The Wedding Day.

COMIC OPERA

in Three Acts.

WORDS BY

STANISLAUS STANGE,

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, ⁘ NEW YORK, ⁘ CHICAGO.
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VILLIERS.	*SALLY RANDALL.*
VARNEY.	*MARGUERITE LEON.*
LUCILLE D'HERBLAY.	*LILLIAN RUSSELL.*

ACT I.

SCENE.— Interior of Polycop's Baker Shop.

ACT II.

SCENE.— Salon of Mme. de Montbazon's House.

ACT III.

SCENE.— Frondist Outpost.

Produced under the management of . . . . . FRANK MURRAY.
Stage Directer. . . . . RICHARD BARKER.
Director of Music. . . . . JULIAN EDWARDS.

12274

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The Wedding Day.

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

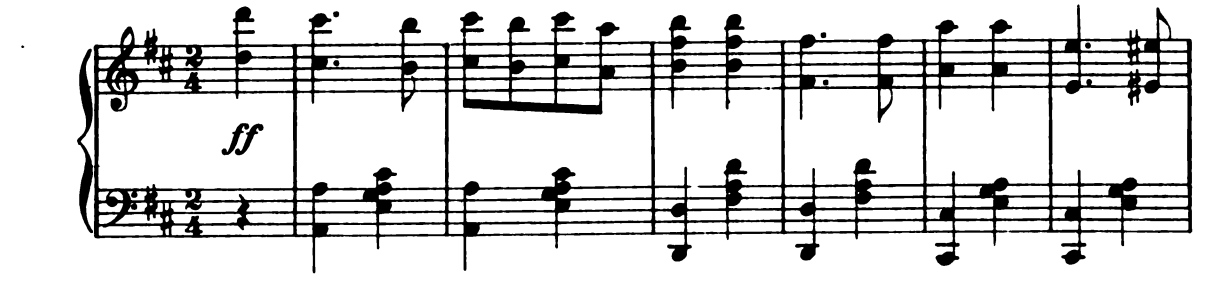
Act I.

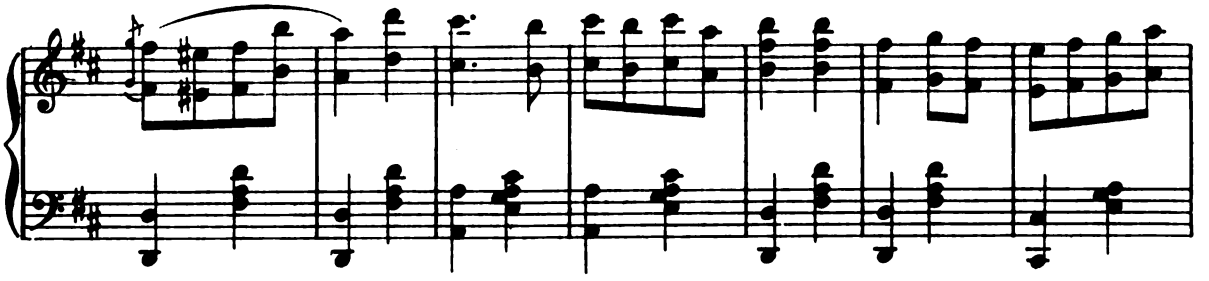
Nº 1.a Introduction.

Written by
STANISLAUS STANGE.

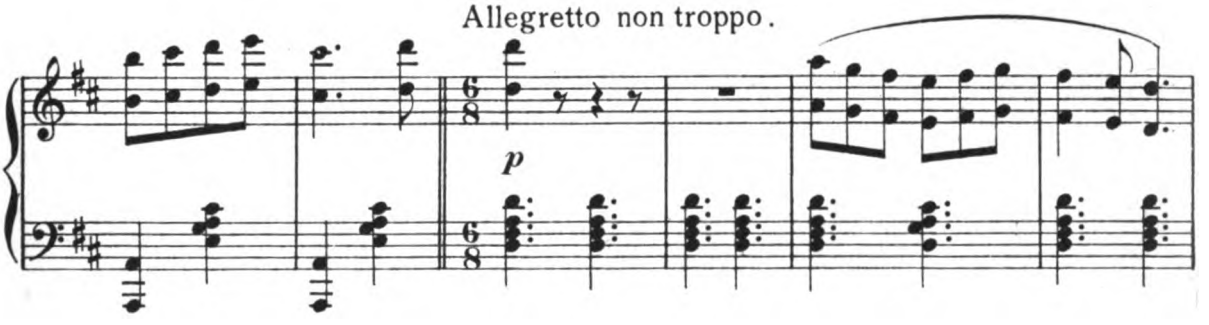
Composed by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

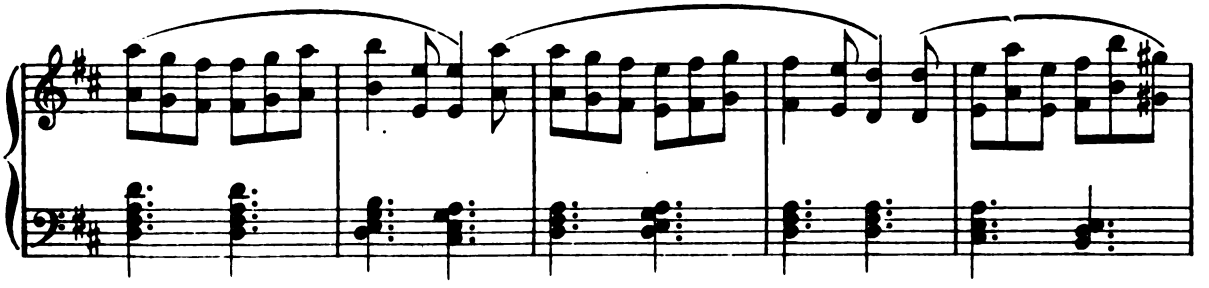
Marziale.

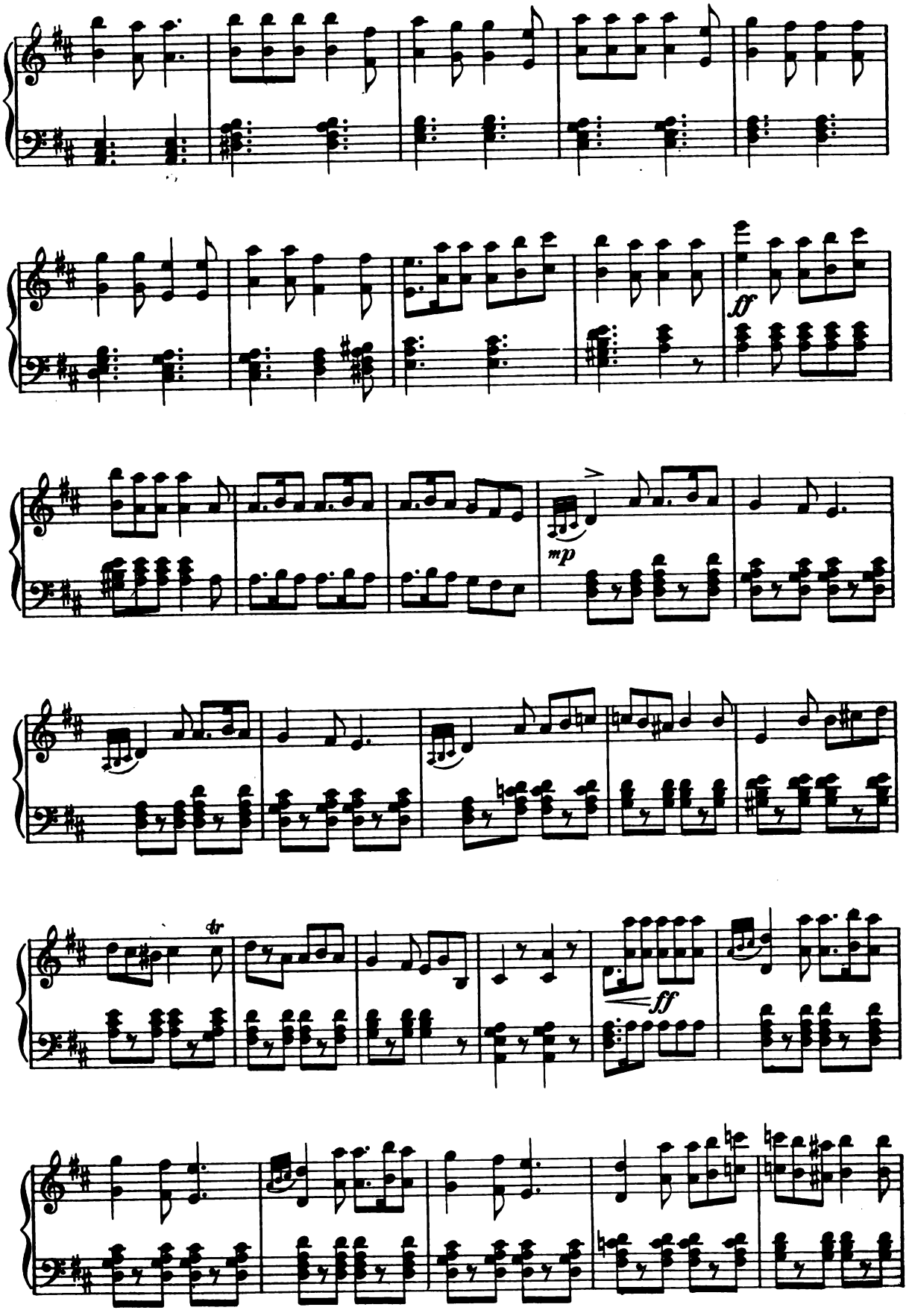


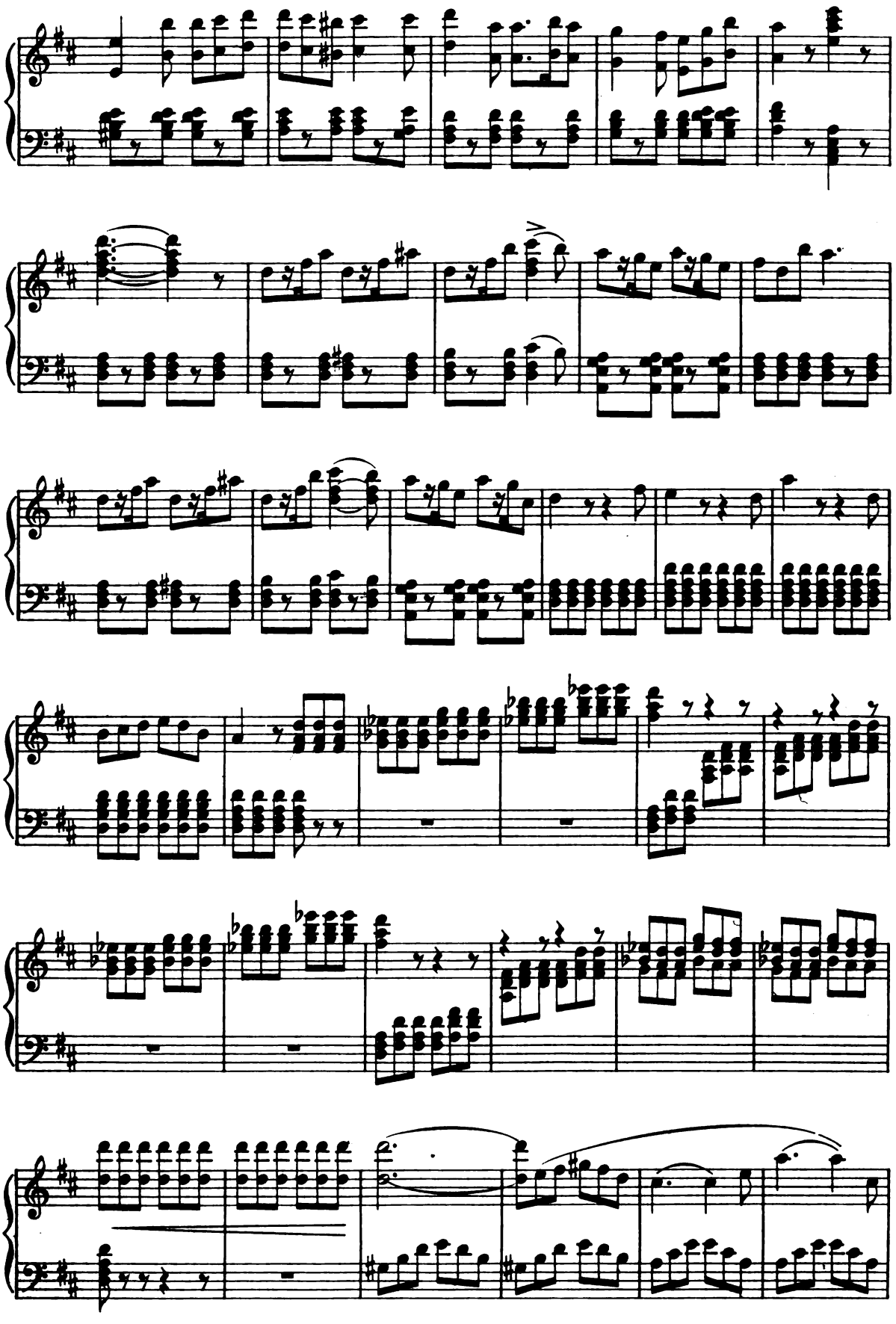


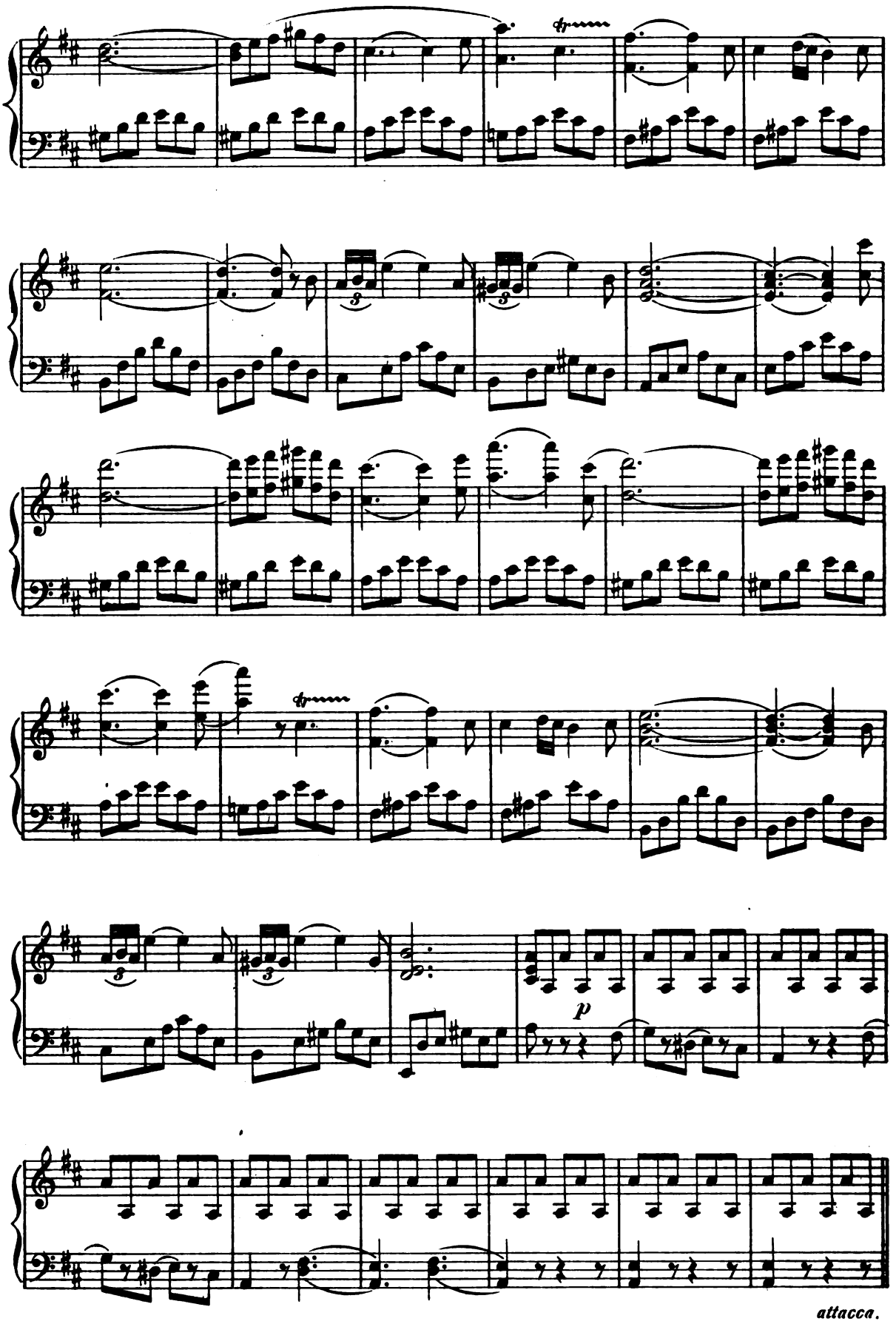
Allegretto non troppo.



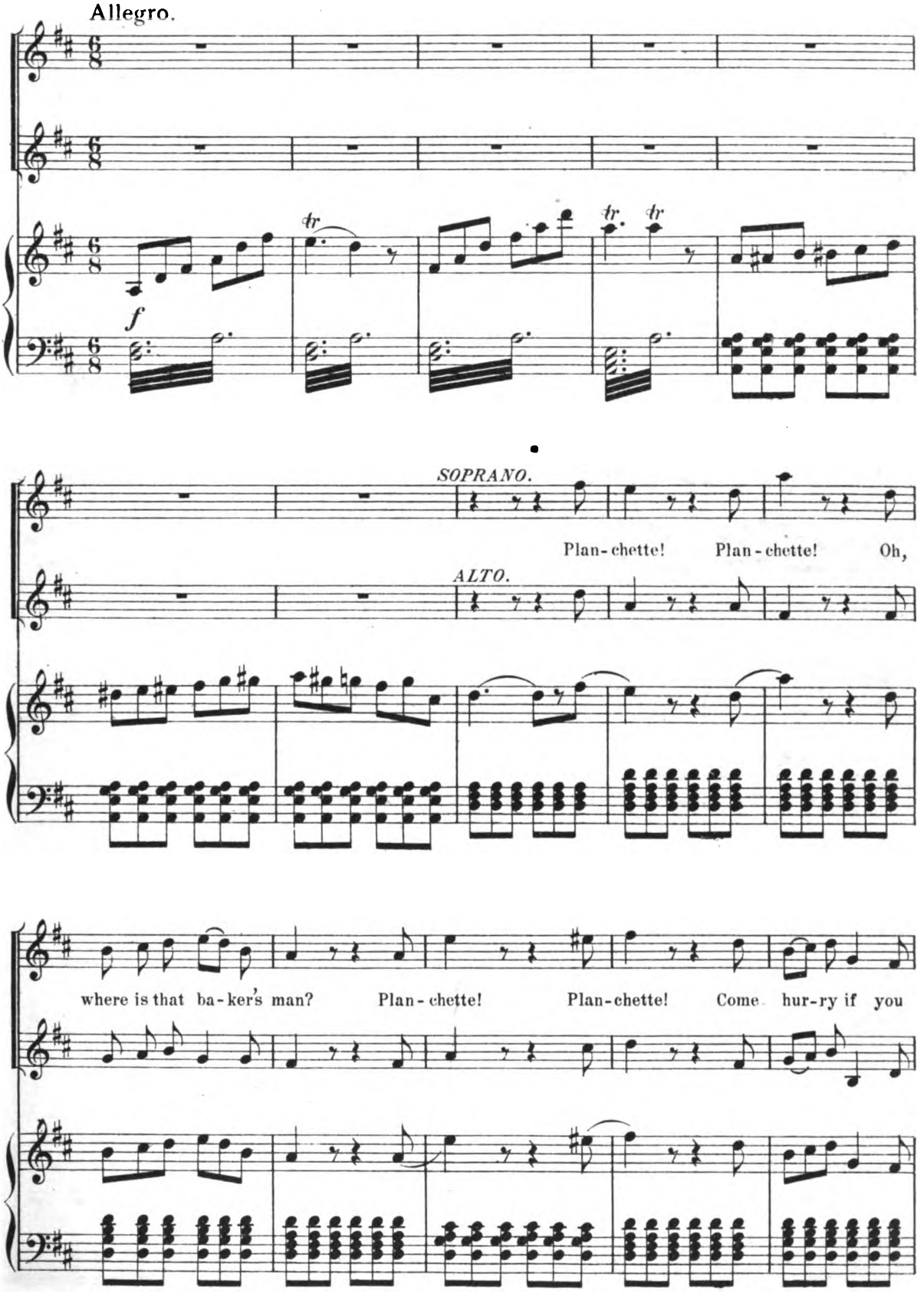


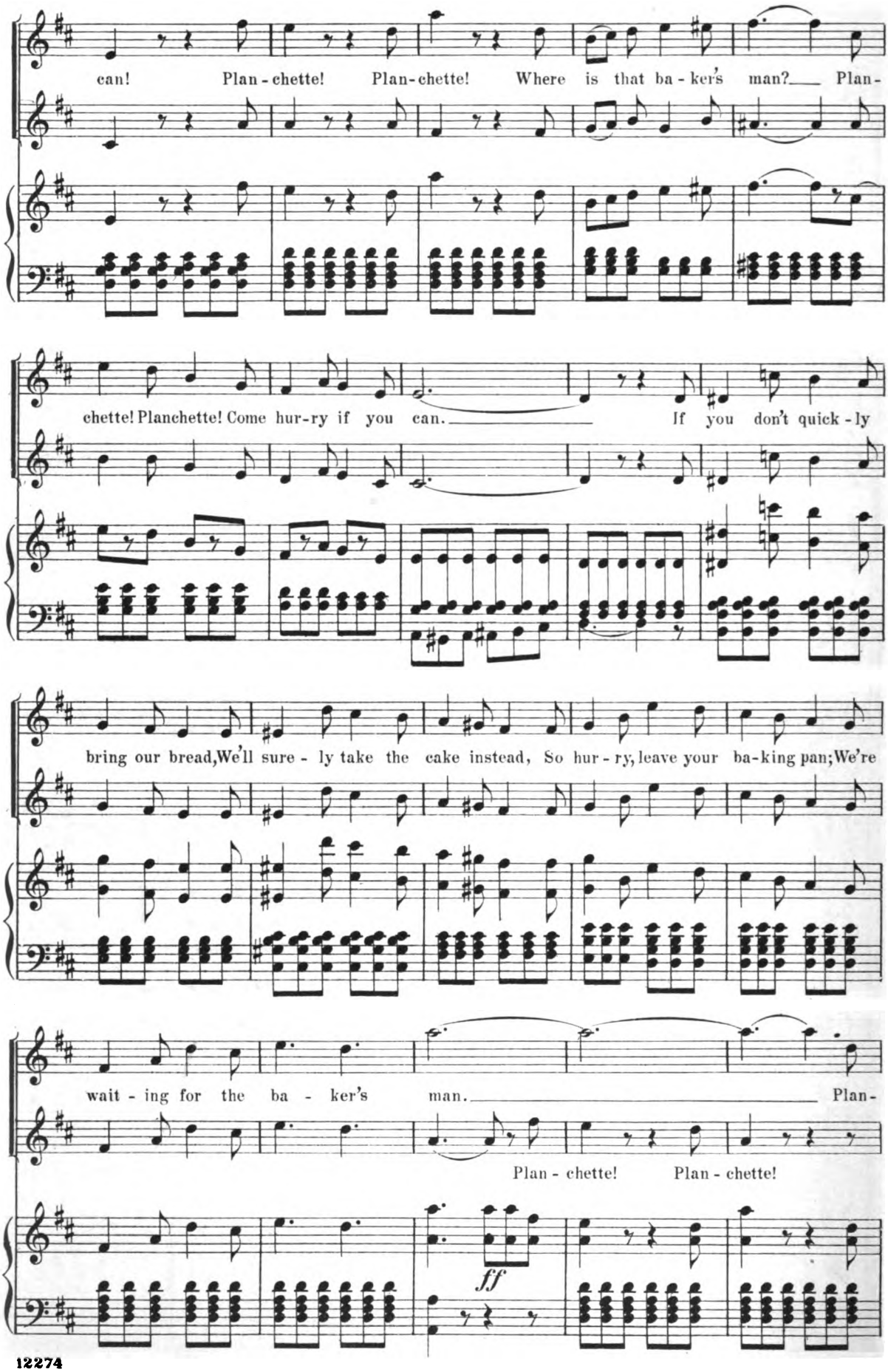

ff
mp
tr
ff

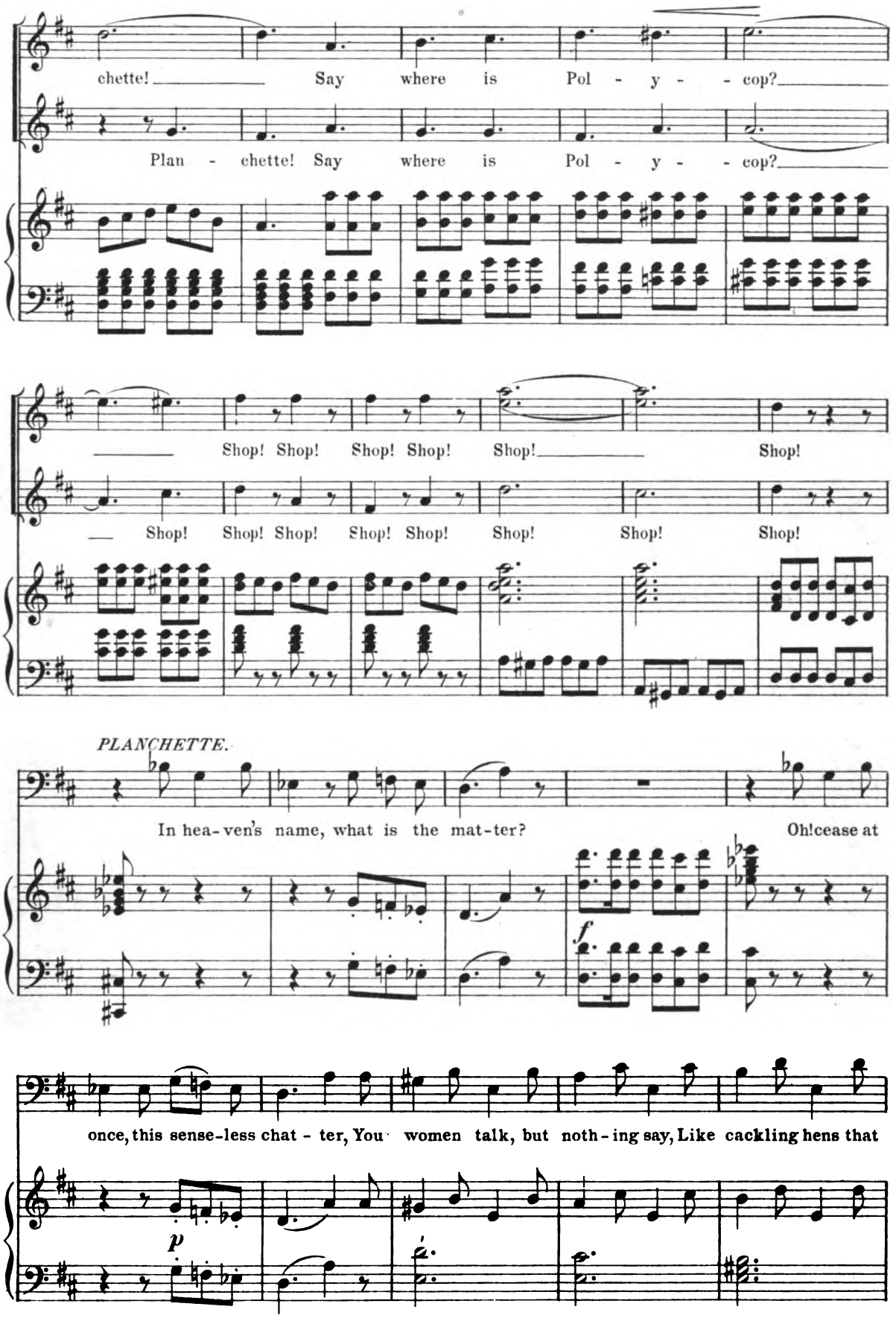


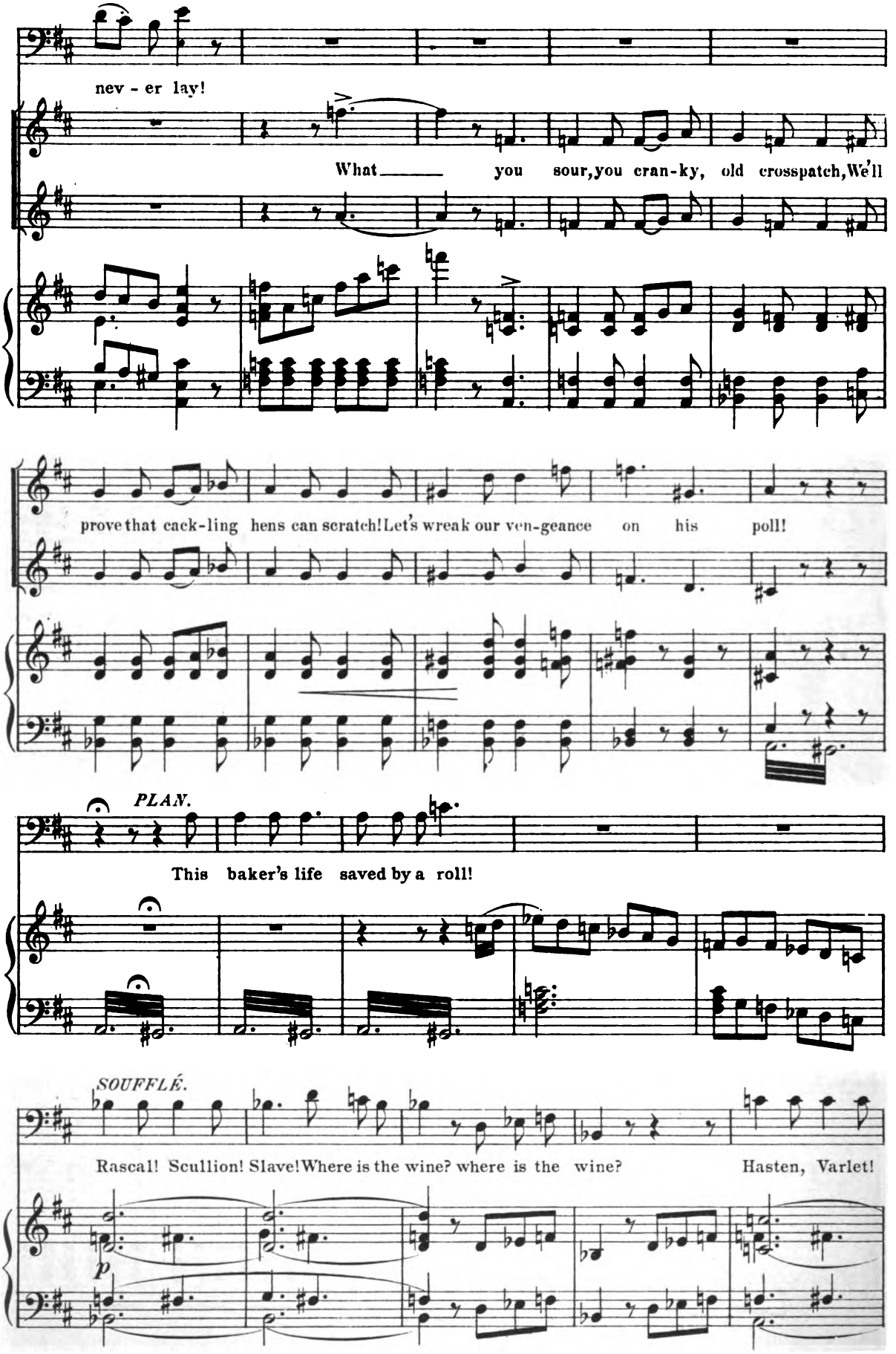

p
attacca.

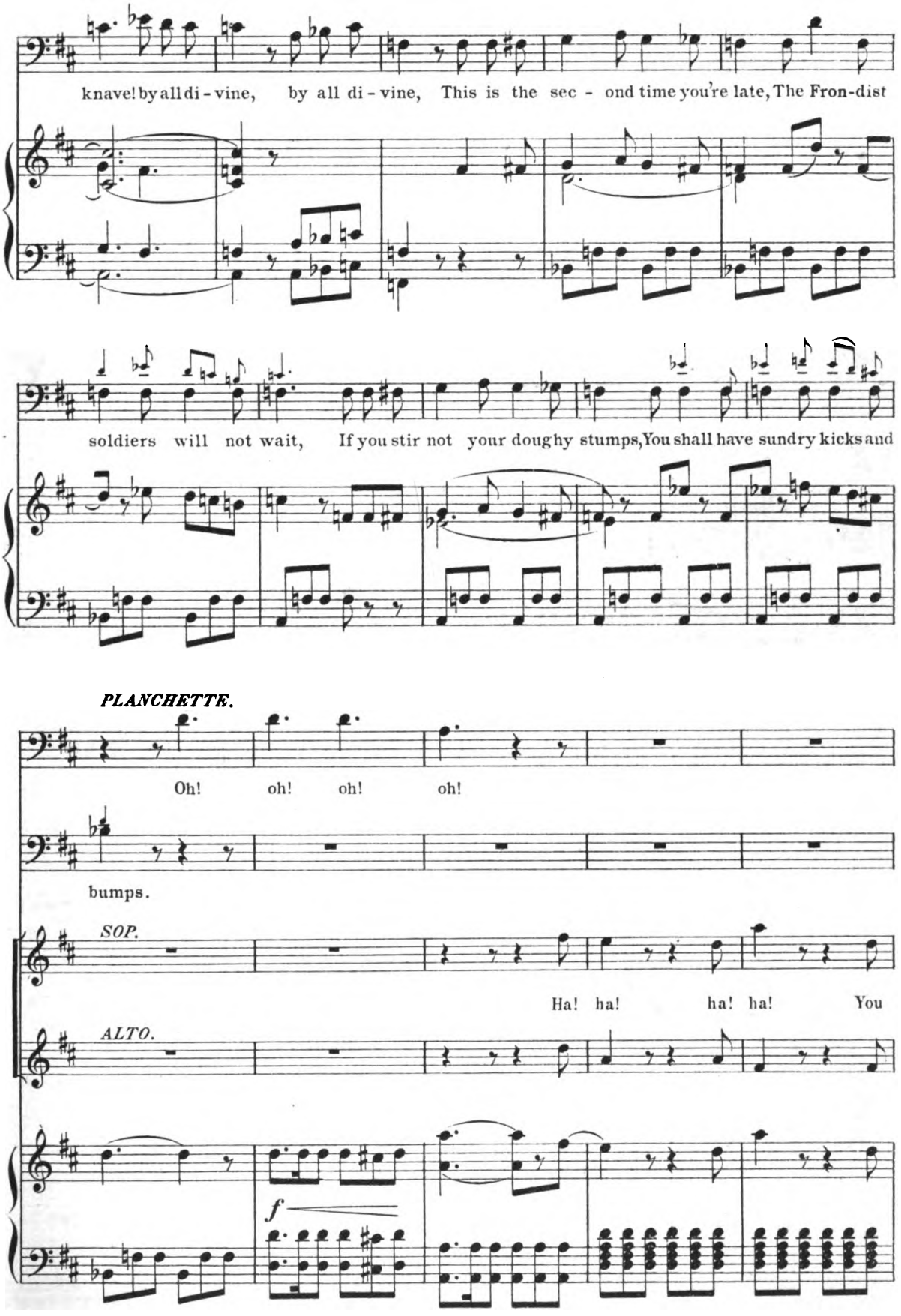
(b) Chorus.

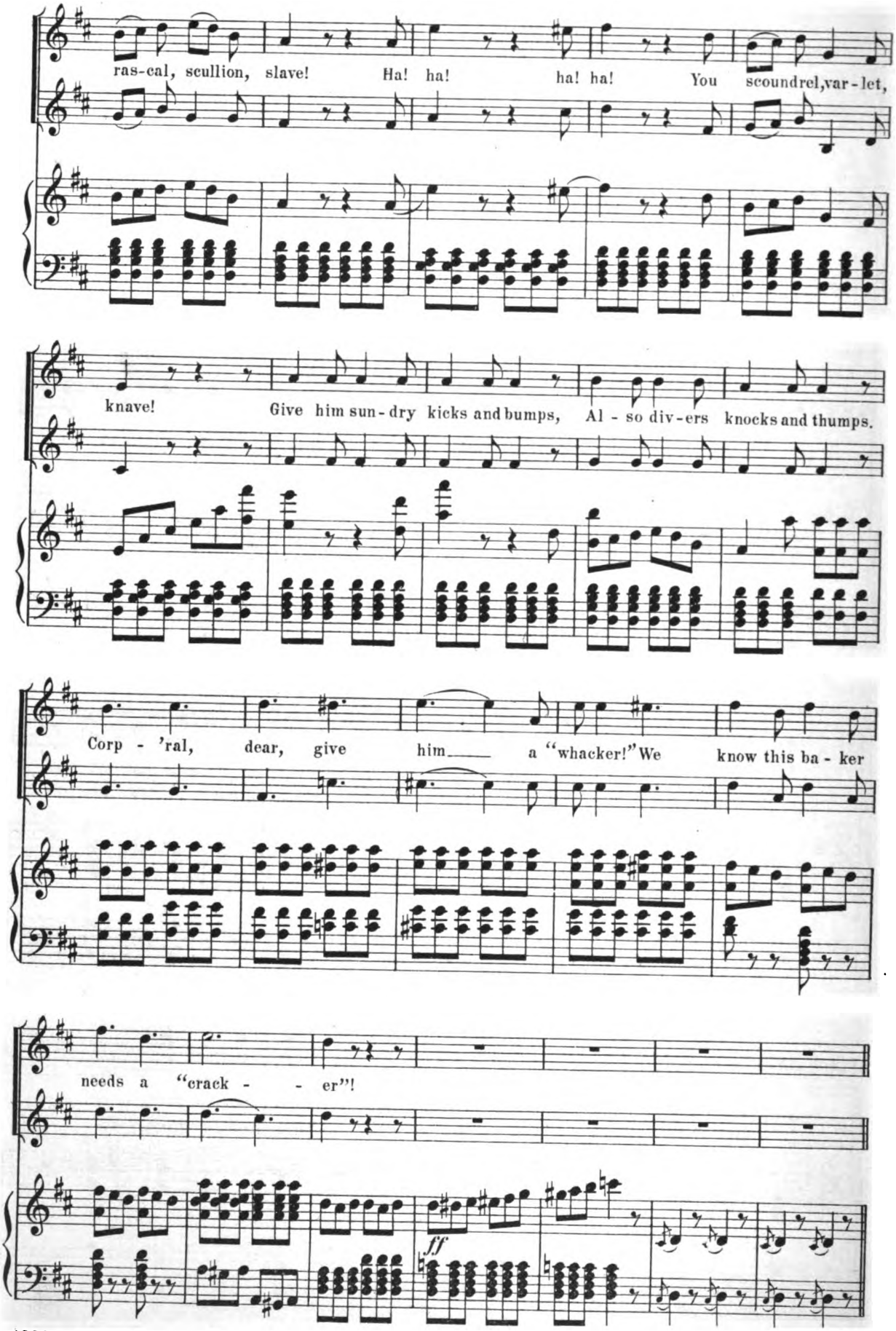

Allegro.
f
tr
tr
tr
SOPRANO.
Plan-chette! Plan-chette! Oh,
ALTO.
where is that ba-ker's man? Plan-chette! Plan-chette! Come hur-ry if you


can! Plan - chette! Plan - chette! Where is that ba - ker's man? Plan -
chette! Planchette! Come hur - ry if you can. If you don't quick - ly
bring our bread, We'll sure - ly take the cake instead, So hur - ry, leave your ba - king pan; We're
wait - ing for the ba - ker's man. Plan -
Plan - chette! Plan - chette!
ff

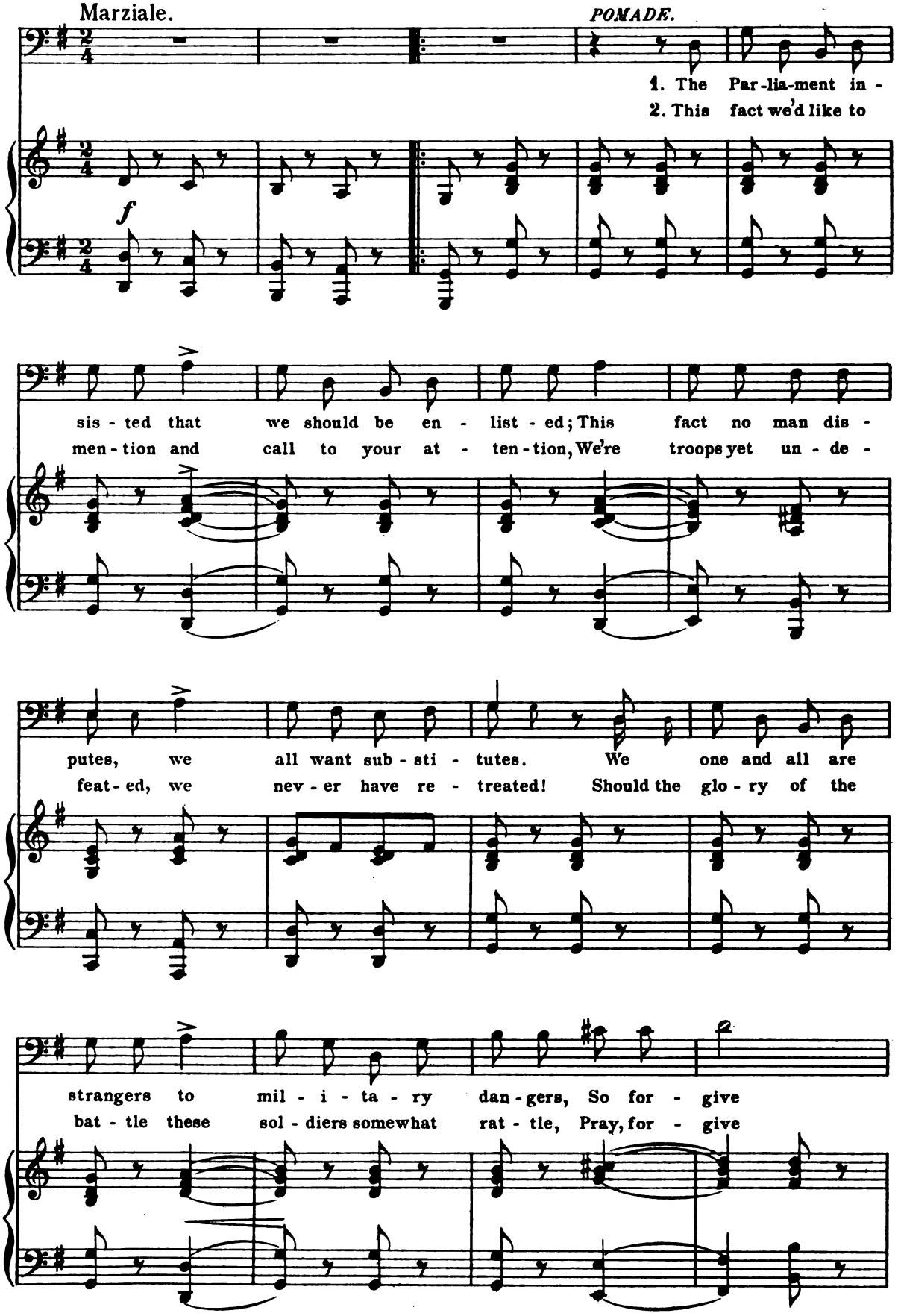

chette! Say where is Pol - y - - cop?
Plan - chette! Say where is Pol - y - - cop?
Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop!
Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop! Shop!
PLANCHETTE.
In hea-ven's name, what is the mat-ter? Oh!cease at
f
once, this sense-less chat - ter, You women talk, but noth-ing say, Like cackling hens that
p

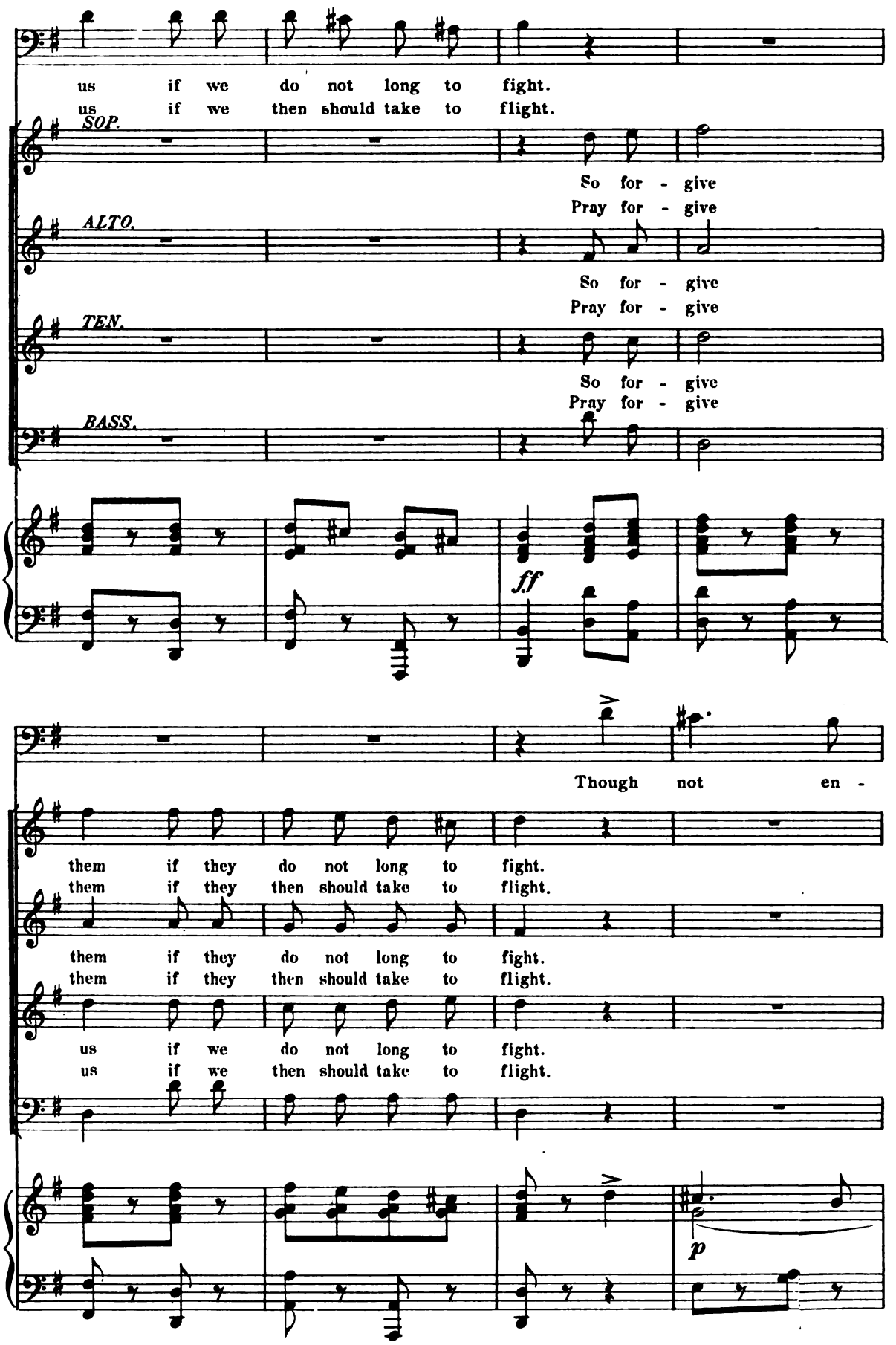

nev - er lay!
What you sour, you cran-ky, old crosspatch, We'll
prove that cack-ling hens can scratch! Let's wreak our ven-geance on his poll!
PLAN.
This baker's life saved by a roll!
SOUFFLÉ.
Rascal! Scullion! Slave! Where is the wine? where is the wine? Hasten, Varlet!
p

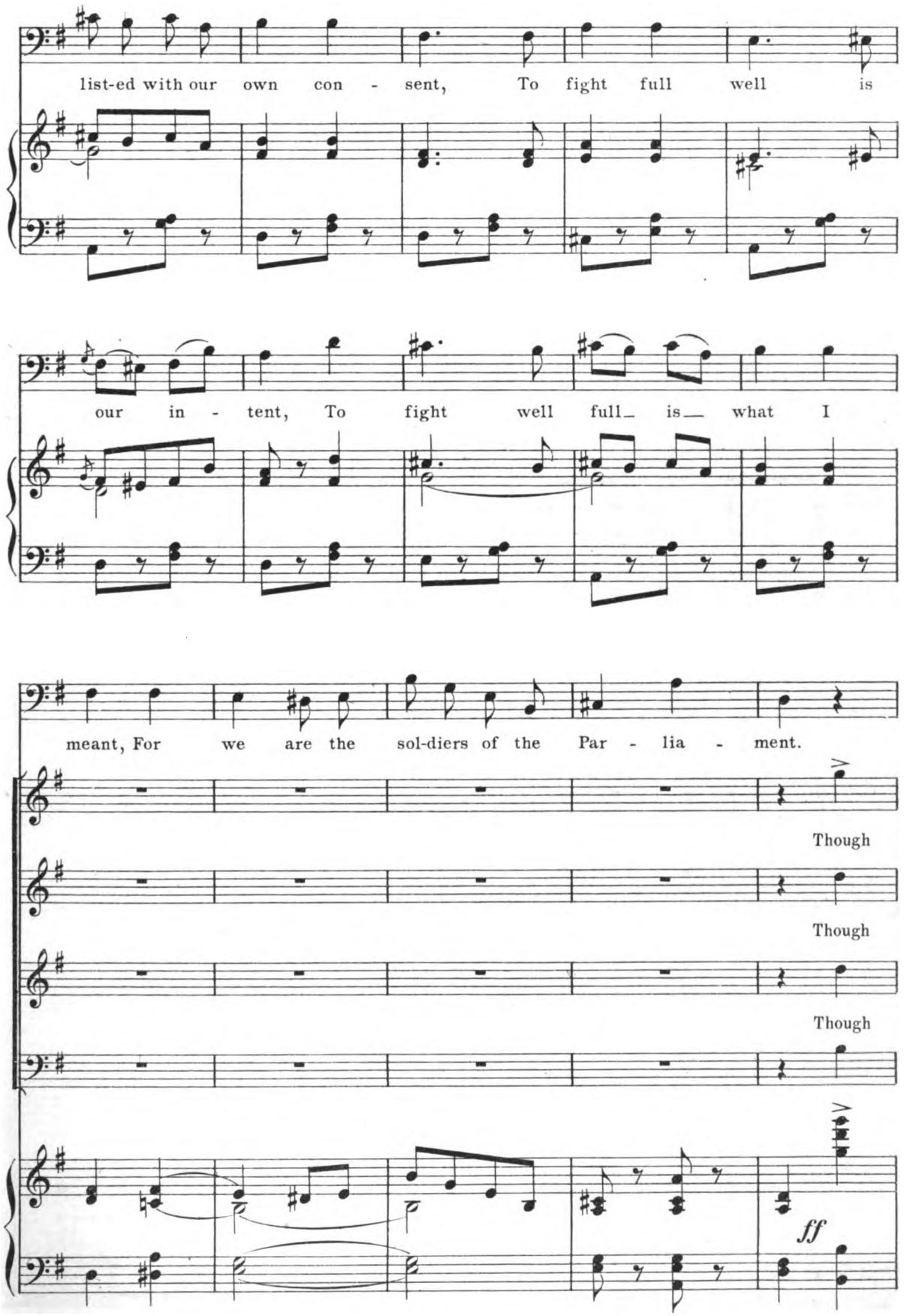

knave! by all di - vine, by all di - vine, This is the sec - ond time you're late, The Fron-dist
soldiers will not wait, If you stir not your doughy stumps, You shall have sundry kicks and
PLANCHETTE.
Oh! oh! oh! oh!
bumps.
SOP.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! You
ALTO.
f

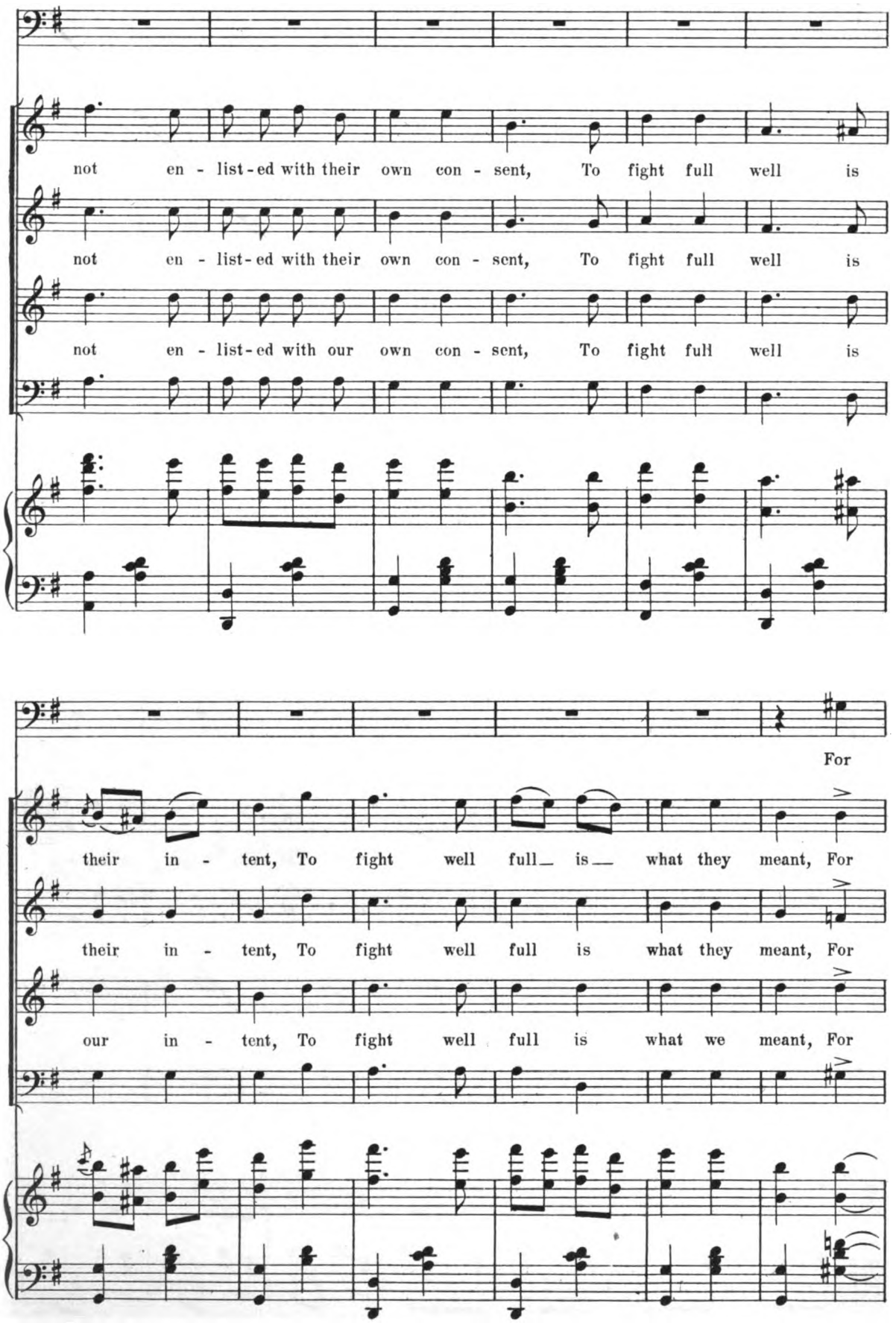

ras-cal, scullion, slave! Ha! ha! ha! ha! You scoundrel, var-let,
knave! Give him sun-dry kicks and bumps, Al-so div-ers knocks and thumps.
Corp-'ral, dear, give him a "whacker!" We know this ba-ker
needs a "crack- -er"!
ff

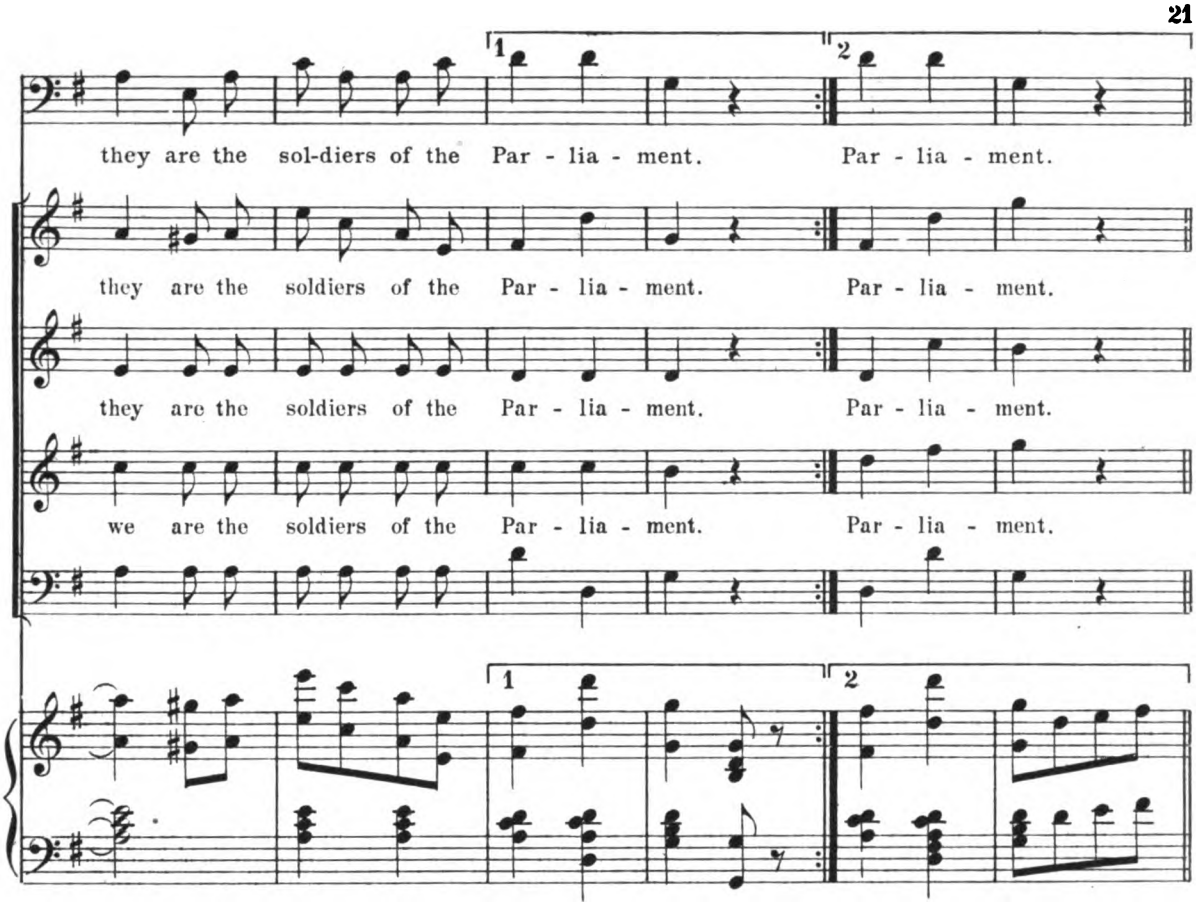
(c) **Song.** "Soldiers of the Parliament."



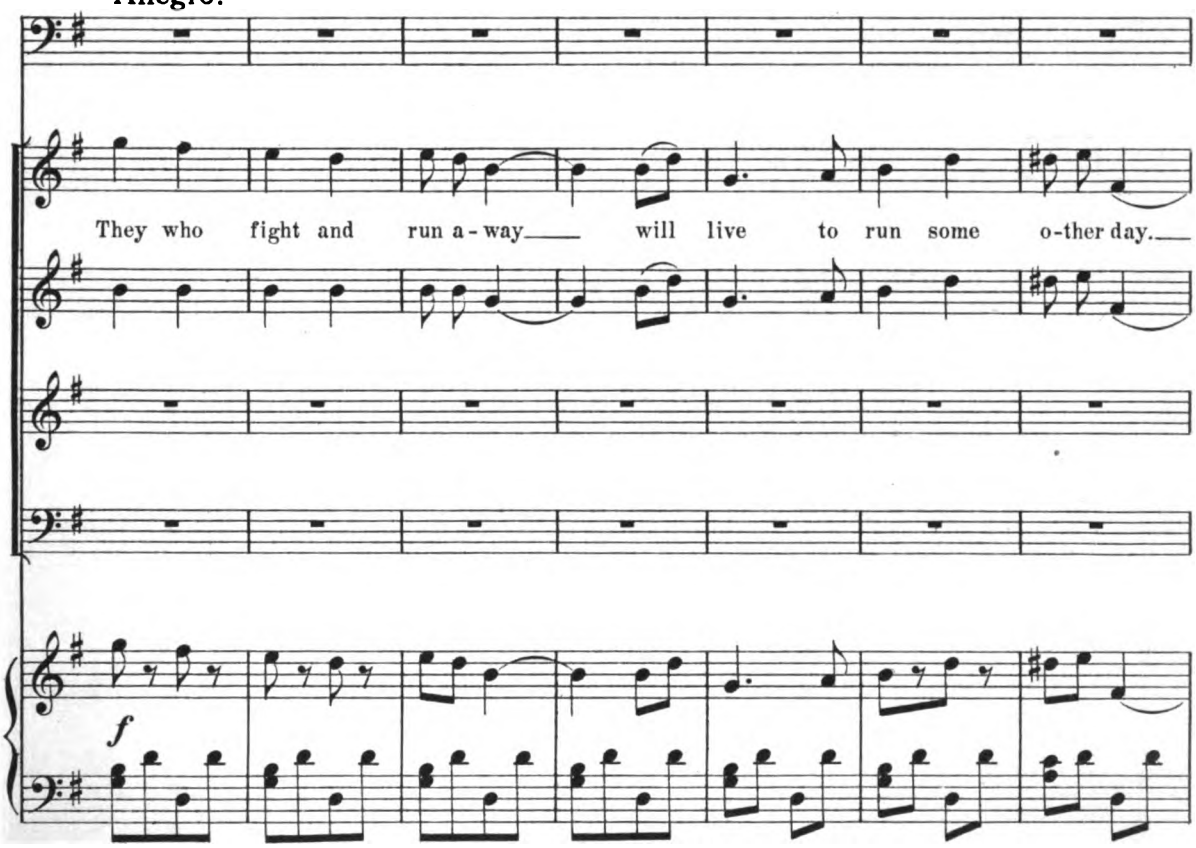

us if we do not long to fight.
us if we then should take to flight.
SOP.
So for - give
Pray for - give
ALTO.
So for - give
Pray for - give
TEN.
So for - give
Pray for - give
BASS.
ff
Though not en -
them if they do not long to fight.
them if they then should take to flight.
them if they do not long to fight.
them if they then should take to flight.
us if we do not long to fight.
us if we then should take to flight.
p

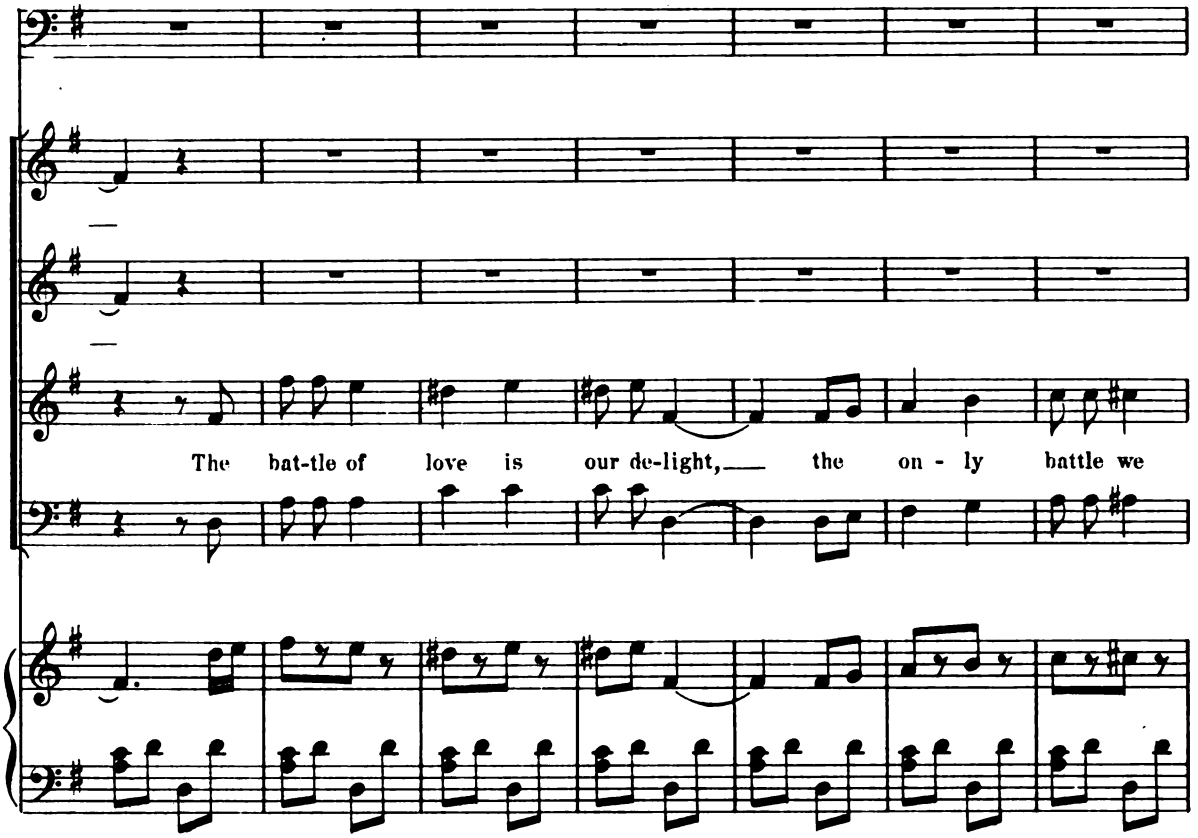

list-ed with our own con - sent, To fight full well is
our in - tent, To fight well full_ is_ what I
meant, For we are the sol-diers of the Par - lia - ment.
Though
Though
Though
ff

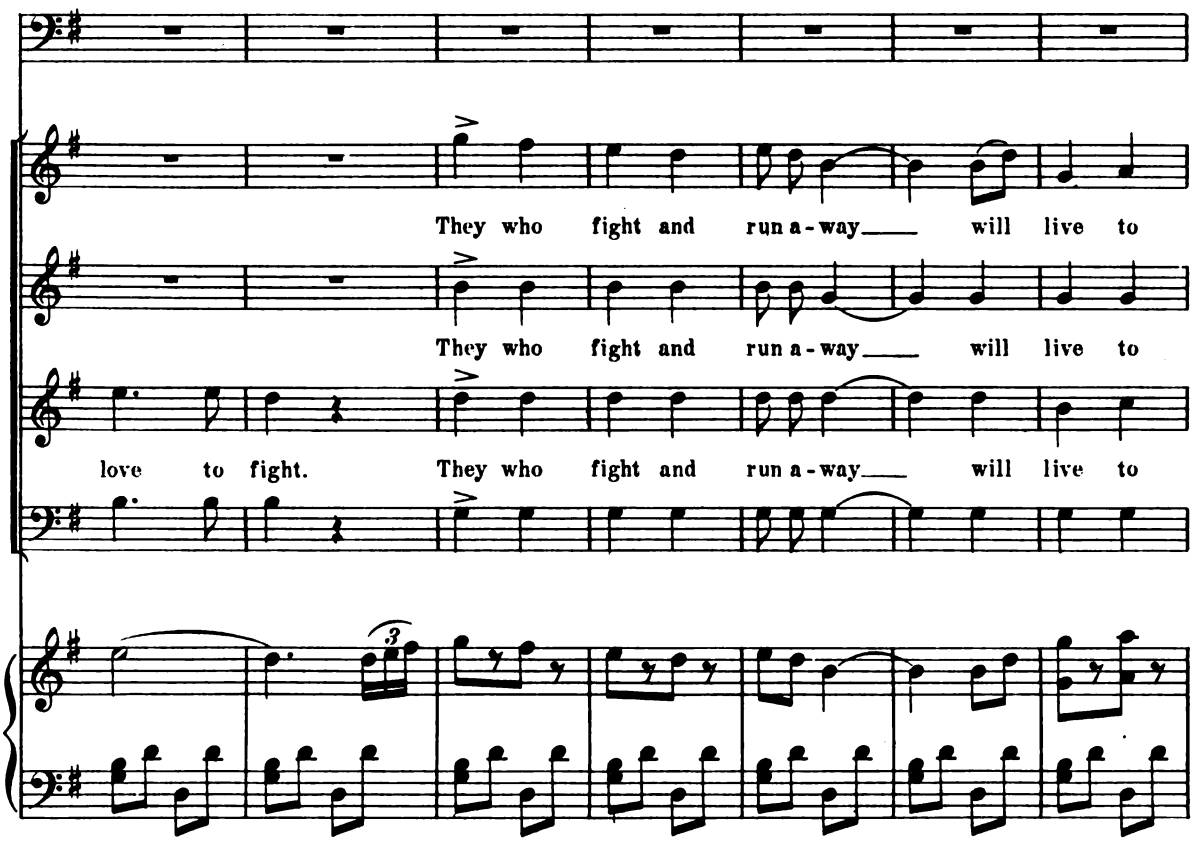

not en - list-ed with their own con - sent, To fight full well is
not en - list-ed with their own con - sent, To fight full well is
not en - list-ed with our own con - sent, To fight full well is
For
their in - tent, To fight well full_ is_ what they meant, For
their in - tent, To fight well full is what they meant, For
our in - tent, To fight well full is what we meant, For

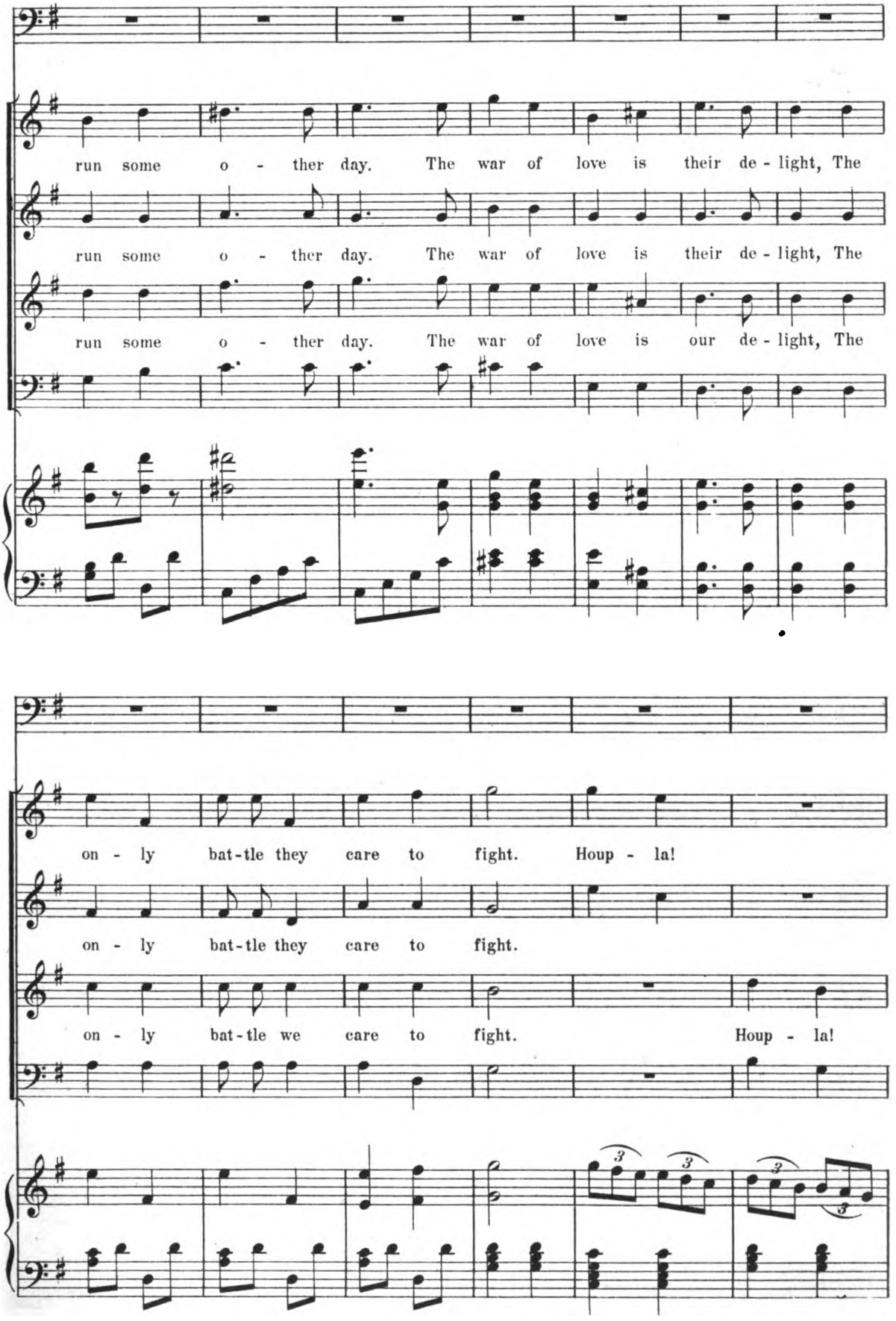

1
2
they are the sol-diers of the Par - lia - ment. Par - lia - ment.
they are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment. Par - lia - ment.
they are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment. Par - lia - ment.
we are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment. Par - lia - ment.
1
2

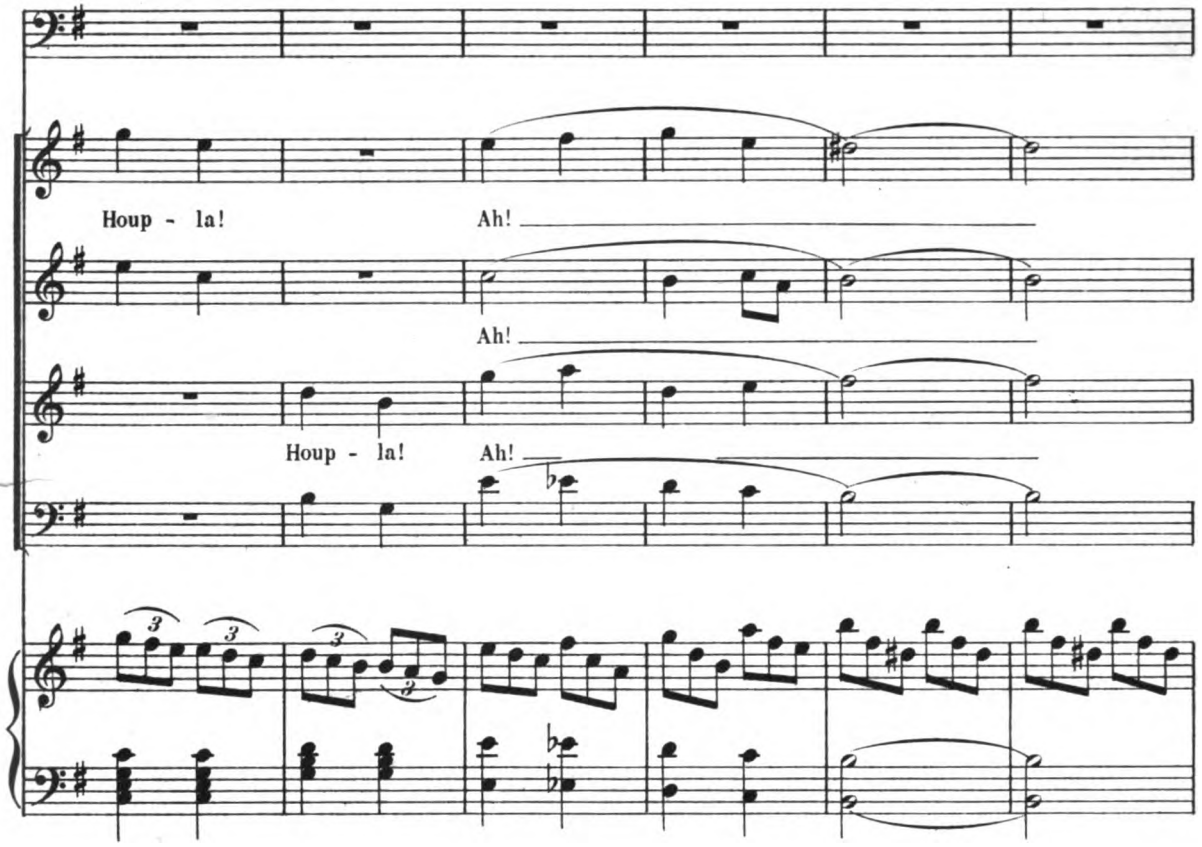
Allegro.

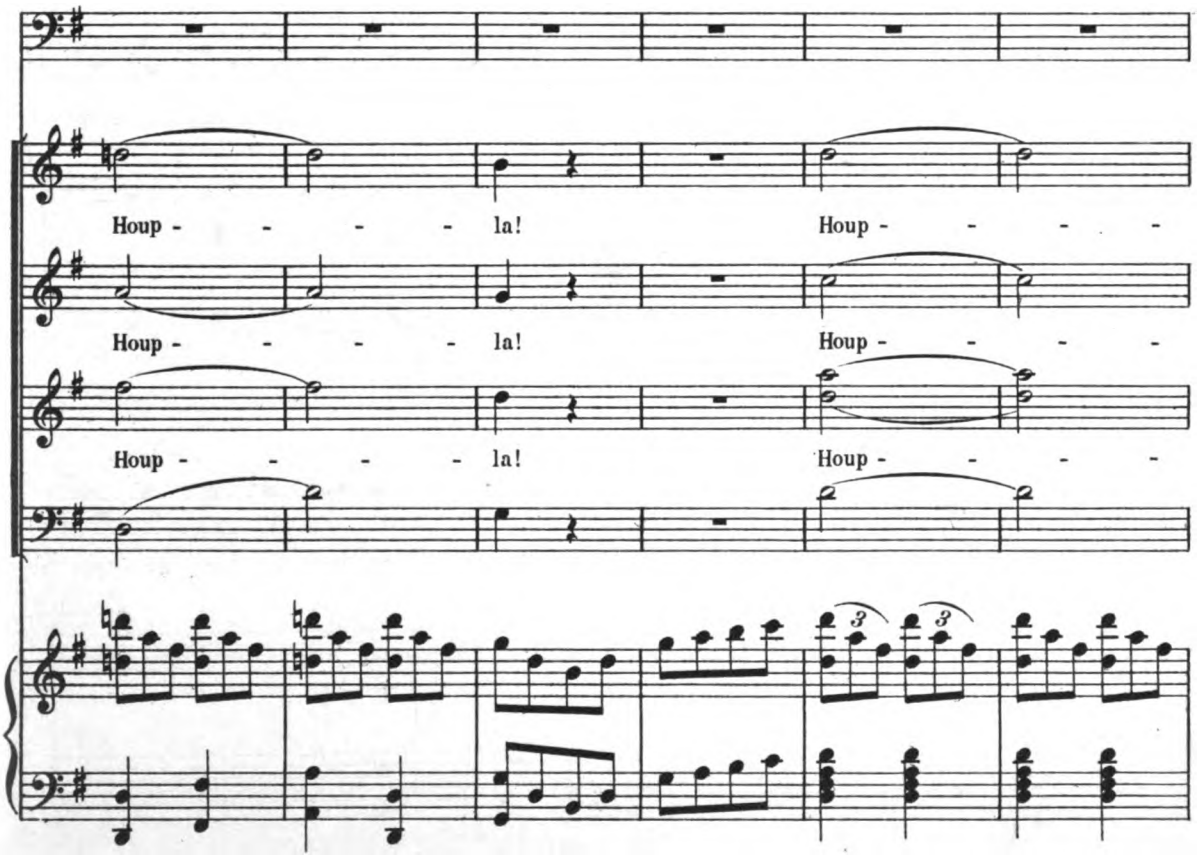

They who fight and run a - way will live to run some o-ther day.
f

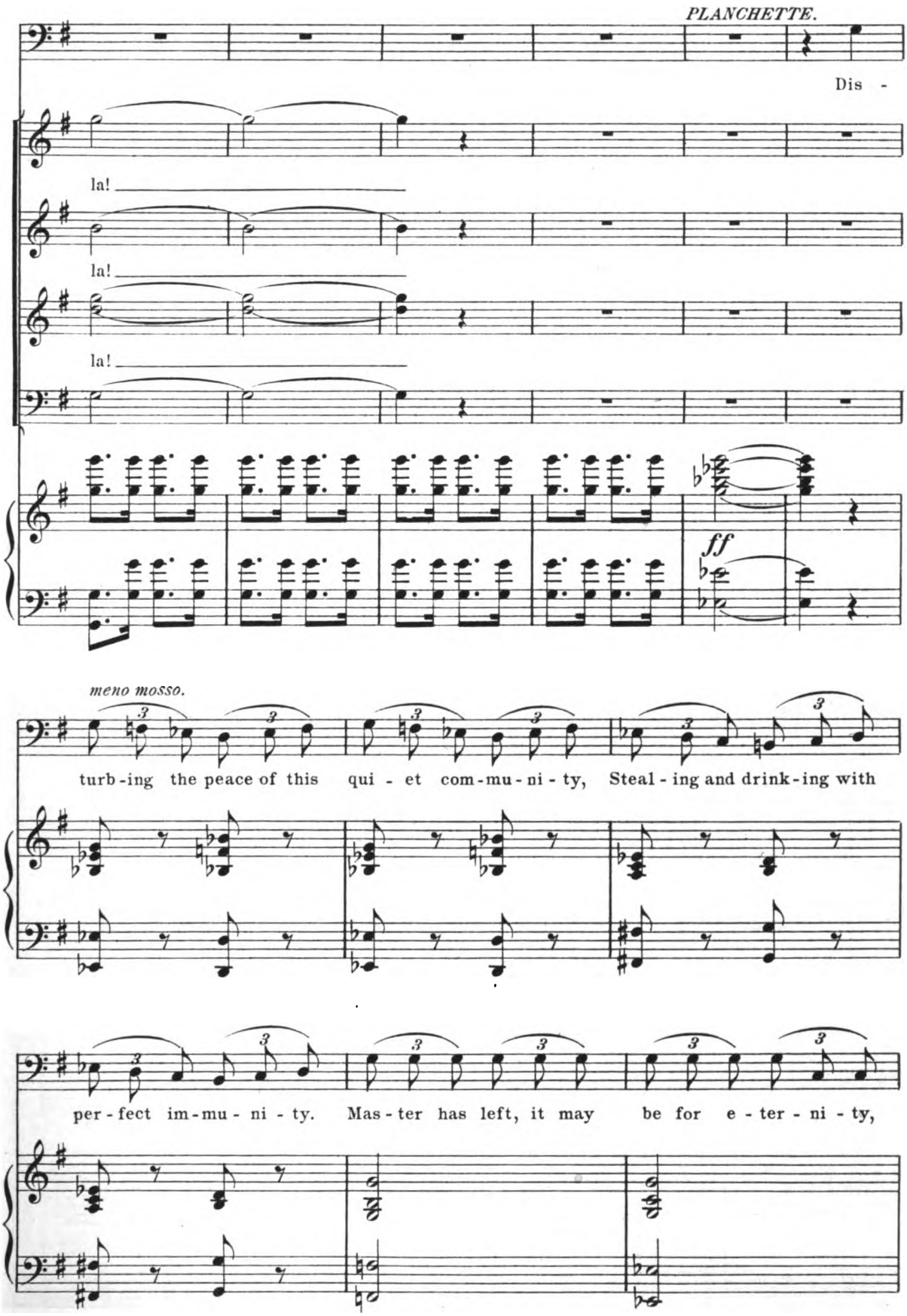

The bat-tle of love is our de-light, the on - ly battle we

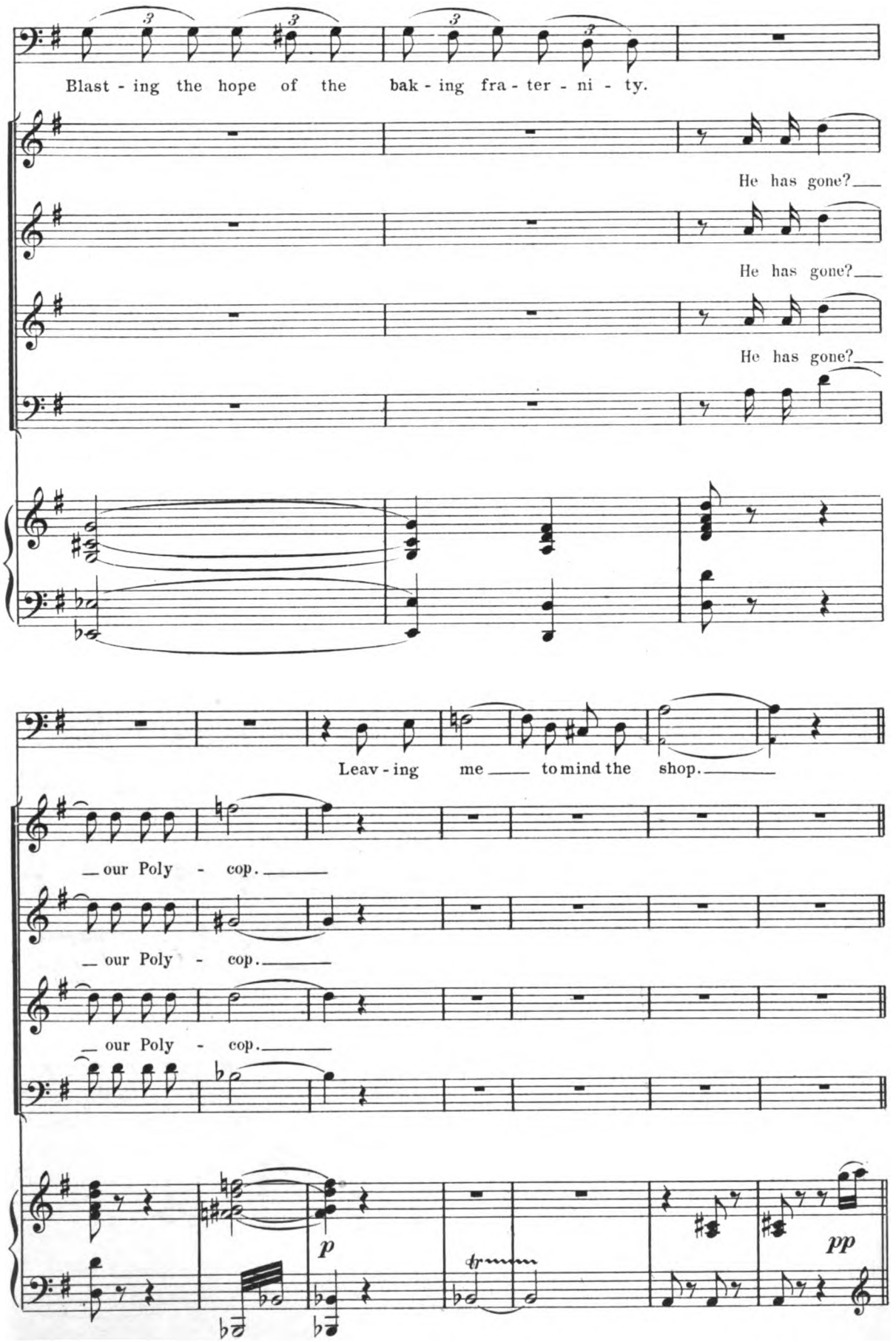

They who fight and run a - way will live to
They who fight and run a - way will live to
love to fight. They who fight and run a - way will live to
3


run some o - ther day. The war of love is their de - light, The
run some o - ther day. The war of love is their de - light, The
run some o - ther day. The war of love is our de - light, The
on - ly bat-tle they care to fight. Houp - la!
on - ly bat-tle they care to fight.
on - ly bat-tle we care to fight. Houp - la!

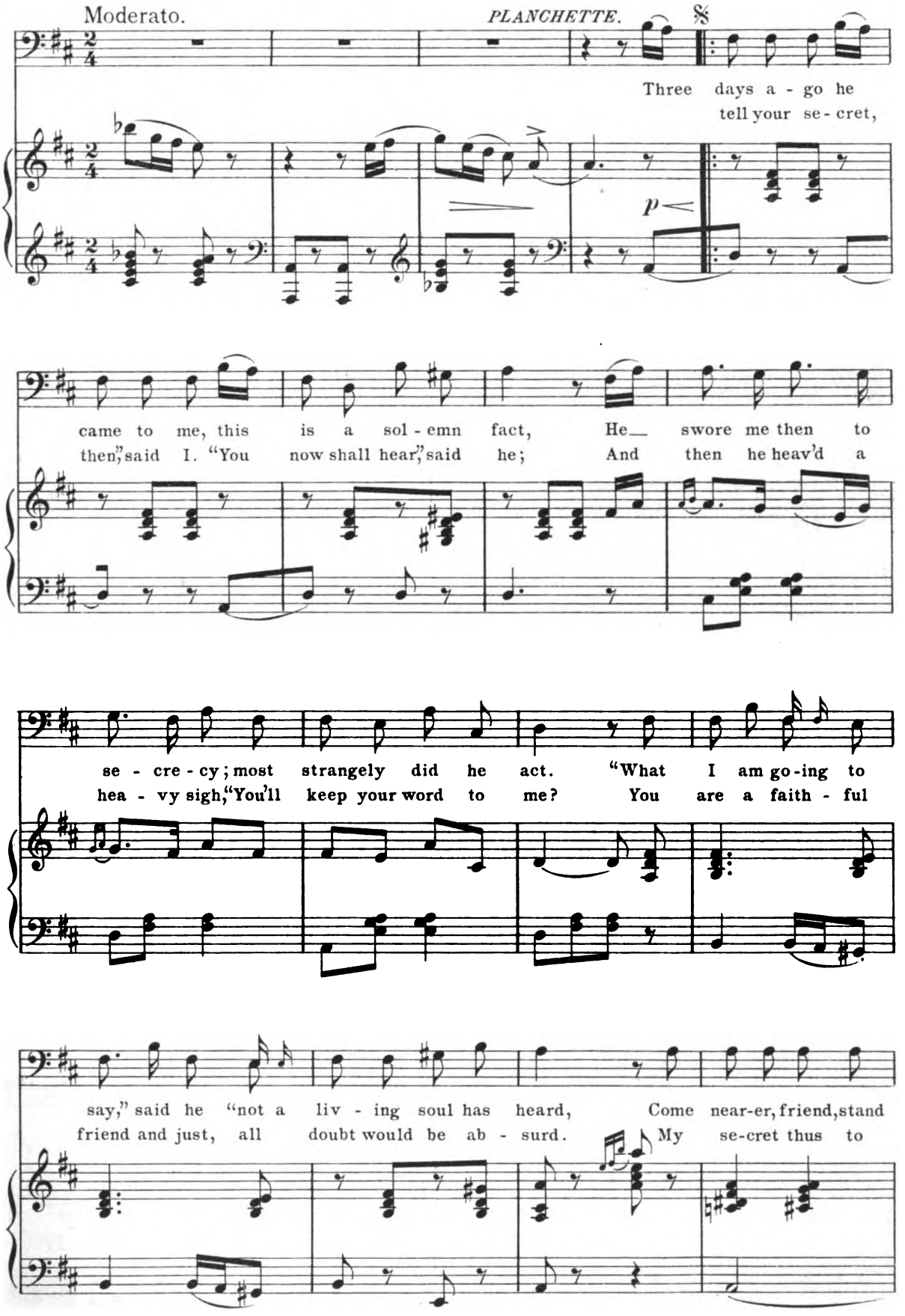

Houp - la!
Ah!
Ah!
Houp - la!
Ah!

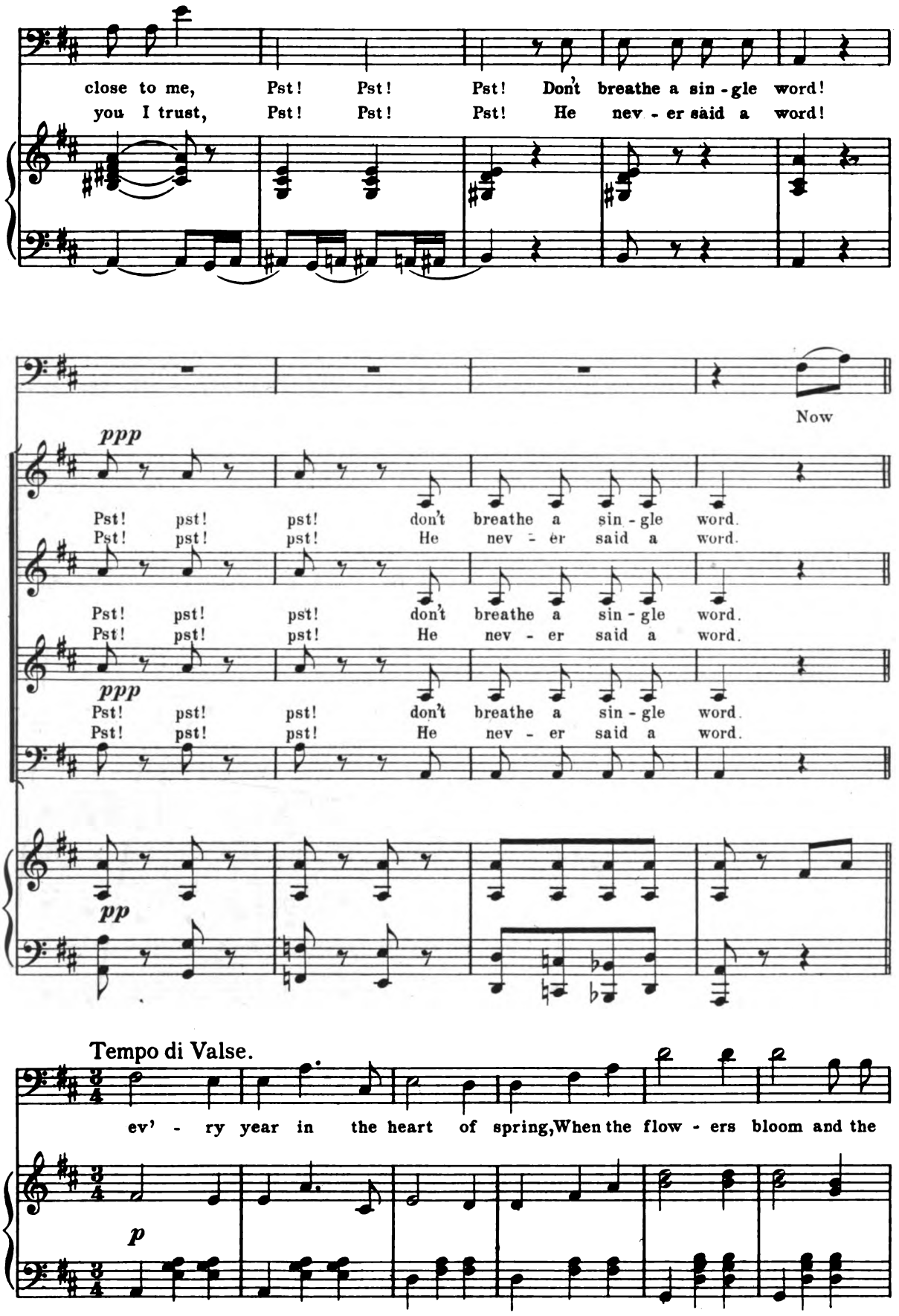

Houp - - - - la!
Houp - - - -
Houp - - - - la!
Houp - - - -
Houp - - - - la!
Houp - - - -

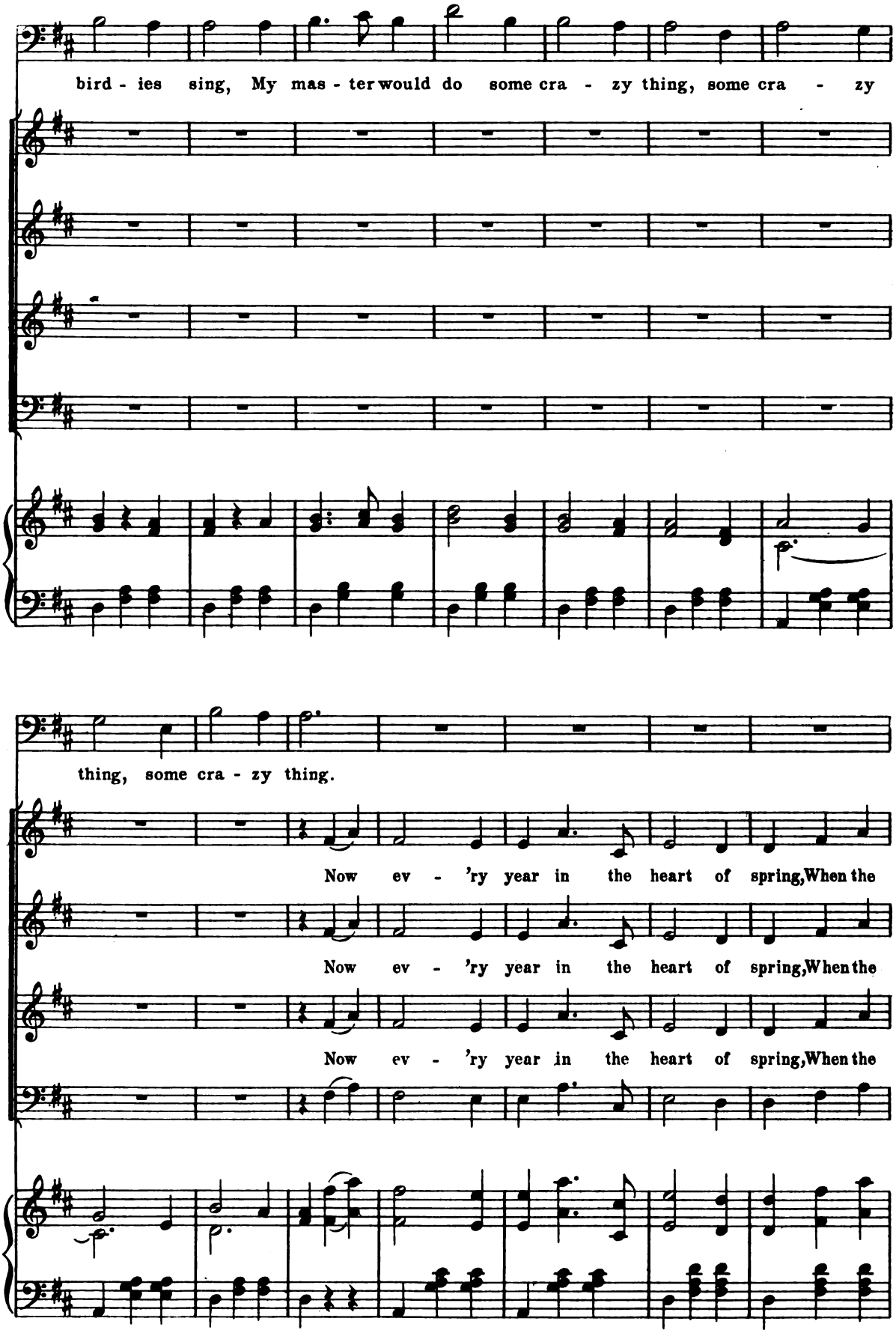

PLANCHETTE.
Dis -
la!
la!
la!
ff
meno mosso.
turb-ing the peace of this qui - et com-mu-ni-ty, Steal-ing and drink-ing with
per-fect im-mu-ni-ty. Mas-ter has left, it may be for e-ter-ni-ty,

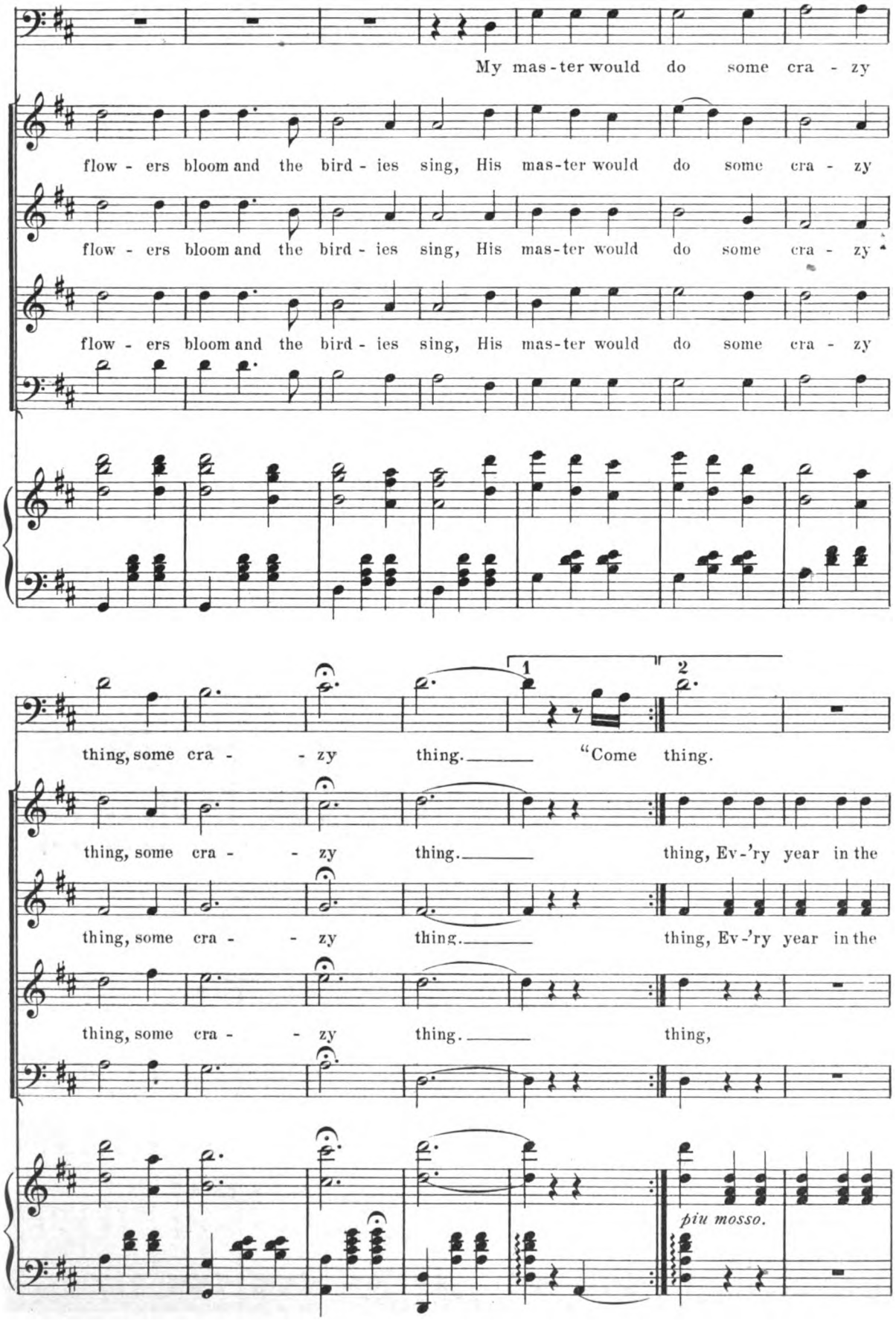

Blast - ing the hope of the bak - ing fra - ter - ni - ty.
He has gone?
He has gone?
He has gone?
Leav - ing me to mind the shop.
our Poly - cop.
our Poly - cop.
our Poly - cop.
p
pp

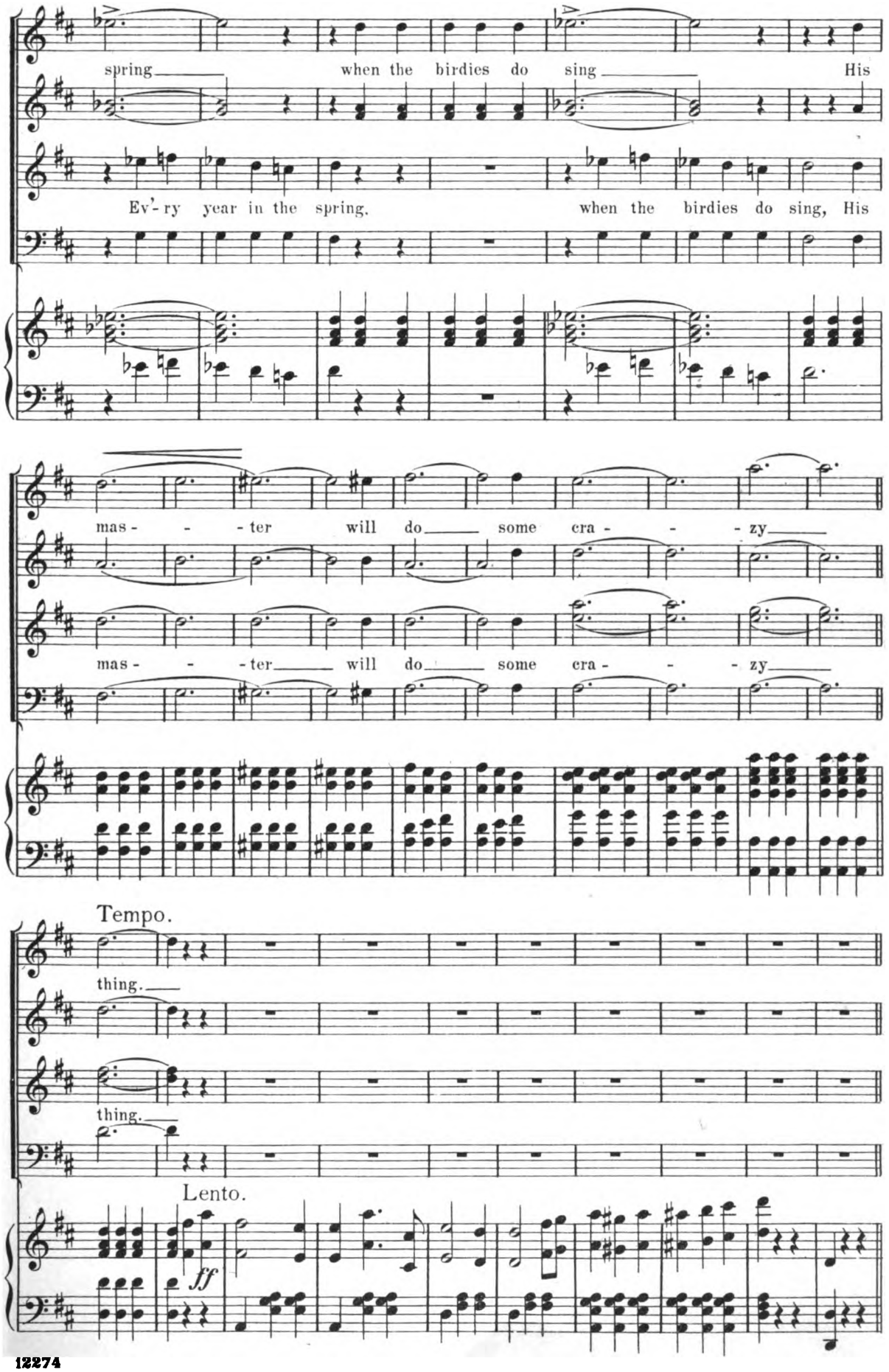
Song (d) "He never said a word."

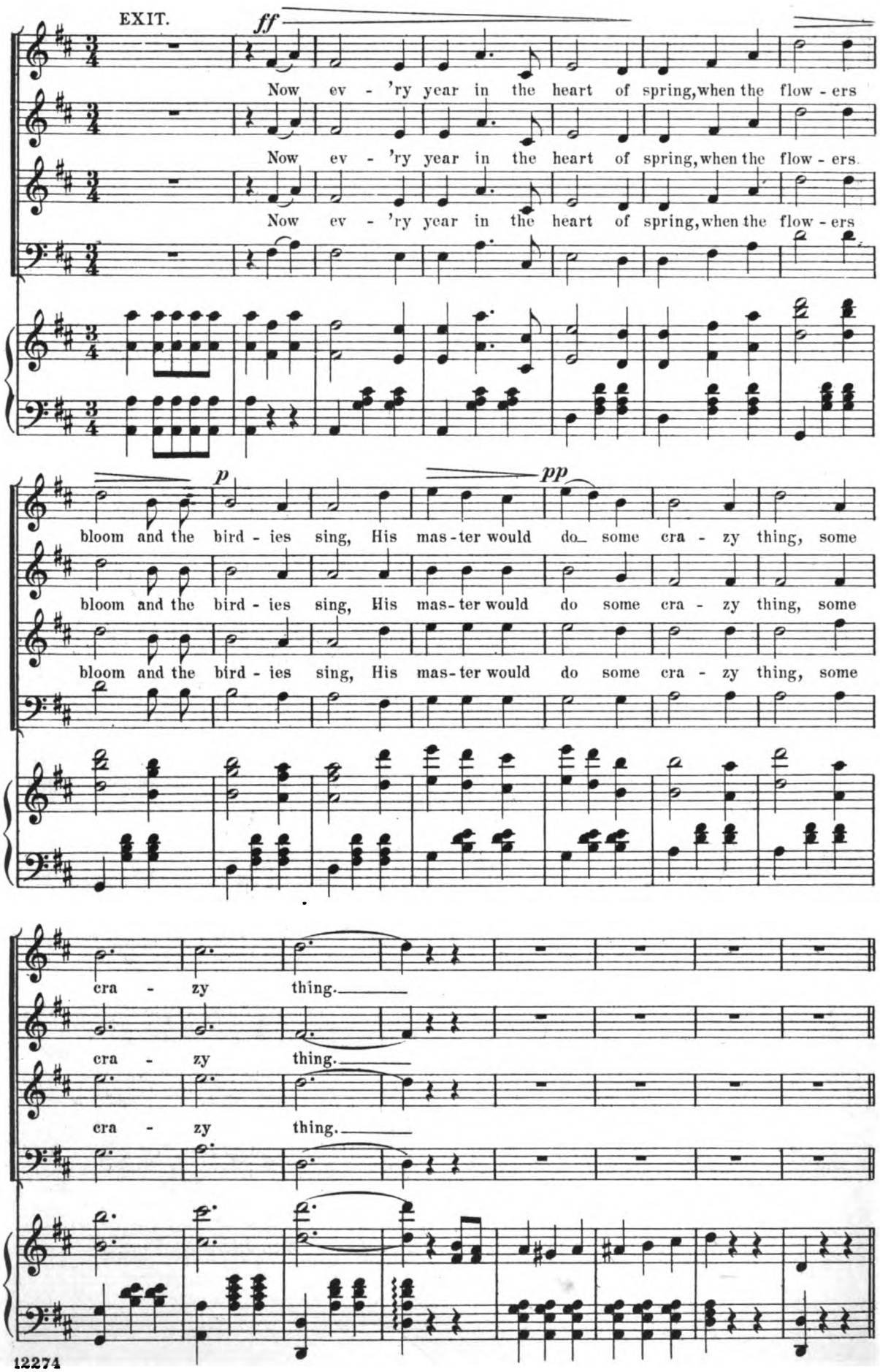



close to me, Pst! Pst! Pst! Don't breathe a sin - gle word!
you I trust, Pst! Pst! Pst! He nev - er said a word!
Now
ppp
Pst! pst! pst! don't breathe a sin - gle word.
Pst! pst! pst! He nev - er said a word.
pp
Tempo di Valse.
ev' - ry year in the heart of spring, When the flow - ers bloom and the
p

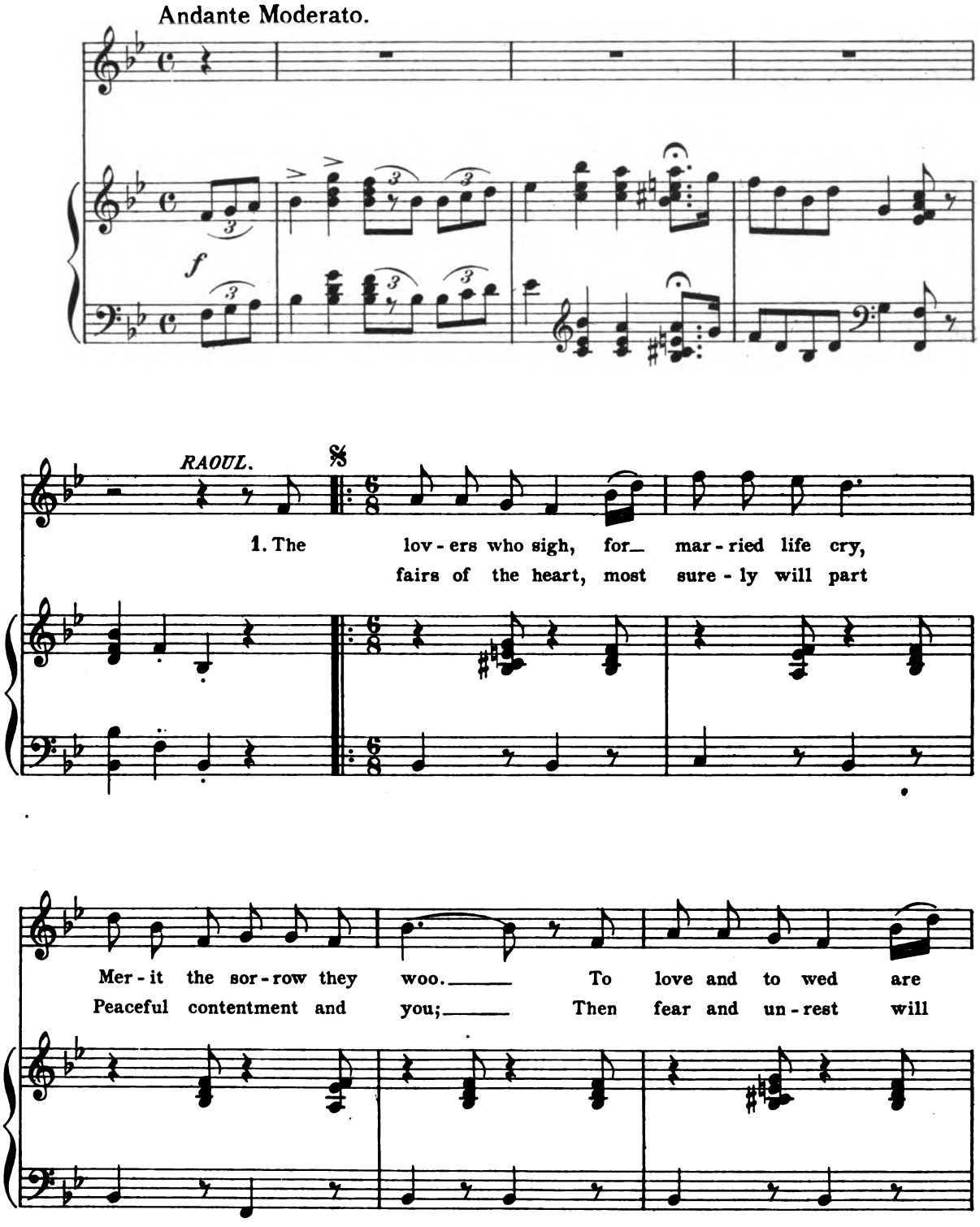

bird - ies sing, My mas - ter would do some cra - zy thing, some cra - zy
thing, some cra - zy thing.
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, When the
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, When the
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, When the

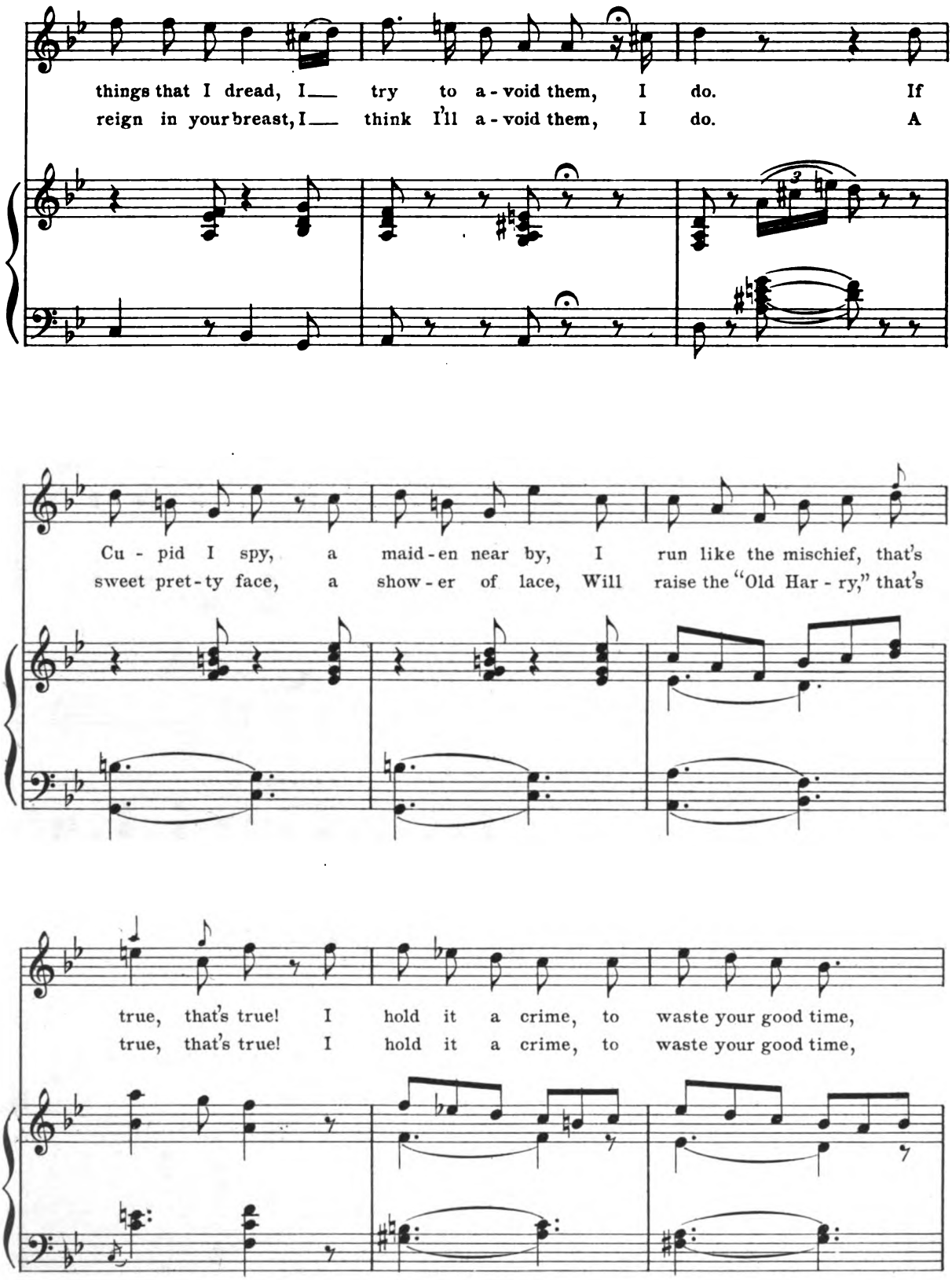

My mas-ter would do some cra - zy
flow - ers bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas-ter would do some cra - zy
flow - ers bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas-ter would do some cra - zy
flow - ers bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas-ter would do some cra - zy
1
2
thing, some cra - - zy thing. "Come thing.
thing, some cra - - zy thing. thing, Ev-'ry year in the
thing, some cra - - zy thing. thing, Ev-'ry year in the
thing, some cra - - zy thing. thing,
piu mosso.

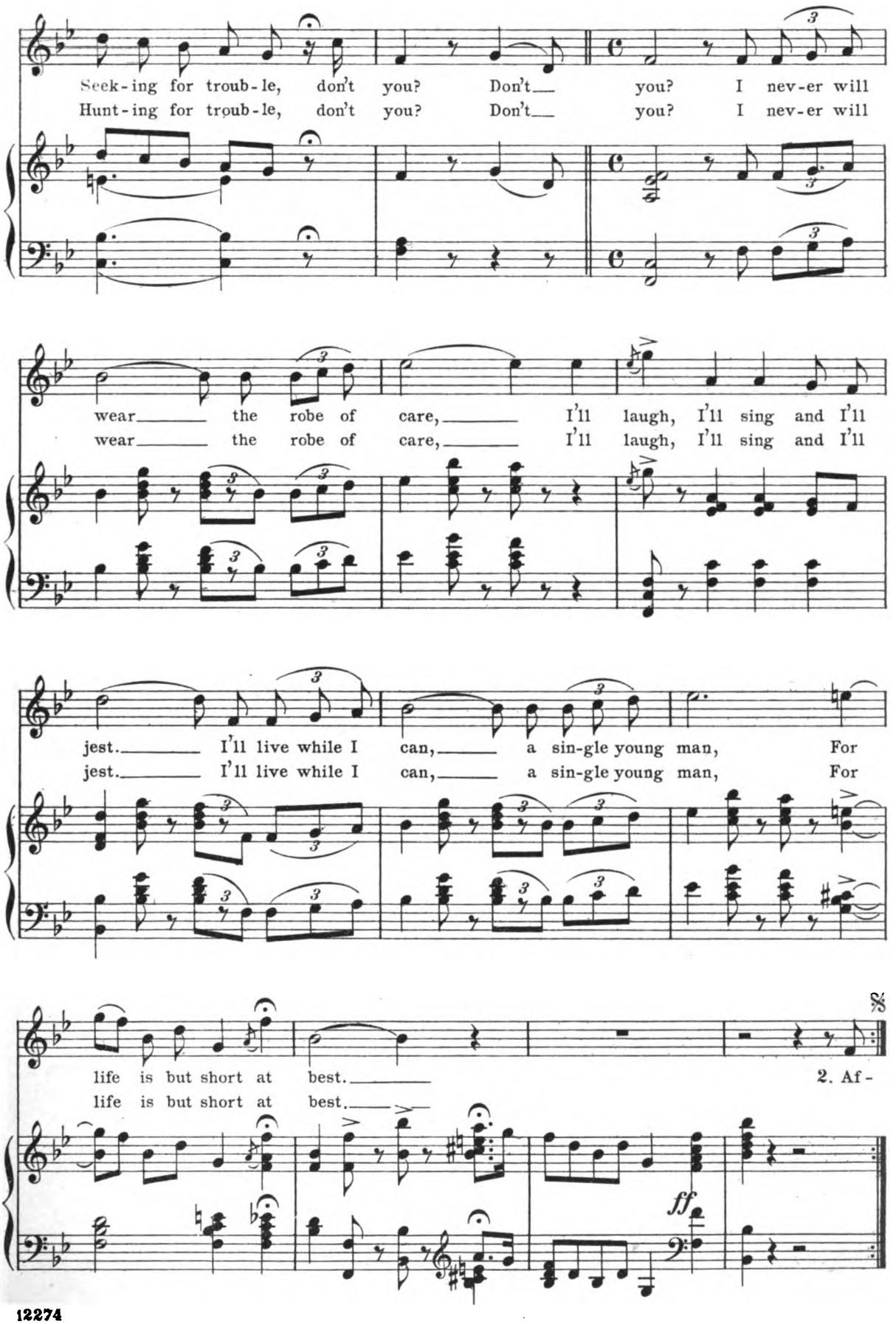

spring when the birdies do sing His
Ev'- ry year in the spring, when the birdies do sing, His
mas - - - ter will do some cra - - - zy
mas - - - ter will do some cra - - - zy
Tempo.
thing.
thing.
Lento.
ff


EXIT.
ff
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, when the flow - ers
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, when the flow - ers.
Now ev - 'ry year in the heart of spring, when the flow - ers
p
pp
bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas - ter would do some cra - zy thing, some
bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas - ter would do some cra - zy thing, some
bloom and the bird - ies sing, His mas - ter would do some cra - zy thing, some
cra - zy thing.
cra - zy thing.
cra - zy thing.

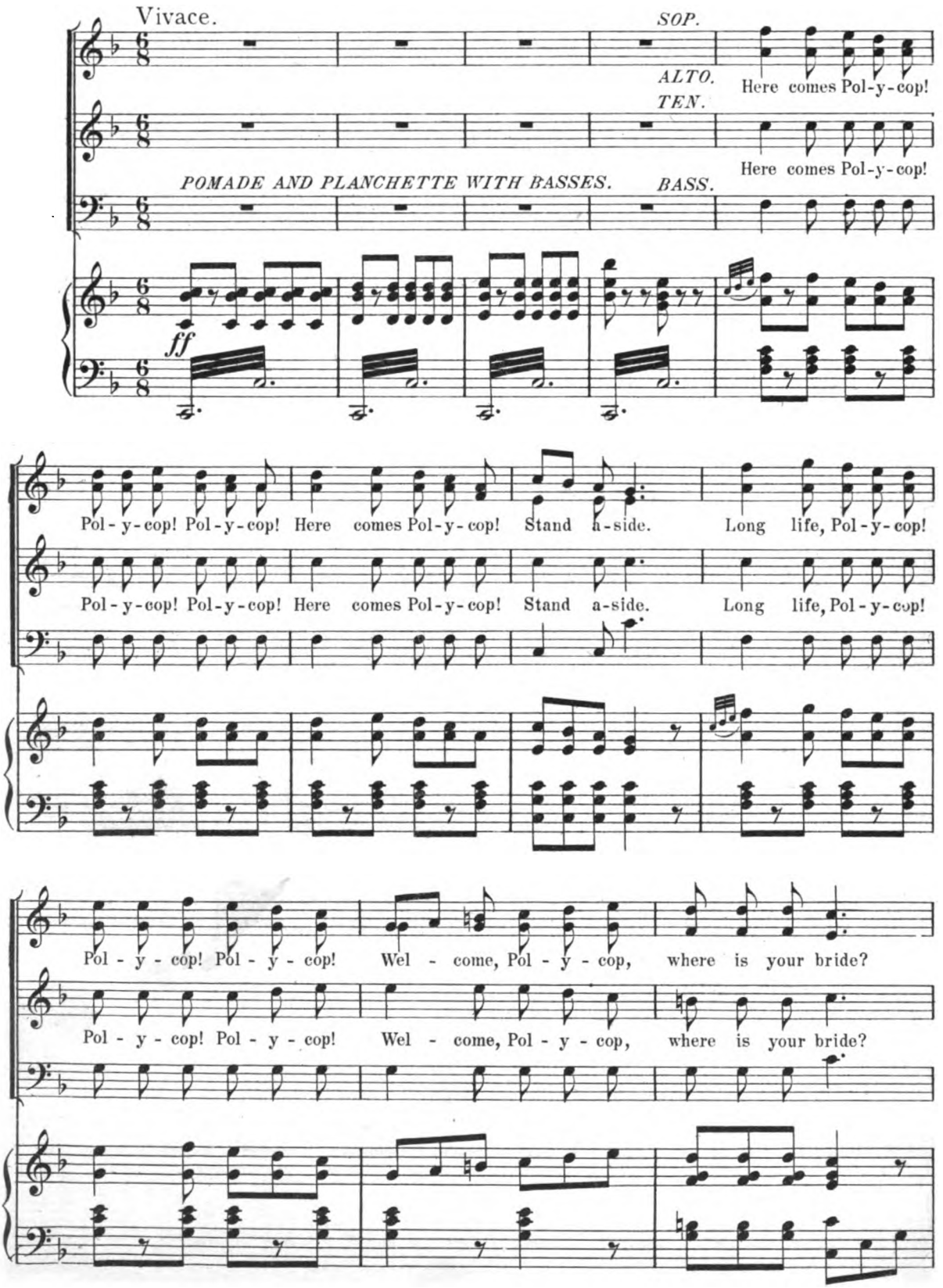
No 2. Song. "Life is but short at the best."

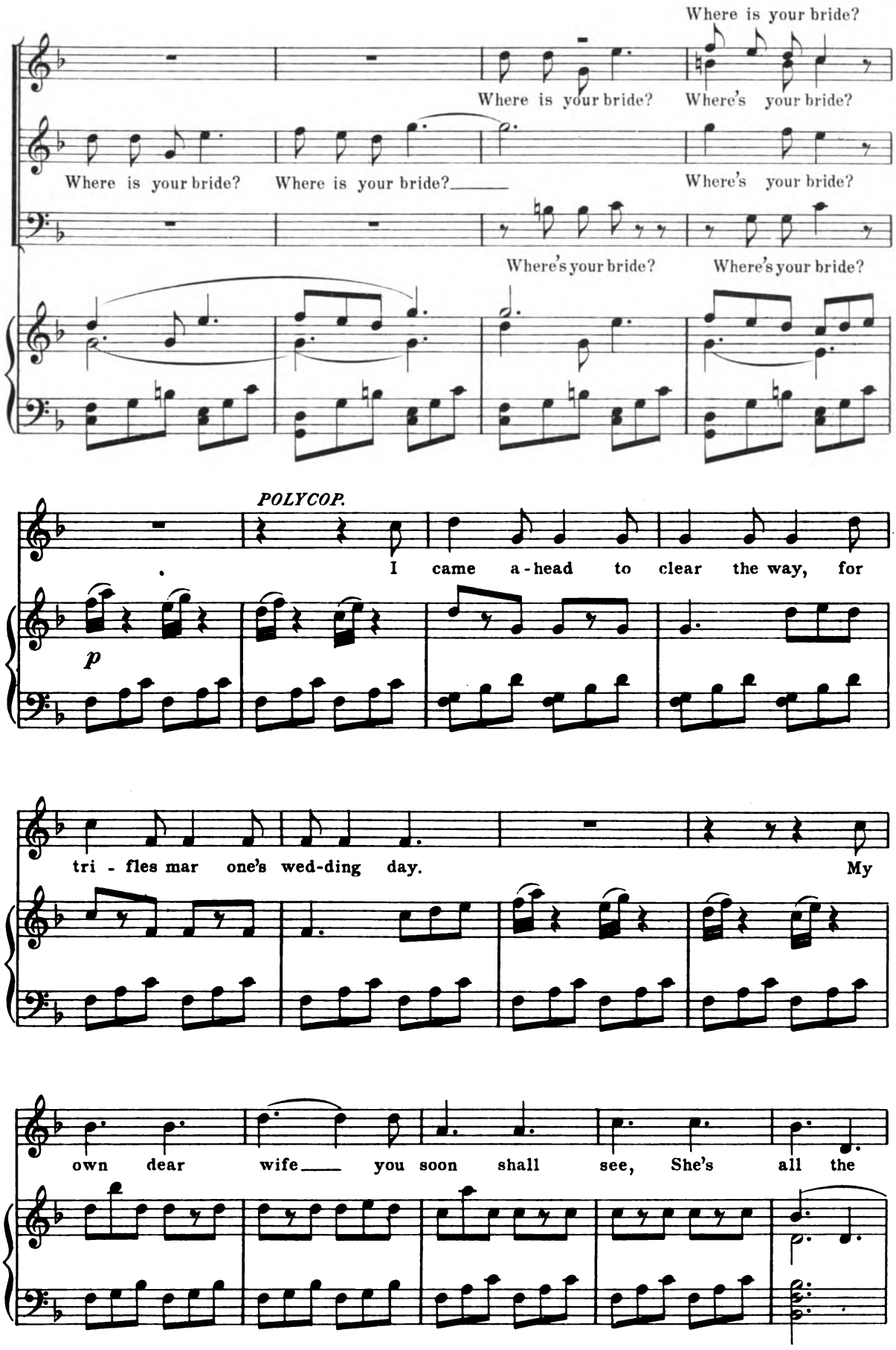


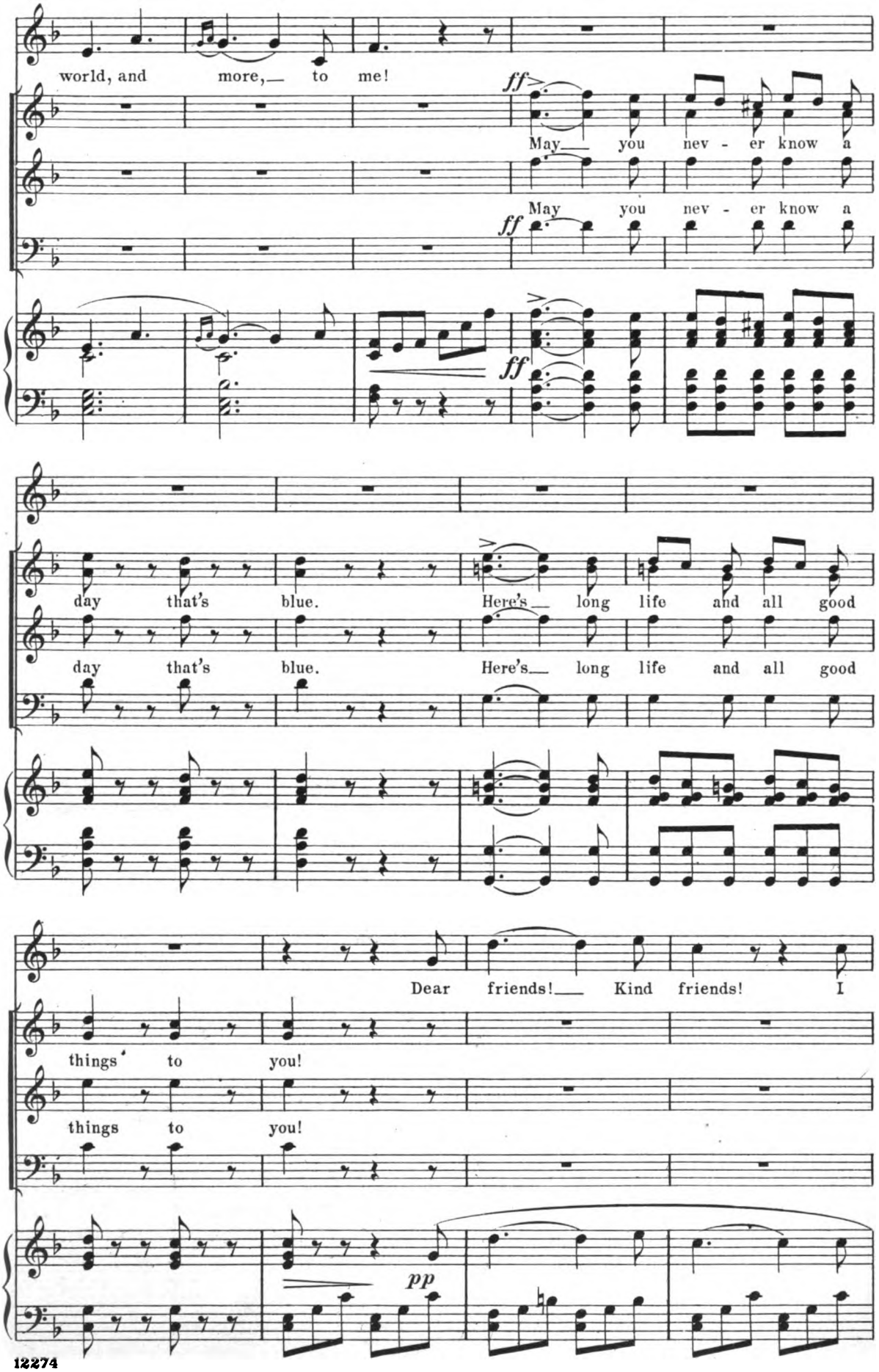

things that I dread, I try to a - void them, I do. If
reign in your breast, I think I'll a - void them, I do. A
Cu - pid I spy, a maid - en near by, I run like the mischief, that's
sweet pret - ty face, a show - er of lace, Will raise the "Old Har - ry," that's
true, that's true! I hold it a crime, to waste your good time,
true, that's true! I hold it a crime, to waste your good time,

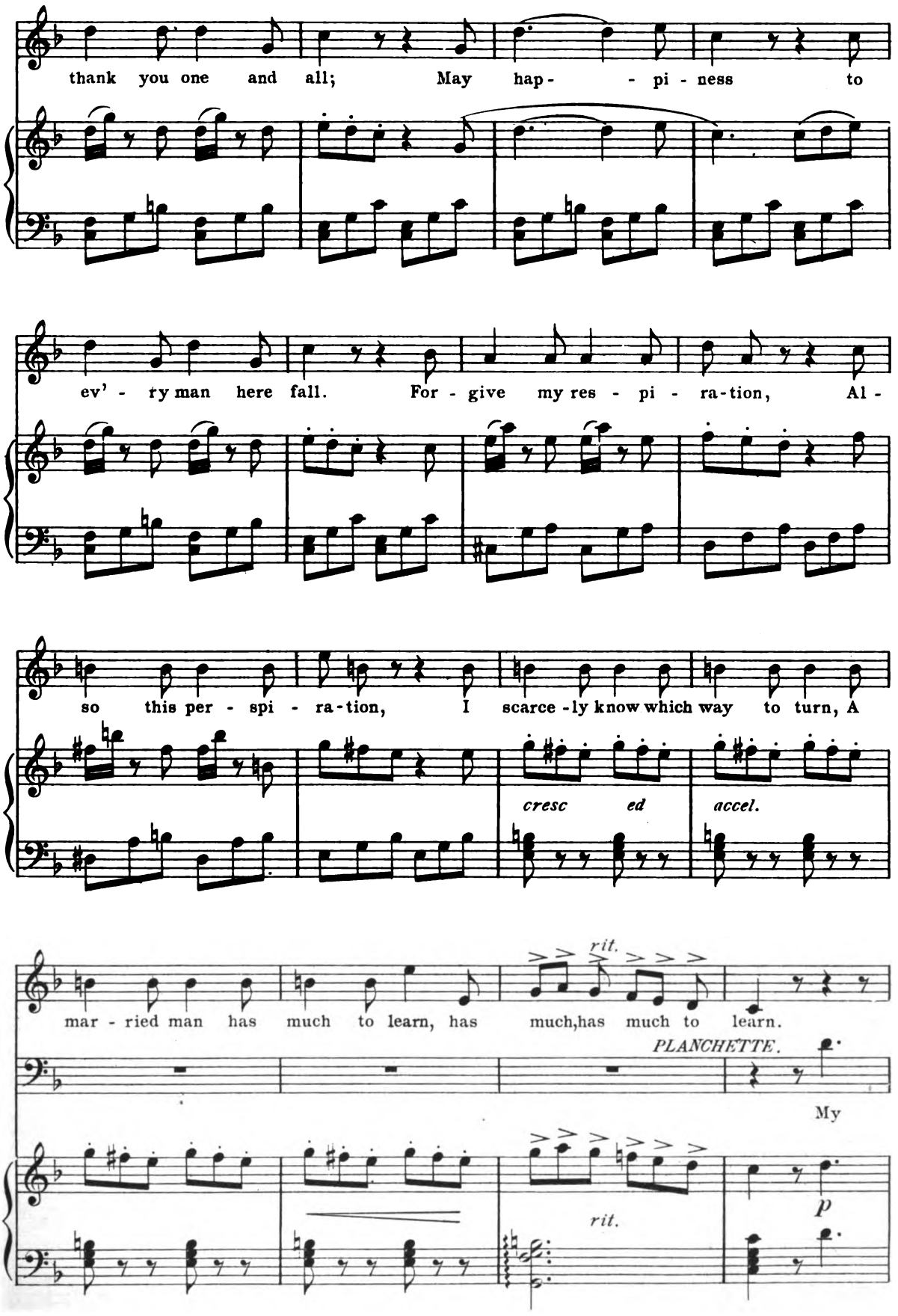

Seek-ing for troub-le, don't you? Don't you? I nev-er will
Hunt-ing for troub-le, don't you? Don't you? I nev-er will
wear the robe of care, I'll laugh, I'll sing and I'll
wear the robe of care, I'll laugh, I'll sing and I'll
jest. I'll live while I can, a sin-gle young man, For
jest. I'll live while I can, a sin-gle young man, For
life is but short at best. 2. Af-
life is but short at best.
ff

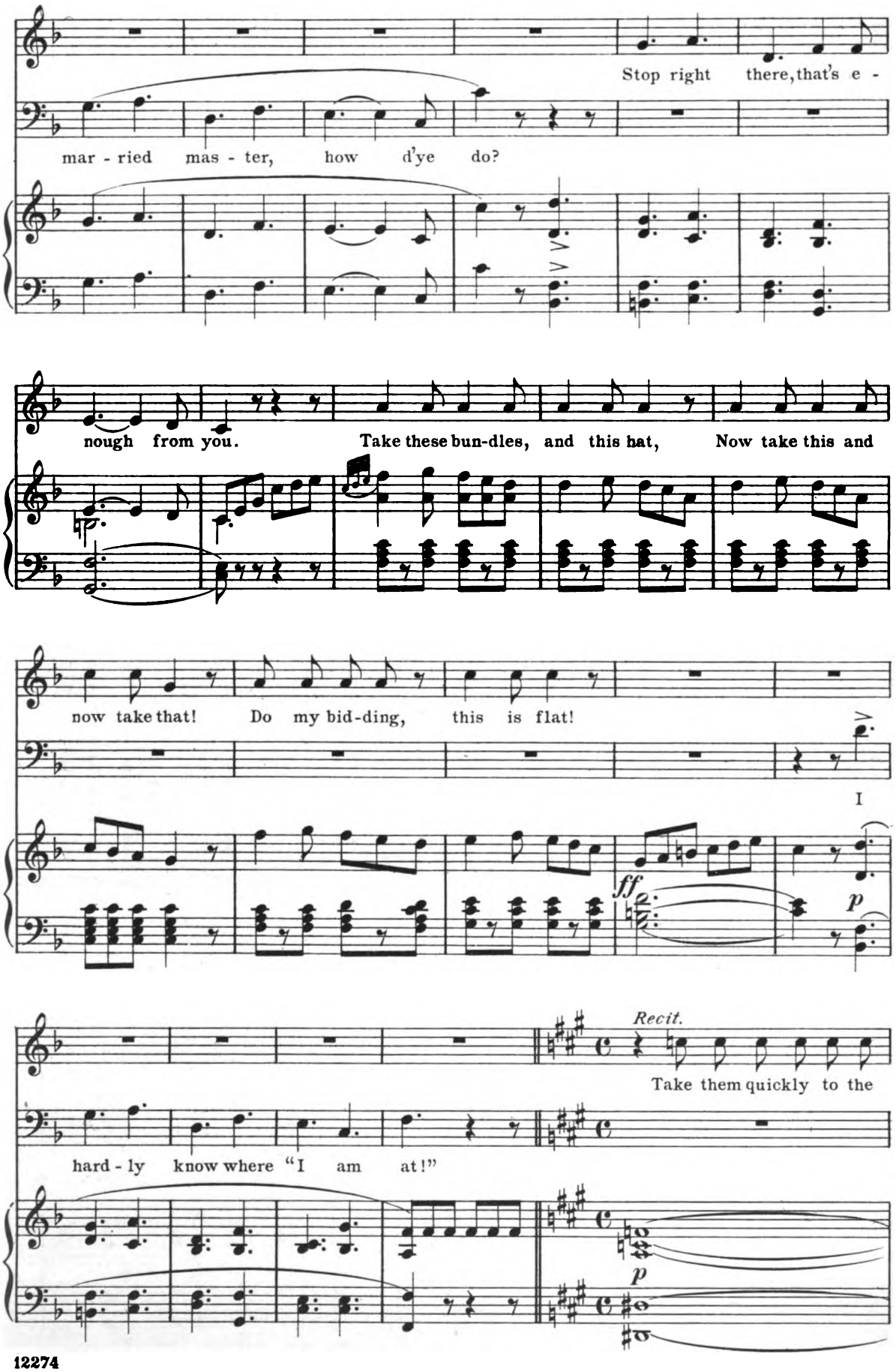
Nº 3. Ensemble and Song. "Rose-Marie."

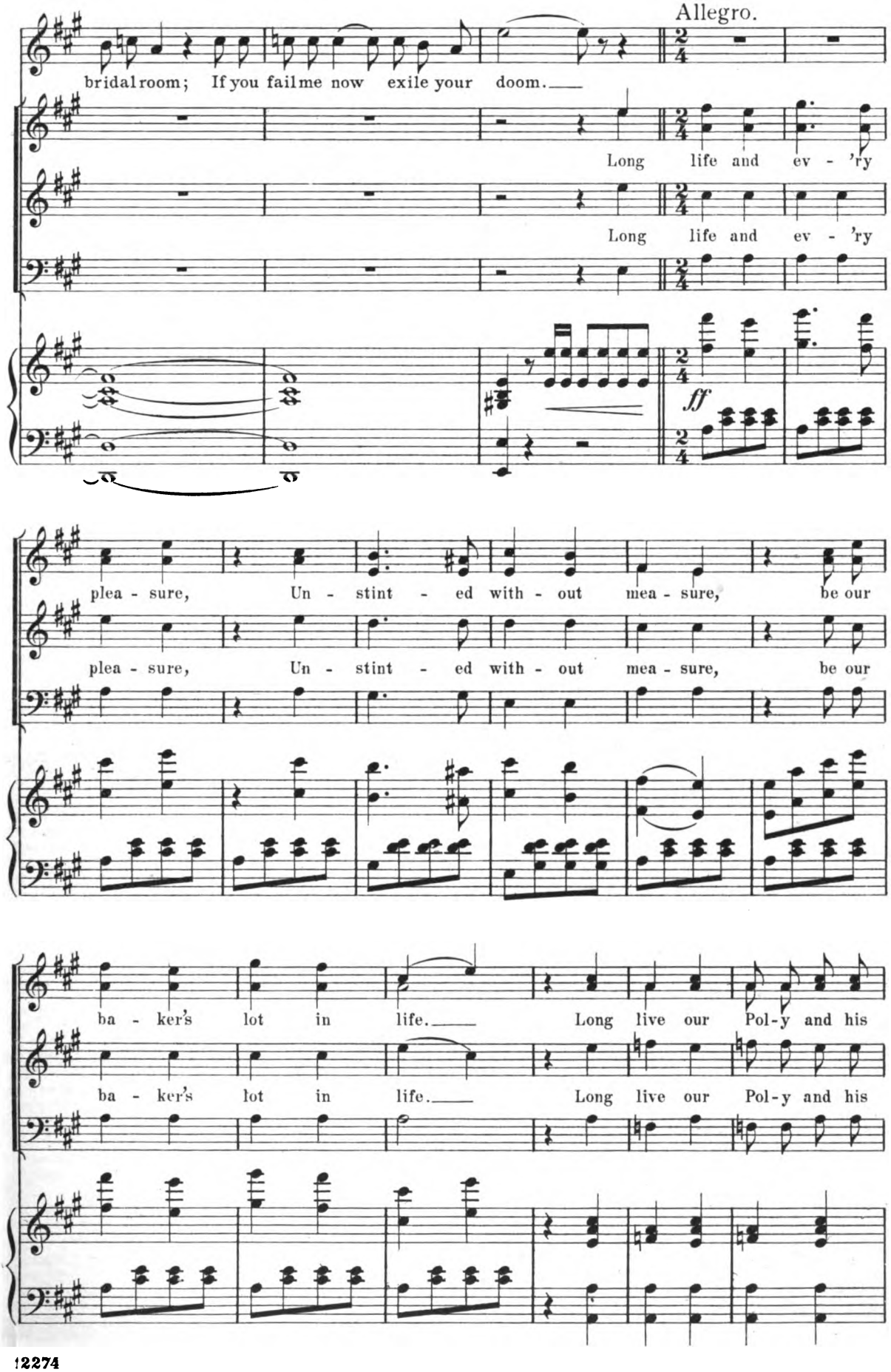


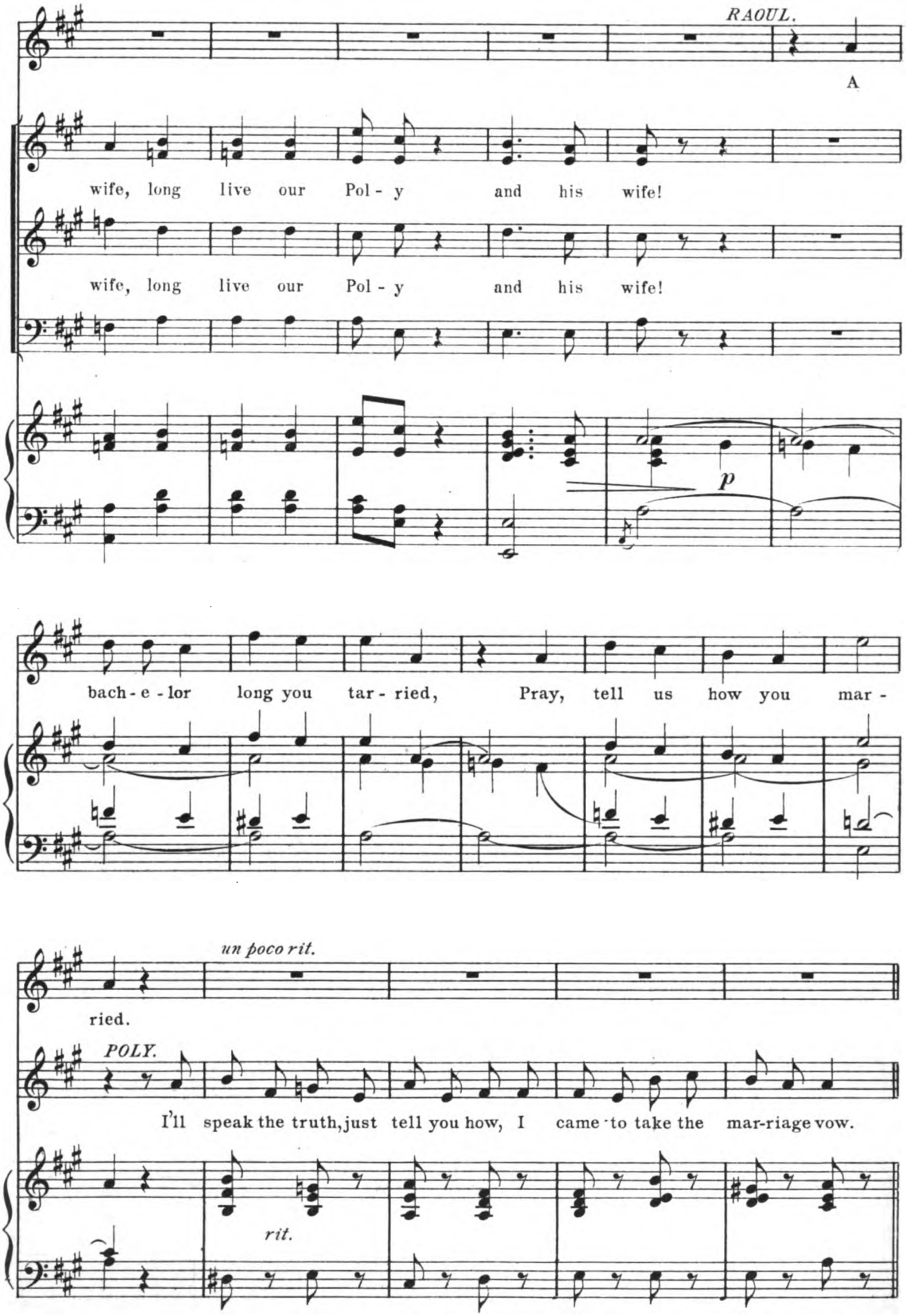

Where is your bride?
Where is your bride?
Where's your bride?
Where is your bride?
Where is your bride?
Where's your bride?
Where's your bride?
Where's your bride?
POLYCOP.
I came a-head to clear the way, for
p
tri - fles mar one's wed-ding day.
My
own dear wife you soon shall see, She's all the

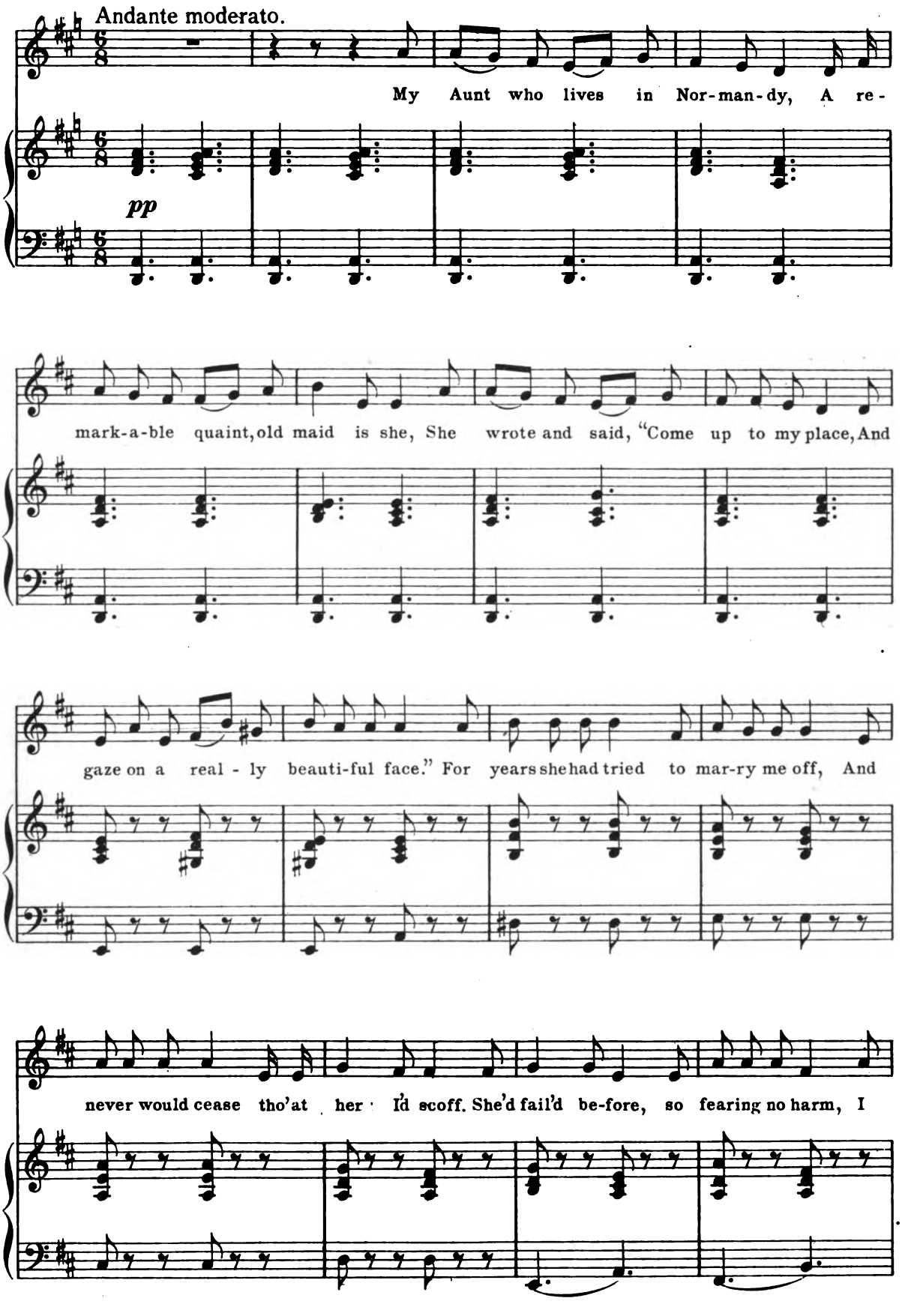

world, and more,— to me!
ff
May— you nev - er know a
May you nev - er know a
ff
ff
day that's blue. Here's— long life and all good
day that's blue. Here's— long life and all good
Dear friends!— Kind friends! I
things to you!
things to you!
pp

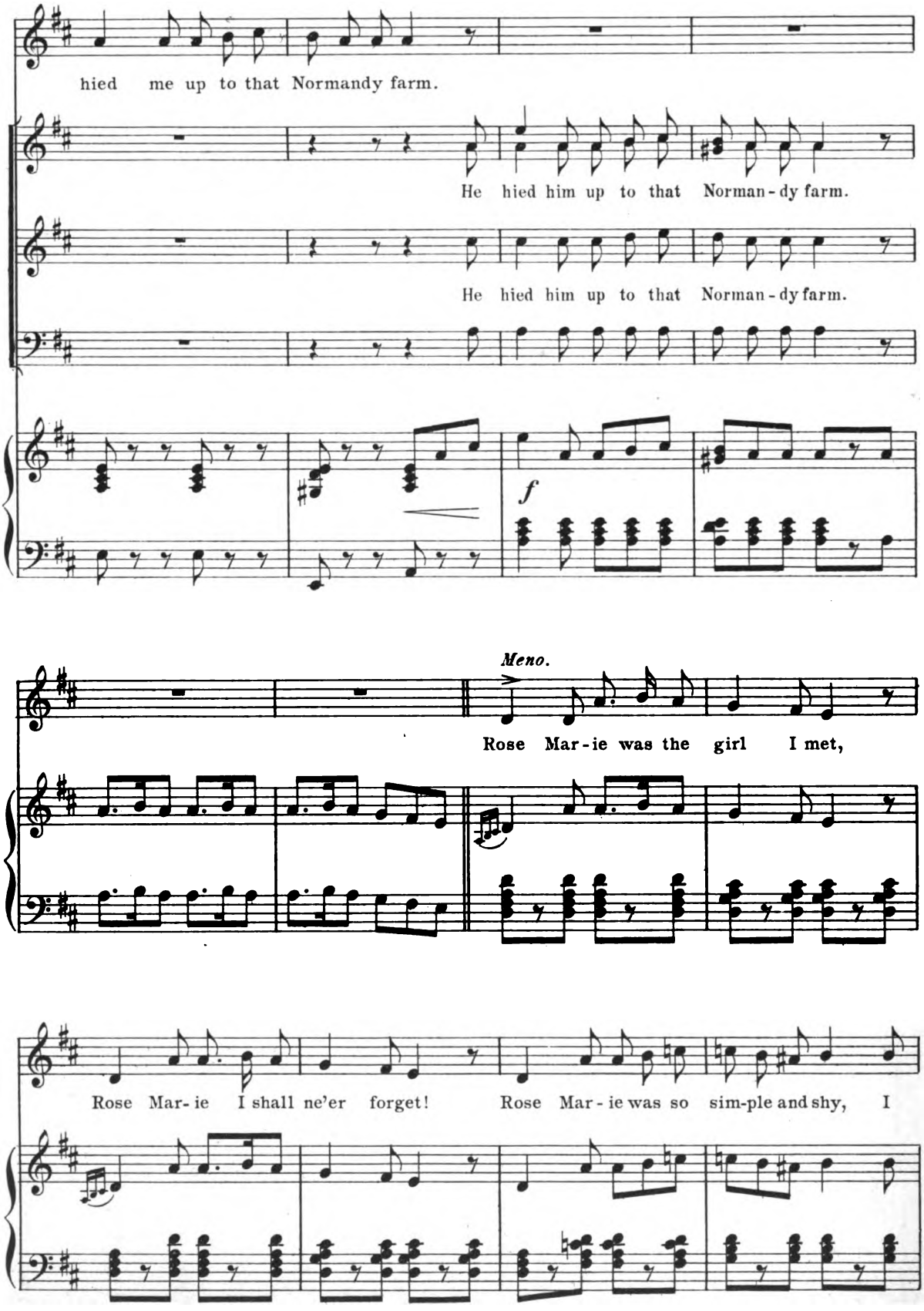

thank you one and all; May hap- - pi - ness to
ev' - ry man here fall. For - give my res - pi - ra-tion, Al -
so this per - spi - ra-tion, I scarce-ly know which way to turn, A
cresc ed
accel.
rit.
mar - ried man has much to learn, has much,has much to learn.
PLANCHETTE.
My
rit.
p

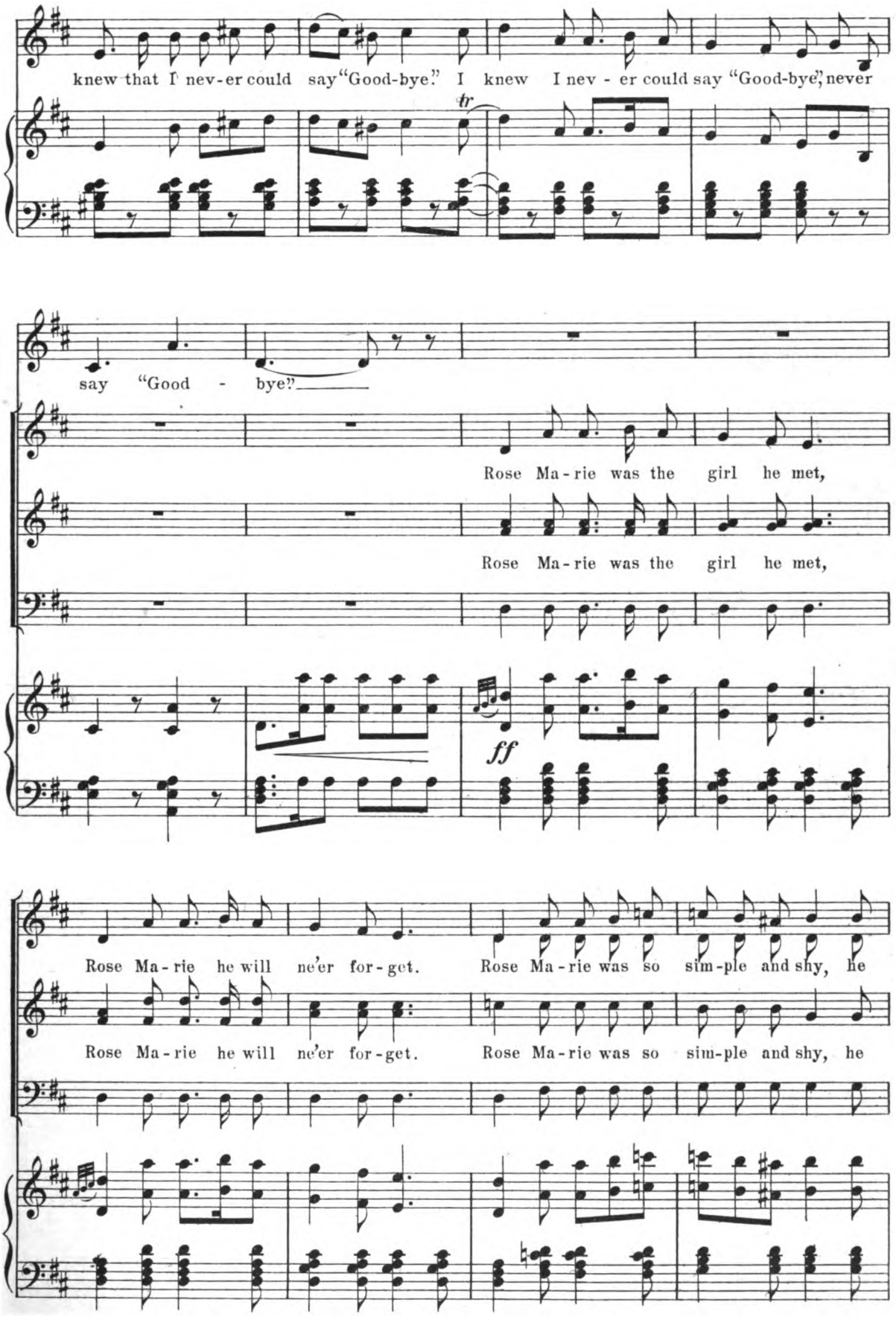

Stop right there, that's e -
mar - ried mas - ter, how d'ye do?
nough from you.
Take these bun-dles, and this hat,
Now take this and
now take that!
Do my bid-ding,
this is flat!
I
ff
p
Recit.
Take them quickly to the
hard - ly know where "I am at!"
p

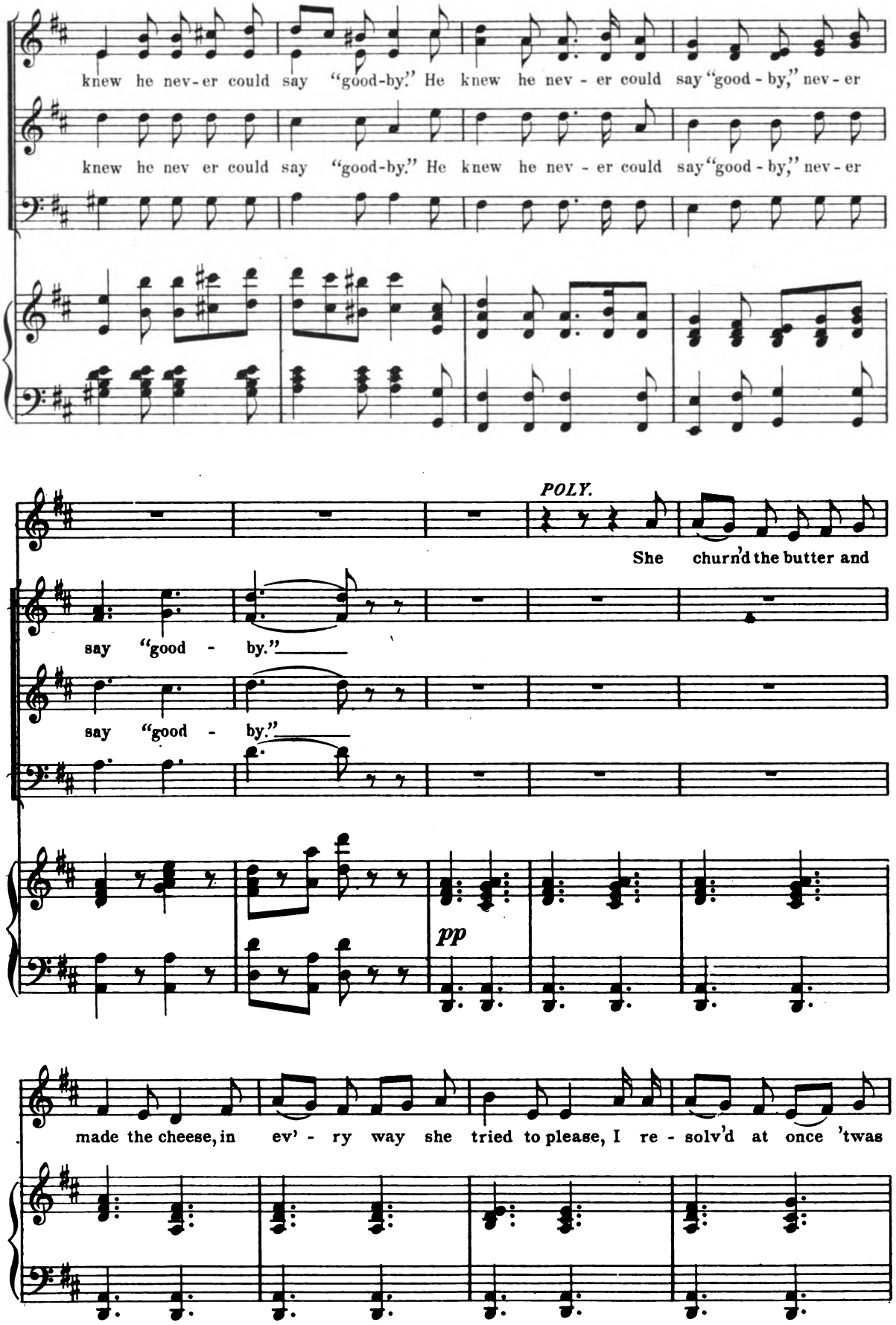

Allegro.
bridal room; If you fail me now exile your doom.
Long life and ev - 'ry
Long life and ev - 'ry
ff
plea - sure, Un - stint - ed with - out mea - sure, be our
plea - sure, Un - stint - ed with - out mea - sure, be our
ba - ker's lot in life. Long live our Pol-y and his
ba - ker's lot in life. Long live our Pol-y and his

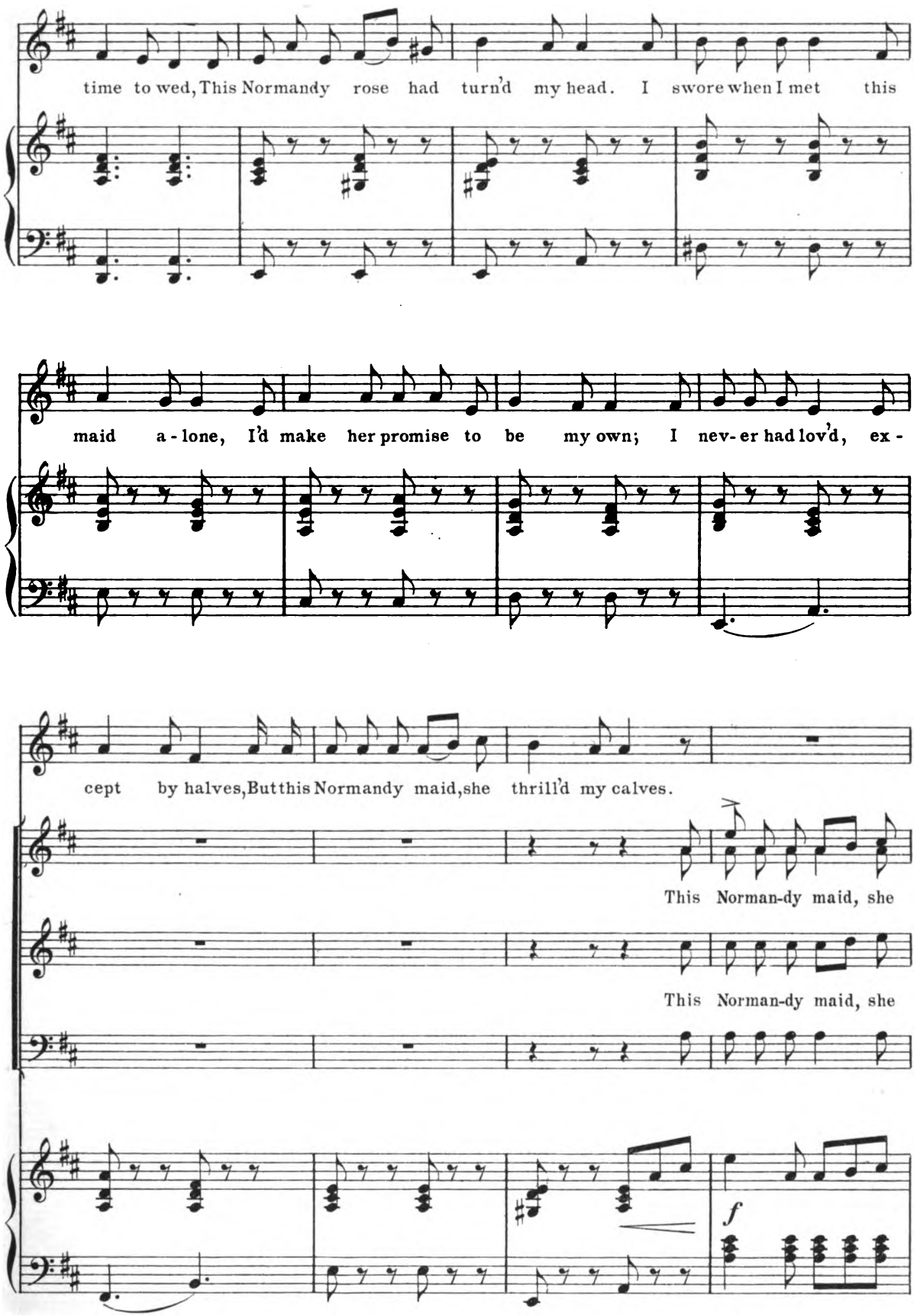

RAOUL.
A
wife, long live our Pol - y and his wife!
wife, long live our Pol - y and his wife!
p
bach - e - lor long you tar - ried, Pray, tell us how you mar -
un poco rit.
ried.
POLY.
I'll speak the truth, just tell you how, I came to take the mar-riage vow.
rit.

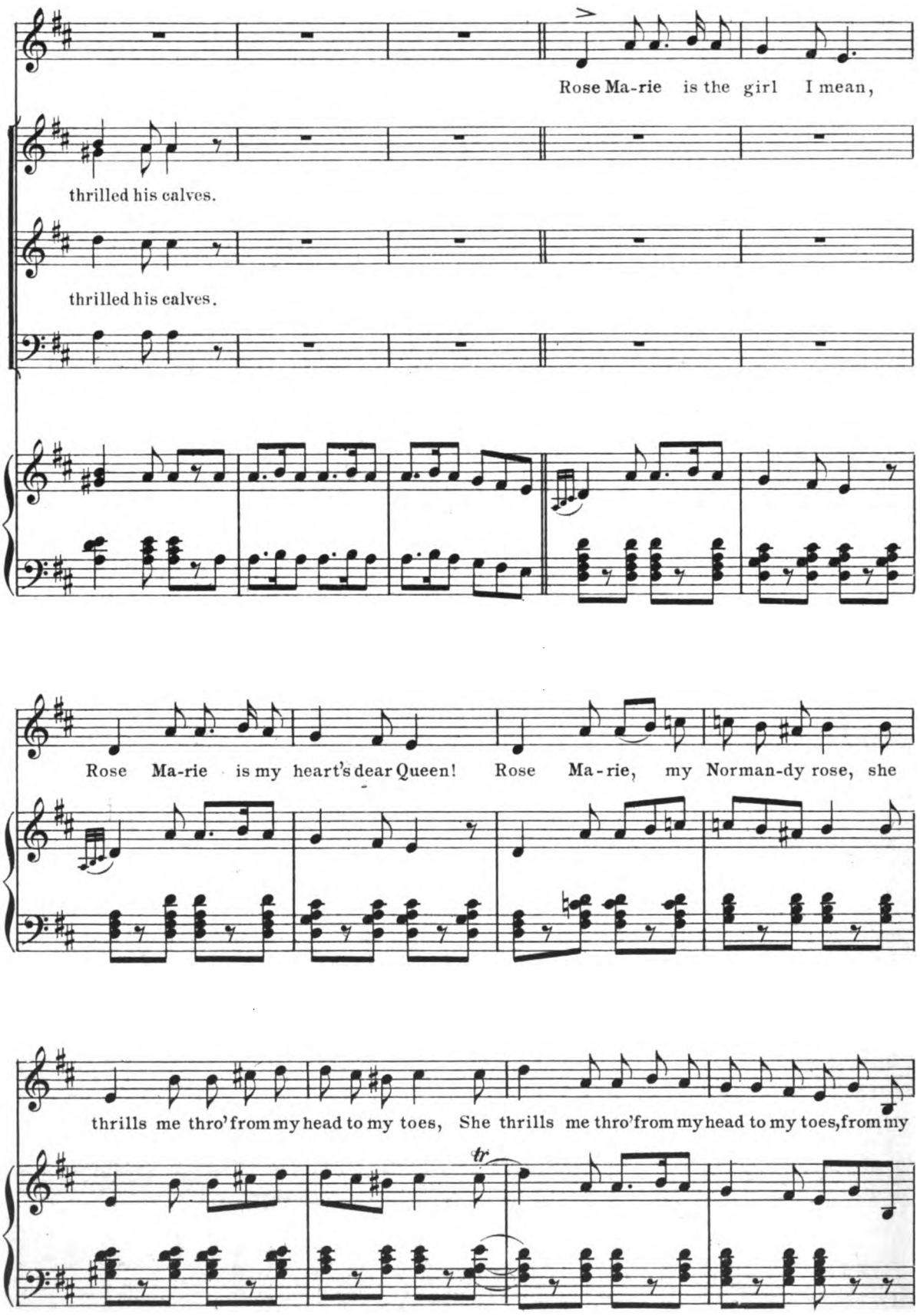

Andante moderato.
My Aunt who lives in Nor-man-dy, A re-
pp
mark-a-ble quaint, old maid is she, She wrote and said, "Come up to my place, And
gaze on a real - ly beauti-ful face." For years she had tried to mar-ry me off, And
never would cease tho' at her I'd scoff. She'd fail'd be-fore, so fearing no harm, I

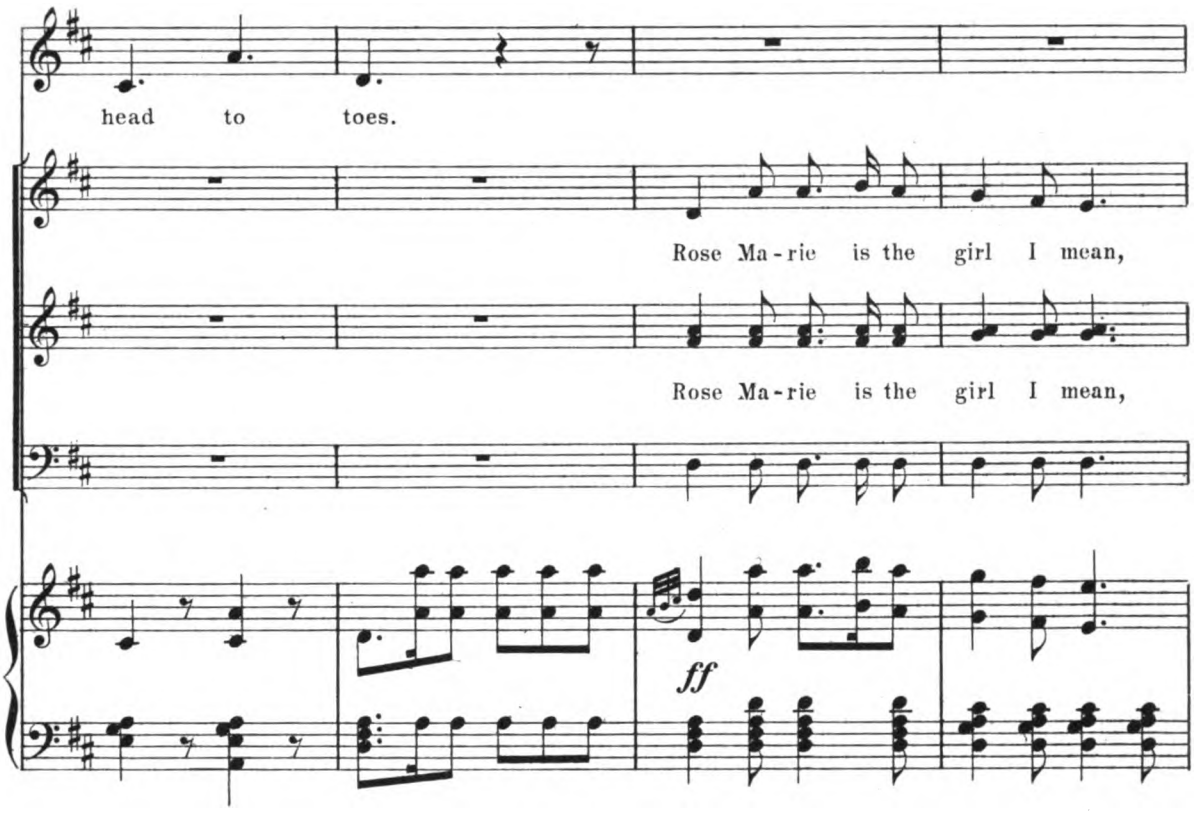

hied me up to that Normandy farm.
He hied him up to that Norman-dy farm.
He hied him up to that Norman-dy farm.
f
Meno.
Rose Mar-ie was the girl I met,
Rose Mar-ie I shall ne'er forget!
Rose Mar-ie was so sim-ple and shy, I

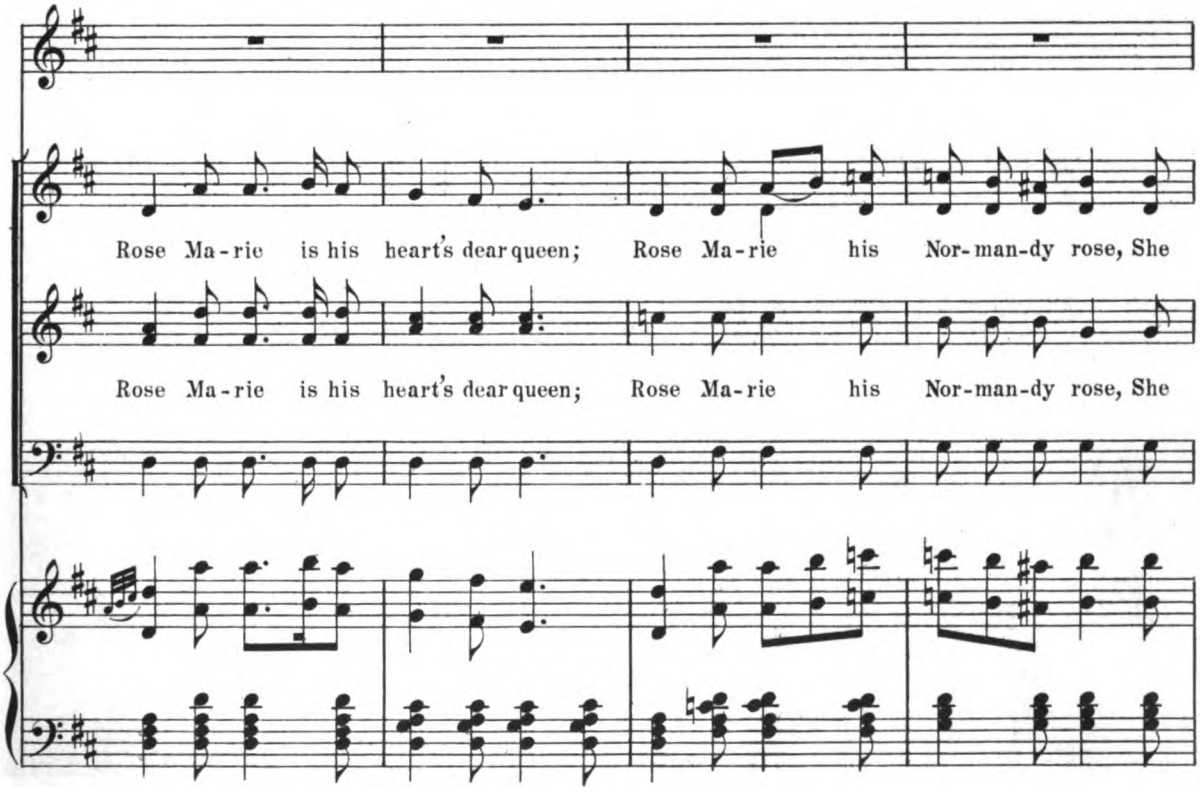

knew that I nev-er could say "Good-bye." I knew I nev - er could say "Good-bye," never
tr
say "Good - bye."
Rose Ma-rie was the girl he met,
Rose Ma-rie was the girl he met,
ff
Rose Ma-rie he will ne'er for-get. Rose Ma-rie was so sim-ple and shy, he
Rose Ma-rie he will ne'er for-get. Rose Ma-rie was so sim-ple and shy, he

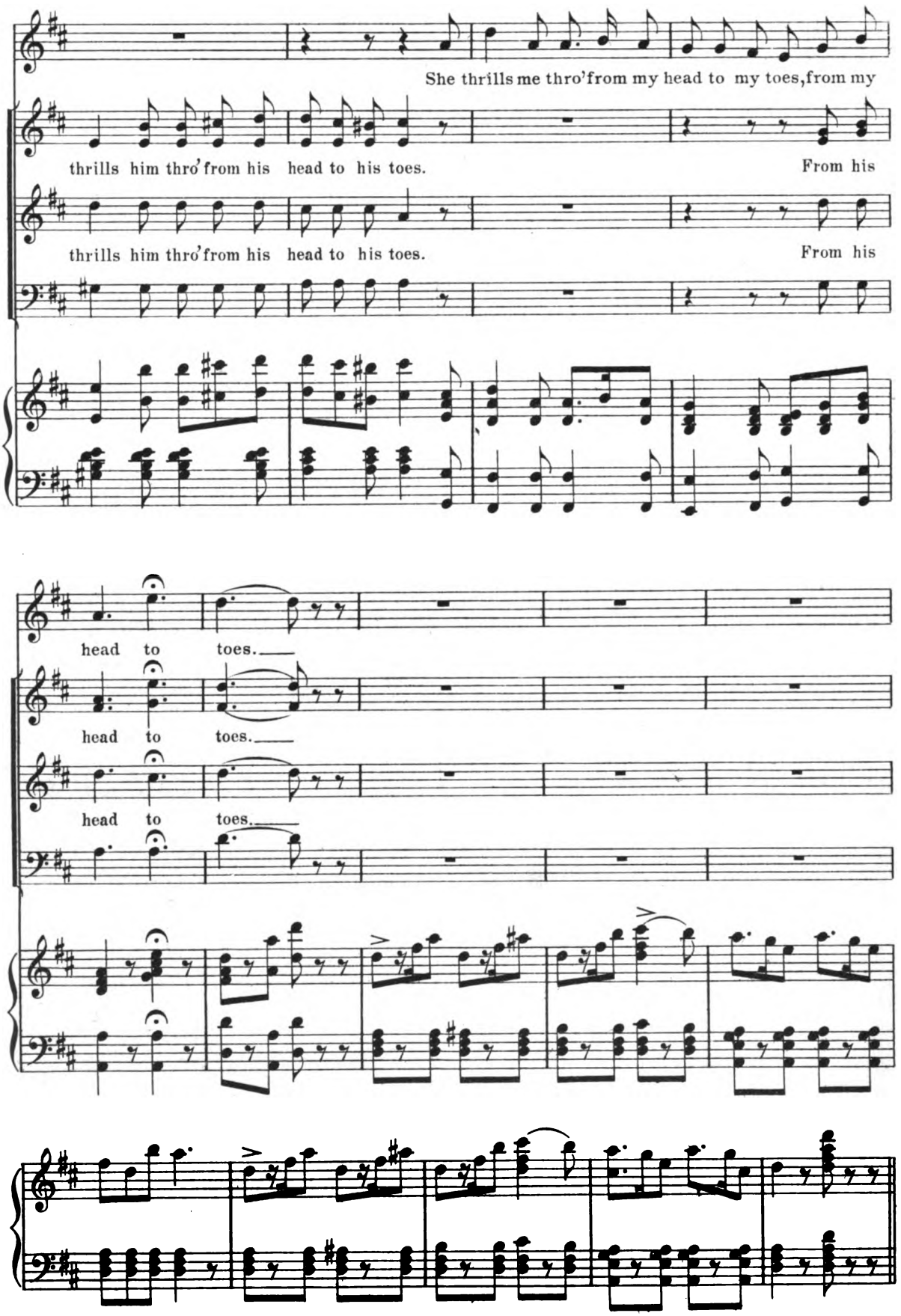

knew he nev-er could say "good-by." He knew he nev - er could say "good - by," nev - er
knew he nev er could say "good-by." He knew he nev - er could say "good - by," nev - er
POLY.
She churn'd the butter and
say "good - by."
say "good - by."
pp
made the cheese, in ev' - ry way she tried to please, I re - solv'd at once 'twas


time to wed, This Normandy rose had turn'd my head. I swore when I met this
maid a - lone, I'd make her promise to be my own; I nev- er had lov'd, ex -
cept by halves, But this Normandy maid, she thrill'd my calves.
This Norman-dy maid, she
This Norman-dy maid, she
f

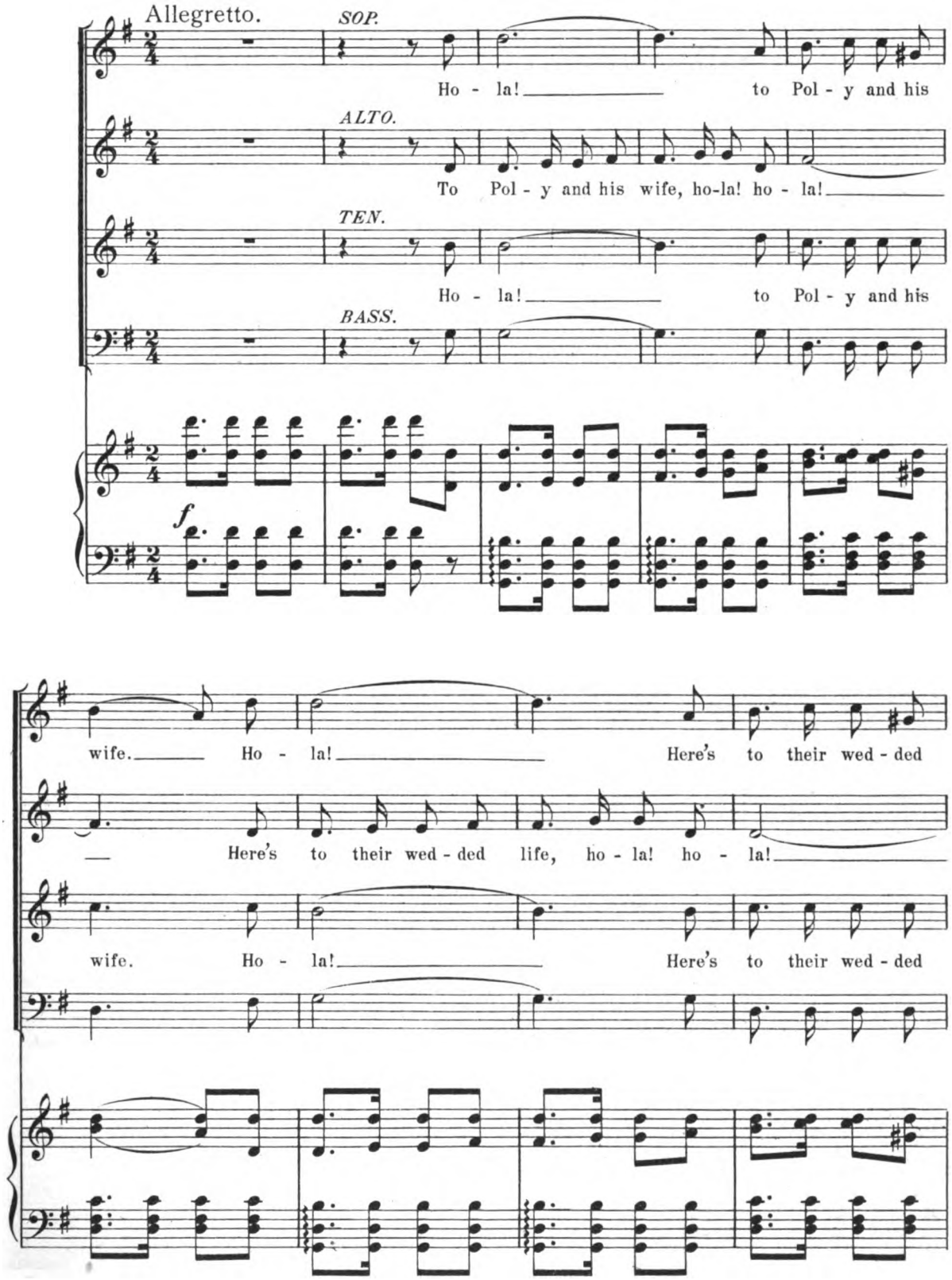

Rose Ma-rie is the girl I mean,
thrilled his calves.
thrilled his calves.
Rose Ma-rie is my heart's dear Queen! Rose Ma-rie, my Norman-dy rose, she
thrills me thro' from my head to my toes, She thrills me thro' from my head to my toes, from my
tr


head to toes.
Rose Ma-rie is the girl I mean,
Rose Ma-rie is the girl I mean,
ff


Rose Ma-rie is his heart's dear queen; Rose Ma-rie his Nor-man-dy rose, She
Rose Ma-rie is his heart's dear queen; Rose Ma-rie his Nor-man-dy rose, She


She thrills me thro'from my head to my toes,from my
thrills him thro'from his head to his toes.
From his
thrills him thro'from his head to his toes.
From his
head to toes.
head to toes.
head to toes.

Nº 4. Chorus and Song. "I am a simple Norman Maid."



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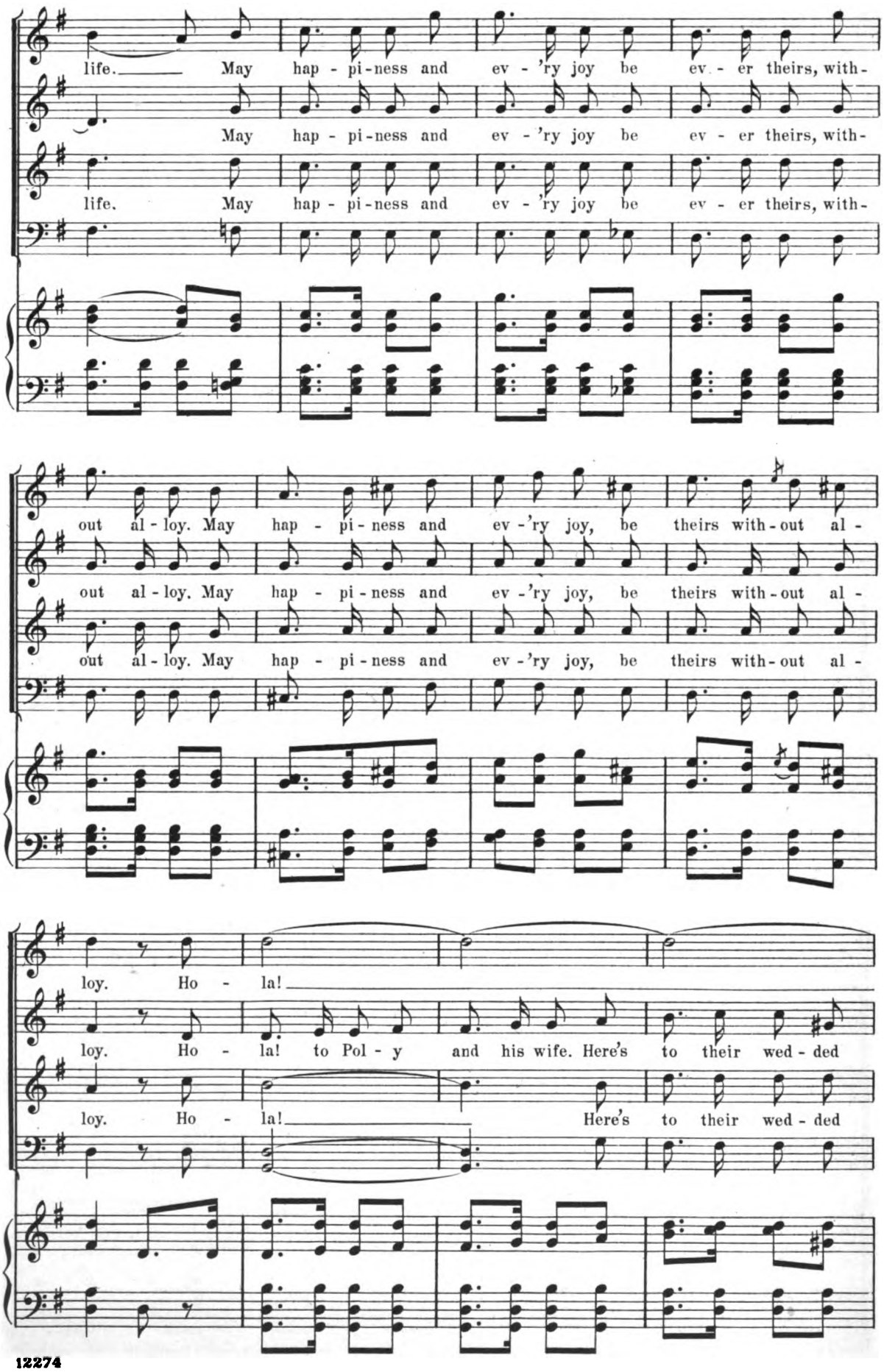
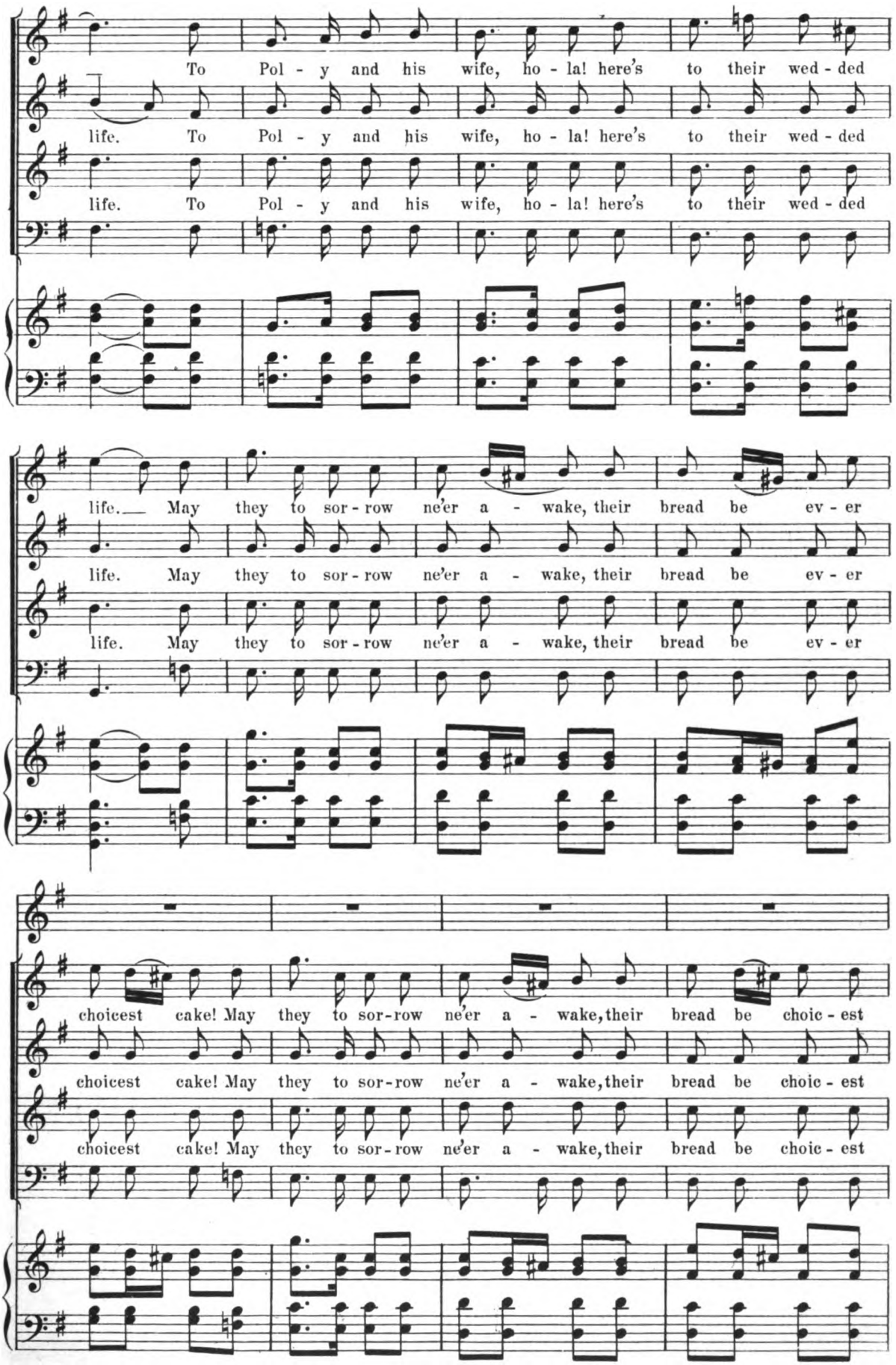
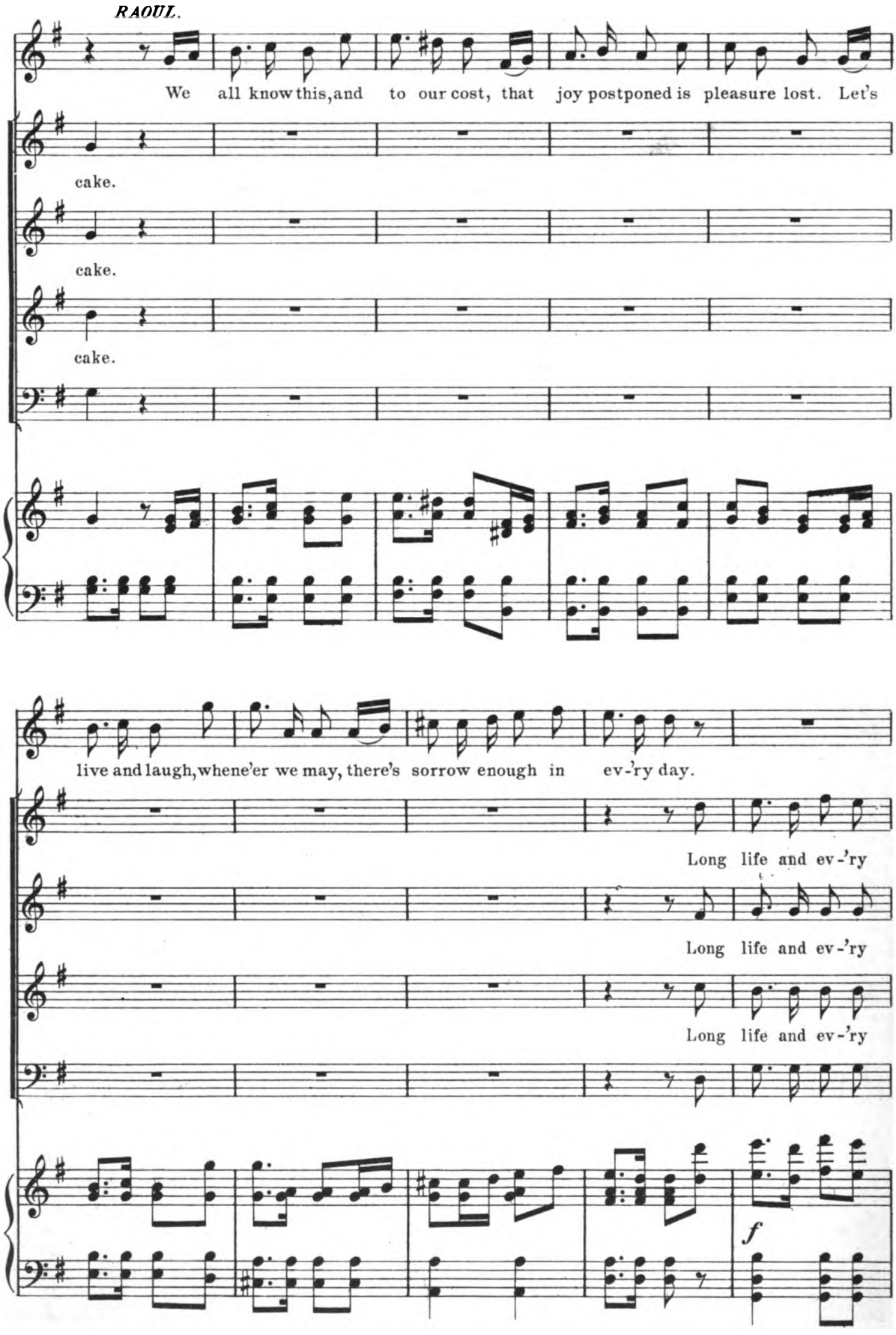
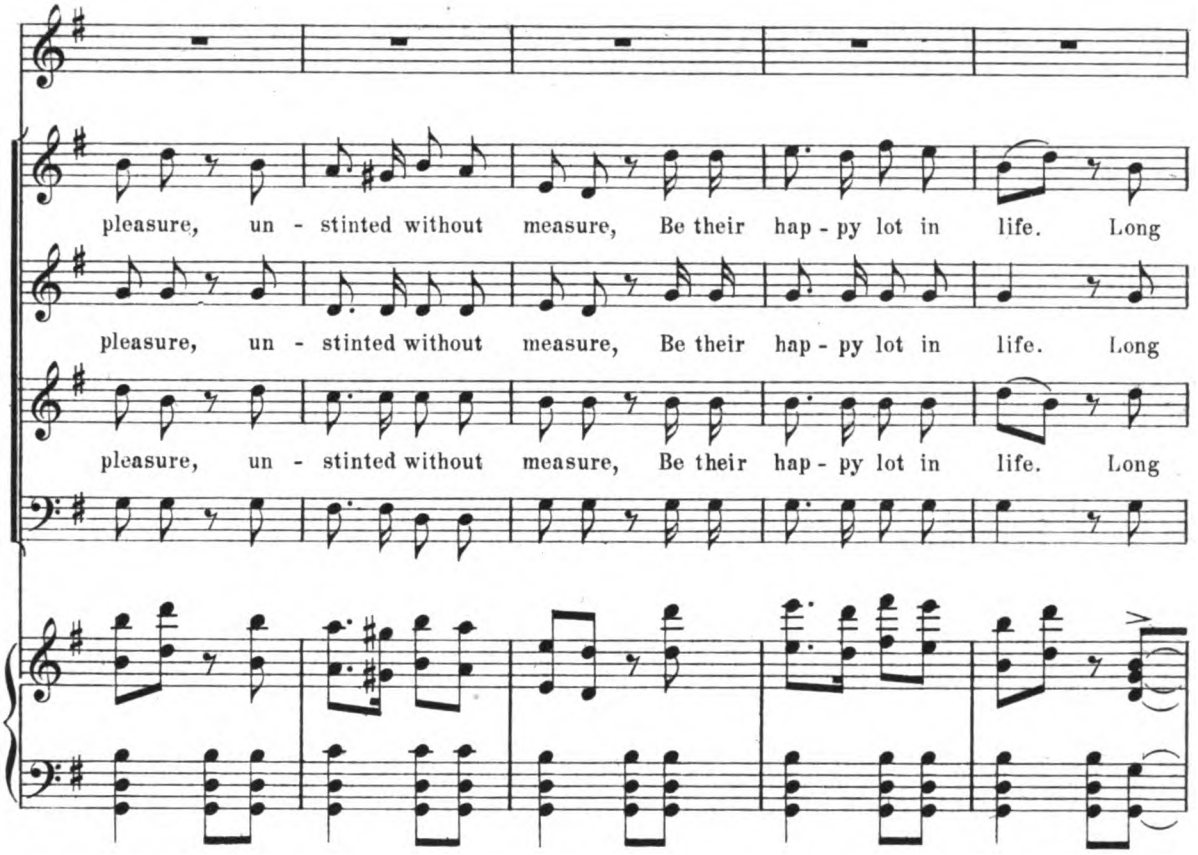
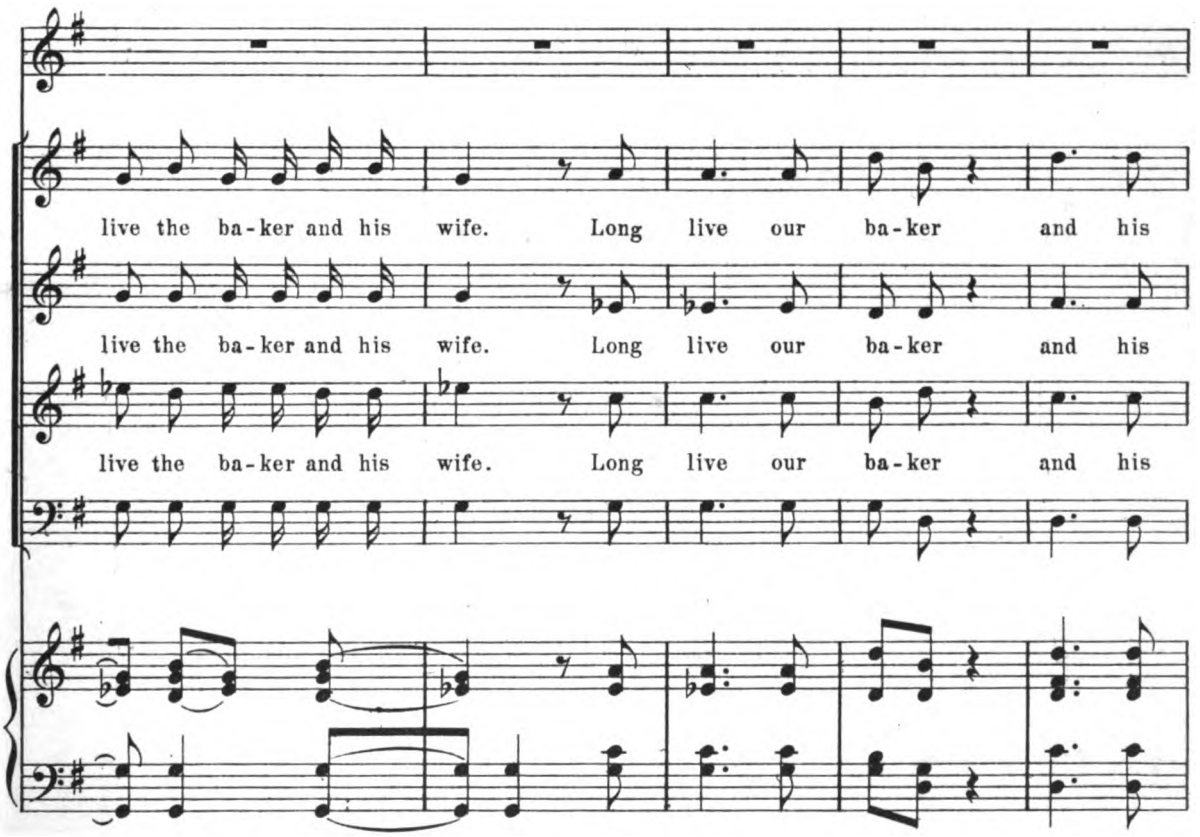
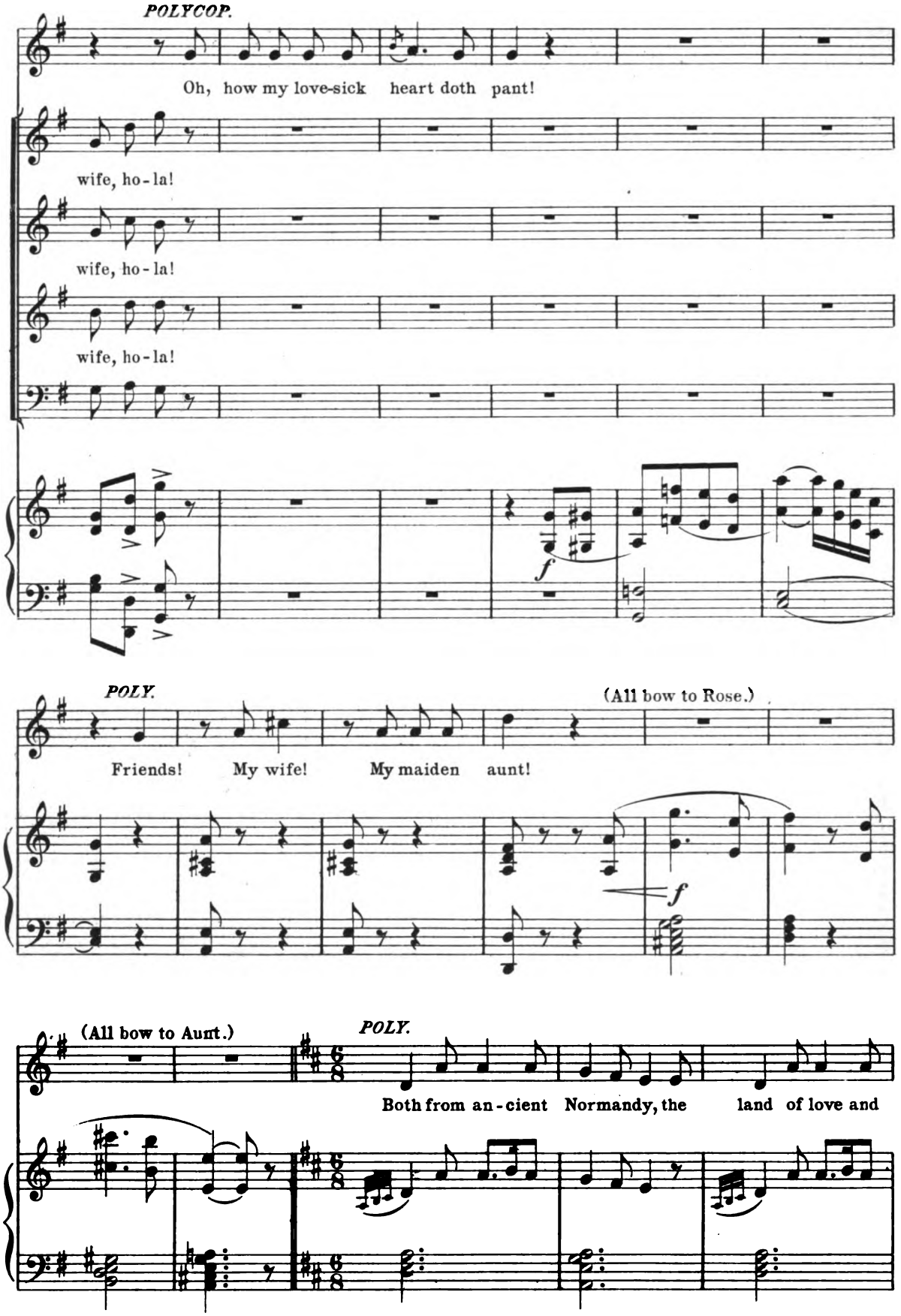

life. May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy be ev - er theirs, with-
May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy be ev - er theirs, with-
life. May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy be ev - er theirs, with-
out al - loy. May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy, be theirs with-out al -
out al - loy. May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy, be theirs with-out al -
out al - loy. May hap - pi-ness and ev - 'ry joy, be theirs with-out al -
loy. Ho - la!
loy. Ho - la! to Pol - y and his wife. Here's to their wed - ded
loy. Ho - la! Here's to their wed - ded

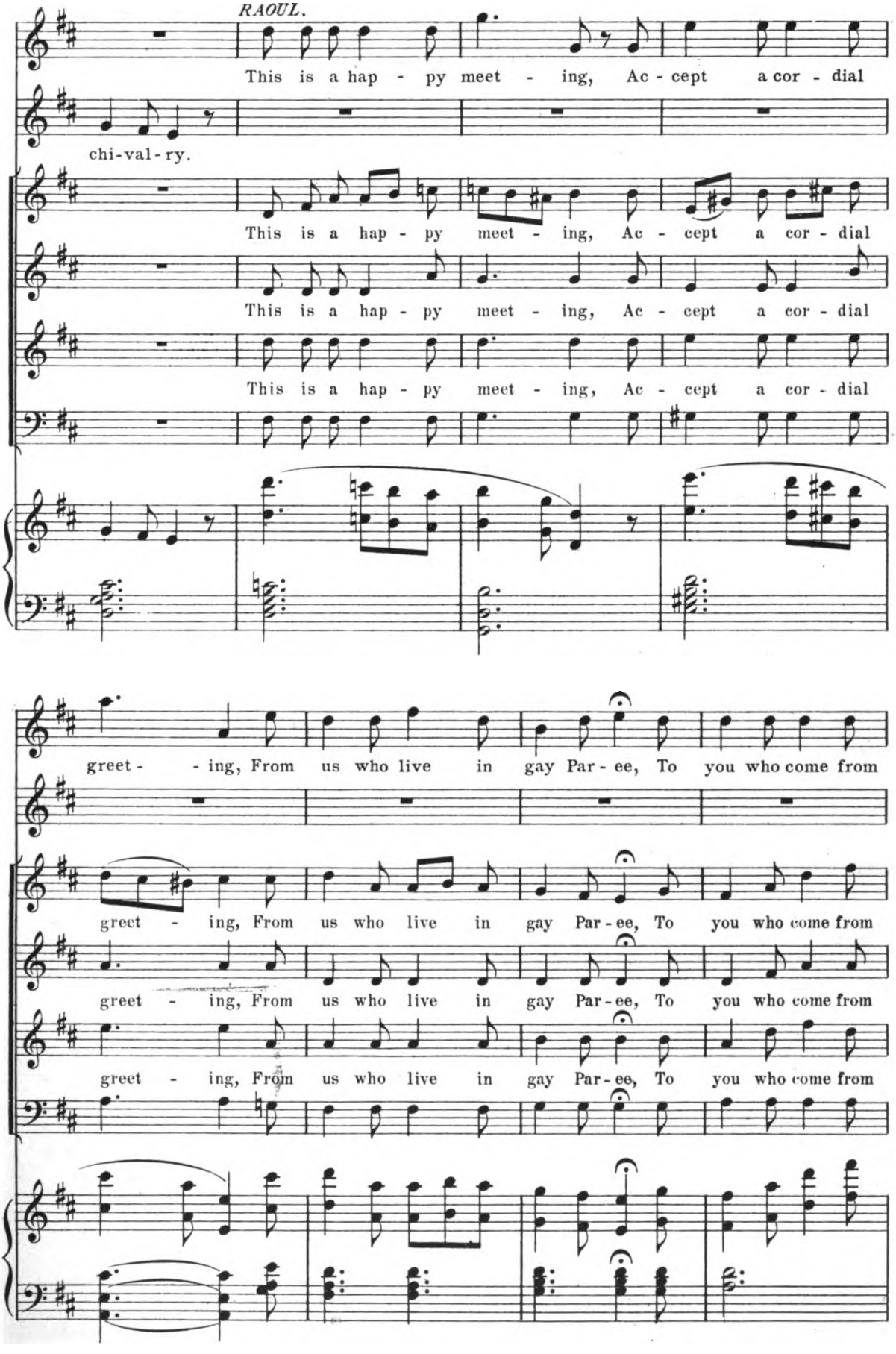

To Pol - y and his wife, ho - la! here's to their wed - ded
life. To Pol - y and his wife, ho - la! here's to their wed - ded
life. To Pol - y and his wife, ho - la! here's to their wed - ded
life. May they to sor - row ne'er a - wake, their bread be ev - er
life. May they to sor - row ne'er a - wake, their bread be ev - er
life. May they to sor - row ne'er a - wake, their bread be ev - er
choicest cake! May they to sor-row ne'er a - wake, their bread be choic - est
choicest cake! May they to sor-row ne'er a - wake, their bread be choic - est
choicest cake! May they to sor-row ne'er a - wake, their bread be choic - est

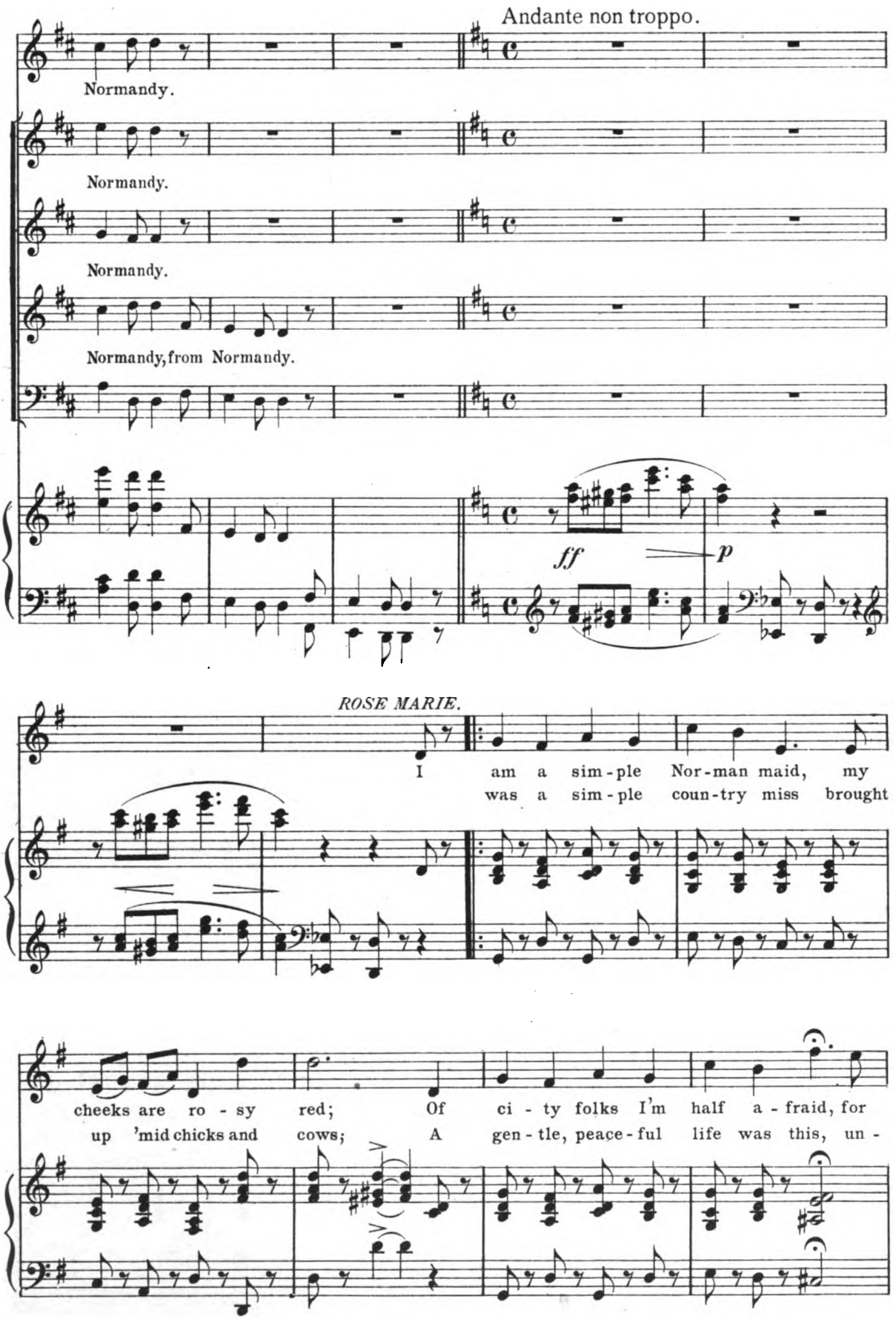

RAOUL.
We all know this, and to our cost, that joy postponed is pleasure lost. Let's
cake.
cake.
cake.
live and laugh, whene'er we may, there's sorrow enough in ev-'ry day.
Long life and ev-'ry
Long life and ev-'ry
Long life and ev-'ry
f

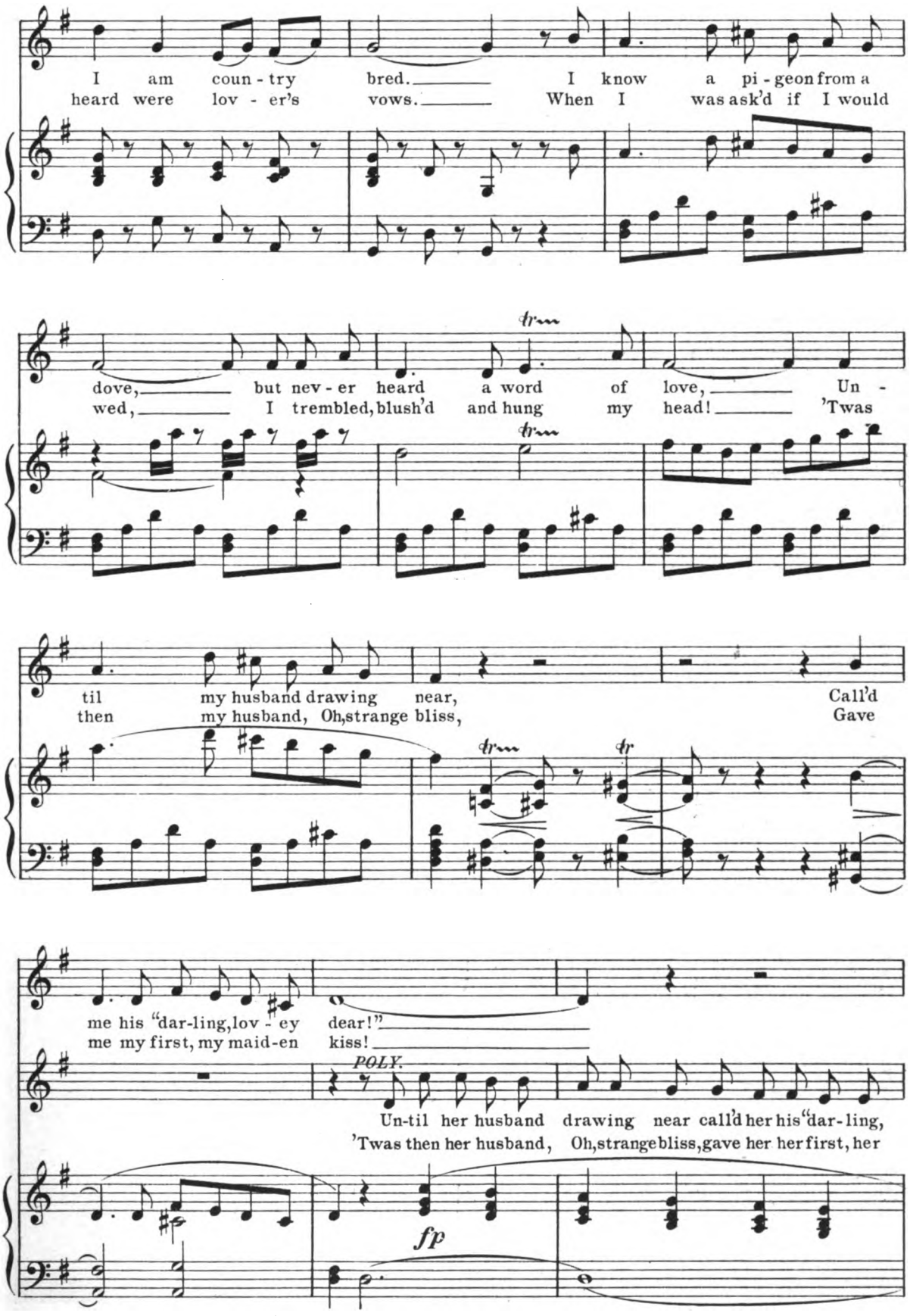

pleasure, un - stinted without measure, Be their hap - py lot in life. Long
pleasure, un - stinted without measure, Be their hap - py lot in life. Long
pleasure, un - stinted without measure, Be their hap - py lot in life. Long

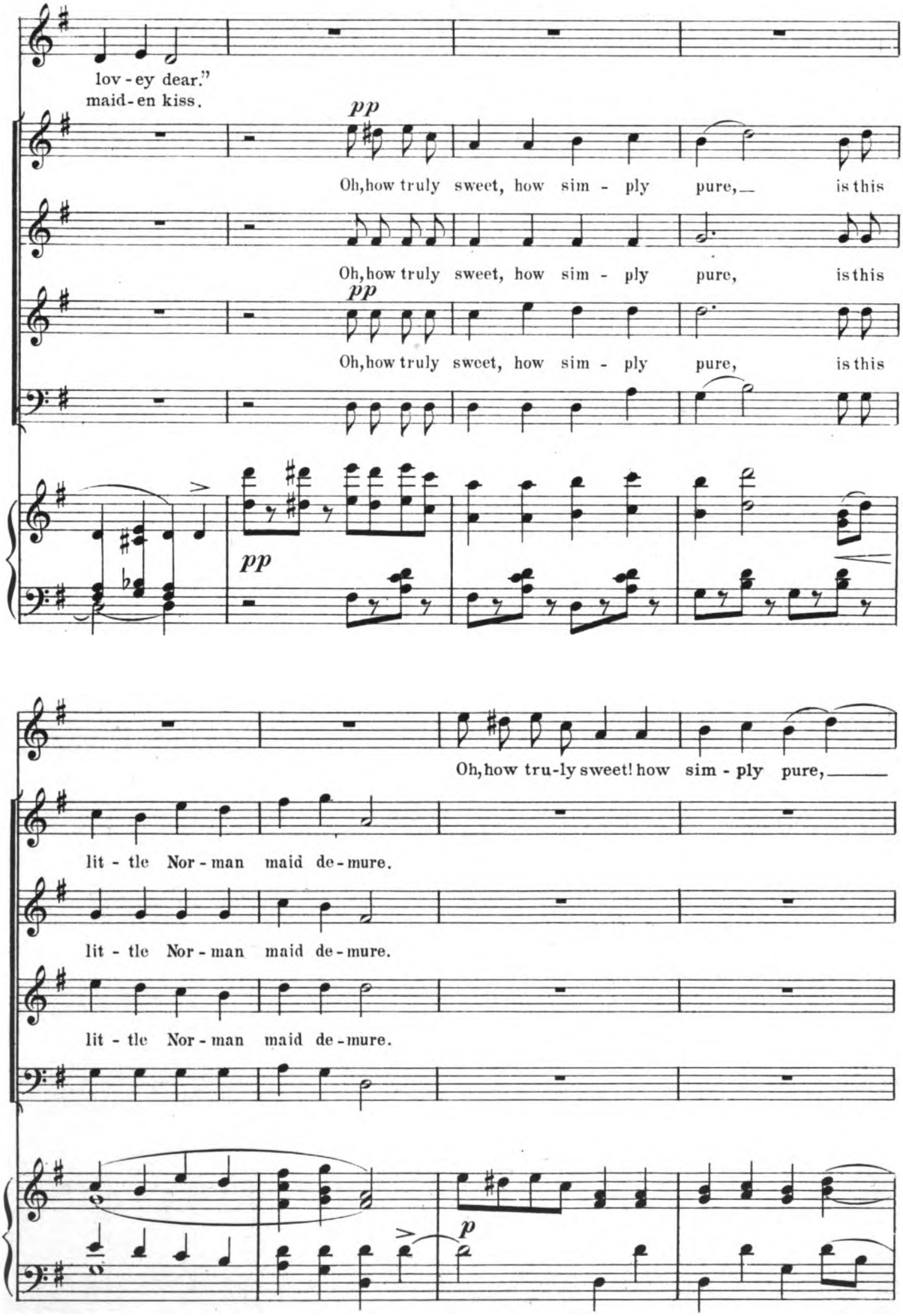

live the ba-ker and his wife. Long live our ba-ker and his
live the ba-ker and his wife. Long live our ba-ker and his
live the ba-ker and his wife. Long live our ba-ker and his

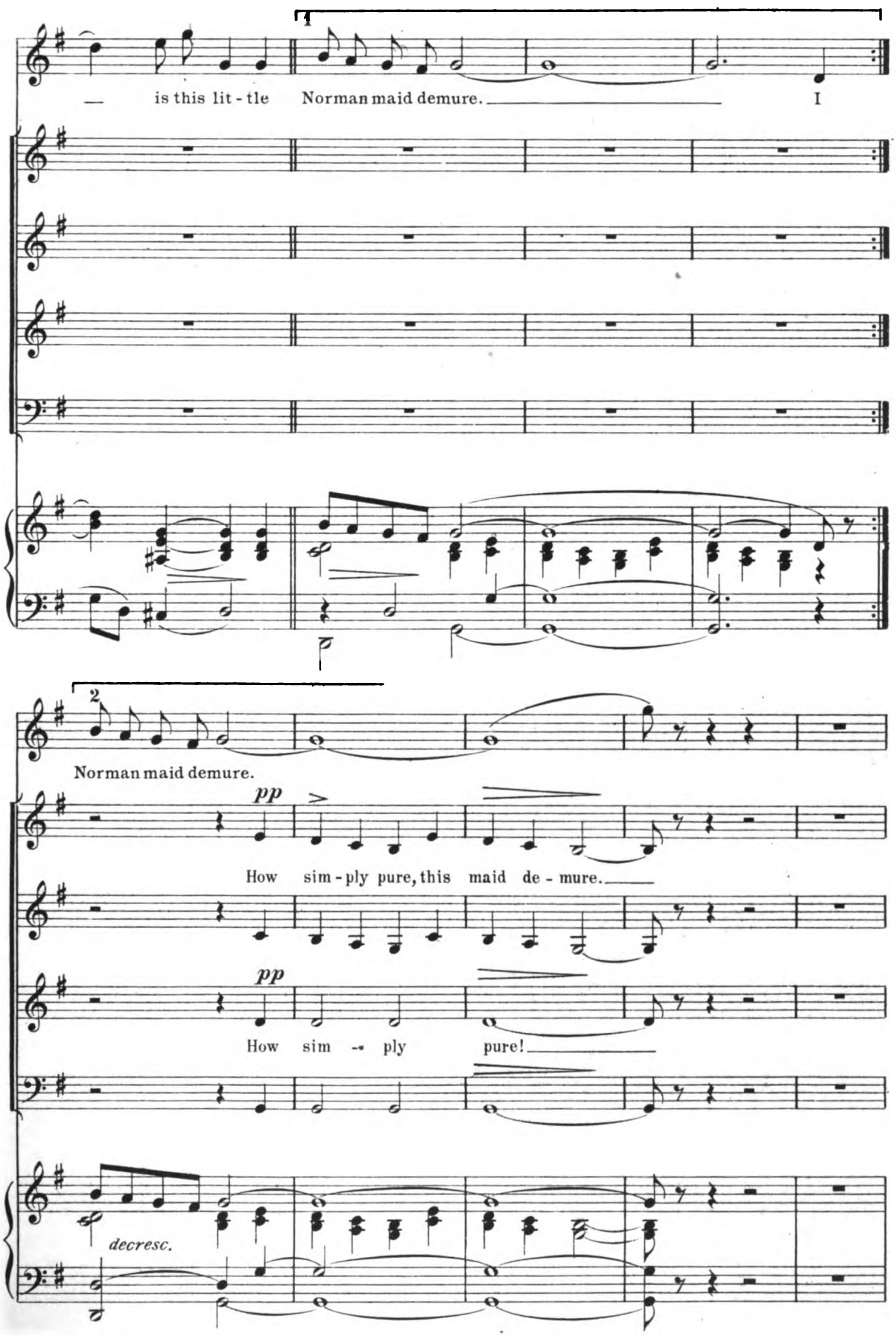

POLYCOP.
Oh, how my love-sick heart doth pant!
wife, ho-la!
wife, ho-la!
wife, ho-la!
f
POLY.
(All bow to Rose.)
Friends! My wife! My maiden aunt!
f
(All bow to Aunt.)
POLY.
Both from an-cient Normandy, the land of love and


RAOUL.
This is a hap - py meet - ing, Ac - cept a cor - dial
chi-val-ry.
This is a hap - py meet - ing, Ac - cept a cor - dial
This is a hap - py meet - ing, Ac - cept a cor - dial
This is a hap - py meet - ing, Ac - cept a cor - dial
greet - - ing, From us who live in gay Par - ee, To you who come from
greet - ing, From us who live in gay Par - ee, To you who come from
greet - ing, From us who live in gay Par - ee, To you who come from
greet - ing, From us who live in gay Par - ee, To you who come from

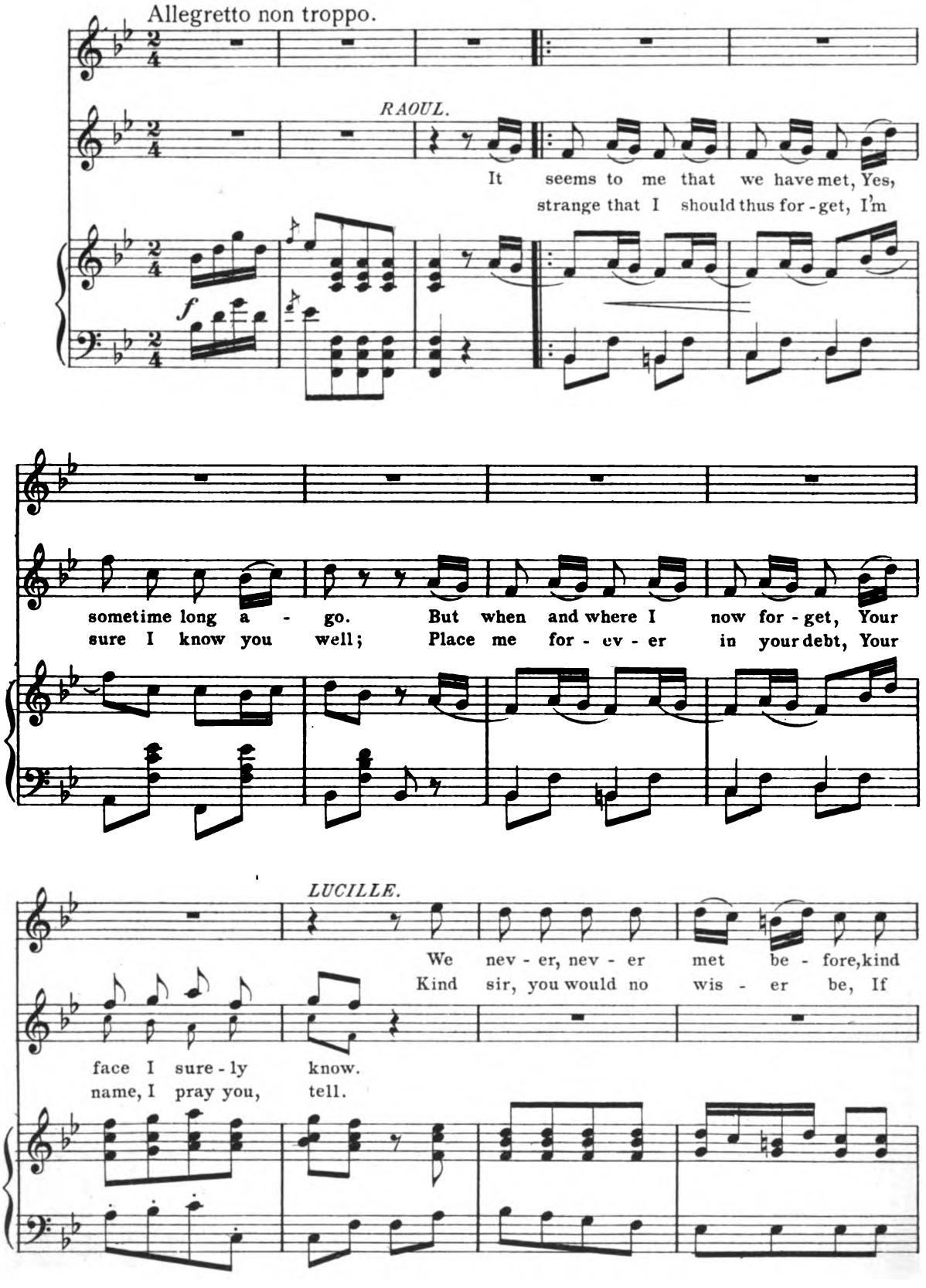

Andante non troppo.
Normandy.
Normandy.
Normandy.
Normandy, from Normandy.
ff
p
ROSE MARIE.
I am a sim-ple Nor-man maid, my
was a sim-ple coun-try miss brought
cheeks are ro - sy red; Of ci - ty folks I'm half a - fraid, for
up 'mid chicks and cows; A gen - tle, peace-ful life was this, un -

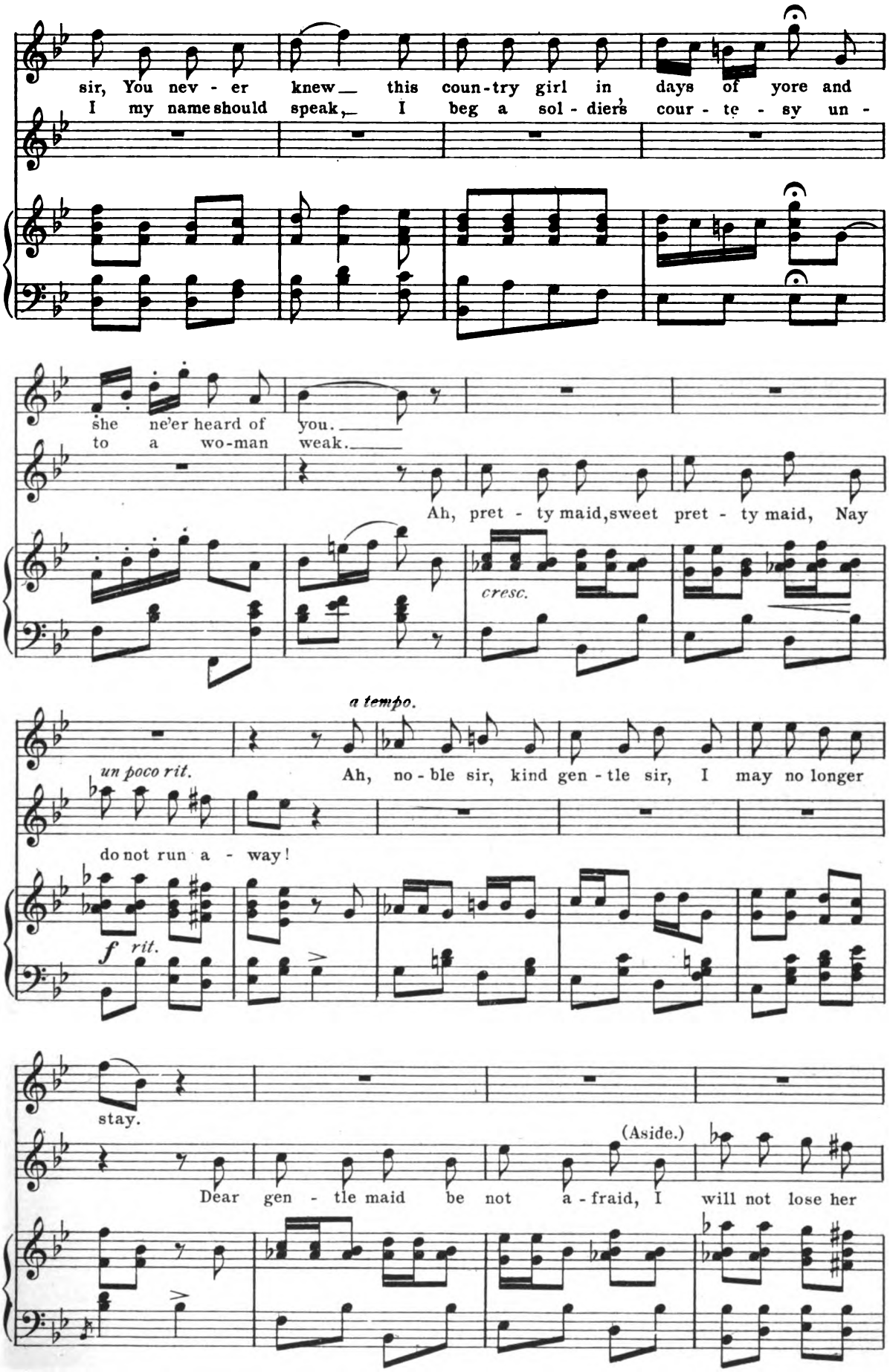

I am coun - try bred. I know a pi - geon from a
heard were lov - er's vows. When I was ask'd if I would
dove, but nev - er heard a word of love, Un -
wed, I trembled, blush'd and hung my head! 'Twas
til my husband drawing near, Call'd
then my husband, Oh, strange bliss, Gave
me his "dar-ling, lov - ey dear!"
me my first, my maid-en kiss!
POLY.
Un-til her husband drawing near call'd her his "dar-ling,
'Twas then her husband, Oh, strange bliss, gave her her first, her
fp

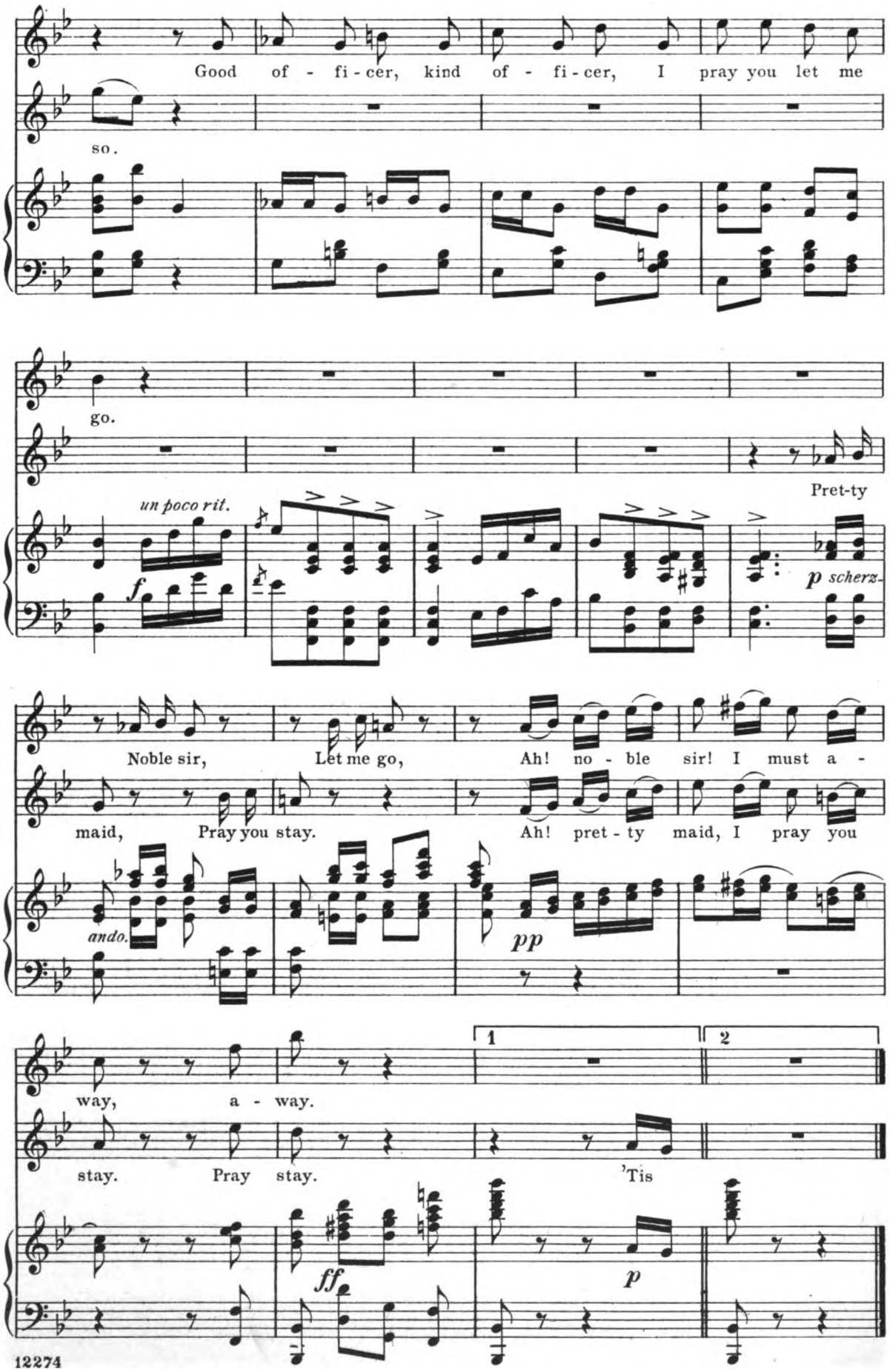

lov - ey dear."
maid - en kiss.
pp
Oh, how truly sweet, how sim - ply pure, is this
Oh, how truly sweet, how sim - ply pure, is this
pp
Oh, how truly sweet, how sim - ply pure, is this
pp
Oh, how tru - ly sweet! how sim - ply pure,
lit - tle Nor - man maid de - mure.
lit - tle Nor - man maid de - mure.
lit - tle Nor - man maid de - mure.
p


1
— is this lit - tle Norman maid demure. I
2
Norman maid demure.
pp
How sim - ply pure, this maid de - mure.
pp
How sim - ply pure!
decresc.

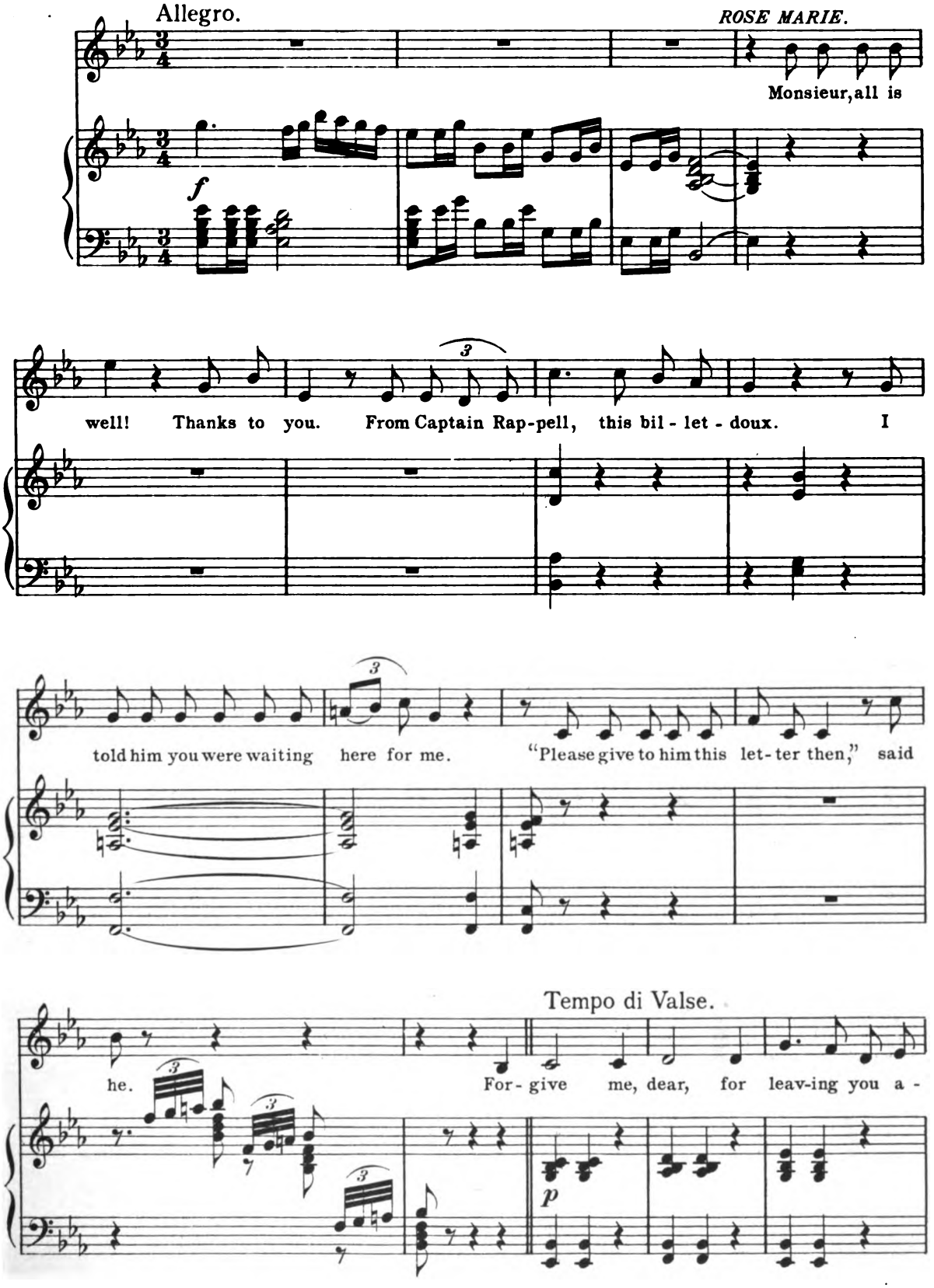
Nº 5. Duet. "The Maid and the Officer."

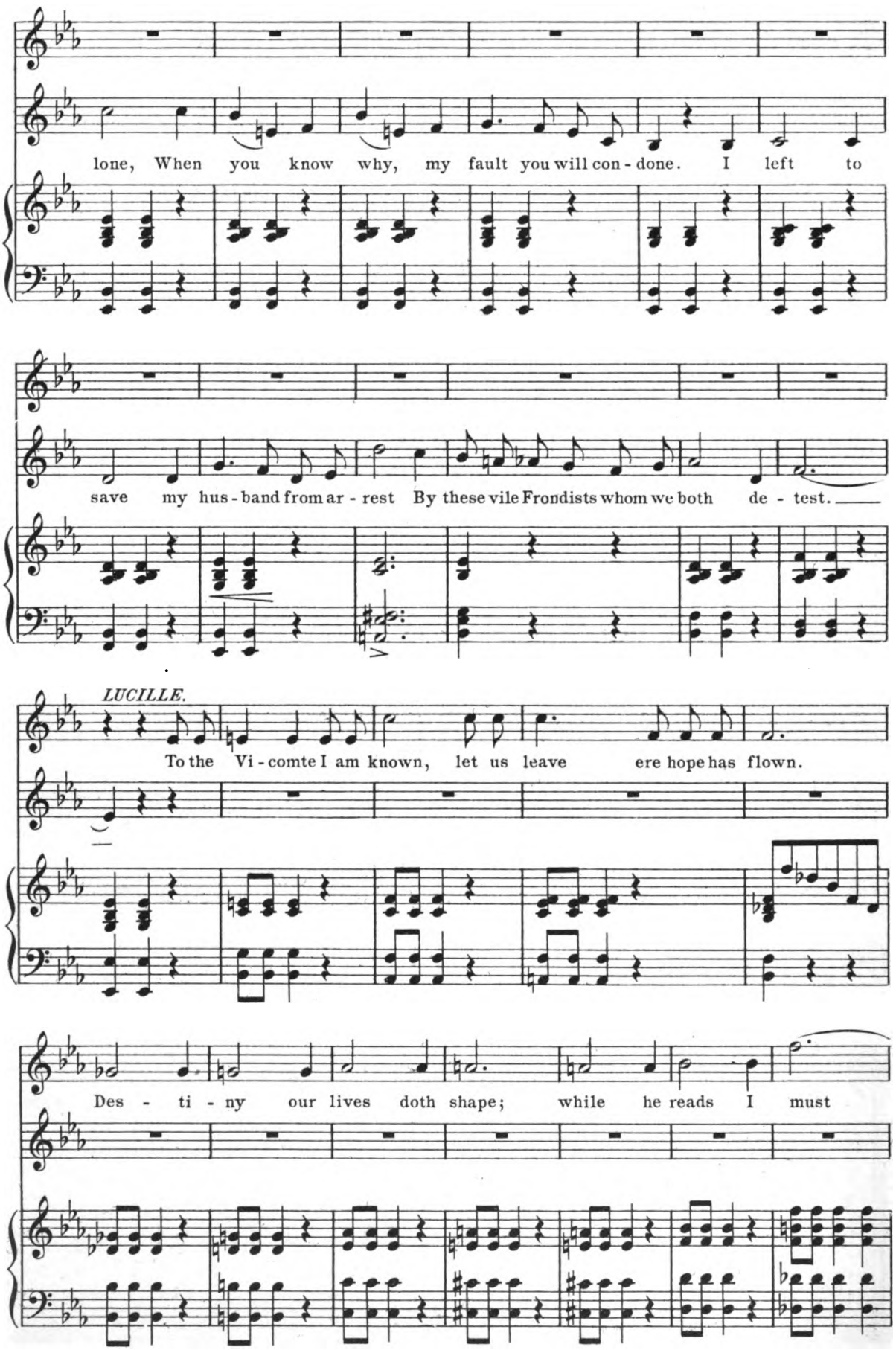


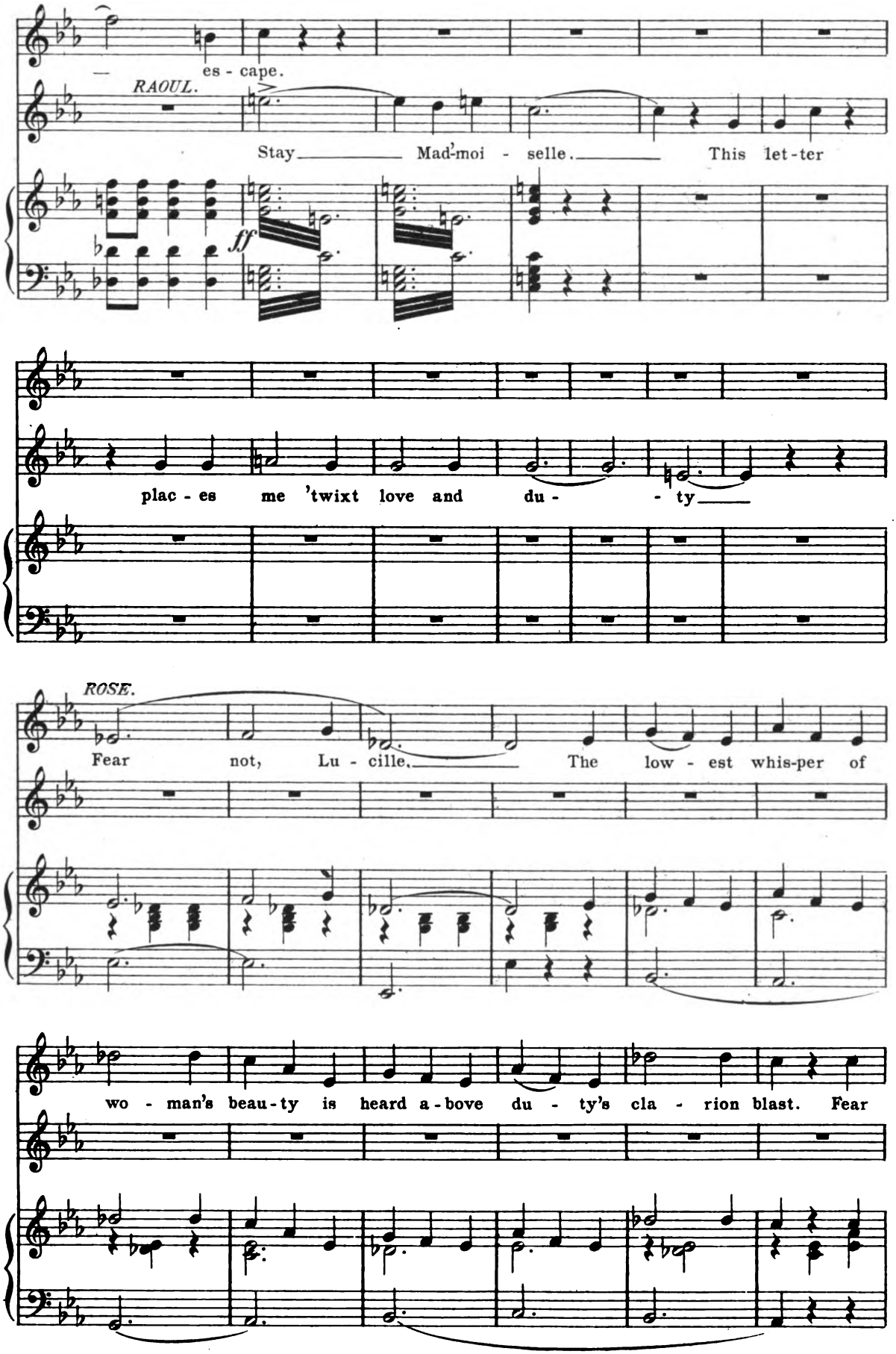

sir, You nev - er knew this coun-try girl in days of yore and
I my name should speak, I beg a sol - diers cour - te - sy un -
she ne'er heard of you.
to a wo-man weak.
Ah, pret - ty maid, sweet pret - ty maid, Nay
cresc.
a tempo.
un poco rit.
Ah, no - ble sir, kind gen - tle sir, I may no longer
do not run a - way!
f rit.
stay.
(Aside.)
Dear gen - tle maid be not a - fraid, I will not lose her

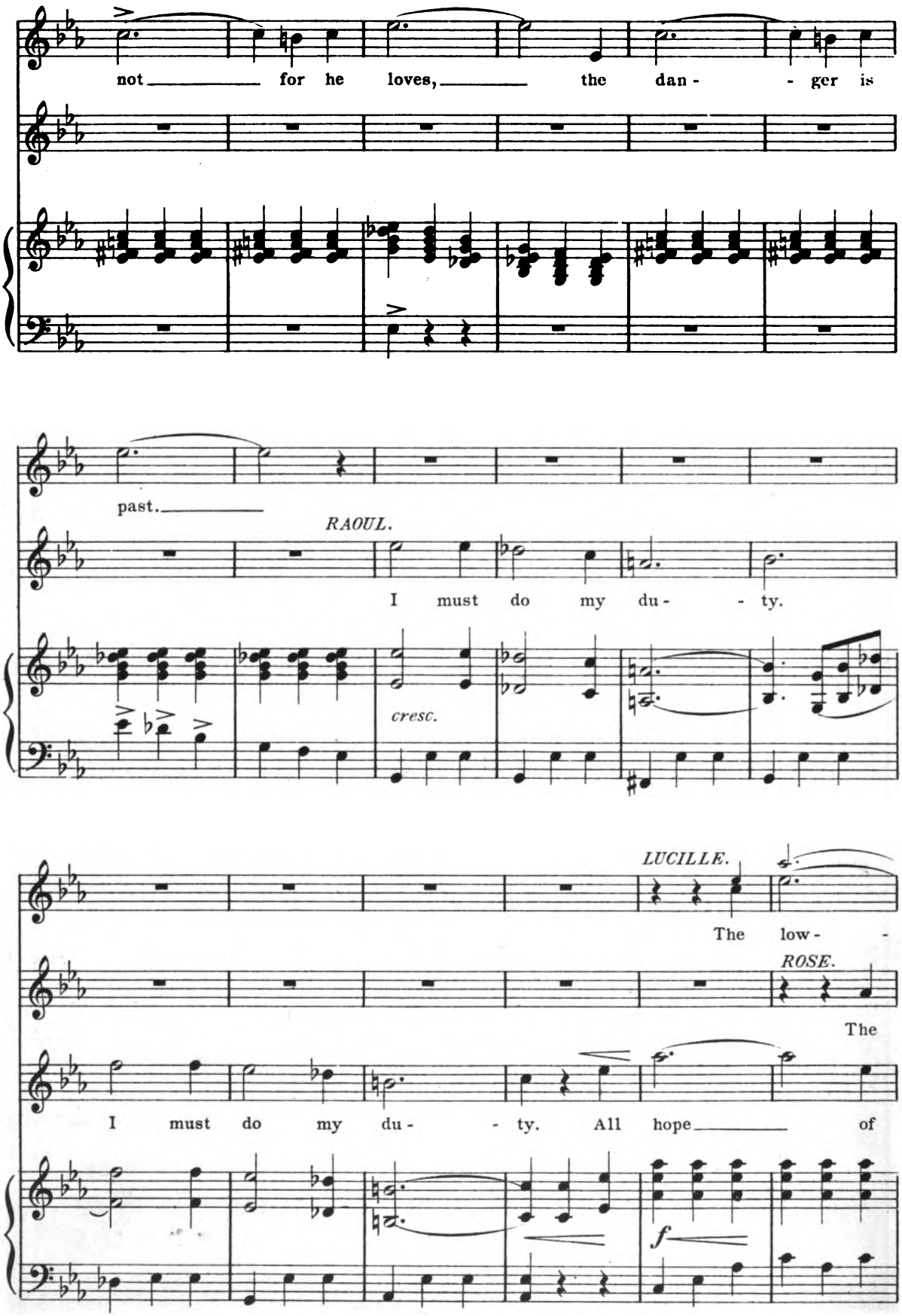

Good of - fi - cer, kind of - fi - cer, I pray you let me
so.
go.
un poco rit.
f
Pret-ty
p scherz-
Noble sir, Let me go, Ah! no - ble sir! I must a -
maid, Pray you stay. Ah! pret - ty maid, I pray you
ando.
pp
way, a - way.
1
2
stay. Pray stay. 'Tis
ff
p

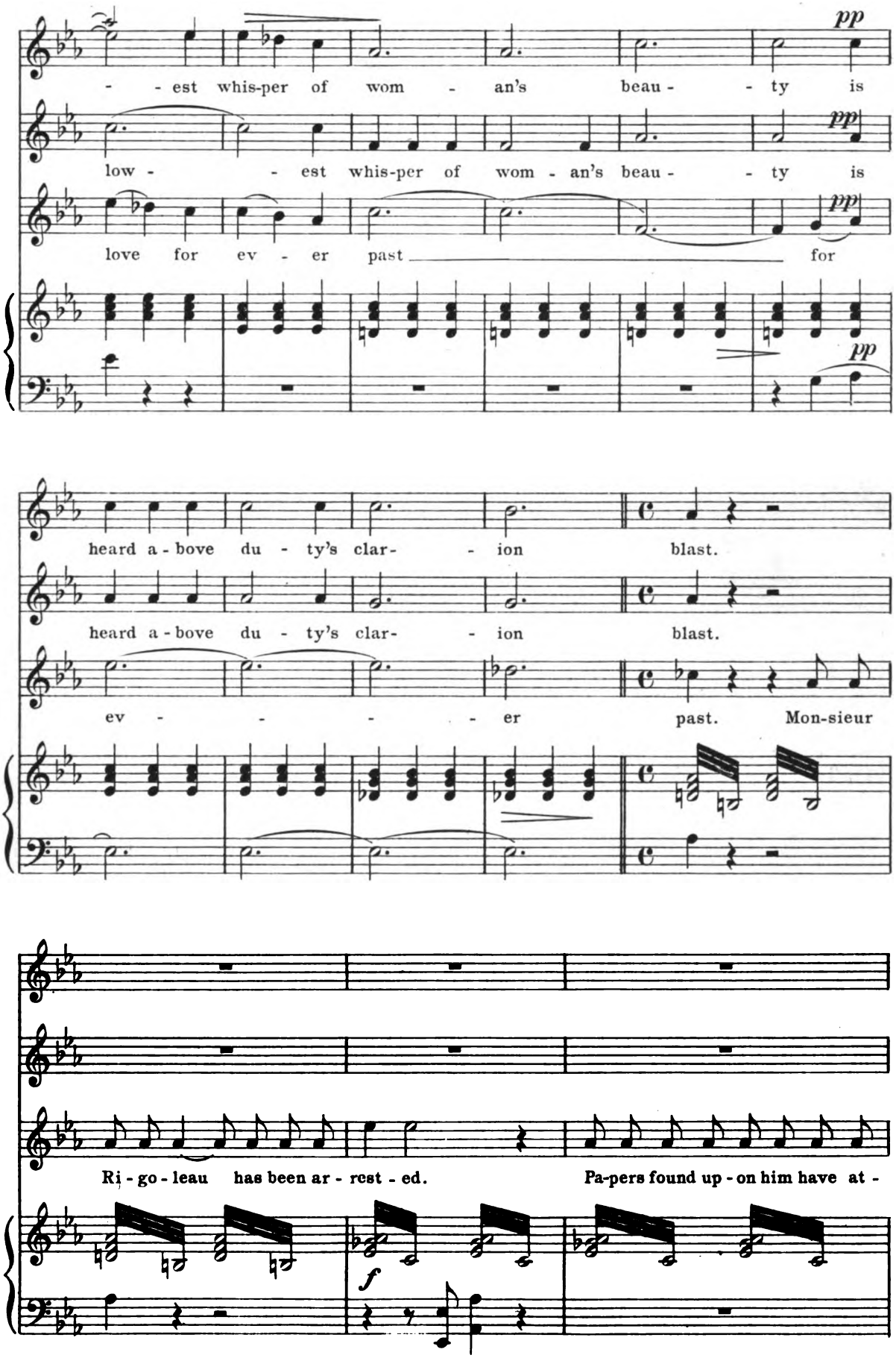
Nº 6. (a) Ensemble
(b) Song. "Mon Général."

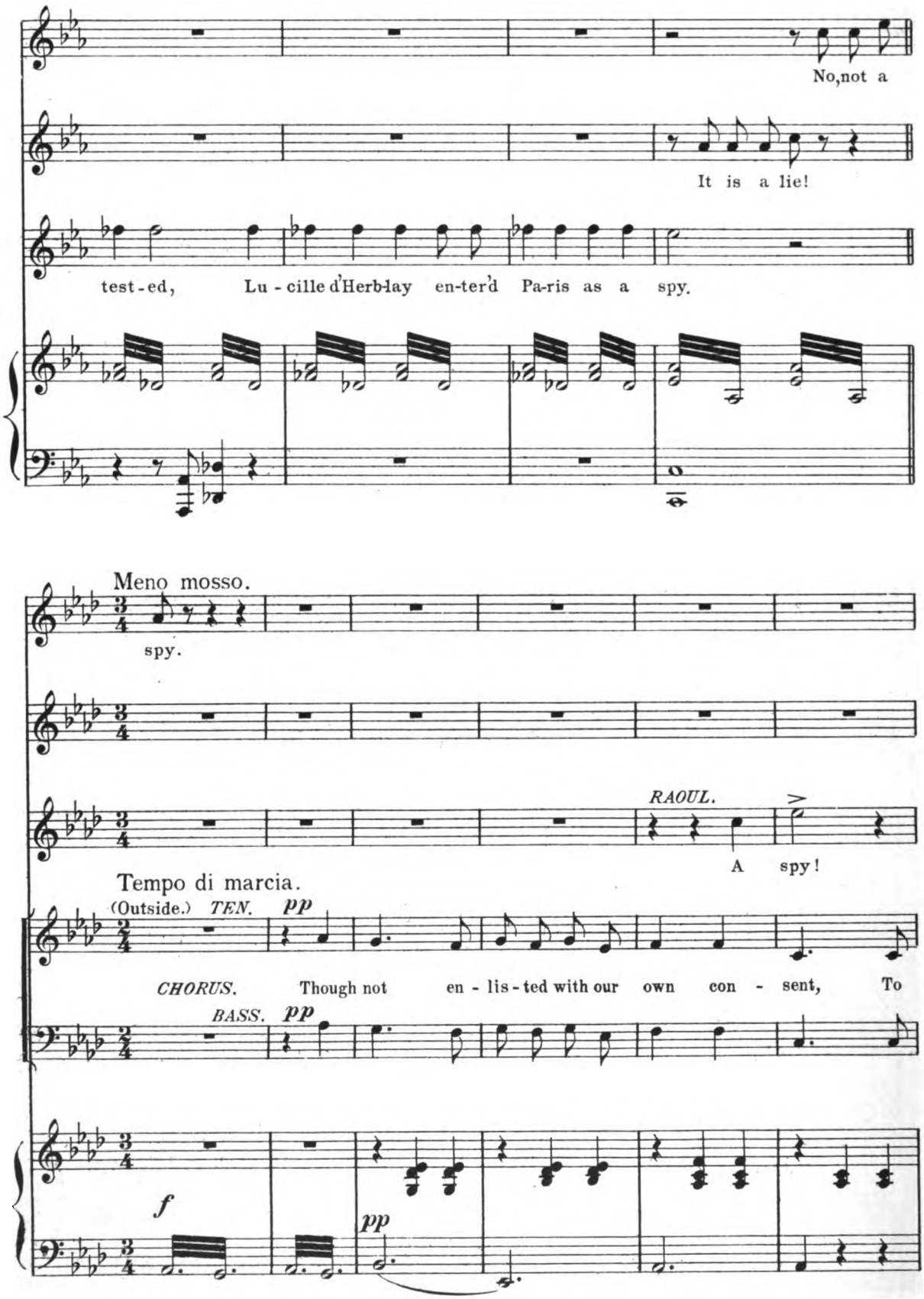


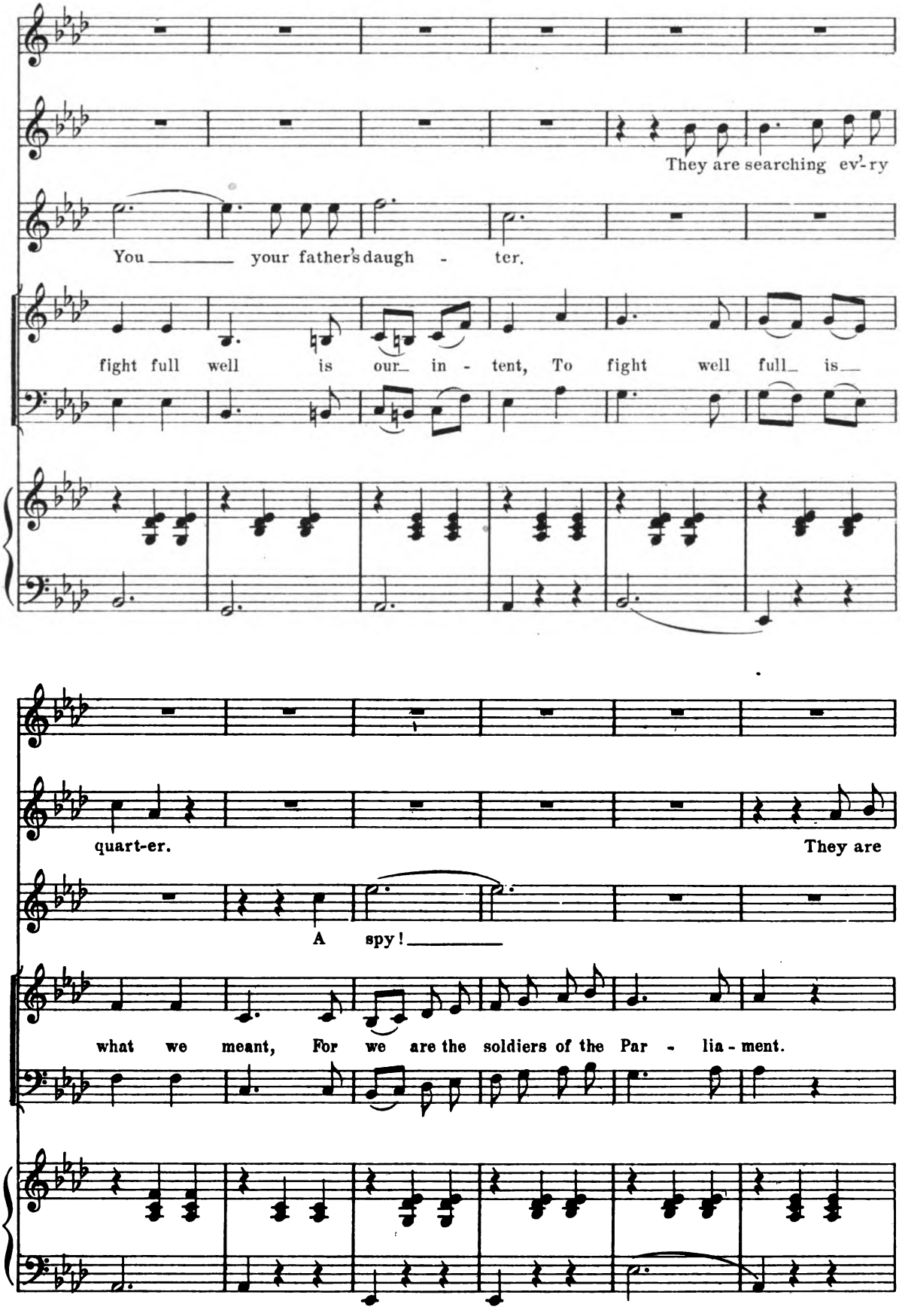

lone, When you know why, my fault you will con - done. I left to
save my hus - band from ar - rest By these vile Frondists whom we both de - test.
LUCILLE.
To the Vi - comte I am known, let us leave ere hope has flown.
Des - ti - ny our lives doth shape; while he reads I must

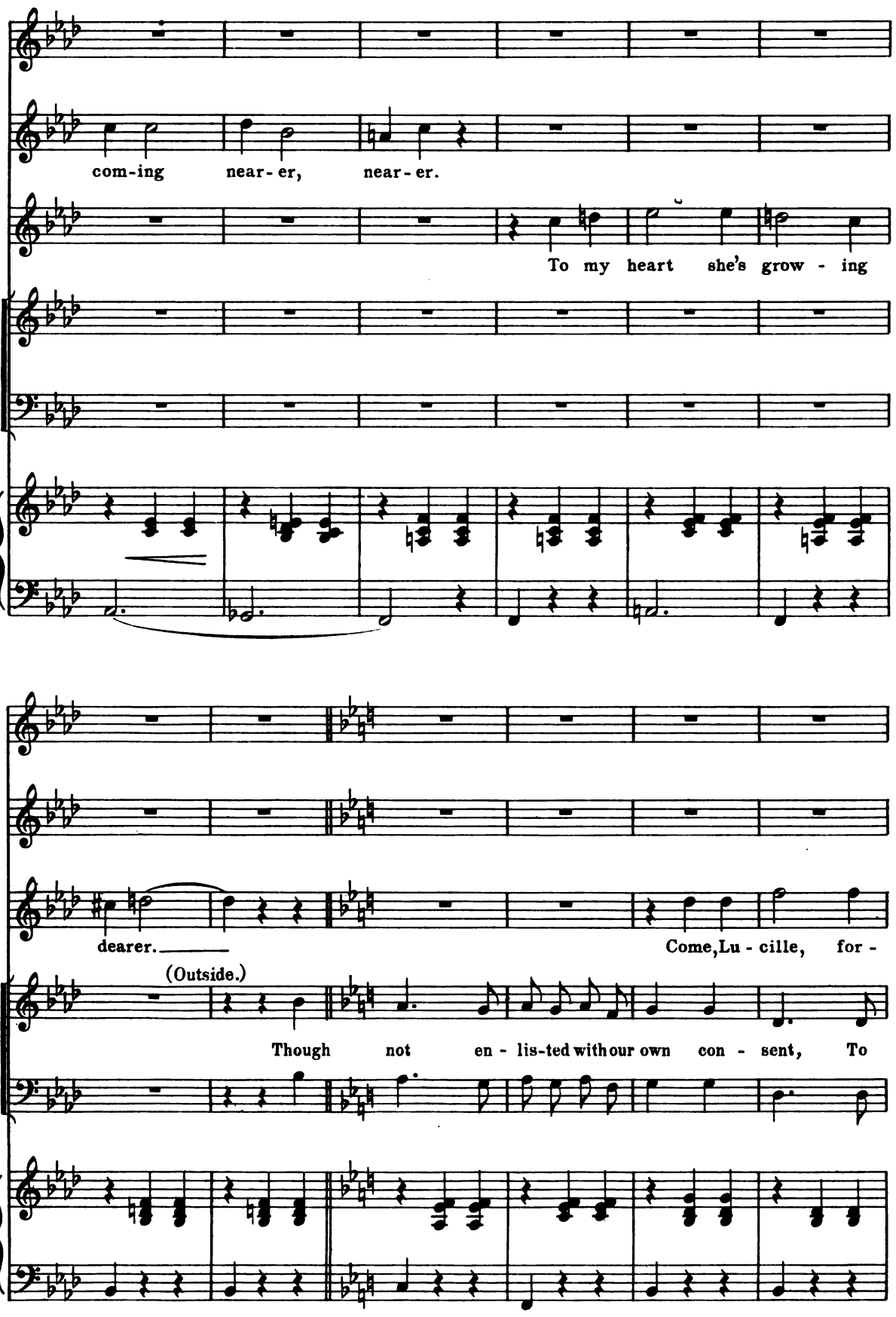

es - cape.
RAOUL.
Stay Mad'moi - selle. This let-ter
ff
plac - es me 'twixt love and du - - ty
ROSE.
Fear not, Lu - cille. The low - est whis-per of
wo - man's beau-ty is heard a-bove du - ty's cla - rion blast. Fear

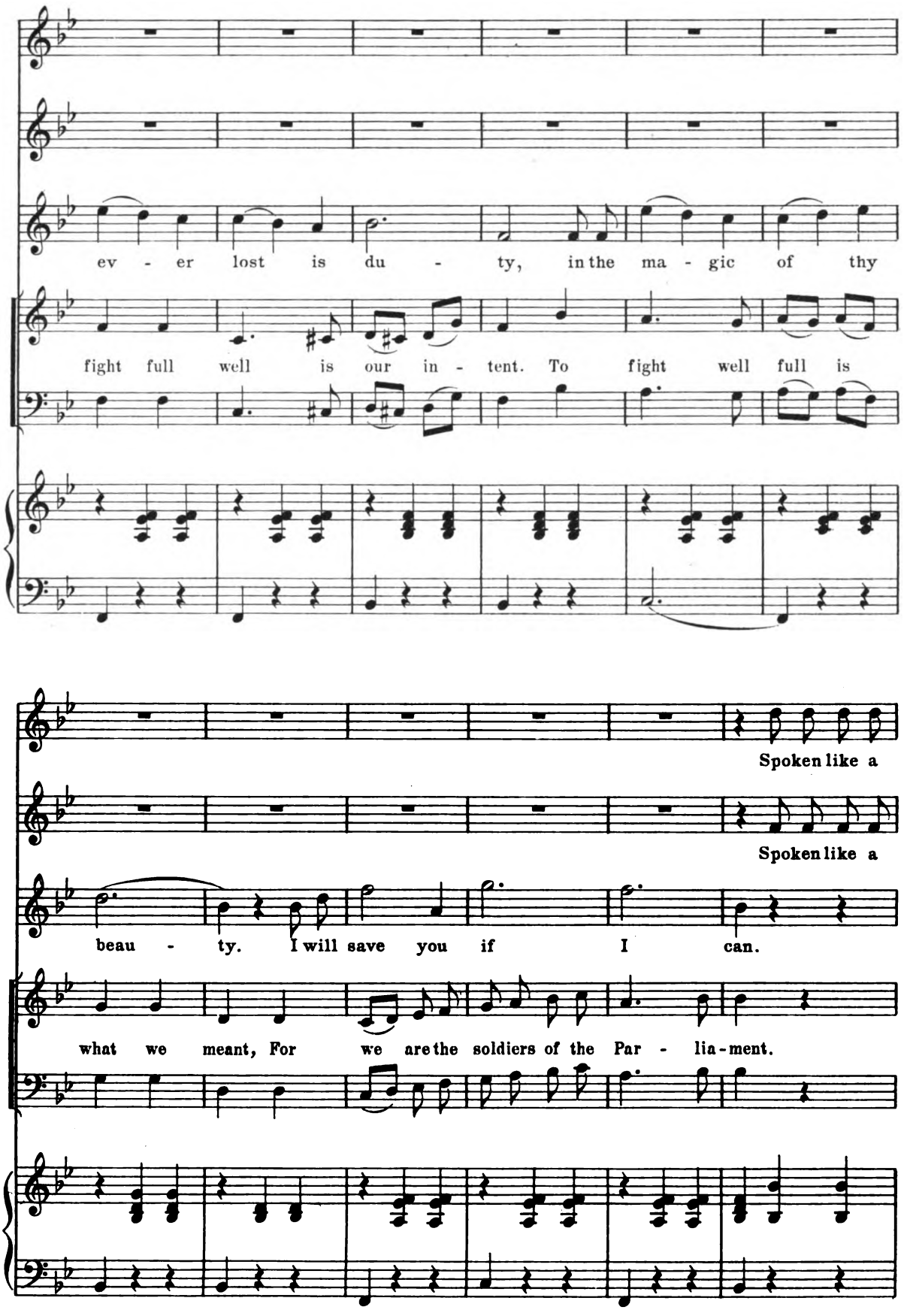

not for he loves, the dan- - ger is
past.
RAOUL.
I must do my du- - ty.
cresc.
LUCILLE.
The low-
ROSE.
The
I must do my du- - ty. All hope of
f

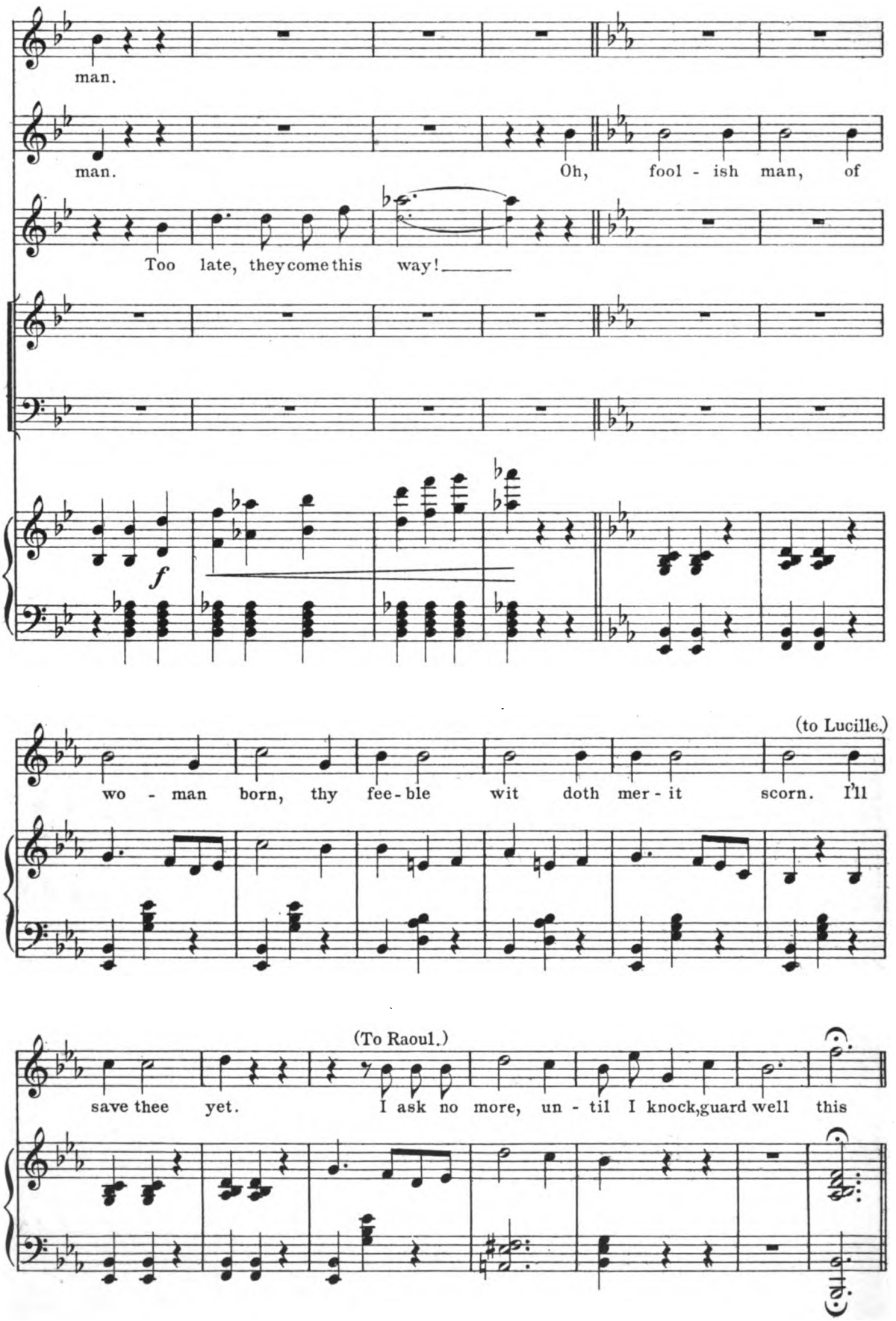

pp
- - est whis-per of wom - an's beau - - ty is
low - - est whis-per of wom - an's beau - - ty is
love for ev - er past for
heard a - bove du - ty's clar- - ion blast.
heard a - bove du - ty's clar- - ion blast.
ev - - - - er past. Mon-sieur
Ri - go - leau has been ar - rest - ed. Pa-pers found up - on him have at -
f

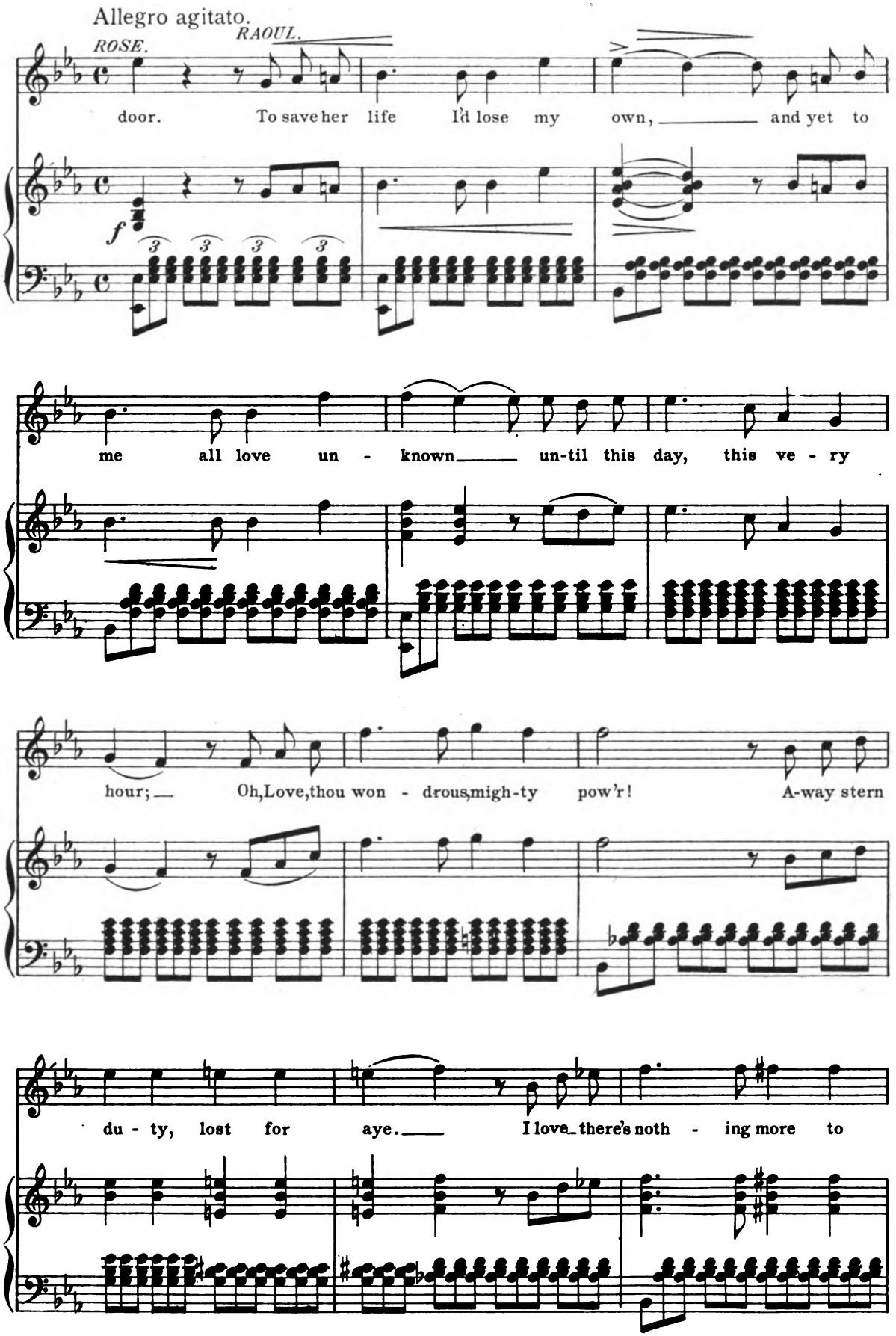

No, not a
It is a lie!
test-ed, Lu-cille d'Herb-lay en-ter'd Pa-ris as a spy.
Meno mosso.
spy.
RAOUL.
A spy!
Tempo di marcia.
(Outside.) TEN. pp
CHORUS. Though not en-lis-ted with our own con-sent, To
BASS. pp
f
pp

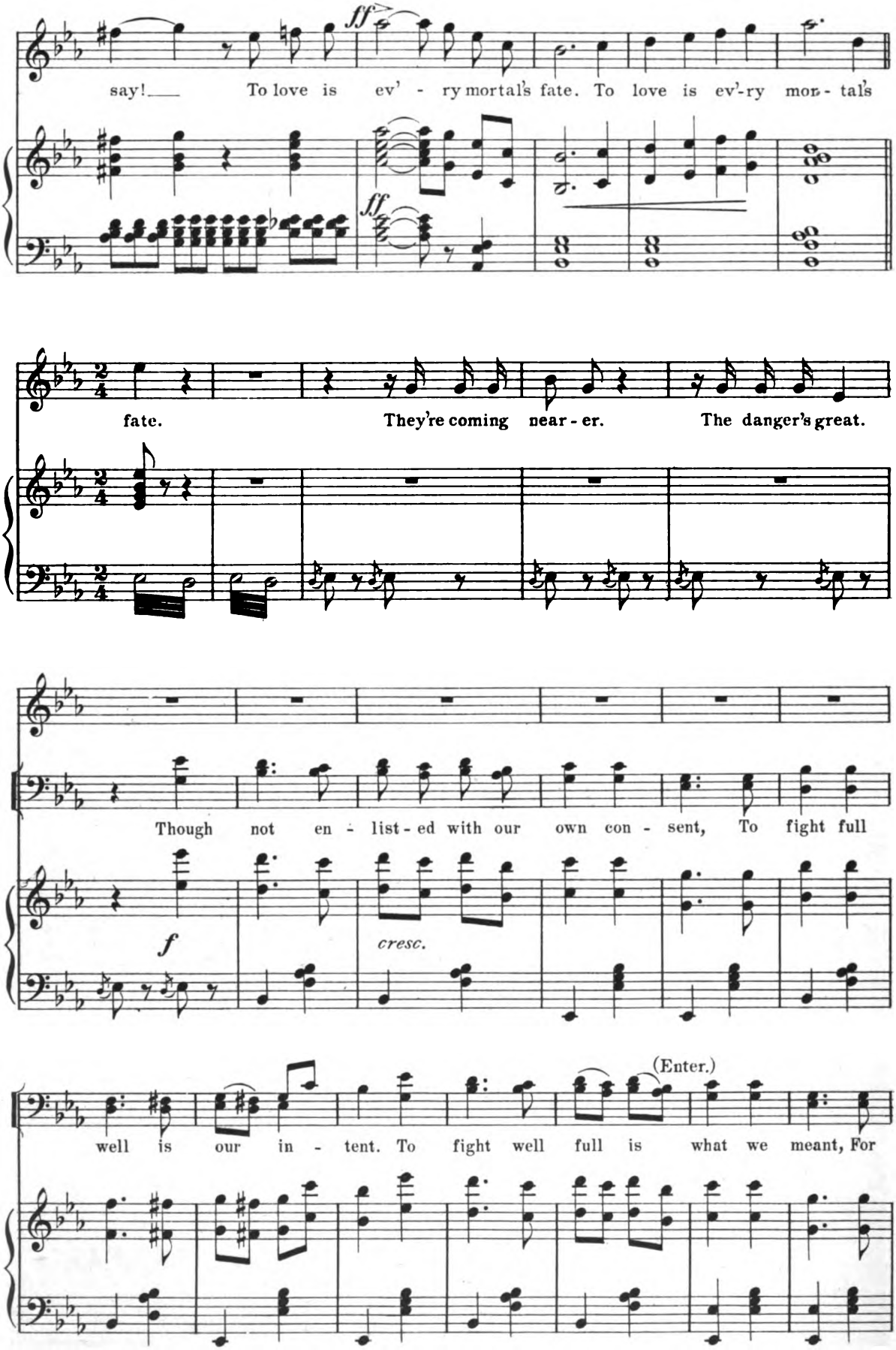

They are searching ev'-ry
You _____ your father's daugh - ter.
fight full well is our_ in - tent, To fight well full_ is_
quart-er.
They are
A spy! _____
what we meant, For we are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment.

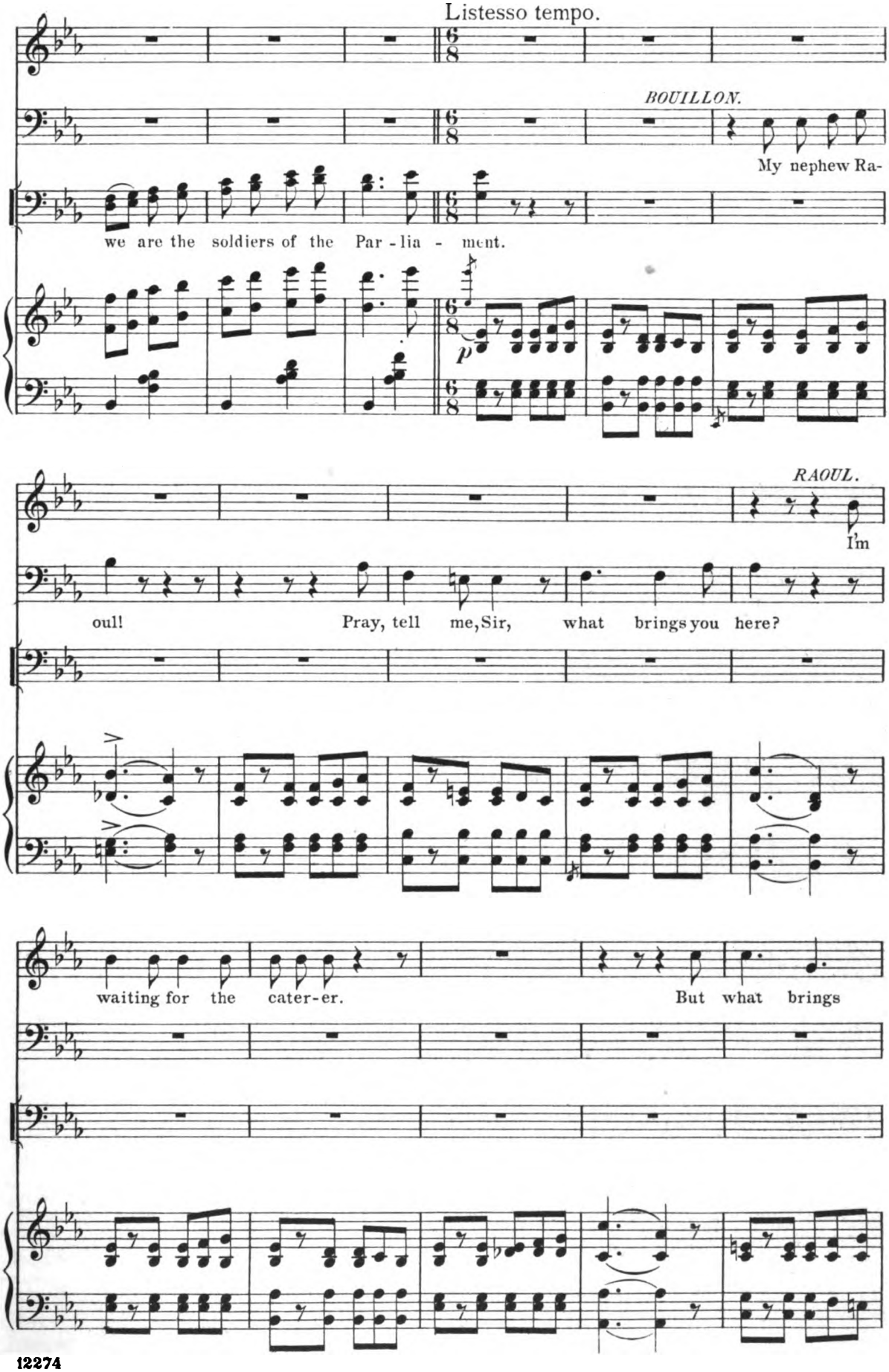

com-ing near-er, near-er.
To my heart she's grow - ing
dearer.
Come, Lu - cille, for -
(Outside.)
Though not en - lis-ted with our own con - sent, To

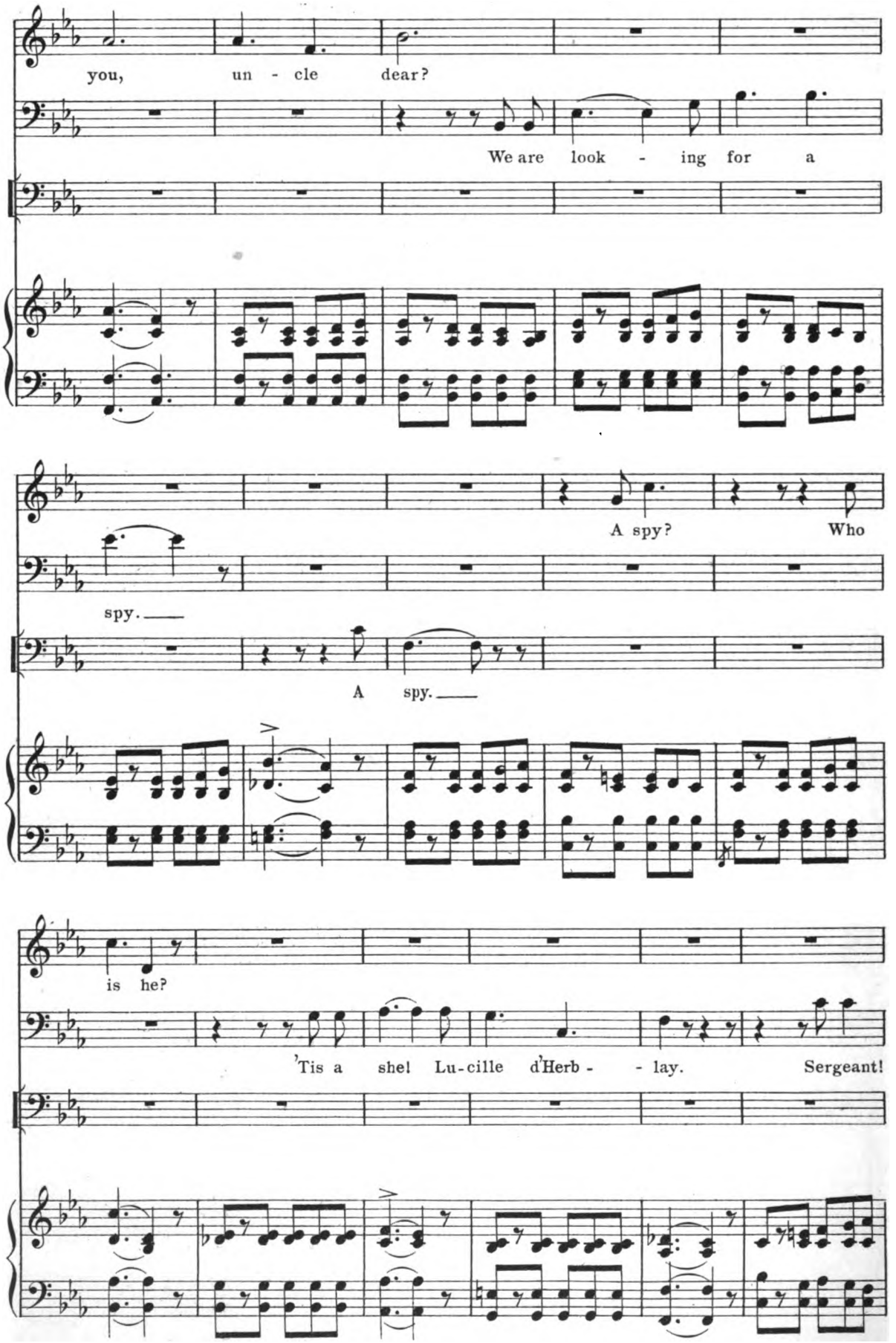

ev - er lost is du - ty, in the ma - gic of thy
fight full well is our in - tent. To fight well full is
Spoken like a
Spoken like a
beau - ty. I will save you if I can.
what we meant, For we are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment.

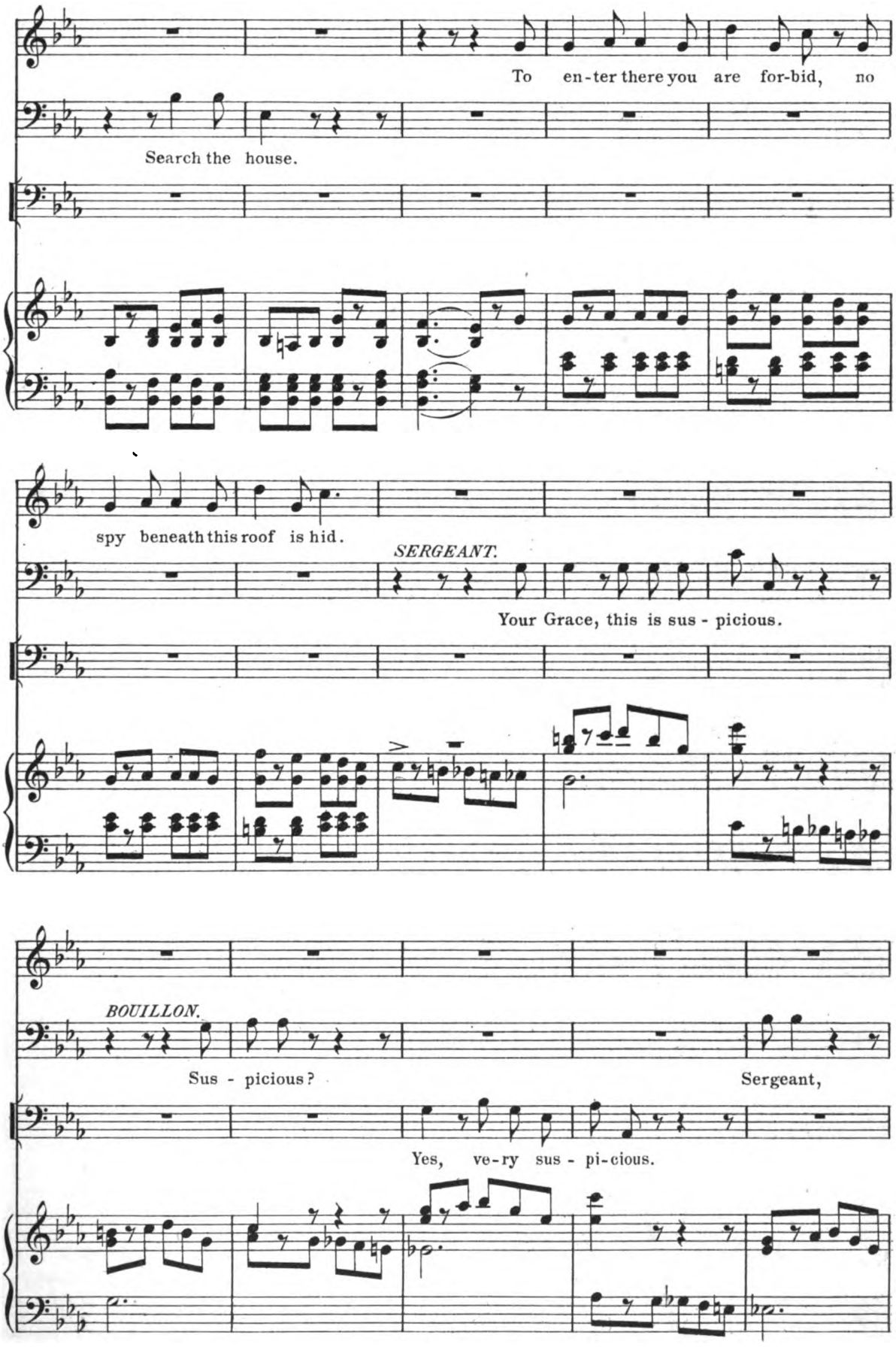

man.
man.
Oh, fool - ish man, of
Too late, they come this way!
f
(to Lucille.)
wo - man born, thy fee - ble wit doth mer - it scorn. I'll
(To Raoul.)
save thee yet. I ask no more, un - til I knock, guard well this

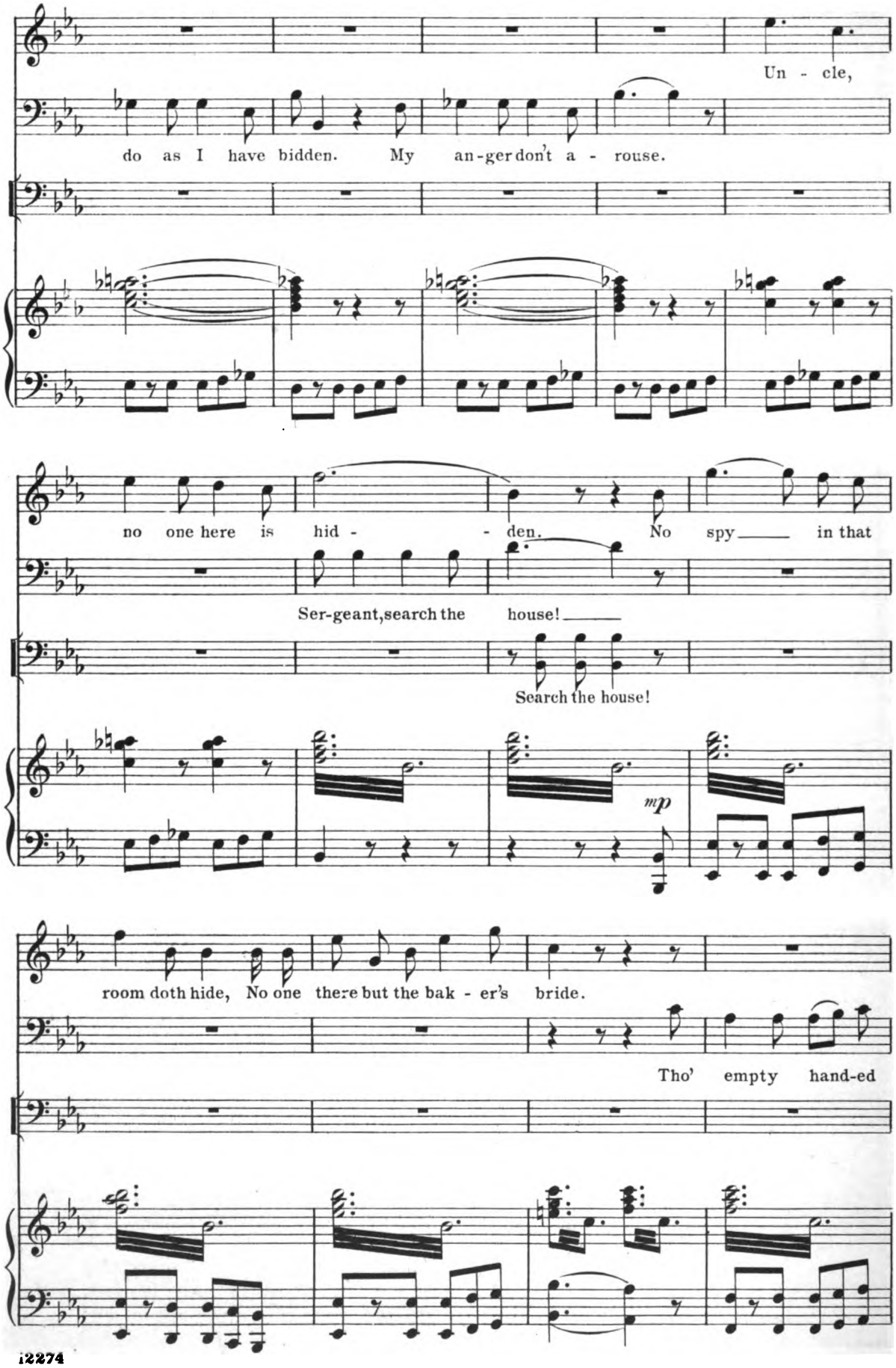

Allegro agitato.
ROSE.
RAOUL.
door. To save her life I'd lose my own, and yet to
f
me all love un - known un-til this day, this ve - ry
hour; Oh, Love, thou won - drous, migh-ty pow'r! A-way stern
du - ty, lost for aye. I love there's noth - ing more to

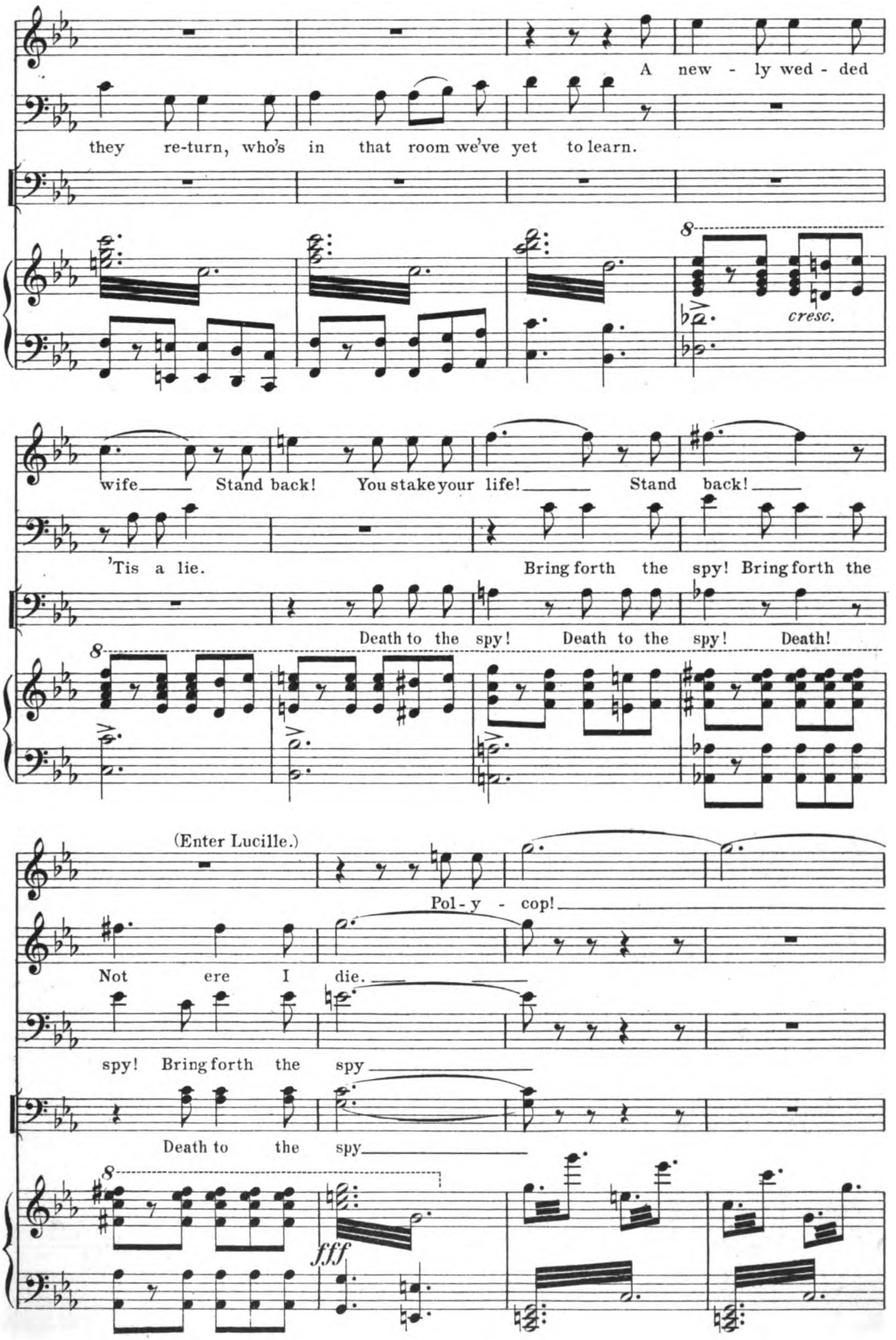

say! To love is ev' - ry mortal's fate. To love is ev'-ry mor - tal's
ff
ff
fate. They're coming near - er. The danger's great.
Though not en - list - ed with our own con - sent, To fight full
f
cresc.
well is our in - tent. To fight well full is what we meant, For
(Enter.)

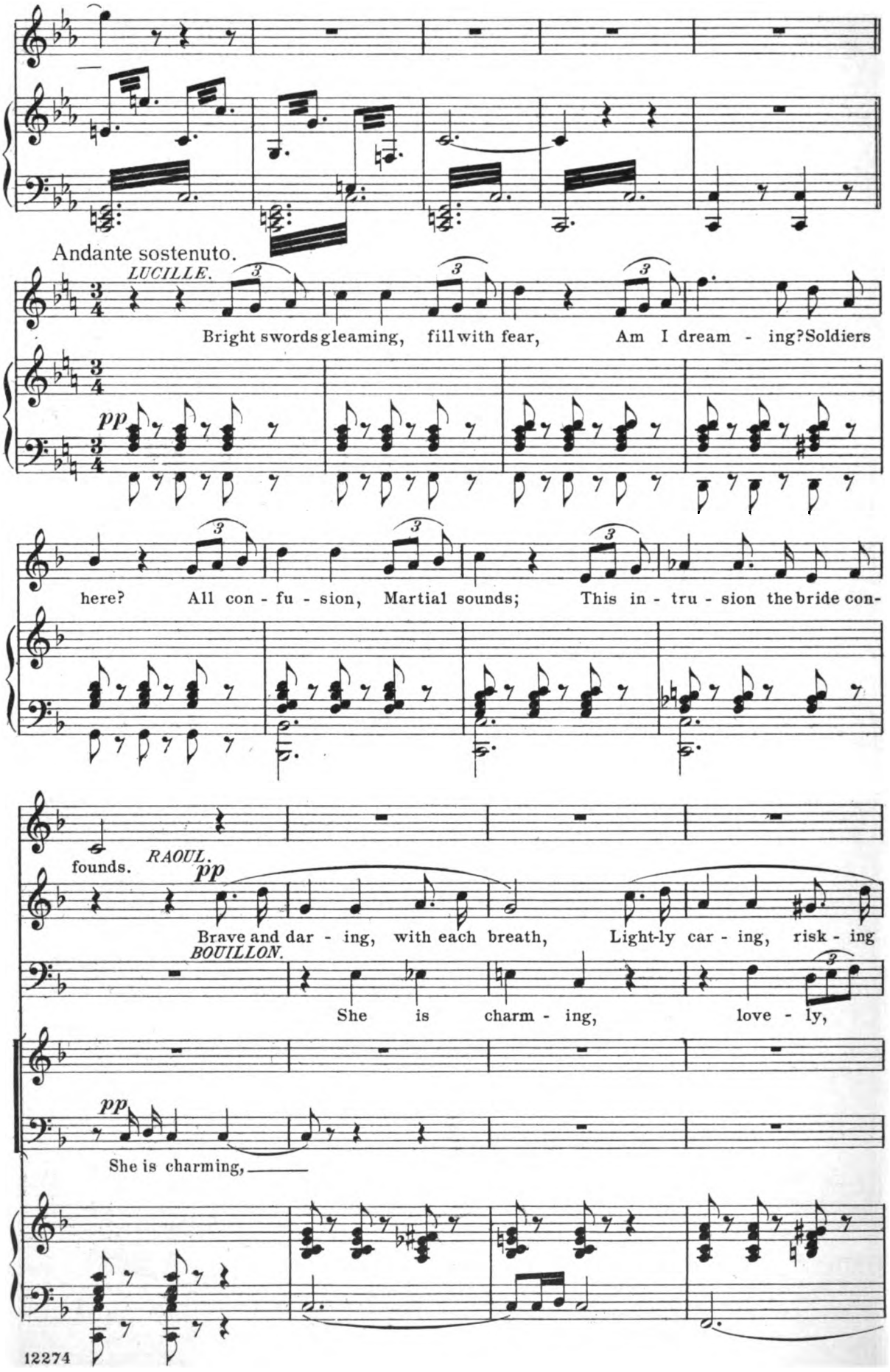

Listesso tempo.
BOUILLON.
My nephew Ra-
we are the soldiers of the Par - lia - ment.
p
RAOUL.
I'm
oul! Pray, tell me, Sir, what brings you here?
waiting for the cater-er.
But what brings

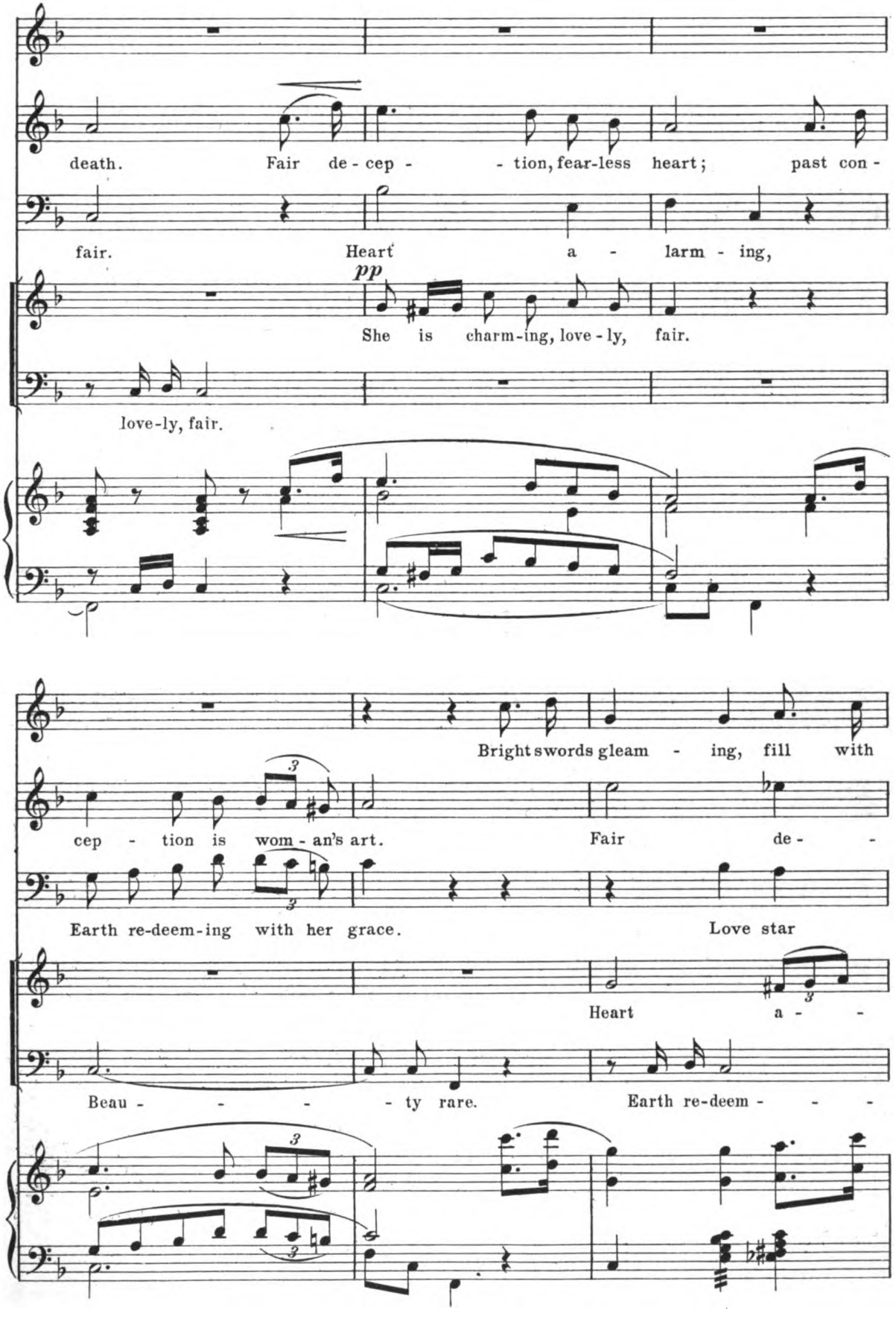

you, un - cle dear?
We are look - ing for a
spy.
A spy? Who
A spy.
is he?
'Tis a shel Lu-cille d'Herb - - lay. Sergeant!

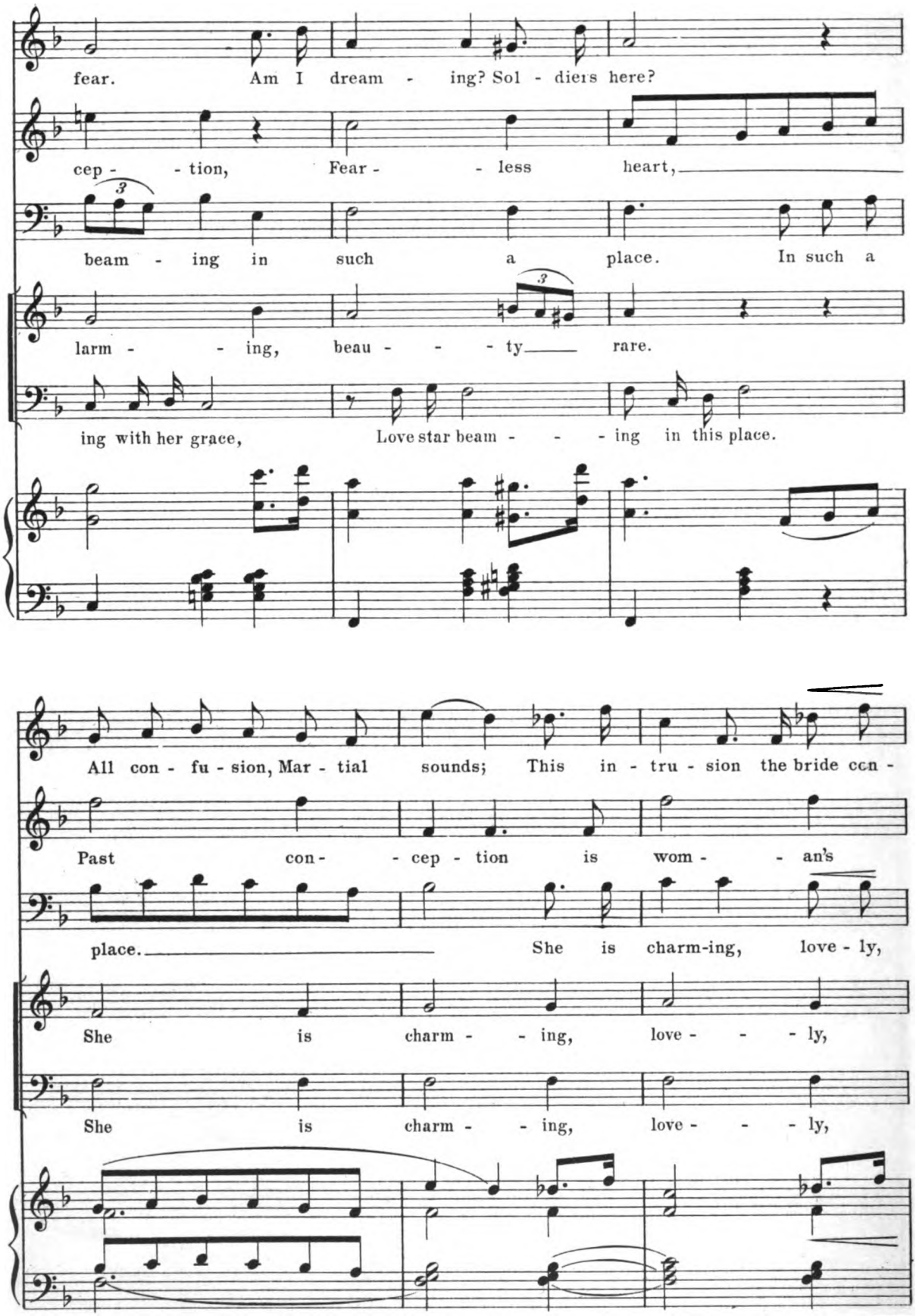

To en-ter there you are for-bid, no
Search the house.
spy beneath this roof is hid.
SERGEANT.
Your Grace, this is sus - picious.
BOUILLON.
Sus - picious?
Sergeant,
Yes, ve-ry sus - pi-cious.

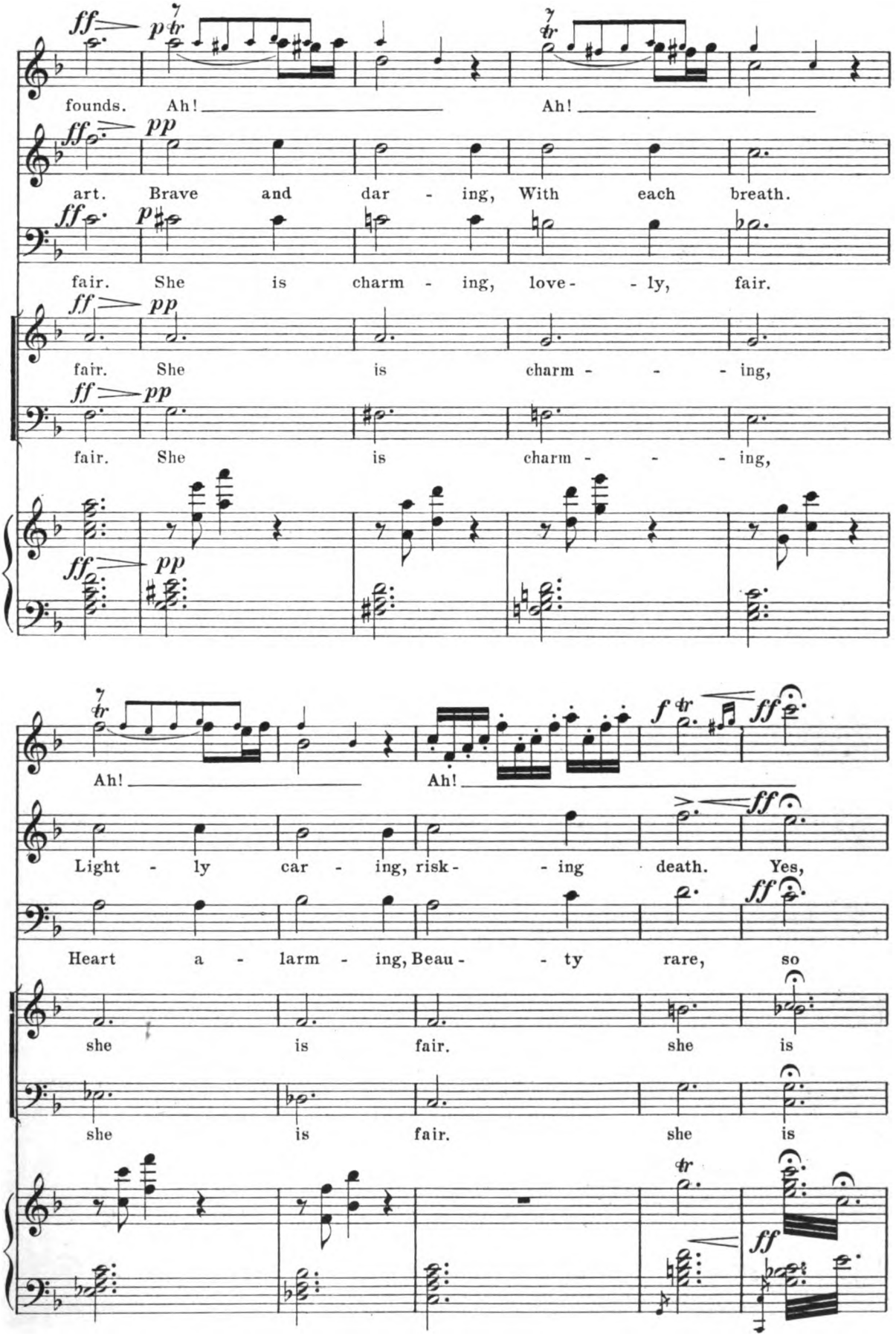

Un - cle,
do as I have bidden. My an-ger don't a - rouse.
no one here is hid - - den. No spy in that
Ser-geant, search the house!
Search the house!
mp
room doth hide, No one there but the bak - er's bride.
Tho' empty hand-ed

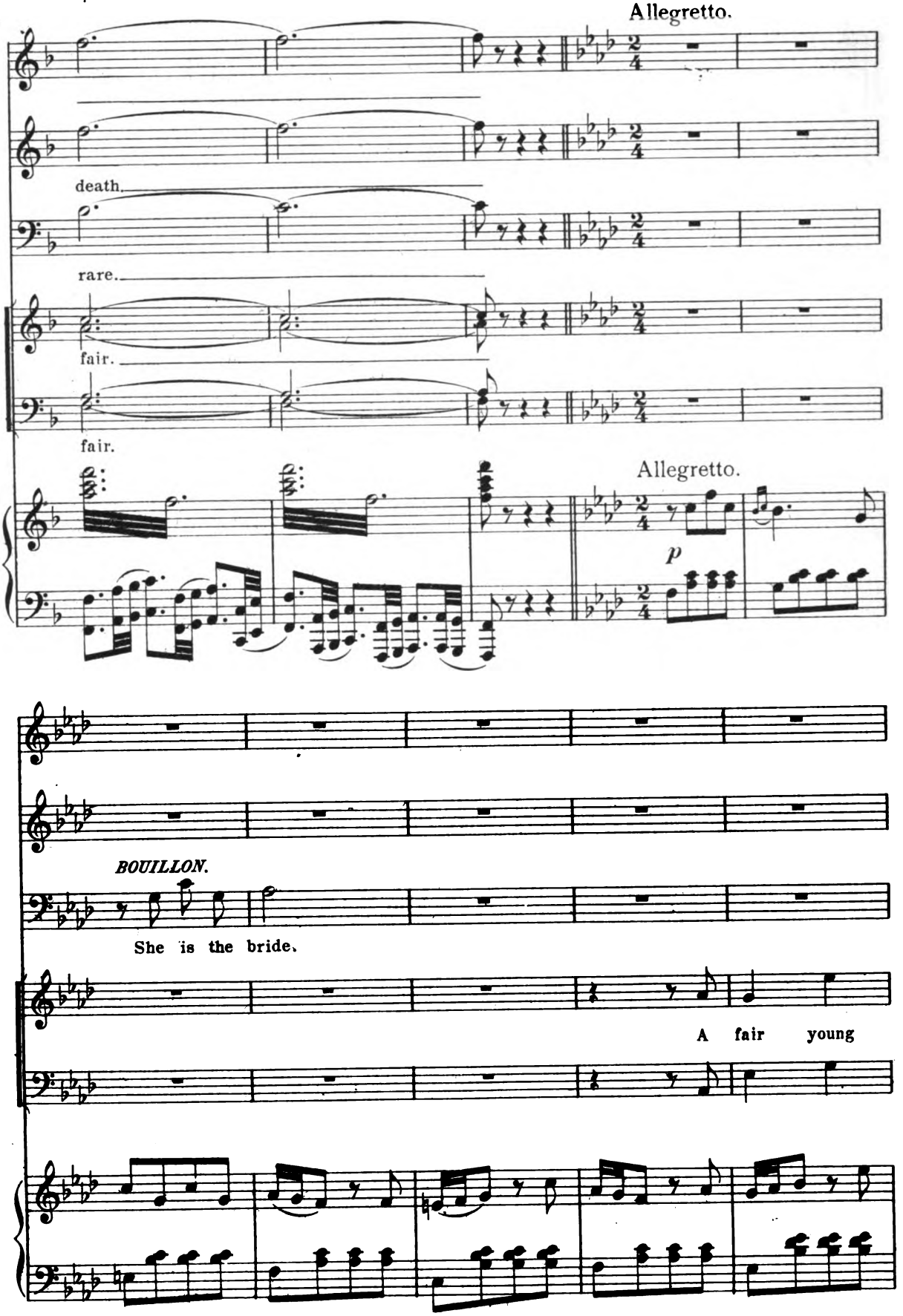

A new - ly wed - ded
they re-turn, who's in that room we've yet to learn.
cresc.
wife Stand back! You stake your life! Stand back!
'Tis a lie.
Bring forth the spy! Bring forth the
Death to the spy! Death to the spy! Death!
(Enter Lucille.)
Pol - y - cop!
Not ere I die.
spy! Bring forth the spy
Death to the spy
fff

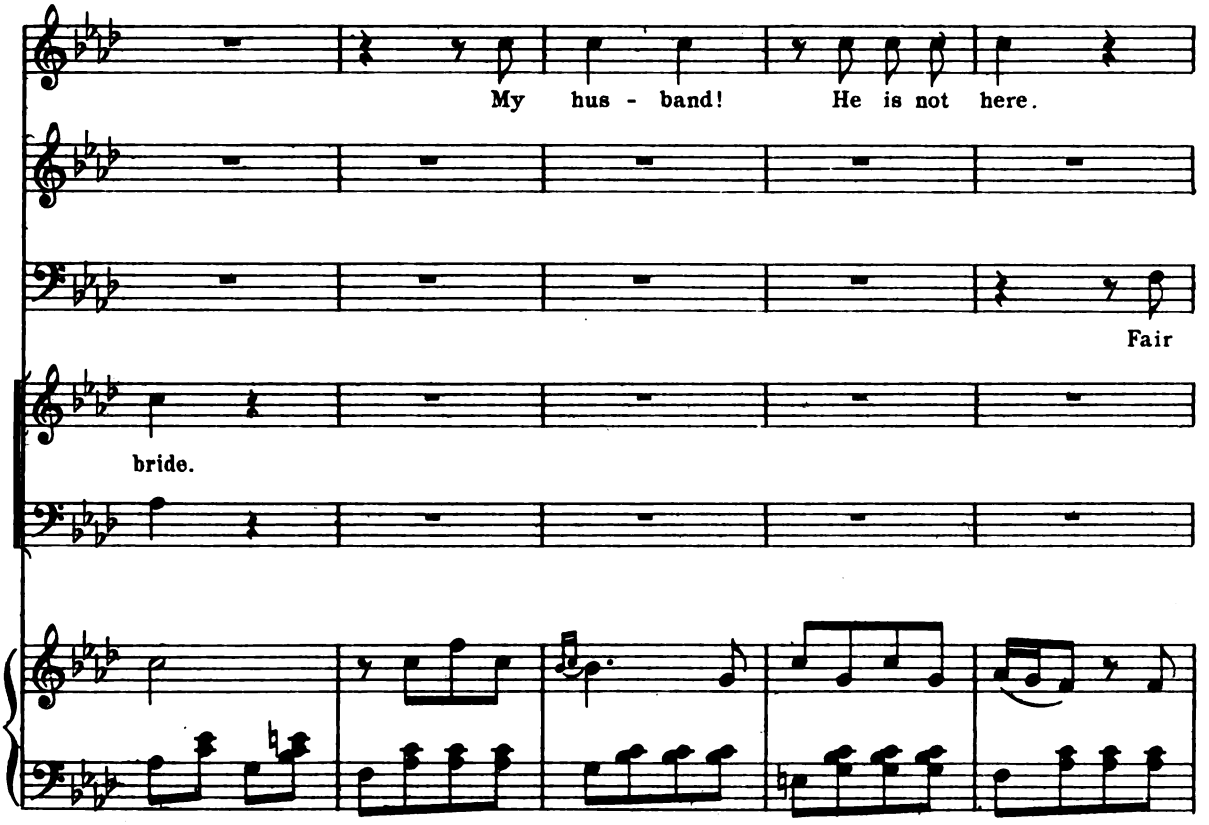

Andante sostenuto.
LUCILLE.
Bright swords gleaming, fill with fear, Am I dream - ing? Soldiers
pp
here? All con - fu - sion, Martial sounds; This in - tru - sion the bride con-
founds.
RAOUL.
pp
Brave and dar - ing, with each breath, Light-ly car - ing, risk - ing
BOUILLON.
She is charm - ing, love - ly,
pp
She is charming,

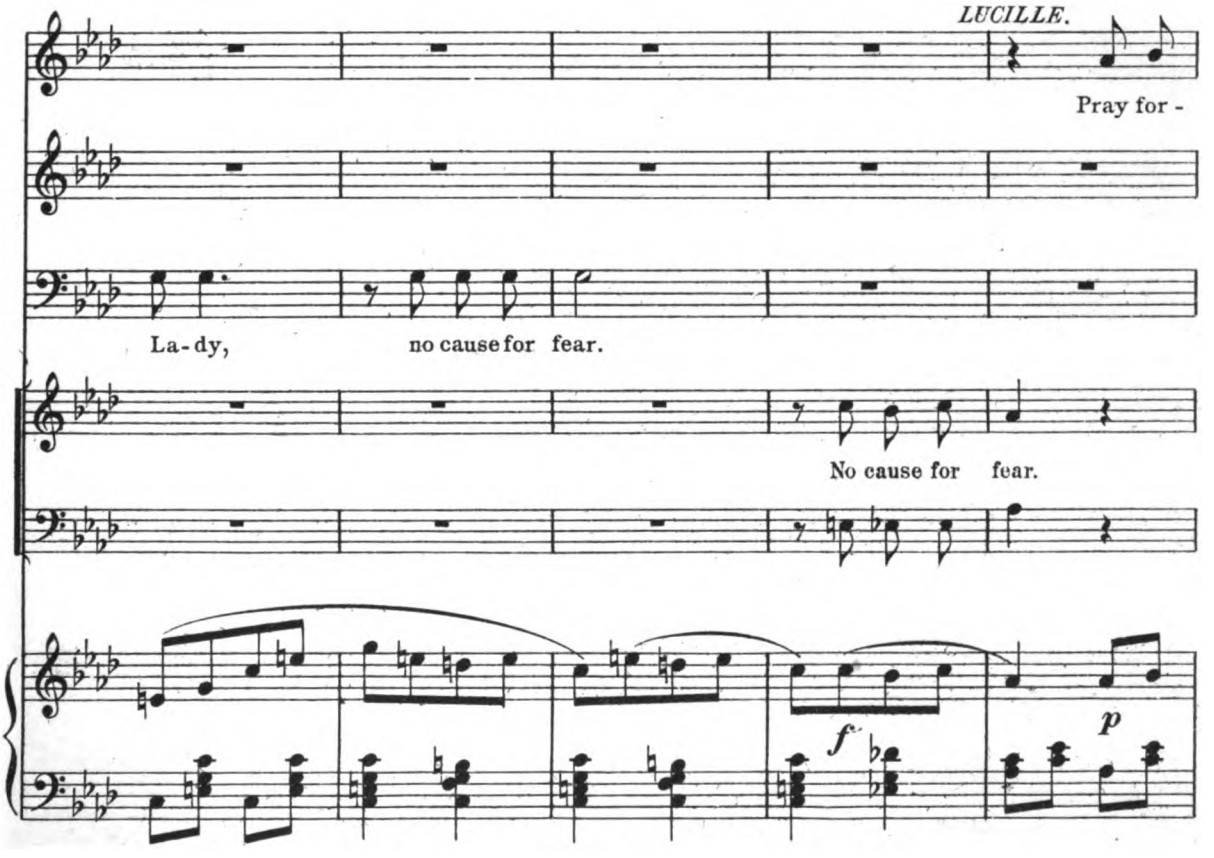

death. Fair de - cep - - tion, fear-less heart; past con -
fair. Heart a - larm - ing,
pp
She is charm-ing, love - ly, fair.
love-ly, fair.
Bright swords gleam - ing, fill with
cep - tion is wom - an's art. Fair de - -
Earth re-deem-ing with her grace. Love star
Heart a - -
Beau - - - - ty rare. Earth re-deem - - -

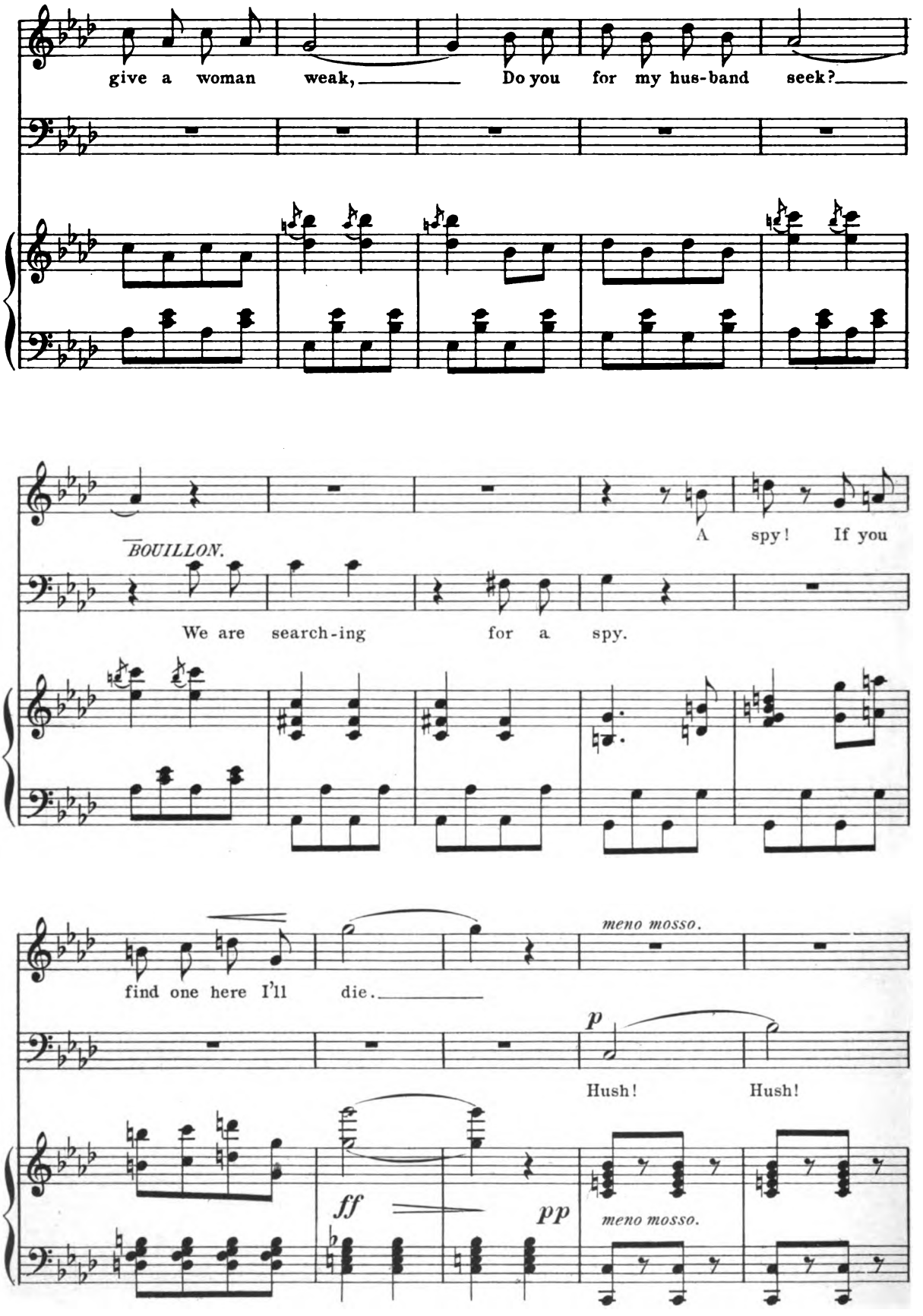

fear. Am I dream - ing? Sol - diers here?
cep - - tion, Fear - - less heart,
beam - ing in such a place. In such a
larm - - ing, beau - - - ty rare.
ing with her grace, Love star beam - - - ing in this place.
All con - fu - sion, Mar - tial sounds; This in - tru - sion the bride con -
Past con - - cep - tion is wom - - an's
place. She is charm-ing, love - ly,
She is charm - - ing, love - - - ly,
She is charm - - ing, love - - - ly,

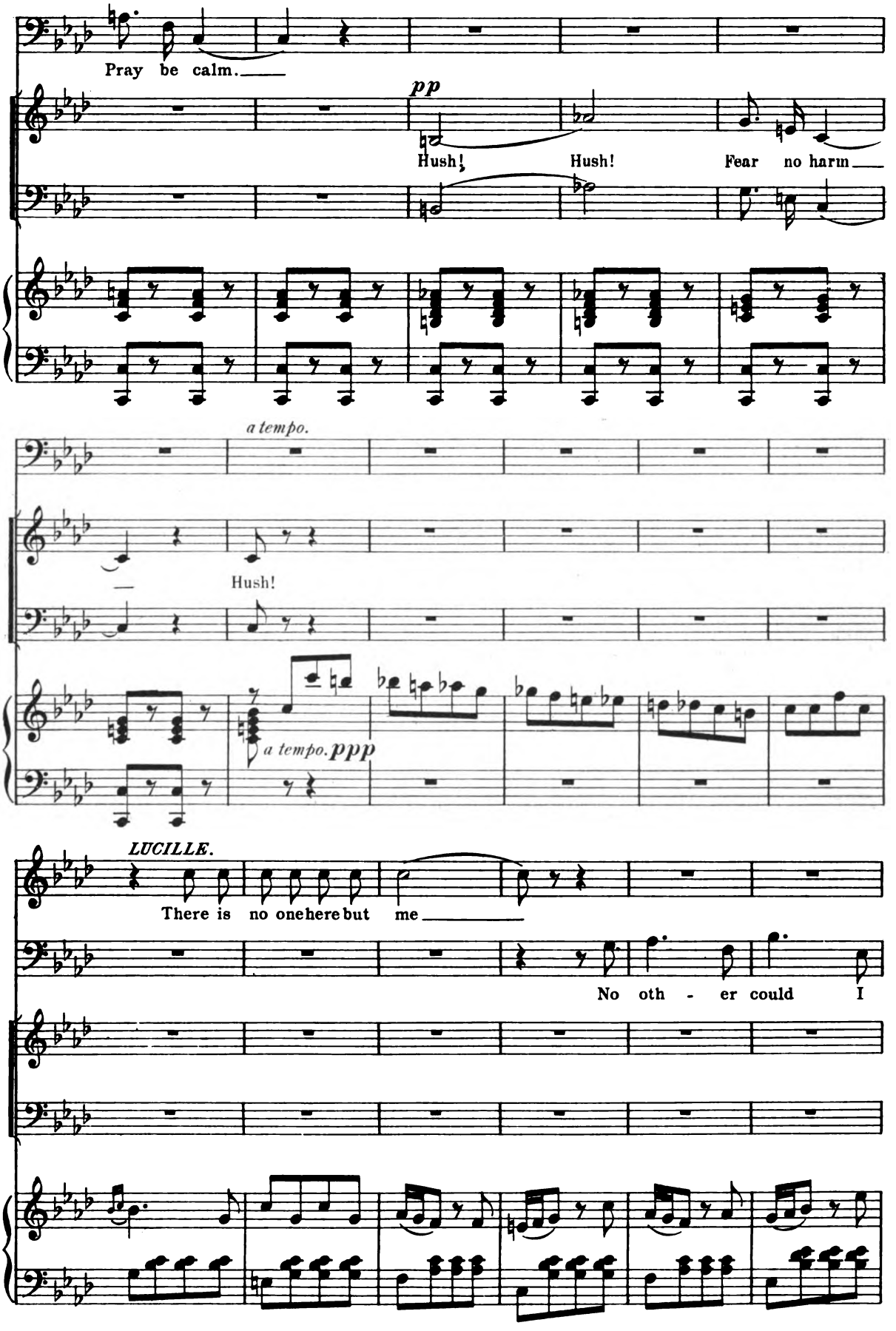

ff p
founds. Ah!
Ah!
ff pp
art. Brave and dar - ing, With each breath.
ff p
fair. She is charm - ing, love - ly, fair.
ff pp
fair. She is charm - ing,
ff pp
fair. She is charm - ing,
ff pp
Ah!
Ah!
f ff
Light - ly car - ing, risk - ing death. Yes,
ff
Heart a - larm - ing, Beau - ty rare, so
she is fair. she is
she is fair. she is
ff

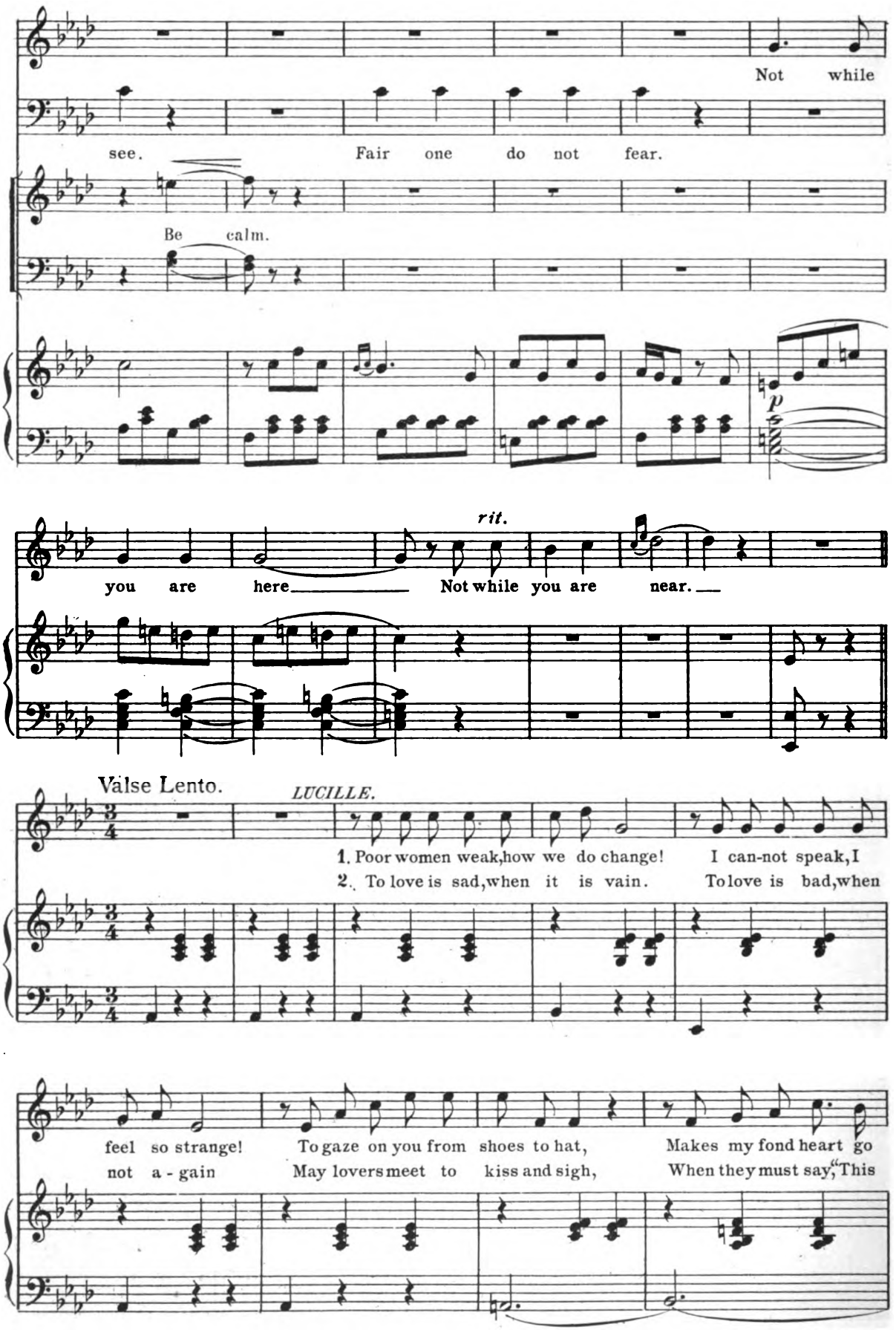

Allegretto.
death.
rare.
fair.
fair.
Allegretto.
p
BOUILLON.
She is the bride.
A fair young

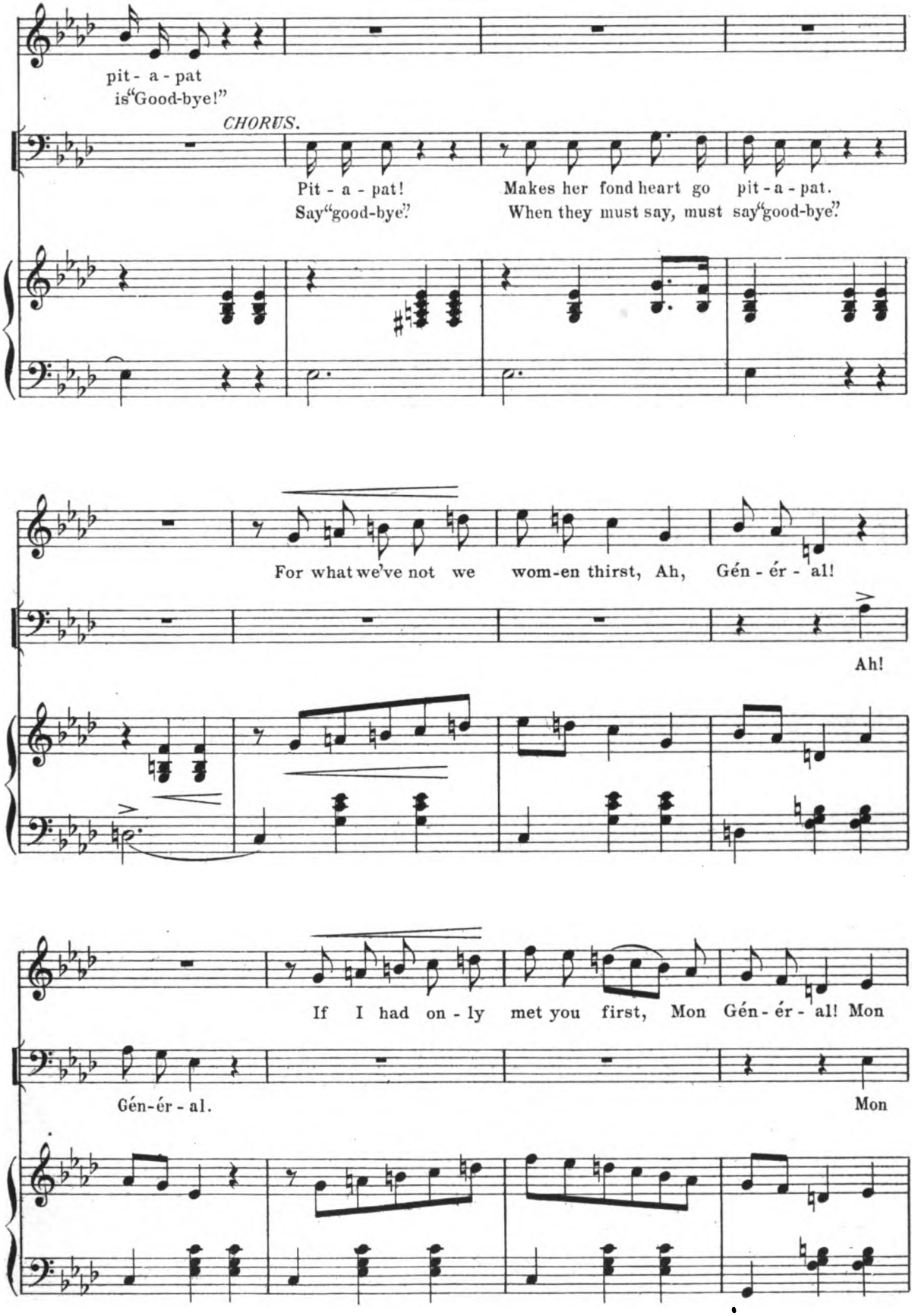

My hus - band! He is not here.
Fair
bride.

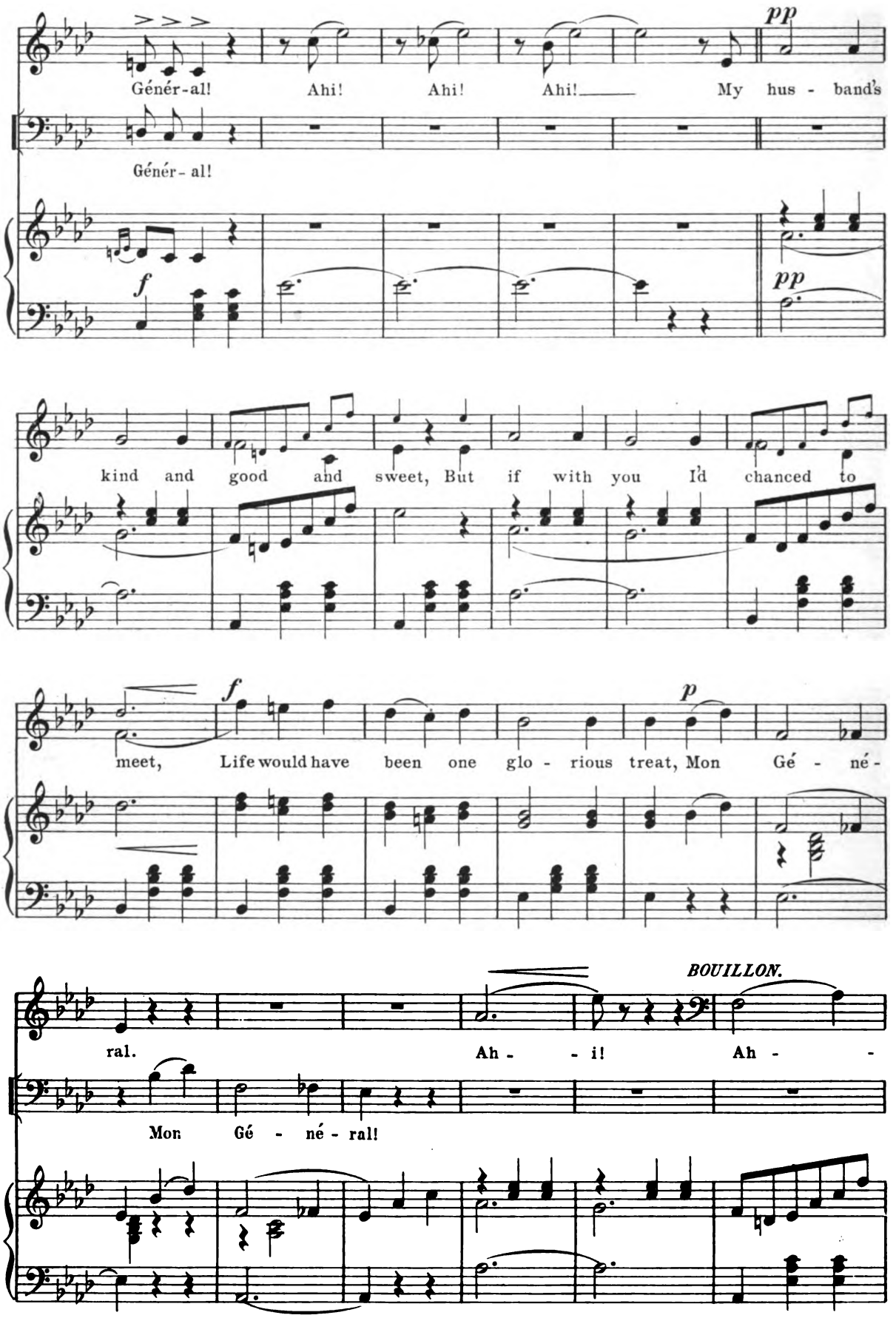

LUCILLE.
Pray for -
La-dy, no cause for fear.
No cause for fear.
f
p

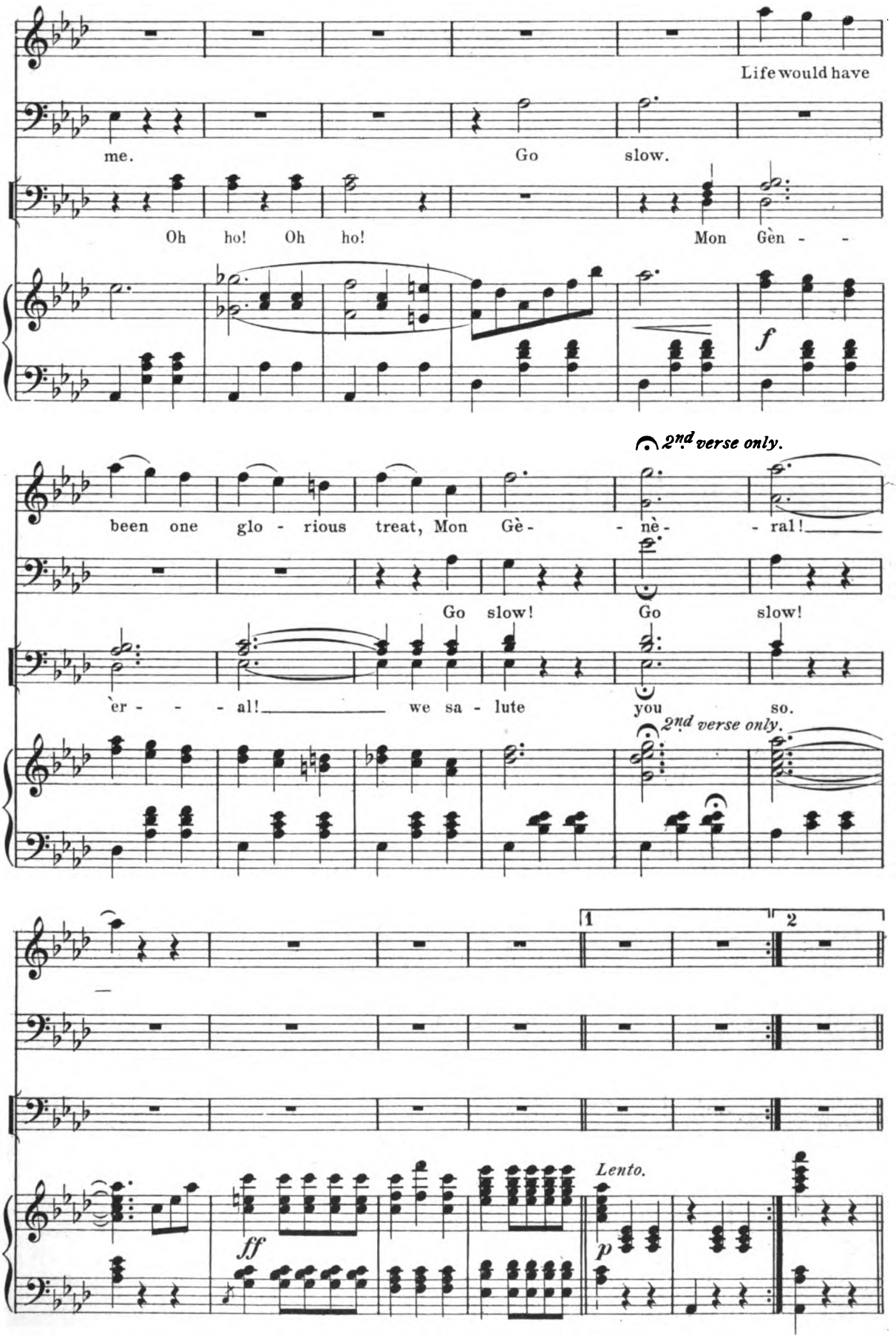

give a woman weak, Do you for my hus-band seek?
BOUILLON.
A spy! If you
We are search-ing for a spy.
find one here I'll die.
meno mosso.
p
Hush! Hush!
ff
pp
meno mosso.


Pray be calm.
pp
Hush!
Hush!
Fear no harm
a tempo.
Hush!
a tempo. ppp
LUCILLE.
There is no one here but me
No oth - er could I

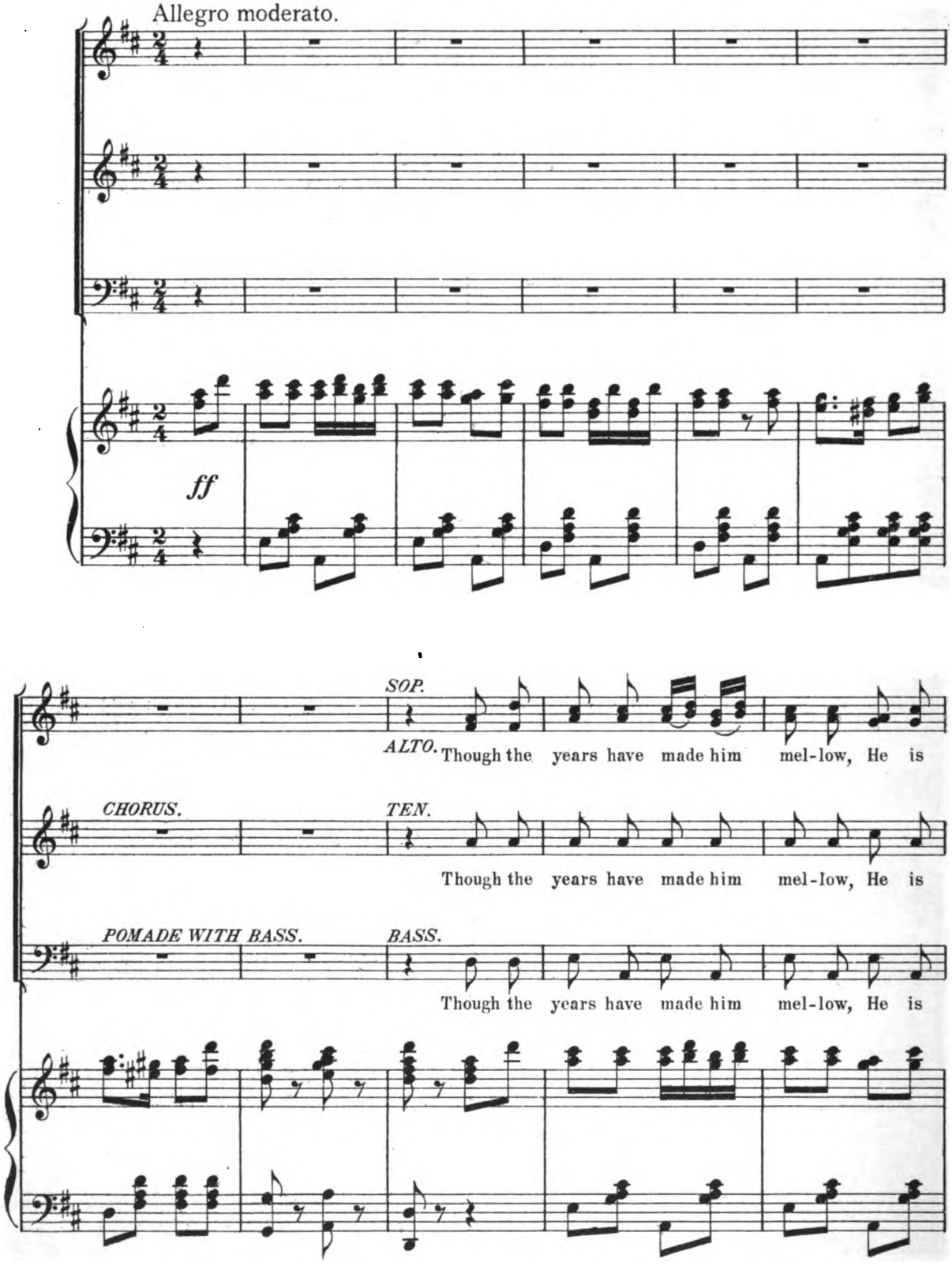

Not while
see. Fair one do not fear.
Be calm.
p
rit.
you are here Not while you are near.
Valse Lento.
LUCILLE.
1. Poor women weak,how we do change! I can-not speak,I
2. To love is sad,when it is vain. To love is bad,when
feel so strange! To gaze on you from shoes to hat, Makes my fond heart go
not a - gain May lovers meet to kiss and sigh, When they must say,"This

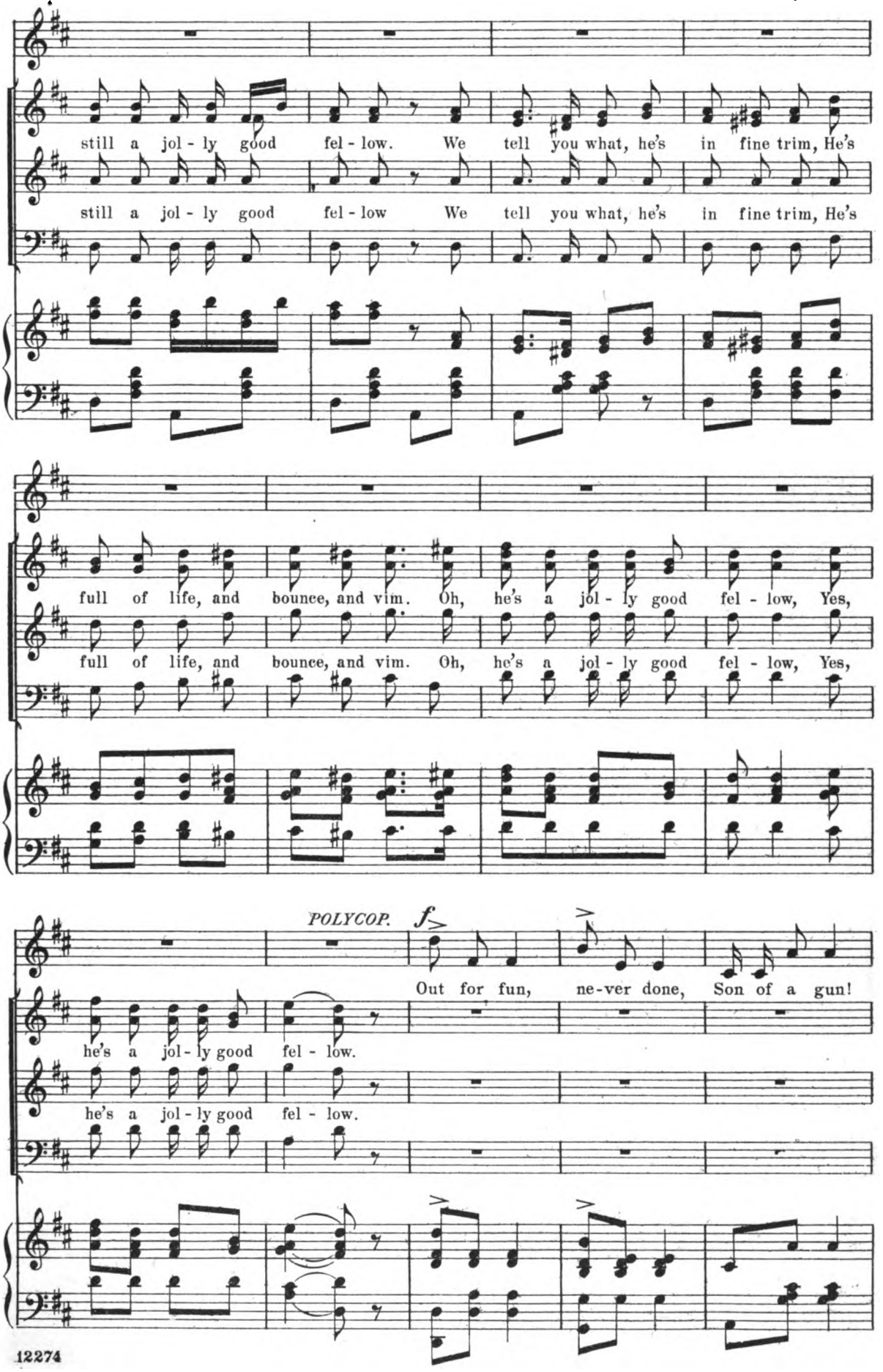

pit - a - pat
is "Good-bye!"
CHORUS.
Pit - a - pat!
Say "good-bye."
Makes her fond heart go pit - a - pat.
When they must say, must say "good-bye."
For what we've not we wom-en thirst, Ah, Gén - ér - al!
Ah!
If I had on - ly met you first, Mon Gén - ér - al! Mon
Gén - ér - al.
Mon

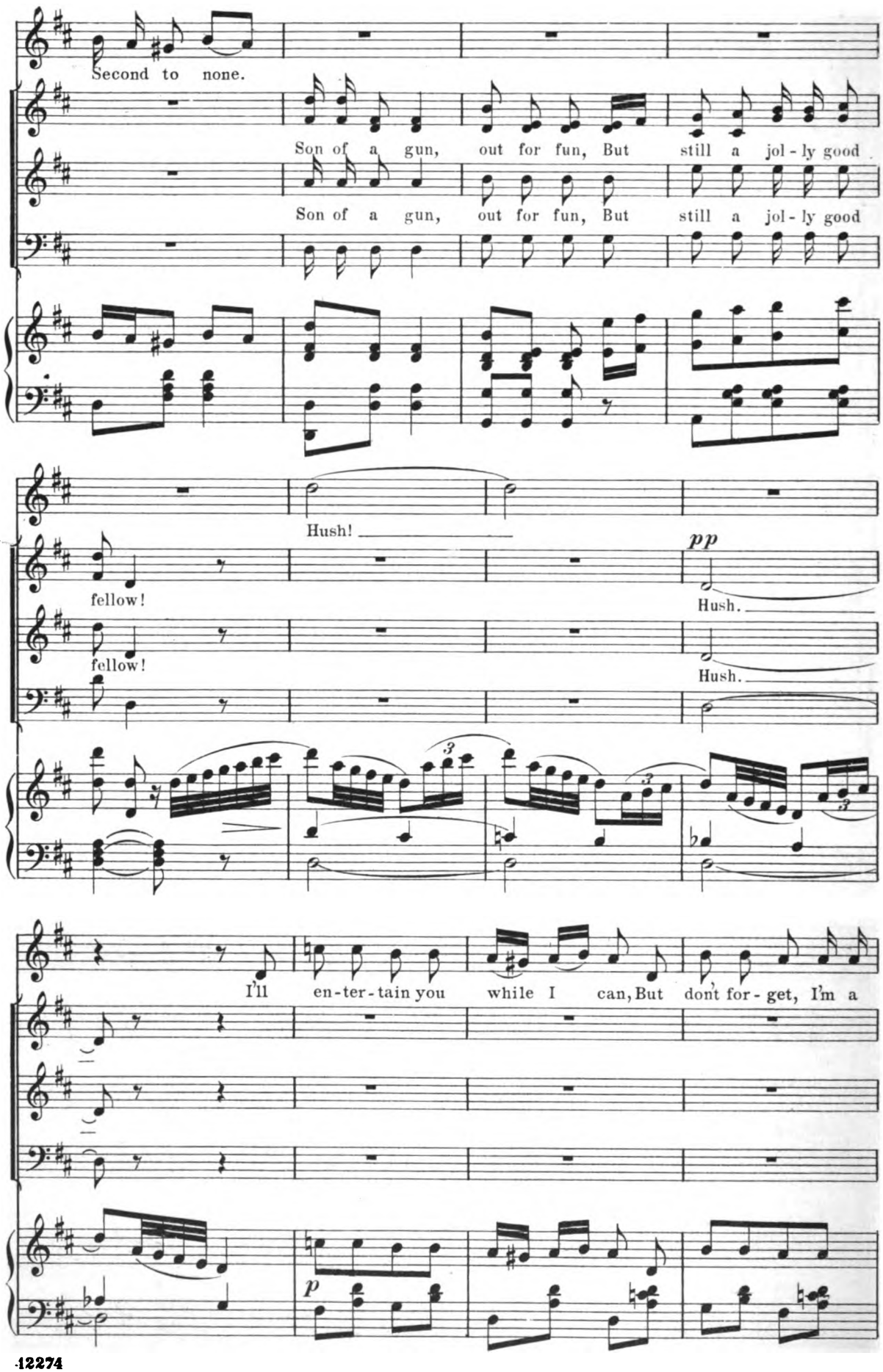

Génér-al! Ahi! Ahi! Ahi! My hus - band's
Génér - al!
pp
f
pp
kind and good and sweet, But if with you I'd chanced to
f
p
meet, Life would have been one glo - rious treat, Mon Gé - né -
BOUILLON.
ral. Ah - - i! Ah - -
Mon Gé - né - ral!

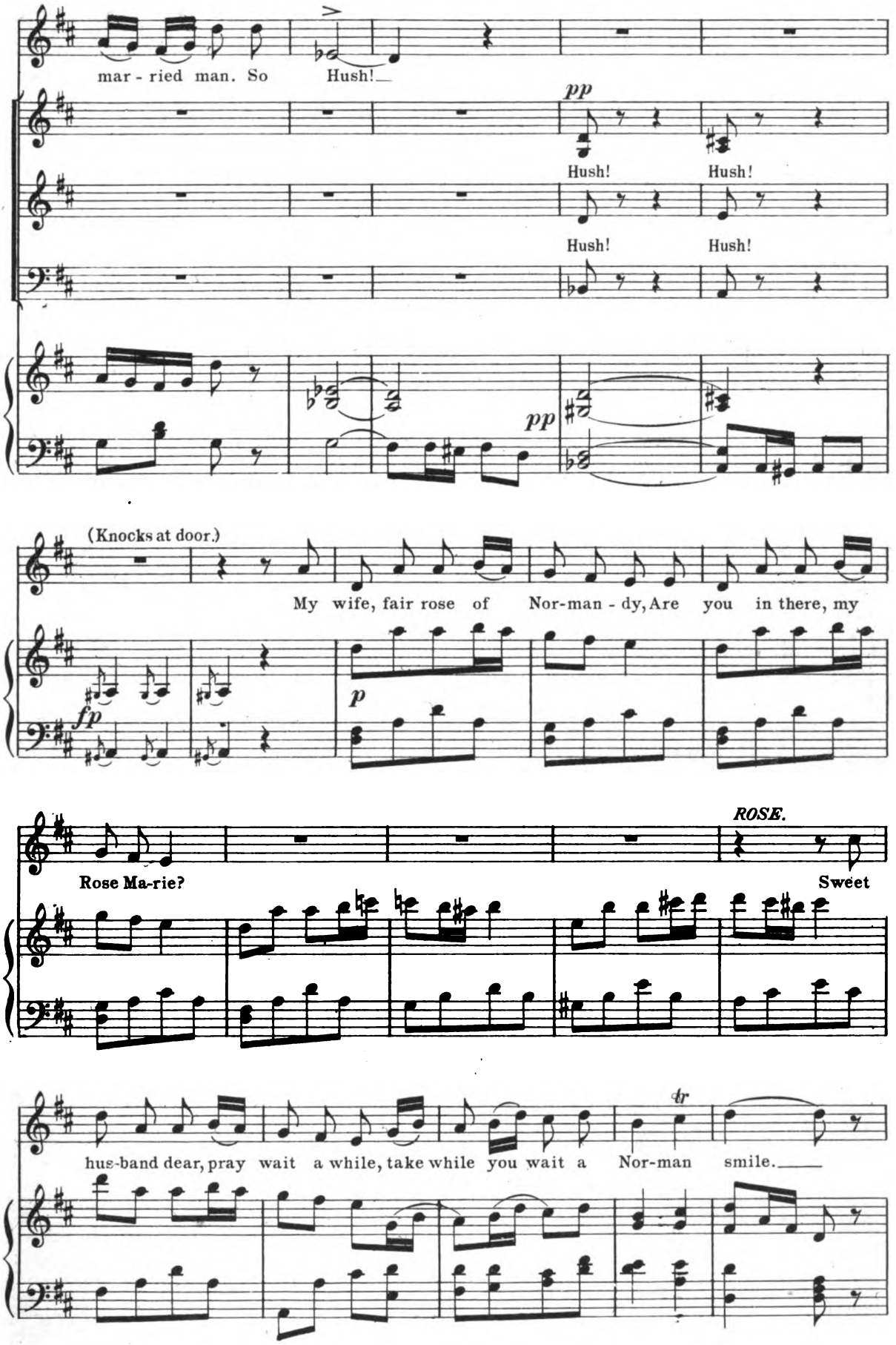

Life would have
me.
Go slow.
Oh ho! Oh ho!
Mon Gèn - -
f
2nd verse only.
been one glo - rious treat, Mon Gè - - nè - - ral!
Go slow! Go slow!
er - - - al! we sa - lute you so.
2nd verse only.
1
2
Lento.
ff
p

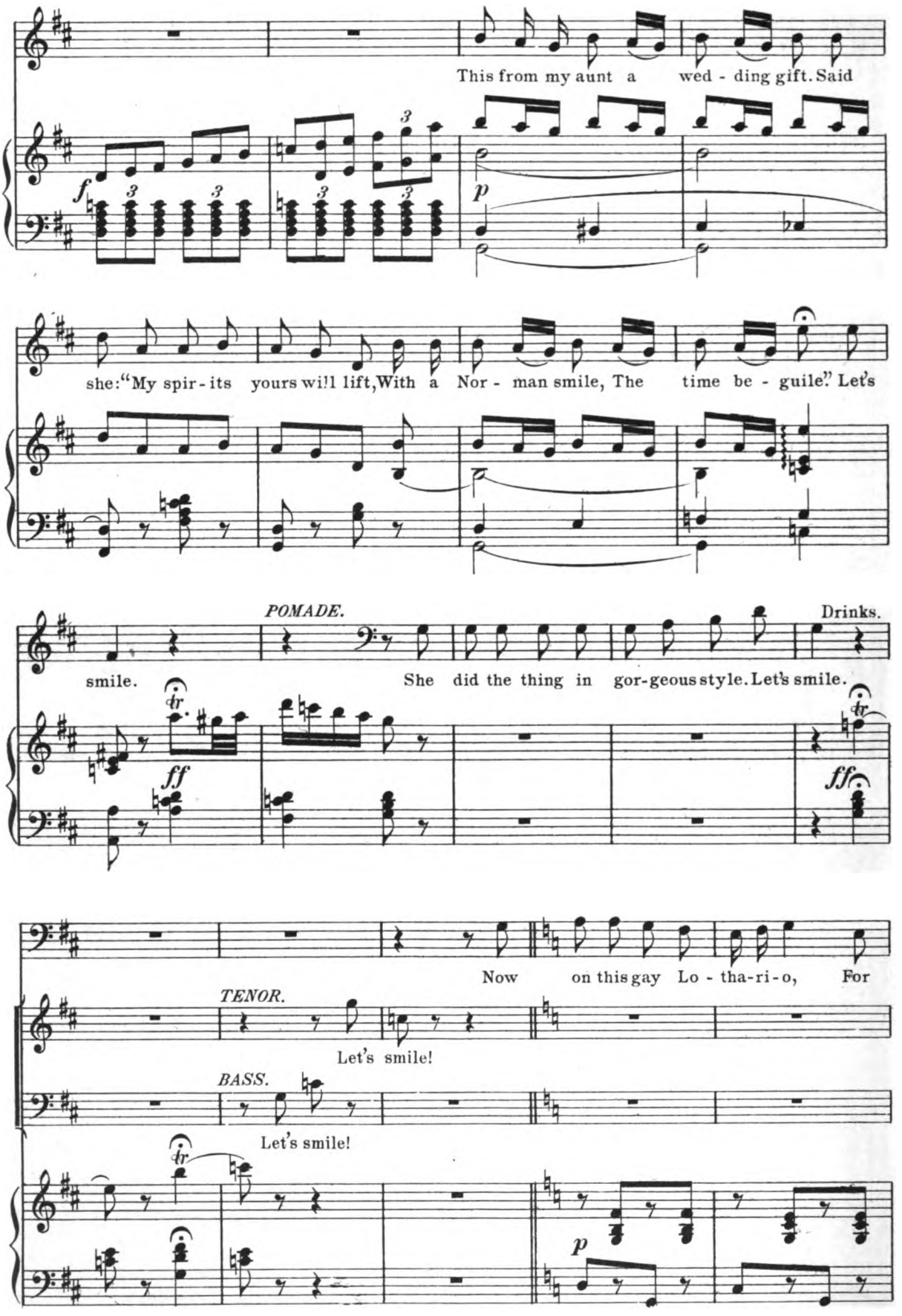
Nº 7. Ensemble.

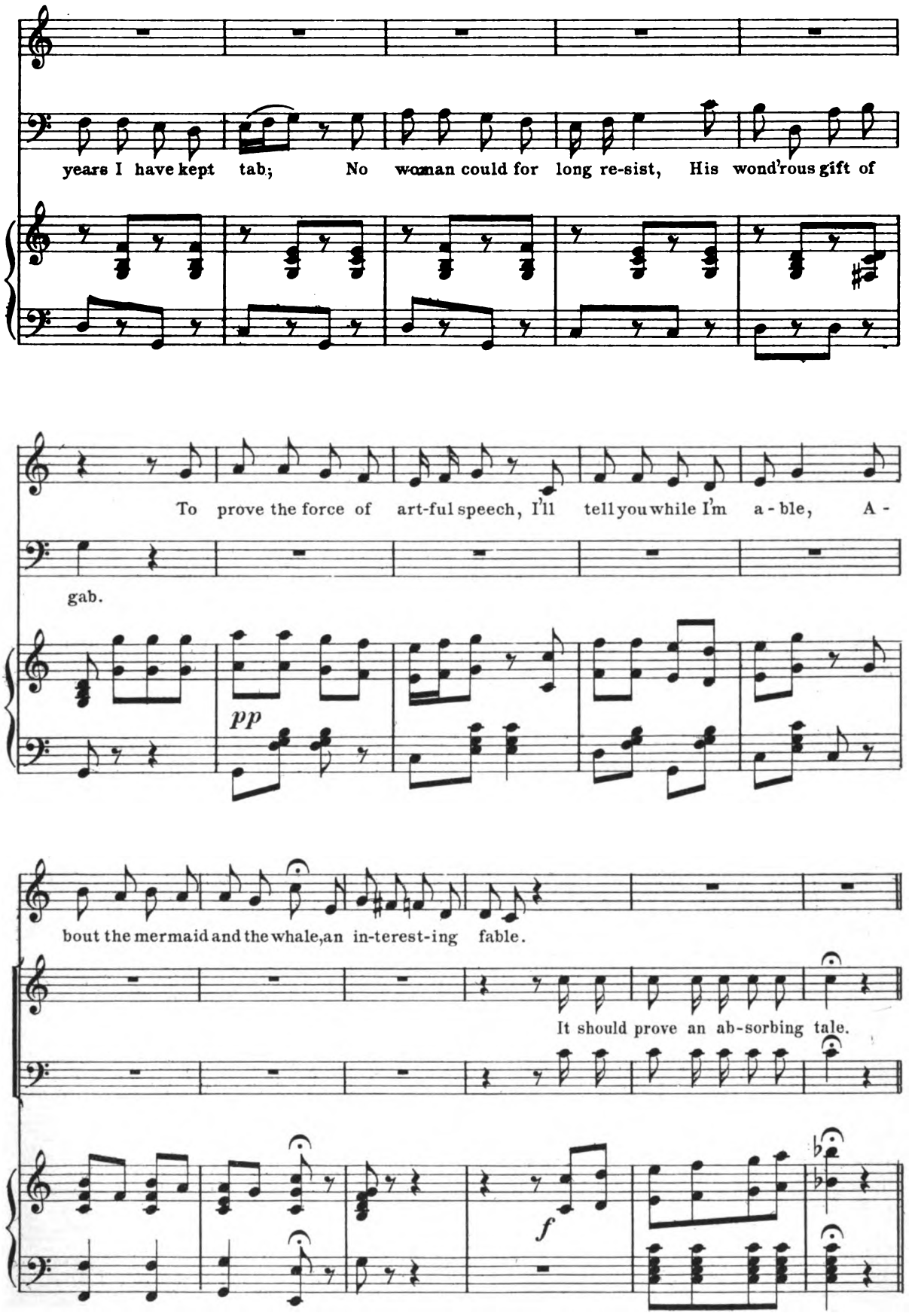



still a jol - ly good fel - low. We tell you what, he's in fine trim, He's
still a jol - ly good fel - low We tell you what, he's in fine trim, He's
full of life, and bounce, and vim. Oh, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Yes,
full of life, and bounce, and vim. Oh, he's a jol - ly good fel - low, Yes,
POLYCOP.
f
Out for fun, ne-ver done, Son of a gun!
he's a jol - ly good fel - low.
he's a jol - ly good fel - low.


Second to none.
Son of a gun, out for fun, But still a jol - ly good
Son of a gun, out for fun, But still a jol - ly good
Hush!
fellow!
fellow!
pp
Hush.
Hush.
I'll en - ter - tain you while I can, But don't for - get, I'm a
p

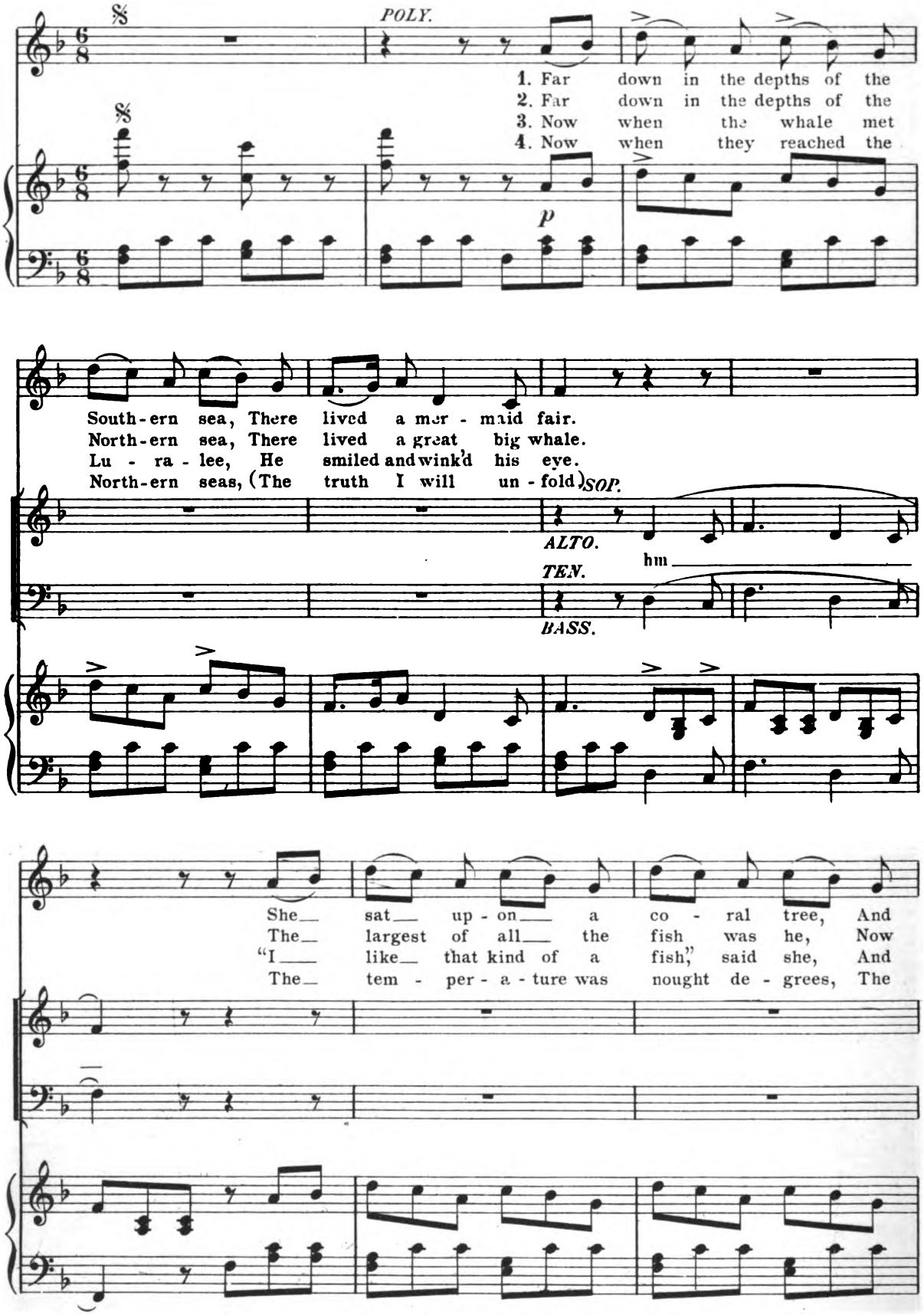

mar - ried man. So
Hush!
pp
Hush!
Hush!
Hush!
Hush!
pp
(Knocks at door.)
My wife, fair rose of Nor-man - dy, Are you in there, my
fp
p
ROSE.
Rose Ma-rie?
Sweet
hus-band dear, pray wait a while, take while you wait a Nor-man smile.
tr

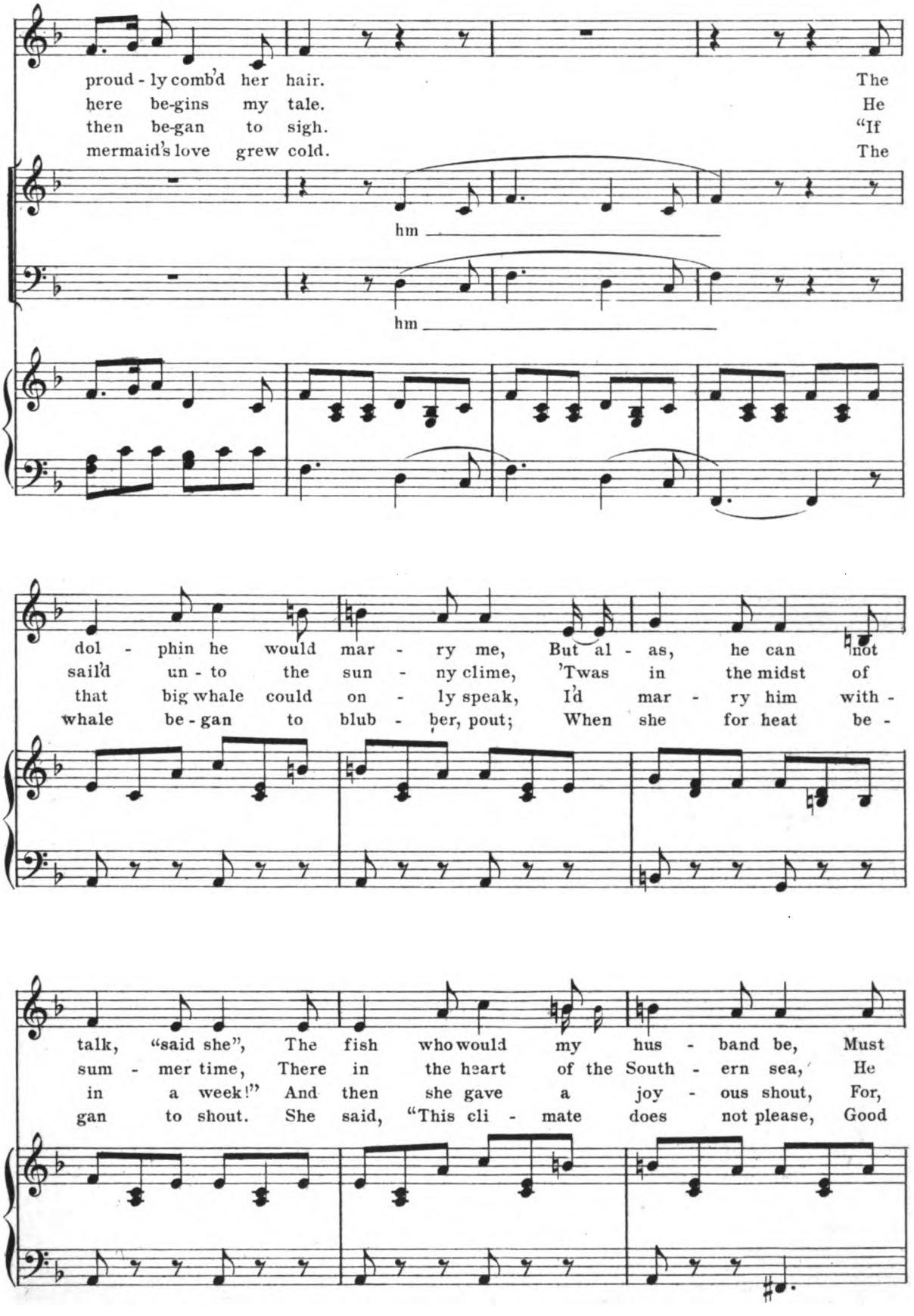

This from my aunt a wed - ding gift. Said
she: "My spir - its yours will lift, With a Nor - man smile, The time be - guile." Let's
POMADE.
Drinks.
smile.
She did the thing in gor-geous style. Let's smile.
Now on this gay Lo - tha-ri-o, For
TENOR.
Let's smile!
BASS.
Let's smile!

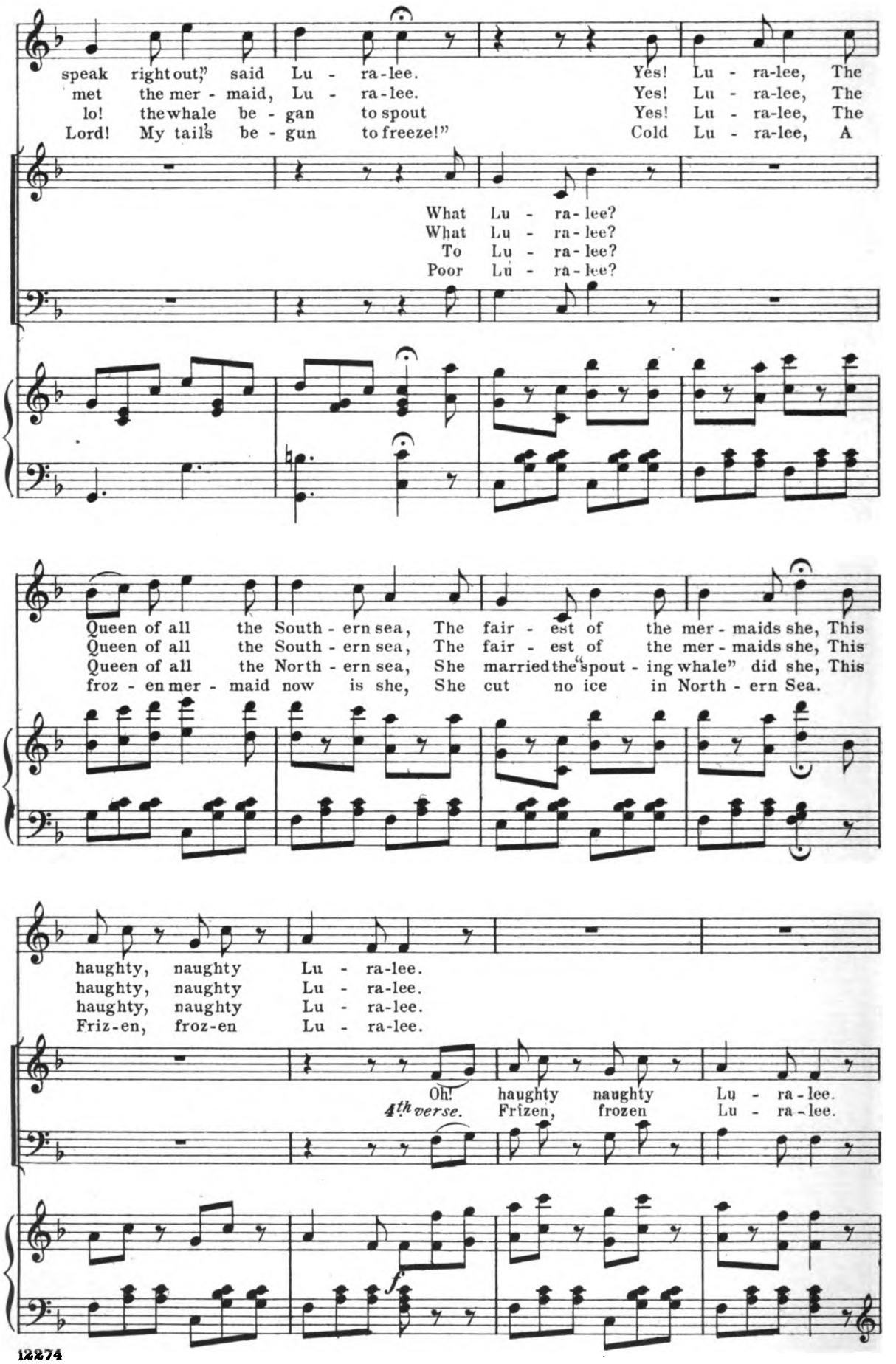

years I have kept tab; No woman could for long re-sist, His wond'rous gift of
To prove the force of art-ful speech, I'll tell you while I'm a-ble, A-
gab.
pp
bout the mermaid and the whale, an in-terest-ing fable.
It should prove an ab-sorbing tale.
f

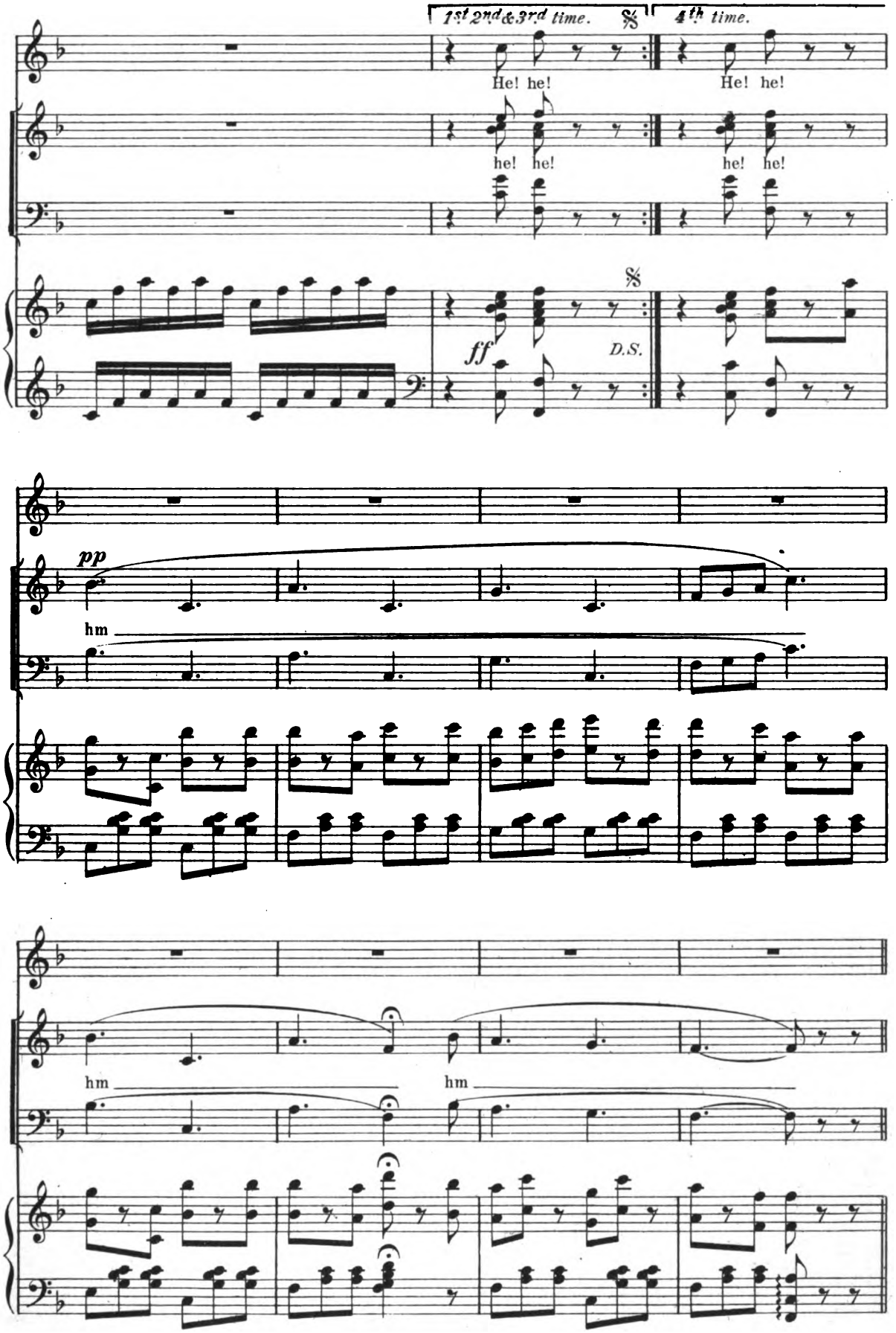
Song. "The Mermaid and the Whale."

Allegretto.

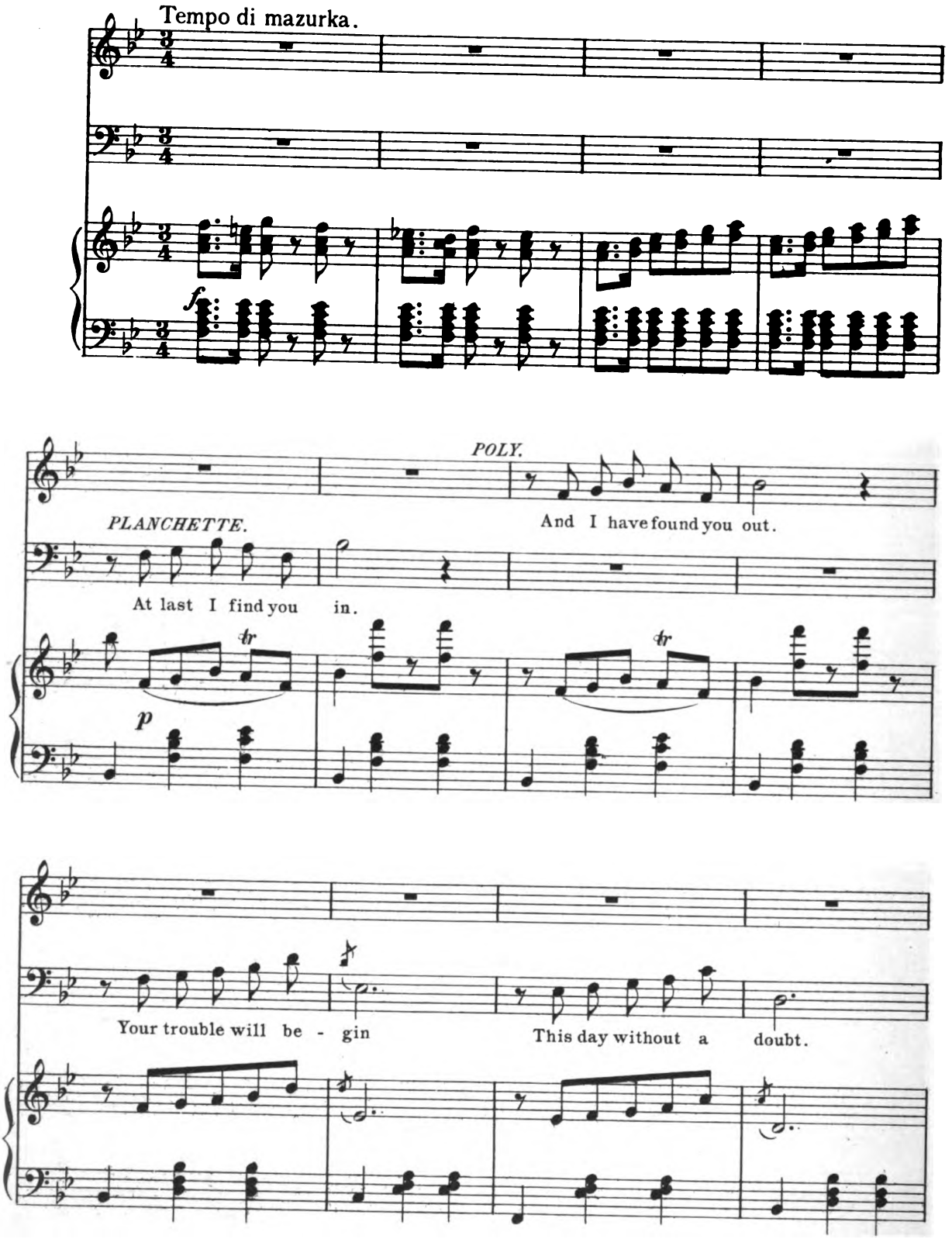


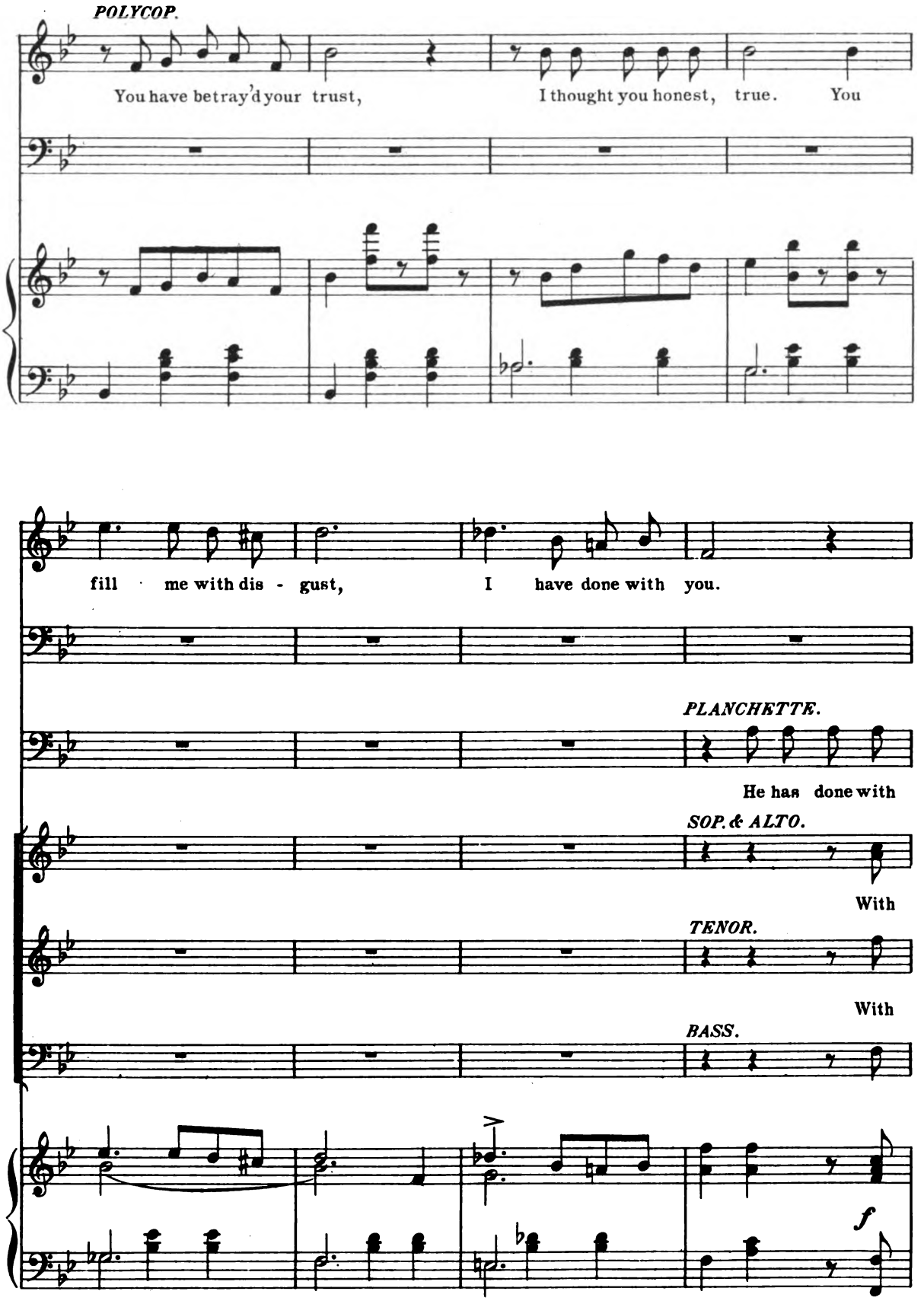

proud - ly comb'd her hair. The
here be-gins my tale. He
then be-gan to sigh. "If
mermaid's love grew cold. The
hm
hm
dol - phin he would mar - ry me, But al - as, he can not
sail'd un - to the sun - ny clime, 'Twas in the midst of
that big whale could on - ly speak, I'd mar - ry him with -
whale be - gan to blub - ber, pout; When she for heat be -
talk, "said she", The fish who would my hus - band be, Must
sum - mer time, There in the heart of the South - ern sea, He
in a week!" And then she gave a joy - ous shout, For,
gan to shout. She said, "This cli - mate does not please, Good

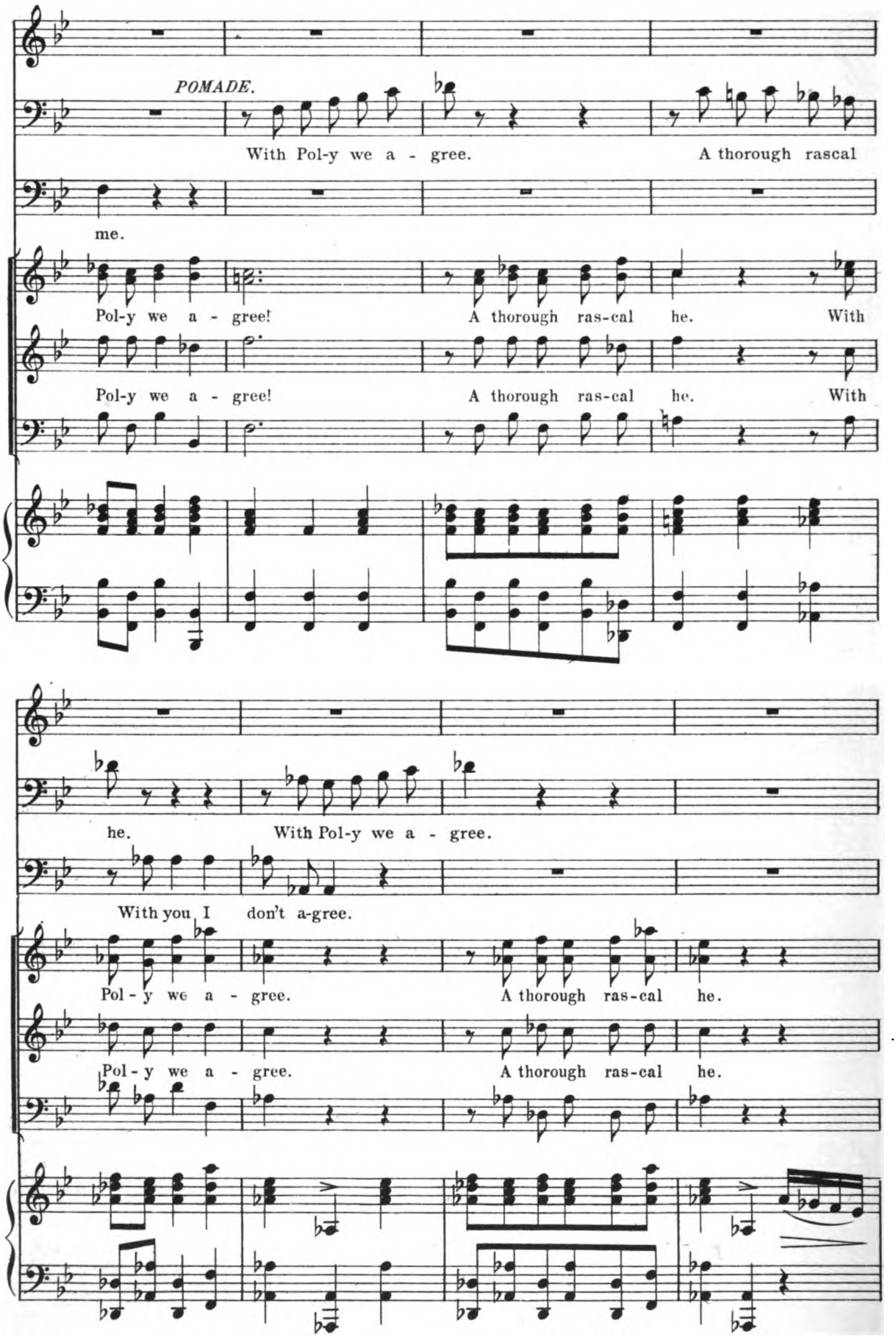

speak right out," said Lu - ra-lee. Yes! Lu - ra-lee, The
met the mer - maid, Lu - ra-lee. Yes! Lu - ra-lee, The
lo! the whale be - gan to spout Yes! Lu - ra-lee, The
Lord! My tail's be - gun to freeze!" Cold Lu - ra-lee, A
What Lu - ra-lee?
What Lu - ra-lee?
To Lu - ra-lee?
Poor Lu - ra-lee?
Queen of all the South - ern sea, The fair - est of the mer - maids she, This
Queen of all the South - ern sea, The fair - est of the mer - maids she, This
Queen of all the North - ern sea, She married the "spout - ing whale" did she, This
froz - en mer - maid now is she, She cut no ice in North - ern Sea.
haughty, naughty Lu - ra-lee.
haughty, naughty Lu - ra-lee.
haughty, naughty Lu - ra-lee.
Friz-en, froz-en Lu - ra-lee.
Oh! haughty naughty Lu - ra-lee.
4th verse. Frizen, frozen Lu - ra-lee.
f.

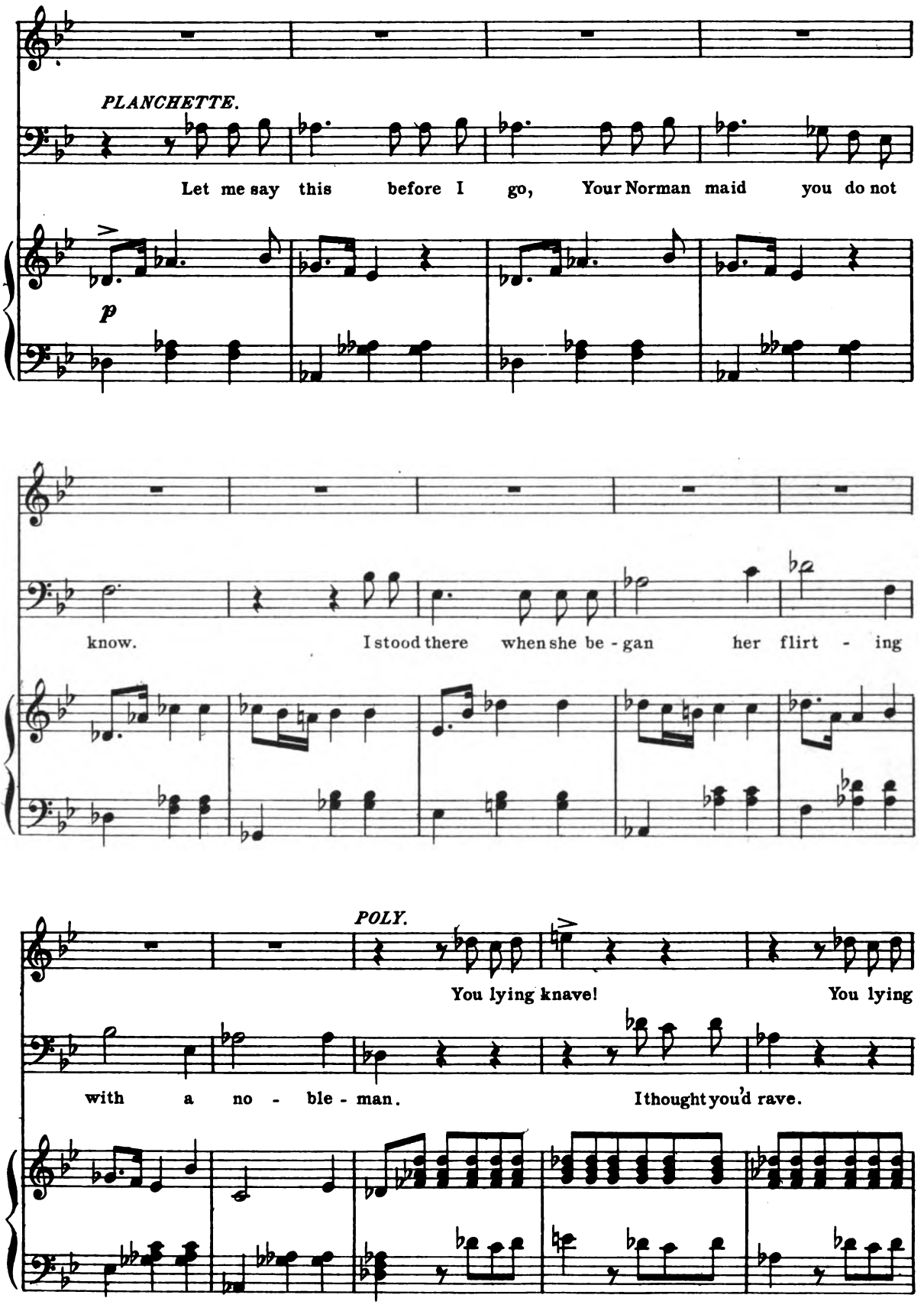

1st 2nd & 3rd time.
4th time.
He! he!
He! he!
he! he!
he! he!
ff
D.S.
pp
hm
hm
hm

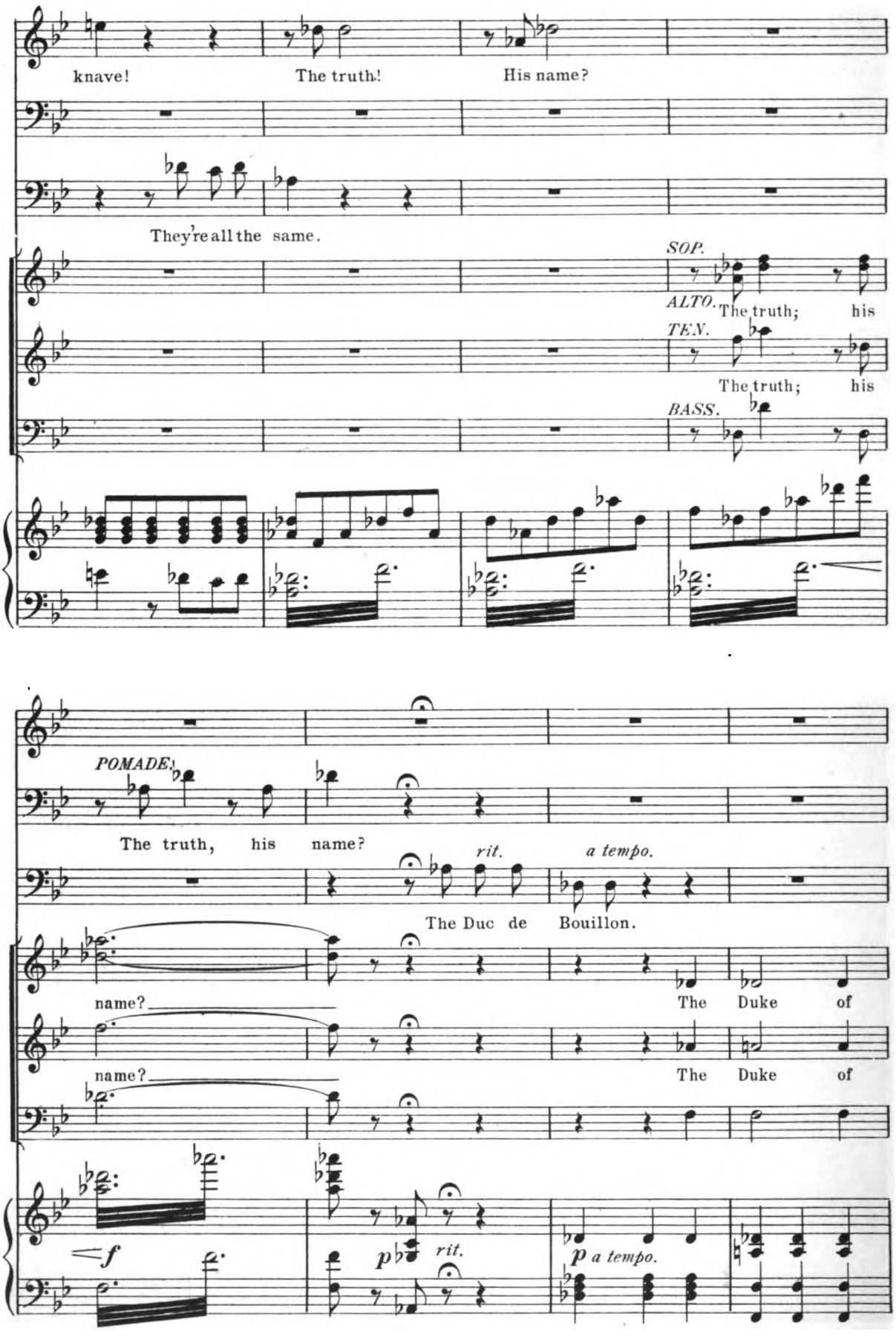
Nº 8. Finale.

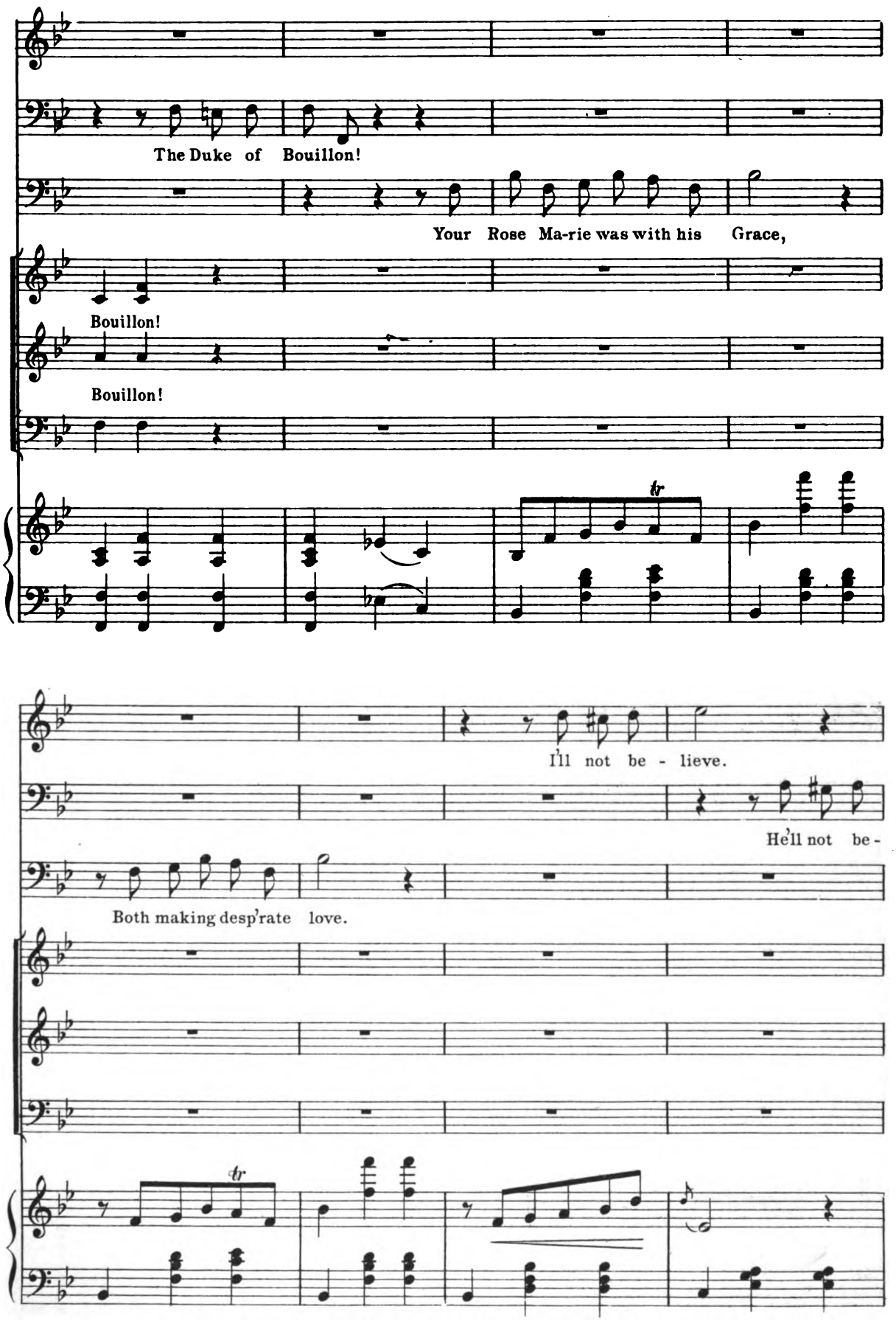

Tempo di mazurka.
f
POLY.
And I have found you out.
PLANCHETTE.
At last I find you in.
tr
tr
p
Your trouble will be - gin
This day without a doubt.

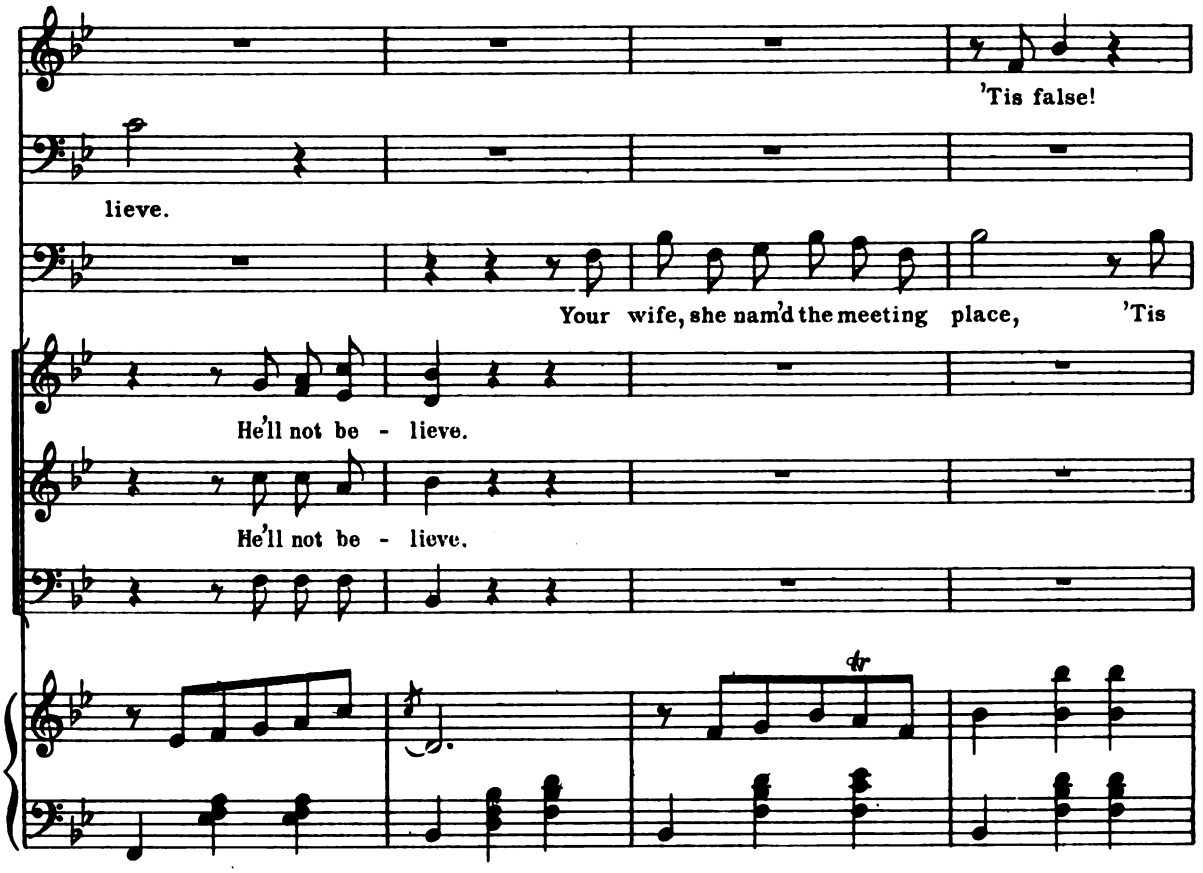

POLYCOP.
You have betray'd your trust, I thought you honest, true. You
fill me with dis - gust, I have done with you.
PLANCHETTE.
He has done with
SOP. & ALTO.
With
TENOR.
With
BASS.
f

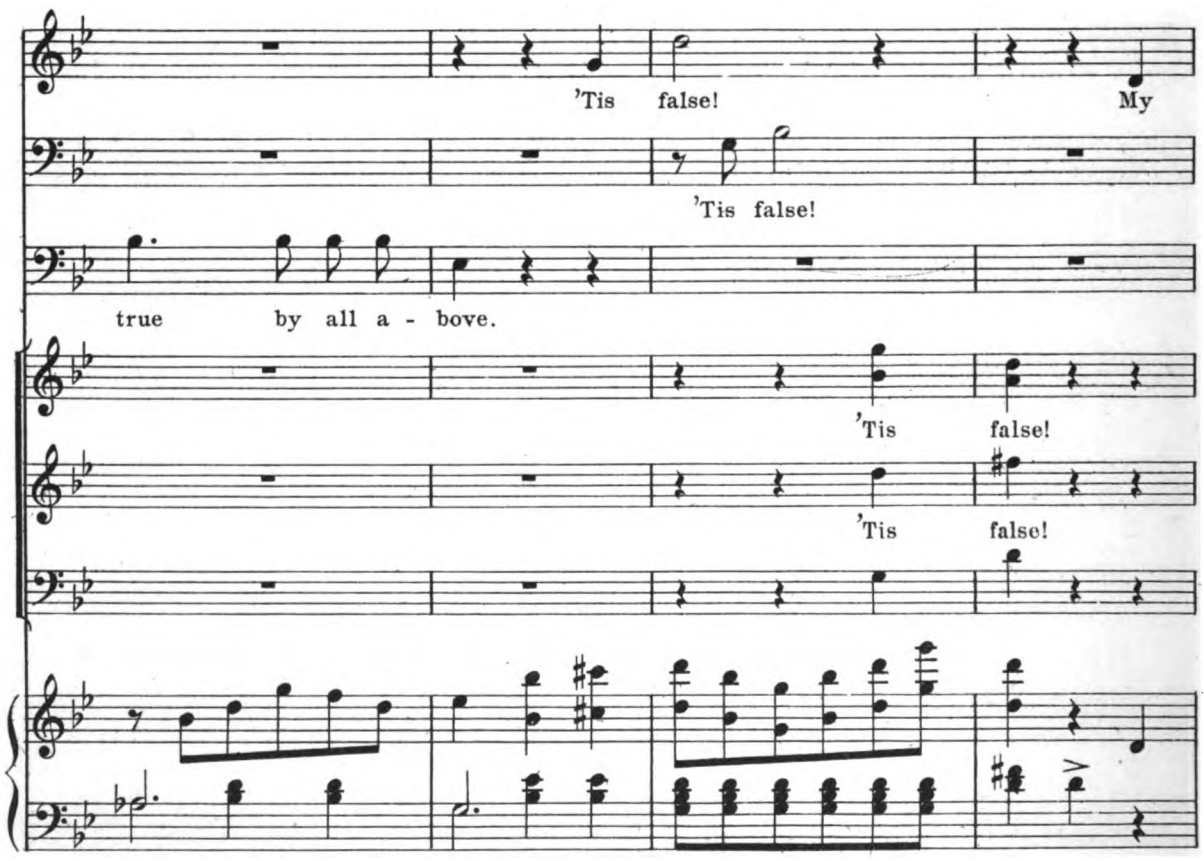

POMADE.
With Pol-y we a - gree.
A thorough rascal
me.
Pol-y we a - gree!
A thorough ras-cal he.
With
Pol-y we a - gree!
A thorough ras-cal he.
With
he.
With Pol-y we a - gree.
With you I don't a-gree.
Pol - y we a - gree.
A thorough ras-cal he.
Pol - y we a - gree.
A thorough ras-cal he.

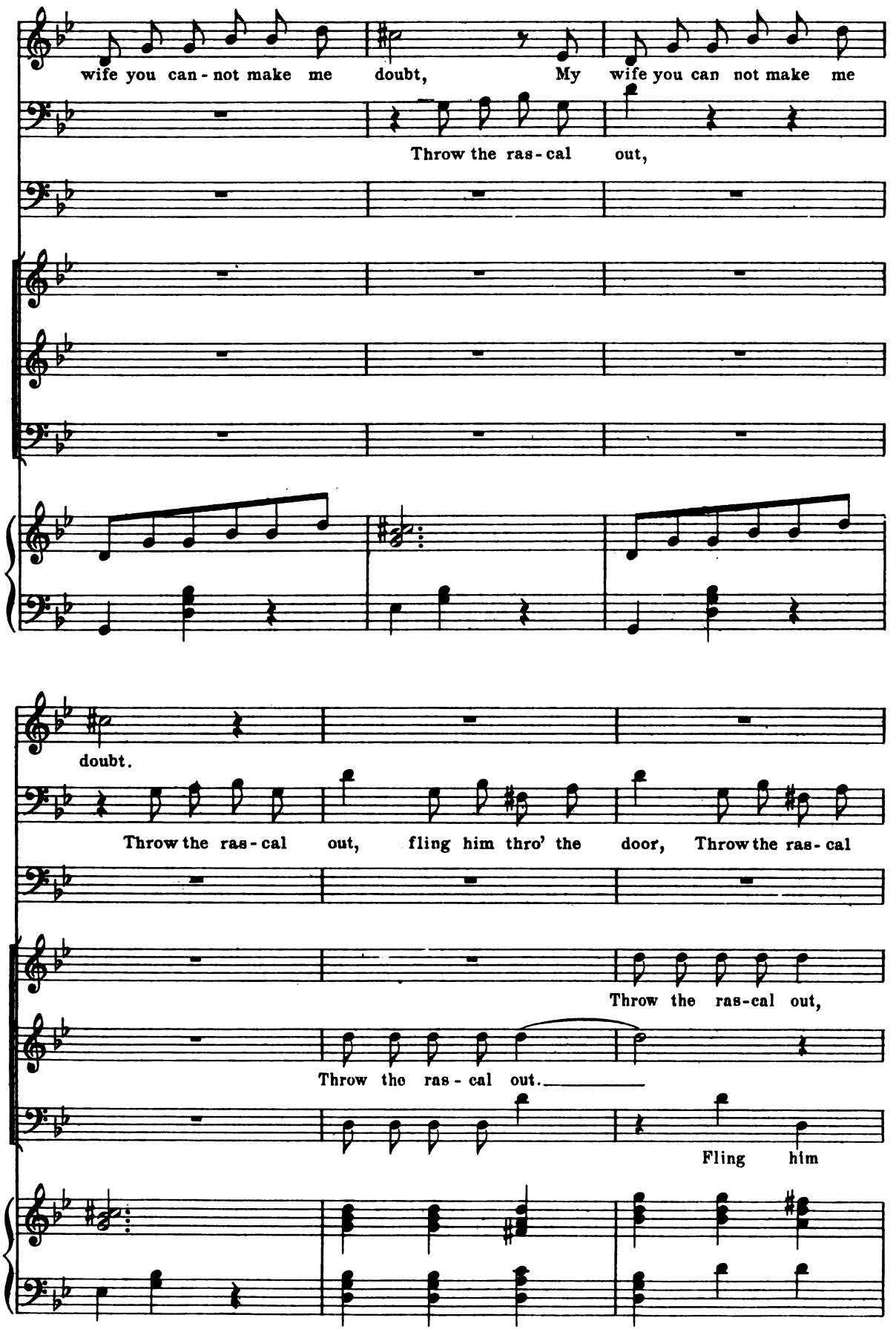

PLANCHETTE.
Let me say this before I go, Your Norman maid you do not
p
know. I stood there when she be - gan her flirt - ing
POLY.
You lying knave! You lying
with a no - ble - man. I thought you'd rave.

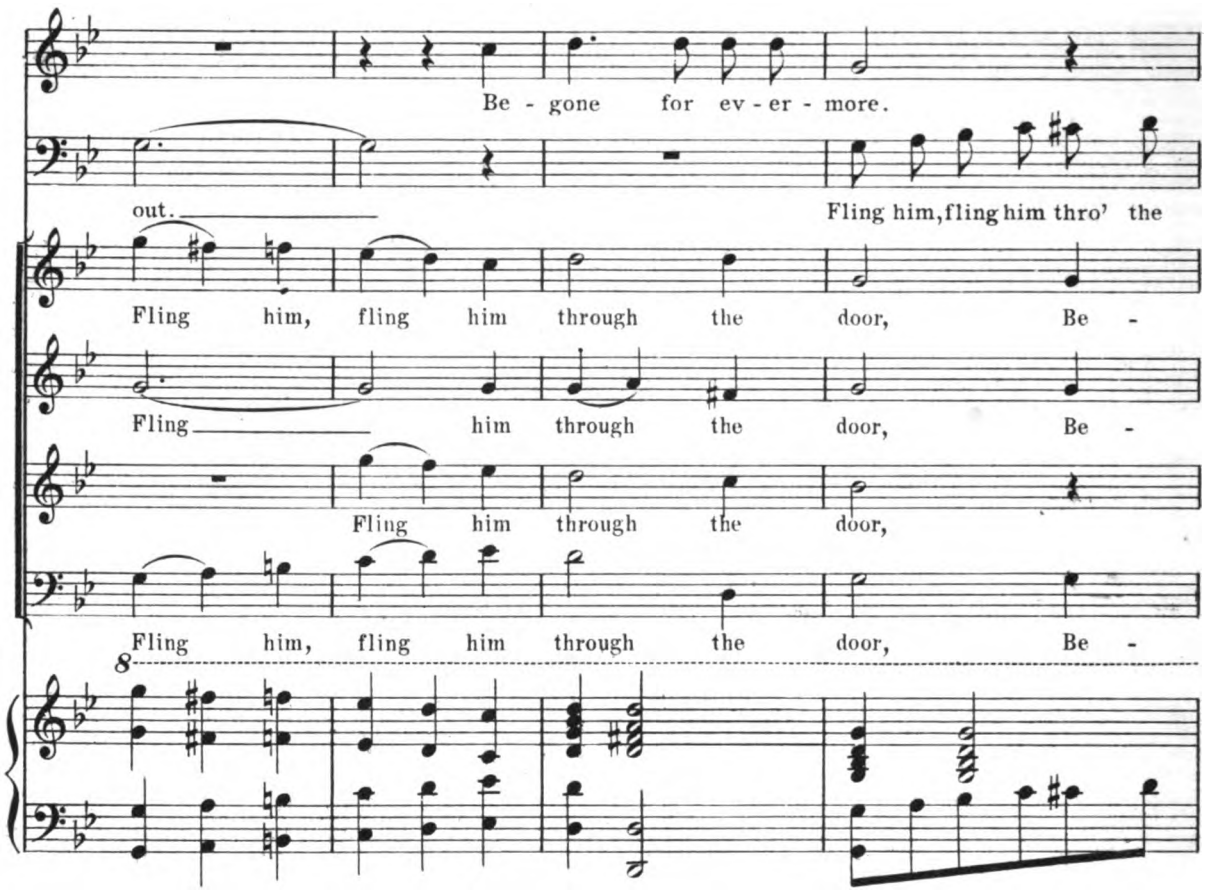

knave!
The truth!
His name?
They're all the same.
SOP.
ALTO.
The truth; his
TEN.
The truth; his
BASS.
POMADE.
The truth, his name?
rit.
a tempo.
The Duc de Bouillon.
name?
The Duke of
name?
The Duke of
f
p
rit.
p
a tempo.

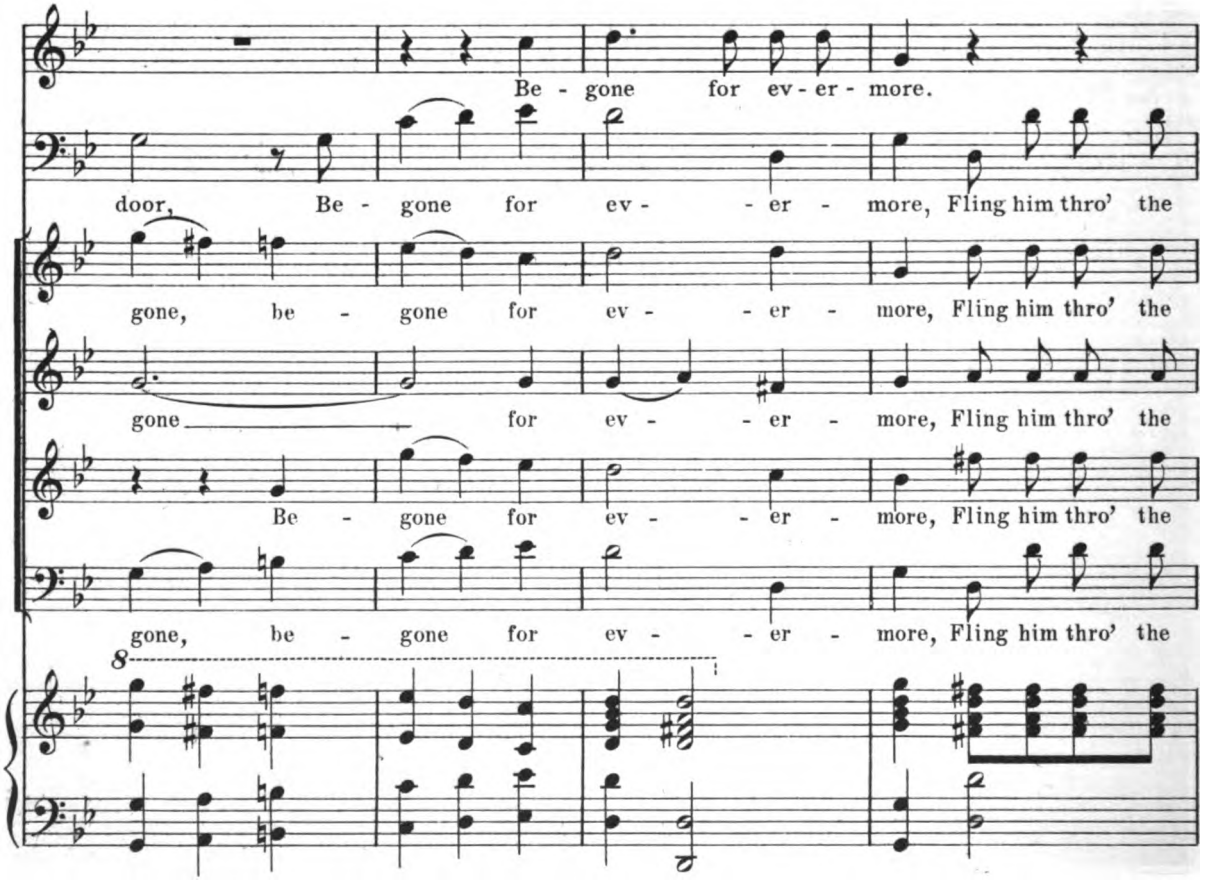

The Duke of Bouillon!
Your Rose Ma-rie was with his Grace,
Bouillon!
Bouillon!
tr
I'll not be - lieve.
He'll not be -
Both making desp'rate love.
tr

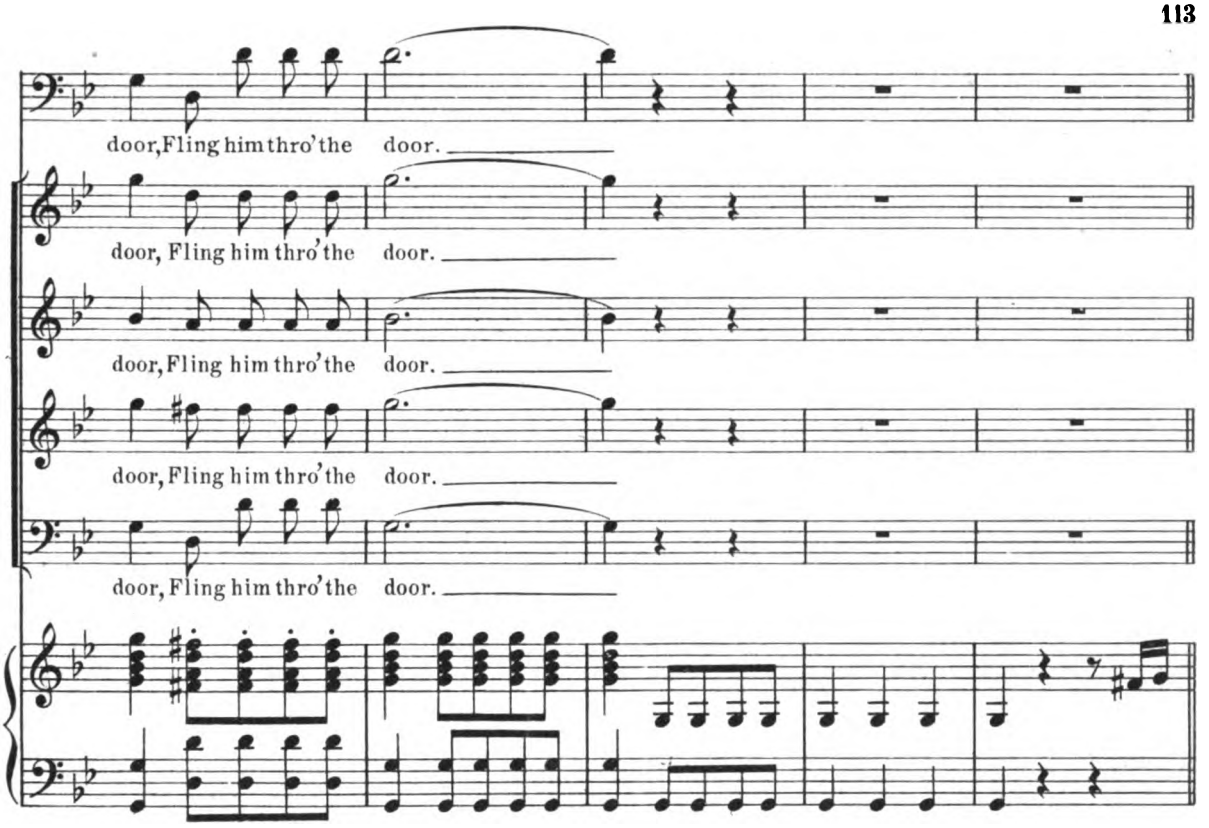

'Tis false!
lieve.
Your wife, she nam'd the meeting place, 'Tis
He'll not be - lieve.
He'll not be - lieve.

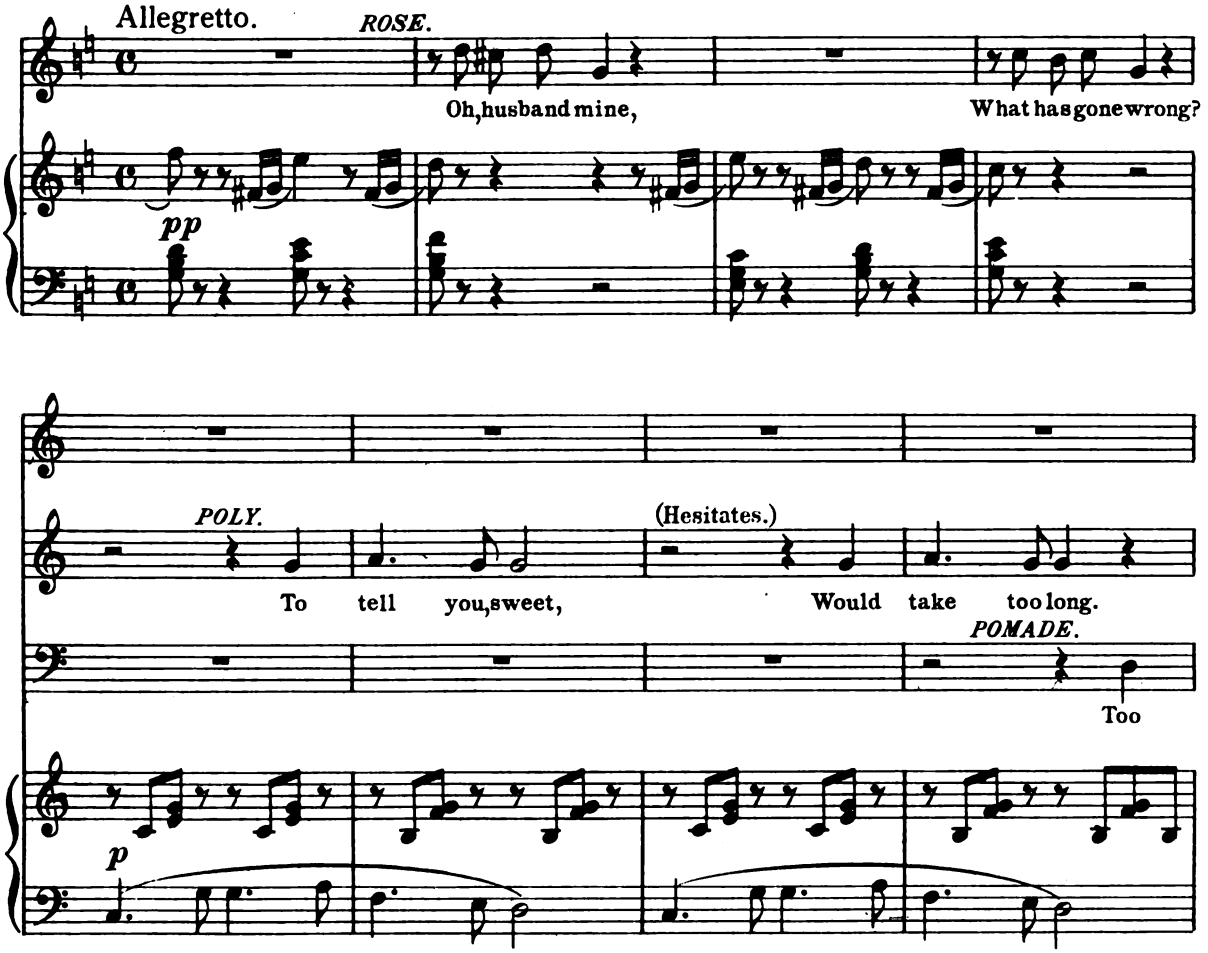

'Tis false! My
'Tis false!
true by all a - bove.
'Tis false!
'Tis false!

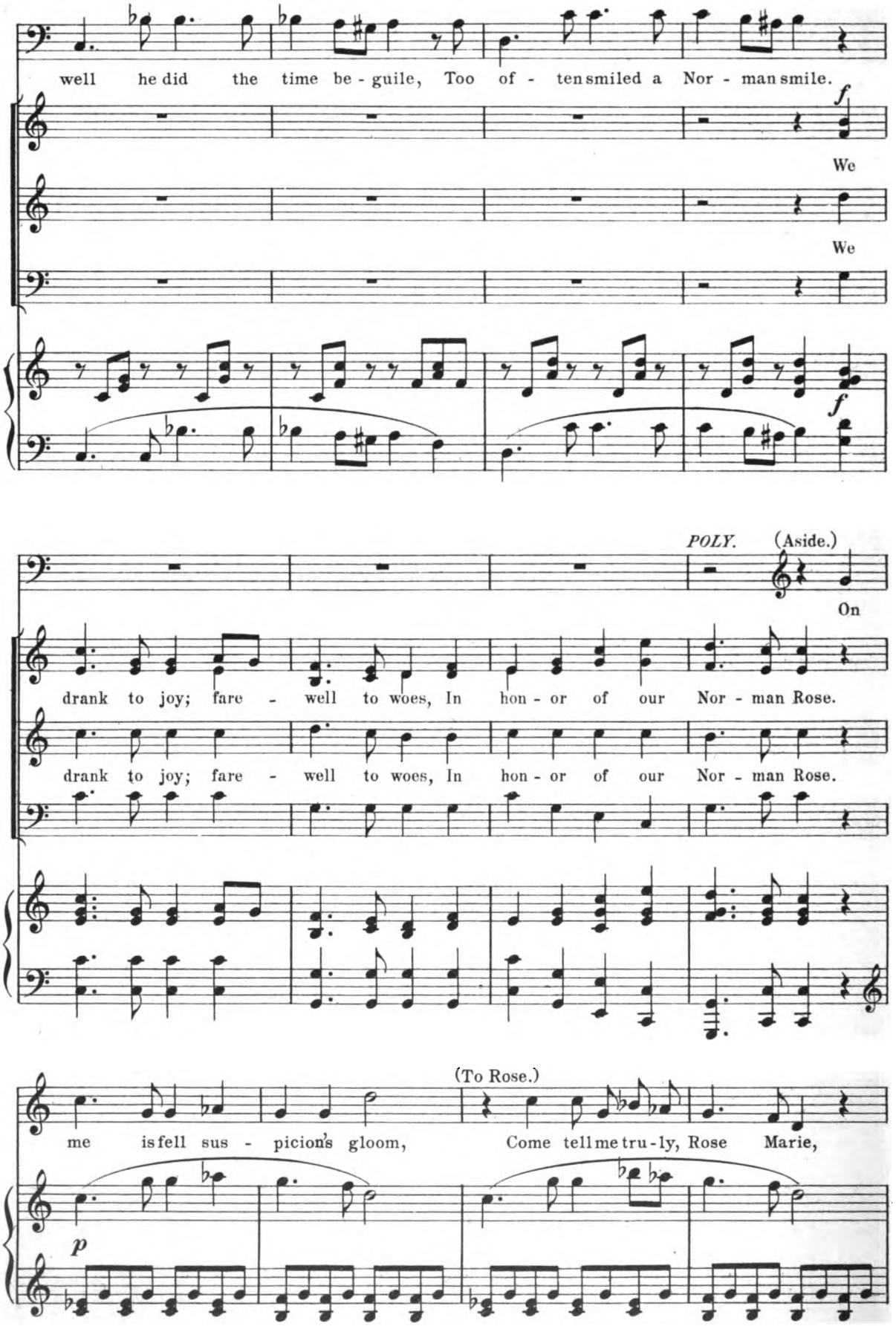

wife you can - not make me doubt, My wife you can not make me
Throw the ras - cal out,
doubt.
Throw the ras - cal out, fling him thro' the door, Throw the ras - cal
Throw the ras-cal out,
Throw the ras - cal out.
Fling him

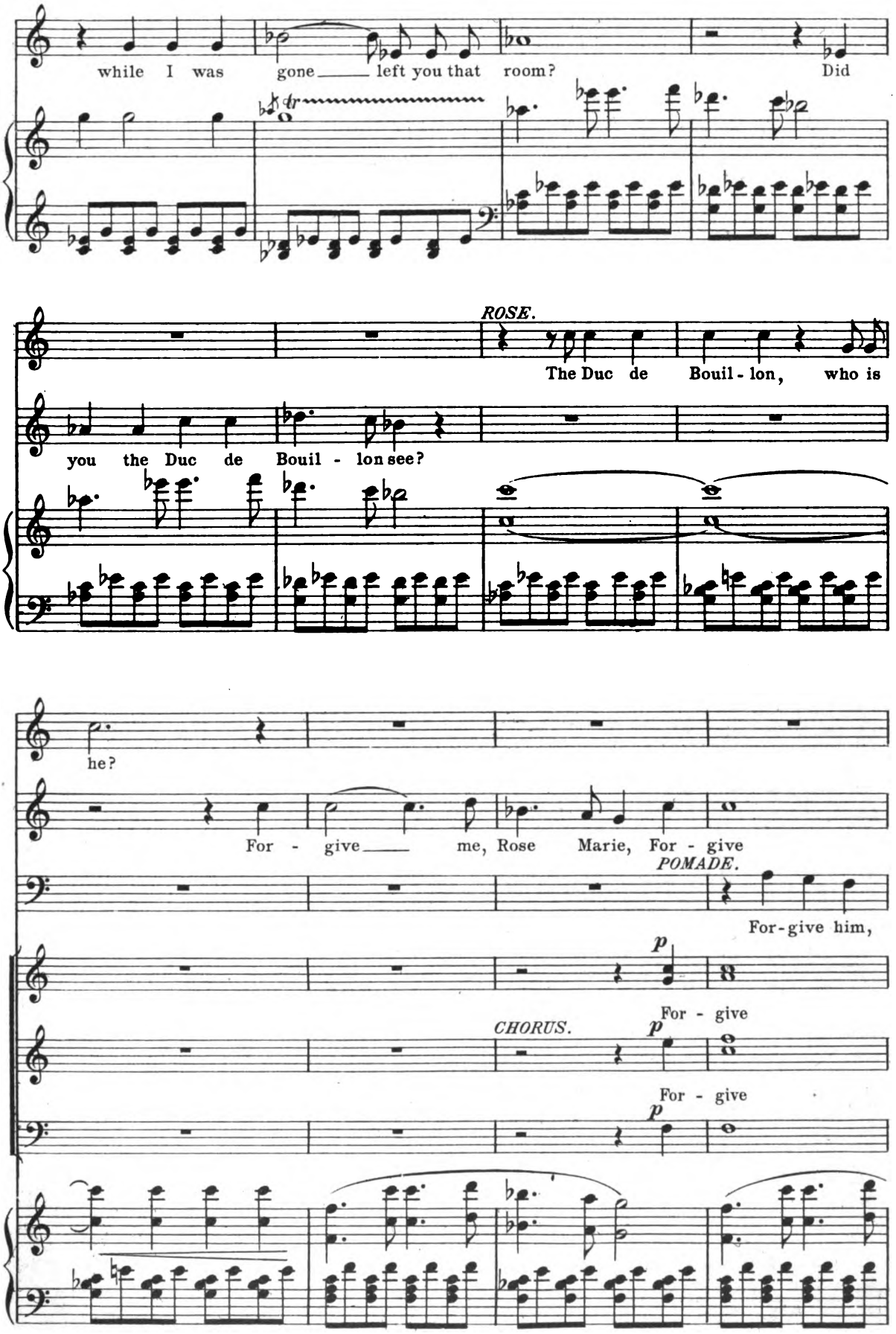

Be - gone for ev - er - more.
out.
Fling him, fling him thro' the
Fling him, fling him through the door, Be -
Fling him through the door, Be -
Fling him through the door,
Fling him, fling him through the door, Be -

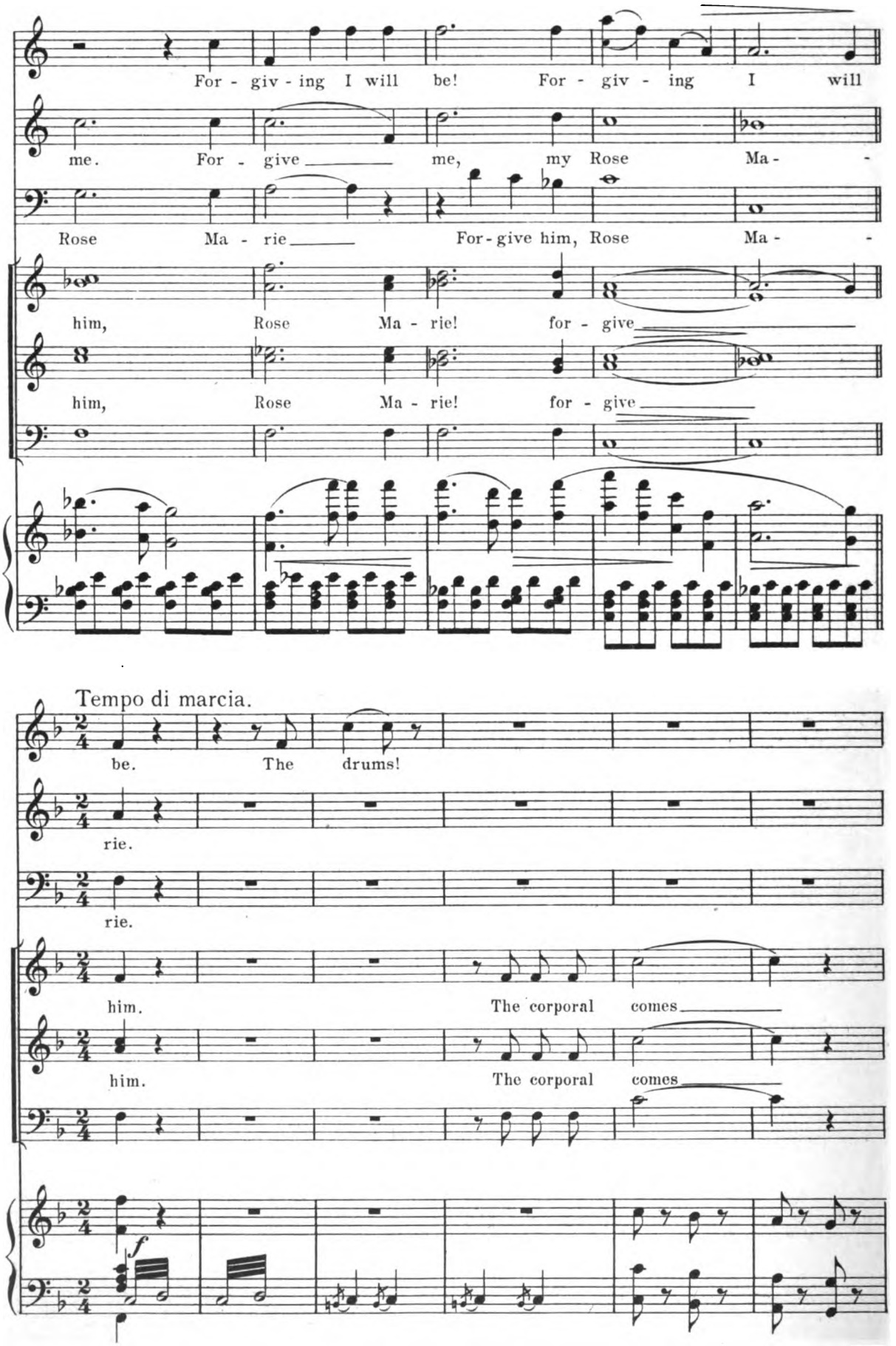

Be - gone for ev - er - more.
door, Be - gone for ev - - er - more, Fling him thro' the
gone, be - gone for ev - - er - more, Fling him thro' the
gone for ev - - er - more, Fling him thro' the
Be - gone for ev - - er - more, Fling him thro' the
gone, be - gone for ev - - er - more, Fling him thro' the

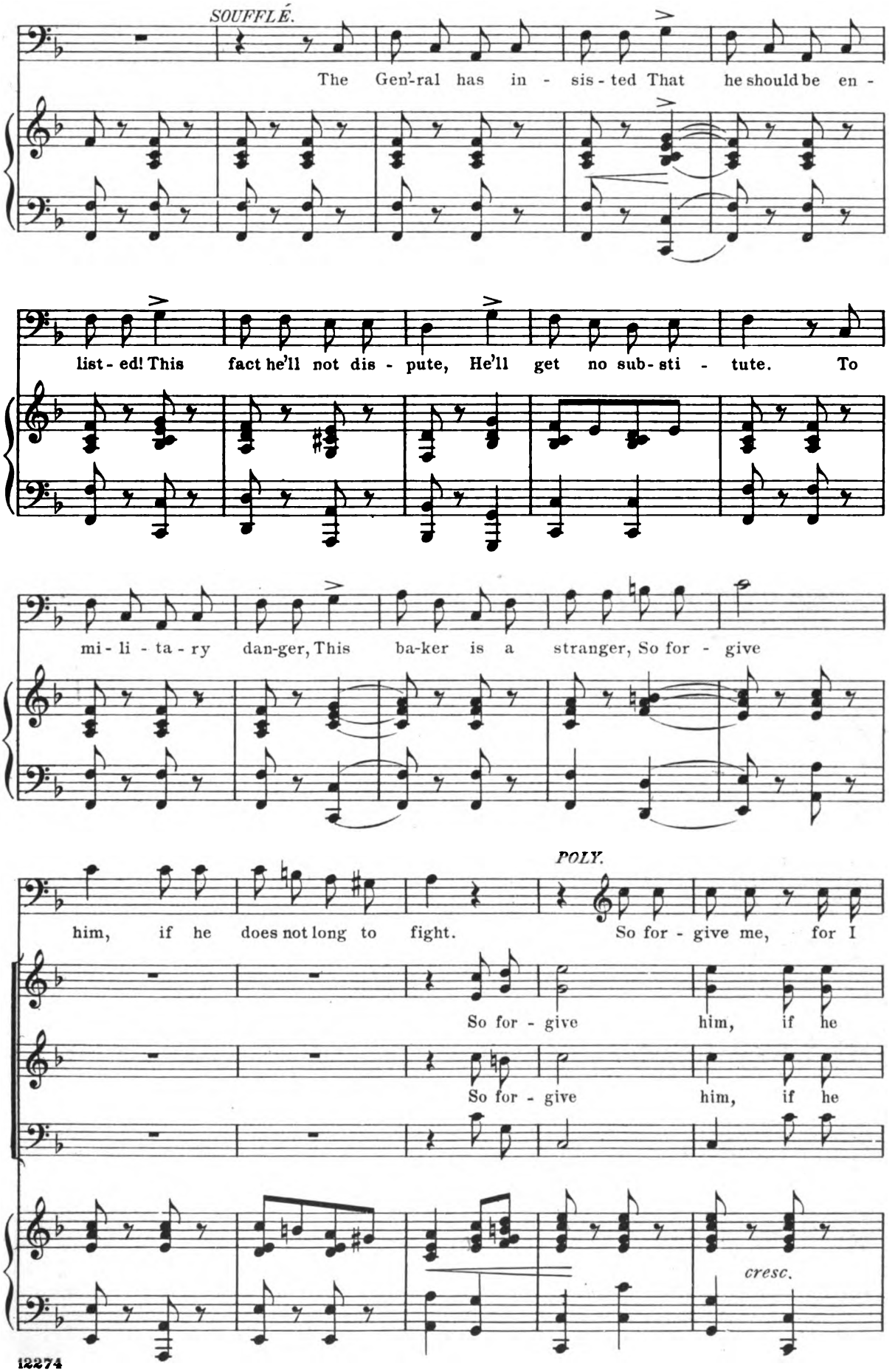

door, Fling him thro' the door.
door, Fling him thro' the door.
door, Fling him thro' the door.
door, Fling him thro' the door.
door, Fling him thro' the door.

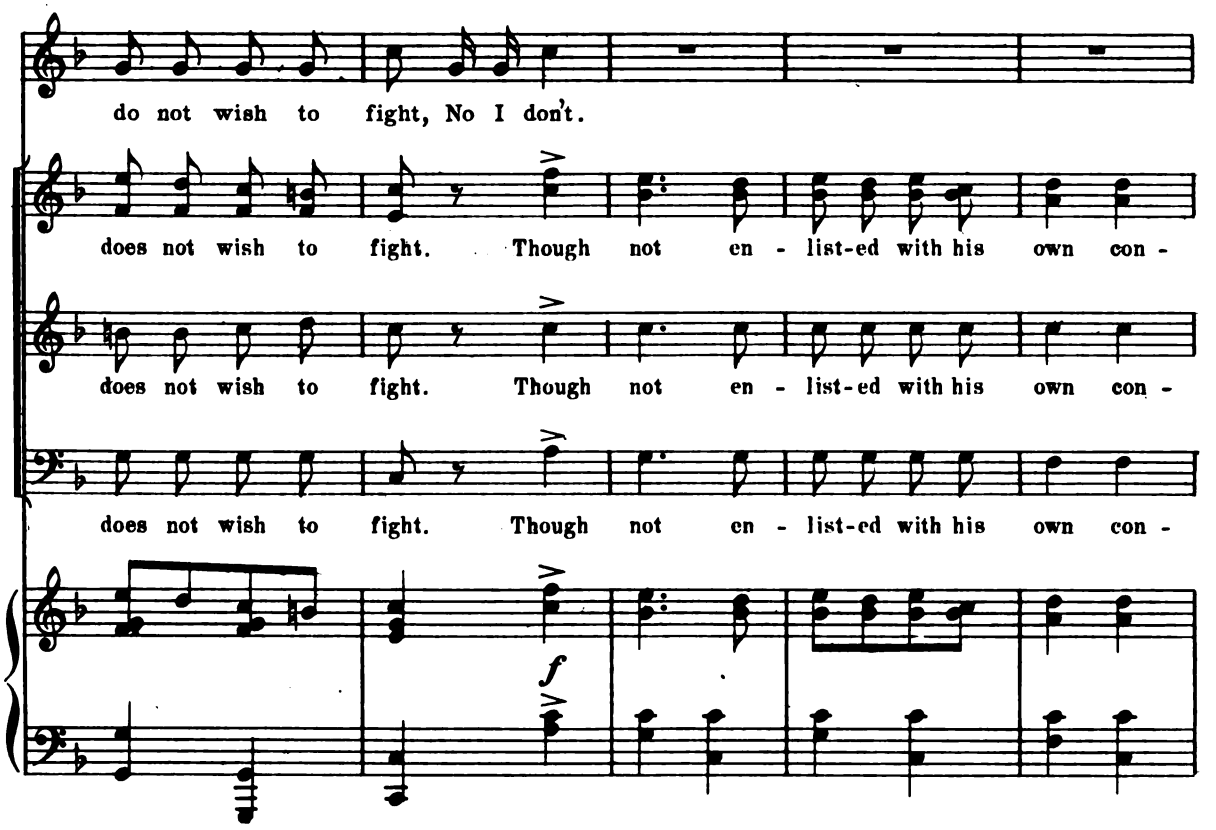

Allegretto.
ROSE.
Oh, husband mine,
What has gone wrong?
pp
POLY.
(Hesitates.)
To tell you, sweet,
Would take too long.
POMADE.
Too
p

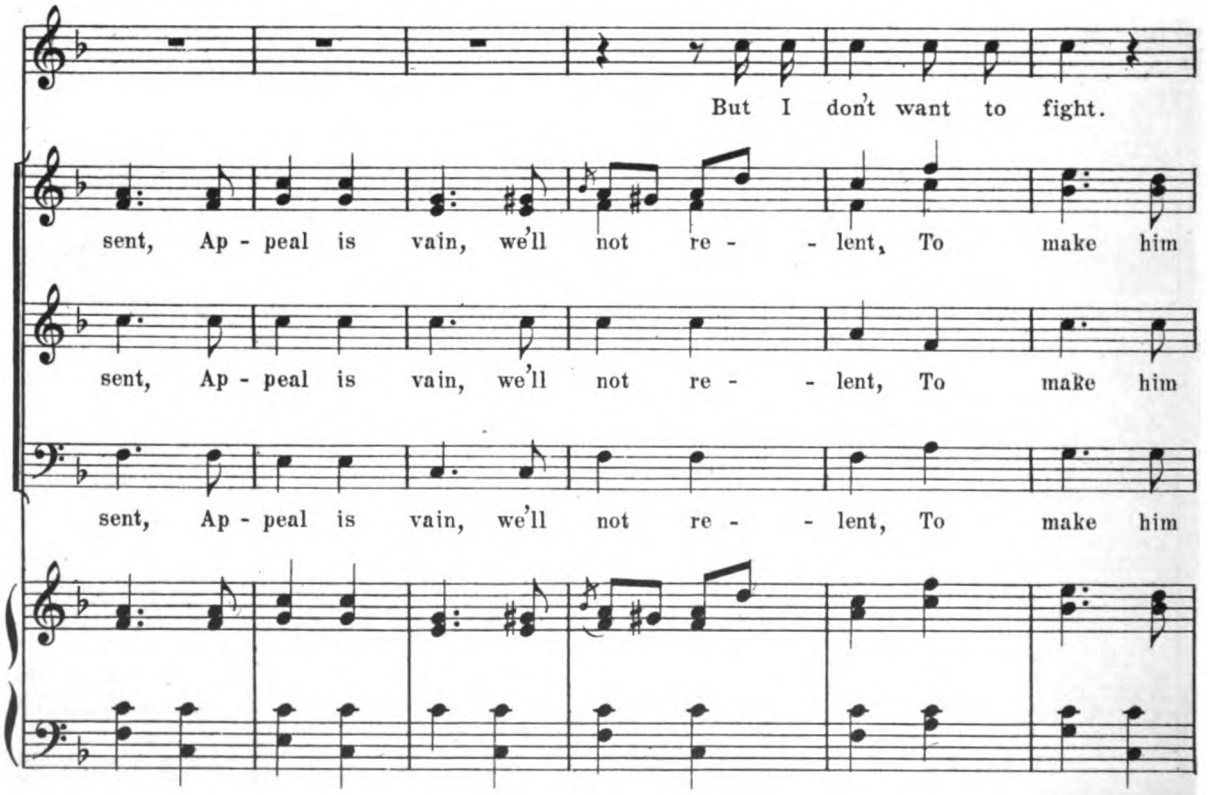

well he did the time be - guile, Too of - ten smiled a Nor - man smile.
We
We
POLY. (Aside.)
On
drank to joy; fare - well to woes, In hon - or of our Nor - man Rose.
drank to joy; fare - well to woes, In hon - or of our Nor - man Rose.
(To Rose.)
me is fell sus - picion's gloom, Come tell me tru - ly, Rose Marie,

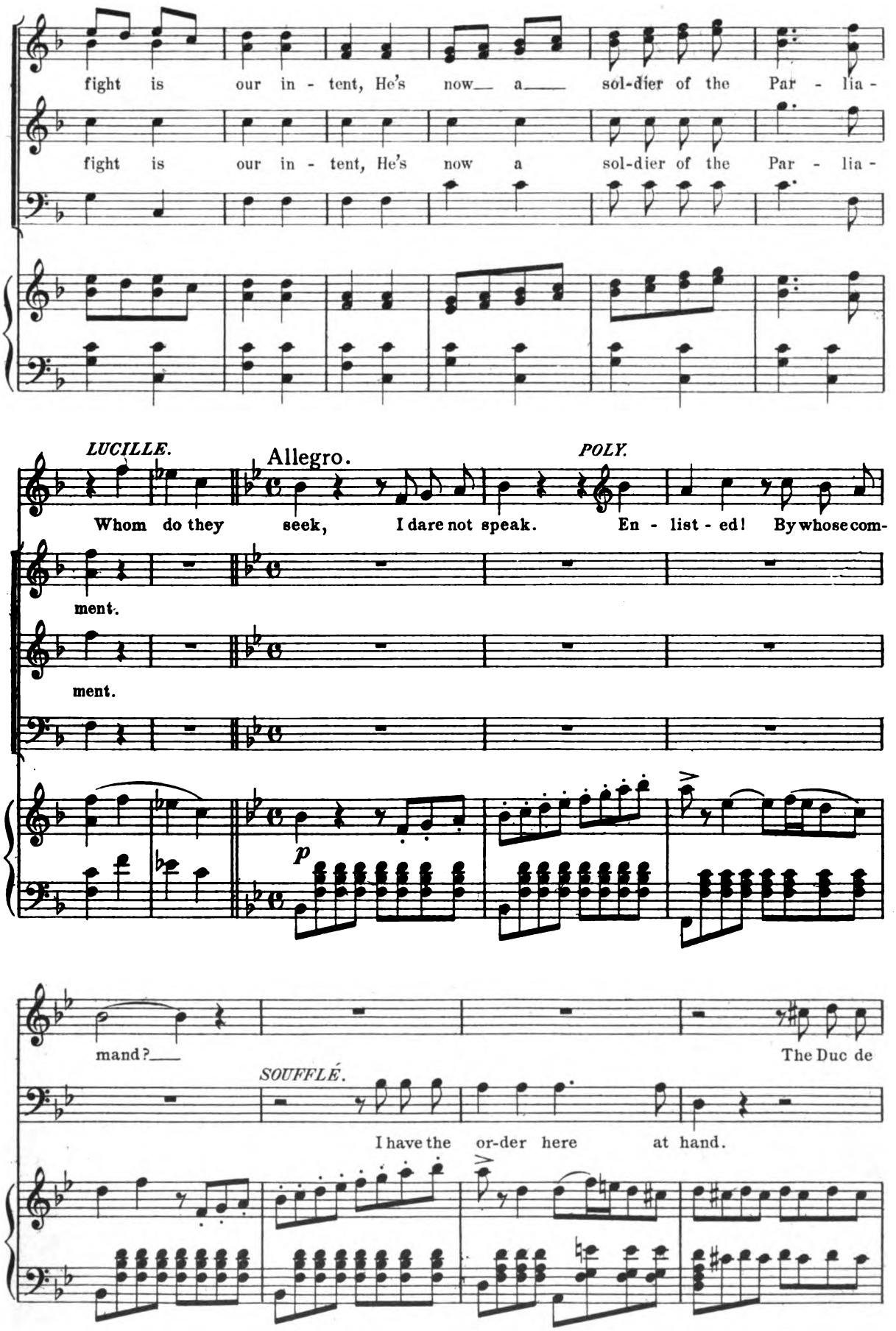

while I was gone left you that room? Did
ROSE.
The Duc de Bouil - lon, who is
you the Duc de Bouil - lon see?
he?
For - give me, Rose Marie, For - give
POMADE.
For-give him,
p
For - give
CHORUS.
p
For - give
p

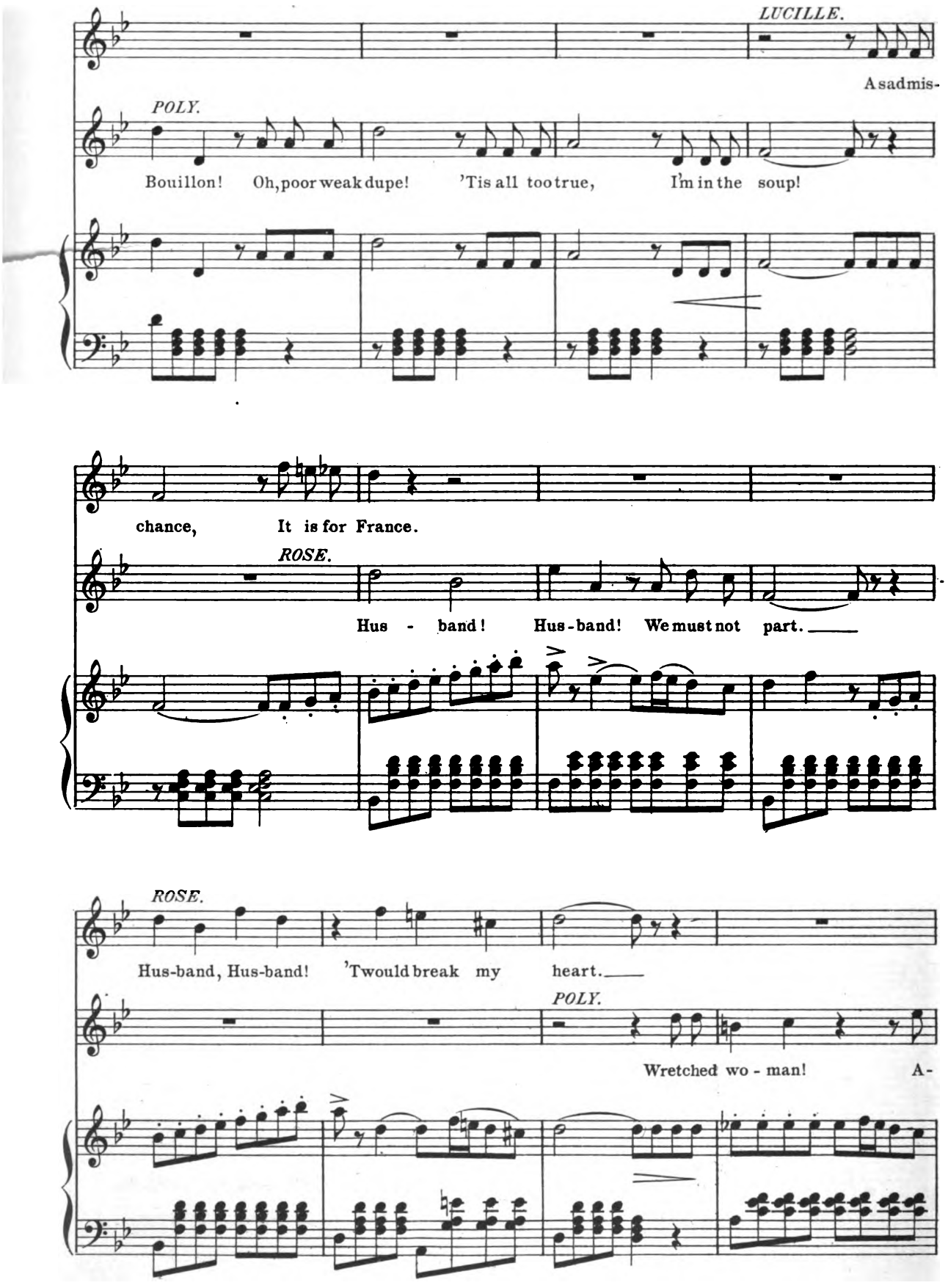

For - giv - ing I will be! For - giv - ing I will
me. For - give me, my Rose Ma -
Rose Ma - rie For-give him, Rose Ma -
him, Rose Ma - rie! for - give
him, Rose Ma - rie! for - give
Tempo di marcia.
be. The drums!
rie.
rie.
him. The corporal comes
him. The corporal comes
f

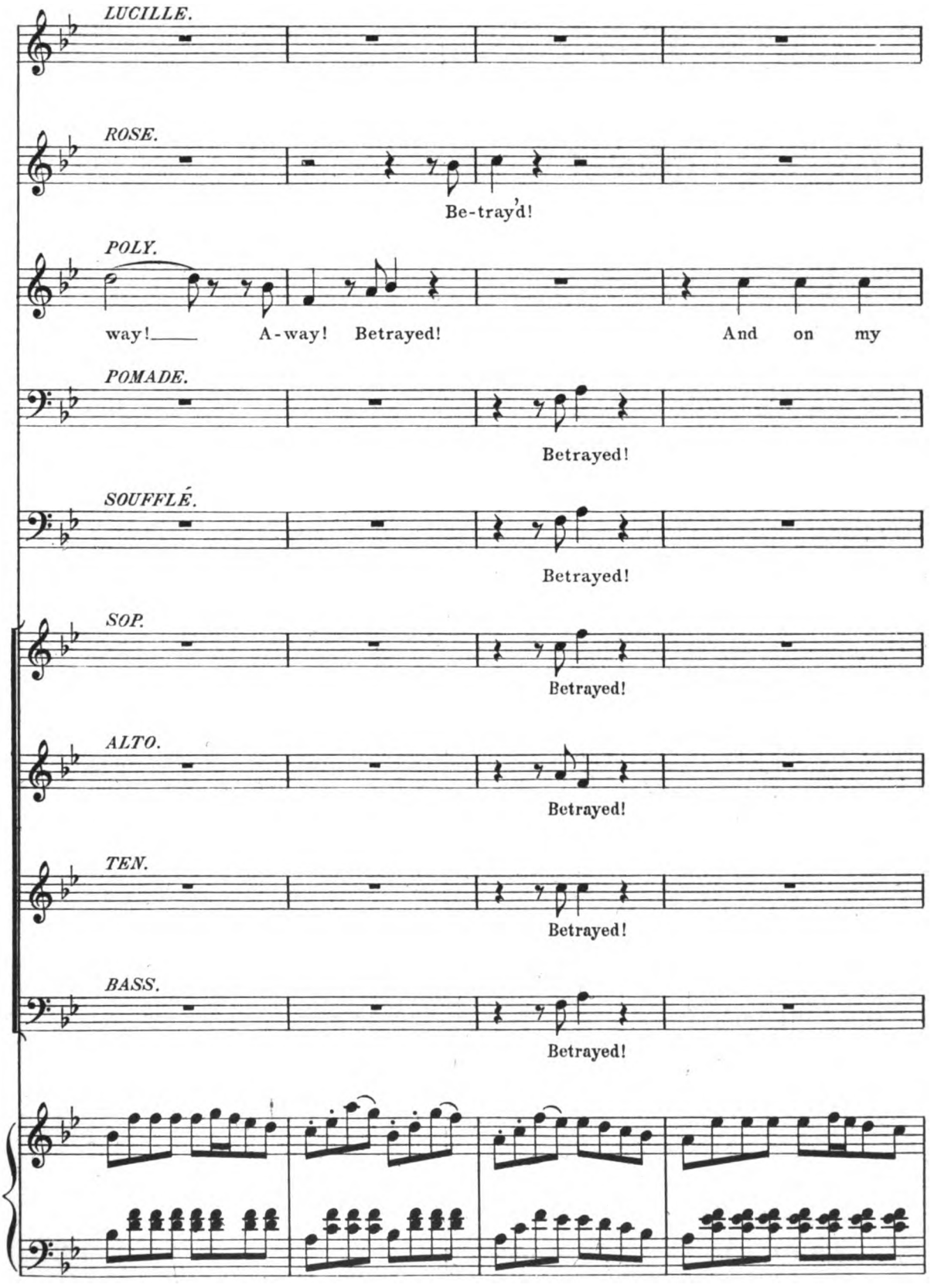

SOUFFLÉ.
The Gen'-ral has in - sis - ted That he should be en -
list - ed! This fact he'll not dis - pute, He'll get no sub - sti - tute. To
mi - li - ta - ry dan-ger, This ba-ker is a stranger, So for - give
POLY.
him, if he does not long to fight. So for - give me, for I
So for - give him, if he
So for - give him, if he
cresc.

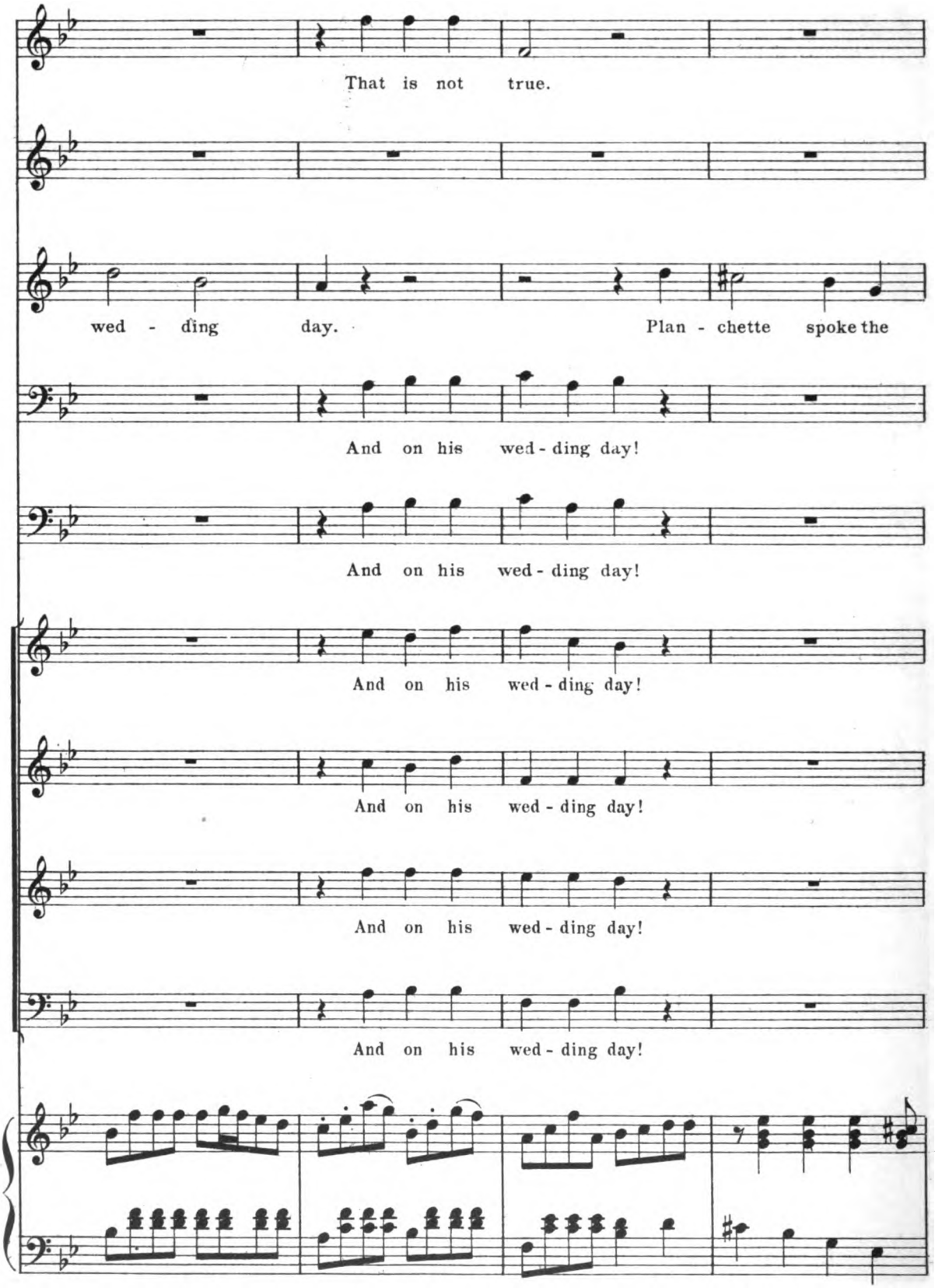

do not wish to fight, No I don't.
does not wish to fight. Though not en - list-ed with his own con -
does not wish to fight. Though not en - list-ed with his own con -
does not wish to fight. Though not en - list-ed with his own con -
f

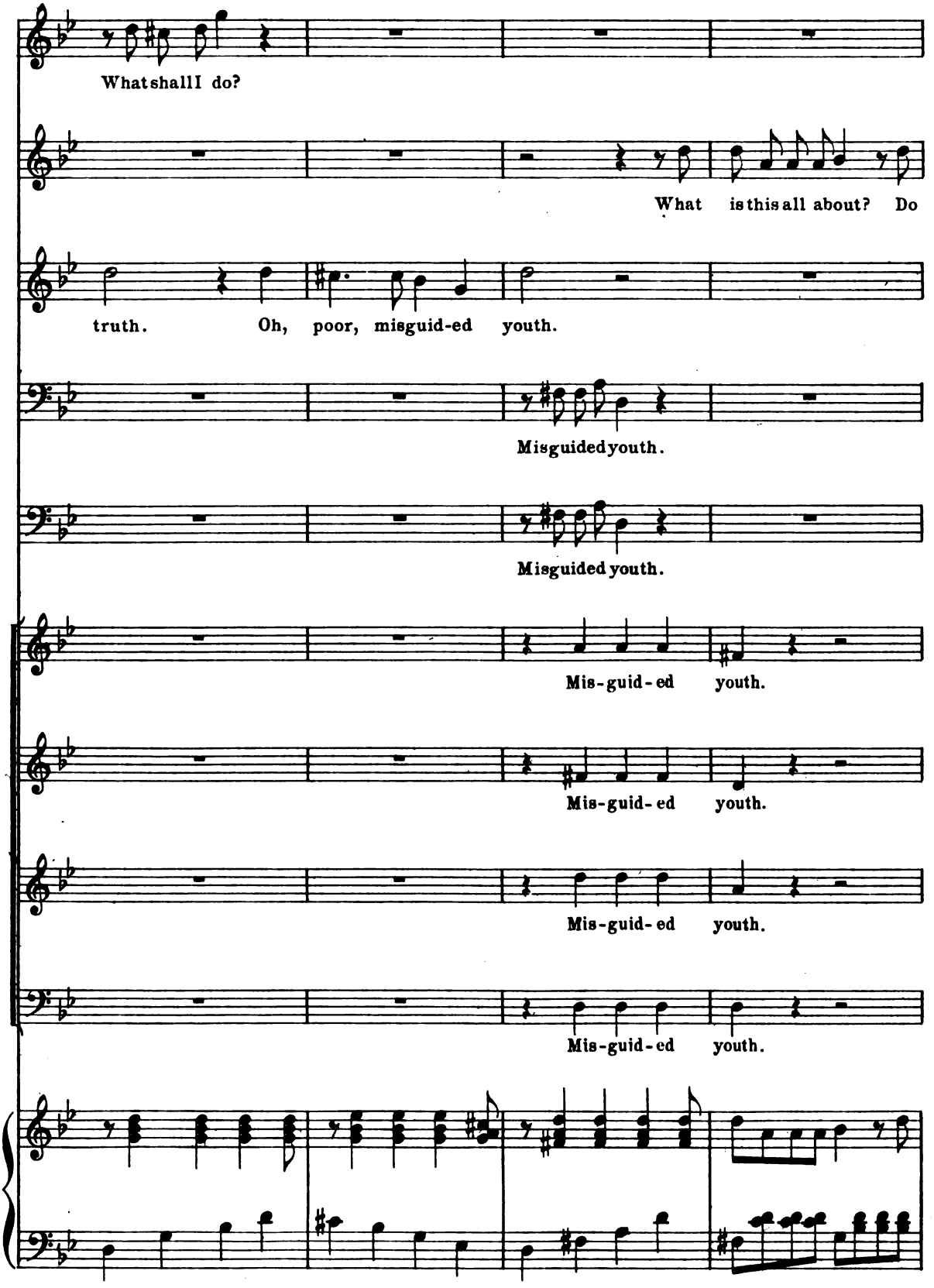

But I don't want to fight.
sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re - - lent, To make him
sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re - - lent, To make him
sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re - - lent, To make him

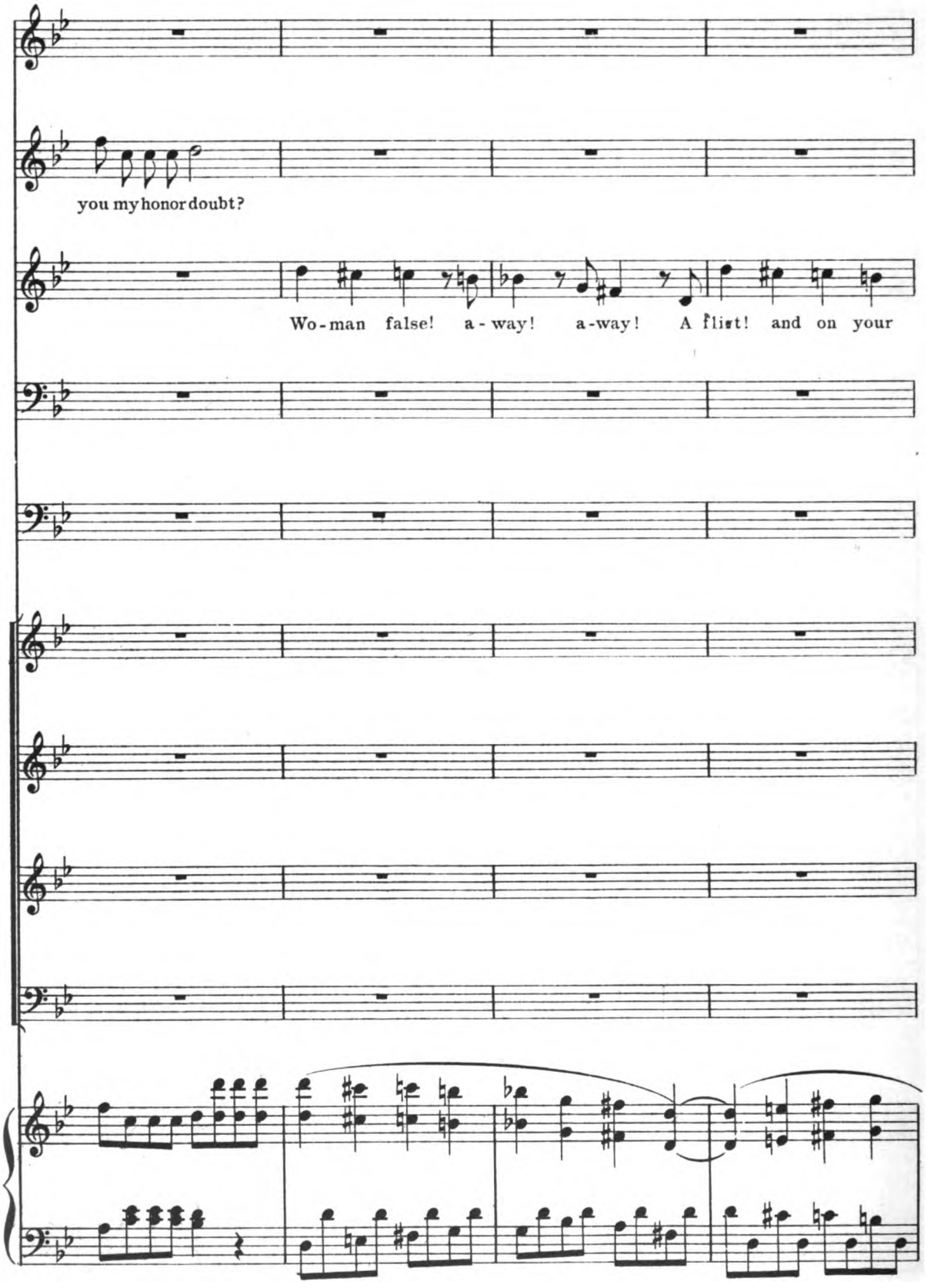

fight is our in - tent, He's now a sol-dier of the Par - lia -
fight is our in - tent, He's now a sol-dier of the Par - lia -
LUCILLE.
Allegro.
POLY.
Whom do they seek, I dare not speak. En - list - ed! By whose com-
ment.
ment.
p
mand?
The Duc de
SOUFFLÉ.
I have the or-der here at hand.

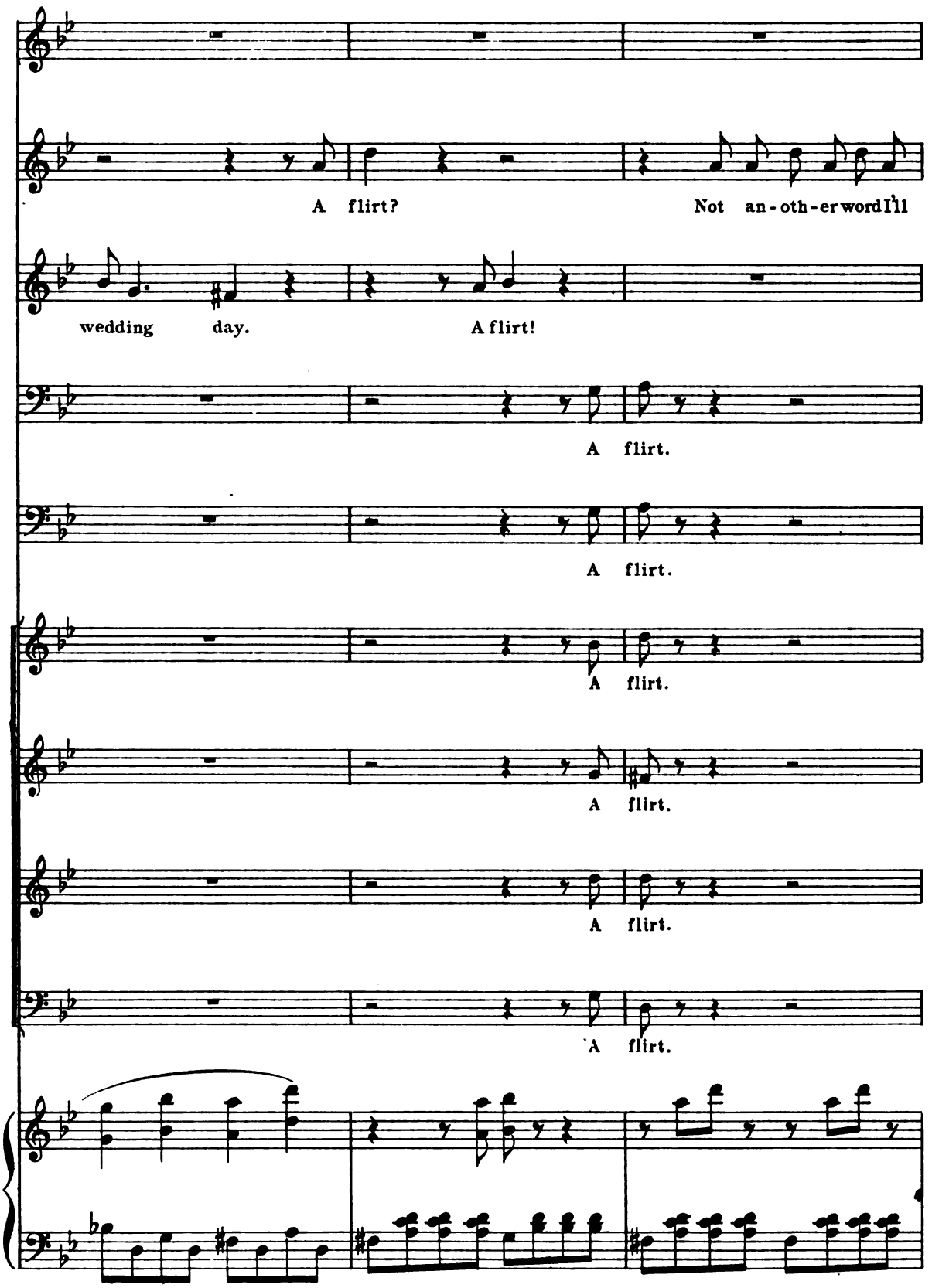

LUCILLE.
A sad mis-
POLY.
Bouillon! Oh, poor weak dupe! 'Tis all too true, I'm in the soup!
chance, It is for France.
ROSE.
Hus - band! Hus-band! We must not part.
ROSE.
Hus-band, Hus-band! 'Twould break my heart.
POLY.
Wretched wo - man! A-

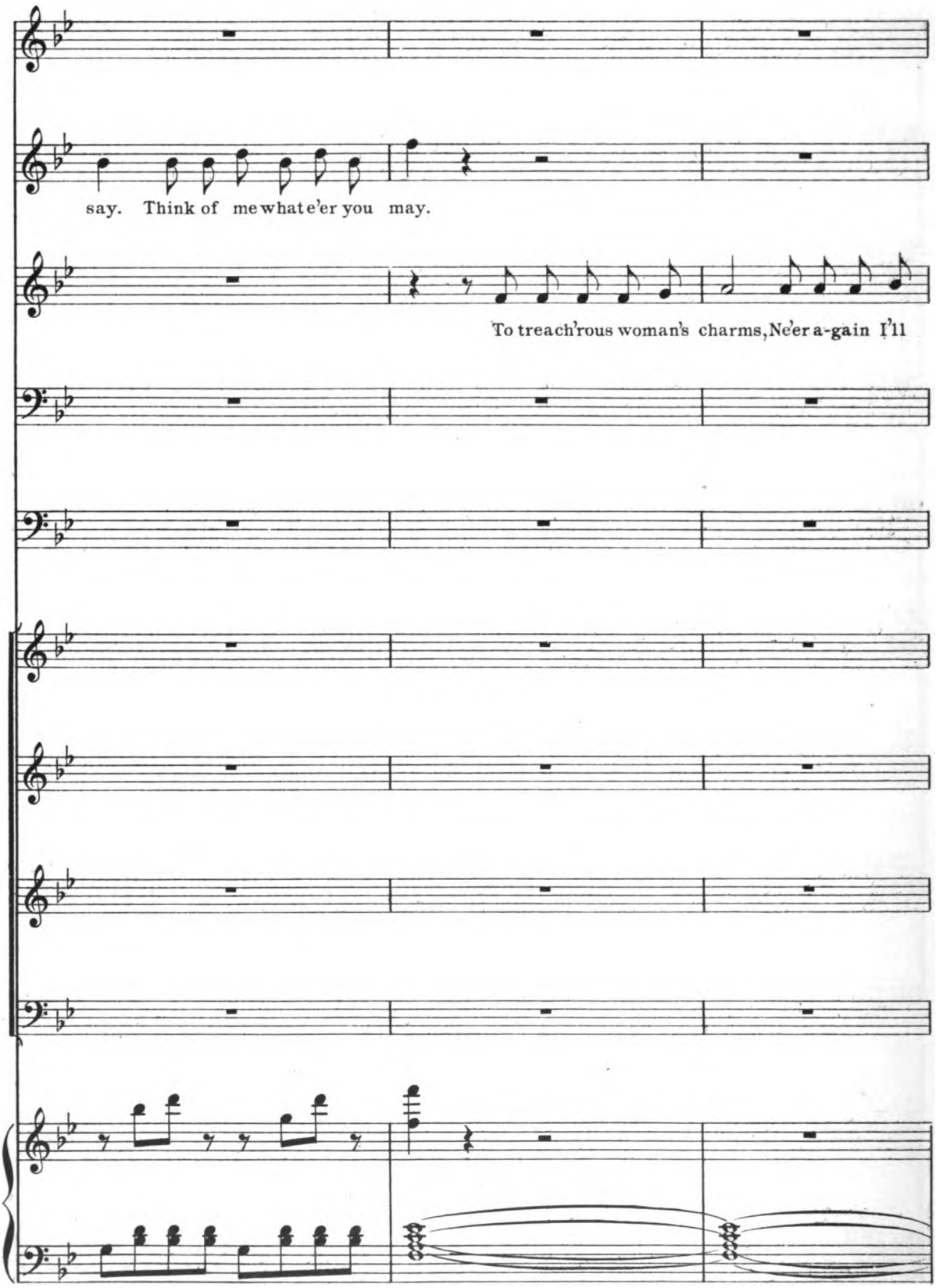

LUCILLE.
ROSE.
Be-tray'd!
POLY.
way! A-way! Betrayed! And on my
POMADE.
Betrayed!
SOUFFLÉ.
Betrayed!
SOP.
Betrayed!
ALTO.
Betrayed!
TEN.
Betrayed!
BASS.
Betrayed!

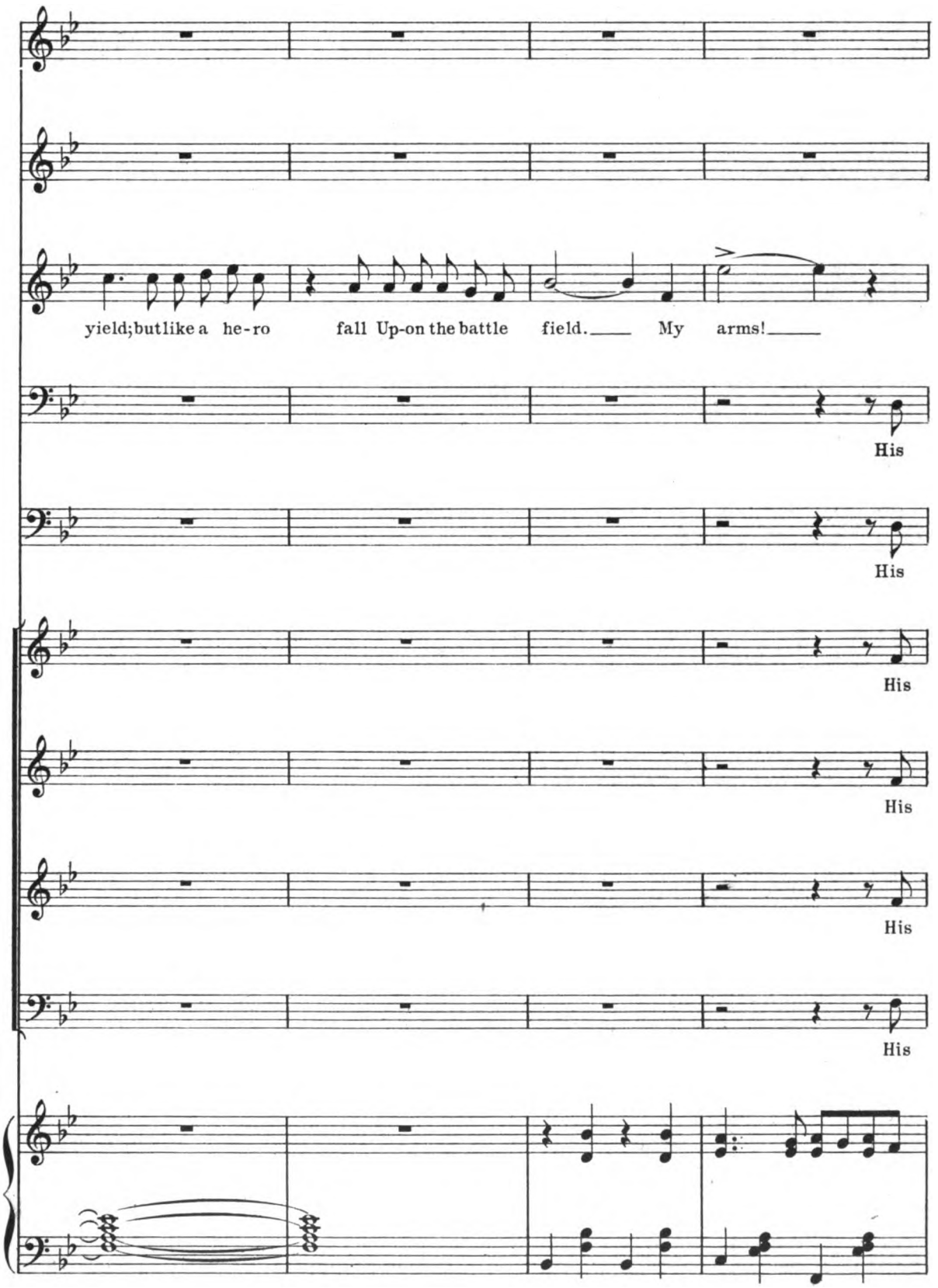

That is not true.
wed - ding day. Plan - chette spoke the
And on his wed - ding day!
And on his wed - ding day!
And on his wed - ding day!
And on his wed - ding day!
And on his wed - ding day!
And on his wed - ding day!

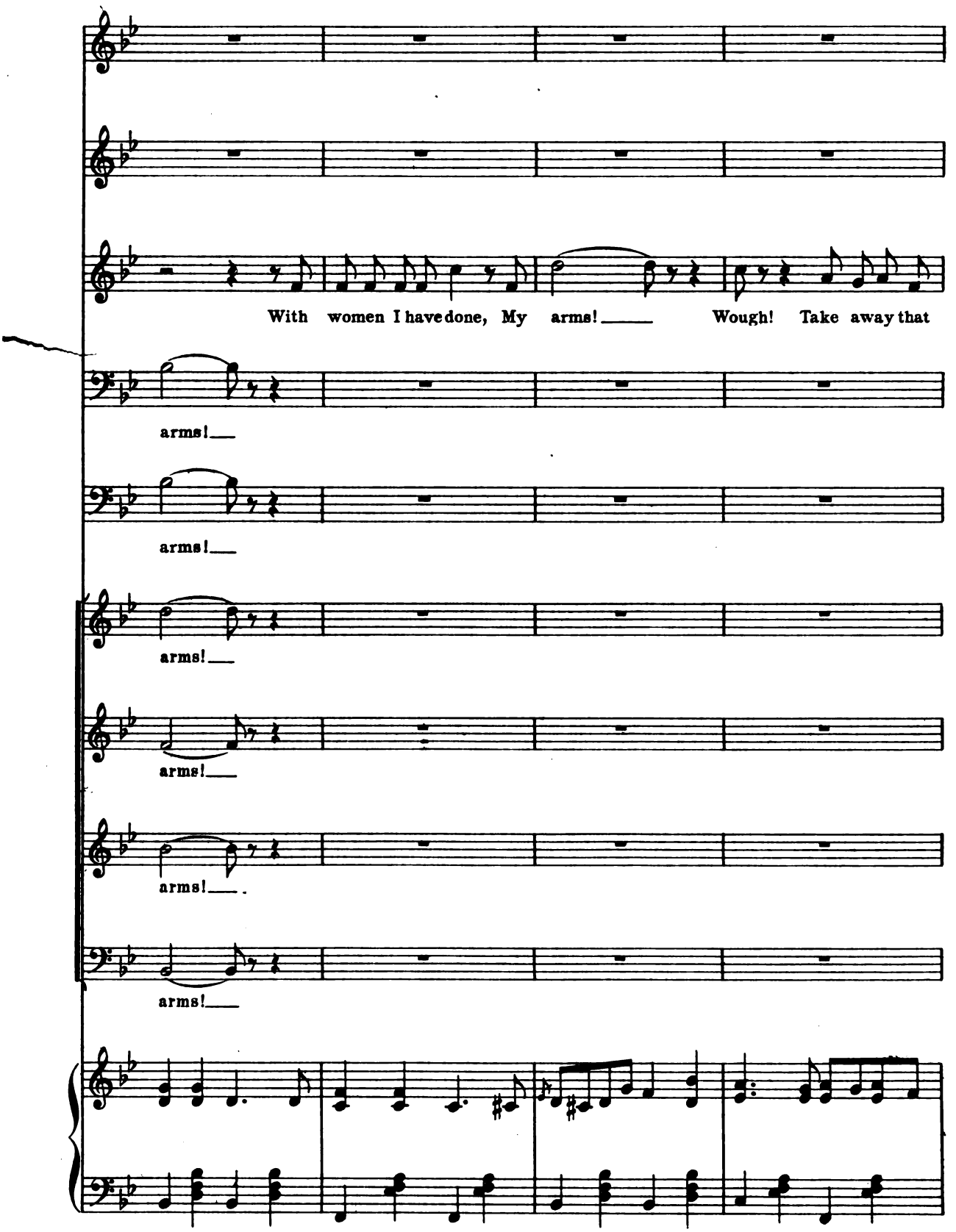

What shall I do?
What is this all about? Do
truth. Oh, poor, misguid-ed youth.
Misguided youth.
Misguided youth.
Mis-guid-ed youth.
Mis-guid-ed youth.
Mis-guid-ed youth.
Mis-guid-ed youth.

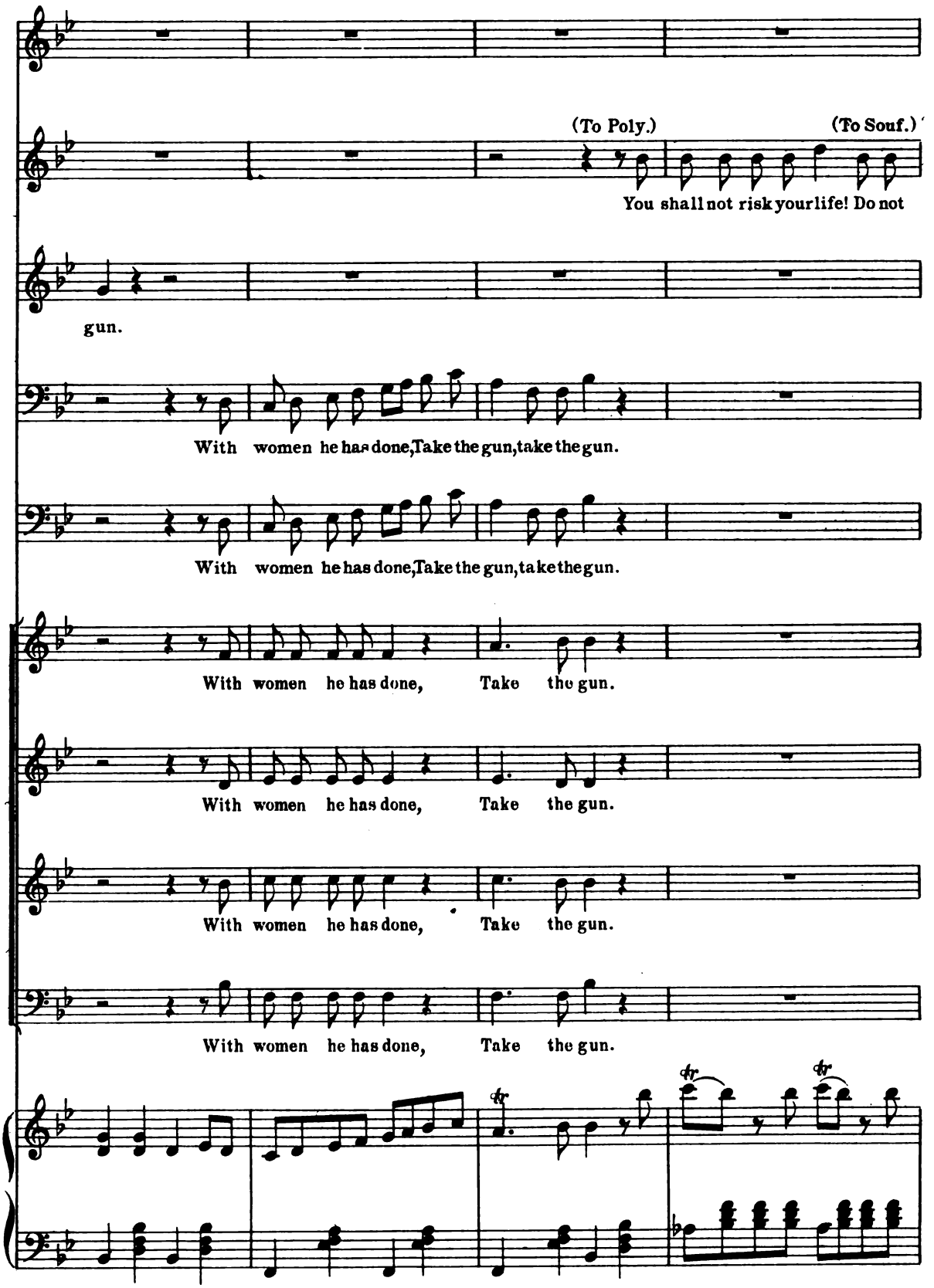

you my honor doubt?
Wo-man false! a-way! a-way! A flirt! and on your

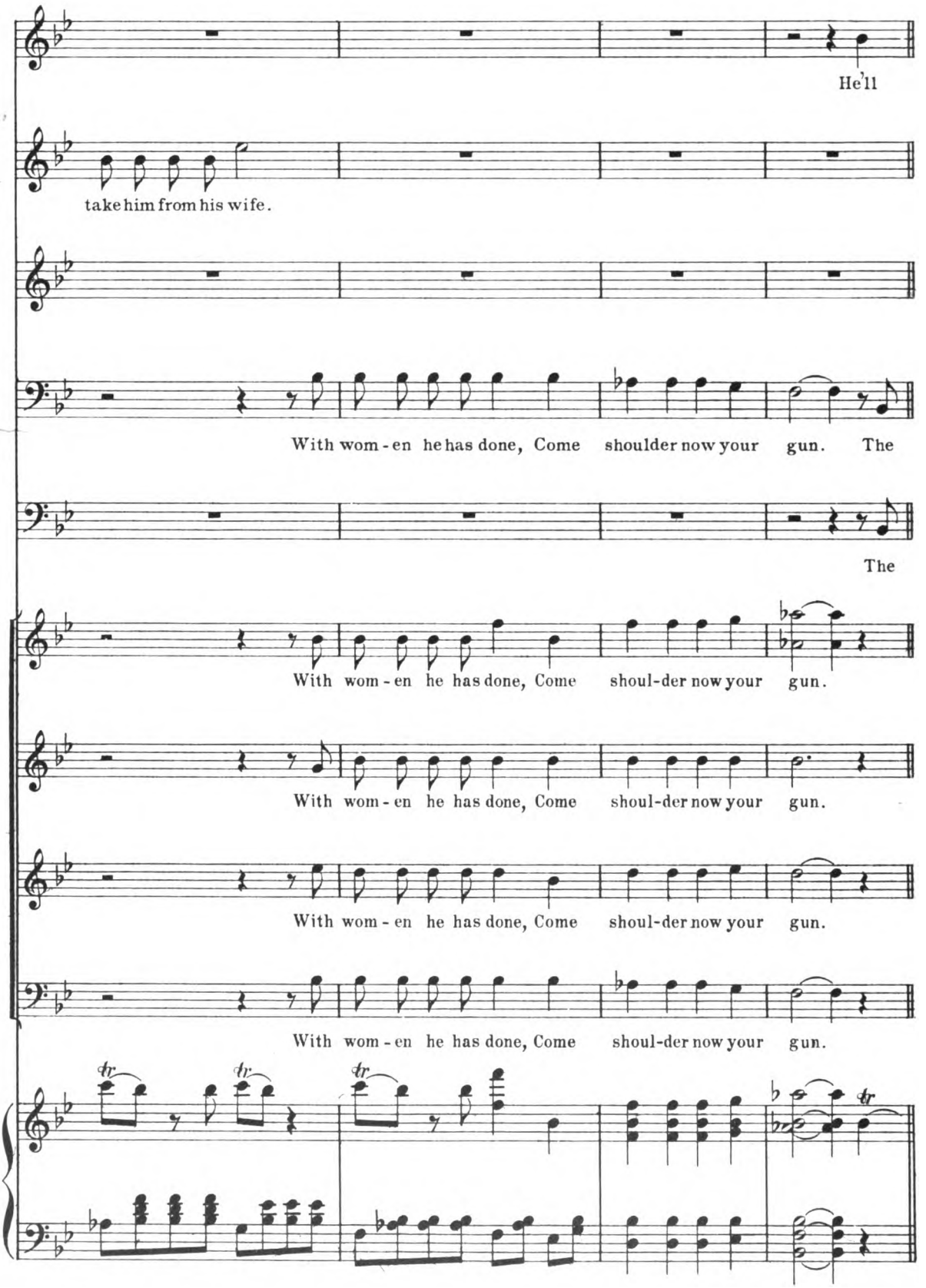

A flirt? Not an-oth-er word I'll
wedding day. A flirt!
A flirt.
A flirt.
A flirt.
A flirt.
A flirt.
A flirt.

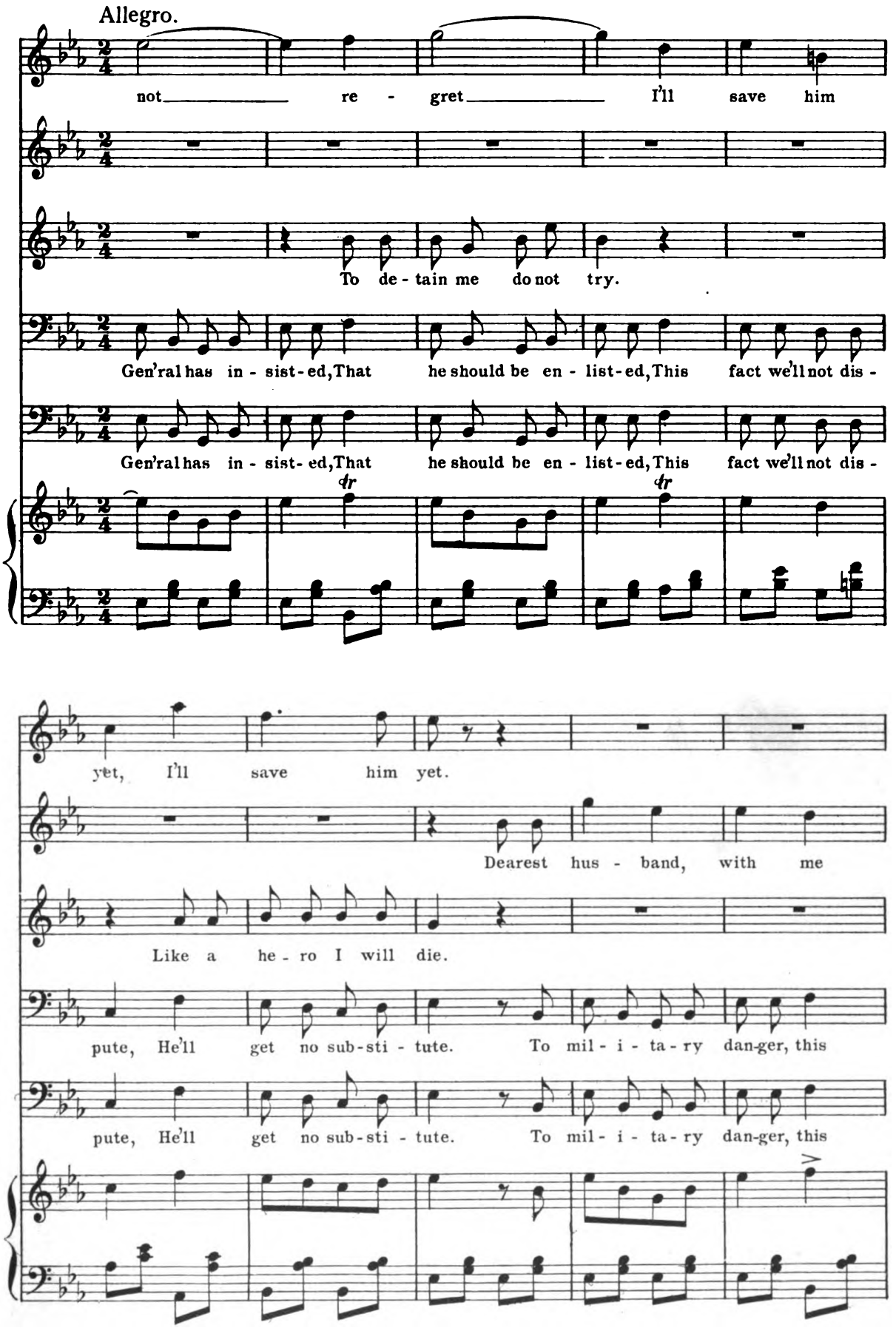

say. Think of me what e'er you may.
To treach'rous woman's charms, Ne'er a-gain I'll

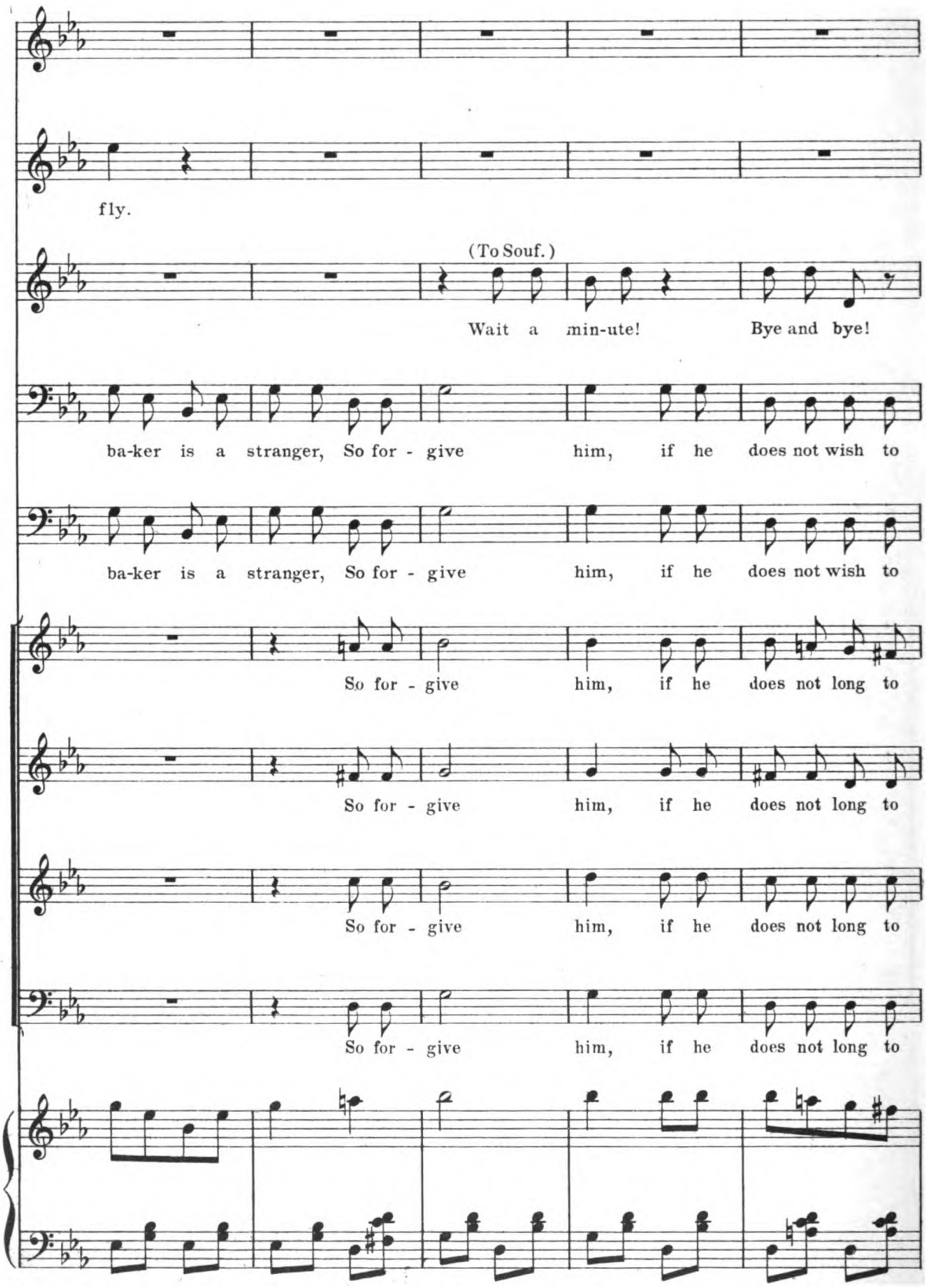

yield; but like a he-ro fall Up-on the battle field. My arms!
His
His
His
His
His
His

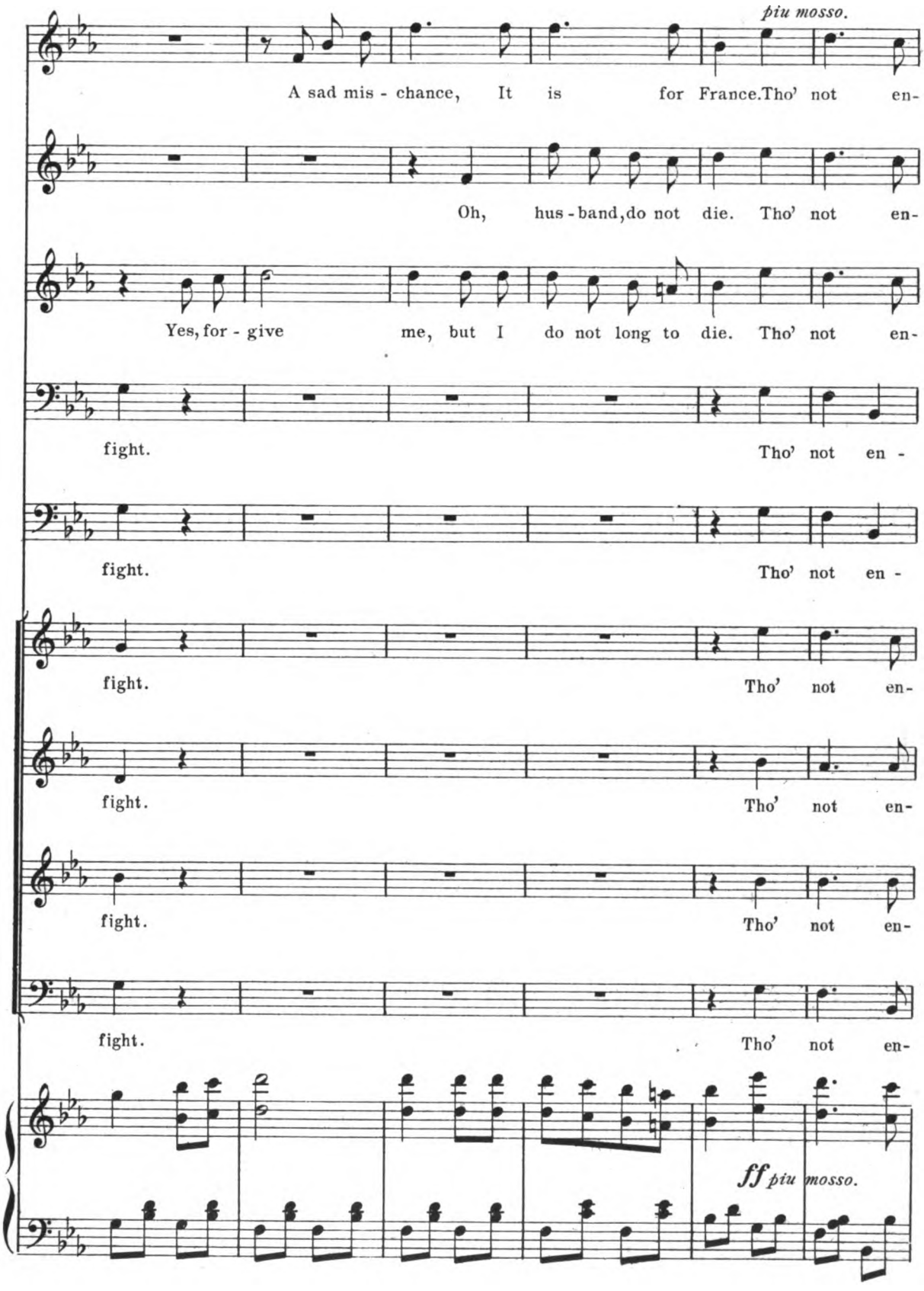

With women I have done, My arms! Wough! Take away that
arms!
arms!
arms!
arms!
arms!
arms!

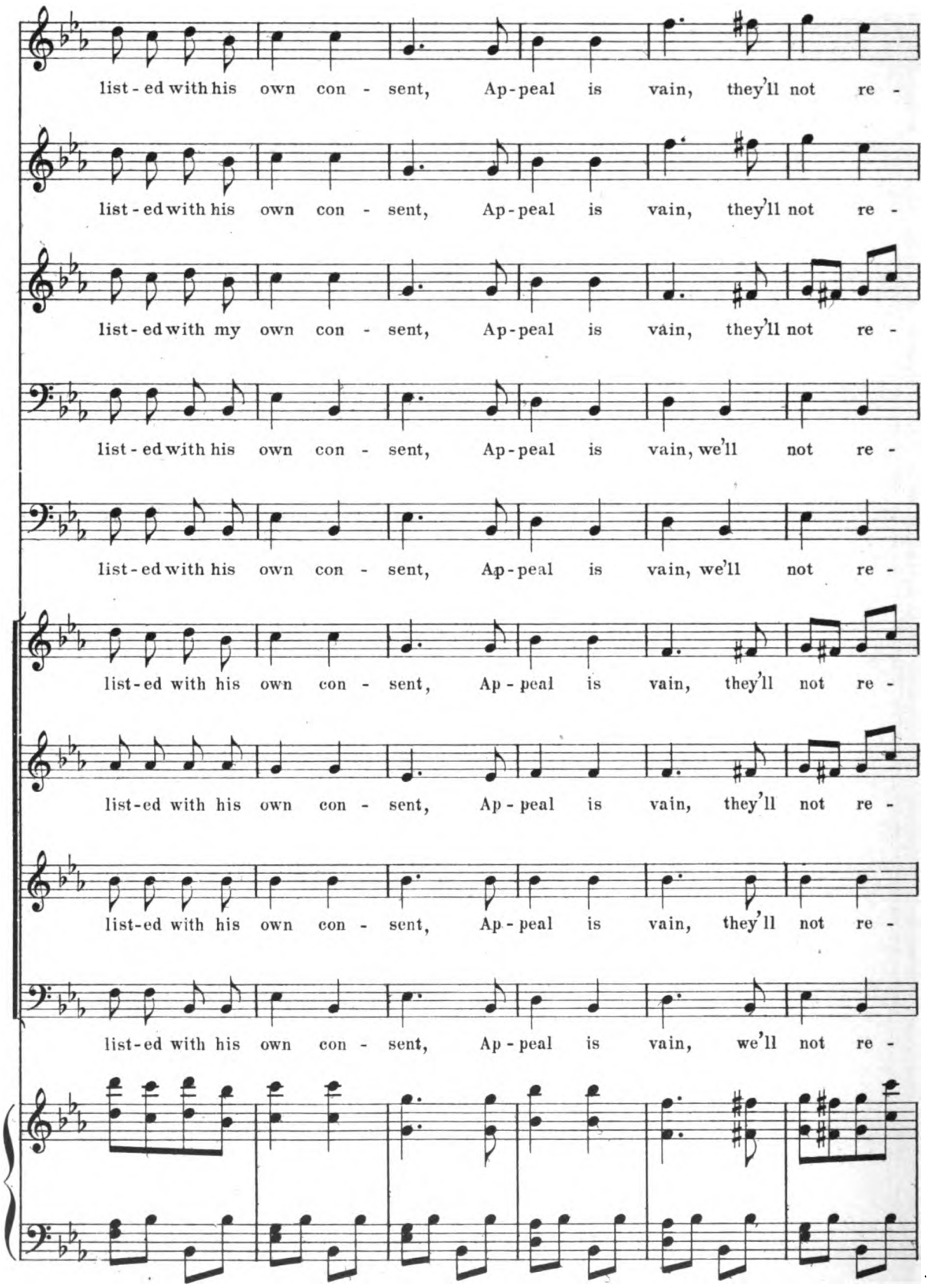

(To Poly.)
(To Souf.)
You shall not risk your life! Do not
gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun, take the gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun, take the gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun.
With women he has done, Take the gun.

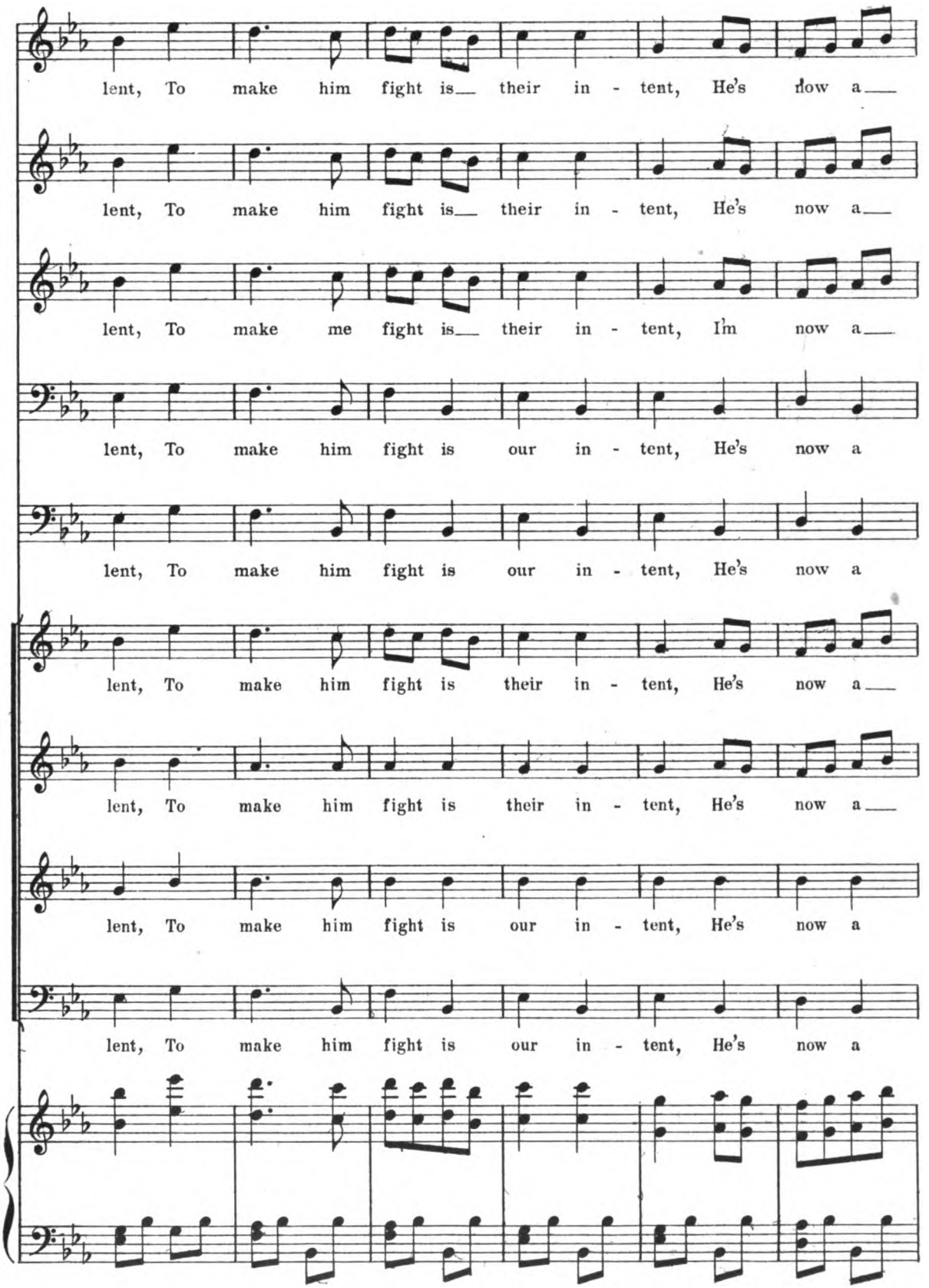

He'll
take him from his wife.
With wom - en he has done, Come shoulder now your gun. The
The
With wom - en he has done, Come shoul-der now your gun.
With wom - en he has done, Come shoul-der now your gun.
With wom - en he has done, Come shoul-der now your gun.
With wom - en he has done, Come shoul-der now your gun.

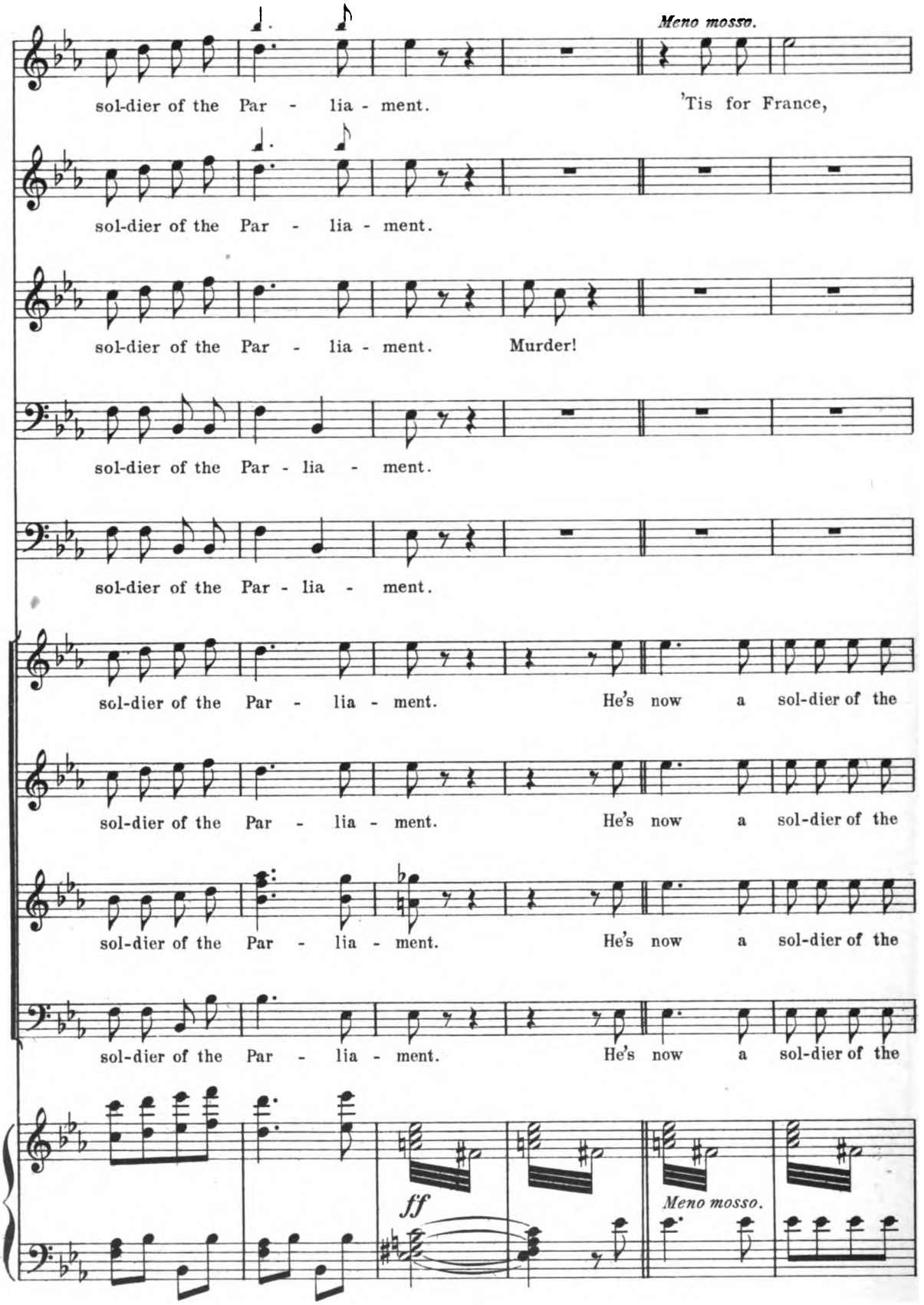

Allegro.
not re - gret I'll save him
To de - tain me do not try.
Gen'ral has in - sist - ed, That he should be en - list - ed, This fact we'll not dis -
Gen'ral has in - sist - ed, That he should be en - list - ed, This fact we'll not dis -
tr
tr
yet, I'll save him yet.
Dearest hus - band, with me
Like a he - ro I will die.
pute, He'll get no sub - sti - tute. To mil - i - ta - ry dan - ger, this
pute, He'll get no sub - sti - tute. To mil - i - ta - ry dan - ger, this

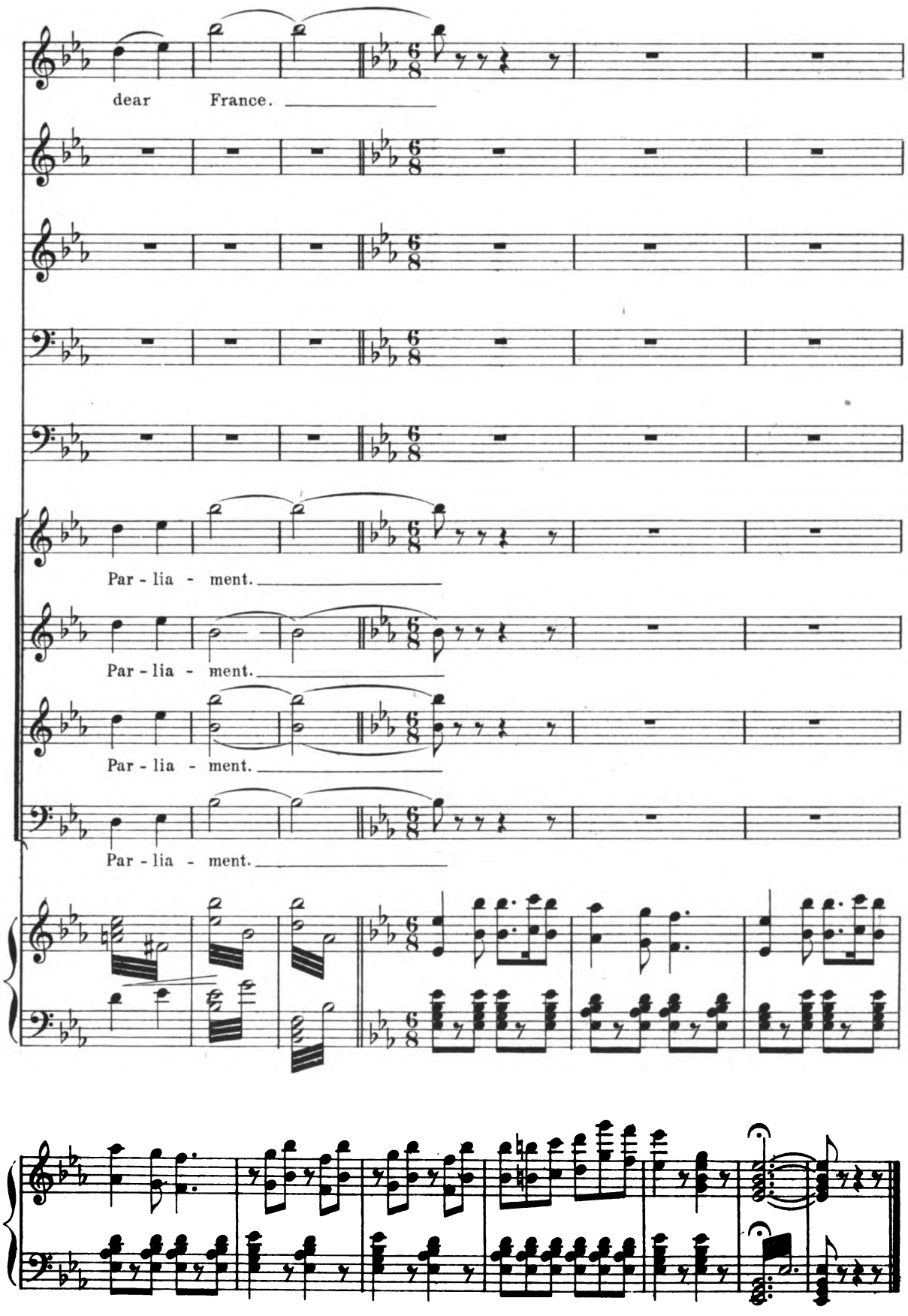

fly.
(To Souf.)
Wait a min-ute! Bye and bye!
ba-ker is a stranger, So for - give him, if he does not wish to
ba-ker is a stranger, So for - give him, if he does not wish to
So for - give him, if he does not long to
So for - give him, if he does not long to
So for - give him, if he does not long to
So for - give him, if he does not long to


piu mosso.
A sad mis - chance, It is for France. Tho' not en-
Oh, hus - band, do not die. Tho' not en-
Yes, for - give me, but I do not long to die. Tho' not en-
fight. Tho' not en -
fight. Tho' not en -
fight. Tho' not en-
fight. Tho' not en-
fight. Tho' not en-
fight. Tho' not en-
ff piu mosso.


list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with my own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, they'll not re -
list - ed with his own con - sent, Ap - peal is vain, we'll not re -


lent, To make him fight is their in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is their in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make me fight is their in - tent, I'm now a
lent, To make him fight is our in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is our in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is their in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is their in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is our in - tent, He's now a
lent, To make him fight is our in - tent, He's now a

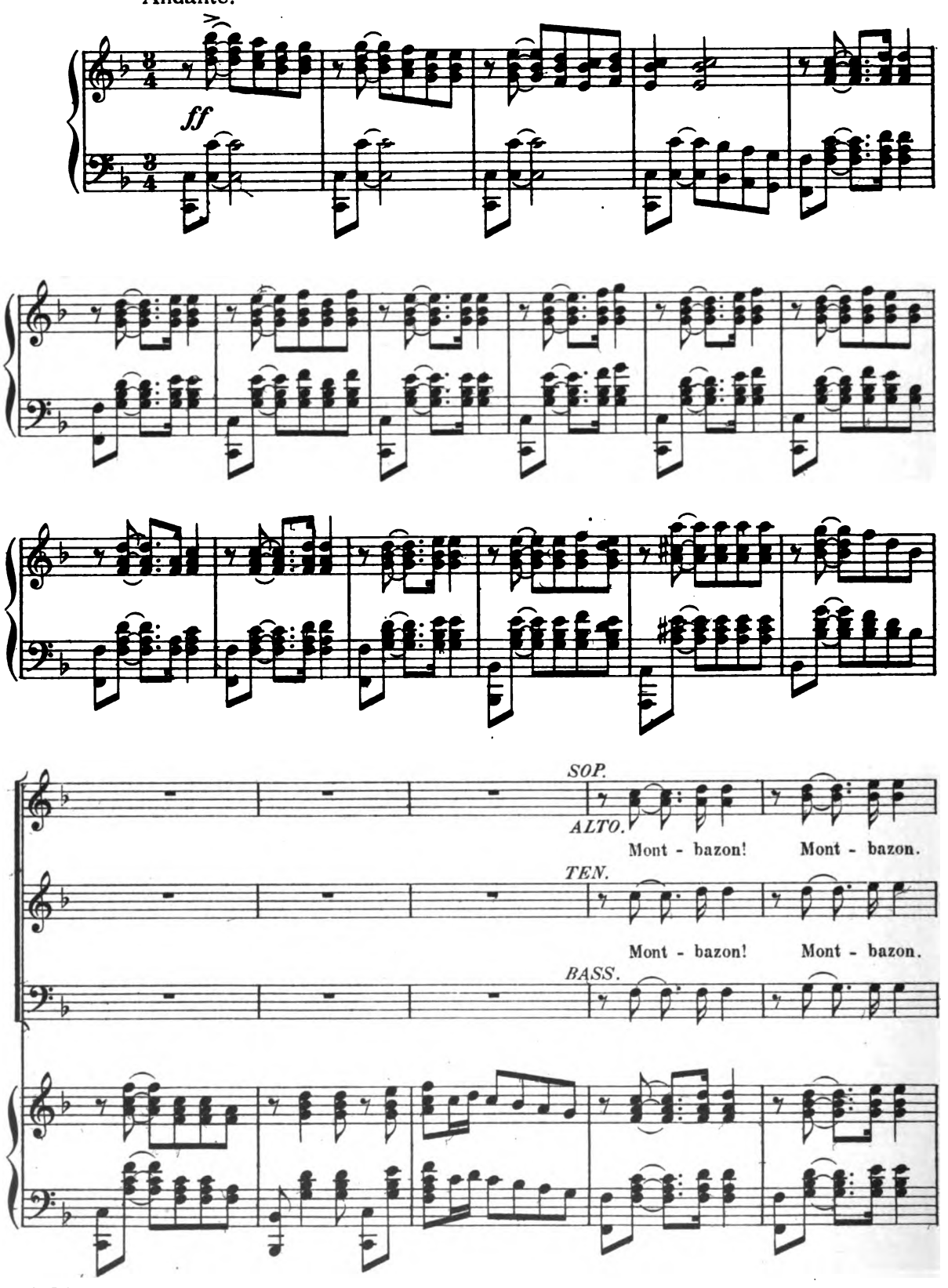

Meno mosso.
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
'Tis for France,
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
Murder!
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
He's now a sol-dier of the
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
He's now a sol-dier of the
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
He's now a sol-dier of the
sol-dier of the Par - lia - ment.
He's now a sol-dier of the
ff
Meno mosso.

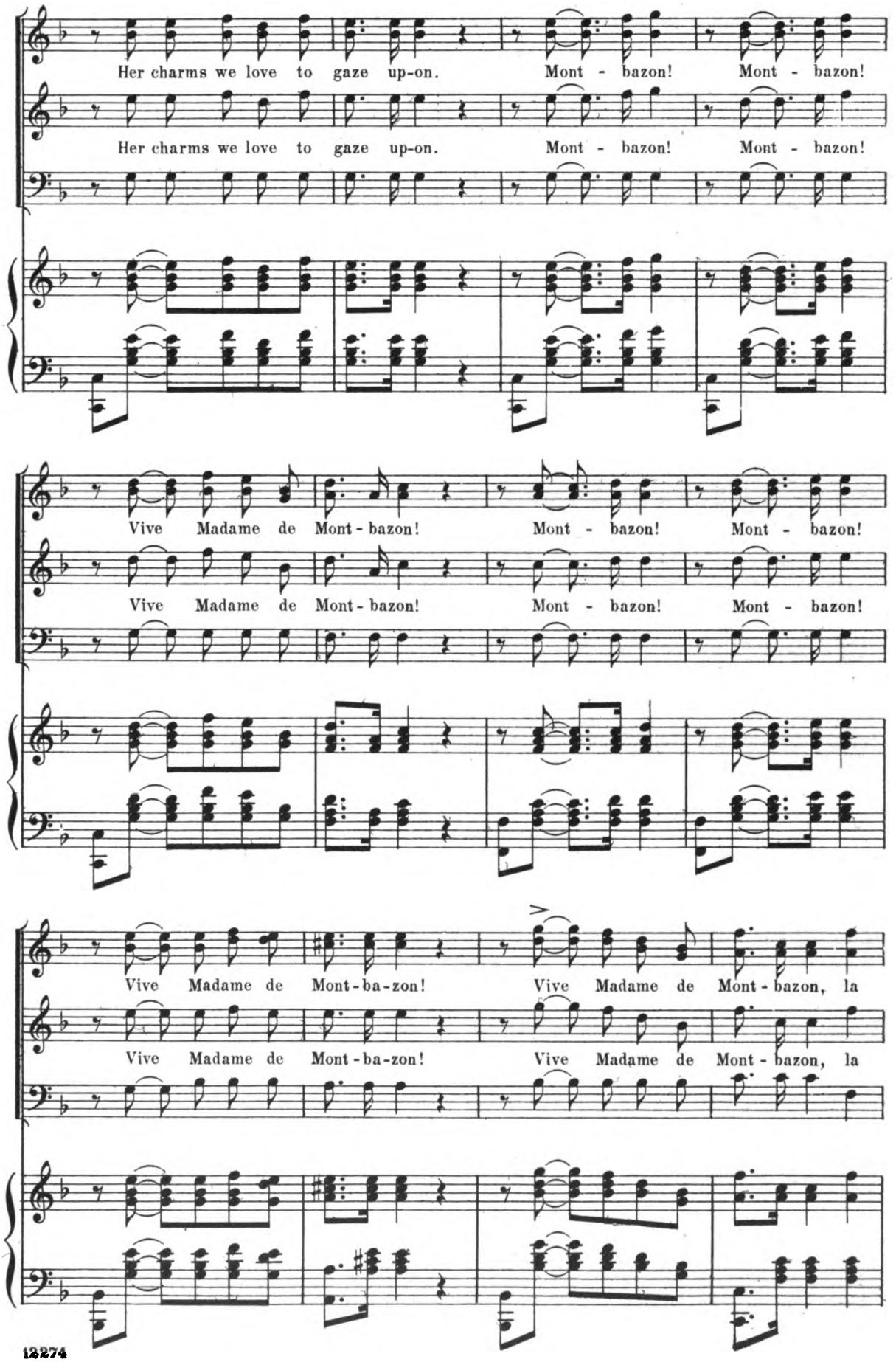

dear France.
Par - lia - ment.
Par - lia - ment.
Par - lia - ment.
Par - lia - ment.

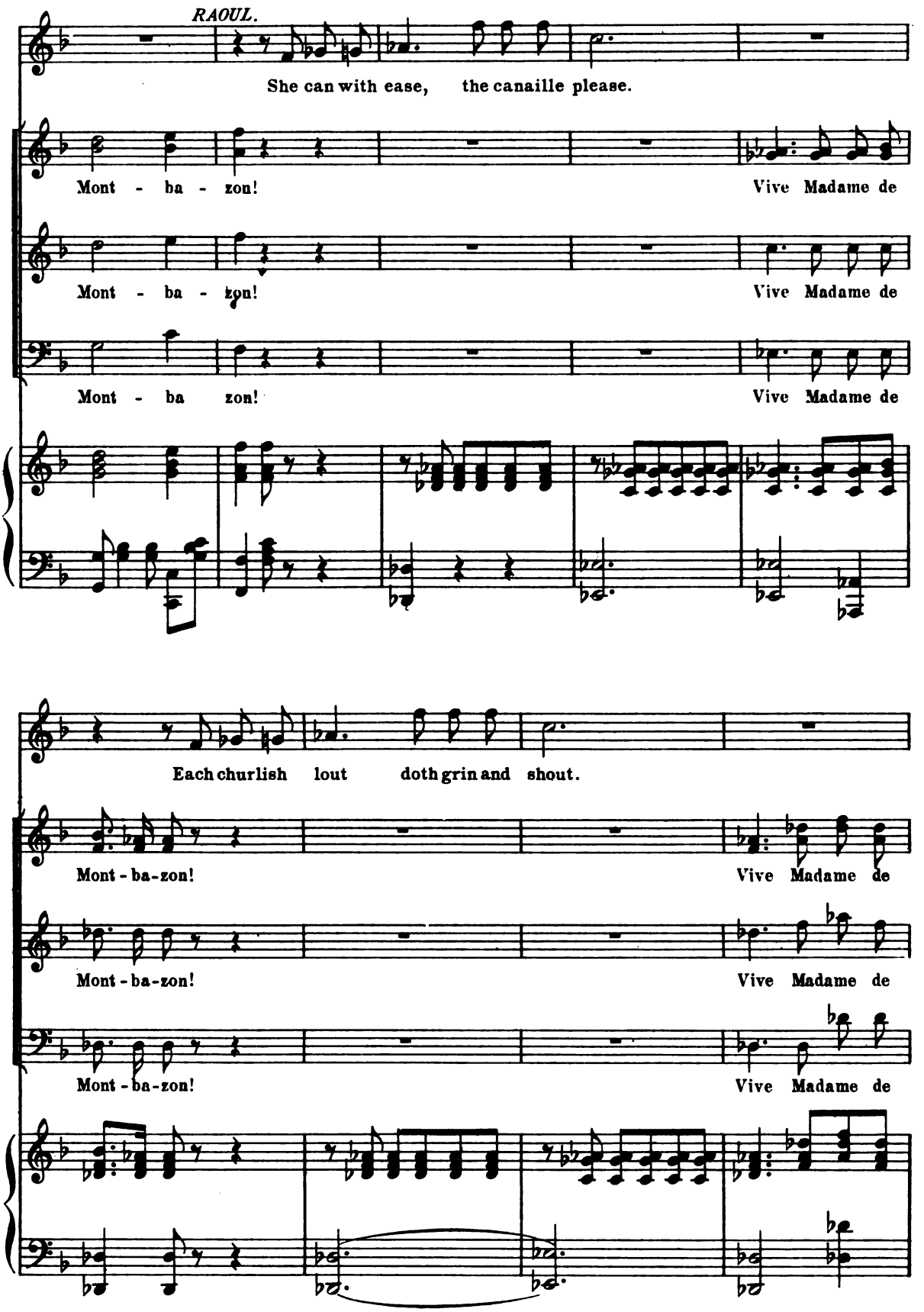
END OF ACT I.

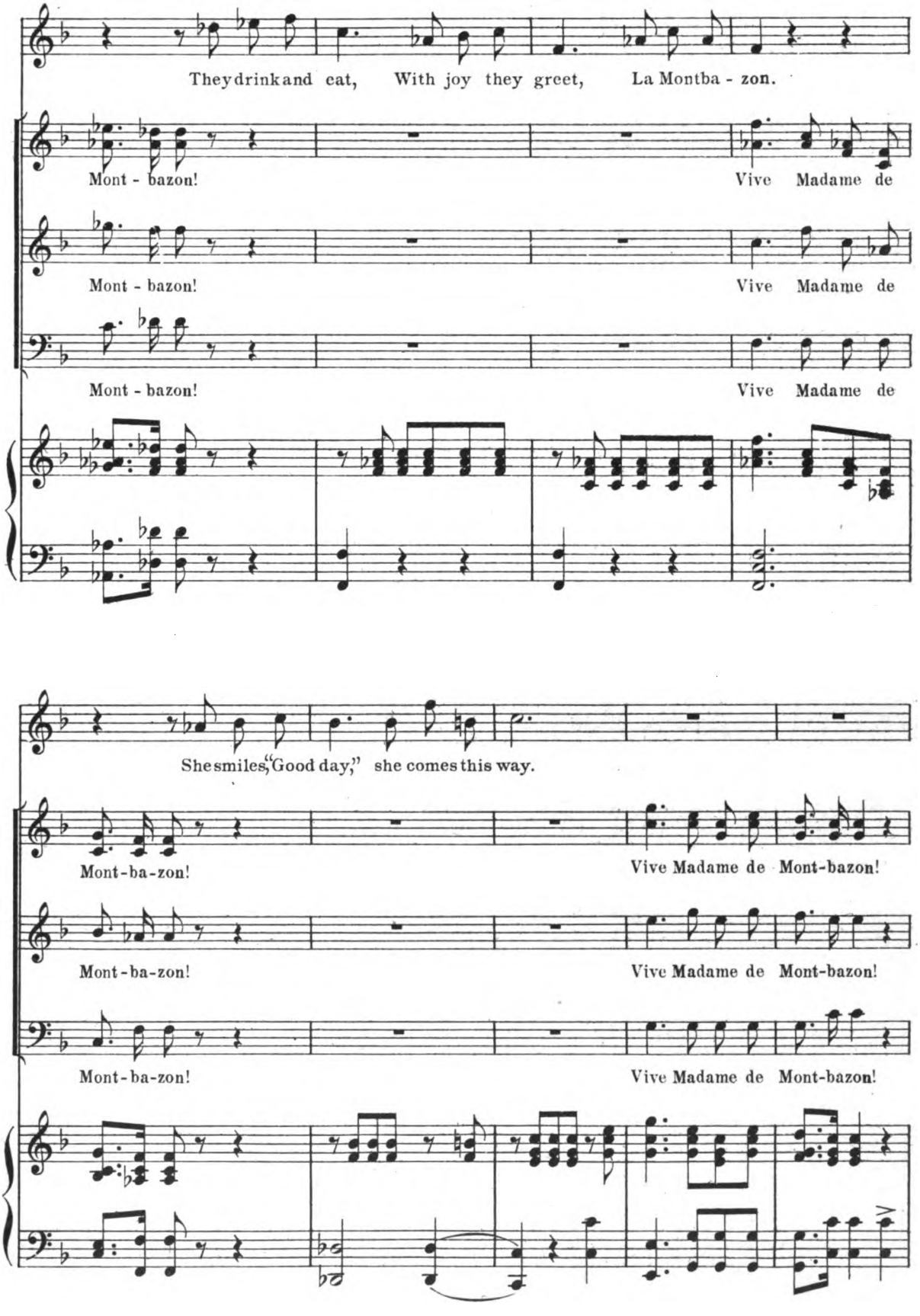
Act II.

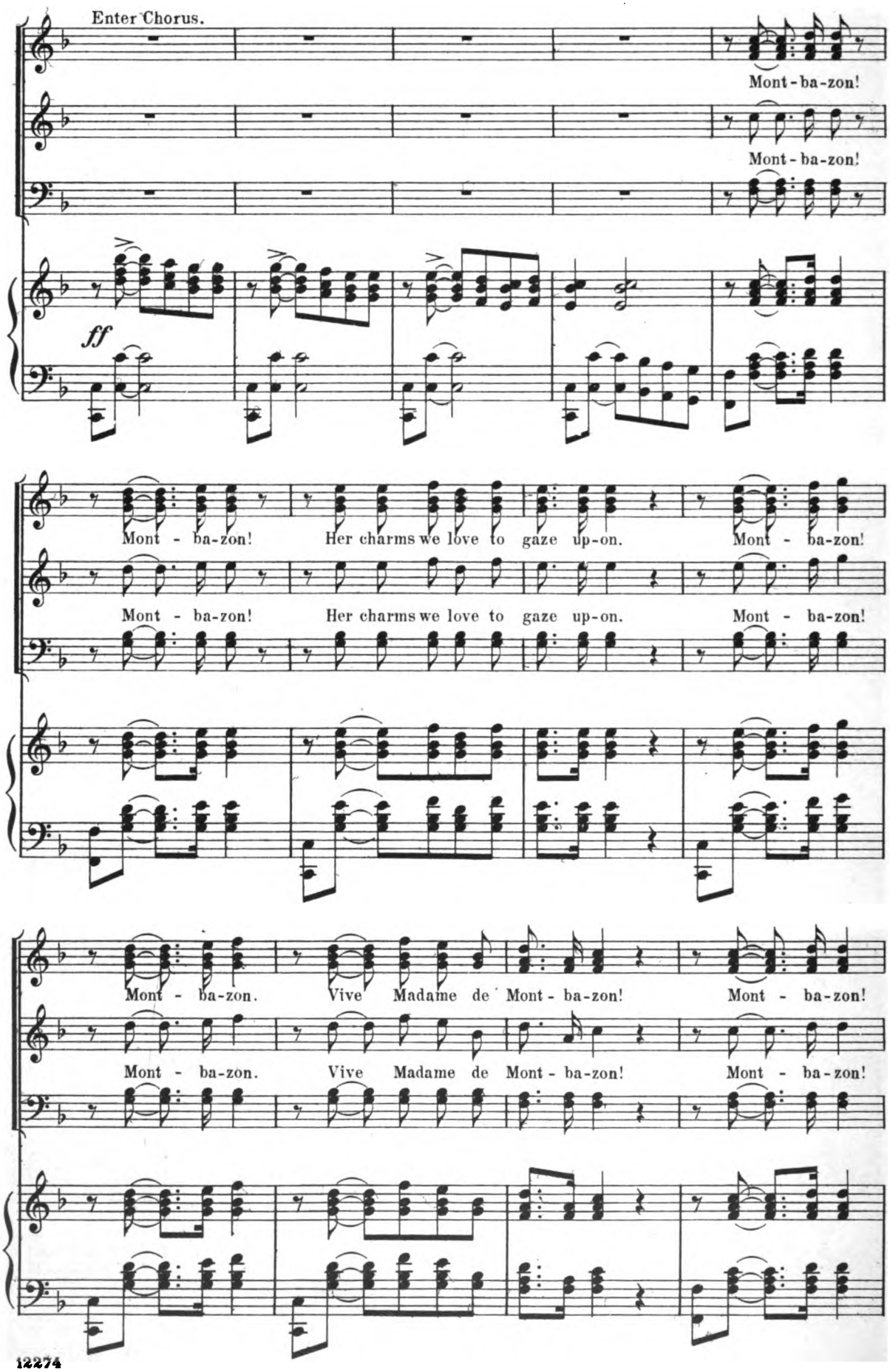
Nº 1. Chorus and Song. "A Woman's Tact."

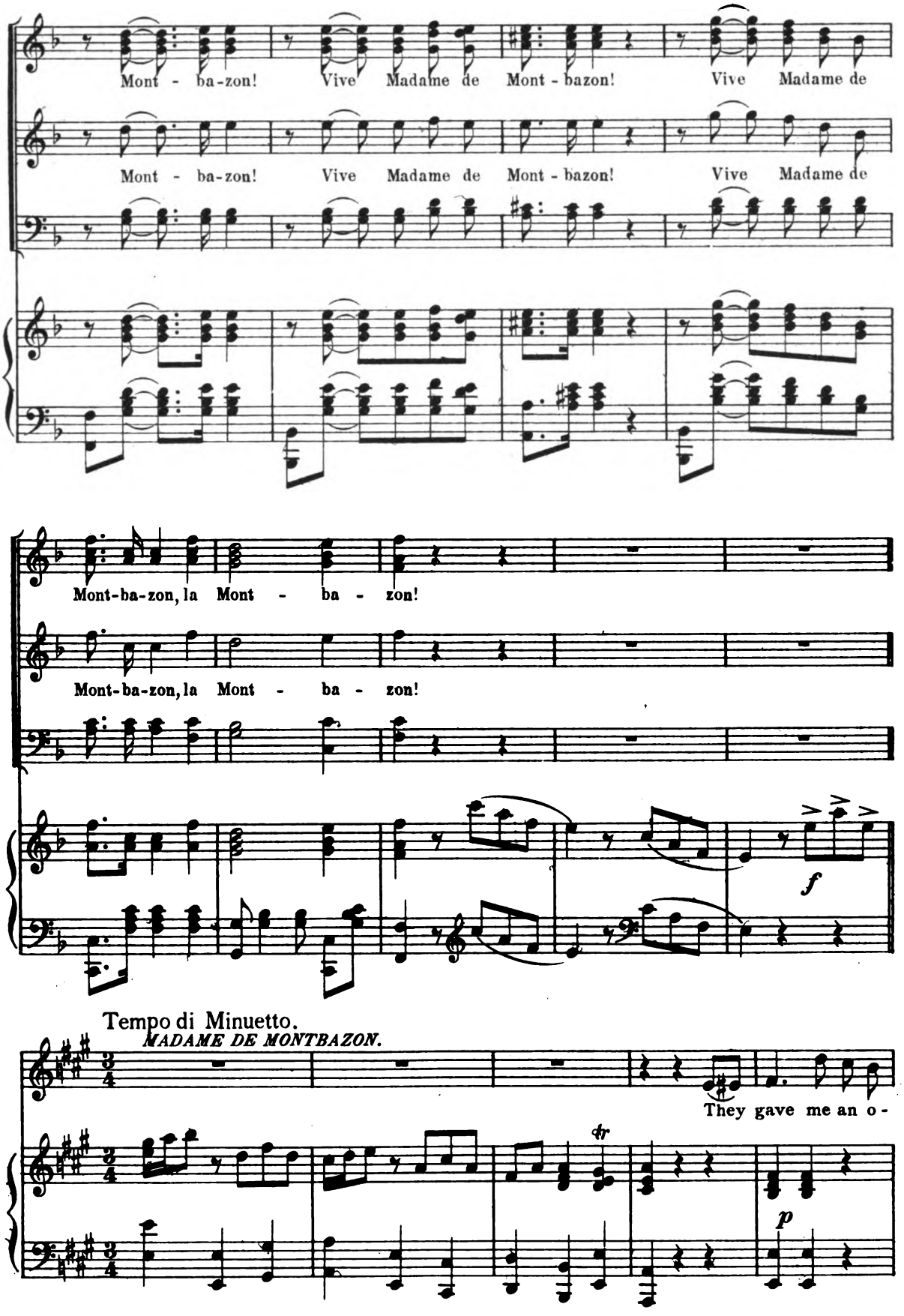


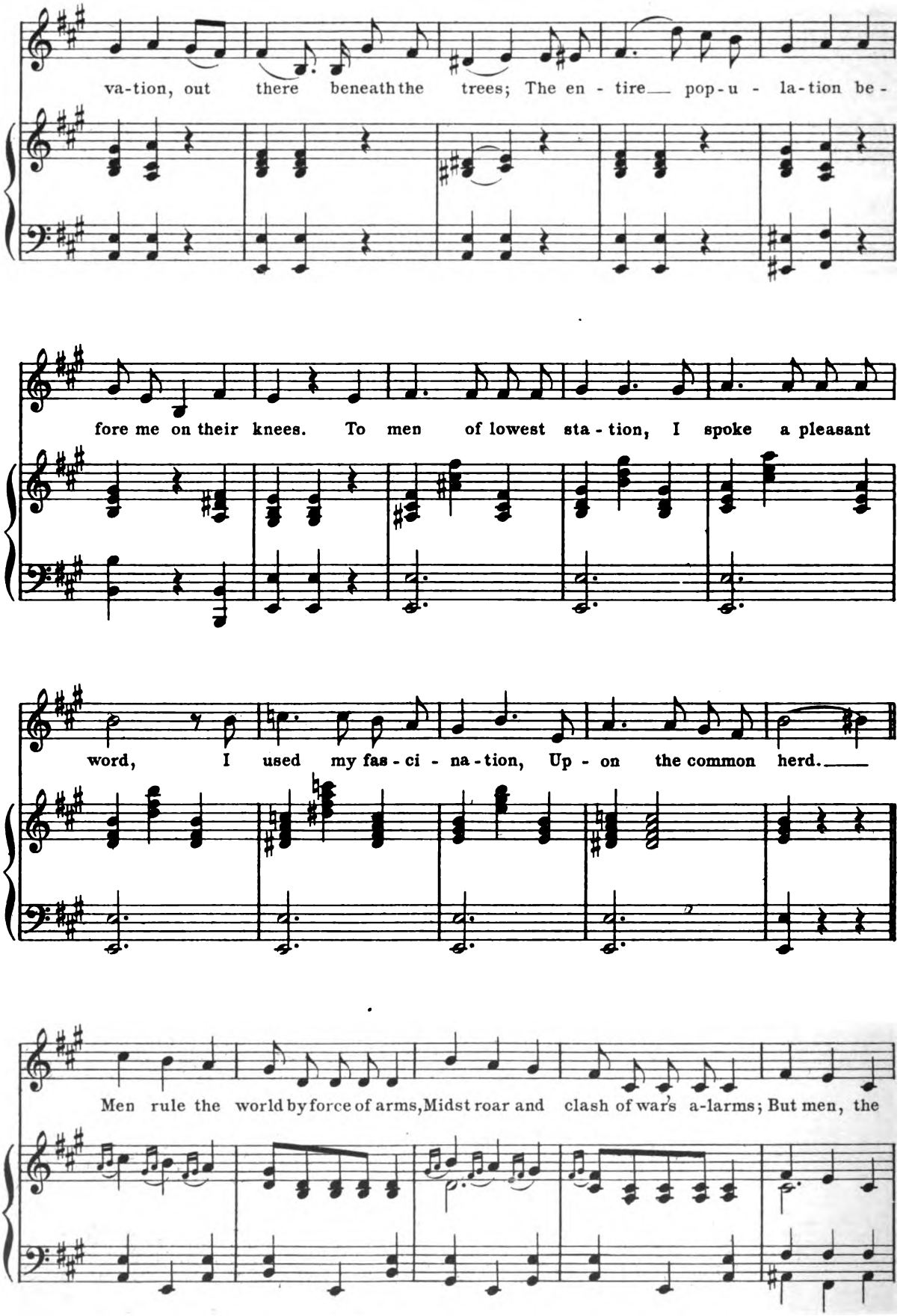

Her charms we love to gaze up-on. Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon!
Her charms we love to gaze up-on. Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon! Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de Mont - ba - zon! Vive Madame de Mont - bazon, la
Vive Madame de Mont - ba - zon! Vive Madame de Mont - bazon, la

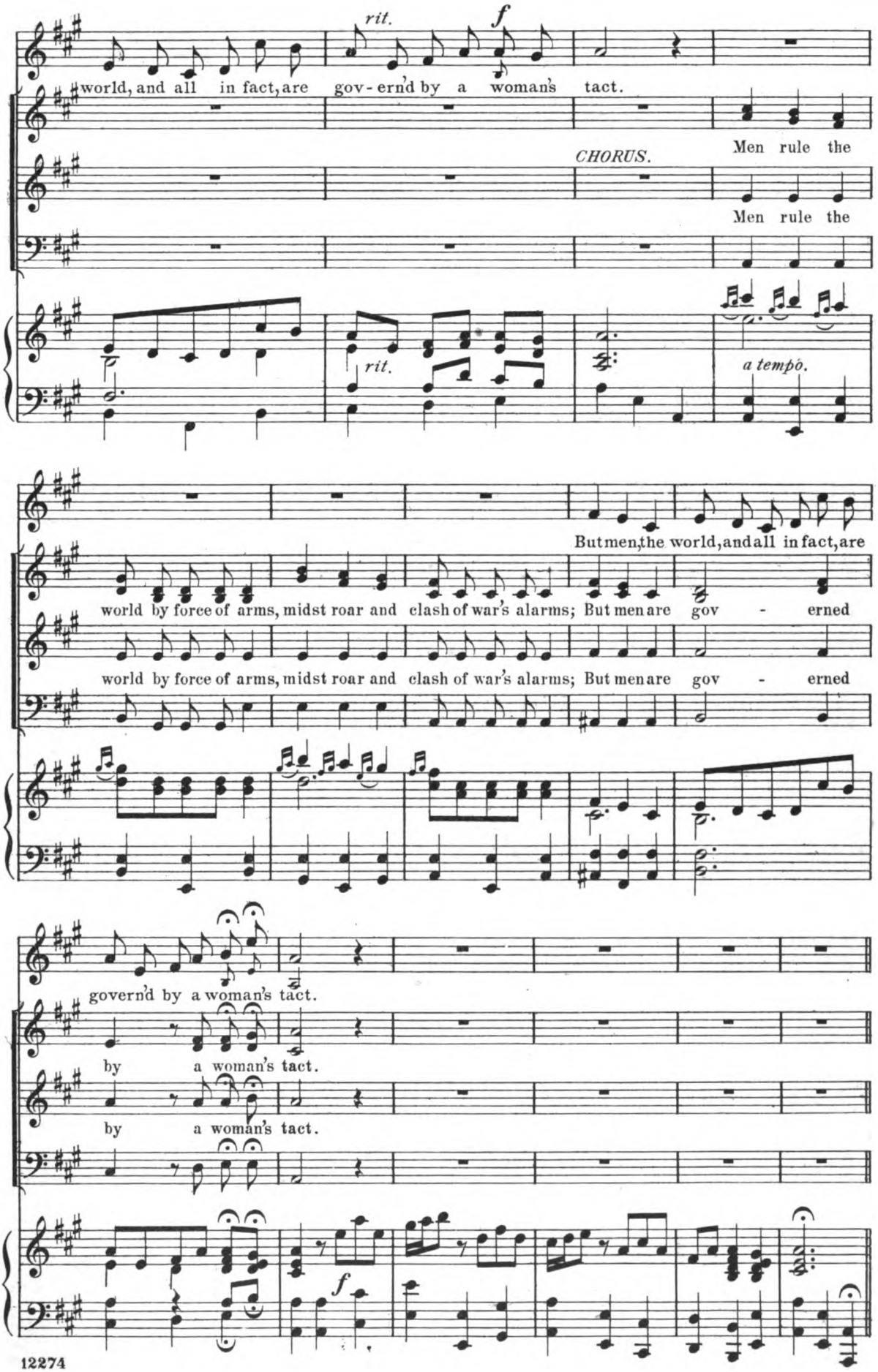

RAOUL.
She can with ease, the canaille please.
Mont - ba - zon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - ba - zon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - ba zon!
Vive Madame de
Each churlish lout doth grin and shout.
Mont - ba-zon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - ba-zon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - ba-zon!
Vive Madame de


They drink and eat, With joy they greet, La Montba - zon.
Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de
Mont - bazon!
Vive Madame de
She smiles, "Good day," she comes this way.
Mont-ba-zon!
Vive Madame de Mont-bazon!
Mont-ba-zon!
Vive Madame de Mont-bazon!
Mont-ba-zon!
Vive Madame de Mont-bazon!

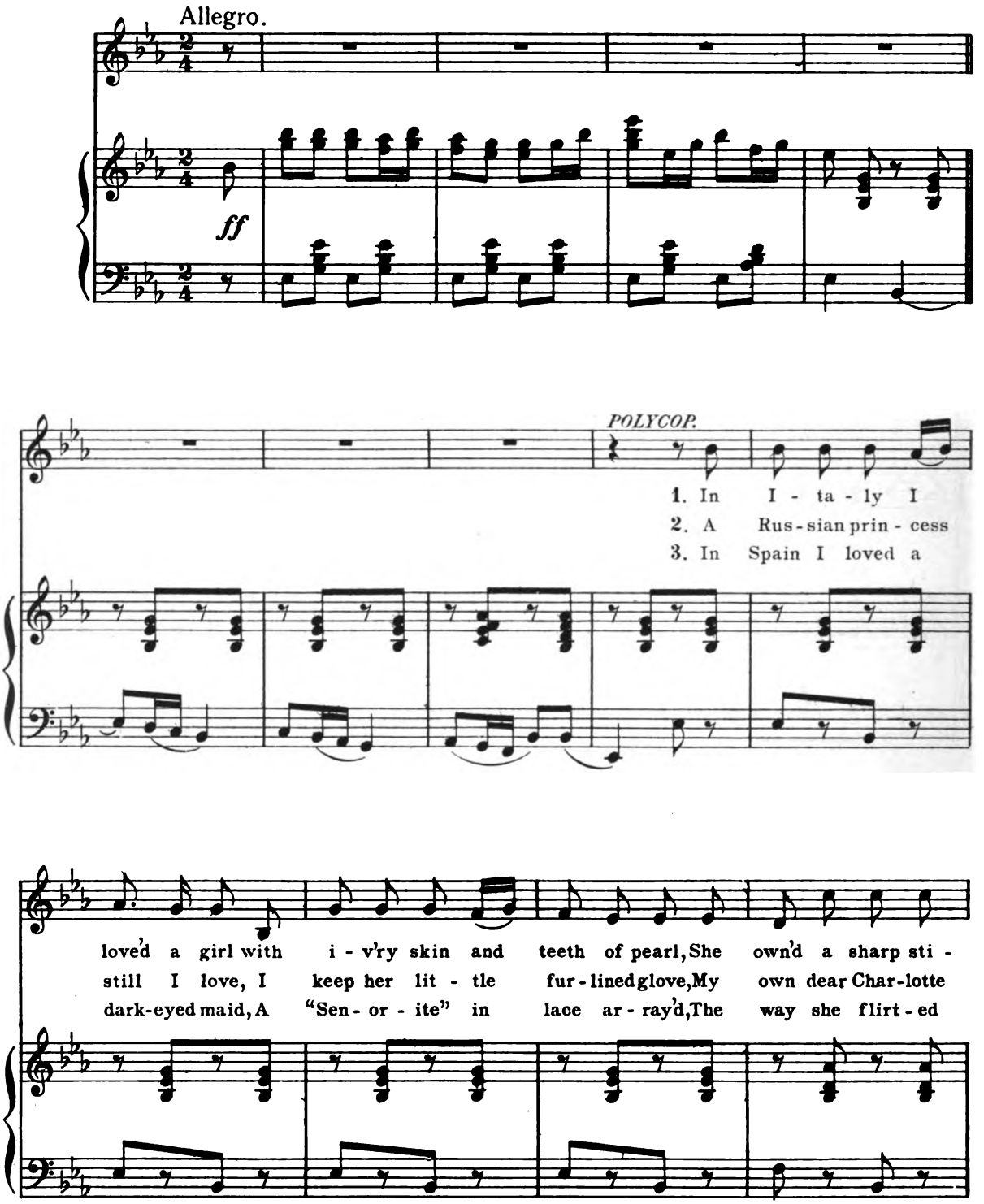

Enter Chorus.
Mont-ba-zon!
Mont-ba-zon!
ff
Mont - ba-zon! Her charms we love to gaze up-on. Mont - ba-zon!
Mont - ba-zon! Her charms we love to gaze up-on. Mont - ba-zon!
Mont - ba-zon. Vive Madame de Mont - ba-zon! Mont - ba-zon!
Mont - ba-zon. Vive Madame de Mont - ba-zon! Mont - ba-zon!

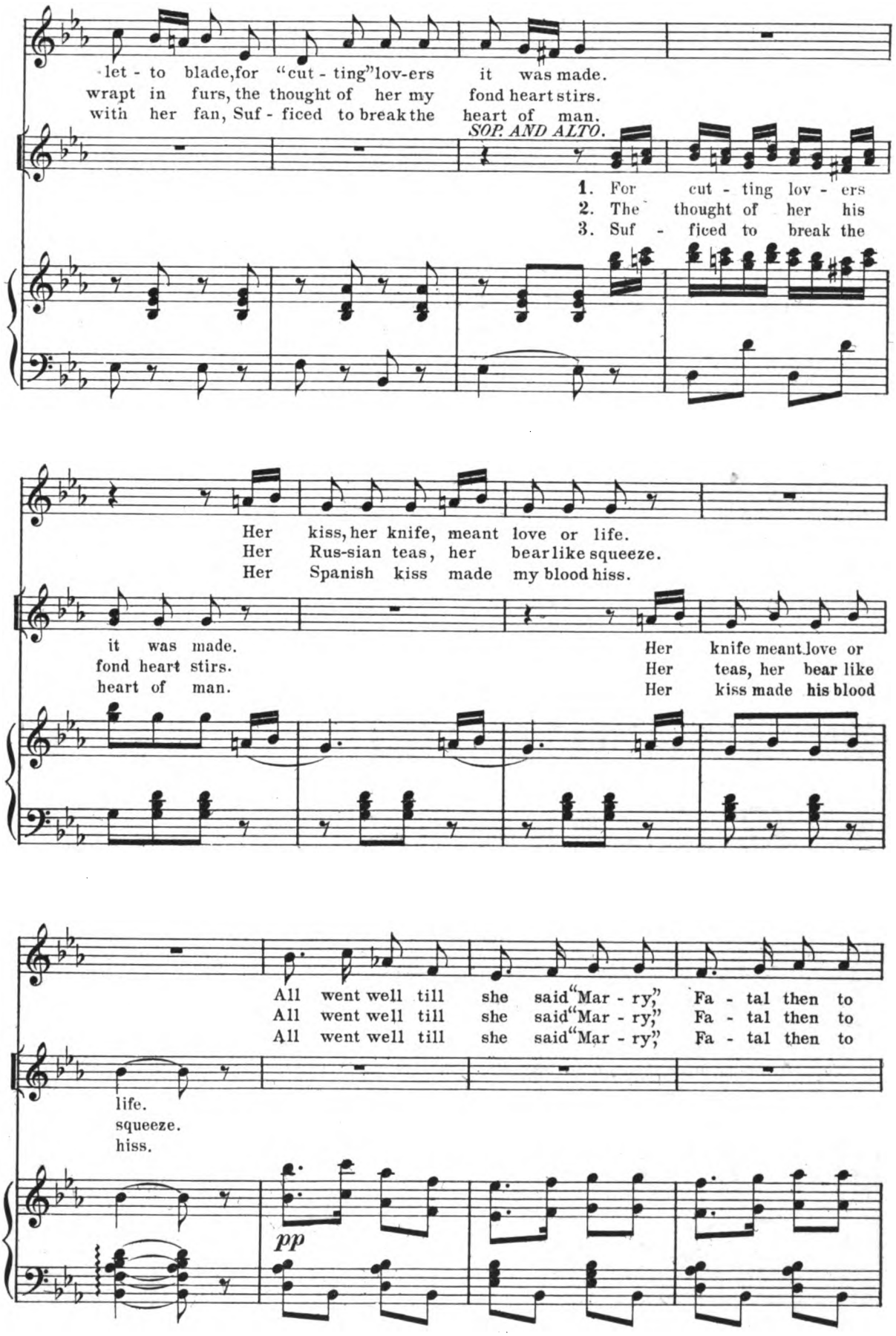

Mont - ba-zon! Vive Madame de Mont - bazon! Vive Madame de
Mont - ba-zon! Vive Madame de Mont - bazon! Vive Madame de
Mont-ba-zon, la Mont - ba - zon!
Mont-ba-zon, la Mont - ba - zon!
f
Tempo di Minuetto.
MADAME DE MONTBAZON.
They gave me an o -
tr
p

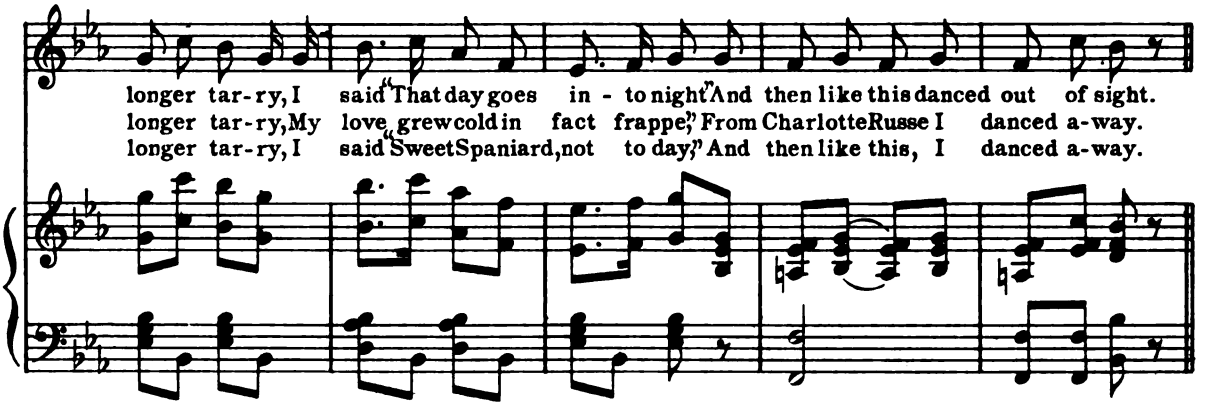

va-tion, out there beneath the trees; The en - tire pop-u - la-tion be-
fore me on their knees. To men of lowest sta - tion, I spoke a pleasant
word, I used my fas - ci - na - tion, Up - on the common herd.
Men rule the world by force of arms, Midst roar and clash of war's a-larms; But men, the


rit.
f
world, and all in fact, are gov - ern'd by a woman's tact.
CHORUS.
Men rule the
Men rule the
rit.
a tempo.
But men, the world, and all in fact, are
world by force of arms, midst roar and clash of war's alarms; But men are gov - erned
world by force of arms, midst roar and clash of war's alarms; But men are gov - erned
govern'd by a woman's tact.
by a woman's tact.
by a woman's tact.
f

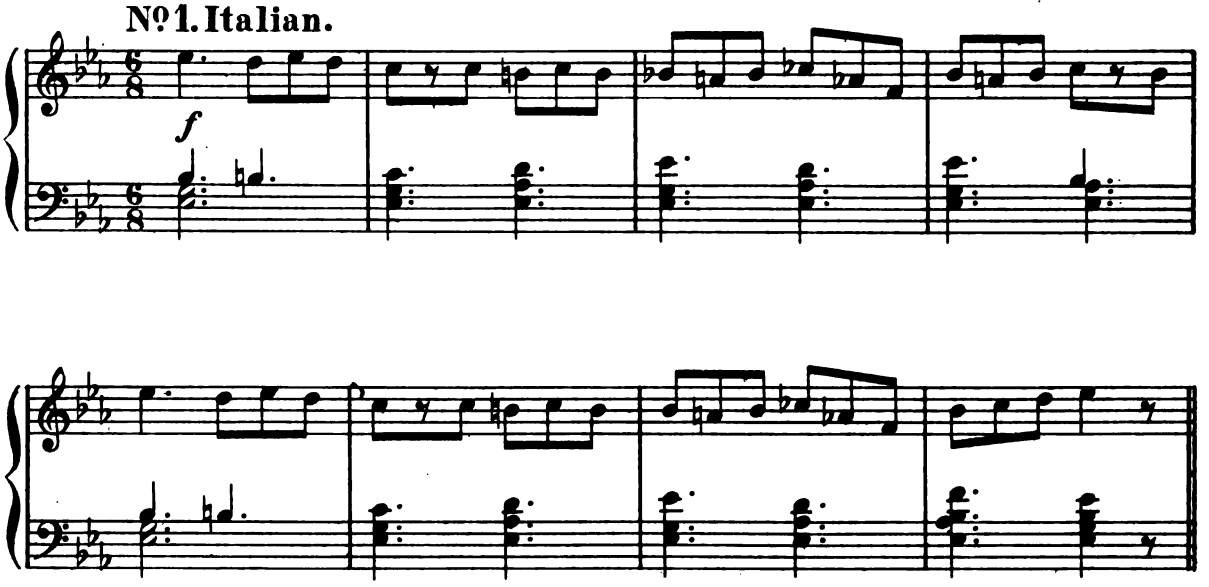
Nº 2. Song. "How I danced away."



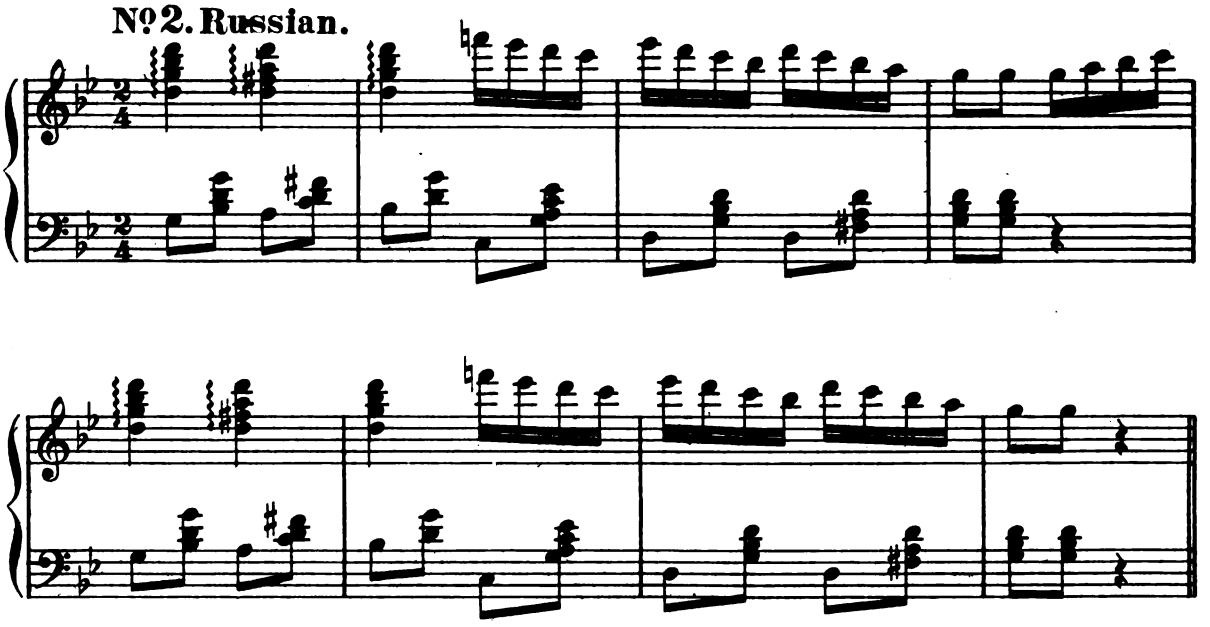

let - to blade, for "cut - ting" lov-ers it was made.
wrapt in furs, the thought of her my fond heart stirs.
with her fan, Suf - ficed to break the heart of man.
SOP. AND ALTO.
1. For cut - ting lov - ers
2. The thought of her his
3. Suf - ficed to break the
Her kiss, her knife, meant love or life.
Her Rus-sian teas, her bear like squeeze.
Her Spanish kiss made my blood hiss.
it was made.
fond heart stirs.
heart of man.
Her knife meant love or
Her teas, her bear like
Her kiss made his blood
All went well till she said "Mar - ry," Fa - tal then to
All went well till she said "Mar - ry," Fa - tal then to
All went well till she said "Mar - ry," Fa - tal then to
life.
squeeze.
hiss.
pp

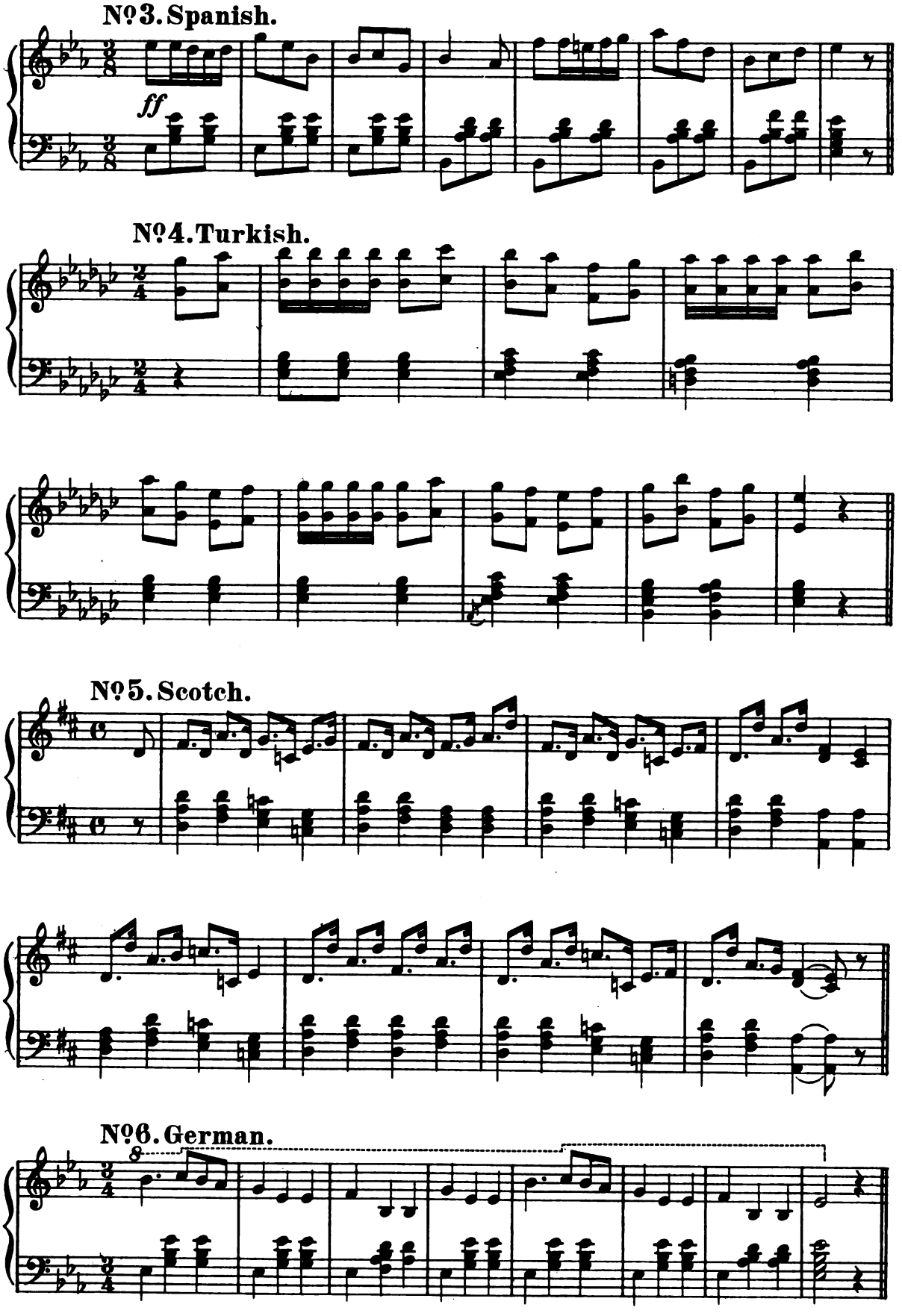


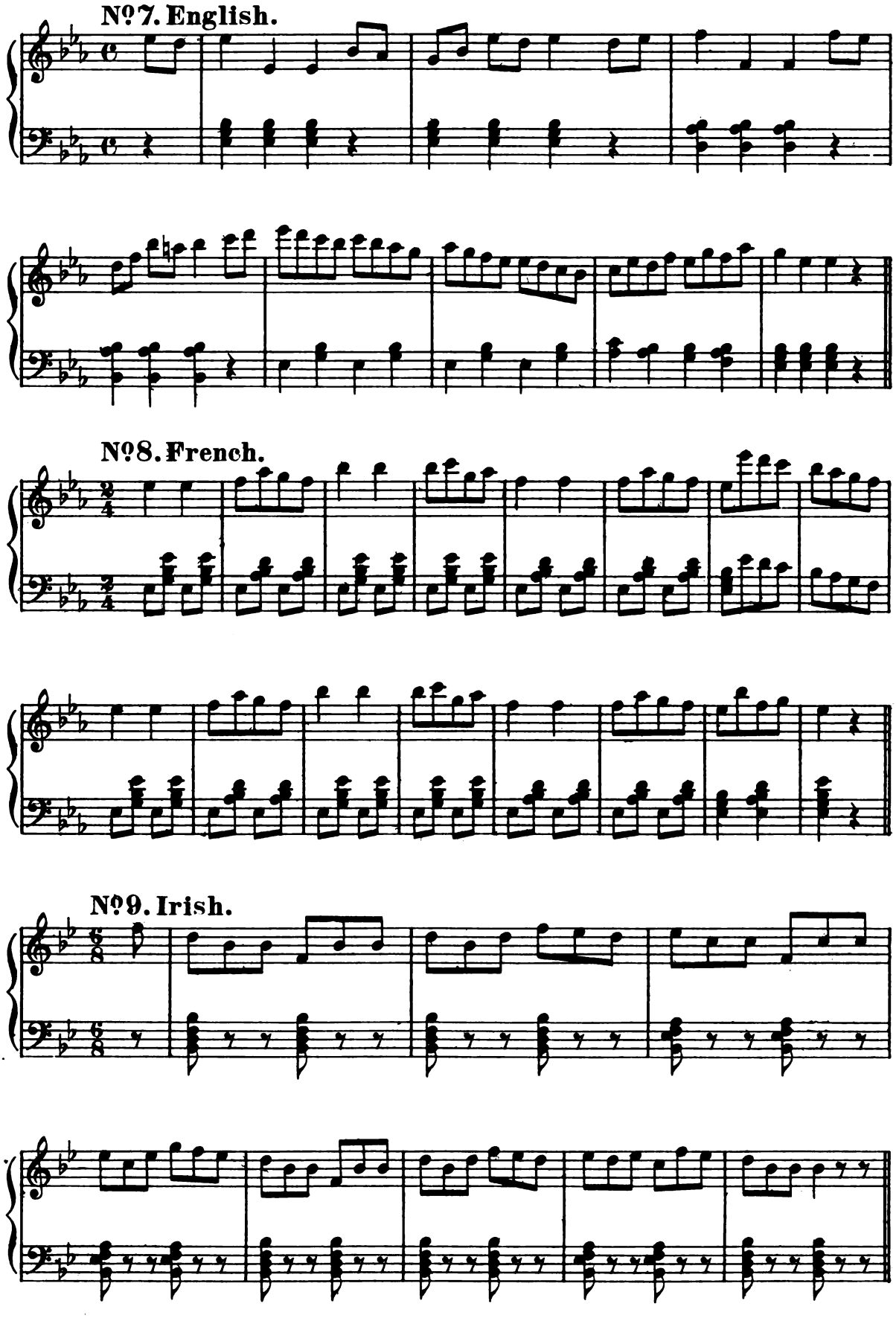
Nº 1. Italian.



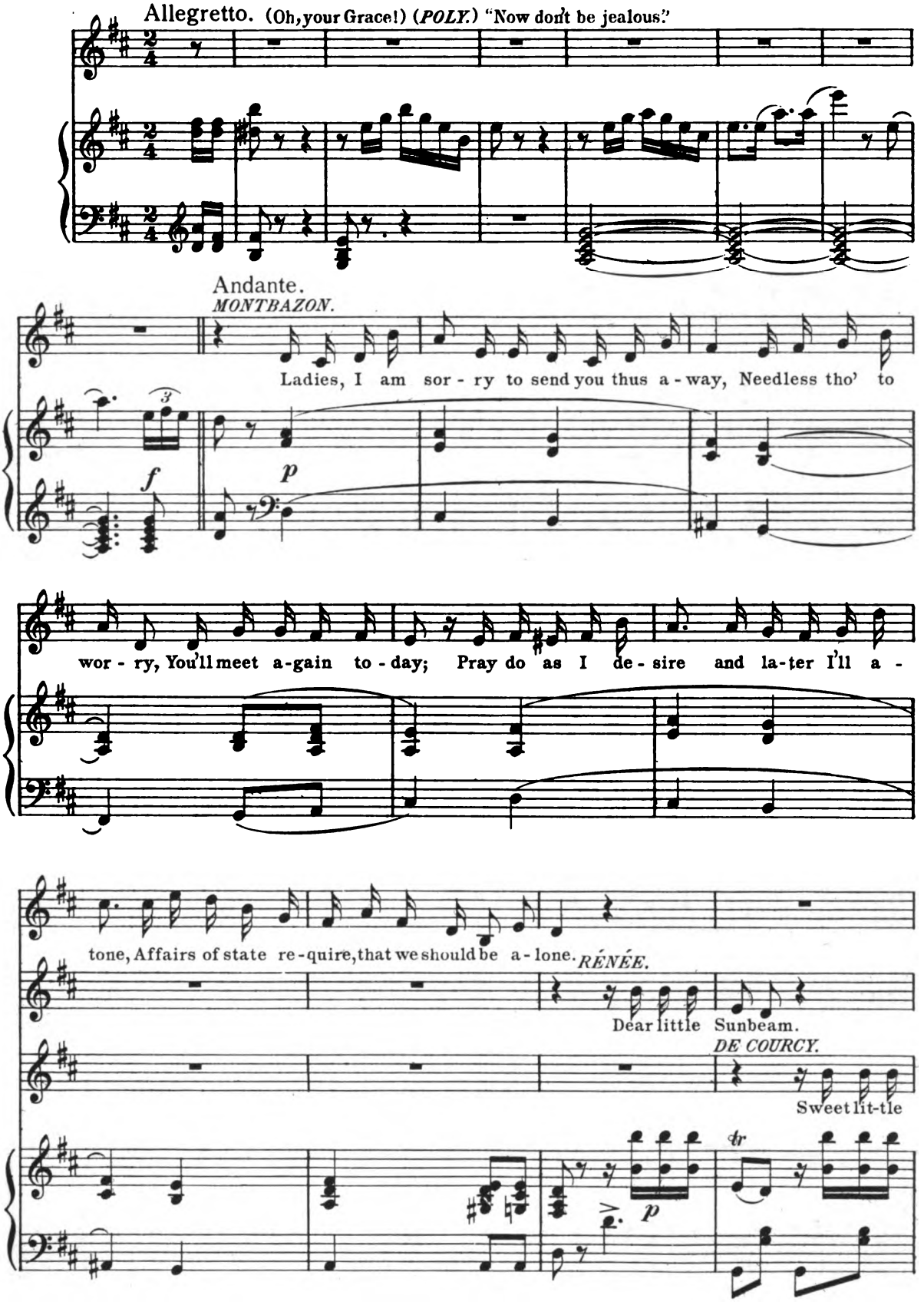
Nº 2. Russian.

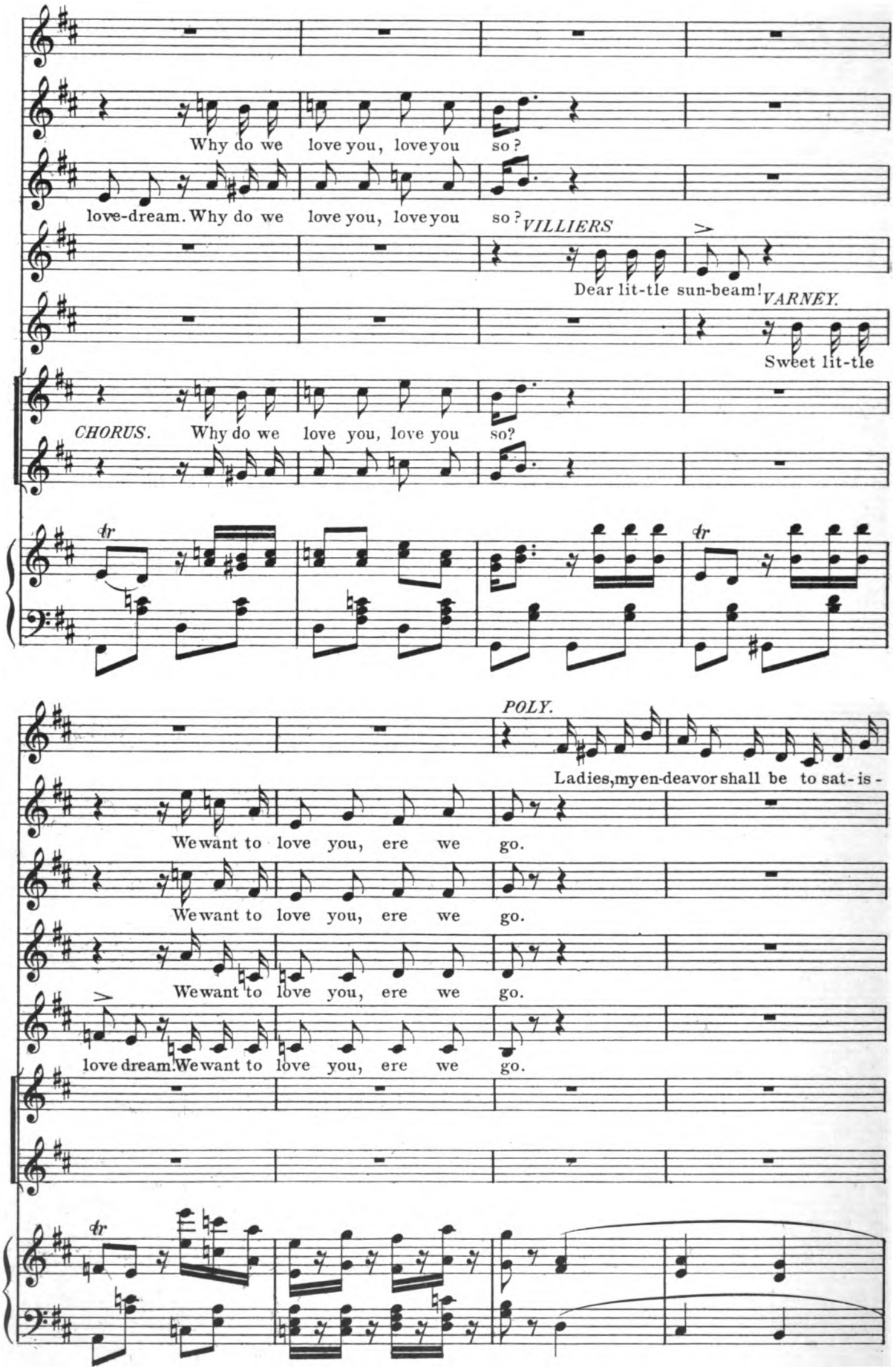


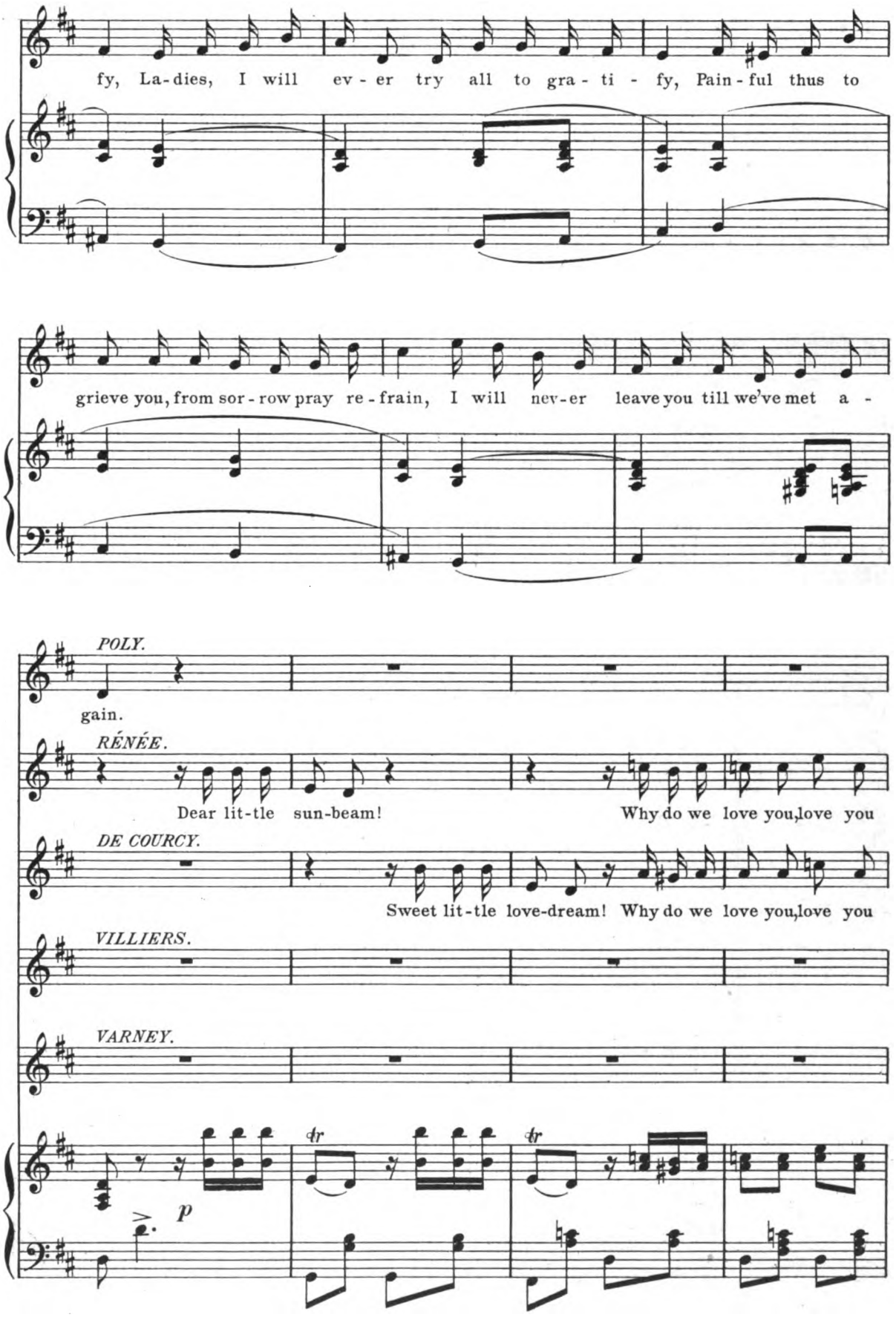

Nº3. Spanish.
ff
Nº4. Turkish.
Nº5. Scotch.
Nº6. German.

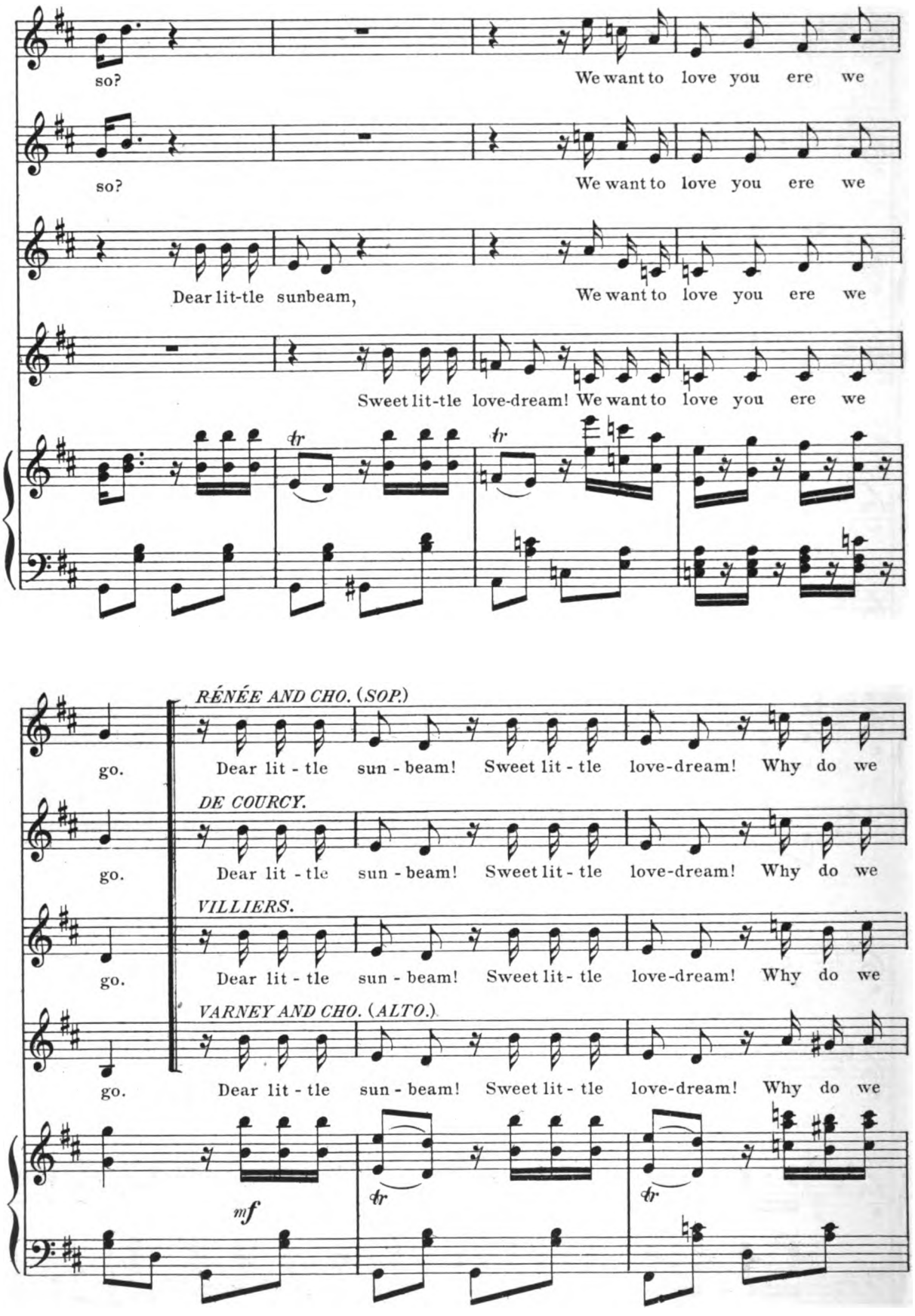

No7. English.
No8. French.
No9. Irish.

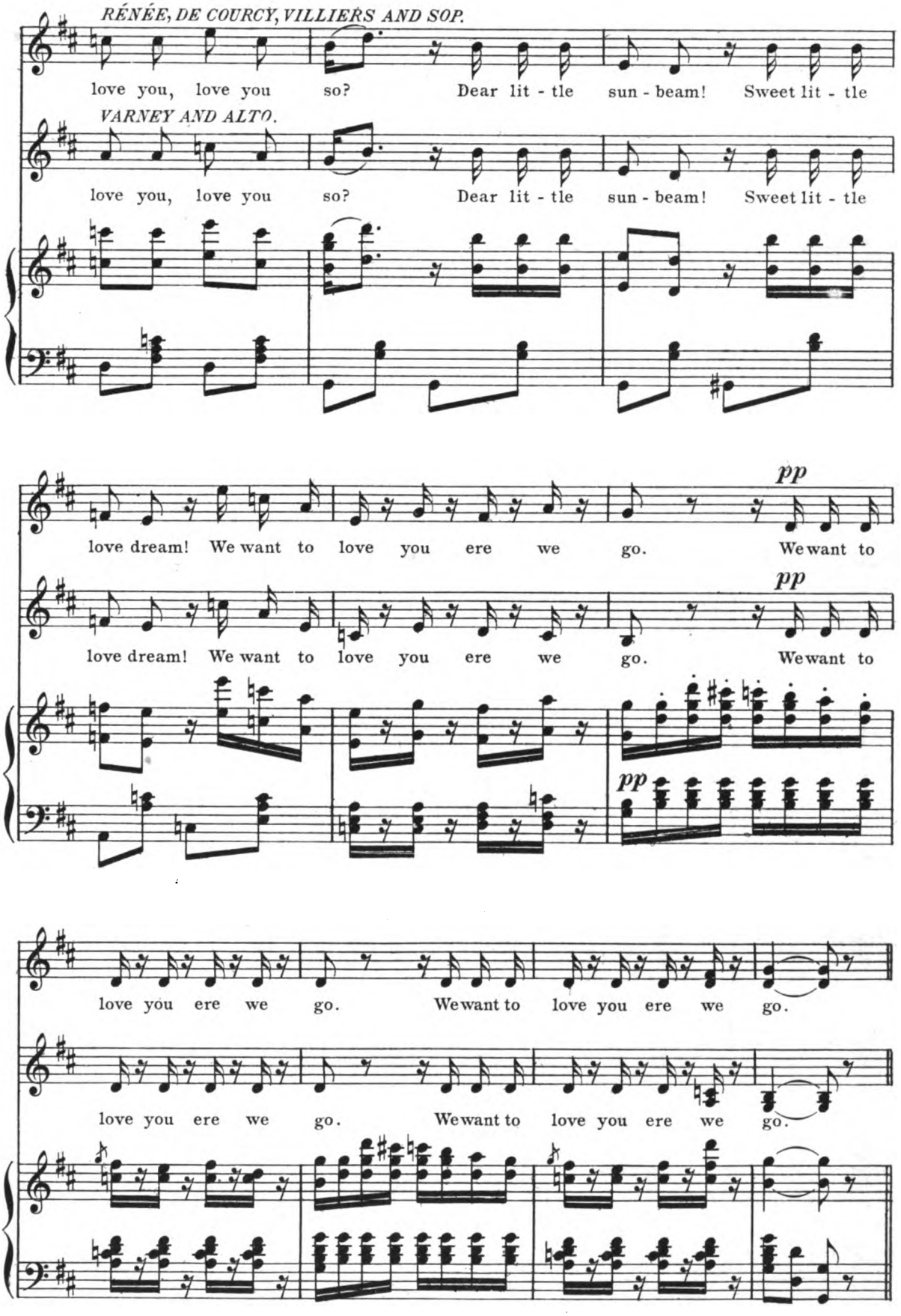
Nº 3. Ensemble.



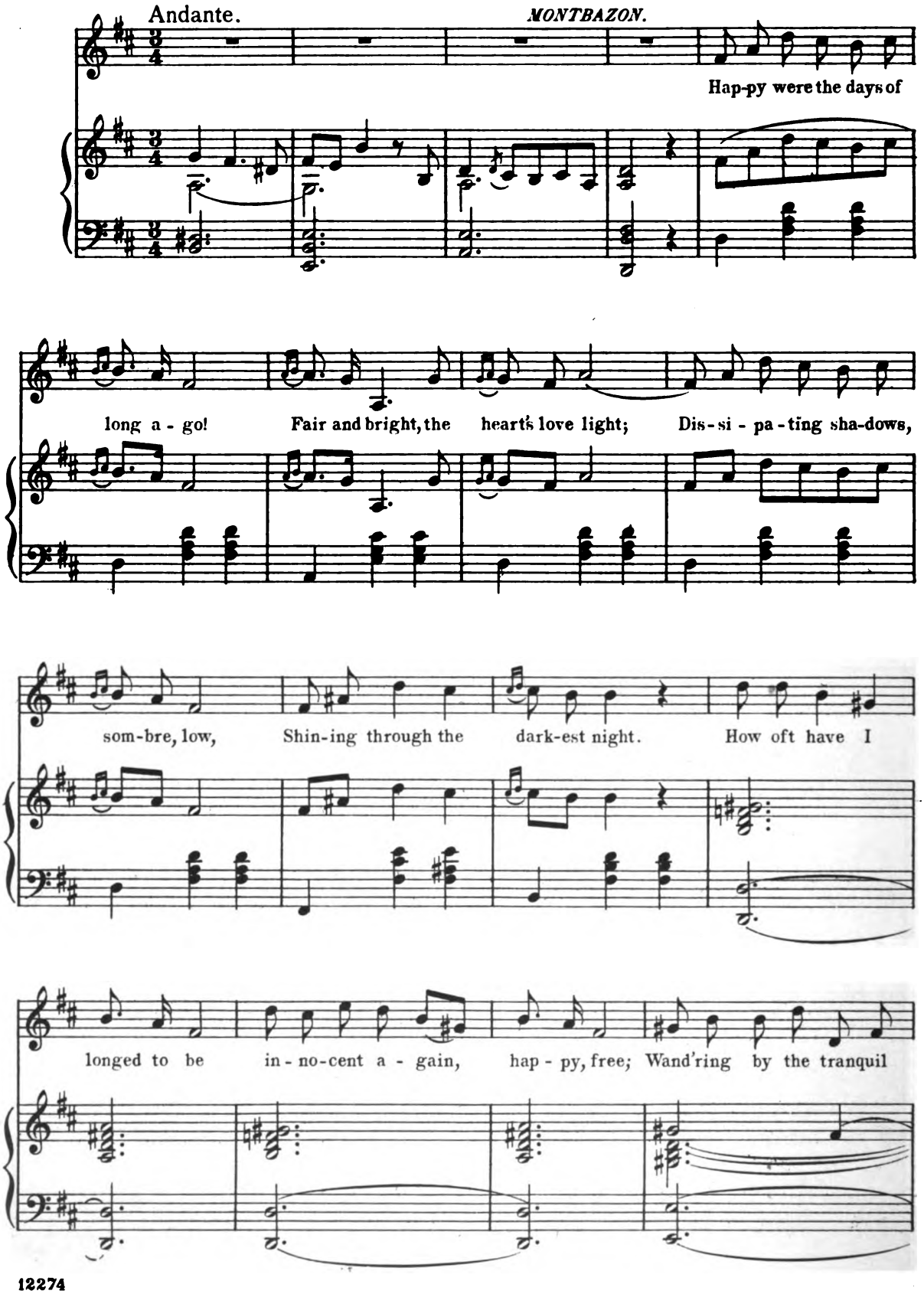

Why do we love you, love you so?
love-dream. Why do we love you, love you so?
VILLIERS
Dear lit-tle sun-beam!
VARNEY.
Sweet lit-tle
CHORUS. Why do we love you, love you so?
tr
tr
POLY.
Ladies, my en-deavor shall be to sat-is-
We want to love you, ere we go.
We want to love you, ere we go.
We want to love you, ere we go.
love dream. We want to love you, ere we go.
tr

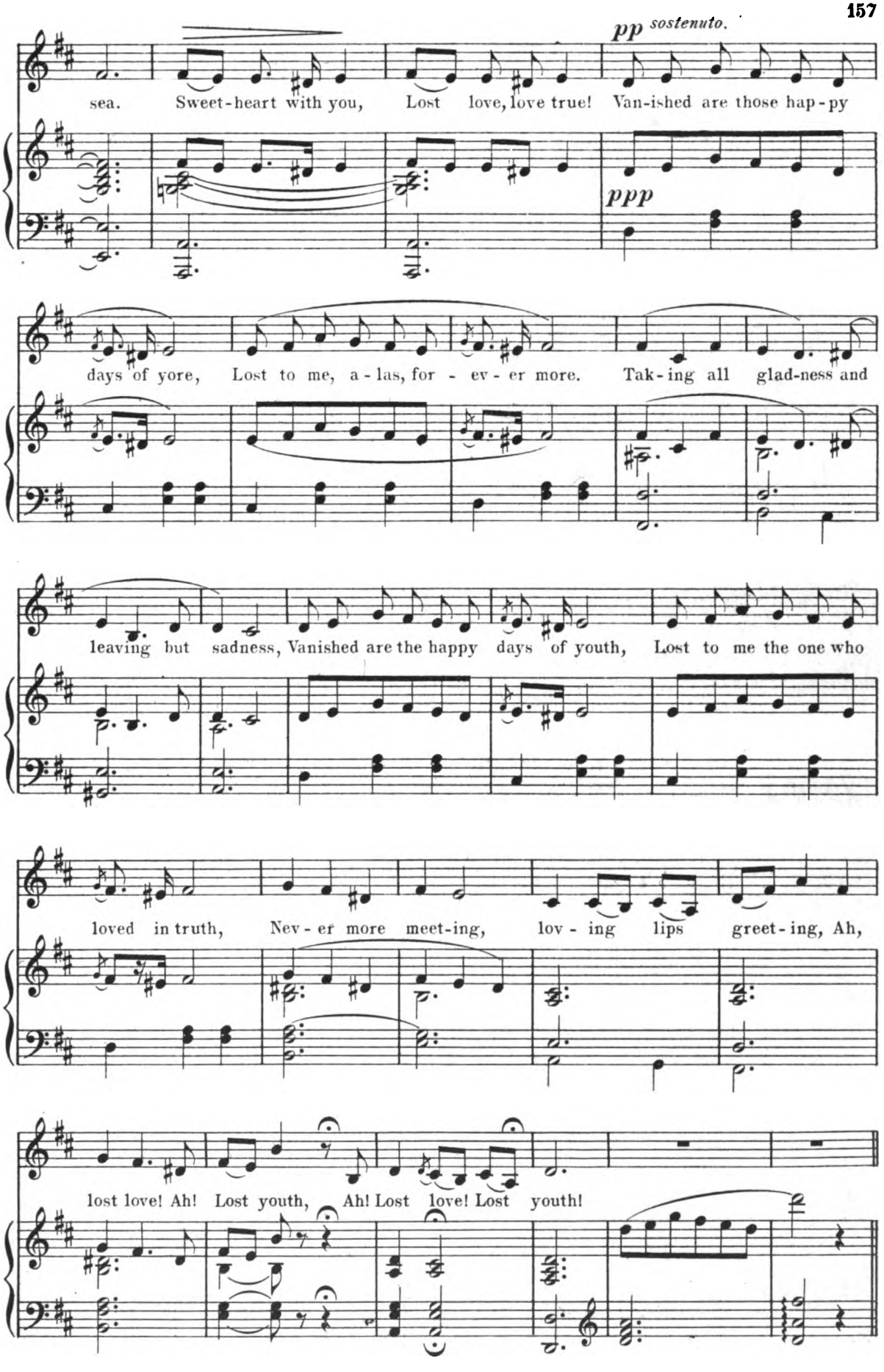

fy, La-dies, I will ev-er try all to gra-ti-fy, Pain-ful thus to
grieve you, from sor-row pray re-frain, I will nev-er leave you till we've met a-
POLY.
gain.
RÉNÉE.
Dear lit-tle sun-beam!
Why do we love you, love you
DE COURCY.
Sweet lit-tle love-dream! Why do we love you, love you
VILLIERS.
VARNEY.
tr
tr
p


so?
We want to love you ere we
so?
We want to love you ere we
Dear lit-tle sunbeam,
We want to love you ere we
Sweet lit-tle love-dream! We want to love you ere we
tr
tr
RÉNÉE AND CHO. (SOP.)
go.
Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle love-dream! Why do we
DE COURCY.
go.
Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle love-dream! Why do we
VILLIERS.
go.
Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle love-dream! Why do we
VARNEY AND CHO. (ALTO.)
go.
Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle love-dream! Why do we
mf
tr
tr

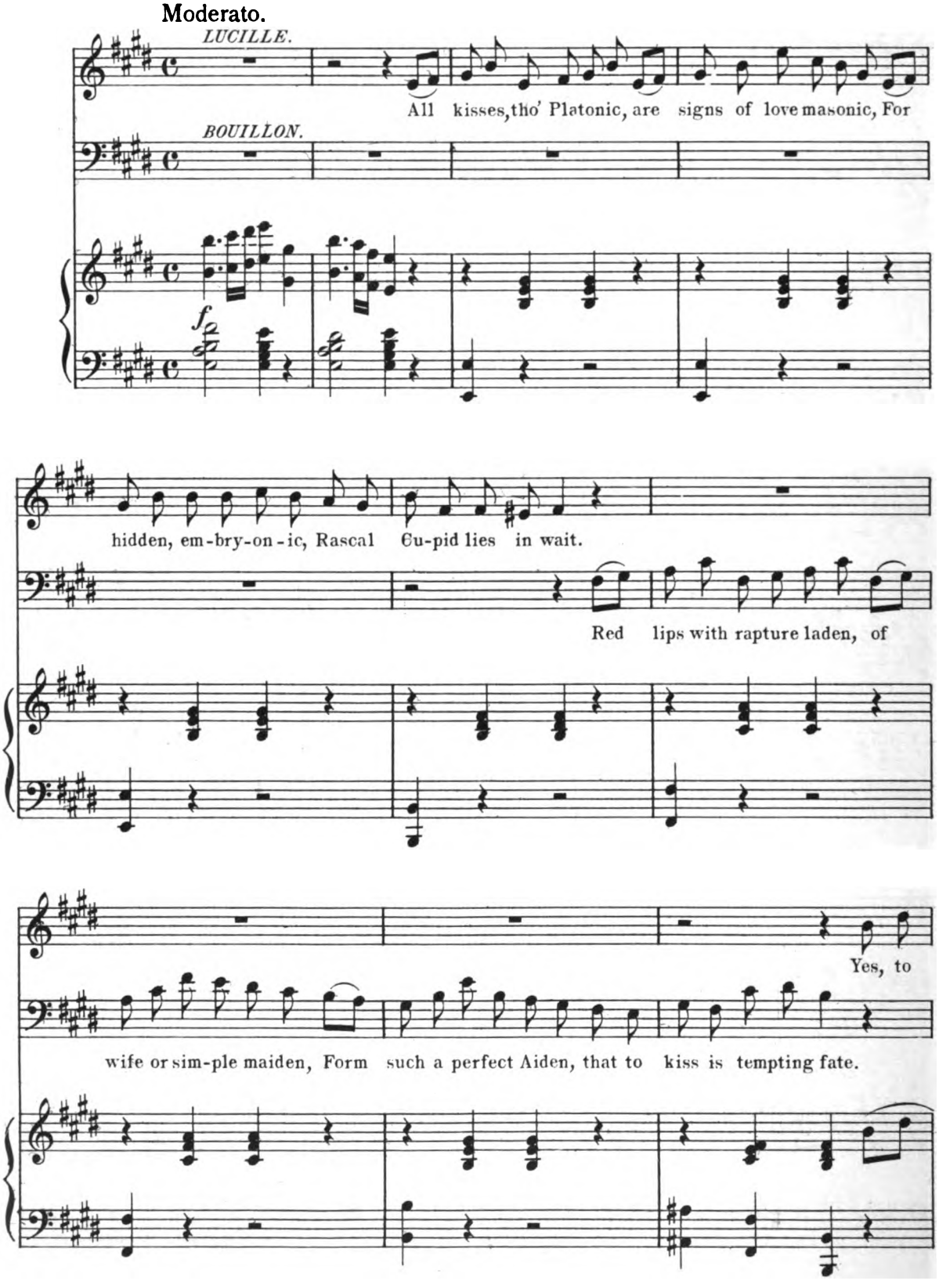

RÉNÉE, DE COURCY, VILLIERS AND SOP.
love you, love you so? Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle
VARNEY AND ALTO.
love you, love you so? Dear lit - tle sun - beam! Sweet lit - tle
pp
love dream! We want to love you ere we go. We want to
pp
love dream! We want to love you ere we go. We want to
pp
love you ere we go. We want to love you ere we go.
love you ere we go. We want to love you ere we go.

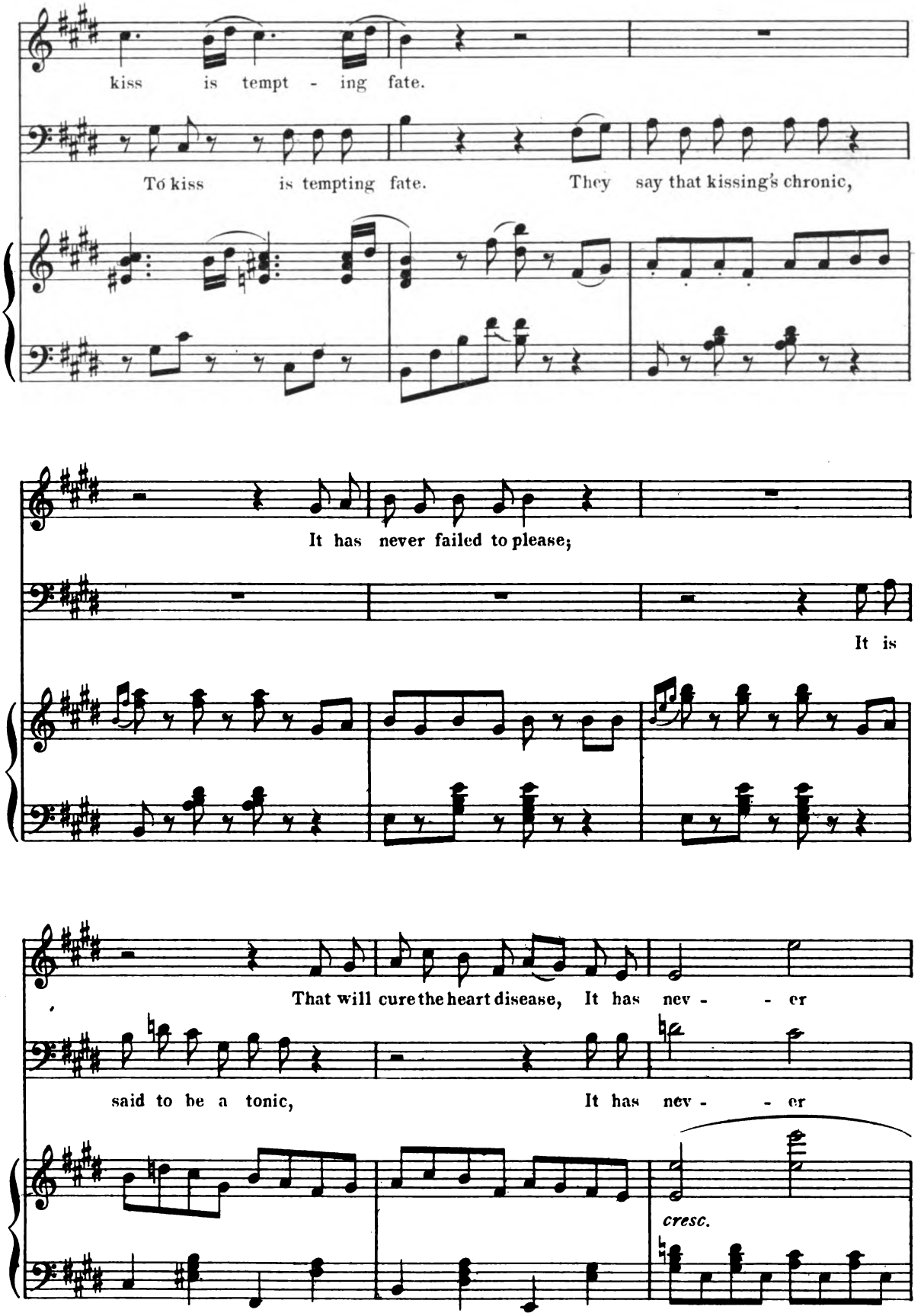
Nº 4. Song. "The days of long ago."

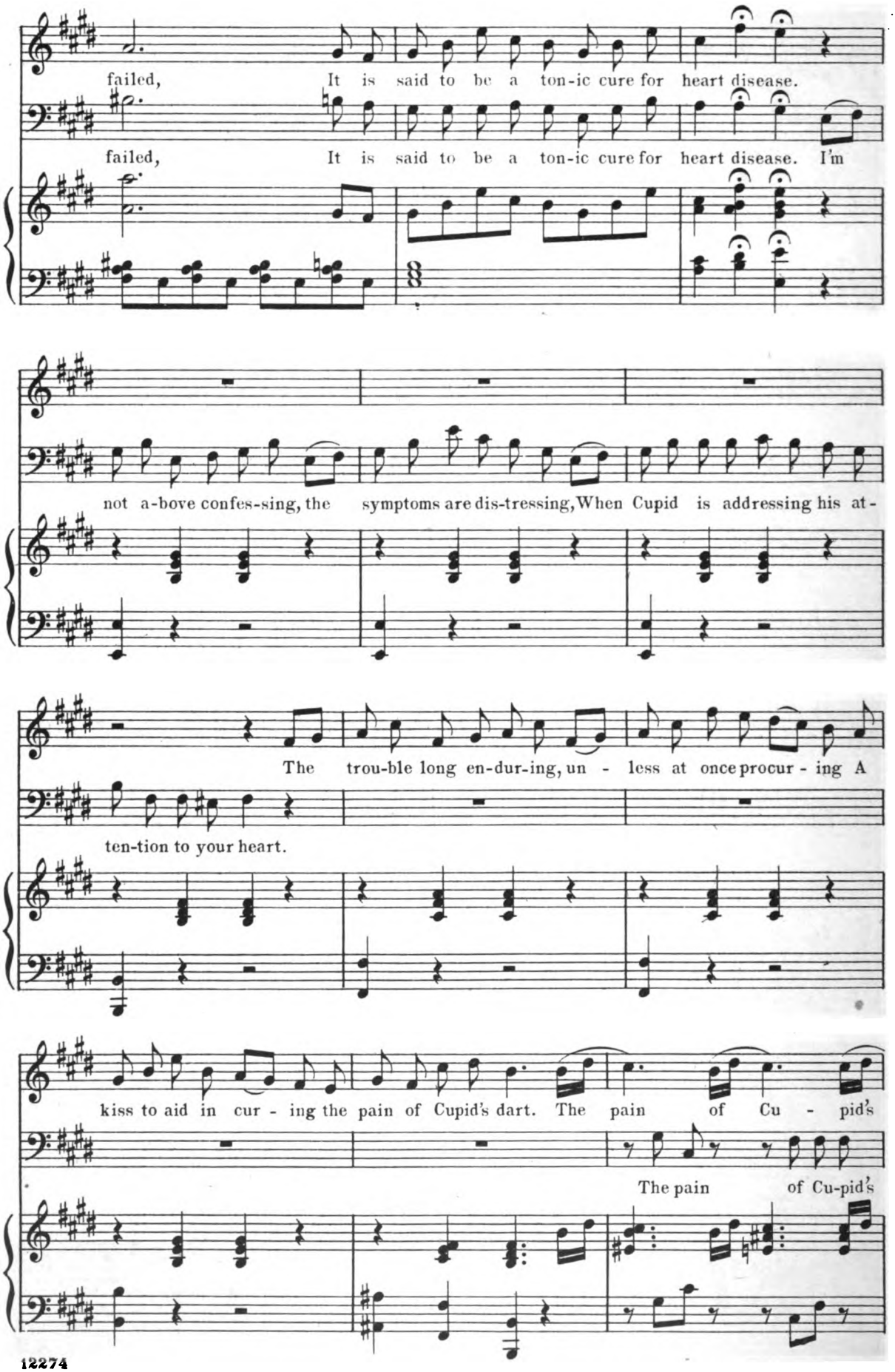


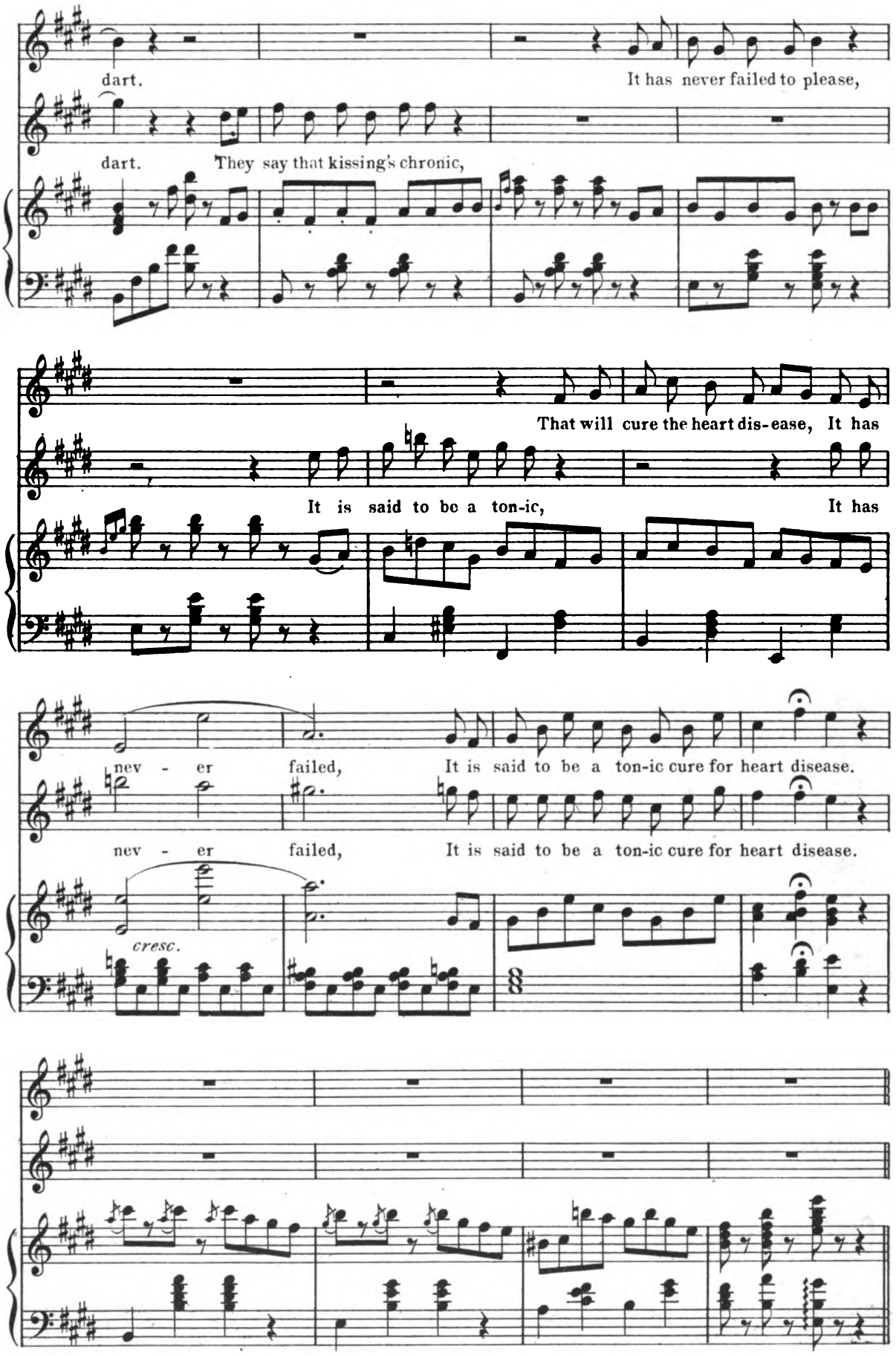

pp sostenuto.
sea. Sweet-heart with you, Lost love, love true! Van-ished are those hap-py
ppp
days of yore, Lost to me, a-las, for - ev - er more. Tak-ing all glad-ness and
leaving but sadness, Vanished are the happy days of youth, Lost to me the one who
loved in truth, Nev - er more meet-ing, lov - ing lips greet-ing, Ah,
lost love! Ah! Lost youth, Ah! Lost love! Lost youth!

No 5. Duet. "Love's Prescription."

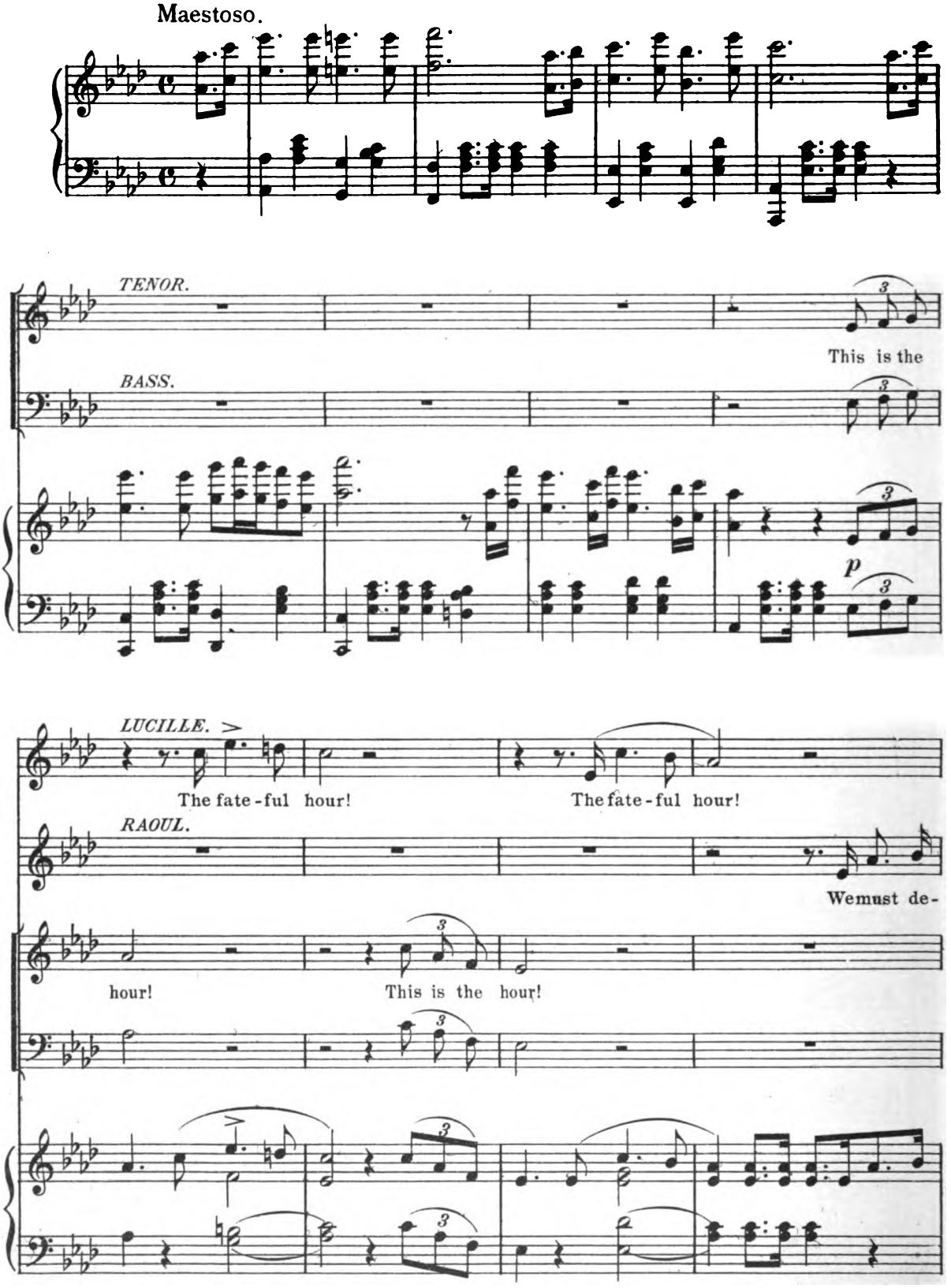


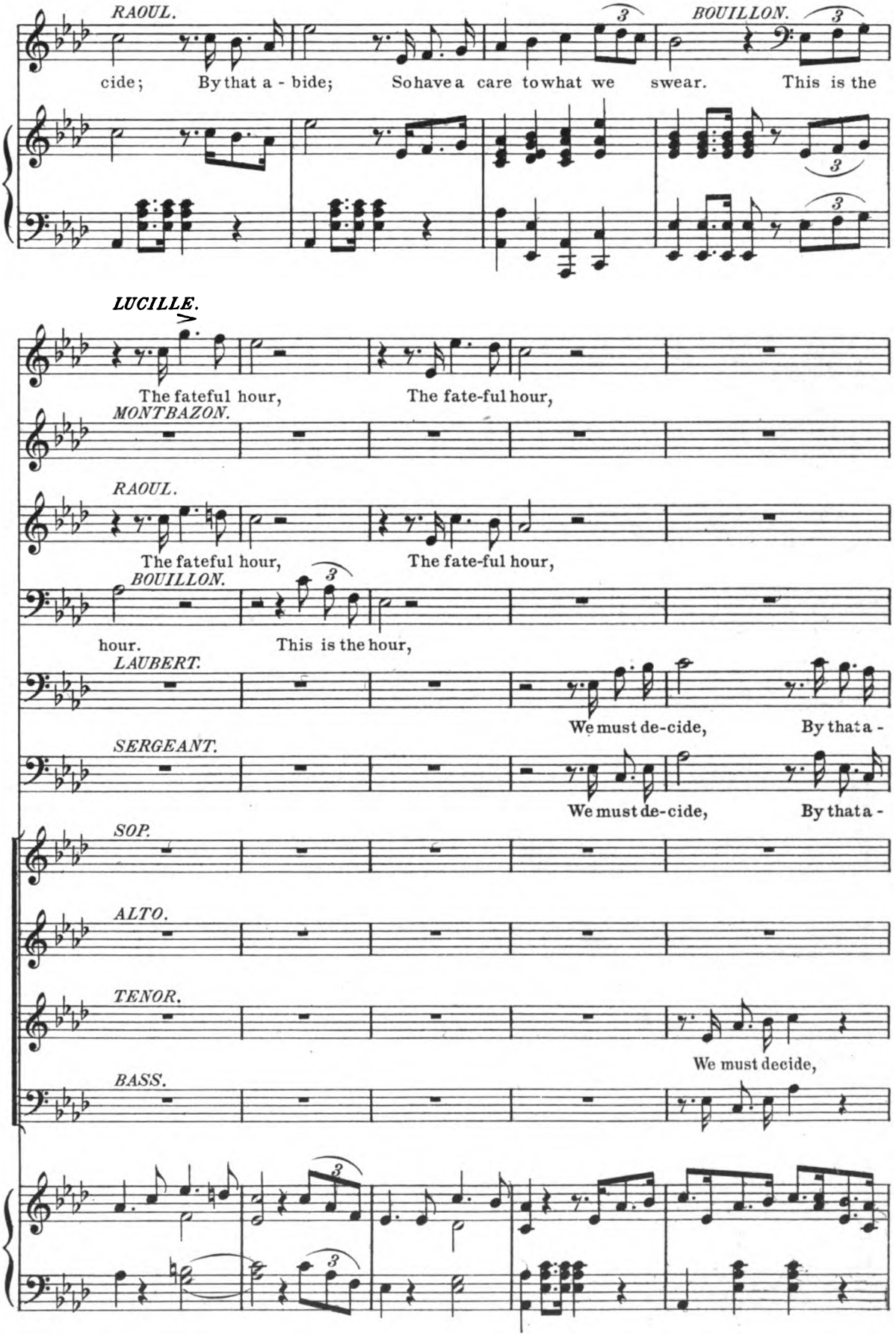

kiss is tempt - ing fate.
To kiss is tempting fate. They say that kissing's chronic,
It has never failed to please;
It is
That will cure the heart disease, It has nev - - er
said to be a tonic, It has nev - - er
cresc.

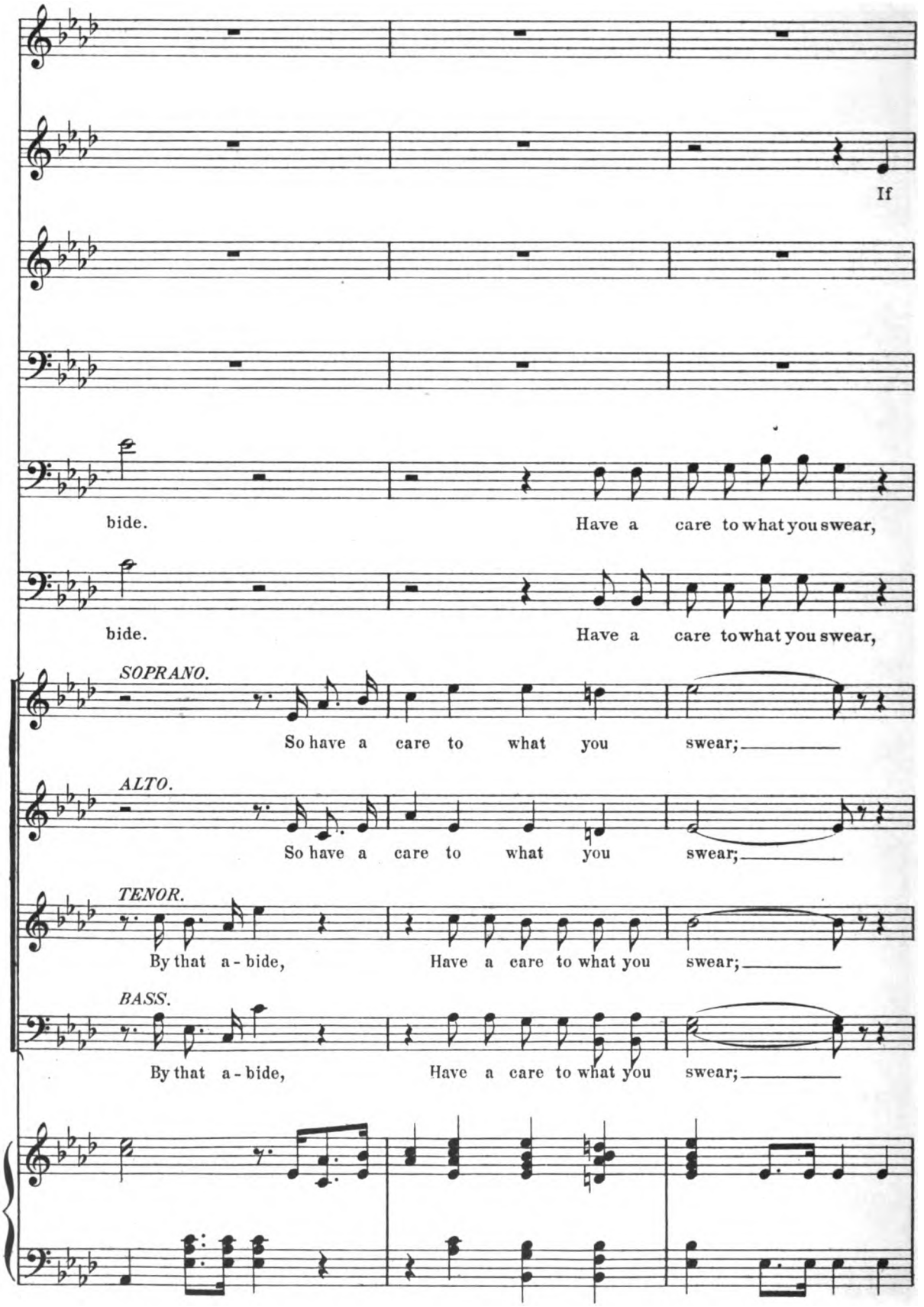

failed, It is said to be a ton-ic cure for heart disease.
failed, It is said to be a ton-ic cure for heart disease. I'm
not a-bove confes-sing, the symptoms are dis-tressing, When Cupid is addressing his at-
The trou-ble long en-dur-ing, un - less at once procur - ing A
ten-tion to your heart.
kiss to aid in cur - ing the pain of Cupid's dart. The pain of Cu - pid's
The pain of Cu-pid's

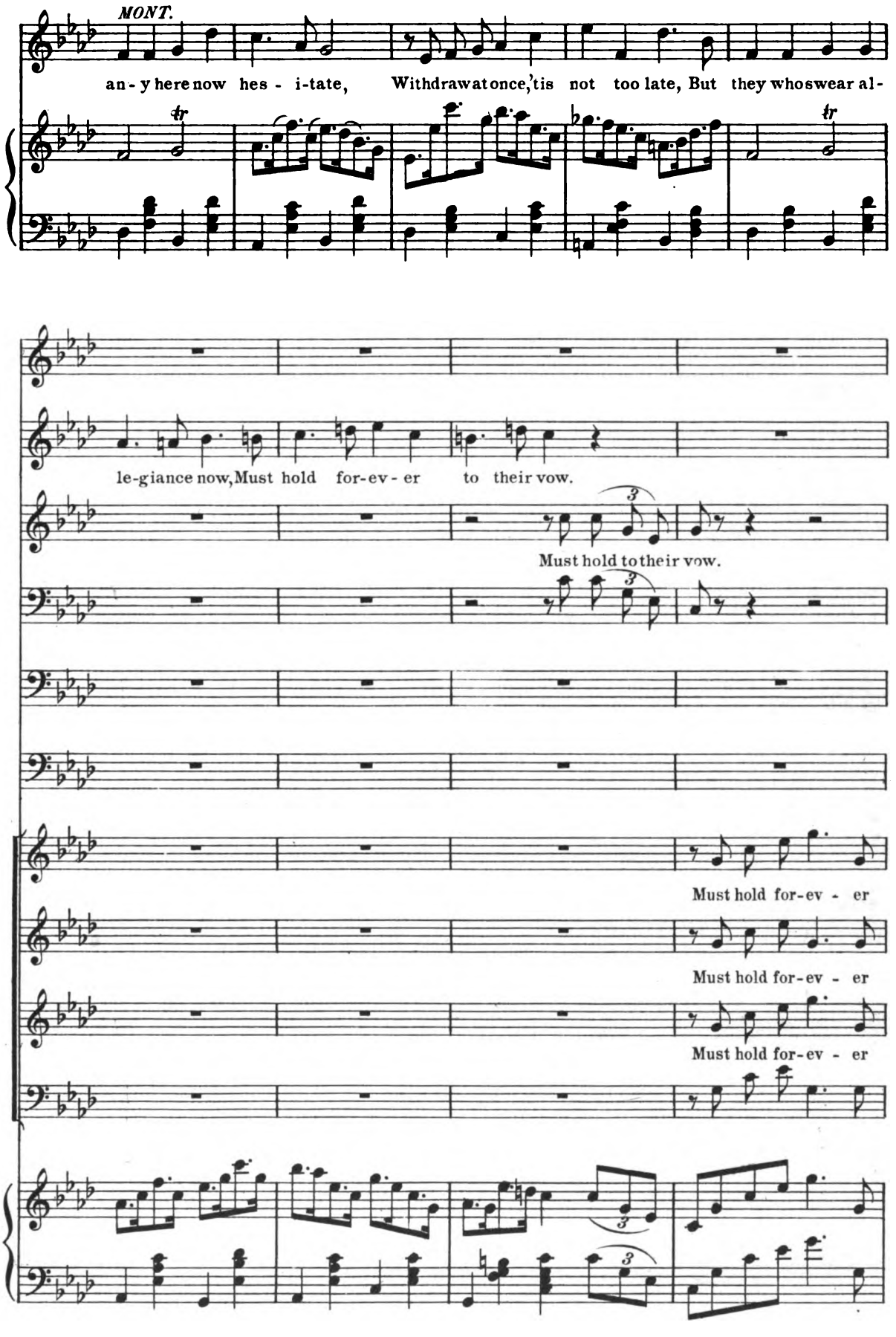

dart.
It has never failed to please,
dart.
They say that kissing's chronic,
That will cure the heart dis-ease, It has
It is said to be a ton-ic,
It has
nev - er failed,
It is said to be a ton-ic cure for heart disease.
nev - er failed,
It is said to be a ton-ic cure for heart disease.
cresc.

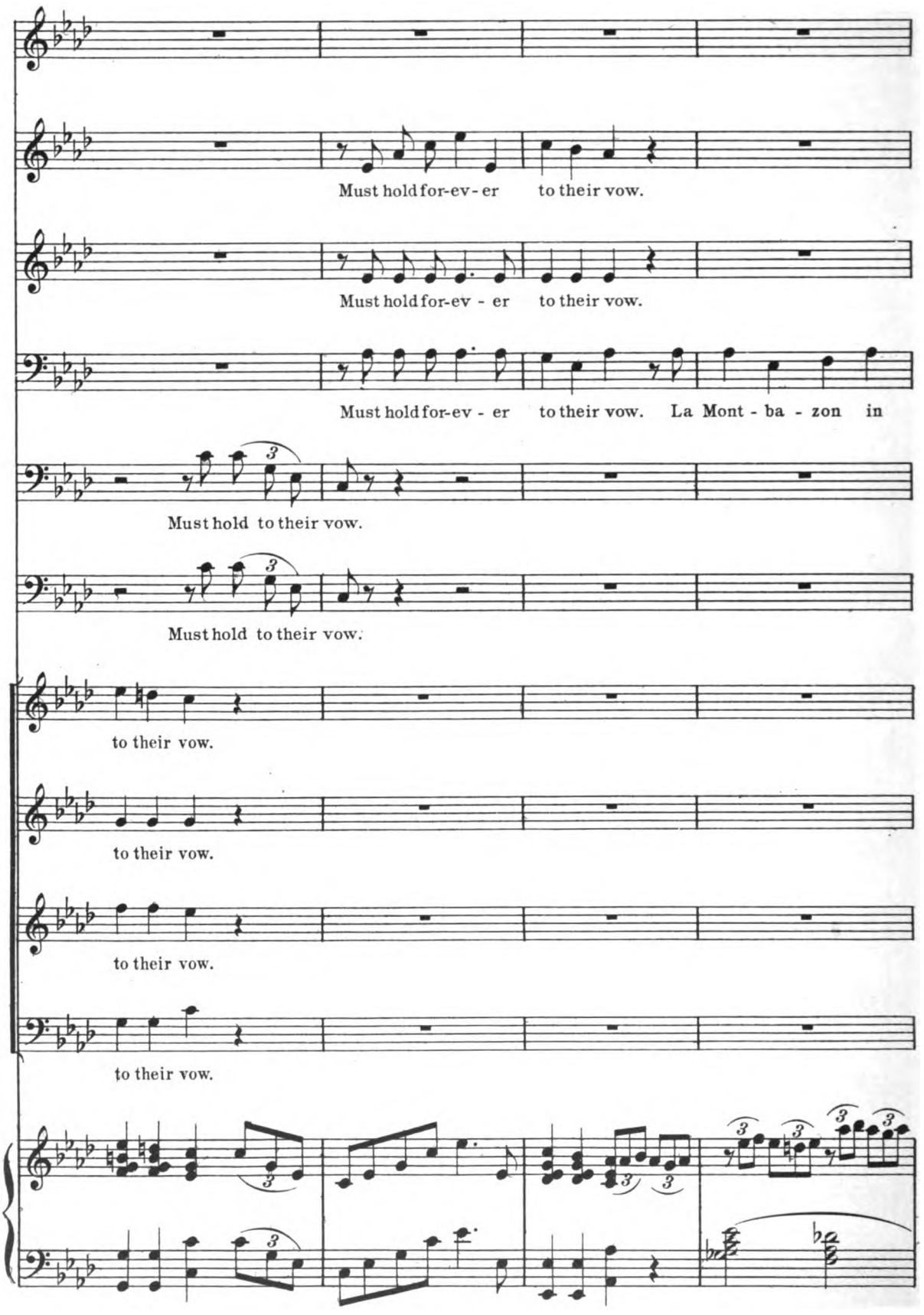
Nº 6. Ensemble.

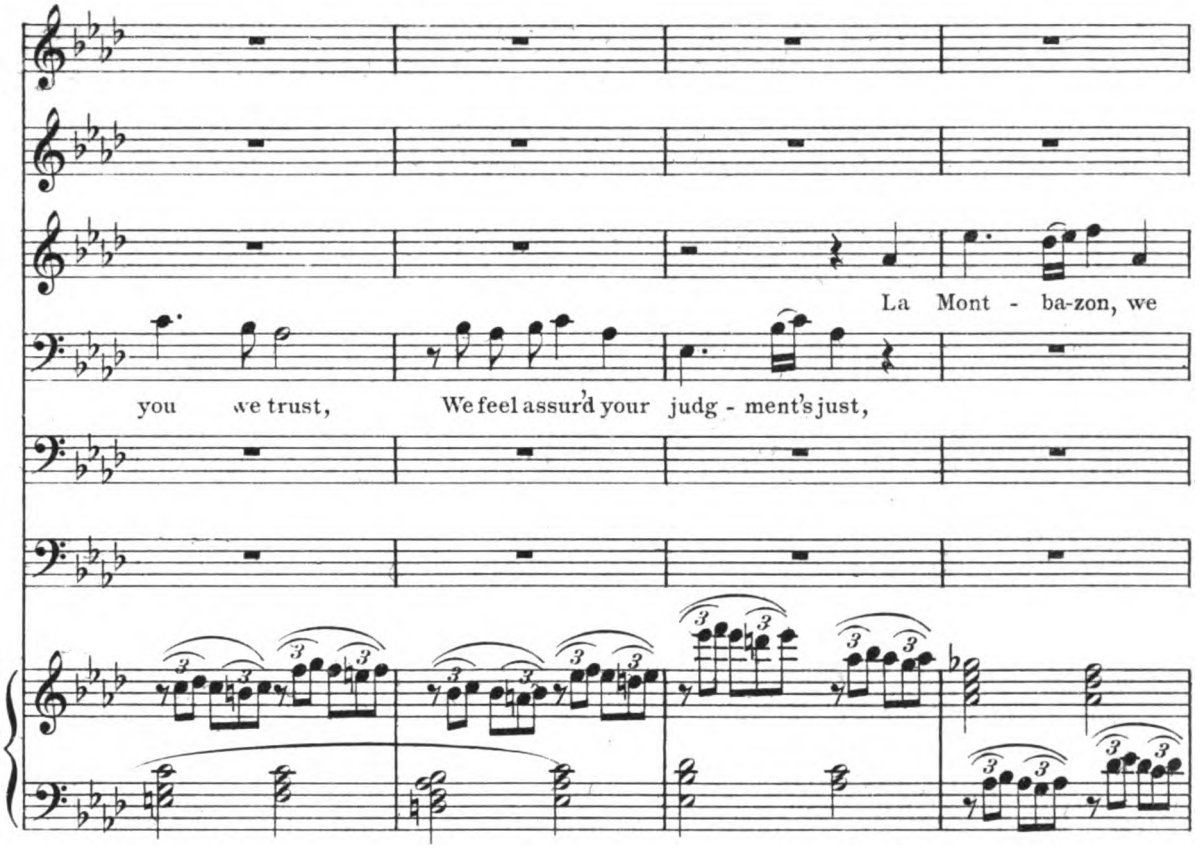


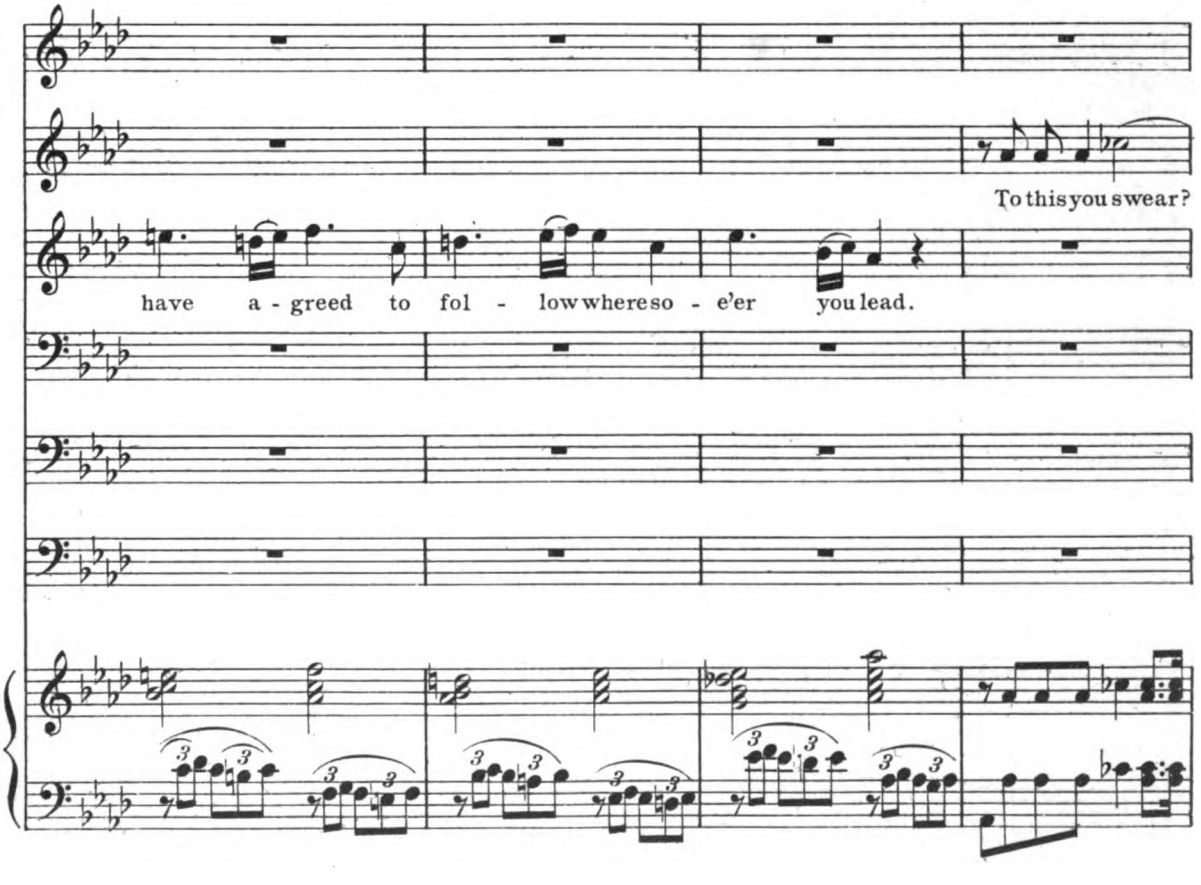

RAOUL.
cide; By that a - bide; So have a care to what we swear. This is the
BOUILLON.
LUCILLE.
The fateful hour, The fate-ful hour,
MONTBAZON.
RAOUL.
The fateful hour, The fate-ful hour,
BOUILLON.
hour. This is the hour,
LAUBERT.
We must de-cide, By that a -
SERGEANT.
We must de-cide, By that a -
SOP.
ALTO.
TENOR.
We must decide,
BASS.

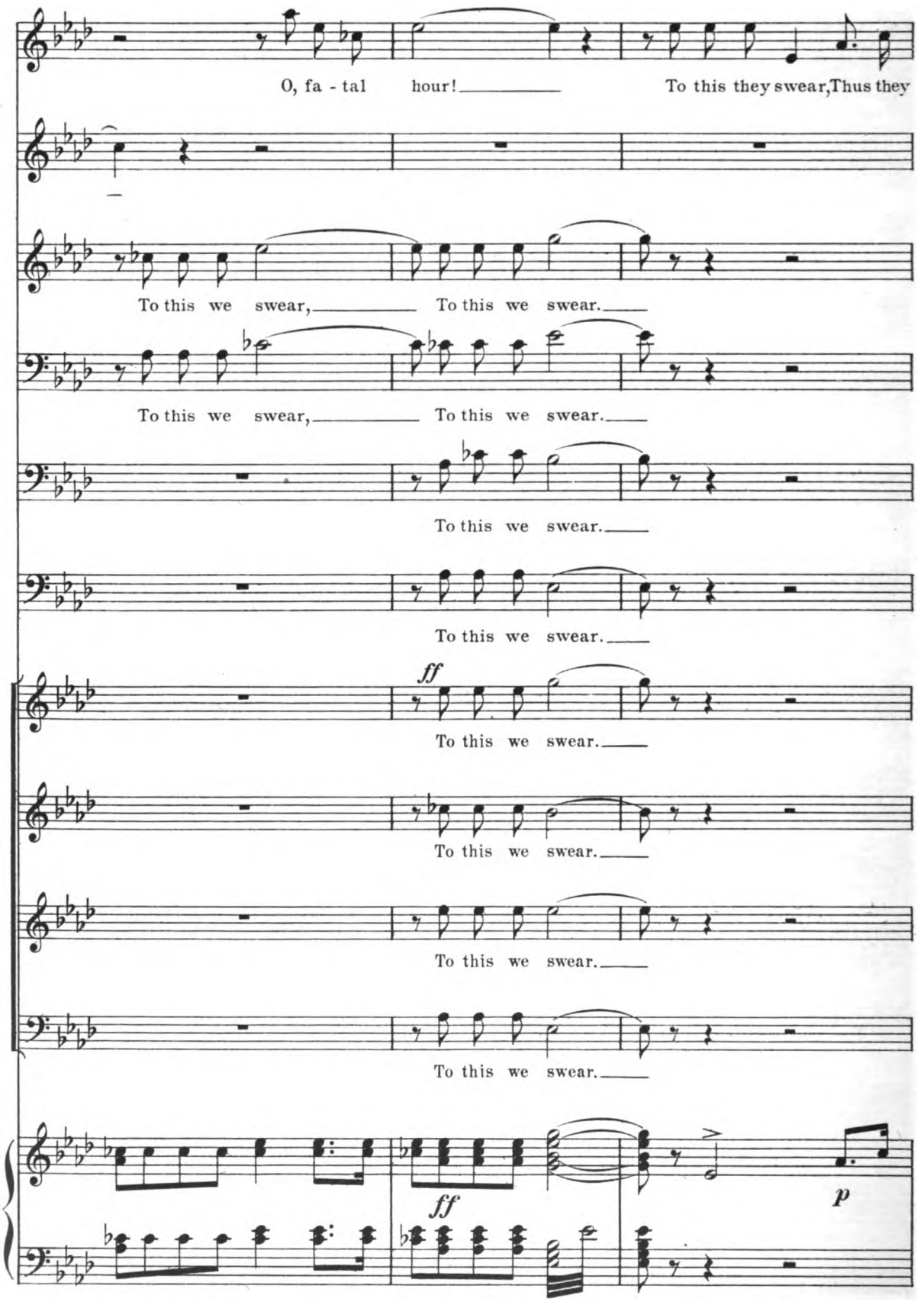

If
bide. Have a care to what you swear,
bide. Have a care to what you swear,
SOPRANO.
So have a care to what you swear;
ALTO.
So have a care to what you swear;
TENOR.
By that a - bide, Have a care to what you swear;
BASS.
By that a - bide, Have a care to what you swear;

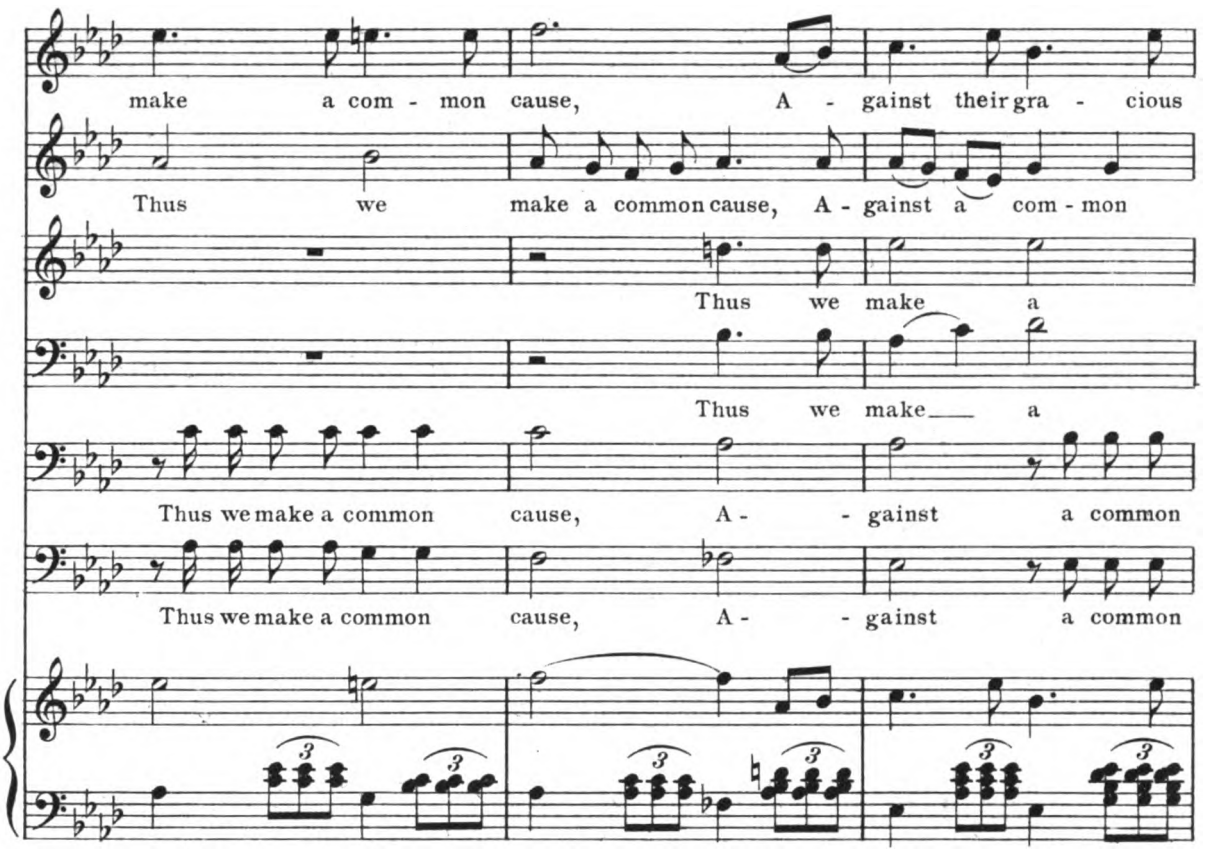

MONT.
an - y here now hes - i-tate, Withdraw at once, 'tis not too late, But they who swear al-
le-giance now, Must hold for-ev - er to their vow.
Must hold to their vow.
Must hold for-ev - er
Must hold for-ev - er
Must hold for-ev - er

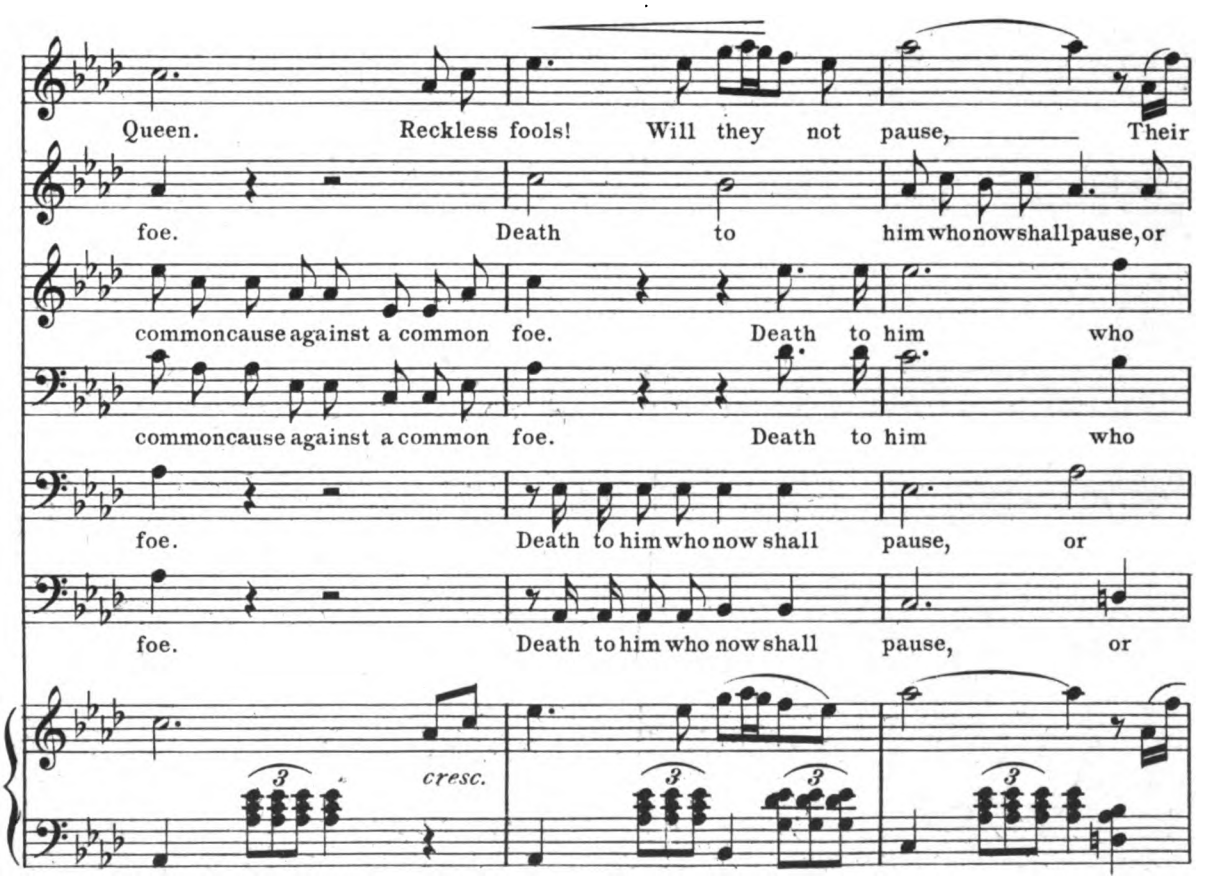

Must hold for-ev-er to their vow.
Must hold for-ev - er to their vow.
Must hold for-ev - er to their vow. La Mont - ba - zon in
Must hold to their vow.
Must hold to their vow.
to their vow.
to their vow.
to their vow.
to their vow.

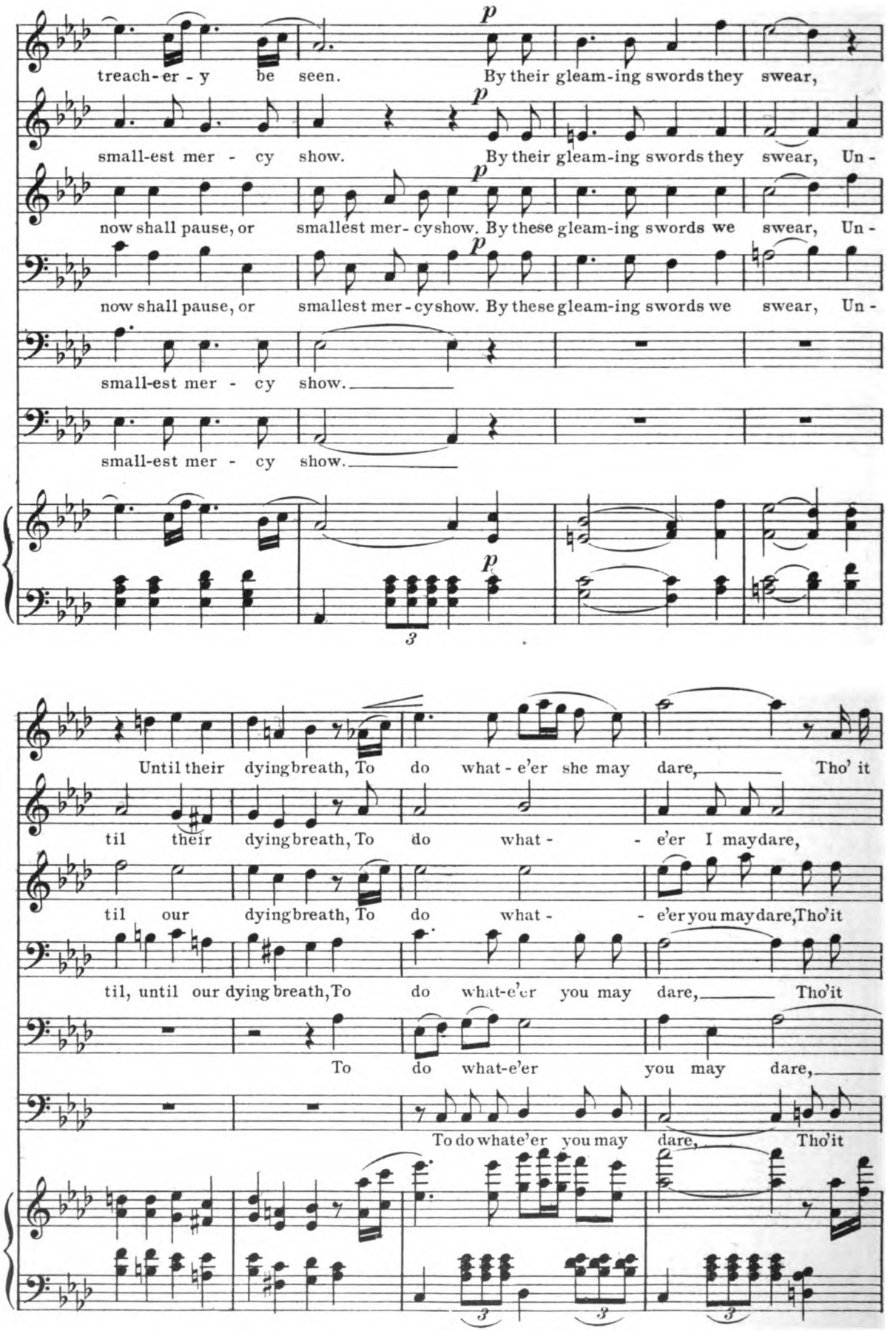

La Mont - ba-zon, we
you we trust, We feel assur'd your judg - ment's just,

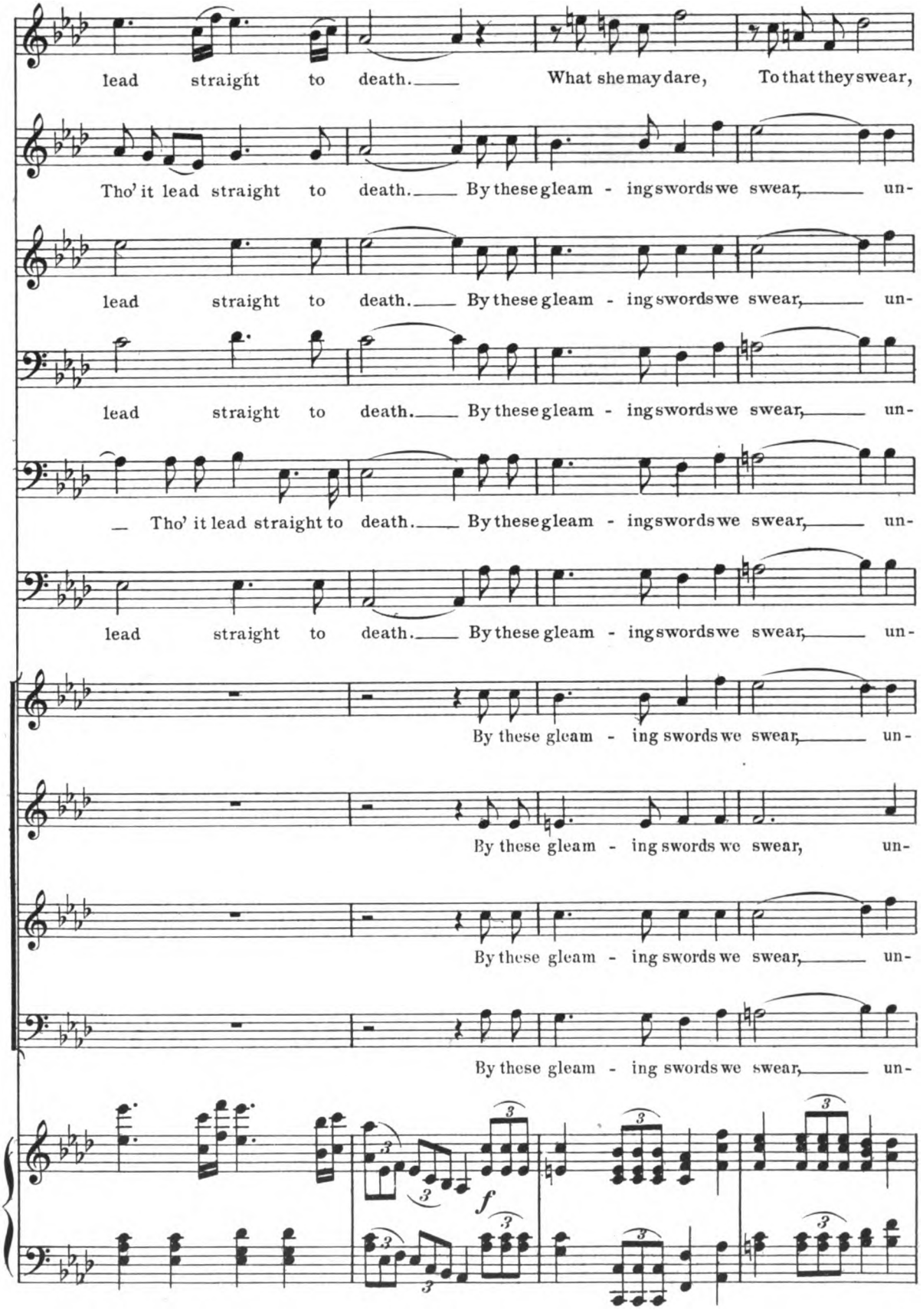

To this you swear?
have a - greed to fol - low where so - e'er you lead.

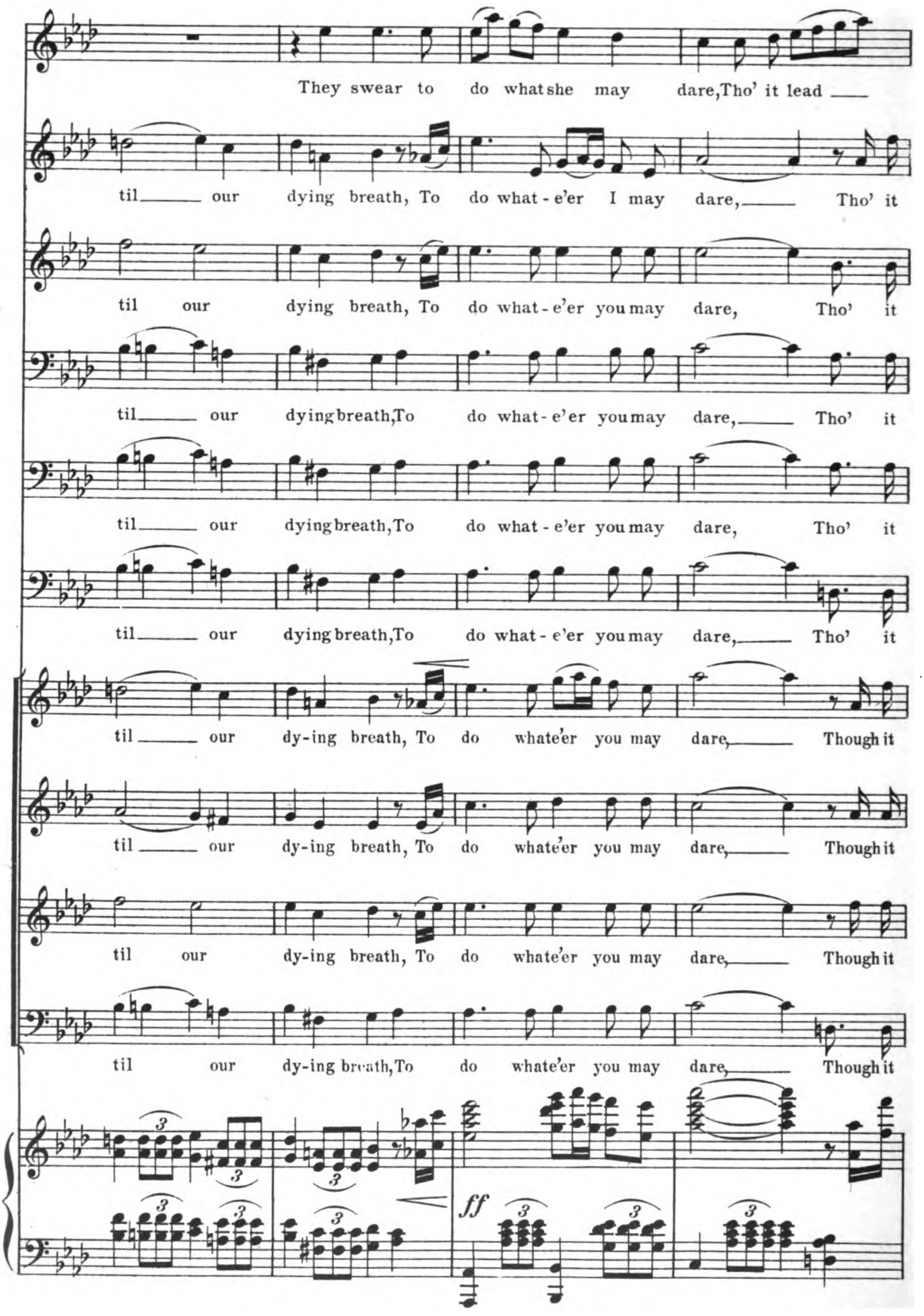

O, fa - tal hour!
To this they swear, Thus they
To this we swear,
To this we swear.
To this we swear,
To this we swear.
To this we swear.
To this we swear.
ff
To this we swear.
To this we swear.
To this we swear.
To this we swear.
ff
p

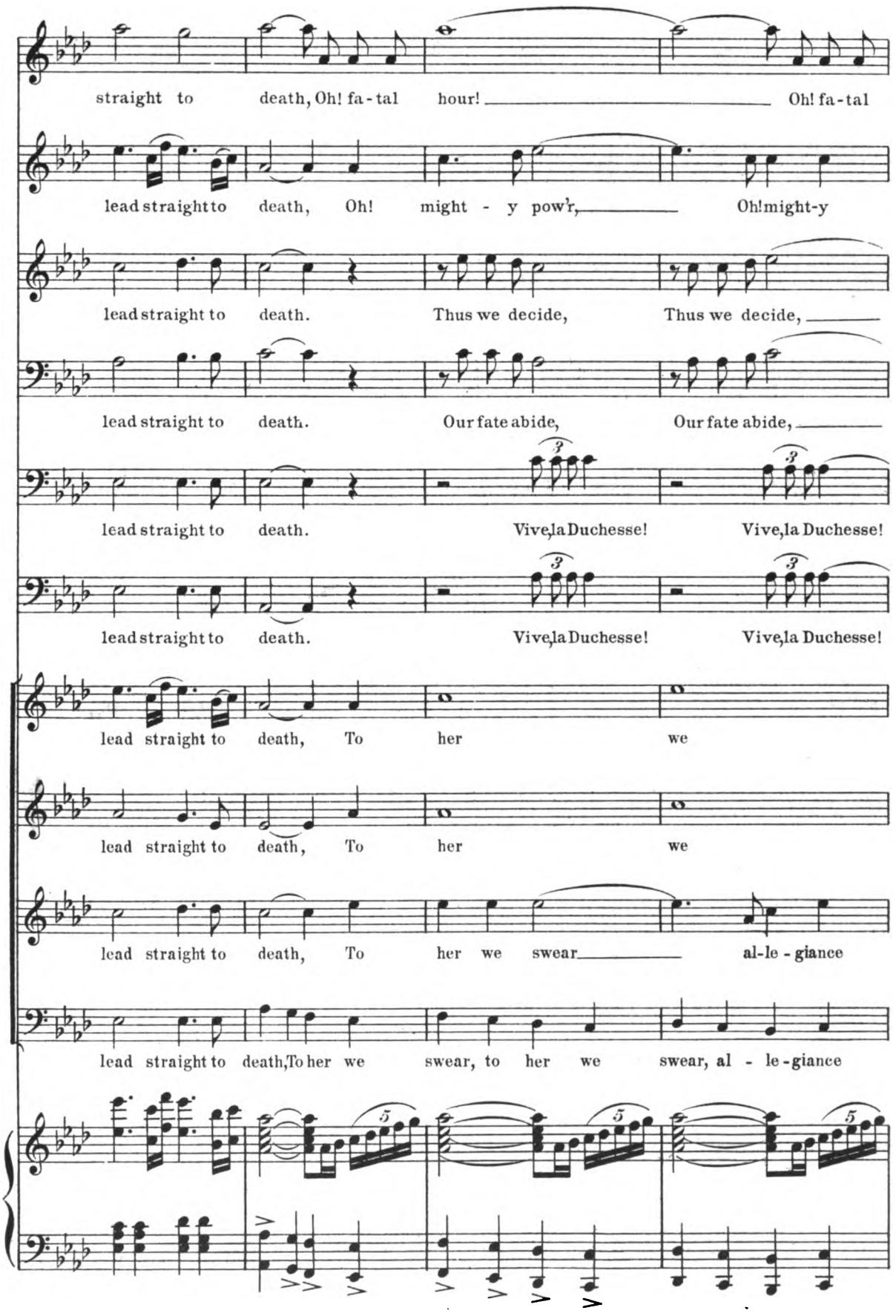

make a com - mon cause, A - gainst their gra - cious
Thus we make a common cause, A - gainst a com - mon
Thus we make a
Thus we make a
Thus we make a common cause, A - - gainst a common
Thus we make a common cause, A - - gainst a common

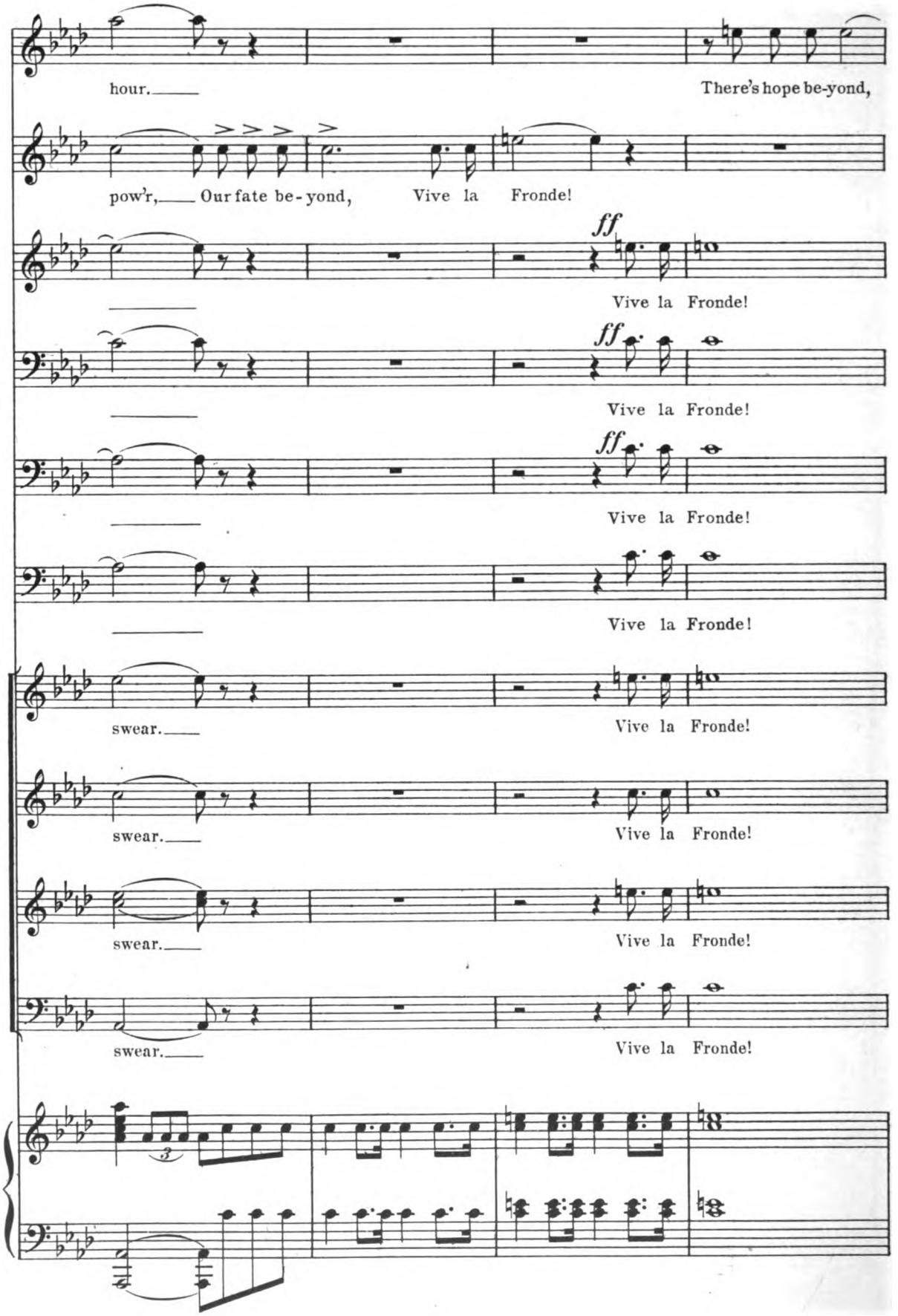

Queen. Reckless fools! Will they not pause, Their
foe. Death to him who now shall pause, or
common cause against a common foe. Death to him who
common cause against a common foe. Death to him who
foe. Death to him who now shall pause, or
foe. Death to him who now shall pause, or
cresc.

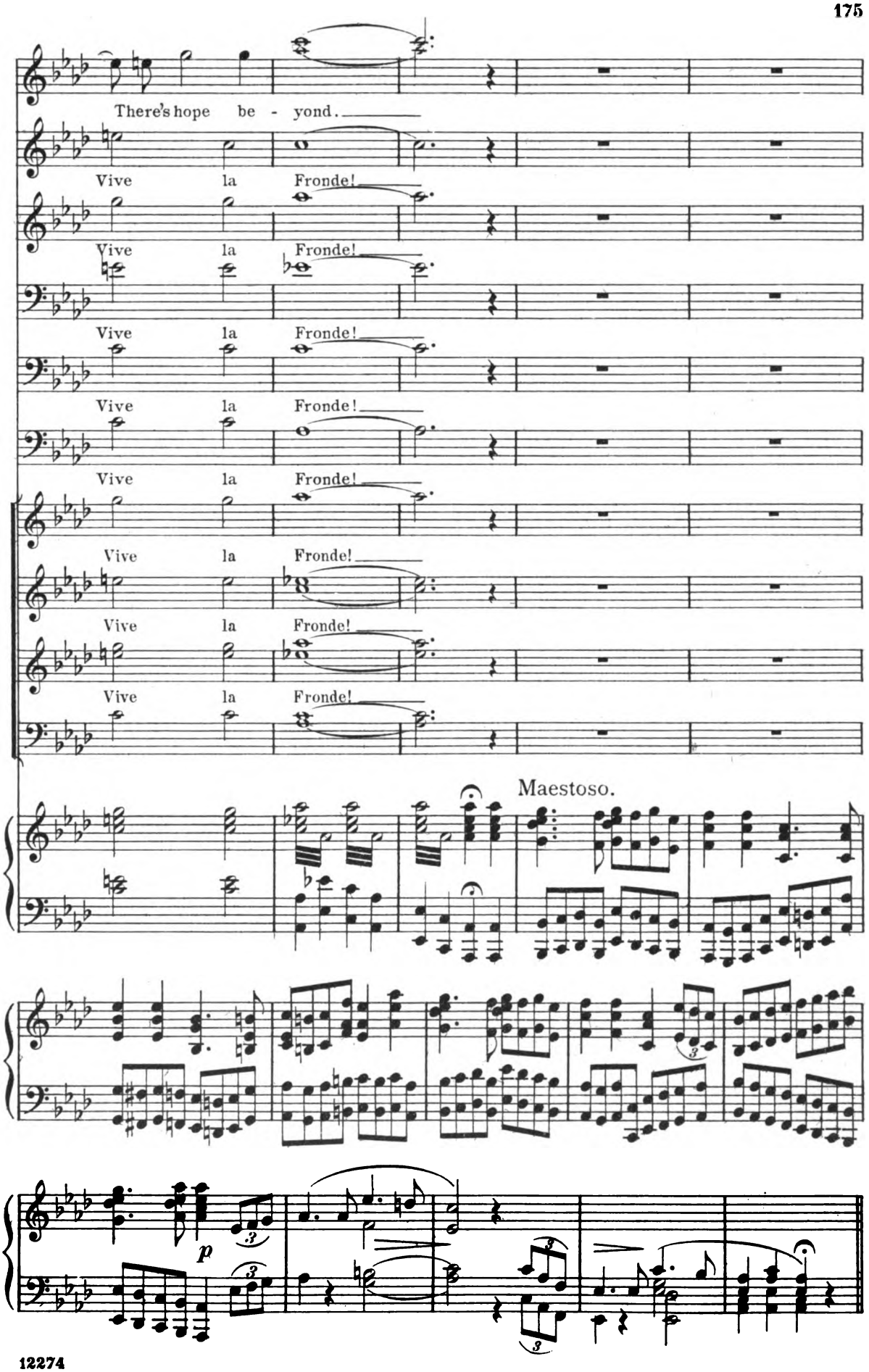

treach-er-y be seen. By their gleam-ing swords they swear,
small-est mer - cy show. By their gleam-ing swords they swear, Un-
now shall pause, or smallest mer-cy show. By these gleam-ing swords we swear, Un-
now shall pause, or smallest mer-cy show. By these gleam-ing swords we swear, Un-
small-est mer - cy show.
small-est mer - cy show.
p
3
Until their dying breath, To do what-e'er she may dare, Tho' it
til their dying breath, To do what- e'er I may dare,
til our dying breath, To do what- e'er you may dare, Tho' it
til, until our dying breath, To do what-e'er you may dare, Tho' it
To do what-e'er you may dare,
To do whate'er you may dare, Tho' it
3
3
3


lead straight to death. What she may dare, To that they swear,
Tho' it lead straight to death. By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
lead straight to death. By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
lead straight to death. By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
Tho' it lead straight to death. By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
lead straight to death. By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
By these gleam - ing swords we swear, un-
f

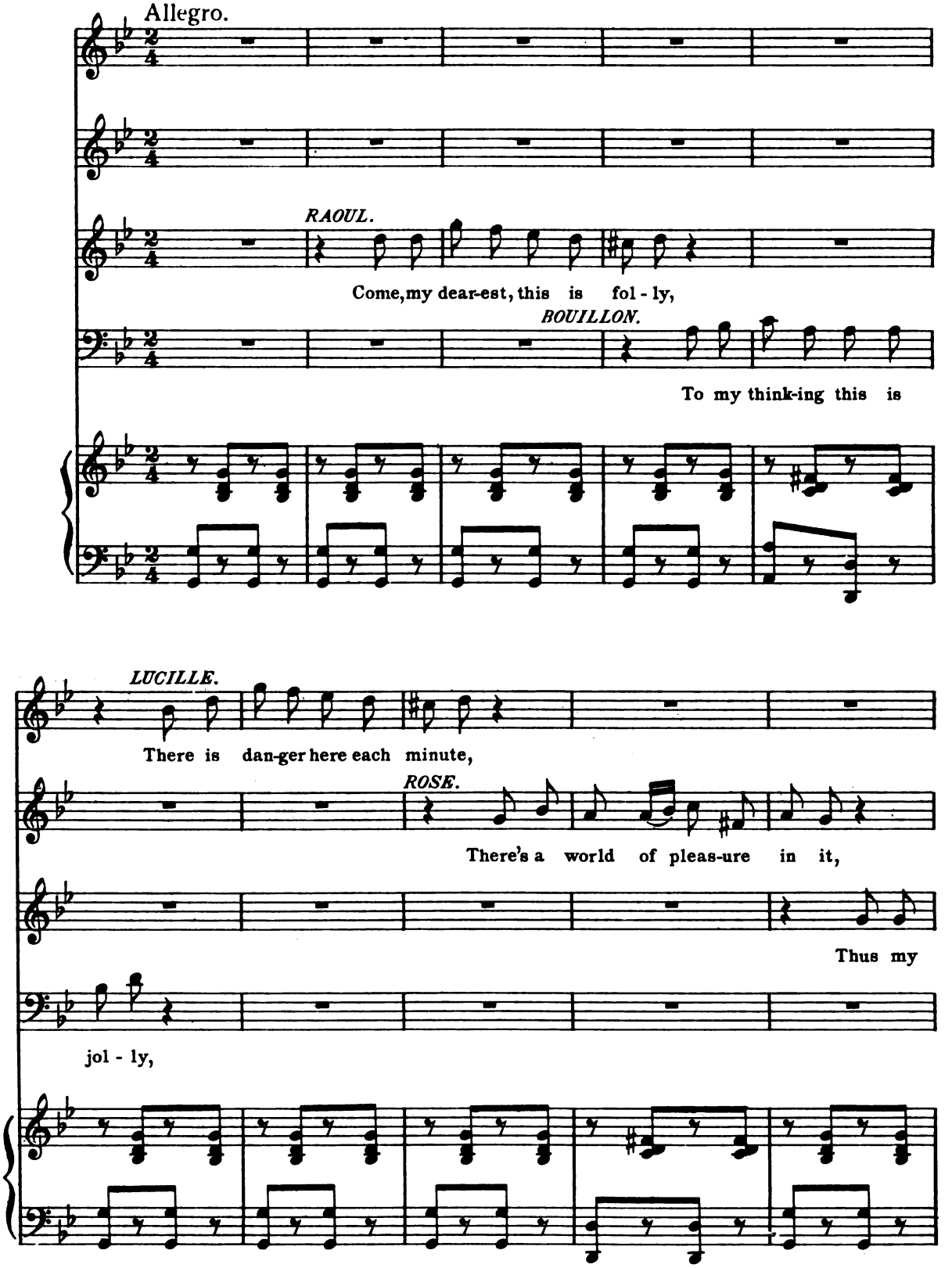

They swear to do what she may dare, Tho' it lead
til our dying breath, To do what-e'er I may dare, Tho' it
til our dying breath, To do what-e'er you may dare, Tho' it
til our dying breath, To do what-e'er you may dare, Tho' it
til our dying breath, To do what-e'er you may dare, Tho' it
til our dying breath, To do what-e'er you may dare, Tho' it
til our dy-ing breath, To do whate'er you may dare, Though it
til our dy-ing breath, To do whate'er you may dare, Though it
til our dy-ing breath, To do whate'er you may dare, Though it
til our dy-ing breath, To do whate'er you may dare, Though it
ff

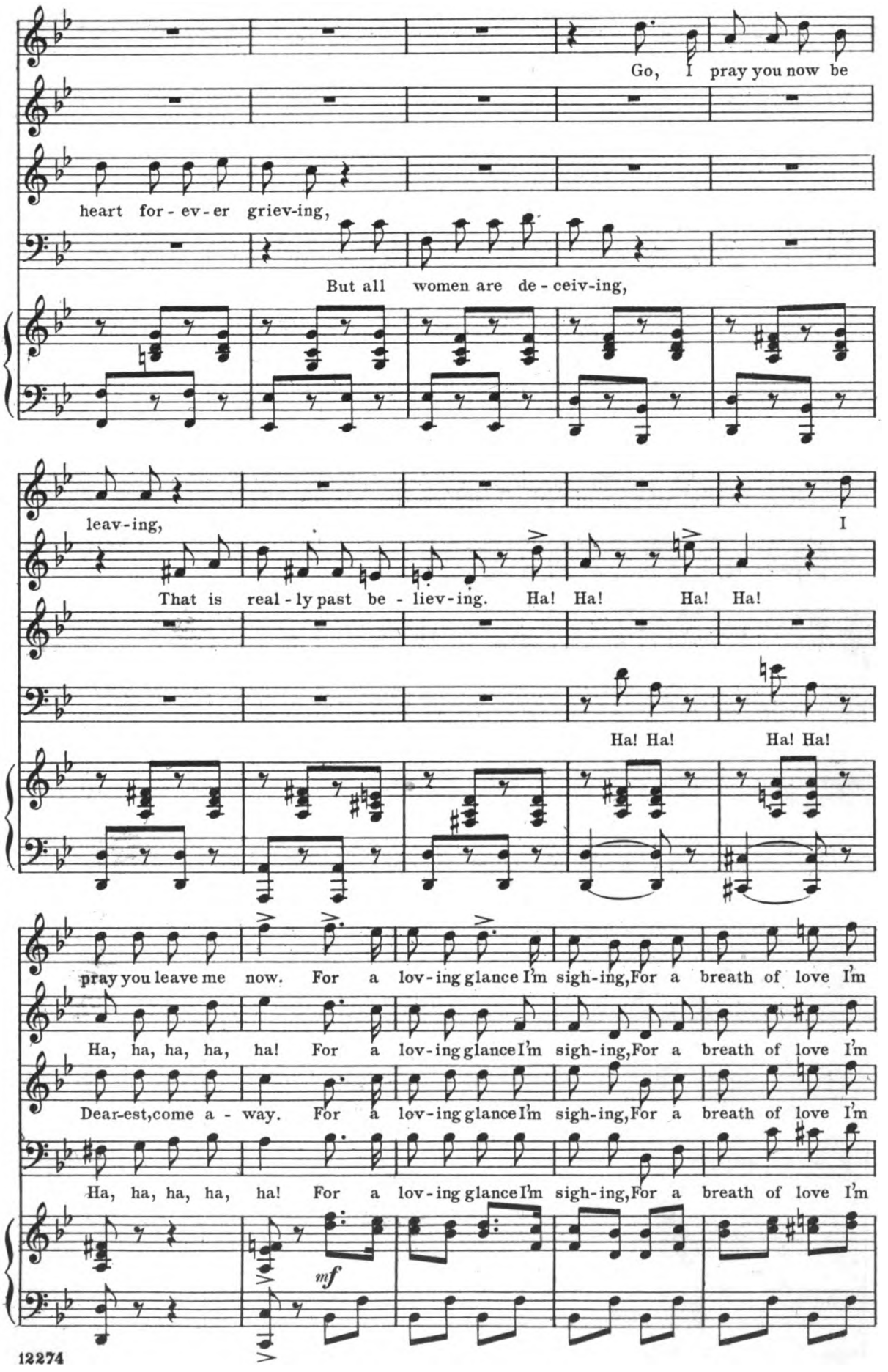

straight to death, Oh! fa-tal hour! Oh! fa-tal
lead straight to death, Oh! might-y pow'r, Oh! might-y
lead straight to death. Thus we decide, Thus we decide,
lead straight to death. Our fate abide, Our fate abide,
lead straight to death. Vive, la Duchesse! Vive, la Duchesse!
lead straight to death. Vive, la Duchesse! Vive, la Duchesse!
lead straight to death, To her we
lead straight to death, To her we
lead straight to death, To her we swear al-le-giance
lead straight to death, To her we swear, to her we swear, al-le-giance

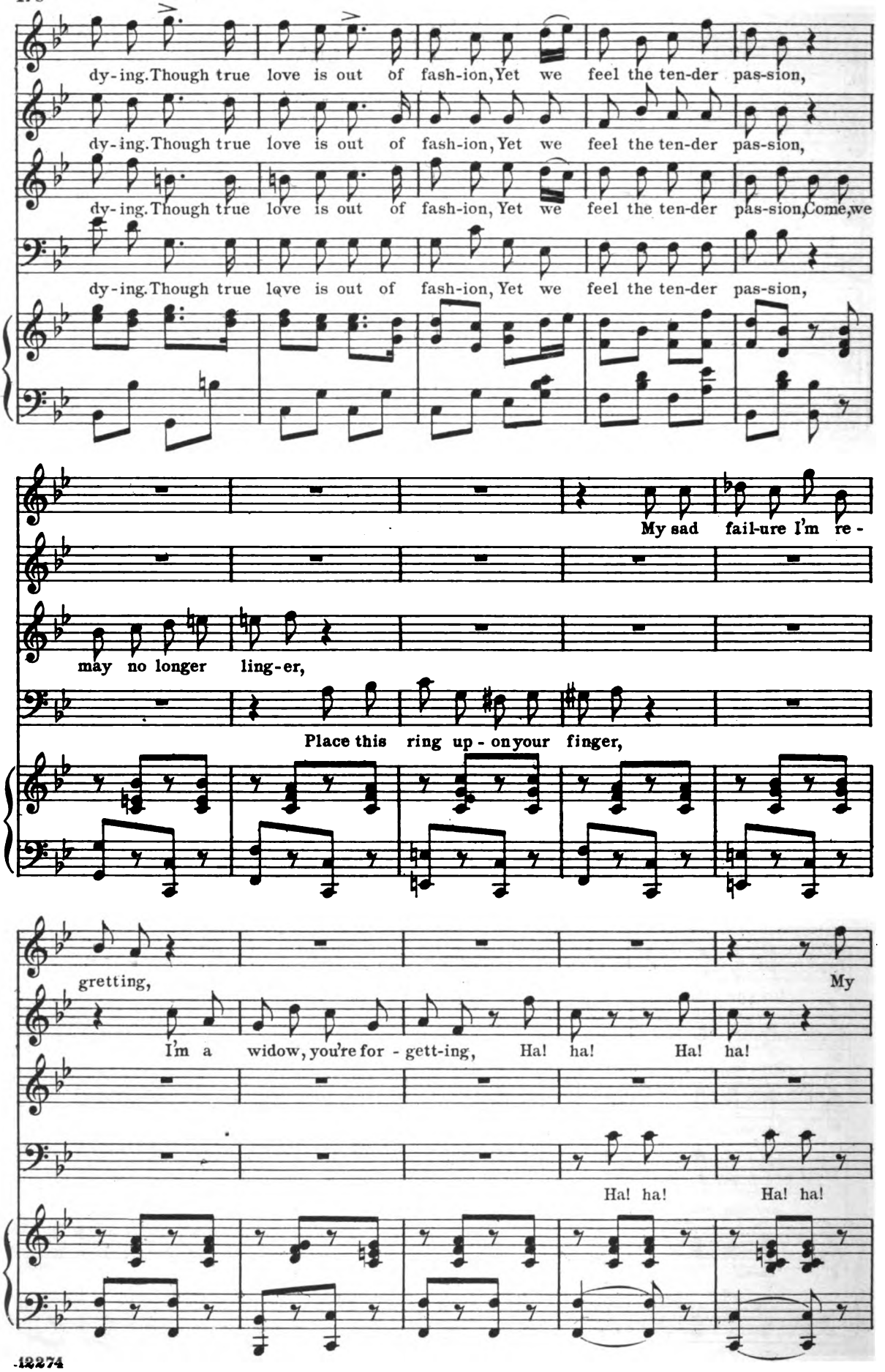

hour.
There's hope be-yond,
pow'r, Our fate be-yond, Vive la Fronde!
ff
Vive la Fronde!
ff
Vive la Fronde!
ff
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
swear.
Vive la Fronde!
swear.
Vive la Fronde!
swear.
Vive la Fronde!
swear.
Vive la Fronde!
3

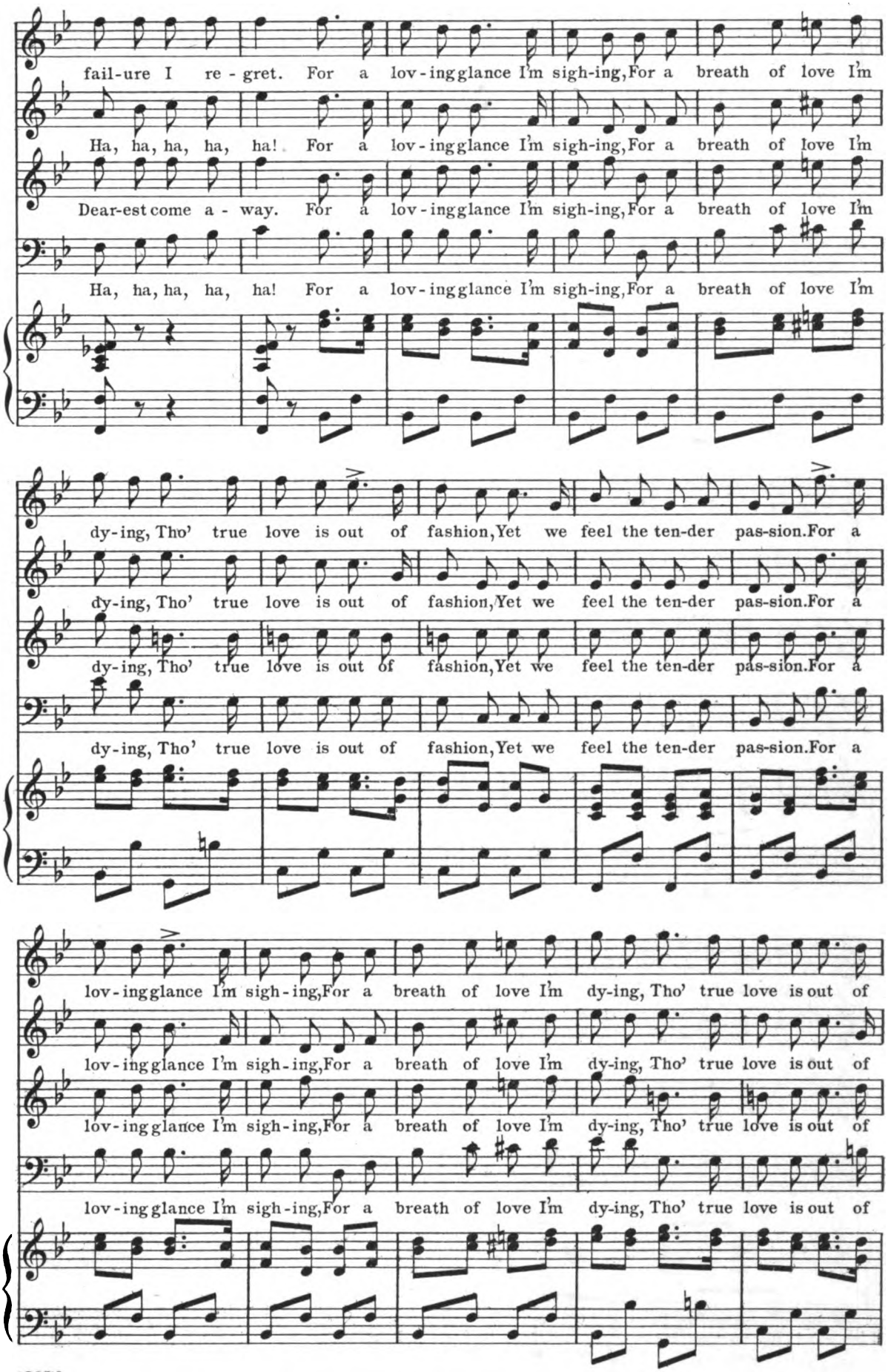

There's hope be - yond.
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Maestoso.
p

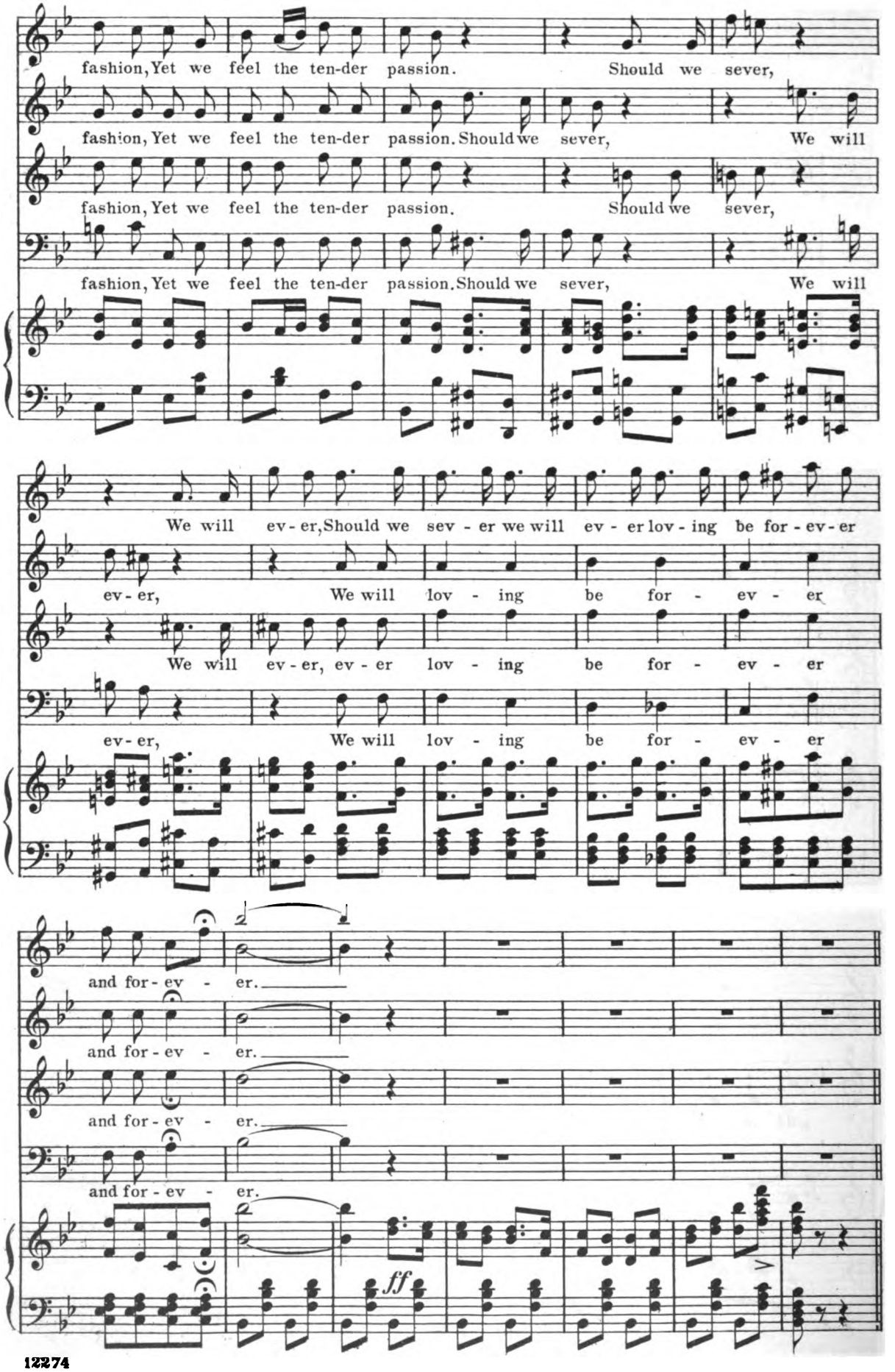
No 7. Quartett. "Come, my dearest."



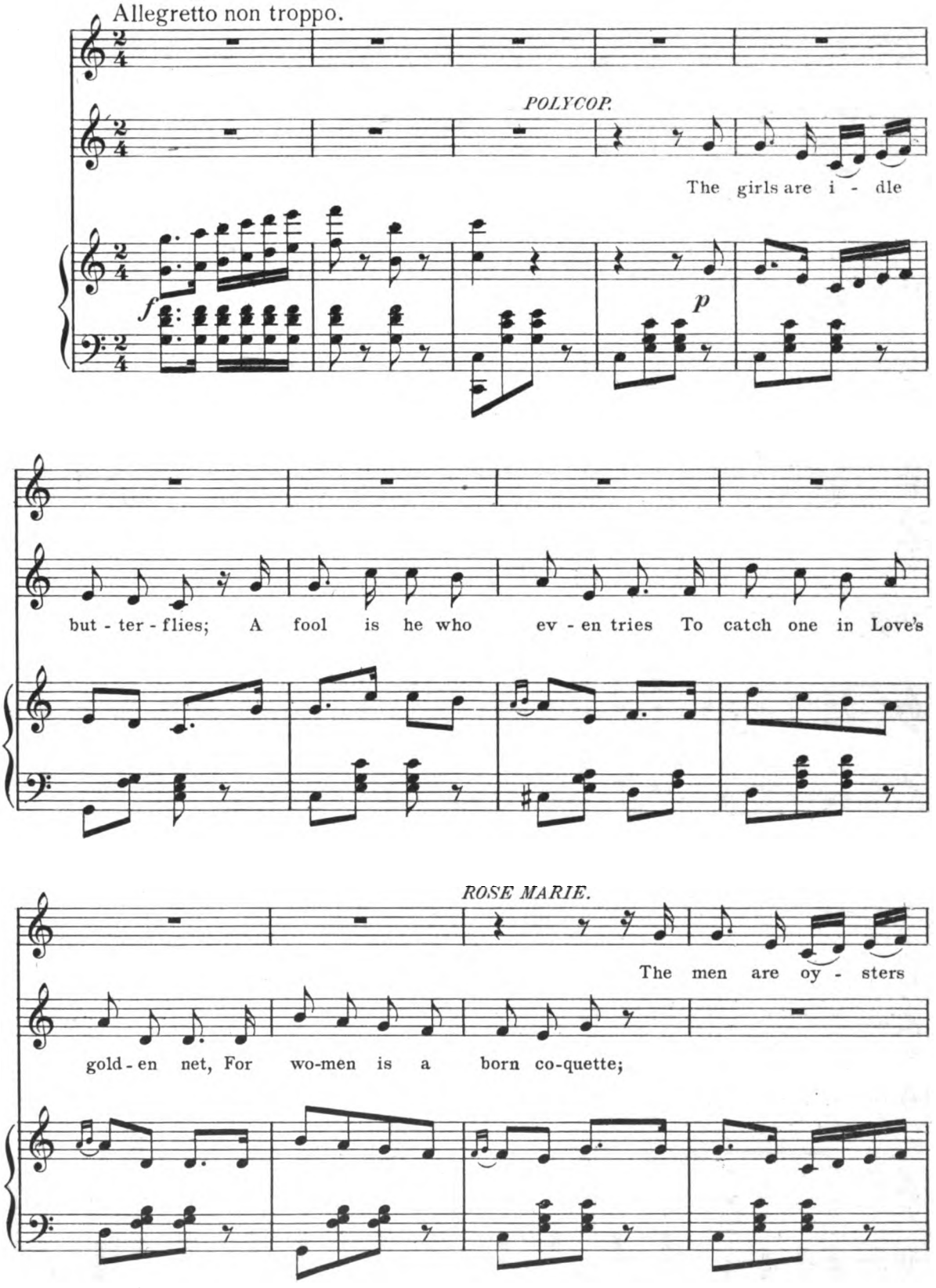

Go, I pray you now be
heart for-ev-er griev-ing,
But all women are de-ceiv-ing,
leav-ing,
I
That is real-ly past be-liev-ing. Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
pray you leave me now. For a lov-ing glance I'm sigh-ing, For a breath of love I'm
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a lov-ing glance I'm sigh-ing, For a breath of love I'm
Dear-est, come a-way. For a lov-ing glance I'm sigh-ing, For a breath of love I'm
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a lov-ing glance I'm sigh-ing, For a breath of love I'm
mf

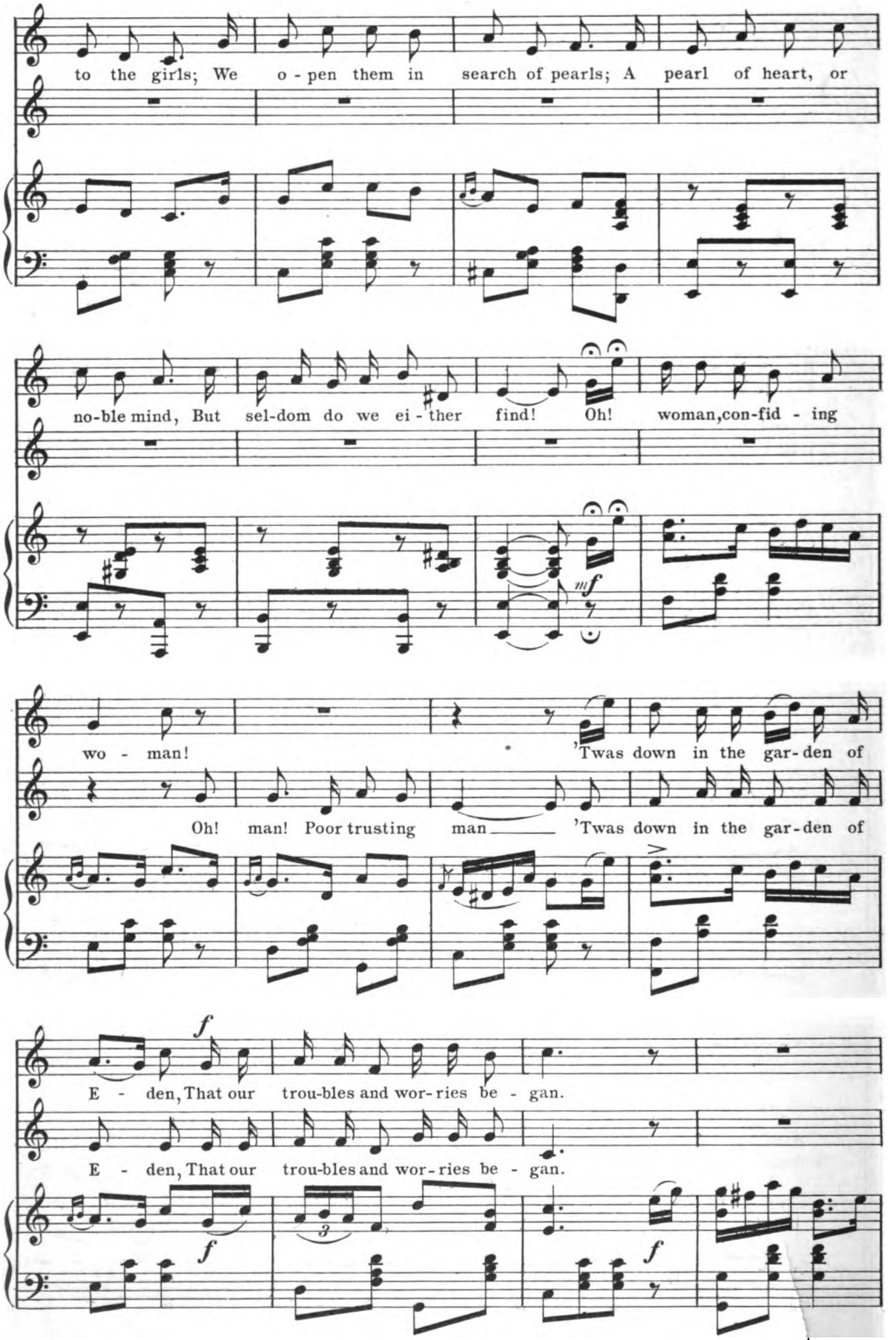

dy-ing. Though true love is out of fash-ion, Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion,
dy-ing. Though true love is out of fash-ion, Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion,
dy-ing. Though true love is out of fash-ion, Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion, Come, we
dy-ing. Though true love is out of fash-ion, Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion,
My sad fail-ure I'm re-
may no longer ling-er,
Place this ring up-on your finger,
gretting,
My
I'm a widow, you're for-gett-ing, Ha! ha! Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! Ha! ha!

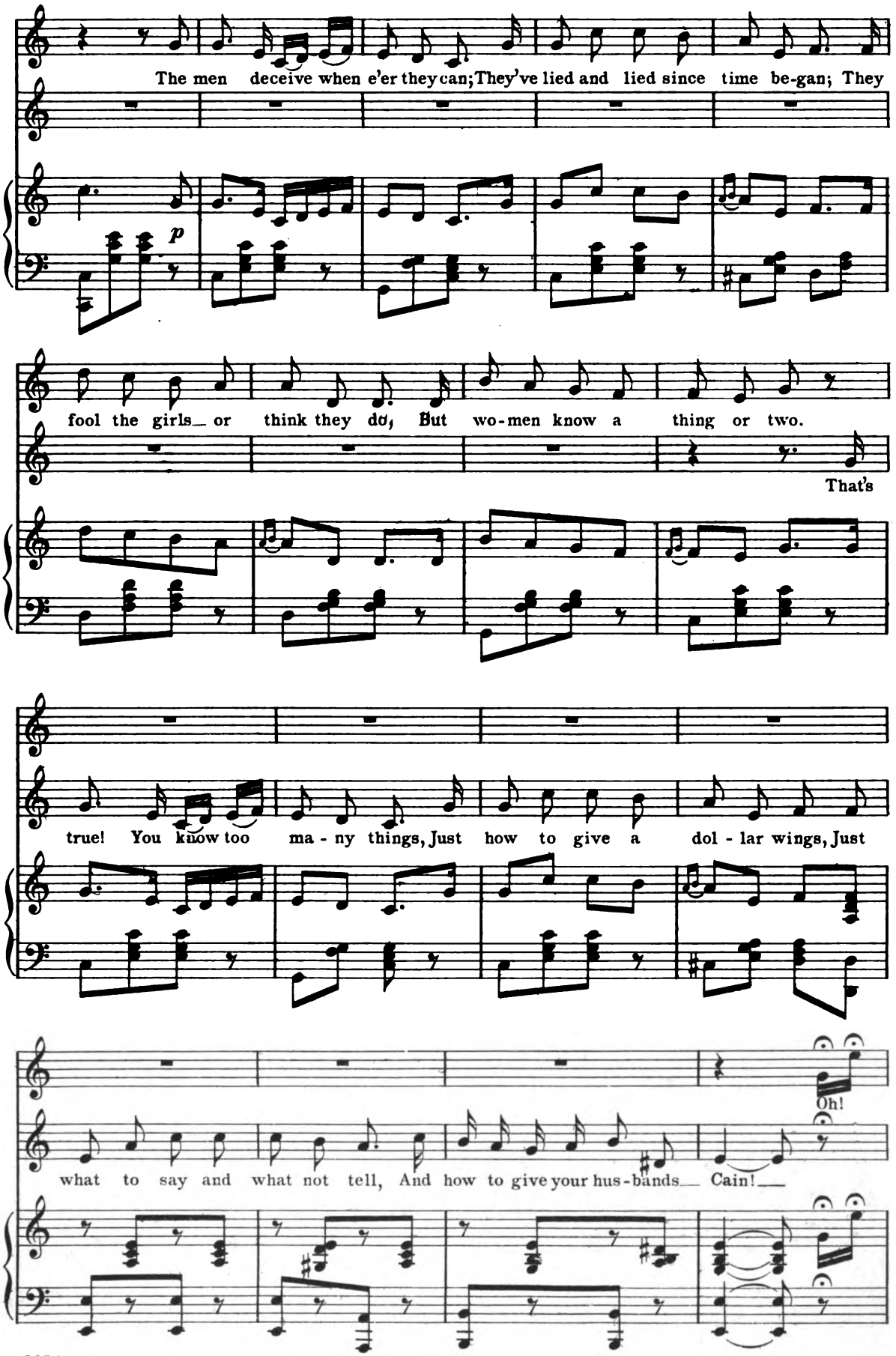

fail-ure I re - gret. For a lov - ingglance I'm sigh-ing,For a breath of love I'm
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a lov - ingglance I'm sigh-ing,For a breath of love I'm
Dear-est come a - way. For a lov - ingglance I'm sigh-ing,For a breath of love I'm
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! For a lov - ingglance I'm sigh-ing,For a breath of love I'm
dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of fashion,Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion.For a
dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of fashion,Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion.For a
dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of fashion,Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion.For a
dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of fashion,Yet we feel the ten-der pas-sion.For a
lov - ingglance I'm sigh - ing,For a breath of love I'm dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of
lov - ingglance I'm sigh - ing,For a breath of love I'm dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of
lov - ingglance I'm sigh - ing,For a breath of love I'm dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of
lov - ingglance I'm sigh - ing,For a breath of love I'm dy-ing, Tho' true love is out of

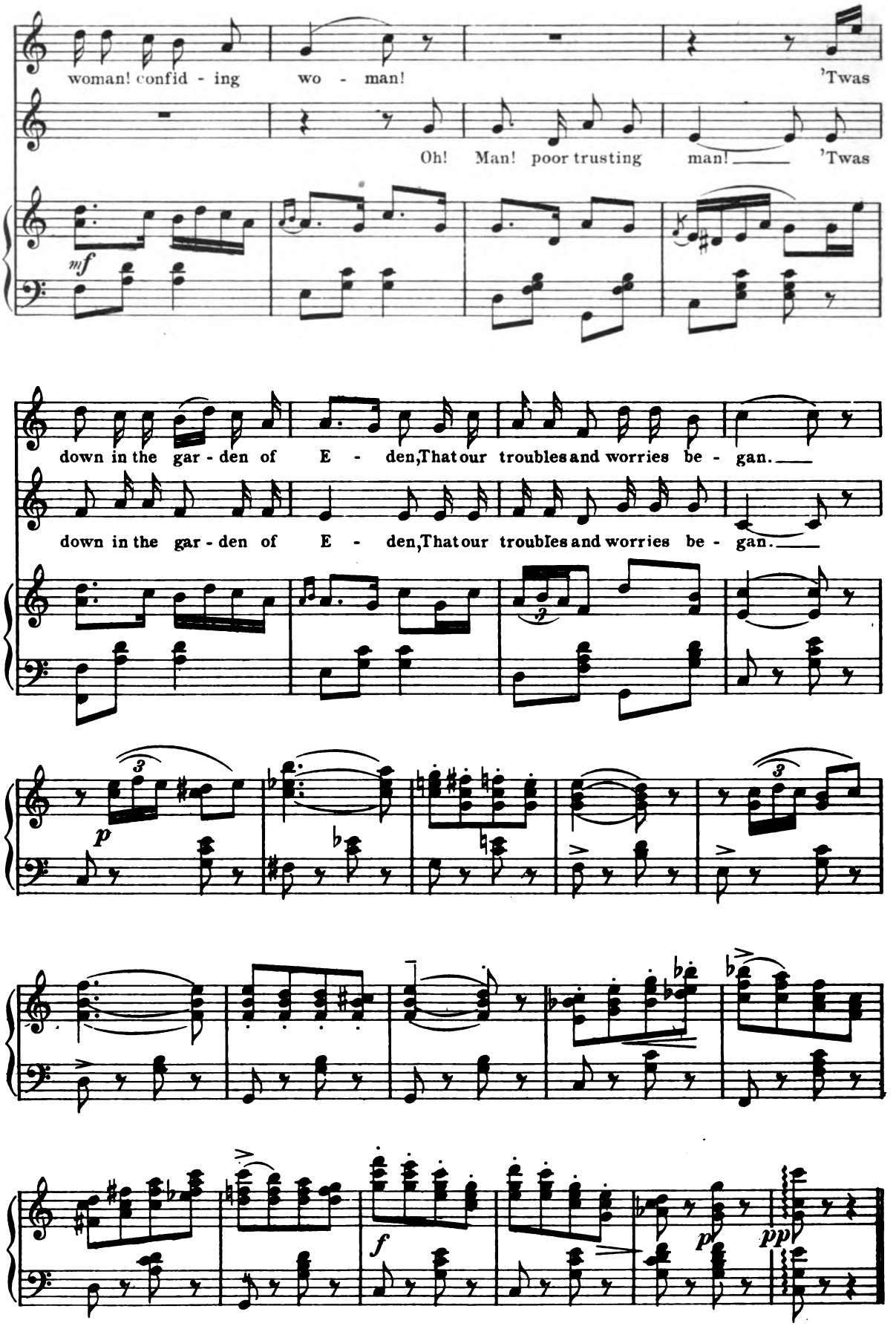

fashion, Yet we feel the ten-der passion. Should we sever,
fashion, Yet we feel the ten-der passion. Should we sever, We will
fashion, Yet we feel the ten-der passion. Should we sever,
fashion, Yet we feel the ten-der passion. Should we sever, We will
We will ev-er, Should we sev-er we will ev-er lov-ing be for-ev-er
ev-er, We will lov-ing be for-ev-er
We will ev-er, ev-er lov-ing be for-ev-er
ev-er, We will lov-ing be for-ev-er
and for-ev-er.
and for-ev-er.
and for-ev-er.
and for-ev-er.
ff

No 8. Duet. "Confiding Woman."

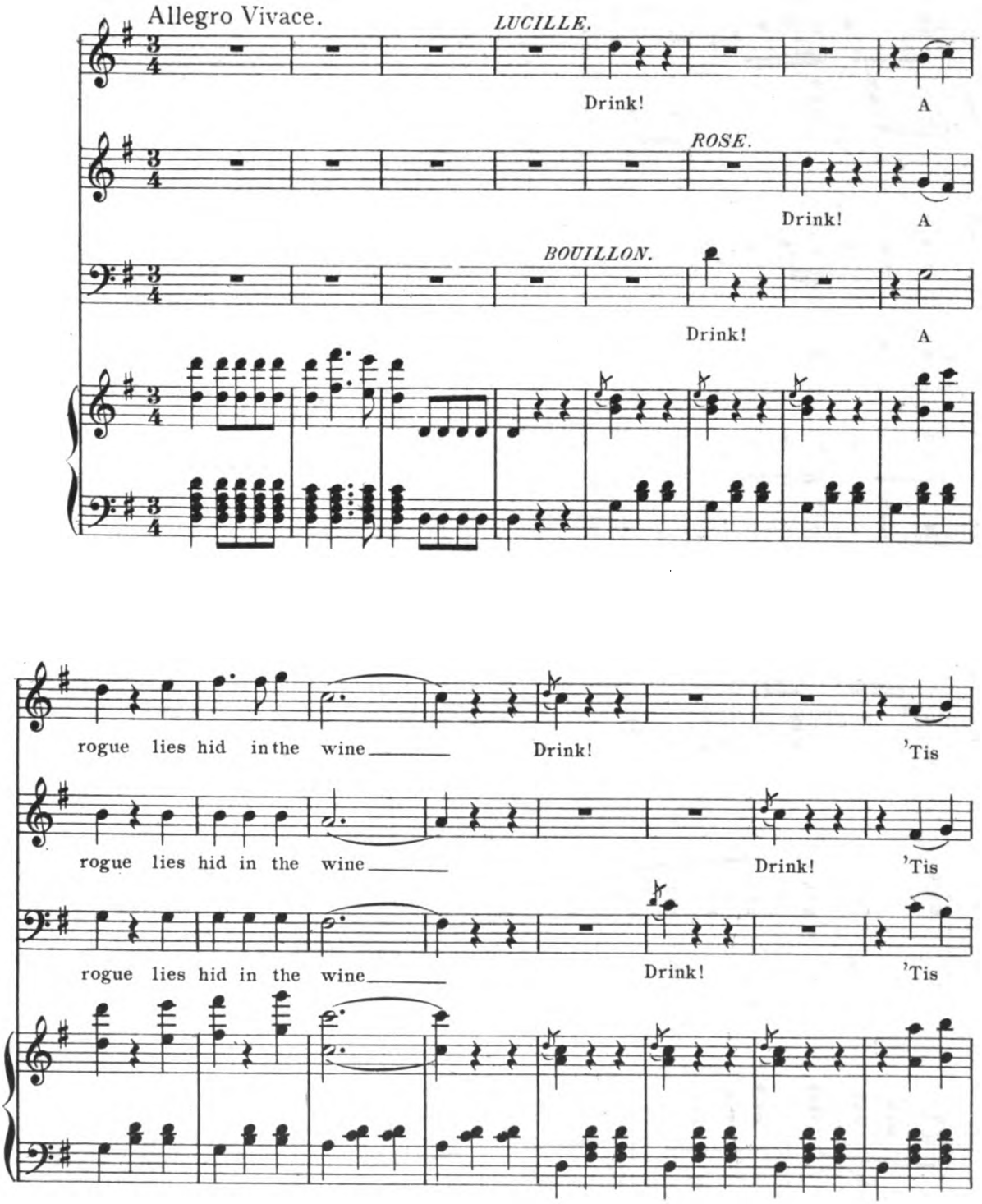


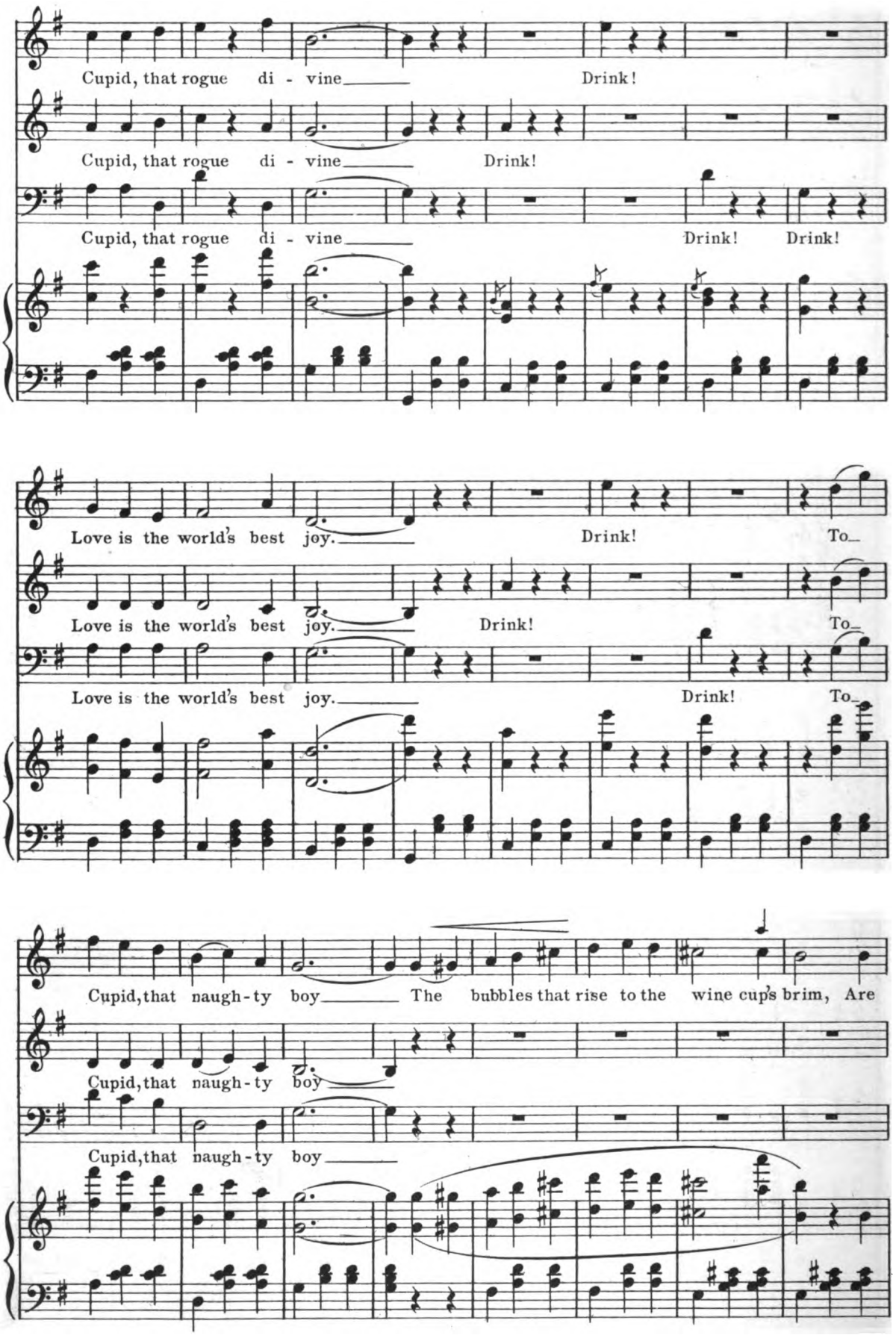

to the girls; We o - pen them in search of pearls; A pearl of heart, or
no-ble mind, But sel-dom do we ei - ther find! Oh! woman, con-fid - ing
mf
wo - man! 'Twas down in the gar-den of
Oh! man! Poor trusting man 'Twas down in the gar-den of
f
E - den, That our trou-bles and wor-ries be - gan.
E - den, That our trou-bles and wor-ries be - gan.
3
f
f

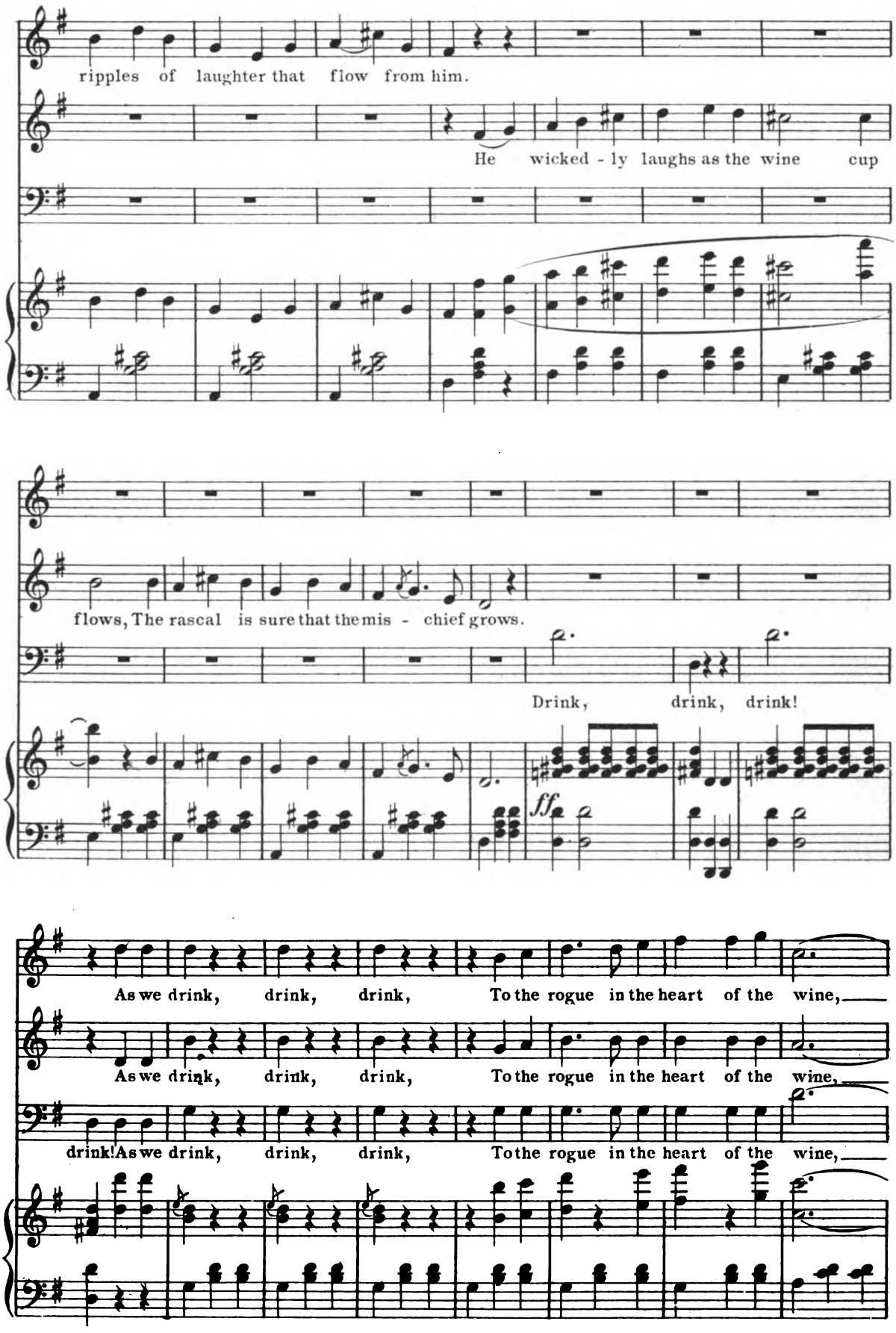

The men deceive when e'er they can; They've lied and lied since time be-gan; They
p
fool the girls or think they do, But wo-men know a thing or two.
That's
true! You know too ma - ny things, Just how to give a dol - lar wings, Just
Oh!
what to say and what not tell, And how to give your hus-bands Cain!

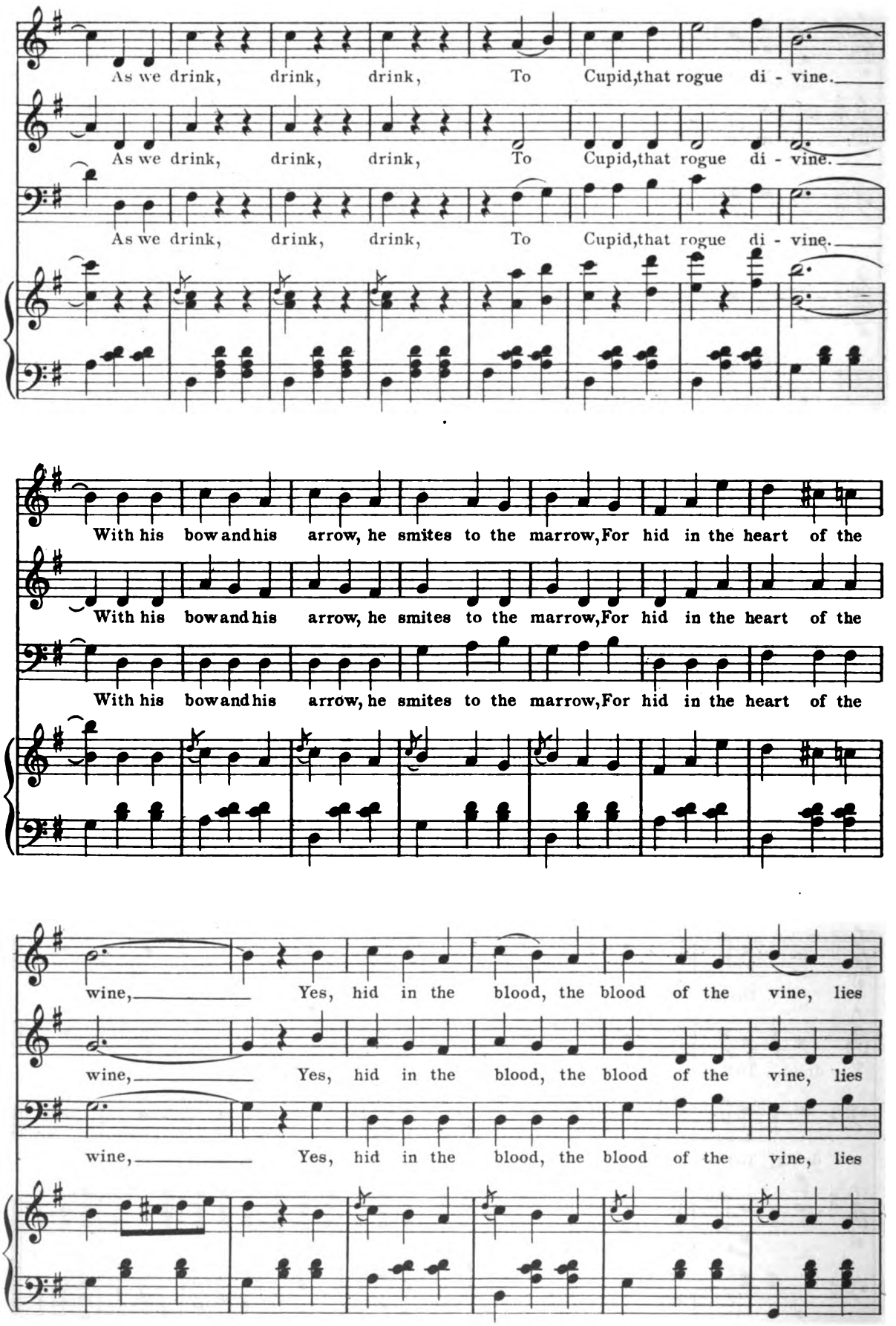

woman! confid - ing wo - man! 'Twas
Oh! Man! poor trusting man! 'Twas
mf
down in the gar - den of E - den, That our troubles and worries be - gan.
down in the gar - den of E - den, That our troubles and worries be - gan.
p
f
p
pp

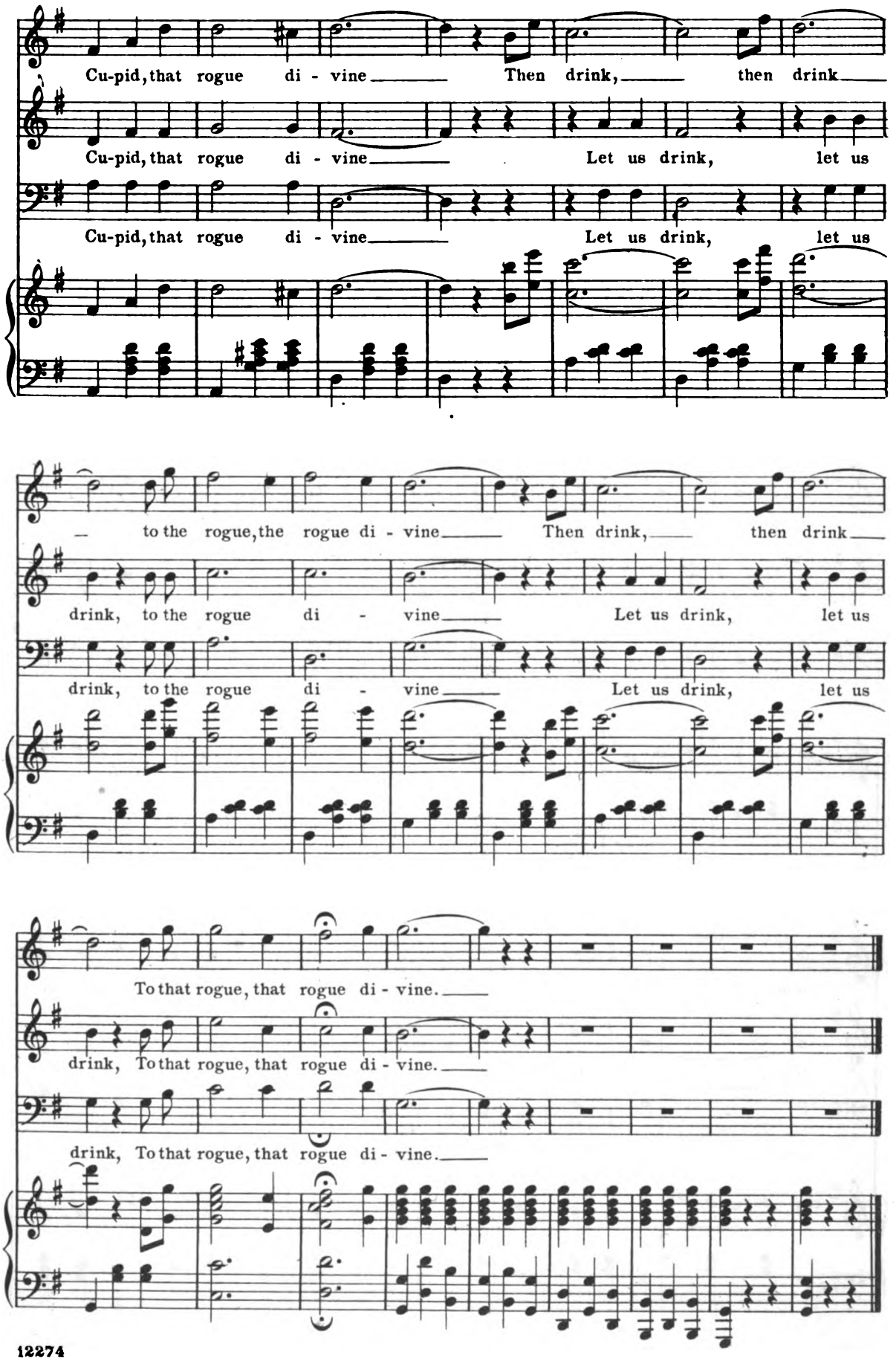
No 9. Trio. "A rogue lies hid in the wine."



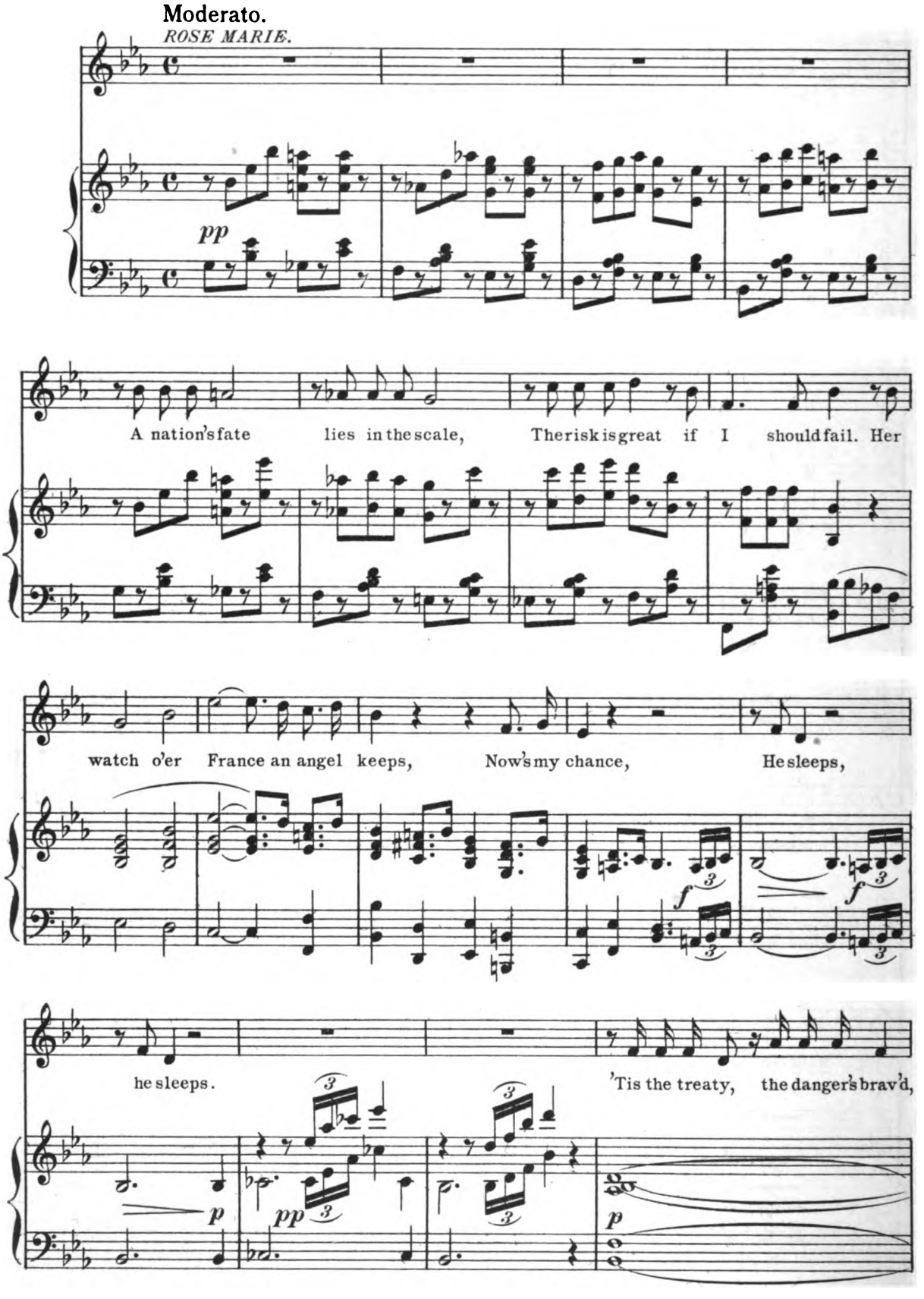

Cupid, that rogue di - vine
Drink!
Cupid, that rogue di - vine
Drink!
Cupid, that rogue di - vine
Drink! Drink!
Love is the world's best joy.
Drink!
To
Love is the world's best joy.
Drink!
To
Love is the world's best joy.
Drink!
To
Cupid, that naugh-ty boy
The bubbles that rise to the wine cup's brim, Are
Cupid, that naugh-ty boy
Cupid, that naugh-ty boy

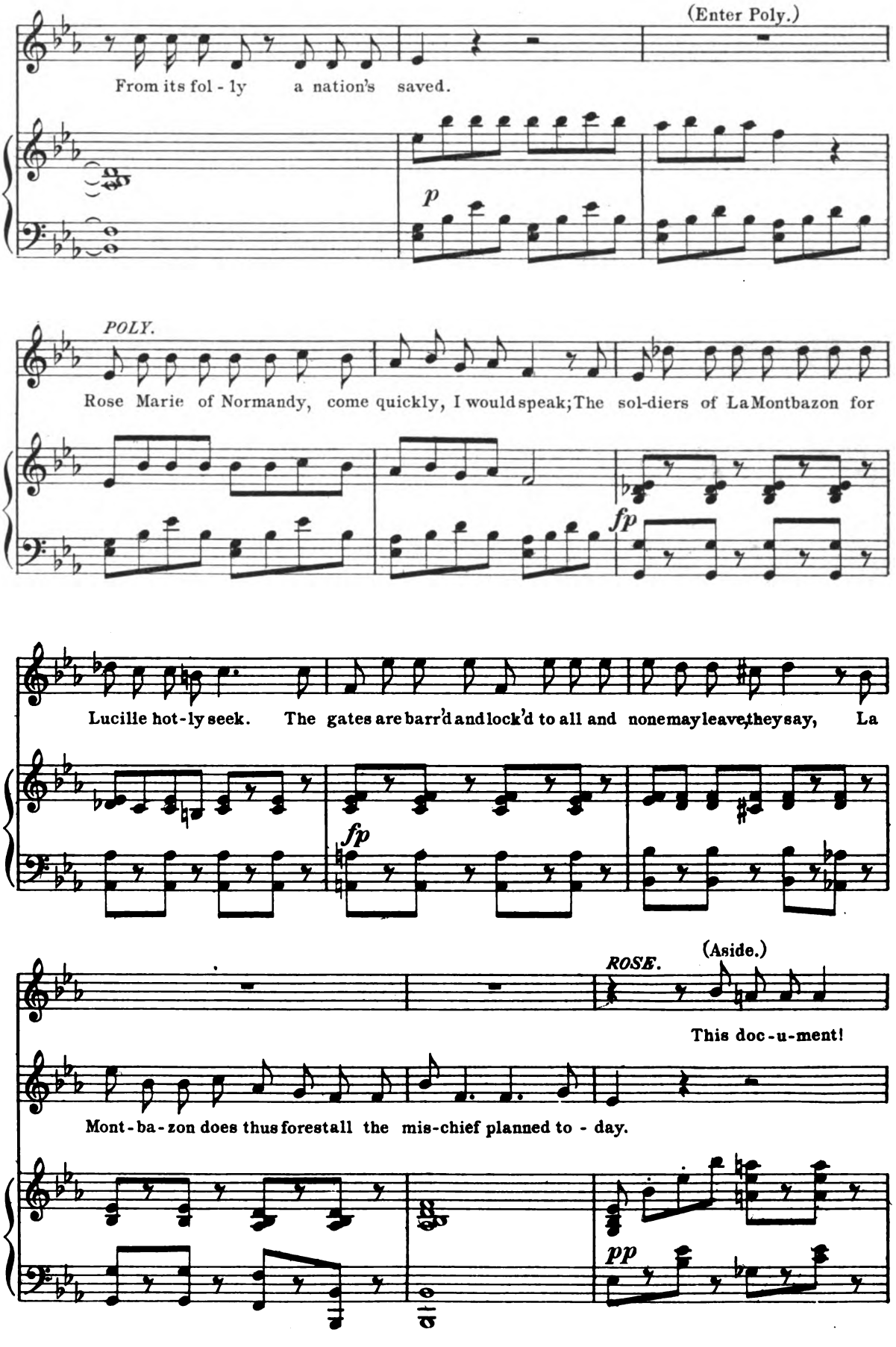

ripples of laughter that flow from him.
He wicked - ly laughs as the wine cup
flows, The rascal is sure that the mis - chief grows.
Drink, drink, drink!
ff
As we drink, drink, drink, To the rogue in the heart of the wine,
As we drink, drink, drink, To the rogue in the heart of the wine,
drink! As we drink, drink, drink, To the rogue in the heart of the wine,

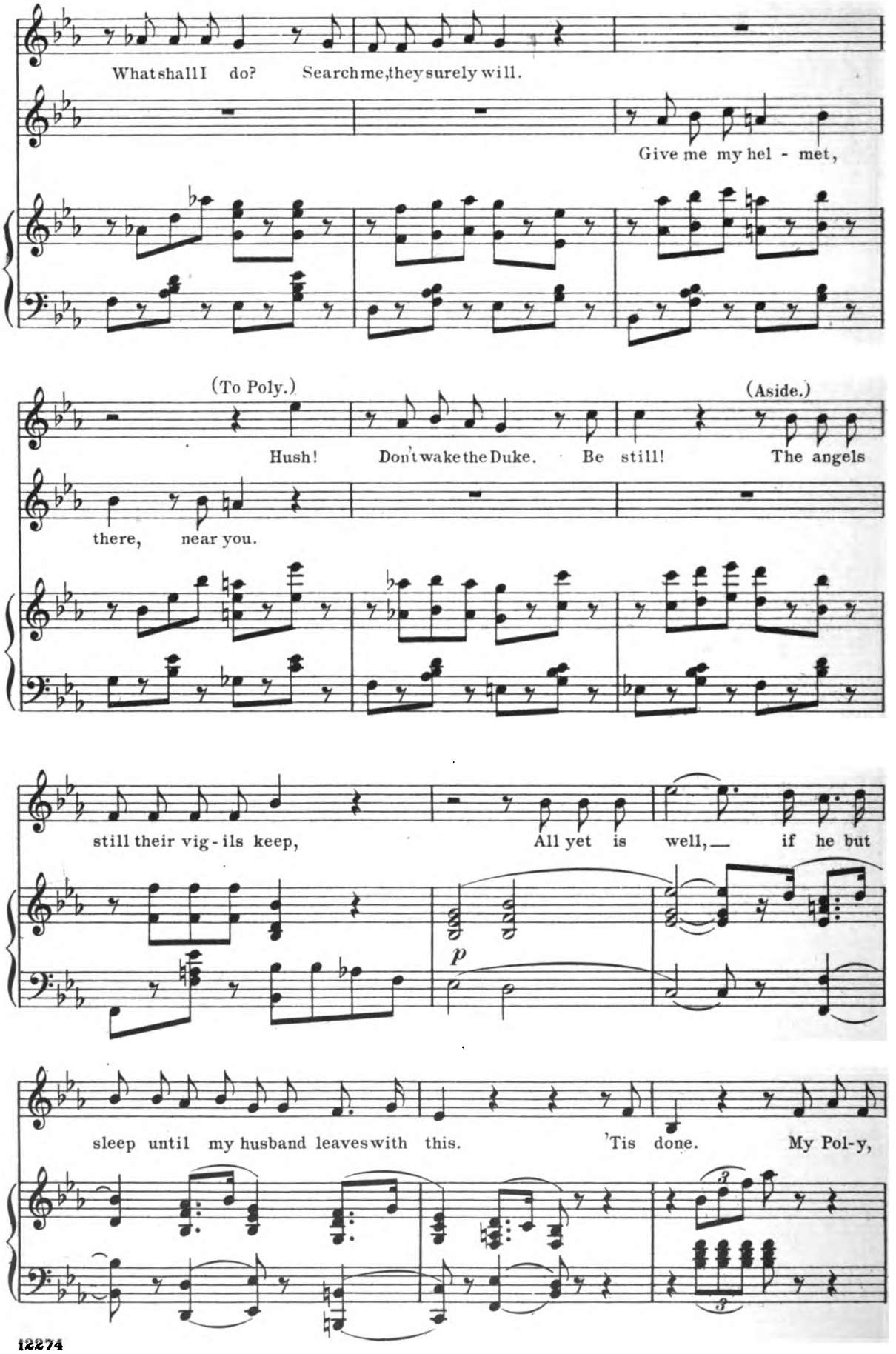

As we drink, drink, drink, To Cupid, that rogue di - vine.
As we drink, drink, drink, To Cupid, that rogue di - vine.
As we drink, drink, drink, To Cupid, that rogue di - vine.
With his bow and his arrow, he smites to the marrow, For hid in the heart of the
With his bow and his arrow, he smites to the marrow, For hid in the heart of the
With his bow and his arrow, he smites to the marrow, For hid in the heart of the
wine, Yes, hid in the blood, the blood of the vine, lies
wine, Yes, hid in the blood, the blood of the vine, lies
wine, Yes, hid in the blood, the blood of the vine, lies

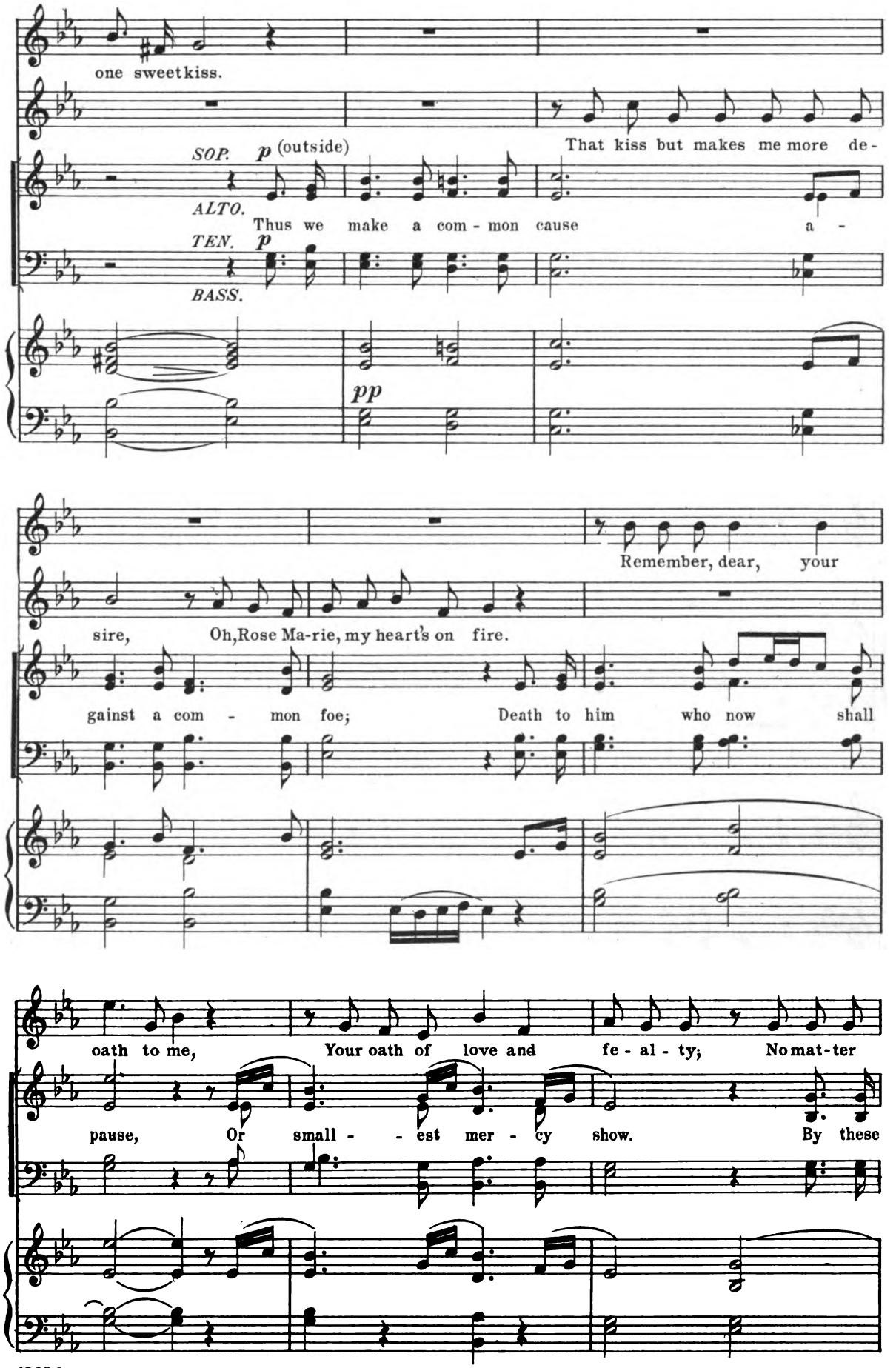

Cu-pid, that rogue di - vine Then drink, then drink
Cu-pid, that rogue di - vine Let us drink, let us
Cu-pid, that rogue di - vine Let us drink, let us
to the rogue, the rogue di - vine Then drink, then drink
drink, to the rogue di - vine Let us drink, let us
drink, to the rogue di - vine Let us drink, let us
To that rogue, that rogue di - vine.
drink, To that rogue, that rogue di - vine.
drink, To that rogue, that rogue di - vine.

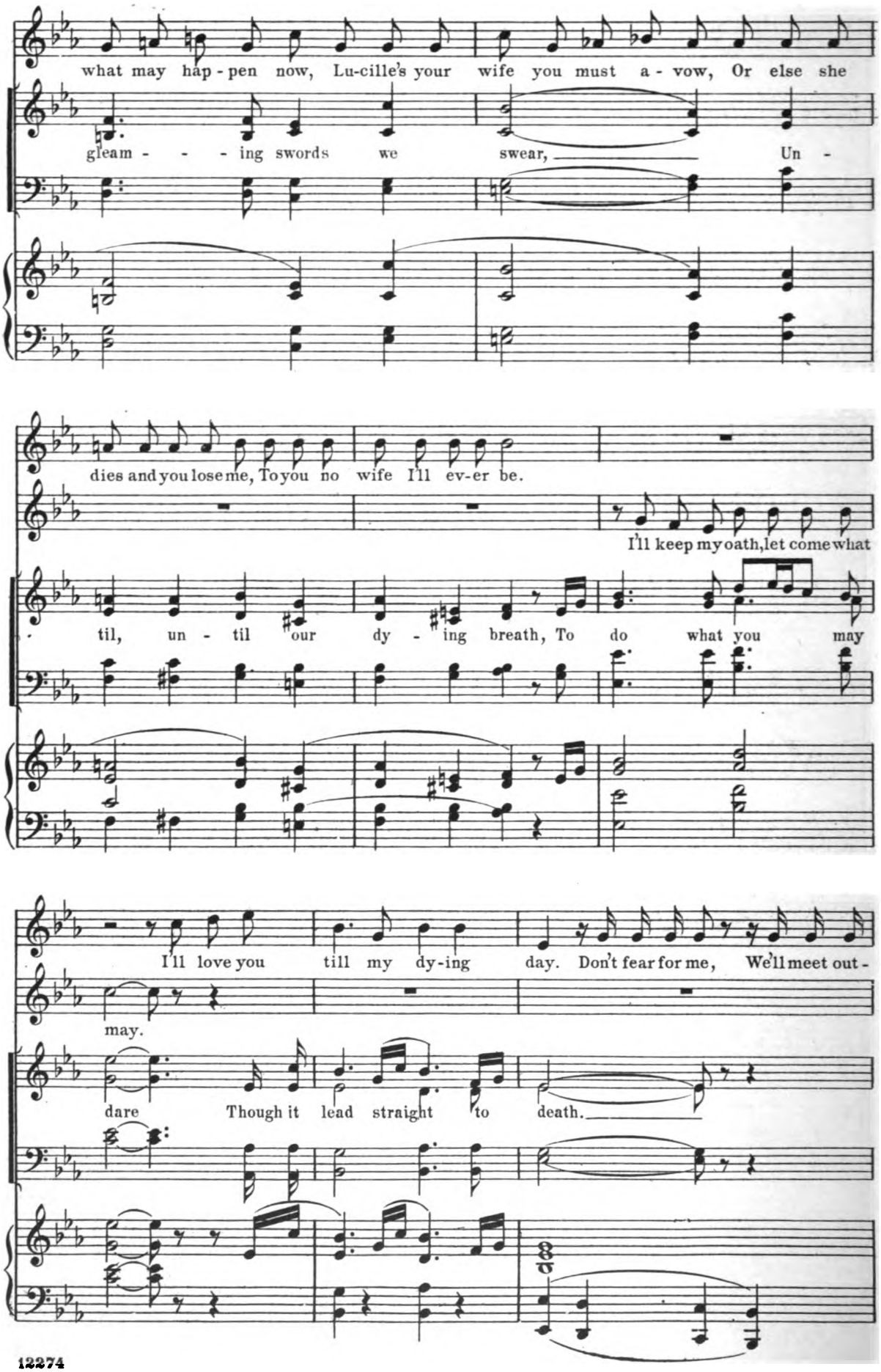
Nº 10. Finale.

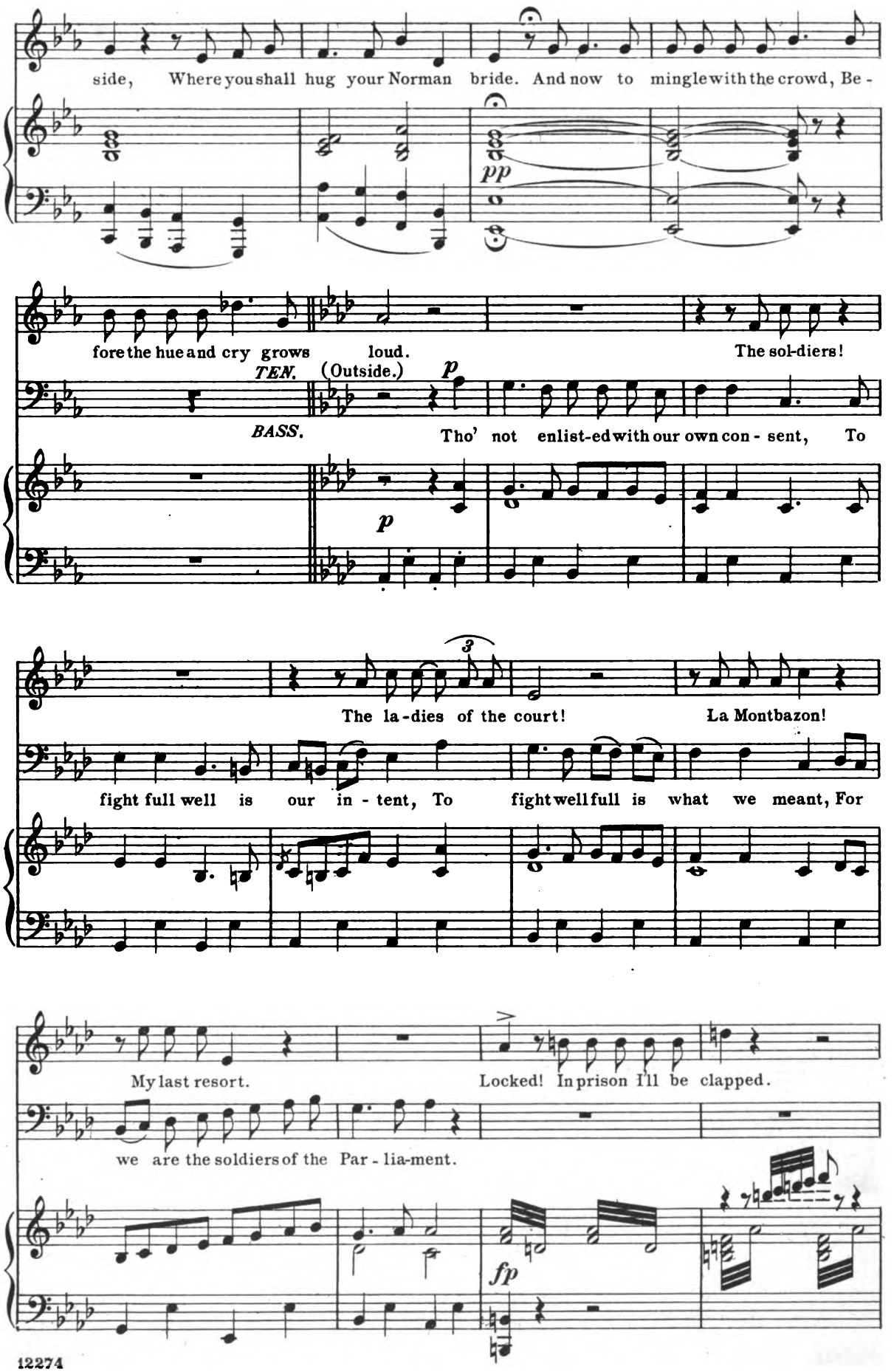

Moderato.
ROSE MARIE.
pp
A nation's fate lies in the scale, The risk is great if I should fail. Her
watch o'er France an angel keeps, Now's my chance, He sleeps,
f
f
he sleeps.
'Tis the treaty, the danger's brav'd,
p
pp
p

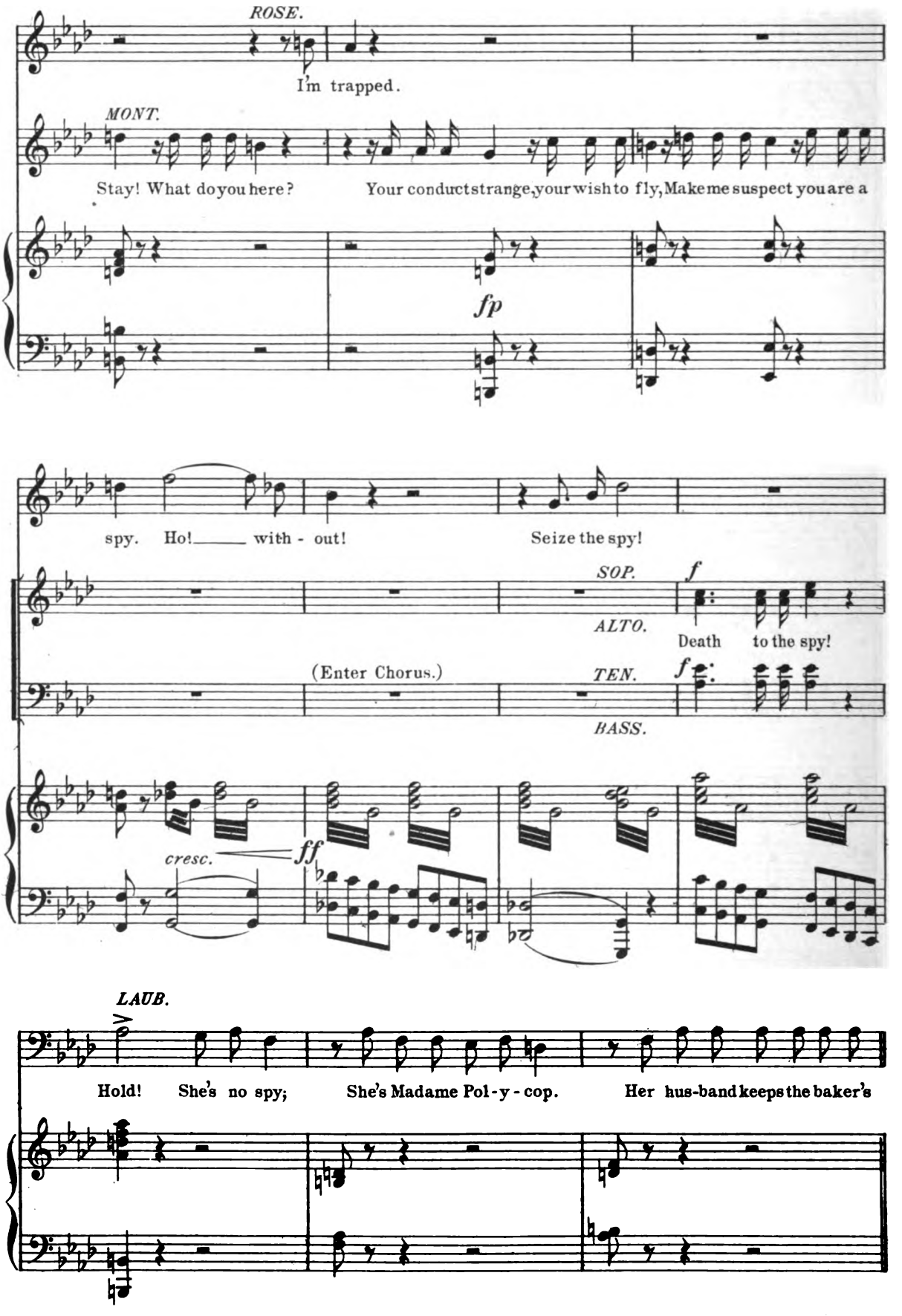

(Enter Poly.)
From its fol - ly a nation's saved.
p
POLY.
Rose Marie of Normandy, come quickly, I would speak; The sol-diers of La Montbazon for
fp
Lucille hot-ly seek. The gates are barr'd and lock'd to all and none may leave, they say, La
fp
ROSE. (Aside.)
This doc-u-ment!
Mont-ba-zon does thus forestall the mis-chief planned to - day.
pp


What shall I do? Search me, they surely will.
Give me my hel - met,
(To Poly.)
Hush! Don't wake the Duke. Be still!
(Aside.)
The angels
there, near you.
still their vig - ils keep,
All yet is well, — if he but
p
sleep until my husband leaves with this.
'Tis done.
My Pol-y,

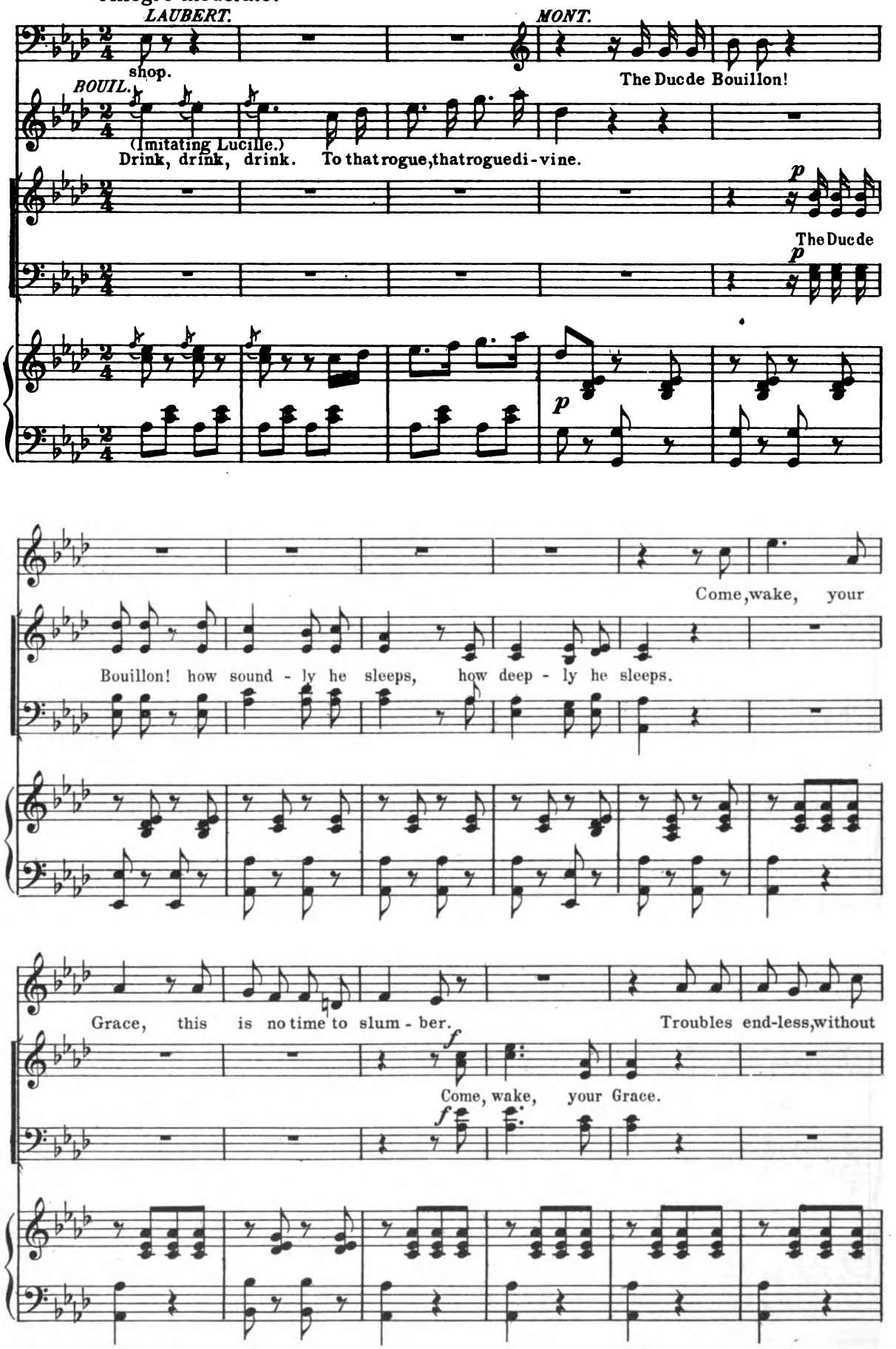

one sweet kiss.
That kiss but makes me more de-
SOP. p (outside)
ALTO.
Thus we make a com - mon cause a -
TEN. p
BASS.
pp
Remember, dear, your
sire, Oh, Rose Ma-rie, my heart's on fire.
gainst a com - mon foe; Death to him who now shall
oath to me, Your oath of love and fe - al - ty; No mat-ter
pause, Or small - - est mer - cy show. By these

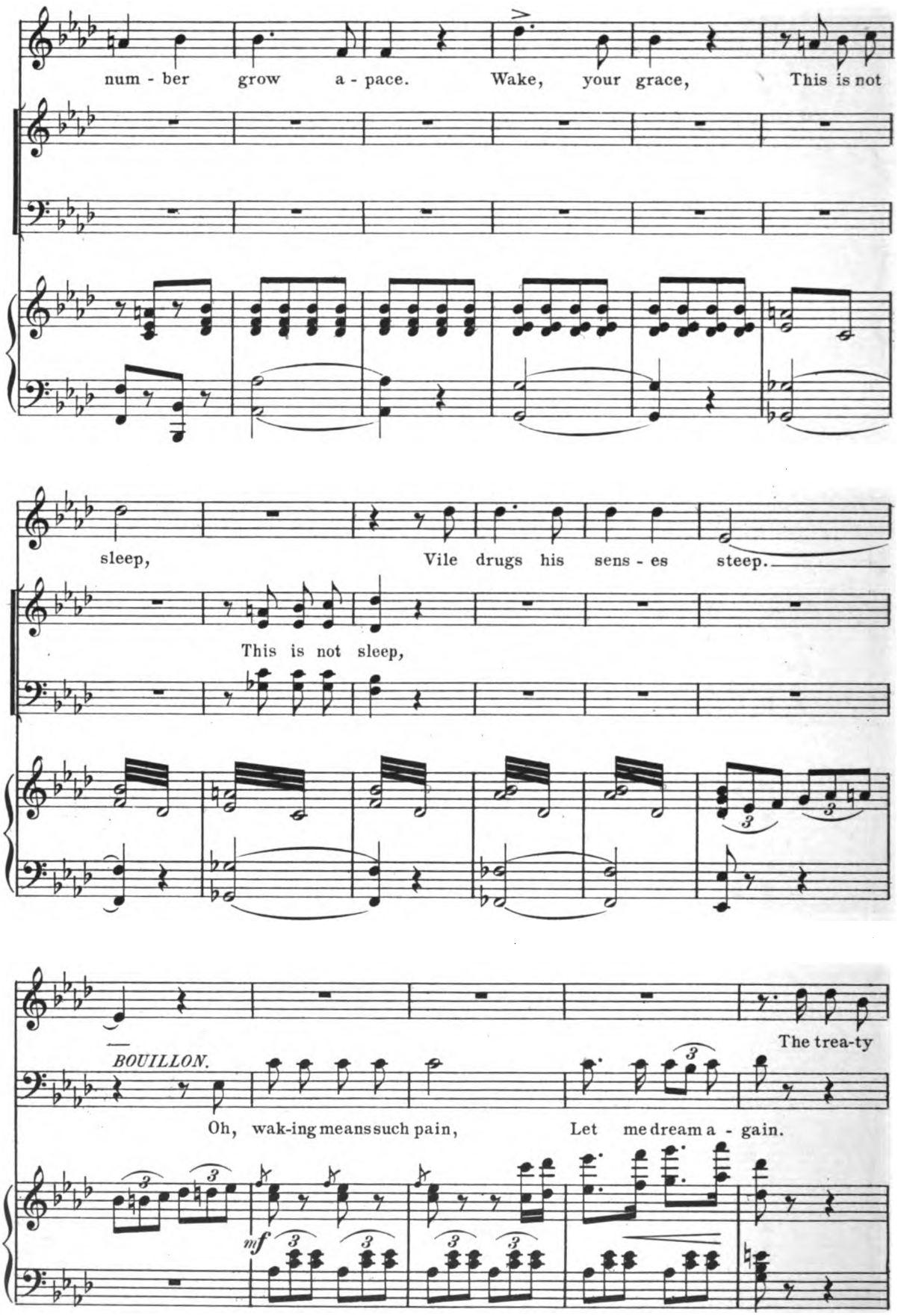

what may hap - pen now, Lu-cille's your wife you must a - vow, Or else she
gleam - - - ing swords we swear, Un -
dies and you lose me, To you no wife I'll ev-er be.
I'll keep my oath, let come what
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, To do what you may
I'll love you till my dy-ing day. Don't fear for me, We'll meet out -
may.
dare Though it lead straight to death.

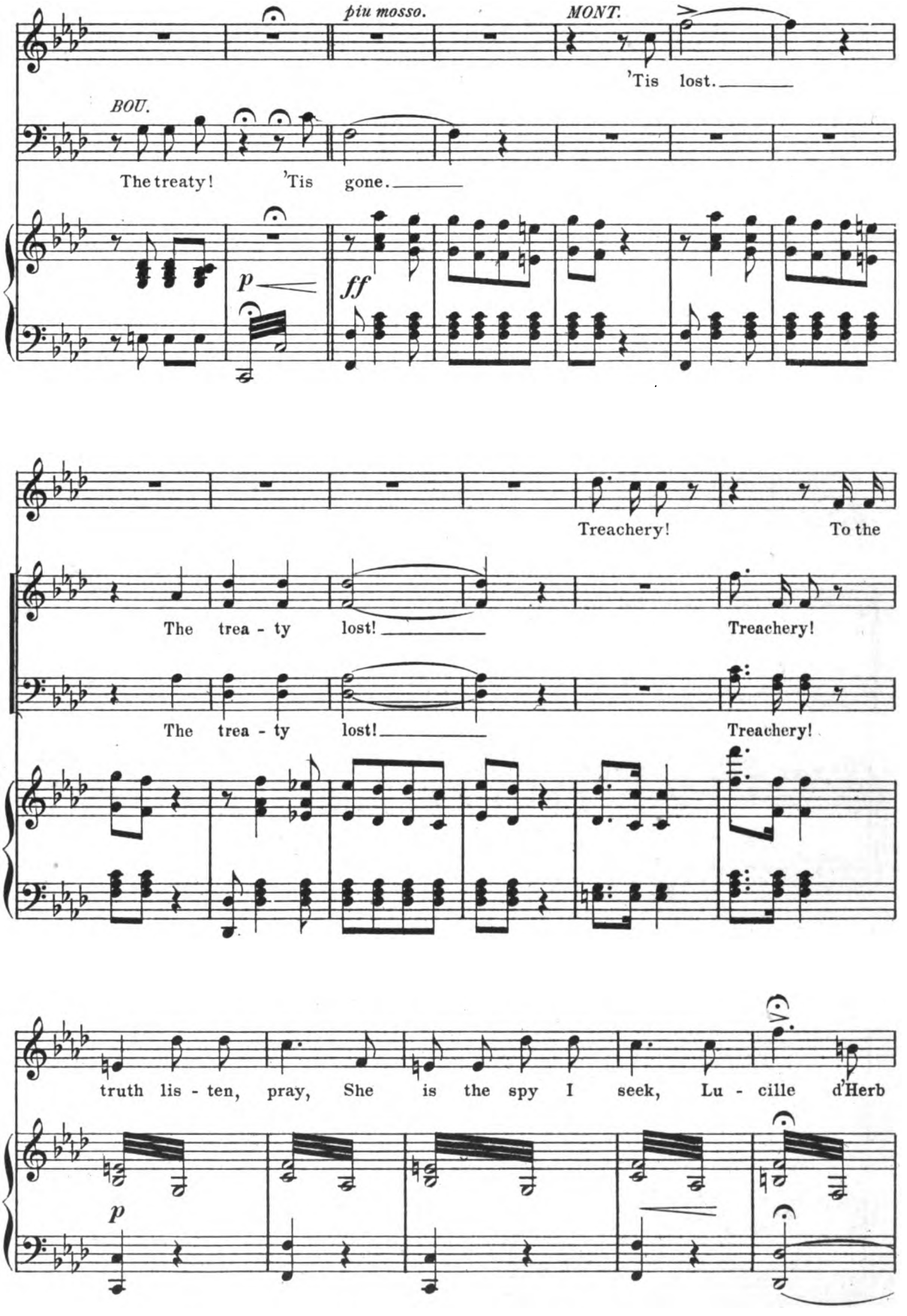

side, Where you shall hug your Norman bride. And now to mingle with the crowd, Be -
pp
fore the hue and cry grows loud.
The sol-diers!
TEN.
(Outside.)
p
BASS.
Tho' not enlist-ed with our own con - sent, To
p
The la-dies of the court!
La Montbazon!
fight full well is our in - tent, To fight well full is what we meant, For
My last resort.
Locked! In prison I'll be clapped.
we are the soldiers of the Par - lia-ment.
fp

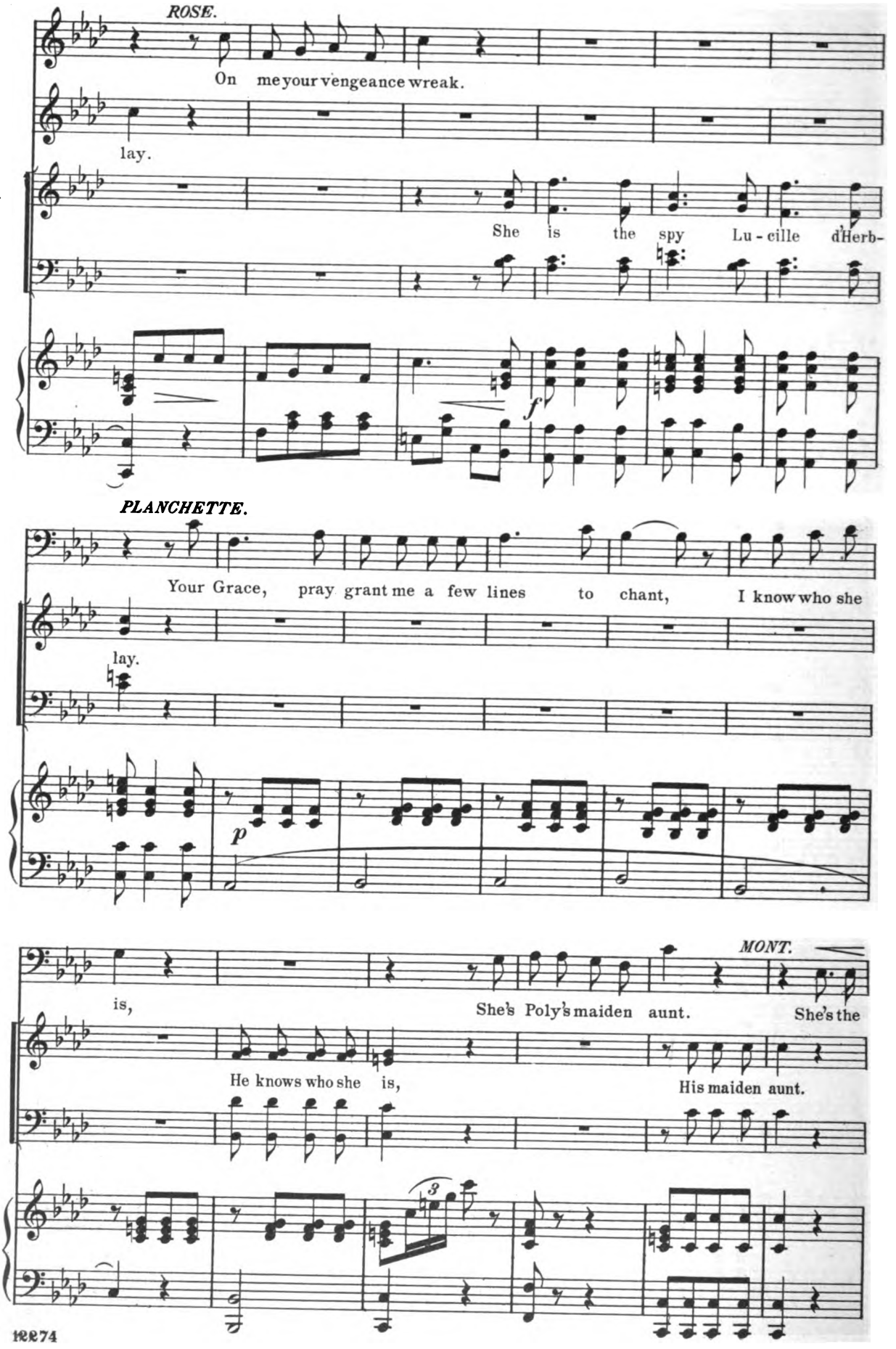

ROSE.
I'm trapped.
MONT.
Stay! What do you here?
Your conduct strange, your wish to fly, Make me suspect you are a
fp
spy. Ho! with - out!
Seize the spy!
SOP.
ALTO.
f
Death to the spy!
(Enter Chorus.)
TEN.
BASS.
f
cresc.
ff
LAUB.
Hold! She's no spy;
She's Madame Pol-y-cop.
Her hus-band keeps the baker's

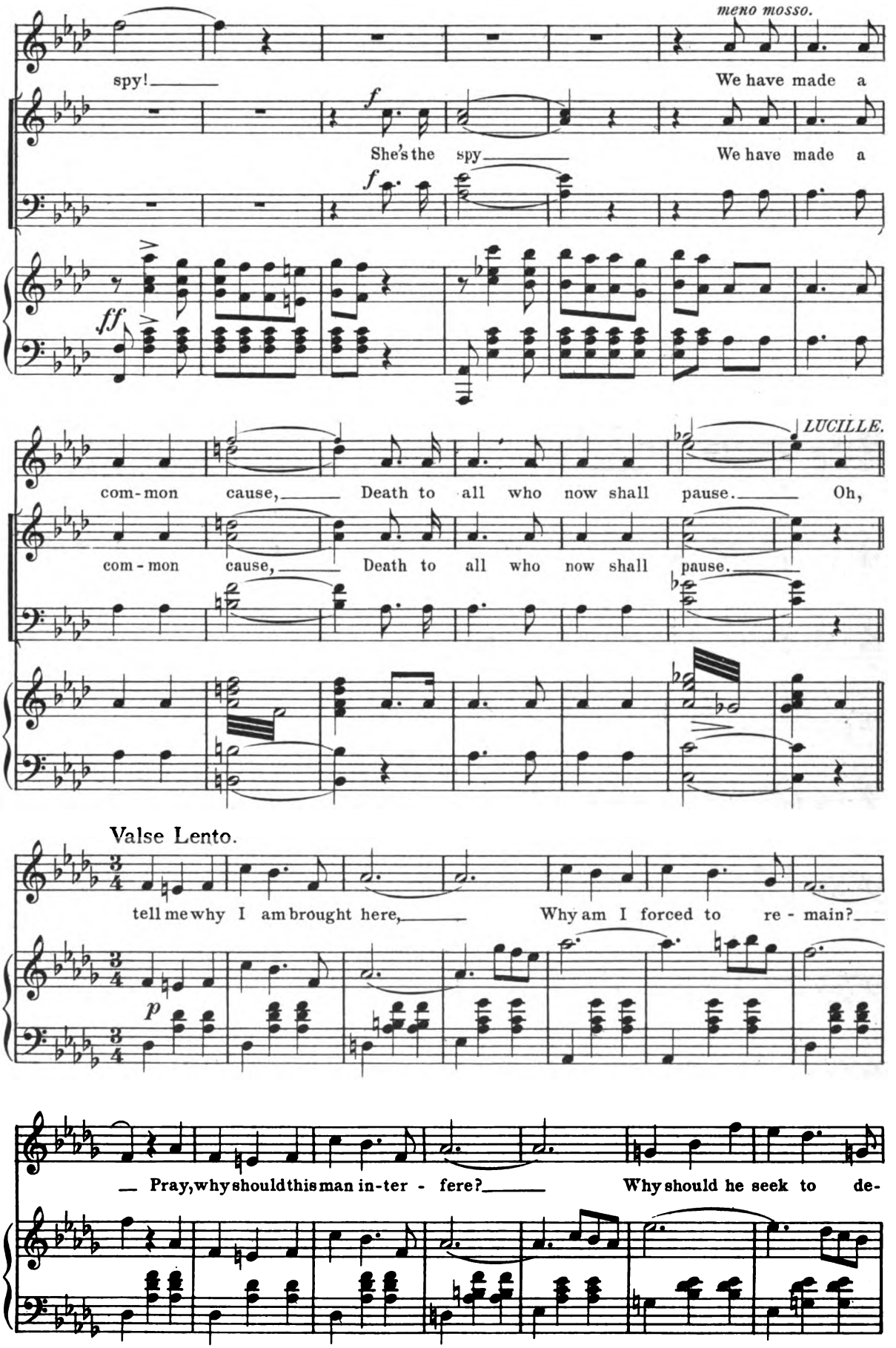
Allegro moderato.

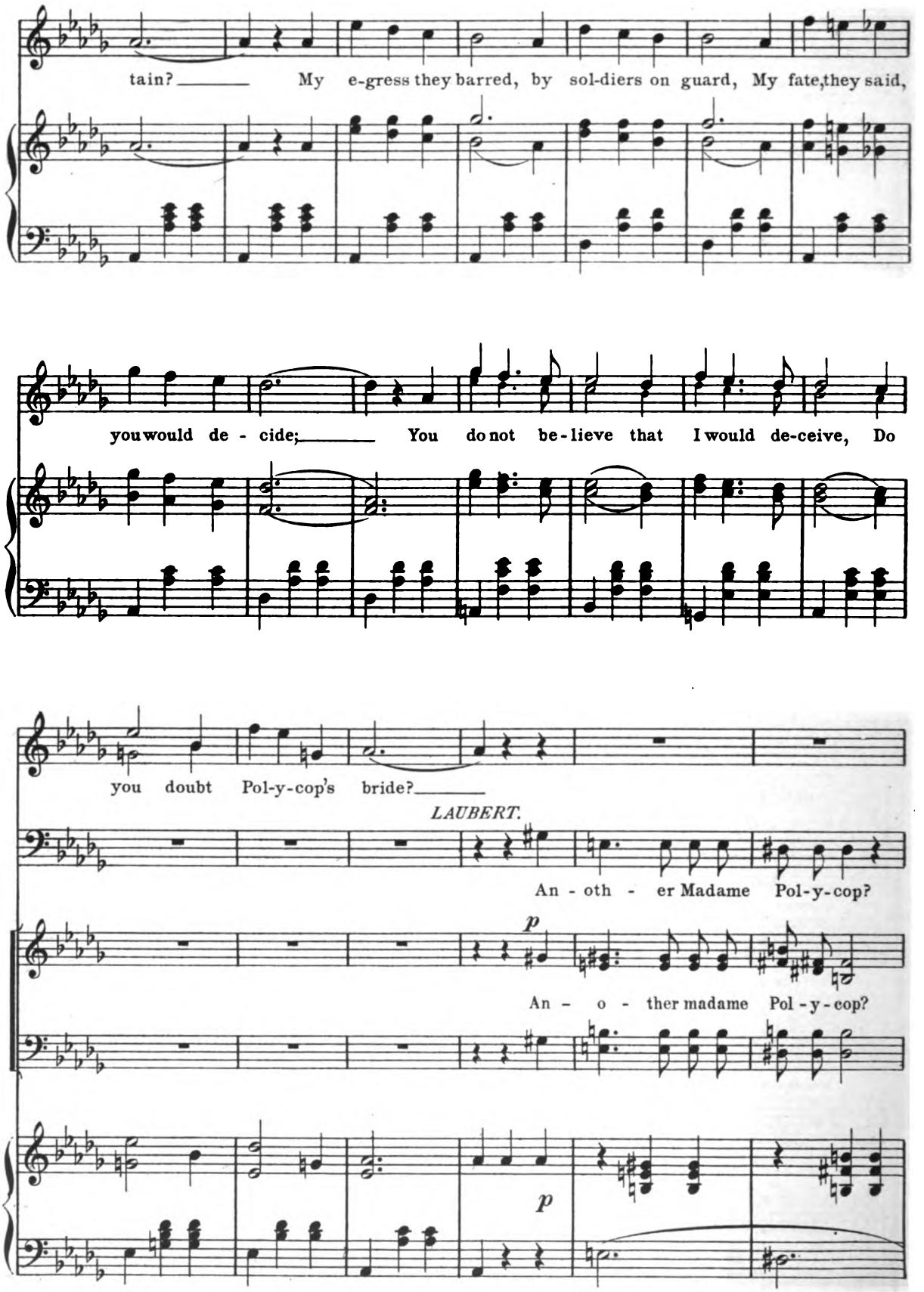


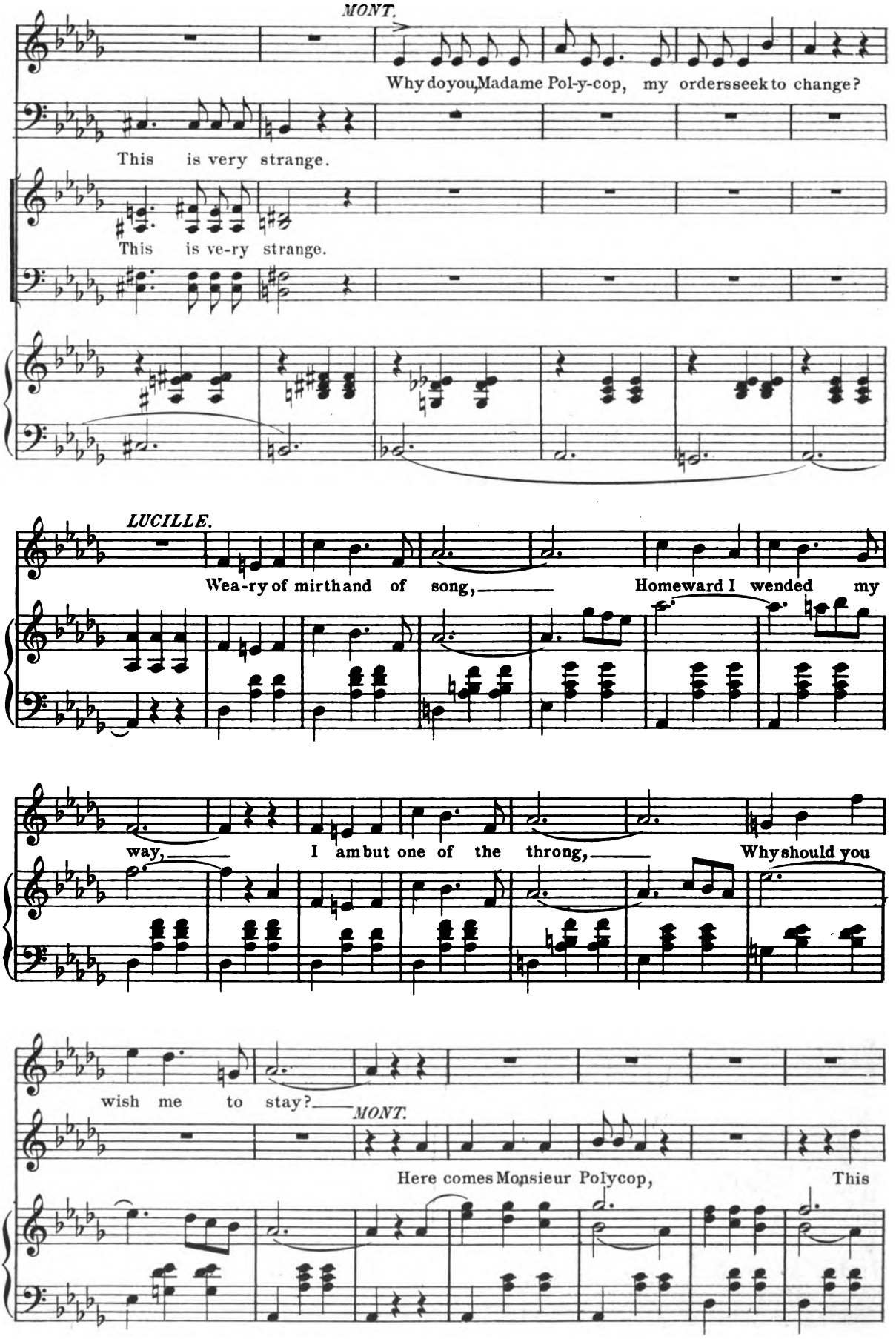

num - ber grow a - pace. Wake, your grace, This is not
sleep, Vile drugs his sens - es steep.
This is not sleep,
BOUILLON.
The trea-ty
Oh, wak-ing means such pain, Let me dream a - gain.
mf

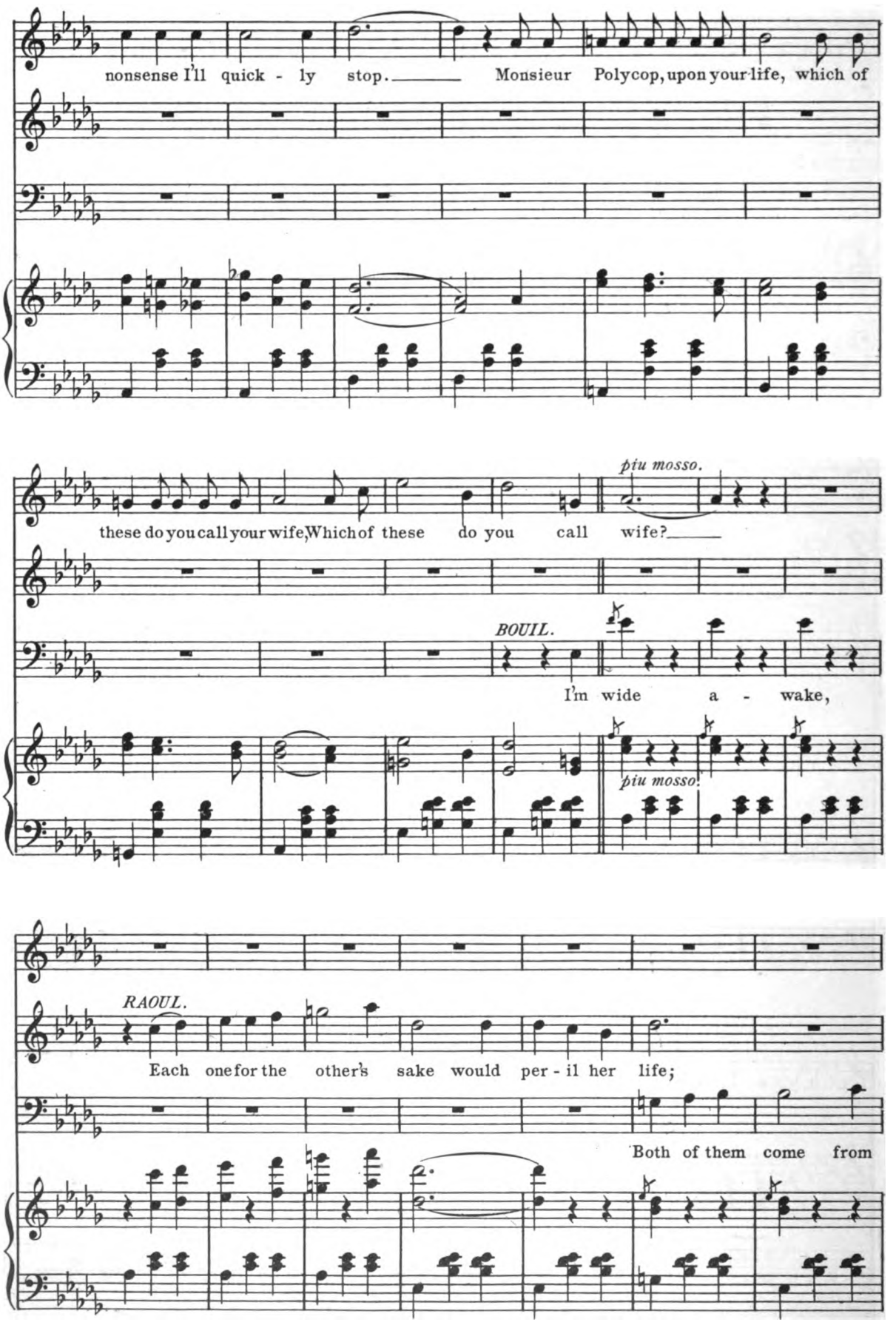

piu mosso.
MONT.
'Tis lost.
BOU.
The treaty!
'Tis gone.
p
ff
Treachery!
To the
The trea - ty
lost!
Treachery!
The trea - ty
lost!
Treachery!
truth lis - ten, pray, She is the spy I seek, Lu - cille d'Herb
p

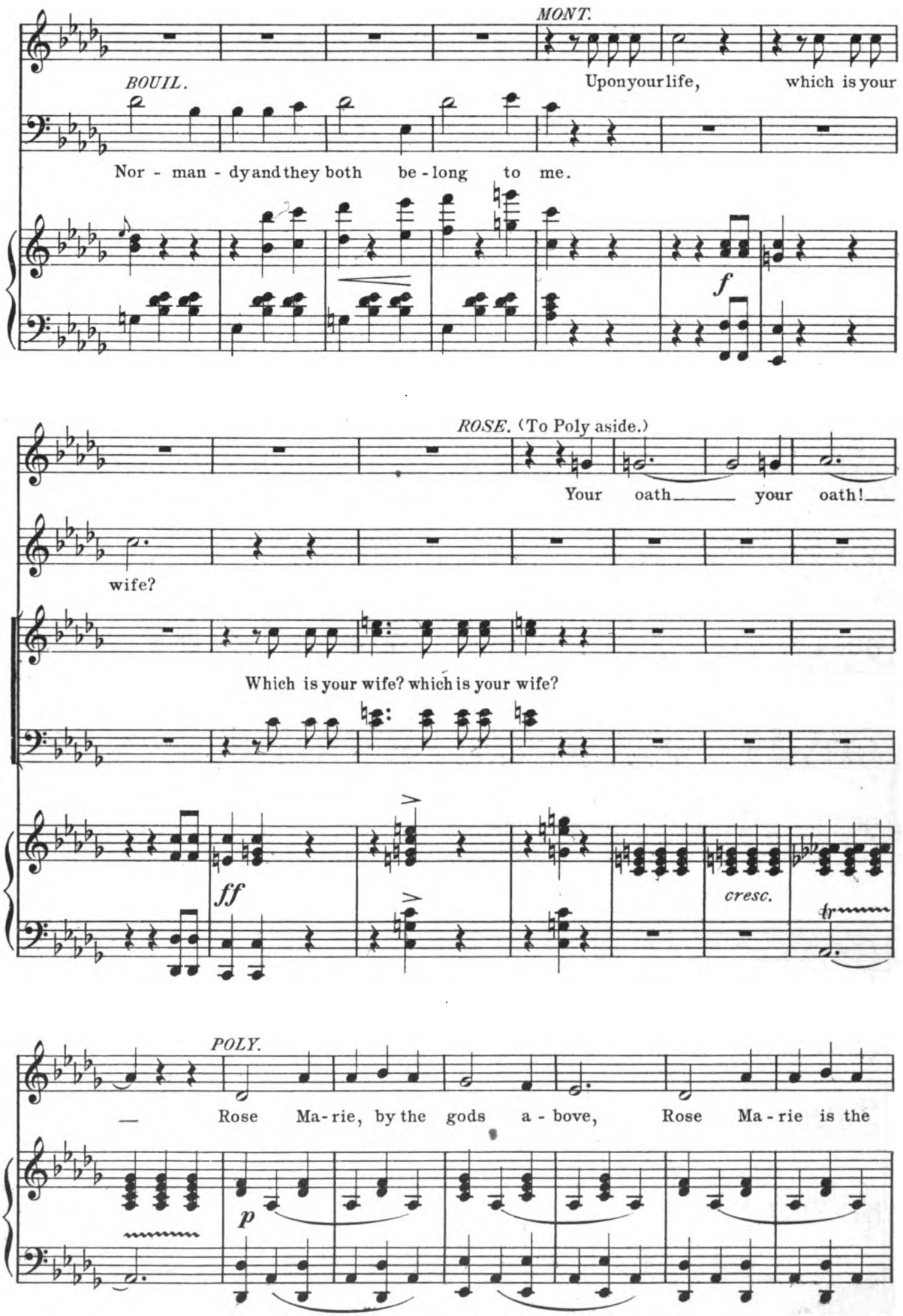

ROSE.
On me your vengeance wreak.
lay.
She is the spy Lu - cille d'Herb-
f
PLANCHETTE.
Your Grace, pray grant me a few lines to chant, I know who she
lay.
p
MONT.
is,
She's Poly's maiden aunt.
She's the
He knows who she is,
His maiden aunt.
3

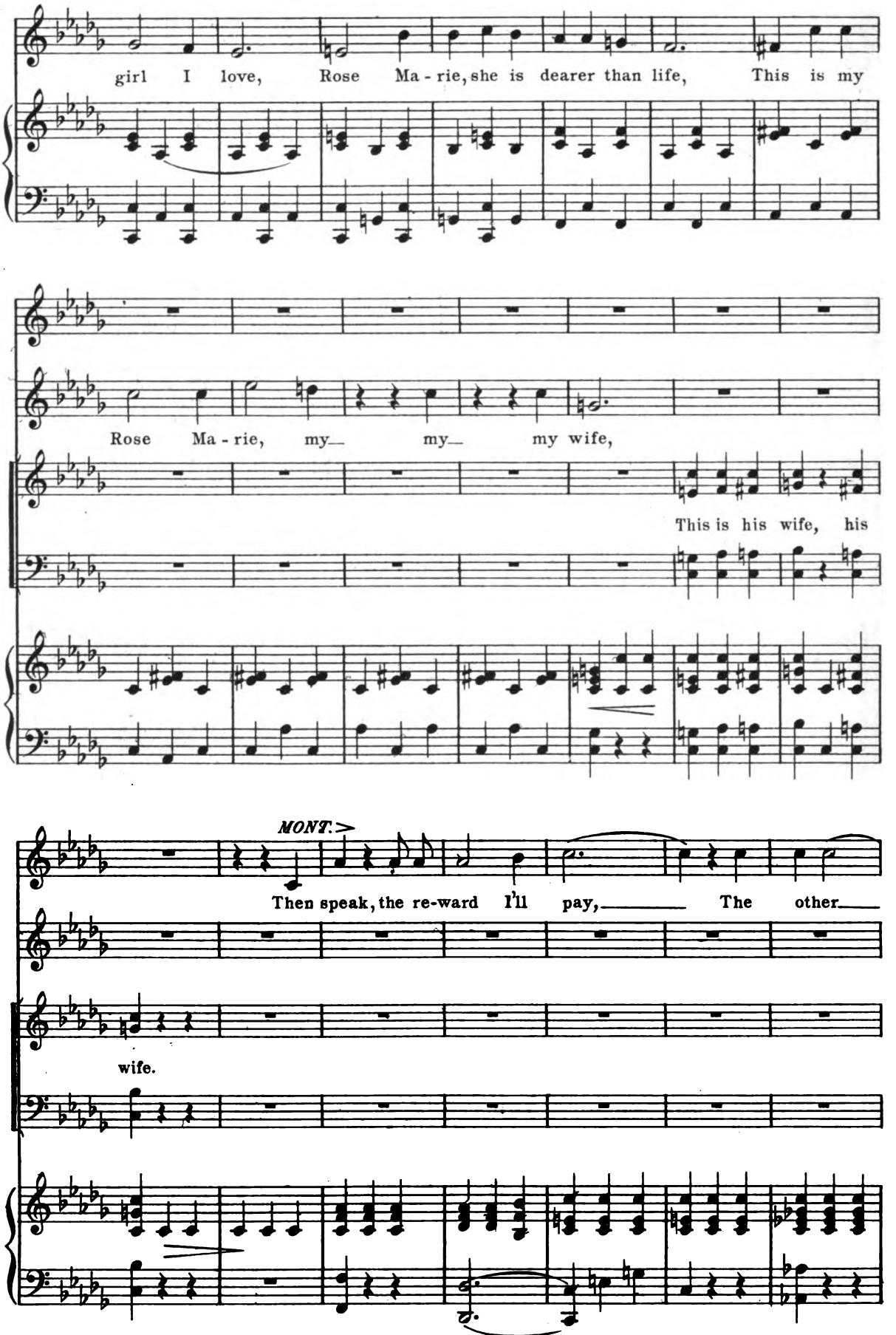

meno mosso.
spy!
We have made a
She's the spy
We have made a
ff
com-mon cause, Death to all who now shall pause. Oh,
LUCILLE.
com-mon cause, Death to all who now shall pause.
Valse Lento.
tell me why I am brought here, Why am I forced to re-main?
p
Pray, why should this man in-ter-fere? Why should he seek to de-

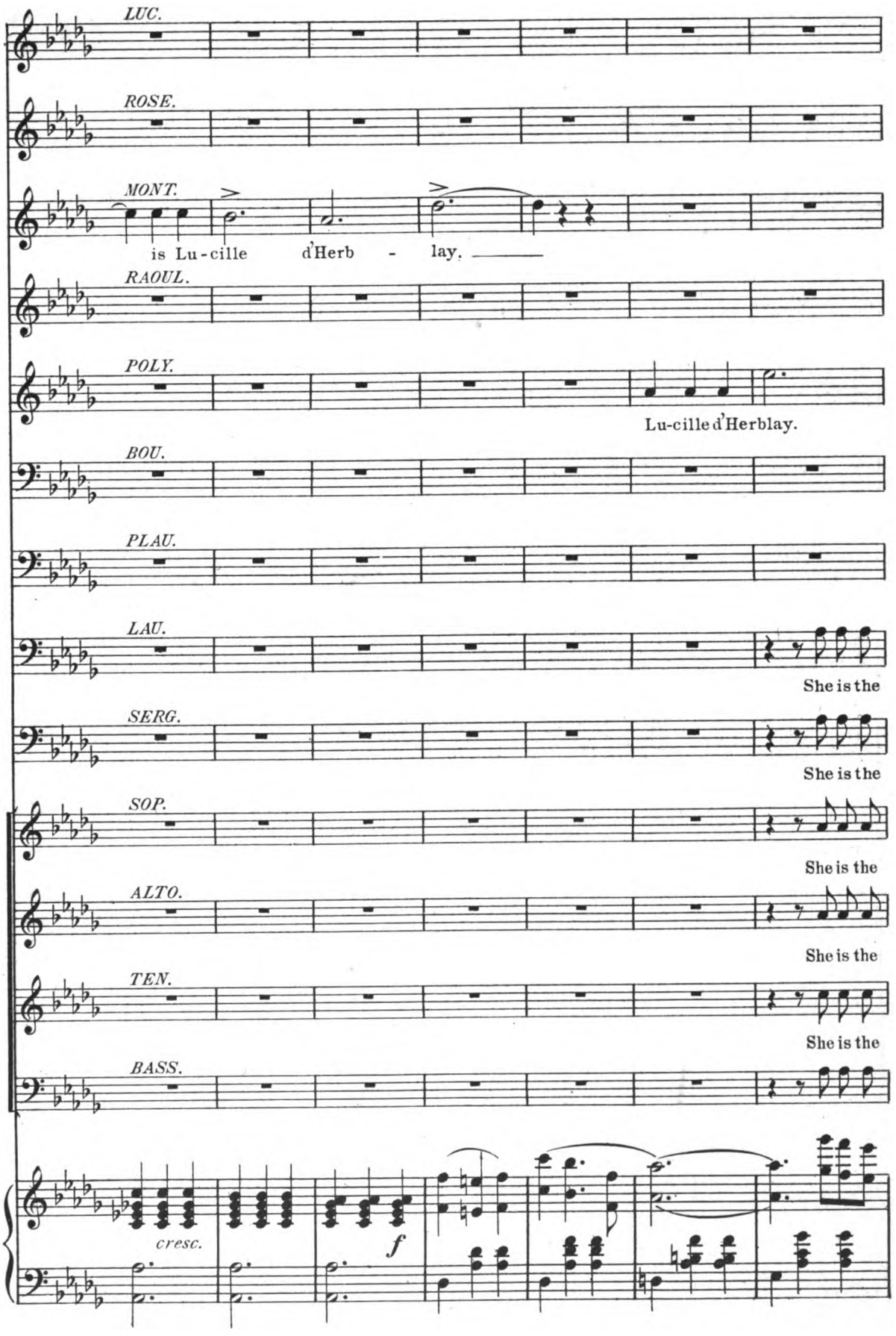

tain? My e-gress they barred, by sol-diers on guard, My fate, they said,
you would de - cide; You do not be-lieve that I would de-ceive, Do
you doubt Pol-y-cop's bride?
LAUBERT.
An - oth - er Madame Pol-y-cop?
p
An - o - ther madame Pol-y-cop?
p

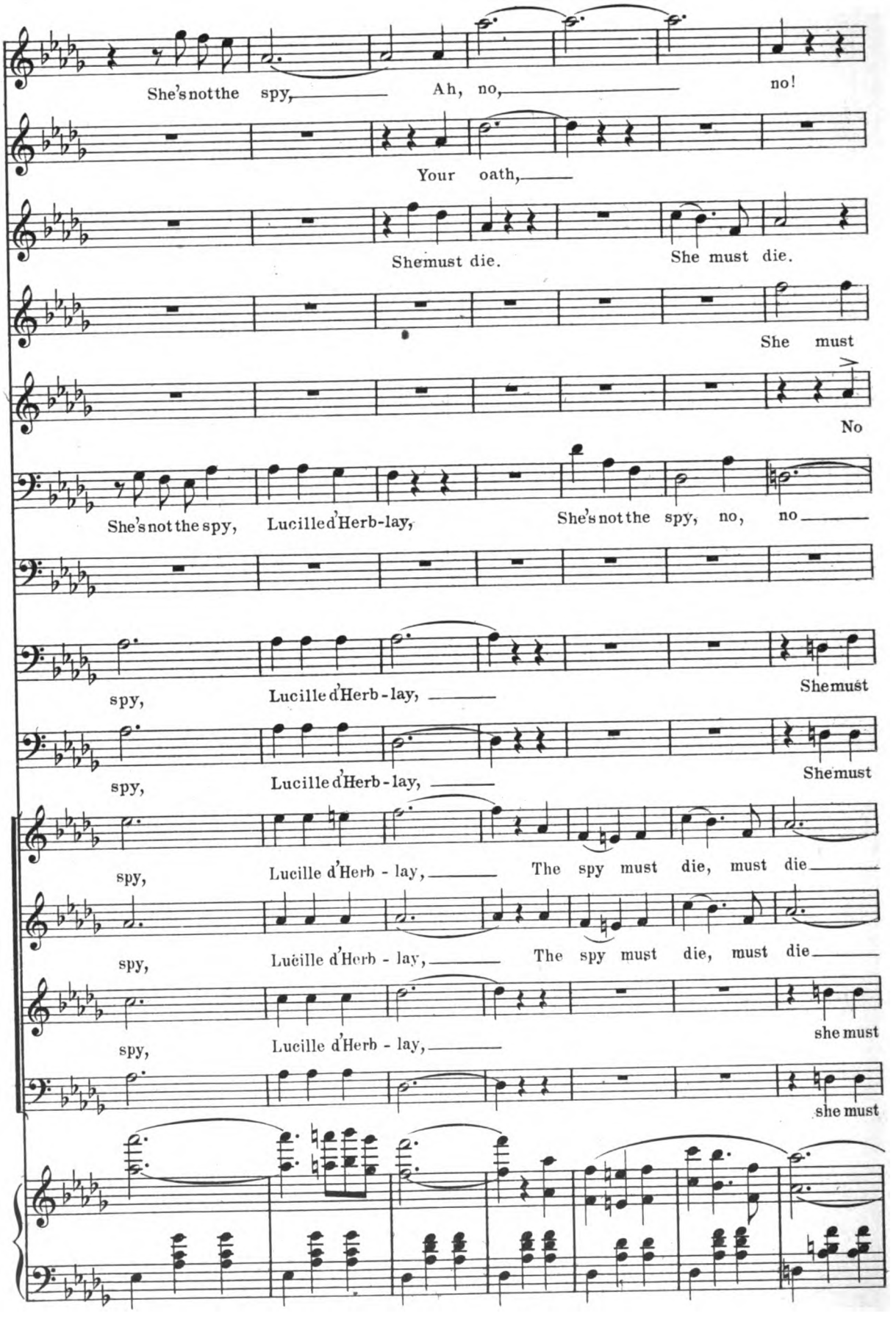

MONT.
Why do you, Madame Pol-y-cop, my orders seek to change?
This is very strange.
This is ve-ry strange.
LUCILLE.
Wea-ry of mirth and of song,
Homeward I wended my
way,
I am but one of the throng,
Why should you
wish me to stay?
MONT.
Here comes Monsieur Polycop,
This

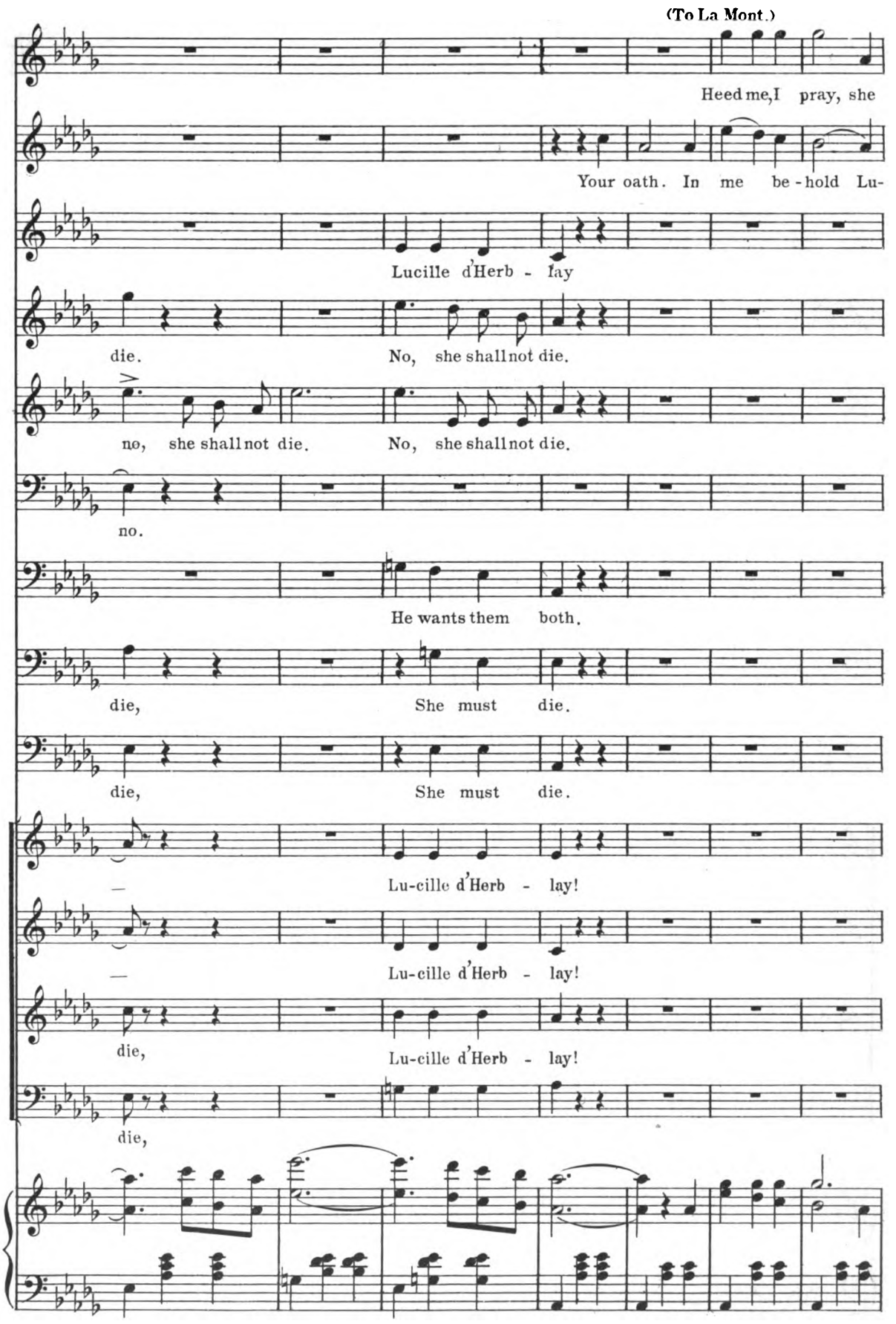

nonsense I'll quick - ly stop. Monsieur Polycop, upon your life, which of
these do you call your wife, Which of these do you call wife?
piu mosso.
BOUIL.
I'm wide a - wake,
piu mosso.
RAOUL.
Each one for the other's sake would per - il her life;
Both of them come from

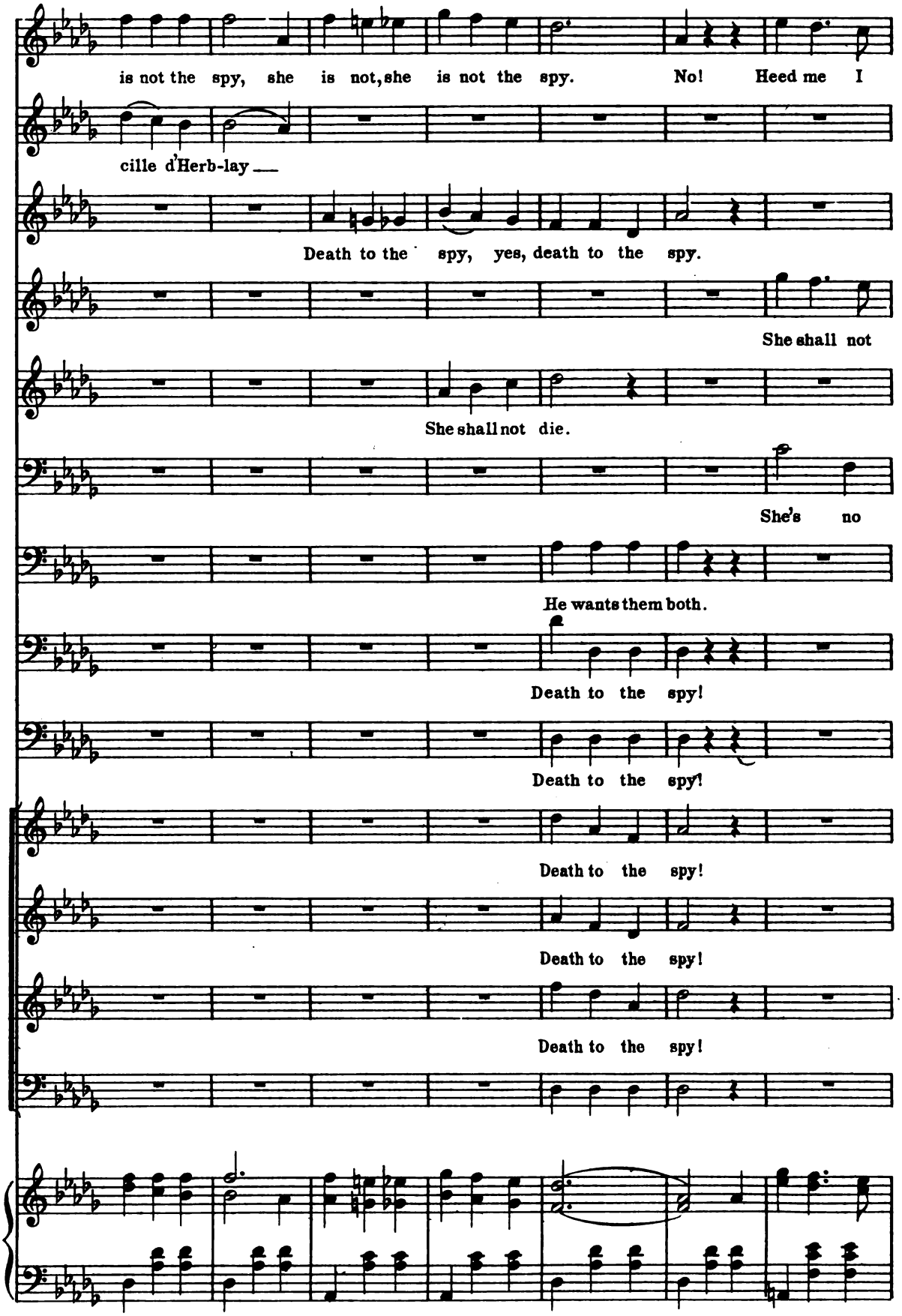

MONT.
BOUIL.
Upon your life, which is your
Nor - man - dy and they both be - long to me.
f
ROSE. (To Poly aside.)
Your oath your oath!
wife?
Which is your wife? which is your wife?
ff
cresc.
tr
POLY.
Rose Ma - rie, by the gods a - bove, Rose Ma - rie is the
p

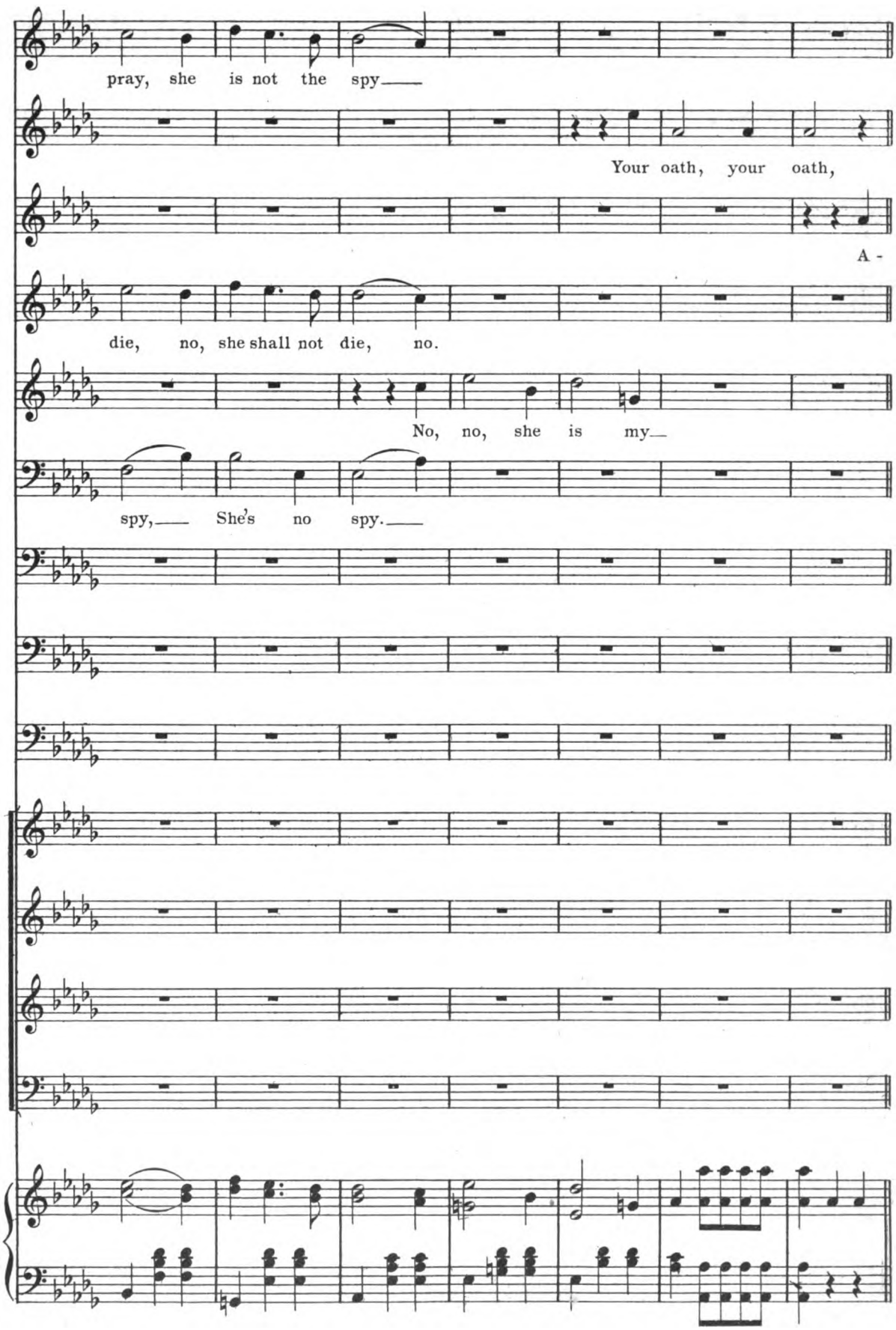

girl I love, Rose Ma - rie, she is dearer than life, This is my
Rose Ma - rie, my— my— my wife,
This is his wife, his
MONT.
Then speak, the re-ward I'll pay, The other
wife.

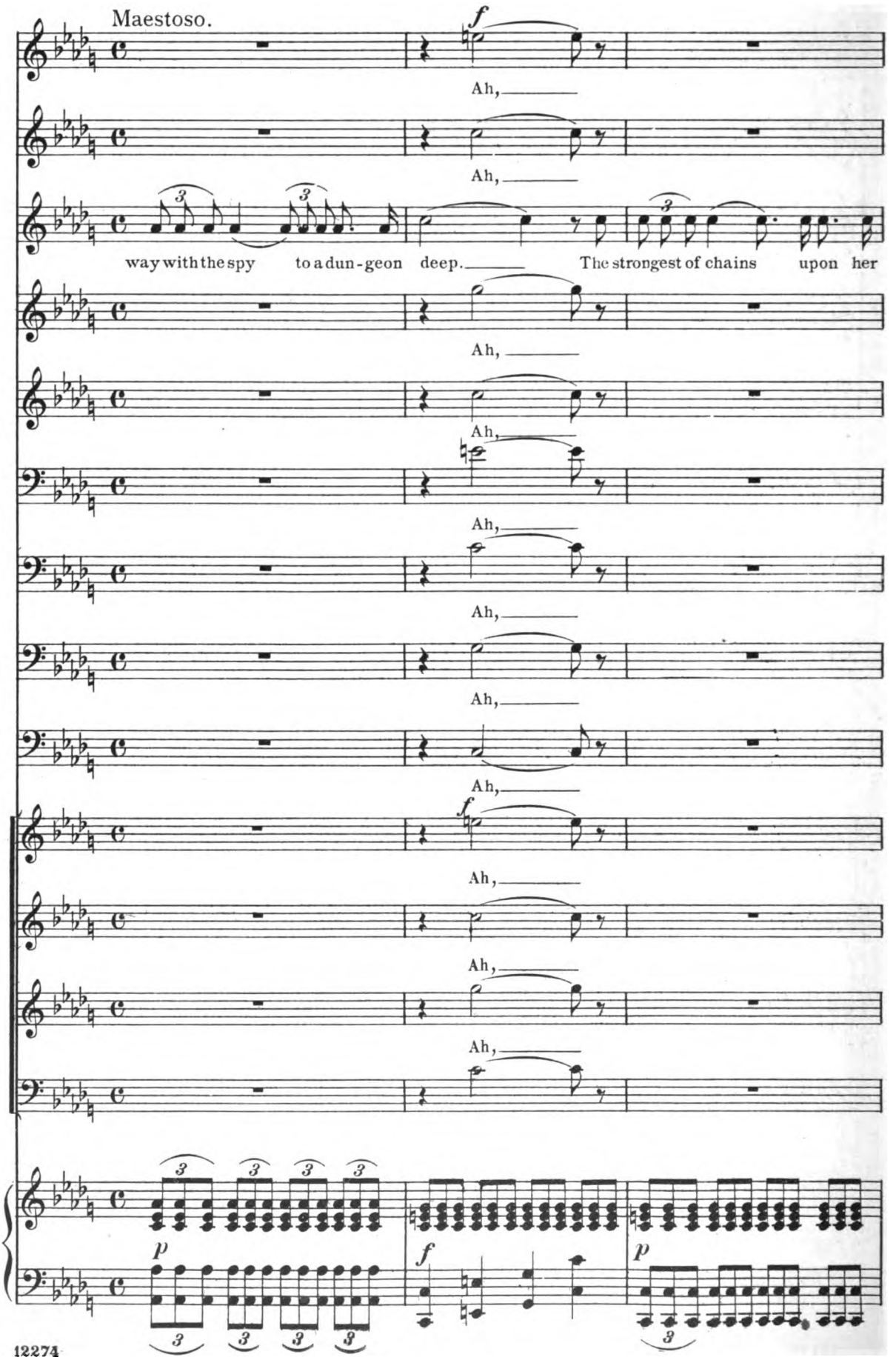

LUC.
ROSE.
MONT.
is Lu-cille d'Herb - lay.
RAOUL.
POLY.
Lu-cille d'Herblay.
BOU.
PLAU.
LAU.
She is the
SERG.
She is the
SOP.
She is the
ALTO.
She is the
TEN.
She is the
BASS.
cresc.
f

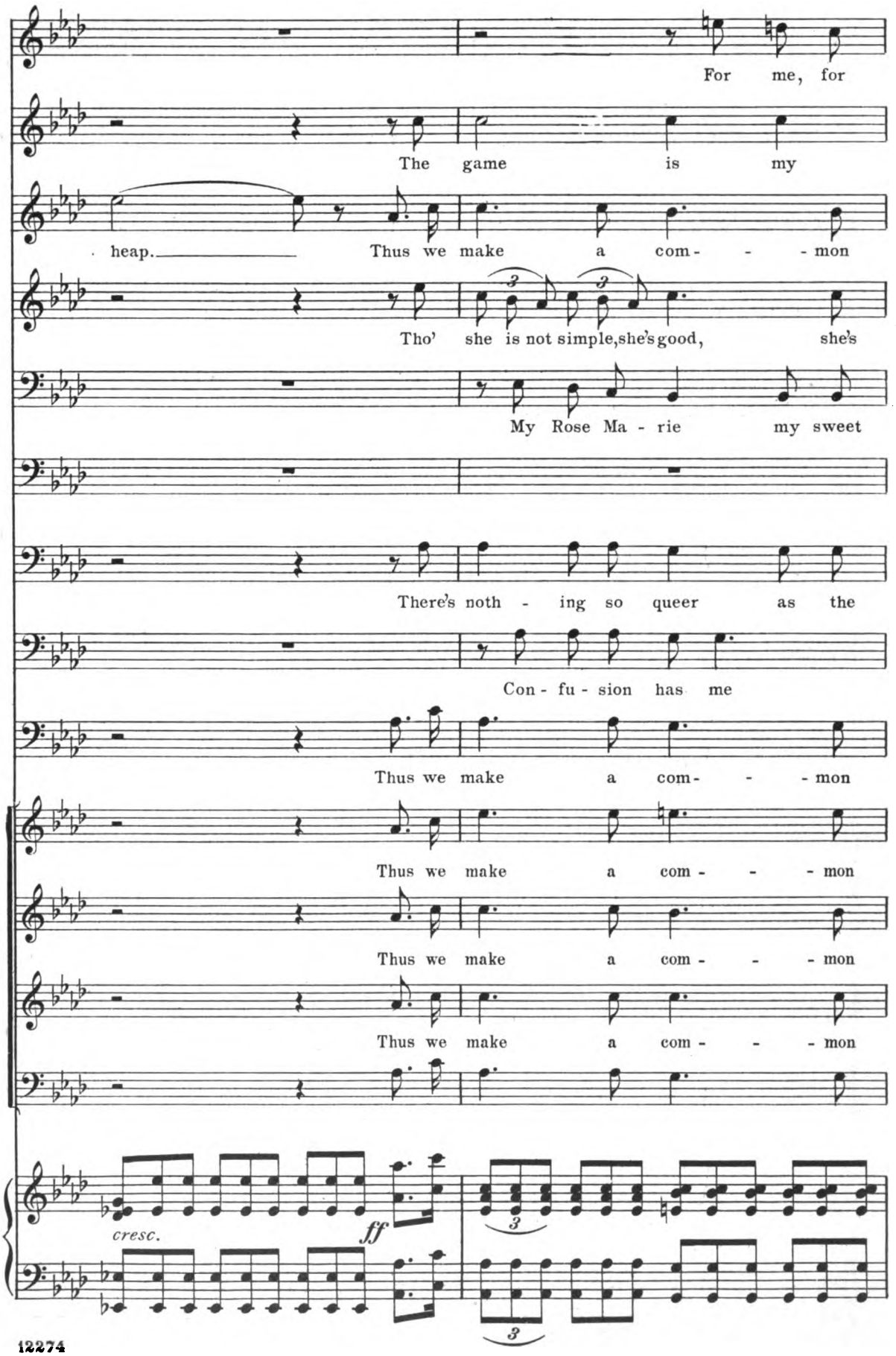

She's not the spy, Ah, no, no!
Your oath,
She must die. She must die.
She must
No
She's not the spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, She's not the spy, no, no
spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, She must
spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, She must
spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, The spy must die, must die
spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, The spy must die, must die
spy, Lucille d'Herb-lay, she must
she must

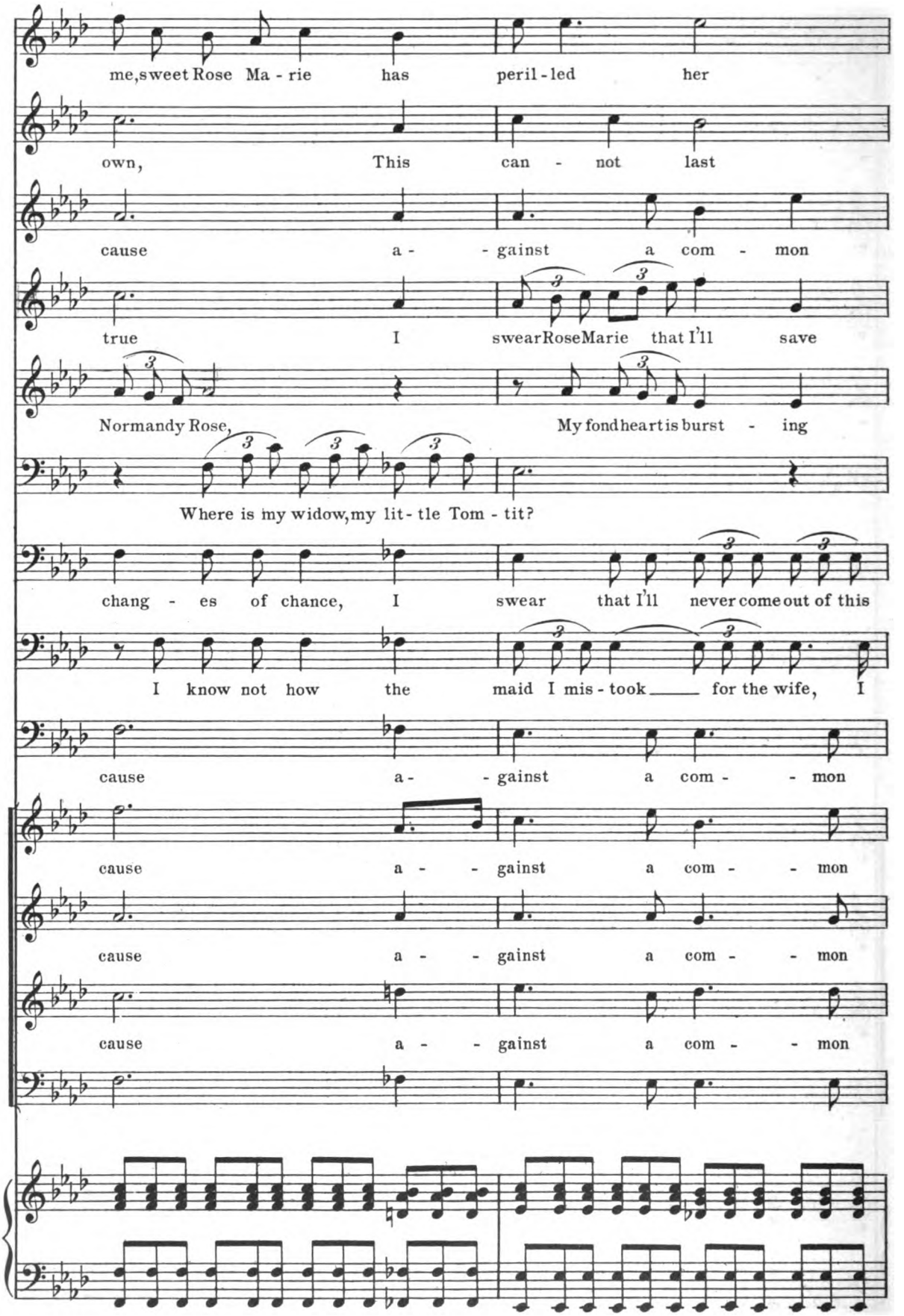

(To La Mont.)
Heed me, I pray, she
Your oath. In me be-hold Lu-
Lucille d'Herb - lay
die.
No, she shall not die.
no, she shall not die.
No, she shall not die.
no.
He wants them both.
die,
She must die.
die,
She must die.
Lu-cille d'Herb - lay!
Lu-cille d'Herb - lay!
die,
Lu-cille d'Herb - lay!
die,

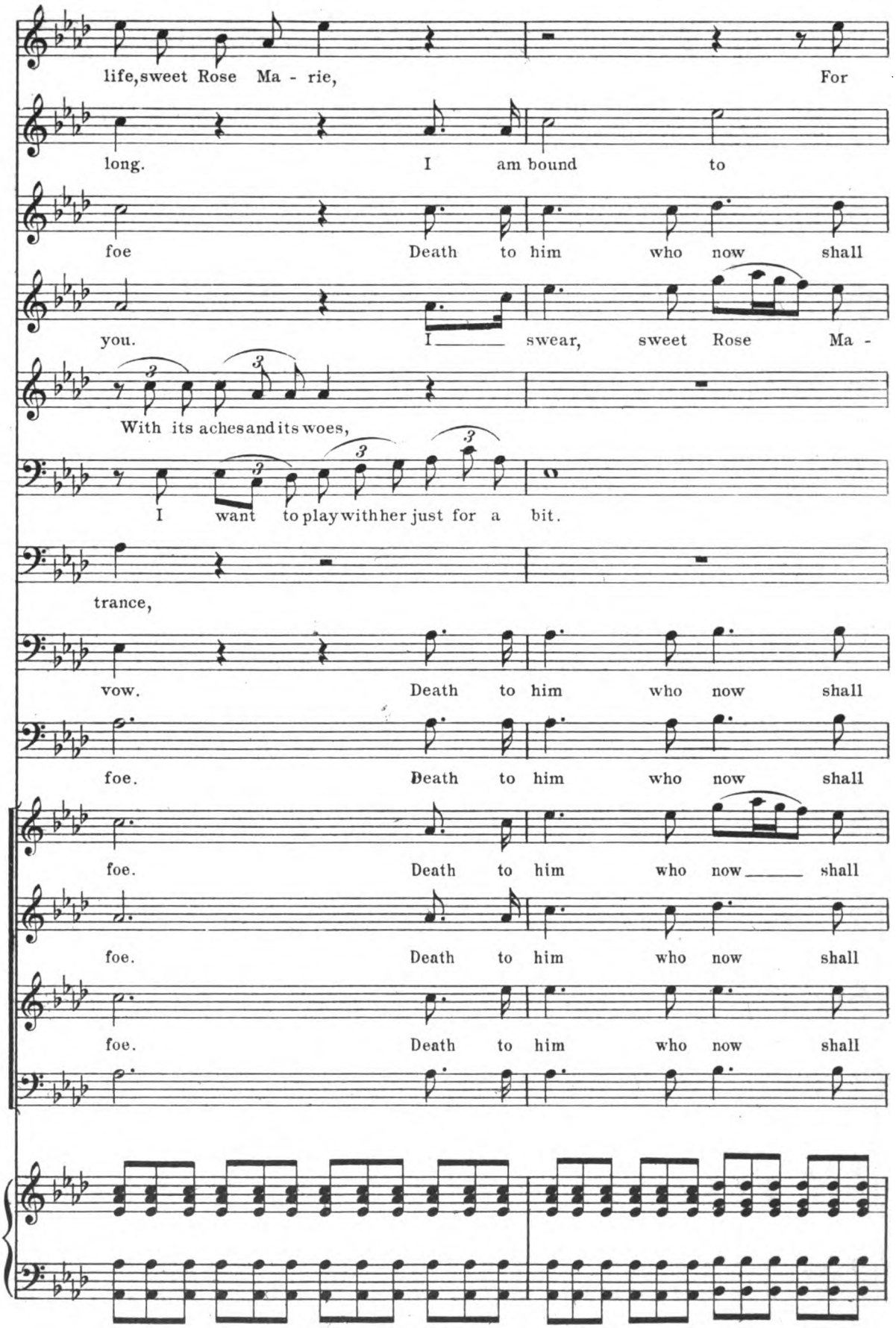

is not the spy, she is not, she is not the spy. No! Heed me I
cille d'Herb-lay
Death to the spy, yes, death to the spy.
She shall not
She shall not die.
She's no
He wants them both.
Death to the spy!
Death to the spy!
Death to the spy!
Death to the spy!
Death to the spy!

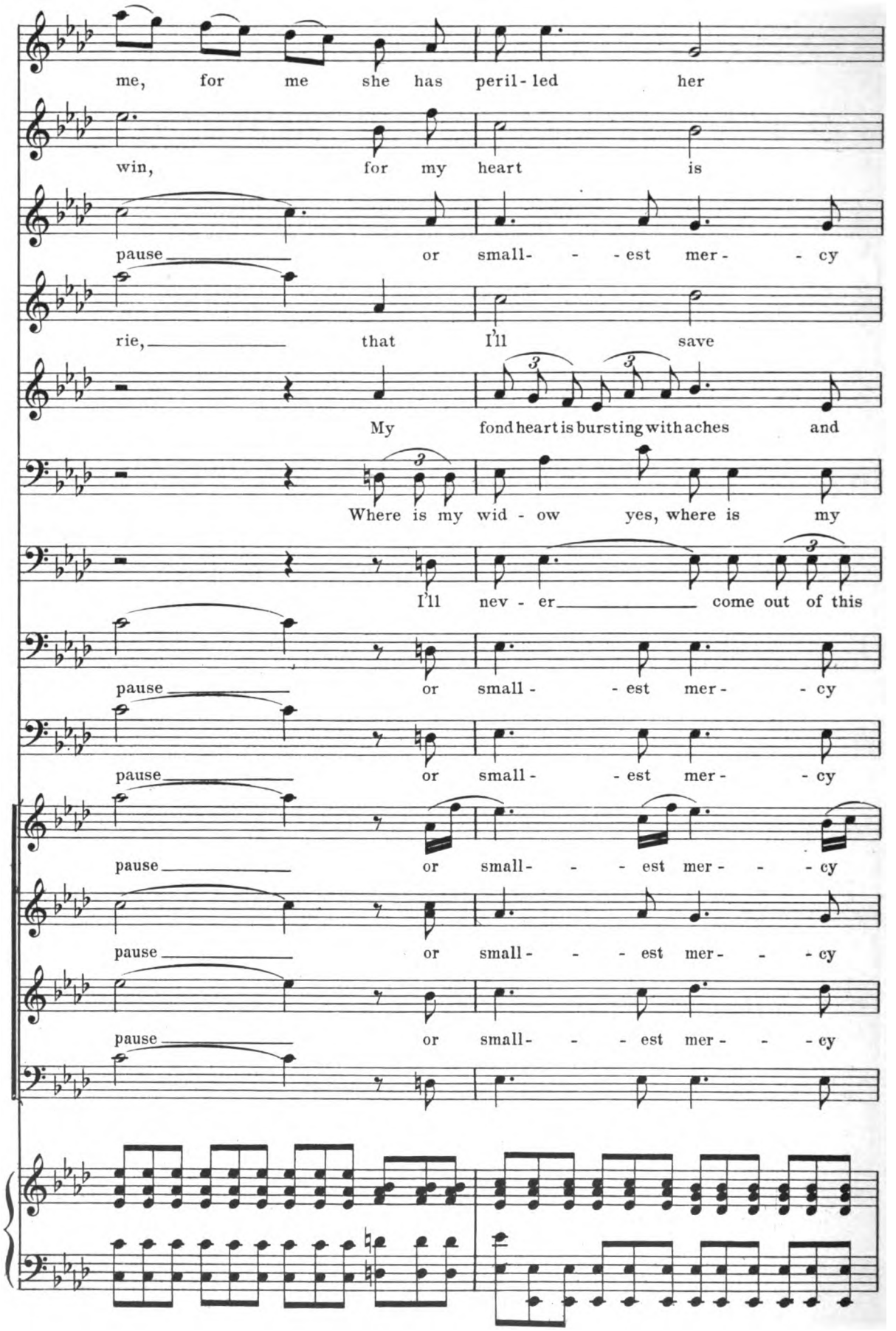

pray, she is not the spy
Your oath, your oath,
A -
die, no, she shall not die, no.
No, no, she is my
spy, She's no spy.

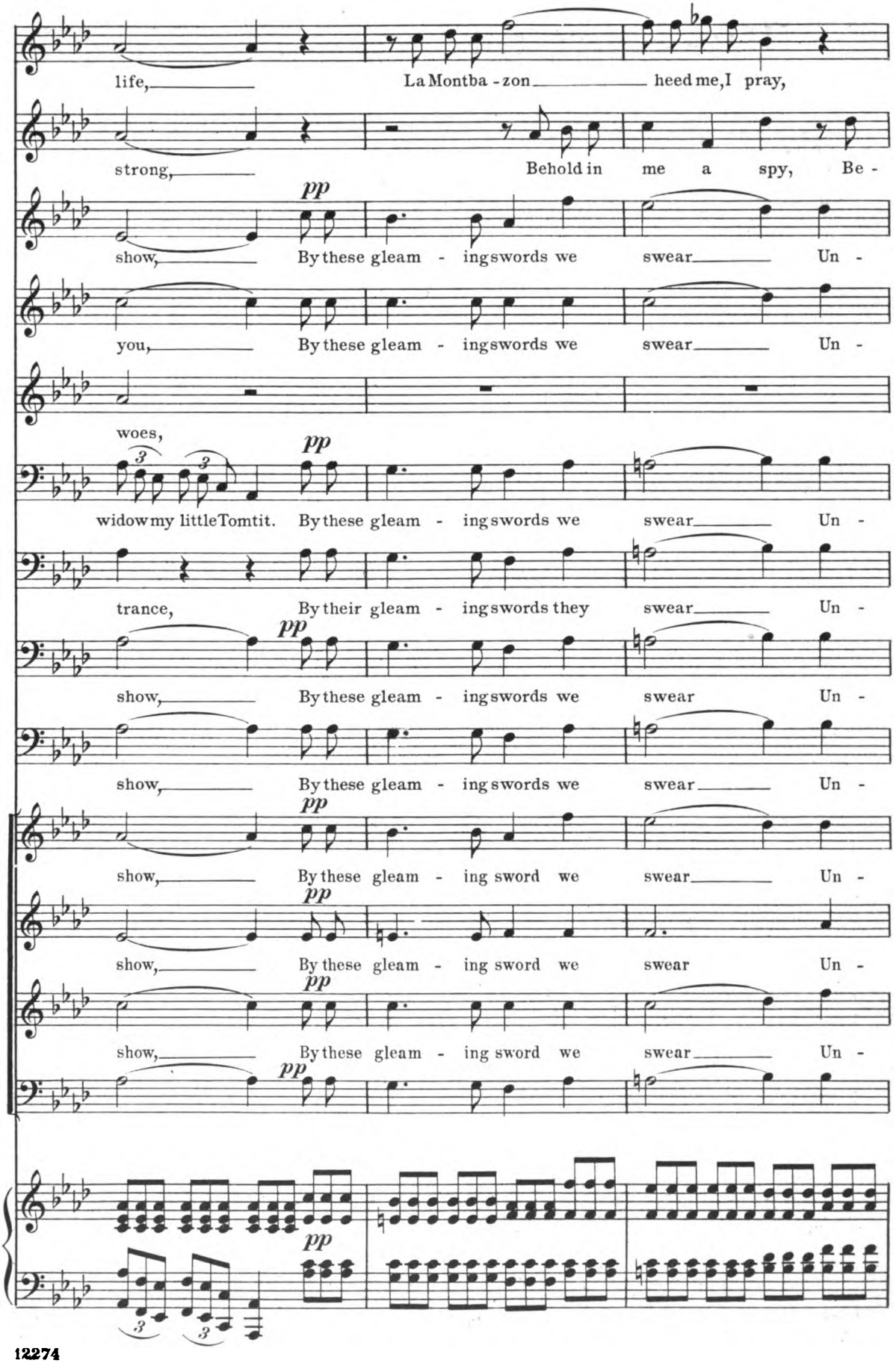

Maestoso.
f
Ah,
way with the spy to a dun-geon deep. The strongest of chains upon her
p
f
p

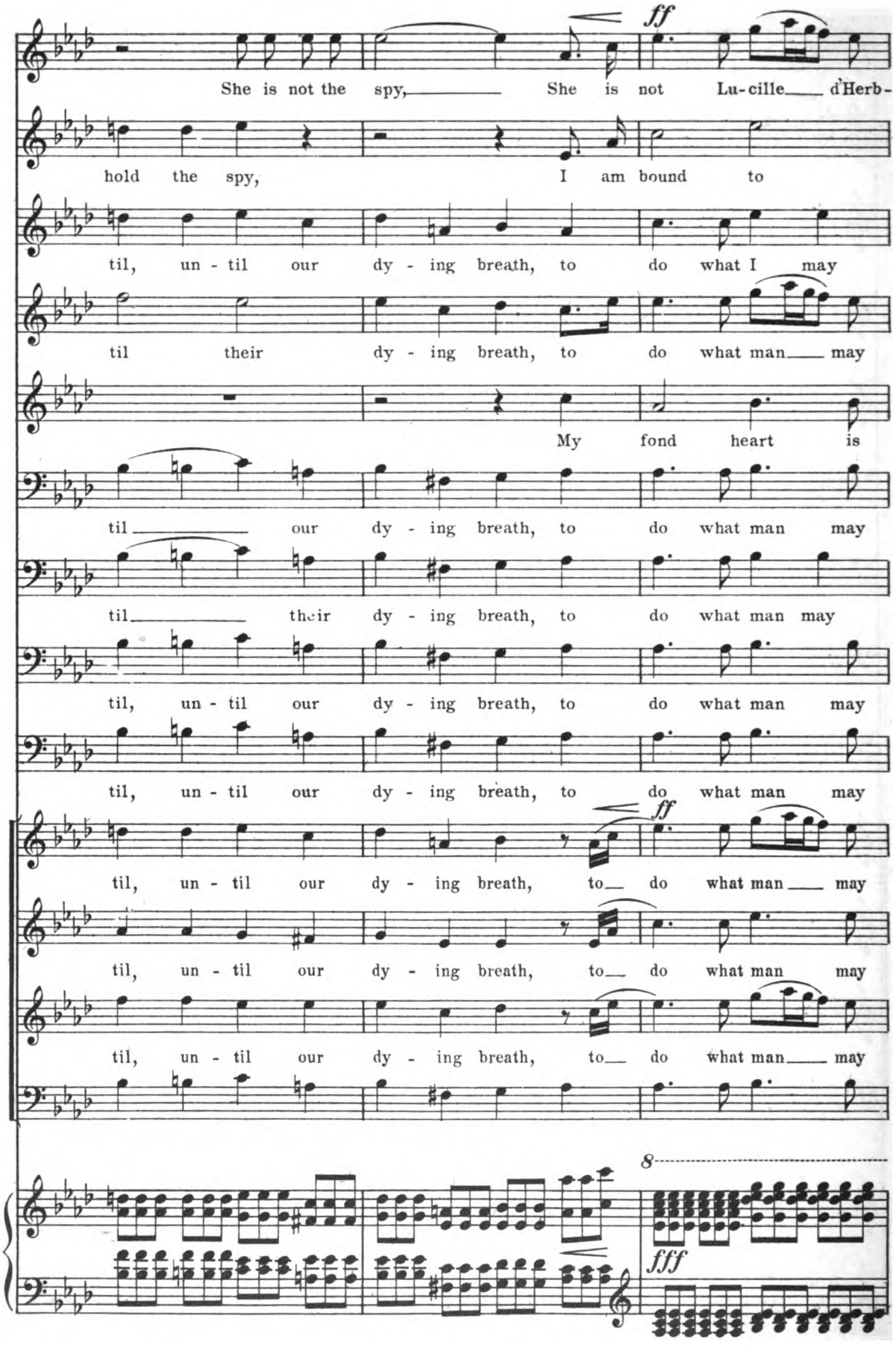

For me, for
The game is my
heap. Thus we make a com- - - mon
Tho' she is not simple, she's good, she's
My Rose Ma - rie my sweet
There's noth - ing so queer as the
Con - fu - sion has me
Thus we make a com- - - mon
Thus we make a com - - - mon
Thus we make a com - - - mon
Thus we make a com - - - mon
cresc.
ff

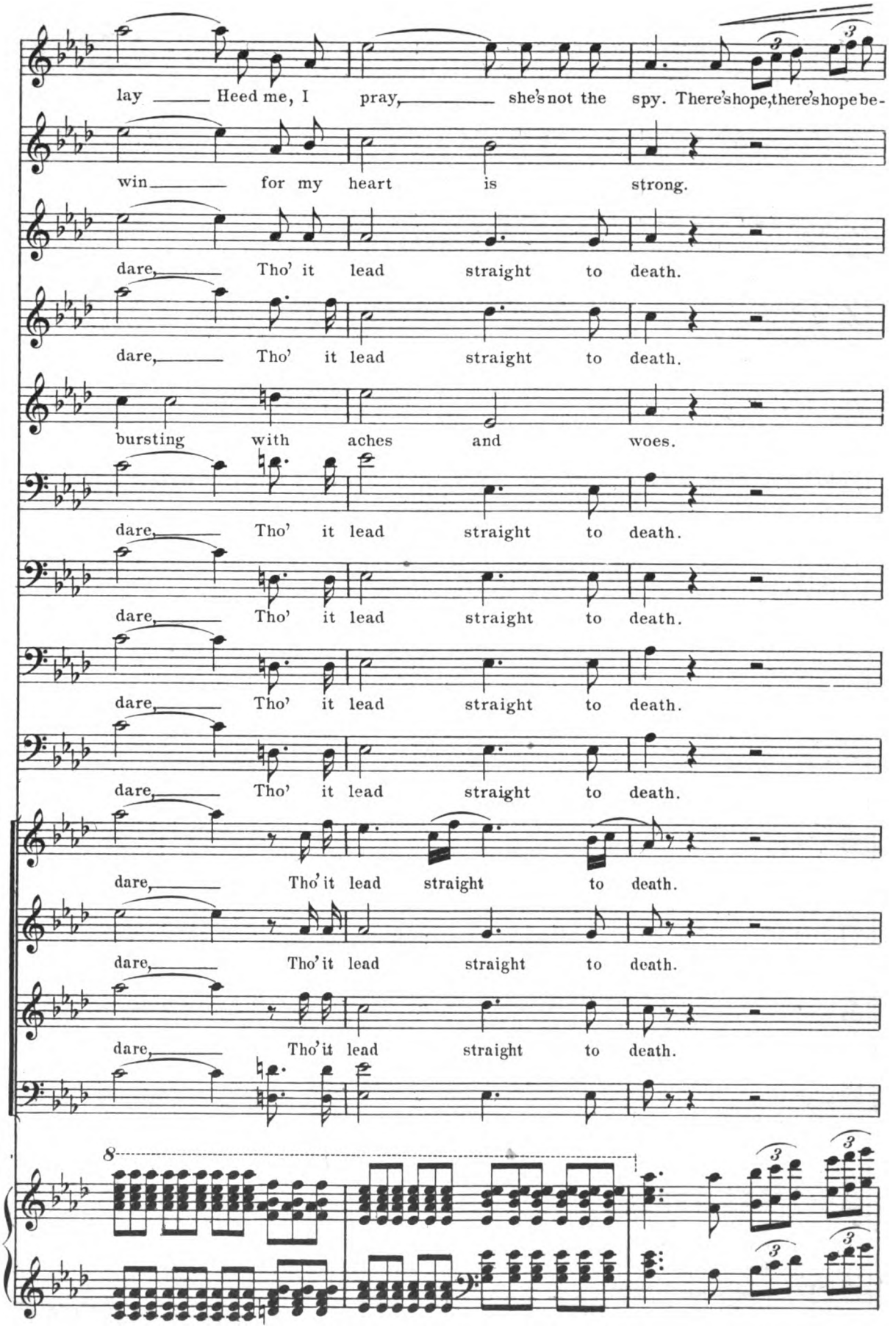

me, sweet Rose Ma - rie has peril - led her
own, This can - not last
cause a - - gainst a com - mon
true I swear Rose Marie that I'll save
Normandy Rose, My fond heart is burst - ing
Where is my widow, my lit - tle Tom - tit?
chang - es of chance, I swear that I'll never come out of this
I know not how the maid I mis - took ___ for the wife, I
cause a - - gainst a com - - mon
cause a - - gainst a com - - mon
cause a - - gainst a com - - mon
cause a - - gainst a com - - mon

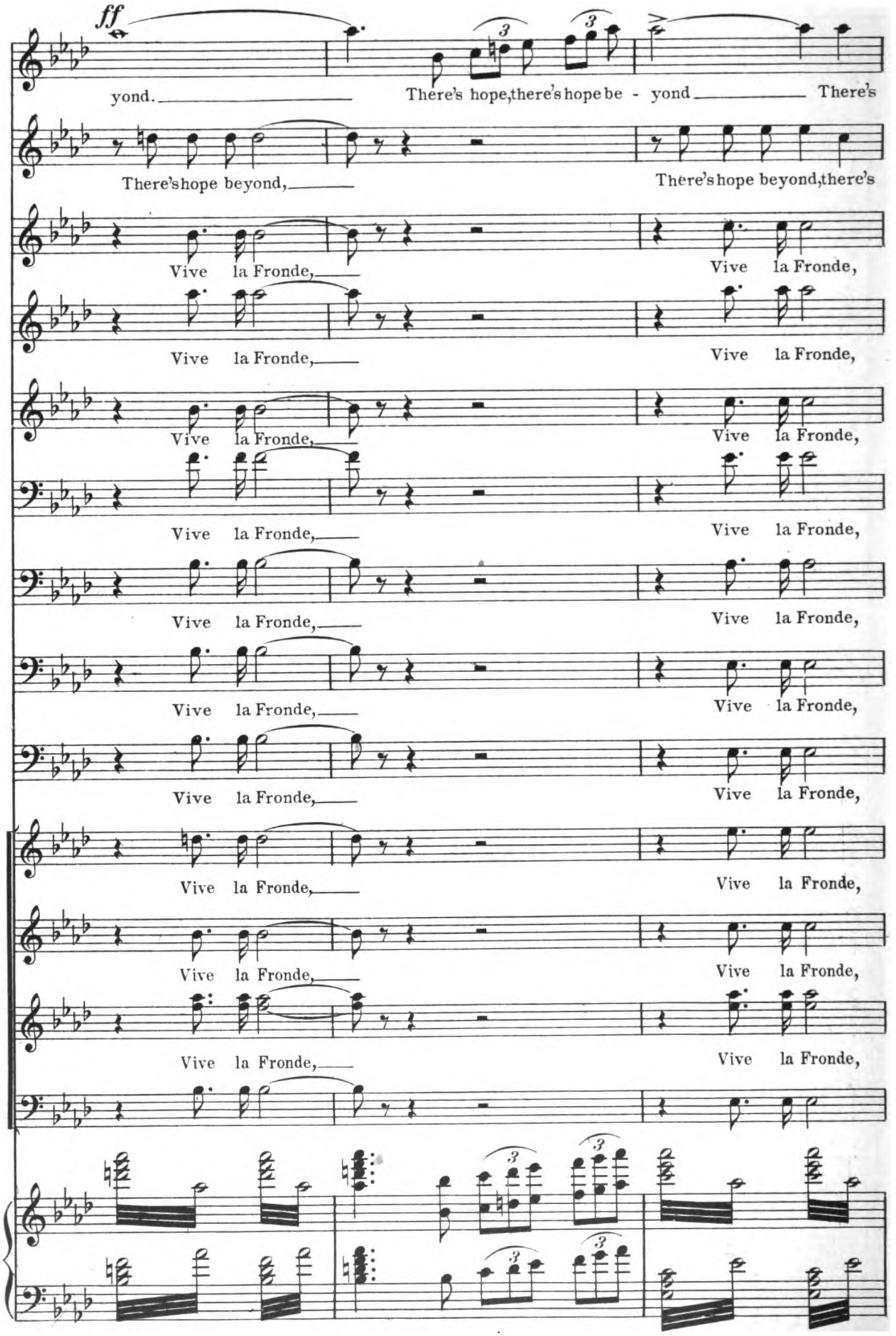

life, sweet Rose Ma - rie, For
long. I am bound to
foe Death to him who now shall
you. I swear, sweet Rose Ma -
With its aches and its woes,
I want to play with her just for a bit.
trance,
vow. Death to him who now shall
foe. Death to him who now shall
foe. Death to him who now shall
foe. Death to him who now shall
foe. Death to him who now shall

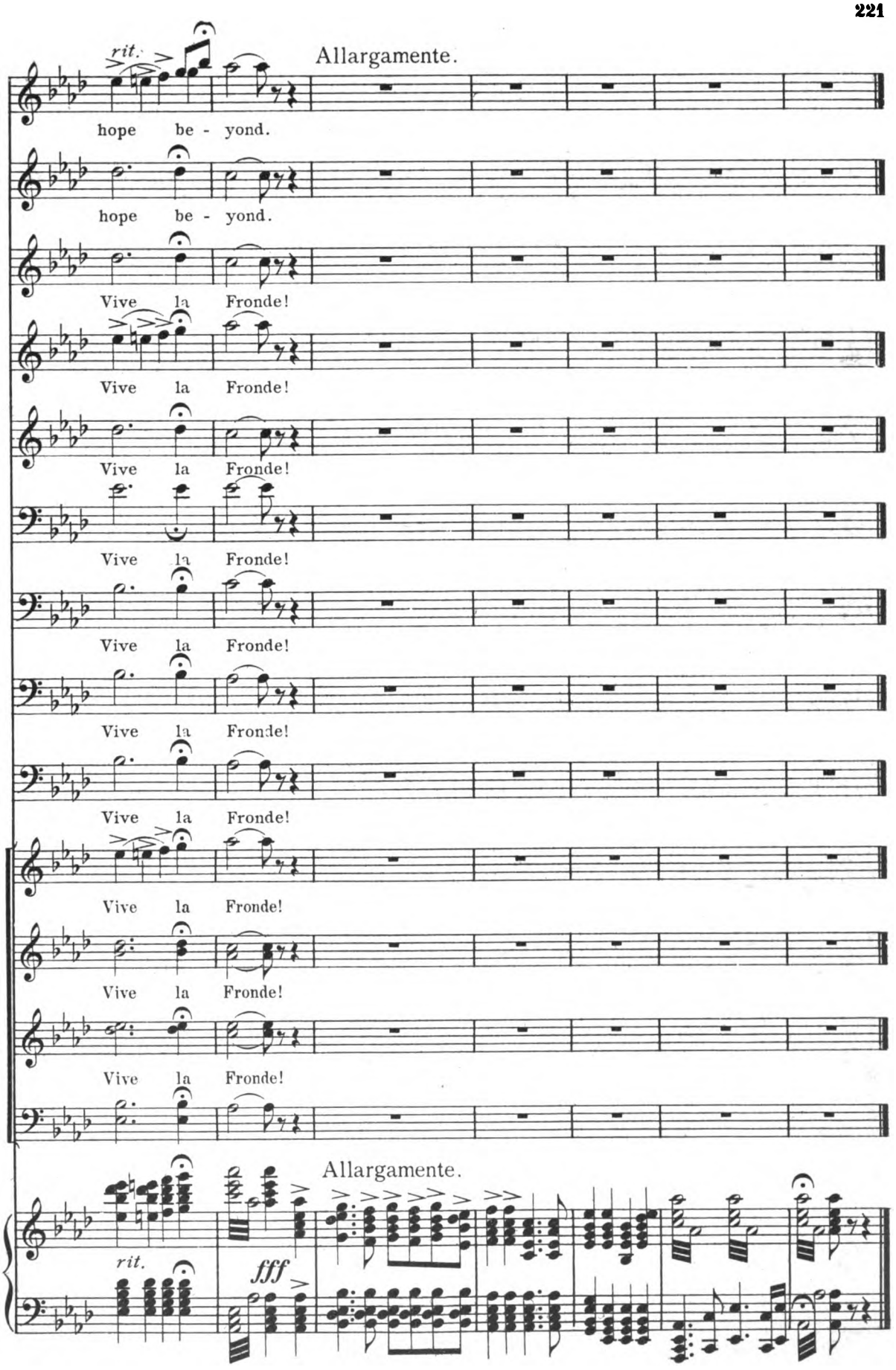

me, for me she has peril - led her
win, for my heart is
pause or small - - - est mer - - cy
rie, that I'll save
My fond heart is bursting with aches and
Where is my wid - ow yes, where is my
I'll nev - er come out of this
pause or small - - est mer - - cy
pause or small - - est mer - - cy
pause or small - - - est mer - - - cy
pause or small - - - est mer - - - cy
pause or small - - - est mer - - - cy


life, La Montba - zon heed me, I pray,
strong, Behold in me a spy, Be -
pp
show, By these gleam - ing swords we swear Un -
you, By these gleam - ing swords we swear Un -
woes,
pp
widow my little Tomtit. By these gleam - ing swords we swear Un -
trance, By their gleam - ing swords they swear Un -
pp
show, By these gleam - ing swords we swear Un -
show, By these gleam - ing swords we swear Un -
pp
show, By these gleam - ing sword we swear Un -
pp
show, By these gleam - ing sword we swear Un -
pp
show, By these gleam - ing sword we swear Un -
pp
pp


She is not the spy, She is not Lu-cille d'Herb-
hold the spy, I am bound to
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what I may
til their dy - ing breath, to do what man may
My fond heart is
til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
til their dy - ing breath, to do what man may
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
ff
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
til, un - til our dy - ing breath, to do what man may
8
fff


lay Heed me, I pray, she's not the spy. There's hope, there's hope be-
win for my heart is strong.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
bursting with aches and woes.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
dare, Tho' it lead straight to death.
8

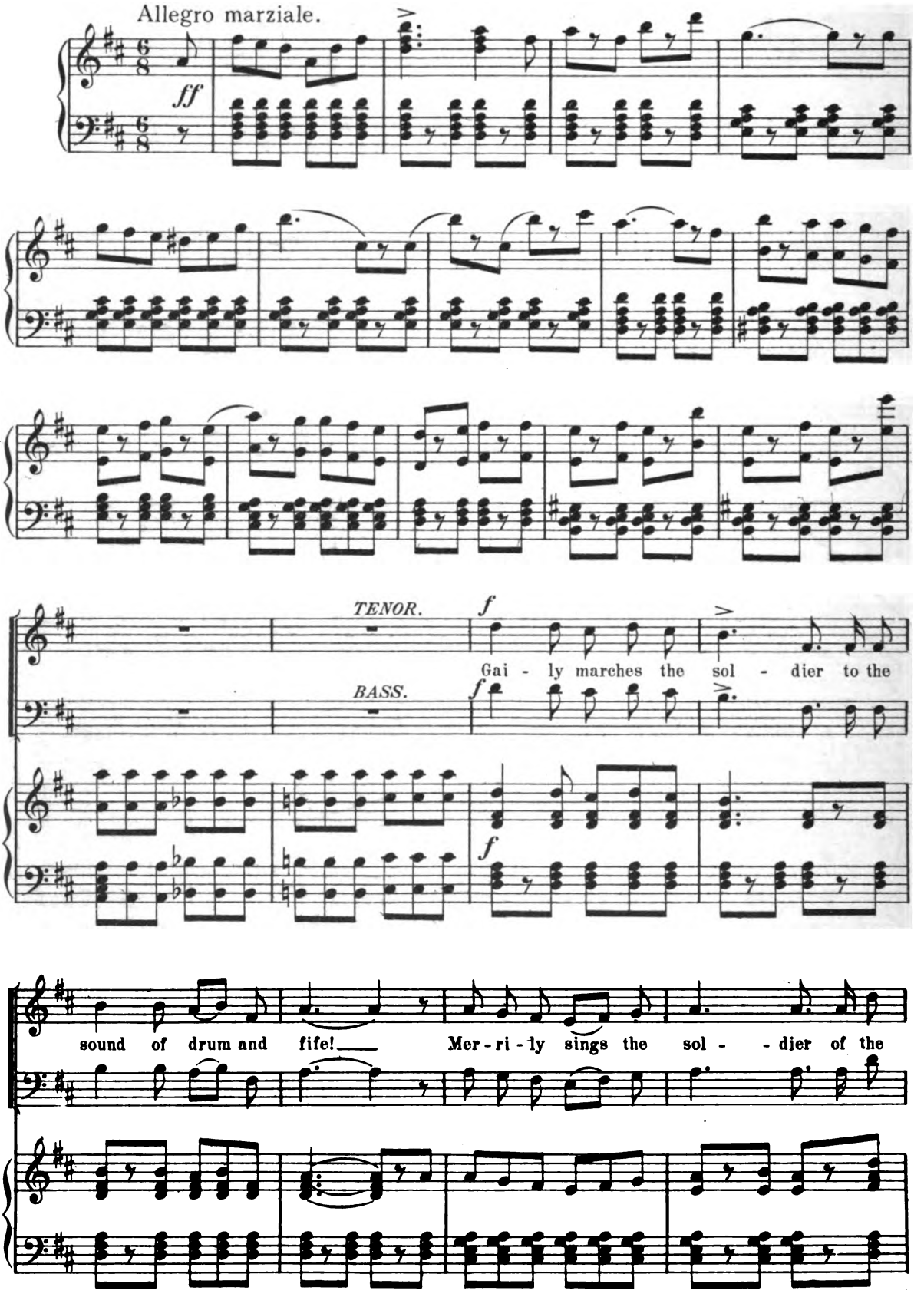

ff
yond.
There's hope, there's hope be - yond
There's
There's hope beyond,
There's hope beyond, there's
Vive la Fronde,

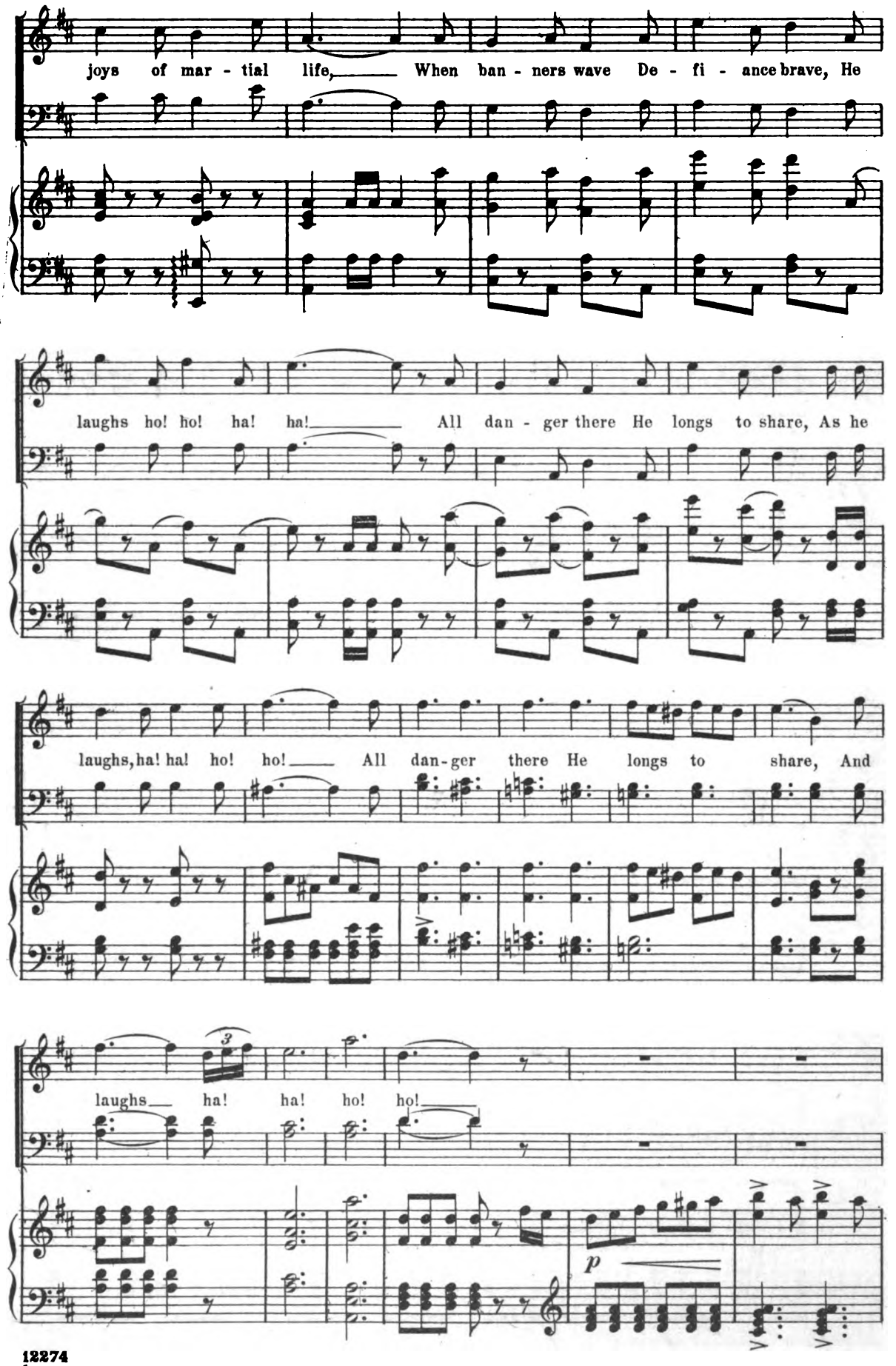

rit.
Allargamente.
hope be - yond.
hope be - yond.
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Vive la Fronde!
Allargamente.
rit.
fff

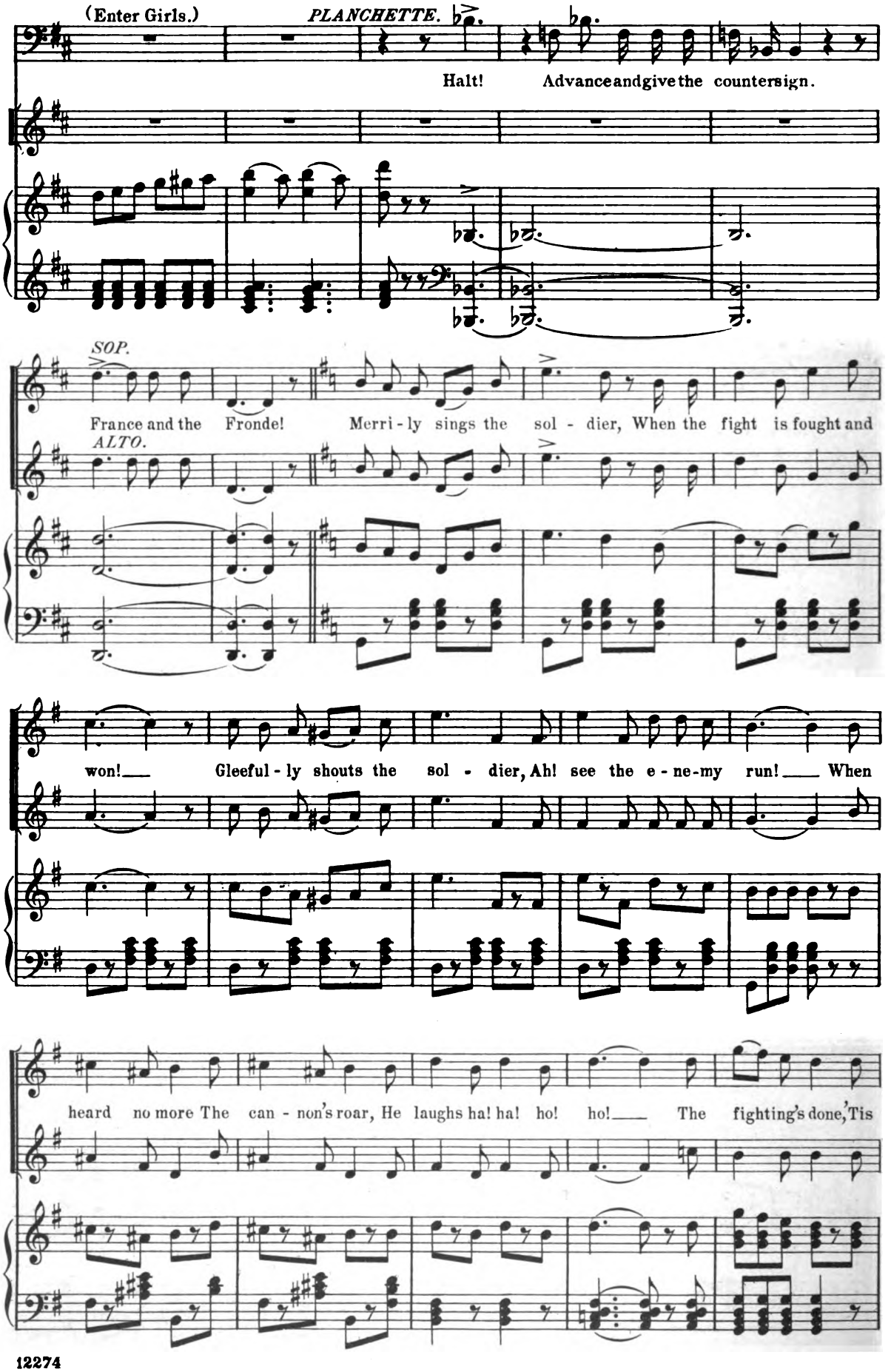
END OF ACT II.

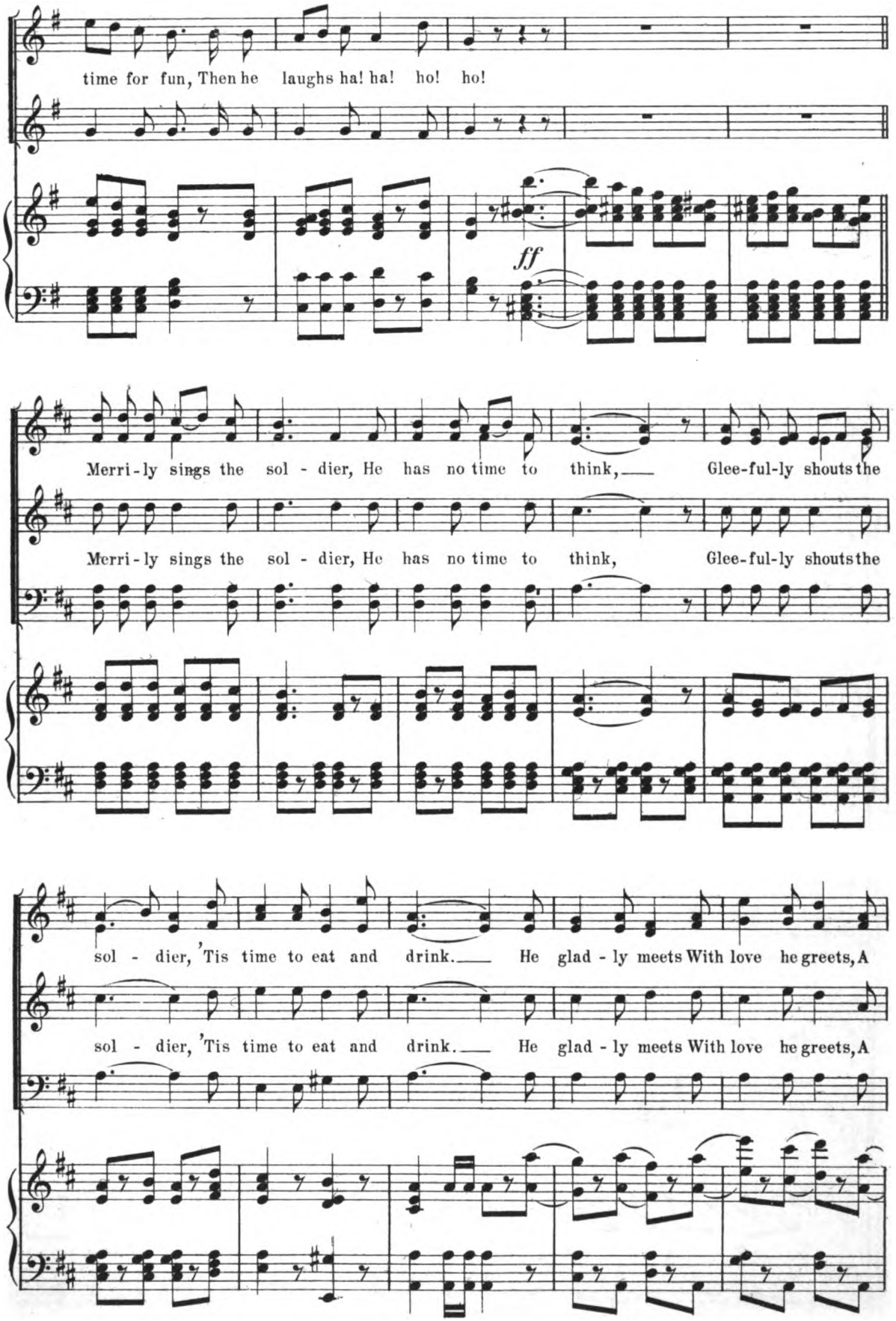
Act III.

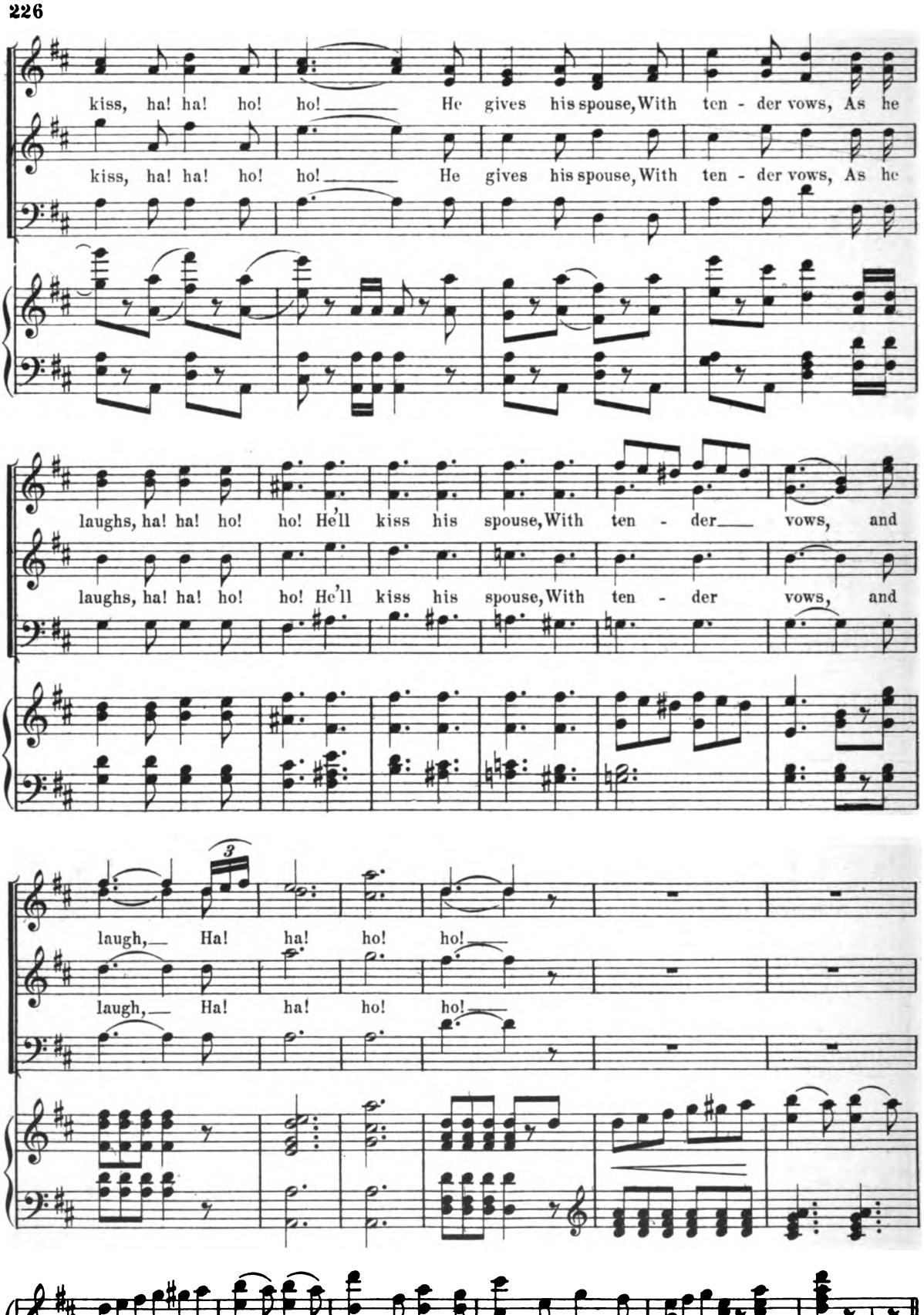
No 1. Chorus. "Gaily marches the soldier."



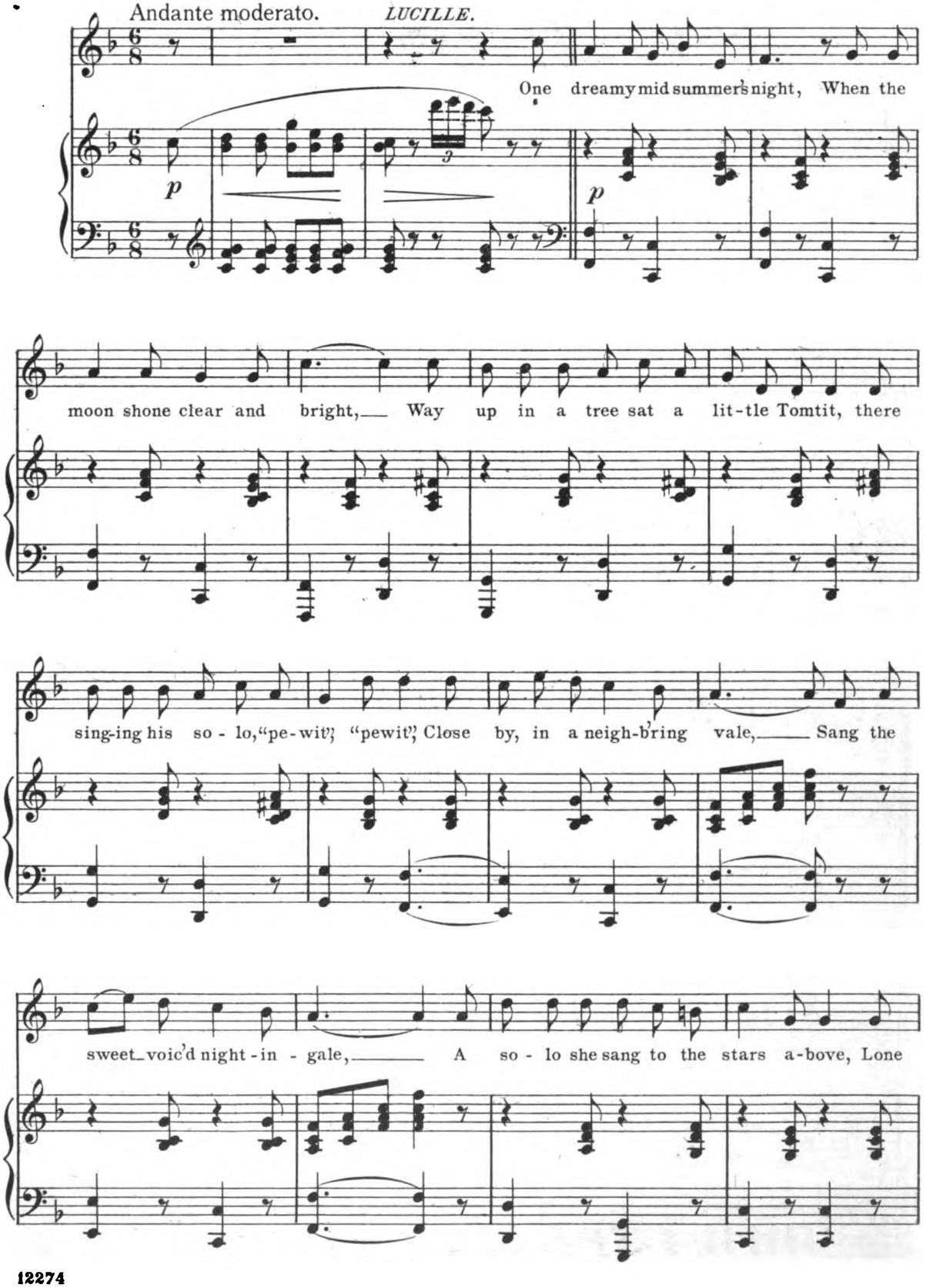

joys of mar - tial life, When ban - ners wave De - fi - ance brave, He
laughs ho! ho! ha! ha! All dan - ger there He longs to share, As he
laughs, ha! ha! ho! ho! All dan-ger there He longs to share, And
laughs ha! ha! ho! ho!
p

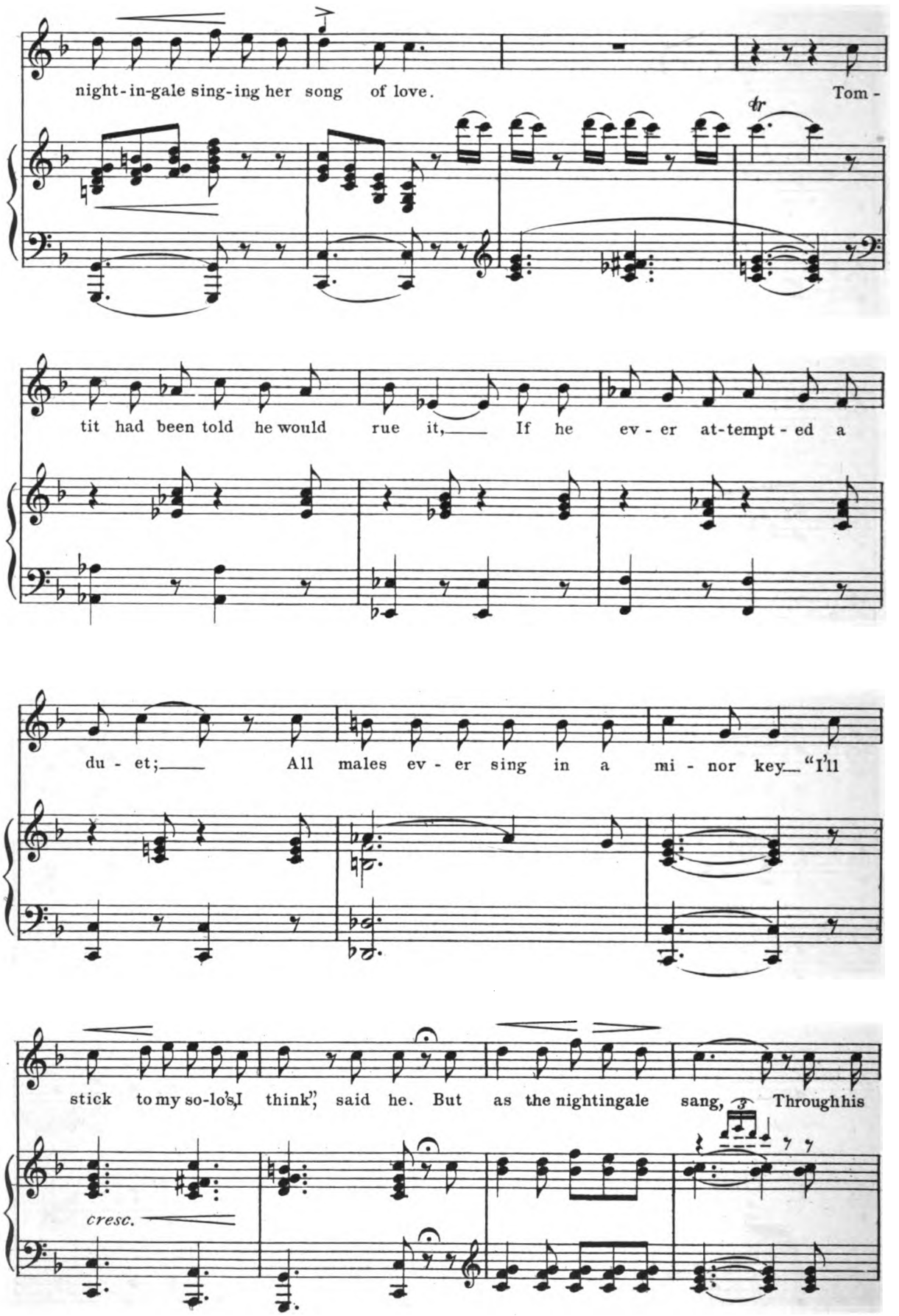

(Enter Girls.)
PLANCHETTE.
Halt! Advance and give the countersign.
SOP.
ALTO.
France and the Fronde! Merri - ly sings the sol - dier, When the fight is fought and
won! Gleeful - ly shouts the sol - dier, Ah! see the e - ne-my run! When
heard no more The can - non's roar, He laughs ha! ha! ho! ho! The fighting's done, 'Tis

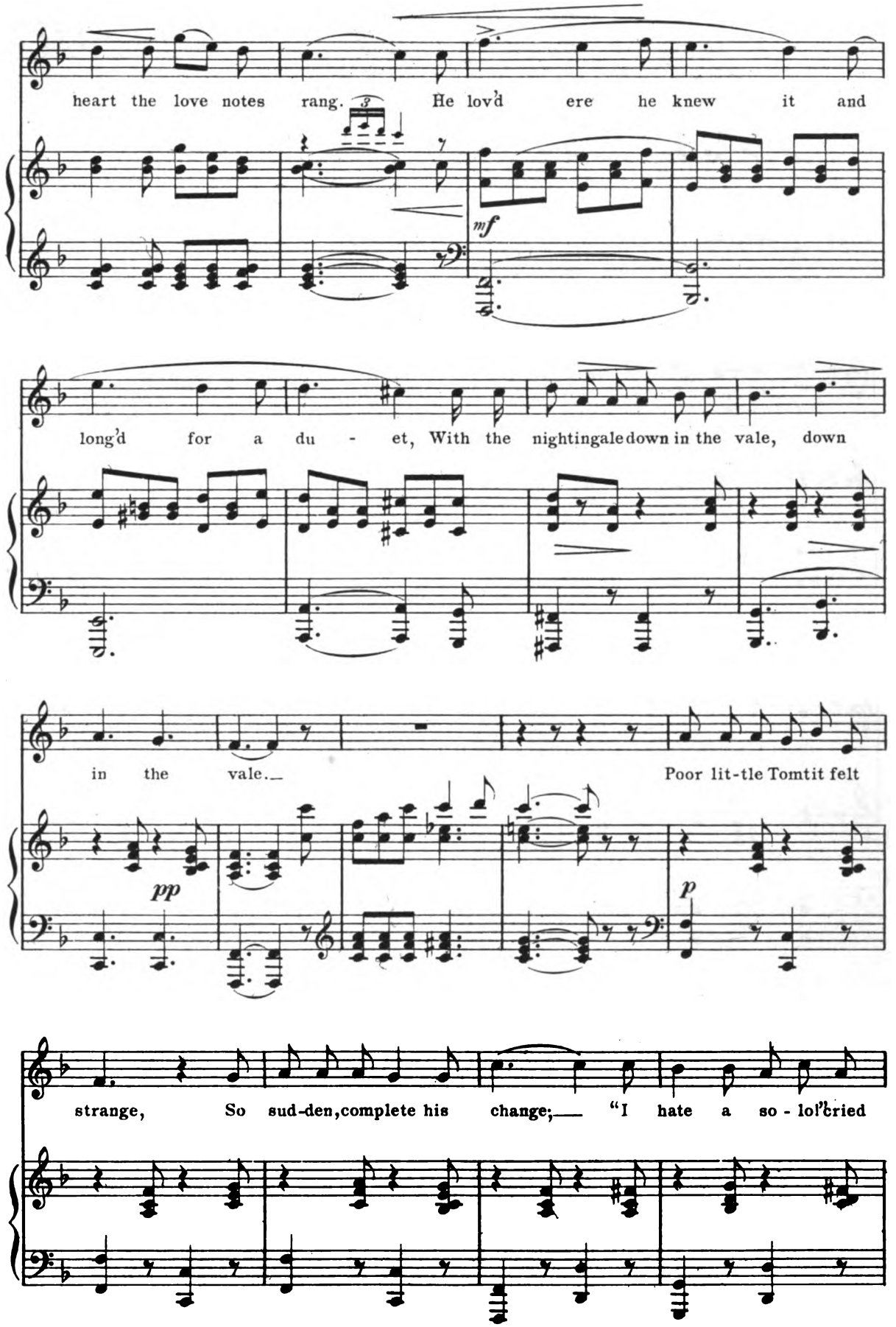

time for fun, Then he laughs ha! ha! ho! ho!
ff
Merri-ly sings the sol - dier, He has no time to think, Glee-ful-ly shouts the
Merri-ly sings the sol - dier, He has no time to think, Glee-ful-ly shouts the
sol - dier, 'Tis time to eat and drink. He glad - ly meets With love he greets, A
sol - dier, 'Tis time to eat and drink. He glad - ly meets With love he greets, A

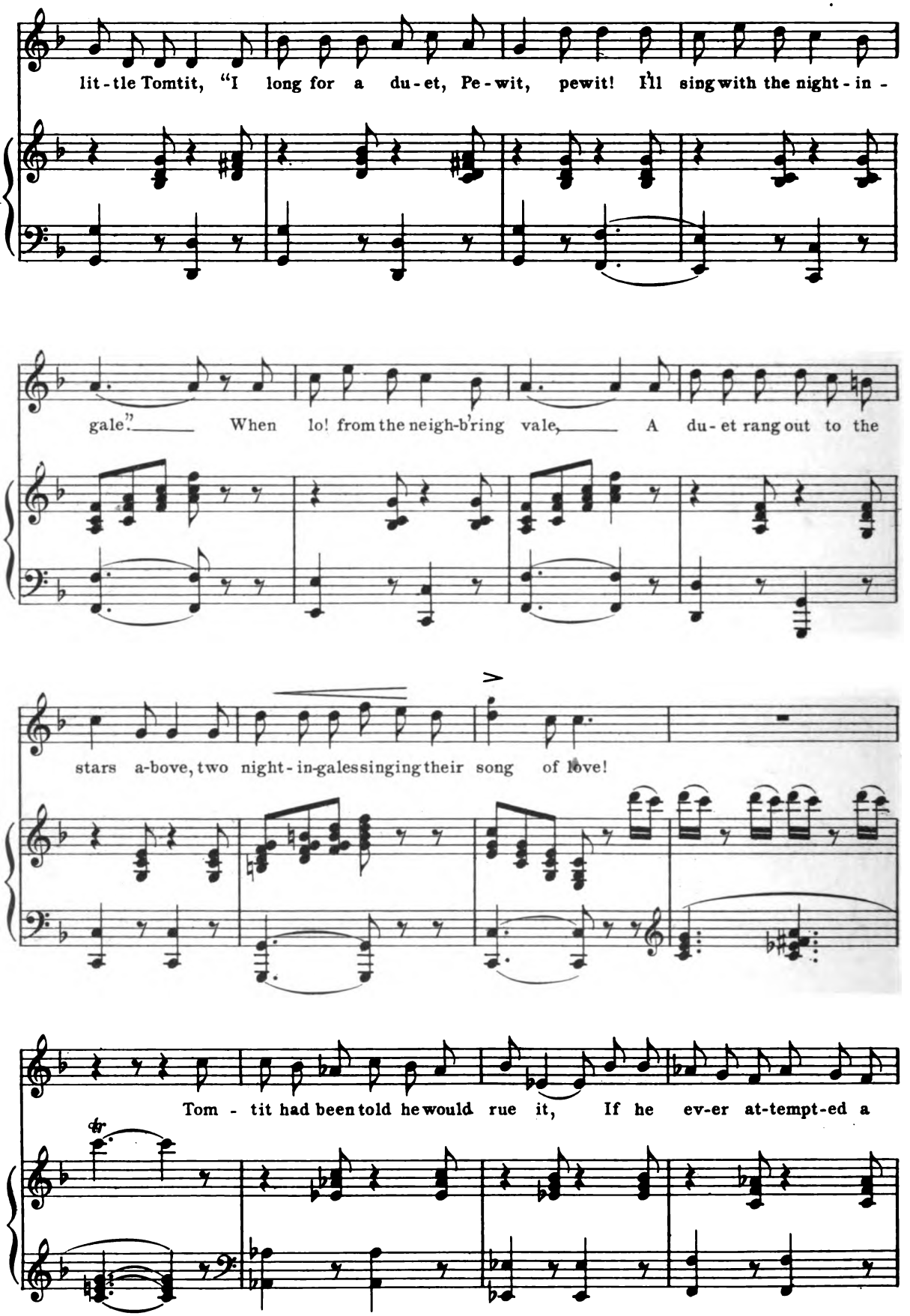

kiss, ha! ha! ho! ho! He gives his spouse, With ten - der vows, As he
kiss, ha! ha! ho! ho! He gives his spouse, With ten - der vows, As he
laughs, ha! ha! ho! ho! He'll kiss his spouse, With ten - der vows, and
laughs, ha! ha! ho! ho! He'll kiss his spouse, With ten - der vows, and
3
laugh, Ha! ha! ho! ho!
laugh, Ha! ha! ho! ho!

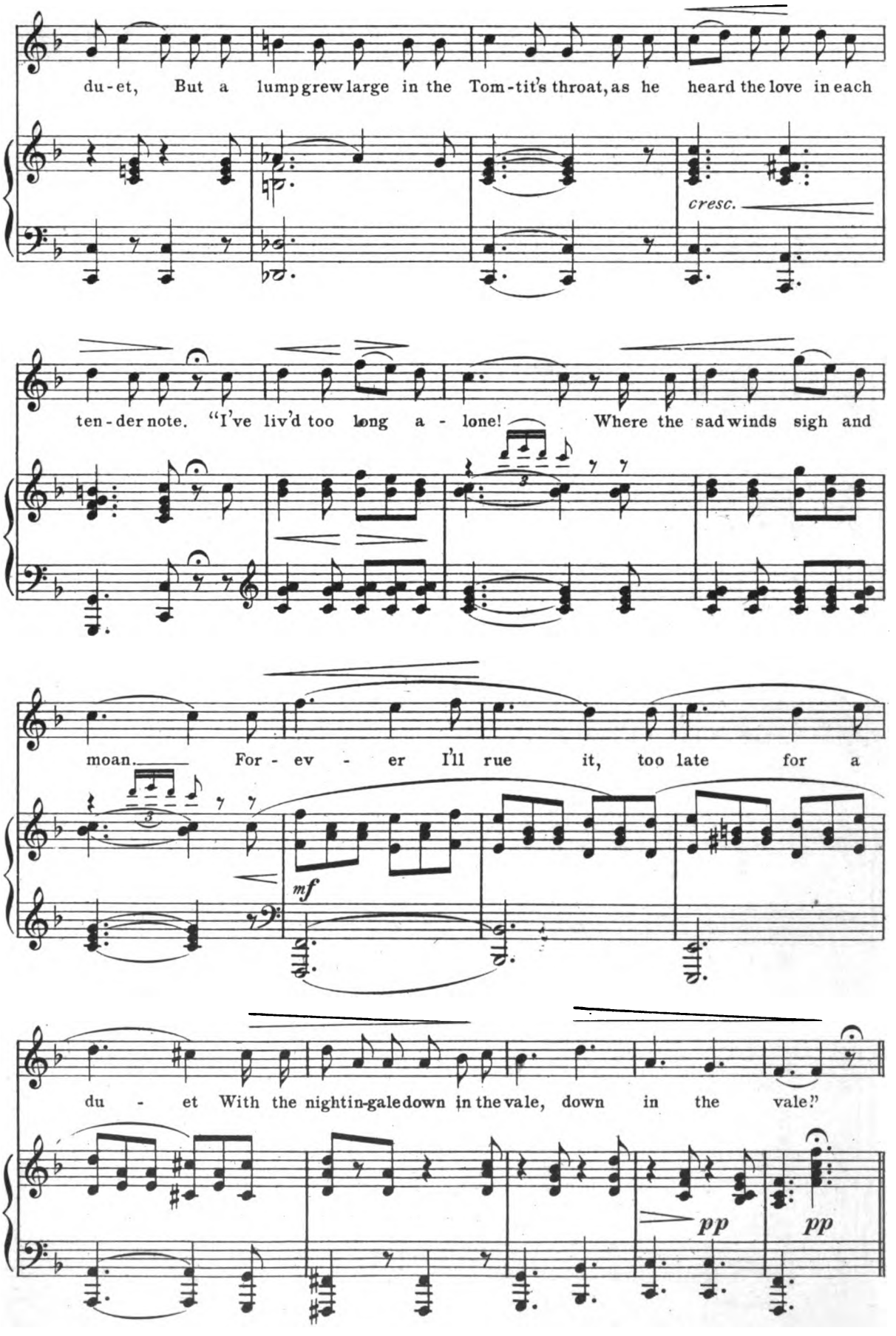
No2. Song. "The Tomtit and the Nightingale."



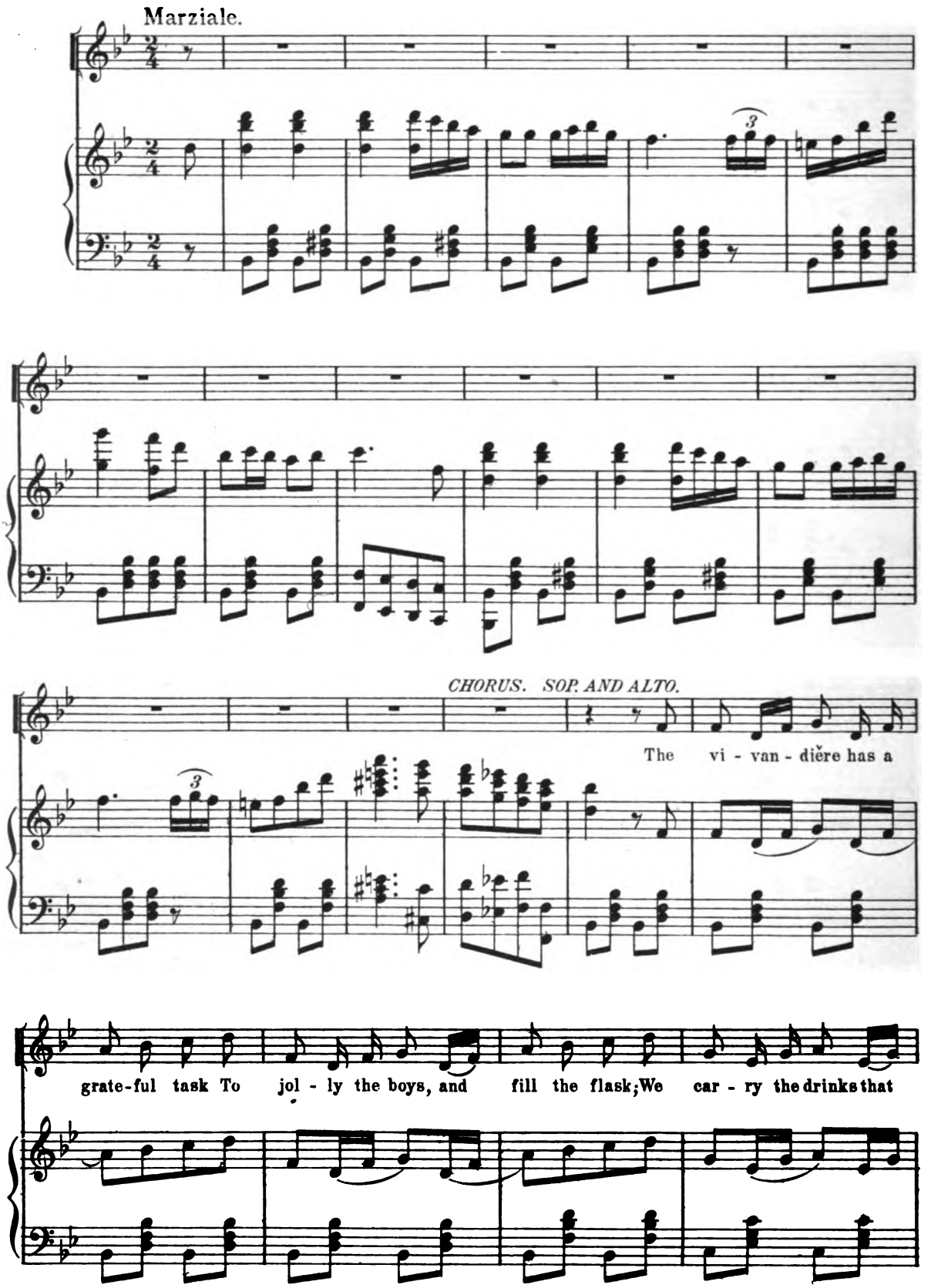

night-in-gale sing-ing her song of love.
Tom-
tr
tit had been told he would rue it, If he ev-er at-tempt-ed a
du-et; All males ev-er sing in a mi-nor key. "I'll
stick to my so-lo's, I think", said he. But as the nightingale sang, Through his
cresc.

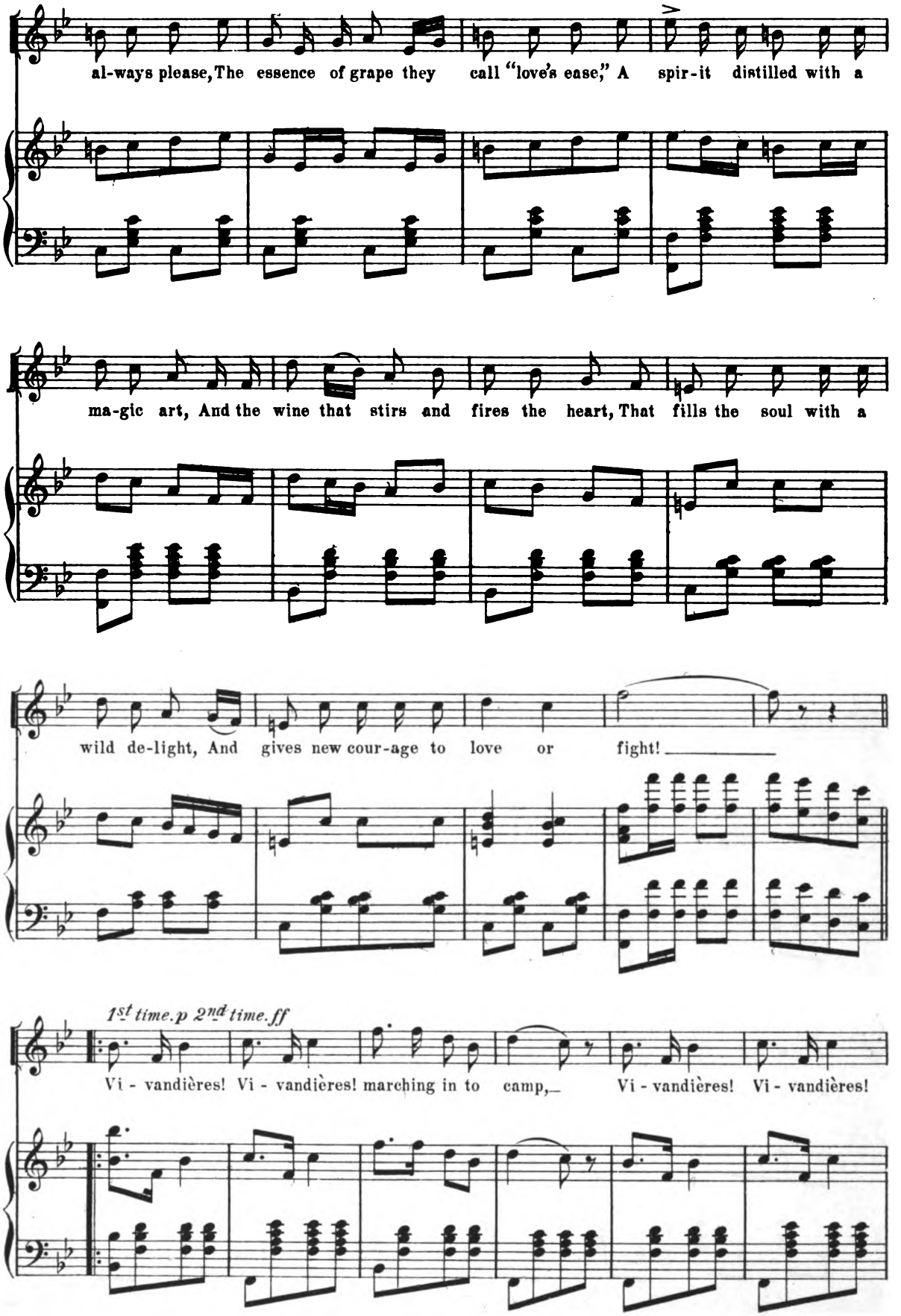

heart the love notes rang. He lov'd ere he knew it and
mf
long'd for a du - et, With the nightingale down in the vale, down
in the vale.
Poor lit-tle Tomtit felt
pp
p
strange, So sud-den, complete his change; "I hate a so - lo!" cried

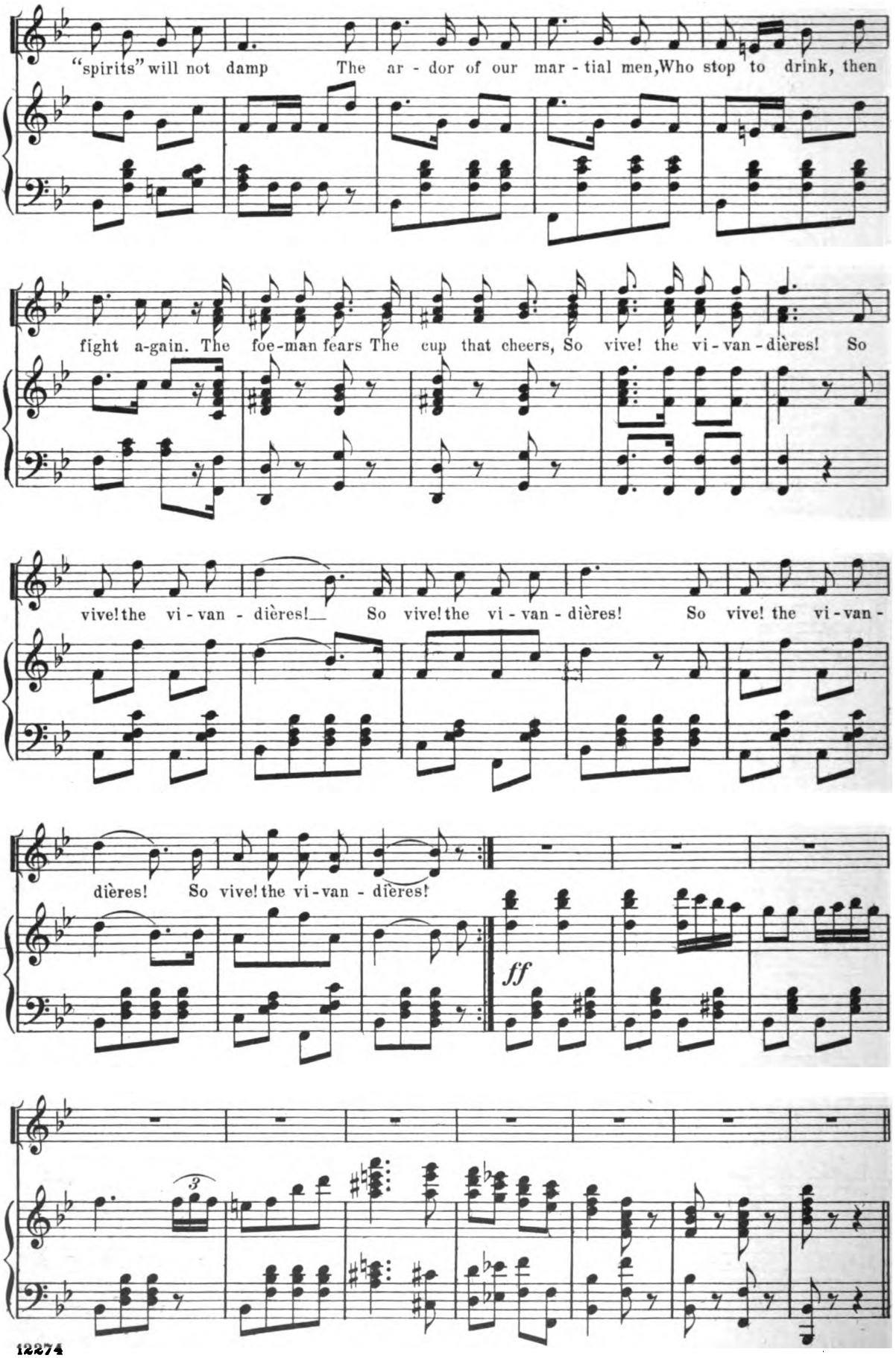

lit - tle Tomtit, "I long for a du - et, Pe - wit, pewit! I'll sing with the night - in -
gale." When lo! from the neigh-b'ring vale, A du - et rang out to the
stars a-bove, two night - in-gales singing their song of love!
Tom - tit had been told he would rue it, If he ev-er at-tempt-ed a


du-et, But a lump grew large in the Tom-tit's throat, as he heard the love in each
cresc.
ten-der note. "I've liv'd too long a-lone! Where the sad winds sigh and
moan. For-ev-er I'll rue it, too late for a
mf
du-et With the nightin-gale down in the vale, down in the vale."
pp
pp

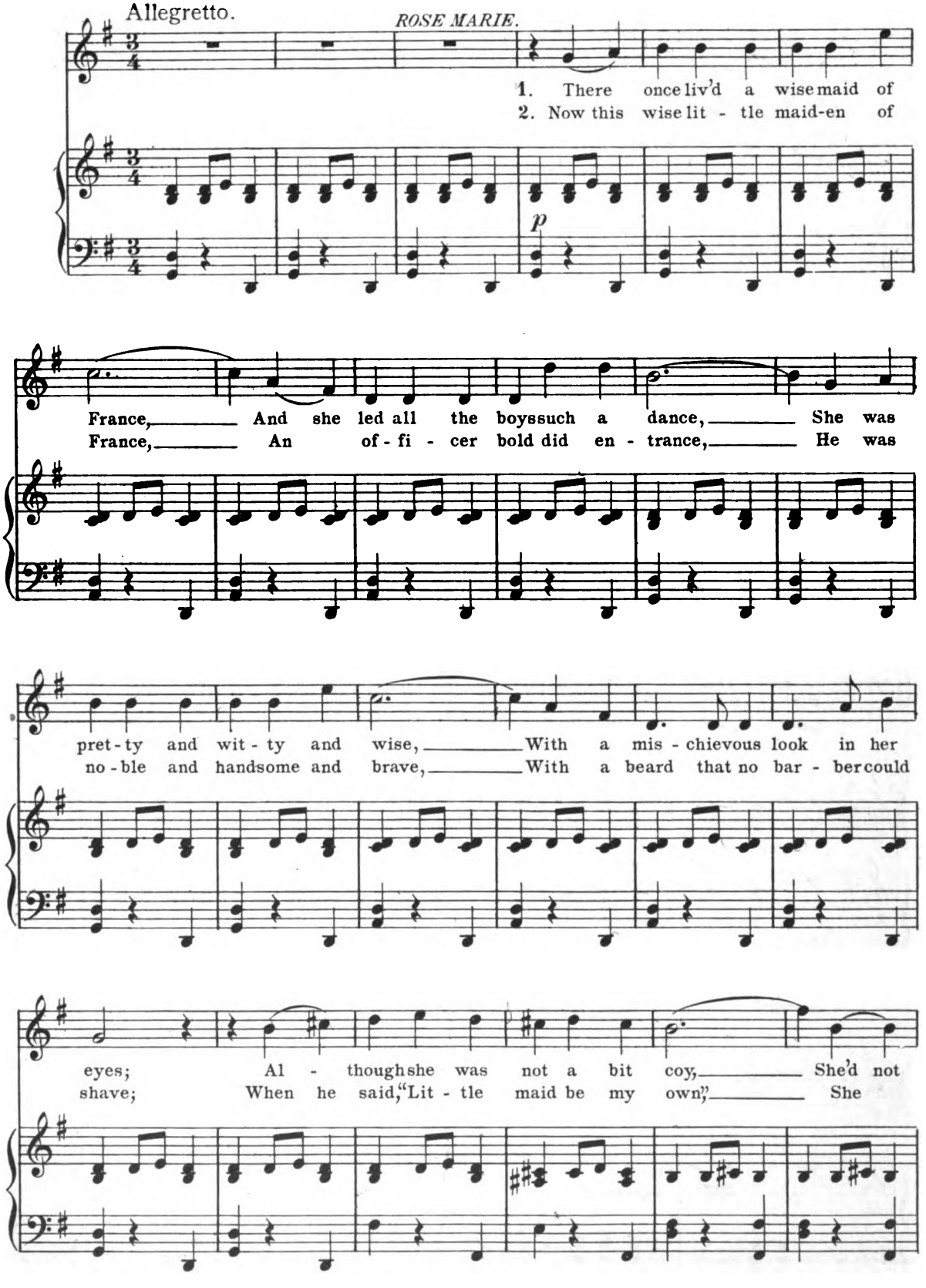
Nº 3. Chorus. "Vivandiers."

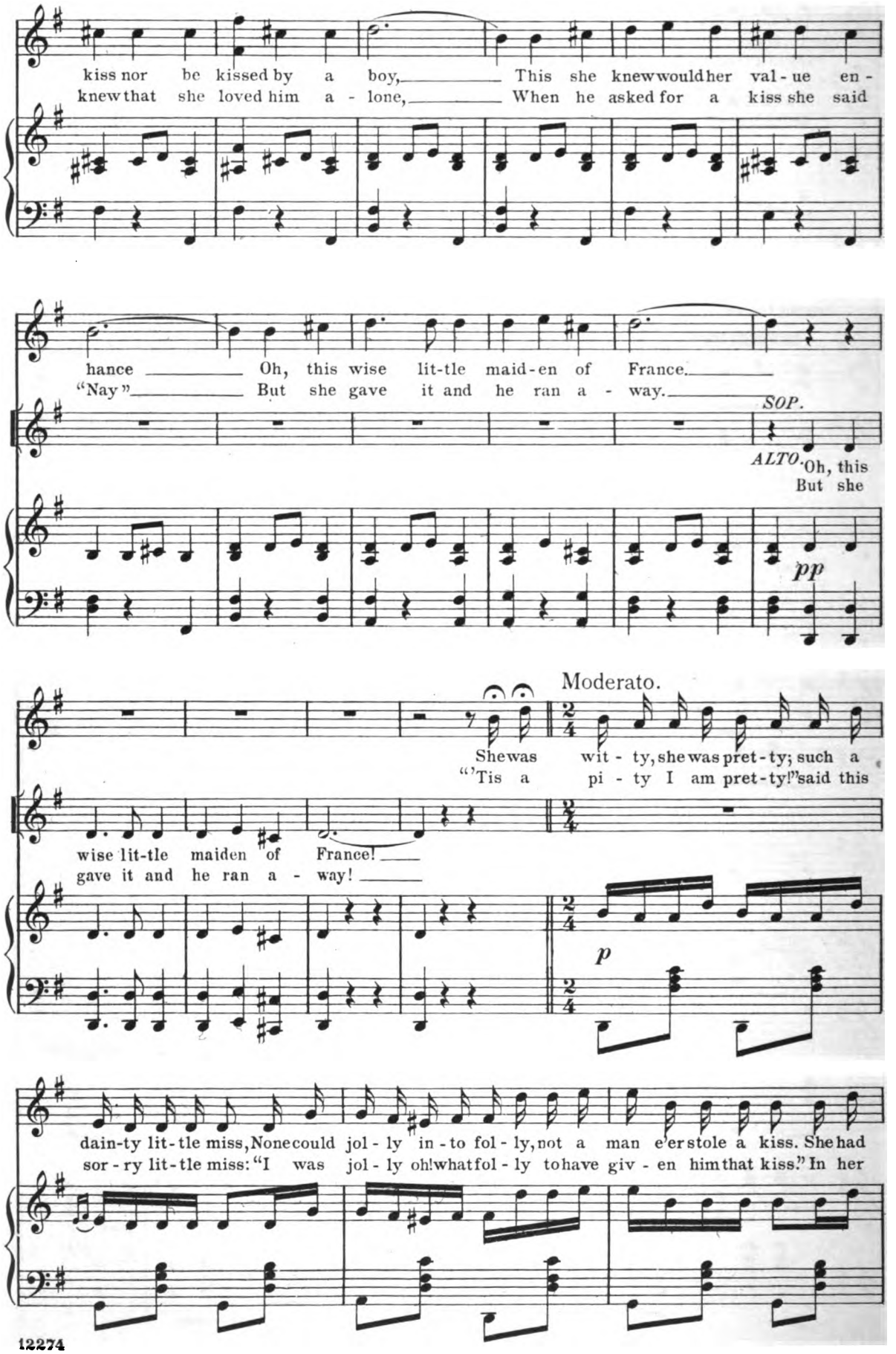


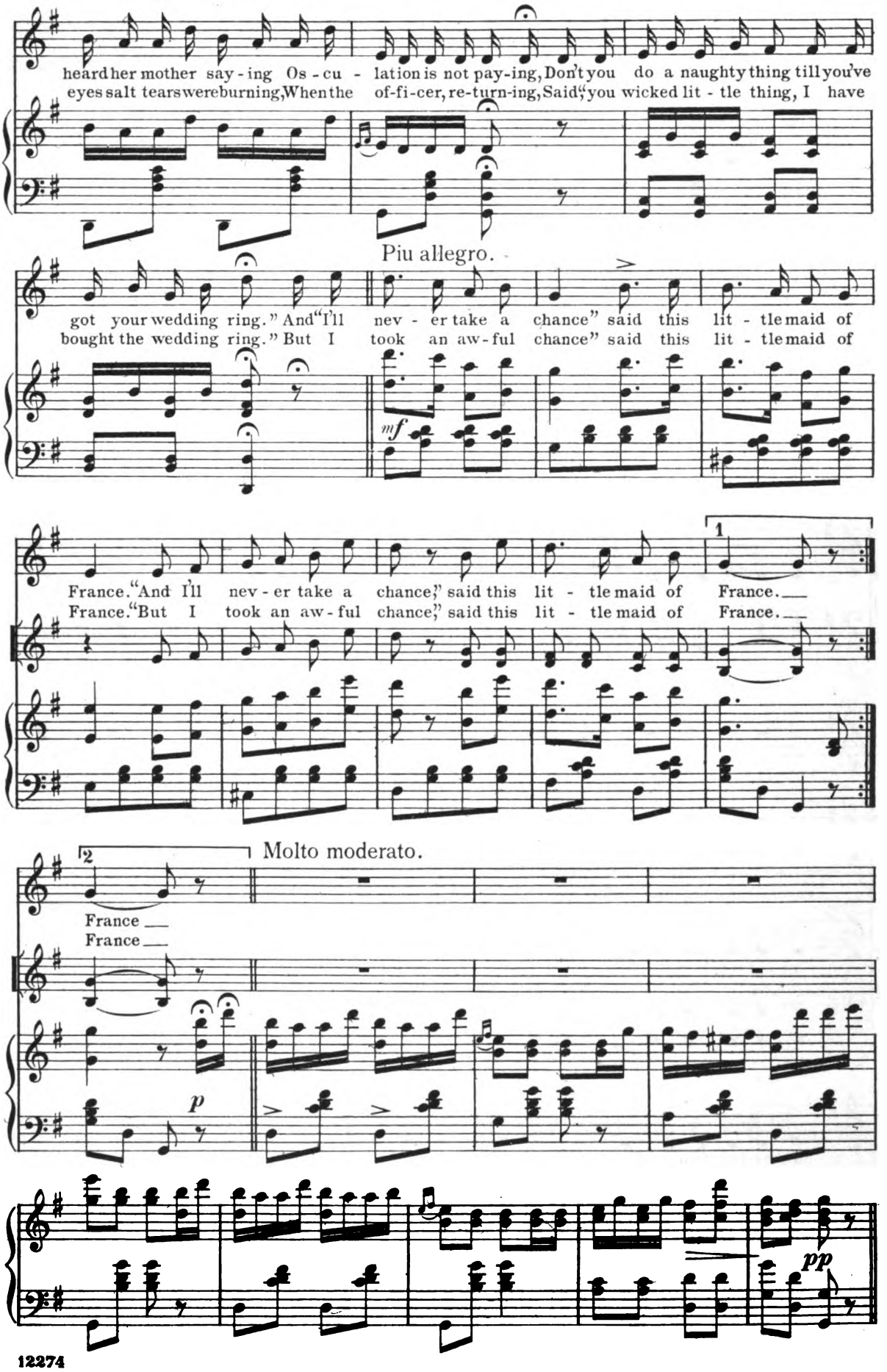

al-ways please, The essence of grape they call "love's ease," A spir-it distilled with a
ma-gic art, And the wine that stirs and fires the heart, That fills the soul with a
wild de-light, And gives new cour-age to love or fight!
1st time. p 2nd time. ff
Vi - vandières! Vi - vandières! marching in to camp, Vi - vandières! Vi - vandières!


"spirits" will not damp The ar - dor of our mar - tial men, Who stop to drink, then
fight a-gain. The foe-man fears The cup that cheers, So vive! the vi - van - dières! So
vive! the vi - van - dières! So vive! the vi - van - dières! So vive! the vi - van -
dières! So vive! the vi - van - dières!
ff
3

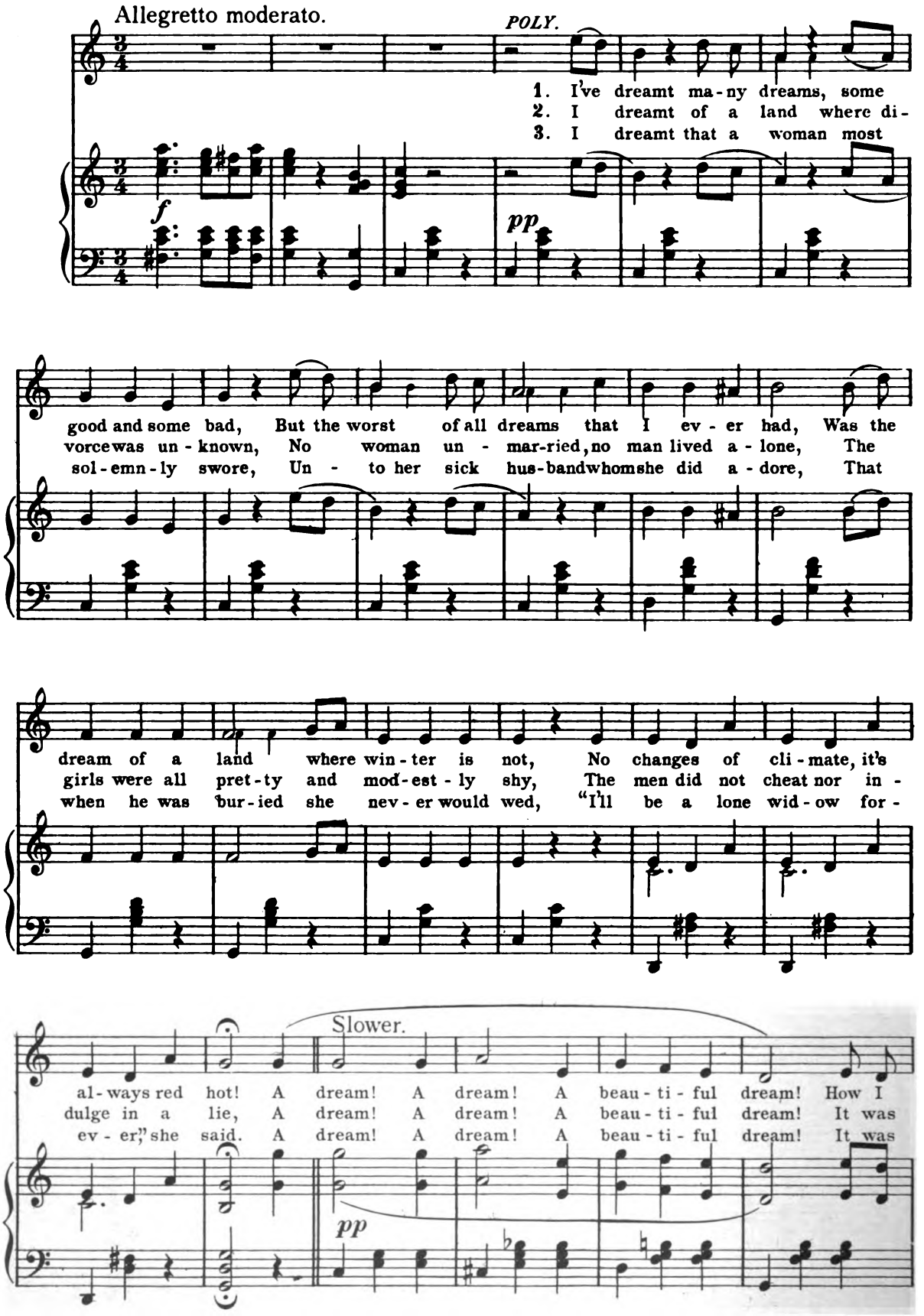
No. 3. Song. "The wise little maid of France."

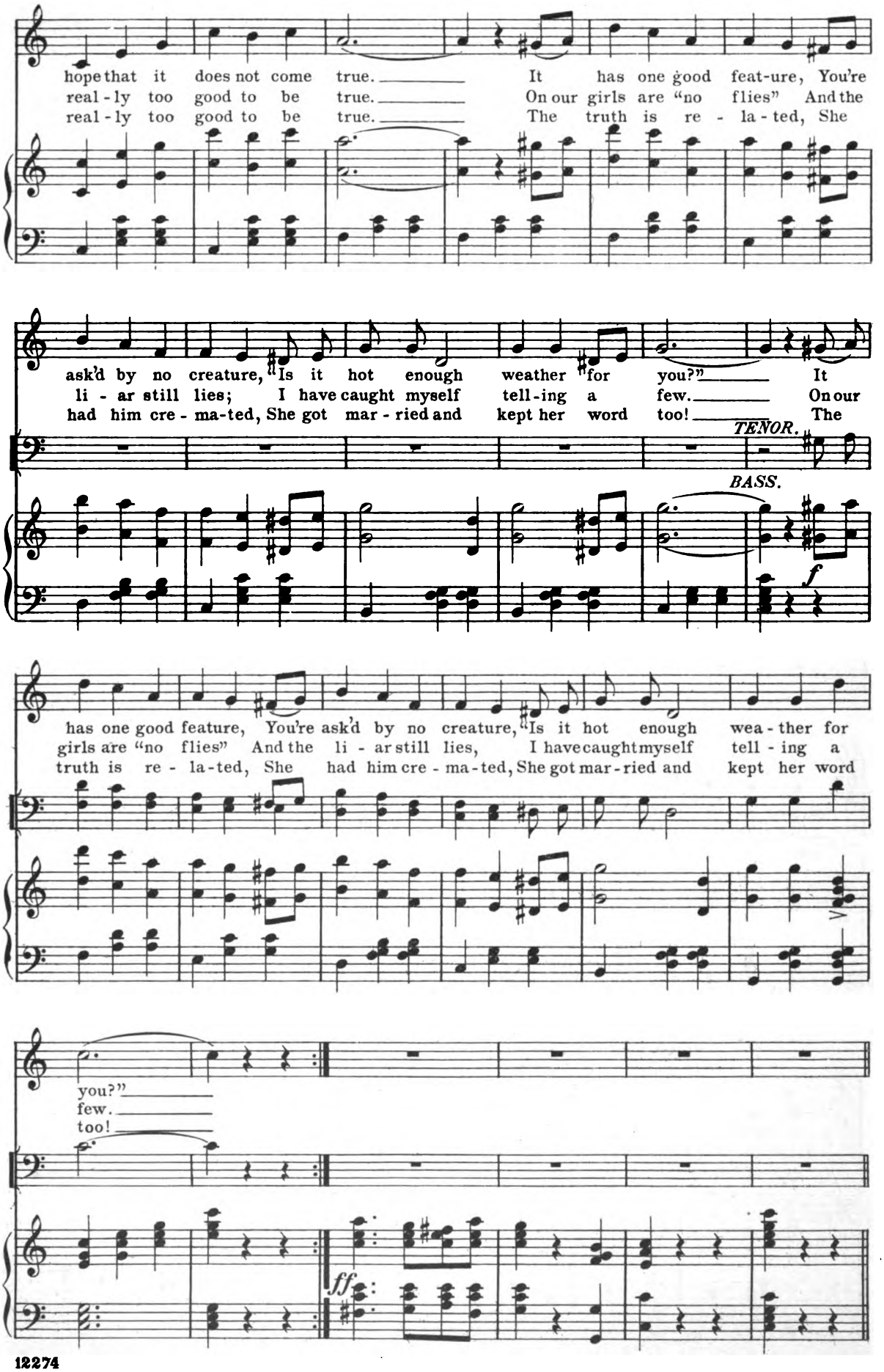



kiss nor be kissed by a boy, This she knew would her val - ue en -
knew that she loved him a - lone, When he asked for a kiss she said
hance Oh, this wise lit-tle maid-en of France.
"Nay" But she gave it and he ran a - way.
SOP.
ALTO. Oh, this
But she
pp
Moderato.
She was wit - ty, she was pret - ty; such a
"'Tis a pi - ty I am pret - ty!" said this
wise lit-tle maiden of France!
gave it and he ran a - way!
p
dain-ty lit-tle miss, None could jol - ly in - to fol - ly, not a man e'er stole a kiss. She had
sor - ry lit-tle miss: "I was jol - ly oh! what fol - ly to have giv - en him that kiss." In her

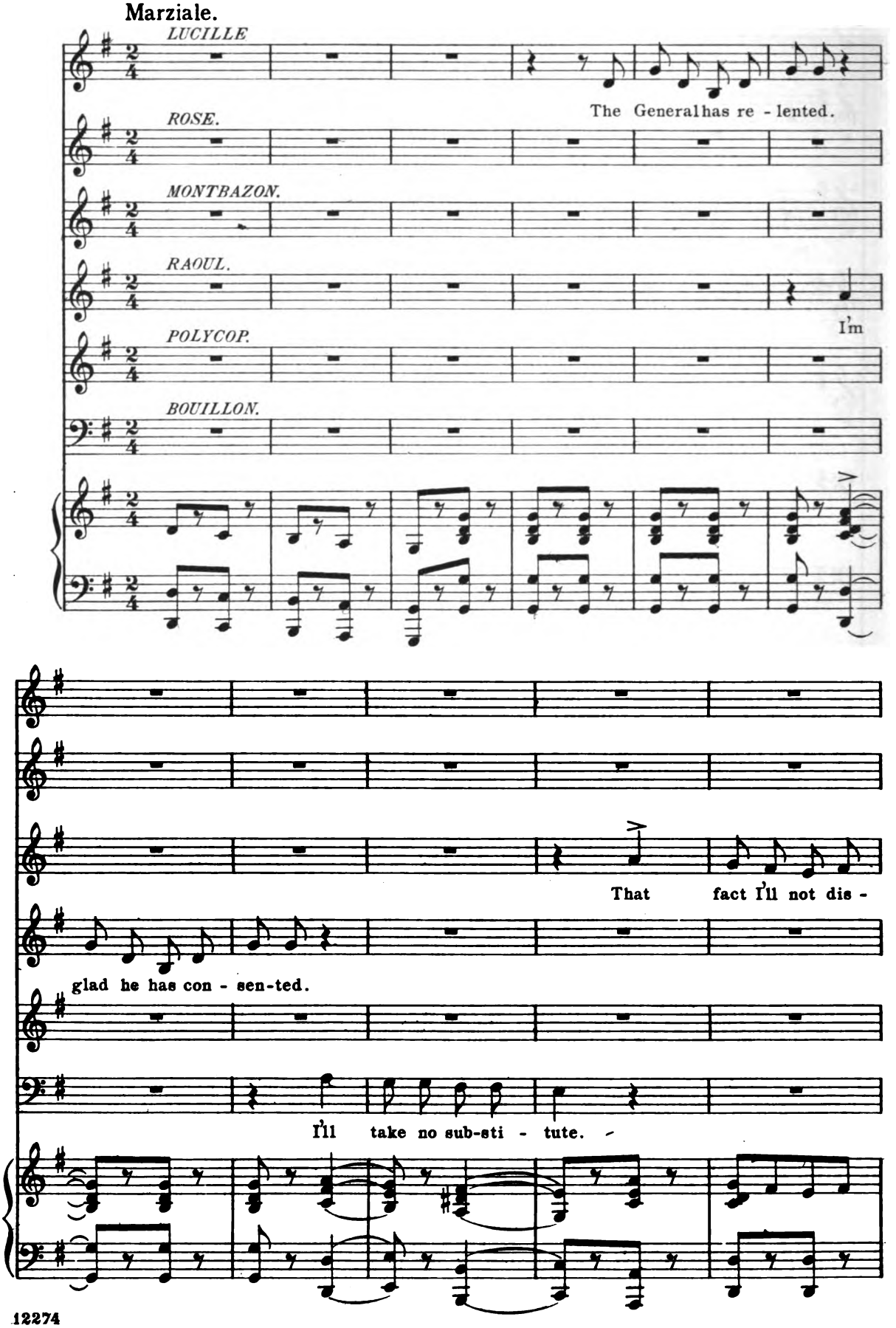

heard her mother say - ing Os - cu - lation is not pay-ing, Don't you do a naughty thing till you've
eyes salt tears were burning, When the of-fi-cer, re-turn-ing, Said "you wicked lit - tle thing, I have
Piu allegro.
got your wedding ring." And "I'll nev - er take a chance" said this lit - tle maid of
bought the wedding ring." But I took an aw-ful chance" said this lit - tle maid of
mf
France. "And I'll nev - er take a chance," said this lit - tle maid of France.
France. "But I took an aw-ful chance," said this lit - tle maid of France.
1
2
Molto moderato.
France
France
p
pp

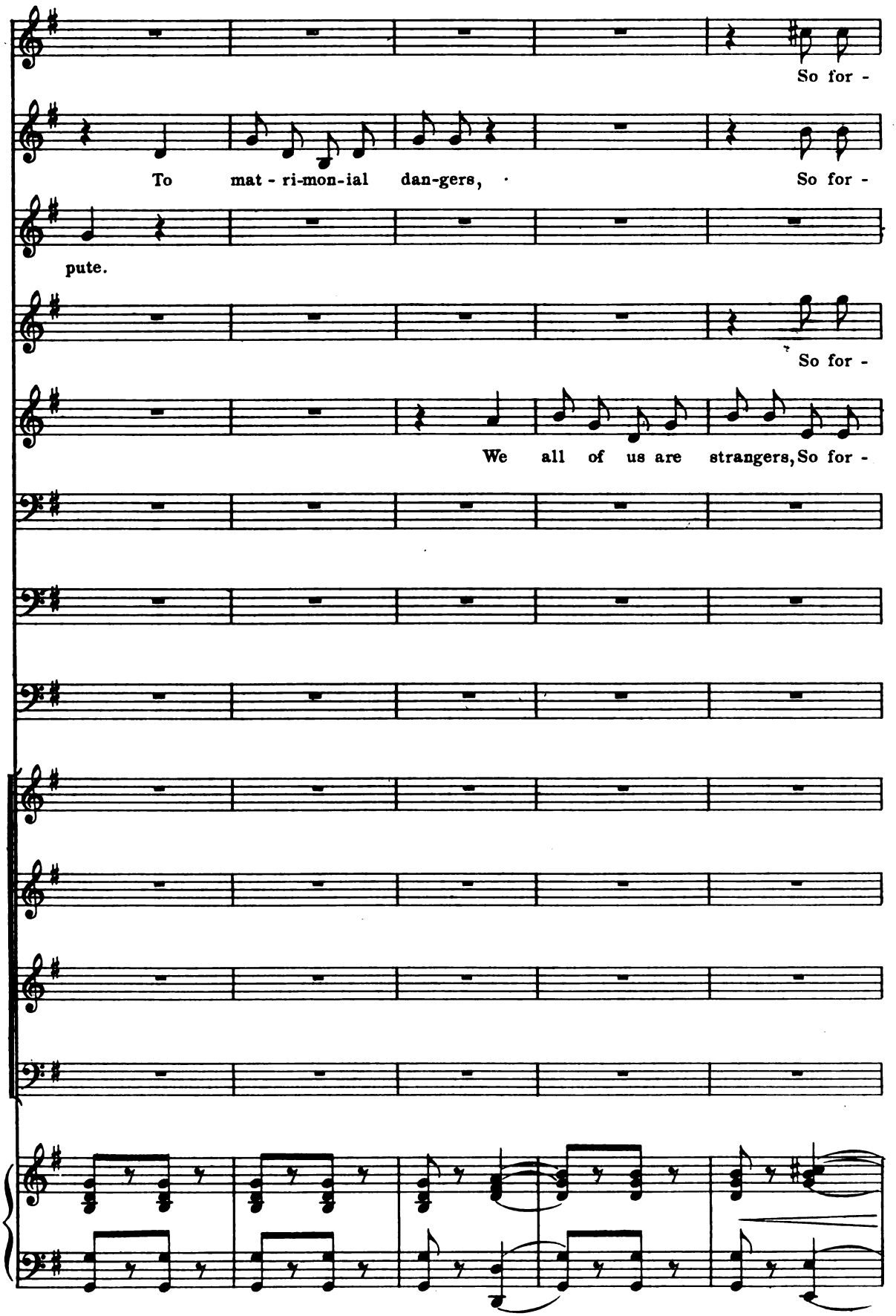
No 5. Song. "It is really too good to be true."

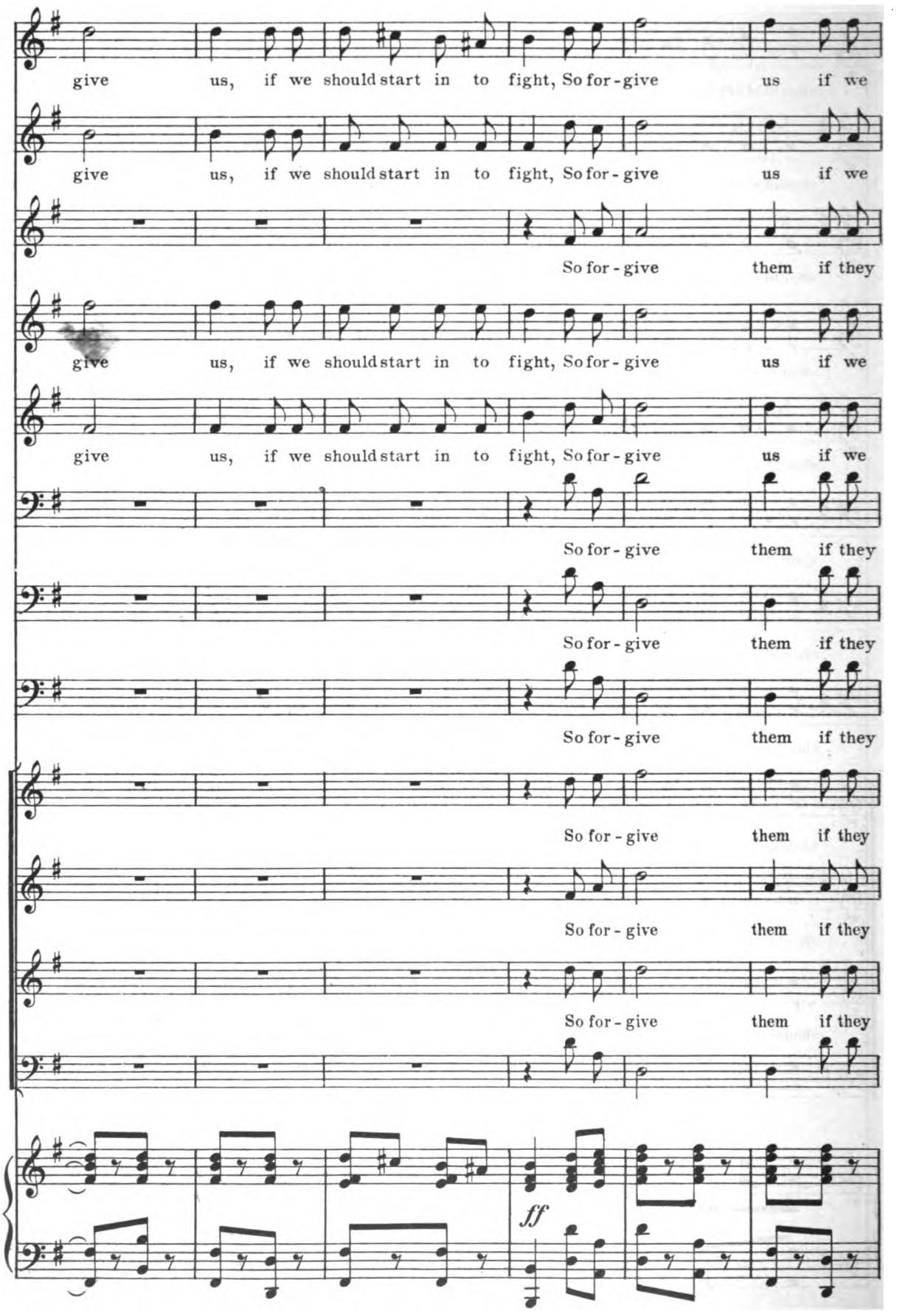


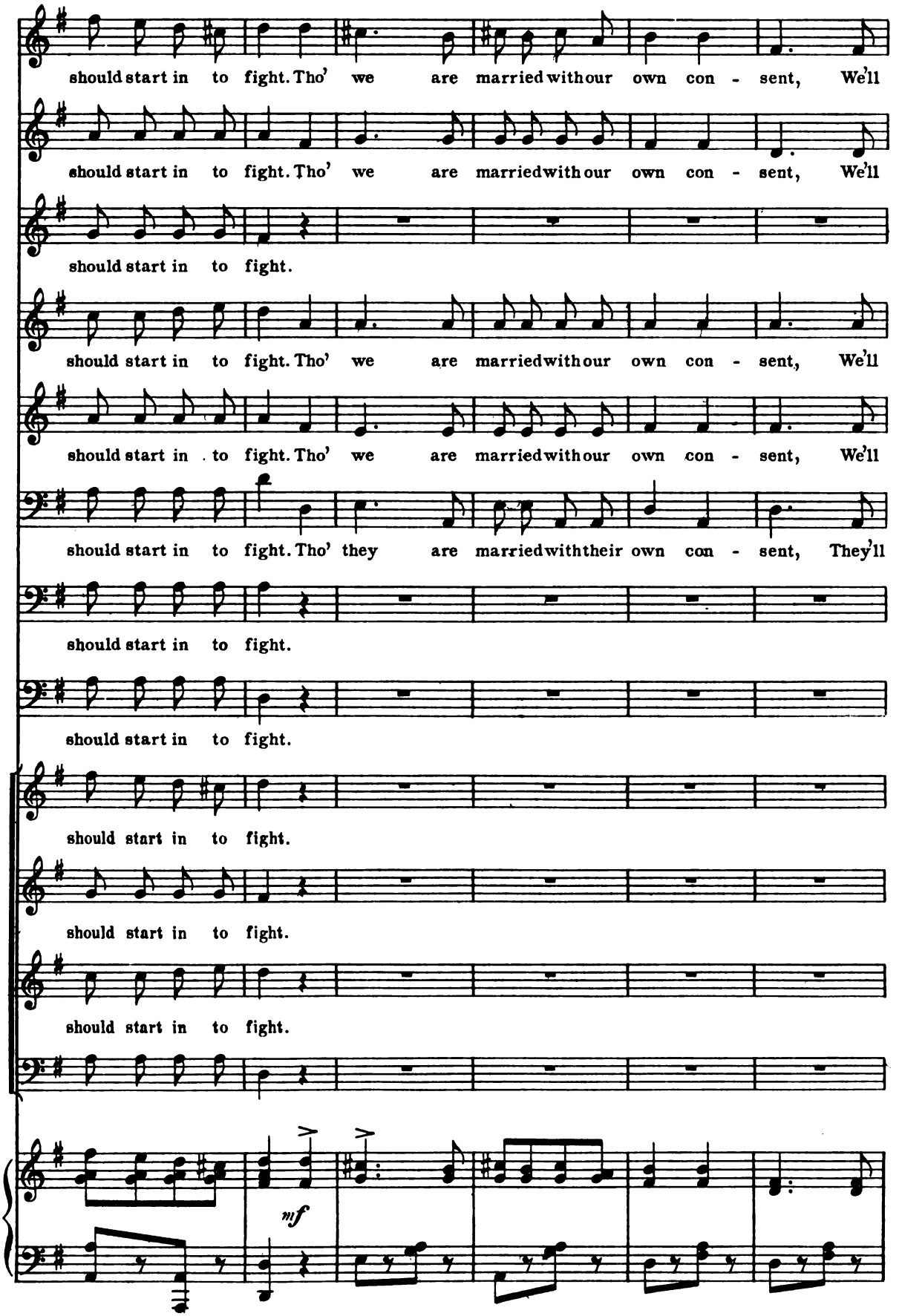

hope that it does not come true. It has one good feat-ure, You're
real-ly too good to be true. On our girls are "no flies" And the
real-ly too good to be true. The truth is re-la-ted, She
ask'd by no creature, "Is it hot enough weather for you?" It
li-ar still lies; I have caught myself tell-ing a few. On our
had him cre-ma-ted, She got mar-ried and kept her word too! The
TENOR.
BASS.
f
has one good feature, You're ask'd by no creature, "Is it hot enough wea-ther for
girls are "no flies" And the li-ar still lies, I have caught myself tell-ing a
truth is re-la-ted, She had him cre-ma-ted, She got mar-ried and kept her word
you?"
few.
too!
ff

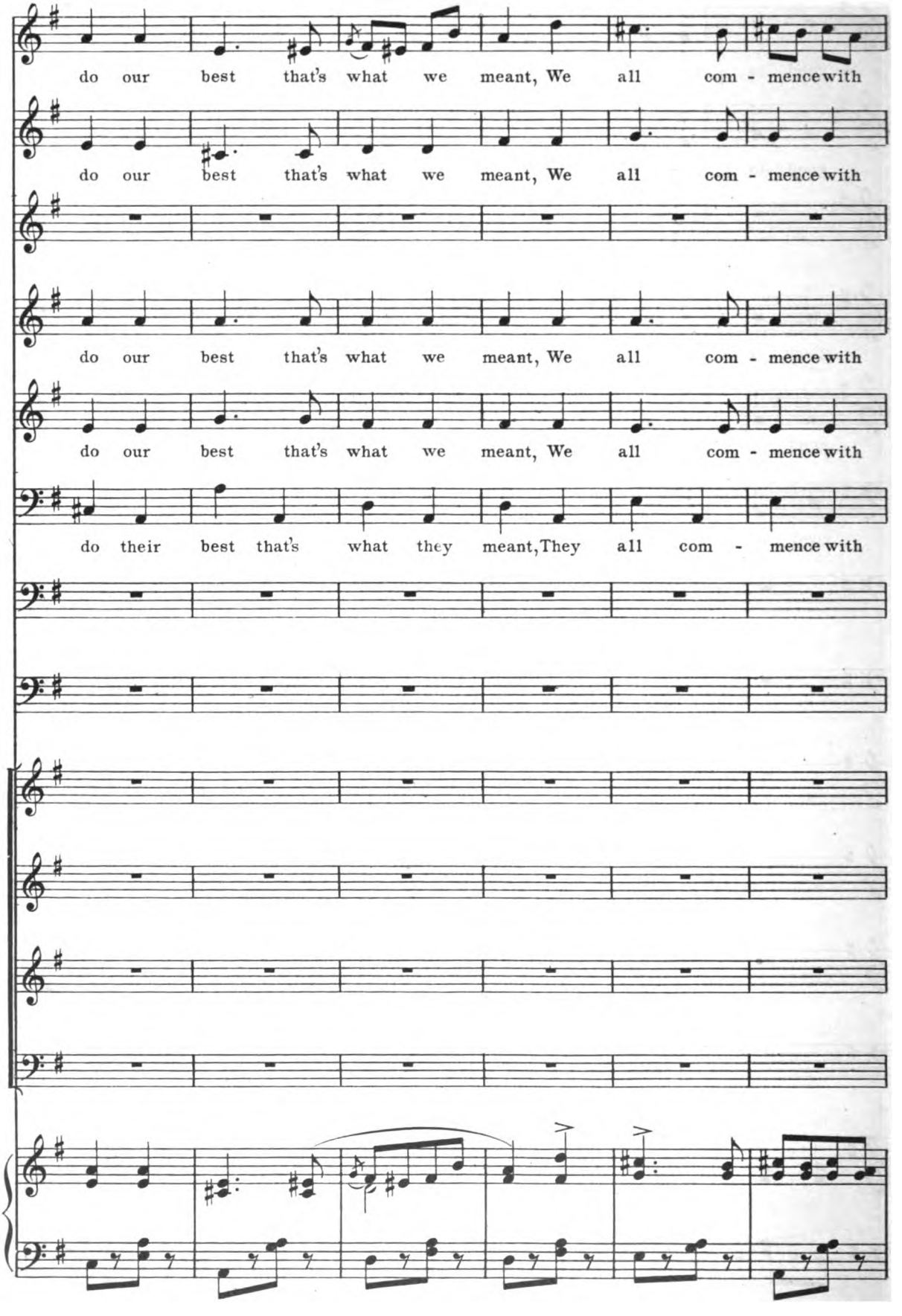
Nº 6 Finale.

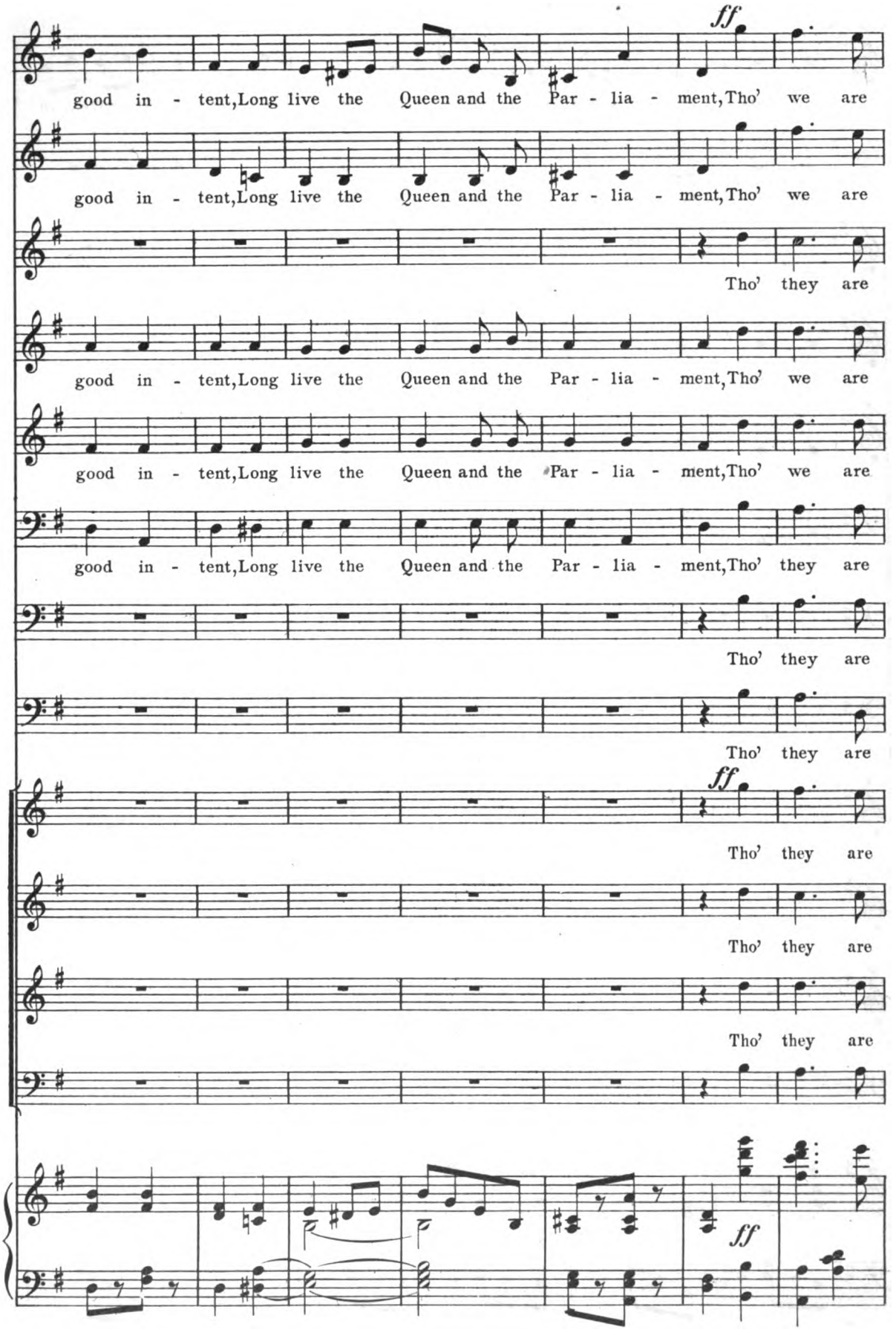

Marziale.
LUCILLE
The General has re - lented.
ROSE.
MONTBAZON.
RAOUL.
I'm
POLYCOP.
BOUILLON.
That fact I'll not dis -
glad he has con - sen-ted.
I'll take no sub-sti - tute. -

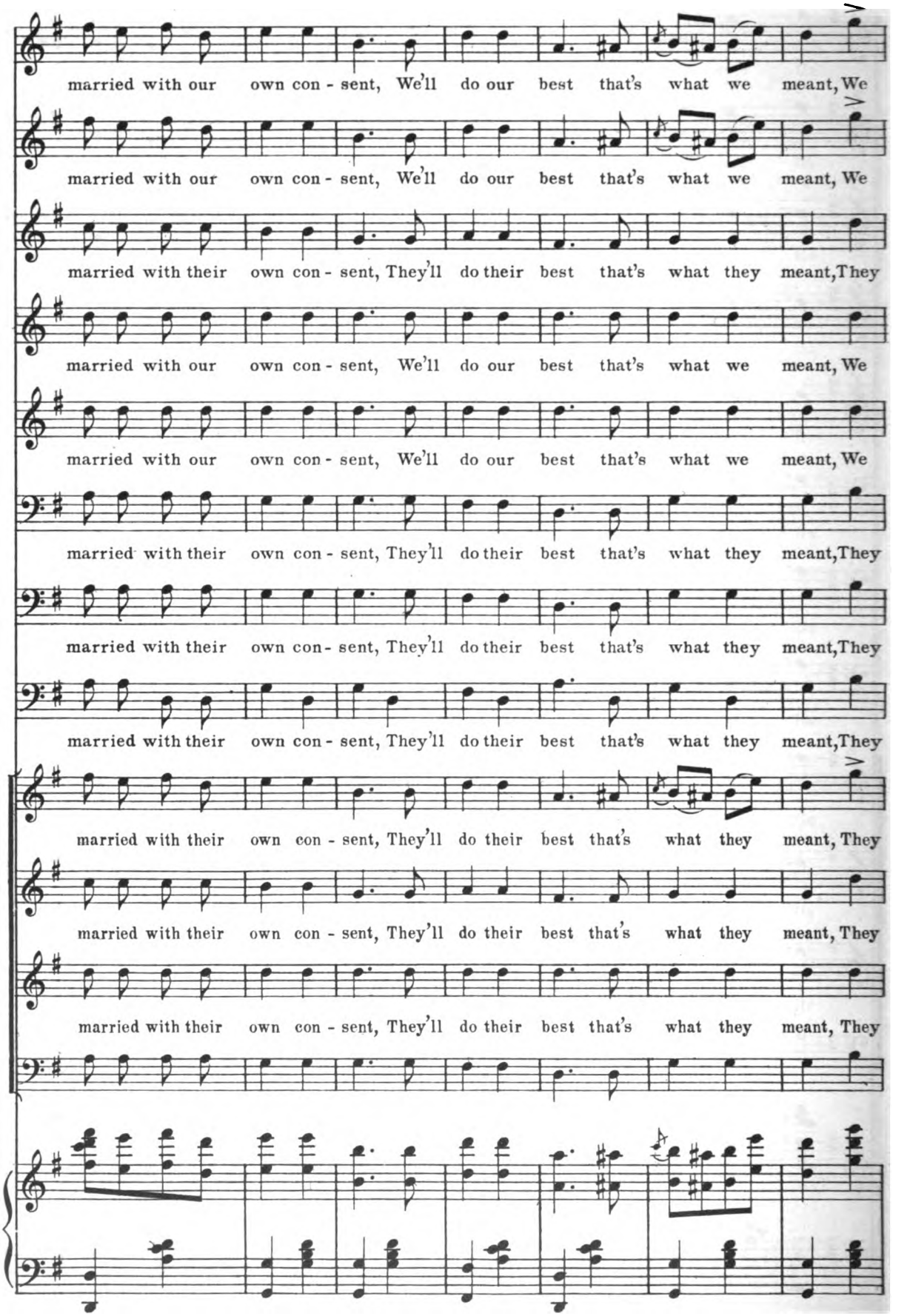

So for -
To mat - ri-mon-ial dan-gers, So for -
pute.
So for -
We all of us are strangers, So for -

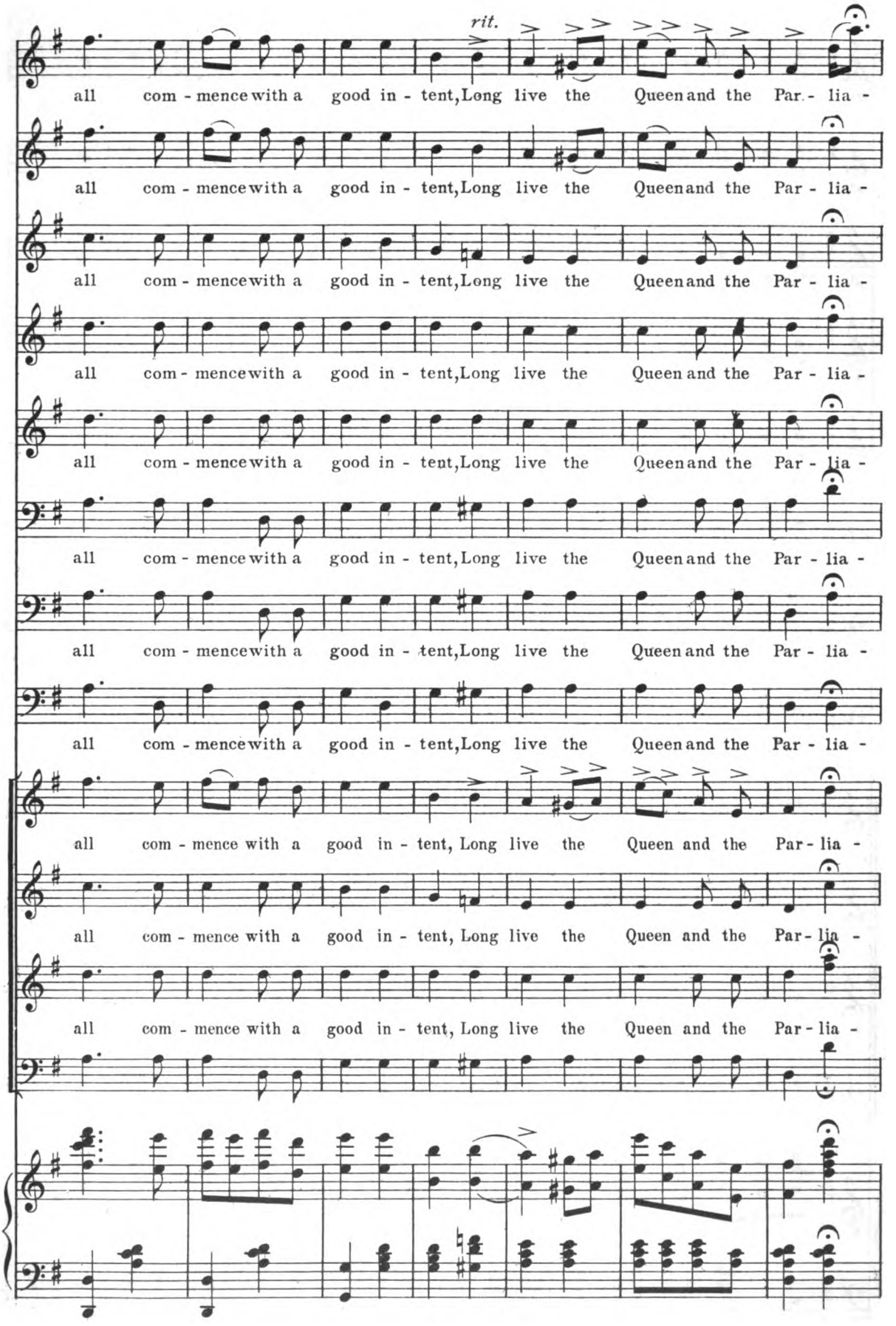

give us, if we should start in to fight, So for-give us if we
give us, if we should start in to fight, So for-give us if we
So for-give them if they
give us, if we should start in to fight, So for-give us if we
give us, if we should start in to fight, So for-give us if we
So for-give them if they
So for-give them if they
So for-give them if they
So for-give them if they
So for-give them if they
So for-give them if they
ff

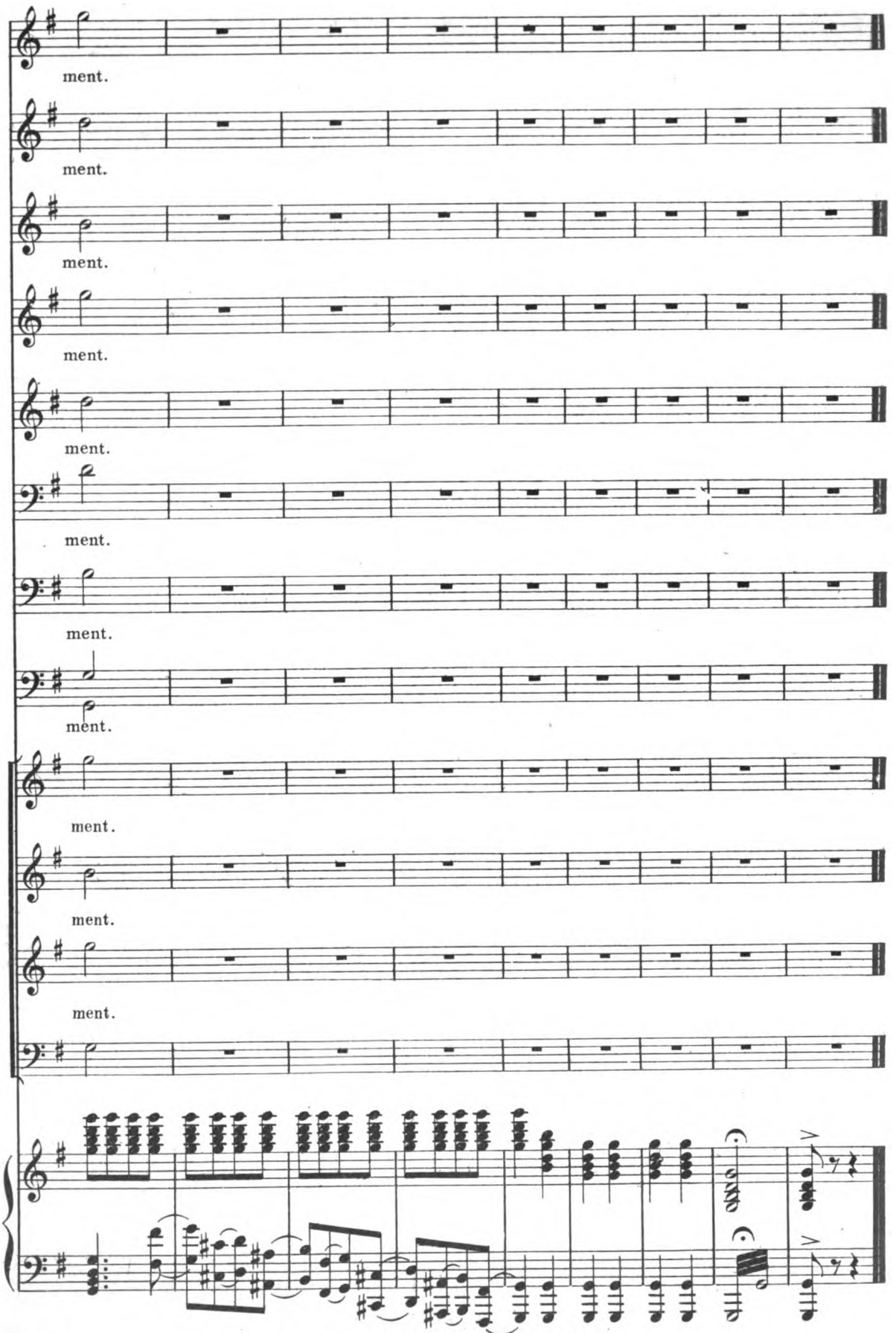

should start in to fight. Tho' we are married with our own con - sent, We'll
should start in to fight. Tho' we are married with our own con - sent, We'll
should start in to fight.
should start in to fight. Tho' we are married with our own con - sent, We'll
should start in to fight. Tho' we are married with our own con - sent, We'll
should start in to fight. Tho' they are married with their own con - sent, They'll
should start in to fight.
should start in to fight.
should start in to fight.
should start in to fight.
should start in to fight.
mf


do our best that's what we meant, We all com - mence with
do our best that's what we meant, We all com - mence with
do our best that's what we meant, We all com - mence with
do our best that's what we meant, We all com - mence with
do their best that's what they meant, They all com - mence with


ff
good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia - ment, Tho' we are
good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia - ment, Tho' we are
Tho' they are
good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia - ment, Tho' we are
good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia - ment, Tho' we are
good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia - ment, Tho' they are
Tho' they are
Tho' they are
ff
Tho' they are
Tho' they are
Tho' they are
ff


married with our own con - sent, We'll do our best that's what we meant, We
married with our own con - sent, We'll do our best that's what we meant, We
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with our own con - sent, We'll do our best that's what we meant, We
married with our own con - sent, We'll do our best that's what we meant, We
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They
married with their own con - sent, They'll do their best that's what they meant, They


rit.
all com - mence with a good in - tent, Long live the Queen and the Par - lia -



END OF THE OPERA.