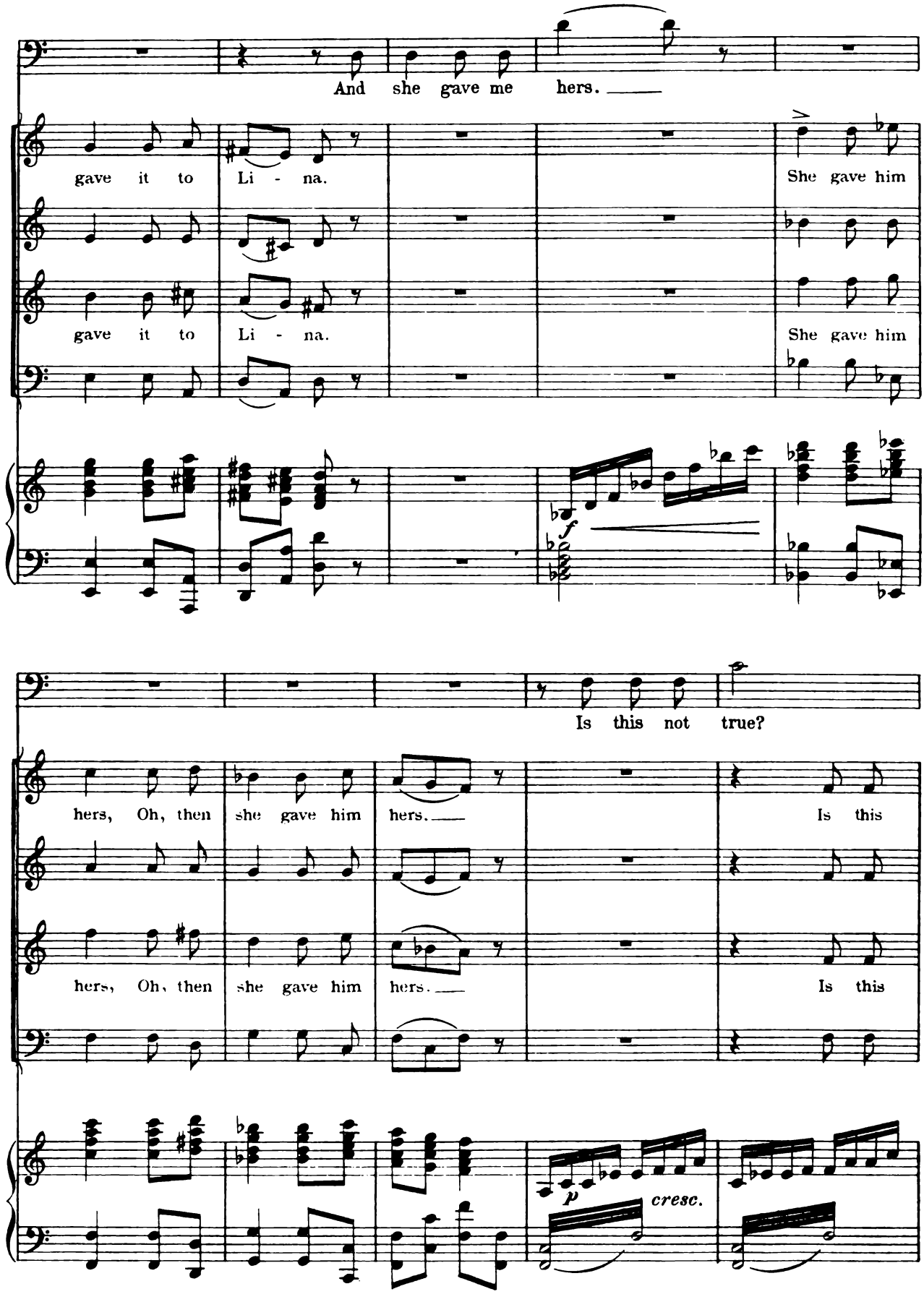
ff

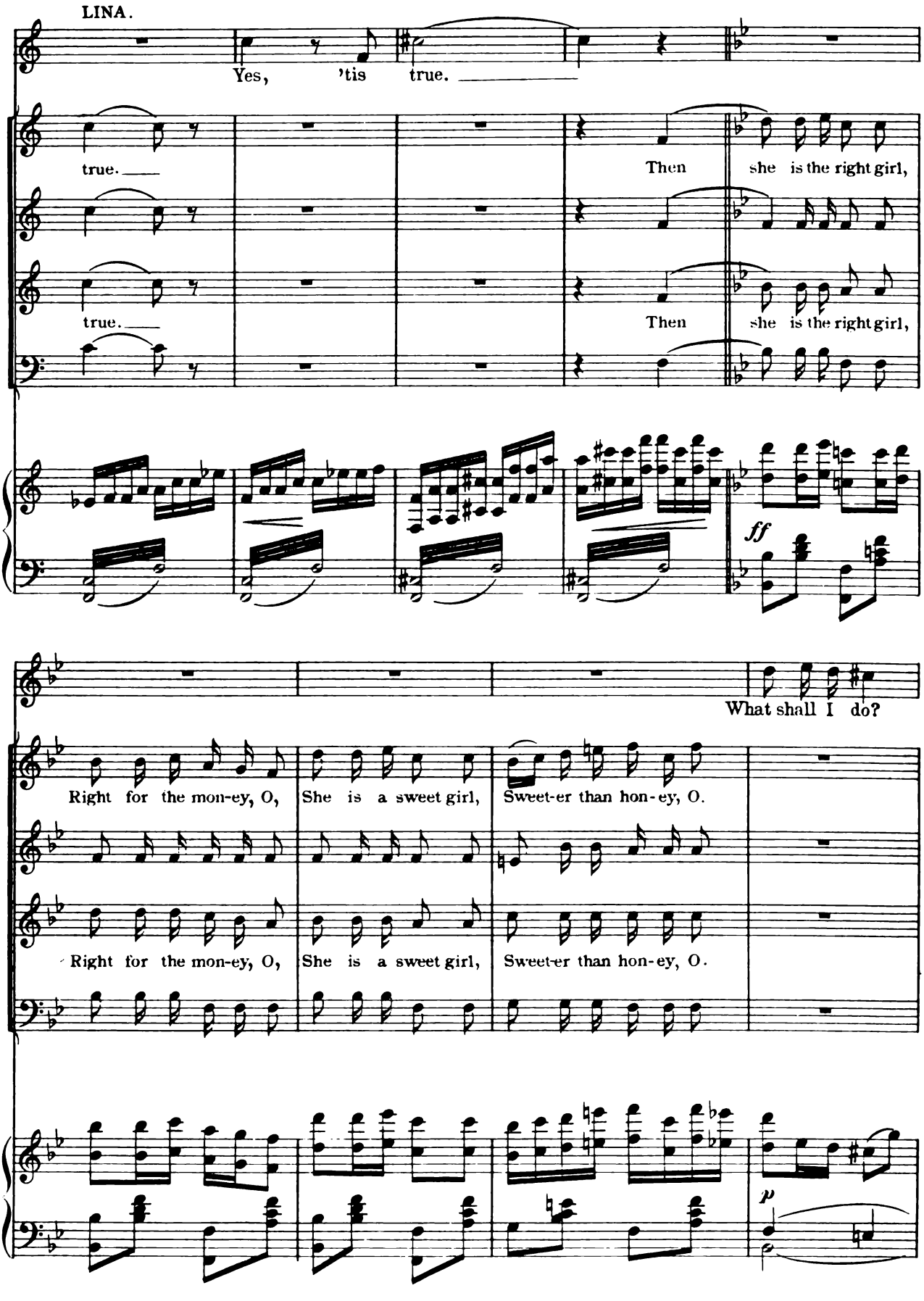

TRIVET.
'Tis mine, ha, ha, I buy the wine.
sweet-er than hon-ey, O, If he loves as she loves, noth-ing shall them sev-er, O,
sweet-er than hon-ey, O, If he loves as she loves, noth-ing shall them sev-er, O,
TWILLER.
Hold! Pray
Ha, ha, ha, Yes, I buy the wine.
What a jol-ly time they'll have for-ev-er, O.
What a jol-ly time they'll have for-ev-er, O.
pp

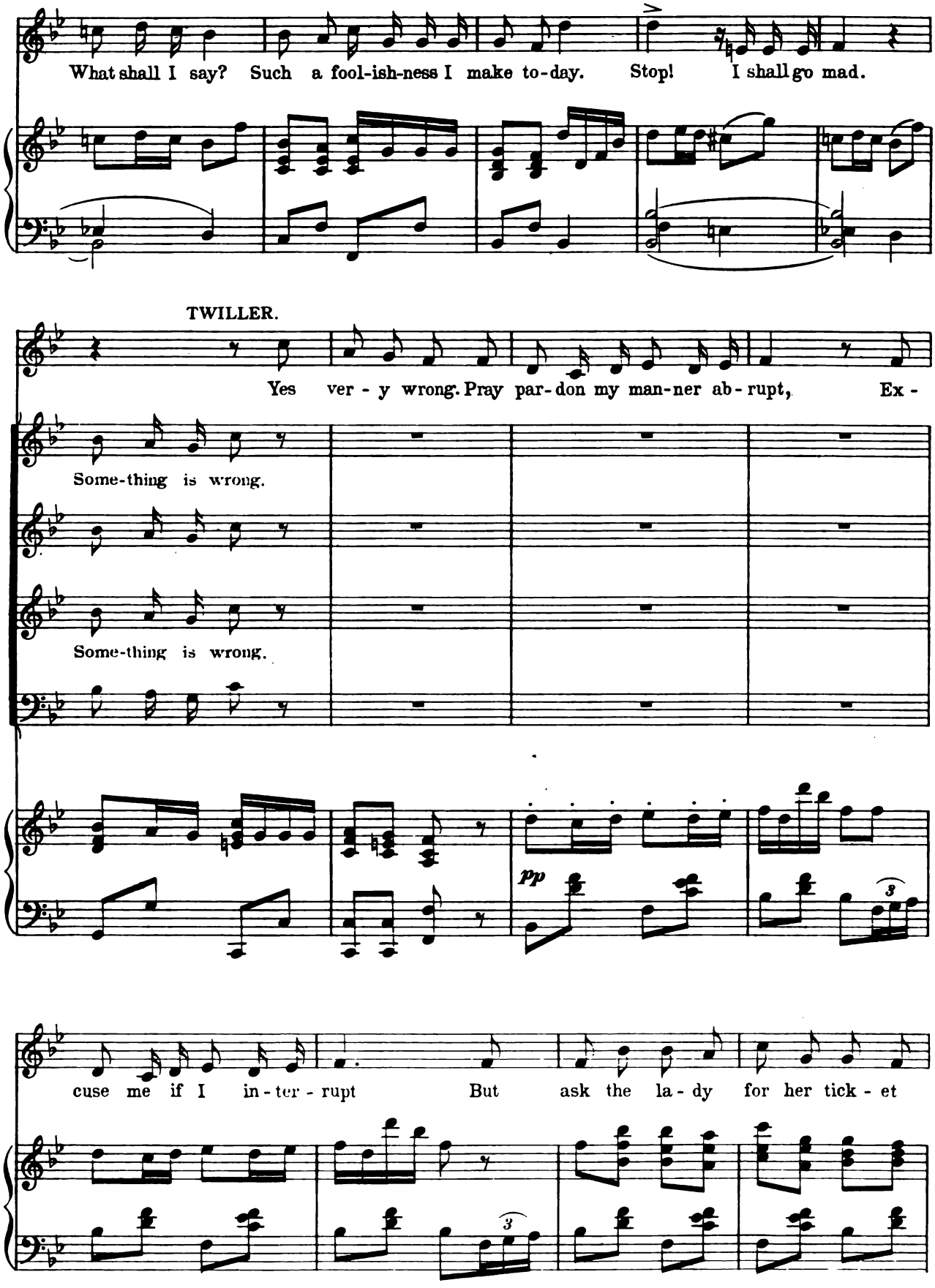

par- don my man-ner ab- rupt,
Ex- cuse me, I must in-ter- rupt.
Wait! ere for-tune you thank.
Ser-geant your num-ber drew?
TRIVET.
The first great
f
No! It drew a blank.
This is a ter-ror, I
prize.
A blank!
A blank!
A blank!
A blank!

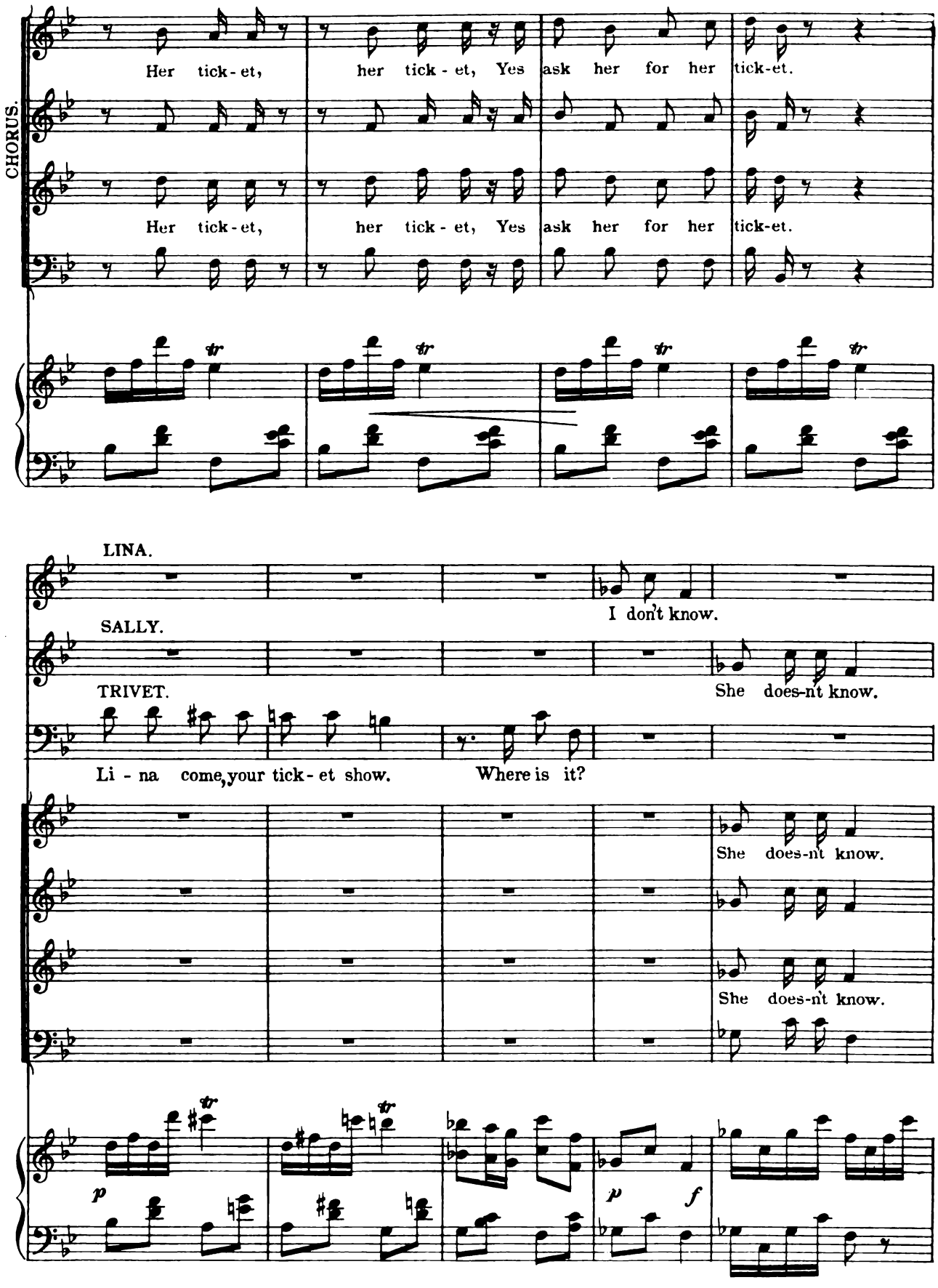

made an er-ror.
TRIVET.
A mo-ment's joy 'twas dear-ly bought.
rit.
a tempo.
TWILLER.
A fi-nal sev'n in place of naught, make the win-ning num-ber!
p
LINA.
Ach! du lieb-er
Twen-ty-sev-en thous-and sev-en hun-dred and sev'n-ty-sev'n.
Him-mel!
TRIVET.
Oh, joy, back from earth to heav'n
p

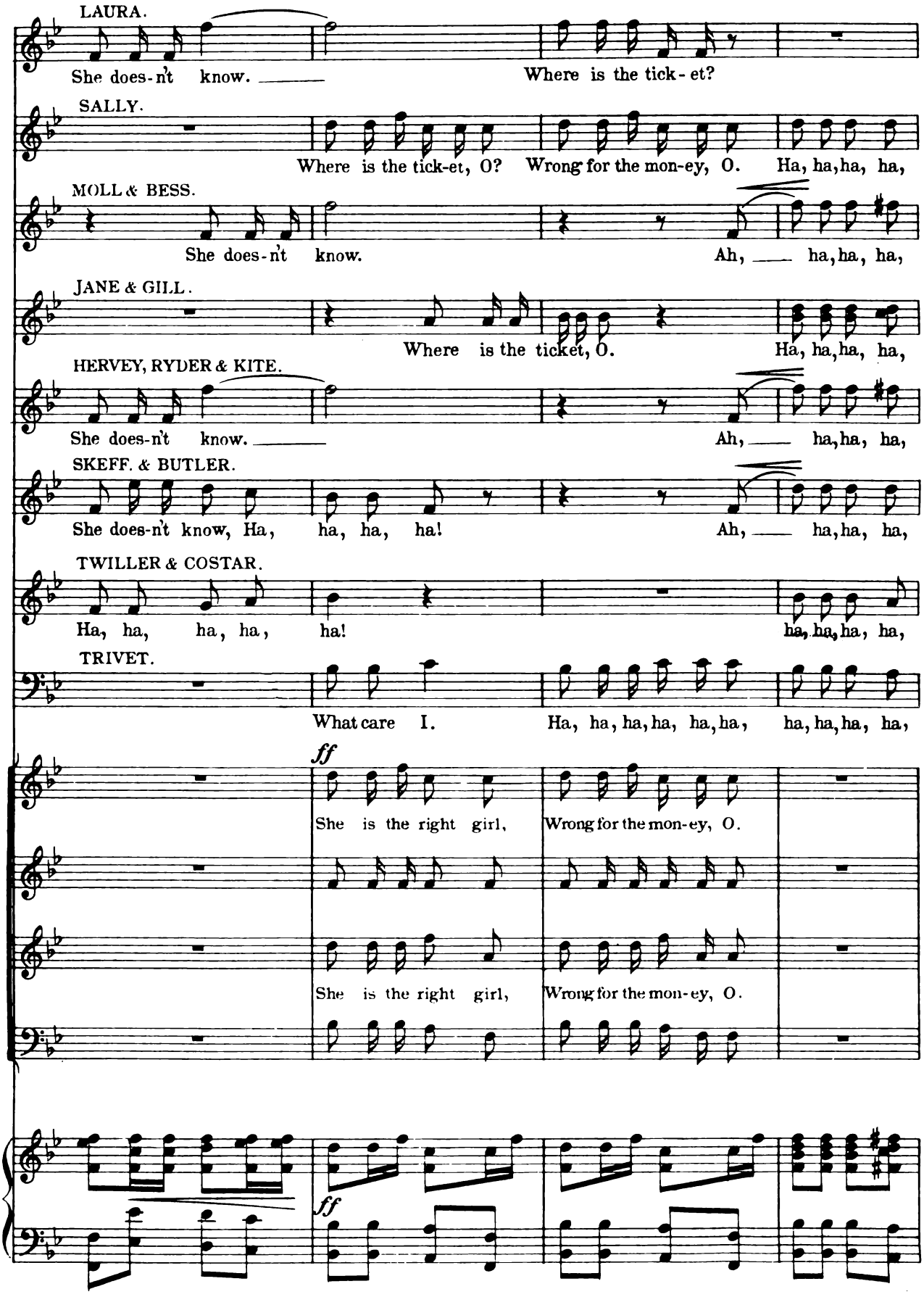

TWILLER.
You have the
TRIVET.
Fortune smiles she does not frown, I bought that tick-et in Lon-don town.
Meno mosso ben marcato
tick-et?
No, I gave it to Li - - na.
CHORUS.
He gave it to Li - na, He
He gave it to Li - na, He
ff
allarg.

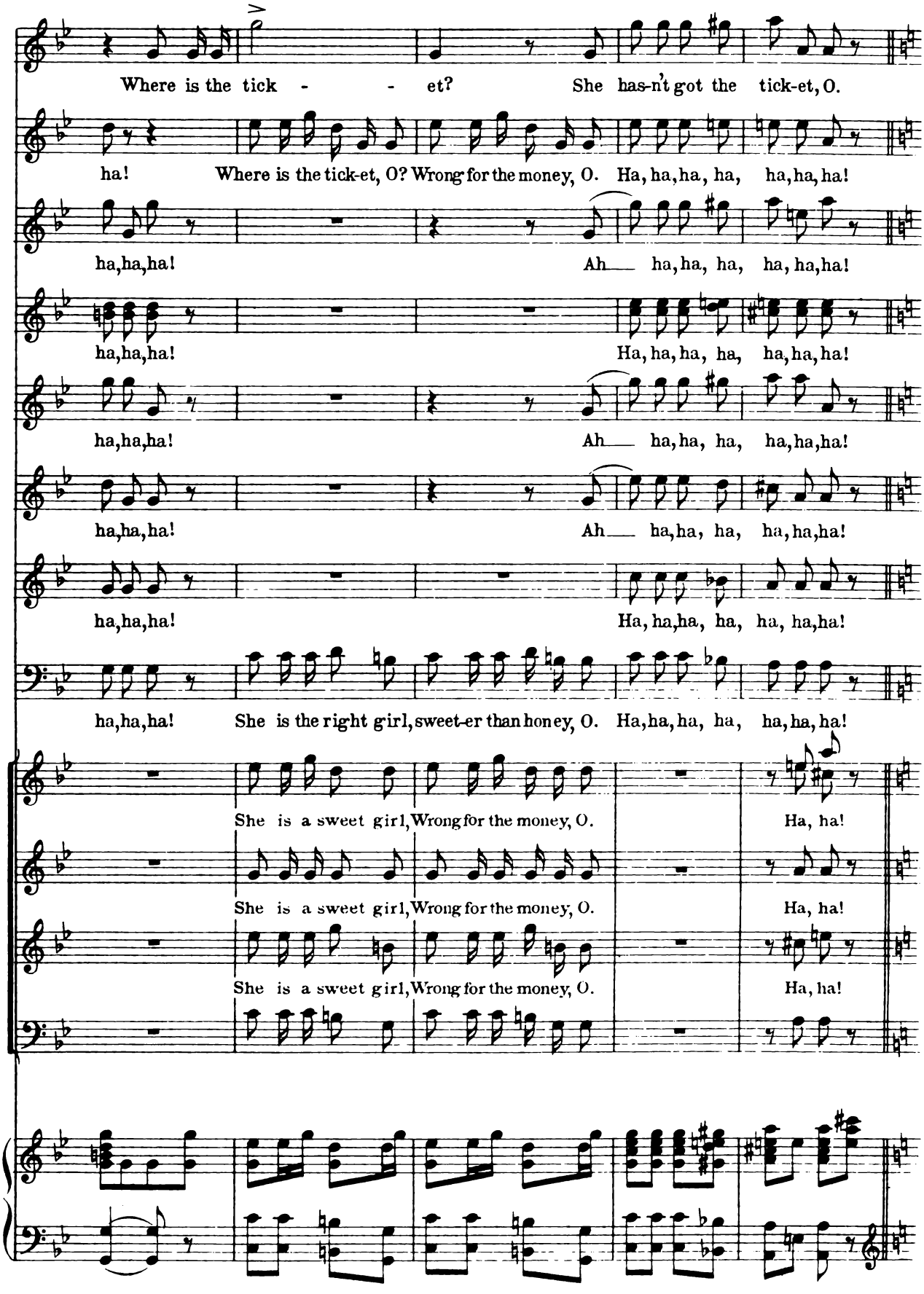

And she gave me hers.
gave it to Li - na.
She gave him
gave it to Li - na.
She gave him
f
Is this not true?
hers, Oh, then she gave him hers.
Is this
hers, Oh, then she gave him hers.
Is this
p
cresc.

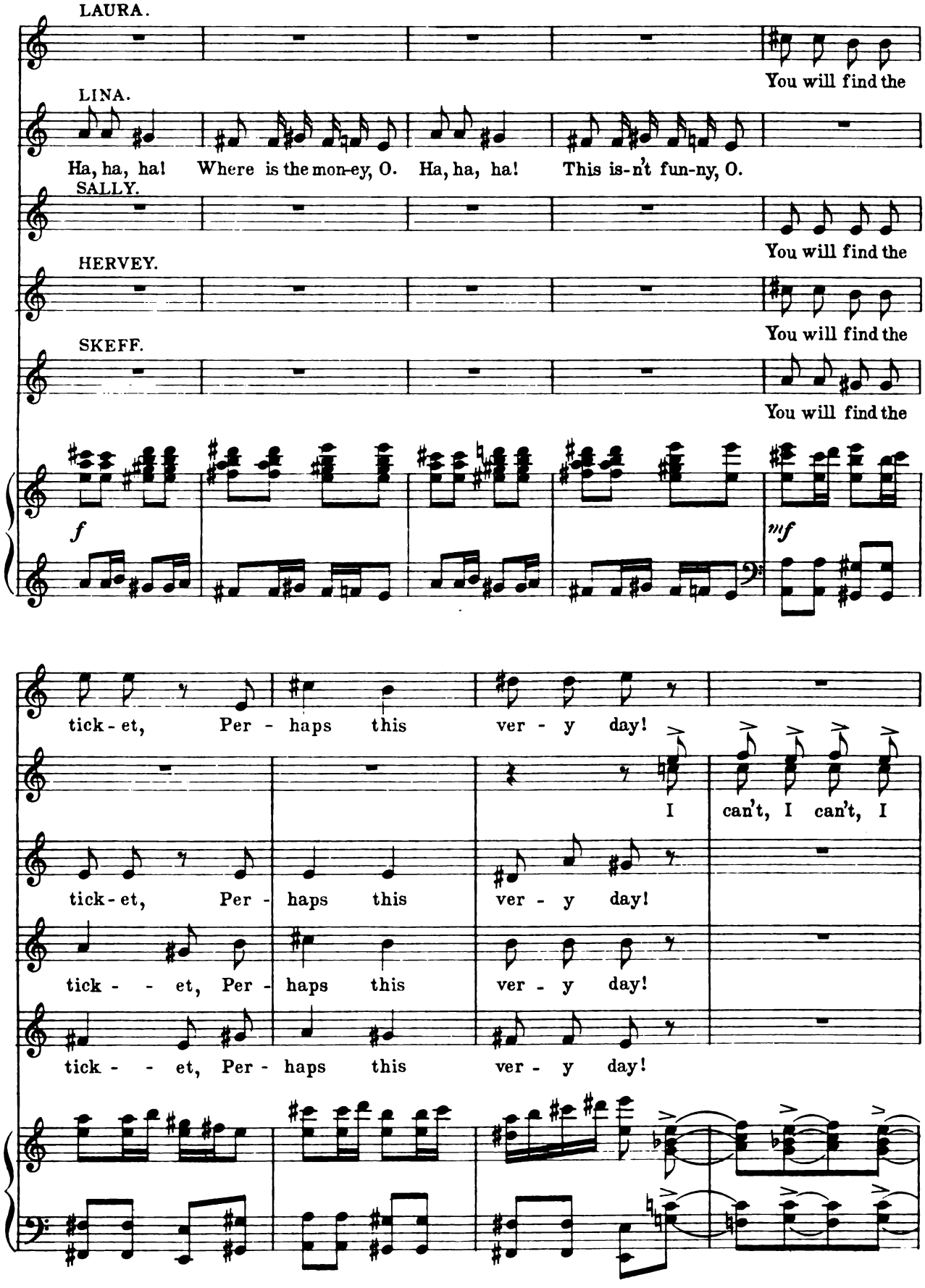

LINA.
Yes, 'tis true.
true.
Then she is the right girl,
true.
Then she is the right girl,
ff
What shall I do?
Right for the mon-ey, O, She is a sweet girl, Sweet-er than hon-ey, O.
Right for the mon-ey, O, She is a sweet girl, Sweet-er than hon-ey, O.
p

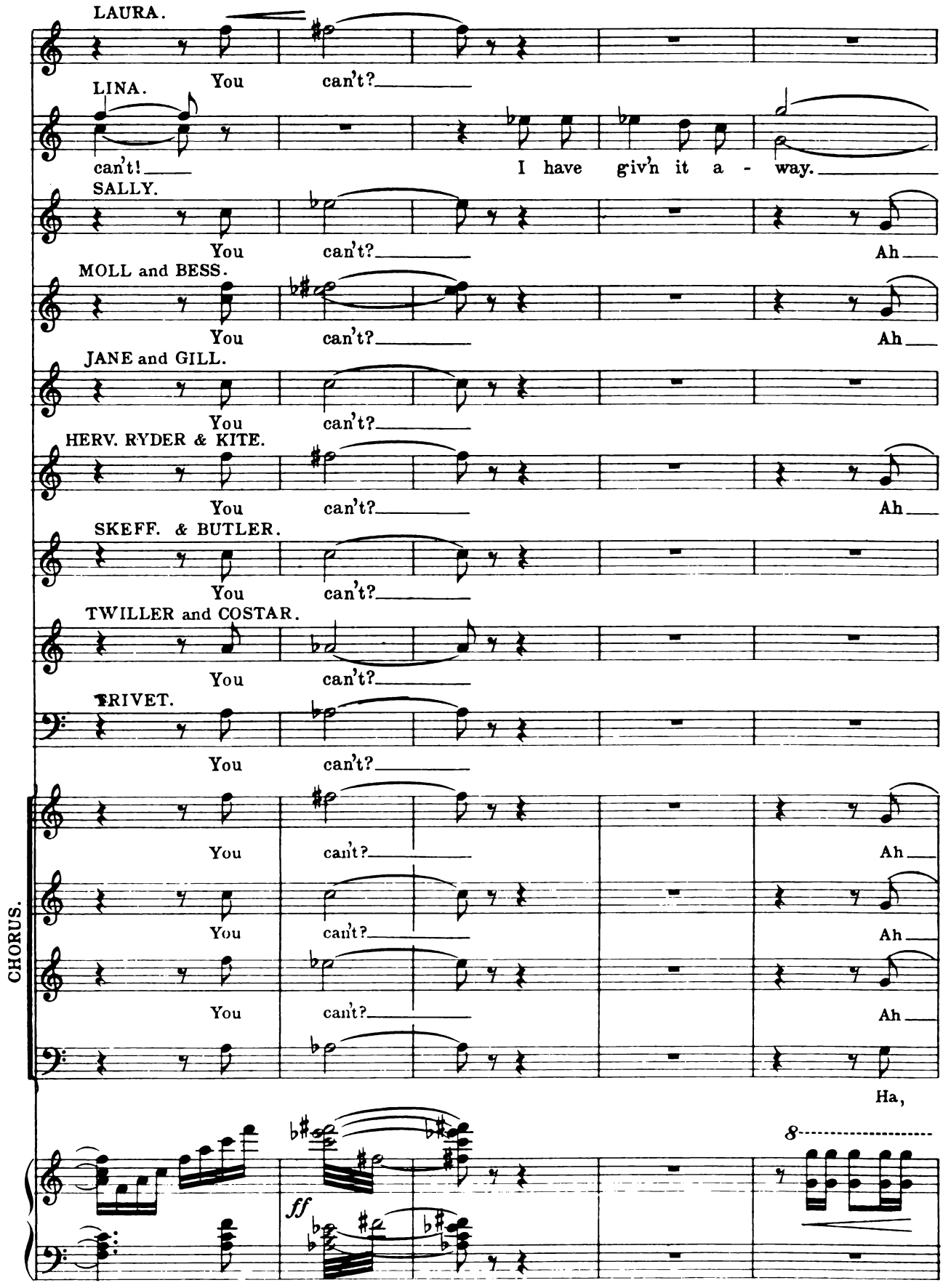

What shall I say? Such a fool-ish-ness I make to-day. Stop! I shall go mad.
TWILLER.
Yes ver - y wrong. Pray par-don my man-ner ab-rupt, Ex -
Some-thing is wrong.
Some-thing is wrong.
pp
cuse me if I in-ter-rupt But ask the la-dy for her tick-et

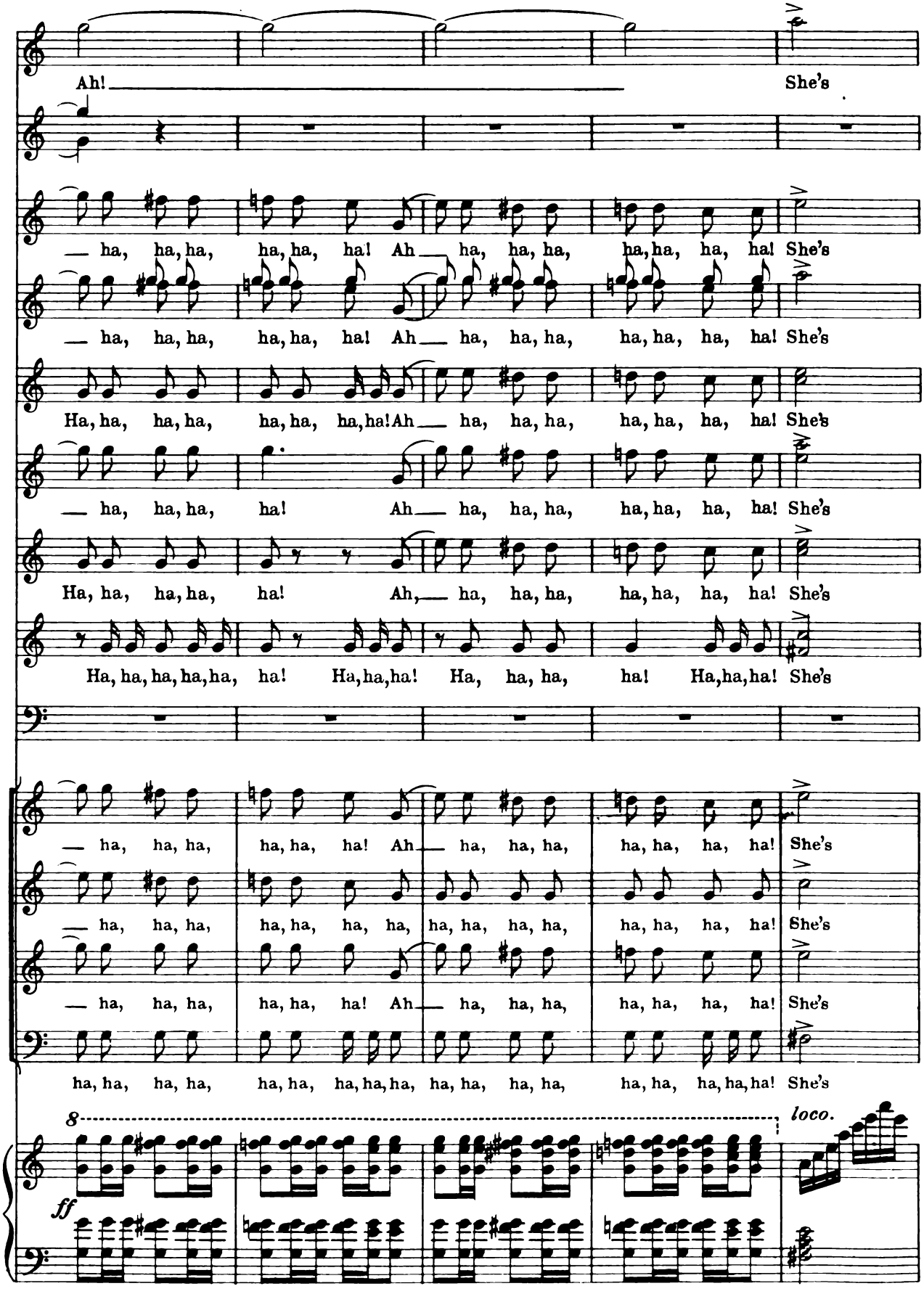

CHORUS.
Her tick-et, her tick-et, Yes ask her for her tick-et.
Her tick-et, her tick-et, Yes ask her for her tick-et.
LINA.
I don't know.
SALLY.
She does-n't know.
TRIVET.
Li-na come, your tick-et show.
Where is it?
She does-n't know.
She does-n't know.
p
p
f

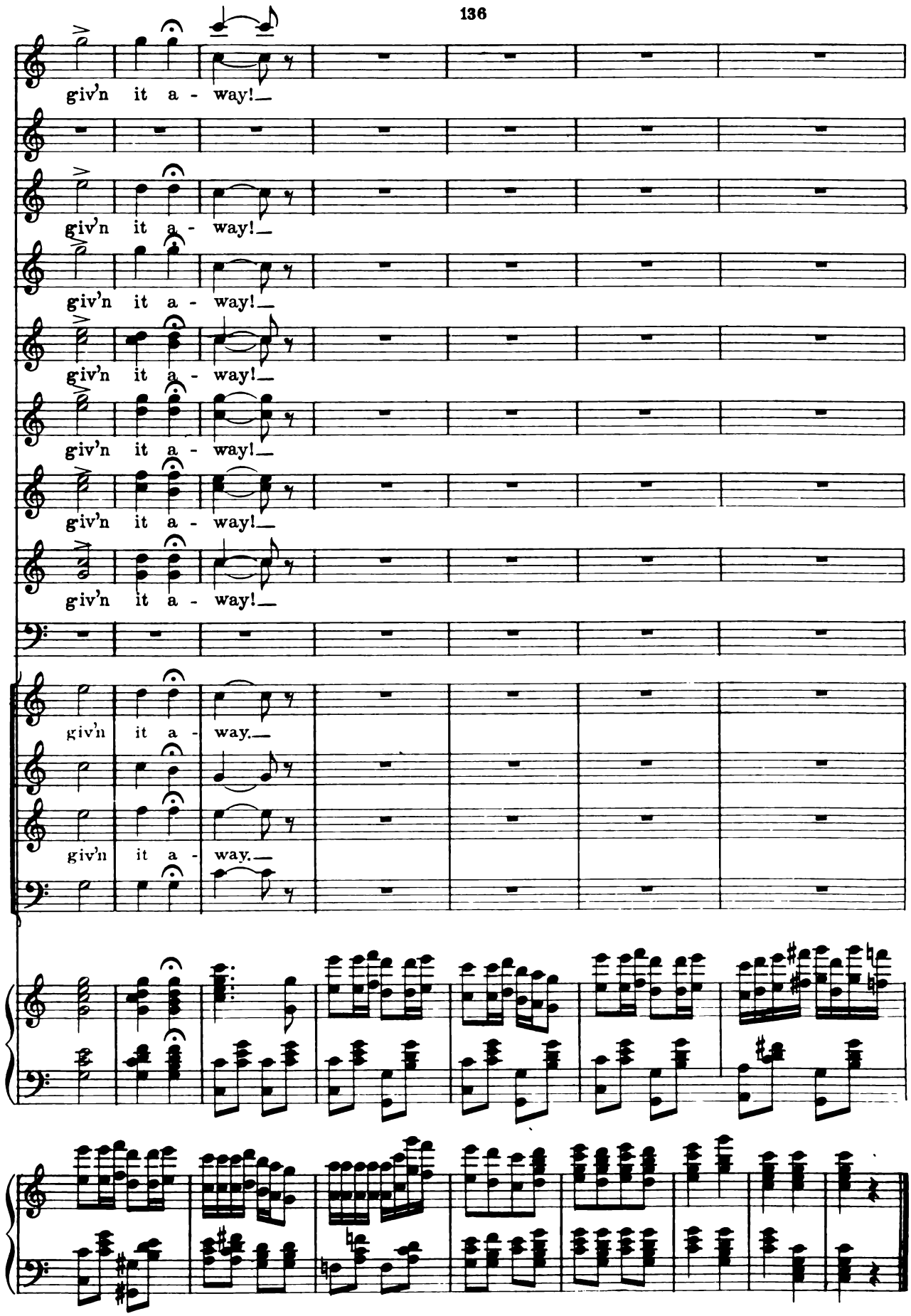

LAURA.
She does-n't know.
Where is the tick-et?
SALLY.
Where is the tick-et, O? Wrong for the mon-ey, O. Ha, ha, ha, ha,
MOLL & BESS.
She does-n't know.
Ah, ha, ha, ha,
JANE & GILL.
Where is the ticket, O.
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
HERVEY, RYDER & KITE.
She does-n't know.
Ah, ha, ha, ha,
SKEFF. & BUTLER.
She does-n't know, Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ah, ha, ha, ha,
TWILLER & COSTAR.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha, ha,
TRIVET.
What care I.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha,
ff
She is the right girl,
Wrong for the mon-ey, O.
She is the right girl,
Wrong for the mon-ey, O.
ff


Where is the tick - - et? She has-n't got the tick-et, O.
ha! Where is the tick-et, O? Wrong for the money, O. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ah ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ah ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ah ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! She is the right girl, sweet-er than hon-ey, O. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
She is a sweet girl, Wrong for the money, O. Ha, ha!
She is a sweet girl, Wrong for the money, O. Ha, ha!
She is a sweet girl, Wrong for the money, O. Ha, ha!


LAURA.
You will find the
LINA.
Ha, ha, ha! Where is the mon-ey, O. Ha, ha, ha! This is-n't fun-ny, O.
SALLY.
You will find the
HERVEY.
You will find the
SKEFF.
You will find the
f
mf
tick-et, Per - haps this ver - y day!
I can't, I can't, I
tick-et, Per - haps this ver - y day!
tick - - et, Per - haps this ver - y day!
tick - - et, Per - haps this ver - y day!


LAURA.
You can't?
LINA.
can't! I have giv'n it a - way.
SALLY.
You can't? Ah
MOLL and BESS.
You can't? Ah
JANE and GILL.
You can't?
HERV. RYDER & KITE.
You can't? Ah
SKEFF. & BUTLER.
You can't?
TWILLER and COSTAR.
You can't?
TRIVET.
You can't?
CHORUS.
You can't? Ah
You can't? Ah
You can't? Ah
Ha,
ff
8


Ah! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah, — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
— ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ah — ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! She's
8
loco.
ff


giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way!
giv'n it a - way.
giv'n it a - way.

End of Act I.

ACT II.

Love Forgotten.

SONG.

Hervey.

No. 1.

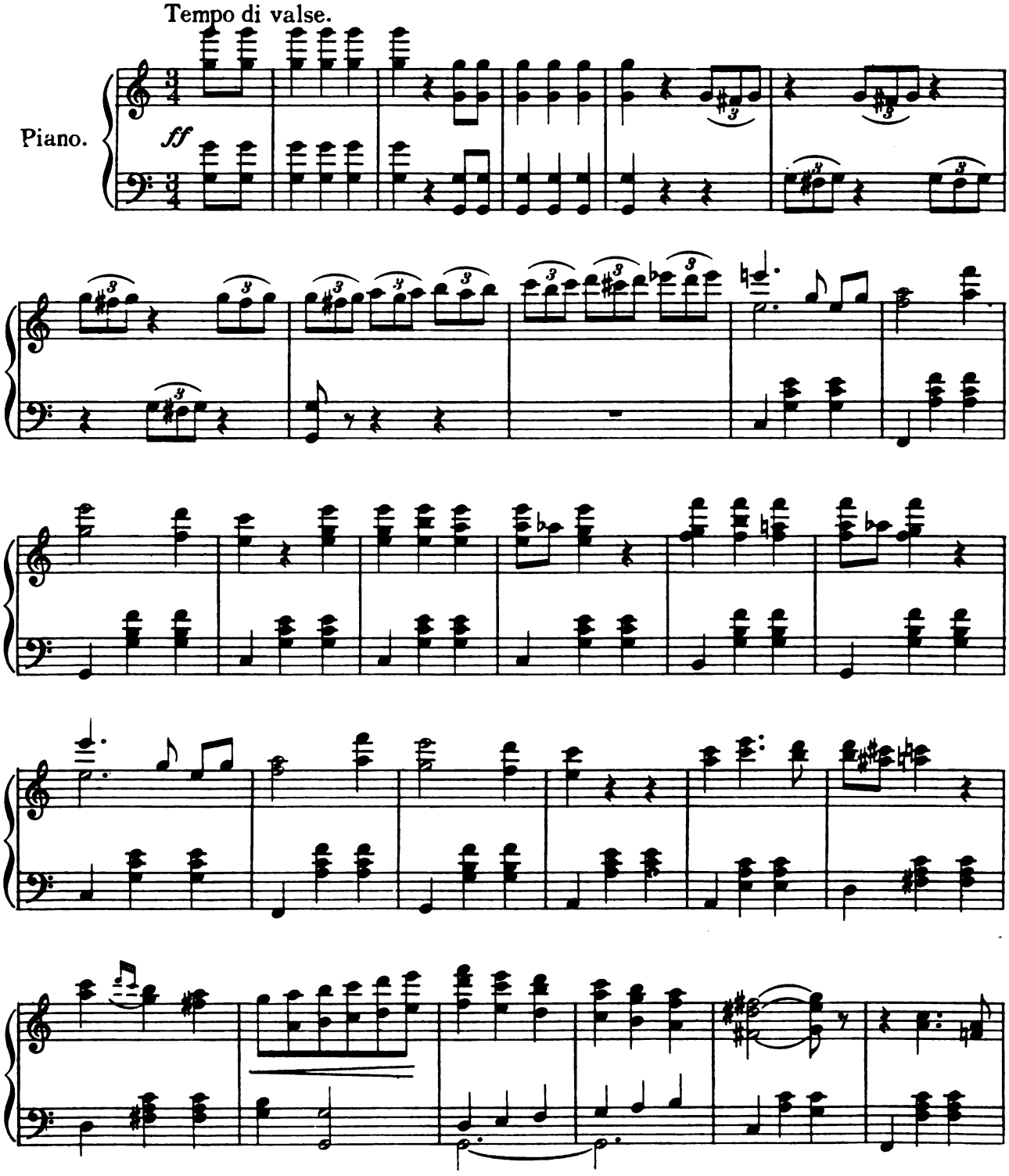
Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Tempo di valse.

Piano.

ff



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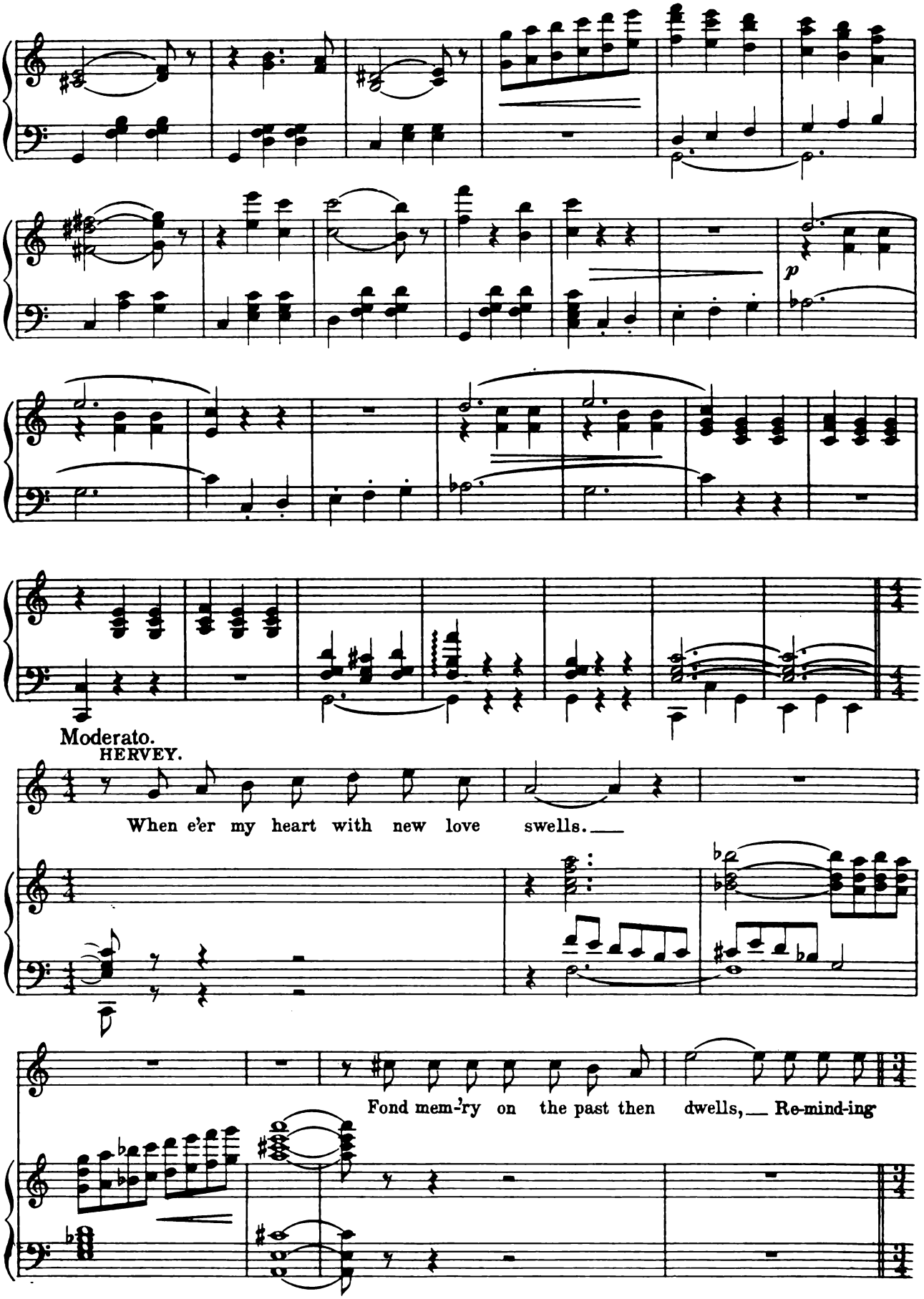
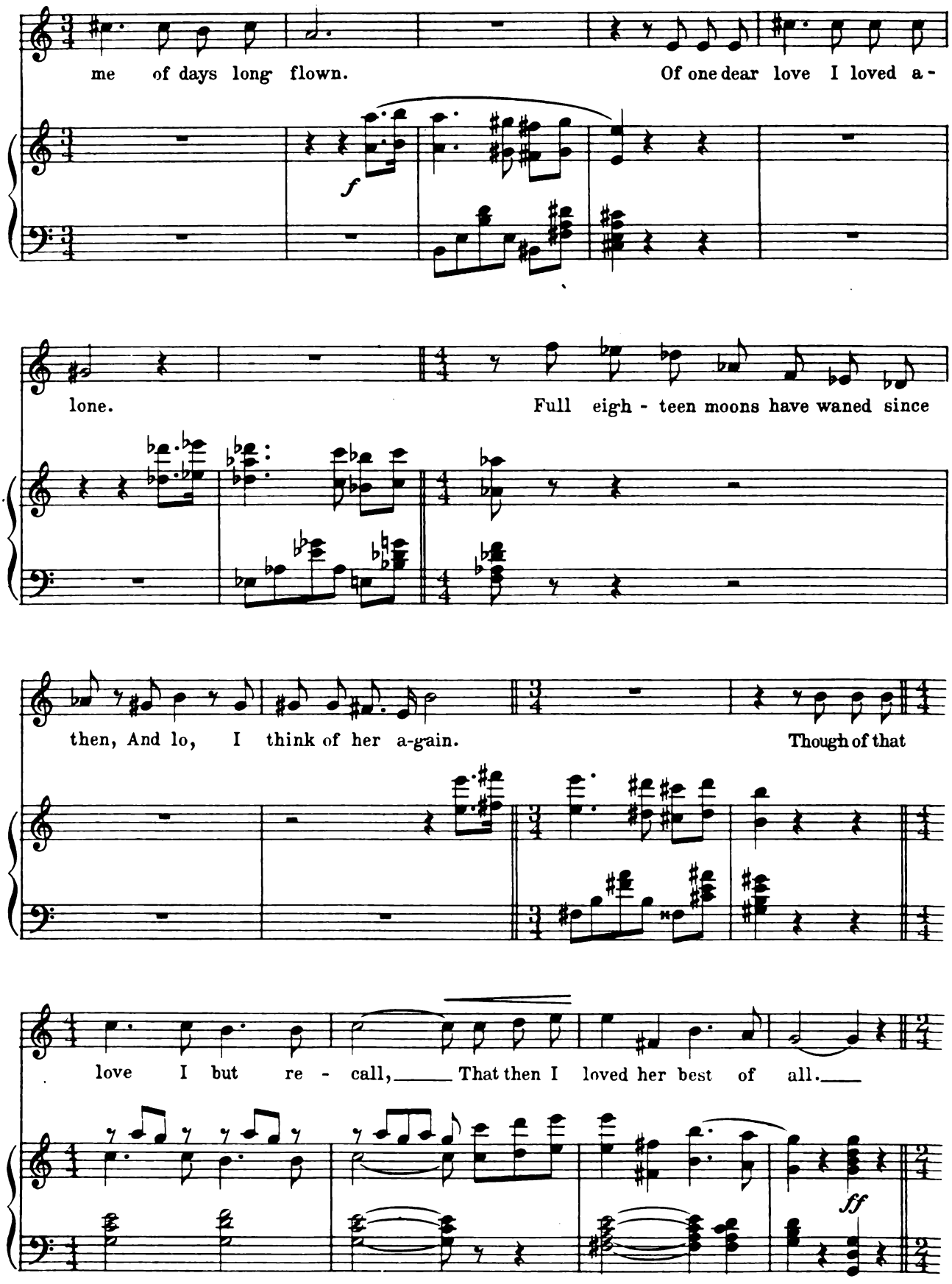
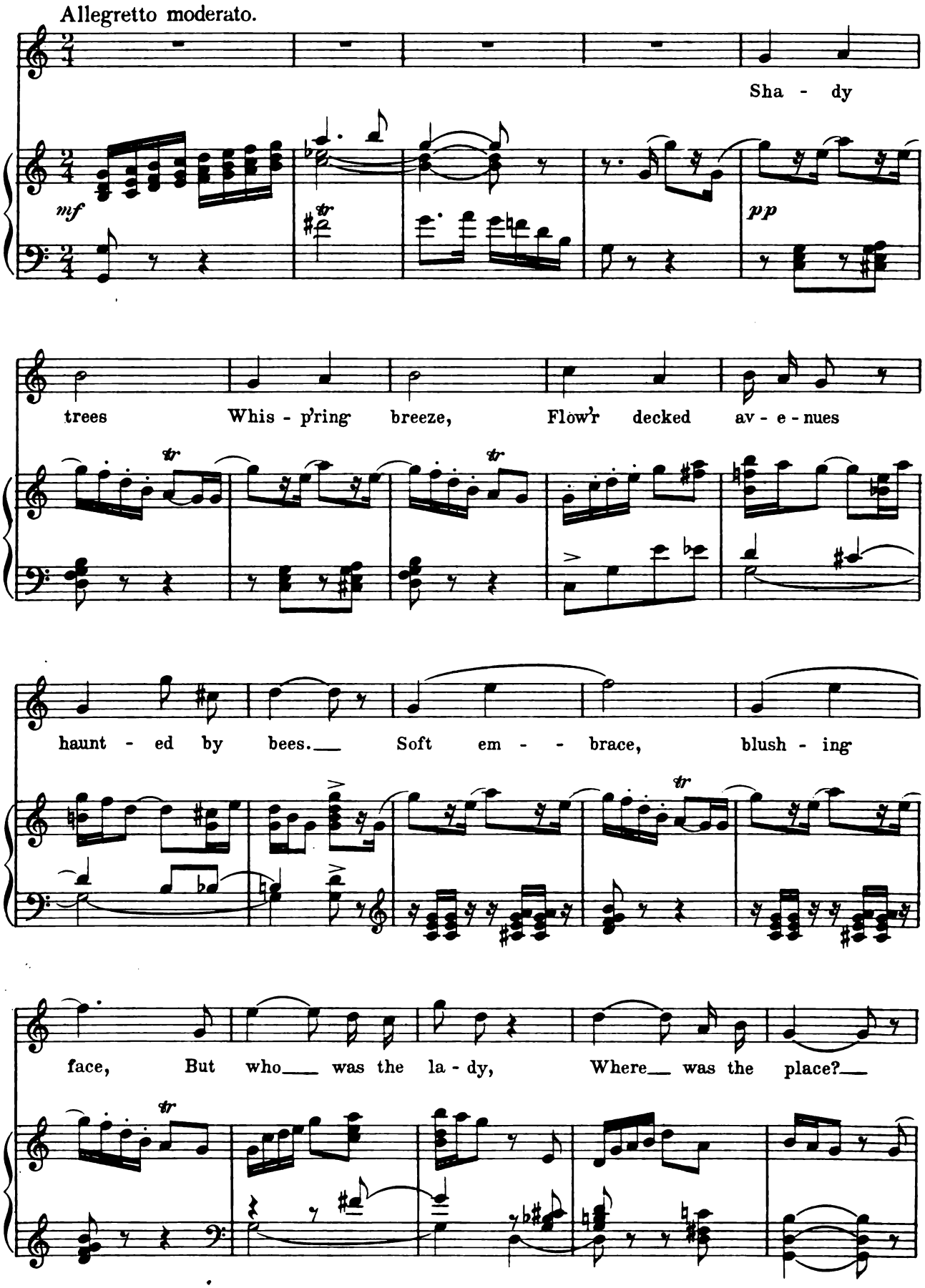
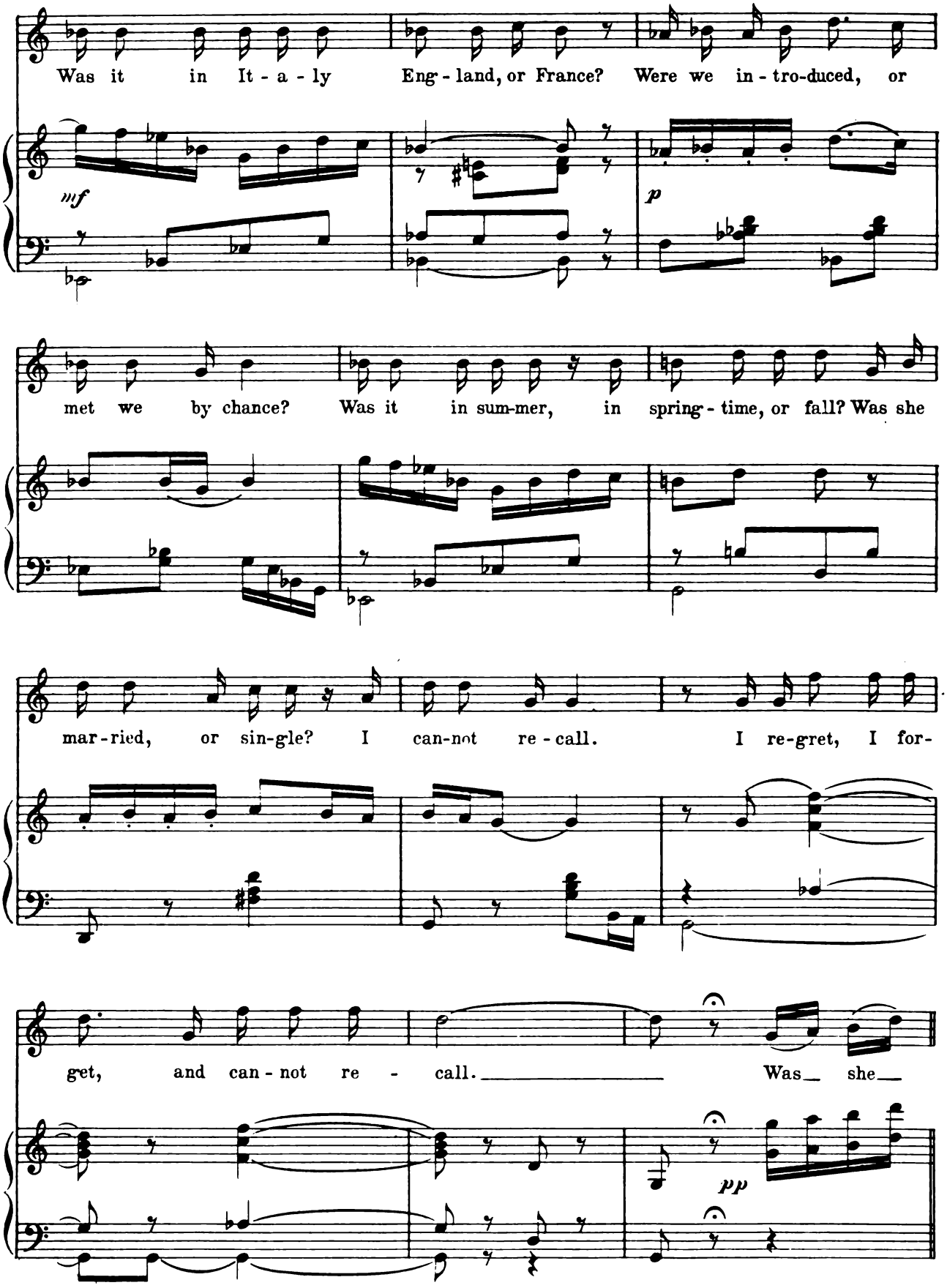
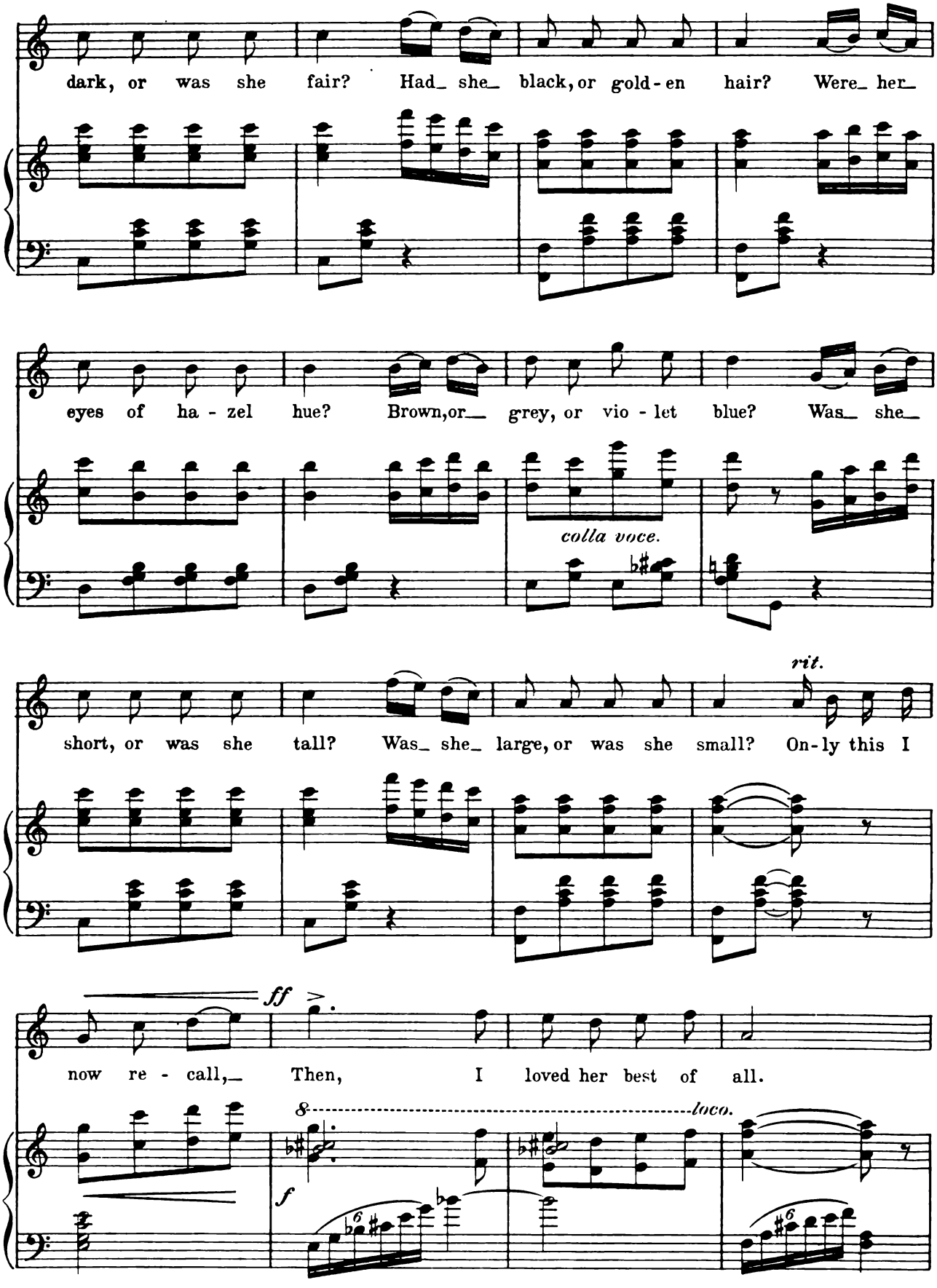
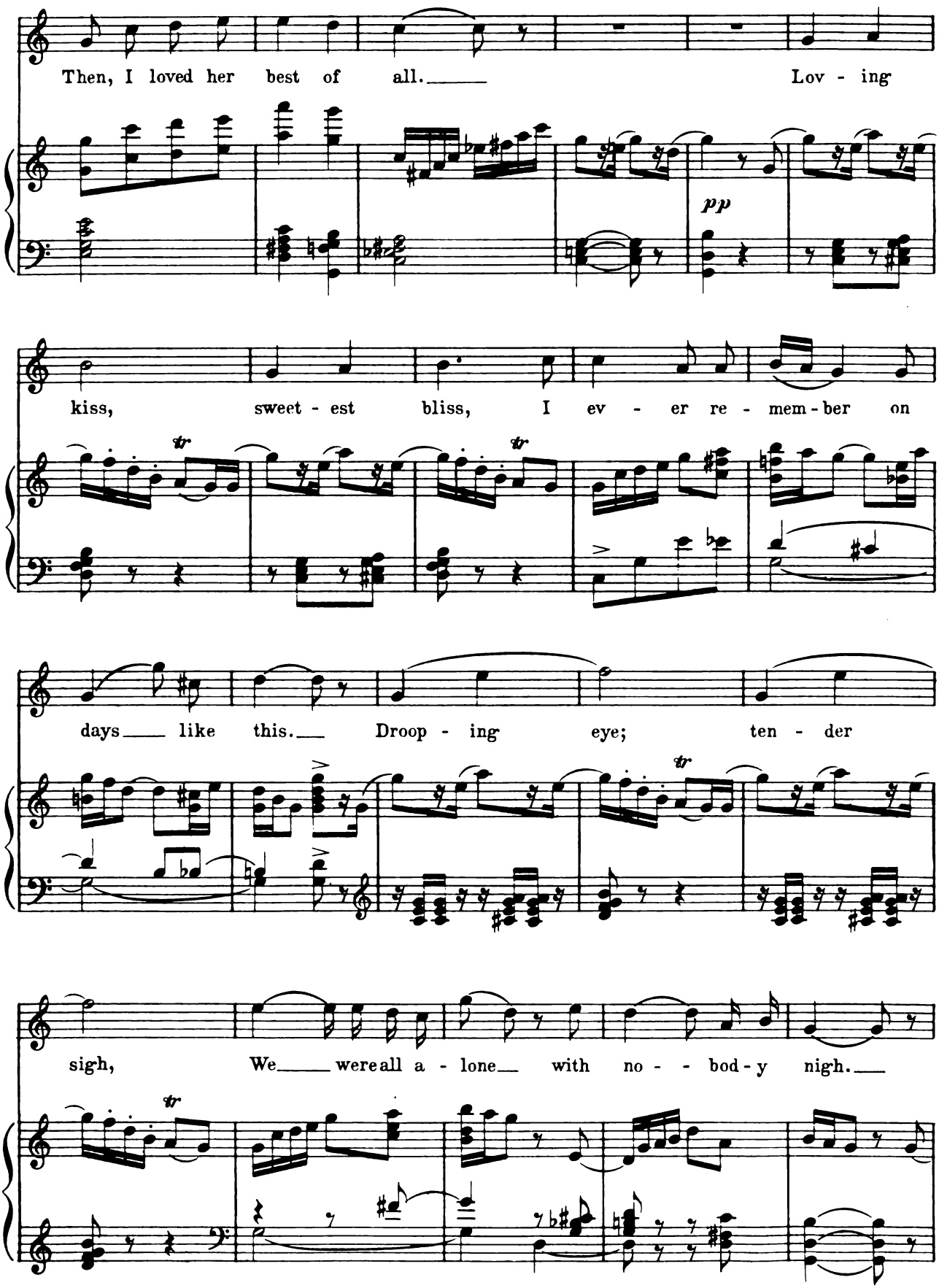

p
Moderato.
HERVEY.
When e'er my heart with new love swells.
Fond mem-'ry on the past then dwells, Re-mind-ing

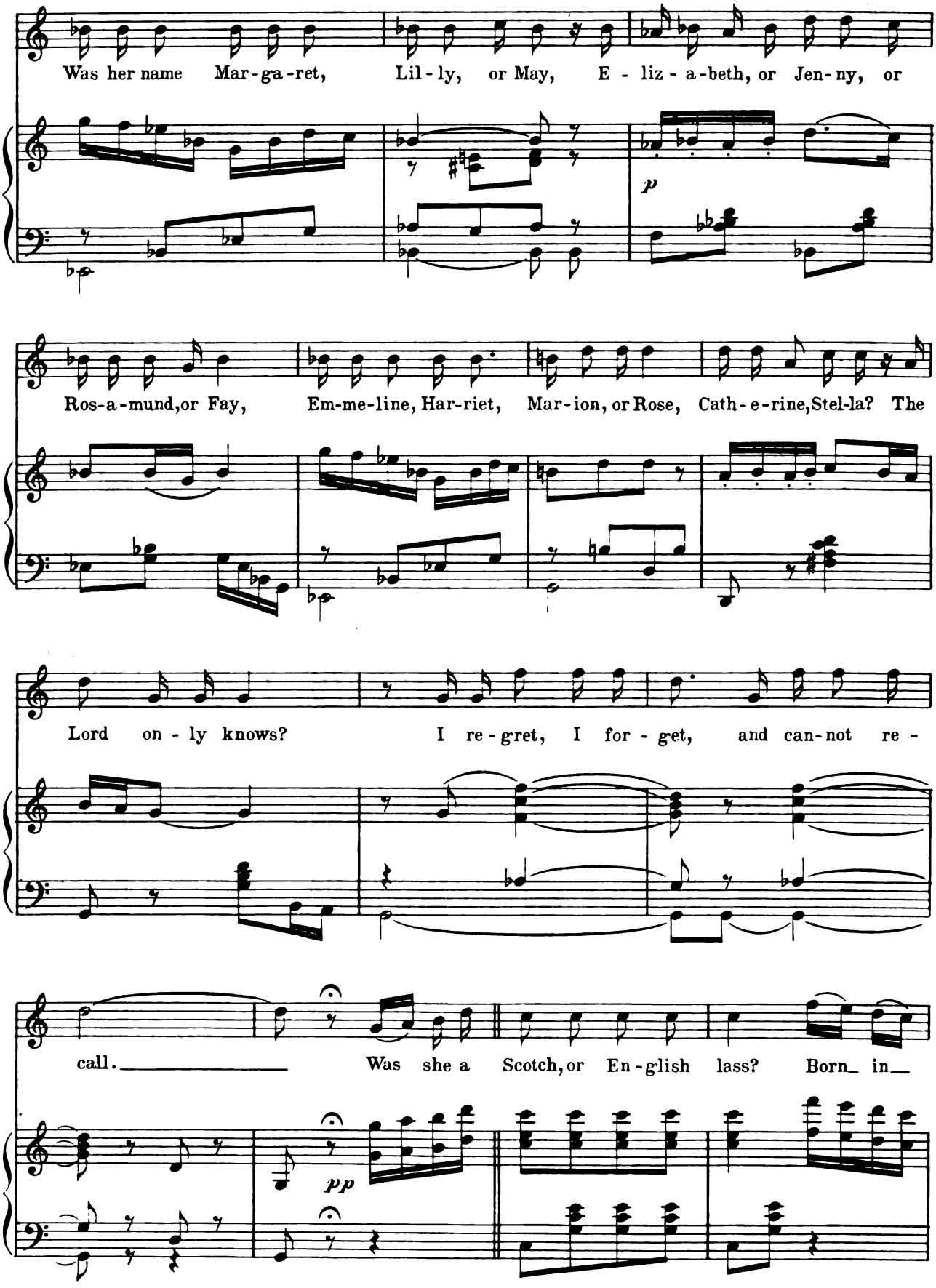

me of days long flown. Of one dear love I loved a-
f
lone. Full eigh - teen moons have waned since
then, And lo, I think of her a-gain. Though of that
love I but re - call, That then I loved her best of all.
ff

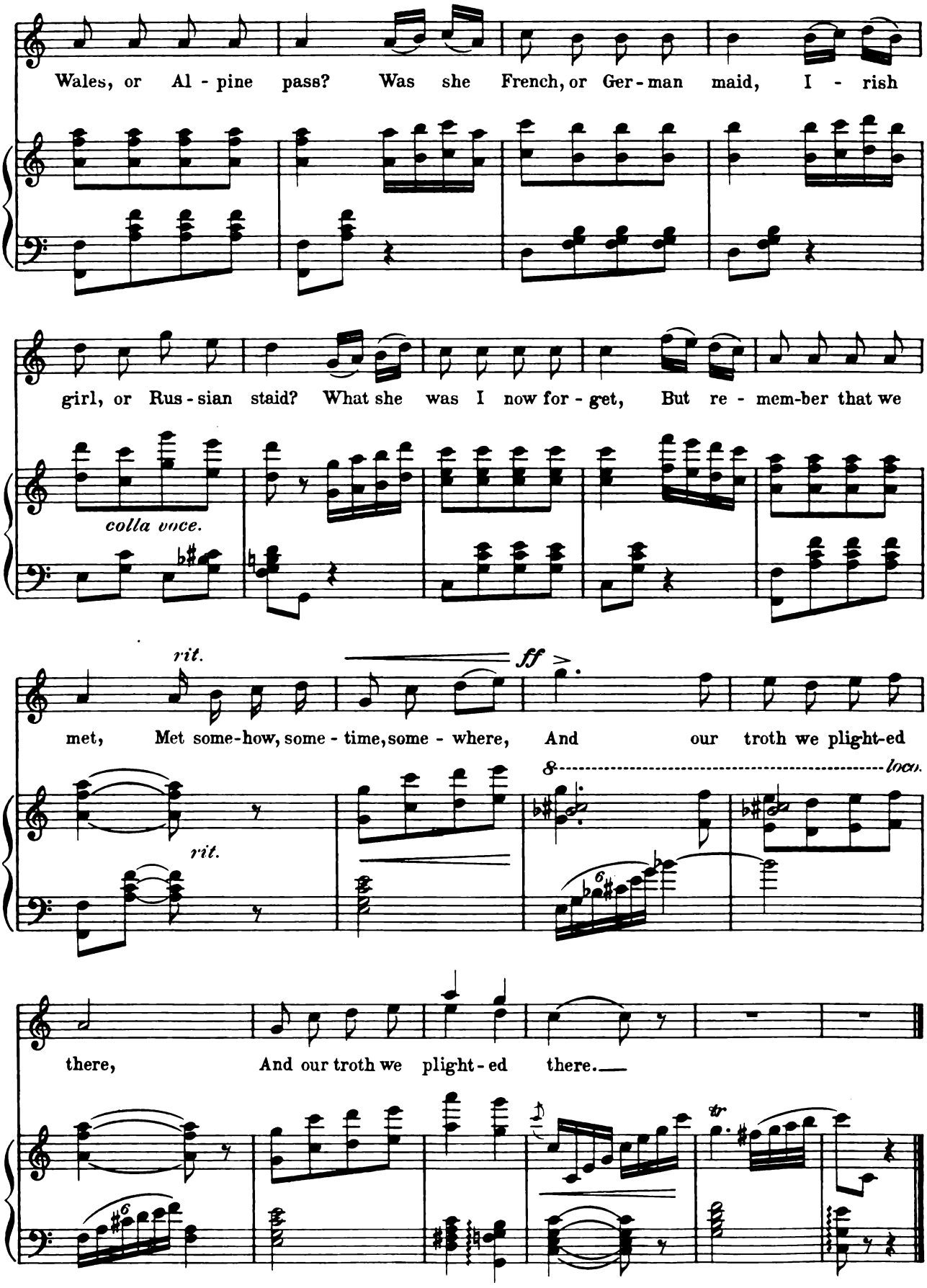

Allegretto moderato.
Sha - dy
mf
pp
trees Whis - p'ring breeze, Flow'r decked av - e - nues
haunt - ed by bees. Soft em - - brace, blush - ing
face, But who was the la - dy, Where was the place?


Was it in It - a - ly Eng - land, or France? Were we in - tro-duced, or
mf
p
met we by chance? Was it in sum-mer, in spring - time, or fall? Was she
mar - ried, or sin-gle? I can-not re - call. I re-gret, I for-
get, and can - not re - call. Was she
pp


dark, or was she fair? Had_ she_ black, or gold-en hair? Were_ her_
eyes of ha-zel hue? Brown, or_ grey, or vio-let blue? Was_ she_
colla voce.
short, or was she tall? Was_ she_ large, or was she small? On-ly this I
rit.
now re-call,_ Then, I loved her best of all.
ff
f
8
loco.


Then, I loved her best of all. Lov - ing
pp
kiss, sweet - est bliss, I ev - er re - mem - ber on
days like this. Droop - ing eye; ten - der
sigh, We were all a - lone with no - bod - y nigh.


Was her name Mar-ga-ret, Lil-ly, or May, E-liz-a-beth, or Jen-ny, or
p
Ros-a-mund, or Fay, Em-me-line, Har-riet, Mar-ion, or Rose, Cath-e-rine, Stel-la? The
Lord on-ly knows? I re-gret, I for-get, and can-not re-
call. Was she a Scotch, or En-glish lass? Born in
pp


Wales, or Al - pine pass? Was she French, or Ger - man maid, I - rish
girl, or Rus - sian staid? What she was I now for - get, But re - mem-ber that we
colla voce.
rit.
ff
met, Met some-how, some - time, some - where, And our troth we plight-ed
8
loco.
rit.
there, And our troth we plight - ed there.
tr

A Glimpse of Eden.

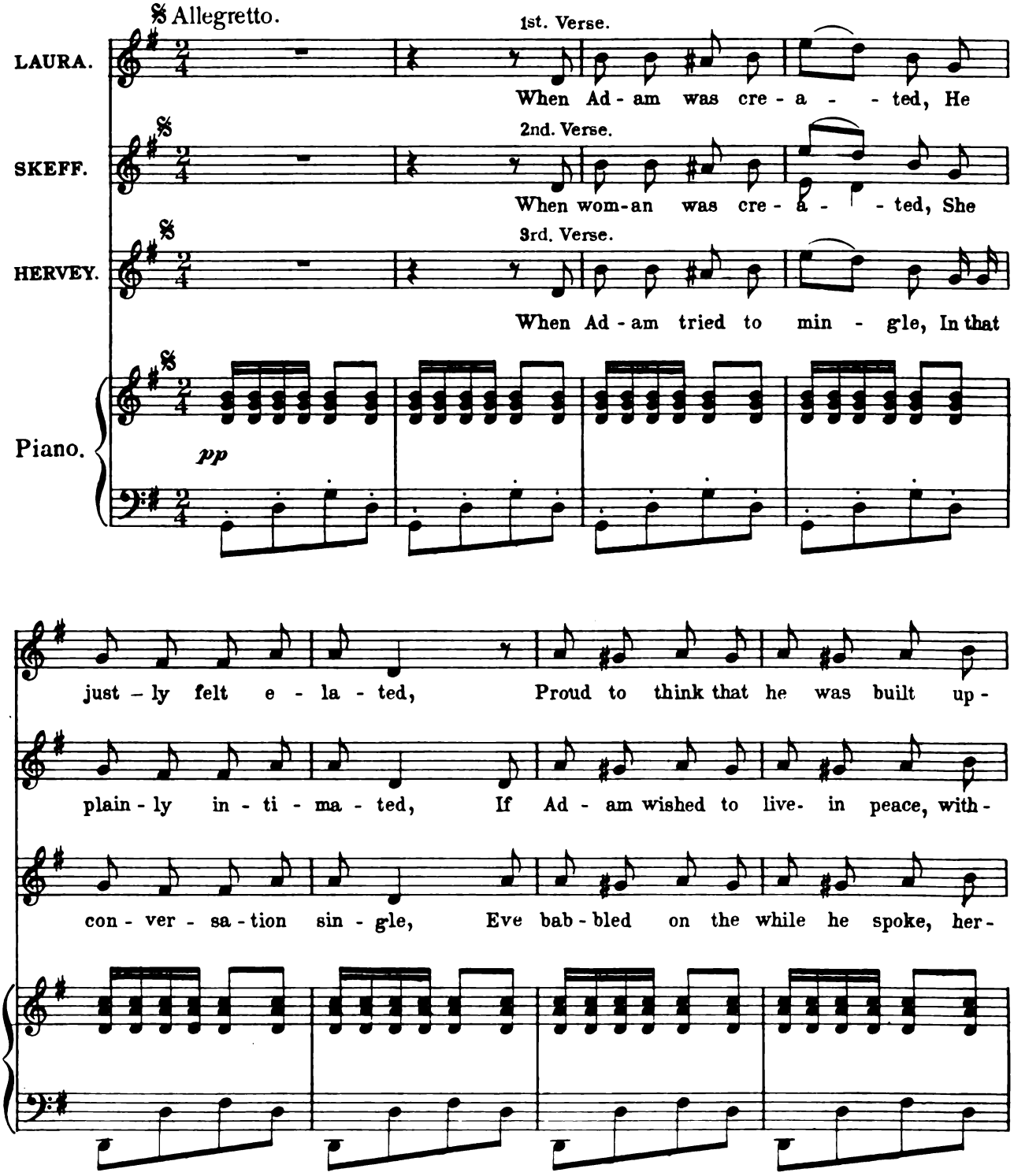
No 2.

TRIO.

Laura, Skeffington and Hervey.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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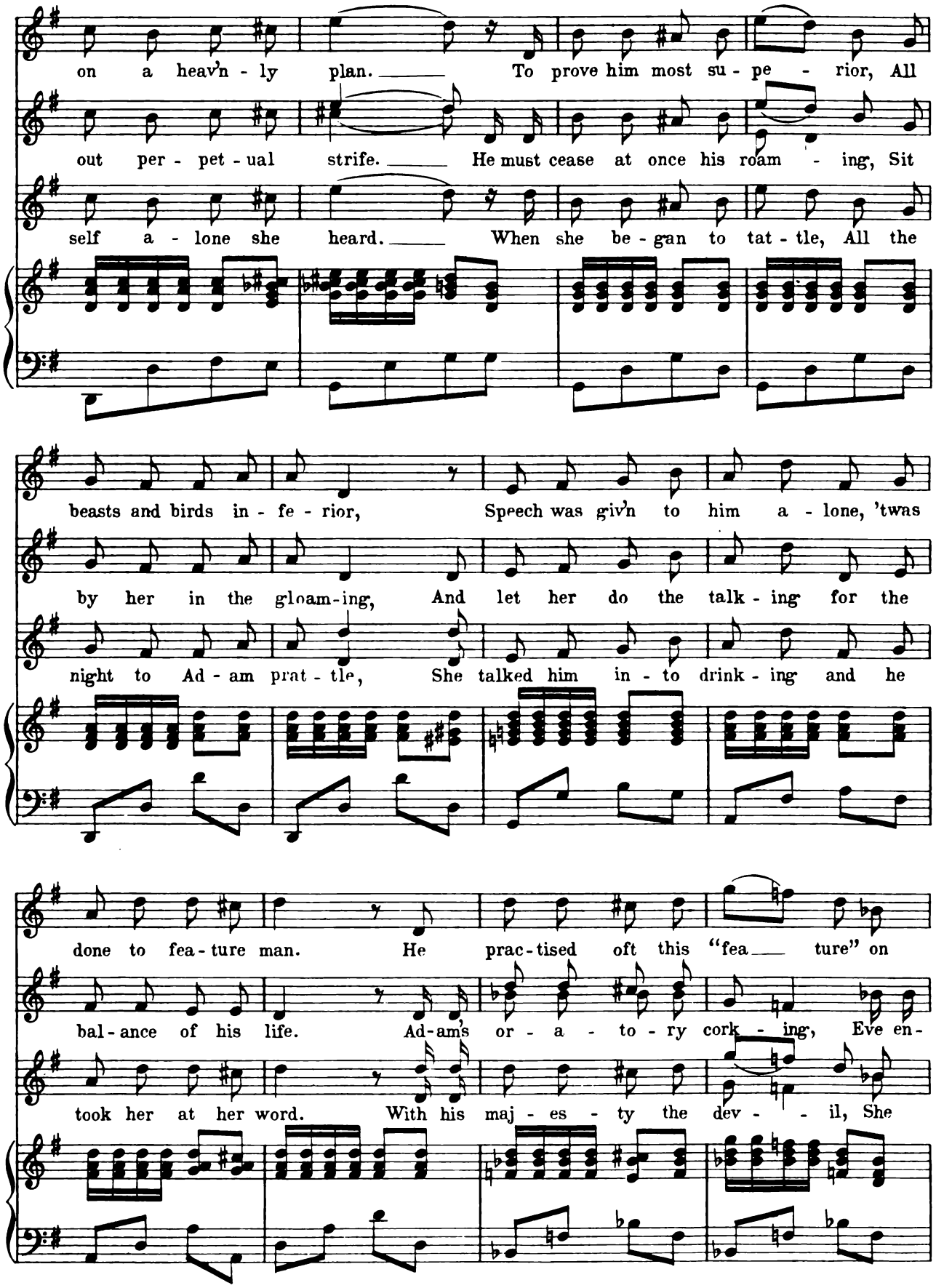
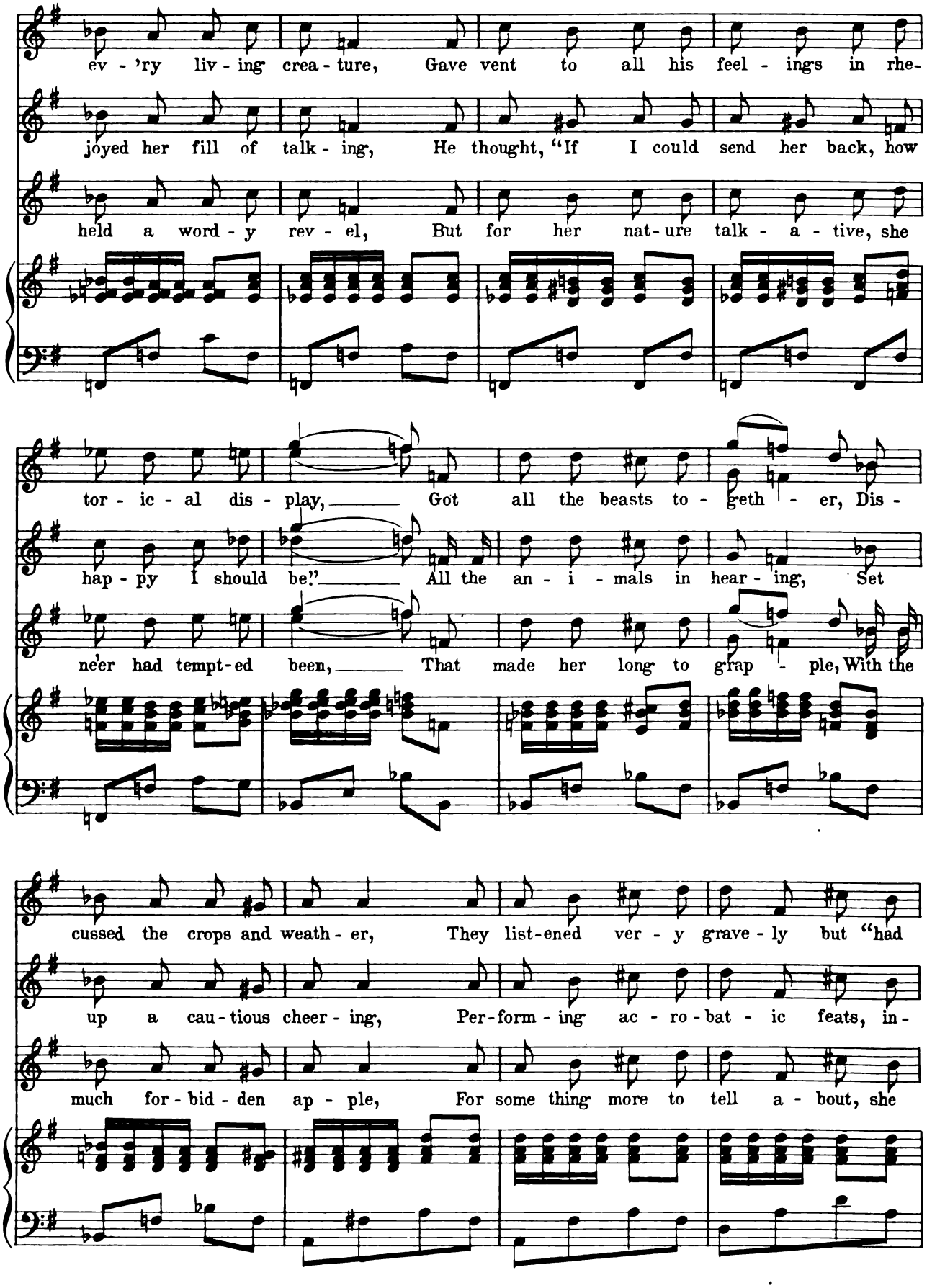
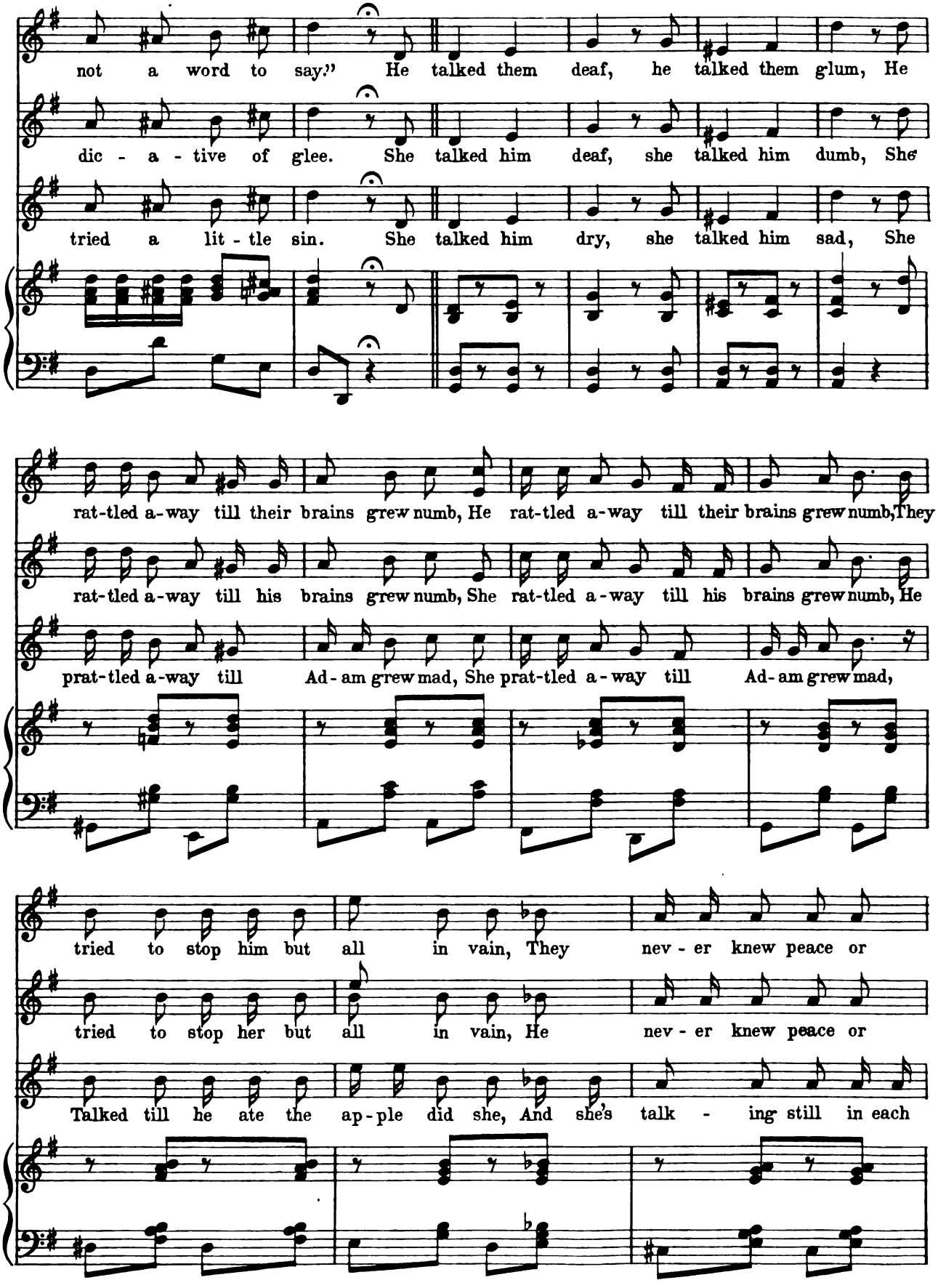
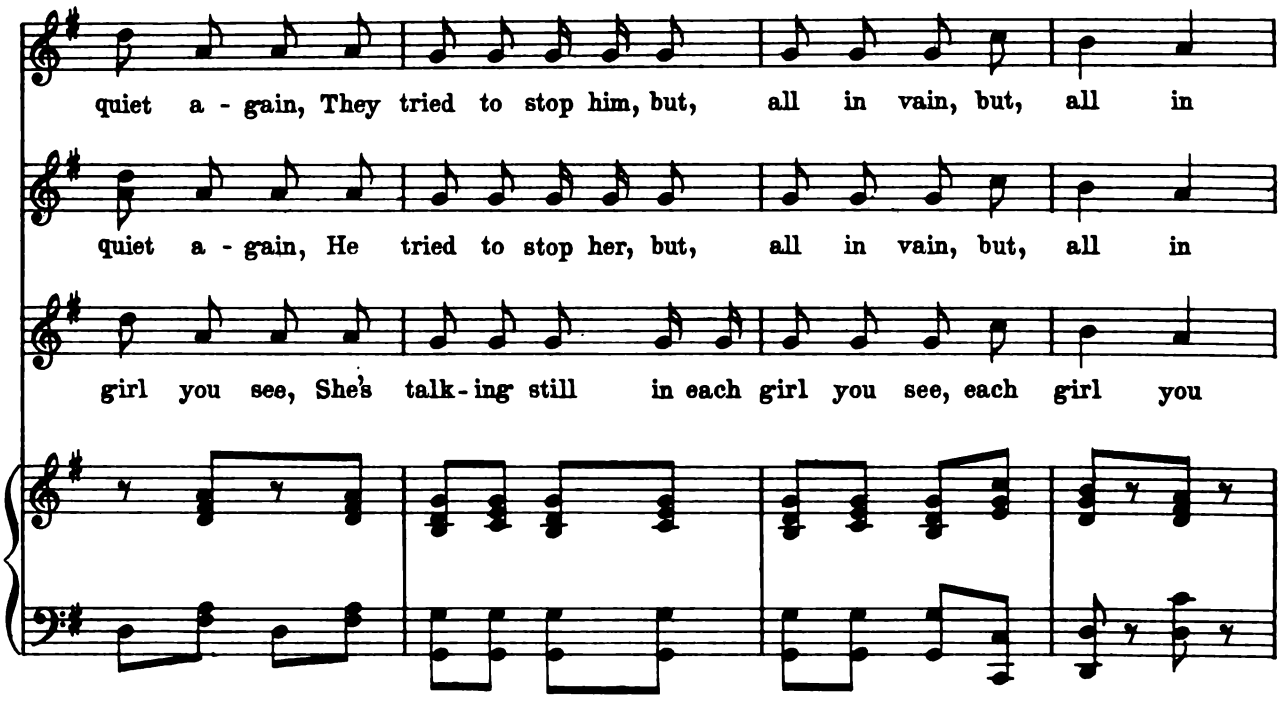
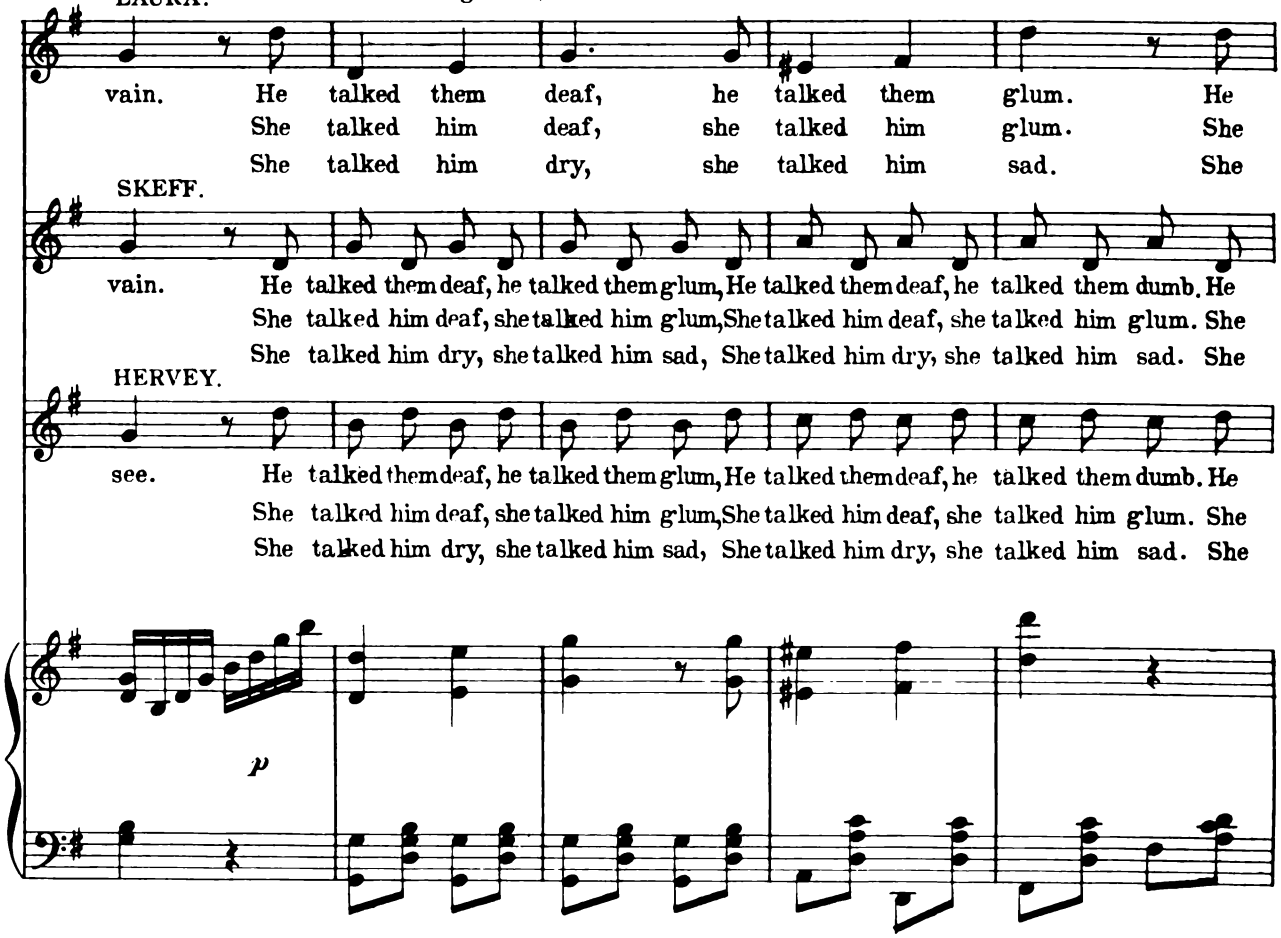

on a heav'n - ly plan. To prove him most su - pe - rior, All
out per - pet - ual strife. He must cease at once his roam - ing, Sit
self a - lone she heard. When she be - gan to tat - tle, All the
beasts and birds in - fe - rior, Speech was giv'n to him a - lone, 'twas
by her in the gloam-ing, And let her do the talk - ing for the
night to Ad - am prat - tle, She talked him in - to drink - ing and he
done to fea - ture man. He prac - tised oft this "fea ture" on
bal - ance of his life. Ad-am's or - a - to - ry cork - ing, Eve en-
took her at her word. With his maj - es - ty the dev - il, She

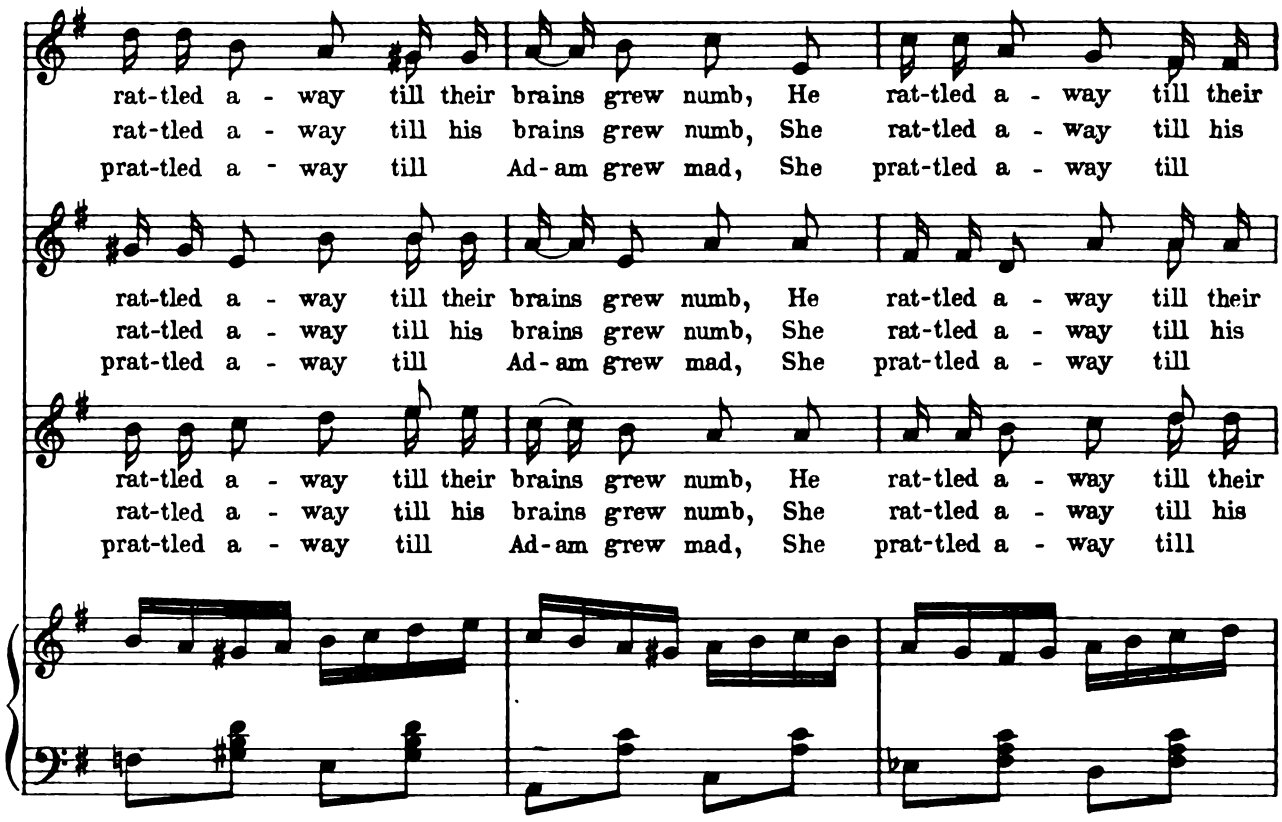

ev - 'ry liv - ing crea - ture, Gave vent to all his feel - ings in rhe-
joyed her fill of talk - ing, He thought, "If I could send her back, how
held a word - y rev - el, But for her nat - ure talk - a - tive, she
tor - ic - al dis - play, Got all the beasts to - geth - er, Dis -
hap - py I should be!" All the an - i - mals in hear - ing, Set
ne'er had tempt - ed been, That made her long to grap - ple, With the
cussed the crops and weath - er, They list - ened ver - y grave - ly but "had
up a cau - tious cheer - ing, Per - form - ing ac - ro - bat - ic feats, in -
much for - bid - den ap - ple, For some thing more to tell a - bout, she

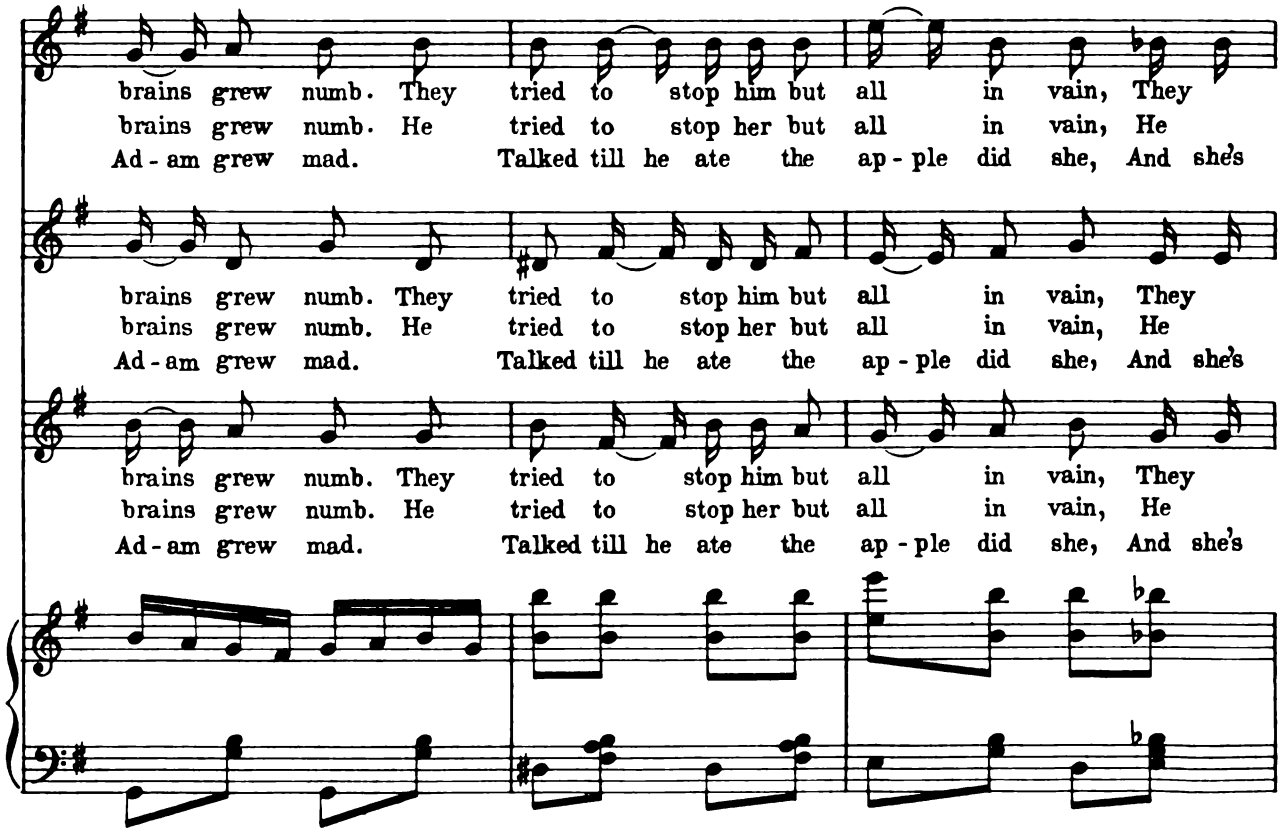

not a word to say." He talked them deaf, he talked them glum, He
dic - a - tive of glee. She talked him deaf, she talked him dumb, She
tried a lit - tle sin. She talked him dry, she talked him sad, She
rat-tled a-way till their brains grew numb, He rat-tled a-way till their brains grew numb, They
rat-tled a-way till his brains grew numb, She rat-tled a-way till his brains grew numb, He
prat-tled a-way till Ad-am grew mad, She prat-tled a-way till Ad-am grew mad,
tried to stop him but all in vain, They nev - er knew peace or
tried to stop her but all in vain, He nev - er knew peace or
Talked till he ate the ap-ple did she, And she's talk - ing still in each

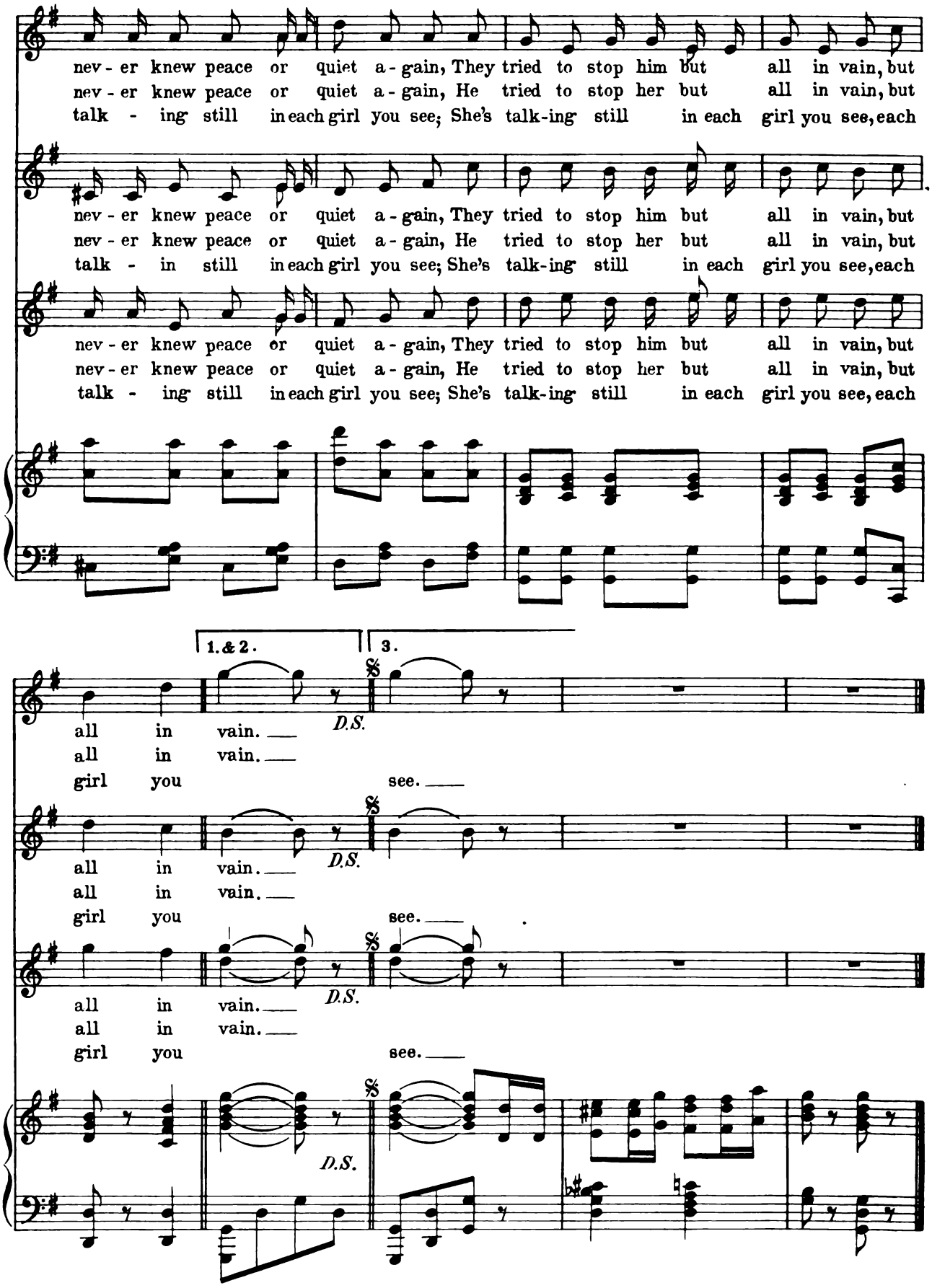


LAURA. **REFRAIN.** (Together.)




rat-tled a - way till their brains grew numb, He rat-tled a - way till their
rat-tled a - way till his brains grew numb, She rat-tled a - way till his
prat-tled a - way till Ad-am grew mad, She prat-tled a - way till
rat-tled a - way till their brains grew numb, He rat-tled a - way till their
rat-tled a - way till his brains grew numb, She rat-tled a - way till his
prat-tled a - way till Ad-am grew mad, She prat-tled a - way till
rat-tled a - way till their brains grew numb, He rat-tled a - way till their
rat-tled a - way till his brains grew numb, She rat-tled a - way till his
prat-tled a - way till Ad-am grew mad, She prat-tled a - way till


brains grew numb. They tried to stop him but all in vain, They
brains grew numb. He tried to stop her but all in vain, He
Ad-am grew mad. Talked till he ate the ap-ple did she, And she's
brains grew numb. They tried to stop him but all in vain, They
brains grew numb. He tried to stop her but all in vain, He
Ad-am grew mad. Talked till he ate the ap-ple did she, And she's
brains grew numb. They tried to stop him but all in vain, They
brains grew numb. He tried to stop her but all in vain, He
Ad-am grew mad. Talked till he ate the ap-ple did she, And she's


nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, They tried to stop him but all in vain, but
nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, He tried to stop her but all in vain, but
talk - ing still in each girl you see; She's talk-ing still in each girl you see, each
nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, They tried to stop him but all in vain, but
nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, He tried to stop her but all in vain, but
talk - in still in each girl you see; She's talk-ing still in each girl you see, each
nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, They tried to stop him but all in vain, but
nev - er knew peace or quiet a - gain, He tried to stop her but all in vain, but
talk - ing still in each girl you see; She's talk-ing still in each girl you see, each
1. & 2.
3.
all in vain.
all in vain.
girl you see.
D.S.
all in vain.
all in vain.
girl you see.
D.S.
all in vain.
all in vain.
girl you see.
D.S.
D.S.

No 3a

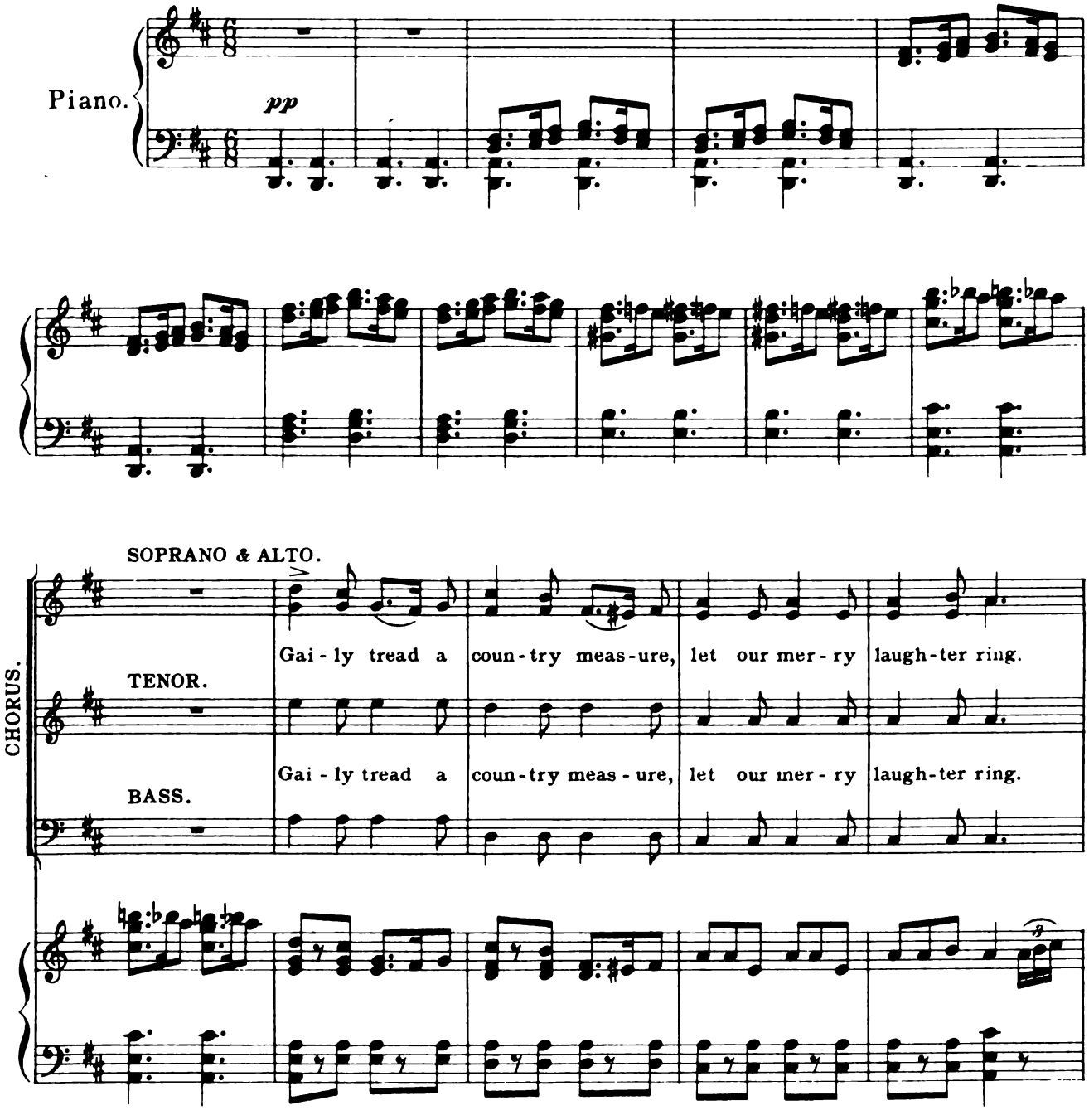
Holiday Joys.

ENSEMBLE.

Laura, Skeffington, Moll, Bess, Jane, Gill, Ryder,
Kite, Butler, Costar and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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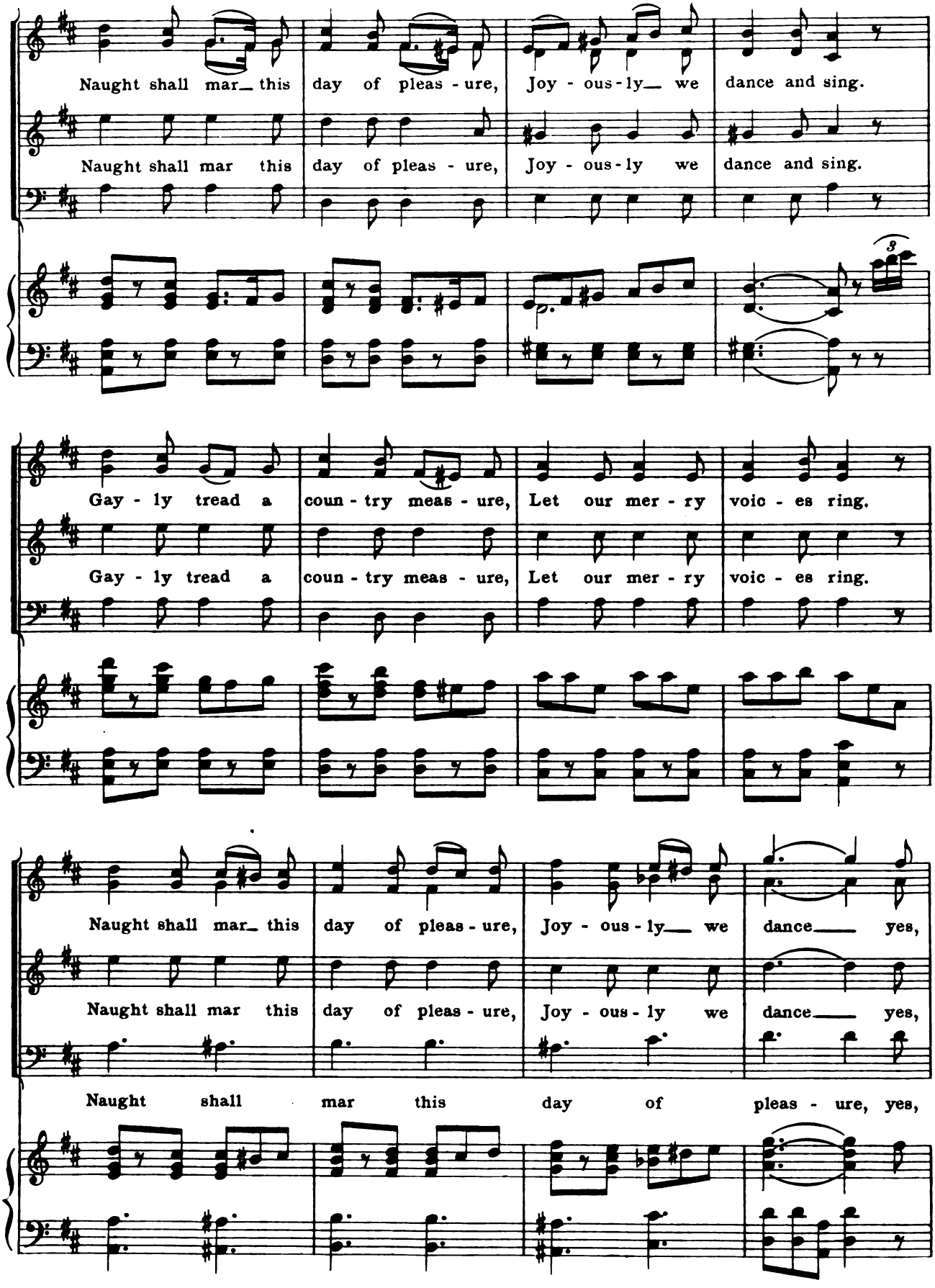
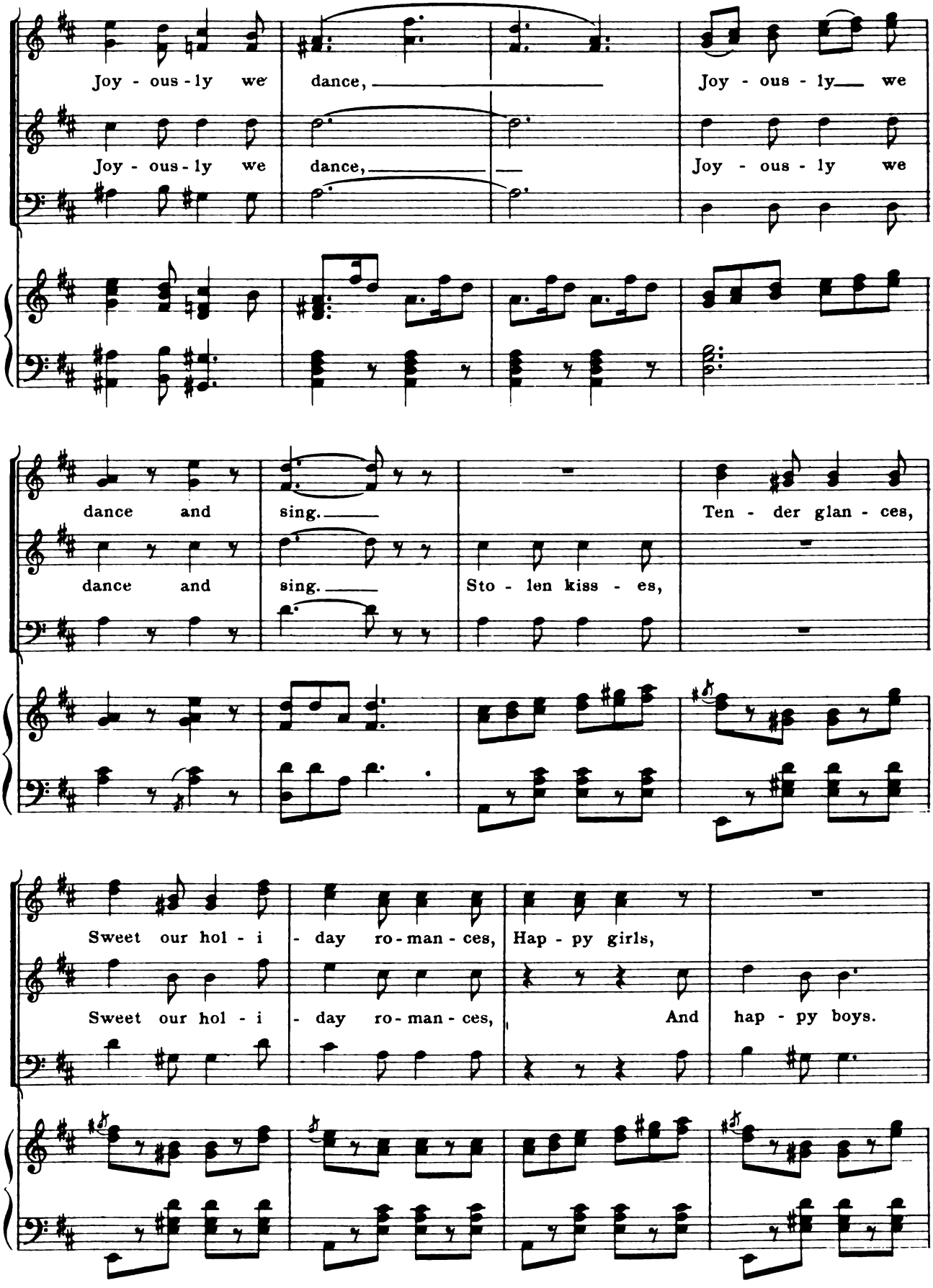
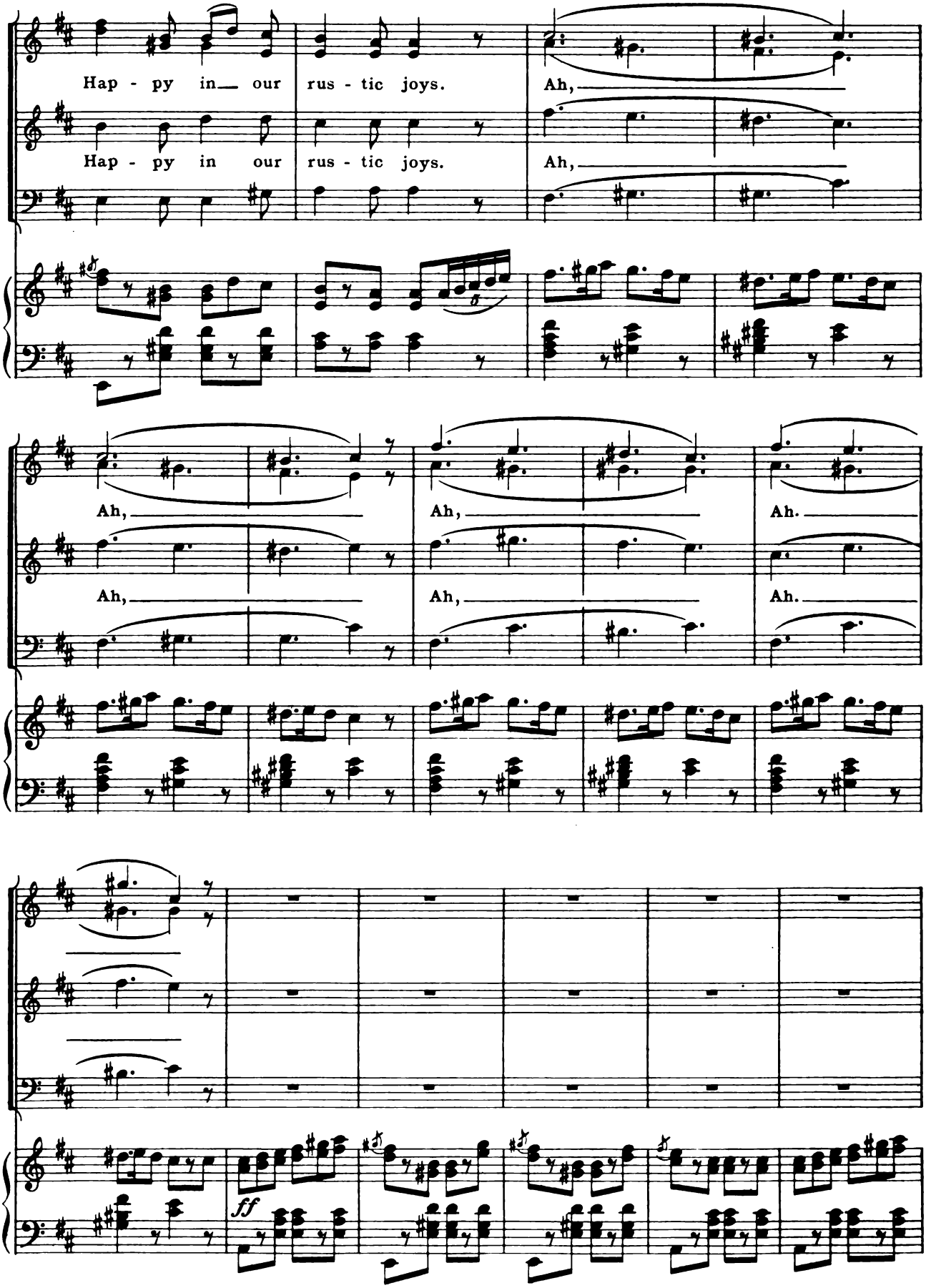
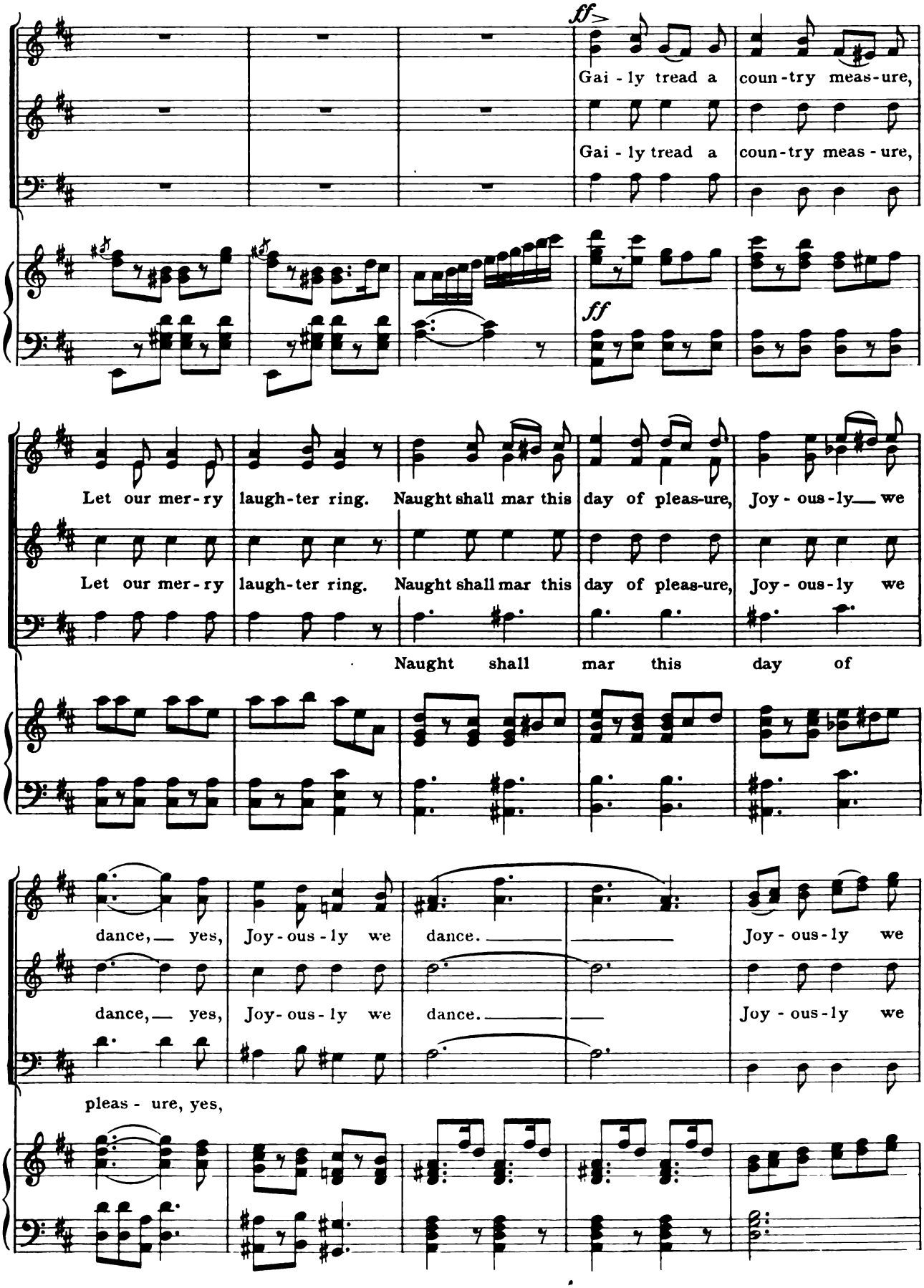
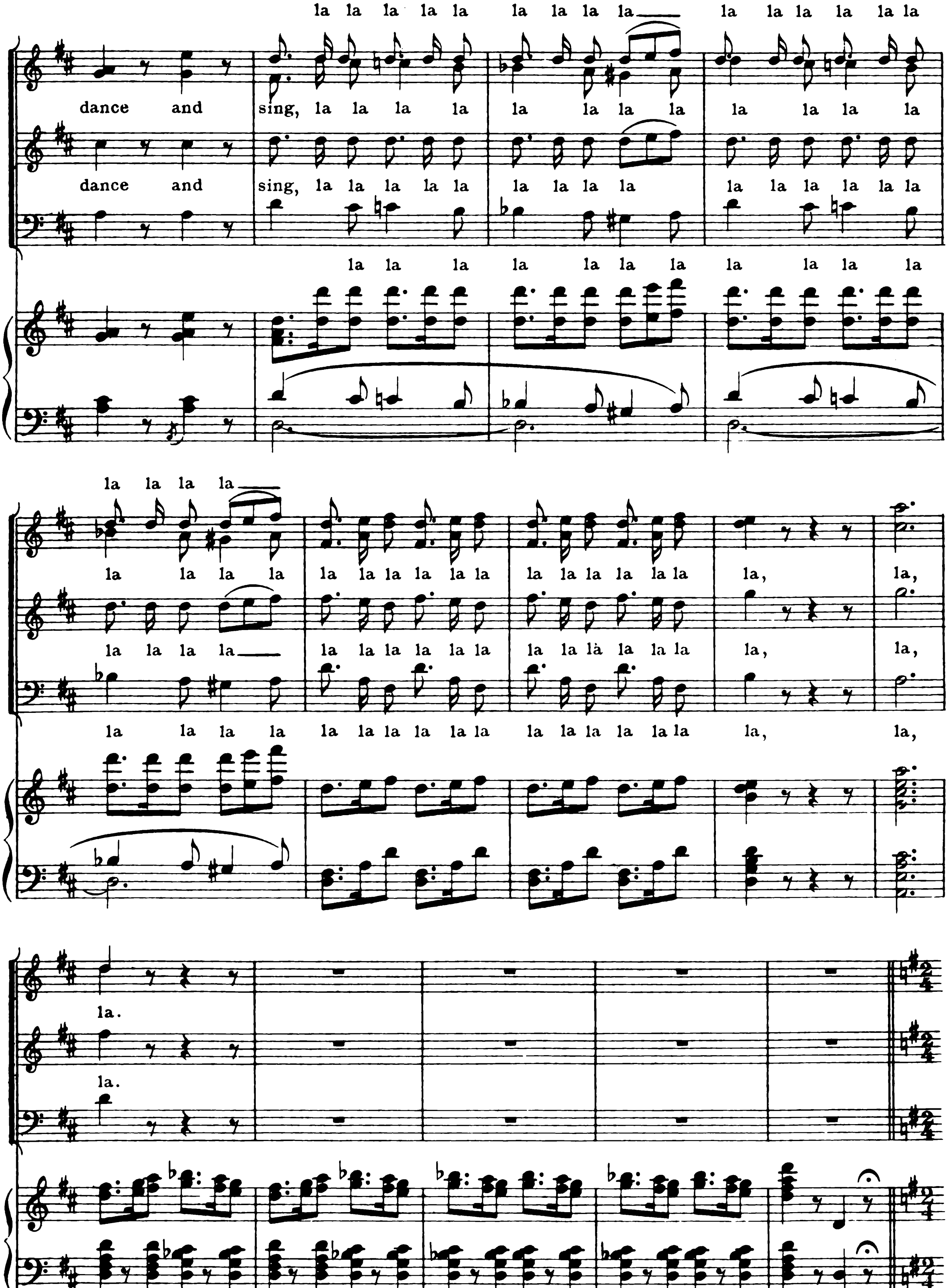
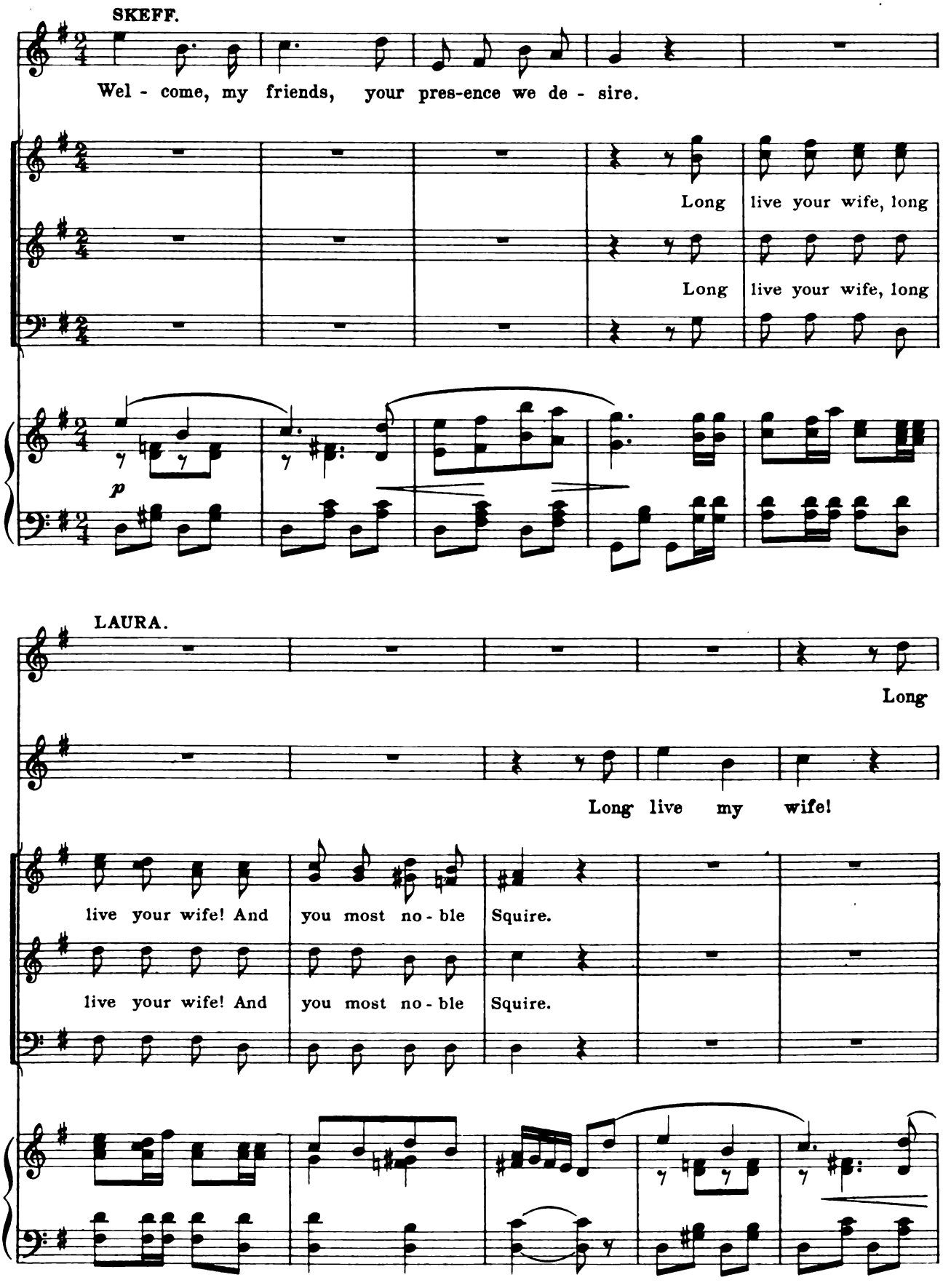

Naught shall mar_ this day of pleas - ure, Joy - ous - ly_ we dance and sing.
Naught shall mar this day of pleas - ure, Joy - ous - ly we dance and sing.
Gay - ly tread a coun - try meas - ure, Let our mer - ry voic - es ring.
Gay - ly tread a coun - try meas - ure, Let our mer - ry voic - es ring.
Naught shall mar_ this day of pleas - ure, Joy - ous - ly_ we dance_ yes,
Naught shall mar this day of pleas - ure, Joy - ous - ly we dance_ yes,
Naught shall mar this day of pleas - ure, yes,

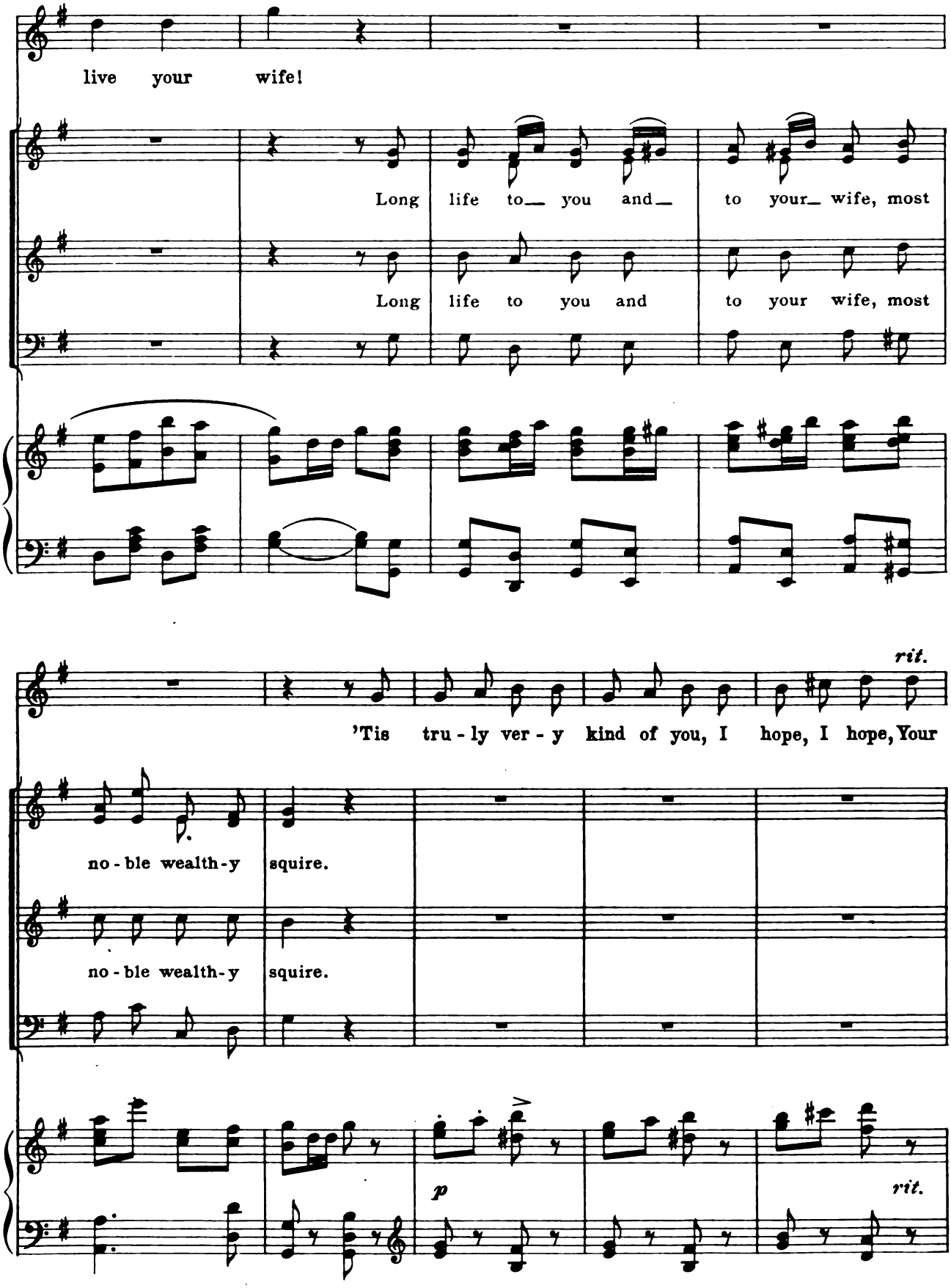

Joy - ous - ly we dance, Joy - ous - ly we
Joy - ous - ly we dance, Joy - ous - ly we
dance and sing. Ten - der glan - ces,
dance and sing. Sto - len kiss - es,
Sweet our hol - i - day ro - man - ces, Hap - py girls,
Sweet our hol - i - day ro - man - ces, And hap - py boys.

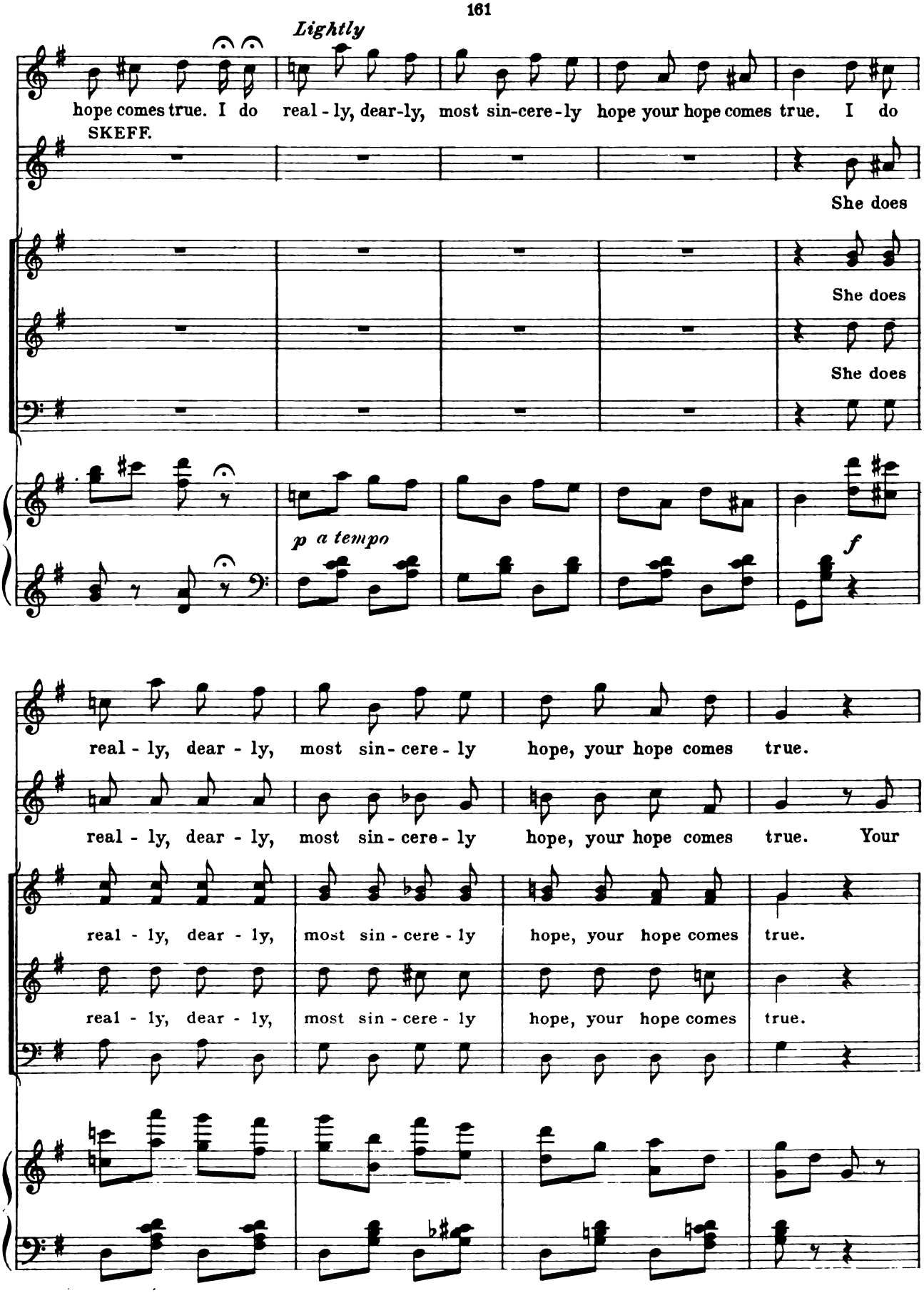

Hap - py in our rus - tic joys.
Ah,
Hap - py in our rus - tic joys.
Ah,
Ah,
Ah,
Ah.
Ah,
Ah,
Ah.
ff


ff
Gai - ly tread a coun-try meas-ure,
Gai - ly tread a coun-try meas - ure,
ff
Let our mer-ry laugh-ter ring. Naught shall mar this day of pleas-ure, Joy - ous-ly we
Let our mer-ry laugh-ter ring. Naught shall mar this day of pleas-ure, Joy - ous-ly we
Naught shall mar this day of
dance, yes, Joy-ous-ly we dance. Joy-ous-ly we
dance, yes, Joy-ous-ly we dance. Joy-ous-ly we
pleas - ure, yes,


la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
dance and sing, la la la la la la la la la la la la
dance and sing, la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la,
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la,
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, la,
la.
la.


SKEFF.
Wel - come, my friends, your pres-ence we de - sire.
Long live your wife, long
Long live your wife, long
p
LAURA.
Long
Long live my wife!
live your wife! And you most no - ble Squire.
live your wife! And you most no - ble Squire.


live your wife!
Long life to you and to your wife, most
Long life to you and to your wife, most
rit.
'Tis tru-ly ver-y kind of you, I hope, I hope, Your
no-ble wealth-y squire.
no-ble wealth-y squire.
p
rit.


Lightly
hope comes true. I do real - ly, dear-ly, most sin-cere-ly hope your hope comes true. I do
SKEFF.
She does
She does
She does
p a tempo
f
real - ly, dear - ly, most sin - cere - ly hope, your hope comes true.
real - ly, dear - ly, most sin - cere - ly hope, your hope comes true. Your
real - ly, dear - ly, most sin - cere - ly hope, your hope comes true.
real - ly, dear - ly, most sin - cere - ly hope, your hope comes true.

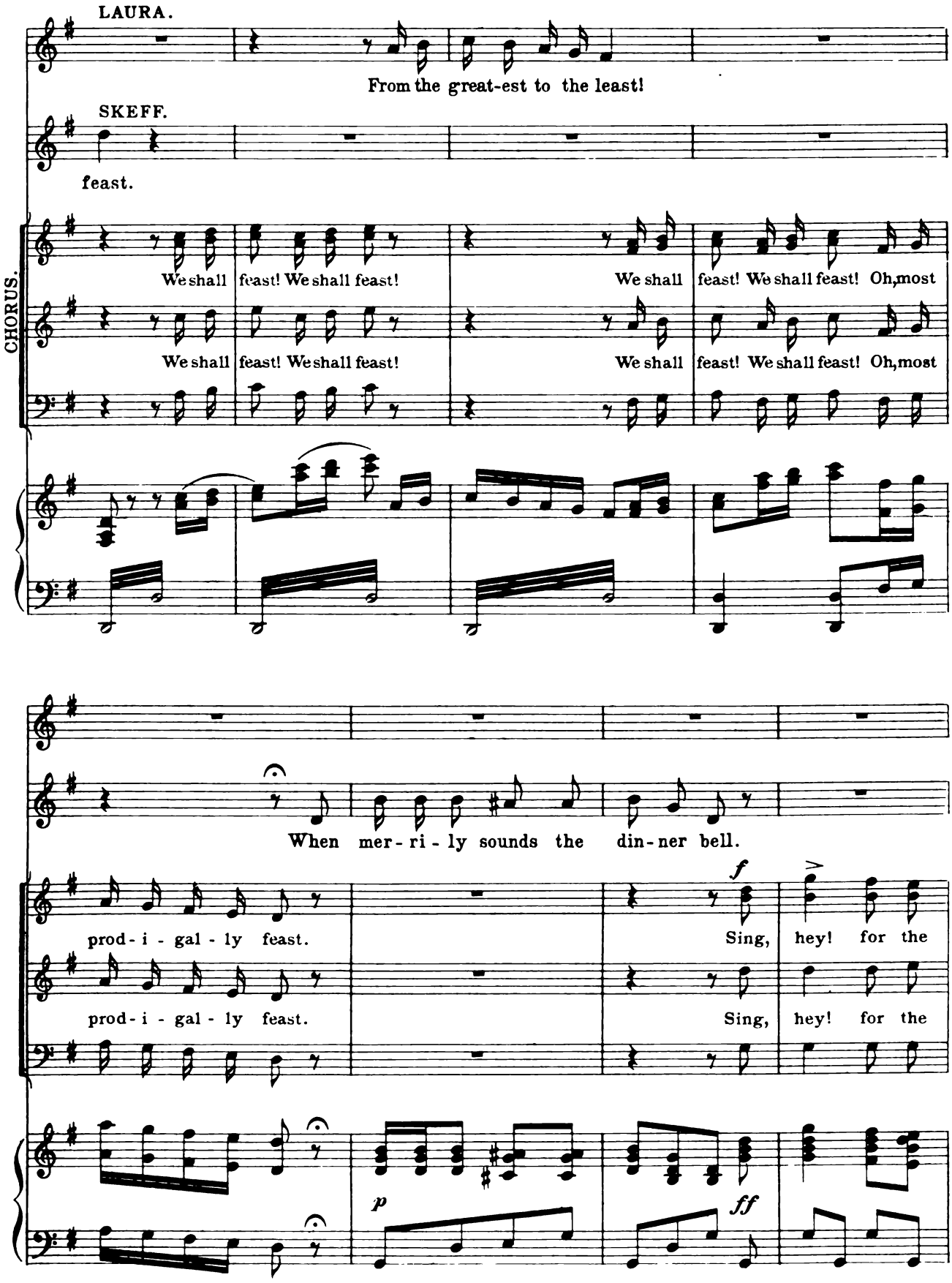
SKEFF.

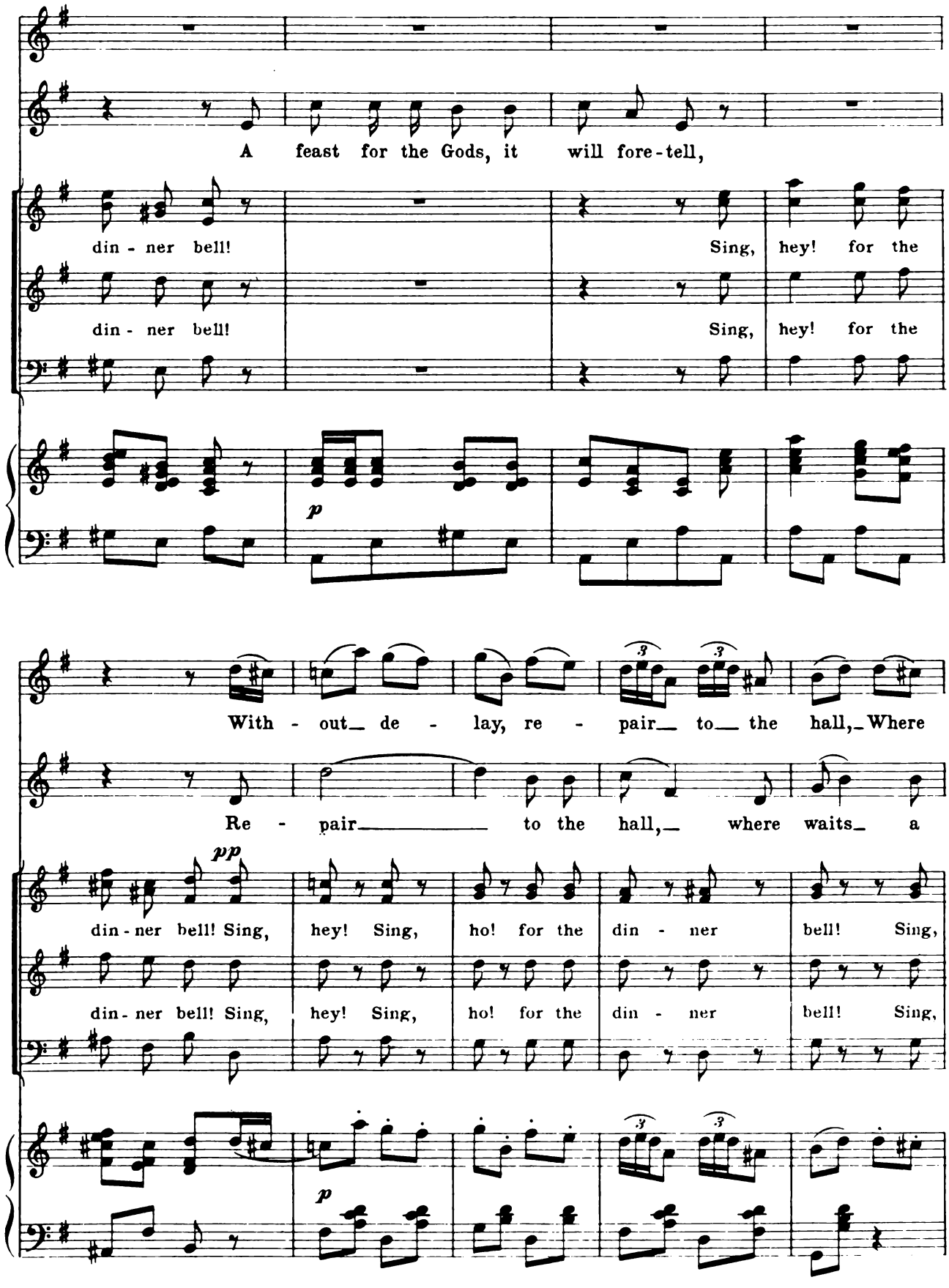
lov - ing loy - al - ty my friends, will soon re - ward - ed be. And

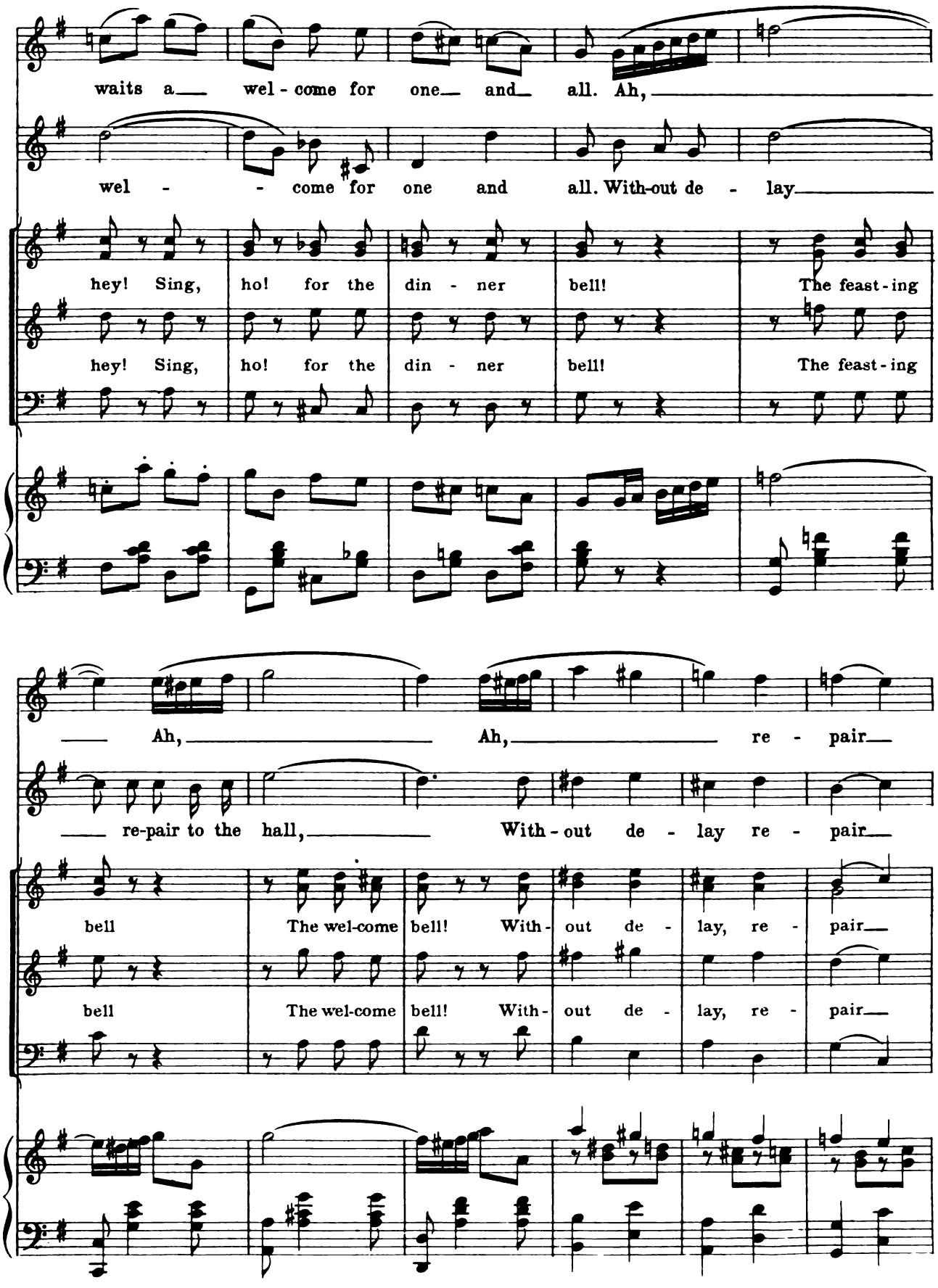
for your kind de - vo - tion, You shall fare most sump-tuous - ly. Each

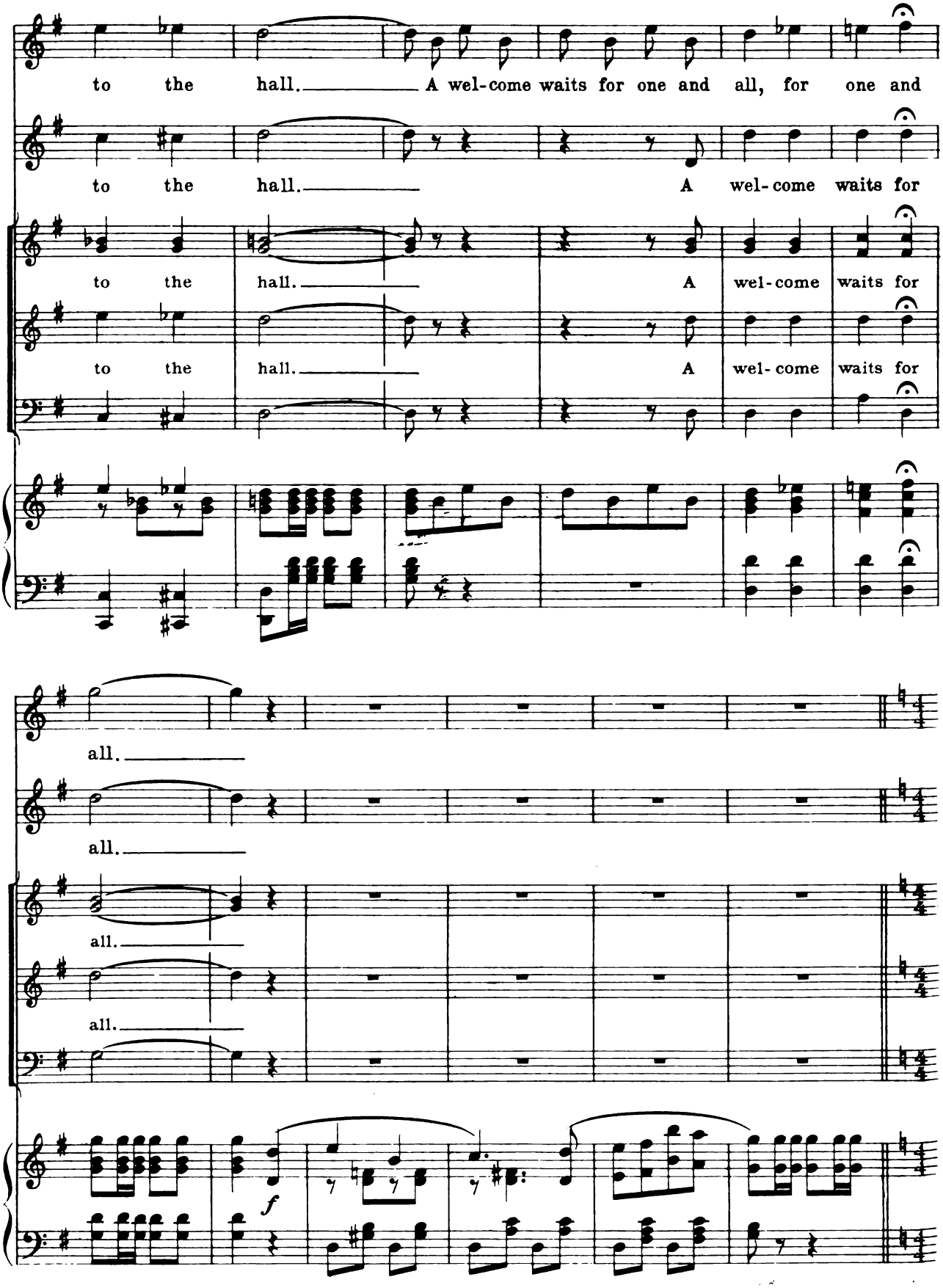
cit - i - zen and burgh - er here from the great - est to the

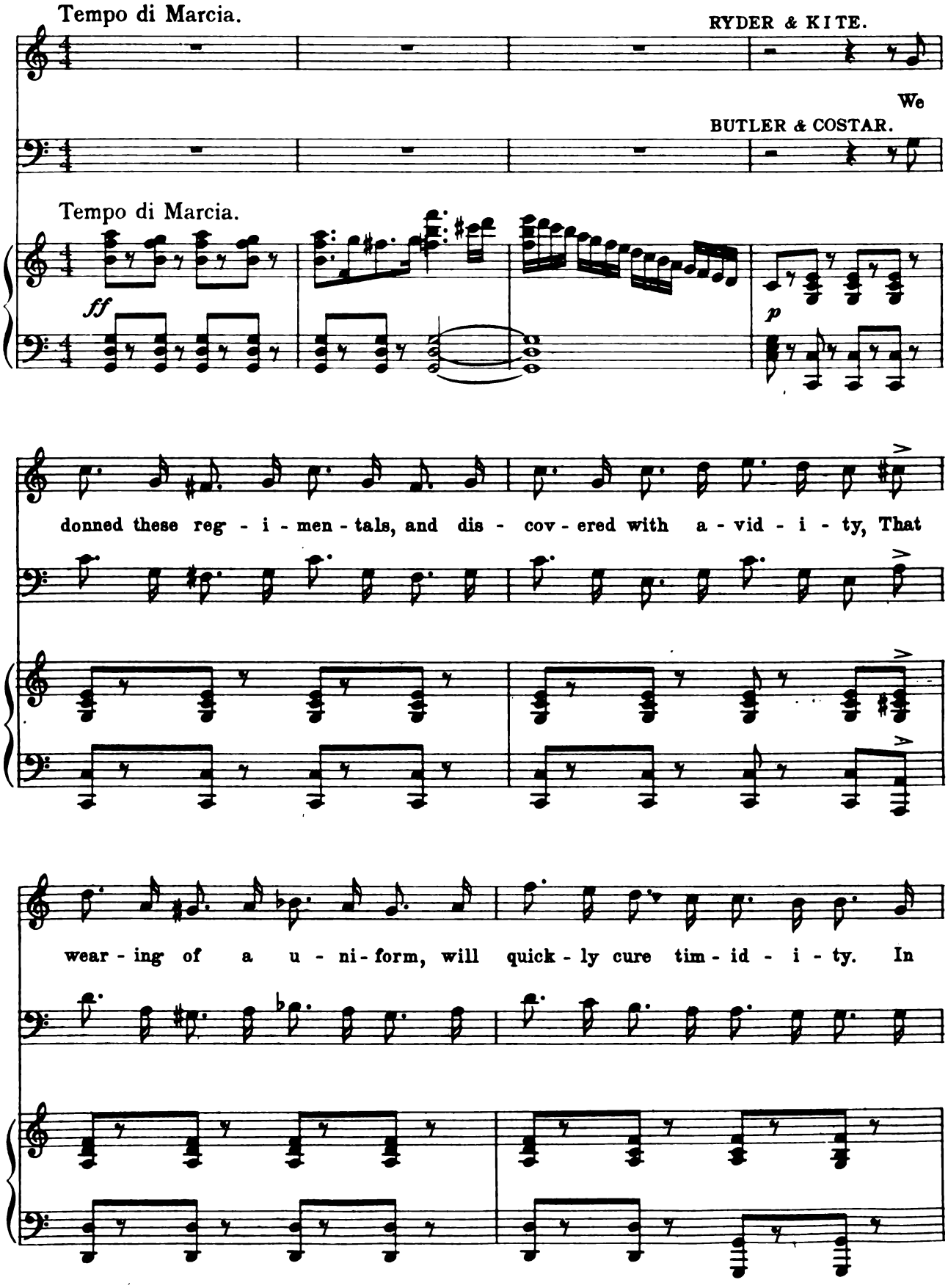
least, This day in hon - or of my wife, shall prod - i - gal - ly

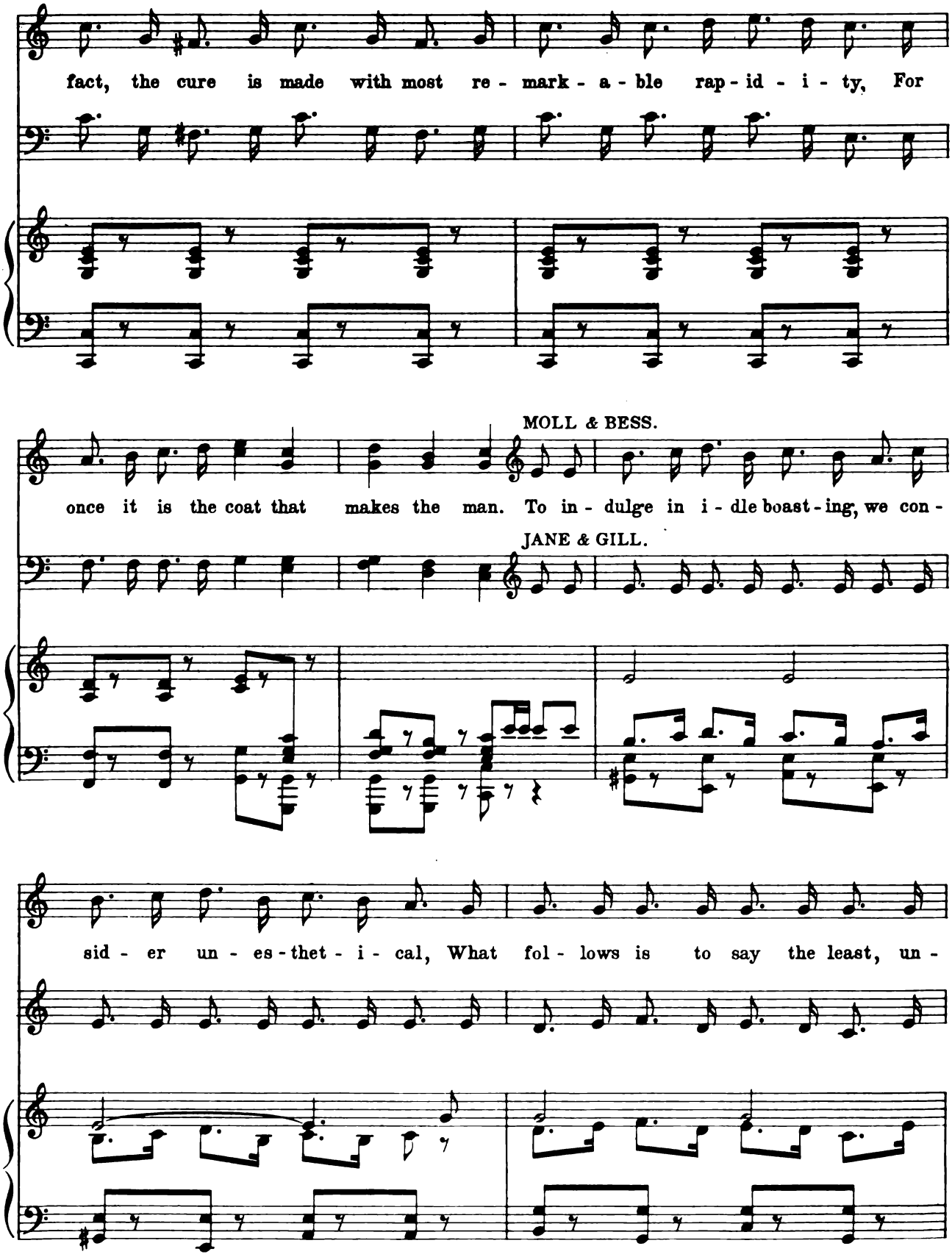

LAURA.
From the great-est to the least!
SKEFF.
feast.
CHORUS.
We shall feast! We shall feast!
We shall feast! We shall feast! Oh, most
We shall feast! We shall feast!
We shall feast! We shall feast! Oh, most
When mer - ri - ly sounds the din - ner bell.
prod - i - gal - ly feast.
Sing, hey! for the
prod - i - gal - ly feast.
Sing, hey! for the
f
p
ff

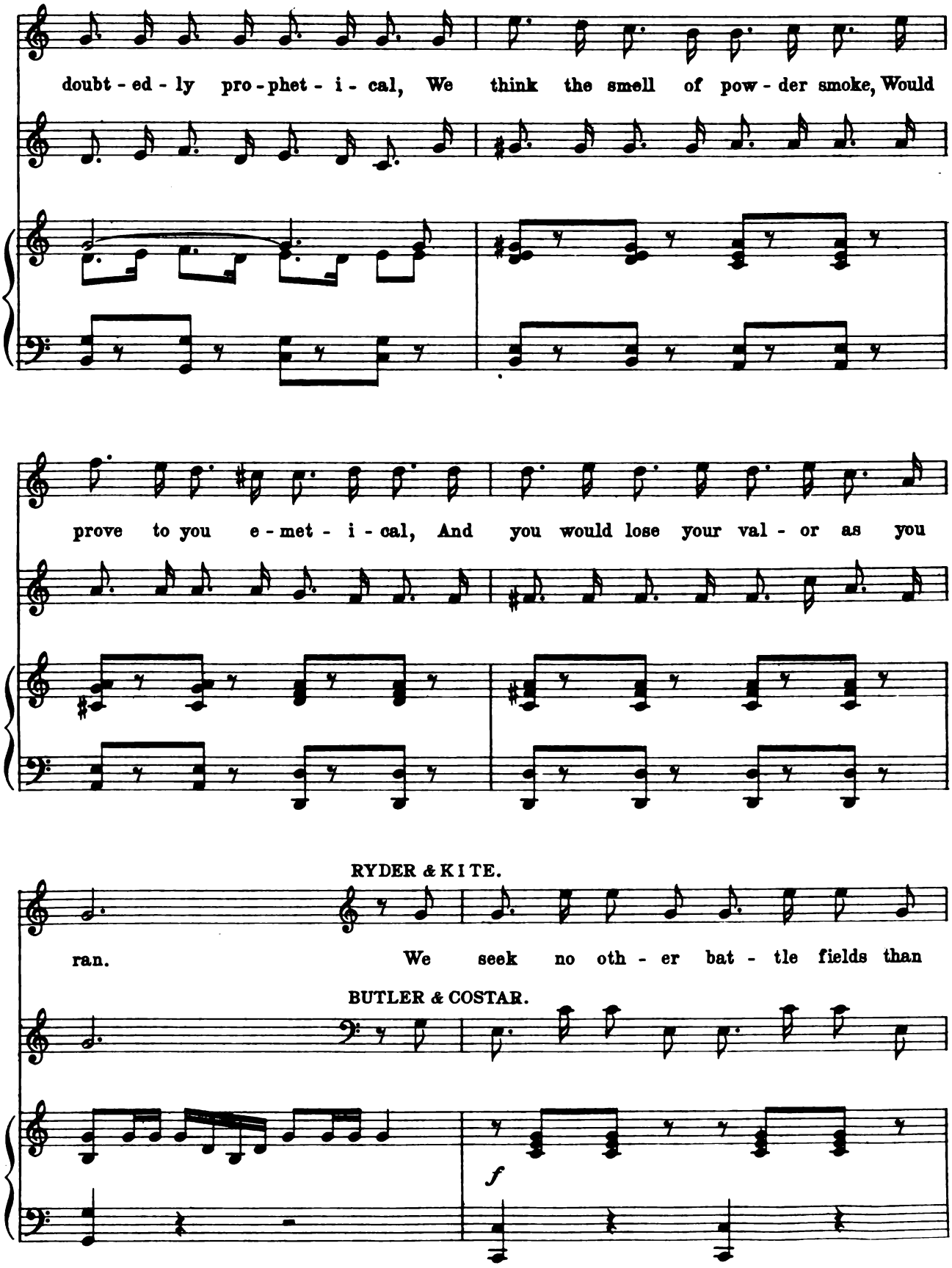

A feast for the Gods, it will fore-tell,
din - ner bell! Sing, hey! for the
din - ner bell! Sing, hey! for the
p
With - out de - lay, re - pair to the hall, Where
Re - pair to the hall, where waits a
pp
din - ner bell! Sing, hey! Sing, ho! for the din - ner bell! Sing,
din - ner bell! Sing, hey! Sing, ho! for the din - ner bell! Sing,
p

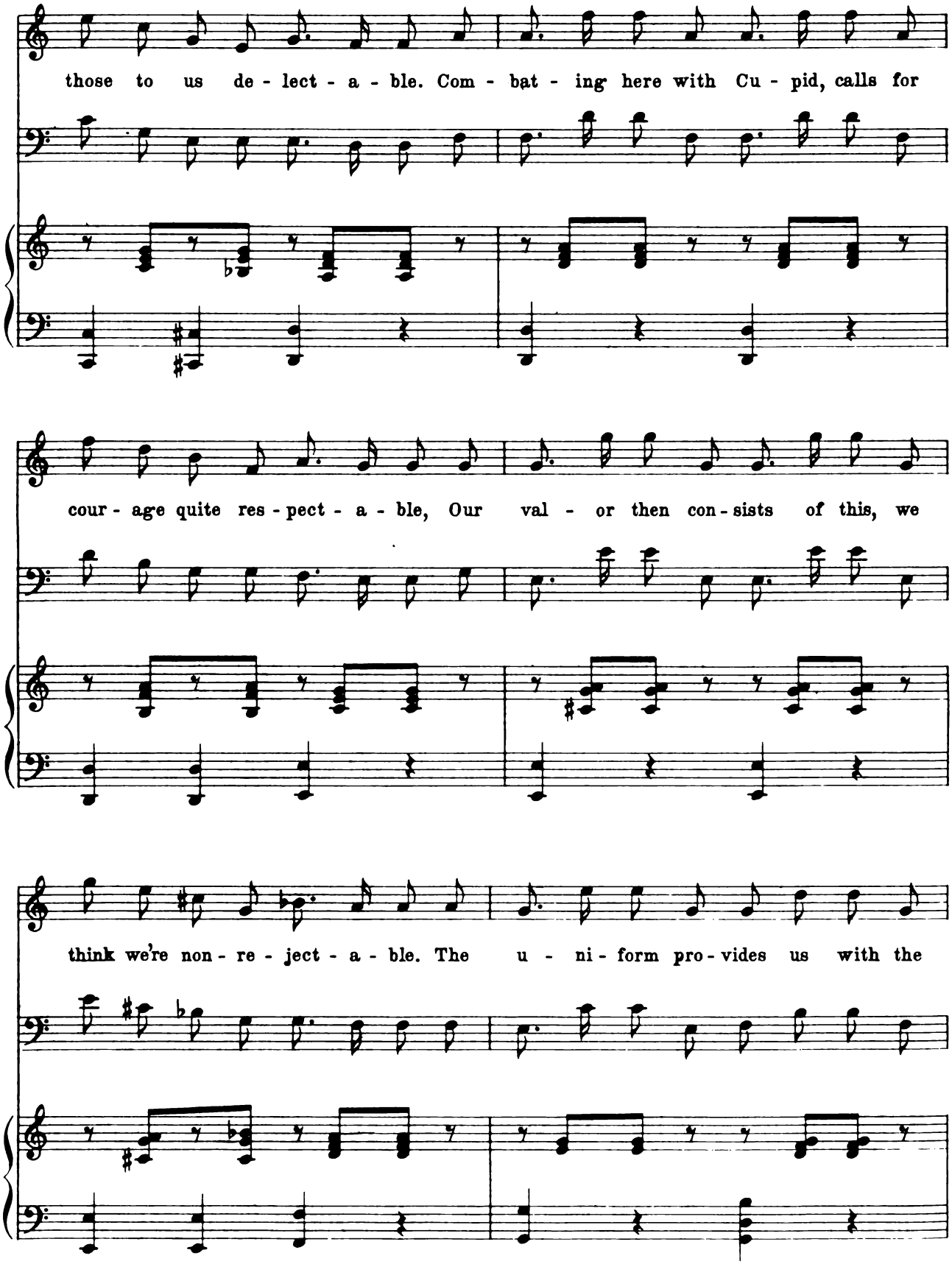

waits a wel - come for one and all. Ah,
wel - come for one and all. With-out de - lay
hey! Sing, ho! for the din - ner bell! The feast - ing
hey! Sing, ho! for the din - ner bell! The feast - ing
Ah, Ah, re - pair
re-pair to the hall, With - out de - lay re - pair
bell The wel-come bell! With - out de - lay, re - pair
bell The wel-come bell! With - out de - lay, re - pair

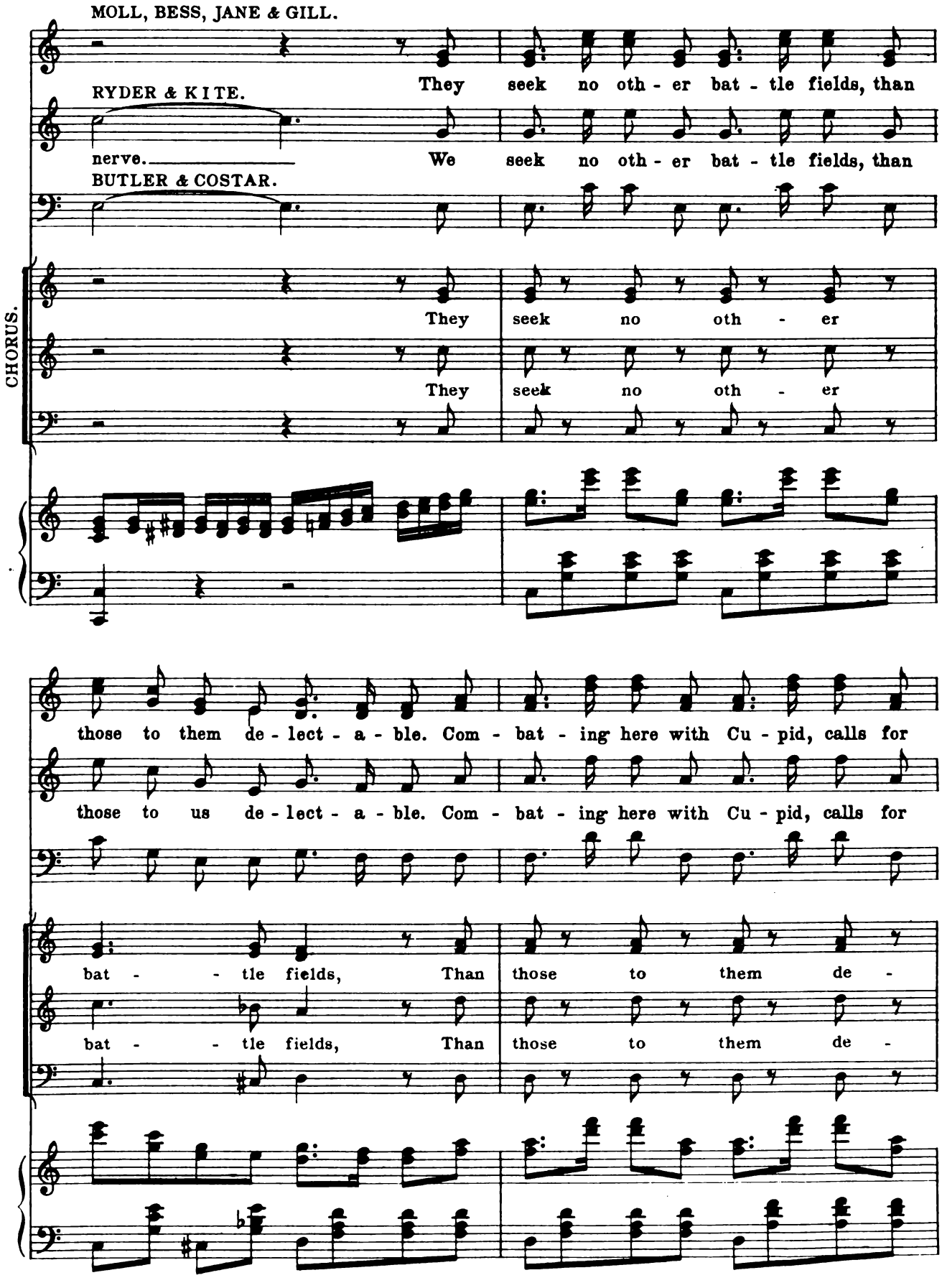

to the hall. A wel-come waits for one and all, for one and
to the hall. A wel-come waits for
to the hall. A wel-come waits for
to the hall. A wel-come waits for
all.
all.
all.
all.
f

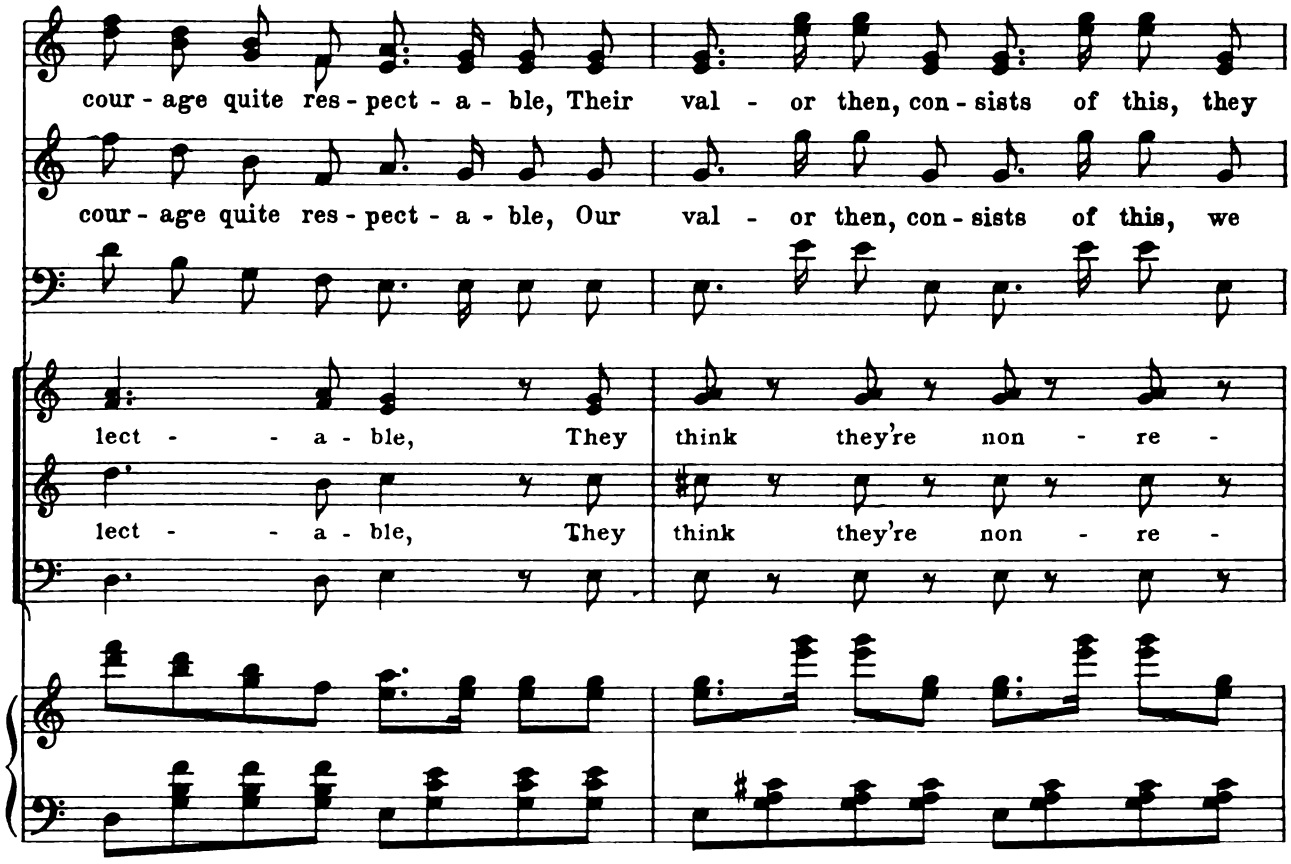

Tempo di Marcia.
RYDER & KITE.
We
BUTLER & COSTAR.
Tempo di Marcia.
ff
p
donned these reg - i - men - tals, and dis - cov - ered with a - vid - i - ty, That
wear - ing of a u - ni - form, will quick - ly cure tim - id - i - ty. In

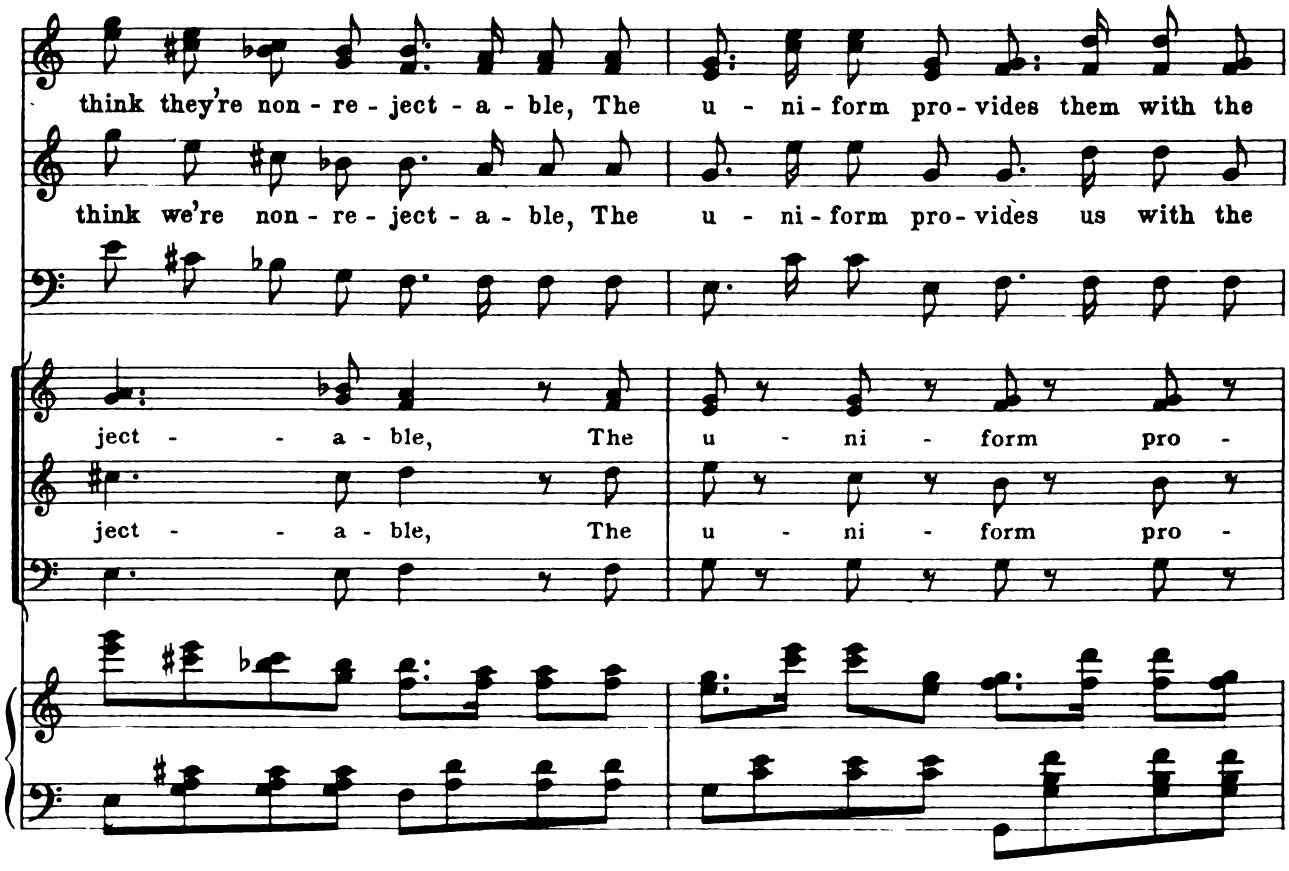

fact, the cure is made with most re - mark - a - ble rap - id - i - ty, For
MOLL & BESS.
once it is the coat that makes the man. To in - dulge in i - dle boast - ing, we con -
JANE & GILL.
sid - er un - es - thet - i - cal, What fol - lows is to say the least, un -

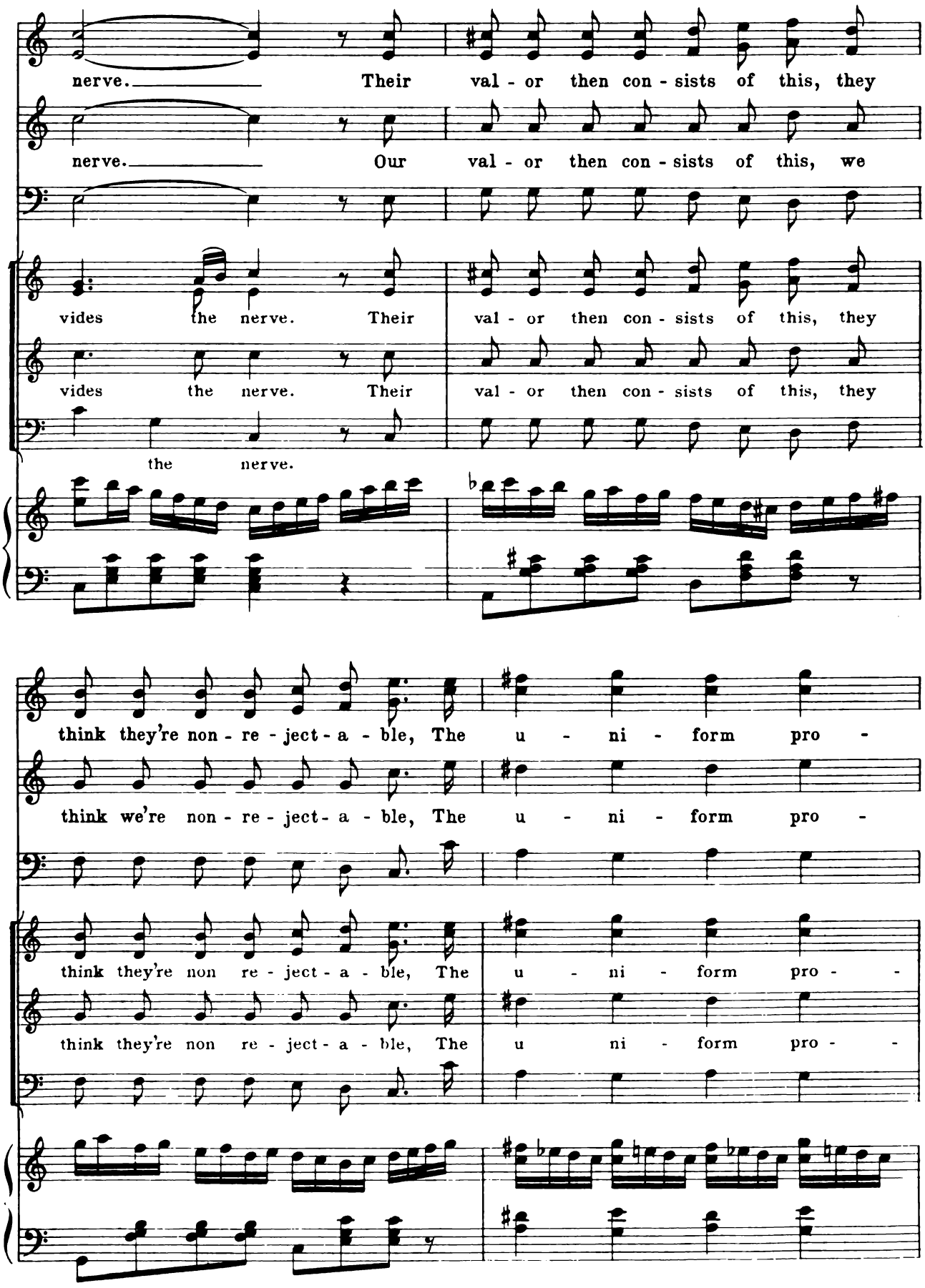

doubt - ed - ly pro - phet - i - cal, We think the smell of pow - der smoke, Would
prove to you e - met - i - cal, And you would lose your val - or as you
RYDER & KITE.
ran. We seek no oth - er bat - tle fields than
BUTLER & COSTAR.
f

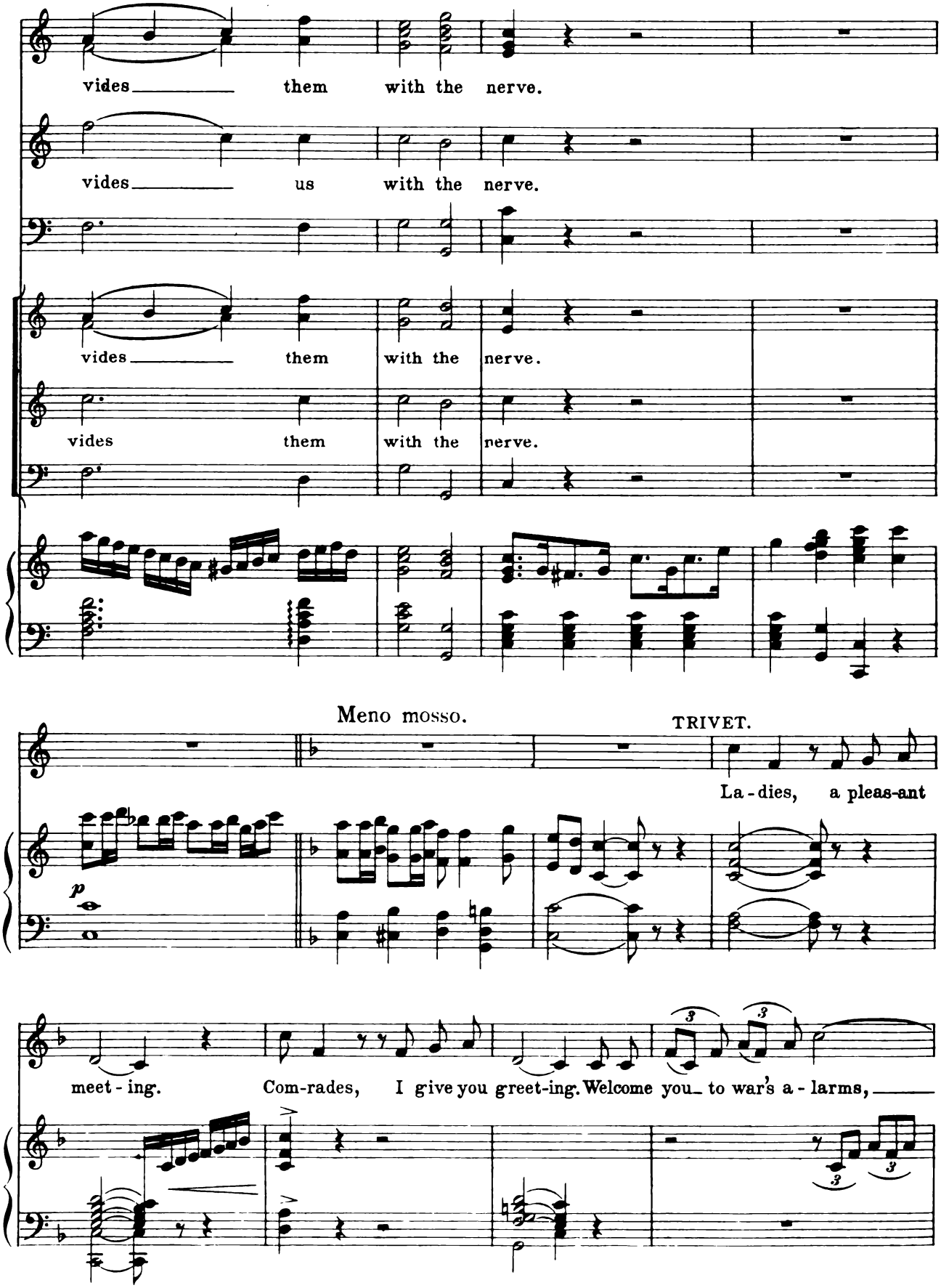

those to us de - lect - a - ble. Com - bat - ing here with Cu - pid, calls for
cour - age quite res - pect - a - ble, Our val - or then con - sists of this, we
think we're non - re - ject - a - ble. The u - ni - form pro - vides us with the

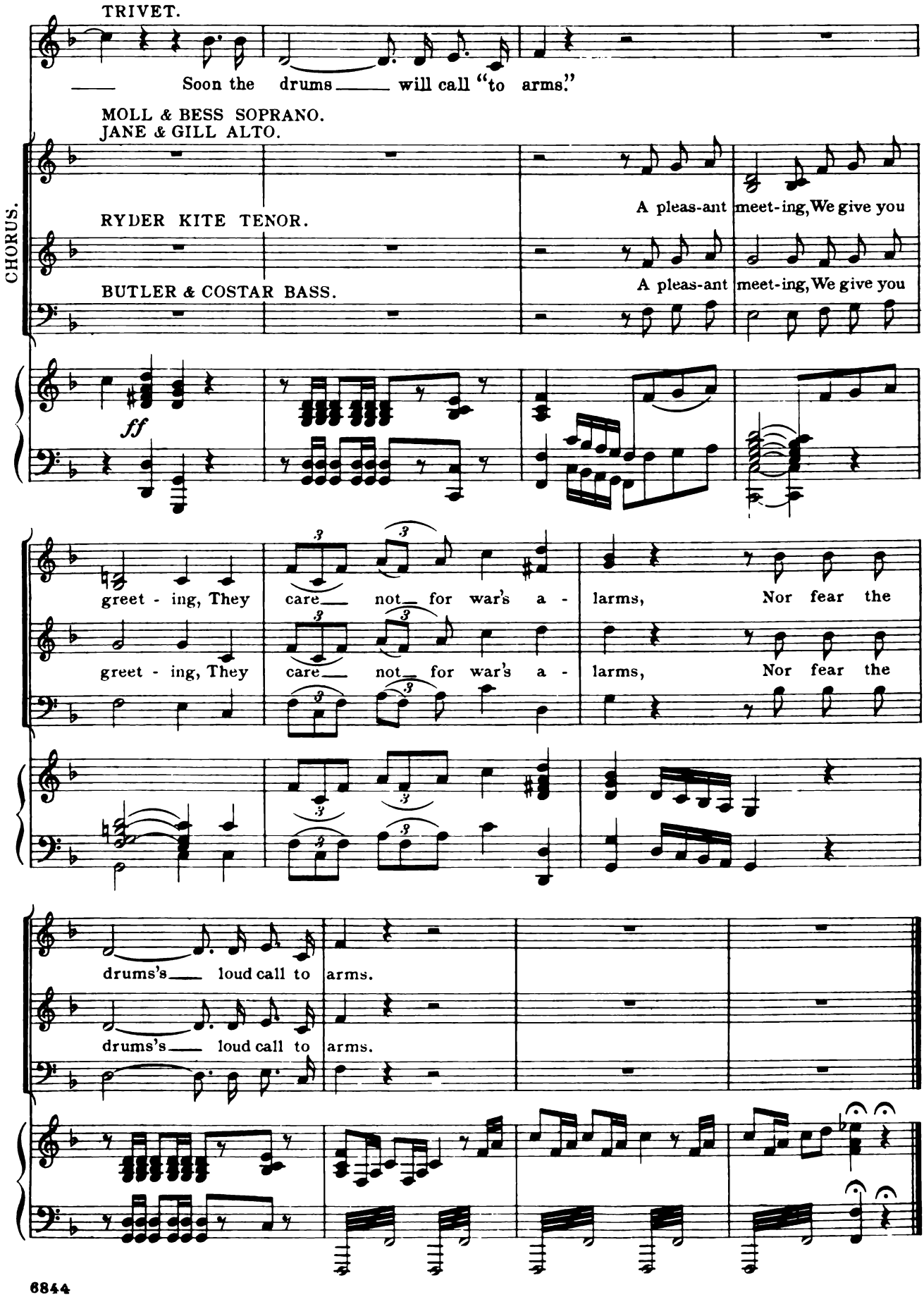

MOLL, BESS, JANE & GILL.
They seek no oth - er bat - tle fields, than
RYDER & KITE.
nerve. We seek no oth - er bat - tle fields, than
BUTLER & COSTAR.
CHORUS.
They seek no oth - er
They seek no oth - er
those to them de - lect - a - ble. Com - bat - ing here with Cu - pid, calls for
those to us de - lect - a - ble. Com - bat - ing here with Cu - pid, calls for
bat - - tle fields, Than those to them de -
bat - - tle fields, Than those to them de -


cour - age quite res - pect - a - ble, Their val - or then, con - sists of this, they
cour - age quite res - pect - a - ble, Our val - or then, con - sists of this, we
lect - - a - ble, They think they're non - re -
lect - - a - ble, They think they're non - re -


think they're non - re - ject - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro - vides them with the
think we're non - re - ject - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro - vides us with the
ject - - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro -
ject - - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro -


nerve. Their val - or then con - sists of this, they
nerve. Our val - or then con - sists of this, we
vides the nerve. Their val - or then con - sists of this, they
vides the nerve. Their val - or then con - sists of this, they
the nerve.
think they're non - re - ject - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro -
think we're non - re - ject - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro -
think they're non re - ject - a - ble, The u - ni - form pro - -
think they're non re - ject - a - ble, The u ni - form pro - -


vides them with the nerve.
vides us with the nerve.
vides them with the nerve.
vides them with the nerve.
Meno mosso.
TRIVET.
La - dies, a pleas-ant
p
meet - ing. Com-rades, I give you greet-ing. Welcome you to war's a - larms,


TRIVET.
Soon the drums will call "to arms."
MOLL & BESS SOPRANO.
JANE & GILL ALTO.
CHORUS.
RYDER KITE TENOR.
BUTLER & COSTAR BASS.
A pleas-ant meet-ing, We give you
A pleas-ant meet-ing, We give you
ff
greet - ing, They care not for war's a - larms, Nor fear the
greet - ing, They care not for war's a - larms, Nor fear the
drums's loud call to arms.
drums's loud call to arms.

Follow the Flag.

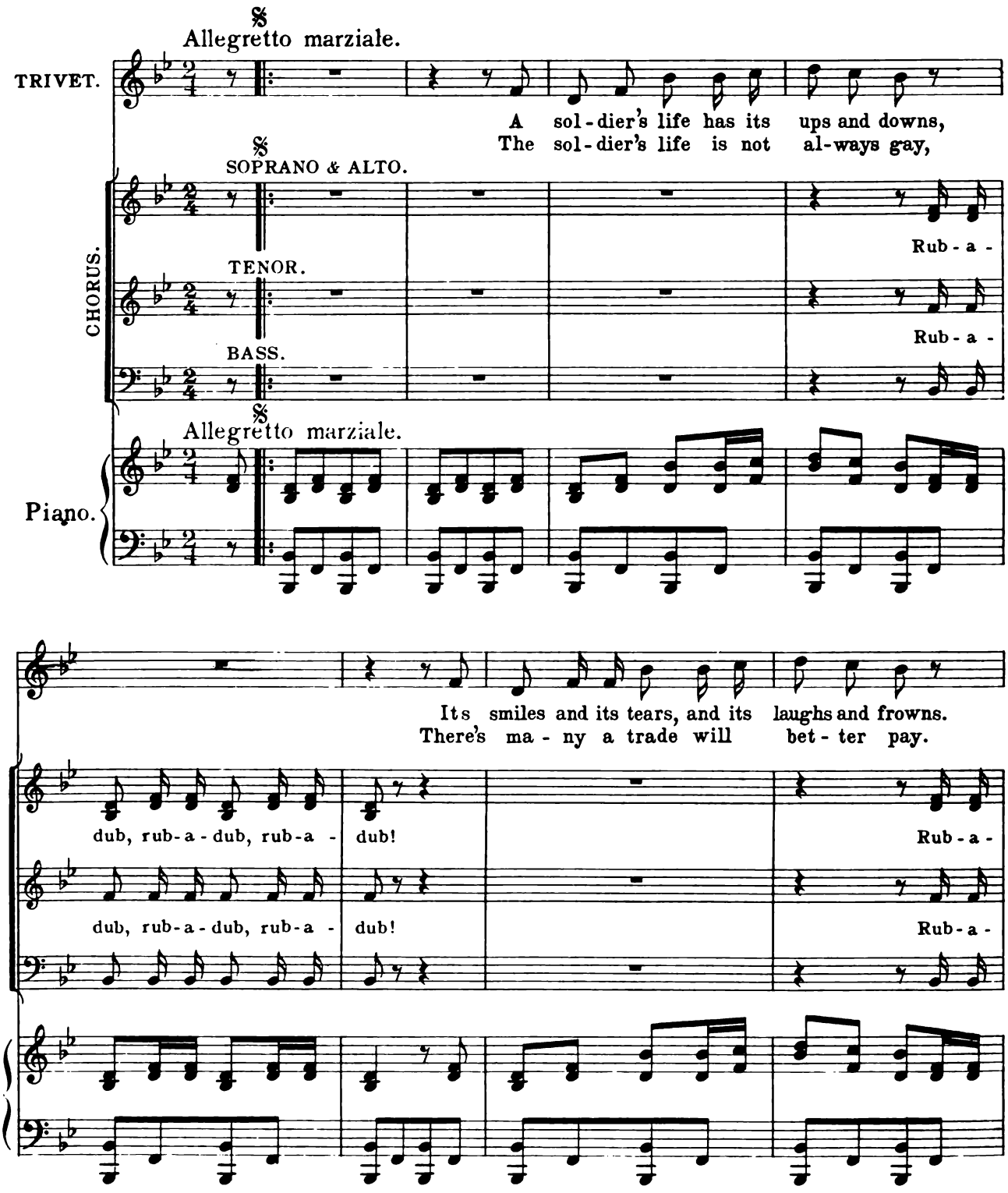
No 3b

SONG.

Trivet and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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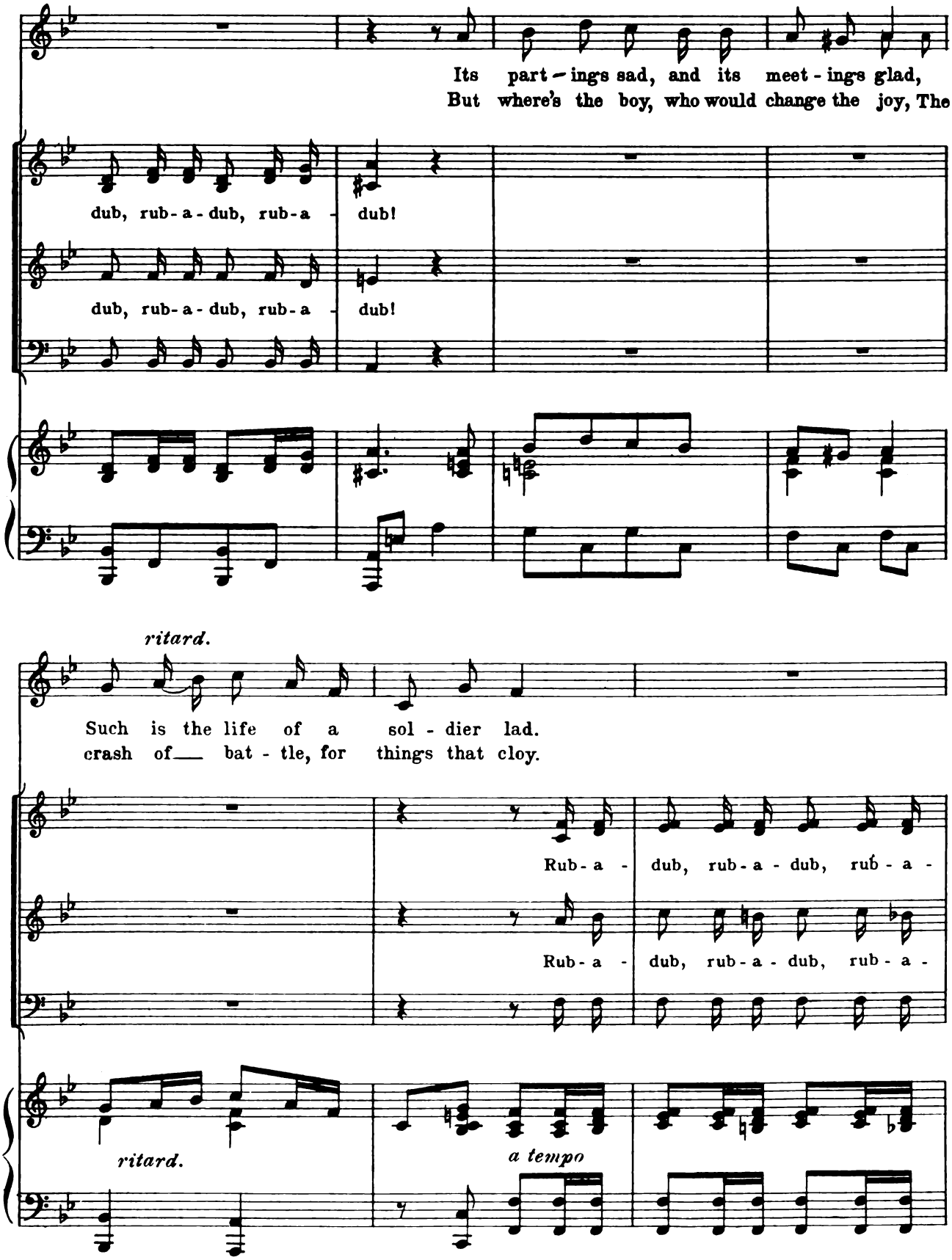
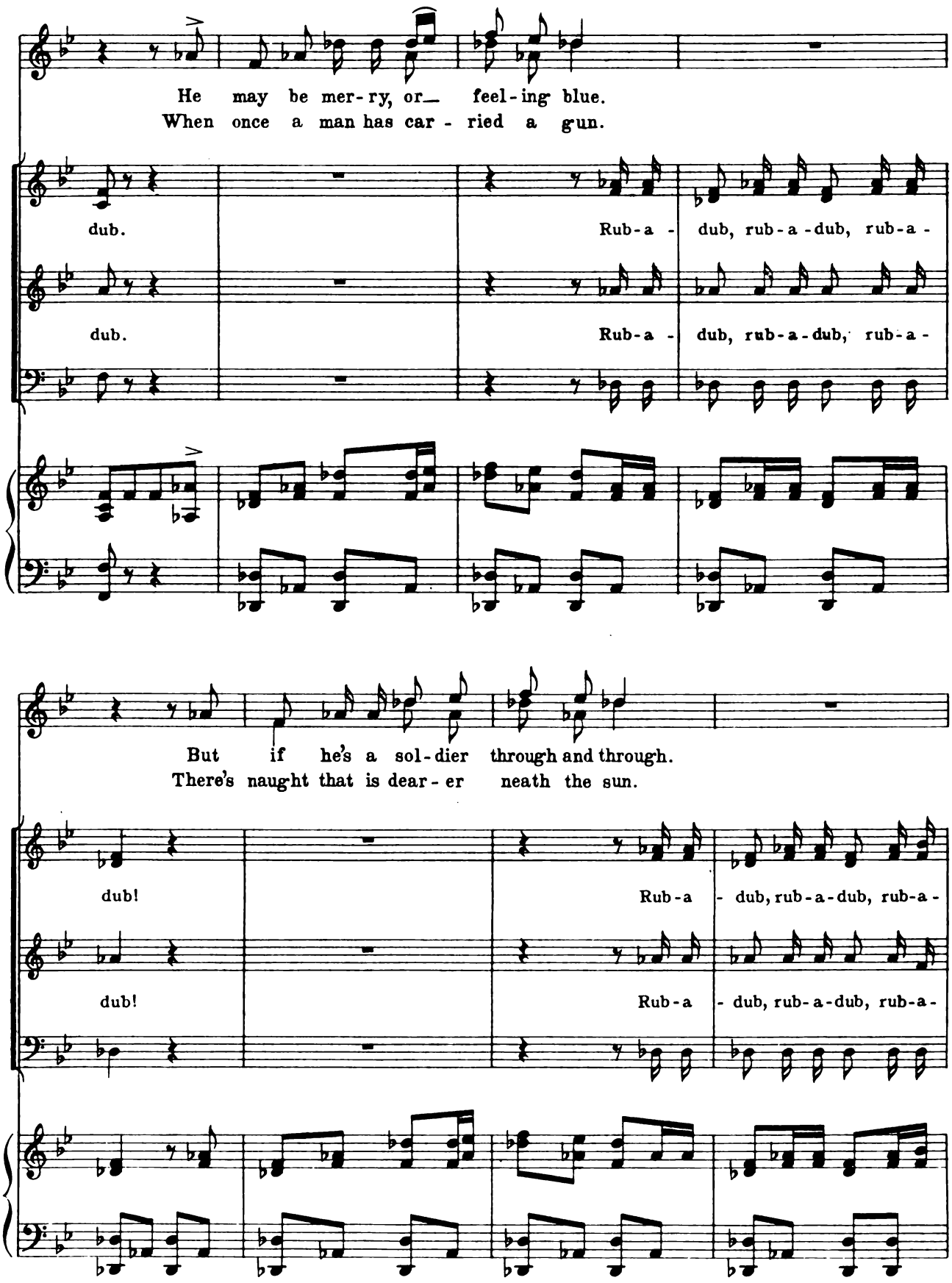
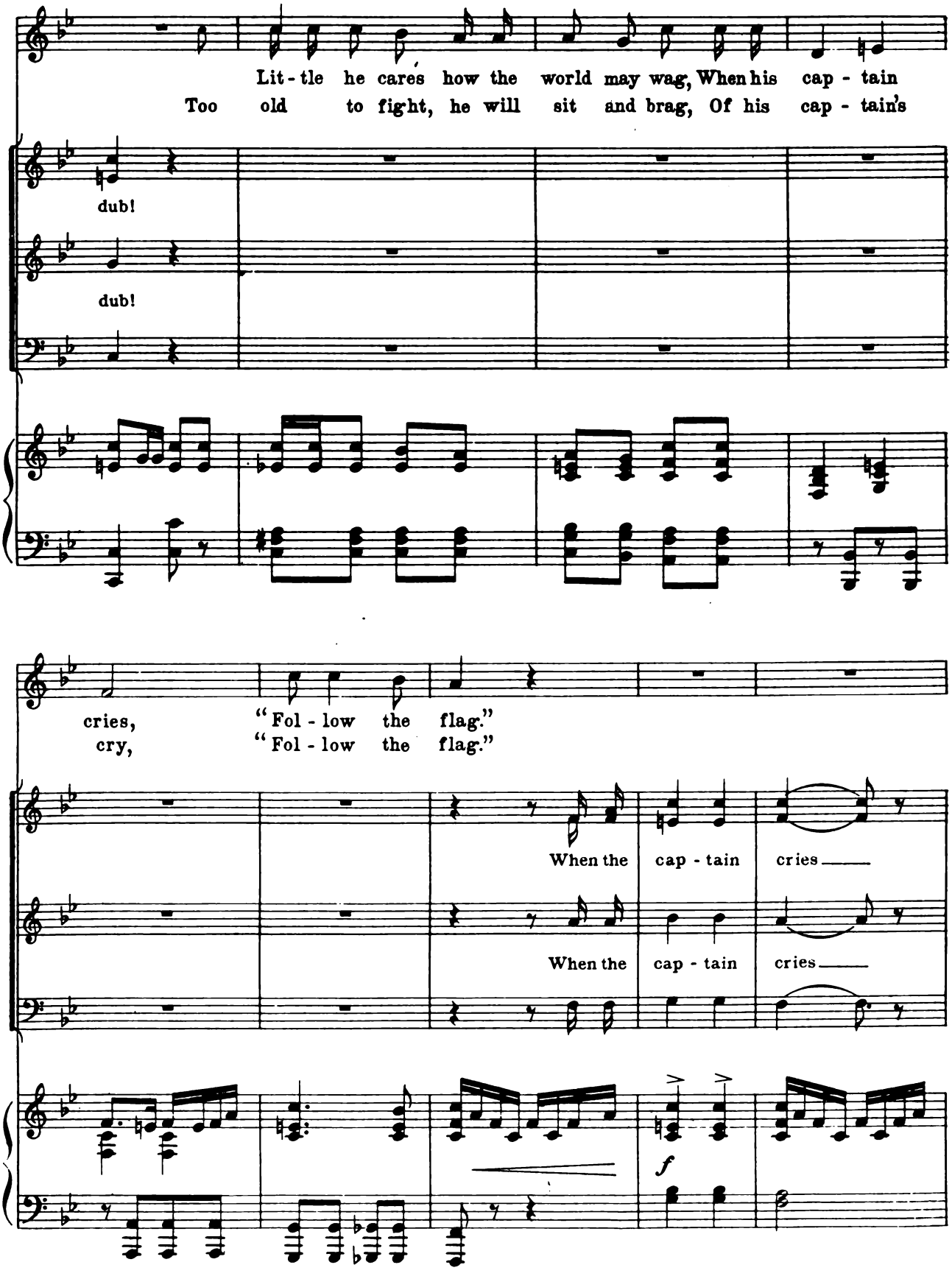
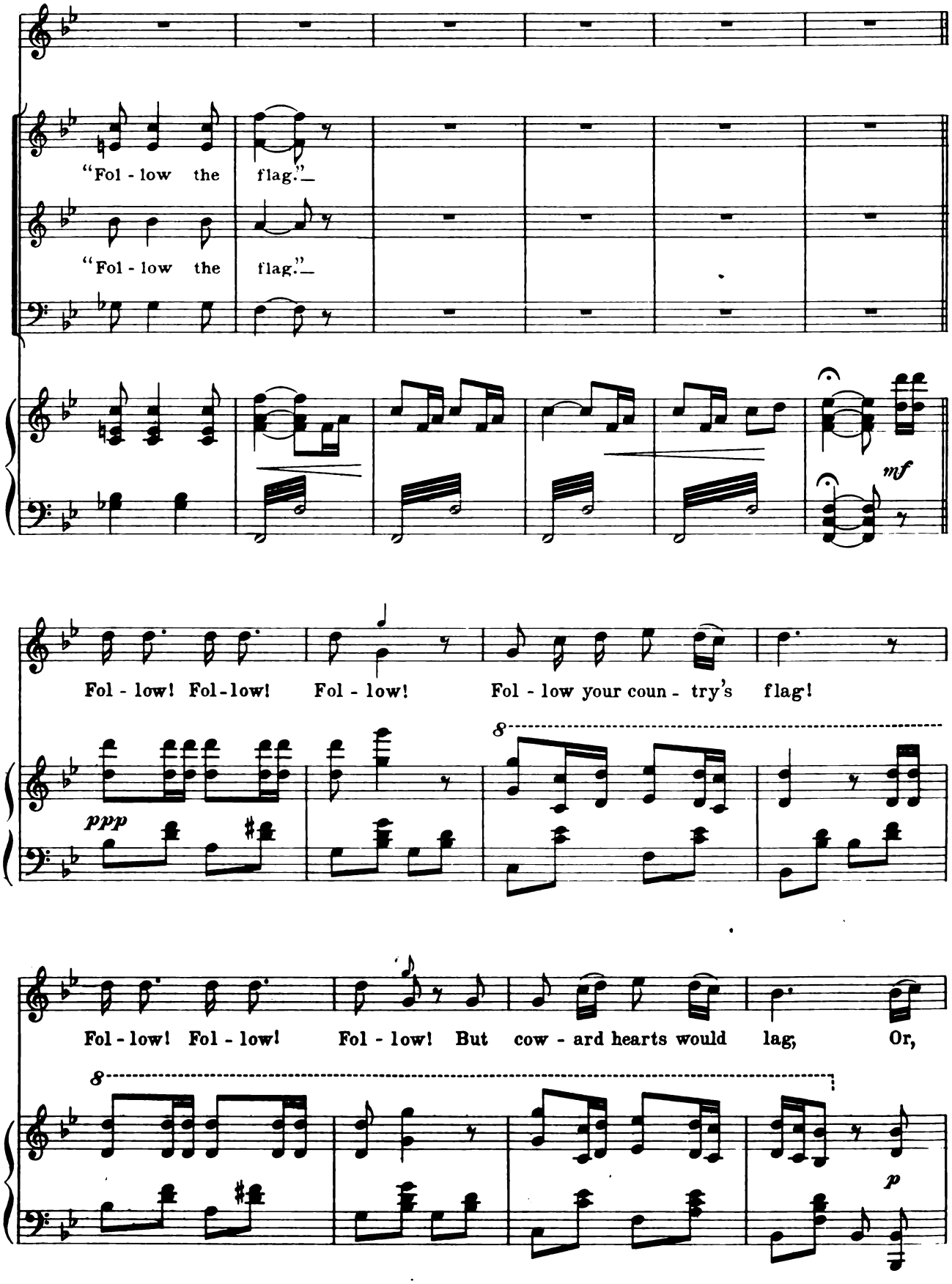
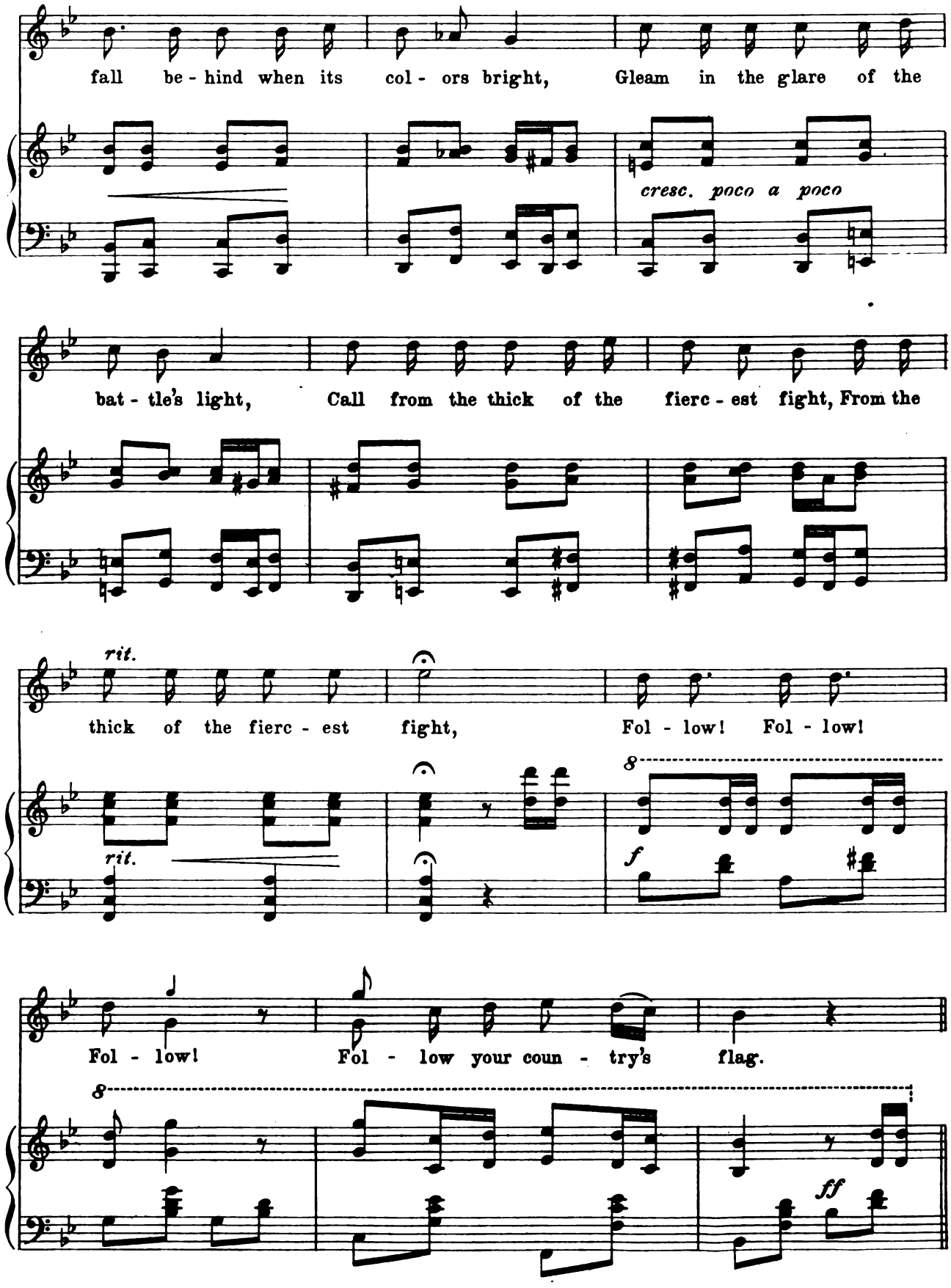
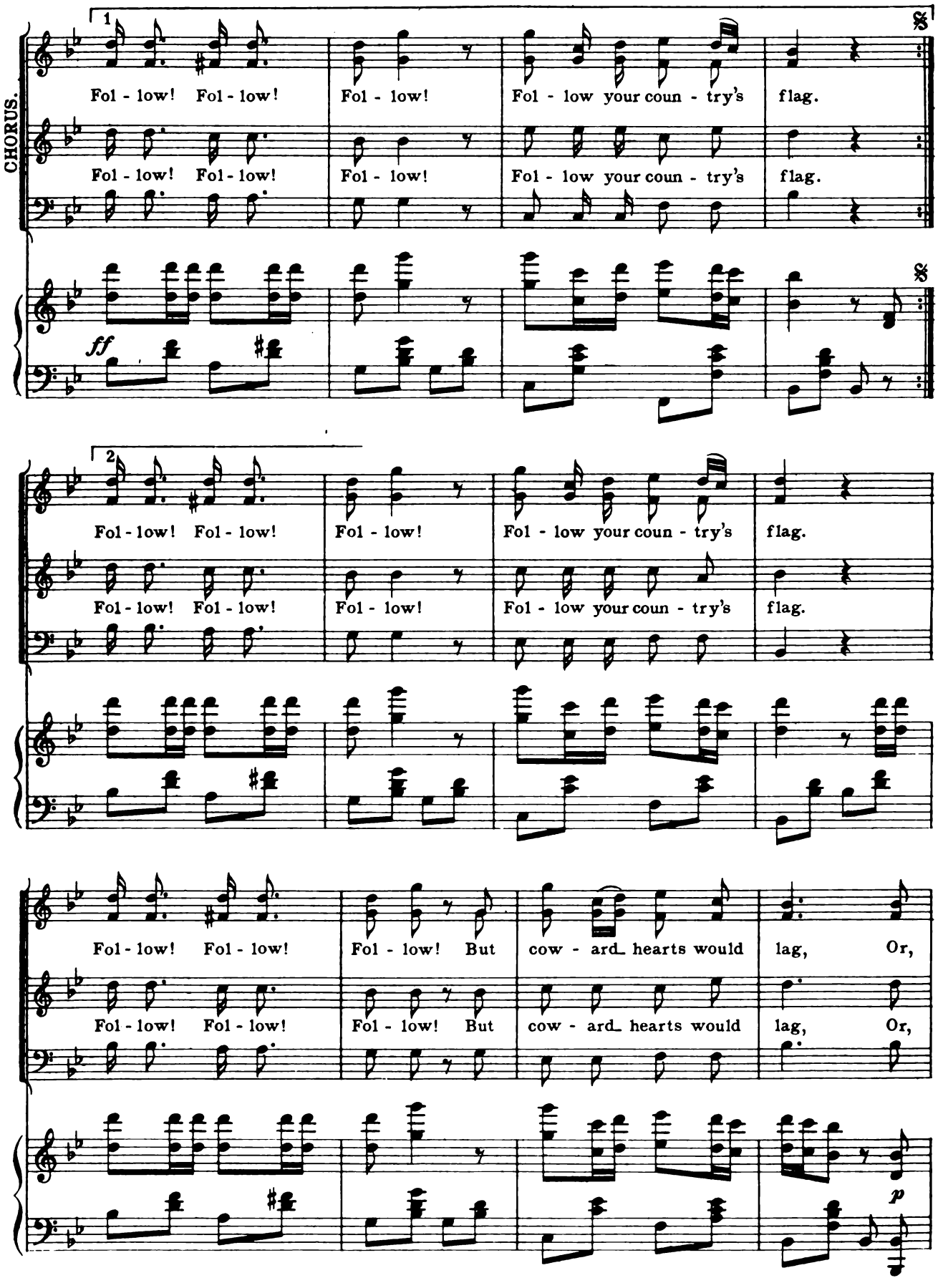

Its part – ings sad, and its meet - ings glad,
But where's the boy, who would change the joy, The
dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a - dub!
dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a - dub!
ritard.
Such is the life of a sol - dier lad.
crash of___ bat - tle, for things that cloy.
Rub-a - dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a -
Rub-a - dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a -
ritard.
a tempo

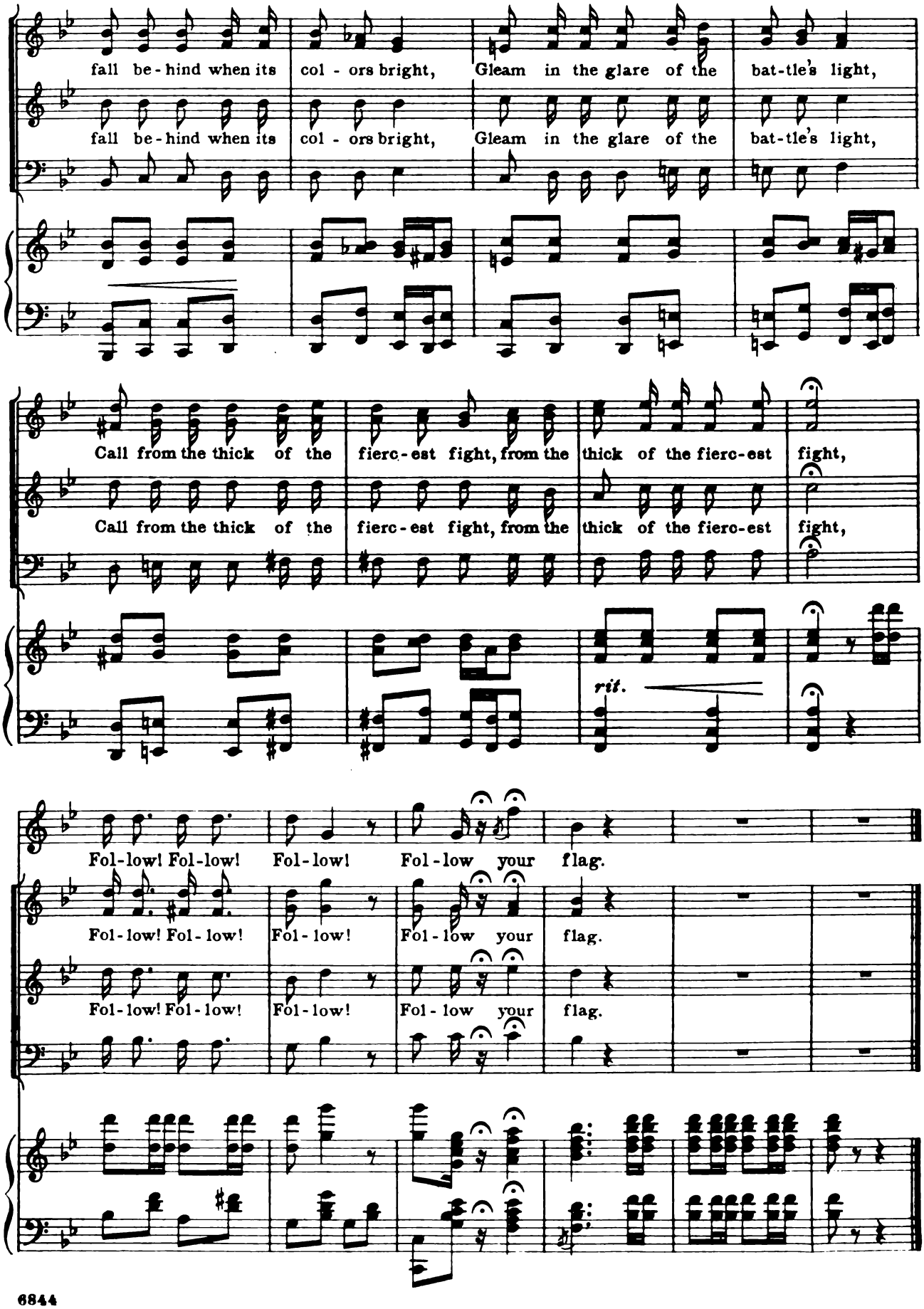

He may be mer-ry, or_ feel-ing blue.
When once a man has car-ried a gun.
dub.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-
dub.
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-
But if he's a sol-dier through and through.
There's naught that is dear-er neath the sun.
dub!
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-
dub!
Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub, rub-a-


Lit - tle he cares how the world may wag, When his cap - tain
Too old to fight, he will sit and brag, Of his cap - tain's
dub!
dub!
cries, "Fol - low the flag."
cry, "Fol - low the flag."
When the cap - tain cries
When the cap - tain cries
f


"Fol - low the flag."
"Fol - low the flag."
mf
Fol - low! Fol - low! Fol - low! Fol - low your coun - try's flag!
ppp
8
Fol - low! Fol - low! Fol - low! But cow - ard hearts would lag; Or,
8
p


fall be - hind when its col - ors bright, Gleam in the glare of the
cresc. poco a poco
bat - tle's light, Call from the thick of the fierc - est fight, From the
rit.
thick of the fierc - est fight, Fol - low! Fol - low!
rit.
8
f
Fol - low! Fol - low your coun - try's flag.
8
ff


CHORUS.
1
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low!
Fol - low your coun - try's
flag.
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low!
Fol - low your coun - try's
flag.
ff
2
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low!
Fol - low your coun - try's
flag.
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low!
Fol - low your coun - try's
flag.
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low! But
cow - ard hearts would
lag, Or,
Fol - low! Fol - low!
Fol - low! But
cow - ard hearts would
lag, Or,
p


fall be-hind when its col-ors bright, Gleam in the glare of the bat-tle's light,
fall be-hind when its col-ors bright, Gleam in the glare of the bat-tle's light,
Call from the thick of the fierc-est fight, from the thick of the fierc-est fight,
Call from the thick of the fierc-est fight, from the thick of the fierc-est fight,
rit.
Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low your flag.
Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low your flag.
Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low! Fol-low your flag.

If We Part.

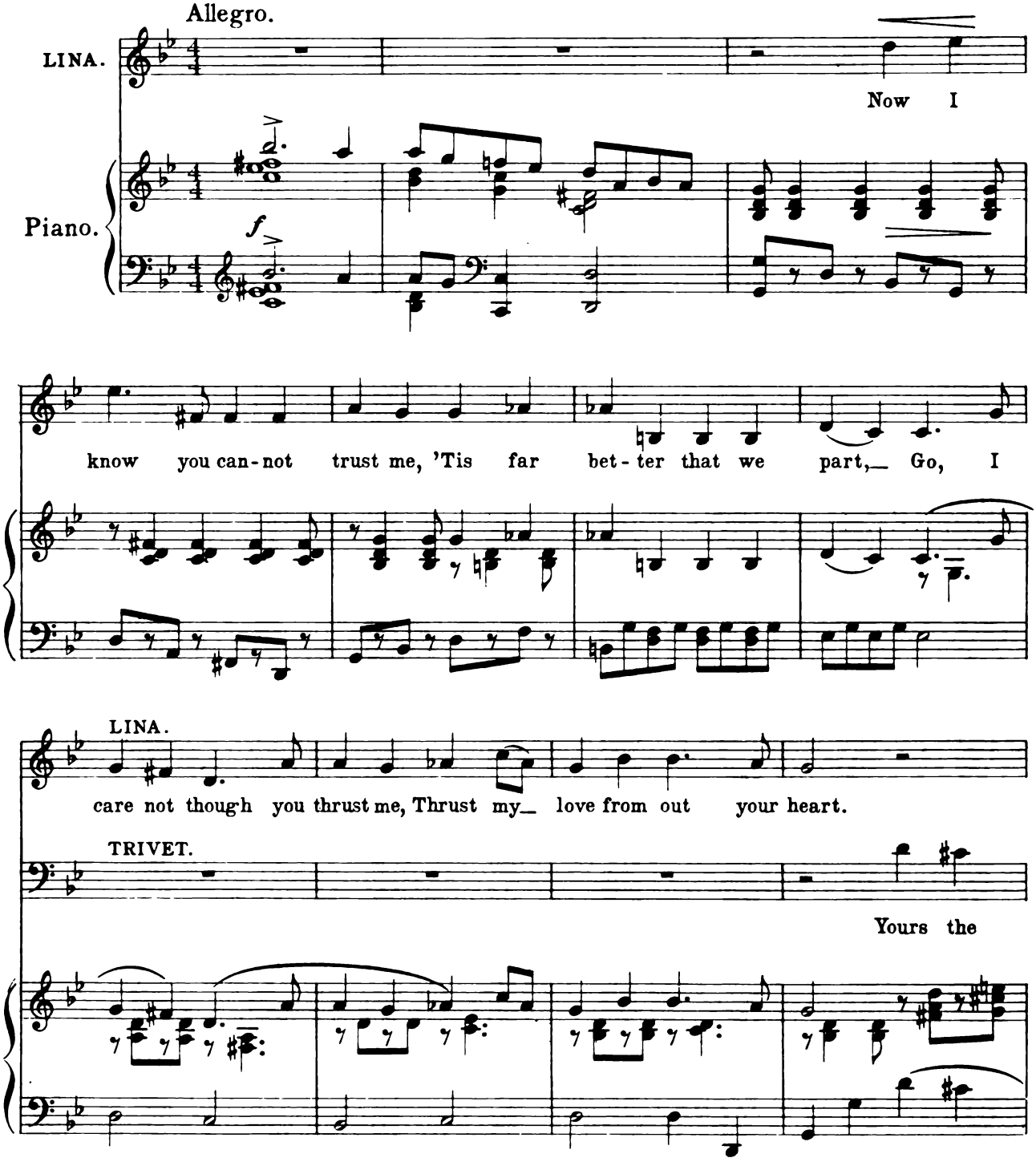
No. 4.

TRIO.

Lina, Hervey, and Skeffington.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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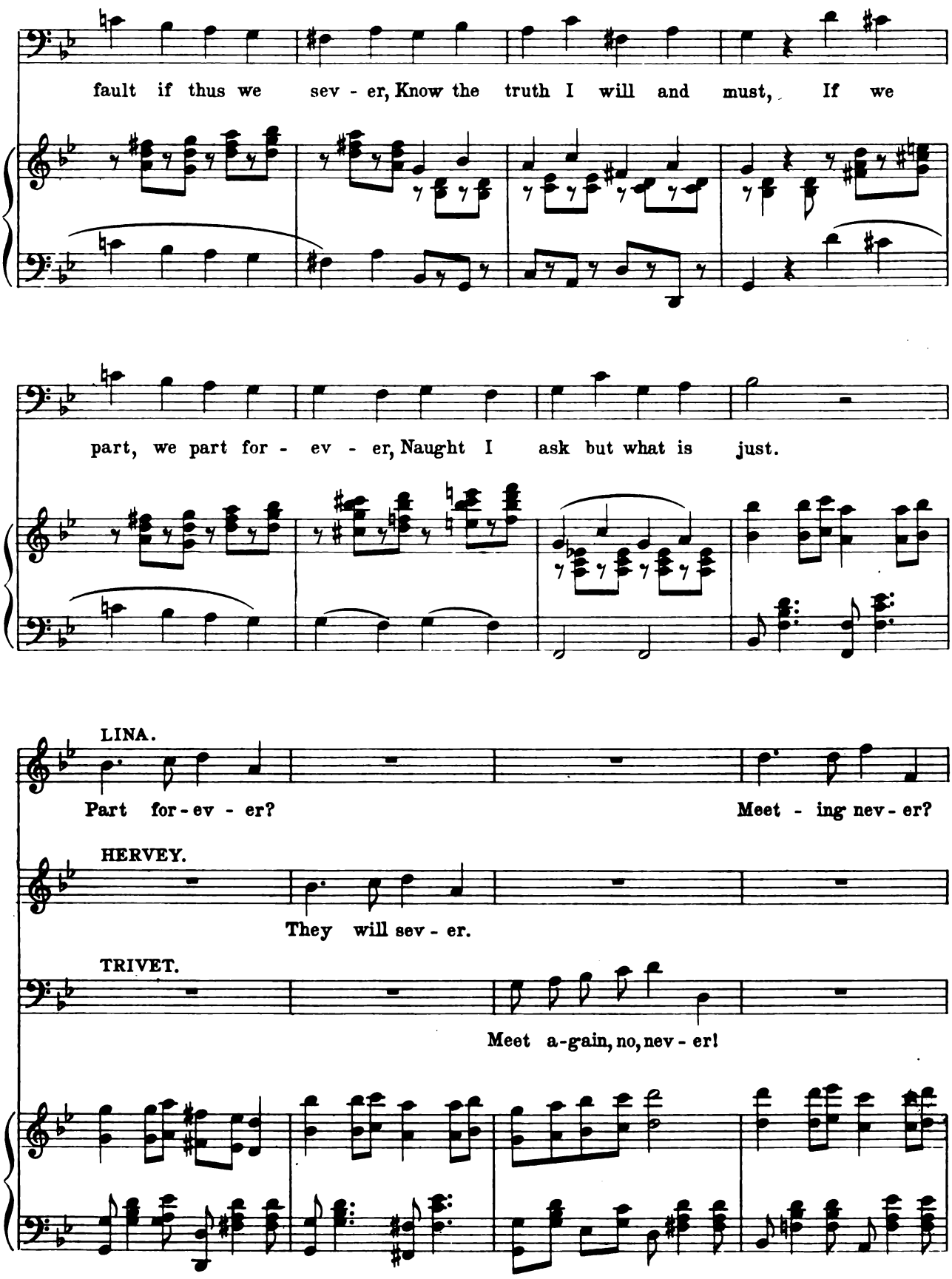
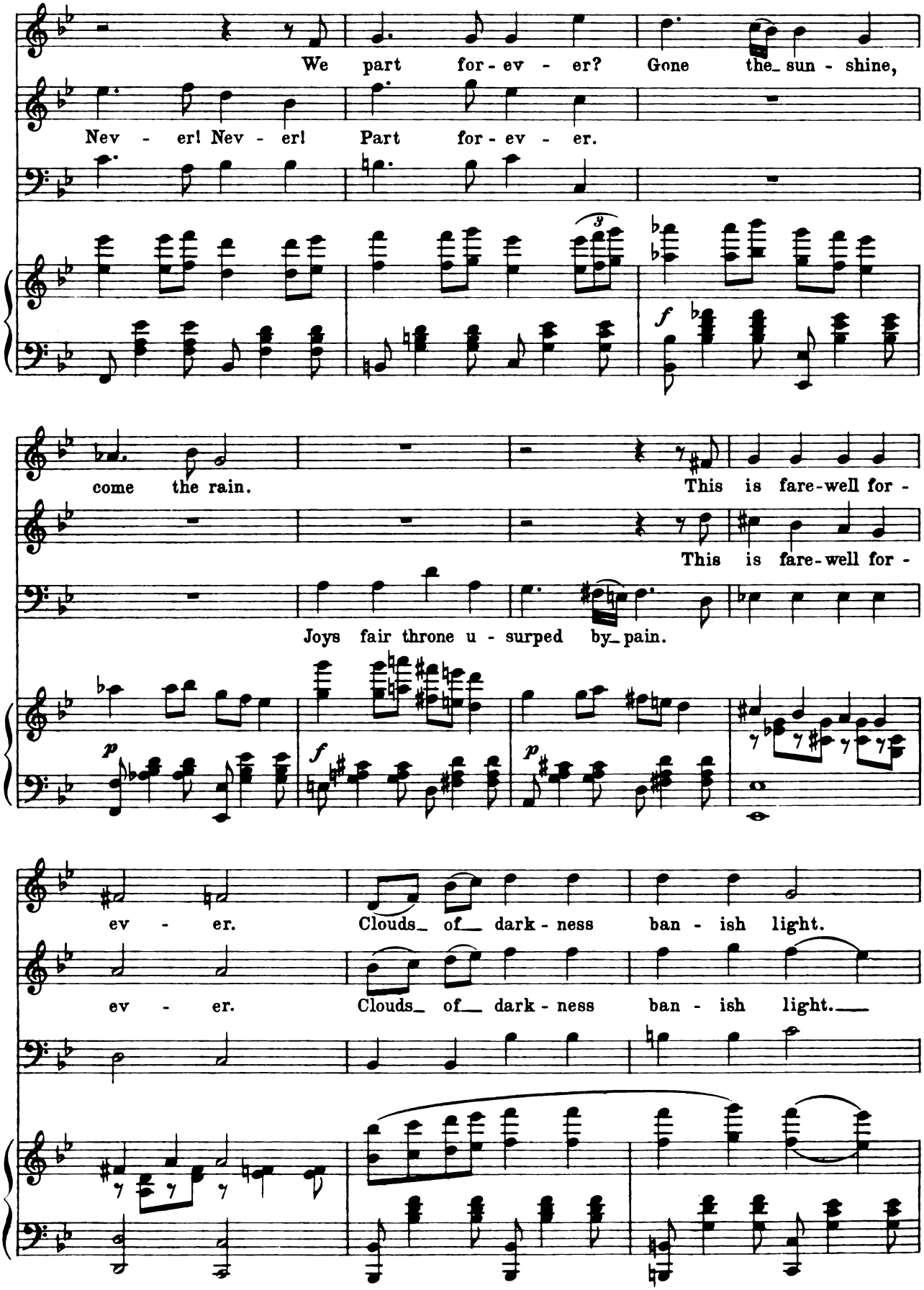
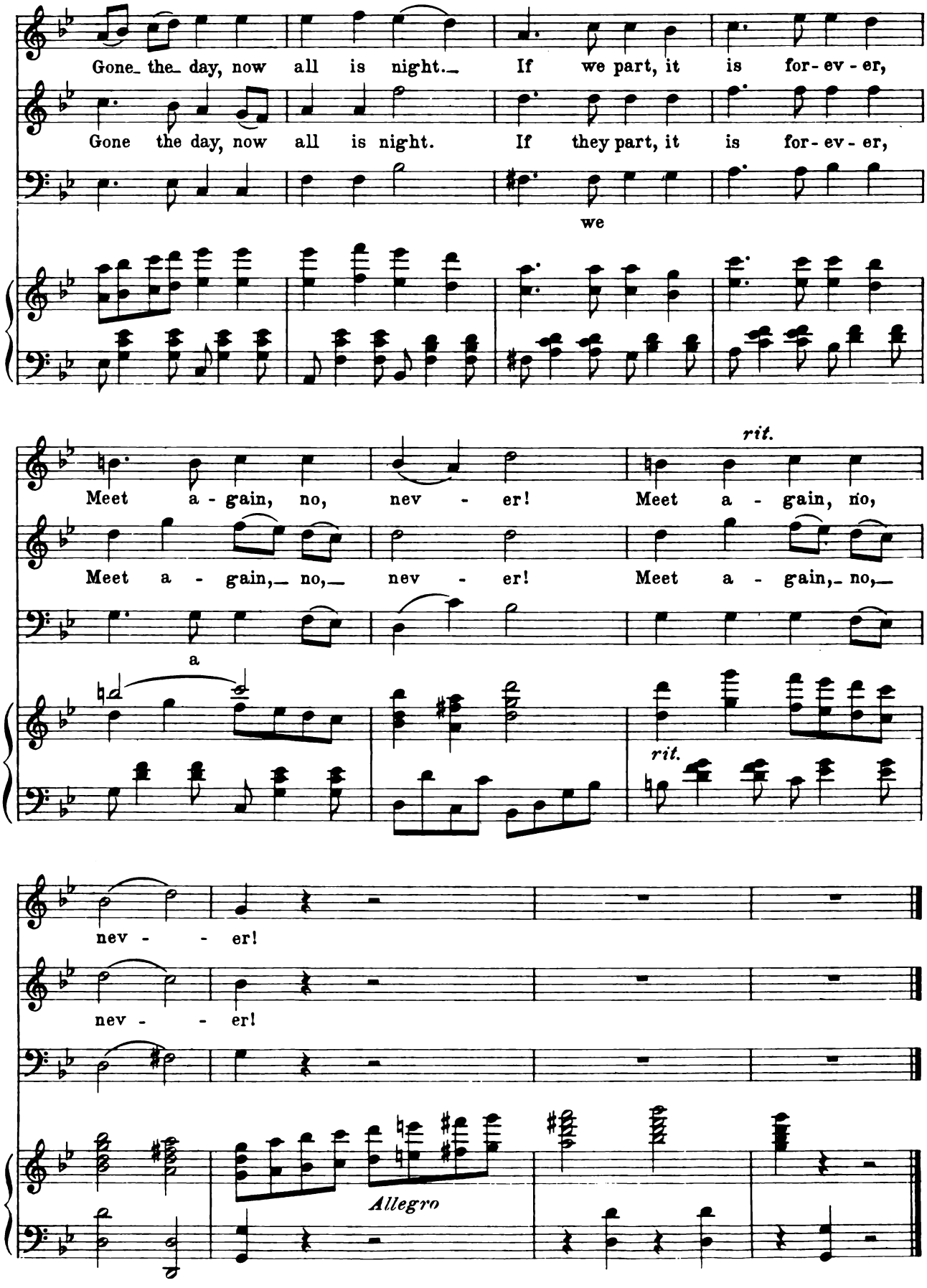

fault if thus we sev - er, Know the truth I will and must, If we
part, we part for - ev - er, Naught I ask but what is just.
LINA.
Part for-ev - er?
Meet - ing nev - er?
HERVEY.
They will sev - er.
TRIVET.
Meet a-gain, no, nev - er!


We part for-ev-er? Gone the sun-shine,
Nev-er! Nev-er! Part for-ev-er.
come the rain.
This is fare-well for-
This is fare-well for-
Joys fair throne u-surped by pain.
ev-er. Clouds of dark-ness ban-ish light.
ev-er. Clouds of dark-ness ban-ish light.


Gone the day, now all is night. If we part, it is for-ev-er,
Gone the day, now all is night. If they part, it is for-ev-er,
we
Meet a-gain, no, nev-er! Meet a-gain, no,
Meet a-gain, no, nev-er! Meet a-gain, no,
rit.
a
rit.
nev-er!
nev-er!
Allegro

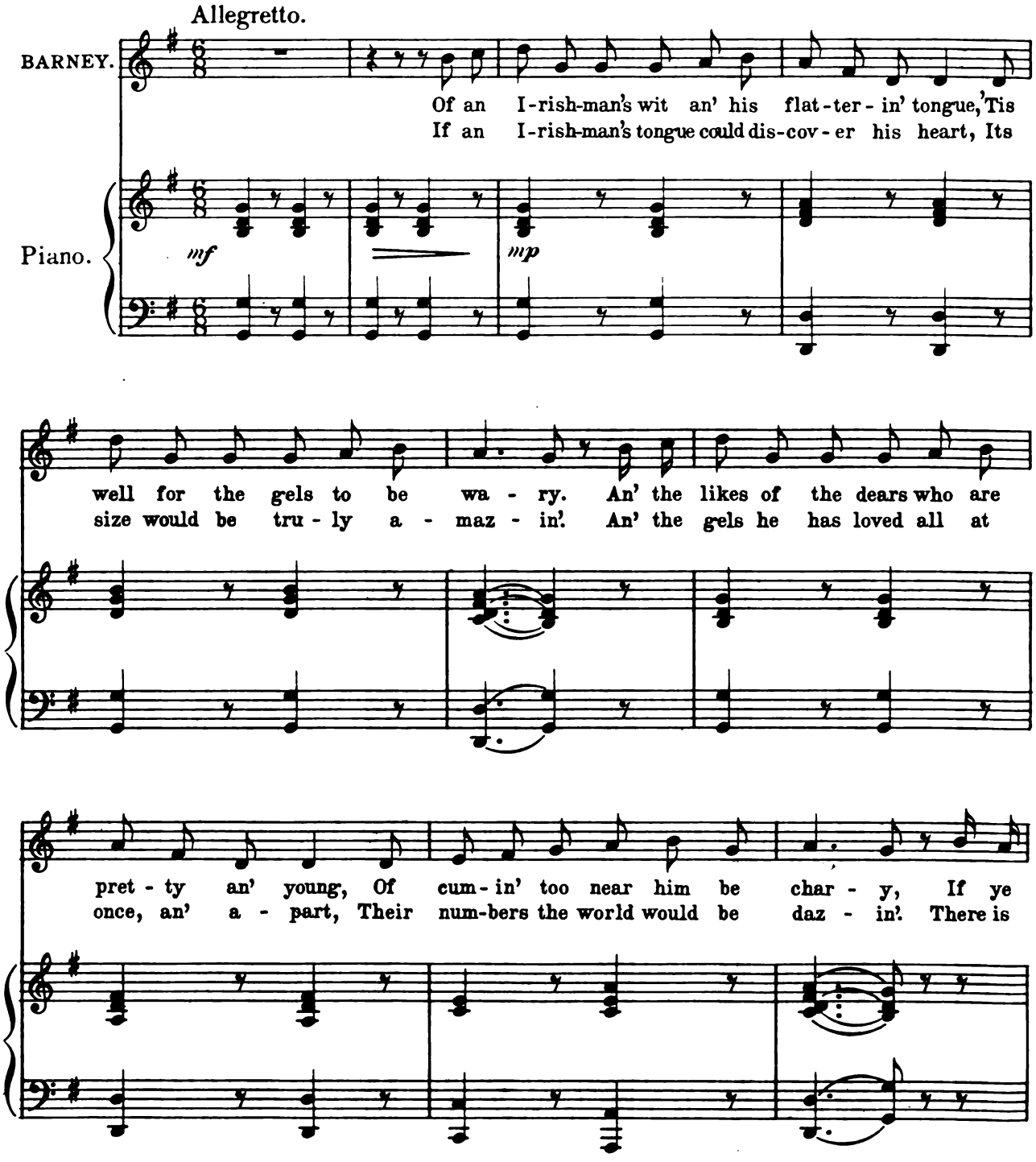
No 5. The Blarney of Killarney.

SONG.

Barney and Female Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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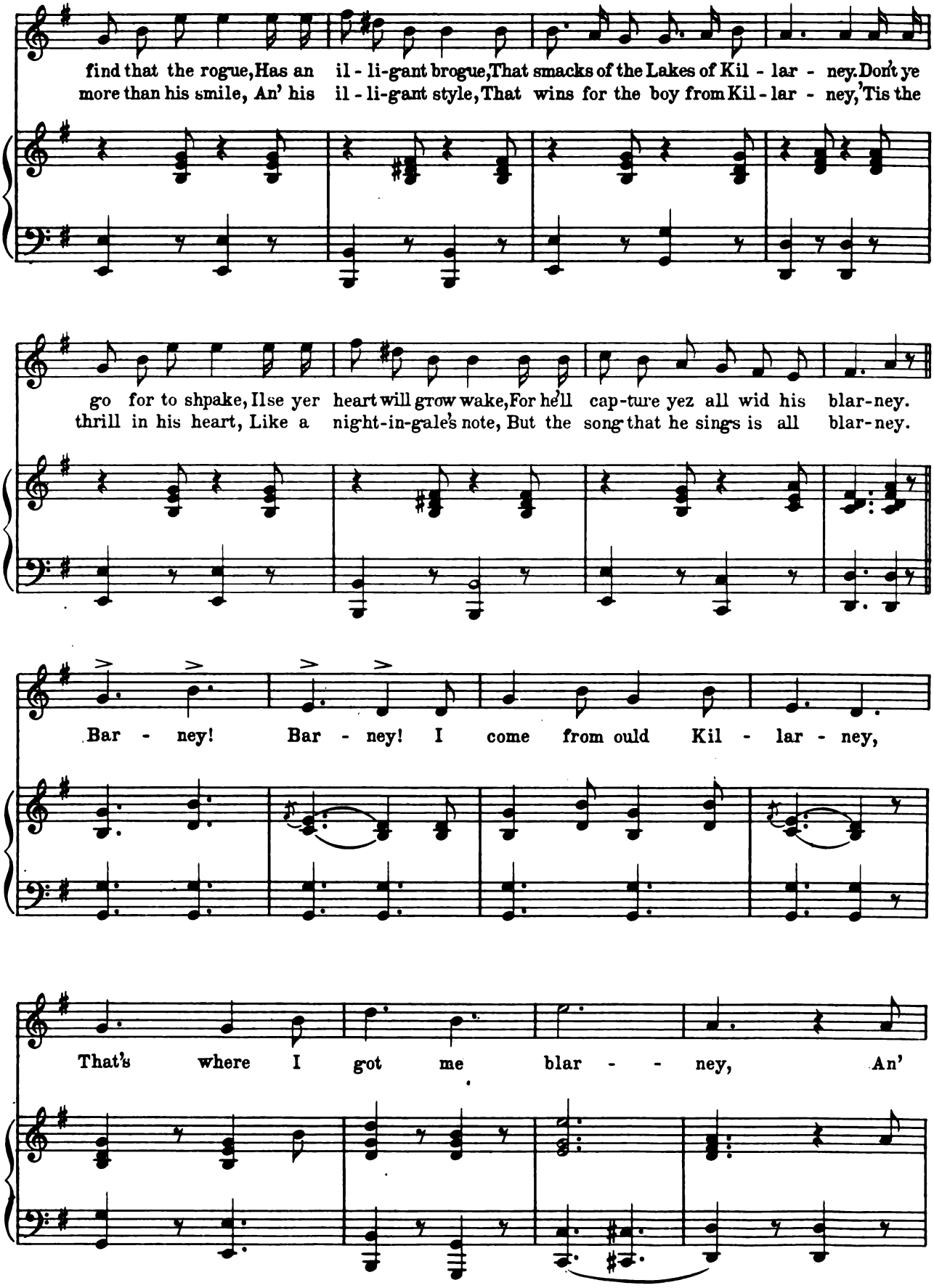
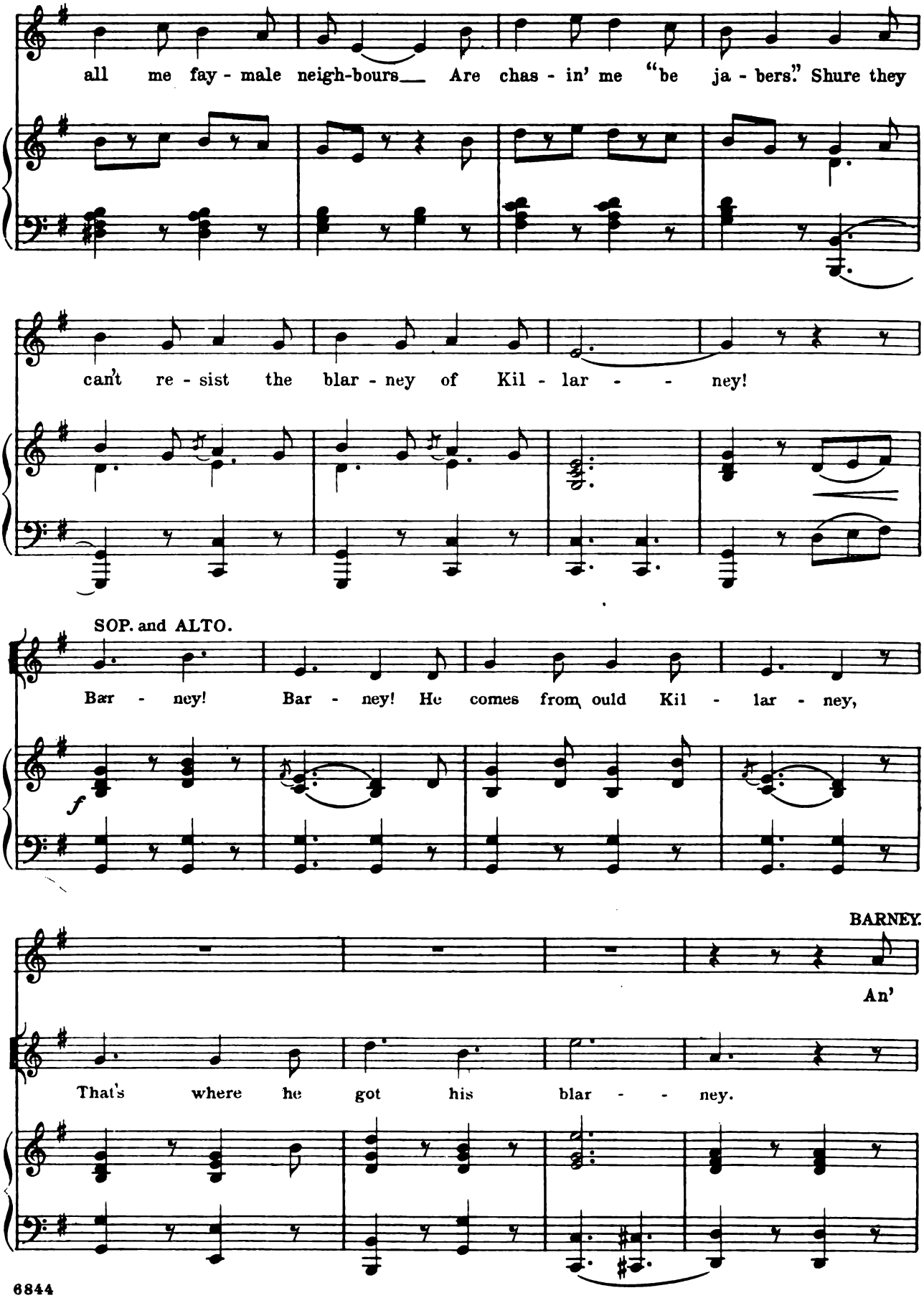
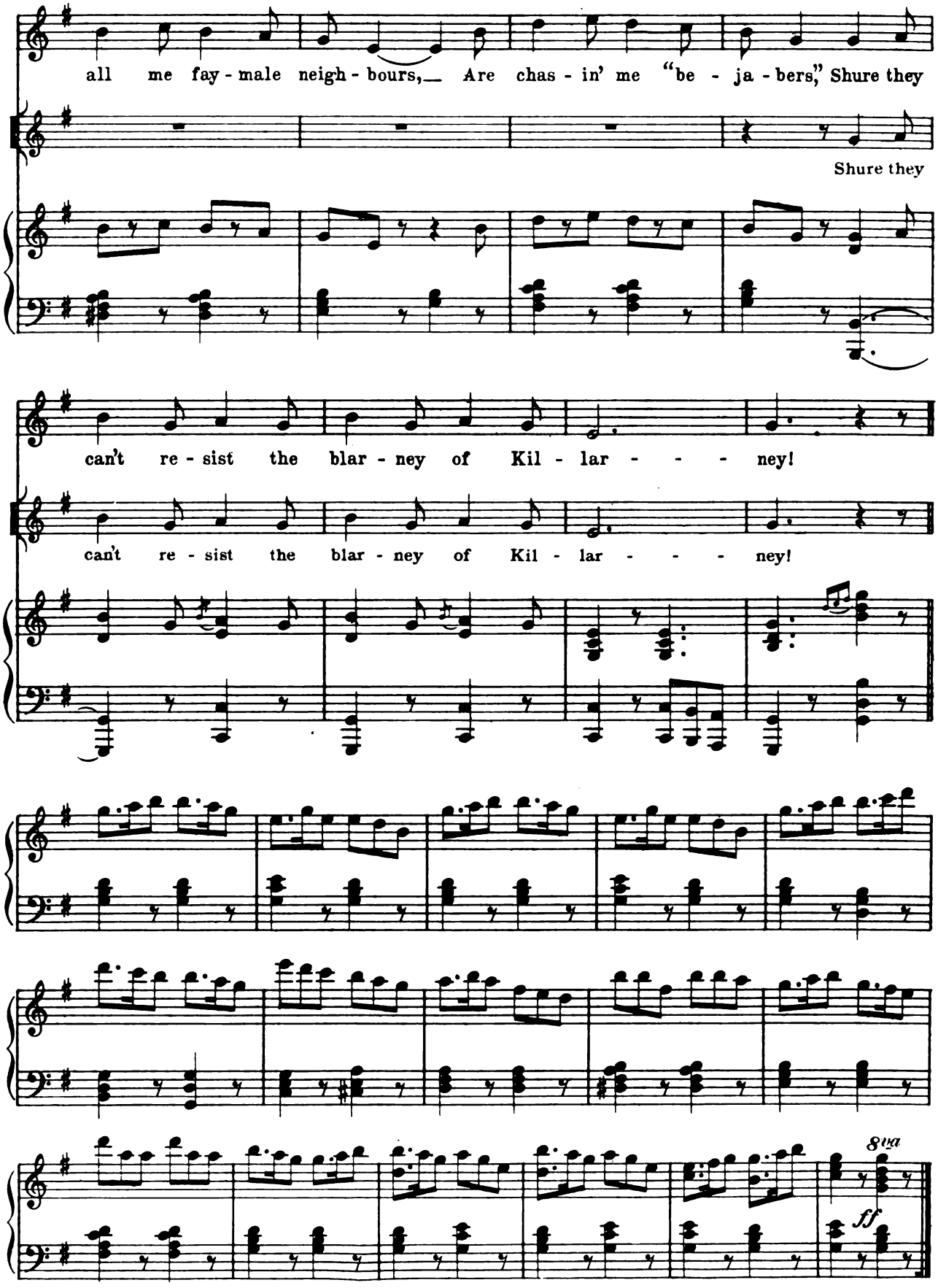

find that the rogue, Has an il - li-gant brogue, That smacks of the Lakes of Kil - lar - ney. Don't ye
more than his smile, An' his il - li-gant style, That wins for the boy from Kil - lar - ney, 'Tis the
go for to shpake, Ilse yer heart will grow wake, For he'll cap-ture yez all wid his blar-ney.
thrill in his heart, Like a night-in-gale's note, But the song that he sings is all blar-ney.
Bar - ney! Bar - ney! I come from ould Kil - lar - ney,
That's where I got me blar - - ney, An'


all me fay - male neigh-bours__ Are chas - in' me "be ja - bers." Shure they
can't re - sist the blar - ney of Kil - lar - - ney!
SOP. and ALTO.
Bar - ney! Bar - ney! He comes from ould Kil - lar - ney,
f
BARNEY.
An'
That's where he got his blar - - ney.


all me fay - male neigh - bours, Are chas - in' me "be - ja - bers," Shure they
Shure they
can't re - sist the blar - ney of Kil - lar - - - - ney!
can't re - sist the blar - ney of Kil - lar - - - - ney!
8va
ff

The Temptation.

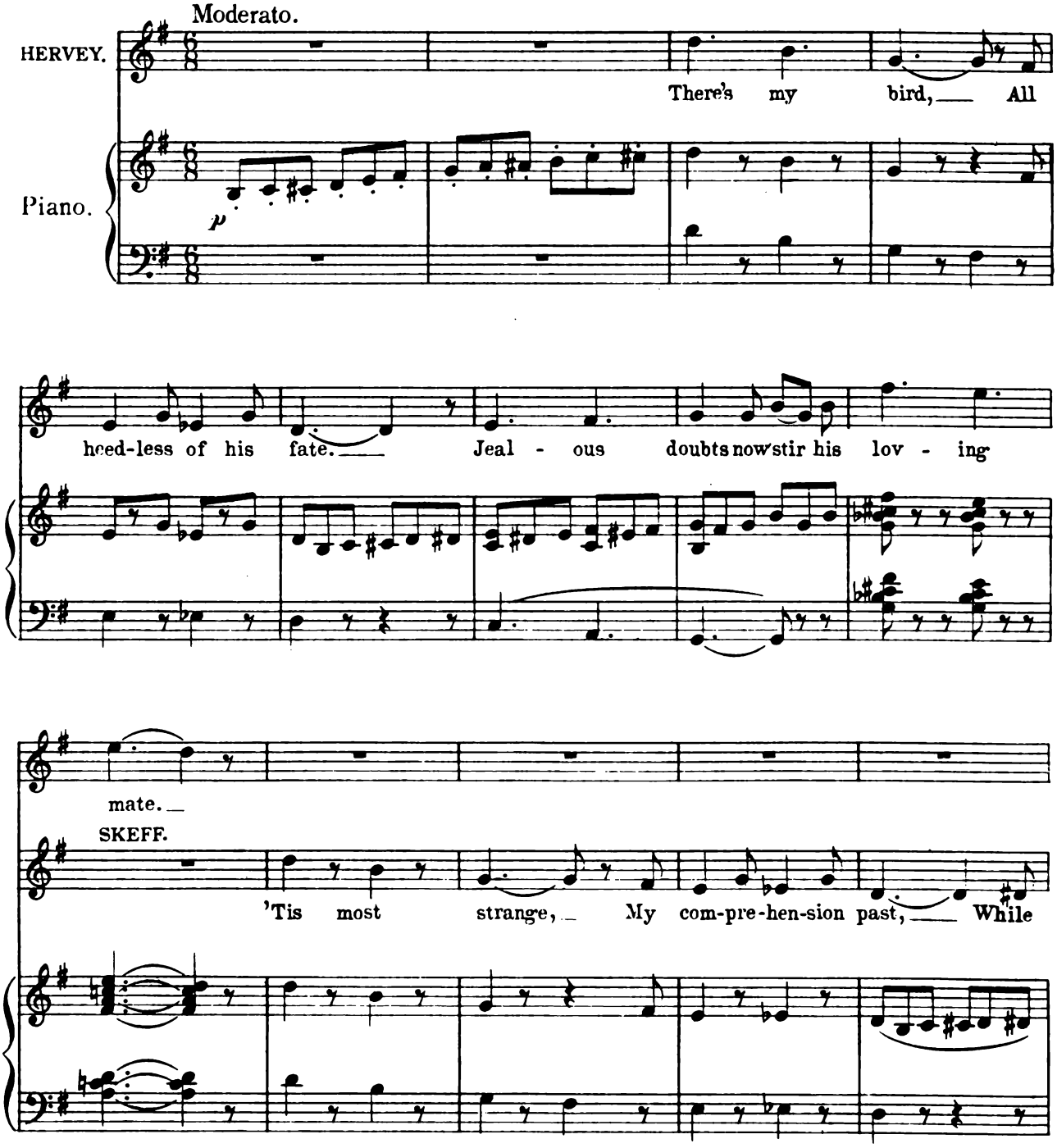
No. 6.

QUINTETTE.

Laura, Lina, Hervey, Skeffington and Trivet.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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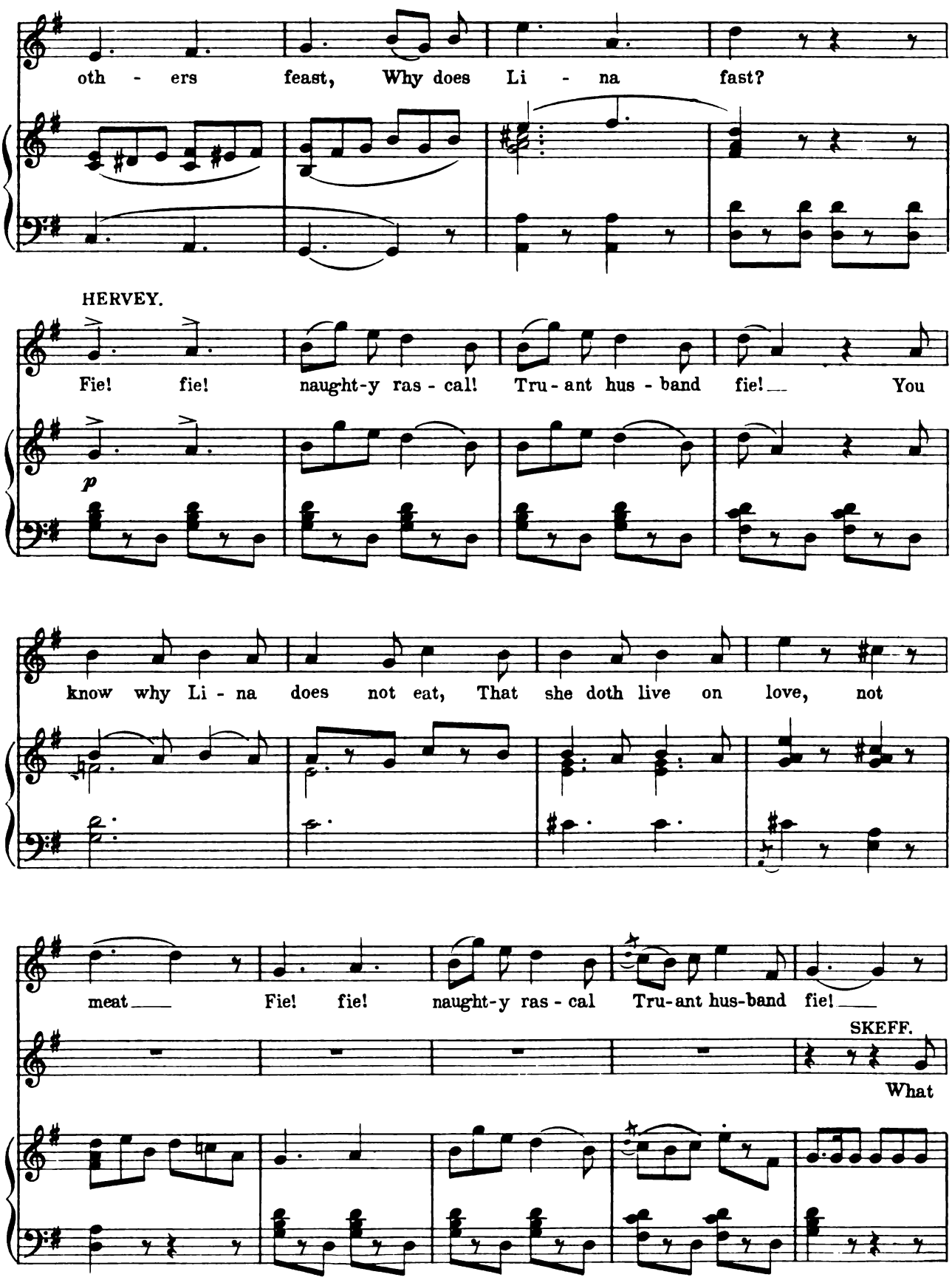
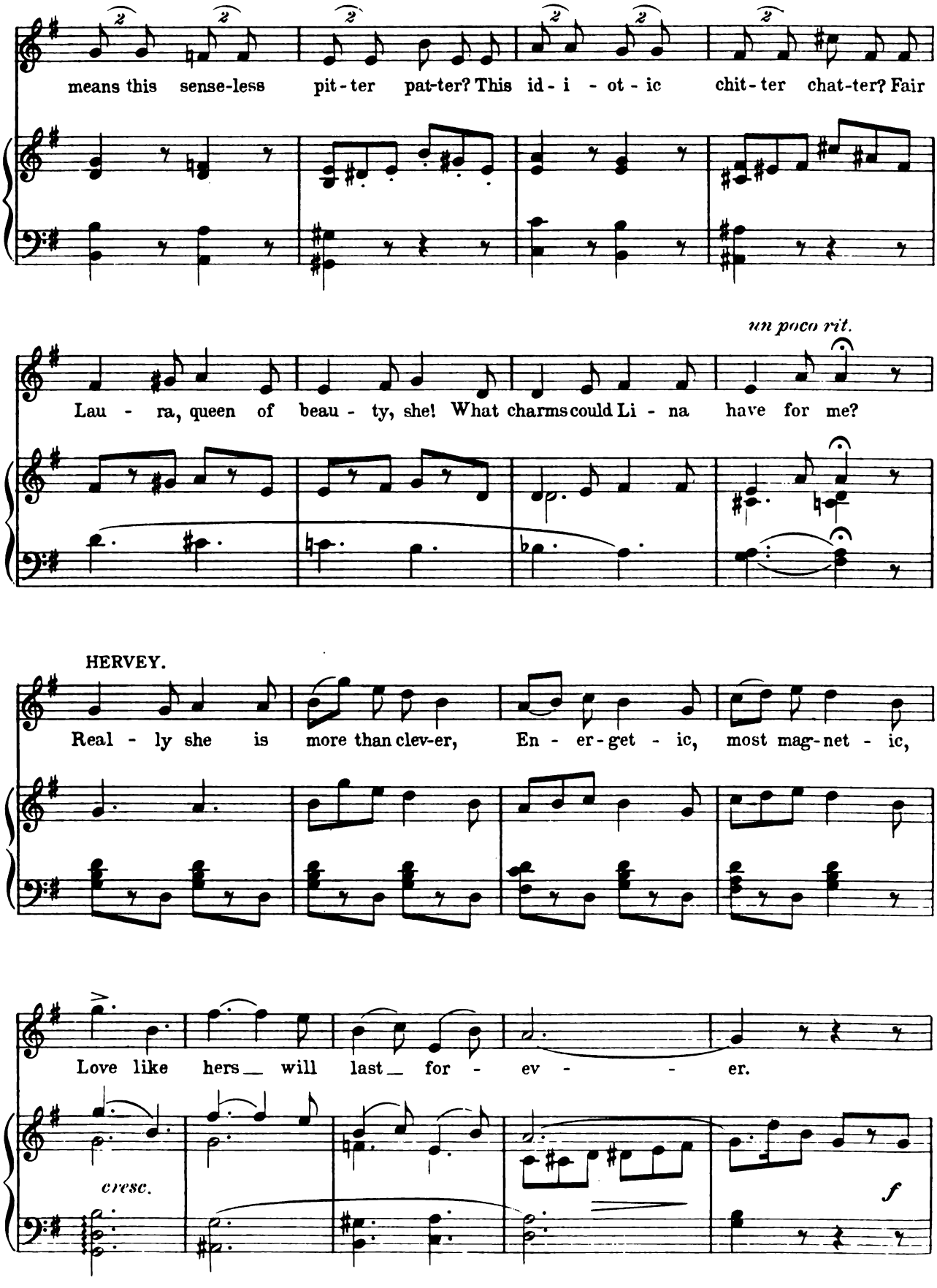
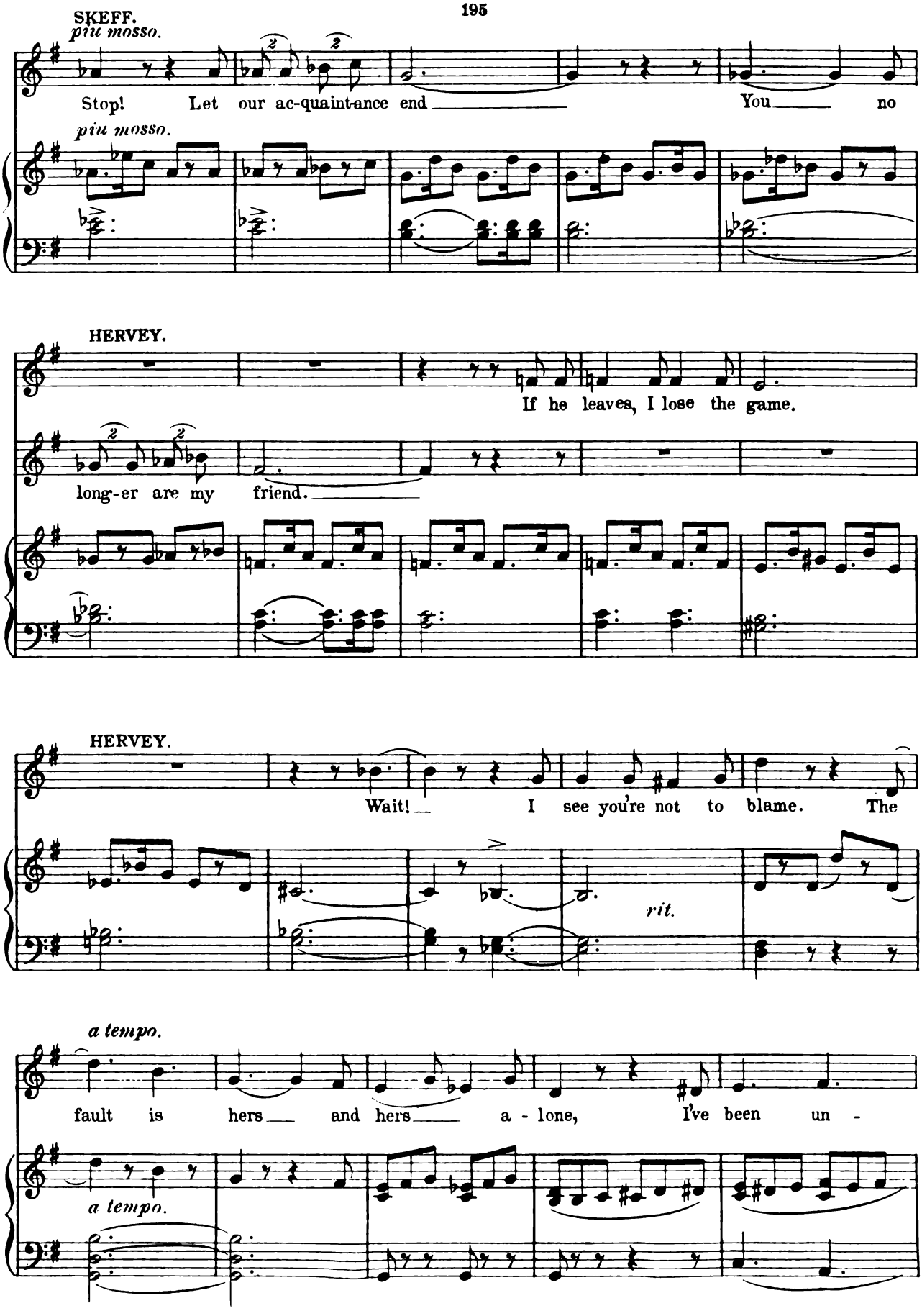
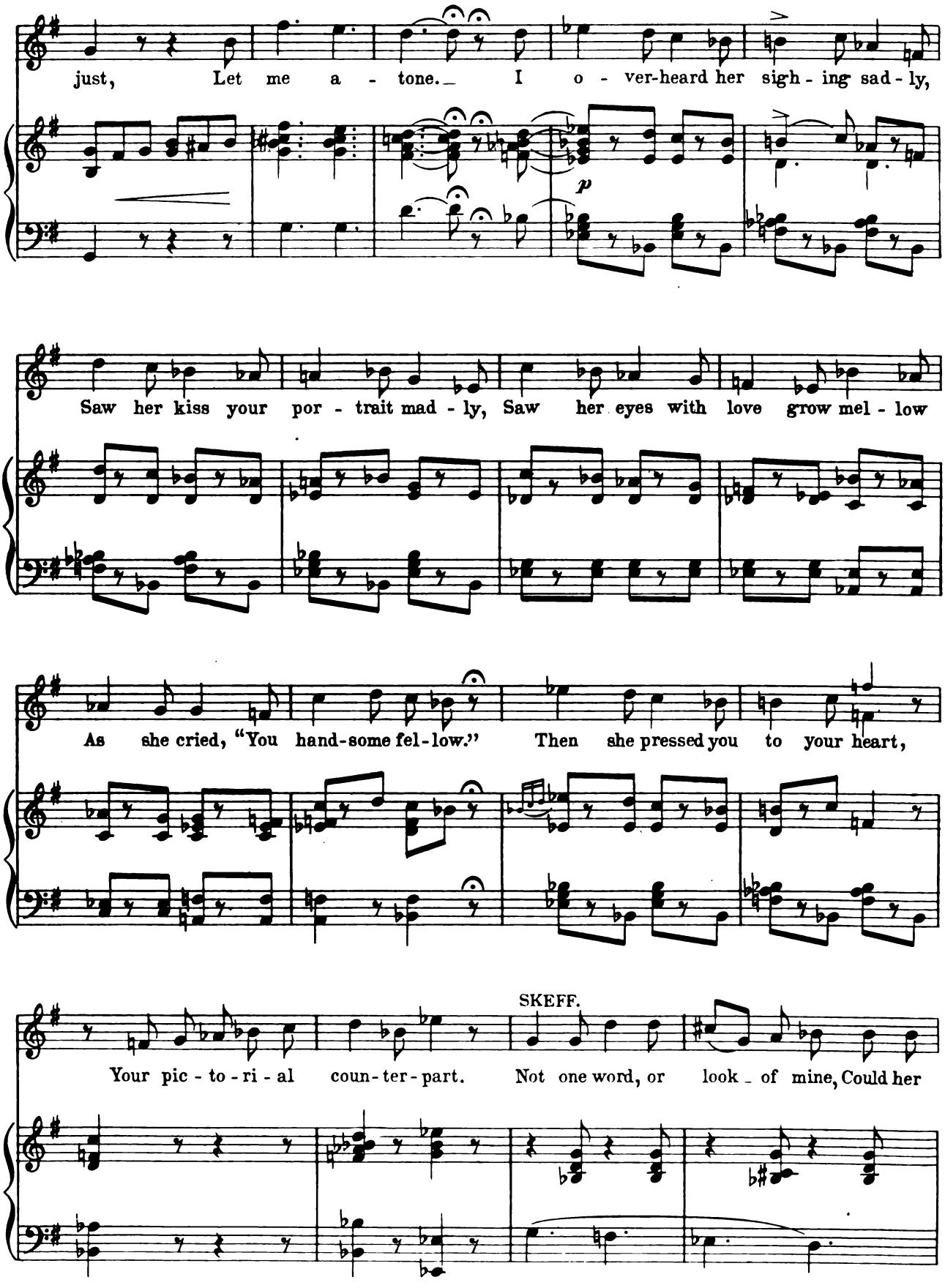
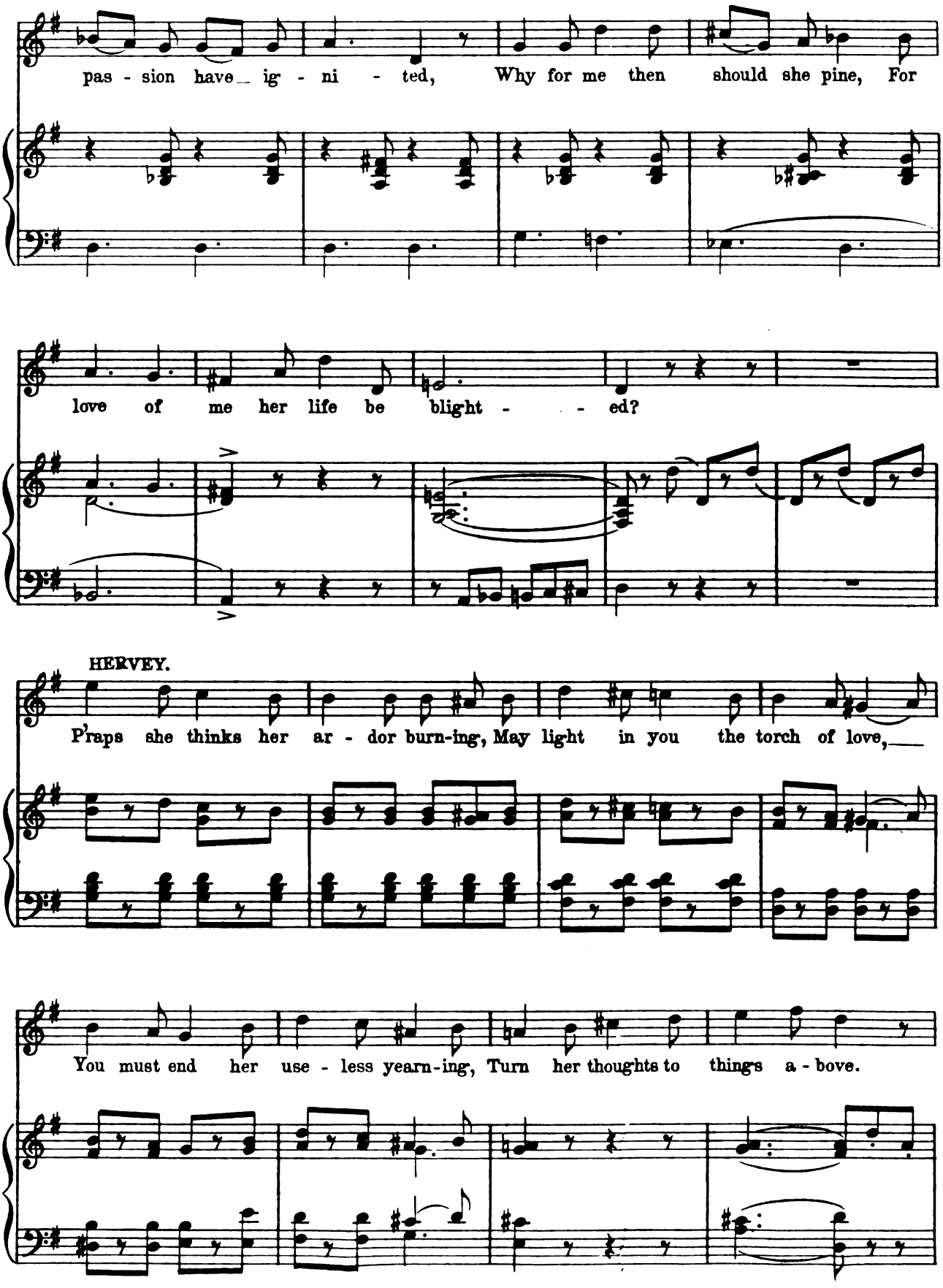
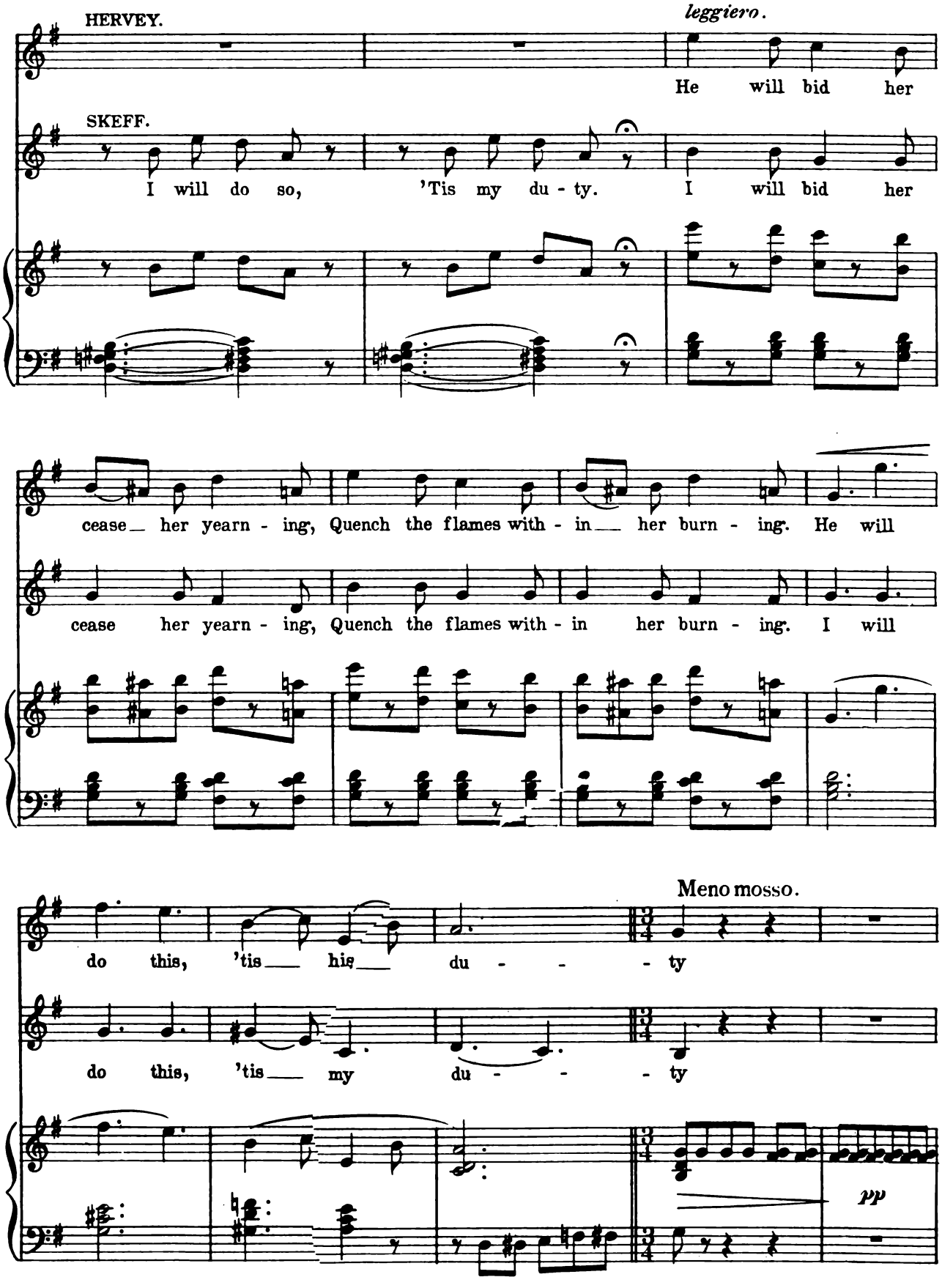

oth - ers feast, Why does Li - na fast?
HERVEY.
Fie! fie! naught-y ras - cal! Tru - ant hus - band fie! You
p
know why Li - na does not eat, That she doth live on love, not
meat Fie! fie! naught-y ras - cal Tru-ant hus-band fie!
SKEFF.
What

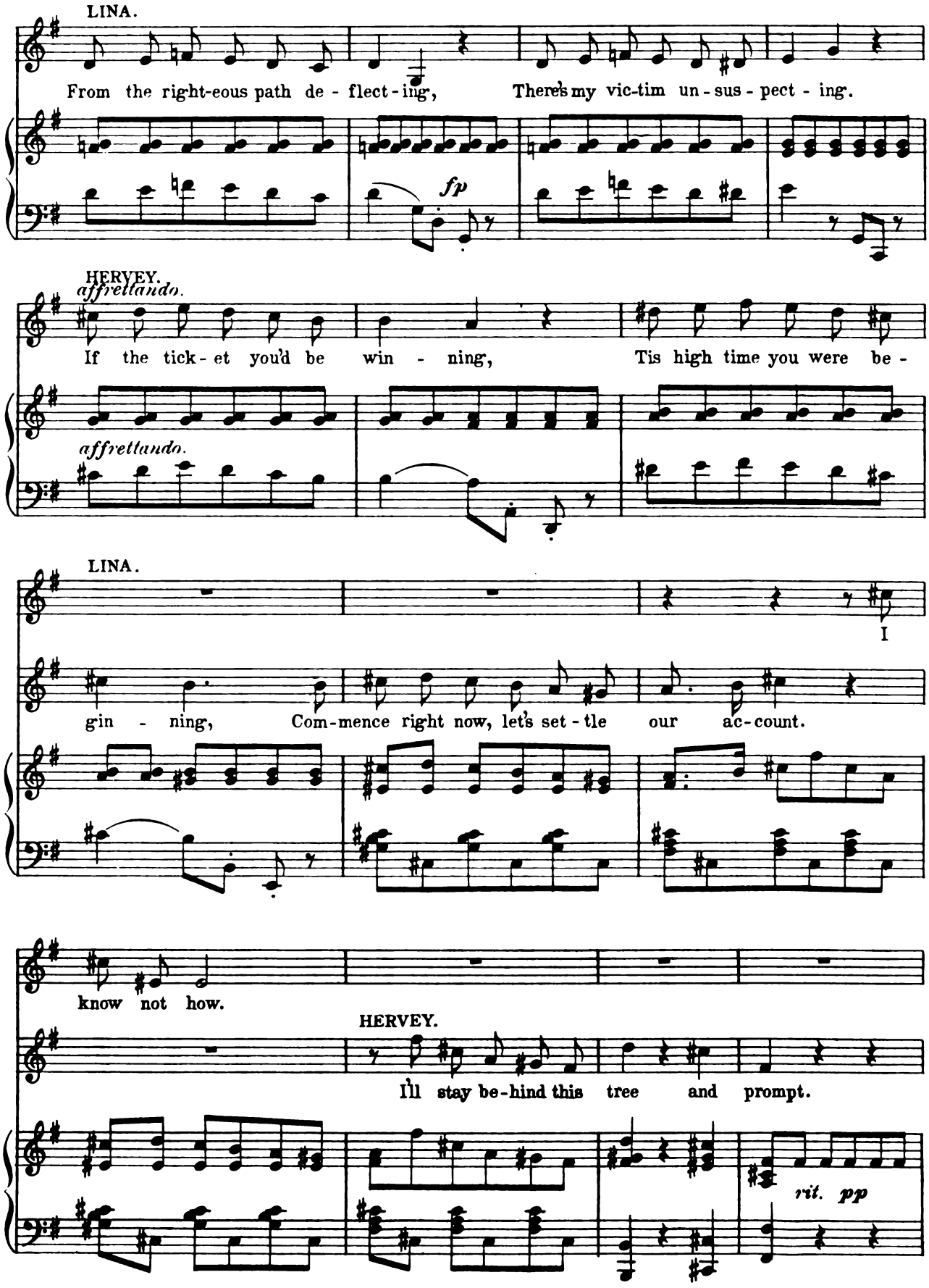

means this sense-less pit-ter pat-ter? This id-i-ot-ic chit-ter chat-ter? Fair
un poco rit.
Lau-ra, queen of beau-ty, she! What charms could Li-na have for me?
HERVEY.
Real-ly she is more than clev-er, En-er-get-ic, most mag-net-ic,
Love like hers will last for-ev-er.
cresc.
f

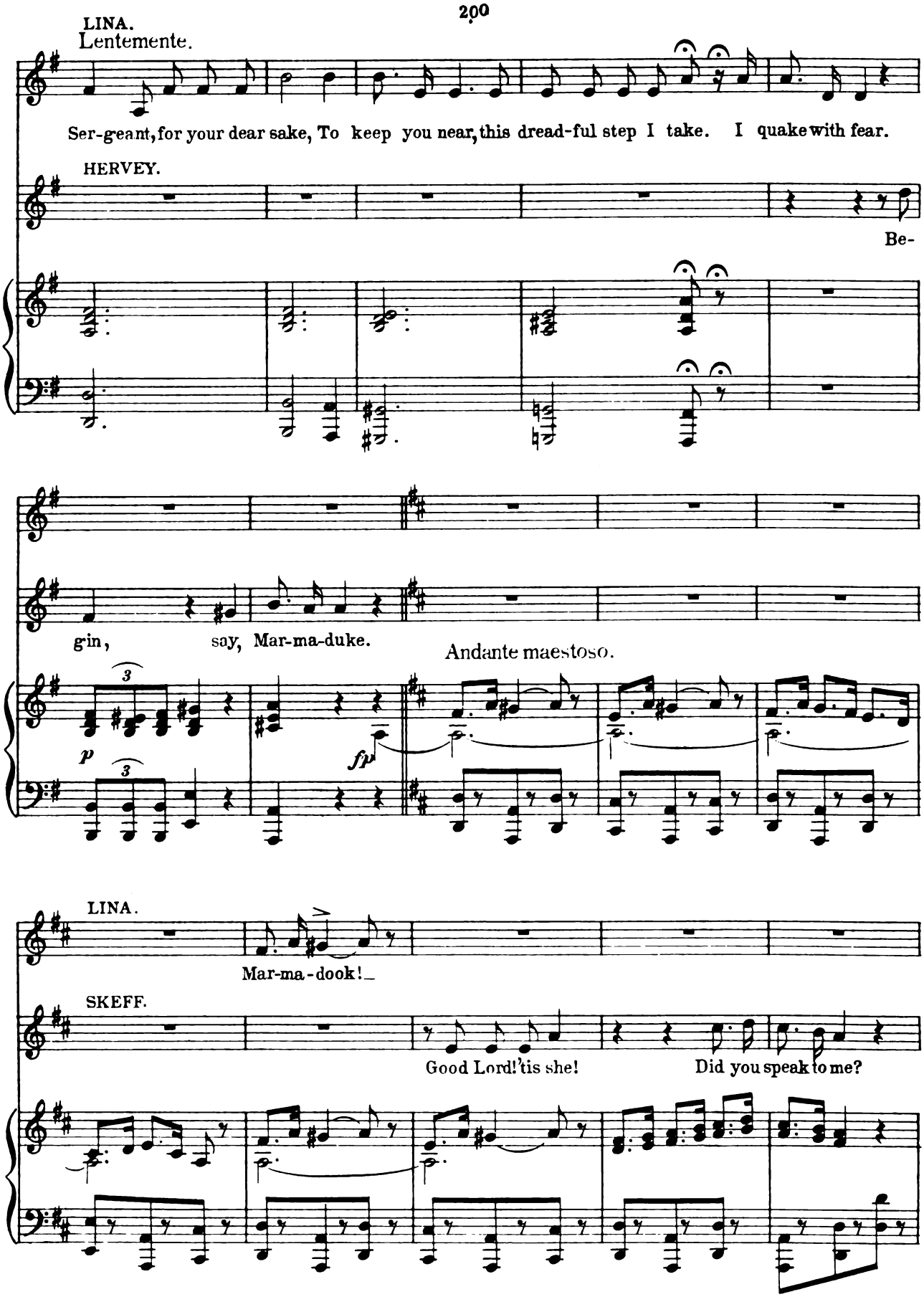

SKEFF.
piu mosso.
Stop! Let our ac-quaint-ance end You no
piu mosso.
HERVEY.
If he leaves, I lose the game.
long-er are my friend.
HERVEY.
Wait! I see you're not to blame. The
rit.
a tempo.
fault is hers and hers a - lone, I've been un -
a tempo.

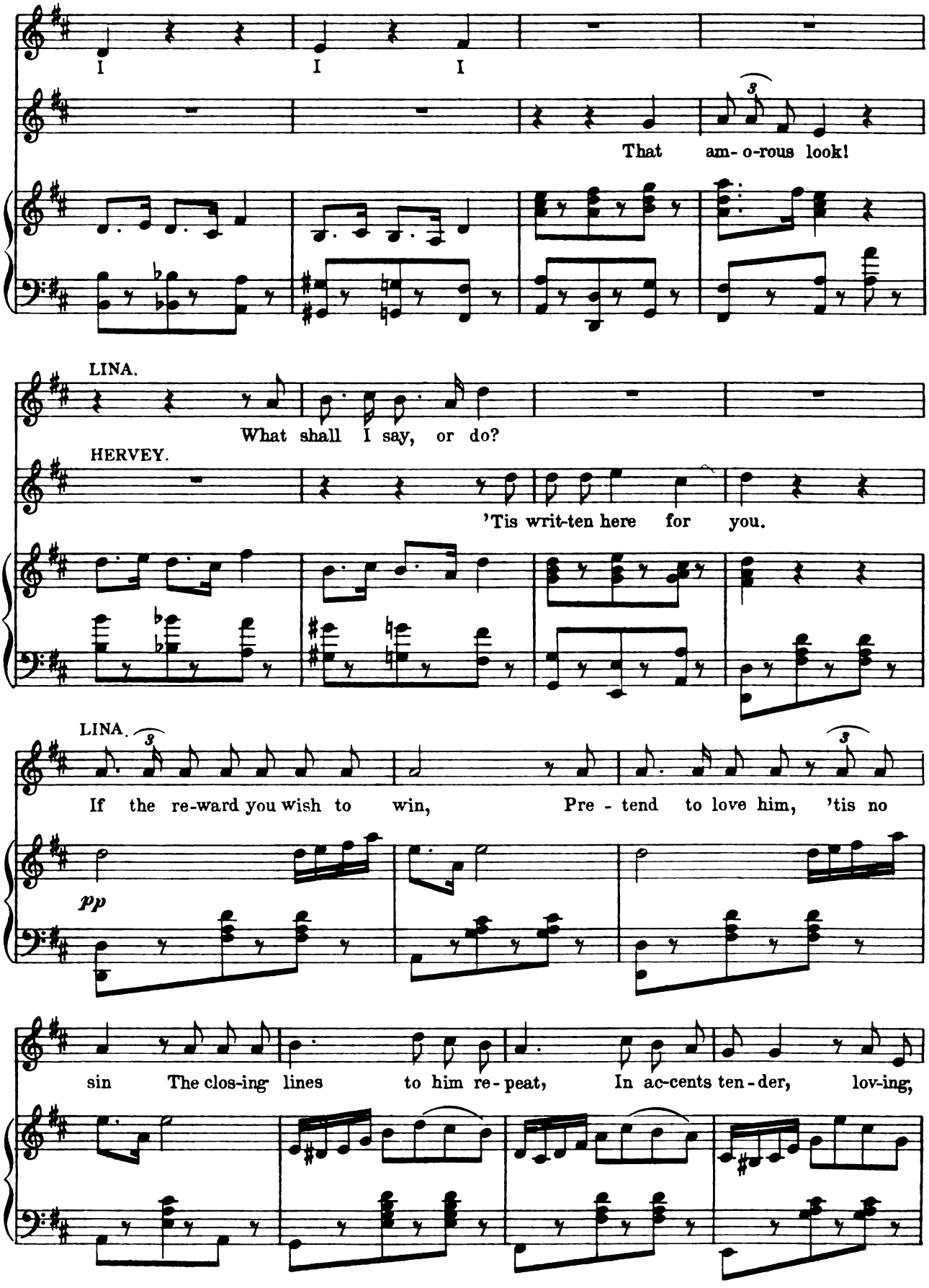

just, Let me a - tone. I o - ver-heard her sigh - ing sad - ly,
p
Saw her kiss your por - trait mad - ly, Saw her eyes with love grow mel - low
As she cried, "You hand-some fel-low." Then she pressed you to your heart,
SKEFF.
Your pic - to - ri - al coun - ter - part. Not one word, or look of mine, Could her

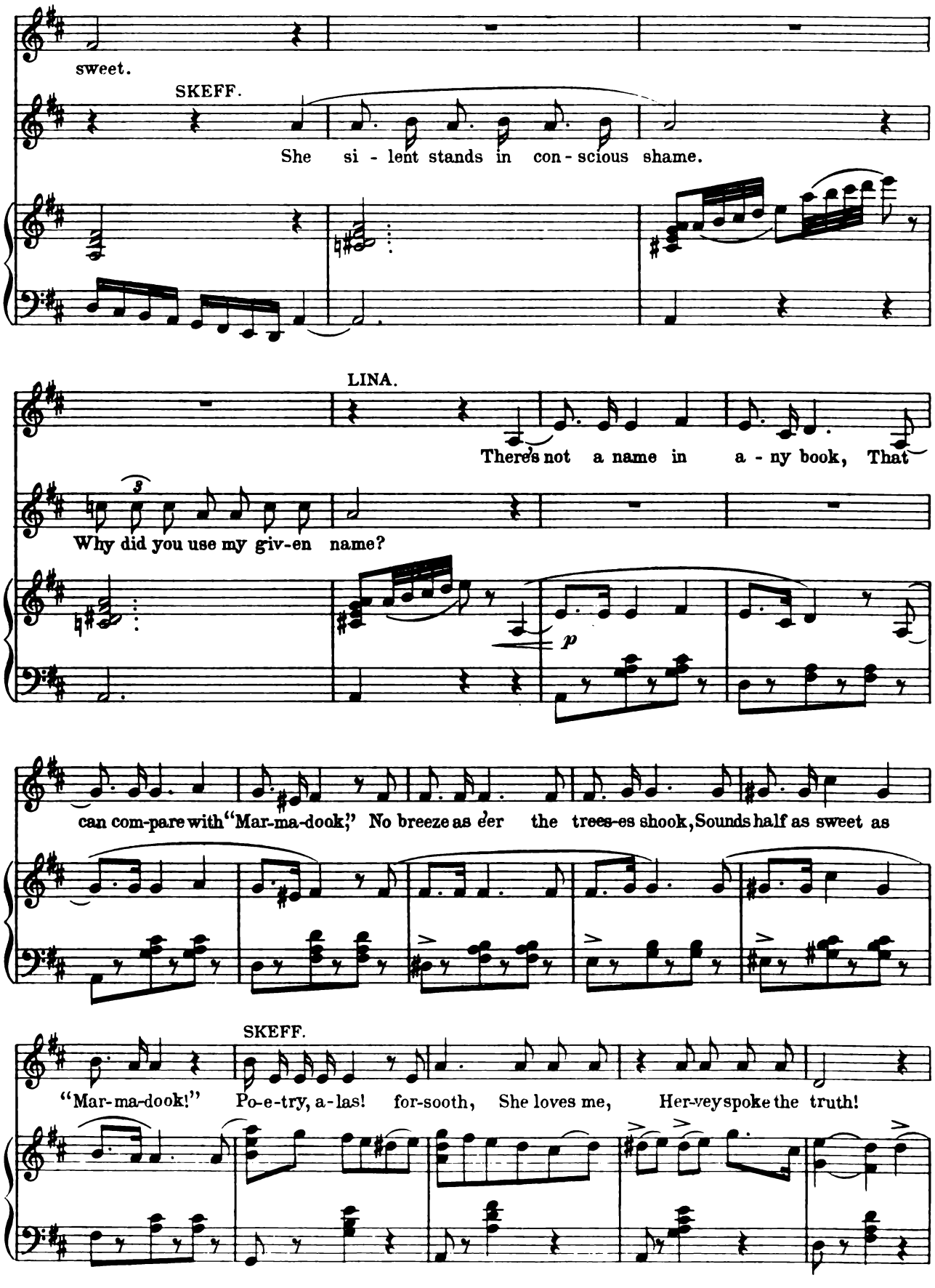

pas - sion have_ ig - ni - ted, Why for me then should she pine, For
love of me her life be blight - - ed?
HERVEY.
P'raps she thinks her ar - dor burn-ing, May light in you the torch of love,___
You must end her use - less yearn-ing, Turn her thoughts to things a - bove.

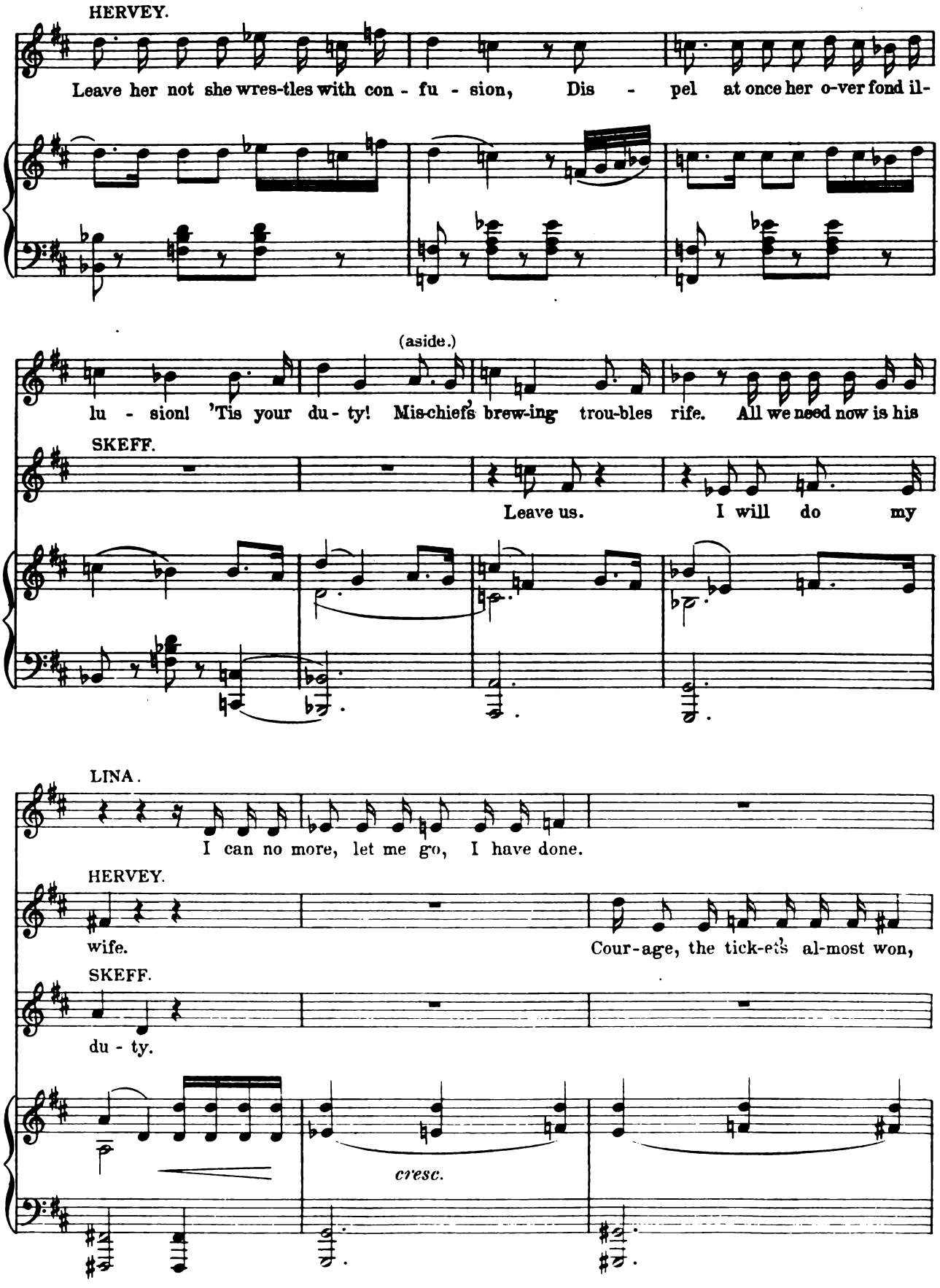

HERVEY.
leggiero.
He will bid her
SKEFF.
I will do so, 'Tis my du - ty. I will bid her
cease her yearn - ing, Quench the flames with - in her burn - ing. He will
cease her yearn - ing, Quench the flames with - in her burn - ing. I will
Meno mosso.
do this, 'tis his du - - - ty
do this, 'tis my du - - - ty
pp

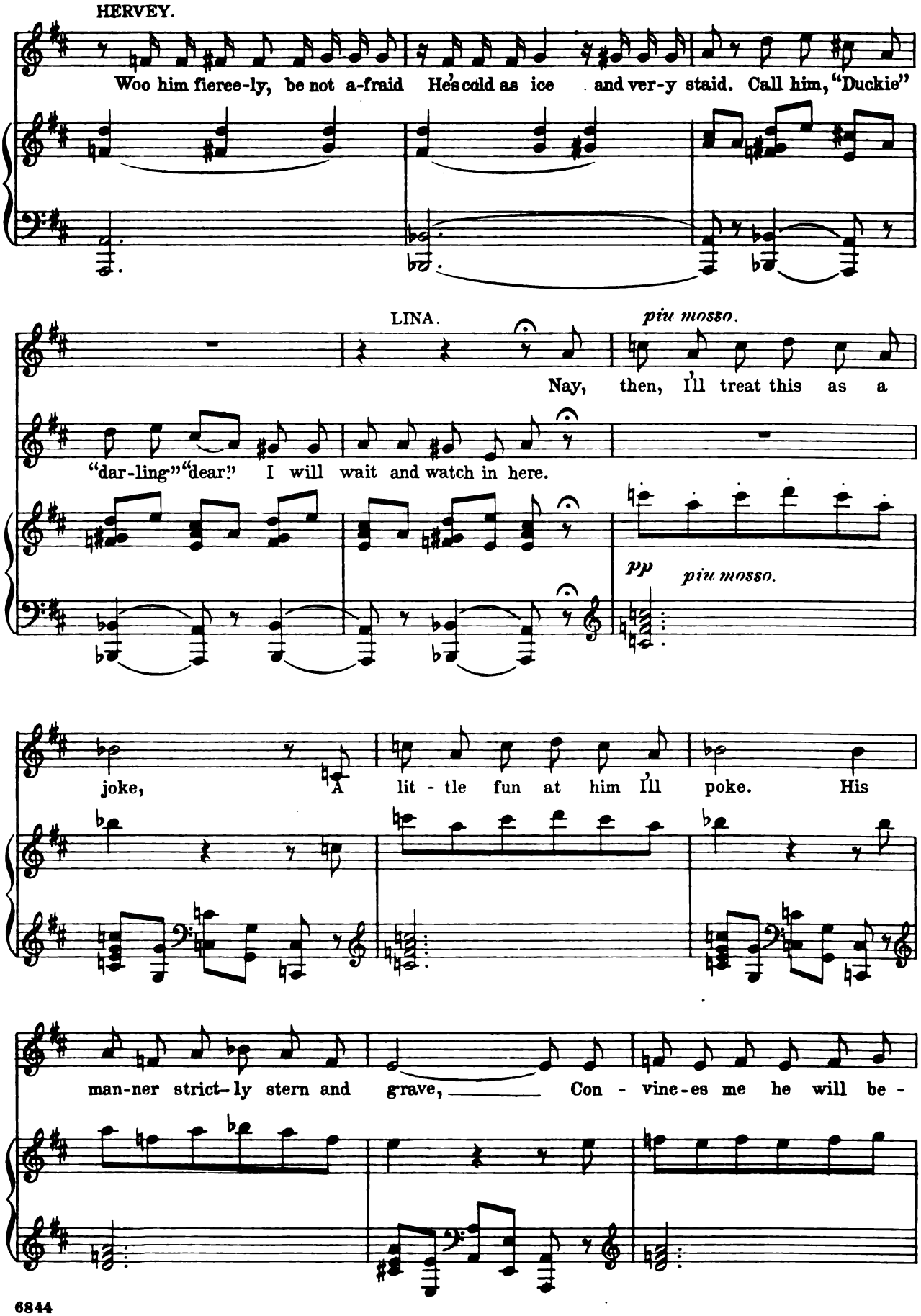

LINA.
From the right-eous path de - flect - ing,
There's my vic-tim un - sus - pect - ing.
fp
HERVEY.
affrettando.
If the tick - et you'd be win - ning,
Tis high time you were be -
affrettando.
LINA.
I
gin - ning,
Com-mence right now, let's set - tle our ac-count.
know not how.
HERVEY.
I'll stay be-hind this tree and prompt.
rit. pp

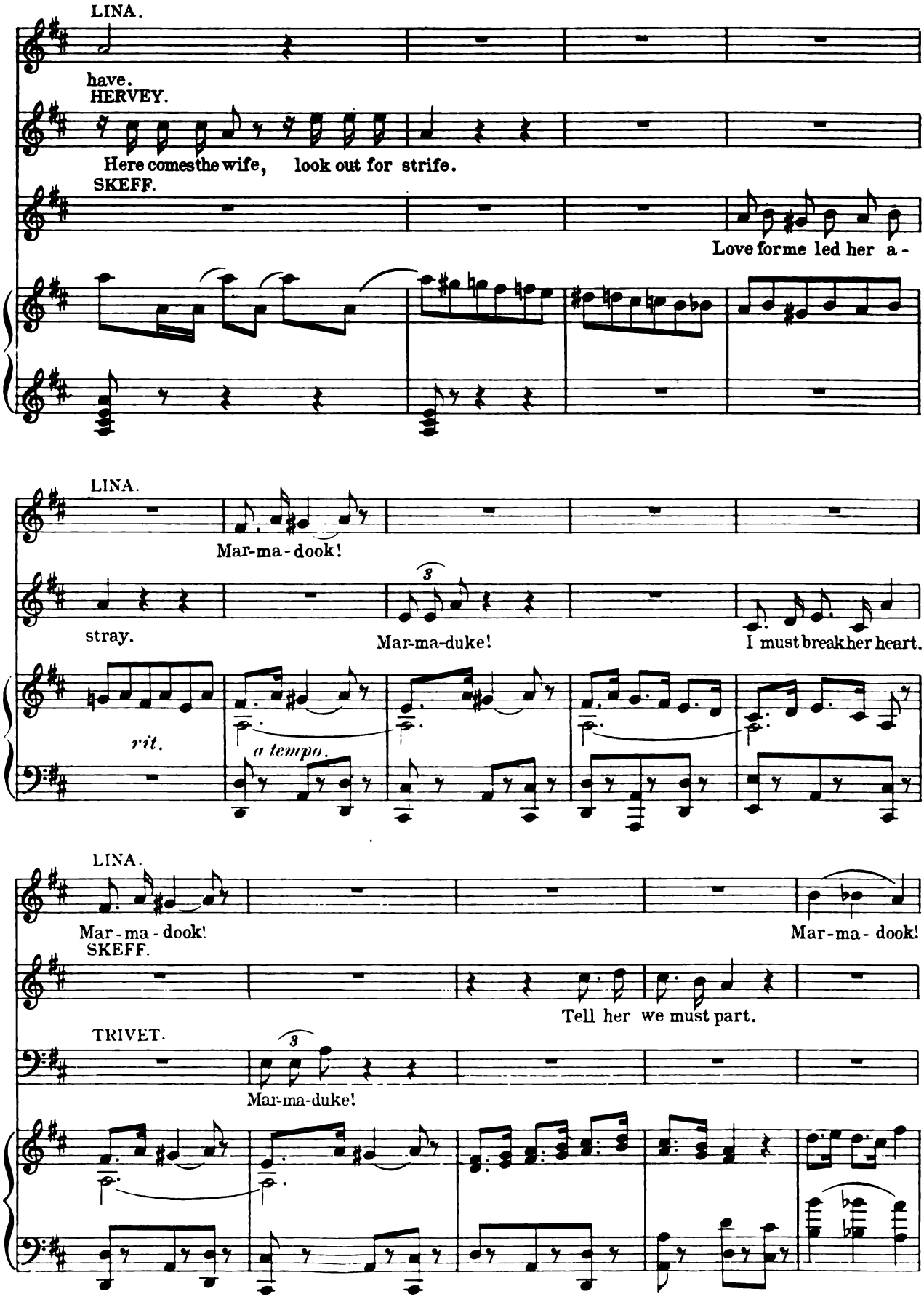

LINA.
Lentemente.
Ser-geant, for your dear sake, To keep you near, this dread-ful step I take. I quake with fear.
HERVEY.
Be-
gin, say, Mar-ma-duke.
Andante maestoso.
p
fp
LINA.
Mar-ma-dook!
SKEFF.
Good Lord! 'tis she!
Did you speak to me?

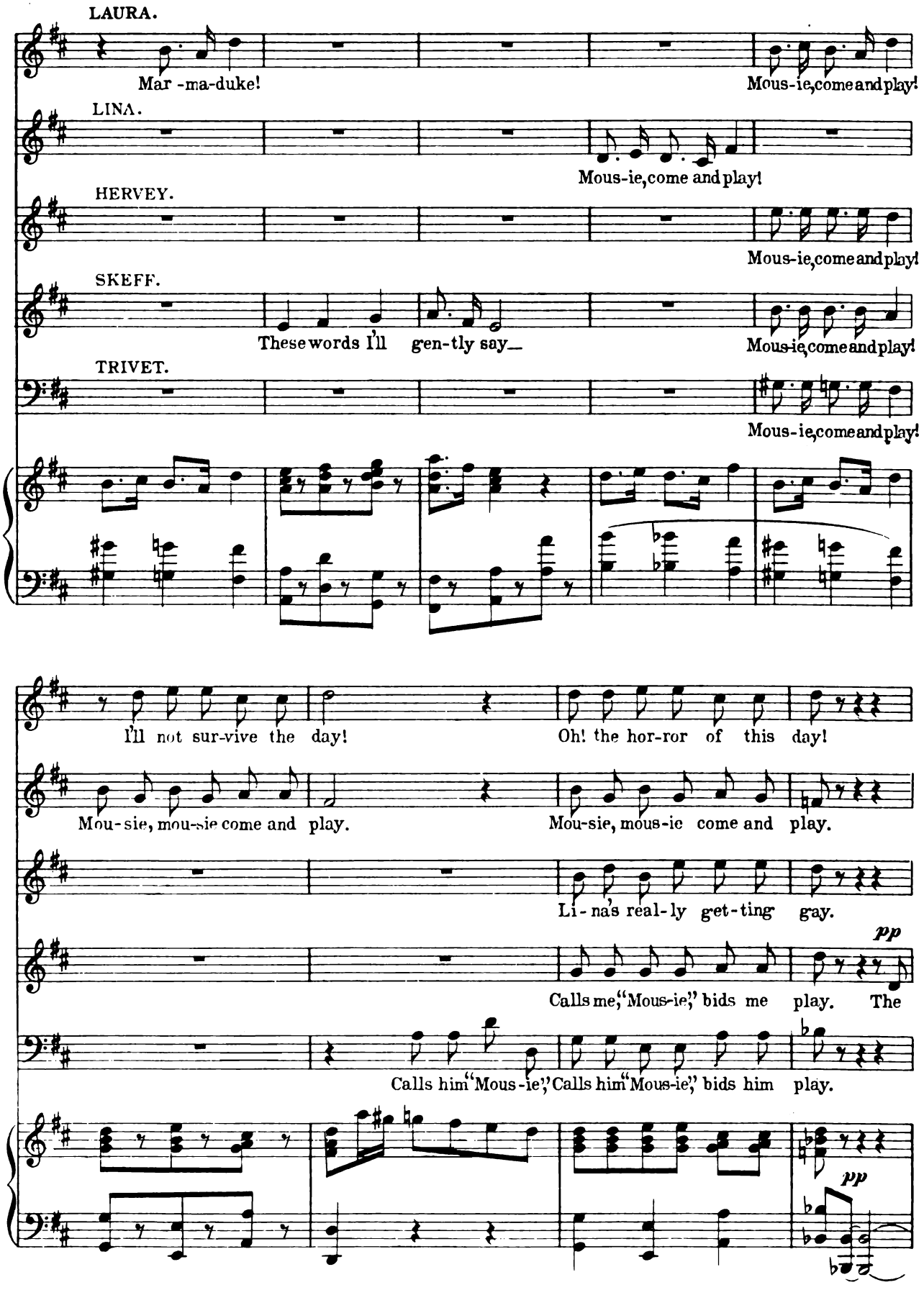

I I I
That am-o-rous look!
LINA.
What shall I say, or do?
HERVEY.
'Tis writ-ten here for you.
LINA.
If the re-ward you wish to win, Pre-tend to love him, 'tis no
pp
sin The clos-ing lines to him re-peat, In ac-cents ten-der, lov-ing,

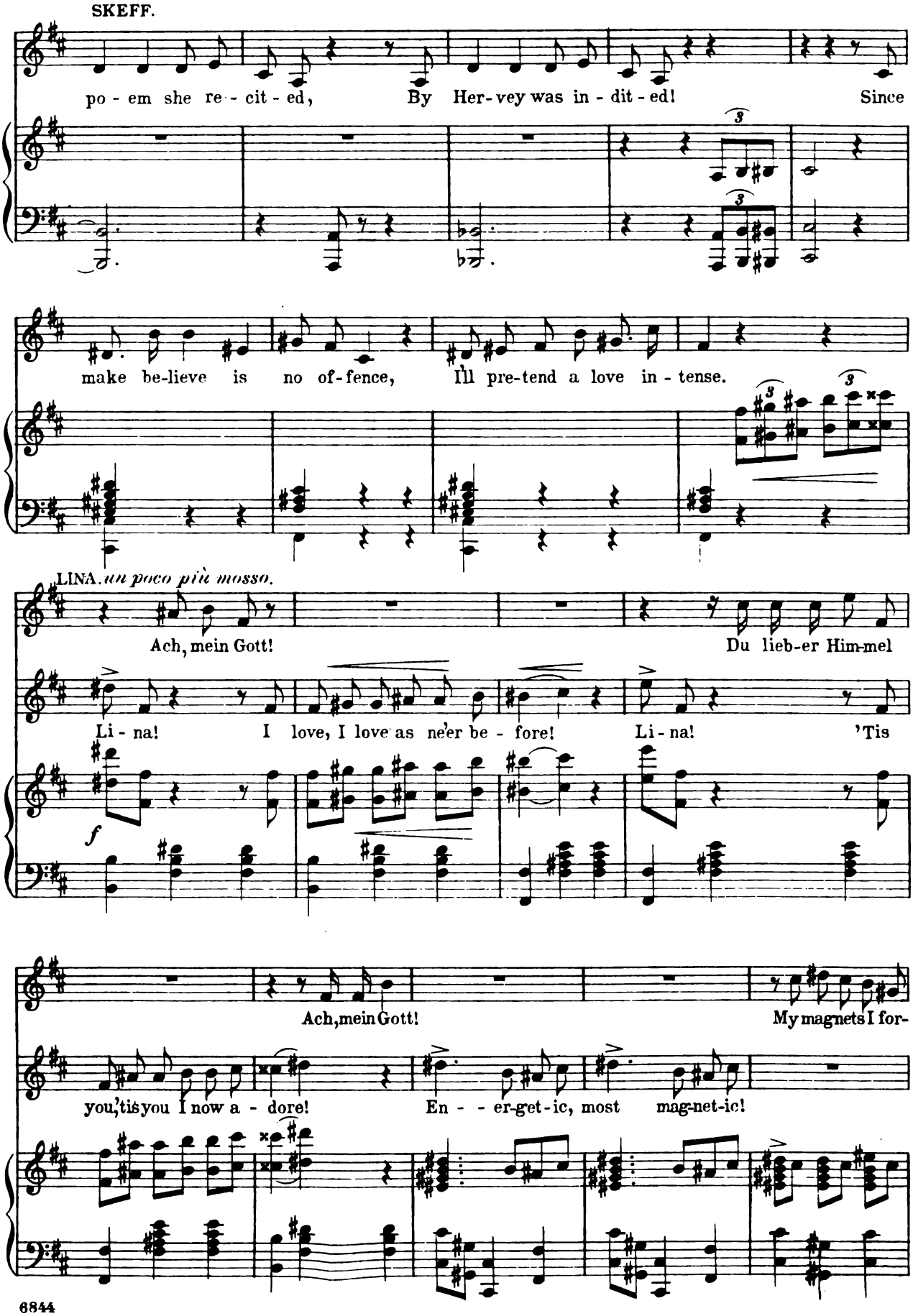

sweet.
SKEFF.
She si - lent stands in con - scious shame.
LINA.
There's not a name in a - ny book, That
Why did you use my giv-en name?
p
can com-pare with "Mar-ma-dook," No breeze as e'er the trees-es shook, Sounds half as sweet as
SKEFF.
"Mar-ma-dook!" Po-e-try, a-las! for-sooth, She loves me, Her-vey spoke the truth!


HERVEY.
Leave her not she wres-tles with con - fu - sion, Dis - pel at once her o-ver fond il-
(aside.)
lu - sion! 'Tis your du - ty! Mis-chief's brew-ing trou-bles rife. All we need now is his
SKEFF.
Leave us. I will do my
LINA.
I can no more, let me go, I have done.
HERVEY.
wife. Cour-age, the tick-et's al-most won,
SKEFF.
du - ty.
cresc.


HERVEY.
Woo him fieree-ly, be not a-fraid He's cold as ice and ver-y staid. Call him, "Duckie"
LINA.
piu mosso.
Nay, then, I'll treat this as a
"dar-ling" "dear." I will wait and watch in here.
pp
piu mosso.
joke, A lit - tle fun at him I'll poke. His
man-ner strict-ly stern and grave, Con - vine-es me he will be -


LINA.
have.
HERVEY.
Here comes the wife, look out for strife.
SKEFF.
Love for me led her a-
LINA.
Mar-ma-dook!
stray.
Mar-ma-duke!
I must break her heart.
rit.
a tempo.
LINA.
Mar-ma-dook!
Mar-ma-dook!
SKEFF.
Tell her we must part.
TRIVET.
Mar-ma-duke!


LAURA.
Mar-ma-duke!
Mous-ie, come and play!
LINA.
Mous-ie, come and play!
HERVEY.
Mous-ie, come and play!
SKEFF.
These words I'll gen-tly say—
Mous-ie, come and play!
TRIVET.
Mous-ie, come and play!
I'll not sur-vive the day!
Oh! the hor-ror of this day!
Mou-sie, mou-sie come and play.
Mou-sie, mous-ie come and play.
Li-na's real-ly get-ting gay.
pp
Calls me, "Mous-ie," bids me play. The
Calls him "Mous-ie," Calls him "Mous-ie," bids him play.
pp


SKEFF.
po - em she re - cit - ed, By Her-vey was in - dit - ed! Since
make be-lieve is no of-fence, I'll pre-tend a love in - tense.
LINA. *un poco più mosso.*
Ach, mein Gott! Du lieb-er Him-mel
Li - na! I love, I love as ne'er be - fore! Li - na! 'Tis
f
Ach, mein Gott! My magnets I for-
you, 'tis you I now a - dore! En - - er-get-ic, most mag-net-ic!

LAURA. *meno mosso.*

Ah! My sen - ses I can scarce be-lieve

LINA.

got. My mag-nets I for -

HERVEY.

The

SKEFF.

Li - na! Li - na!

TRIVET.

My rage is boil-ing

f

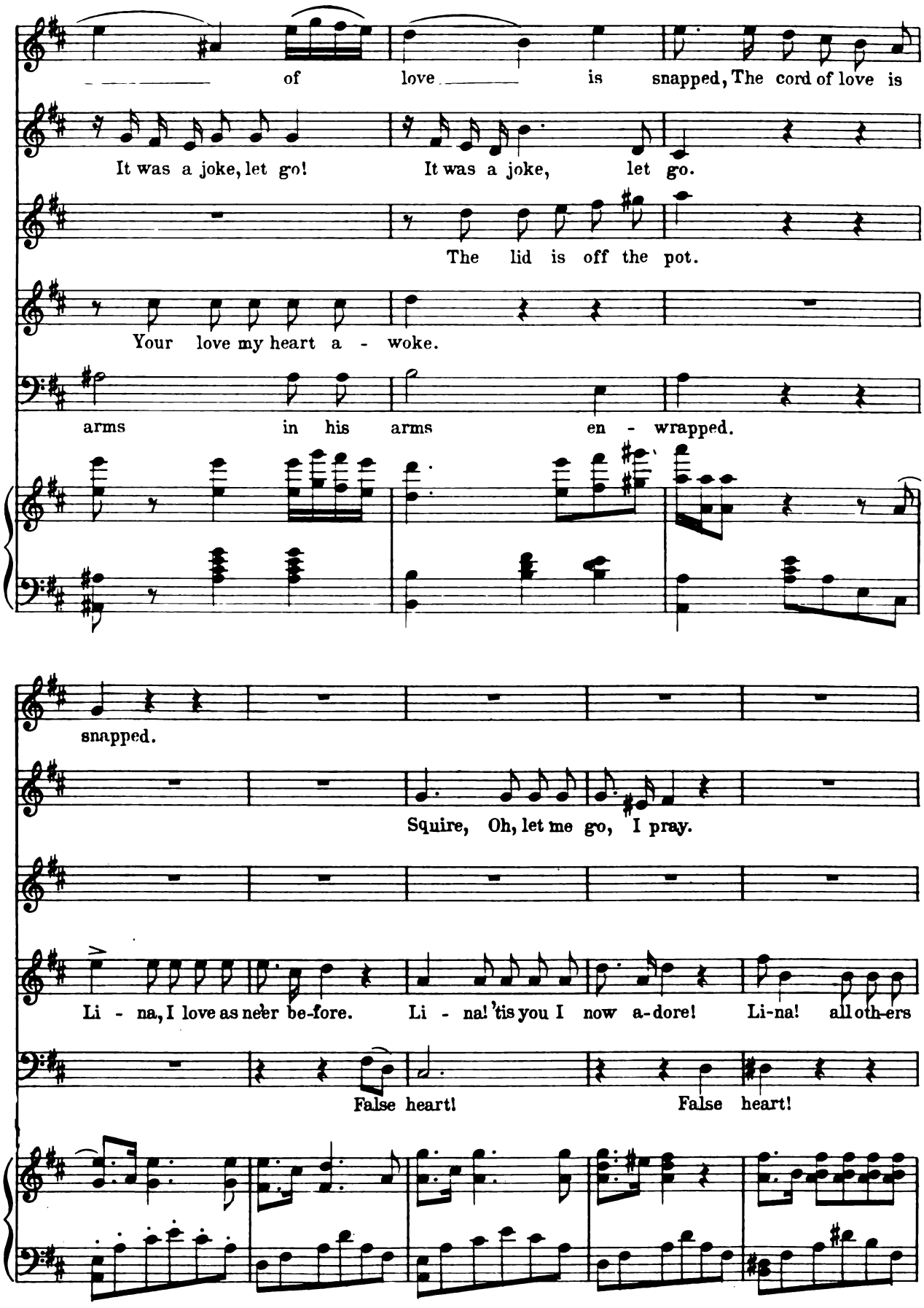
The cord

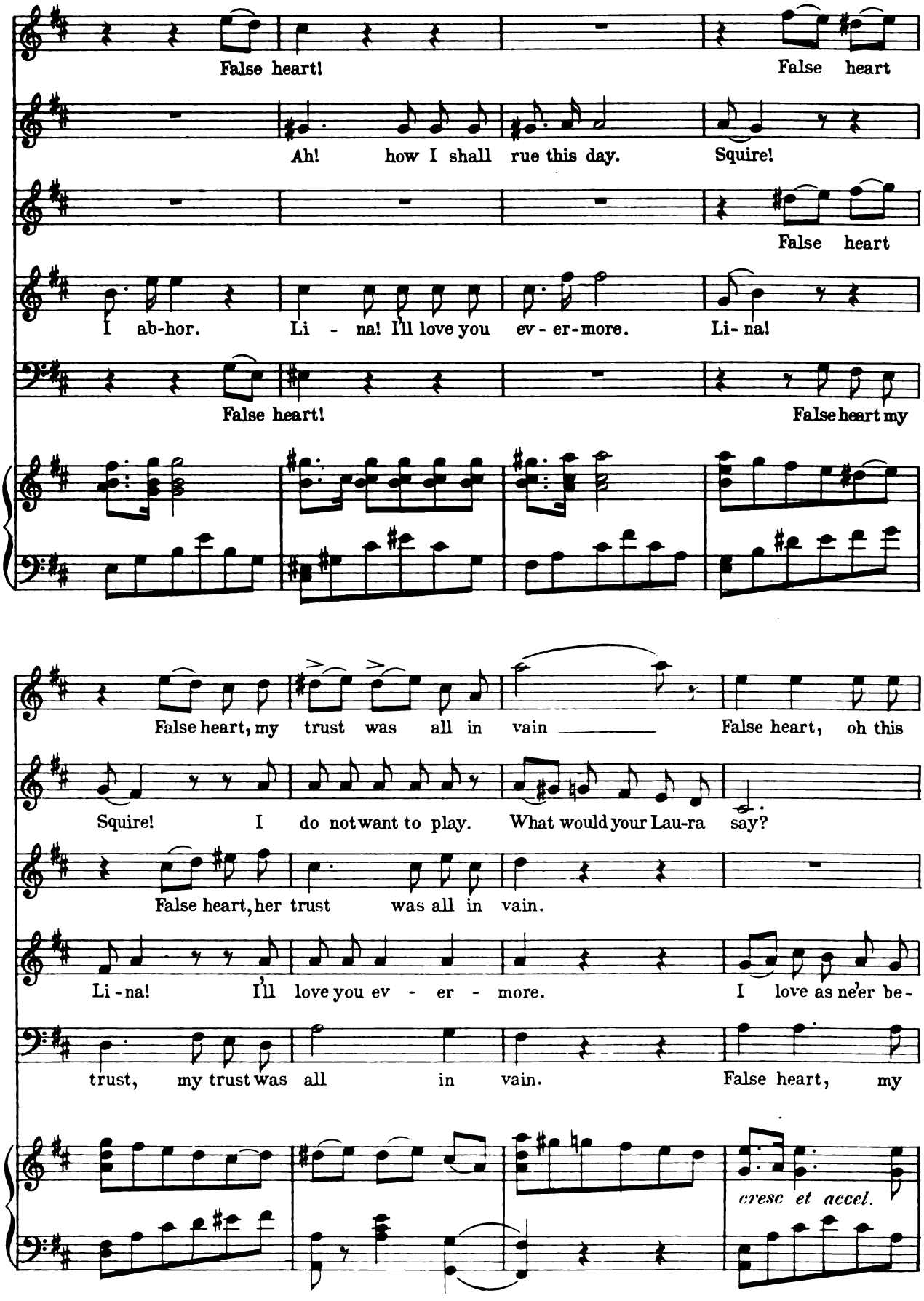
got. Let go, it was a joke.

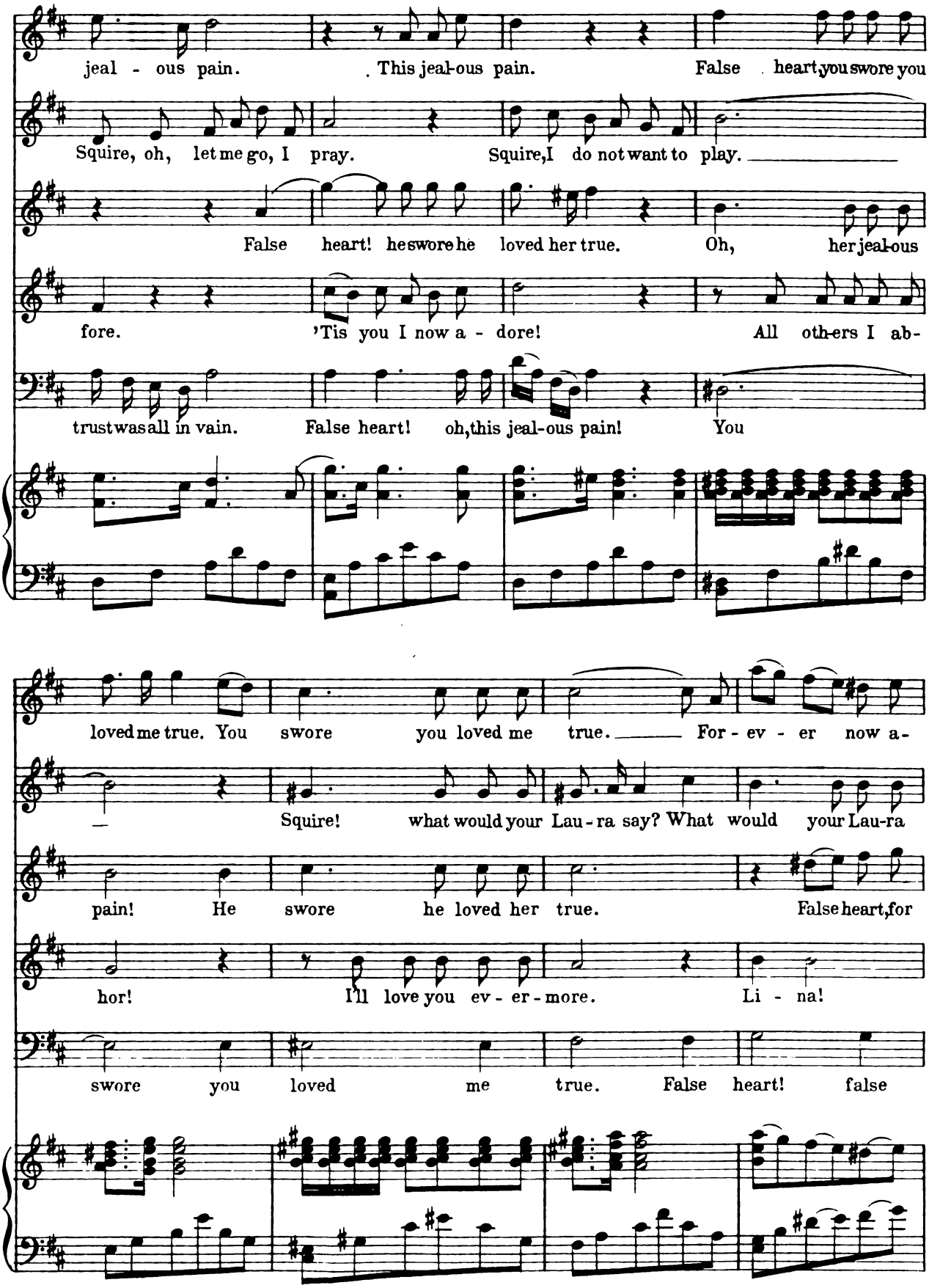
hyp- o-crite did me de - ceive! The hyp-o-crite!

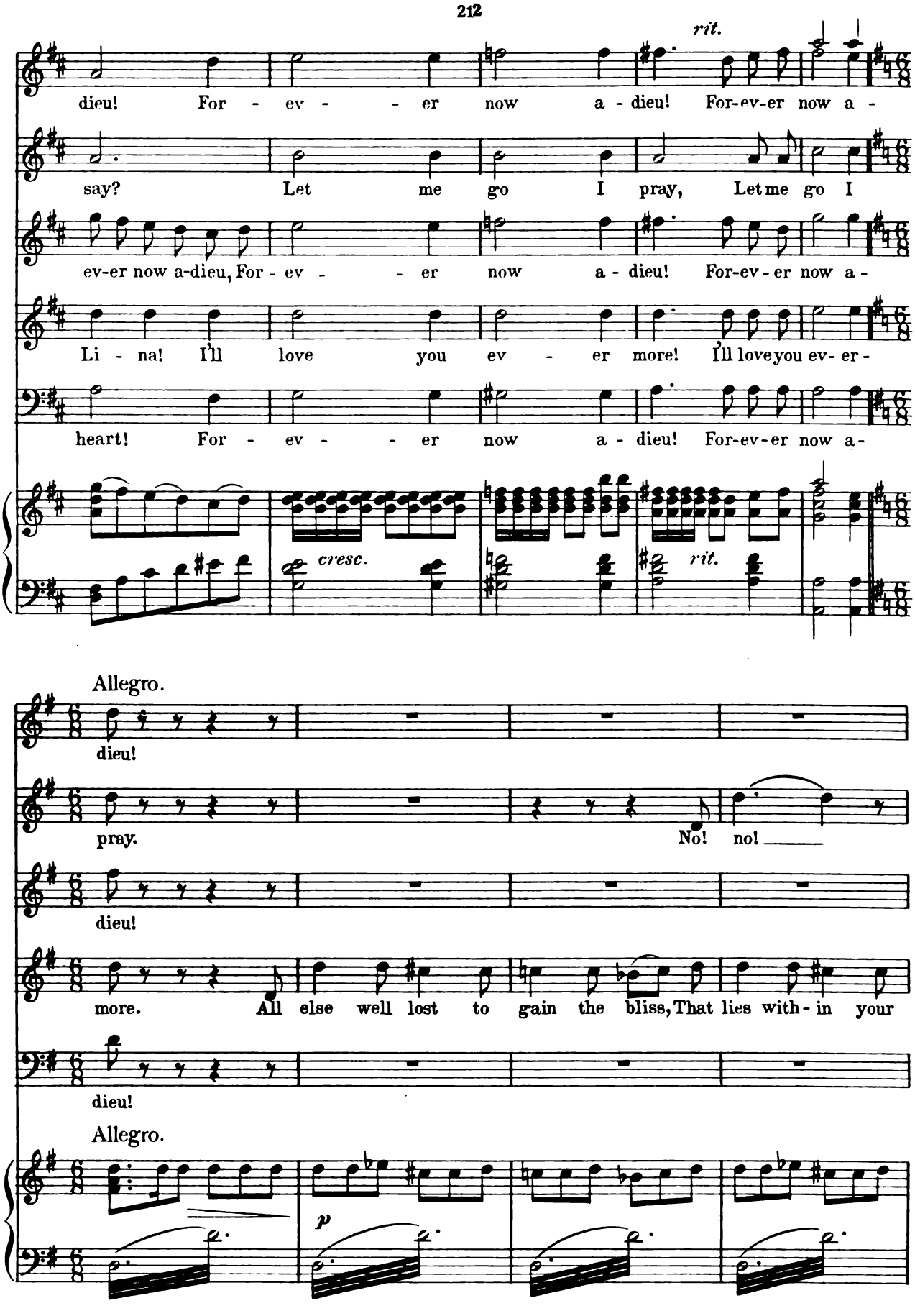
Most mag-net - ic, en - er - get - ic Li - - - na!

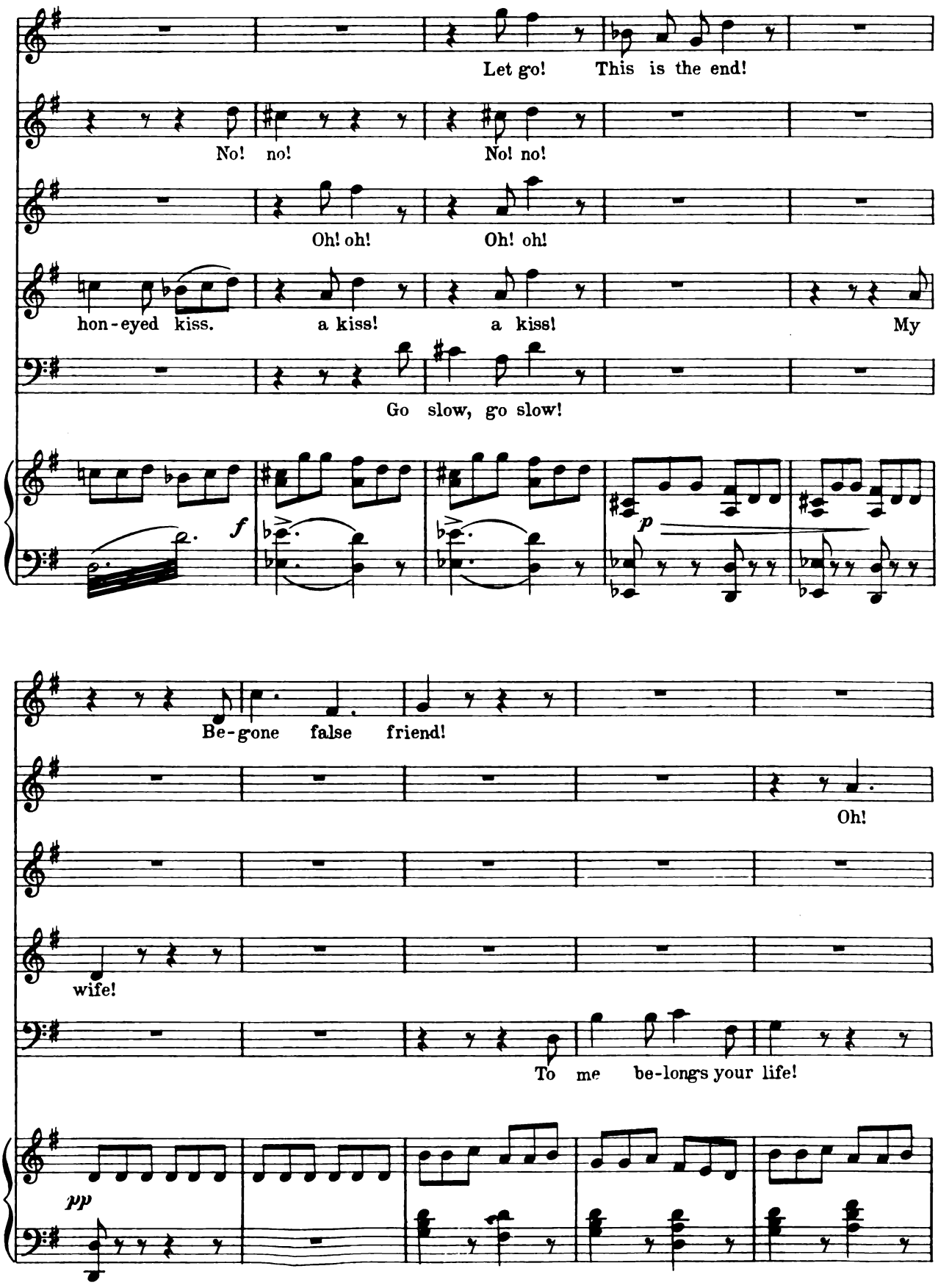
hot In his arms en-wrapped! In his

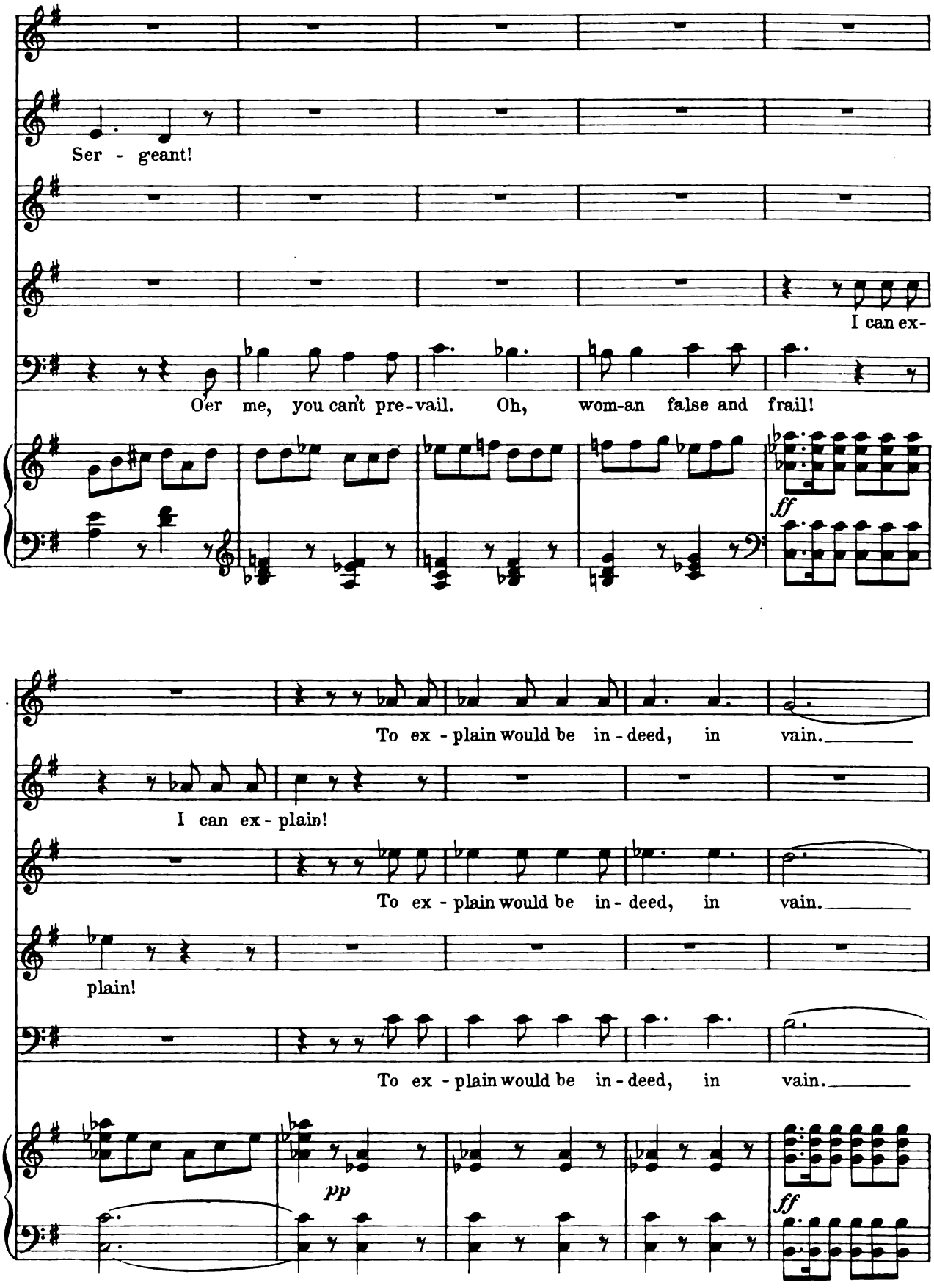

of love is snapped, The cord of love is
It was a joke, let go! It was a joke, let go.
The lid is off the pot.
Your love my heart a - woke.
arms in his arms en - wrapped.
snapped.
Squire, Oh, let me go, I pray.
Li - na, I love as ne'er be-fore. Li - na! 'tis you I now a-dore! Li-na! all oth-ers
False heart! False heart!

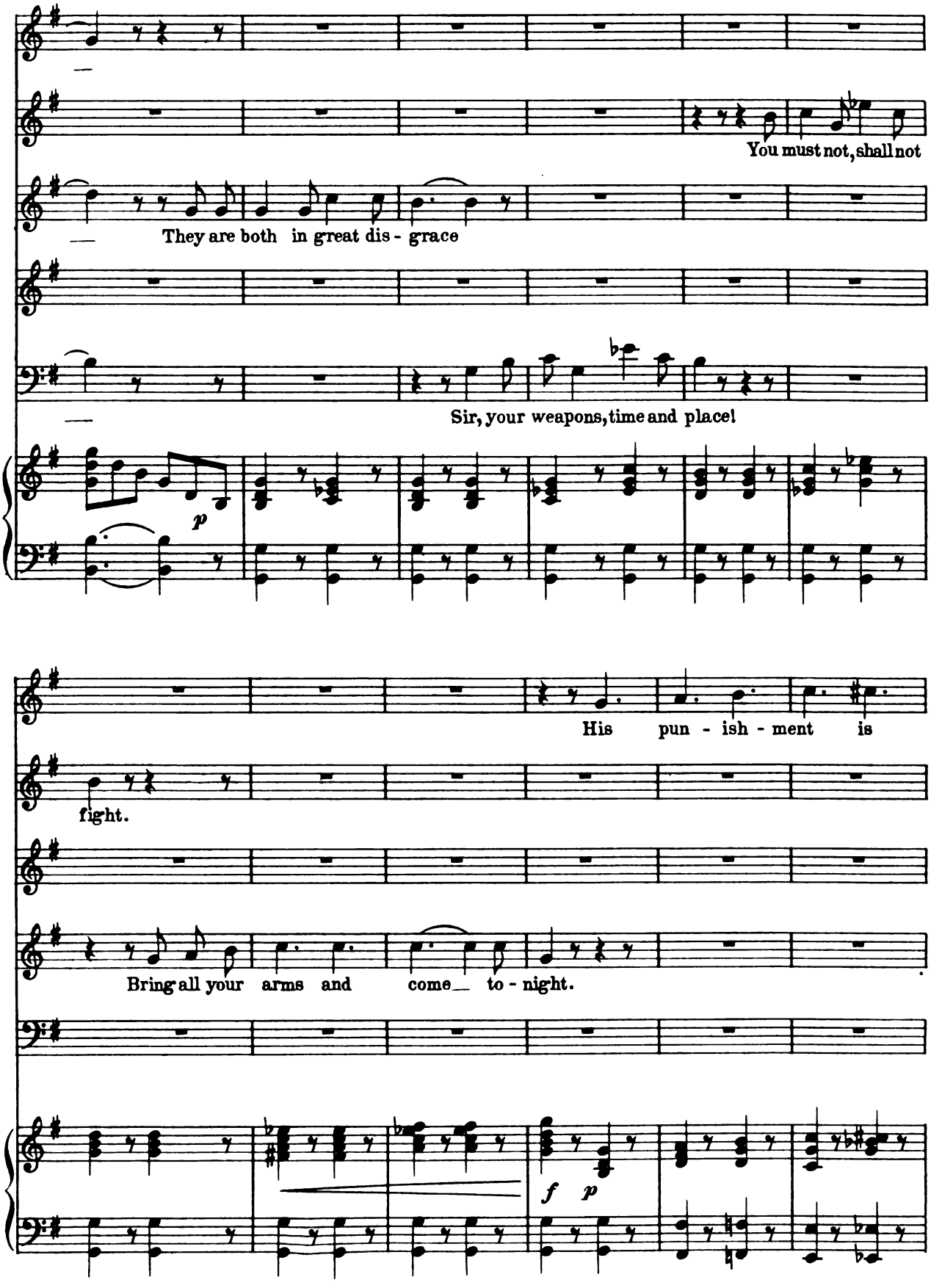

False heart!
False heart
Ah! how I shall rue this day.
Squire!
False heart
I ab-hor.
Li - na! I'll love you ev - er-more.
Li-na!
False heart!
False heart my
False heart, my trust was all in vain
False heart, oh this
Squire! I do not want to play.
What would your Lau-ra say?
False heart, her trust was all in vain.
Li-na! I'll love you ev - er - more.
I love as ne'er be-
trust, my trust was all in vain.
False heart, my
cresc et accel.

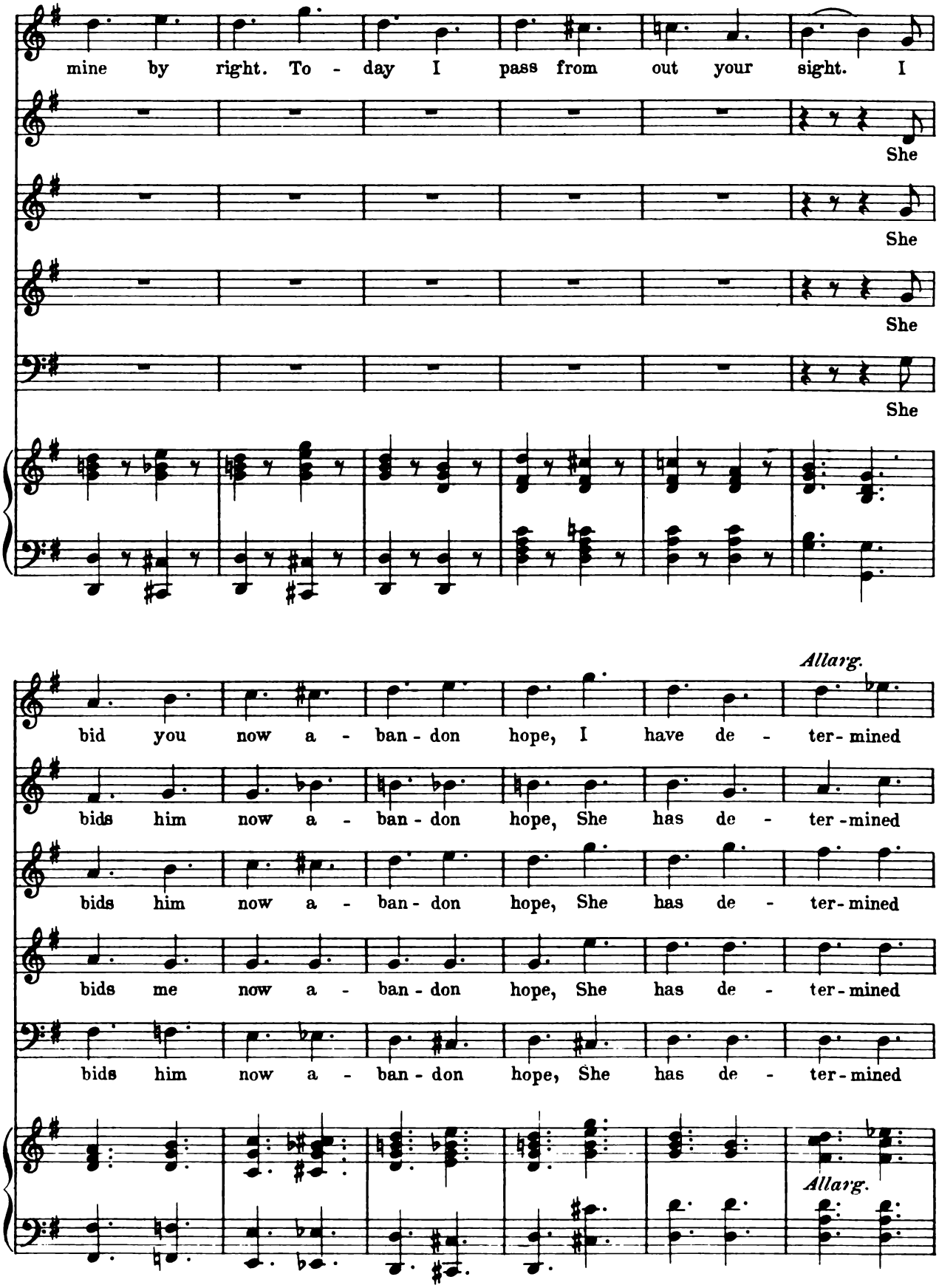

jeal - ous pain. This jeal-ous pain. False heart, you swore you
Squire, oh, let me go, I pray. Squire, I do not want to play.
False heart! he swore he loved her true. Oh, her jeal-ous
fore. 'Tis you I now a - dore! All oth-ers I ab-
trust was all in vain. False heart! oh, this jeal-ous pain! You
loved me true. You swore you loved me true. For - ev - er now a-
Squire! what would your Lau - ra say? What would your Lau-ra
pain! He swore he loved her true. False heart, for
hor! I'll love you ev - er - more. Li - na!
swore you loved me true. False heart! false

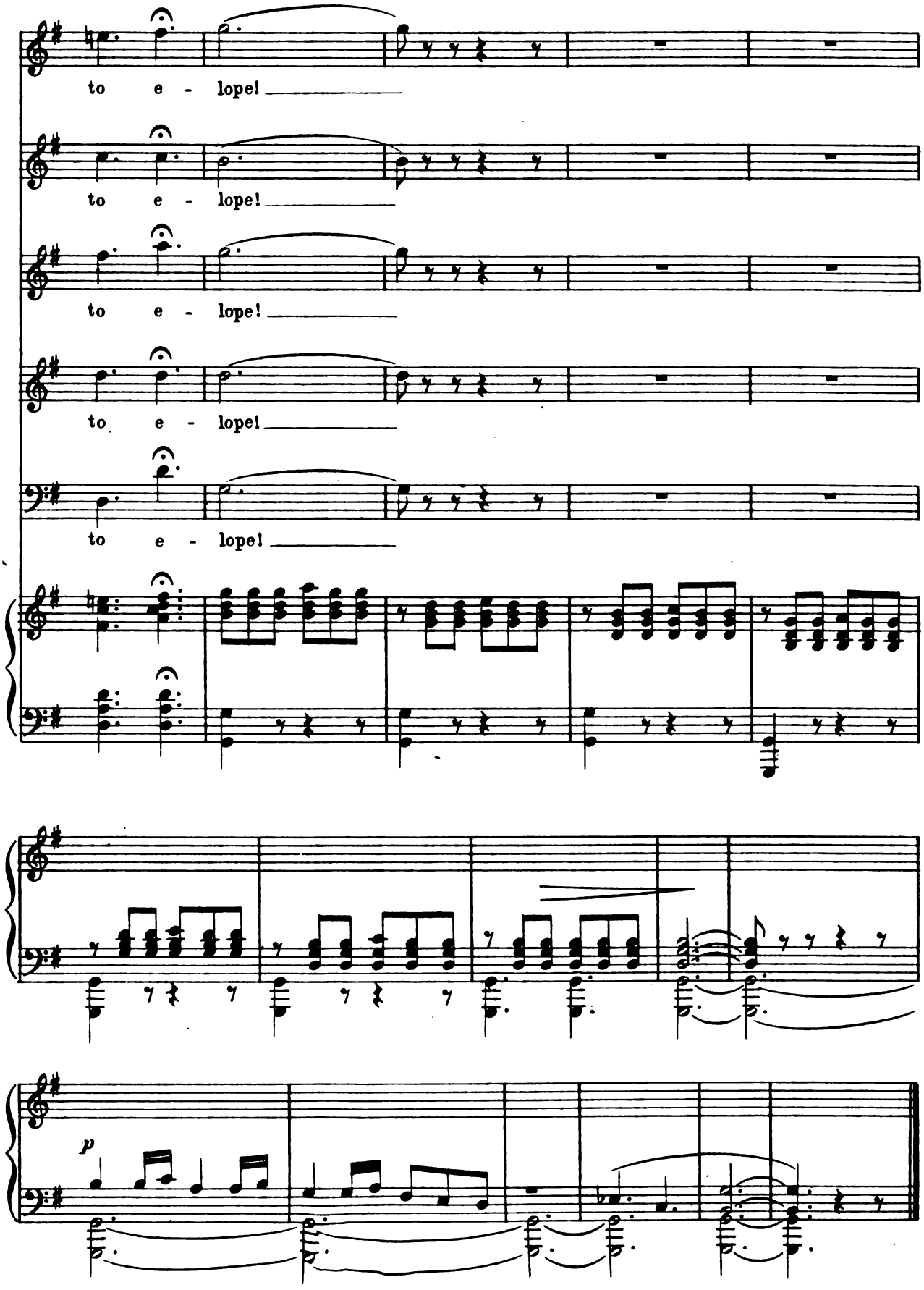

rit.
dieu! For - ev - - er now a - dieu! For-ev-er now a -
say? Let me go I pray, Let me go I
ev-er now a-dieu, For - ev - - er now a - dieu! For-ev-er now a -
Li - na! I'll love you ev - er more! I'll love you ev- er -
heart! For - ev - - er now a - dieu! For-ev-er now a -
cresc.
rit.
Allegro.
dieu!
pray.
No! no!
dieu!
more. All else well lost to gain the bliss, That lies with - in your
dieu!
Allegro.
p


Let go! This is the end!
No! no! No! no!
Oh! oh! Oh! oh!
hon-eyed kiss. a kiss! a kiss! My
Go slow, go slow!
f
p
Be-gone false friend!
Oh!
wife!
To me be-longs your life!
pp


Ser - geant!
I can ex-
O'er me, you can't pre-vail. Oh, wom-an false and frail!
ff
To ex - plain would be in - deed, in vain.
I can ex - plain!
To ex - plain would be in - deed, in vain.
plain!
To ex - plain would be in - deed, in vain.
pp
ff


You must not, shall not
They are both in great dis - grace
Sir, your weapons, time and place!
p
His pun - ish - ment is
fight.
Bring all your arms and come to - night.
f
p


mine by right. To - day I pass from out your sight. I
She
She
She
She
Allarg.
bid you now a - ban - don hope, I have de - ter - mined
bids him now a - ban - don hope, She has de - ter - mined
bids him now a - ban - don hope, She has de - ter - mined
bids me now a - ban - don hope, She has de - ter - mined
bids him now a - ban - don hope, She has de - ter - mined
Allarg.


to e - lope!
to e - lope!
to e - lope!
to e - lope!
to e - lope!
p

Sweet Thoughts of Home.

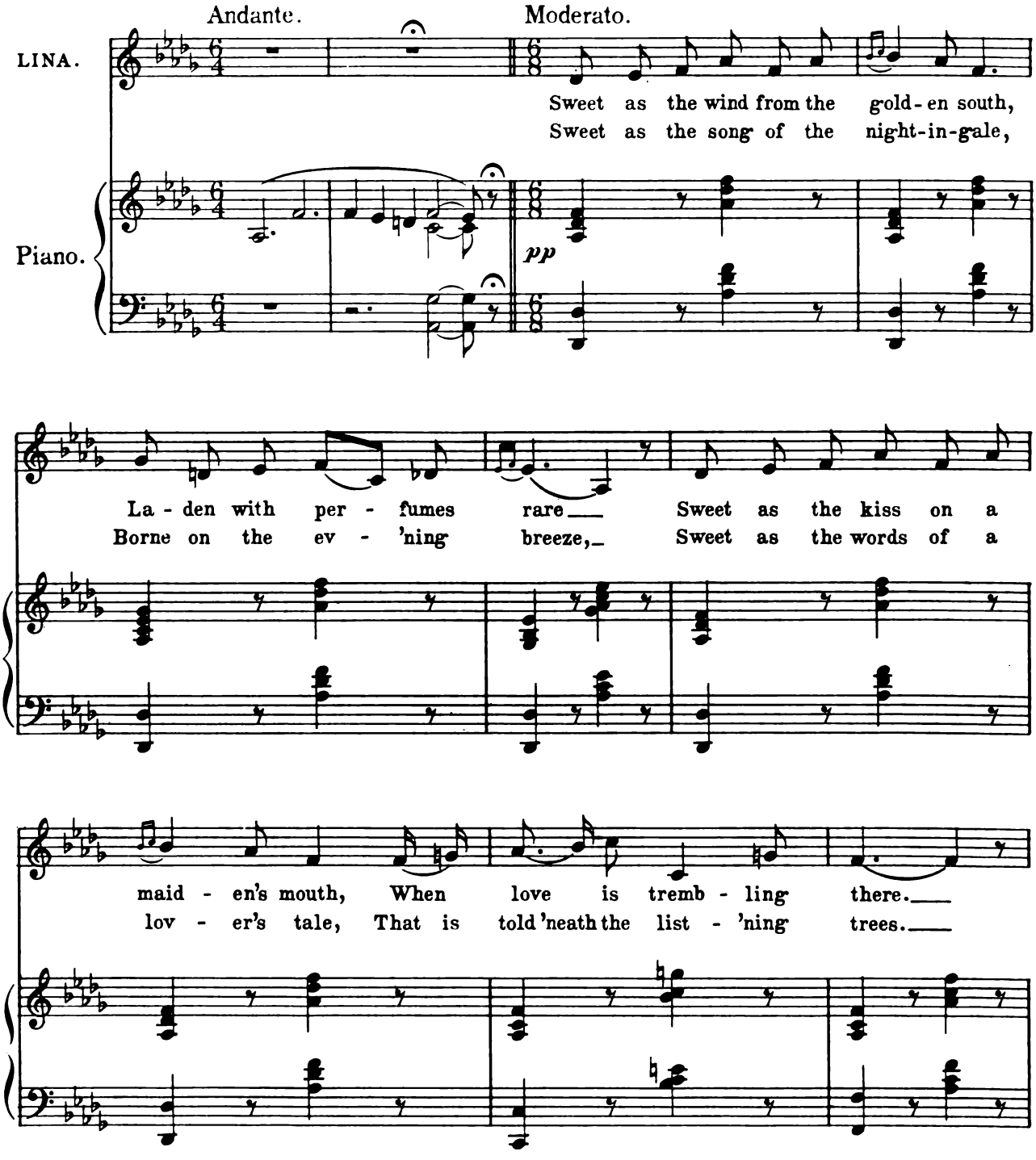
No. 7.

SONG.

Lina.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGÉ.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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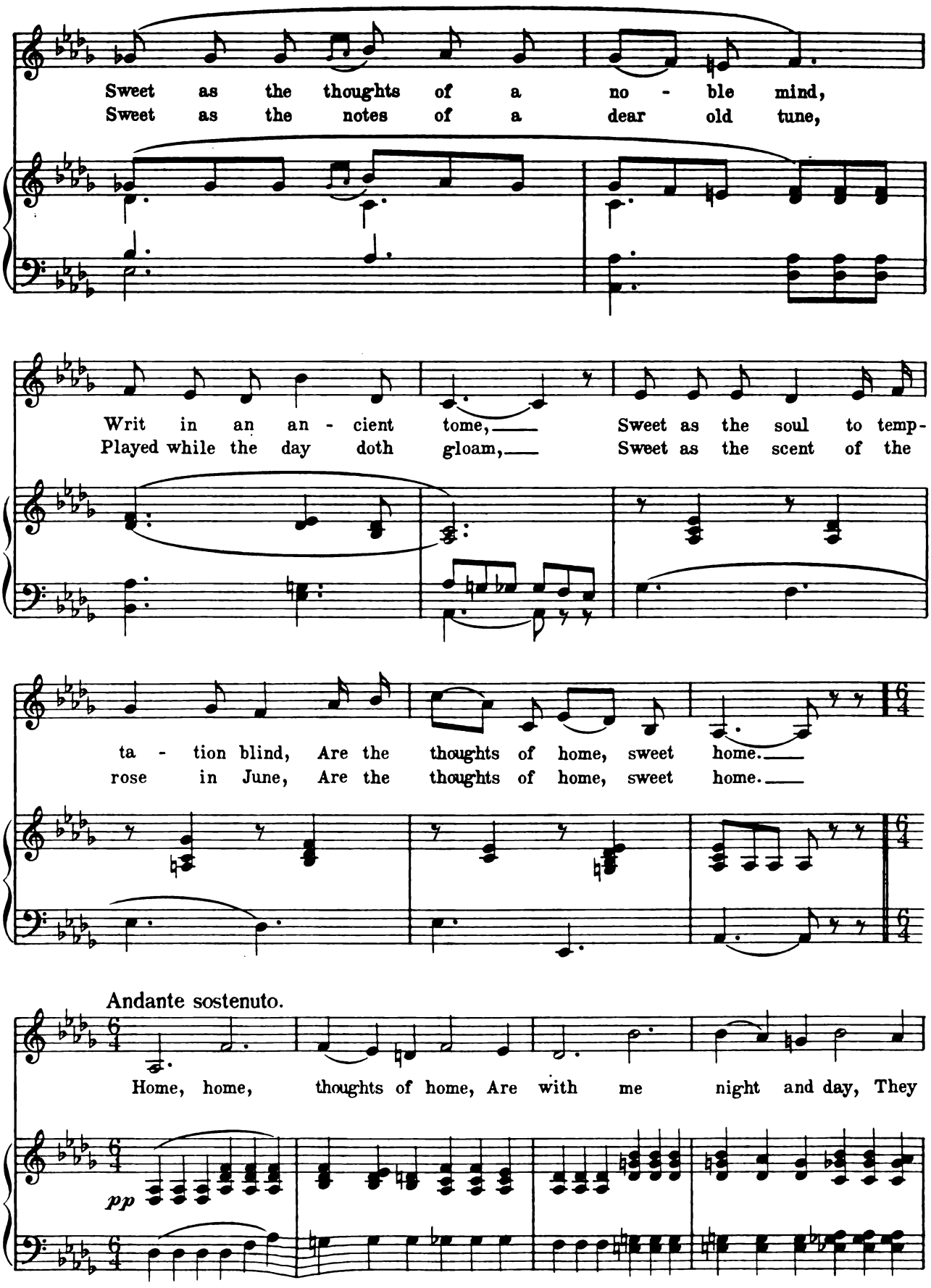
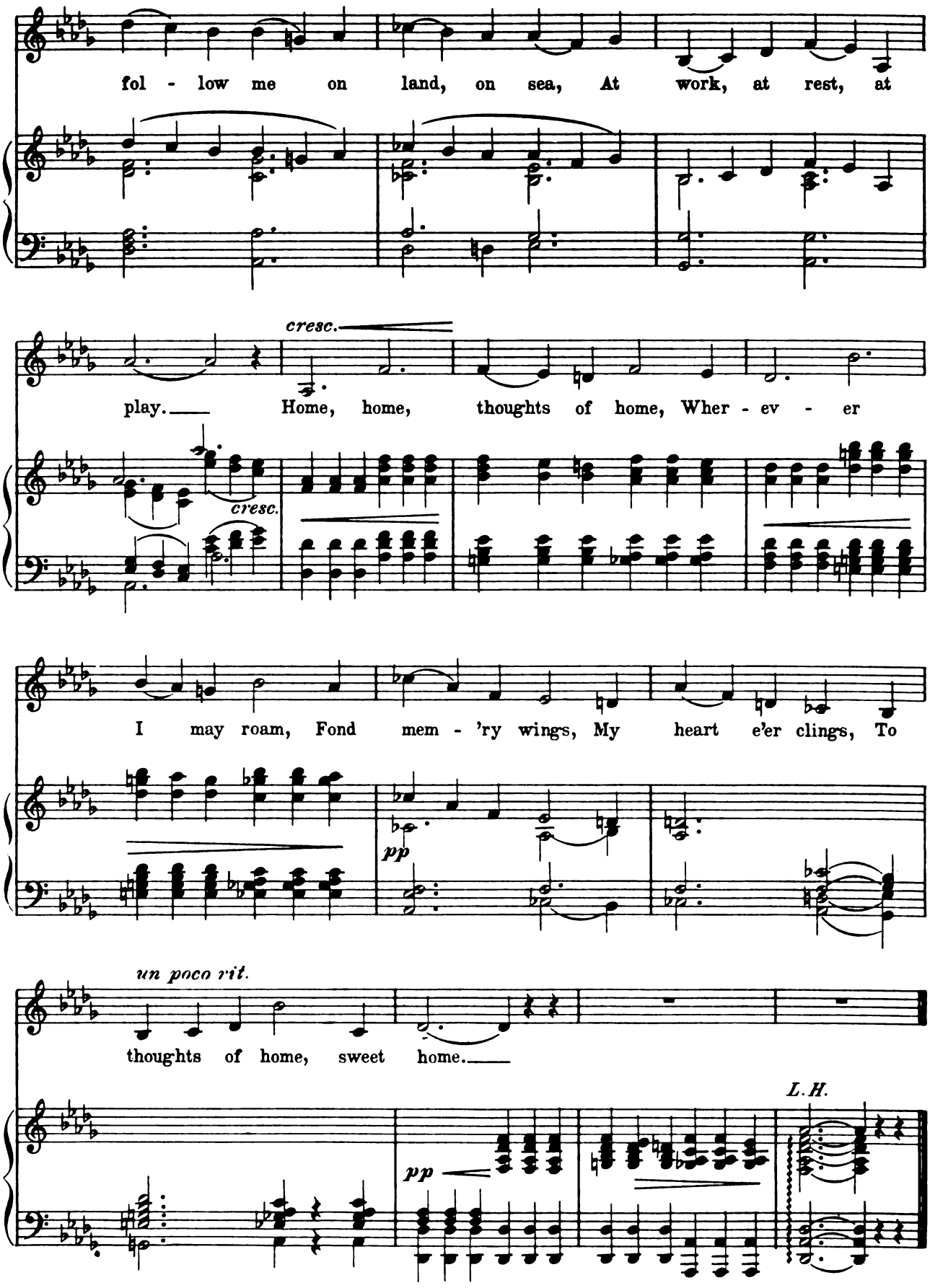

Sweet as the thoughts of a no - ble mind,
Sweet as the notes of a dear old tune,
Writ in an an - cient tome,
Played while the day doth gloam,
Sweet as the soul to temp-
Sweet as the scent of the
ta - tion blind, Are the thoughts of home, sweet home.
rose in June, Are the thoughts of home, sweet home.
Andante sostenuto.
Home, home, thoughts of home, Are with me night and day, They
pp


fol - low me on land, on sea, At work, at rest, at
cresc.
play. Home, home, thoughts of home, Wher - ev - er
cresc.
I may roam, Fond mem - 'ry wings, My heart e'er clings, To
pp
un poco rit.
thoughts of home, sweet home.
L.H.
pp

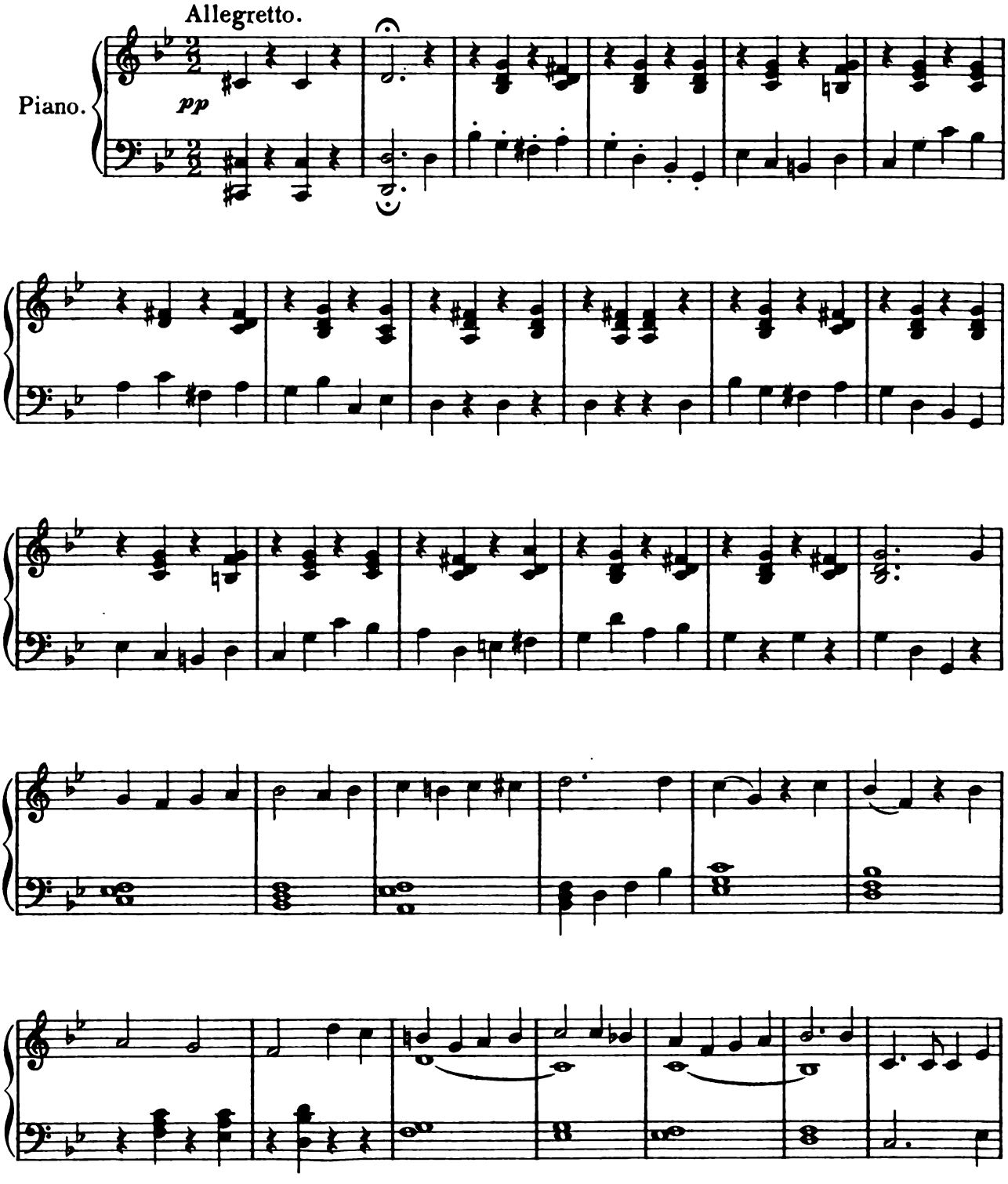
Finale II.

No. 8.

Principals and Chorus.

Lyric by
STANISLAUS STANGE.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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Moderato.

TRIVET.

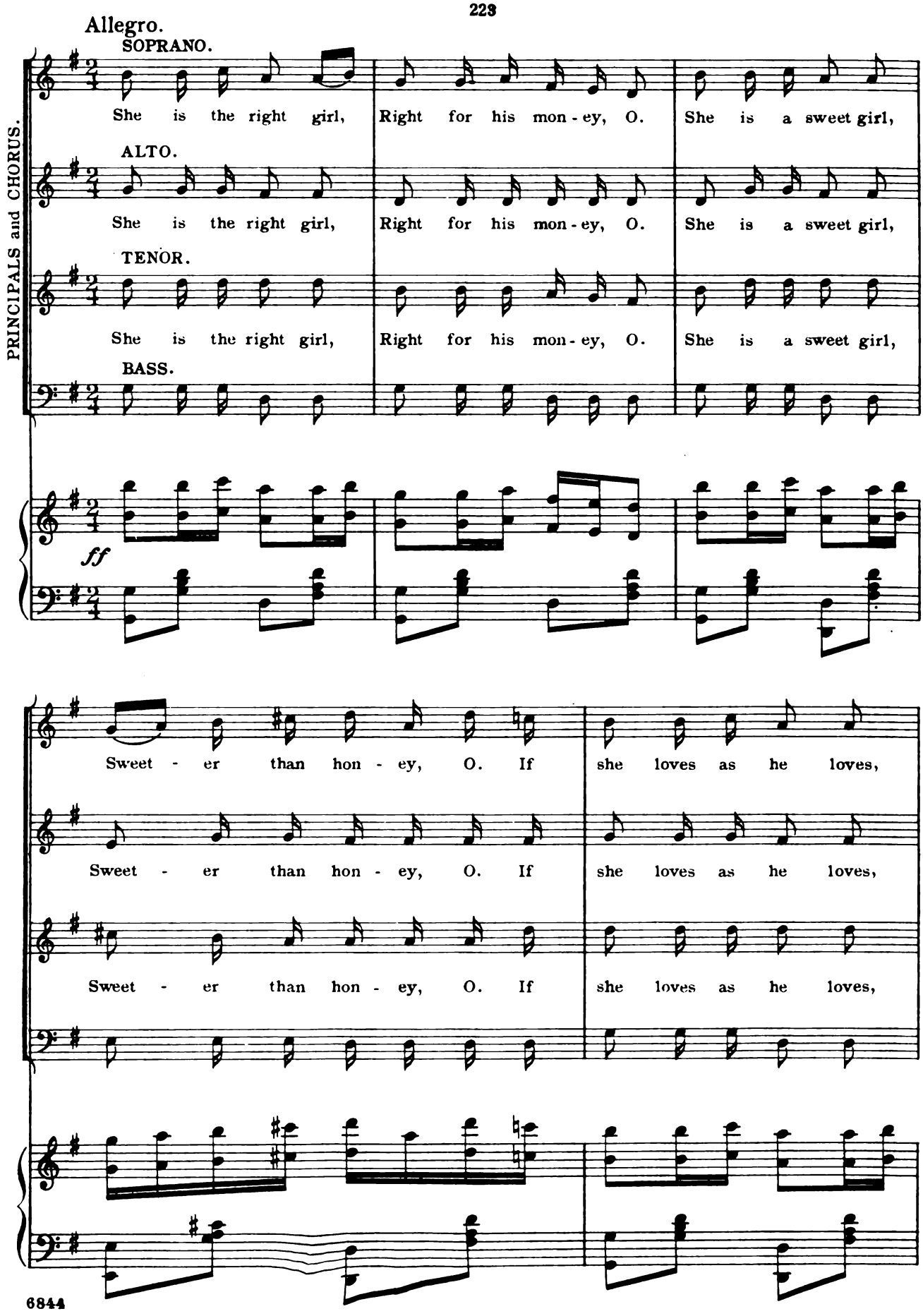
You are the right girl, right for my mon-ey, O.

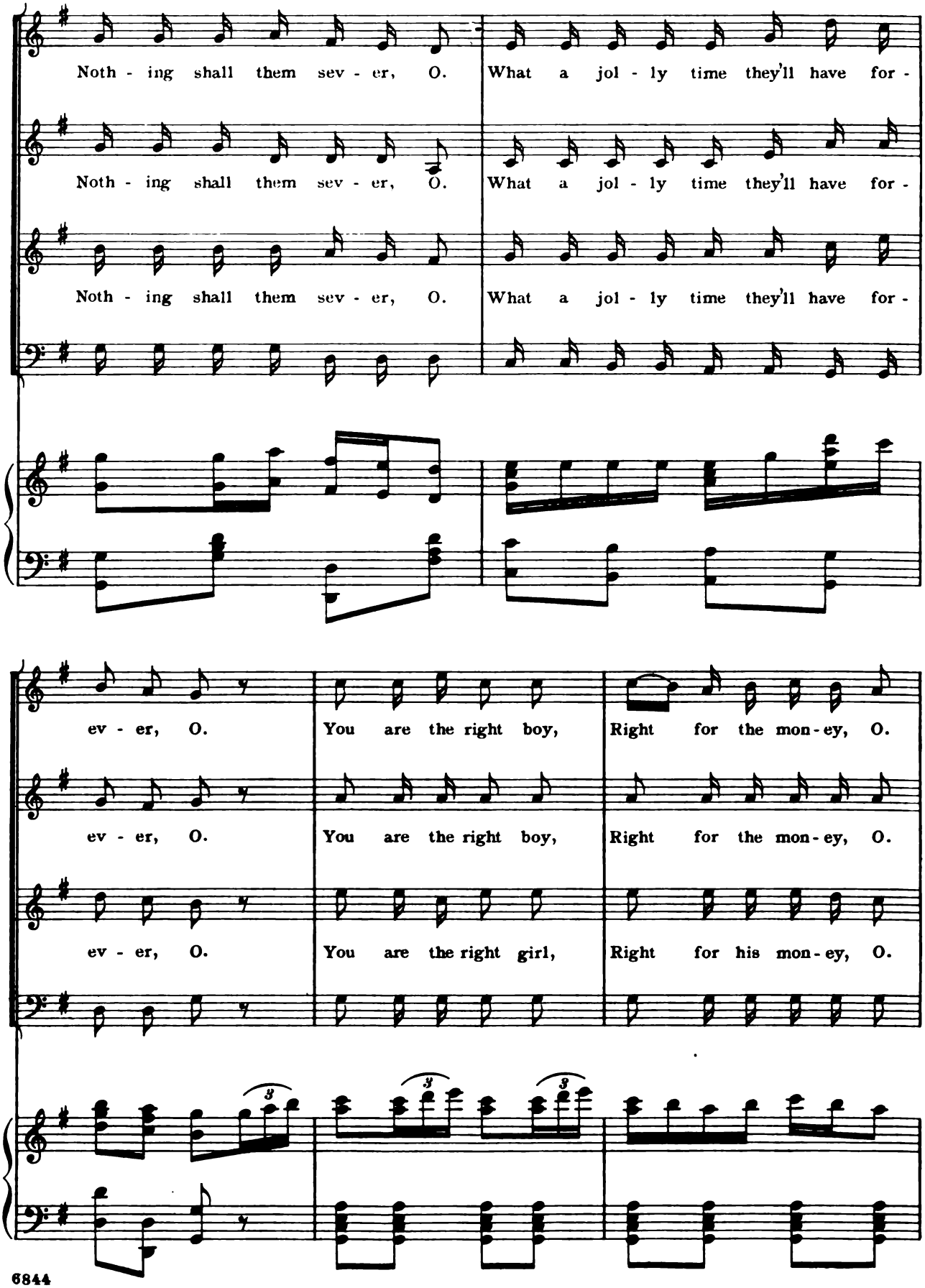
mp

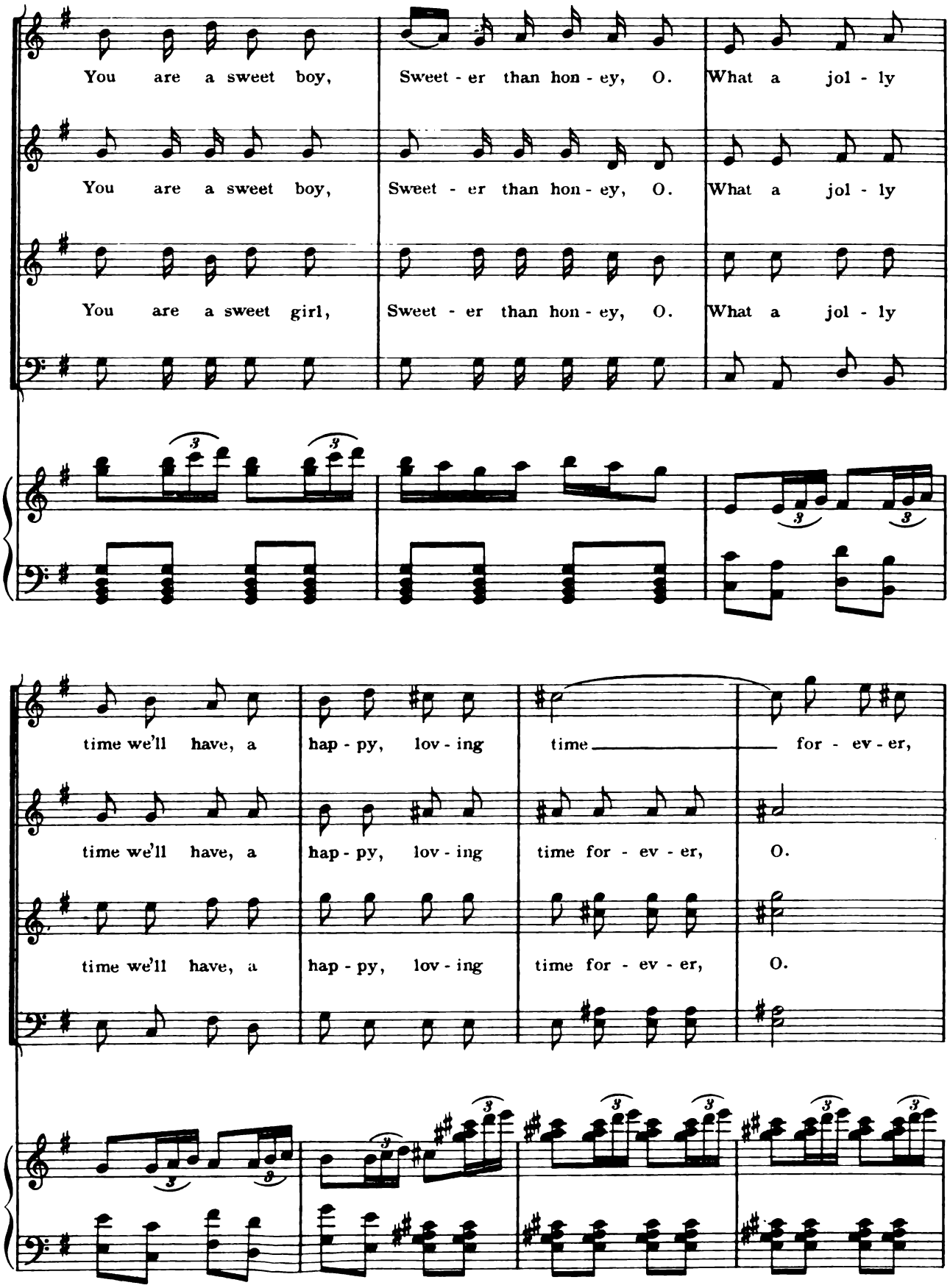
LINA.

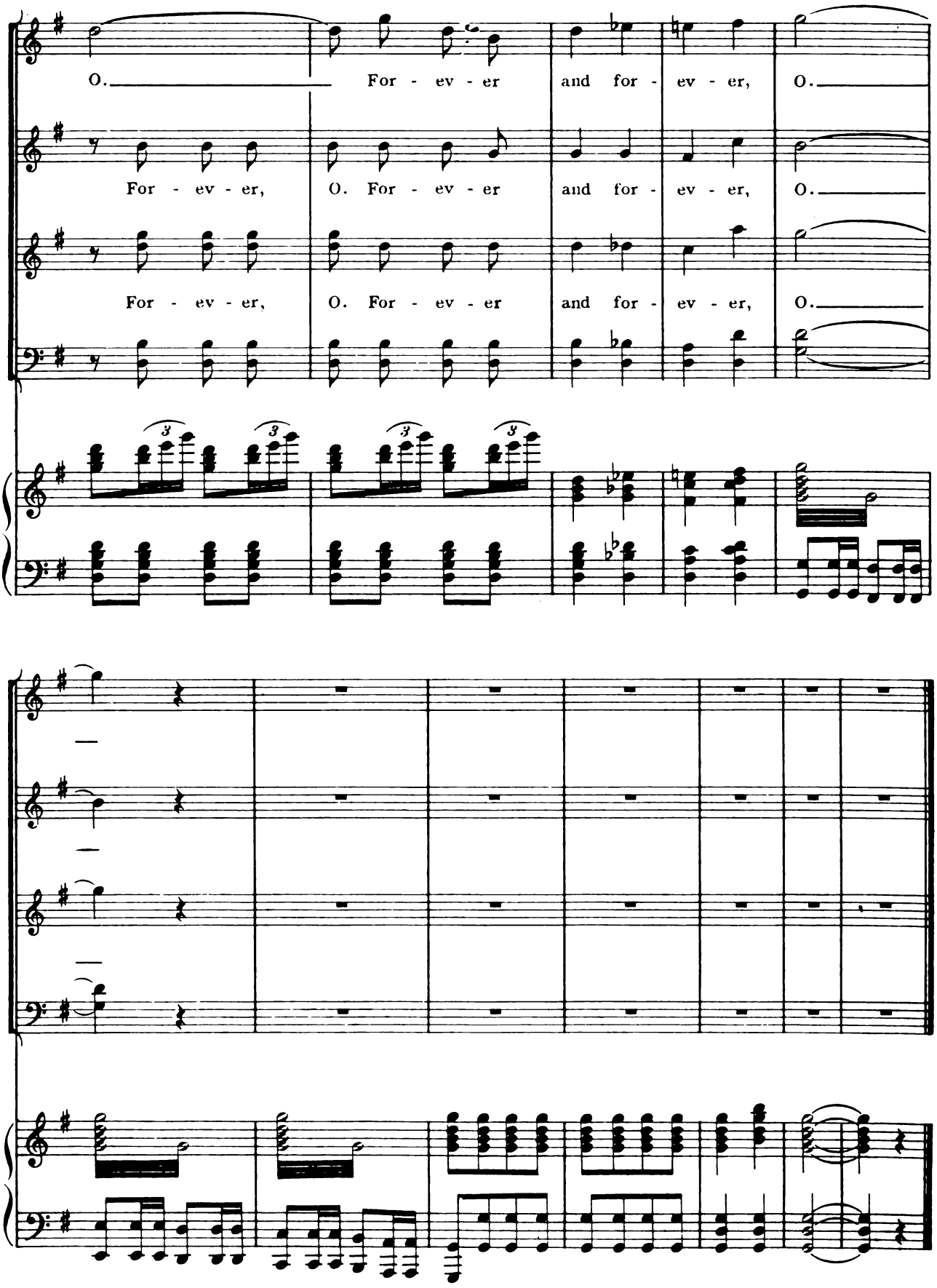
You are the sweet boy, sweet-er than hon-ey, O. If you love as I love,

noth-ing shall us sev-er, O. What a jol-ly time we'll have for-ev-er, O.


Allegro.
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
She is the right girl, Right for his mon - ey, O. She is a sweet girl,
ALTO.
She is the right girl, Right for his mon - ey, O. She is a sweet girl,
TENOR.
She is the right girl, Right for his mon - ey, O. She is a sweet girl,
BASS.
ff
Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If she loves as he loves,
Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If she loves as he loves,
Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. If she loves as he loves,


Noth - ing shall them sev - er, O.
What a jol - ly time they'll have for -
Noth - ing shall them sev - er, O.
What a jol - ly time they'll have for -
Noth - ing shall them sev - er, O.
What a jol - ly time they'll have for -
ev - er, O.
You are the right boy,
Right for the mon - ey, O.
ev - er, O.
You are the right boy,
Right for the mon - ey, O.
ev - er, O.
You are the right girl,
Right for his mon - ey, O.


You are a sweet boy, Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. What a jol - ly
You are a sweet boy, Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. What a jol - ly
You are a sweet girl, Sweet - er than hon - ey, O. What a jol - ly
time we'll have, a hap - py, lov - ing time for - ev - er,
time we'll have, a hap - py, lov - ing time for - ev - er, O.
time we'll have, a hap - py, lov - ing time for - ev - er, O.


O. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, O.
For - ev - er, O. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, O.
For - ev - er, O. For - ev - er and for - ev - er, O.

End of Opera.