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CHAS. B. DILLINGHAM
PRESENTS THE FAMOUS GRAND OPERA ARTISTE

FRITZI SCHEFF

IN

BABETTE.

A Romantic Comic Opera.

BOOK & LYRICS BY

HARRY B. SMITH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT.

VOCAL SCORE, Pr. $2.00 net.
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Charles B. Dillingham

PRESENTS

FRITZI SCHEFF

IN

BABETTE

A Romantic Comic Opera in Three Acts.

Book and Lyrics by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Babette, a village letter writer, afterward a Court prima donna.		FRITZI SCHEFF.
Mondragon, a soldier of fortune		EUGENE COWLES
Marcel, a painter, in love with Babette.		RICHIE LING
Baltazar, a professional conspirator		EDWARD J. CONNELLY
Vinette, his daughter		IDA HAWLEY
Van Tympel, a clock-maker		LOUIS HARRISON
Eva, his wife		JOSEPHINE BARTLETT
The King of France		ERROLL DUNBAR
Guzman, a Spanish officer		MADISON SMITH
Schnapps, a tavern keeper		WILLIAM SISSONS
Captain Walther		ALFRED S. ELY
Jan	Apprentices.	FRANK BOYLE
Quentin	Apprentices.	JAMES BEALE
Margot	Village girls.	ROSA EARLE
Greta	Village girls.	EDNA LUBY
Joan.	Village girls.	ADELE NOTT
Coachman		J. T. CHAILLEE
Footman		CHARLES EMERSON
Mlle. de le Motte.	Maids of honor.	BETH WILLOUGHBY
Mlle. de Rohan	Maids of honor.	MAY SEELEY
Mlle. Fontanges	Maids of honor.	MILDRED FORREST
Marquis de Villette	Courtiers.	GEORGE WILLIAMSON
Count de Courville	Courtiers.	ARTHUR BLANCHARD
Duc de St. Michel.	Courtiers.	HENRY WILKINSON
Francois.	Pages.	GEORGIA CAMPBELL
Henri	Pages.	RITA DEAN
Gaston	Pages.	HELEN PLANCHE
Jacque	Pages.	ALINE REDMOND
Laurent	Pages.	GERTRUDE ADAMS
Theresa		EMILY MONTAGUE
Katrina		FLORENCE BELLEVILLE

Peasants, courtiers, maids of honor, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I. — Garden of Van Tympel's House near Antwerp.

ACT II. — A Roadside Inn near Brussels.

ACT III. — Versailles.

Period—Seventeenth Century.

Staged by. FRED. G. LATHAM & A.M. HOLBROOK.

Musical Director. JOHN LUND.

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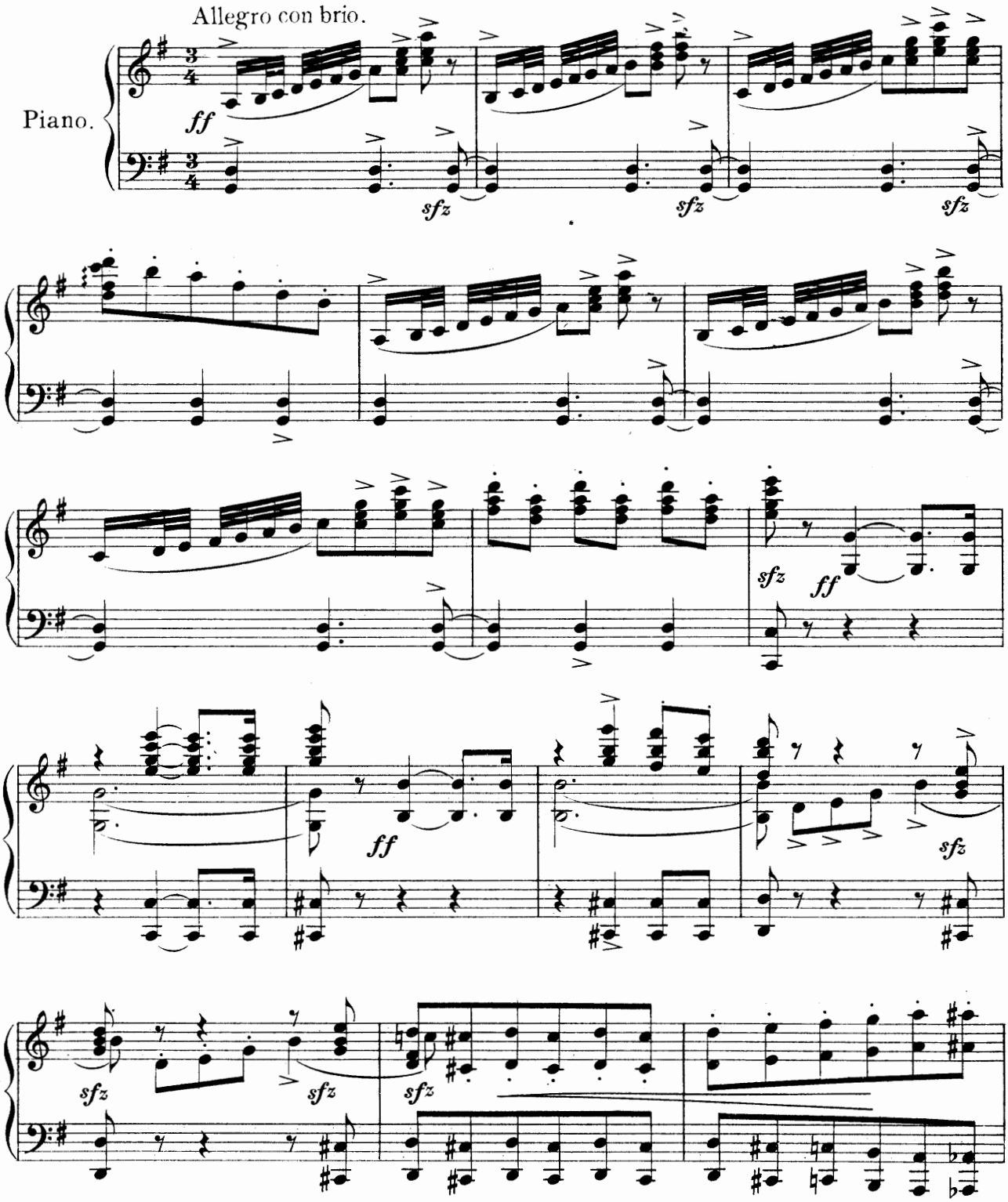
No. 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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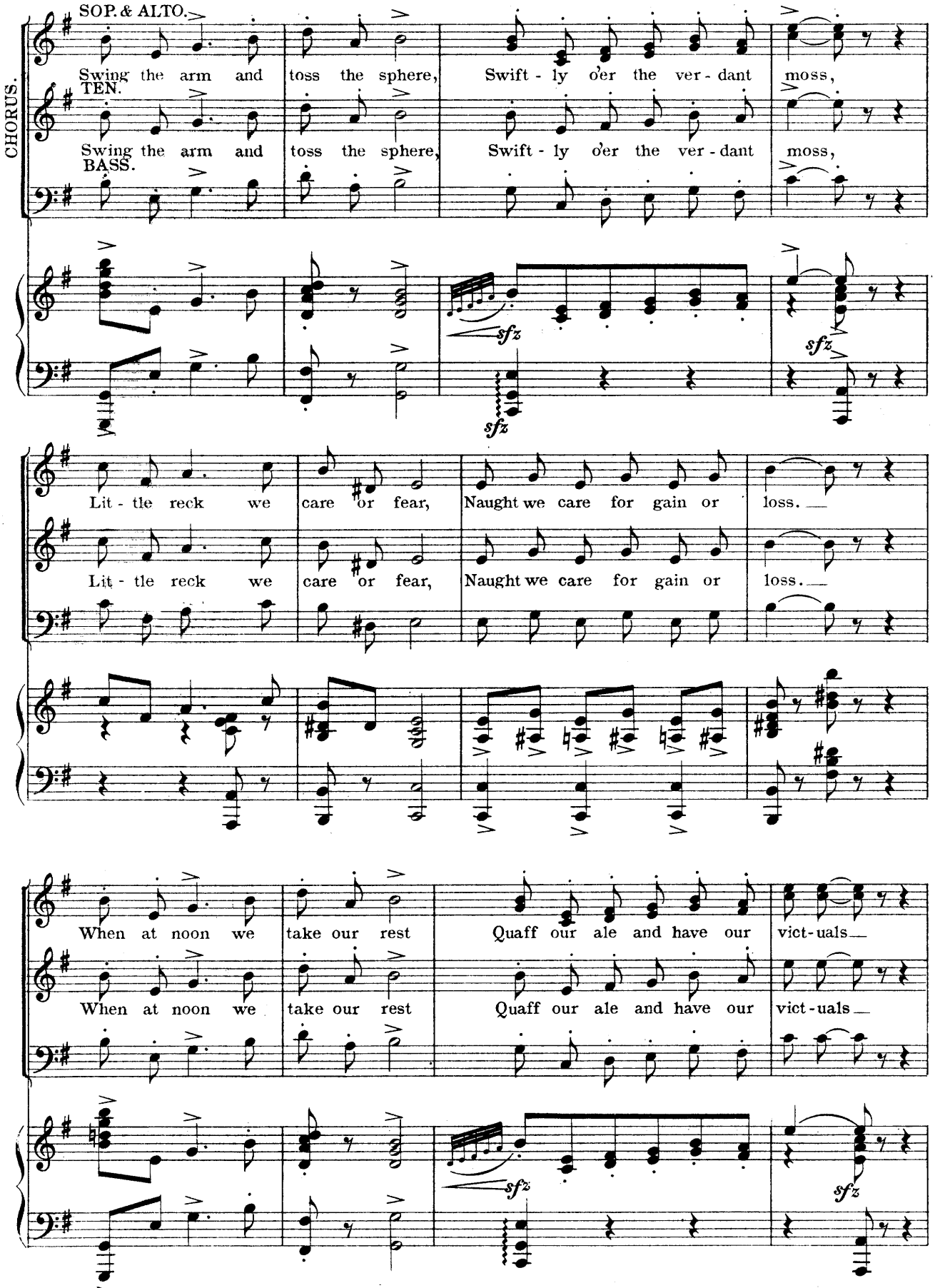
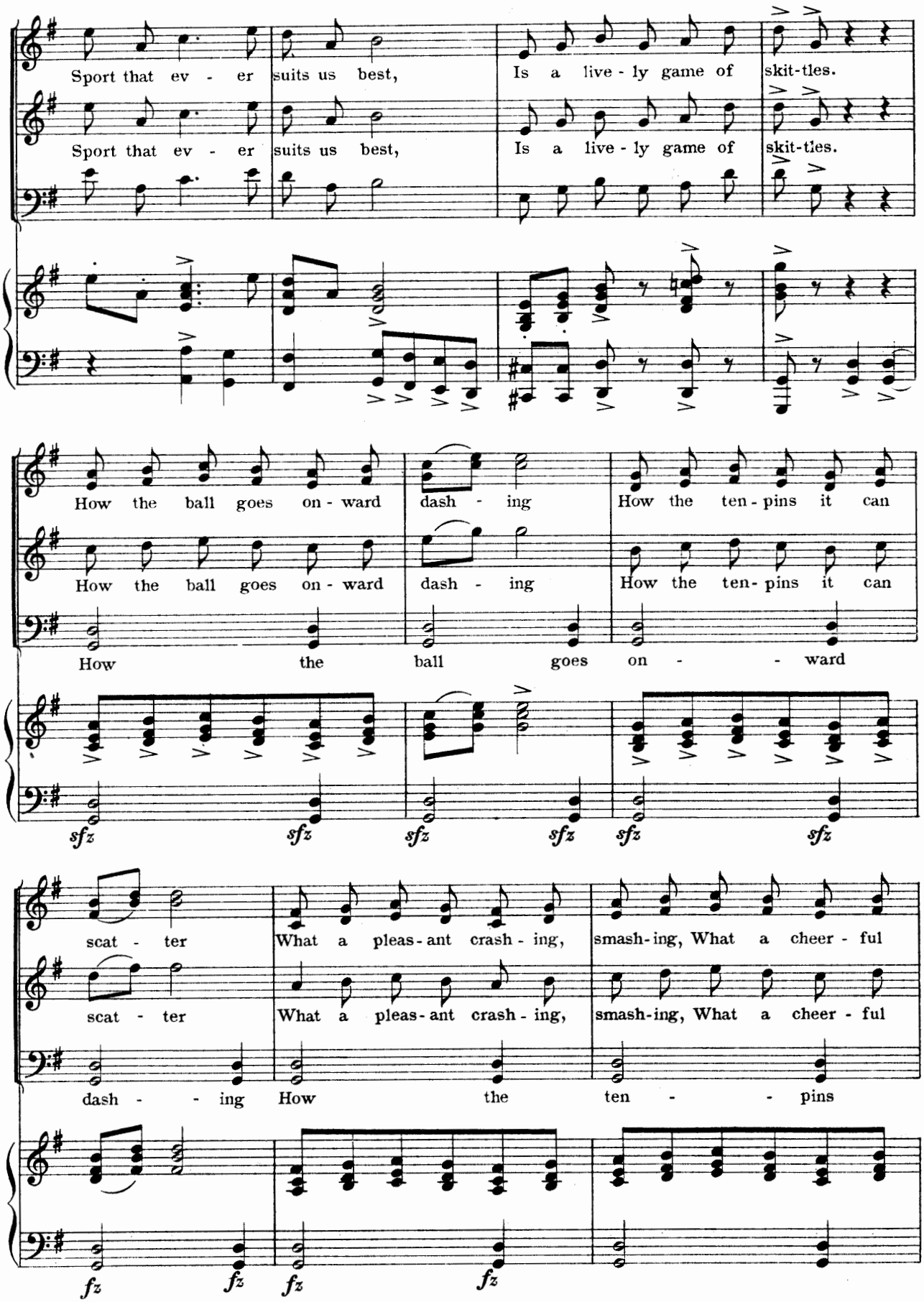
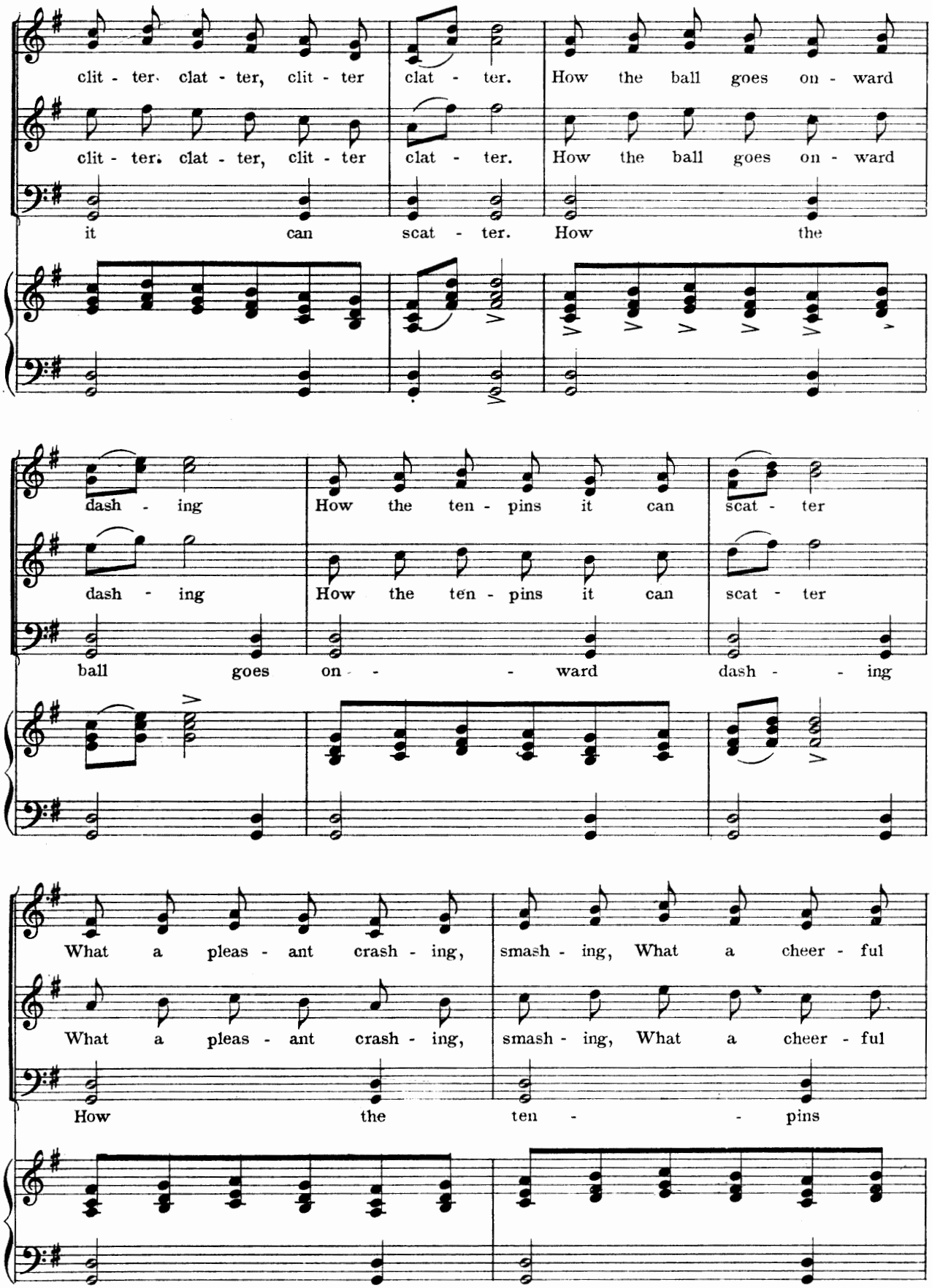
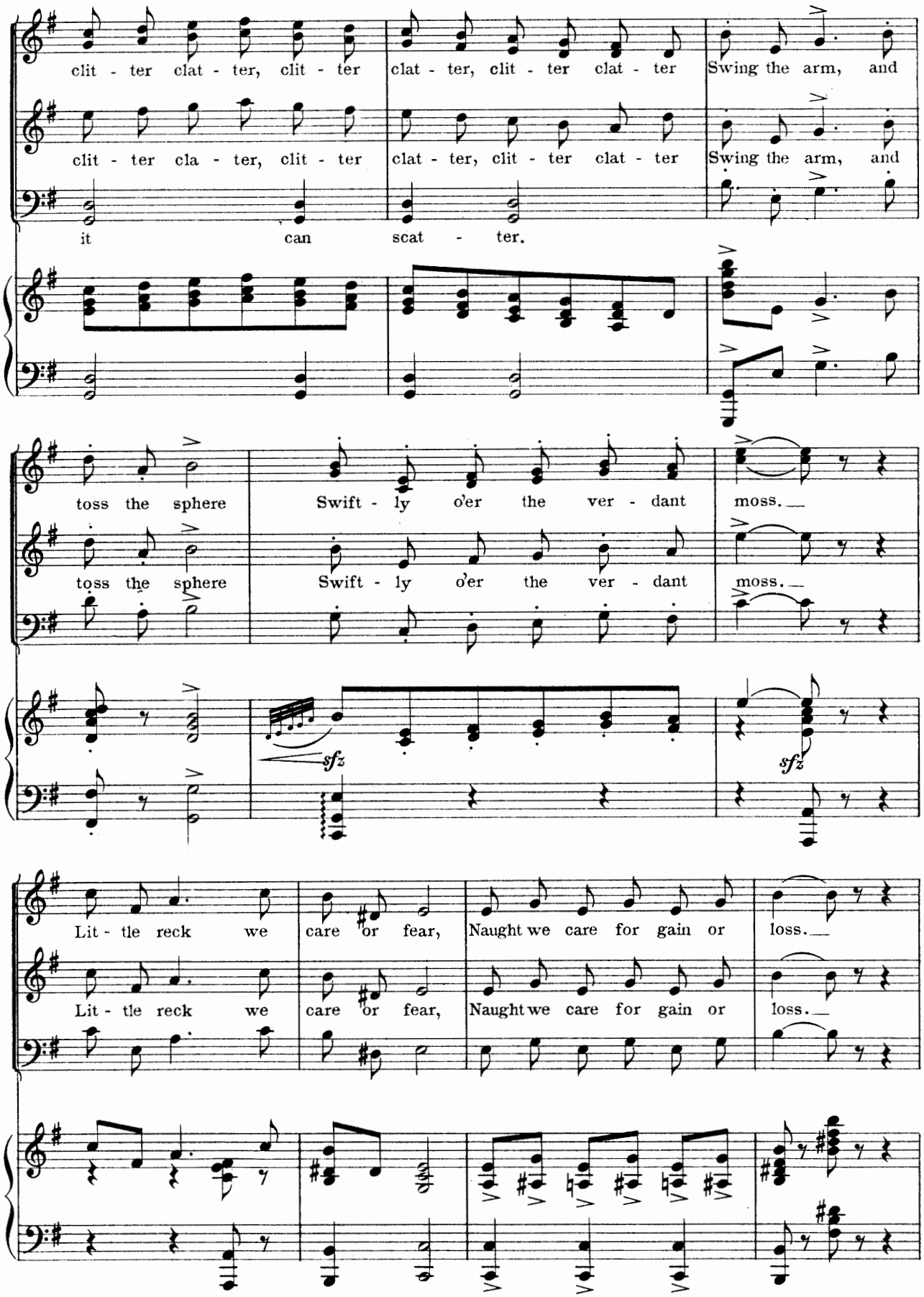
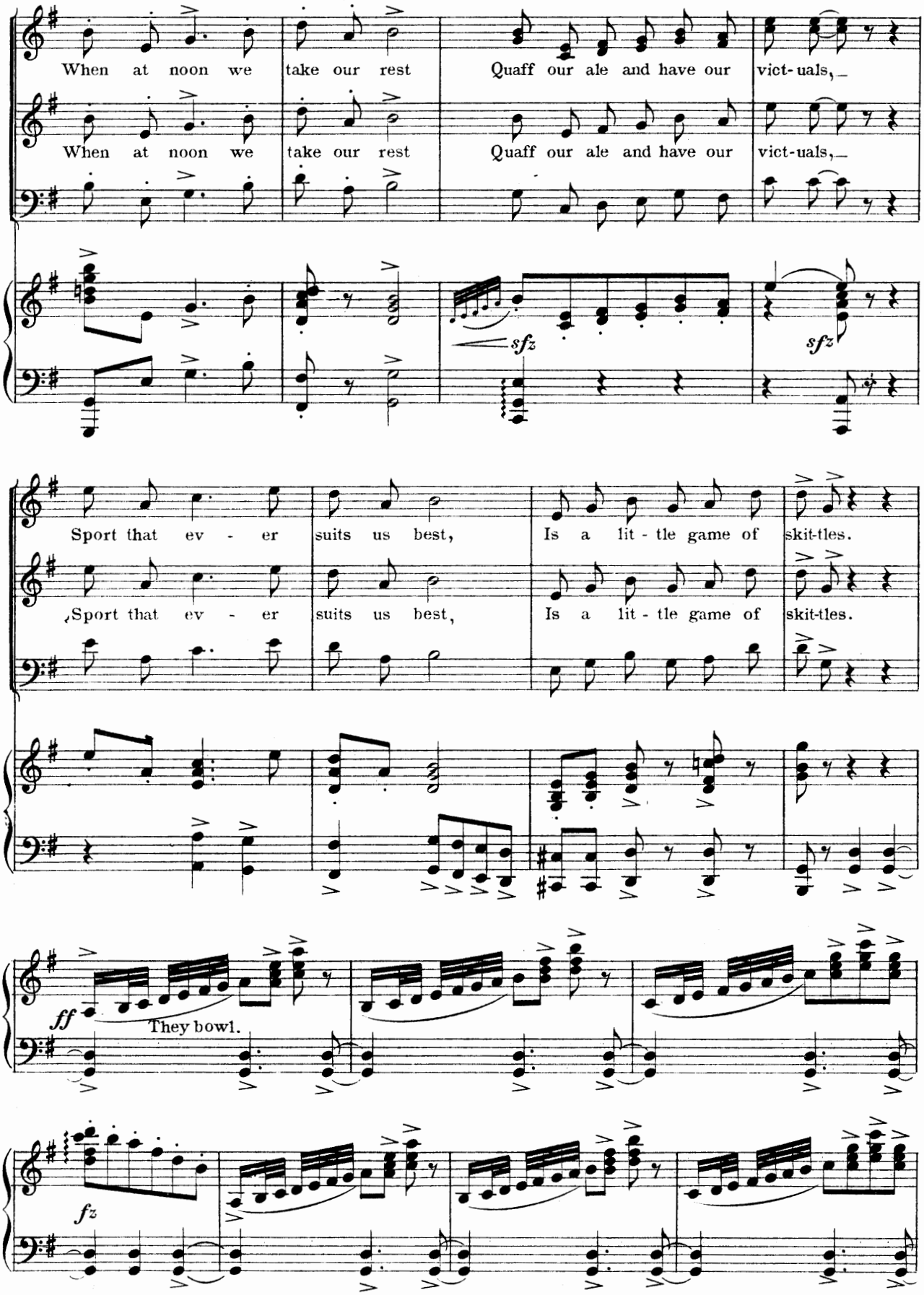
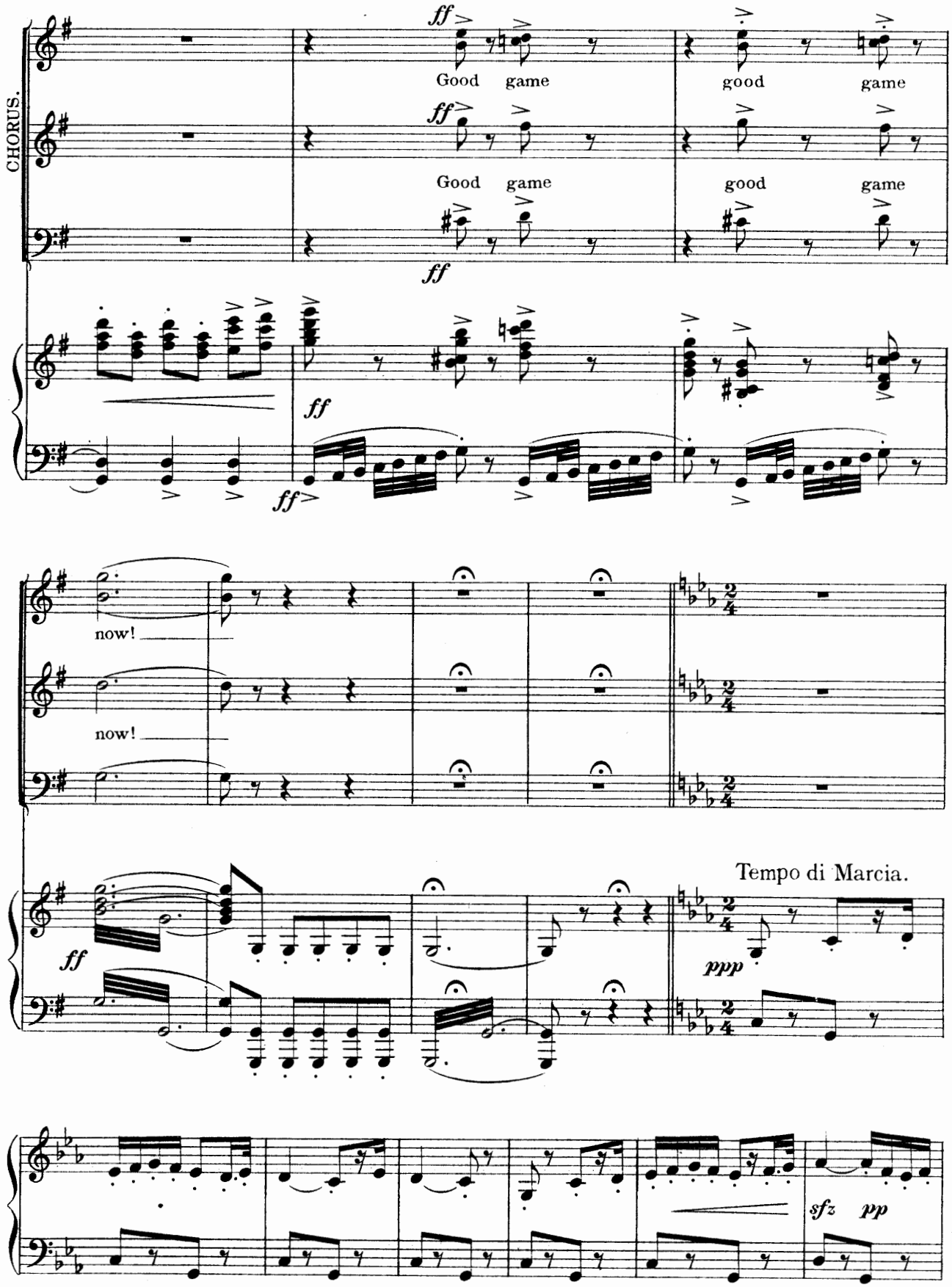

CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.
Swing the arm and toss the sphere, Swift - ly o'er the ver - dant moss,
TEN.
Swing the arm and toss the sphere, Swift - ly o'er the ver - dant moss,
BASS.
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
Lit - tle reck we care or fear, Naught we care for gain or loss.
Lit - tle reck we care or fear, Naught we care for gain or loss.
When at noon we take our rest Quaff our ale and have our vict-uals
When at noon we take our rest Quaff our ale and have our vict-uals
sfz
sfz

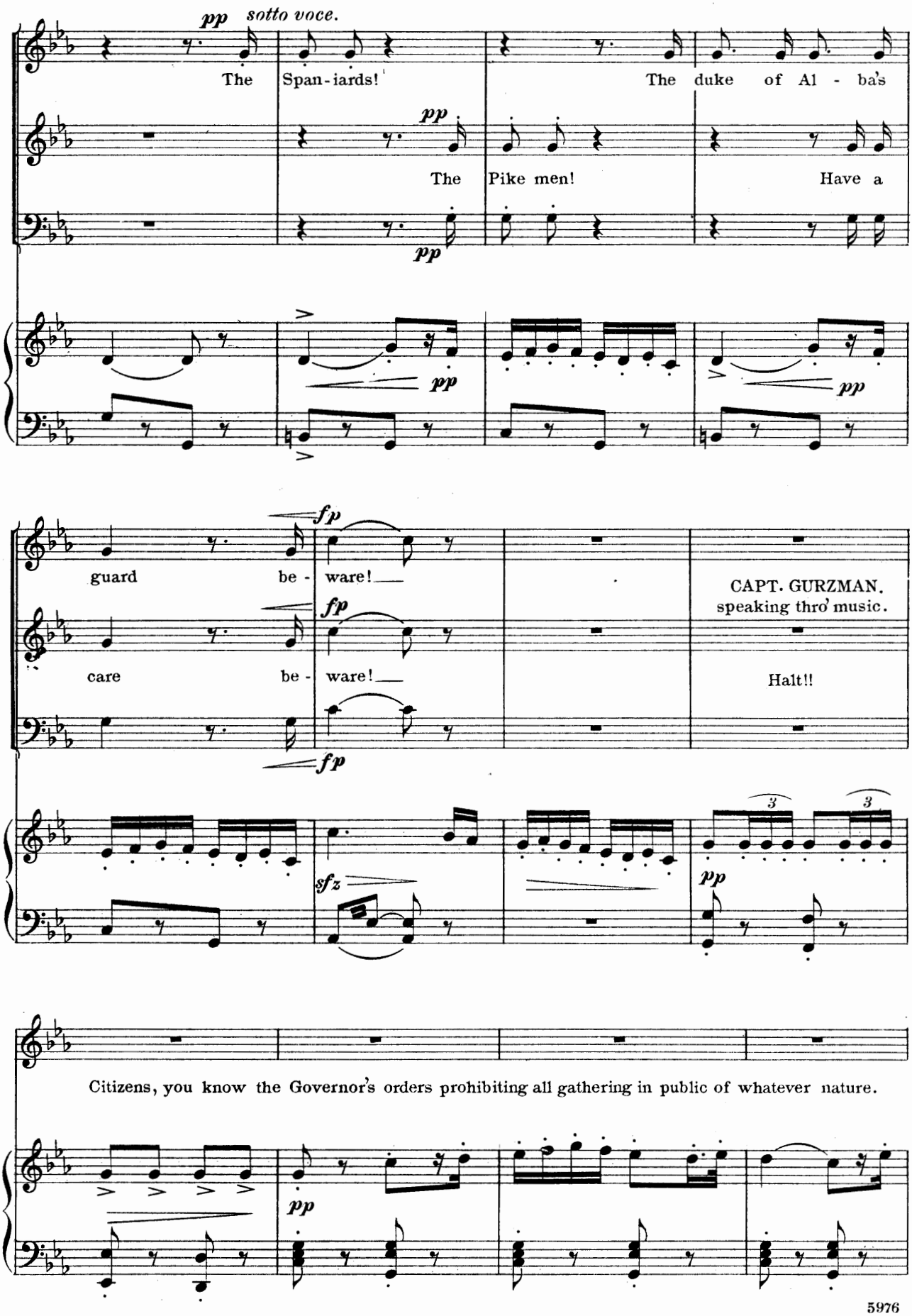

Sport that ev - er suits us best, Is a live - ly game of skit-tles.
Sport that ev - er suits us best, Is a live - ly game of skit-tles.
How the ball goes on - ward dash - ing How the ten - pins it can
How the ball goes on - ward dash - ing How the ten- pins it can
How the ball goes on - - ward
sfz sfz sfz sfz sfz sfz
scat - ter What a pleas - ant crash - ing, smash-ing, What a cheer - ful
scat - ter What a pleas - ant crash - ing, smash-ing, What a cheer - ful
dash - - ing How the ten - - pins
fz fz fz fz

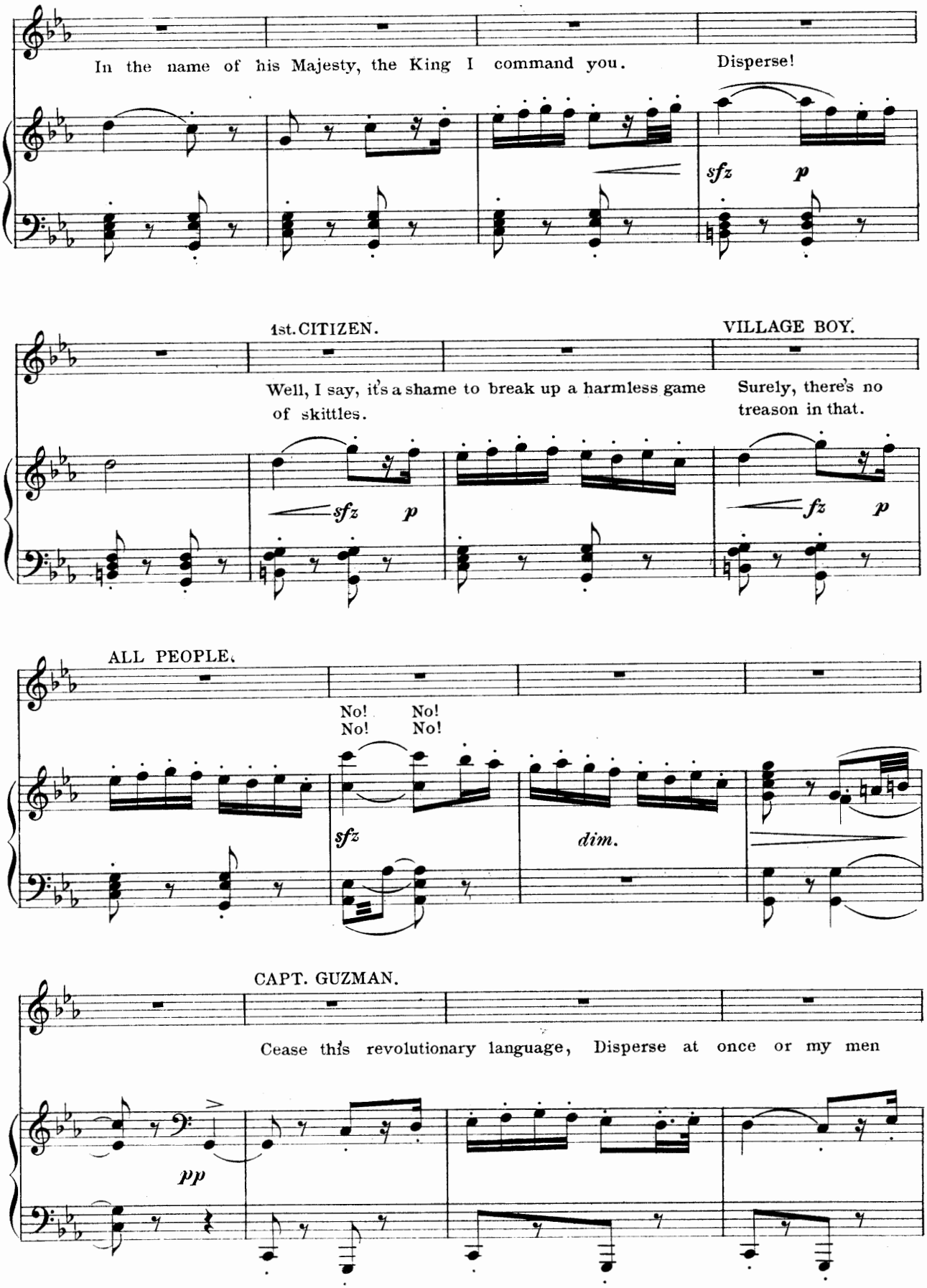

clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter clat - ter. How the ball goes on - ward
clit - ter, clat - ter, clit - ter clat - ter. How the ball goes on - ward
it can scat - ter. How the
dash - ing How the ten - pins it can scat - ter
dash - ing How the ten - pins it can scat - ter
ball goes on - - ward dash - - ing
What a pleas - ant crash - ing, smash - ing, What a cheer - ful
What a pleas - ant crash - ing, smash - ing, What a cheer - ful
How the ten - - pins

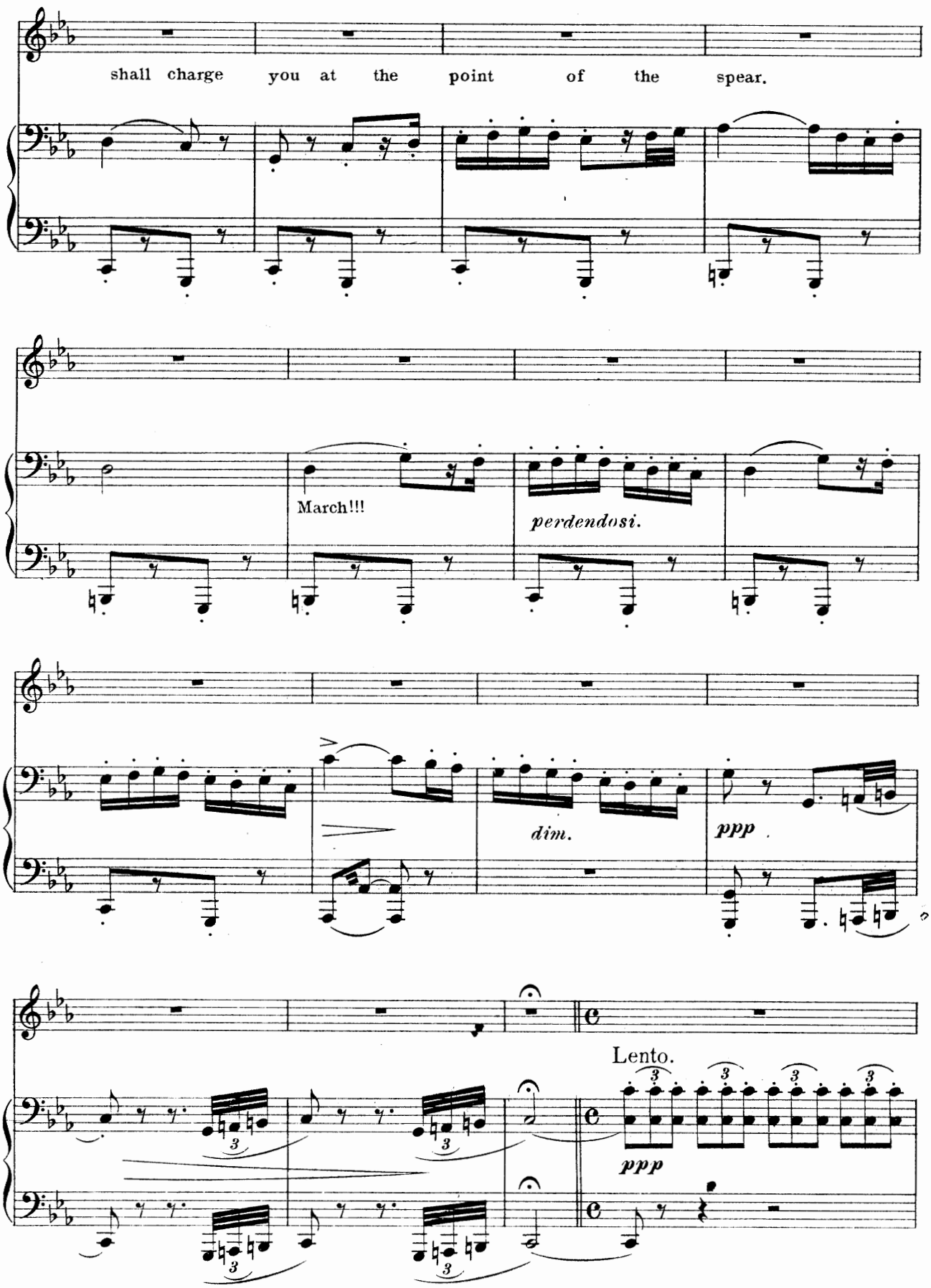

clit - ter clat - ter, clit - ter clat - ter, clit - ter clat - ter Swing the arm, and
clit - ter cla - ter, clit - ter clat - ter, clit - ter clat - ter Swing the arm, and
it can scat - ter.
toss the sphere Swift - ly o'er the ver - dant moss.
toss the sphere Swift - ly o'er the ver - dant moss.
sfz
sfz
Lit - tle reck we care or fear, Naught we care for gain or loss.
Lit - tle reck we care or fear, Naught we care for gain or loss.

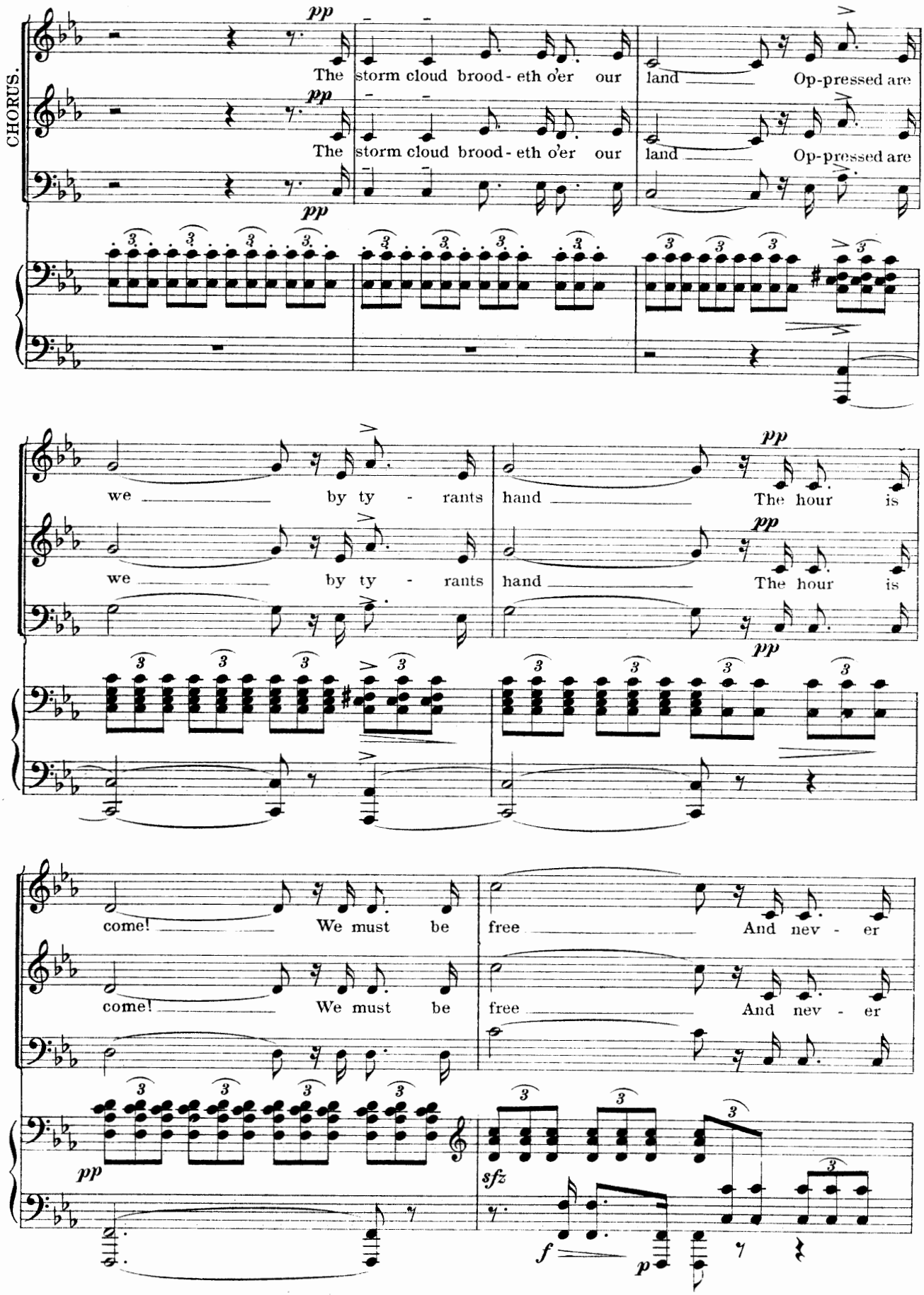

When at noon we take our rest Quaff our ale and have our vict-uals,
When at noon we take our rest Quaff our ale and have our vict-uals,
sfz
sfz
Sport that ev - er suits us best, Is a lit - tle game of skit-tles.
Sport that ev - er suits us best, Is a lit - tle game of skit-tles.
ff
They bowl.
fz

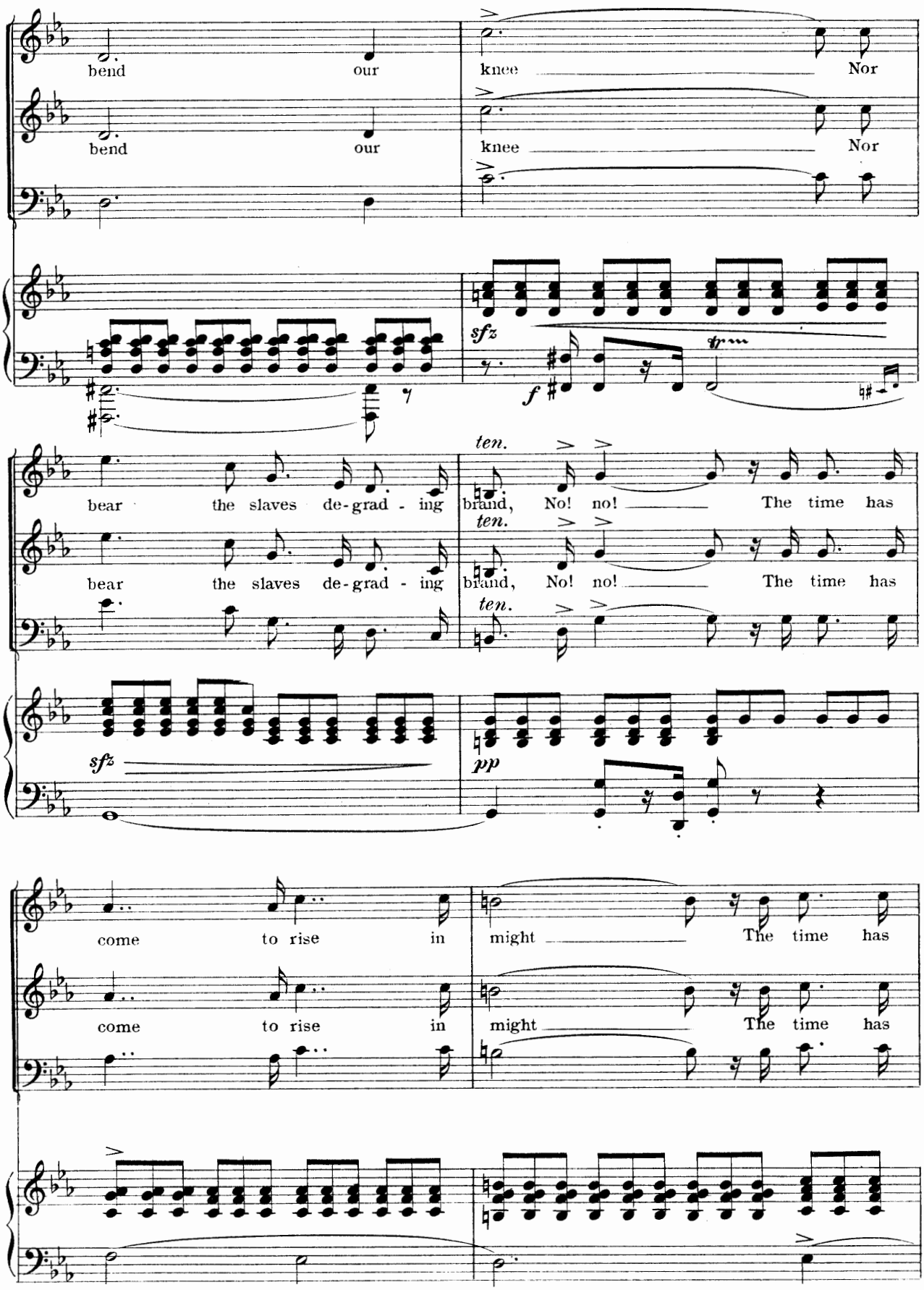

CHORUS.
ff
Good game
good game
Good game
good game
ff
ff
ff
now!
now!
Tempo di Marcia.
ff
ppp
sfz pp

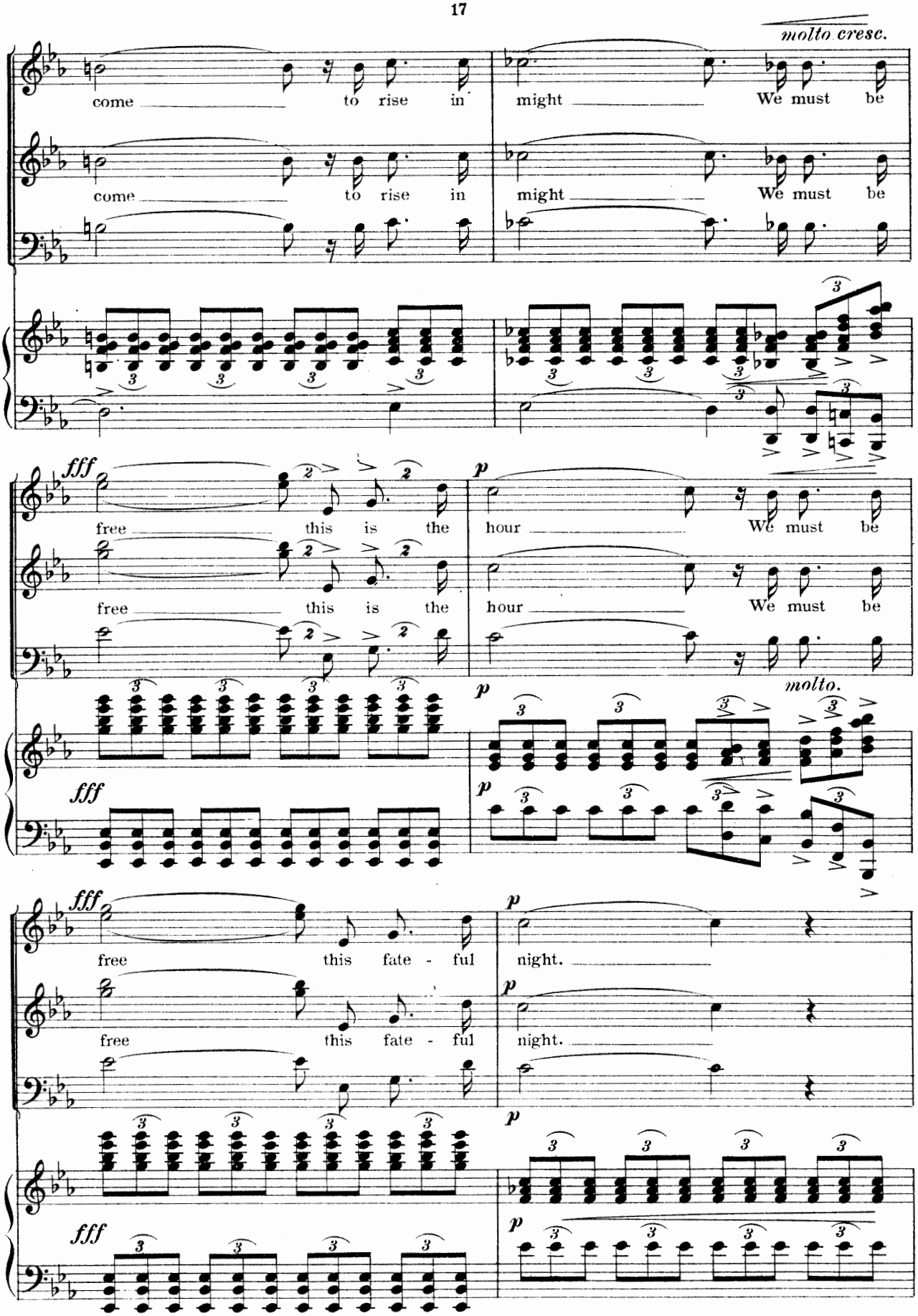

pp sotto voce.
The Span-iards!
The duke of Al - ba's
pp
The Pike men!
Have a
pp
pp
fp
guard be - ware!
fp
care be - ware!
fp
CAPT. GURZMAN.
speaking thro' music.
Halt!!
sfz
pp
Citizens, you know the Governor's orders prohibiting all gathering in public of whatever nature.
pp

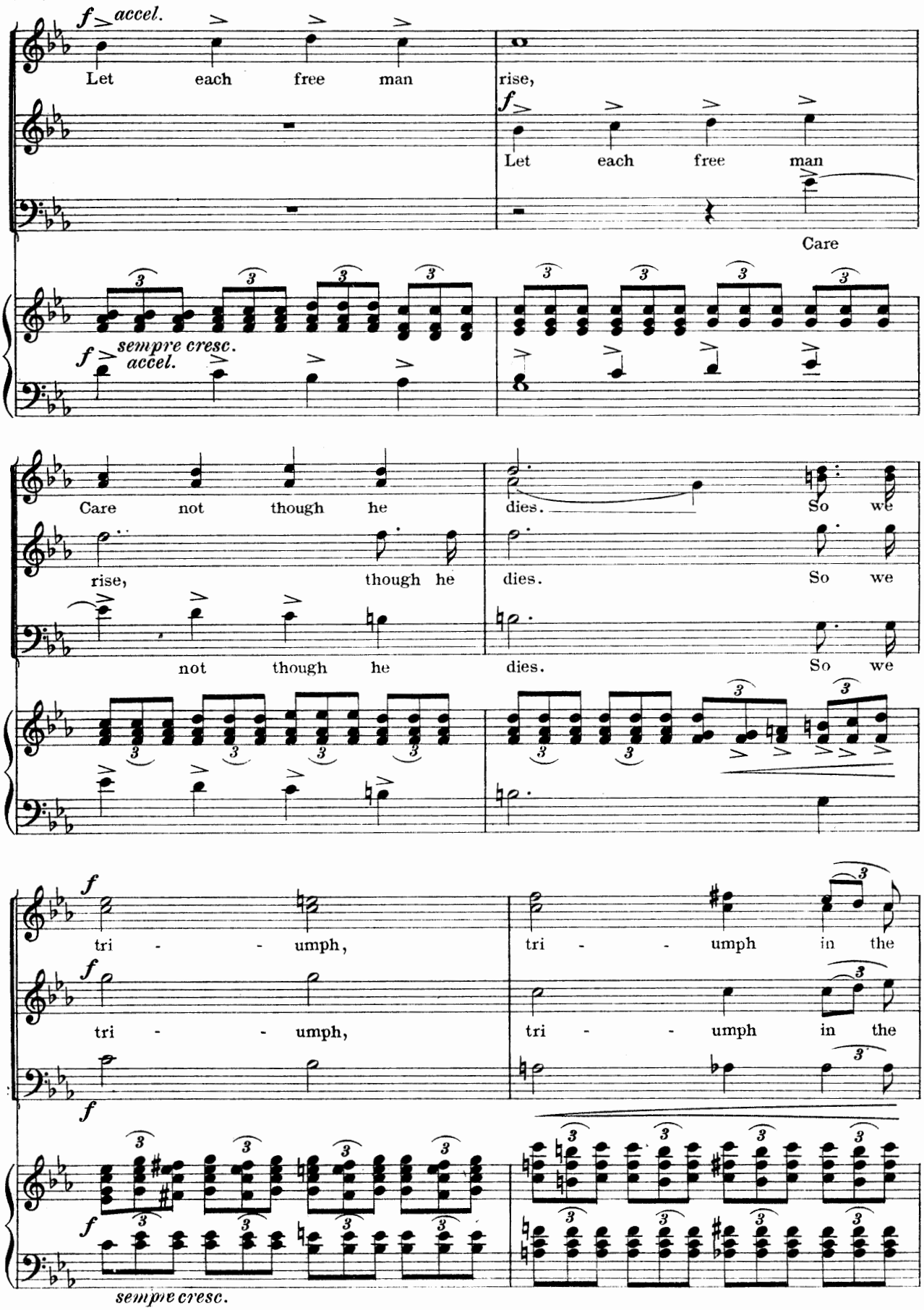

In the name of his Majesty, the King I command you.
Disperse!
sfz
p
1st. CITIZEN.
VILLAGE BOY.
Well, I say, it's a shame to break up a harmless game of skittles.
Surely, there's no treason in that.
sfz
p
fz
p
ALL PEOPLE.
No! No!
No! No!
sfz
dim.
CAPT. GUZMAN.
Cease this revolutionary language, Disperse at once or my men
pp

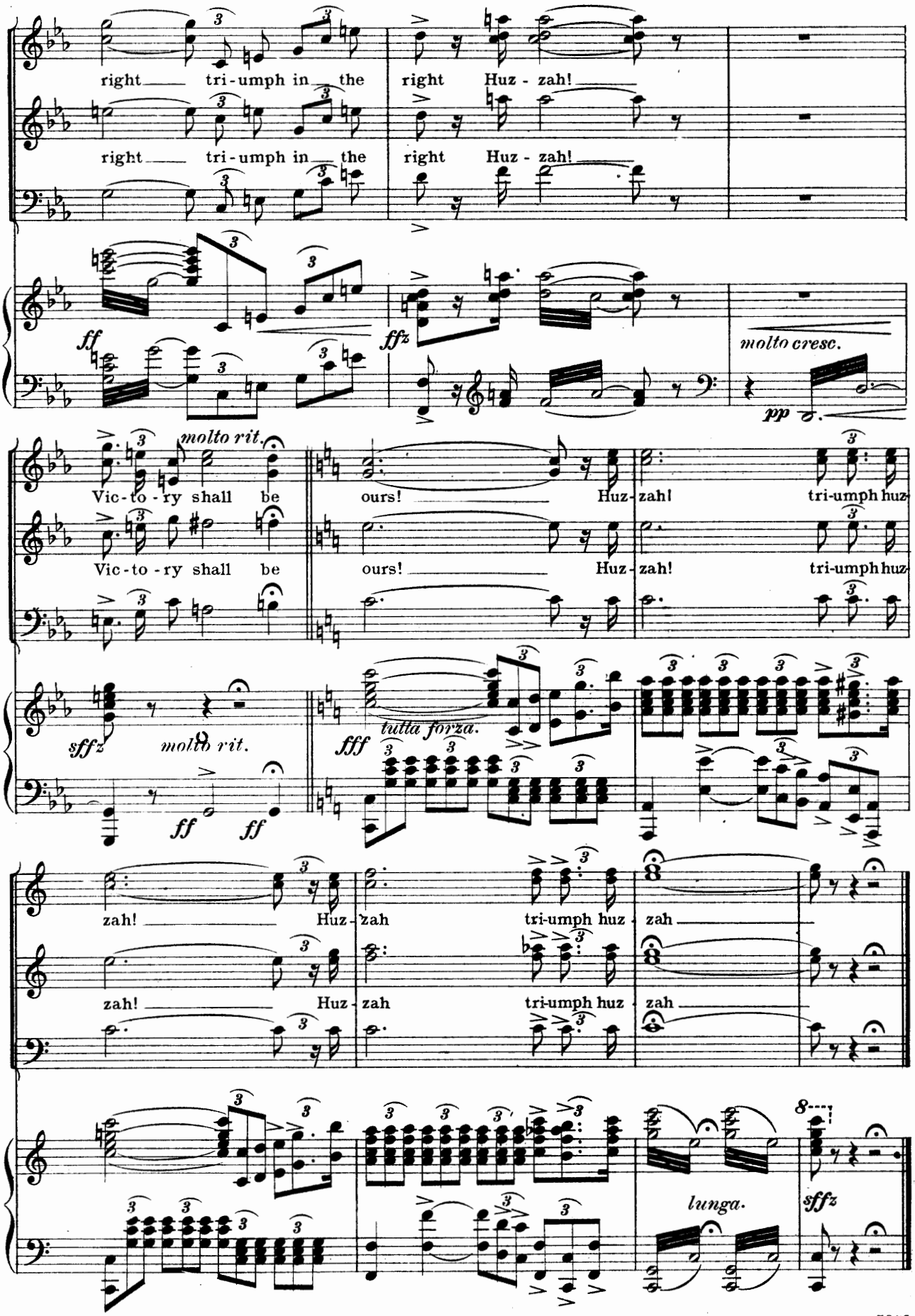

shall charge you at the point of the spear.
March!!!
perdendosi.
dim.
ppp
Lento.
ppp


CHORUS.
pp
The storm cloud brood - eth o'er our land Op-pressed are
The storm cloud brood - eth o'er our land Op-pressed are
we by ty - rants hand The hour is
we by ty - rants hand The hour is
come! We must be free And nev - er
come! We must be free And nev - er
sfz
f
p


bend our knee Nor
bend our knee Nor
sfz
f
bear the slaves de-grad - ing brand, No! no! The time has
ten.
bear the slaves de-grad - ing brand, No! no! The time has
sfz
pp
come to rise in might The time has
come to rise in might The time has


molto cresc.
come to rise in
might We must be
come to rise in
might We must be
fff
free this is the
hour We must be
free this is the
hour We must be
p
molto.
fff
p
fff
free this fate - ful
night.
free this fate - ful
night.
p
p
fff
p


f accel.
Let each free man
rise,
f
Let each free man
Care
sempre cresc.
f accel.
Care not though he
dies.
So we
rise, though he
dies.
So we
not though he
dies.
So we
f
tri - - umph,
tri - - umph in the
f
tri - - umph,
tri - - umph in the
f
f
sempre cresc.


right tri-umph in the right Huz - zah!
right tri-umph in the right Huz - zah!
ff
fffz
molto cresc.
pp
molto rit.
Vic-to-ry shall be ours! Huz-zah! tri-umph huz-
Vic-to-ry shall be ours! Huz-zah! tri-umph huz-
sffz
molto rit.
ff
ff
fff
tutta forza.
zah! Huz-zah tri-umph huz-zah
zah! Huz-zah tri-umph huz-zah
lunga.
sffz

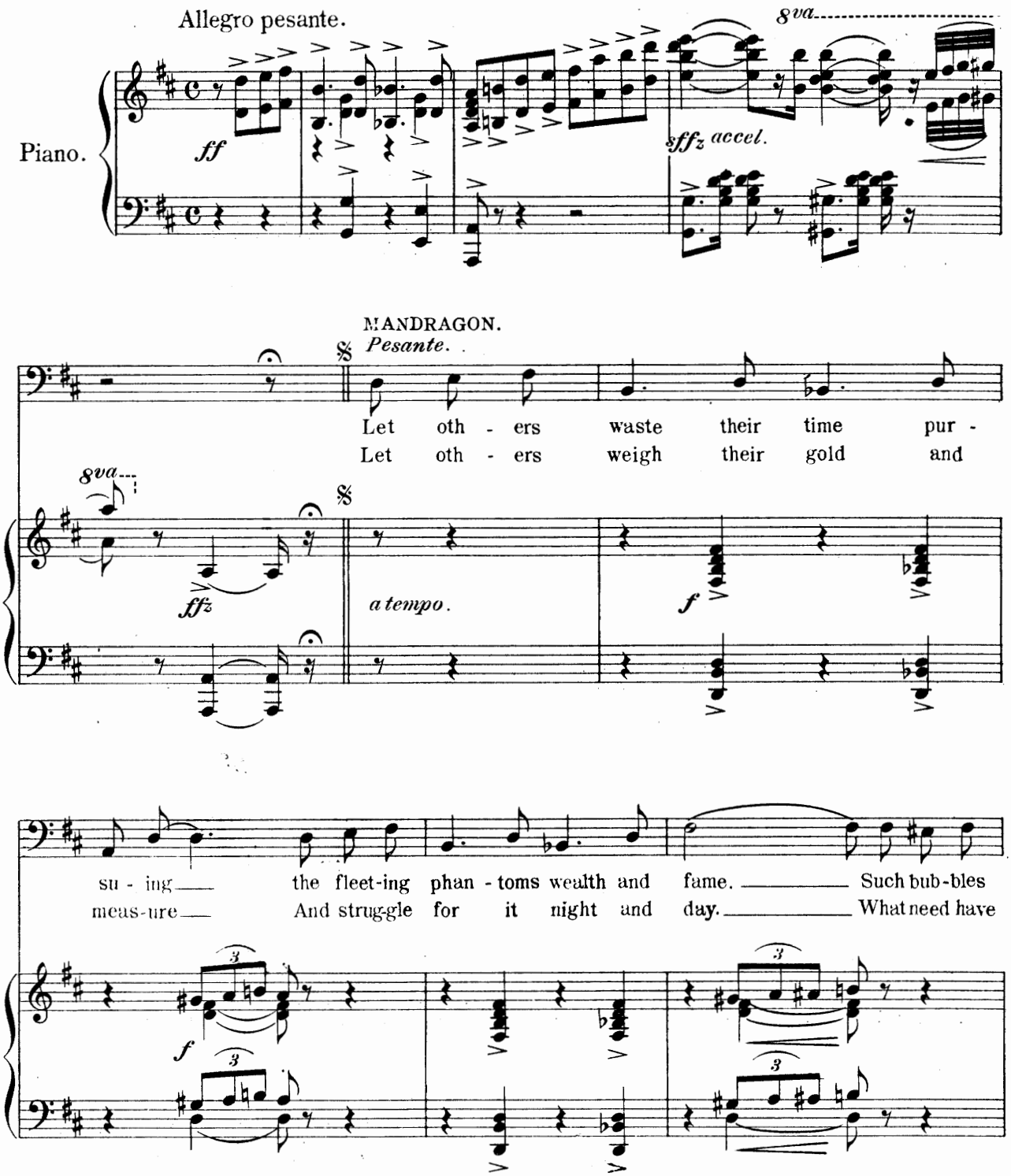
My Honor and My Sword.

No 2.

Mondragon and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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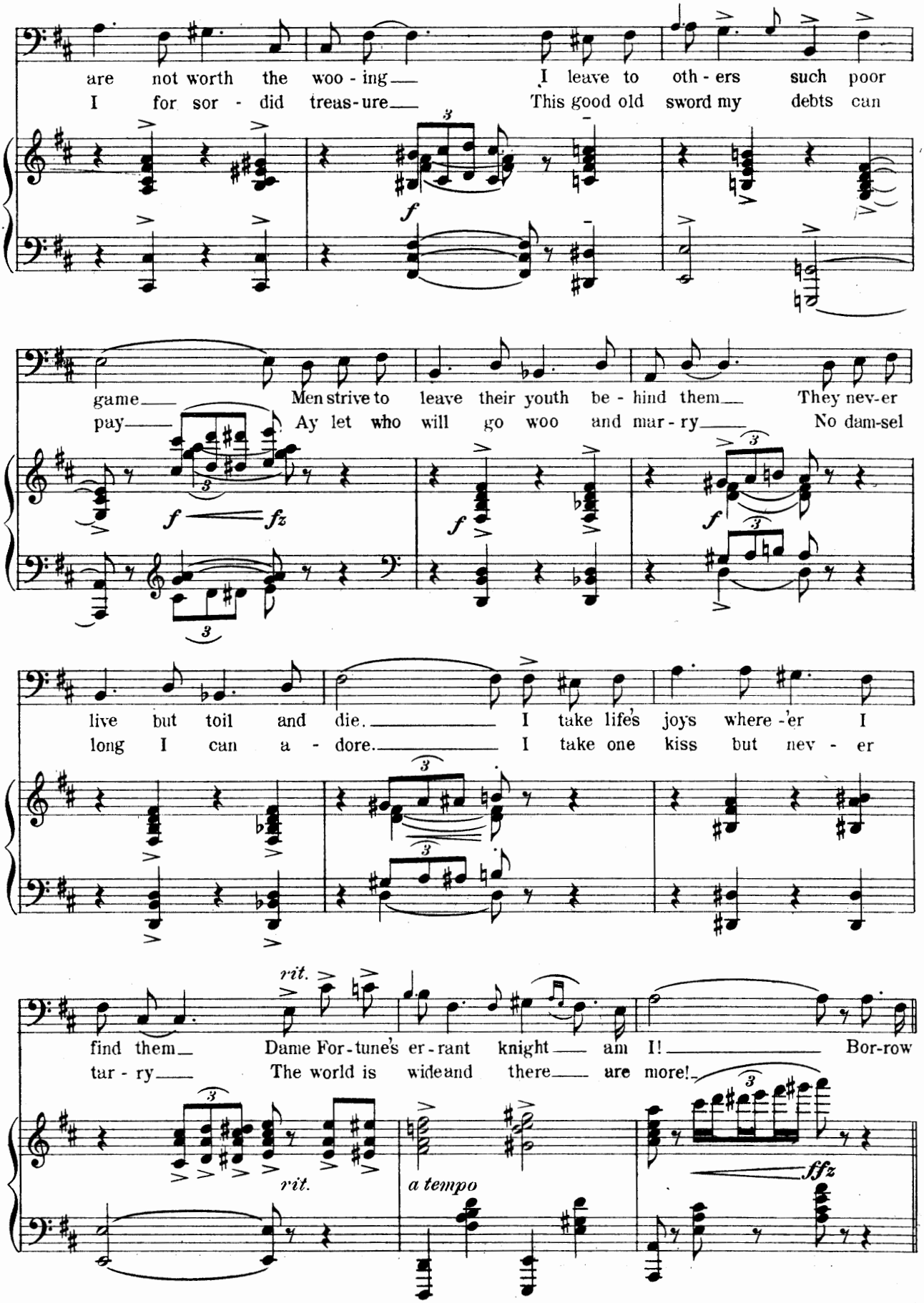
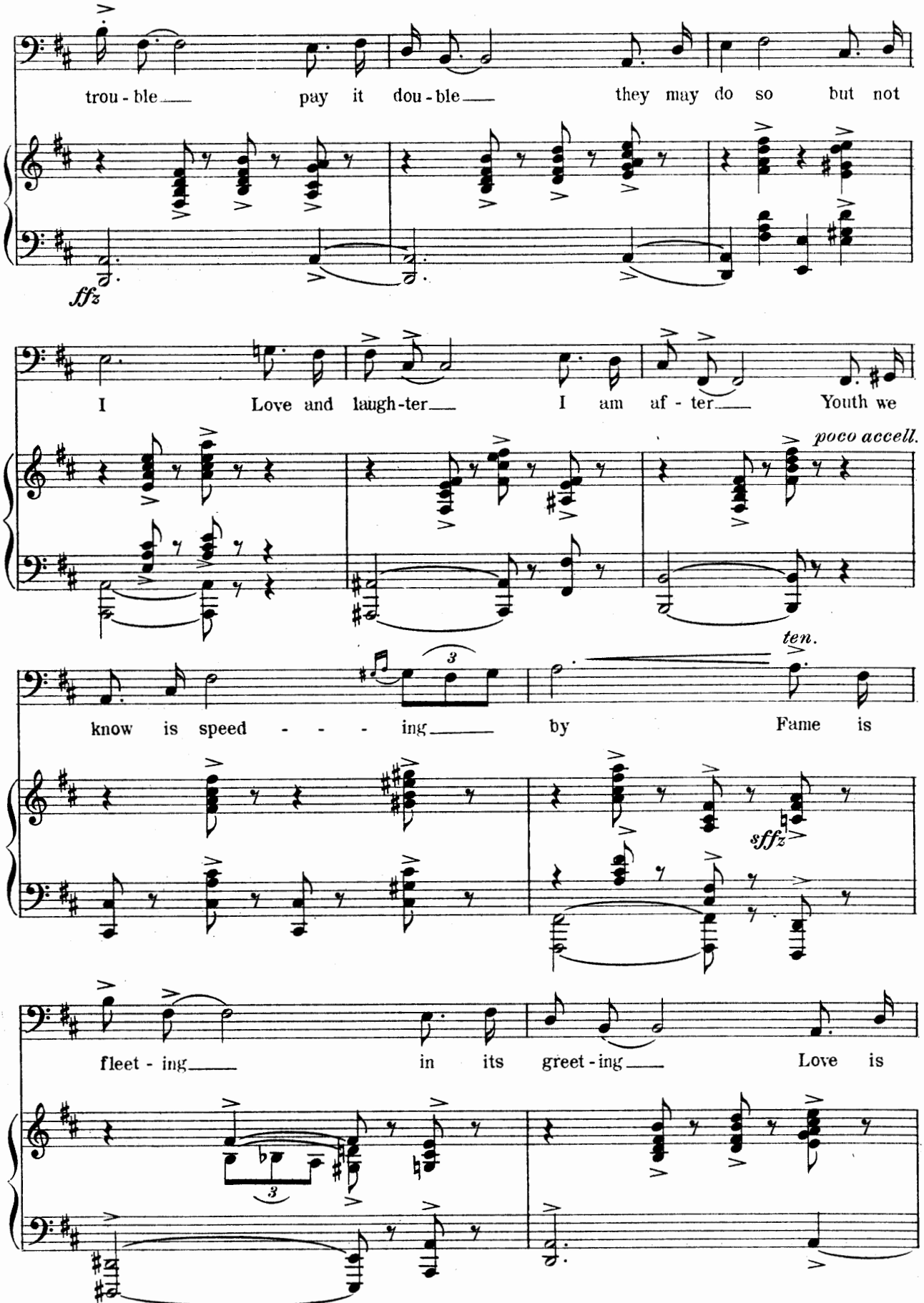
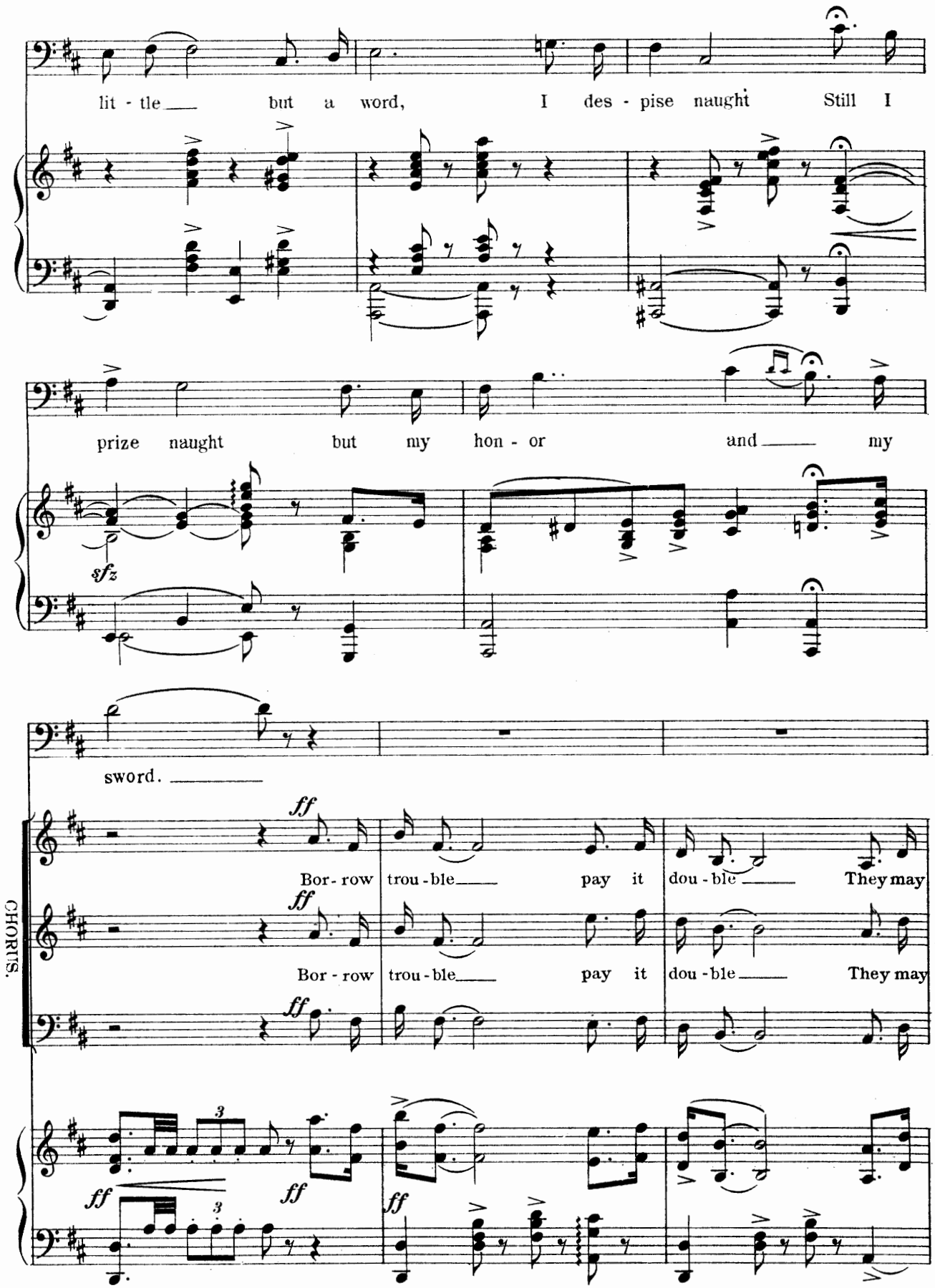
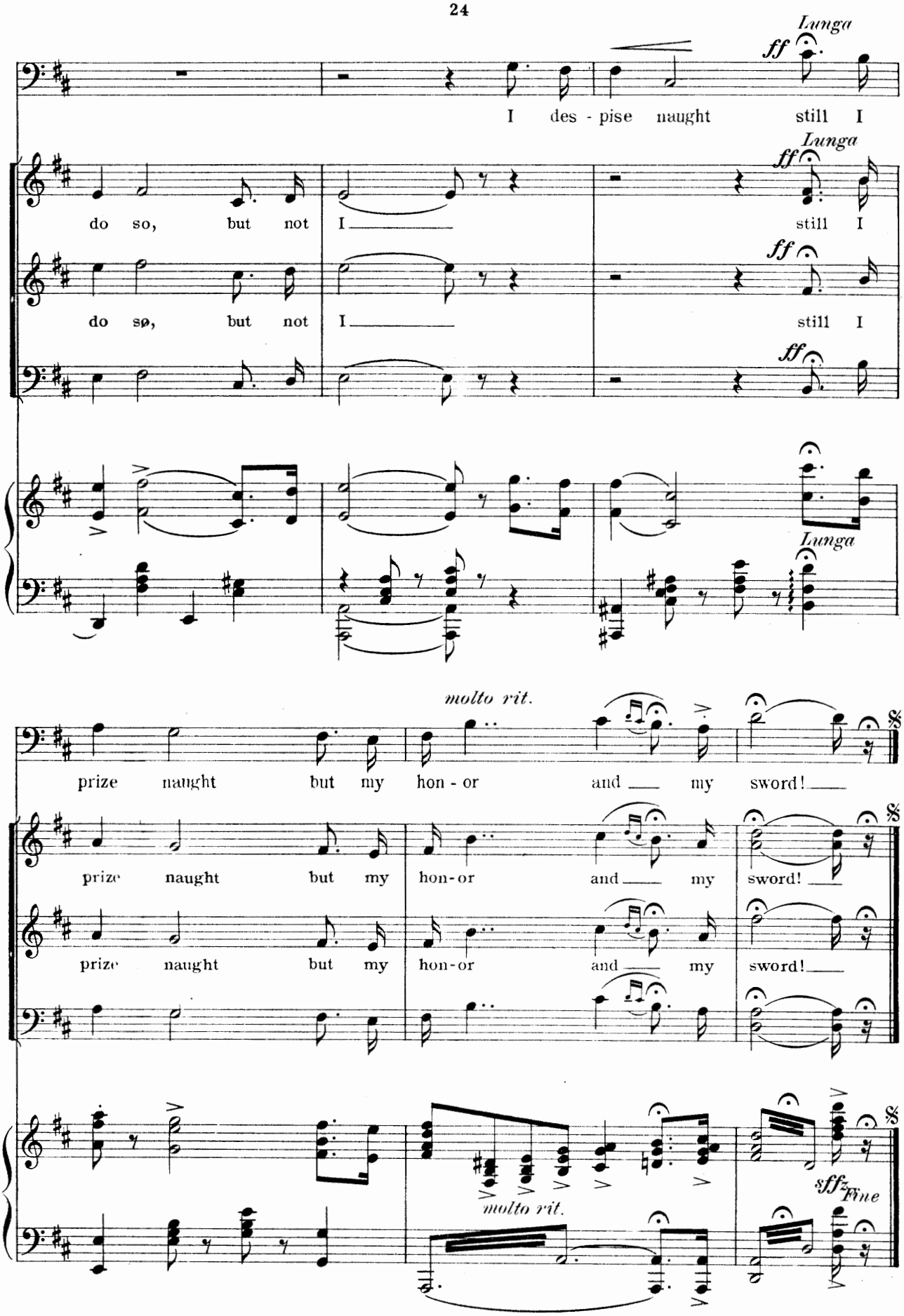

are not worth the woo - ing I leave to oth - ers such poor
I for sor - did treas - ure This good old sword my debts can
f
game Men strive to leave their youth be - hind them They nev-er
pay Ay let who will go woo and mar - ry No dam-sel
f fz
f
f
live but toil and die. I take life's joys where -'er I
long I can a - dore. I take one kiss but nev - er
rit.
find them Dame For - tune's er - rant knight am I! Bor-row
tar - ry The world is wide and there are more!
rit.
a tempo
ffz


trou - ble pay it dou - ble they may do so but not
ffz
I Love and laugh - ter I am af - ter Youth we
poco accell.
know is speed - - - ing by Fame is
ten.
sffz
fleet - ing in its greet - ing Love is


lit - tle but a word, I des - pise naught Still I
prize naught but my hon - or and my
sfz
sword.
ff
Bor - row trou - ble pay it dou - ble They may
Bor - row trou - ble pay it dou - ble They may
CHORUS.
3
3


Lunga
ff
I des - pise naught still I
do so, but not I still I
do sø, but not I still I
molto rit.
prize naught but my hon - or and my sword!
prize naught but my hon-or and my sword!
sffz
Fine

On the Other Side of the Wall.

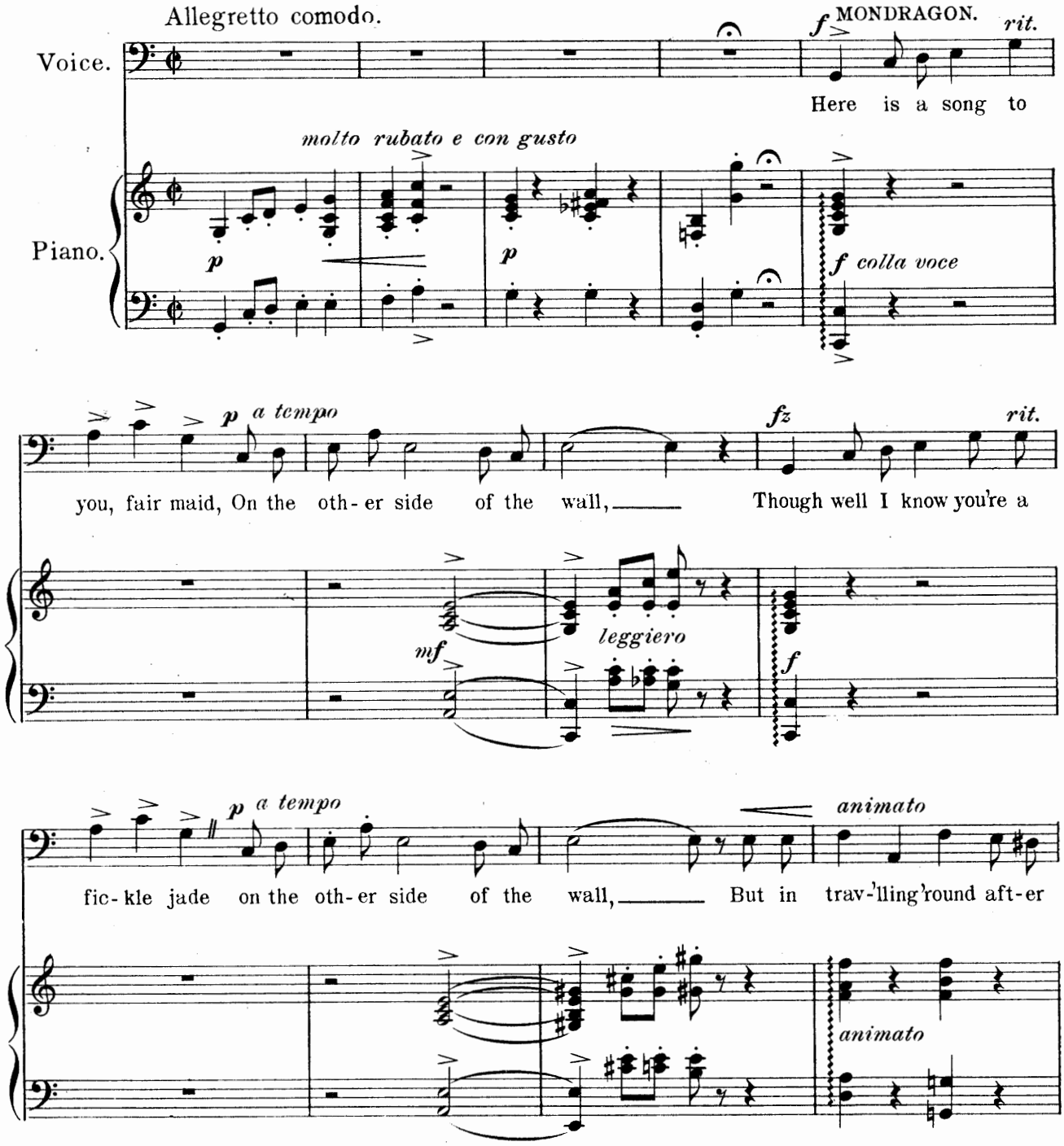
No 3

DUET.

Mondragon and Vinetta.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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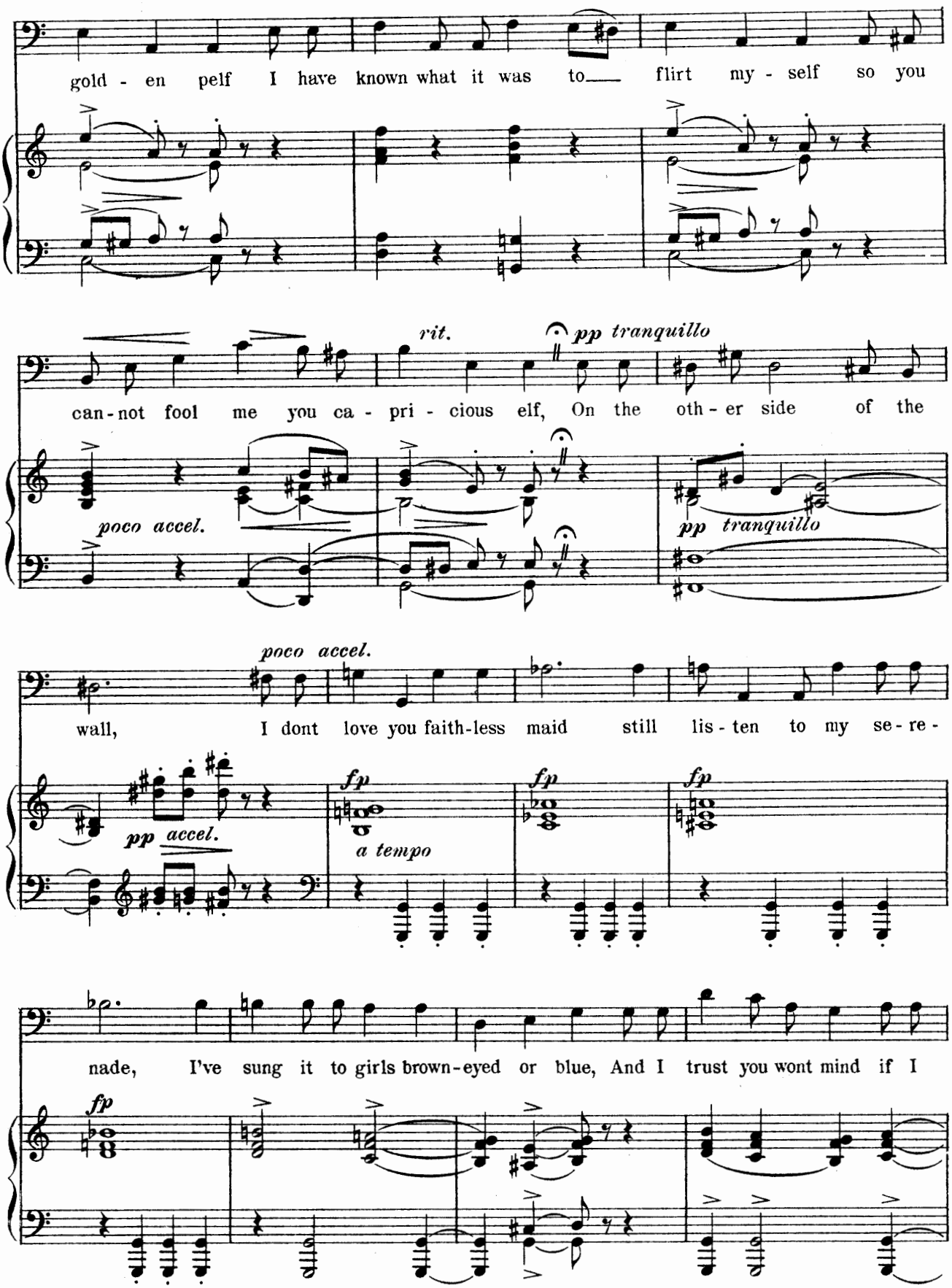
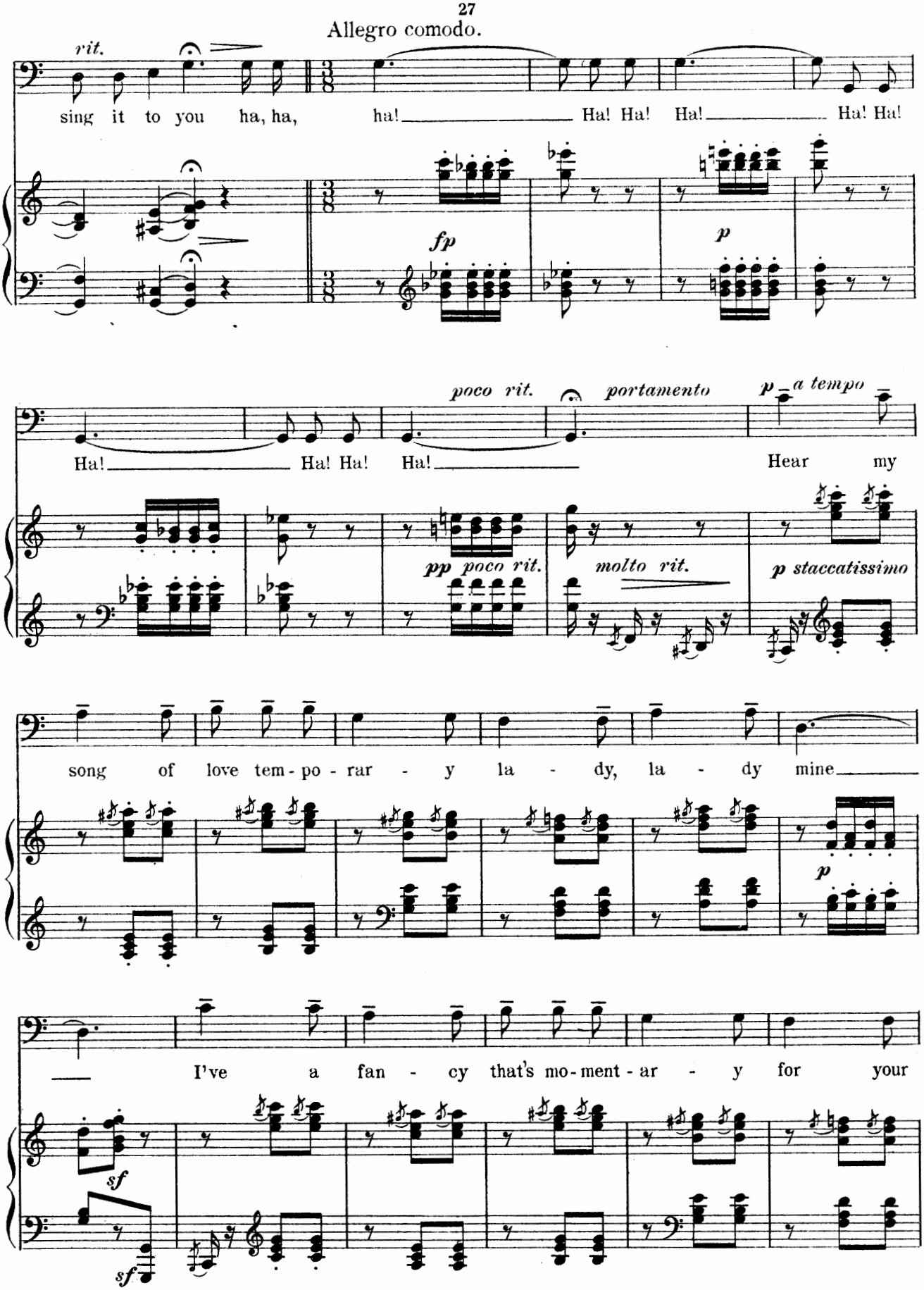
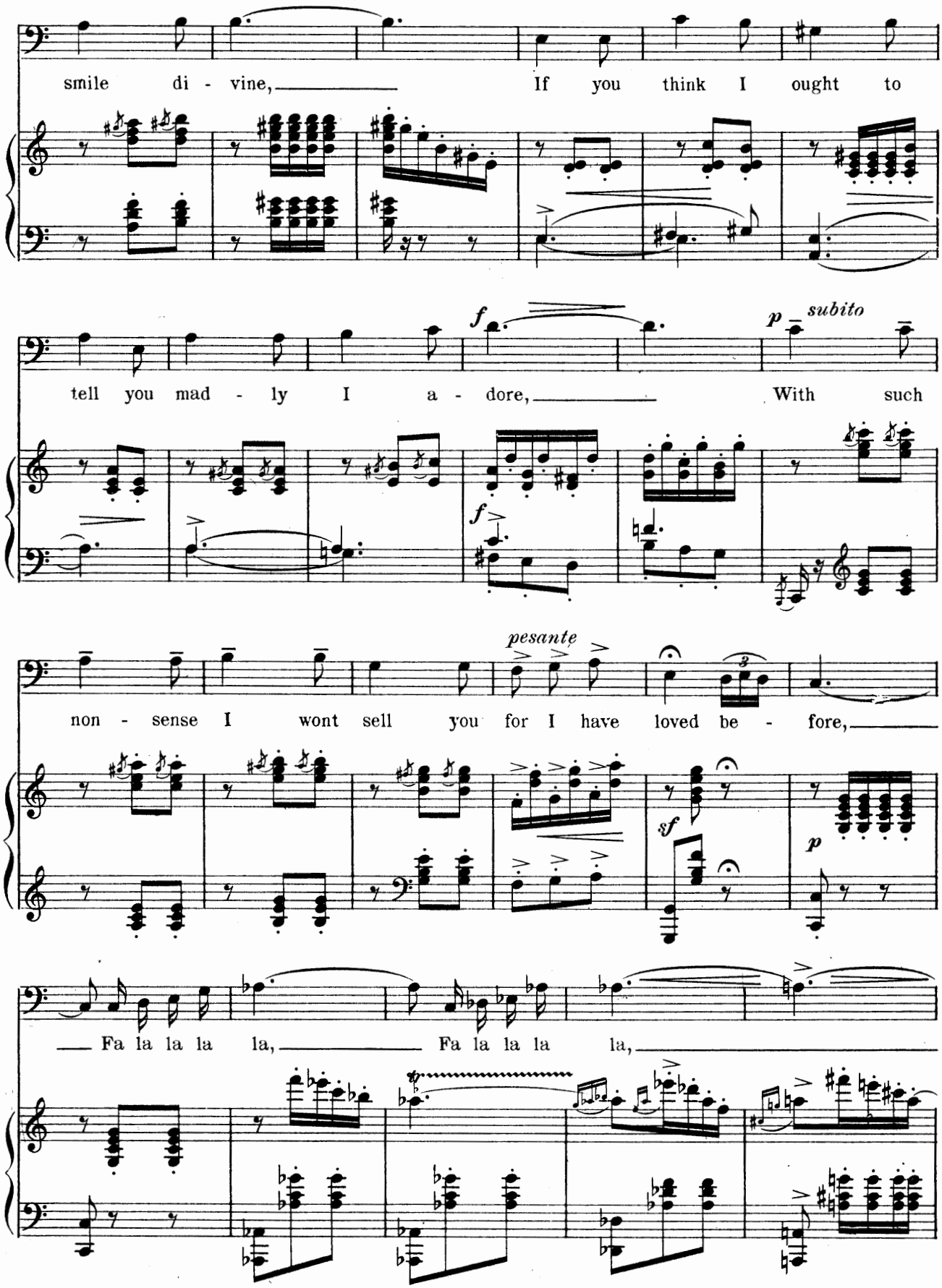
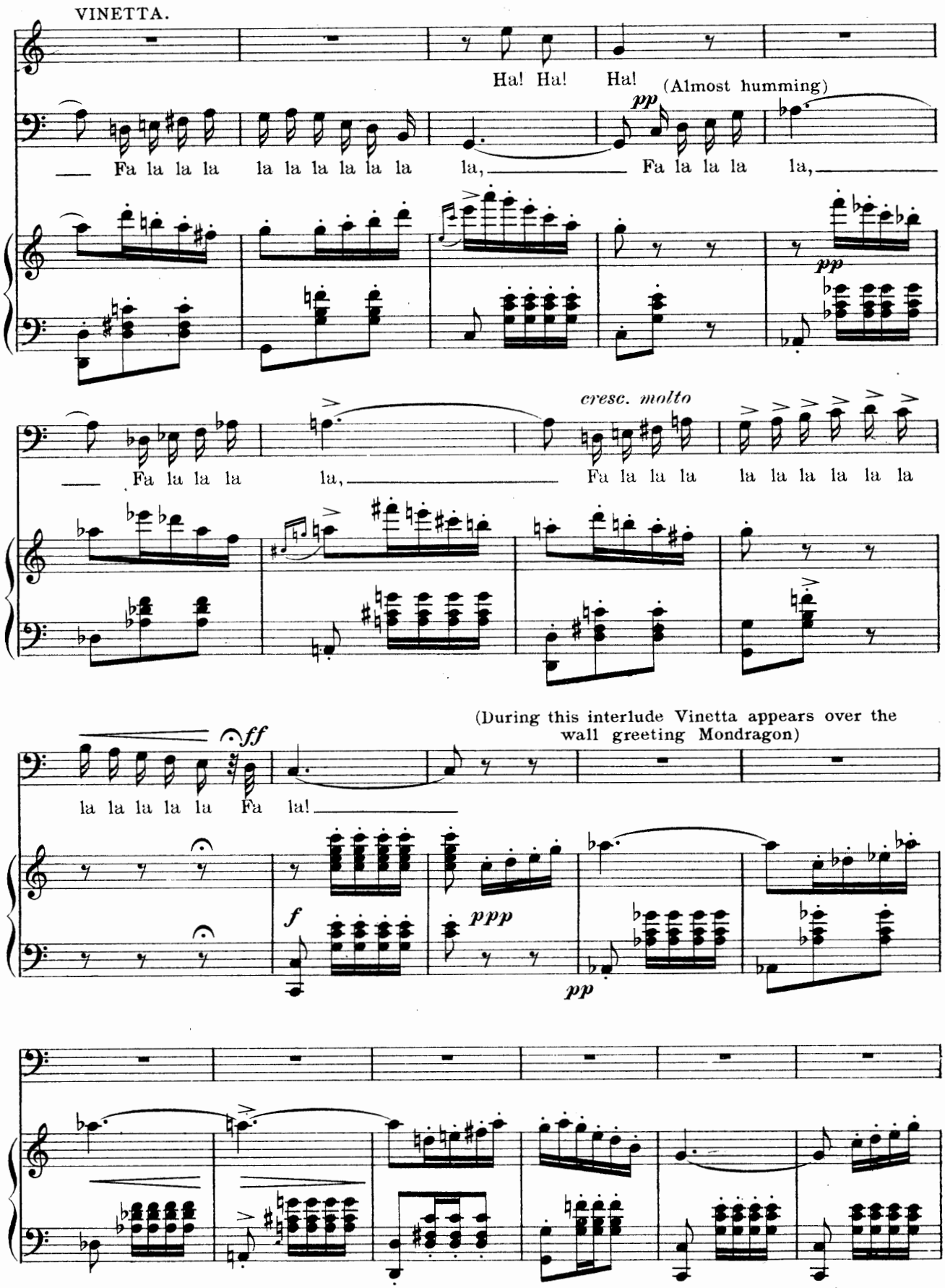
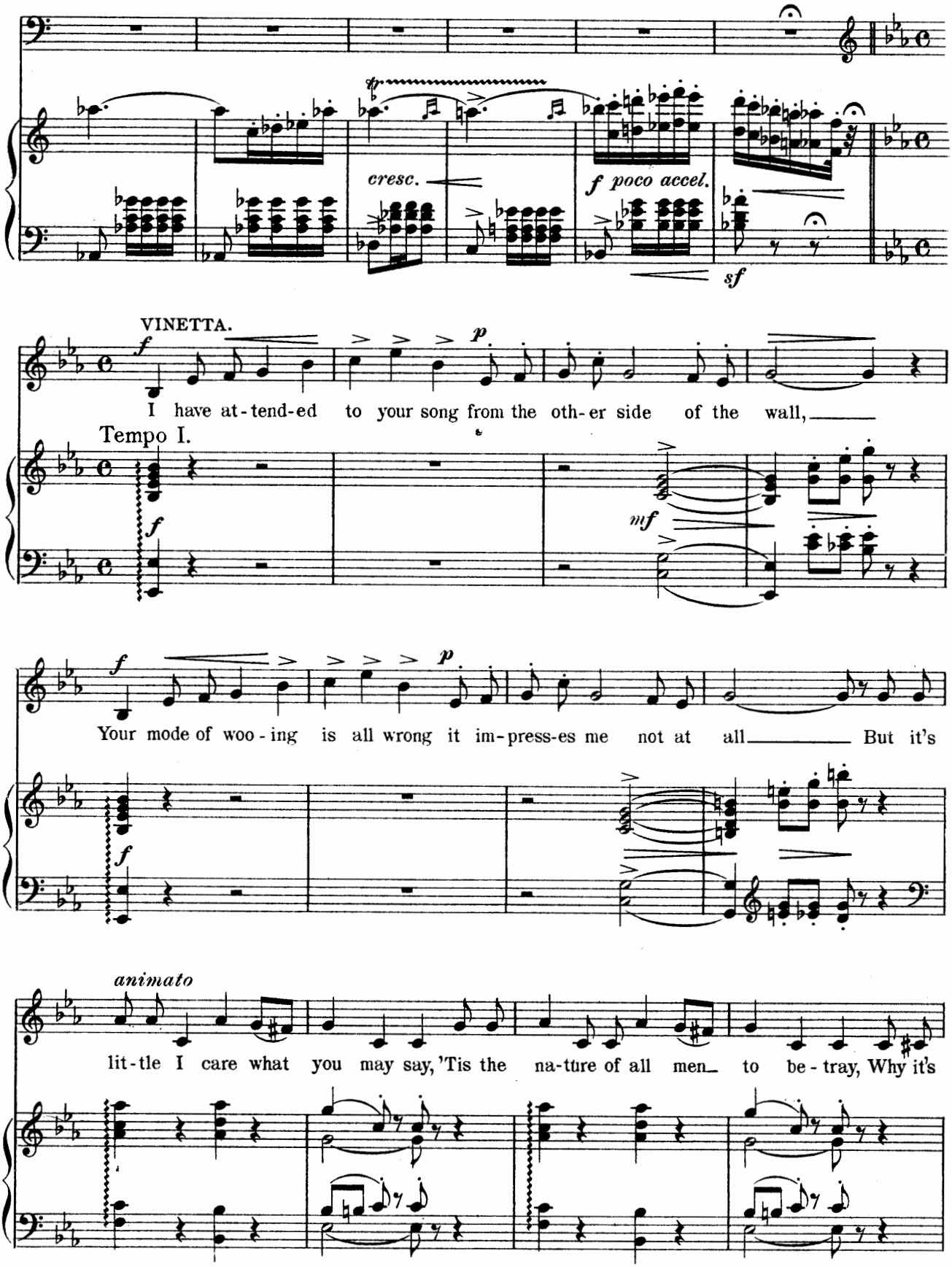
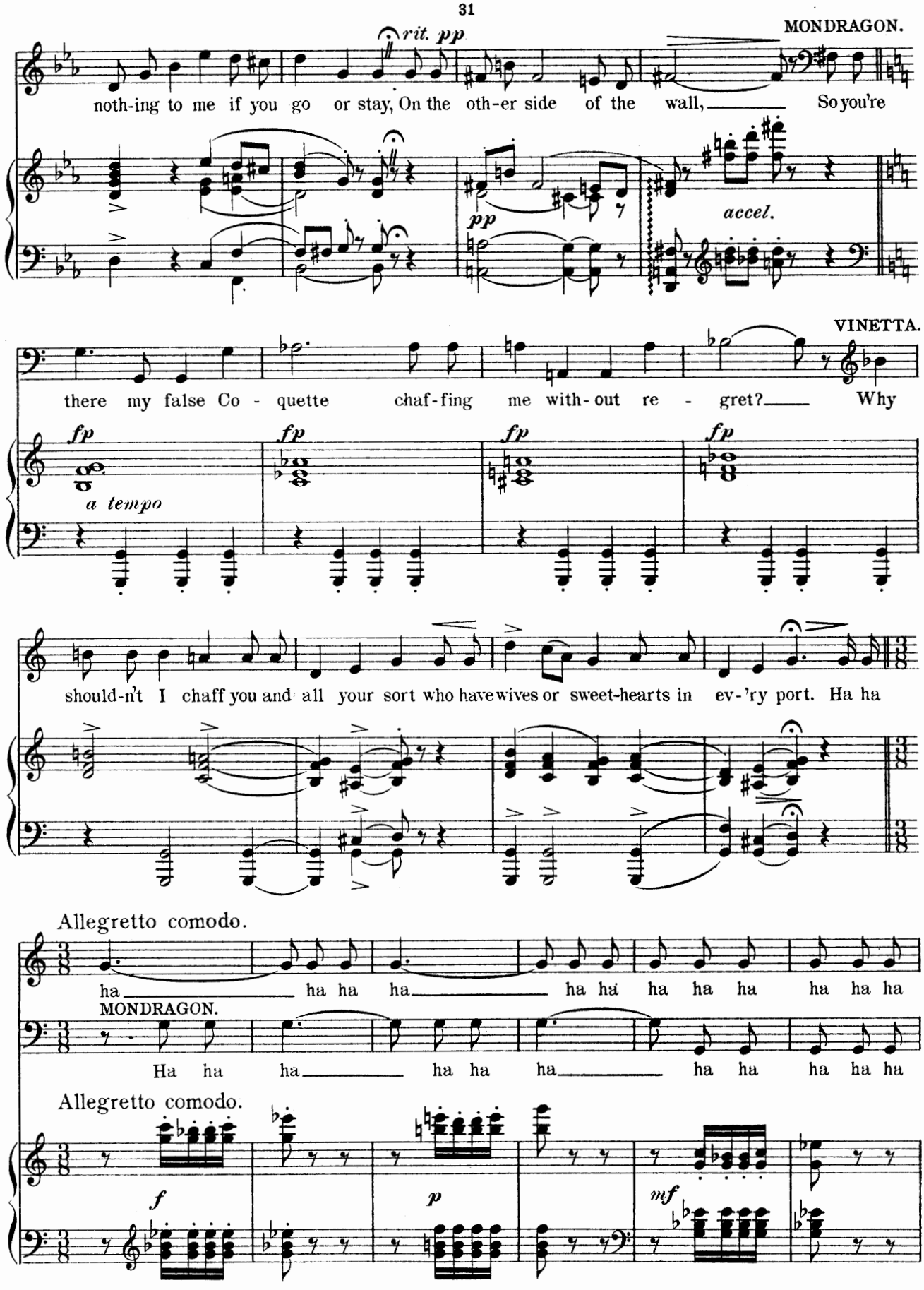

gold - en pelf I have known what it was to flirt my - self so you
rit.
pp tranquillo
can - not fool me you ca - pri - cious elf, On the oth - er side of the
poco accel.
pp tranquillo
poco accel.
wall, I dont love you faith-less maid still lis - ten to my se - re -
pp accel.
fp
a tempo
fp
fp
nade, I've sung it to girls brown-eyed or blue, And I trust you wont mind if I
fp


Allegro comodo.
rit.
sing it to you ha, ha, ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
fp
p
poco rit.
portamento
p a tempo
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hear my
pp poco rit.
molto rit.
p staccatissimo
song of love tem - po - rar - y la - dy, la - dy mine
p
I've a fan - cy that's mo - ment - ar - y for your
sf
sf

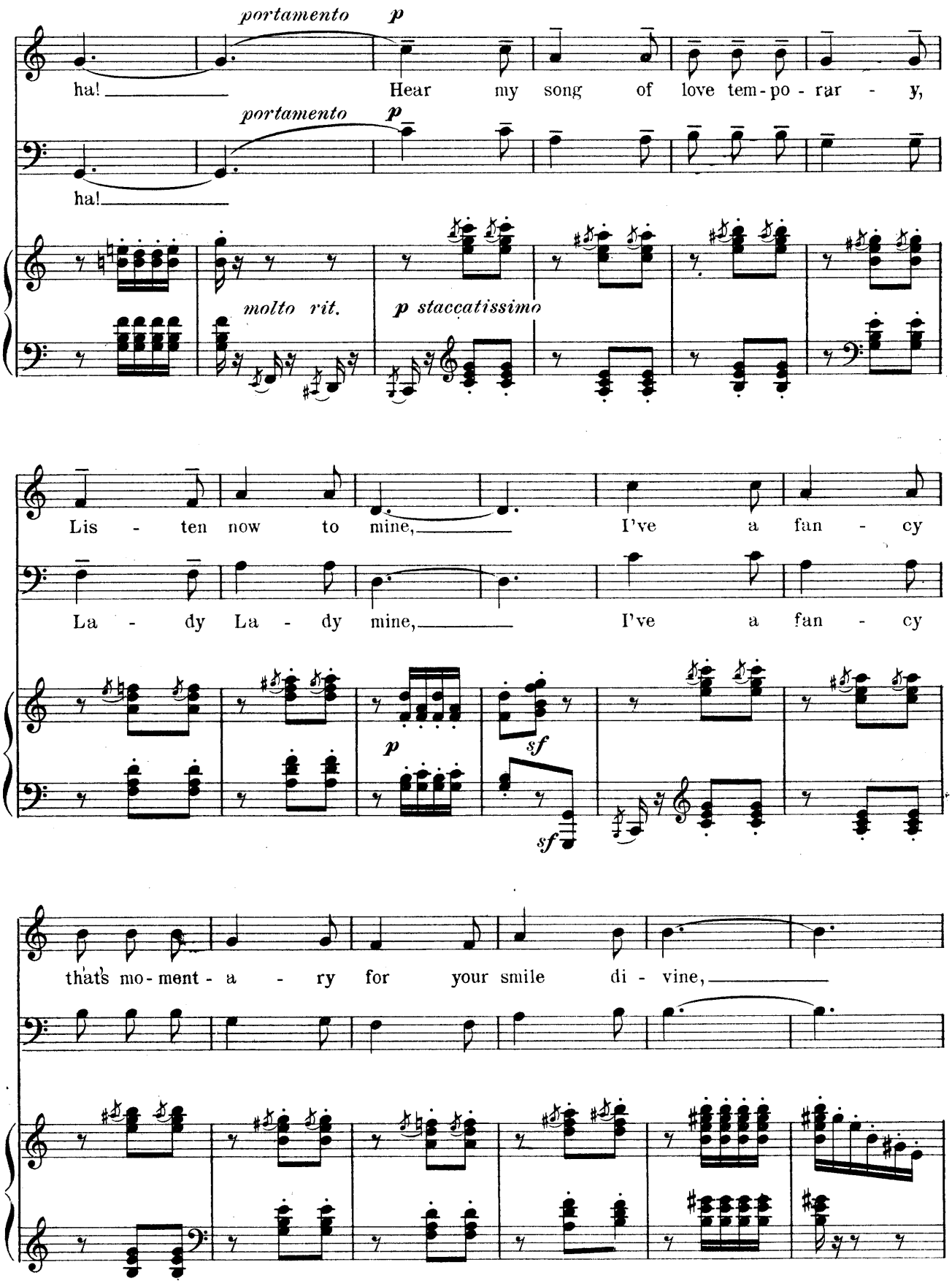

smile di - vine, If you think I ought to
f
p subito
tell you mad - ly I a - dore, With such
f
pesante
non - sense I wont sell you for I have loved be - fore,
sf
p
Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la,

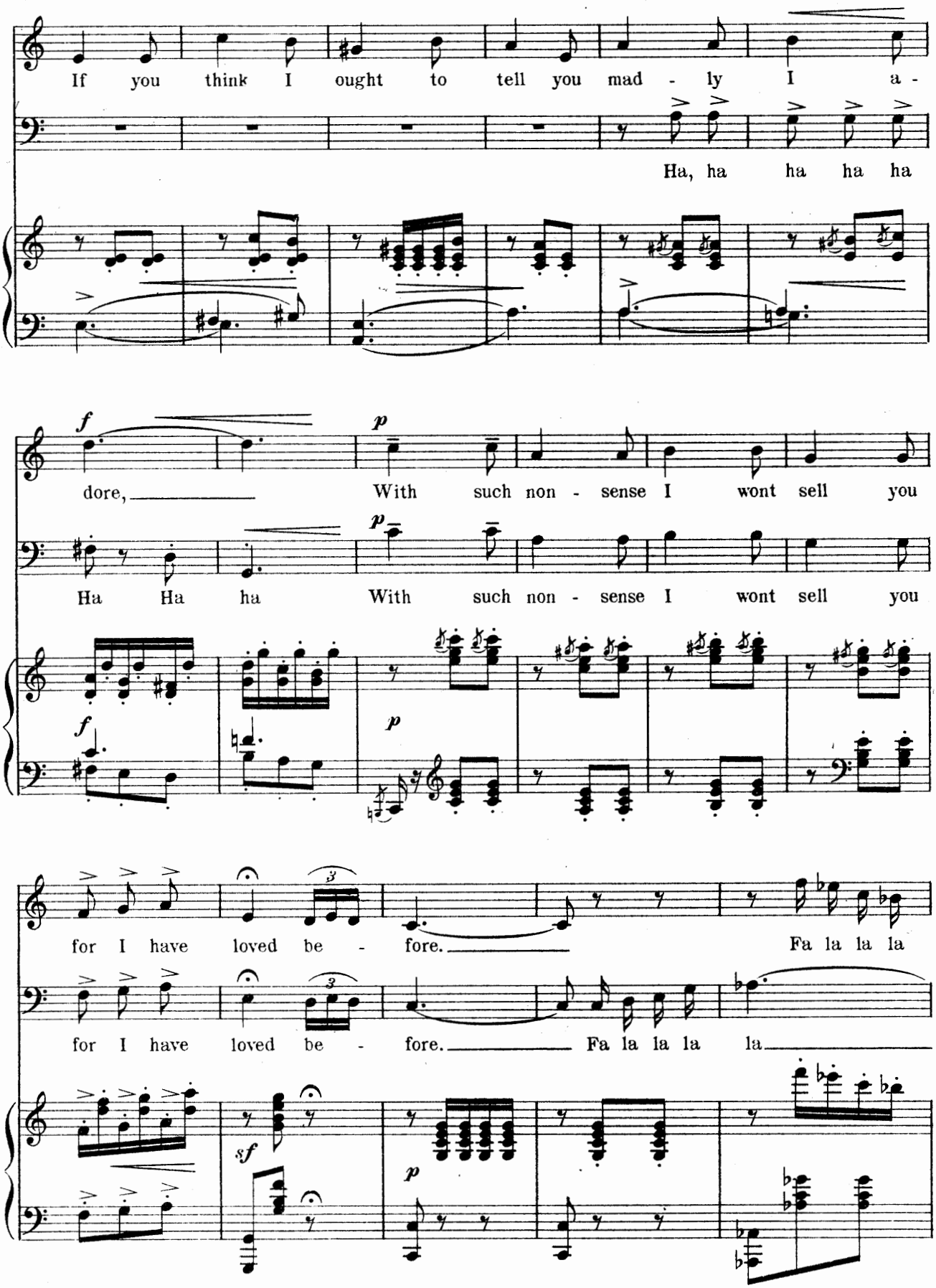

VINETTA.
Ha! Ha! Ha!
(Almost humming)
pp
Fa la la la la la la la la la la, Fa la la la la,
pp
cresc. molto
Fa la la la la, Fa la la la la la la la la la
(During this interlude Vinetta appears over the wall greeting Mondragon)
ff
la la la la la Fa la!
f
ppp
pp

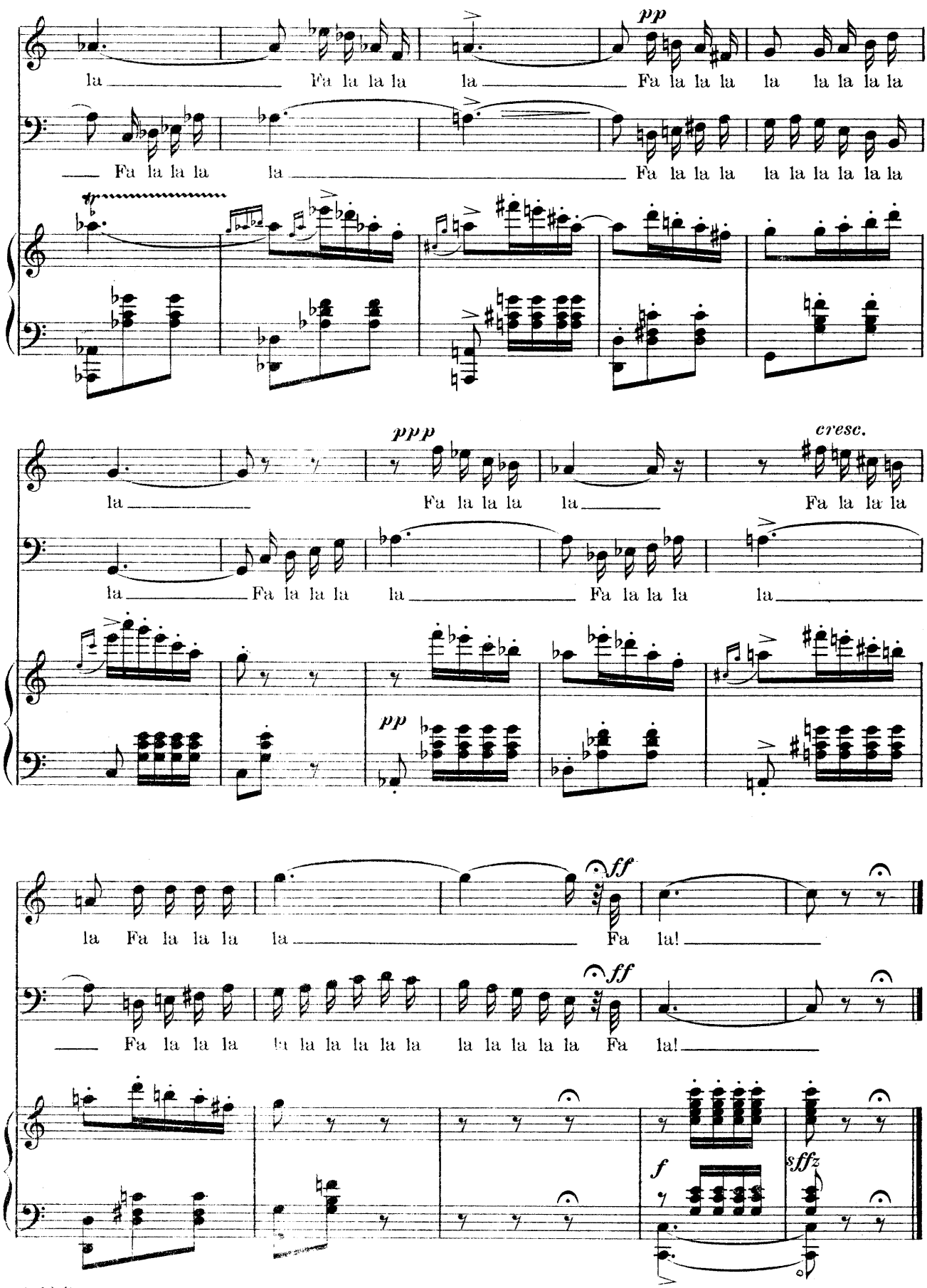

cresc.
f poco accel.
sf
VINETTA.
f
p
I have at-tend-ed to your song from the oth-er side of the wall,
Tempo I.
f
mf
f
p
Your mode of woo-ing is all wrong it im-press-es me not at all But it's
f
animato
lit-tle I care what you may say, 'Tis the na-ture of all men to be-tray, Why it's


MONDRAGON.
rit. pp
noth-ing to me if you go or stay, On the oth-er side of the wall, So you're
pp
accel.
VINETTA.
there my false Co - quette chaf-fing me with-out re - gret? Why
fp
fp
fp
fp
a tempo
should-n't I chaff you and all your sort who have wives or sweet-hearts in ev-'ry port. Ha ha
Allegretto comodo.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
MONDRAGON.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Allegretto comodo.
f
p
mf

651006


portamento
p
ha!
Hear my song of love tem-po-rar-y,
portamento
p
ha!
molto rit.
p staccatissimo
Lis-ten now to mine,
I've a fan-cy
La-dy La-dy mine,
I've a fan-cy
p
sf
sf
that's mo-ment-a-ry for your smile di-vine,


If you think I ought to tell you mad - ly I a -
Ha, ha ha ha ha
f
dore,
p
With such non - sense I wont sell you
Ha Ha ha
p
With such non - sense I wont sell you
f
p
for I have loved be - fore.
Fa la la la
for I have loved be - fore.
Fa la la la la
sf
p

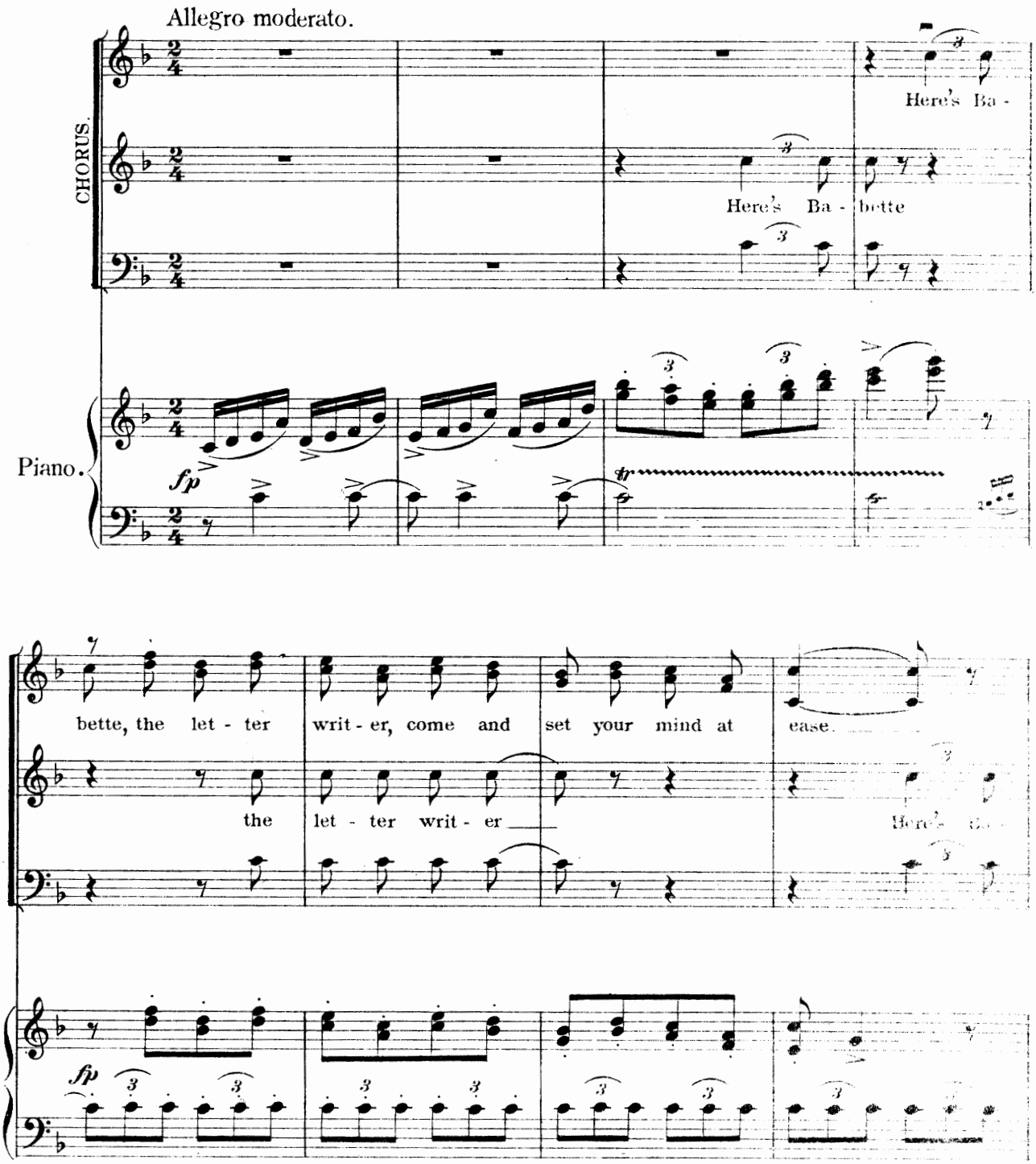

pp
la Fa la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la
Fa la la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la
tr
ppp
cresc.
la Fa la la la la Fa la la la
la Fa la la la la Fa la la la
pp
la Fa la la la la Fa la!
ff
Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la Fa la!
ff
f
sffz

Entrance of Babette.

No. 4.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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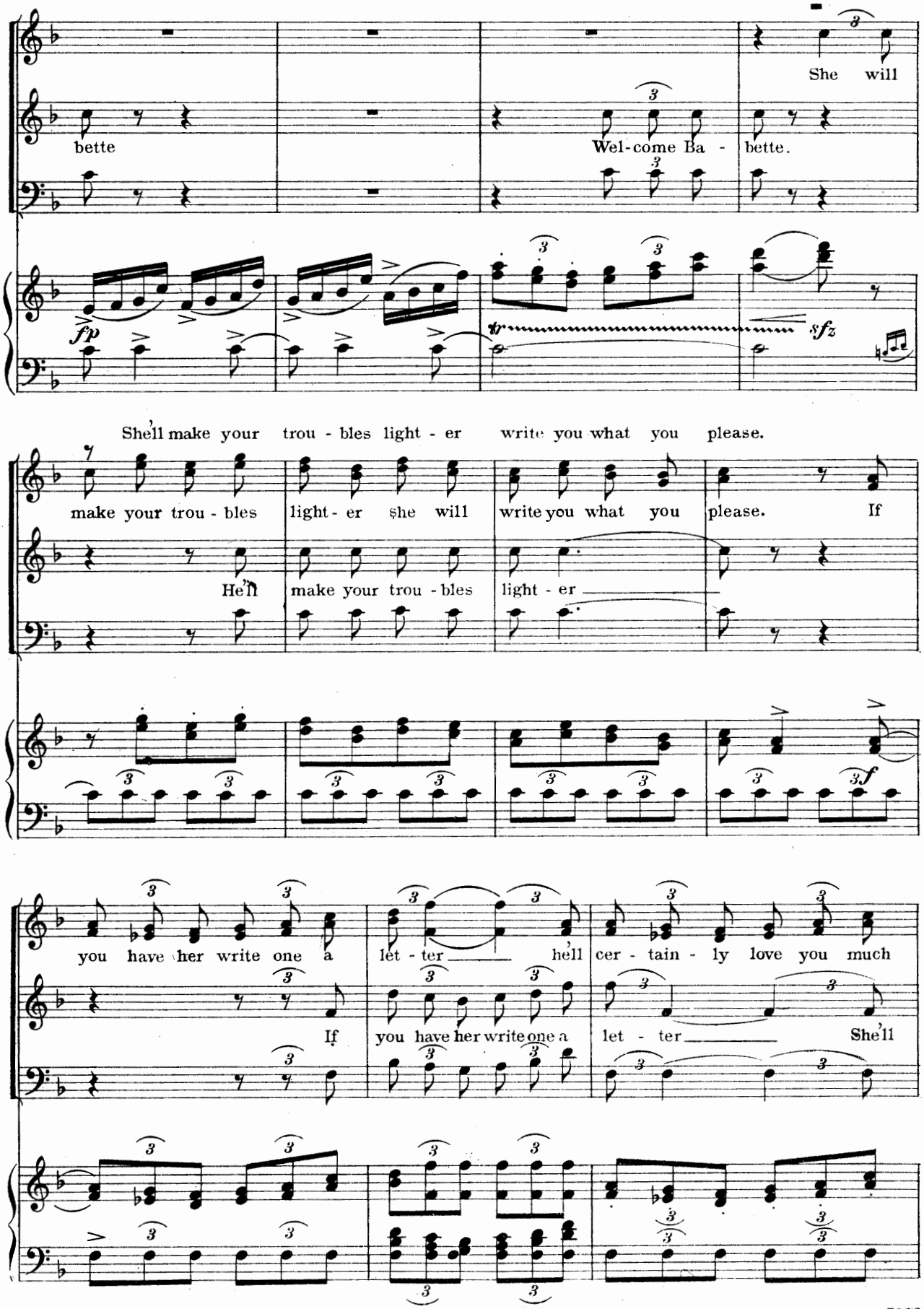
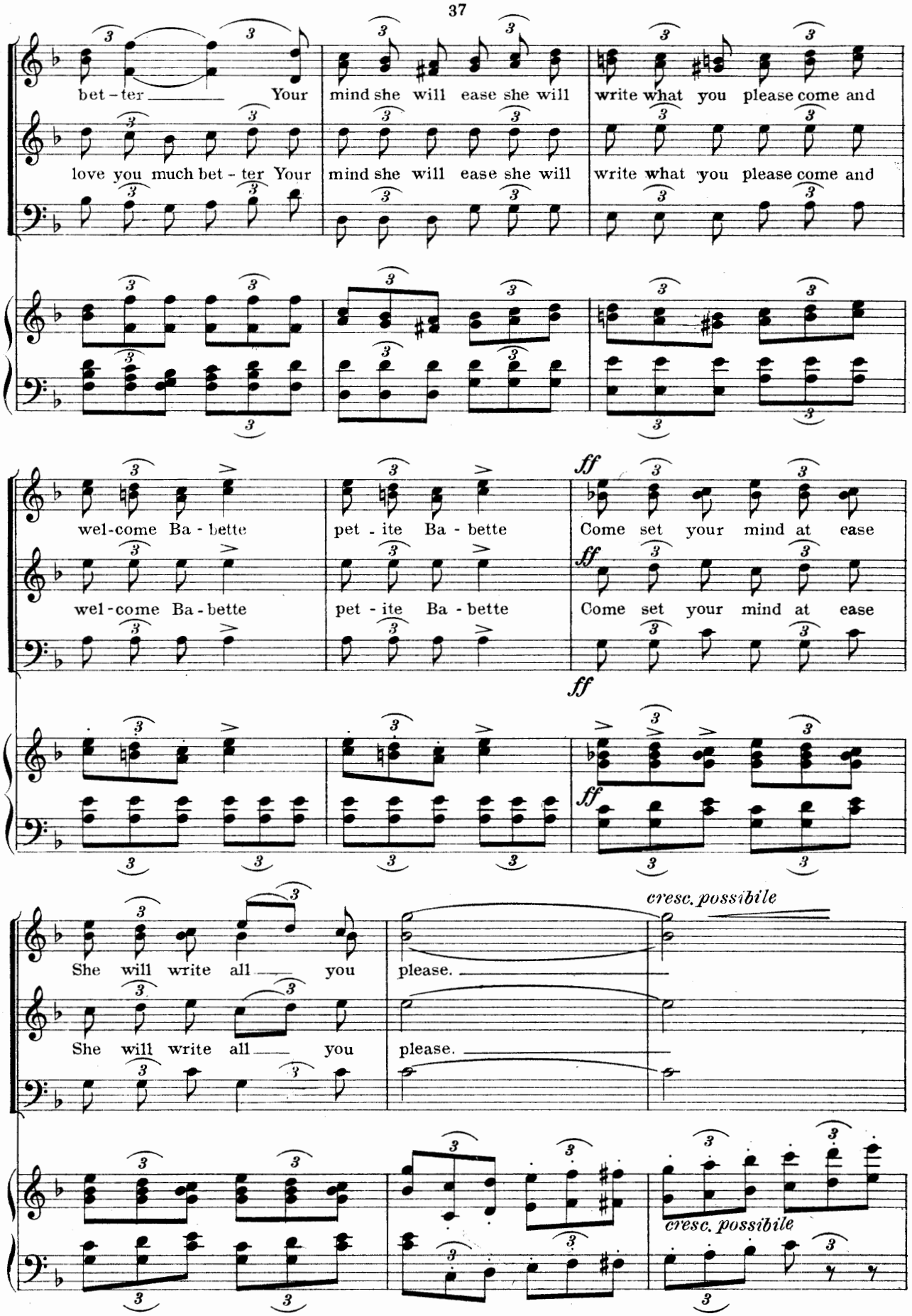
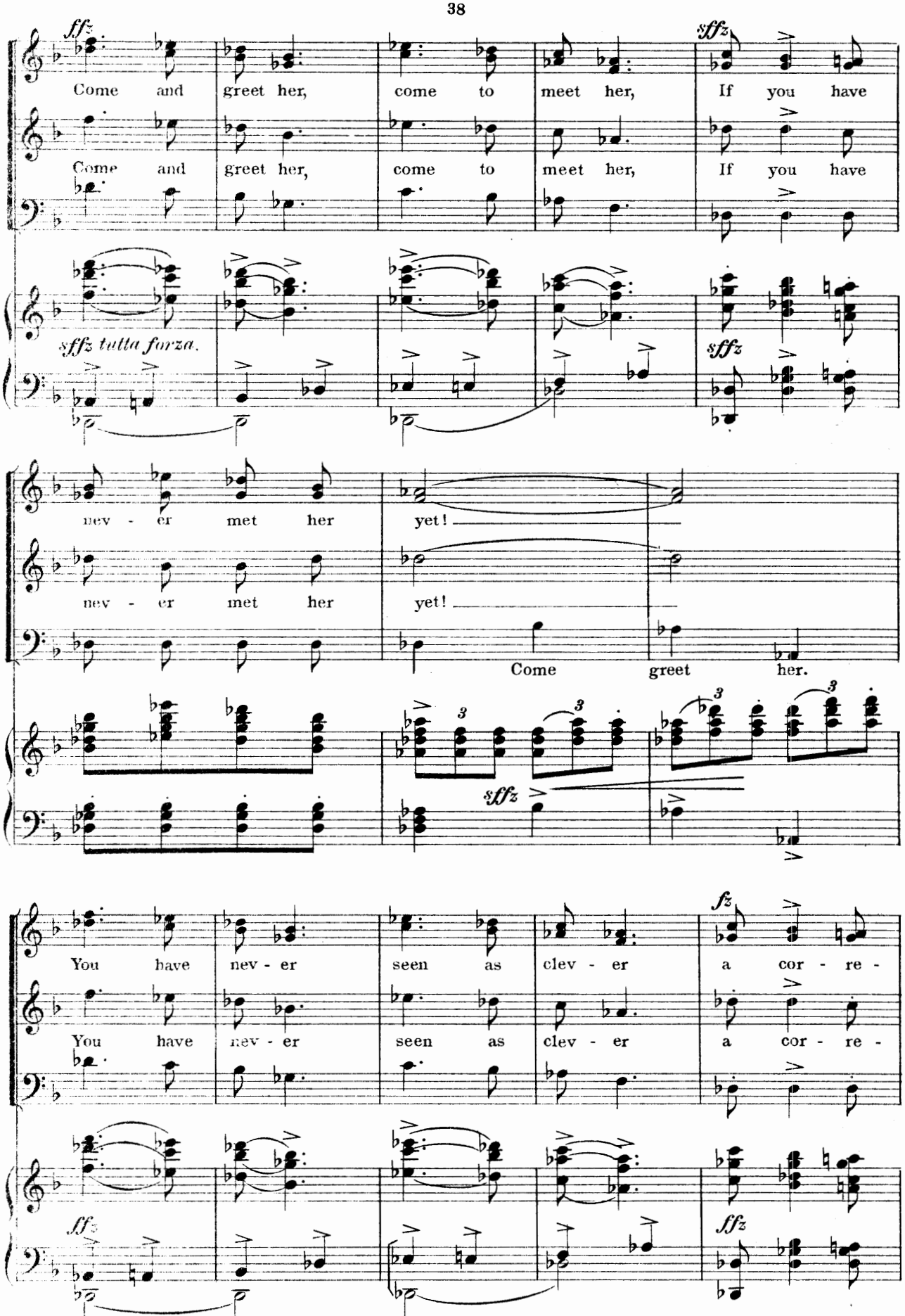
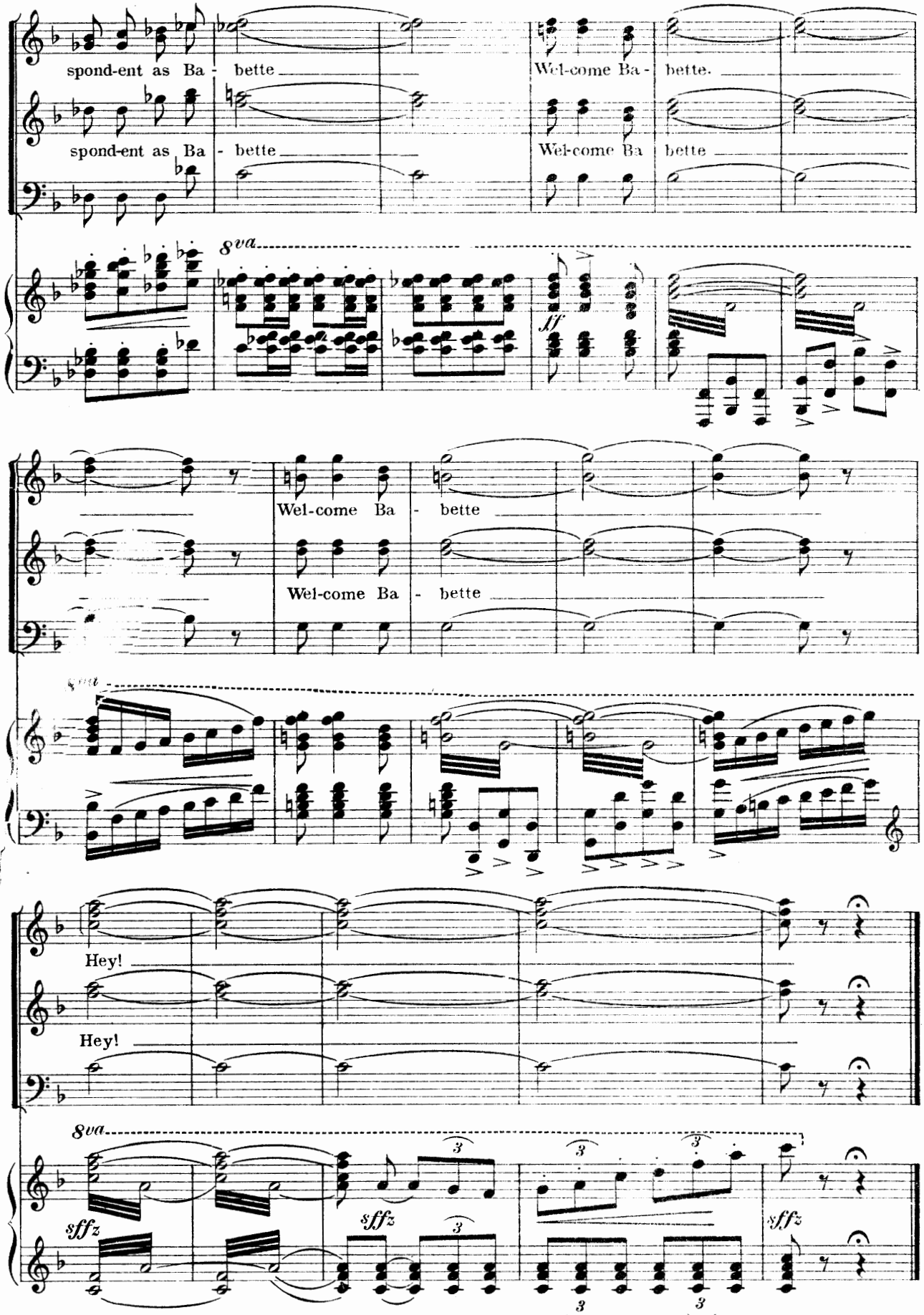

She will
bette
Wel-come Ba -
bette.
fp
tr
sfz
She'll make your trou - bles light - er write you what you please.
make your trou - bles
light - er she will
write you what you
please. If
He'll
make your trou - bles
light - er
f
you have her write one a
let - ter
hell
cer - tain - ly love you much
If
you have her write one a
let - ter
She'll


bet - ter Your mind she will ease she will write what you please come and
love you much bet - ter Your mind she will ease she will write what you please come and
wel-come Ba - bette pet - ite Ba - bette Come set your mind at ease
wel - come Ba - bette pet - ite Ba - bette Come set your mind at ease
ff
She will write all you please.
She will write all you please.
cresc. possibile
cresc. possibile


Come and greet her, come to meet her, If you have
Come and greet her, come to meet her, If you have
sffz tutta forza.
sffz
sffz
nev - er met her yet!
nev - er met her yet!
Come greet her.
sffz
You have nev - er seen as clev - er a cor - re -
You have nev - er seen as clev - er a cor - re -
fz
sffz
sffz


spond-ent as Ba - bette
Wel-come Ba - bette.
spond-ent as Ba - bette
Wel-come Ba bette
8va
fff
Wel-come Ba - bette
Wel-come Ba - bette
8va
Hey!
Hey!
8va
sffz
sffz
sffz

Letters I Write All The Day.

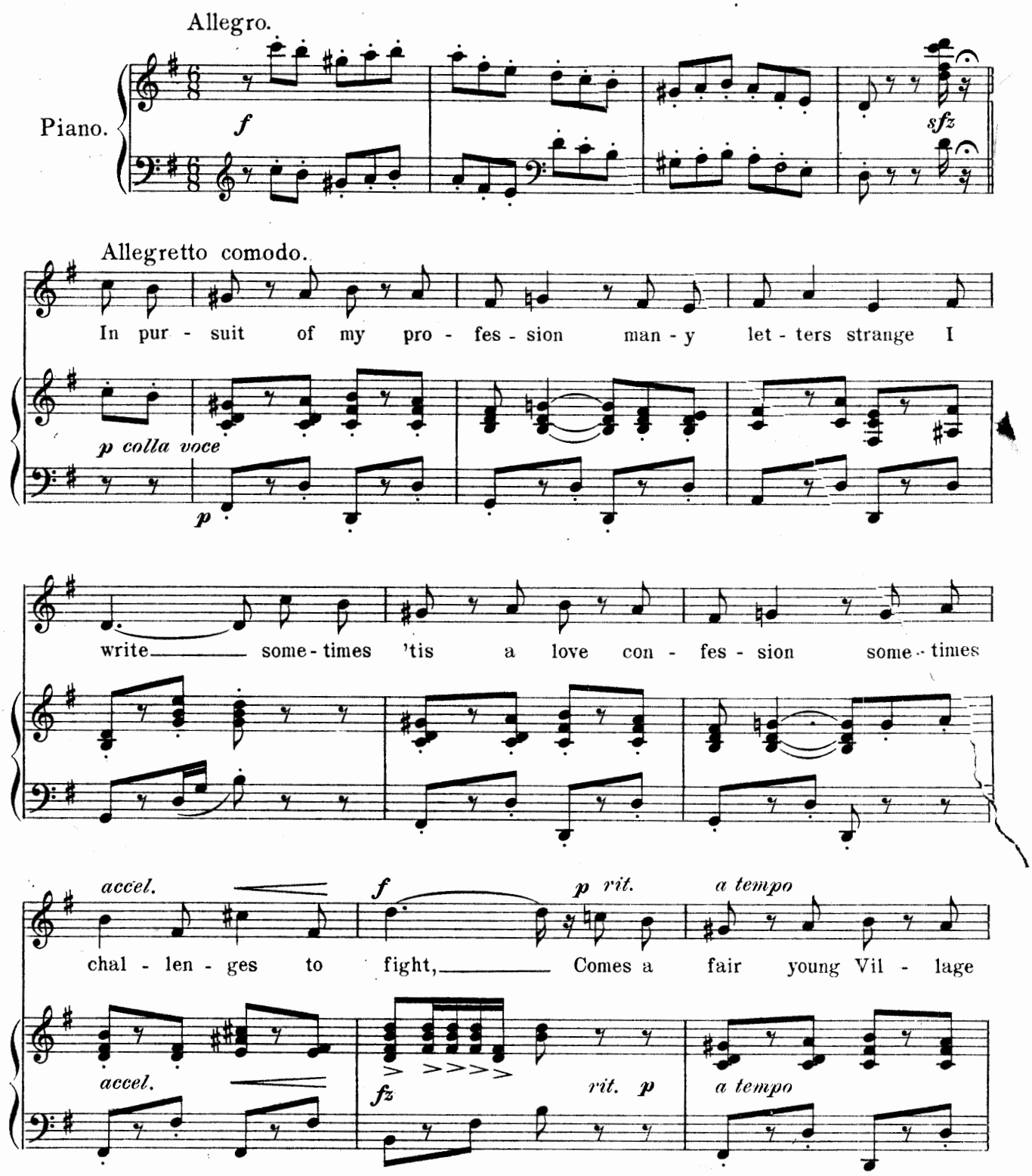
No 5.

(Letter Writing Song.)

BABETTE.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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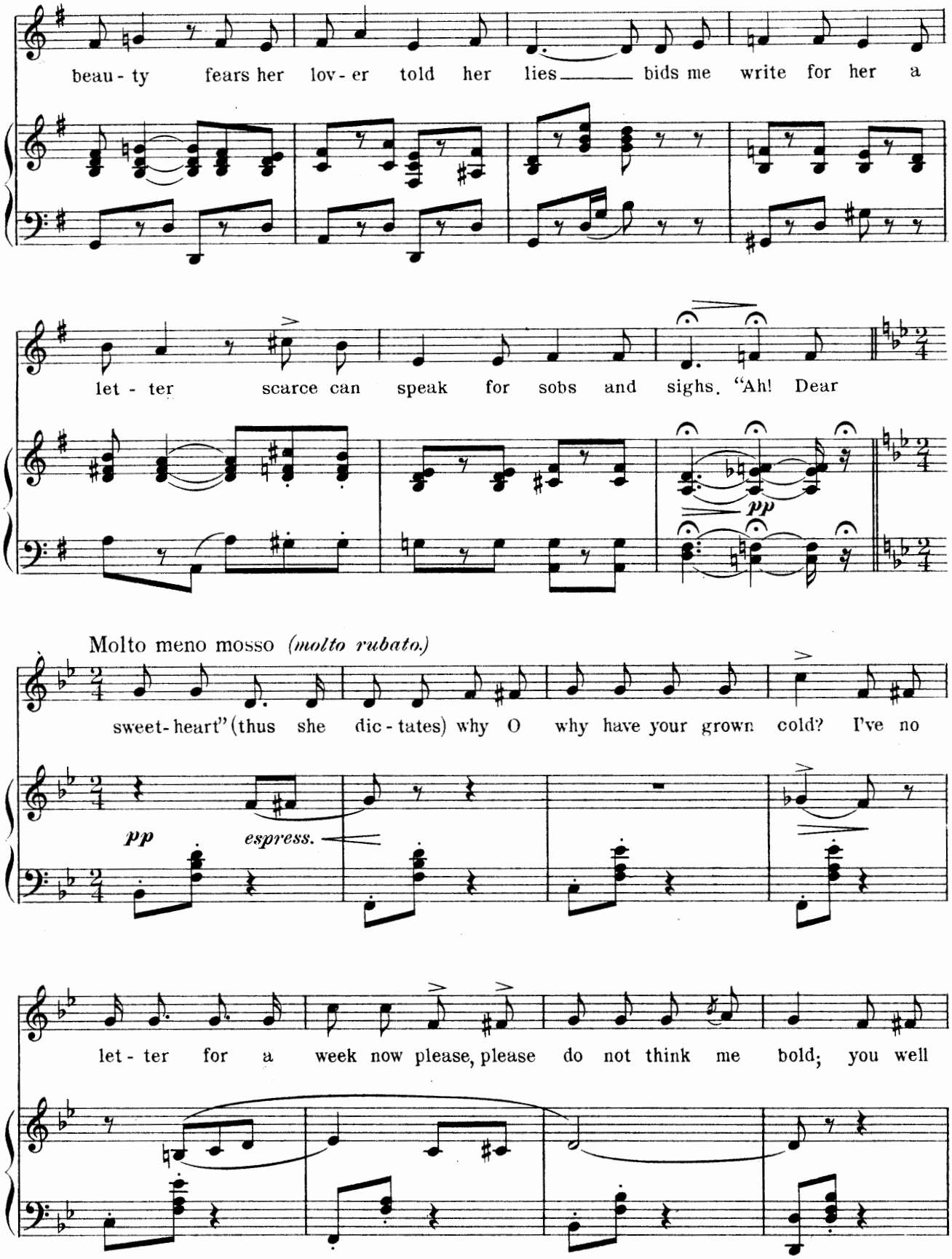
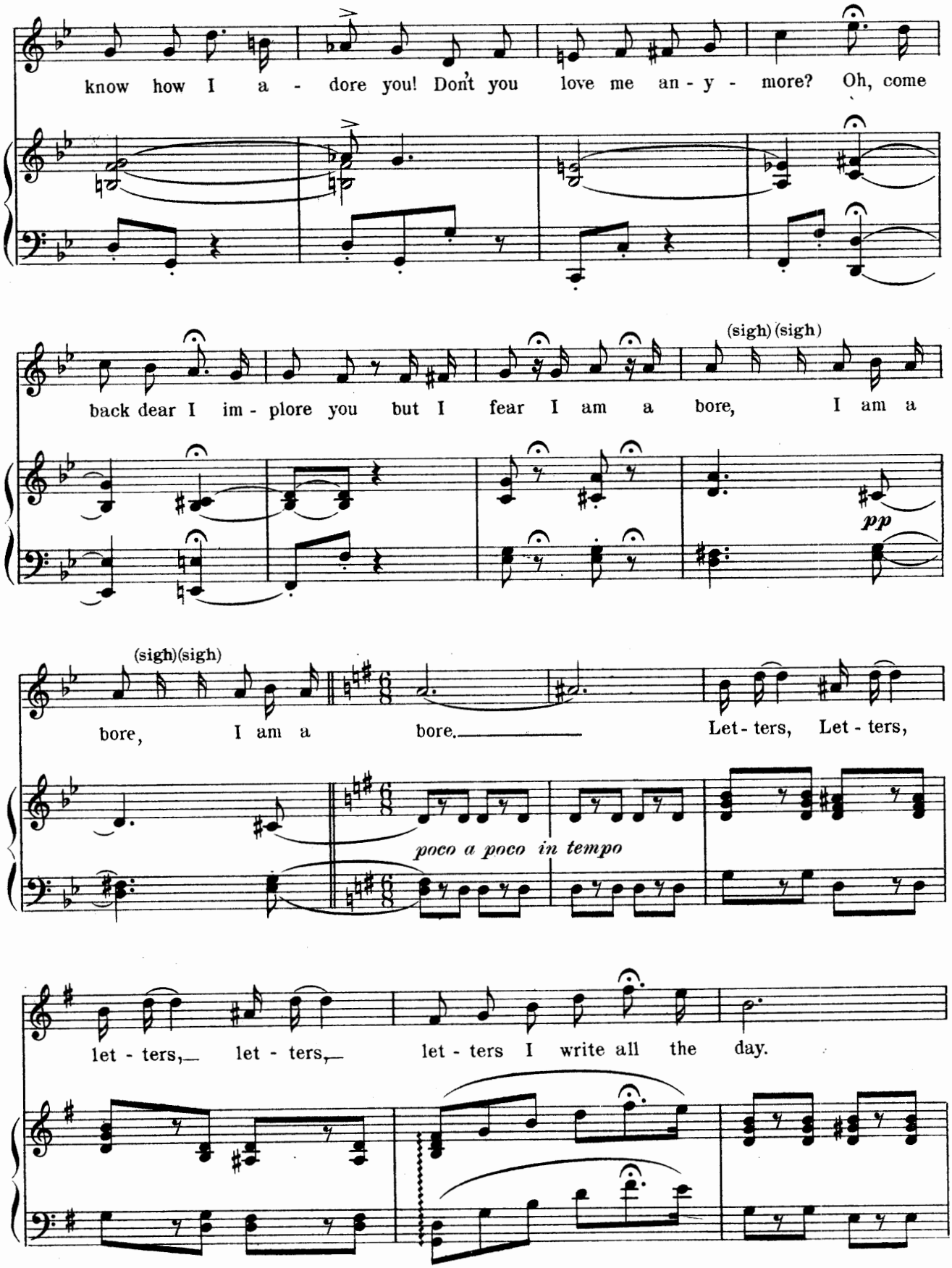
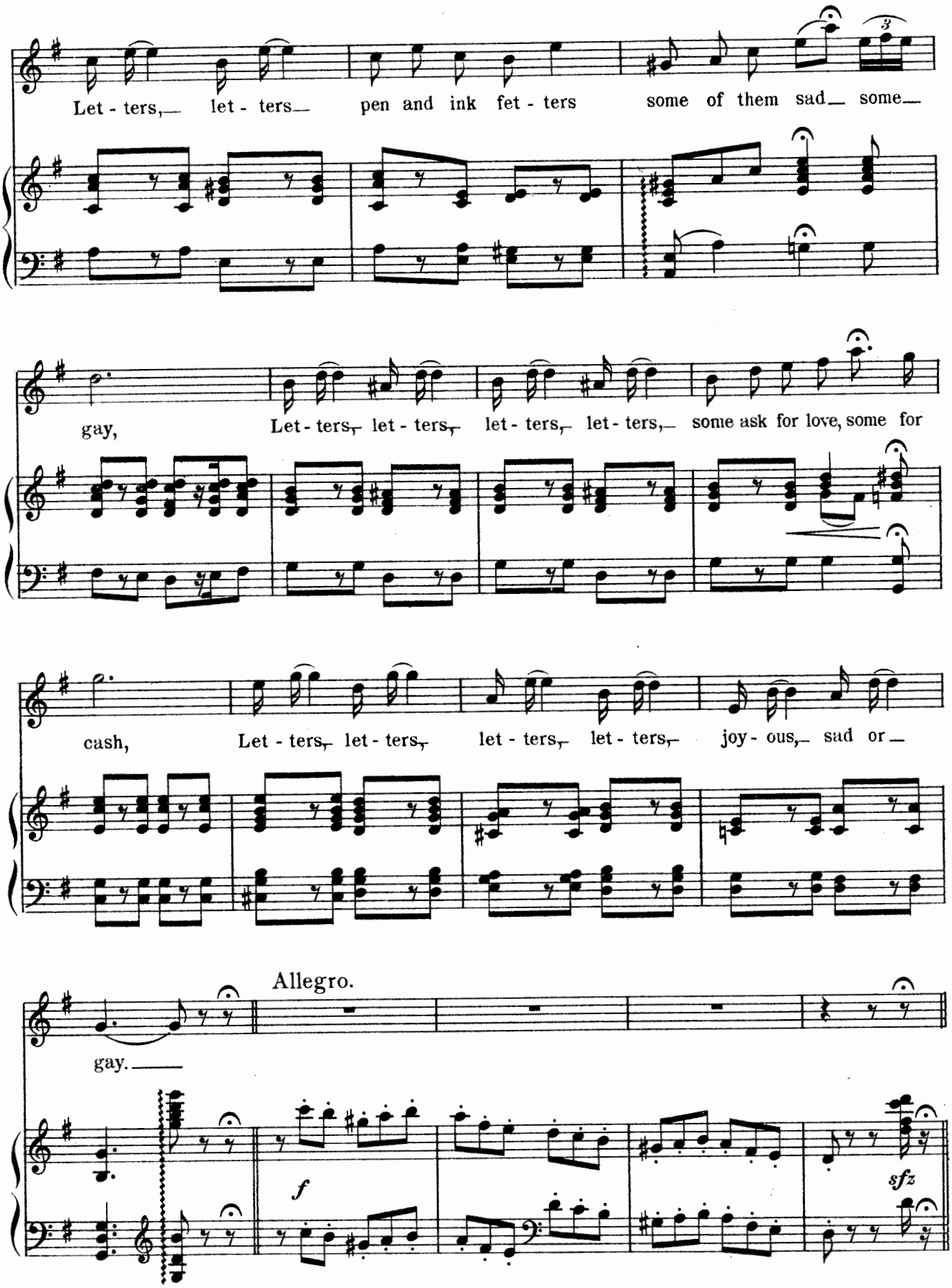
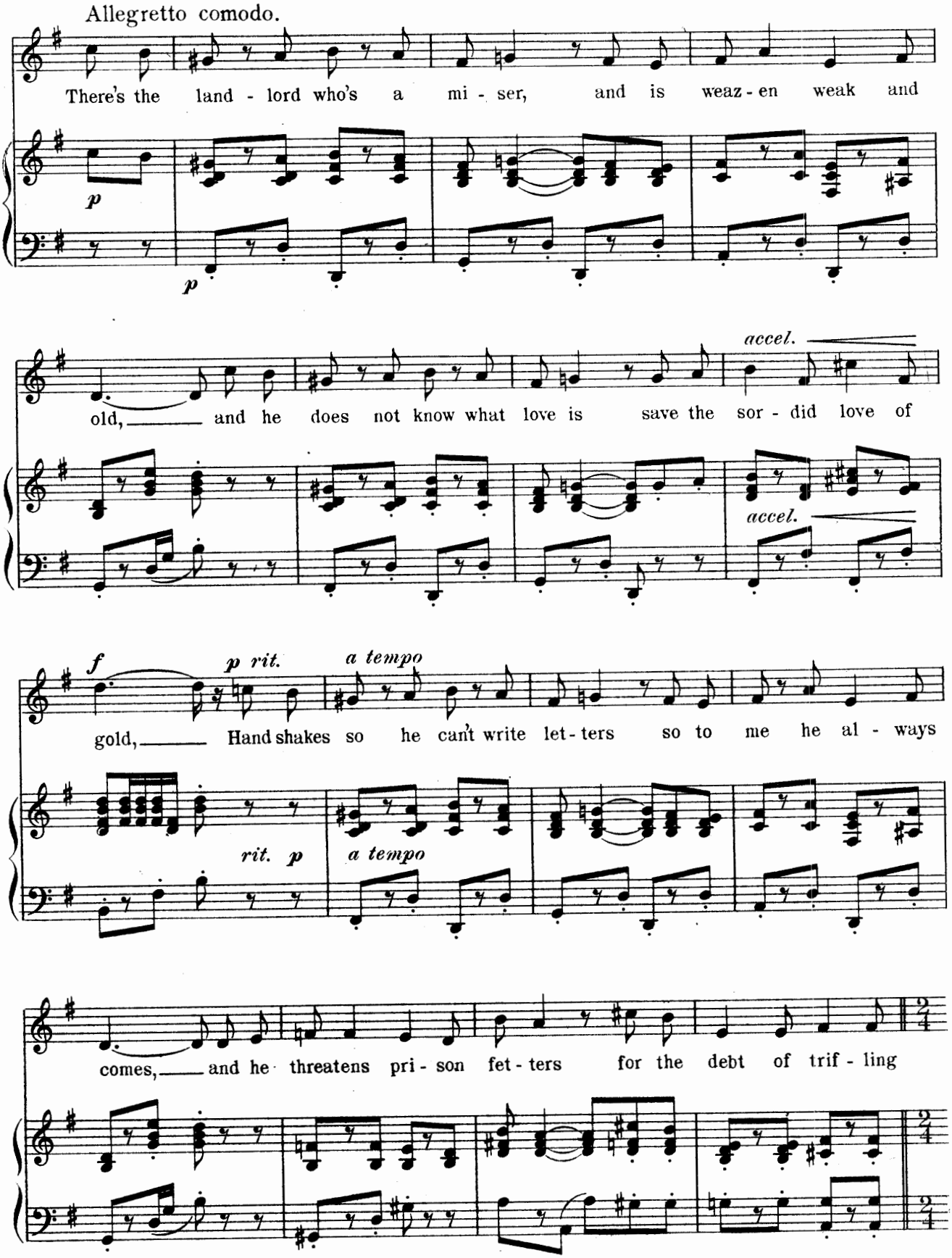
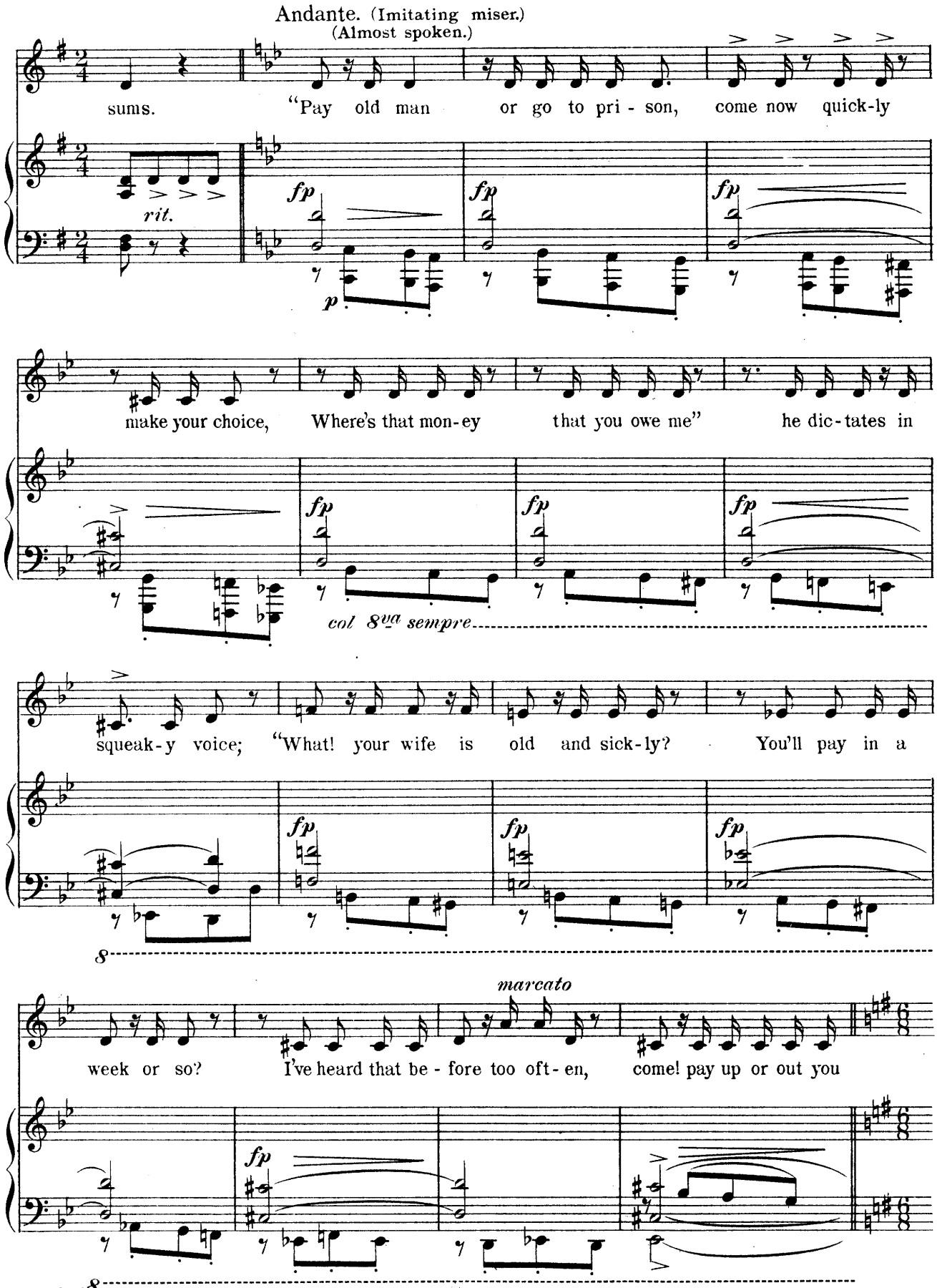
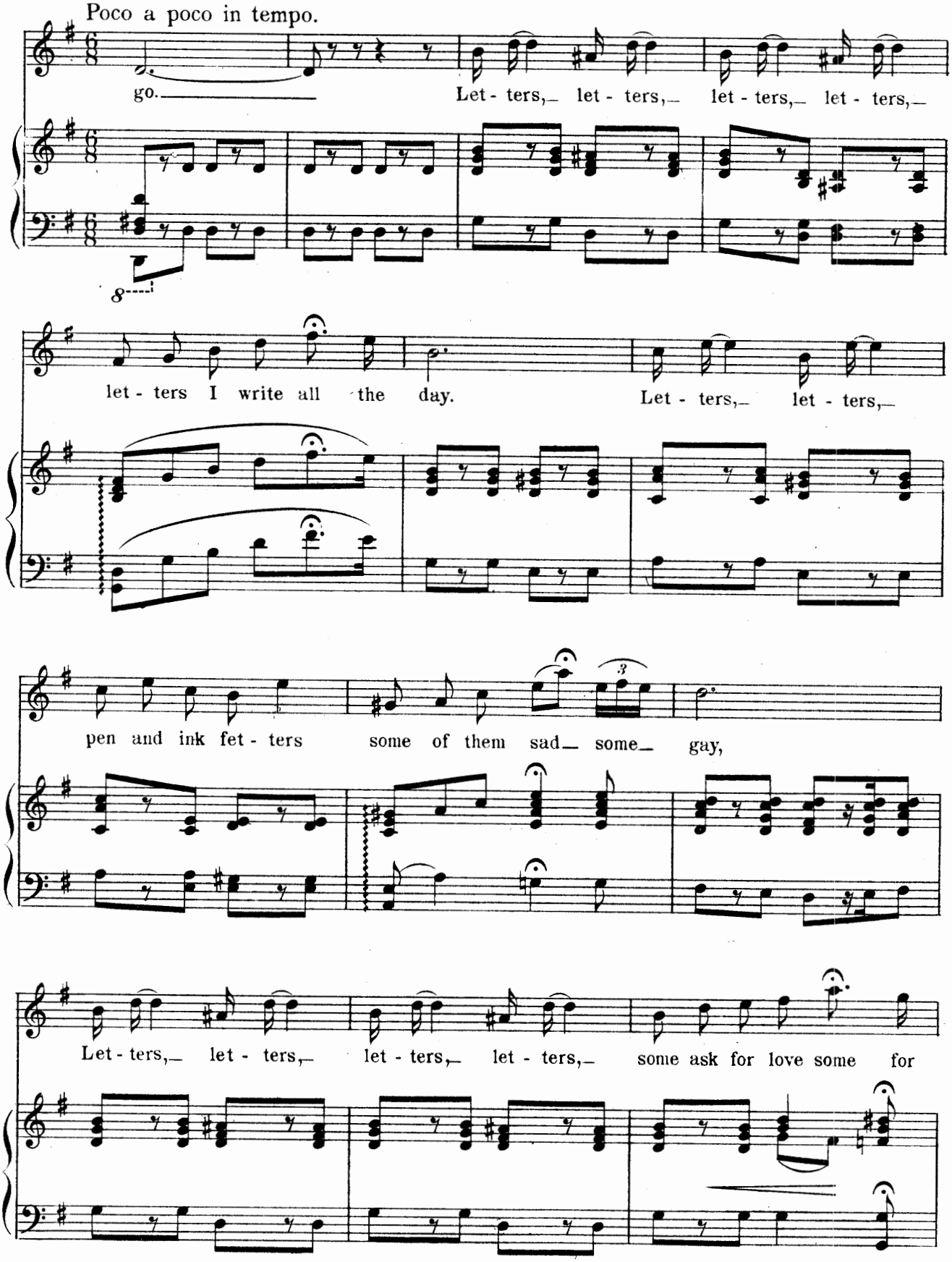

beau - ty fears her lov - er told her lies bids me write for her a
let - ter scarce can speak for sobs and sighs. "Ah! Dear
pp
Molto meno mosso (molto rubato.)
sweet - heart" (thus she dic - tates) why O why have your grown cold? I've no
pp
espress.
let - ter for a week now please, please do not think me bold; you well

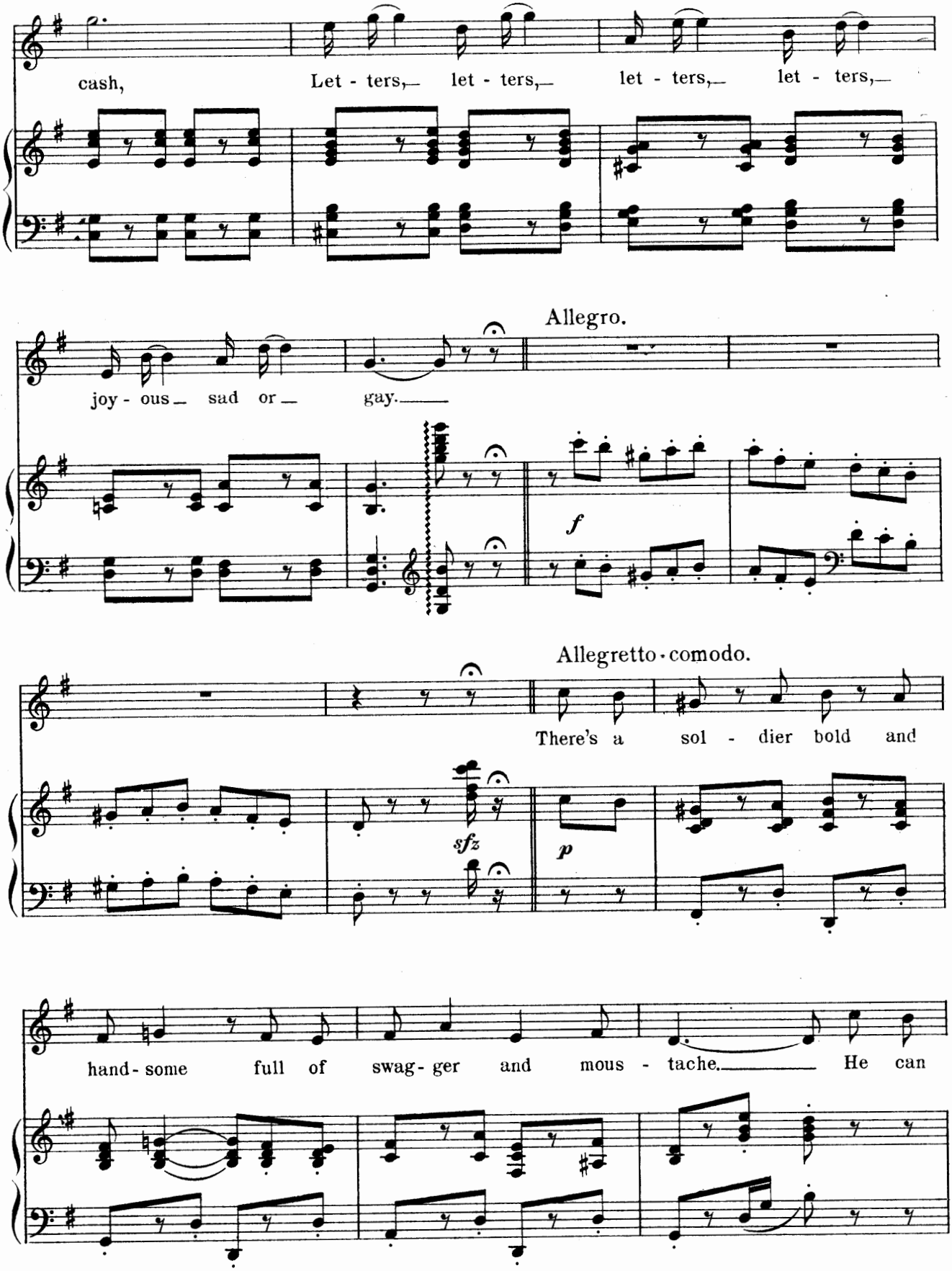

know how I a - dore you! Don't you love me an - y - more? Oh, come
back dear I im - plore you but I fear I am a bore, I am a
(sigh) (sigh)
pp
bore, I am a bore. Let - ters, Let - ters,
poco a poco in tempo
let - ters, let - ters, let - ters I write all the day.

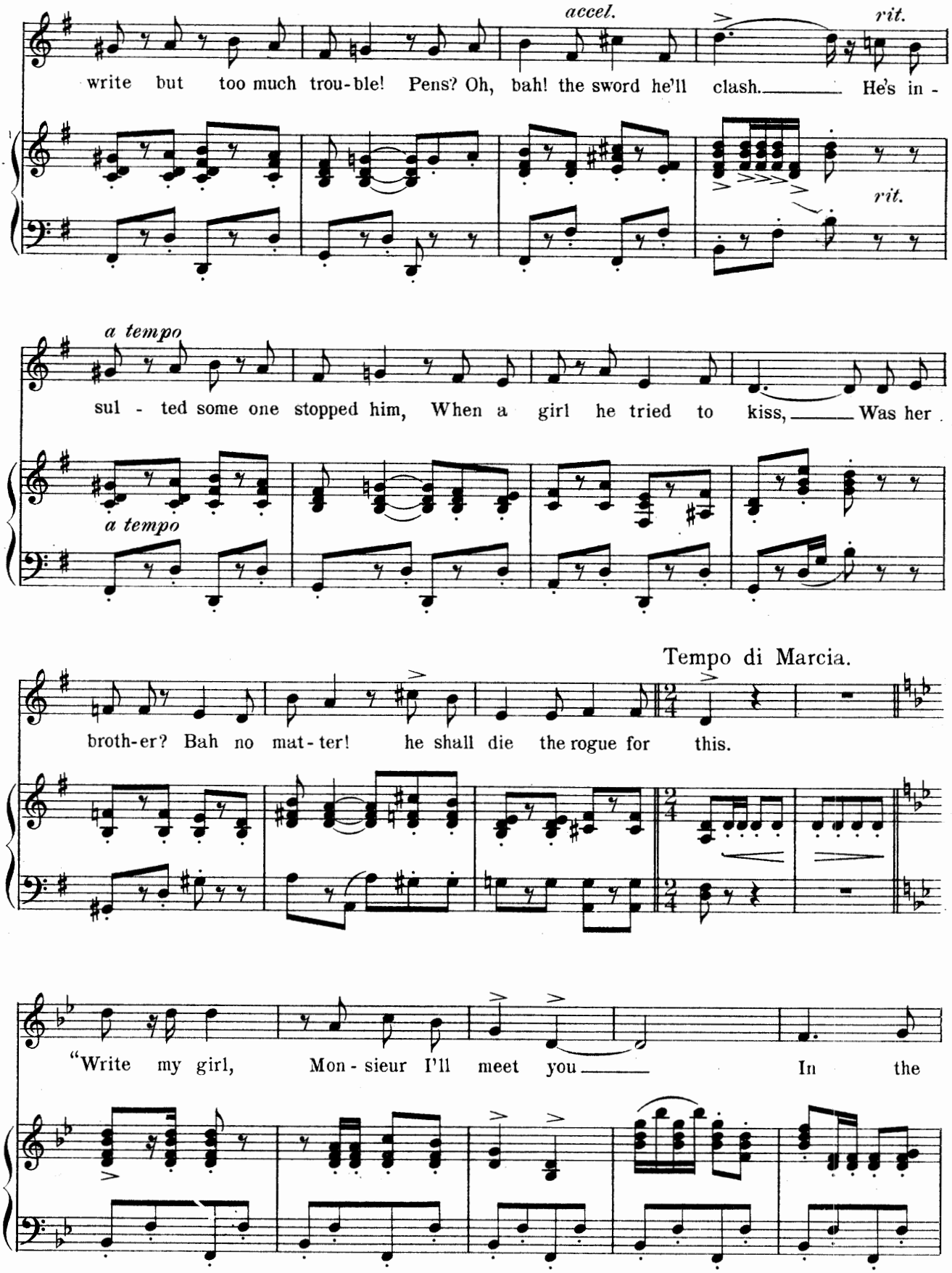

Let - ters,— let - ters— pen and ink fet - ters some of them sad— some—
gay,
Let - ters, let - ters, let - ters, let - ters,— some ask for love, some for
cash,
Let - ters, let - ters, let - ters, let - ters,— joy - ous,— sad or—
Allegro.
gay.
f
sfz

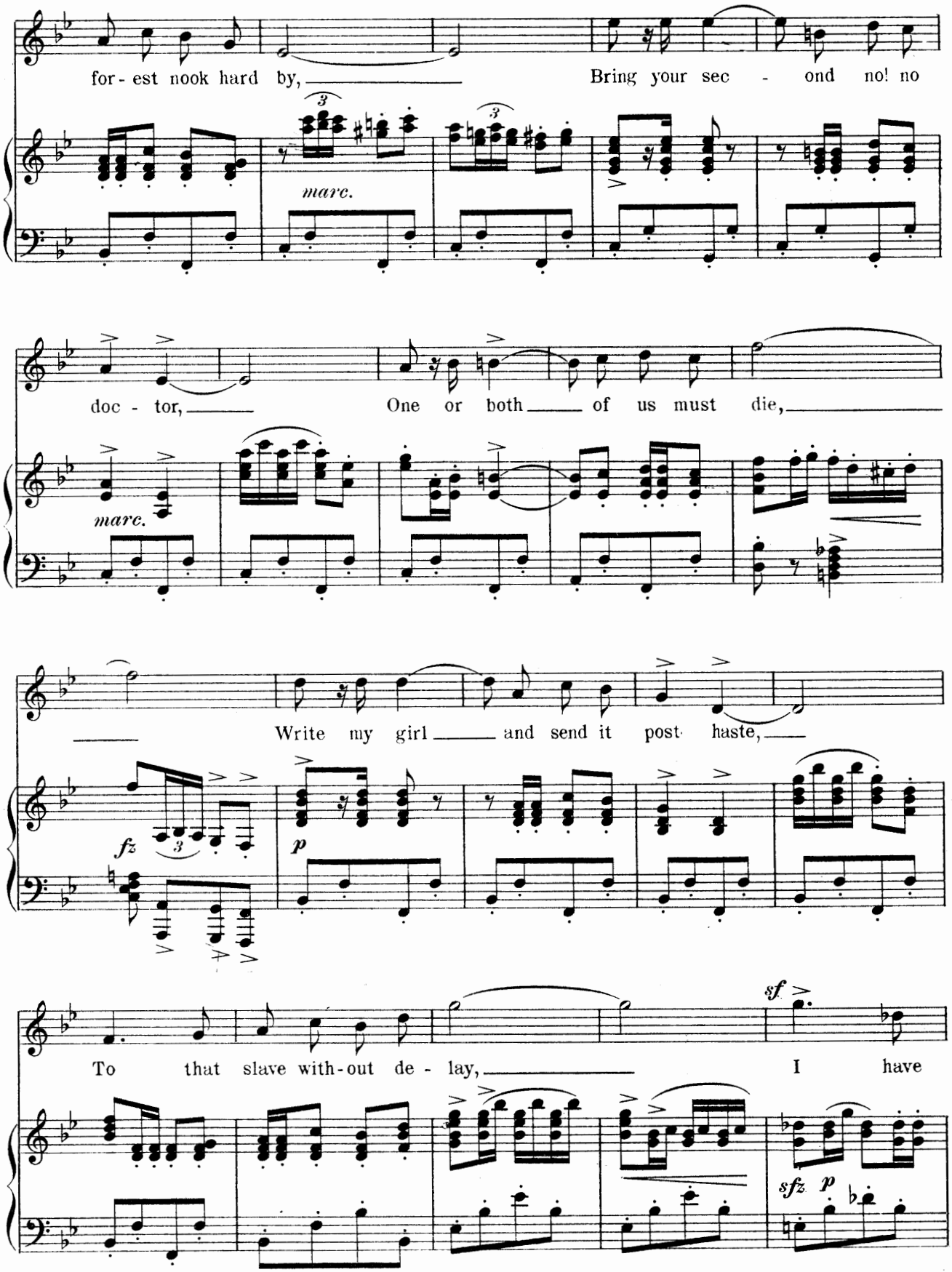

Allegretto comodo.
There's the land - lord who's a mi - ser, and is weaz - en weak and
p
p
old, and he does not know what love is save the sor - did love of
accel.
accel.
f
p rit.
a tempo
gold, Hand shakes so he can't write let - ters so to me he al - ways
rit. p
a tempo
comes, and he threatens pri - son fet - ters for the debt of trif - ling

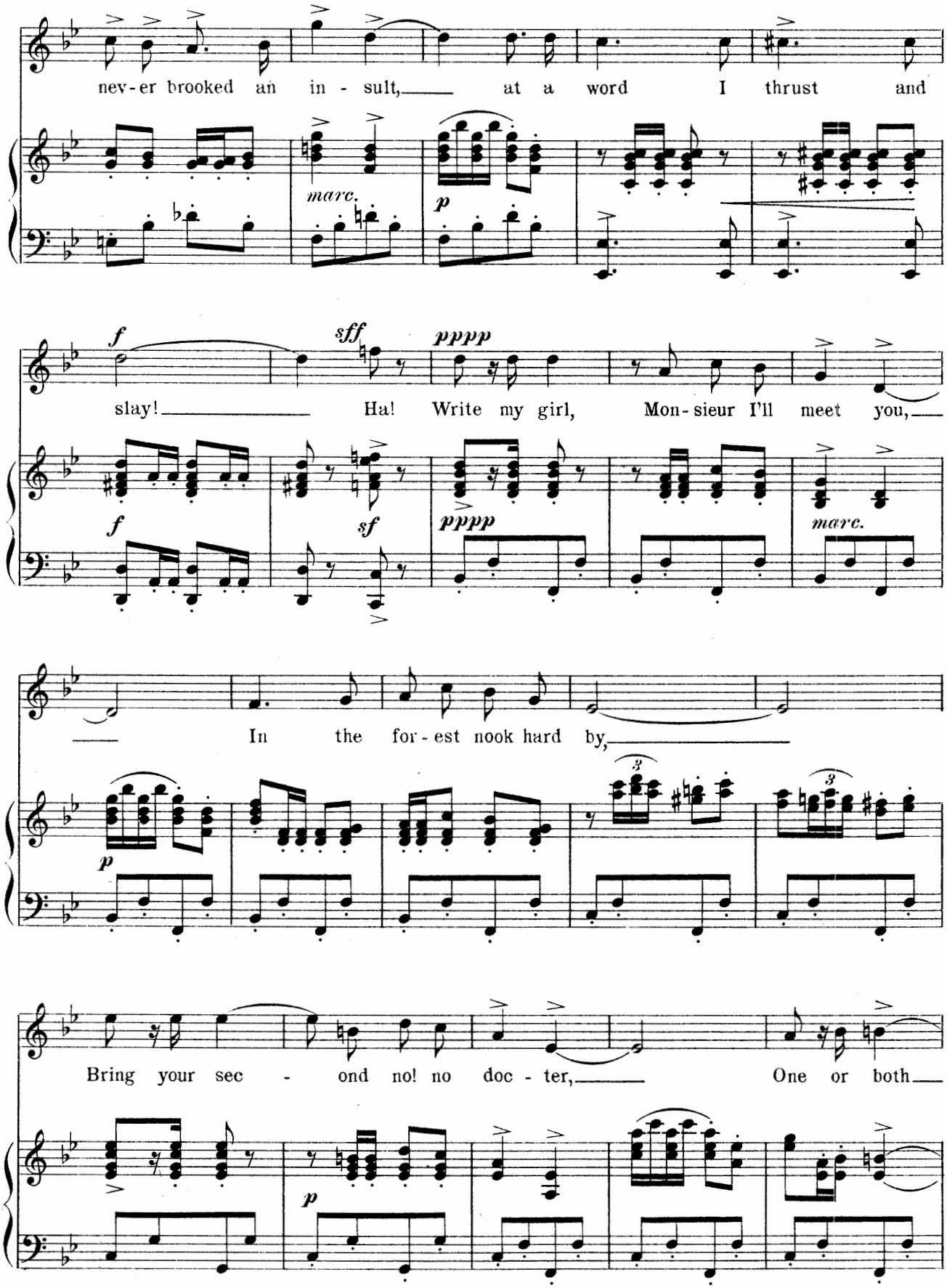

Andante. (Imitating miser.)
(Almost spoken.)
sums.
"Pay old man or go to pri - son, come now quick-ly
rit.
fp
p
make your choice, Where's that mon-ey that you owe me" he dic-tates in
col 8va sempre
squeak-y voice; "What! your wife is old and sick-ly? You'll pay in a
8
marcato
week or so? I've heard that be - fore too oft - en, come! pay up or out you
8

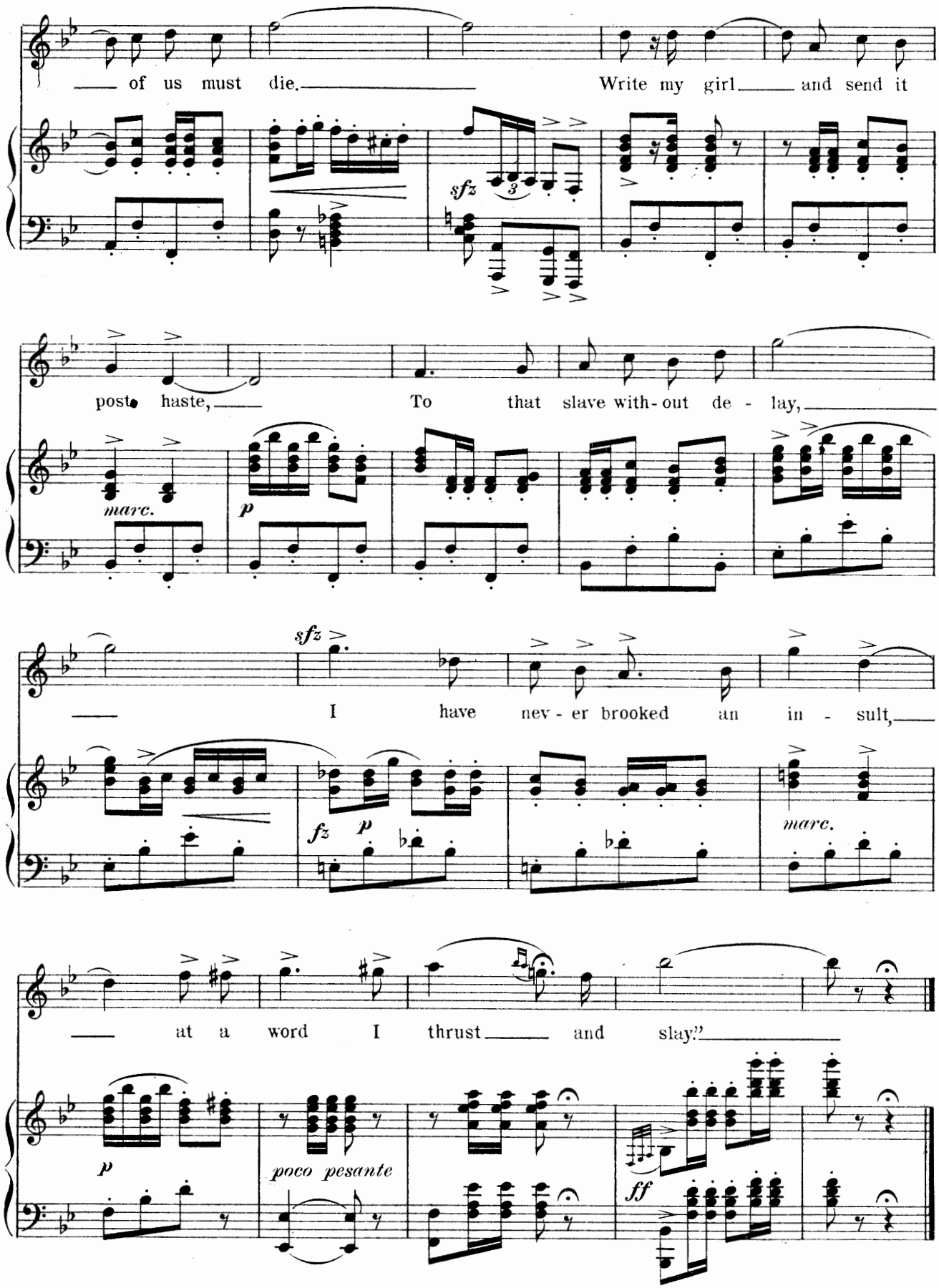

Poco a poco in tempo.
go.
Let - ters,_ let - ters,_ let - ters,_ let - ters,_
let - ters I write all the day.
Let - ters,_ let - ters,_
pen and ink fet - ters some of them sad_ some_ gay,
Let - ters,_ let - ters,_ let - ters,_ let - ters,_ some ask for love some for


cash,
Let - ters,— let - ters,— let - ters,— let - ters,—
Allegro.
joy - ous— sad or— gay.——
f
Allegretto - comodo.
There's a sol - dier bold and
sfz
p
hand - some full of swag - ger and mous - tache.—— He can


accel.
rit.
write but too much trou-ble! Pens? Oh, bah! the sword he'll clash. He's in -
rit.
a tempo
sul - ted some one stopped him, When a girl he tried to kiss, Was her
a tempo
Tempo di Marcia.
broth-er? Bah no mat-ter! he shall die the rogue for this.
"Write my girl, Mon - sieur I'll meet you In the


for - est nook hard by,
Bring your sec - ond no! no
marc.
doc - tor,
One or both of us must die,
marc.
Write my girl and send it post haste,
fz
p
To that slave with - out de - lay,
I have
sf
sfz
p


nev-er brooked an in-sult, at a word I thrust and
marc.
p
f
sff
pppp
slay! Ha! Write my girl, Mon-sieur I'll meet you,
f
sf
pppp
marc.
In the for-est nook hard by,
p
Bring your sec-ond no! no doc-ter, One or both
p


of us must die. Write my girl and send it
sfz
post haste, To that slave with-out de - lay,
marc.
p
sfz
I have nev - er brooked an in - sult,
fz
p
marc.
at a word I thrust and slay."
p
poco pesante
ff

He who'd thrive must rise at five.

No. 6.

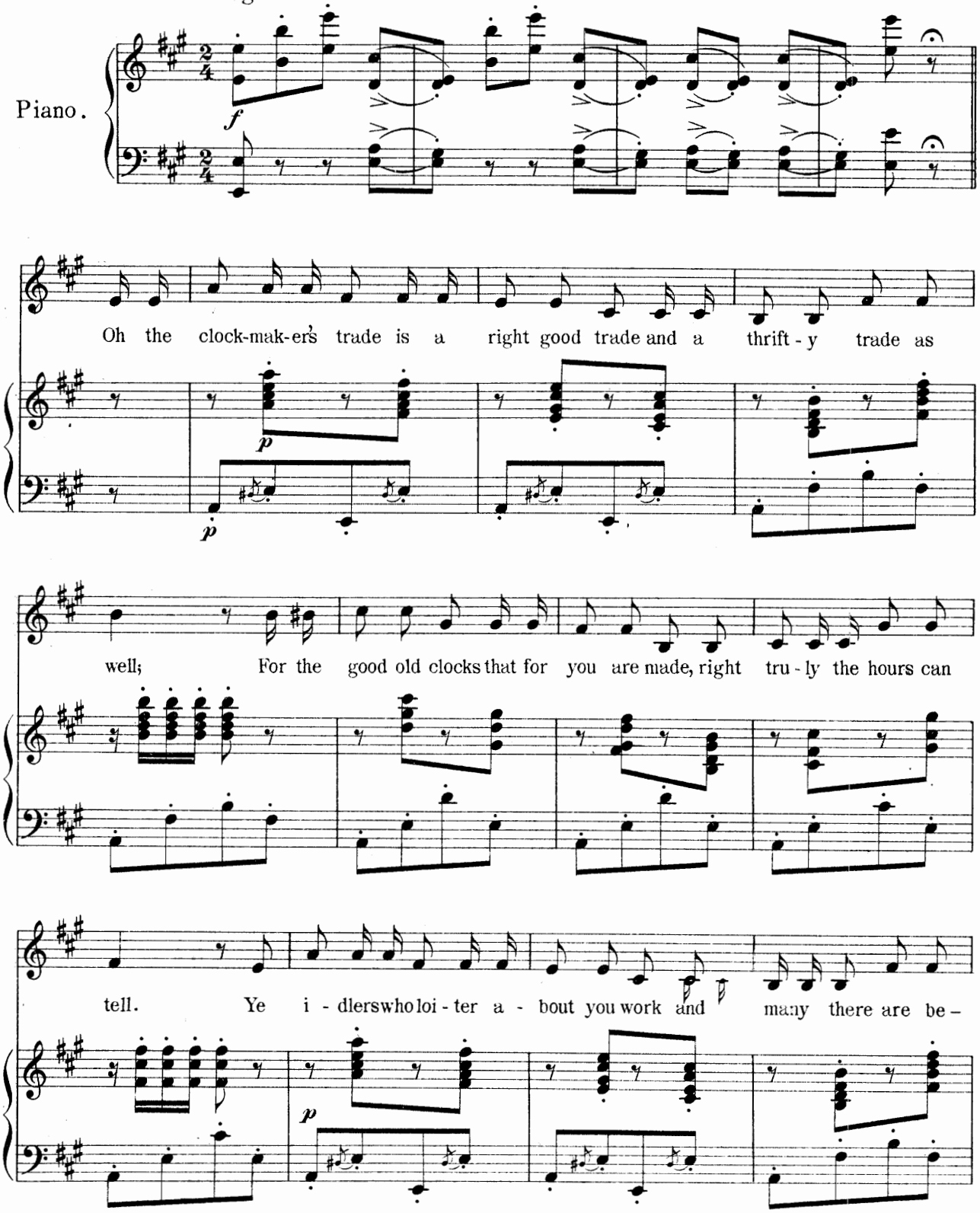
Clockmaker's Song.

Tympel and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegretto moderato.



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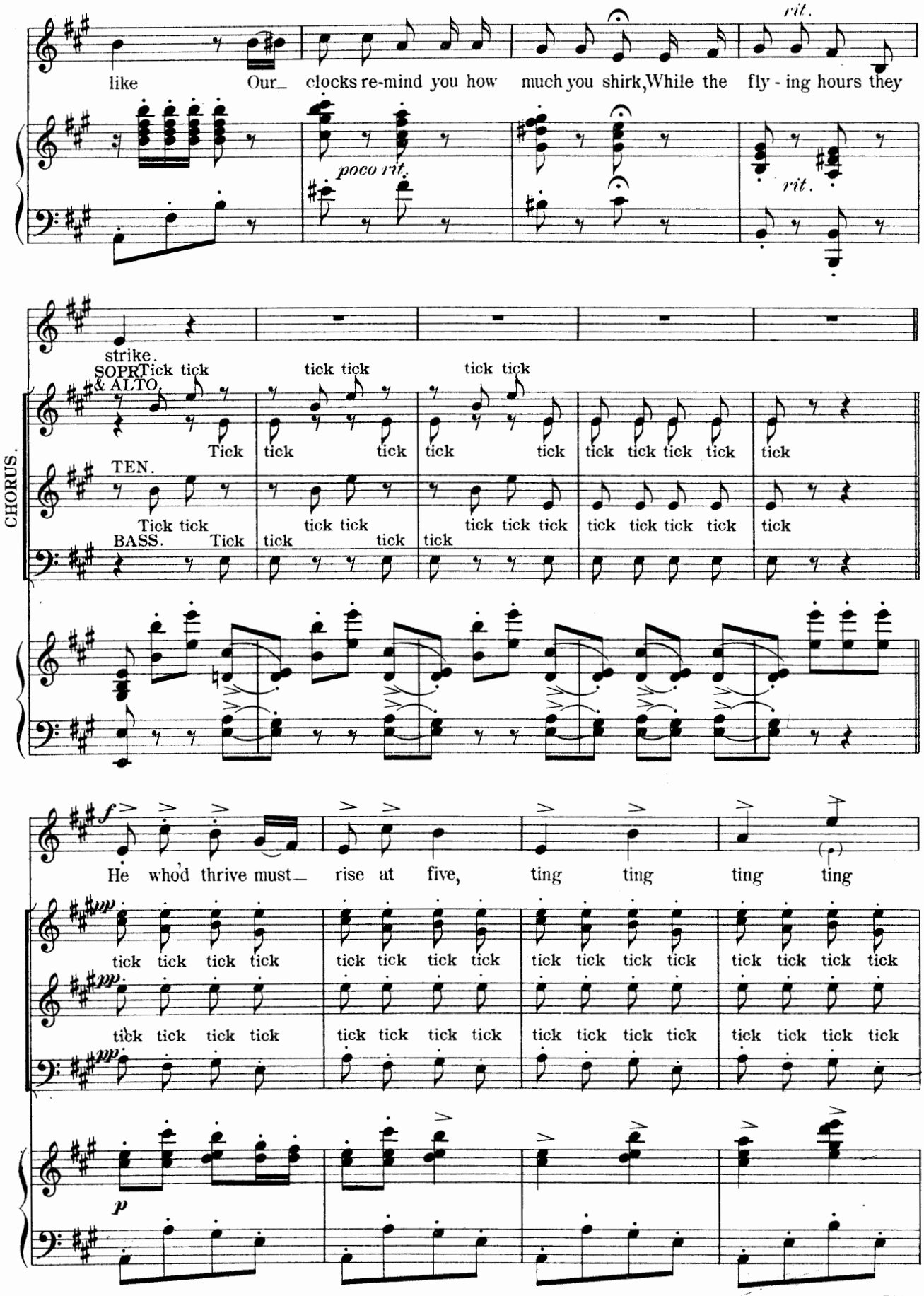
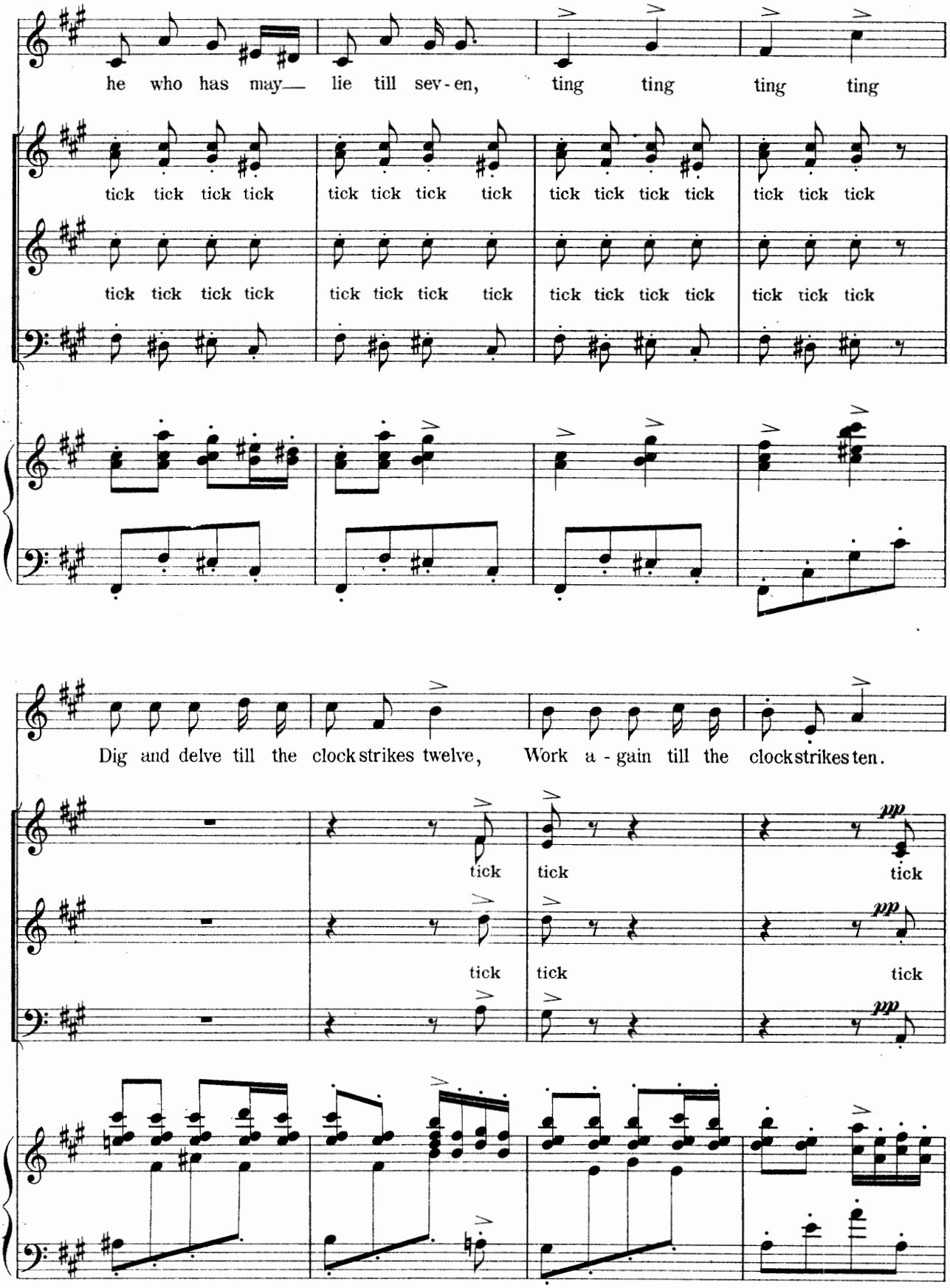

like Our_ clocks re-mind you how much you shirk, While the fly - ing hours they

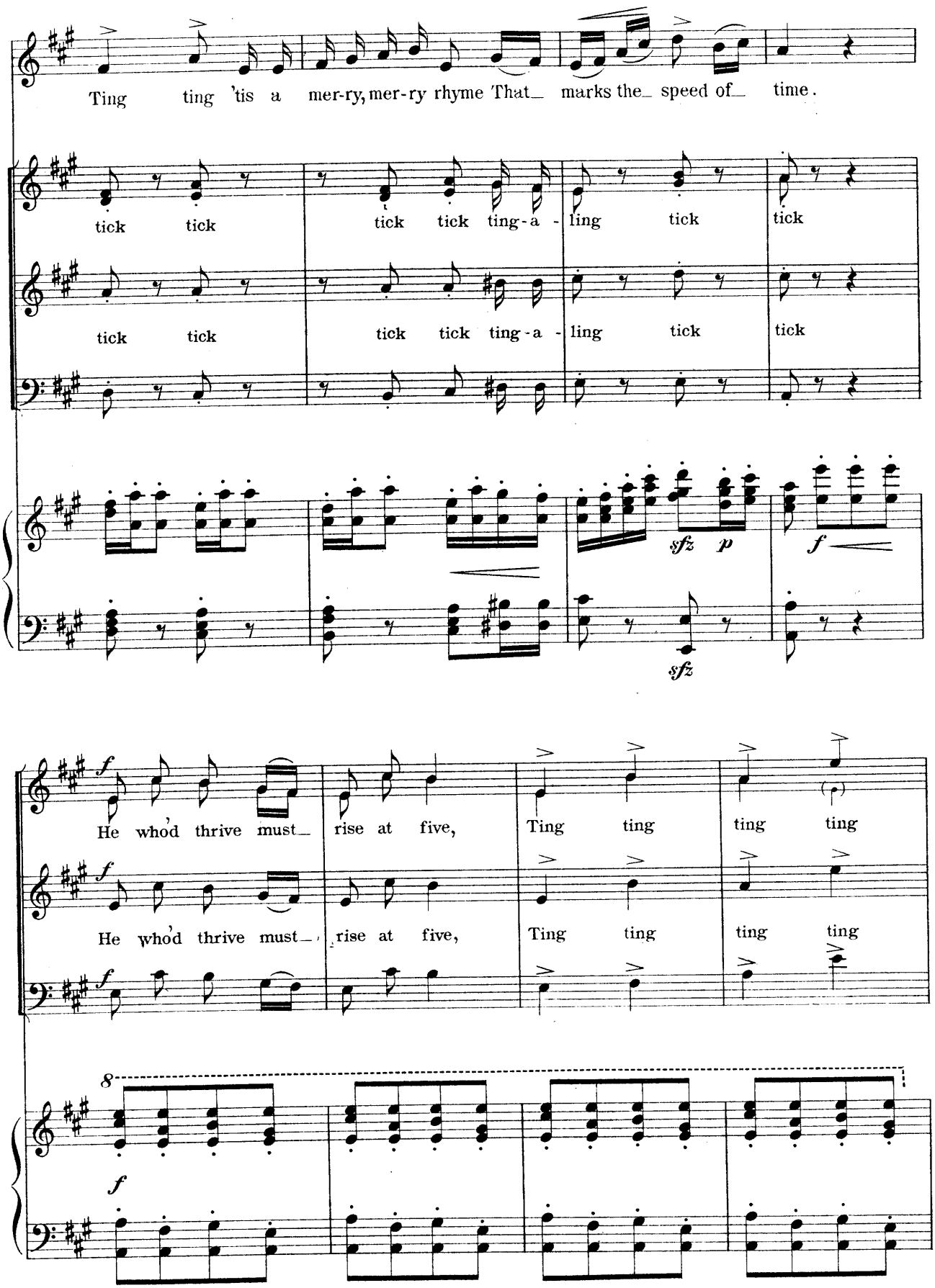
strike.
CHORUS.
SOPR. & ALTO.
Tick tick tick tick tick tick
Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick
TEN.
Tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick
BASS.
Tick tick tick tick

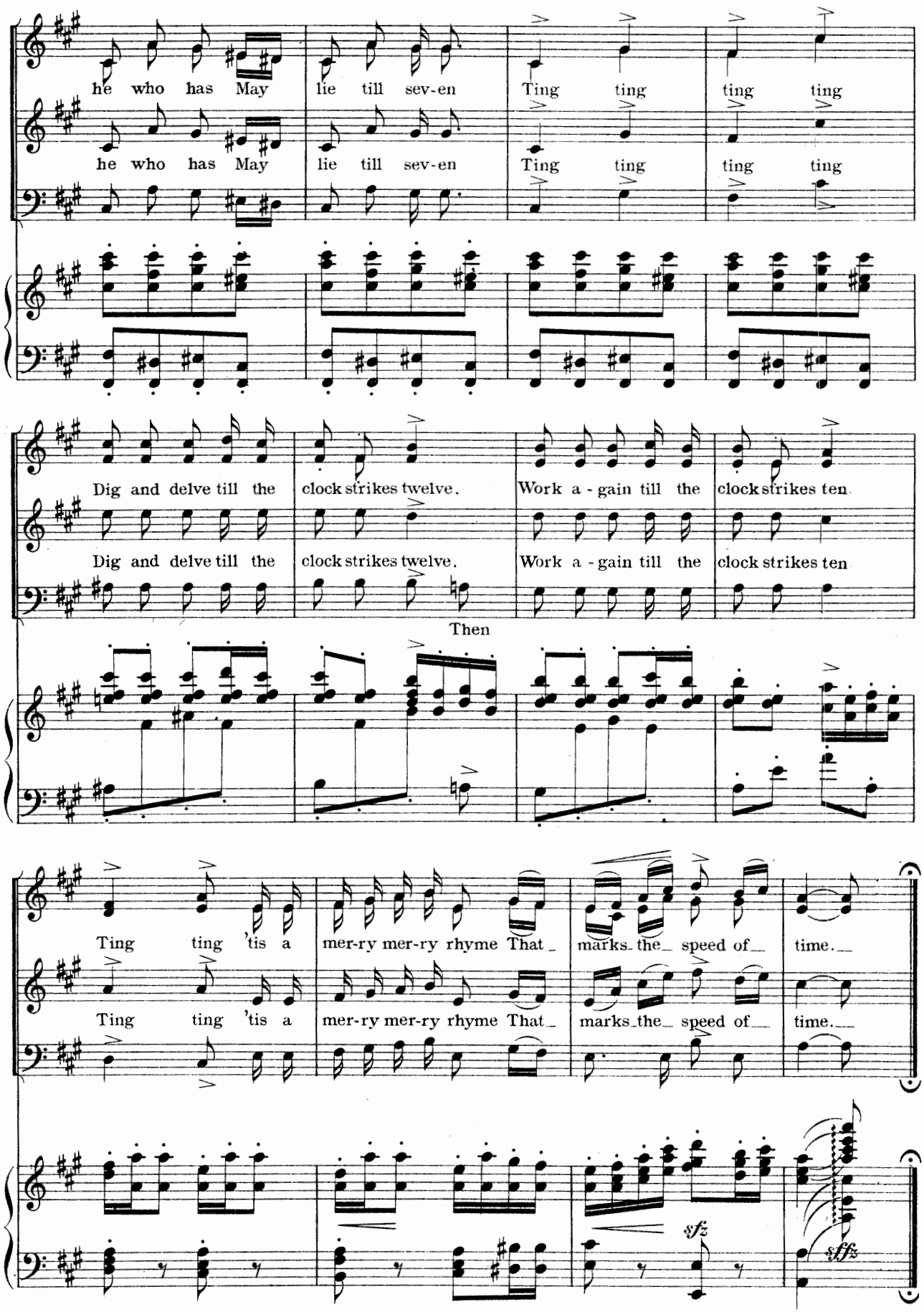
He who'd thrive must_ rise at five, ting ting ting ting

tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick

tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick


he who has may— lie till sev-en, ting ting ting ting
tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick
tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick tick
Dig and delve till the clock strikes twelve, Work a-gain till the clock strikes ten.
tick tick tick
tick tick tick
pp
pp
pp


Ting ting 'tis a mer-ry, mer-ry rhyme That marks the speed of time.
tick tick tick tick ting-a - ling tick tick
tick tick tick tick ting-a - ling tick tick
sfz p
f
sfz
He who'd thrive must rise at five, Ting ting ting ting
He who'd thrive must rise at five, Ting ting ting ting
8
f


he who has May lie till sev-en Ting ting ting ting
he who has May lie till sev-en Ting ting ting ting
Dig and delve till the clock strikes twelve. Work a - gain till the clock strikes ten
Dig and delve till the clock strikes twelve. Work a - gain till the clock strikes ten
Then
Ting ting 'tis a mer-ry mer-ry rhyme That marks the speed of time.
Ting ting 'tis a mer-ry mer-ry rhyme That marks the speed of time.
sfz
sffz

"I'll Bribe the Stars"

(PICTURE PAINTING SONG.)

No 7.

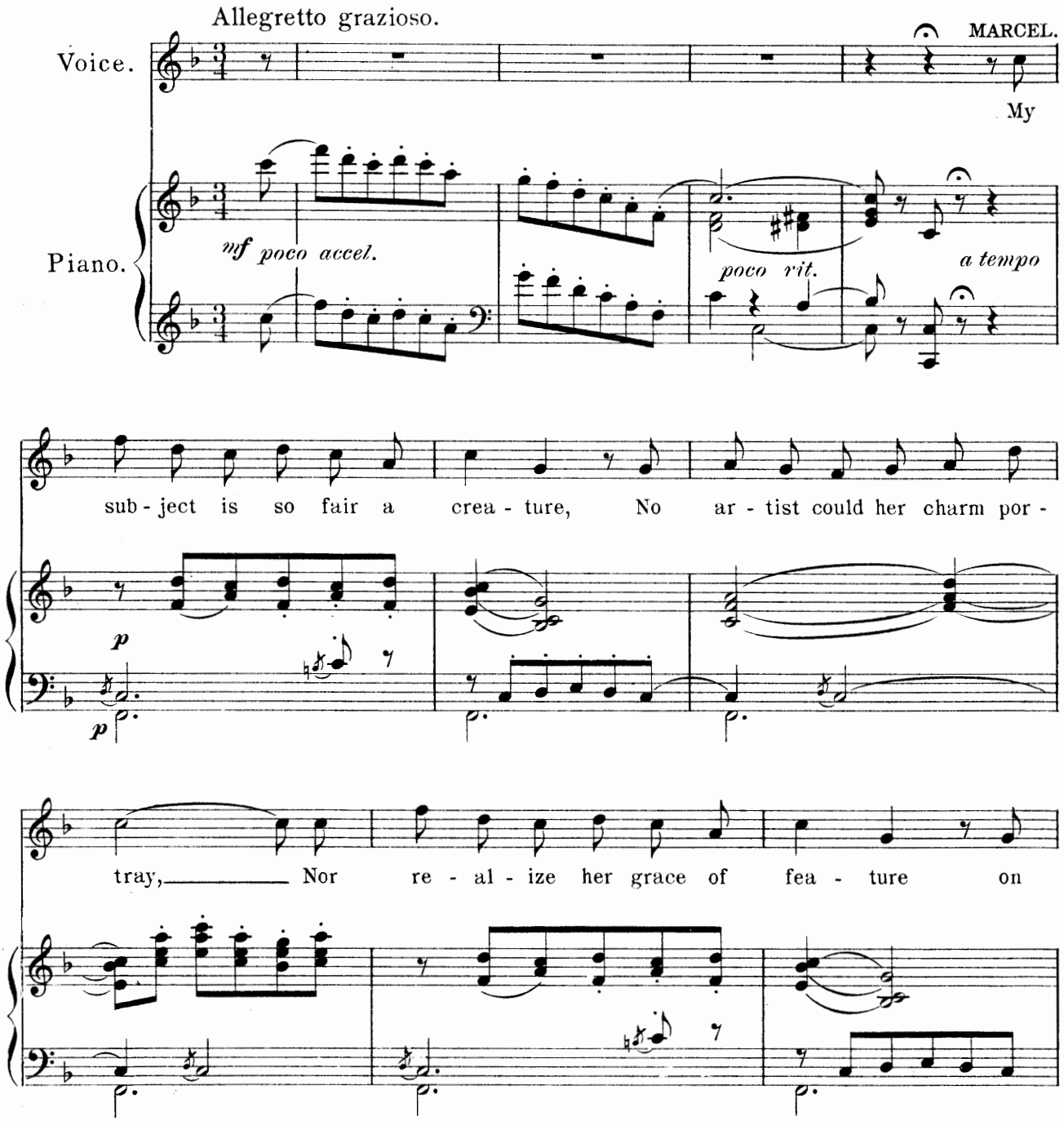
Duet.

Marcel and Babette.

(During this, he paints her portrait, while she poses.)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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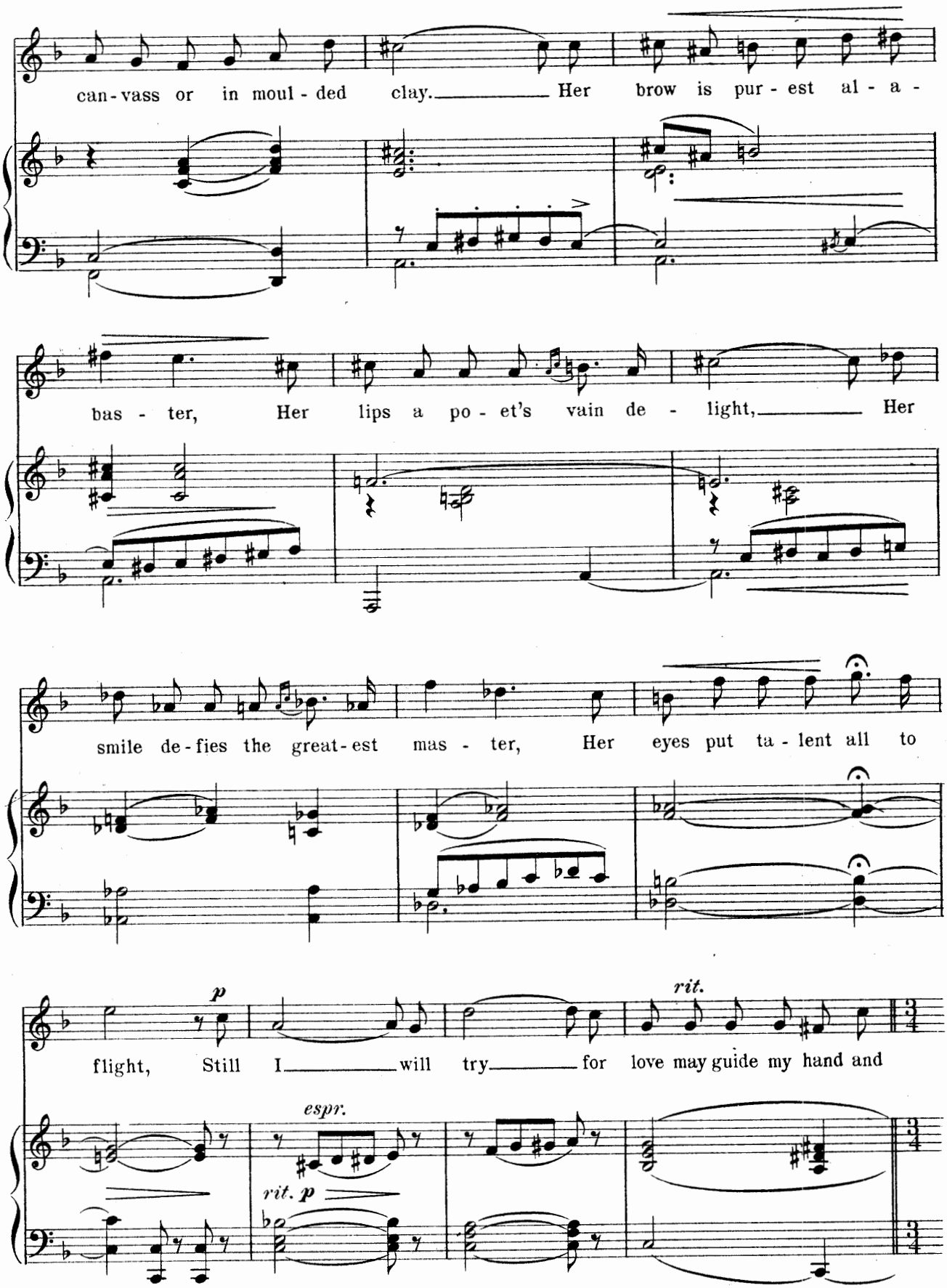
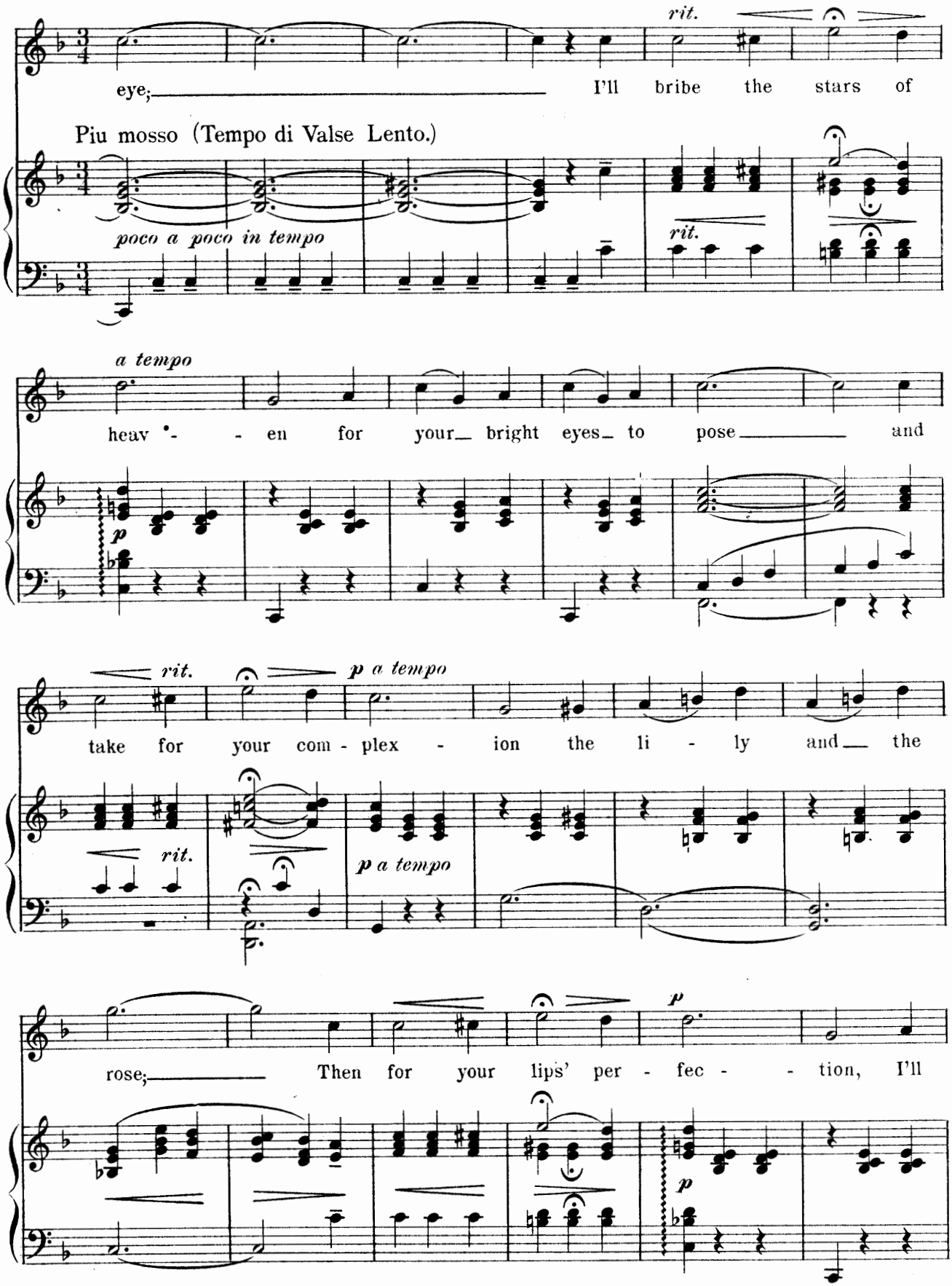
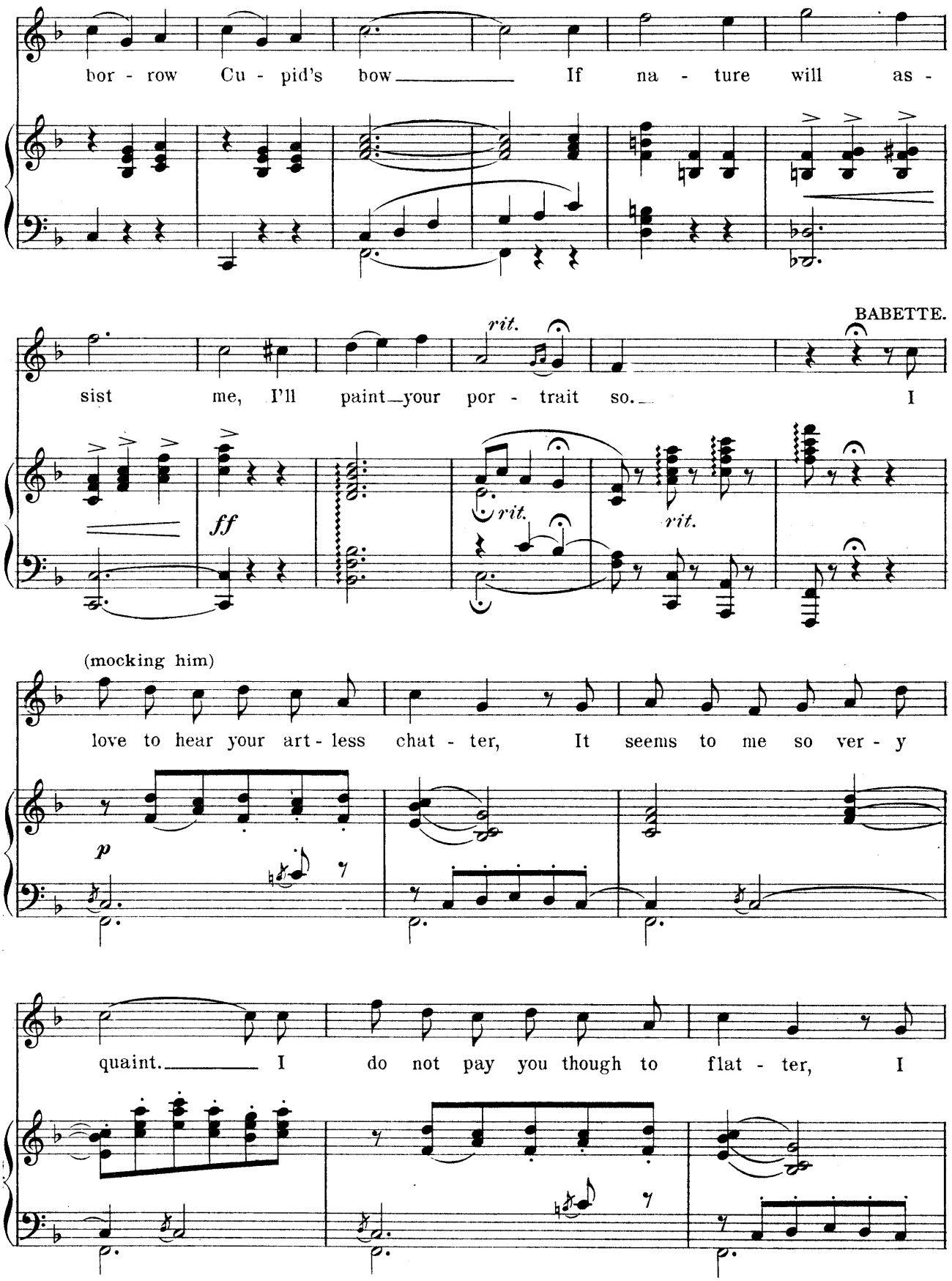
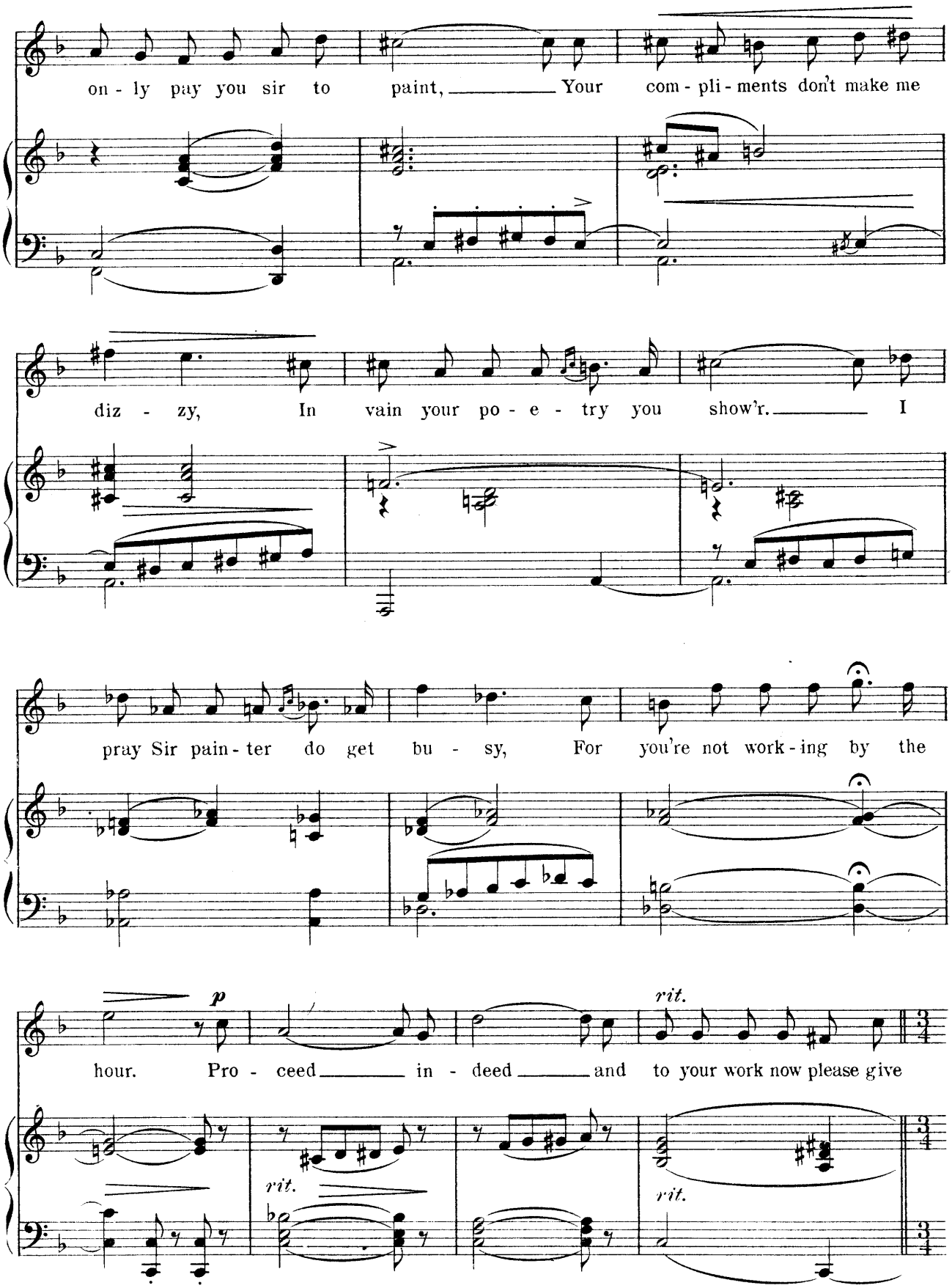
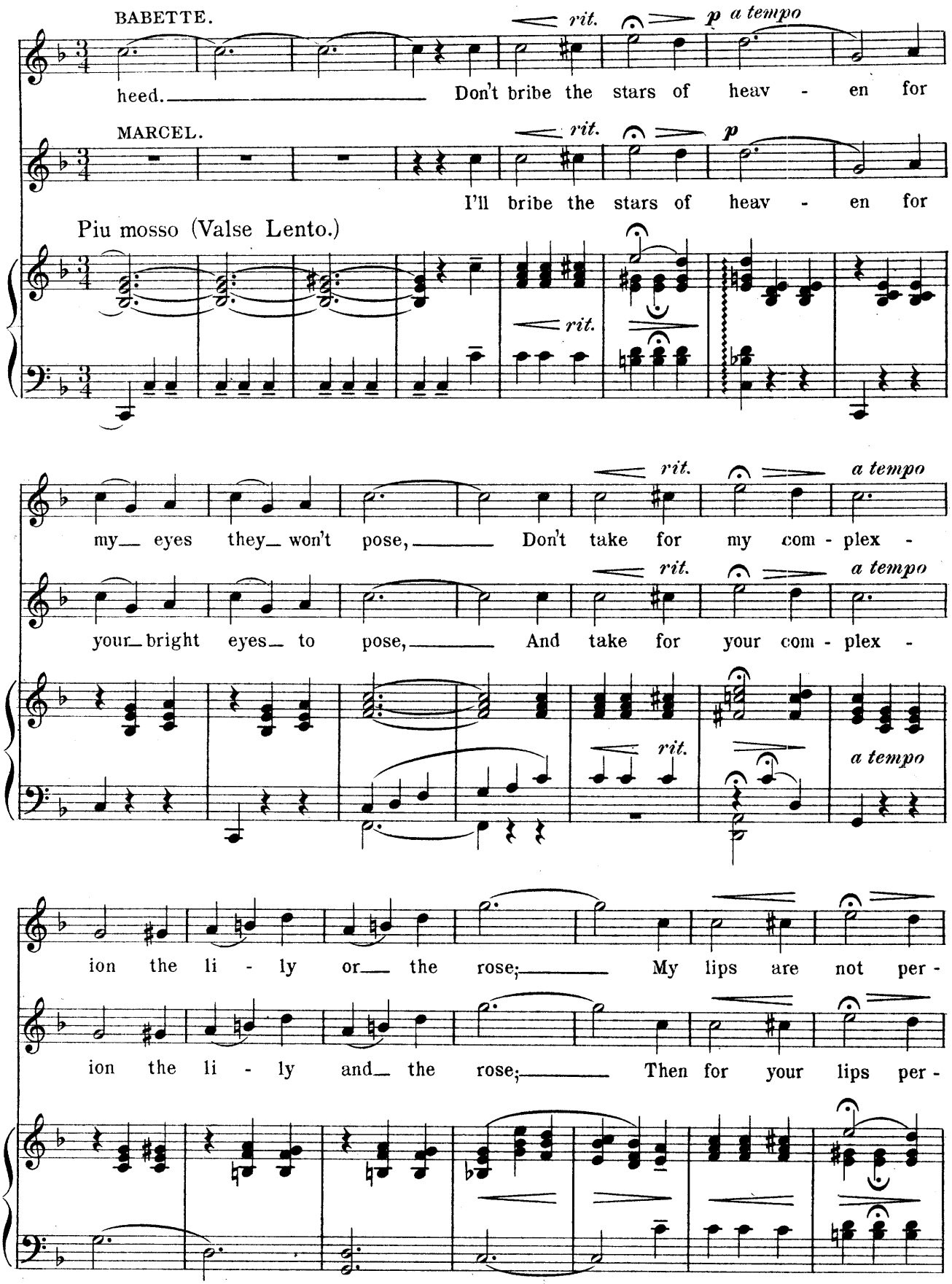
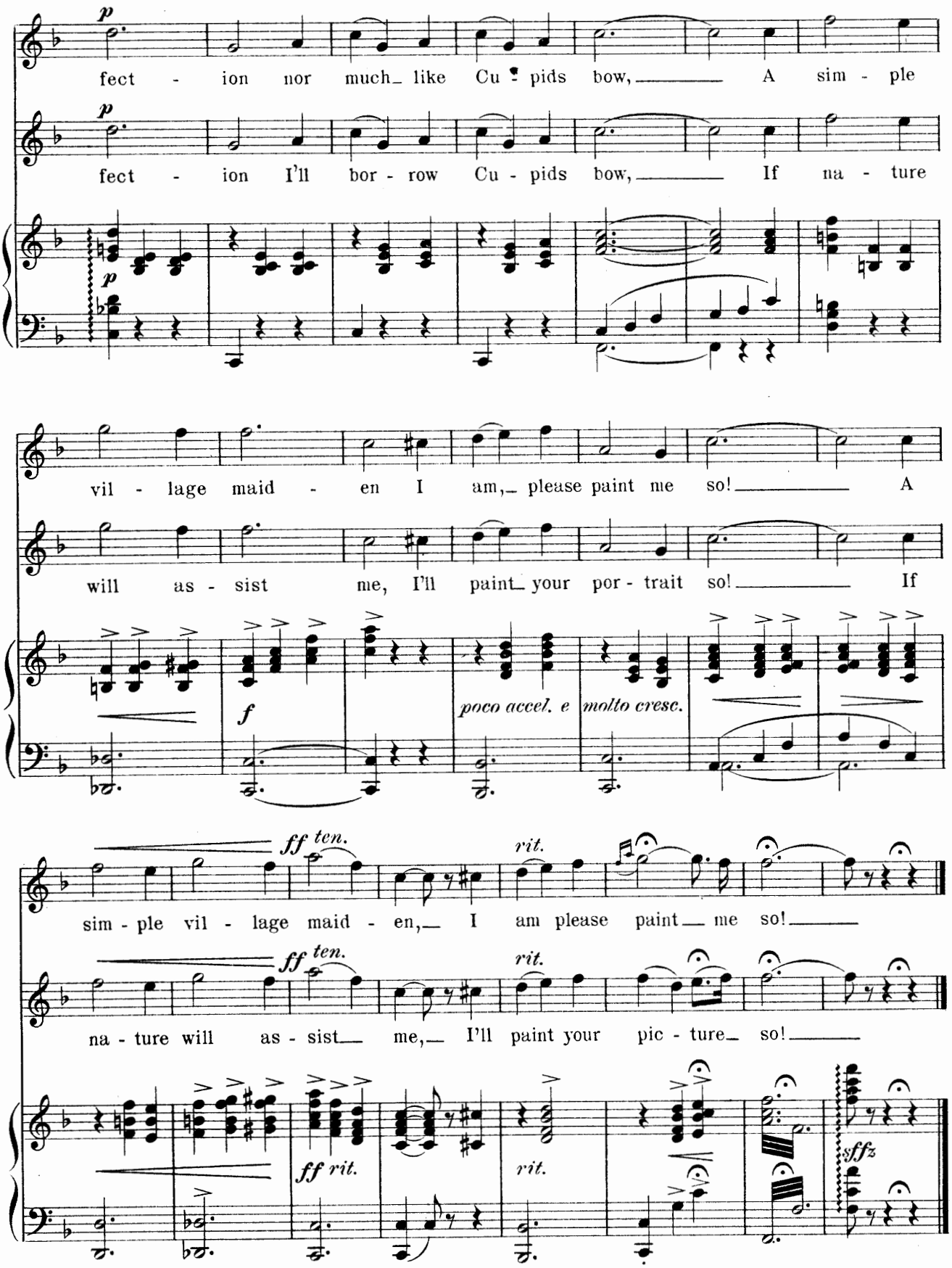

can-vass or in moul-ded clay. Her brow is pur-est al-a-
bas-ter, Her lips a po-et's vain de-light, Her
smile de-fies the great-est mas-ter, Her eyes put ta-lent all to
p
flight, Still I will try for love may guide my hand and
rit.
espr.
rit. p


rit.
eye; I'll bribe the stars of
Piu mosso (Tempo di Valse Lento.)
poco a poco in tempo
rit.
a tempo
heav - en for your bright eyes to pose and
p
rit.
p a tempo
take for your com - plex - ion the li - ly and the
rit.
p a tempo
p
rose; Then for your lips' per - fec - tion, I'll
p


bor - row Cu - pid's bow If na - ture will as -
sist me, I'll paint your por - trait so. I
BABETTE.
rit.
ff
rit.
rit.
(mocking him)
love to hear your art - less chat - ter, It seems to me so ver - y
p
quaint. I do not pay you though to flat - ter, I


on - ly pay you sir to paint, Your com - pli - ments don't make me
diz - zy, In vain your po - e - try you show'r. I
pray Sir pain - ter do get bu - sy, For you're not work - ing by the
hour. Pro - ceed in - deed and to your work now please give
p
rit.
rit.
rit.


BABETTE.
rit.
p a tempo
heed. Don't bribe the stars of heav - en for
MARCEL.
rit.
p
I'll bribe the stars of heav - en for
Piu mosso (Valse Lento.)
rit.
my eyes they won't pose, Don't take for my com - plex -
rit.
a tempo
your bright eyes to pose, And take for your com - plex -
rit.
a tempo
ion the li - ly or the rose; My lips are not per -
ion the li - ly and the rose; Then for your lips per -

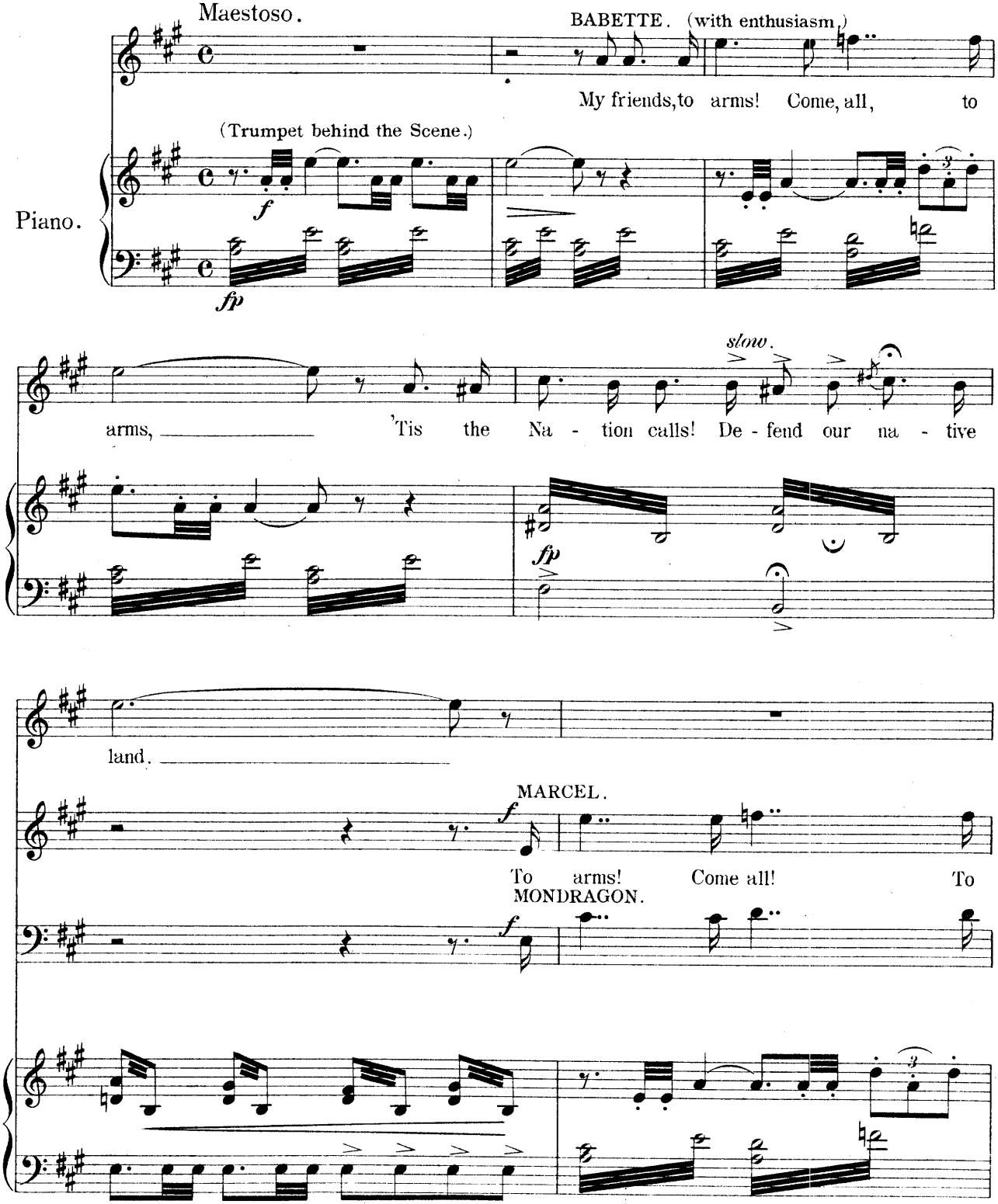

p
fect - ion nor much like Cu pids bow, A sim - ple
p
fect - ion I'll bor - row Cu - pids bow, If na - ture
p
vil - lage maid - en I am, please paint me so! A
will as - sist me, I'll paint your por - trait so! If
f
poco accel. e
molto cresc.
ff ten.
rit.
sim - ple vil - lage maid - en, I am please paint me so!
ff ten.
rit.
na - ture will as - sist me, I'll paint your pic - ture so!
ff rit.
rit.
sffz

Finale I.

No. 8.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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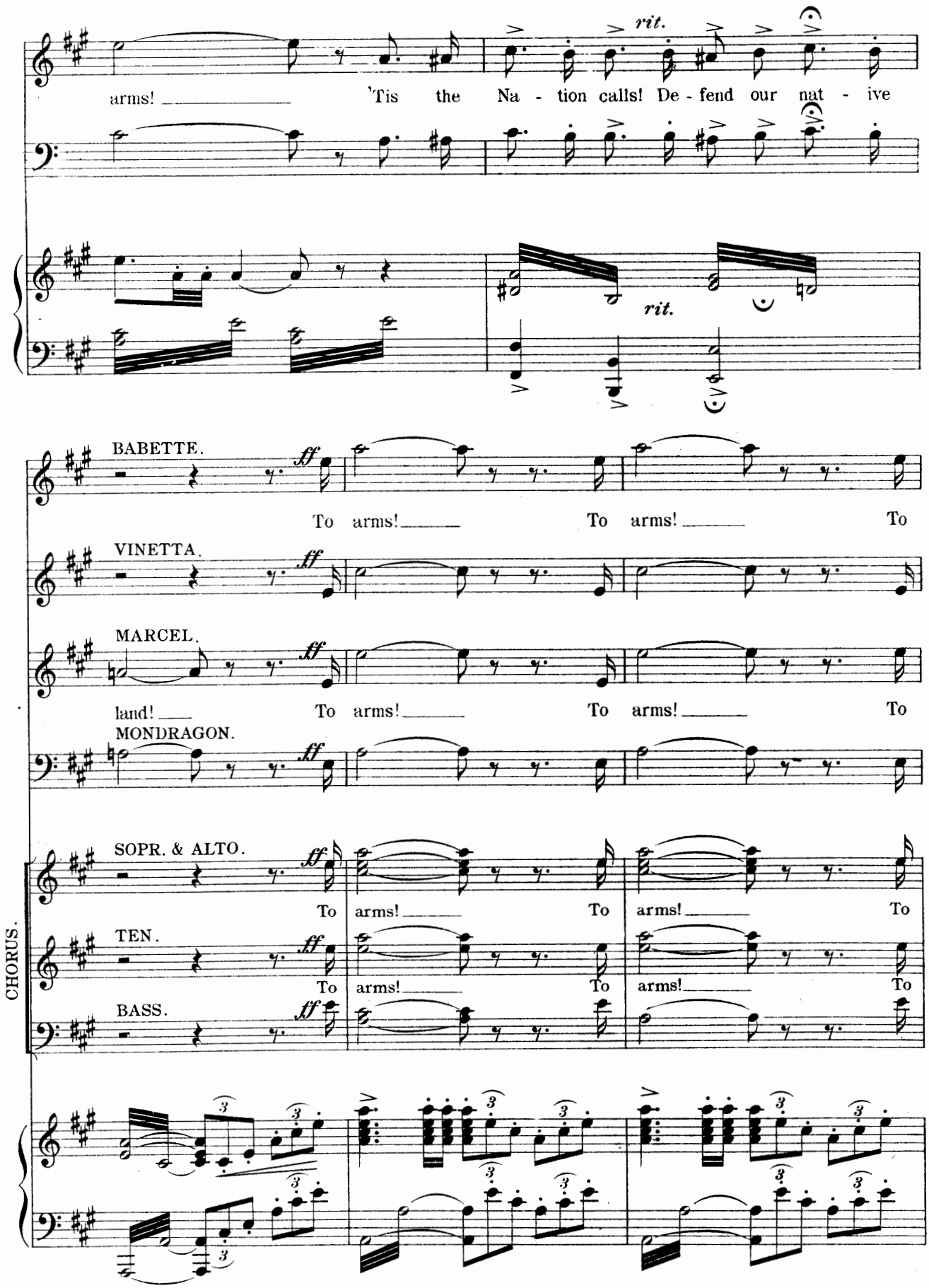
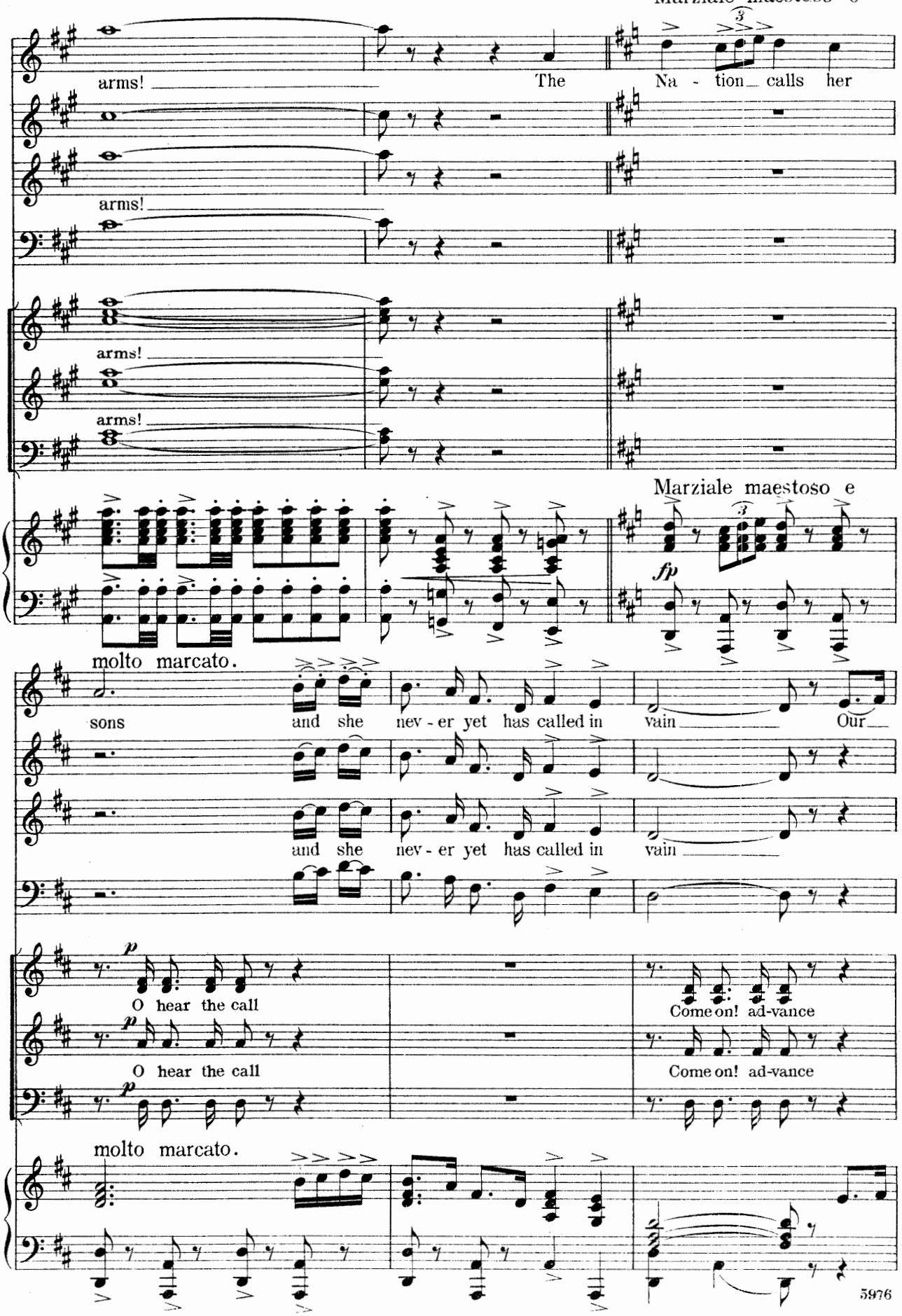
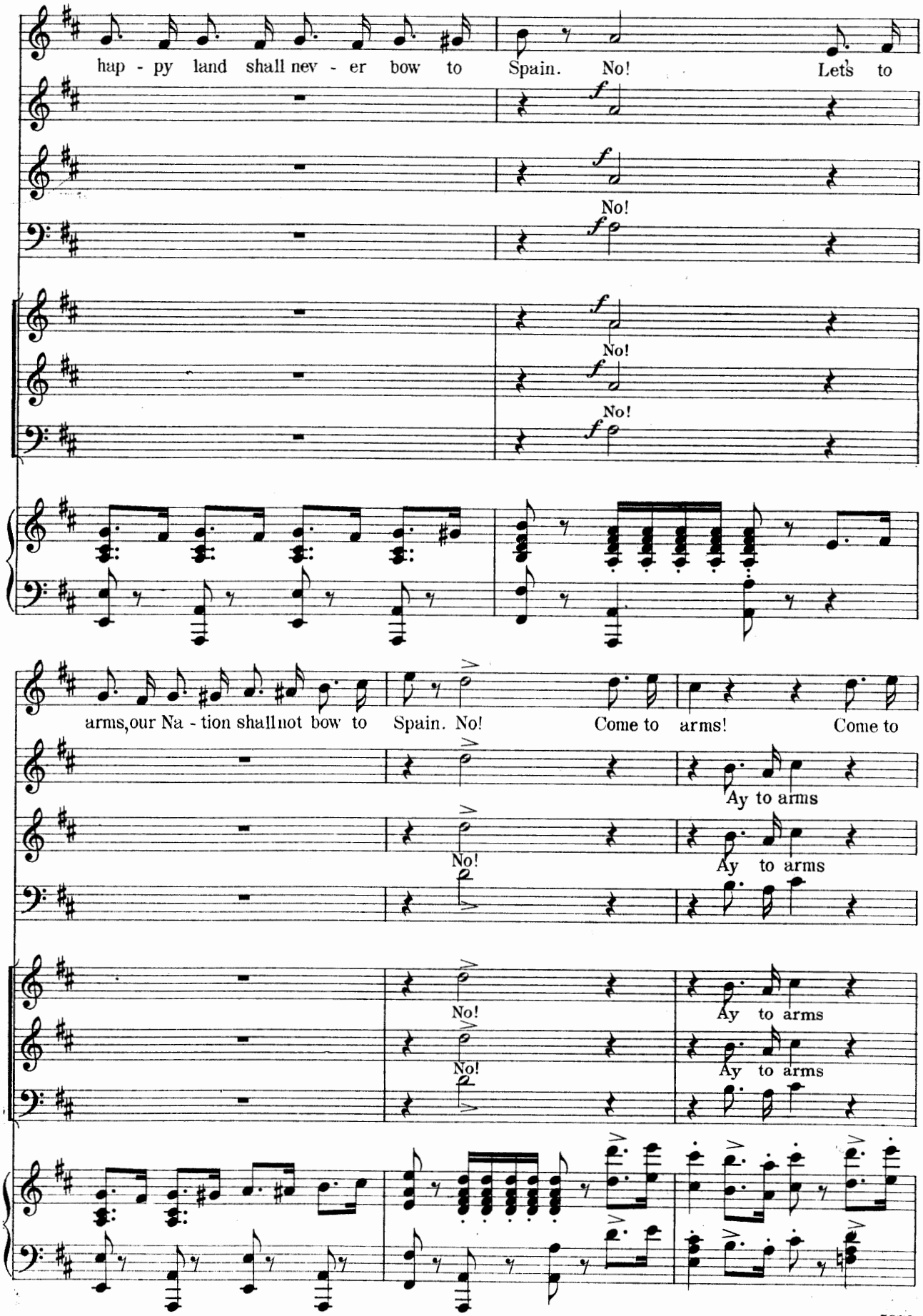
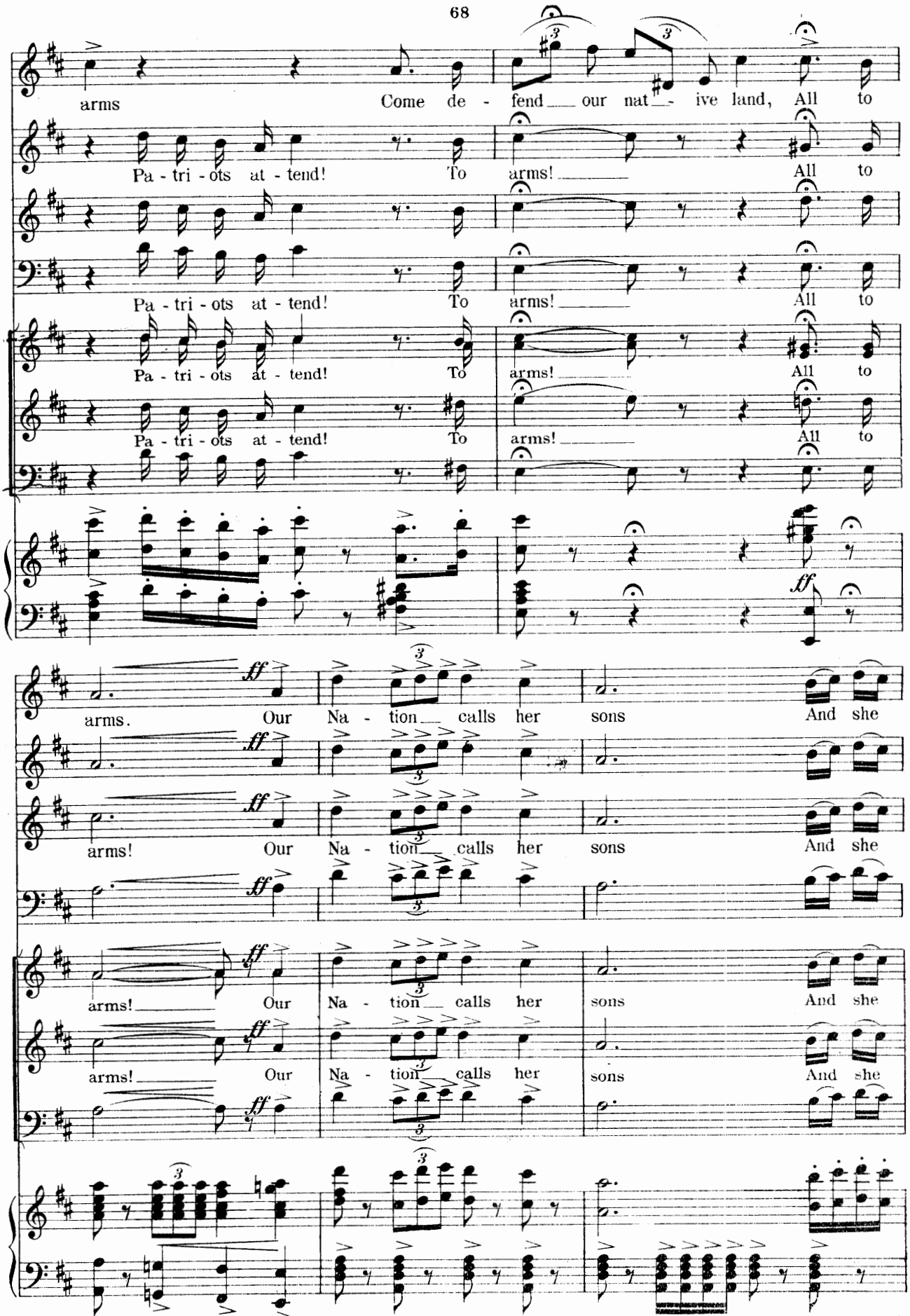
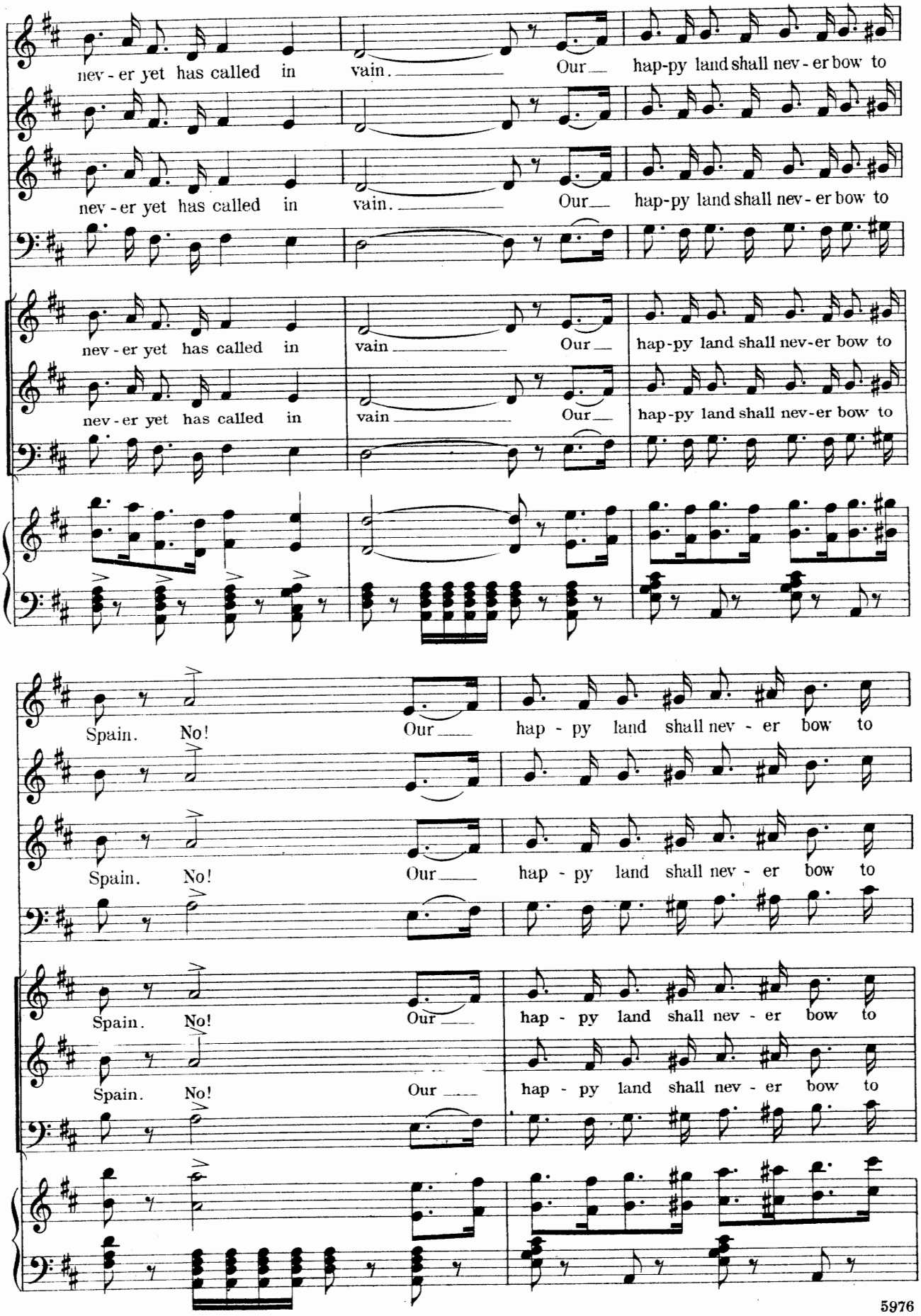
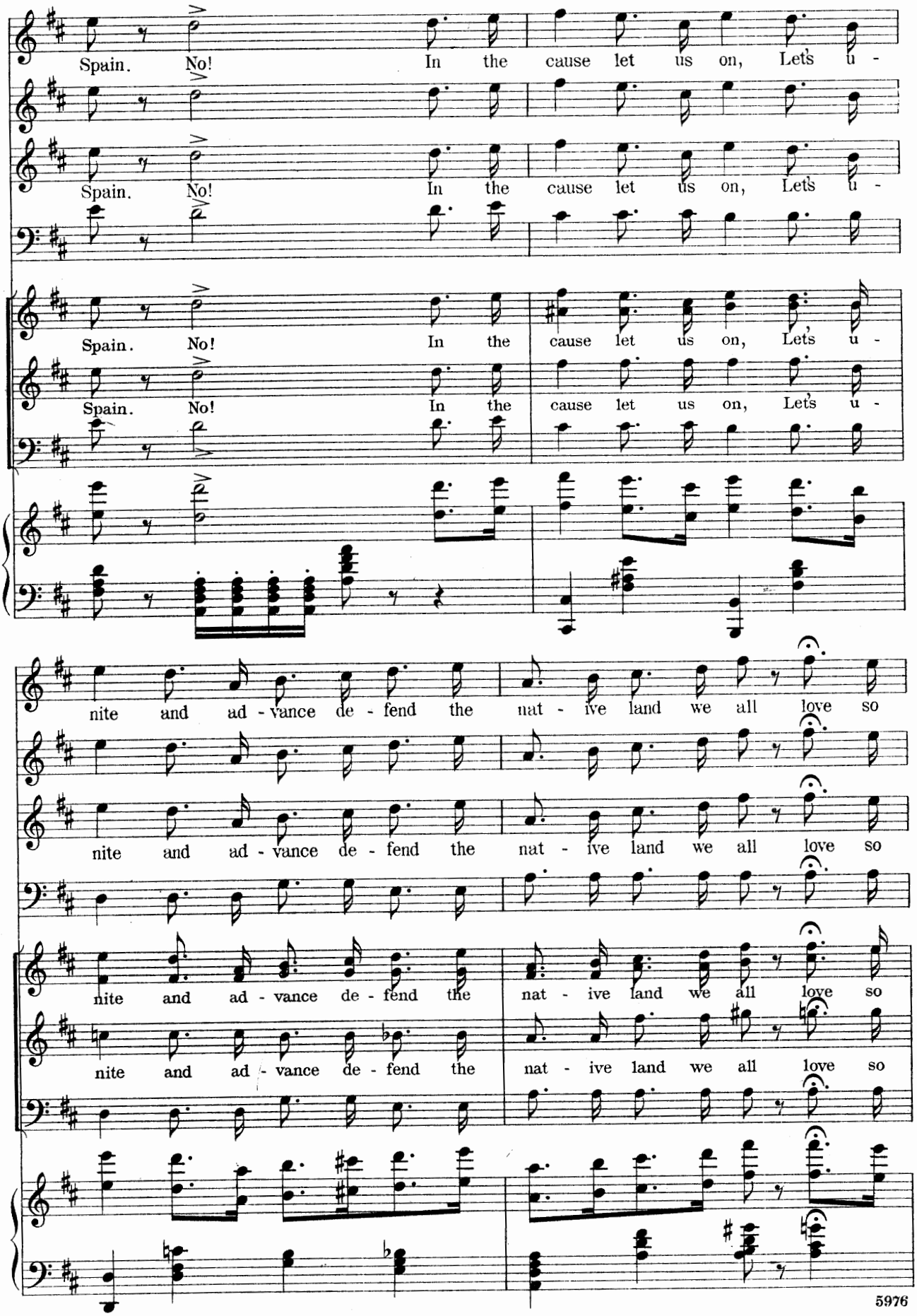

arms! 'Tis the Na - tion calls! De - fend our nat - ive
rit.
rit.
BABETTE.
ff
To arms! To arms! To
VINETTA.
ff
MARCEL.
ff
land! To arms! To arms! To
MONDRAGON.
ff
CHORUS.
SOPR. & ALTO.
ff
To arms! To arms! To
TEN.
ff
To arms! To arms! To
BASS.
ff

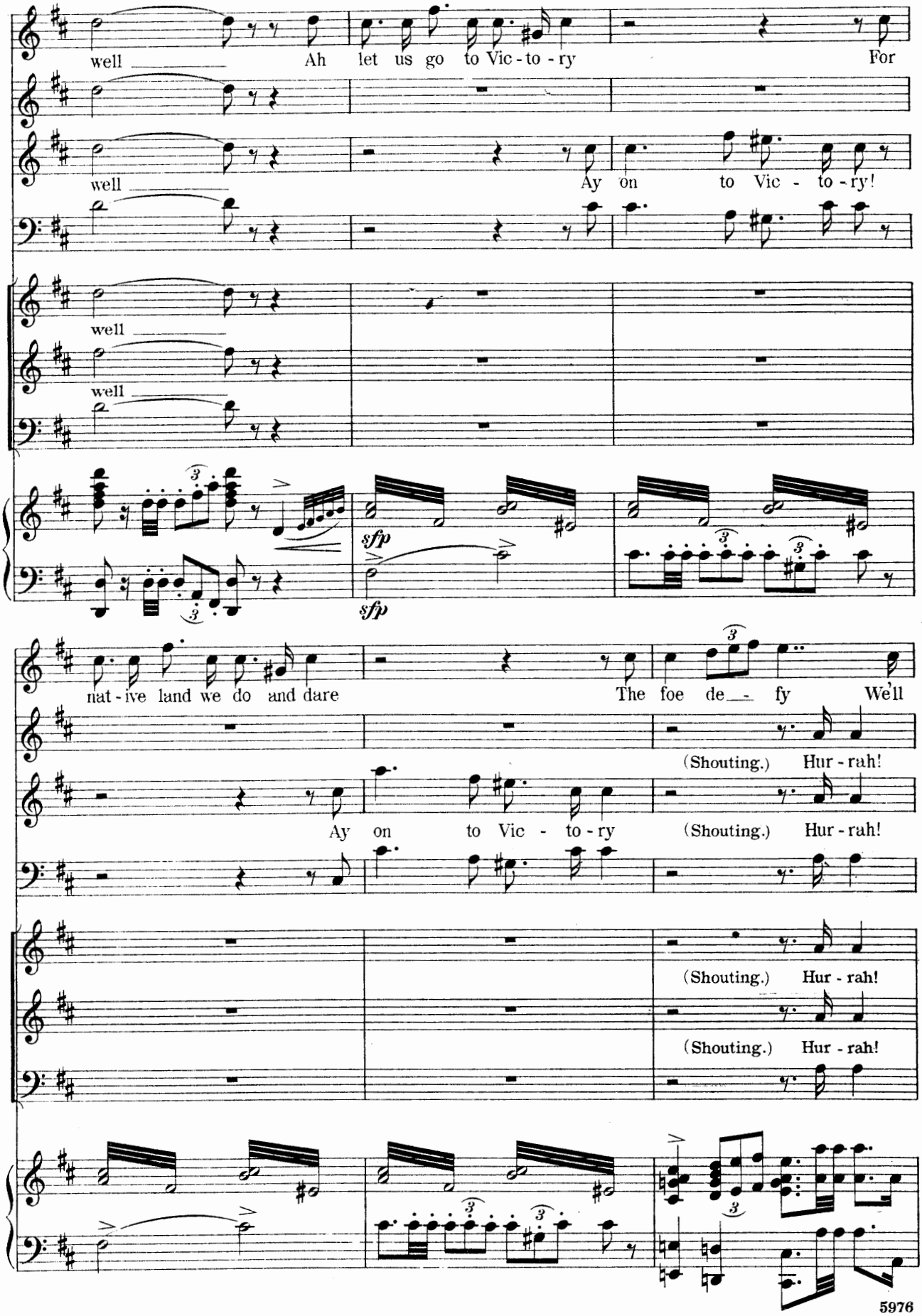

Marziale maestoso e
arms!
The
Na - tion calls her
arms!
arms!
arms!
Marziale maestoso e
fp
molto marcato.
sons
and she
nev - er yet has called in
vain
Our
and she
nev - er yet has called in
vain
p
O hear the call
Come on! ad-vance
p
O hear the call
Come on! ad-vance
p
molto marcato.

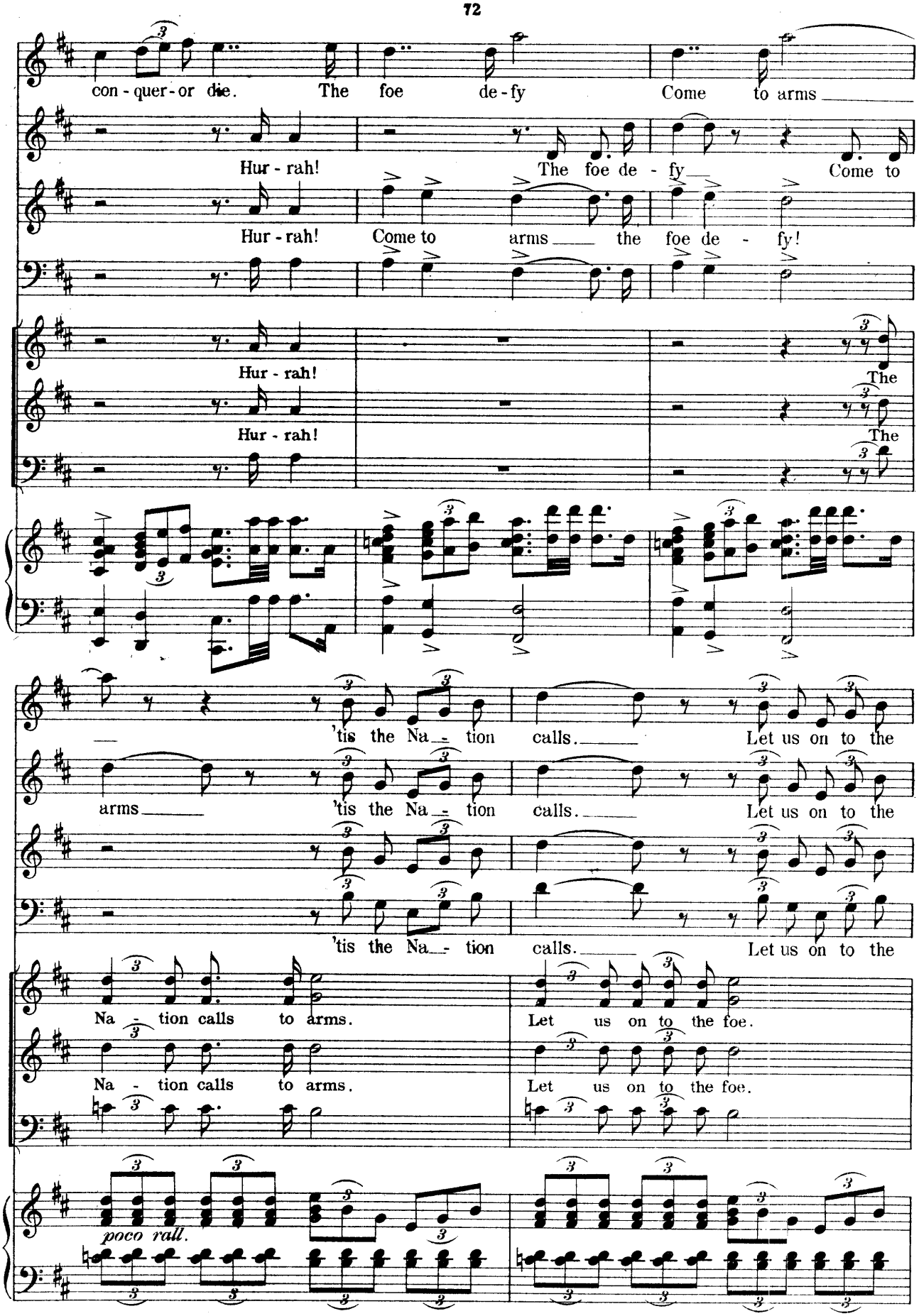

hap - py land shall nev - er bow to Spain. No! Let's to
No!
No!
No!
arms, our Na - tion shall not bow to Spain. No! Come to arms! Come to
Ay to arms
No!
Ay to arms
No!
Ay to arms
No!
Ay to arms

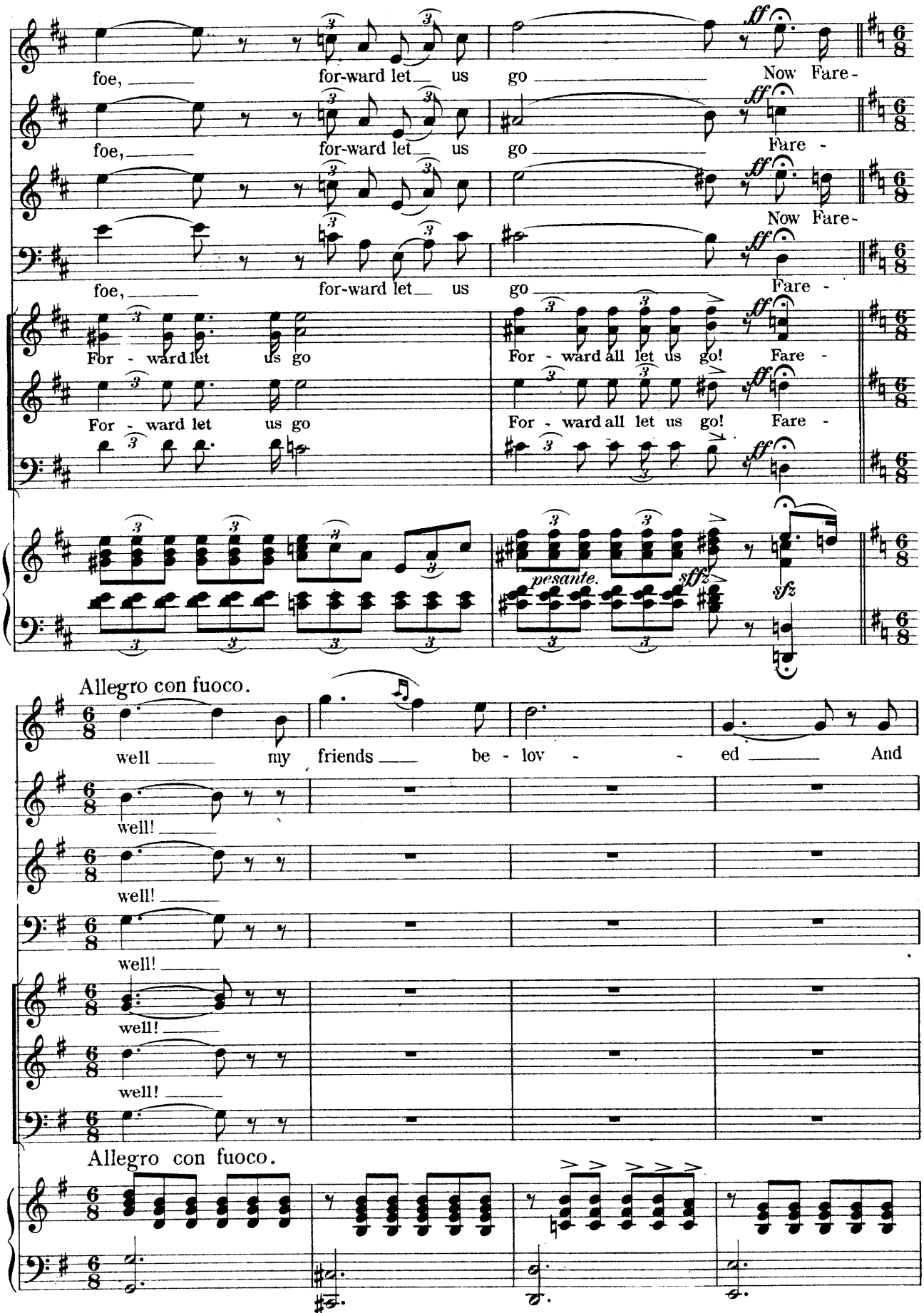

arms Come de - fend our nat - ive land, All to
Pa - tri - ots at - tend! To arms! All to
Pa - tri - ots at - tend! To arms! All to
Pa - tri - ots at - tend! To arms! All to
Pa - tri - ots at - tend! To arms! All to
ff
arms. Our Na - tion calls her sons And she
arms! Our Na - tion calls her sons And she
arms! Our Na - tion calls her sons And she
arms! Our Na - tion calls her sons And she

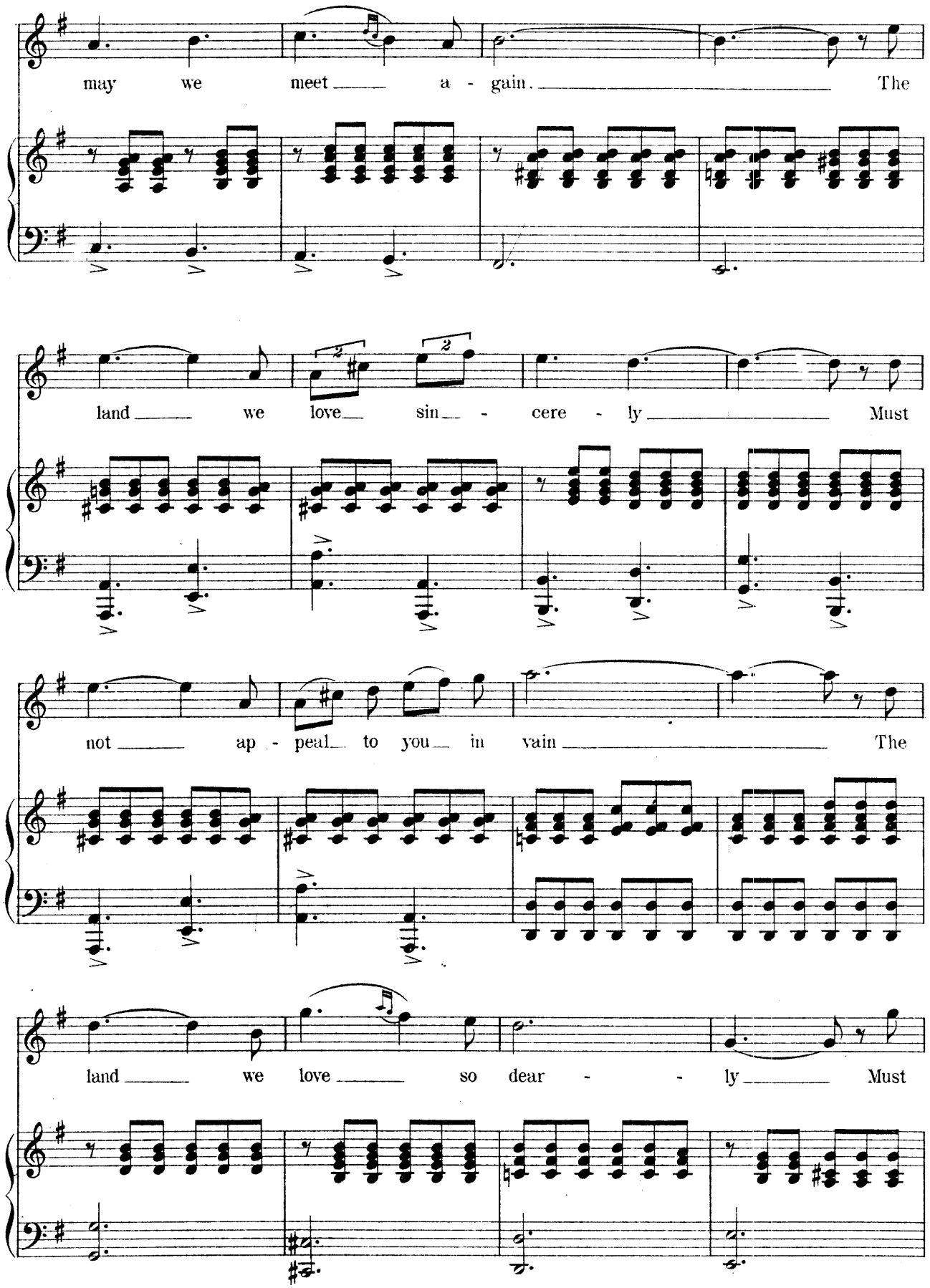

nev - er yet has called in vain. Our hap-py land shall nev - er bow to
nev - er yet has called in vain. Our hap-py land shall nev - er bow to
nev - er yet has called in vain Our hap-py land shall nev-er bow to
nev - er yet has called in vain Our hap-py land shall nev-er bow to
Spain. No! Our hap - py land shall nev - er bow to
Spain. No! Our hap - py land shall nev - er bow to
Spain. No! Our hap - py land shall nev - er bow to
Spain. No! Our hap - py land shall nev - er bow to

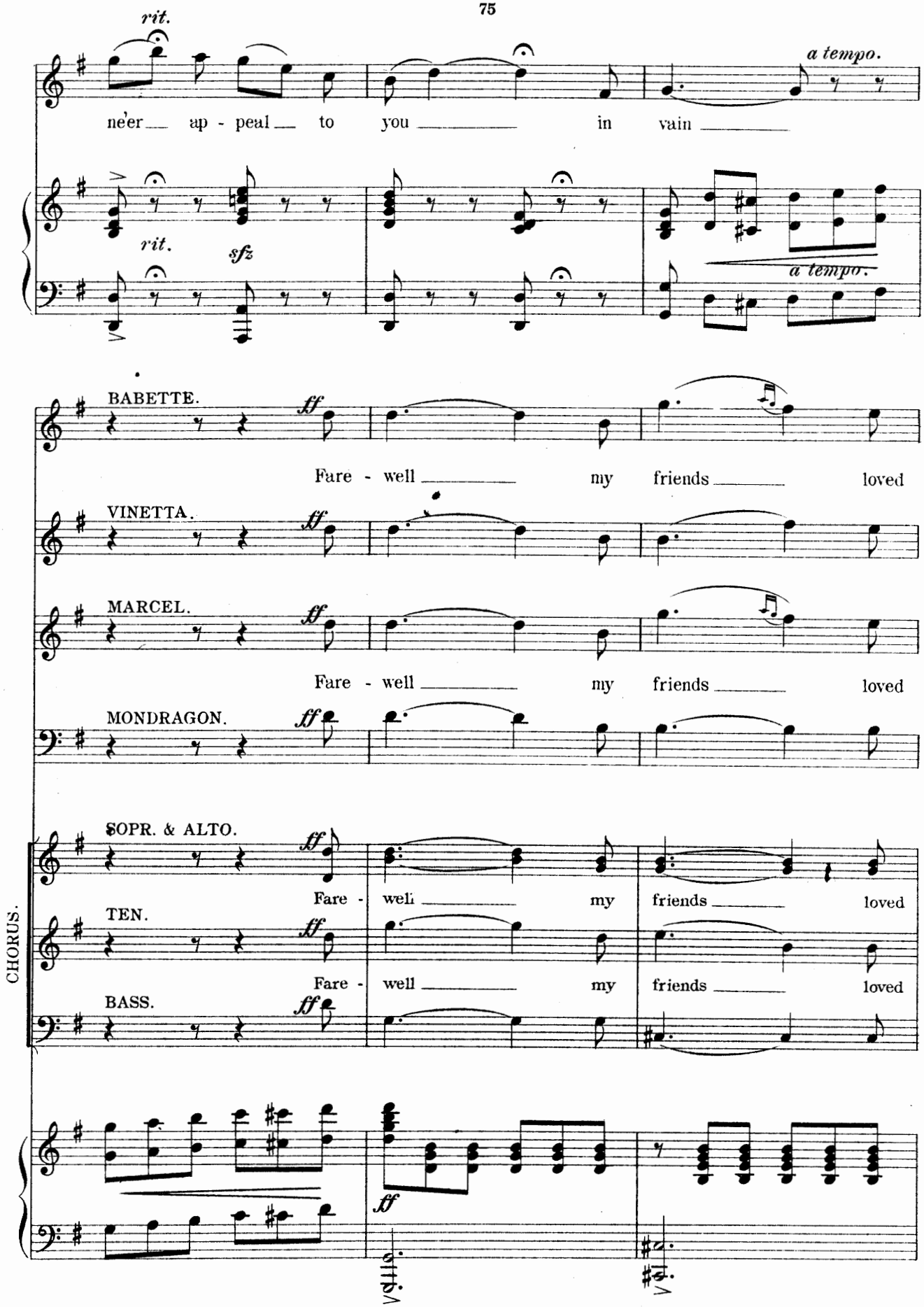

Spain. No! In the cause let us on, Let's u -
Spain. No! In the cause let us on, Let's u -
Spain. No! In the cause let us on, Let's u -
Spain. No! In the cause let us on, Let's u -
nite and ad - vance de - fend the nat - ive land we all love so
nite and ad - vance de - fend the nat - ive land we all love so
nite and ad - vance de - fend the nat - ive land we all love so
nite and ad - vance de - fend the nat - ive land we all love so

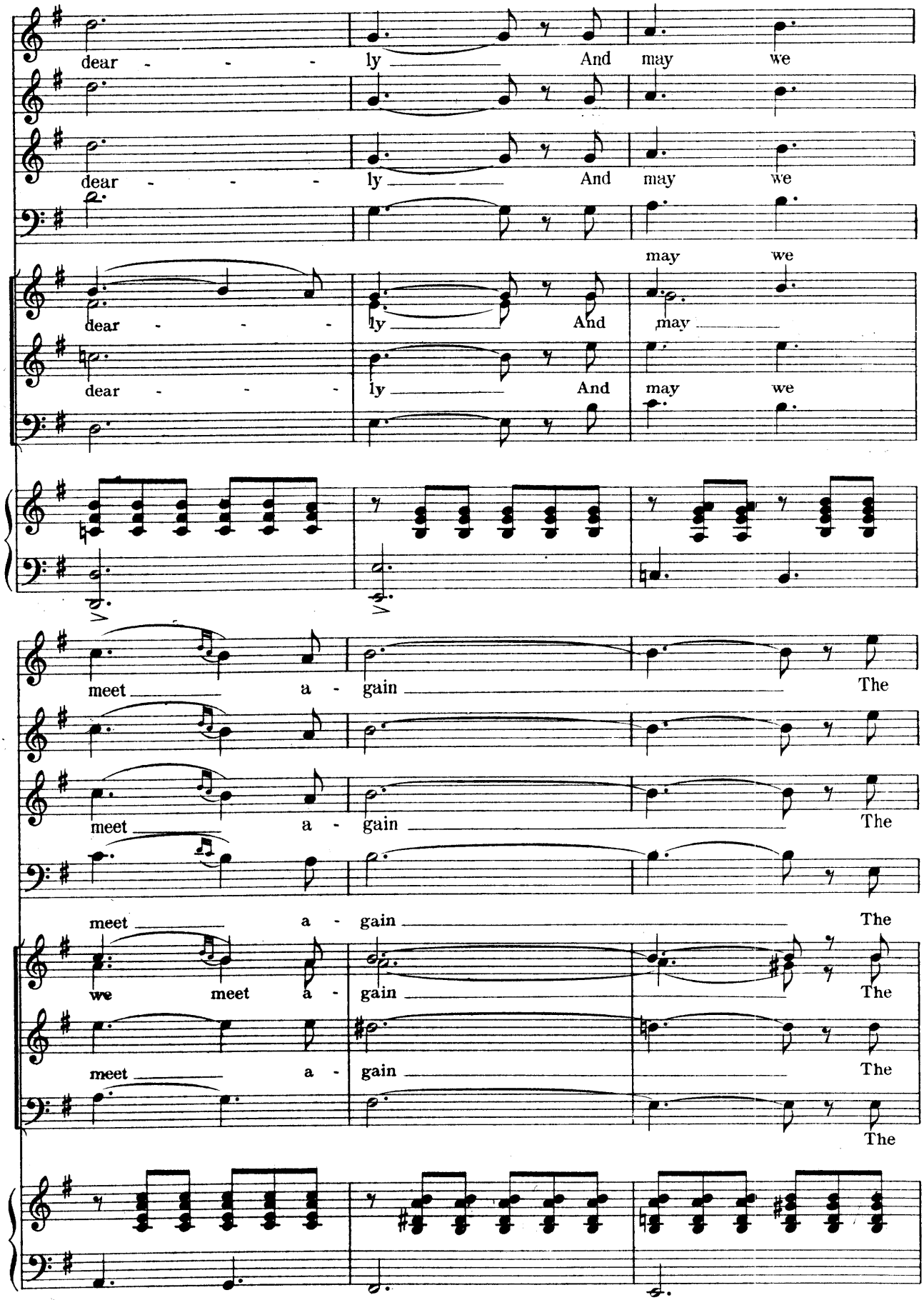

well
Ah let us go to Vic - to - ry
For
well
Ay on to Vic - to - ry!
well
well
sfp
sfp
nat - ive land we do and dare
The foe de - fy We'll
(Shouting.) Hur - rah!
Ay on to Vic - to - ry
(Shouting.) Hur - rah!
(Shouting.) Hur - rah!
(Shouting.) Hur - rah!

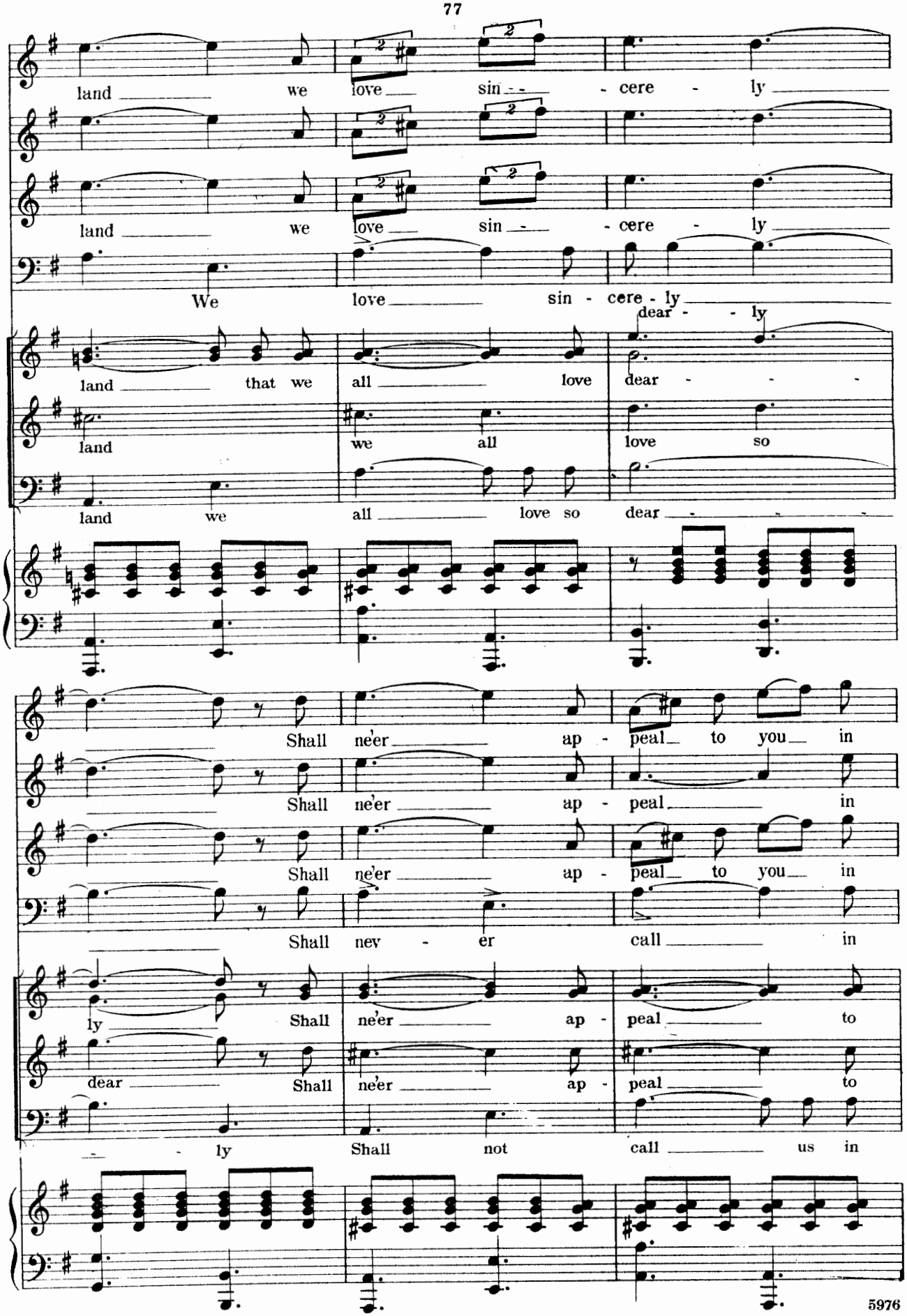

con - quer - or die. The foe de - fy Come to arms
Hur - rah! The foe de - fy Come to
Hur - rah! Come to arms the foe de - fy!
Hur - rah!
Hur - rah!
The
The
'tis the Na - tion calls. Let us on to the
arms 'tis the Na - tion calls. Let us on to the
'tis the Na - tion calls. Let us on to the
Na - tion calls to arms. Let us on to the foe.
Na - tion calls to arms. Let us on to the foe.
poco rall.

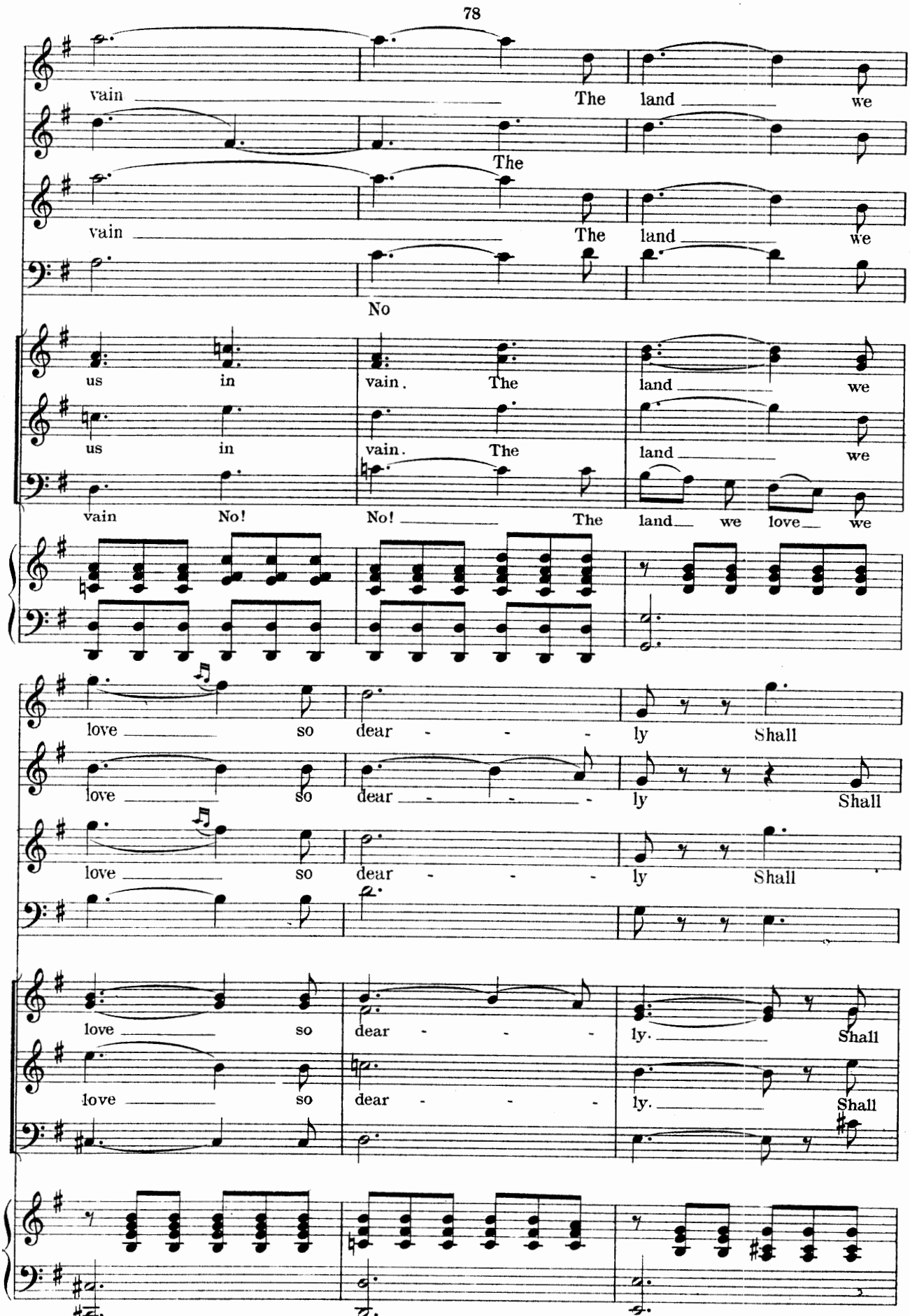

foe, for-ward let us go Now Fare-
foe, for-ward let us go Fare -
foe, for-ward let us go Now Fare-
foe, for-ward let us go Fare -
For - ward let us go For - ward all let us go! Fare -
For - ward let us go For - ward all let us go! Fare -
pesante.
sfz
sfz
Allegro con fuoco.
well my friends be - lov - - ed And
well!
well!
well!
well!
well!
Allegro con fuoco.

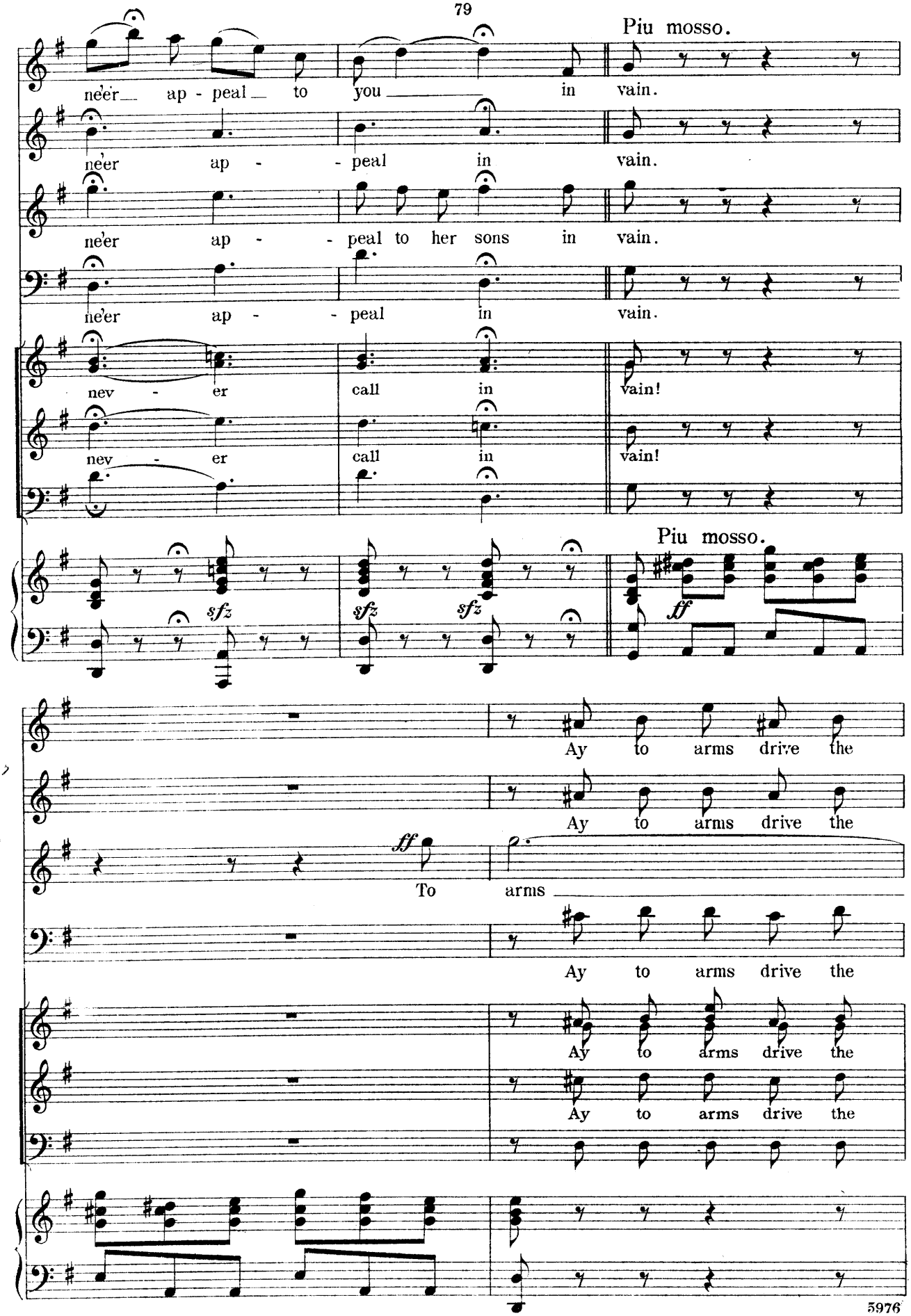

may we meet a - gain. The
land we love sin - cere - ly Must
not ap - peal to you in vain The
land we love so dear - - ly Must

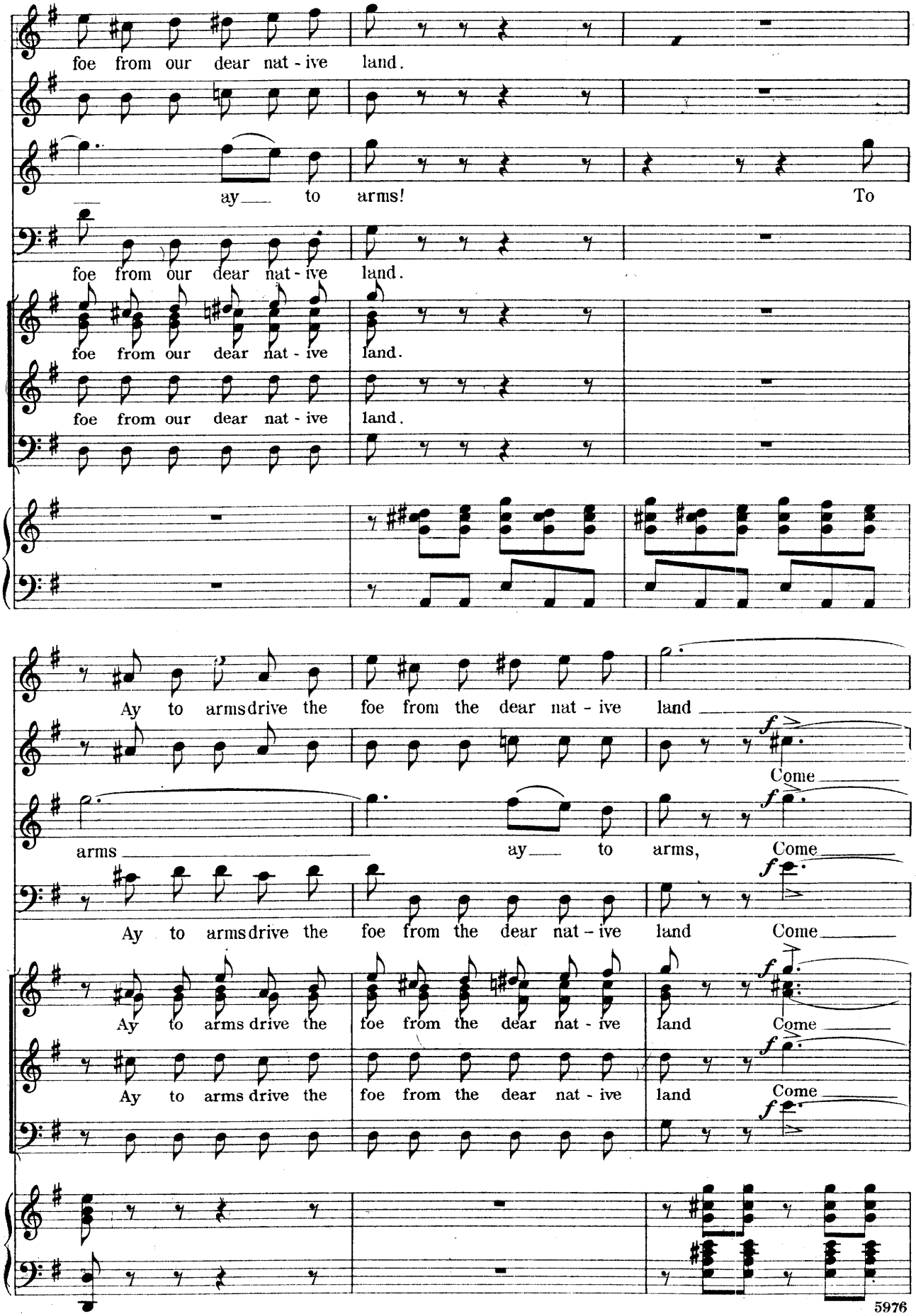

rit.
a tempo.
ne'er ap - peal to you in vain
rit.
sfz
a tempo.
BABETTE.
ff
Fare - well my friends loved
VINETTA.
ff
MARCEL.
ff
Fare - well my friends loved
MONDRAGON.
ff
CHORUS.
SOPR. & ALTO.
ff
Fare - well my friends loved
TEN.
ff
Fare - well my friends loved
BASS.
ff
ff
8va

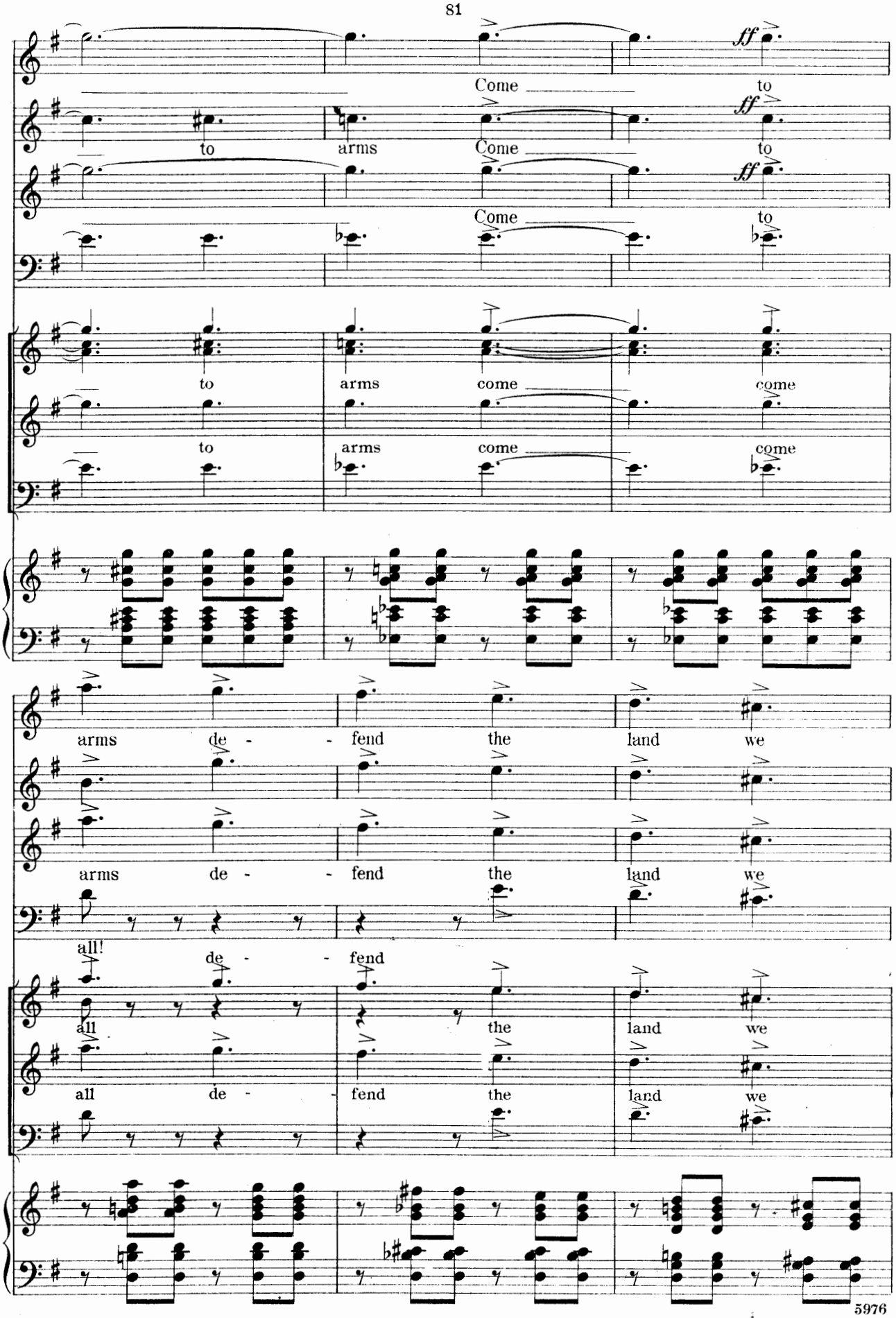

dear - - - - ly And may we
dear - - - - ly And may we
may we
dear - - - - ly And may
dear - - - - ly And may we
meet a - gain The
meet a - gain The
meet a - gain The
we meet a - gain The
meet a - gain The
The

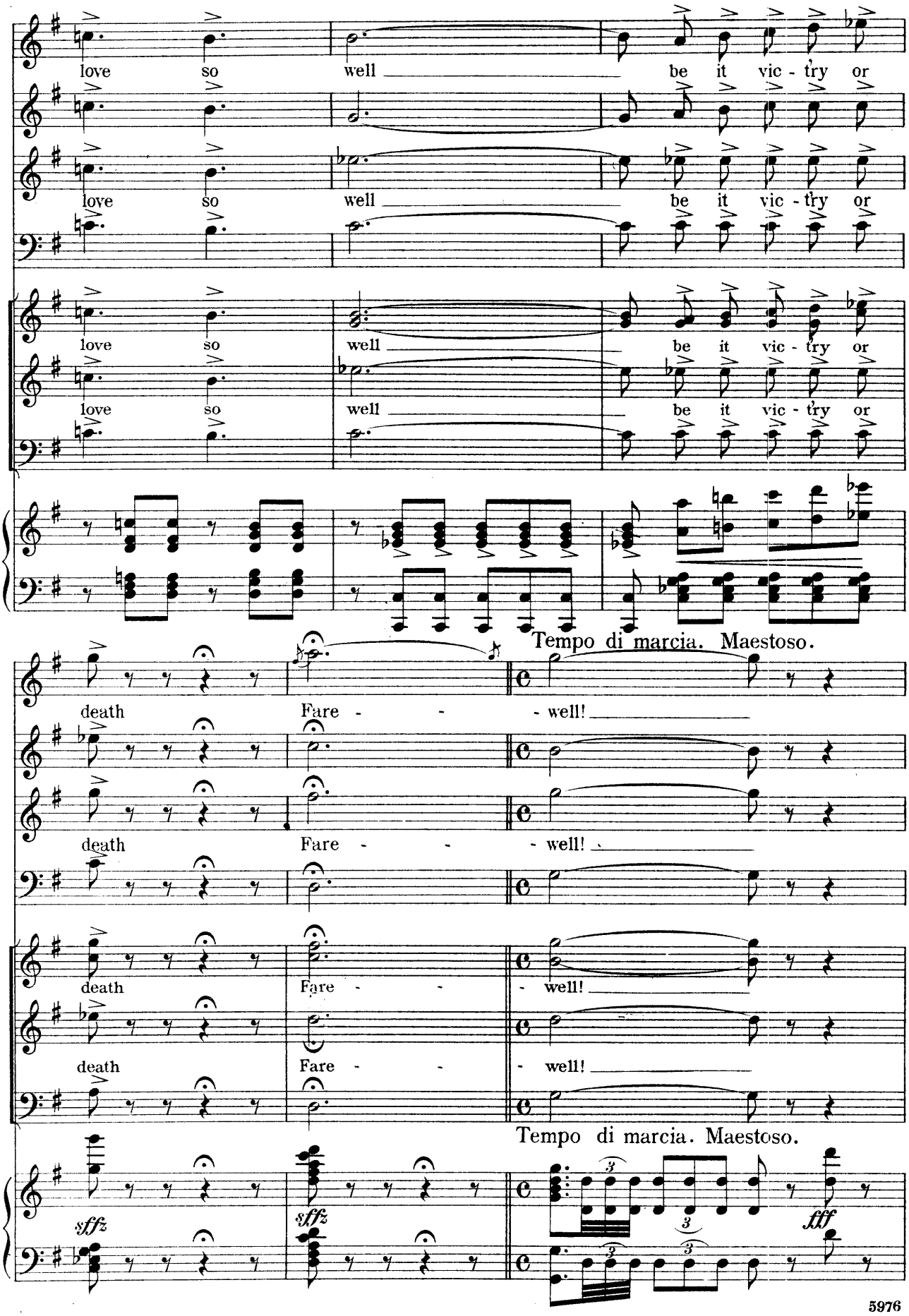

land we love sin - cere - ly
land we love sin - cere - ly
We love sin - cere - ly
dear - ly
land that we all love dear - - -
land we all love so
land we all love so dear - - -
Shall ne'er ap - peal to you in
Shall ne'er ap - peal in
Shall ne'er ap - peal to you in
Shall nev - er call in
ly Shall ne'er ap - peal to
dear Shall ne'er ap - peal to
- ly Shall not call us in

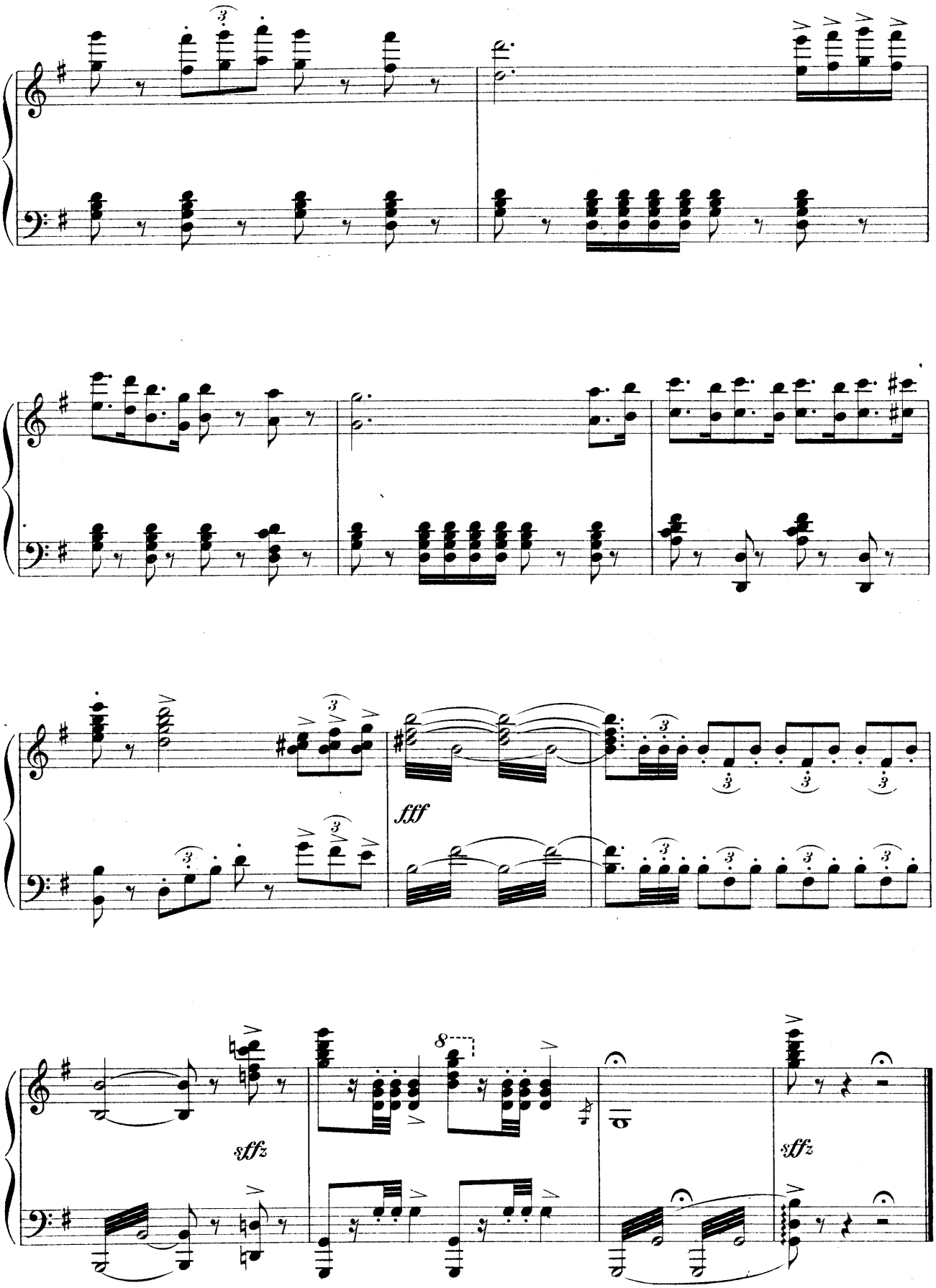

vain
The land we
The
vain
The land we
No
us in vain. The land we
us in vain. The land we
vain No! No! The land we love we
love so dear - - - ly Shall
love so dear - - - ly Shall
love so dear - - - ly Shall
love so dear - - - ly. Shall
love so dear - - - ly. Shall


Piu mosso.
ne'er ap - peal to you in vain.
ne'er ap - peal in vain.
ne'er ap - peal to her sons in vain.
ne'er ap - peal in vain.
nev - er call in vain!
nev - er call in vain!
sfz
sfz
sfz
Piu mosso.
ff
Ay to arms drive the
Ay to arms drive the
ff
To arms
Ay to arms drive the
Ay to arms drive the
Ay to arms drive the


foe from our dear nat - ive land.
ay to arms! To
foe from our dear nat - ive land.
foe from our dear nat - ive land.
foe from our dear nat - ive land.
Ay to arms drive the foe from the dear nat - ive land
Come
arms
ay to arms, Come
Ay to arms drive the foe from the dear nat - ive land Come
Ay to arms drive the foe from the dear nat - ive land Come
Ay to arms drive the foe from the dear nat - ive land Come
f


ff
Come to
to arms Come to
Come to
to arms come come
to arms come come
arms de - - fend the land we
arms de - - fend the land we
all! de - - fend
all the land we
all de - - fend the land we


love so well be it vic - try or
love so well be it vic - try or
love so well be it vic - try or
love so well be it vic - try or
Tempo di marcia. Maestoso.
death Fare - - well!
death Fare - - well!
death Fare - well!
death Fare - well!
Tempo di marcia. Maestoso.
sffz
sffz
fff

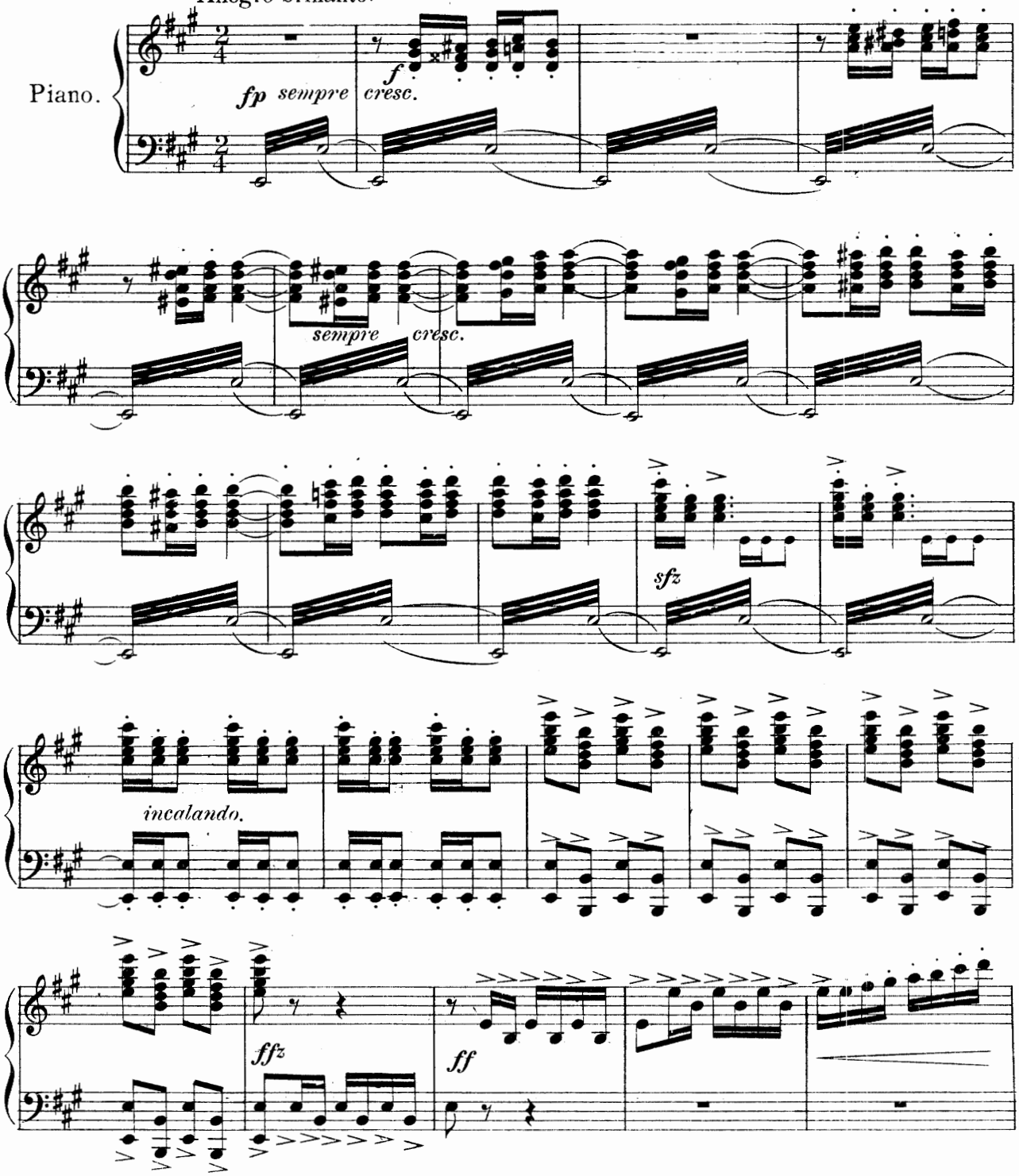

fff
sffz
sffz

No. 9. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro brillante.



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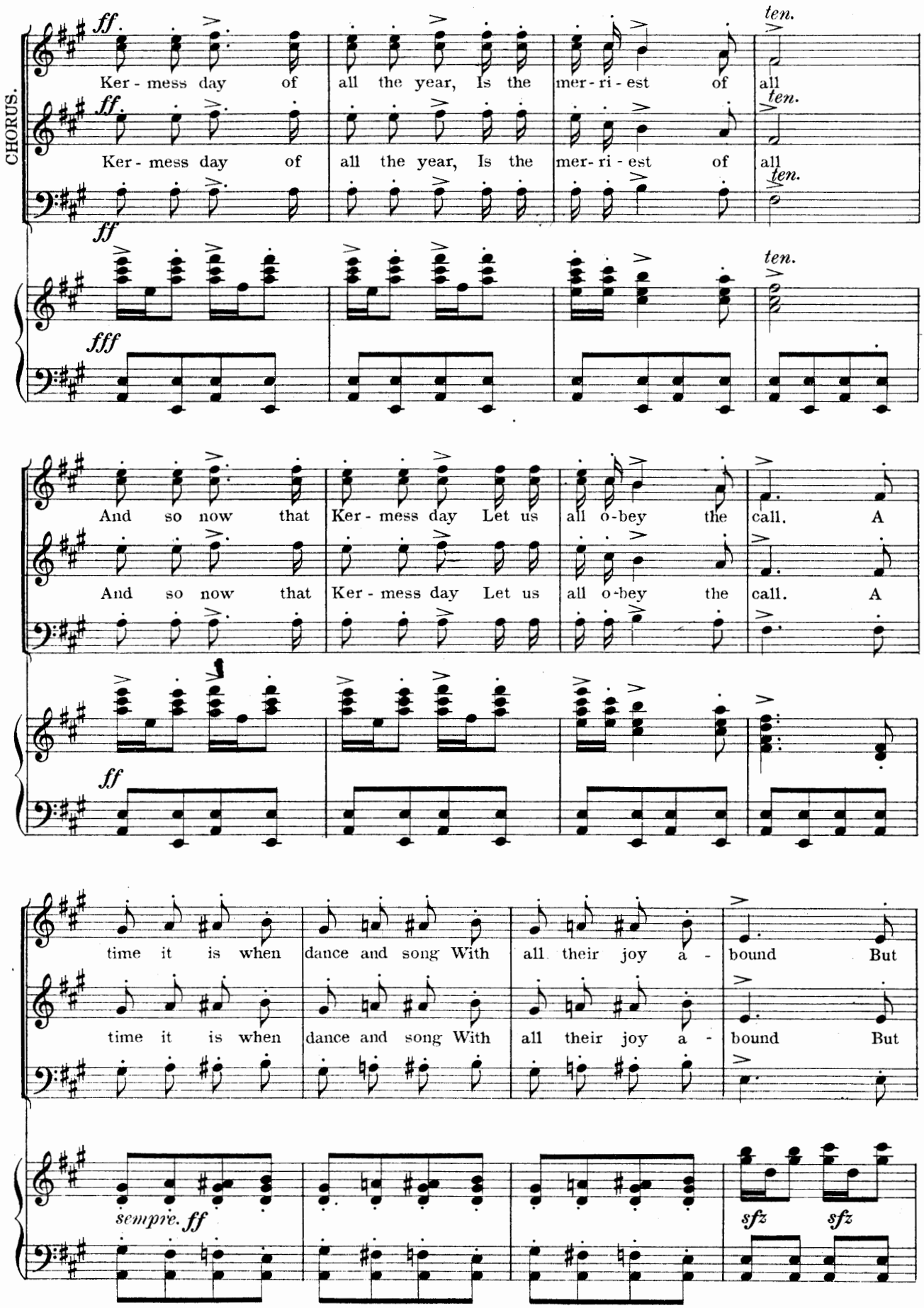
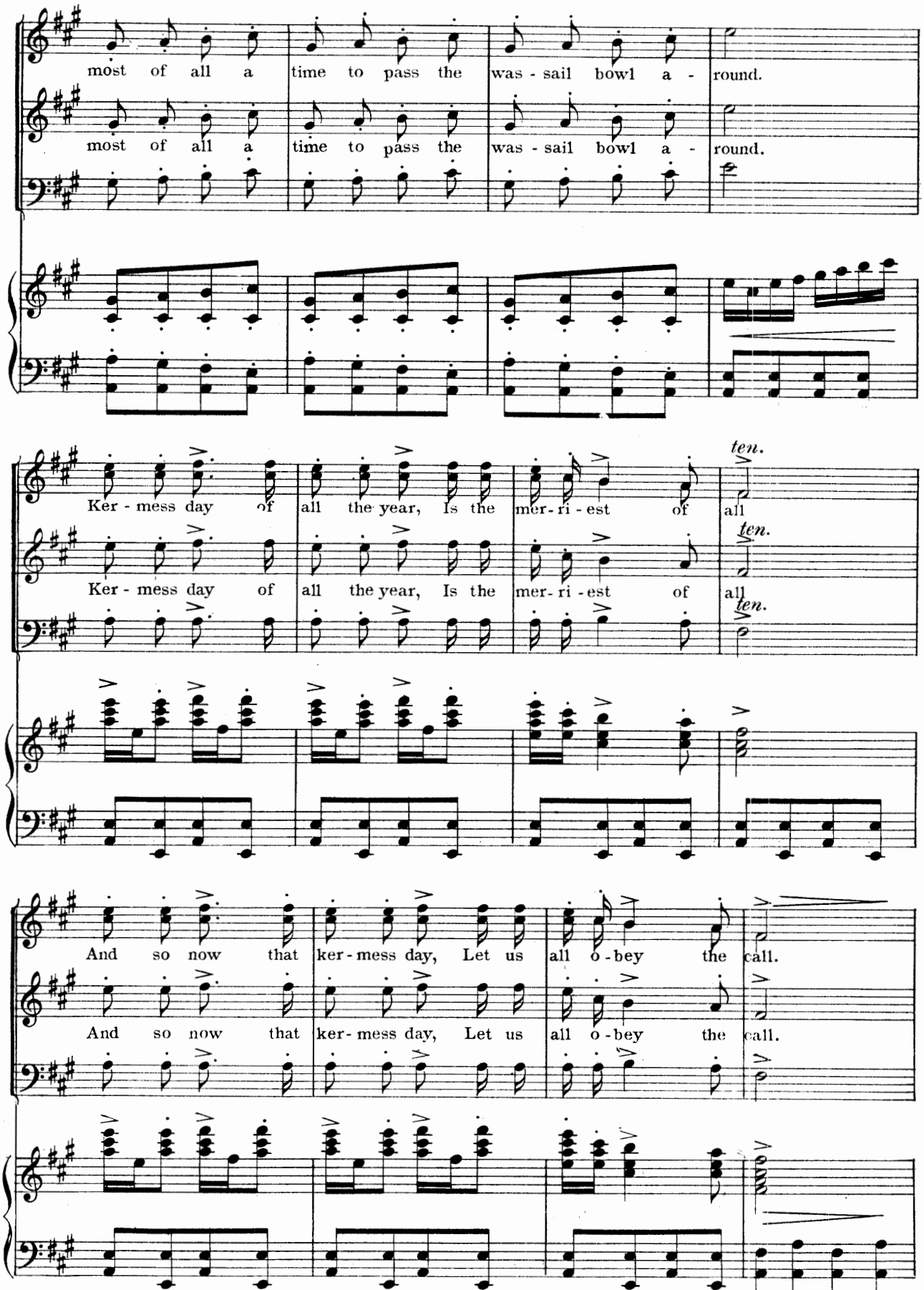
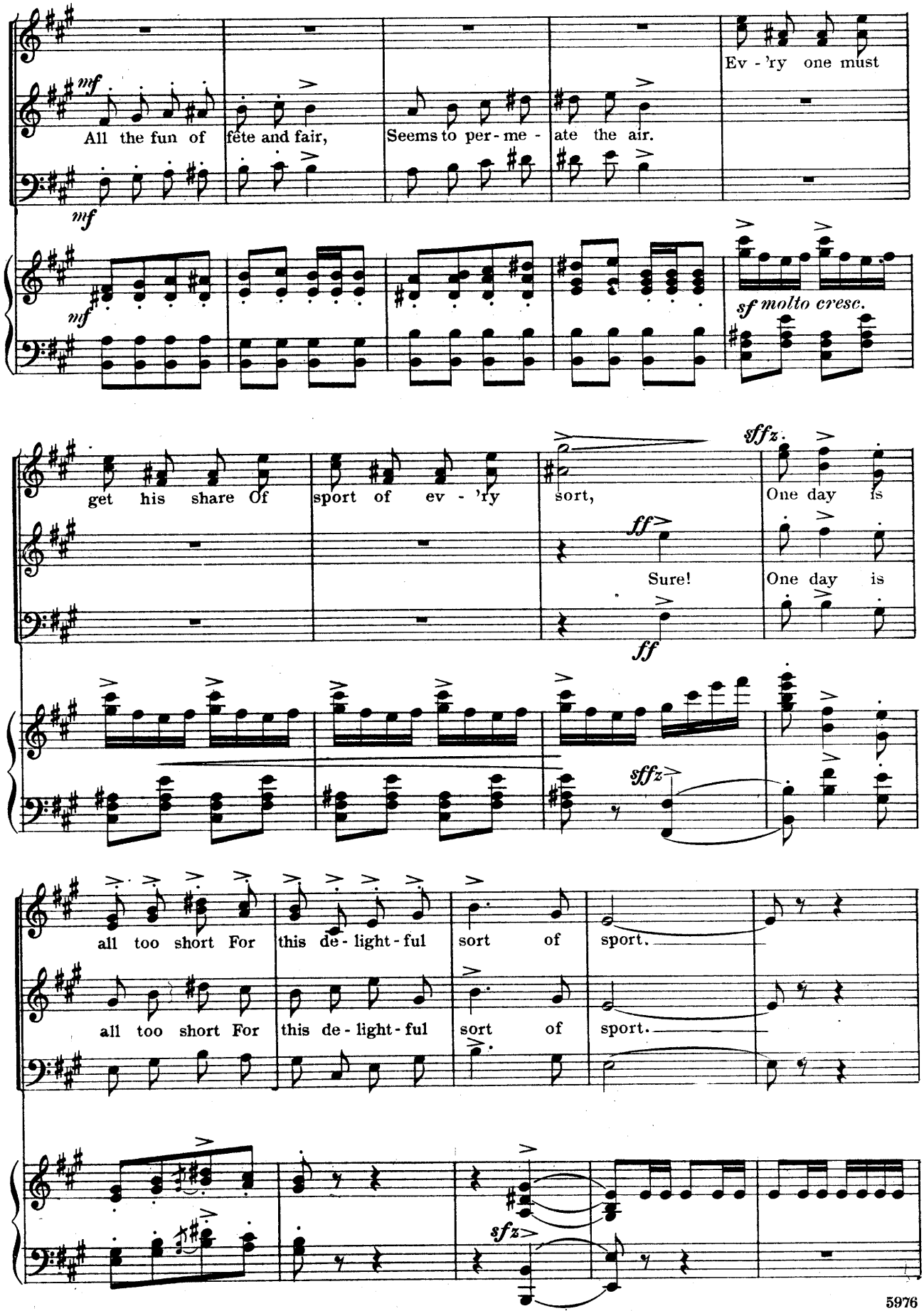
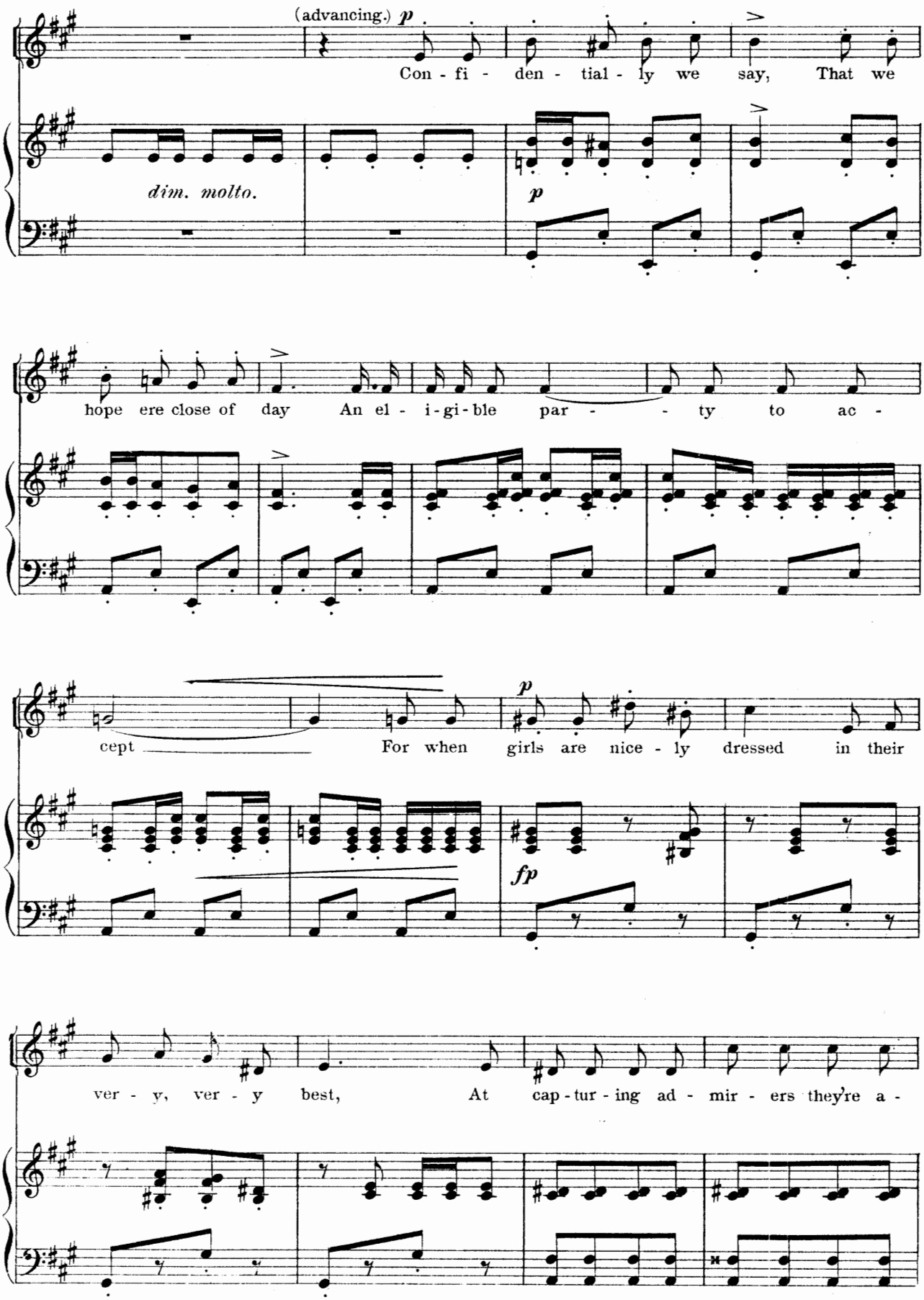
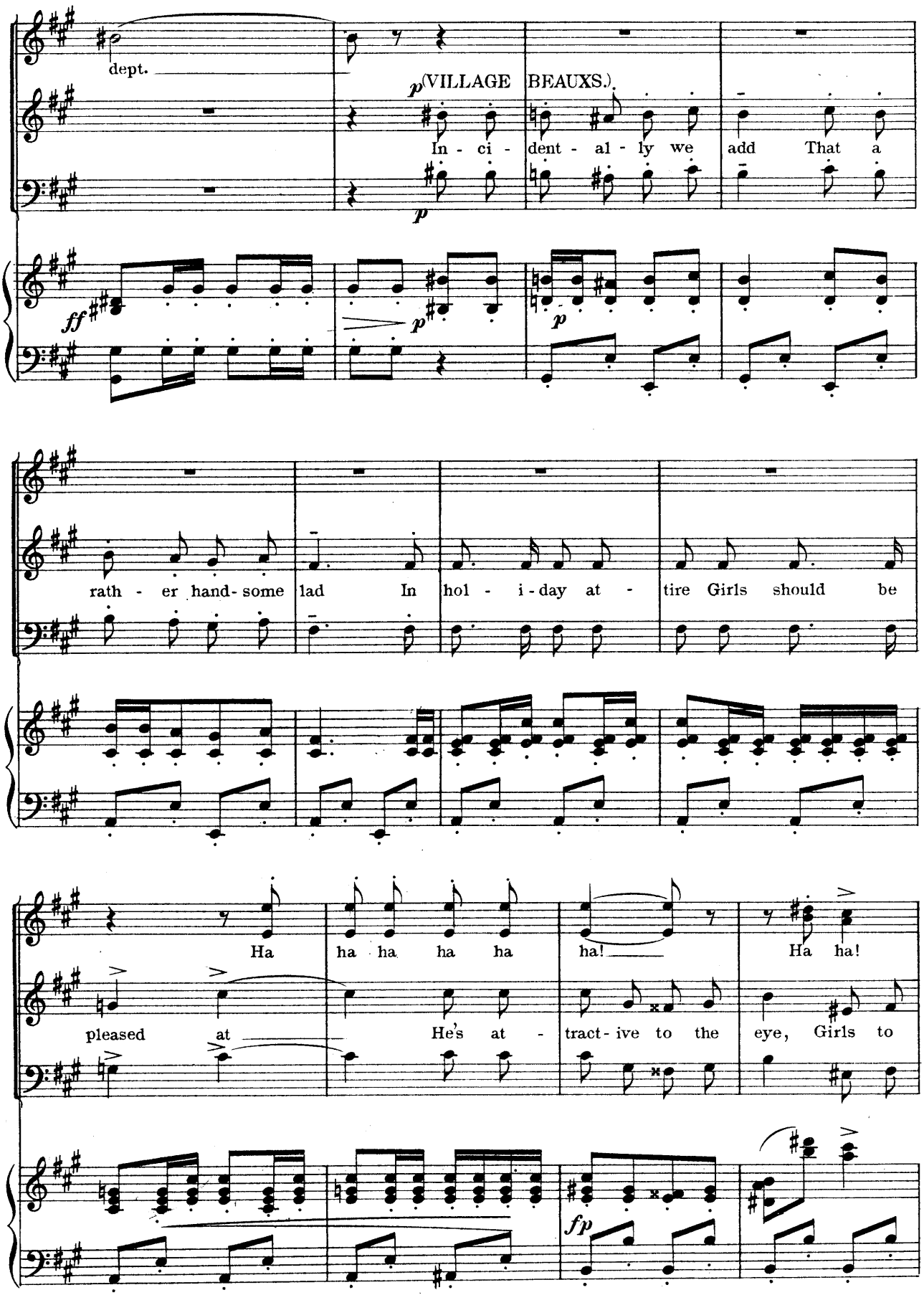
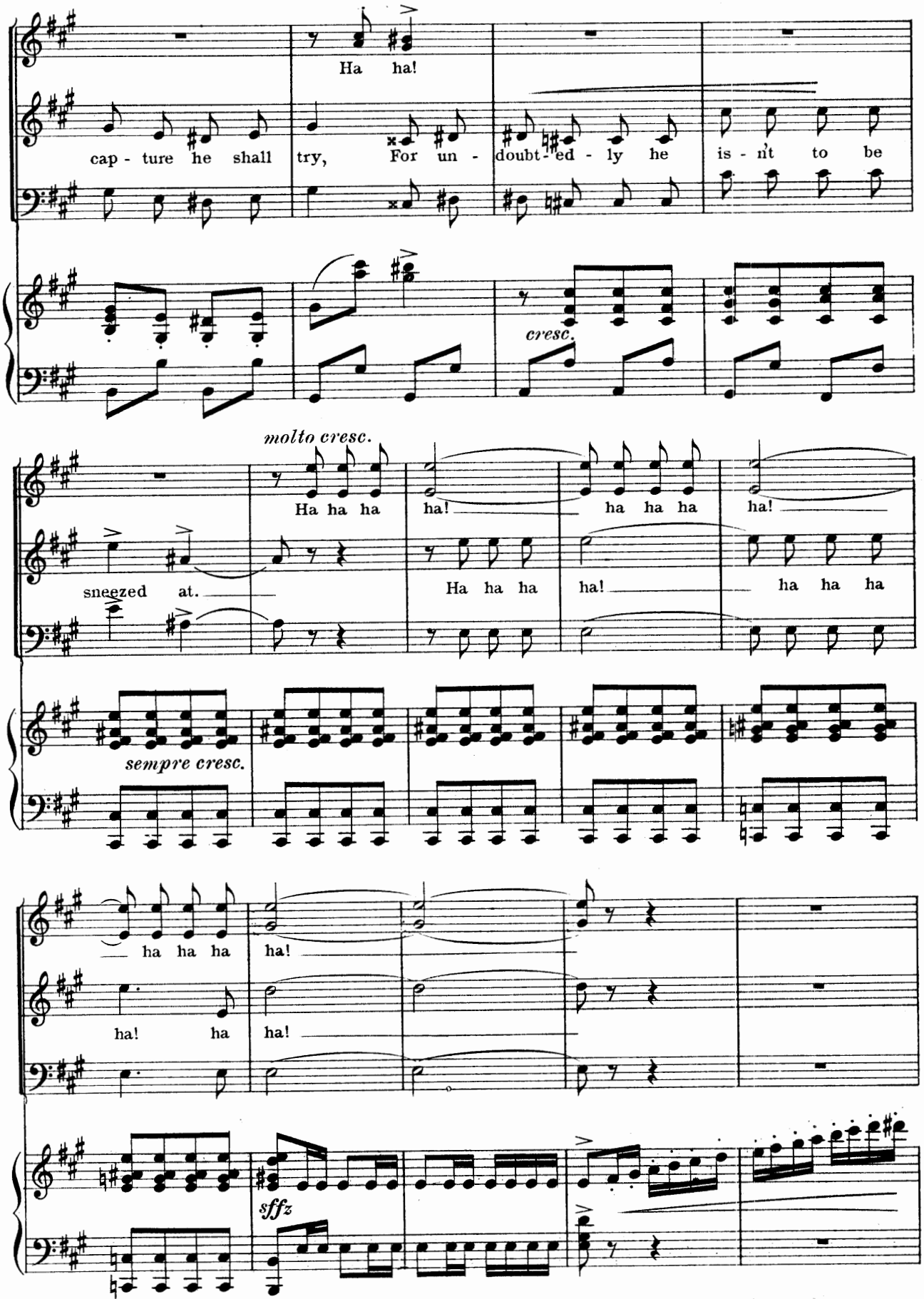

CHORUS.
ff
Ker - mess day of all the year, Is the mer - ri - est of all
ten.
fff
And so now that Ker - mess day Let us all o - bey the call. A
time it is when dance and song With all their joy a - bound But
sempre. ff
sfz
sfz

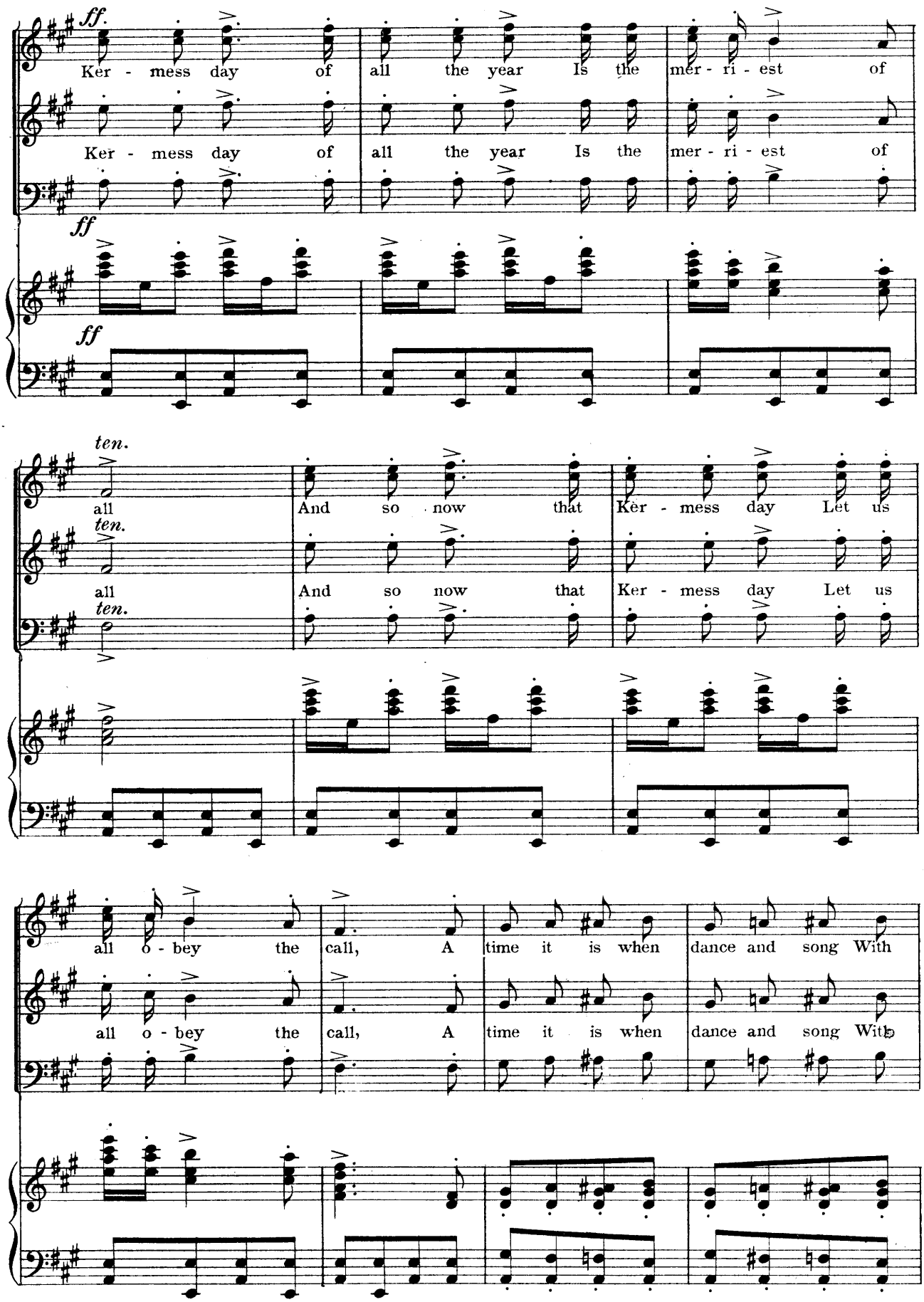

most of all a time to pass the was - sail bowl a - round.
most of all a time to pass the was - sail bowl a - round.
Ker - mess day of all the year, Is the mer - ri - est of all
ten.
Ker - mess day of all the year, Is the mer - ri - est of all
ten.
ten.
And so now that ker - mess day, Let us all o - bey the call.
And so now that ker - mess day, Let us all o - bey the call.

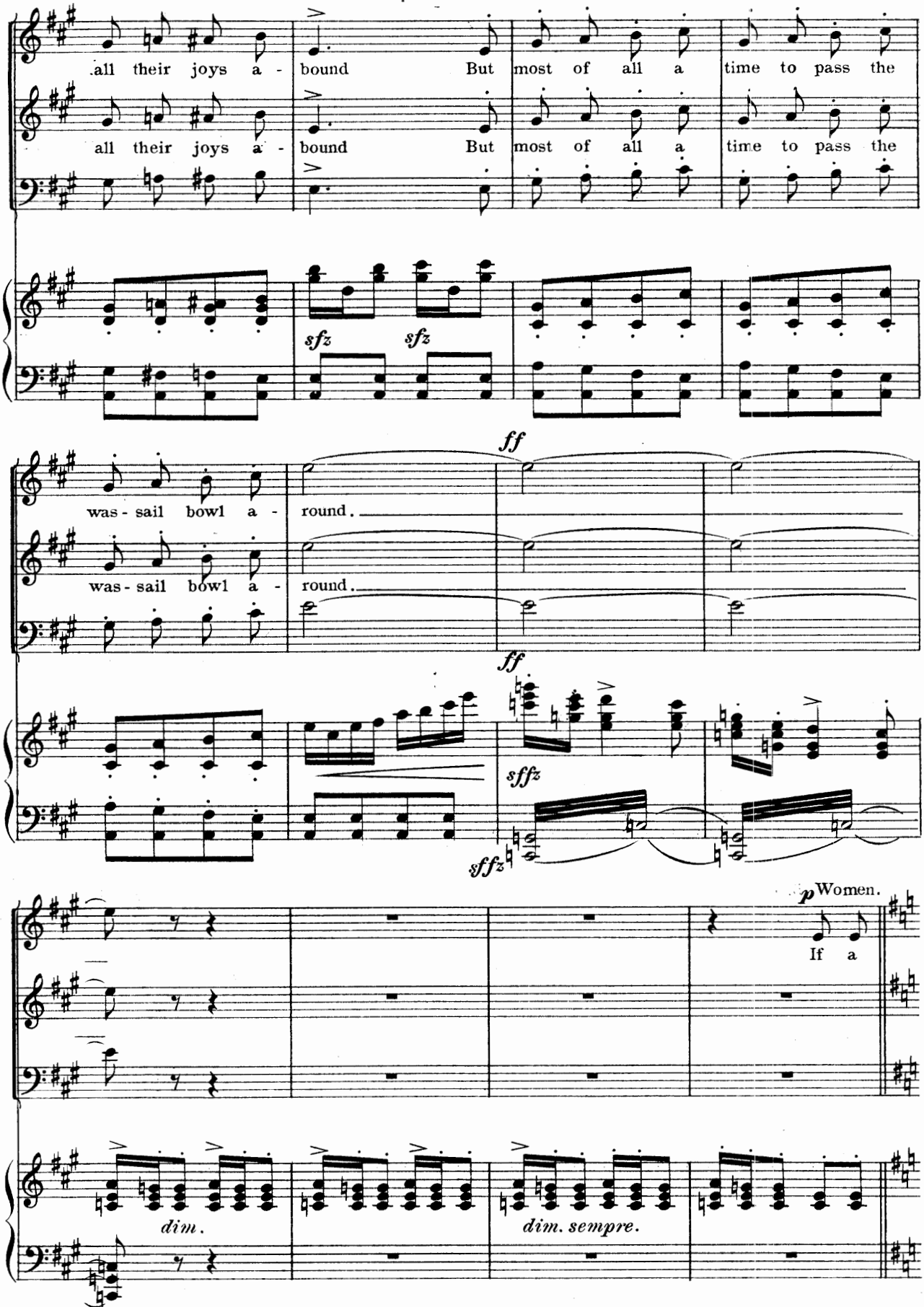

mf
All the fun of fête and fair,
Seems to per-me-ate the air.
Ev-'ry one must
mf
sf molto cresc.
get his share Of sport of ev-'ry sort,
sffz
One day is
ff
Sure!
One day is
ff
sffz
all too short For this de-light-ful sort of sport.
all too short For this de-light-ful sort of sport.
sfz

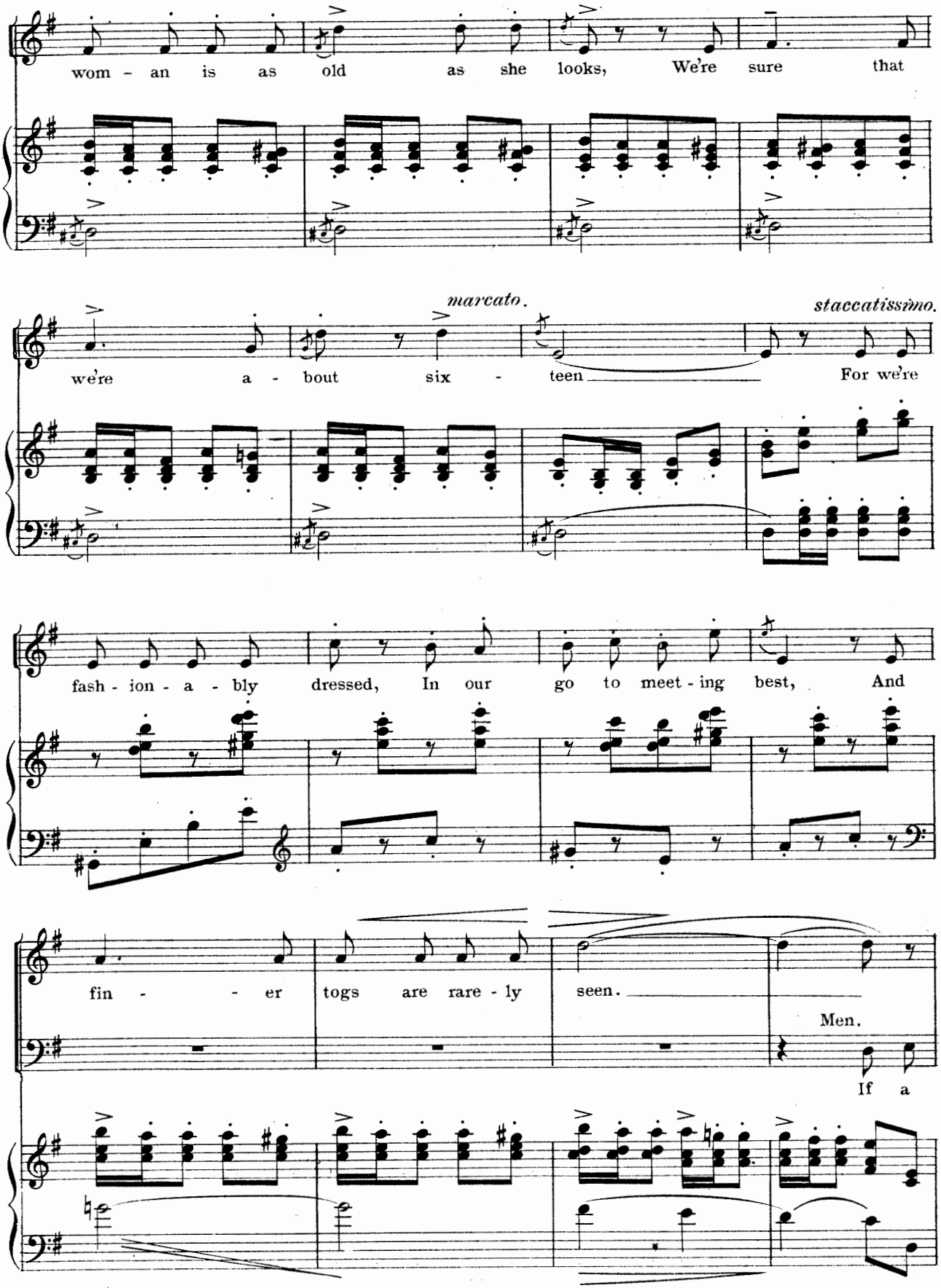

(advancing.) p
Con - fi - den - tial - ly we say, That we
dim. molto.
p
hope ere close of day An el - i - gi - ble par - - ty to ac -
cept For when p girls are nice - ly dressed in their
fp
ver - y, ver - y best, At cap - tur - ing ad - mir - ers they're a -

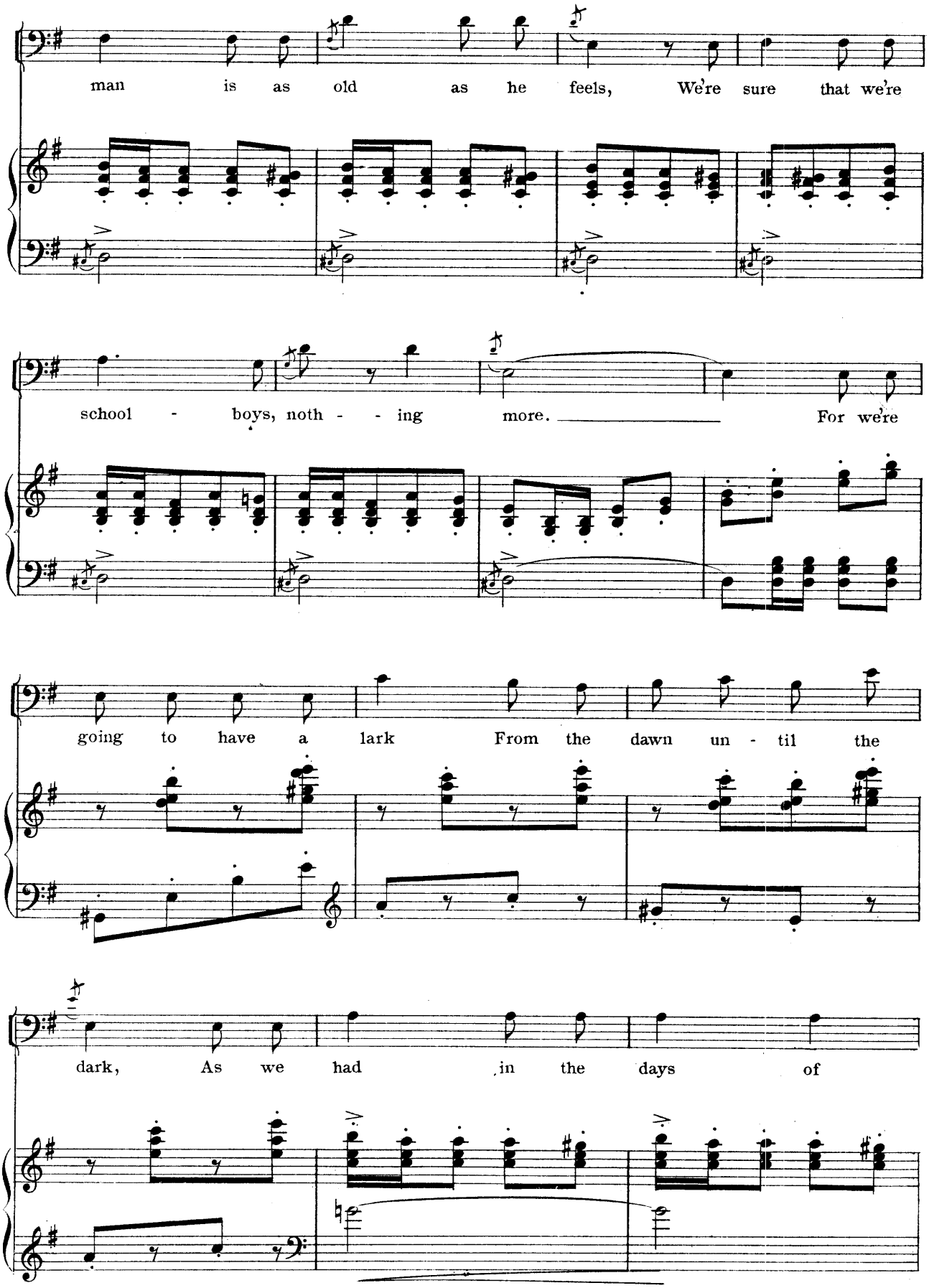

dept.
p (VILLAGE BEAUXS.)
In - ci - dent - al - ly we add That a
ff
p
p
rath - er hand- some lad In hol - i - day at - tire Girls should be
Ha ha ha ha ha ha! Ha ha!
pleased at He's at - tract - ive to the eye, Girls to
fp

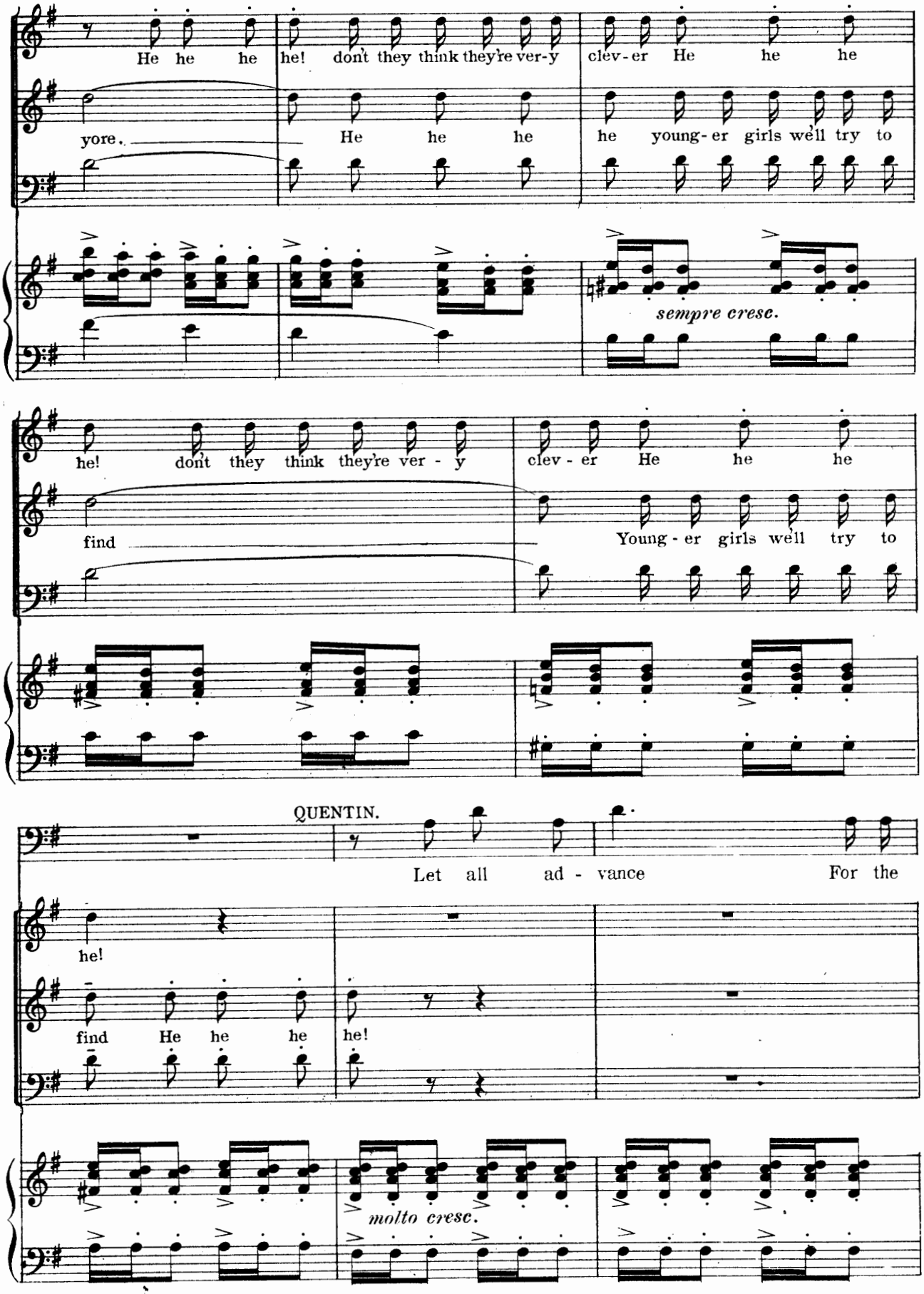

Ha ha!
cap - ture he shall try, For un - doubt - ed - ly he is - n't to be
cresc.
molto cresc.
Ha ha ha ha! ha ha ha ha!
sneezed at.
Ha ha ha ha! ha ha ha
sempre cresc.
ha ha ha ha!
ha! ha ha!
sffz

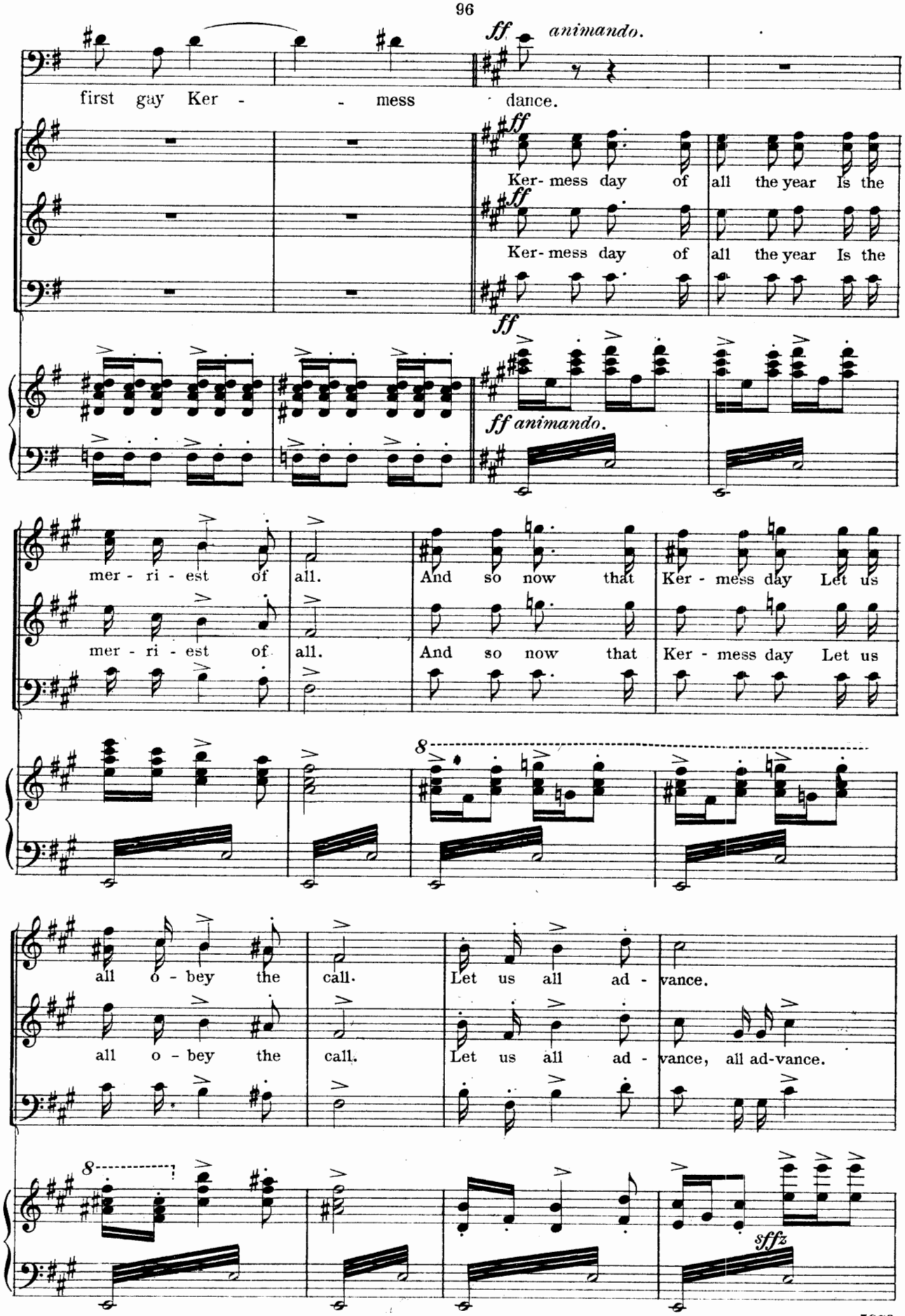

ff.
Ker - mess day of all the year Is the mer - ri - est of
Ker - mess day of all the year Is the mer - ri - est of
ff
ff
ten.
all
And so now that Ker - mess day Let us
ten.
all
And so now that Ker - mess day Let us
ten.
all o - bey the call, A time it is when dance and song With
all o - bey the call, A time it is when dance and song With

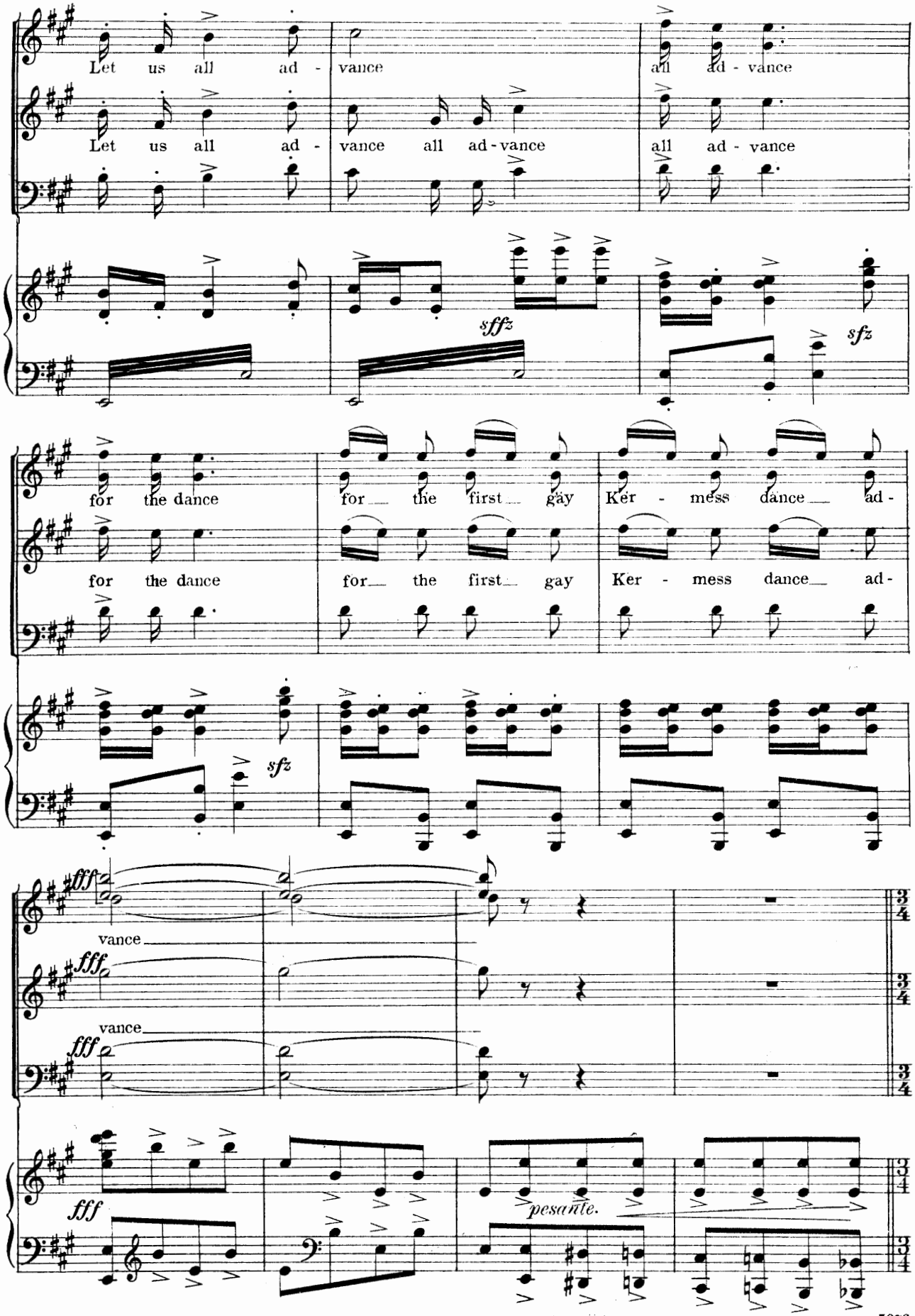

all their joys a - bound But most of all a time to pass the
all their joys a - bound But most of all a time to pass the
sfz sfz
was - sail bowl a - round.
was - sail bowl a - round.
ff
ff
sffz
sffz
p Women.
If a
dim.
dim. sempre.

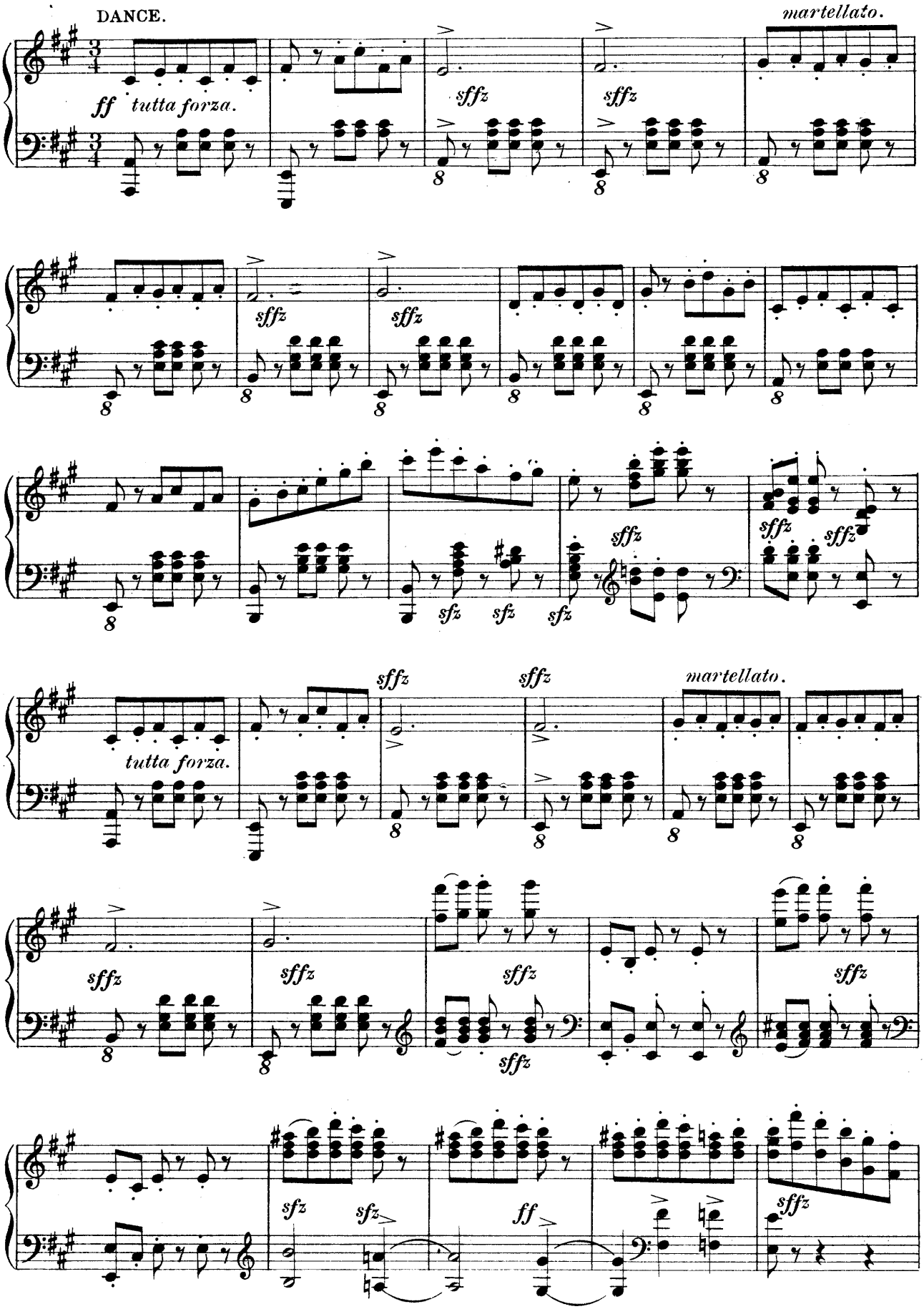

wom - an is as old as she looks, We're sure that
marcato.
staccatissimo.
we're a - bout six - teen For we're
fash - ion - a - bly dressed, In our go to meet - ing best, And
fin - - - er togs are rare - ly seen.
Men.
If a

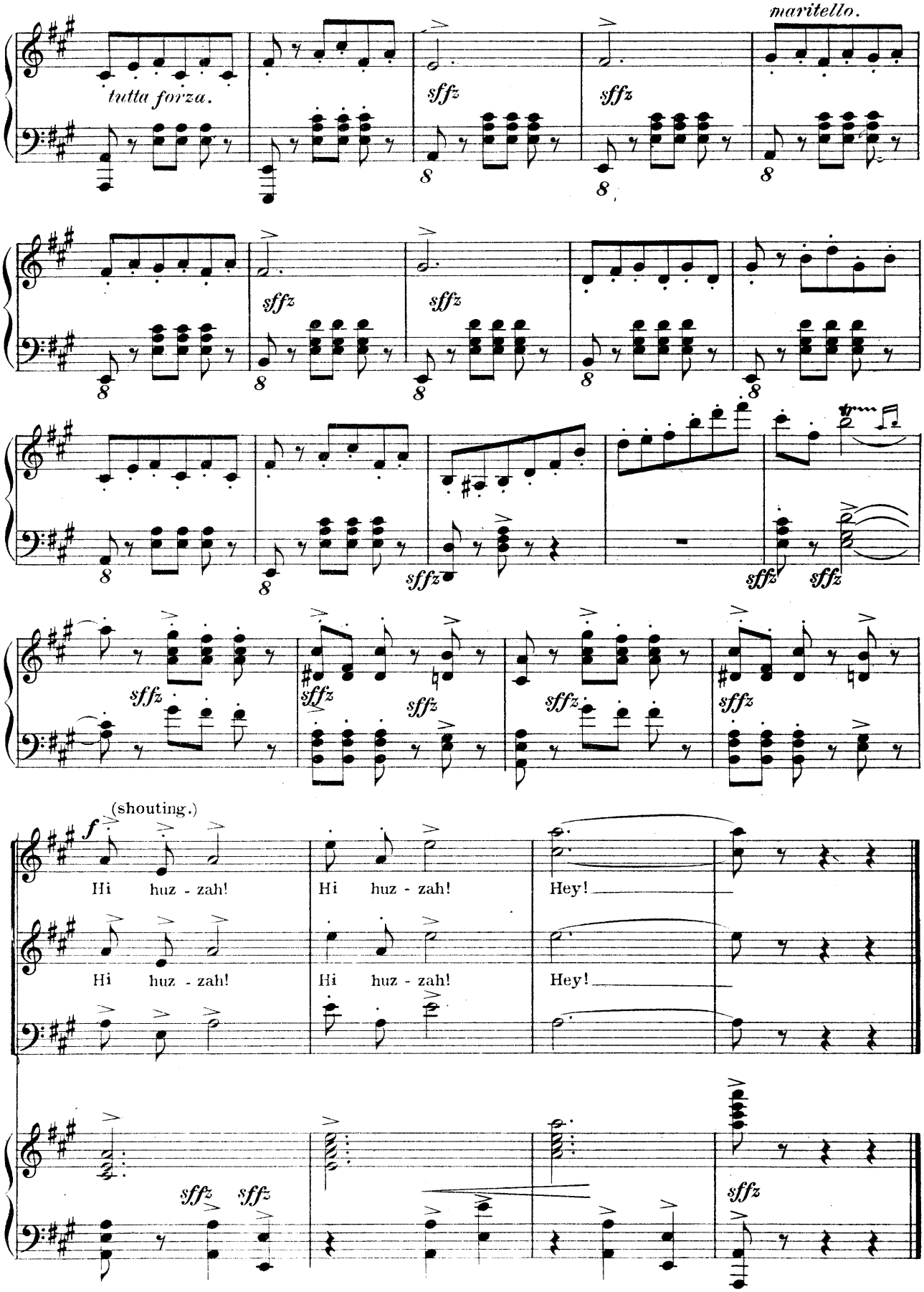

man is as old as he feels, We're sure that we're
school - boys, noth - - ing more. For we're
going to have a lark From the dawn un - til the
dark, As we had in the days of


He he he
he! don't they think they're ver-y
clev-er He he he
yore.
He he he
he young-er girls we'll try to
sempre cresc.
he! don't they think they're ver - y
clev - er He he he
find
Young - er girls we'll try to
QUENTIN.
Let all ad - vance For the
he!
find He he he
he!
molto cresc.


ff animando.
first gay Ker - - mess dance.
ff
Ker- mess day of all the year Is the
ff
Ker- mess day of all the year Is the
ff
ff animando.
mer - ri - est of all.
And so now that Ker - mess day Let us
mer - ri - est of all.
And so now that Ker - mess day Let us
8
all o - bey the call.
Let us all ad - vance.
all o - bey the call.
Let us all ad - vance, all ad-vance.
8
sffz


Let us all ad - vance
all ad - vance
Let us all ad - vance all ad - vance
all ad - vance
sffz
sfz
for the dance
for the first gay Ker - mess dance ad -
for the dance
for the first gay Ker - mess dance ad -
sfz
fff
vance
fff
vance
fff
vance
fff
pesante.


DANCE.
ff tutta forza.
sffz
martellato.
sfz
tutta forza.
ff

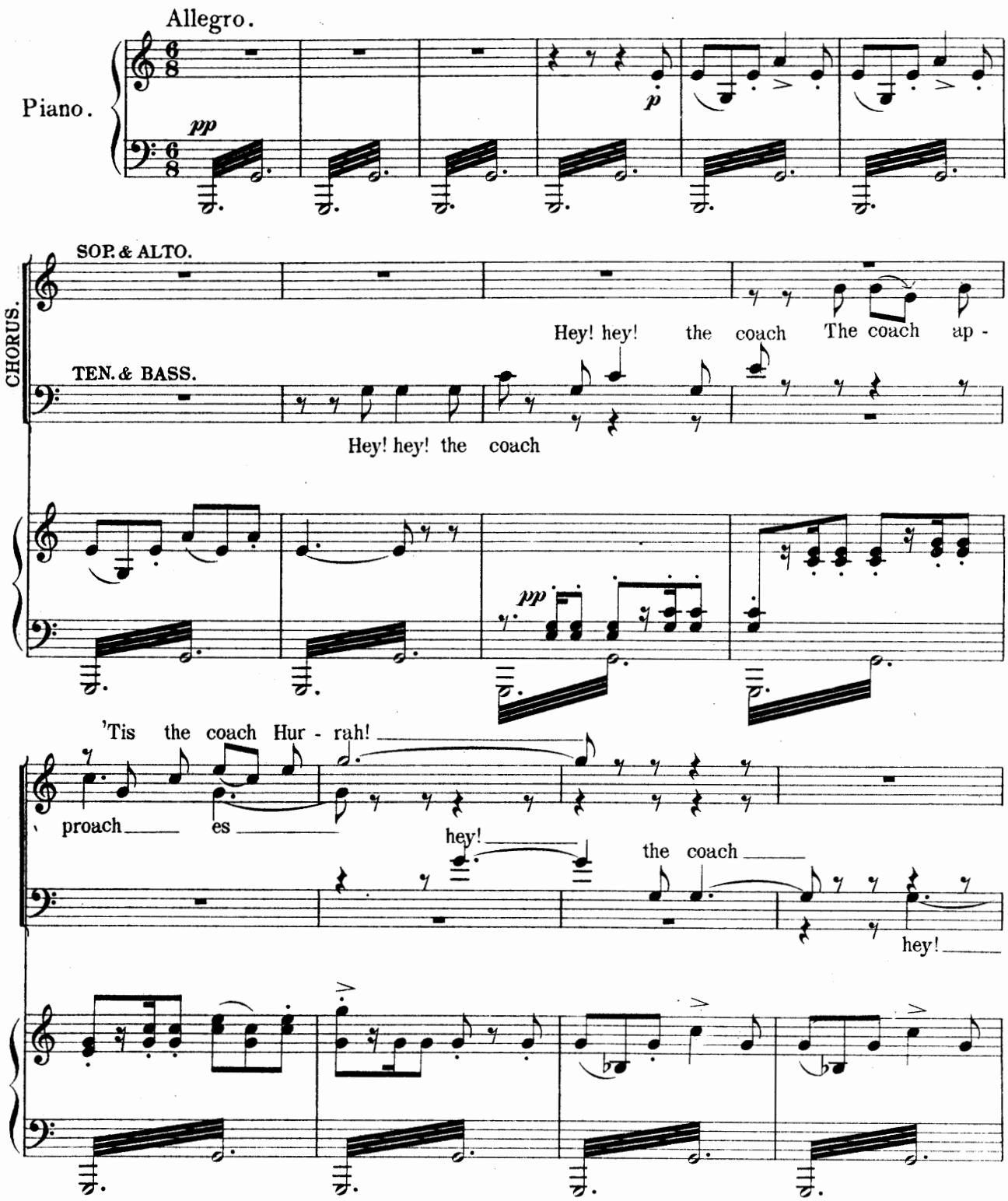

maritello.
tutta forza.
sffz
(shouting.)
f
Hi huz - zah!
Hi huz - zah!
Hey!

Hear the Coachman Crack his Whip.

№ 10.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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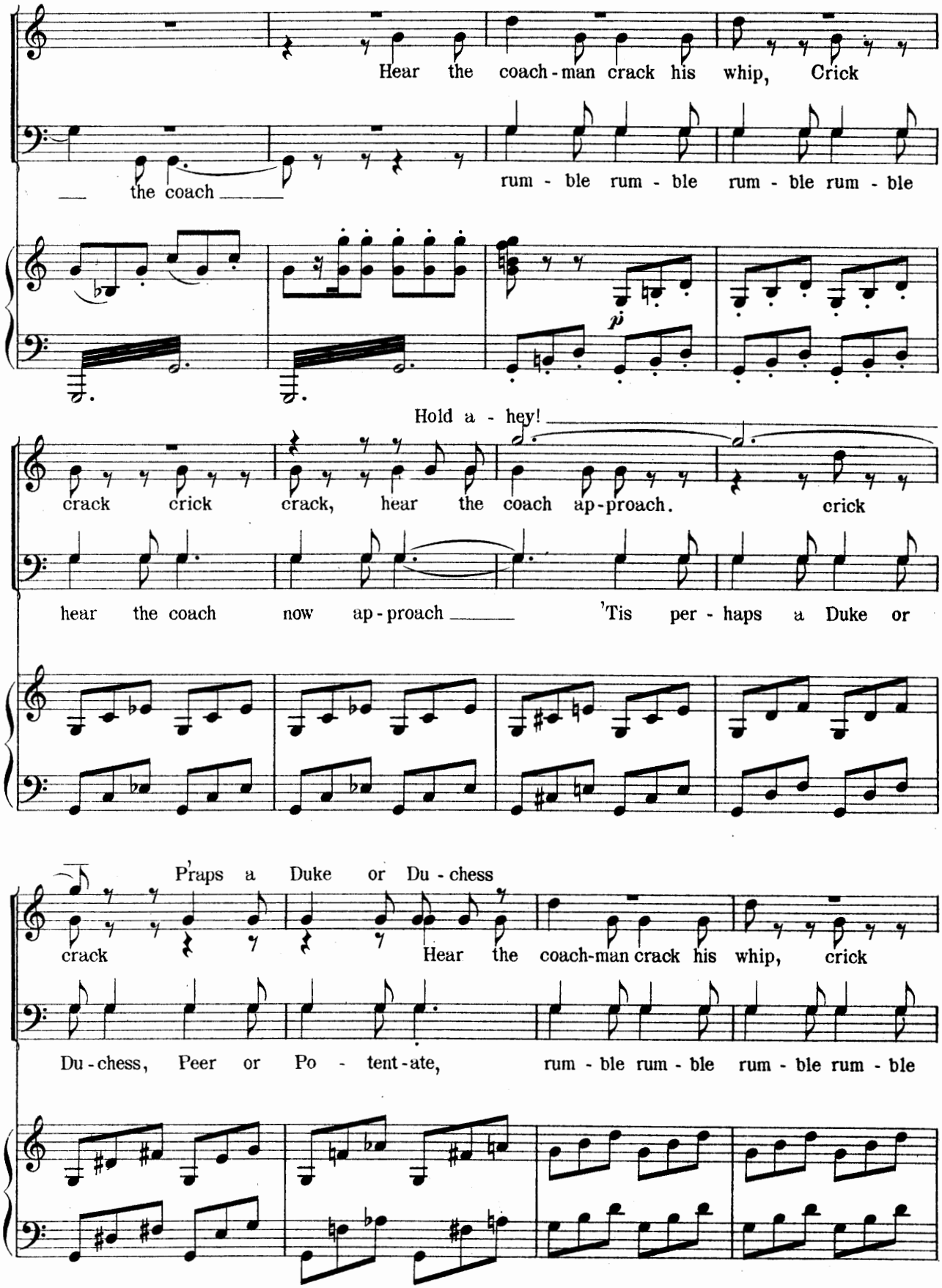
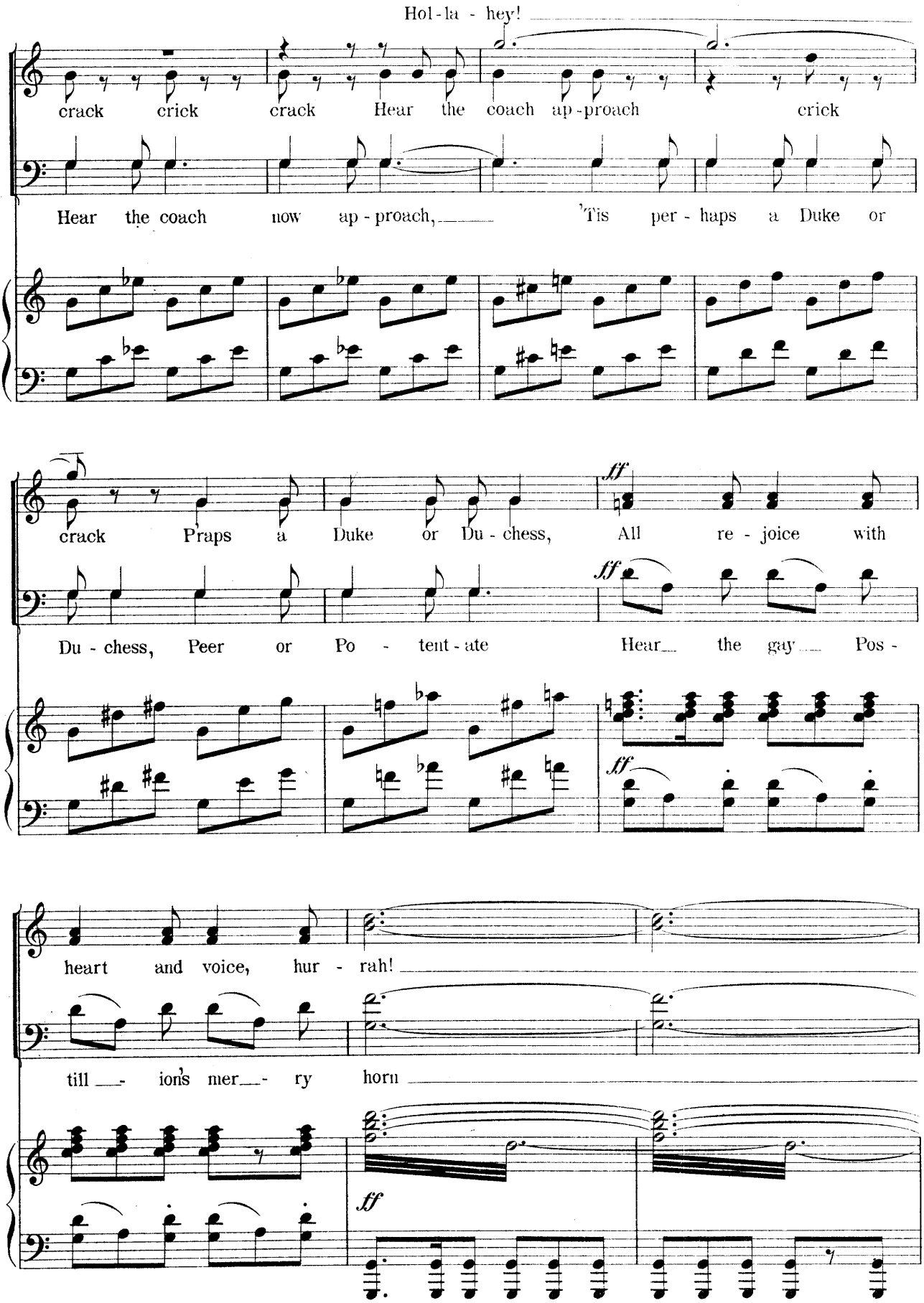
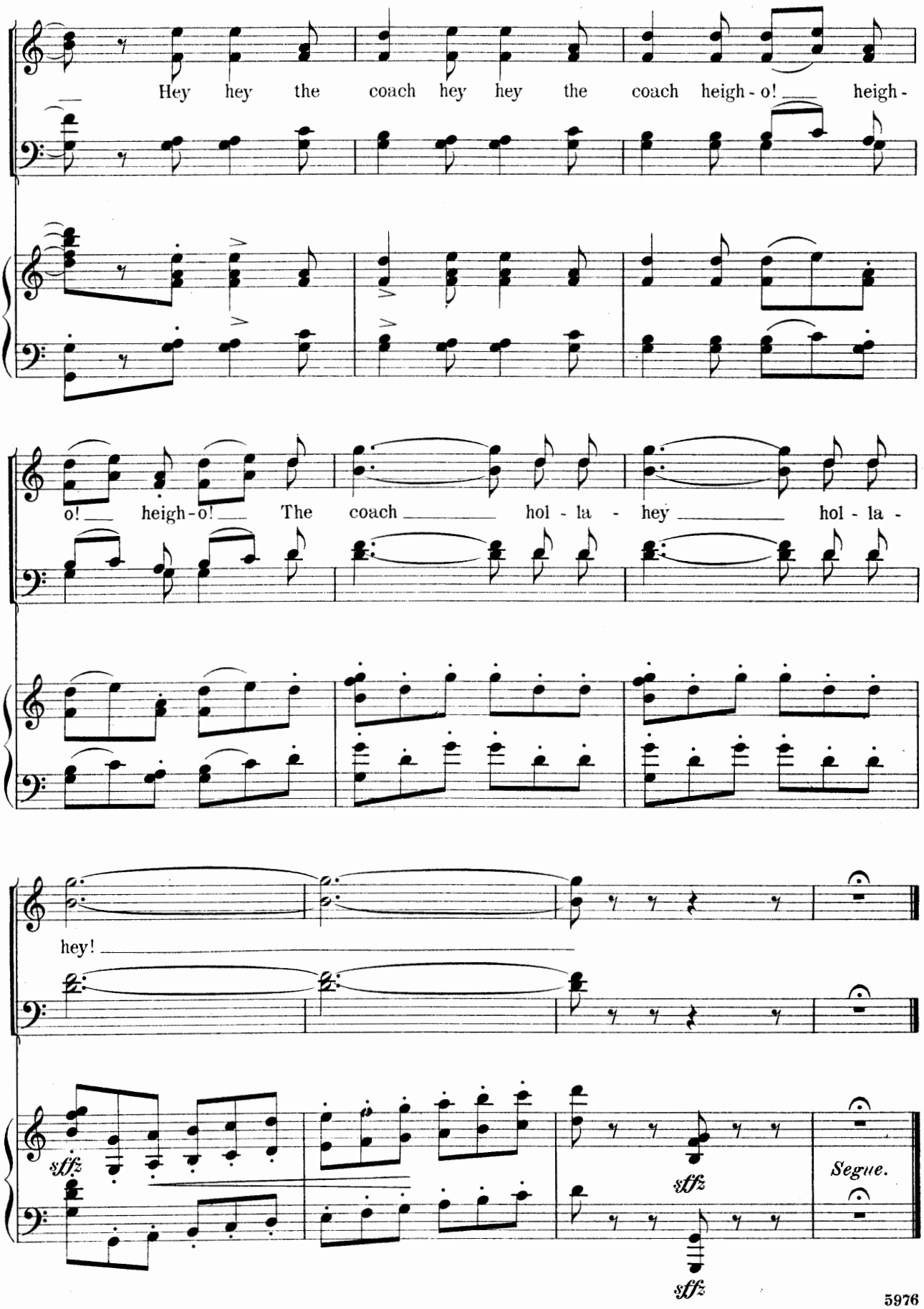

Hear the coach-man crack his whip, Crick
the coach
rum - ble rum - ble rum - ble rum - ble
p
Hold a - hey!
crack crick crack, hear the coach ap-proach. crick
hear the coach now ap-proach 'Tis per - haps a Duke or
P'raps a Duke or Du - chess
crack
Hear the coach-man crack his whip, crick
Du-chess, Peer or Po - tent-ate,
rum - ble rum - ble rum - ble rum - ble


Hol - la - hey!
crack crick crack Hear the coach ap - proach crick
Hear the coach now ap - proach, 'Tis per - haps a Duke or
crack Praps a Duke or Du - chess, All re - joice with
ff
Du - chess, Peer or Po - tent - ate Hear the gay Pos -
ff
heart and voice, hur - rah!
till - ion's mer - ry horn
ff


Hey hey the coach hey hey the coach heigh - o! heigh -
o! heigh - o! The coach hol - la - hey hol - la -
hey!
sffz
sffz
sffz
Segue.

We're Very Highly Polished at the Court, Don't You Know?

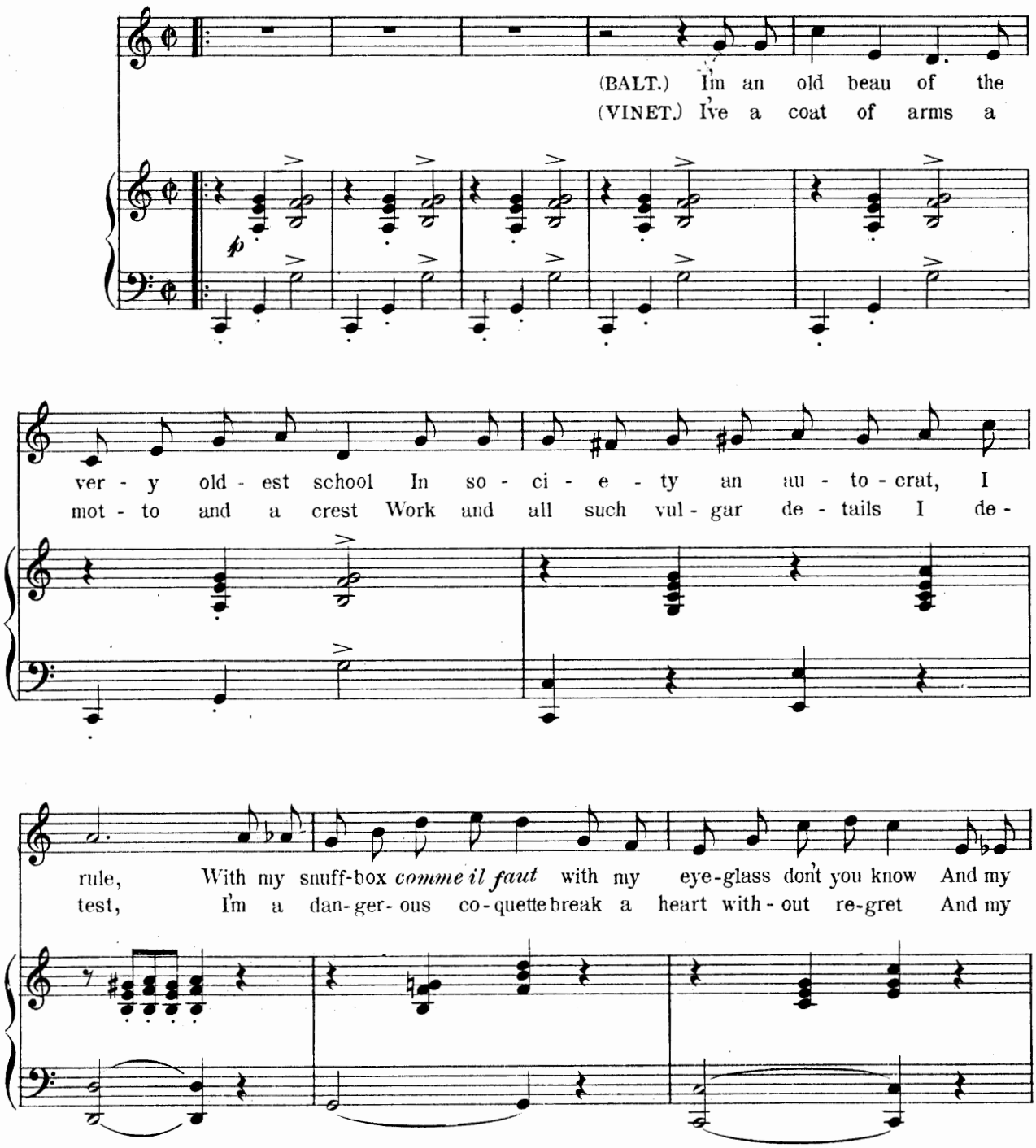
TRIO AND DANCE.

No. 11.

Baltazar, Vinetta and Van Dyk.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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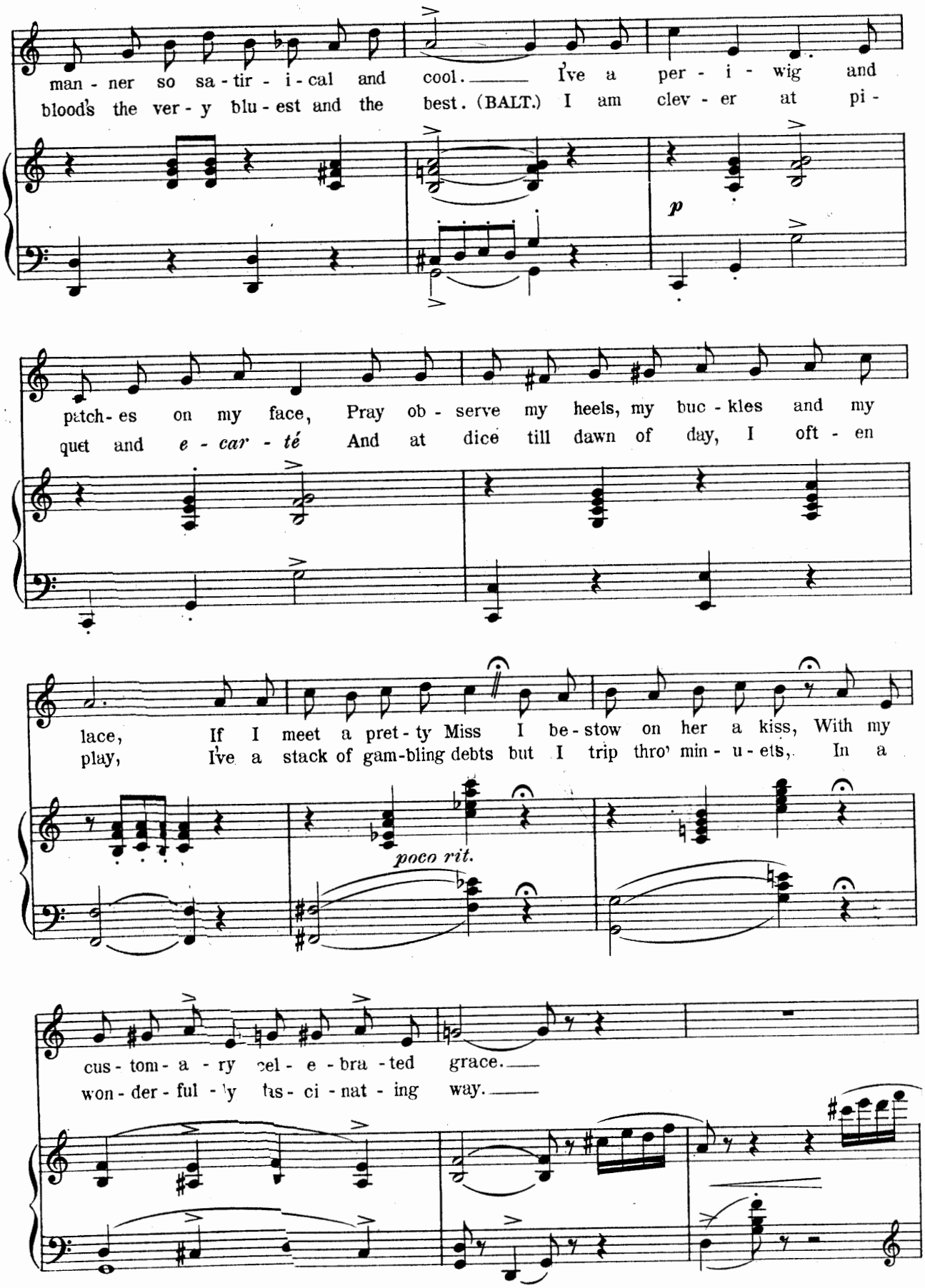
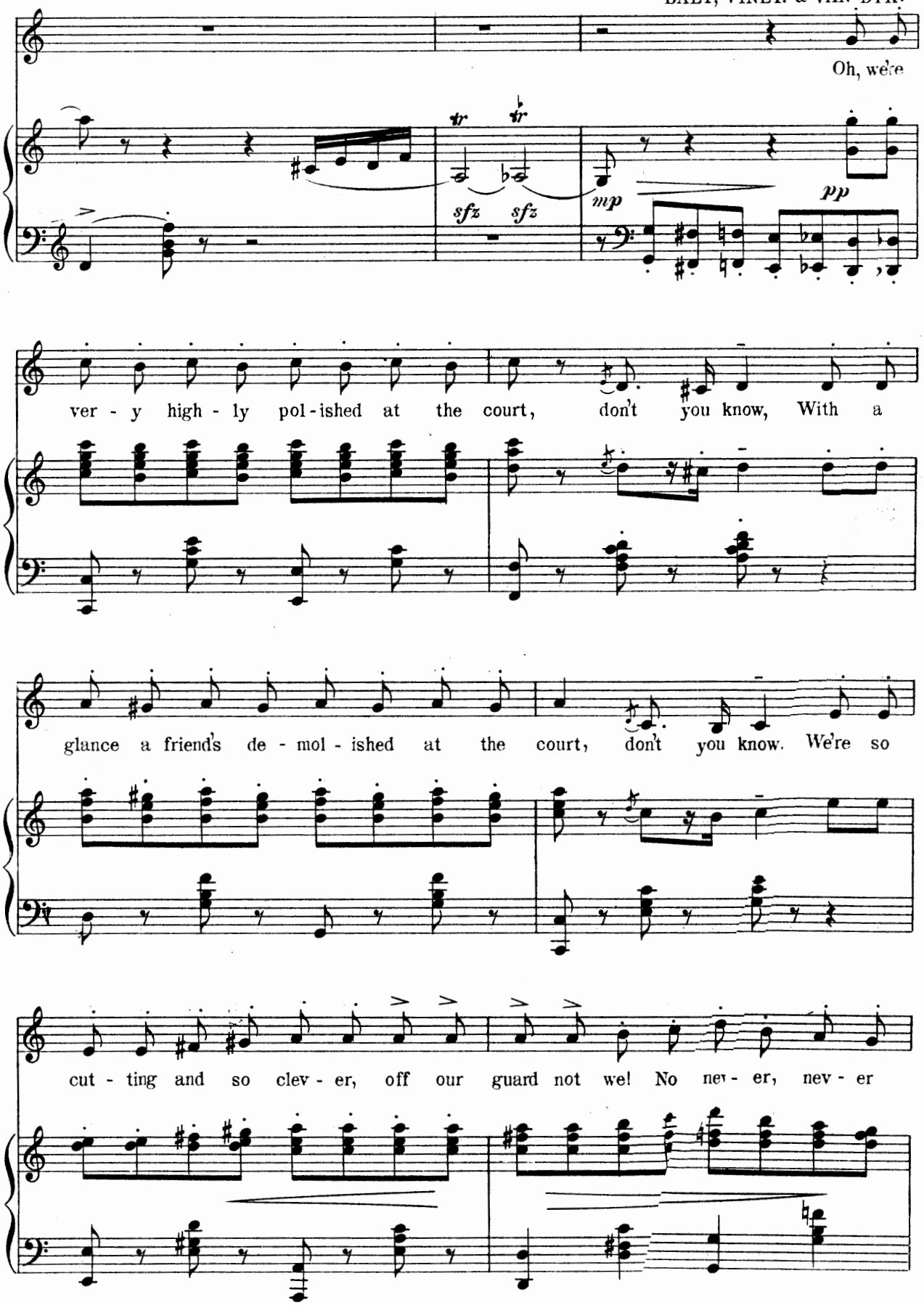
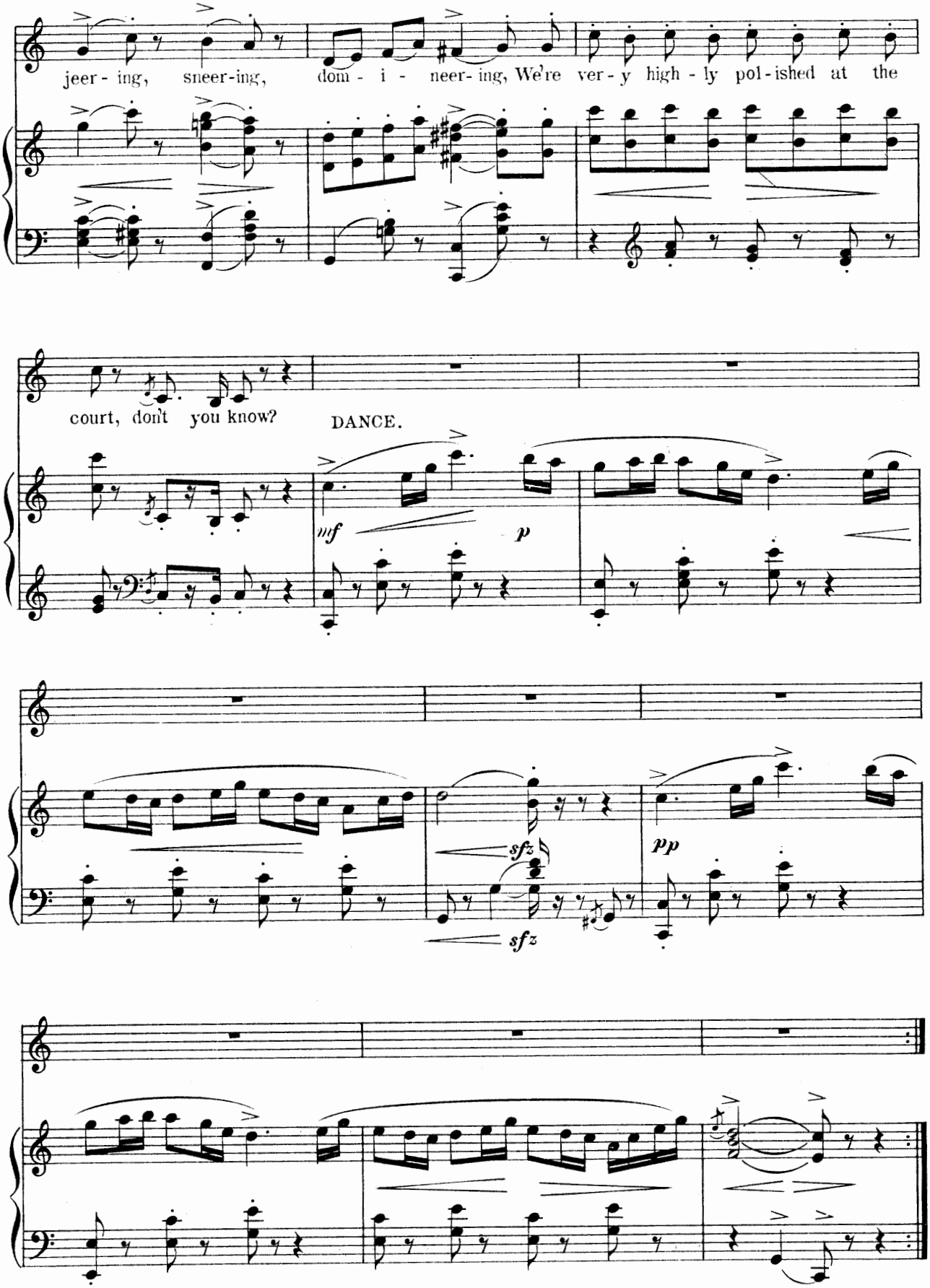

man - ner so sa - tir - i - cal and cool. I've a per - i - wig and
blood's the ver - y blu - est and the best. (BALT.) I am clev - er at pi -
p
patch - es on my face, Pray ob - serve my heels, my buc - kles and my
quet and e - car - té And at dice till dawn of day, I oft - en
lace, If I meet a pret - ty Miss I be - stow on her a kiss, With my
play, I've a stack of gam-bling debts but I trip thro' min - u - ets, In a
poco rit.
cus - tom - a - ry cel - e - bra - ted grace.
won - der - ful - ly fas - ci - nat - ing way.


Oh, we're
sfz sfz
mp
pp
ver - y high - ly pol - ished at the court, don't you know, With a
glance a friend's de - mol - ished at the court, don't you know. We're so
cut - ting and so clev - er, off our guard not we! No nev - er, nev - er


jeer - ing, sneer-ing, dom - i - neer- ing, We're ver - y high - ly pol - ished at the
court, don't you know?
DANCE.
mf
p
sfz
sfz
pp

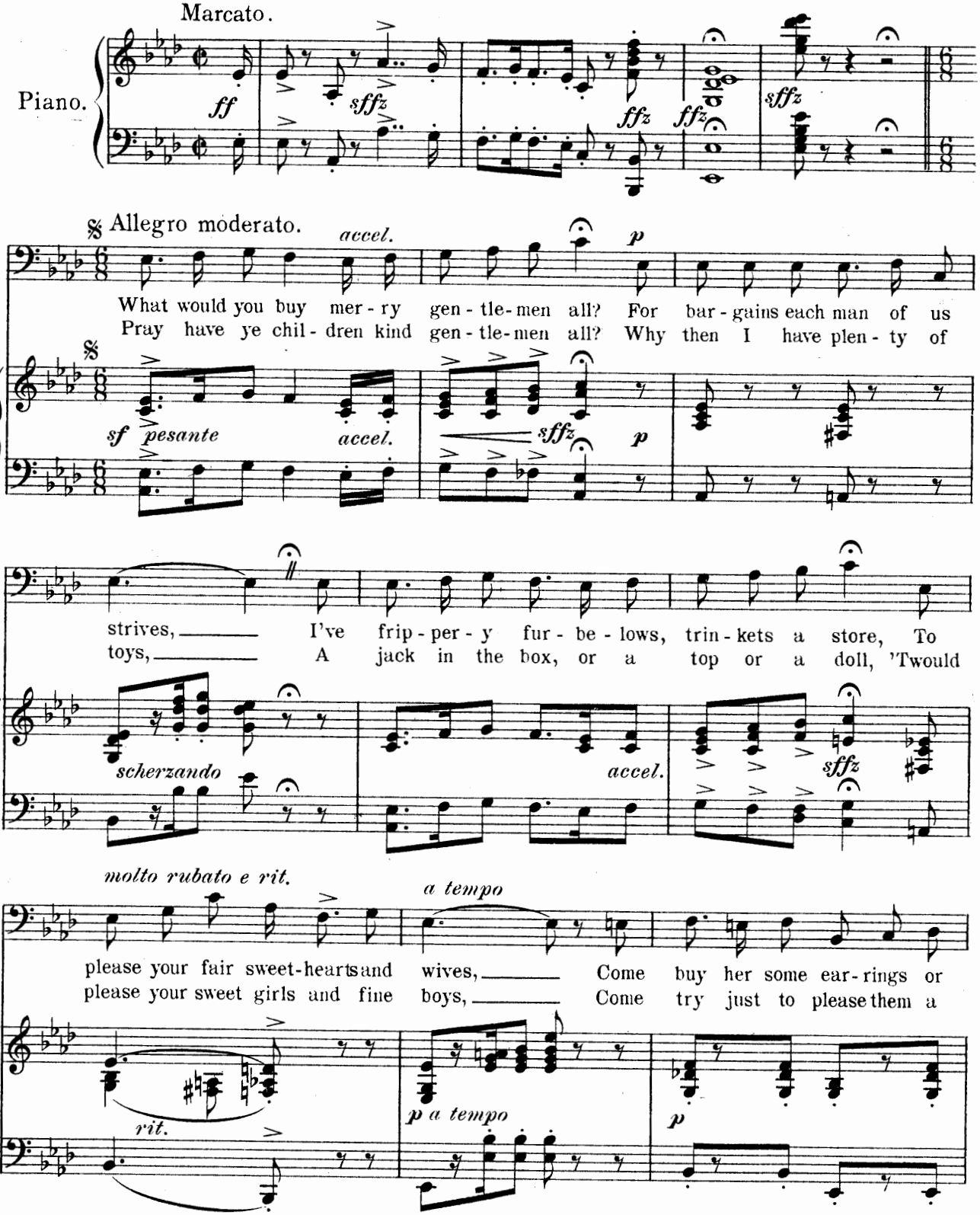
No. 12.

Tony the Peddler.

Mondragon and Chorus.

Lyrics by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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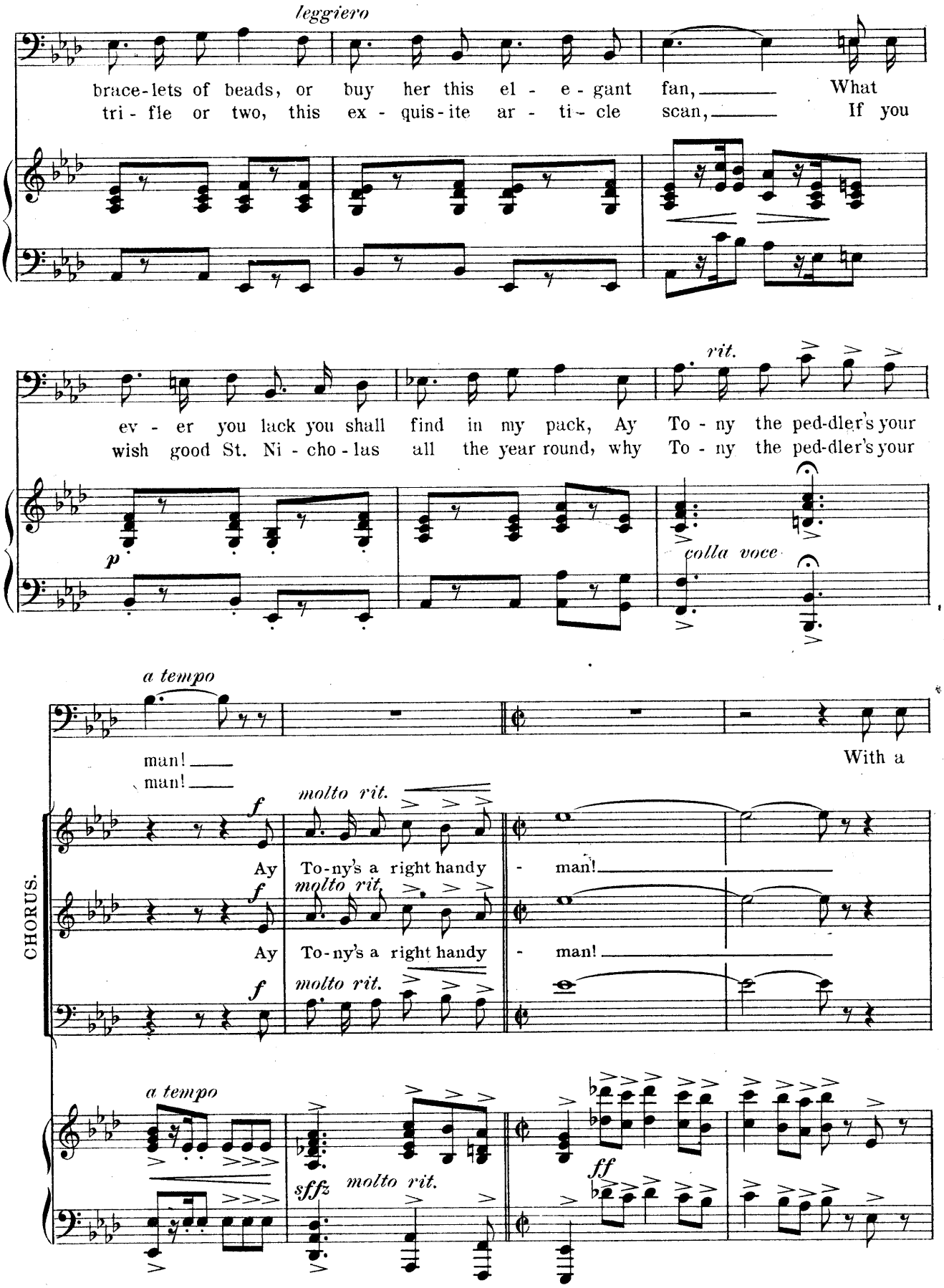
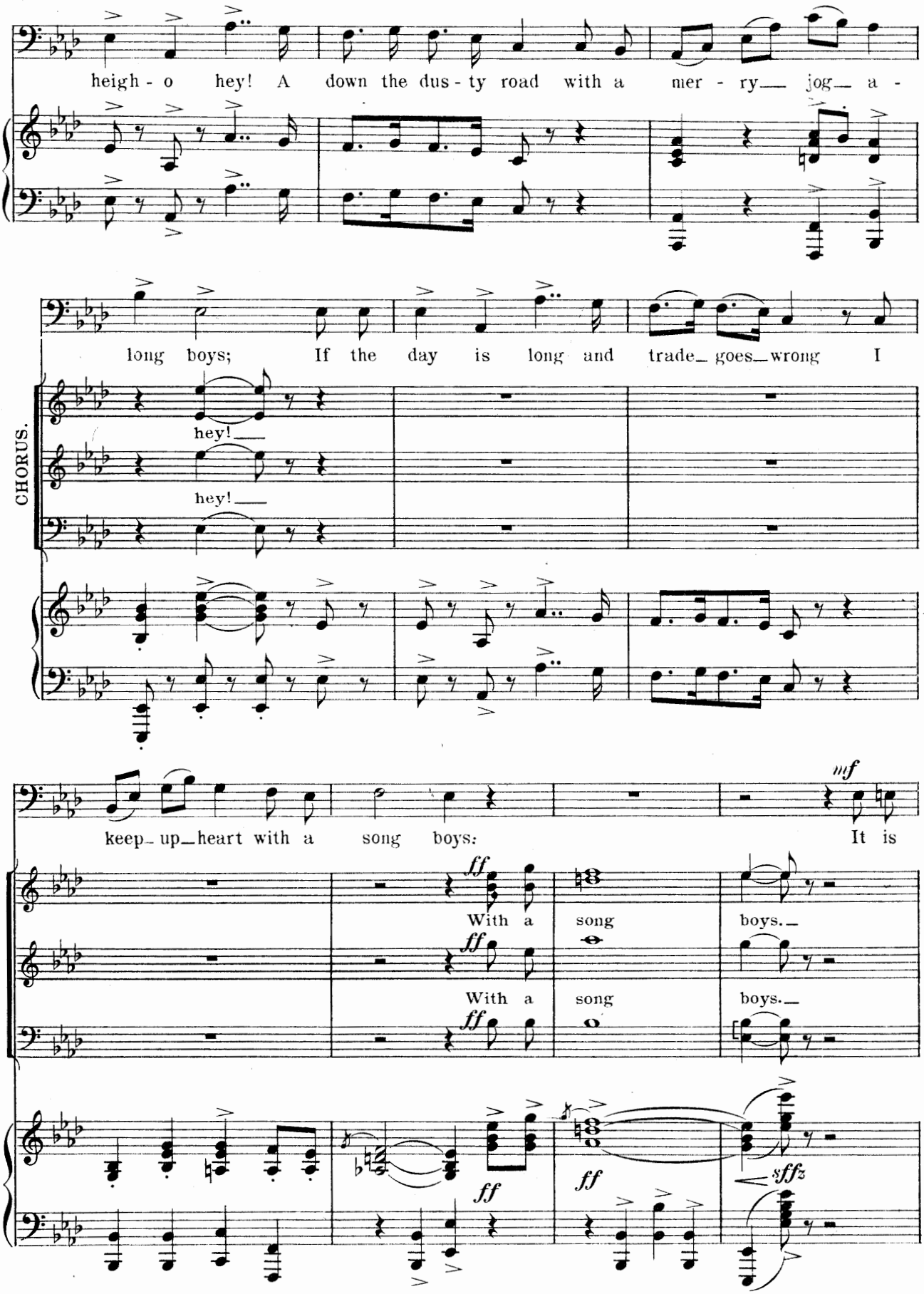
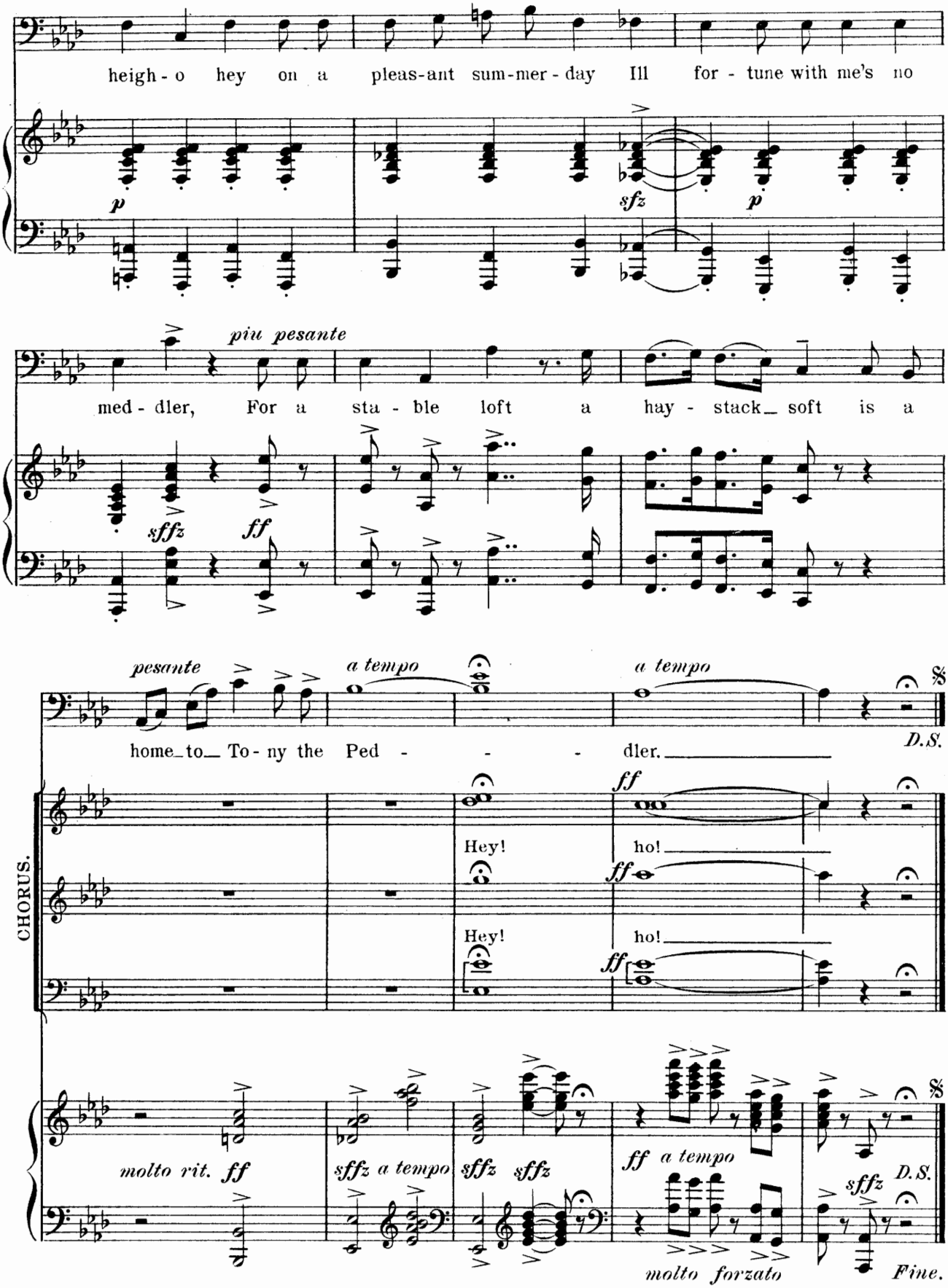

leggiero
brace-lets of beads, or buy her this el - e - gant fan, What
tri - fle or two, this ex - quis-ite ar - ti - cle scan, If you
rit.
ev - er you lack you shall find in my pack, Ay To - ny the ped-dler's your
wish good St. Ni - cho - las all the year round, why To - ny the ped-dler's your
p
colla voce
a tempo
man!
man!
With a
CHORUS.
f
molto rit.
Ay To-ny's a right handy - man!
Ay To-ny's a right handy - man!
a tempo
sffz
molto rit.
ff


heigh - o hey! A down the dus - ty road with a mer - ry jog a -
long boys; If the day is long and trade goes wrong I
CHORUS.
hey!
hey!
keep up heart with a song boys: It is
mf
ff
With a song boys.
ff
With a song boys.
ff
ff
sfz


heigh - o hey on a pleas-ant sum-mer - day Ill for - tune with me's no
p
sfz
p
piu pesante
med - dler, For a sta - ble loft a hay - stack soft is a
sffz
ff
pesante
a tempo
a tempo
home to To - ny the Ped - - - dler.
D.S.
CHORUS.
Hey!
ho!
Hey!
ho!
molto rit. ff
sffz a tempo
sffz
sffz
ff a tempo
molto forzato
sffz
D.S.
Fine.

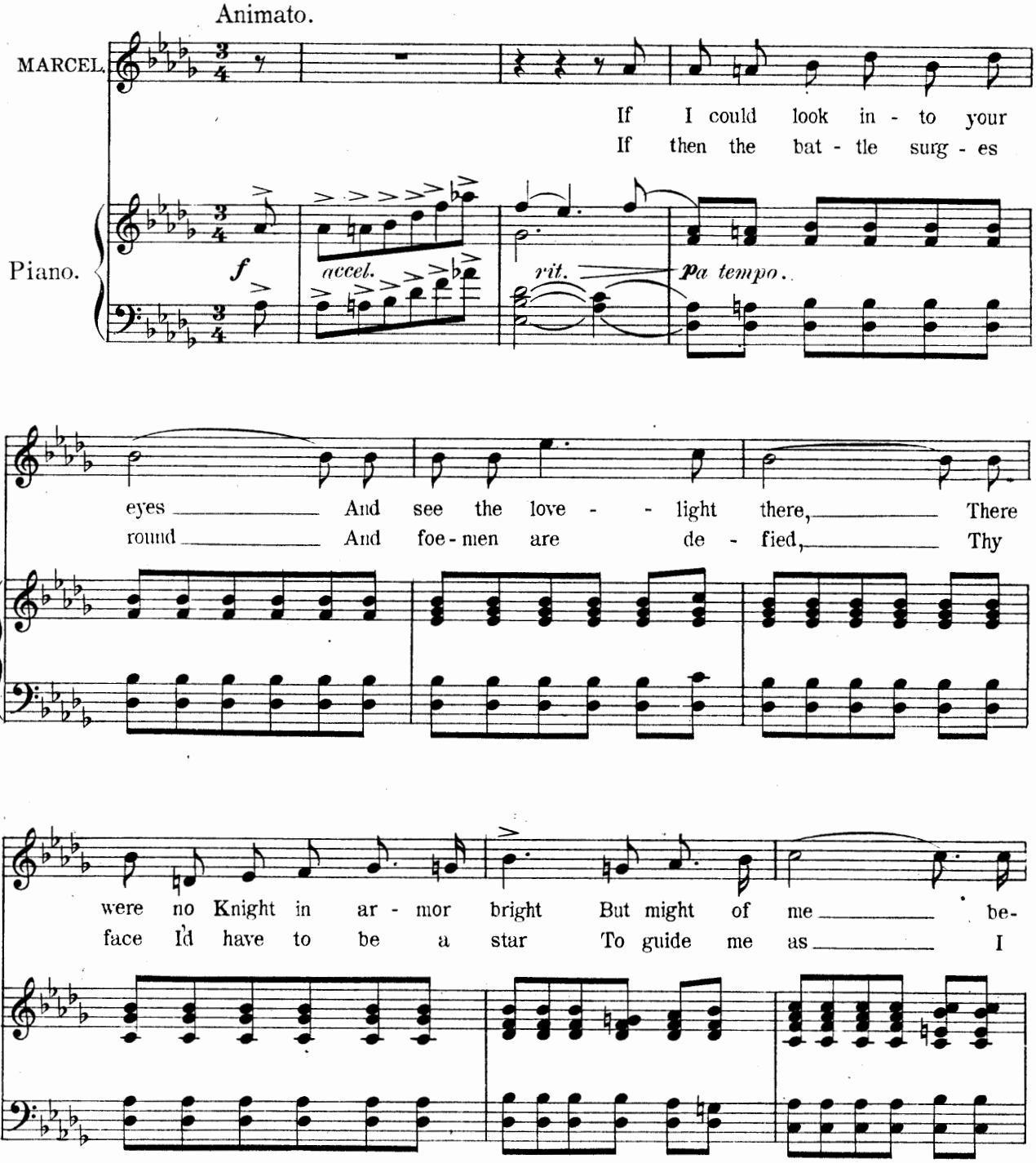
No. 13. My Lady 'Tis For Thee.

Romanza.

Marcel.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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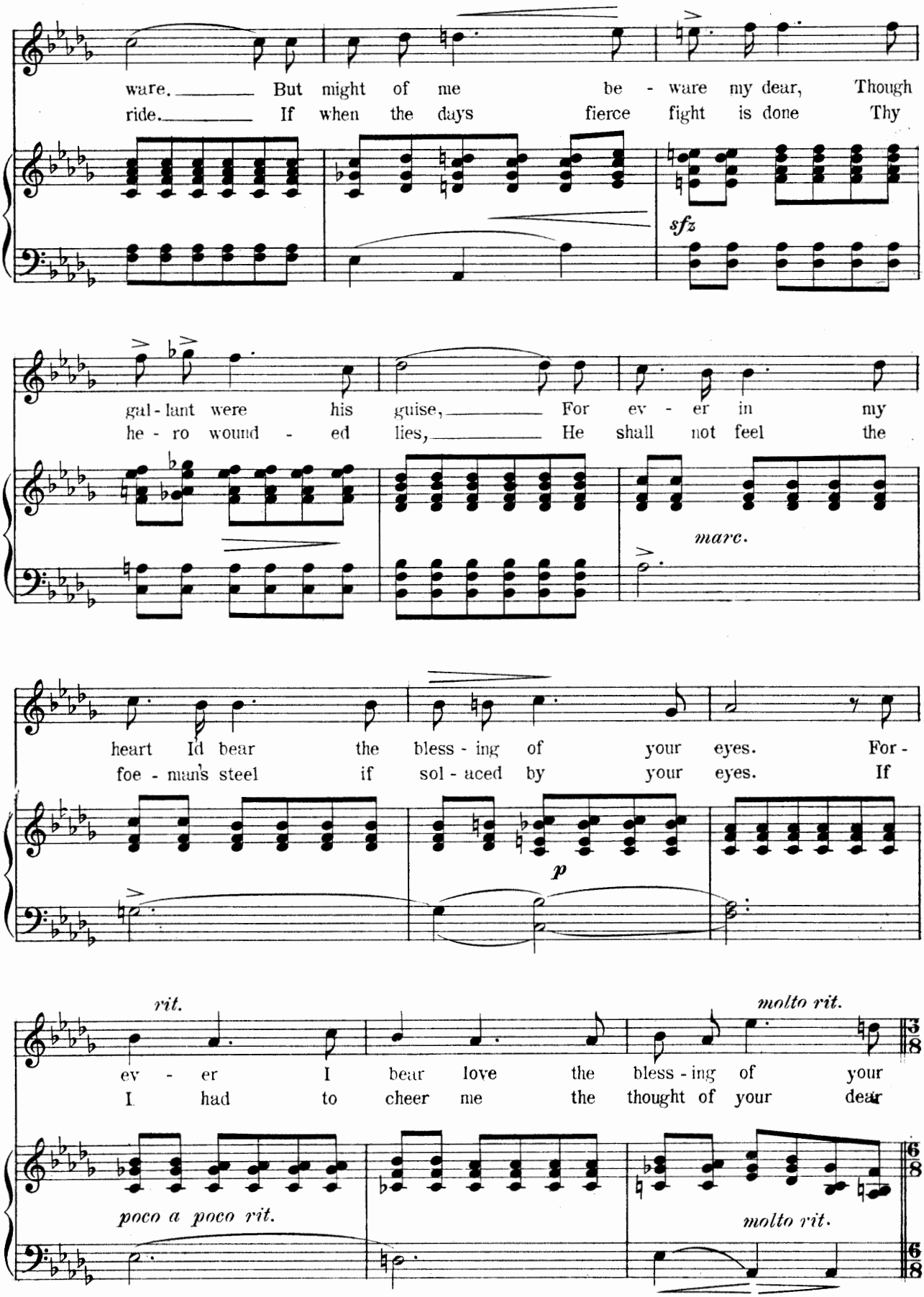
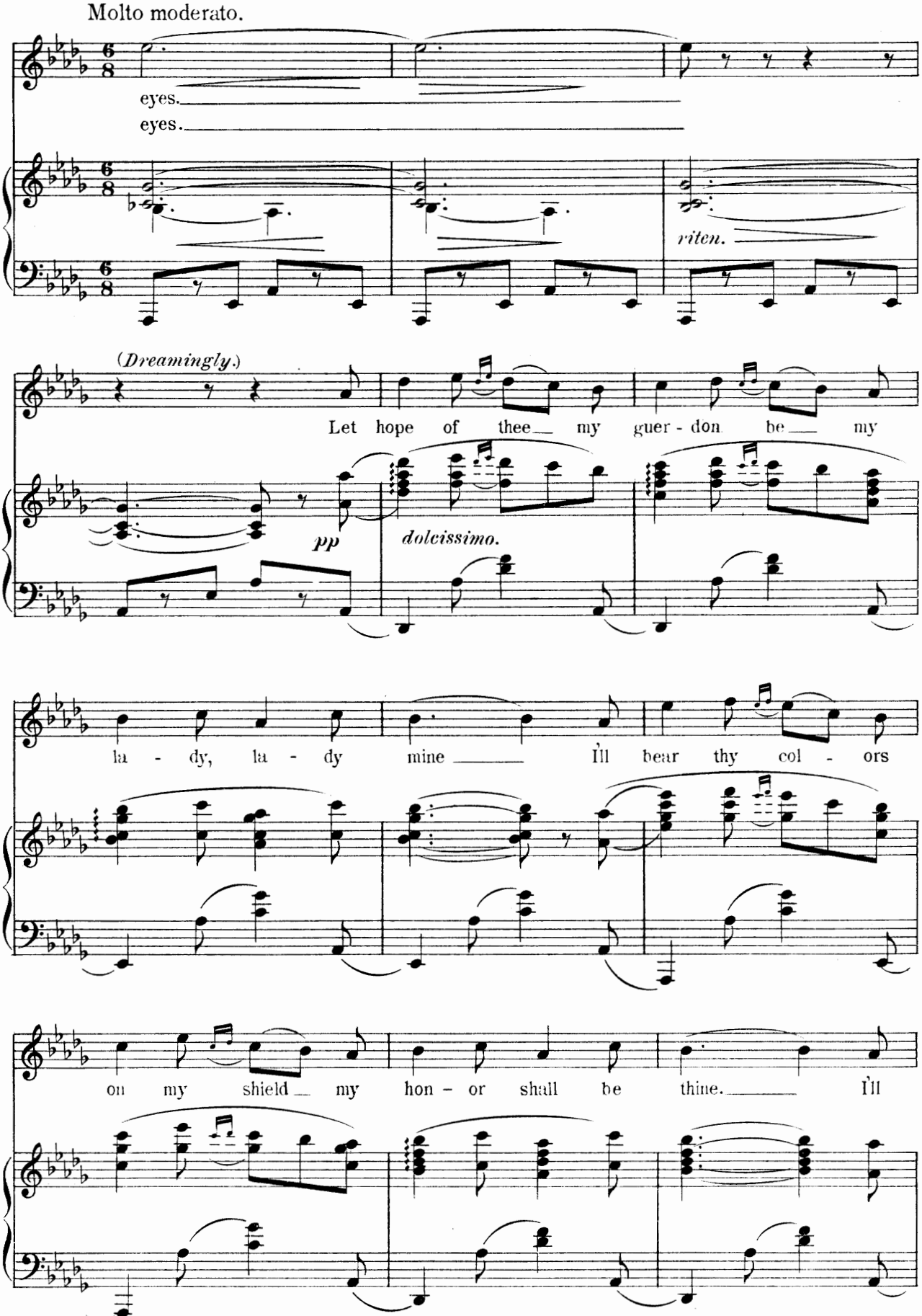
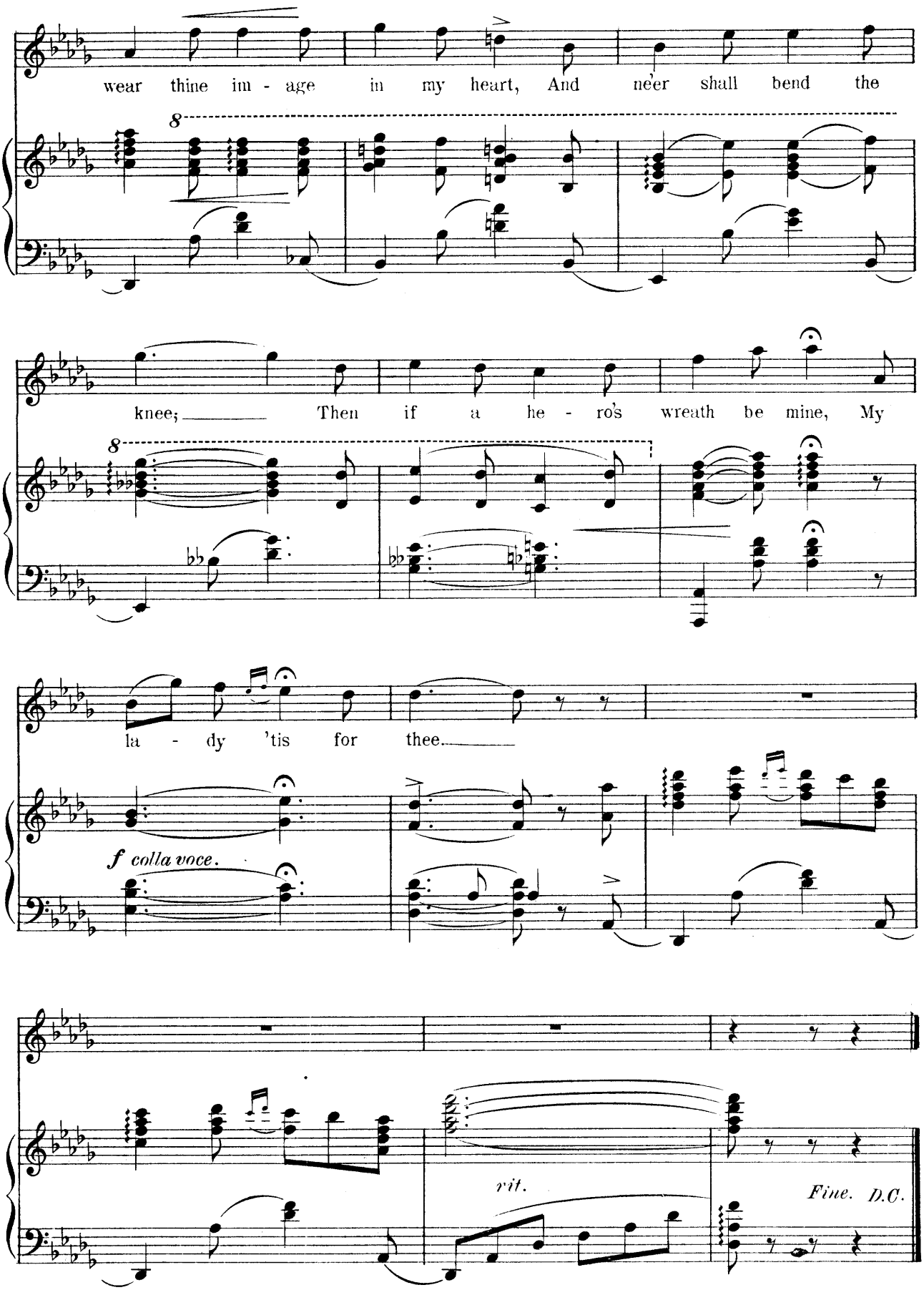

ware. But might of me be - ware my dear, Though
ride. If when the days fierce fight is done Thy
sfz
gal - lant were his guise, For ev - er in my
he - ro wound - ed lies, He shall not feel the
marc.
heart Id bear the bless - ing of your eyes. For -
foe - man's steel if sol - aced by your eyes. If
p
rit.
molto rit.
ev - er I bear love the bless - ing of your
I had to cheer me the thought of your dear
poco a poco rit.
molto rit.


Molto moderato.
eyes.
eyes.
riten.
(Dreamingly.)
Let hope of thee my guer - don be my
pp
dolcissimo.
la - dy, la - dy mine I'll bear thy col - ors
on my shield my hon - or shall be thine. I'll


wear thine im - age in my heart, And ne'er shall bend the
knee; Then if a he - ro's wreath be mine, My
la - dy 'tis for thee.
f colla voce.
rit.
Fine. D.C.

To the Sound of the Pipe and the Roll of the Drum.

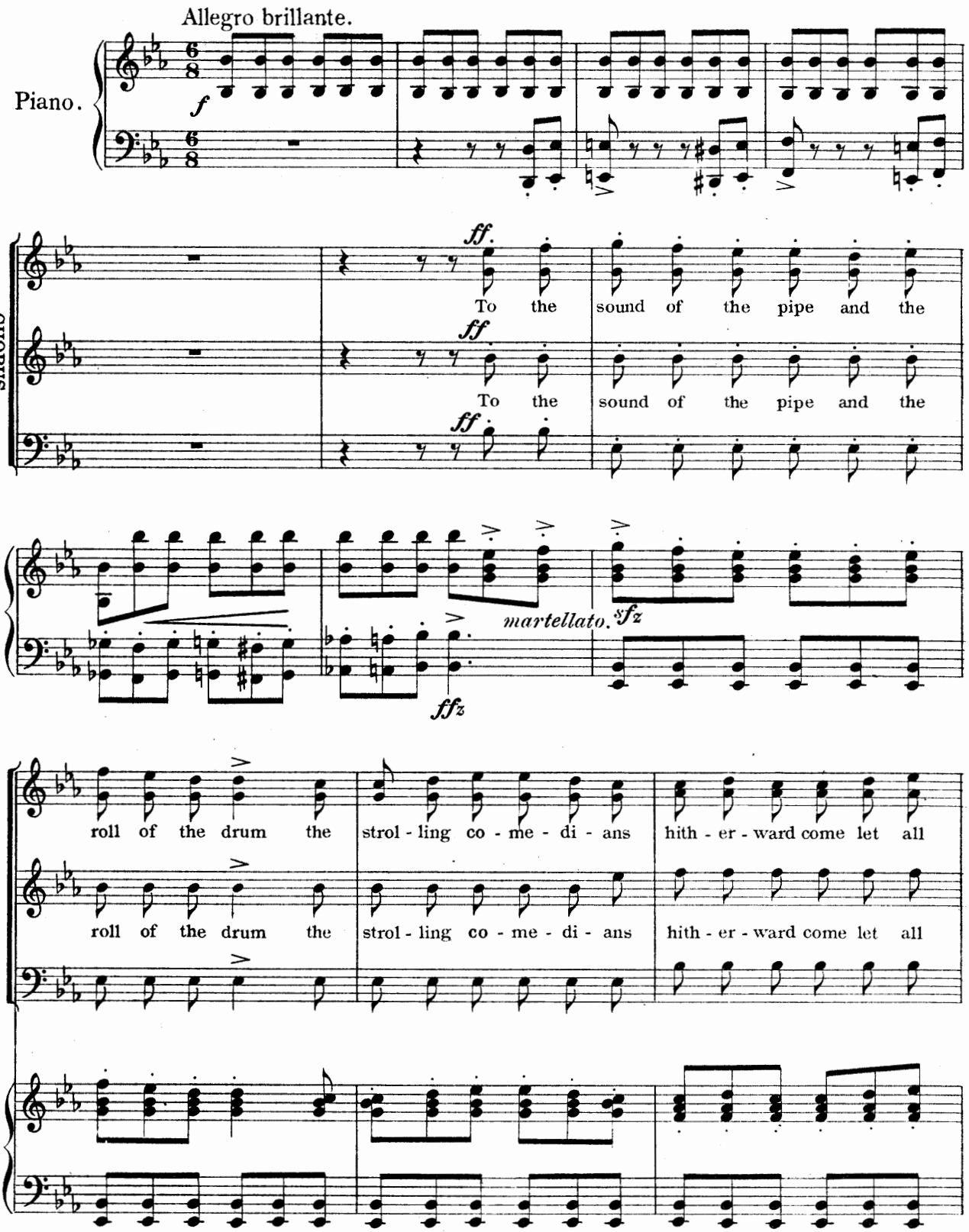
No. 14.

Entrance

Babette, Van Timpel Eve and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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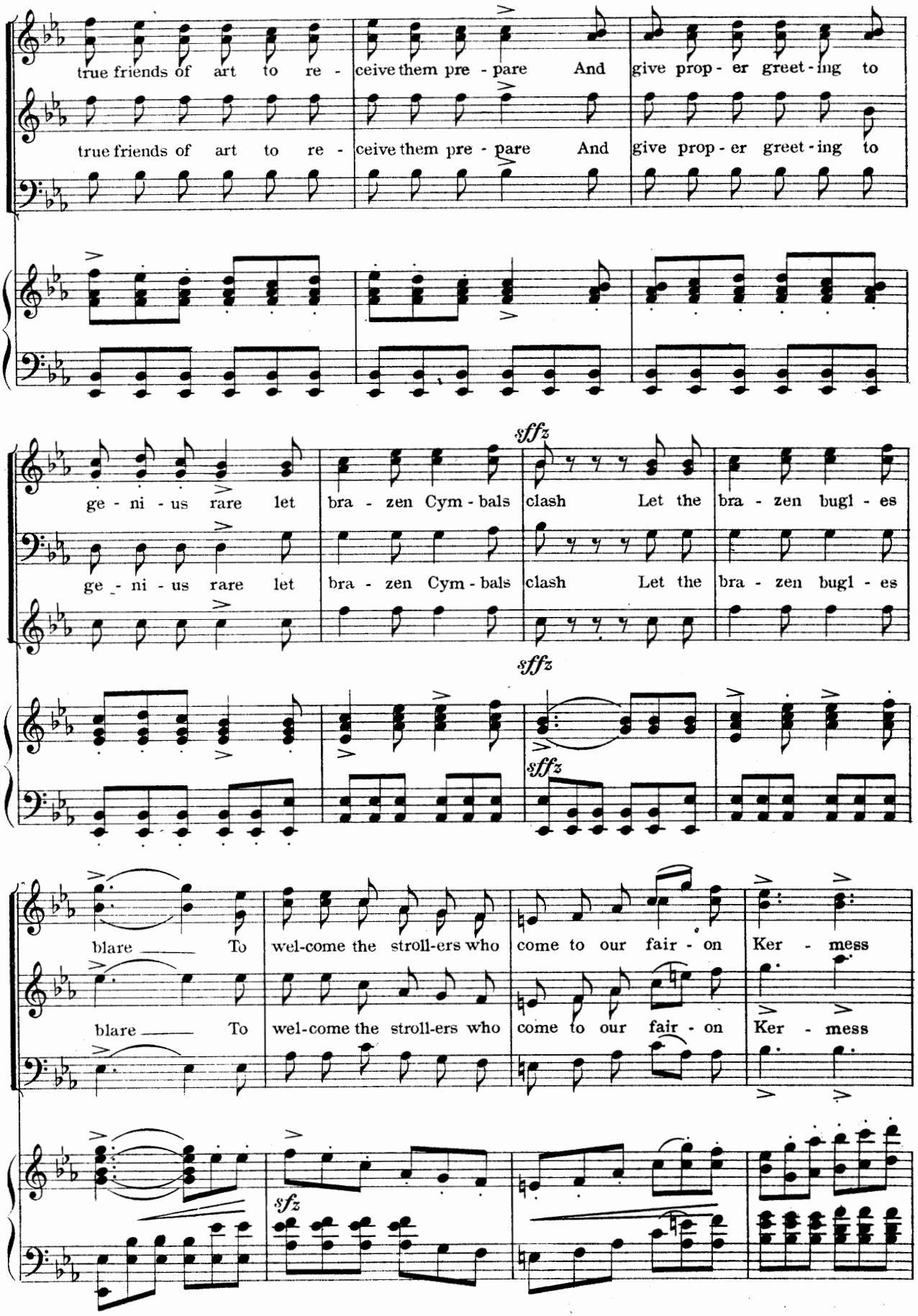
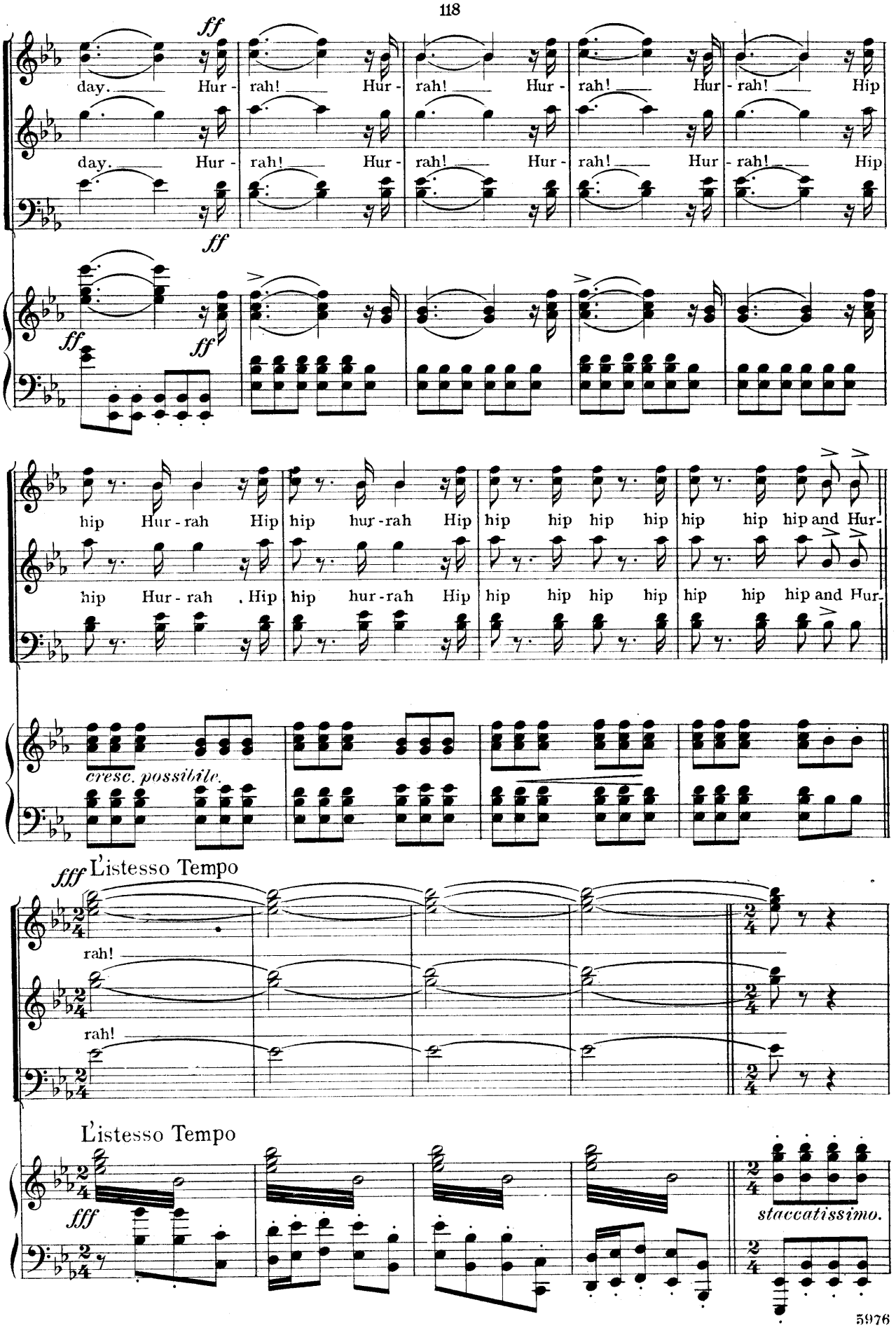

true friends of art to re - ceive them pre - pare And give prop - er greet - ing to
true friends of art to re - ceive them pre - pare And give prop - er greet - ing to
ge - ni - us rare let bra - zen Cym - bals clash Let the bra - zen bugl - es
ge - ni - us rare let bra - zen Cym - bals clash Let the bra - zen bugl - es
sffz
sffz
sffz
blare To wel-come the stroll-ers who come to our fair - on Ker - mess
blare To wel-come the stroll-ers who come to our fair - on Ker - mess
sfz


ff
day. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hip
day. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hip
ff
ff
ff
hip Hur - rah Hip hip hur - rah Hip hip hip hip hip hip hip and Hur-
hip Hur - rah Hip hip hur - rah Hip hip hip hip hip hip hip and Hur-
cresc. possibile.
fff L'istesso Tempo
rah!
rah!
L'istesso Tempo
fff
staccatissimo.

BABETTE.

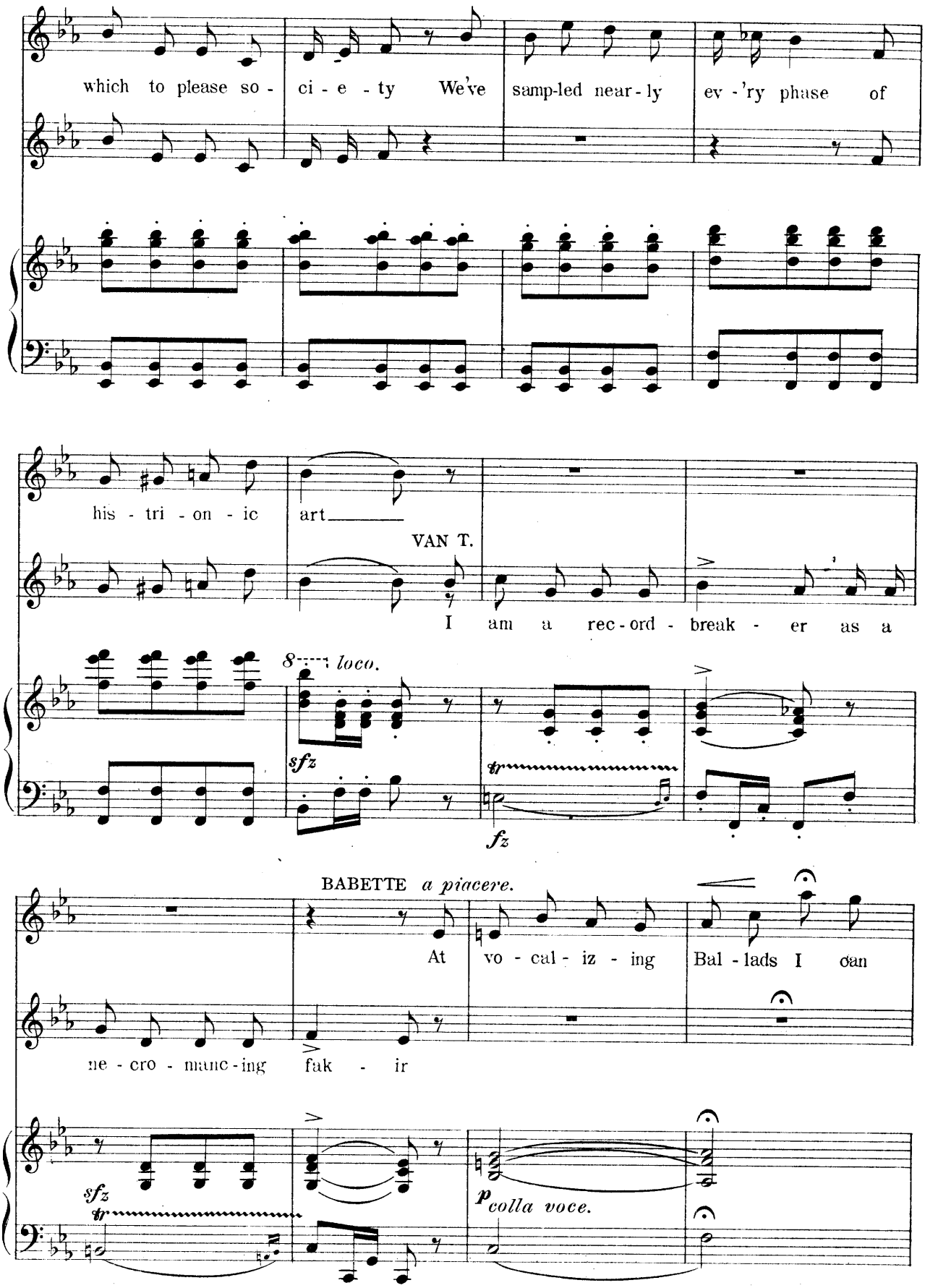
VAN T. and EVA.

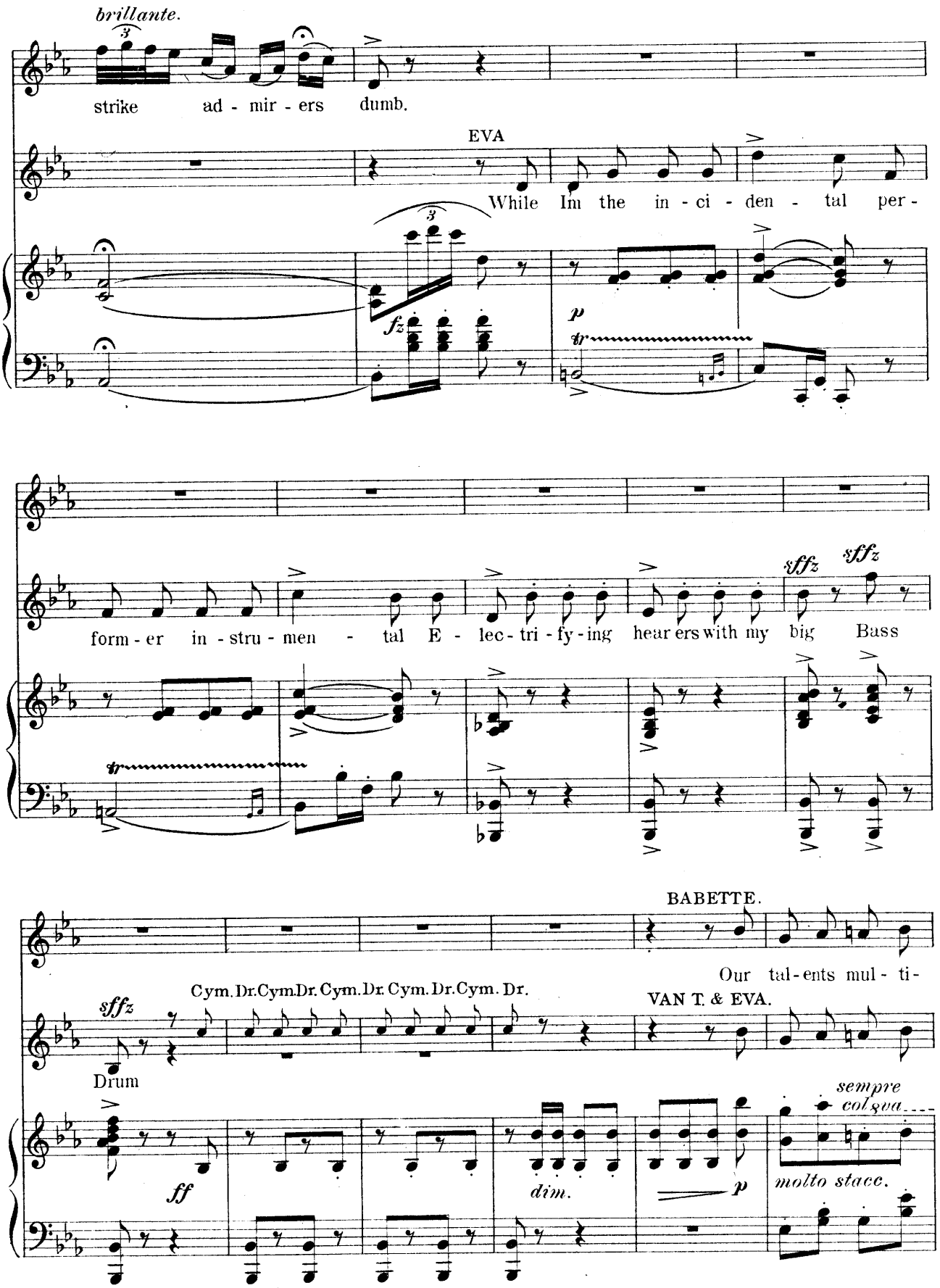
Our forte-is ver - sa - til - i - ty In

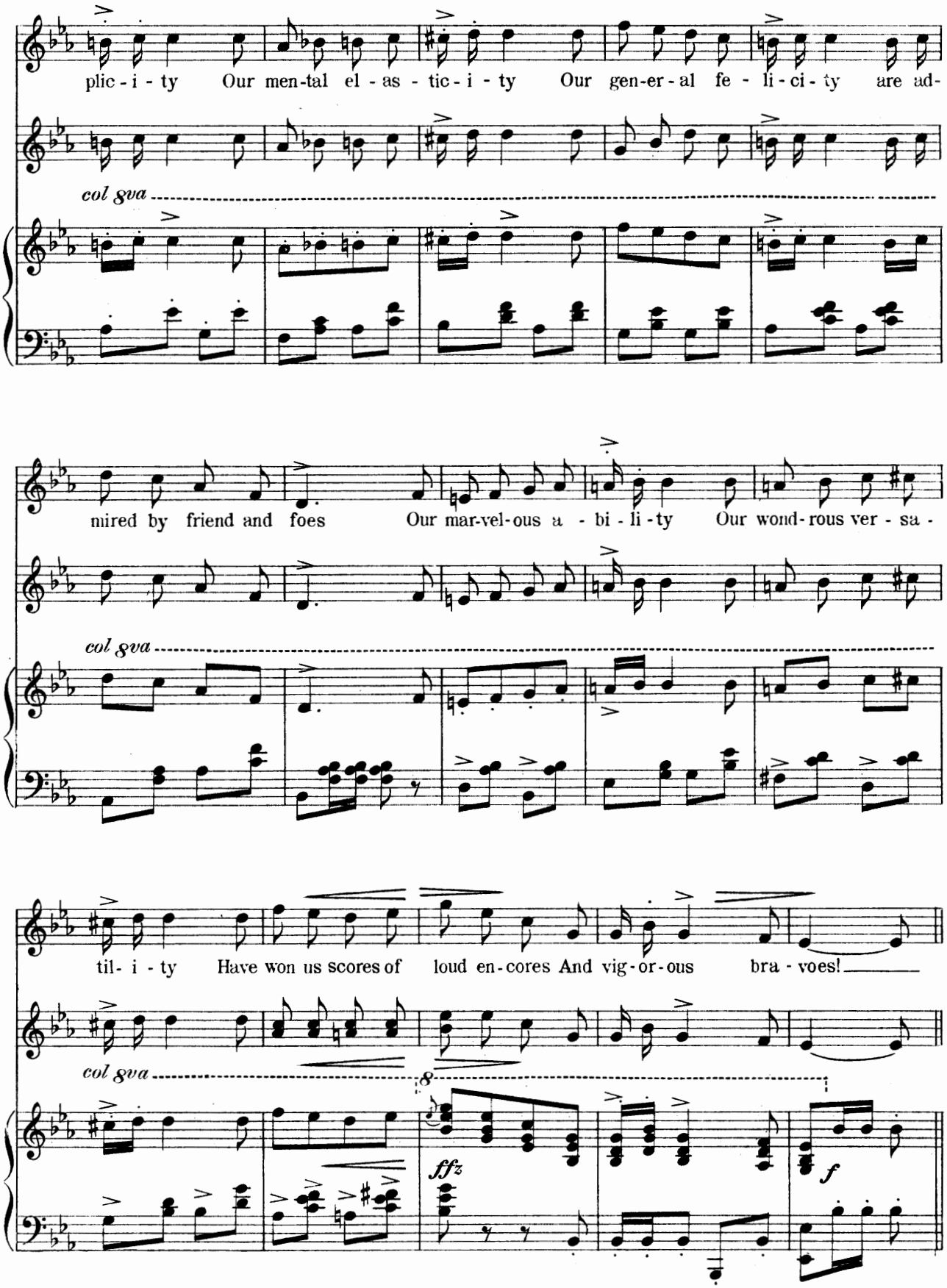
p

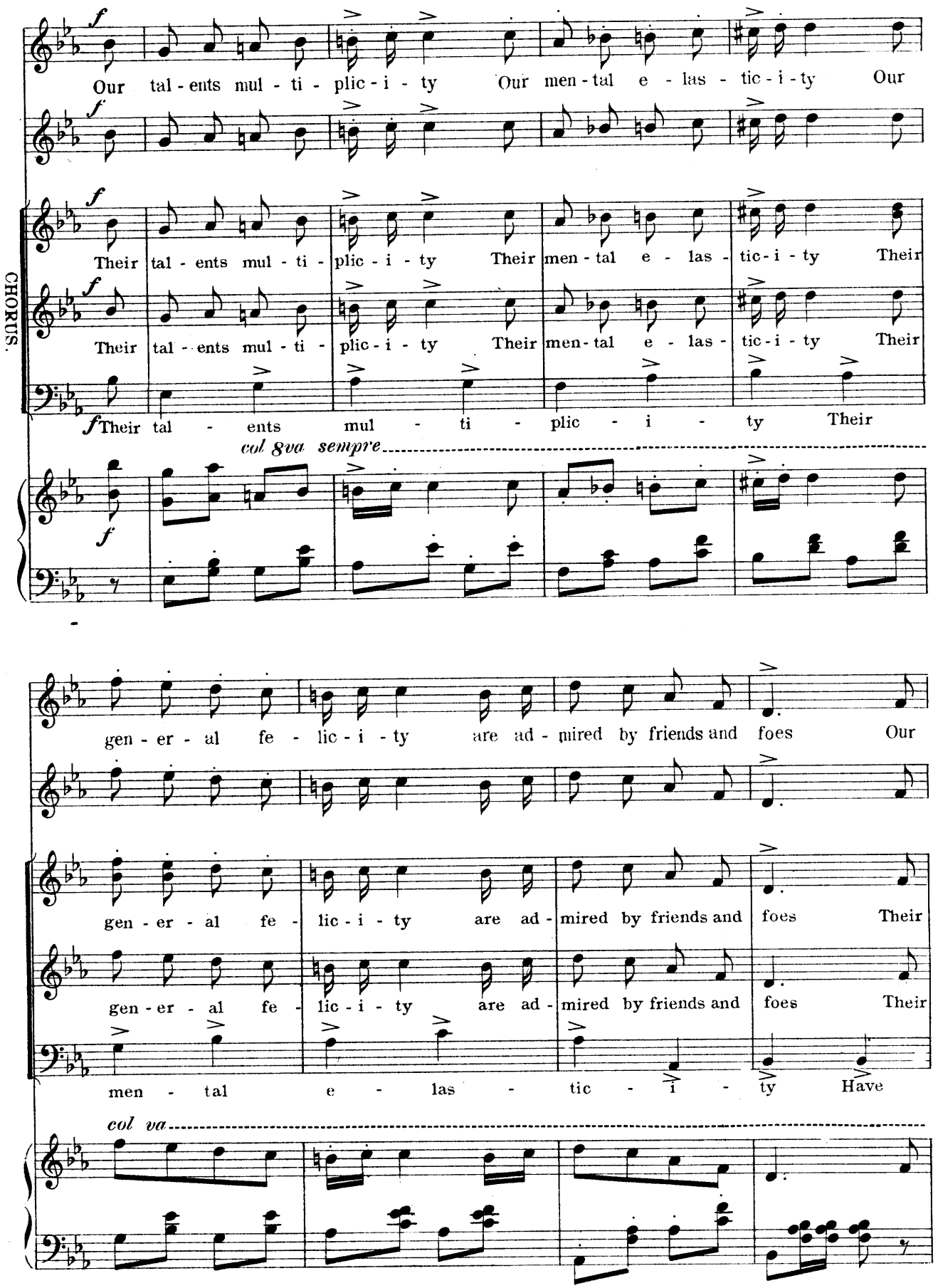
thes - pi - an fa - cil - i - ty Our smil - ing af - fa - bil - i - ty To

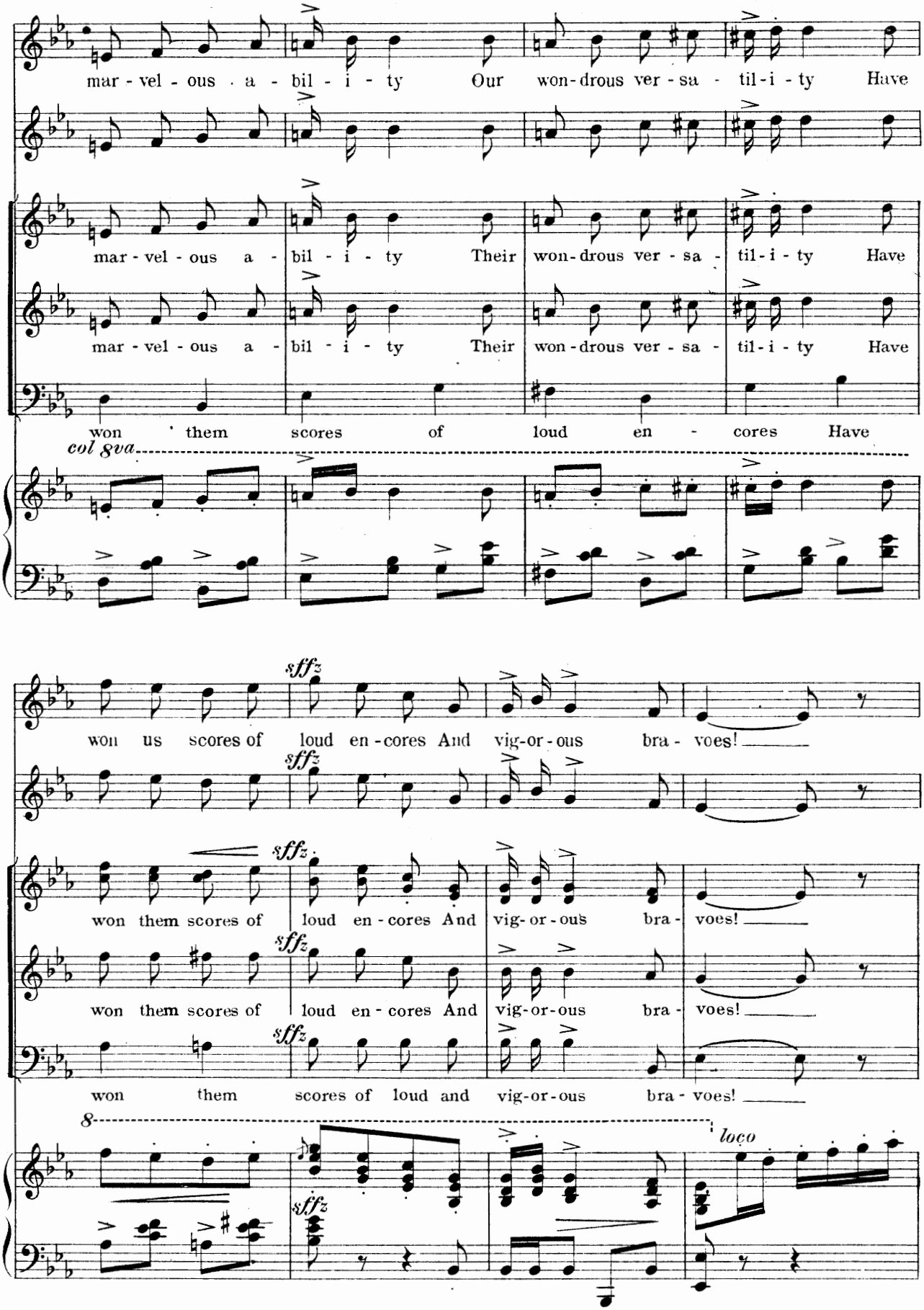
us wins ev - 'ry heart We've tal - ents a va - ri - e - ty With

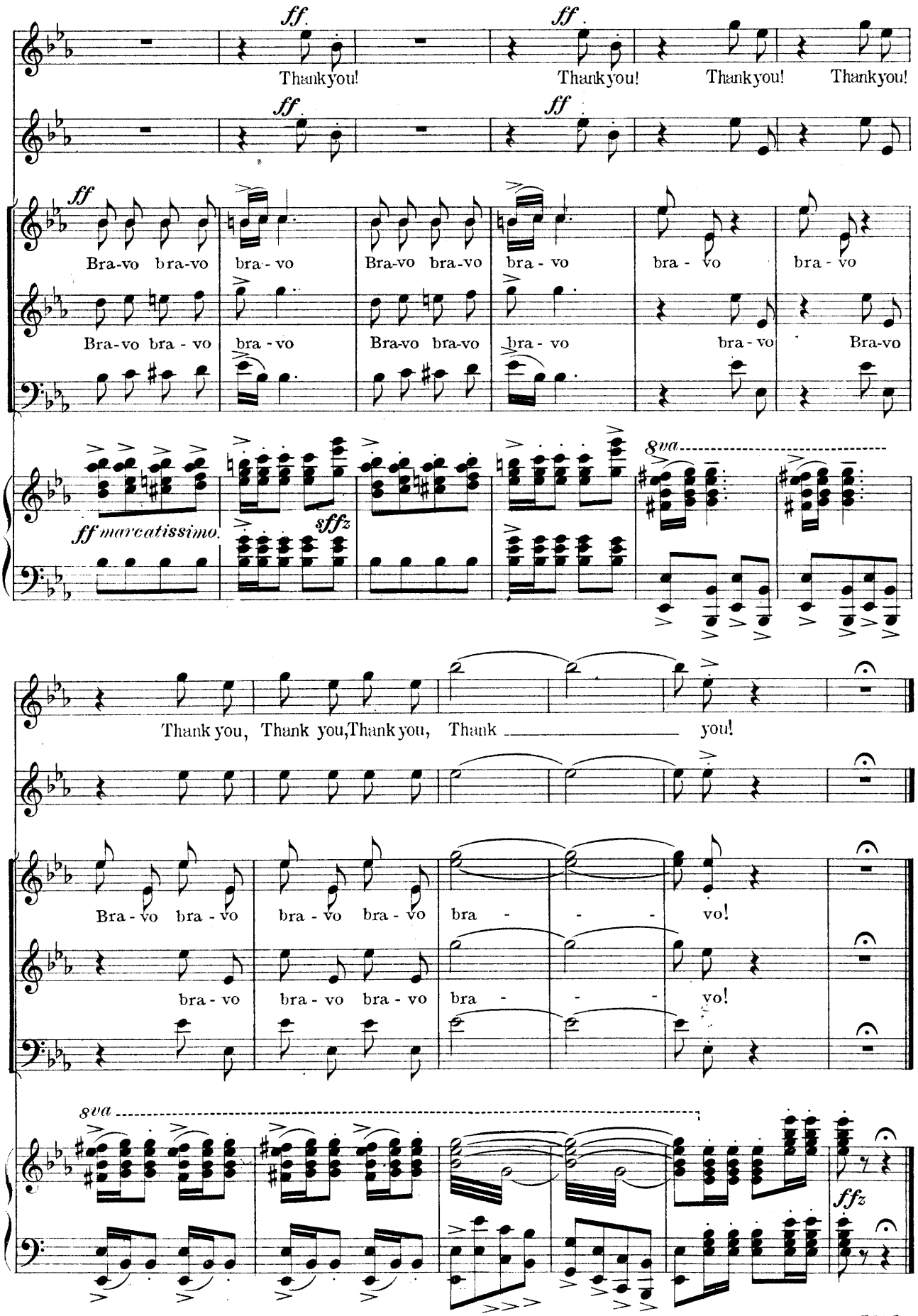

which to please so - ci - e - ty We've samp-led near-ly ev - 'ry phase of
his - tri - on - ic art
VAN T.
I am a rec-ord - break - er as a
8 loco.
sfz
tr
fz
BABETTE a piacere.
At vo - cal - iz - ing Bal - lads I can
ne - cro - manc-ing fak - ir
sfz
tr
p colla voce.


brillante.
strike ad - mir - ers dumb.
EVA
While Im the in - ci - den - tal per -
fz
p
tr
form - er in - stru - men - tal E - lec - tri - fy - ing hear ers with my big Bass
sffz
sffz
BABETTE.
Our tal - ents mul - ti -
Cym. Dr. Cym. Dr. Cym. Dr. Cym. Dr. Cym. Dr.
sffz
VAN T. & EVA.
Drum
ff
dim.
p
sempre col 8va
molto stacc.


plic - i - ty Our men-tal el - as - tic - i - ty Our gen-er - al fe - li - ci - ty are ad-
col 8va
mired by friend and foes Our mar-vel-ous a - bi - li - ty Our wond-rous ver - sa -
col 8va
til- i - ty Have won us scores of loud en-cores And vig-or-ous bra - voes!
col 8va
8
ffz
f


CHORUS.
f
Our tal - ents mul - ti - plic - i - ty Our men - tal e - las - tic - i - ty Our
Their tal - ents mul - ti - plic - i - ty Their men - tal e - las - tic - i - ty Their
Their tal - ents mul - ti - plic - i - ty Their men - tal e - las - tic - i - ty Their
Their tal - ents mul - ti - plic - i - ty Their
col 8va sempre
gen - er - al fe - lic - i - ty are ad - mired by friends and foes Our
gen - er - al fe - lic - i - ty are ad - mired by friends and foes Their
gen - er - al fe - lic - i - ty are ad - mired by friends and foes Their
men - tal e - las - tic - i - ty Have
col va


mar - vel - ous · a - bil - i - ty Our won-drous ver - sa - til-i - ty Have
mar - vel - ous a - bil - i - ty Their won-drous ver - sa - til-i - ty Have
mar - vel - ous a - bil - i - ty Their won-drous ver - sa - til-i - ty Have
won them scores of loud en - cores Have
col 8va
sffz
won us scores of loud en-cores And vig-or-ous bra - voes!
won them scores of loud en - cores And vig-or-ous bra - voes!
won them scores of loud en - cores And vig-or-ous bra - voes!
won them scores of loud and vig-or-ous bra - voes!
8
loco


ff
Thank you!
Thank you!
Thank you!
Thank you!
Bra-vo bra-vo bra - vo
Bra-vo bra-vo bra - vo
bra - vo
bra - vo
bra - vo
ff marcatissimo.
sffz
8va
Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!
Bra - vo bra - vo bra - vo bra - vo bra - - - vo!
bra - vo bra - vo bra - vo bra - - - vo!
8va
sffz

"Be kind to Poor Pierrot"

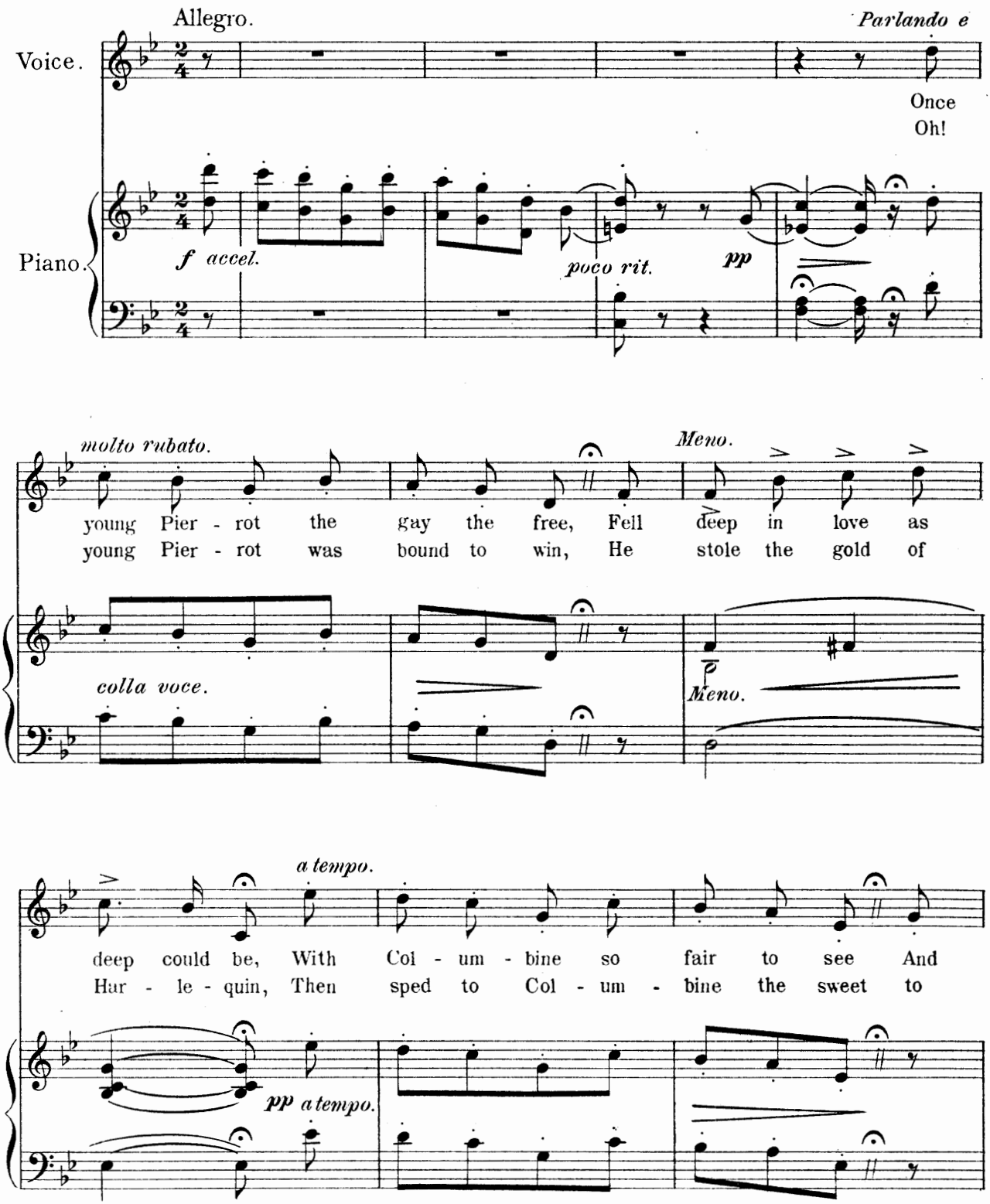
FROM

"Babette."

No. 15.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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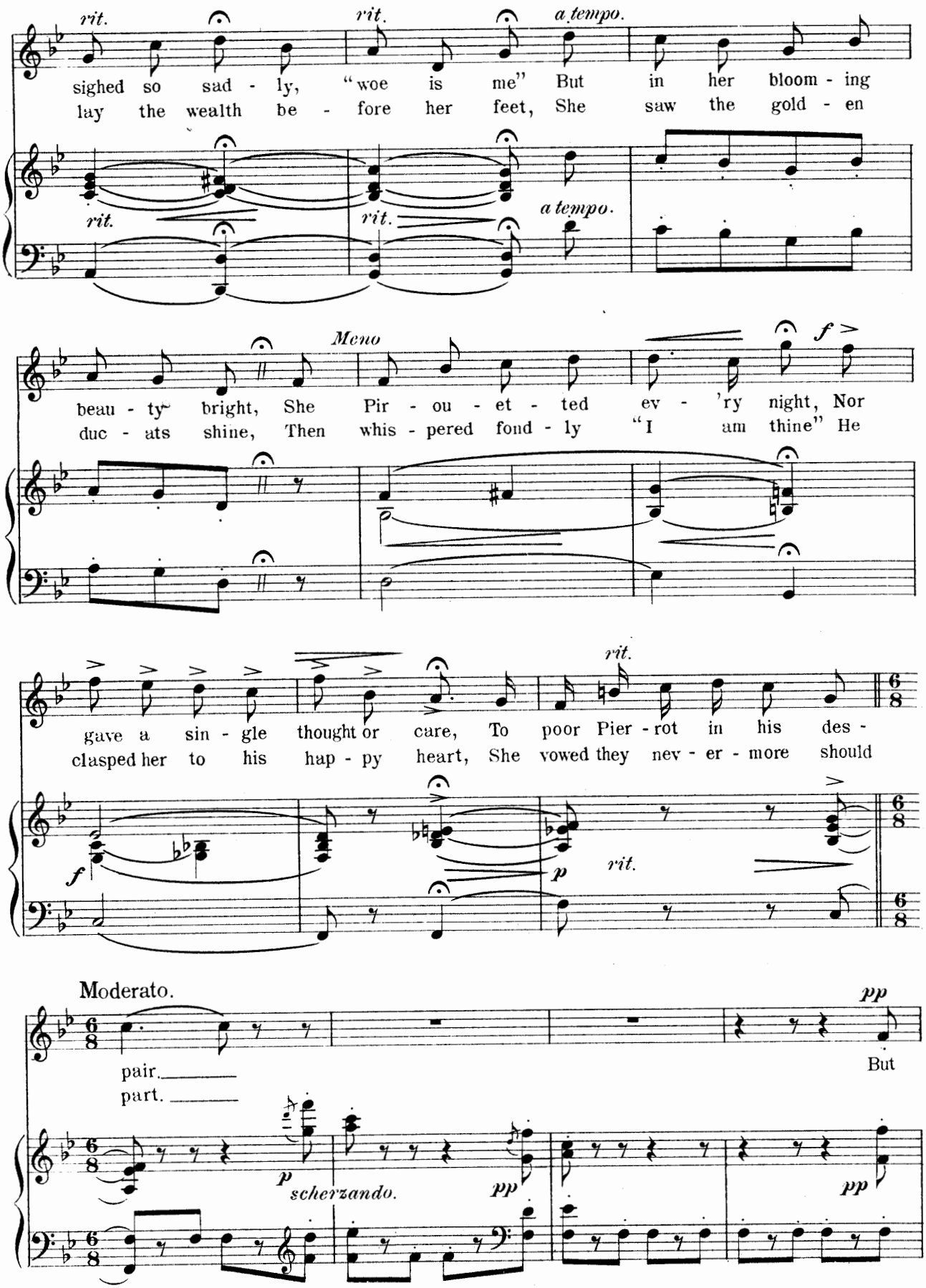
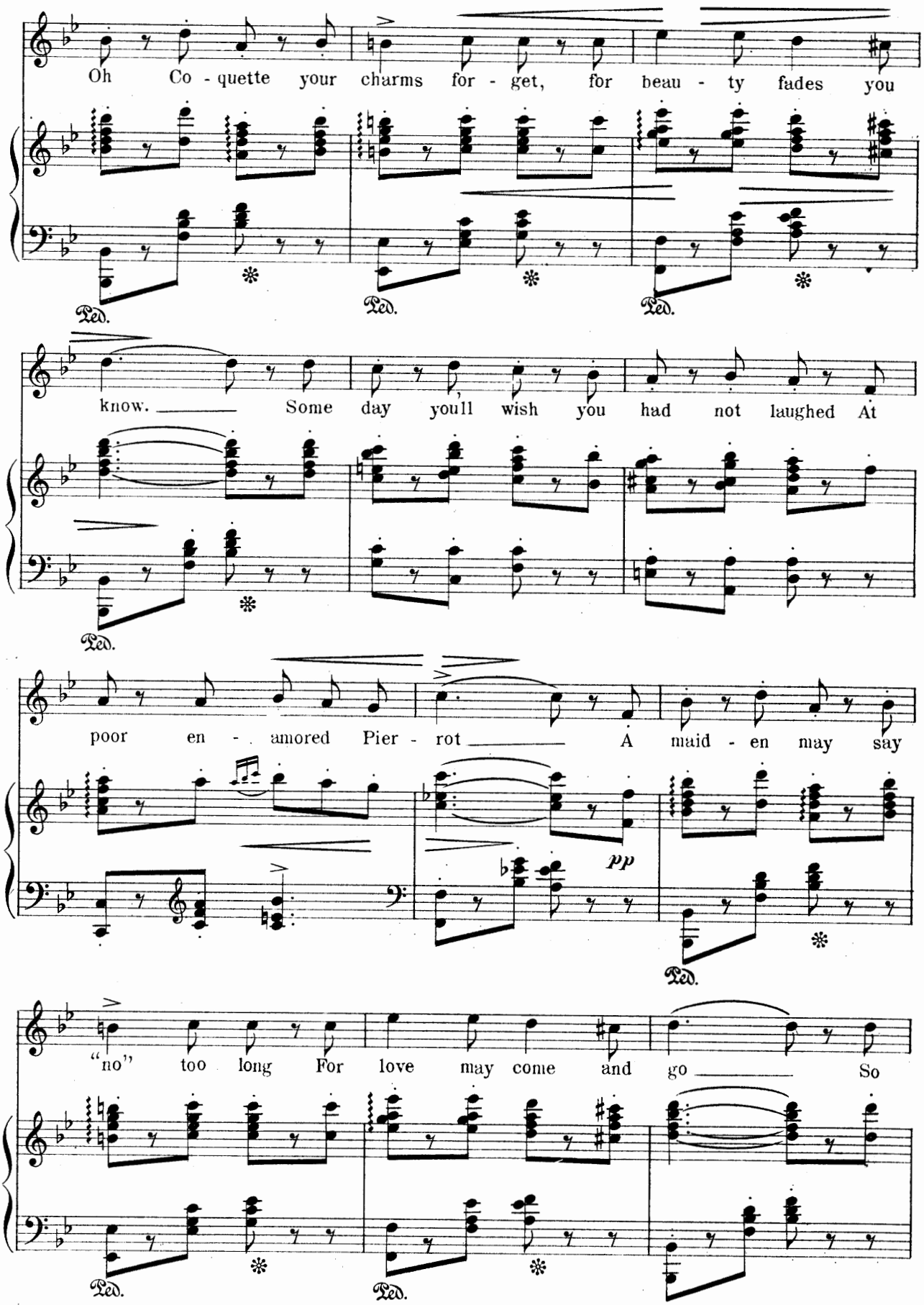
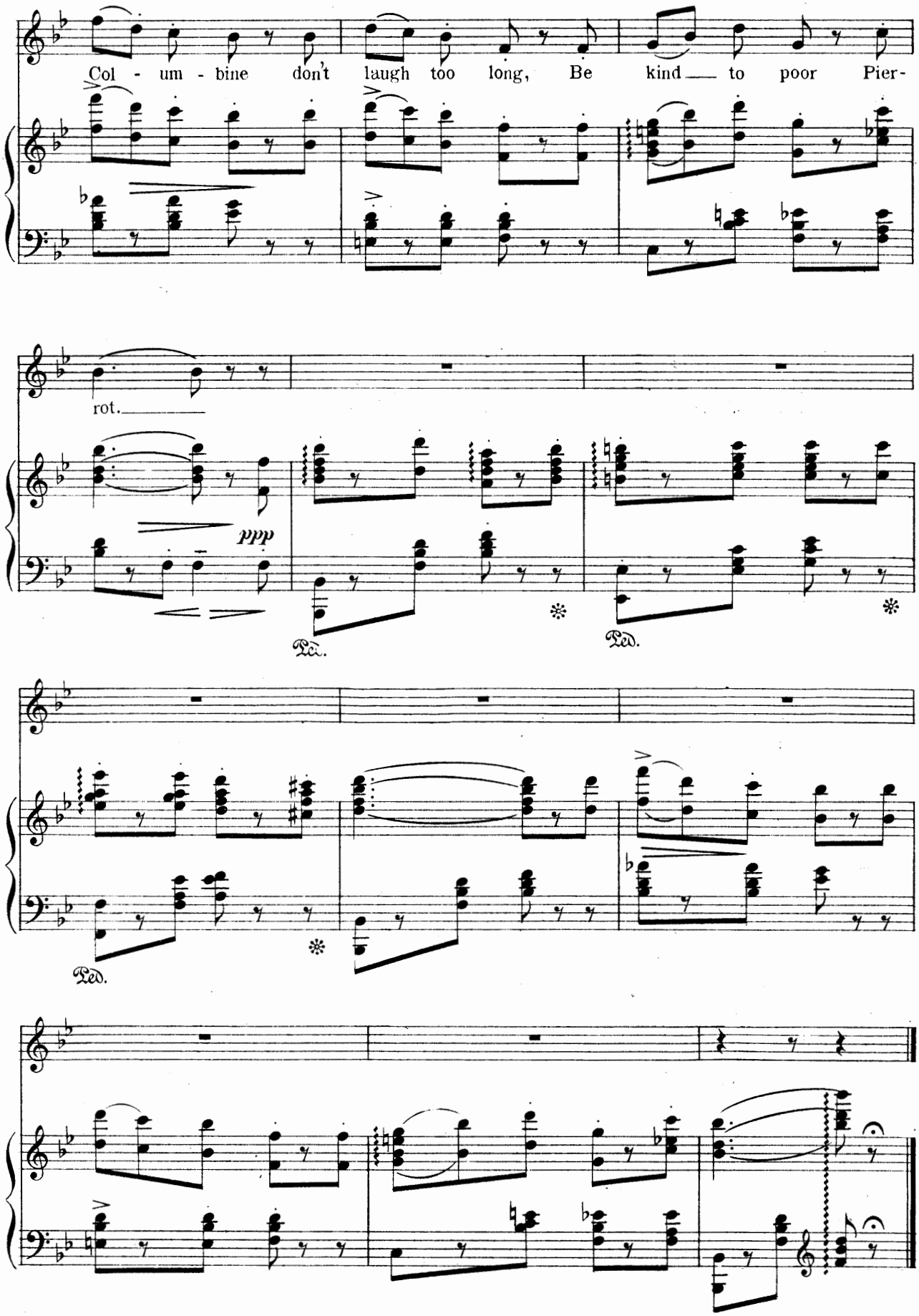

rit.
rit.
a tempo.
sighed so sad - ly, "woe is me" But in her bloom - ing
lay the wealth be - fore her feet, She saw the gold - en
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
Meno
f
beau - ty bright, She Pir - ou - et - ted ev - 'ry night, Nor
duc - ats shine, Then whis - pered fond - ly "I am thine" He
rit.
gave a sin - gle thought or care, To poor Pier - rot in his des -
clasped her to his hap - py heart, She vowed they nev - er - more should
f
p
rit.
Moderato.
pp
pair.
part.
But
p
scherzando.
pp
pp


Oh Co - quette your charms for - get, for beau - ty fades you
know. Some day you'll wish you had not laughed At
poor en - amored Pier - rot A maid - en may say
pp
"no" too long For love may come and go So
Ped.


Col - um - bine don't laugh too long, Be kind to poor Pier-
rot.
ppp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

There Once Was an Owl.

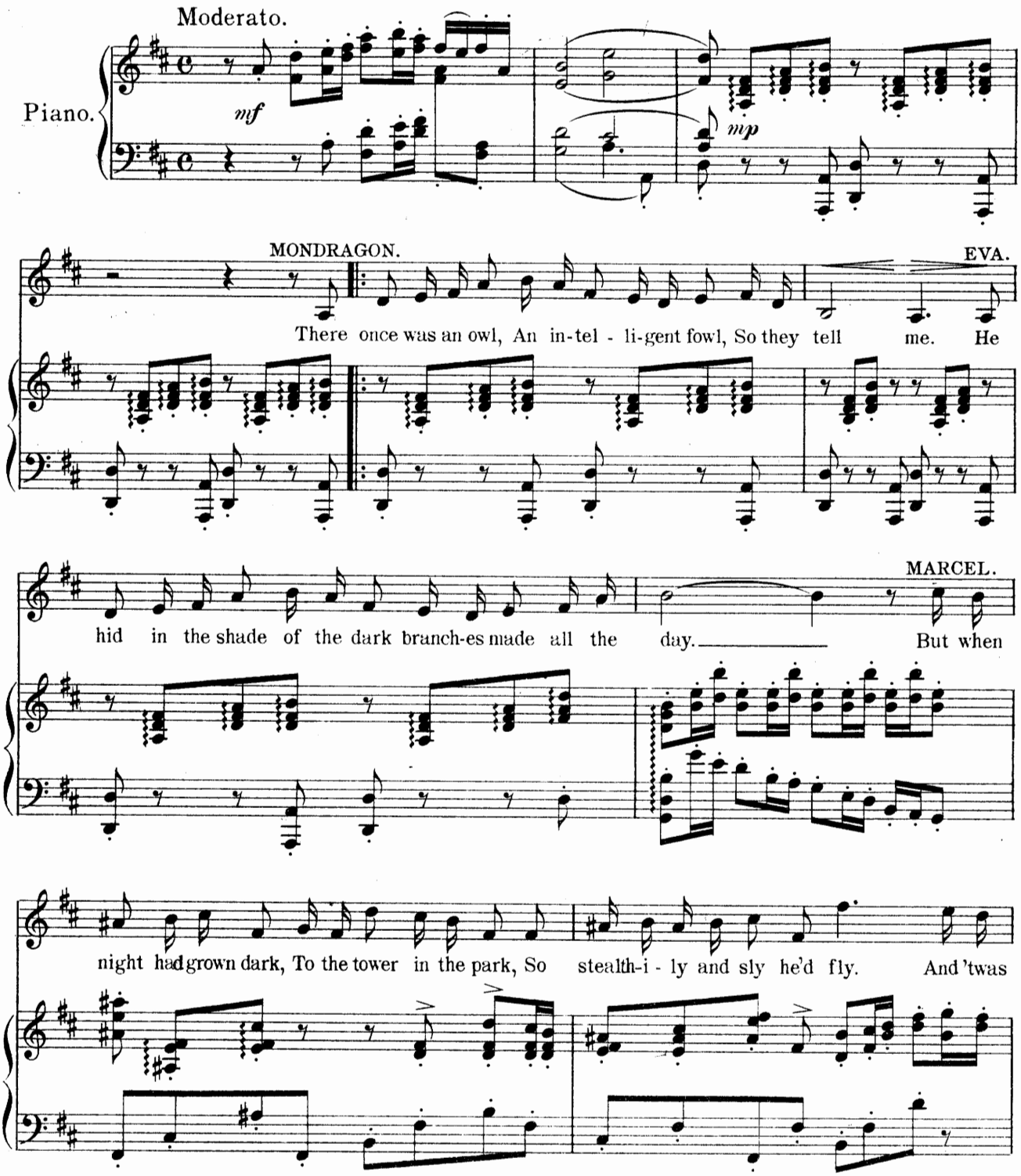
№16.

SEXTETTE.

Marcel, Van Timpel, Eva, Mondragon, Katrina and Theresa.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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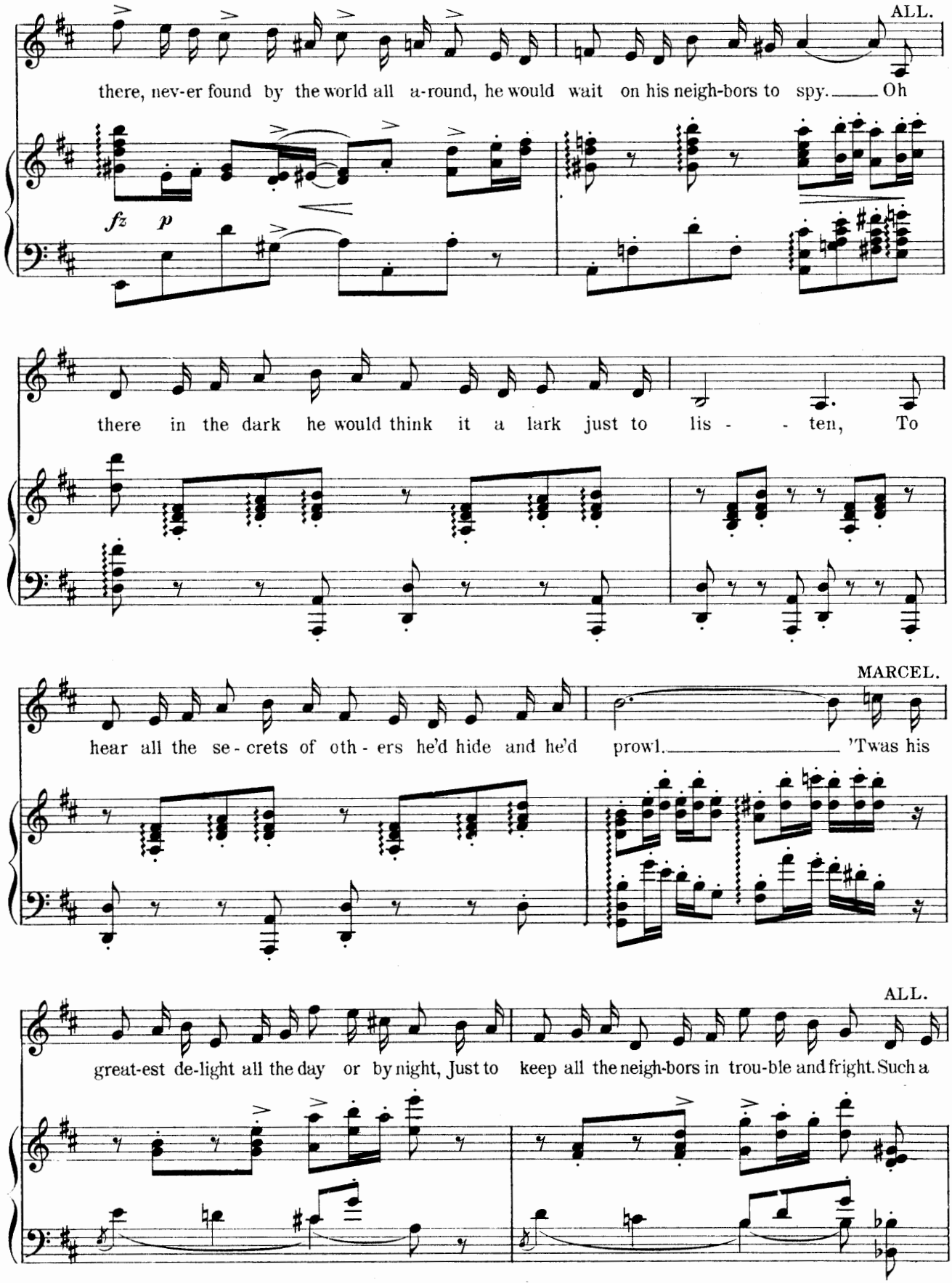
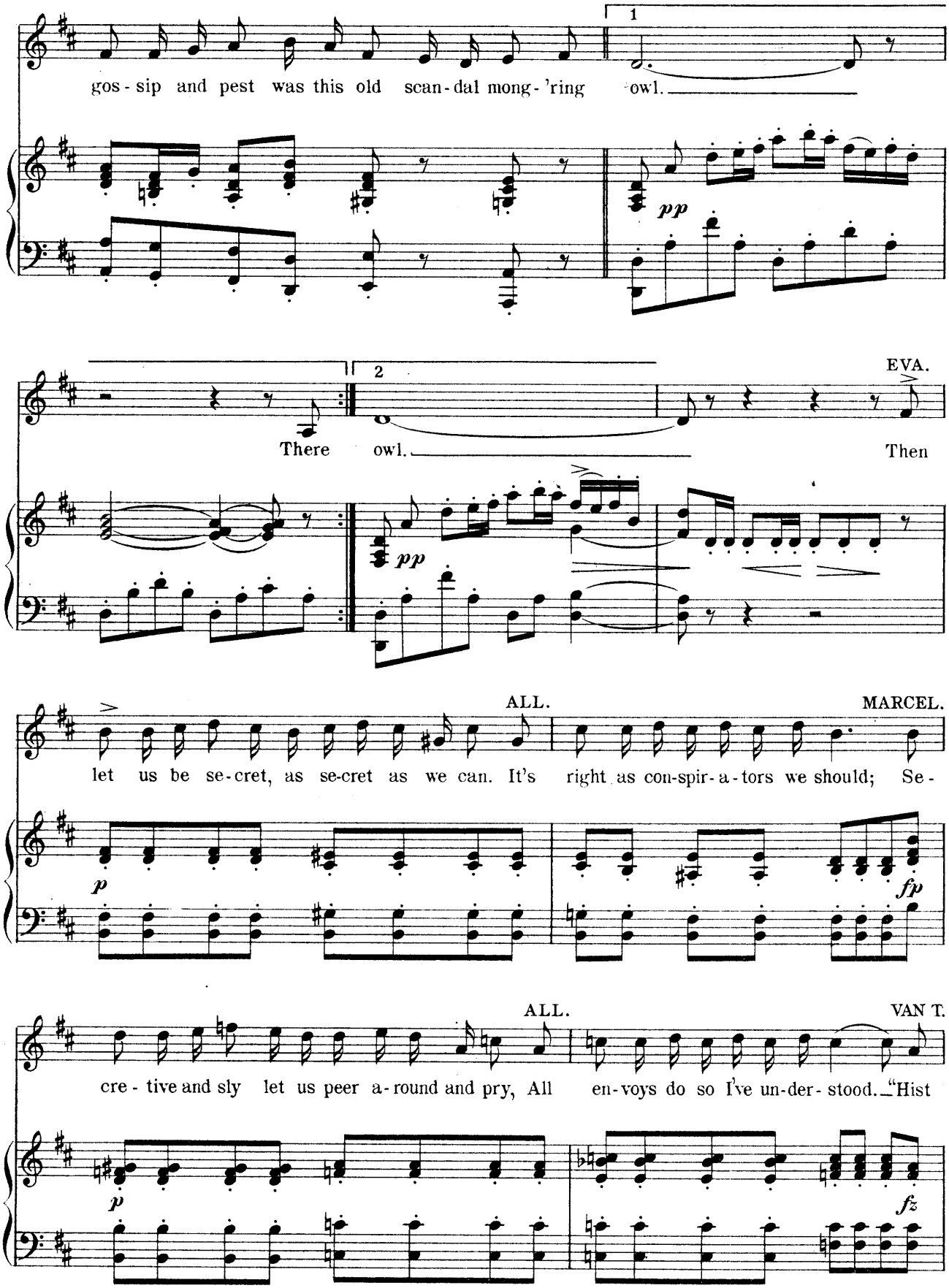
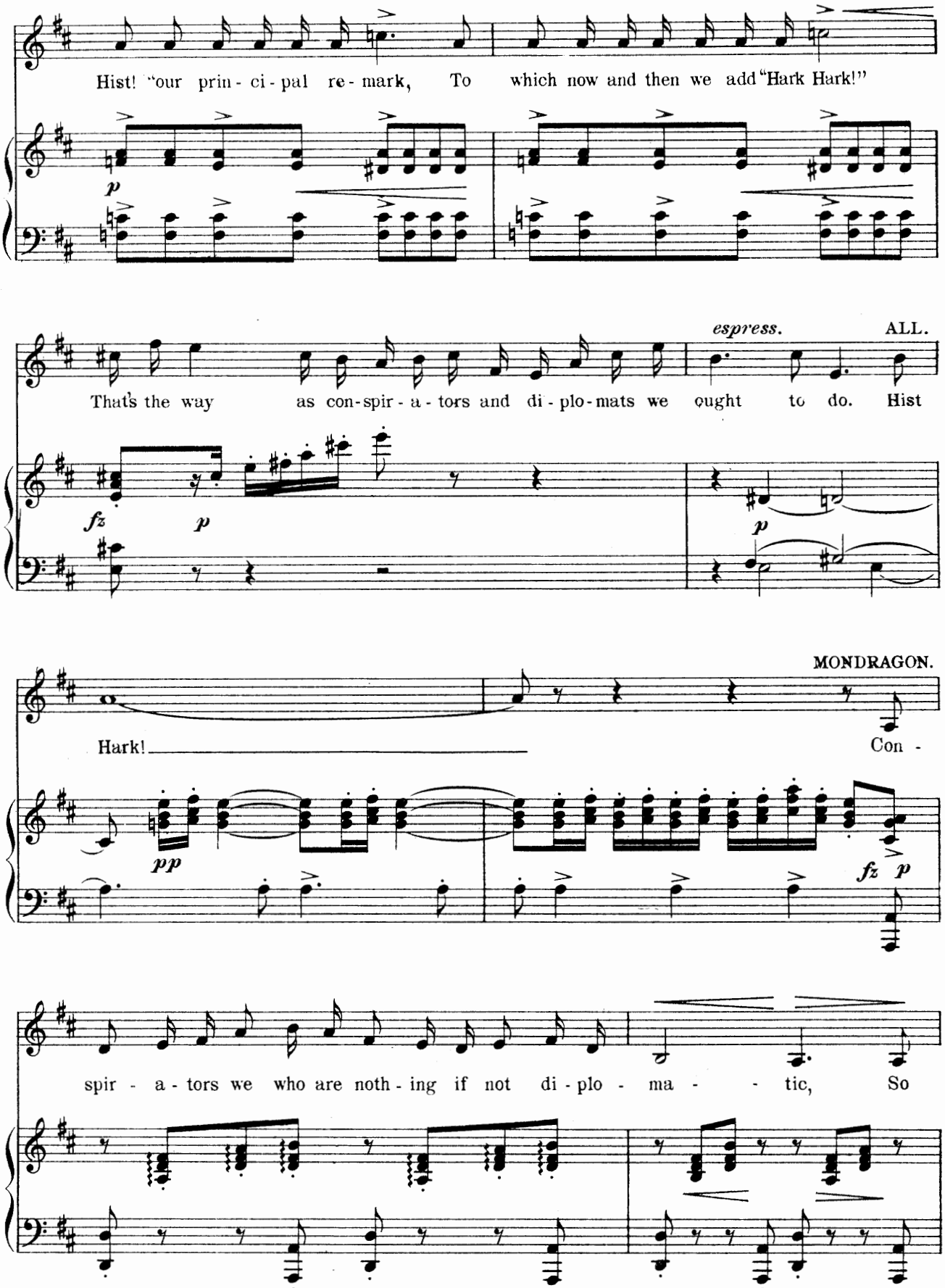
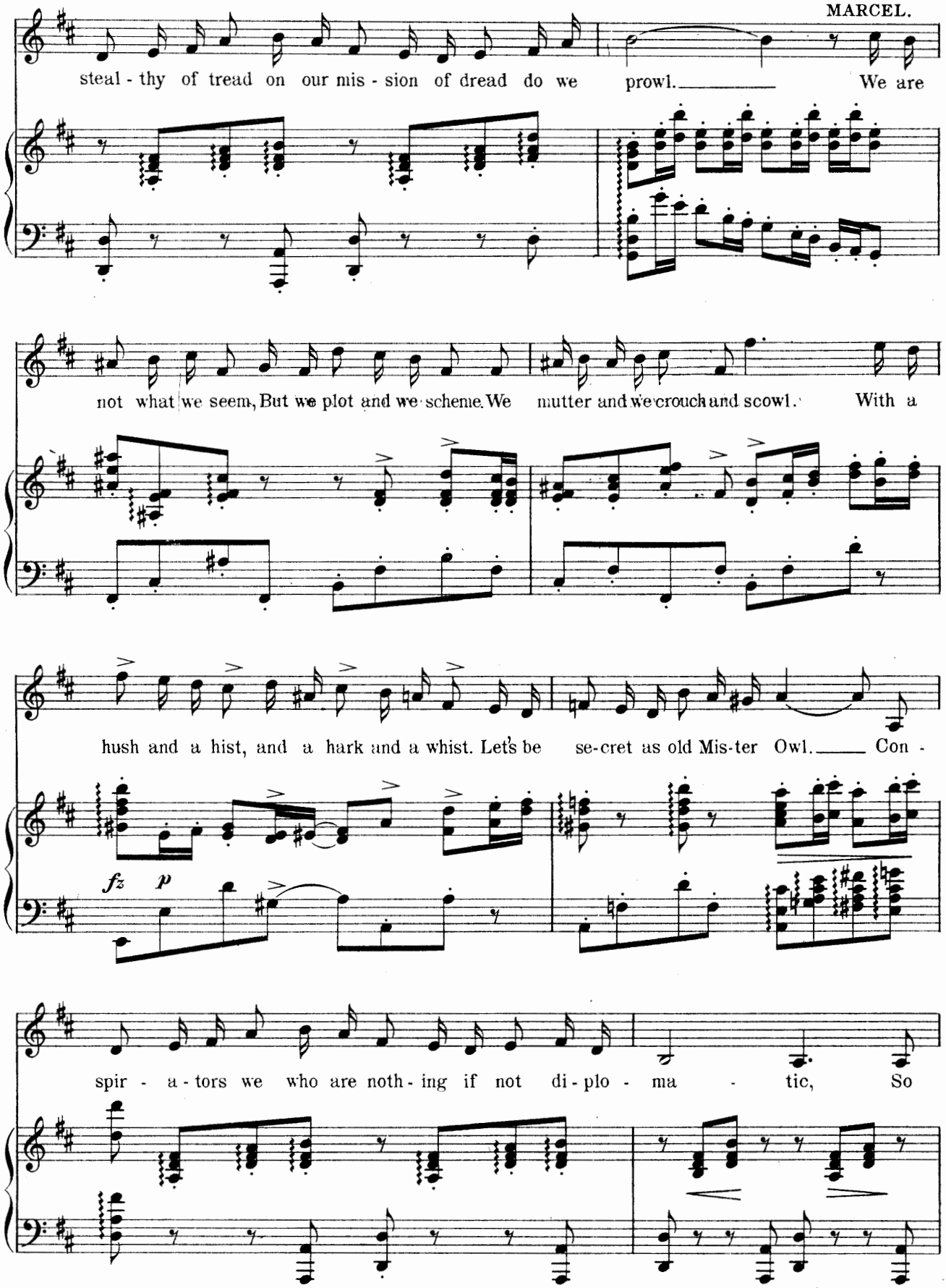
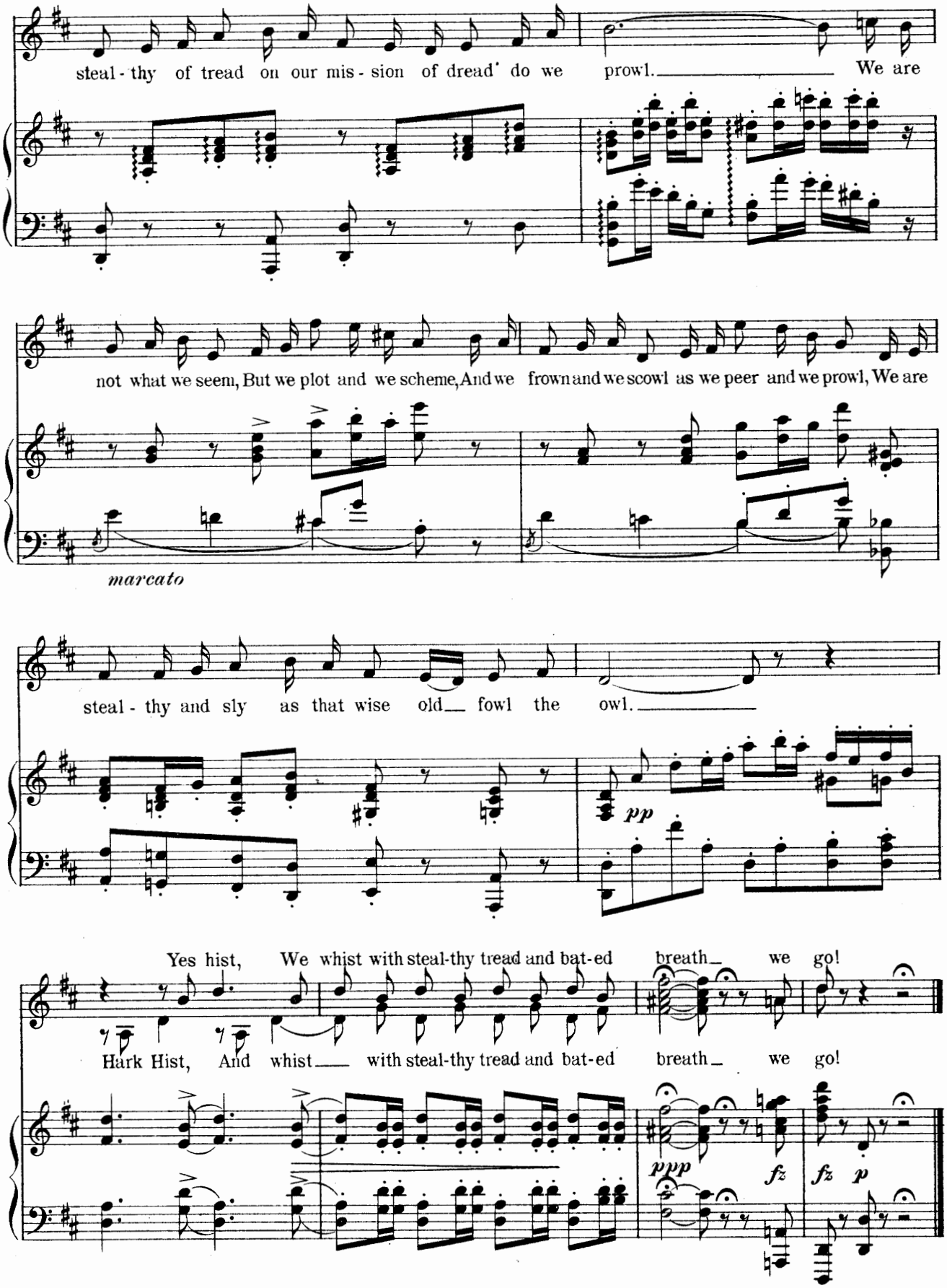

ALL.
there, nev-er found by the world all a-round, he would wait on his neigh-bors to spy. Oh
fz p
there in the dark he would think it a lark just to lis - - ten, To
MARCEL.
hear all the se - crets of oth - ers he'd hide and he'd prowl. 'Twas his
ALL.
great-est de-light all the day or by night, Just to keep all the neigh-bors in trou-ble and fright. Such a


1
gos - sip and pest was this old scan - dal mong - 'ring owl.
pp
2
There owl.
EVA.
Then
pp
ALL.
MARCEL.
let us be se - cret, as se-cret as we can. It's right as con-spir - a - tors we should; Se -
p
fp
ALL.
VAN T.
cre - tive and sly let us peer a - round and pry, All en-voys do so I've un-der - stood. "Hist
p
fz


Hist! "our prin - ci - pal re - mark, To which now and then we add "Hark Hark!"
p
espress.
ALL.
That's the way as con-spir - a - tors and di - plo-mats we ought to do. Hist
fz
p
p
MONDRAGON.
Hark!
Con -
pp
fz
p
spir - a - tors we who are noth - ing if not di - plo - ma - - tic, So


MARCEL.
steal - thy of tread on our mis - sion of dread do we prowl. We are
not what we seem, But we plot and we scheme. We mutter and we crouch and scowl. With a
hush and a hist, and a hark and a whist. Let's be se-cret as old Mis-ter Owl. Con -
fz
p
spir - a - tors we who are noth - ing if not di - plo - ma - tic, So


steal - thy of tread on our mis - sion of dread do we prowl. We are
not what we seem, But we plot and we scheme, And we frown and we scowl as we peer and we prowl, We are
marcato
steal - thy and sly as that wise old fowl the owl.
pp
Yes hist, We whist with steal-thy tread and bat-ed breath we go!
Hark Hist, And whist with steal-thy tread and bat-ed breath we go!
ppp
fz
fz
p

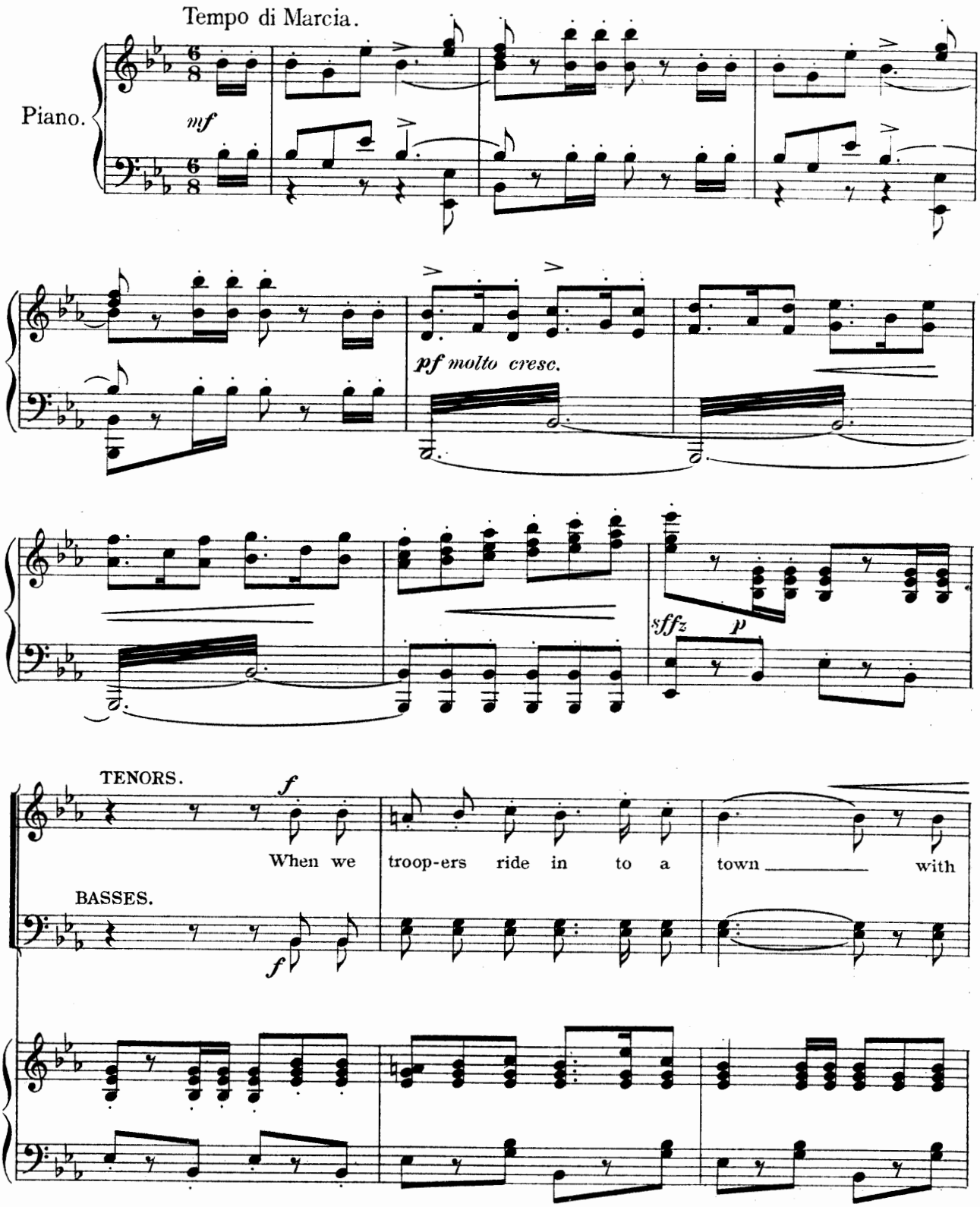
The Life of a bold Free Lance.

No 17.

Entrance of Captain Guzman and Musketeers.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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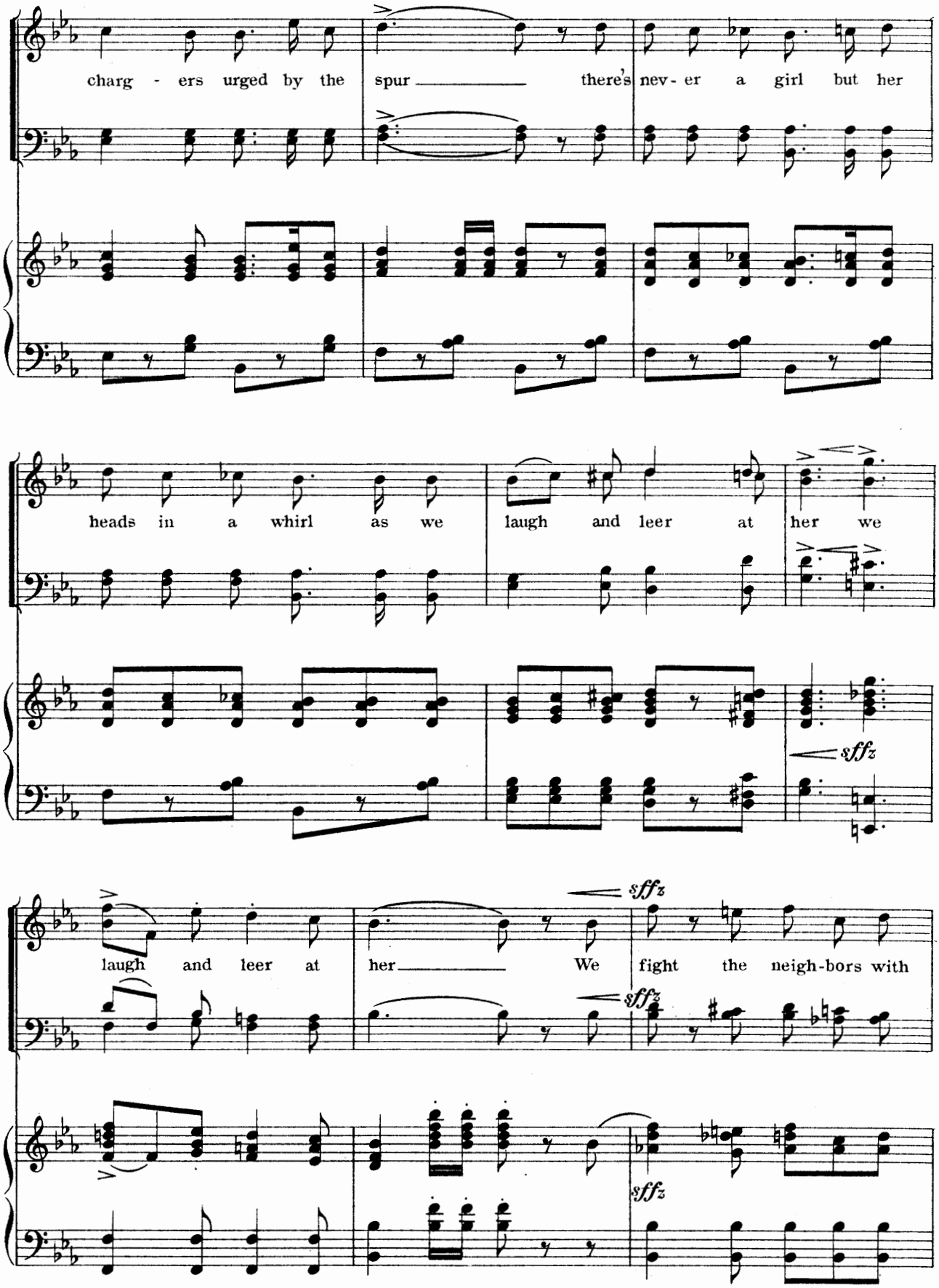
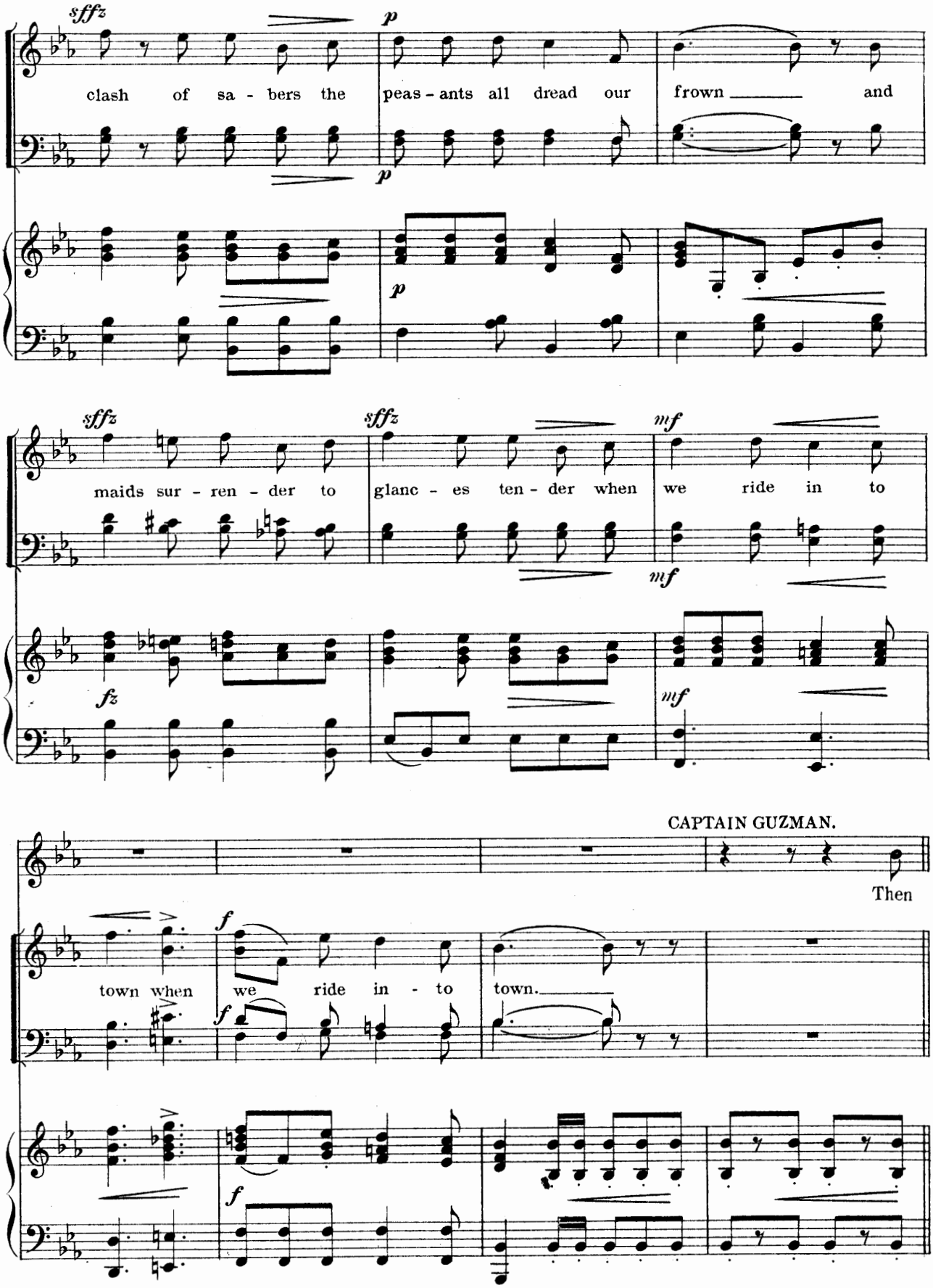
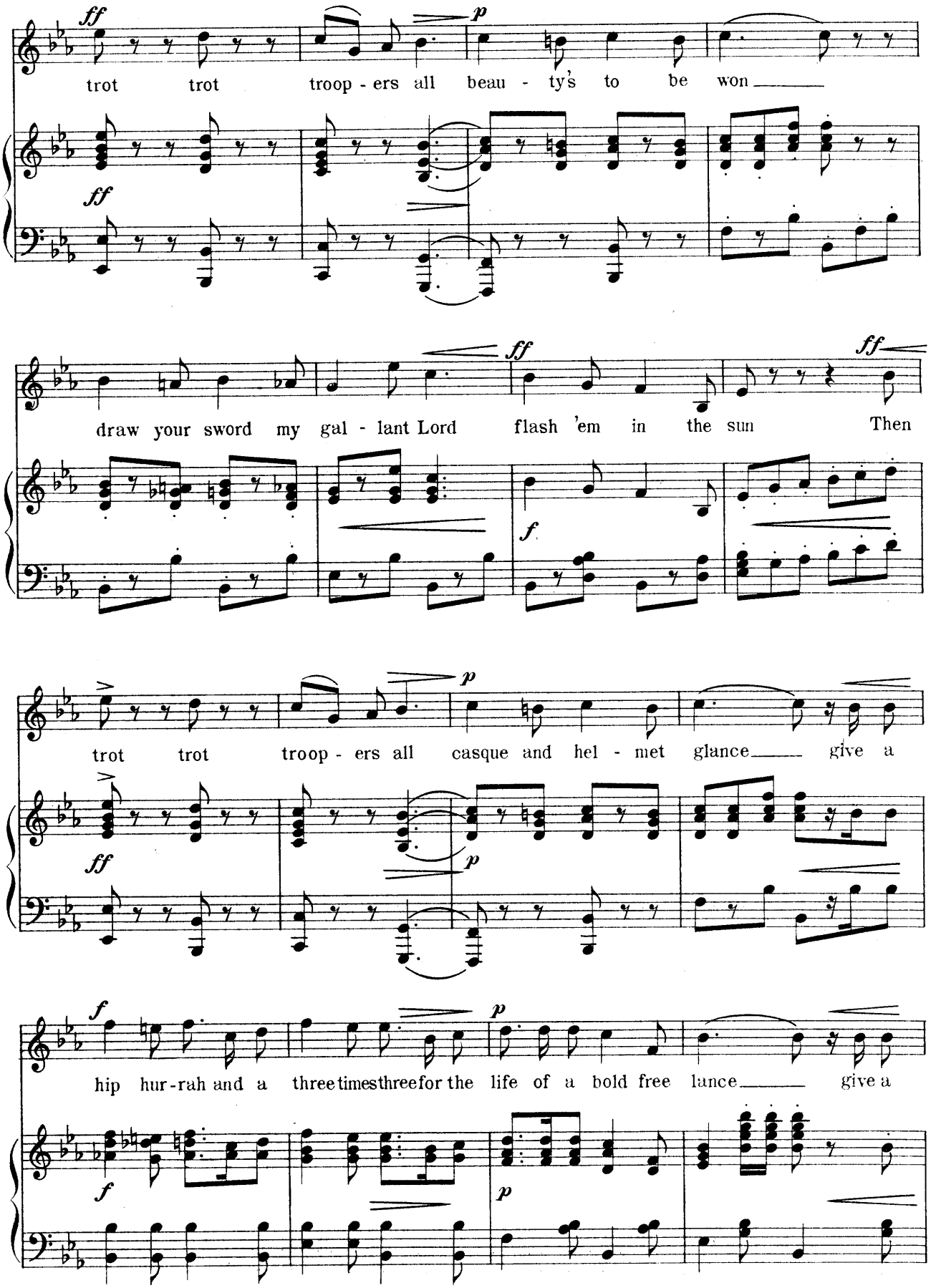
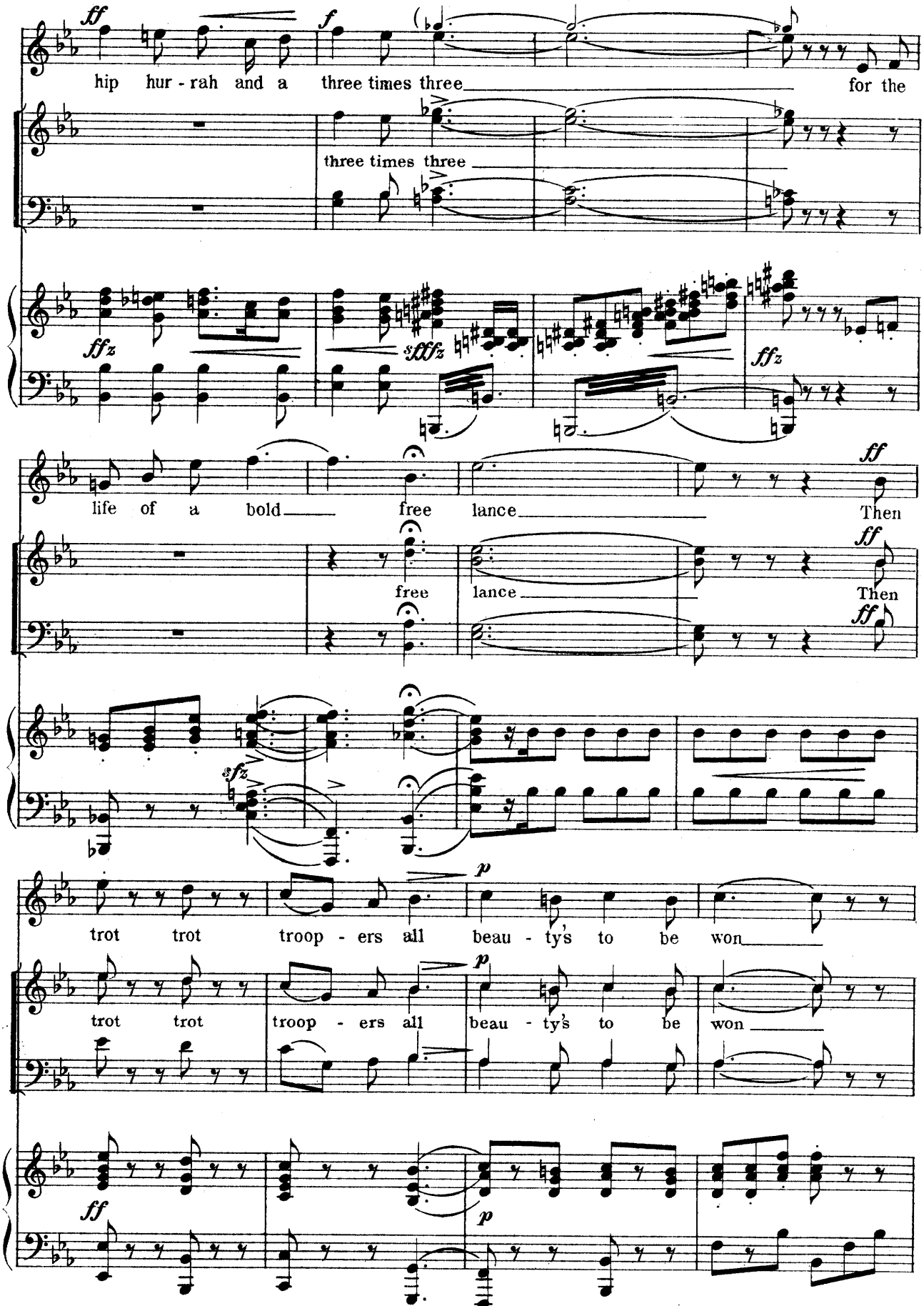
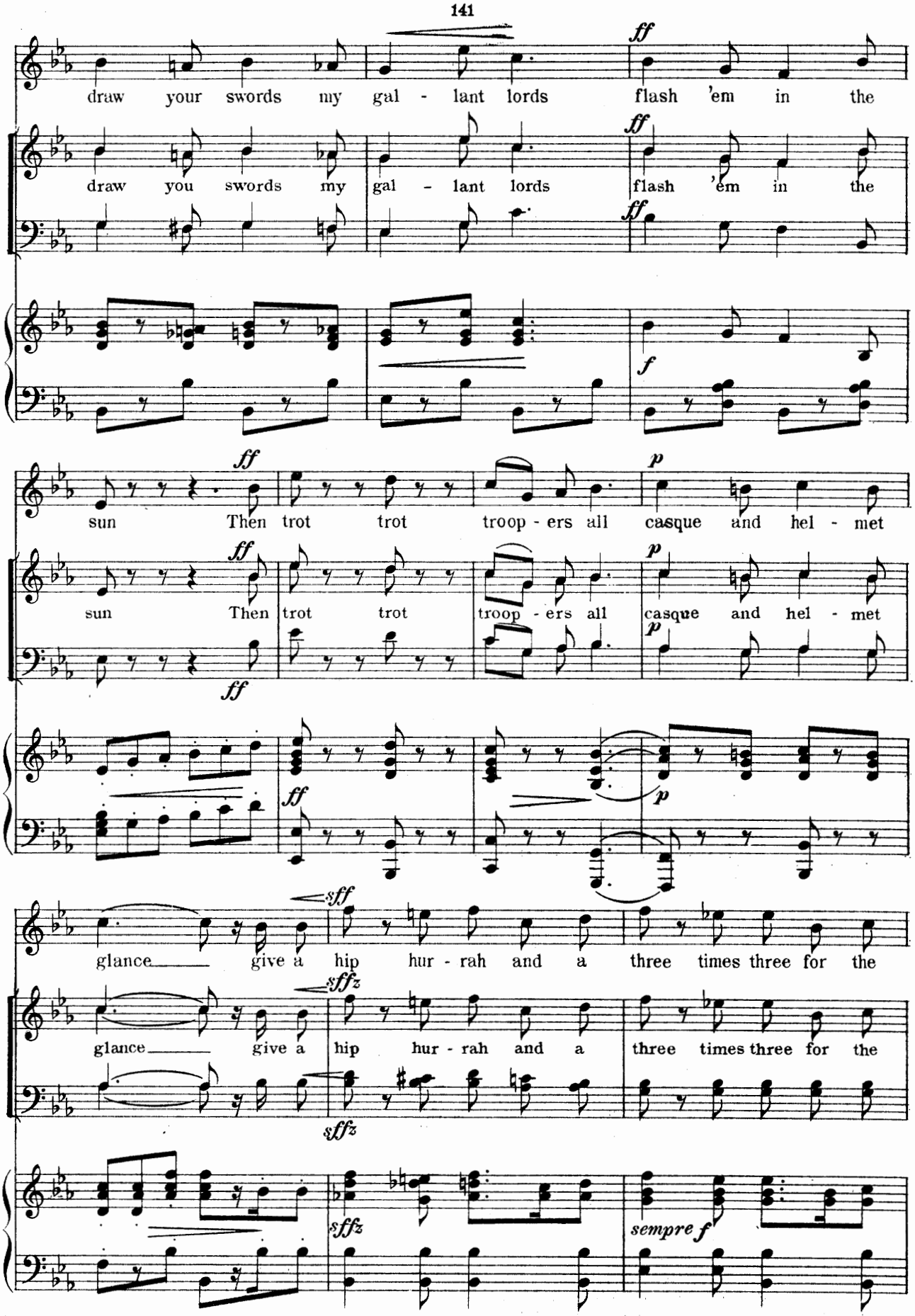
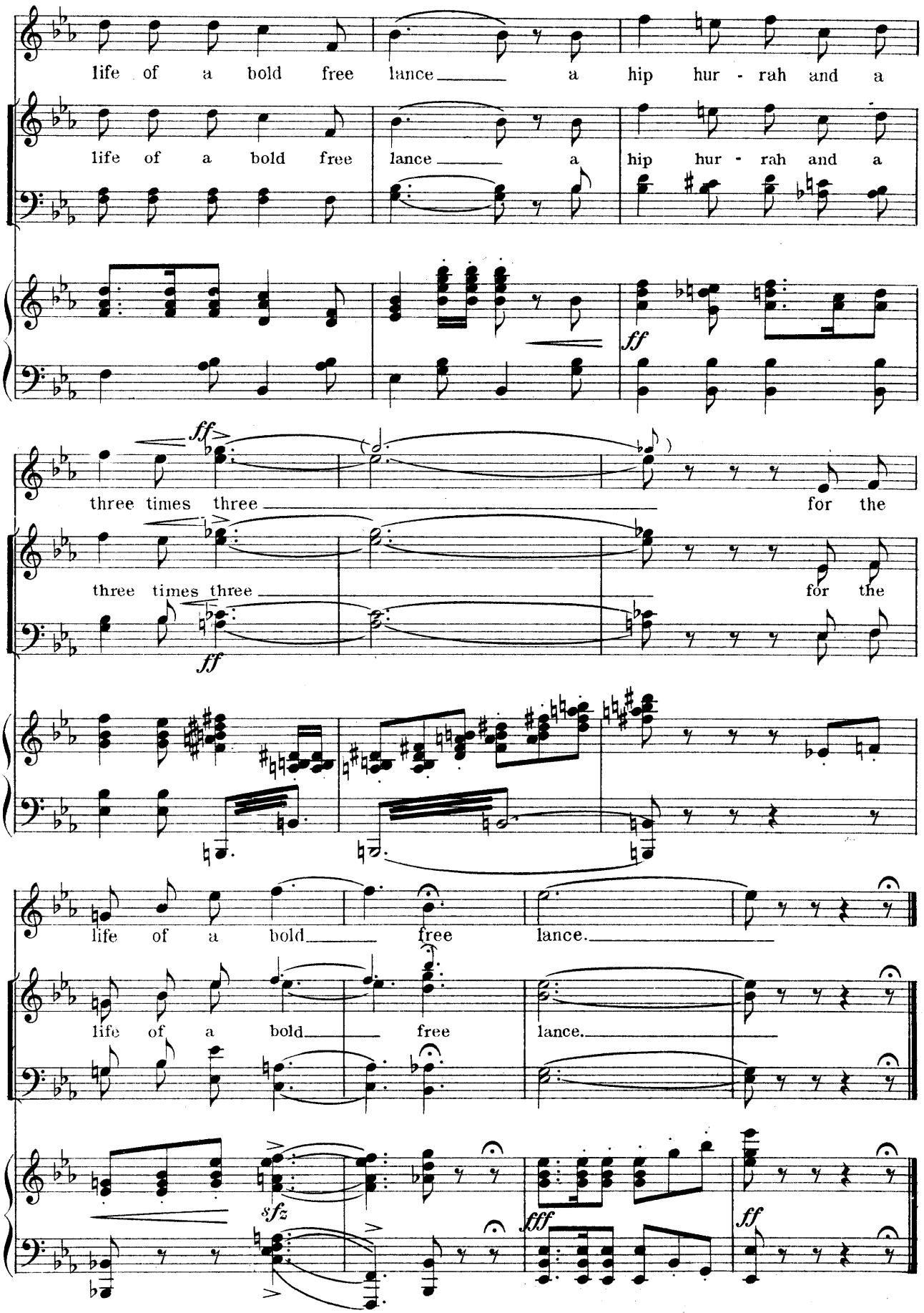

charg - ers urged by the spur there's nev- er a girl but her
heads in a whirl as we laugh and leer at her we
sffz
laugh and leer at her We fight the neigh-bors with
sffz
sffz
sffz


sffz
p
clash of sa - bers the
peas - ants all dread our
frown
and
sffz
sffz
mf
maids sur - ren - der to
glanc - es ten - der when
we ride in to
fz
mf
CAPTAIN GUZMAN.
Then
f
town when
we ride in - to
town.


ff
p
trot trot troop - ers all beau - ty's to be won
ff
ff
ff
draw your sword my gal - lant Lord flash 'em in the sun Then
f
trot trot troop - ers all casque and hel - met glance give a
ff
p
f
p
hip hur-rah and a three times three for the life of a bold free lance give a
f
p


ff
hip hur - rah and a
f
three times three
for the
three times three
ffz
sfffz
ffz
life of a bold
free
lance
Then
ff
free
lance
Then
ff
sfz
p
trot trot troop - ers all beau - ty's to be won
trot trot troop - ers all beau - ty's to be won
p
ff
p

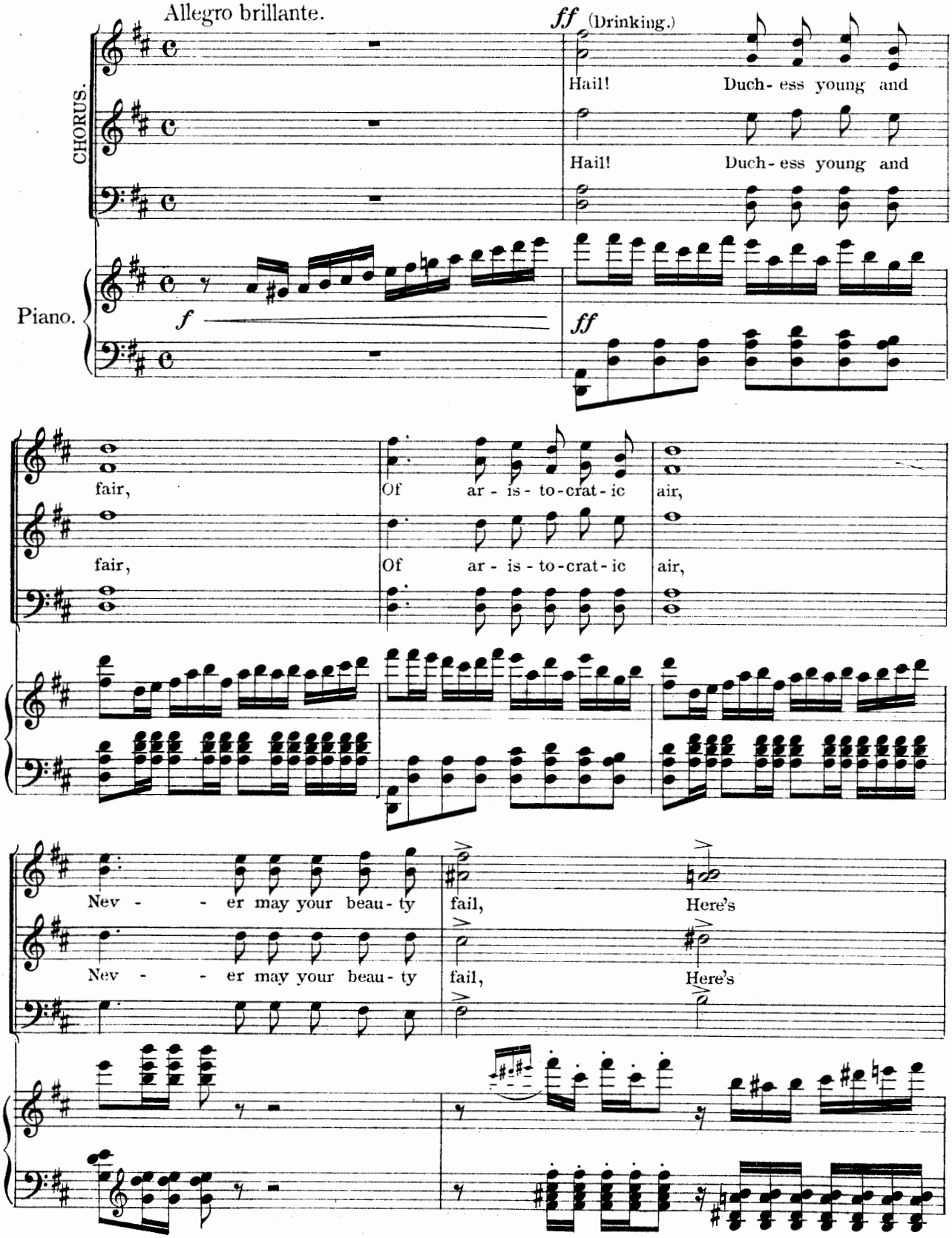

draw your swords my gal - lant lords flash 'em in the
draw you swords my gal - lant lords flash 'em in the
sun Then trot trot troop - ers all casque and hel - met
sun Then trot trot troop - ers all casque and hel - met
glance give a hip hur - rah and a three times three for the
glance give a hip hur - rah and a three times three for the
sempre f


life of a bold free lance a hip hur - rah and a
life of a bold free lance a hip hur - rah and a
ff
three times three for the
three times three for the
ff
life of a bold free lance.
life of a bold free lance.
sfz
fff
ff

№ 18. Finale II.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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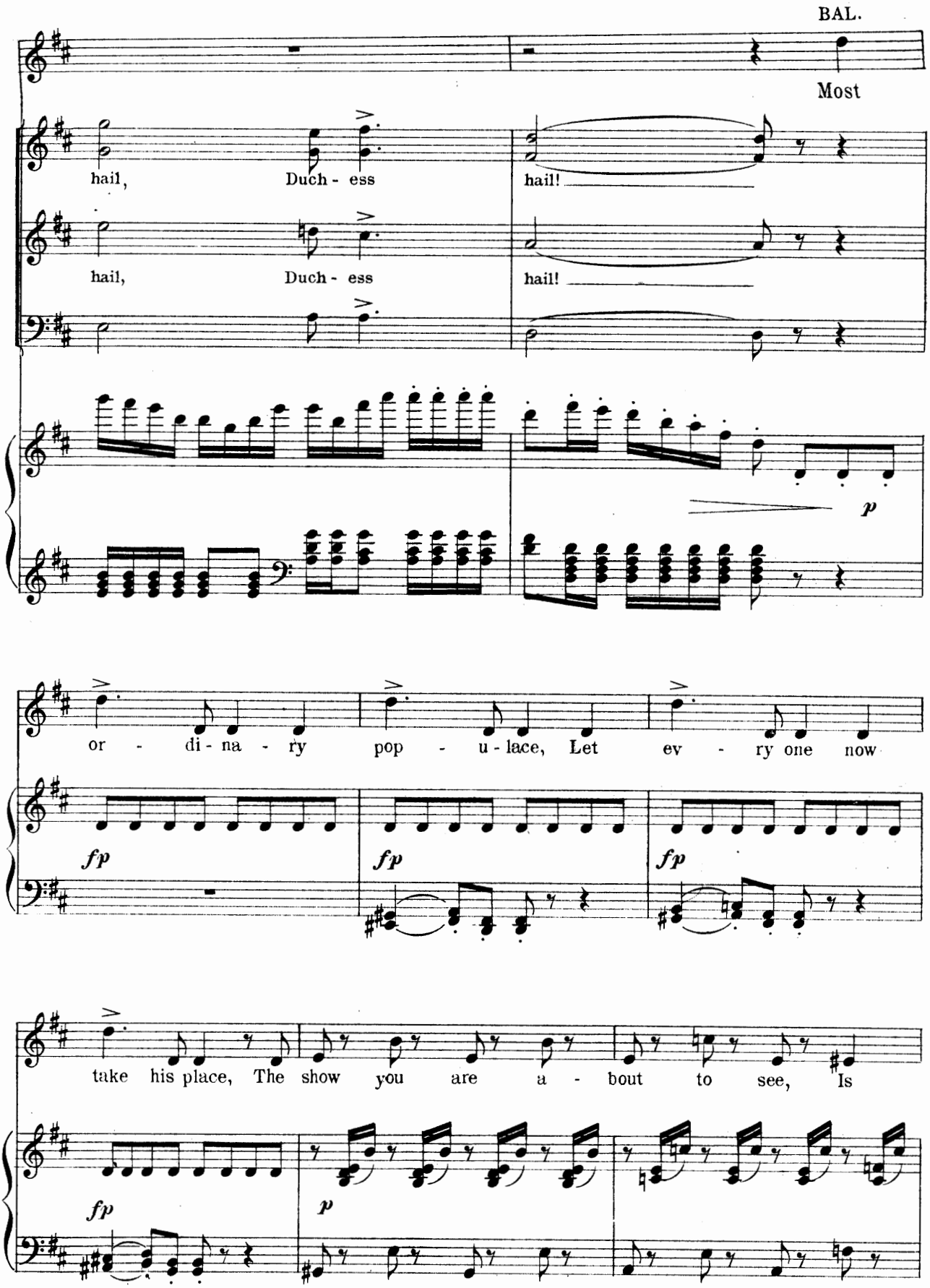
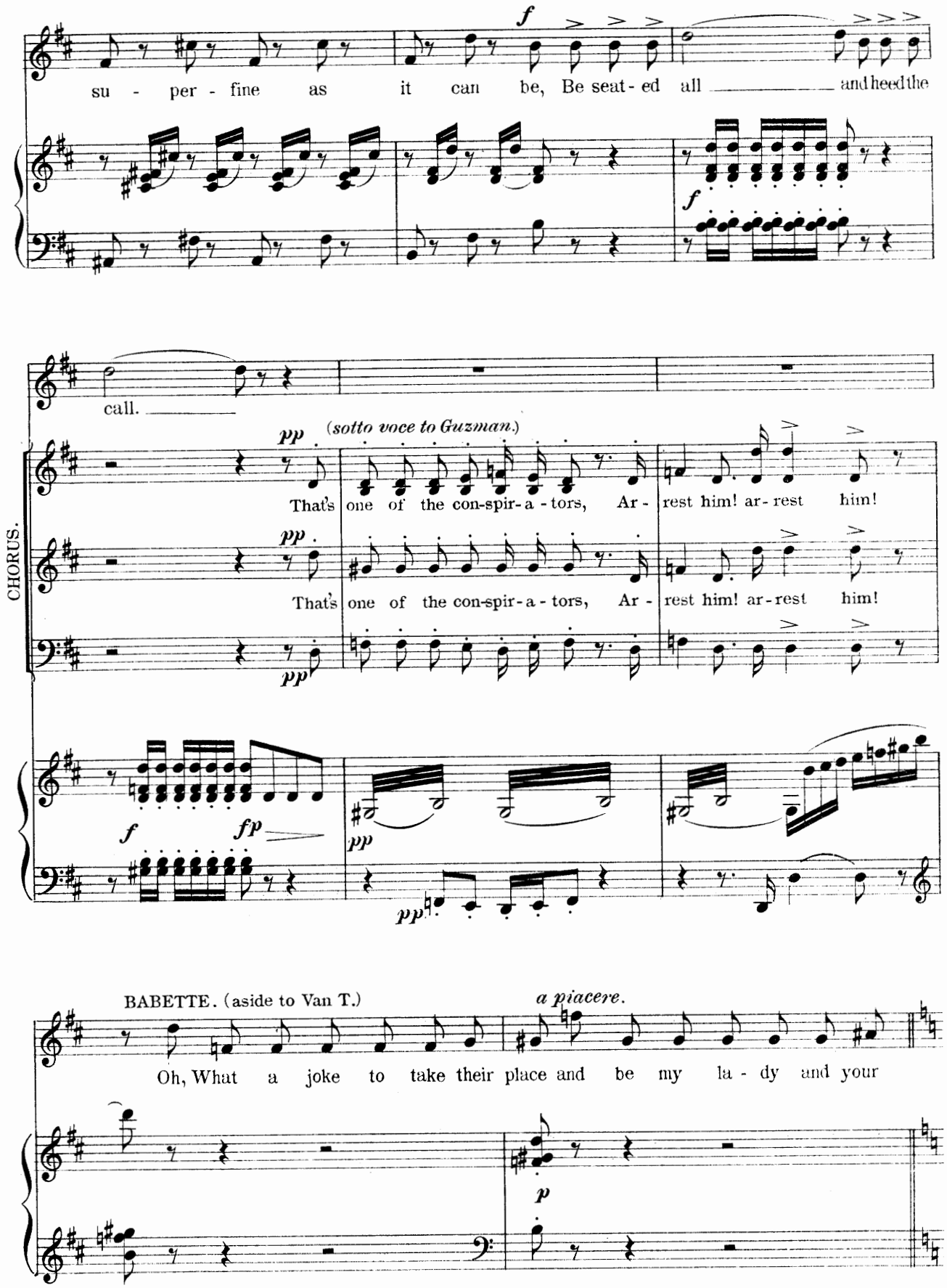
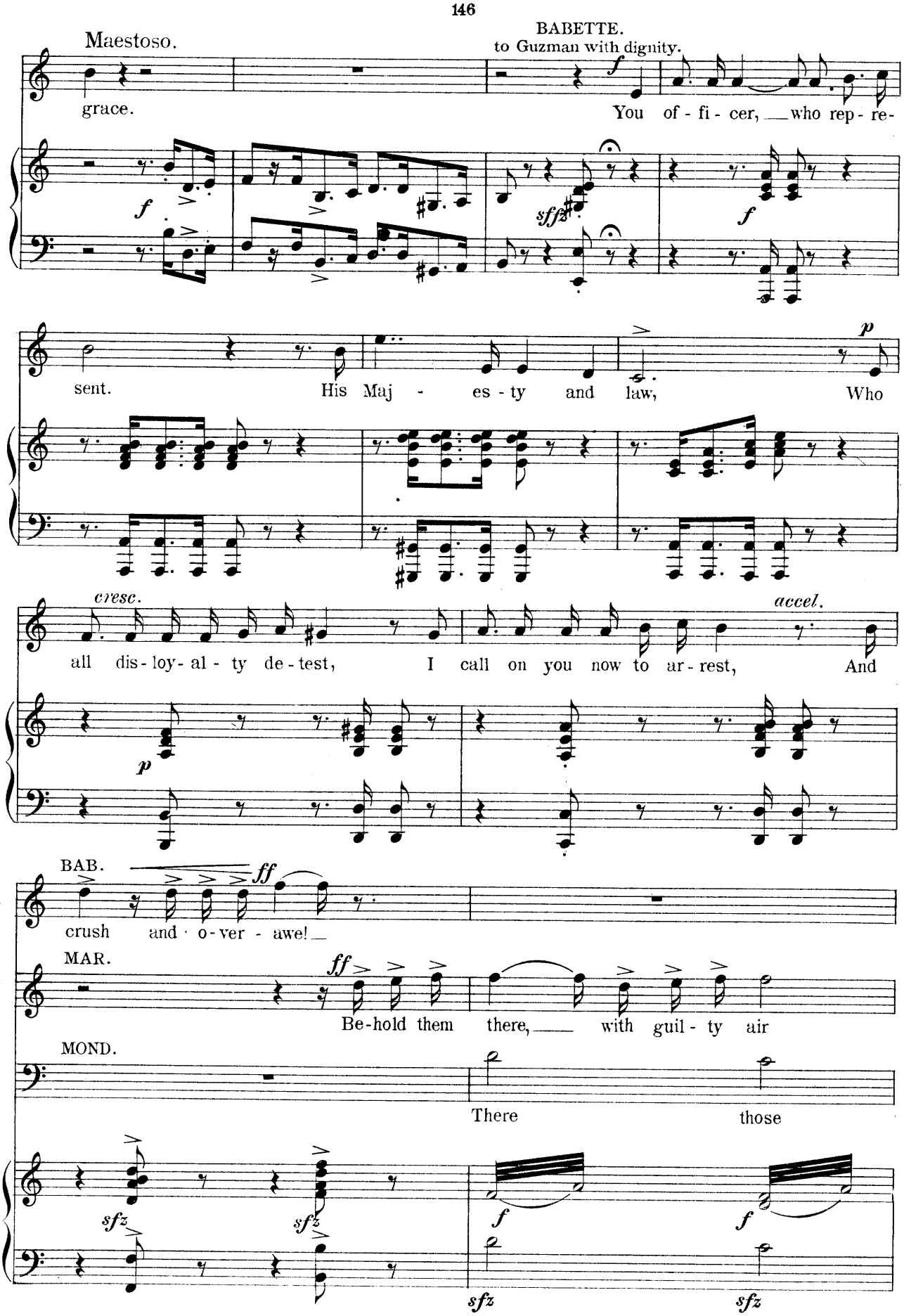
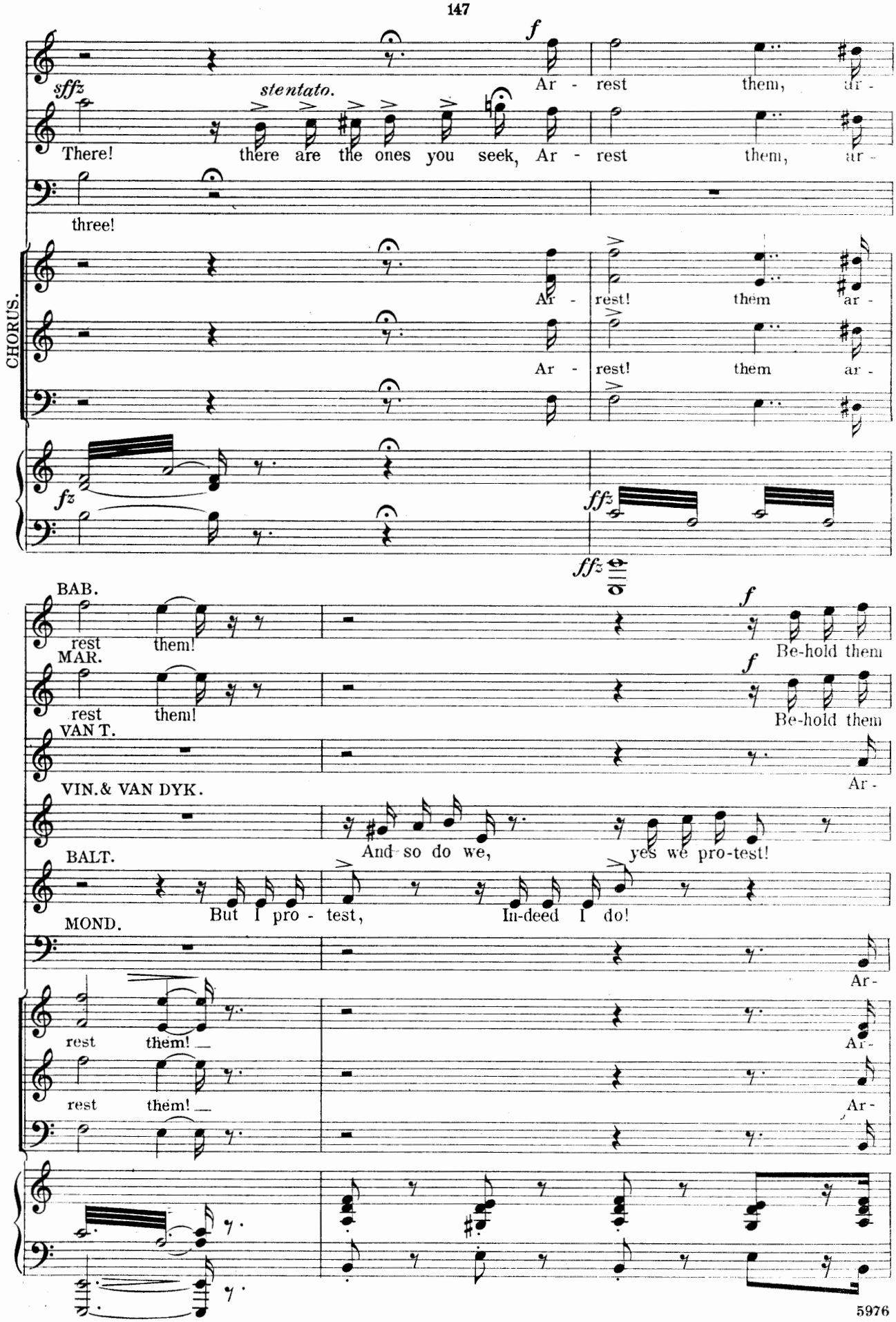
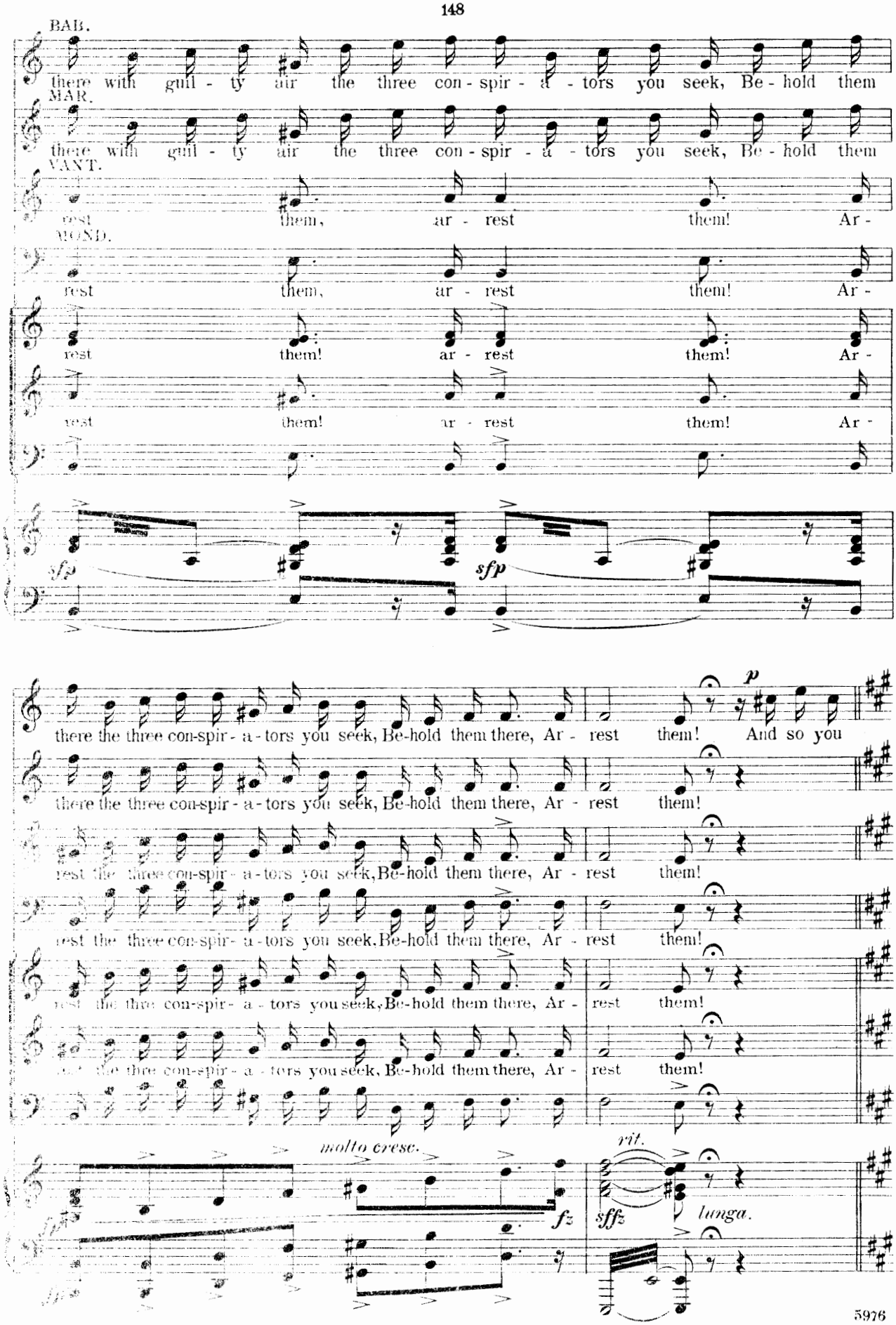
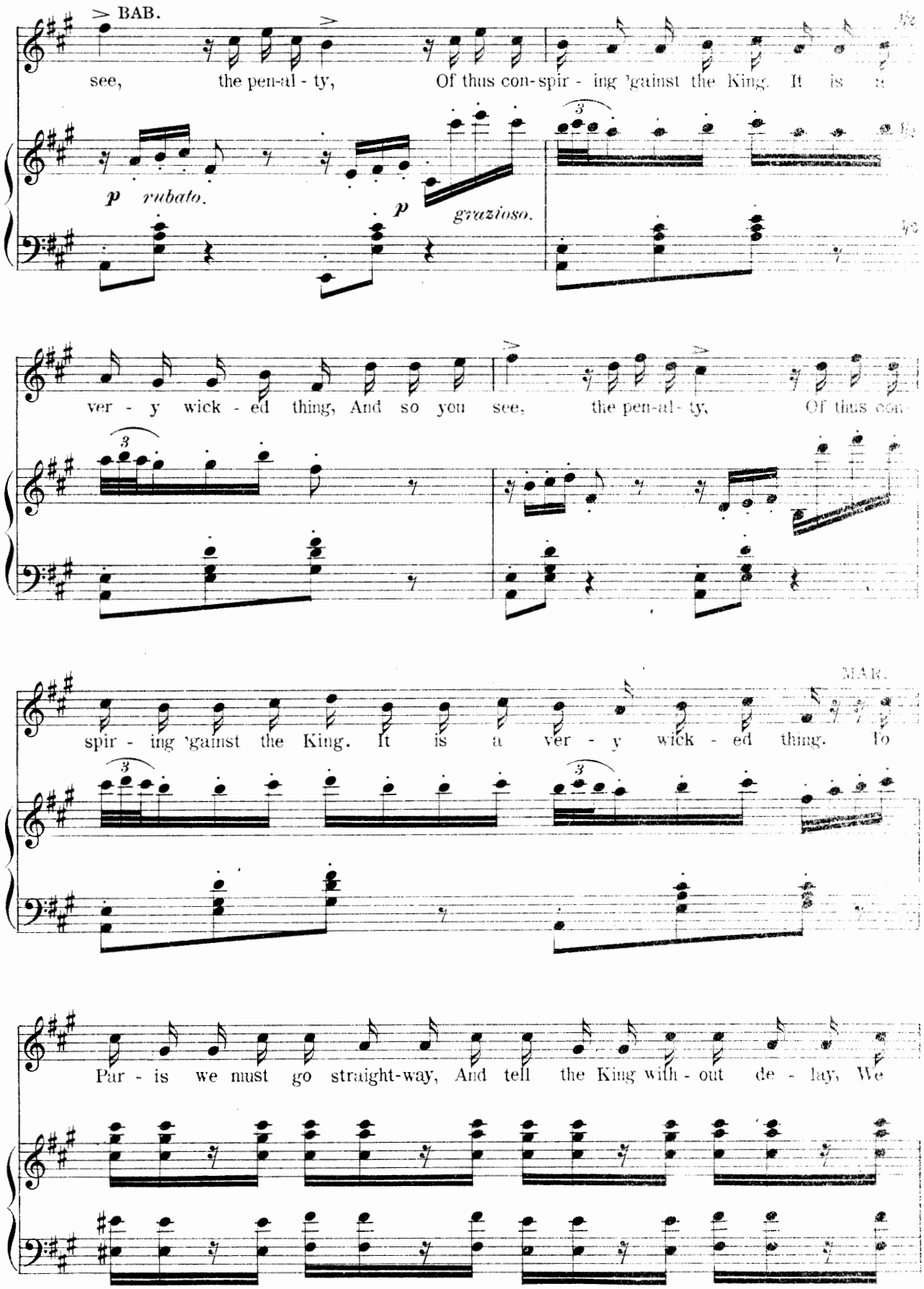

BAL.
Most
hail, Duch - ess hail!
hail, Duch - ess hail!
p
or - di - na - ry pop - u - lace, Let ev - ry one now
fp
fp
fp
take his place, The show you are a - bout to see, Is
fp
p

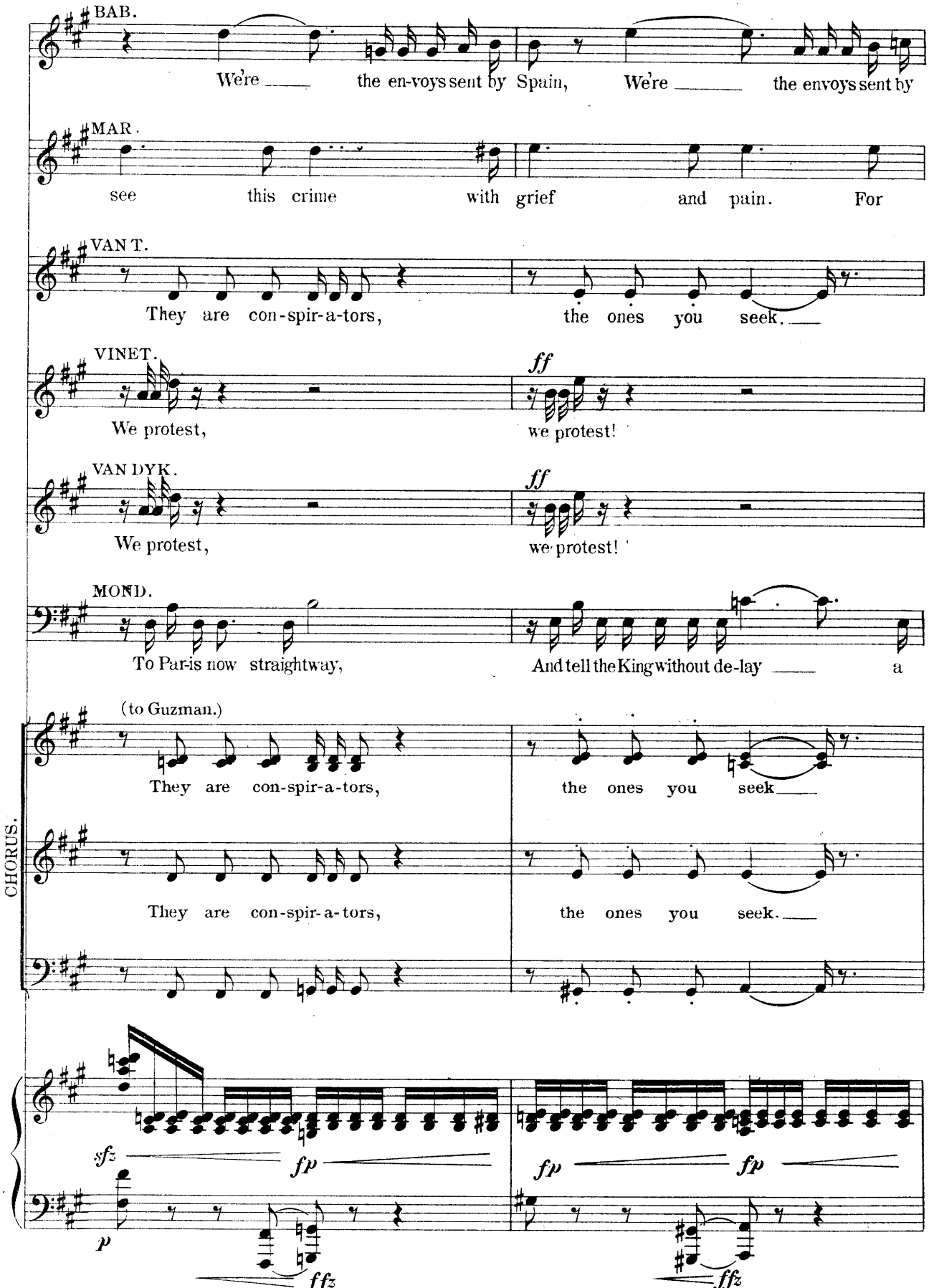

su - per - fine as it can be, Be seat - ed all and heed the
call.
(sotto voce to Guzman.)
CHORUS.
That's one of the con-spir-a - tors, Ar - rest him! ar - rest him!
That's one of the con-spir-a - tors, Ar - rest him! ar - rest him!
BABETTE. (aside to Van T.)
a piacere.
Oh, What a joke to take their place and be my la - dy and your

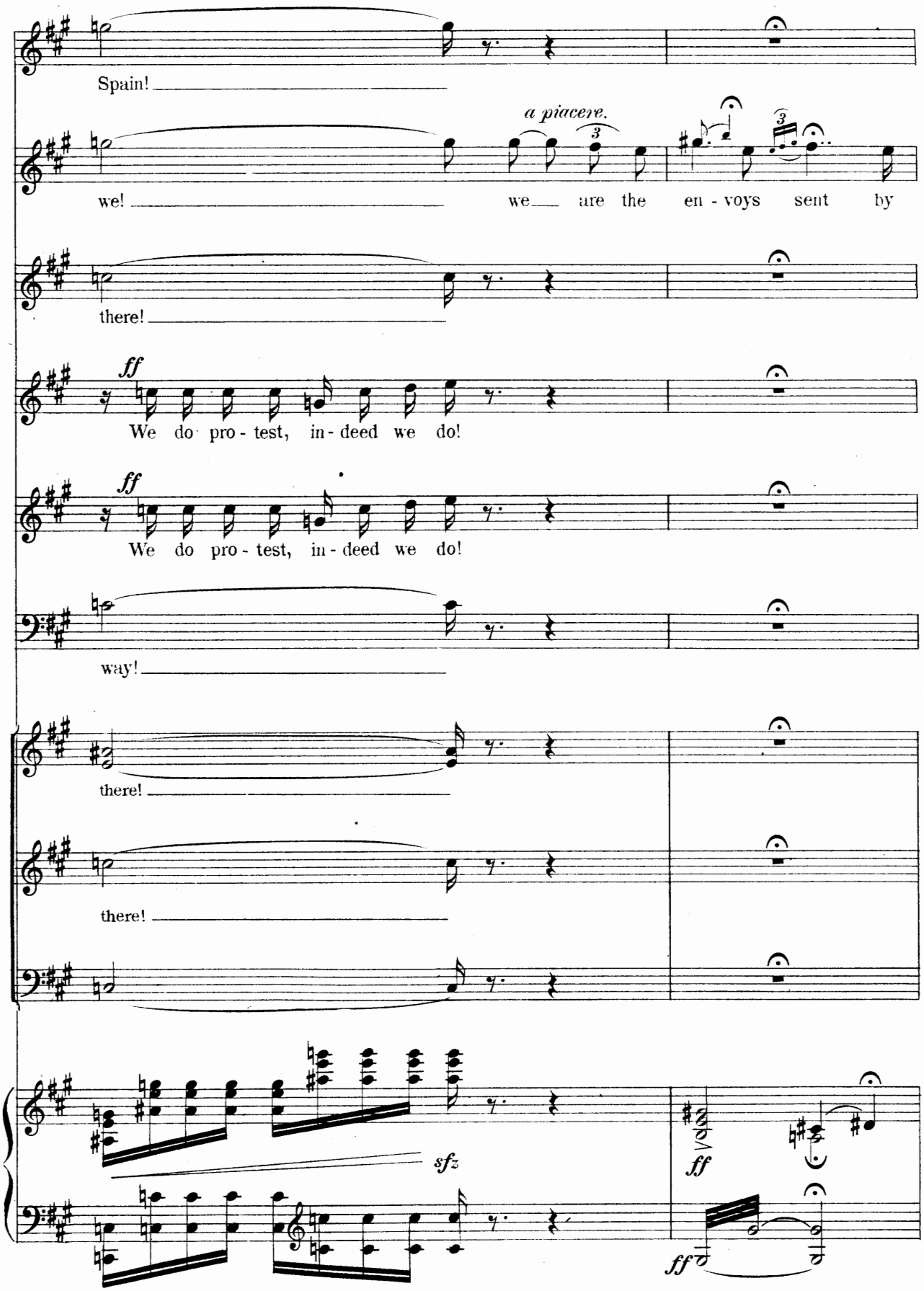

Maestoso.
BABETTE.
to Guzman with dignity.
grace.
You of - fi - cer, who rep - re-
sent. His Maj - es - ty and law, Who
cresc.
accel.
all dis - loy - al - ty de - test, I call on you now to ar - rest, And
BAB.
crush and o - ver - awe!
MAR.
Be-hold them there, with guil - ty air
MOND.
There those

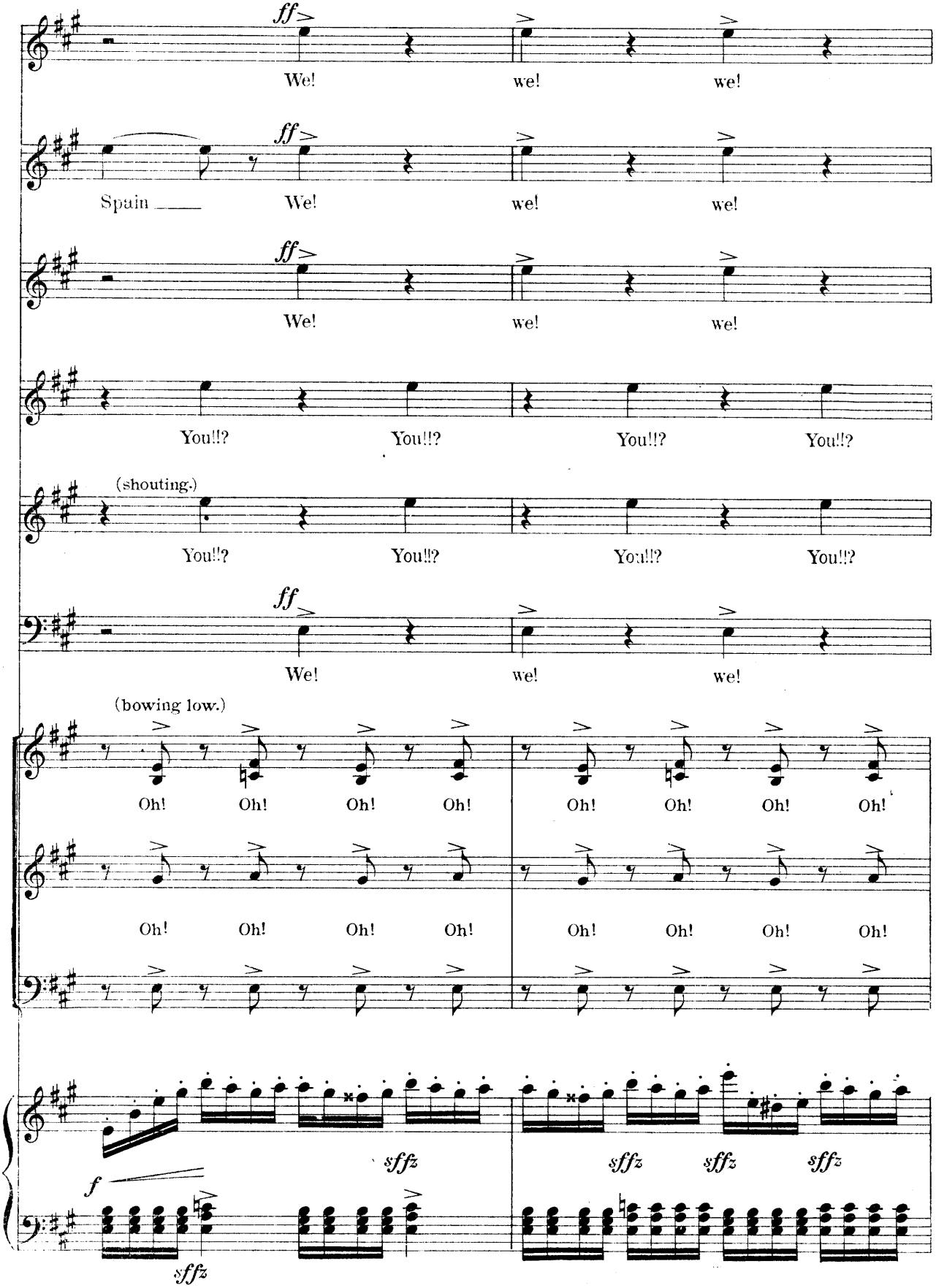

sffz
stentato.
f
There! there are the ones you seek, Ar - rest them, ar -
three!
CHORUS.
Ar - rest! them ar -
Ar - rest! them ar -
fz
ffz
ffz
BAB.
rest them!
MAR.
rest them!
VAN T.
VIN.& VAN DYK.
BALT.
MOND.
f
Be-hold them
f
Be-hold them
Ar -
And so do we, yes we pro-test!
But I pro - test, In-deed I do!
Ar -
rest them!
Ar -
rest them!
Ar -

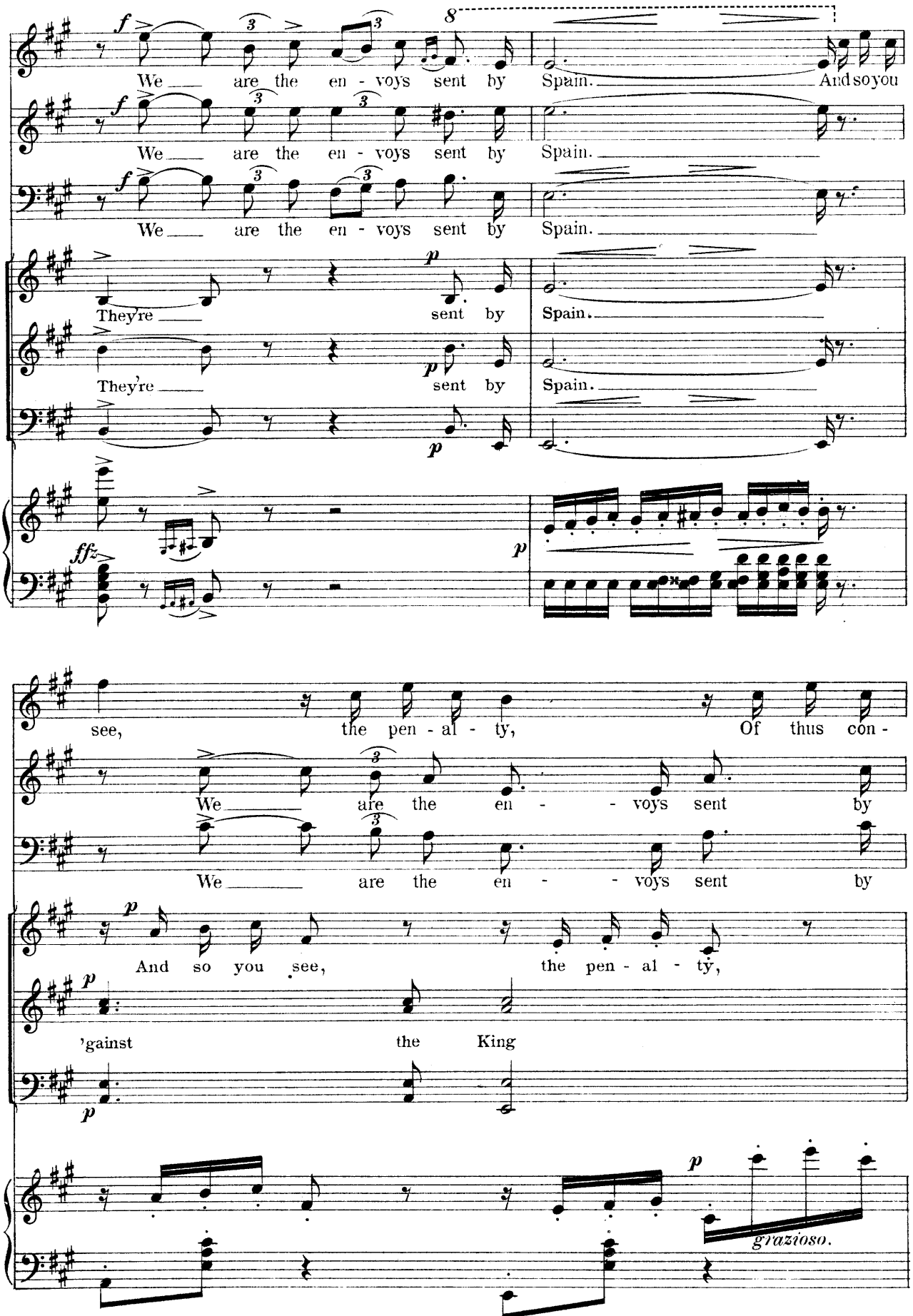

BAB.
there with guil - ty air the three con - spir - a - tors you seek, Be - hold them
MAR.
there with guil - ty air the three con - spir - a - tors you seek, Be - hold them
VANT.
rest them, ar - rest them! Ar -
MOND.
rest them, ar - rest them! Ar -
rest them! ar - rest them! Ar -
rest them! ar - rest them! Ar -
sfp
sfp
there the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them! And so you
there the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them!
rest the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them!
rest the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them!
rest the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them!
rest the three con-spir - a - tors you seek, Be-hold them there, Ar - rest them!
molto cresc.
fz
rit.
sffz
lunga.

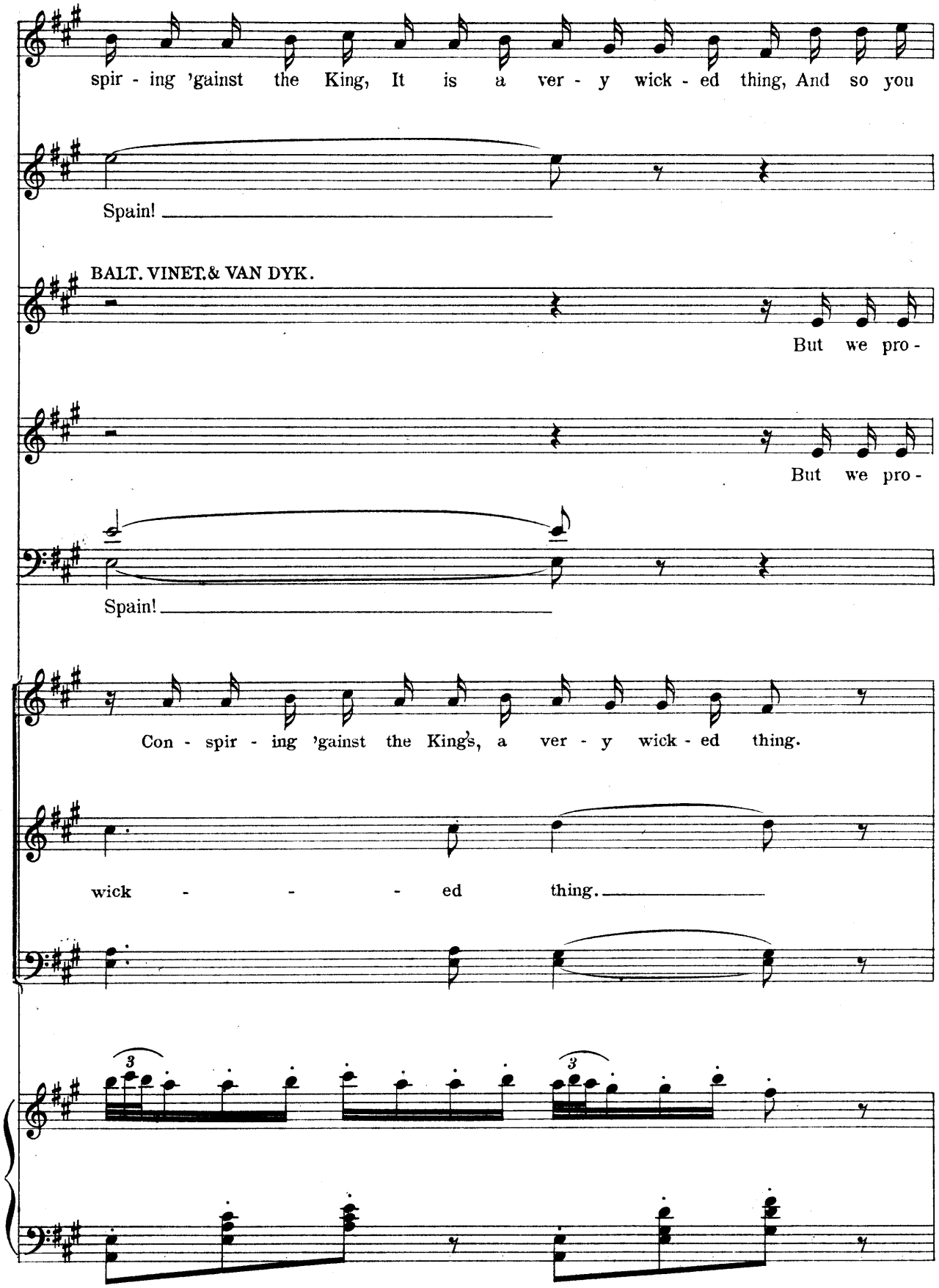

BAB.
see, the pen-al - ty, Of thus con-spir - ing 'gainst the King. It is a
p rubato.
p grazioso.
ver - y wick - ed thing, And so you see, the pen-al - ty, Of thus con-
spir - ing 'gainst the King. It is a ver - y wick - ed thing. To
MAR.
Par - is we must go straight-way, And tell the King with - out de - lay, We

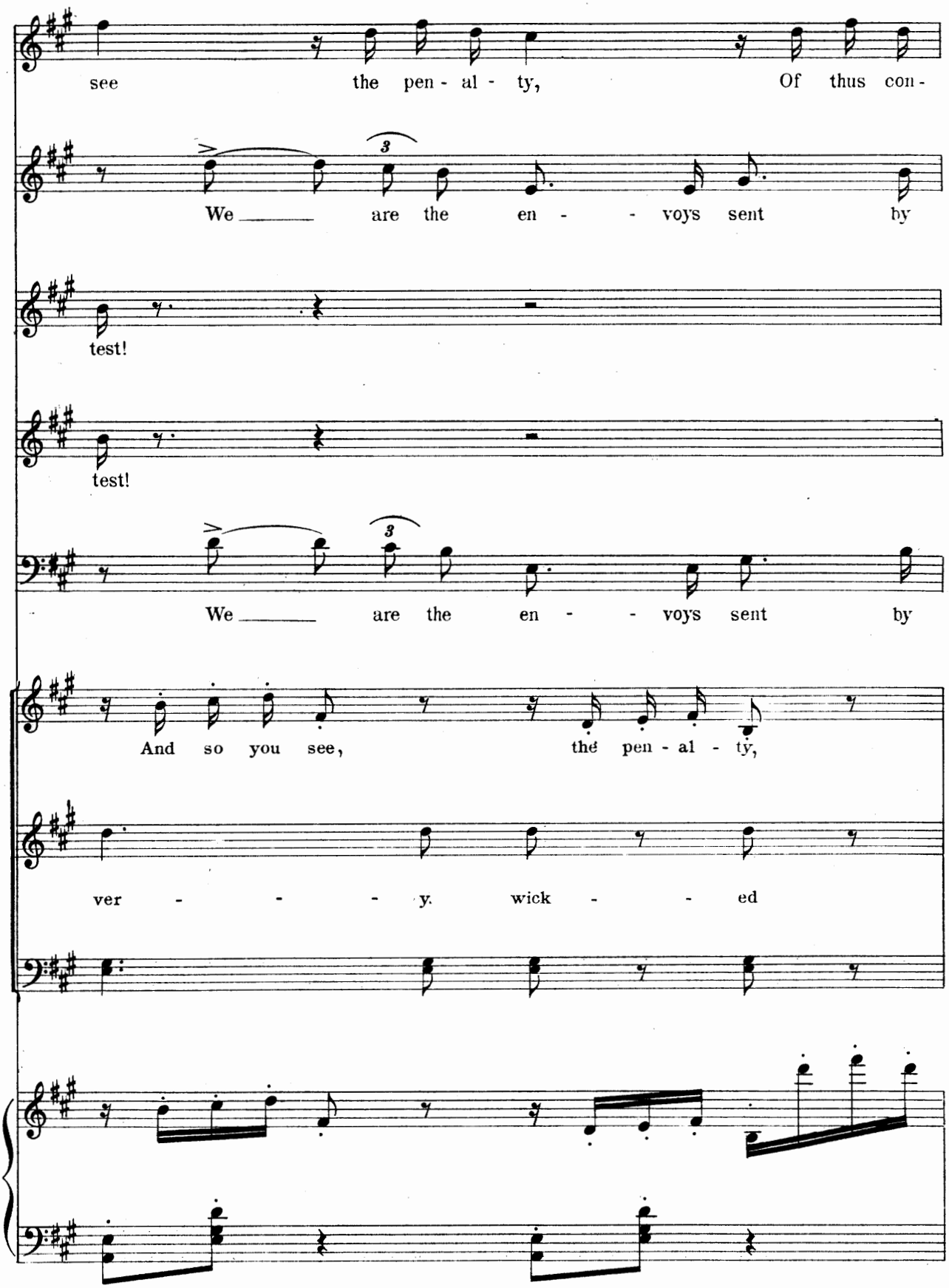

BAB.
We're the en-voys sent by Spain, We're the envoys sent by
MAR.
see this crime with grief and pain. For
VAN T.
They are con-spir-a-tors, the ones you seek.
VINET.
ff
We protest, we protest!
VAN DYK.
ff
We protest, we protest!
MOND.
To Par-is now straightway, And tell the King without de-lay a
(to Guzman.)
They are con-spir-a-tors, the ones you seek
CHORUS.
They are con-spir-a-tors, the ones you seek.
sfz
fp
fp
fp
p
ffz
ffz

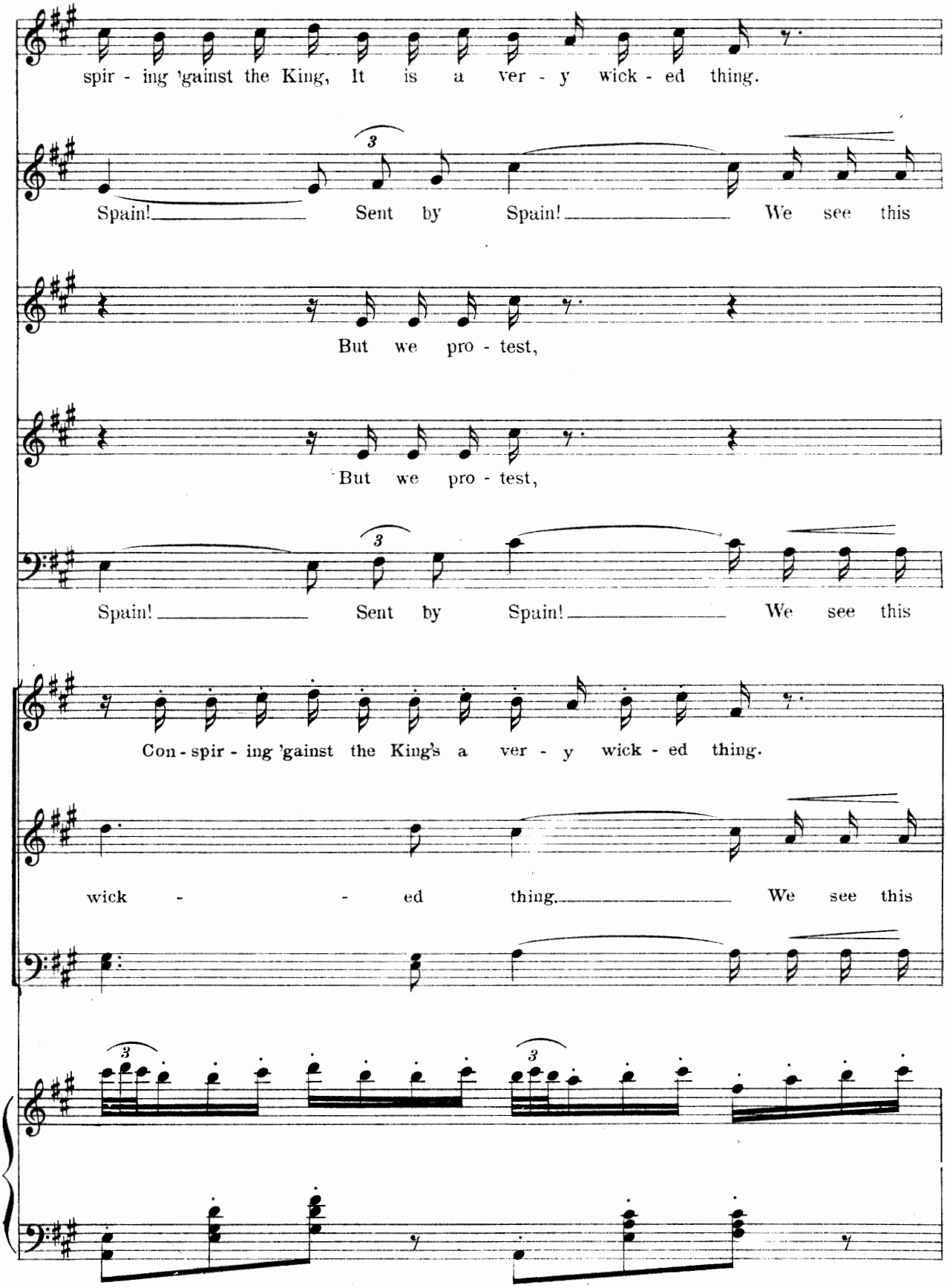

Spain!
a piacere.
we! we are the en - voys sent by
there!
ff
We do pro - test, in - deed we do!
ff
We do pro - test, in - deed we do!
way!
there!
there!
sfz
ff
ff

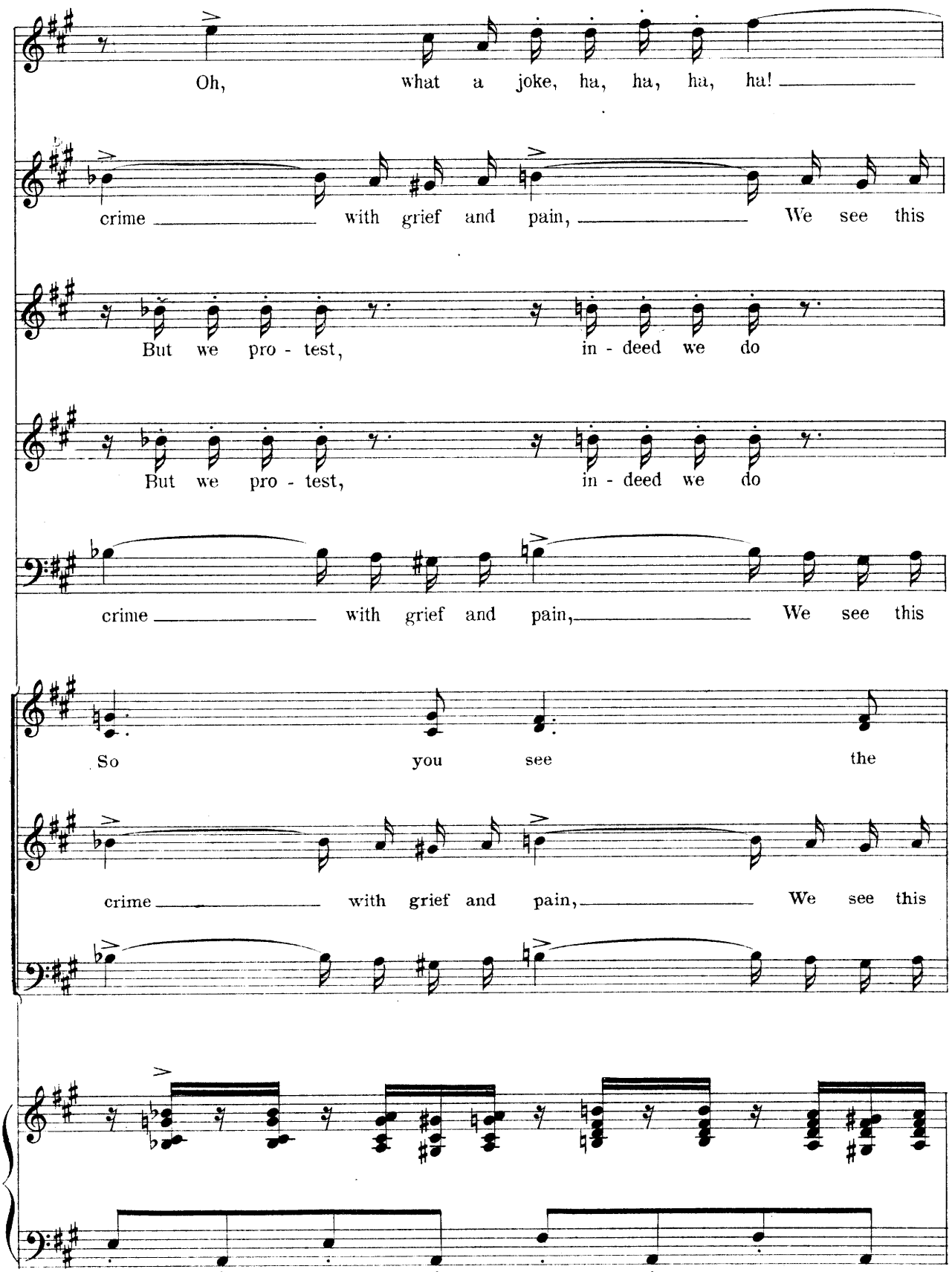

ff
We! we! we!
Spain ___ We! we! we!
We! we! we!
You!!? You!!? You!!? You!!?
(shouting.)
You!!? You!!? You!!? You!!?
We! we! we!
(bowing low.)
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
sffz
f
sffz

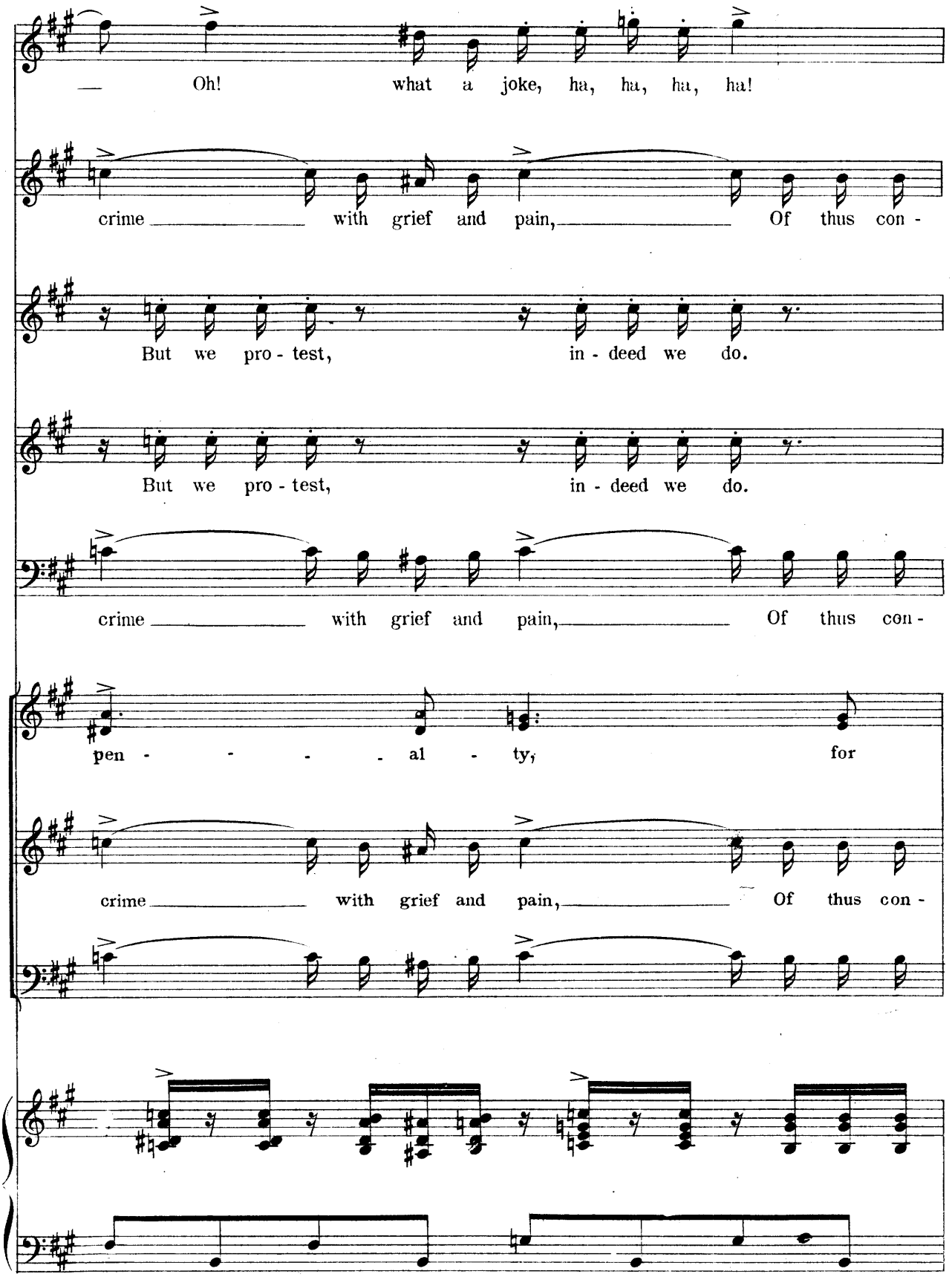

We are the en - voys sent by Spain. And so you
We are the en - voys sent by Spain.
We are the en - voys sent by Spain.
They're sent by Spain.
They're sent by Spain.
see, the pen - al - ty, Of thus con -
We are the en - voys sent by
We are the en - voys sent by
And so you see, the pen - al - ty,
'gainst the King
grazioso.

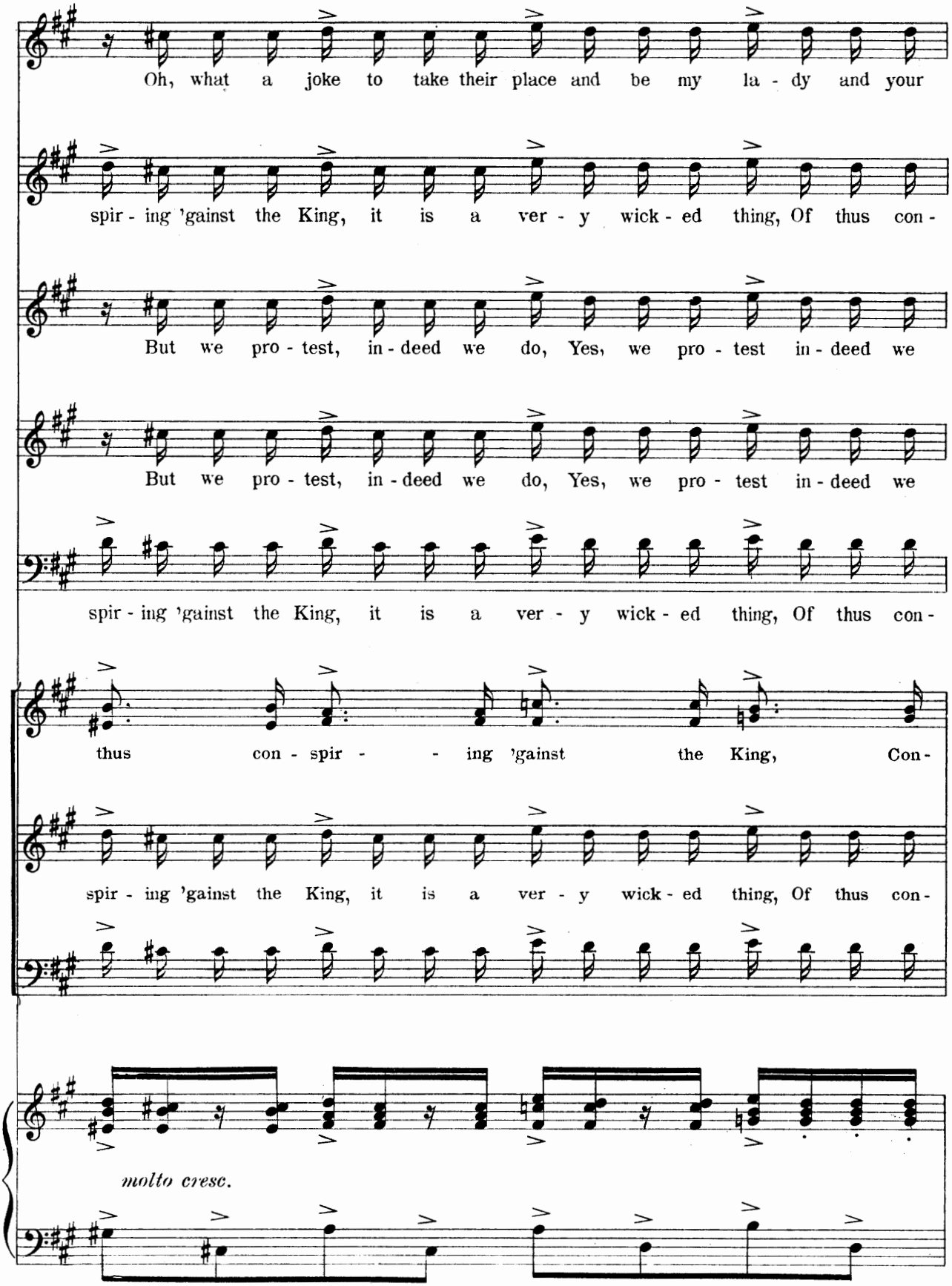

spir - ing 'gainst the King, It is a ver - y wick - ed thing, And so you
Spain!
BALT. VINET.& VAN DYK.
But we pro -
But we pro -
Spain!
Con - spir - ing 'gainst the King's, a ver - y wick - ed thing.
wick - - - ed thing.

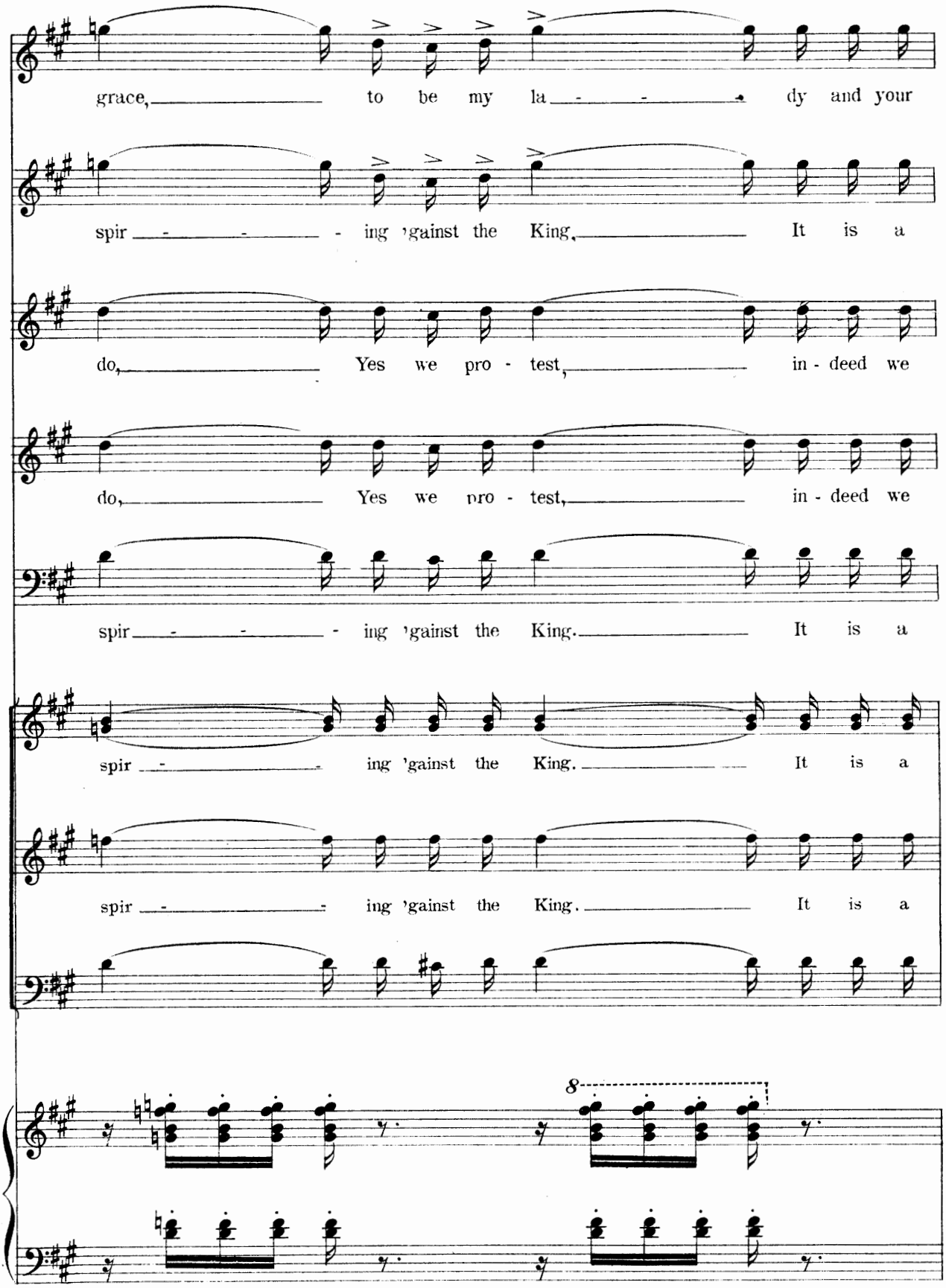

see the pen - al - ty, Of thus con -
We are the en - - voys sent by
test!
test!
We are the en - - voys sent by
And so you see, the pen - al - ty,
ver - - - y. wick - - ed

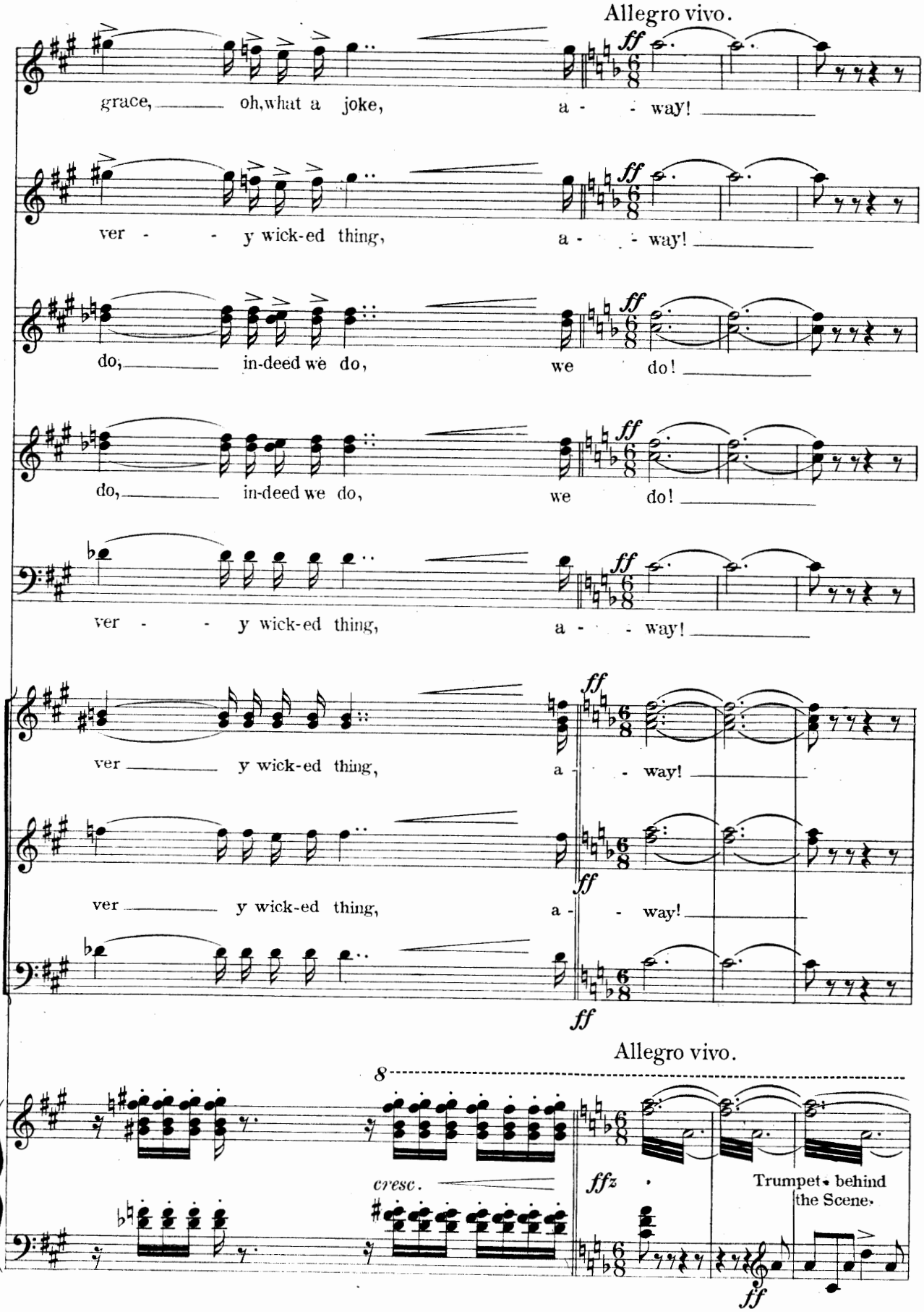

spir - ing 'gainst the King, It is a ver - y wick - ed thing.
Spain! Sent by Spain! We see this
But we pro - test,
But we pro - test,
Spain! Sent by Spain! We see this
Con - spir - ing 'gainst the King's a ver - y wick - ed thing.
wick - - ed thing. We see this

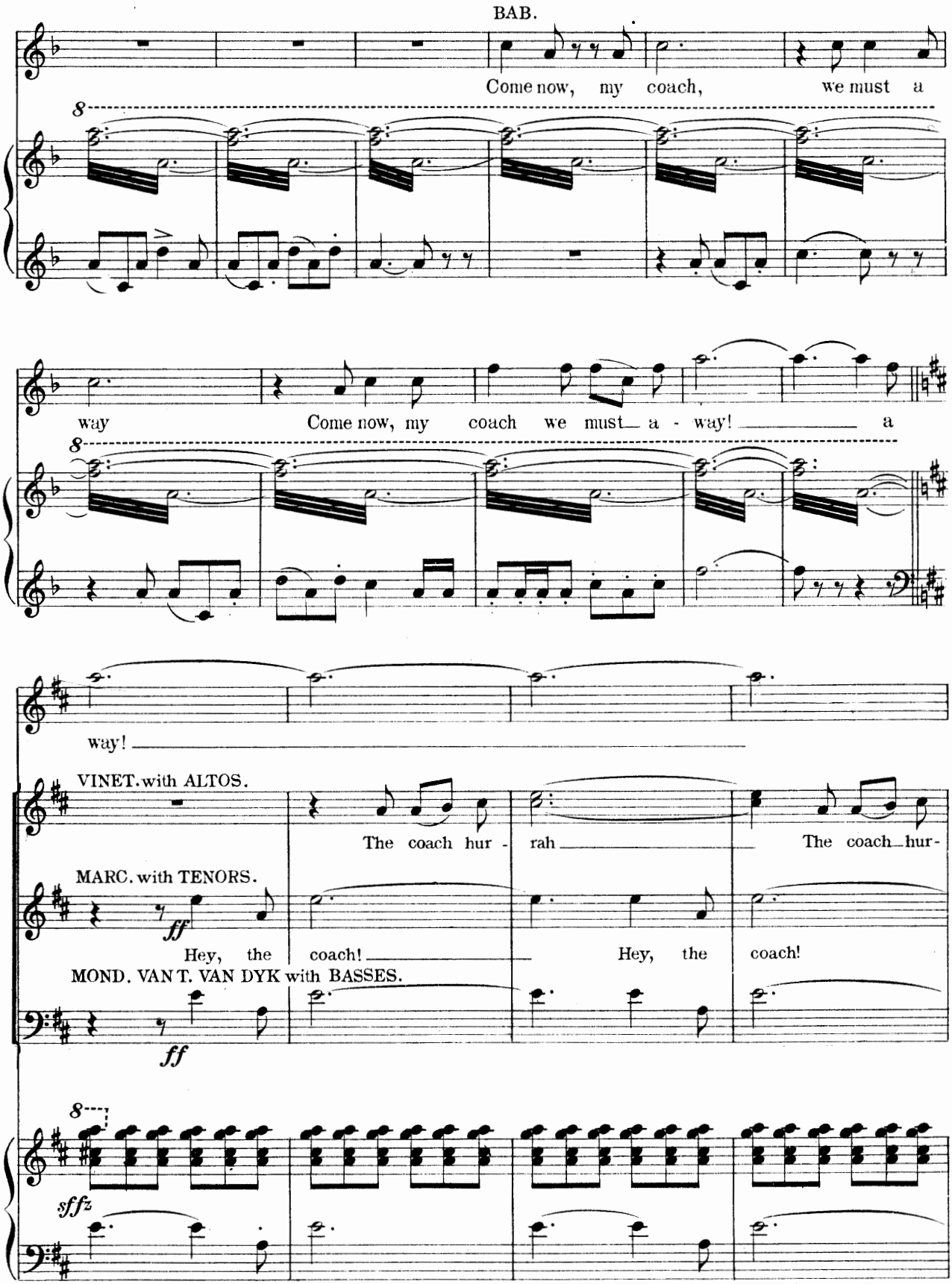

Oh, what a joke, ha, ha, ha, ha!
crime with grief and pain, We see this
But we pro - test, in - deed we do
But we pro - test, in - deed we do
crime with grief and pain, We see this
So you see the
crime with grief and pain, We see this

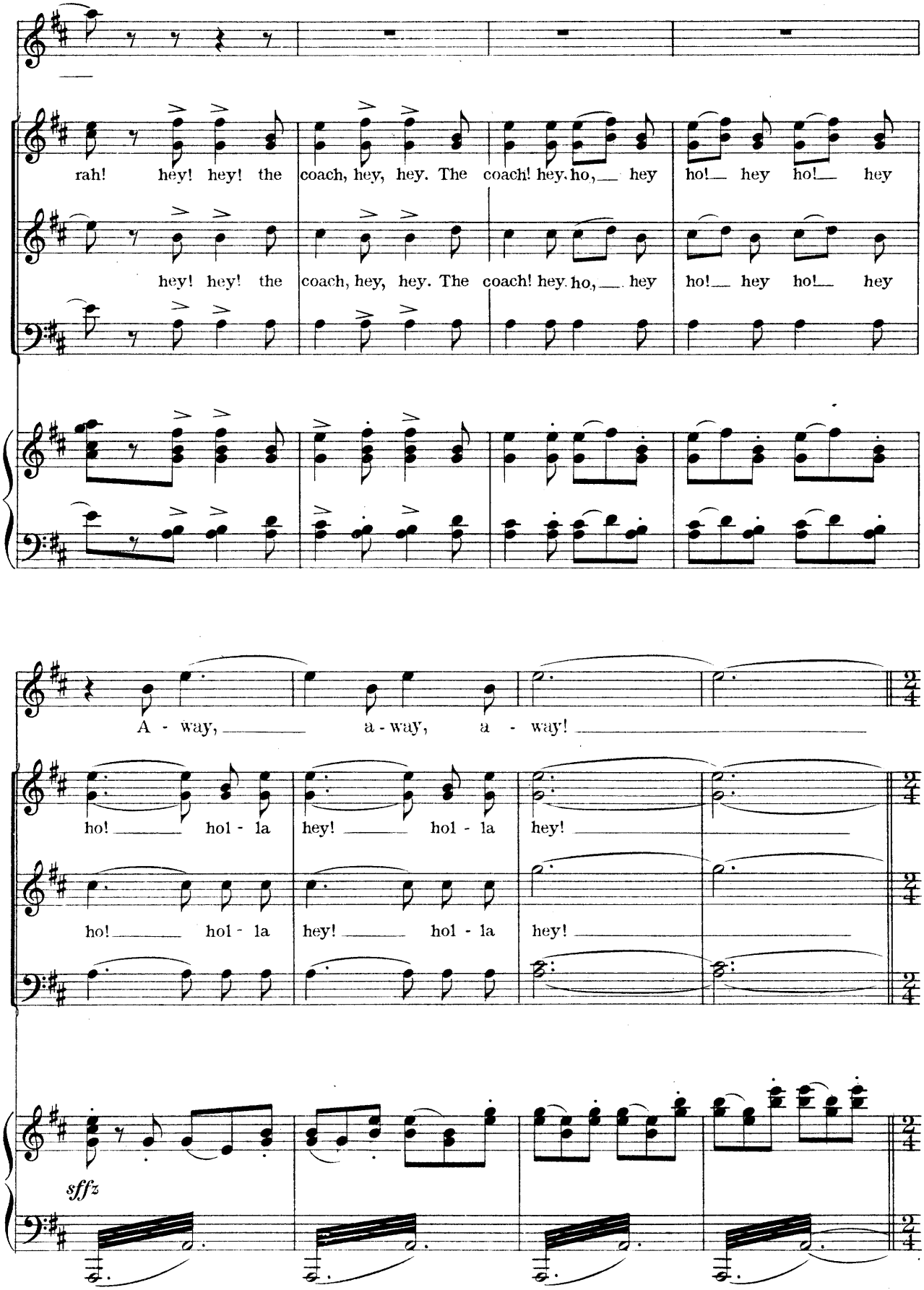

Oh! what a joke, ha, ha, ha, ha!
crime with grief and pain, Of thus con -
But we pro - test, in - deed we do.
But we pro - test, in - deed we do.
crime with grief and pain, Of thus con -
pen - - - - al - ty, for
crime with grief and pain, Of thus con -

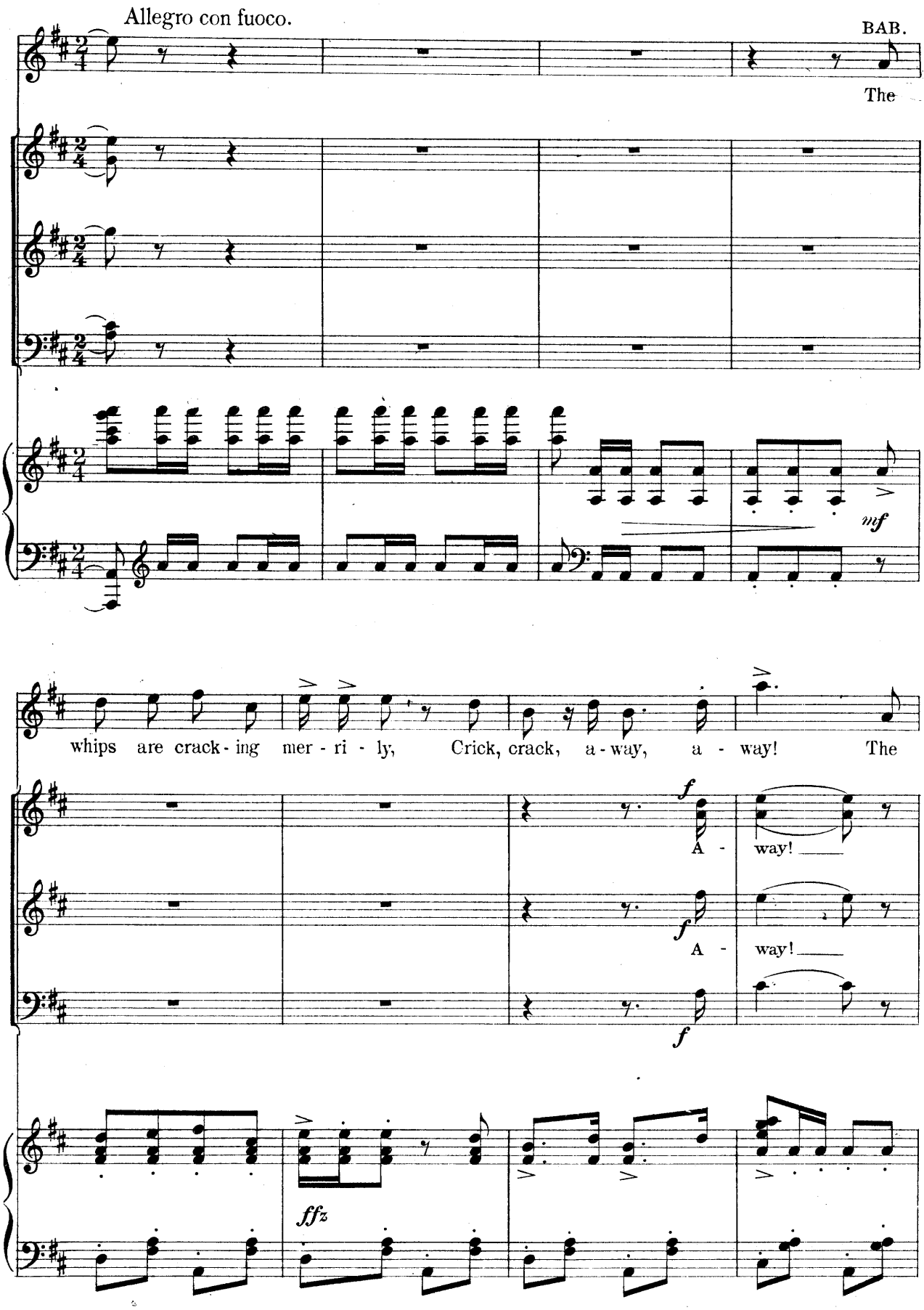

Oh, what a joke to take their place and be my la - dy and your
spir - ing 'gainst the King, it is a ver - y wick - ed thing, Of thus con -
But we pro - test, in - deed we do, Yes, we pro - test in - deed we
But we pro - test, in - deed we do, Yes, we pro - test in - deed we
spir - ing 'gainst the King, it is a ver - y wick - ed thing, Of thus con -
thus con - spir - - ing 'gainst the King, Con -
spir - ing 'gainst the King, it is a ver - y wick - ed thing, Of thus con -
molto cresc.

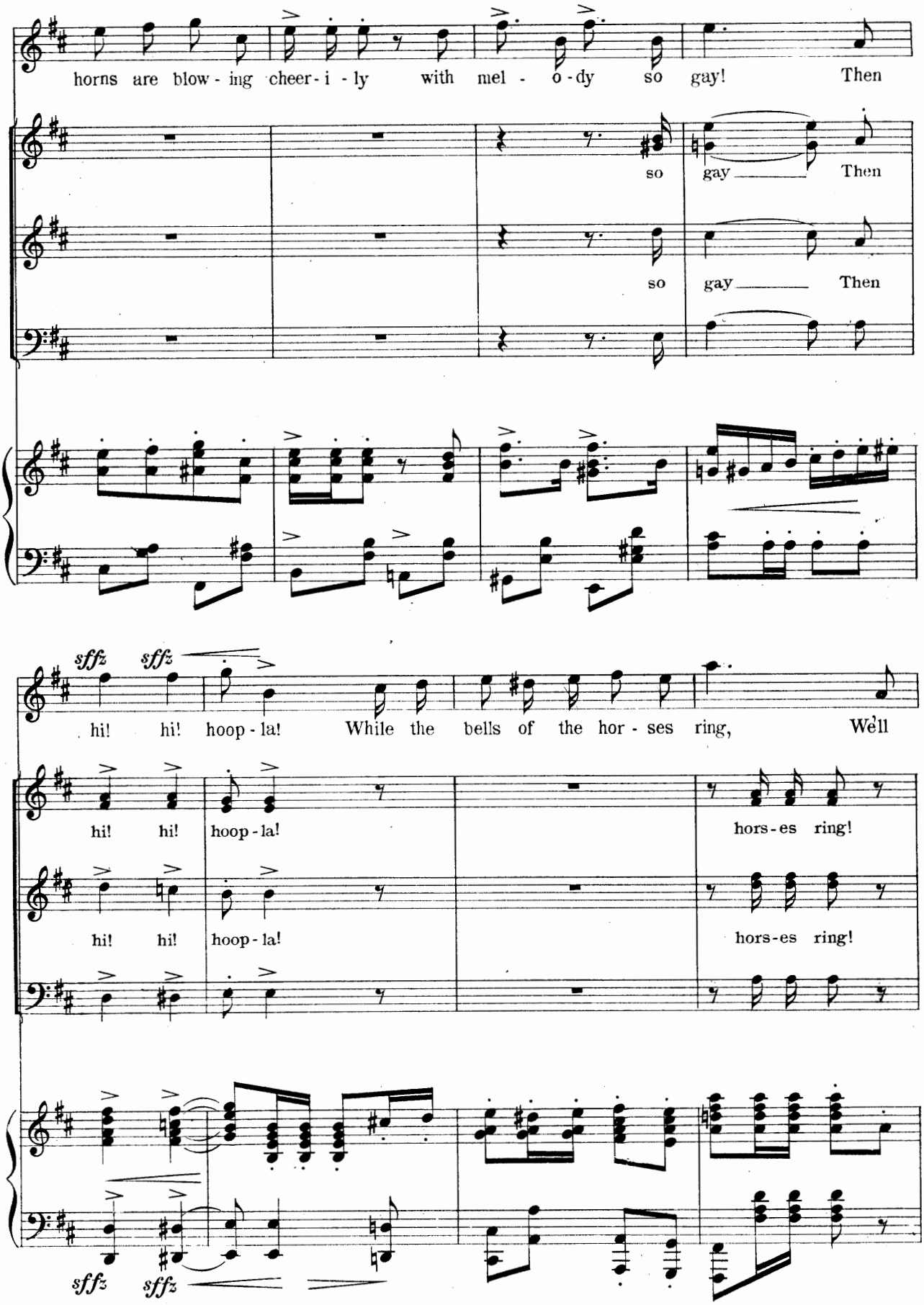

grace, to be my la - dy and your
spir - ing 'gainst the King, It is a
do, Yes we pro - test, in - deed we
do, Yes we pro - test, in - deed we
spir - ing 'gainst the King. It is a
spir - ing 'gainst the King. It is a
spir - ing 'gainst the King. It is a
8

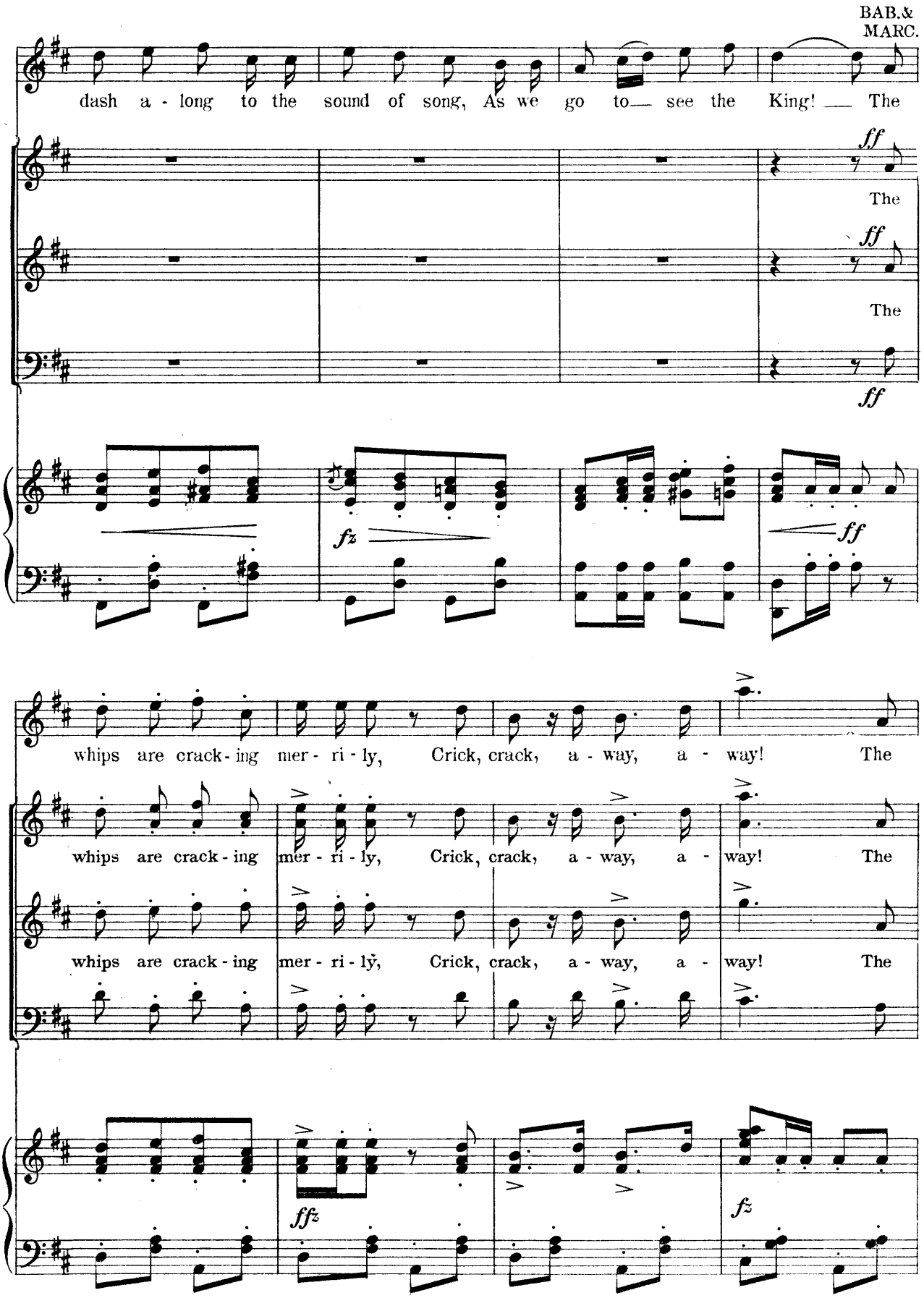

Allegro vivo.
grace, oh, what a joke, a - way!
ver - y wick-ed thing, a - way!
do, in-deed we do, we do!
do, in-deed we do, we do!
ver - y wick-ed thing, a - way!
ver y wick-ed thing, a - way!
ver y wick-ed thing, a - way!
Allegro vivo.
cresc.
Trumpet behind the Scene.

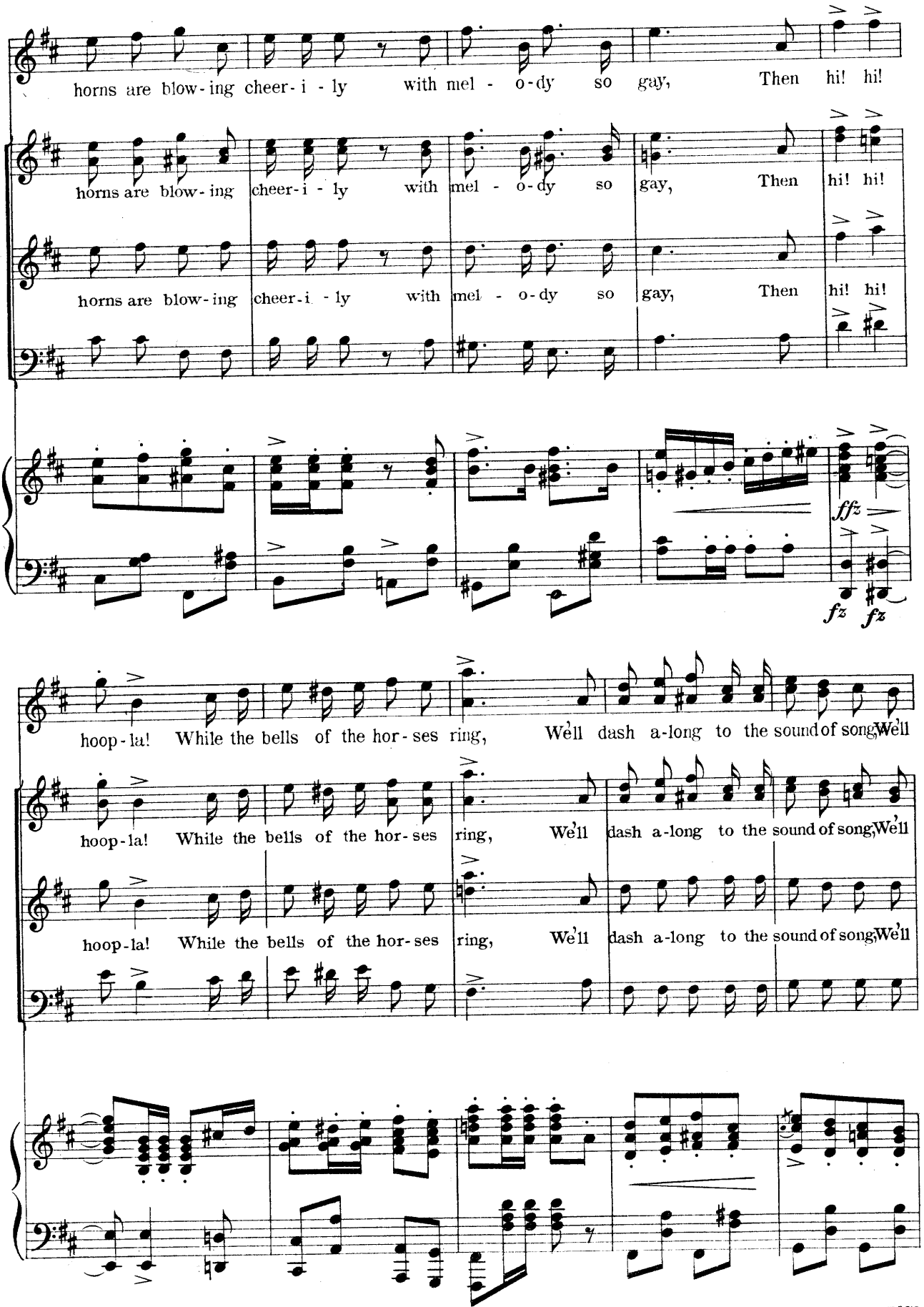

BAB.
Come now, my coach, we must a
8
way Come now, my coach we must a - way! a
8
way!
VINET. with ALTOS.
The coach hur - rah The coach hur-
MARC. with TENORS.
ff
Hey, the coach! Hey, the coach!
MOND. VAN T. VAN DYK with BASSES.
ff
8
sffz

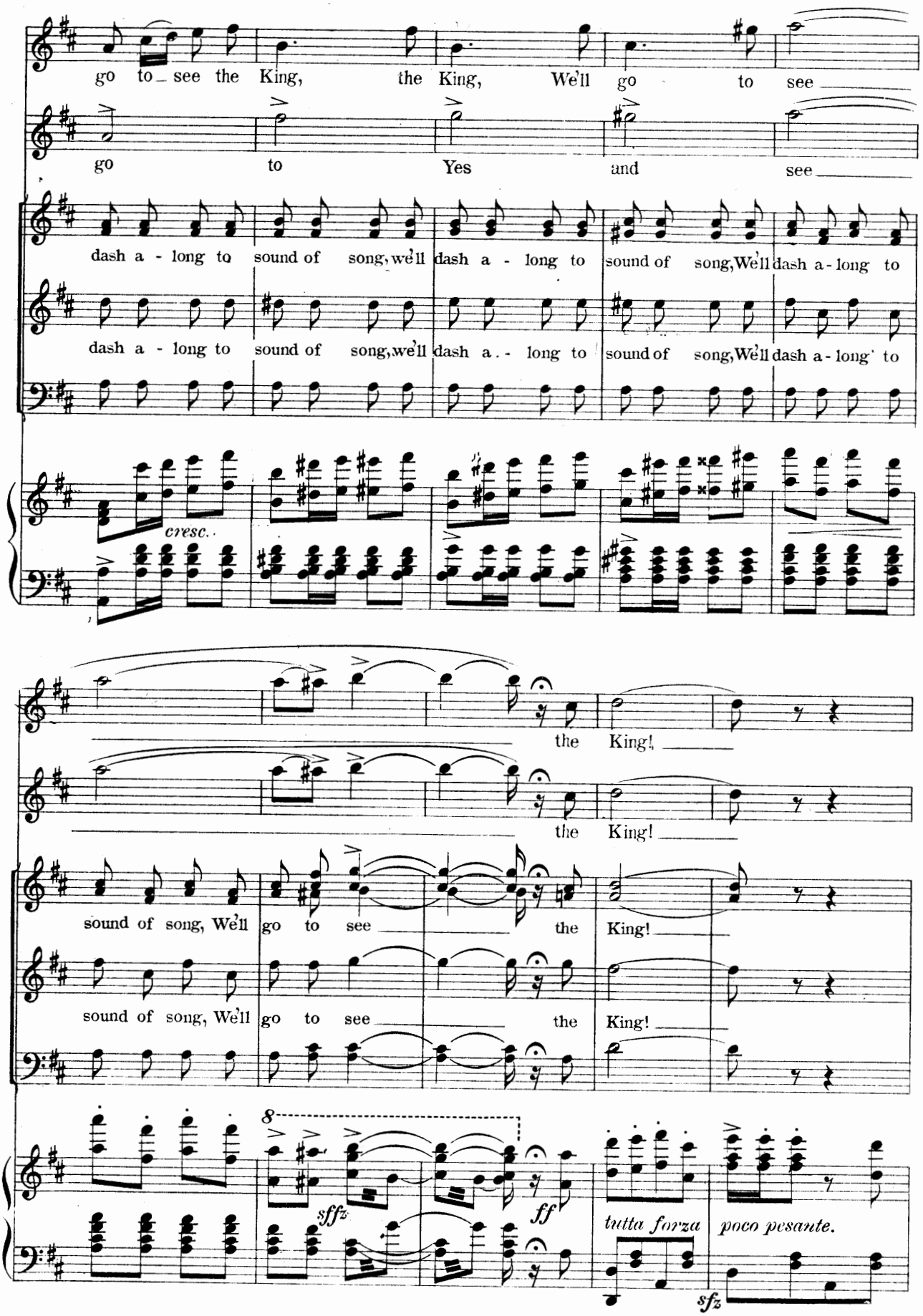

rah! hey! hey! the coach, hey, hey. The coach! hey. ho, hey ho! hey ho! hey
hey! hey! the coach, hey, hey. The coach! hey. ho, hey ho! hey ho! hey
A - way, a - way, a - way!
ho! hol - la hey! hol - la hey!
ho! hol - la hey! hol - la hey!
sffz

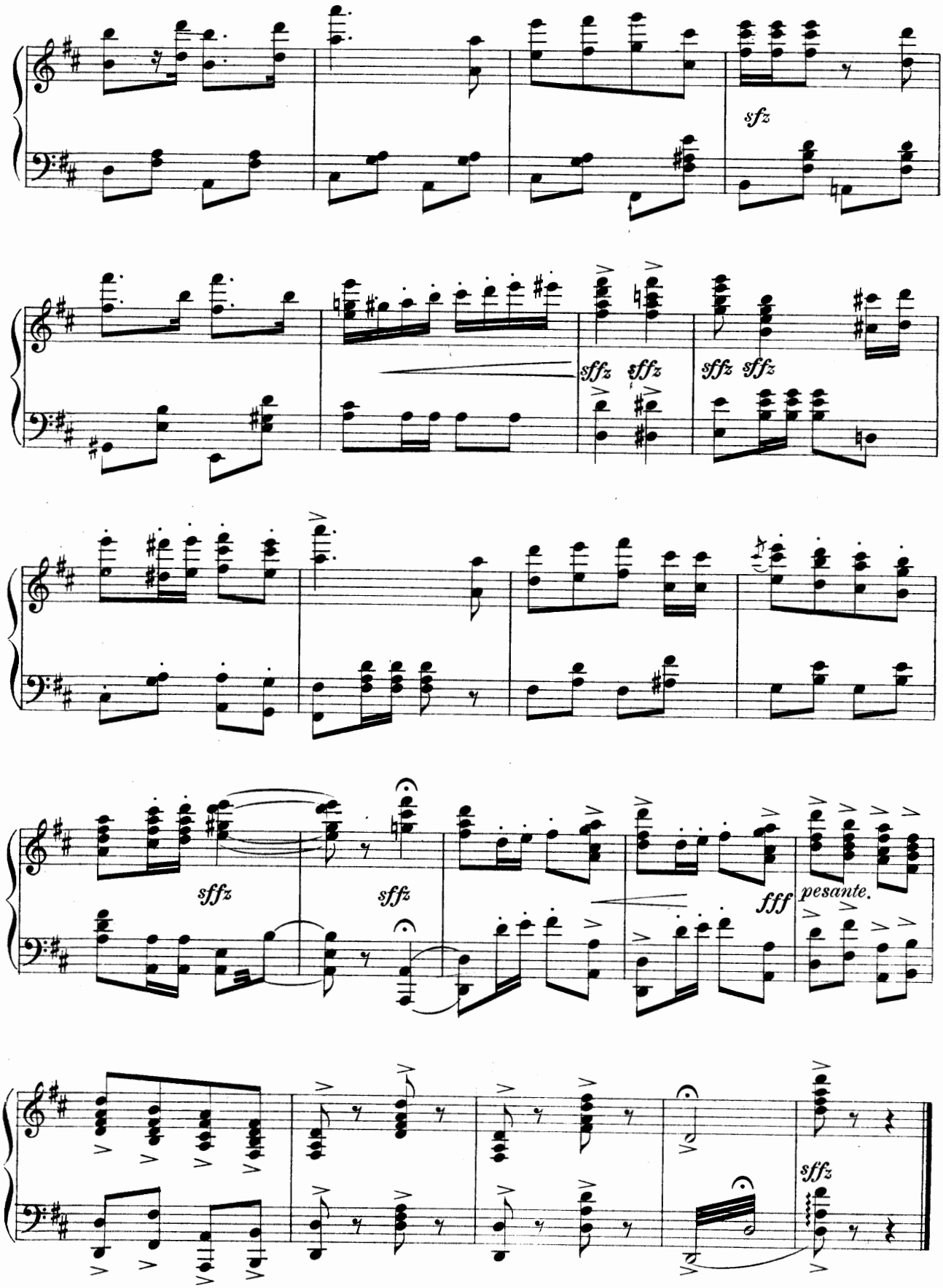

Allegro con fuoco.
BAB.
The
mf
whips are crack - ing mer - ri - ly, Crick, crack, a - way, a - way! The
f
A - way!
f
A - way!
f
ffz


horns are blow - ing cheer - i - ly with mel - o - dy so gay! Then
so gay Then
so gay Then
sffz sffz
hi! hi! hoop - la! While the bells of the hor - ses ring, We'll
hi! hi! hoop - la! hors - es ring!
hi! hi! hoop - la! hors - es ring!
sffz sffz


BAB.&
MARC.
dash a - long to the sound of song, As we go to— see the King! — The
ff
The
ff
The
ff
fz
ff
whips are crack - ing mer - ri - ly, Crick, crack, a - way, a - way! The
whips are crack - ing mer - ri - ly, Crick, crack, a - way, a - way! The
whips are crack - ing mer - ri - ly, Crick, crack, a - way, a - way! The
ffz
fz


horns are blow-ing cheer-i-ly with mel-o-dy so gay, Then hi! hi!
horns are blow-ing cheer-i-ly with mel-o-dy so gay, Then hi! hi!
horns are blow-ing cheer-i-ly with mel-o-dy so gay, Then hi! hi!
ffz
fz fz
hoop-la! While the bells of the hor-ses ring, We'll dash a-long to the sound of song, We'll
hoop-la! While the bells of the hor-ses ring, We'll dash a-long to the sound of song, We'll
hoop-la! While the bells of the hor-ses ring, We'll dash a-long to the sound of song, We'll

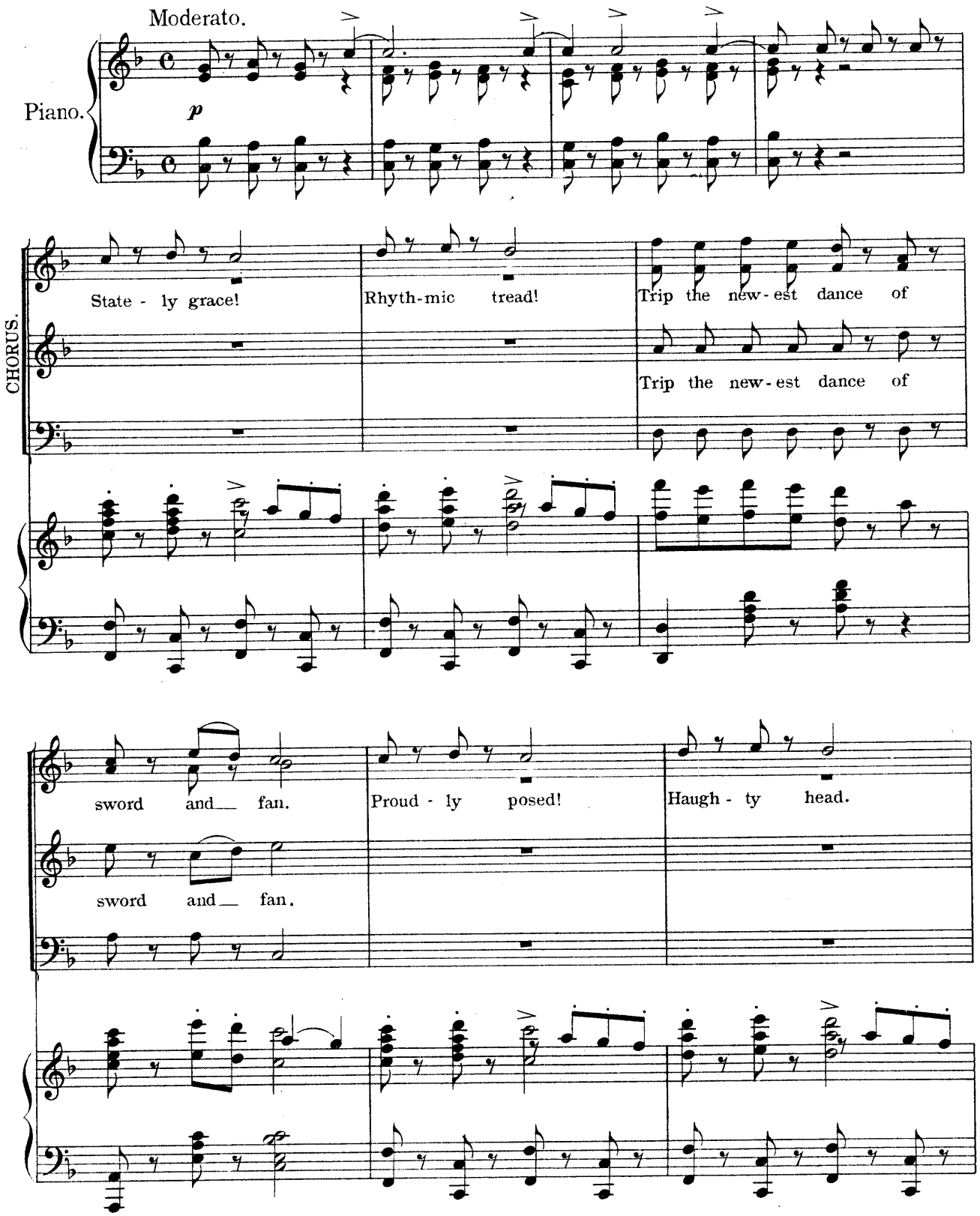

go to see the King, the King, We'll go to see
go to Yes and see
dash a - long to sound of song, we'll dash a - long to sound of song, We'll dash a - long to
dash a - long to sound of song, we'll dash a - long to sound of song, We'll dash a - long to
cresc.
the King!
the King!
sound of song, We'll go to see the King!
sound of song, We'll go to see the King!
8
sfffz
ff
tutta forza
poco pesante.
sfz

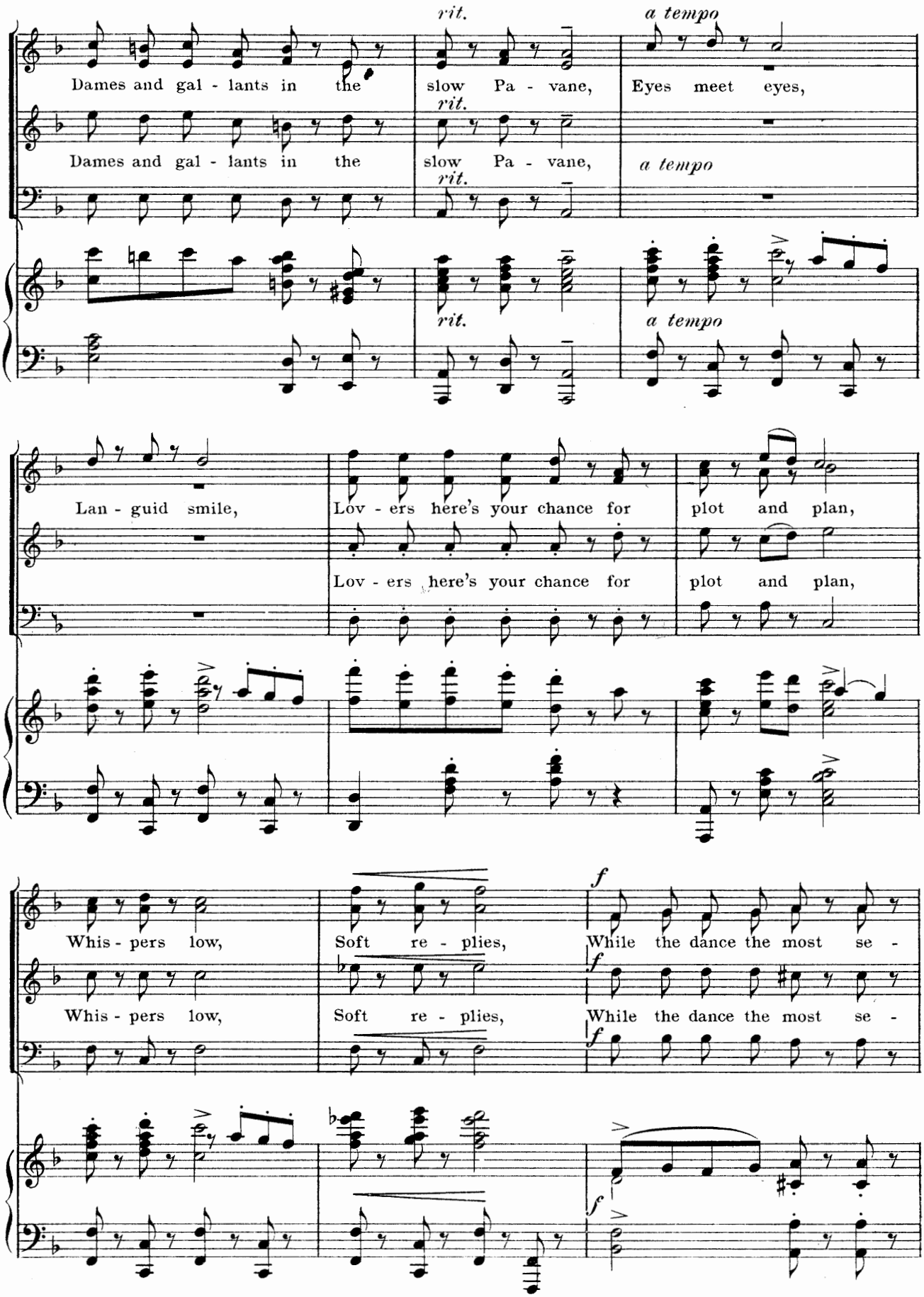

sfz
sffz sffz
sffz sffz
sffz
sffz
fff
pesante.
sffz

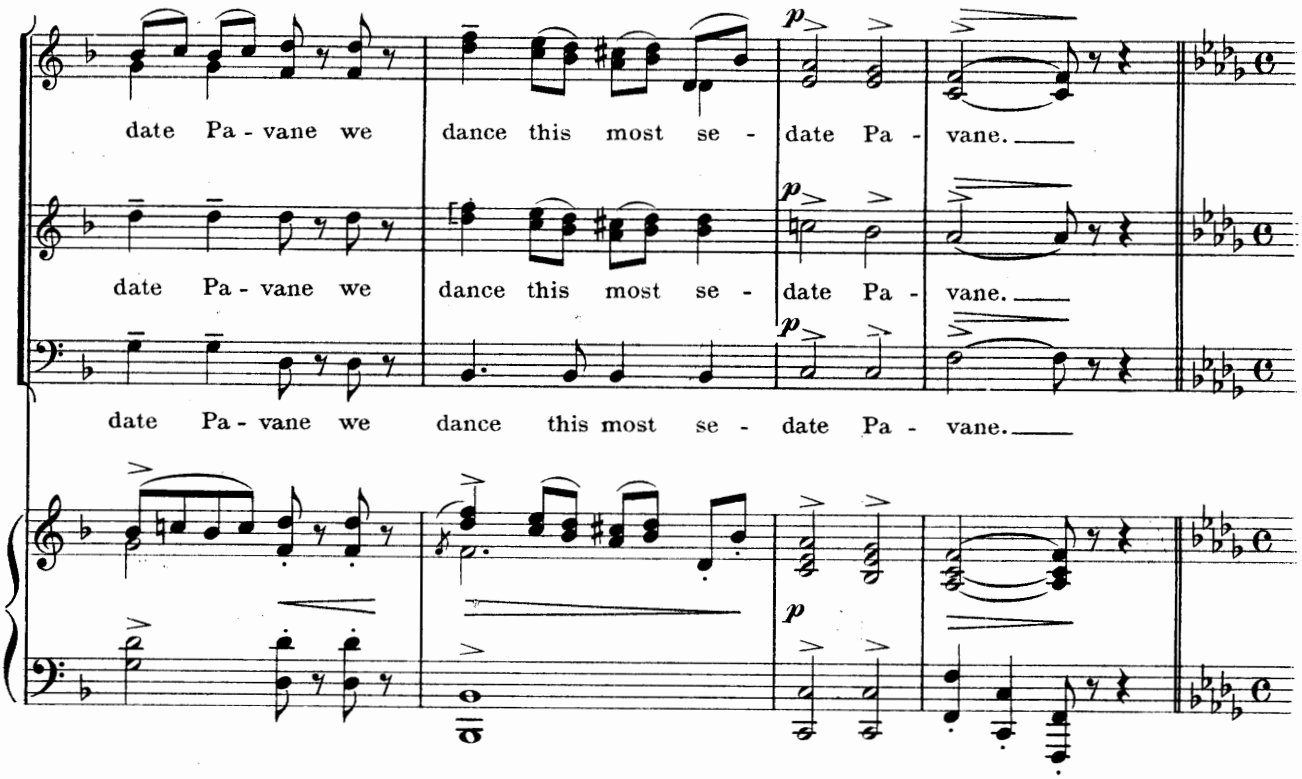
ACT III.

Opening Chorus.

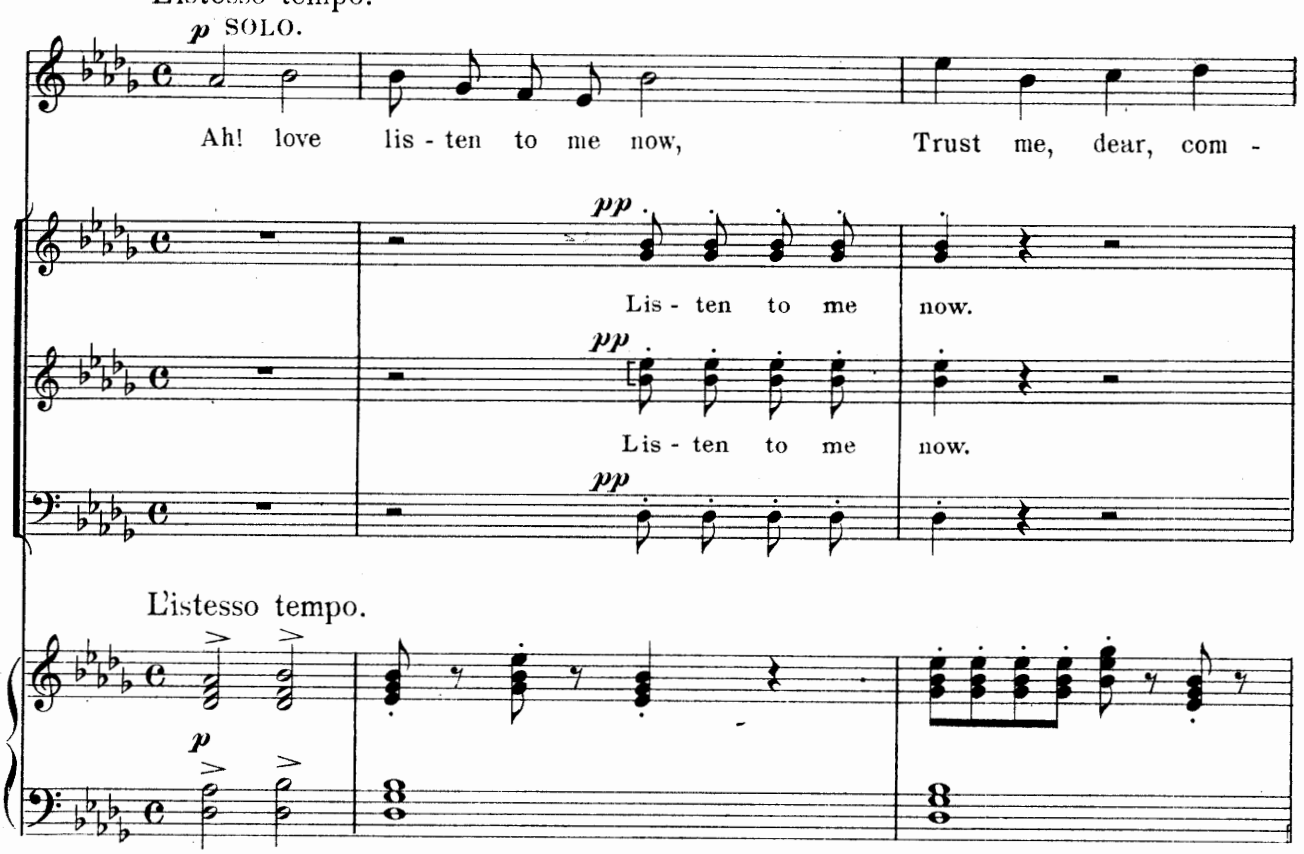
No. 19.



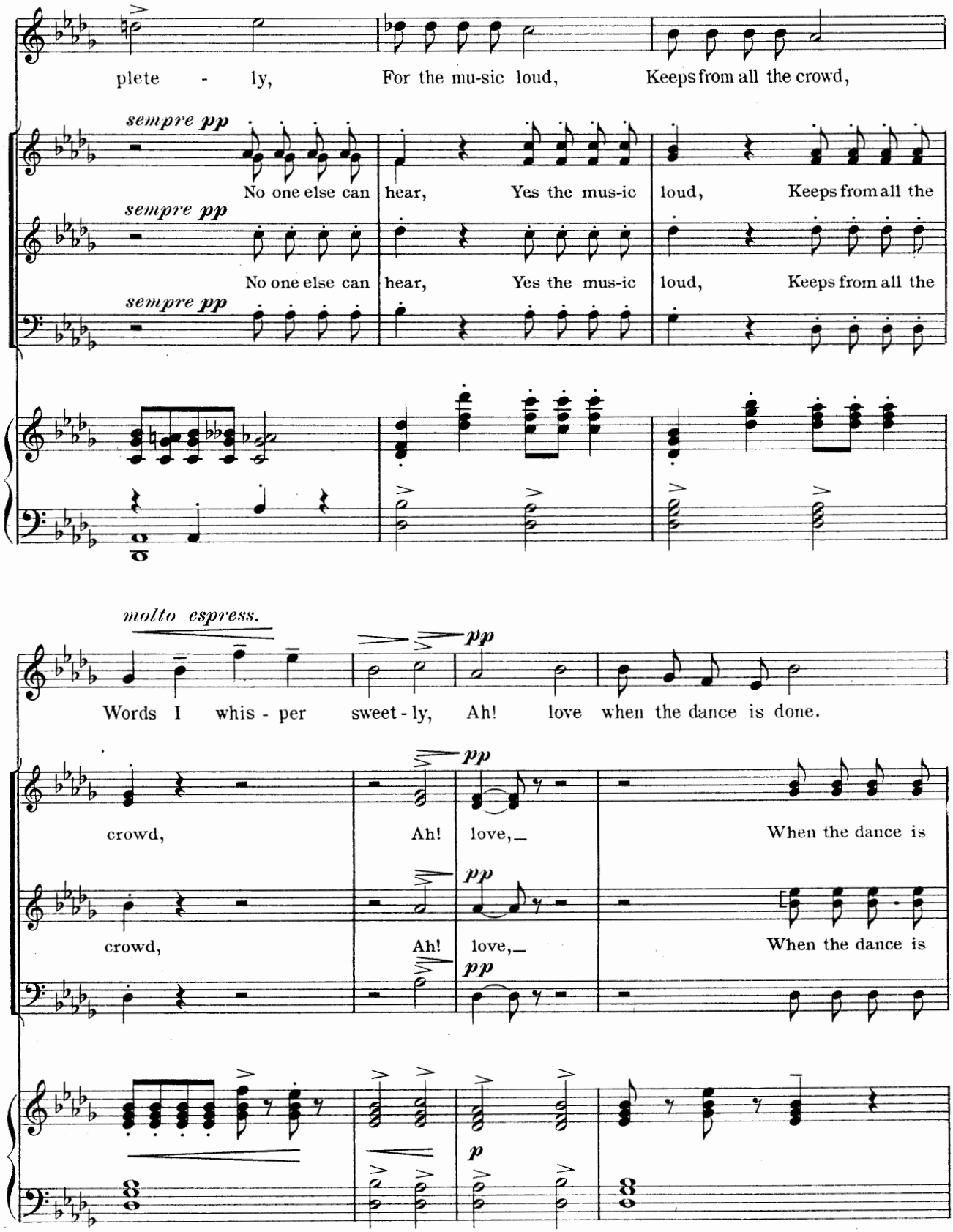

rit.
a tempo
Dames and gal - lants in the
slow Pa - vane,
Eyes meet eyes,
Dames and gal - lants in the
slow Pa - vane,
a tempo
Lan - guid smile,
Lov - ers here's your chance for
plot and plan,
Lov - ers here's your chance for
plot and plan,
Whis - pers low,
Soft re - plies,
While the dance the most se -
Whis - pers low,
Soft re - plies,
While the dance the most se -

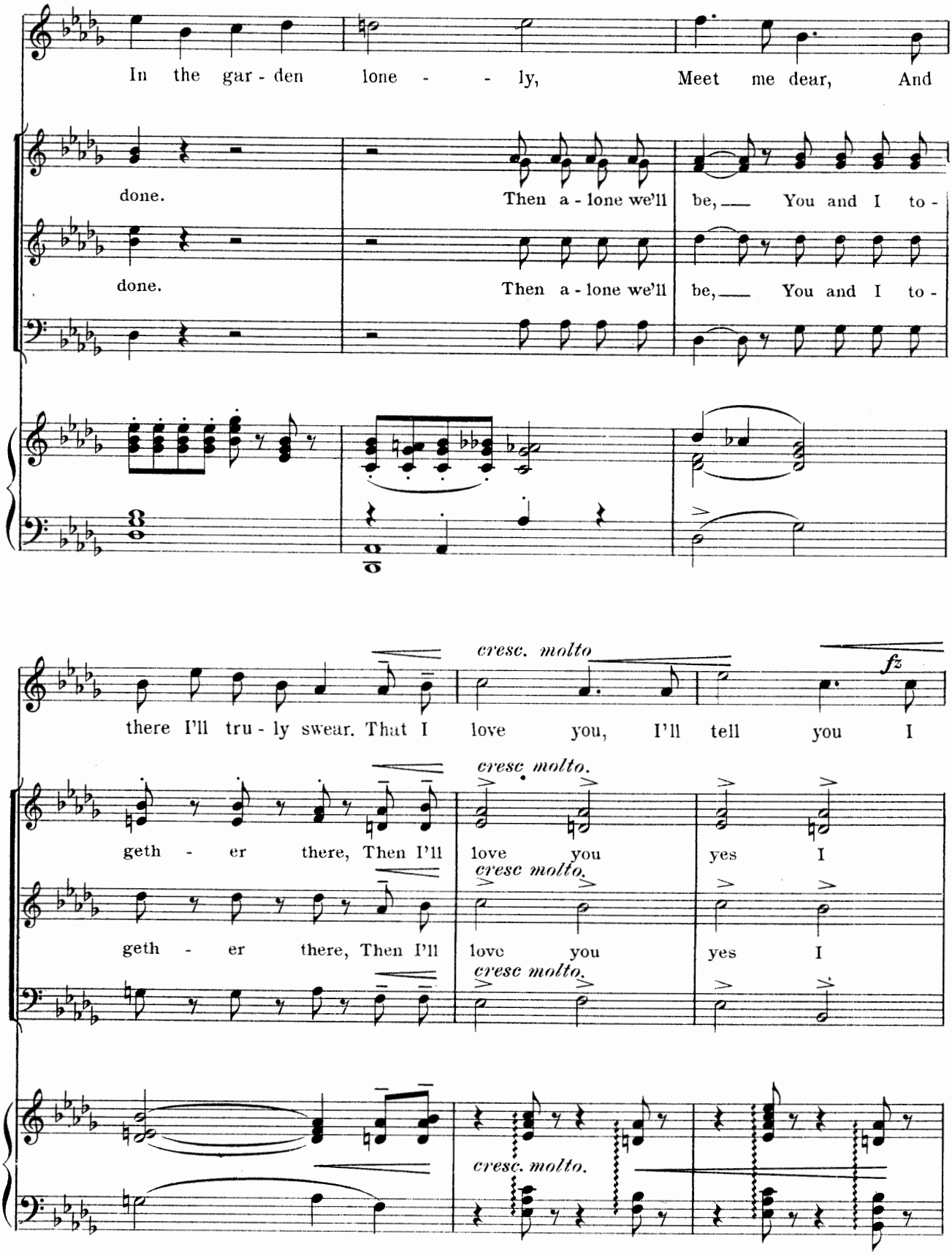


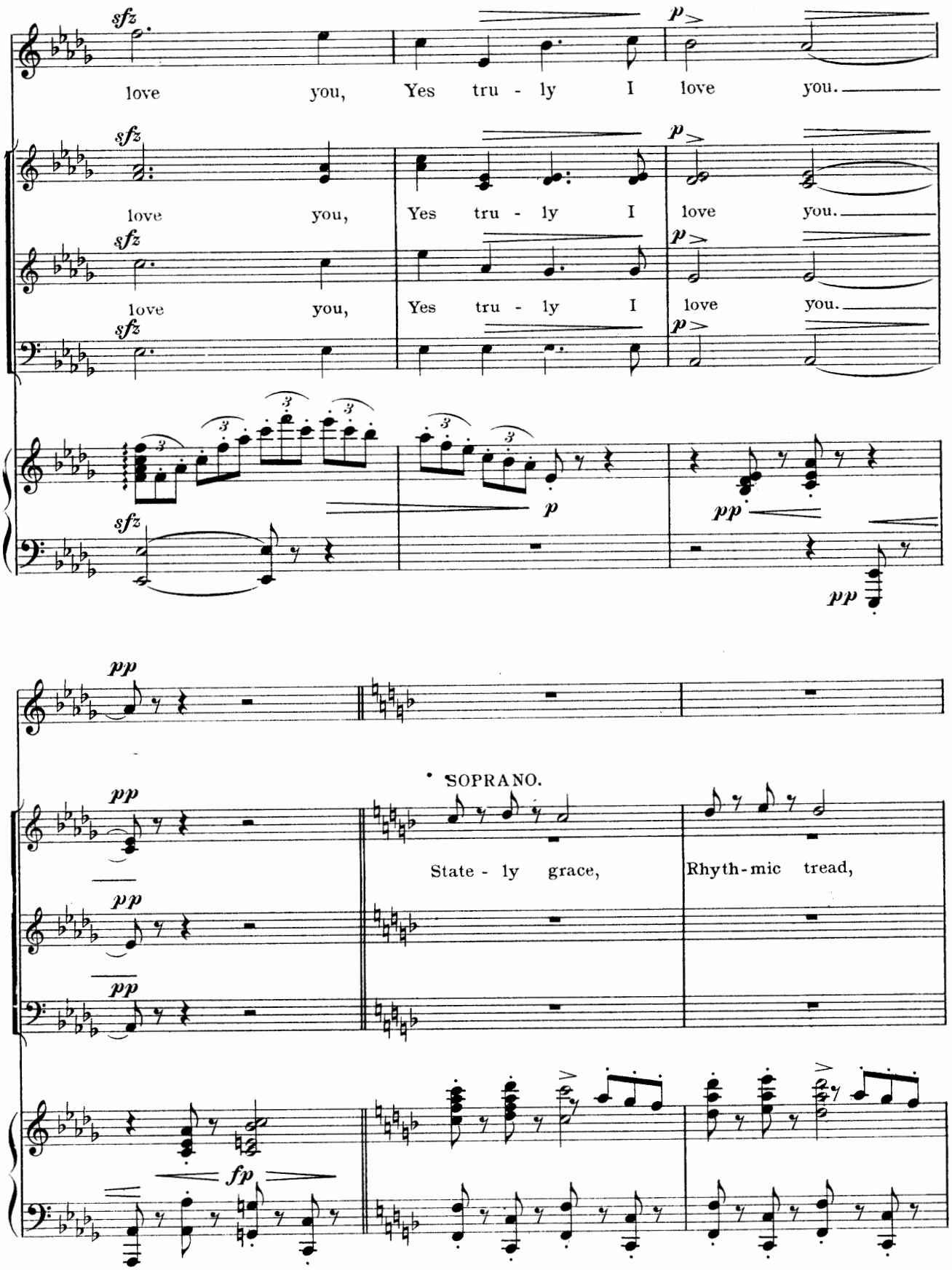
L'istesso tempo.

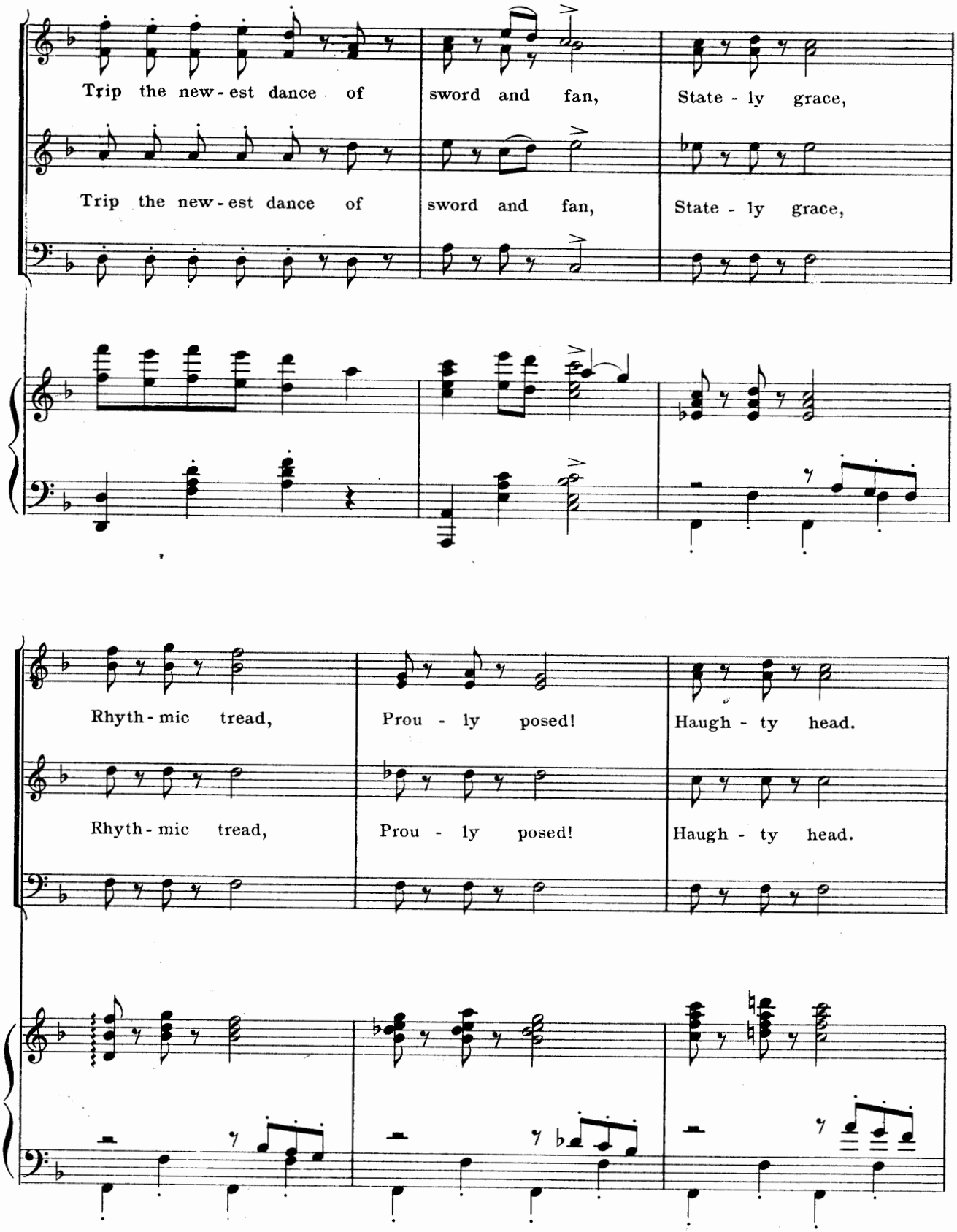


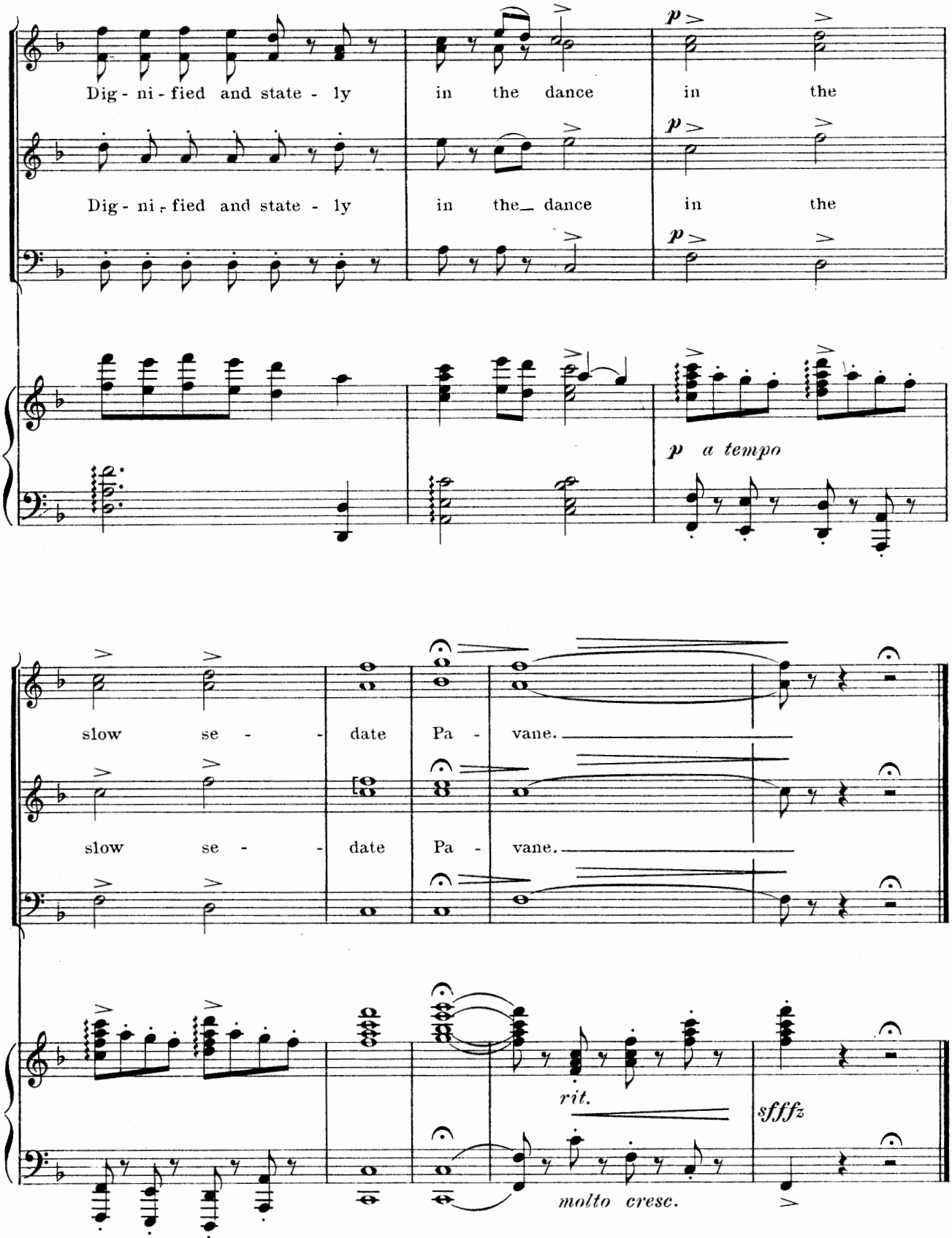
L'istesso tempo.


plete - ly, For the mu-sic loud, Keeps from all the crowd,
sempre pp
No one else can hear, Yes the mus-ic loud, Keeps from all the
sempre pp
No one else can hear, Yes the mus-ic loud, Keeps from all the
sempre pp
molto espress.
pp
Words I whis - per sweet - ly, Ah! love when the dance is done.
pp
crowd, Ah! love,_ When the dance is
pp
crowd, Ah! love,_ When the dance is
pp
p


In the gar - den lone - - ly, Meet me dear, And
done. Then a - lone we'll be, You and I to -
done. Then a - lone we'll be, You and I to -
there I'll tru - ly swear. That I love you, I'll tell you I
cresc. molto
fz
geth - er there, Then I'll love you yes I
cresc molto.
geth - er there, Then I'll love you yes I
cresc molto.
cresc. molto.


love you, Yes tru - ly I love you.
love you, Yes tru - ly I love you.
love you, Yes tru - ly I love you.
SOPRANO.
State - ly grace, Rhyth-mic tread,


Trip the new-est dance of sword and fan, State-ly grace,
Trip the new-est dance of sword and fan, State-ly grace,
Rhyth-mic tread, Prou-ly posed! Haugh-ty head.
Rhyth-mic tread, Prou-ly posed! Haugh-ty head.


Dig - ni - fied and state - ly
in the dance
in the
Dig - ni - fied and state - ly
in the dance
in the
p
a tempo
slow se - - date Pa - vane.
slow se - - date Pa - vane.
rit.
sffz
molto cresc.

It's a Way We Have in Spain.

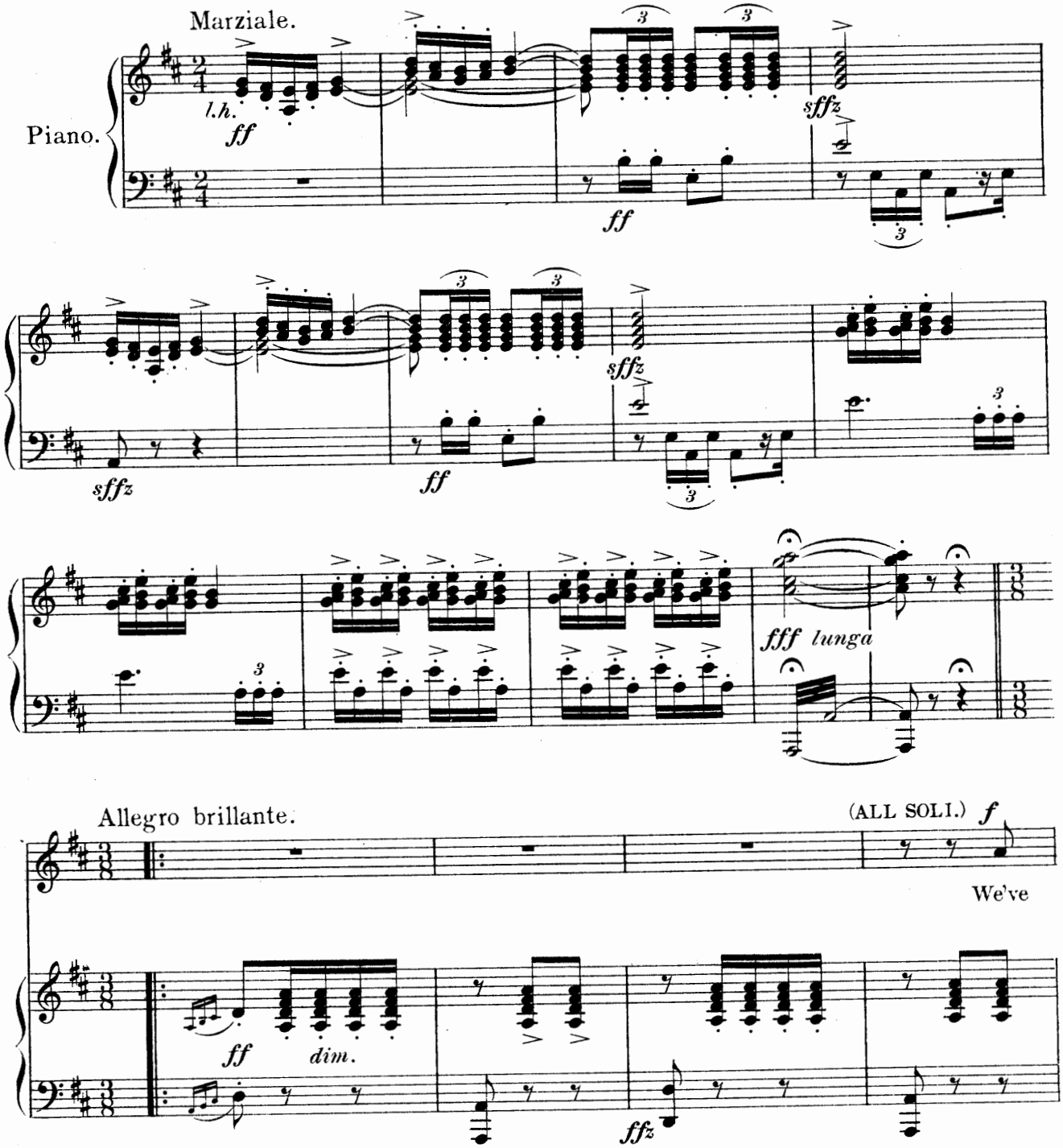
No. 20.

Entrance of

Van T., Eva, Mondragon and Marcel as Spanish Envoys.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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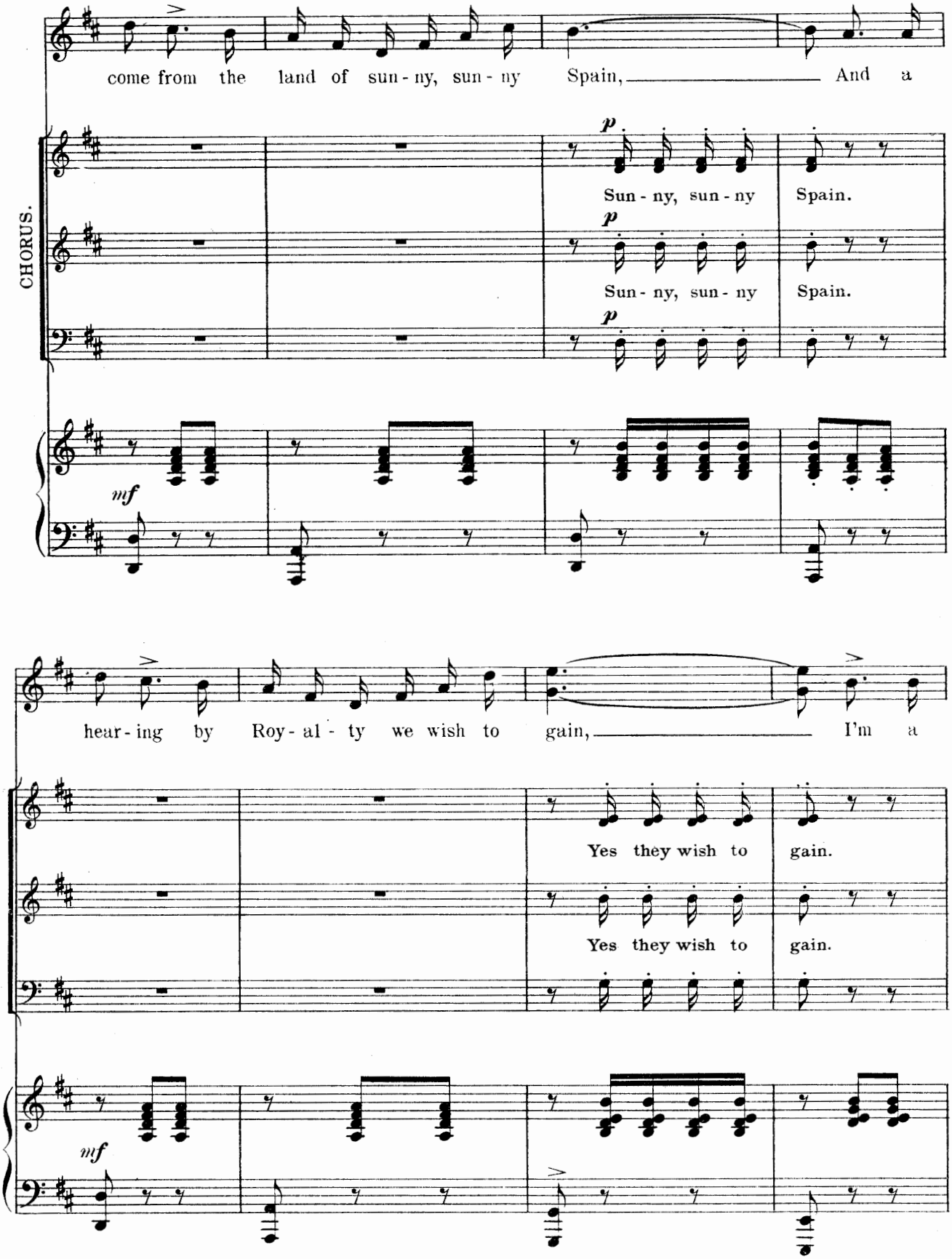
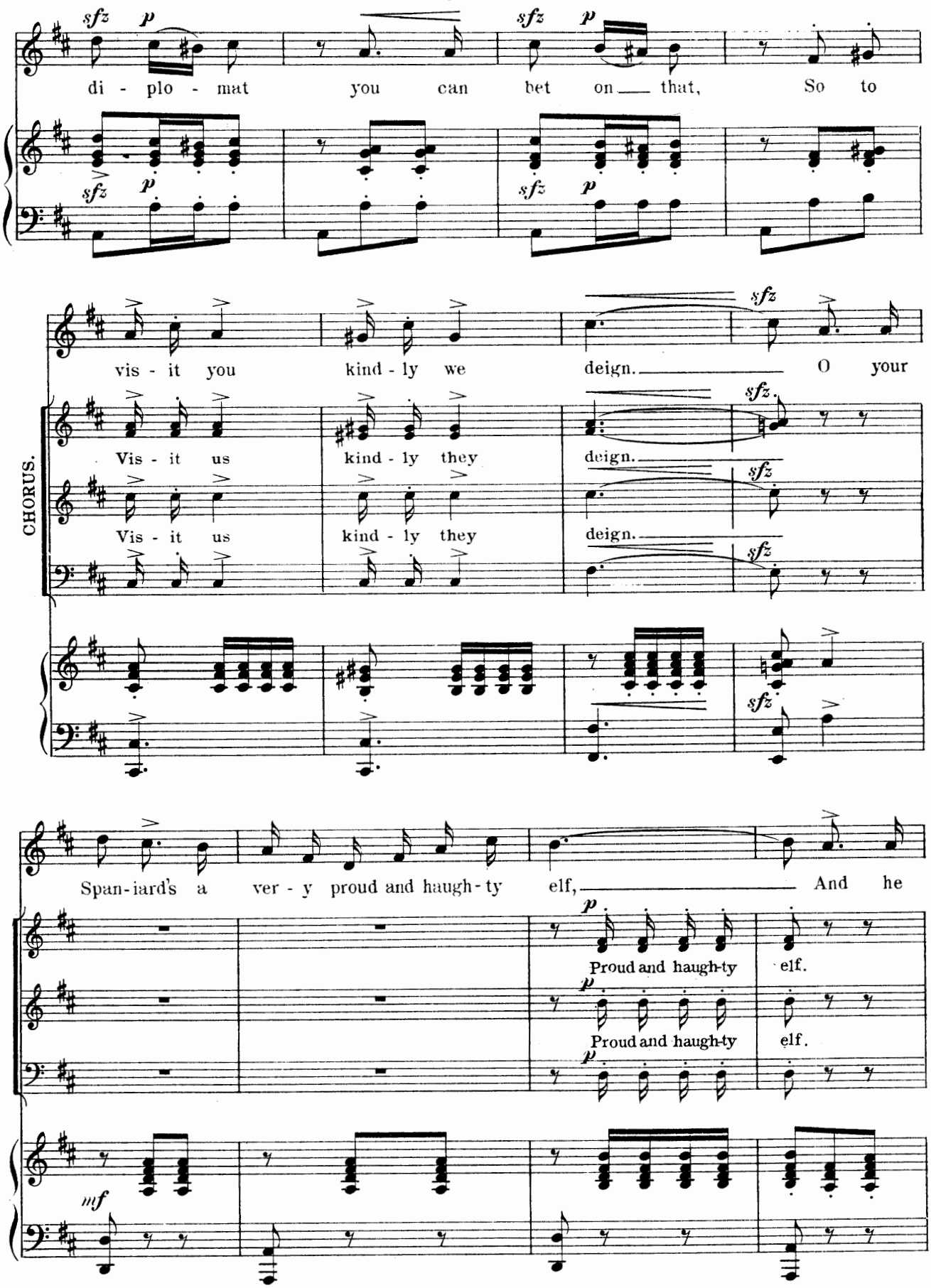
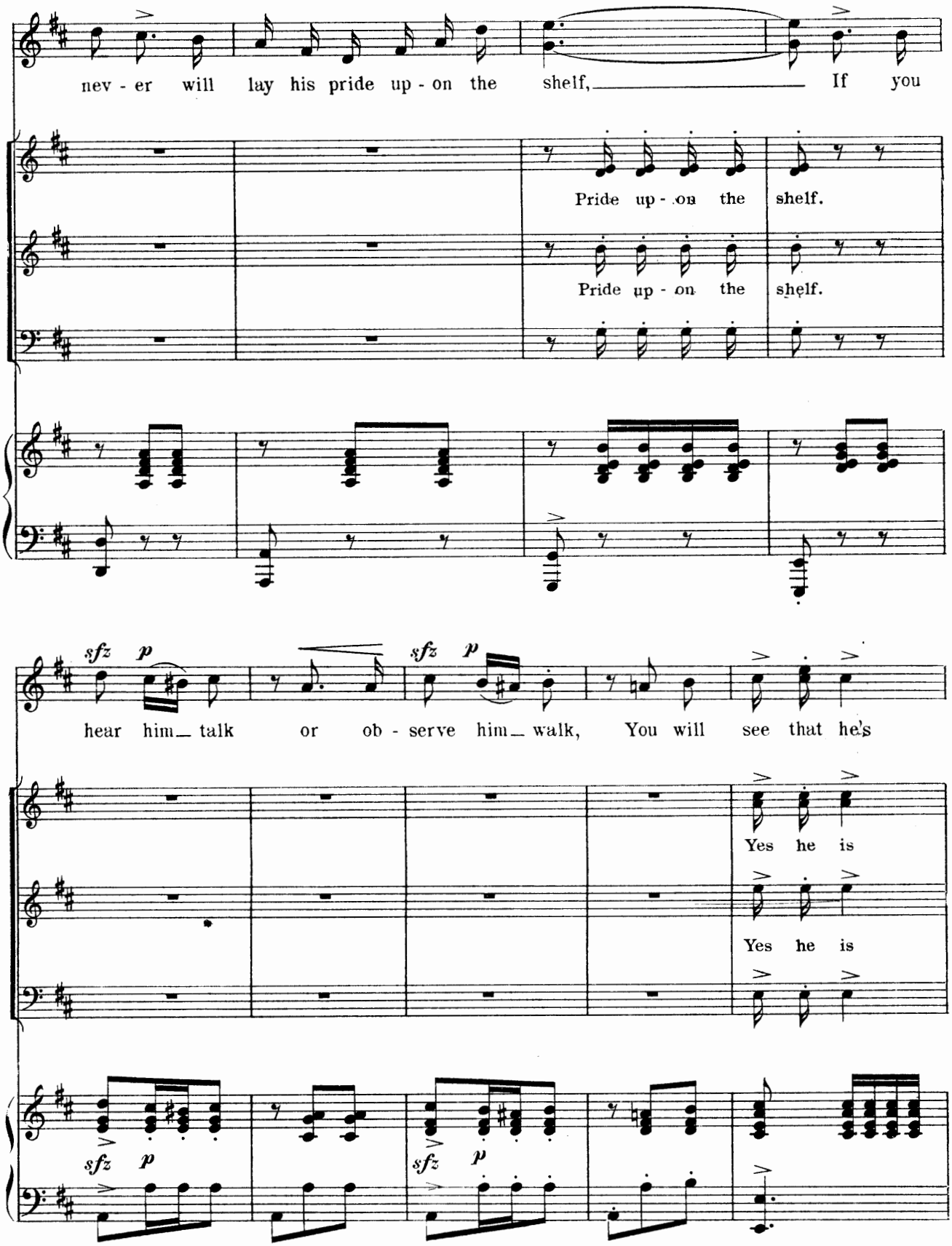
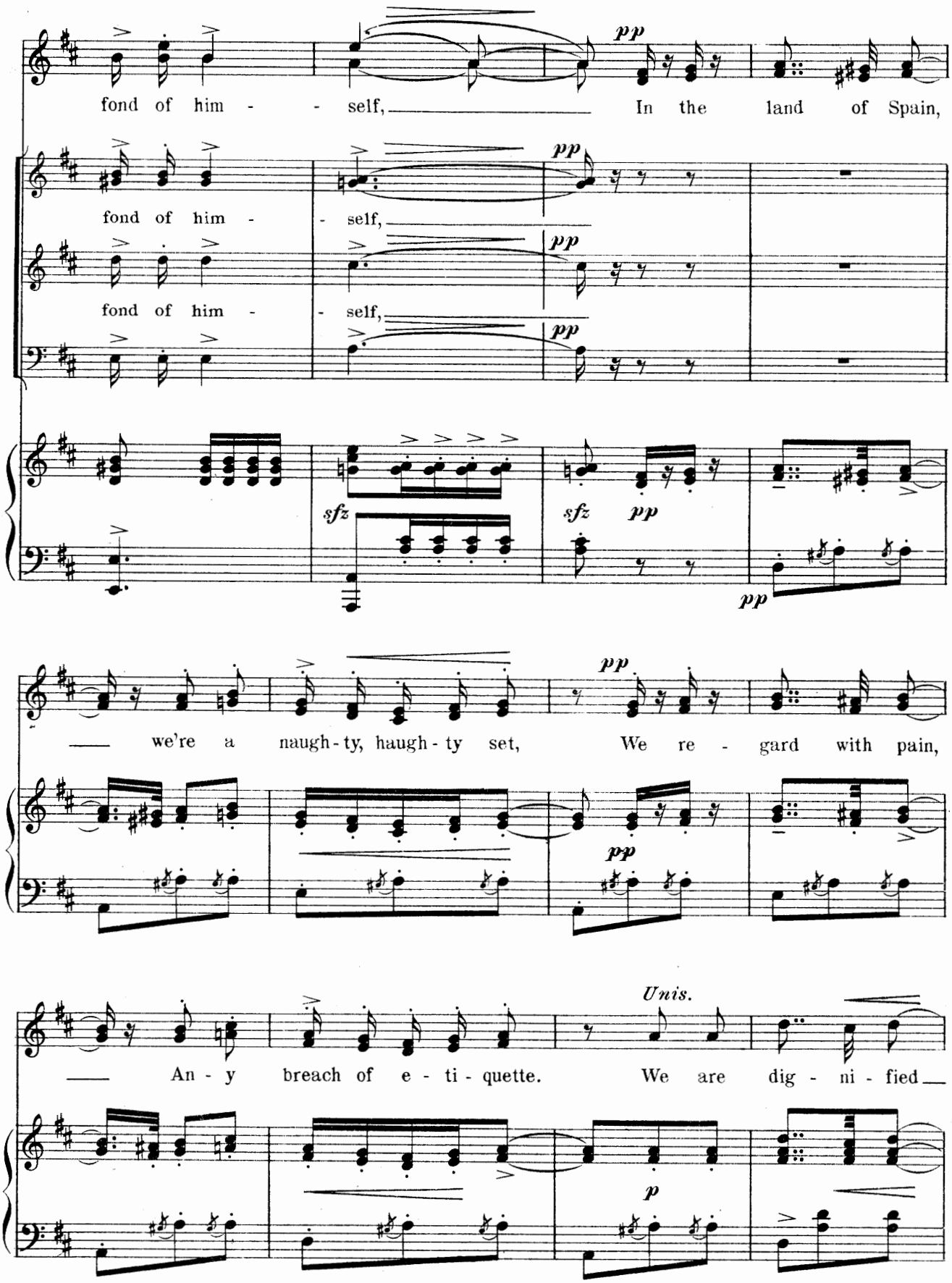
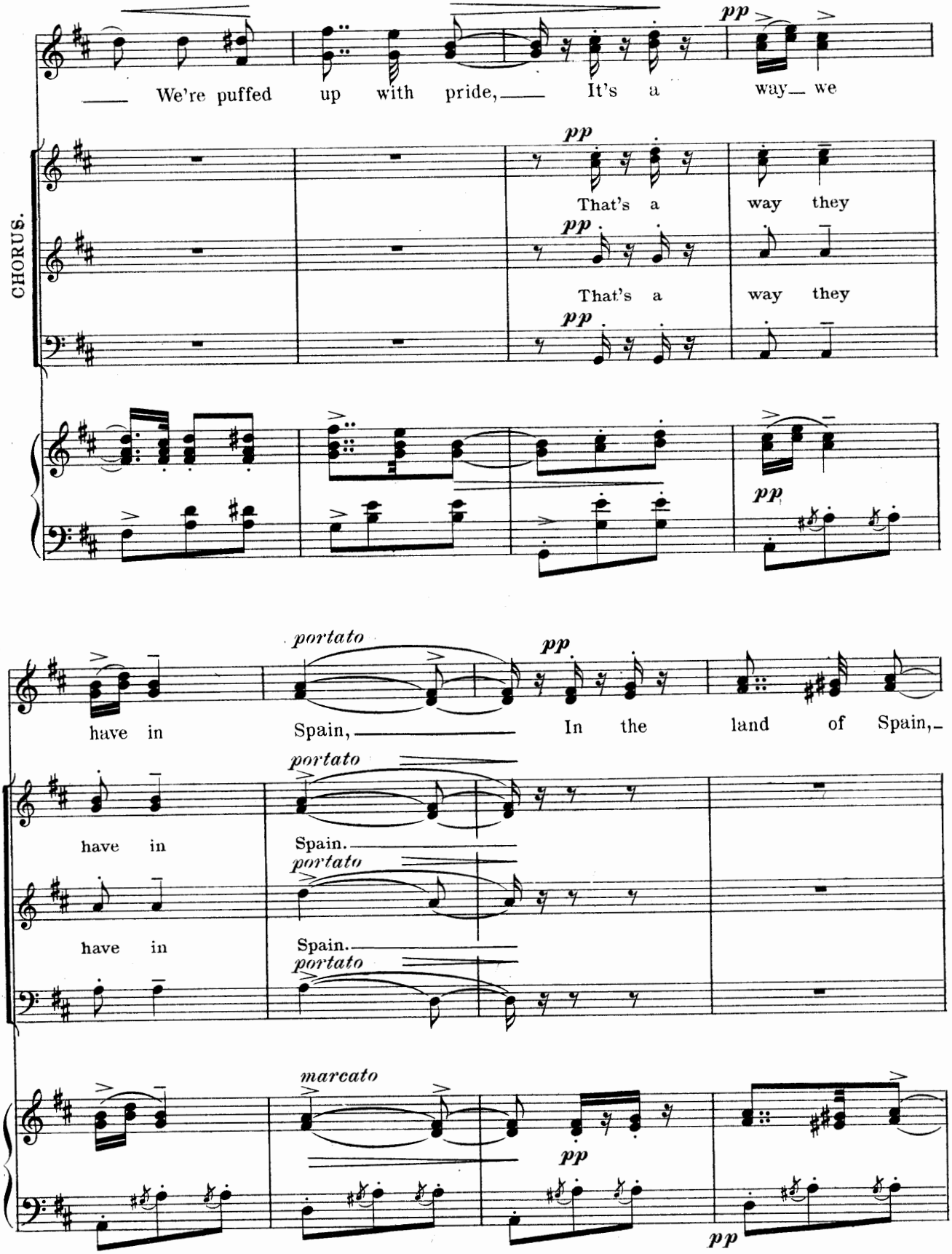
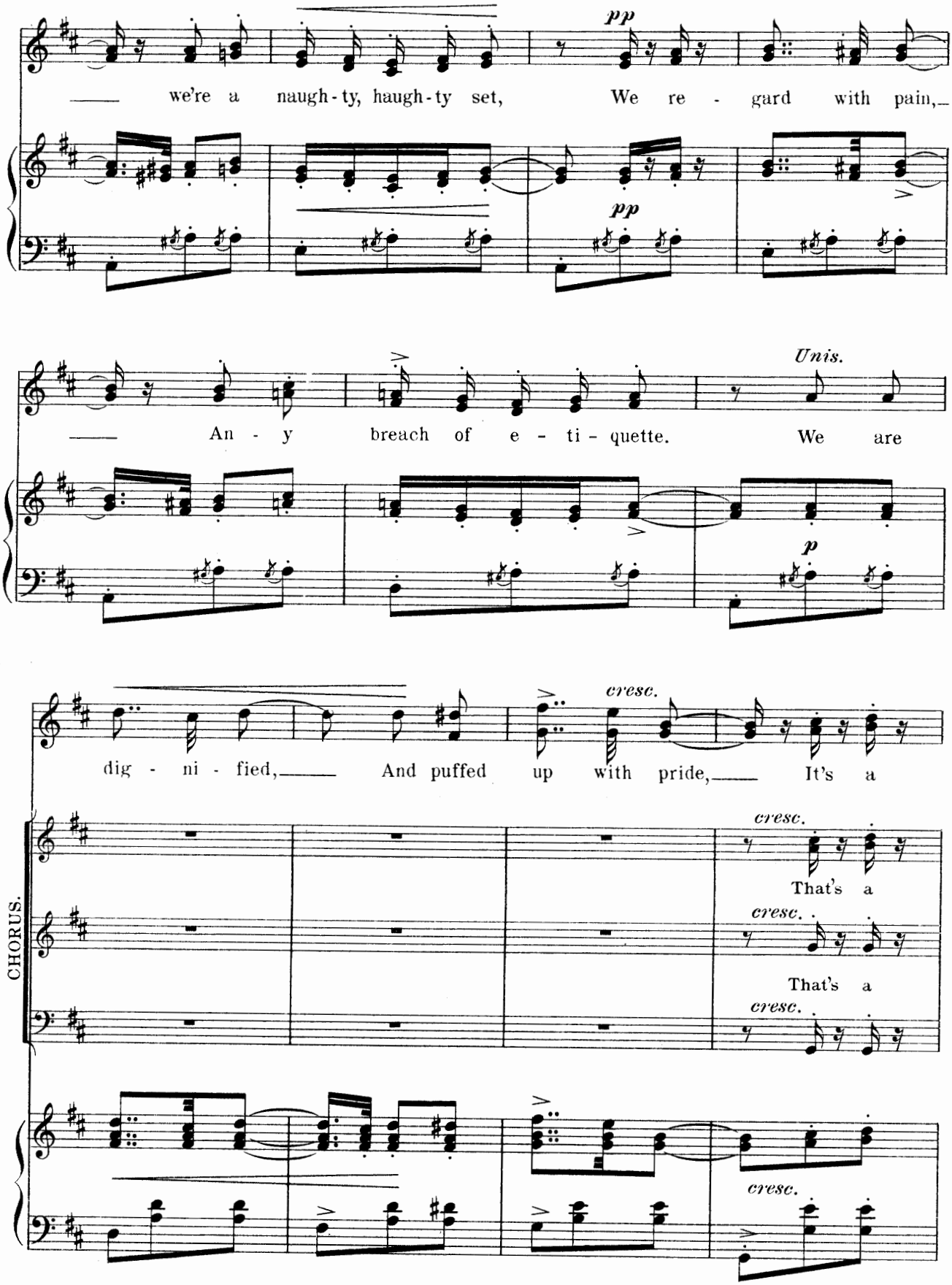

come from the land of sun - ny, sun - ny Spain, And a
CHORUS.
p
Sun - ny, sun - ny Spain.
p
Sun - ny, sun - ny Spain.
p
mf
hear - ing by Roy - al - ty we wish to gain, I'm a
Yes they wish to gain.
Yes they wish to gain.
mf

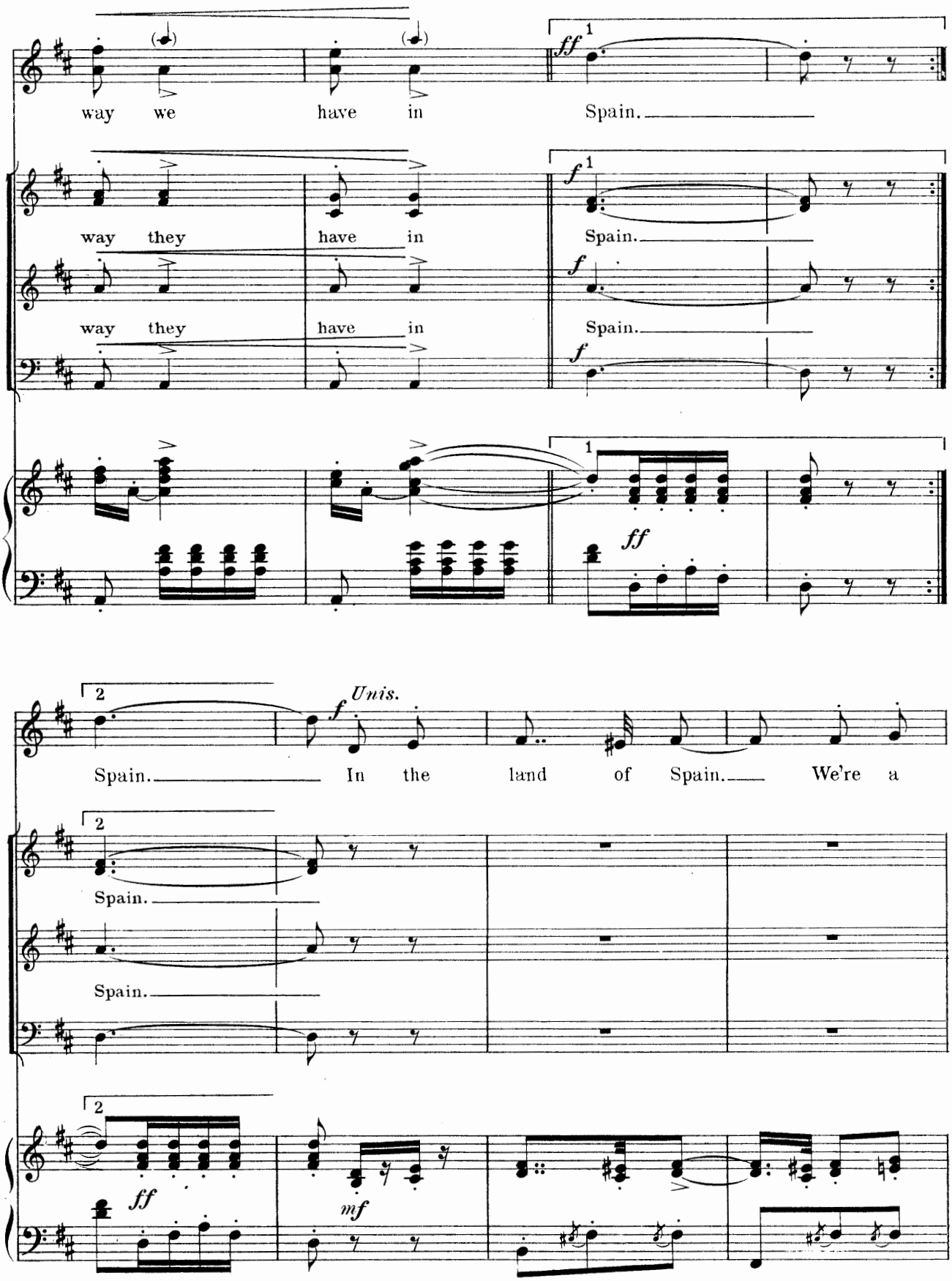

di - plo - mat you can bet on that, So to
vis - it you kind - ly we deign. O your
CHORUS.
Vis - it us kind - ly they deign.
Vis - it us kind - ly they deign.
Span - iard's a ver - y proud and haugh - ty elf, And he
Proud and haugh-ty elf.
Proud and haugh-ty elf.

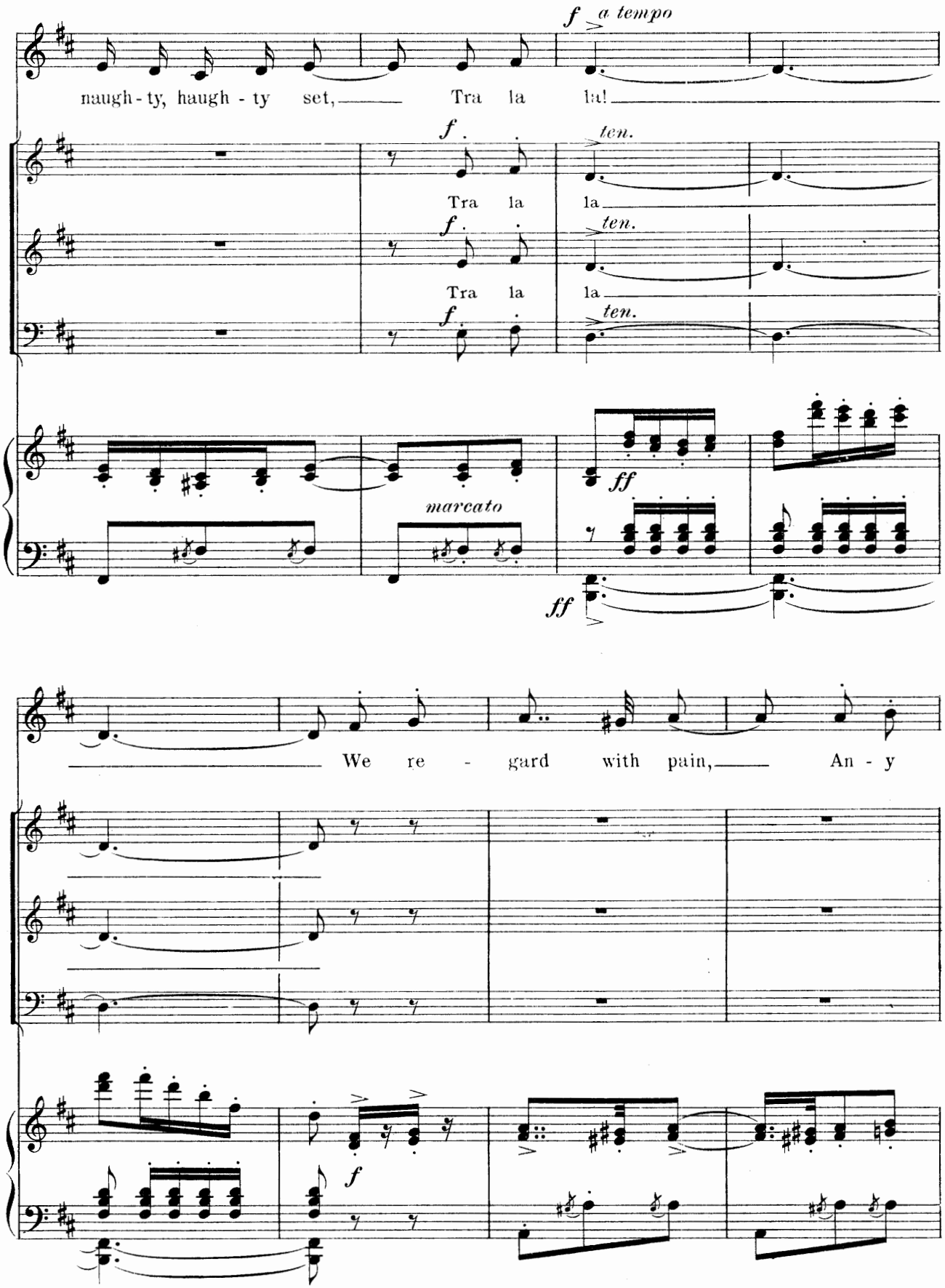

nev - er will lay his pride up - on the shelf, If you
Pride up - on the shelf.
Pride up - on the shelf.
sfz p
sfz p
hear him talk or ob - serve him walk, You will see that he's
Yes he is
Yes he is
sfz p
sfz p

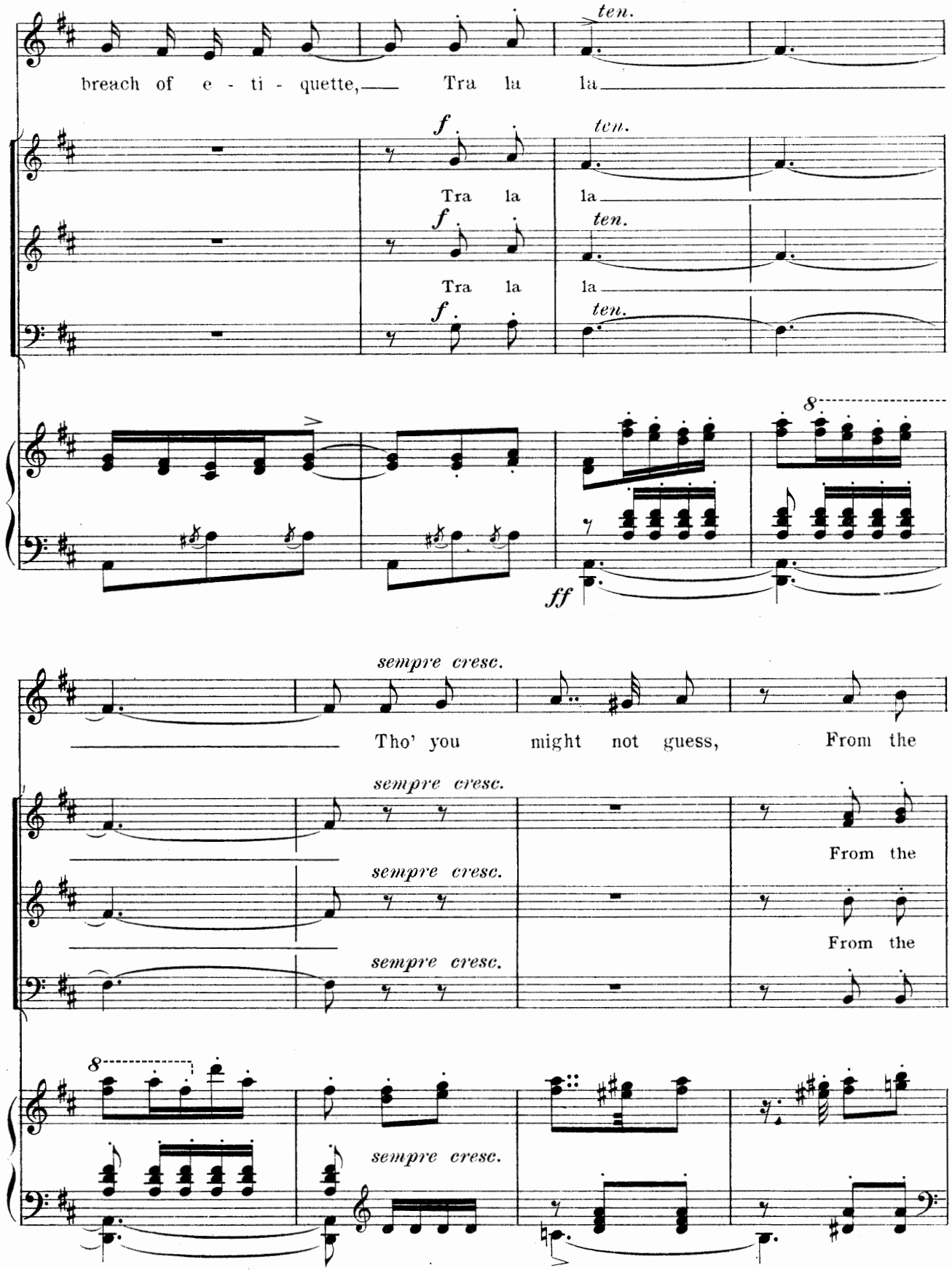

fond of him - - self, In the land of Spain,
fond of him - - self,
fond of him - - self,
pp
sfz
we're a naugh-ty, haugh-ty set, We re - gard with pain,
Unis.
An - y breach of e - ti - quette. We are dig - ni - fied
p

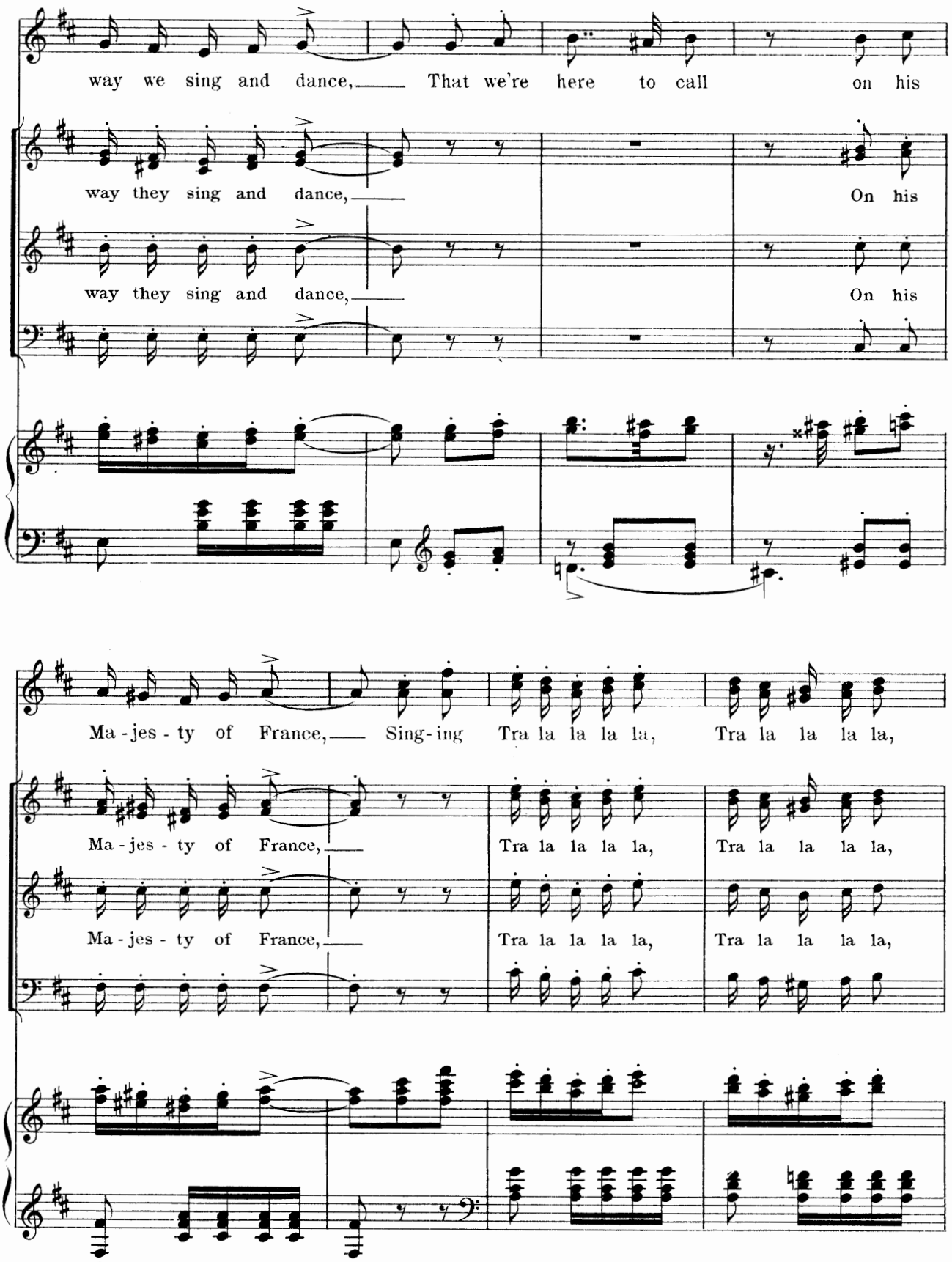

CHORUS.
We're puffed up with pride, It's a way we
That's a way they
That's a way they
have in Spain, In the land of Spain,
have in Spain.
have in Spain.
pp
portato
marcato

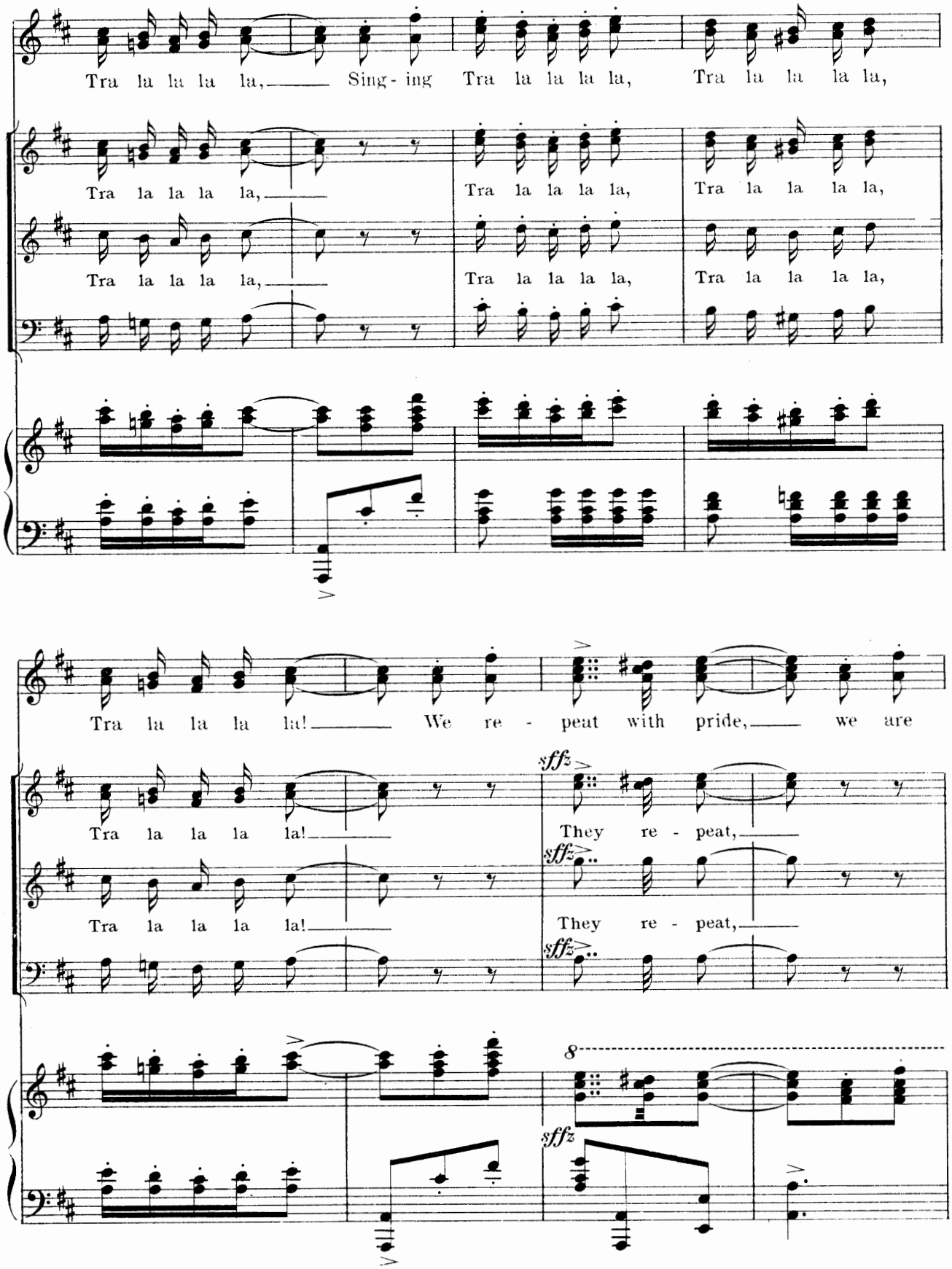

pp
we're a naugh-ty, haugh-ty set, We re - gard with pain,
pp
Unis.
An - y breach of e - ti - quette. We are
p
cresc.
dig - ni - fied, And puffed up with pride, It's a
CHORUS.
cresc.
That's a
cresc.
That's a
cresc.
cresc.

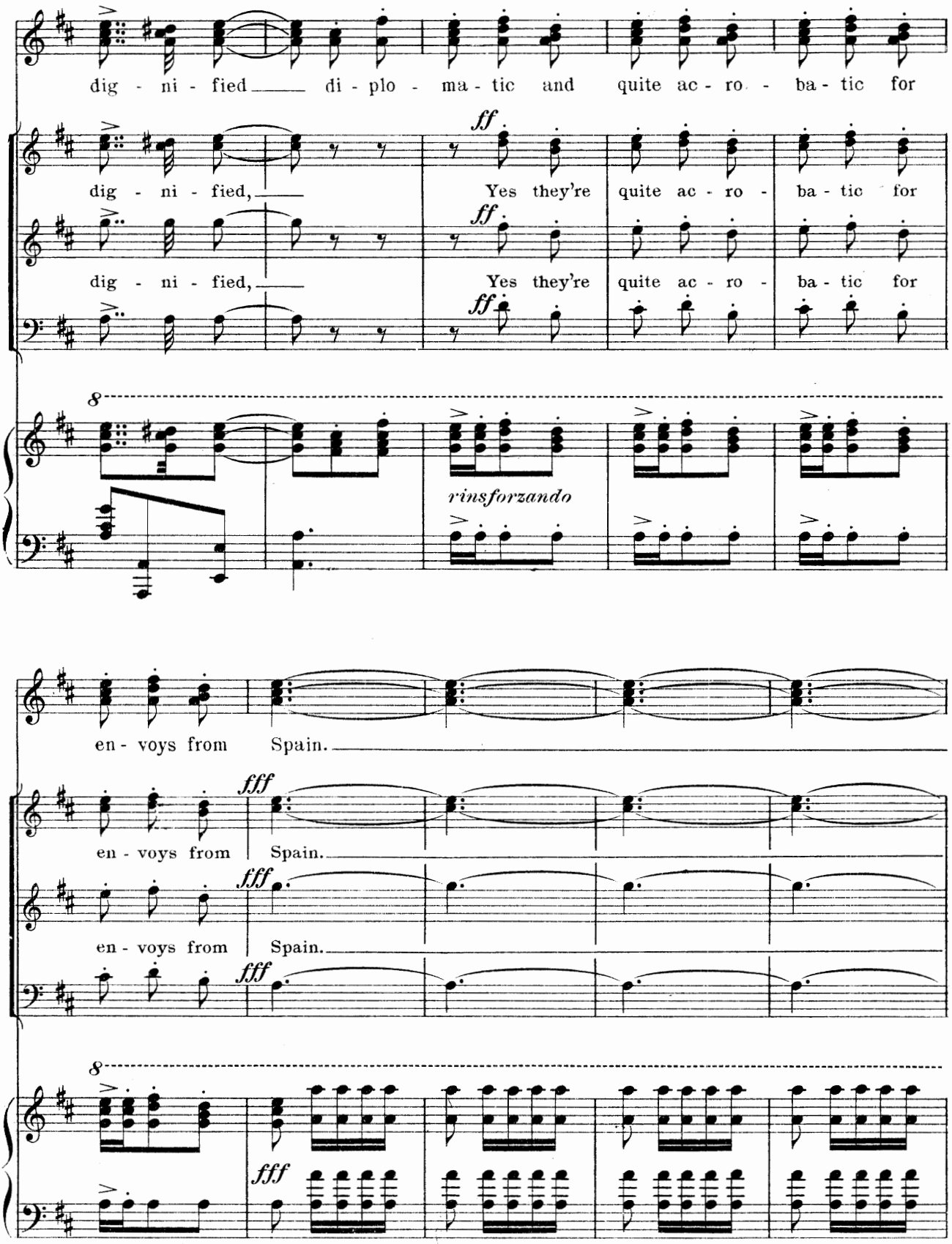

way we have in Spain.
way they have in Spain.
way they have in Spain.
Spain. In the land of Spain. We're a
Spain.
Spain.
Unis.

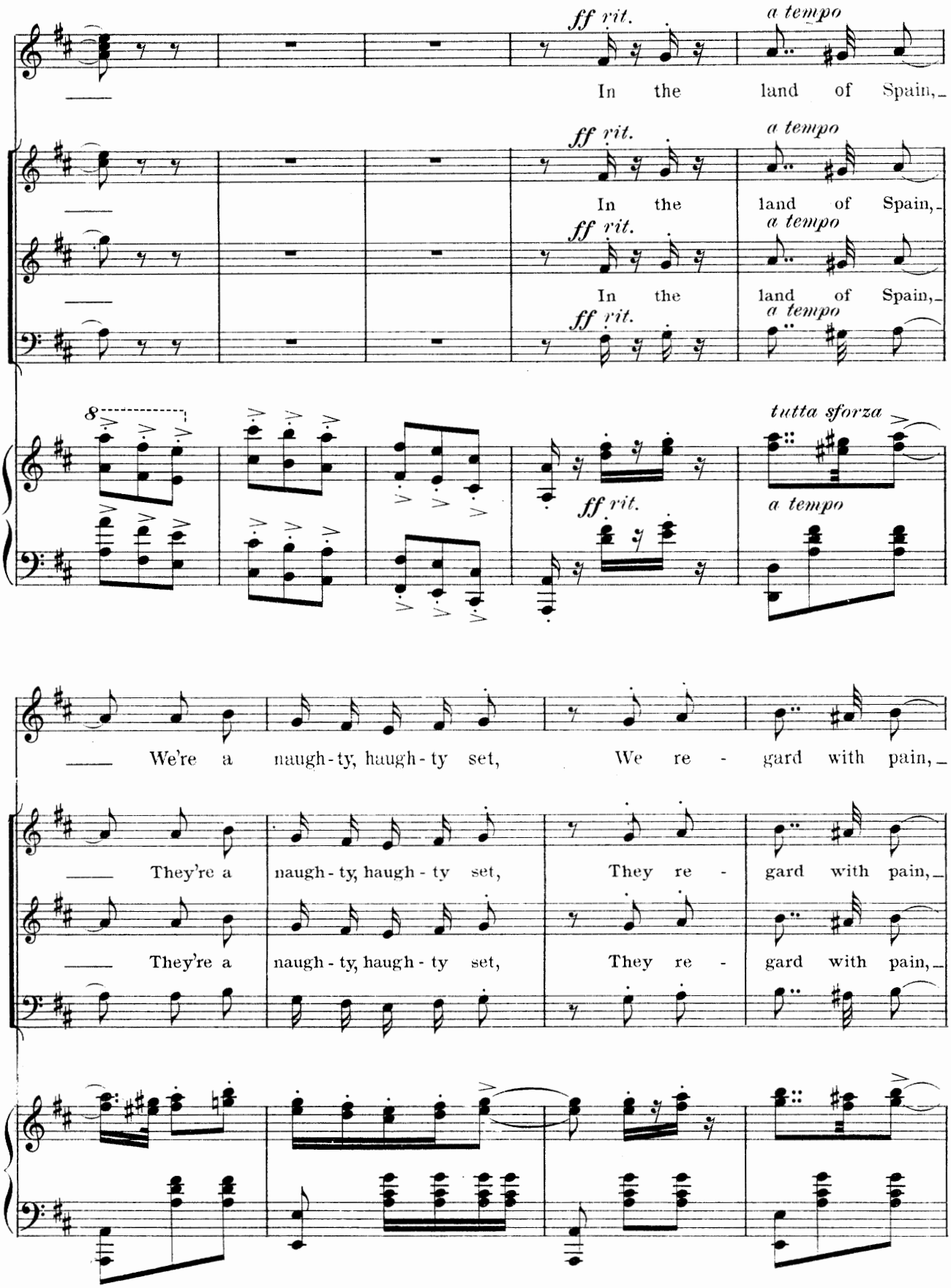

f a tempo
naugh - ty, haugh - ty set, Tra la la!
f
ten.
Tra la la
f
ten.
Tra la la
f
ten.
ff
marcato
ff
We re - gard with pain, An - y
f

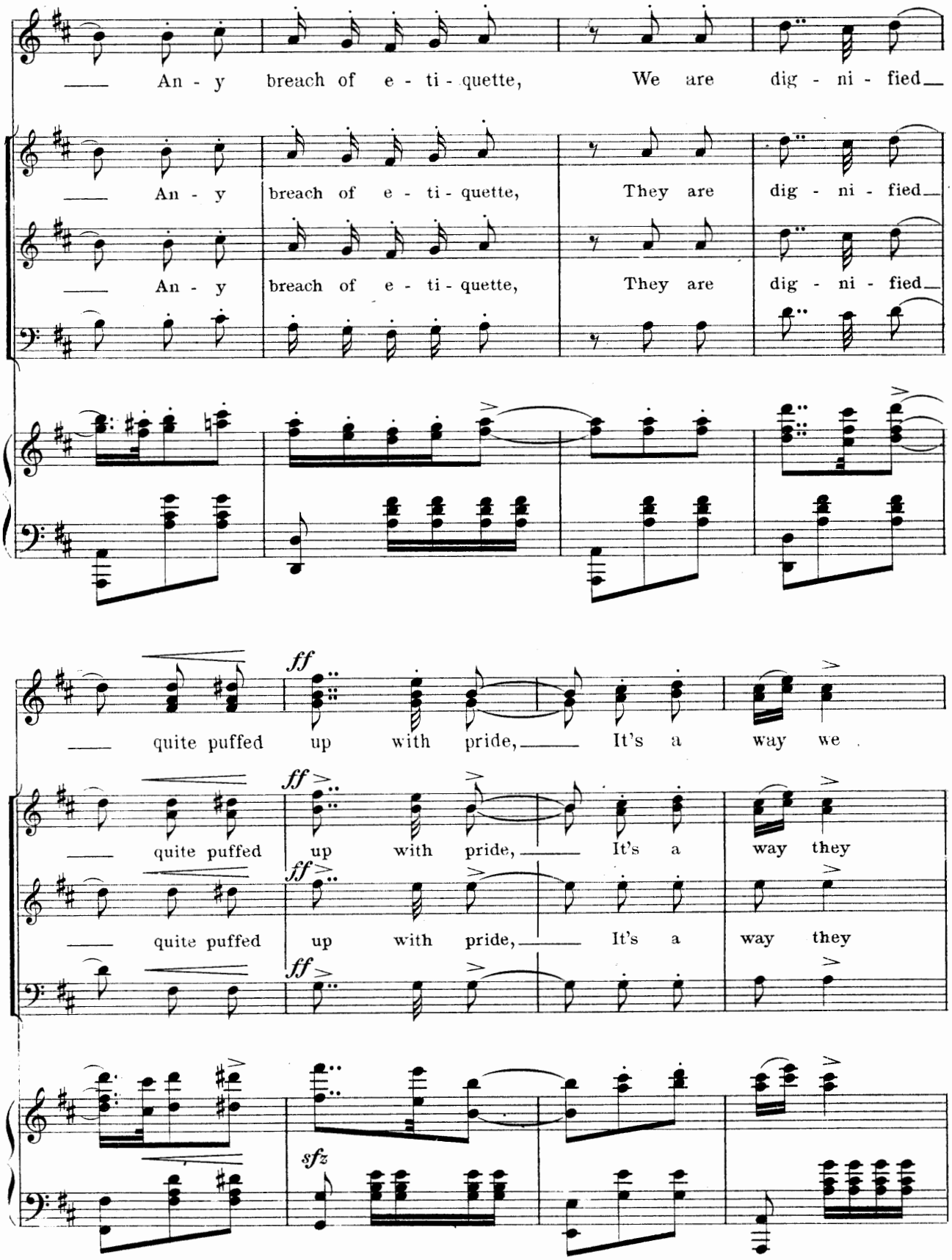

ten.
breach of e - ti - quette, Tra la la
f
ten.
Tra la la
f
ten.
Tra la la
f
ten.
8
ff
sempre cresc.
Tho' you might not guess, From the
sempre cresc.
From the
sempre cresc.
From the
sempre cresc.
8
sempre cresc.

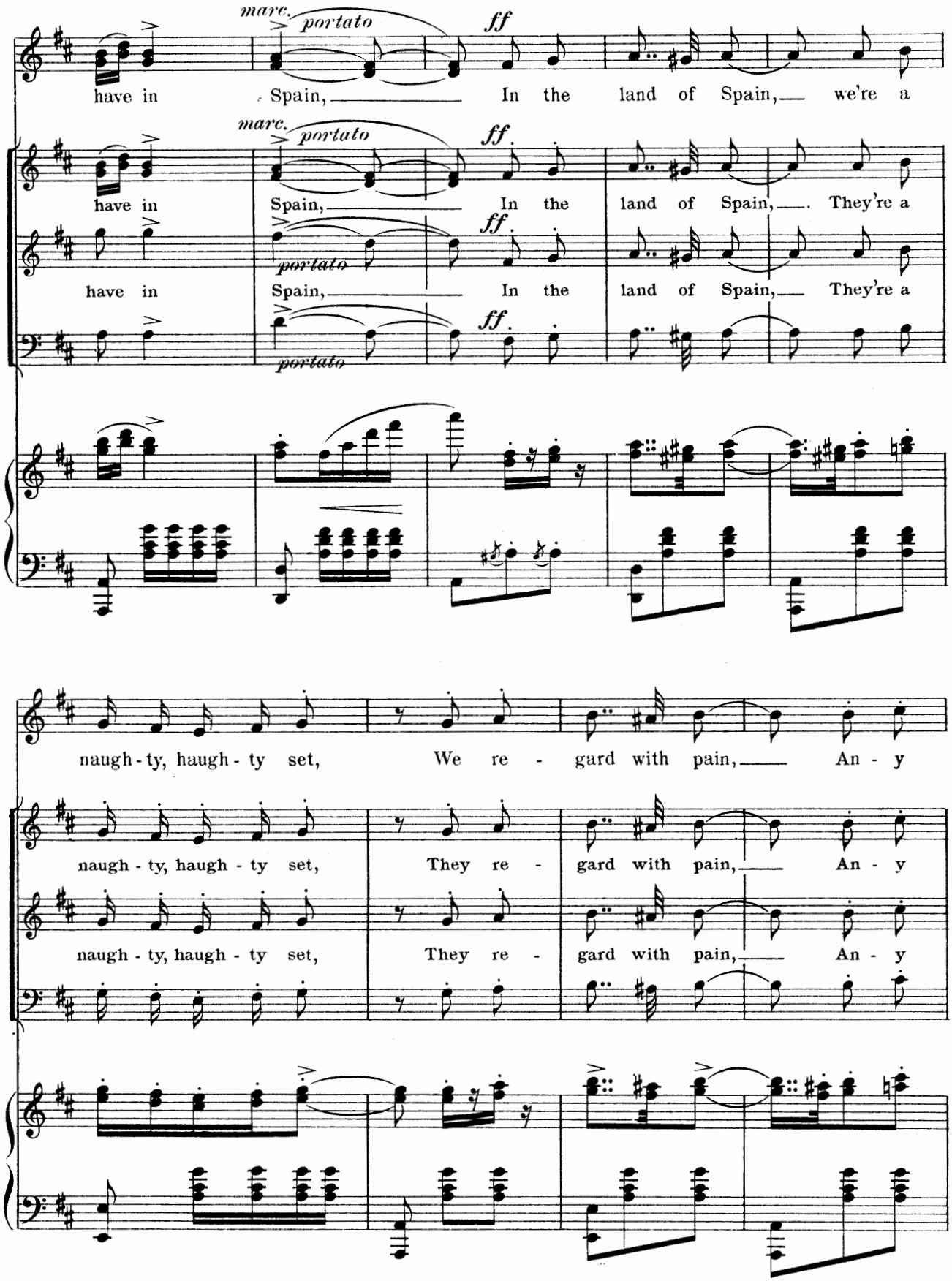

way we sing and dance, That we're here to call on his
way they sing and dance, On his
way they sing and dance, On his
Ma - jes - ty of France, Sing - ing Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Ma - jes - ty of France, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Ma - jes - ty of France, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,

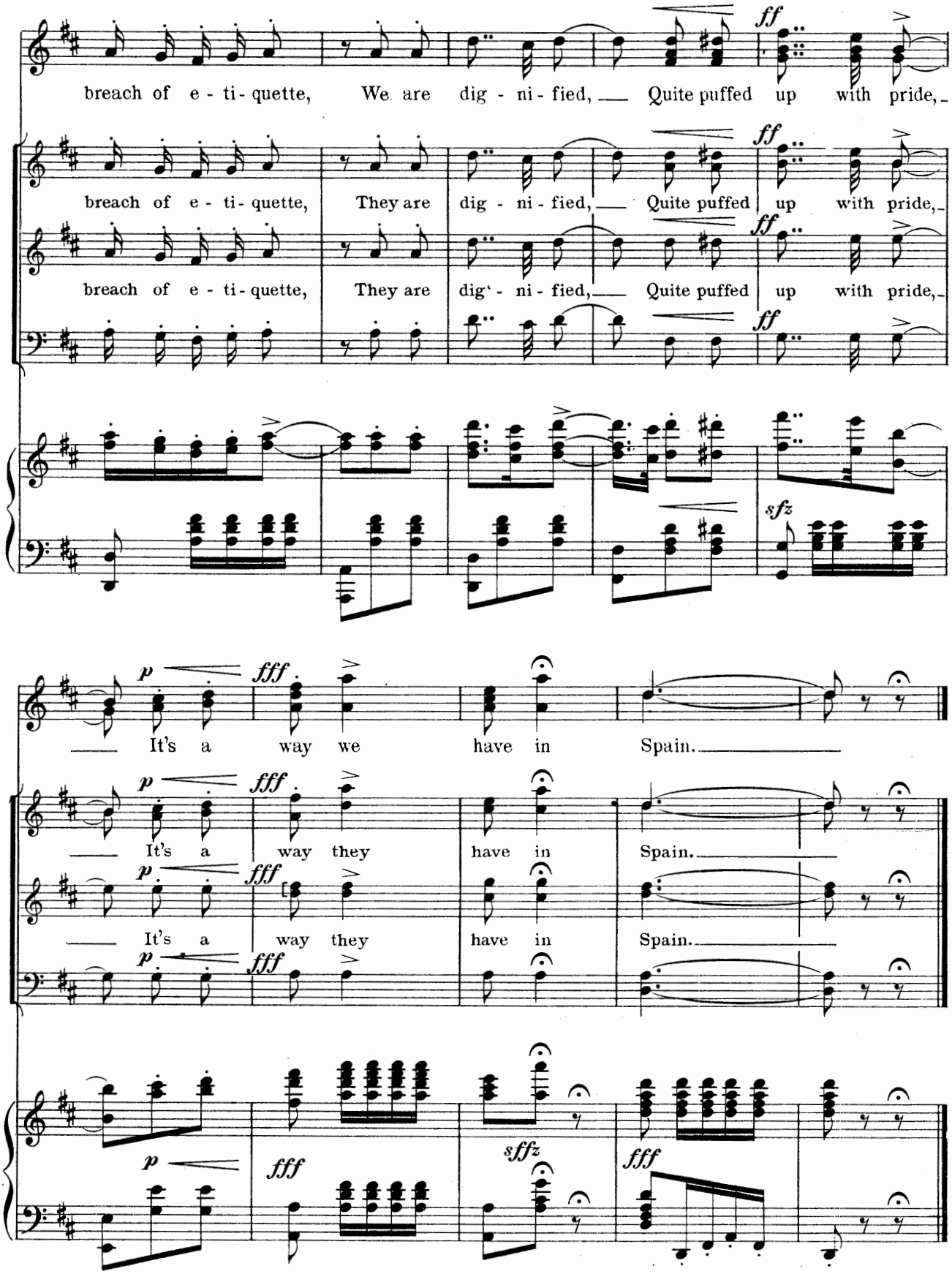

Tra la la la la, Sing - ing Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la! We re - peat with pride, we are
Tra la la la la!
They re - peat,
Tra la la la la!
They re - peat,
sffz
8
sffz


dig - ni - fied di - plo - ma - tic and quite ac - ro - ba - tic for
dig - ni - fied,
ff
Yes they're quite ac - ro - ba - tic for
dig - ni - fied,
ff
Yes they're quite ac - ro - ba - tic for
ff
8
rinsforzando
en - voys from Spain.
fff
en - voys from Spain.
fff
en - voys from Spain.
fff
8
fff


ff rit.
a tempo
In the land of Spain,
In the land of Spain,
In the land of Spain,
8
tutta sforza
We're a naugh-ty, haugh-ty set, We re - gard with pain,
They're a naugh-ty, haugh-ty set, They re - gard with pain,
They're a naugh-ty, haugh-ty set, They re - gard with pain,


An - y breach of e - ti - quette, We are dig - ni - fied
An - y breach of e - ti - quette, They are dig - ni - fied
An - y breach of e - ti - quette, They are dig - ni - fied
ff
quite puffed up with pride, It's a way we
quite puffed up with pride, It's a way they
quite puffed up with pride, It's a way they
sfz


marc.
portato
ff
have in Spain, In the land of Spain, we're a
have in Spain, In the land of Spain, They're a
have in Spain, In the land of Spain, They're a
naugh - ty, haugh - ty set, We re - gard with pain, An - y
naugh - ty, haugh - ty set, They re - gard with pain, An - y
naugh - ty, haugh - ty set, They re - gard with pain, An - y


breach of e - ti - quette, We are dig - ni - fied, Quite puffed up with pride,
breach of e - ti - quette, They are dig - ni - fied, Quite puffed up with pride,
breach of e - ti - quette, They are dig - ni - fied, Quite puffed up with pride,
It's a way we have in Spain.
It's a way they have in Spain.
It's a way they have in Spain.

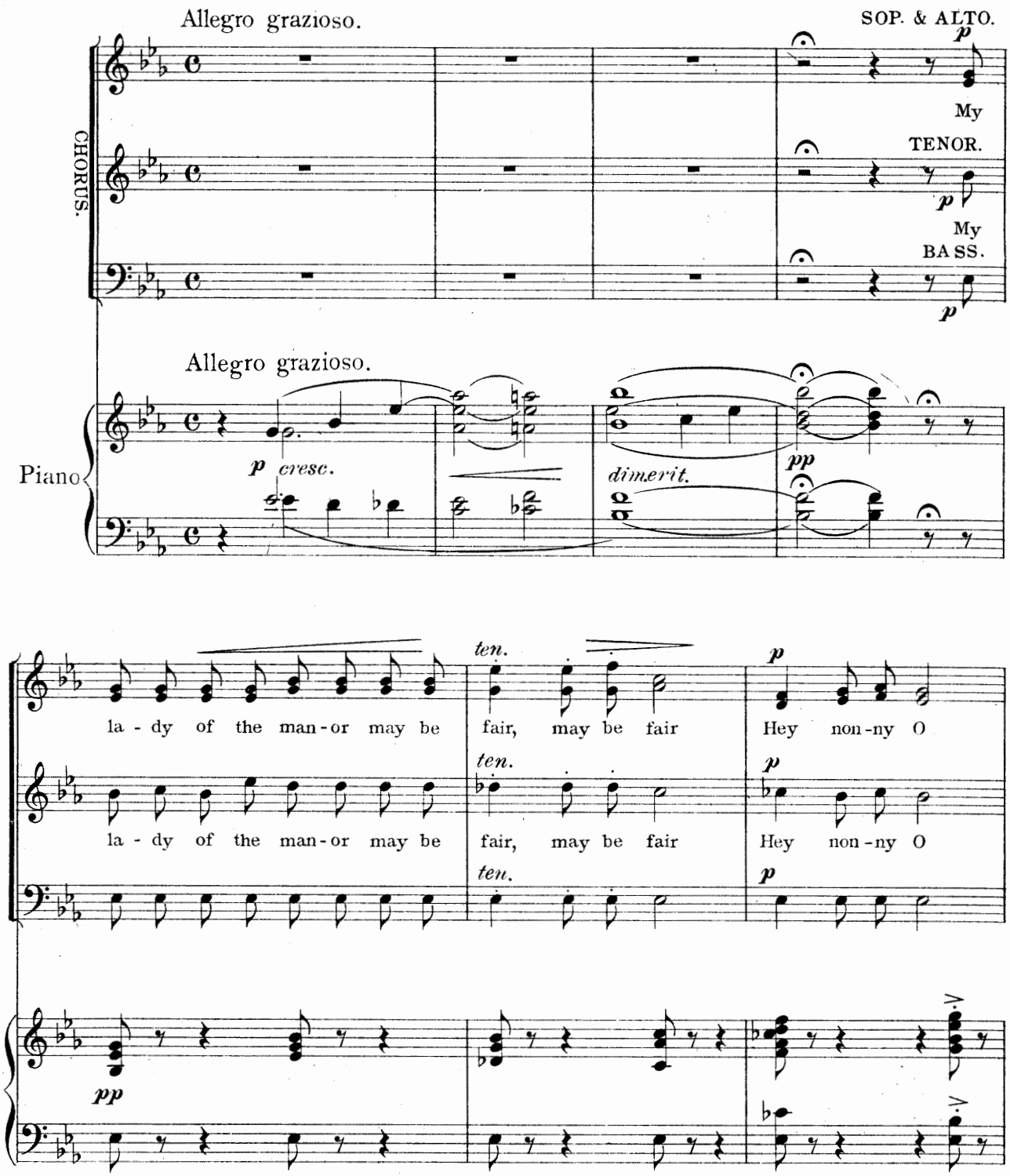
My Lady of the Manor.

No. 21.

MADRIGAL QUARTETTE.

Lyric by
HARRY B SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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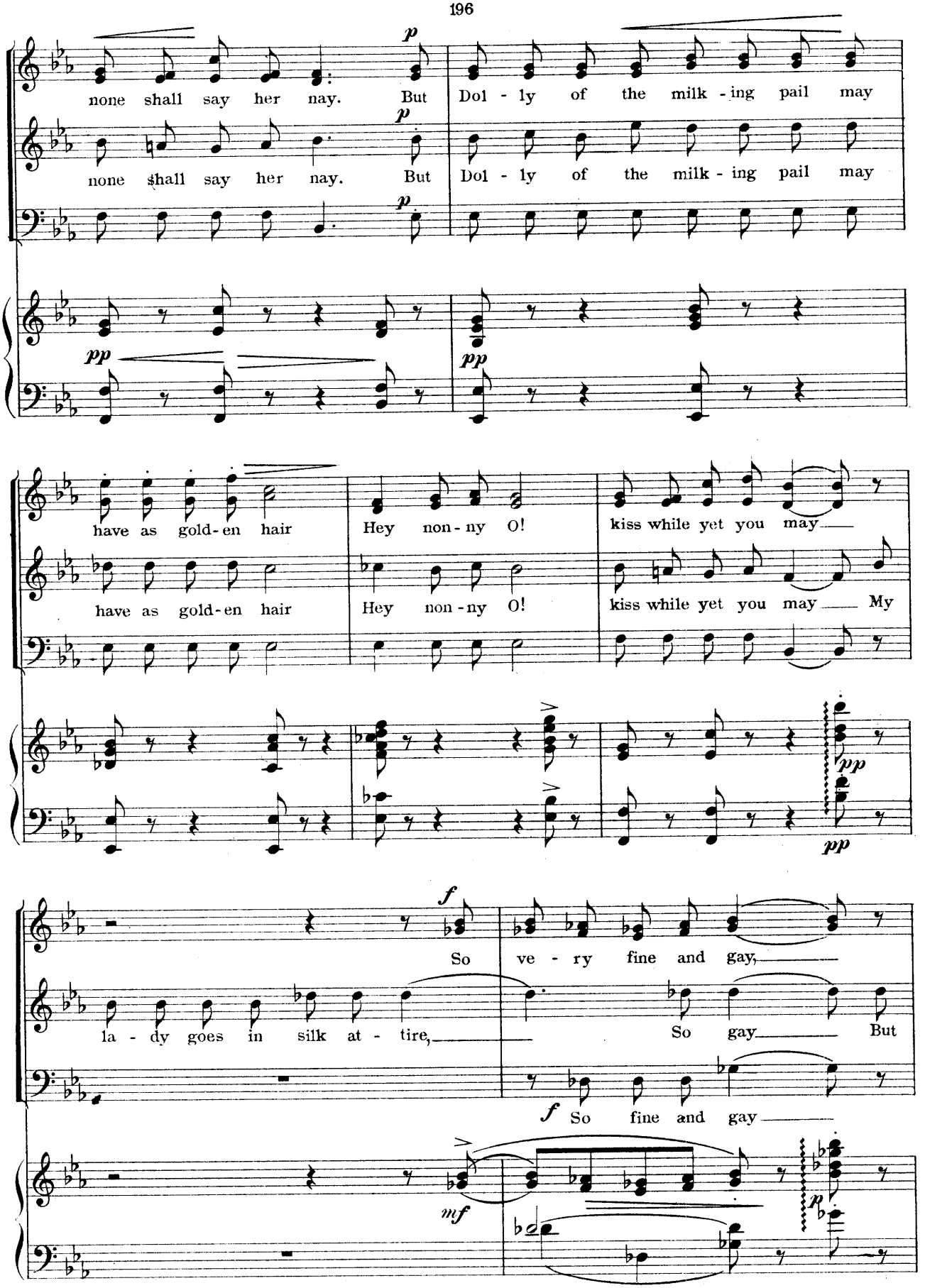
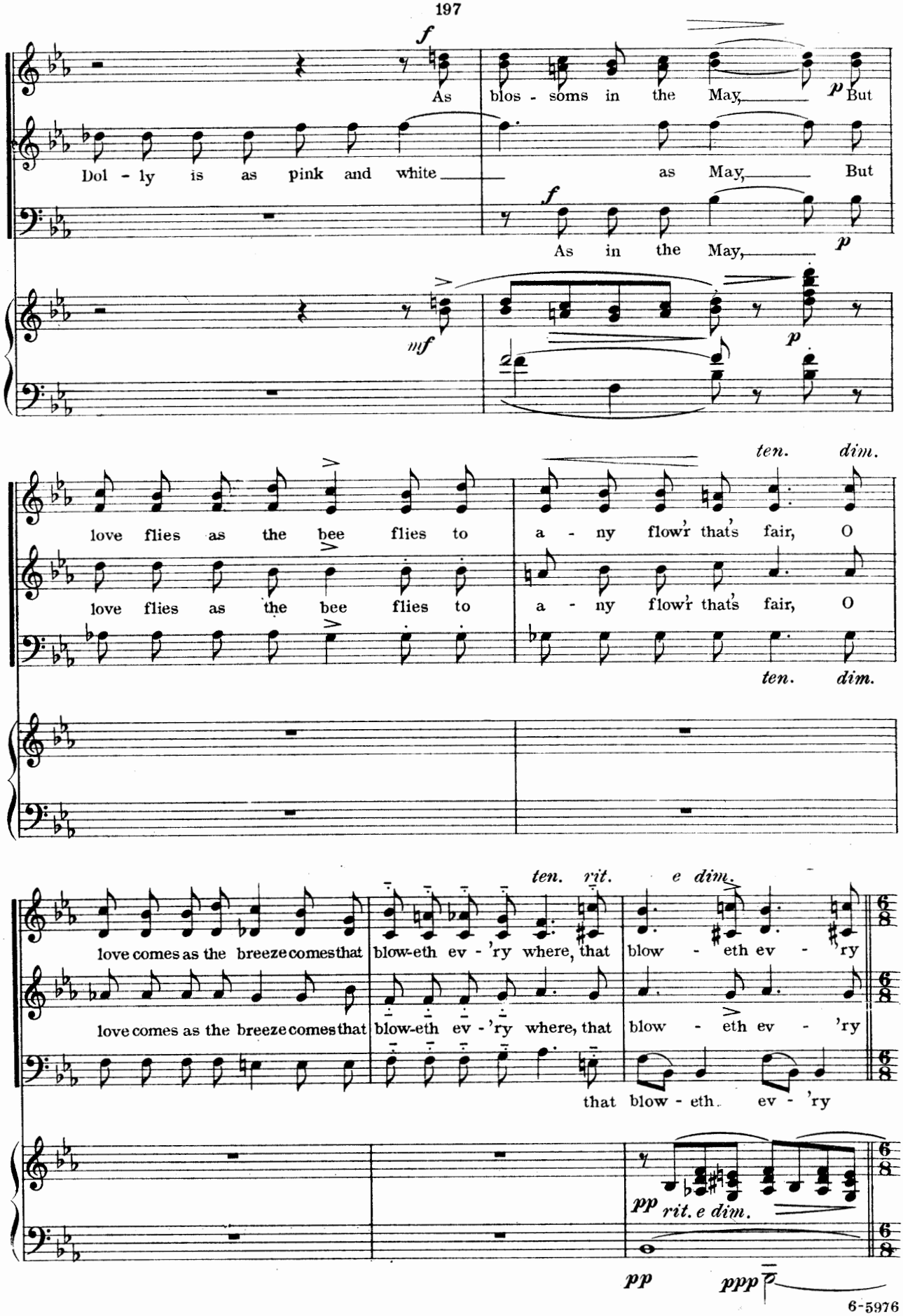
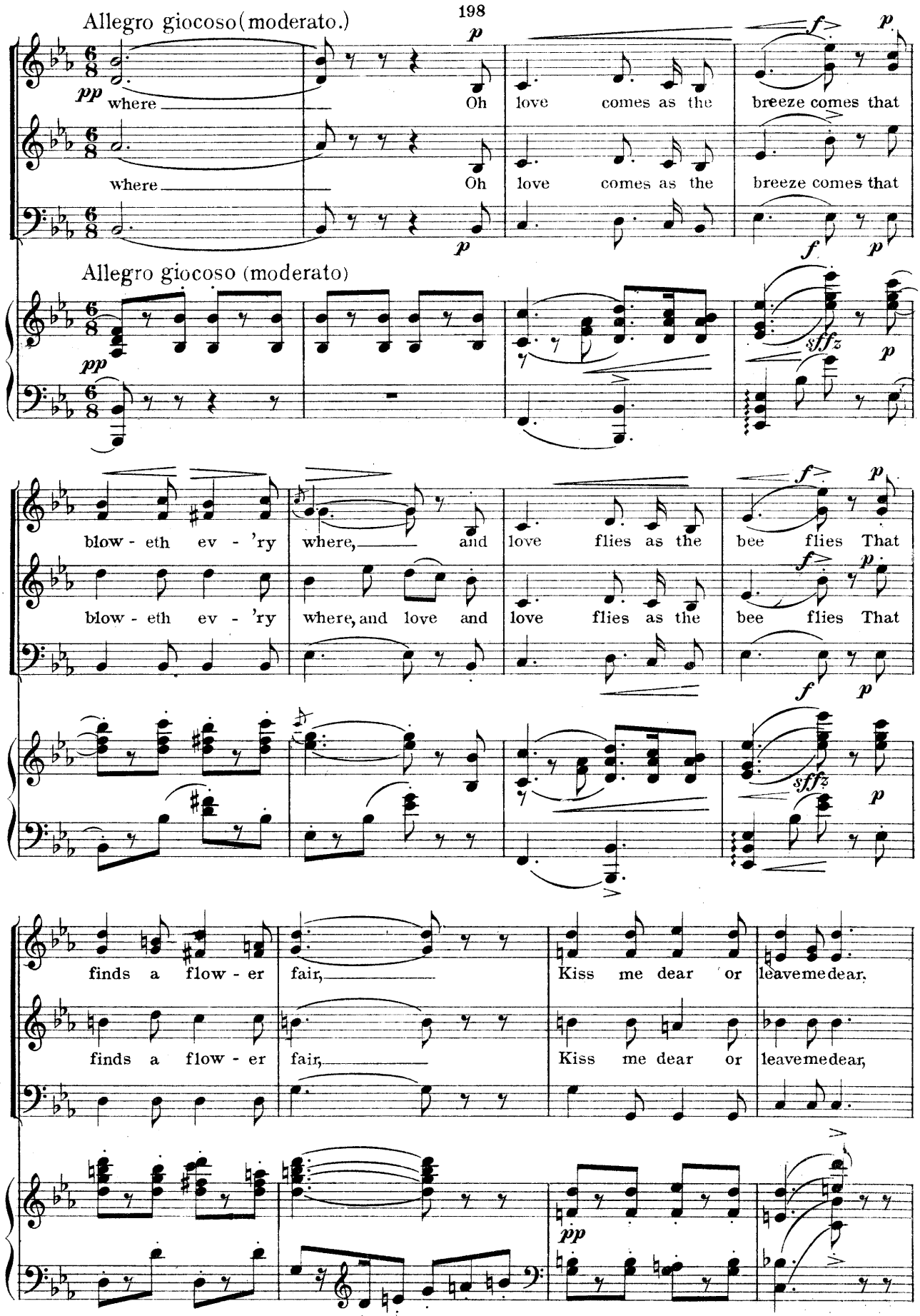
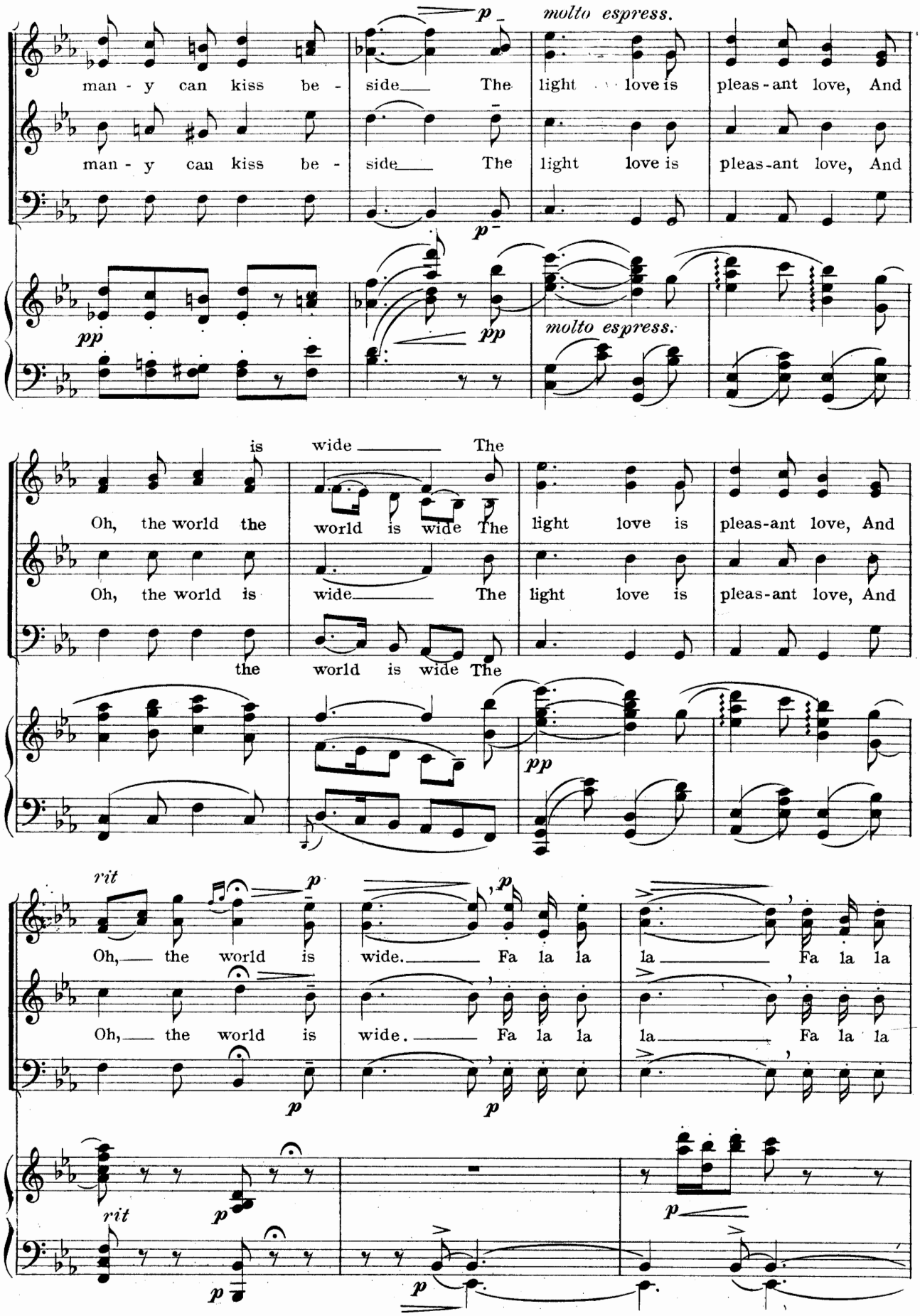
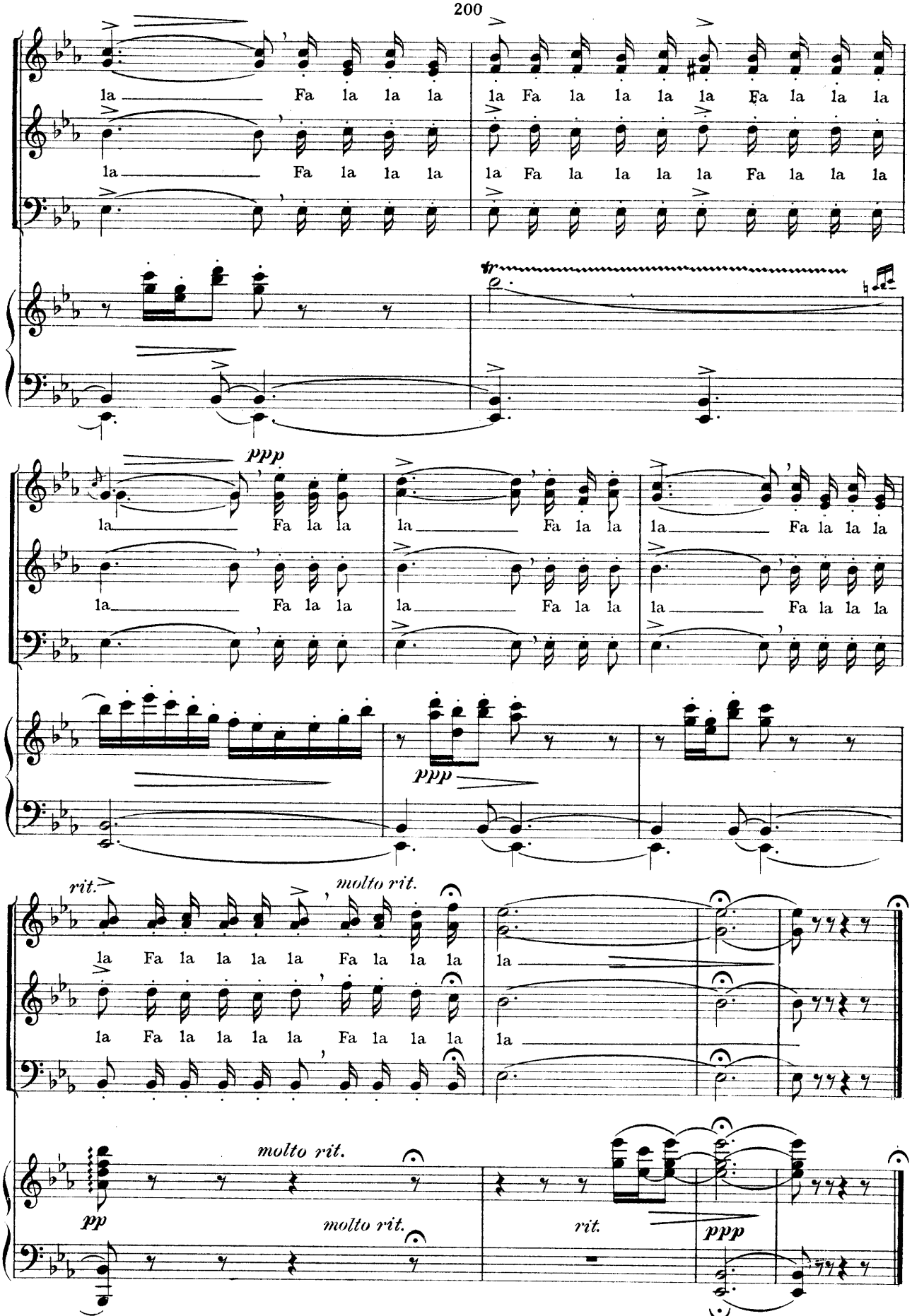

none shall say her nay. But
Dol - ly of the milk - ing pail may
none shall say her nay. But
Dol - ly of the milk - ing pail may
have as gold - en hair
Hey non - ny O!
kiss while yet you may
have as gold - en hair
Hey non - ny O!
kiss while yet you may My
So
ve - ry fine and gay,
la - dy goes in silk at - tire,
So gay But
So fine and gay


f
As blos - soms in the May, p But
Dol - ly is as pink and white as May, But
f
As in the May, p
mf
p
love flies as the bee flies to a - ny flow'r that's fair, O
ten. dim.
love flies as the bee flies to a - ny flow'r that's fair, O
ten. dim.
ten. rit. e dim.
love comes as the breeze comes that blow-eth ev - 'ry where, that blow - eth ev - 'ry
love comes as the breeze comes that blow-eth ev - 'ry where, that blow - eth ev - 'ry
that blow - eth ev - 'ry
pp rit. e dim.
pp
ppp


Allegro giocoso (moderato.)
pp
where
Oh love comes as the breeze comes that
where
Oh love comes as the breeze comes that
p
f
p
Allegro giocoso (moderato)
pp
sffz
p
blow - eth ev - 'ry where, and love flies as the bee flies That
blow - eth ev - 'ry where, and love and love flies as the bee flies That
finds a flow - er fair, Kiss me dear or leave me dear,
finds a flow - er fair, Kiss me dear or leave me dear,
pp


man - y can kiss be - side The light love is pleas-ant love, And
man - y can kiss be - side The light love is pleas-ant love, And
molto espress.
molto espress.
Oh, the world the world is wide The light love is pleas-ant love, And
Oh, the world is wide The light love is pleas-ant love, And
the world is wide The
Oh, the world is wide. Fa la la la Fa la la
Oh, the world is wide. Fa la la la Fa la la
rit
rit


la Fa la la la
la Fa la la la la Fa la la la
ppp
molto rit.
rit.
pp
ppp

Where the Fairest Flow'rs are Blooming.

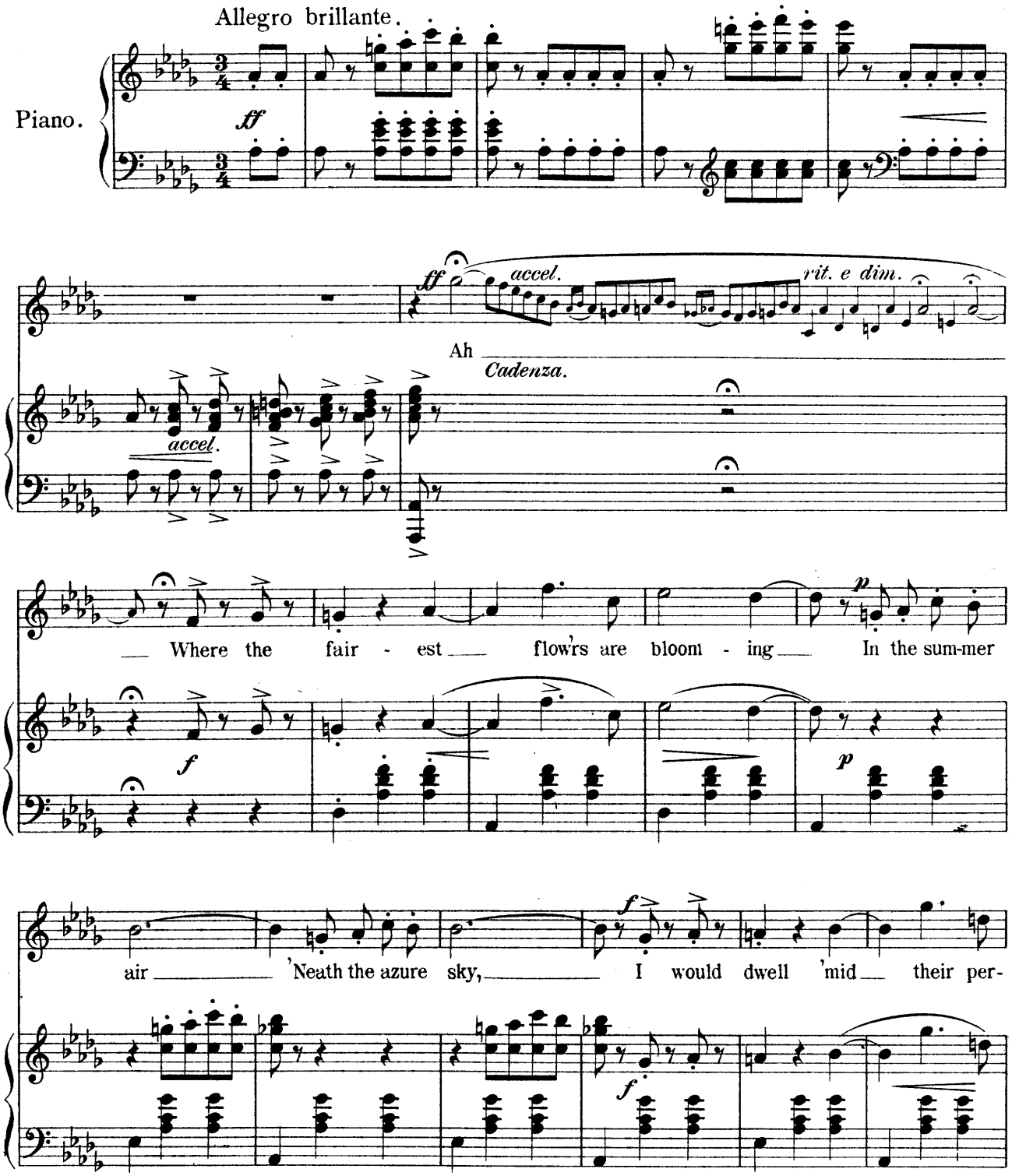
No 22.

The Butterfly Waltz Song.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Babette.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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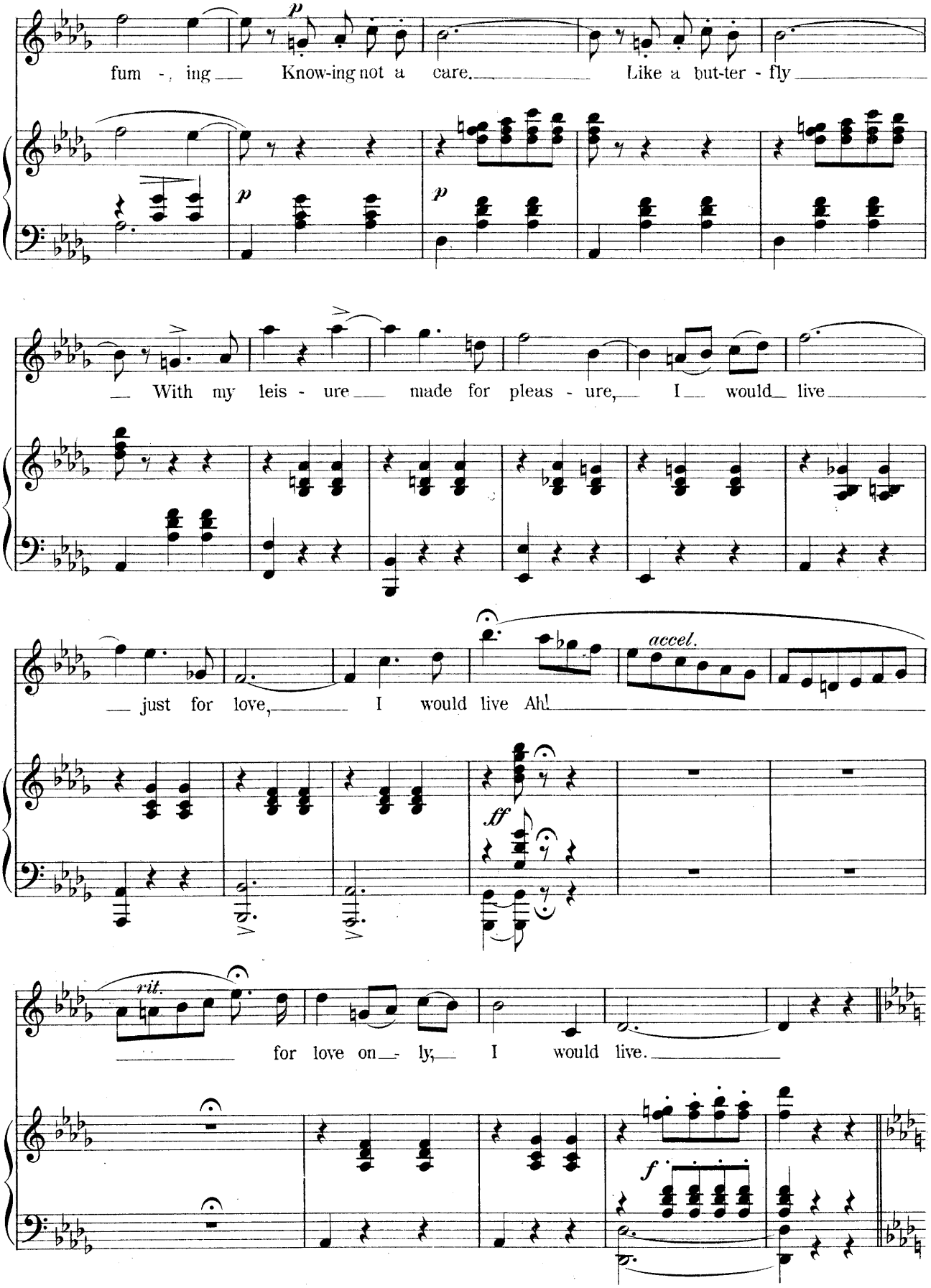
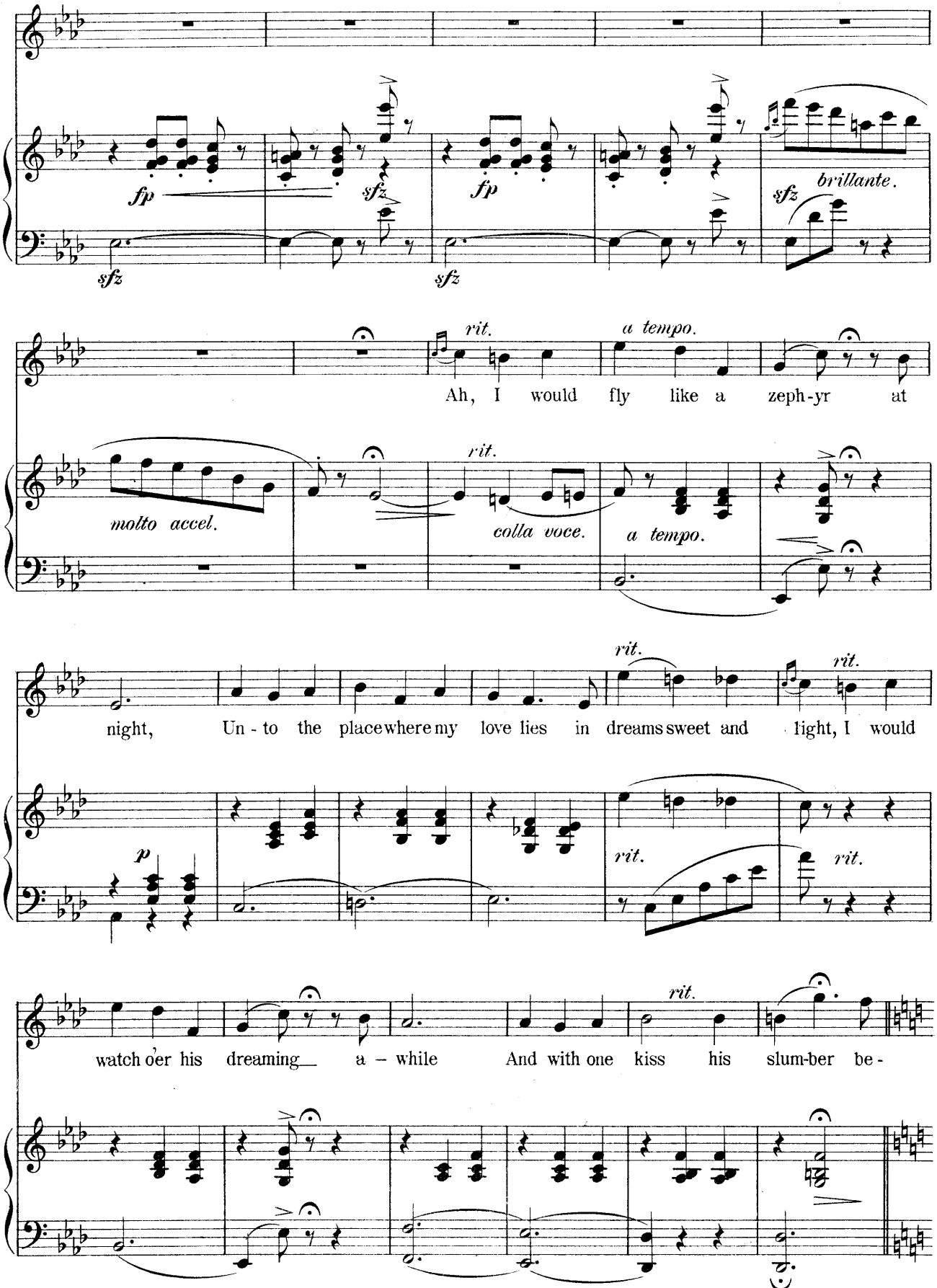
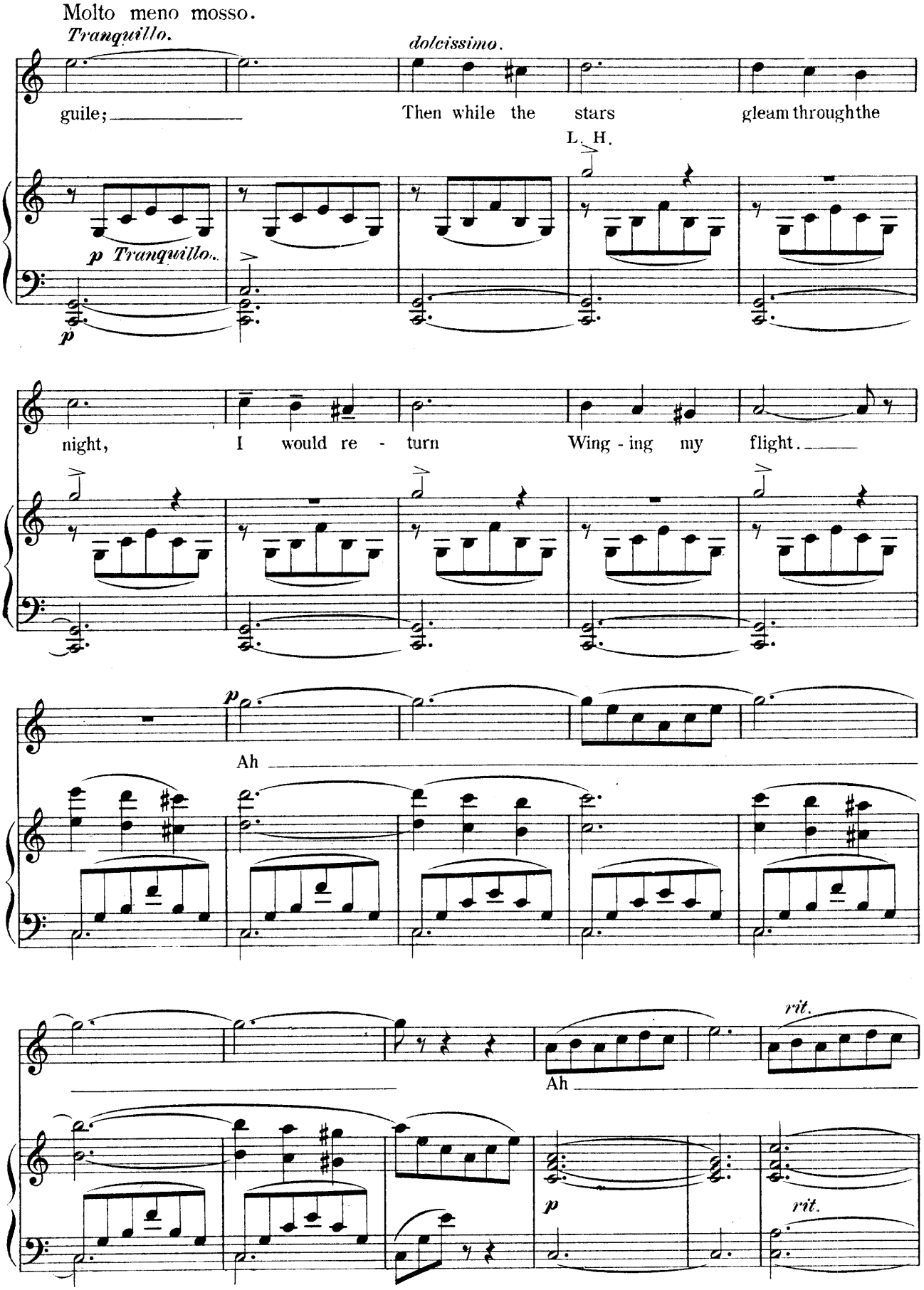
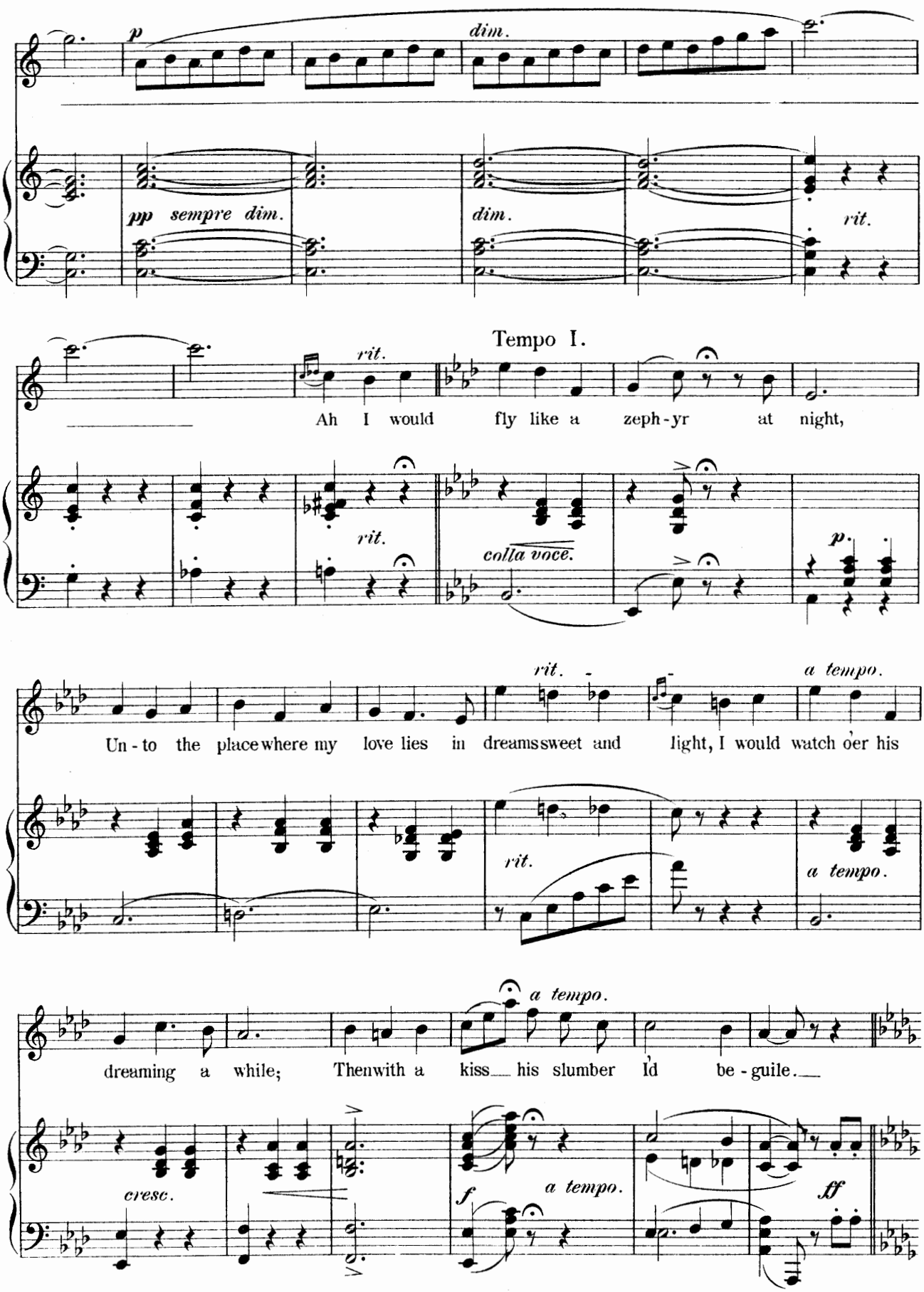
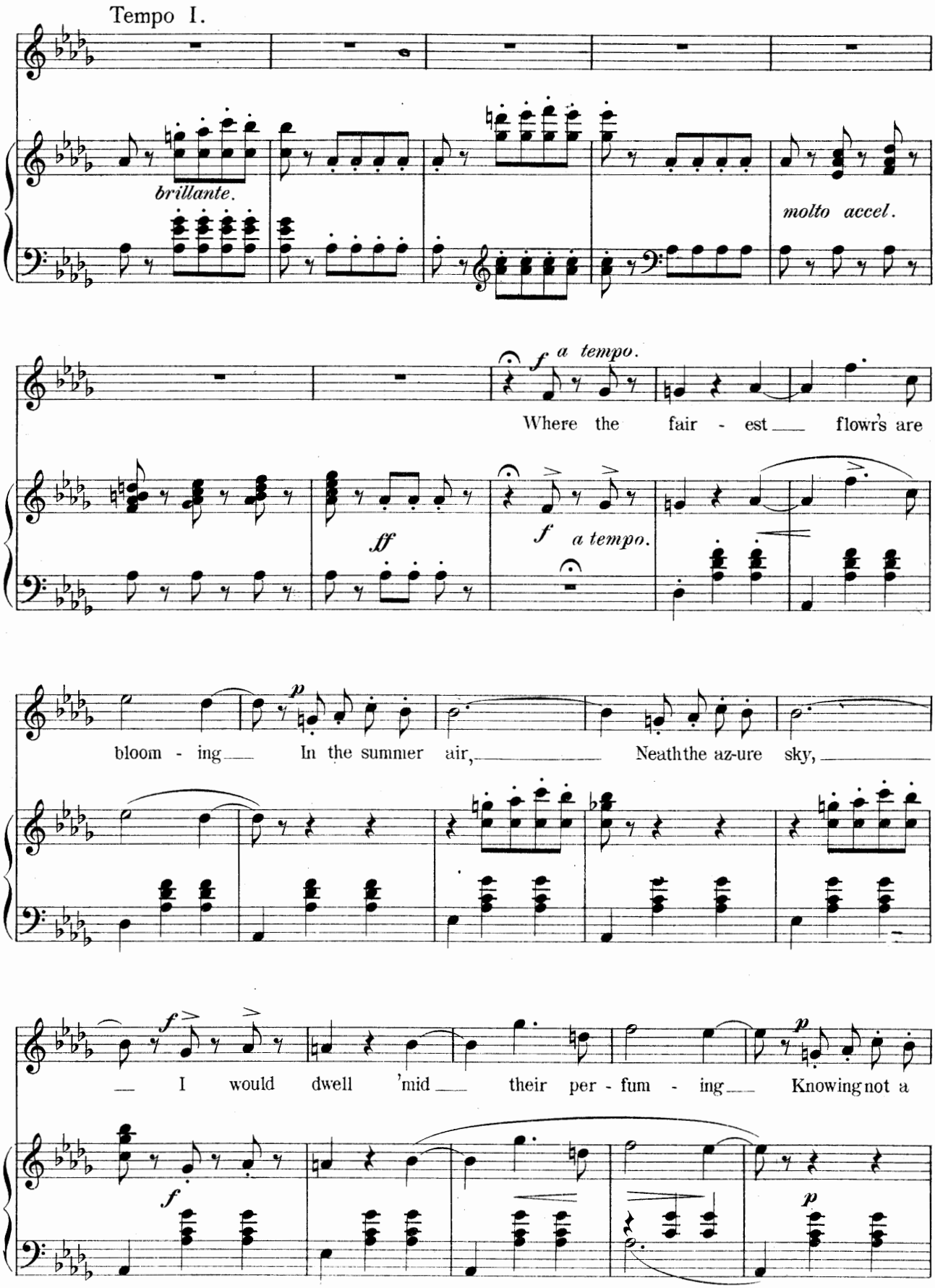
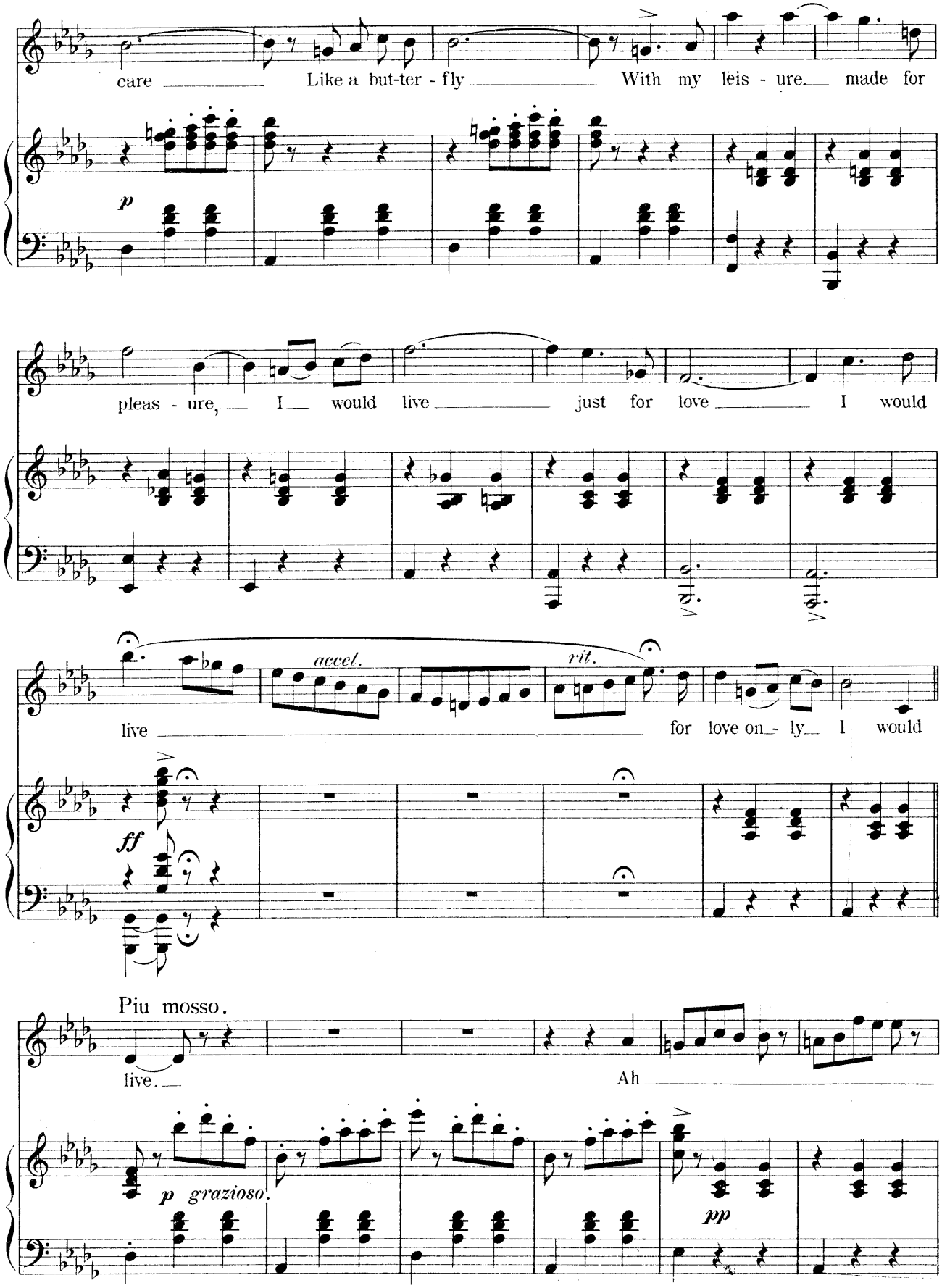

fum - ing Know-ing not a care. Like a but-ter - fly
With my leis - ure made for pleas - ure, I would live
just for love, I would live Ah!
accel.
ff
rit.
for love on - ly, I would live.
f

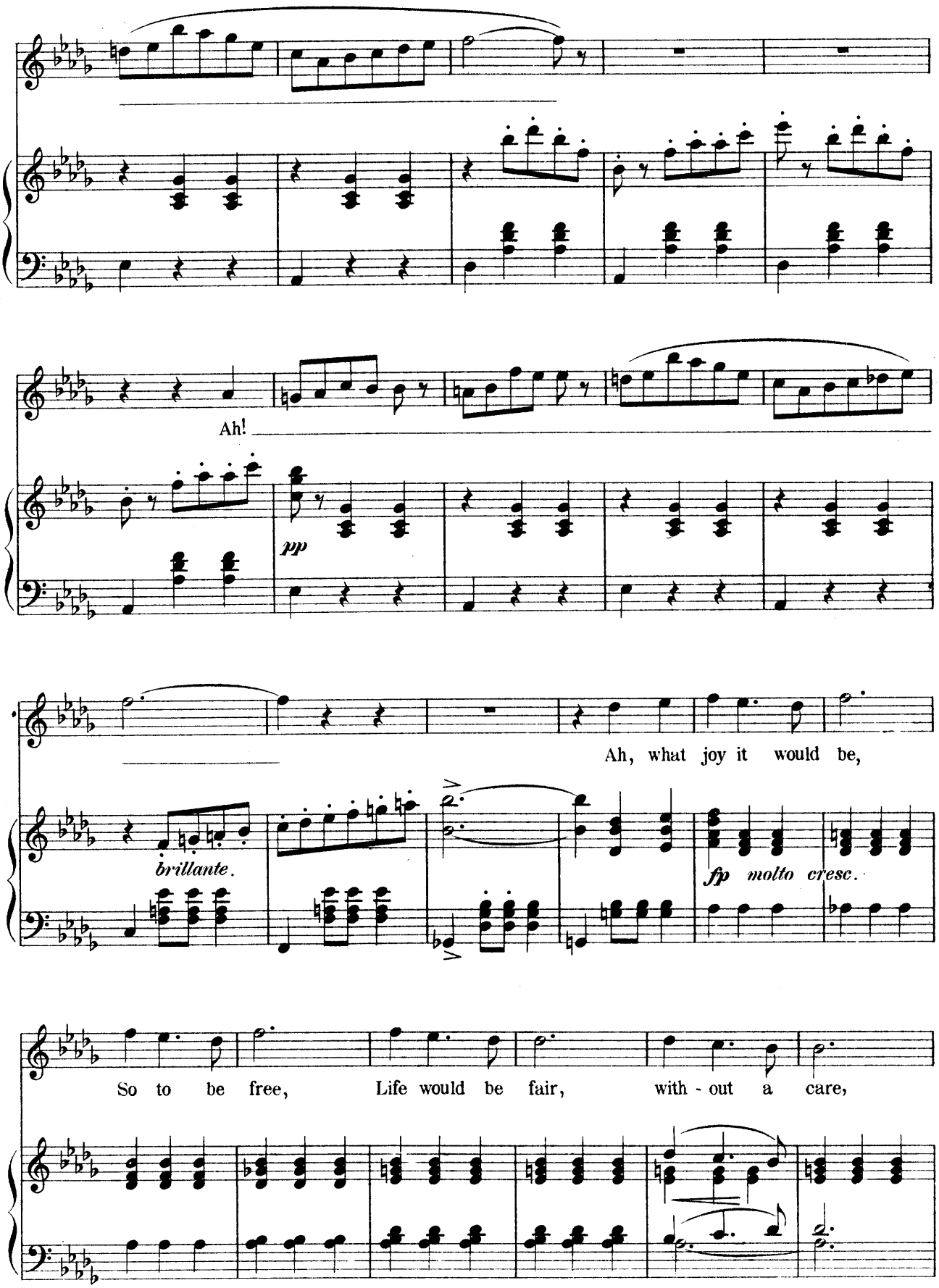

fp
sfz
fp
sfz
sfz
brillante.
sfz
rit.
a tempo.
Ah, I would fly like a zeph-yr at
molto accel.
rit.
colla voce.
a tempo.
rit.
rit.
night, Un - to the place where my love lies in dreams sweet and light, I would
p
rit.
rit.
rit.
watch o'er his dreaming a - while And with one kiss his slum-ber be -

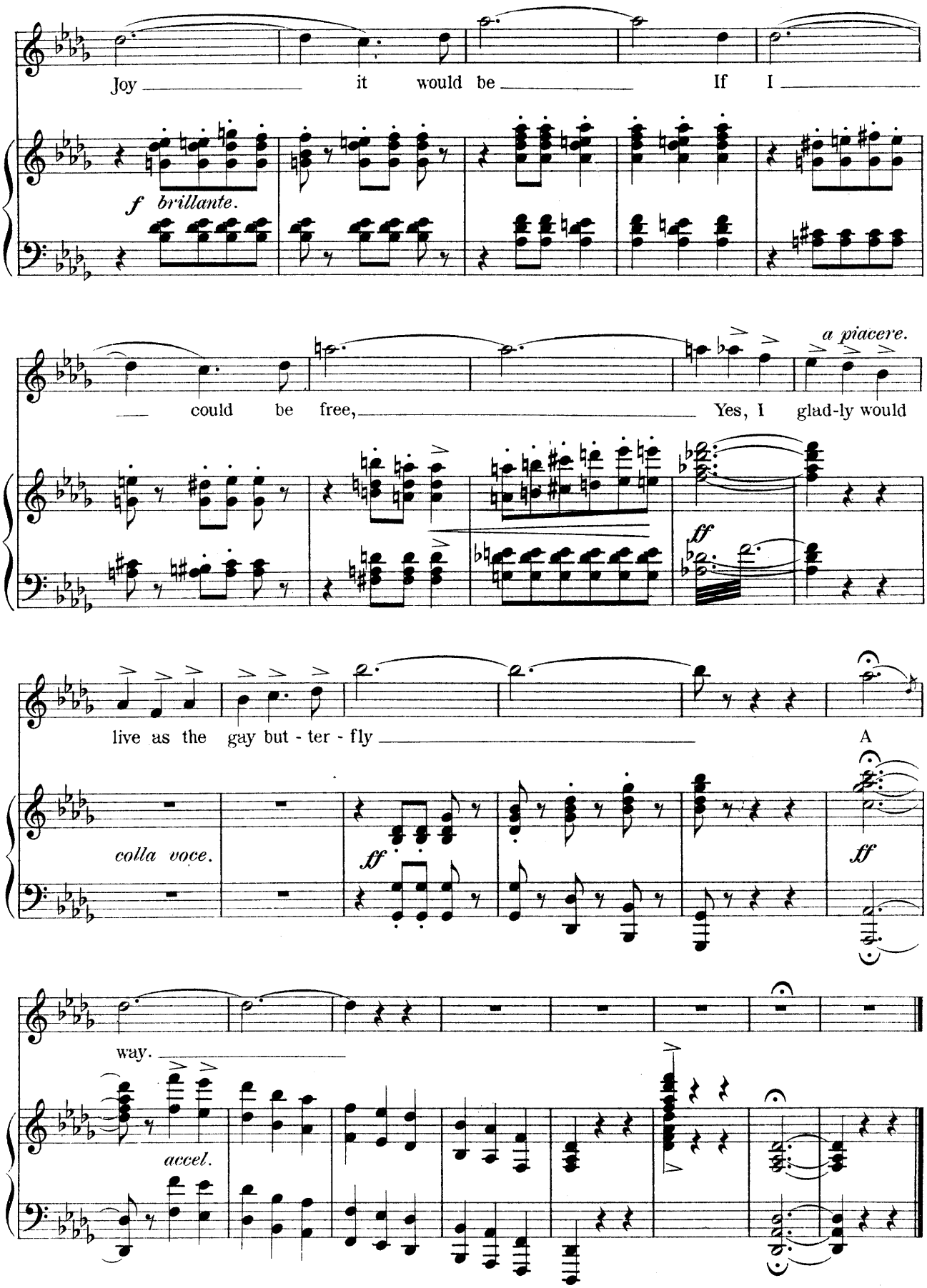

Molto meno mosso.
Tranquillo.
dolcissimo.
guile;
Then while the stars gleam through the
L. H.
p Tranquillo.
p
night,
I would re - turn
Wing - ing my flight.
p
Ah
Ah
rit.
p
rit.


p
dim.
pp sempre dim.
dim.
rit.
Tempo I.
rit.
Ah I would fly like a zeph-yr at night,
rit.
colla voce.
p.
rit.
a tempo.
Un-to the place where my love lies in dreams sweet and light, I would watch o'er his
rit.
a tempo.
a tempo.
dreaming a while; Then with a kiss his slumber I'd be-guile.
cresc.
f
a tempo.
ff


Tempo I.
brillante.
molto accel.
f a tempo.
Where the fair - est flowr's are
ff
f a tempo.
p
bloom - ing In the summer air, Neath the az-ure sky,
f
I would dwell 'mid their per - fum - ing Knowing not a
f
p
p


care Like a but-ter - fly With my leis - ure made for
p
pleas - ure, I would live just for love I would
accel.
rit.
live for love on - ly I would
ff
Piu mosso.
live.
Ah
p grazioso.
pp


Ah!
pp
Ah, what joy it would be,
brillante.
fp molto cresc.
So to be free, Life would be fair, with - out a care,

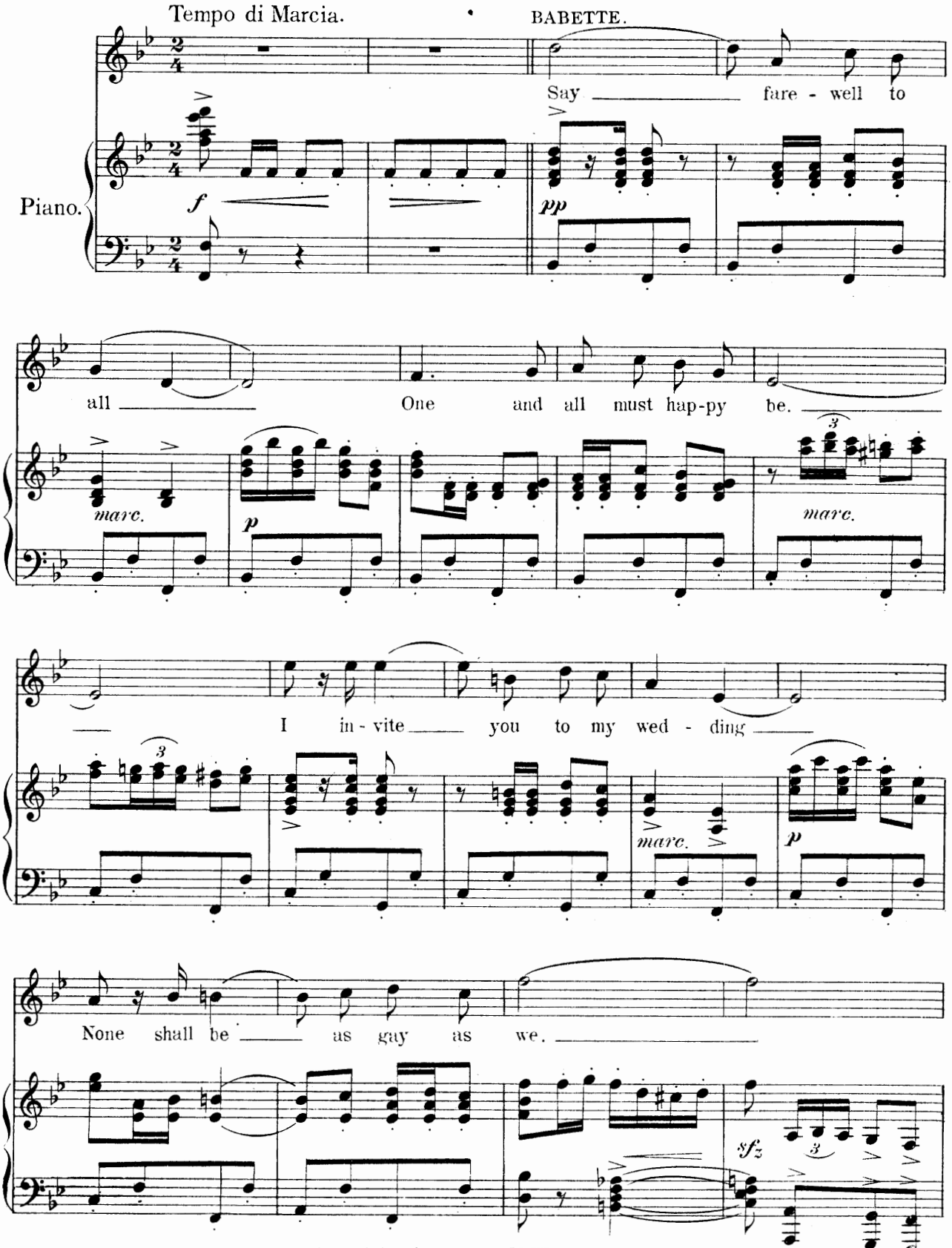

Joy it would be If I
f brillante.
could be free, Yes, I glad-ly would
a piacere.
ff
live as the gay but - ter - fly A
colla voce.
ff
ff
way.
accel.

Finale III.

No. 23.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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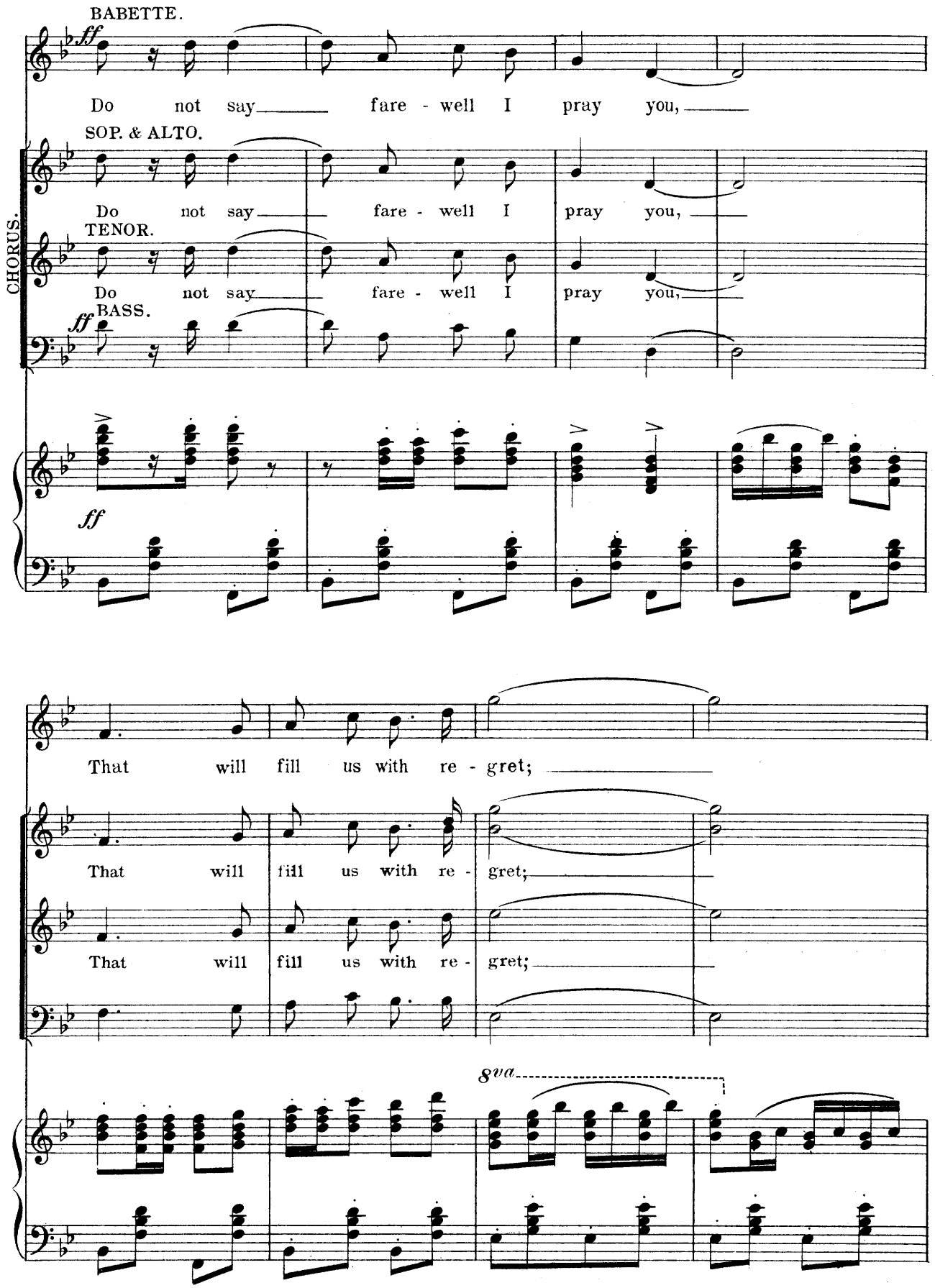
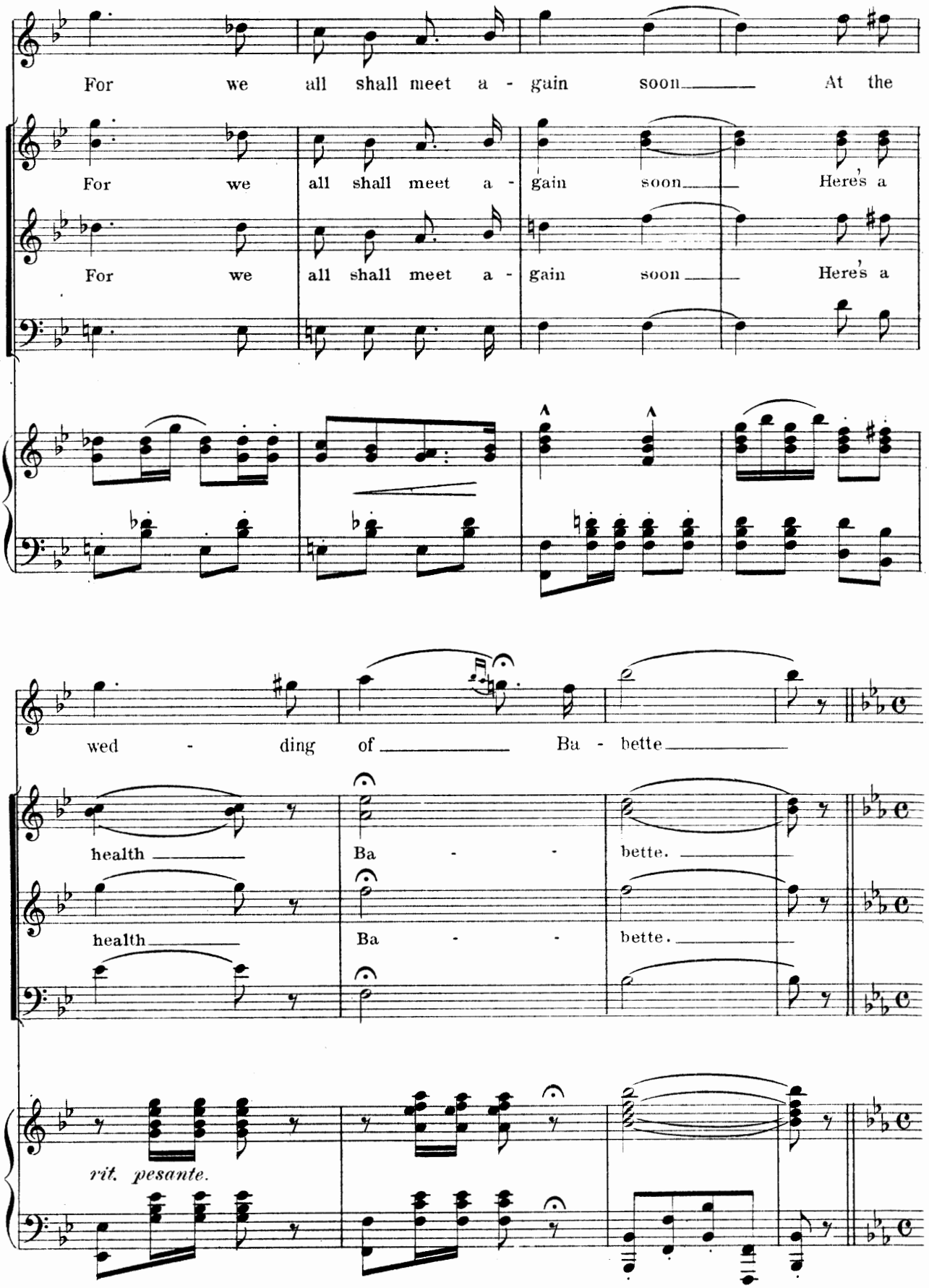
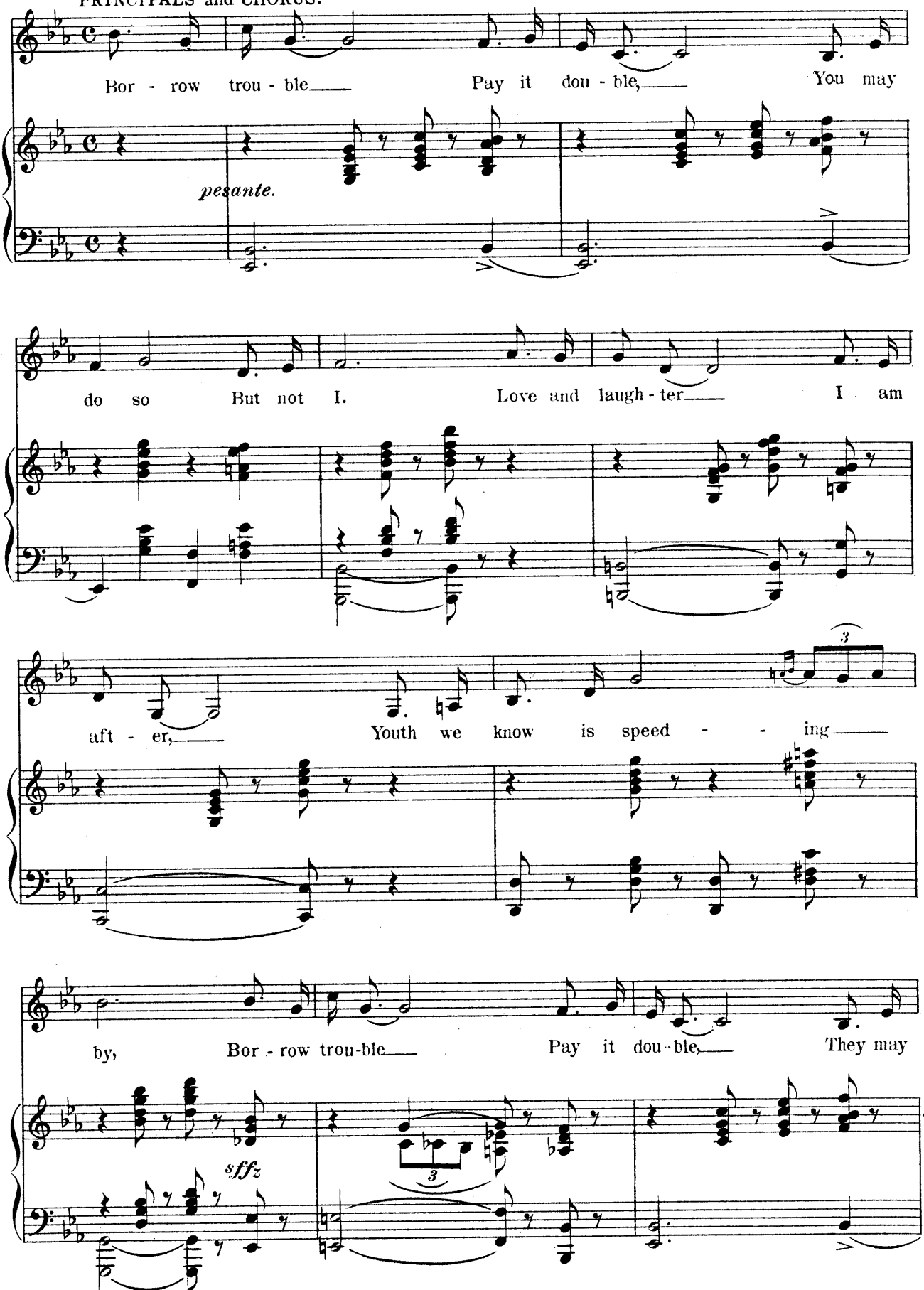
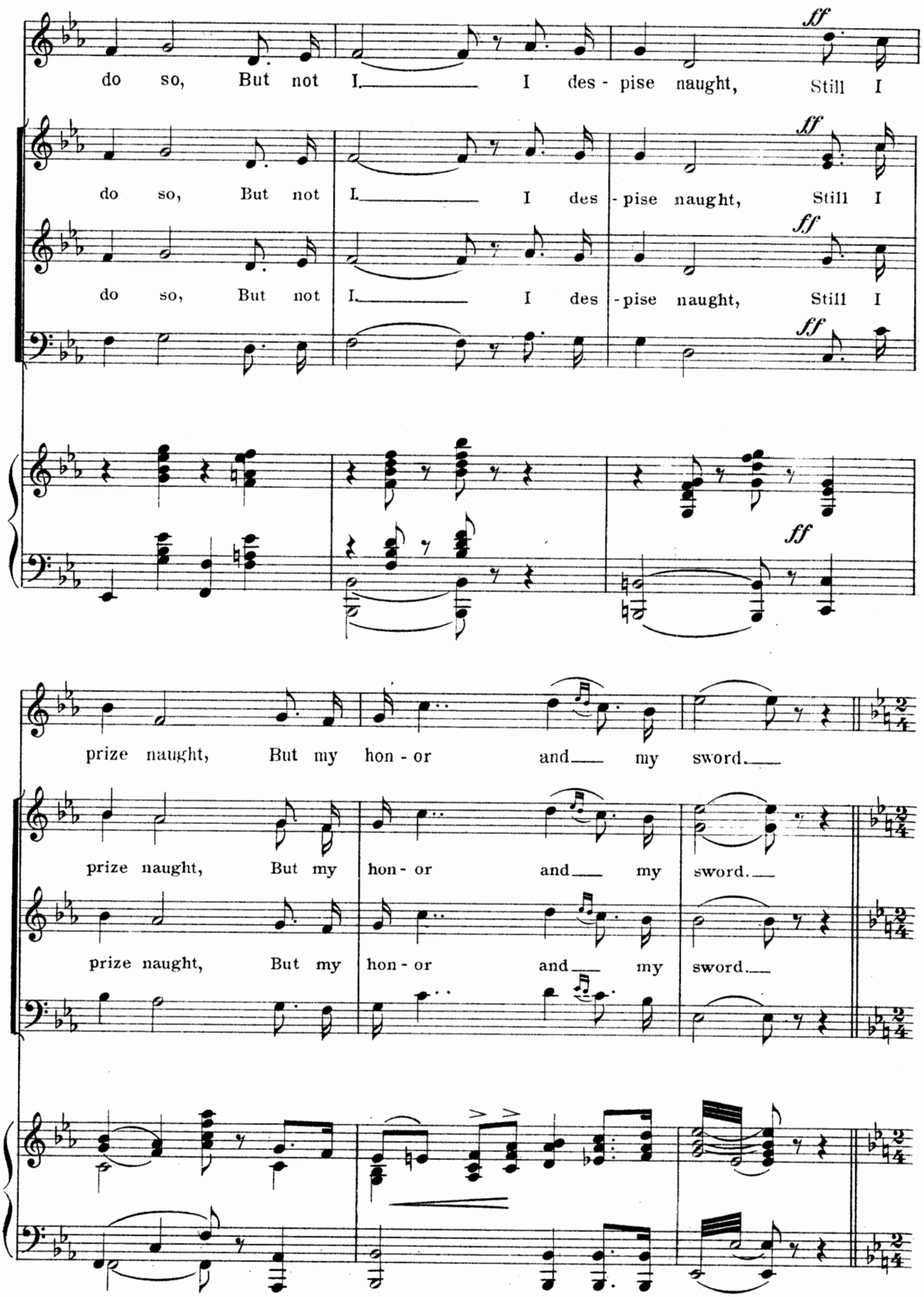

BABETTE.
ff
Do not say fare - well I pray you,
SOP. & ALTO.
Do not say fare - well I pray you,
CHORUS.
TENOR.
Do not say fare - well I pray you,
ff
BASS.
ff
That will fill us with re - gret;
That will fill us with re - gret;
That will fill us with re - gret;
8va

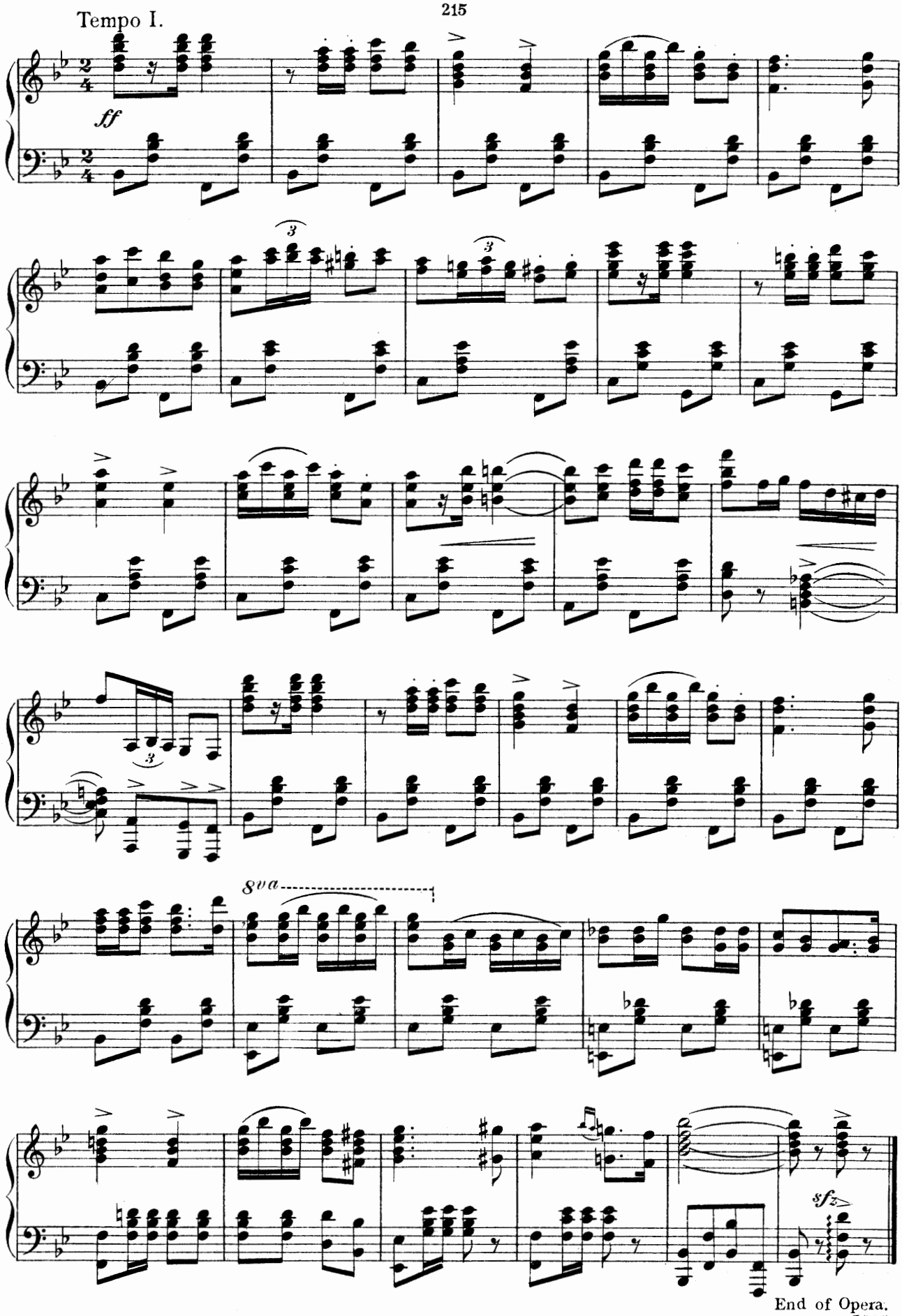

For we all shall meet a - gain soon At the
For we all shall meet a - gain soon Here's a
For we all shall meet a - gain soon Here's a
wed - ding of Ba - bette
health Ba - bette.
health Ba - bette.
rit. pesante.

L'istesso tempo.

PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.




do so, But not I. I des - pise naught, Still I
ff
prize naught, But my hon - or and my sword.



End of Opera.