The Duchess of Dantzig

Written by
HENRY PEATTIE.

Composed by
IVAN CARYLL.

CHAPPELL & CO LIMITED.
THE

DUCHESS OF DANTZIC
(SANS-GÈNE).

A Romantic Light Opera
IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY HAMILTON.

COMPOSED BY

IVAN CARYLL.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VOCAL SCORE</th>
<th>6 0</th>
<th>PIANOFORTE SOLO</th>
<th>3 6</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Do. (Cloth)</td>
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# THE DUCHESS OF DANTZIC
*(SANS-GÈNE)*

## Characters

### ACT I. (1792).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Miss Evie Greene</th>
<th>Miss Claire Greer</th>
<th>Miss Dorothy Tenblyett</th>
<th>Miss Mea Winfred</th>
<th>Miss Monica Sayer</th>
<th>Miss May Glenn</th>
<th>Miss Isabelle Gray</th>
<th>Miss E. Labare</th>
<th>Miss Pearl Hope</th>
<th>Mr. Lawrence Rea</th>
<th>Mr. Philip H. Bracy</th>
<th>Mr. Holbrook Blinn</th>
<th>Mr. Denis O’Sullivan</th>
<th>Mr. A. J. Evelyn</th>
<th>Mr. Frank Greene</th>
<th>Mr. Courtice Pounds</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Catherine Üßcher <em>(Known as “La Sans-Gène”)</em></td>
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<td>Captain Regnier <em>(National Guard)</em></td>
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<td>Napoleon Bonaparte <em>(Lieutenant of Artillery)</em></td>
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*Laundresses, Soldiers, Mob.*

### ACTS II. AND III. (1807).

| Character                          | Miss Beatrice Parke | Miss Kitty Gordon | Miss Violet Elliott | Miss Evie Greene | Miss Adrienne Augarde | Miss Rose Rosslyn | Miss Mabel Lorrell | Miss Gina Green | Miss Florence Snell | Miss Claire Greer | Mr. Holbrook Blinn | Mr. Barry Neame | Mr. Frank Greene | Mr. Claude Dampier | Mr. Ford Hamilton | Mr. Philip H. Bracy | Mr. Cecil Cambon | Mr. Denis O’Sullivan | Mr. Lawrence Rea | Mr. Courtice Pounds |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----------------|----------------------|-------------------|------------------|---------------|---------------------|------------------|-------------------|----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Empress Josephine *( Consort of Napoleon)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Caroline Murat, Grand Duchess of Berg and Cleves | *(Sisters of Napoleon)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Pauline, Princess Borghese        |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Catherine, Marechale Lefebvre *(Madame Sans-Gène)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Kenée de Saint Mérard *(an Imperial Ward)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Comtesse de Laborde               |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Mme. de Beaujouy                  |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Mme. de Chatel                    | *(Ladies of the Imperial Court)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Mlle. de Lefranc                  |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Lisette *(Marechal Lefebvre’s Maid)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Napoleon I. *(Emperor of the French)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| Comte de Napolinné                |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Comte de Chanteroup               | *(Courtiers)*       |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Comte de Laborde                  |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| M. de Flahaut                     |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| M. D’Alégre *(Chamberlain to the Grand Duchess of Berg)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| M. de Montmorency *(Page to the Empress)* | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| François, Maréchal Lefebvre       |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Archémar, Vicomte de Bethune      |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |
| Papillon *(Court Milliner)*       |                    |                   |                    |                |                      |                  |                 |               |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |                  |

*Ladies of the Court, Ambassadors, Marshals of France, Chamberlains, Pages, Courtiers, Soldiers, &c., Milliner’s Assistants, &c.*

## Synopsis of Scenery

**ACT I.—La Sans-Gène’s Laundry in the Rue Royale, Paris**

**ACT II.—Gardens of the Palace of Fontainebleau**

**ACT III.—The Tuileries**

*Scene I.—Apartments of the Maréchale Lefebvre*

*Scene II.—The Throne Room*

**Musical Director**

Mr. Carl Keffert
CONTENTS.

Art I.

CHORUS OF LAUNDRESES.

Allegro moderato.

No. 1.

Piano.

SOPRANO I.

Here you may gaze on a

SOPRANO II.

Here you may gaze on a

bevy of beauty, Laund. dry of lov. li. ness, (so it is said.)

CHO.

bevy of beauty, Laund. dry of lov. li. ness, (so it is said.)
All of us damp, but devoted to duty, Braving the terrors of cold in the head, \textit{Ludicrous accents and noses of red!}

This is the way we accumulate savings Earned, you may put it, by

\begin{verbatim}
22007 D. o. D.
\end{verbatim}
lashings and lavings. Active apostles of sweetness and light,

lashings and lavings. Active apostles of sweetness and light,

Here we transmogrify black into white, Here, like our betters, in

Here we transmogrify black into white, Here, like our betters, in

froth we o-rate, Sum up our lovers and settle the state.

froth we o-rate, Sum up our lovers and settle the state.
Here we discover, divested of bosh, All men are equal when sent to the wash.

Lower class linen and frills of frivolity, Duchess' lingerie,

Citizen's duds, Met on a footing of perfect equality,

Mingle and mate in the leveling suds!
LISSETTE.
Here’s an old garment of shabby duffel it,

JEANNE.
Here’s a fine shirt that’s accustomed to shuffle it, Mouchoir suggestive of

MATH.

MATH.

All.
Sneeze and of shuffle it, Pop ‘em all into the tub, the tub!

Pop ‘em all into the tub, the tub!
What a potpourri of smartness and snobbery,
Cant and cajolery.

Justice and jobbery,
All of a summer in happy hobbery.

Taking the wring and the rub, the rub,
Rub a dub dub a dub.

Taking the wring and the rub, the rub,
Rub a dub dub a dub.

Here you may learn then a
Dub a dub dub.

Here you may learn then a
Dub a dub dub.
les. son in li. ber. ty, Though ev. ry spout. er a. gable and gib. ber cry,

“Down with the no. bles!” and “Free. dom;” such quash. ing dub,

Where’s the Re. pub. lic can vie with the wash. ing tub?
No 2.

CHORUS: (Soldiers.)

Tempo di marcia.

Piano:

TENOR.

When the
As we

BASS.

When the
As we

22007 ©O.D.
martial heart and hand to emulation, oh! Be the
dainty heads that turn to take another look, And you'll

martial heart and hand to emulation, oh! Be the
dainty heads that turn to take another look, And you'll

call to North or South, We be set the cannon's mouth, All a-
give us leave to say That a message they convey Such as

call to North or South, We be set the cannon's mouth, All a-
give us leave to say That a message they convey Such as

seeking of the bubble reputation, oh! But in
kindest maiden doesn't at her brother look! And we

seeking of the bubble reputation, oh! But in
kindest maiden doesn't at her brother look! And we
pi· ping times of peace. Or in mo· ments of re· lease From the
note with pro· per pride All the win· dos o· pen wide. While the

du· ties of pa· rade or drill or sen· try go. Tis the
gol· den heads with ra· ven at each lat· tice vic. For the

or· der of the day. Mars shall bow to Ve· nus’ sway. And we
clink of sword and spur Sets a pulse in ’em a· stir Such as
TEN.  
straight way on an errand complimentary go.
Tootle.
nothing but a sight of us can satisfy.

BASS.  
straight way on an errand complimentary go.
Tootle.
nothing but a sight of us can satisfy.

TEN.  
-too! dzum, dzum, tan ta ra
All a marching we will go in time and

BASS.  
-too! dzum, dzum, tan ta ra
All a marching we will go in time and

TEN.  
tourney form. Where's the maiden who can stand 'gainst a

BASS.  
tourney form. Where's the maiden who can stand 'gainst a
military band, Or who'll turn her pretty nose up at a
military band, Or who'll turn her pretty nose up at a

Too.tie.too, tan.ta.ra, tan.ta.ra,
Too.tie.too! dzum, dzum, tan.ta.

uniform?
uniform?

Too.tie.too! dzum, dzum, tan.ta.

too.tie.too, tan.ta.ra, dzum!
Too.tie.too, tan.ta.ra, tan.ta.ra,

ra!
ra!

All a.march.ing they will go in time and
All a.march.ing they will go in time and

22007 D.o.D.
too tle, too, tan tara, dzum! Where's the maiden who can stand against a tu ncy form.

Where's the maiden who can stand against a tu ncy form.

rall:

mili tary band, or who'll turn her pret ty nose up at a uni form?

mili tary band, or who'll turn her pret ty nose up at a uni form?

mili tary band, or who'll turn her pret ty nose up at a uni form?
No. 3

DRINKING SONG—(Lefebvre) and CHORUS.

"WINE OF FRANCE:"

Allegretto.

Lefebvre.

Piano.

1. Wine of France or
2. Tell me not of

pale or crim. son, not for. get. ing pe. till bleu, Thine the flood that
draughts of amber, Quaffed beside the cas.tled Rhine, Nor of Xer.ez!

glory swims on, Thine the fount to fête beaux yeux! What's O. por.to's
vines that clam. ber, Thick with clus. ter'd gold a. shine: There's a wine more

ful. some nec. tar? Sire of Gout the De. mon Elf, Good Bor.deaux has
gold. en, glow. ing, runs in ri. ot through each vein, Foam. ing, frisk. ing,
no such spec. tre. 'Tis the Spring of youth itself!

flash. ing, flow. ing From the vine.yards of Cham. pagne!

Yus. of youth itself! Vine.yards of Cham.pagne!

Yes, of youth itself! Vine.yards of Cham.pagne!

Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France, Where

net. ted from Hea. ven the sun. beams dance, In to.paz and ru.by each sense to en.

trance: Drink deep,while the vi.n. age the toast shall en.hance, "The Wo. men! the War. riors! the
Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France, Where nettled from Heaven the sun beams dance, In topaz and ruby by each sense to entrance, Drink deep while the vintage the toast shall enhance, "The Women! the Warriors! the Wines of France!"
3. None can e'er in such a draught err, See, uprising to the rim,

Valour, kindness, love and laughter, Beading all about the brim;

Wit and beauty, sage and soldier, Kindly wine to kinship blends;

Hope meets memory, new greets old year when we drink to "Absent Friends!"

22007 D.o.D.
Tempo di Valse.

LEFEVRE.

Drink to "Abs. ent Friends!"

pledge me, oh, pledge me, in wine of France, Where netted from Heauen the

sun. beams dance, In topaz and ruby by each sense to entrance: Drink

depth, while the vintage the toast shall enhance, "The Wome. n! the War. riors! the
wines of France!

Then pledge me, oh, pledge me in wine of France. Where nettled from

Heaven the sunbeams dance, In to.paz and ru.by each sense to en.

22007 D. o D.
Drink deep, while the vintage the toast shall enhance, "The Women! the

Warriors! the Wines of France!"
SONG.—(Catherine.) and CHORUS.

"SANS-GÊNE."

No. 4.

Catherine. 

Allegretto.

1. Catherine Up—sher, licenced laun-dress, Proud am I of my name and trade,
2. I'm all right till my tem-per-rous-es, Then of for-ci ble phrase I'm free,

None can la-bel me slut or slan-dress, I'm as res-pec-ta ble as they're made!
Ask 'em up at the big folks'hous-es. How they fare in a row with me!

2207 D. of D.
Chaffing, laughing o'er my labours, jolliest girl on the banks of Seine.
Flouncing madam all frills and fans, sirs, Thinks to bully me.
Rollicking, rollicking, so my neighbours oh dear no!
Once I begin with my back answers.

Christ en me Main zelle Sans Gêne.
Up to her ears her fingers got!

For of speech and of manners I'm plain, I'm plain. My Oh, At madam in tin sel and train, and train, I

She's plain, and train, She's plain, and train, She's plain, and train,
feelings I never restrain, restrain, I'm bluff and I'm breezy, I'm put up my thumb in disdain, disdain, This washer of shirts is no

free and I'm easy, And that's why they call me Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène! And dropper of curtseys, And that's why they call me Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène! And

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

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Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!

Sans-Gène! Sans-Gène!
CATH.

Train, res. train, She's bluff and she's breezy, She's free and she's easy, And
dain, dis. dain, This washer of shirts is no dropper of curtseys, And

CHO.

Train, res. train, She's bluff and she's breezy, She's free and she's easy, And
dain, dis. dain, This washer of shirts is no dropper of curtseys, And

CATH.

And that's why they call me Sans.
And that's why they call me Sans.

CHO.

That's why they call her Sans. Gène! Sans. Gène!
That's why they call her Sans. Gène! Sans. Gène!

22007 n. o. p.
3. I've got an eye for a handsome fellow, bold of bearing

his som of limb, I at a side-long look can tell, oh,
just the effect that I make on him. I know how to wink if I want to! Blush, and bridle, and look like this.

Know just the limit to lead him on to, (Much too coy a coquette to kiss!) But your
fop and your silly old swain, old swain, To me come a smirking, in
old swain,
old swain,
old swain.

vain in vain! I teach 'em their places And smack the fools' faces, And
in vain!
in vain!
in vain!
in vain!
in vain!
in vain!
that's why they call me Sans Gène! Sans Gène! And that's why they call me Sans-

Sans Gène!

Sans Gène!

That d-d little hus sy Sans Gène!

Your fop and your silly old

Your fop and your silly old

Your fop and your silly old
swain, old swain. To her come a smirking in vain, in vain, She'll

swain, old swain. To her come a smirking in vain, in vain, She'll

swain, old swain. To her come a smirking in vain, in vain, She'll

CATH

teach 'em their places. And smack the fools' faces. And that's why they call her Sans.

CHO

teach 'em their places. And smack the fools' faces. And that's why they call her Sans.

teach 'em their places. And smack the fools' faces. And that's why they call her Sans.

22007 D.o.D.
And that's why they call me Sans Gène! That

Gène! Sans Gène!

Gène! Sans Gène!

Gène! Sans Gène!

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No 5.

SONG.—(Papillon.) and CHORUS.

Papillon.

Allegretto.

Piano.

PAPILLON.

Are you wanting silk or satin?
All my pack's a bargain, judge it,

TRAPS FOR TAKING MOUSE OR RAT IN? DRUGS DESCRIBED IN DOCTOR'S LATIN?
But to you I don't begrudge it, And I've got another budget,

ONLY TELL ME WHAT DYE LACK? FEATHERS FINE TO STICK YOUR HAT IN?
Crier I as well as clown:) If your spirit care or loss hip,

22007 D. o. D.
Ballads gay as birds at matin? Gauds of silver, gold or platinum.
Would you know with just a gloss sip, I can tell you all the gossip.

I've got 'em in my pack!
That is gadding through the town!

Got 'em got 'em in his pack!
All the gossip of the town!

Hums of Autolycus Prince of Pedlars (jolly cus ses)
Would you know your neighbour's income? Who's to grief through debt or drink come?
All life lends to frolic us in—quite at your disposal here;
What young men to wed or wink come, All their prospects and their aims?

Any reasonable bid'll buy the best of joke or riddle;
Would you hear how bad your 'betters' learn of compromising letters?

Or a tune up on the fiddle, if you want it never fear!
Breach of matrimonial fetters, And with all the parties' names!

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!

For you

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!

We shall want it never fear!
Tell us all the parties' names!
know me well, and the wares I sell Are a treasure at your pleasure if you'll

buy, buy, buy! And never did lady's trader to a better bargain aid her For her

money, oh, my honey, than will I, I, I! ff

For we know you well, and the

For we know you well, and the

For we know you well, and the

wares you sell Are a treasure at our pleasure if we'll

wares you sell Are a treasure at our pleasure if we'll

wares you sell Are a treasure at our pleasure if we'll

22007 D, D,
try, try, try! And ne'er did lady's trader to a
try, try, try! And ne'er did lady's trader to a
try, try, try! And ne'er did lady's trader to a
better bargain aid her for her money, oh, my honey, So we'll buy, buy, buy!
better bargain aid her for her money, oh, my honey, So we'll buy, buy, buy!
better bargain aid her for her money, oh, my honey, So we'll buy, buy, buy!

3. Here are charms for soldiers that'll turn a musket ball in battle.
Win'ing cards and dice to rattle, (Always right side up to fall)

Would you, tired of work for wages, learn how lucrative the Stage is?

Would you know your rivals' ages? Ladies, I can tell 'em all!

Are you penman's art upon dense?

Oh, if he should tell 'em all!
Much your management beyond hence, I'll conduct your correspondence,

Draw your bills or billets doux, I can in a manner magic,

Pierce the future's veil umbragic, Tell your fortunes trite or tragic;

And what's more they'll all come true!

Will they really all come true!

Will they really all come true!
For you know me well, and the
wares I sell Are a treasure at your pleasure if you'll buy, buy, buy! And
ne'er did lady's trader to a better bargain aid her For her
money, oh, my honey, Than will I, I, I!

For we know you well, and the

For we know you well, and the
No. 7.

DUET- (Catherine and Lefebvre.)

"DO YOU REMEMBER?"

Catherine.

Piano.

Andante.

Catherine, I. As swooning sweet the summer

South doth blow, through laden times with happy bees a hum, so

fresh with fragrance of the long ago. That day of days will gladden

days to come. And as I see you now in flush of youth, straight

22007 D. O. D.
as the pine that stands in forest state. I'll see you then, in memory's
quicker
mirrored truth. Let time do what he will our love to bate.

Do you remember? Do you remember? We
Do you remember? Do you remember? We

still shall ask as longer grows the way; In joyous June, in drear De.

still shall ask as longer grows the way; In joyous June, in drear De.
...cember. For ev-er each to each shall fond-ly say.

Do you re-mem-ber? Dear heart, it seems to me but yes-ter-

day!

1 look back on ebb of many a year. When I look down, as now in
thy dear eyes — What though with in their azure depths appear — One

shade the less of blue than now I prize? — Though gold grow grey, though rose to

iv'ry wane — Though furrows on thy brow tell — Time's advance — I'll

see thee, sweet, as on that day again — I'll hear thy footfall daintily

Do you remember? Do you remember?

in the dance.
mem·ber? We still shall ask as longer grows the way, In jo·cund

mem·ber? We still shall ask as longer grows the way, In jo·cund

June, In drear De·cem·ber, For ev·er each to each shall fond·ly

June, In drear De·cem·ber, For ev·er each to each shall fond·ly

say,

Do you re·mem·ber? Dear heart, it

Do you re·mem·ber? Dear heart, it

seems to me but yest·er·day!

seems to me but yest·er·day!
3. I'll harvest every word you spoke to me, What way you looked, and how you held my hand, How at your touch, love's meaning broke to me, And how I dared you in your dear demand! I shall recall your witching ways again, Your rippling ripples your
Laughter light, I'll steal a kiss, and win my bays again. In dear discourse o' many a winter's night.

Do you remember? Do you remember? We still shall ask as longer grows the way: In jocund June, in dear December. Forever grows the way: In jocund June, in dear December, forever.
CATH.

each to each shall fondly say,  

Do you re-

LEF.

each to each shall fondly say,  Do you re - mem - ber?

CATH.

...mem - ber?  Dear heart, it seems to me but yes - ter -

LEF.

Dear heart, it seems to me but yes - ter -

day!

day!

22007 D. o. D.
TRIO.—(Catherine, Bethune and Lefebvre.)

Catherine.

Allegro.

Recit. CATH.

Dear François,

just in nick of time you came to save me, Say to save my own good

name, To save your lover there! My lover! he! 'Tis

false! 'tis false! How came he yonder
Papillon.

Then? Through me,

Brought the luckless gentleman upstairs, for refuge, to Sans.

Gene quite unaware; could she, a woman, wounded turn him out? Of

Course she couldn’t! Then there comes this rout, Blue guards and Black guards,

Following helter-skelter; and so she stowed him up the stair for shelter. You
hear? dear François, say that you believe! I cannot: he but joins you to de-
ceive.

Moderato.

And

Can it be that doubt is stronger To bind than love to

break the bond? Or is't that loving me no longer,

You

Fain would find me less than fond? Time was, a word from me had
swayed you. Time was, a tear, a touch, a look, were

in. dex of my heart dis. played you, To read as from an

open book. But now, 'tis all in vain, If truth be slurred and trust be slain, If

faith but serve un. faith to swell. What is there for us but fare well? But

But

But

22007 D.o.D.
now 'a, las 'tis all in vain, If truth be slurred and trust be slain, If

faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

Time was, I held your heart a haven Where
Purity her wings might furl; To me your words by Truth were

graven. Your thoughts a rosary of pearl. Time

is, a wake from blind devotion; Time is, I see that wedding

you I drug my soul with Circe's

po.tion, And take for bride Dishonour too. For
now a last! 'tis all in vain, If truth be slurred and trust be slain. If

faith but serve unfaith to swell, What is there for us but fare well! For

now a last! 'tis all in vain, If truth be slurred and trust be slain. If

22007 D. s D.
CATH.  

faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

PAP.  

faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

LEP.  

faith but serve unfaith to swell What is there for us but fare well!

Allegro

Recit

BETHUNE.

Hold Sir! and hear: ere wrong ing past re call Your self and me nay.

Allegro

BETH

her the most of all.
LEFEBVRE.

"Wrong's easy said! What proof can you advance? Allegro.

recit.

Leon. BETHUNE.

The word, Sir, of a gentleman of France! For.

recit.

BETHUNE.

give me, pray, if listening involuntary hidden there, I

BETHUNE.

heard that tears unknown were through me in bright eyes listening. And

BETHUNE.

heart believed that pitied me. The truth is as she said it is. Sir!
unimpeached my credit is, Base falsehood never befitted me! For

knightly truth of all renown is most to be preferred. And

dear as to the king his crown, To gentleman his word, And

though the mob's encroaching "rights" Abridge our old pres-

stige, Still read we by our ancient lights, The law No. blesse o.
And thus to linger

here I deem with honour incommensurate. Since mine in such low

sense you rate, Life may be bought too dear I deem. Ne'er fou'man laid safe

hand on me. But wo'man's fame is tender too. And it I make sur.

render to Throw wide your gates! Abandon me! For knightly truth of
all renowned is most to be preferred.
And dear as to the

king his crown. To gentleman his word,
And though the mob's en

croaching "rights" Abridge our old prestige.
Still

read we by our ancient lights, The law "Noblesse oblige!"
For

For
FINALE.—ACT I.

Moderato.

Piano.

SOPRANO.

TENOR.

CHO.

BASS.

The tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The

The tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The

The tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The

The throne is a totter and ready to fall, Their torpor forsaken the

The throne is a totter and ready to fall, Their torpor forsaken the

The throne is a totter and ready to fall, Their torpor forsaken the

22007
People awake! Let traitors beware as in thunder we call,

"Death to the Royalists! Down with them all!" The tyrant is shaken, the

Tuileries taken, The throne is a totter and ready to fall, Their

22007 D.o D.
Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Death to them, yes! Down with them
Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Death to them, yes! Down with them

LISETTE.
all!"
Where on earth's the fellow
all!"

FLAG.
got to? Can't be far, but who are these? Don't give

PAP.
PAP.

way! I'm trying not to! I'm Papillation, if you

PAP.

please; very shaky at the knees!

FLAG.

Right you are! Of course, I know you; Who's your pal?

FLAG.

Oh, blow you! Bel lows, you're a

BETH.

A dolphe by name, Bellowsmendler 1.

BETH.

Yes, I've always been the same.

FL.

lit. the lame?

Limp a. long then, and good

22007 D D.
day. God be praised they're safe away!

The

Tempo I.

tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The throne is a totter and

tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The throne is a totter and

tyrant is shaken, the Tuileries taken, The throne is a totter and

22007 D.o D.
Ready to fall, their torpor forsaken, the people awaken. Let traitors beware as in thunder we call, "Death to the Royalists!" Down with them all!"
"Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Down with them, Death to them, Death to them,

Who's here?

The Captain! What's he sought this yes! Down with them all!"

yes! Down with them all!"

yes! Down with them all!"

Allegro.

22007 P.o.D.
nook for? Le febref! The very man I came to look for, Aha! my boy, I

give you joy, up head and swell your chest out, Good soldier you, I

always knew, In fact the very best out! But through to-day in

such a way You've come with flying pennant, That thanks to me you'll

2200 7
shortly be Gazetted a lieutenant! Lieutenant! Lieutenant!

There's made him a lieutenant! Oh, Captain mine! your

They've made him a lieutenant!

They've made him a lieutenant!

News like wine My giddy brain up gets to! Lieutenant live! to

think that I've The right to epaulettes too! Three francs a day by
way of pay, At very least I'll touch, sir! Such wealth to gain, and

wed Sans.Gène! Oh, dam me it's too much, sir! Too much, sir! Too

much, sir!

He thinks it's much too much, sir!
steady! since I've more for you to bear. They've made your pretty sweetheart

vi. van. dière, I! I see you've matched your kit to your am.

bi. tion! Oh, joy, oh, rapture! that's the way I feel! Dear Fran.çois, kiss me! just to
show it's real.

Vi. van dière, it!

Vi. van dière she!

Vi. van dière she!

Vi. van dière she!

1. Let sober maiden
2. When, tramping all the

Allegro.

sit at home in calm content like clod of loam, Be mine a field a-

dusty day, Flags, tired boy and vet'ran grey, Be mine to cheer their
far to roam As dash ing vi van diere. Be mine a mid the wea ry way With gen er ous eau de vie! Be mine, when falls the

can non's noise To share the sol dier's stir ring joys. A march ing, march ing bul lets' rain, 'Mid bat tle's roar to so lace pain, And staunch the wound and

with the boys For France who do and dare! stem the vein That flows for France and me. a tempo

Bro thers in arms are they, Glo rious

fel lows! Sons of the star whose ray Vic to ry

22007 D.o.D.
mellow, Ready to fight, work.

play, foremost amid the fair, Who wouldn't march with such as they, To

live as a vivandière!

Brothers in arms are they,

Brothers in arms are they,
such as they, To live as a vivandière!

such as they, To live as a vivandière!

such as they, To live as a vivandière!

CATH.

So, to my service ever true, With

pride my uniform I'll view, To think that I'm a soldier too Be.

CATH.

neath the flag to fare! I love you, comrades, one and all. And

22007 D.o.D.
proud were I, should duty call, With you beneath that flag to fall As

fits a vivandière! a tempo

Brothers in arms are they, Glorious fellows!

Sons of the star whose ray Victory mellows,

Ready to fight, work, play, foremost a.

22007 D. d. N.
CHO.

mid the fair, Who would not march with such as they, To live as a

CATH.

dière!

CHO.

Brothers in arms are they, Glorious

Brothers in arms are they, Glorious

Brothers in arms are they, Glorious

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

fellows! Sons of the star whose ray Victory

22007 D. D.
mellows, Ready to fight, work,

mellows, Ready to fight, work,

mellows, Ready to fight, work,

play, foremost amid the fair. Who wouldn't march with such as they, To

play, foremost amid the fair. Who wouldn't march with such as they, To

play, foremost amid the fair. Who wouldn't march with such as they, To

live as a vivandière! a vivandière, a vivandière!

Then

live as a vivandière! a vivandière, a vivandière!

live as a vivandière! a vivandière, a vivandière!
sweet outswell oh bridal bell! We'll married be tomorrow. I've never a "may" to

that to say, And never a doubt or sorrow. And we'll be there with garlands fair Of

orange-bloom and lilies. And we will come with beat of drum To see the show of lilies. Of

fil. lies? Of fil. lies! (LAUNDER) How rude to call us fil. lies!

(SOLDIERS) A dainty show of fil. lies!

Then

Then

Then
Allegro.

haste to the wedding! the path they'll be treading With blossoms spreading (we'll scatter them wide!)

With trumpets blowing and pretty girls showing And onlookers "Oh! ing" at every side. Then haste to the wedding! the

cho.

haste to the wedding! the path they'll be treading With blossoms spreading (we'll scatter them wide!)

With trumpets blowing and pretty girls showing And onlookers "Oh! ing" at every side. Then haste to the wedding! the
path they'll be tread ing With blossoms be-spread ing (we'll scatter them wide!) With

trumpets a-blow ing and pret ty girls show ing And onlook ers "Oh ing" at
ev'ry side, joy to the bride groom, joy to the bride!
Joy to the bride - groom, joy to the bride!

Capital pair are they! Jolly good fellows!

Comrades for life whose way

Tenderness mellows!
Fellows in fight, feast, fun ready to
do and dare, He as a sous-lieutenant bold And she as a vivan-
dière! Capital pair are they! Jolly good fellows!

Fellows in fight, feast, fun, ready to
do and dare, He as a sous-lieutenant bold And she as a vivan-
dière! Capital pair are they! Jolly good fellows!

22007 p.m.
Comrades for life whose way
tenderness mellows!

Comrades for life whose way
tenderness mellows!

Comrades for life whose way
tenderness mellows!

Fellows in fight, feast, fun, ready to

Fellows in fight, feast, fun, ready to

Fellows in fight, feast, fun, ready to

Do and dare, He as a sous-lieutenant bold And she as a vi

Do and dare, He as a sous-lieutenant bold And she as a vi

Do and dare, He as a sous-lieutenant bold And she as a vi
Act II.

No 10.

OPENING CHORUS.

Old days have come again in full felicity

Bellished all with broderies and bows, We've done with your Republican sim.
...pli.c.i.ty. Your "ci.ti.zen!" his brus.que.rie and blouse,  
Oh.
pli.c.i.ty. Your "ci.ti.zen!" his brus.que.rie and blouse,  
Oh.
pli.c.i.ty. Your "ci.ti.zen!" his brus.que.rie and blouse,  
Oh.

hate.ful word! Who ev.er heard Such sound ab.surd! Such sound ab._
hate.ful word! Who ev.er heard Such sound ab.surd! Such sound ab._
hate.ful word! Who ev.er heard Such sound ab.surd! Such sound ab._

"Ci.ti.zen! Lud! what a style of ad.dress!

22007 D.o.D.
Dame of the mud was your "ci·ti·zen·ess!" How odious were their vulgar thees and

"thou's." But now, once more in courtly way In mode of yore, We

But now, once more In courtly way In mode of yore, We

"Bon-jour, Mes-sieurs" When beaux meet belles,

smirk and say,

When beaux meet belles,

smirk and say,

smirk and say,
No more we quote 'ty-ran-nis' with 'Sie
mes de-moi-selles!' No more we quote 'ty-ran-nis' with 'Sie

Sem-per,' or Ex-tol the Sov'reign Peo-ple and their "rights;"

Sem-per,' or Ex-tol the Sov'reign Peo-ple and their "rights;"

King is dead,"Why then"Long live the Em- per.or!" Since he's the new pur-vey or of de.
lights. He pays us well for doing nothing prettily, To

lights.

lights.

him we look for ofifice great and small, For him we dress so fine and talk so

wit. ti. ly. We're very, very loyal to him, all! Since

Since

Since

22007 D.o.D.
It's through him,That we to-day,In dapper trim Can

"Bonjour, Messieurs" When beaux meet belles,

smirk and say-

When beaux meet belles,

smirk and say-

When beaux meet belles!

"Bonjour, Mesdames, Mes de moi sel-

Mes de moi sel-

22007 n obl.
Attention, pray! There walk this way on foot, like folk of meaner clay, the
air to take beneath the leaves, the Duchess Grand of Berg and Cleves, With
the Serene Princess Pauline, the Consort high of Prince Borghese, Who
condescends to crush the daisy, beneath her most exalted foot.
way!

All

way!

way!

hail! imperial Highness, we've neither shames nor

Shynesses, in hailing you Divinities, your

stately faces to! All hail! imperial
Highnesses! We've neither shames nor Shyness. es

Hailing you Divine...nesses. Your

State ly faces to! Your state ly faces

to!

SOP 2007 D.o.D.
Allegro.

staccato

Observ, we bow to you! And good it is of

such as us, Without fan. far. on. ade or fuss. To

bow to such as you!

How sing. u. lar. ly true! Dis.

How sing. u. lar. ly true! Dis.

How sing. u. lar. ly true! Dis.

22007 D, d.
-course behind your backs we may, Your high pretensions tax we may, And

dee your breeding smacks we may, Of blood that's less than blue.

Dee your breeding smacks we may, Of blood that's less than blue.

CAROLINE.

Dear sister pray eschew look

blood that's less than blue.

blood that's less than blue.

blood that's less than blue.
smiling a civility, An icy affability From us alone is due.

Oh, turn-up nosed two! Your

Oh, turn-up nosed two! Your

claims may be aerial, To us it's immaterial. You

claims may be aerial, To us it's immaterial. You

claims may be aerial, To us it's immaterial. You
may be brut imper - i - al, or slight - ly par - ve - nu!

may be brut imper - i - al, or slight - ly par - ve - nu!

may be brut imper - i - al, or slight - ly par - ve - nu!

Of course it wouldn't do for real princesses to unbend. If we should fail to descend 'twould make us look so new!
Our trade as courtiers

slightly parvenu!
Our trade as courtiers

slightly parvenu!
Our trade as courtiers

Tempo I.

we know, And so we bow and curtsy low!

we know, And so we bow and curtsy low!

we know, And so we bow and curtsy low!

we know, And so we bow and curtsy low!

22007 D.o.D.
SONG. (Adhémar.)

"LOVE AND EVER LOVE."

Allegro agitato.

When lurid terror ruled the land, when name and worth were counted crime.

When for the Bourbon sword in hand, my father fell before his prime.

She sought me out, of all bereft. A wail, abandoned and alone. She
gave me love whom hope had left, And took the orphan for her own. And

Tempo di Valse.

love, and love, and ever love, She wove about my

way. No glorious guardian from above, E'er

held more tender sway. And so with heart and
soul and will I worship, and I love her still.

so with heart and soul and will I worship, and I love her still.

Twas a tempo

Tempo I.

she who stayed my childish feet, Who taught my youth the hero's part. High
aim and act with counsel sweet, From out the treasure of her heart. In
camp or court no year hath flown, But of her tender love bore trace, Un.
till my love to manhood grown, Hath set her in my mother's place. For
Tempo di Valse.
love, and love, and ever love, She weaves about my
And still I wear her gage, her glove.

And sword I'll wield, or lance I'll break 'gainst all the world, for her dear sake.
No 12.

Scene and Ensemble.

Caroline. Allegro.

Piano.

Caroline.

His Majesty orders that ladies at Court shall

sound neither of train nor of temper be short, but endeavor to garnish their

style of retort with less of the language the manner and port Af.
Madame Sans-Gêne! She's in trouble again, with her dud.geons, her ds, and her
dresses!
pa. tois ple. bien should ne. ver be heard From lips of a la. dy to

honour pre. ferred, But grace. ful of ges. ture and gra. cious of word, She should

stu. dy the state. ly and shun the ab. surd, A. void. ing all vul. gar ex.

CATH.

I mark it with pain, But it's

CHO.

Ex. ces. ses!
perfectly plain

This palpably points at Princesses!

She guesses

His Majesty means the Princesses!

She guesses

His Majesty means the Princesses!

I mark it with pain, but it's perfectly plain

This palm points at Princesses!
palpably points at Princesses!

His Majesty means the Princesses!

mark it with pain, But it's perfectly plain This palpably points at Princesses.
CAROLINE.

'Gainst e. ti. Quette ladies are not to re.-bel, Nor to

enter the Em.-press's pre. sence pell-mell, And those who in awk.-ward-ness

chief. ly ex.-cel, Might bet. ter their dress and de.-mean.our as well By a

les/son or two in de.-port.ment.

CHO.

De.-port.ment! Poor

De.-port.ment! Poor

De.-port.ment! Poor

22007 d. o. D.
Madame Sans-Gène! That's a cut at her train. And her curt-say that's like a con-

Madame Sans-Gène! That's a cut at her train, And her curt-say that's like a con-

Madame Sans-Gène! That's a cut at her train, And her curt-say that's like a con-

PAULINE.

No tort-ment!

No tort-ment!

No tort-ment!

grace will be shown. We are bid to de-clare, To la-dies who swag-ger, and
can it be, "swear?" It's shocking to see, but it's certainly there! Such phrases henceforth are forbid to the fair. Who owns such a varied as.

. sort. ment!

\[ \text{CATH.} \quad \text{While Italian slang With a} \]

As sort. ment!

\[ \text{CHOR.} \quad \text{As sort. ment!} \]

As sort. ment!

As sort. ment!
Cor. si. can twang Is quite an Imp. erial dis. port. ment!

De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

sort. ment! De. port. ment! Poor Ma. re. chale, What an ex.

While I. ta. lian slang With a Cor. si. can twang Is
quite an Imperial display!

As - sort - ment!   De .

As - sort - ment!   De .

As - sort - ment!   De .

While

Poor Ma - re - chale, what an ex - hort - ment!

Poor Ma - re - chale, what an ex - hort - ment!

Poor Ma - re - chale, what an ex - hort - ment!

I. tal. ian slang With a Cor. si. can twang Is quite an Im - per - ial display.
Allegretto.

1. (DE NAR.) In short it seems no lady "Who be...
2. (DE CHAT.) They'll have to change their tactics Who've a

haves herself as sich. In future when presented is her turn for repertoire. To the "suaviter in modo" from the

petticoats to hitch like a hoyden in a hurry Who's a "for titer in re." Since you mustn't threaten fists cuffs and

to jump a ditch. (MADAME DE R.) But a (CAROLINE.) The

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!
For the graces of the gutter are taboo oo oo!

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!
For the graces of the gutter are taboo oo oo!

With a one, two, three, and over it you go, oh! oh!
For the graces of the gutter are taboo oo oo!
Lady with "her mon. key up," who wants to hold her own. Will

Emperor is pur-posed that his court shall now be-gin To

have to do the dig-ni-fied And learn to "take a tone." And re-

be a court and not a sort Of court-yard to an inn. (CUT.) It would

ly for am-mu-ni-tion on the dic-tion-ry a lone. A

much pro-mote his pur-pose could he change his kith and kin. Es

meth-od acade-mic but slow oh! oh! Slow, oh! oh!

pe-cial-ly his sis-ters who are two oo oo! Two oo oo.

Slow, oh! oh!

Two oo oo,

Slow, oh! oh!

Two oo oo,

Slow, oh! oh!

Two oo oo.

Slow, oh! oh!

Two oo oo.

22007 D.e.v.
Here's a heavy blow
Leveled at a lady whom we know, oh! oh! Her
Here's a shillaloo
Here's a style of etiquette that's new-oo-oo Her
Graces of the mangle, And her gutter style of wrangle, And her
tongue she never fetters. Not a jot she cares for letters Nor a
syntax in a tangle. Are to go, oh! oh!
but a ton for her betters Who are two-oo-oo!

Go oh! oh!
Two-oo-oo.

Go oh! oh!
Two-oo-oo,

Go oh! oh!
Two-oo-oo,

CHO.
Here's a heavy blow, le'velled at a lady whom we know, oh! oh! Her
Here's a sh'il, la loo, Here's a style of et. i. quette that's new-oo-oo! Her
Here's a heavy blow, le'velled at a lady whom we know, oh! oh! Her
Here's a sh'il, la loo, Here's a style of et. i. quette that's new-oo-oo! Her

graces of the mangle, And her gut-ter style of wrangle, And her
tongue she ne-ver fet-ters, Not a jot she cares for let-ters Nor a
graces of the mangle, And her gut-ter style of wrangle, And her
tongue she ne-ver fet-ters, Not a jot she cares for let-ters Nor a
graces of the mangle, And her gut-ter style of wrangle, And her
tongue she ne-ver fet-ters, Not a jot she cares for let-ters Nor a

syn-ta-x in a tan-gle, Are to go, oh! oh!
but-ton for her bet-ters Who are too oo-oo!

syn-ta-x in a tan-gle, Are to go, oh! oh!
but-ton for her bet-ters Who are too oo-oo!

22007 D.o D.
There's a lady I could mention Whod a
gram. mar bet. ter get. An Al. man. ach de Go. tha, and a
book of Et. i. quette, And learn to step the gay Ga. votte and
pace the Min. u. et.

Oh, she'll set us all a-laughing till we die. ie. ie!

Oh, she'll set us all a-laughing till we die. ie. ie!

Oh, she'll set us all a-laughing till we die. ie. ie!
now that we have carried out the Emperor's behest. And

stated his command to you. Sans-Gène, among the rest, You had

better seek the Palace And essay to look your best, Since His

Ma.jesty must certainly be nigh—igh—igh!

Nigh—igh—igh.
Puissant and high! Let us to the Palace then and try y y To

cultivate a blending Of a carriage descending With a
dignity unbending That shall vie i i Vie i i
with the manners high

Of the old nobility of days gone by,
We'll lead a leisure lazy. And we'll tread a measure mazy
In a manner Louis Seizey Or we'll all know why.
DUET. (Adhémar and Renée.)

"THE LEGEND OLDEN:"

1. ADH. You know the legend
2. REN. She knew the legend

old en. In El-fín lore enfold en, How, in
old en The which did her embolden On balm.
the forest deep. Where plane trees toss their
y morn of May. When all the Court a.

tasselled boughs And murmur soft of lovers' vows, Where tryst
maying went, To slip away, with full intent To seek

the pixies keep, A fairy fountain
that home of fay, Until she drew the

crystal line Both like a magic mirror shine, So calm
fountain near, And half in fun and half in fear, Above

22007 D.oD.
it's waters slept,
ren. And maiden who on
it's waters bent.
adh. Whose mirror framed in
morn of May.
will to that fountain wend her way.
And to its depths did
rock.y basin. She hoped to see a wished-for face in. And bub. ble, bub. ble

vote a ring.
may see her future lord and king.
went the Spring. As to the bottom went her ring.

With in the glass if she but sing:
And she with shabby voice did sing:
old. en  And much to it be. hold. en  He counts  him. self to.

day!  For though the maid. den tripped a. pace, He

missed, and marked, and gave her chase. A. long the for. est way.

Till as she knelt that face to find, It chanced that he was
just behind When she invoked the fay!

And leaning her to magic's aid, The fountain mirrored

man and maid. But when she saw his face appear, She gave a little

cry of fear. And jumped his laughing song to hear:
"Fountain! fairy water! Show me what I long to see, I of Eve am daughter.

Very son of Adam he, By your friendship
then To the race of men.

Show my lover's face to me. Show my lover's face to me.

face to me.
No 14.

CHORUS OF ASSISTANTS.

Allegretto.

Piano.

SOPRANO.

Here in boxes

CONTRALTO.

Here in boxes

CHO.

big we bear
Spoils of earth, and sea, and air;

big we bear
Spoils of earth, and sea, and air;

2007 D.o.D.
Silk and saye in dainty dyes. Gorgeous garb of Silk and saye in dainty dyes. Gorgeous garb of varied guise, Roods of ribbon, leagues of lace, varied guise, Roods of ribbon, leagues of lace, Sewn on every inch of space. Who can match such Sewn on every inch of space. Who can match such proud parade? Not a house in all the trade. proud parade? Not a house in all the trade.
SONG. (Papillon.) and CHORUS.

Allegro.

PAPILLON.
I'm a monarch, a monarch of
Fond lover who bows before

Par. is,
And Paris is fair to adorn
Ven. us,
And sighs to embrace as divine

monarch of raiment, it's needless to say meant
In places where raiment is
figure so slender, that contour so tender, Be
lieve me, they're half of 'em

220D O D.
worn. Conviction this argument carries mine!
We've thought out each detail between us,
So ever to fashion lays claim,
Though feminine Europe has think, when you ogle your flame,
Who made the confection which only one sure hope, Papillon's the gentleman's name!
makes her complexion? Papillon's the gentleman's name!

Though

Though

Though

PAP.

PAP.

PAP.

22007 D. a. D.
feminine Europe has only one sure hope. Papillon's the gentleman's made the confection which makes her complexion? Papillon's the gentleman's made the confection which makes her complexion? Papillon's the gentleman's

PAPILLON.

name!
name!
name!
Then let the sex acclaim Their
name!
name!
name!

arbiters of the court, Who lends, to blue, and yellow too, And
every hue, a glamour new; Let Fashion wait his fame — From

Paris to Pekin, Who forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the

Empress Josephine.

Then let the sex acclaim — Their
arbitr ser - ene, Who lends, to blue, and yel - low, too, And

arbitr ser - ene, Who lends, to blue, and yel - low, too, And

ev - ry hue, a gla - mour new: Let Fa - shion waft his fame From

ev - ry hue, a gla - mour new: Let Fa - shion waft his fame From

Par - is to Pe - kin, Who forms the taste and moulds the waist of the
Par - is to Pe - kin, Who forms the taste and moulds the waist of the
Em.press Jo.seph.ine!

D.C.

Though true 'tis the nod of a
The weeds of the woe-be-gone

beauty

The nations to battle has fired.

PAPILLON.

widow.
The white of the bride in her glee.

22007 D.D.
rags and the gutter, it won't cause a flutter.
If beauty should nod till she's
down her sadness, the
delicate gladness, owe
all their expression to

tired. Though "cherchez la femme" may do duty,
Who, master of magic un
hid, oh, En

mit me to ask all the same,
Who, pri thee, sets her up such
ables each damsel and dame,
To rouse rivals' fury, or

mischief to stir up? Papillon's the gentleman's
soften a jury? Papillon's the gentleman's
lends to blue, and yellow too, And ev'ry hue, a glamour new; Let

Fashion waft his fame From Paris to Pekin, Who

forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the Empress Josephine.

Then

Then

Then

22007 D.o.D.
let the sex acclaim Their arbiter ser.

eve ne, Who lends, to blue, and yellow too, And

eve ne, Who lends, to blue, and yellow too, And

eve ne, Who lends, to blue, and yellow too, And

ev'ry hue, a glamour new; Let Fashion waft his

ev'ry hue, a glamour new; Let Fashion waft his

ev'ry hue, a glamour new; Let Fashion waft his

22007 D.o.D.
fame
From Par . is to Pe . kin,
Who
fame
From Par . is to Pe . kin,
Who
fame
From Par . is to Pe . kin,
Who
forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the Empress Josephine!
forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the Empress Josephine!
forms the taste, and moulds the waist of the Empress Josephine!
D.S.

Coda.

22007 D.o.D.
No. 15.

VOCAL MENUET.— (Catherine and Papillon.)

Tempo di Menuet.  
ad lib.

First right, then left; Now poise as you point the

other toe. Bear your body lightly, Let your pose be sprightly, Easy, elegant, and

airy.

Now pose

I shall never do it, drill's nothing to it!

Try and fancy you're a fairy.

Catherine.
ad lib:

Mode of old hand out held, Lightly let your fingers lie in mine.

Tom fool fuss, silly monkey tricks for Madam fine!

Lips touched thus.

ad lib.

Head unstooped, train looped, Mindful of the curve that's beauty's line.
Give the floor a dusting.

Light its folds adjusting. Graceful, supple wristed,

Then the thing gets twisted; First right, then left, Just one slip and over.

Daintiness and deft, Now poise as you point the

I shall go. I can never take it. Oft the devil take it!

other toe, All in rhythm take it. Light as you can make it.
CATH.  
On. ly fanc. ey me a fa ir. y!  Oh! I'm like a bloomin' e le. phant.

PAP.  
Try and fanc. ey you're a fa ir. y!

CATH.  
Show. ing in a cir. cus. Drat the train!

PAP.  
Talk. ing, Madame, is ir. re. ve. lant.

CATH.  

PAP.  
To a dance. ing les. son try a. gain.
Such for honours of Ter. psi. chore!

Such for honours of Ter. psi. chore!

Such for honours of Ter. psi. chore!

Such a candidate was never yet.

Such a candidate was never yet.

Such a candidate was never yet.

Feet of lead, and limbs of

Feet of lead, and limbs of

Feet of lead, and limbs of

Hickory. Heaven! what a minute!

Hickory. Heaven! what a minute!

Hickory. Heaven! what a minute!
First right, then left, just one slip and over I shall go.

Daintiness and deft, now poise as you point the other toe.

First right, then left, its far better than a puppet show,

First right, then left, its far better than a puppet show,

First right, then left, its far better than a puppet show,

I can never fake it, Oh! the devil take it! Only fancy me a

All in rhythm take it, Light as you can make it, Try and fancy you're a

Bless us! what a creature, Fashion, form and feature Fit her better for the

Bless us! what a creature, Fashion, form and feature Fit her better for the

Bless us! what a creature, Fashion, form and feature Fit her better for the
CATH. 

fairy. First right, then left, I do call this dance a rum my go!

PAP. 

fairy. Dain ty and defi. Now pause, ma dam and ba lance so!

SOP. 

dai ry.

TEN. 

dai ry.

BASS. 

dai ry.

CATH. 

slow ly.

PAP. 

Now you curt see low ly. Take it slow ly.

SOP. 

Don’t she do it drol ly.

TEN. 

Don’t she do it drol ly.

BASS. 

Don’t she do it drol ly.

22007 p.d.d.
slowly, slowly, lowly,

slowly, slowly, lowly,

slowly, slowly, lowly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,

slowly, slowly, lowly, drollly,
No 16.

CHORUS.—(Entrance of Napoleon.)

Allegro.

Vi vatt! Vi vatt Im pe ra tor Sal ve Ga li ae sal va tor.

Fr ance re vives the Ro man glo ries. Ro man greet ing to the fore is.
And our paëans proud of praise, are Trumpet tongued with Ave Caesar!

Vi vat! Vi vat Imperator, Salve, Gal liæ

Sal va tor, France revives the Roman glories,
As sent to no divorce I can, tho' falsehood may be

Cor. si. can, yet faith and I are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

Yes! Faith and she are French!

sul. len hate nor en. 'vy sour. Our wed. ded love shall o. ver. pow'r, No
cause have I as wife to cower, Nor e'er from here I'll blench!

For me, my liege, you
e'er from here she'll blench!

know my mind. A soul so true, a heart so kind I
LEF.

ne'er shall find again.

SOP.

He ne'er would find a.

TEN.

He ne'er would find a.

BASS.

He ne'er would find a.

RENÉE.

And love is free, Sire, to rejoice in

SOP.

gain!

TEN.

gain!

BASS.

gain!

REN.

liberty of heart and voice. Tis
here I set my constant choice, and here it shall remain!

She vows it shall remain!

She vows it shall remain!

Napoleon. (Speaking through music)

She vows it shall remain! No more!

Moderato.

Whatever be the choice you've made, you'll find my choice the one to be obeyed. Make no reply,
NAP.

You, Vicomte, understand, All thought's forbid you of this lady's hand! Today you'll join your regiment, now, sir, go!

ADHÉMAR.

And leave her friendless at your

recit.

NAP.

No!

Be careful! I command you to obey, as subject, soldier!

ADHÉMAR.

Neither from today!

From today!
The first Beethoven who ever drew His sword to serve a
parvenu, Then let it be the last! He's like to be the
last! All oaths to you I here delete, No more my manhood
hold them meet, And where France weathers at your feet, 'Tis there my sword I
Tis treason! 'tis treason set on high! There stands your traitor, crowned! True man am I!

Enough. Arrest the Vicomte de Bethune. Let a court-martial be convened for noon tomorrow. It shall
Catherine.

Deal with him, not I. But be its finding "Guilty," he shall die!

Catherine.

Mercy, have pity. Mercy! Justice, sire! NAP. (You shall have justice, more than you desire.)

Allegretto.

Never shall sound for us Good-Bye! Never till Death us

Renée.

Never shall sound for us Good-Bye! Never till Death us

Lefebvre.

Never shall sound for us Good-Bye! Never till Death us

Adhemar.

Never shall sound for us Good-Bye! Never till Death us

2207 D.o.D.
CATH. part. Shall we not dare them, you and I,

REN. part. Shall we not dare them, you and I,

LEF. part. Shall we not dare them, you and I,

ADH. part. Shall we not dare them, you and I,

CATH. Heart to divorce from heart? Ours is the love that

REN. Heart to divorce from heart? Ours is the love that

LEF. Heart to divorce from heart? Ours is the love that

ADH. Heart to divorce from heart? Ours is the love that

22007 D.o.D.
years bequeath. Deep in our hearts Love saith,

Who shall dis. sev. er souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than

Who shall dis. sev. er souls knit for ev. er? Love is more strong than
Death!

Death!

Death!

Deep from each ach...ing heart,

Deep from each ach...ing heart,

Deep from each ach...ing heart,

Might must prevail, tho'

Might must prevail, tho'

Might must prevail, tho'

22007 D.o.D.
Right defy! Lives intertwined to part.

Yet tho' they bow the blow beneath, True are the words Love saith, Who shall sever souls knit for ev'ry?
Love is more strong than Death, Who shall dis sev er

souls knit for ev er? Love is more strong than Death!

souls knit for ev er? Love is more strong than Death!

souls knit for ev er? Love is more strong than Death!

22007 D. ad

END OF ACT II.
Act III.

SONG—(Catherine.)
"THE MIRROR SONG"

Andante.

Catherine.

Piano.

Andante.

CATH.

Andante.

CATH.

CATH.

Childhood, with unthinking glee,

All the little life of man!

Mirror, in thy glass we scan

22007 D.o.D.
Grows to view itself in thee, Youth, with happy hope a flush,

Blithe beholds its bloom and blush, Middle age must take thy mocks,

Gathering lines and thinning locks, Count with smiles (that might be tears!)

All the havoc of the years.

dim. e rall.

dim. e rall.
Sil'vred age with wrink. led front, Needs must heed thy coun. sel blunt.

Less. son out of thee there looks, More than speaks from rev. rend books.

Thee to clay. cold lips we hold All in vain, the tale is told!

Mir. ror! mir. ror! Schooled by thee, Of what shadow stuff are we!

22007 f. o. d.
Piu lento.

We who o'er thy polished gleam Flit like phantoms in a dream.

Lento. con espress.

Sigh for poor humanity. Murmur "All is vanity!"

"All is vanity!"
TRIO.— (Catherine, Renée, Babette.)

"A REAL GOOD CRY TOGETHER."

Catherine

Allegretto.

Piano.

CATH.

Moderato.

When things go ill, (as go things will)

A

. like in love and lu - cre.) Fond wo - man still must weep her
fill. 'Tis only fools re-buke her. Let eau-de-vie and language free.
To Man bring consolation. Dear sisters, we seek tears and

tea. In time of tribulation.
Allegretto

grey when grow the skies of grief, A rain of tears shall bring relief,

And win back smiling weather,

balm shall fall on irk and ache, And woe shall wane when women take,
real good cry, A real good cry, A
real good cry, A real good cry, A
real good cry, A real good cry, A
real good cry to . ge. ther,
real good cry to . ge. ther,
real good cry to . ge. ther.

(crying) to . ge. ther. Boo . hoo, Boo . hoo, Boo .
(crying) to . ge. ther. Boo . hoo, Boo . hoo, Boo .
(crying) to . ge. ther. Boo . hoo, Boo . hoo, Boo .

dim. stacc: inf
hoo oo oo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo oo oo!

hoo oo oo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo oo oo!

hoo oo oo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo oo oo!

Cry together!

Cry together!

Cry together!

22007 D. eD.
Moderato.

How sad were world, no tears impearled, How heavy grief unweeping, Were kerchiefs furled and lips aye curled, In laughter out of keeping, Did tears for sake oft heart would break

And string would overstrain bow, Did sun ne'er wake o'er clouds opaque.
REN. Why, where would be the rainbow?

HAB. For

CATH. For

CATH. grey when grow the skies of grief, A rain of tears shall bring relief, And

REN. And win back smiling weather, And

HAB. And

CATH. And win back smiling weather, And

win back smiling weather, And
REN.

 Cry together!

BAB.

 Cry together!

CATH.

 Cry together!
DUET- (Catherine and Lefebre.)

Catherine.

Andante.

Piano.

\[\text{Though many a happy year hath flown Since first your arms were round me thrown, Still find I in their fold a.}

\[\text{Life's perfect scheme and plan. And}

22007 D.o.D.
CATH.

on me seems to fall a ray
Of Love, from out the Far. a.

CATH.

way,
When, e'er these simple words I say,
these simple

words I say,-
"Me and my old man;" "Me and my old man;"

LEFEBRE.

"Me and my old man;" So long the time since we were

Lef.
twain,
How could I face the world a gain.
Save at your side? All life were pain, A blank, the bye and

To me it means a world of bliss, I

call again your touch, your kiss, I pray God bless you, breathing

this, God bless you, breathing this, "My dear wife and I!"
"My dear wife and I!" — "My dear wife and I!"

One pulse our hearts, one pace our feet,

One pulse our hearts, one pace our feet,

Gather in the morning sweet,

Gather in the morning sweet,

Gather in the noonday heat,

Gather in the noonday heat,

We've journey'd shade and sun.

We've journey'd shade and sun.
did not fear the gathering gloom
Of twilights age, nor dread death's doom.

We did not fear the gathering gloom
Of twilights age, nor dread death's doom.

Since Love triumphant o'er the tomb,
Could cry we twain are one!

Since Love triumphant o'er the tomb,
We twain are one, "Me and my old man!"

"Me and my old man!"
"My dear wife and I!"

Ah! con espress.

rit. lento
No. 21.

CHORUS.—Courtiers

Maestoso.

Piano.

Once our lips the Bourbon owned,
Once our hearts the Bourbon throned,

No such ardent victories as we,
Of the Banner white and

?

007 D.o.D.
Now the Bourbon's day is done,

We adore the rising sun.

Far beneath Bee and violet and Caesar wreath.
Yes, the Eagle and the Tri-color
Are the fetishes we
now adore.
In the letter's serried legion met

Why, we ask, should "A" be foremost set?
Girt with badge and

22007 D. oD.
No 22.

Menuet.

Tempo di menuetto.

Piano.
DUET.—(Catherine and Napoleon.)

"LETTER SONG"

No. 23.

Catherine.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Though throned in

Ma. jes. ty, do you re. call, Sire, No days at all, Sire, of for. tunes

low? Are they all lost in Time's great heap of em. ber? No, I re.

Catherine.

Napoleon.

Remember I knew twas so! Once, in the Rue Roy. ale, a laun. dry

22007 D. o. D.
known,--Washed for a sous-lieutenant, (great now grown.) And there, it

chanced one day--he came alone. And all of this was

years ago? Yes, years ago. 'Twas

Nine-tw, the Tuileries were falling. Not
past re.calling. they stand here still. As o.thers do, Sire, who

ne'er had thought it. Nor e'er had wrought it. But through your

will. That poor lieu.ten.ant since, has scaled the height Which then he

only saw in vi.sions bright. But what he would not
NAPOLÉON.

"Two shirts! What's this? a washing bill!"

His washing bill, his washing bill.

H'm! unreceipted? Yes, Sire, since you say it. He didn't pay it, I don't complain, For knowing he was poor you
CATH. see, Sire. Those two lou... is... Sire I let rem... main. But

now I send in, (slightly over due.) Your Majesty's account.

Mine, is this

CATH. true? The laundress I, Sire, the lieu... ant you (NA.)

(OF course! why you a tempo were called "Sans.Gene")

CATH. "Sans.Gene!" Tou... jours "Sans.Gene!"

22007 D.o D.
SONG.—(Catherine.) and CHORUS.

"MY SABOTS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato con moto.

Catherine.

Piano.

CATHERINE.

The Queen and all her ladies. Have

nothing much to do So ev'ry high-born maid is To
wear a high-heeld shoe. But washing clothes my trade is I've

always understood. There's nothing half so good as wearing

shoes of wood. Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! ah!

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!
When the morning comes you can hear my feet / Never
ben marcato.

lagging never dragging On the flagging of the

street! Like the tap of drums when the trumpet

blows is the patter of my blithe sabots
Is the patter and the clatter of my blithe sabots.
cess-es and Mar-quis-es And all the court Co-quettes Can
dance as fa-shion plea-ses In slip-pers with ro-settes! But
when a work-girl seizes A mo-ment for a dance, She
has n't a ny chance of such ex-tra-v a-gance! Clack! clack!
clack! clack! clack! clack! Ah!
When the fiddle plays

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!

Clack! clack! clack! clack! clack! clack!

play you can hear my feet Stepping lightly keeping

rightly To the sprightly music's beat, Like the laughter

22007 D.o.D.
CATH.
gay of the heels and toes Is the clatter of my
blithe sabots.

CHO.
Blithe sabots Blithe sabots.
Blithe sabots Blithe sabots.

CATH.
patter and the clatter of my blithe sabots!
When the morning comes You can hear her feet Never
flagging, never dragging On the flagging of the street!
Like the tap of drums, When the trumpet blows Is the
Blithe sabots, Blithe sabots, Is the
CATH.

patter of her blithe sabots.

CHO.

patter of her blithe sabots.

CATH.

patter of her blithe sabots.

CHO.

patter of her blithe sabots.
patter and the clatter of my light sabots!
patter and the clatter of my light sabots!
patter and the clatter of my light sabots!

CATH.

CHO.

CATH.

CHO.
SONG-(Renée) and CHORUS.

"LE PETIT CAPORAL!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Tempo di marcia

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

1. You all must know Le Petit Caporal
   yet you'll say Le Petit Caporal
   all re - ver Le Petit Caporal

RENÉE.

Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Pe - tit Ca - po - ral

REN.

Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Pe - tit Ca - po - ral

CHO.

Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral

Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral
Le Pe - tit Ca - po - ral

22007 D.O.D.
RAT A. PLAN PLAN PLAN
RAT A. PLAN PLAN PLAN
RAT A. PLAN PLAN PLAN

no body at all
Some fifteen years ago

no one else at all
In all the world today

hand some officer
To have him always near?

232
plan plan plan
But still it's said With.
plan And Kings bow down And
plan He's not so great In

Rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan

Rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan

Rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan
rat.a. plan plan plan plan

in his clever head He'd settled to be imperial
of. fer him the crown From Prussia right to fair Portugal gov. ern. ing the state Perhaps his brain is rather ban.

22007 D.O.D.
Although his men in
For he has grown by
But still in love he's

fun would call him then Le Petit Caporal Rat. a.
climbing on a throne Le Petit Caporal Rat. a.
very far above Le Petit Caporal Rat. a.
Le Petit Caporal

not my ideal

Big grenadiers declared with jeers He

now the principal

His grenadiers are noble peers A

not my ideal

He must despise romantic sighs As
was so comical! But when they went to fight
Duke or marshall! His soldiers shout in war
just absurd fal fal! 'There's some one tall and slim
And

found his height was right, For they were shot and he was not Le
live the Emperor! But yet, but yet they don't forget Le
if I'm dear to him Why, all of you can go and woo Le

Petit Corporal! Le Petit Corporal In
Petit Corporal! Le Petit Corporal Is
Petit Corporal! Le Petit Corporal Is
Le Petit Corporal In
Le Petit Corporal Is
Le Petit Corporal Is
Le Petit Corporal In
Le Petit Corporal Is
Le Petit Corporal Is

22007 D.D.
fin. it es. im. al, Big gren. a. diers de. clar’d with jeers He
now the prin. ci. pal, His gren. a. diers are no. ble peers A
not my i. de. al, He must de. spise ro. man. tic sighs As

fin. it es. im. al, Big gren. a. diers de. clar’d with jeers He
now the prin. ci. pal, His gren. a. diers are no. ble peers A
not my i. de. al, He must de. spise ro. man. tic sighs As

fin. it es. im. al, Big gren. a. diers de. clar’d with jeers He
now the prin. ci. pal, His gren. a. diers are no. ble peers A
not my i. de. al, He must de. spise ro. man. tic sighs As

was so com. i. cal! But when they went to fight They
Duke or Mar. e. chal! His sol. diers shout in war "Long
just ab. surd fal. la! There’s some one tall and slim And

was so com. i. cal! But when they went to fight They
Duke or Mar. e. chal! His sol. diers shout in war "Long
just ab. surd fal. la! There’s some one tall and slim And

was so com. i. cal! But when they went to fight They
Duke or Mar. e. chal! His sol. diers shout in war "Long
just ab. surd fal. la! There’s some one tall and slim And

22007 D.o.D.
found his height was right, For they were shot and he was not Le
live the Em. per. or" But yet, but yet they don't for. get Le
if I'm dear to him Why, all of you can go and woo Le

found his height was right, For they were shot and he was not Le
live the Em. per. or" But yet, but yet they don't for. get Le
if I'm dear to him Why, all of you can go and woo Le

found his height was right, For they were shot and he was not Le
live the Em. per. or" But yet, but yet they don't for. get Le
if I'm dear to him Why, all of you can go and woo Le

Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.

Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.

Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.

2. And
3. We
ral! plan.
ral! plan.
ral! plan.

Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.

Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.
Pe. tit Ca. po. ral! plan.

22007 D. o. D.