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THE

INFANTA'S DOLLS.

(LES POUPEES DE L'INFANTE.)

COMIC OPERA IN 3 ACTS,

AND 4 TABLEAUX.

MUSIC BY

CHARLES GRISART.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED BY

THEODORE T. BARKER.

BOSTON:

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ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens in the public room of an inn, in the environs of Burgos in Spain. Students from the University are heard singing and carousing within. MANOEL, and his preceptor, INIGO, both in disguise, relate some of their experiences. Among those of the former to the latter only, he tells of meeting, on a recent occasion, a charming young girl, who while crossing a bridge, lost her bouquet in the stream. MANOEL, jumping into the river, recovers it, but too late for restoration to the owner. A party of travellers arrives at the inn, having met with an accident on the road. While they are waiting for rest and repairs, MANOEL discovers that the young girl of his bouquet romance is among them. He makes her acquaintance, and she proves to be the INFANTA, or crown-princess of Spain, in charge of the French ambassador, Count VIROFLAY, on the way to France, to marry KING LOUIS XV. This becomes known to all the students, and when the travellers are ready to resume their journey, they give them God-speed with song and vivas. MANOEL secretly follows them to France.

In ACT II., we find the INFANTA and her party arrived at Rambouilet. The scene opens in the Park, where the KING, the INFANTA, with lords and ladies of the court, are playing Battledore. Dom INIGO has also arrived there, in search of MANOEL. The foreign ambassadors are there also, discussing the proposed marriage. Among the sports of the day, is a stag hunt, in which the KING, attacked by the wounded animal, is saved by MANOEL, who is of the party. He is thanked by the KING, and welcomed to the feast that succeeds the chase. Here, again, he meets the INFANTA, and when opportunity offers, declares his love for her, which she but faintly opposes, as he has already won her heart. She has now thrown aside her childishness, her dolls, and former pleasures, and declares herself a woman, with thoughts and will of her own. In an interview with MANOEL they, jestingly, plan an elopement, which they afterward attempt to carry out seriously, but are discovered and prevented by the king's guard. Meanwhile, the court pleasures continue, and close for the day with dances and illuminations.

In ACT III., the INFANTA is domiciled at the Louvre. She has determined to break the marriage, and writes to her father her objections and determinations. MANOEL is forbidden to enter the palace, but gains access through the window to the INFANTA'S dressing-room. While there, the ladies of the court come to prepare the INFANTA for a grand reception, and she conceals MANOEL behind the curtains of her toilet. After the dressing, the KING is unexpectedly announced, and MANOEL is again concealed in a cabinet. The KING makes love to the INFANTA, and as he attempts to embrace her, MANOEL rushes out upon him with a drawn sword. The KING calls for help. The ambassadors and courtiers enter, and MANOEL is seized by the guards and disarmed, and though the INFANTA begs for his pardon, he is carried away. Meanwhile, the ambassadors, determined to break the marriage of Louis with the INFANTA, consult together, and decide that she shall be returned to Spain, and that the KING shall marry MARIA LECZINSKA, a Polish princess. The KING pardons MANOEL upon the condition that the INFANTA shall marry the husband he has chosen for her. She consents, to save her lover, and the husband, presented by the KING, turns out to be MANOEL, who is, in reality, Dom Joseph de Braganza, heir to the crown of Portugal.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARIANNA.....INFANTA OF SPAIN.
LOUIS XV.....KING OF FRANCE.
MANOEL.....YOUNG PORTUGUESE LORD IN DISGUISE.
MARIQUITA.....MAID TO THE INFANTA.
BARBARA.....FIRST LADY-IN-WAITING.
Mme. DE RAINCY,
Mme. DE GRAMMONT,
Mme. DE VENTADOUR, } LADIES OF THE FRENCH COURT.
JOSEFA.....INN-KEEPER AT BURGOS.
JOSE,
PEDRO,
LUIS,
ANTONIO, } ..... SPANISH STUDENTS.

A PAGE.....
DOM INIGO.....MANOEL'S PRECEPTOR.
COUNT DE VIROFLAY.....FRENCH AMBASSADOR.
ALVAREZ.....TOYMAKER TO THE INFANTA.
LORD SEYMOUR.....ENGLISH AMBASSADOR.
COUNT PEROLSKI.....POLISH AMBASSADOR.
KRACKENBERG.....AUSTRIAN AMBASSADOR.
ST. AMARANTHE.....PRECEPTOR TO THE KING.
COUNT DE MEDINA.....SPANISH STUDENT.

Superintendent of Privy Purse, Captain of Guards, Spanish Students, Lords, Ladies, Pages, Valets of the King, Fifers, Spearmen, Guards, Fiddlers.

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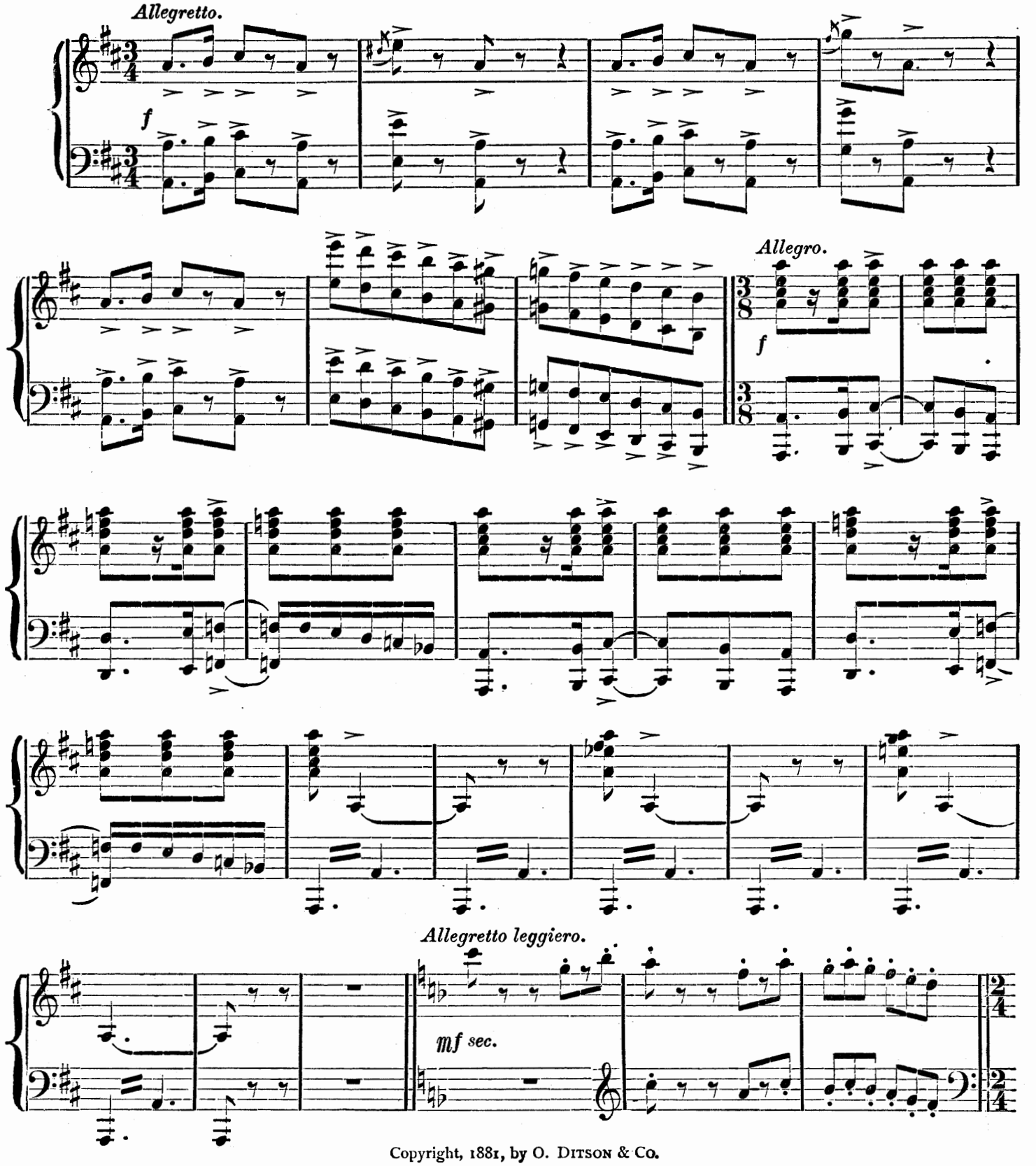
THE INFANTA'S DOLLS.

(LES POUPÉES DE L'INFANTE.)

CH. GRISART.

OVERTURE.



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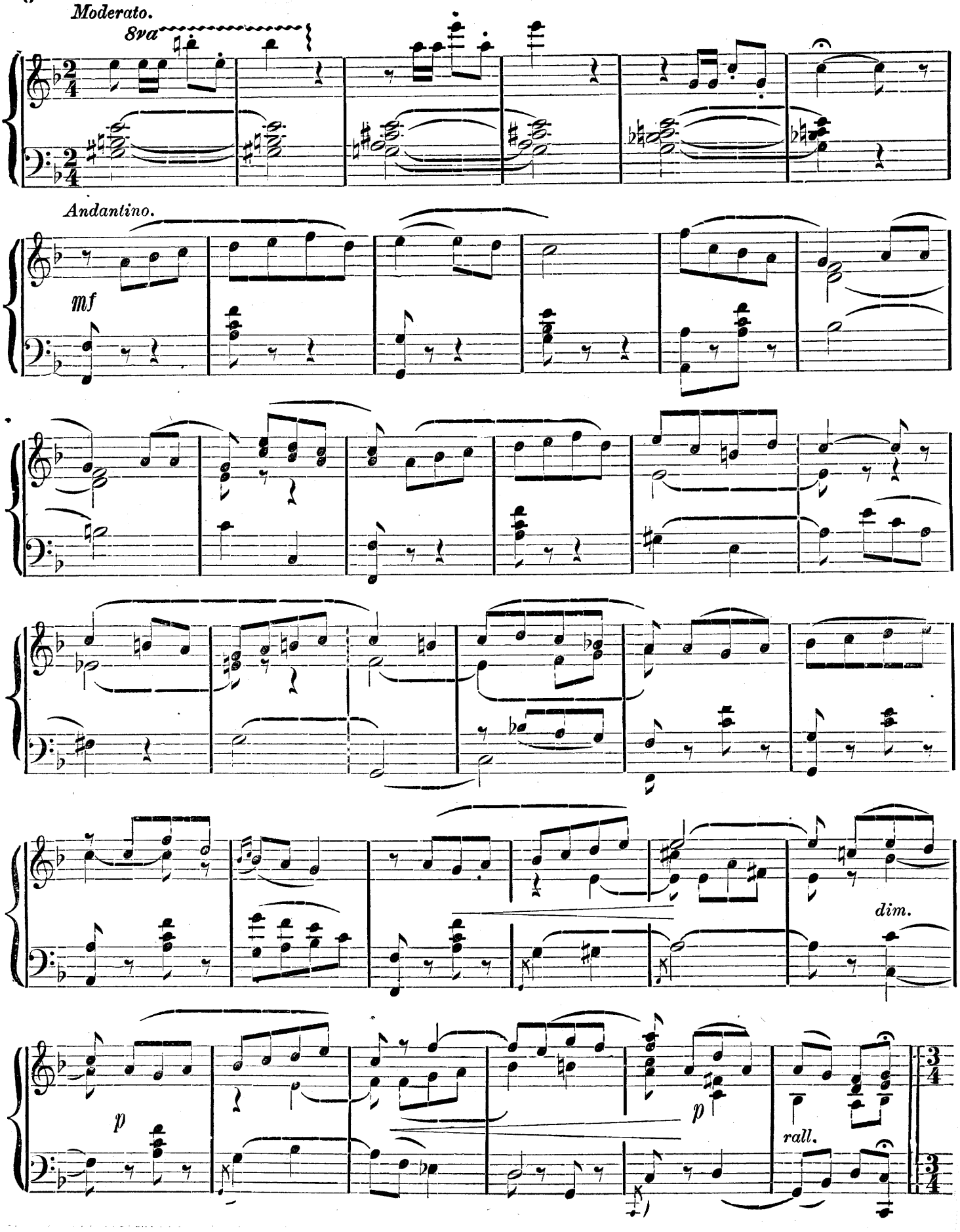
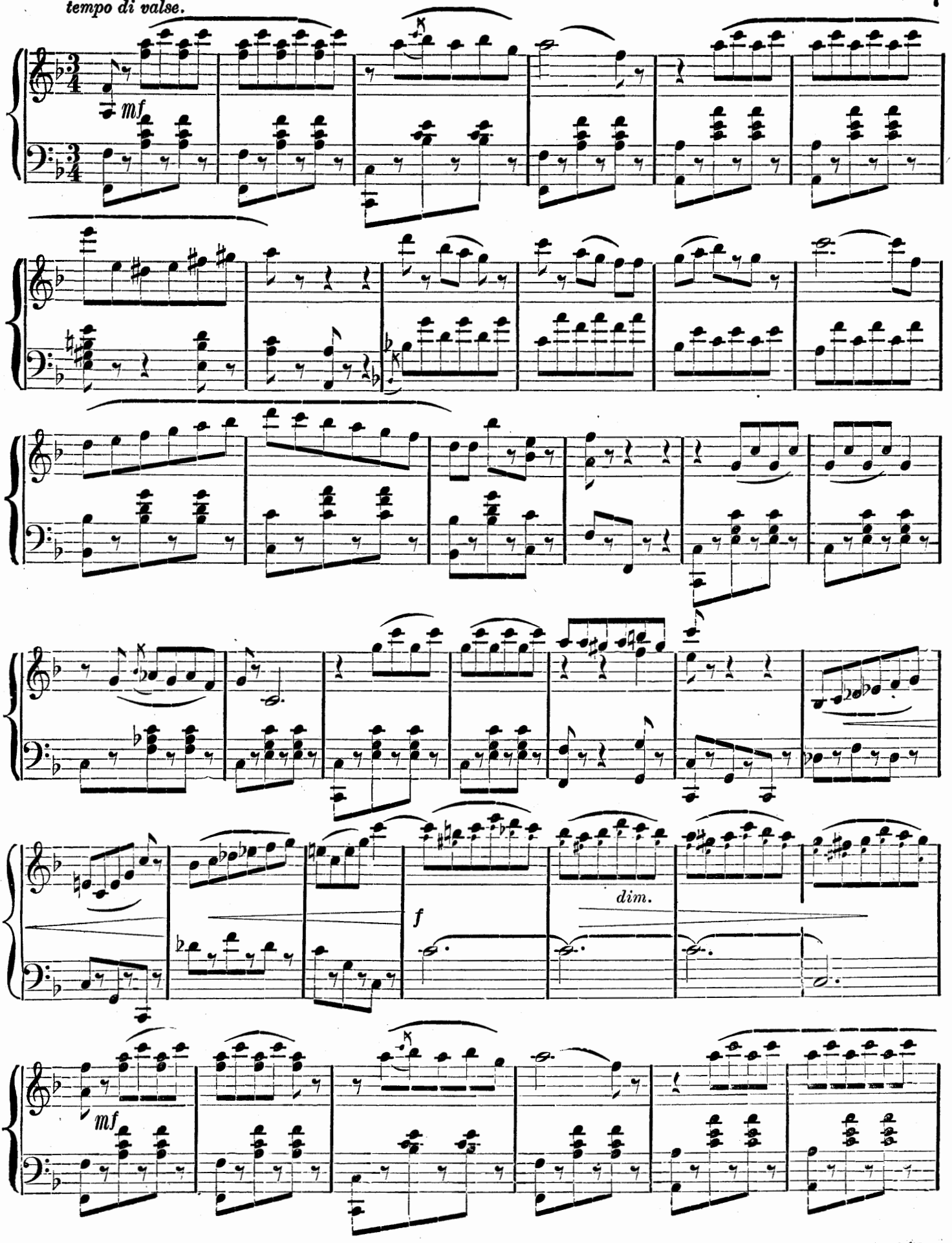
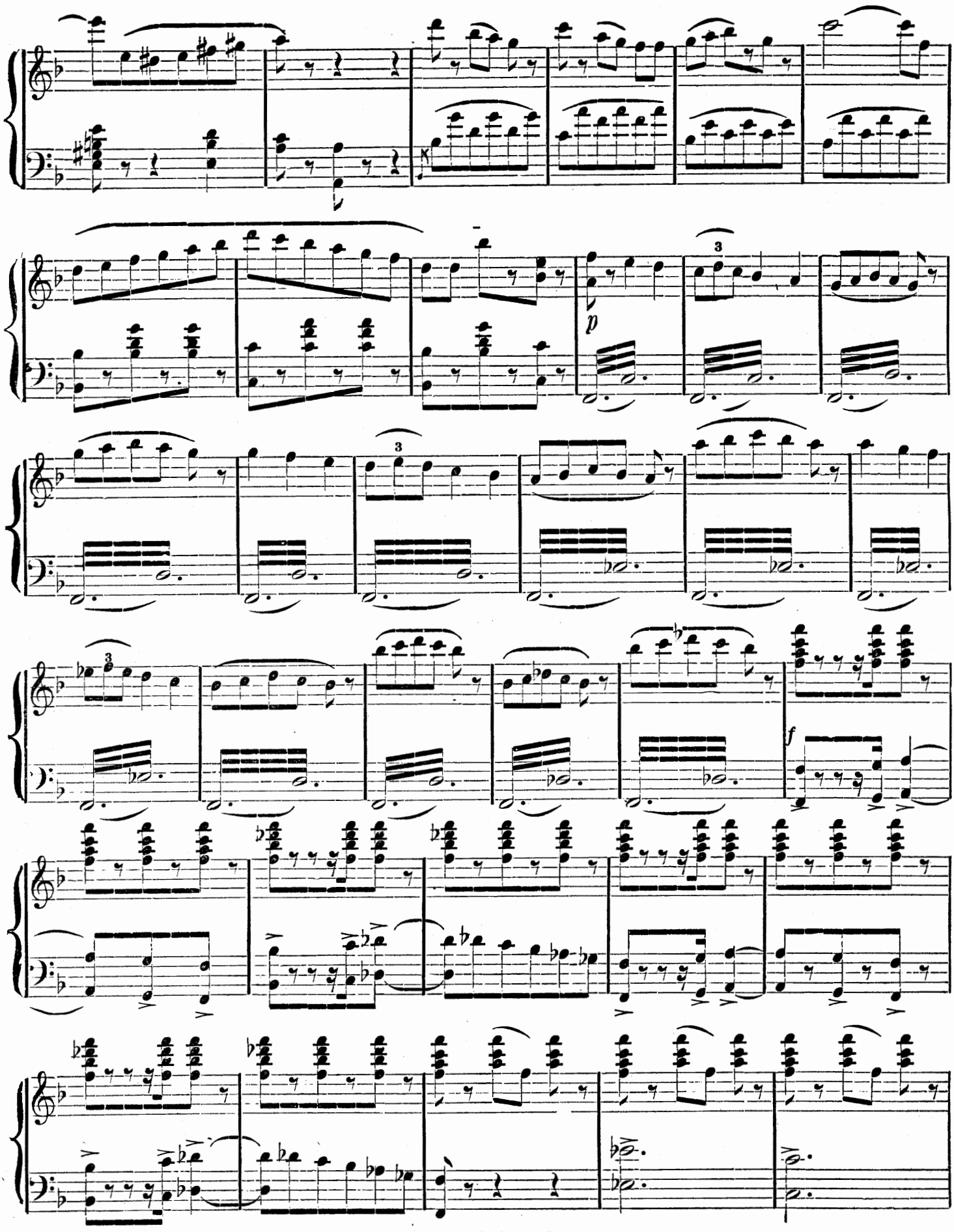
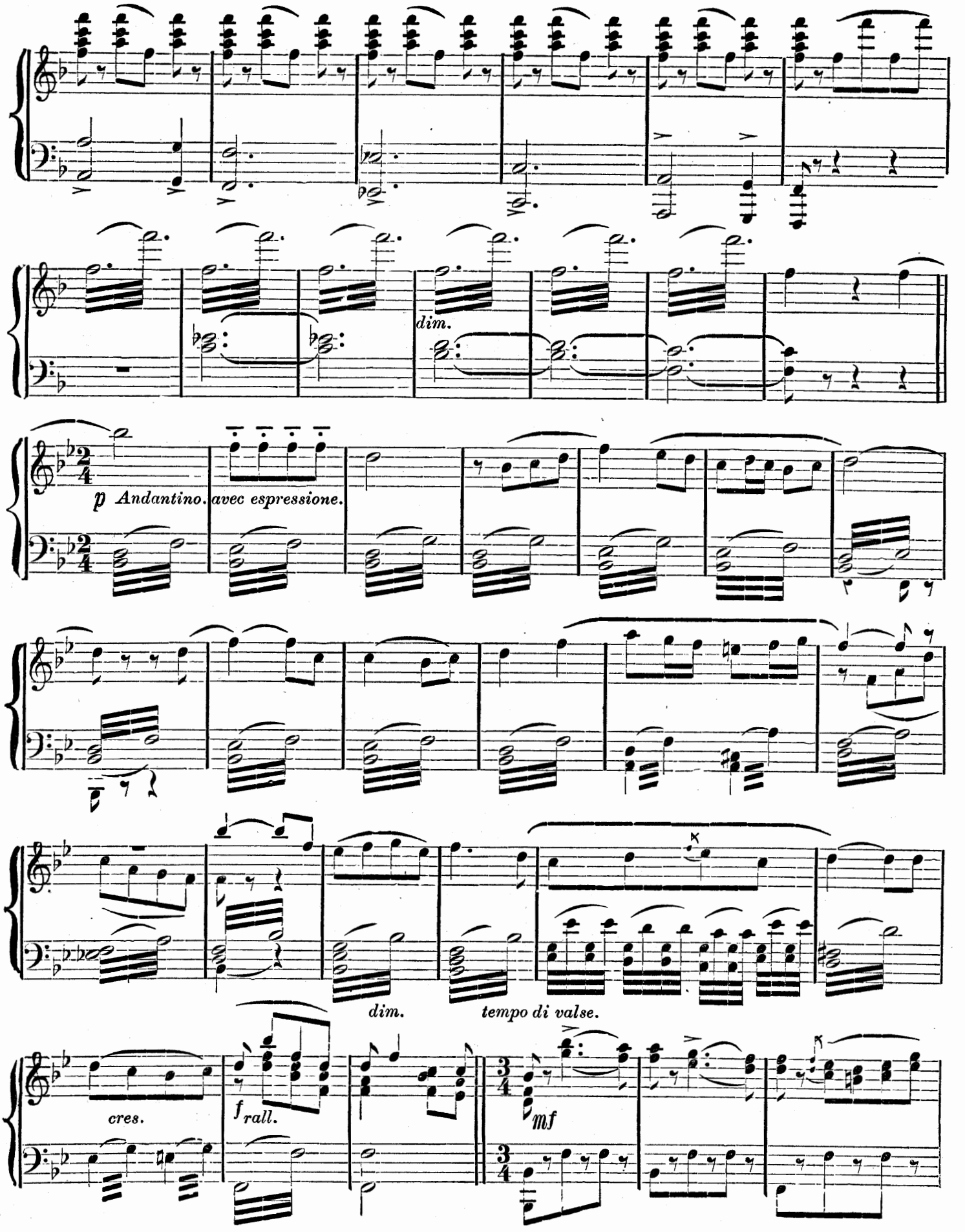
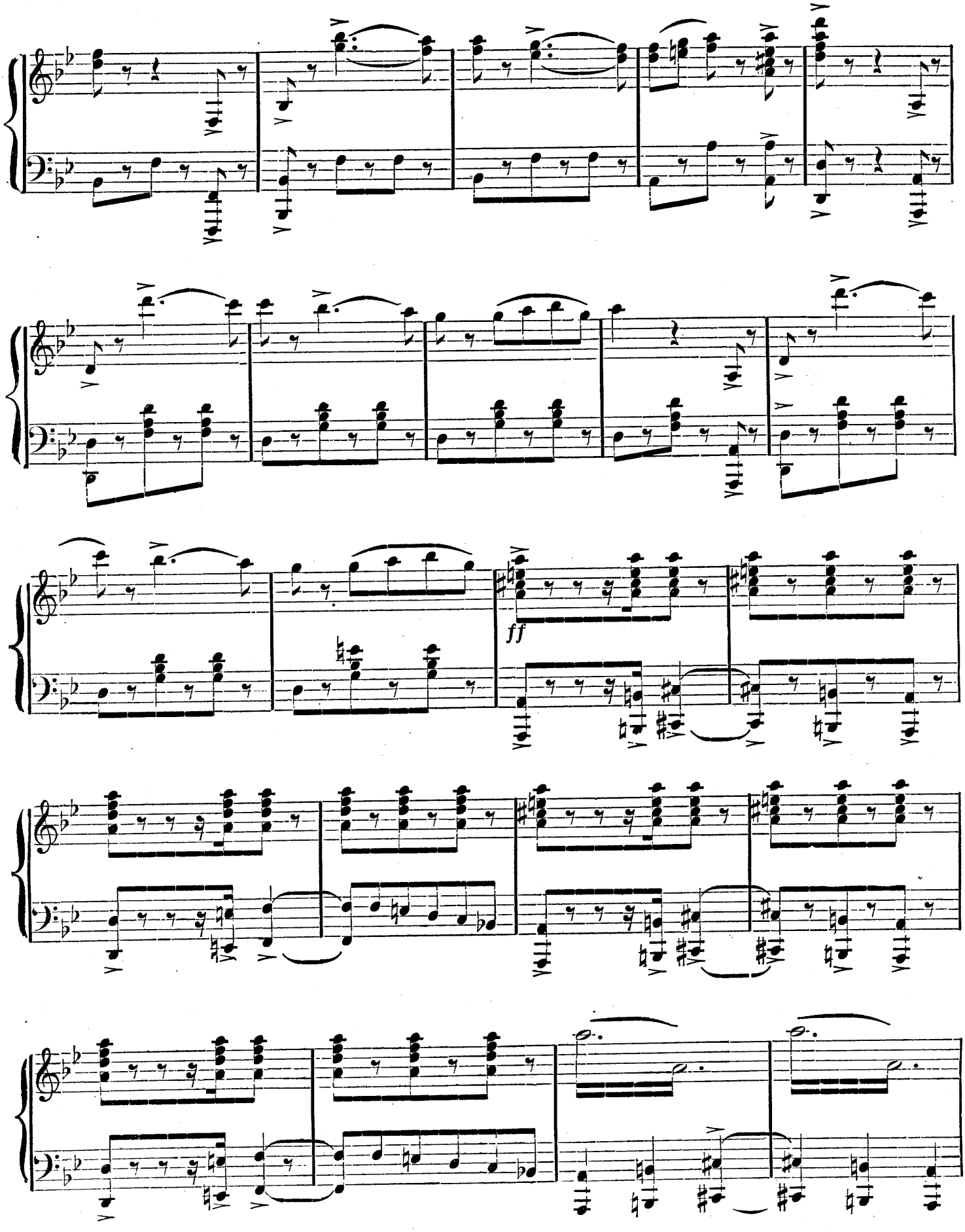

Moderato.
8va
Andantino.
mf
dim.
p
p
rall.

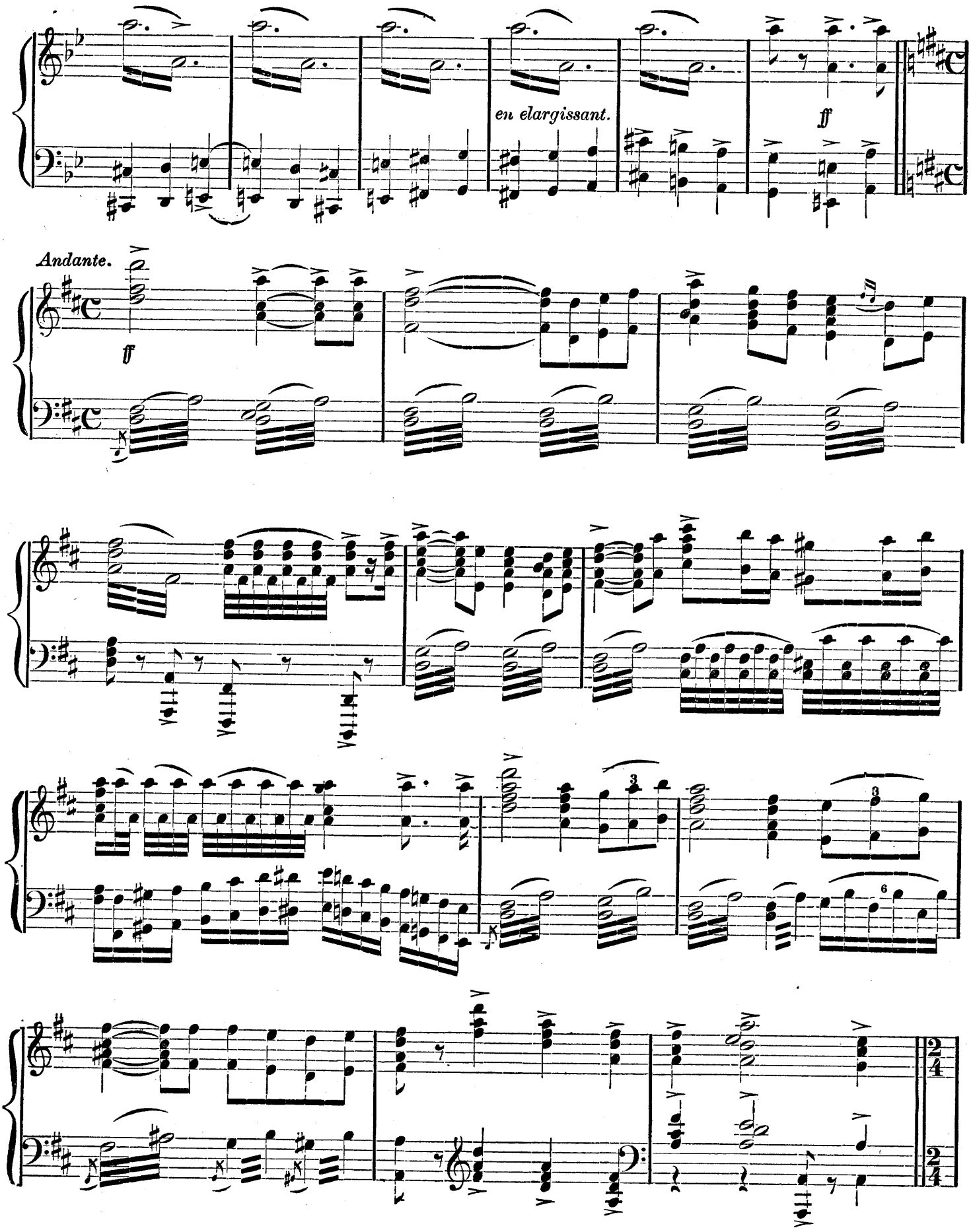
tempo di valse.

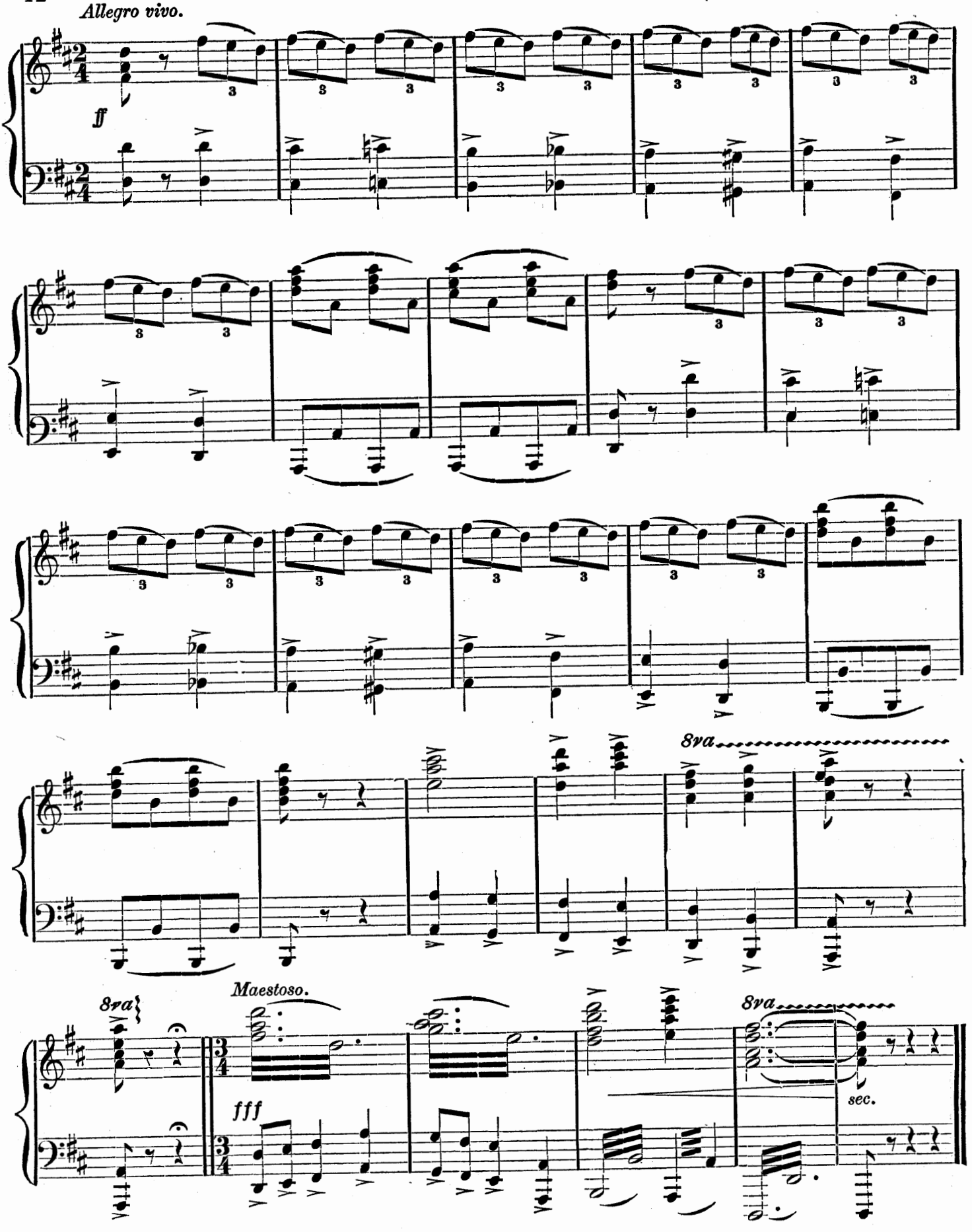



p
f


dim.
p Andantino. avec espressione.
dim.
tempo di valse.
cres.
f rall.
mf


ff


en elargissant.
ff
Andante.
ff


Allegro vivo.
ff
8va
8va
Maestoso.
fff
sec.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A public room in a tavern, in the environs of Burgos. In the background two large bay-windows, through which, distant mountains are seen.— That of the right, is raised several steps, and opens upon an exterior gallery. Doors at the right and left of the first wings. At the left, a table and chair.*

When the curtain rises, the room is unoccupied.— Servants cross the stage, carrying bottles and glasses. The Innkeeper, JOSEFA, *entering at the left, hurries them.* (*Curtain.*)

JOSEFA. Quick, quick!—They are getting impatient in there. Come, PEPA, CONCHA,—be lively!

(JOSEFA *and the servants mount the steps and disappear by the gallery.*)

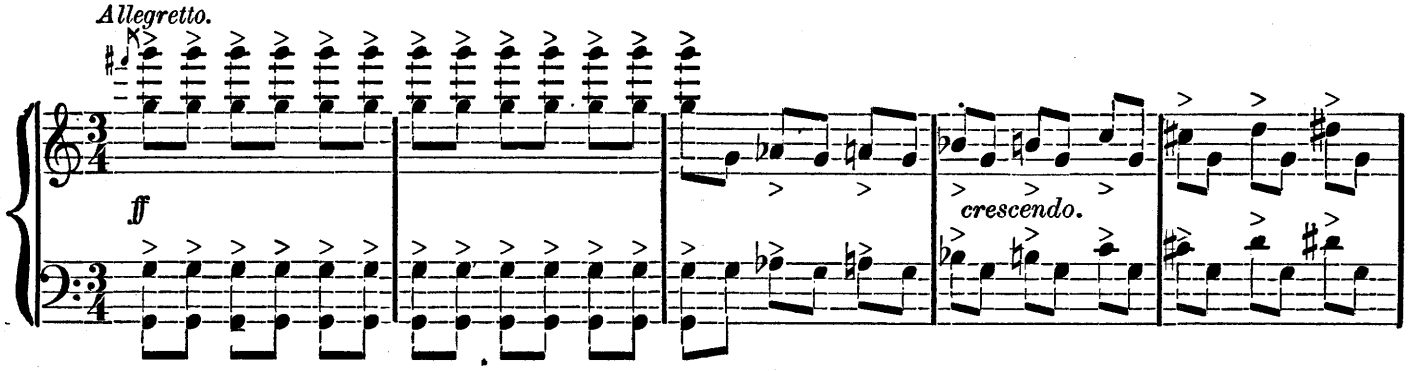
FROM FAIR MADRID.

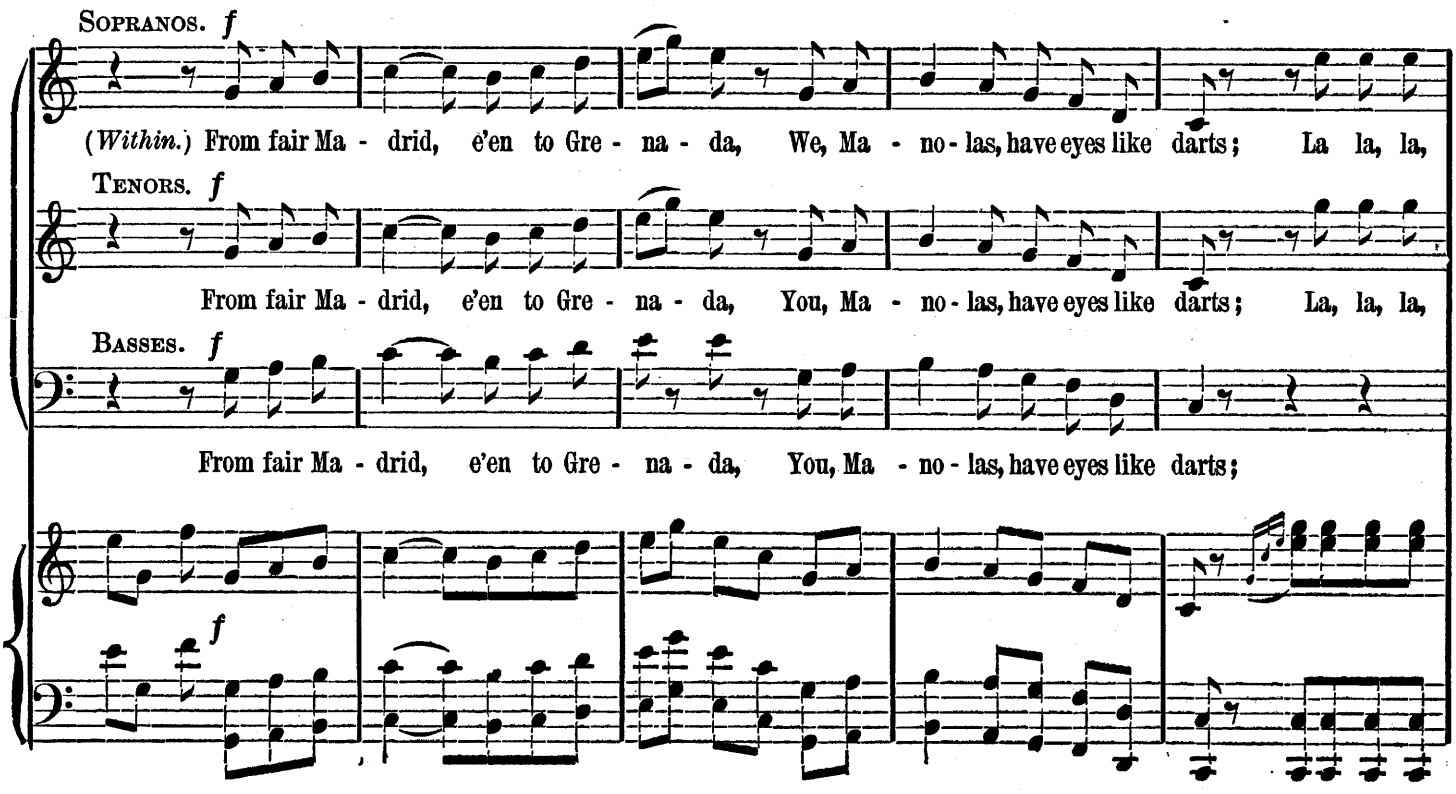
No. 1. DRINKING SONG, AND CHORUS OF STUDENTS AND MANOLAS.

Josefa, Servants, afterwards, Inigo, and Manoel.

(*Songs and laughter are heard within.*)

Allegretto.





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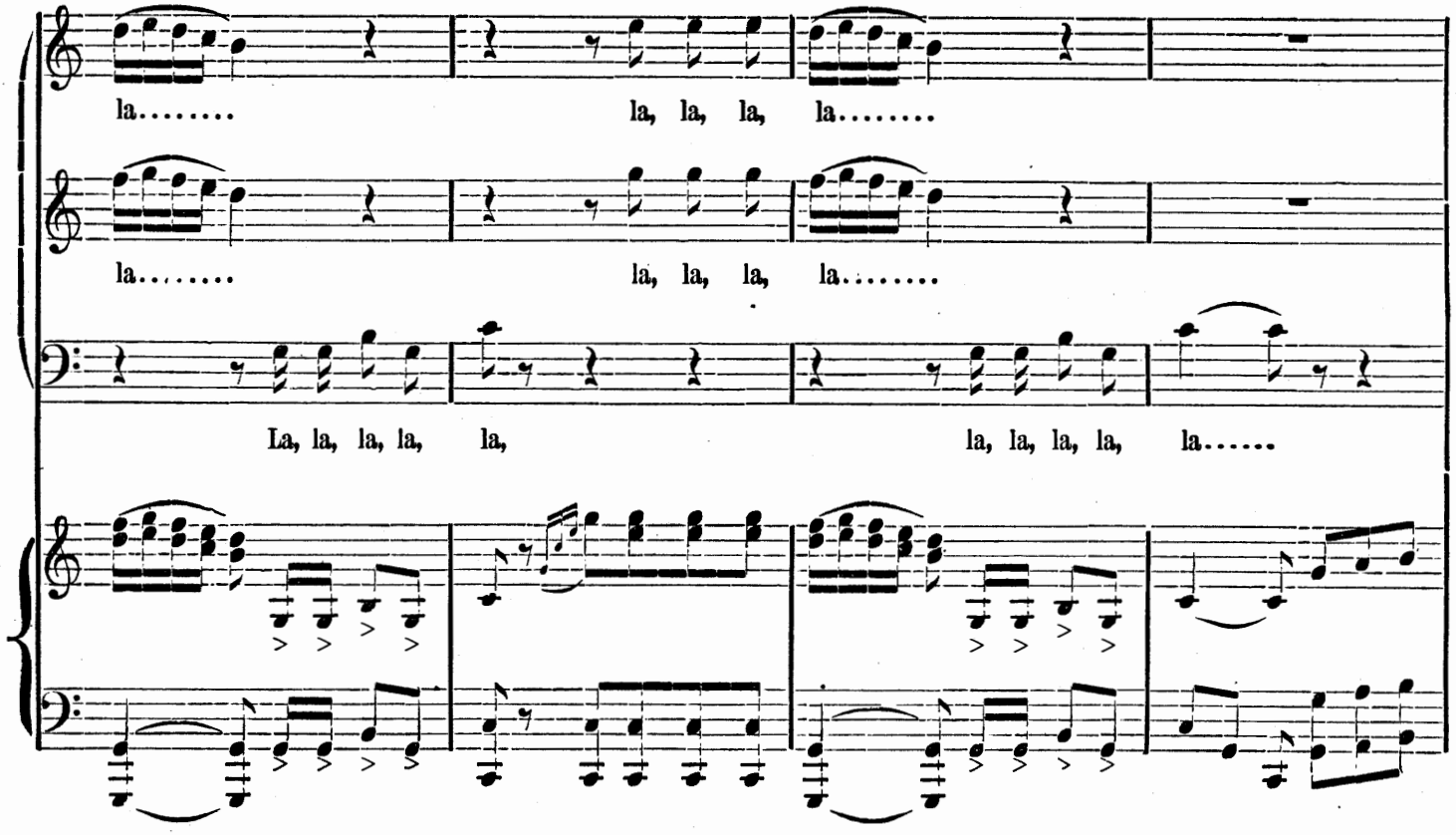
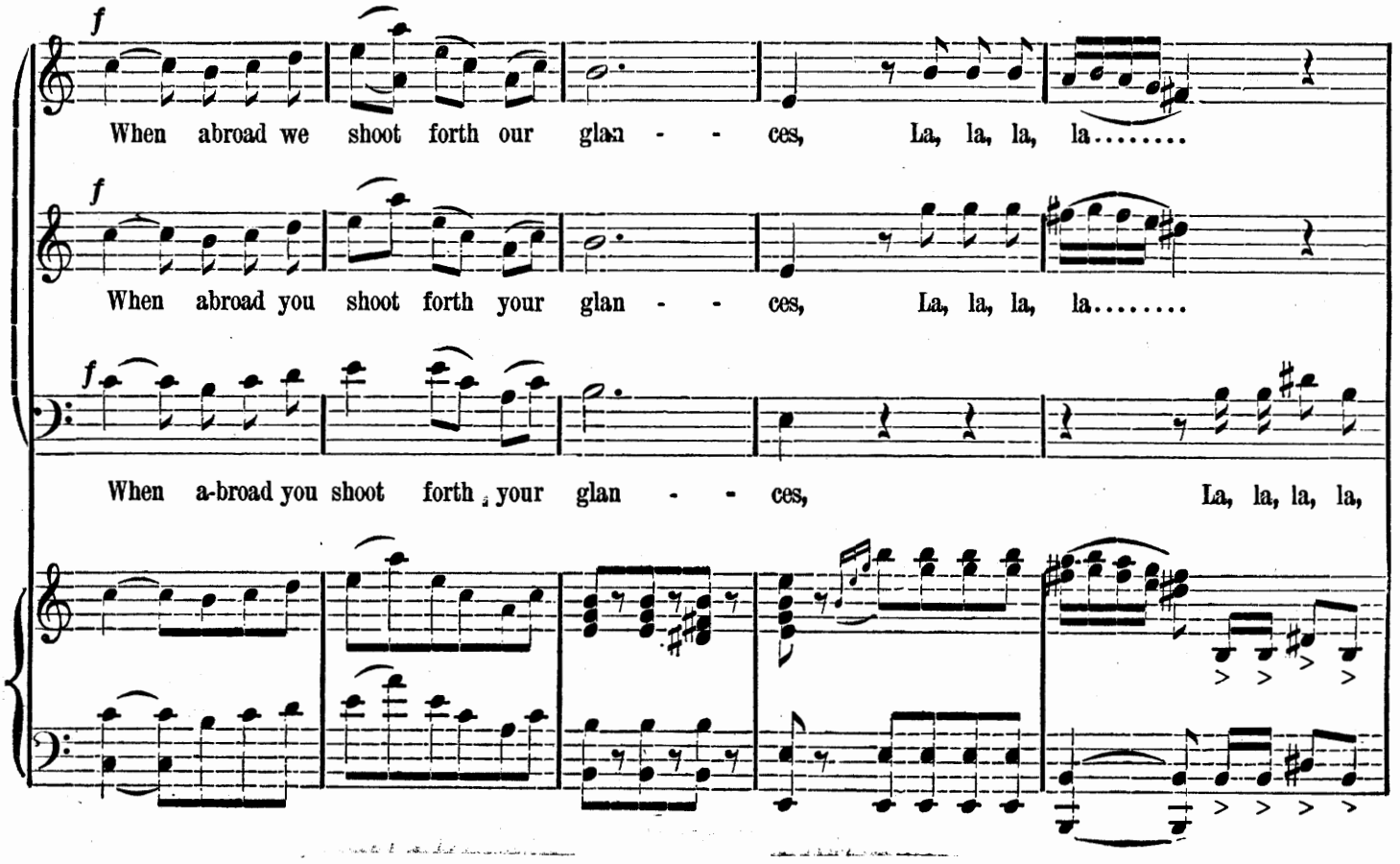
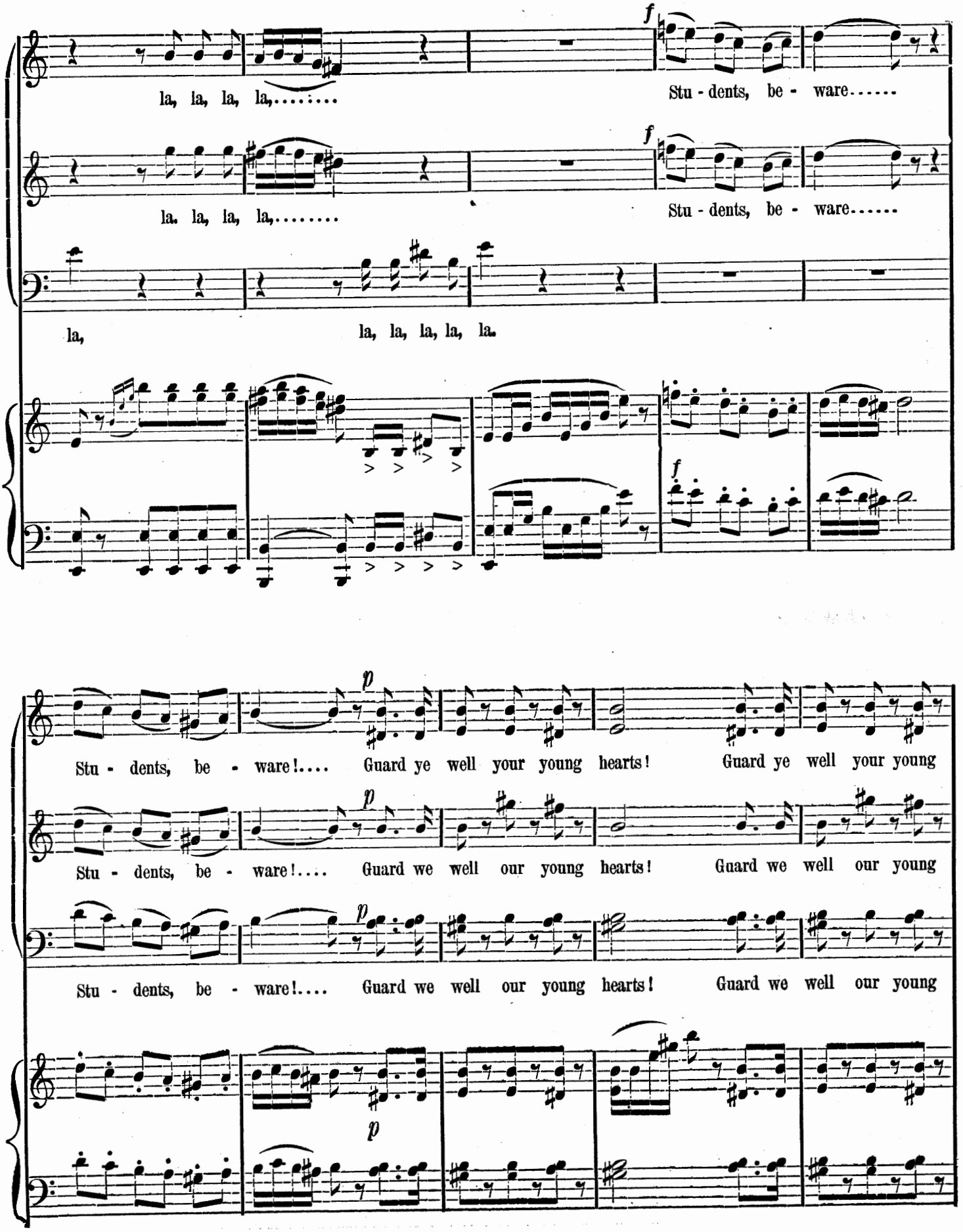
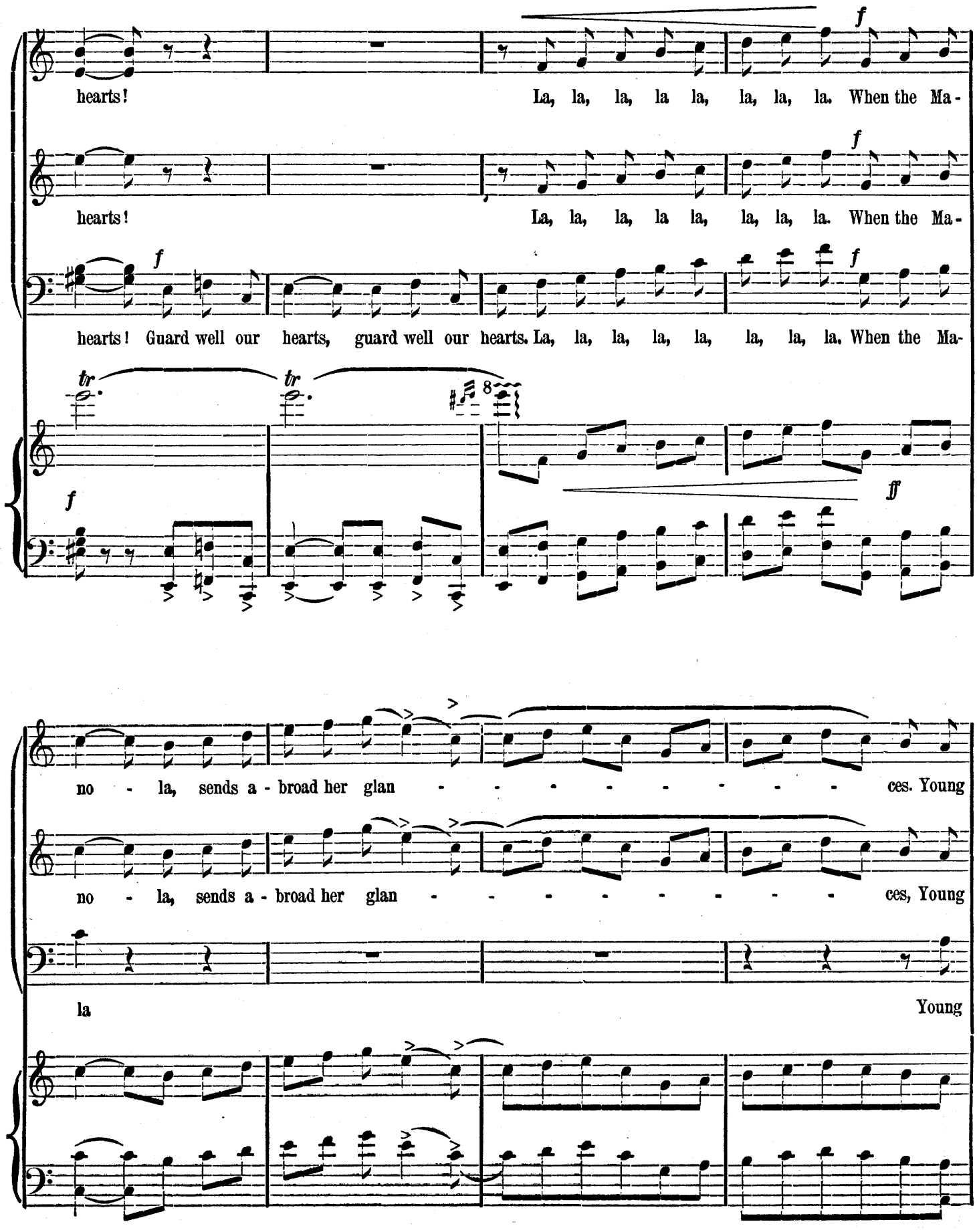
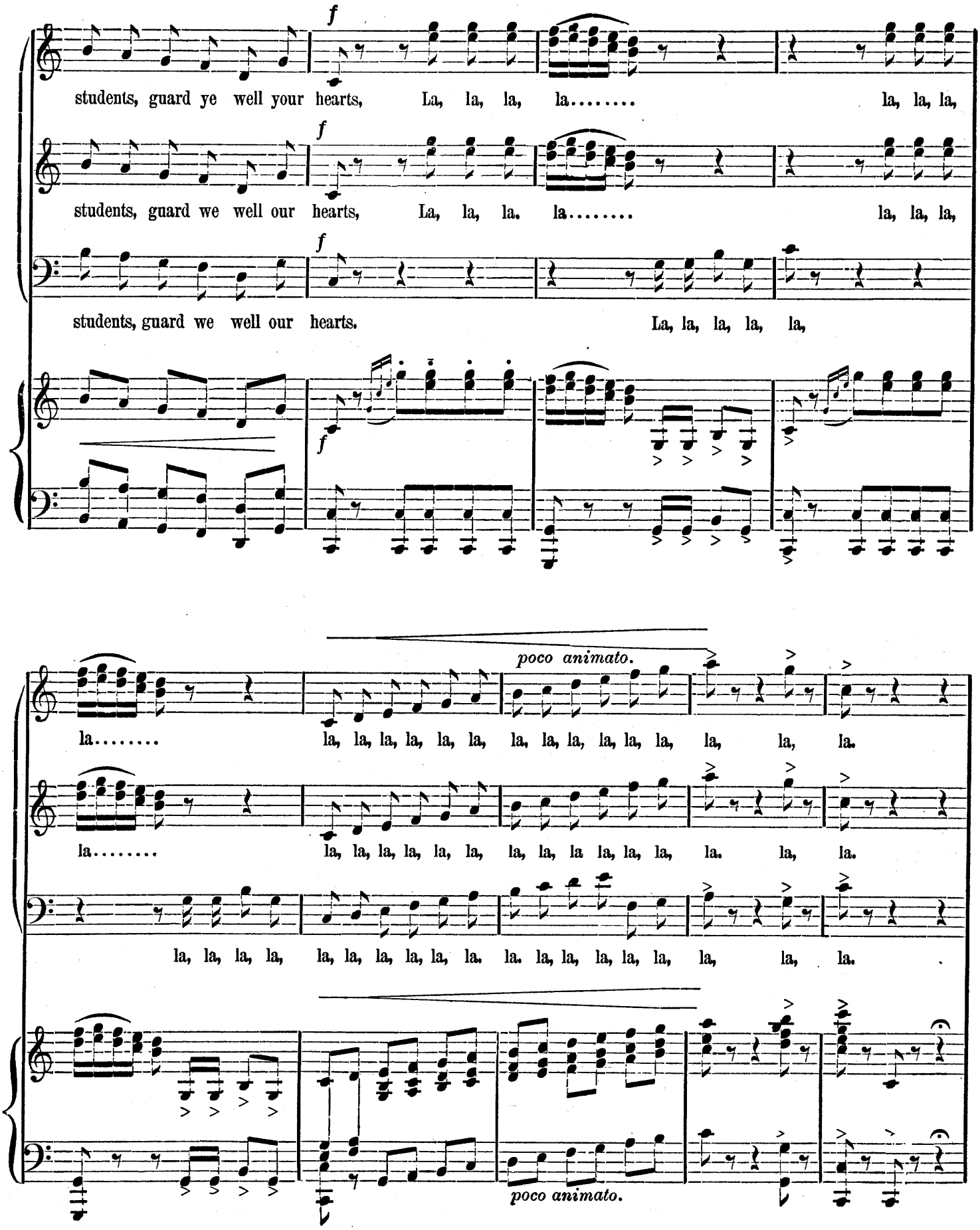

la..... la, la, la, la.....
la..... la, la, la, la.....
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.....

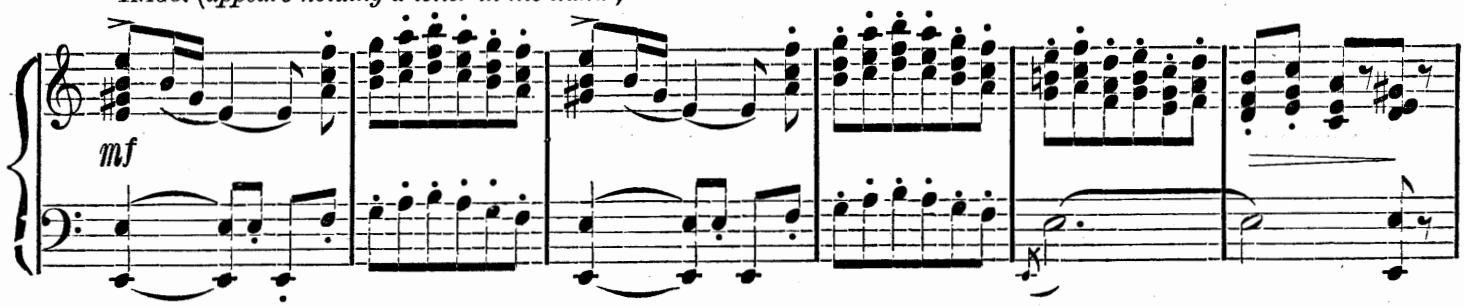

f
When abroad we shoot forth our glan - - ces, La, la, la, la.....
f
When abroad you shoot forth your glan - - ces, La, la, la, la.....
f
When a-broad you shoot forth your glan - - ces, La, la, la, la,


la, la, la, la,.....
Stu - dents, be - ware.....
la. la, la, la,.....
Stu - dents, be - ware.....
la,
la, la, la, la, la.
Stu - dents, be - ware! .... Guard ye well your young hearts! Guard ye well your young
Stu - dents, be - ware! .... Guard we well our young hearts! Guard we well our young
Stu - dents, be - ware! .... Guard we well our young hearts! Guard we well our young

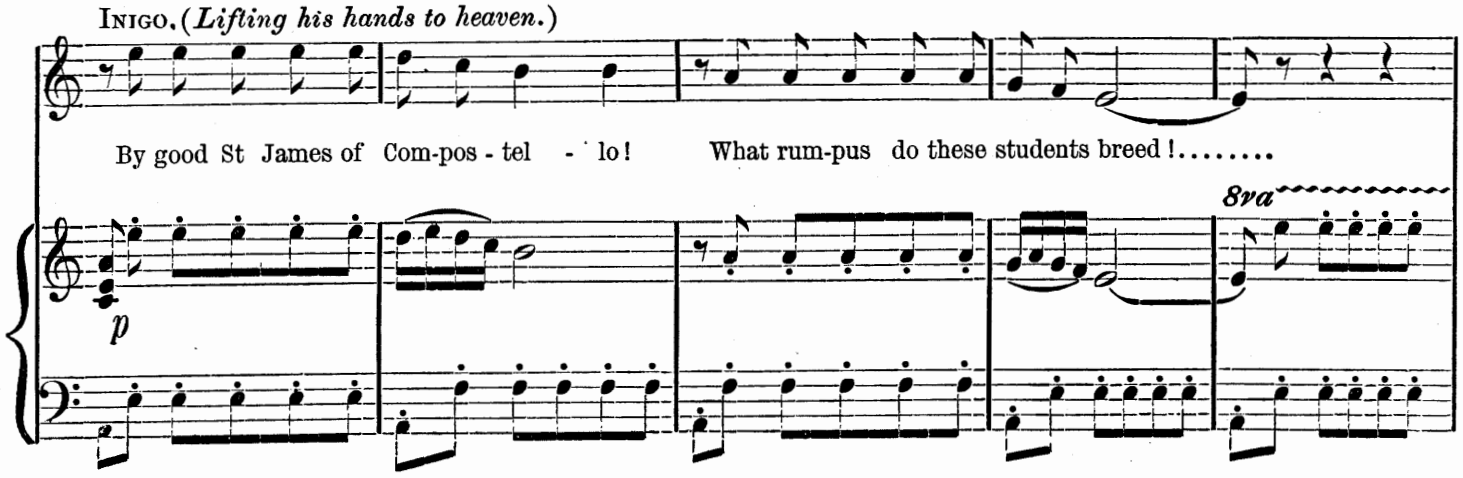

hearts! La, la, la, la la, la, la, la. When the Ma-
hearts! La, la, la, la la, la, la, la. When the Ma-
hearts! Guard well our hearts, guard well our hearts. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. When the Ma-
tr
tr
8
f
ff
no - la, sends a - broad her glan - - - - - - - - ces. Young
no - la, sends a - broad her glan - - - - - - - - ces, Young
la
Young

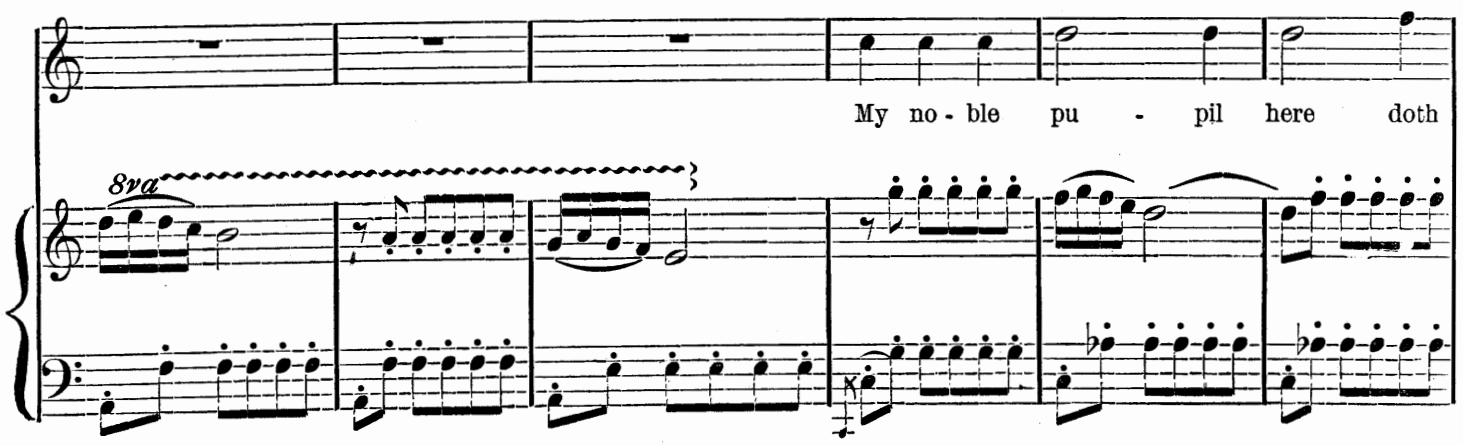

f
students, guard ye well your hearts, La, la, la, la..... la, la, la,
f
students, guard we well our hearts, La, la, la. la..... la, la, la,
f
students, guard we well our hearts. La, la, la, la, la,
f
poco animato.
la..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la la, la, la, la. la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. la. la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
poco animato.

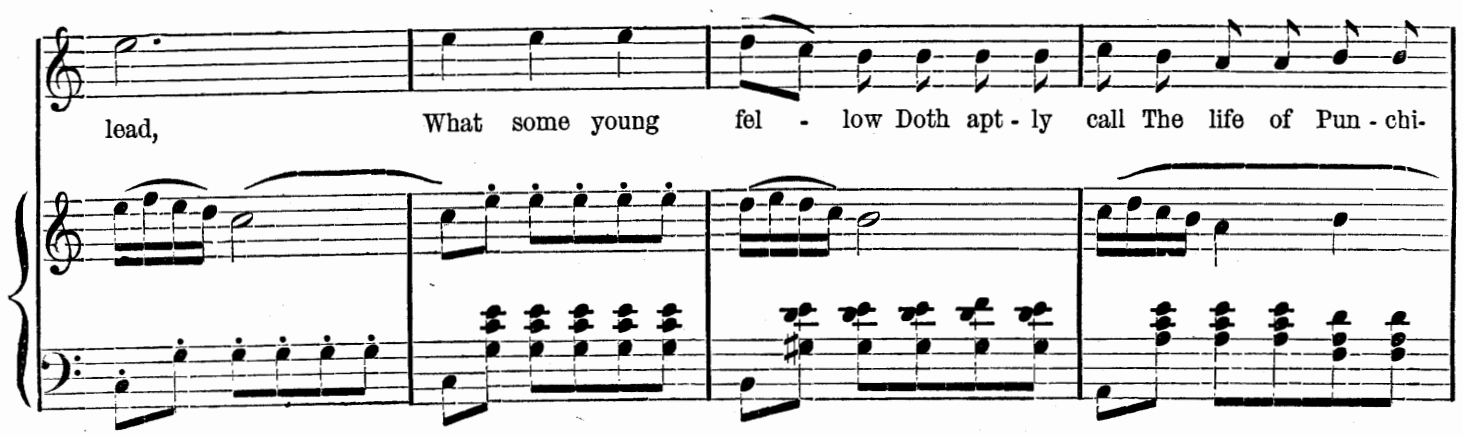
INIGO. (*appears holding a letter in his hand.*)

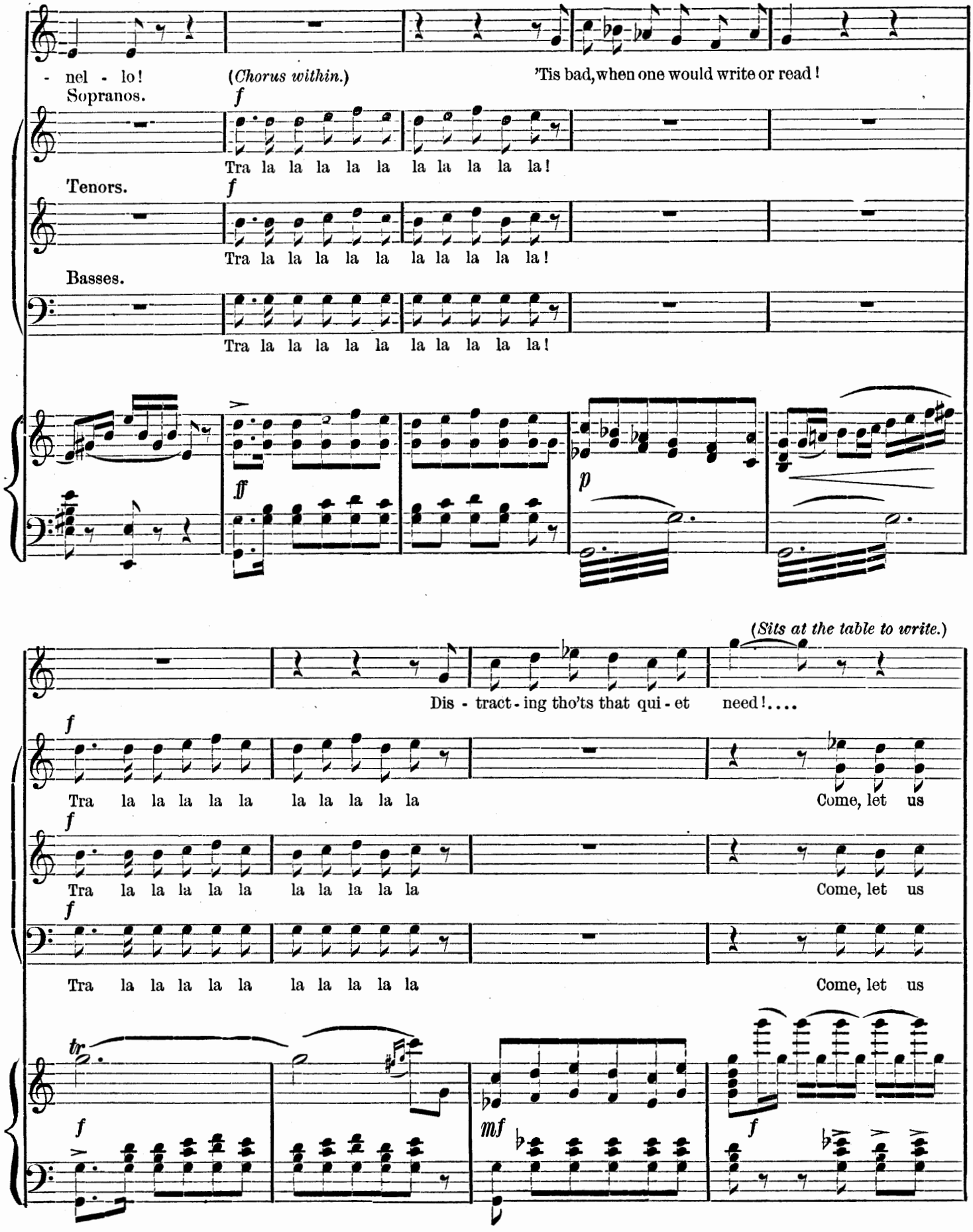


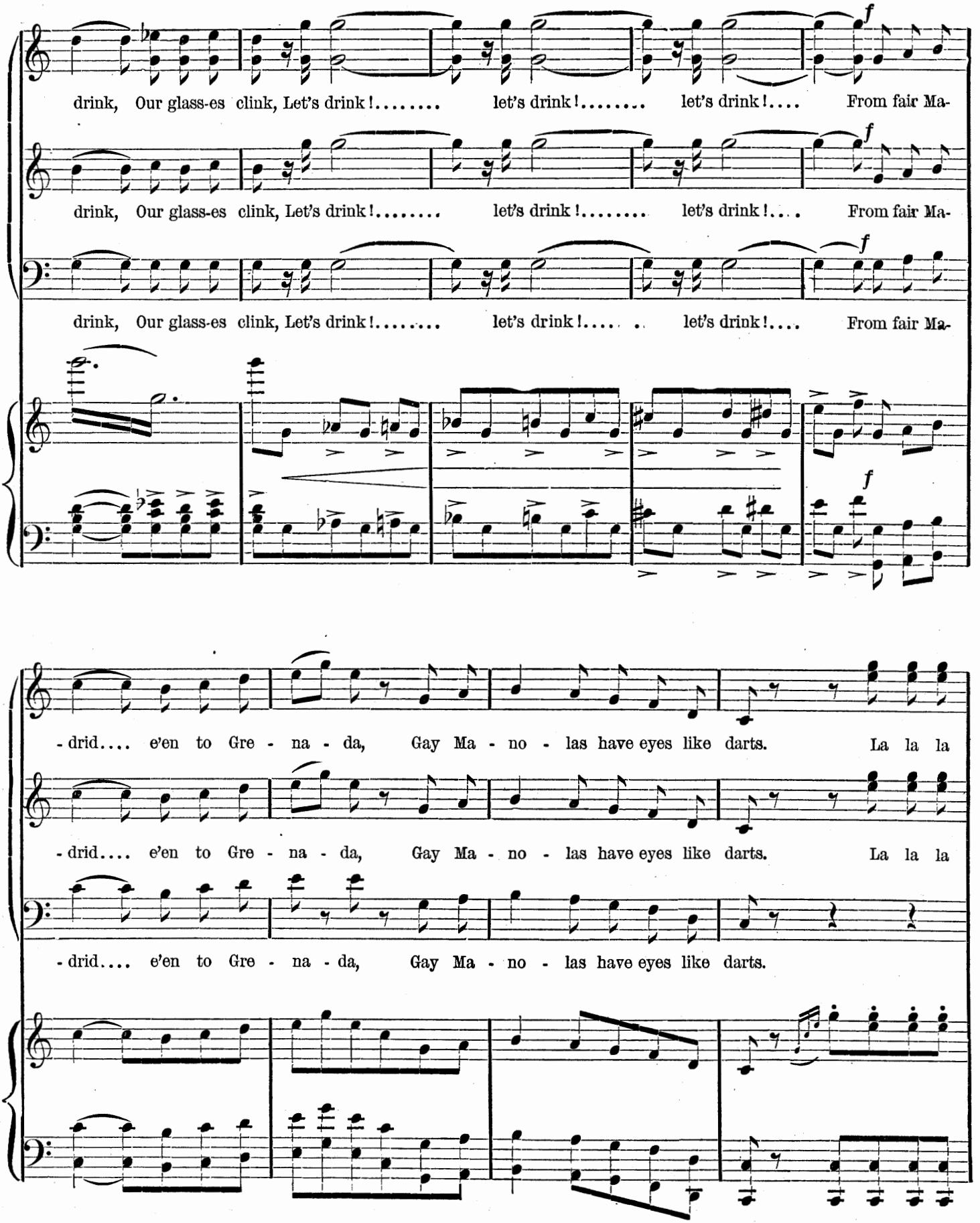
INIGO. (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*)

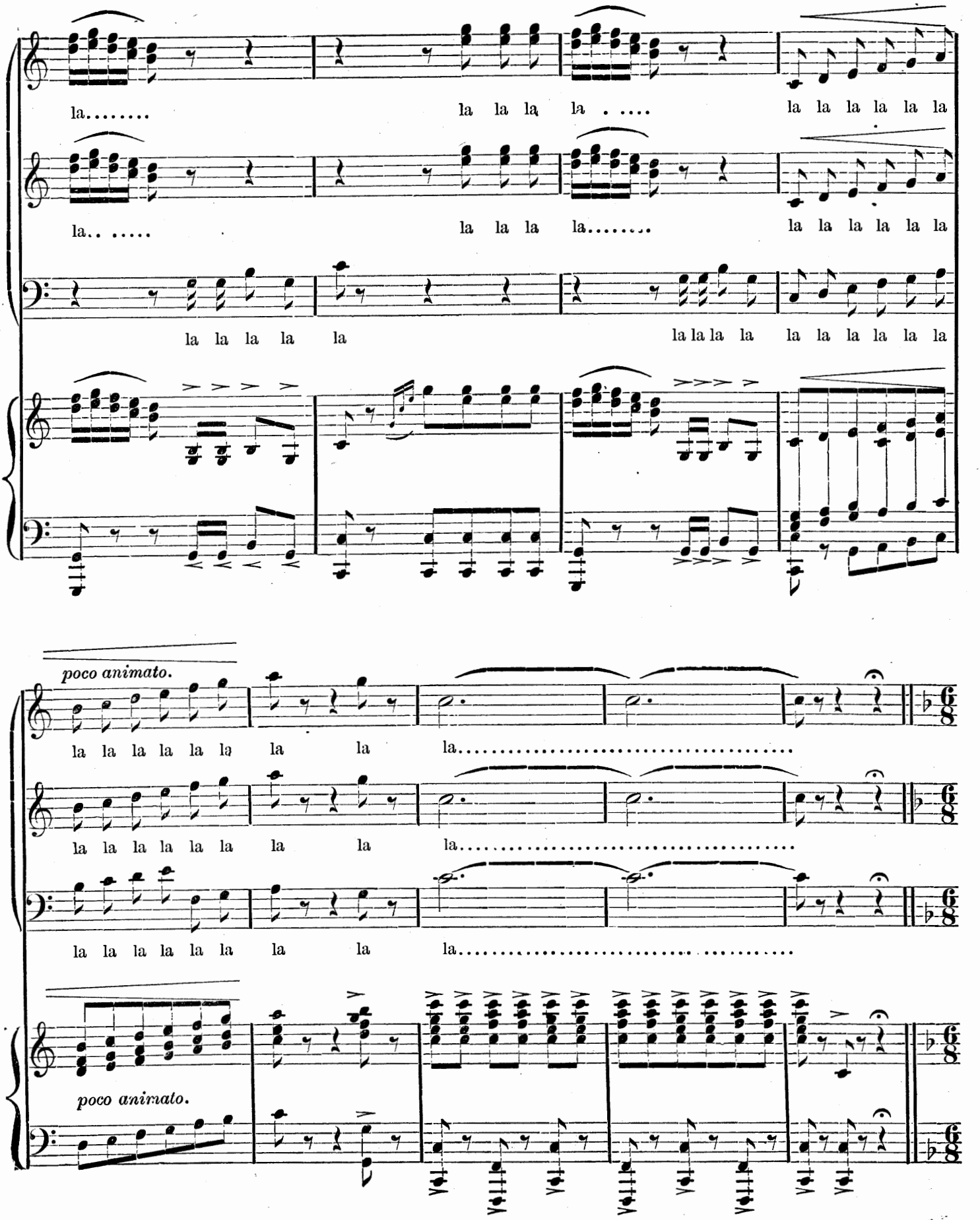







- nel - lo!
(Chorus within.)
'Tis bad, when one would write or read!
Sopranos.
Tenors.
Basses.
Tra la la la la la la la la la la la!
(Sits at the table to write.)
Dis - tract - ing tho'ts that qui - et need!....
Tra la la la la la la la la la la
Come, let us


drink, Our glass-es clink, Let's drink!..... let's drink!..... let's drink!.... From fair Ma-
drink, Our glass-es clink, Let's drink!..... let's drink!..... let's drink!.... From fair Ma-
drink, Our glass-es clink, Let's drink!..... let's drink!..... let's drink!.... From fair Ma-
f
f
f
f
-drid.... e'en to Gre - na - da, Gay Ma - no - las have eyes like darts. La la la
-drid.... e'en to Gre - na - da, Gay Ma - no - las have eyes like darts. La la la
-drid.... e'en to Gre - na - da, Gay Ma - no - las have eyes like darts.

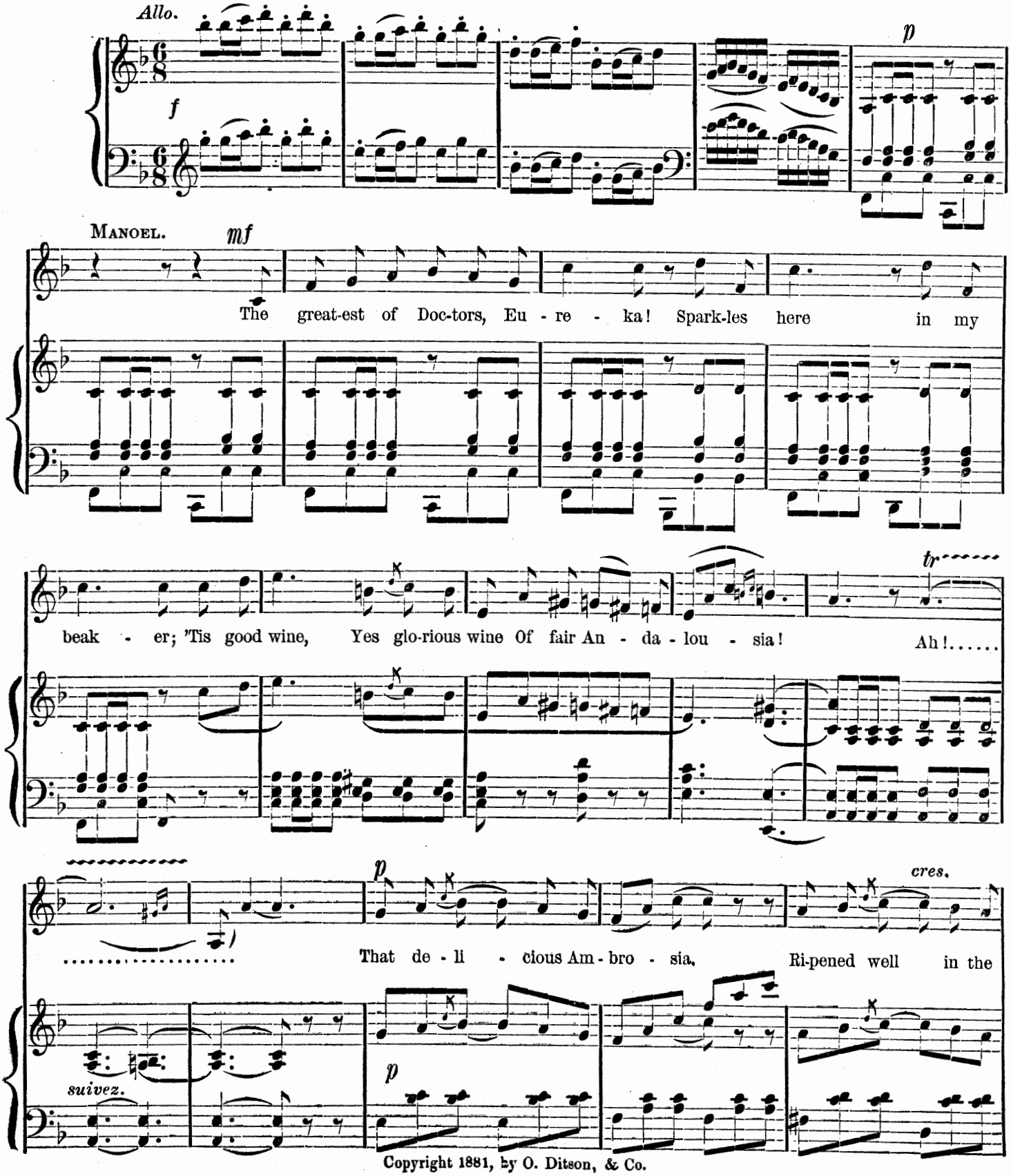

la..... la la la la . .... la la la la la la
la.. ..... la la la la..... la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
poco animato.
la la la la la la la la la.....
la la la la la la la la la.....
la la la la la la la la la.....
poco animato.

THE GREATEST OF DOCTORS.

Manoël appears on the sill of the door at the right, holding a glass in his hand, and seeming slightly intoxicated.

MANOEL. Bless me, Inigo, you here! INIGO. You too, my lord, and in such a condition!

(b) DRINKING SONG.



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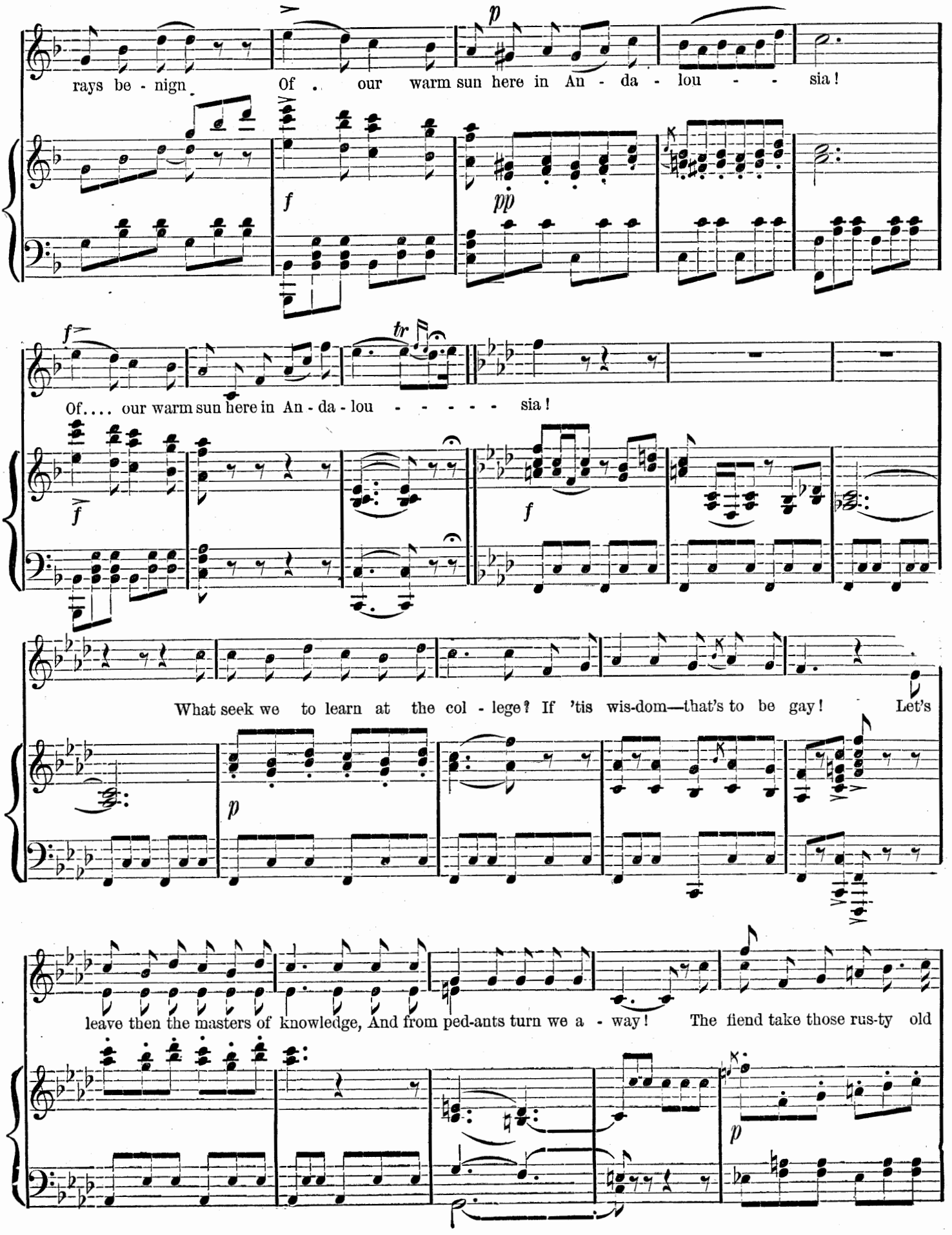
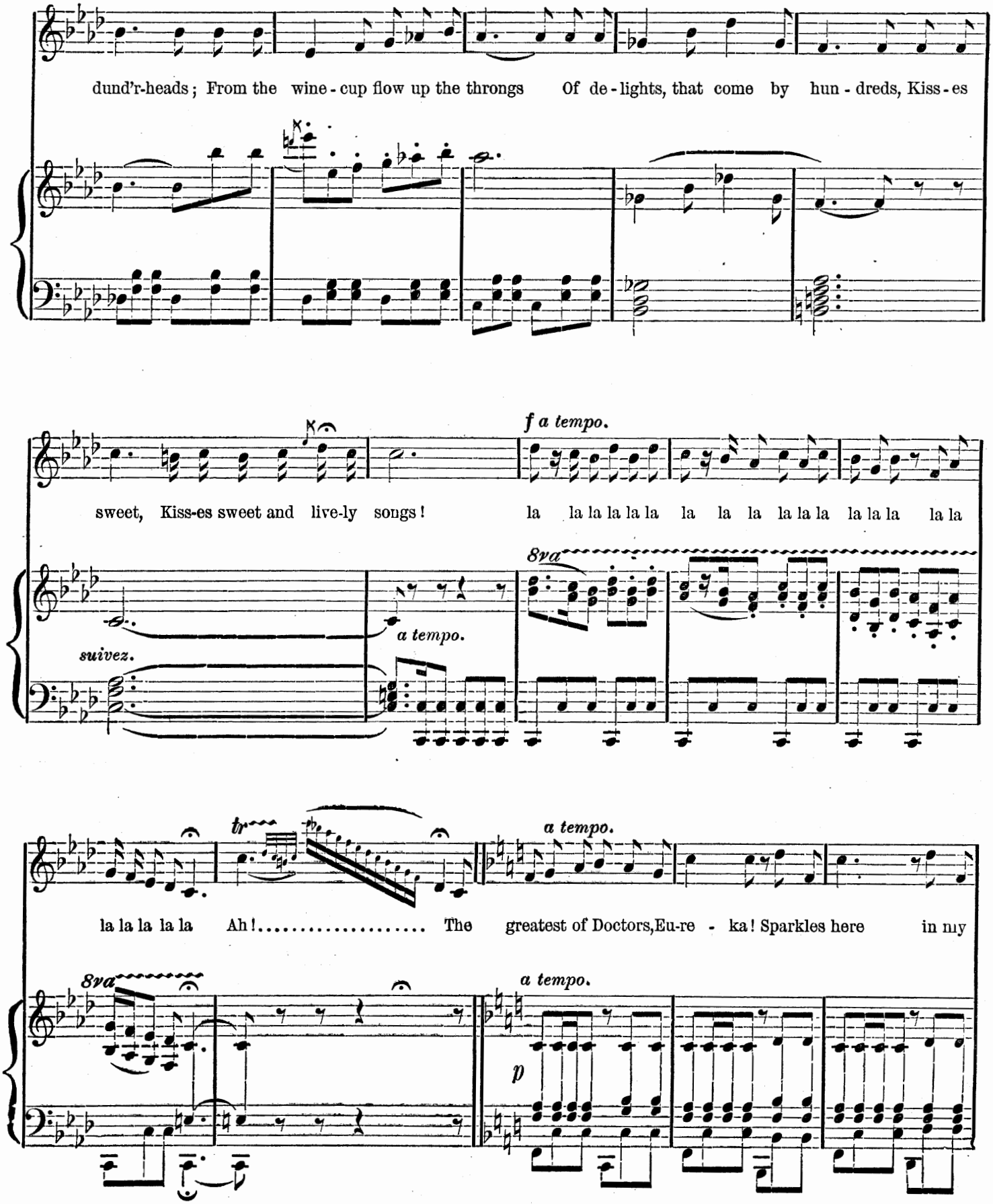
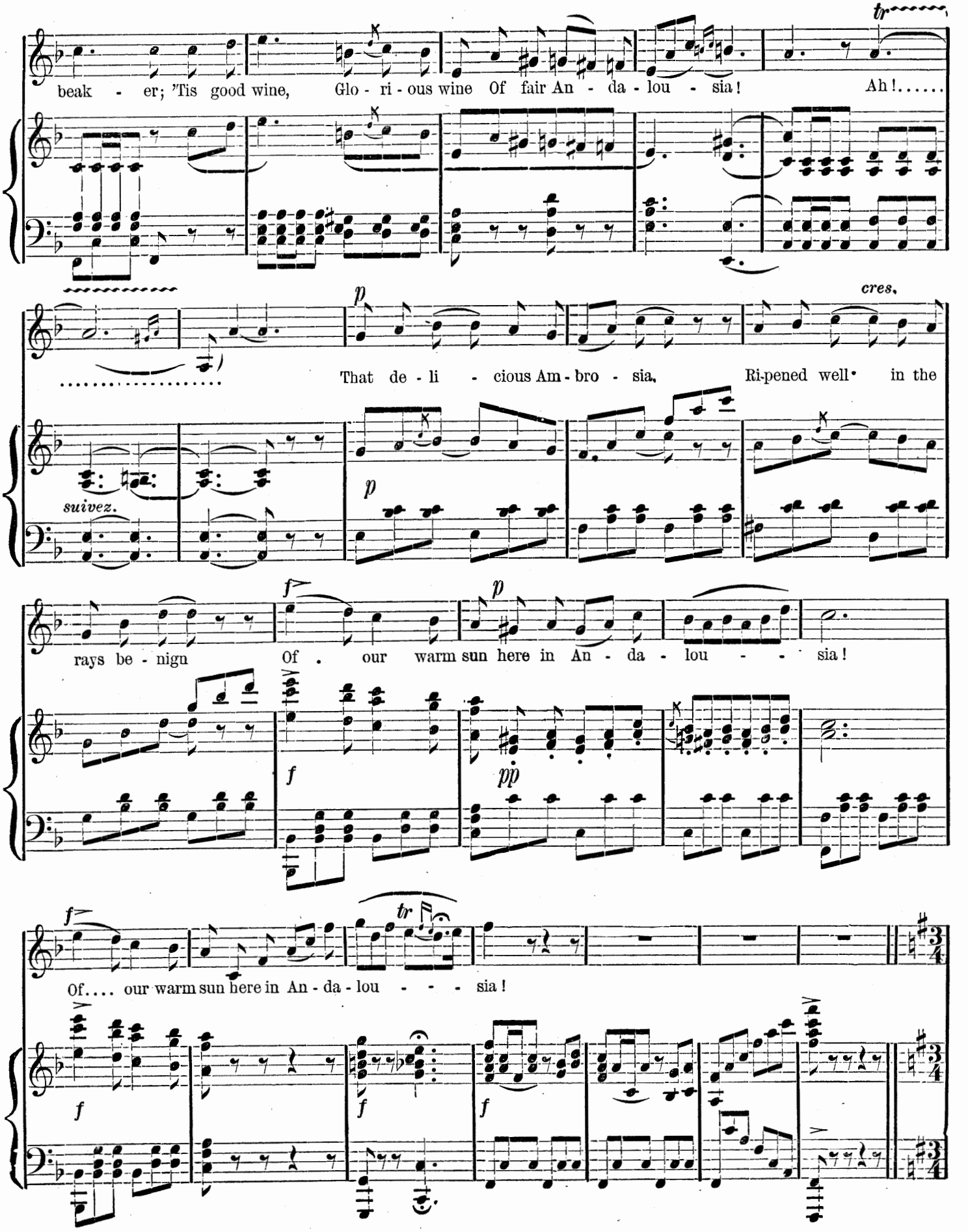

rays be - nign Of . our warm sun here in An - da - lou - - sia!
Of.... our warm sun here in An - da - lou - - - - - sia!
What seek we to learn at the col - lege? If 'tis wis-dom—that's to be gay! Let's
leave then the masters of knowledge, And from ped-ants turn we a - way! The fiend take those rus-ty old


dund'r-heads; From the wine-cup flow up the throngs Of de-lights, that come by hun-dreds, Kiss-es
sweet, Kiss-es sweet and live-ly songs! la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
f a tempo.
8va
a tempo.
suivez.
tr
a tempo.
la la la la la Ah!..... The greatest of Doctors, Eu-re - ka! Sparkles here in my
8va
a tempo.
p


tr
beak - er; 'Tis good wine, Glo - ri - ous wine Of fair An - da - lou - sia! Ah!.....
p
cres.
That de - li - cious Am - bro - sia, Ri-pened well in the
suivez.
p
rays be - nign Of . our warm sun here in An - da - lou - - - sia!
f
p
f
pp
f
tr
Of.... our warm sun here in An - da - lou - - - - sia!
f
f
f
f

INIGO. And your father—if he should see you!

MANOEL. My father is in Portugal, and we are at Burgos. Come, dance with us!

INIGO. Dance! I? Your tutor! And my duties? I am a bar of steel, you well know—duty before all things! Hold! At this moment I am writing to——

MAN. Silence!

INI. (*Restraining himself.*) To your august father. You are right. This incognito—that we both should respect—

MAN. But why?

INI. For high political reasons, which you are too young to understand.

MAN. Be it so, and say no more about it. I have sworn that I would be Manoël—nothing but Manoël. And what are you saying to papa? (*Taking the letter.*) Let us see. (*Reads.*) "Since your noble son follows the course of the University of Burgos, he leads an examplary life. He never drinks nor plays, but frequents exclusively the churches, and the libraries"——(*Interrupting himself.*) But just now, my governor, you are really a bar of steel!

INI. My lord, I would rather break than bend!

MAN. Go on with the letter. I like you thus, my brave Inigo! Fathers, like husband, are put into the world to close their eyes to the truth. (*Continues the reading.*) "As to his absurd love for that beautiful young unknown girl, whom he recently met, he is absolutely cured of it"—(*Interrupting himself, and putting on grave air.*) Hulloa there! Master Inigo, no falsehoods on that subject!

INI. How no falsehoods? Can it be that you are still in love with—

MAN. (*Leaning upon his shoulder.*) Can you ask it? Ah! Inigo—two months have now passed since that encounter, and the image of that young girl is always before my eyes! It was the eve of our departure from Madrid, the day of the procession of *Corpus Domini.*

INI. Holy, powers! if your father could have known it——

MAN. I was walking on the borders of the Mançanares, when I was suddenly disturbed in my revery by the sound of bells, and I saw passing, swift as a flash, a carriage drawn by mules, and followed by many cavaliers. So prompt had been the apparation, that I could only distinguish in the carriage two ladies, one old and yellow——

INI. I see that from here!

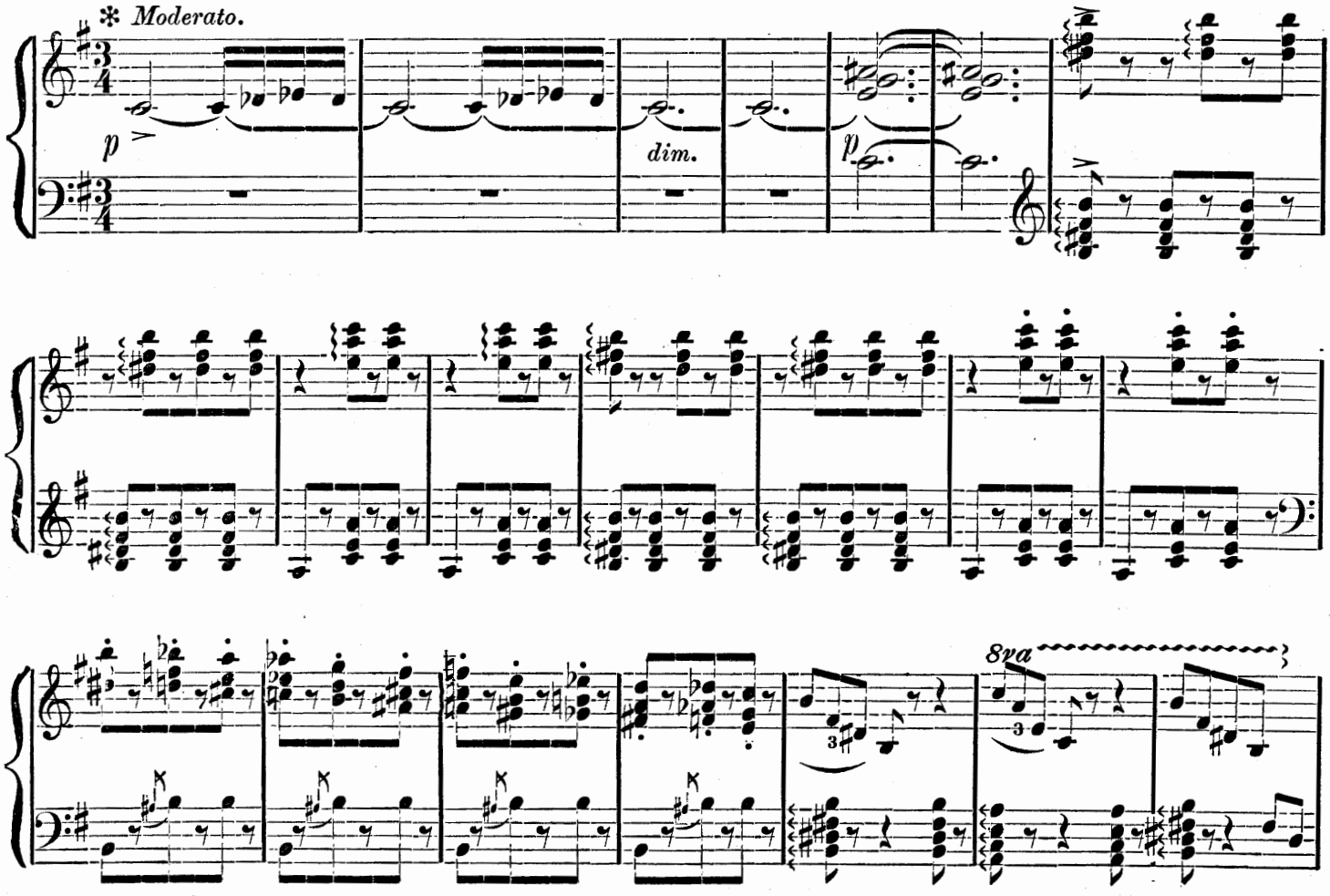
MAN. The other—oh, the other!—an adorable young girl—almost a child—but with charms, grace and beauty. She had in her lap a heap of dolls, and held in her hand one of those bouquets of artificial flowers that Spanish ladies carry in the procession of *Corpus Domini*, to have it blest. Suddenly, at the turn near the bridge, the carriage jolted, and, in the movement, the young girl dropped her bouquet, which fell into the river. I lost not a moment, but threw off my coat, and jumped into the stream.

INI. That need not have wetted you much! They call it a river! There is only water there when it rains—and it hardly ever rains!

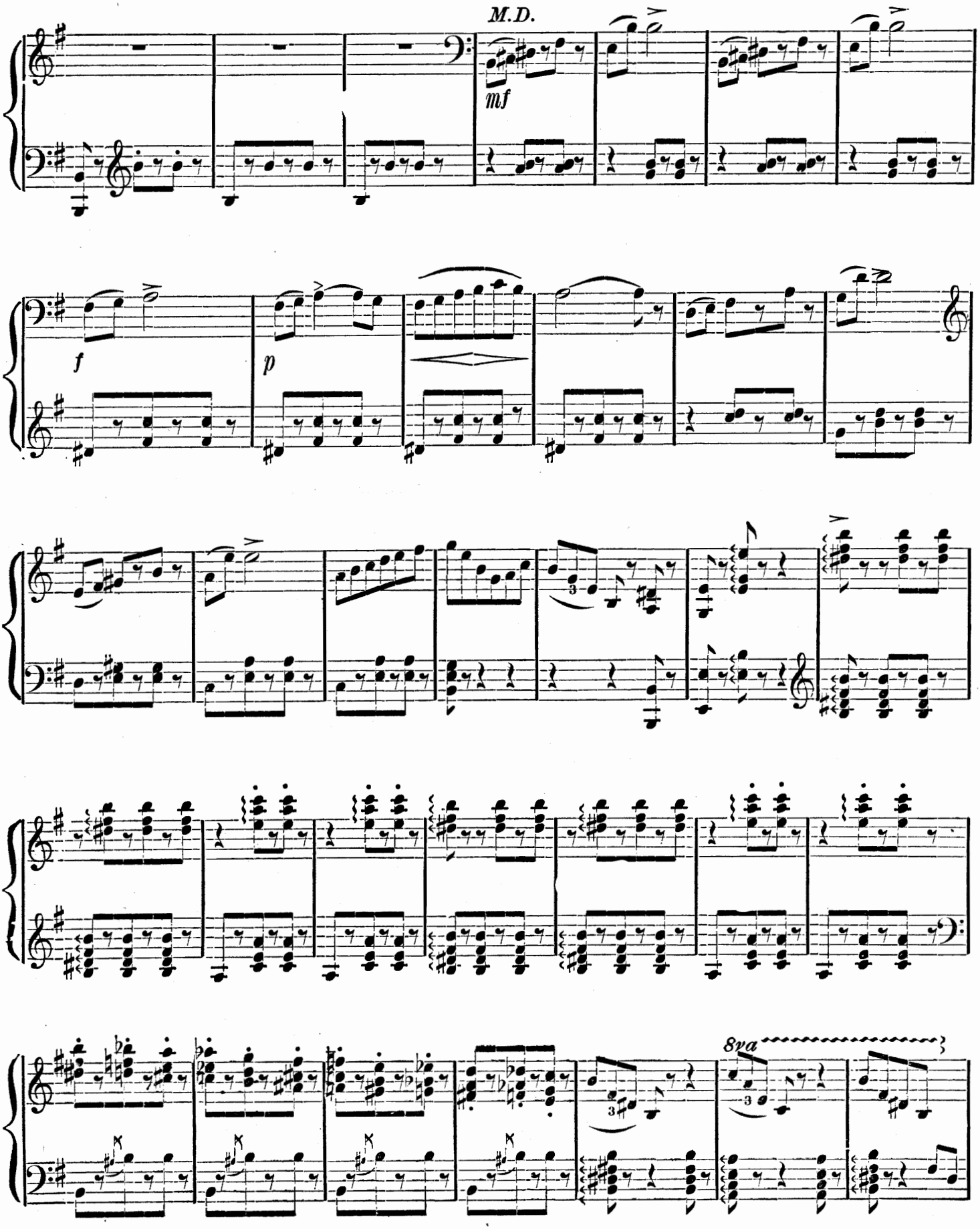
MAN. There was water there that day, my friend! I seized the bouquet, and brought it to the young girl—who looked at me clapping her hands—but just then, the old lady made a sign to the postillion, who whipped up his mules, and the carriage disappeared in a cloud of dust. I stood there alone,—all abashed,—having only, as a souvenir of the adventure, the little bouquet, and the image of the adorable young girl, which will never be effaced from my heart!

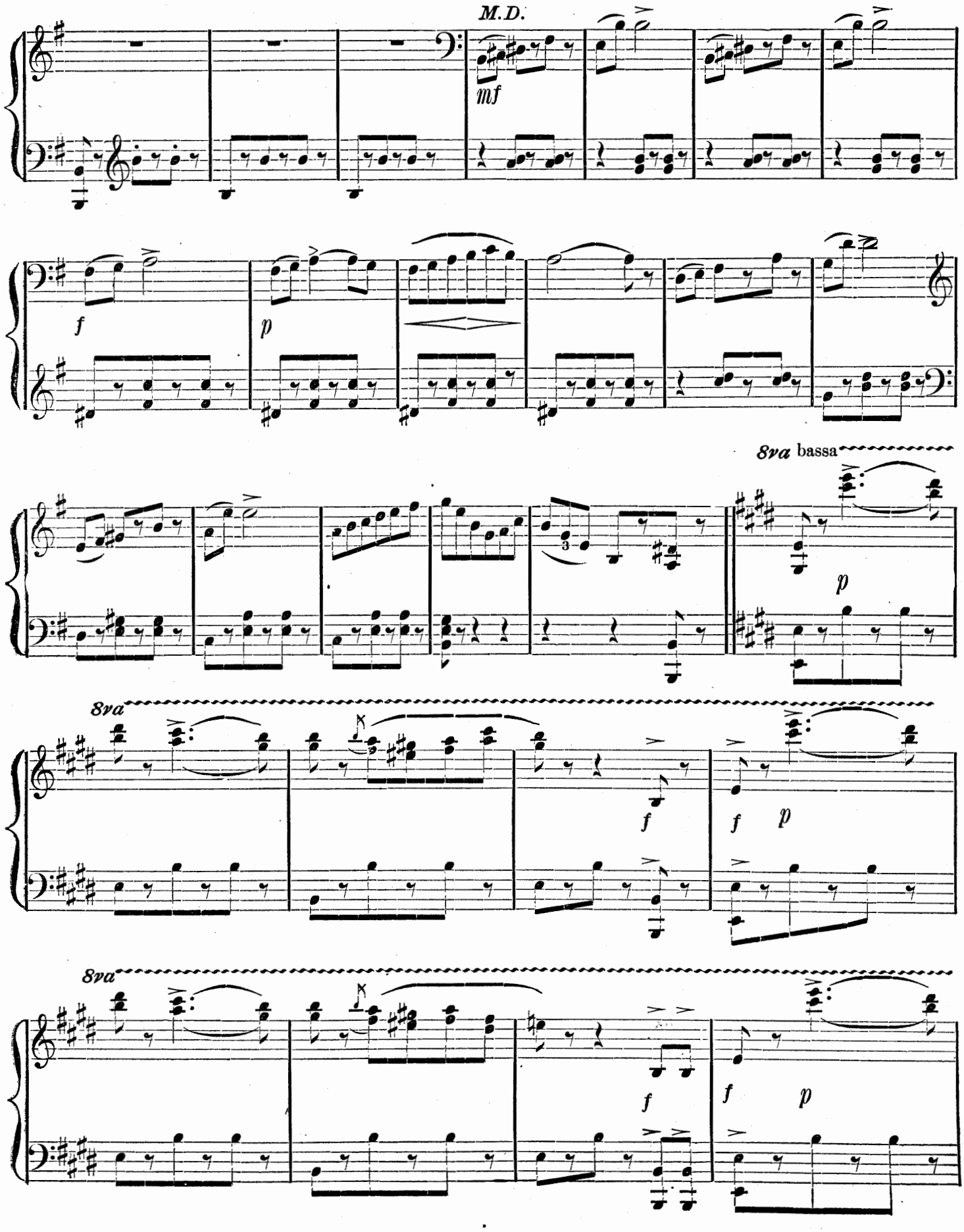
INI. You've got on bravely thus far!

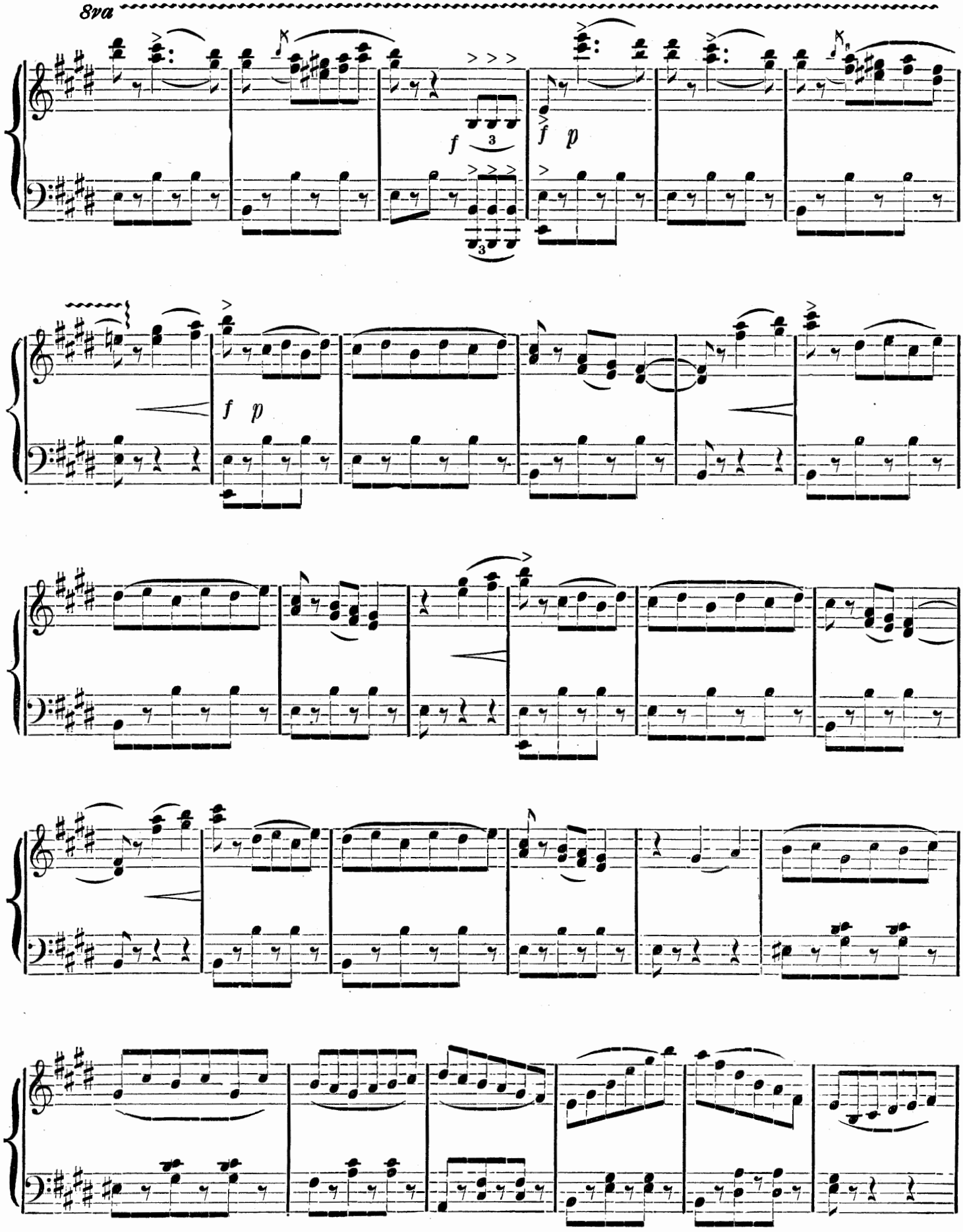
(*At this moment, all the students appear at the top of the stairs, calling* MANOEL. *They then descend to the stage, and resume the Introductory Chorus*)

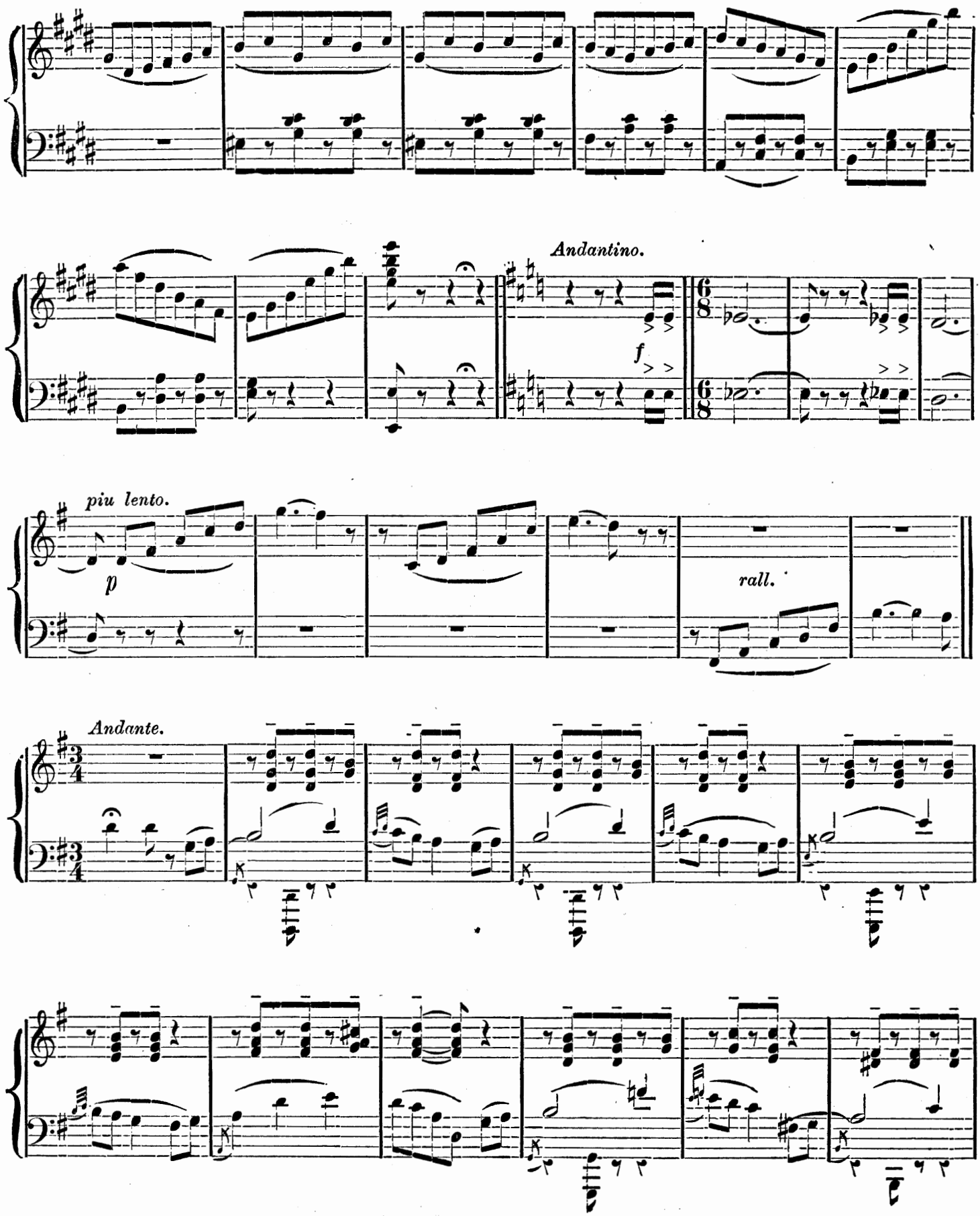


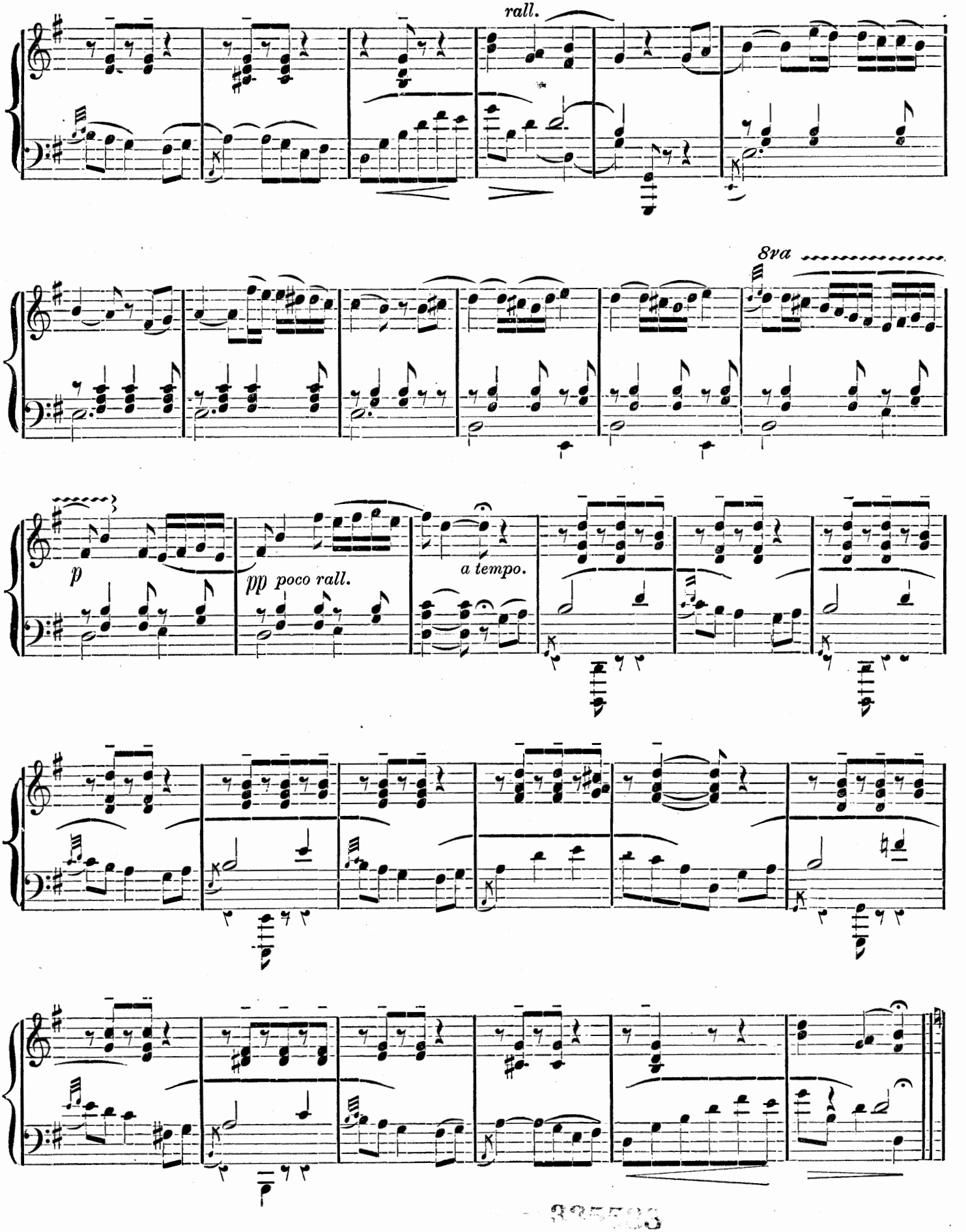
* At the theatre, they omit all this scene music, to the students chorus. p. 32.


M.D.
mf
f
p
8va


M.D.
mf
f
p
8va bassa
p
8va
f
f p
8va
f
f p


8va
f
3
f p
f p

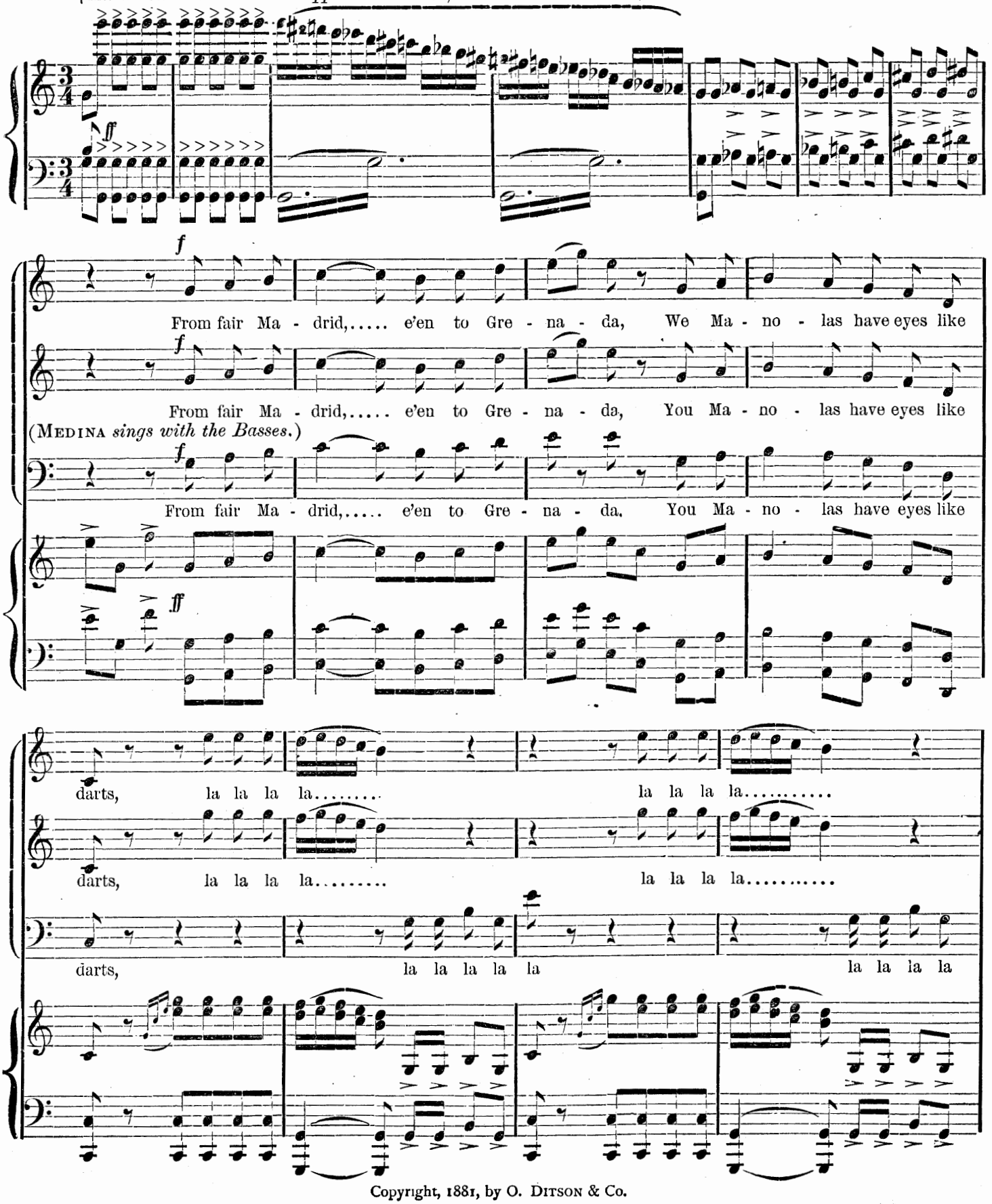

Andantino.
f
piu lento.
p
rall.
Andante.


rall.
8va
p
pp poco rall.
a tempo.

FROM FAIR MADRID.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS AND MANOLAS.

(All the students and chorus appear in the back, and call out to MANOEL.)



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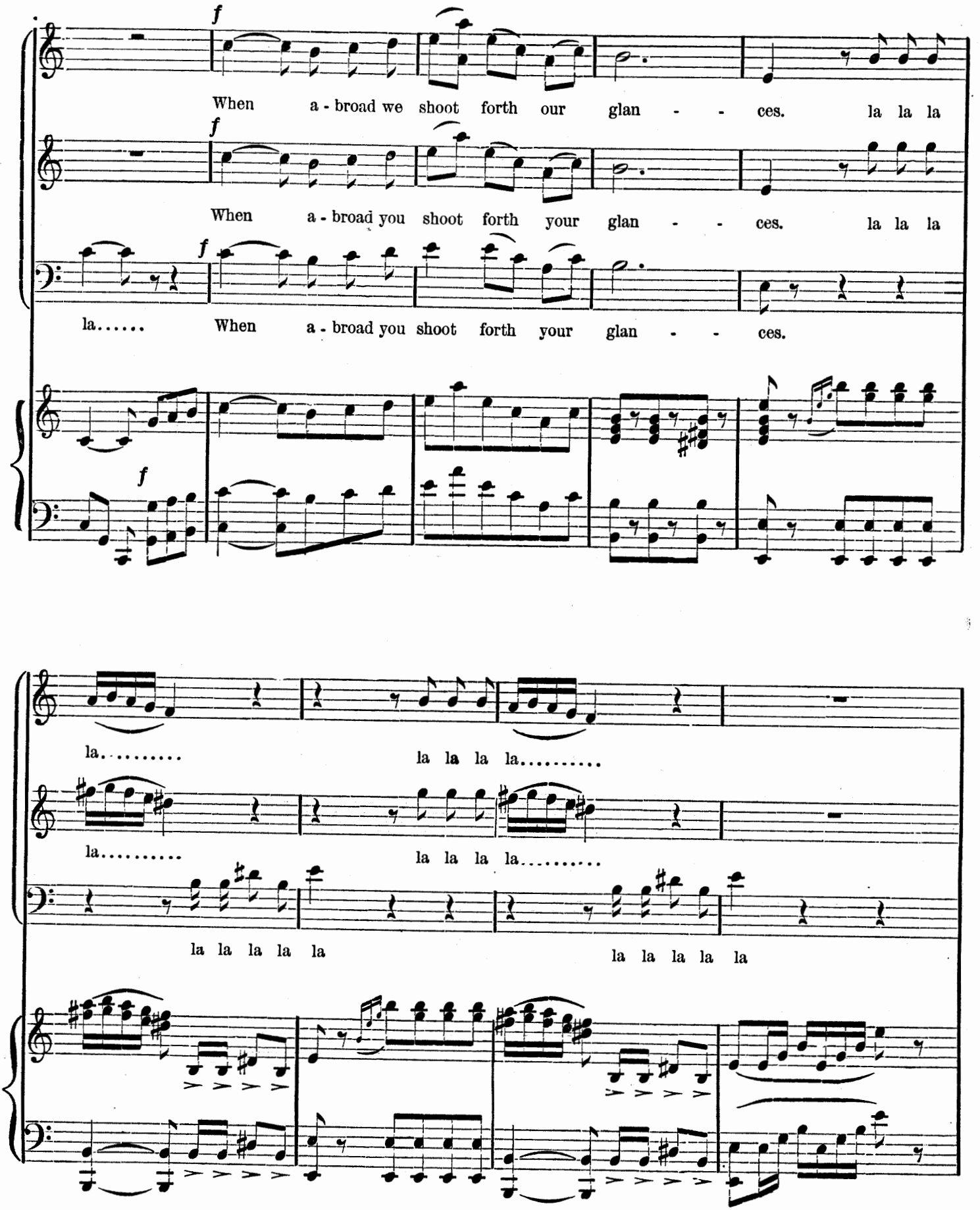
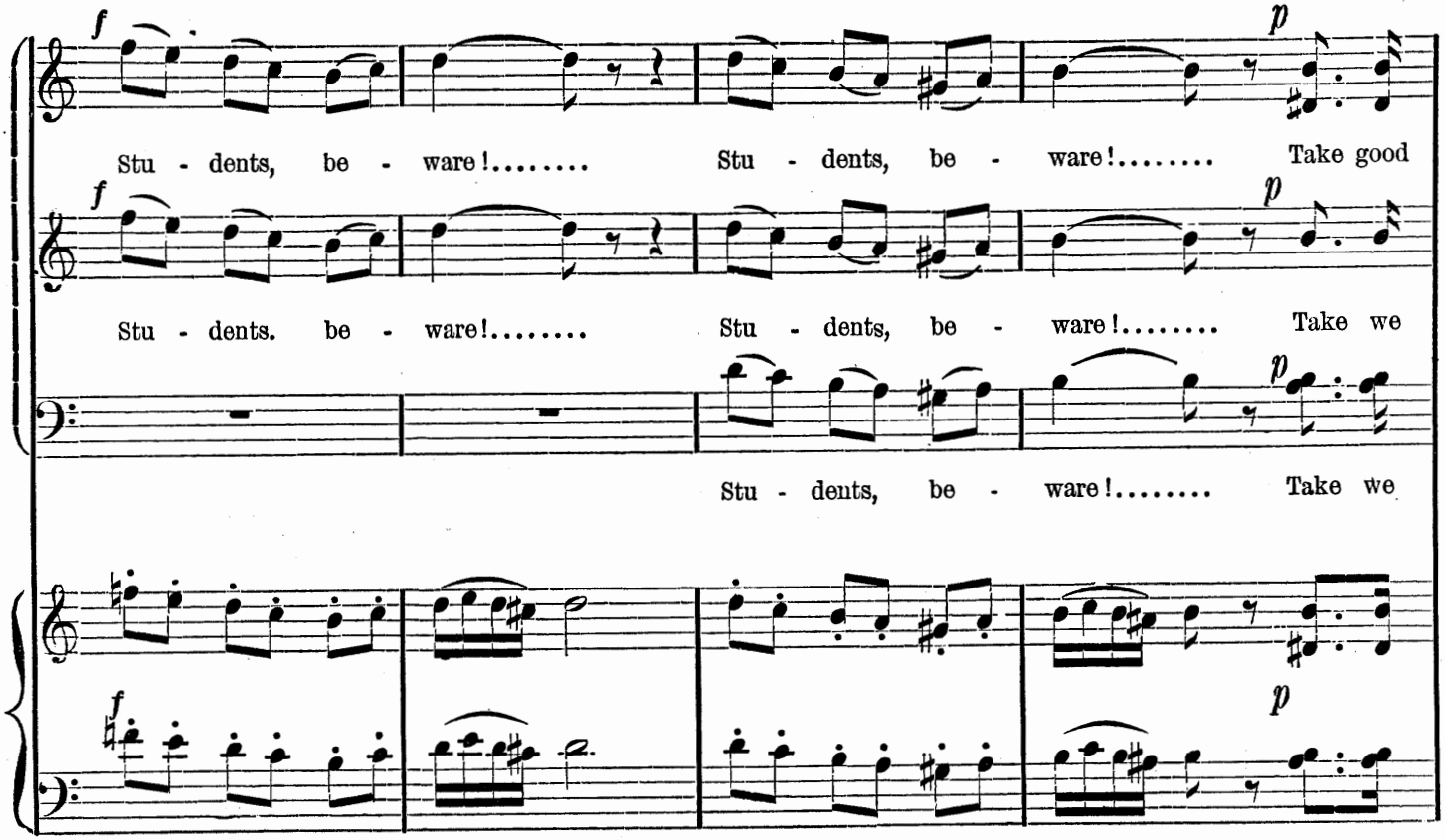
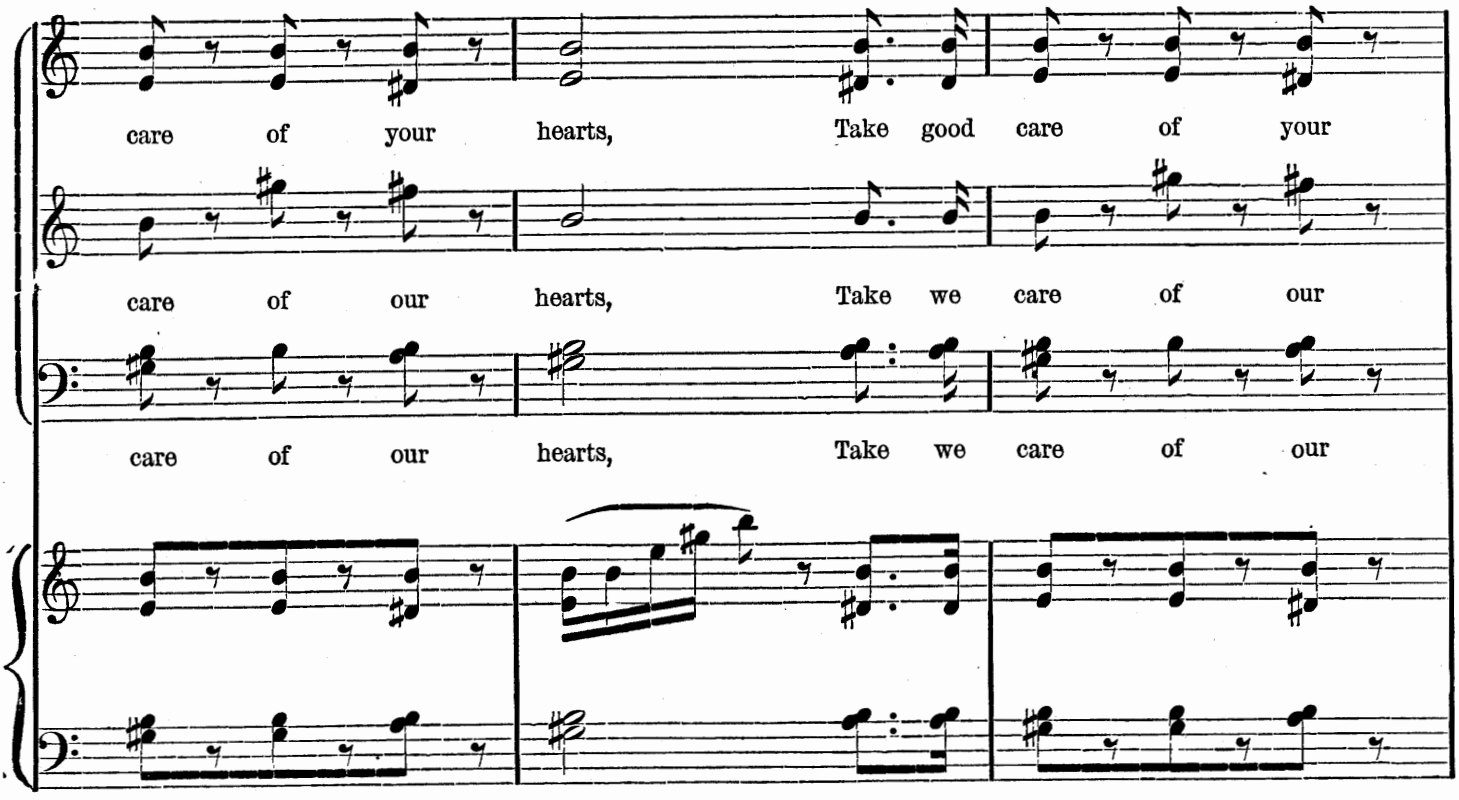
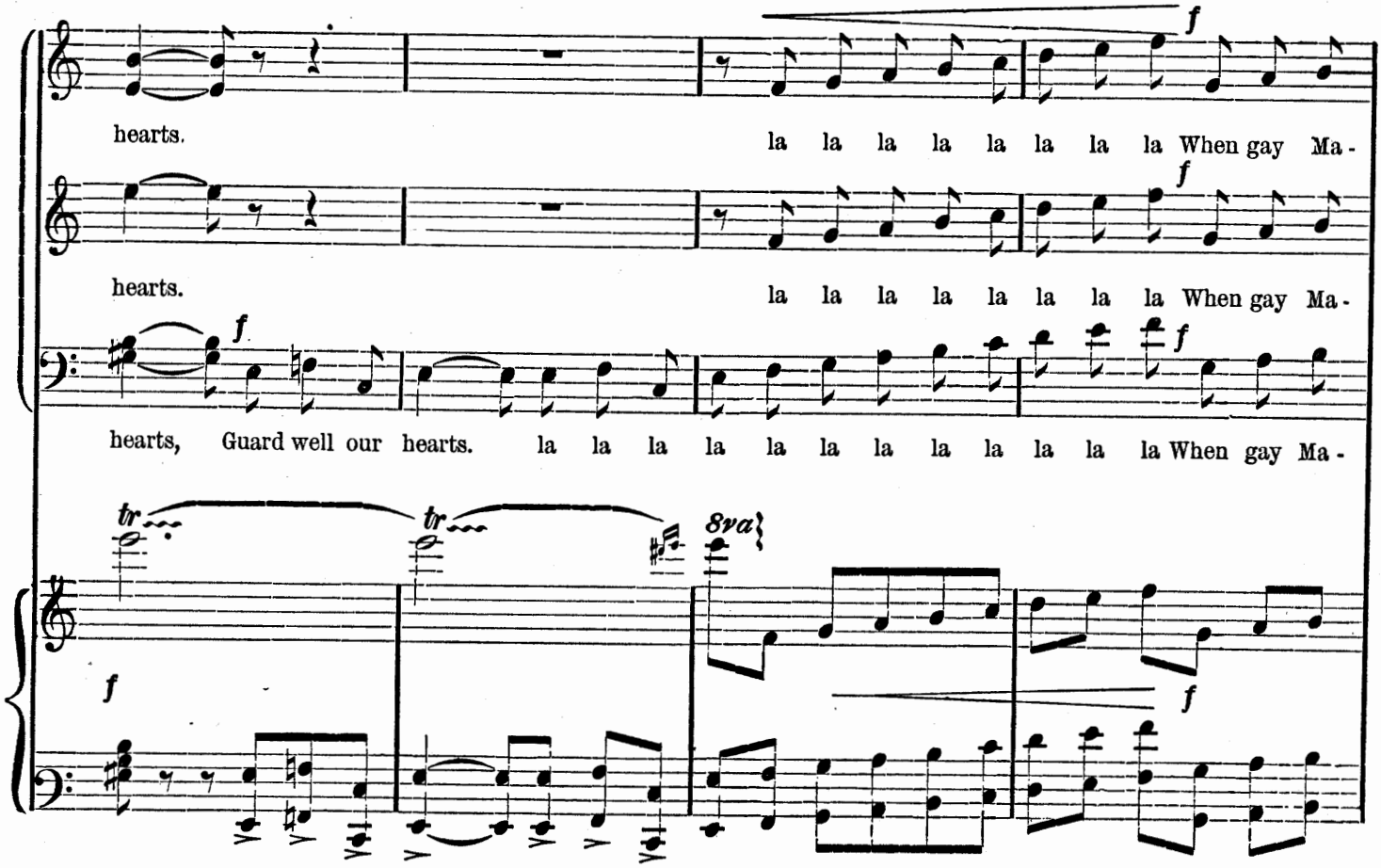
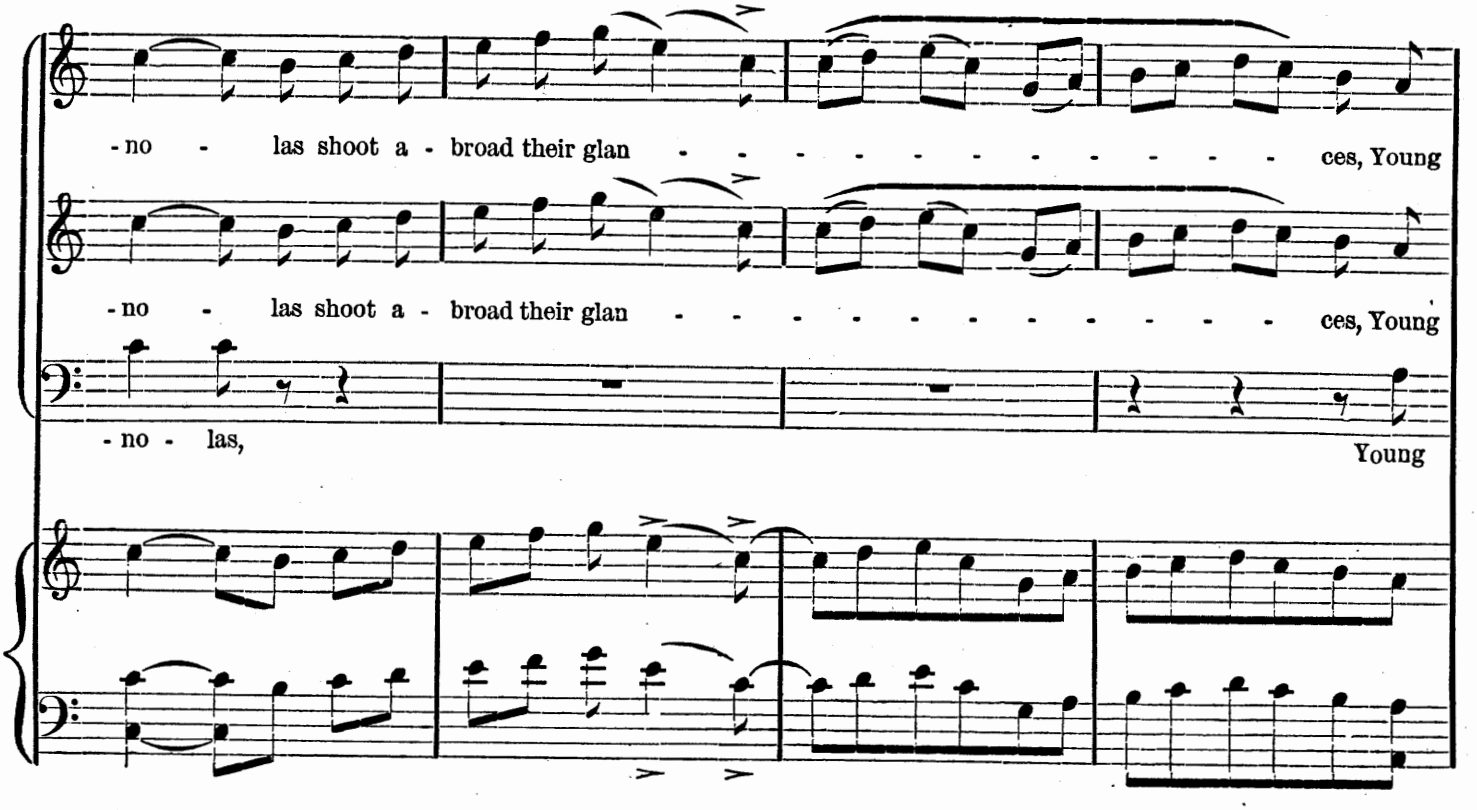
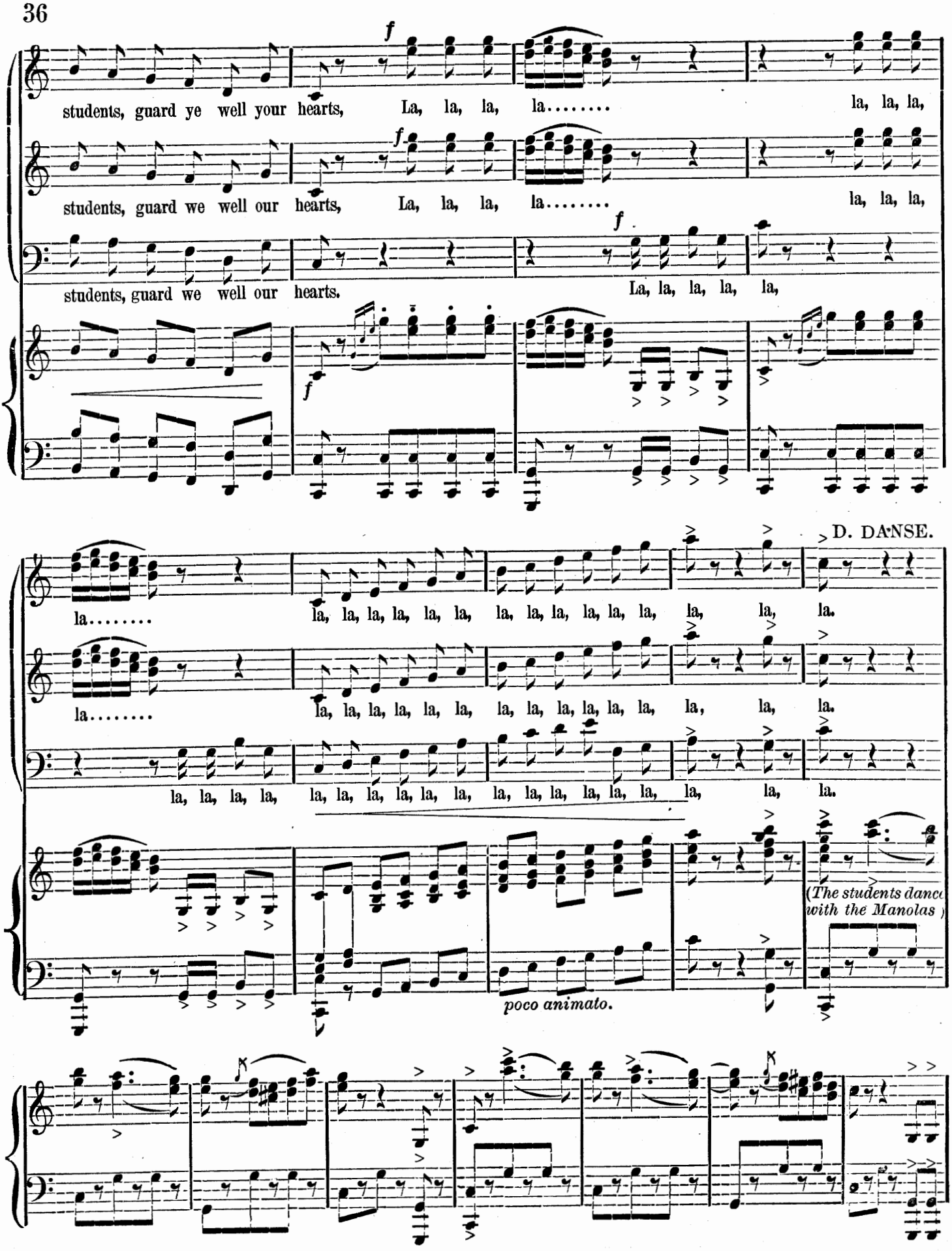

f
When a - broad we shoot forth our glan - - ces. la la la
f
When a - broad you shoot forth your glan - - ces. la la la
f
la..... When a - broad you shoot forth your glan - - ces.
f
la.....
la la la la.....
la.....
la la la la.....
la la la la la
la la la la la

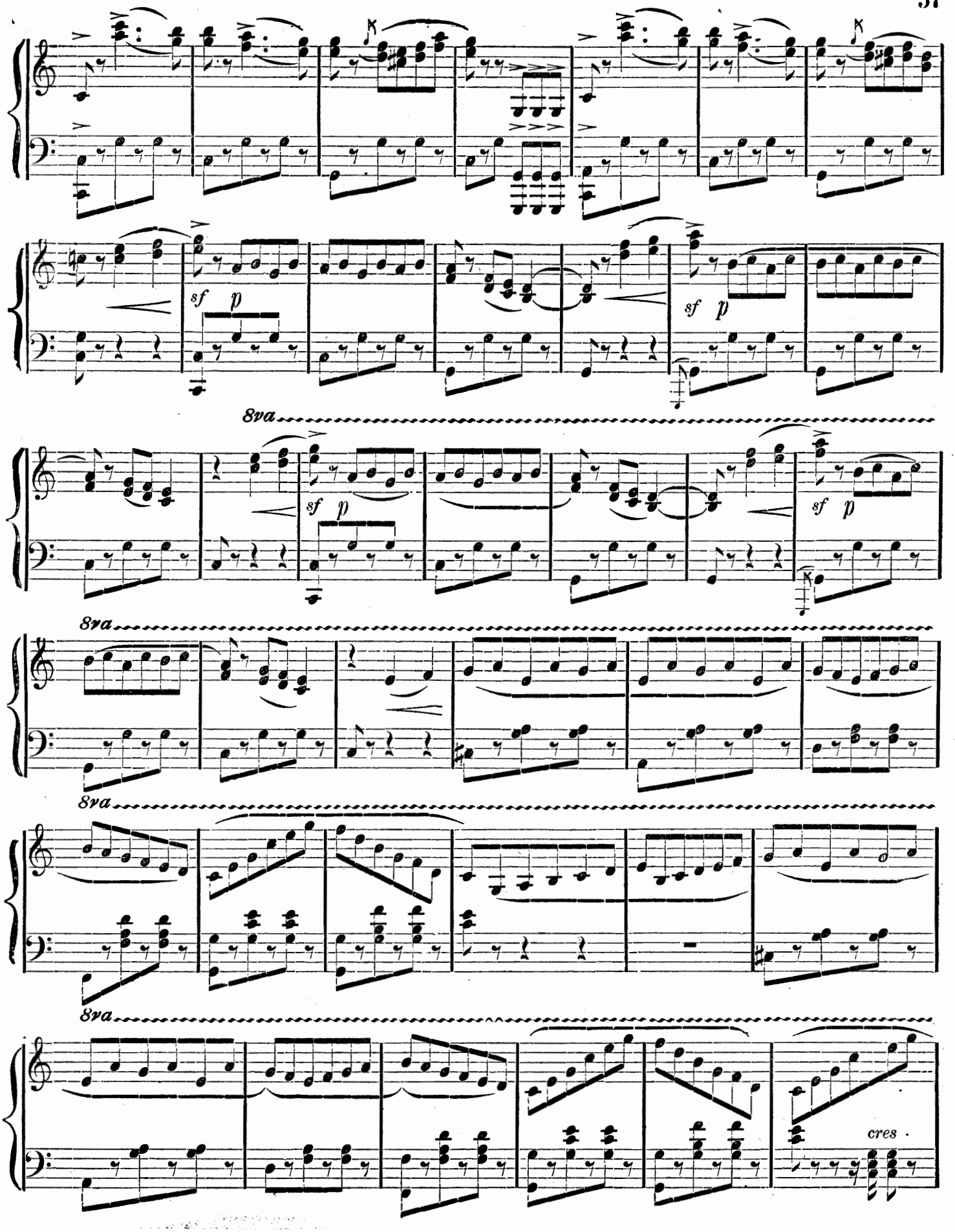

Stu - dents, be - ware!..... Stu - dents, be - ware!..... Take good
Stu - dents. be - ware!..... Stu - dents, be - ware!..... Take we
Stu - dents, be - ware!..... Take we

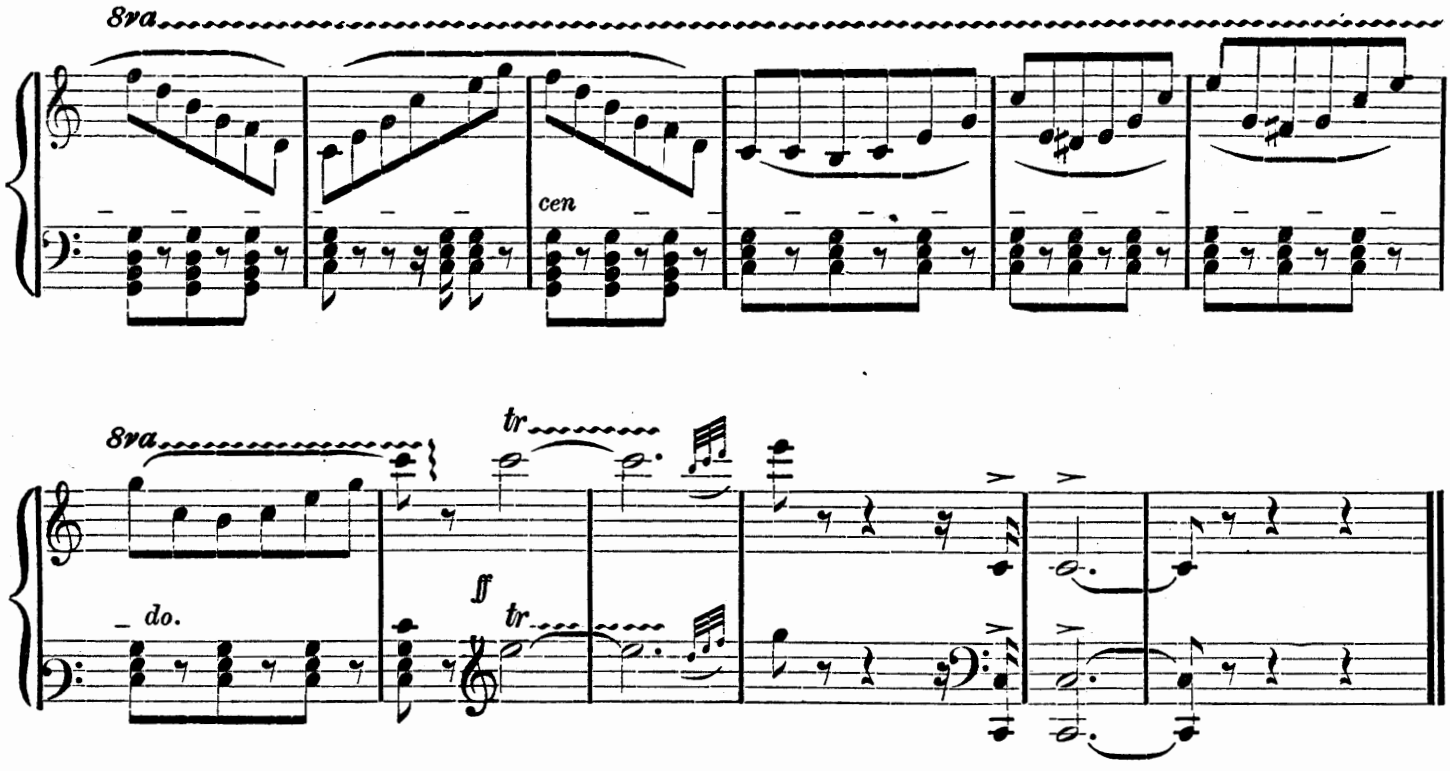

care of your hearts, Take good care of your
care of our hearts, Take we care of our
care of our hearts, Take we care of our


hearts.
la la la la la la la la When gay Ma-
hearts.
la la la la la la la la When gay Ma-
hearts, Guard well our hearts.
la la la la la la la la la la la la When gay Ma-
tr
tr
8va
f
f
f
f
f


-no - las shoot a - broad their glan - - - - - - - - - - - - ces, Young
-no - las shoot a - broad their glan - - - - - - - - - - - - ces, Young
-no - las,
Young


students, guard ye well your hearts, La, la, la, la..... la, la, la,
students, guard we well our hearts, La, la, la, la..... la, la, la,
students, guard we well our hearts. La, la, la, la, la,
D. DANSE.
la..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la..... la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
(The students dance with the Manolas)
poco animato.


sf p
sf p
8va
sf p
sf p
8va
8va
8va
cres.



(*The Students dance to the refrain with the Manolas.*)

MEDINA. How now, Manoël! Is it thus that you abandon your comrades? By St. James! you are more grave than my noble father, the Duke of Medina!

PEDRO. (*To* MANOEL, *who leans upon the table dreamily.*) Was your gaiety drowned in the wine-cup?

JOSE. He is dreaming of his loves!

MED. (*Turning to remount the stairs.*) Let us return and drink their healths!

ANTON. (*Then all the students.*) Yes, to Manoël's loves!

INI. You are wrong, young gentlemen: you should never drink the health of ladies!

MED. Right! for the best of them are of no great value!

MAN. There are exceptions, Medina.

MED. Your mistress is no better than the others!

MAN. Do you wish me to prove to you the contrary?

MED. You crow loudly, my young cock of Portugal!

MAN. (*Rapping his sword.*) I have wherewith to accompany the crowing, my lord of Spain!

INI See here, young people—do not quarrel! You have not come here for that.

MED. You are right. I was about to forget the distance that separates the heir of the Medinas from a simple gentleman.

INI. (*Rising angrily.*) A simple gentleman! Learn, illustrious heir of the Medinas, that he is quite your equal, for he is——

MAN. (*Checking him quickly.*) Inigo!

INI. You are right! I was nigh forgetting-——

LUIS. (*Laughing.*) 'Tis some great lord in disguise!

PEDRO. (*Laughing.*) What an honor for the University of Burgos!

MED. You are possibly a descendant of the illustrious Don Quixote!

ANTON. (*Laughing.*) Health to the Dulcinea of Toboso!

JOSE. And long live Don Inigo—Sancho Panza!

ALL. Health to Sancho Panza!

MAN. Look here, my comrades—are you determined to make sport of me to-day?

MED. Eh! Manoël, you are foolish thus! Let her come—your fair unknown, and I take it upon me to prove that she is no more ferocious than others.

ALL. Yes! Yes!

INI. Be calm, young men, I pray you! Remember that you are come hither to help off in a friendly way, your comrade who returns to Portugal.

JOSE. Don Inigo is right.

PEDRO. Yes; no quarrels!

ANTON. Medina is wrong!

LUIS. (*To* MEDINA.) Give your hand to Manoël.

MED. (*Holding out his hand.*) So be it!

MAN. (*Shaking hands.*) With no ill feeling——

MED. But I hold to my words—all women, my dear fellow, are false as water!

INI. In that, I sustain you; for such as you see me—I am a sad example of their perfidy.

ALL. (*Laughing.*) Ah, ha!

INI. Yes; I have been in love!

ALL. Ah!

INI. And was not successful!

MAN. It seems he has had adventures, my governor!

ANTON. Tell us about it, Señor!

INI. Oh! but discretion!

LUIS. You may draw a veil!

PEDRO. You can withhold the name of your beloved one!

JOSE. We all will listen.

ALL. Yes, yes!

MAN. At last I shall know about that famous story!

INI. It is twenty years ago to-day; it would never have happened but for the moon——

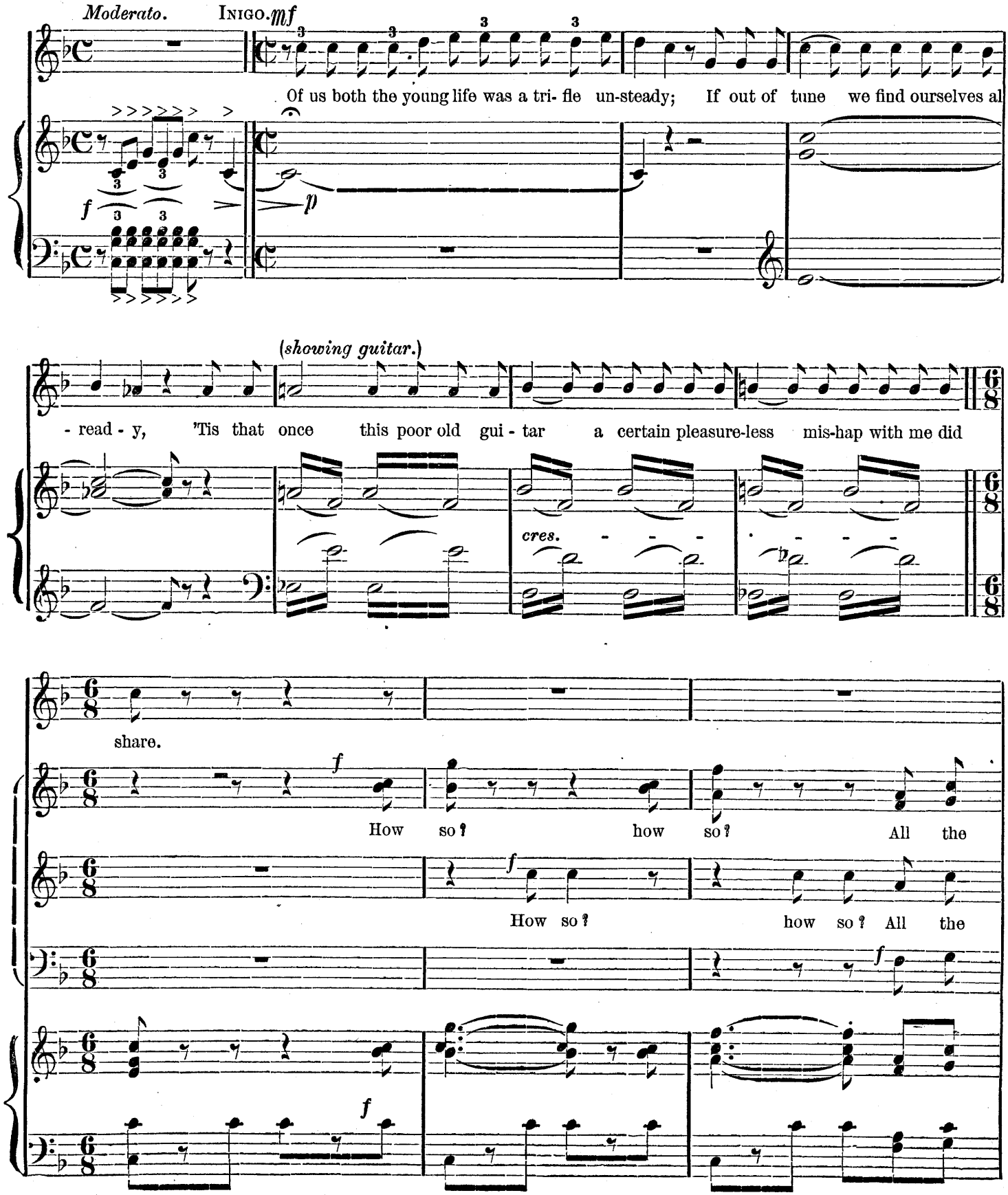
ALL. Eh!

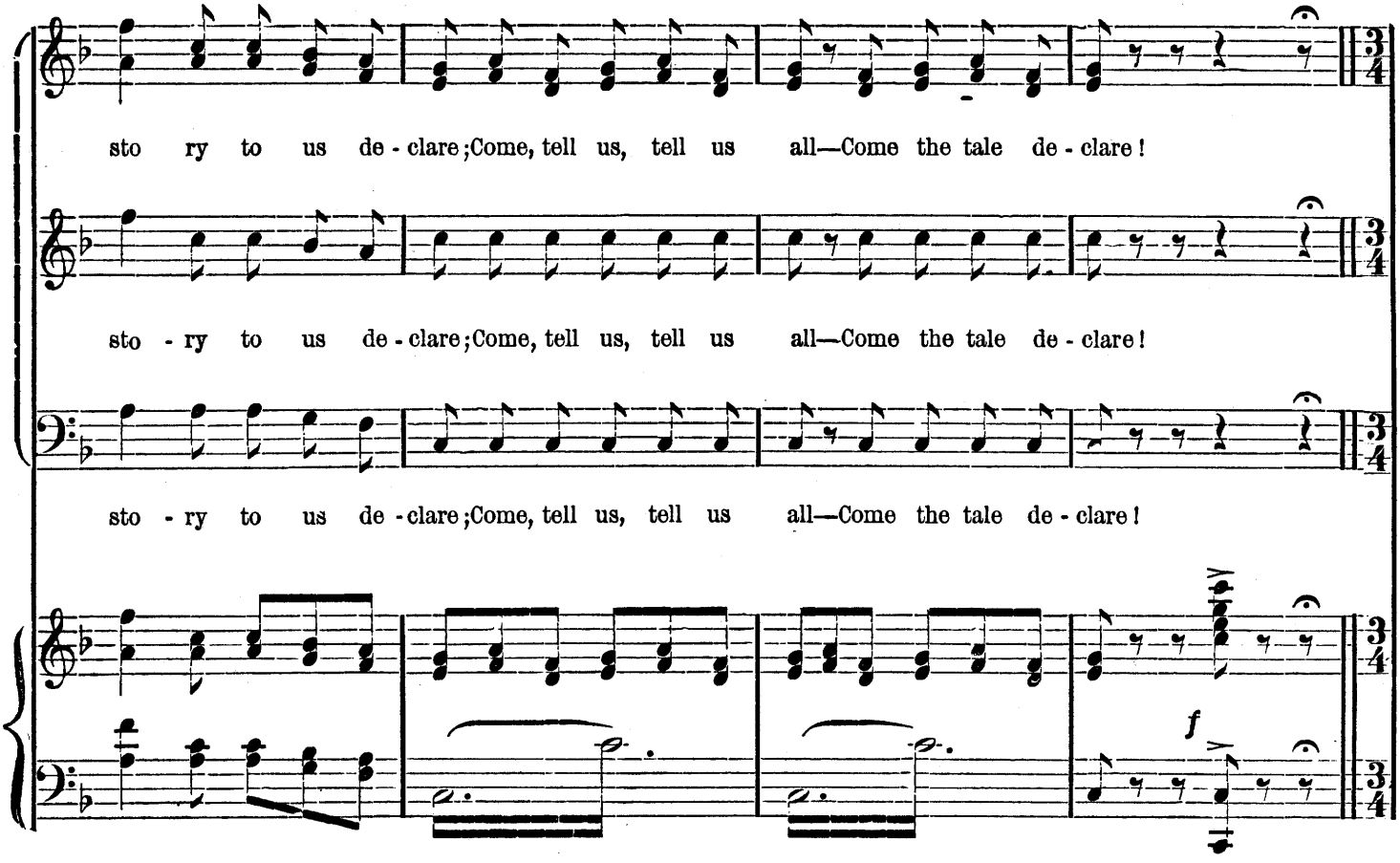
MED. Say you so?

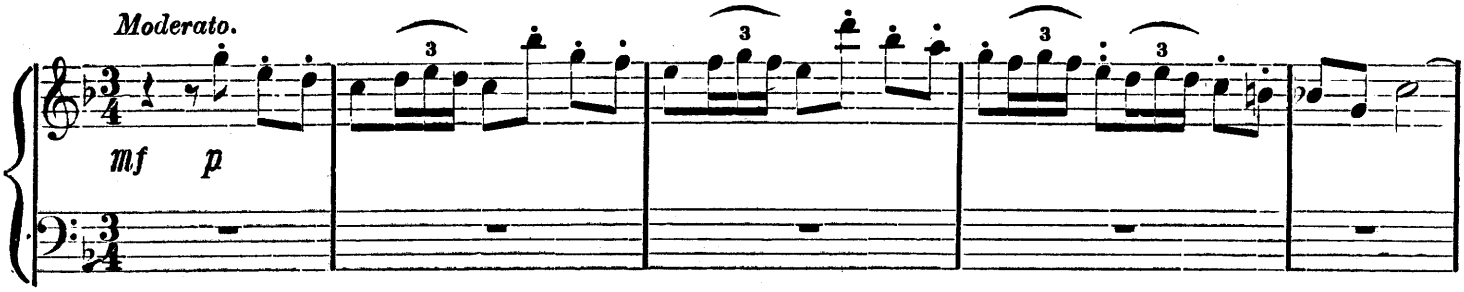
INI. Oh, my young friends, distrust the moon! (*Takes his guitar.*) Here is the witness which will prevent me from ever forgetting the hatred I have vowed toward women. (*Showing his guitar.*)

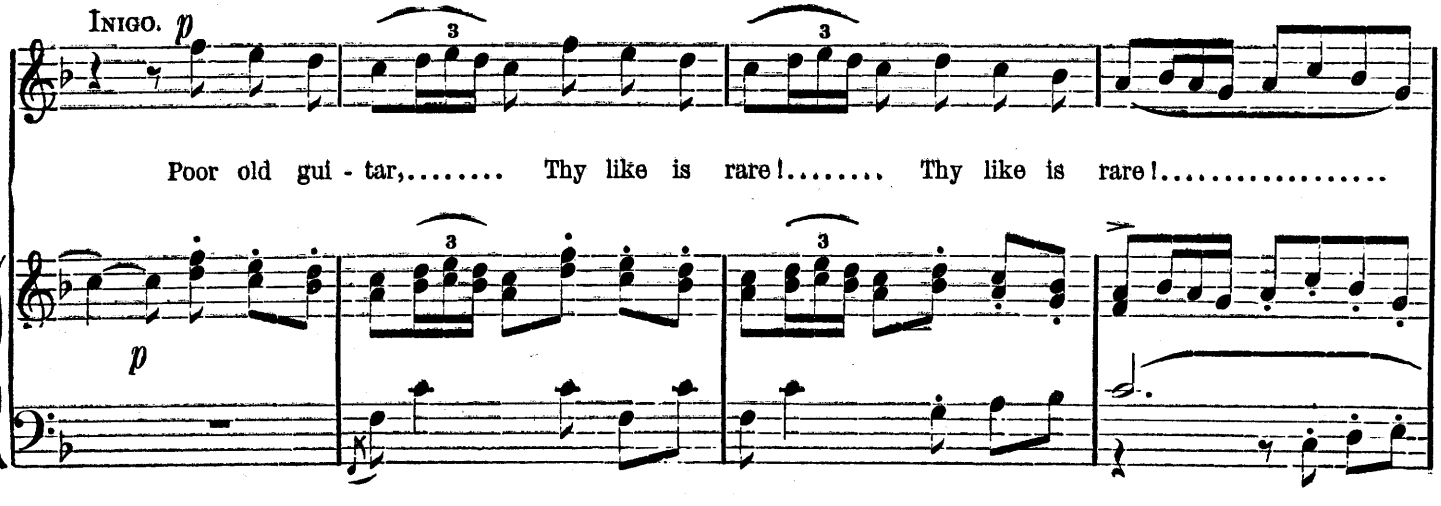
OF US BOTH THE YOUNG LIFE.

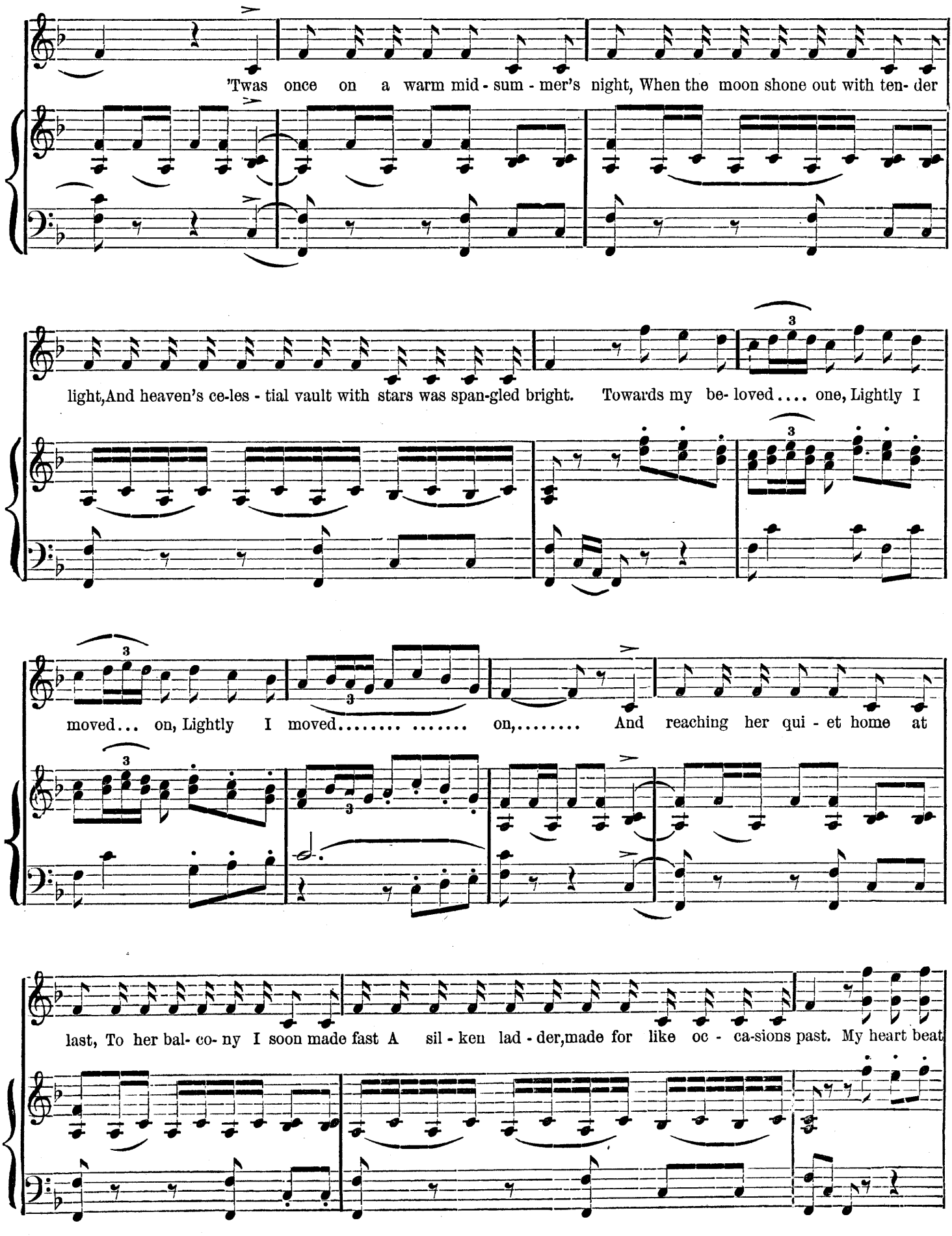
No. 2. RONDO.

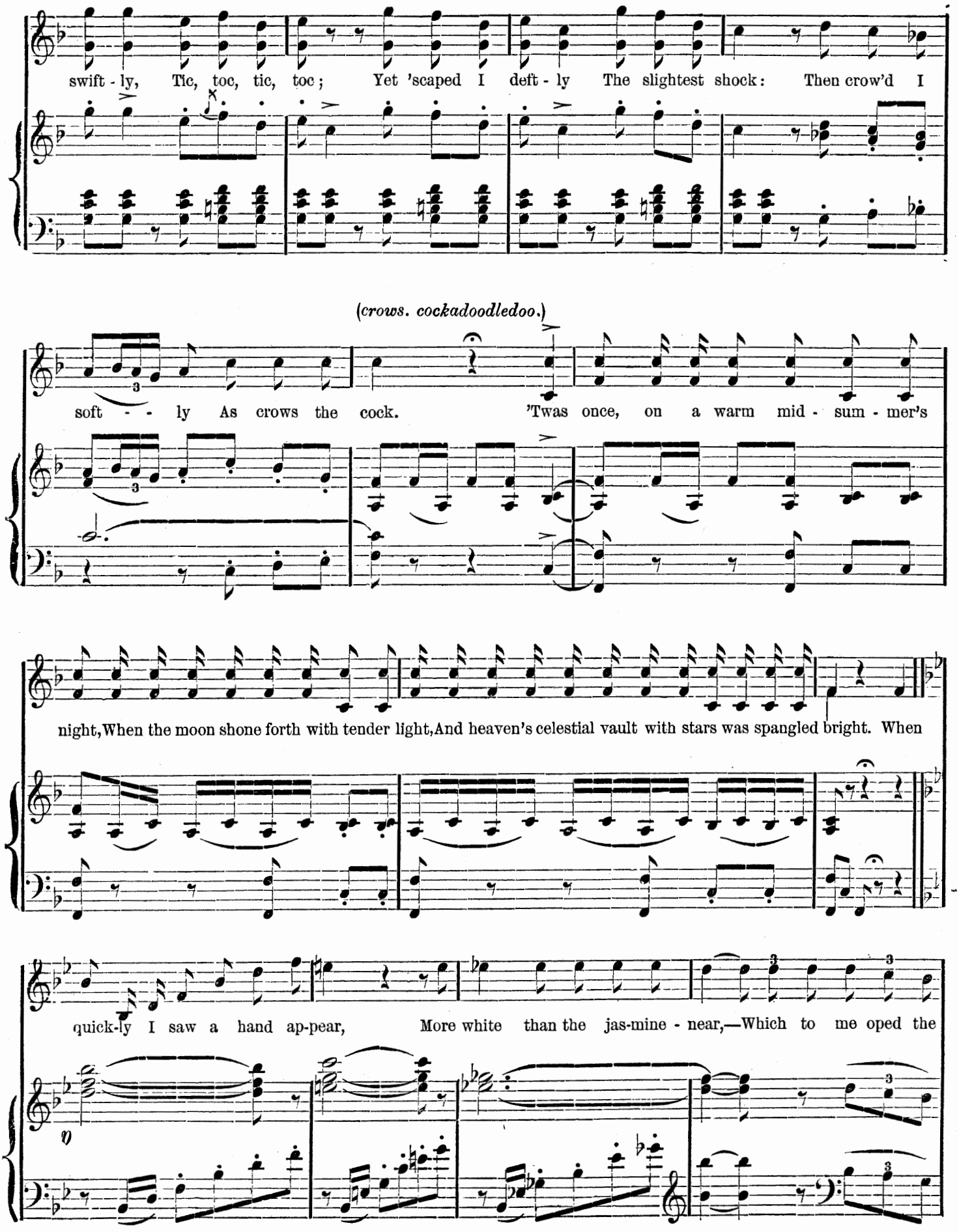


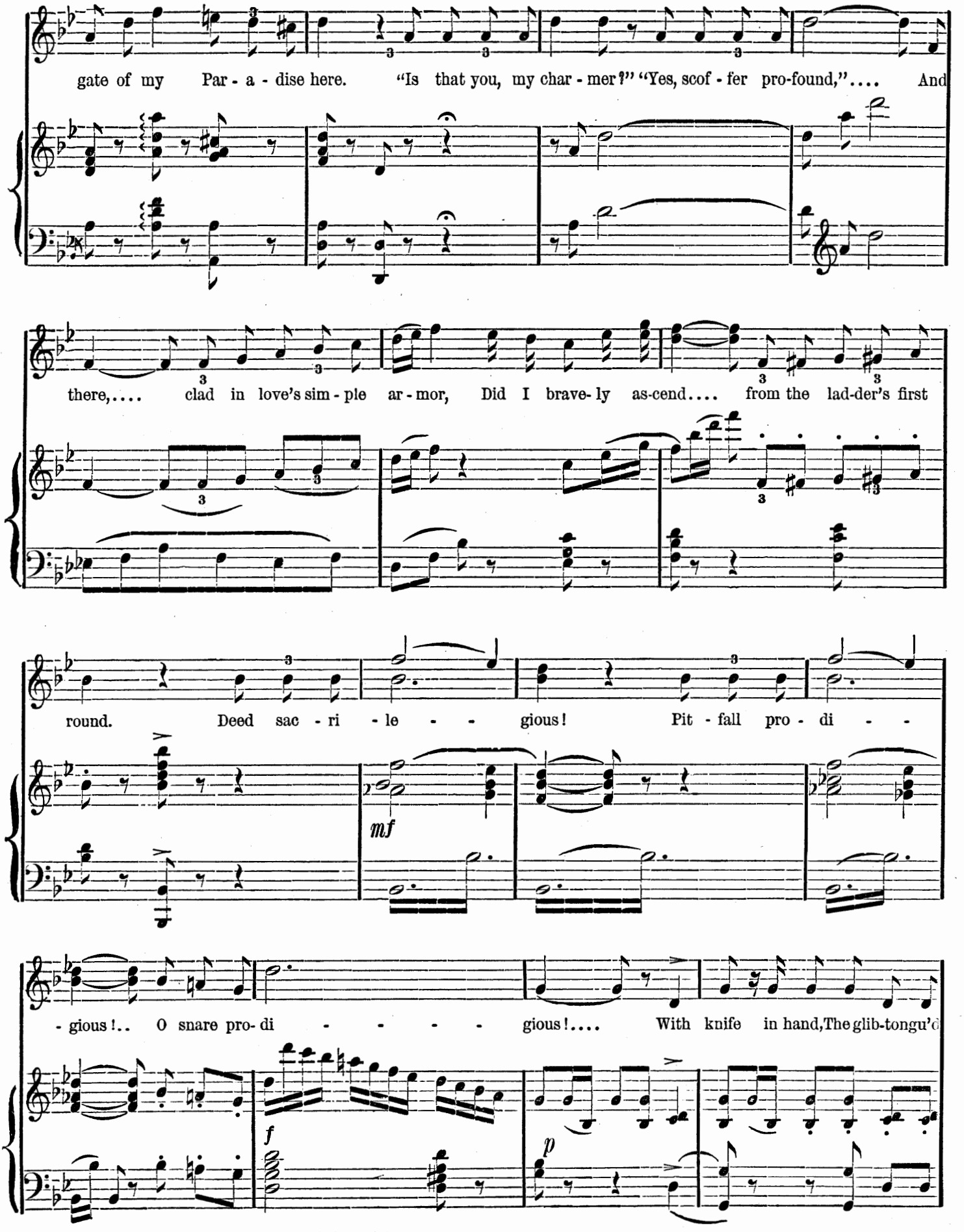

sto ry to us de - clare; Come, tell us, tell us all—Come the tale de - clare!
sto - ry to us de - clare; Come, tell us, tell us all—Come the tale de - clare!
sto - ry to us de - clare; Come, tell us, tell us all—Come the tale de - clare!
f

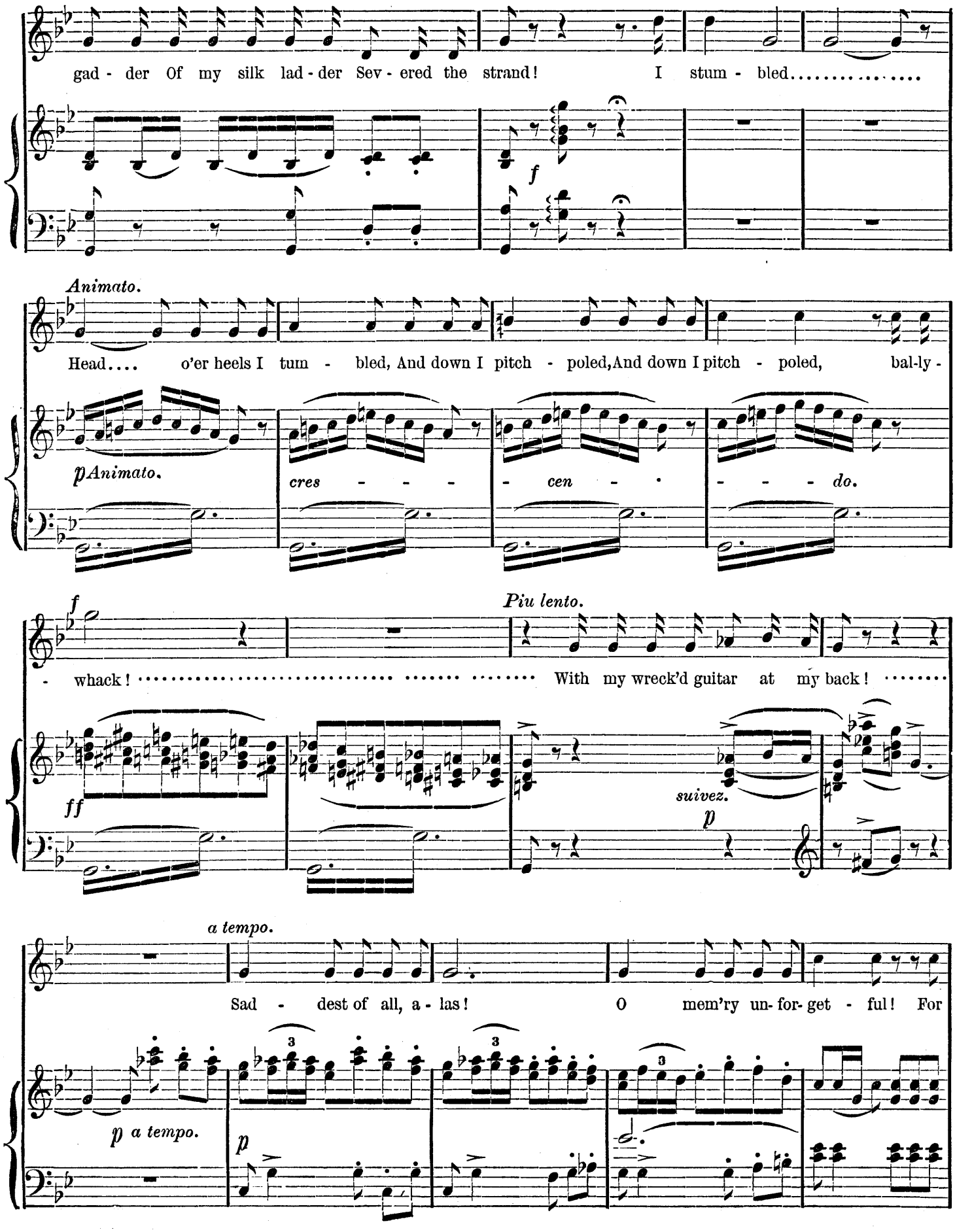

Moderato.
mf p

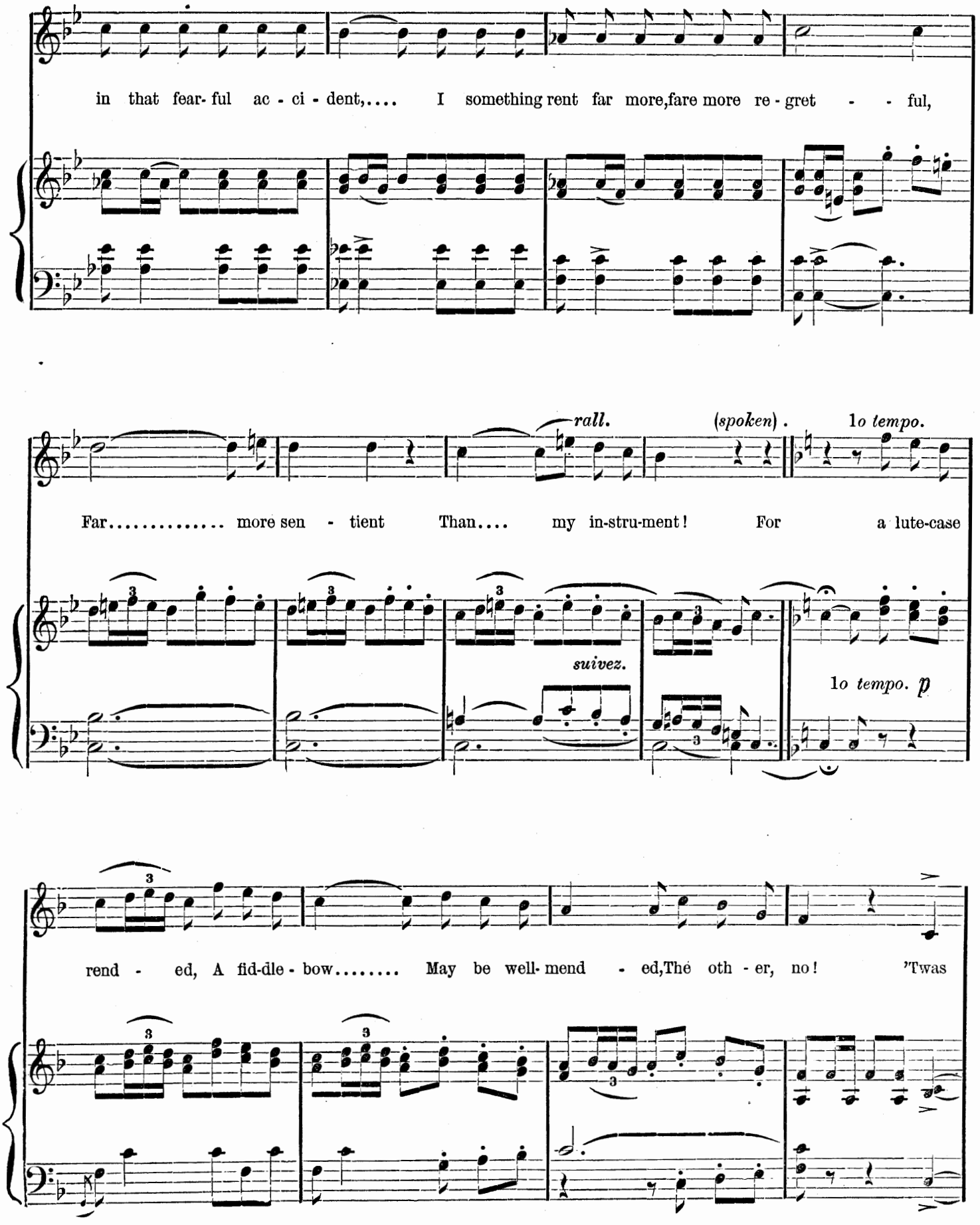

Inigo. p
Poor old gui - tar,..... Thy like is rare!..... Thy like is rare!.....
p

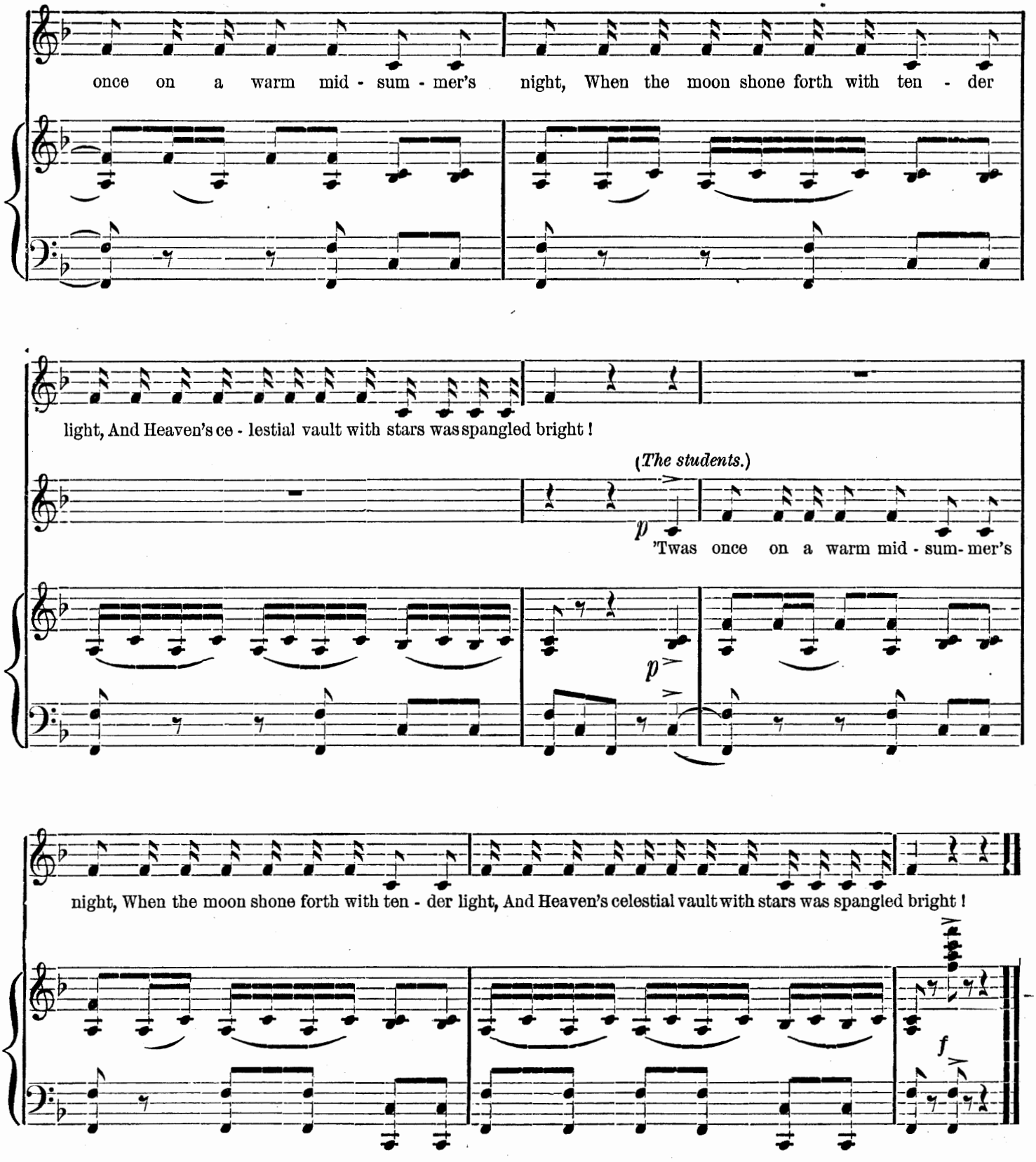

'Twas once on a warm mid - sum - mer's night, When the moon shone out with ten- der
light,And heaven's ce-les - tial vault with stars was span-gled bright. Towards my be- loved .... one, Lightly I
moved... on, Lightly I moved..... ..... on,..... And reaching her qui - et home at
last, To her bal- co- ny I soon made fast A sil - ken lad - der,made for like oc - ca-sions past. My heart beat


swift - ly, Tic, toc, tic, toc; Yet 'scaped I deft - ly The slightest shock: Then crow'd I
(crows. cockadoodledoo.)
soft - - ly As crows the cock. 'Twas once, on a warm mid - sum - mer's
night, When the moon shone forth with tender light, And heaven's celestial vault with stars was spangled bright. When
quick-ly I saw a hand ap-pear, More white than the jas-mine - near,—Which to me oped the


gate of my Par - a - dise here. "Is that you, my char - mer?" "Yes, scof - fer pro-found,".... And
there,.... clad in love's sim - ple ar - mor, Did I brave- ly as-cend.... from the lad-der's first
round. Deed sac - ri - le - - - gious! Pit - fall pro - di - -
mf
- gious!.. O snare pro- di - - - - - gious!.... With knife in hand, The glib-tongu'd
f
p


gad - der Of my silk lad - der Sev - ered the strand! I stum - bled.....
f
Animato.
Head.... o'er heels I tum - bled, And down I pitch - poled, And down I pitch - poled, bal-ly -
p Animato.
cres - - - - cen - - - - do.
f
Piu lento.
- whack! ..... With my wreck'd guitar at my back! .....
ff
suivez.
p
a tempo.
Sad - dest of all, a - las! O mem'ry un- for- get - ful! For
p a tempo.
p
3
3
3


in that fear- ful ac - ci - dent,.... I something rent far more,fare more re - gret - - ful,
rall.
(spoken).
1o tempo.
Far..... more sen - tient Than.... my in-stru-ment! For a lute-case
suivez.
1o tempo. p
rend - ed, A fid-dle - bow..... May be well- mend - ed,The oth - er, no! 'Twas



ALL. Poor Inigo!

JOSE. We give you our warm sympathy!

ANTON. You must console yourself for it!

LUIS. Is your wound completely healed?

INI. That of my heart? No! There remains to me three souvenirs of that adventure—this guitar, my ladder, that never leaves me, and an implacable hatred for that infamous Barbara—only too well named, alas!

ALL. (*Laughing.*) Ah! he has named her! She is called Barbara!

SCENE III.—The Same.—JOSEFA, VIROFLAY.

JOSEFA. (*Entering from back.*) This way, my lord. Please enter.

VIROFLAY. (*Looking around.*) 'Tis a public room, and you have lively company.

JOSEFA. They are young students from the University of Burgos.

VIR. I am fond of youth, because I myself——

MED. (*Chaffing.*) My lord has known that infirmity?

VIR. (*Stiffly.*) Viroflay—Count Viroflay! French diplomat, usher of ambassadors on extraordinary service, intimate friend of the king—a wonderful scent that is never at fault!

ALL. (*Bowing.*) Monsieur, the Count——

VIR. (*To* JOSEFA.) Madame Hostess, I accompany ladies—great ladies—who travel with a numerous *suite;* our carriages have been stopped near here; some mules have lost their shoes. While waiting until the Marshall shall have repaired the accident, those ladies wish to rest here.

JOSEFA. I will go and prepare rooms for them. (*They talk softly together, and remount the stairs.*)

MAN. I recognize that gentleman. It is he who accompanied the carriage of the young girl at the procession of *Corpus Domini.*

INI. The meeting is strange!

MAN. He has spoken of noble ladies—is she possibly with him? Talk with that gentleman, Inigo, and ask him the name of the lady who accompanies him.

INI. I? What! I am a bar of steel!

MAN. (*Coaxingly.*) My good friend!

INI. I am that—all right! I will try.

VIR. (*To* JOSEFA, *re-ascending.*) Ah, one word! Those ladies have particular motives for secluding themselves from public curiosity. (*Looking at the students.*) Might they not——

MED. (*To* VIROFLOY.) Reassure yourself, Monsieur Count; my comrades and I will yield the place to you.

VIROFLAY. (*Affectedly.*) Oh, messieurs, do not suppose it is on your account——

MED. (*Aside to students*) You have heard Manoël? His fair one is coming here. I have an idea that I can give a lesson to that little Portuguese. (*Aloud.*) Come, gentlemen, let us retire.

OF OUR BRAVE COLLEGE.

No. 3. CHORUS AND STUDENT'S MARCH.

MEDINA.

Allo. marcato.

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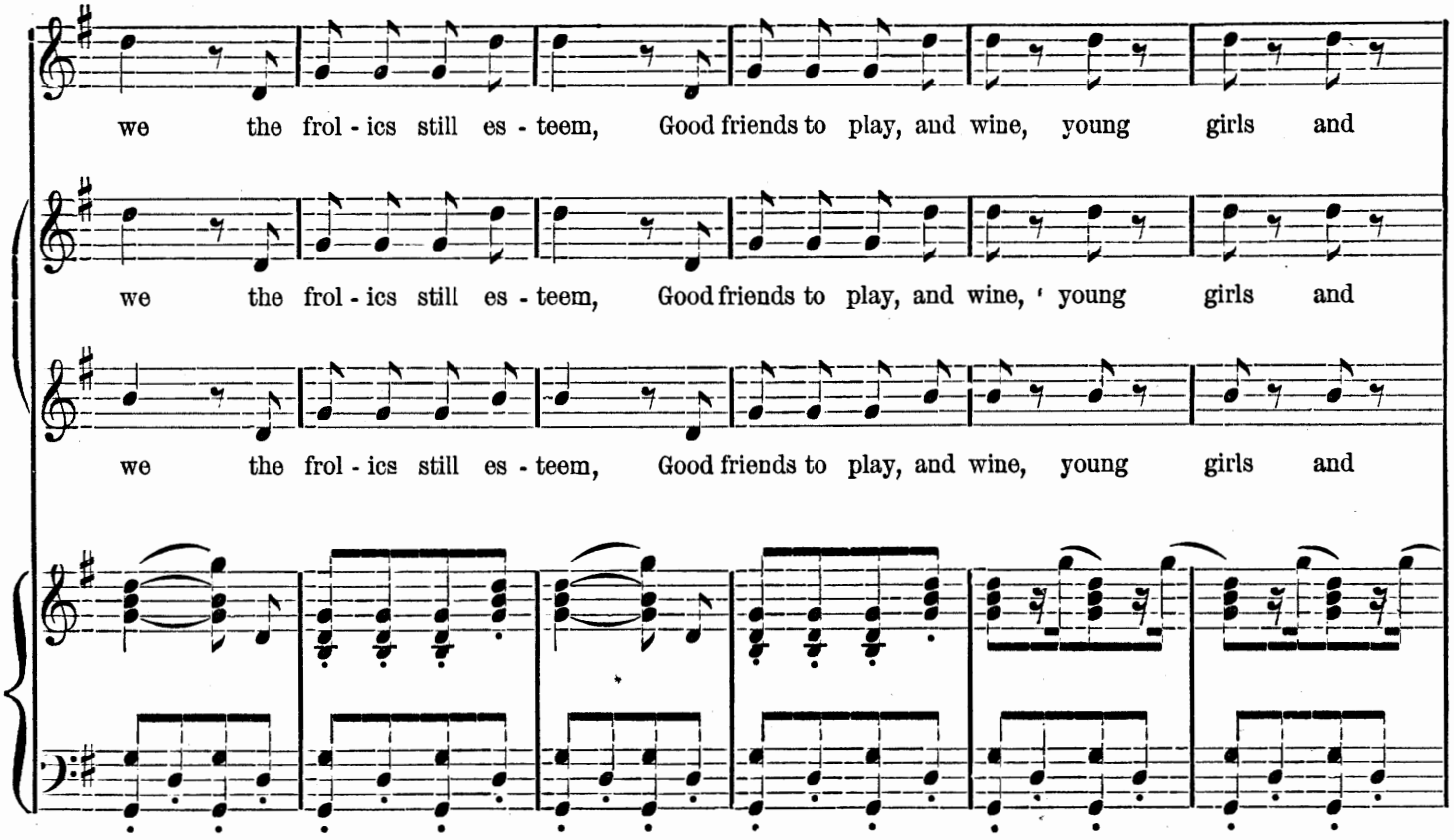
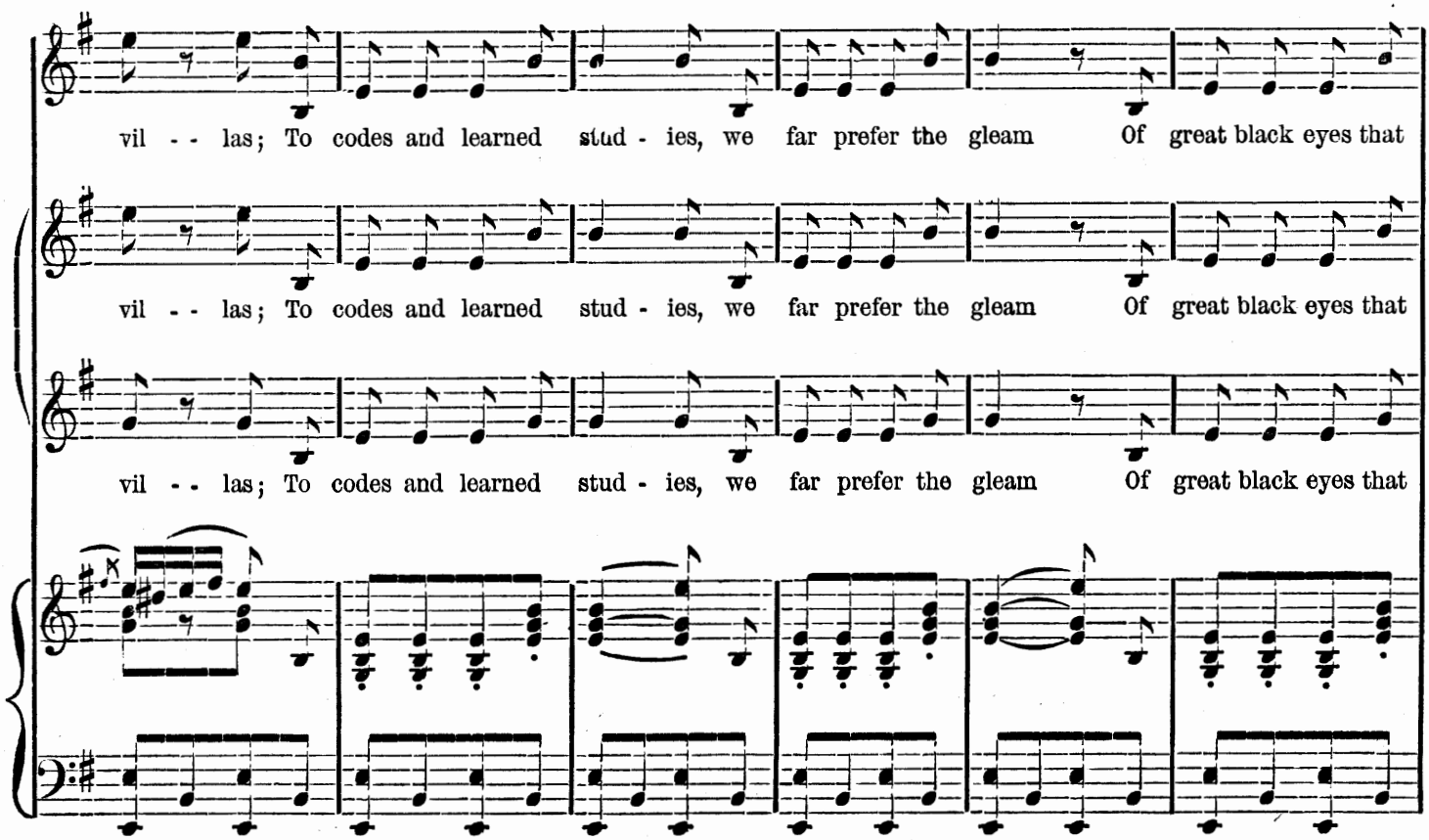
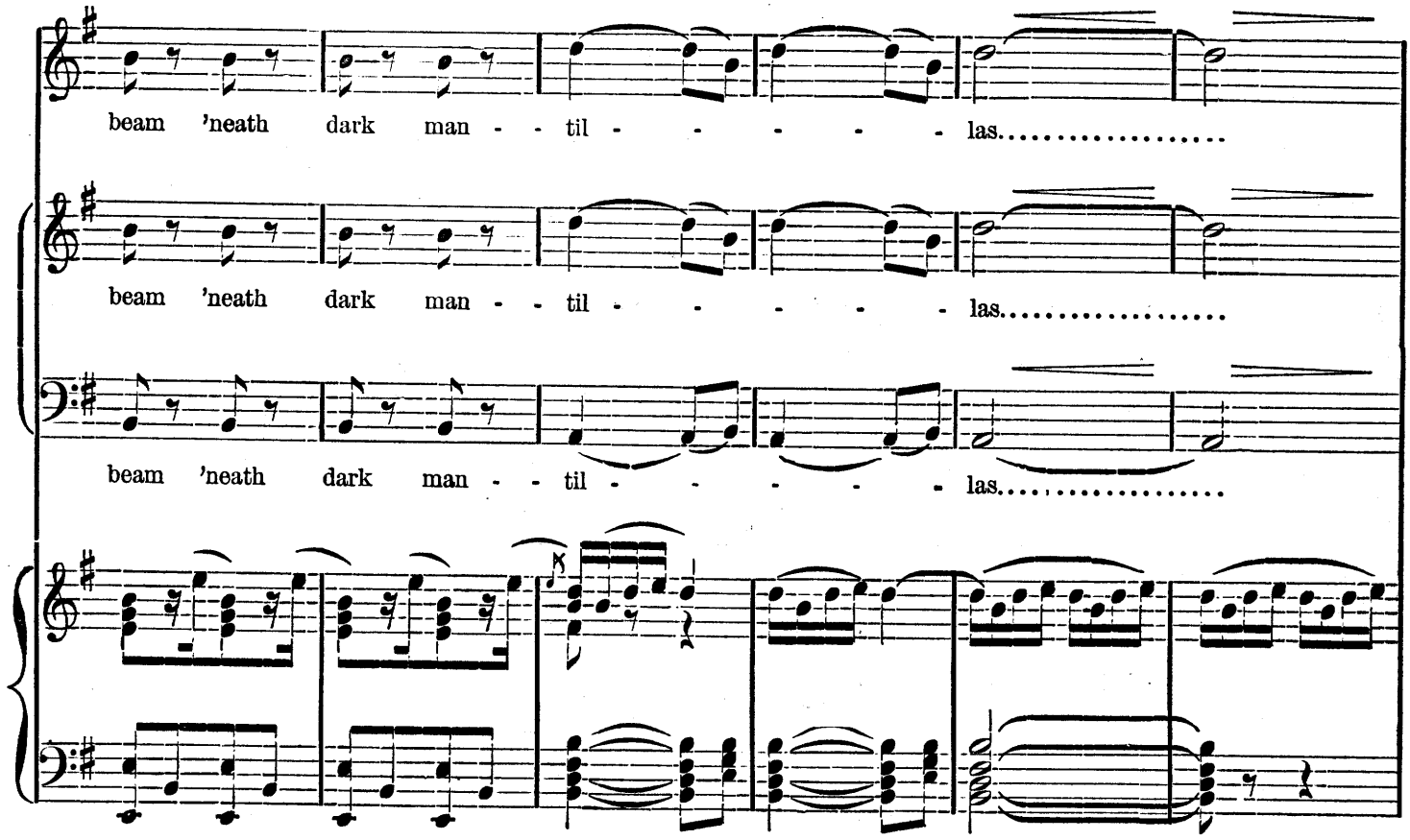
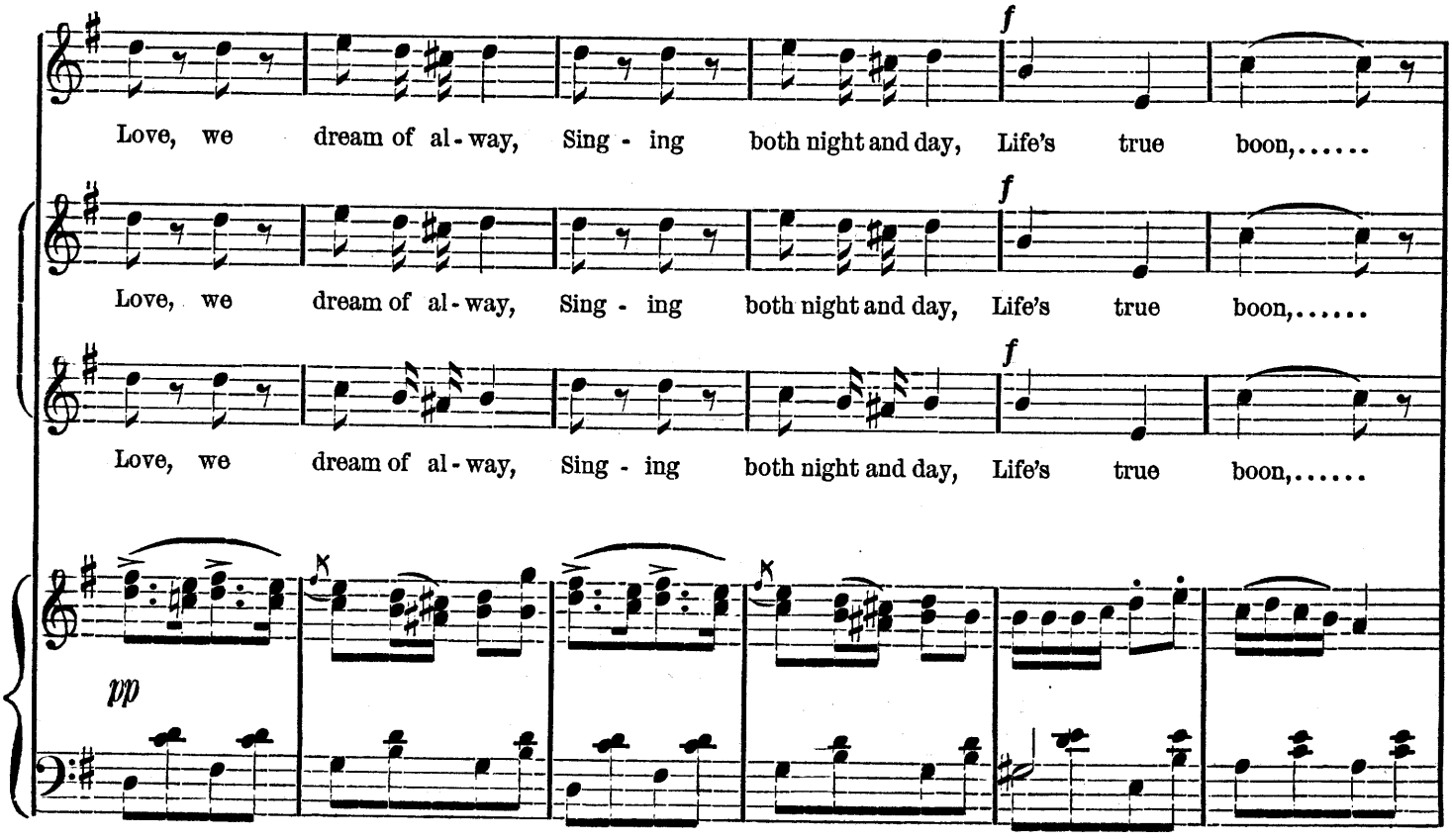
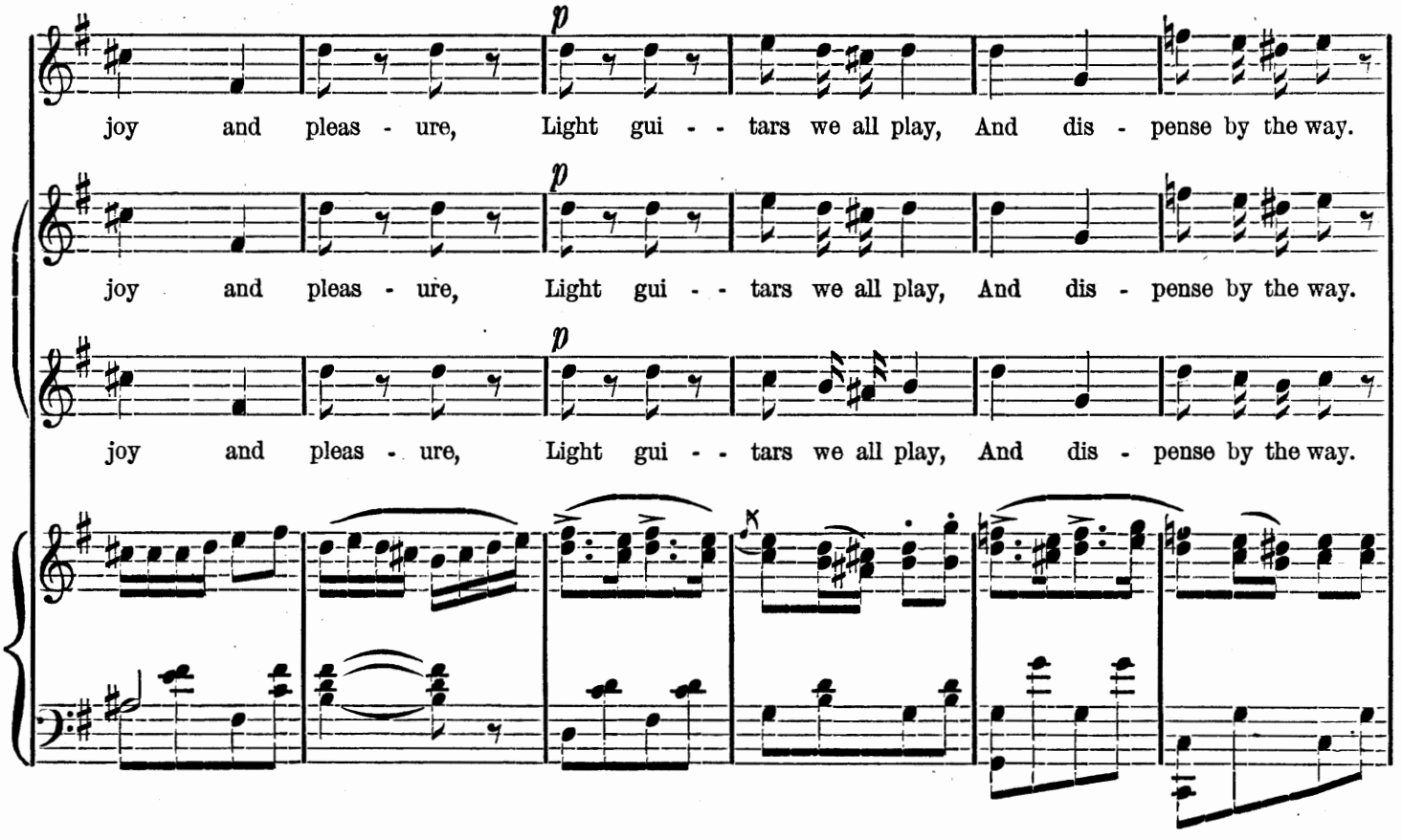
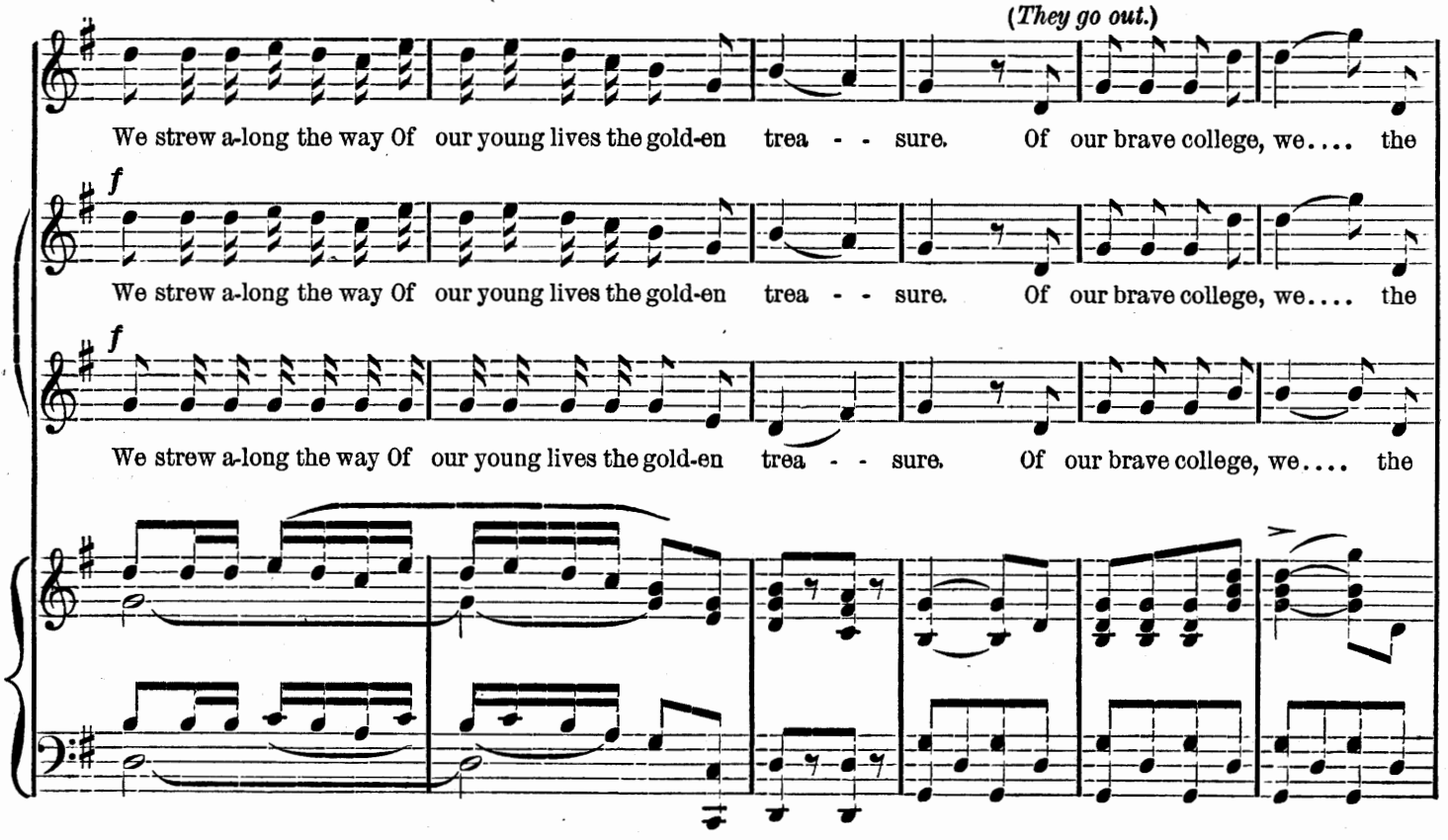

we the frol - ics still es - teem, Good friends to play, and wine, young girls and
we the frol - ics still es - teem, Good friends to play, and wine, young girls and
we the frol - ics still es - teem, Good friends to play, and wine, young girls and

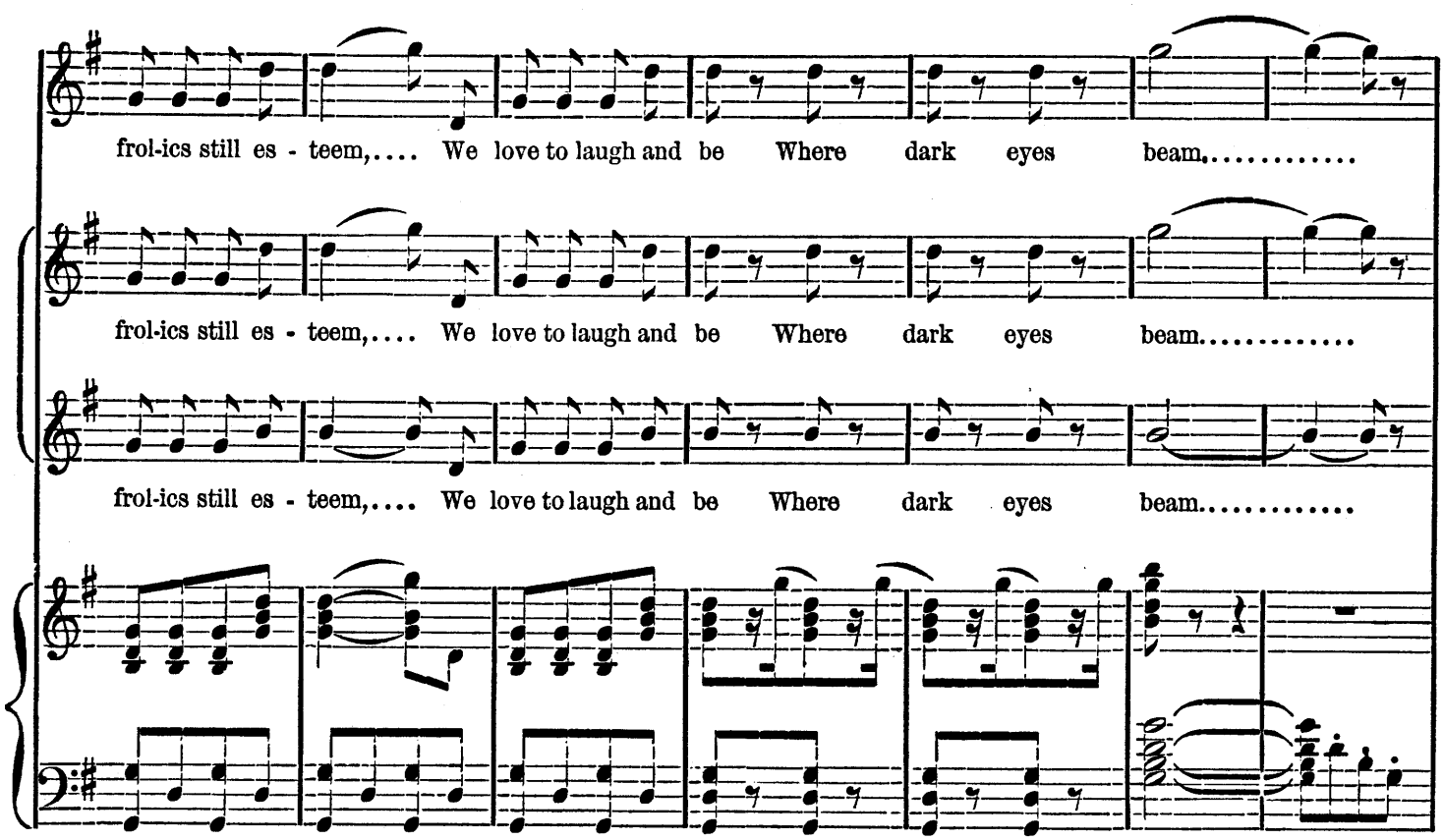

vil - - las; To codes and learned stud - ies, we far prefer the gleam Of great black eyes that
vil - - las; To codes and learned stud - ies, we far prefer the gleam Of great black eyes that
vil - - las; To codes and learned stud - ies, we far prefer the gleam Of great black eyes that


beam 'neath dark man - - til - - - - - - las.....
beam 'neath dark man - - til - - - - - - las.....
beam 'neath dark man - - til - - - - - - las.....

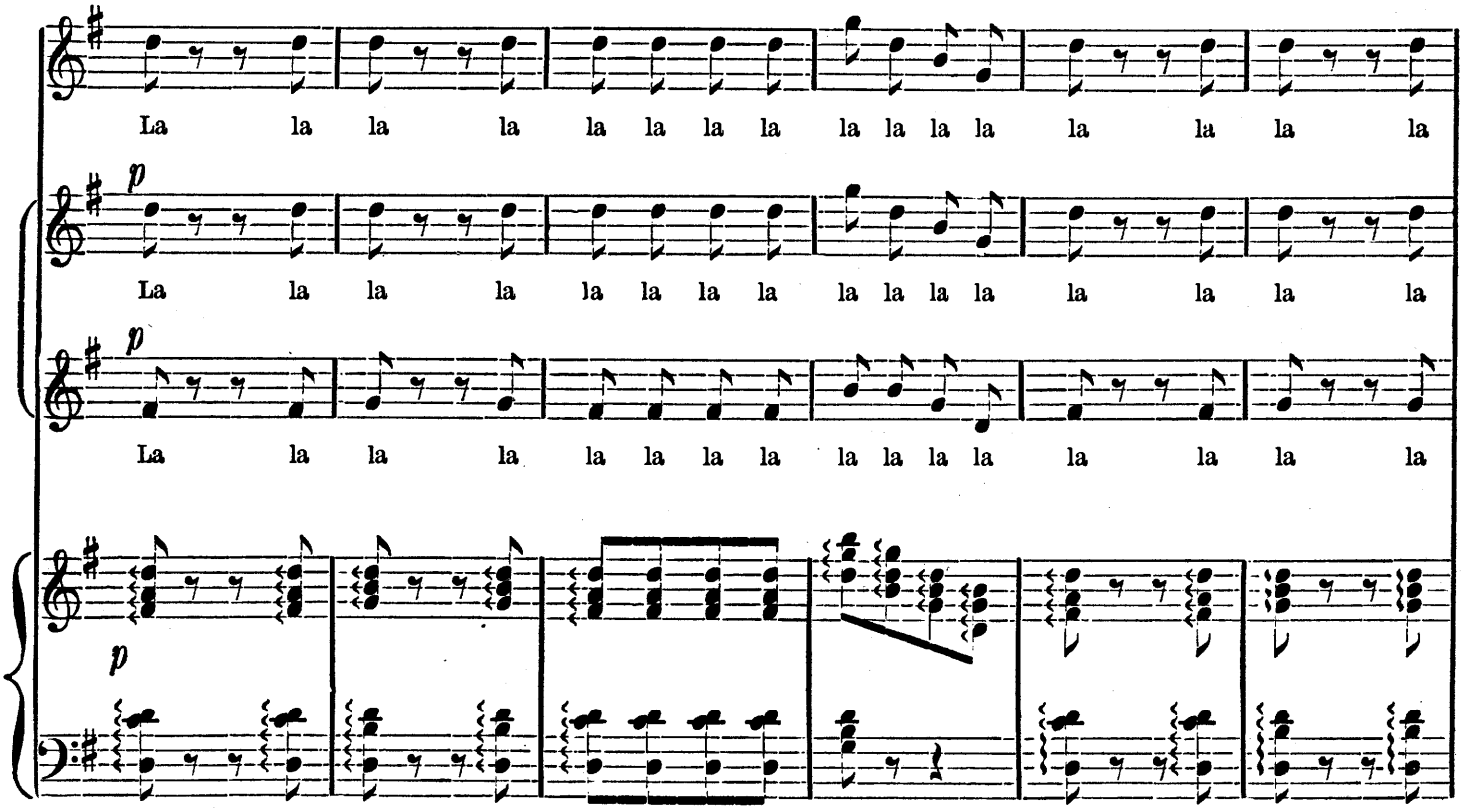

f
Love, we dream of al - way, Sing - ing both night and day, Life's true boon,.....
f
Love, we dream of al - way, Sing - ing both night and day, Life's true boon,.....
f
Love, we dream of al - way, Sing - ing both night and day, Life's true boon,.....
pp

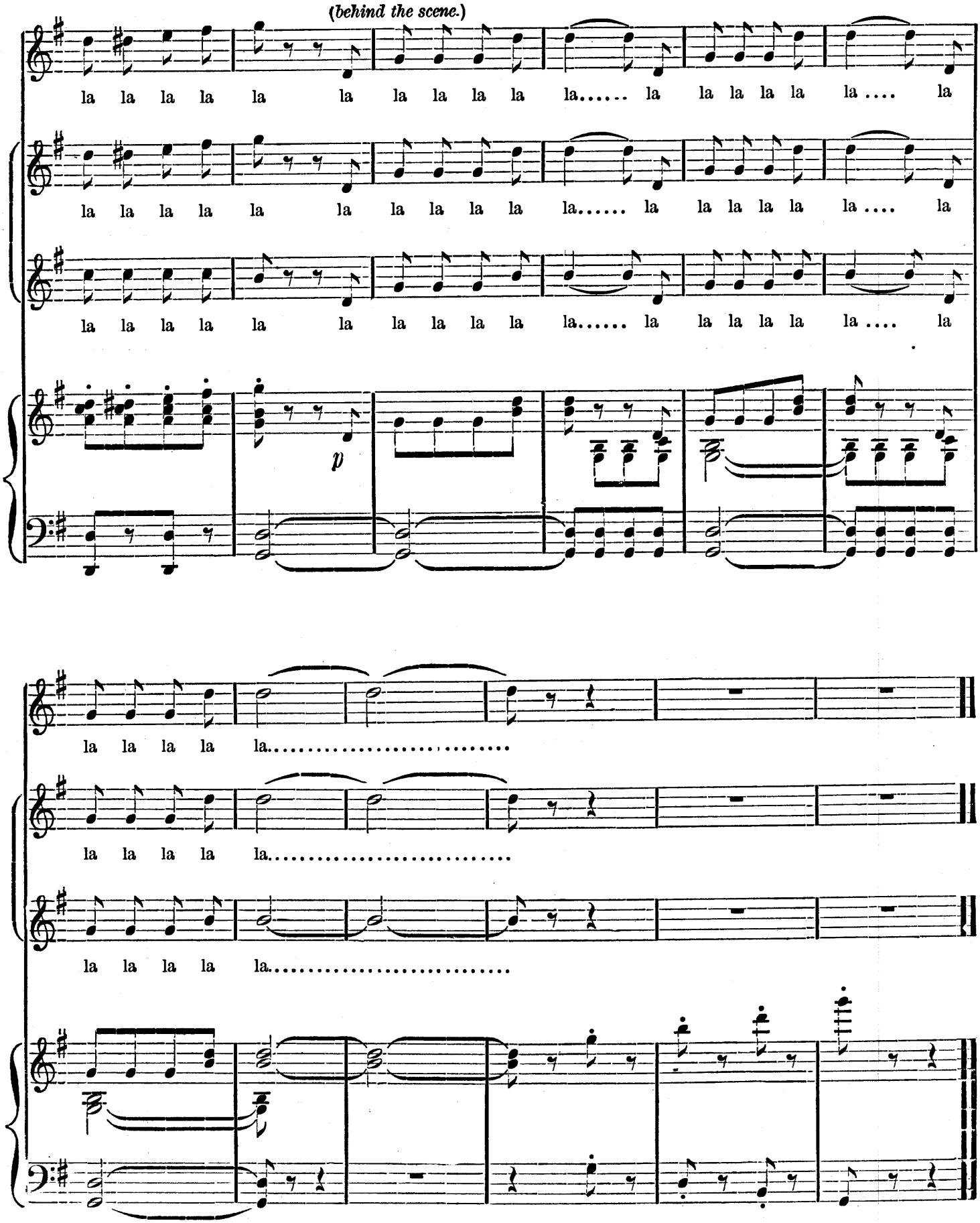

p
joy and pleas - ure, Light gui - - tars we all play, And dis - pense by the way.
p
joy and pleas - ure, Light gui - - tars we all play, And dis - pense by the way.
p
joy and pleas - ure, Light gui - - tars we all play, And dis - pense by the way.


(They go out.)
We strew a-long the way Of our young lives the gold-en trea - - sure. Of our brave college, we.... the
f
We strew a-long the way Of our young lives the gold-en trea - - sure. Of our brave college, we.... the
f
We strew a-long the way Of our young lives the gold-en trea - - sure. Of our brave college, we.... the



(They file out, accompanying themselves with their guitars, MEDINA *goes last, and closes the March with* MANOEL.)




(behind the scene.)
la la la la la la la la la la la..... la la la la la la .... la
la la la la la la la la la la la..... la la la la la la .... la
la la la la la la la la la la la..... la la la la la la .... la
p
la la la la la.....
la la la la la.....
la la la la la.....

VIR. (*To himself.*) A fine country, this Spain! I am enchanted in returning to France!

INI. (*Aside.*) Ask him the name of that young girl! A pretty commission; but under what pretext?

VIR. (*Aside, taking out note-book.*) The Duke of Bourbon will be content. I have a mass of notes of the utmost importance. I think this time I shall get the ribbon of the order.

INI. (*Aside.*) We'll try it on. (*Salutes* VIROFLAY.)

VIR. (*Aside.*) There is a man saluting me.

INI. He seems not to see. (*Salutes again.*)

VIR. (*Aside, reflecting.*) Let me see.—There is a man bowing to me, and I don't know him. If I return his politeness, I commit myself—he will speak to me. If he speaks, I shall answer him. If I answer—let me see—let me weigh matters!

INI. (*Aside.*) Perhaps he is near-sighted. (*He approaches and bows again.*)

VIR. (*Aside.*) That man is neatly dressed. The face announces a certain intelligence. (*He taps his forehead.*) Oh, I have an ingenious idea! Decidedly, I am very strong-headed! Information fails me about the Spanish army, and—that's it—(*He bows to* INIGO.)

INI. Ah—at last! (*To* VIROFLAY.) Monsieur, the Count de Viroflay—grand usher? (*He bows.*)

VIR. He knows me! We'll play closer!

INI. Dom Inigo——

VIR. (*Consulting his note-book.*) This man, who is evidently Spanish, will be able to enlighten me about the efficiency of his national army. (*Bowing.*) Greatly flattered, Monsieur Dom Inigo!

INI. The honor is for me, Señor Count. This is fine weather for taking a drive with a pretty young girl!

VIR. (*Following out his own idea.*) You have a magnificent army with you?

INI. Three thousand men. The young girl, then——

VIR. (*Making a note.*) Three thousand men! (*To* INIGO.) Rather thin!

INI. (*Aside.*) I did not know that detail. (*Aloud.*) She may grow fat!

VIR. Yes, by levying the masses. Look you—the principal—is it a man?

INI. A man! Ah, I have him!

VIR. A good general?

INI. No; he is at the University!

VIR. A lawyer! Bad thing for the head of an army!

INI. I speak of your daughter——

VIR. My daughter! I have none! I have the honor to be a widower, and childless. (*Consulting his notes.*) "Learn the resources of the country." (*Aloud.*) What do you most meet with through here?

INI. Through here? Why, Spaniards, mostly.

VIR. (*Making a note.*) You are sure of it? "Near Burgos, one meets Spaniards mostly." And the productions of the earth?

INI. Oh, there are oats—much oats!

VIR. (*Aside, with joy.*) Perfect! (*Takes notes.*) "In case of war, you would find nourishment for many regiments of cavalry."

INI. (*Aside.*) What is he writing there? (*Aloud.*) Monsieur the Count accompanies a charming young lady——

VIR. And hay, Monsieur?—you say nothing of that.

INI. (*Much astonished.*) Hay! (*Aside.*) What droll conversation!

VIR. However, it is consumed with you?

INI. (*Laughing.*) No particulars.

VIR. Very droll! I speak in general—of the cavalry.

INI. (*Bowing.*) Of high grade, and witty withal.

VIR. (*Foppishly.*) It is a pastime for us diplomatists.

INI. Ah! Monsieur the Count is a diplomatist?

VIR. Of the first class—a scent enormous! There is no case in which I am deceived. An affair of the nose, my dear sir. But you, Monsieur—you are in commerce? I am sure of it.

INI. I? Ah, I travel!

VIR. Commercial traveler?

INI. No; nothing to do with politics. I have a pupil whom I accompany.

VIR. (*Aside.*) He is a musician. I would have bet upon it!

INI. Might I dare to ask the name of that charming Señora?

VIR. (*Coldly.*) That borders on diplomacy. There are secrets heavy to carry!

INI. Right! But in laying the burden on two——

VIR. (*Aside.*) He has wit also! Astonishing for a musician!

INI. Do you resume your journey immediately?

VIR. Yes; we travel by night even!

INI. Then—some advice. Distrust the moon! She is bad in July!

VIR. (*Astonished.*) Ah! (*Making a note.*) "In Spain, be distrustful of the moon!"

JOSEFA. My lord, the rooms are ready, and I go to notify those ladies.

VIR. Happy, Monsieur Dom Inigo, in having made your acquaintance. If you should go to Paris, come and play at the court. What is your instrument?

INI. (*Much astonished.*) My instrument!

VIR. Here is the escort—allow me?

(*They salute each other.*)

INI. I leave you. (*Aside.*) With all that, I have learned nothing! I'll go and find Don Manoël. My instrument! What does he mean by that? (*Goes out on the right.*)

WHAT A STUPID FIX!

No. 4. CHORUS & SCENE.

(*Lords of Infanta's retinue,* VIROFLAY, *then* BARBARA; *then* MARIANA, MARAQUITA, ALVAREZ. *The Lords enter noisily by the back.*)

VIROFLAY. (*Talking upon the music.*) Take care, gentlemen, or you will betray the incognito of the Infanta of Spain. (*Lords then come, with a mysterious air, and range themselves before the footlights, and sing the following Chorus in half-voice.*)

Allegretto non troppo.

f

mf

cres.

f

dim.

p

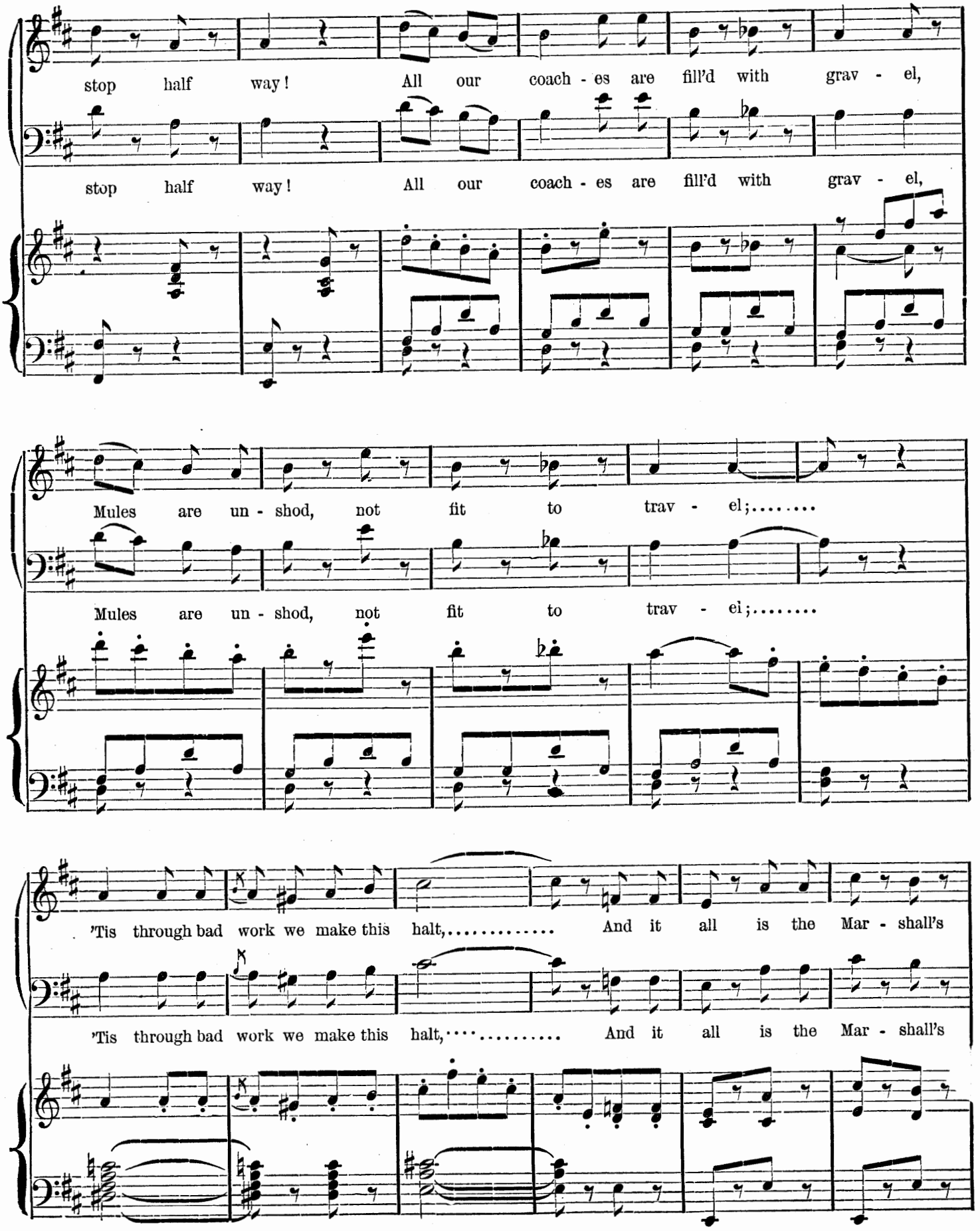
pp leger.

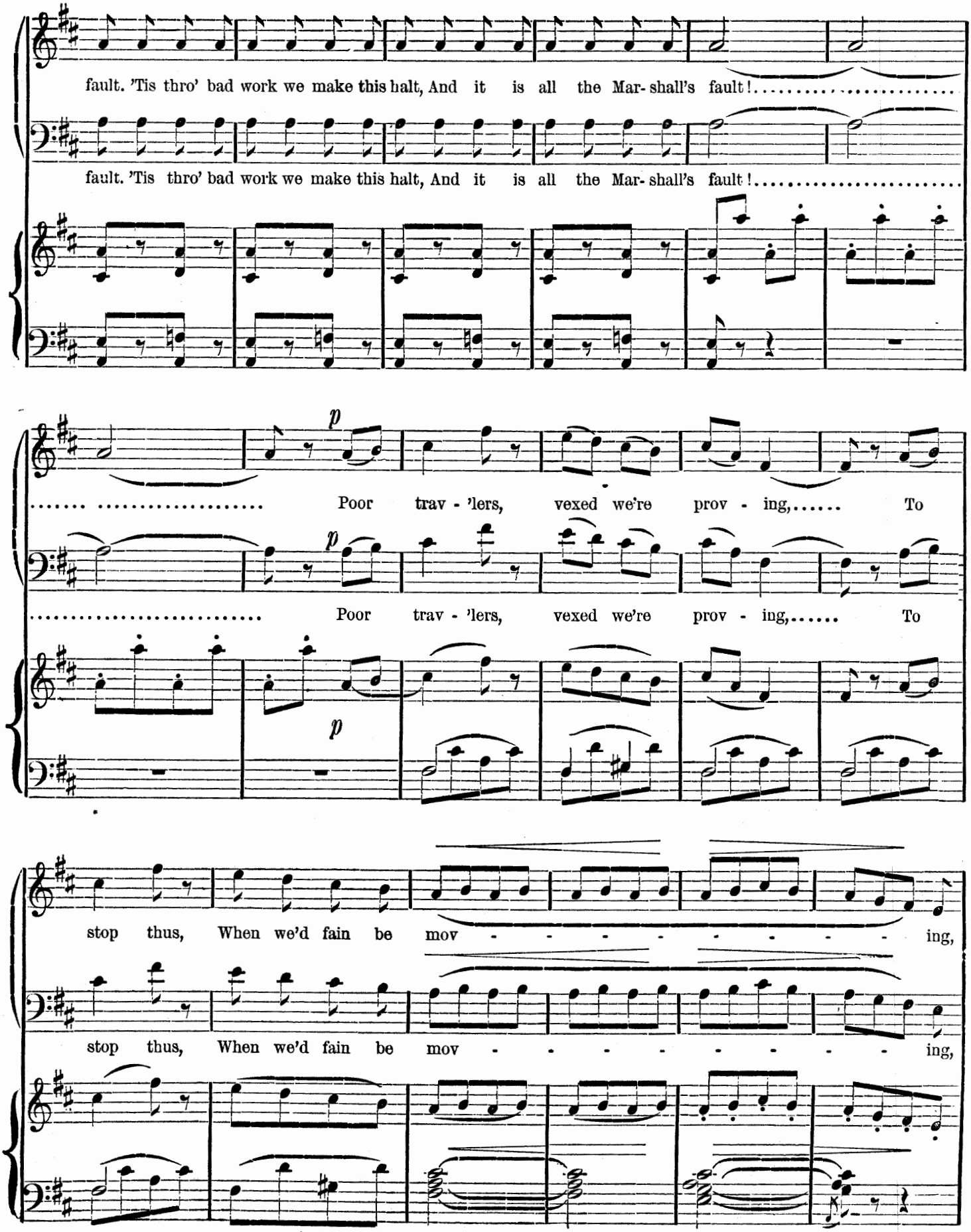
What a stu - pid fix, What a bad de - lay!.... On the road to France thus to

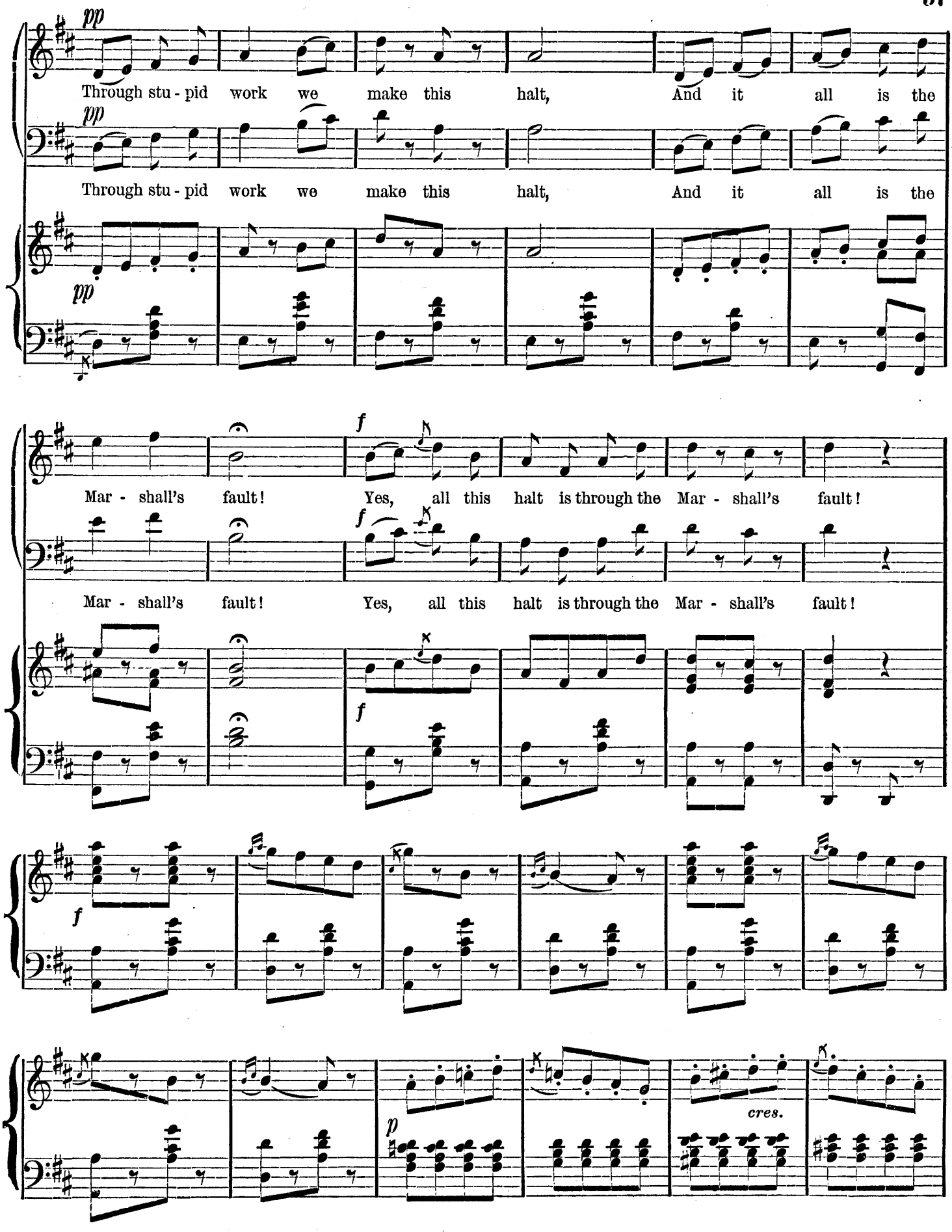
pp VIR. *(with the Basses.)*

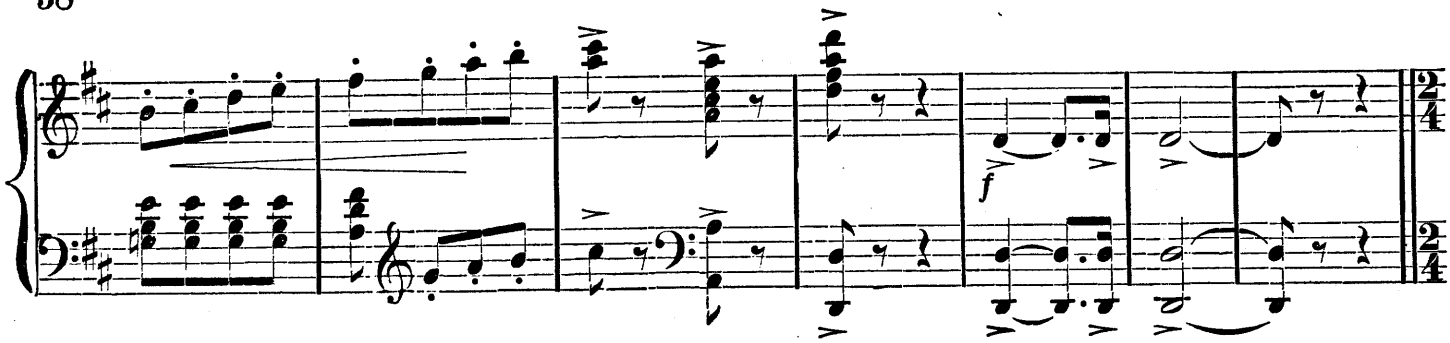
pp

Copyright, 1881, by O. DITSON & Co.


stop half way! All our coach - es are fill'd with grav - el,
stop half way! All our coach - es are fill'd with grav - el,
Mules are un - shod, not fit to trav - el;.....
Mules are un - shod, not fit to trav - el;.....
'Tis through bad work we make this halt,..... And it all is the Mar - shall's
'Tis through bad work we make this halt,..... And it all is the Mar - shall's


fault. 'Tis thro' bad work we make this halt, And it is all the Mar- shall's fault!
fault. 'Tis thro' bad work we make this halt, And it is all the Mar- shall's fault!
p
Poor trav - 'lers, vexed we're prov - ing, To
p
Poor trav - 'lers, vexed we're prov - ing, To
p
stop thus, When we'd fain be mov - - - - - - - - ing,
stop thus, When we'd fain be mov - - - - - - - - ing,

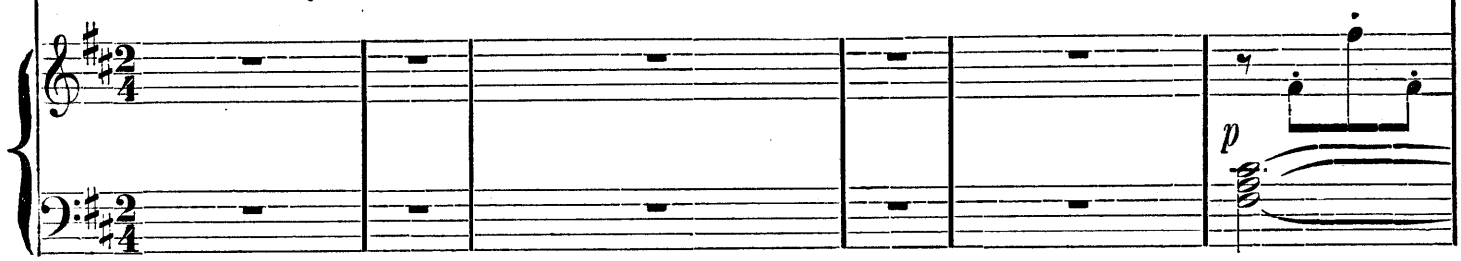

pp
Through stu - pid work we make this halt, And it all is the
pp
Through stu - pid work we make this halt, And it all is the
pp
f
Mar - shall's fault! Yes, all this halt is through the Mar - shall's fault!
f
Mar - shall's fault! Yes, all this halt is through the Mar - shall's fault!
f
f
p
cres.



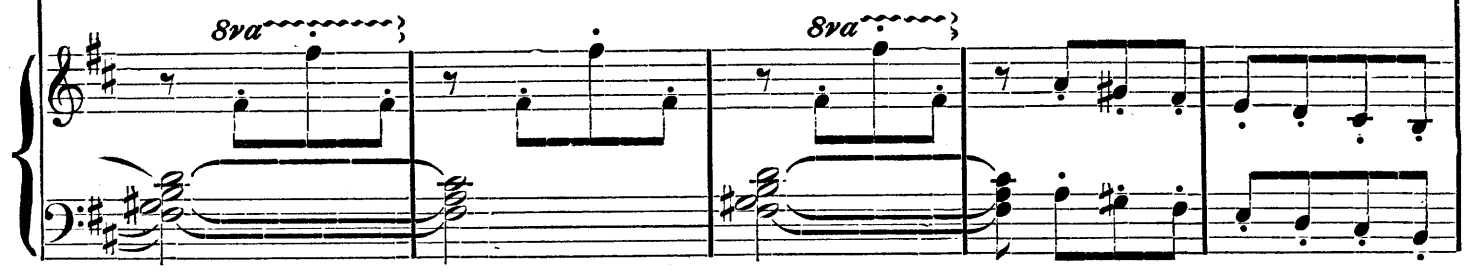
BARBARA. *(entering with comic majesty.)*
ad libitum.

VIR. *Allegro.*

Off your hats!.... hith - er comes her High - ness! For - give— your

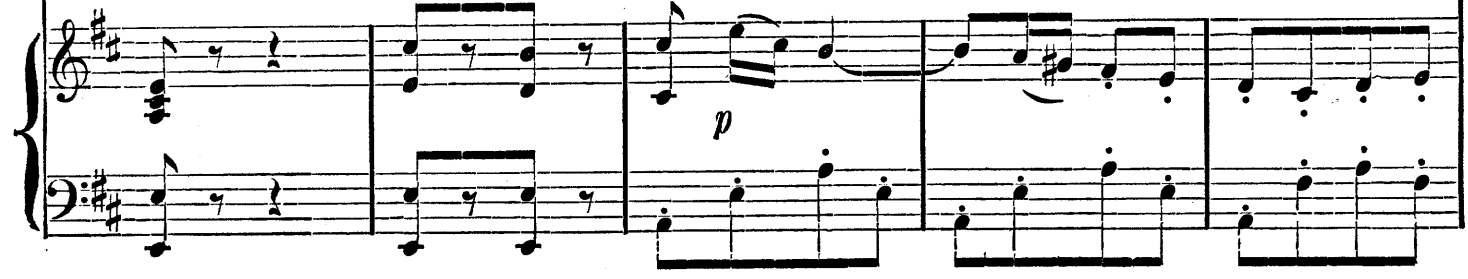


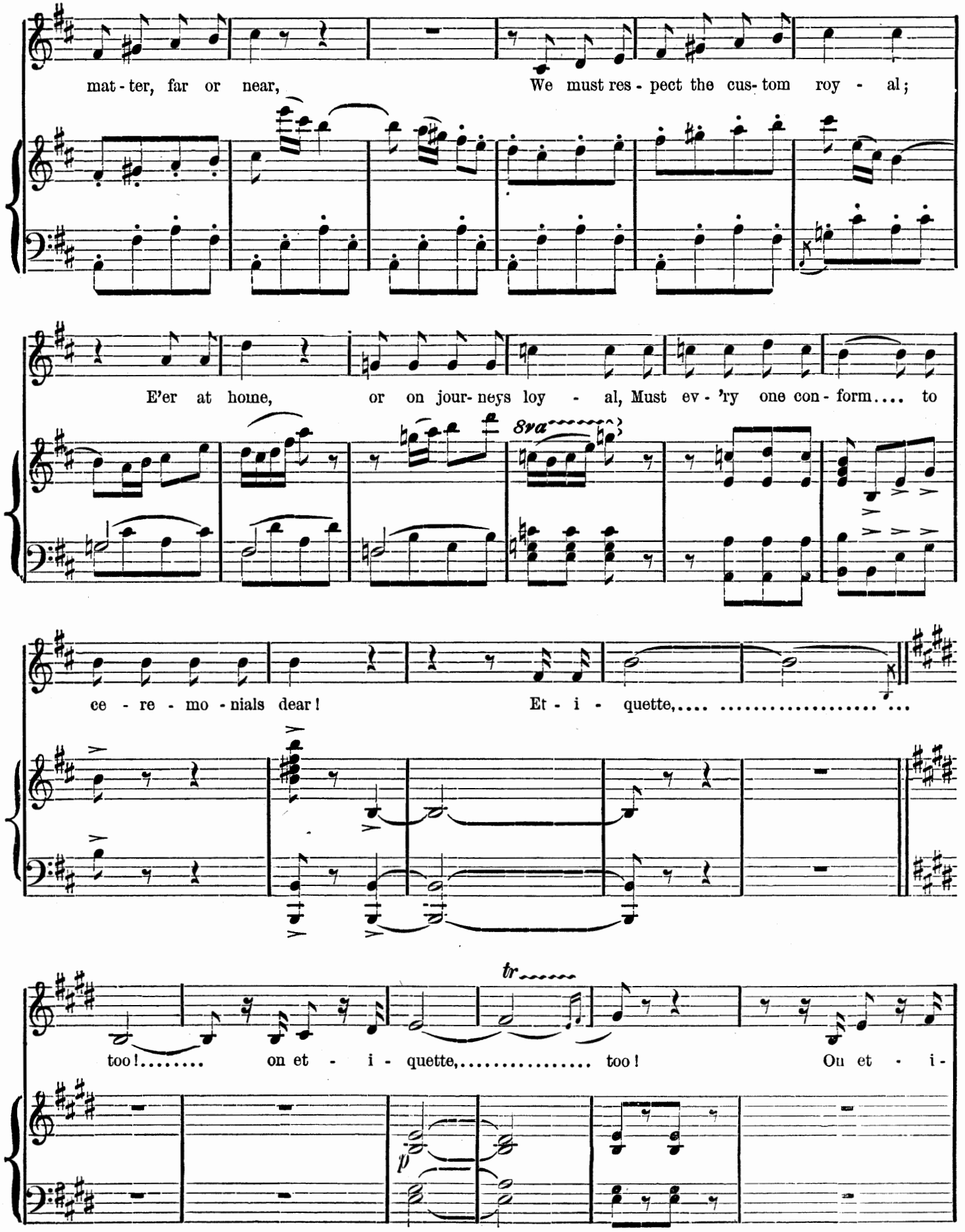
la - dy - ship, I pray, And of your voice the tone sub - due, The Prin- cess, you seem now for-

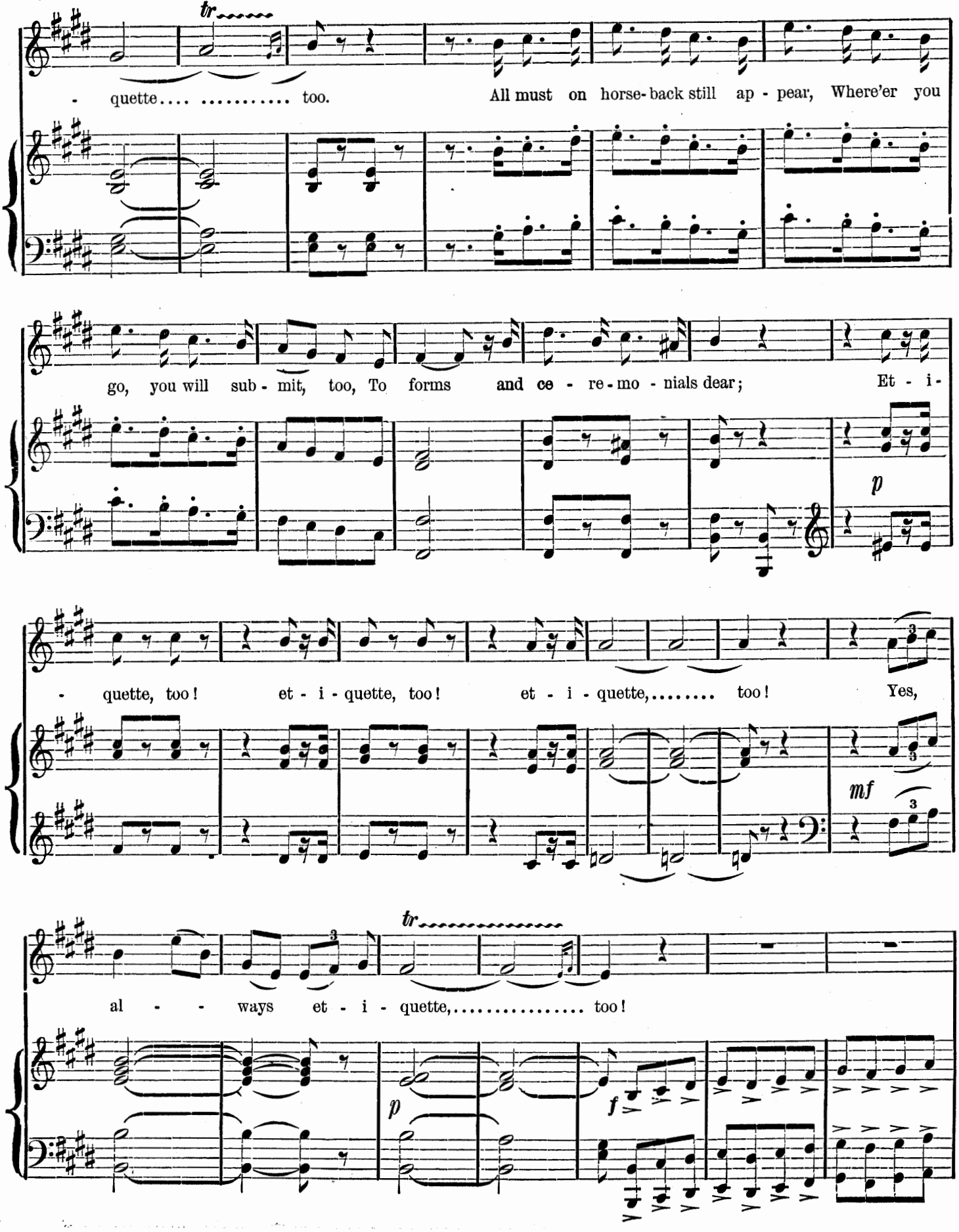


BARBARA.

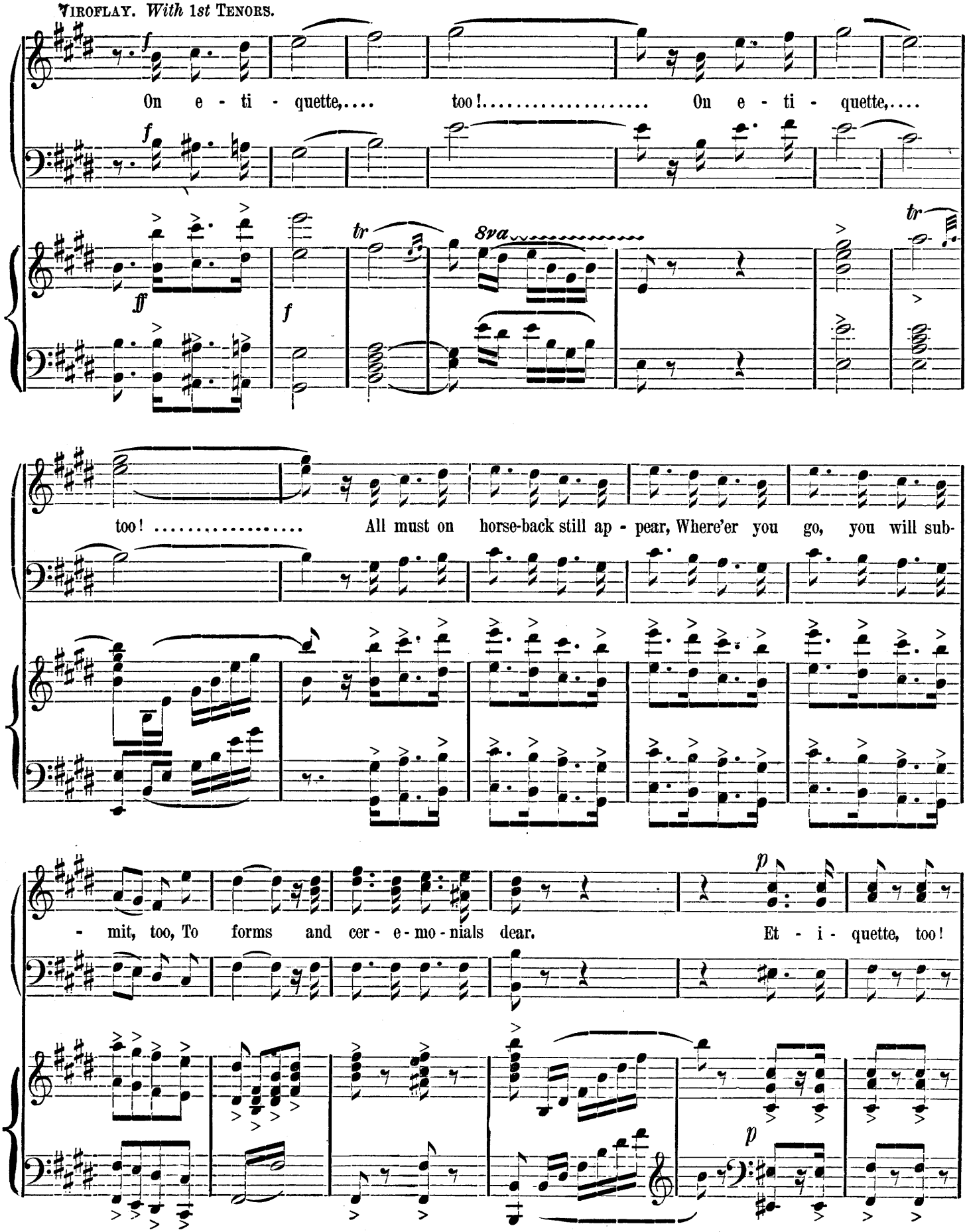
- get - ful, Is here, in - cog - ni - to. No

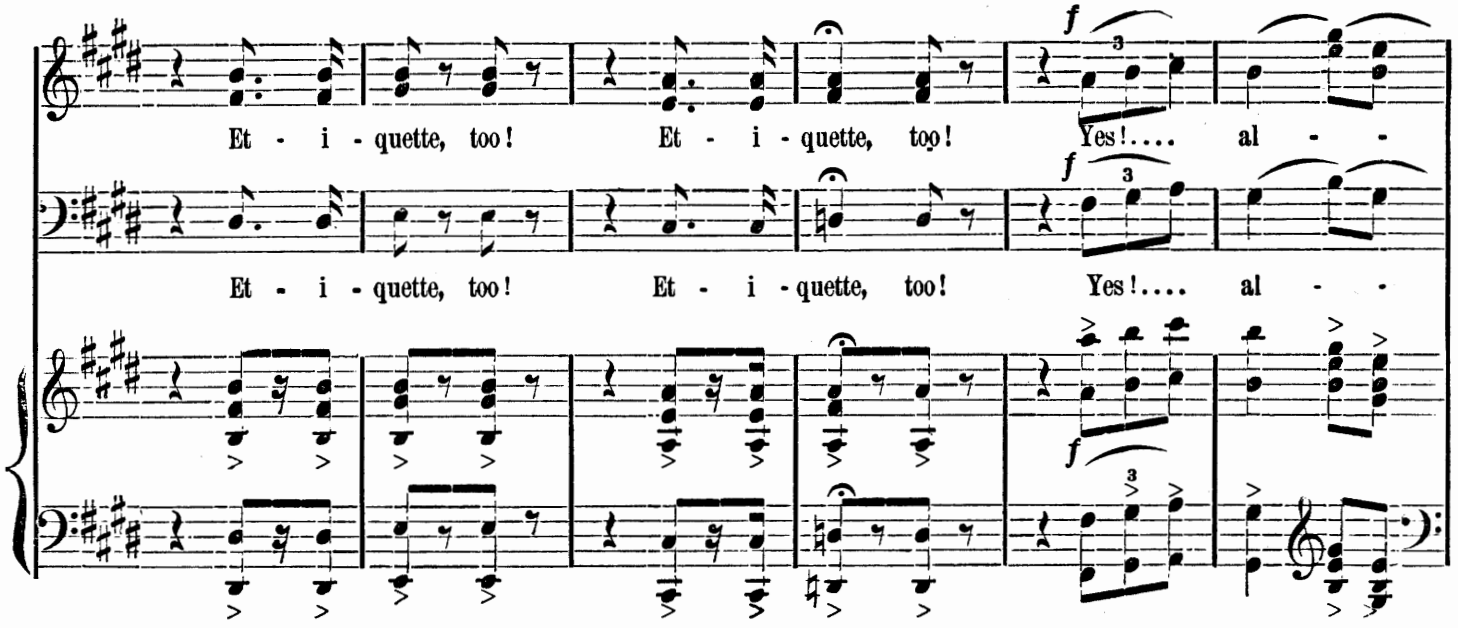



mat - ter, far or near, We must res - pect the cus - tom roy - al;
E'er at home, or on jour - neys loy - al, Must ev - 'ry one con - form.... to
8va
ce - re - mo - nials dear! Et - i - quette,.... .....
tr
too!..... on et - i - quette,..... too! Ou et - i -
p

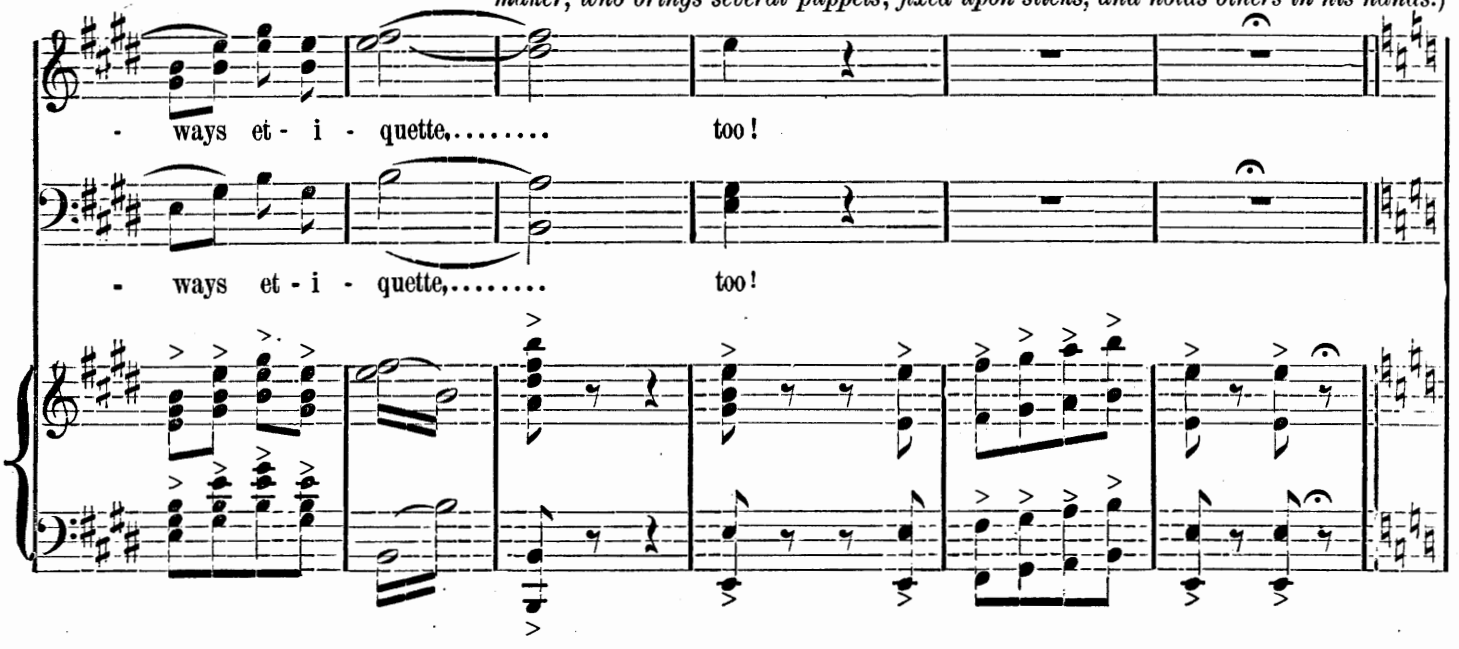

- quette.... ..... too.
All must on horse-back still ap - pear, Where'er you
go, you will sub - mit, too, To forms and ce - re - mo - nials dear;
Et - i -
p
- quette, too!
et - i - quette, too!
et - i - quette,..... too!
Yes,
mf
al - - ways et - i - quette,..... too!
p
f

VIROFLAY. *With 1st* TENORS.



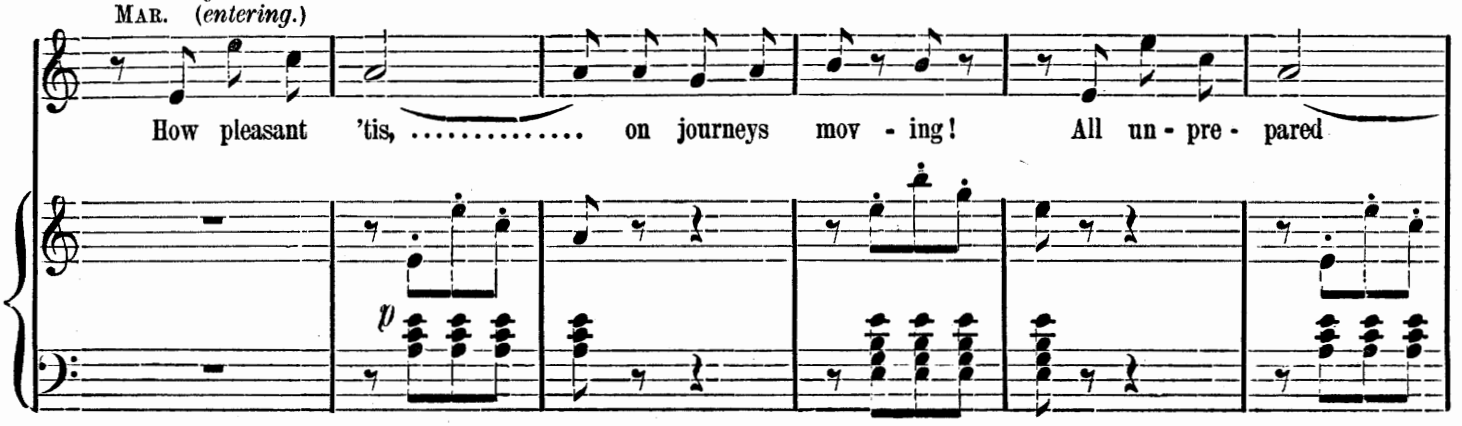


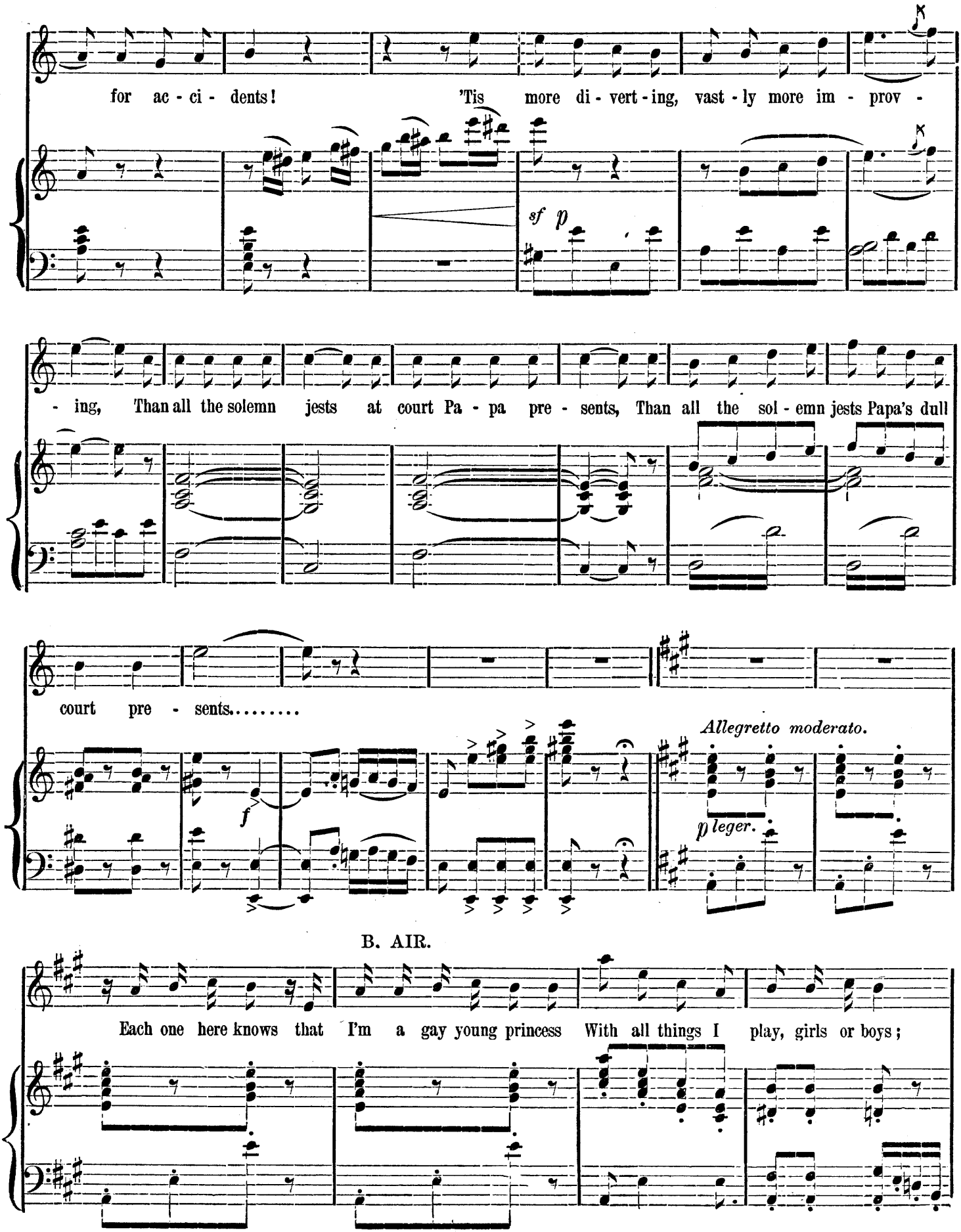
(*After the chorus the Infanta enters, accompanied by Mariquita and Alvarez, her doll maker, who brings several puppets, fixed upon sticks, and holds others in his hands.*)

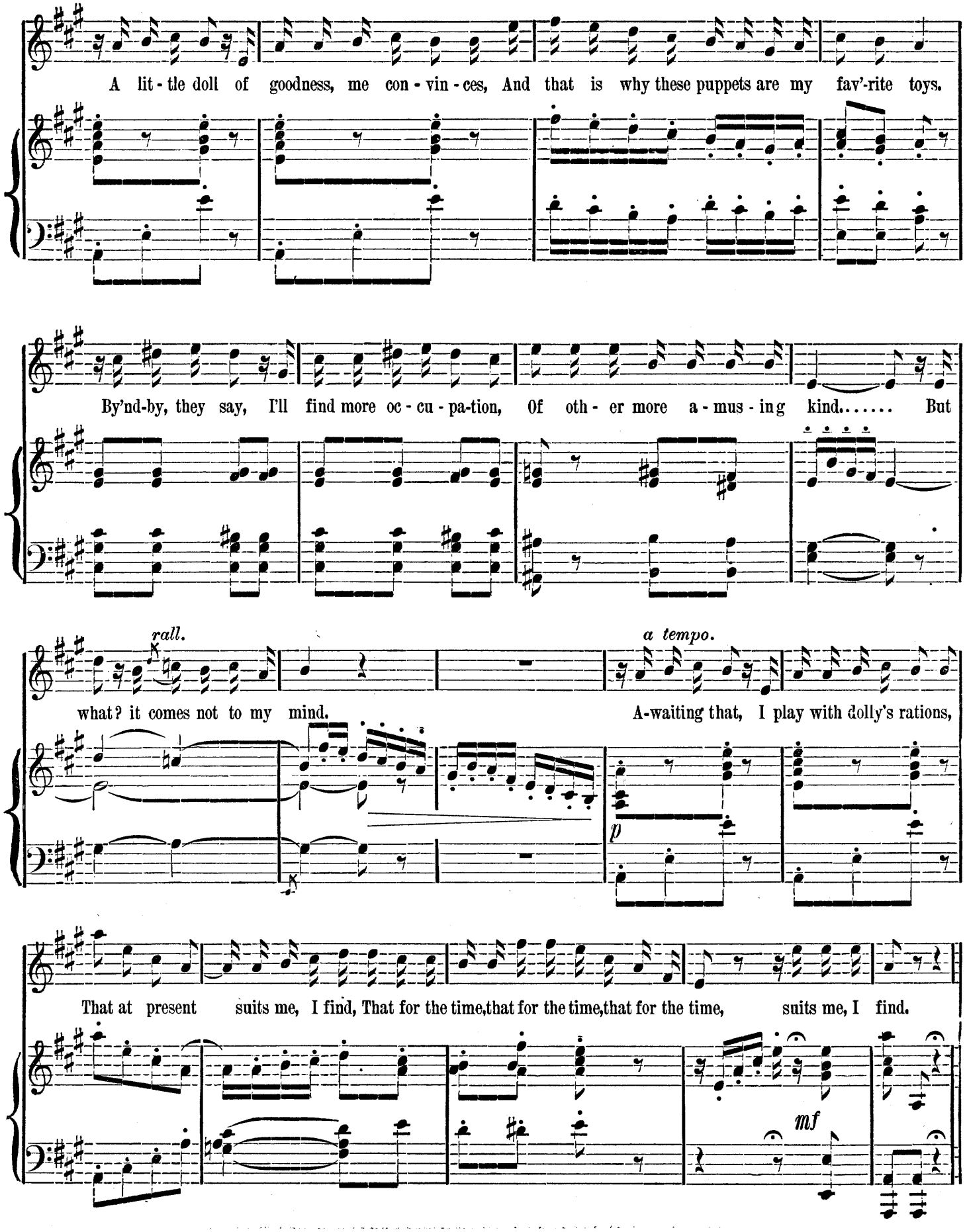


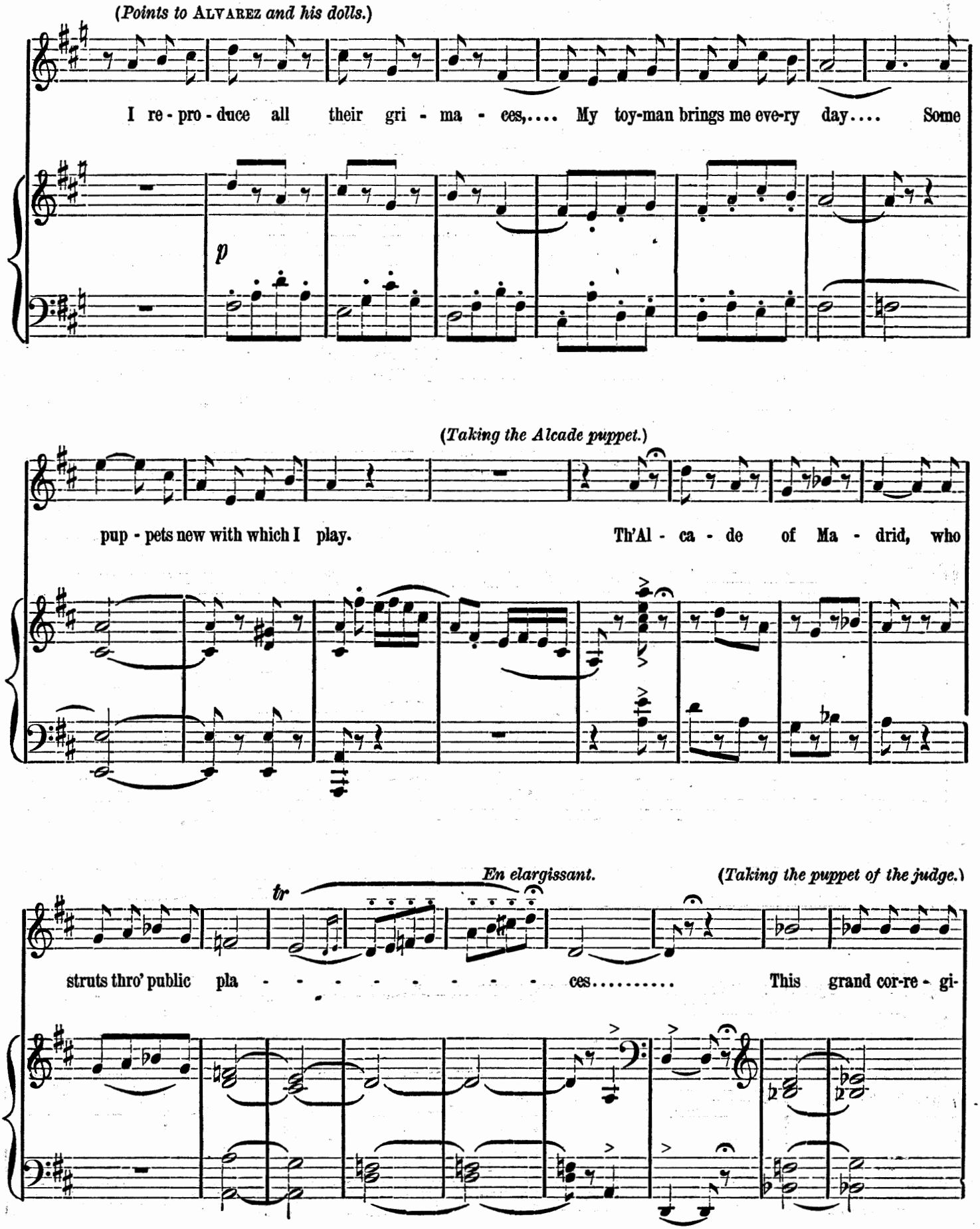
Allegretto.

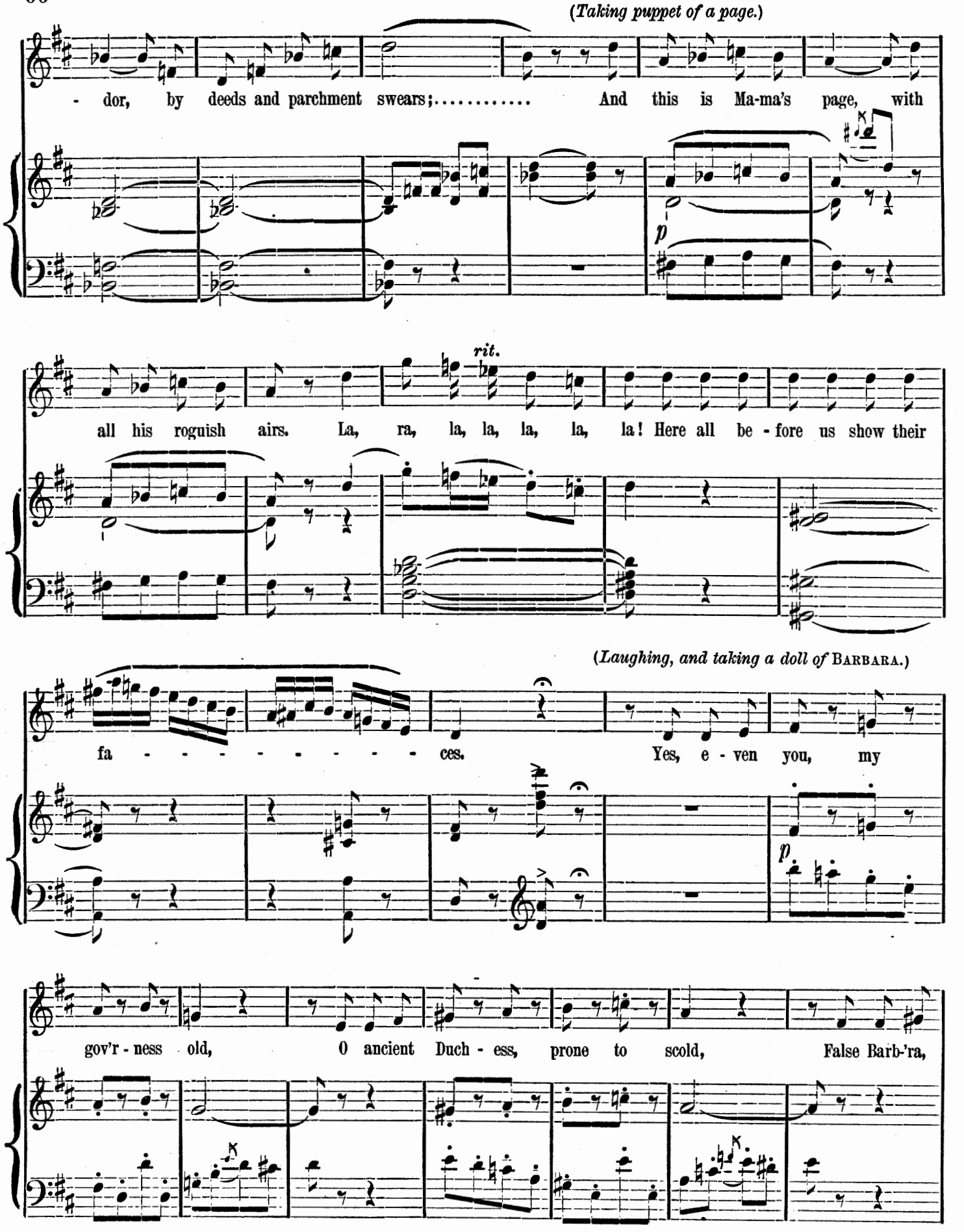
MAR. (*entering.*)

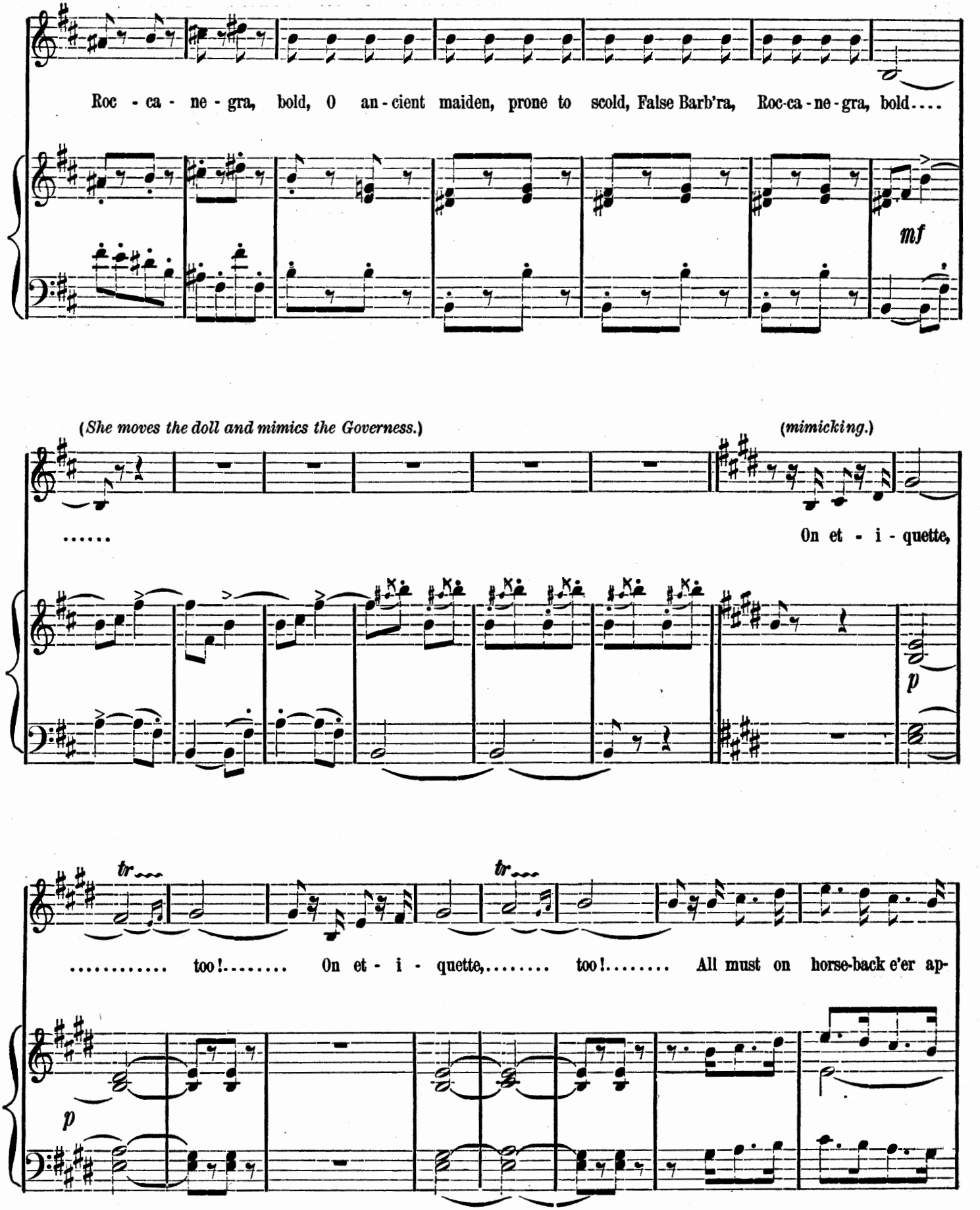


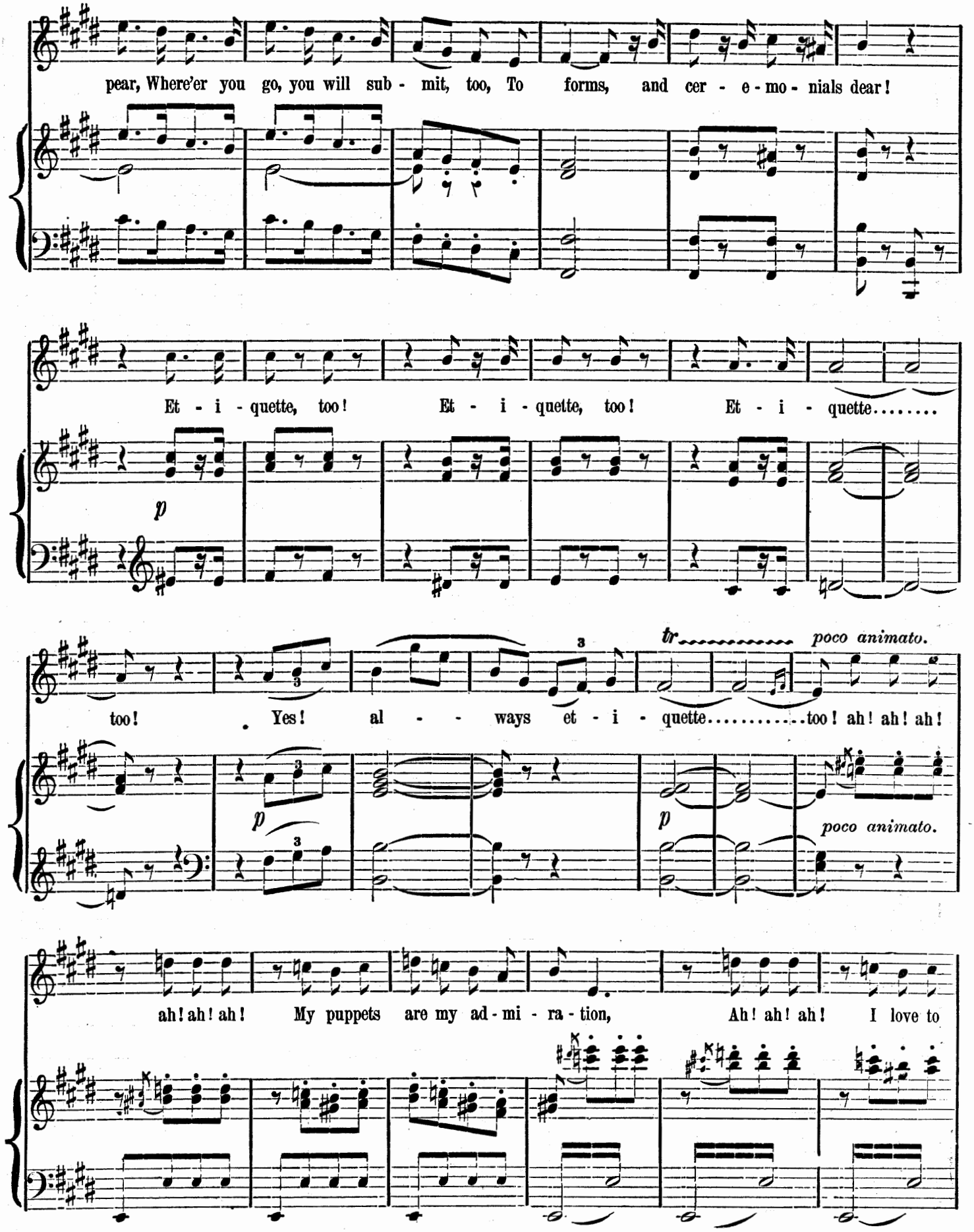

for ac - ci - dents! 'Tis more di - vert - ing, vast - ly more im - prov -
sf p
- ing, Than all the solemn jests at court Pa - pa pre - sents, Than all the sol - emn jests Papa's dull
court pre - sents.....
Allegretto moderato.
f
p leger.
B. AIR.
Each one here knows that I'm a gay young princess With all things I play, girls or boys;

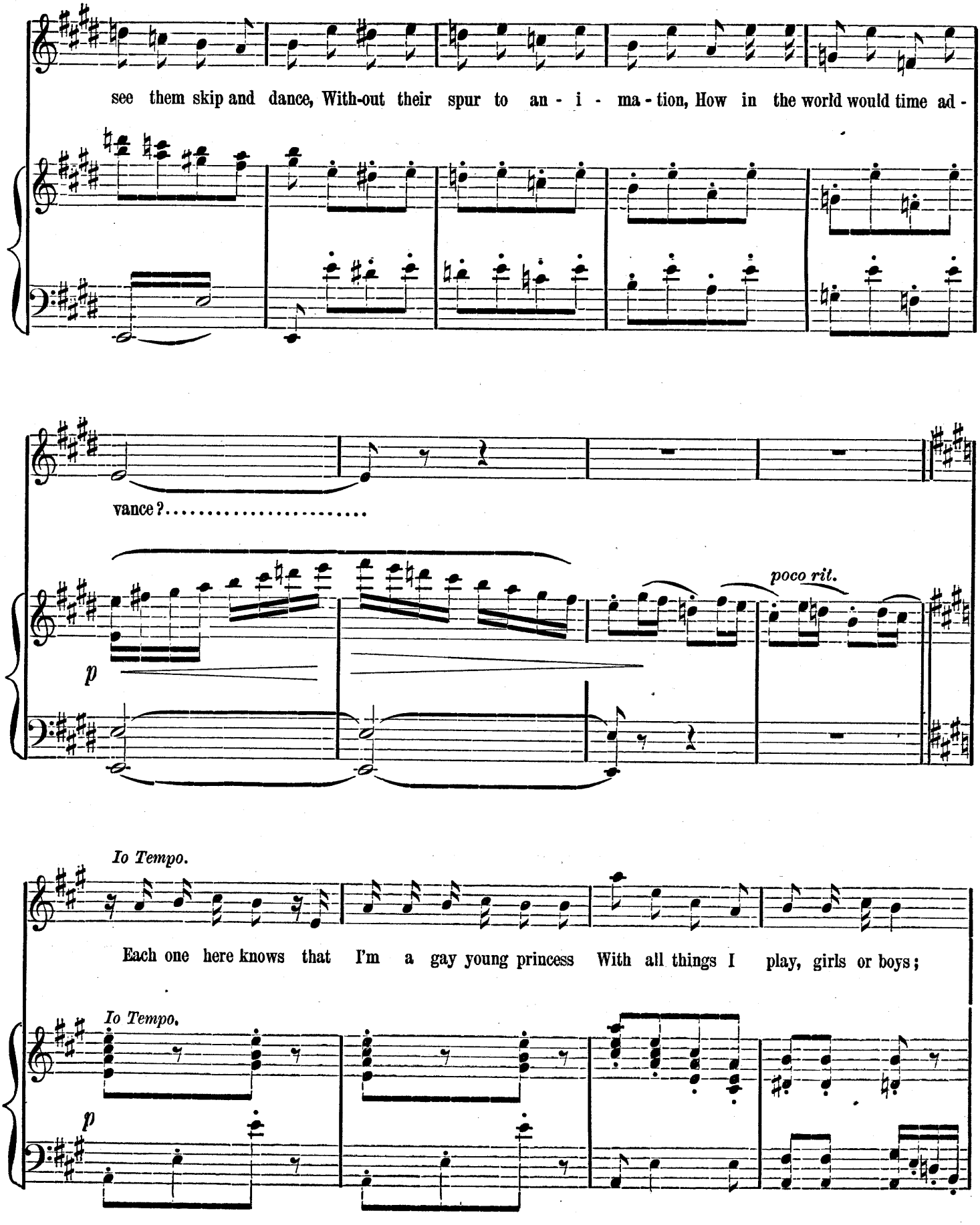

A lit - tle doll of goodness, me con - vin - ces, And that is why these puppets are my fav'-rite toys.
By'nd-by, they say, I'll find more oc - cu - pa-tion, Of oth - er more a - mus - ing kind..... But
rall.
what? it comes not to my mind.
a tempo.
A-waiting that, I play with dolly's rations,
p
That at present suits me, I find, That for the time,that for the time,that for the time, suits me, I find.
mf

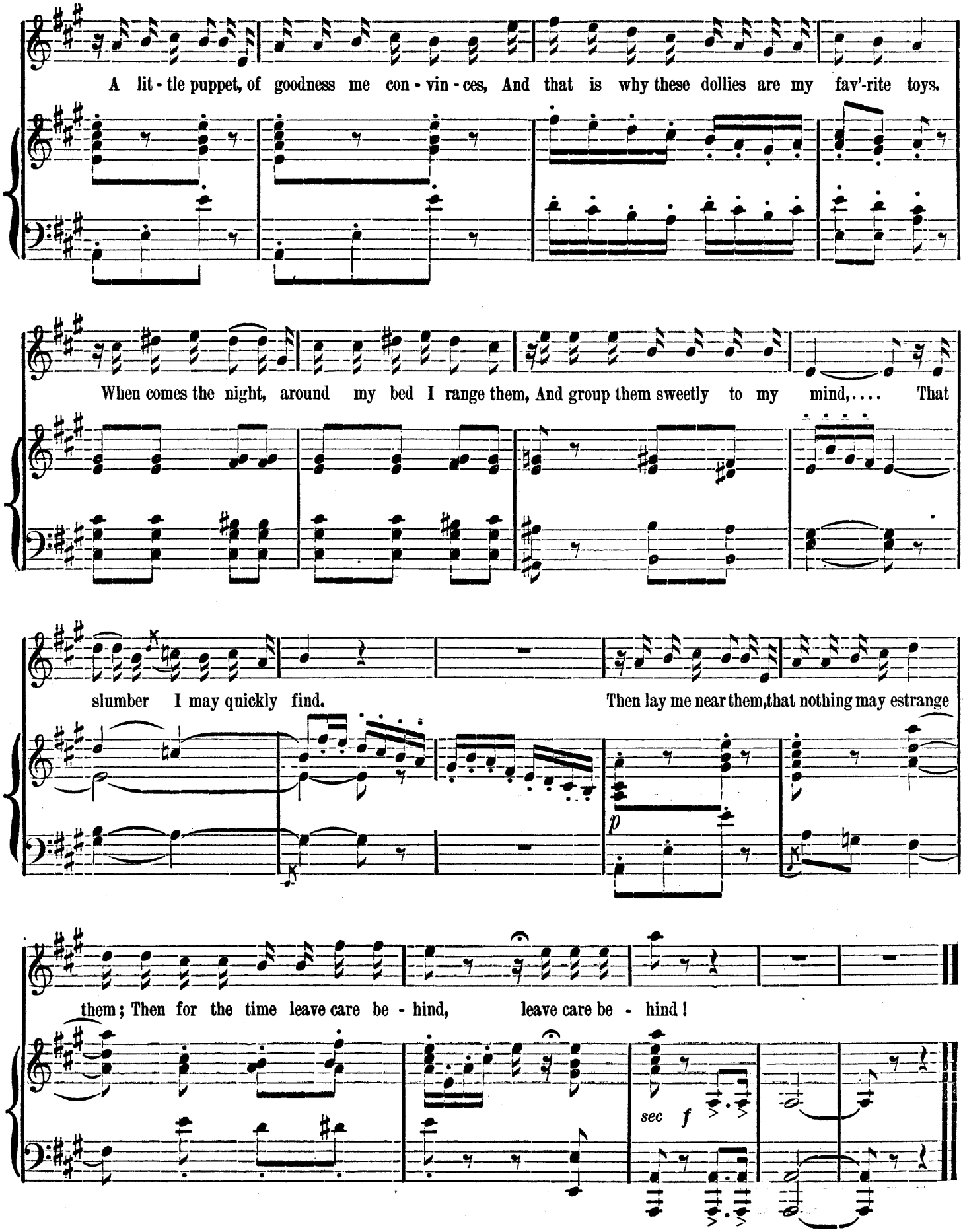

(Points to ALVAREZ and his dolls.)
I re - pro - duce all their gri - ma - ces,.... My toy-man brings me eve-ry day.... Some
p
(Taking the Alcade puppet.)
pup - pets new with which I play. Th'Al - ca - de of Ma - drid, who
En elargissant.
(Taking the puppet of the judge.)
tr
struts thro' public pla - - - - - - - - - ces..... This grand cor-re - gi-


(Taking puppet of a page.)
- dor, by deeds and parchment swears;..... And this is Ma-ma's page, with
p
rit.
all his roguish airs. La, ra, la, la, la, la, la! Here all be - fore us show their
(Laughing, and taking a doll of BARBARA.)
fa - - - - - - - - - ces. Yes, e - ven you, my
p
gov'r - ness old, O ancient Duch - ess, prone to scold, False Barb-'ra,


Roc - ca - ne - gra, bold, O an - cient maiden, prone to scold, False Barb'ra, Roc-ca - ne - gra, bold....
mf
(She moves the doll and mimics the Governess.)
(mimicking.)
.....
On et - i - quette,
p
tr
tr
..... too!..... On et - i - quette,..... too!..... All must on horse-back e'er ap-
p


pear, Where'er you go, you will sub - mit, too, To forms, and cer - e - mo - nials dear!
Et - i - quette, too! Et - i - quette, too! Et - i - quette.....
p
too! Yes! al - - ways et - i - quette.....too! ah! ah! ah!
tr
poco animato.
p
p
poco animato.
ah! ah! ah! My puppets are my ad - mi - ra - tion, Ah! ah! ah! I love to

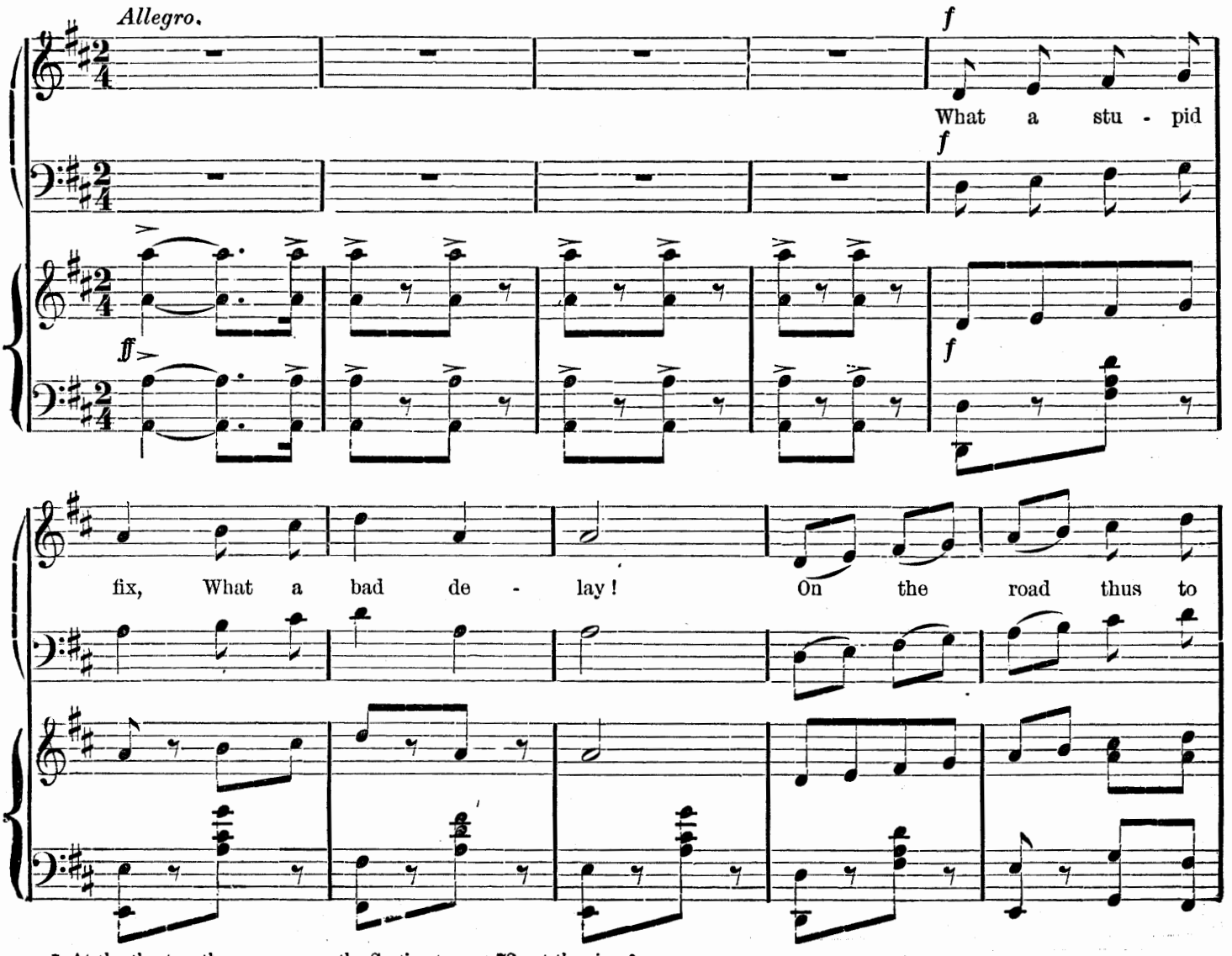

see them skip and dance, With-out their spur to an - i - ma - tion, How in the world would time ad -
vance?.....
poco rit.
p
Io Tempo.
Each one here knows that I'm a gay young princess With all things I play, girls or boys;
Io Tempo.
p


A lit - tle puppet, of goodness me con - vin - ces, And that is why these dollies are my fav'-rite toys.
When comes the night, around my bed I range them, And group them sweetly to my mind,.... That
slumber I may quickly find. Then lay me near them,that nothing may estrange
them; Then for the time leave care be - hind, leave care be - hind!
p
sec f

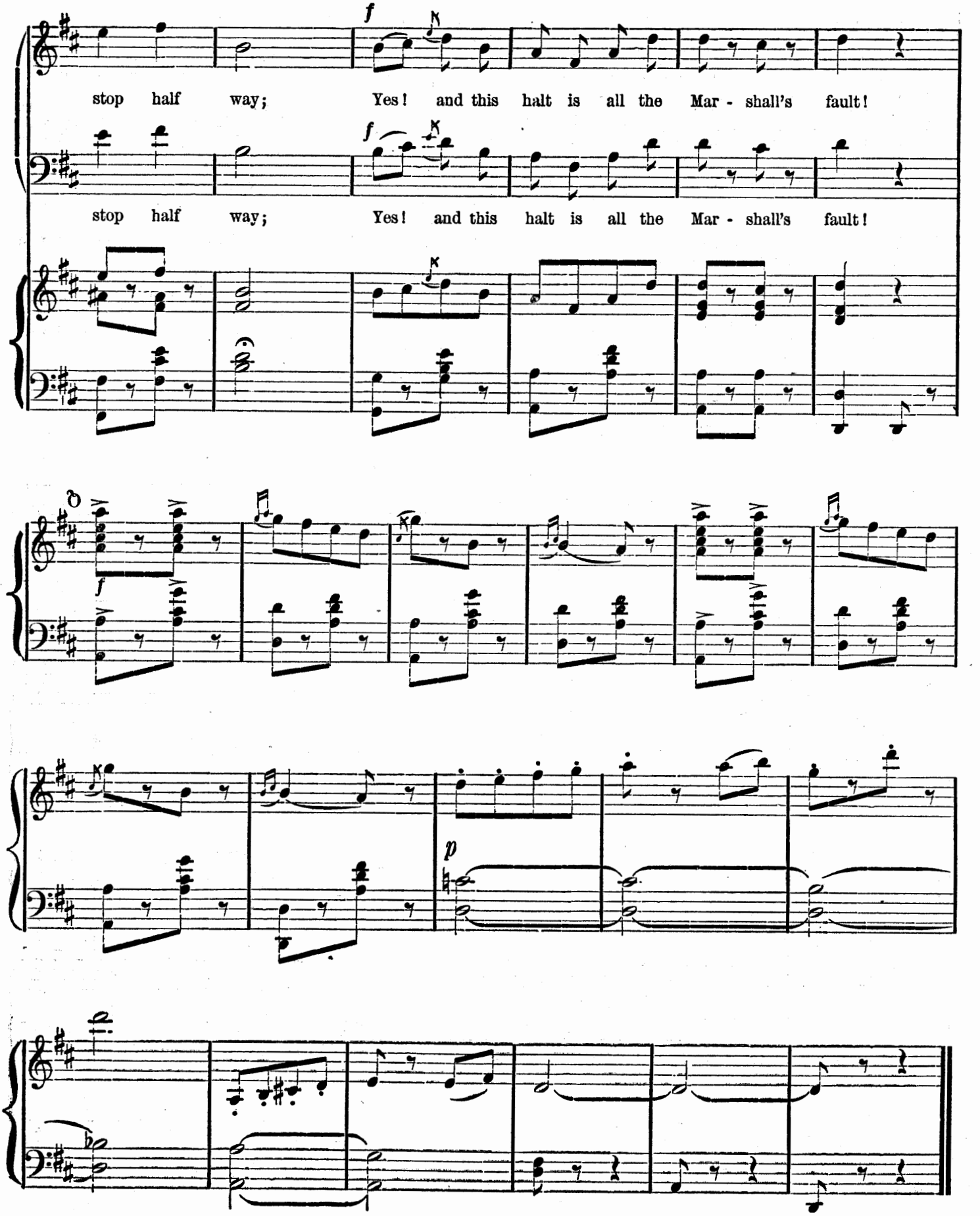
MARIANNA. Alvarez!
ALVAREZ. Madame?
MAR. My brave toy-maker, you must distinguish yourself at the court of France!
ALV. At the court of France? Ah, Princess! There I shall be no longer of service to you! You will have other dolls—living puppets—and you will say to me, "Good bye, my old Alvarez! Go travel: I have no more need of you!" And then, old Alvarez, who has known you from a baby, who has danced you upon his knees, dressed and curled you like his dolls, will return alone, plant his cabbages in Spain, and you will think of him no more!
MAR. Ah, yes, yes! You will have charge of the ministers!
ALV. (*Happy*) Truely, highness? You will still need me? Oh! then I will make you all the puppets you wish—the Cardinal, the King himself!
BAR. How—the King? And etiquette?
MAR. Oh, no! Louis XV. is no older than I am. I really hope we shall play dolls together!
VIR. (*To* BARBARA.) Tell me, governess?
BAR. What would you, Monsieur the Ambassador?
VIR. It seems to me they will have something more agreeable to do, when they are married!
BAR. (*Drily.*) Don't understand!
VIR. (*Aside.*) Nor do I!
MARIQUITA. See here, Highness, I think we shall amuse ourselves greatly in France. They say it is so gay—the Court of Versailles!
BAR. (*To whom* JOSEFA *comes and whispers.*) Ah, Highness, that woman tells me that the collation awaits us For my part, I avow that I am not sorry. There are two things we should never neglect when travelling—etiquette and nourishment. Will you come?
MAR. Can I not rest here? I am not hungry.
VIR. (*Advancing and bowing.*) May I beg that her Highness will grant me a moment's audience?
BAR. Monsieur, we are still in Spain, and her highness is under my guard.
VIR. State reasons, Madame the Duchess.
MAR. State reasons—you understand, Madame?
BAR. Be it so; but your Highness will allow me to protest, and——
MAR. (*Mockingly.*) And go to breakfast! Yes, Duchess. Go on, Messieurs!

WHAT A STUPID FIX!

No. 4 (b). CHORUS OF DEPARTURE.



* At the theatre, they commence the Sortie at page 72, at the sign 𝔇.


f
stop half way; Yes! and this halt is all the Mar - shall's fault!
f
stop half way; Yes! and this halt is all the Mar - shall's fault!
f
p

VIR. Please your highness to excuse me——

MAR. How happy I am to see the country! You cannot understand that—you, monsieur the count! But I—I have never left the Escurial, except in a carriage. And to go where? To church! Thus, this kind of freedom in travelling is happiness!

VIR. As for us, diplomats, we possess a great depth of insight, and if I have asked this audience of your highness——

MAR. (*Dreamily.*) Meanwhile there is a promenade which I recall—it was at the procession of *Corpus Domini.* You were present, I think?

VIR. Yes, highness! I took a bad cold there. The brain of diplomats is very large, and we are more susceptible than others to—

MAR. (*Following her idea.*) In crossing the Mançanaris, I let fall my bouquet—you remember?

VIR. Perfectly. Also, that at that moment a young man fell into the water—he floated between fifteen and sixteen years.

MAR. He did not fall—he threw himself over to save my bouquet. I wished them to stop the carriage, but Madame Etiquette was there, and I could not learn if the young man——

VIR. He should have drowned, to justify the Mançanaris. (*Aside.*) They are so proud, these Spaniards!

MAR. Monsieur, I should be inconsolable——

VIR. Your highness has an admirable heart; thus I think the moment is well chosen to tell her——

MAR. Since that time, I have met him no more!

VIR. Called by the confidence of my sovereign (*bowing*), to the honor of bringing with him from Spain his noble bride——

MAR. I am of your advice——

VIR. Your highness overpowers me!

MAR. He must not be more than sixteen years old.

VIR. 'Tis an honorable age. I well believe that your highness, when she shall see my king, her noble husband, will let fall from her royal lips a word in favor of the most humble of her servants, and that the ribbon of the order——

MAR. For that young man? But you don't know him.

VIR. In fact, I do not know him; but as it does not concern him at all——

MAR. Would *you* have thrown yourself into the river, monsieur the count?

VIR. Highness, the high functions that I occupy, only allow me to throw myself into the fire for her who will be my queen!

MAR. I shall not forget that, in case of a conflagration!

VIR. Oh, thanks, highness! But must I wait for an accident of this kind before the ribbon of the order——

MAR. No, Monsieur. And when I shall see the King, Louis XV.—

VIR. Oh, highness, how charming! I'll go and busy myself about our departure. (*Goes out back.*)

MAR. Poor young man! And I have never been able to thank him! But something tells me I shall see him again!

(MEDINA *enters. The* INFANTA *turns, he salutes her; she wishes to pass. He stops her.*)

MED. That is she! One word!

MAR. (*Haughtily.*) What wish you with me?

MED. First—to tell you that you are charming!

MAR. Insolent! Make way there!

MED. Stay, my pretty child! Do not charge beautiful eyes with such redoubtable lightnings! My name is Medina.

MAR. A fine name, Señor! I think that in your family they do not insult ladies!

MED. Insult you! I? Is it insulting you to say that you are handsome—that I adore you? I am rich, and will attach diamonds to your ears and pearls to your neck!

MAR. Señor Medina, you are a coward!

MED. A coward? It is you who insult me!

MAR. If you come one step nearer, I will cry out, and you will bitterly repent your audacity!

MED. That threat decides me. You shall not leave here without giving me a kiss! (MANOEL *appears at back.*)

FORGIVE! TO INTERUPT YOU.

No. 5. TRIO OF THE PROVOCATION.

MANOEL. *Allegretto.*

For-give!— to in - ter -

Allo. vivo.

8va

f

p

- rupt you makes me feel un - pleas - - ant, But you your man-ly way so del - i - cate-ly

take, That I shall be quite charmed to learn of you at pres - ent, How young la - dies to

rall.

MED.

greet, both with gal-lant-ry and ea - sy grace. I shall tru-ly be glad..... such as - sist-ance to

suivez.

p

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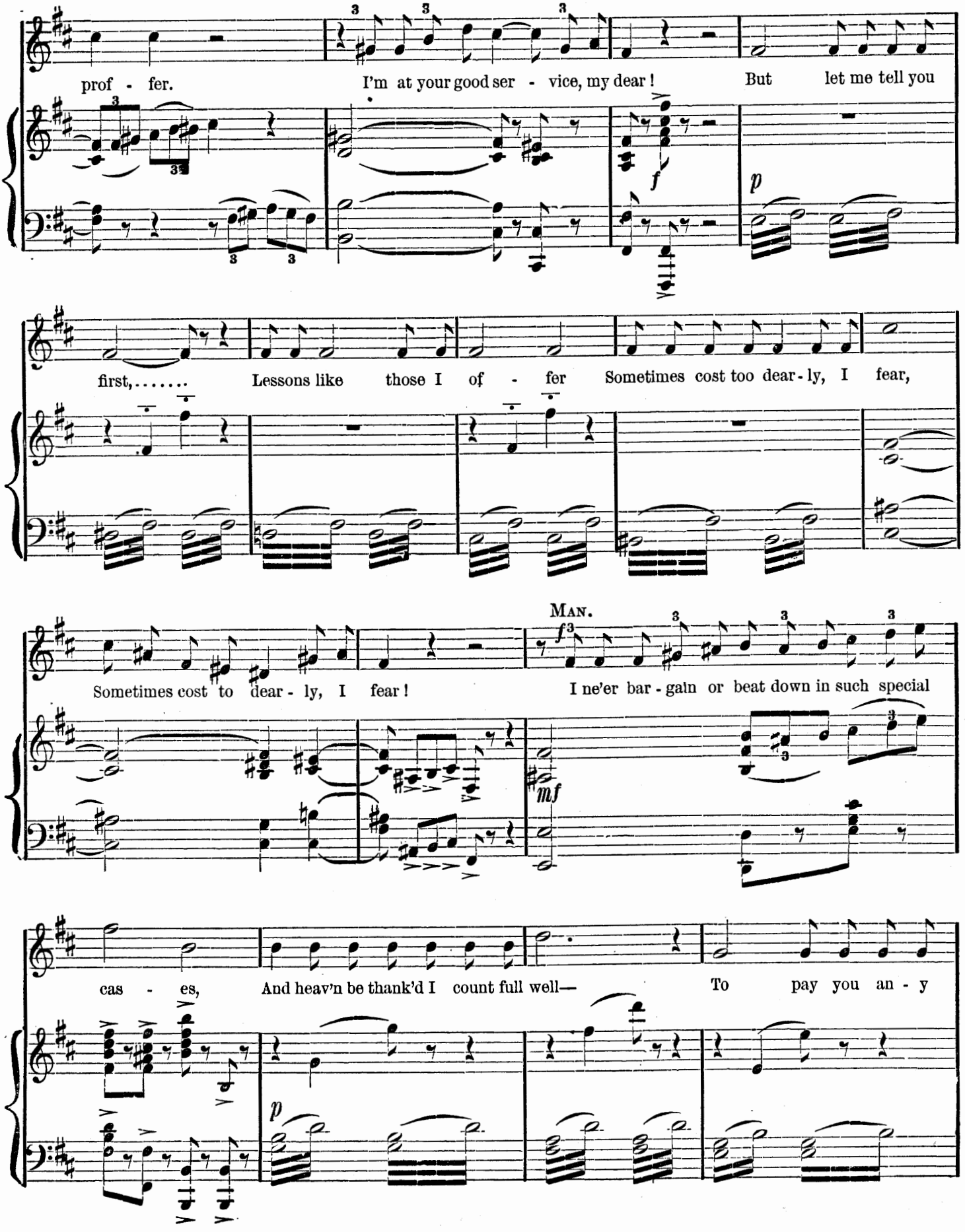
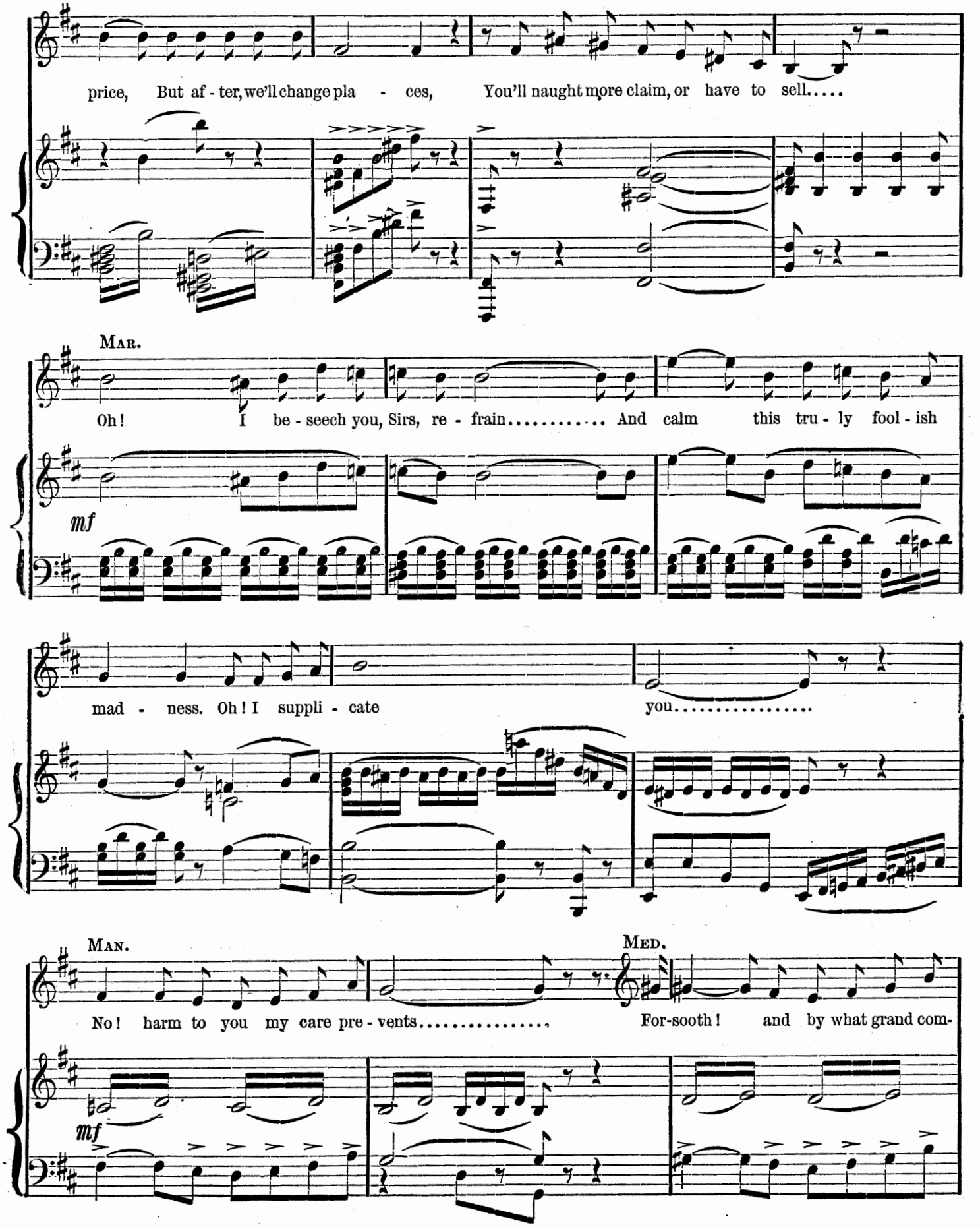
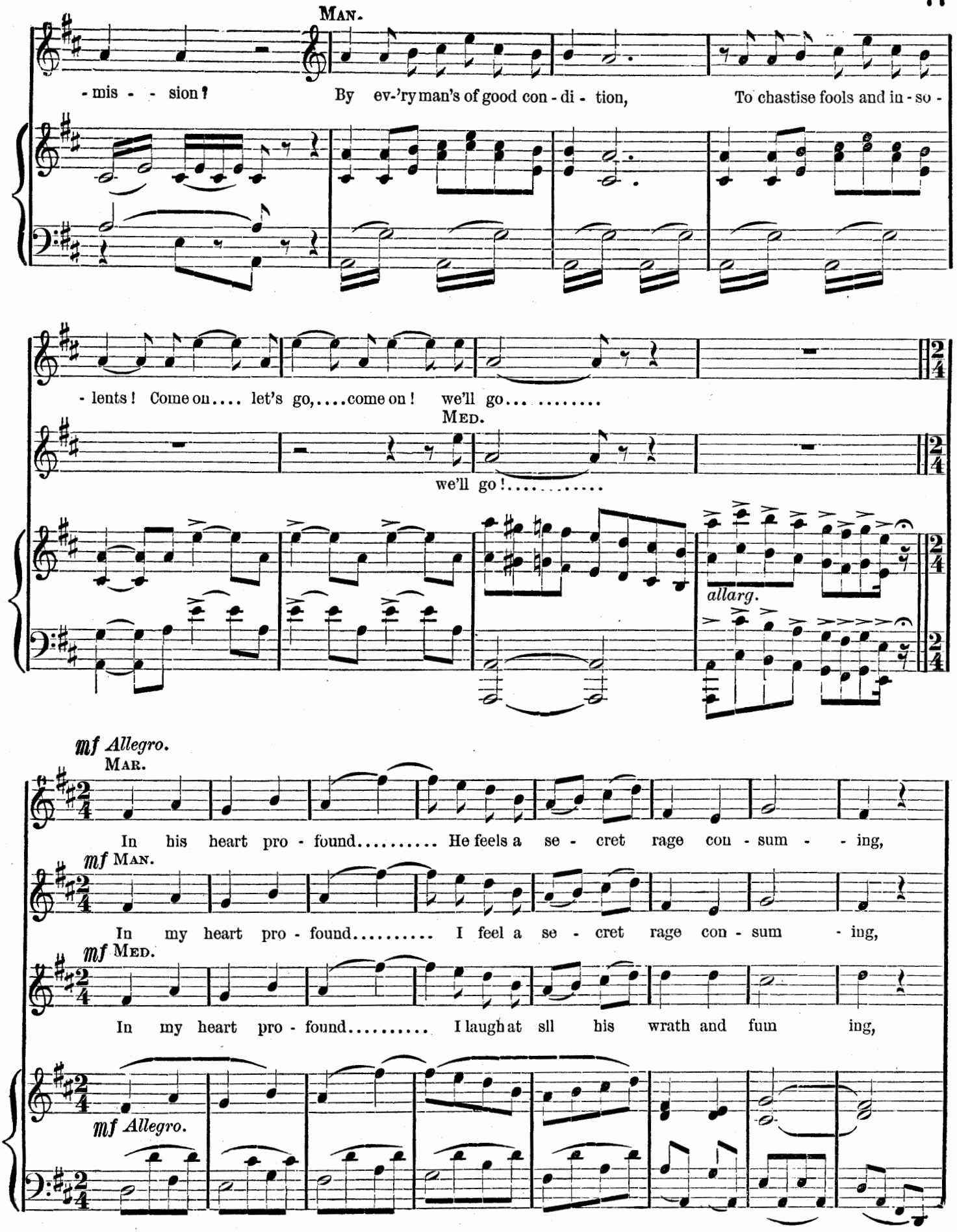
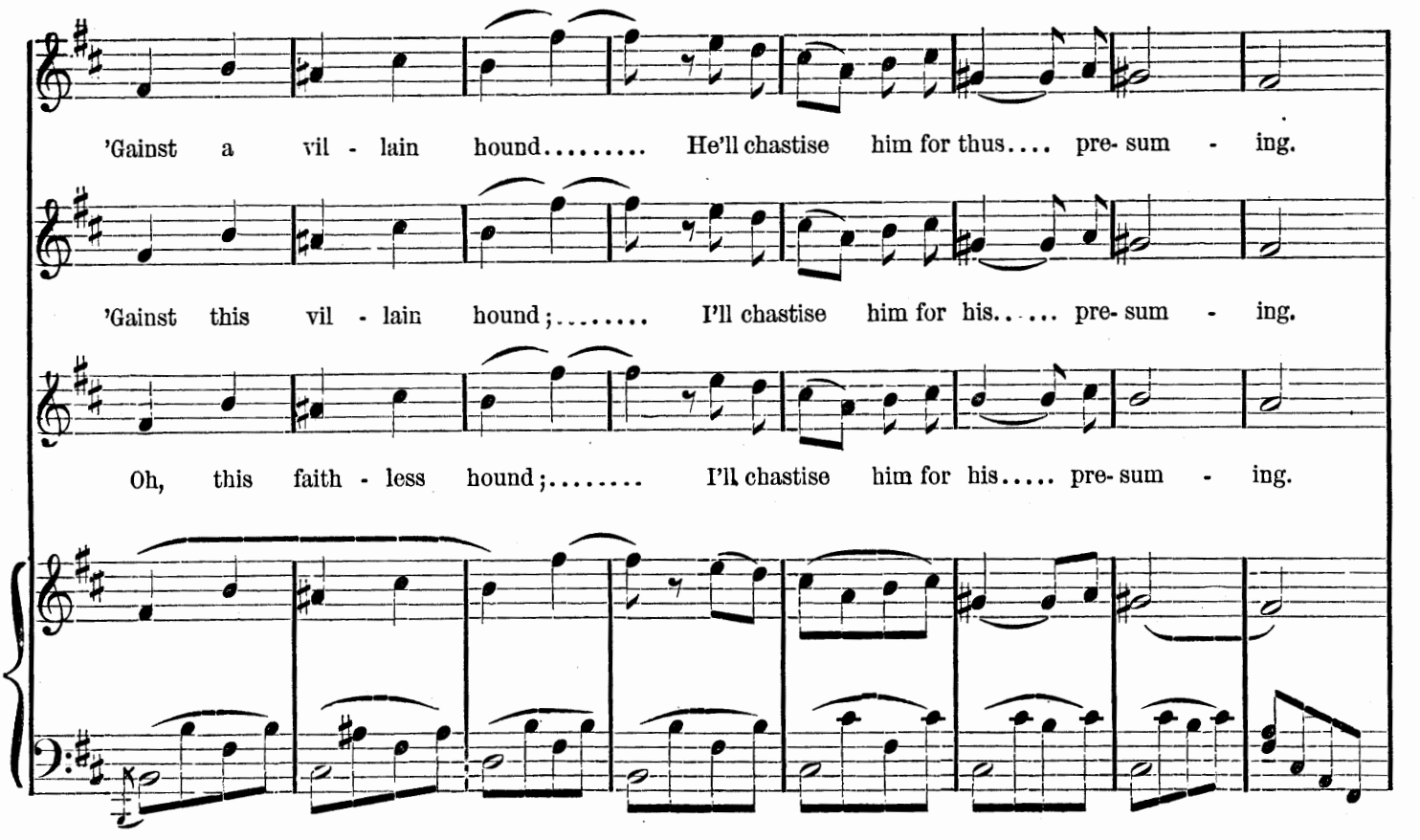
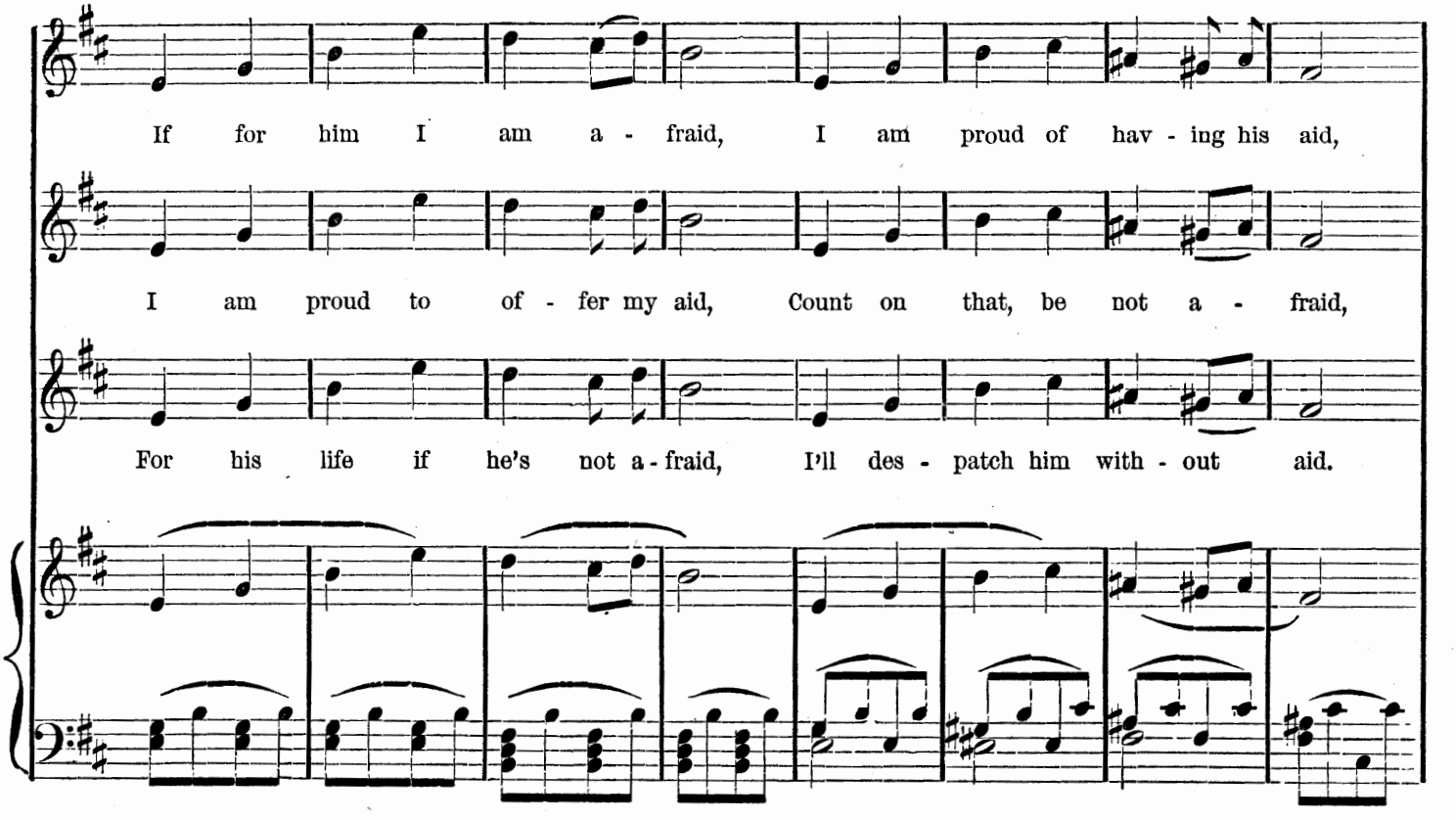
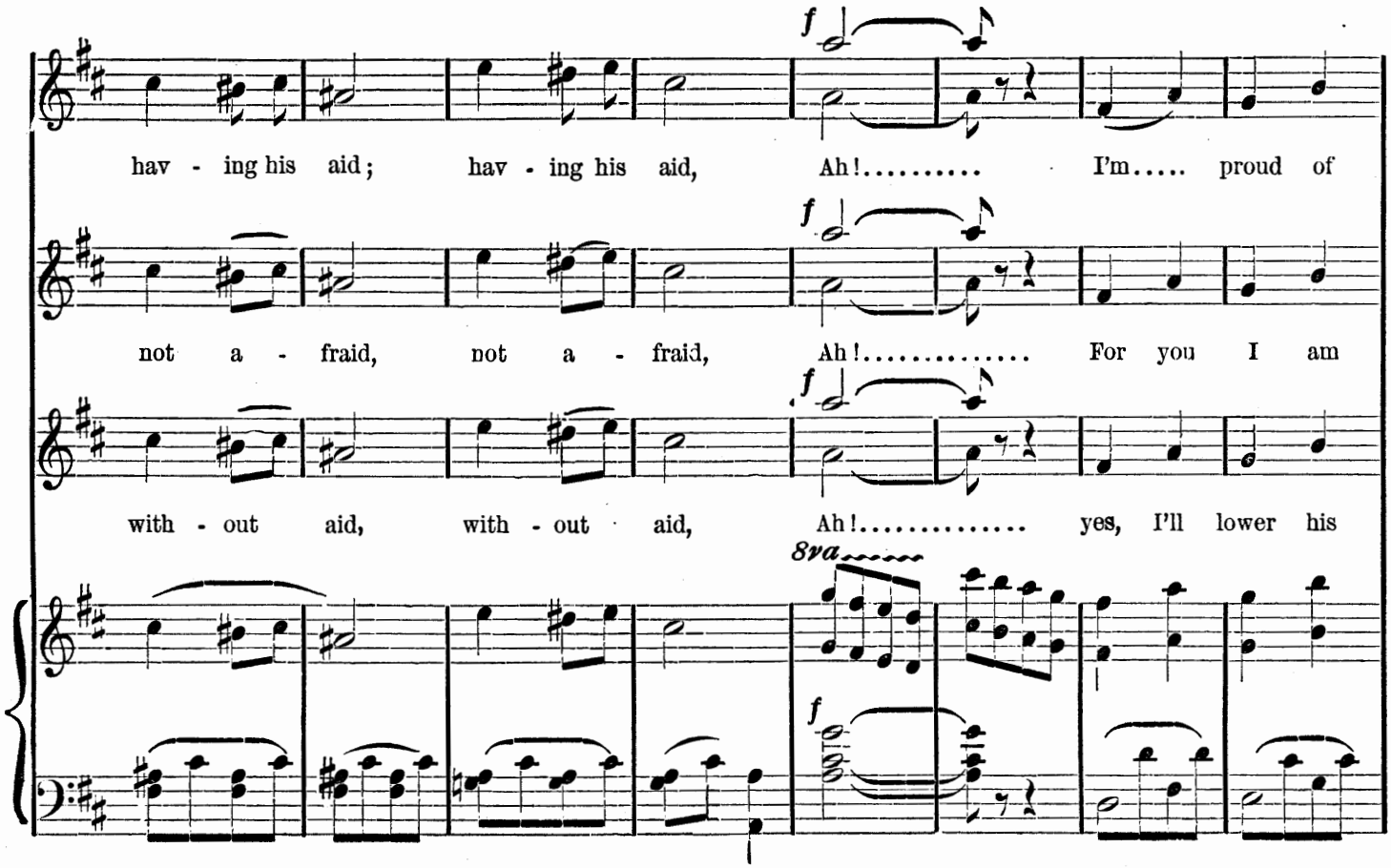

prof - fer.
I'm at your good ser - vice, my dear!
But let me tell you
first,.....
Lessons like those I of - fer
Sometimes cost too dear - ly, I fear,
Sometimes cost to dear - ly, I fear!
MAN.
I ne'er bar - gain or beat down in such special
cas - es,
And heav'n be thank'd I count full well—
To pay you an - y

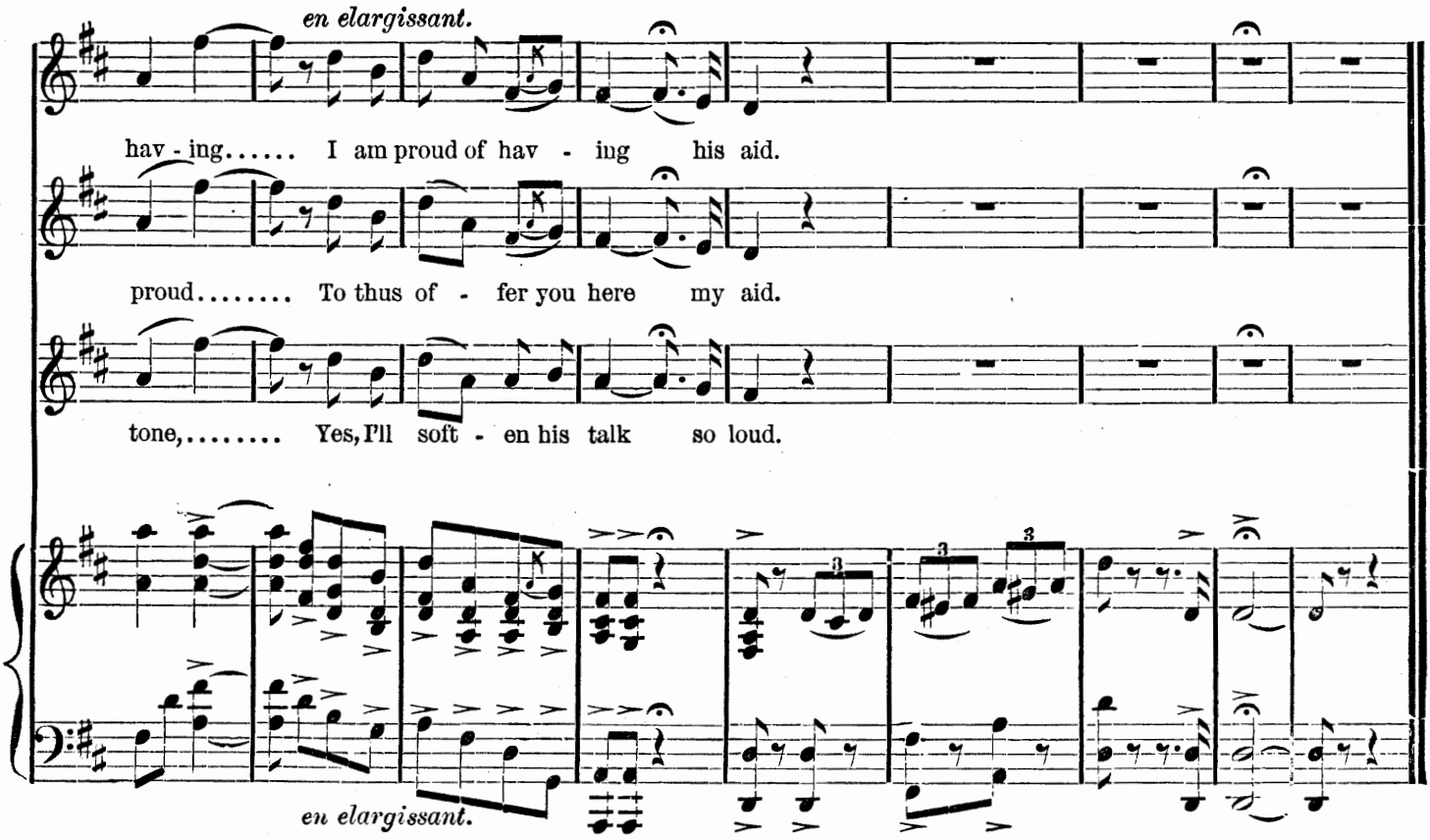

price, But af - ter, we'll change pla - ces, You'll naught more claim, or have to sell.....
MAR.
Oh! I be - seech you, Sirs, re - frain..... And calm this tru - ly fool - ish
mf
mad - ness. Oh! I suppli - cate you.....
MAN.
MED.
No! harm to you my care pre - vents..... For-sooth! and by what grand com-
mf

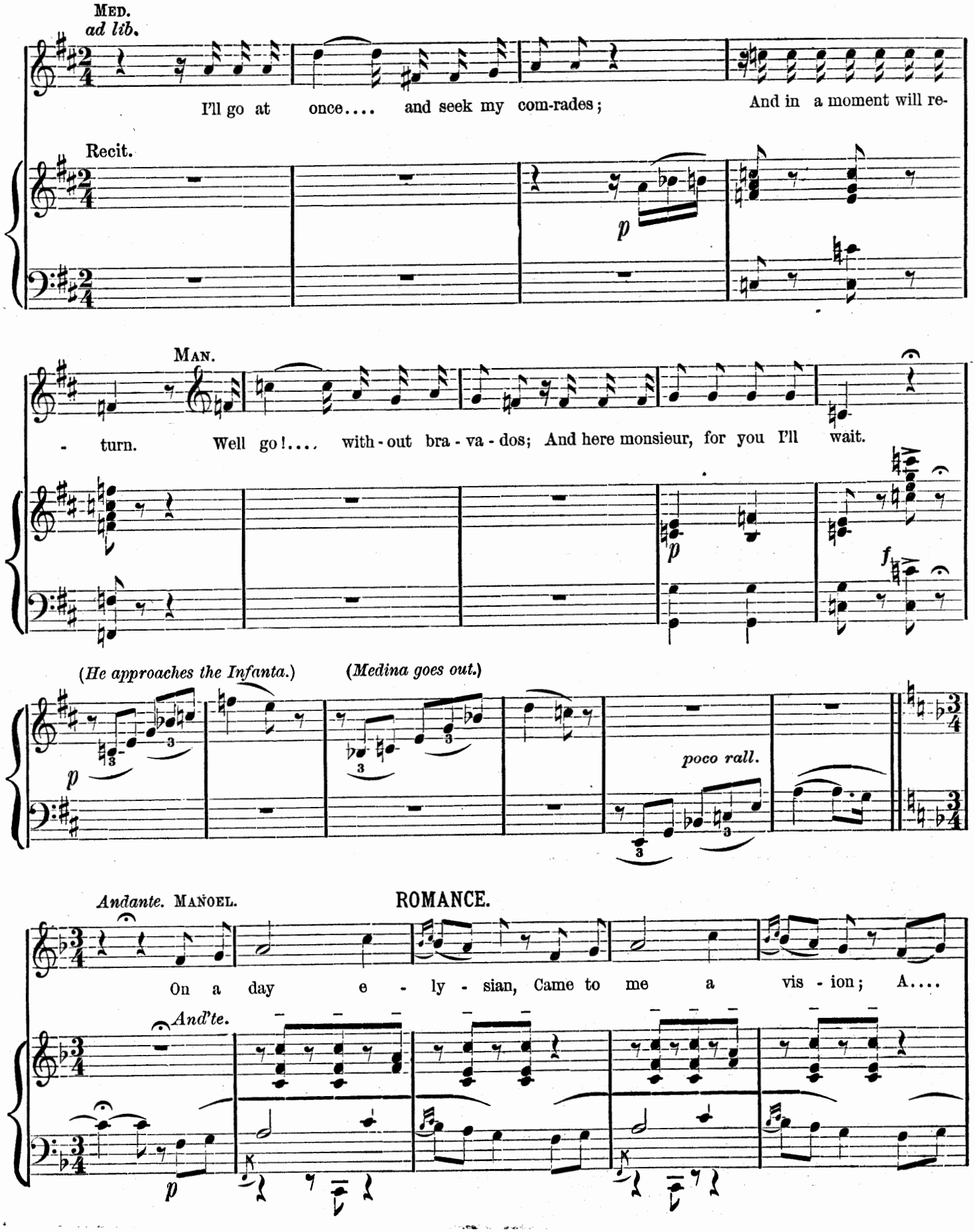

MAN.
- mis - - sion?
By ev-'ry man's of good con - di - tion,
To chastise fools and in - so -
- lents! Come on.... let's go,....come on! we'll go.....
MED.
we'll go!.....
allarg.
mf Allegro.
MAR.
In his heart pro - found..... He feels a se - cret rage con - sum - - ing,
mf MAN.
In my heart pro - found..... I feel a se - cret rage con - sum - ing,
mf MED.
In my heart pro - found..... I laugh at sll his wrath and fum ing,
mf Allegro.

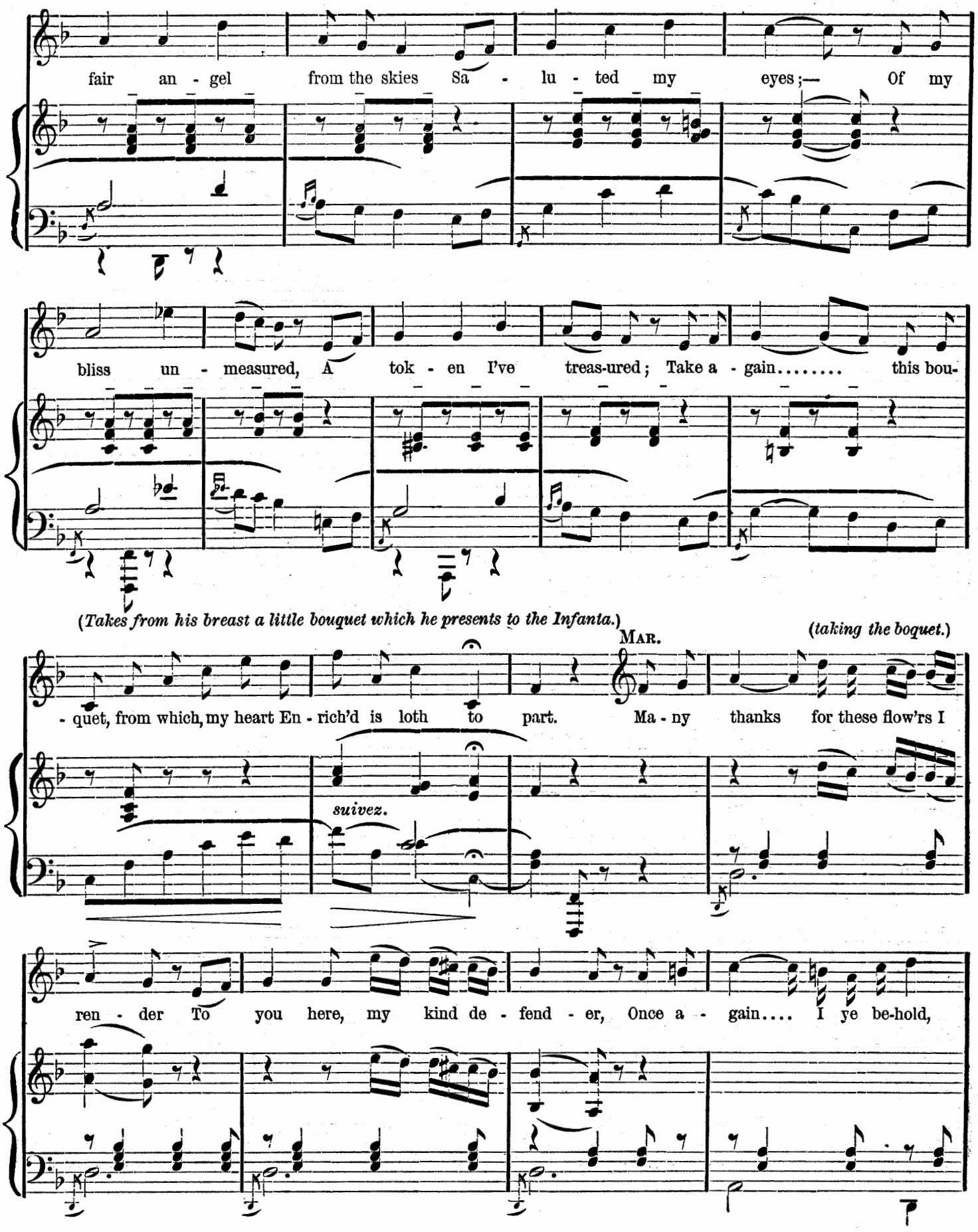

'Gainst a vil - lain hound..... He'll chastise him for thus.... pre- sum - ing.
'Gainst this vil - lain hound;..... I'll chastise him for his..... pre- sum - ing.
Oh, this faith - less hound;..... I'll chastise him for his..... pre- sum - ing.

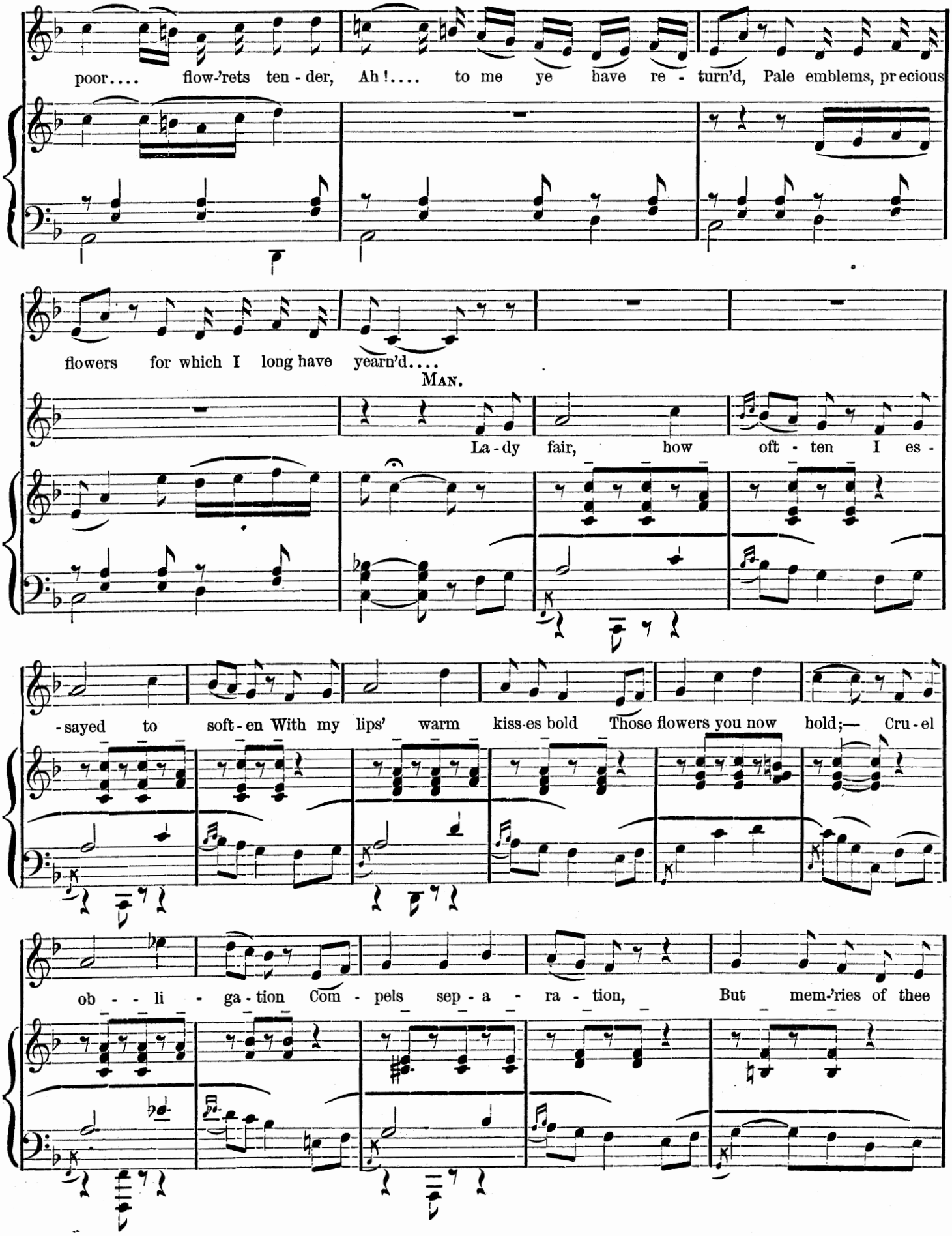

If for him I am a - fraid, I am proud of hav - ing his aid,
I am proud to of - fer my aid, Count on that, be not a - fraid,
For his life if he's not a - fraid, I'll des - patch him with - out aid.

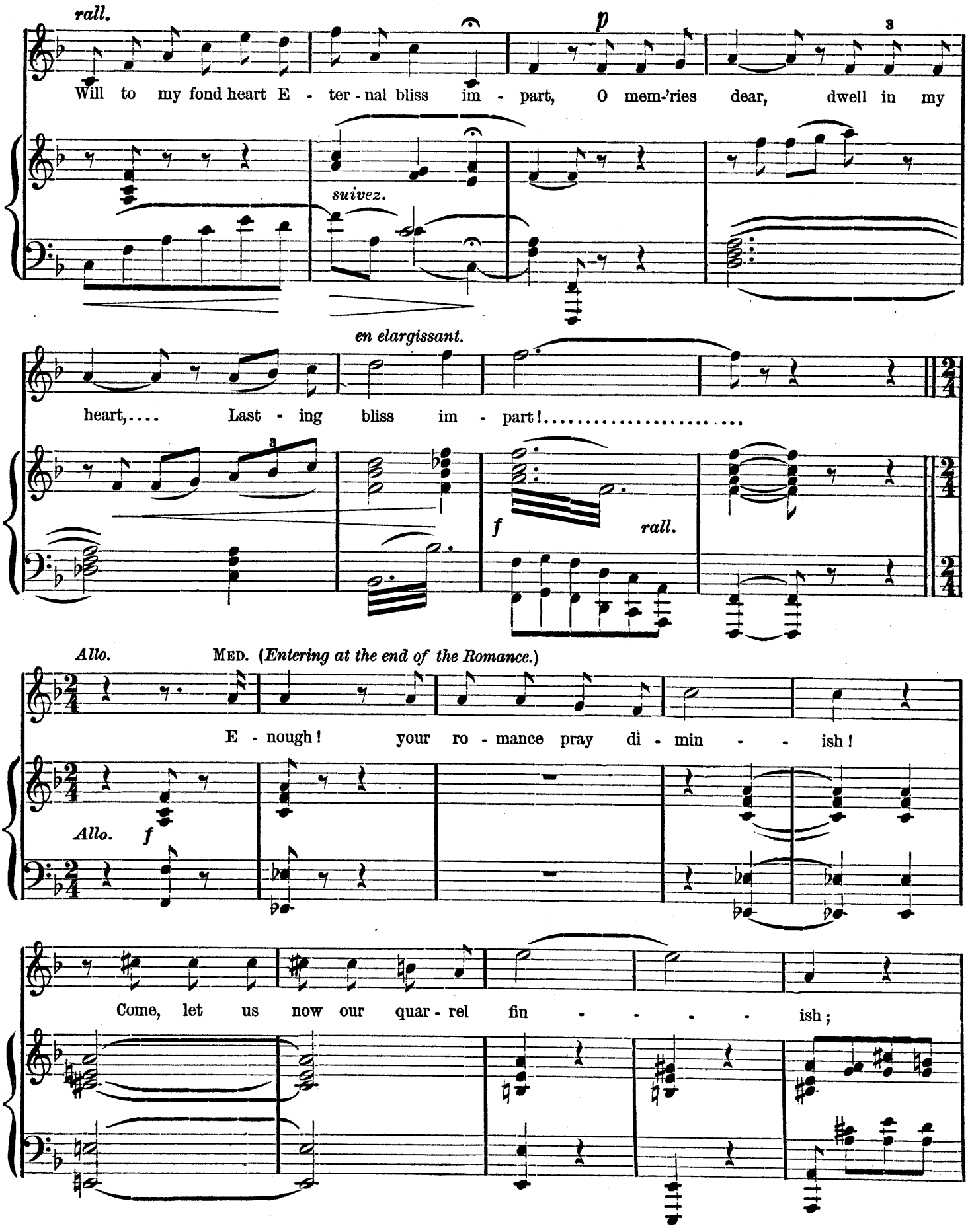

f
hav - ing his aid; hav - ing his aid, Ah!..... I'm..... proud of
f
not a - fraid, not a - fraid, Ah!..... For you I am
f
with - out aid, with - out aid, Ah!..... yes, I'll lower his
8va
f

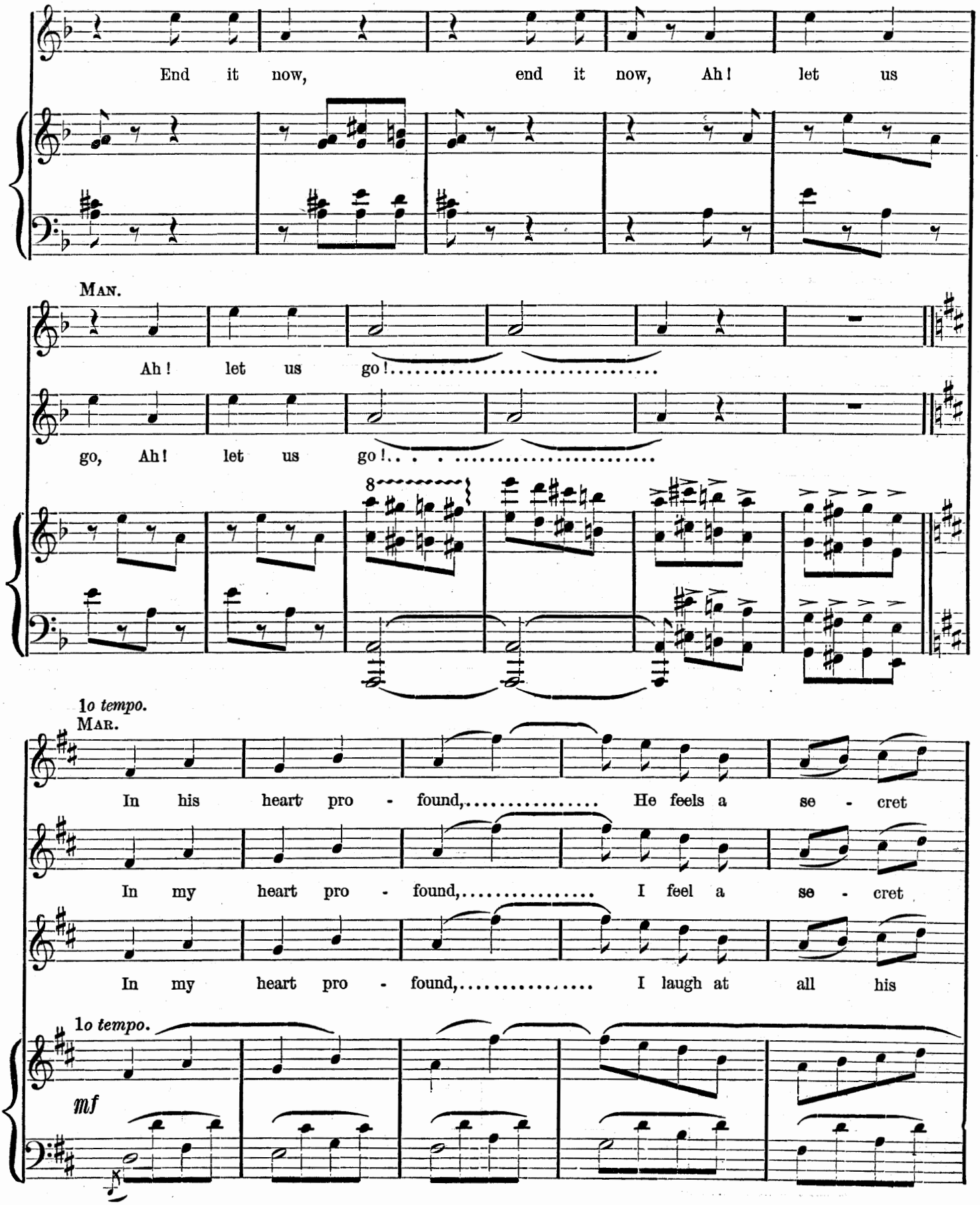

en élargissant.
hav - ing..... I am proud of hav - ing his aid.
proud..... To thus of - fer you here my aid.
tone,..... Yes, I'll soft - en his talk so loud.
en élargissant.

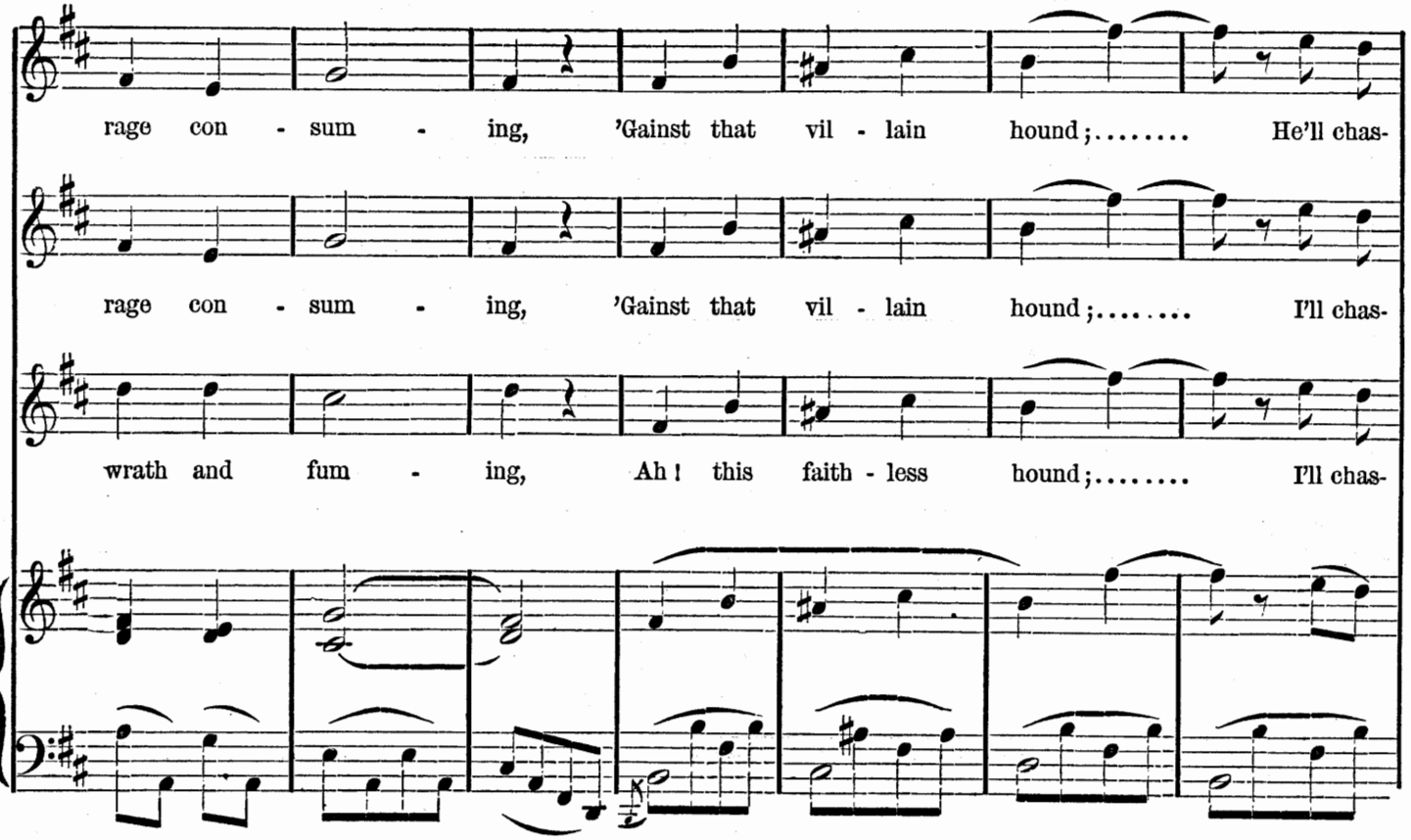

MED.
ad lib.
I'll go at once.... and seek my com-rades; And in a moment will re-
Recit.
p
MAN.
- turn. Well go!.... with-out bra-va-dos; And here monsieur, for you I'll wait.
p
f
(He approaches the Infanta.)
(Medina goes out.)
poco rall.
Andante. MAÑOEL.
ROMANCE.
On a day e-ly-sian, Came to me a vis-ion; A....
And'te.
p

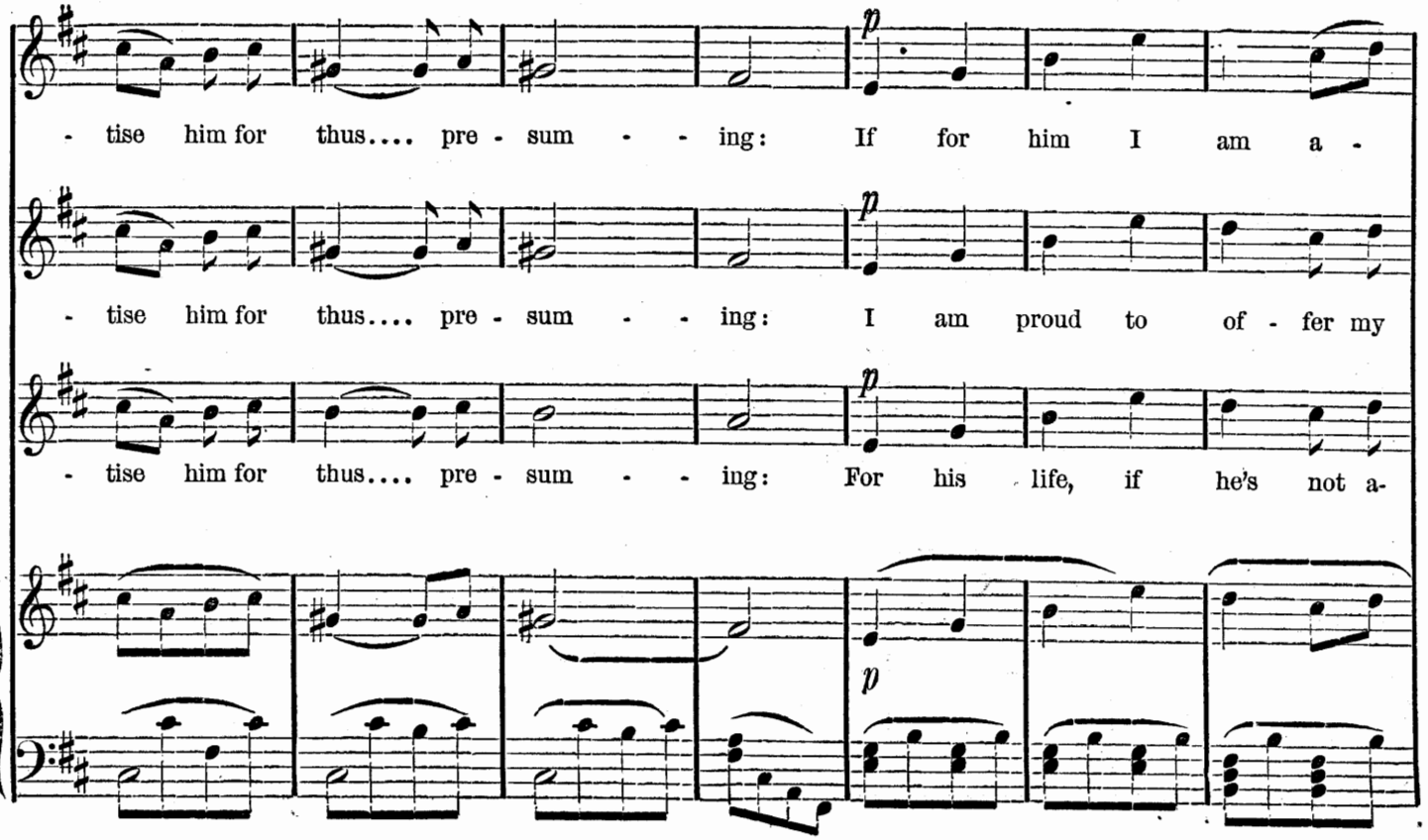

fair an - gel from the skies Sa - lu - ted my eyes;— Of my
bliss un - measured, A tok - en I've treas-ured; Take a - gain..... this bou-
(Takes from his breast a little bouquet which he presents to the Infanta.)
MAR.
(taking the boquet.)
- quet, from which, my heart En - rich'd is loth to part. Ma - ny thanks for these flow'rs I
suivez.
ren - der To you here, my kind de - fend - er, Once a - gain.... I ye be-hold,

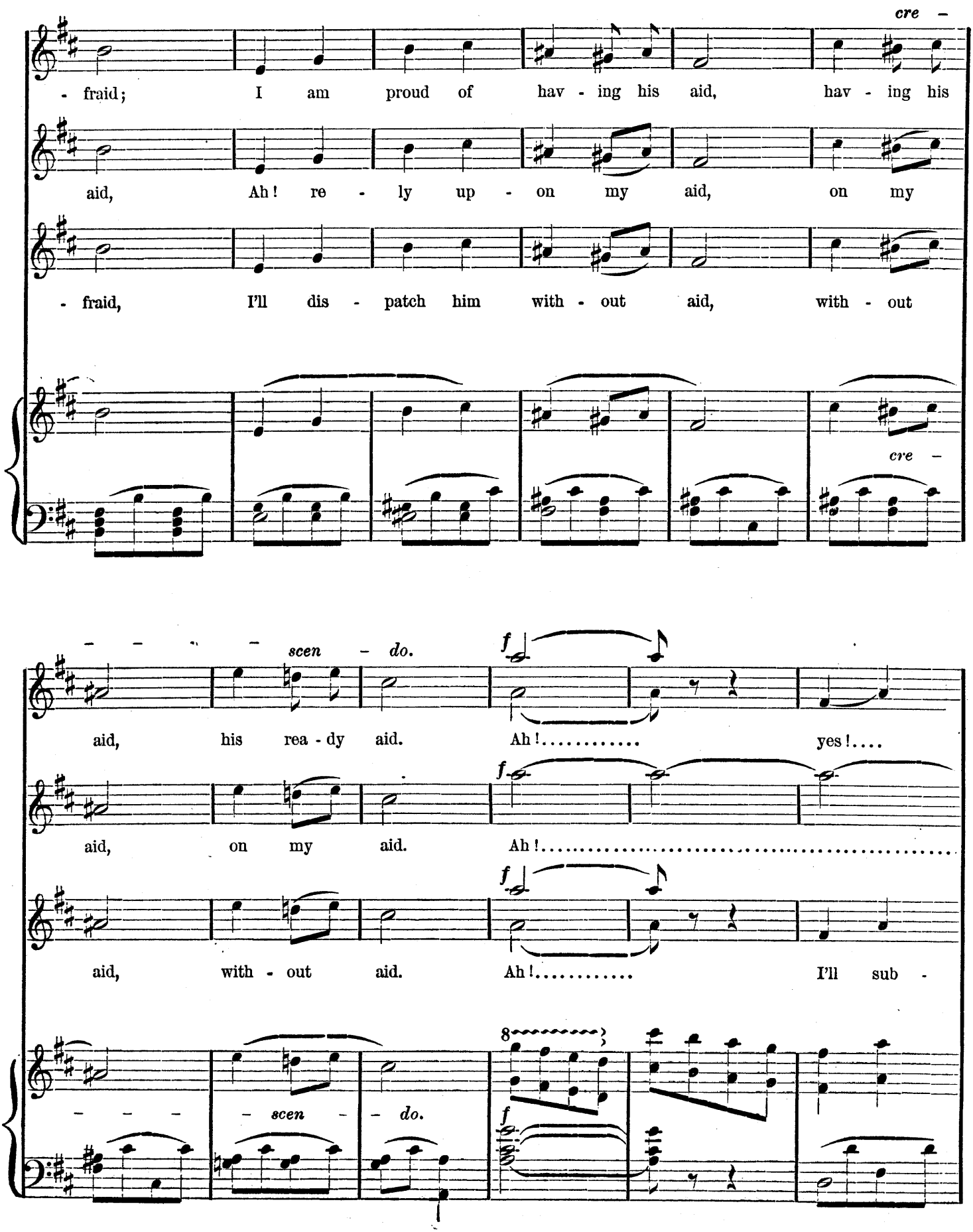

poor.... flow-'rets ten - der, Ah!.... to me ye have re - turn'd, Pale emblems, pr ecious
flowers for which I long have yearn'd....
MAN.
La - dy fair, how oft - ten I es -
- sayed to soft - en With my lips' warm kiss-es bold Those flowers you now hold;— Cru - el
ob - - li - ga - tion Com - pels sep - a - ra - tion, But mem-'ries of thee

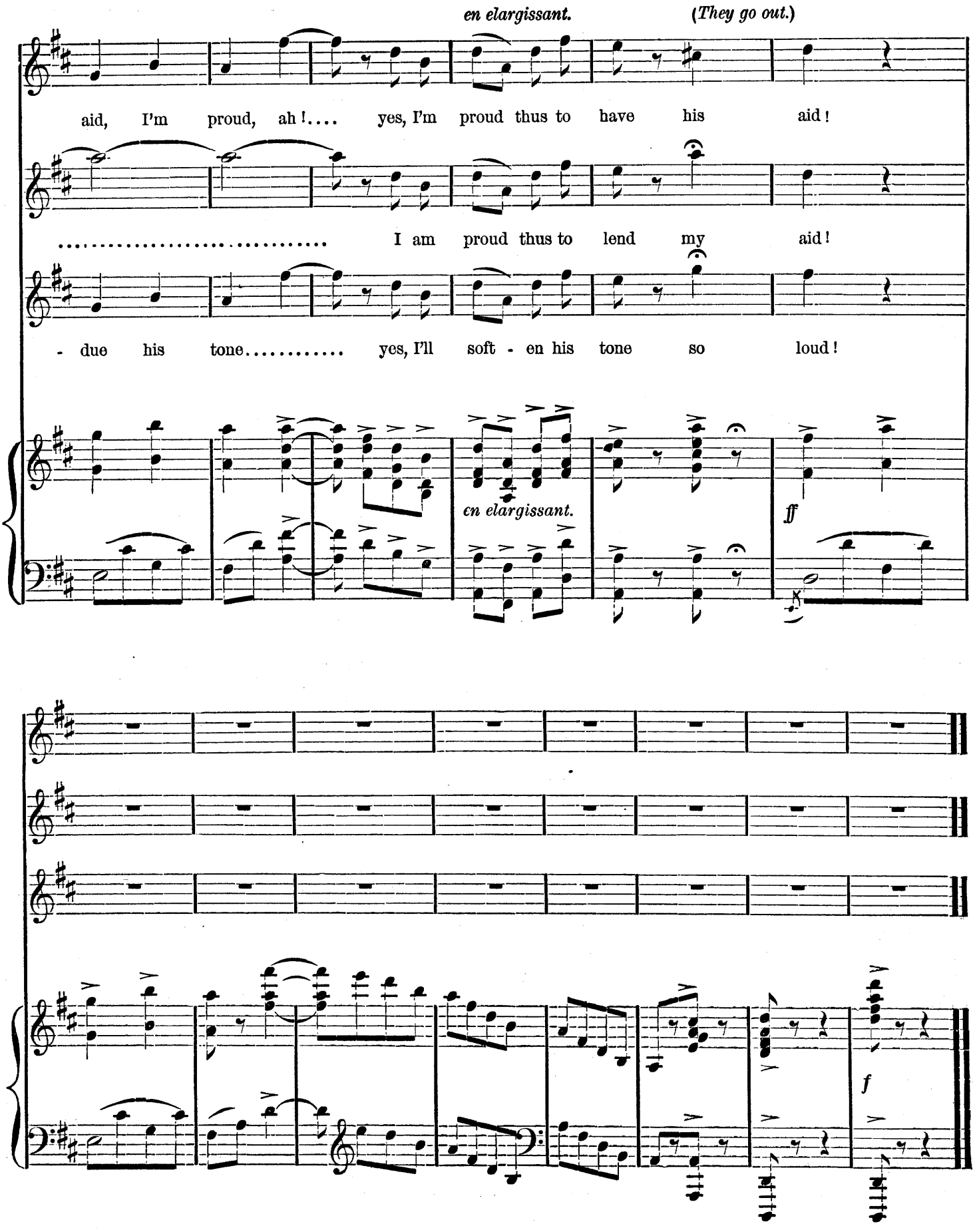

rall.
p
3
Will to my fond heart E - ter - nal bliss im - part, O mem-'ries dear, dwell in my
suivez.
en elargissant.
heart,.... Last - ing bliss im - part!.....
3
f
rall.
Allo.
MED. (Entering at the end of the Romance.)
E - nough! your ro - mance pray di - min - - ish!
Allo.
f
Come, let us now our quar - rel fin - - - - ish;


End it now, end it now, Ah! let us
MAN.
Ah! let us go!
go, Ah! let us go!
8
1o tempo.
MAR.
In his heart pro - found, He feels a se - cret
In my heart pro - found, I feel a se - cret
In my heart pro - found, I laugh at all his
1o tempo.
mf


rage con - sum - ing, 'Gainst that vil - lain hound;..... He'll chas-
rage con - sum - ing, 'Gainst that vil - lain hound;..... I'll chas-
wrath and fum - ing, Ah! this faith - less hound;..... I'll chas-


- tise him for thus.... pre - sum - - ing: If for him I am a -
- tise him for thus.... pre - sum - - ing: I am proud to of - fer my
- tise him for thus.... pre - sum - - ing: For his life, if he's not a-
p
p
p
p


cre -
- fraid; I am proud of hav - ing his aid, hav - ing his
aid, Ah! re - ly up - on my aid, on my
- fraid, I'll dis - patch him with - out aid, with - out
cre -
- - - scen - do.
f
aid, his rea - dy aid. Ah!..... yes!....
f
aid, on my aid. Ah!.....
f
aid, with - out aid. Ah!..... I'll sub -
8
- - - scen - do.
f


en elargissant.
(They go out.)
aid, I'm proud, ah!.... yes, I'm proud thus to have his aid!
..... I am proud thus to lend my aid!
- due his tone..... yes, I'll soft - en his tone so loud!
en elargissant.
ff
f

MAR. Ah! Lord, provided that there be no misfortune!
ALV. (*Entering from back.*) The mule is shod.
MARIQ. Then we shall be off.
MAR. (*Agitated.*) Ah, Mariquita! Ah, my poor Alvarez!
MARIQ. What's the matter?
MAR. That young man, you know, of whom I spoke to you so often?
MARIQ. Who threw himself into the Mançanaris?
MAR. Yes!
MARIQ. Well?
BAR. (*Entering at the left.*) Highness, let us quit this frightful shed. what horrible breakfast! What cooking!
MAR. Yes, duchess.
INI. (*Swiftly descending the staircase.*) Help! Save him!
MARIQ. What is the matter, sir?
INI. Ah, my son—my pupil! He is fighting! I saw him from my window. (*To* BAR.) But bestir yourselves! You help me to save him! (*Pulls* BAR. *by the sleeve.*)
BAR. (*Turning.*) Insolent!
INI. (*Recognizing her.*) Barbara!
BAR. (*Recognizing him.*) Ha! The man with the ladder! Let us go!
MAR. You know each other?
BAR. I! Know that kind of individual?
MAR. (*To* INIGO.) Run now—save him!
INIGO. (*Aside.*) Barbara! She has not grown handsome! (*Aloud.*) I fly to him!
MAR. He is saved!
INI. My pupil! My son! Ah, how you frightened me! (*Embraces him.*)
BAR. What signifies this comedy? It is very touching truly!
MAR. (*To* MAN.) Thanks, Señor, for having so nobly taken up my defence! I shall never forget it! (*Holds out her hand, which* MANOEL *is about to kiss.*)
BAR. (*Preventing him.*) Is he of blood royal that he should kiss the hand of the Infanta of Spain?
MAN. (*Recoiling.*) The Infanta!
ALL. (*With astonishment.*) The Infanta!
(STUDENTS *within are heard crying out* "The Infanta!")
INI. Come, that is good! It only wanted that—the Infanta!
STUDENTS *enter with* MANOLAS.)

FINALE.

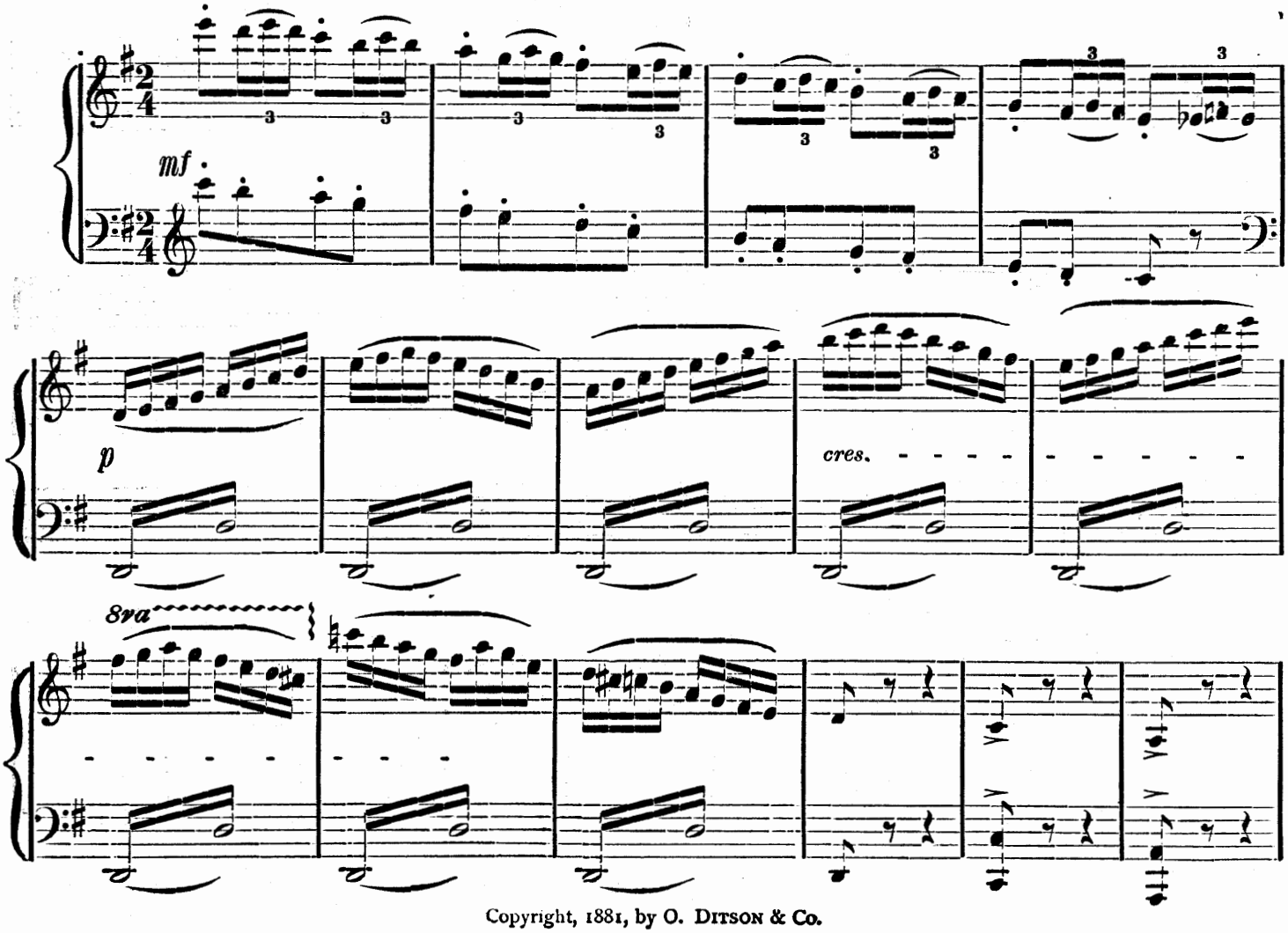
(*The* STUDENTS, *learning that the* INFANTA *of Spain is there, run together on all sides to do her honor, with hands full of flowers and garlands.*

GALLANT COMRADES, LET US BE MOVING.

FINALE.

No. 6. CHORUS, SCENE AND COUPLETS.

Allegretto Moderato.



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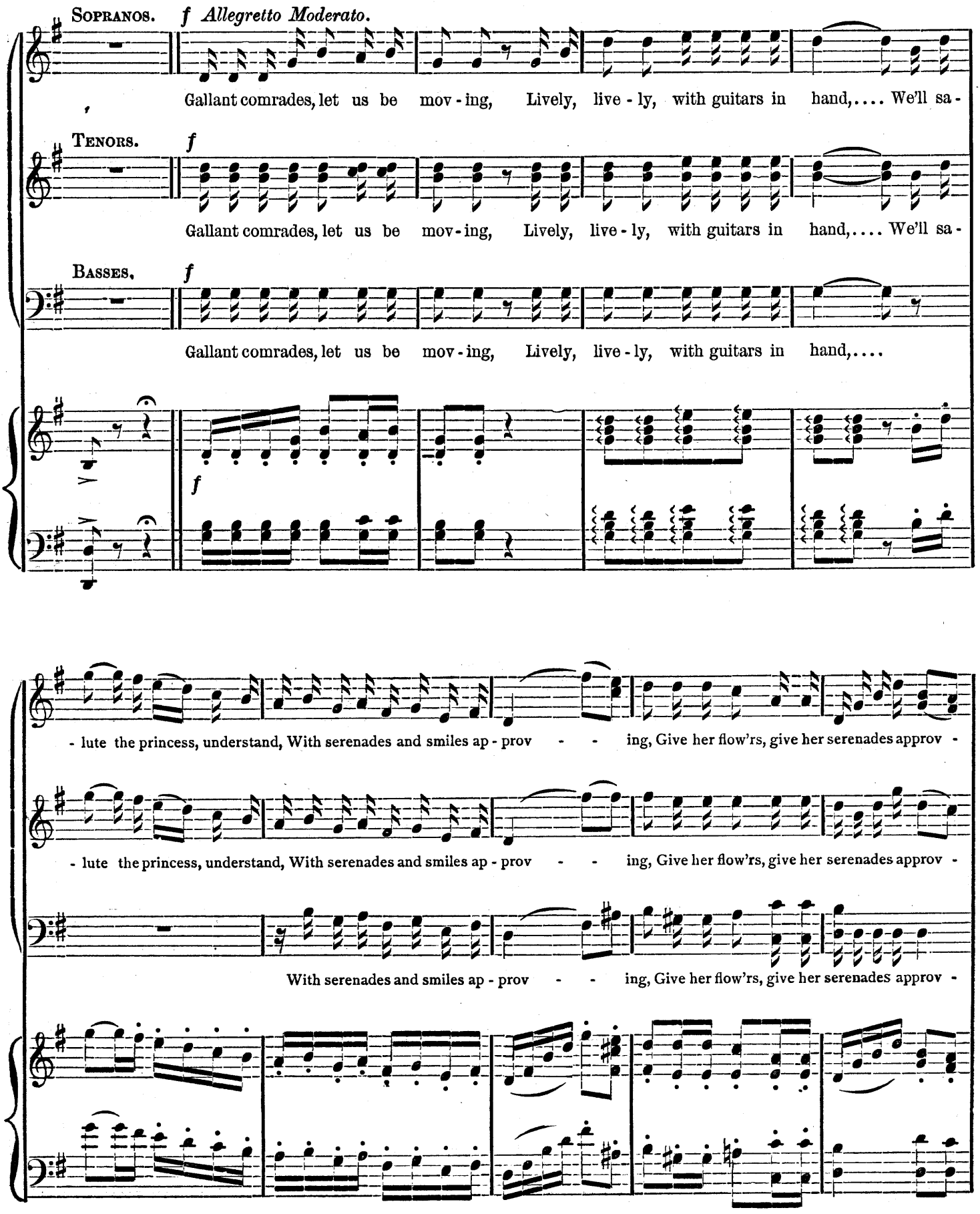
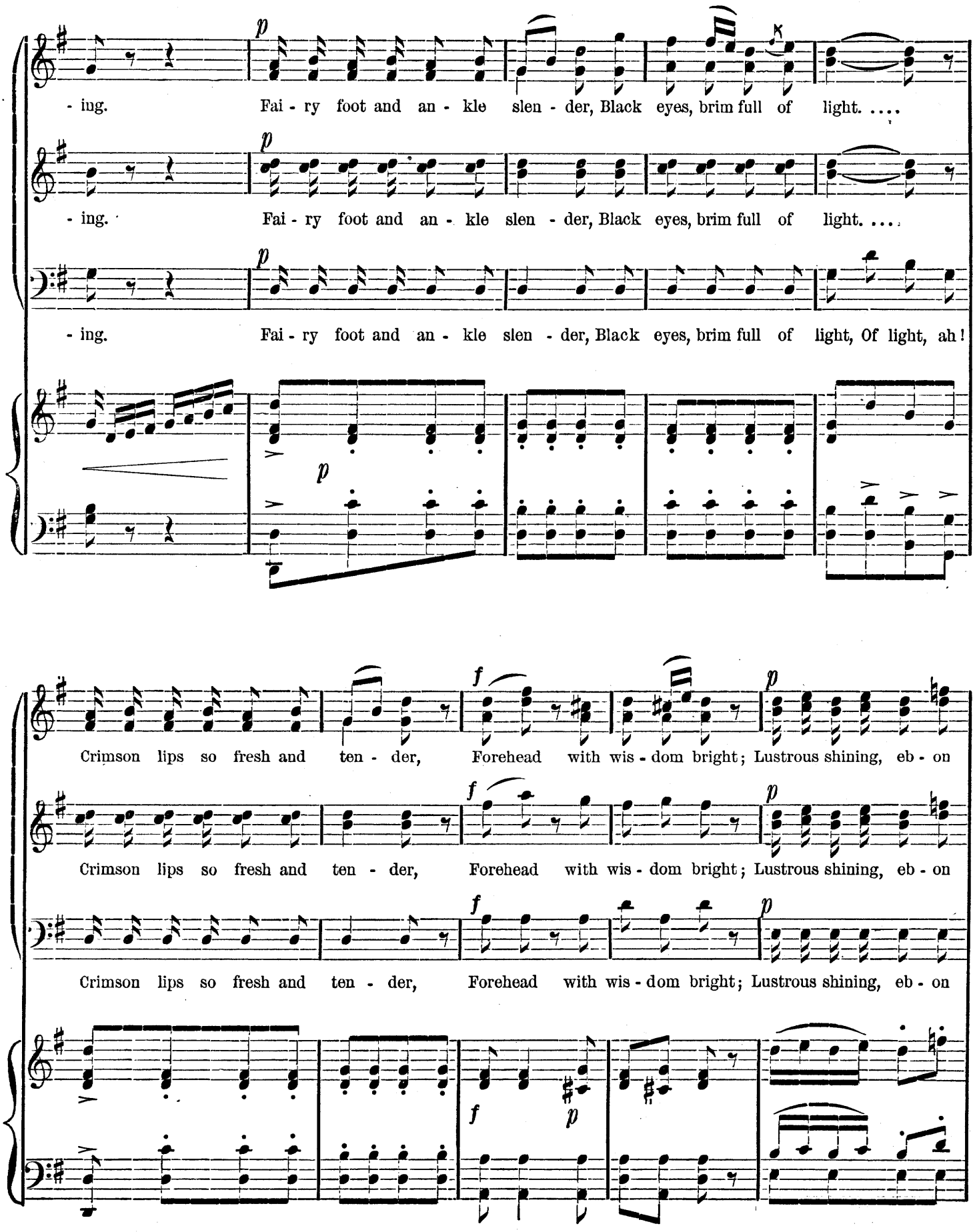
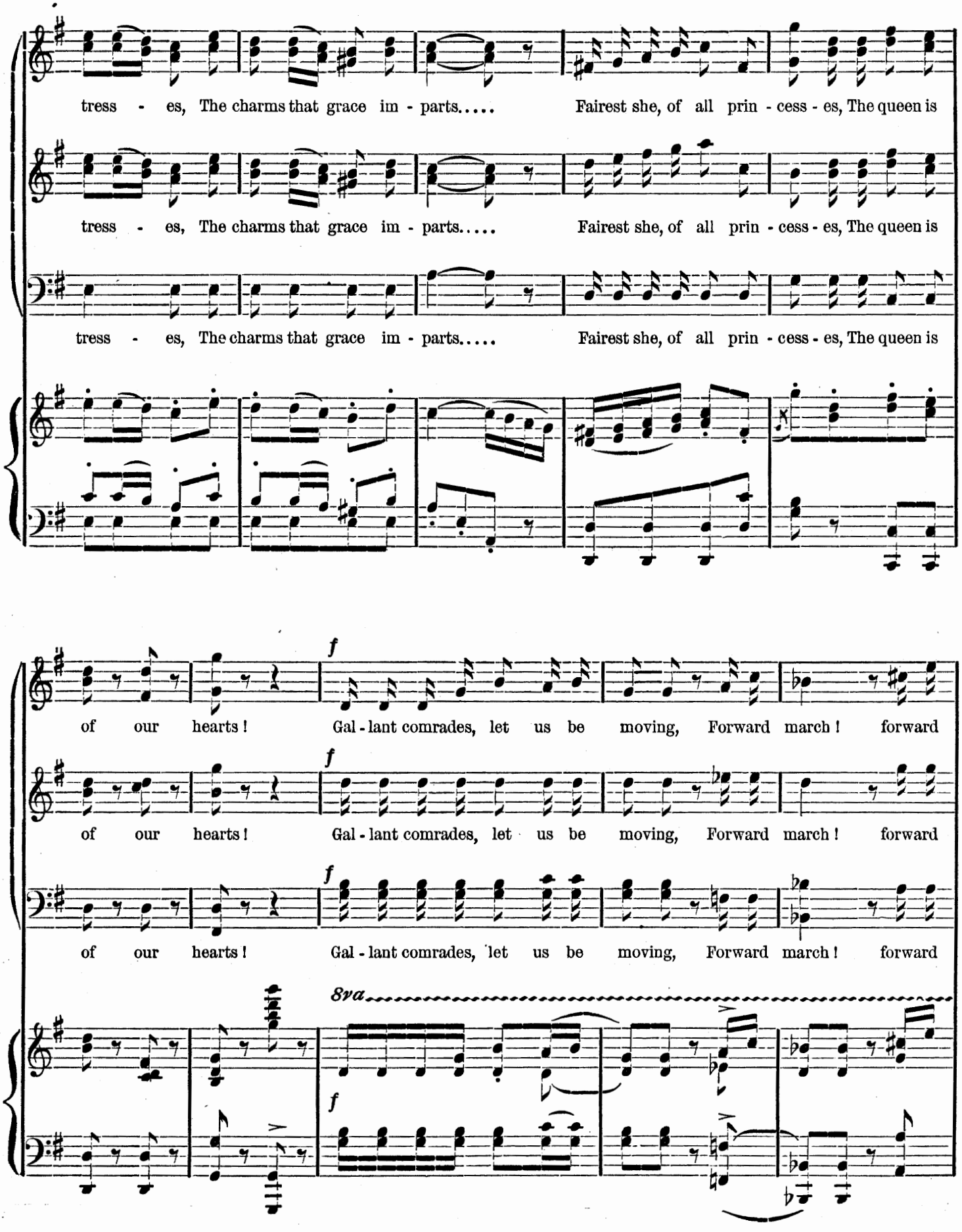
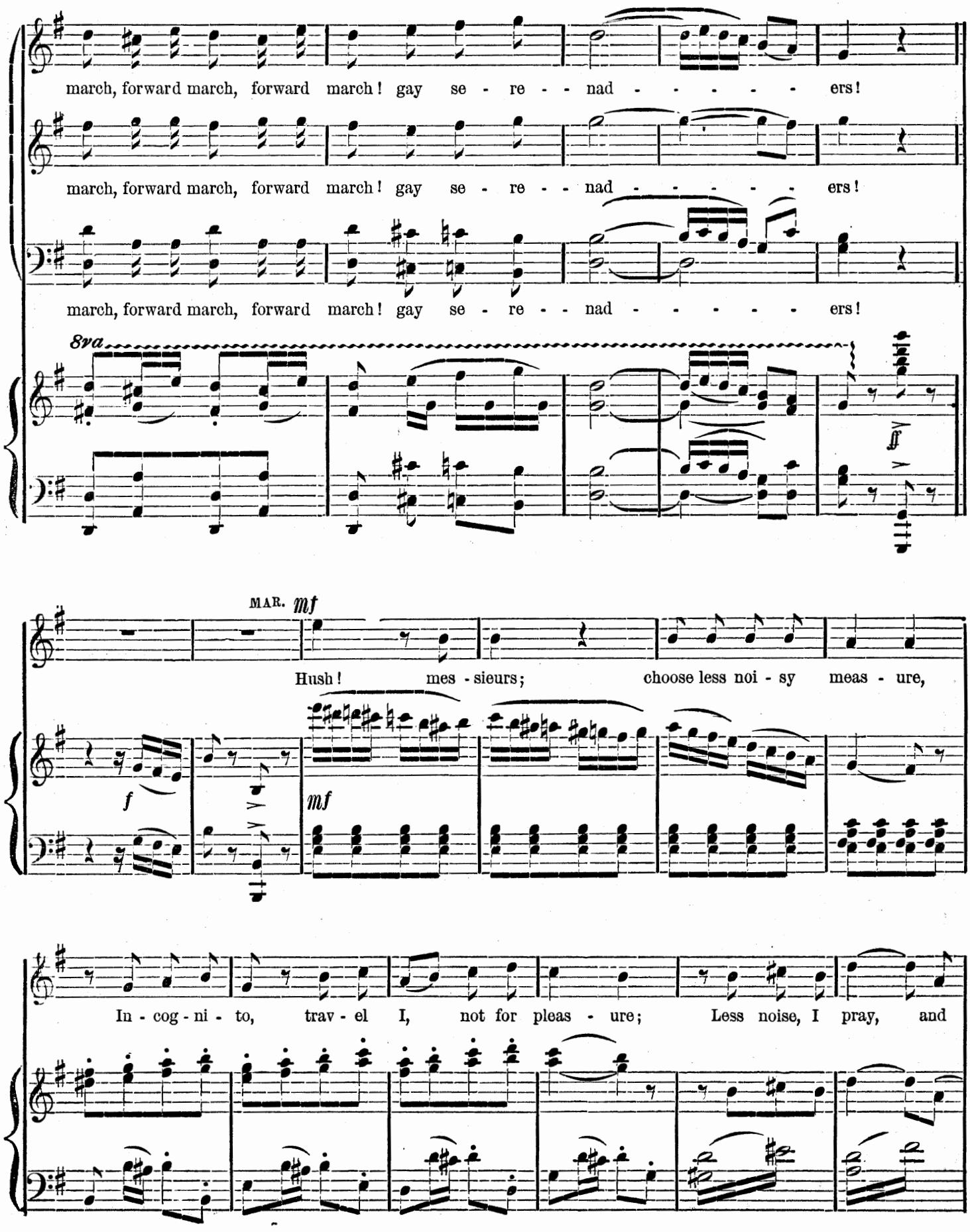
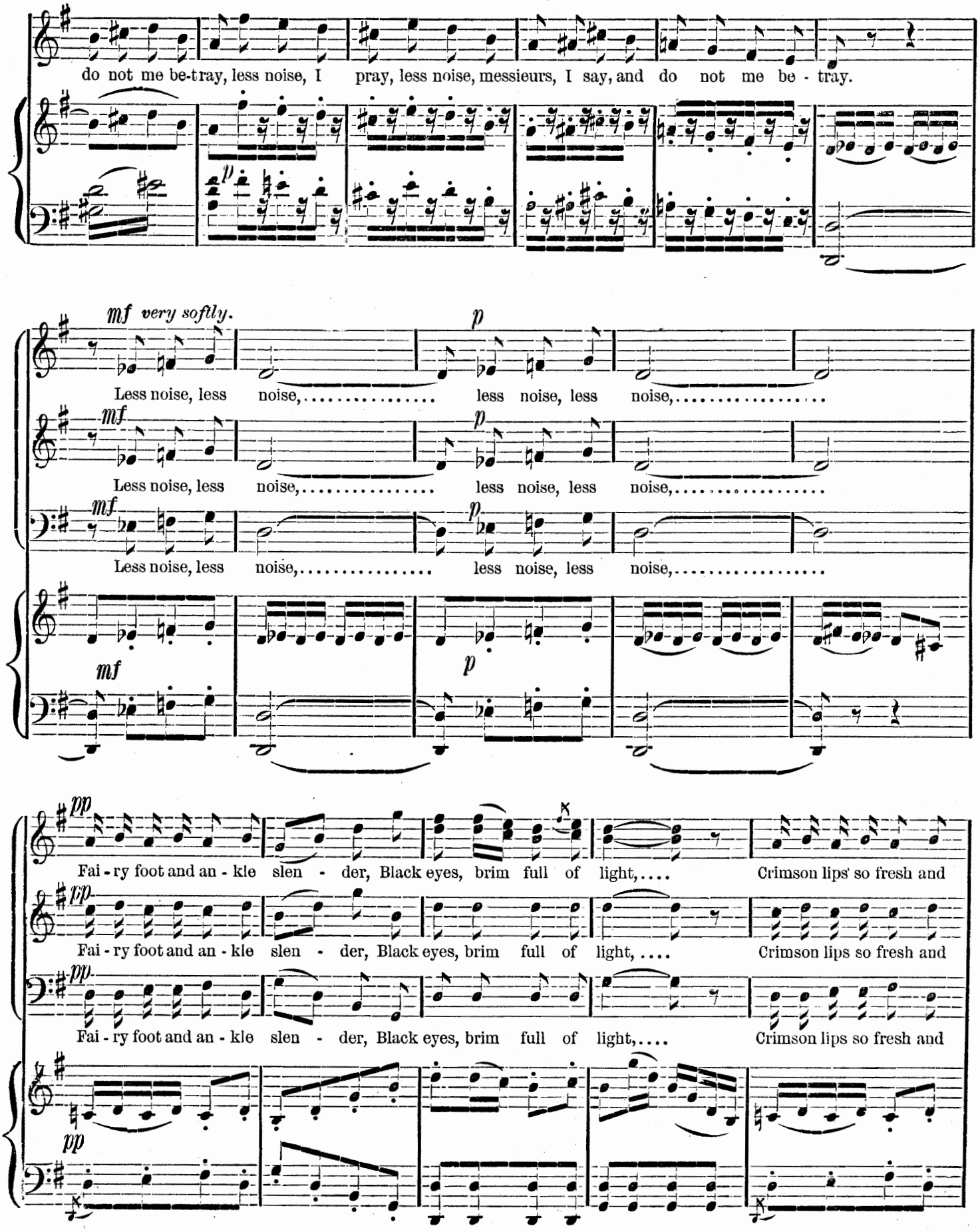
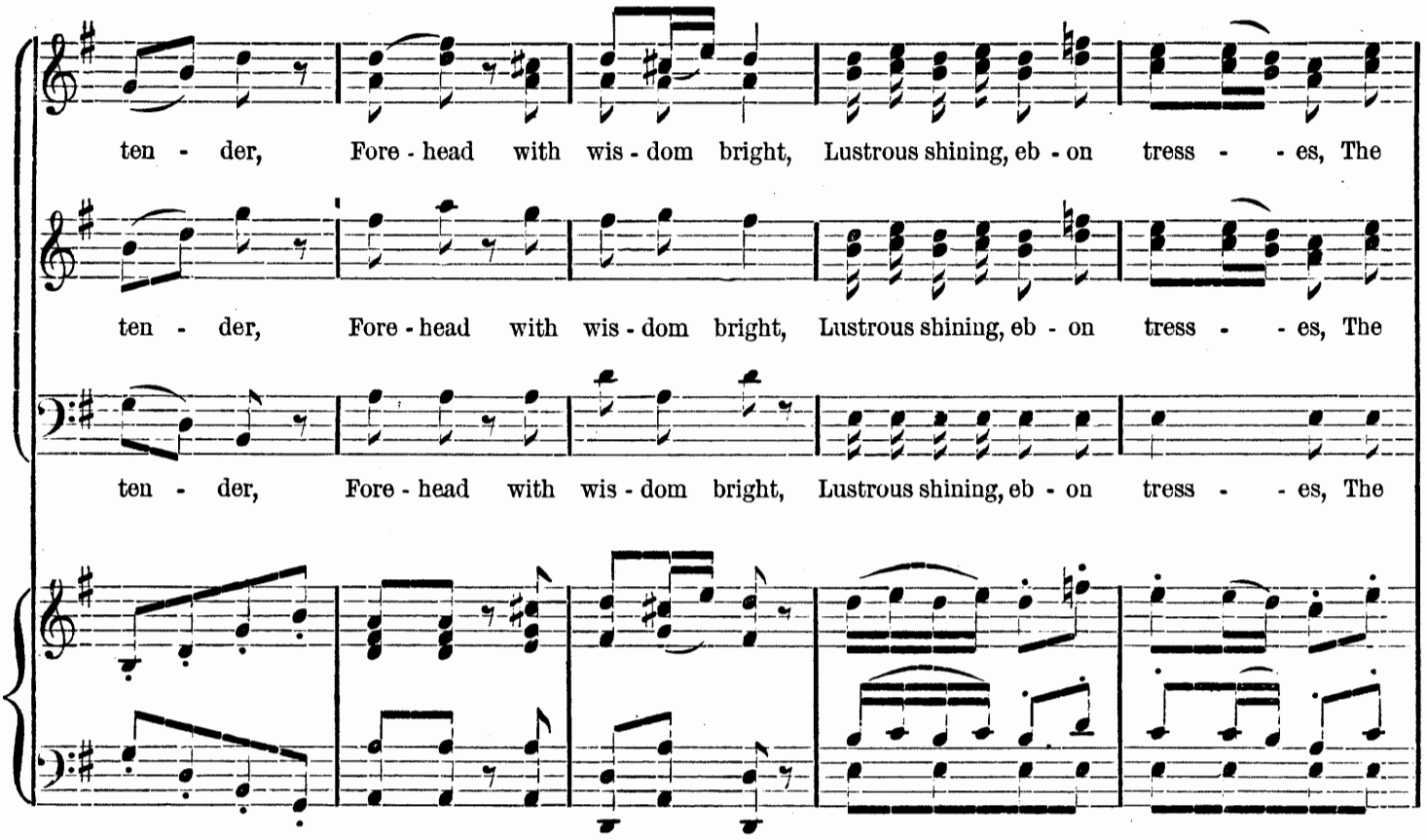

Sopranos. f Allegretto Moderato.
Gallant comrades, let us be mov - ing, Lively, live - ly, with guitars in hand,.... We'll sa -
Tenors. f
Gallant comrades, let us be mov - ing, Lively, live - ly, with guitars in hand,.... We'll sa -
Basses. f
Gallant comrades, let us be mov - ing, Lively, live - ly, with guitars in hand,....
f
- lute the princess, understand, With serenades and smiles ap - prov - - ing, Give her flow'rs, give her serenades approv -
- lute the princess, understand, With serenades and smiles ap - prov - - ing, Give her flow'rs, give her serenades approv -
With serenades and smiles ap - prov - - ing, Give her flow'rs, give her serenades approv -

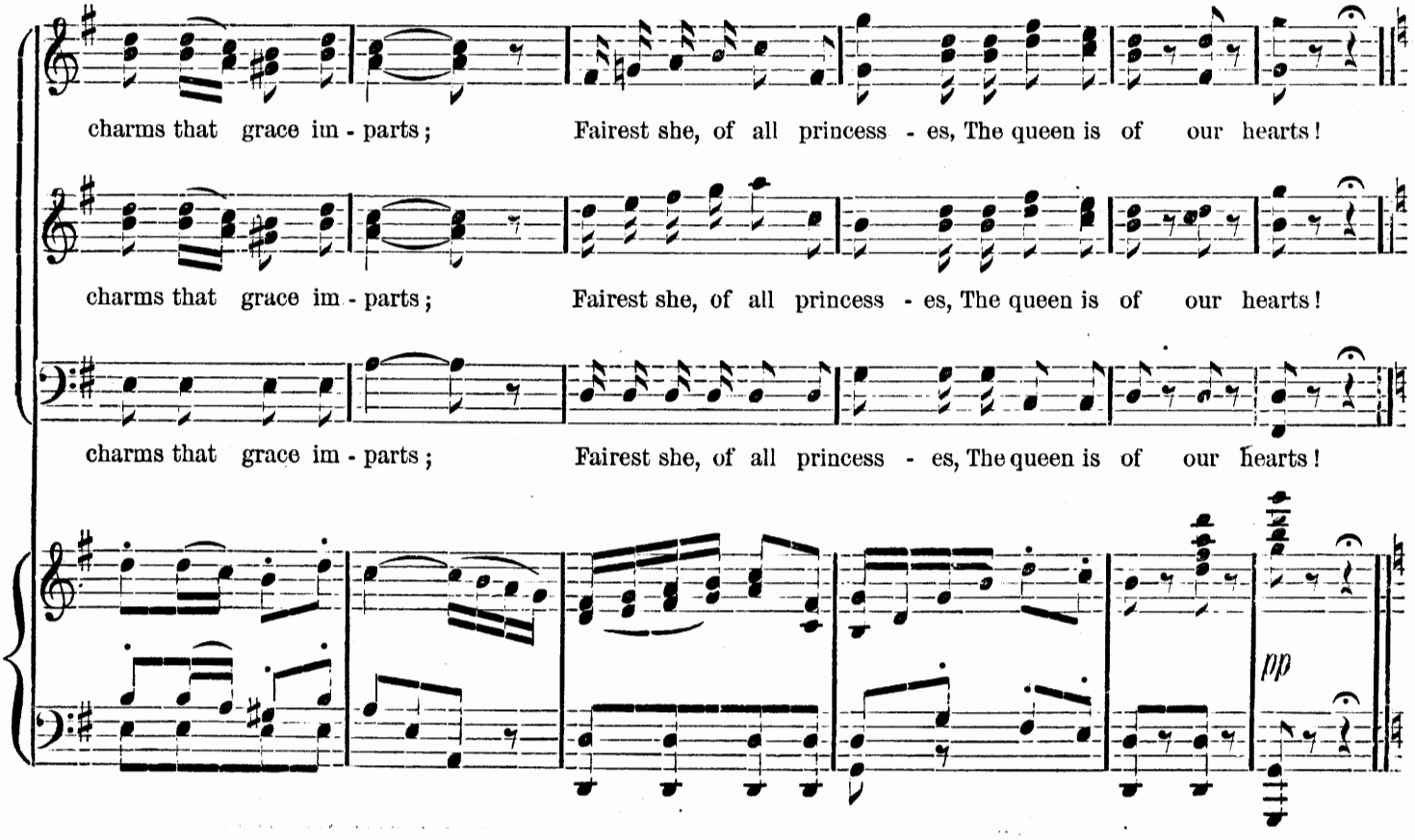

- ing. Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light. ....
- ing. Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light. ....
- ing. Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light, Of light, ah!
Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Forehead with wis - dom bright; Lustrous shining, eb - on
Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Forehead with wis - dom bright; Lustrous shining, eb - on
Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Forehead with wis - dom bright; Lustrous shining, eb - on

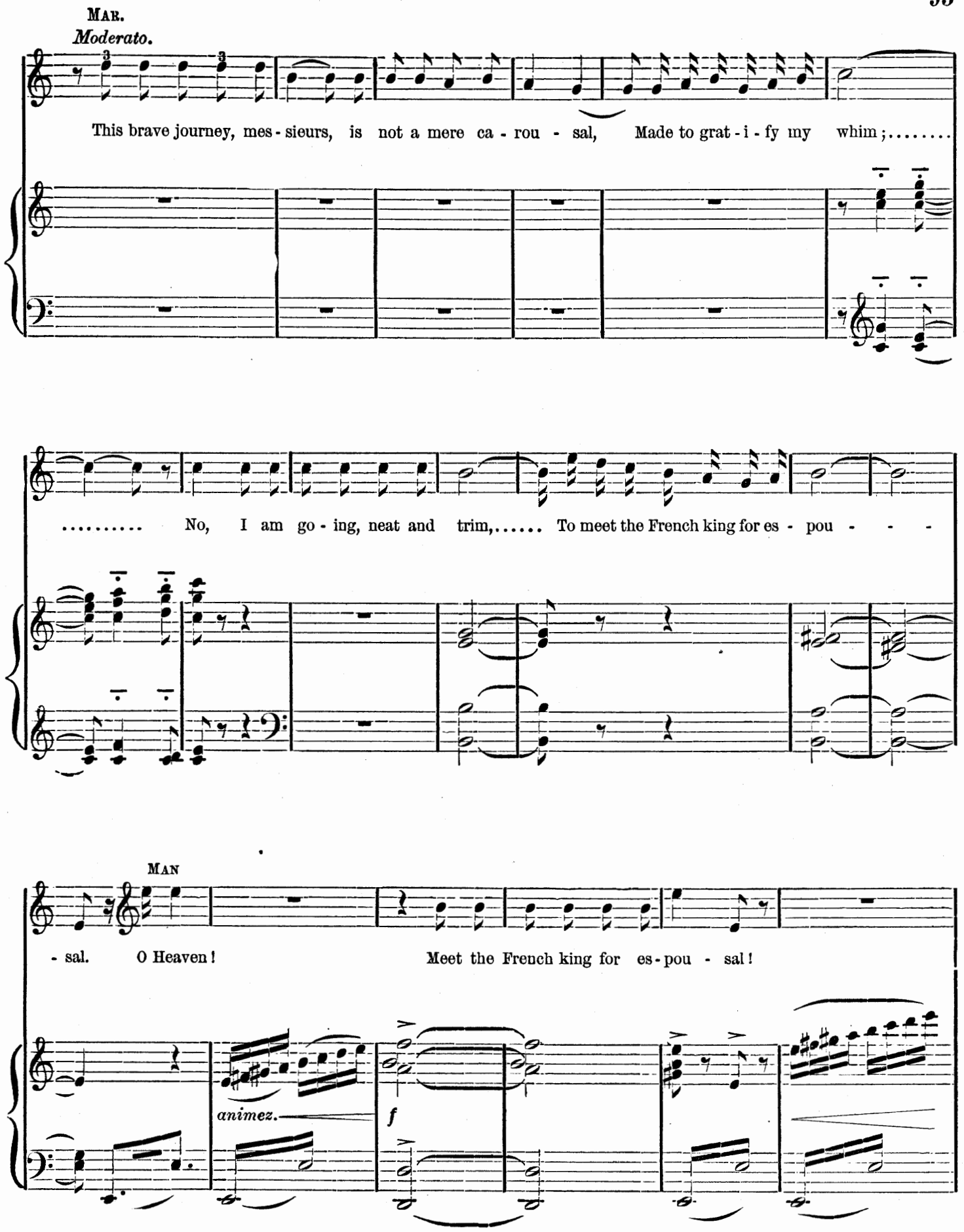

tress - es, The charms that grace im - parts..... Fairest she, of all prin - cess - es, The queen is
tress - es, The charms that grace im - parts..... Fairest she, of all prin - cess - es, The queen is
tress - es, The charms that grace im - parts..... Fairest she, of all prin - cess - es, The queen is
f
of our hearts! Gal - lant comrades, let us be moving, Forward march! forward
f
of our hearts! Gal - lant comrades, let us be moving, Forward march! forward
f
of our hearts! Gal - lant comrades, let us be moving, Forward march! forward
8va
f

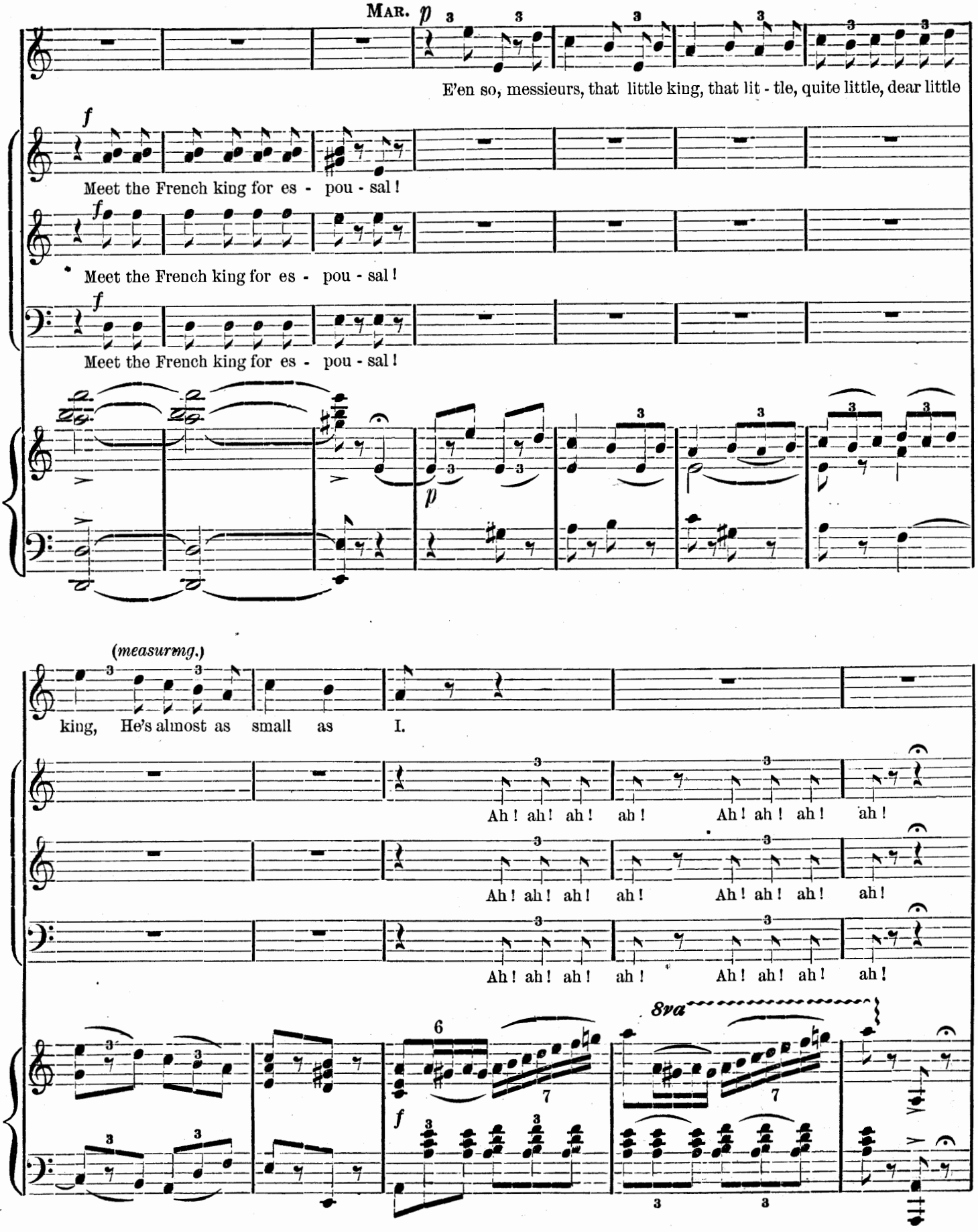

march, forward march, forward march! gay se - re - - nad - - - - - - ers!
march, forward march, forward march! gay se - re - - nad - - - - - - ers!
march, forward march, forward march! gay se - re - - nad - - - - - - ers!
8va
MAR. mf
Hush! mes - sieurs; choose less noi - sy meas - ure,
f
mf
In - cog - ni - to, trav - el I, not for pleas - ure; Less noise, I pray, and

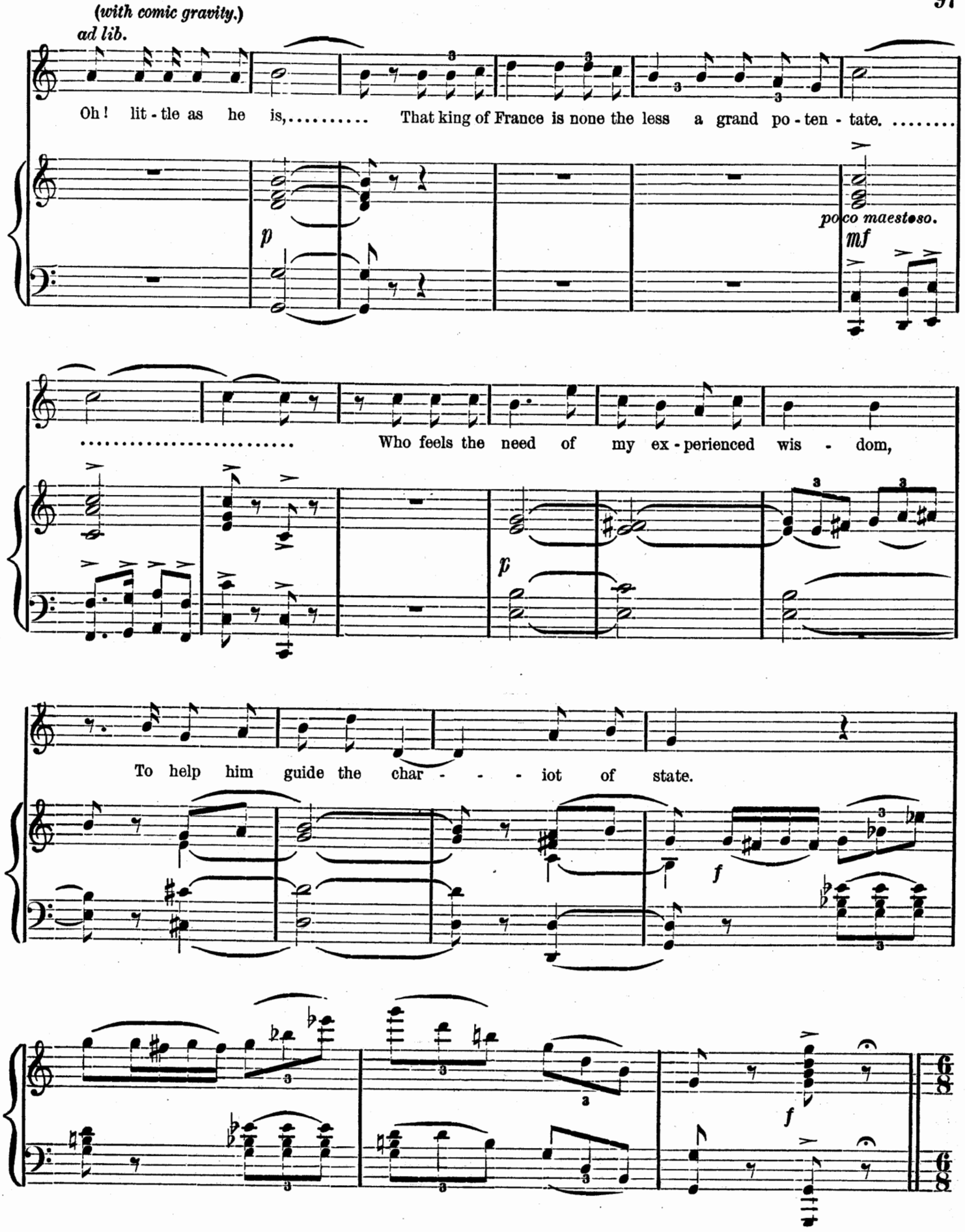

do not me be-tray, less noise, I pray, less noise, messieurs, I say, and do not me be - tray.
mf very softly.
p
Less noise, less noise, less noise, less noise,
mf
p
Less noise, less noise, less noise, less noise,
mf
p
Less noise, less noise, less noise, less noise,
mf
p
pp
Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light, Crimson lips so fresh and
pp
Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light, Crimson lips so fresh and
pp
Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of light, Crimson lips so fresh and
pp


ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright, Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The
ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright, Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The
ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright, Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The

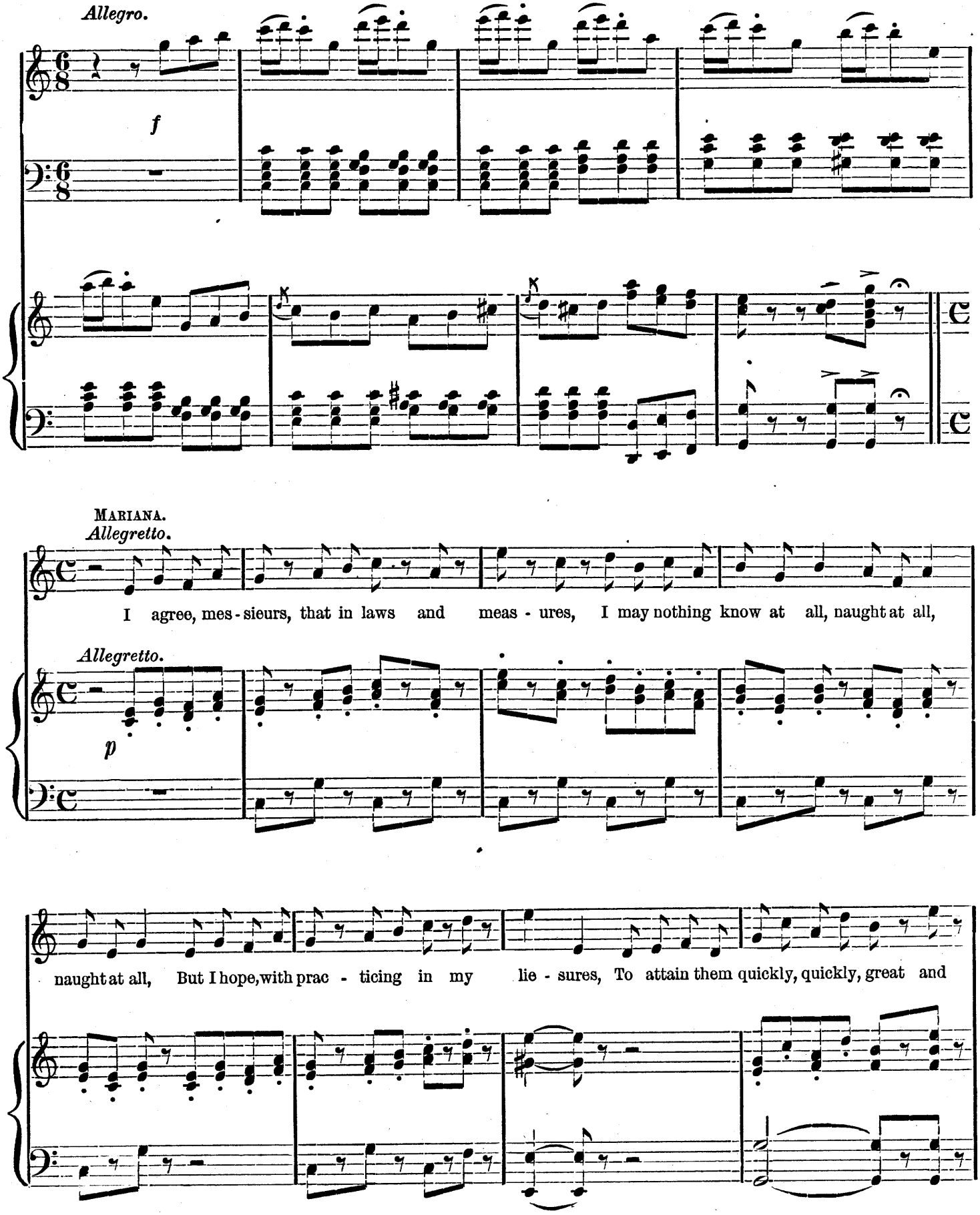

charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all princess - es, The queen is of our hearts!
charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all princess - es, The queen is of our hearts!
charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all princess - es, The queen is of our hearts!
pp

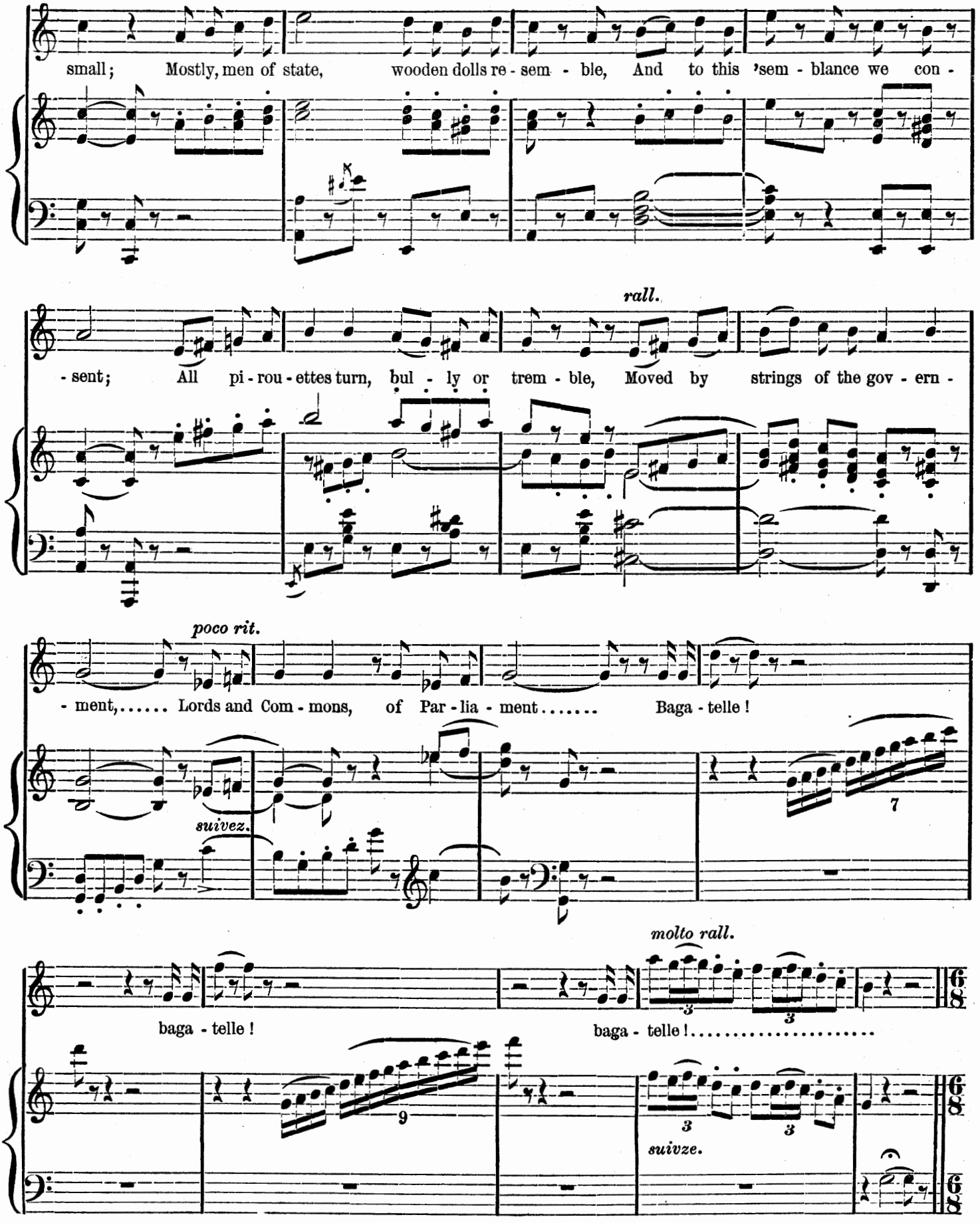

MAR.
Moderato.
This brave journey, mes - sieurs, is not a mere ca - rou - sal, Made to grat - i - fy my whim;.....
..... No, I am go - ing, neat and trim,..... To meet the French king for es - pou - - -
MAN
- sal. O Heaven! Meet the French king for es - pou - sal!
animez.
f

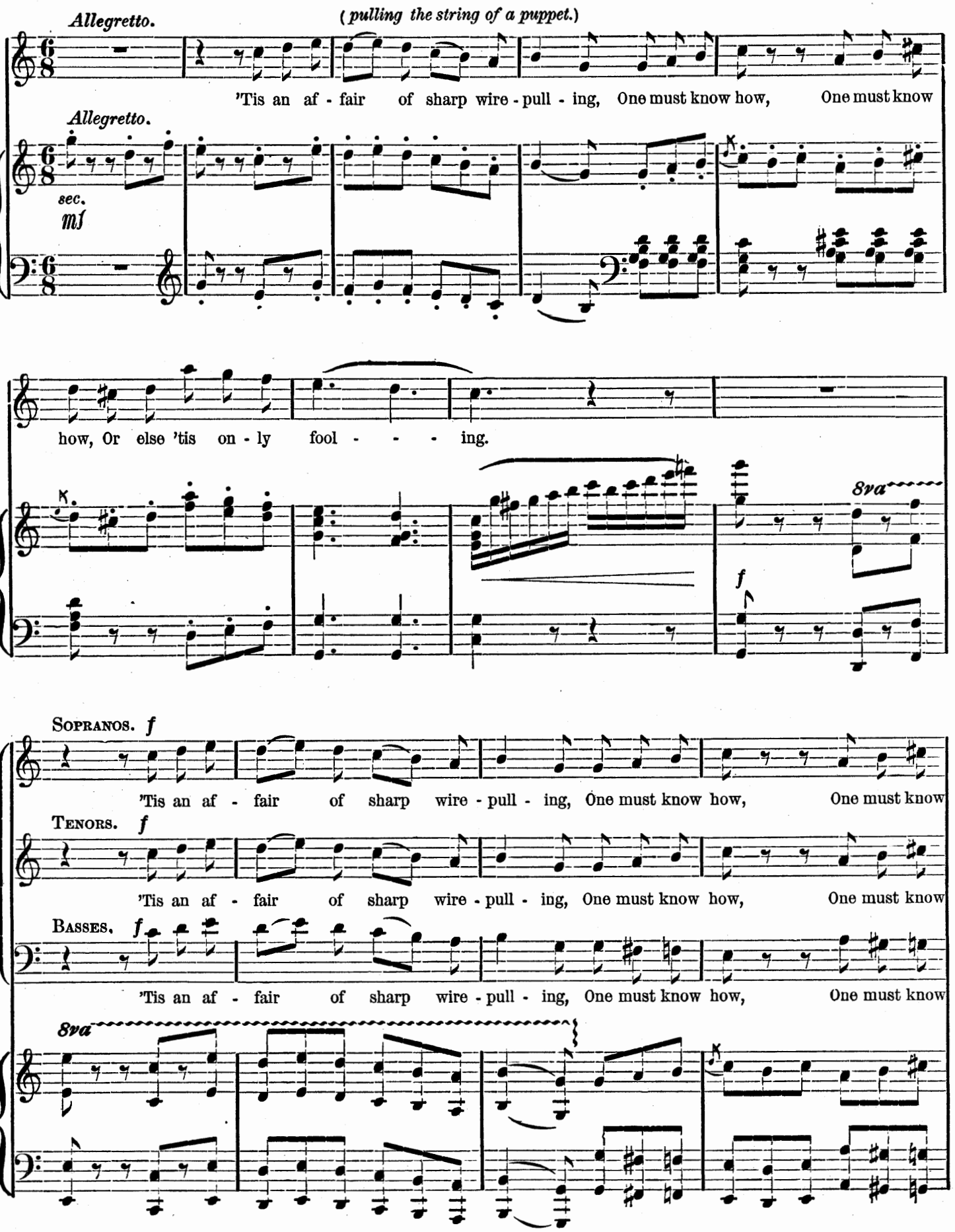

MAR.
E'en so, messieurs, that little king, that lit - tle, quite little, dear little
Meet the French king for es - pou - sal!
Meet the French king for es - pou - sal!
Meet the French king for es - pou - sal!
(measuring.)
king, He's almost as small as I.
Ah! ah! ah! ah! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
Ah! ah! ah! ah! Ah! ah! ah! ah!
8va

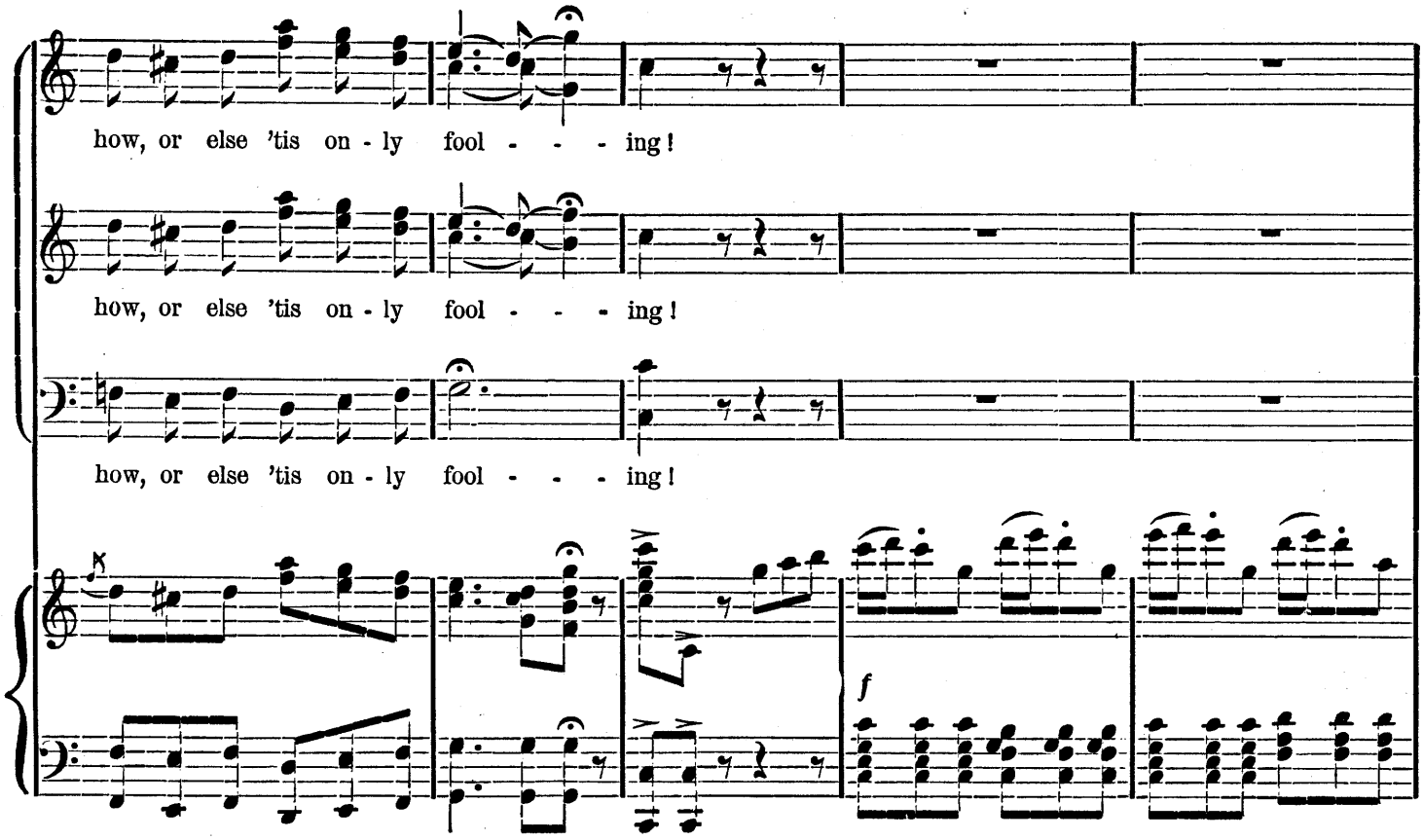

(with comic gravity.)
ad lib.
Oh! lit - tle as he is,..... That king of France is none the less a grand po - ten - tate. .....
poco maestoso.
mf
p
..... Who feels the need of my ex - perienced wis - dom,
p
To help him guide the char - - - iot of state.
f
f

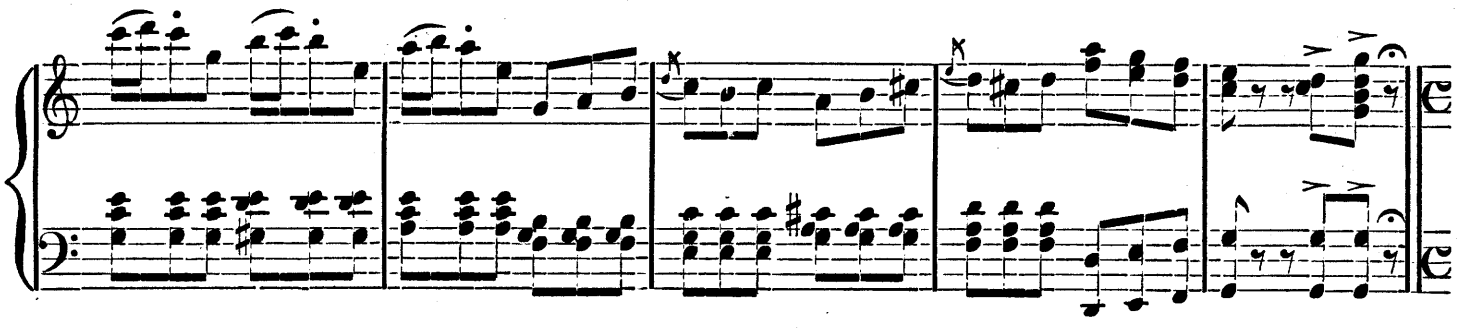
(B.) COUPLETS.


Allegro.
f
MARIANA.
Allegretto.
I agree, mes - sieurs, that in laws and meas - ures, I may nothing know at all, naught at all,
Allegretto.
p
naught at all, But I hope, with prac - ticing in my lie - sures, To attain them quickly, quickly, great and


small; Mostly, men of state, wooden dolls re - sem - ble, And to this 'sem - blance we con -
rall.
- sent; All pi - rou - ettes turn, bul - ly or trem - ble, Moved by strings of the gov - ern -
poco rit.
- ment,..... Lords and Com - mons, of Par - lia - ment..... Baga - telle !
suivez.
7
molto rall.
baga - telle !
baga - telle !.....
9
suivze.

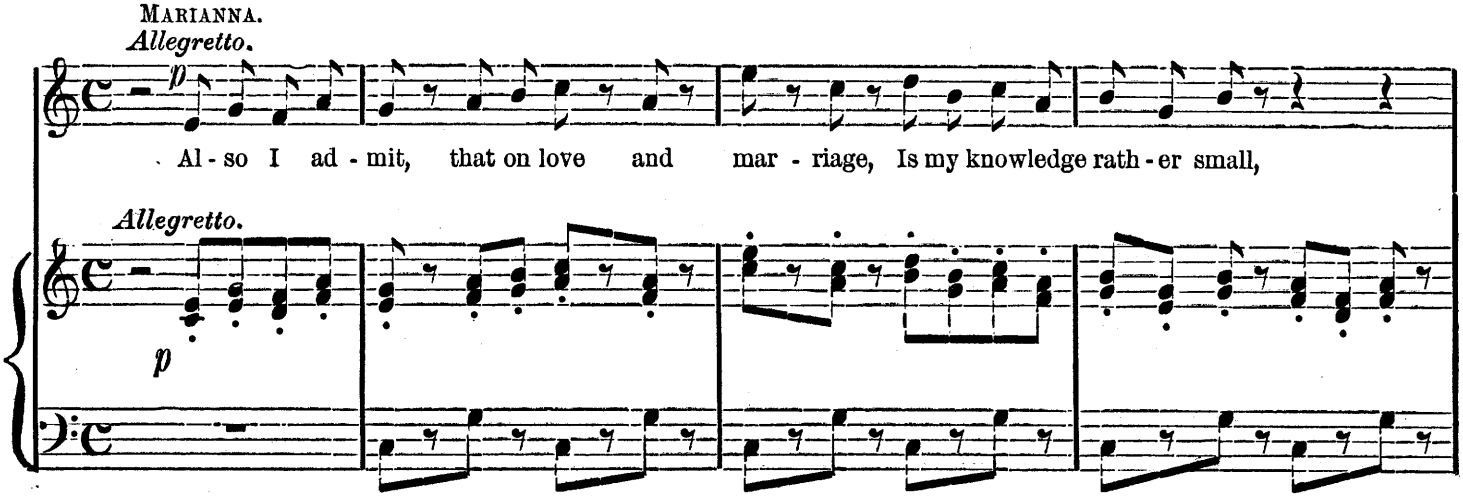

Allegretto.
(pulling the string of a puppet.)
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Allegretto.
sec.
mf
how, Or else 'tis on - ly fool - - - ing.
8va
f
Sopranos. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Tenors. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Basses. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
8va

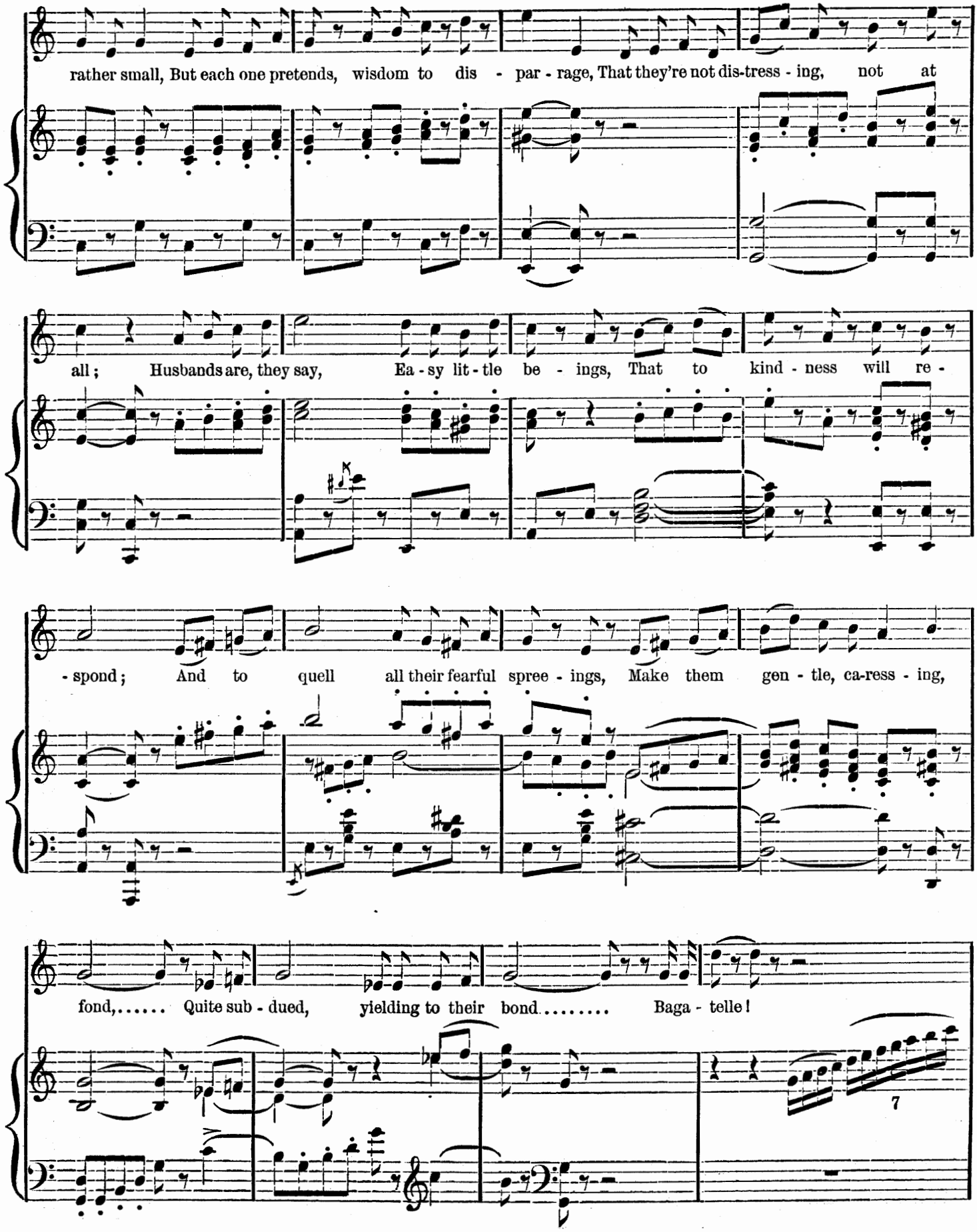


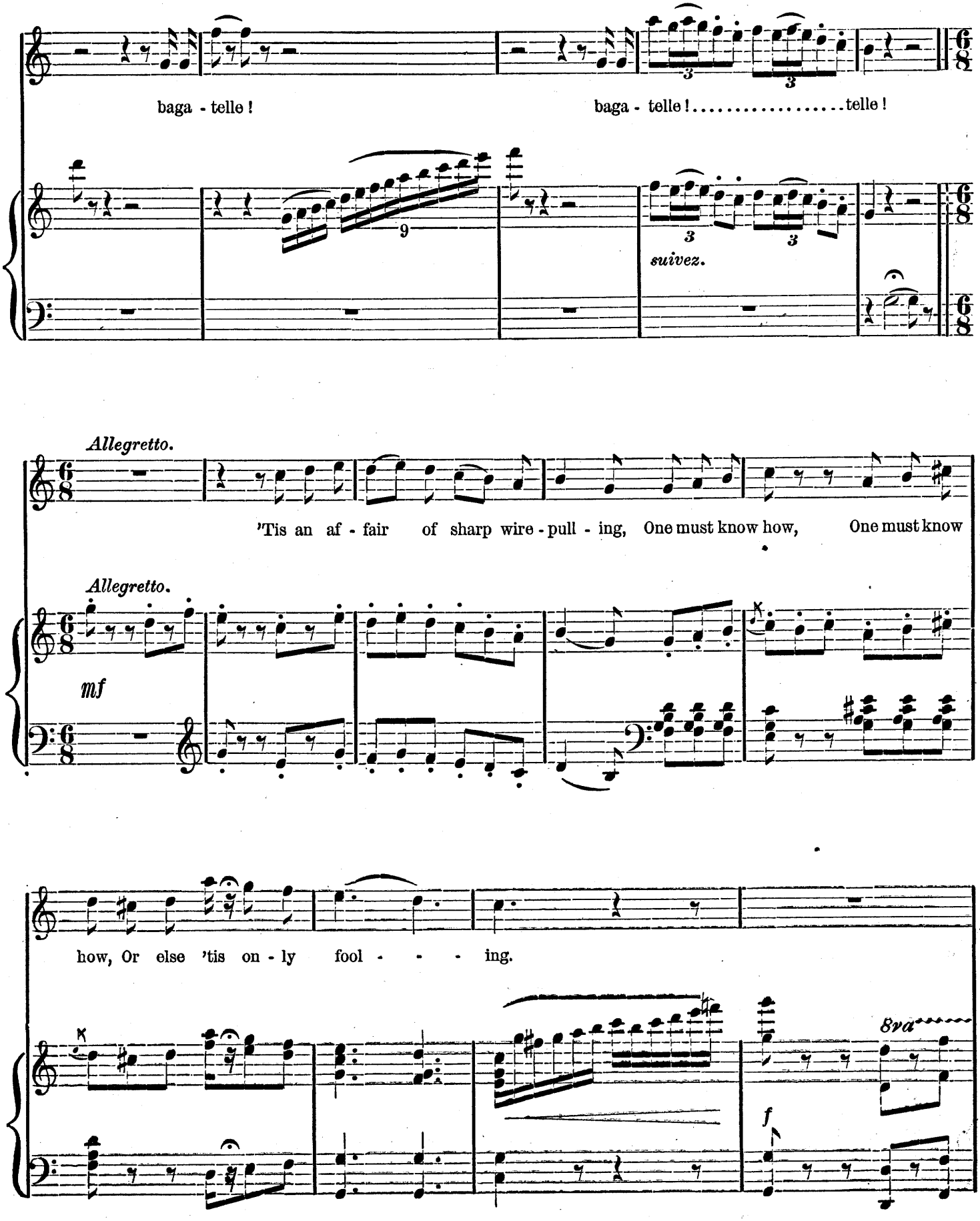


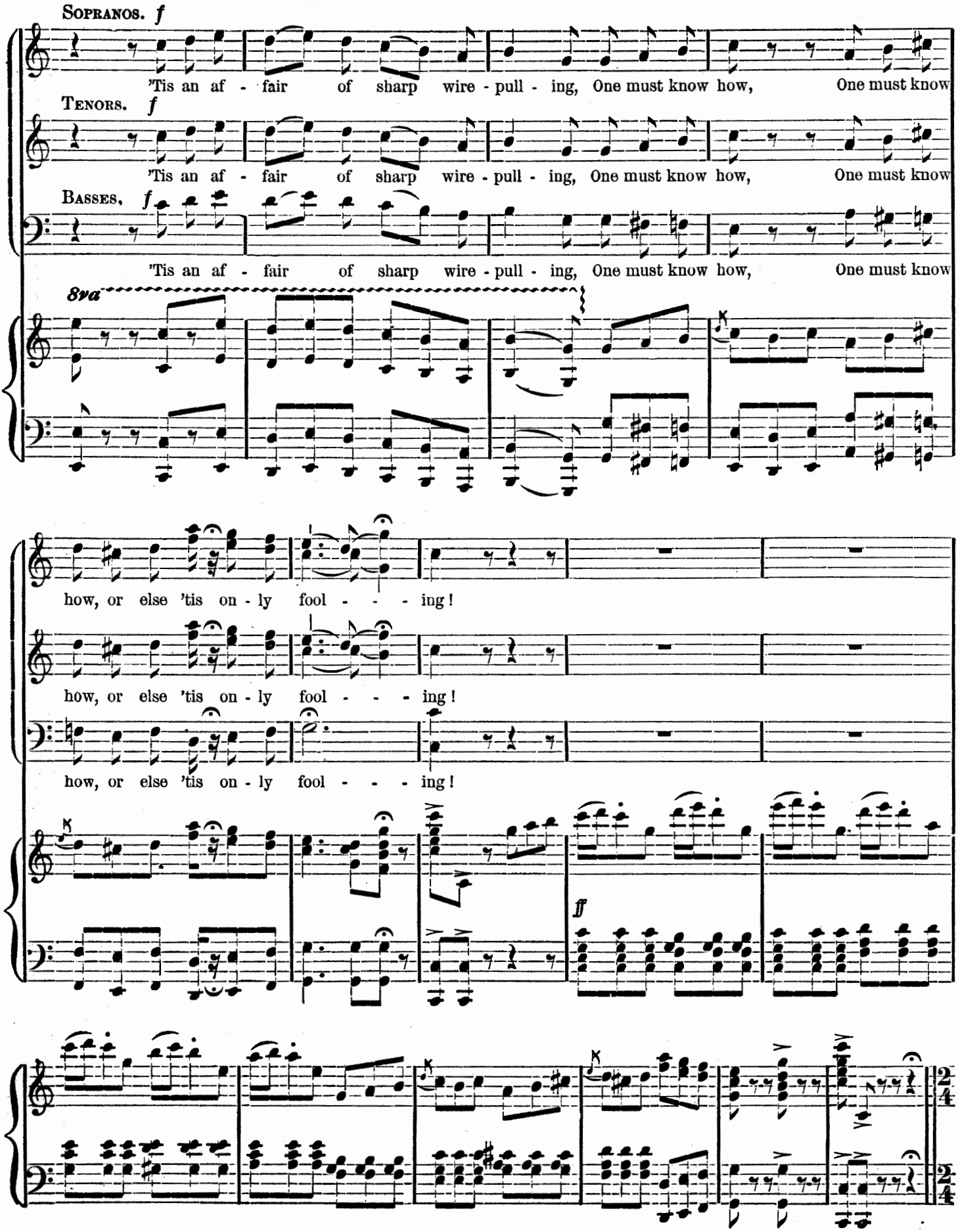
MARIANNA.

Allegretto.

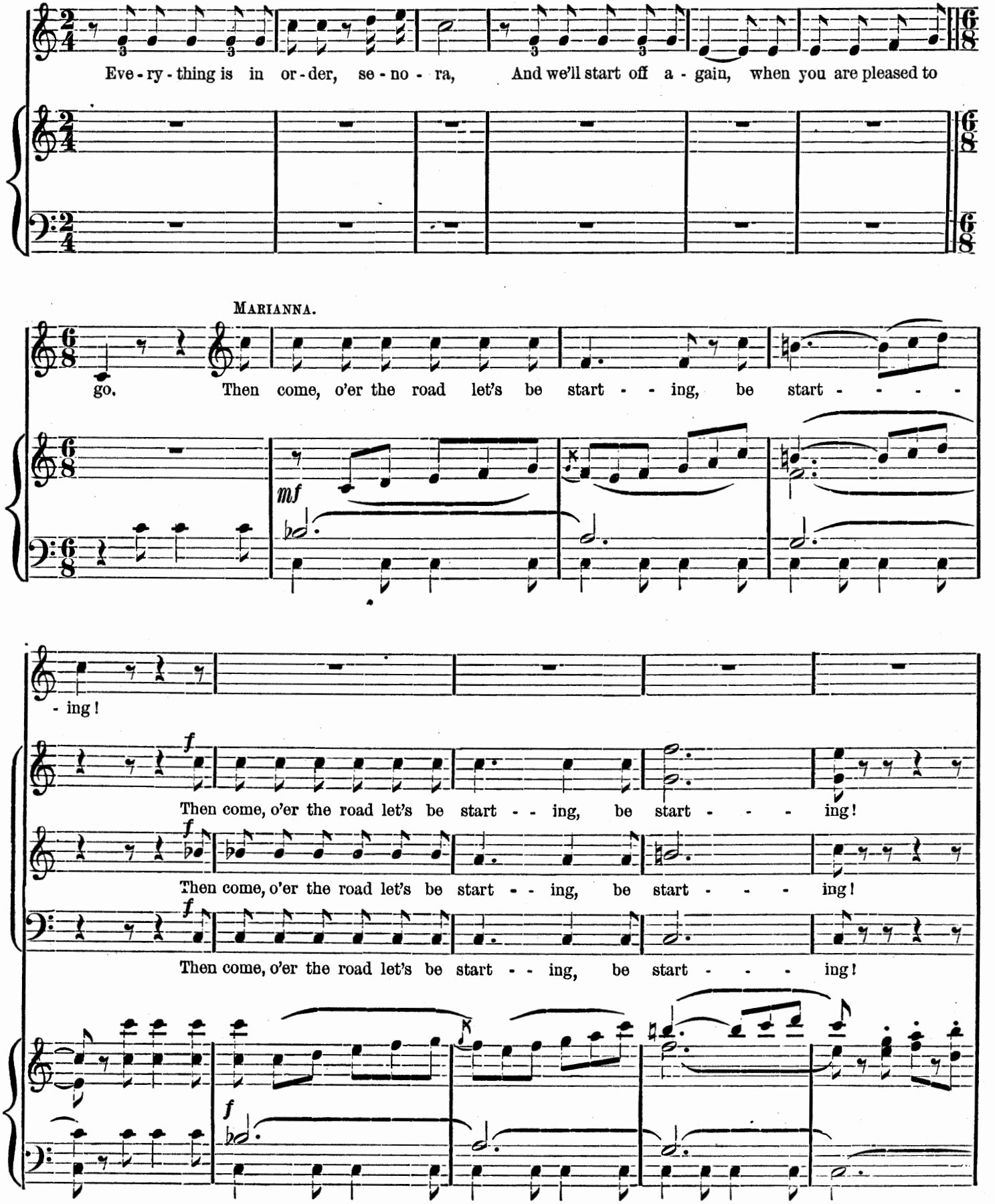


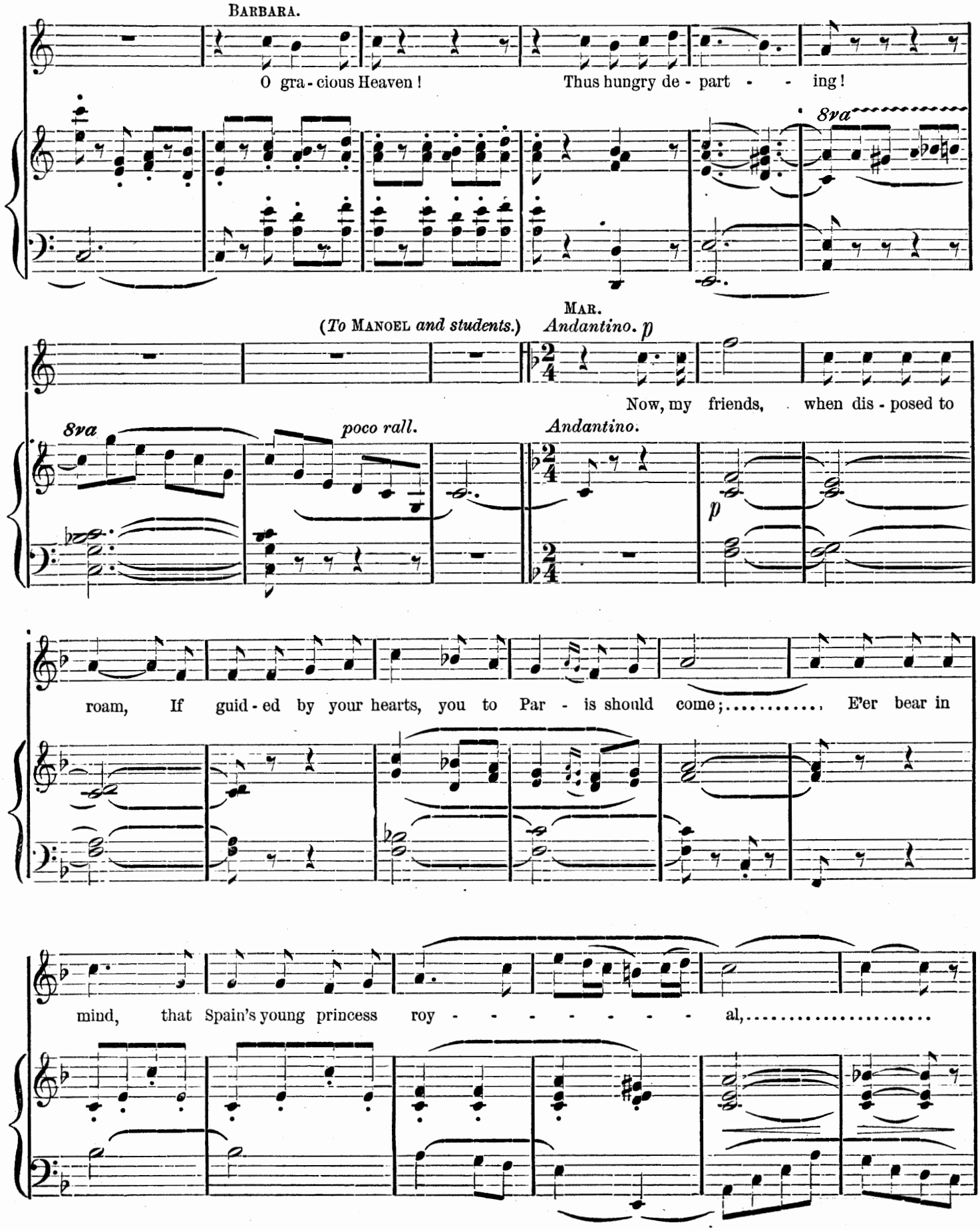

rather small, But each one pretends, wisdom to dis - par - rage, That they're not dis-tress - ing, not at
all; Husbands are, they say, Ea - sy lit - tle be - ings, That to kind - ness will re -
- spond; And to quell all their fearful spree - ings, Make them gen - tle, ca-ress - ing,
fond,..... Quite sub - dued, yielding to their bond..... Baga - telle!
7

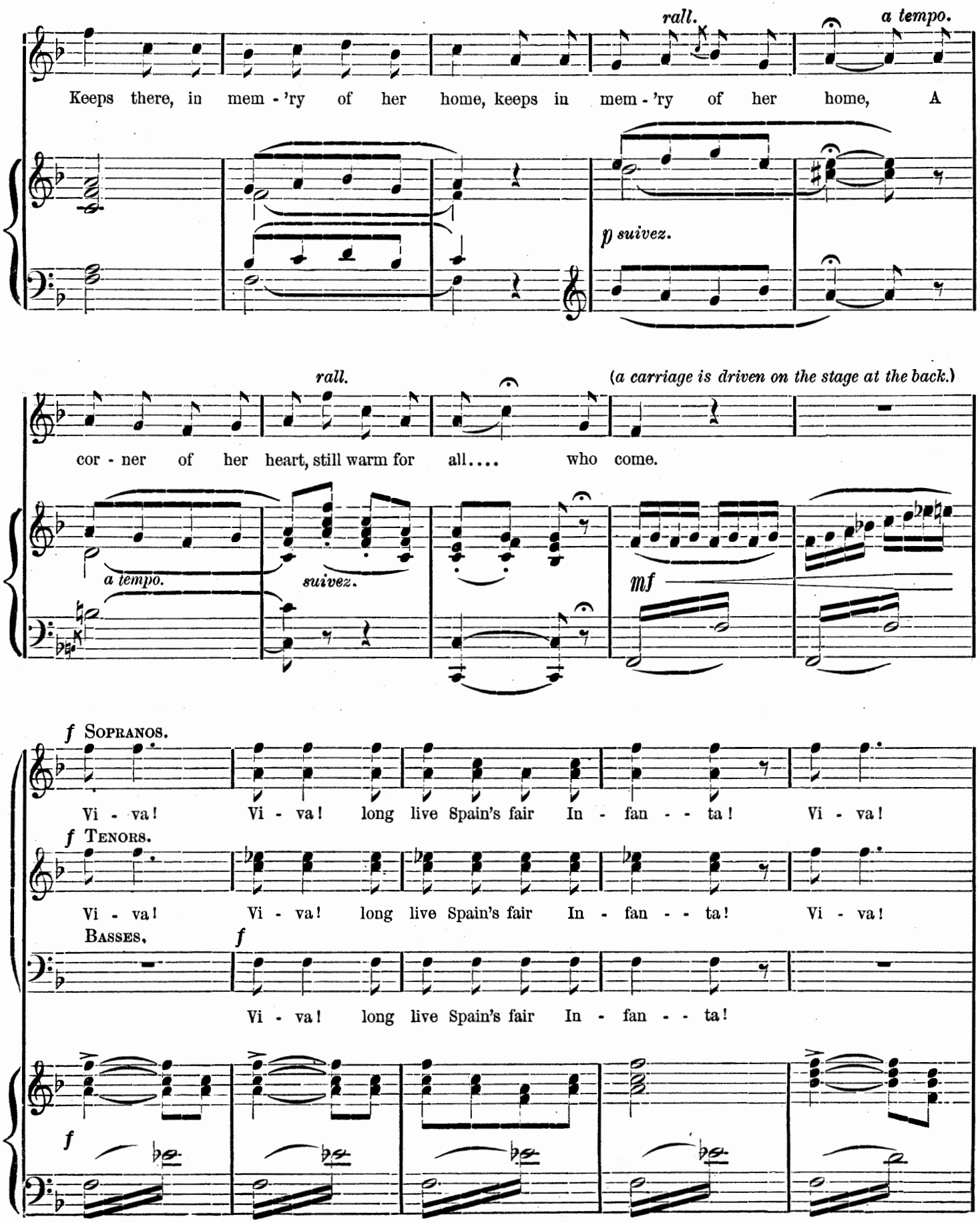

baga - telle !
baga - telle !.....telle !
suivez.
Allegretto.
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Allegretto.
mf
how, Or else 'tis on - ly fool - - - ing.
8va
f

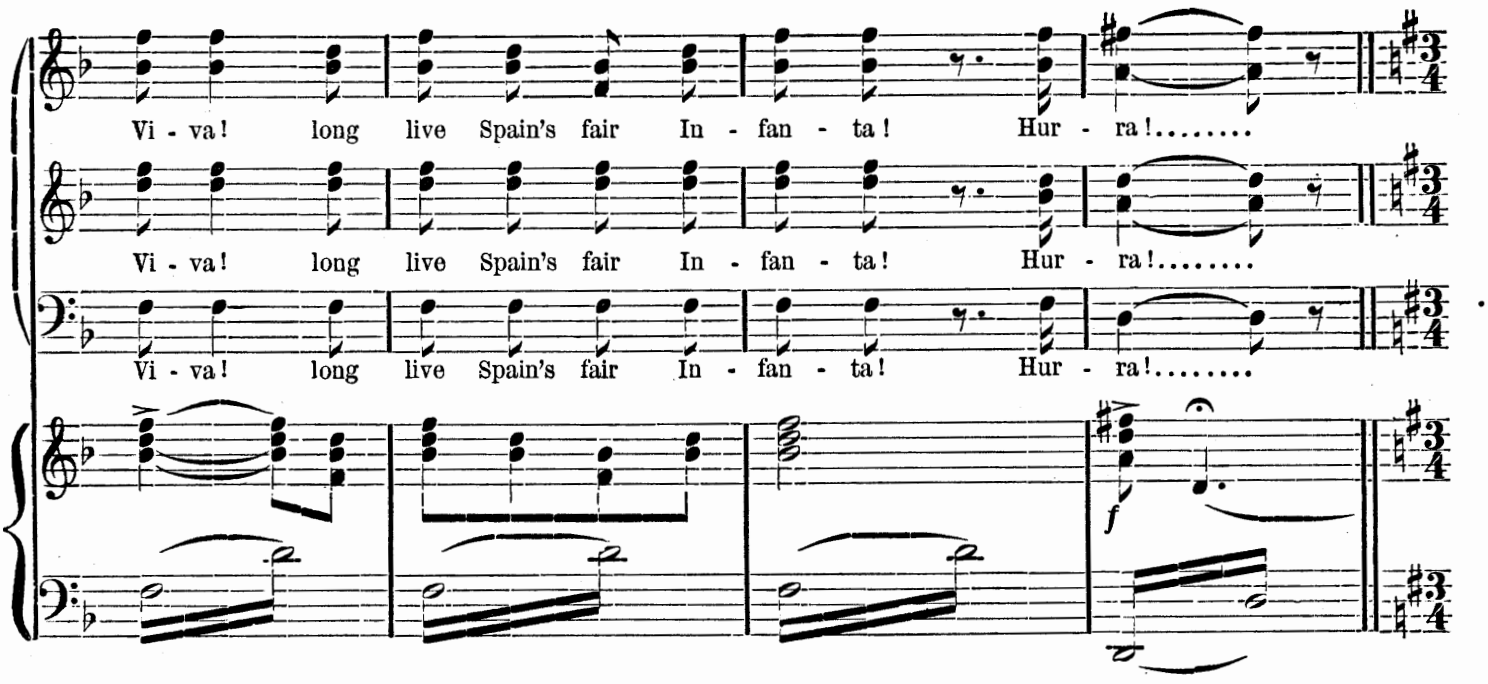

Sopranos. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Tenors. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
Basses. f
'Tis an af - fair of sharp wire - pull - ing, One must know how, One must know
8va
how, or else 'tis on - ly fool - - - ing!
how, or else 'tis on - ly fool - - - ing!
how, or else 'tis on - ly fool - - - ing!
ff
2/4
2/4

VIROFLAY. *(returning.)*
Moderato.

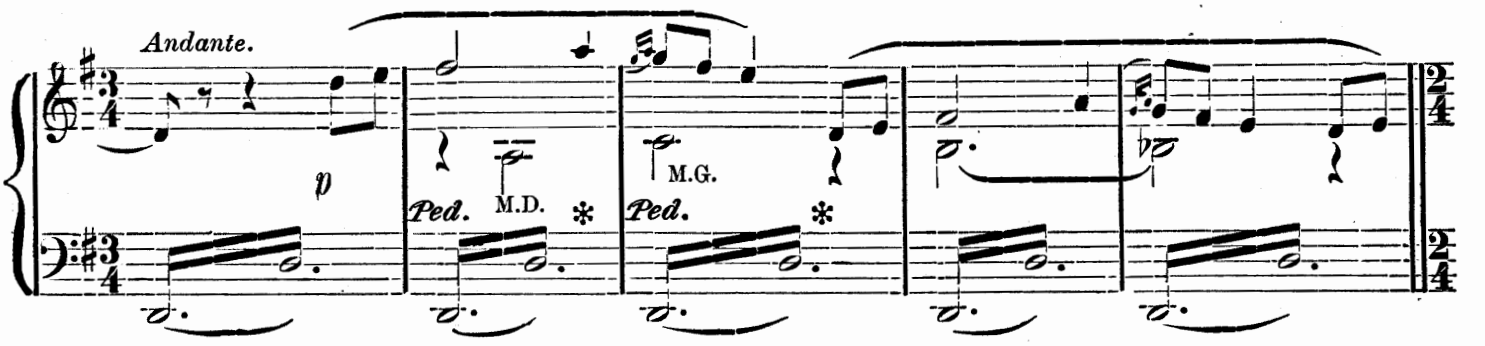


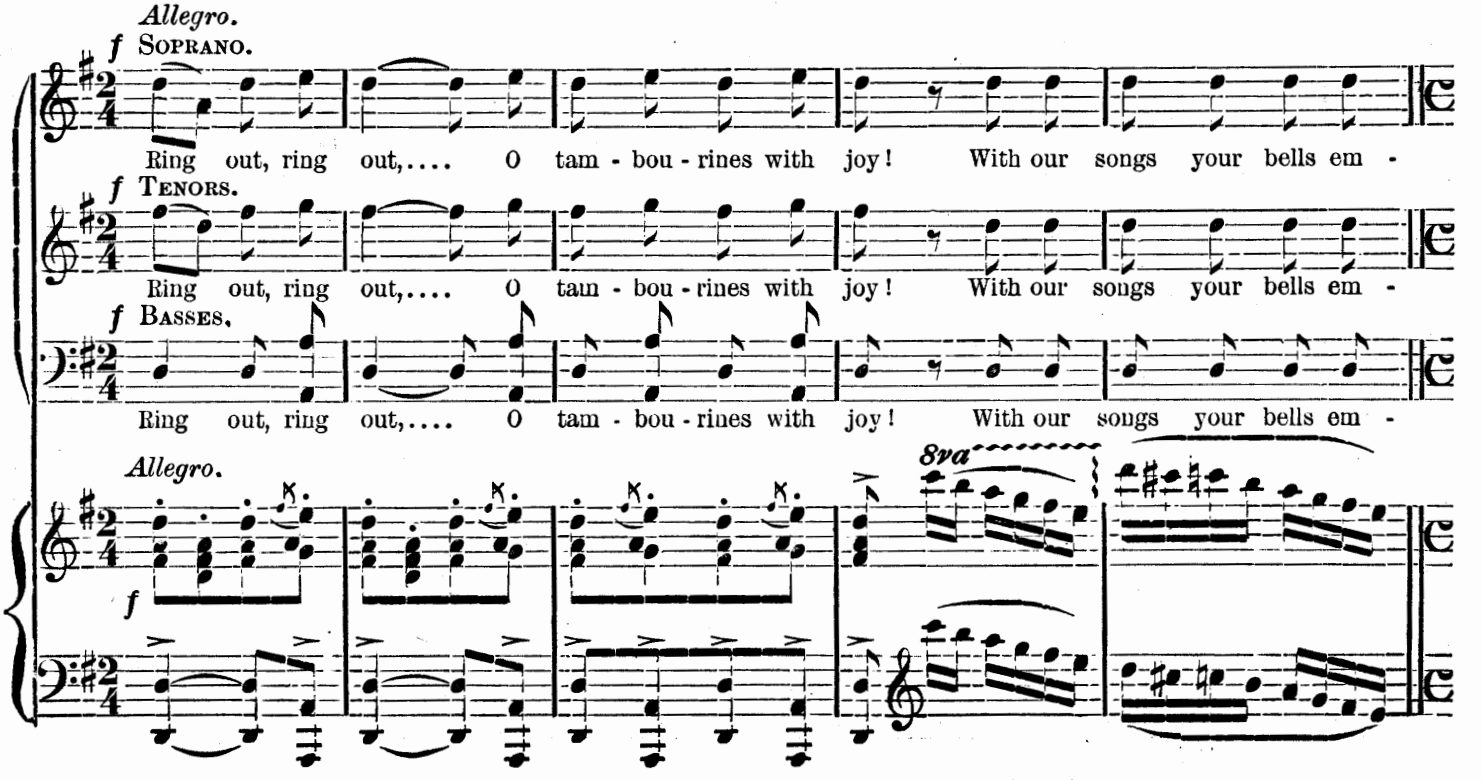

BARBARA.
O gra - cious Heaven!
Thus hungry de - part - - ing!
8va
MAR.
(To MANOEL and students.)
Andantino. p
Now, my friends, when dis - posed to
8va
poco rall.
Andantino.
p
roam, If guid - ed by your hearts, you to Par - is should come;..... E'er bear in
mind, that Spain's young princess roy - - - - - - - al,.....


rall.
a tempo.
Keeps there, in mem - 'ry of her home, keeps in mem - 'ry of her home, A
p suivez.
rall.
(a carriage is driven on the stage at the back.)
cor - ner of her heart, still warm for all.... who come.
a tempo.
suivez.
mf
f Sopranos.
Vi - va! Vi - va! long live Spain's fair In - fan - - ta! Vi - va!
f Tenors.
Vi - va! Vi - va! long live Spain's fair In - fan - - ta! Vi - va!
Basses,
f
Vi - va! long live Spain's fair In - fan - - ta!
f



MARIANNA, *at the moment of entering the carriage, turns, and detaching a rose from her bouquet, throws it to* MAONEL.





(INIGO *makes a gesture of desperation.*)

- ploy ! Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of

- ploy ! Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of

- ploy ! Fai - ry foot and an - kle slen - der, Black eyes, brim full of

INIGO. (*Speaking.*) And now—route to Portugal.

MAN. (*Snatching himself from* INIGO.) Not so; the route to France.

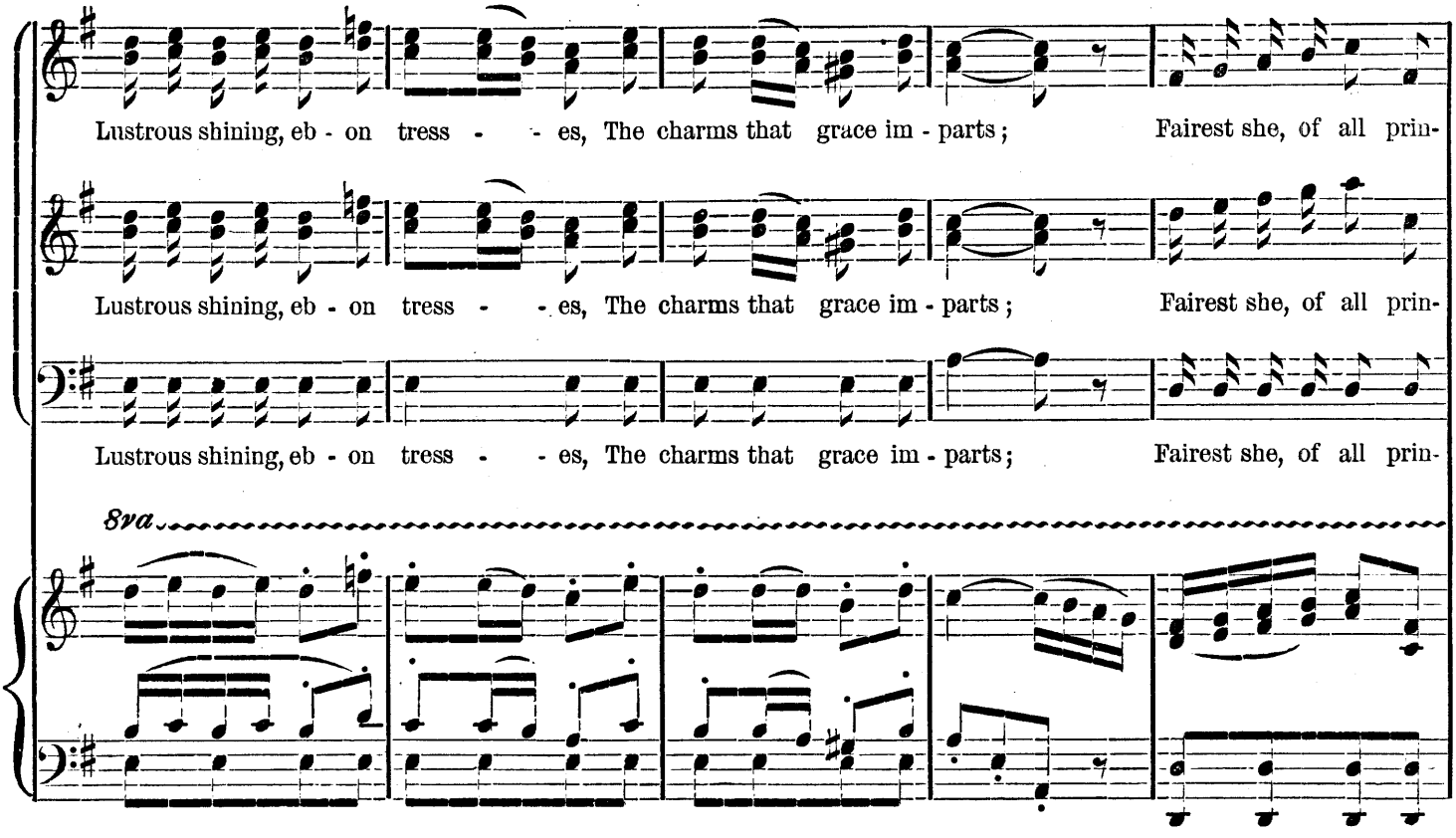
8va

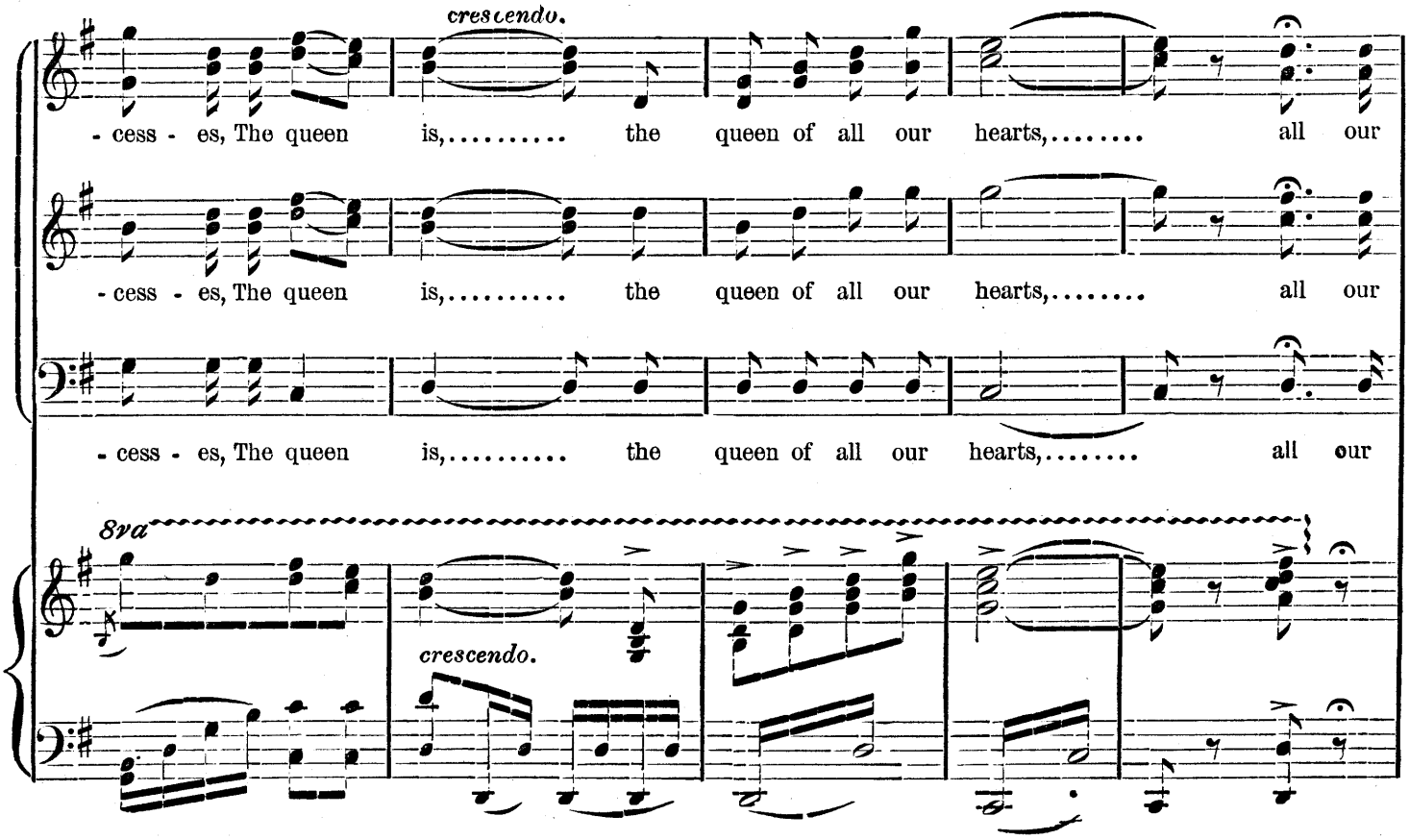
light, Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright,

light, Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright,

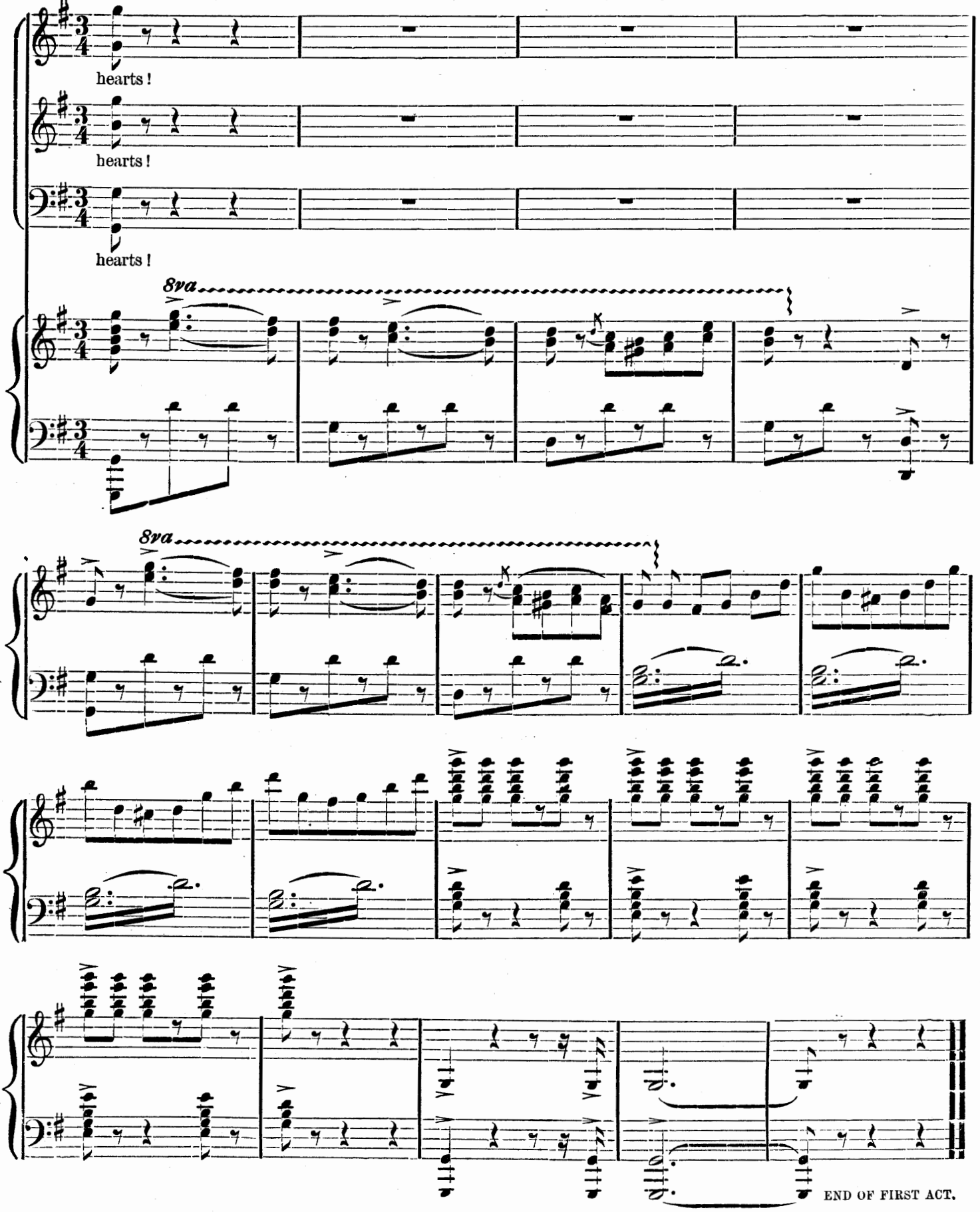
light, full of light, Crimson lips so fresh and ten - der, Fore - head with wis - dom bright,

8va


Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all prin-
Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all prin-
Lustrous shining, eb - on tress - - es, The charms that grace im - parts; Fairest she, of all prin-
8va


crescendo.
- cess - es, The queen is,..... the queen of all our hearts,..... all our
- cess - es, The queen is,..... the queen of all our hearts,..... all our
- cess - es, The queen is,..... the queen of all our hearts,..... all our
8va
crescendo.

The students group themselves in the back, and salute the Infanta, waving their handkerchiefs.

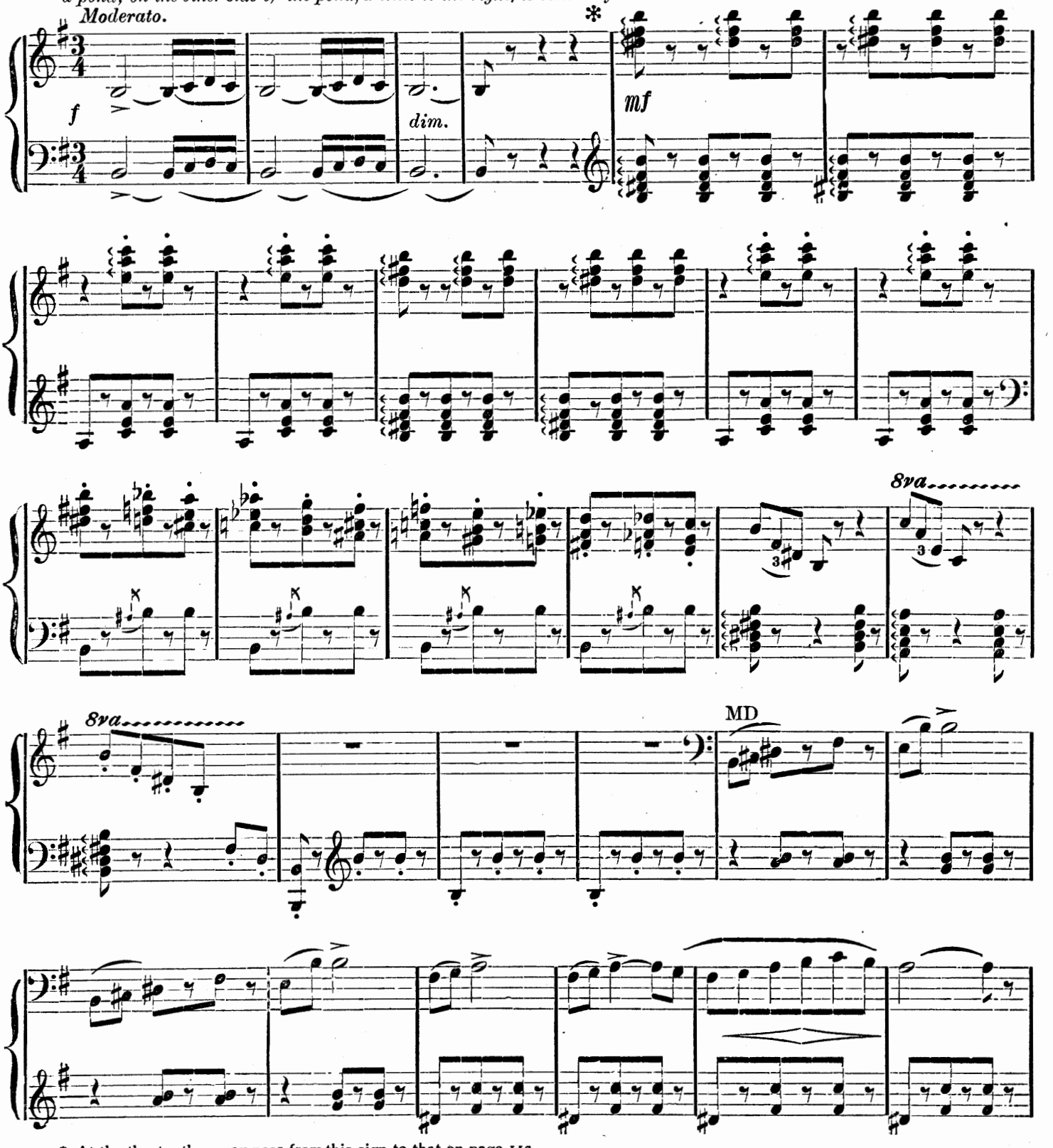


END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE.

At Rambouillet. At the left, the Pavillion of the INFANTA. *At first wing, door opening upon a flight of steps; at second wing a practicable balcony; in front of pavillion, a lawn, trees, thickets of verdure, hillocks of turf. At the right a bower, with table and two seats; behind the bower, green thickets indicating the park of Rambouillet. In the back, bordering the lawn, a pond; on the other side of the pond, a little to the right, is seen the forest.*



* At the theatre they may pass from this sign to that on page 113.

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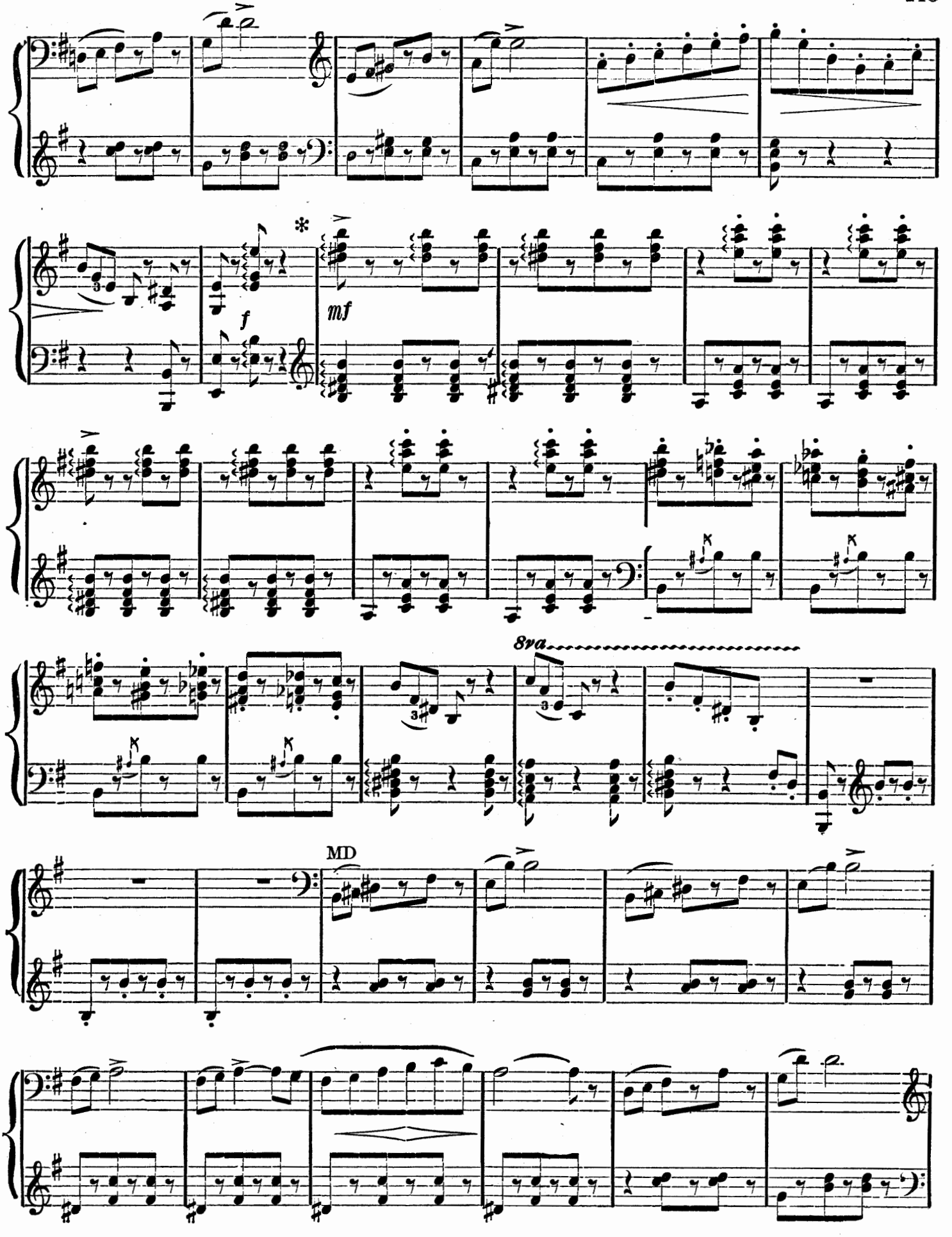
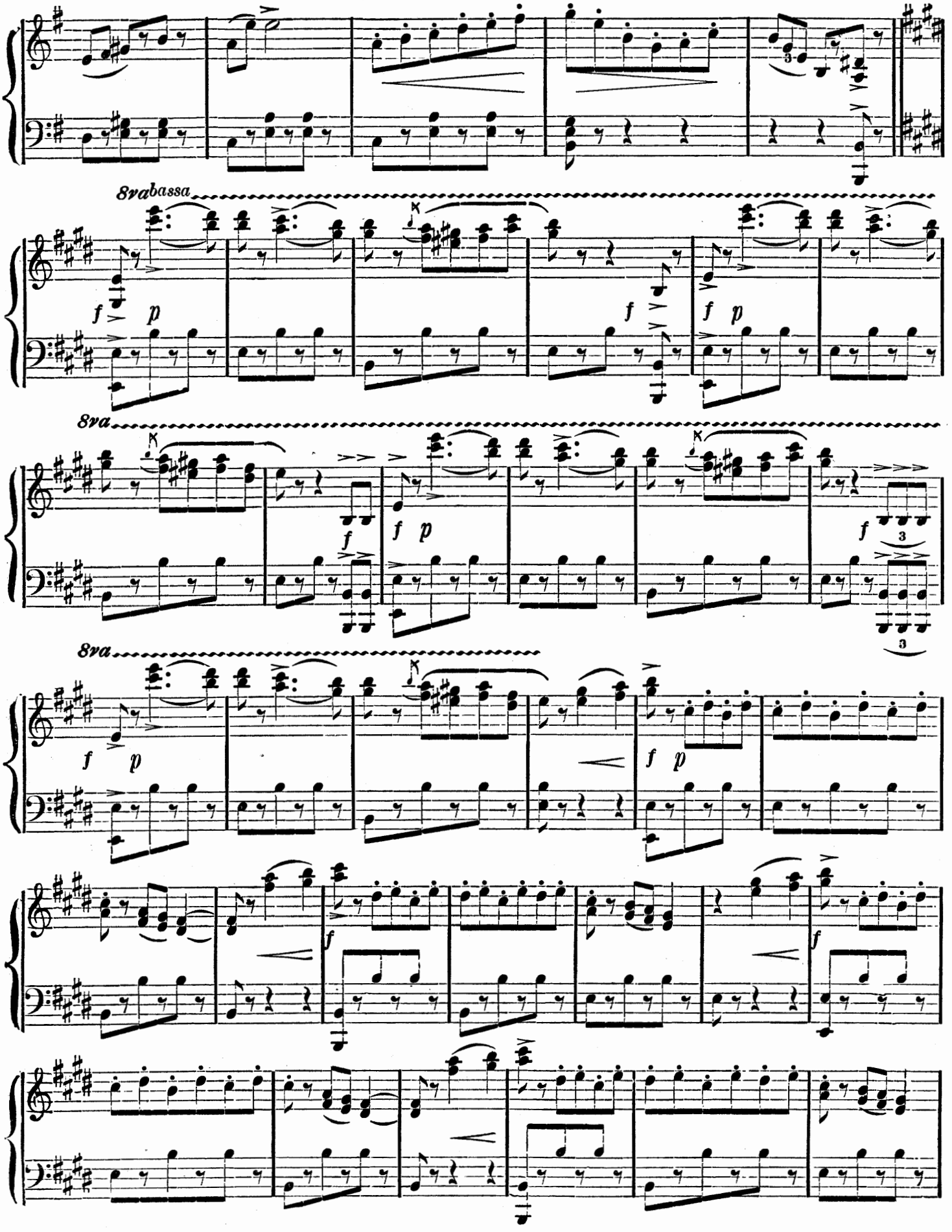
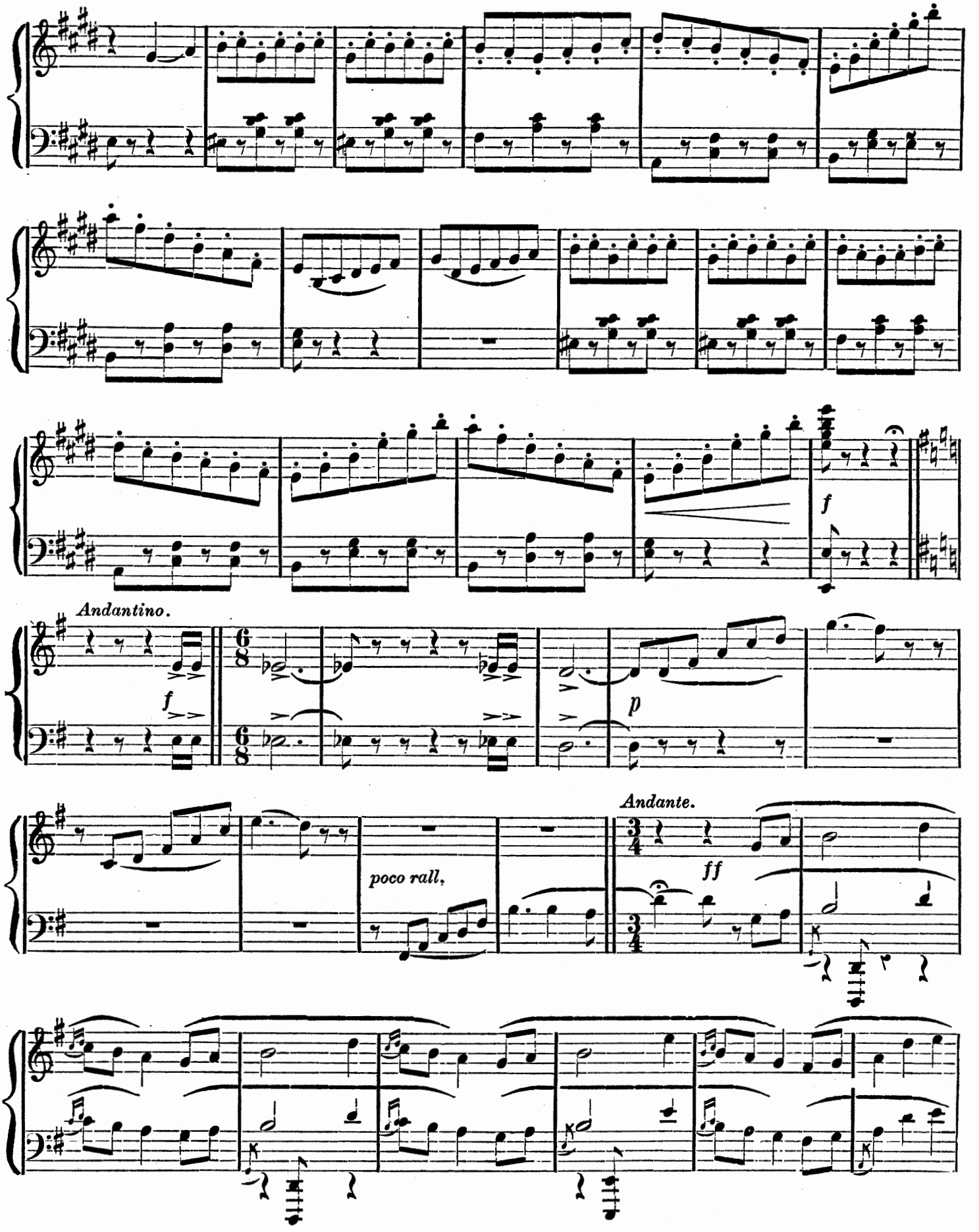
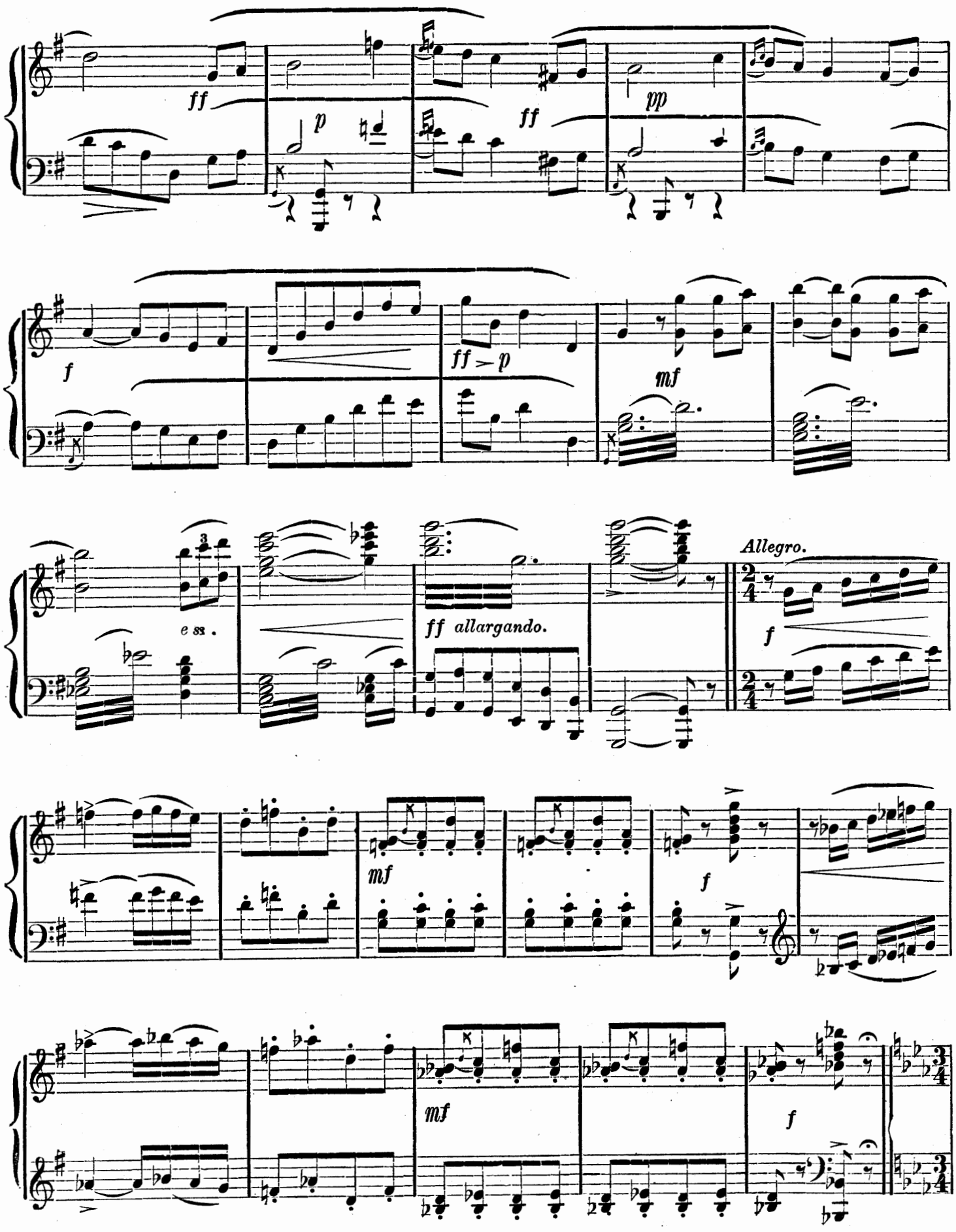

f
mf
8va
MD


8va bassa
8va
8va


f
Andantino.
f
p
poco rall.
Andante.
ff


ff
p
ff
pp
f
ff > p
mf
e ss.
ff allargando.
Allegro.
f
mf
f
mf
f

SWIFTLY THROUGH THE AIR.

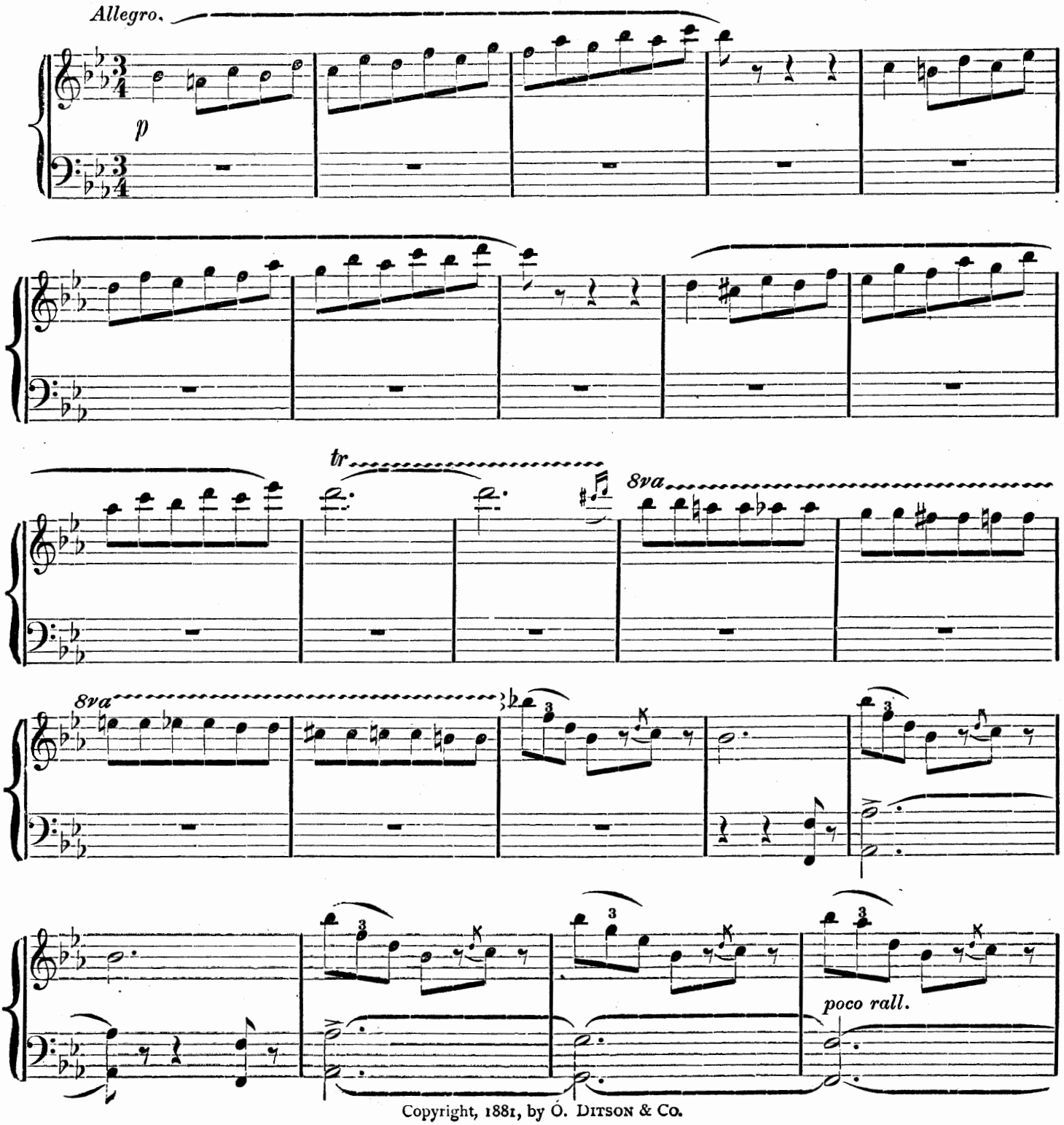
CHORUS, SCENE, DUET, SCENE AND CHORUS.

Louis XV, Marianna, Barbara, Mariquita, Alvarez, Lords and Ladies of the Court.

No. 7. A. CHORUS AND SCENE.

SCENE I.

When the Curtain rises, the KING *and* MARIANNA *are playing battledore.*



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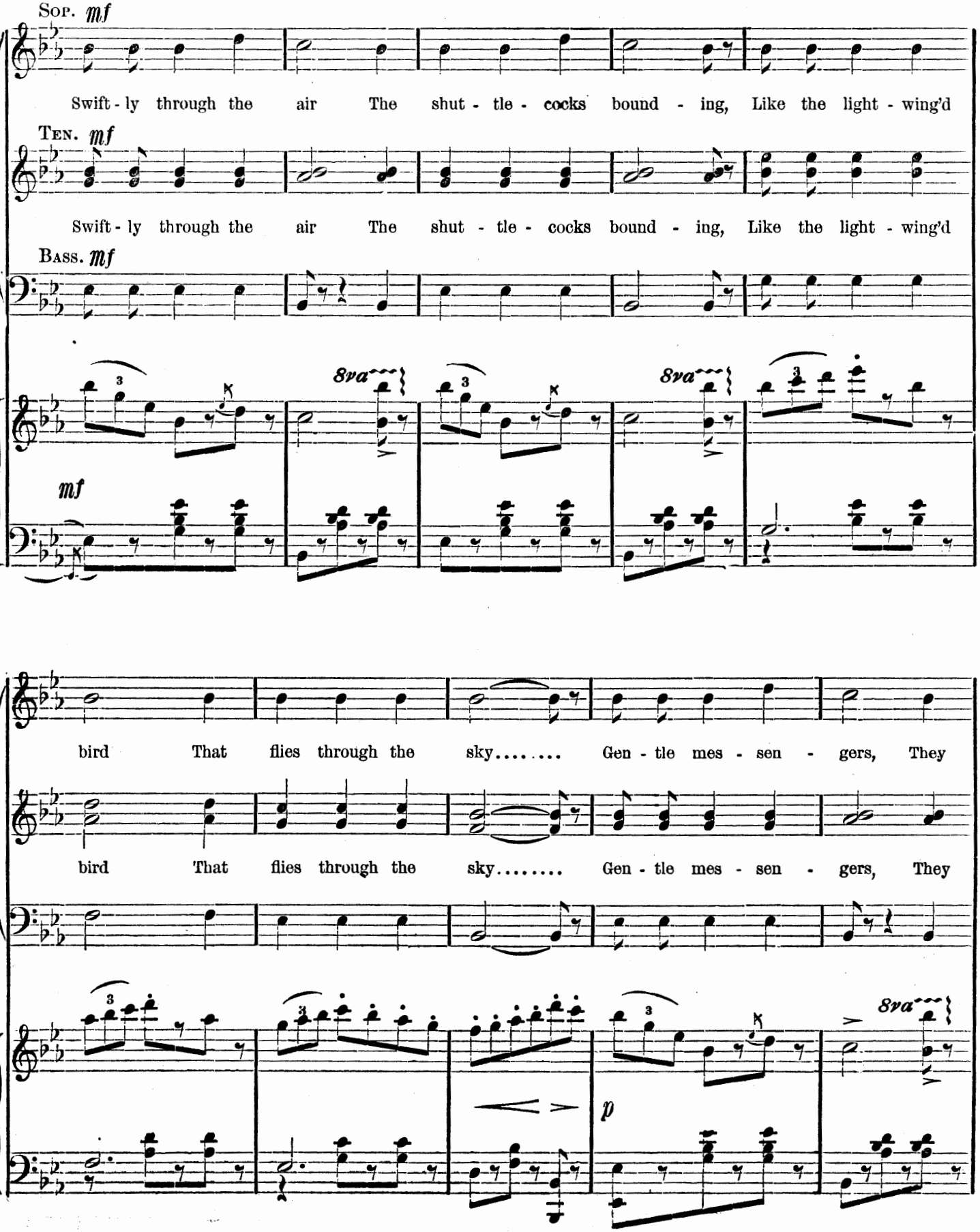
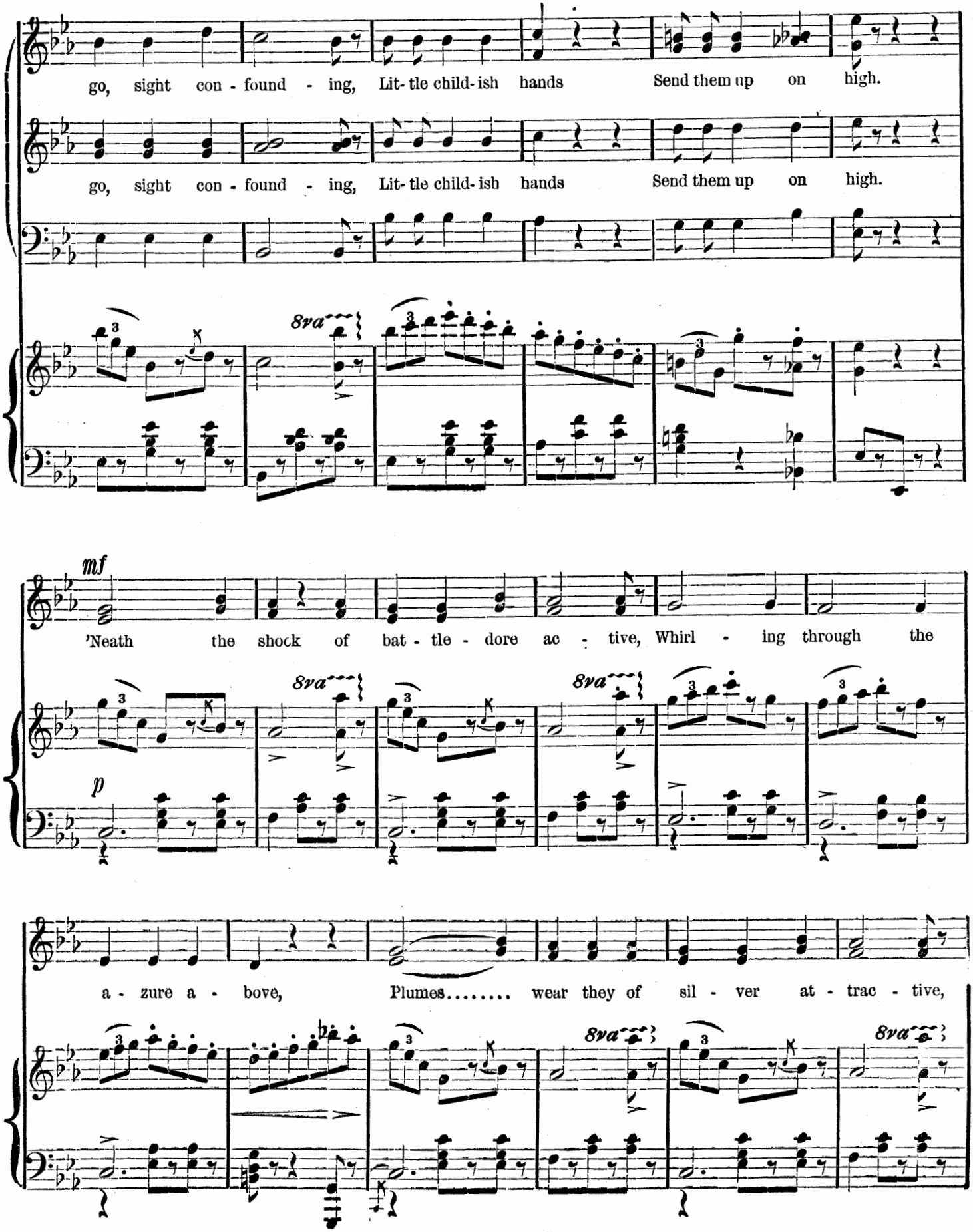
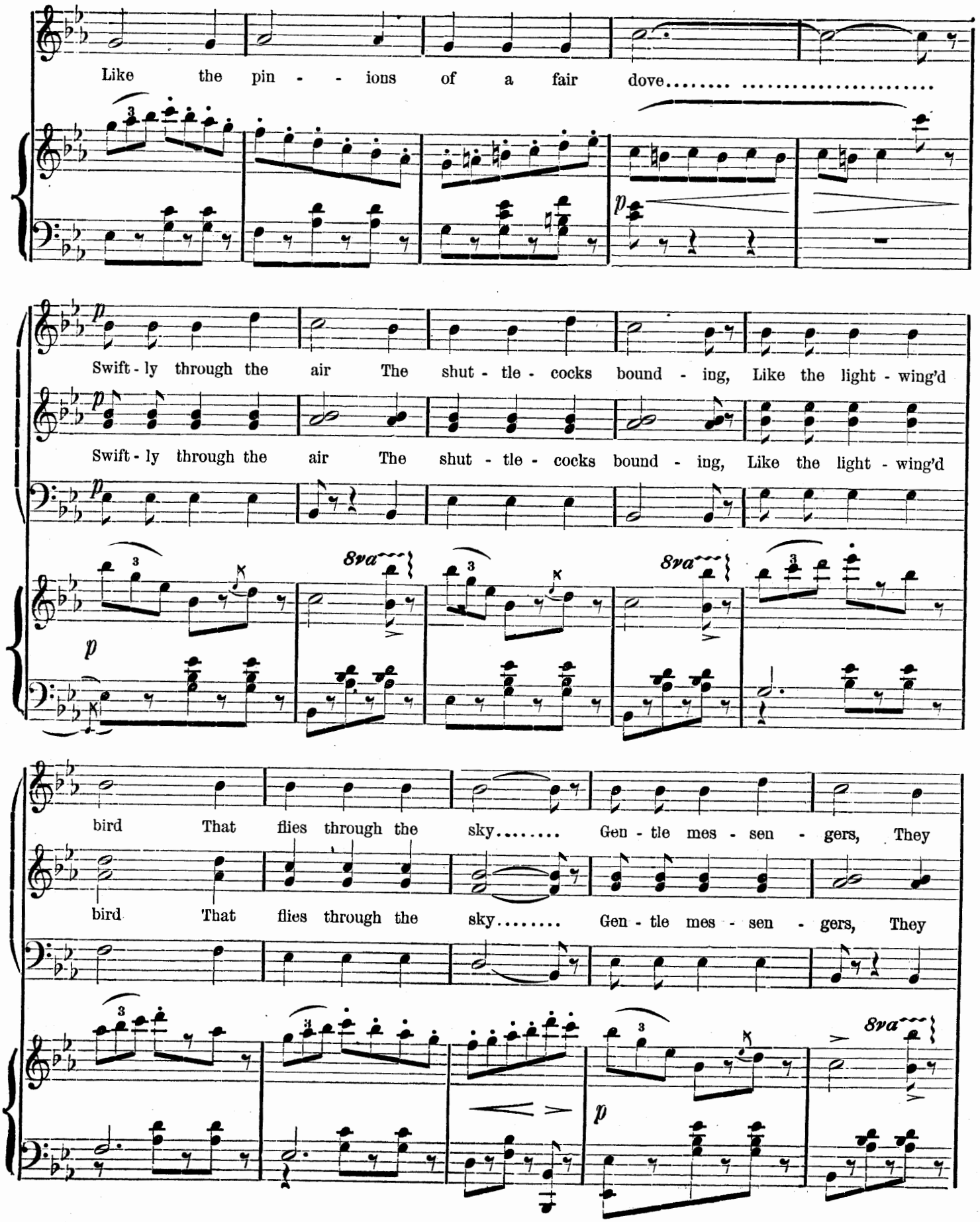
Mouv't de Valse.




go, sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
go, sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
8va
mf
'Neath the shock of bat - tle - dore ac - tive, Whirl - ing through the
8va
8va
p
a - zure a - bove, Plumes..... wear they of sil - ver at - trac - tive,
8va
8va


Like the pin - - ions of a fair dove.....
Swift - ly through the air The shut - tle - cocks bound - ing, Like the light - wing'd
Swift - ly through the air The shut - tle - cocks bound - ing, Like the light - wing'd
8va
8va
bird That flies through the sky..... Gen - tle mes - sen - gers, They
bird That flies through the sky..... Gen - tle mes - sen - gers, They
8va

dart sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.

dart sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.

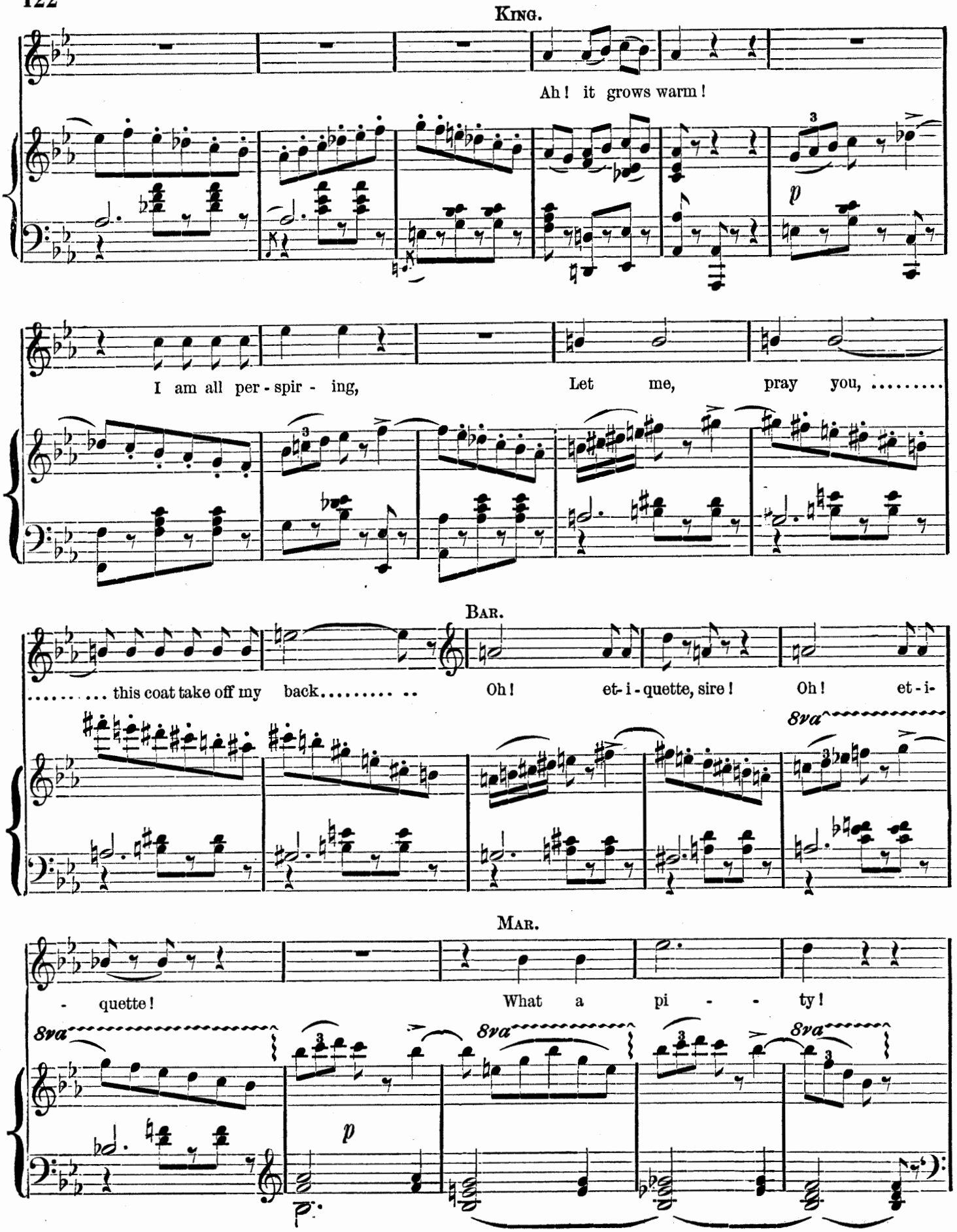
8va

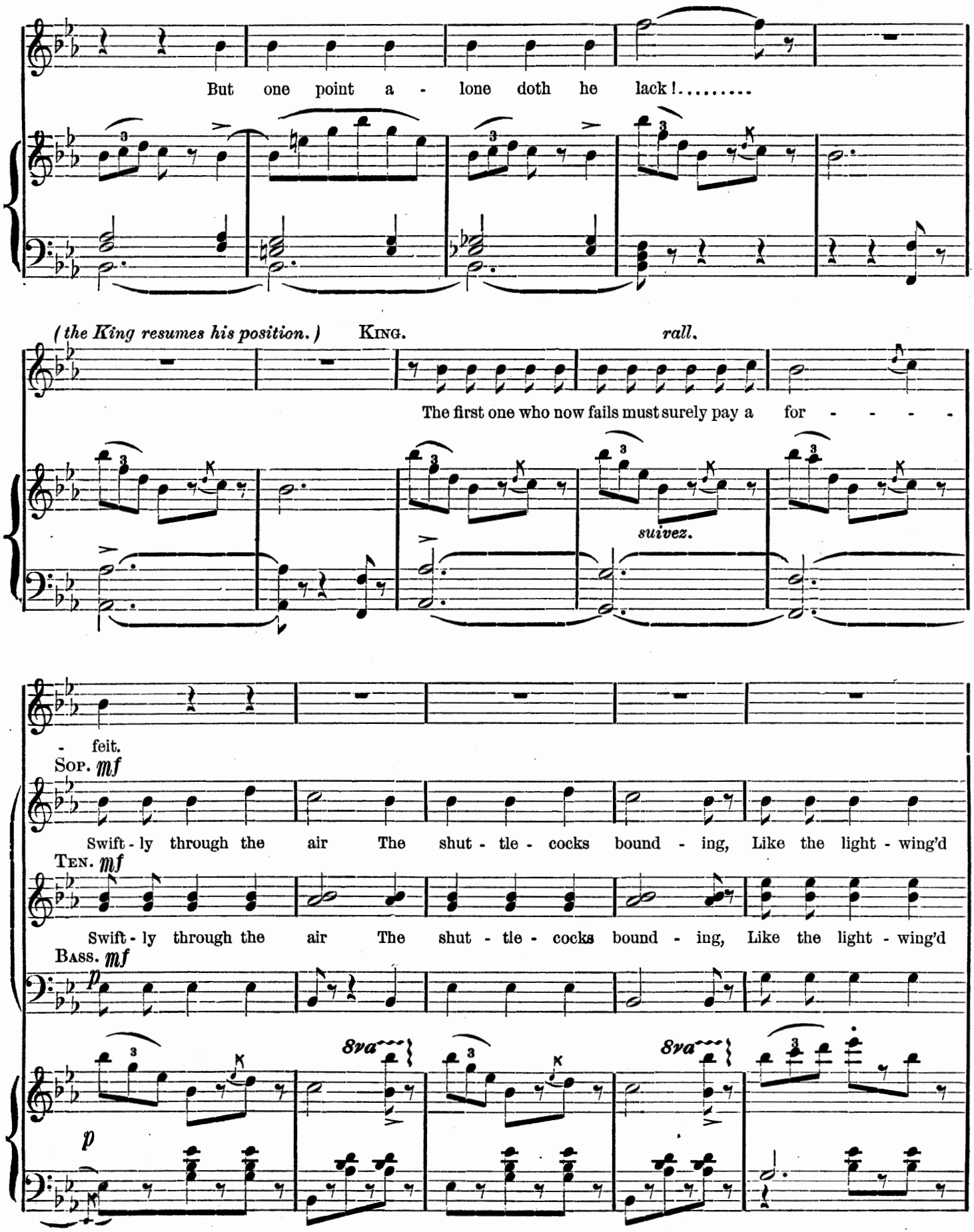
MAR. *(speaking.)*

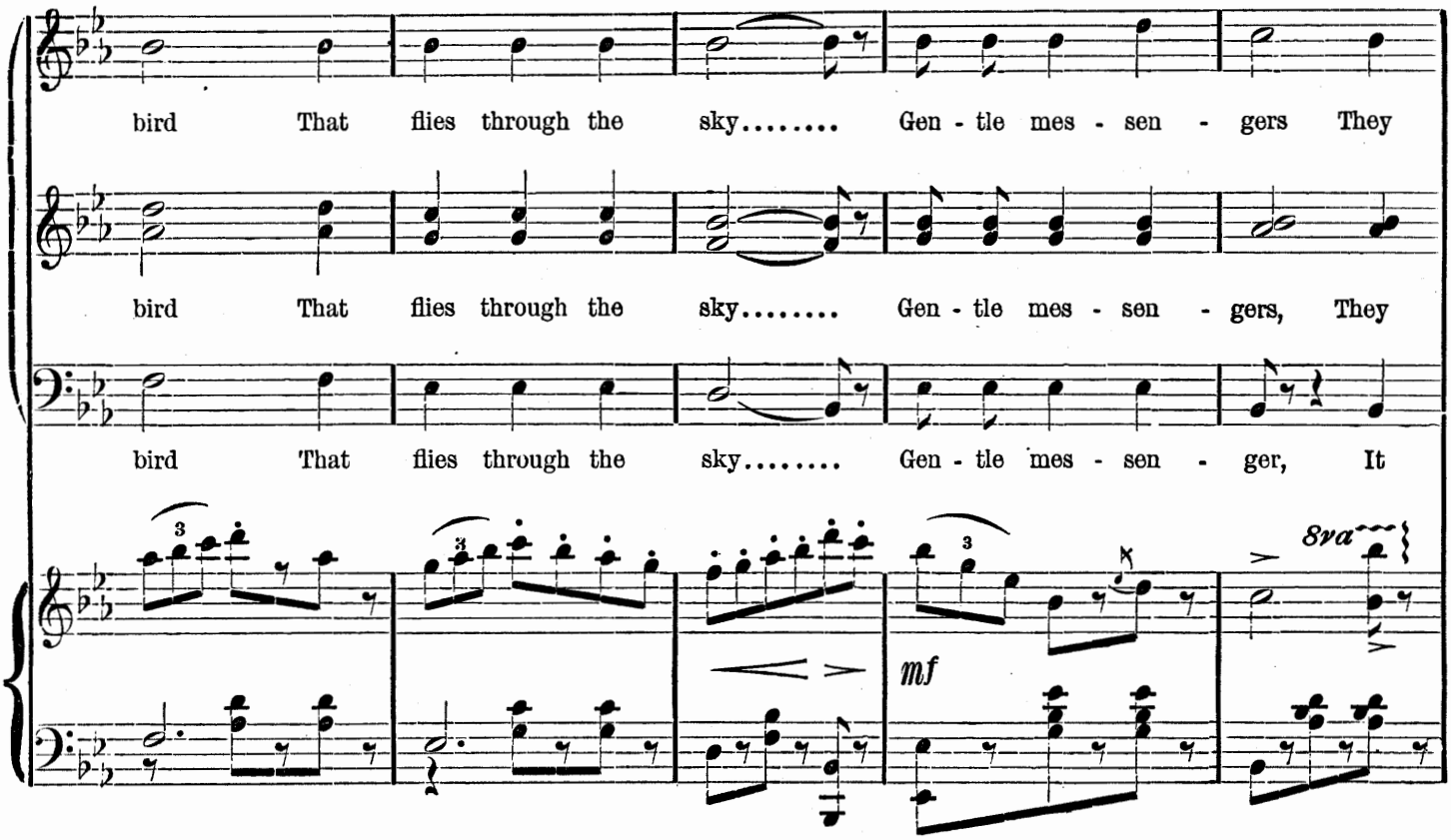
That is ninety - eight— ninety-nine—

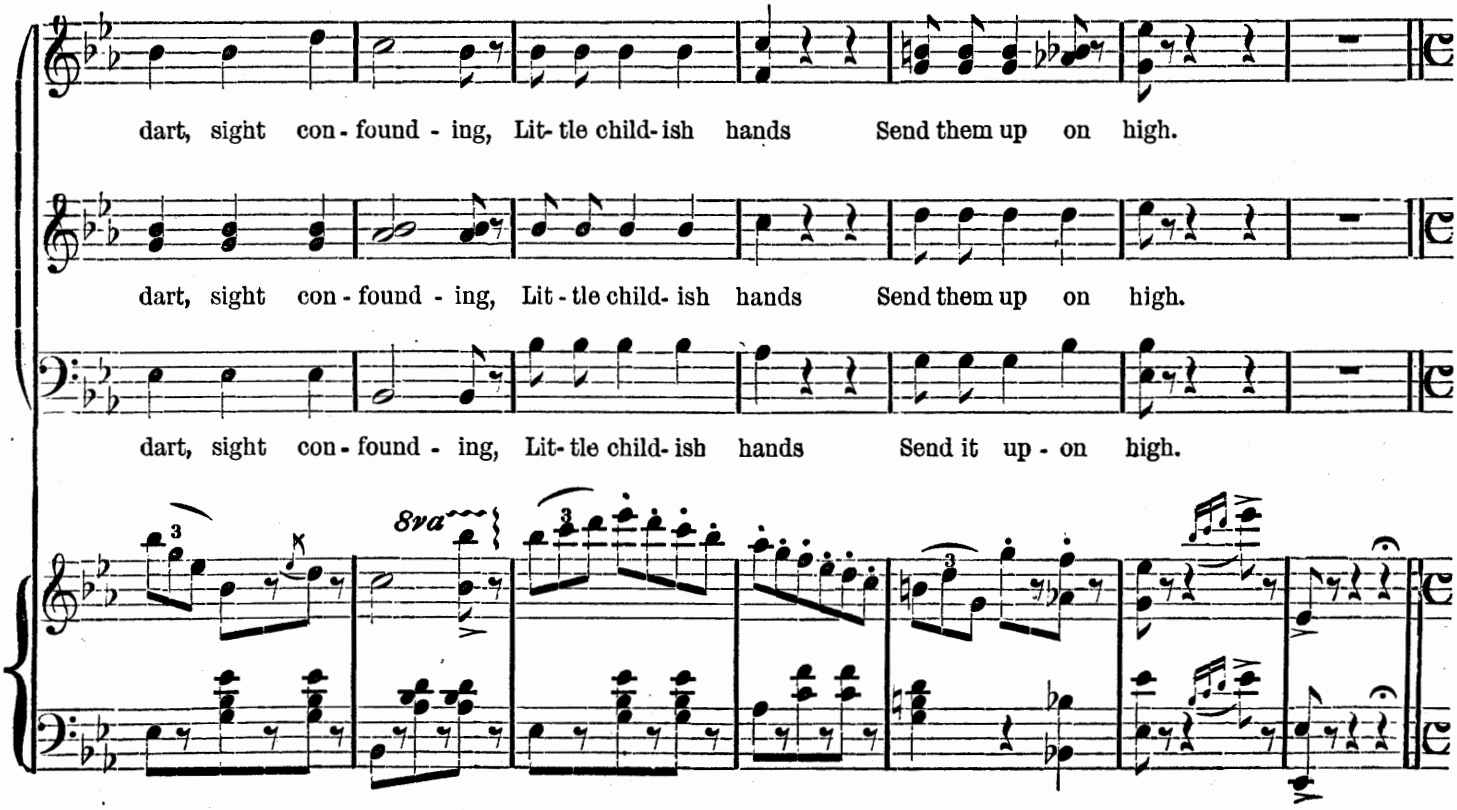
Be cour- a - geous! And do not stop!

* At the theatre, they pass to the next sign, page 124.


KING.
Ah! it grows warm!
I am all per - spir - ing,
Let me, pray you,
BAR.
this coat take off my back
Oh! et-i-quette, sire!
Oh! et-i-
8va
MAR.
- quette!
What a pi - - ty!
8va
8va
8va


But one point a - lone doth he lack!.....
(the King resumes his position.)
KING.
rall.
The first one who now fails must surely pay a for - - - -
suivez.
- feit.
SOP. mf
Swift - ly through the air The shut - tle - cocks bound - ing, Like the light - wing'd
TEN. mf
Swift - ly through the air The shut - tle - cocks bound - ing, Like the light - wing'd
BASS. mf
p
8va
8va
p


bird That flies through the sky..... Gen - tle mes - sen - gers They
bird That flies through the sky..... Gen - tle mes - sen - gers, They
bird That flies through the sky..... Gen - tle mes - sen - ger, It
mf
8va


dart, sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
dart, sight con - found - ing, Lit - tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
dart, sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send it up - on high.
8va

(At the end of the Chorus the King lets his bird drop.)

Moderato. MAR. *(picks it up.)*

KING. *(graciously.)*

Once more, now, you owe me a for - feit; 'Tis the cus - tom. With will-ing

p

grace,....with willing grace,.... But, at your feet what can I place? At your feet, pray what can I

p *poco rall.*

suivez.

Andantino con moto.

place?

f

poco rall.

(b.) DUETTO.

Andante grazioso.

Full well you know.... my throne and crown u-nit - ed, E'en now, e'en now, here at your mercy

p

(he kisses her hand.)

lie; Naught still re - mains to me un - plight - ed, But my heart— on that re-

MAR.

- ly! The Mad-ri - gal is fair- ly turned, But,sire, you show much less of spir- it, For keeping shuttle- cocks on

mf *p*

suivez.

KING.

wing! How can I win the game I mer - it, While you bright glan - ces round me

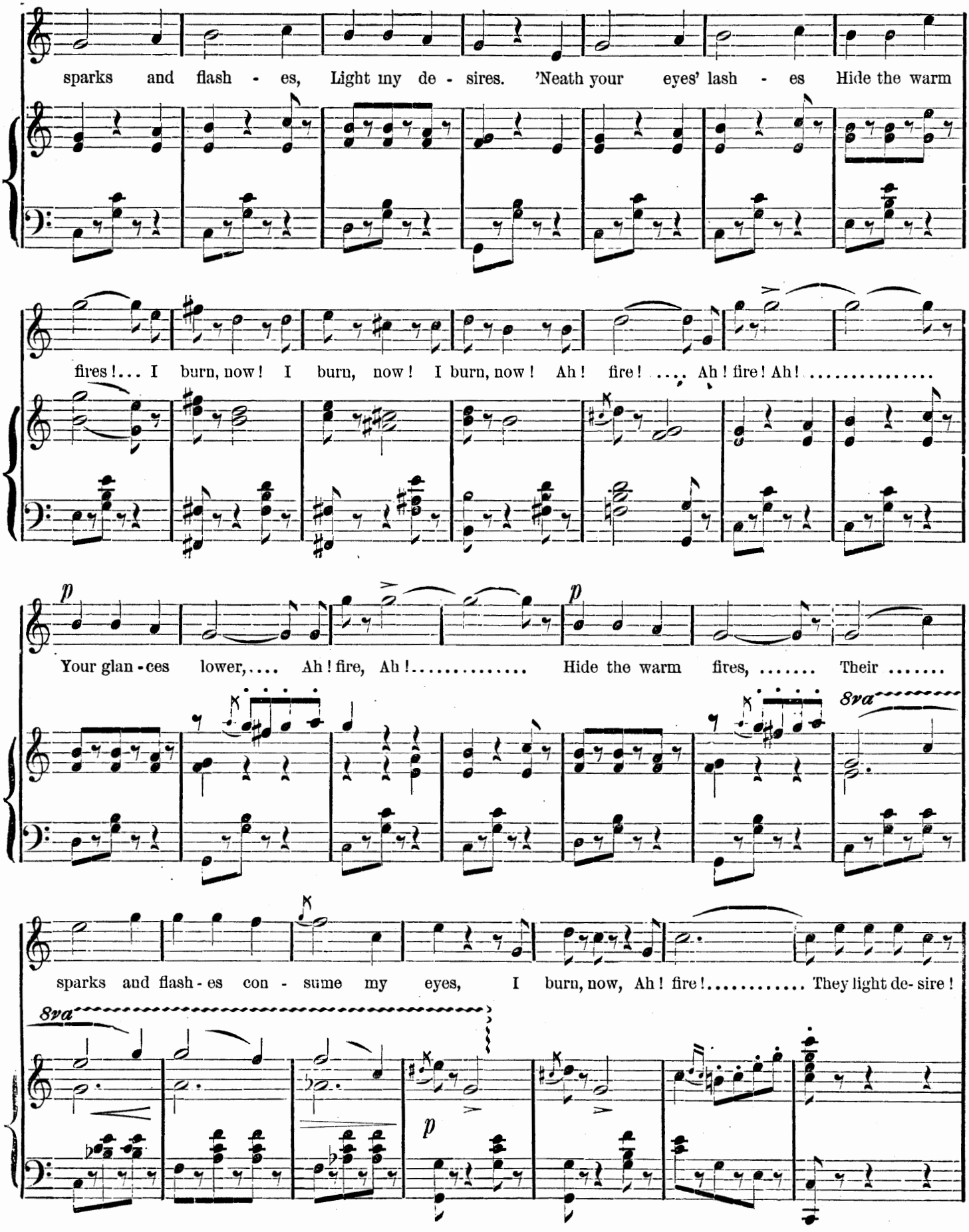
Allegretto.

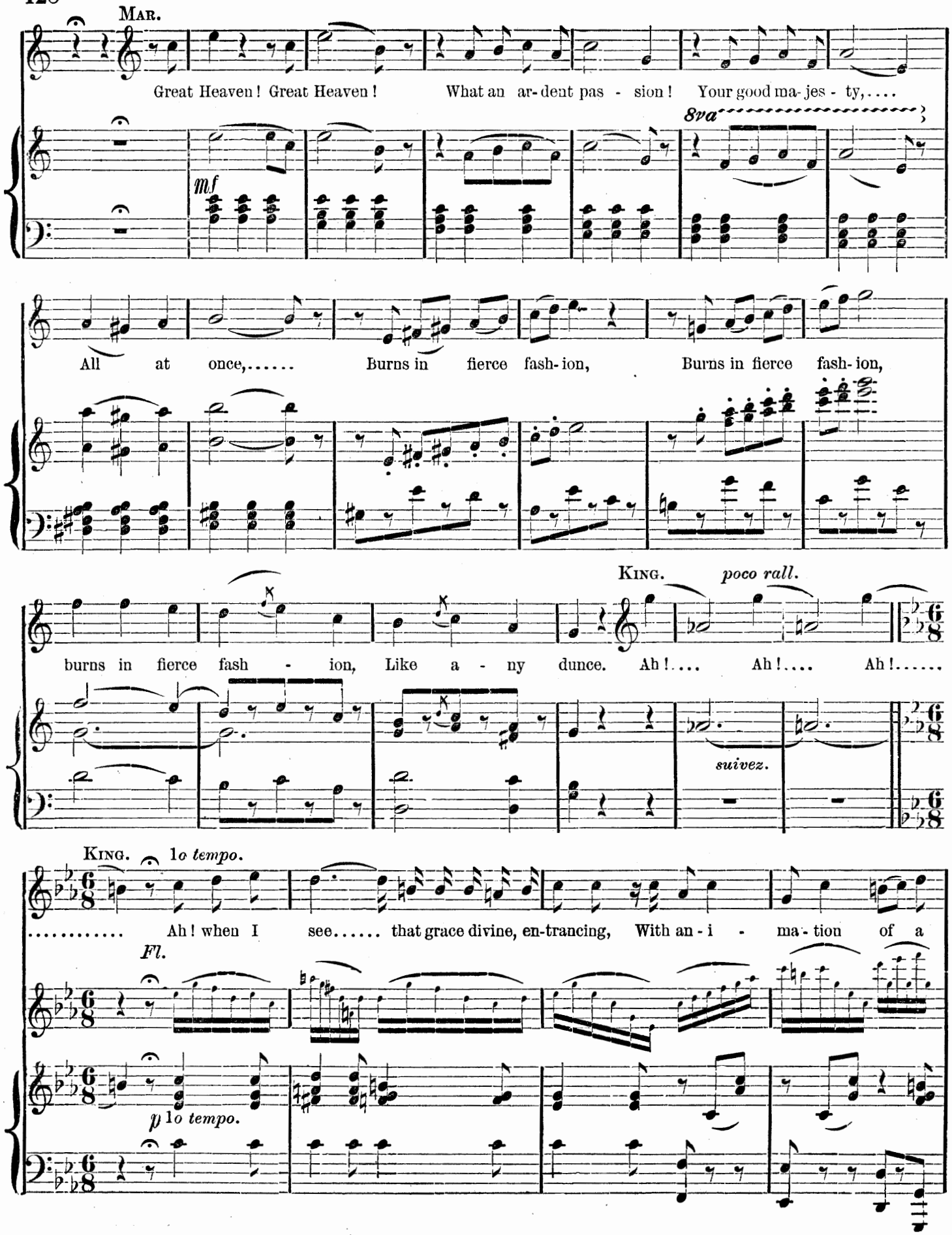
p

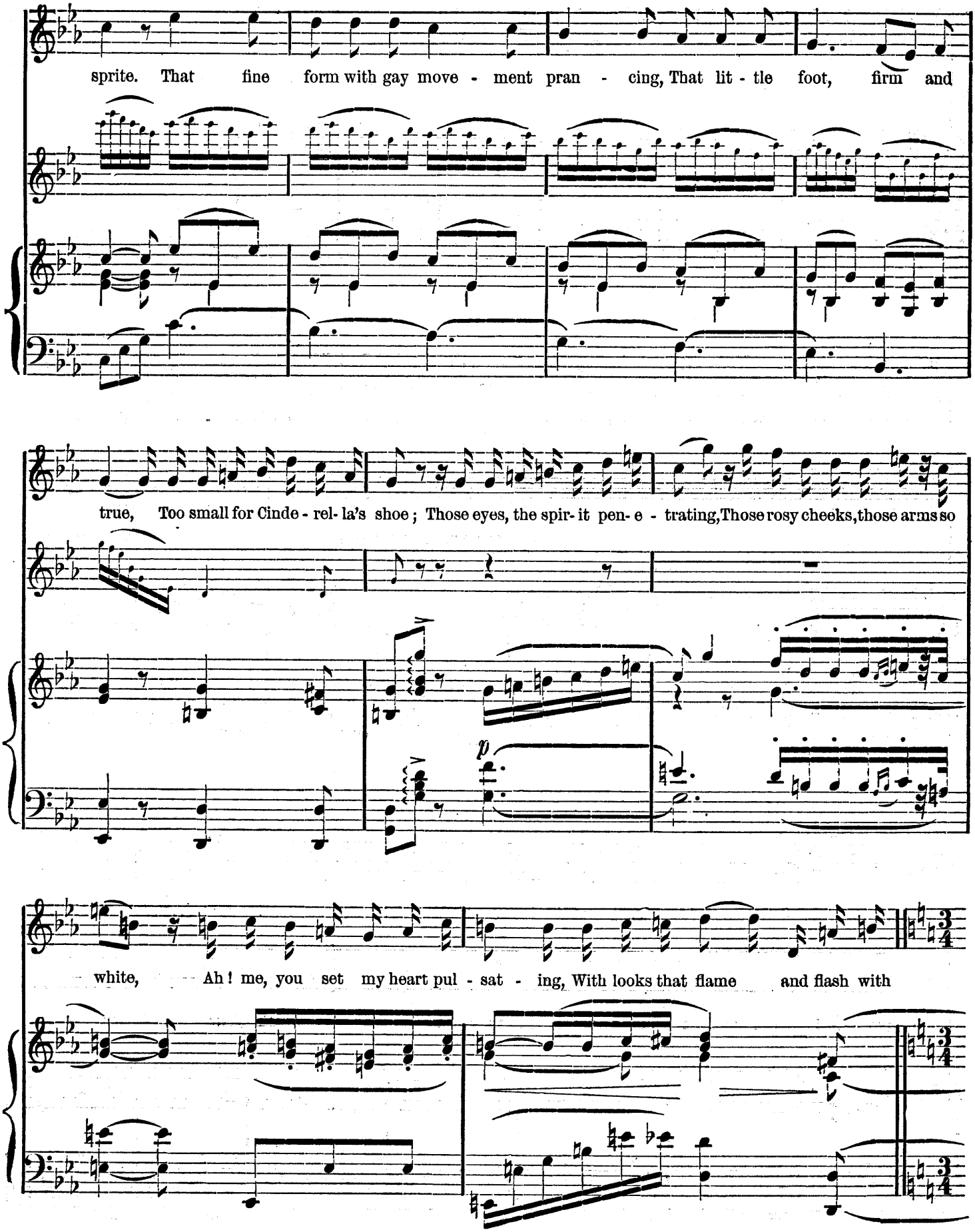
fling!.... 'Neath your eyes' lash - es, Hide the warm fires; Their

Allegretto.

p *p*


sparks and flash - es, Light my de - sires. 'Neath your eyes' lash - es Hide the warm
fires!... I burn, now! I burn, now! I burn, now! Ah! fire! .... Ah! fire! Ah! .....
p
Your glan - ces lower,.... Ah! fire, Ah!..... Hide the warm fires, ... Their .....
8va
sparks and flash - es con - sume my eyes, I burn, now, Ah! fire!..... They light de- sire!
8va
p


Mar.
Great Heaven! Great Heaven! What an ar-dent pas - sion! Your good ma-jes - ty,....
8va
mf
All at once,..... Burns in fierce fash-ion, Burns in fierce fash-ion,
King.
poco rall.
burns in fierce fash - ion, Like a - ny dunce. Ah!.... Ah!.... Ah!.....
suivez.
King.
1o tempo.
..... Ah! when I see..... that grace divine, en-trancing, With an-i - ma-tion of a
Fl.
p 1o tempo.


sprite. That fine form with gay move - ment pran - cing, That lit - tle foot, firm and
true, Too small for Cinde - rel- la's shoe ; Those eyes, the spir- it pen- e - trating, Those rosy cheeks, those arms so
p
white, Ah ! me, you set my heart pul - sat - ing, With looks that flame and flash with

Allegretto.

MAR. *(imitating the King.)*

light!....

'Neath your eyes' lash - es, Hide the warm fires, The

Allegretto.

p

p

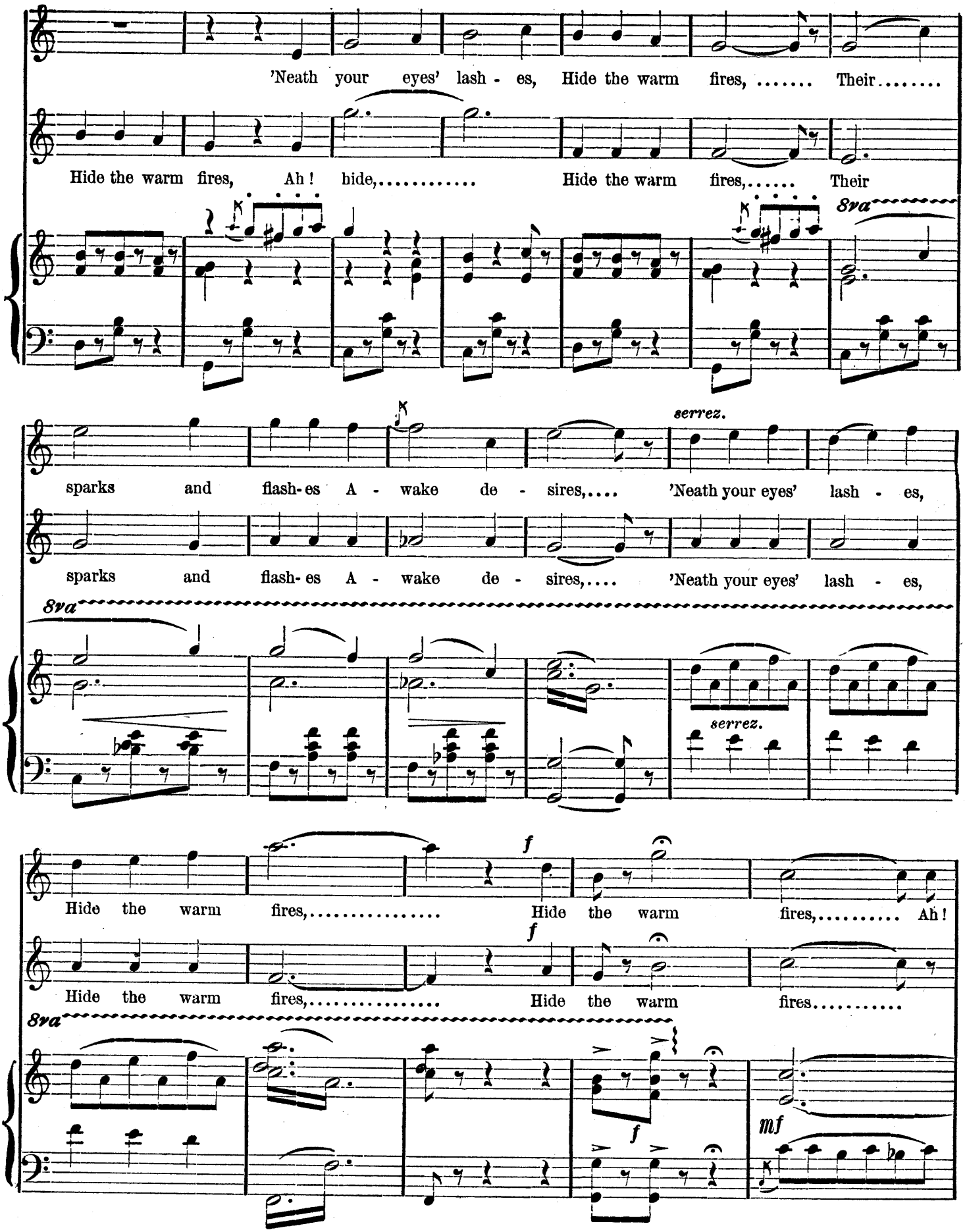
sparks and flash - es, Light my de - sires. 'Neath your eyes' lash - es Hide the warm

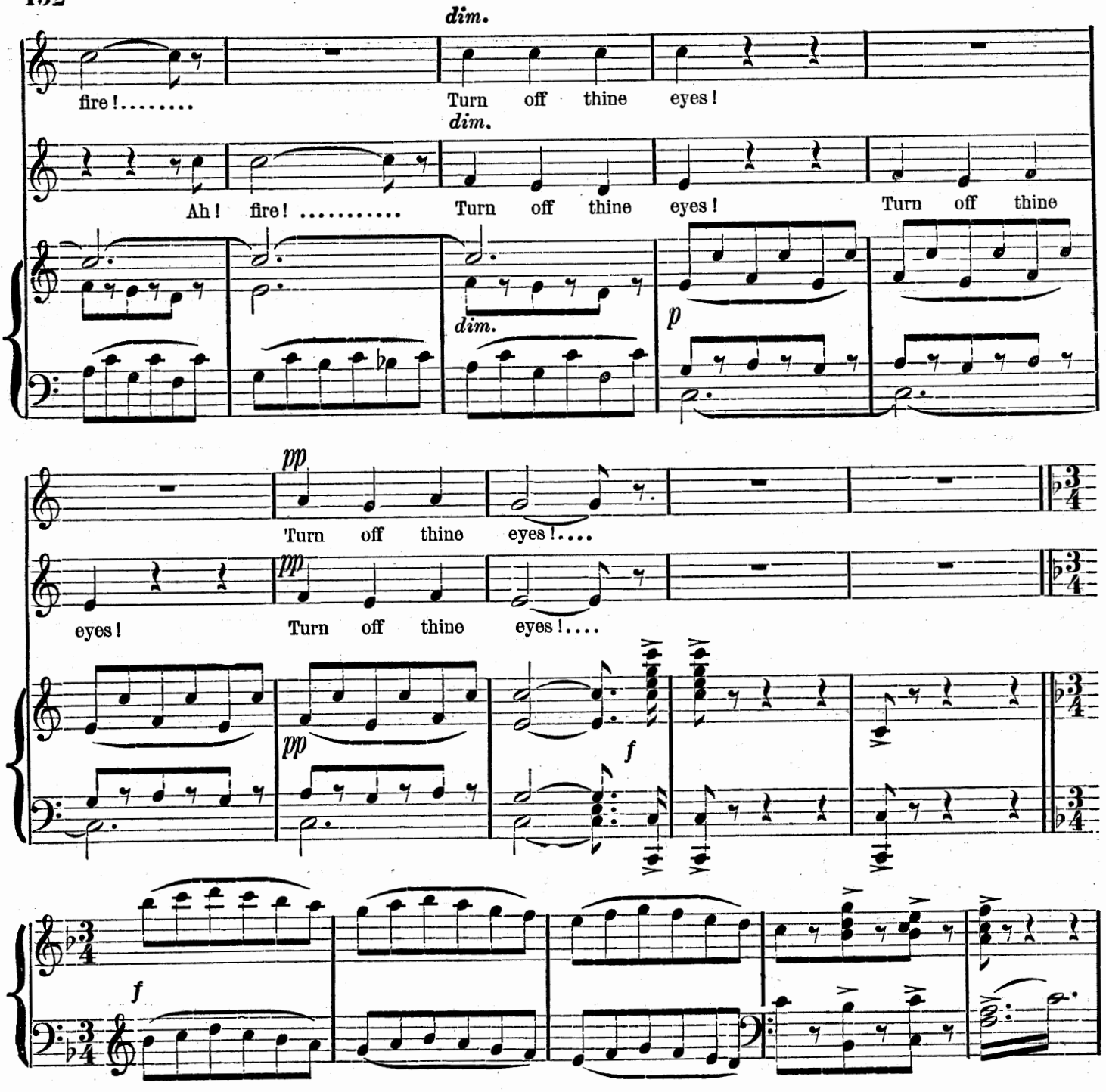
KING.

Ah! what bright fires! They wake de-

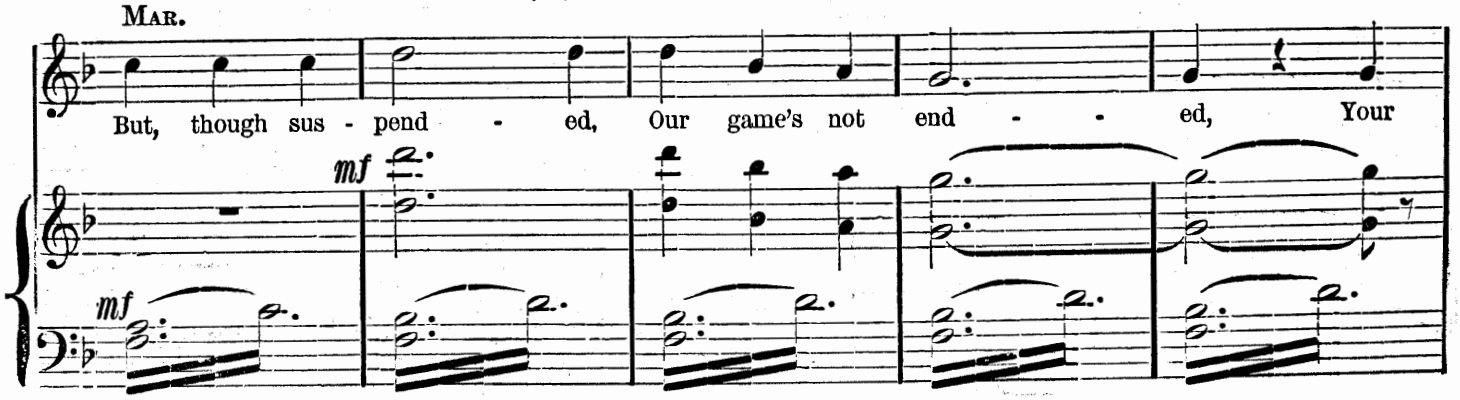
fires!... I burn, now! I burn, now! I burn, now! Ah! fire! Ah! fire!.....

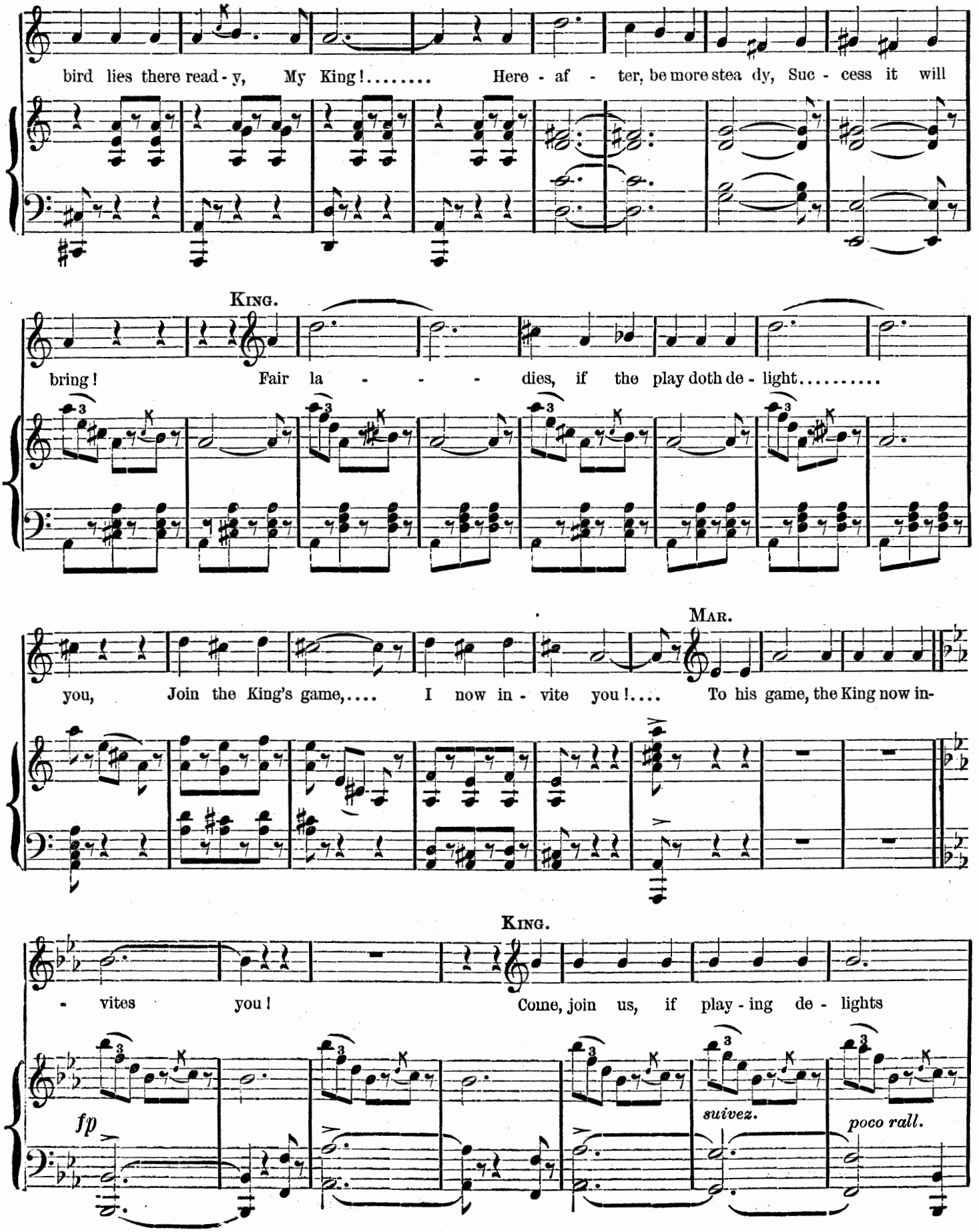
- sires.... I burn now! I burn, now! I burn, now! 'Neath your eyes' lash - es,


'Neath your eyes' lash - es, Hide the warm fires, ... Their.....
Hide the warm fires, Ah! hide,..... Hide the warm fires,..... Their
8va
sparks and flash- es A - wake de - sires,.... serrez. 'Neath your eyes' lash - es,
sparks and flash- es A - wake de - sires,.... 'Neath your eyes' lash - es,
8va
serrez.
Hide the warm fires,..... f Hide the warm fires,..... Ah!
Hide the warm fires,..... f Hide the warm fires.....
8va
f
mf

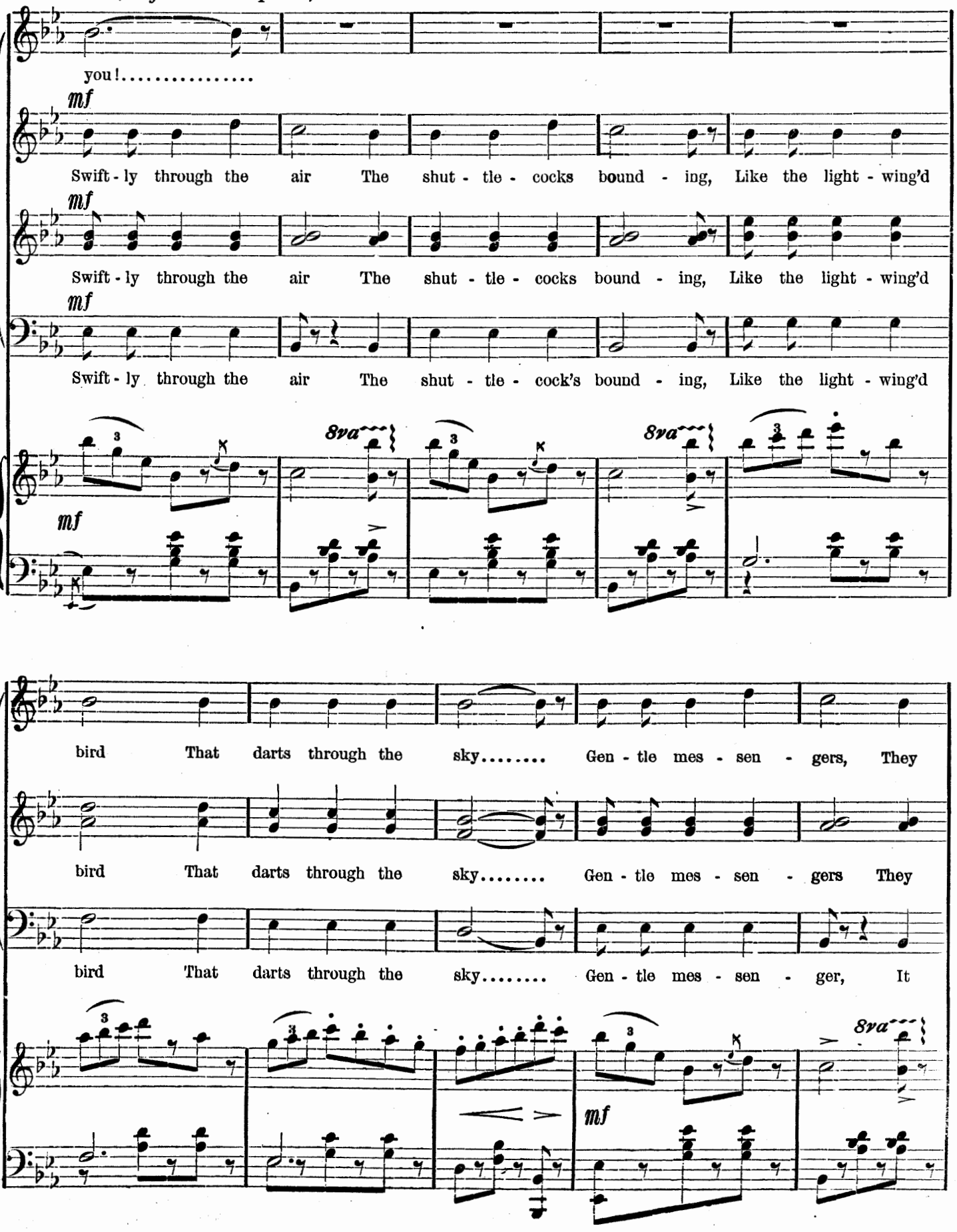


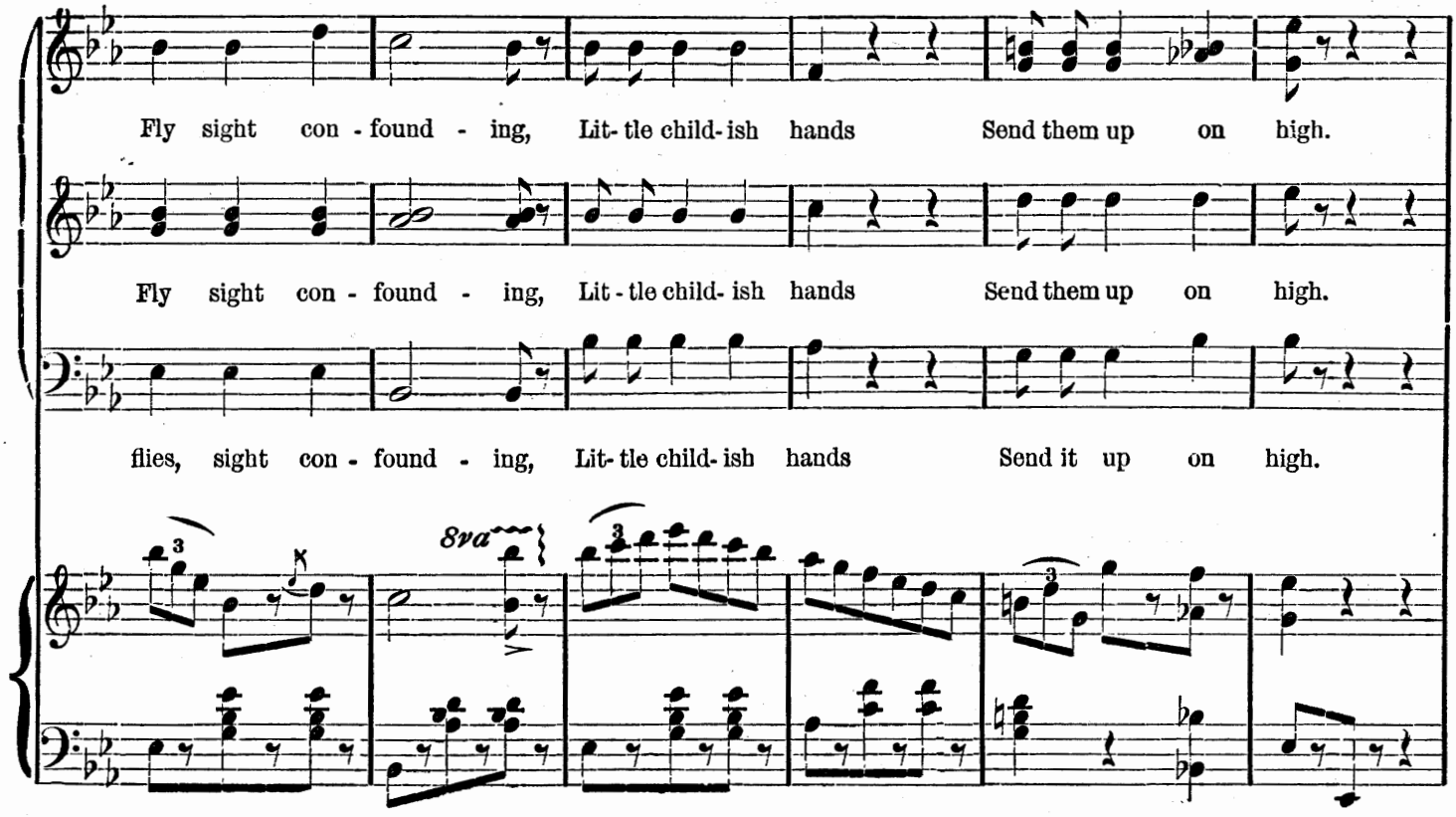
(c.) SCENE AND CHORUS.

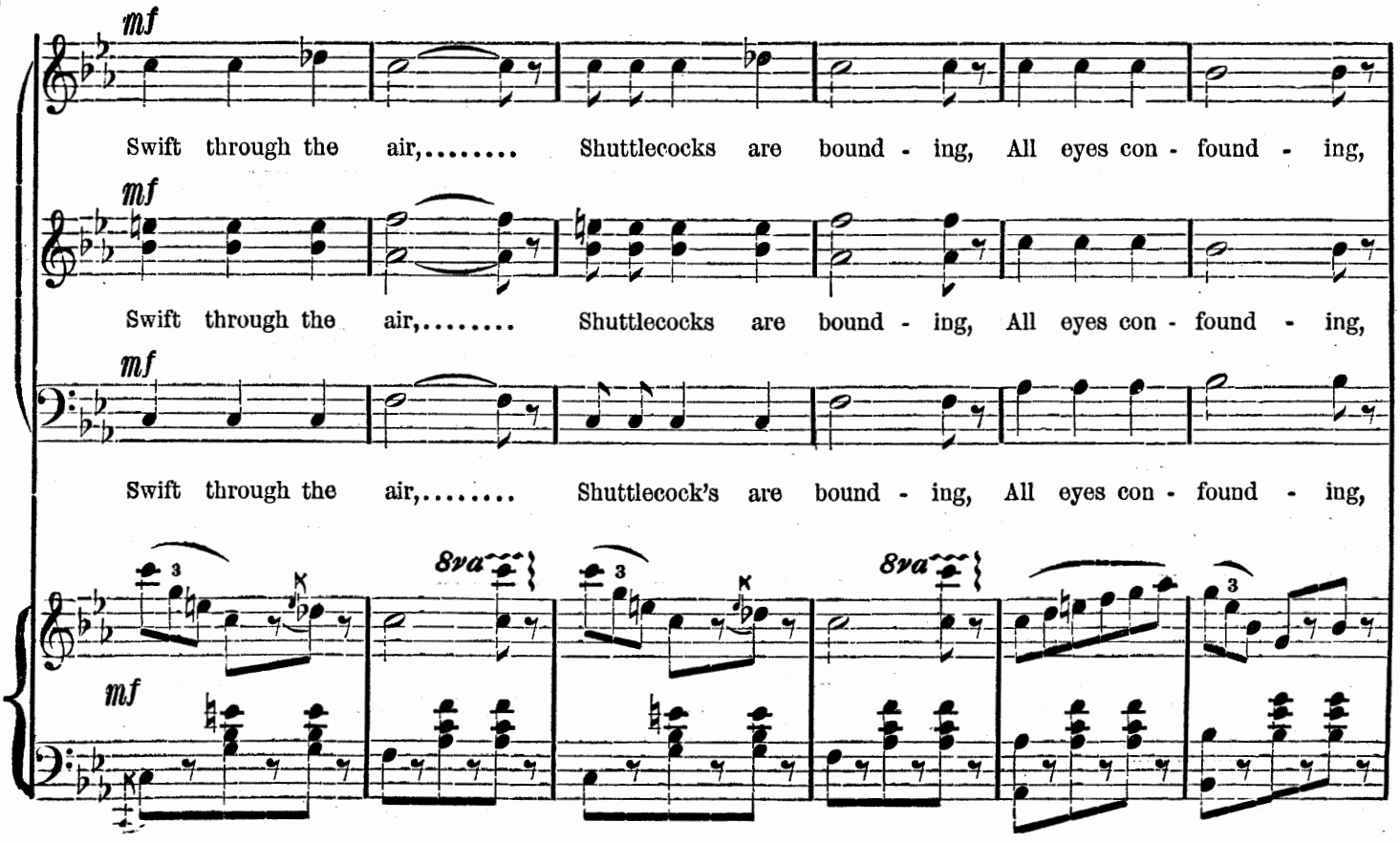


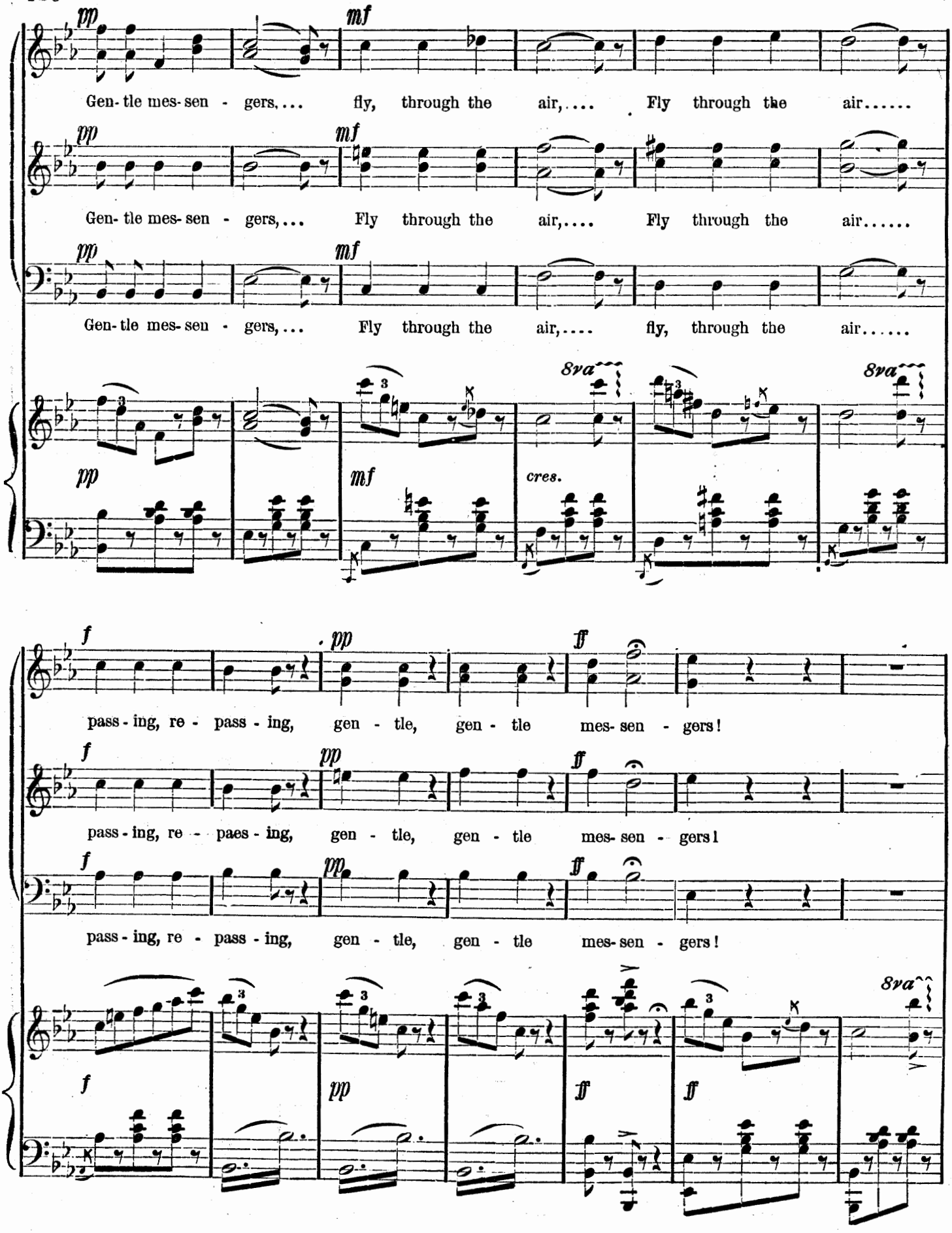

bird lies there read - y, My King! ..... Here - af - ter, be more stea dy, Suc - cess it will
KING.
bring! Fair la - - - - dies, if the play doth de - light .....
MAR.
you, Join the King's game, ... I now in - vite you! .... To his game, the King now in-
KING.
- vites you! Come, join us, if play - ing de - lights
fp
suivez.
poco rall.

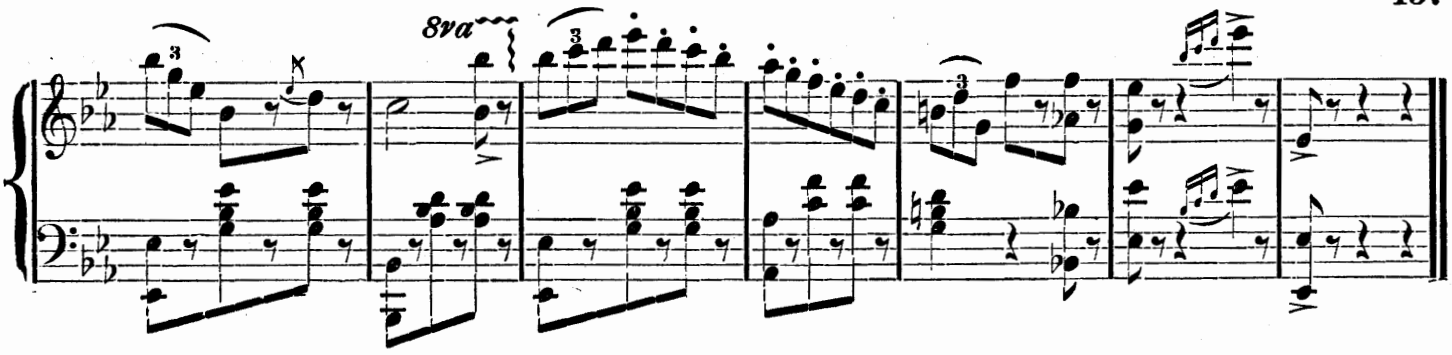
(They resume their places.)




Fly sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
Fly sight con - found - ing, Lit - tle child- ish hands Send them up on high.
flies, sight con - found - ing, Lit- tle child- ish hands Send it up on high.
8va


mf
Swift through the air,..... Shuttlecocks are bound - ing, All eyes con - found - ing,
mf
Swift through the air,..... Shuttlecocks are bound - ing, All eyes con - found - ing,
mf
Swift through the air,..... Shuttlecock's are bound - ing, All eyes con - found - ing,
8va
8va
mf

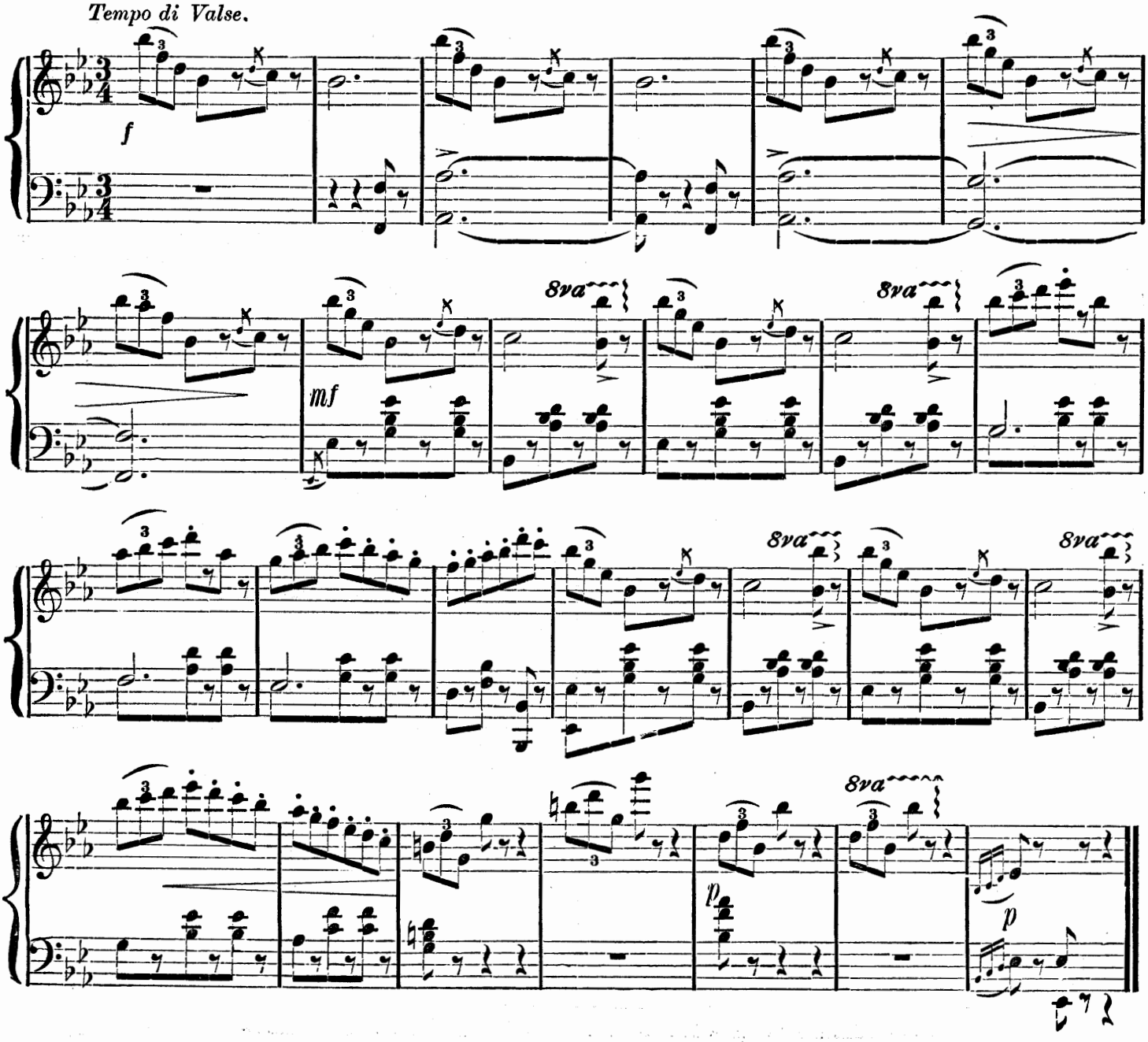

pp
mf
Gen- tle mes- sen - gers, ... fly, through the air, ... Fly through the air.....
Gen- tle mes- sen - gers, ... Fly through the air, ... Fly through the air.....
Gen- tle mes- sen - gers, ... Fly through the air, ... fly, through the air.....
8va
cres.
f
ff
pass - ing, re - pass - ing, gen - tle, gen - tle mes- sen - gers!
pass - ing, re - paes - ing, gen - tle, gen - tle mes- sen - gers!
pass - ing, re - pass - ing, gen - tle, gen - tle mes- sen - gers!



No. 7. (b.)

SORTIE.

Tempo di Valse.



ST. A. We only await you to give the signal for the departure.

KING. 'Tis well, monsieur, I follow you. (*To the* INFANTA.) Madame, it is here that we shall have a collation after the chase.

MAR. I will be ready, sire.

(MAR. *and* MARIQ. *enter the Pavillion at the left. The* KING *goes out at the right with the court.*)

BAR. What a court! A king that plays battledore! And I—the chief lady in waiting,—scarcely do the courtiers take notice of me. When I think that perhaps I might have been Queen of Spain, had it not been for that Inigo—that cursed Portuguese! The king was near me when he dared hook his ladder in my balcony. His majesty helped me cut the thread. (*Laughs, then becomes serious.*) Yes, but a suspicion had frightened him; the king thought he had discovered a worm in the fruit, and made me marry the Duke de Roccanegra! Ah, that Inigo!

(INIGO *comes on from back.*)

INI. (*Aside.*) Here I am at Rambouillet—now to find Manoël!

BAR. (*Aside.*) Miserable Inigo!

INI. Ah! Some one here! (*Approaches and bows.*) Madame——

BAR. (*Turning.*) He!

INI. Barbara! (*Makes a movement of retreat, then turns back.*) All the same—one word, I pray you.

BAR. Make way for me—I don't know you!

INI. That makes no difference—an information. When one has driven five hundred leagues, at full gallop, one respects nothing.

BAR. Must I call out?

INI. Eh! Madame, I have thrown my clothes overboard—call out, and I will compromise you before everybody.

BAR. Holy Virgin, what audacity!

INI. Where is Manoël?

BAR. Don't know!

INI. That young man you saw with me at Burgos.

BAR. Don't know!

INI. He is here—is he not?

BAR. Go off! I submit to you as to the torture!

INI. Barbara! Unfeeling heart! But you have never made five hundred leagues on horseback? You comprehend me. It was at Burgos he escaped me—was seen to throw himself upon a horse. I immediately straddled a quadruped of the same species, threw myself upon his traces. Unhappy boy! He had so hard a trot that I pass over all details. After ten hours of disorderly racing, he fell; I too.

BAR. Poor beast!

INI. He got up again, I too; and I straddled him once more.

BAR. Is this likely to last a long time?

INI. Fifteen days! I arrive at the Pyrenees, and Louis XIV., who pretended there were none—an error geographic only—they are there still. I think he pushes them farther and farther away. I I crossed them, meanwhile reached Bidassoa—crossed it——

BAR. On horseback?

INI. No—at Irun. I arrive at Bayonne; there I take breath—you follow me?

BAR. Never in life!

INI. Very well; I continue. My pupil had left two hours previously. I change my horse; at Bordeaux, regain an hour: at Tours, I fall; at Orleans, fall again; at last, arrive at Paris!

BAR. At last!

INI. There, I learn that the count is at Rambouillet—imposible to remount a horse.

BAR. Ah! So much the better!

INI. There were reasons which I pass in silence! 'Twas in the *coucou* that I made my entrance at Rambouillet. Now you understand that you must speak and tell me if Manoël is here.

BAR. Is it ended?

INI. Quite!

BAR. (*Advances upon him, and makes him recoil.*) And you hope to make me believe that story notwithstanding? Dom Inigo —— you take me for another—I understand it all.

INI. Really.

BAR. (*Same movement as before.*) Do you know what you are?

INI. Well.

BAR. You are a rake!

INI. I!

BAR. A volcano!

INI. Extinct, alas!

BAR. In full activity!—your Manoël! A pretext to cover your infamous designs! The end that you pursue is me alone!

INI. You!

BAR. Know then, once for all, that I detest you; for without you, at this moment, I should be Queen of Spain.

INI. (*Moving off.*) Queen of Spain! (*Laughs.*) Ah, ah, ah!

BAR. The king adored me--I was so beautiful!

INI. Long time ago!

BAR. Have you been able to believe that I would cast my eyes at you. disgraceful being—badly formed!

INI. Ah, how well you know the contrary! A charming cavalier! Rouguish eye—and such a leg! Do you recall that leg?

BAR. Do I ever look at such horrors?

INI. And these blonde ringlets!

BAR. I tell you, for the last time, I must put a stop to your mad enterprises. One word more—one smile—and I'll have you shut up at the Bastille.

INI. I, at——

BAR. At the Bastille! (*She exits*, L.) (VIROFLAY *enters.*)

INI. At the Bastille! She is mad! But I'll occupy myself with her no longer. Ah! The count Viroflay—he will inform me!

VIR. I arrive first at the rendezvous!

INI. (*Bowing.*) Monsieur the count, I bless the chance——

VIR. (*Aside.*) Bless me—the Spanish musician! (*Aloud.*) You are come to court? 'Tis well, my friend. I will think of you—good day! (*Walks away.*)

INI. (*Following.*) Pardon——

VIR. What is it?

INI. A bit of information.

VIR. Please to retire. I await here some very great lords.

INI. But I would like——

VIR. You are still there? Ah, I understand! (*Smiles and throws a purse into his hat.*) Hold on; that is for your little derangement.

INI. A purse! For whom do you take me?

VIR. You don't want it, very well. (*Takes back purse—seeing ambassadors.*) Here they are. Go, take a walk, my friend!

INI. Meanwhile——

VIR. Ah, you commence to worry my ears, my good man.

INI. But, monsieur, the count——

VIR. That is your road. We have the Bastile for obstinate people.

INI. The Bastille! He, too. (*With pride.*) Monsieur the count, that is a word that may cost you dear! (*Goes out.*)

VIR. (*Laughing.*) He is invaluable—worth any money! Ah! Here are those gentleman of the diplomatic corps.

VIR. Your servant, gentlemen; you are exact. The Duke de Bourbon has charged me to have an interview with you, Messieurs, who represent the principal powers of Europe—England, Poland, Austria—come, let us talk openly.

PER. Are we not ambassadors?

KRA. 'Tis such a good thing—frankness.

LORD S. Frankness was the great quality of England——

VIR. You know what it concerns.

KRA. Yes; a new combination.

LORD S. For the marriage of the king.

PER. Well, monsieur the count, Poland has charged me to make overtures.

KRA. Pardon, we, too, have a collection of princesses.

LORD S. And England had the specialty to furnish queens for the continent.

VIR. Then, on principle, it is understood that the Infanta cannot belong to Louis XV.

PER. Much too young.

KRA. Mediocre intelligence!

LORD S. And no beauty!

VIR. Would you have believed that she has refused, even here, to ask of the king the ribbon which is due me?

ALL. 'Tis revolting!

VIR. You will admit that I am the only diplomat of Europe not to be deceived!

ALL. I too!

VIR. You too—'tis true—we are four. Well, I affirm that we wish for the happiness of the king and people. I speak not of ours.

PER. Useless; for from the moment that we are content——

KRA. The king should be.

VIR. And if the king is——

LORD S. The people ought to be!

VIR. Then we are all of one accord!

LORD S. Pardon—but the Cardinal?

PER. Yes; what thinks he?

KRA. For it is very important!

VIR. Is it important? Ah, messieurs, it is everything. What genius—the Cardinal! All the world obeys him; even the king—even I!

ALL. That's so!

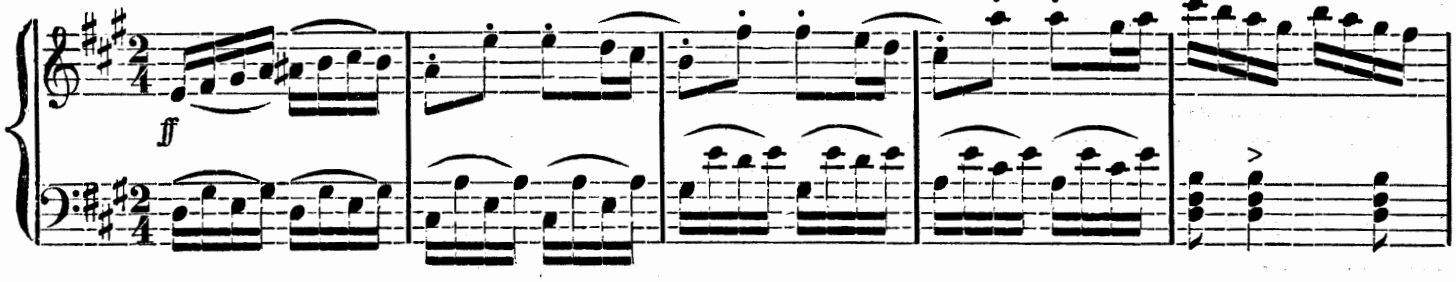
VIR. 'Tis as I have the honor to tell you—at least, he is the indispensable man; and in France, gentlemen, know that there must always be an indispensable man!

BY THE YOUNG KING.

No. 8. COUPLETS OF THE CARDINAL.

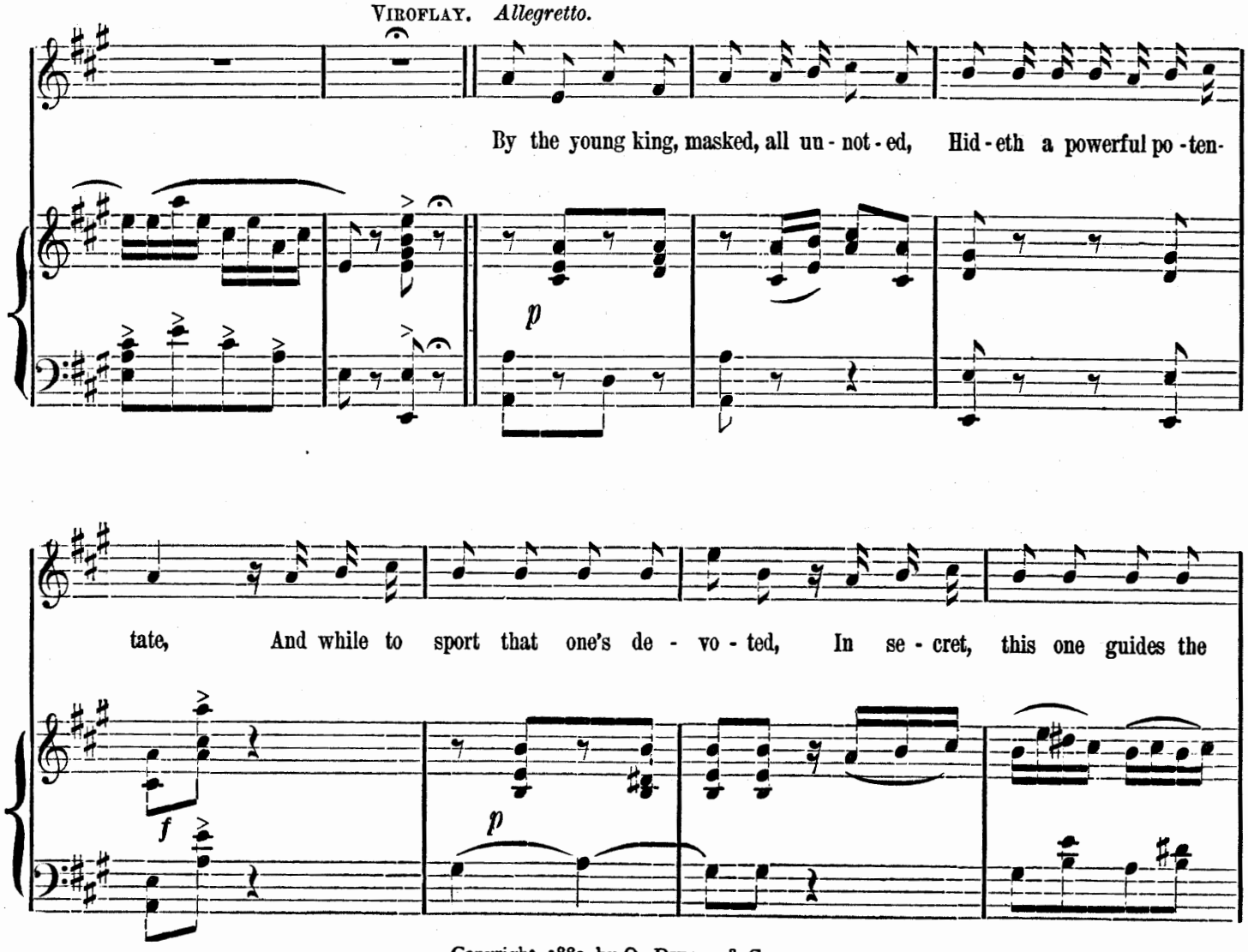
Viroflay and the Ambassadors.

Allegro.



1st COUPET.

VIROFLAY. *Allegretto.*



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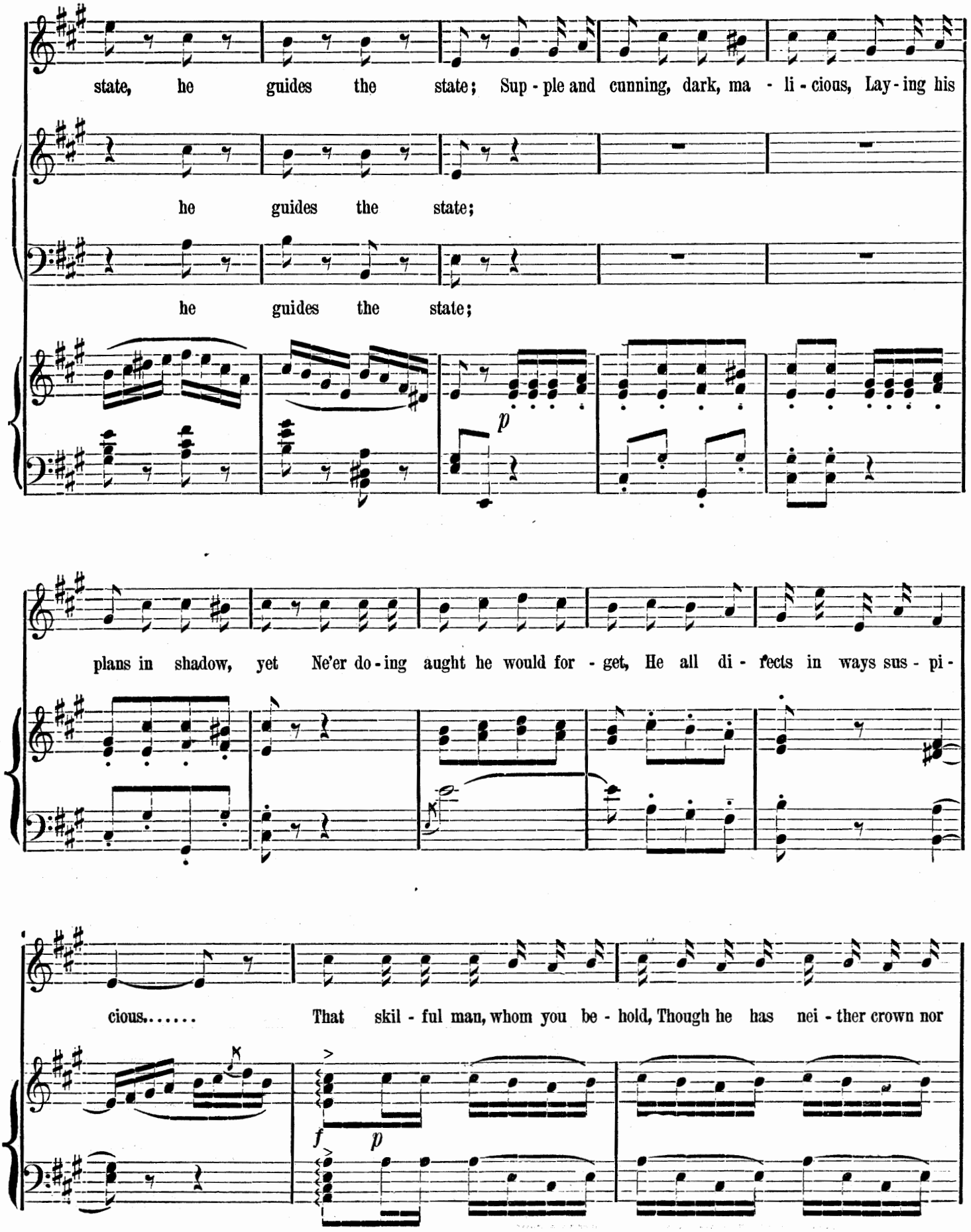
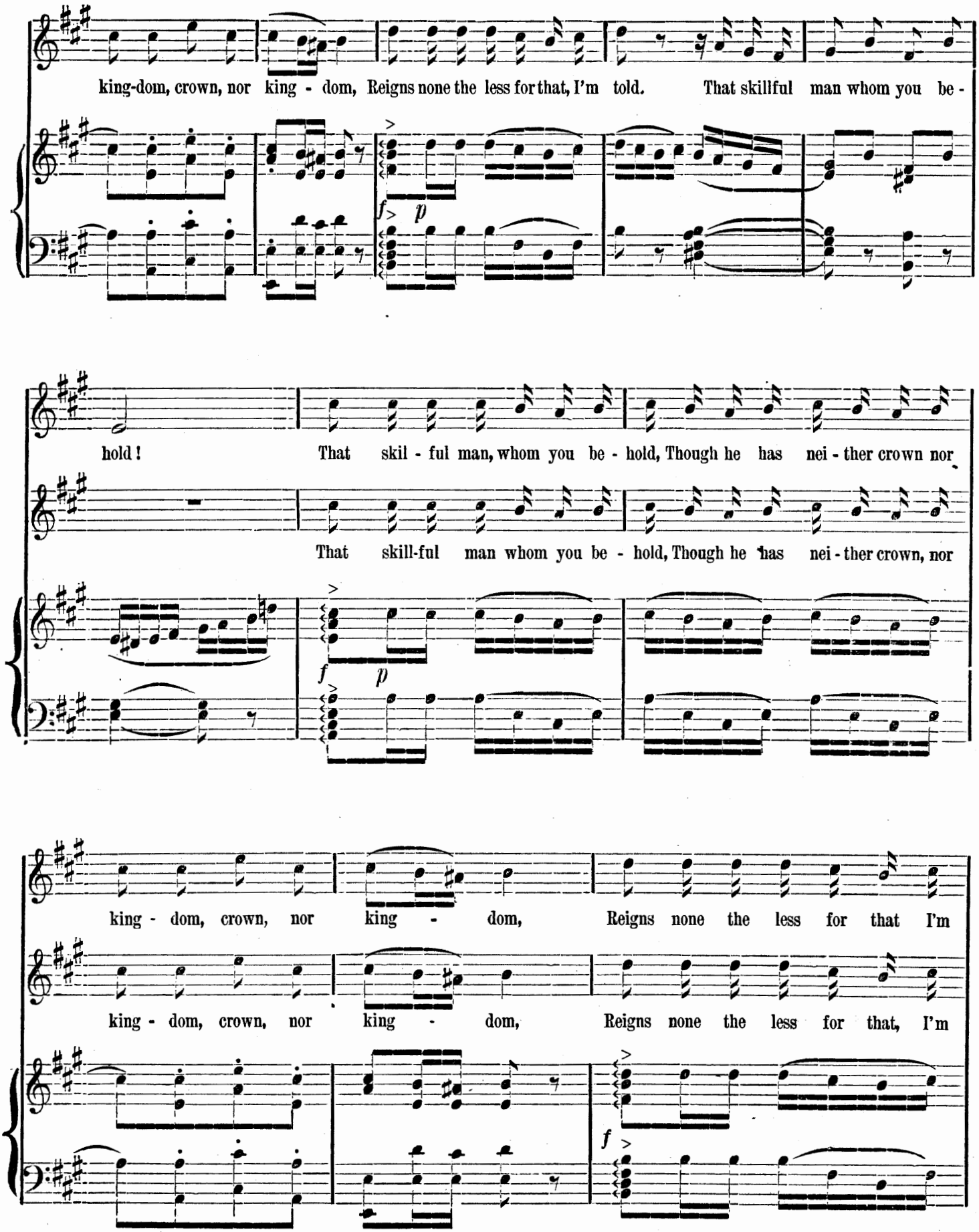
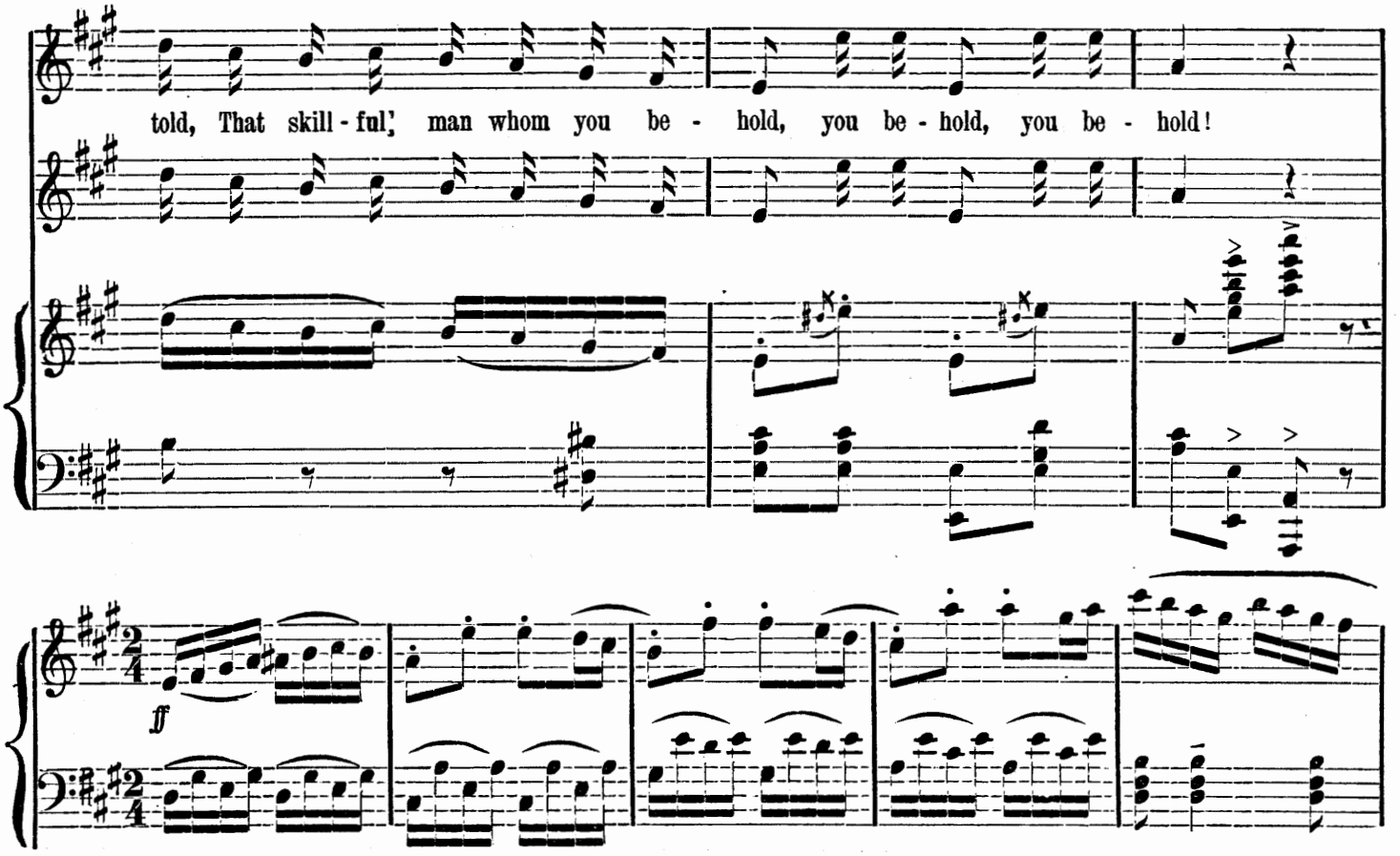
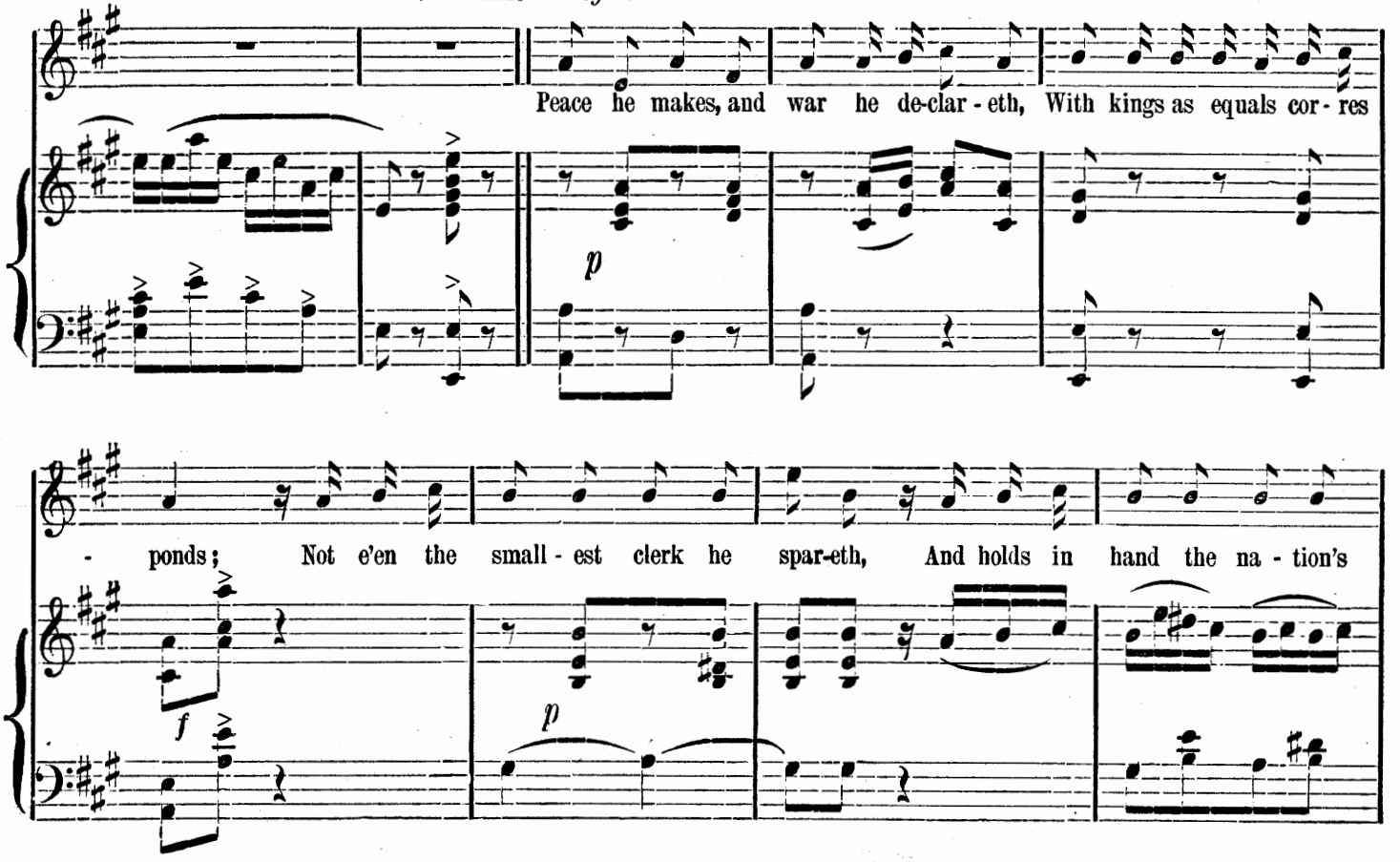

state, he guides the state; Sup - ple and cunning, dark, ma - li - cious, Lay - ing his
he guides the state;
he guides the state;
p
plans in shadow, yet Ne'er do - ing aught he would for - get, He all di - rects in ways sus - pi -
cious..... That skil - ful man, whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown nor
f
p

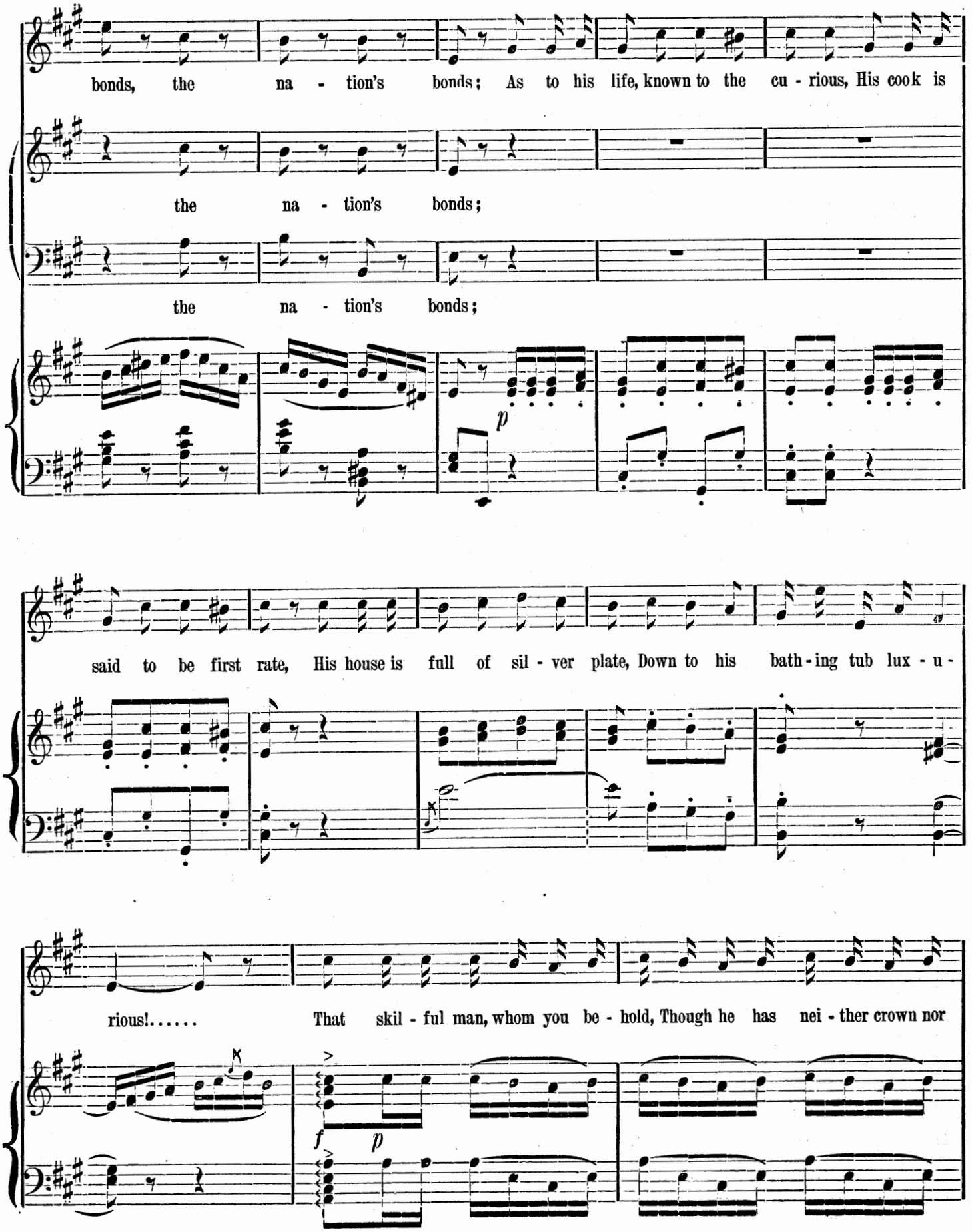

king-dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that, I'm told. That skillful man whom you be -
hold! That skil - ful man, whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown nor
That skill-ful man whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown, nor
king - dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that I'm
king - dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that, I'm

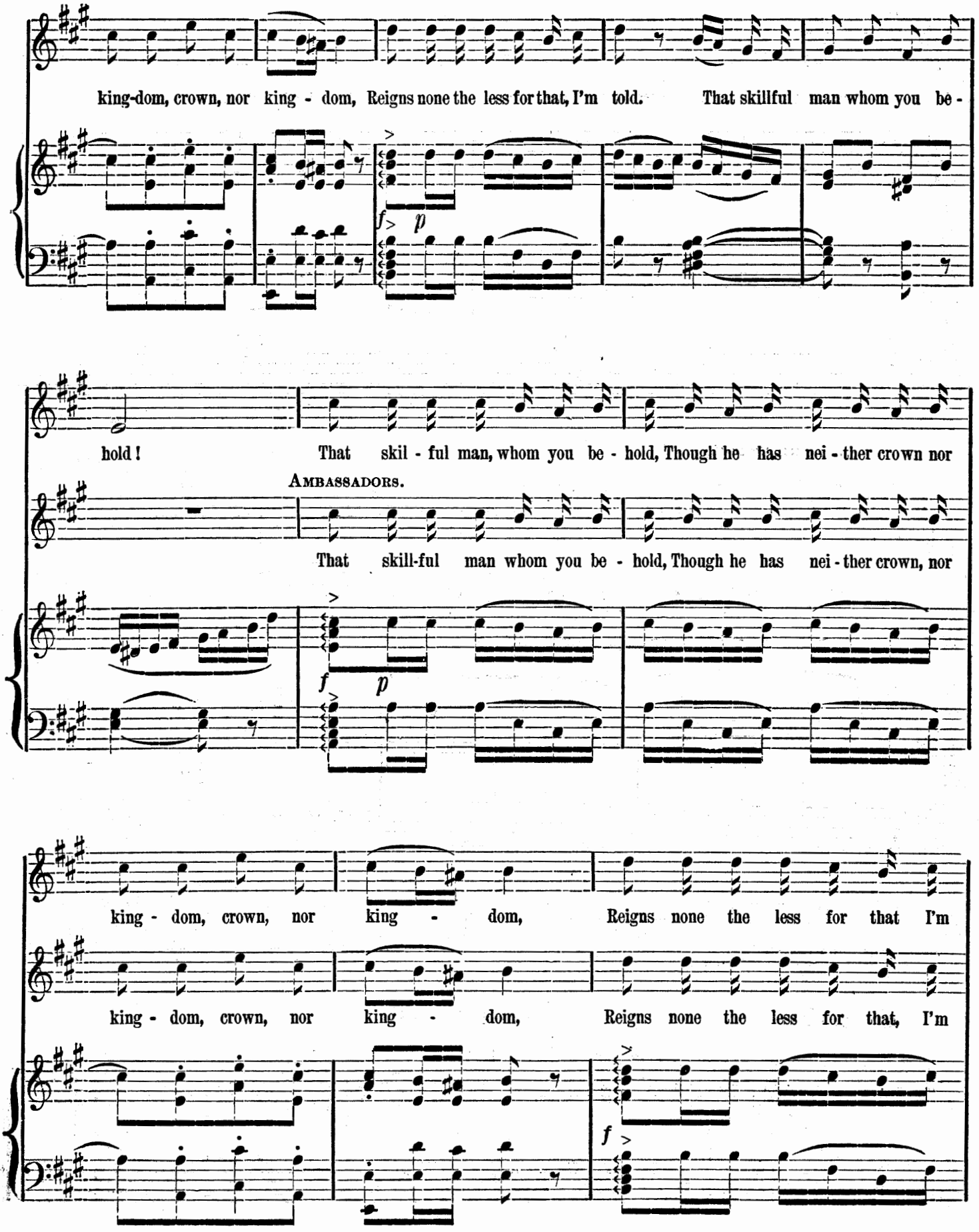


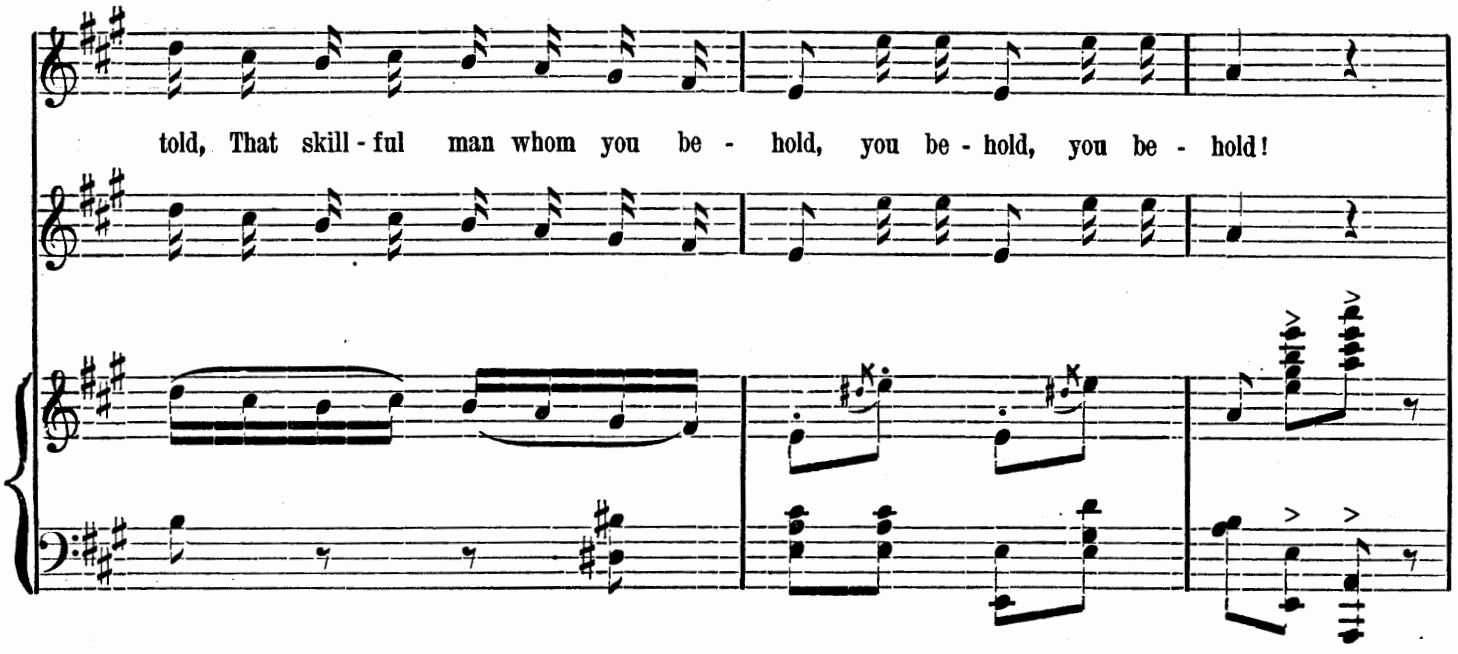
2d COUPET.

VIROFLAY. *Allegretto.*

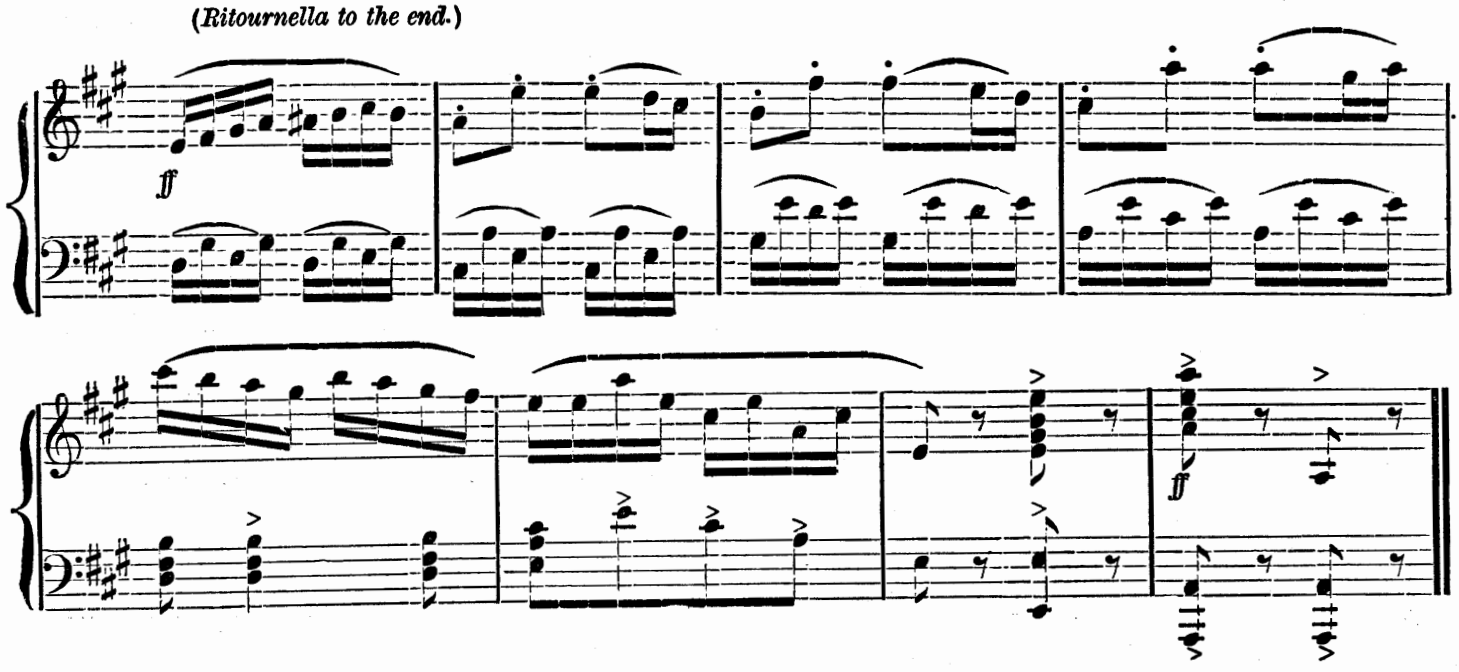



bonds, the na - tion's bonds; As to his life, known to the cu - rious, His cook is
the na - tion's bonds;
the na - tion's bonds;
p
said to be first rate, His house is full of sil - ver plate, Down to his bath - ing tub lux - u -
rious!..... That skil - ful man, whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown nor
f
p


king-dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that, I'm told. That skillful man whom you be -
hold! That skil - ful man, whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown nor
AMBASSADORS.
That skill-ful man whom you be - hold, Though he has nei - ther crown, nor
king - dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that I'm
king - dom, crown, nor king - dom, Reigns none the less for that, I'm



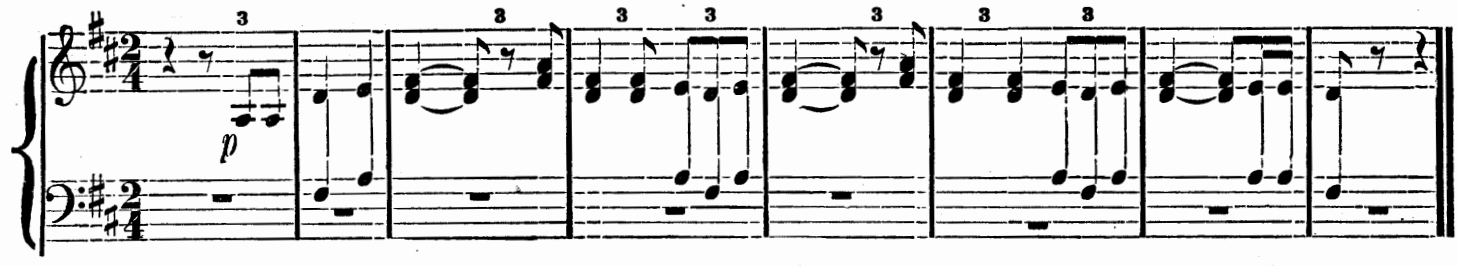
(Ritournella to the end.)



LORD S. Well, have you felt of him?
VIR. (*Approaching them.*) Have I felt of his Eminence? There are many days that I have done nothing else!
KRA. And what did he say?
VIR. All goes well—hush! Do not move!
PER. What's the matter?

VIR. Let us not seem—some one comes! It is the Infanta!
ALL. The devil!
VIR. Gentlemen, let us revest our visages with the impenetrable mask of diplomacy! (*They go out, bowing to the* INFANTA, *who descends from the Pavillion followed by* MARIQUITA.)

No. 8. (b.) SCENE MUSIC.



MARIANNA & MARIQUITA.

(*A sound of trumpets is heard in the distance.*)

MARIQUITA. You hear, Highness, the sound of trumpets approaches. The king will soon rejoin us.

MARIANNA. (*Dreamily.*) We'll wait him here.

MARIQ. How gentle he is, Madame! What a pretty little king! and I figured him to myself with a great beard— and a severe air, like your father, highness! but not at all; your husband is a little heart— a love of a king!

MARIA. My husband! He is not that yet.

MARIQ. But he will be in a few days.

MARIA. And that is what desolates me— that poor Manoël— whom I love!

MARIQ. How, you think still of Manoël?

MARIA. (*Gaily.*) Do I think of him? Mariquita! alas! I do nothing else.

MARIQ. Well, highness, you do wrong— in my opinion, the king is far prettier.

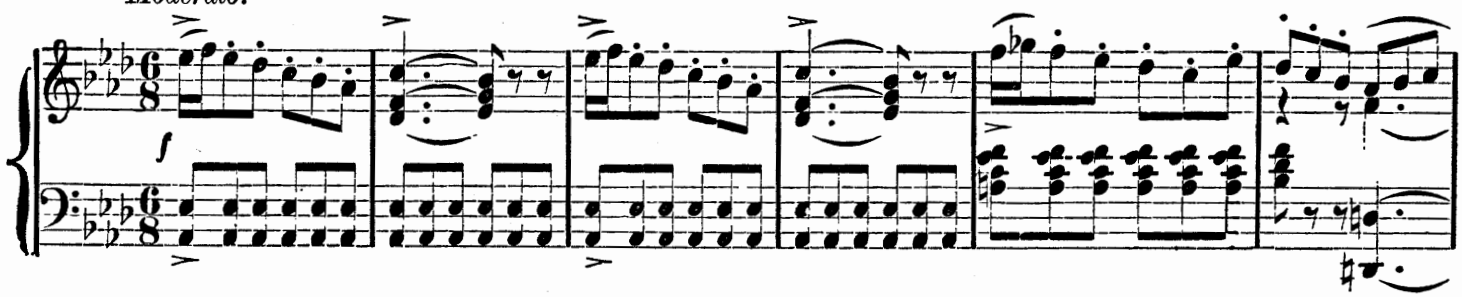
MARIA. (*Laughing.*) If he pleases you so much, marry him.

MARIQ. Marry Louis XV! I!

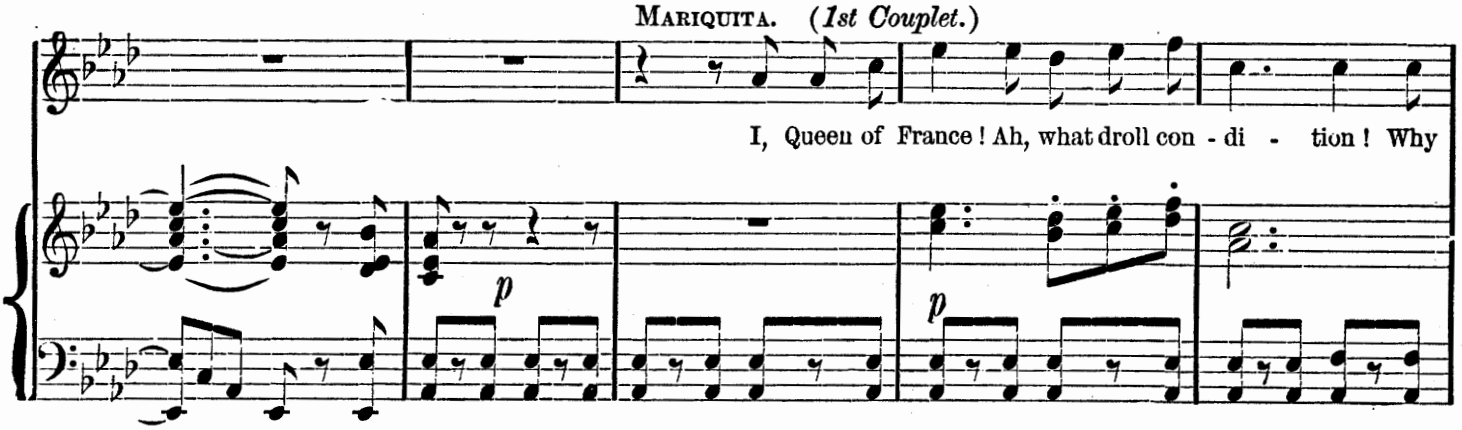
I, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

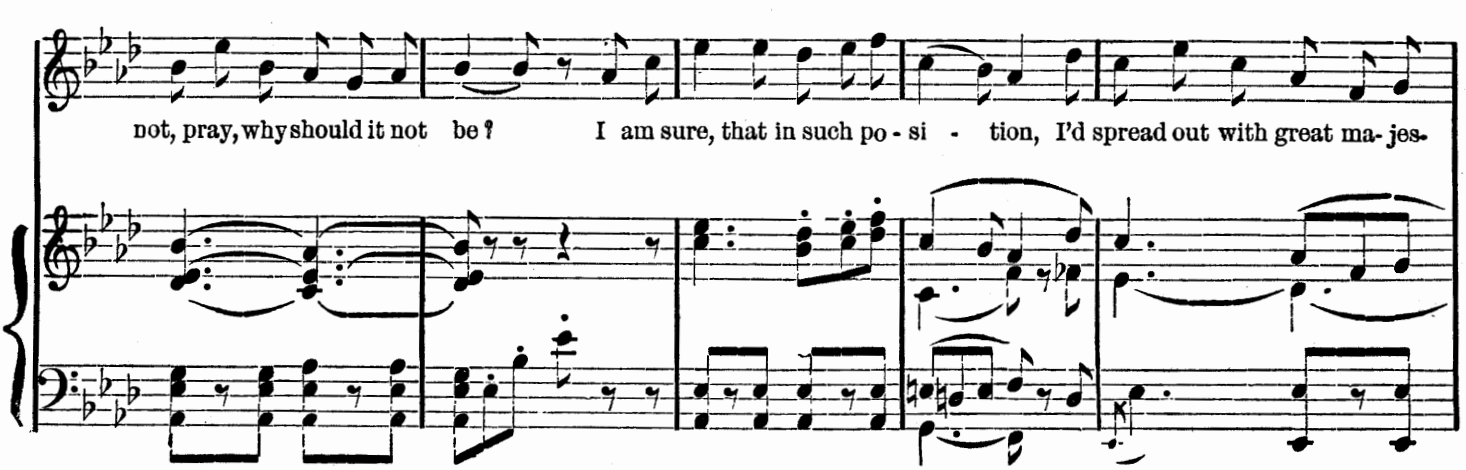
No. 9. COUPLETS.

Moderato.



MARIQUITA. (*1st Couplet.*)





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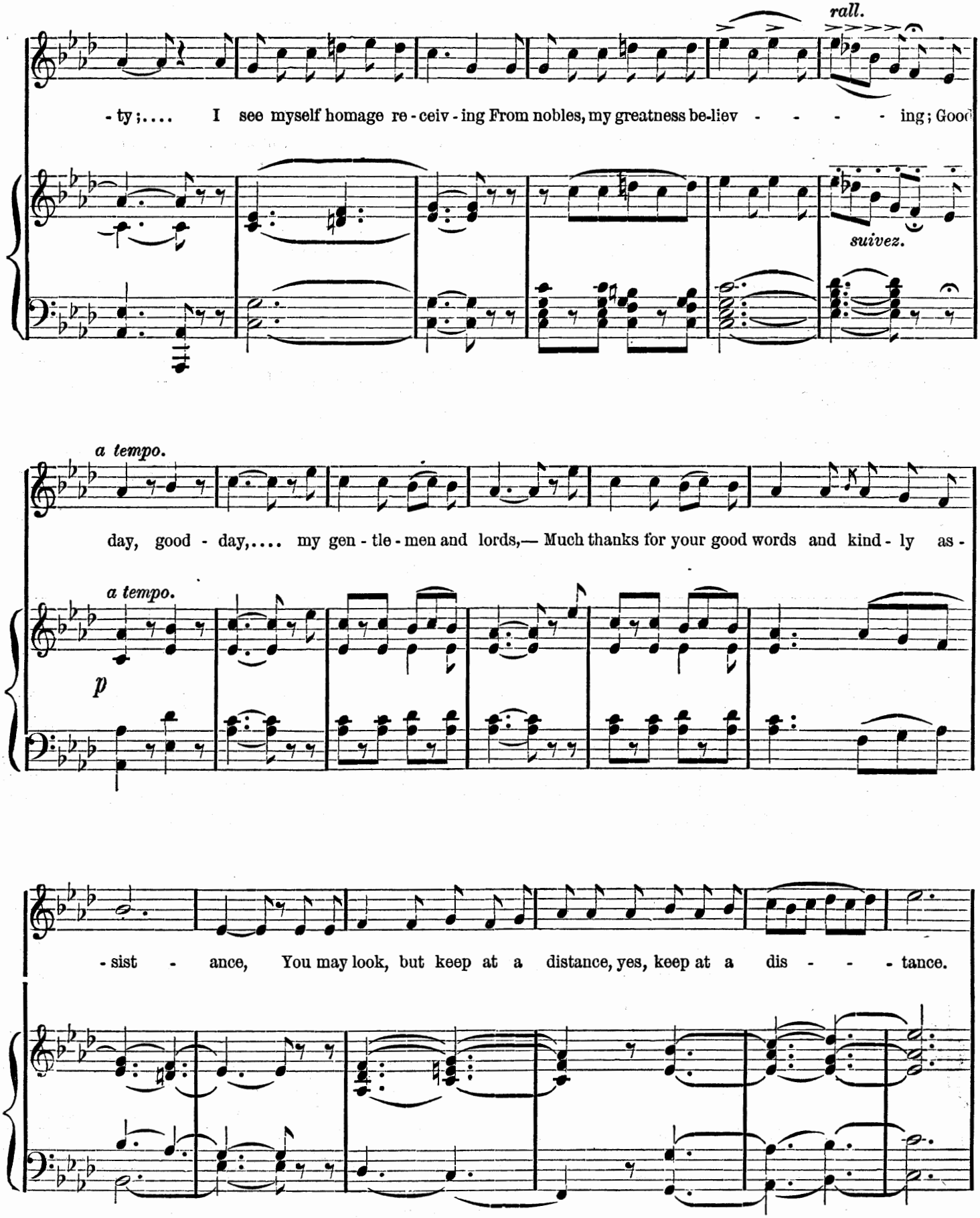
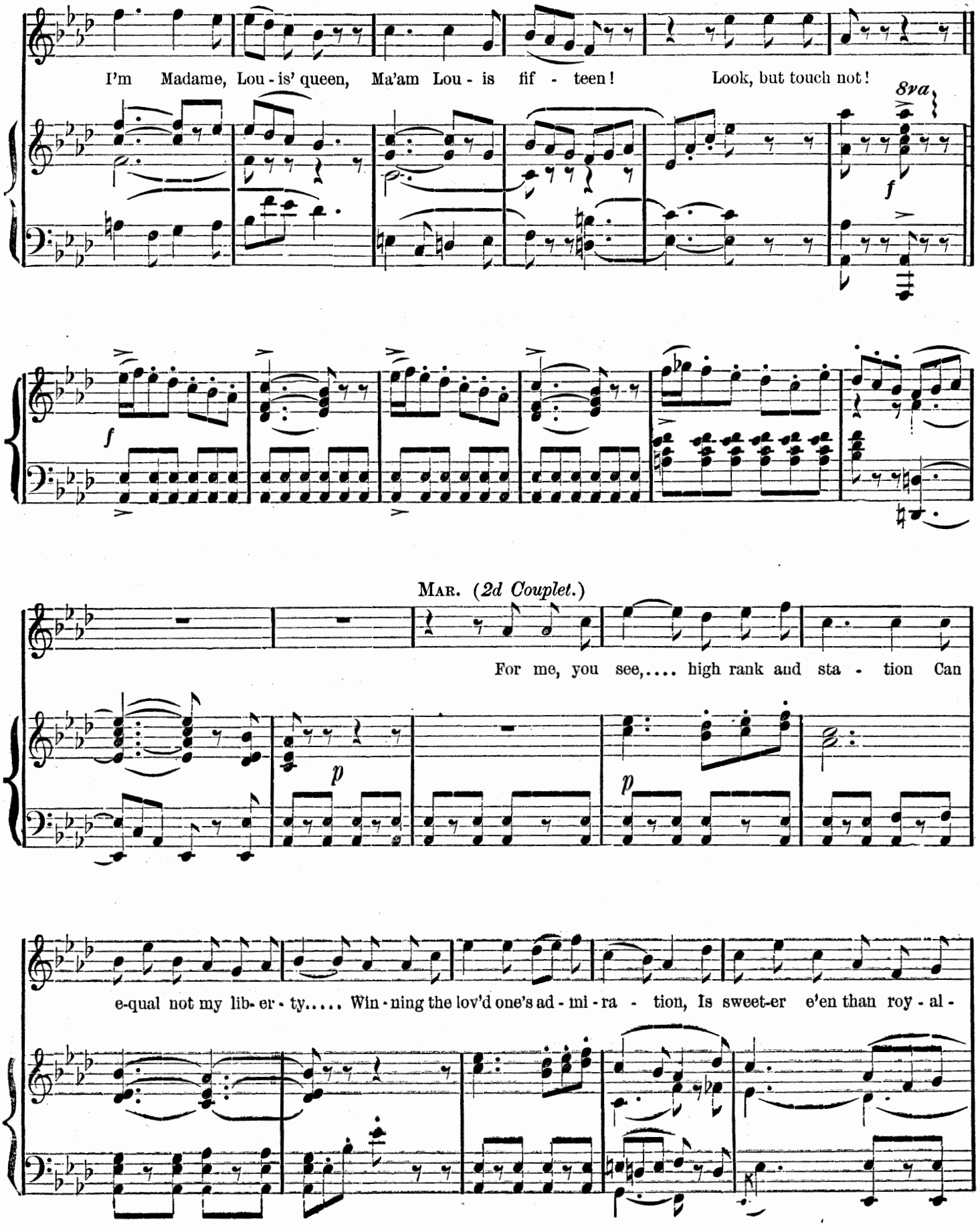
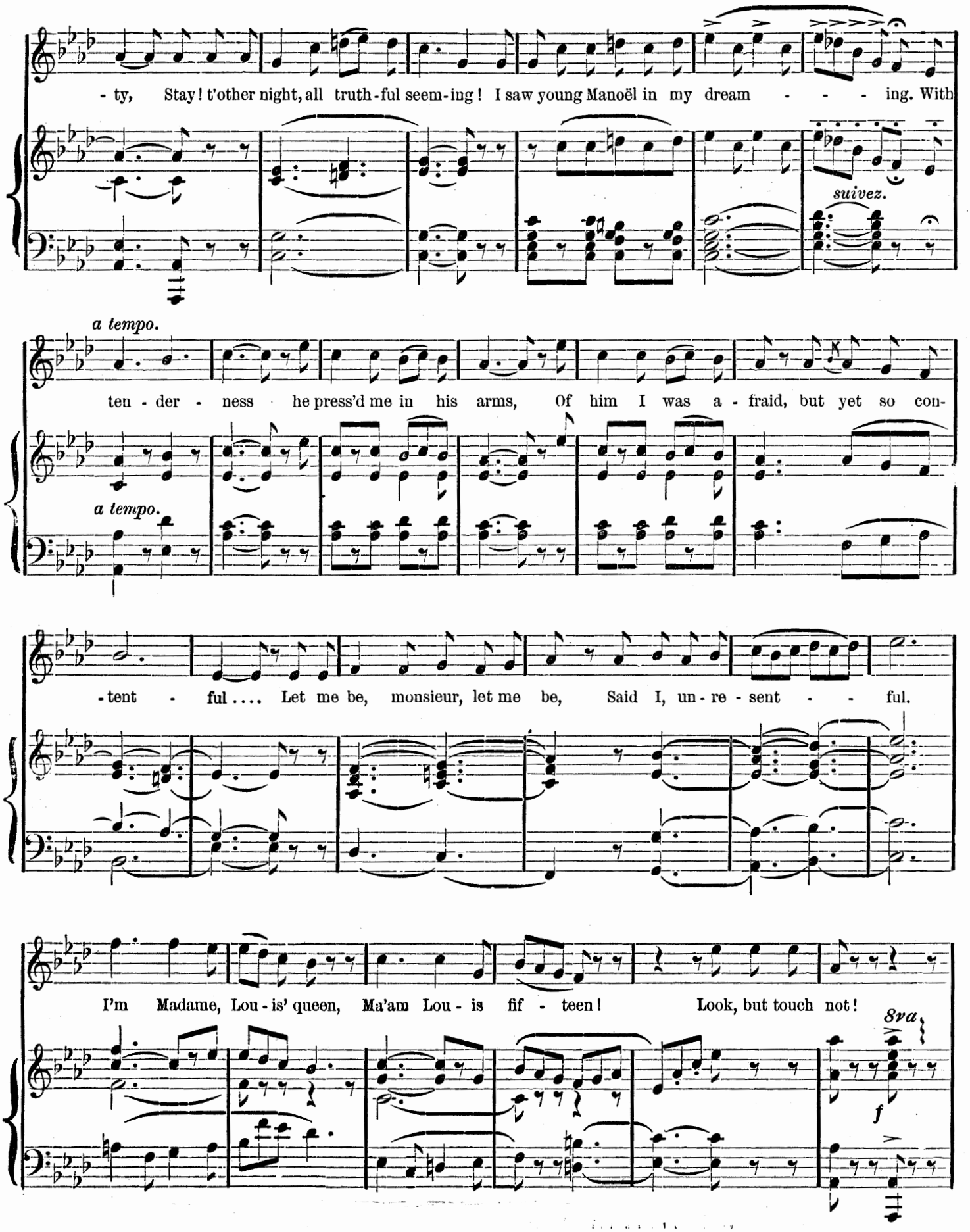
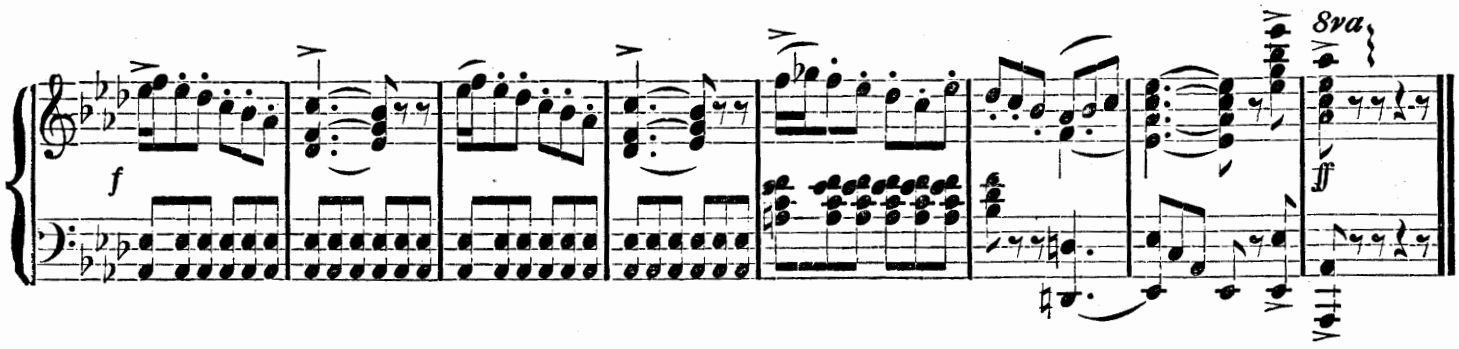

rall.
- ty;.... I see myself homage re - ceiv - ing From nobles, my greatness be-liev - - - - ing; Good
suivez.
a tempo.
day, good - day,.... my gen - tle - men and lords,— Much thanks for your good words and kind - ly as -
a tempo.
p
- sist - ance, You may look, but keep at a distance, yes, keep at a dis - - - tance.


I'm Madame, Lou - is' queen, Ma'am Lou - is fif - teen! Look, but touch not!
8va
f
f
MAR. (2d Couplet.)
For me, you see,.... high rank and sta - tion Can
p
p
e-qual not my lib- er - ty..... Win - ning the lov'd one's ad - mi - ra - tion, Is sweet-er e'en than roy - al -


- ty, Stay! t'other night, all truth-ful seem-ing! I saw young Manoël in my dream - - - ing. With
suivez.
a tempo.
ten - der - ness he press'd me in his arms, Of him I was a - fraid, but yet so con-
a tempo.
-tent - ful .... Let me be, monsieur, let me be, Said I, un - re - sent - - ful.
I'm Madame, Lou - is' queen, Ma'am Lou - is fif - teen! Look, but touch not!
8va
f



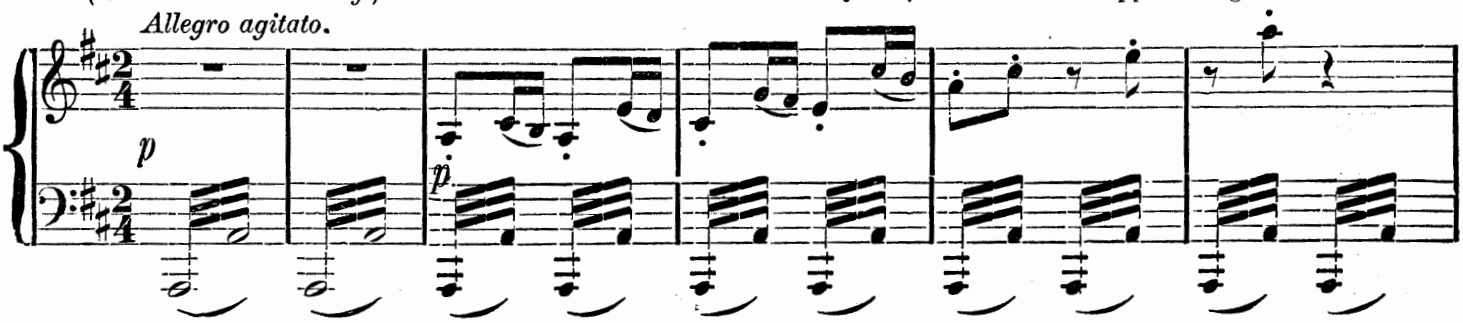
MARIQ. See, highness, let us reason: when even you would not marry the King of France, do you think that monsieur, your father, would give your hand to a little Portuguese gentleman without a sou, or a rag?

MAR. What you say to me, Mariquita, I have repeated to myself a hundred times within fifteen days; but what would you? In spite of myself, my heart is drawn toward him. I well know that I shall not be his wife, and, meanwhile, all my efforts are useless —I cannot forget him. If I marry Louis XV., I shall surely die of it!

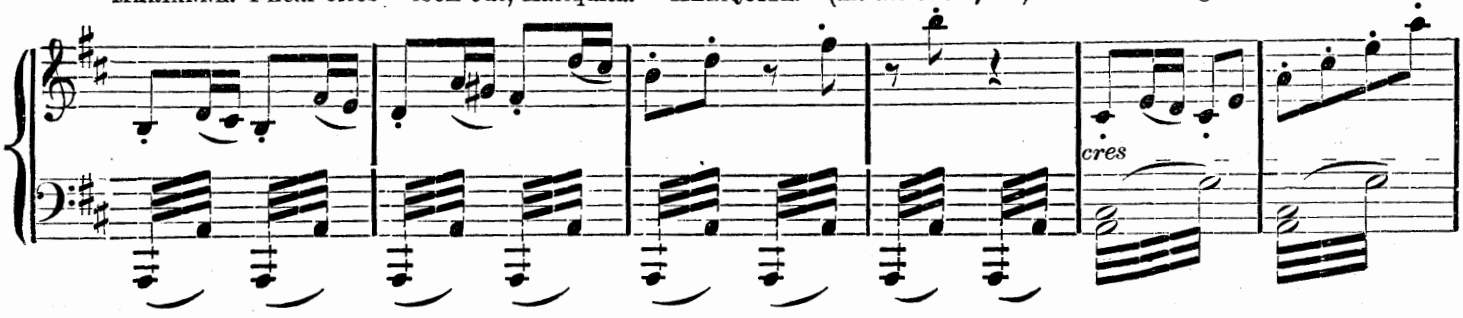
MARIQ. Oh, highness! what is that you say?

No. 9b. SCENE MUSIC.

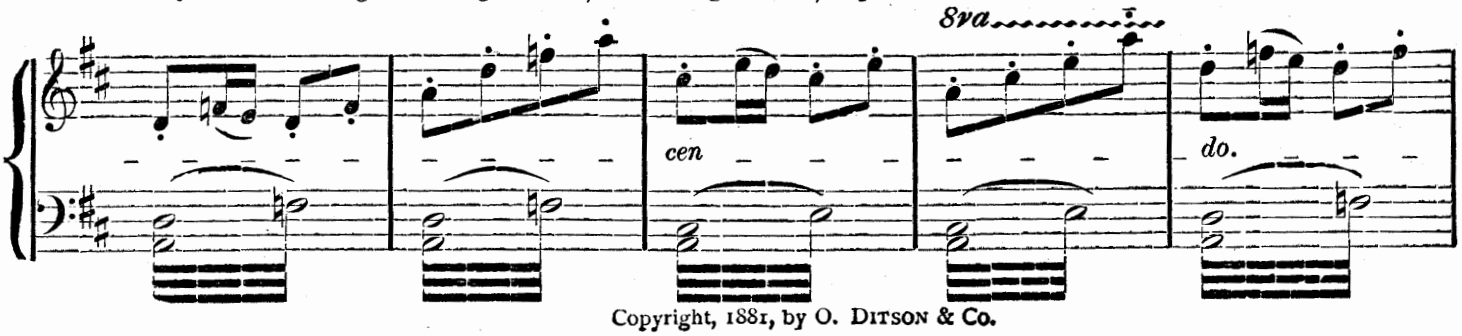
(*Noise heard in the wing.*) MARIANNA. What's the matter? MARIQUITA. 'Tis the chase approaching.



MARIANNA. I hear cries— look out, Mariquita. MARIQUITA. (*At the back.*) Ah, Lord! the king. MARIANNA. Well?



MARIQUITA. The stag is dashing forward,— the king is alone, unprotected— he is lost!



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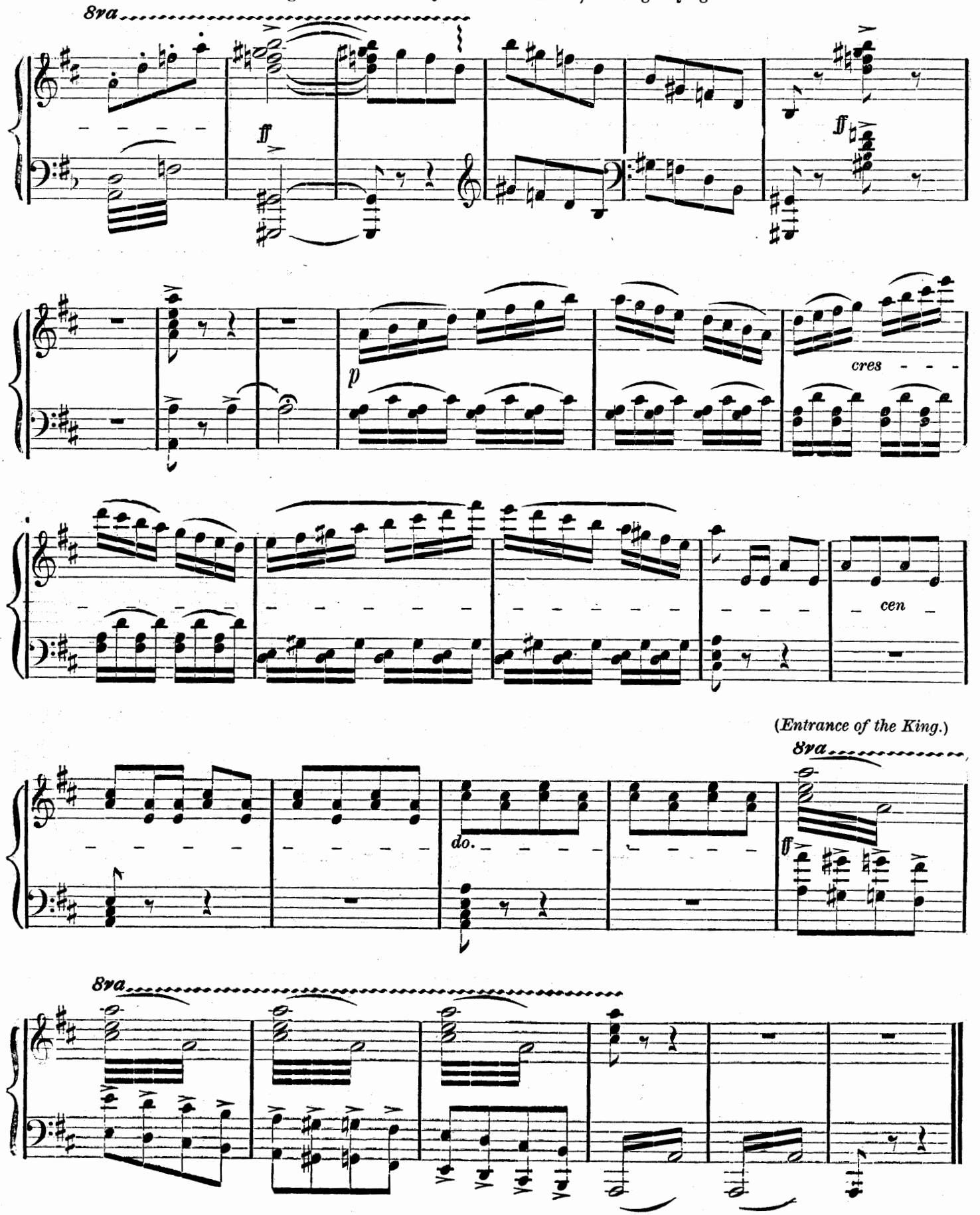
MARIANNA. Lord save the king! A shot! MARIQUITA. He is saved; the stag is lying dead at his feet!



Royal body-guards, Pikemen, Houndsmen, Amazons, Fifers, Pages Lords : then the KING, *and at his side* MANOEL, VIROFLAY, *Mesdames de* GRAMMONT, *de* VENTADOUR, *and de* RAINCY.

MAR. See!—near the king! 'Tis he—Manoël! (KING *advances toward the* INFANTA.) Ah, sire, we were there! We saw the danger your majesty ran—blessed be heaven, you escaped it!

KING. (*Pointing to* MANOEL.) There stands my saviour!

MAR. (*Aside, bowing.*) He! He saved the king!

KING. (*To* MANOEL.) You are a gentleman?

MAN. Dom Manoël Cardeñeas—Portuguese gentleman.

KING. That is a name we shall never forget.

MAD. de RAINCY. (*Very graciously to* MAN.) That was a fine shot — it may carry you far, monsieur!

MAD. de VENTADOUR. (*In like manner.*) Very far!

VIR. In seeing you bring up your gun, I foresaw that you would hit the stag.

KING. So well, that the count wished to arrest you, Manoël. [*Laughs.*

VIR. Afterwards, sire—afterwards—to bring him to your feet; for he appeared about to steal away from our acquaintance.

KING. Is that true, Manoël?

MAN. Would that have been worth the trouble? Before the courage of your majesty, which has not trembled at the approach of a wild beast, my hand could not tremble.

KING. Come, I see that we will be friends, Dom Manoël. (*Presses his hand.*) Gentlemen, I recommend to you my saviour. (*Talks with the* INFANTA.)

VIR. He may count upon us, sire. (*Takes* MAN. *by the arm.*) Would you have believed Monsieur Dom Manoël, that I, the grand usher, have not as yet the ribbon of the order!

MAN. Hard to believe; but perhaps you are not sufficiently supple.

VIR. (*Haughtily.*) Nobody is so flattened out as I?

SUPERINTENDENT. (*At back.*) Let them serve the king's collation.

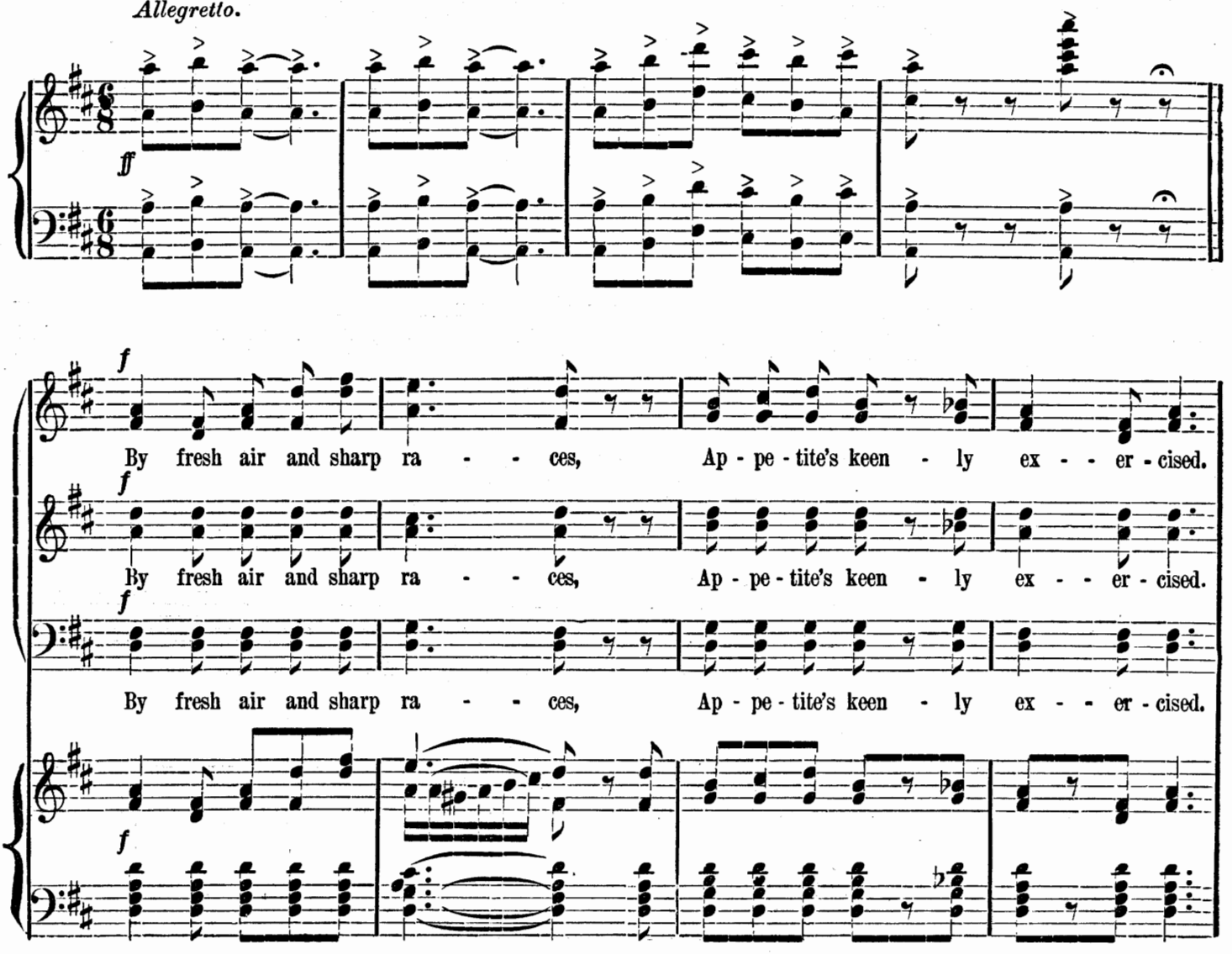
BY FRESH AIR, AND SHARP RACES.

Marianna, the King, and Manoel,

No. 10. CHORUS, SCENE AND BRAZILIAN SONG.

(*The lackeys prepare the lunch on the grass.*)

Allegretto.



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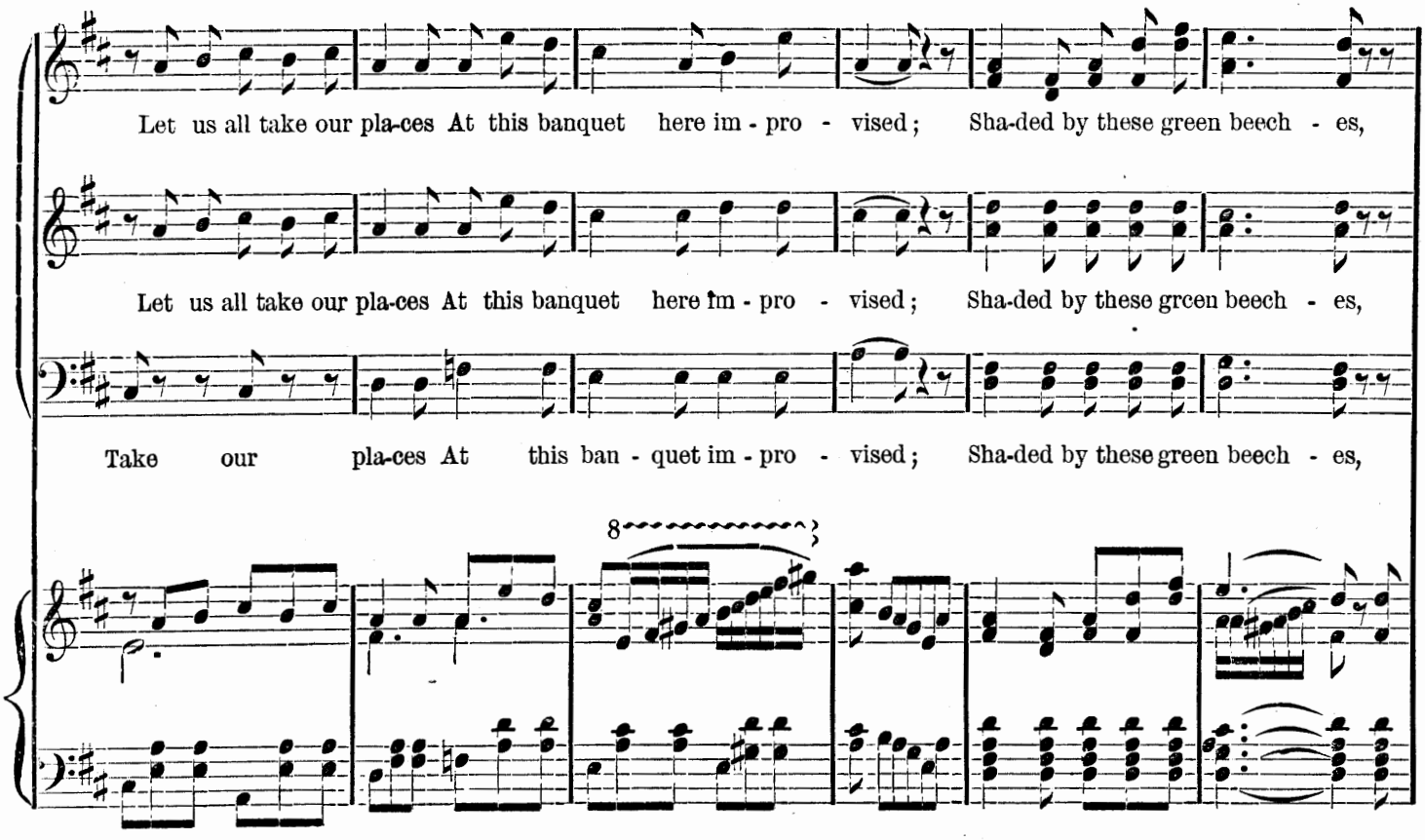
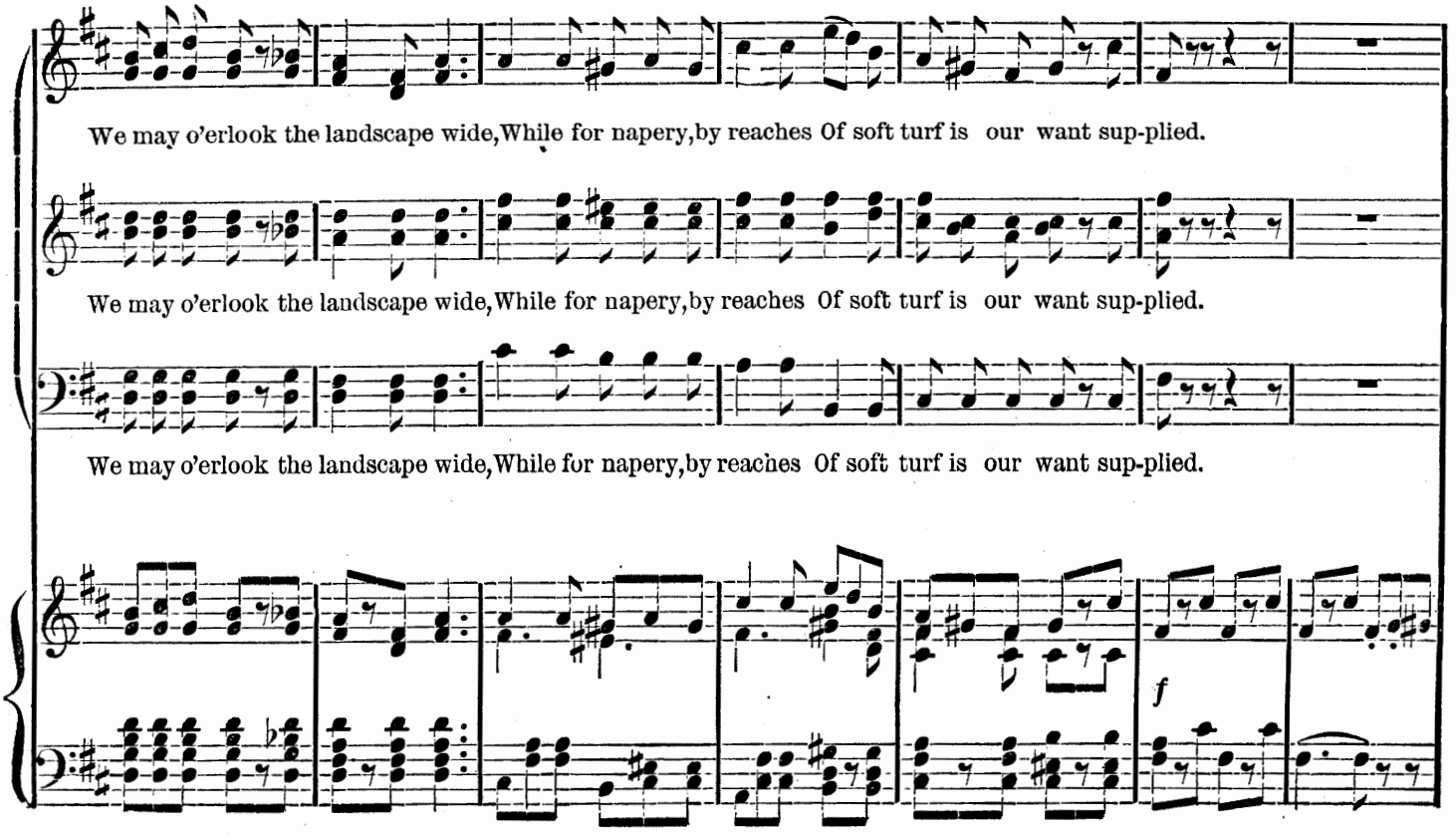
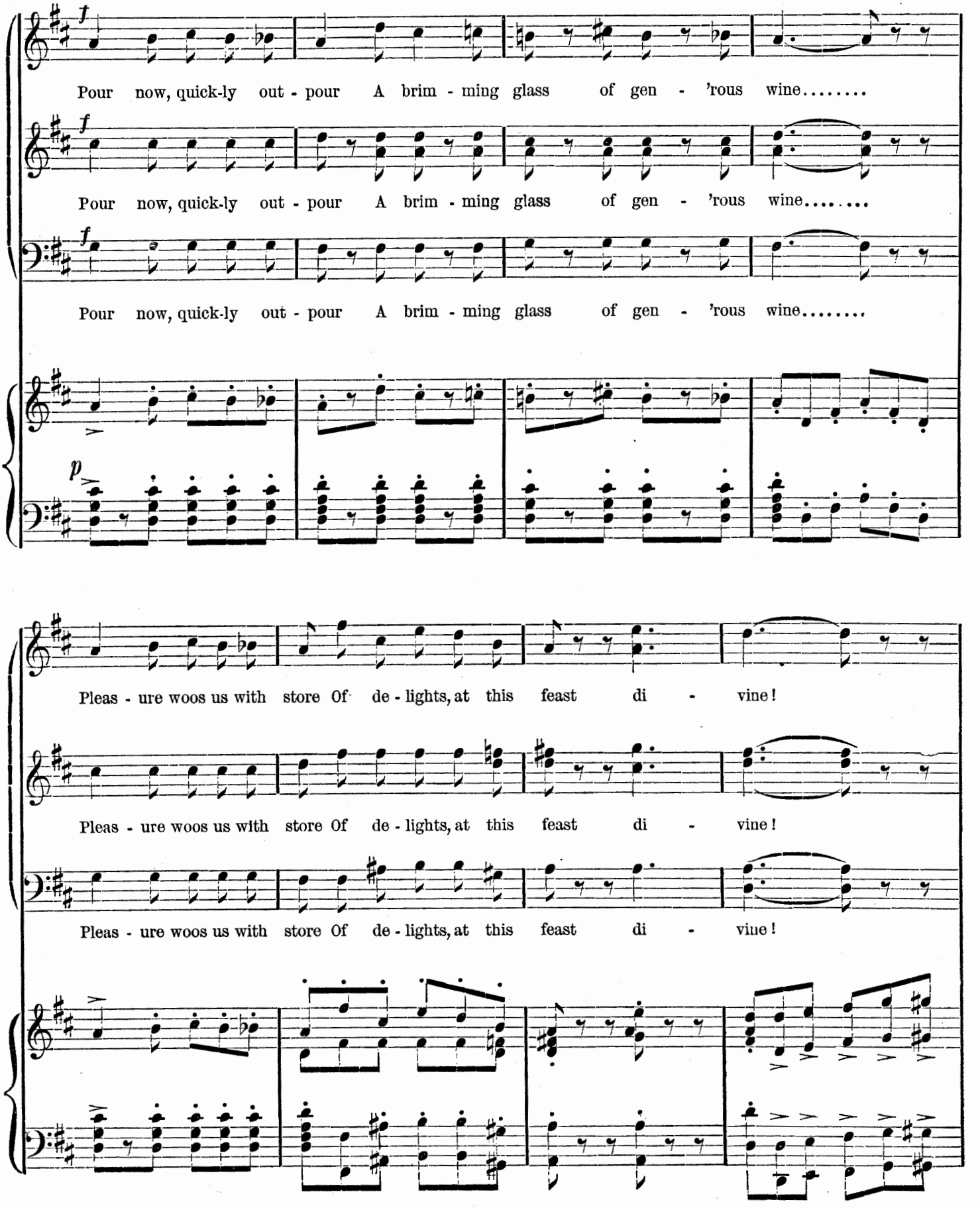
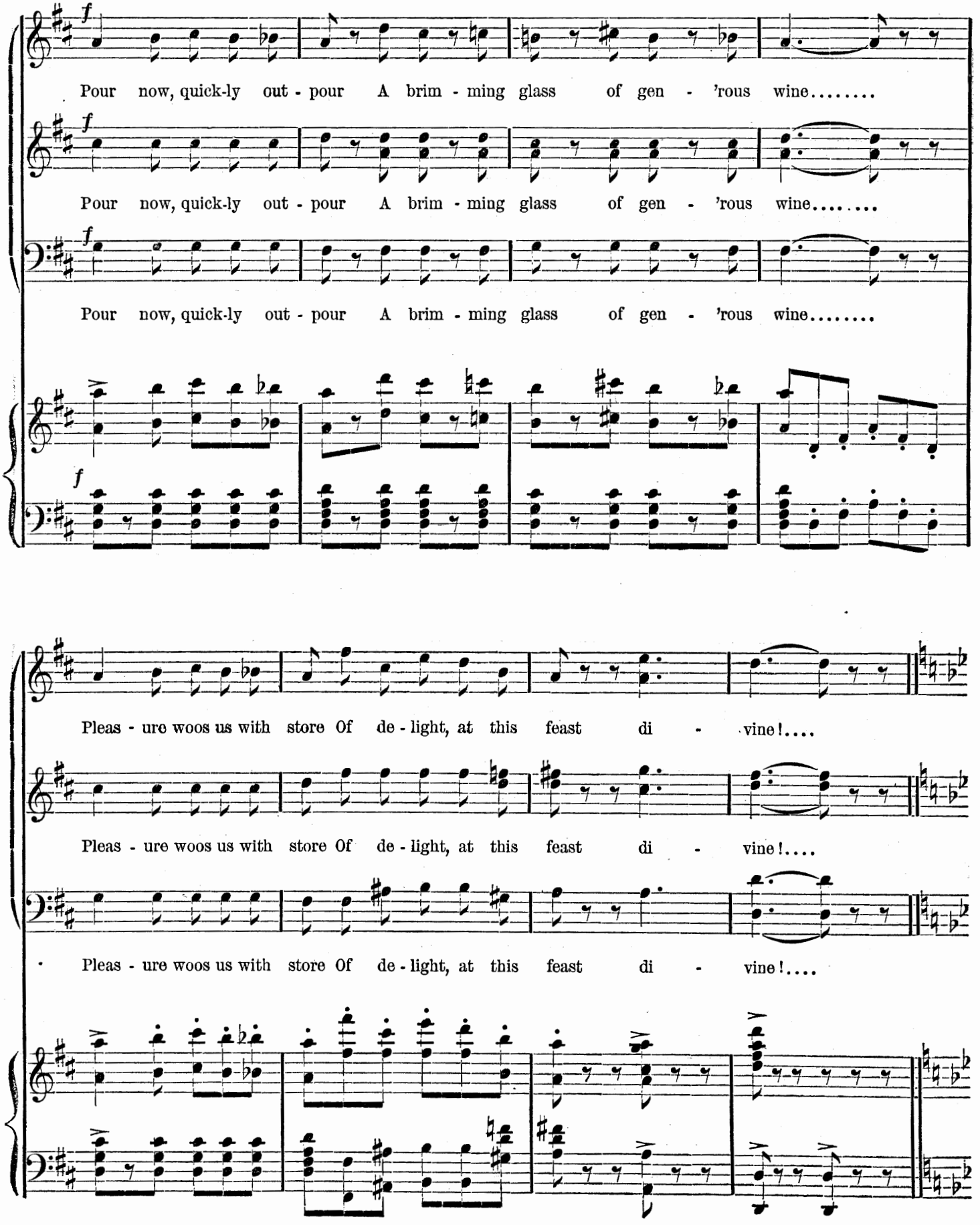
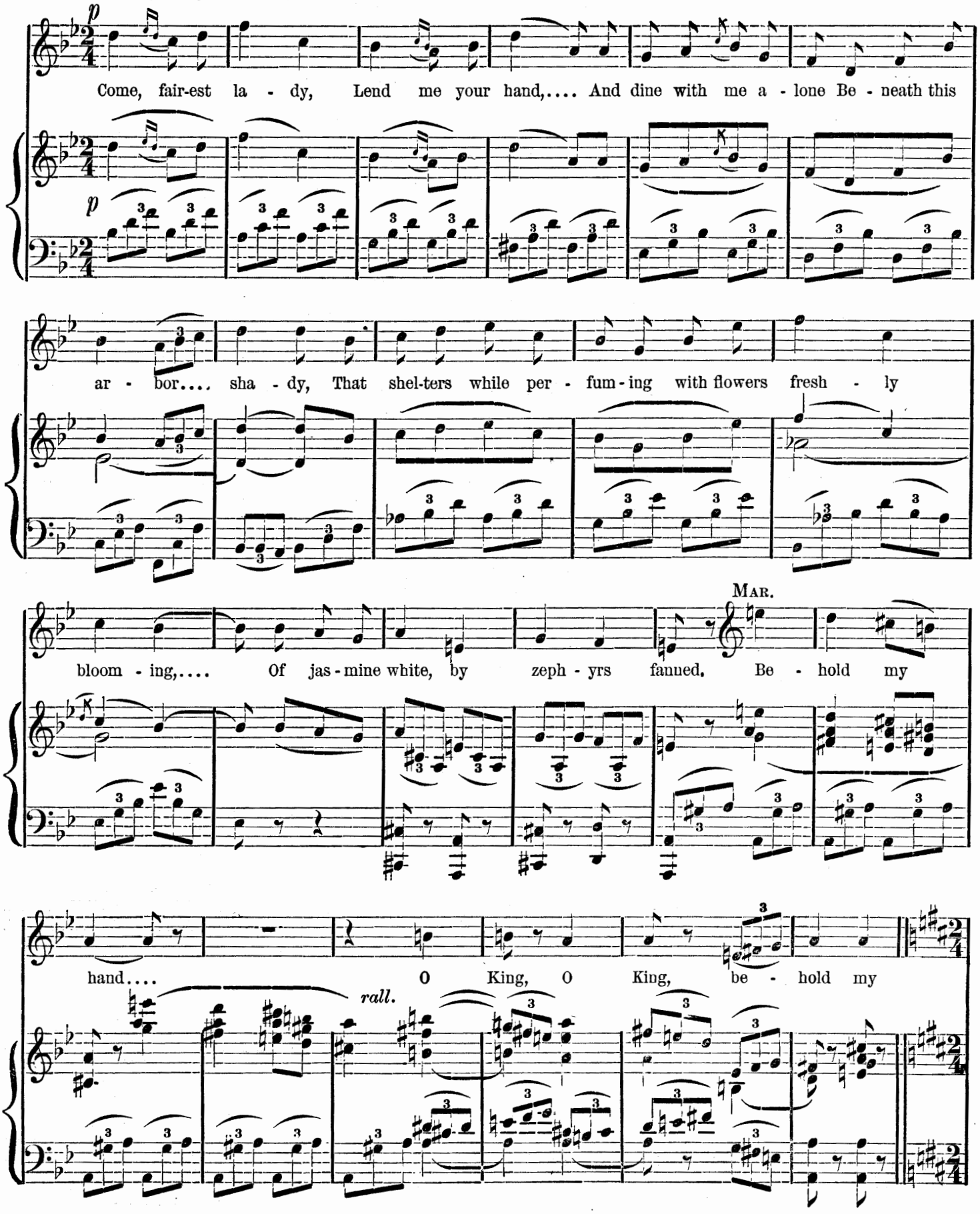

Let us all take our pla-ces At this banquet here im - pro - vised; Sha-ded by these green beech - es,
Let us all take our pla-ces At this banquet here im - pro - vised; Sha-ded by these green beech - es,
Take our pla-ces At this ban - quet im - pro - vised; Sha-ded by these green beech - es,
8


We may o'erlook the landscape wide, While for napery, by reaches Of soft turf is our want sup-plied.
We may o'erlook the landscape wide, While for napery, by reaches Of soft turf is our want sup-plied.
We may o'erlook the landscape wide, While for napery, by reaches Of soft turf is our want sup-plied.
f

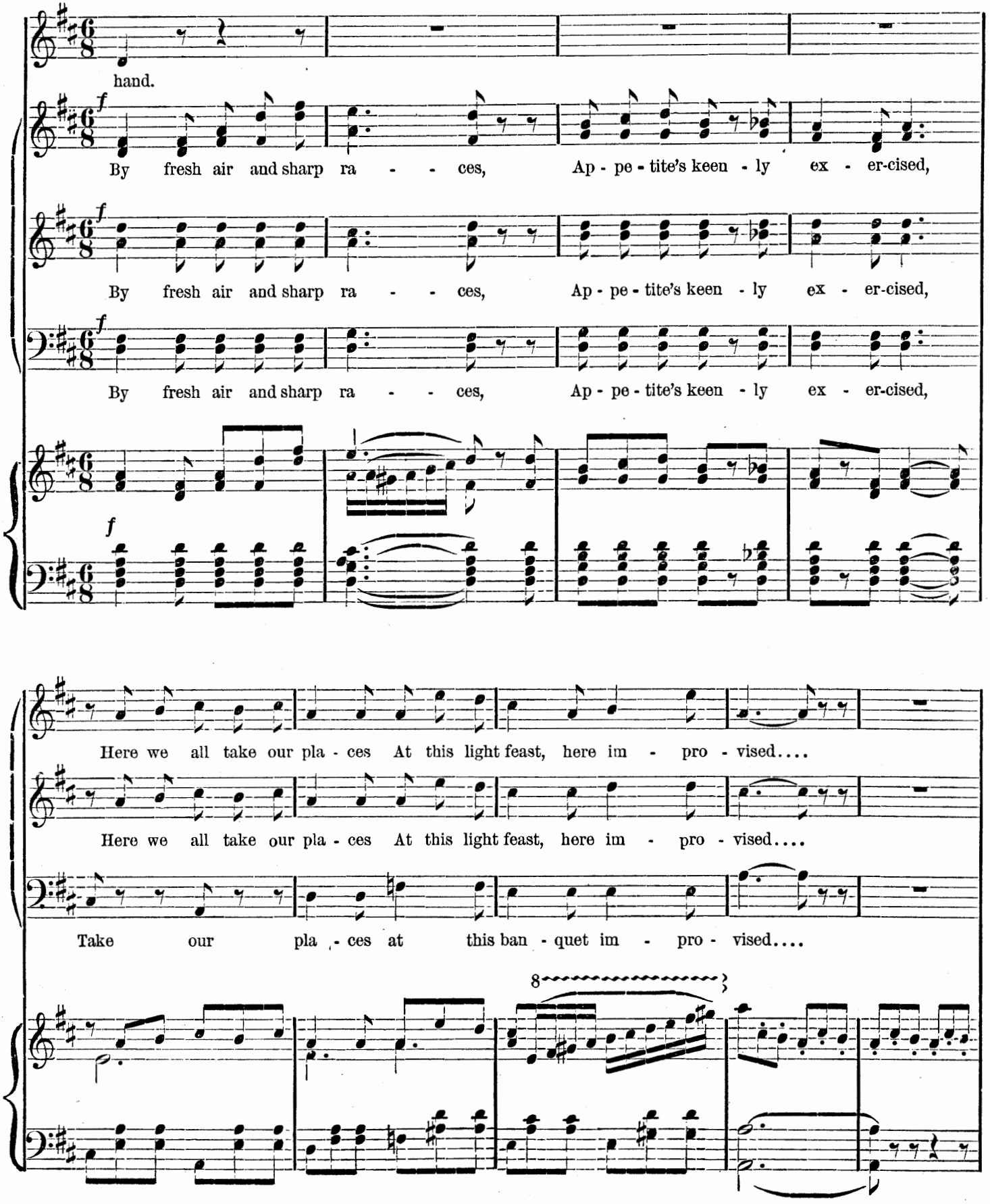

Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!

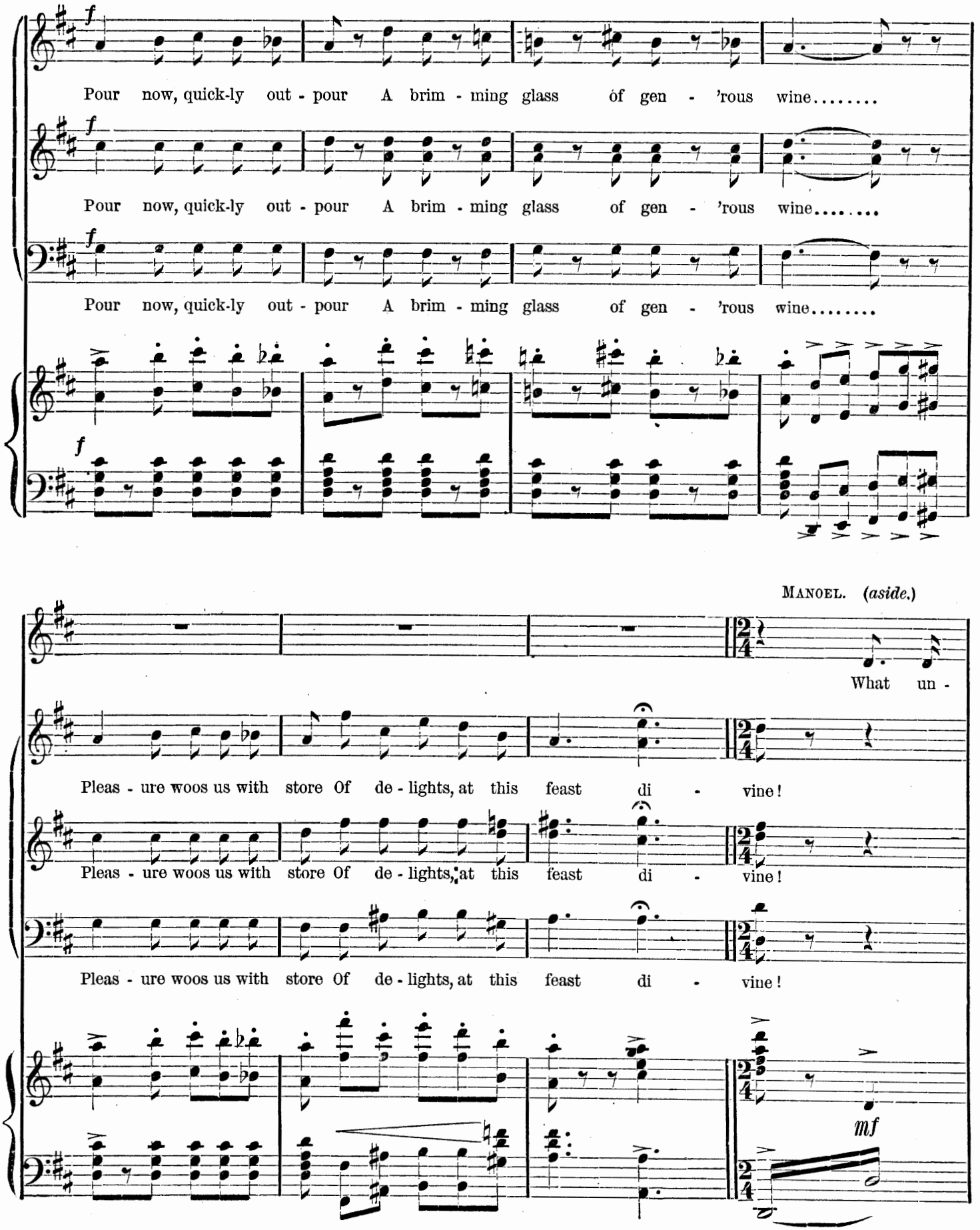

f
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - light, at this feast di - vine!....

KING. (*Taking the hand of the Infanta.*)



(She throws a furtive glance upon MANOEL, *who seems disturbed. The* KING *conducts her to the arbor, and causes her to sit near him,— before a rustic table, upon which the valets serve the lunch—all take their places.*




f
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
Pour now, quick-ly out - pour A brim - ming glass of gen - 'rous wine.....
MANOEL. (aside.)
What un -
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!
Pleas - ure woos us with store Of de - lights, at this feast di - vine!
mf

(Looking at them with spite.)

- e - qual'd tor - ment's mine! Thus near my ri - val to see her re - cline. O powers di - vine! All

KING.

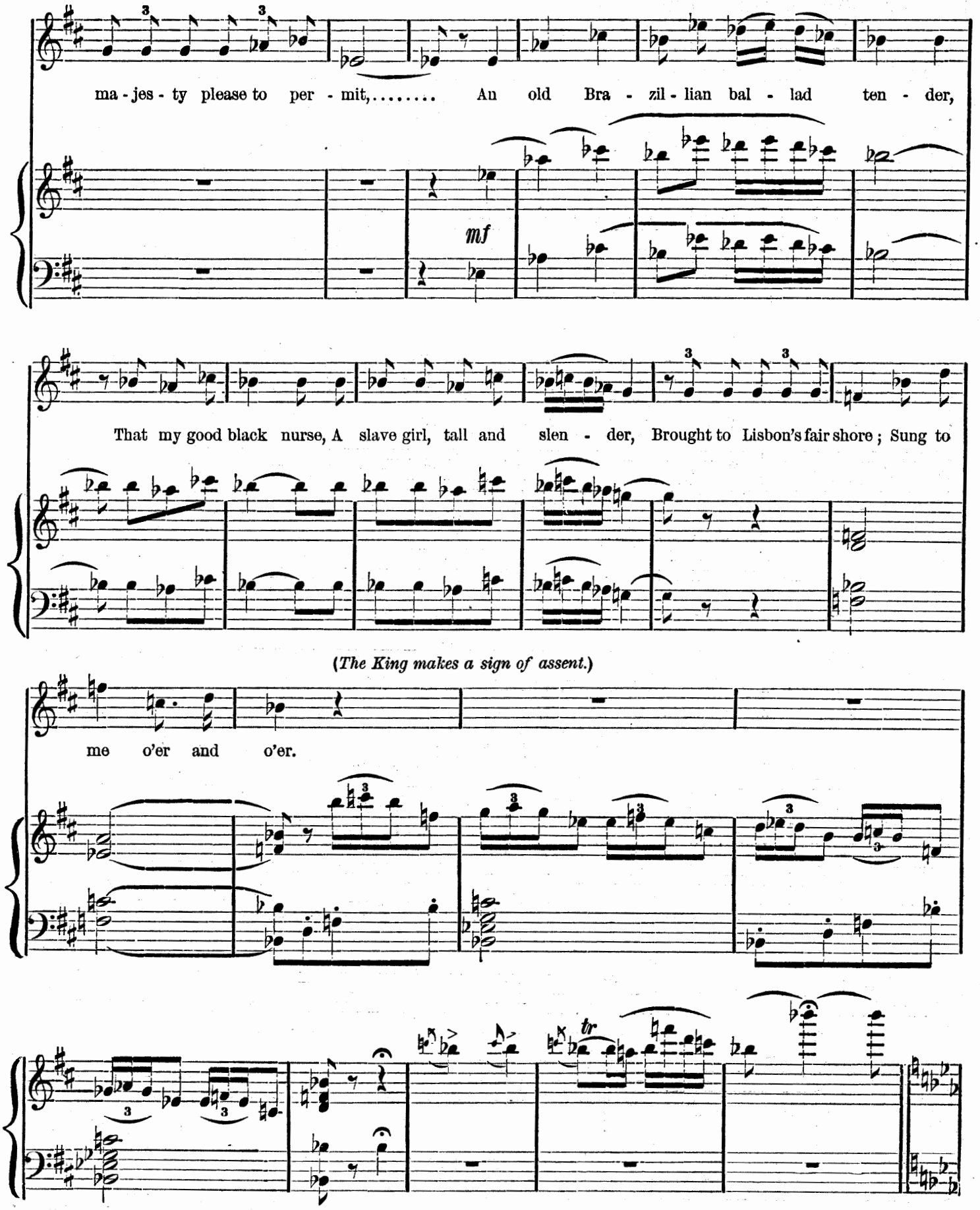
this must at once now be end - ed! To give a zest..... to this charm-ing re-

MANOEL. *(aside.)*

- past..... Who'll sing us a song, first or last? A good i-

(Aloud.) *(to all.)*

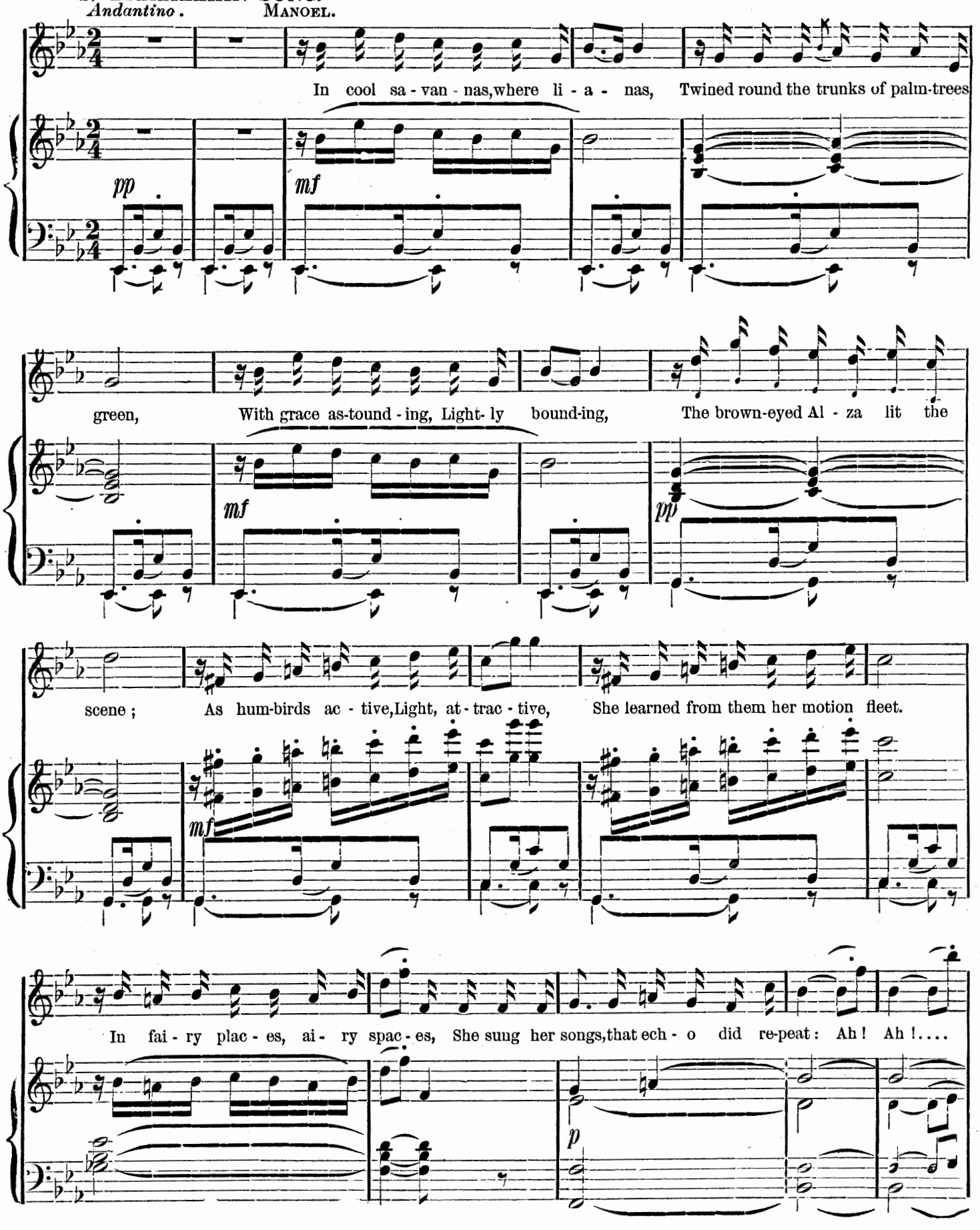
- de - a! She'll read the sense between each of the lines! Mes - sieurs,.... I now will sing you, If

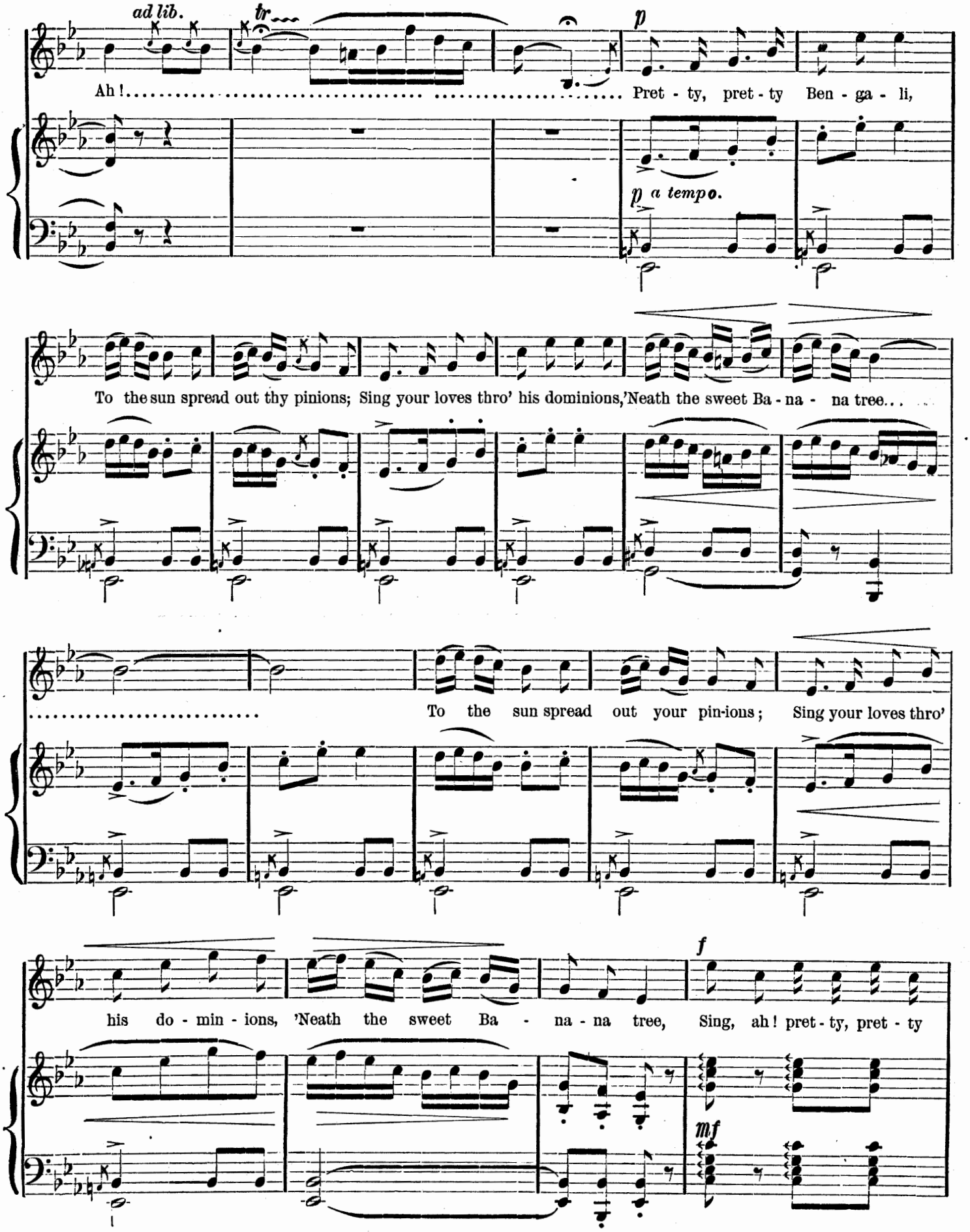

ma - jes - ty please to per - mit,..... An old Bra - zil - lian bal - lad ten - der,
mf
That my good black nurse, A slave girl, tall and slen - der, Brought to Lisbon's fair shore; Sung to
(The King makes a sign of assent.)
me o'er and o'er.
tr

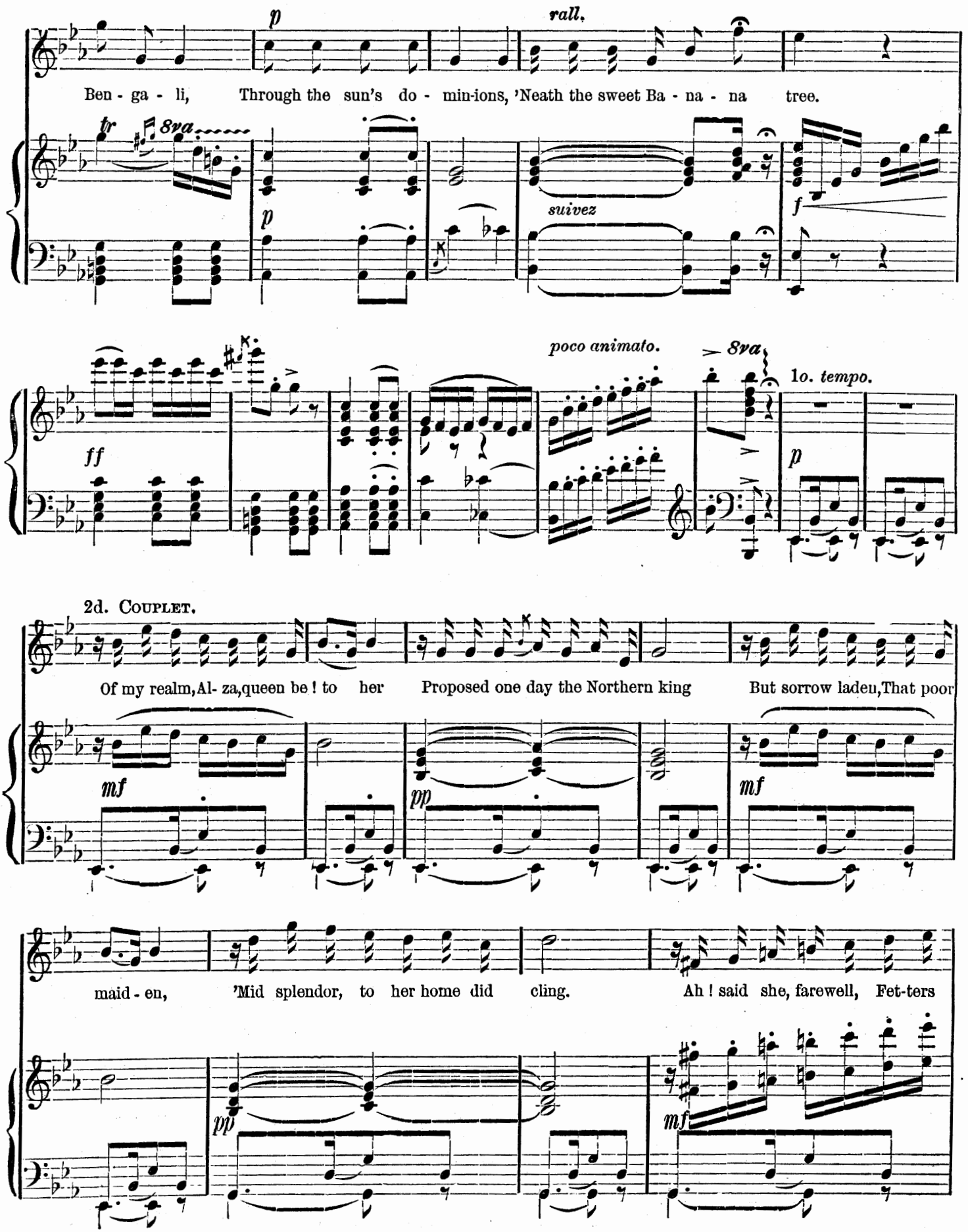
IN COOL SAVANNAS.

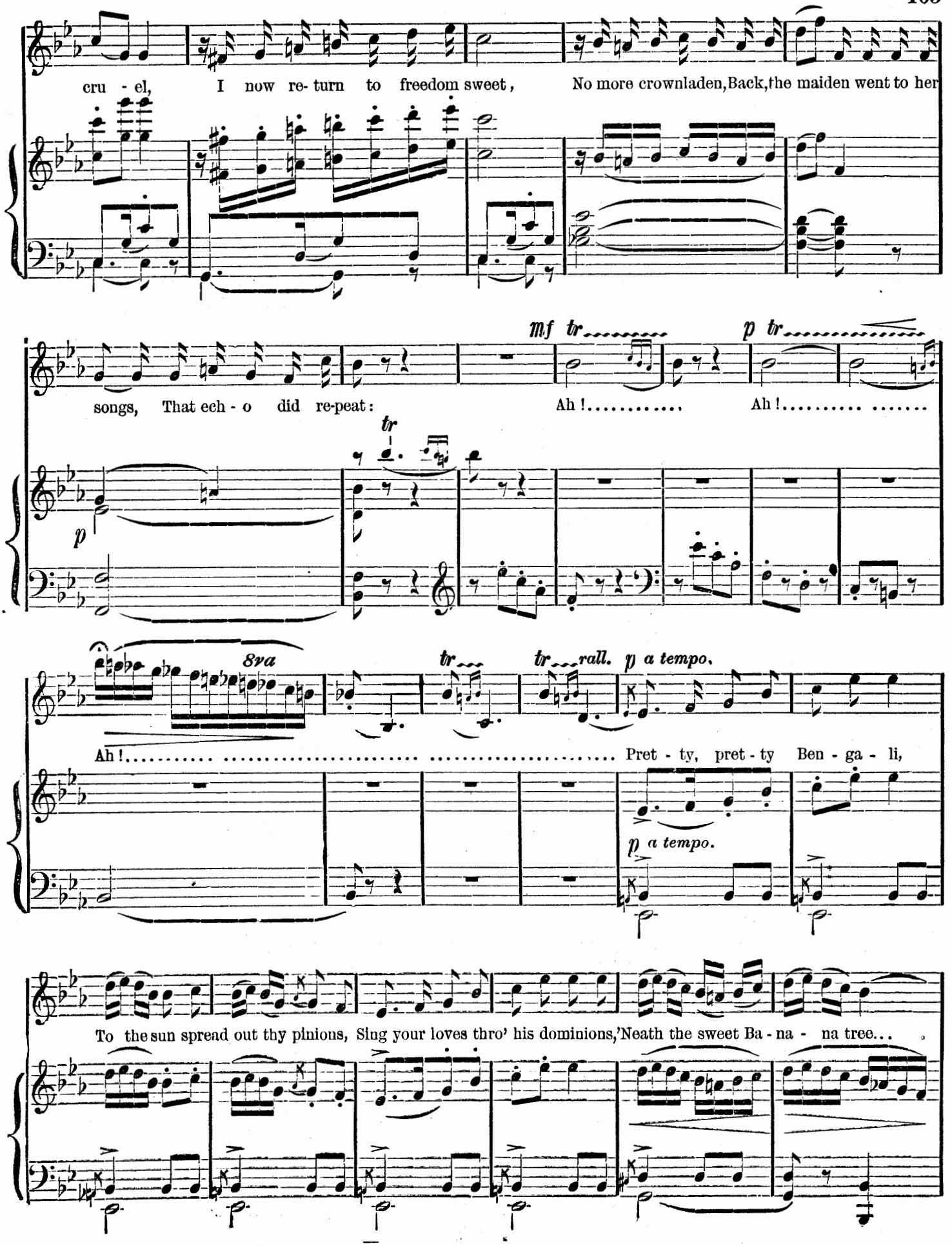
(b) BRAZILLIAN SONG.

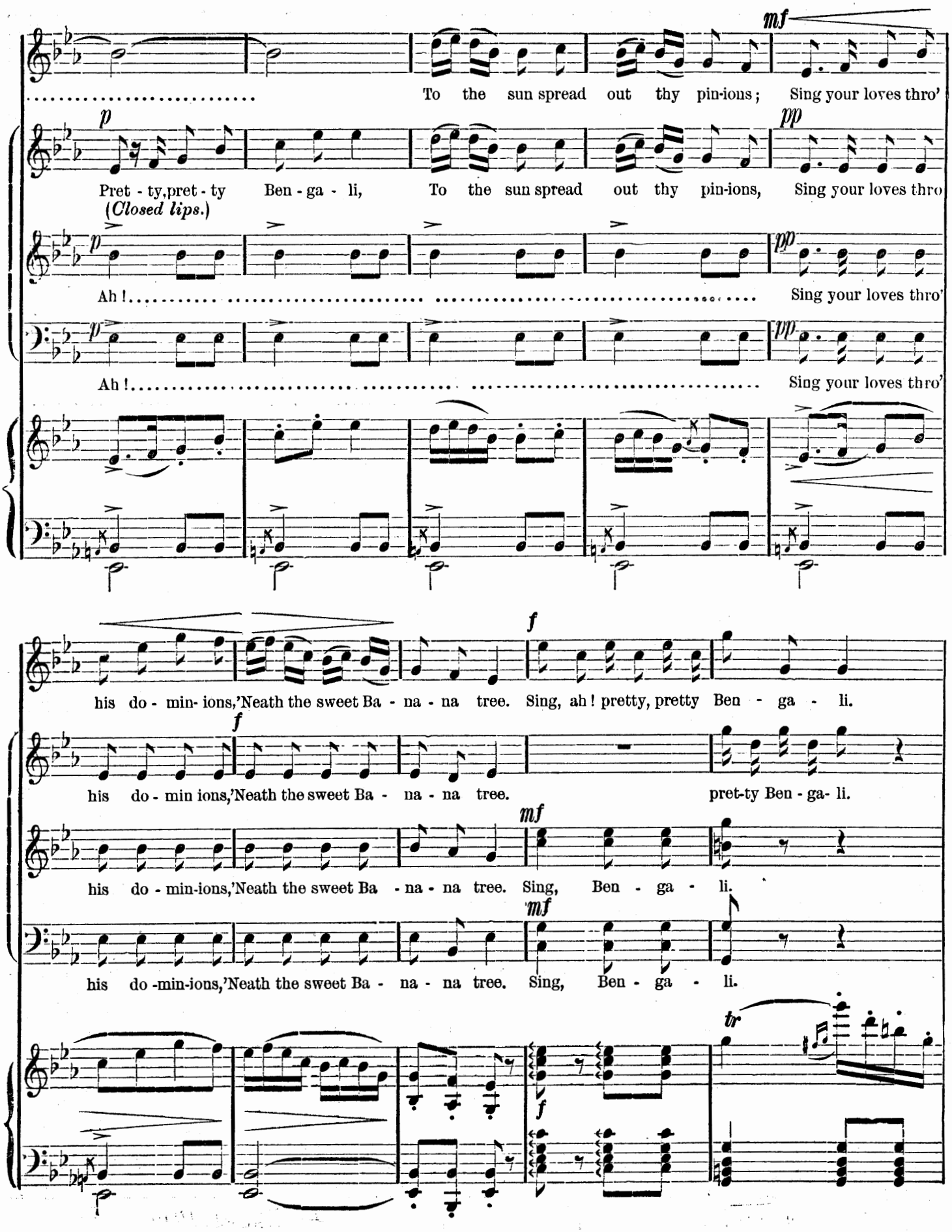
Andantino. MANOEL.

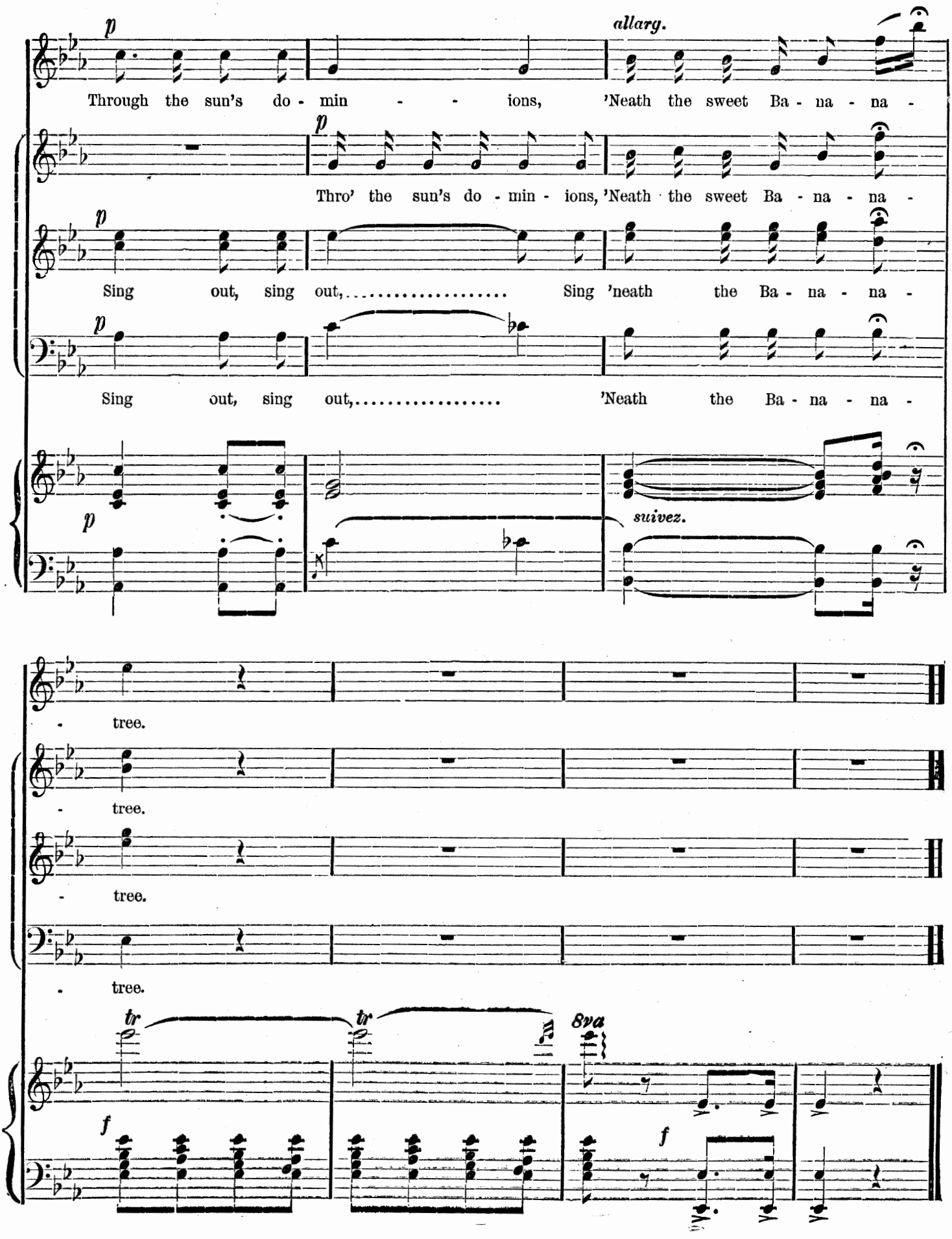



ad lib.
tr
p
Ah! ..... Pret - ty, pret - ty Ben - ga - li,
p a tempo.
To the sun spread out thy pinions; Sing your loves thro' his dominions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree...
To the sun spread out your pin-ions; Sing your loves thro'
his do - min - ions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree, Sing, ah! pret - ty, pret - ty
f
mf


p
rall.
Ben - ga - li, Through the sun's do - min-ions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree.
tr
8va
p
suivez
f
ff
poco animato.
8va
1o. tempo.
p
2d. Couplet.
Of my realm, Al- za, queen be ! to her Proposed one day the Northern king But sorrow ladeu, That poor
mf
pp
mf
maid - en, 'Mid splendor, to her home did cling. Ah ! said she, farewell, Fet-ters
pp
mf


cru - el, I now re- turn to freedom sweet, No more crownladen, Back, the maiden went to her
mf tr
p tr
songs, That ech - o did re-peat: Ah !..... Ah !.....
p
tr
8va
tr
tr rall.
p a tempo.
Ah !..... Pret - ty, pret - ty Ben - ga - li,
p a tempo.
To the sun spread out thy pinions, Sing your loves thro' his dominions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree...


mf
To the sun spread out thy pin-ions; Sing your loves thro'
p
pp
Pret - ty, pret - ty Ben - ga - li, To the sun spread out thy pin-ions, Sing your loves thro
(Closed lips.)
Ah! Sing your loves thro'
Ah! Sing your loves thro'
f
his do - min- ions,'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree. Sing, ah! pretty, pretty Ben - ga - li.
his do - min ions,'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree. pret-ty Ben - ga- li.
mf
his do - min-ions,'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree. Sing, Ben - ga - li.
his do -min-ions,'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na tree. Sing, Ben - ga - li.
tr


p
allarg.
Through the sun's do - min - - - ions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na -
p
Thro' the sun's do - min - ions, 'Neath the sweet Ba - na - na -
p
Sing out, sing out, ... Sing 'neath the Ba - na - na -
p
Sing out, sing out, ... 'Neath the Ba - na - na -
p
suivez.
- tree.
- tree.
- tree.
- tree.
tr
tr
8va
f
f

KING. (*Coming forward*) Thanks, Dom Manoël! We have had great pleasure in listening to you.

MAR. (*Aside.*) Manoël, I should like it better from another than from you!

VIR. I have intercepted a glance between the Infanta and that young man. They must not be lost sight of. (*Retires aside*)

MAD. de RAINCY. (*To* MAN.) You are young, monsieur, the court is sown with snares—you need a guide. (MAN. *bows.*)

MAD. de VENTADOUR. (*To* MAN.) Monsieur, Madame de Ventadour passes for having some influence, and she is fond of youth. (MAN. *bows.*)

MAD. de GRAMMONT. (*To* MAN.) The Grammonts have alliances in Portugal; if you will, devote an hour to me to-morrow, at my reception. (MAN. *bows, and retires, surrounded by ladies. All the people group themselves picturesquely on the turf to lunch.*)

KING. (*To* INFANTA.) Nobody thinks of us, my dear Marianna!

MAR. I am glad of it, sire; for I can speak to you freely!

KING. (*Smiling.*) Have you some secret to confide?

MAR. 'Tis very serious, sire. I think, and believe, that you would do very wrong to marry me. (*They leave the arbor, and descend a little towards the front of the scene.*)

KING. I do not understand you.

MAR. Sire, I have a frightful character; I am fantastic, ill-natured, coquettish, and I have a horror of ettiquette. More, I am not made to be a queen! Oh! it is not that you displease me, sire, but first, you are too young!

KING. We shall correct that fault together; go on!

MAR. Besides, you are too weak. You tremble before your tutors, and, above all, before the Cardinal.

KING. You will see that you are deceived on my account; that I am firm, when necessary; that I have a will! Then, as the Cardinal says, reasons of State, demand our marriage.

MAR. Reasons of State?

BAR. (*Coming from pavillion on the left.*) How's this! All the world lunching, and no one has notified me! What a court! (*To the* INFANTA.) Madame, it is the hour of prayer. You must enter.

MAR. Eh, madame! This is indiscreet. You see that I am talking with the king!

BAR. But, highness——

MAR. I shall stay with him—at least, till he orders me to retire.

BAR. Meanwhile—etiquette!

MAR. There! Oh, I am so unhappy!

KING. Be so kind as to leave us, madame the Duchess.

BAR. So be it. I obey; but I protest! (*Aside.*) What a court!

KING. You see, Marianna, that I do not lack firmness?

ST. A. (*Coming from within, presents himself.*) Sire, 'tis the hour of the geography lesson of your majesty!

KING. (*Coolly.*) I have not called you, Monsieur de St. Amaranthe!

ST. A. Right, sire; but the Cardinal sent me to look for your majesty.

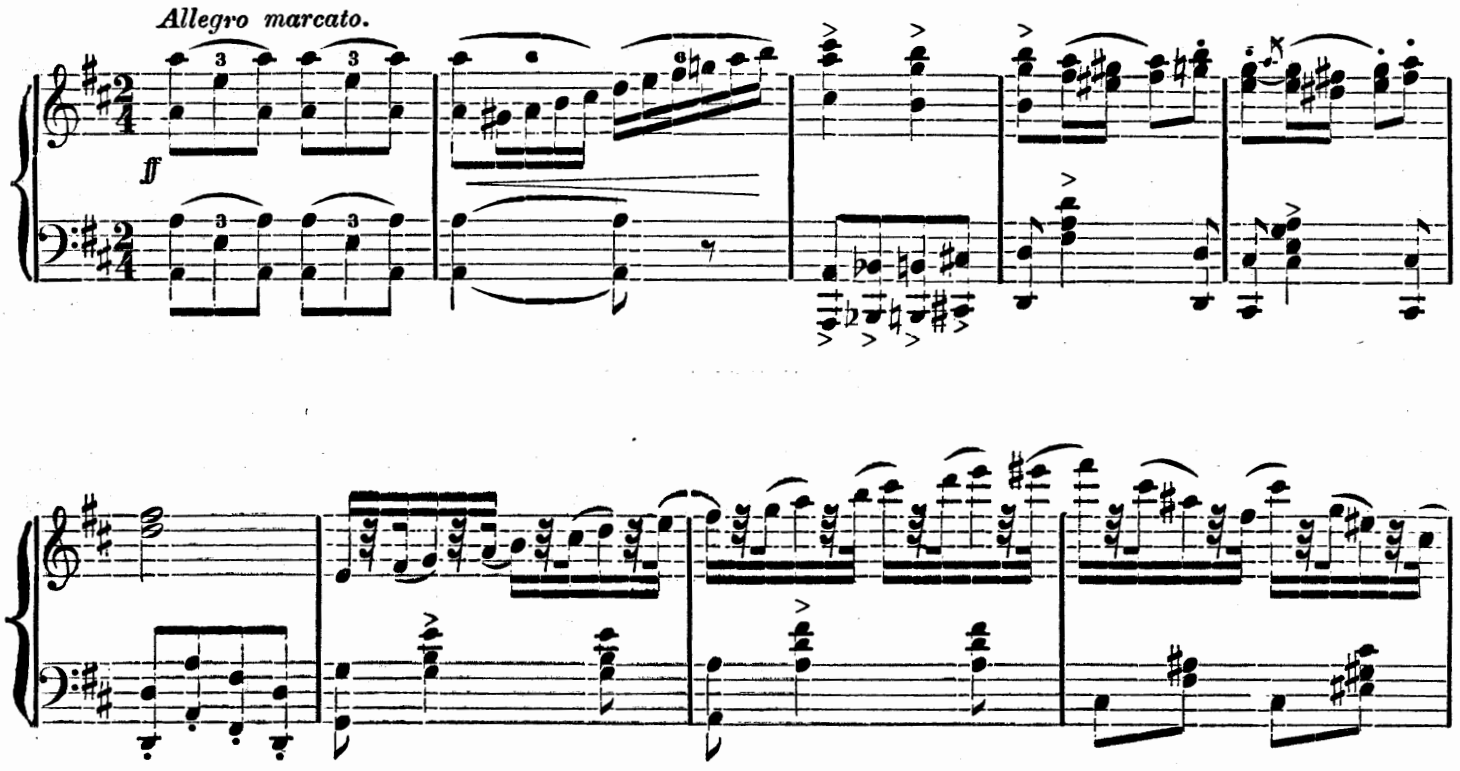
MAR. (*Softly.*) The Cardinal! Come, sire, the moment is here—resist!

KING. (*To* ST. A., *with embarrassment.*) Does he await me? Are you sure? (*Bow from* ST. A.) (*To* MAR.) It would not be polite to make him wait.

MAR. Oh, sire——

KING. It will not be long. We will resume this conversation, dear Marianna. (*He kisses her hand, and advances toward the keeper of the privy purse, who detaches himself from the group.*) Monsieur the superintendent, I wish to make a surprise for the Infanta, and give her this very evening a divertisement. Order the violins of the opera; 'tis useless to notify the Cardinal. (*Superintendent bows and departs.*) (*To* MAR.) I'll see you shortly, Madame. Come, Monsieur St. Amaranthe!

No. 10. (b.) SCENE MUSIC.



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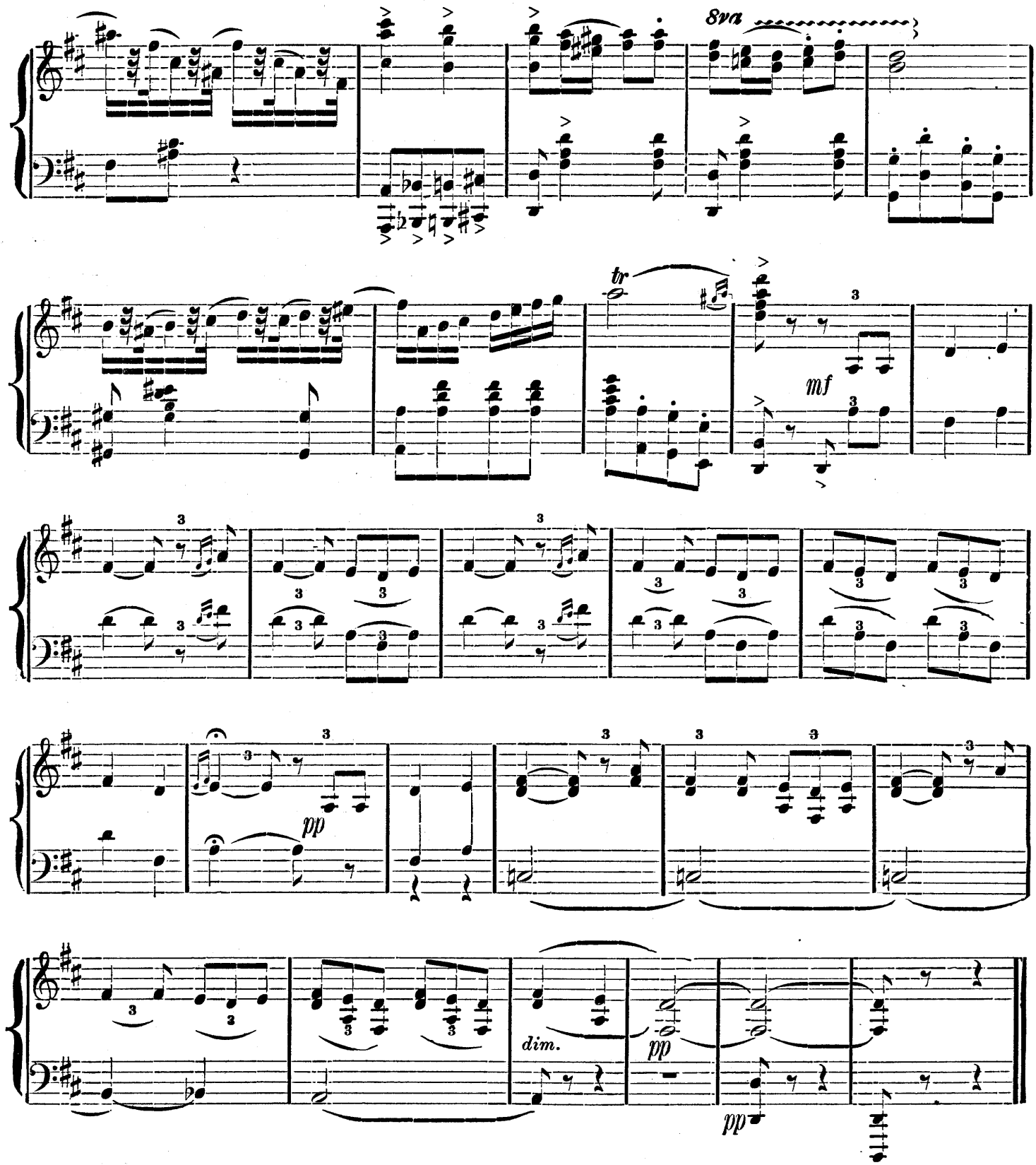

(THE KING *goes out, followed by all the court.*)

MAN. (*Approaching* MAR. *softly.*) Highness, grant me a moment's conversation.

MAR. But, monsieur——

MAN. I beseech you!—here—in a moment! (*Exit all but* MARIQ. *and* MAR.)

MAR. (*Alone.*) "Reasons of State!" Behold a bad reason!

MARIQ. (*Enters, bringing* ALV.) Highness, we have some new dolls.

MAR. He devotes himself to that!

MARIQ. They are so droll—wait! (*Shows a puppet all red.*)

MAR. The Cardinal! (*Throws it to the floor.*) There! That's what I do with it!

ALV. (*Picking up the doll.* Treat his Eminence in that fashion!)

MAR. (*Tearing up the other dolls brought by* ALVAREZ.) I have had enough of toys like these!

TO TOPHET WITH THOSE DOLLS!

No. 11. DOLL-COUPLETS.

Marianna.

1st COUPLET.

MARIANNA.

Allegretto.

mf

To

Allegretto.

f

mp

To - phet with those dolls and nick - nacks! A great girl from to - day am I; Your

p

ma - rionettes and rag - ged jump- jacks Henceforth can on - ly make me sigh: When

in my soul, where fire is smold'ring, Love makes his voice first un - der - stood..... What

mf

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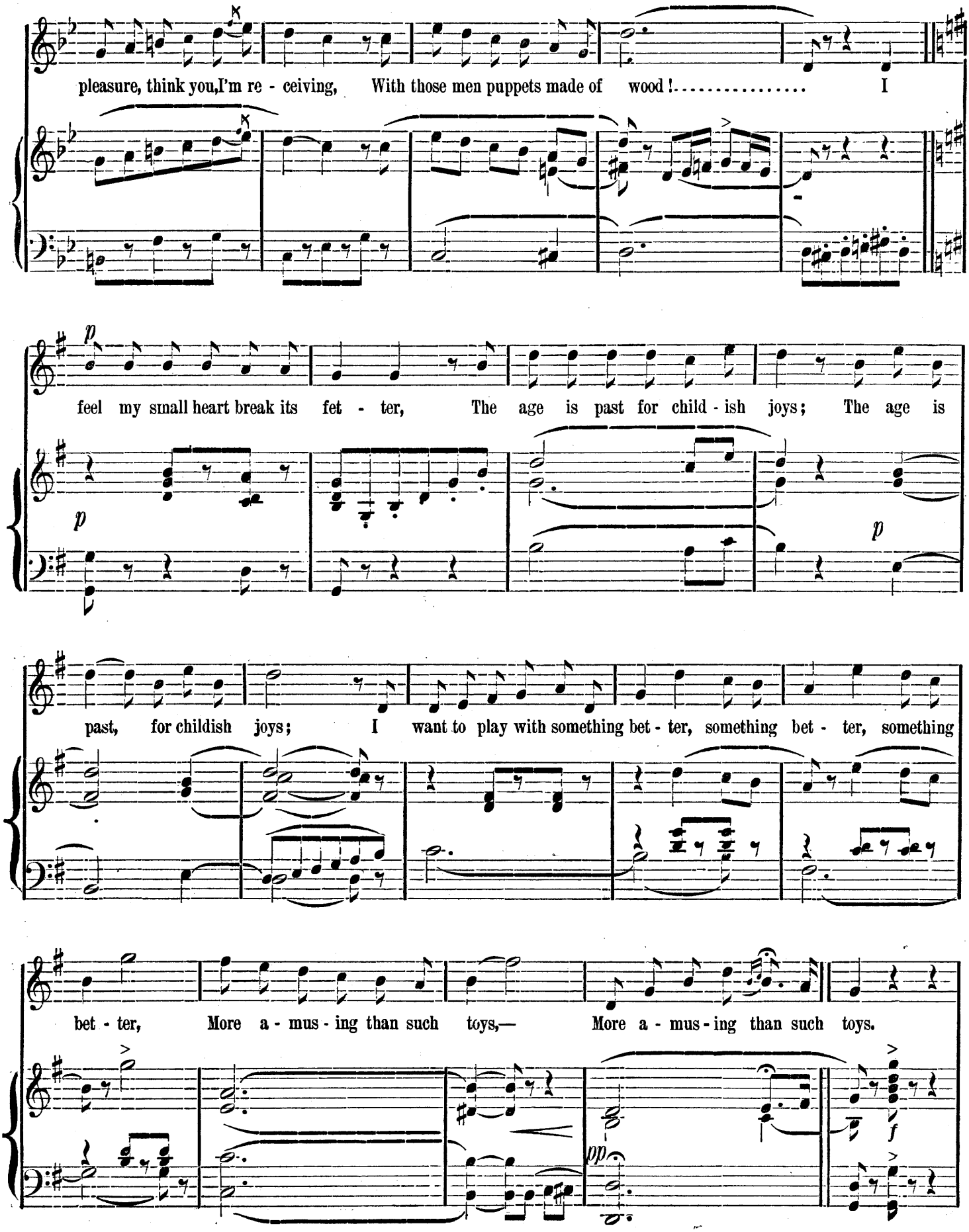
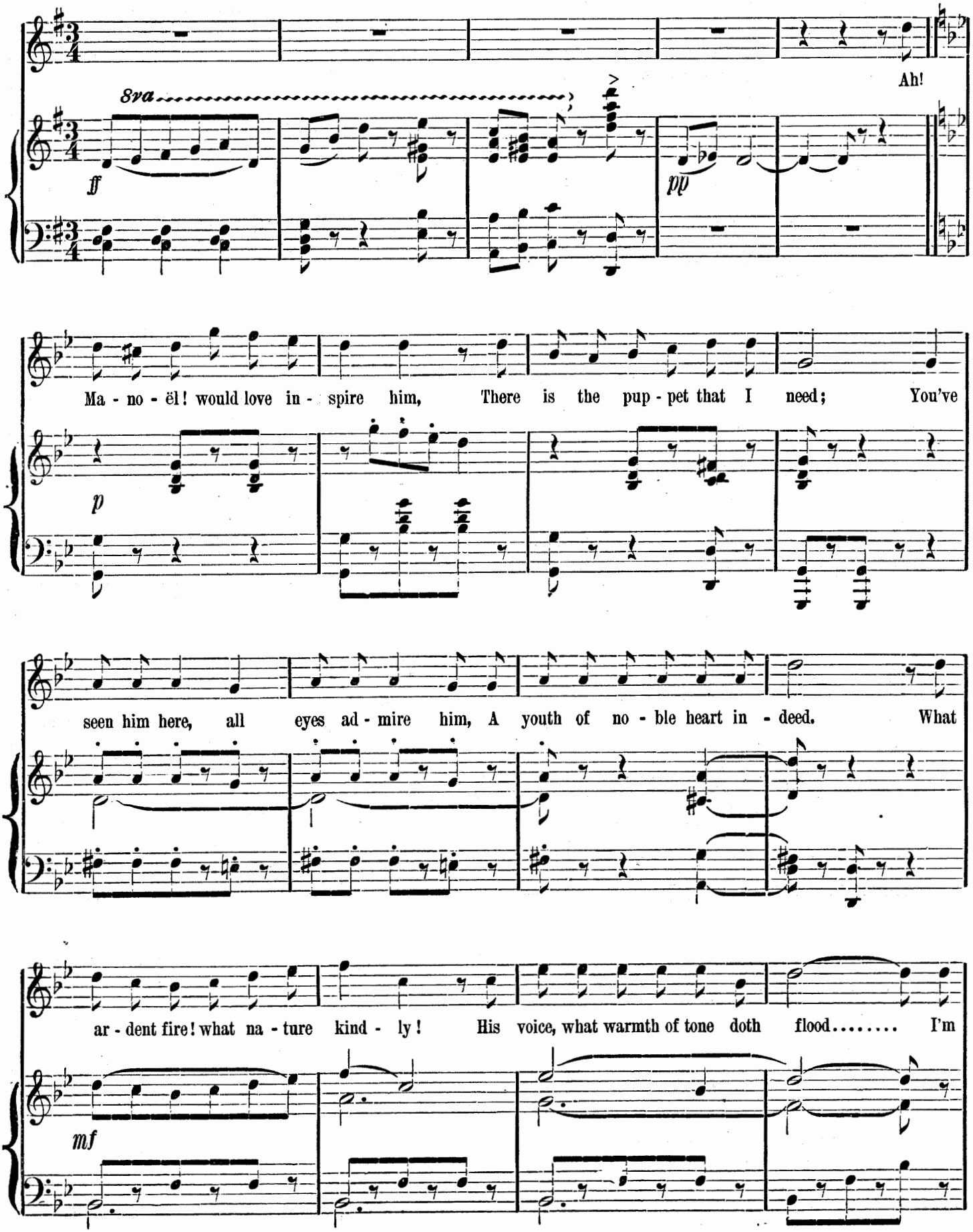
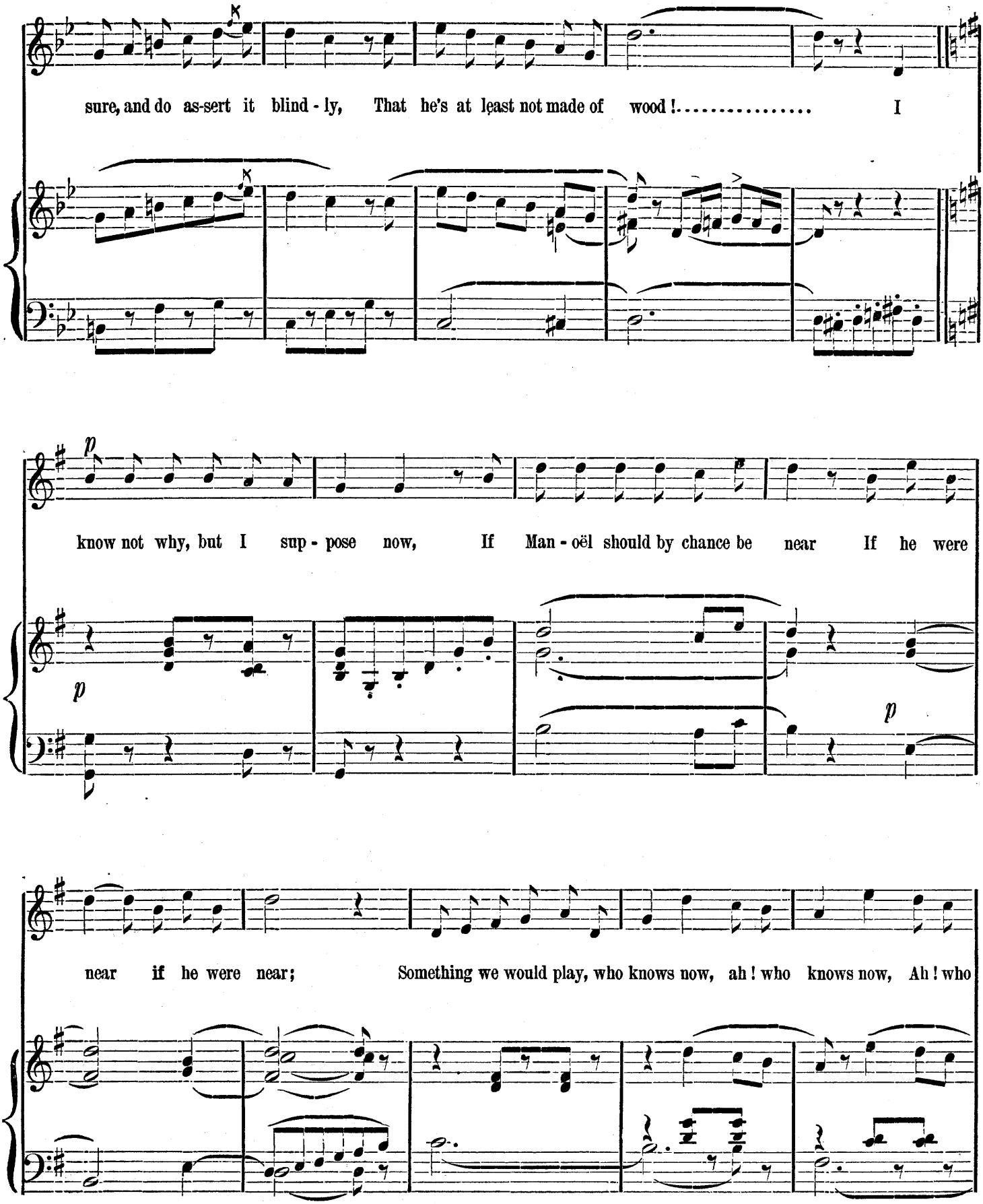
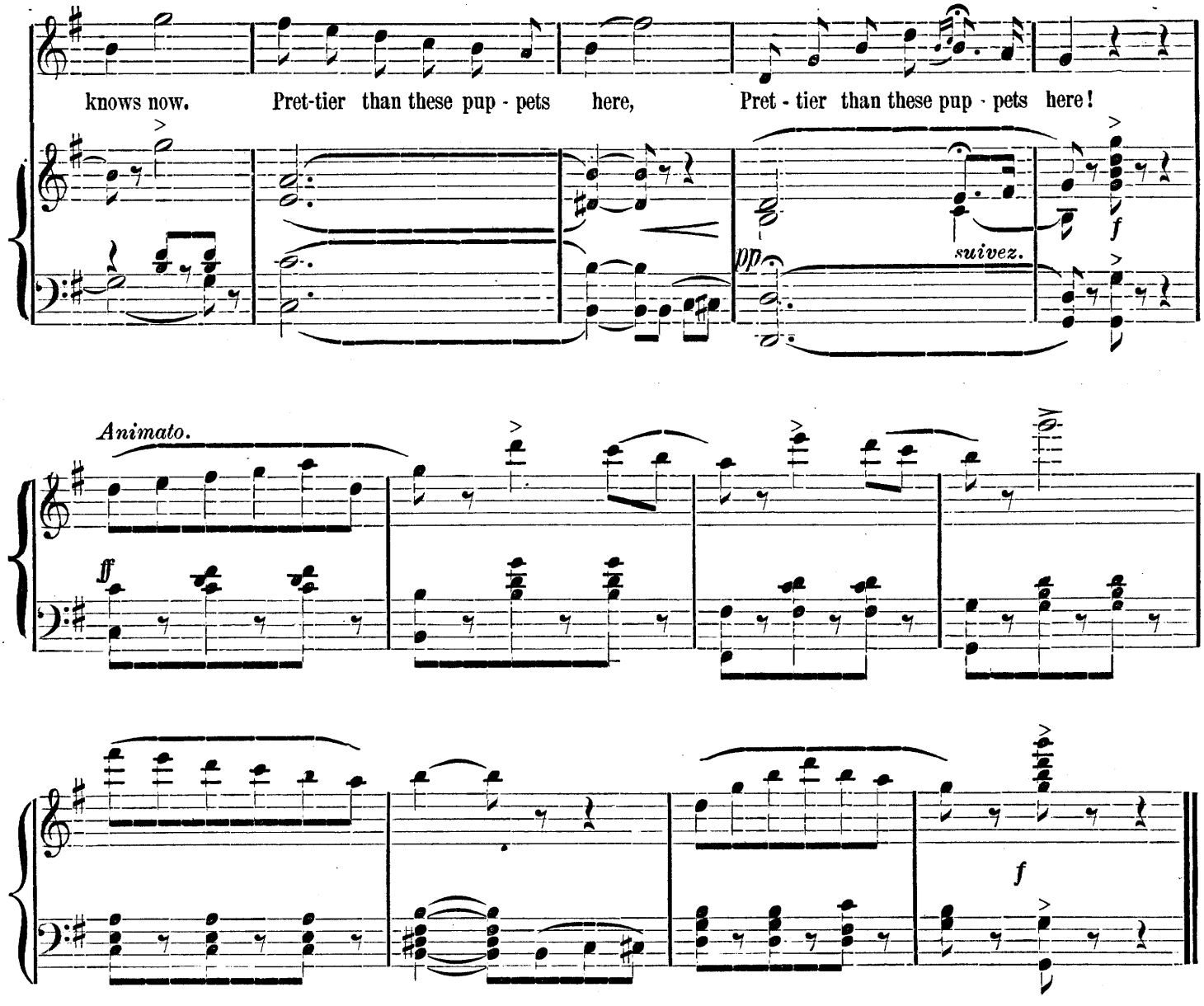

pleasure, think you,I'm re - ceiving, With those men puppets made of wood !..... I
p
feel my small heart break its fet - ter, The age is past for child - ish joys; The age is
p
p
past, for childish joys; I want to play with something bet - ter, something bet - ter, something
bet - ter, More a - mus - ing than such toys,— More a - mus - ing than such toys.
pp
f

2d COUPLET.


Ah!
8va
ff
pp
Ma - no - ël! would love in - spire him, There is the pup - pet that I need; You've
p
seen him here, all eyes ad - mire him, A youth of no - ble heart in - deed. What
ar - dent fire! what na - ture kind - ly! His voice, what warmth of tone doth flood..... I'm
mf


sure, and do as-sert it blind - ly, That he's at least not made of wood !..... I
know not why, but I sup - pose now, If Man - oël should by chance be near If he were
near if he were near; Something we would play, who knows now, ah ! who knows now, Ah ! who



MARIQ. Bah! Highness, you'll play with the king?

MAR. (*With indifference.*) Ah, yes—battledore! (*Seeing* MANOEL, *who appears at back.*) He! Manoël? (*To* MARIQ. *and* ALV.) Go in; I'll follow you.

MARIQ. Well, madame. (*To* ALV.) Come Alvarez! What is the matter with her now?

ALV. Who knows what is passing in young heads?

(*They enter pavillion by the left.*)

MAN. I may speak to you at last!

MAR. Ah! Well, monsieur, explain to me, I pray you, why I find you here, when I left you at Burgos, arranging to return to Portugal.

MAN. Ah! highness, when I saw that flower escape from your fingers——

MAR. (*Quickly.*) Without wishing it; monsieur, really, without wishing it!

MAN. I was not master of myself, and started off, like a madman, in your suite.

MAR. Oh, I well knew it!

MAN. You knew it?

MAR. You think then, that I have not seen you at a distance, during our journey—on horseback, behind our carriages.

MAN. You recognized me?

MAR. Certainly; I seemed not to. You understand? Onaccount of etiquette!

MAN. Since your arrival, I have sought means to introduce myself to the court, when, all at once, I was so happy as to save the king!

MAR. But, after all, what hope you for?

MAN. To tell you that I love you!

MAR. You love me! But that is madness! You know that I am about to marry the king, Louis XV.

MAN. Ah! On that day I shall die!

MAR. What say you? Die! That is impossible—I do not wish it! I—Oh, reason of State!

MAN. If you love me, there would be other means!

MAR. Other means? What?

MAN. Oh, it would be very easy! We two would fly together, and conceal ourselves, far, far away!

MAR. Fly! Yes that would be charming, but 'tis impossible!

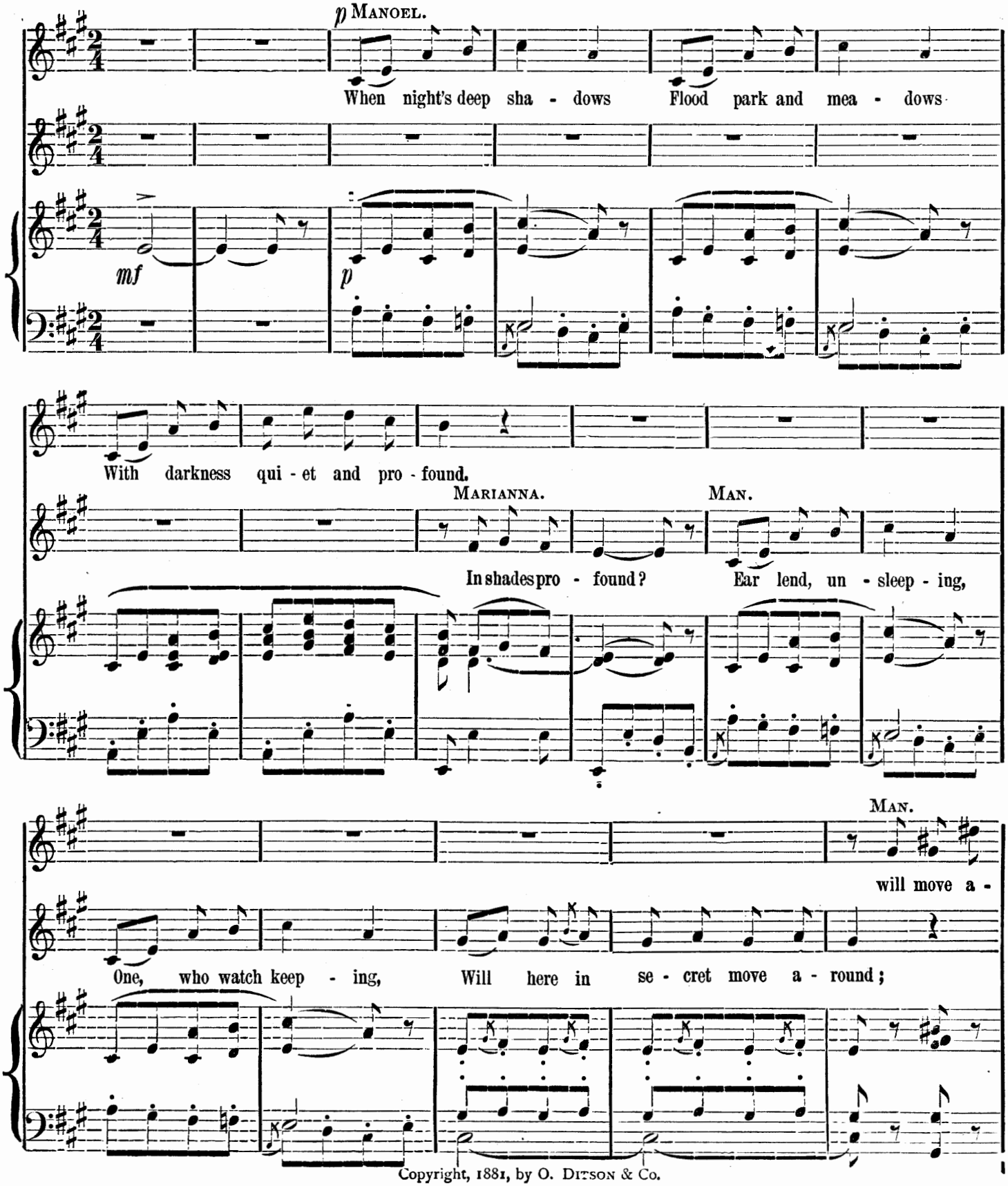
MAN. Listen to me!

MAR. (*Curiously.*) Let us see!

WHEN NIGHT'S DEEP SHADOWS.

Manoel and Marianna.

No. 12. DUETT.



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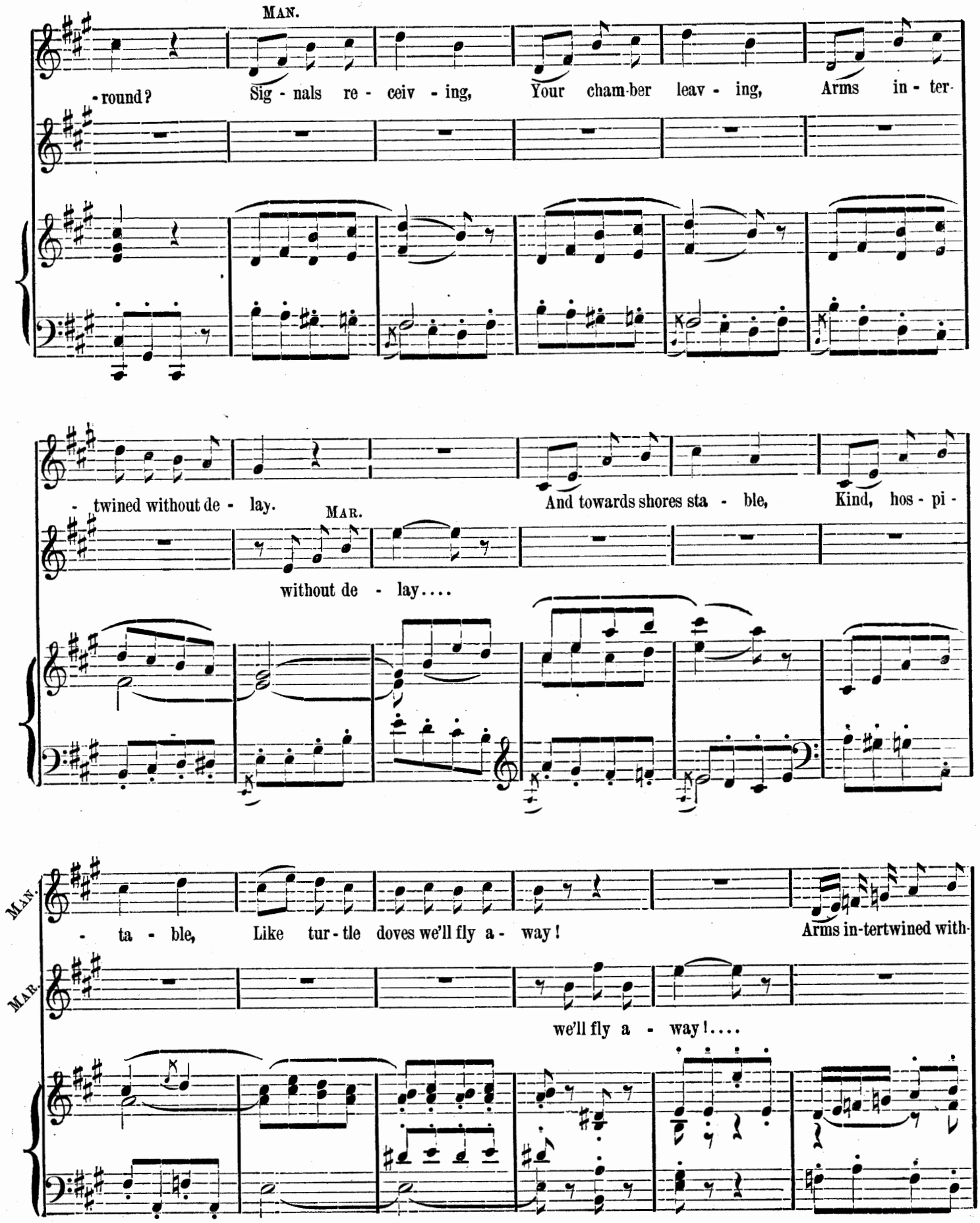
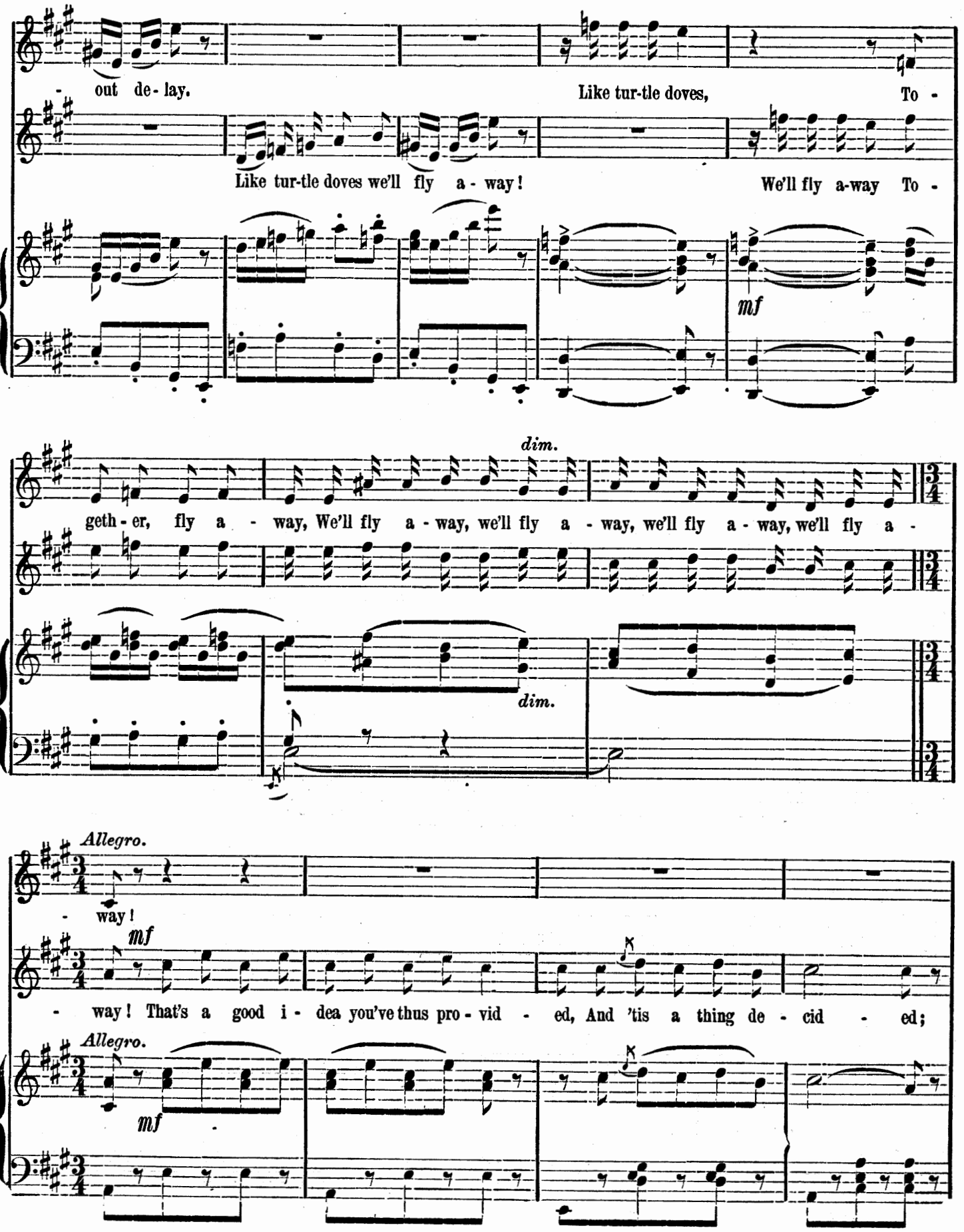
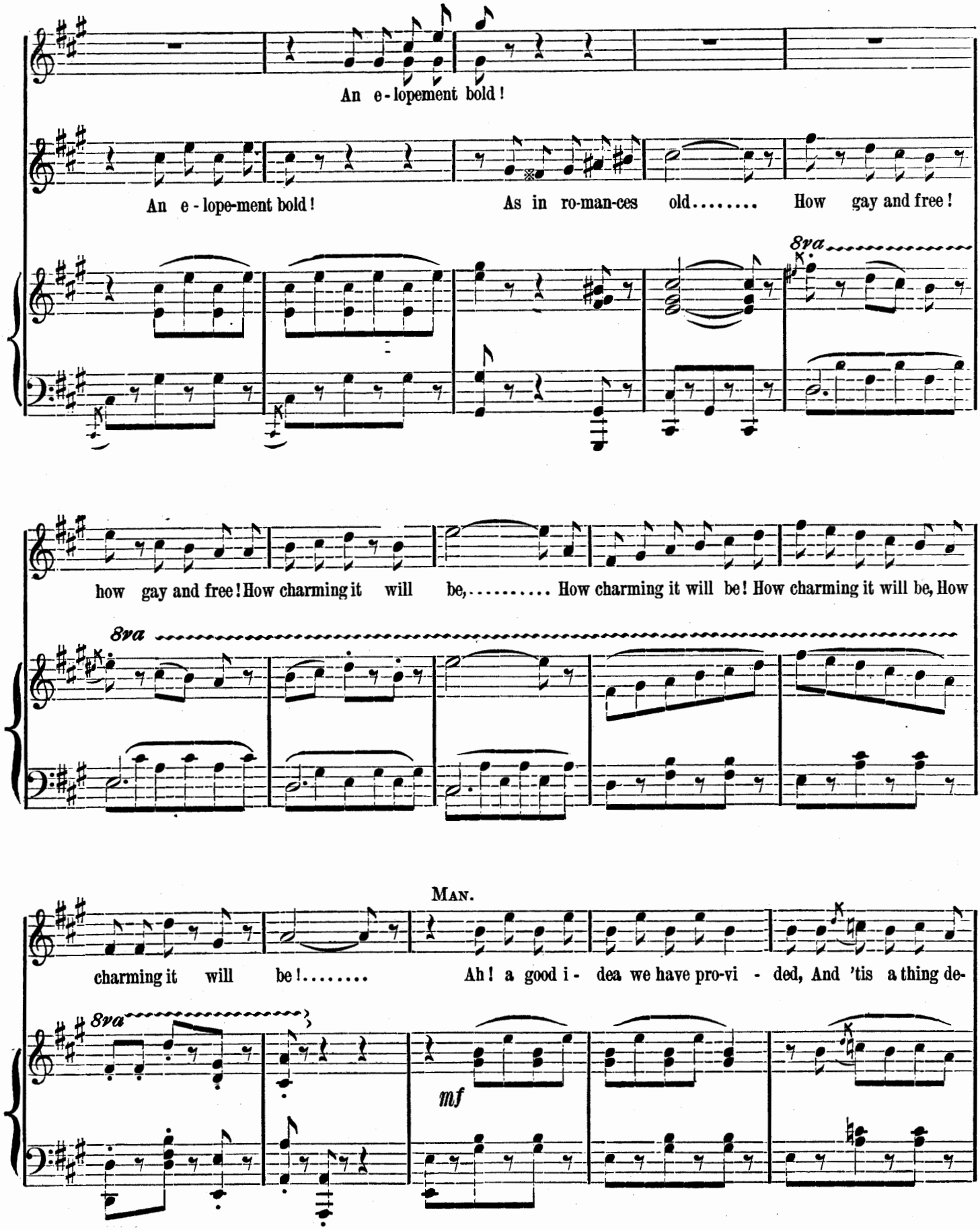
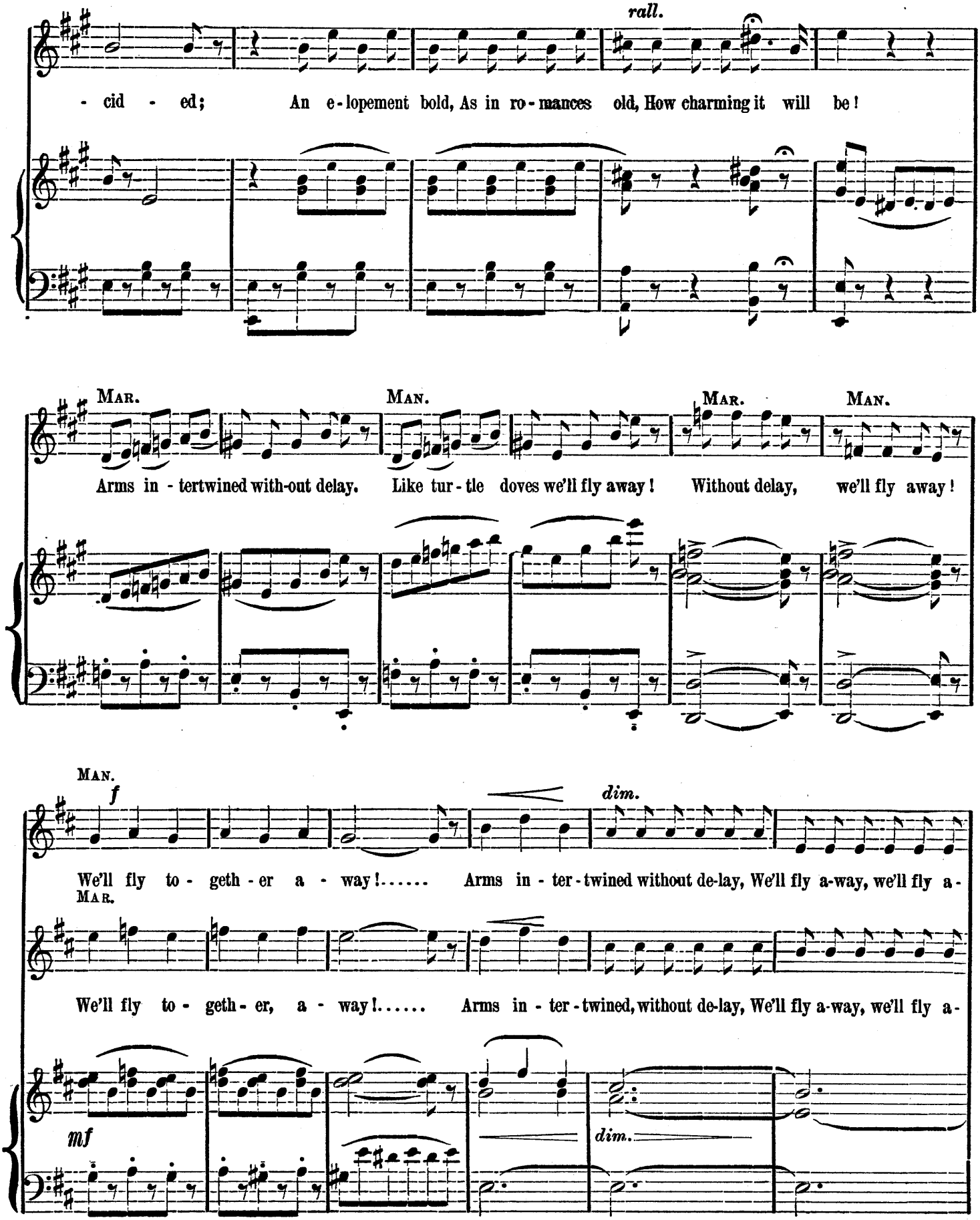
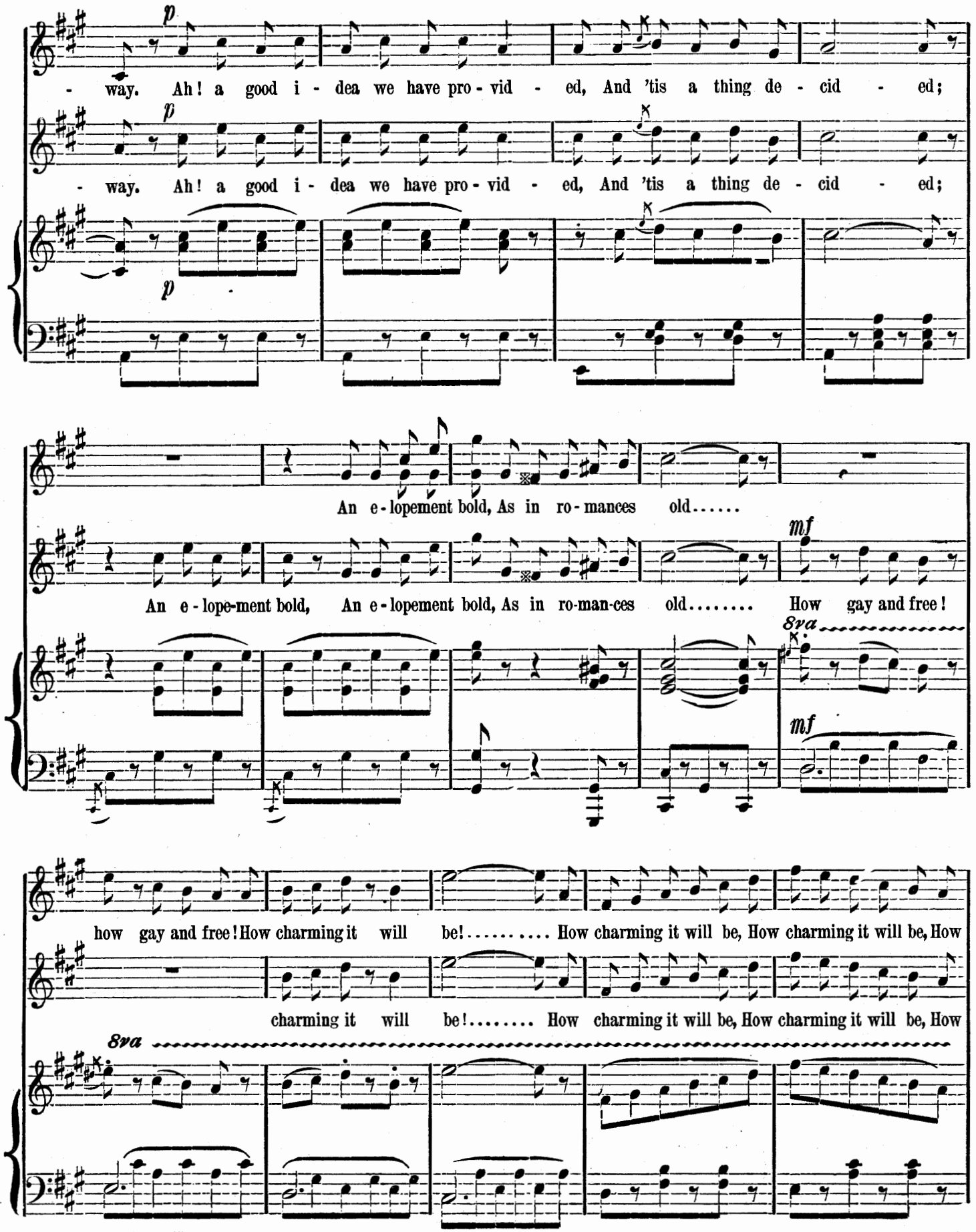
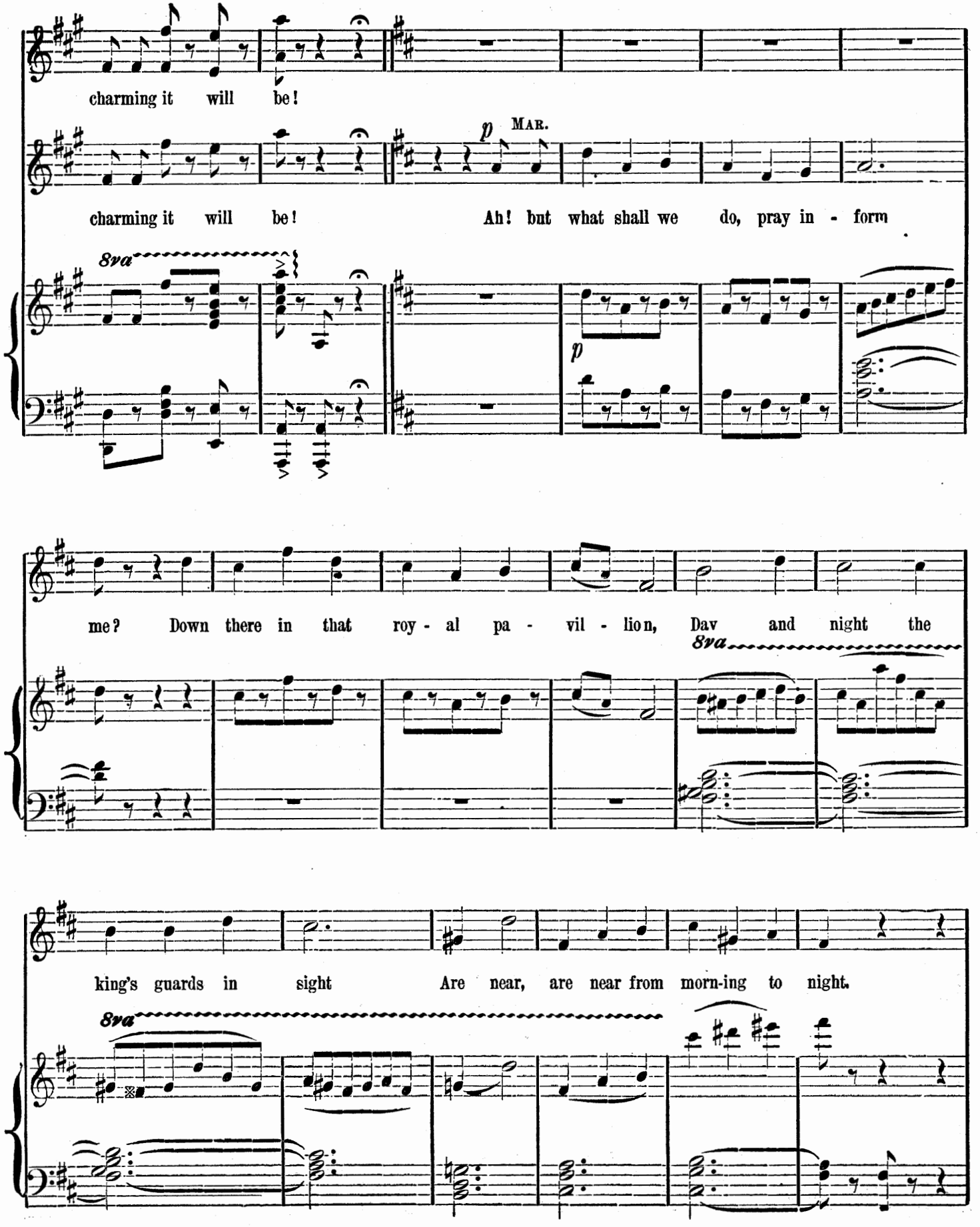

MAN.
-round? Sig - nals re - ceiv - ing, Your cham-ber leav - ing, Arms in - ter-
- twined without de - lay.
MAR.
And towards shores sta - ble, Kind, hos - pi -
without de - lay....
MAN.
- ta - ble, Like tur - tle doves we'll fly a - way!
Arms in-tertwined with-
MAR.
we'll fly a - way!....


- out de- lay.
Like tur-tle doves,
To -
Like tur-tle doves we'll fly a - way!
We'll fly a-way To -
mf
dim.
geth - er, fly a - way, We'll fly a - way, we'll fly a - way, we'll fly a - way, we'll fly a -
dim.
Allegro.
- way!
mf
- way! That's a good i - dea you've thus pro - vid - ed, And 'tis a thing de - cid - ed;
Allegro.
mf


An e-lopement bold!
An e-lope-ment bold! As in ro-man-ces old..... How gay and free!
8va
how gay and free! How charming it will be,..... How charming it will be! How charming it will be, How
8va
MAN.
charming it will be!..... Ah! a good i- dea we have pro-vi - ded, And 'tis a thing de-
8va
mf


rall.
- cid - ed; An e-lopement bold, As in ro-mances old, How charming it will be!
MAR.
MAN.
MAR.
MAN.
Arms in-tertwined with-out delay. Like tur-tle doves we'll fly away! Without delay, we'll fly away!
MAN.
f
dim.
We'll fly to-geth-er a-way!..... Arms in-ter-twined without de-lay, We'll fly a-way, we'll fly a-
MAR.
We'll fly to-geth-er, a-way!..... Arms in-ter-twined, without de-lay, We'll fly a-way, we'll fly a-
mf
dim.


p
- way. Ah! a good i - dea we have pro - vid - ed, And 'tis a thing de - cid - ed;
p
- way. Ah! a good i - dea we have pro - vid - ed, And 'tis a thing de - cid - ed;
p
An e - lopement bold, As in ro - mances old.....
mf
An e - lope-ment bold, An e - lopement bold, As in ro-man-ces old..... How gay and free!
8va
mf
how gay and free! How charming it will be!..... How charming it will be, How charming it will be, How
charming it will be!..... How charming it will be, How charming it will be, How
8va


charming it will be!
charming it will be!
p MAR.
Ah! but what shall we do, pray in - form
8va
p
me? Down there in that roy - al pa - vil - lion, Day and night the
8va
king's guards in sight Are near, are near from morn-ing to night.
8va

MAN.

In such plight, chance perhaps you'll find, though, To leap out of the o - pen

MAR. (*With childish joy.*)

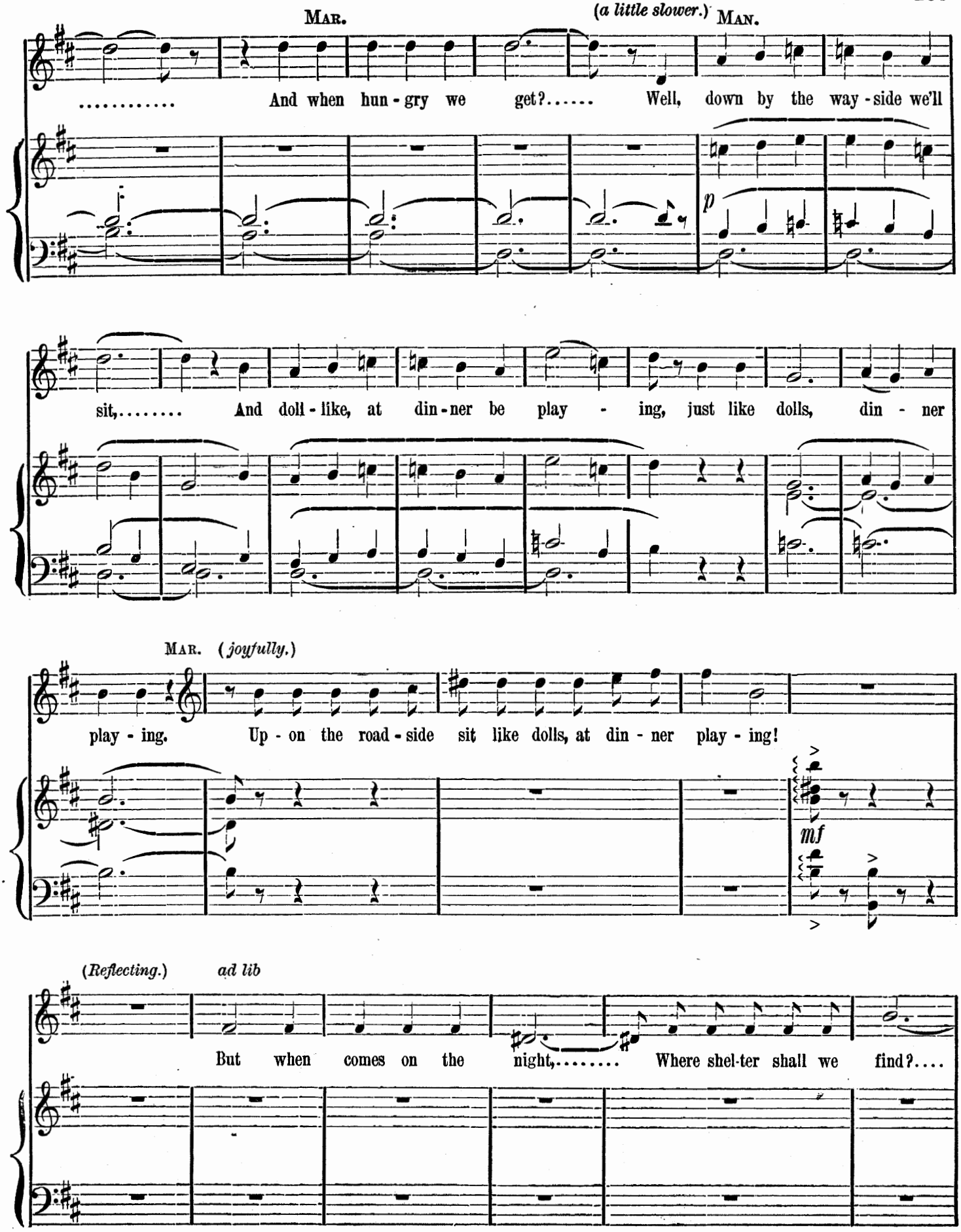
win-dow! To leap out of the win - dow! To leap out of the win - dow!

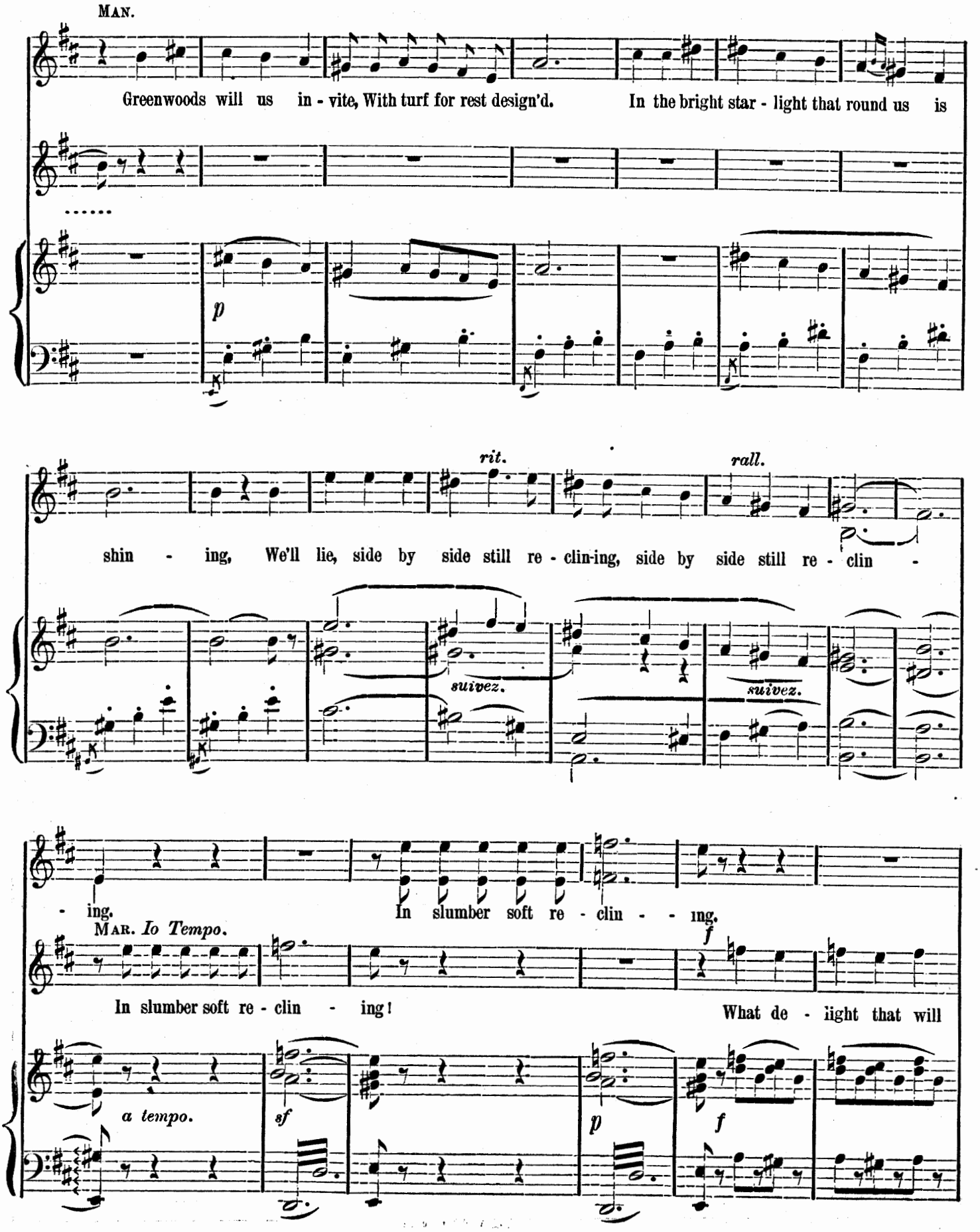
mf

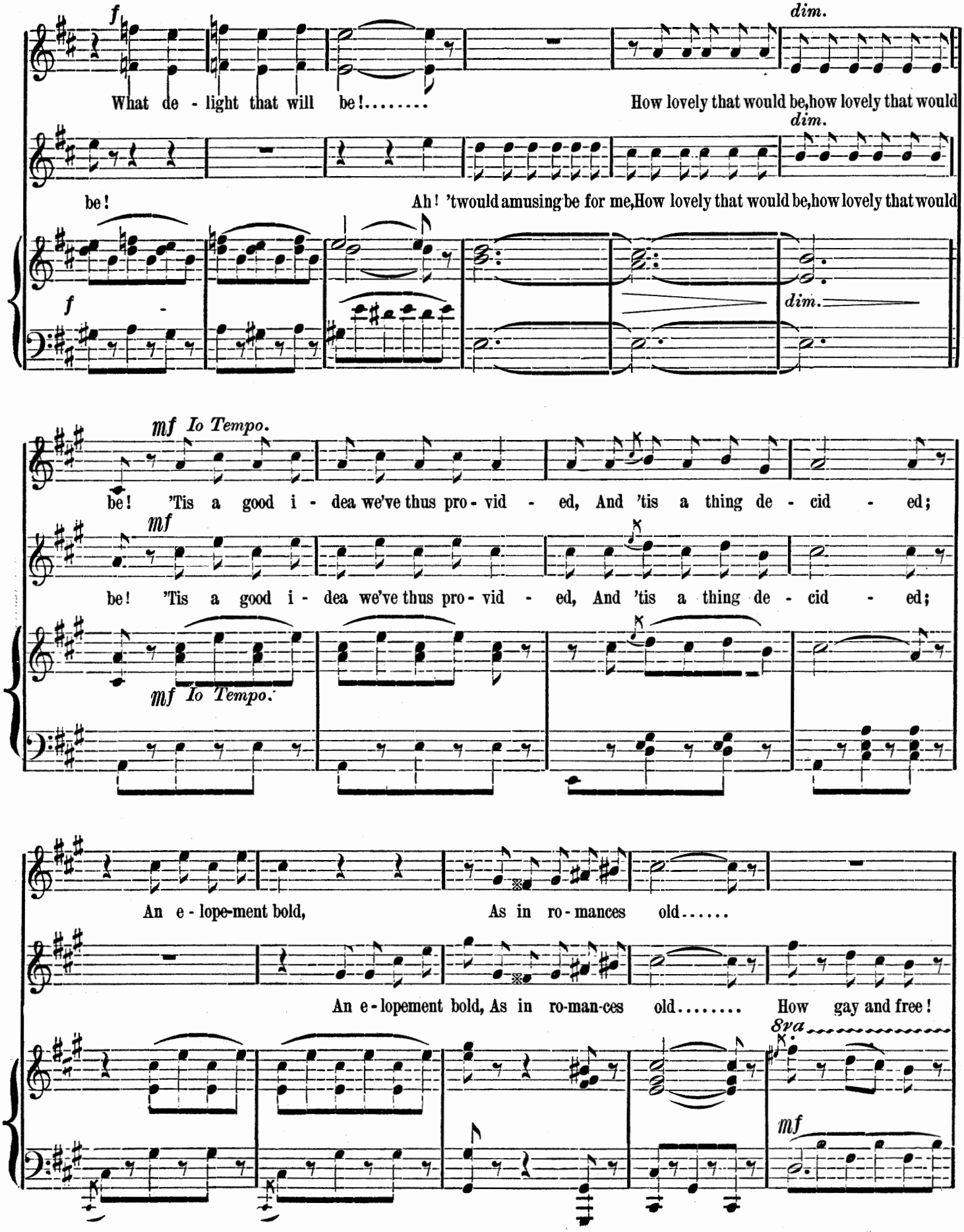
(*Reflecting.*)

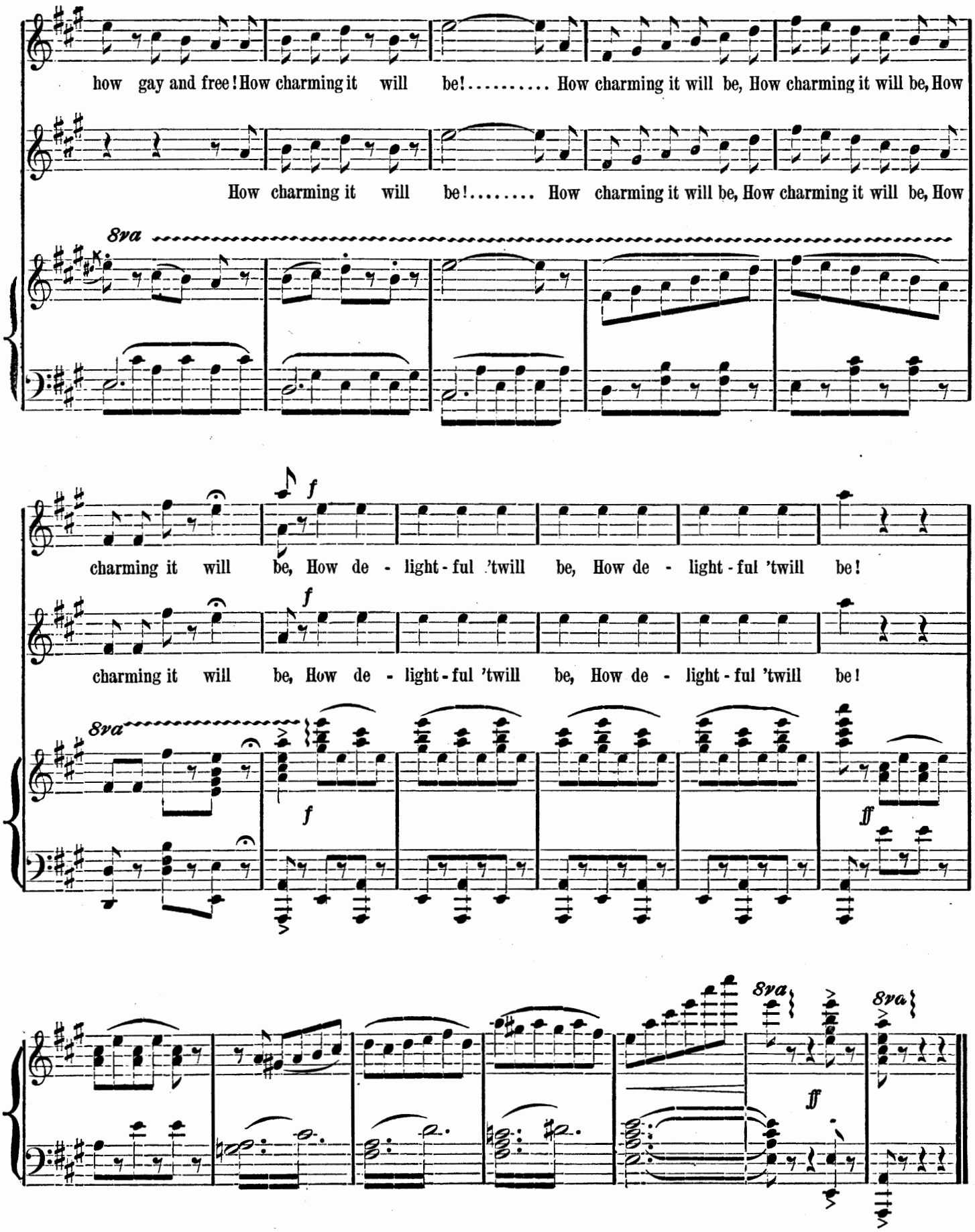
That a pret - ty step would be! Ah! 'twould a - mus - ing be for me! But

while in con - ceal-ment we're stray - ing..... Oft on foot we must flit....


MAR.
(a little slower.) MAN.
..... And when hun - gry we get?..... Well, down by the way - side we'll
p
sit,..... And doll - like, at din - ner be play - ing, just like dolls, din - ner
MAR. (joyfully.)
play - ing. Up - on the road - side sit like dolls, at din - ner play - ing!
mf
(Reflecting.) ad lib
But when comes on the night,..... Where shel - ter shall we find?....


MAN.
Greenwoods will us in - vite, With turf for rest design'd. In the bright star - light that round us is
p
rit.
rall.
shin - ing, We'll lie, side by side still re - clin-ing, side by side still re - clin -
suivez.
suivez.
- ing.
In slumber soft re - clin - - ing.
MAR. Io Tempo.
f
In slumber soft re - clin - ing! What de - light that will
a tempo.
sf
p
f


f
dim.
What de - light that will be!.....
How lovely that would be, how lovely that would
dim.
be!
Ah! 'twould amusing be for me, How lovely that would be, how lovely that would
f -
dim.
mf Io Tempo.
be! 'Tis a good i - dea we've thus pro - vid - ed, And 'tis a thing de - cid - ed;
mf
be! 'Tis a good i - dea we've thus pro - vid - ed, And 'tis a thing de - cid - ed;
mf Io Tempo.
An e - lope-ment bold, As in ro - mances old.....
An e - lopement bold, As in ro-man-ces old..... How gay and free!
8va
mf


how gay and free! How charming it will be! ..... How charming it will be, How charming it will be, How
How charming it will be! ..... How charming it will be, How charming it will be, How
8va
charming it will be, How de - light - ful 'twill be, How de - light - ful 'twill be!
charming it will be, How de - light - ful 'twill be, How de - light - ful 'twill be!
8va
8va
8va

(*At close of Duo, night begins to fall,* BARBARA'S *voice heard at the entrance.*)

BAR. Highness! Highness!

MAR. Some one calls,—fly!

MAN. In ten minutes it will be night. I will procure a ladder and place it against that balcony. It opens upon the park, at the extremity opposite to the gallery of the guards; I will then clap my hands. (*Goes out quickly.*)

BAR. (*Entering.*) Well, highness! And alone! Go in, Madame! Ah, what a court! (*Re-enters pavillion.*)

VIR. (*Appearing as soon as the* INFANTA *has re-entered and* MANOEL *gone.*) That little Manoël—I had my doubts of him! Ah! madame the Infanta, you will soon know the value of that fine diplomat, whose name is Viroflay!

INI. (*Enters without seeing* VIRO.) He saved the king—his rival! Poor boy! I am greatly moved. Should not have done it myself, all the same. I am disturbed by knowing it! At the court, I fear, he is projecting some folly. (*Goes back.* VIR. *looks at him.* INI. *does not bow.*)

VIR. Monsieur Inigo!

INI. (*Brusquely.*) What want you with me? I have no affair with you. Monsieur, leave me!

VIR. (*Aside.*) Could I be deceived? He is insolent! Can he be some high functionary? (*Aloud.*) I have been a little hasty. If any truly loyal excuses——

INI. I have no ill-feeling, but much pre-occupation.

VIR. Might I dare ask you?——

INI. The reason? This marriage——

VIR. (*Mysteriously.*) Of the Infanta?

INI. Alas!

VIR. Why "alas"?

INI. Is she not about to marry the king?

VIR. (*Confidentially.*) The marriage is not yet fixed.

INI. You say?——

VIR. Nothing! I am a diplomat of the first class

INI. See here; there is something?

VIR. One don't know--don't know!

INI. (*Aside.*) If that man could break off the marriage between the Infanta and the king—at least, I should be tranquil upon that score. (*Aloud, with great dignity.*) Monsieur the count!

VIR. (*Astonished.*) Monsieur Inigo!

INI. I have the air of a nobody—of a man of no consequence.

VIR. (*With purpose.*) Well, a Spanish musician.

INI. Neither musician nor Spaniard. (*With mystery.*) Grand influence—great birth!

VIR. (*Bowing low.*) Incognito! I thought as much.

INI. Not a word!

VIR. (*Flattening out.*) Ah, monsieur, you are a diplomate—what class?

INI. You are ambitious?

VIR. I? Oh, yes!

INI. Very well! That ribbon that you dream about—I can give it to you.

VIR. You!

INI. I!

VIR. What's to be done? I am ready for anything!

INI. You know something about the Infanta?

VIR. In our country, we listen at a few doors; when there are no doors, there are trees.

INI. Don't understand!

VIR. I have said nothing! Diplomat of——

INI. That suffices me! Listen, monsieur the count: the day on which the marriage of the king with the Infanta is broken, that day you shall have the ribbon.

VIR. Then the thing is done! I have a plan.

INI. May I know it?

VIR. No; but count on me; and soon, monseigneur (*bowing low*), the ribbon! I hold it at last! (*Goes out.*)

INI. If he could succeed, Manoël would have no longer reason to remain here, and we could at last return to Portugal.

MAN. (*Entering.*) Inigo! Thou at Rambouillet?

INI. You here at last? Ah, bad boy! what trouble! Fifteen days of hard riding, without seeing you. But why did you thus escape from me?

MAN. You well know. I am mad! I cannot live without seeing her!

INI. And you saved Louis XV.? That is well—very well!

MAN. 'Twas a folly—let it go! I wish to carry off the Infanta!

INI. (*Choking.*) Carry off! Gracious powers! what are you talking about? Look, reflect, before coming to such extremities that there are, perhaps, other means less violent. Diplomatic efforts.

MAN. And during that time, the Infanta will marry the king, and it will be too late! No, no; I am resolved to carry her off!

INI. And you think I shall consent!

MAN. You won't?

INI. Never!

MAN. Inigo, my good governor! you have been young and in love!

INI. True! I have been all that——

MAN. Do you recall that famous story—that silken ladder——

INI. Which was cut by that infamous Barbara! It is there, and never leaves me!

MAN. Give it to me!

INI. Never! A bar of steel!

MAN. (*Coaxing.*) I beseech you! See here, my brave Inigo—(*During this time,* INIGO *has taken the ladder from his pocket, contemplates it with melancholy.* MANOEL *snatches it quickly from his hands.*)

INI. (*Despairingly.*) Unhappy boy—my ladder!

MAN. (*Without listening.*) Now, come here. (*Leads him under the balcony.*) Put yourself on all fours that I may hook this to the balcony.

INIGO. I on all fours! Oh, that exceeds all permission!

MAN. I beg you—I love her so much!

INI. To have a will of one's own with that boy! (*Getting down on all fours.*) Here I am, monseigneur—mount! Oh, if my ancestors should see me! (MAN. *mounts and hooks the ladder to balcony. In the wings, march of the night-watch on their rounds.*) Monseigneur, the night guard!

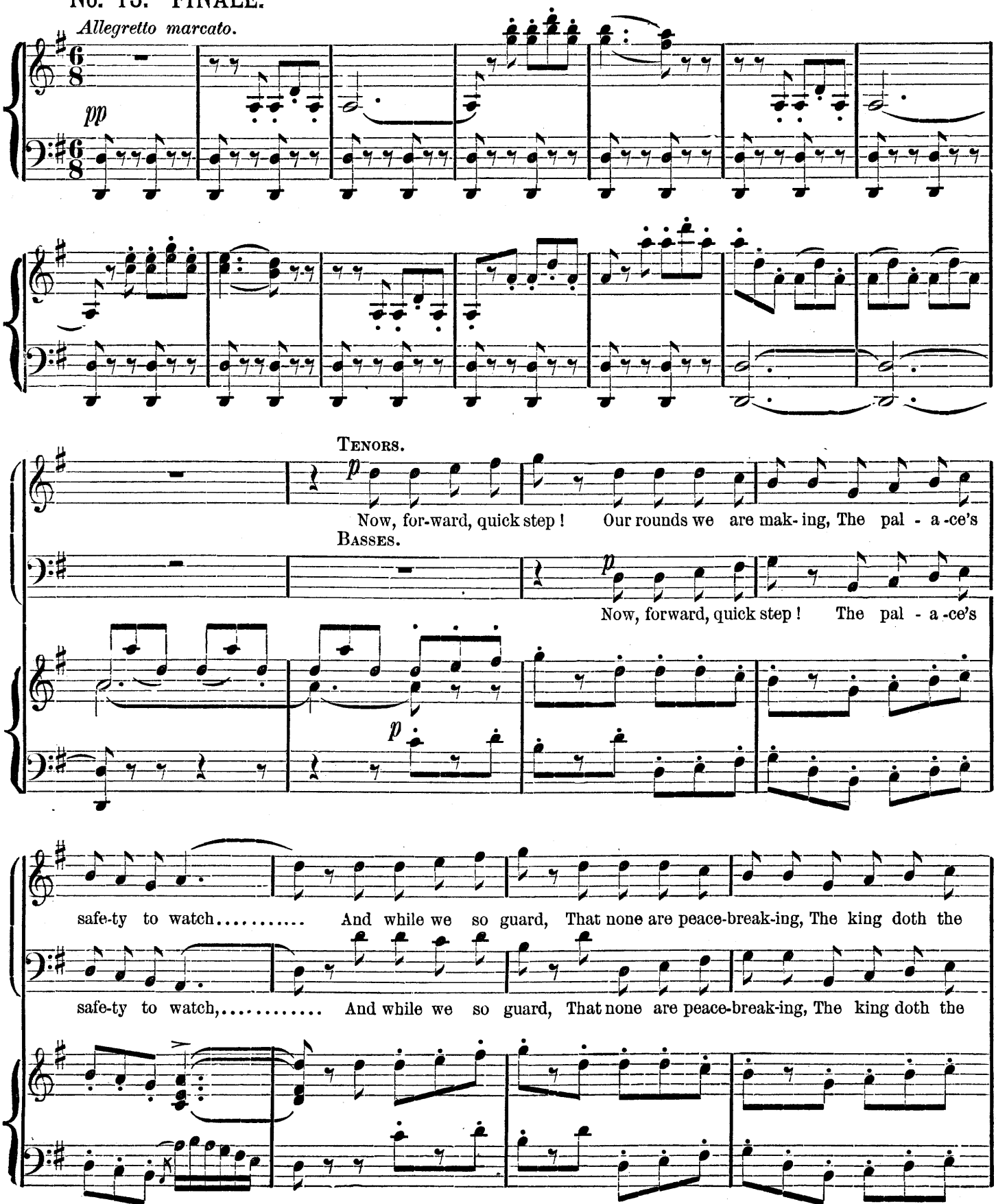
MAN. (*Descending quickly.*) Let it go by.

INI. Let us hide ourselves there! (*They hide under the balcony. The night guard appears.*)

THE NIGHT-ROUNDS.

No. 13. FINALE.

Allegretto marcato.



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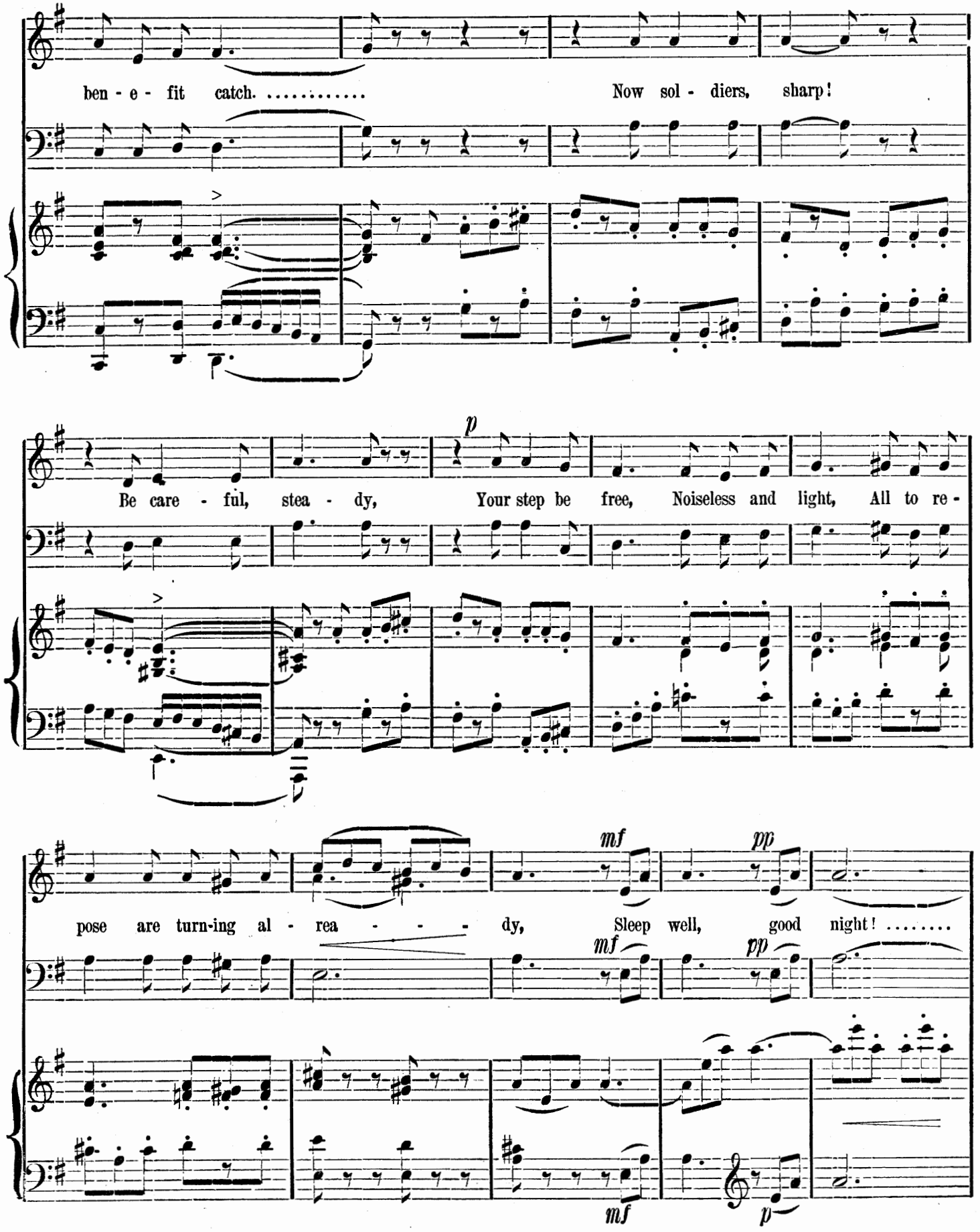
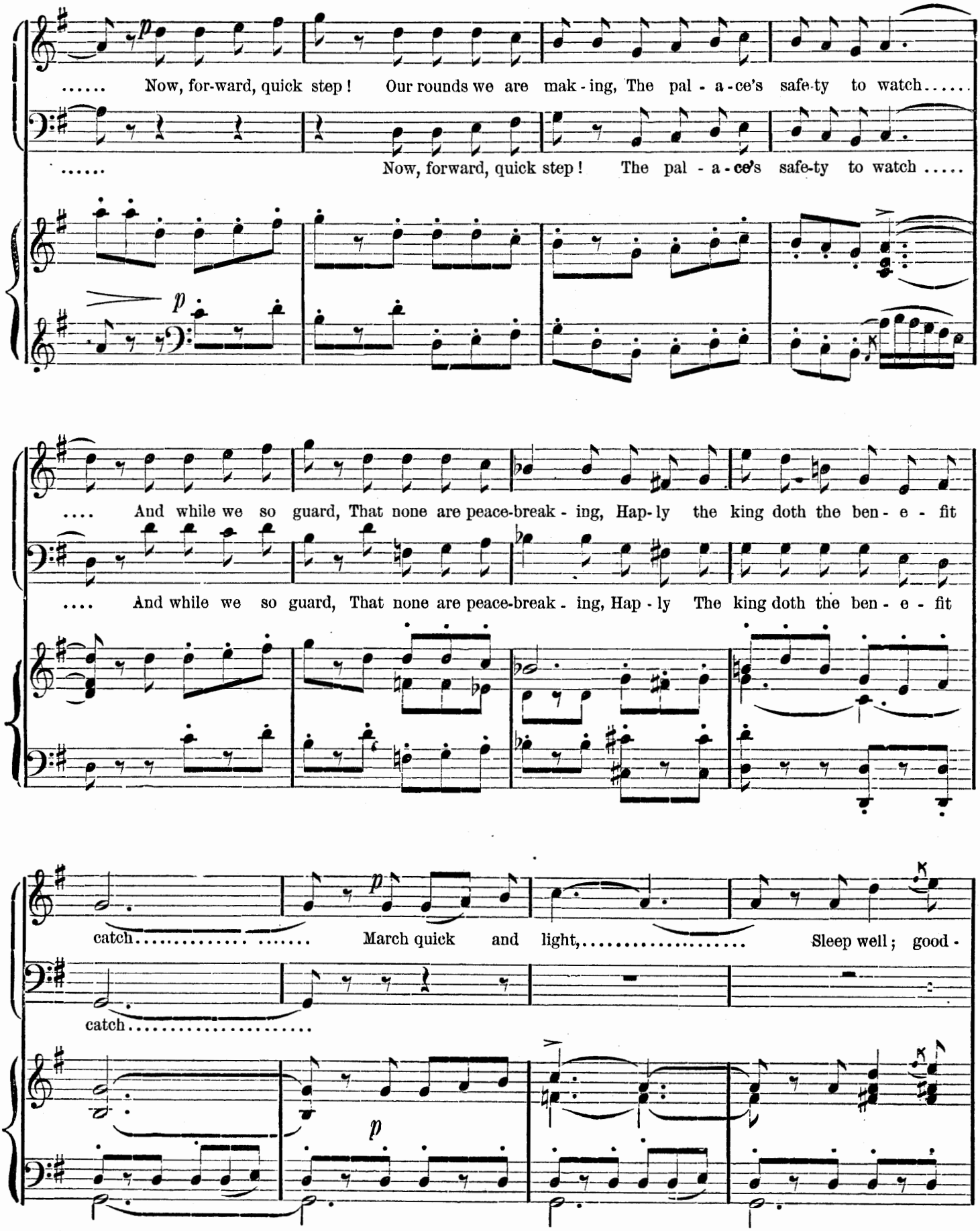
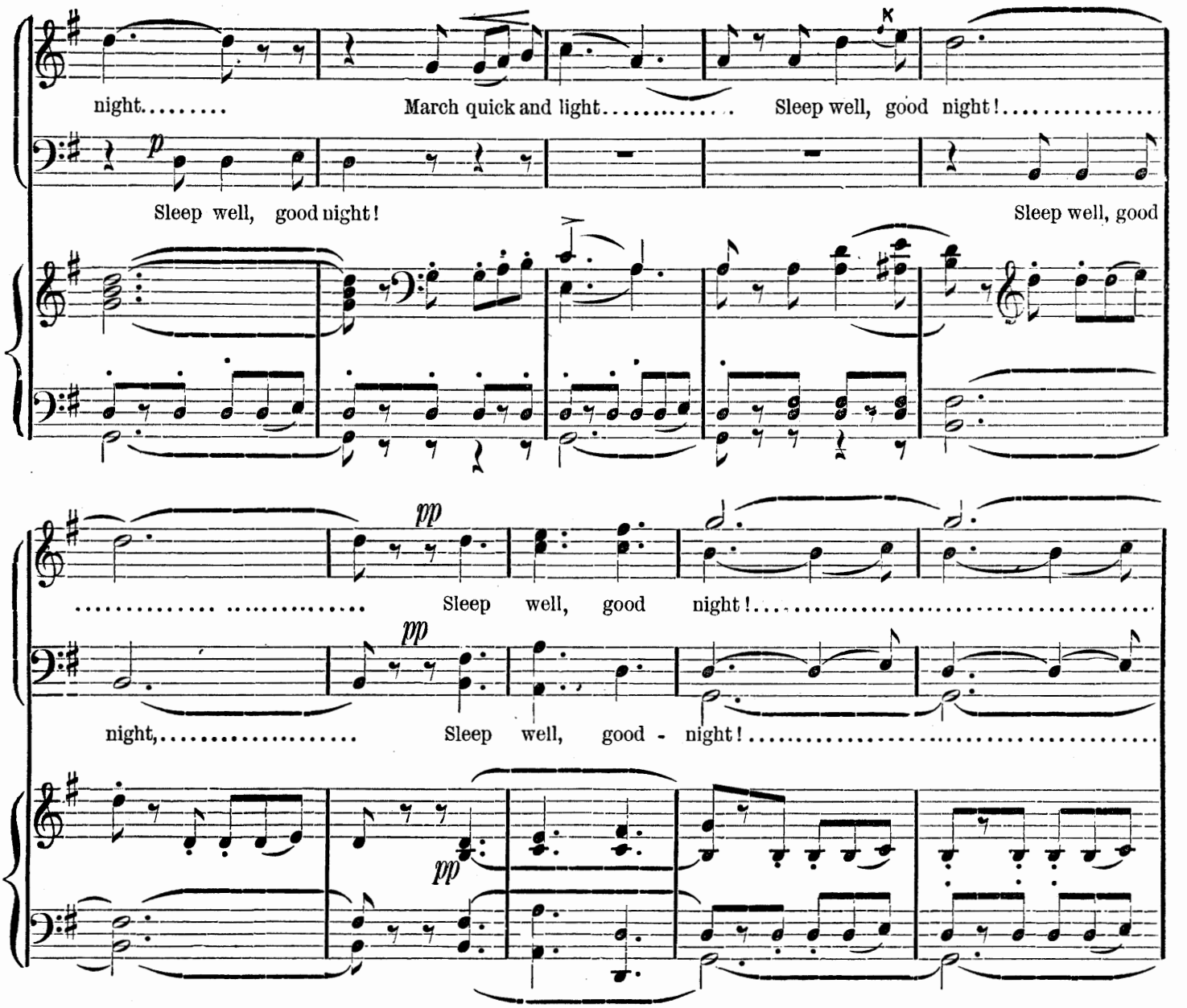
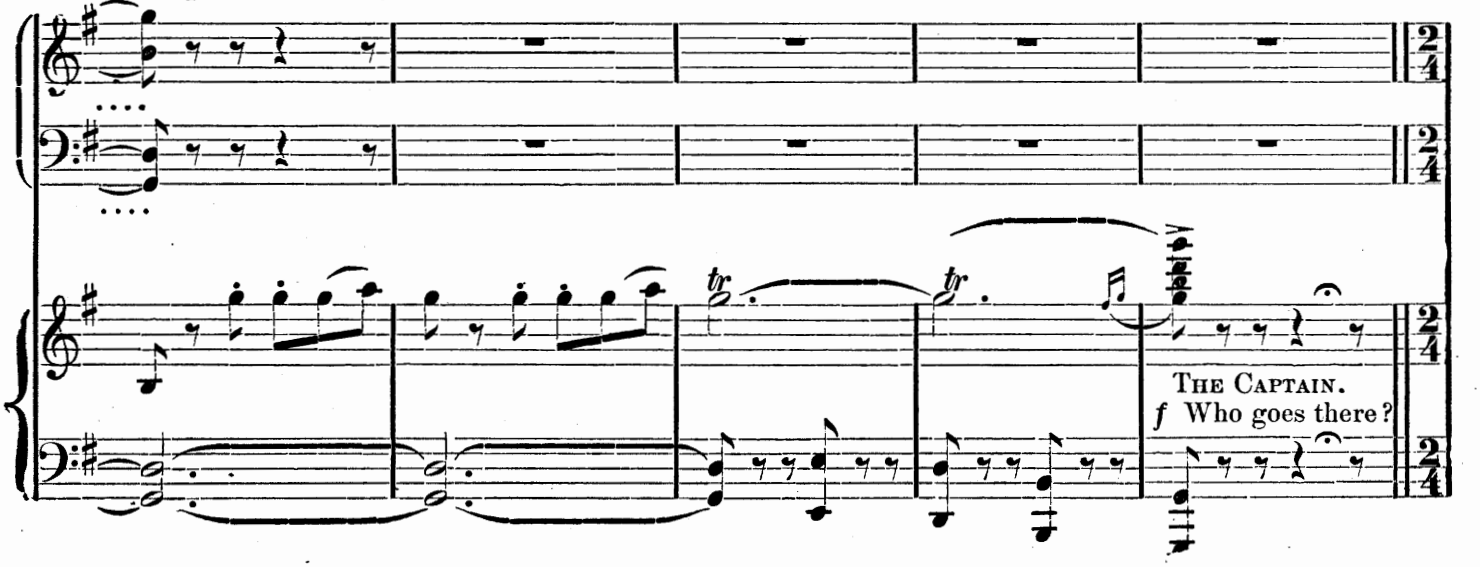

ben - e - fit catch. .....
Now sol - diers, sharp!
Be care - ful, stea - dy,
Your step be free, Noiseless and light, All to re -
pose are turn-ing al - rea - - - dy,
Sleep well, good night! .....

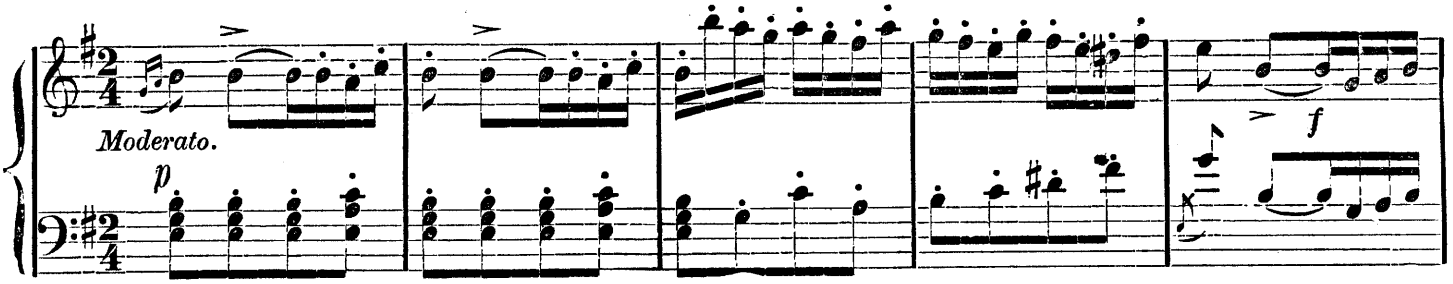

..... Now, for-ward, quick step! Our rounds we are mak-ing, The pal-a-ce's safe-ty to watch.....
..... Now, forward, quick step! The pal-a-ce's safe-ty to watch .....
p
.... And while we so guard, That none are peace-break-ing, Hap-ly the king doth the ben-e-fit
.... And while we so guard, That none are peace-break-ing, Hap-ly The king doth the ben-e-fit
p
catch..... March quick and light,..... Sleep well; good-
catch.....
p



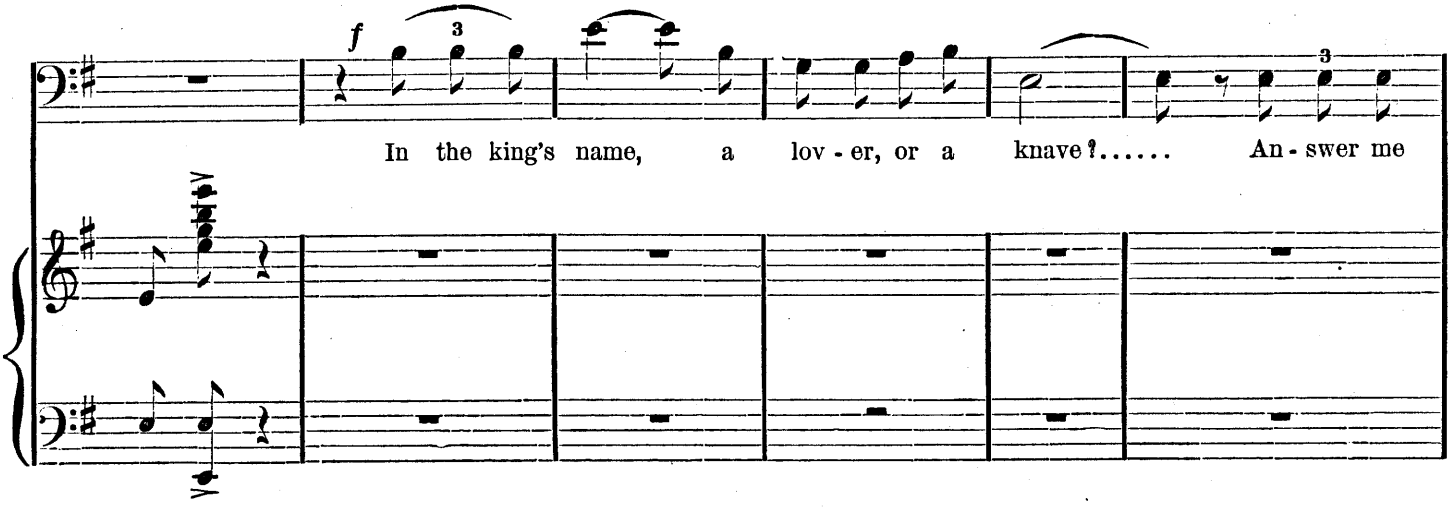
MANOEL *and* INIGO *make a movement to pass the other side, so as not to encounter the guards.— The* CAPTAIN, *hearing the noise, stops, and tries to light up the scene with his lantern.*

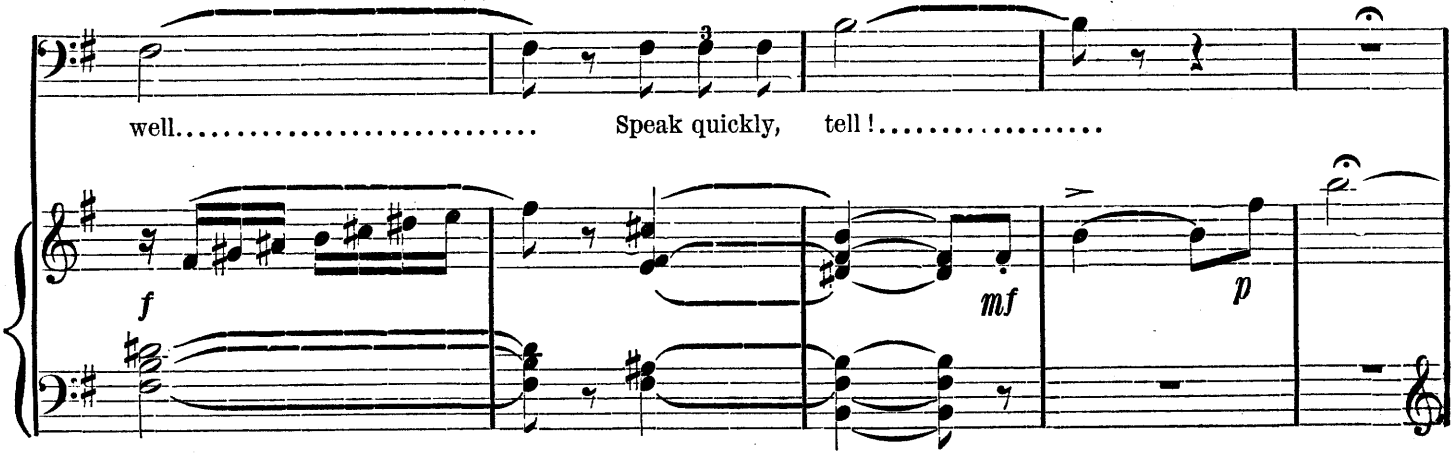


INIGO. (*Speaks.*) Monseigneur, let us fly.— (*They disappear in the thicket.*)

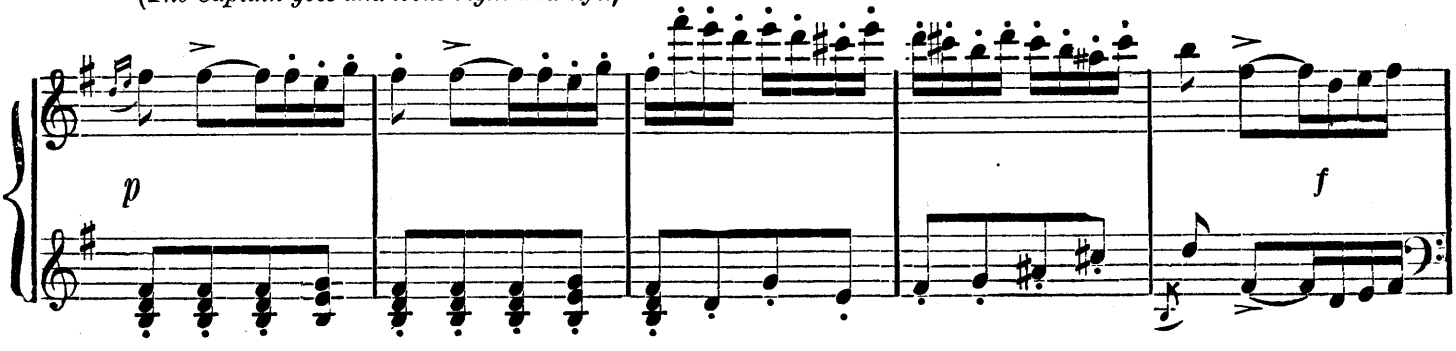


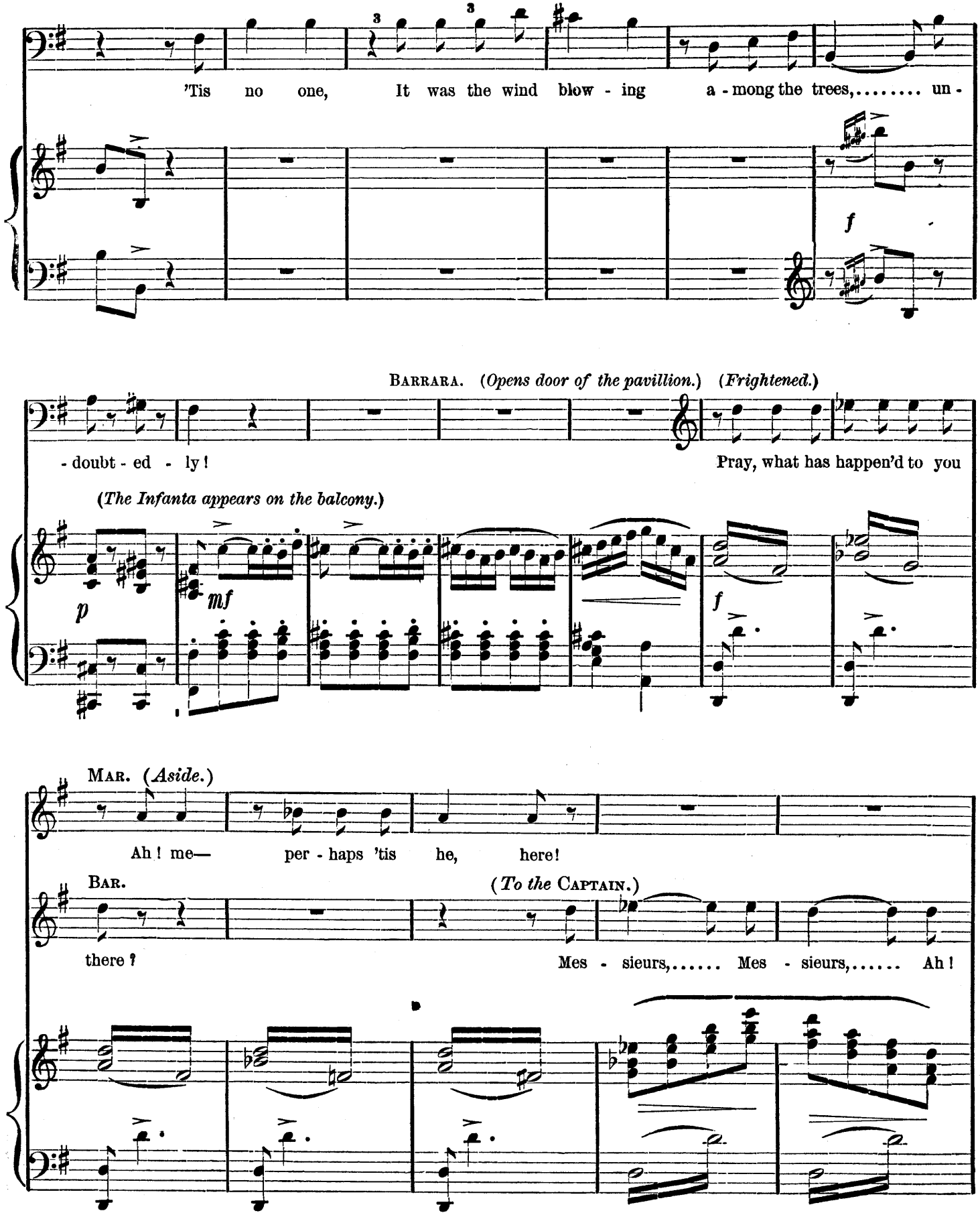
THE CAPTAIN.

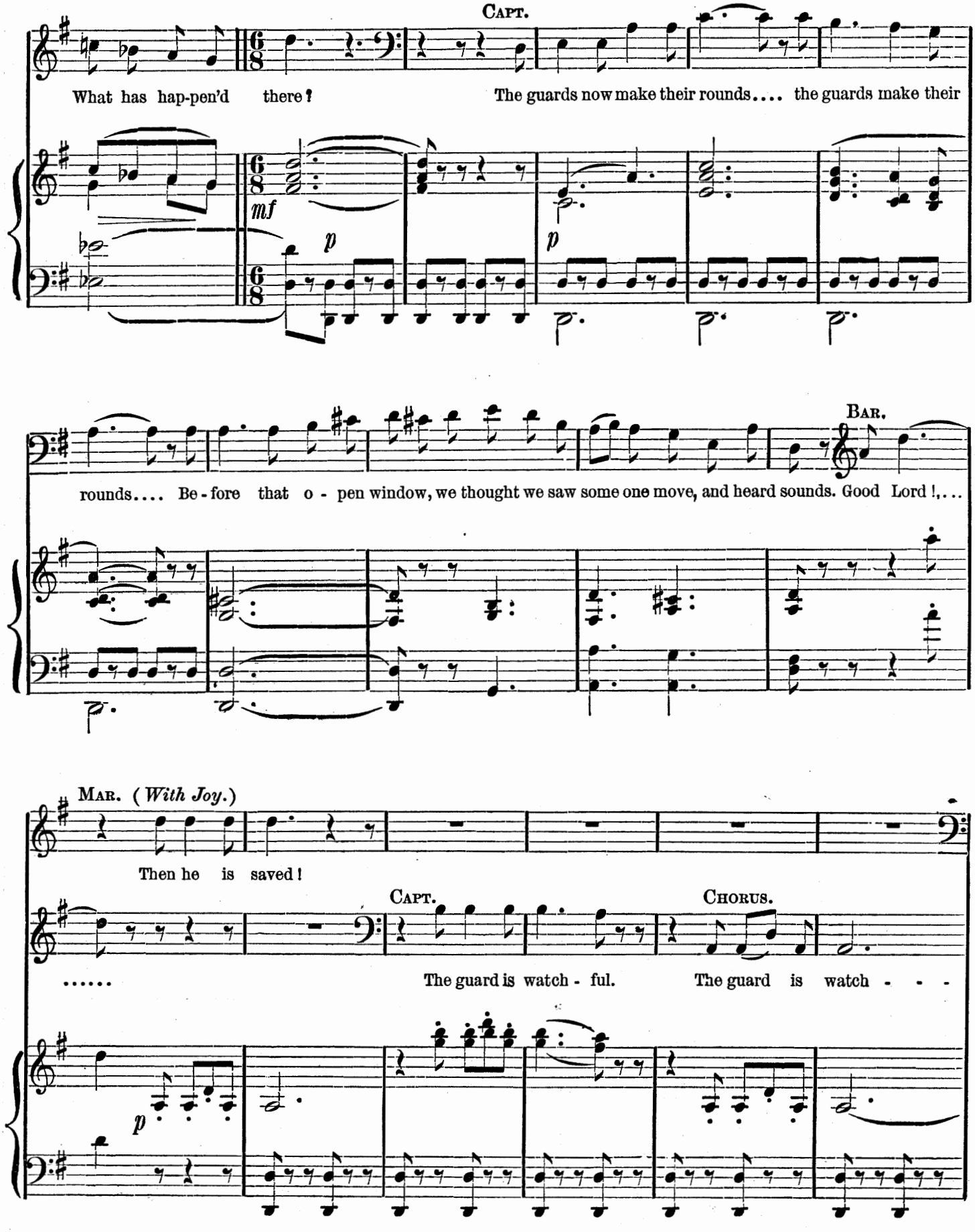


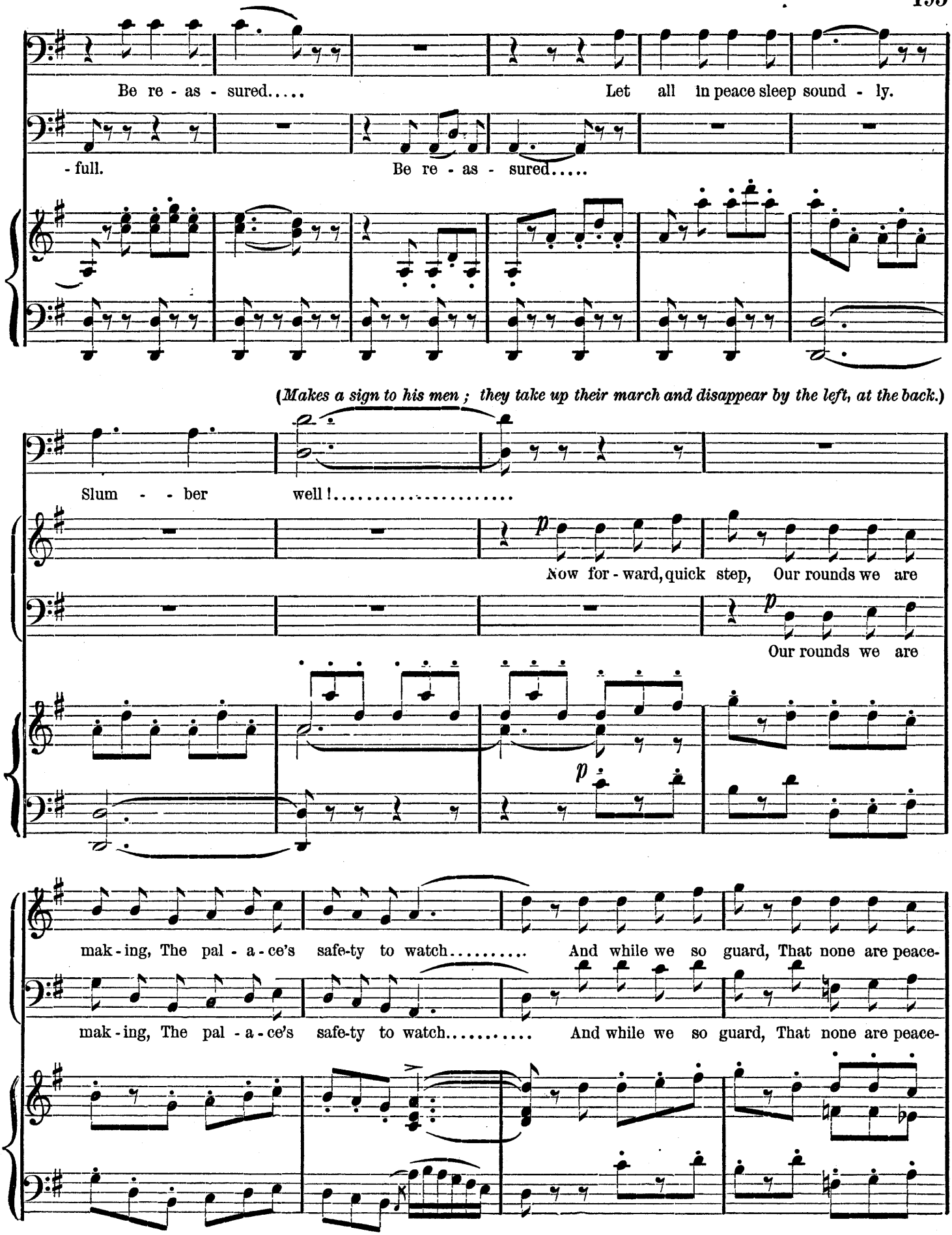


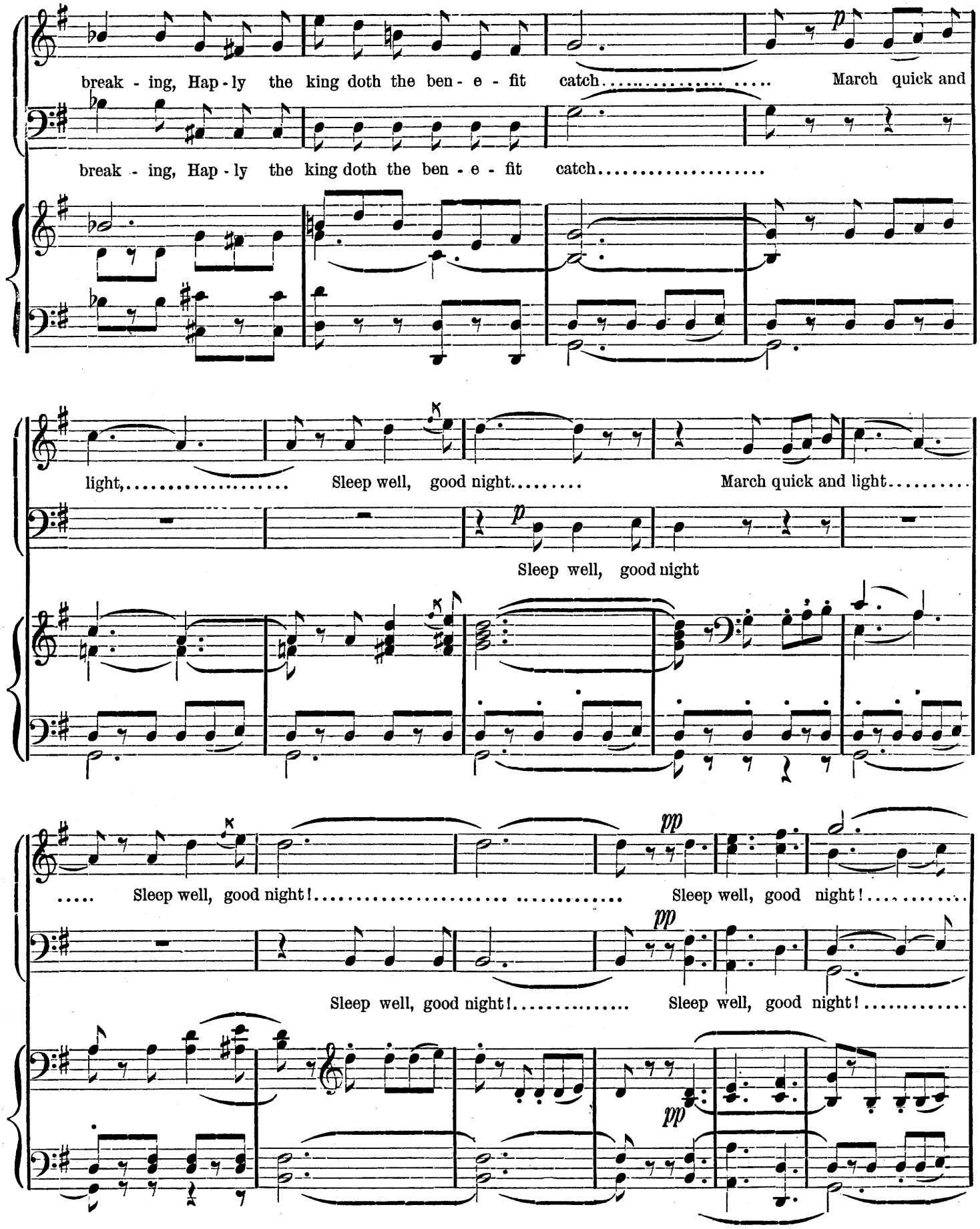
(*The Captain goes and looks right and left.*)



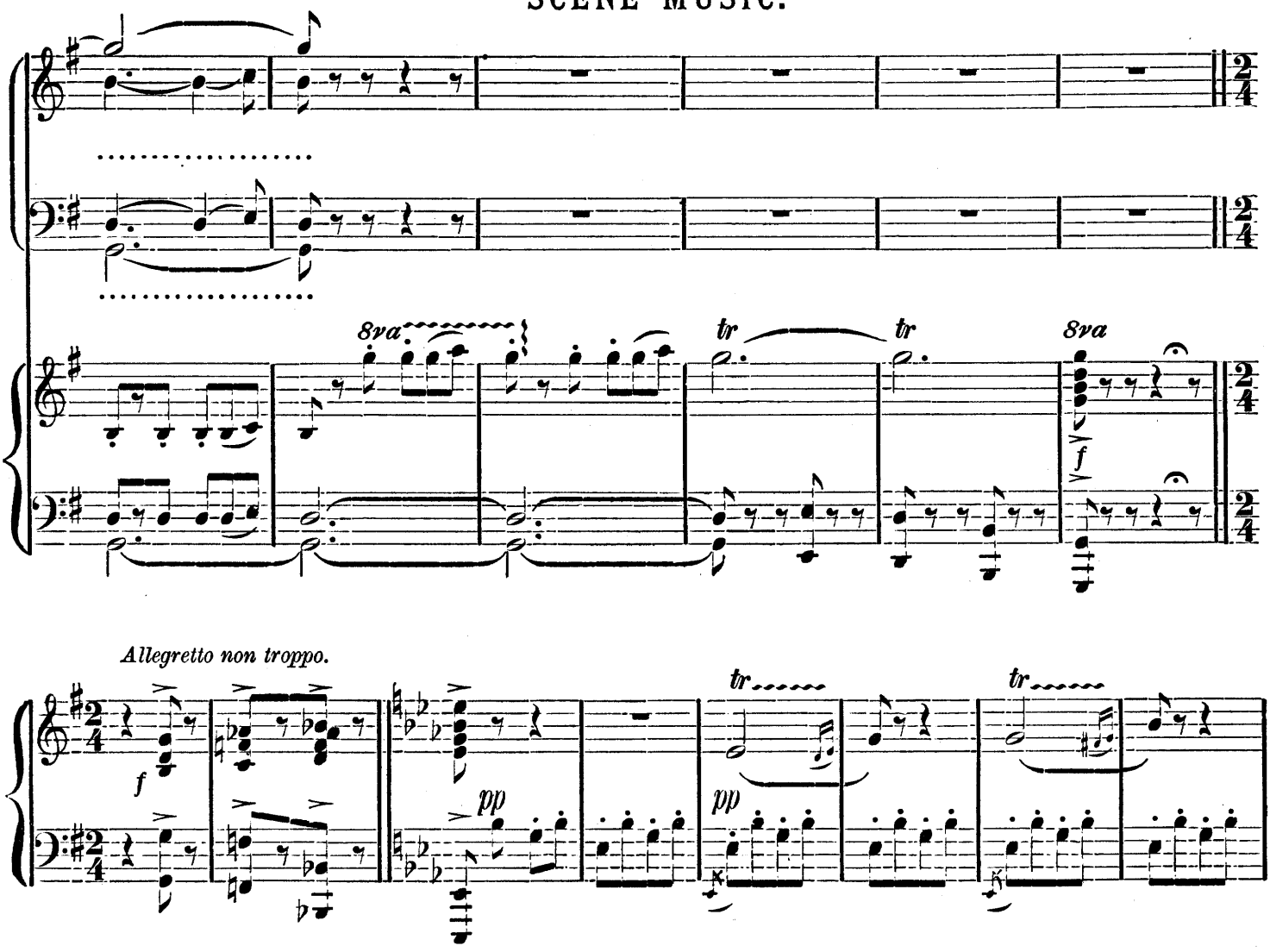

'Tis no one, It was the wind blow - ing a - mong the trees,..... un -
f
BARRARA. (Opens door of the pavillion.) (Frightened.)
- doubt - ed - ly!
Pray, what has happen'd to you
(The Infanta appears on the balcony.)
p
mf
f
MAR. (Aside.)
Ah! me— per - haps 'tis he, here!
BAR.
(To the CAPTAIN.)
there?
Mes - sieurs,..... Mes - sieurs,..... Ah!


Capt.
What has hap-pen'd there?
The guards now make their rounds.... the guards make their
mf
p
p
rounds.... Be - fore that o - pen window, we thought we saw some one move, and heard sounds. Good Lord!,...
Bar.
Mar. (With Joy.)
Then he is saved!
.....
Capt.
The guard is watch - ful.
Chorus.
The guard is watch - - -
p


Be re - as - sured.....
Let all in peace sleep sound - ly.
- full.
Be re - as - sured.....
(Makes a sign to his men ; they take up their march and disappear by the left, at the back.)
Slum - - ber well!.....
Now for - ward, quick step, Our rounds we are
Our rounds we are
mak - ing, The pal - a - ce's safe-ty to watch..... And while we so guard, That none are peace-
mak - ing, The pal - a - ce's safe-ty to watch..... And while we so guard, That none are peace-


break - ing, Hap - ly the king doth the ben - e - fit catch..... March quick and
break - ing, Hap - ly the king doth the ben - e - fit catch.....
p
light,..... Sleep well, good night..... March quick and light.....
p
Sleep well, good night
.....
Sleep well, good night!..... Sleep well, good night!.....
pp
pp
Sleep well, good night!..... Sleep well, good night!.....
pp

SCENE MUSIC.



(*Music of scene during Dialogue.*)

BAR. The guard watches! That does not prevent their having given me a fright. Meanwhile, I will solidly fasten the bolts. This pavillion does not seem to me safe. (*She re-enters, and a sound of pushing bolts is heard within.* MANOEL *and* INIGO *return stealthily.*)

MAN. Nothing more. The guard has gone.

MAR. (*At balcony.*) It seems I hear some one!

INIGO. (*Beseeching* MAN.) Monseigneur, my pupil, my son! I conjure you to renounce your project.

MAN. Come—no sermons!

INI. (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*) Oh, good Lord! Well, so be it! I will keep watch. What a position for a governor!

(MAN. *draws near balcony and signals.*)

MAR. (*Aside, on balcony.*) 'Tis he!

MAN. (*Softly.*) Are you there?

MAR. (*Softly.*) Yes!

MAN. Descend! The ladder is hooked to the balcony.

(MAR. *descends, guided by* MAN.)

MAN. Put your foot there—here—there—take care! (*While she descends, the Ambassadors appear mysteriously at* R.)

VIR. (*Softly to Ambassadors.*) 'Tis for to-night, a project of elopement when the king comes to serenade the Infanta. She will be taken. Watch, then; and if any man attempts to escape prevent him!

AMBASSADORS. All right! (*They put themselves in various positions, but out of sight. During this time,* MAR. *has descended.* MAN. *receives her in his arms, and leads her gently to the front of the stage.*)

MAN. (*Softly to* MAR.) Ah, dear Marianna, at last you are mine!

INI. (*Coming back.*) Monseigneur, do not delay!

MAR. I am afraid! (*At this moment,* BAR. *enters upon the balcony, all upset.* MAN. *and* MAR. *take refuge in the arbor at* R.)

BAR. (*On balcony.*) Good heavens! The Infanta has disappeared.

MAR. The governess!

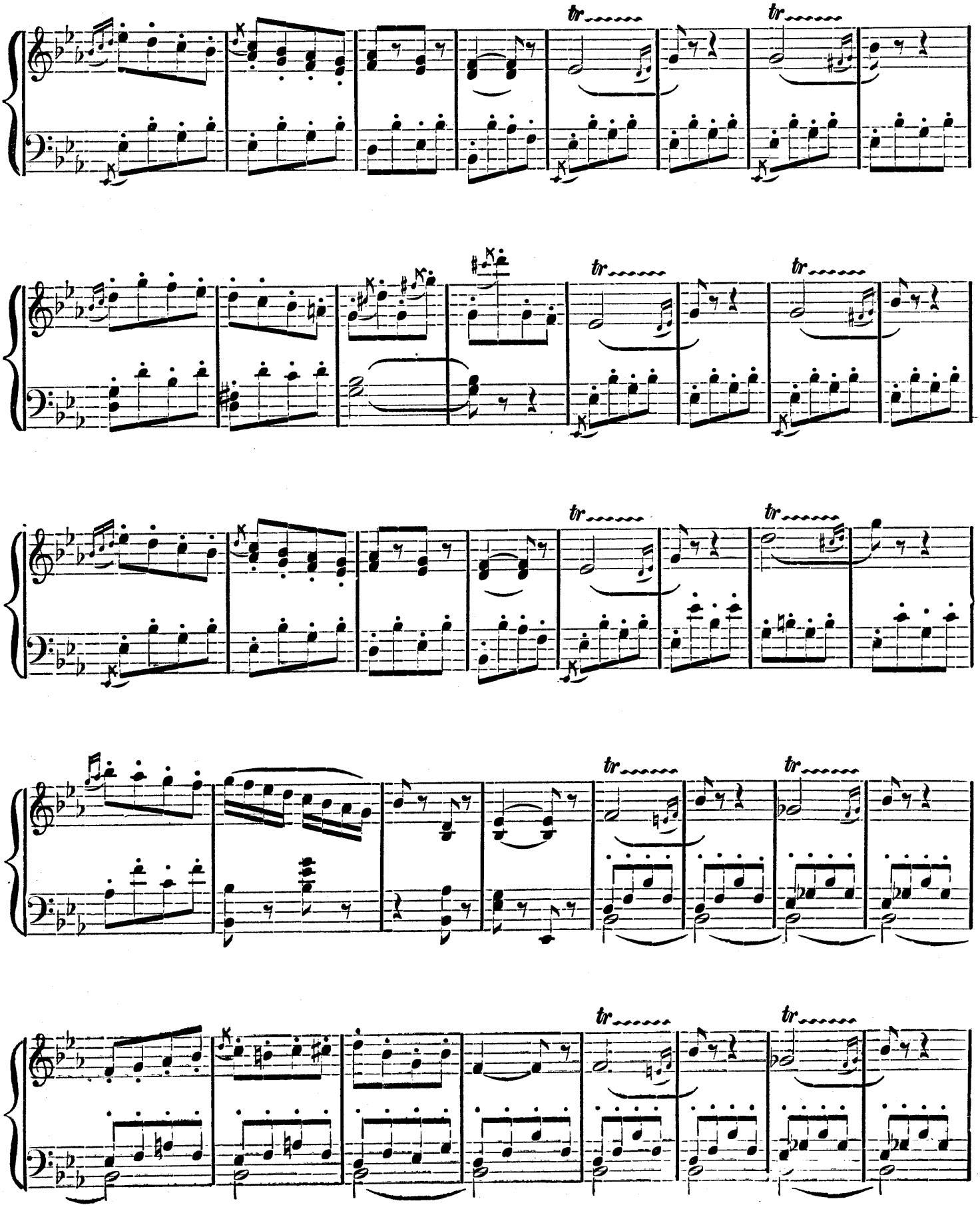
BAR. *Passing her hand over the balcony, and finds ladder hooked there.*) A silken ladder! (*Quits balcony hastily.*)

MAR. (*To* MAN. We are discovered!

INI. Hurry you! (*They move towards the back, and meet in the darkness the Ambassadors.* PER. *coughs,* SEY. *sneezes,* KRAC. *blows his nose. The three fugitives return quickly to front.*) Monseigneur, we are lost! The park is full of people with bad colds!

MAN. (*To* MAR.) Our project has failed! Highness, re-enter quickly! (*They go to the side of the pavillion.* MAR. *tries to open door, which resists.*)

MAR. Impossible! The pavillion is locked!


tr
tr
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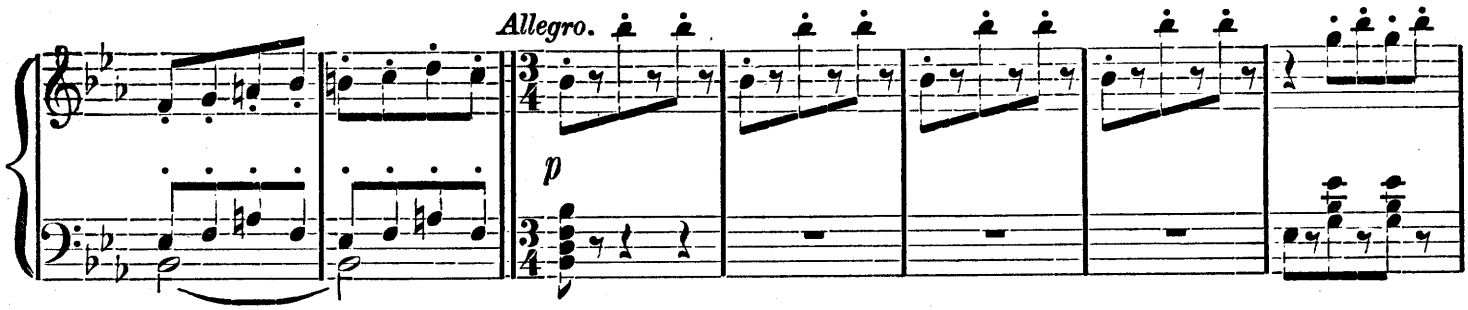
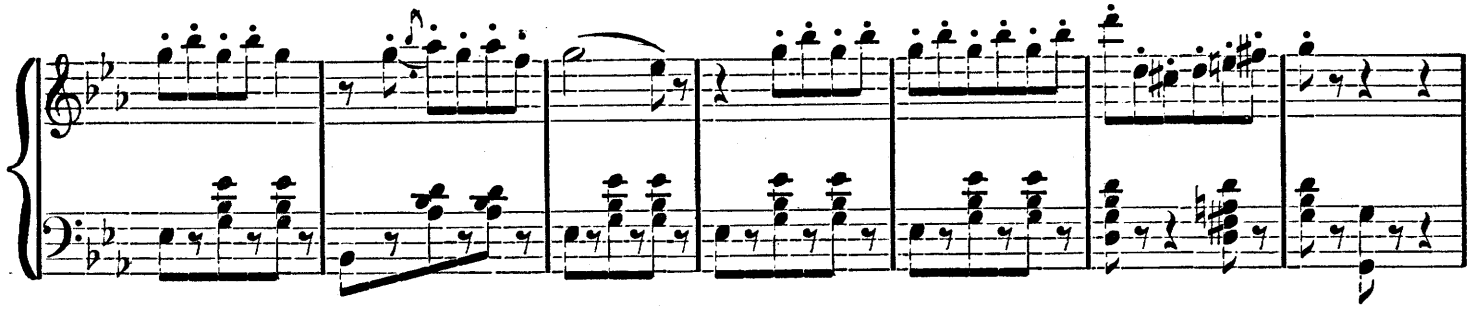
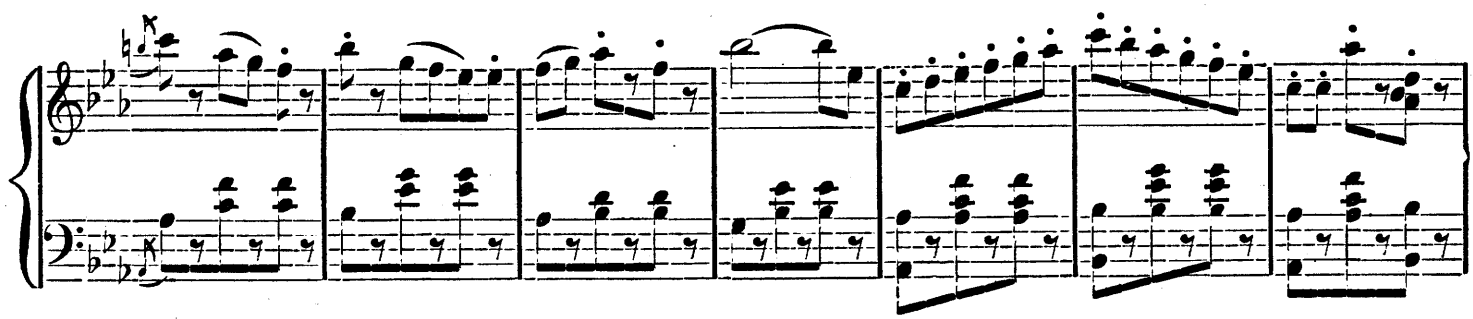
(MANOEL *approaches the balcony and claps his hands.*)

Allegro.

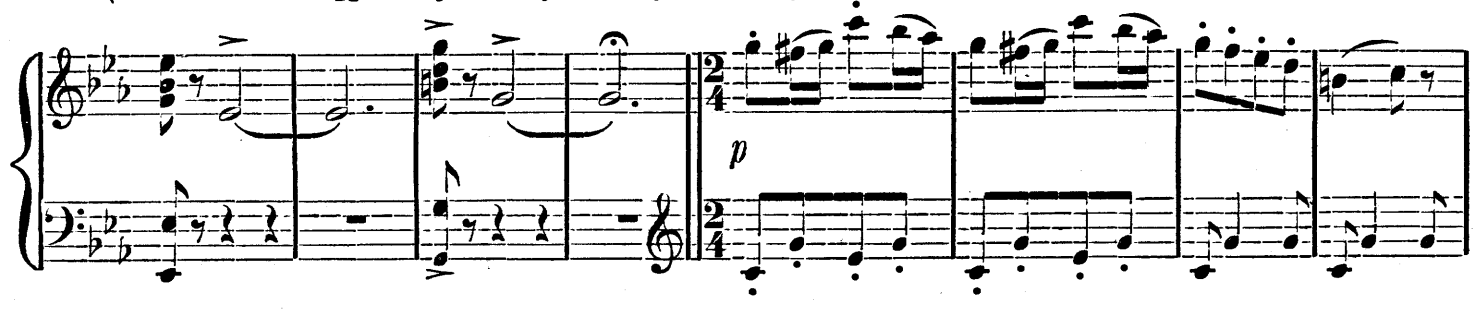


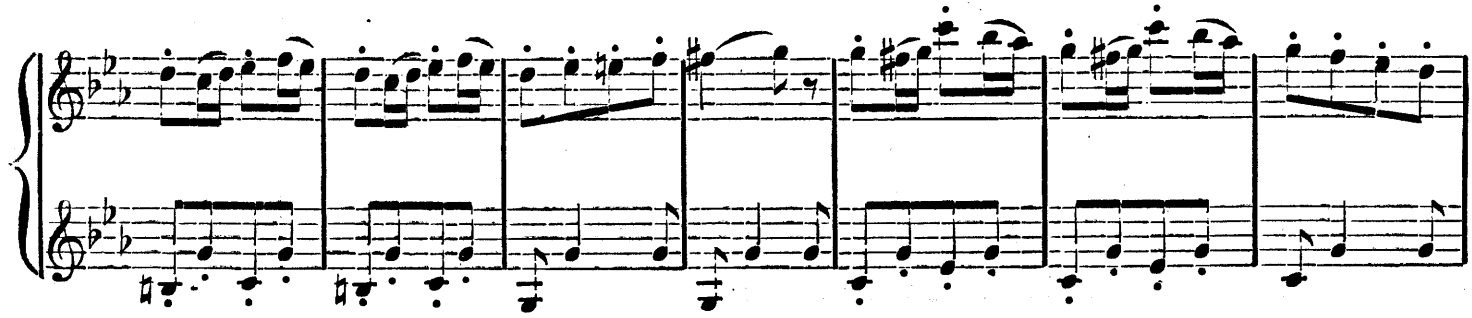
(*The Infanta descends by the silken ladder.*)

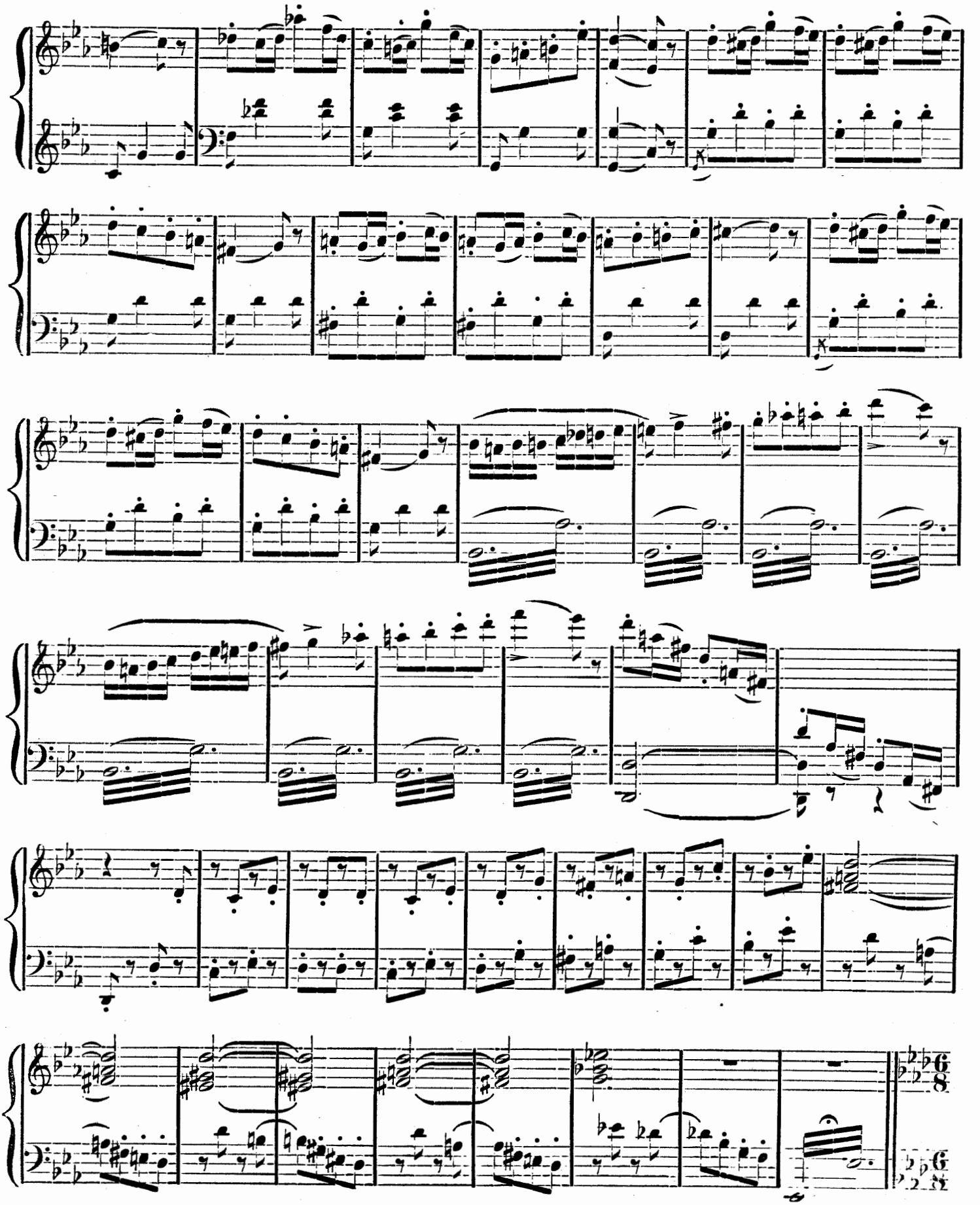


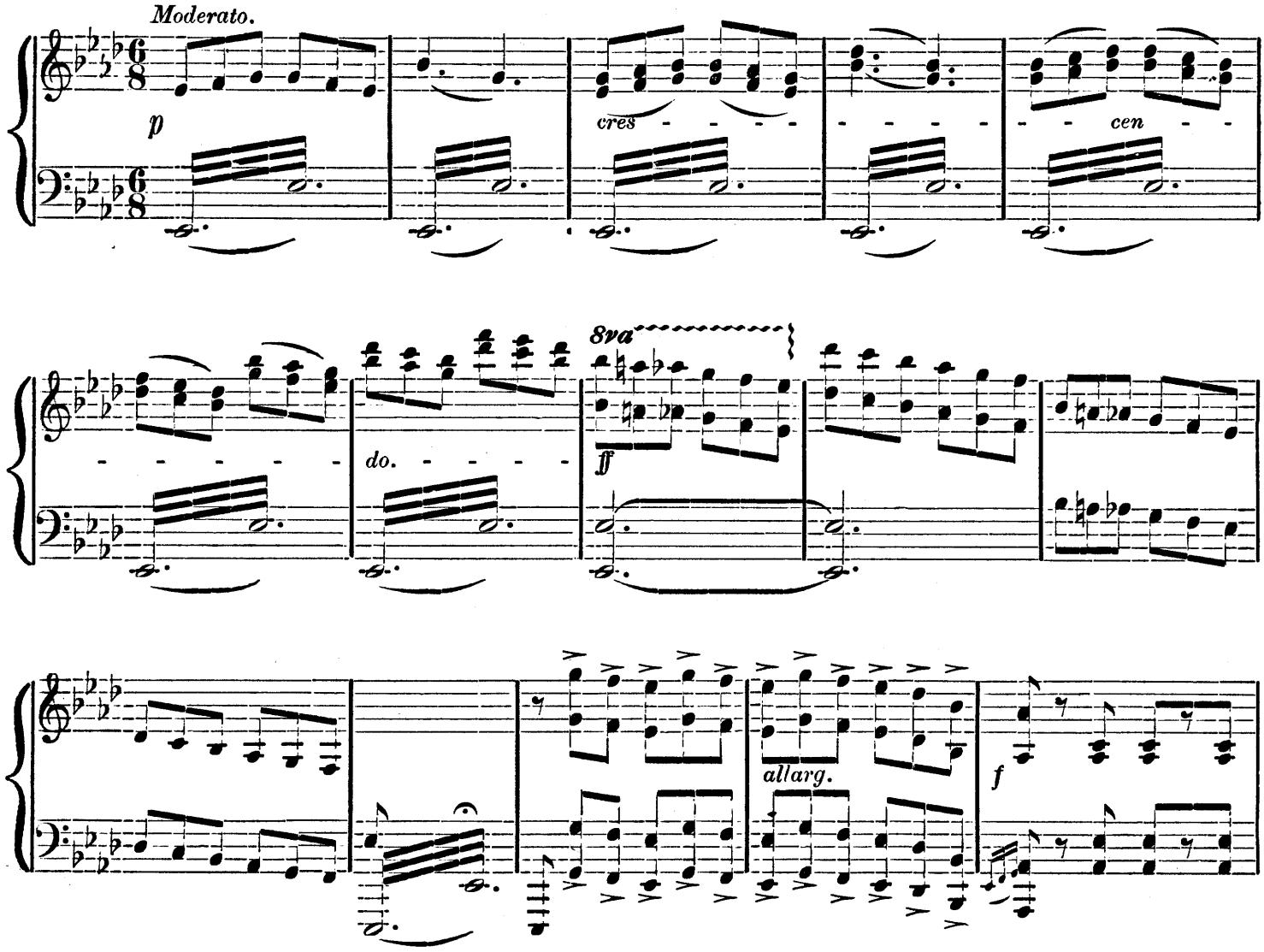


(*The Ambassadors appear mysteriously at the right.*) *Allegretto.*









MAN. (*Who has been under the window.*) And the governess has taken the ladder!

MAR. Oh, heavens! What shall we do? (*They are at the left of the steps. At this moment,* BAR. *opens the door of the pavillion and descends. She has the ladder in her hand.*)

MAN. (*Softly to* MAR.) Attention! The door opens!

BAR. (*Coming out.*) The Infanta of Spain eloped! What a scandal! And I who had her in my care!——

MAN. (*Softly to* MAR.) Profit by the occasion—re-enter—quick!

MAR. And you?

MAN. Be not troubled for me—quick! (*She enters Pavillion.*) Saved!

BAR. I would rather escape before we are discovered. Some one comes! (*She re-descends towards the back.*)

MAN. (*Aside.*) People! (*Hides behind the shrubbery.*)

VIR. (*Coming forward in the obscurity.*) I think this is the right moment. (*Meets* INIGO, *whom he takes for* MAN.)

INI. (*Softly.*) Quick, Manoël! Here comes the king! Let us fly! I'll take charge of the Infanta. (*Reaching out his arms, he encounters* BAR., *and taking her for the* INFANTA, *carries her off precipitately.* BAR. *cries out, and struggles. At this moment, pages appear bearing torches. The scene is lighted up, and* VIR. *and the Ambassadors show themselves.*)

VIR. Too late!

ALL. (*Recognizing* INIGO *and* BAR.) The old one!

VIR. With the man of influence!

INI. (*Surprised.*) Barbara!

BAR. (*Stupefied.*) Inigo! (KING *enters, followed by the court.*)

THE SAME. KING, *Lords and Ladies of the Court, Pages, Guards and Valets.*

KING. What do I learn? The governess of the Infanta allowing herself to be carried off!

BAR. 'Tis false! Believe it not, sire!

KING. 'Twere useless to try and justify yourself. To-morrow you shall marry the one you love!

INI. Oh, sire!

BAR. But——

KING. Such is my will——

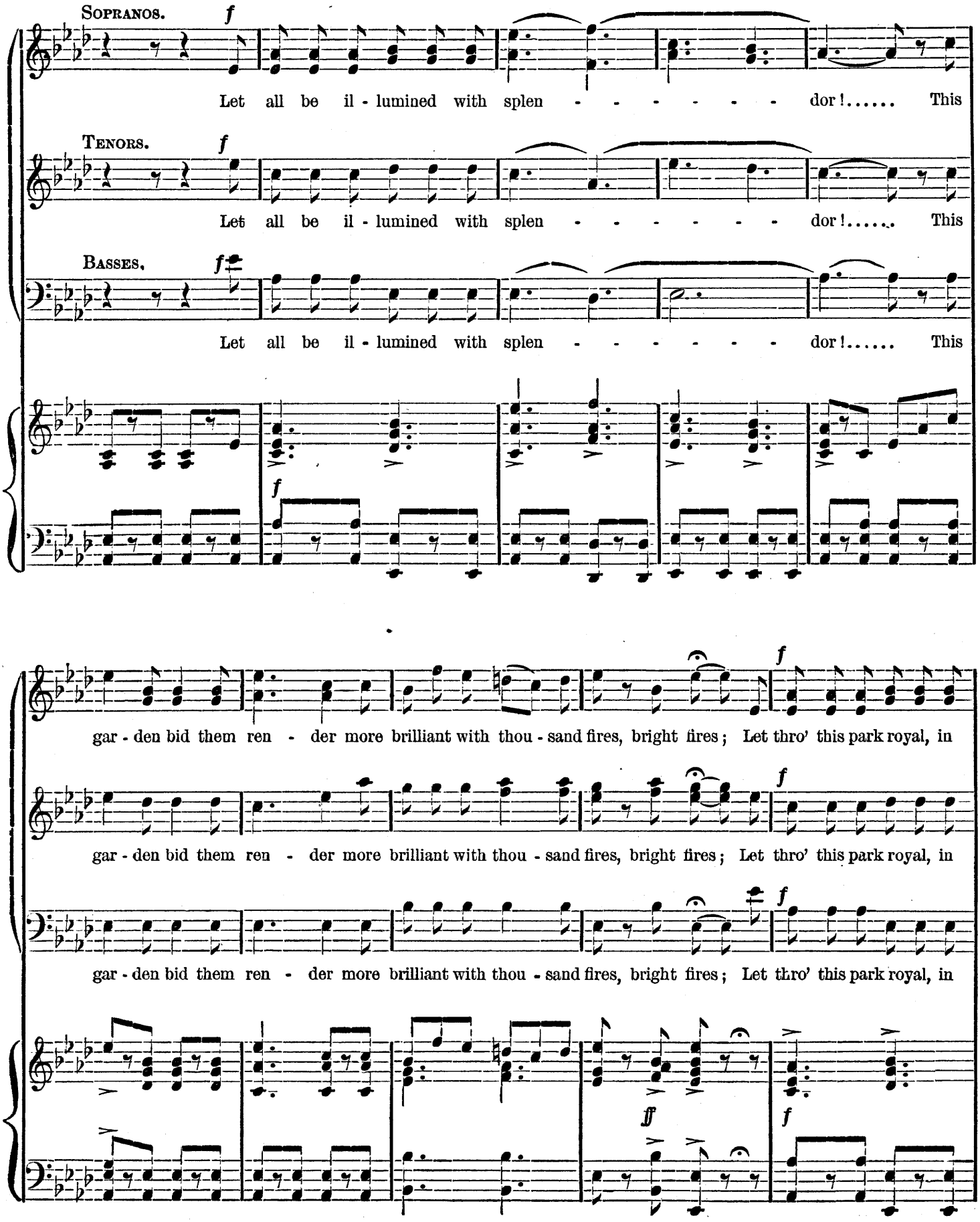
INI. (*Aside.*) If I say one word, it will dishonor the Infanta!

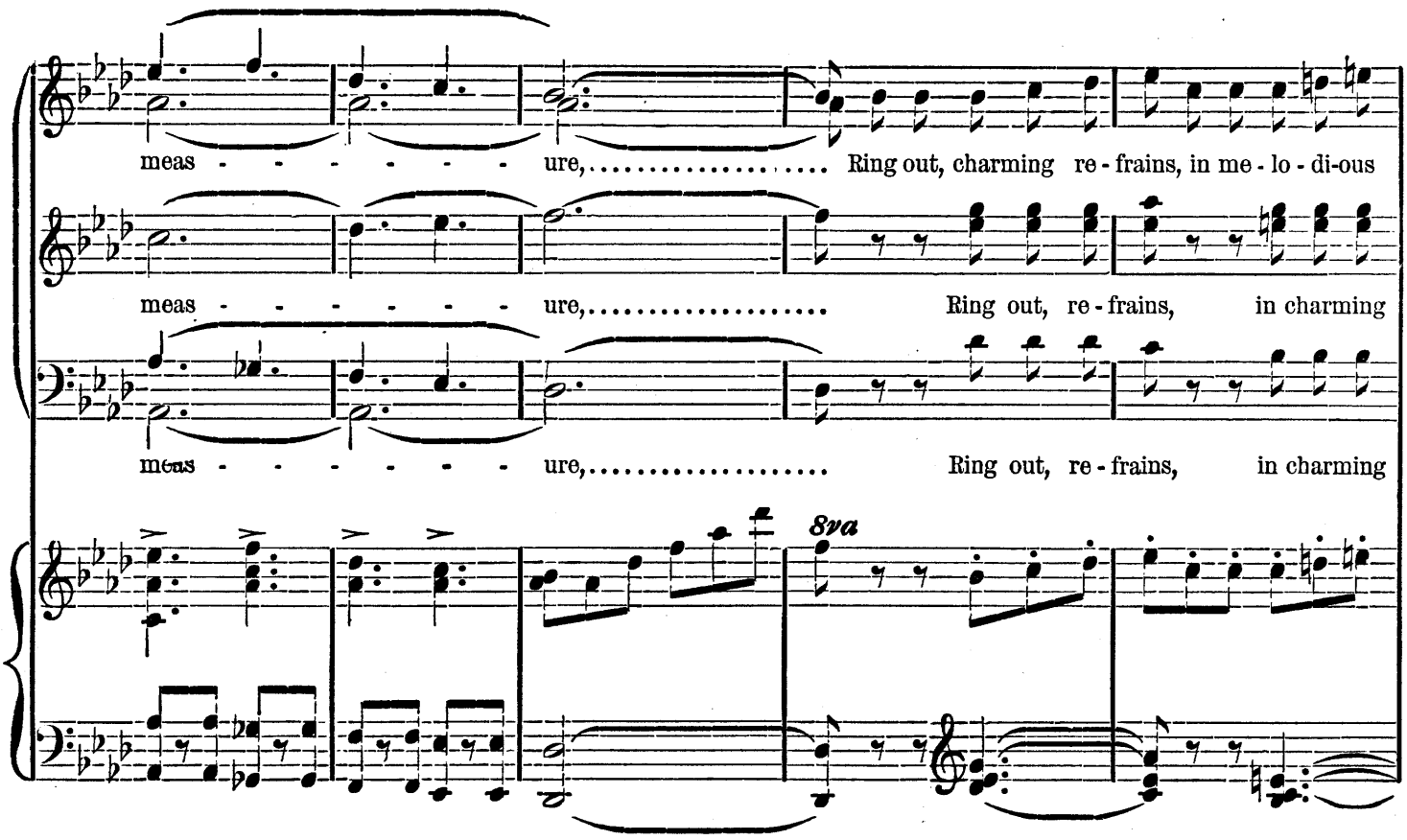
BAR. } (*Together.*) Let us sacrifice ourselves!
INI }

KING. (*Laughing.*) The wedding will be charming! The fiddlers only are wanting, and here they are! (*Pointing to musicians.*)

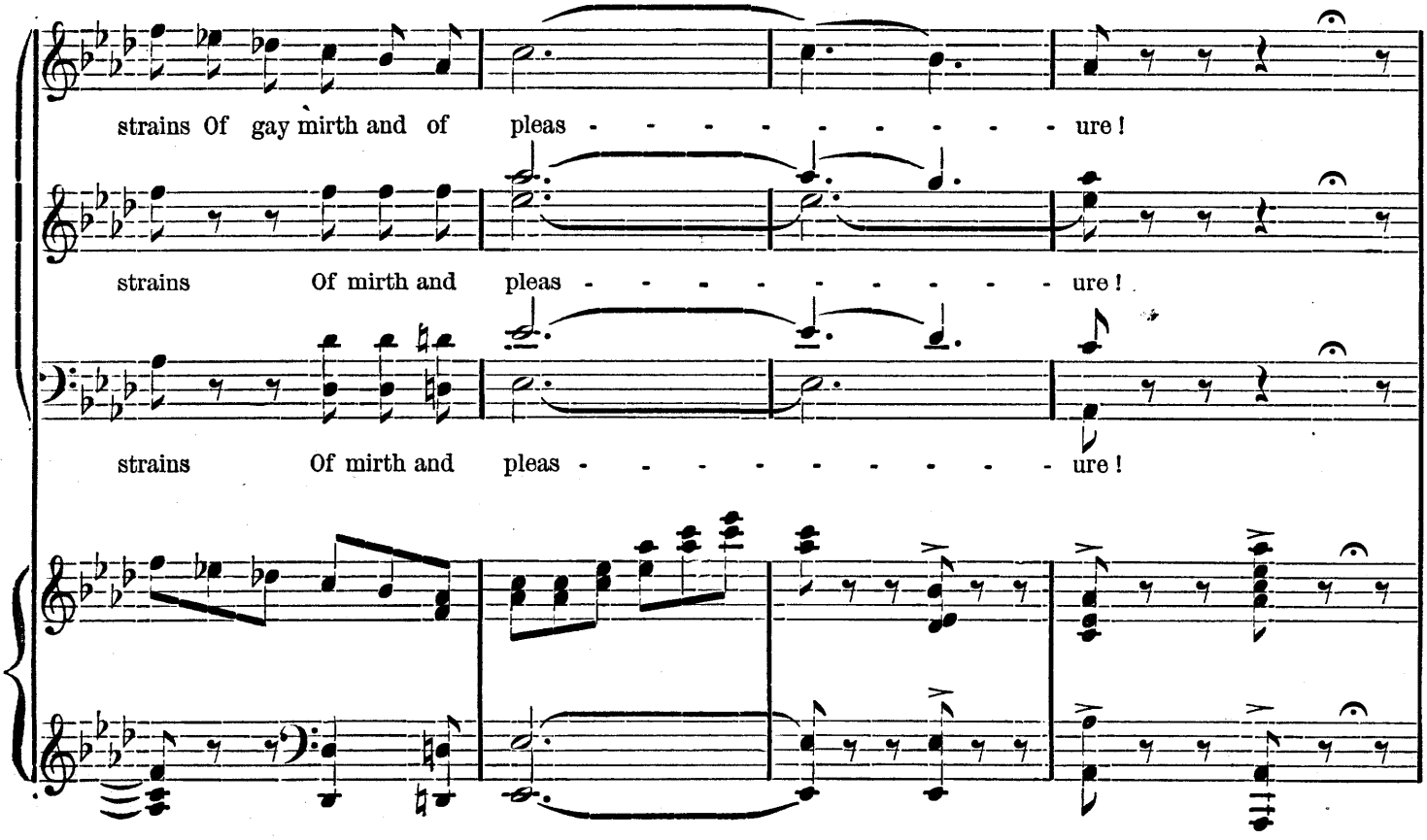
INI. *To* VIR.) That was your plan? 'Tis very pretty!

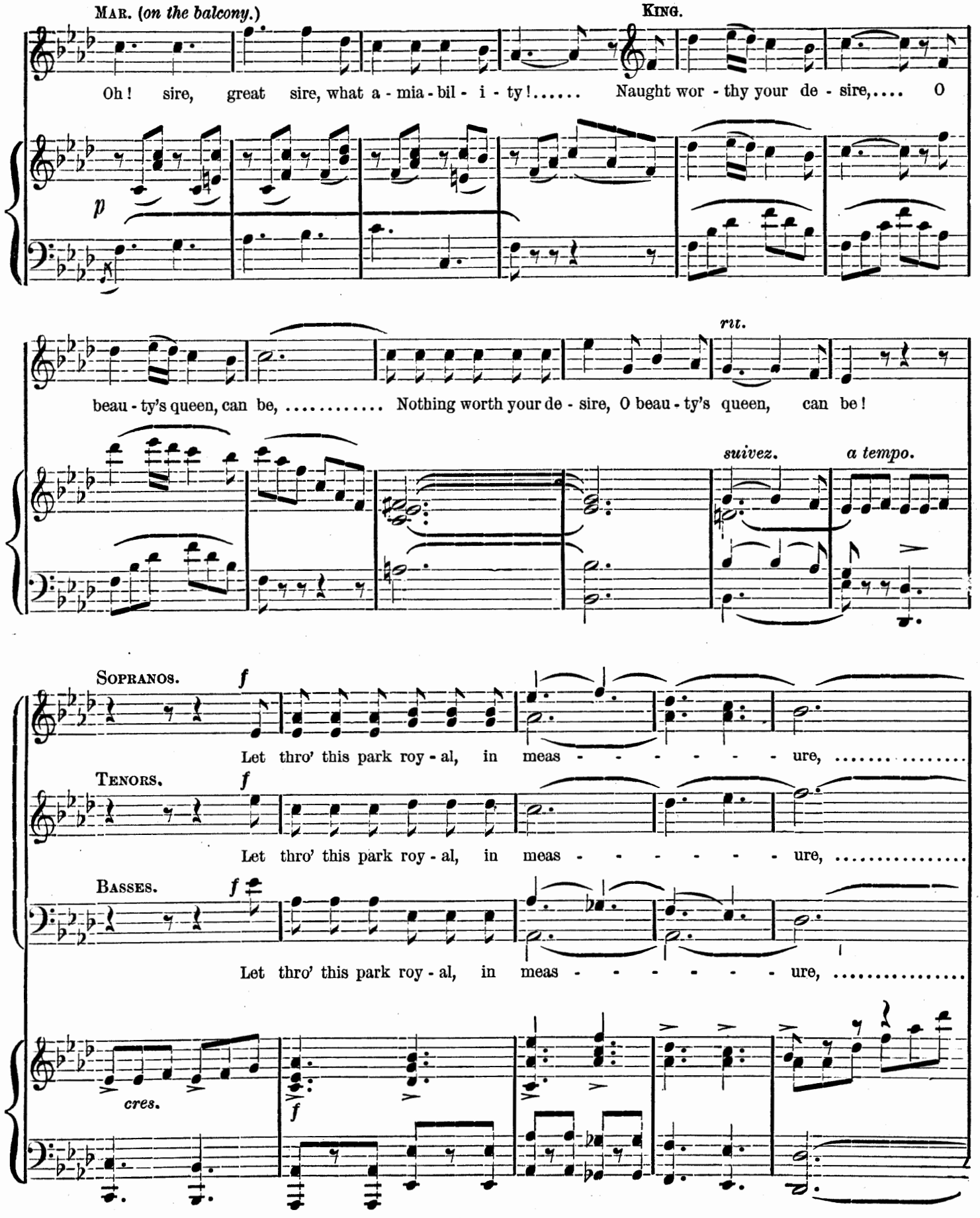
VIR. Did I know about it—I? (*Aside.*) I have lost the ribbon, but that does not end it. (*Brilliant illumination.* MAN., *who has kept back during the preceding scene, profits by the stir, and mingles with the lords.*)

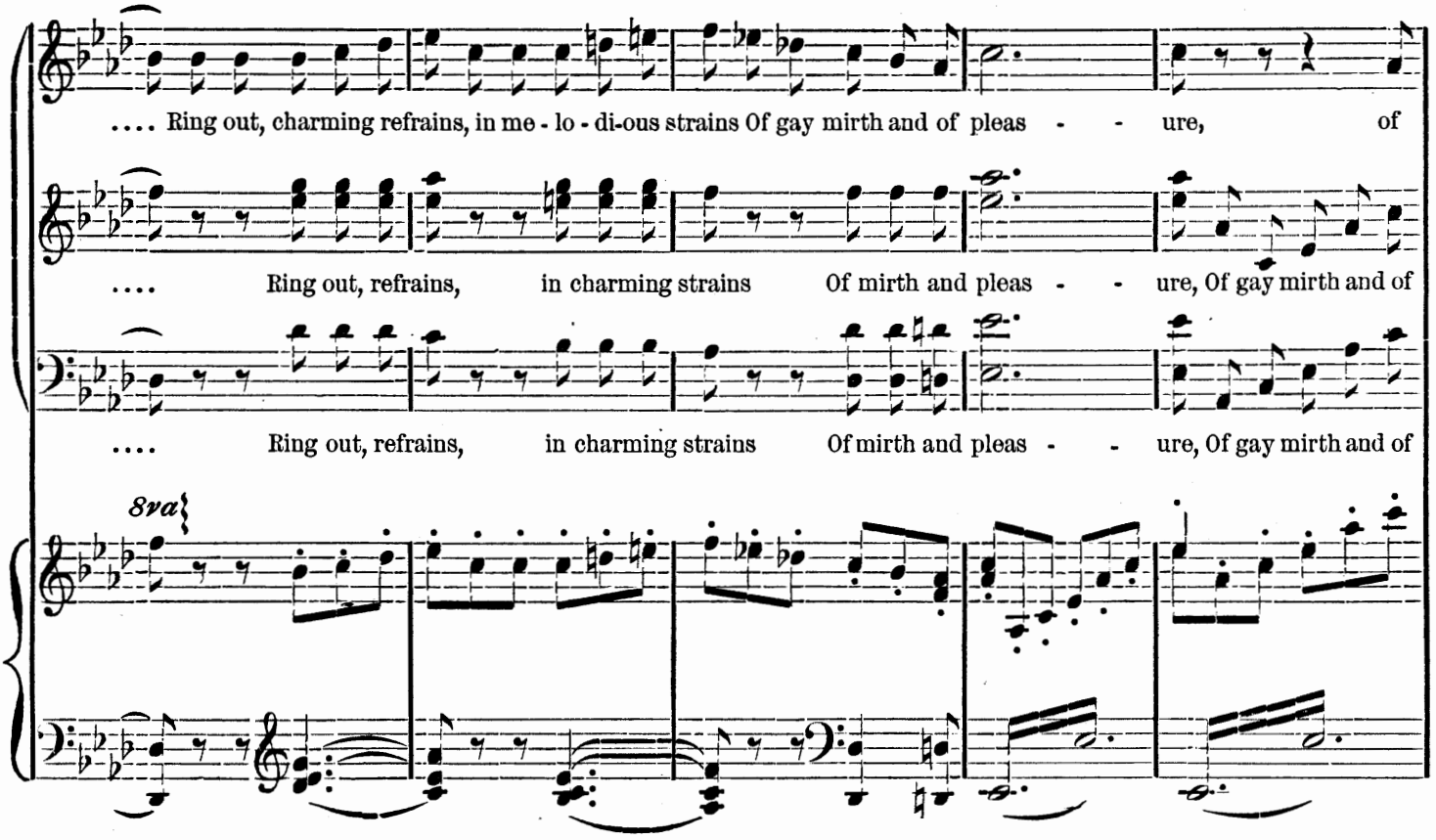

Sopranos.
f
Let all be il - lumined with splen - - - - - - - dor!..... This
Tenors.
f
Let all be il - lumined with splen - - - - - - - dor!..... This
Basses.
f
Let all be il - lumined with splen - - - - - - - dor!..... This
f
gar - den bid them ren - der more brilliant with thou - sand fires, bright fires; Let thro' this park royal, in
f
gar - den bid them ren - der more brilliant with thou - sand fires, bright fires; Let thro' this park royal, in
f
gar - den bid them ren - der more brilliant with thou - sand fires, bright fires; Let thro' this park royal, in
ff
f



(*During the Chorus the Infanta appears on the balcony, and manifests surprise at the fête the king is giving her.*)

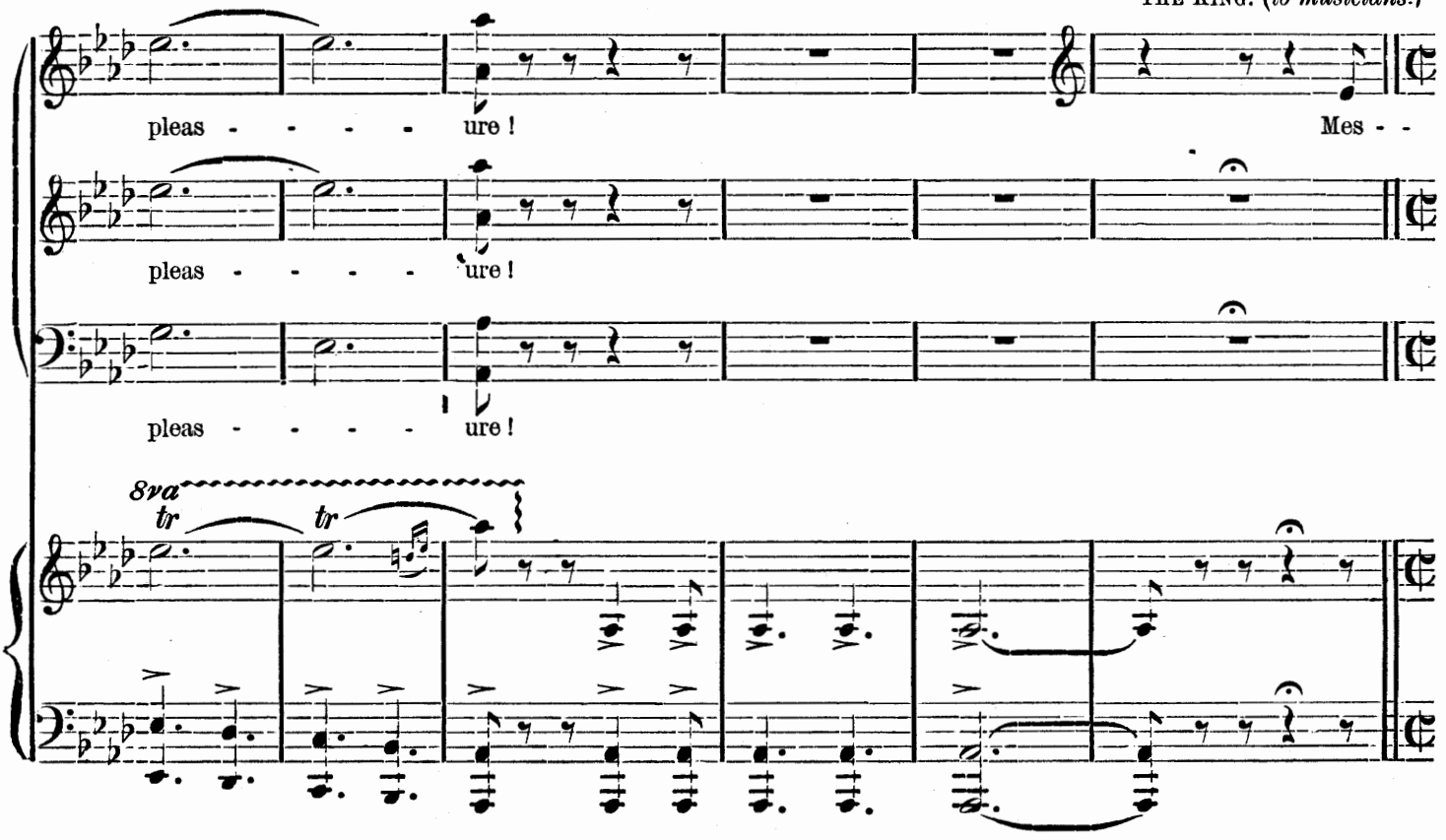


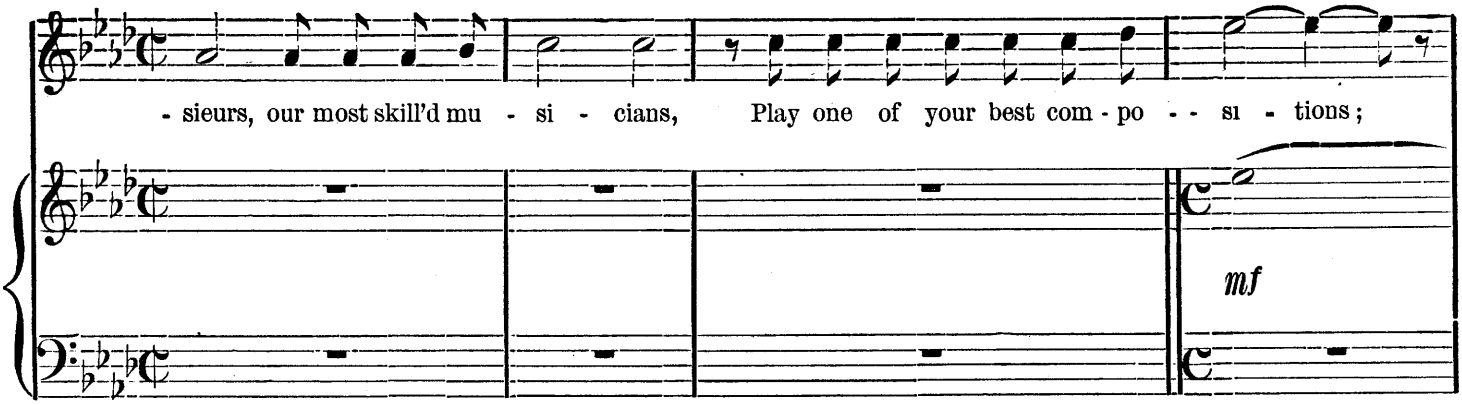

MAR. (on the balcony.)
KING.
Oh! sire, great sire, what a - mia - bil - i - ty!..... Naught wor - thy your de - sire,.... O
p
rit.
beau - ty's queen, can be, ... Nothing worth your de - sire, O beau - ty's queen, can be!
suivez.
a tempo.
SOPRANOS.
f
Let thro' this park roy - al, in meas - - - - - - ure, ...
TENORS.
f
Let thro' this park roy - al, in meas - - - - - - ure, ...
BASSES.
f
Let thro' this park roy - al, in meas - - - - - - ure, ...
cres.
f



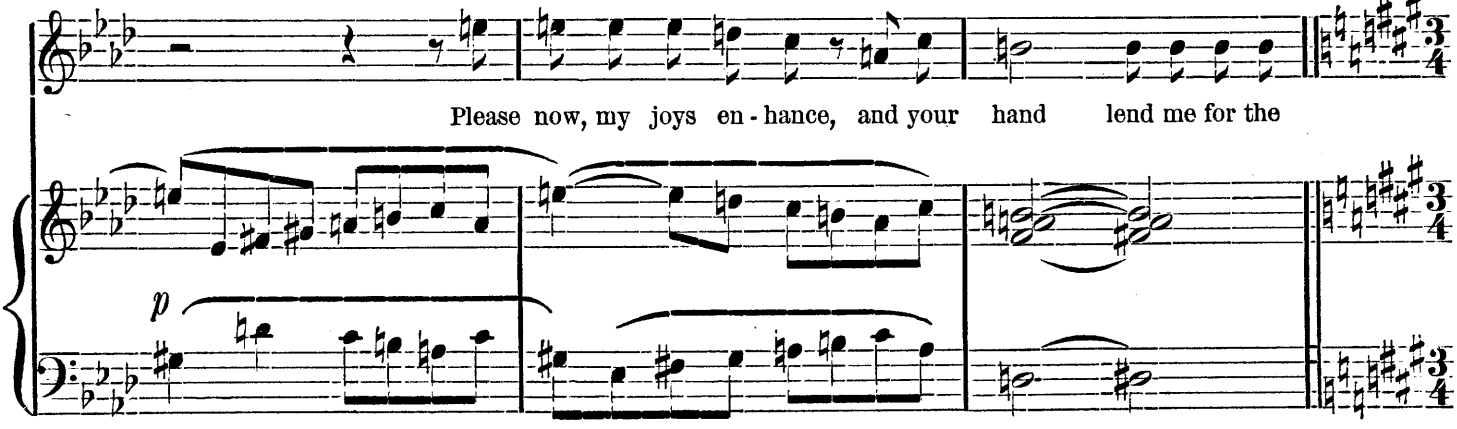
(*During the Chorus, the Infanta descends, and enters on the scene with* MARIQUITA *and* ALVAREZ. *Looking around her, she sees* MANOEL, *who reappears at that moment.*)

THE KING. (*to musicians.*)

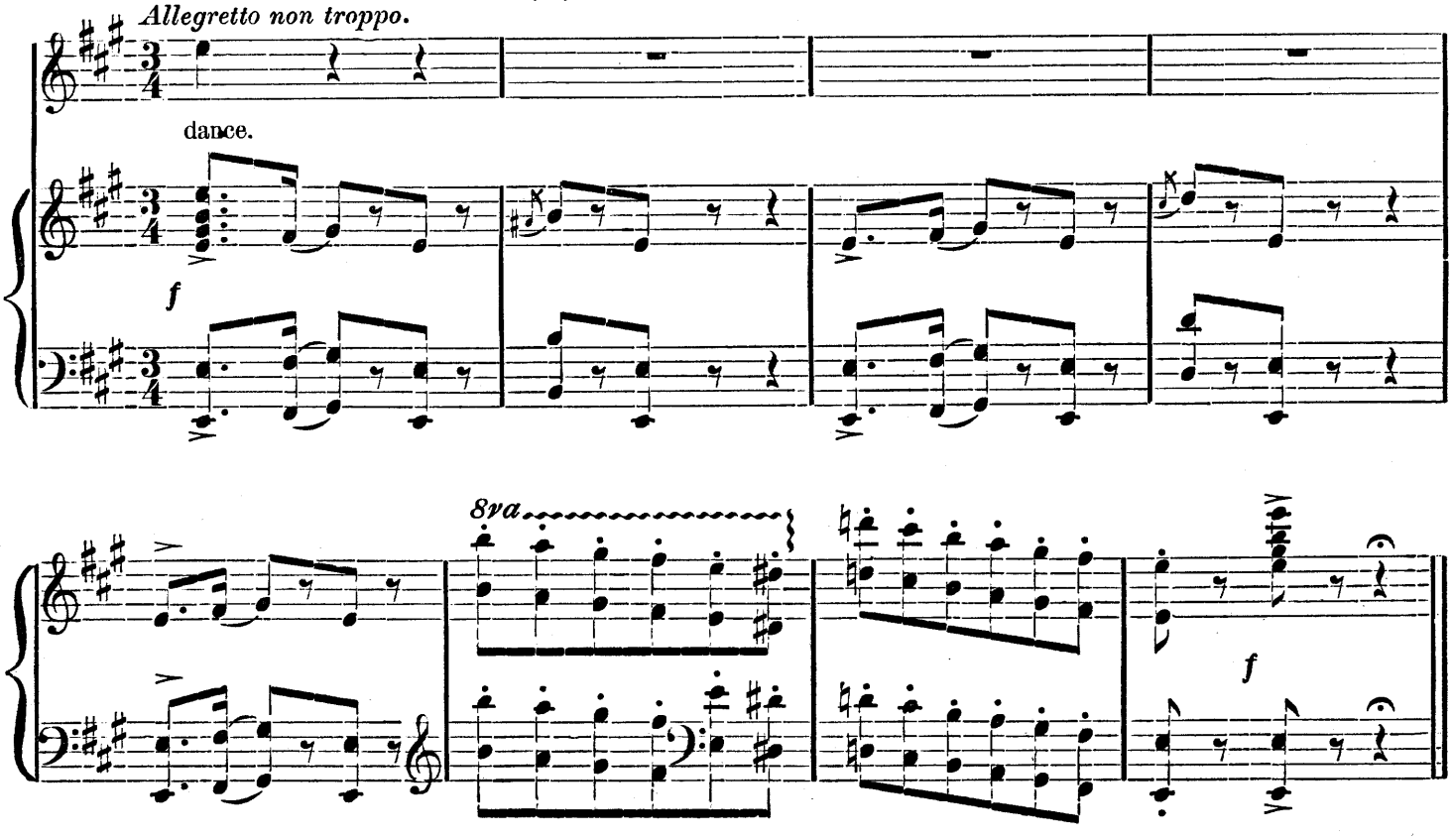




(*to* MARIANNA, *who has descended to the ground.*)



(c.) MENUET SONG.



KING.
Lent.

Well the foot ex - tend,.... The head back, with move - ment, For the min - u -

p

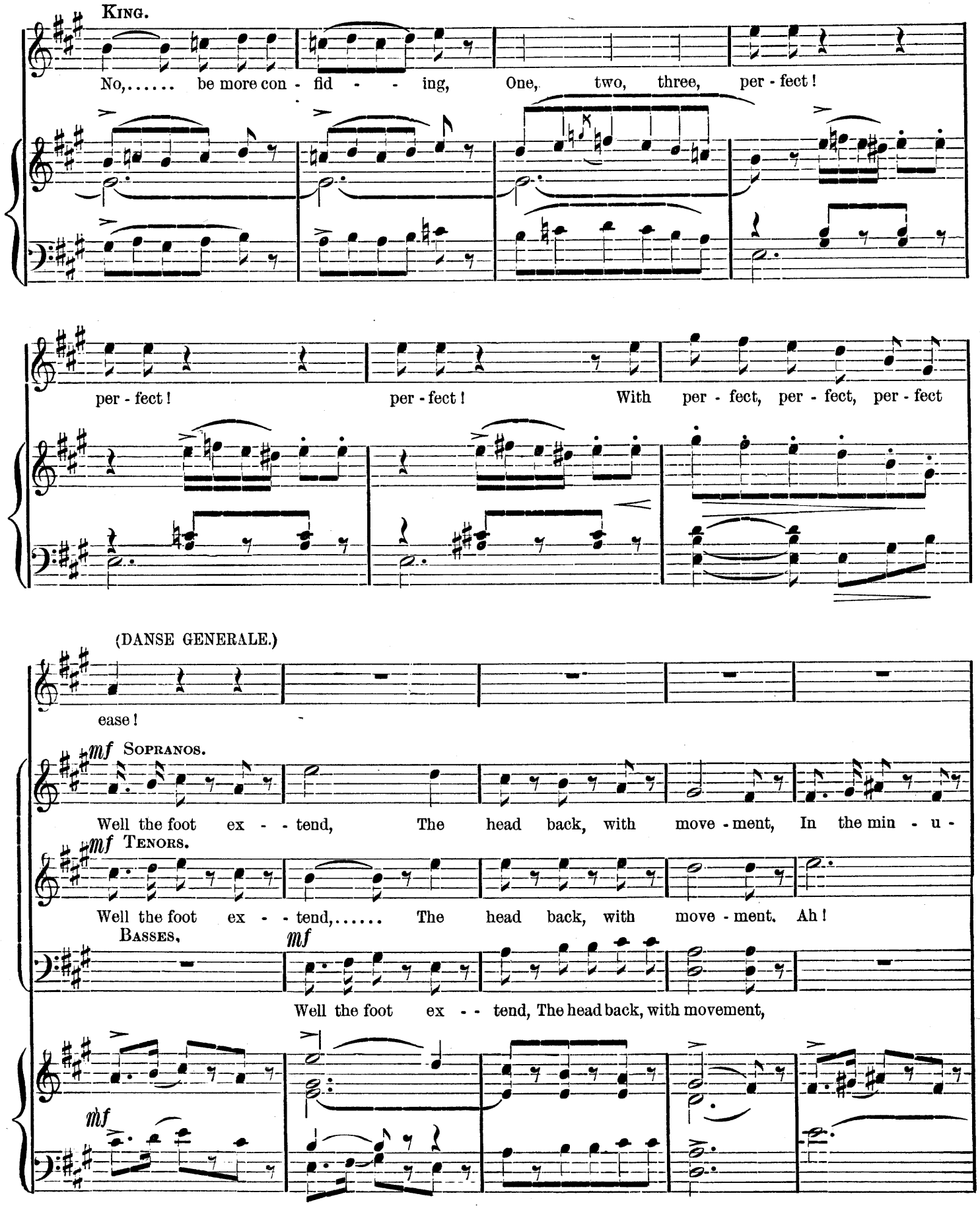
- et,.... That leads to im - - prove - ment; Grace - ful - ly now bend, There -

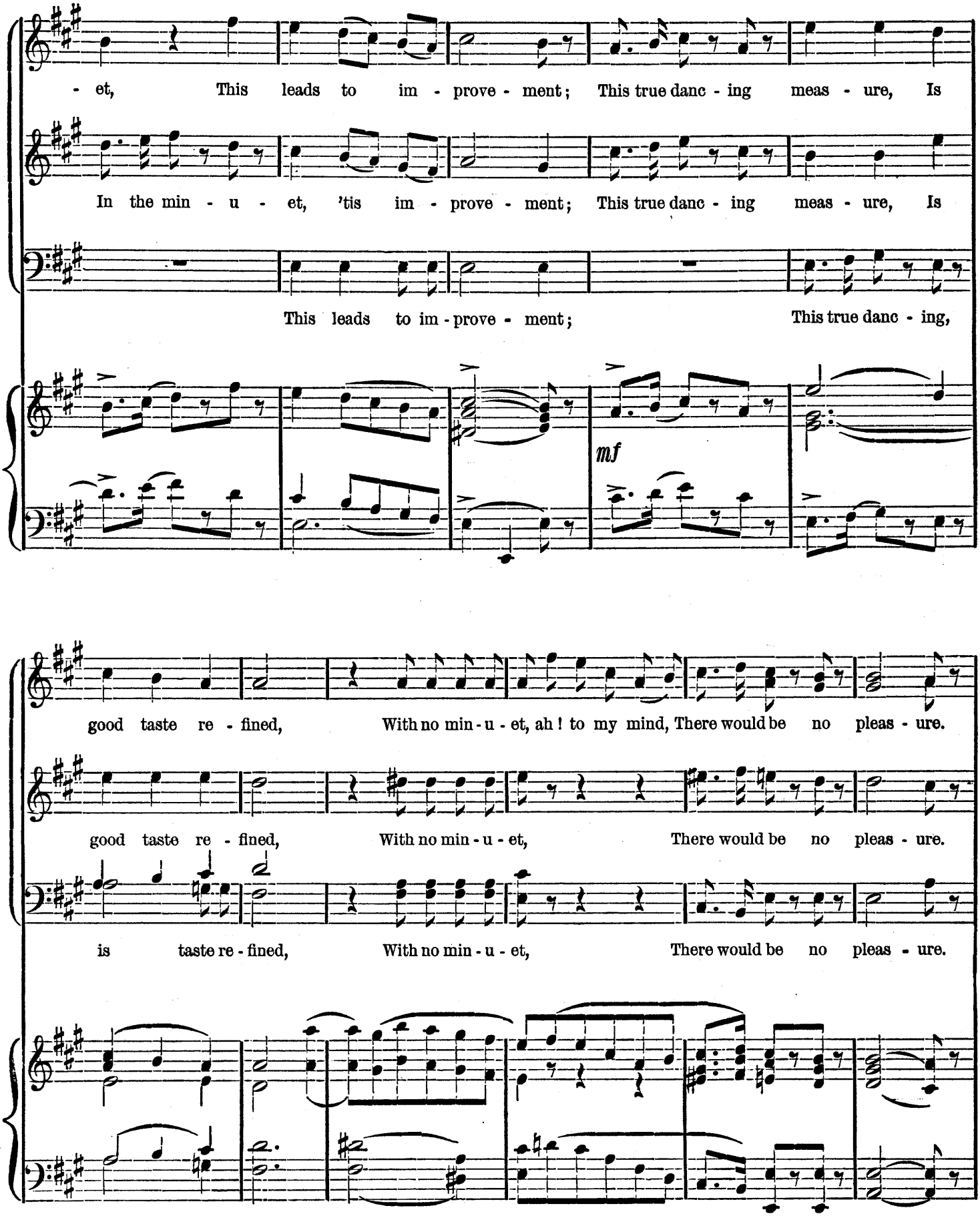
p *mf*

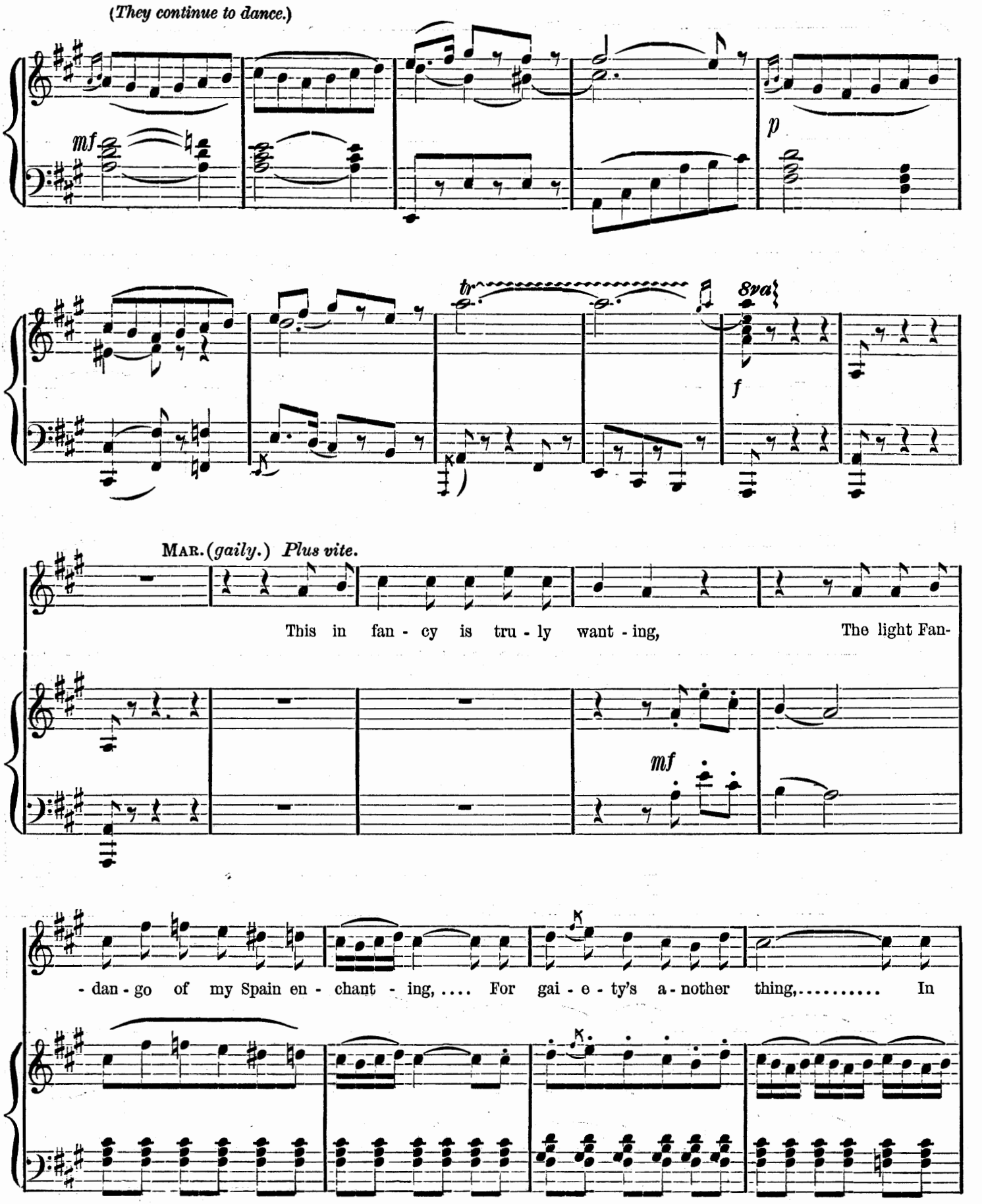
af - ter ad - vanc - ing, Ease and ac - tion blend. Ah! what no - ble

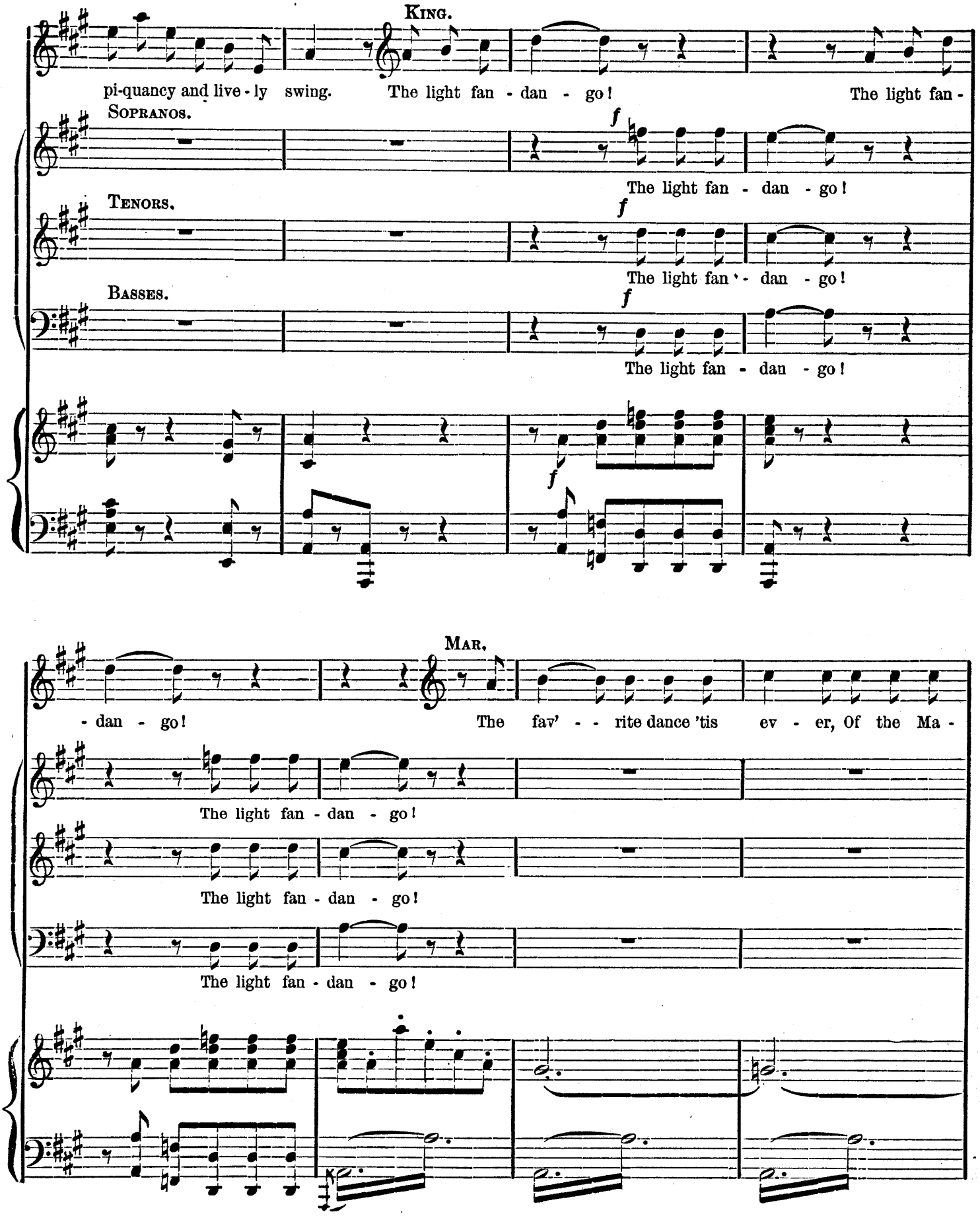
MAR. (*trying the minuet.*)

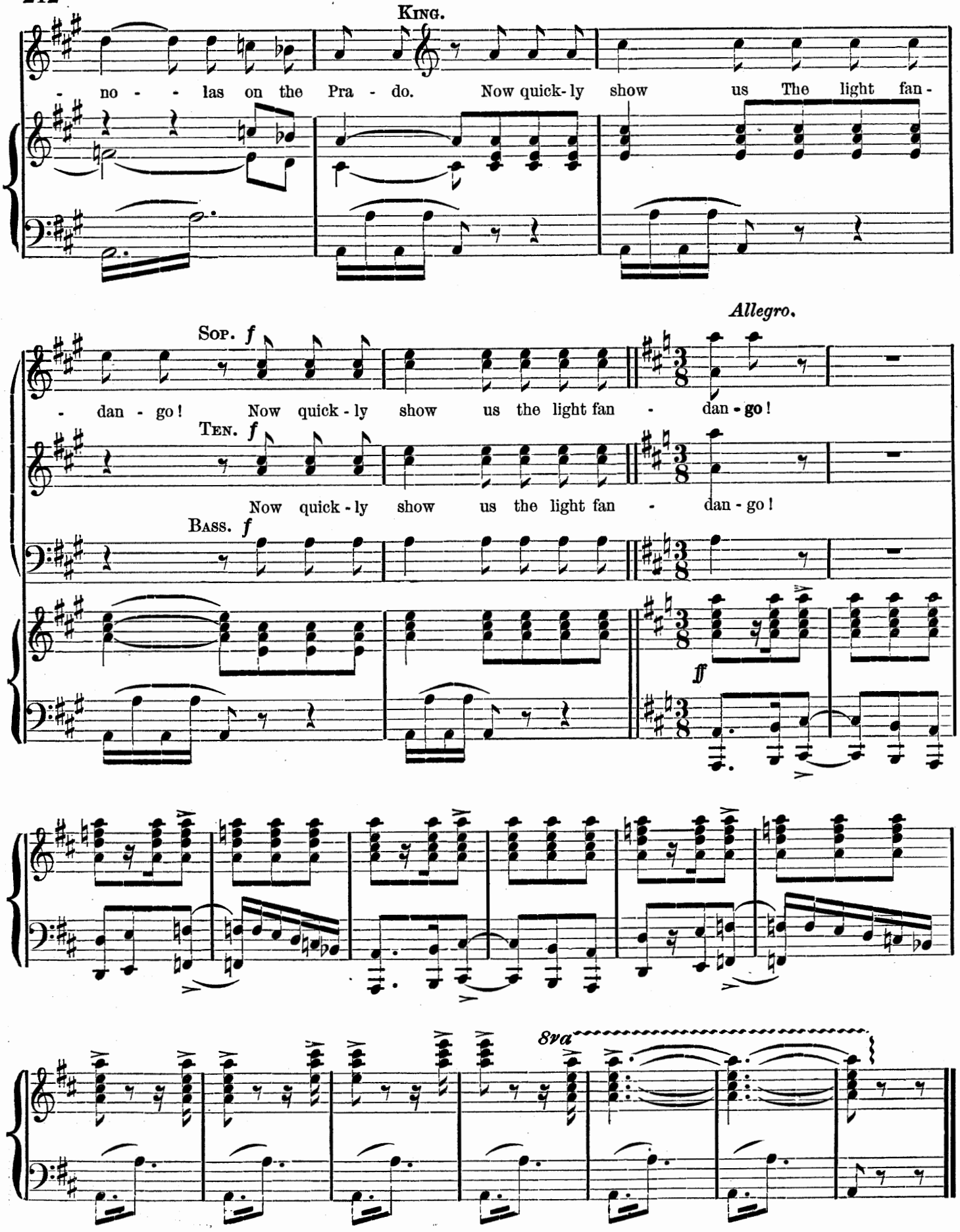
danc - ing! Of that mo - tion slid - ing, I find it hard the se - cret art to seize—


KING.
No,..... be more con - fid - - ing, One, two, three, per - fect!
per - fect! per - fect! With per - fect, per - fect, per - fect
(DANSE GENERALE.)
ease!
mf SOPRANOS.
Well the foot ex - - tend, The head back, with move - ment, In the min - u -
mf TENORS.
Well the foot ex - - tend,..... The head back, with move - ment. Ah!
BASSES.
mf
Well the foot ex - - tend, The head back, with movement,
mf


- et, This leads to im - prove - ment; This true danc - ing meas - ure, Is
In the min - u - et, 'tis im - prove - ment; This true danc - ing meas - ure, Is
This leads to im - prove - ment; This true danc - ing,
mf
good taste re - fined, With no min - u - et, ah! to my mind, There would be no pleas - ure.
good taste re - fined, With no min - u - et, There would be no pleas - ure.
is taste re - fined, With no min - u - et, There would be no pleas - ure.


(They continue to dance.)
mf
p
tr
8va
f
MAR. (gaily.) Plus vite.
This in fan - cy is tru - ly want - ing,
The light Fan-
mf
- dan - go of my Spain en - chant - ing, ... For gai - e - ty's a - nother thing, ... In

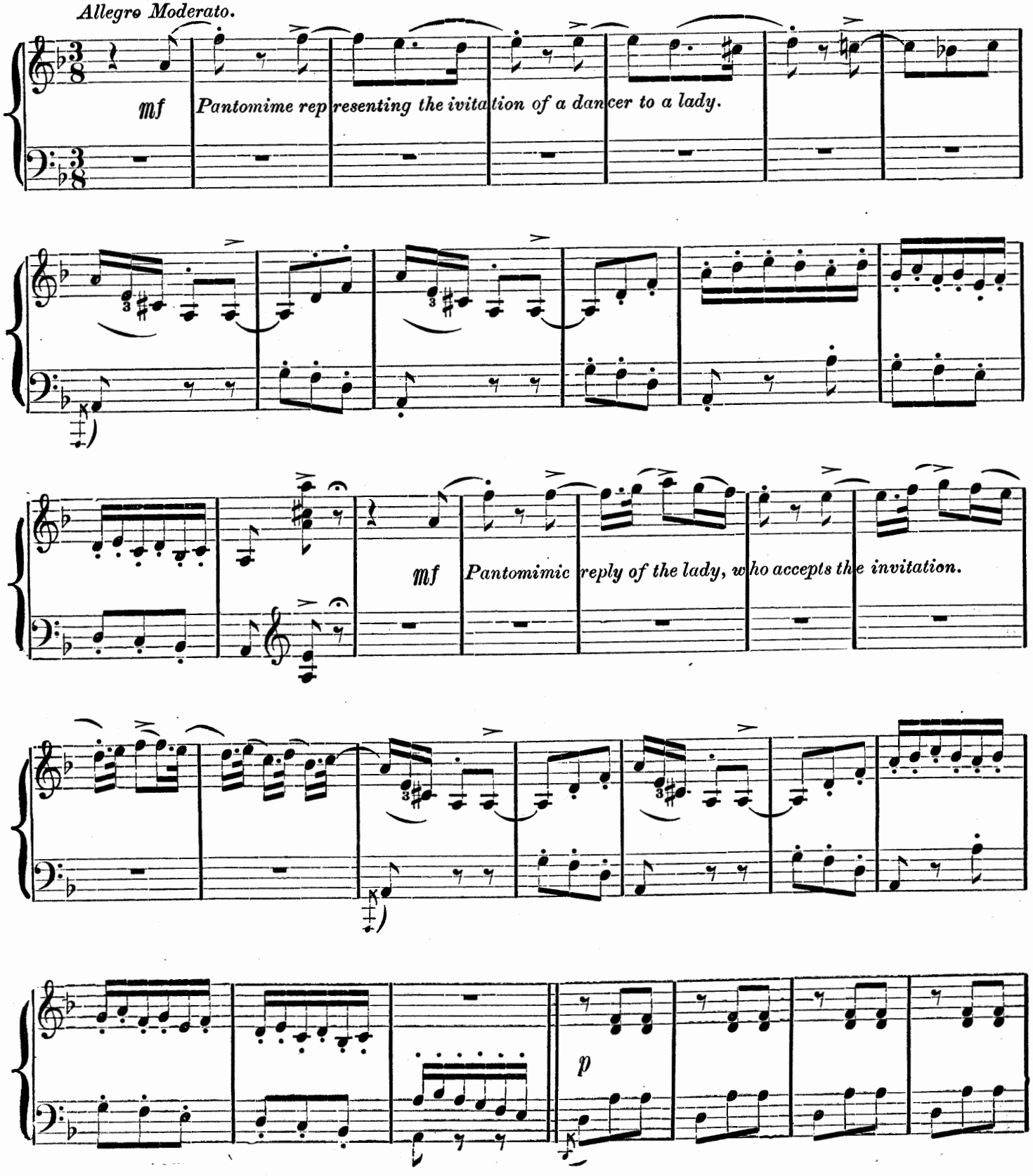

KING.
pi-quancy and live-ly swing. The light fan-dan-go! The light fan-
SOPRANOS.
The light fan-dan-go!
TENORS.
The light fan-dan-go!
BASSES.
The light fan-dan-go!
MAR.
-dan-go! The fav'-rite dance 'tis ev-er, Of the Ma-
The light fan-dan-go!
The light fan-dan-go!
The light fan-dan-go!


KING.
- no - las on the Pra - do. Now quick-ly show us The light fan -
Allegro.
SOP. f
- dan - go! Now quick - ly show us the light fan - dan - go!
TEN. f
Now quick - ly show us the light fan - dan - go!
BASS. f
ff
8va

WITH TAMBOURINE IN HAND UPHOLDING.

(d.) FANDANGO—COUPLETS. DUO.

Allegro Moderato.



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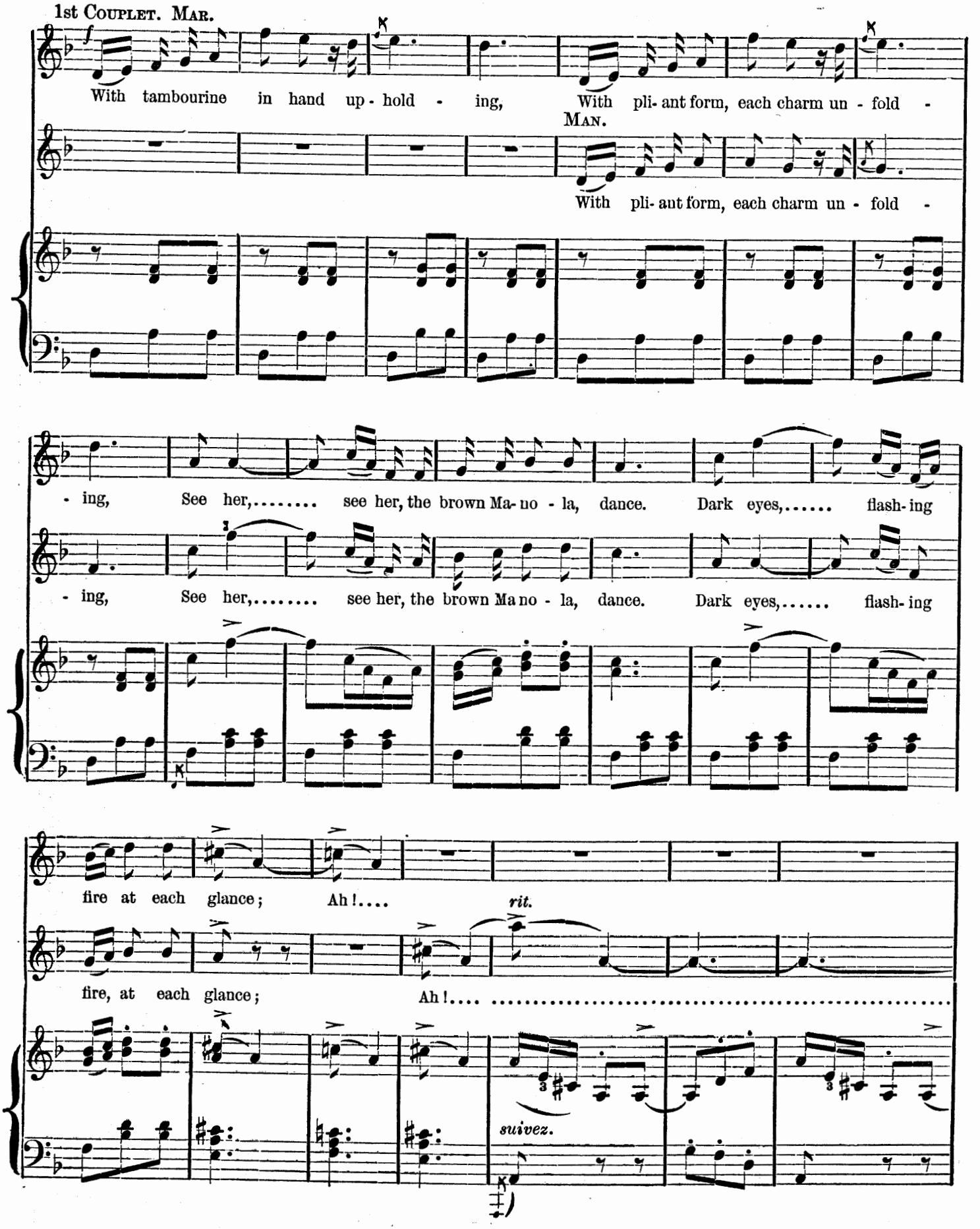
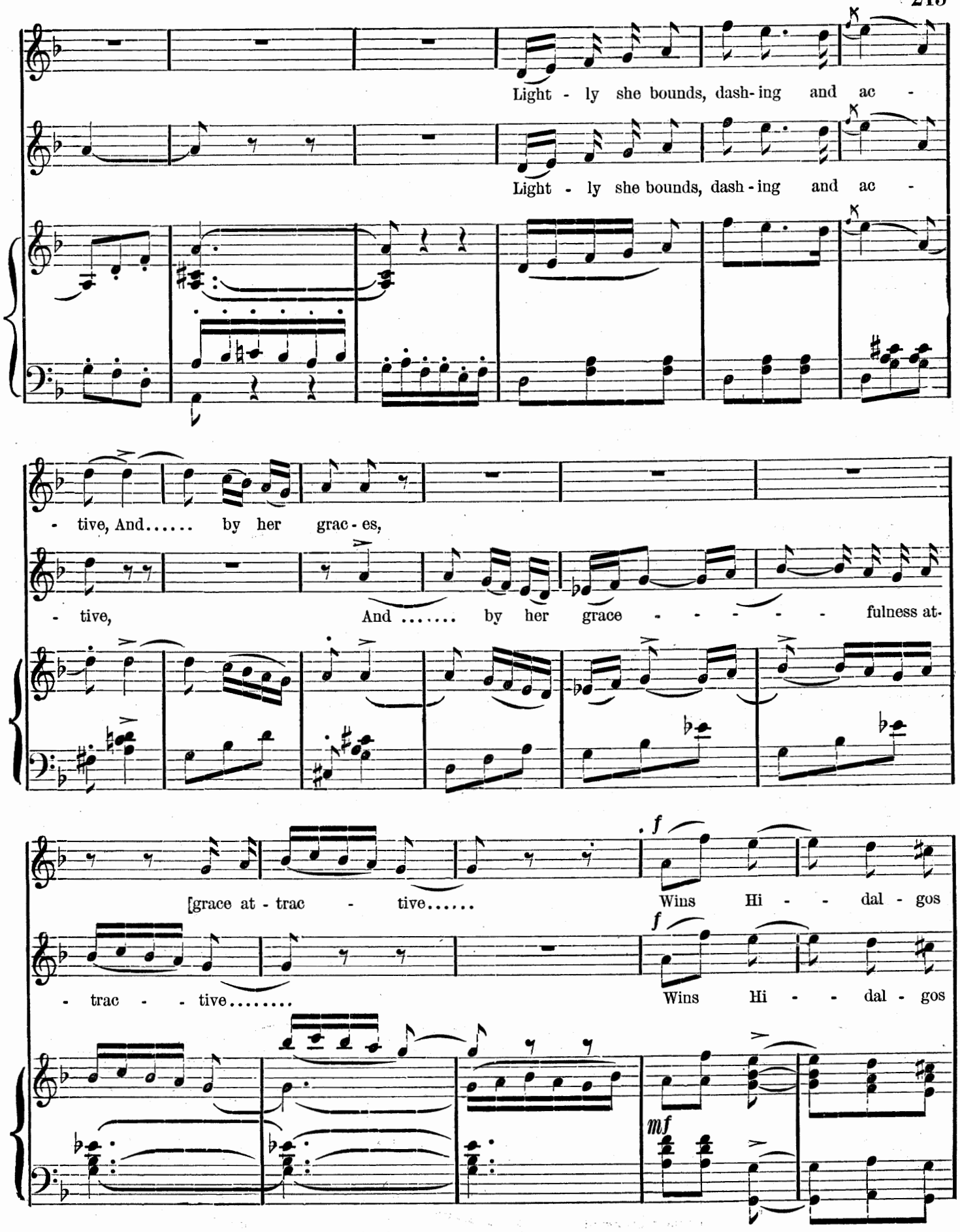
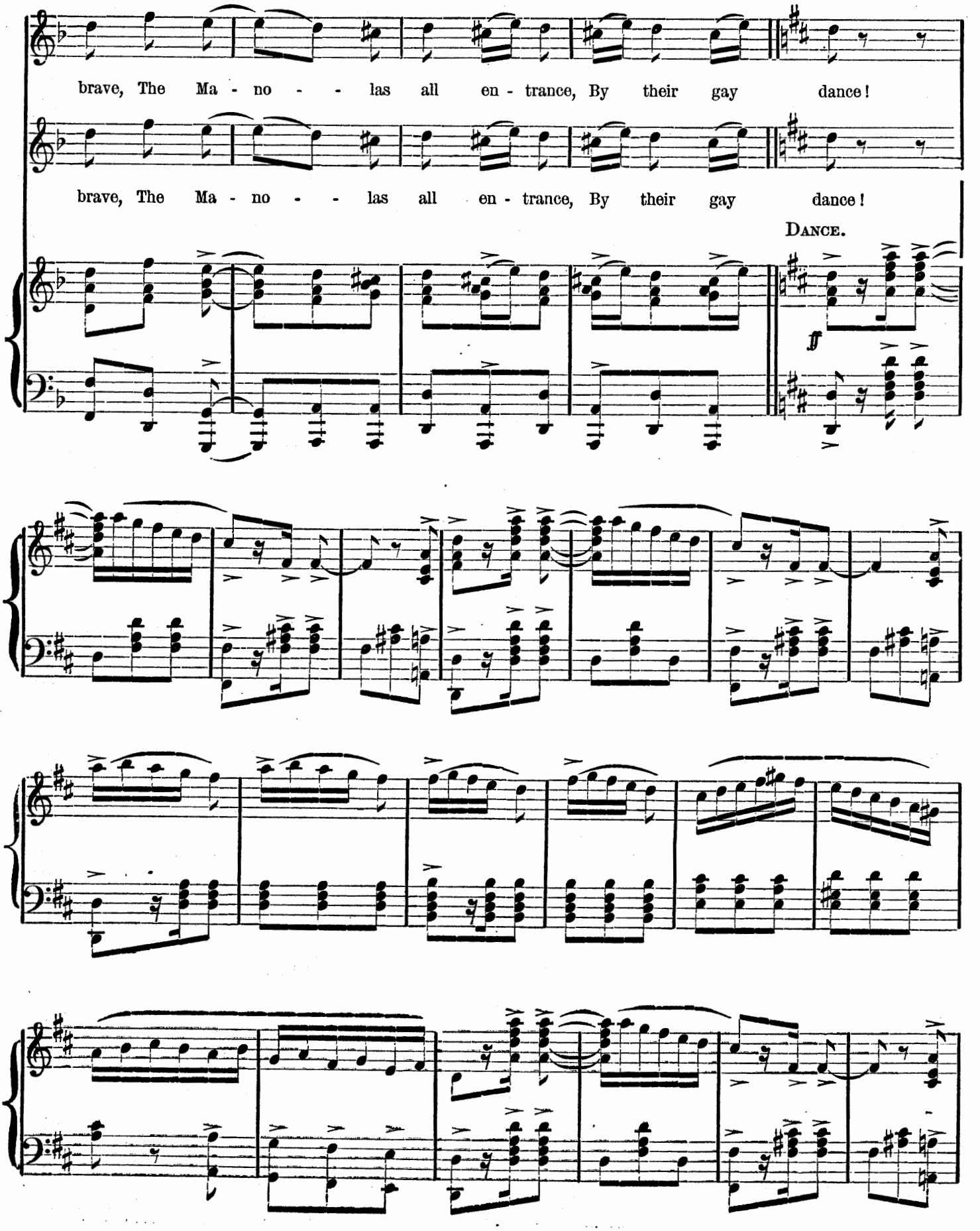
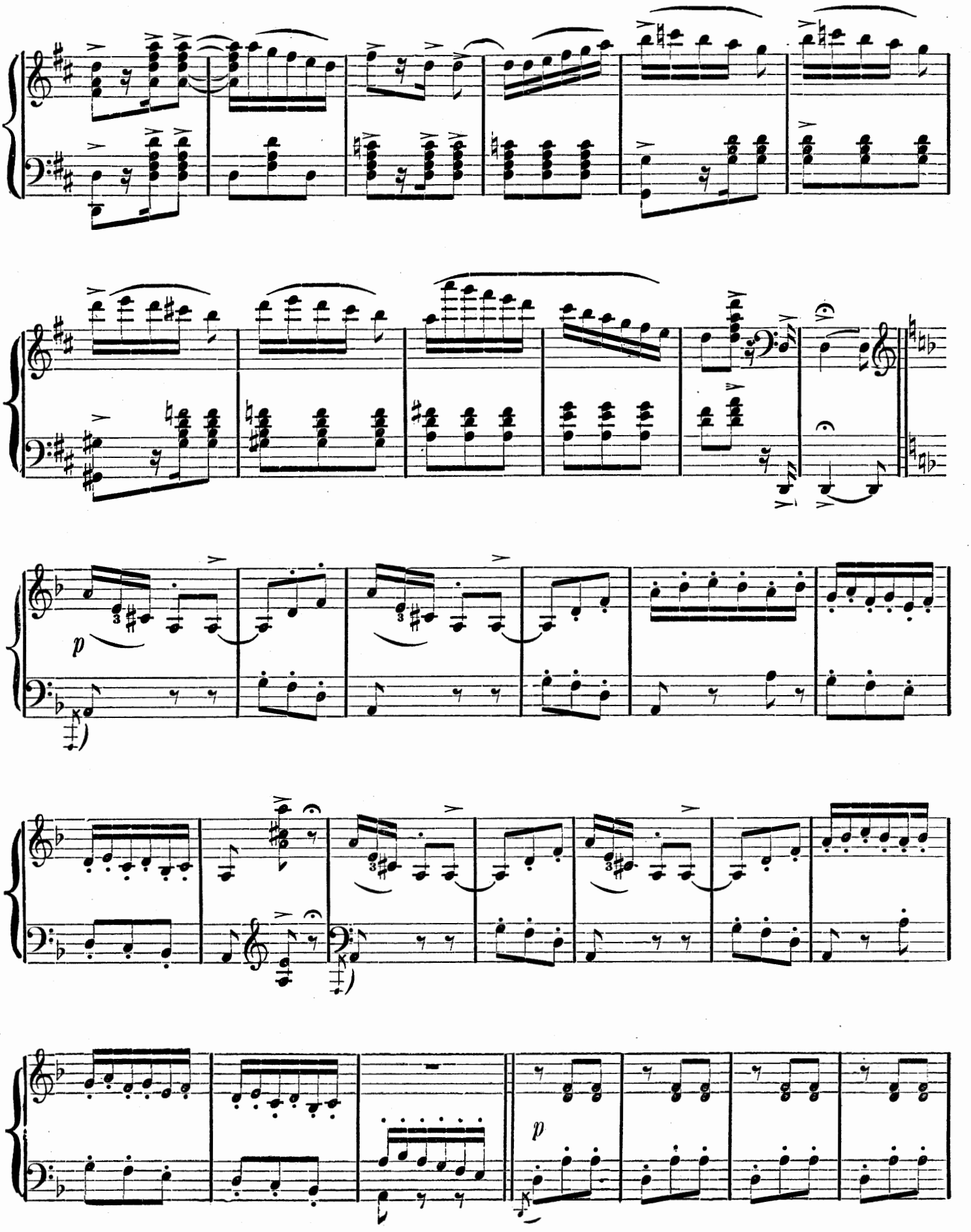
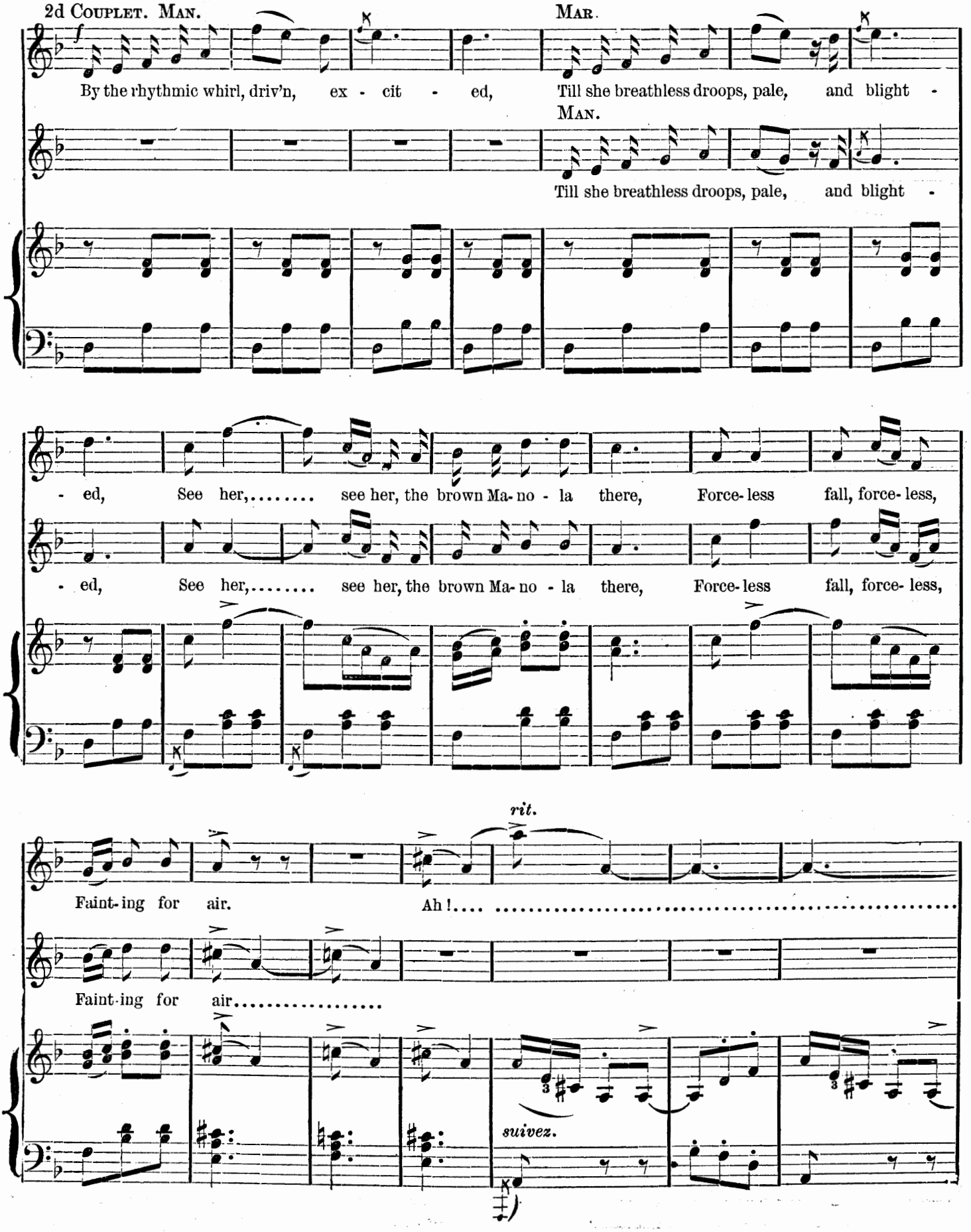
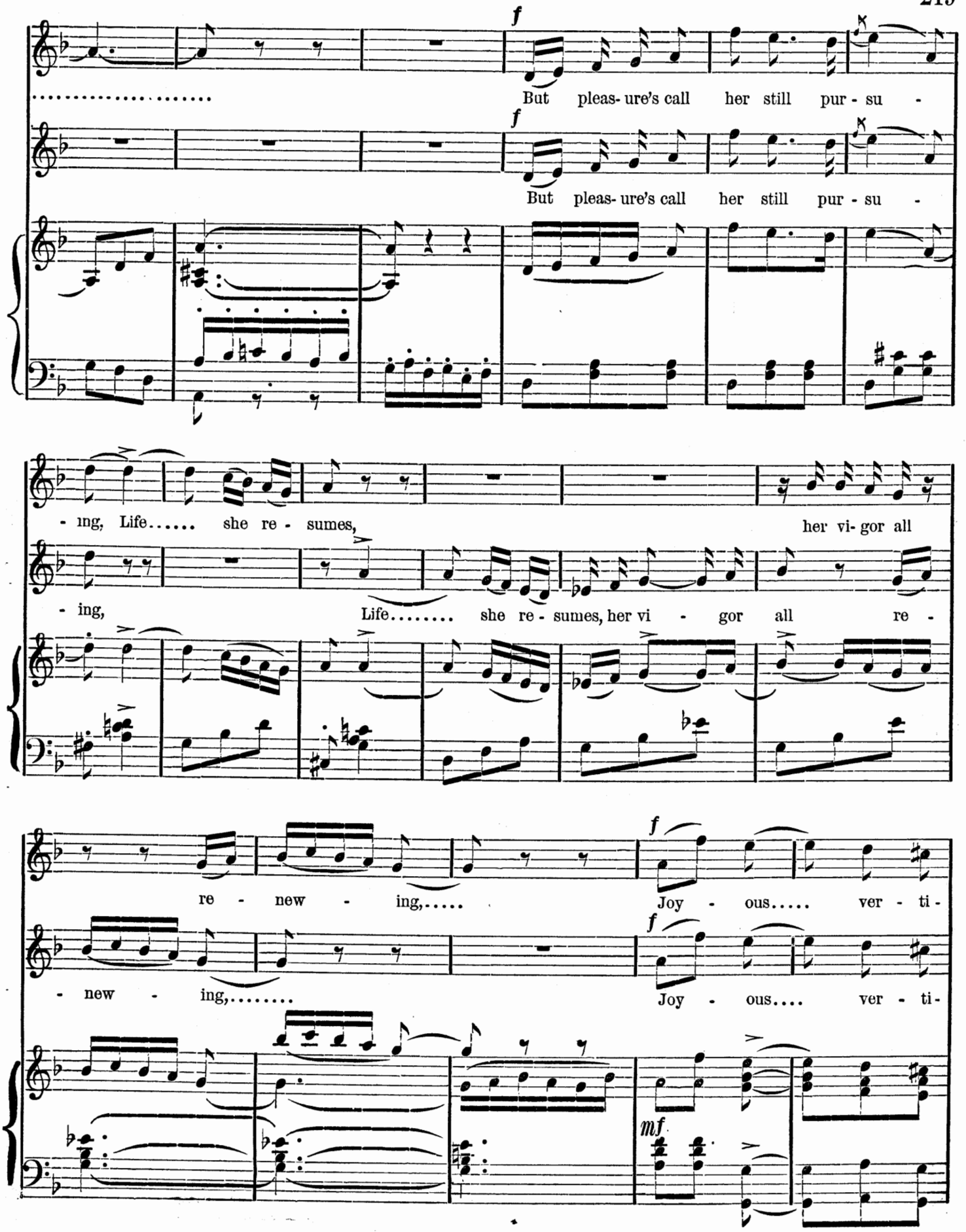

1st Couplet. Mar.
With tambourine in hand up - hold - ing,
With pli- ant form, each charm un - fold -
Man.
With pli- ant form, each charm un - fold -
- ing, See her,..... see her, the brown Ma- no - la, dance. Dark eyes,..... flash- ing
- ing, See her,..... see her, the brown Ma no - la, dance. Dark eyes,..... flash- ing
fire at each glance; Ah!....
rit.
fire, at each glance; Ah!....
suivez.


Light - ly she bounds, dash- ing and ac -
Light - ly she bounds, dash - ing and ac -
- tive, And..... by her grac - es,
- tive, And ..... by her grace - - - - - fulness at-
[grace at - trac - tive.....
Wins Hi - - dal - gos
- trac - - tive.....
Wins Hi - - dal - gos
f
f
mf


brave, The Ma - no - - las all en - trance, By their gay dance!
brave, The Ma - no - - las all en - trance, By their gay dance!
DANCE.
ff


p
p


2d Couplet. Man.
Mar.
By the rhythmic whirl, driv'n, ex - cit - ed, Till she breathless droops, pale, and blight -
Man.
Till she breathless droops, pale, and blight -
- ed, See her,..... see her, the brown Ma- no - la there, Force- less fall, force- less,
- ed, See her,..... see her, the brown Ma- no - la there, Force- less fall, force- less,
rit.
Faint- ing for air. Ah!.....
Faint- ing for air.....
suivez.


f
But pleas- ure's call her still pur - su -
f
But pleas- ure's call her still pur - su -
- ing, Life..... she re - sumes, her vi- gor all
- ing, Life..... she re - sumes, her vi - gor all re -
re - new - ing,..... Joy - ous..... ver - ti -
f
- new - ing,..... Joy - ous.... ver - ti -
f
mf

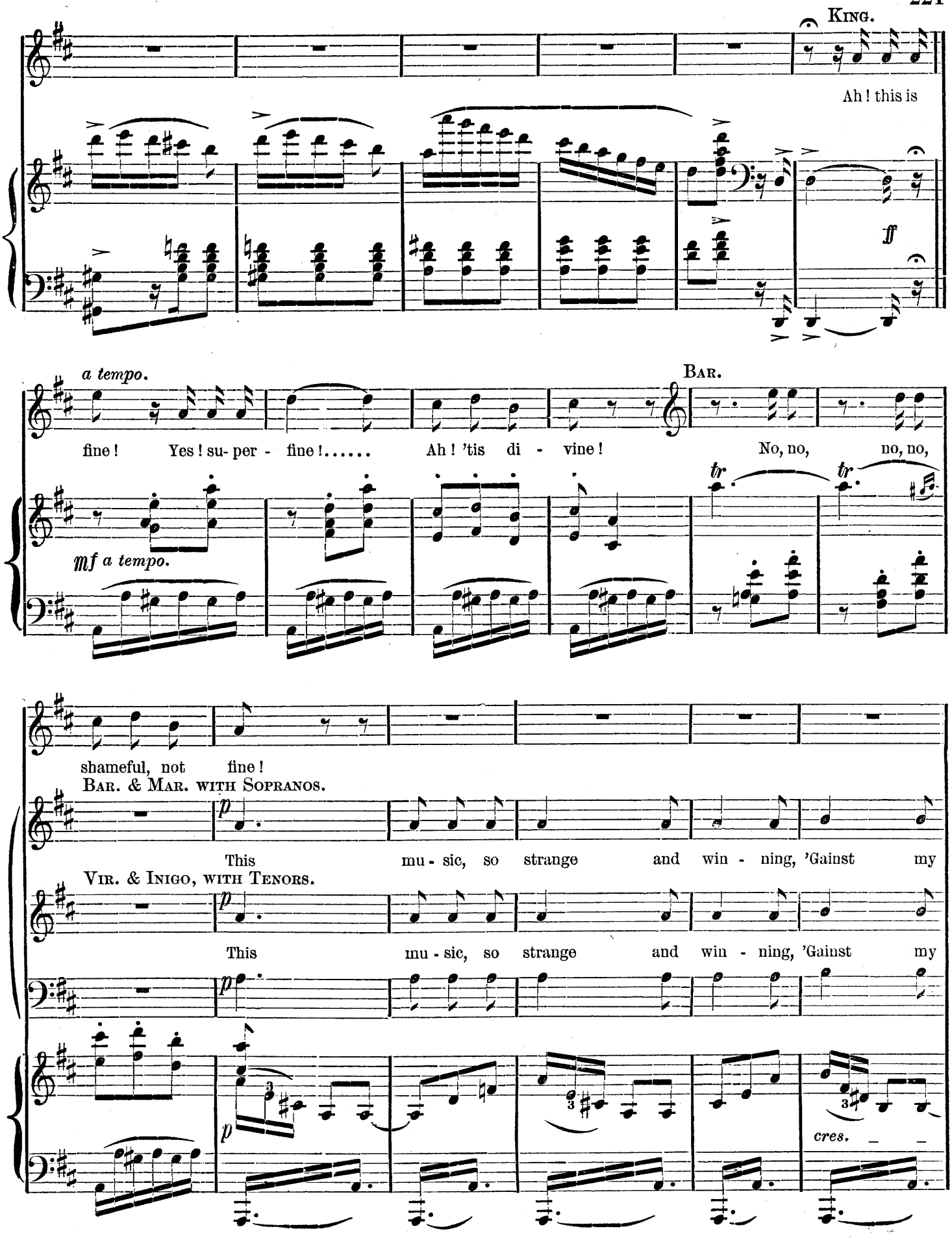
- go, The Ma - no - - las all en - trance, By their gay dance!

- go, The Ma - no - - las all en - trance, By their gay dance!

DANCE.

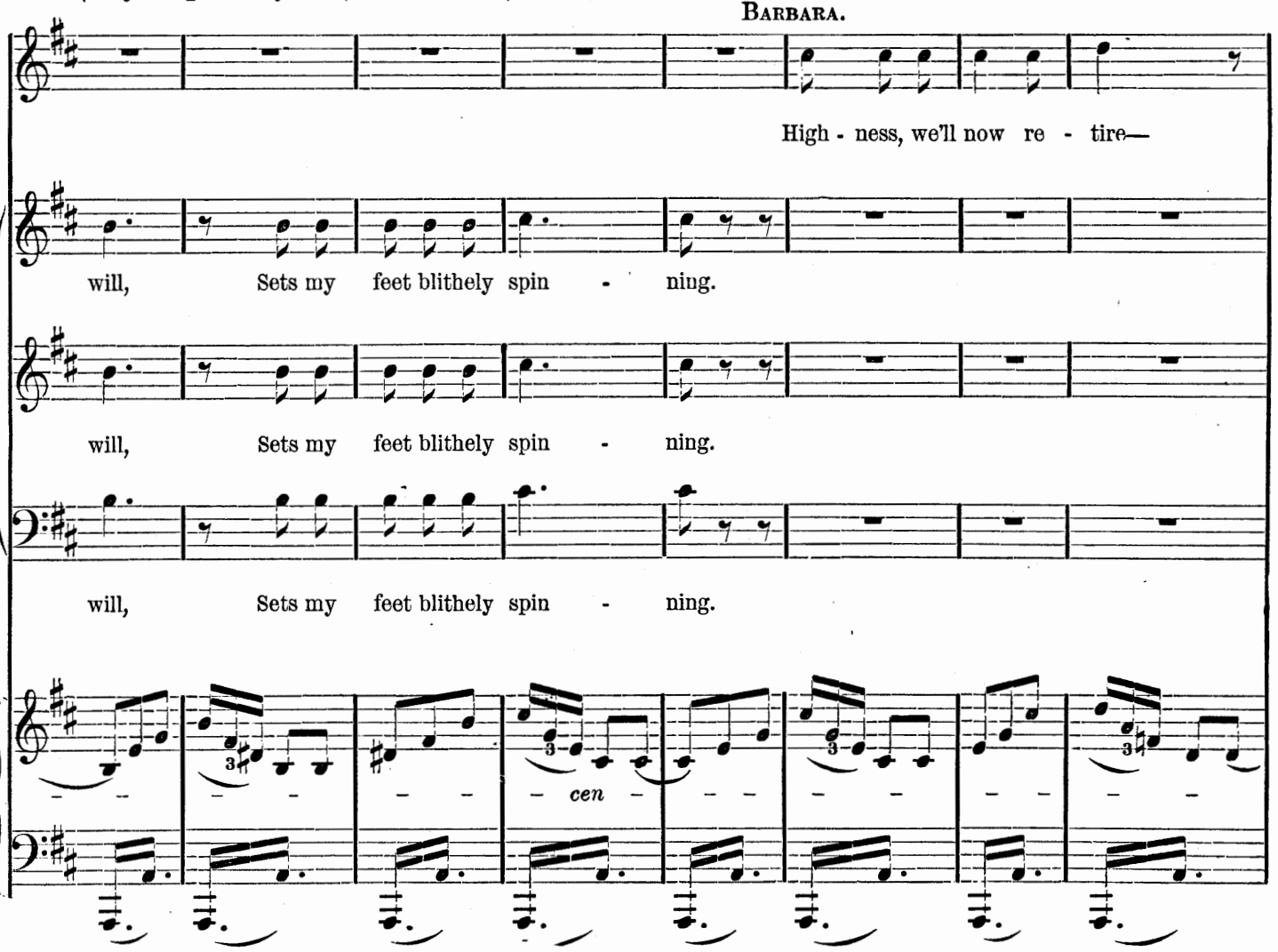
ff

accelerando.

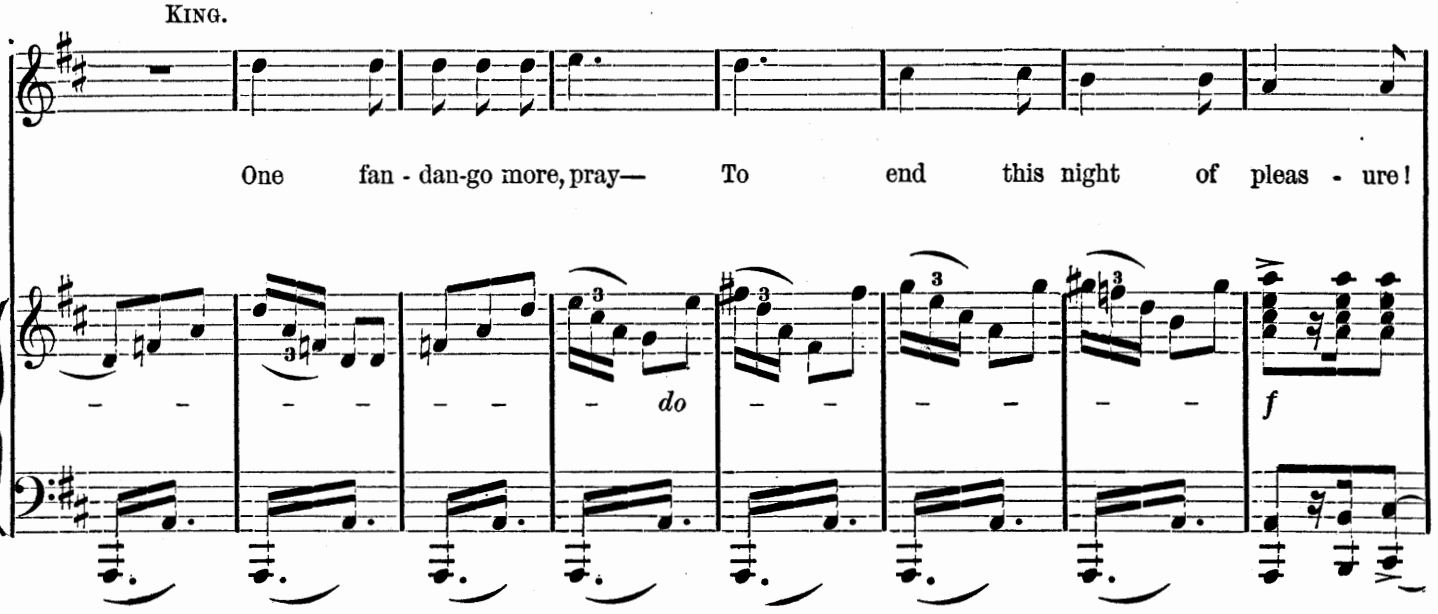

King.
Ah! this is
ff
a tempo.
Bar.
fine! Yes! su- per - fine!..... Ah! 'tis di - vine! No, no, no, no,
tr
tr
mf a tempo.
shameful, not fine!
Bar. & Mar. with Sopranos.
p
This mu - sic, so strange and win - ning, 'Gainst my
Vir. & Inigo, with Tenors.
p
This mu - sic, so strange and win - ning, 'Gainst my
p
3
3
3
cres.

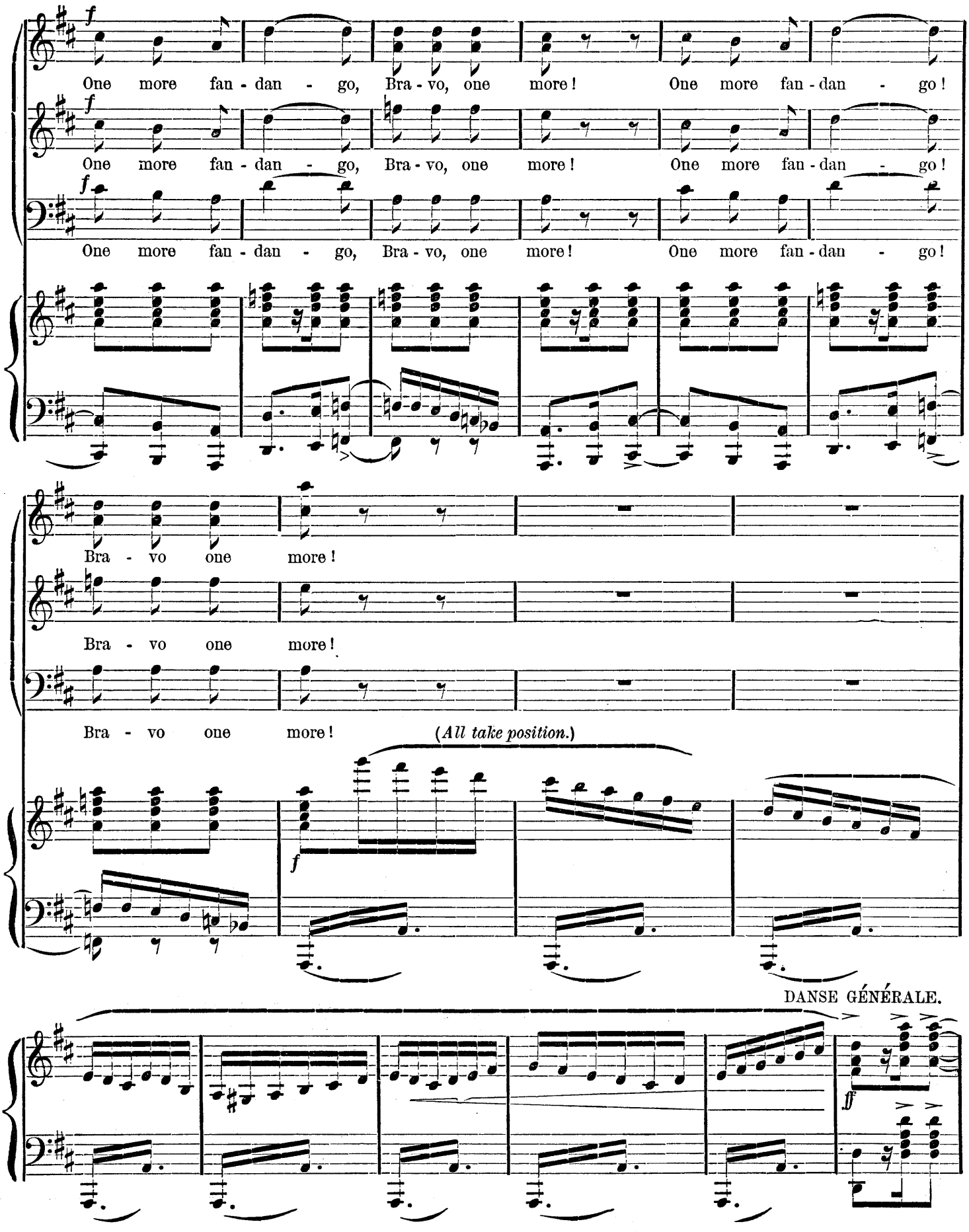
(They stamp on the ground, to the measure.)

BARBARA.

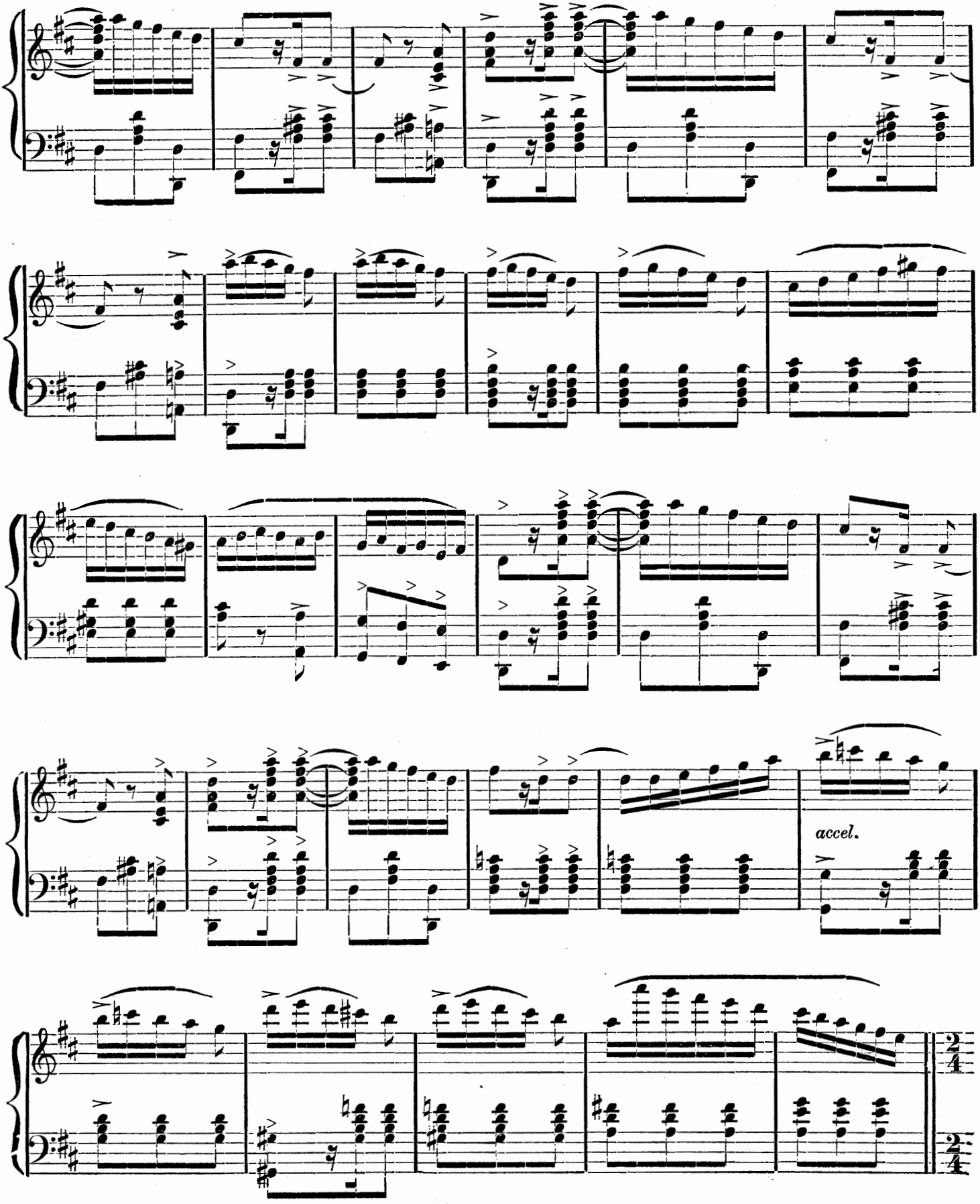


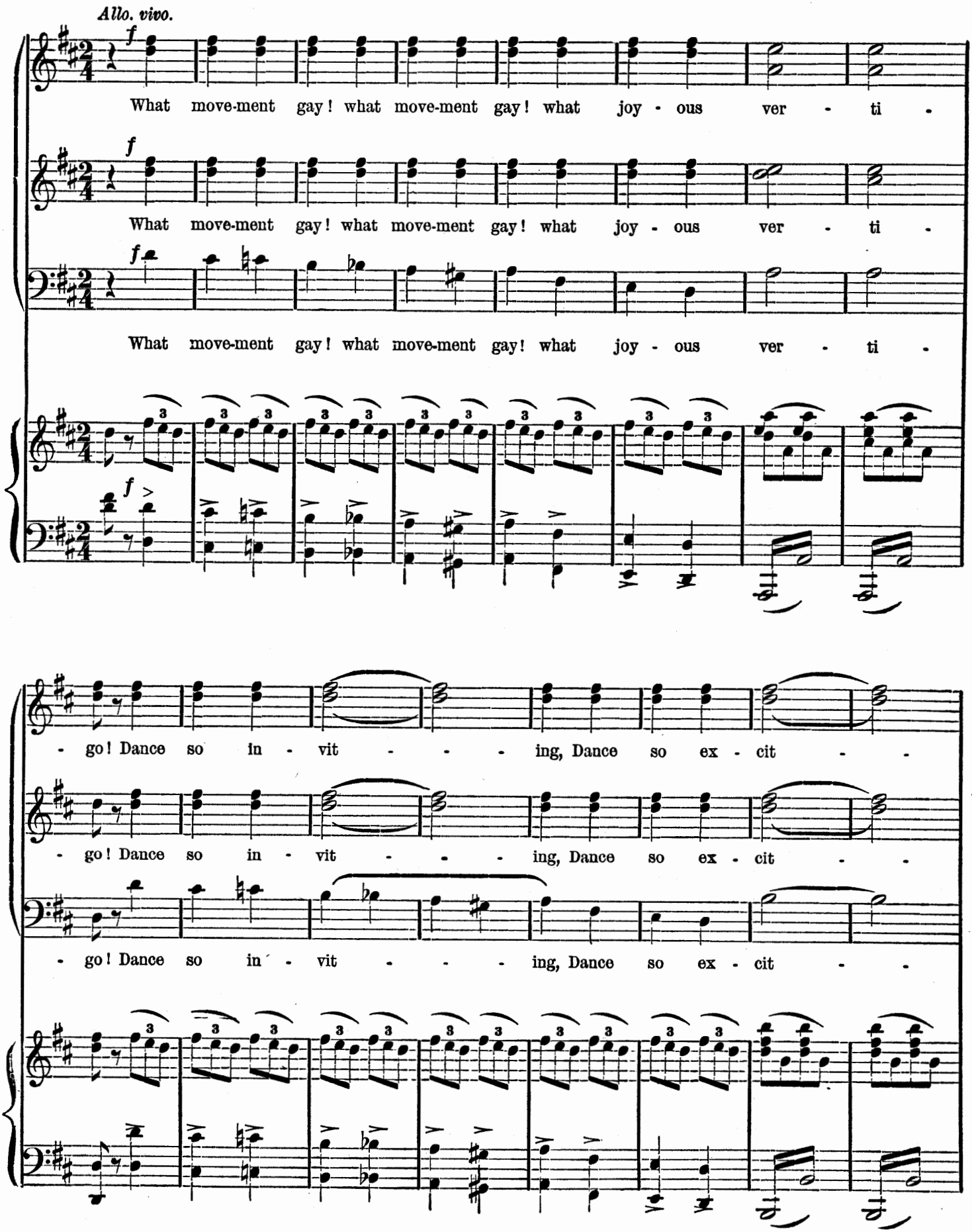
KING.

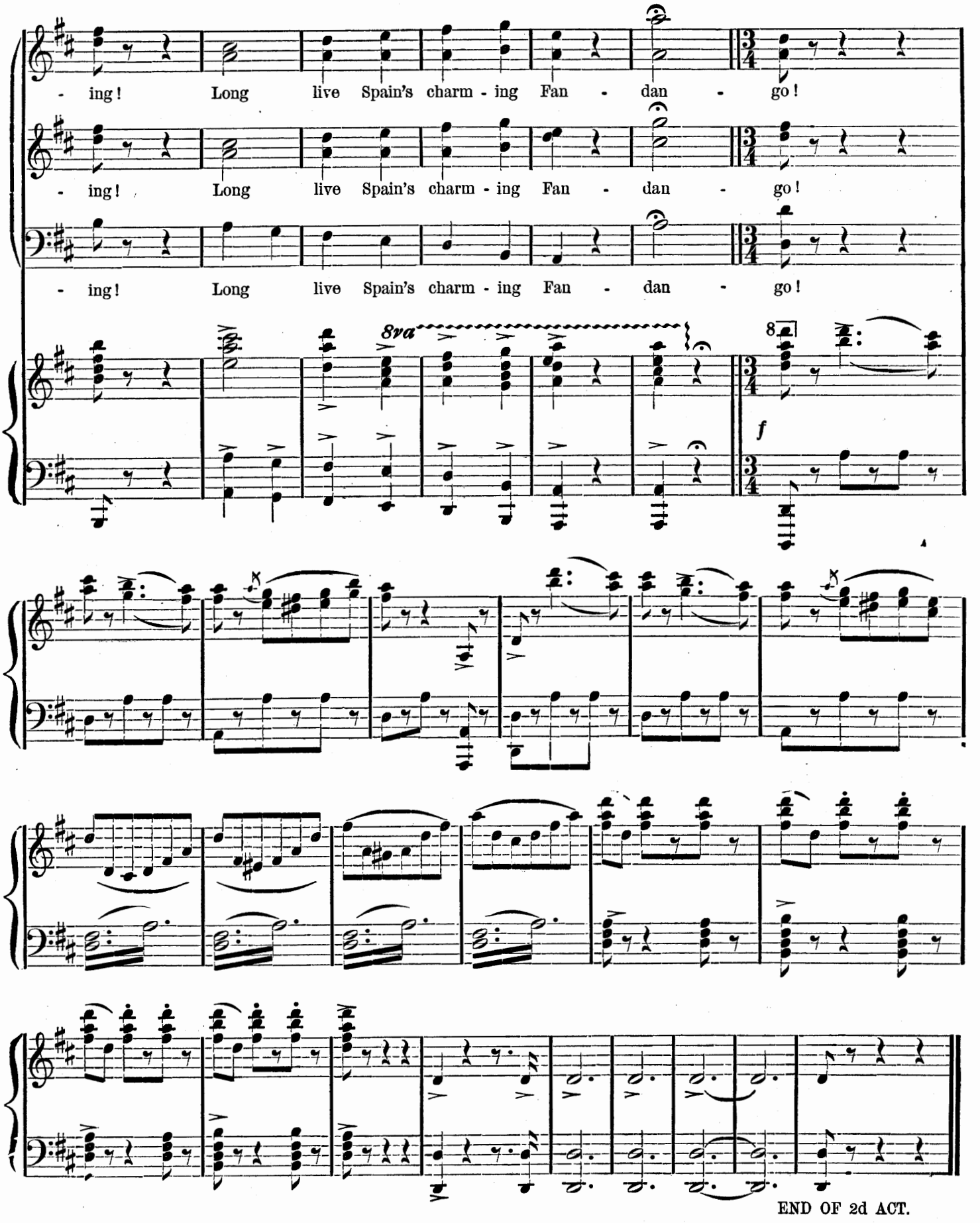



One more fan - dan - go, Bra - vo, one more! One more fan - dan - go!
One more fan - dan - go, Bra - vo, one more! One more fan - dan - go!
One more fan - dan - go, Bra - vo, one more! One more fan - dan - go!
Bra - vo one more!
Bra - vo one more!
Bra - vo one more!
(All take position.)
DANSE GÉNÉRALE.

Dance resumed by every one. Inigo dances at the left with Barbara, who finally joins in—Viroflay. at the right with Mariquita—Mariana and Manoël in the middle. The King mounts the steps and looks on.




Allo. vivo.
What move-ment gay! what move-ment gay! what joy - ous ver - ti -
What move-ment gay! what move-ment gay! what joy - ous ver - ti -
What move-ment gay! what move-ment gay! what joy - ous ver - ti -
- go! Dance so in - vit - - - ing, Dance so ex - cit - -
- go! Dance so in - vit - - - ing, Dance so ex - cit - -
- go! Dance so in - vit - - - ing, Dance so ex - cit - -


- ing! Long live Spain's charm - ing Fan - dan - go!
- ing! Long live Spain's charm - ing Fan - dan - go!
- ing! Long live Spain's charm - ing Fan - dan - go!
8va
8
f

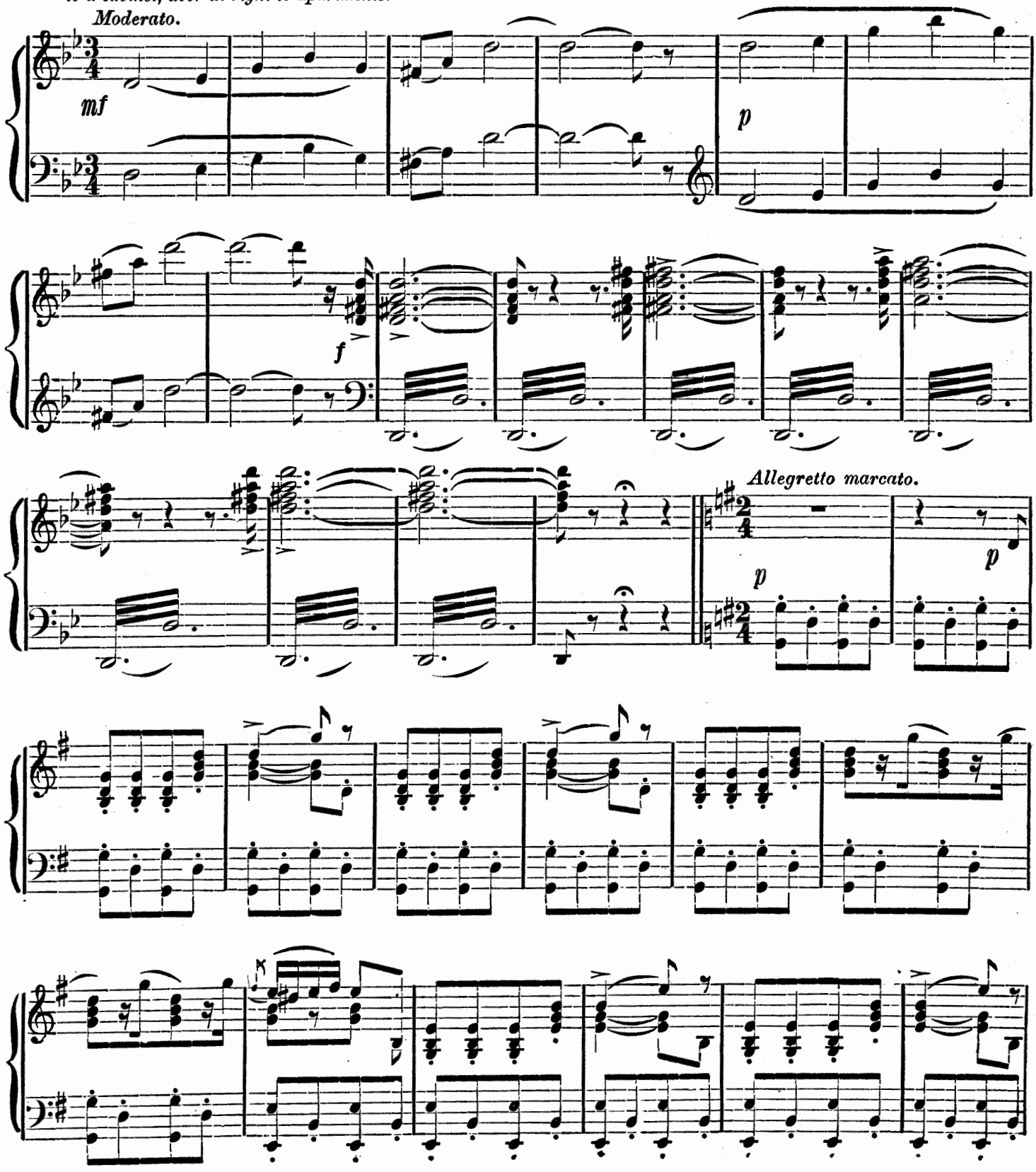
END OF 2d ACT.

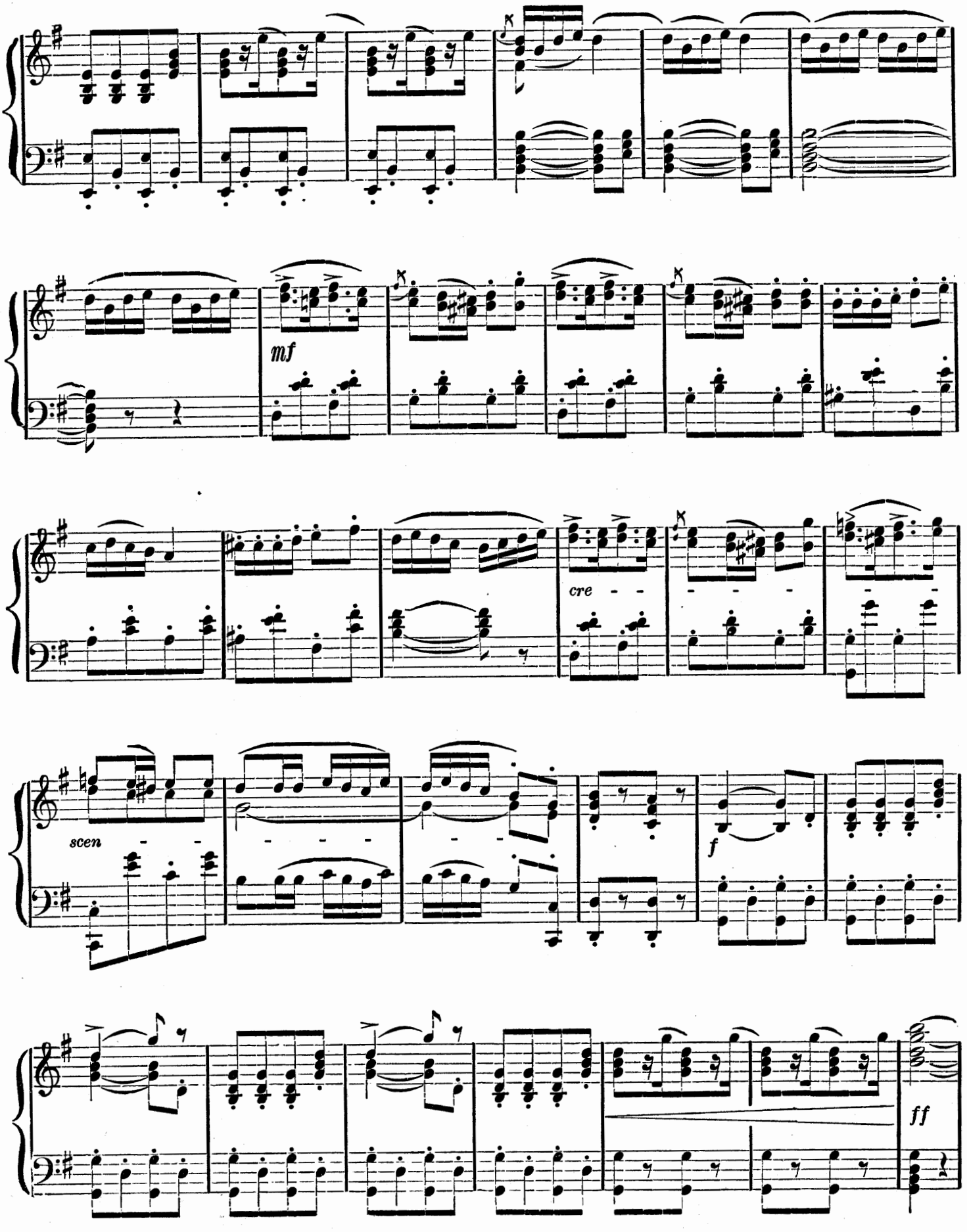
ACT III.

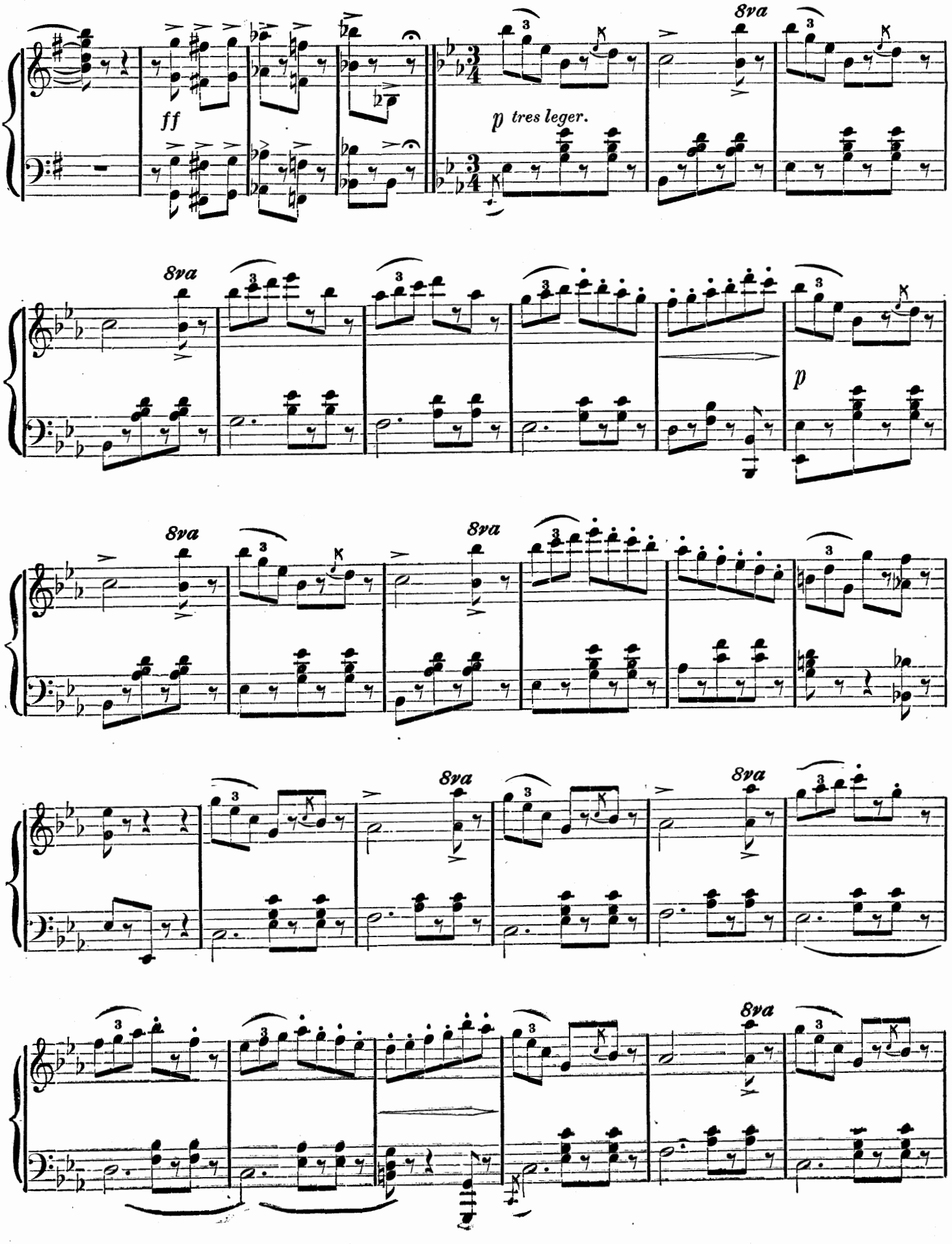
ENTR'ACTE.

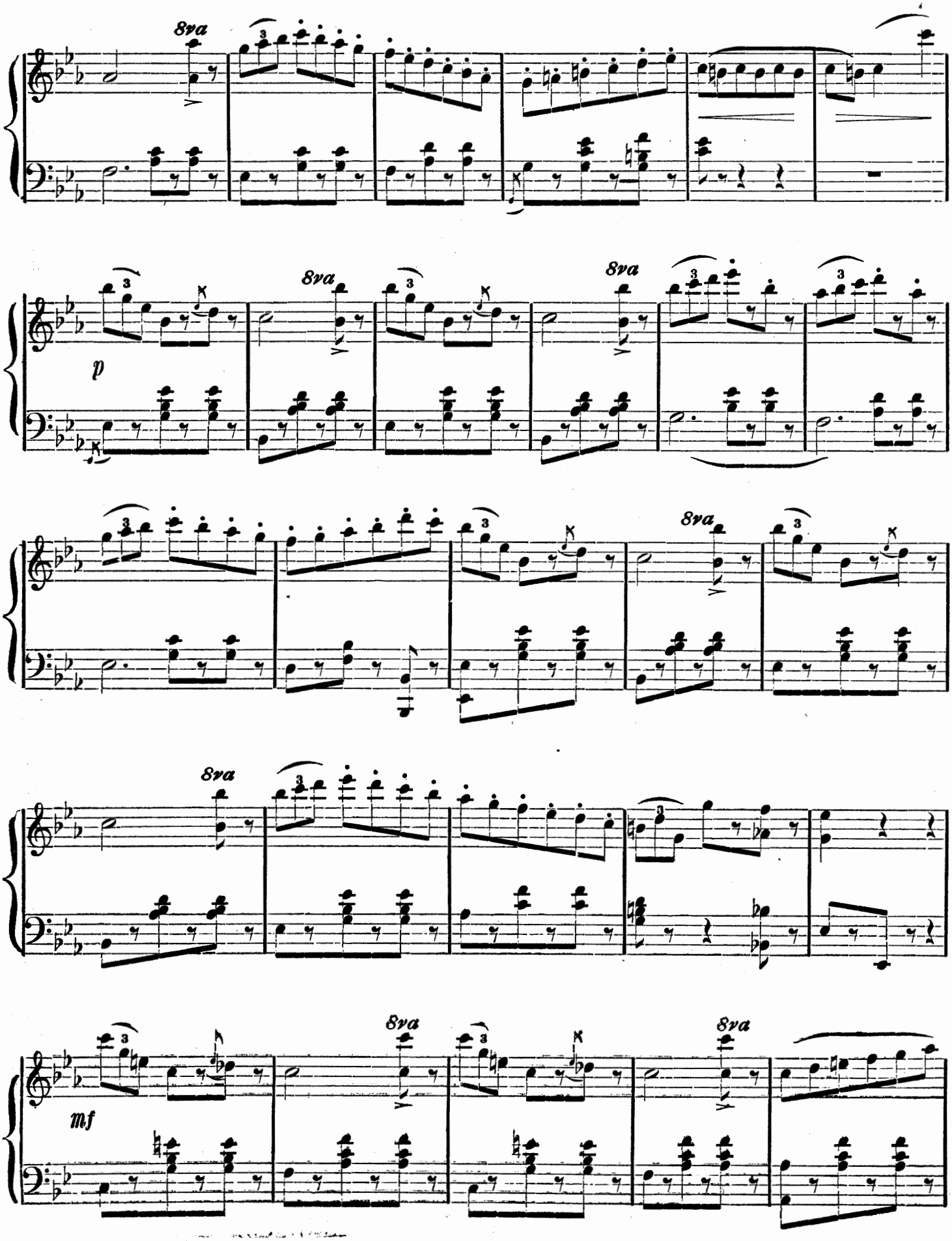
1st. TABLEAU.

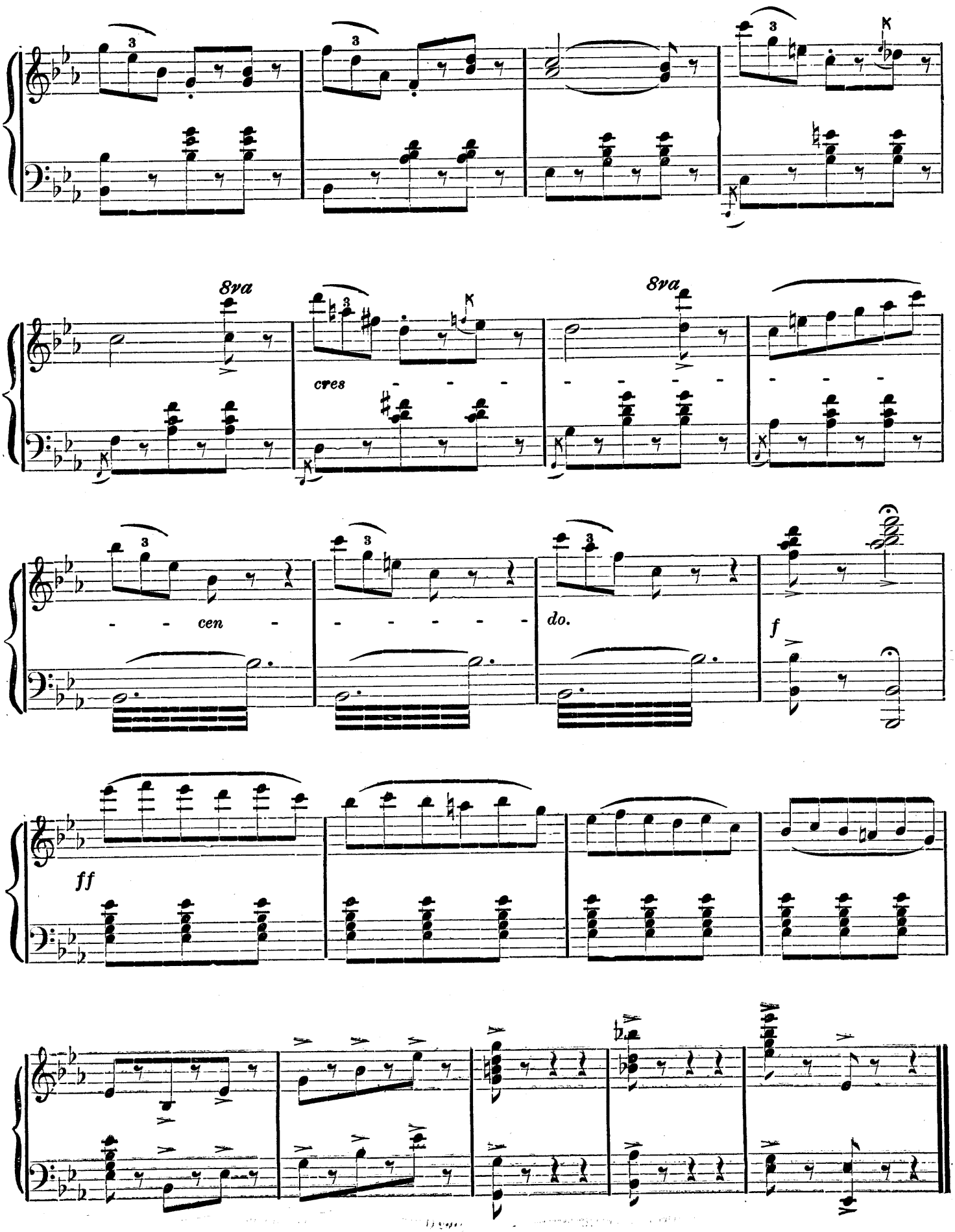
The boudoir of the INFANTA *at the Louvre, very elegant. At the right, a toilette; at left, a round table. Easy chairs and seats, door at the back. Windows at the left; door at left leading to* INFANTA'S *apartments, another door same side, opening to a cabinet, door at right to apartments.*




mf
cre
scen
f
ff


8va
ff
p tres leger.
8va
p
8va
8va
8va
8va
8va


8va
8va
8va
p
8va
8va
8va
mf


8va
cres
8va
- - cen -
do.
f
ff

(*At the rising of the curtain,* ALV. *stands bowing at the door on the left, which he holds half open.*)

ALV. Yes, highness, I am coming. (*Lets the door close.*) Oh, good Lord!

BAR. (*Coming from* R.) What is it!

ALV. Oh, madame! her highness! She has almost beaten me. (*Goes out.*)

BAR. (*Advancing.*) We must look into this.

MARIQ. (*Coming hastily from* L.) Some vanilla. Yes, highness, I am coming. (*Noise of breaking vessels is heard.*)

BAR. What is that noise?

MARIQ. Her highness throwing her Japanese vases into the fireplace. Oh, since we left Rambouillet to come and stay at the Louvre, she is angry all the time.

BAR. Why?

MARIQ. You well know.

BAR. My high functions compel me to ignore it. I'll go and assure myself.

MARIQ. Yes, go in; you will be well received.

BAR. Impertinent! Be off!

MARIQ. I am going to bring her highness' chocolate. (*Goes out.*)

MAR. (*Entering hastily.*) No! Things cannot go on thus, I'll complain to the king!

BAR. Highness, I pray you——

MAR. Leave me tranquil!

BAR. I cannot authorise such language!

MAR. Not authorise it? 'Tis all the same to me. Protest even, if you wish!

BAR. Certainly—I do protest!

MAR. Then you are content—well! I am angry, and want to cry—to break things.

BAR. Again! Oh, Lord! And when I think it is that miserable little Portuguese!——

MAR. (*Rushing upon her.*) I forbid you to insult Manoël!

BAR. (*Recoiling.*) You forbid me? Me! the first maid-of-honor, who has just sacrificed herself for you!

MAR. Ah, that is right—your marriage with Dom Inigo. (*Laughs.*)

MARIQ. (*Enters carrying a cup of chocolate.*) Highness, your chocolate.

MAR. (*Without attending.*) 'Tis well!

BAR. (*Taking a pinch of snuff.*) Is this really the daughter of my king?

MAR. That is it! There you are, mounted upon your grand battle-horse! Daughter of the king! Very well! I have enough of it myself—being the king's daughter—because I have a heart, and wish to make use of it. You understand me, madame. and because I am in love!

BAR. In love! And etiquette! (*Takes out snuff-box, and opens it.*)

MAR. Ah, you set my teeth on edge with your etiquette! Stay!

(*Knocks over snuff-box, and the snuff falls into the chocolate.* MAR. *does not observe it.*)

BAR. A snuff-box which came to me from your father! (*Picks it up.*)

MARIQ. (*Coming down.*) Highness, you know the Cardinal is furious against you.

MAR. (*Laughing.*) Ah yes! The wig story!

BAR. An Infanta of Spain playing shuttlecock with the wig of a prince of the church! What scandal!

MAR. (*Laughing.*) And the duke of Bourbon—yesterday, at the king's game, we laughed well—I made him take sugar-plums from my slipper. (*Laughs.*)

BAR. Madame, you will never be queen of France!

MAR. Ah, good Barbara, let me embrace you for that speech! Not Queen of France? What happiness! You hear, Mariquita?

BAR. The Cardinal suspects something; for, under the severest penalties, the entrance to the Louvre is forbidden to Manoël.

MAR. Yes, I know it; but if Manoël is refused admittance, his governor, Dom Inigo, the husband of your choice, is in like position. Poor duchess, you must suffer greatly!

BAR. Highness, you fail of respect for me! You know that I should have procured this order from my chief; for it has saved me from embarrassment of that man! Come, madame—back to you—here is your book of prayers. Draw thence the pious thoughts which will restore you from your wanderings.

MAR. The book of prayers? Stay! See what I will do with it.

(*Throws it out of window.*)

BAR. Sacrilege!

MAR. (*Rushing upon* BAR.) And as for you, madame!——

BAR. (*Recoiling affrighted.*) Would you throw me, too, out of the window!

MAR. Fear nothing! Be so good as to render me a service! Inform the diplomatic corps that I have an important communication to make!

BAR. I hope, madame, that it is serious, and that you would not fail of respect to the foreign powers!

MAR. Excessively serious! Go, Duchess!

BAR. And that you will not forget that you are granddaughter to Louis XIV.

MAR. That is understood. (*Aside.*) I must quarrel with all Europe!

(BAR. *goes out.*)

MAR. Meanwhile, Mariquita, sit you down there. (MARIQ. *sits down at table.*)

MARIQ. Yes, highness.

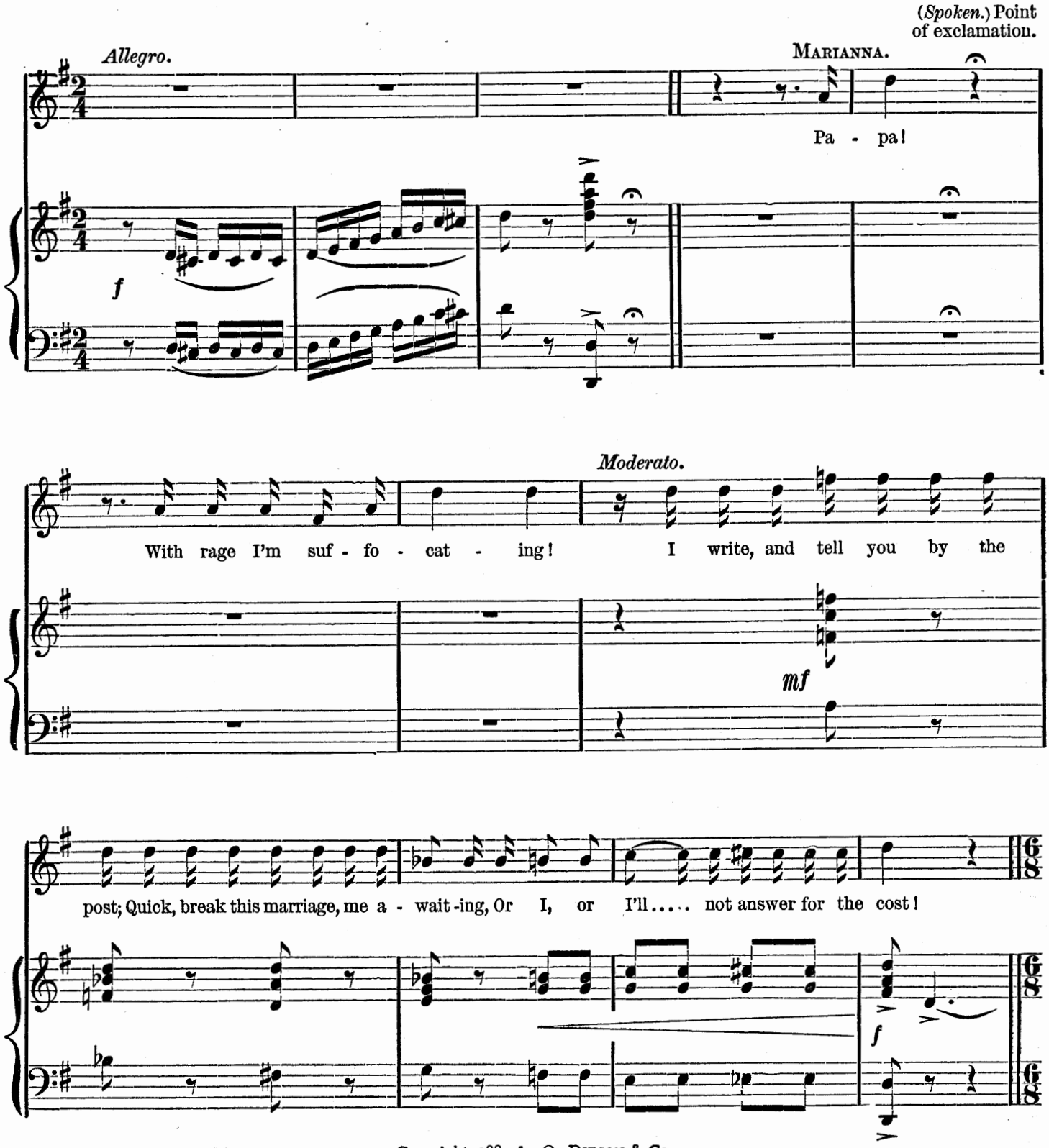
MAR. I am about to write to my father—I do not wish to be unhappy. Well, sit still, and take the pen.

MARIQ. I am ready, highness.

MAR. Write! I dictate.

WITH RAGE I'M SUFFOCATING.

No. 14. RONDO. Alvarez, Mariquita, Barbara, then Marianna,



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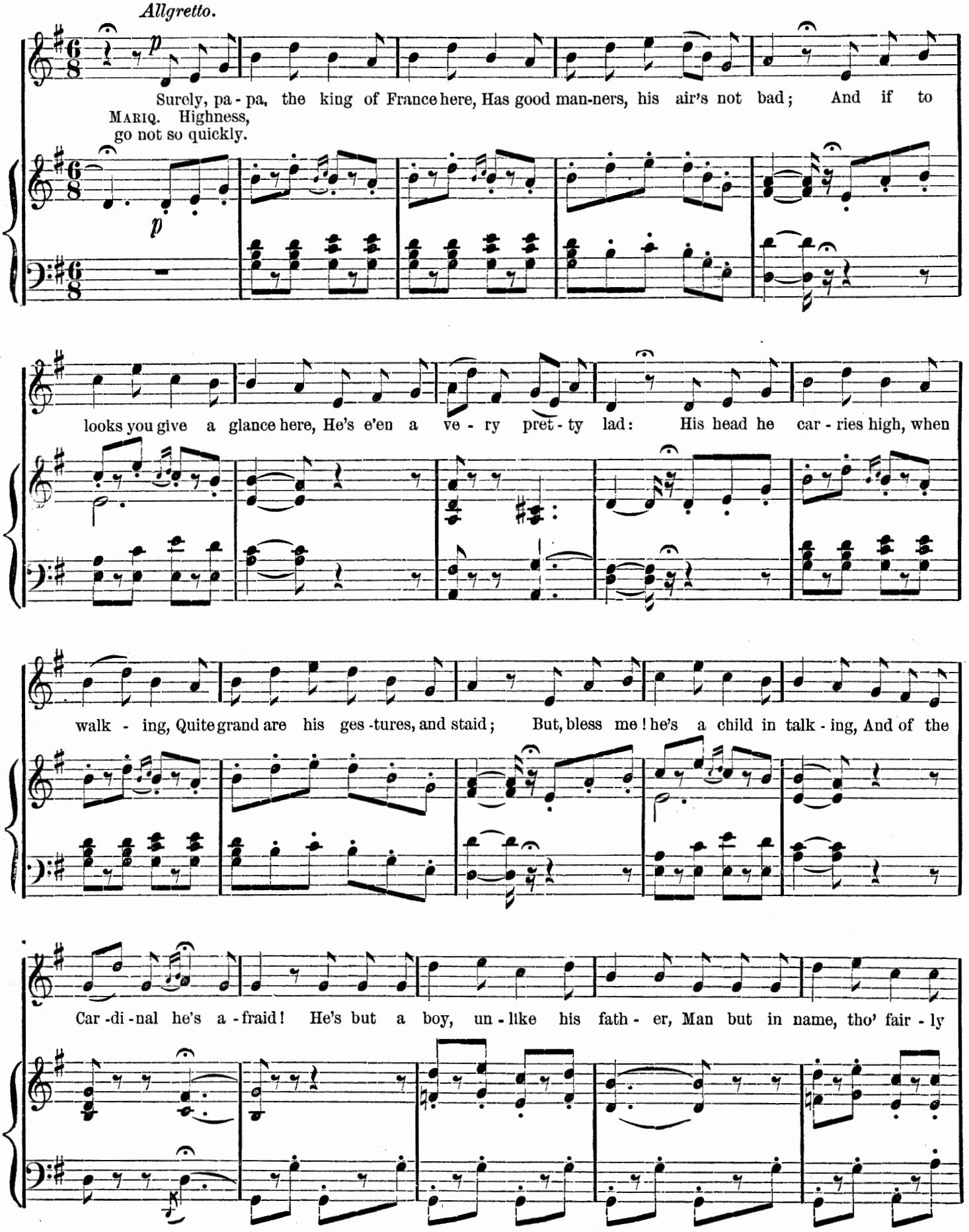
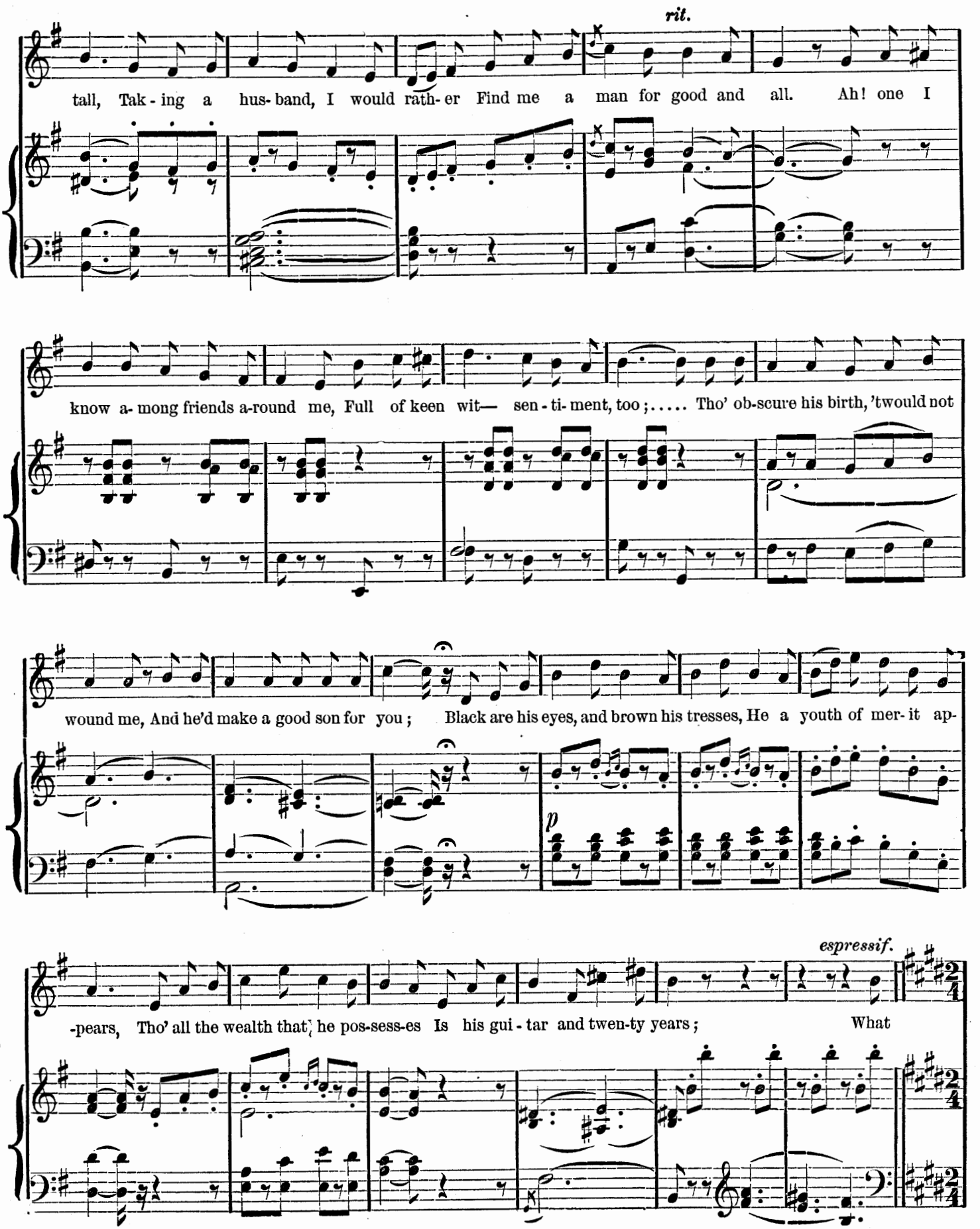
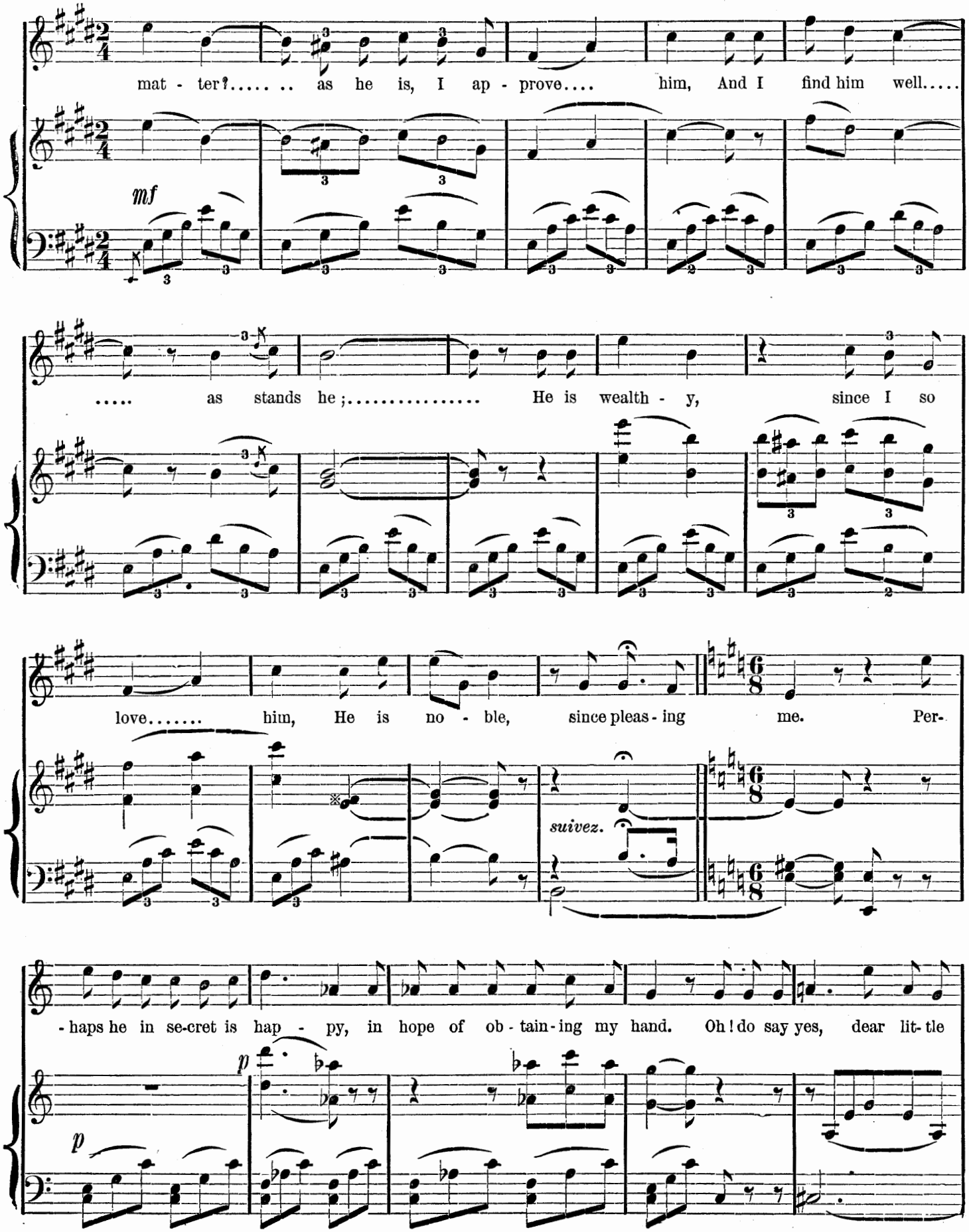
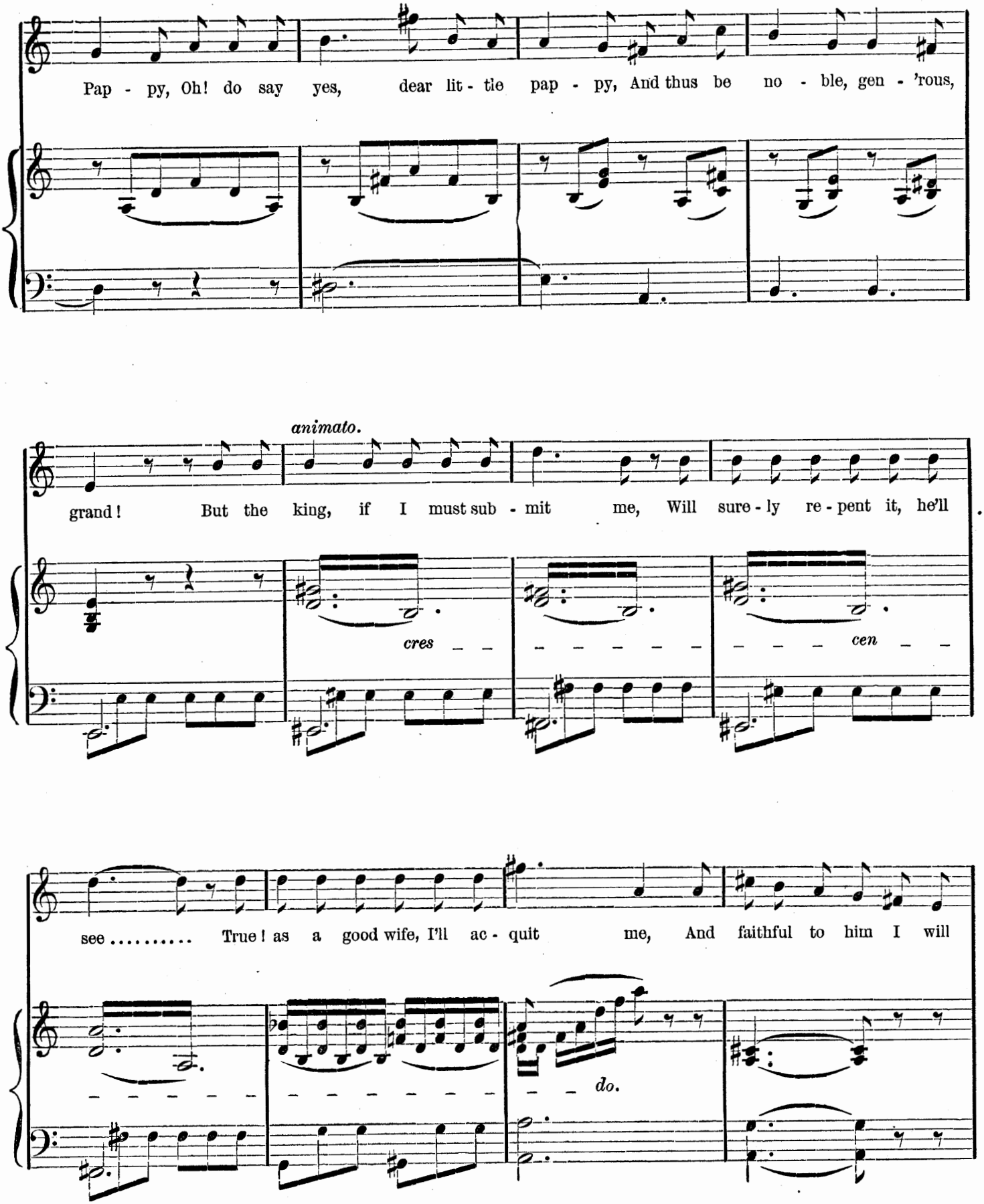
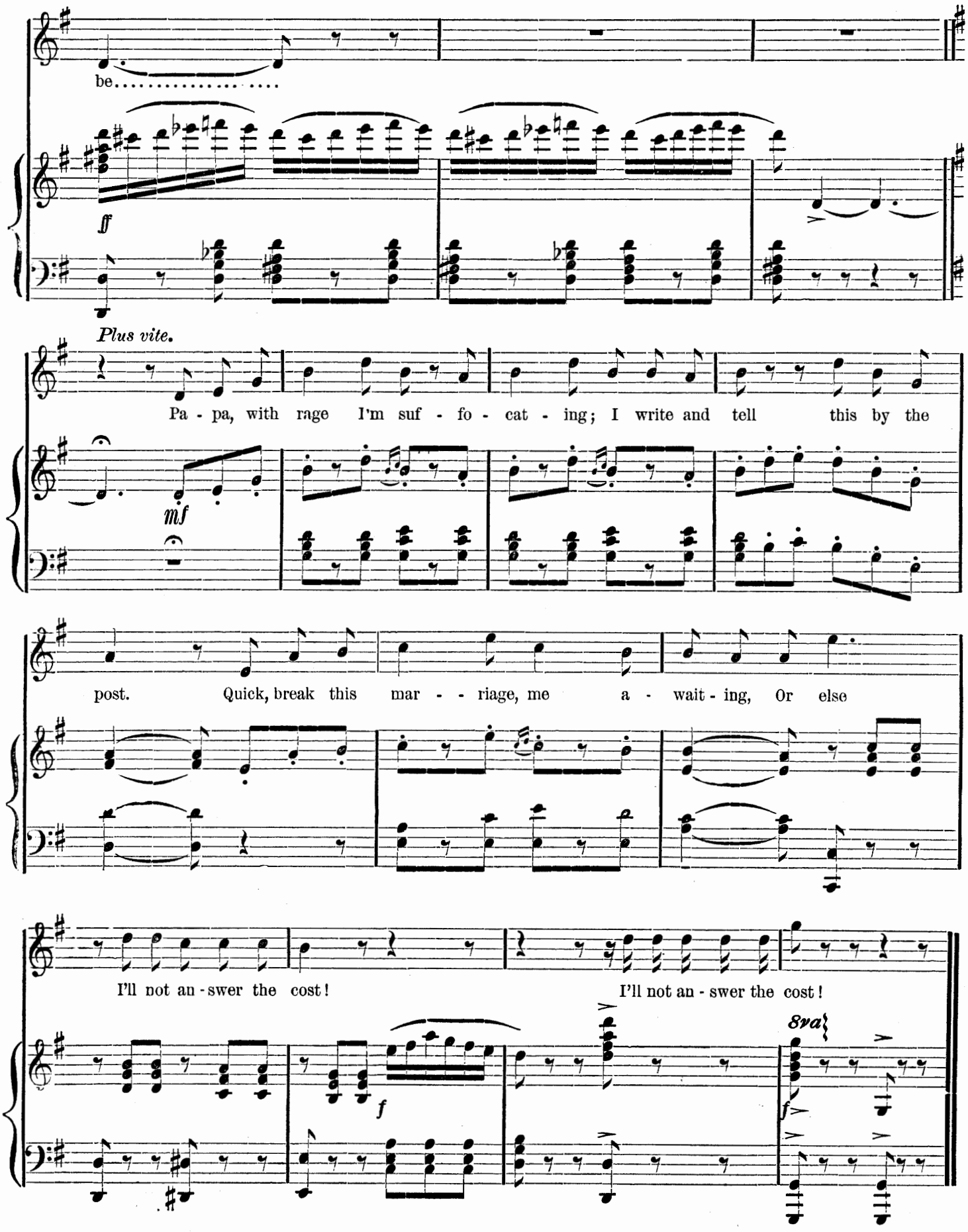
Allgretto.


Surely, pa - pa, the king of France here, Has good man-ners, his air's not bad; And if to
MARIQ. Highness,
go not so quickly.
looks you give a glance here, He's e'en a ve - ry pret - ty lad: His head he car - ries high, when
walk - ing, Quite grand are his ges - tures, and staid; But, bless me! he's a child in talk - ing, And of the
Car - di - nal he's a - fraid! He's but a boy, un - like his fath - er, Man but in name, tho' fair - ly


rit.
tall, Tak - ing a hus- band, I would rath- er Find me a man for good and all. Ah! one I
know a- mong friends a-round me, Full of keen wit— sen - ti- ment, too ;..... Tho' ob-scure his birth, 'twould not
wound me, And he'd make a good son for you ; Black are his eyes, and brown his tresses, He a youth of mer- it ap-
p
espressif.
-pears, Tho' all the wealth that he pos-sess-es Is his gui - tar and twen-ty years ; What


mat - ter?..... .. as he is, I ap - prove.... him, And I find him well.....
mf
..... as stands he ;..... He is wealth - y, since I so
love..... him, He is no - ble, since pleas - ing me. Per-
suivez.
- haps he in se-cret is hap - py, in hope of ob - tain - ing my hand. Oh ! do say yes, dear lit- tle
p
p


Pap - py, Oh! do say yes, dear lit - tle pap - py, And thus be no - ble, gen - 'rous,
animato.
grand! But the king, if I must sub - mit me, Will sure - ly re - pent it, he'll
cres
cen
see ..... True! as a good wife, I'll ac - quit me, And faithful to him I will
do.


be.....
ff
Plus vite.
Pa - pa, with rage I'm suf - fo - cat - ing; I write and tell this by the
mf
post. Quick, break this mar - - riage, me a - wait - ing, Or else
I'll not an - swer the cost!
I'll not an - swer the cost!
f
8va
f

PAGE. (*Announcing.*) The corps diplomatic!

MAR. (*To* MARIQ.) Retire!

MARIQ. (*Carrying table against wall at* L.) Yes, highness. [*Goes out.*

MAR. (*Aside, seeing the Ambassadors enter.*) Poor people! 'Tis not their fault!

VIR. Highness, we come hither at your orders. (*They bow.*)

MAR. (*Seated.*) Good morning, gentlemen.

VIRO. If your highness allows, I will tell her what I have smelt out. I have a powerful scent and I am never deceived.

MAR. Let us see about it, monsieur Usher.

VIRO. It is to recompense our loyal services, and the ribbon of the order.

MAR. Your scent is in default.

VIRO. It would be the first time!

MAR. Come now, messieurs, speak frankly—what think you of my marriage with the king?

SEY. What do we think of it?

VIRO. Why, it is a gigantic conception!

PER. To unite the Bourbons of Spain with the Bourbons of France!

VIR. It is the greatest thought of the century! What an alliance! What a magnificent alliance!

ALL. Superb!

MAR. (*Aside.*) Wait! I am about to moderate your enthusiasm a little! (*Aloud.*) There's wind here!

VIR. I know what it is.

MAR. Well, take my chair and bring it further along.

VIR. What an honor!

MAR. No; not you. The little, dried-up fellow there!

PER. I! The ambassador of Poland!

MAR. Bah! Poland! A very small power!

PER. (*Aside.*) Oh, my noble country! (*Moves chair.*) And before my colleagues! What humiliation!

MAR. (*Seated.*) Then you find this marriage——

VIR. What an alliance! What a magnificent alliance!

ALL. Superb!

MAR. (*Aside.*) They hold to that. (*Aloud, with changed tone.*) 'Tis not comfortable here, decidedly! (*Rises.*) Bring me the chair. (VIR. *makes a movement.*) No; not you—the fat one! (*Pointing to* KRAC.)

KRAC. I! The representative of Austria!

MAR. Why, yes; hurry up! (KRAC. *brings chair. She stops.*) Oh, what a droll nose you have! (*Laughs.*)

KRAC. Highness! 'Tis a paternal heritage!

MAR. Ah, 'tis hereditary! All the worse!

KRAC. (*Aside.*) Oh, Charles-fifth, if you saw me!

MAR. (*Sitting down.*) Well, you are wrong, messieurs; for, once married, I have the intention of debarrassing myself of you all!

VIR. Debarrassing yourself of all Europe! Highness, you do not think of it!

MAR. What need I of Europe—I? To what does that lead, I ask you? England, for example——

SEY. (*Vexed.*) But, milady!

MAR. Ah, 'tis you England? Do you know how to dance the jig?

SEY. Highness, I was an old militaire. No campaigns, no wounds.

MAR. Ah, dance then--that will please me.

SEY. (*Furious.*) You make fun of me! (MAR. *laughs,*)

MAR. (*To* VIR) Monsieur the count?

VIR. Highness!

MAR. Go bring me my chocolate.

VIR. What honor! (*Aside.*) Fear not being flattened out so long as there are chances! (*Brings cup of chocolate.*)

MAR. (*Disposing herself to drink.*) There—'tis there. Take care not to tip it over. Well—(*Changing her mind.*) No, decidedly; Drink it yourself—you.

VIR. Your highness is very good. I have just come from the table, and——

MAR. All the same to me—drink!

VIR. With greatest pleasure! (*Drinks, aside.*) What a droll taste!

MAR. 'Tis good, is it not?

VIR. Excellent! (*Drinks again, aside.*) What a droll taste! (*Sneezes many times.*) Why does that chocolate make me sneeze?

MAR. Oh, what a funny face! (*Laughs.*)

VIR. Your highness deigns to make fun of a humble usher! [*Sneezes* What honor! I hope that the ribbon——

MAN. (*Aside, rising*) I seem to be still playing with my dolls, as in Spain. (*Moves toward the door of her apartment. Aloud.*) Now, messieurs, I thank you. The conference is terminated!

VIR. (*Surprised.*) How! Was it only to drink her chocolate that your highness called us together?

MAR. Is not that sufficient? I authorise you to render an account of it to your governments, messieurs!

(*She makes with her hand a sign of adieu, and enters her room laughing.*)

VIRO. 'Tis an audacity!

SEY. It is odious—abominable!

PER. Patience!

KRAC. We will avenge ourselves!

VIR. Vengeance, messieurs! Behold what distinguishes the diplomatic from the animal!

PER. 'Tis quite decided—this marriage shall be broken!

KRA. Let us go into council.

VIR. One moment! First, let us agree upon our choice for replacing the Infanta.

SEY. Yes; we must choose an English princess.

PER. Pardon. Polonaise!

KRAC. No—Austrian!

VIR. See, messieurs, we are not upon good ground. We have three princesses, when one would suffice.

PER. An idea! Let us play Biribi!

ALL. Biribi?

VIR. Well, the idea is not bad. The Infanta has played with us, let us do the same with her.

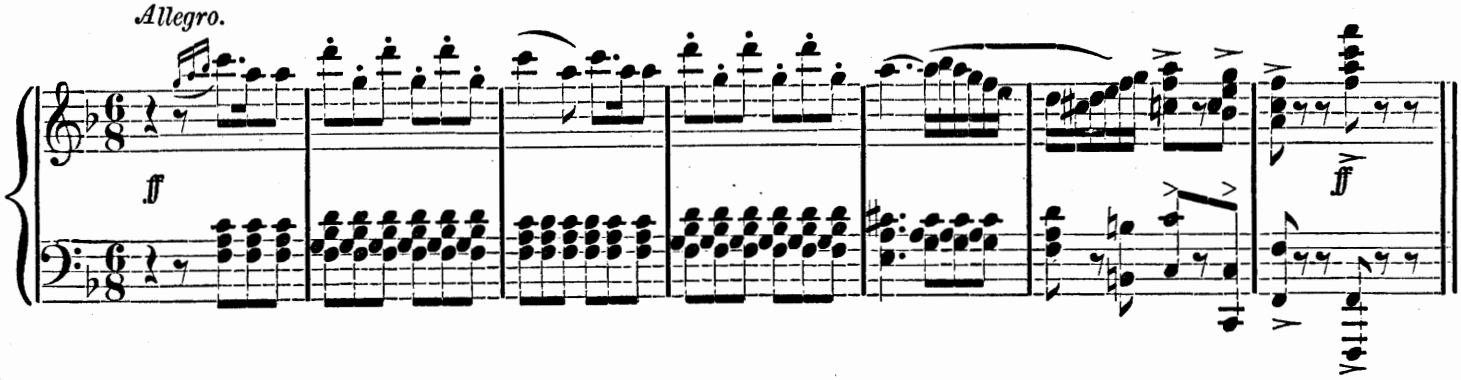
SEY. Biribi? Don't know it!

VIR. 'Tis the fashionable game. All the world plays it at Paris—bankers, judges,—even church people, as the scandal-mongers pretend.

SONG OF THE BIRIBI.

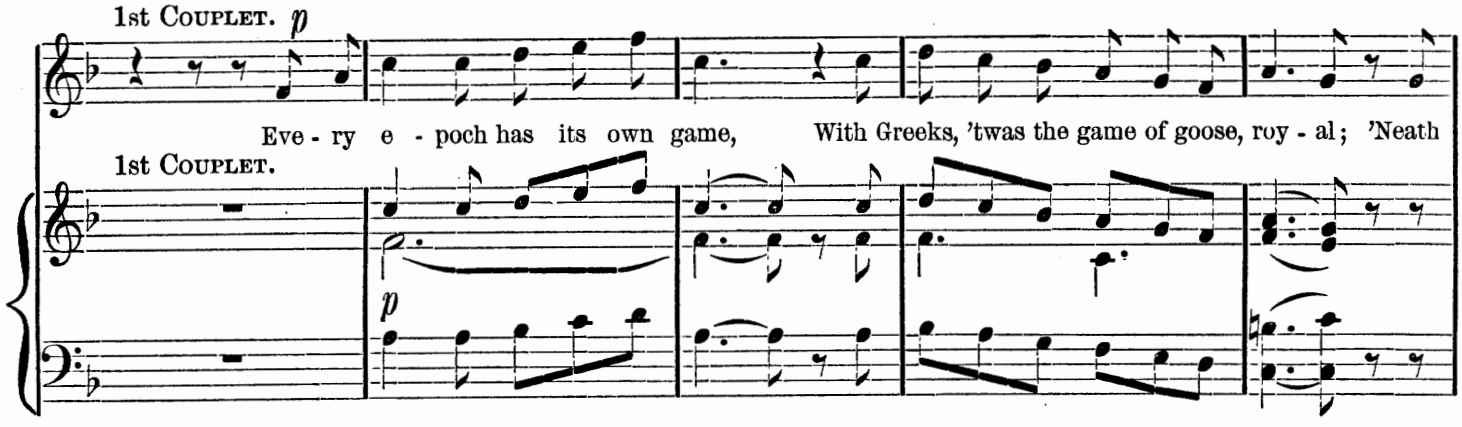
No. 15.

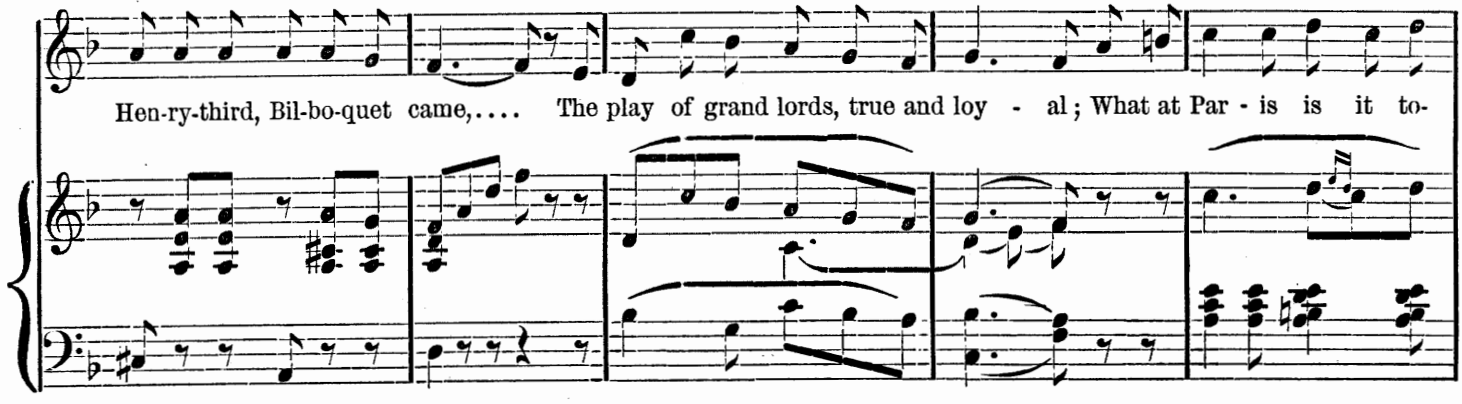
Allegro.

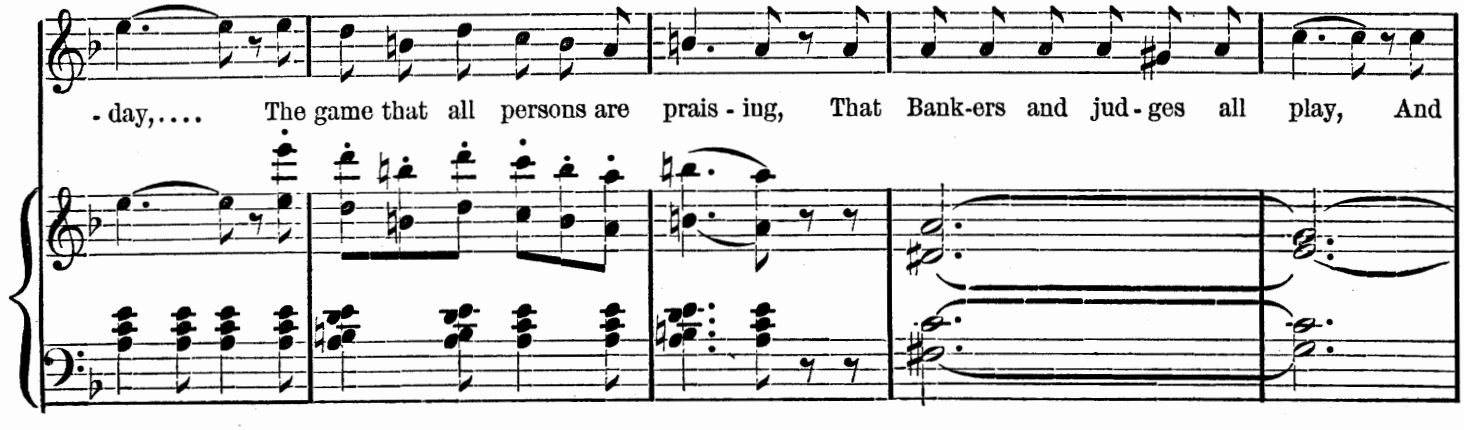


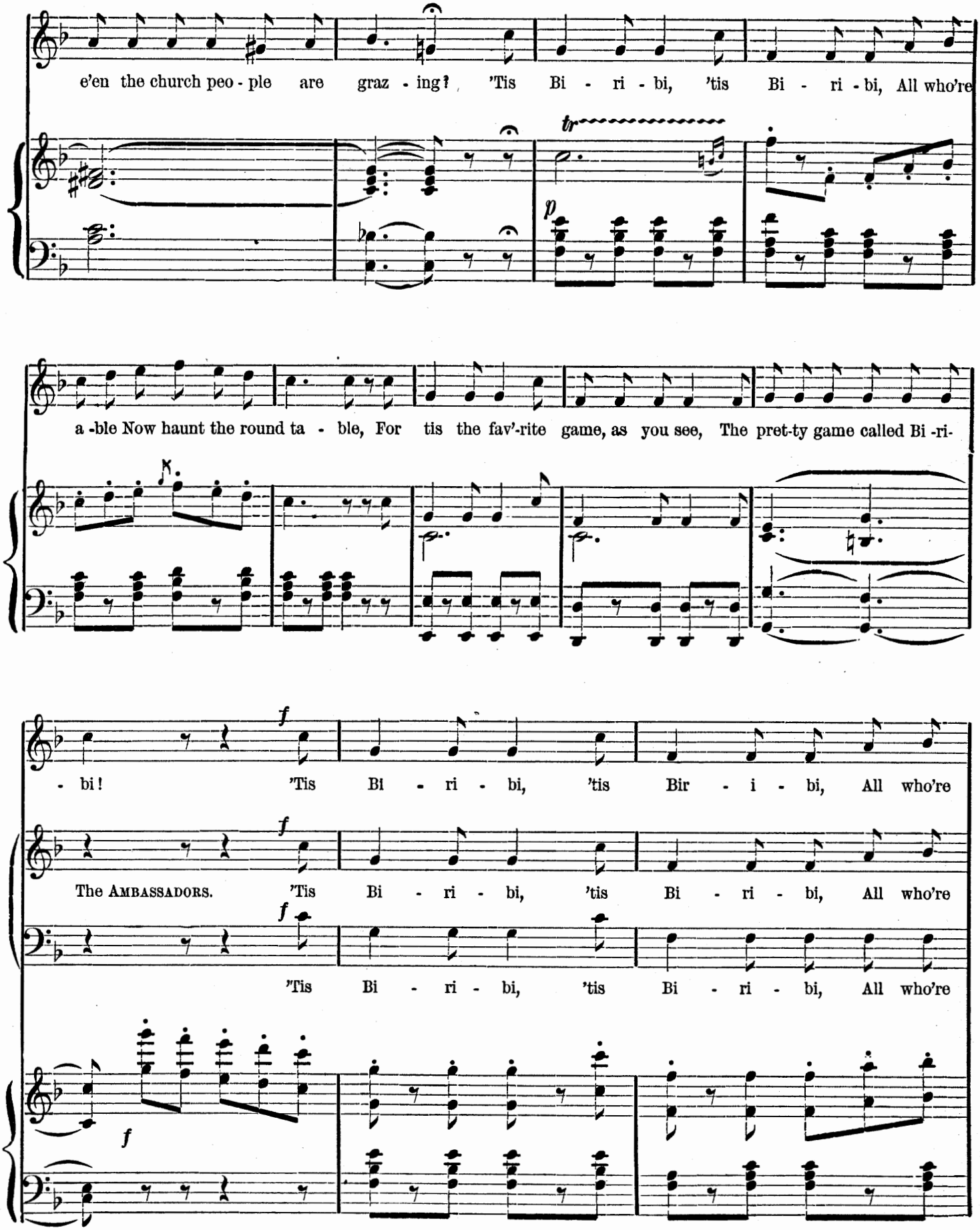
VIROFLAY.

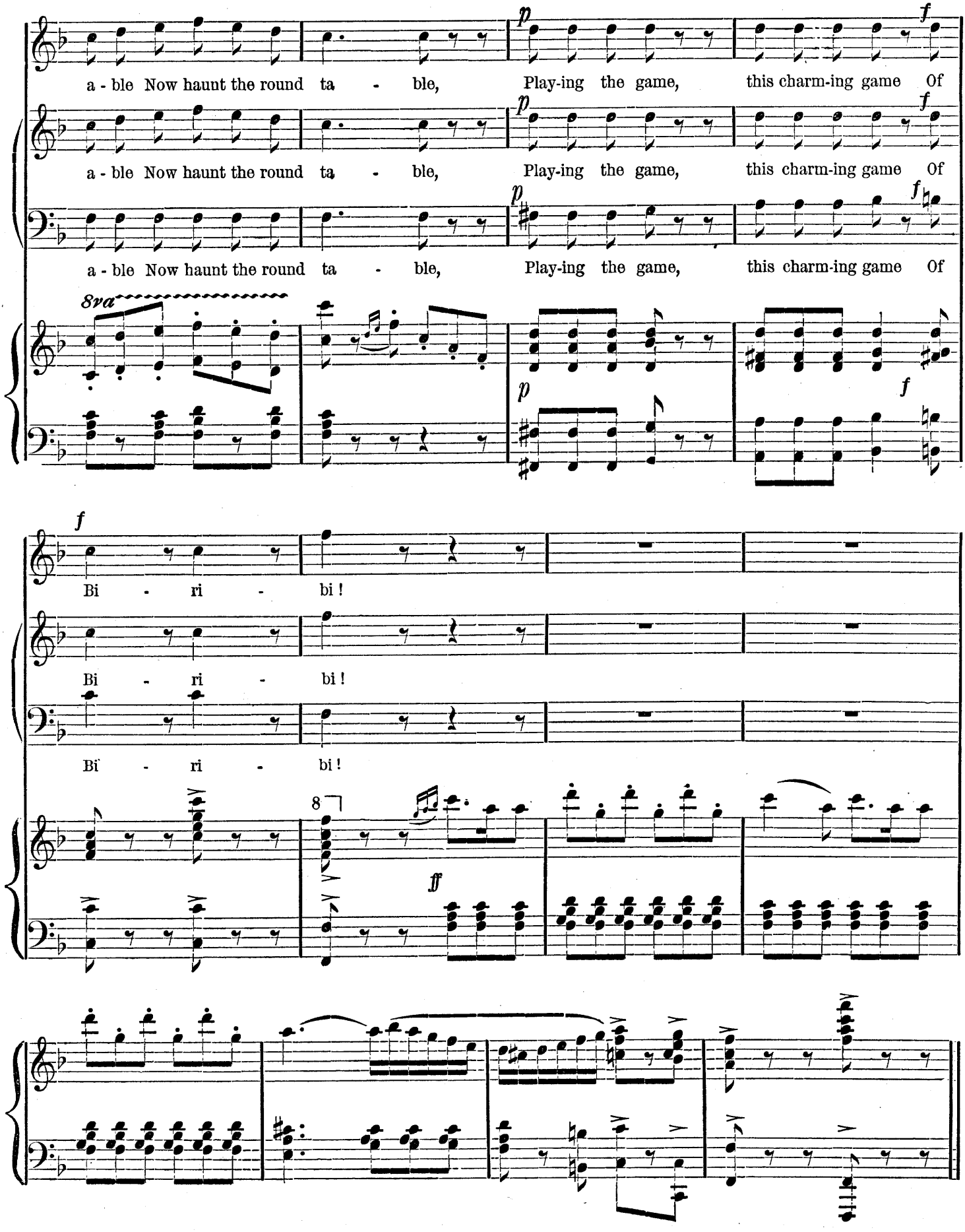
1st COUPLET.





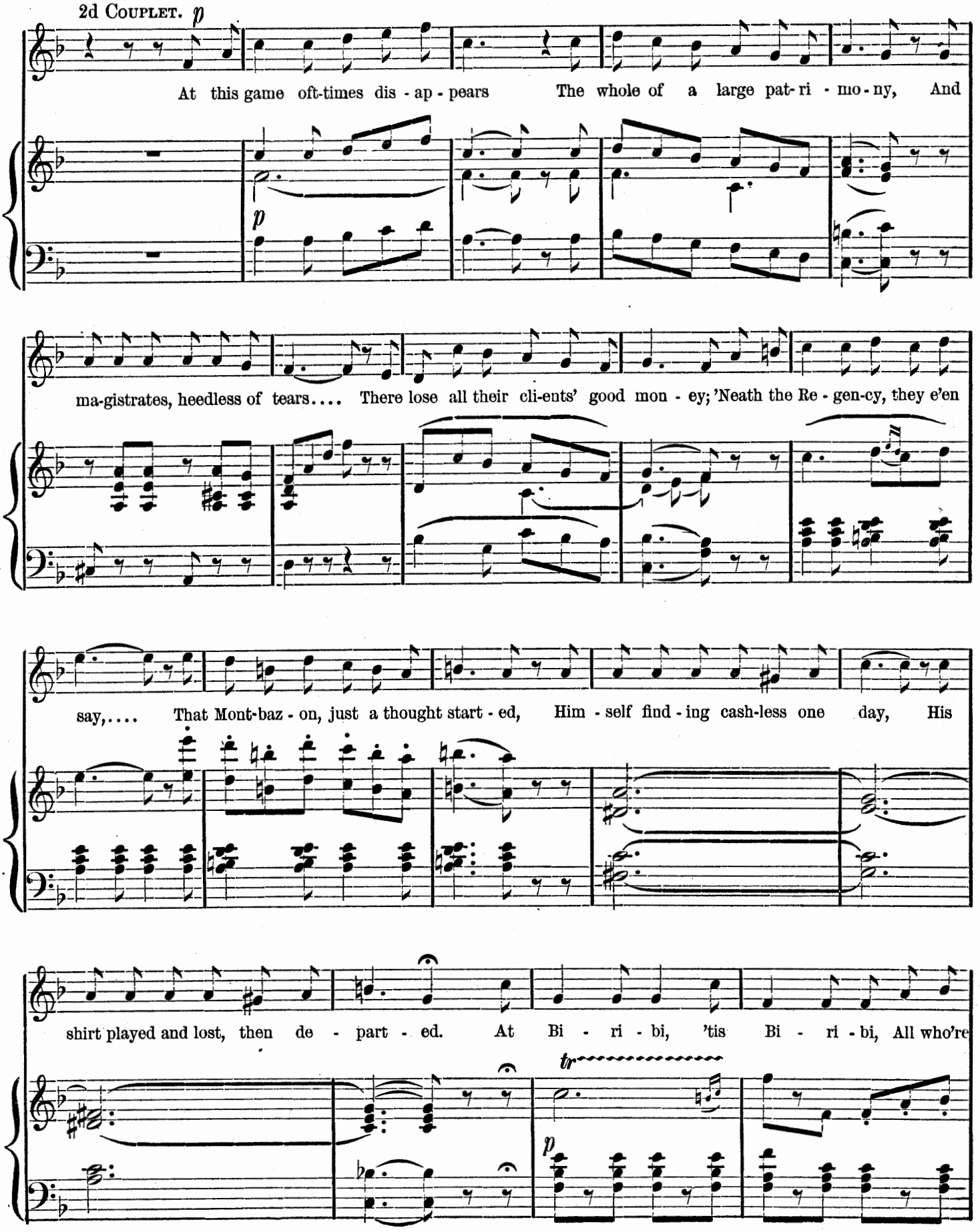


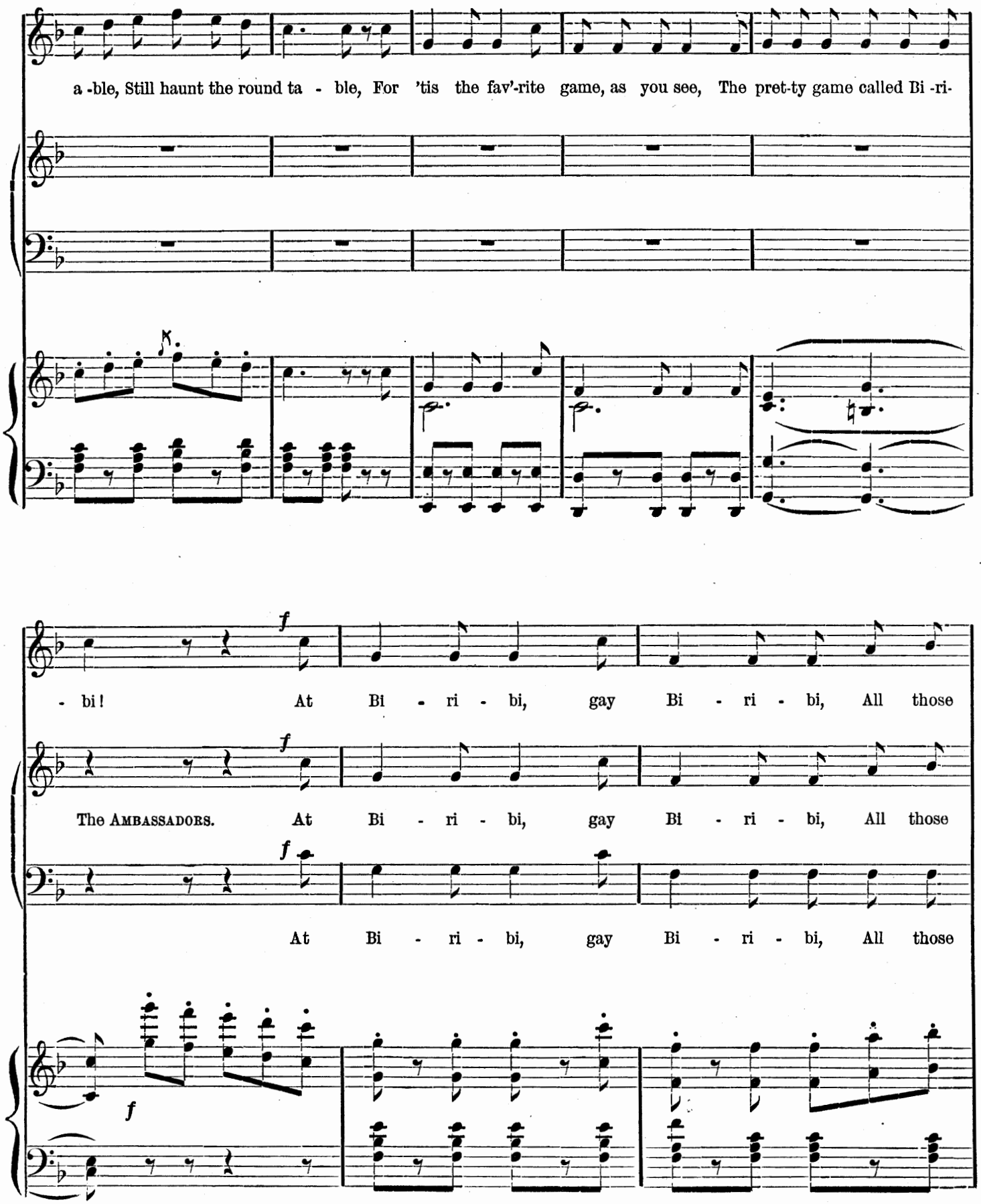

e'en the church peo - ple are graz - ing? 'Tis Bi - ri - bi, 'tis Bi - ri - bi, All who're
tr
p
a -ble Now haunt the round ta - ble, For tis the fav'-rite game, as you see, The pret-ty game called Bi -ri-
f
- bi! 'Tis Bi - ri - bi, 'tis Bir - i - bi, All who're
f
The AMBASSADORS. 'Tis Bi - ri - bi, 'tis Bi - ri - bi, All who're
f
'Tis Bi - ri - bi, 'tis Bi - ri - bi, All who're
f

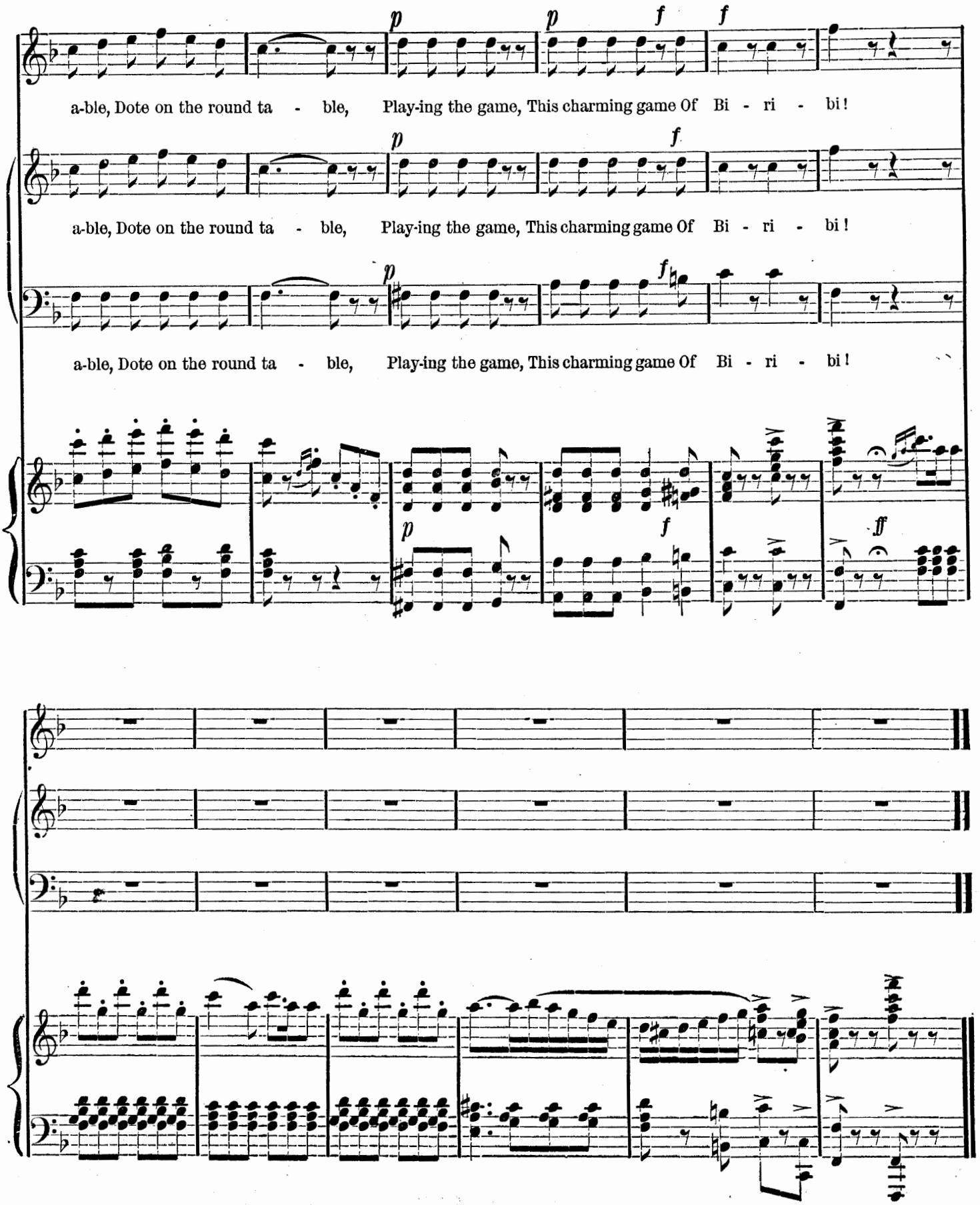

a - ble Now haunt the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, this charm-ing game Of
a - ble Now haunt the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, this charm-ing game Of
a - ble Now haunt the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, this charm-ing game Of
8va
Bi - ri - bi !
Bi - ri - bi !
Bi - ri - bi !
8

VIROFLAY.

2d COUPLET.




a-ble, Still haunt the round ta - ble, For 'tis the fav'-rite game, as you see, The pret-ty game called Bi-ri-
- bi! At Bi - ri - bi, gay Bi - ri - bi, All those
The AMBASSADORS. At Bi - ri - bi, gay Bi - ri - bi, All those
At Bi - ri - bi, gay Bi - ri - bi, All those


p
p
f
f
a-ble, Dote on the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, This charming game Of Bi - ri - bi!
p
f
a-ble, Dote on the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, This charming game Of Bi - ri - bi!
p
f
a-ble, Dote on the round ta - ble, Play-ing the game, This charming game Of Bi - ri - bi!
p
f
ff

ALL. Accepted

VIR. Gentlemen, please follow me.

INI. Ah, monsieur the count, I am happy to meet you!

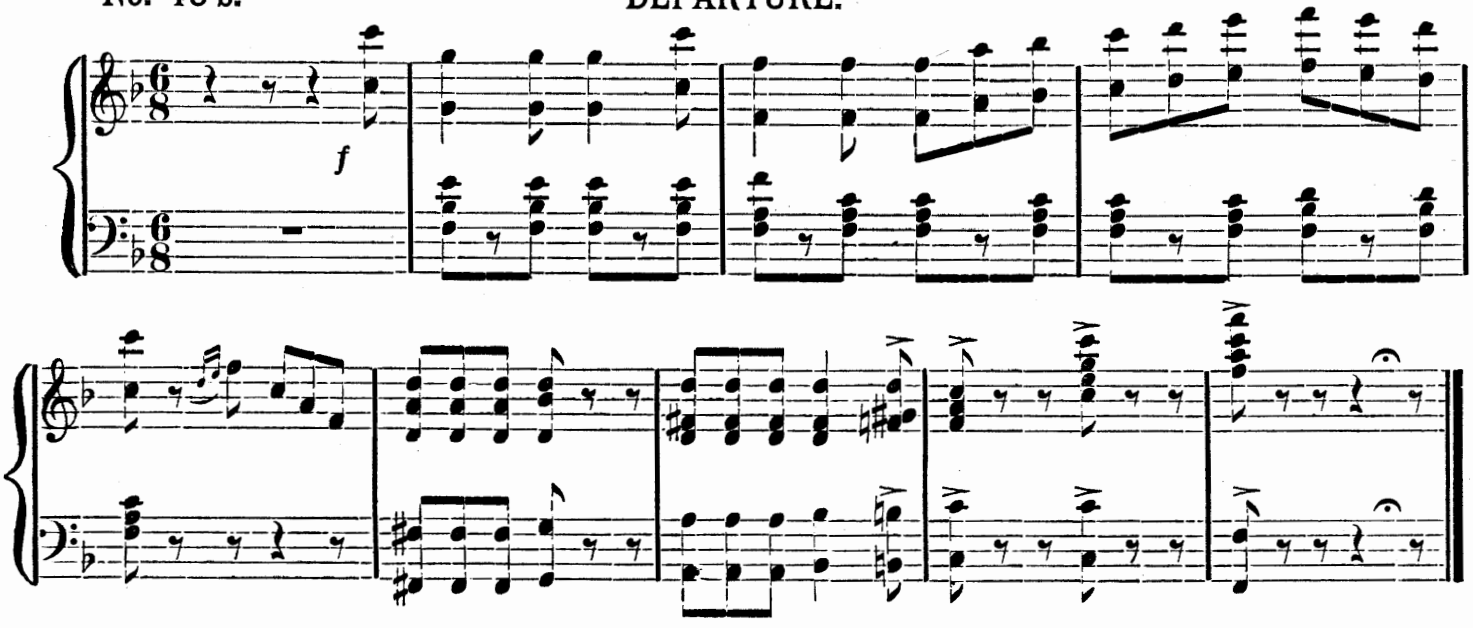
VIR. You here, monsieur Inigo, in spite of orders?

INI. I have braved everything in order to find Dom Manoël, who has disappeared. Messieurs, you can perhaps inform me—assist me. It must——

VIR. After the council, we shall be at your service; but at this moment—impossible. Affairs of State!

ALL. Affairs of State! (*They bow, and retire, one after the other, singing the refrain of* "Biribi.")

No. 15 b. DEPARTURE.



INI. (*Agitated.*) After the council! And during that time? The little madcap is capable of compromising himself again. I have written to his father to beg him to authorise us to lay aside this incognito; but meanwhile I must see the Infanta. She alone can make him listen to reason. (*Approaches* INFANTA'S *door.* BAR. *comes out of it, and stops him.*)

BAR. (*At first does not recognise him.*) Where are you going?

INI. (*Aside.*) Barbara! What in the deuce! (*Aloud.*) I must see the Infanta.

BAR. (*Recognising him.*) You here! And why? Ah! I understand! I am your wife. Alas! I know it, and you come to claim your rights.

INI. Have I time for that! I did not wed you for rights! No! Make way for me! I must see the Infanta. You owe me obedience, at least!

BAR. (*Placing herself before door.*) I refuse!

INI. Beware! or it may turn badly for you. I have violent tempers——

BAR. (*Crossing her arms.*) Dare to put your hand upon me!

INI. I am getting wrathy. (*Advances.*) Room, madame!

BAR. (*Gazing at him*) Miserable!

INI. It is you who have brought it on. (*Takes her by the arm and turns her round.*)

BAR. (*Crying out.*) He has beaten me!

INI. (*Astonished.*) I! I have what?

BAR. Beaten me! Yes, beaten! Oh, happiness! It is the first time that has happened to me. Oh, Inigo, you want me to adore you! (*Enter* MAR.)

MAR. What is occuring?

BAR. Ah, the Infanta!

INI. Highness, heaven has sent you!

BAR. (*Placing herself between them.*) Back! I will not permit it!

INI. (*Taking her by the arm.*) Go to the devil!

BAR. He domineers me!

INI. Highness, Manoël has again escaped me! He is about to attempt, I am sure, to penetrate the Louvre.

MAR. (*With scarcely dissembled joy.*) You suppose so?

INI. Suppose so! Lovers are capable of anything! I conjure you, highness, send him off—order him to renounce his mad passion!

MAR. Be re-assured. If I see him, I will give him sage counsels.

INI. That is it. Show him the importance. Be a bar of steel—like as I am!

MAR. Yes, yes; be tranquil. Go away, Monsieur Inigo!

INI. Highness, how grateful!

MAR. (*To* BAR.) Duchess, accompany your husband. He must have many things to say to you.

INI. (*Making a sign of refusal.*) I! (MAR. *makes a gesture.* INIGO *bows, and roughly takes the arm of* BAR.) Come along!

BAR. He domineers me!

INI. Come on! You know I have nothing at all to say to you.

(*Both retire.* MAN. *enters by the window.*)

MAR. How! You here?

MAN. Yes. I have climbed your balcony without being seen.

MAR. Despite the orders of the Cardinal! I tremble! If some one should have suspected you!——

MAN. I could not live away from you! (*Considering.*) But what do I see? That powder on your hair!——

MAR. The new fashion. There is a reception at the court this evening, and the mistress of the robes will array me in the French mode.

MAN. Ah! I see that you are resigned to be Queen of France, and that I must renounce you.

MAR. Be hopeful, on the contrary. I have turned the Louvre topsy-turvey; have mystified the ministers and the ambassadors. I have written to my father. This marriage will not take place. One thing only disquiets me, for you—your birth——

MAN. My birth! (*Stopping suddenly, aside.*) Oh, if I had not sworn to silence!

MAR. Certainly, on account of my father—you understand—

MAN. Drive away your fears, dear highness! Let Louis XV. not marry you, and as to your father, I shall find means to decide him.

MAR. (*Surprised.*) You!

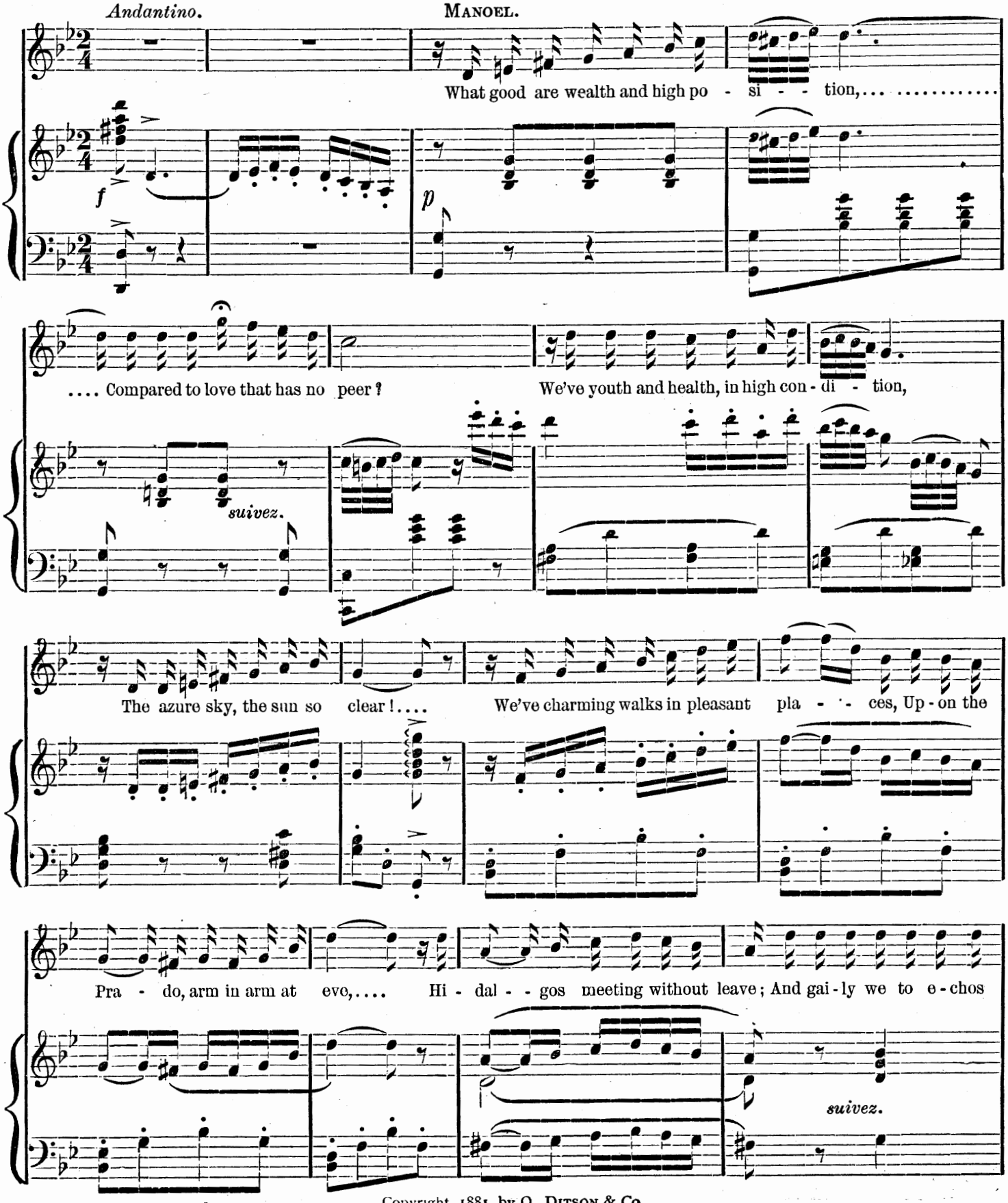
MAN. I can say no more—later, you will know all. Besides, provided we love each other, what matters rank and birth? The man of the people and the great lord are equal before love!

WHAT GOOD ARE WEALTH AND HIGH POSITION.

No. 16. COUPLETS--DUO.

Andantino.

MANOEL.



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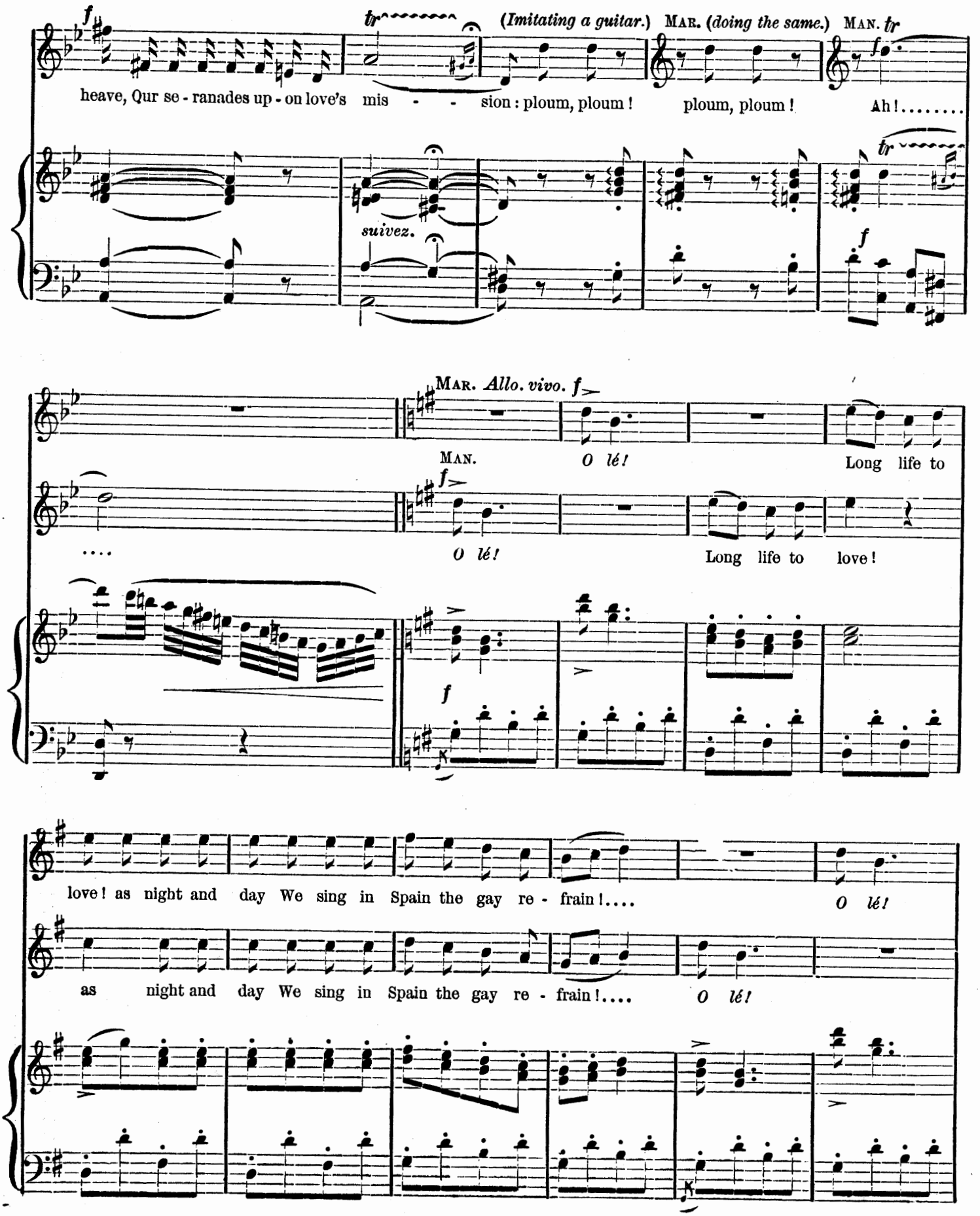
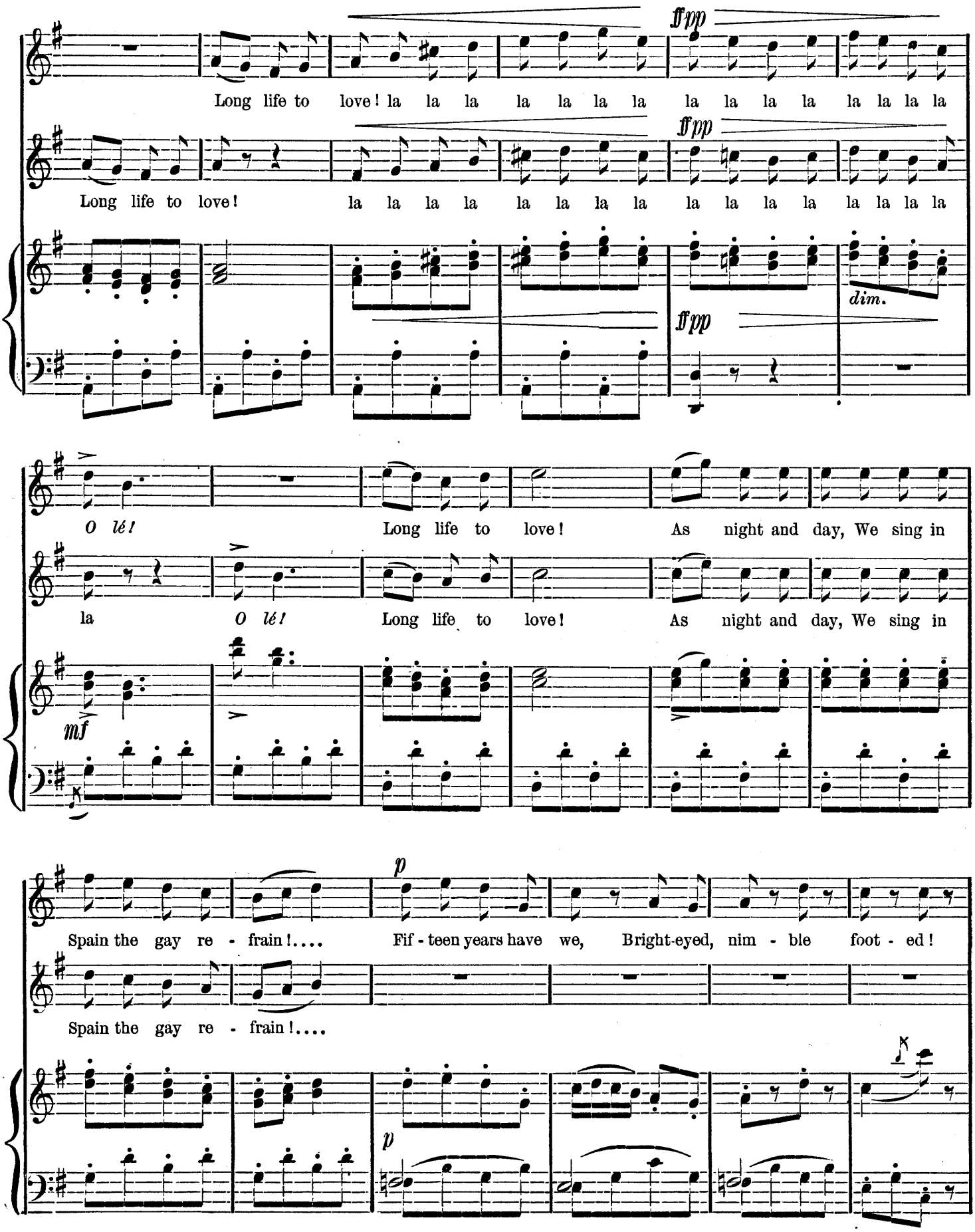
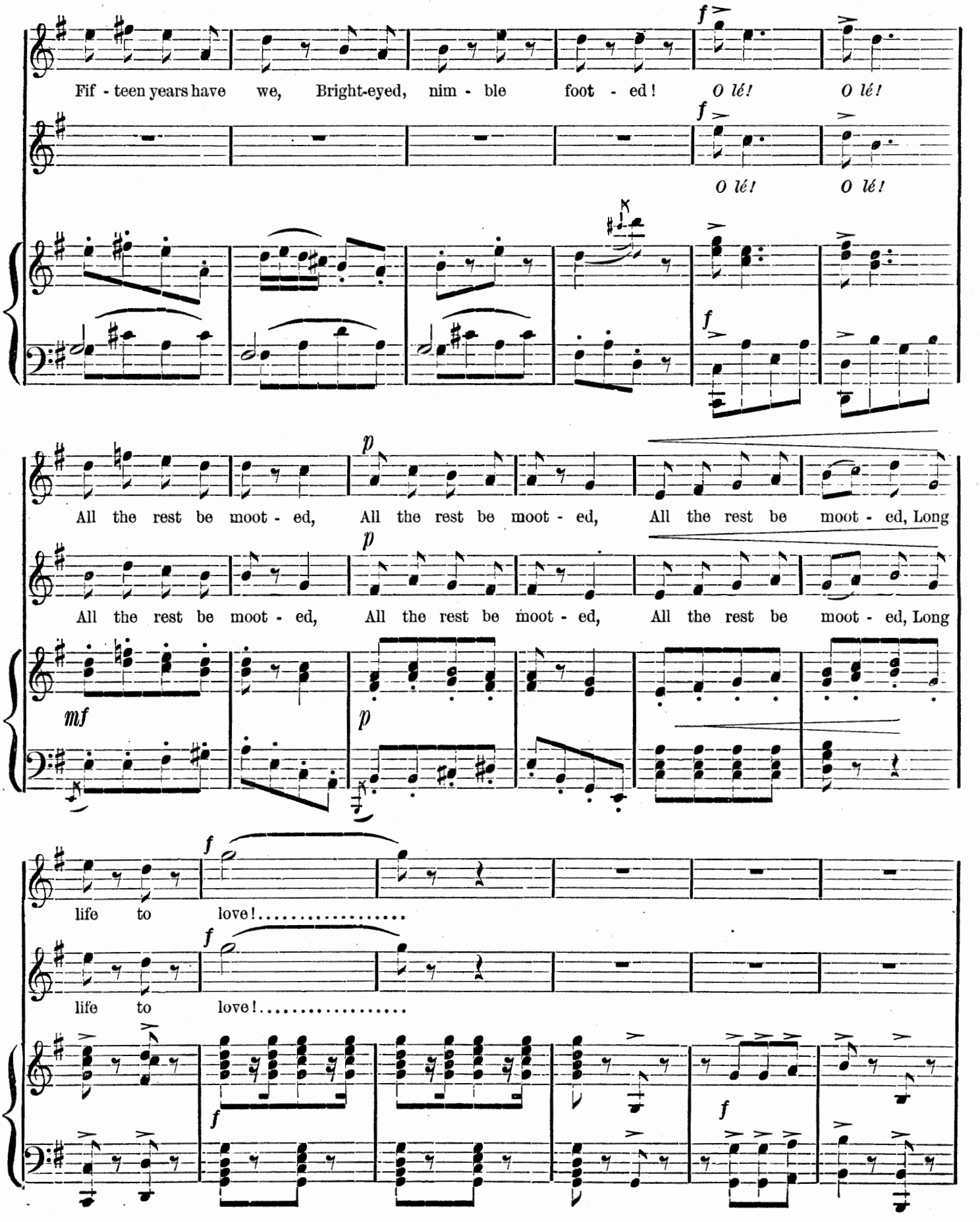
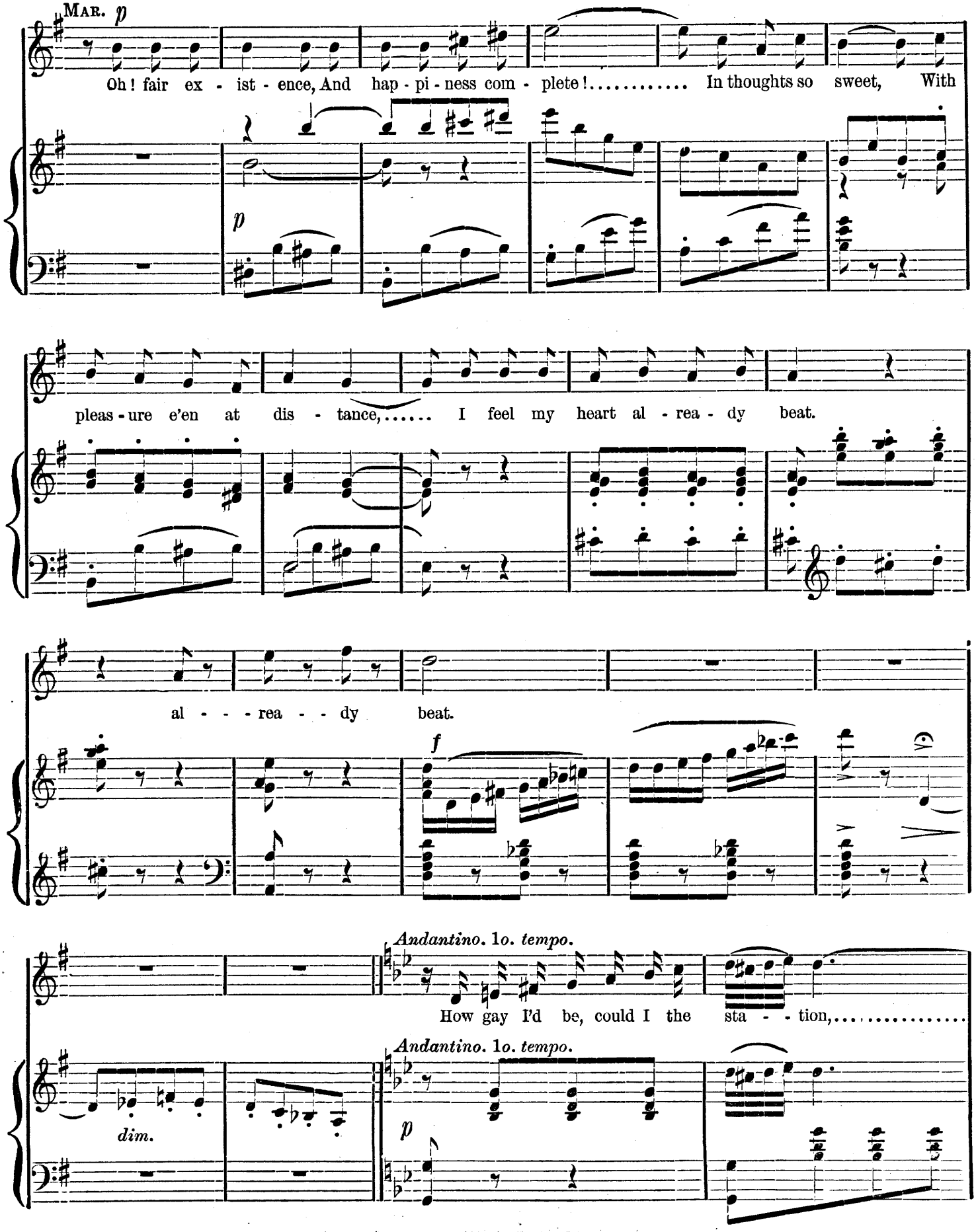
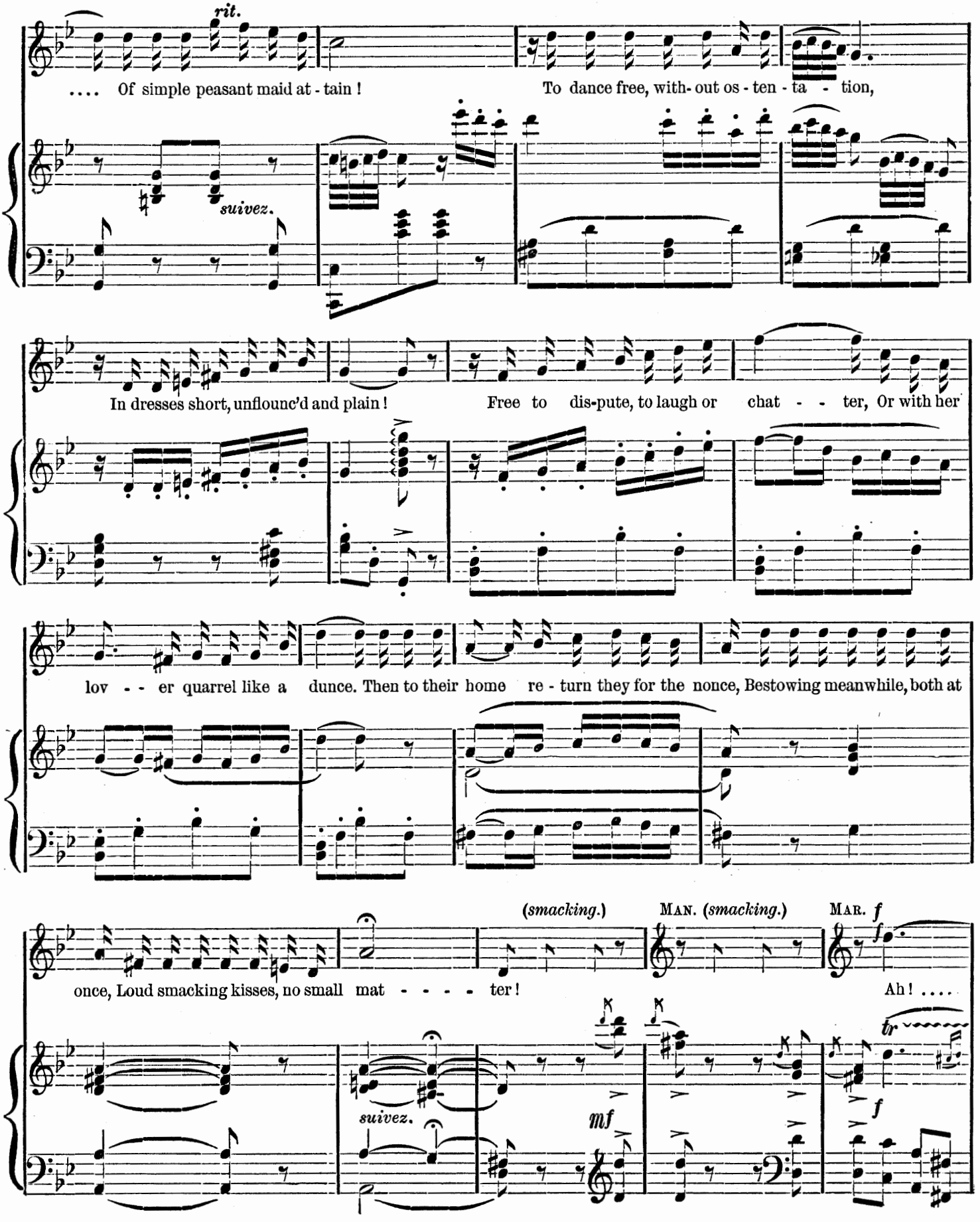
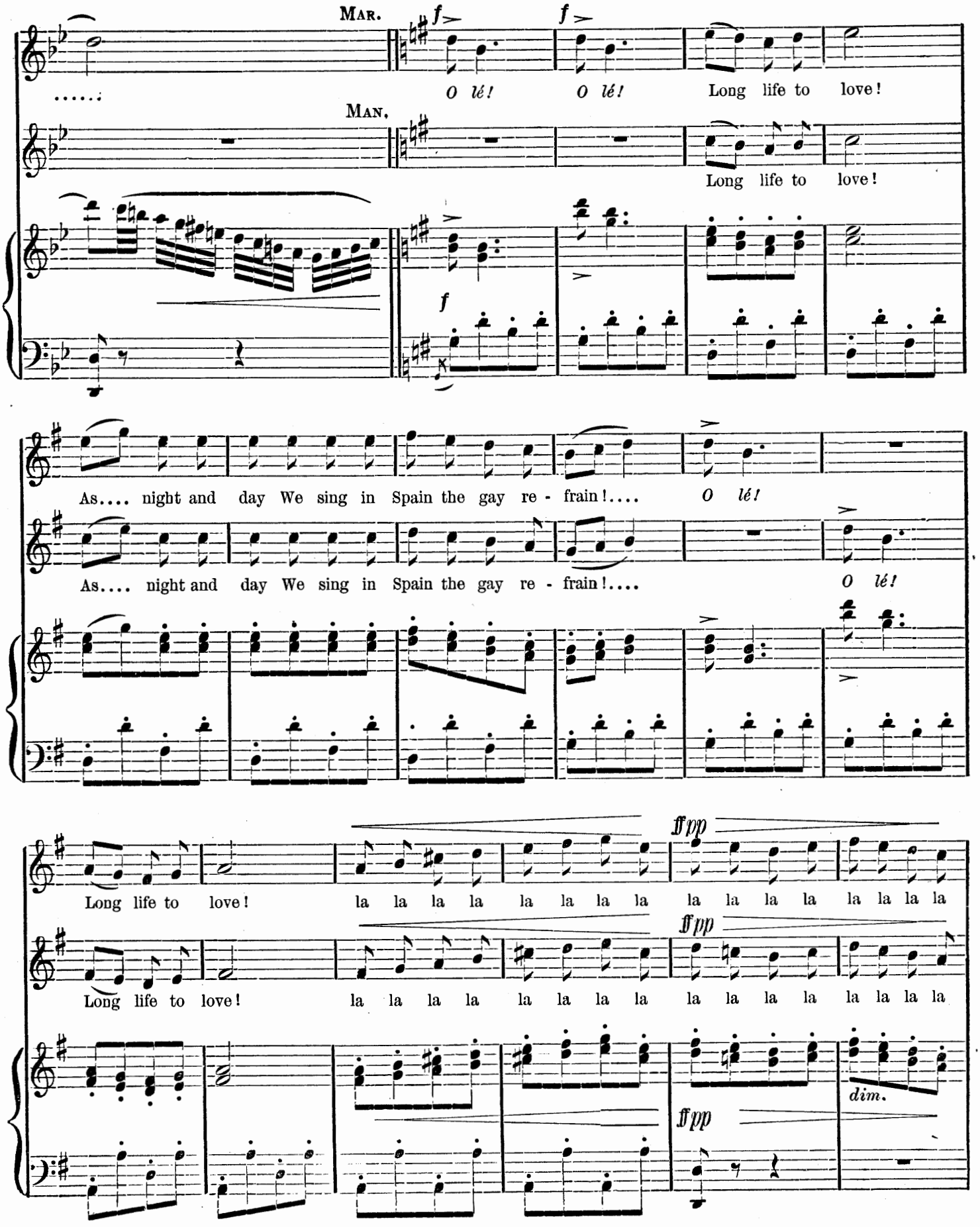

(Imitating a guitar.)
MAR. (doing the same.)
MAN.
heave, Our se - ranades up - on love's mis - - - sion : ploum, ploum ! ploum, ploum ! Ah !.....
suivez.
MAR. Allo. vivo.
MAN.
O lé!
Long life to
....
O lé!
Long life to love!
love! as night and day We sing in Spain the gay re - frain !....
O lé!
as night and day We sing in Spain the gay re - frain !....
O lé!

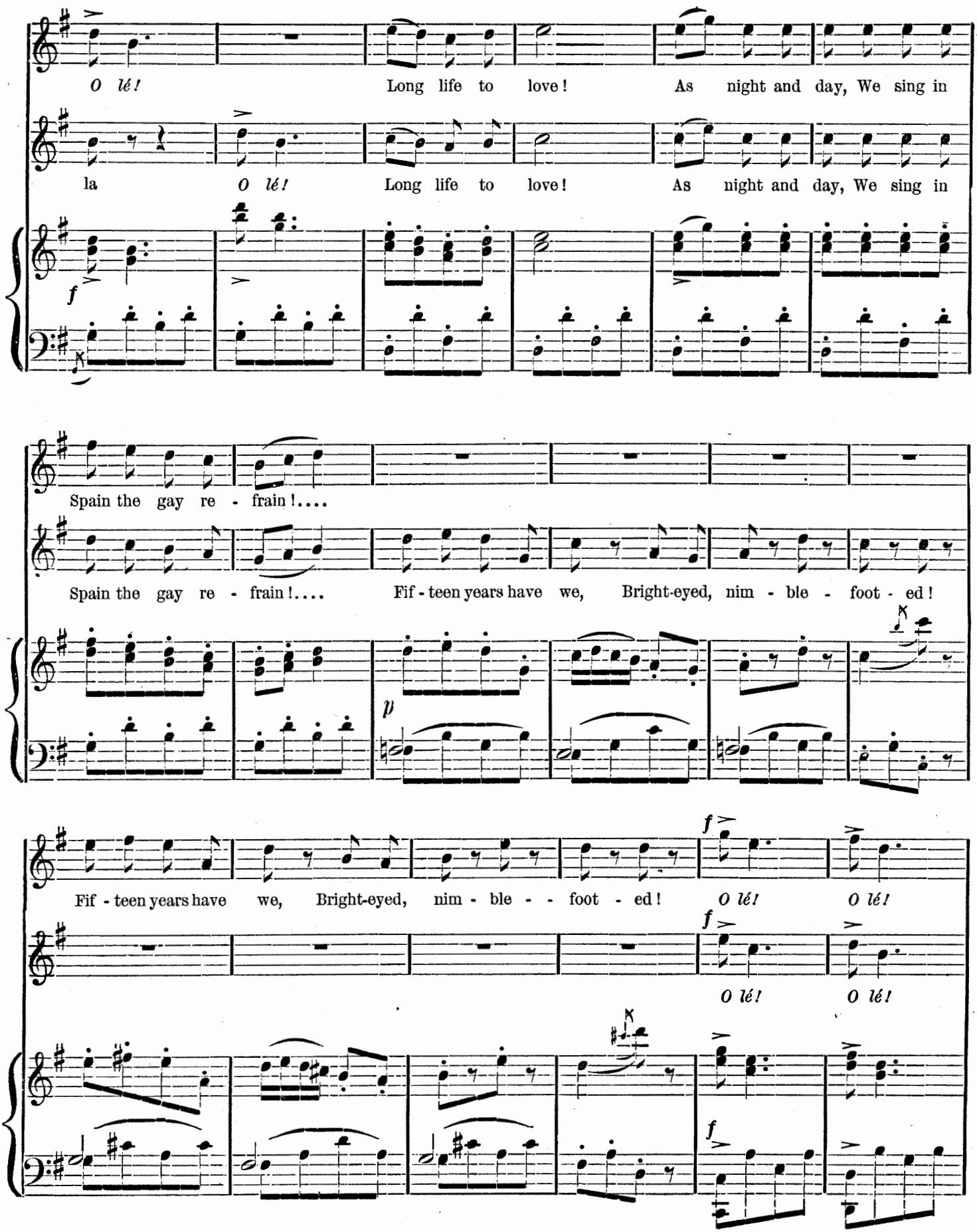

Long life to love! la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
Long life to love! la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
ff pp
ff pp
dim.
ff pp
O lé! Long life to love! As night and day, We sing in
la O lé! Long life to love! As night and day, We sing in
mf
p
Spain the gay re - frain!.... Fif - teen years have we, Bright-eyed, nim - ble foot - ed!
Spain the gay re - frain!....
p

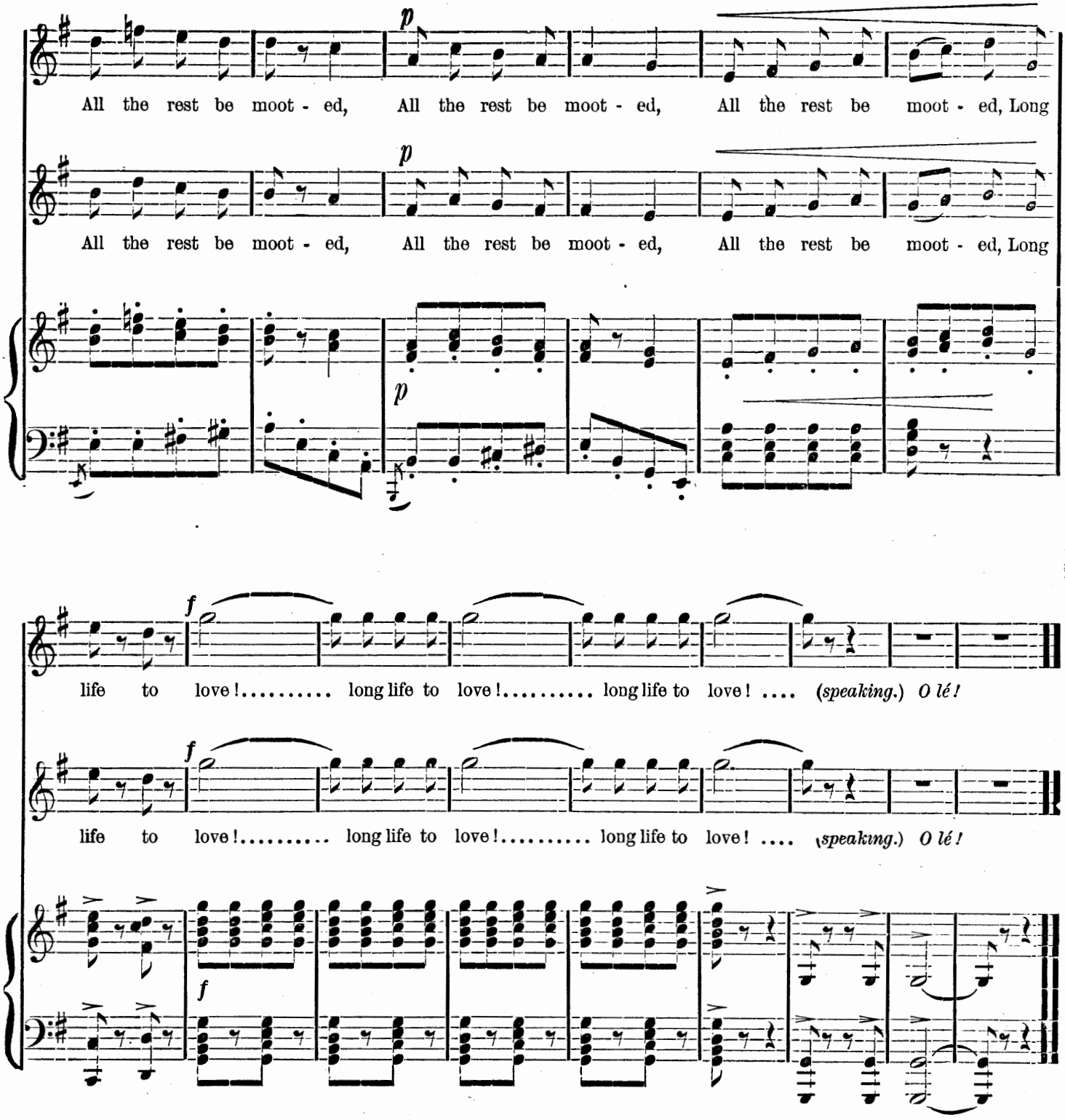

Fif - teen years have we, Bright-eyed, nim - ble foot - ed!
O lé! O lé!
O lé! O lé!
All the rest be moot - ed, All the rest be moot - ed, All the rest be moot - ed, Long
All the rest be moot - ed, All the rest be moot - ed, All the rest be moot - ed, Long
life to love!.....
life to love!.....


Mar. p
Oh! fair ex - ist - ence, And hap - pi - ness com - plete!..... In thoughts so sweet, With
p
pleas - ure e'en at dis - tance,..... I feel my heart al - rea - dy beat.
al - - - rea - - dy beat.
f
Andantino. 1o. tempo.
How gay I'd be, could I the sta - - tion,.....
dim.
Andantino. 1o. tempo.
p


rit.
.... Of simple peasant maid at - tain !
To dance free, with- out os - ten - ta - tion,
suivez.
In dresses short, unflounc'd and plain !
Free to dis-pute, to laugh or chat - - ter, Or with her
lov - - er quarrel like a dunce. Then to their home re - turn they for the nonce, Bestowing meanwhile, both at
(smacking.)
MAN. (smacking.)
MAR. f
once, Loud smacking kisses, no small mat - - - - ter !
Ah ! ....
suivez.
mf
tr
f


MAR.
f
f
O lé!
O lé!
Long life to love!
MAN.
Long life to love!
f
As.... night and day We sing in Spain the gay re - frain!.... O lé!
As.... night and day We sing in Spain the gay re - frain!.... O lé!
Long life to love!
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
ffpp
Long life to love!
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
ffpp
dim.
ffpp


O lé! Long life to love! As night and day, We sing in
la O lé! Long life to love! As night and day, We sing in
f
Spain the gay re - frain!....
Spain the gay re - frain!.... Fif - teen years have we, Bright-eyed, nim - ble - foot - ed!
p
Fif - teen years have we, Bright-eyed, nim - ble - - foot - ed!
f
O lé! O lé!
f
O lé! O lé!
f



(MARIQUITA'S *voice is heard outside, saying:*)

MARIQ. Come in, Mesdames.

MAR. (*hastily.*) Some one comes, hide yourself. (MANOEL *hides behind the toilet curtains, but in sight of the public*—MAIRQUITA *enters immediately.*)

MAR. What is it, Mariquita?

MARIQ. The ladies of the French court, come to array you in French fashion.

MAR. (*hesitating.*) Me? (*She goes to say a word to* MARIQUITA, *but the latter does not give her time, and introduces the ladies at once.*)

MARIQ. Behold them—

MAR. (*aside.*) Ah! good heavens! and Manoël! if they should discover him, he is lost!

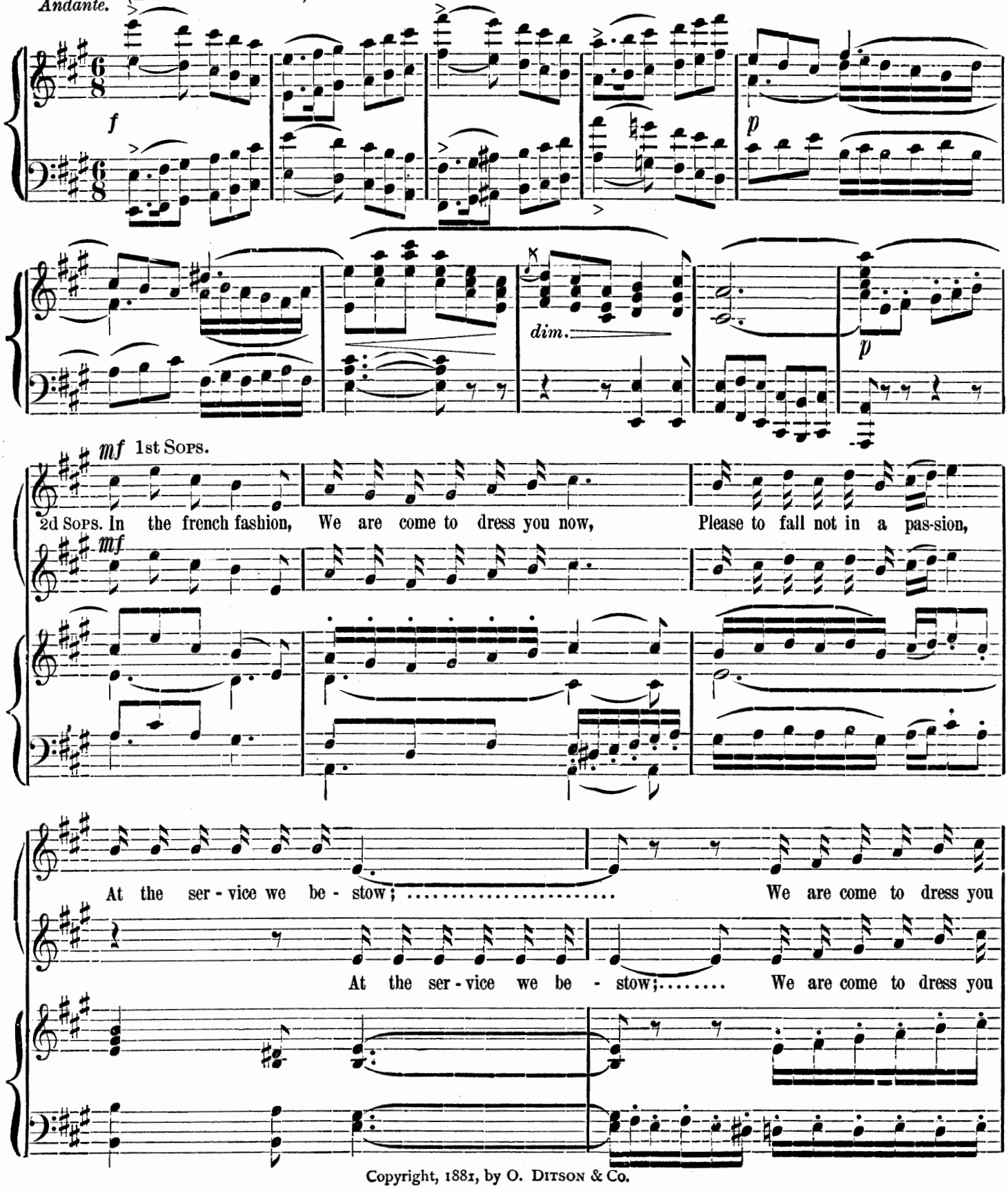
(*The tire-women enter, bringing the dresses destined for the Infanta. The ladies thus address the Infanta.*)

IN THE FRENCH FASHION.

Manoel, L'Infante and Mariquita.

No. 17. TOILET SCENE.

Andante. *(Enter the court ladies.)*



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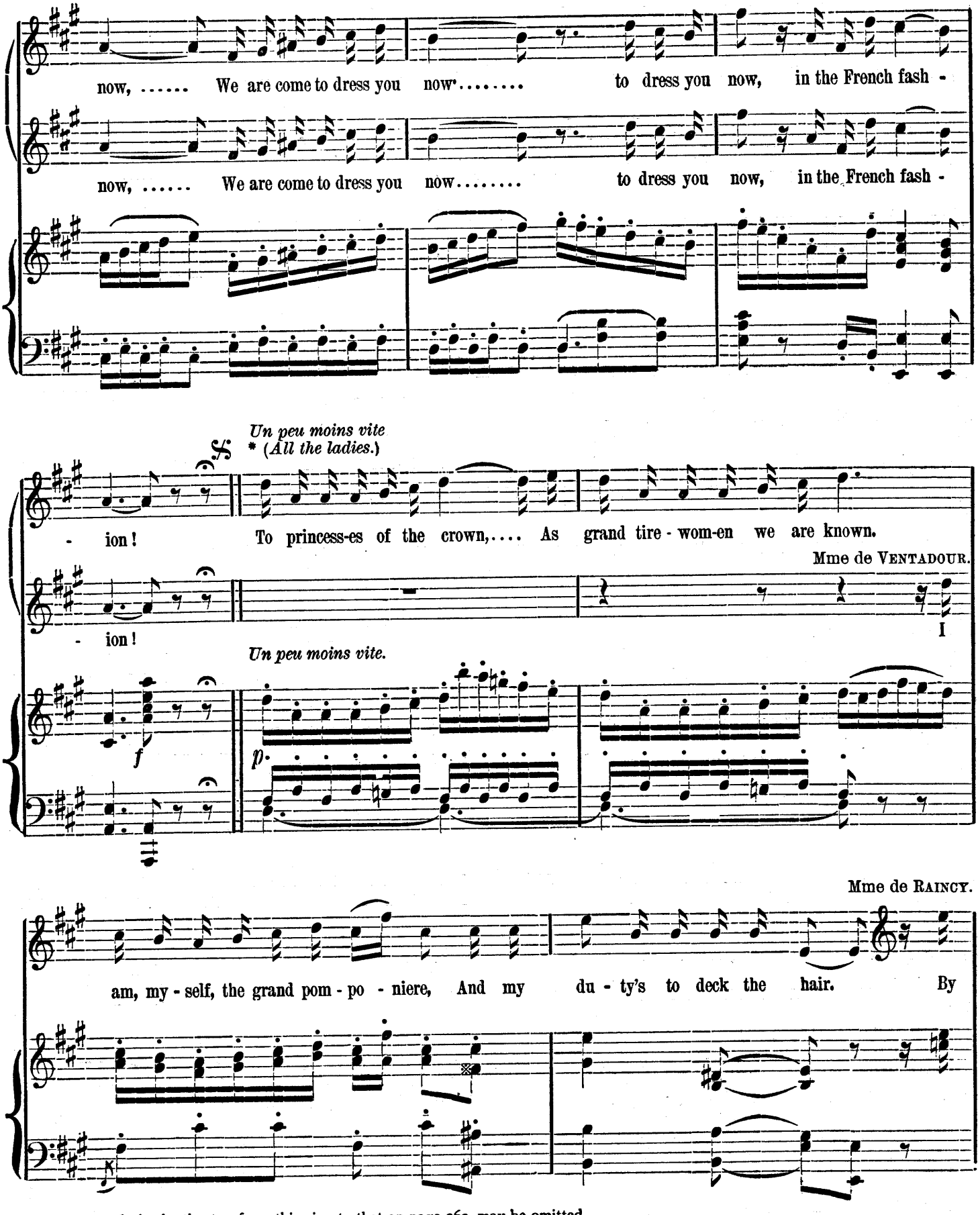


* At the theatre, from this sign to that on page 260, may be omitted.

Mme de GRAMONT.

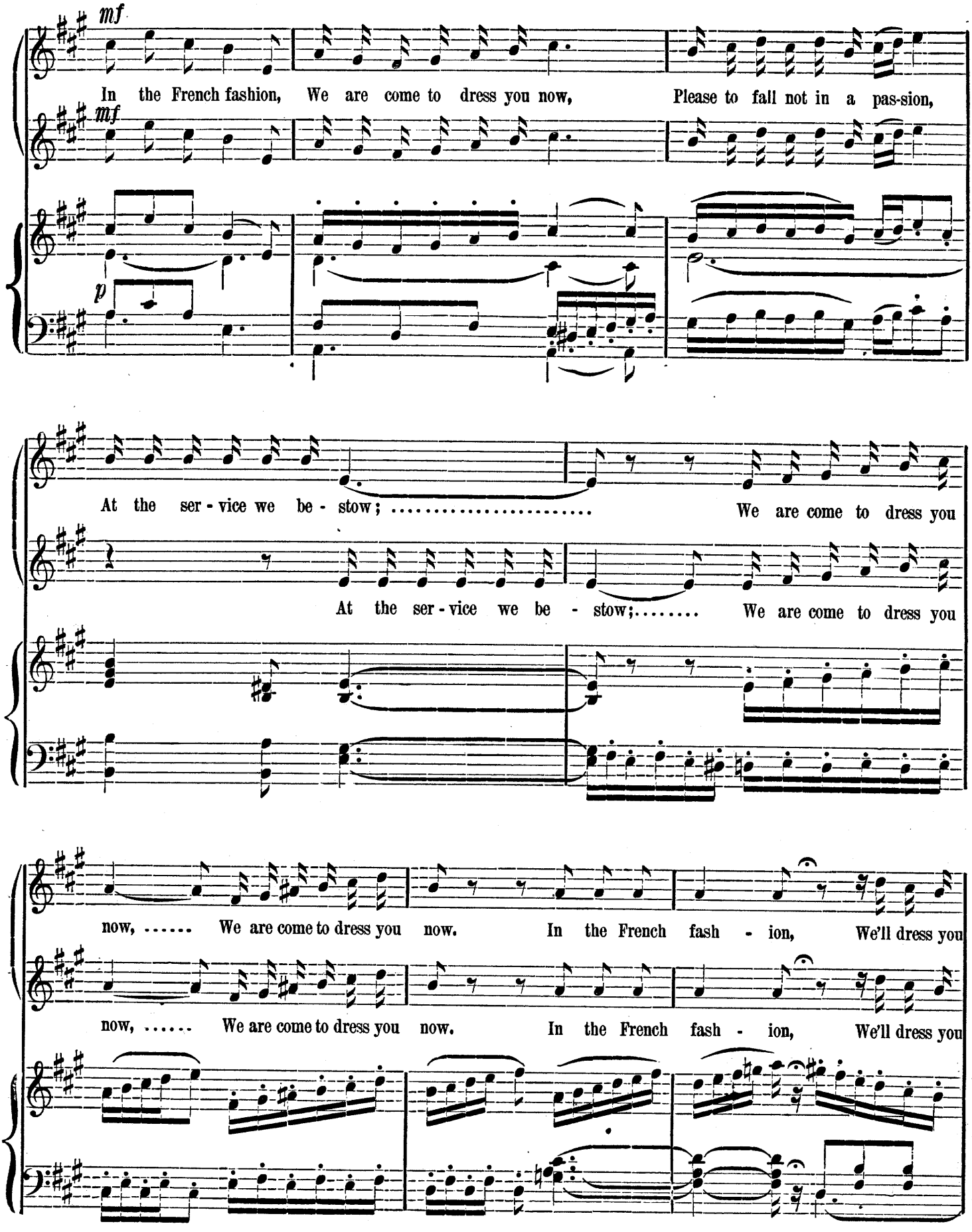
our king's priv - i - lege ex - press, My part is to put on the dress; ..... And

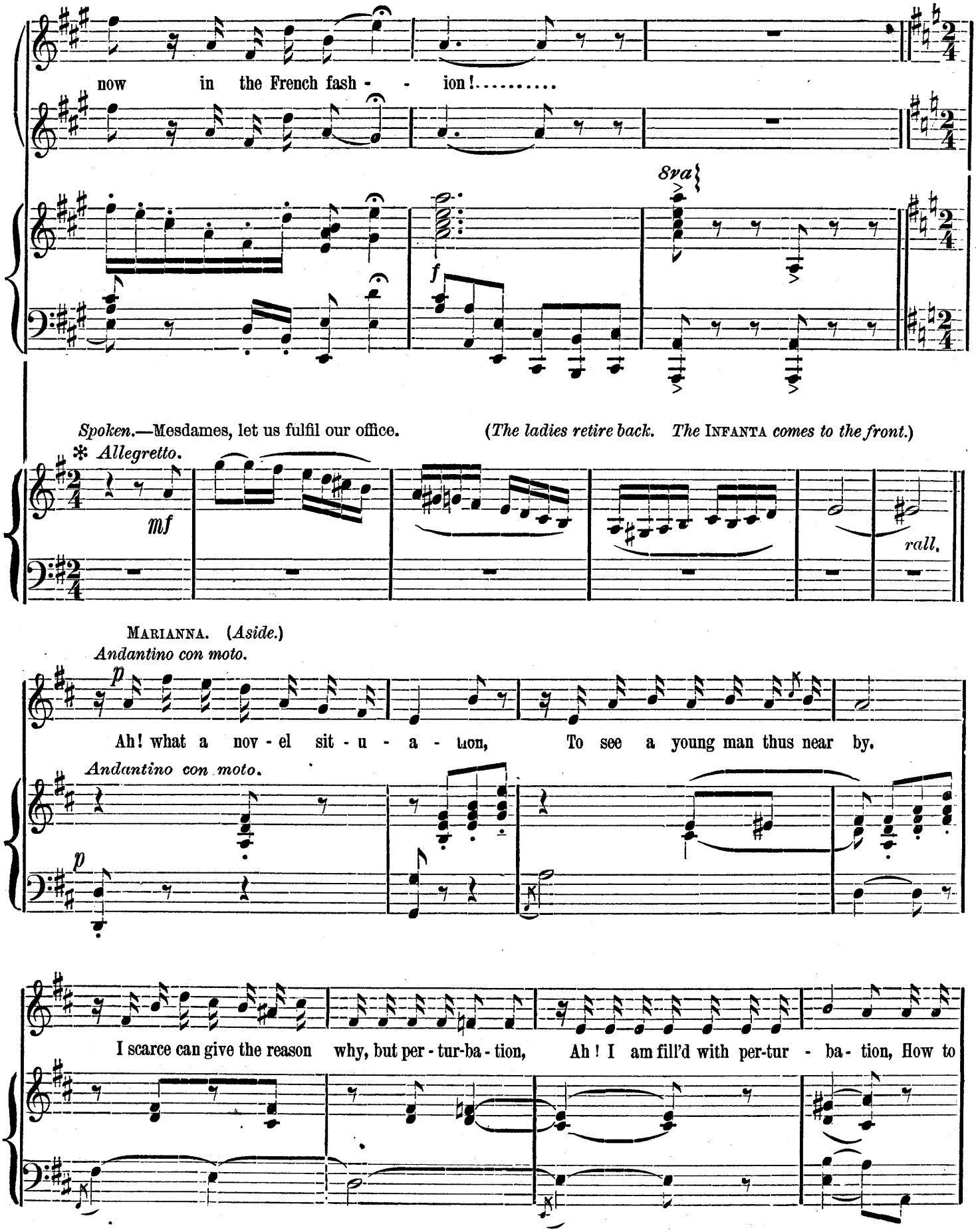
I, the charge that I in - her - it, Must clasp the gar - ter, post of mer - it.

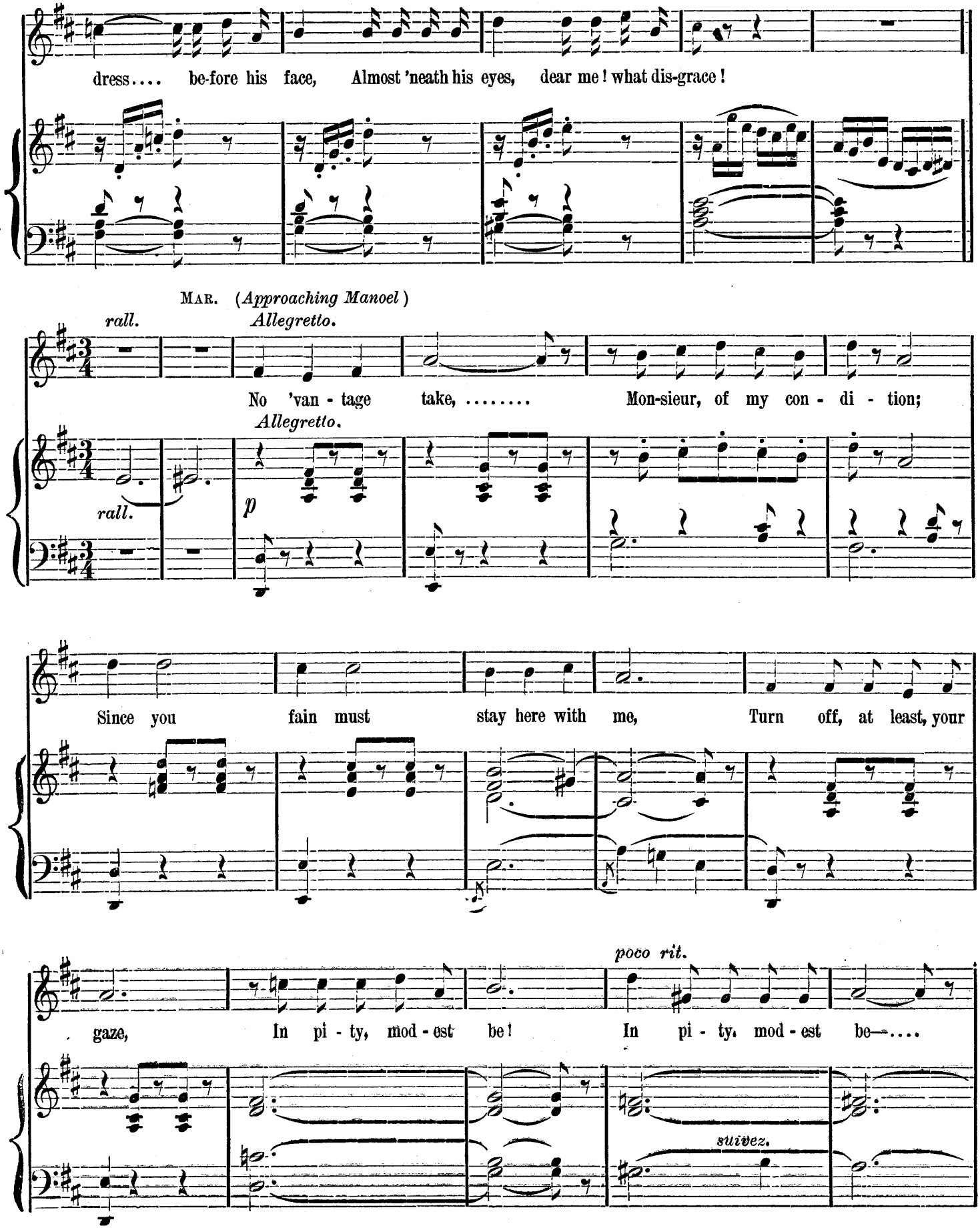
A post of

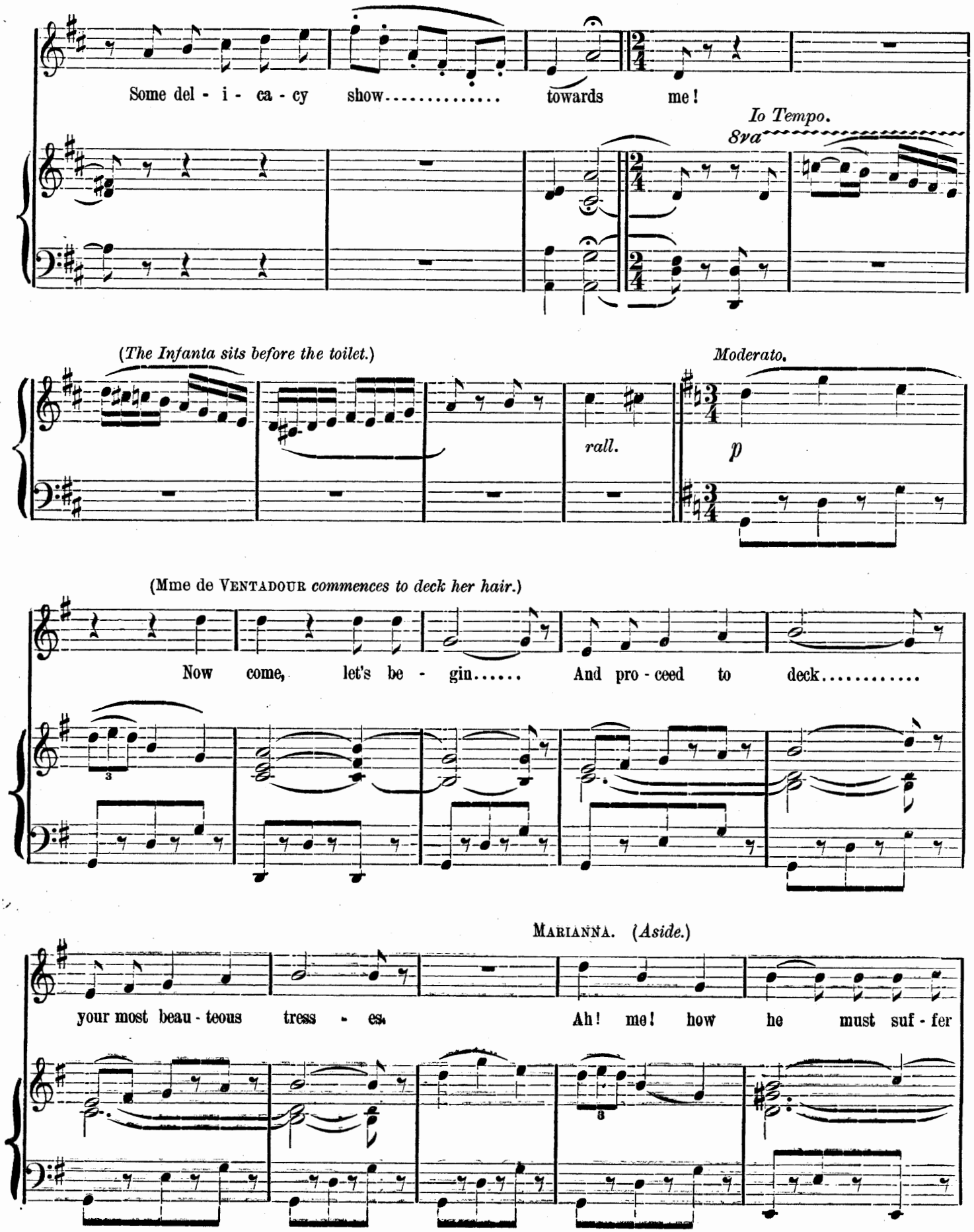
mer - it.

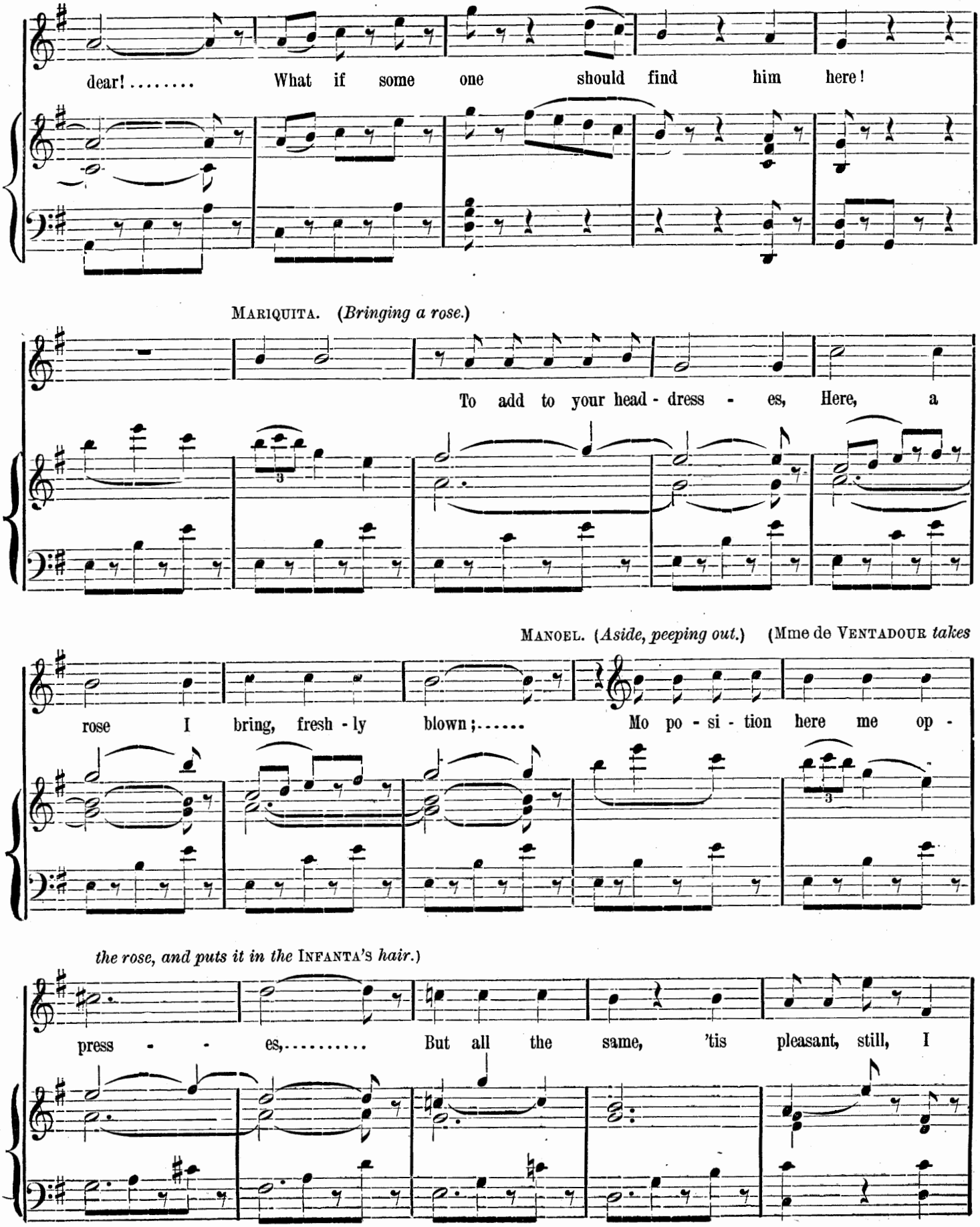
mer - it.


mf
In the French fashion, We are come to dress you now, Please to fall not in a pas-sion,
mf
p
At the ser - vice we be - stow; ..... We are come to dress you
At the ser - vice we be - stow;..... We are come to dress you
now, ... We are come to dress you now. In the French fash - ion, We'll dress you
now, ... We are come to dress you now. In the French fash - ion, We'll dress you


now in the French fash - - ion!.....
8va
f
Spoken.—Mesdames, let us fulfil our office. (The ladies retire back. The INFANTA comes to the front.)
* Allegretto.
mf
rall.
MARIANNA. (Aside.)
Andantino con moto.
p
Ah! what a nov - el sit - u - a - tion, To see a young man thus near by.
Andantino con moto.
p
I scarce can give the reason why, but per - tur-ba - tion, Ah! I am fill'd with per-tur - ba - tion, How to


dress.... be-fore his face, Almost 'neath his eyes, dear me! what dis-grace!
MAR. (Approaching Manoel)
rall.
Allegretto.
No 'van - tage take, ... Mon-sieur, of my con - di - tion;
Allegretto.
rall.
p
Since you fain must stay here with me, Turn off, at least, your
poco rit.
gaze, In pi - ty, mod - est be! In pi - ty, mod - est be-....
suivez.


Some del - i - ca - cy show..... towards me!
Io Tempo.
8va
(The Infanta sits before the toilet.)
rall.
Moderato.
p
(Mme de VENTADOUR commences to deck her hair.)
Now come, let's be - gin..... And pro - ceed to deck.....
MARIANNA. (Aside.)
your most beau - teous tress - es. Ah! me! how he must suf - fer


dear! ..... What if some one should find him here!
MARIQUITA. (*Bringing a rose.*)
To add to your head - dress - es, Here, a
MANOEL. (*Aside, peeping out.*) (Mme de VENTADOUR *takes*
rose I bring, fresh - ly blown; ..... Mo po - si - tion here me op -
the rose, and puts it in the INFANTA'S *hair.*)
press - - es, ... But all the same, 'tis pleasant, still, I

(MARIQUITA *comes again with the slippers.*)

own, Put on these slip - pers, that here I hold,..... Broi-der'd with

(Mme de VENTADOUR *puts the slippers on the Infanta's feet.*)

diamonds, with pearls and gold.....

(*The ladies examine her foot, placed upon a cushion.*)

Mme de GRAMONT. (*All the Ladies.*)

Ah! now in-deed, you're shod in style in - com - par - a - ble! Dear lit - tle foot!....

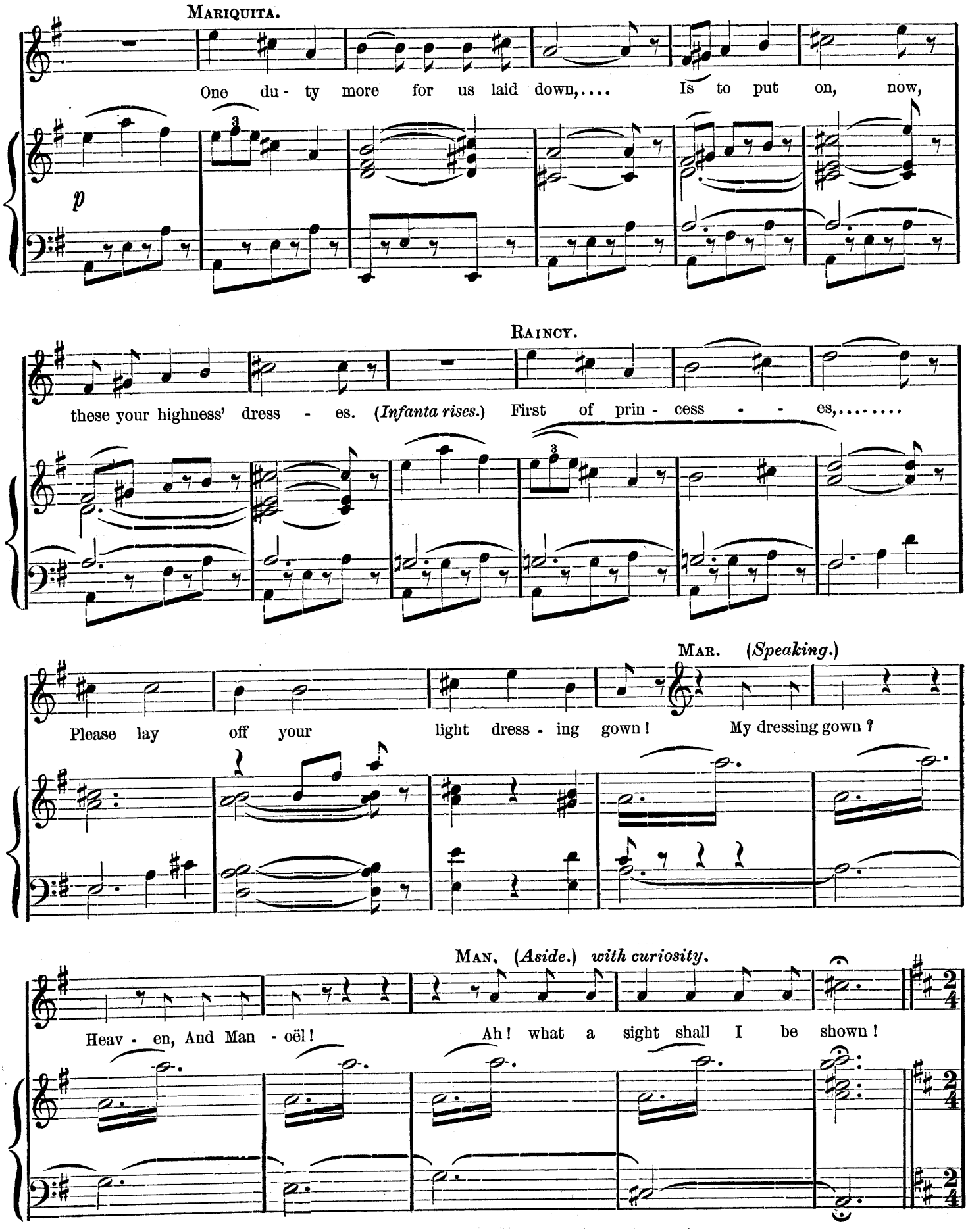
mf

MANOEL. (*Aside.*)

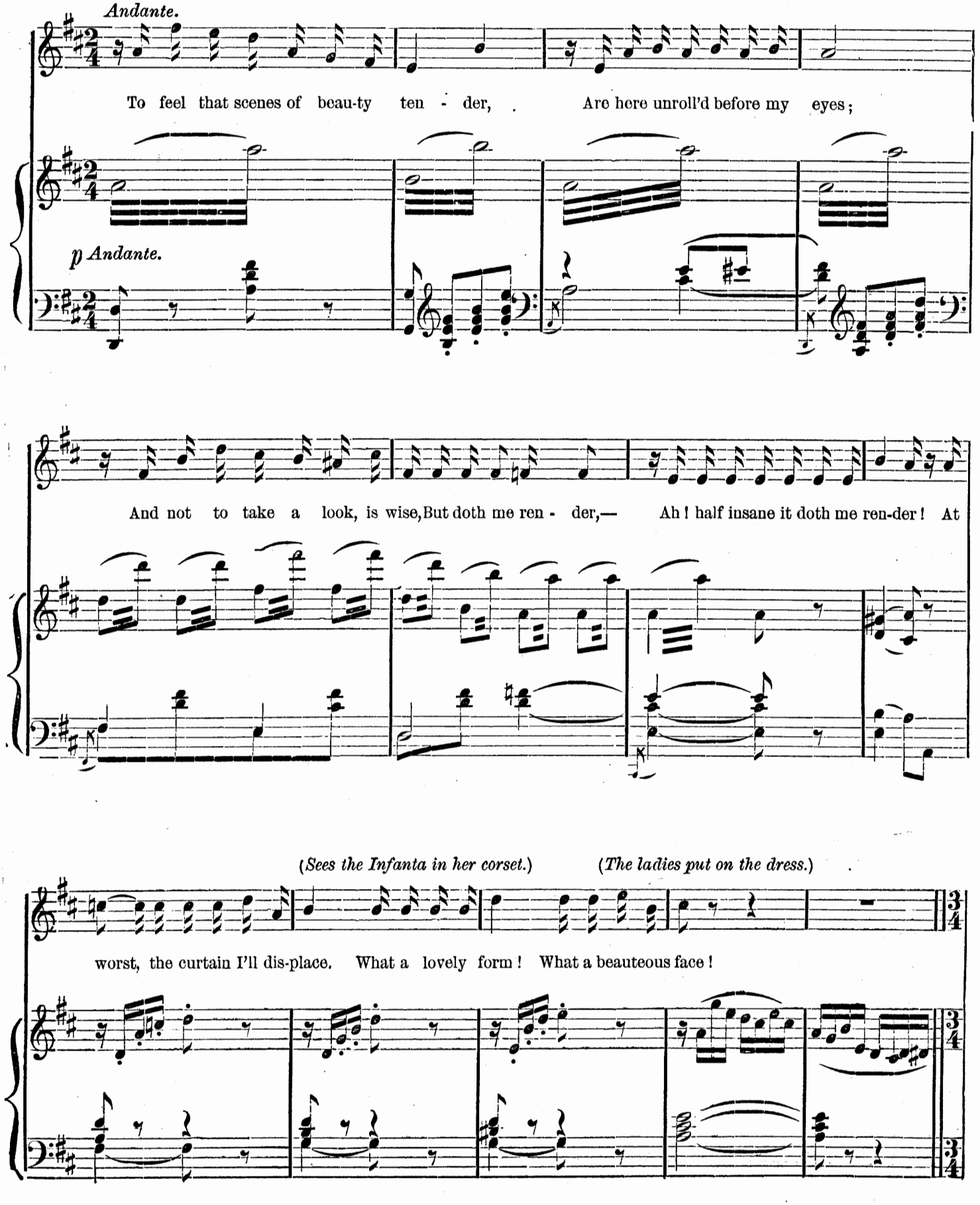
Dear lit - tle foot!..... Like one in a fa - ble!

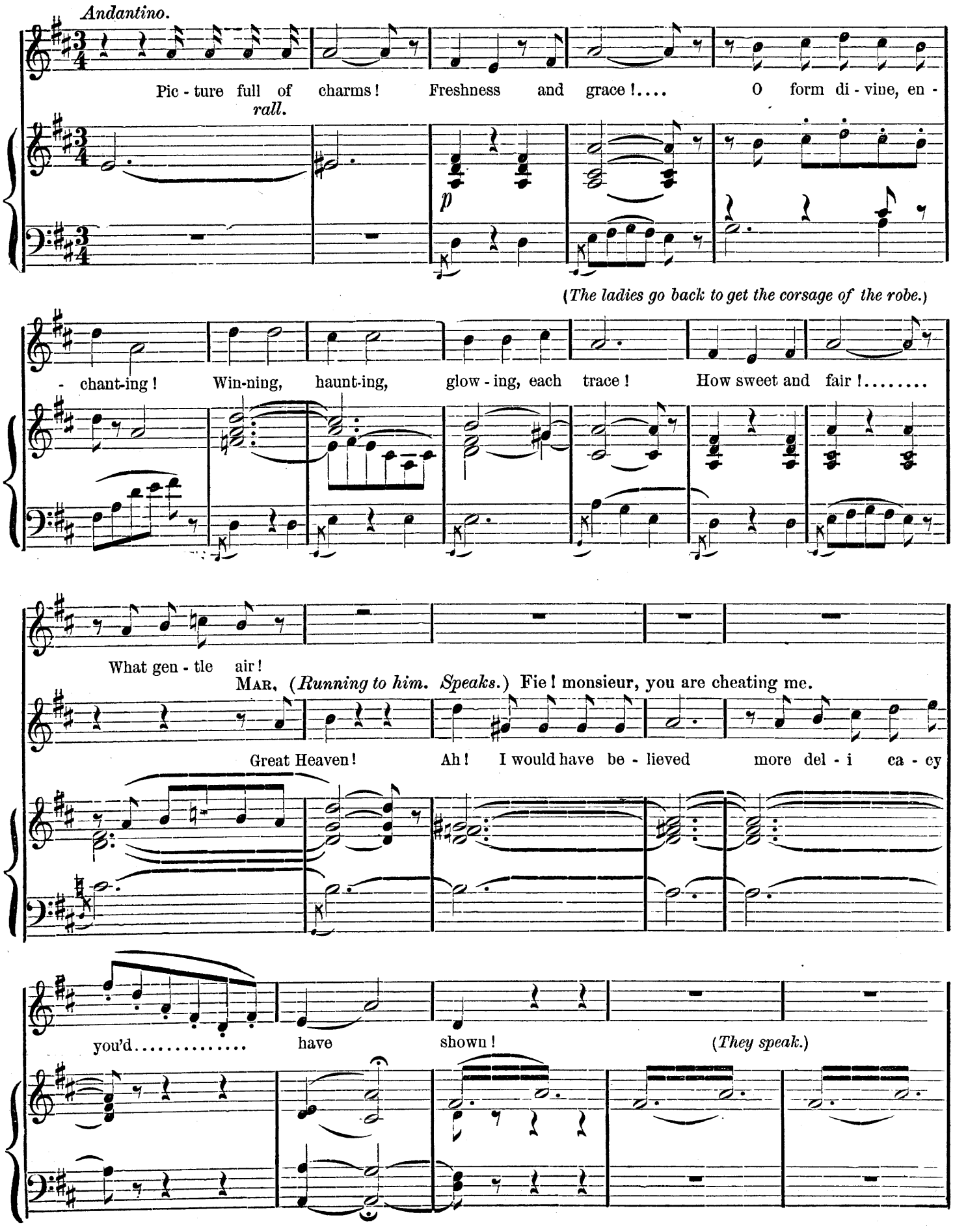
mf

dim.

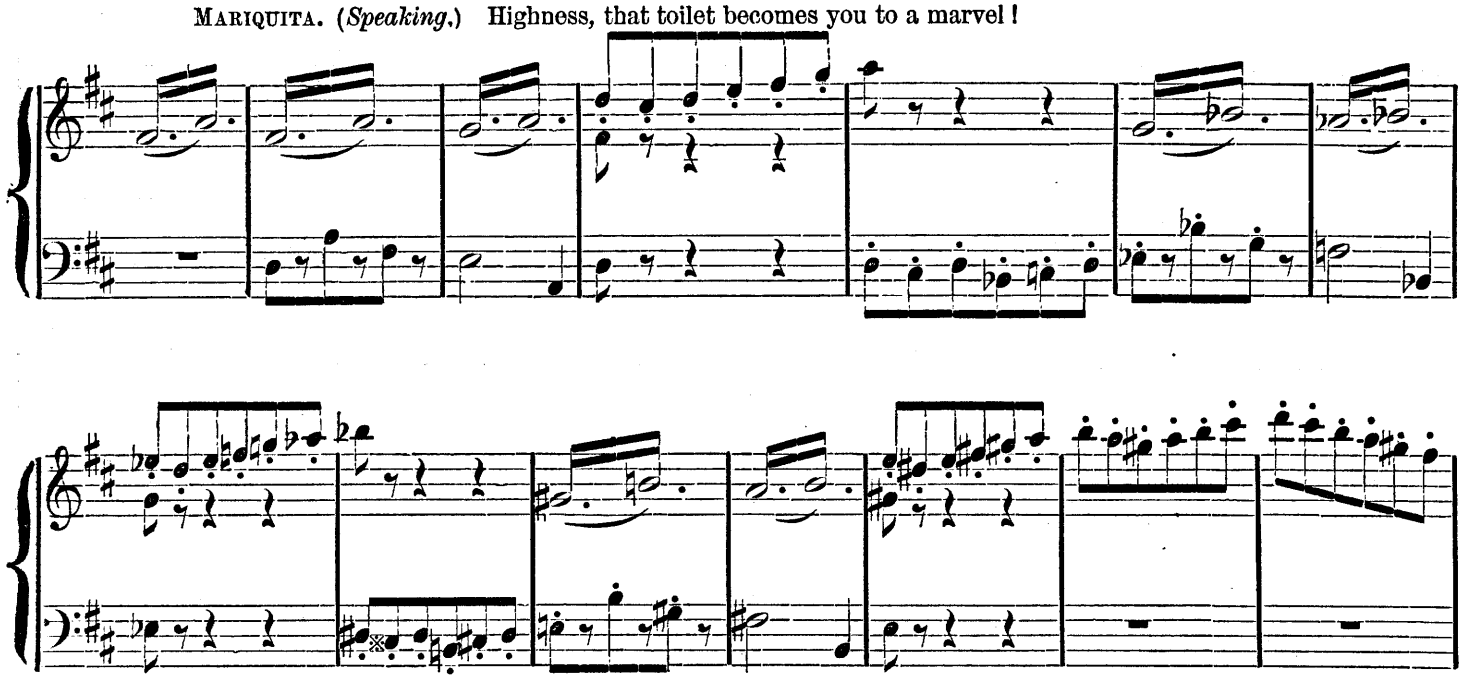

MARIQUITA.
One du - ty more for us laid down,.... Is to put on, now,
p
RAINCY.
these your highness' dress - es. (*Infanta rises.*) First of prin - cess - - es,.....
MAR. (*Speaking.*)
Please lay off your light dress - ing gown! My dressing gown?
MAN. (*Aside.*) *with curiosity.*
Heav - en, And Man - oël! Ah! what a sight shall I be shown!

(The tirewomen take off the Infanta's dressing gown, leaving her in a charming suit of underdress; short skirt, corsage trimmed with lace, bare arms. Then they put on the dress. During this time, Manoël struggles against his desire to take a look.)




Andantino.
Pic - ture full of charms! Freshness and grace!.... O form di - vine, en -
rall.
p
(The ladies go back to get the corsage of the robe.)
- chant-ing! Win-ning, haunt-ing, glow - ing, each trace! How sweet and fair!.....
What gen - tle air!
MAR. (Running to him. Speaks.) Fie! monsieur, you are cheating me.
Great Heaven! Ah! I would have be - lieved more del - i ca - cy
you'd..... have shown! (They speak.)

MARIQUITA. (*Speaking.*) Highness, that toilet becomes you to a marvel!



BAR. (*Entering.*) Highness, are you ready?

MME. de V. You see, madame the duchess, we have just finished.

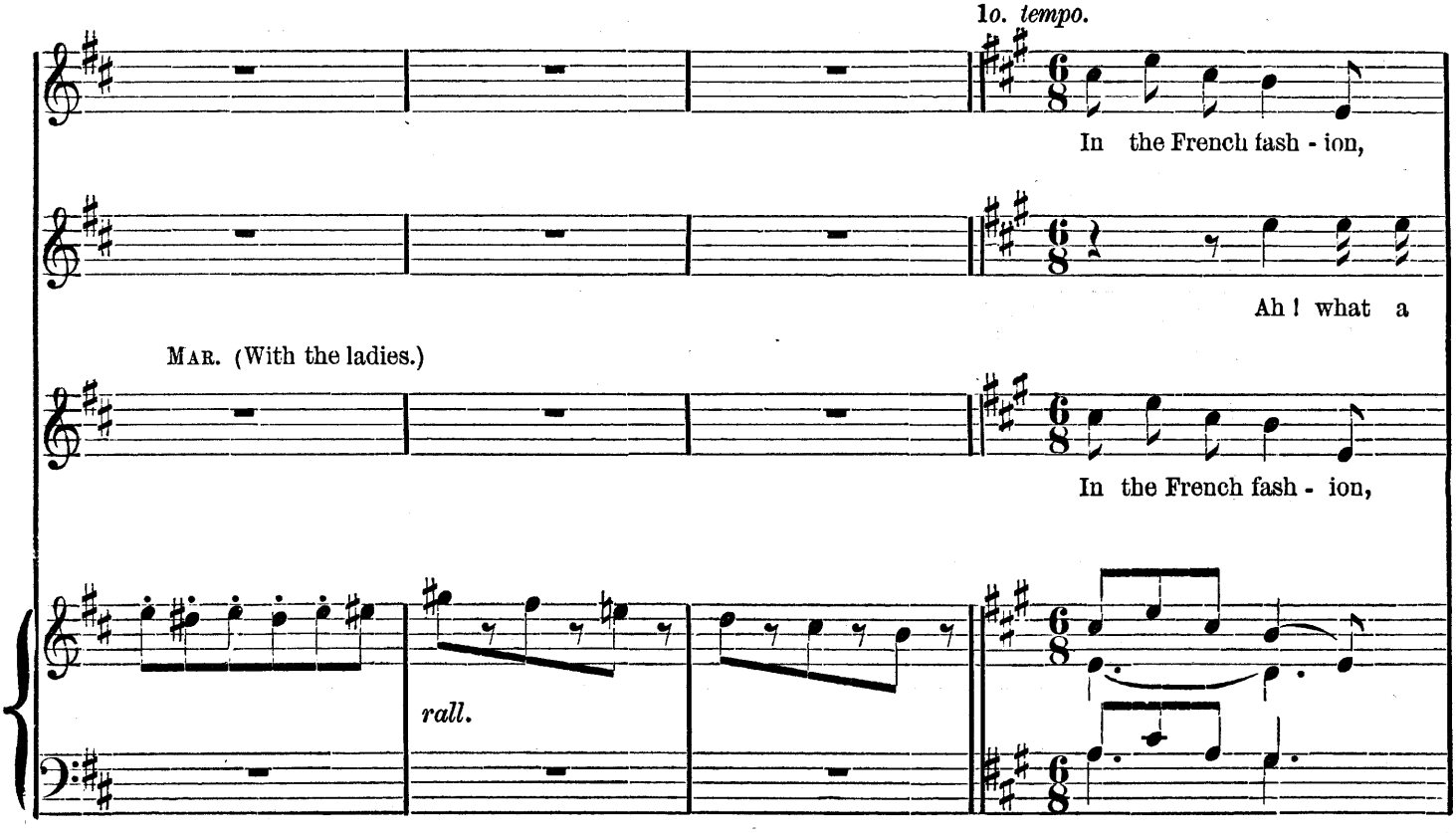
BAR. The king asks if you can receive him?

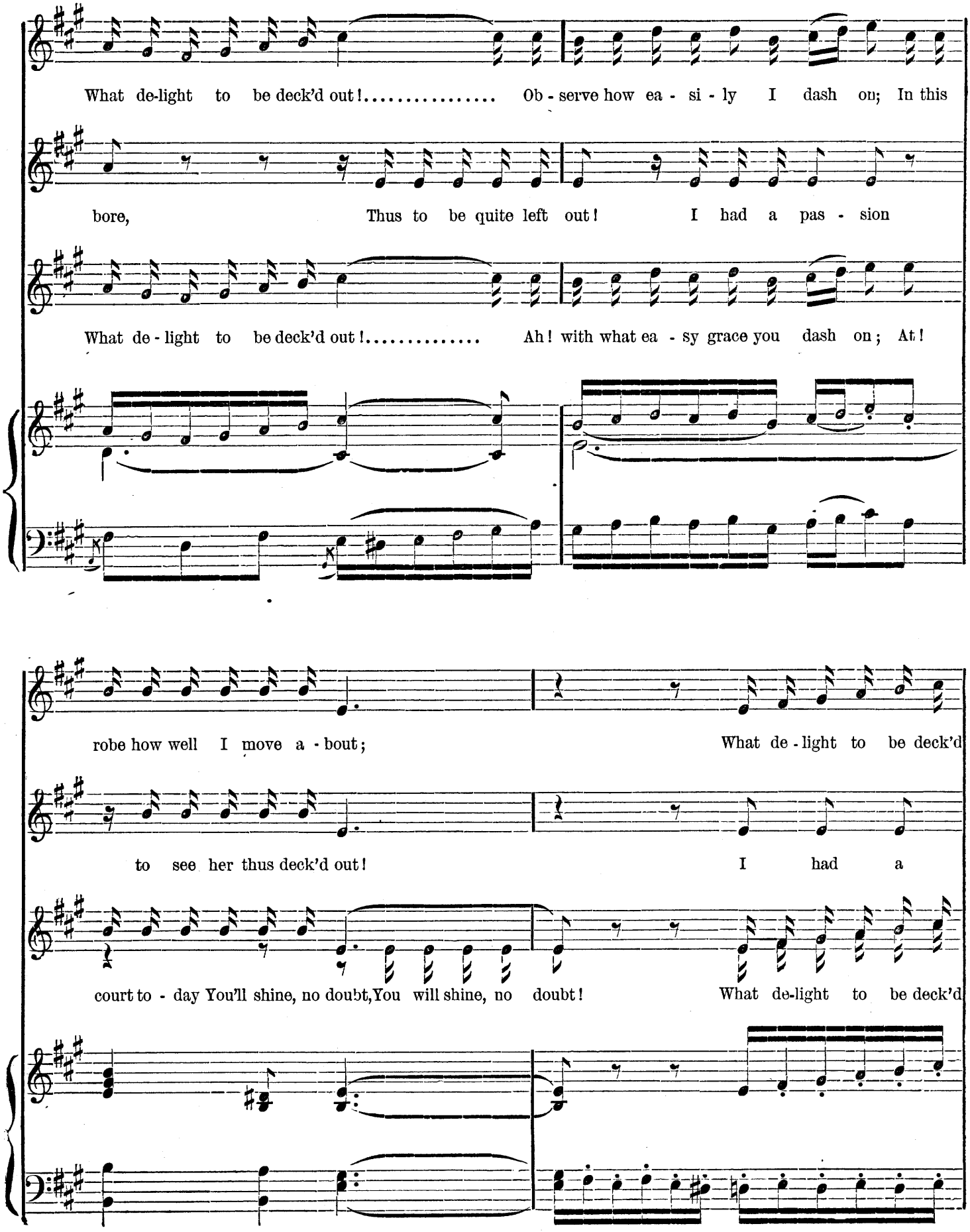
MAN. (*Quickly, aside.*) The king!

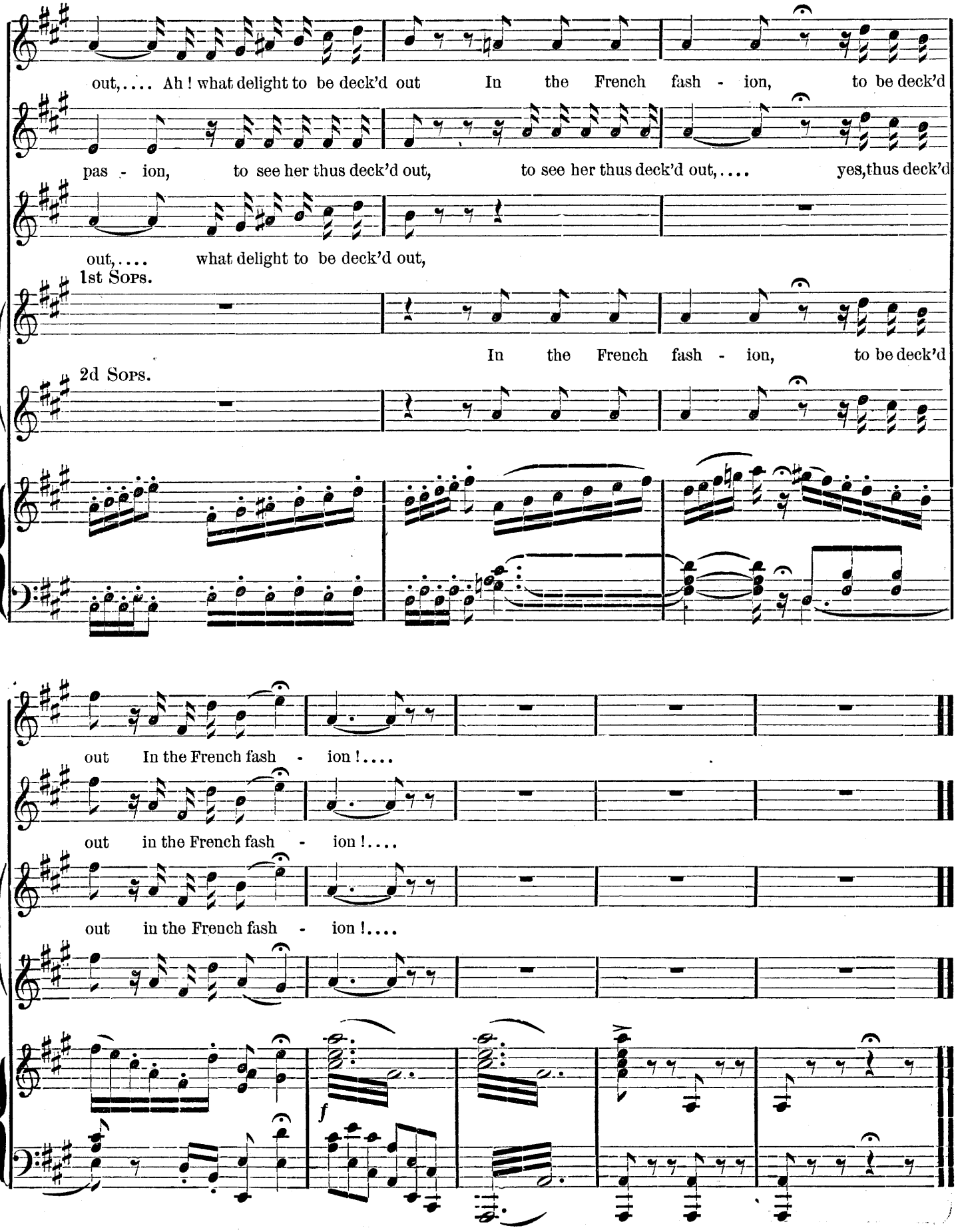
MAR. (*Embarrassed.*) The king coming here!

BAR. His majesty comes from the council, and wishes to converse with you in private. I'll go and inform him that your highness awaits his good pleasure. (*Addressing ladies.*) Mesdames, will you please retire!

MAR. (*Aside.*) Let nothing of this appear! (*At this moment, being completely dressed, she walks about coquettishly to be admired, and sings with the Chorus.* BAR. *retires with the ladies in waiting.*)




What de-light to be deck'd out!..... Ob - serve how ea - si - ly I dash on; In this
bore, Thus to be quite left out! I had a pas - sion
What de - light to be deck'd out!..... Ah! with what ea - sy grace you dash on; Ah!
robe how well I move a - bout; What de - light to be deck'd
to see her thus deck'd out! I had a
court to - day You'll shine, no doubt, You will shine, no doubt! What de-light to be deck'd


out,.... Ah! what delight to be deck'd out In the French fash - ion, to be deck'd
pas - ion, to see her thus deck'd out, to see her thus deck'd out,.... yes, thus deck'd
out,.... what delight to be deck'd out,
1st Sops.
In the French fash - ion, to be deck'd
2d Sops.
out In the French fash - ion!....
out in the French fash - ion!....
out in the French fash - ion!....
f

(*As soon as the ladies have disappeared,* MAR. *runs to* MAN.)

MAR. (*Excitedly.*) Quick, monsieur! Go away!

MAN. (*Hurriedly.*) Yes, highness, but——(*In the wing is heard the voice of the Page, who announces the first time,* "The King!")

MAR. The king! There is no more time! Enter there, in that cabinet. (*Moment of hesitation on the part of* MAN. MAR. *pushes him into the cabinet on the left.*) Enter there!

(MAN. *enters; at the same moment, the door at the back opens and the Page appears.*)

PAGE. (*Announcing.*) The king! (*Enter* KING. *Page retires.*)

KING. (*Much agitated.*) Ah, Marianna, if you knew what has just occurred!

MAR. What, sire?

KING. I was about to present you this evening to the court—well, 'tis all changed.

MAR. What do I hear? Have the ministers?——

KING. They do not wish me to marry you.

MAR. (*Aside.*) At last! What happiness!

KING. Yes, they are all leagued against me; but I shall resist, if you love me, Marianna!

MAR. Sire—obedience——

KING. What do you say! You preached the contrary!

MAR. Oh, I have reflected, and State reasons——

KING. It is not you who speak, Marianna! Ah! I understand you! You fear that I shall give way. But no! I'll hold up my head —they must yield, or I will drive them away!

MAR. You frighten me!

KING. You do not see, then, that I adore you! How lovely you are in that new costume! You believe that I shall let you go away! (MAR. *Makes a movement.*) Do not move away! (*Puts his arm around her.*) Let me press that charming form! Come near me! We are alone.

MAR. Release me, sire!

KING. Forget that I am king. Come, Marianna! (*Enfolds her.*) 'Tis a lover, tender—respectful!

MAR. O Lord, protect me!

MAN. Sire!

KING. Who takes such liberty? Manoël!

MAN. Yes, sire, Manoël!

KING. Depart, monsieur! You dare——

MAR. Sire, I love the Infanta!

KING. You love her!

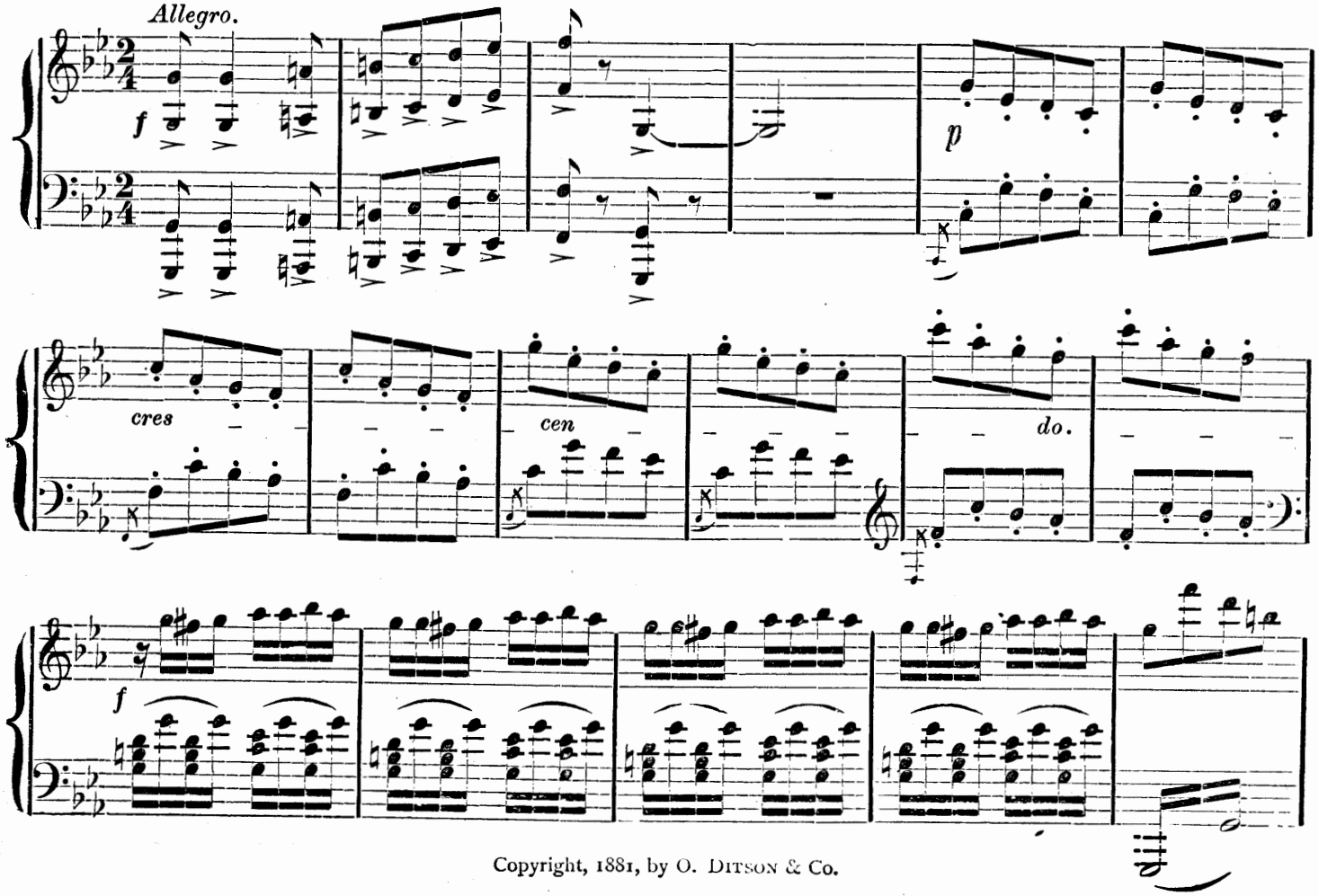
MAR. Hold! Manoël, 'tis the king!

MAN. (*Laying his hand on the guard of his sword.*) And what of that? He is a man, and he comes to subdue you to his love.

KING. This is too audacious! (*Calling out.*) Here, some one,—here! (*Everybody rushes in. Some lords spring toward* MANOEL, *to seize him. All show a lively indignation.*)

WHAT CRIMINAL PRANK ARE YOU PLAYING?

No. 18. FINALE, CHORUS, SCENE AND ROMANCE.



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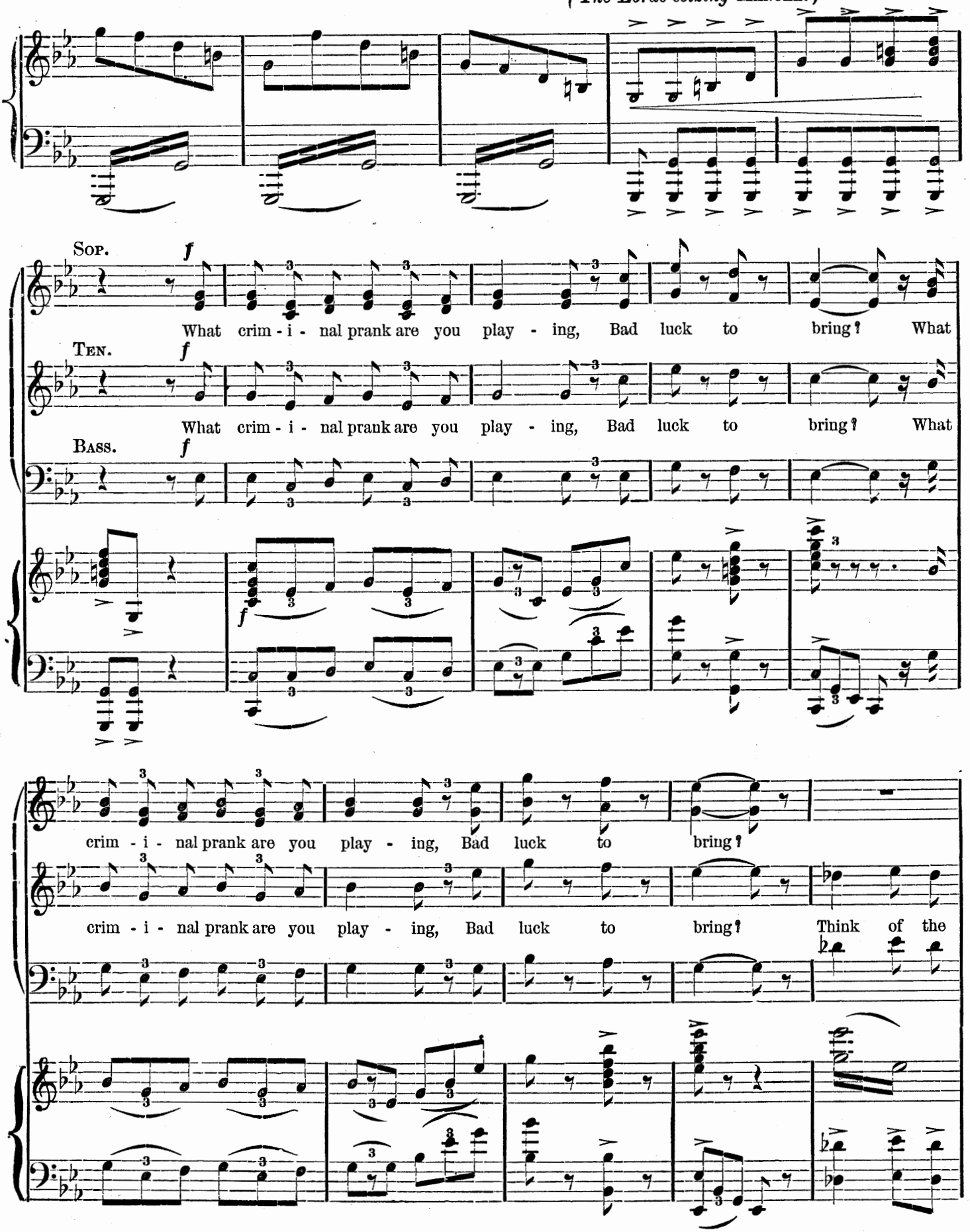
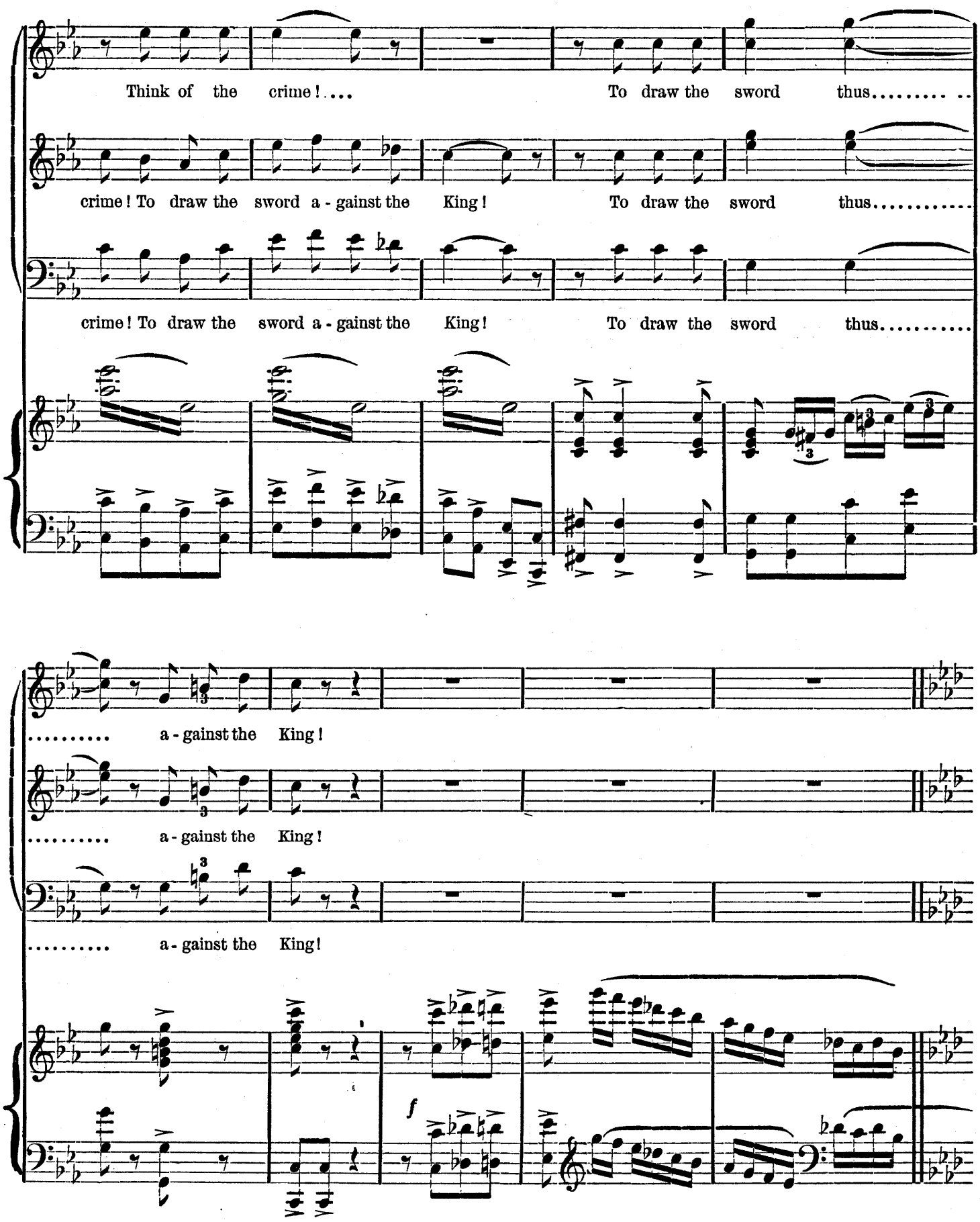
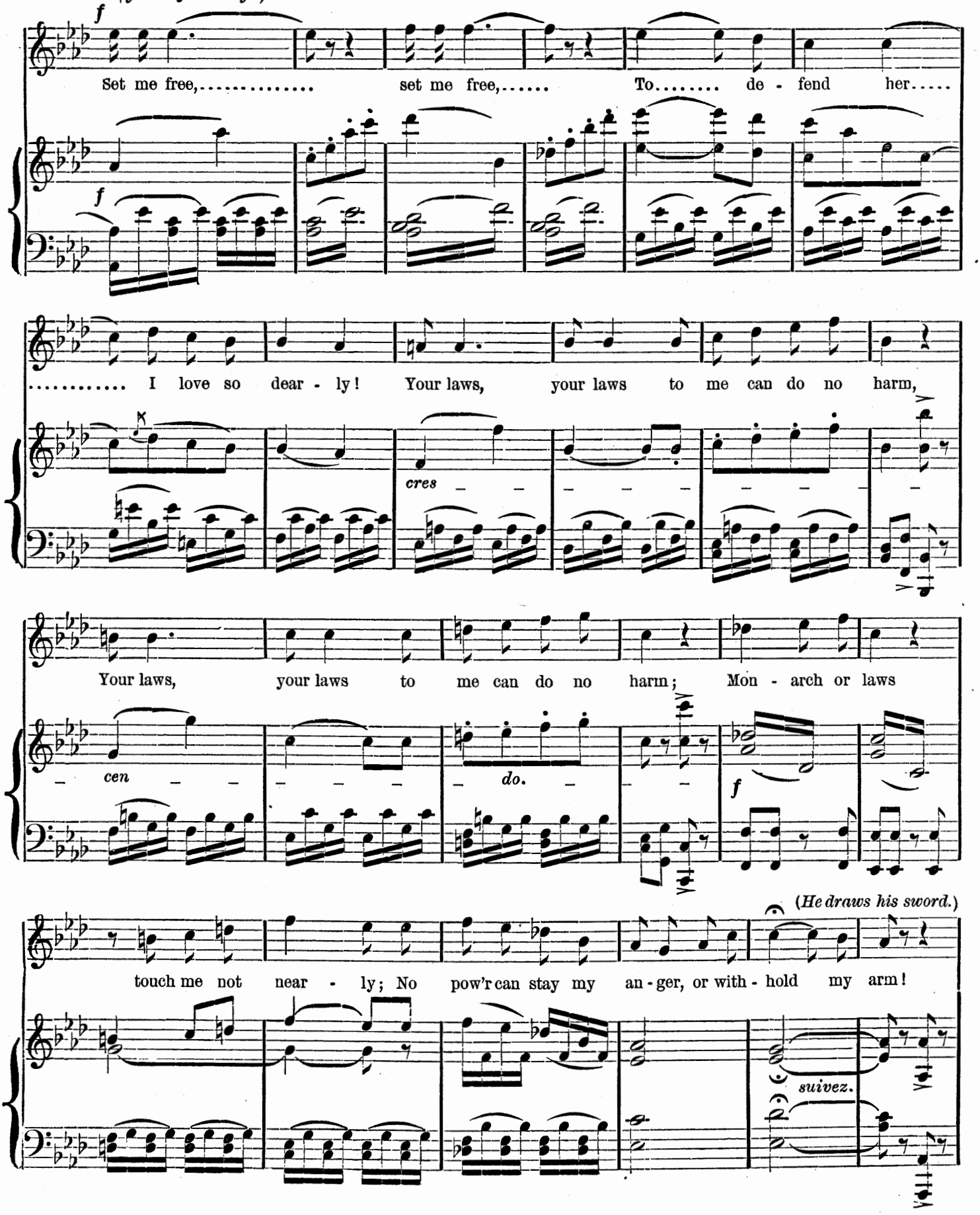
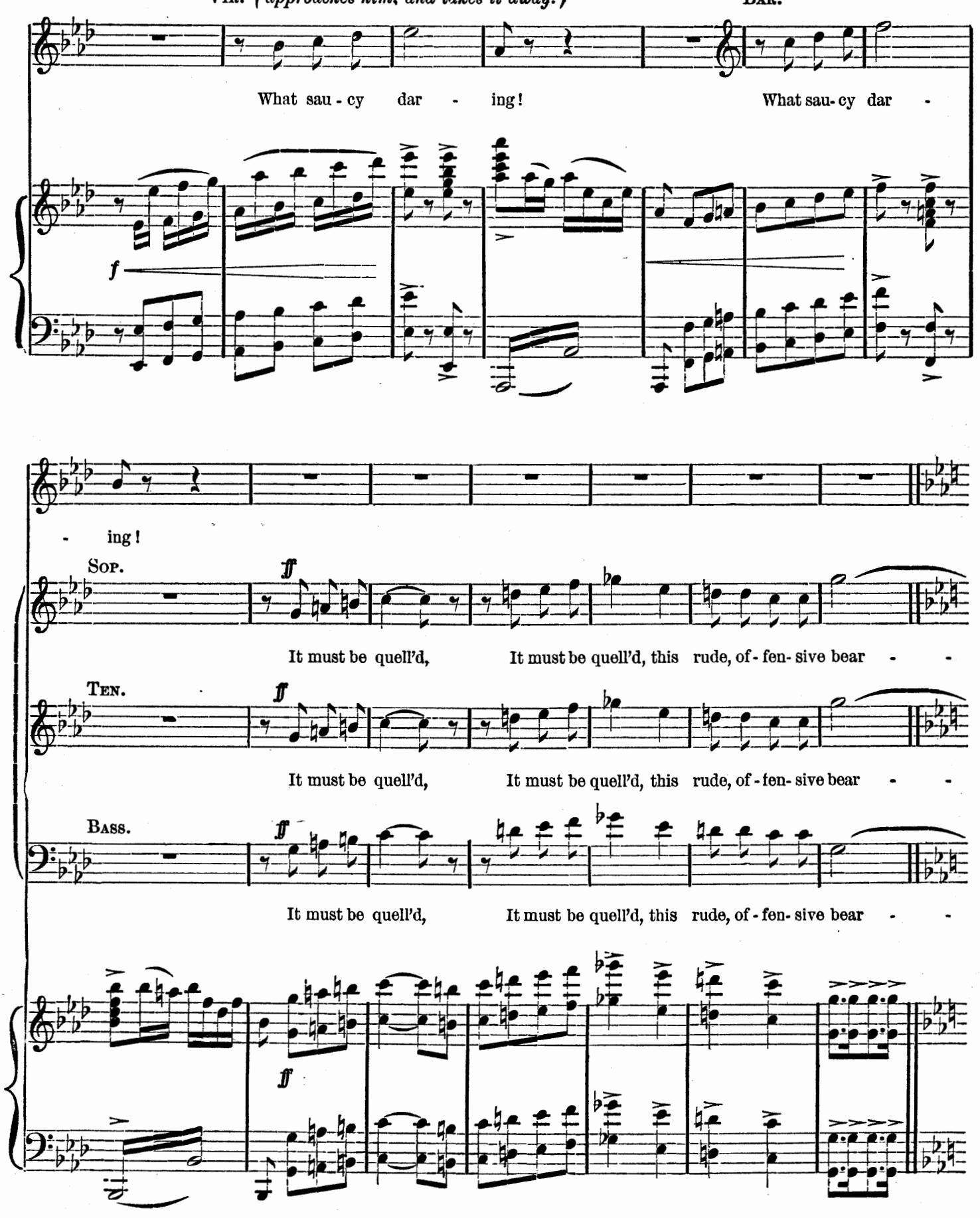
(The Lords seizing MANOEL.*)*

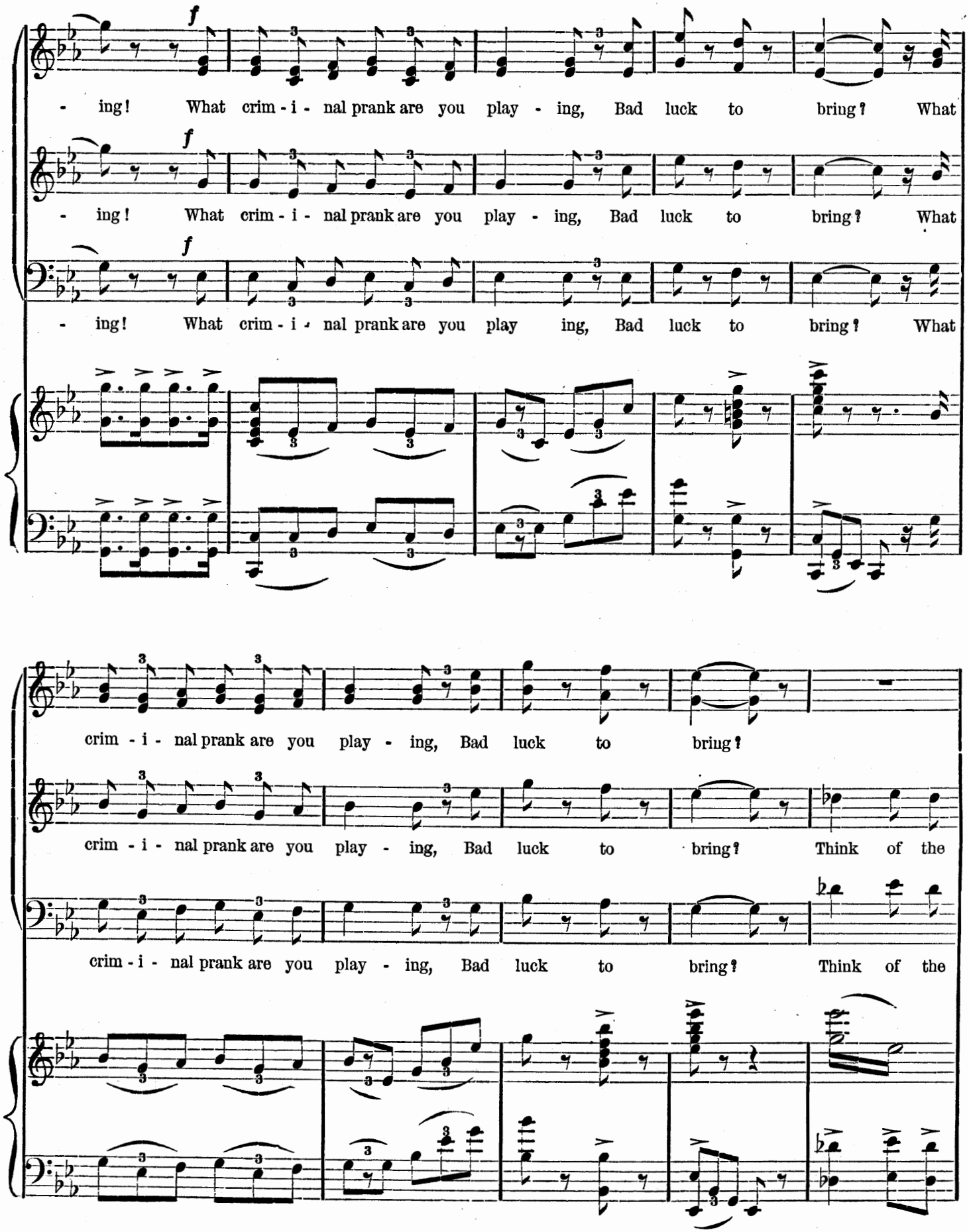


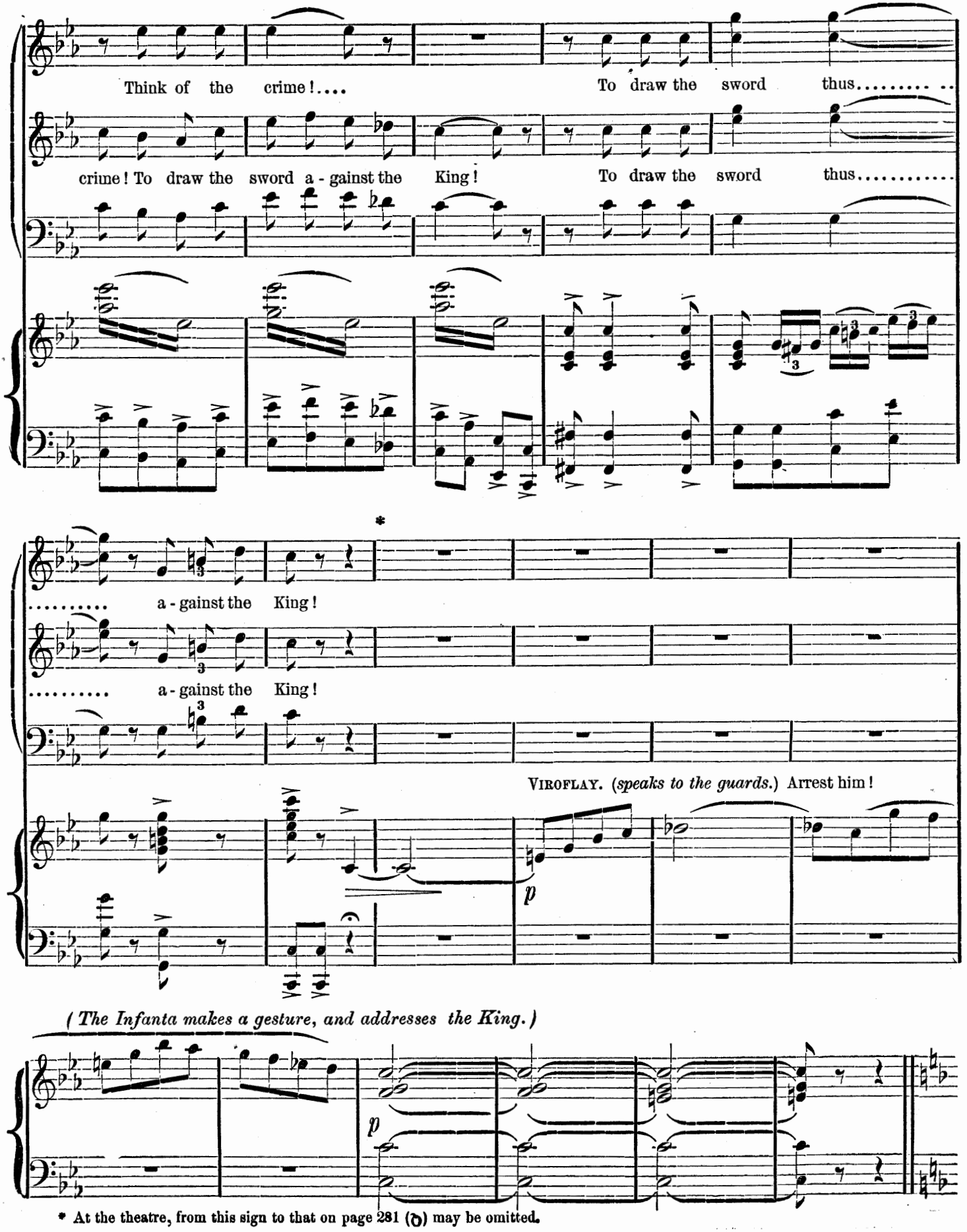

Think of the crime! .... To draw the sword thus.....
crime! To draw the sword a - gainst the King! To draw the sword thus.....
crime! To draw the sword a - gainst the King! To draw the sword thus.....
..... a - gainst the King!
..... a - gainst the King!
..... a - gainst the King!
f

MAN. *(freeing himself.)*

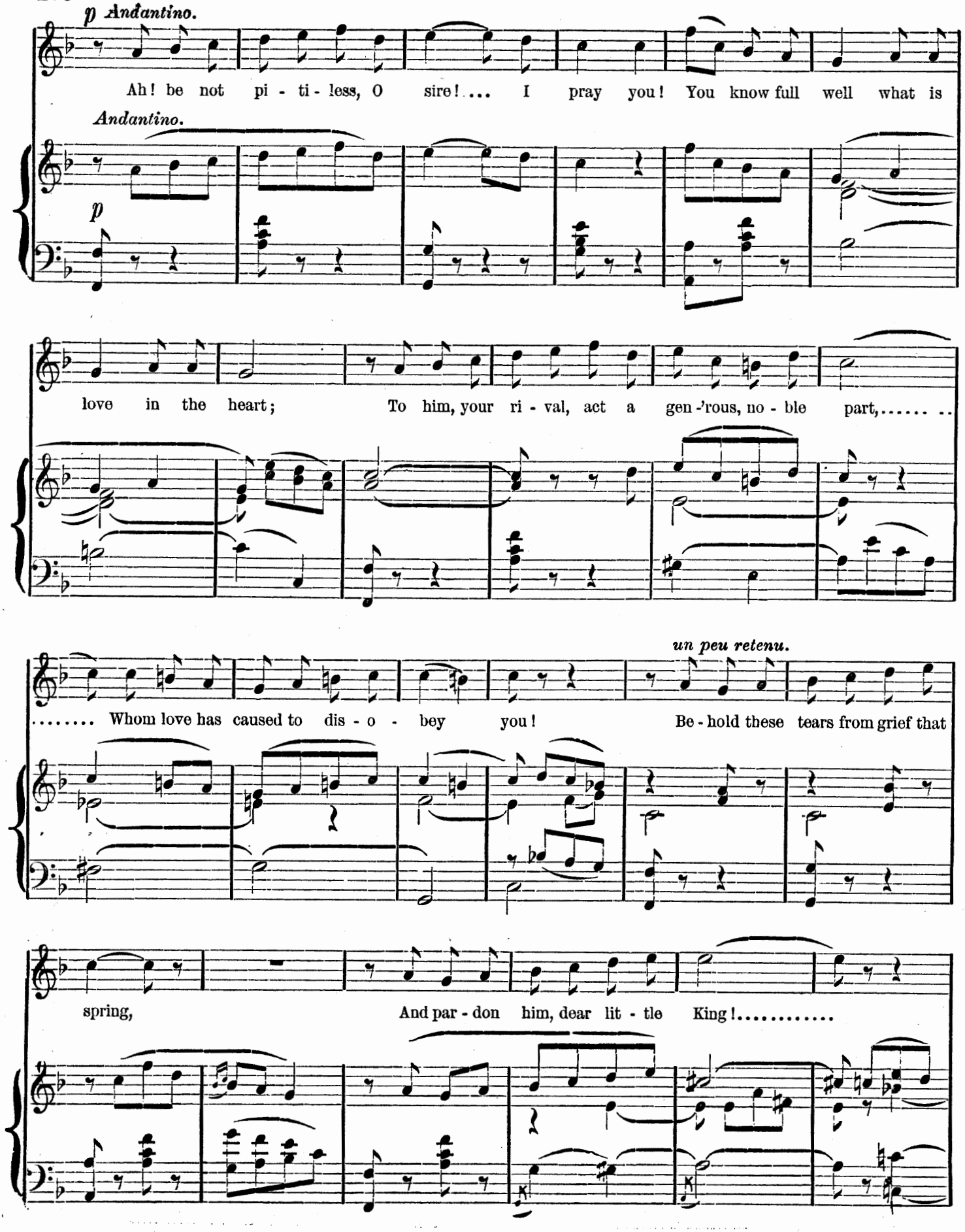


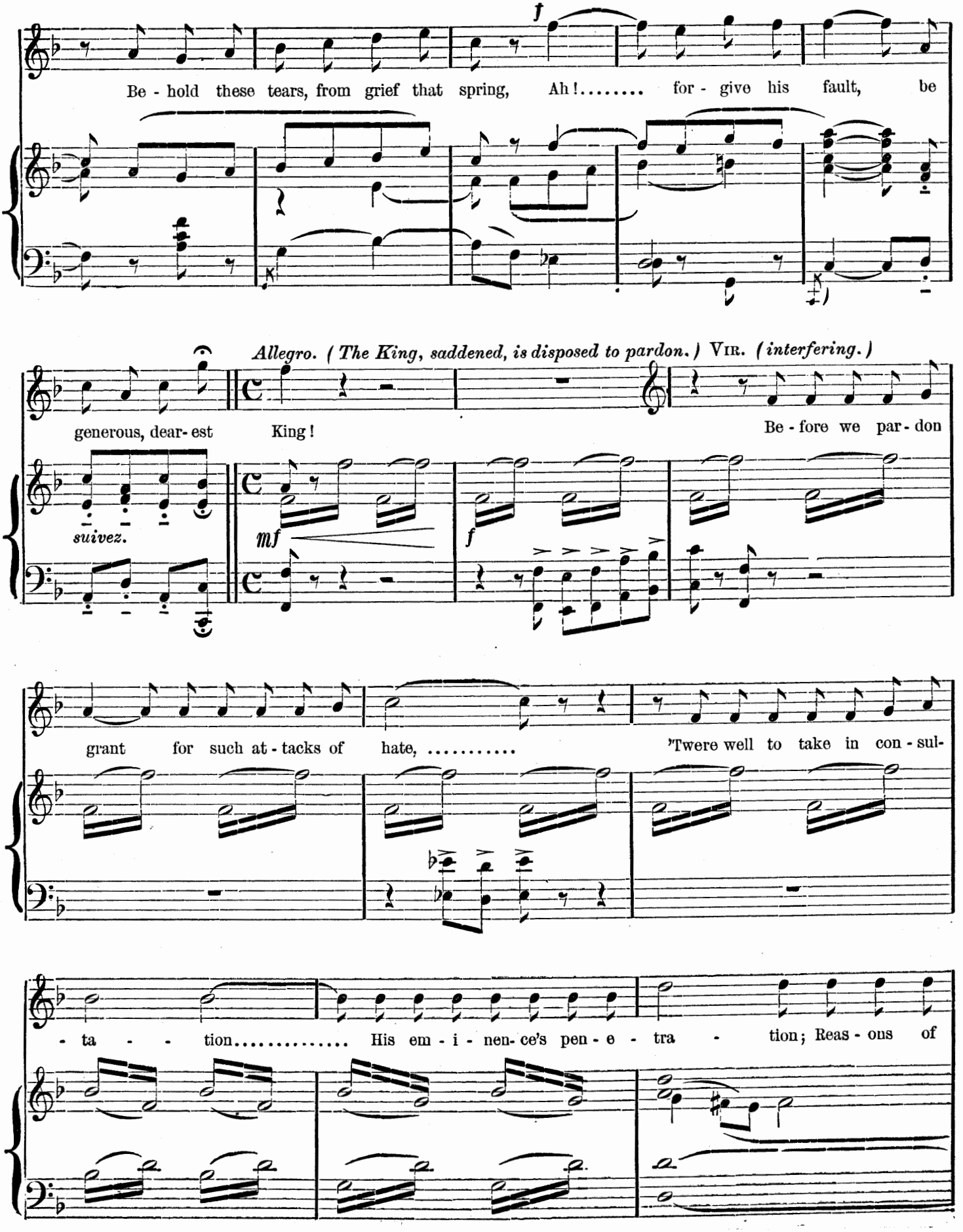

VIR. (approaches him, and takes it away.)
BAR.
What sau - cy dar - ing!
What sau- cy dar -
f
- ing!
SOP.
ff
It must be quell'd, It must be quell'd, this rude, of - fen- sive bear - -
TEN.
ff
It must be quell'd, It must be quell'd, this rude, of - fen- sive bear - -
BASS.
ff
It must be quell'd, It must be quell'd, this rude, of - fen- sive bear - -
ff


f
- ing! What crim - i - nal prank are you play - ing, Bad luck to bring? What
- ing! What crim - i - nal prank are you play - ing, Bad luck to bring? What
- ing! What crim - i - nal prank are you play ing, Bad luck to bring? What
crim - i - nal prank are you play - ing, Bad luck to bring?
crim - i - nal prank are you play - ing, Bad luck to bring? Think of the
crim - i - nal prank are you play - ing, Bad luck to bring? Think of the



* At the theatre, from this sign to that on page 281 (ɔ) may be omitted.


p Andantino.
Ah! be not pi - ti - less, O sire! .... I pray you! You know full well what is
Andantino.
p
love in the heart; To him, your ri - val, act a gen - 'rous, no - ble part, ...
un peu retenu.
..... Whom love has caused to dis - o - bey you! Be - hold these tears from grief that
spring, And par - don him, dear lit - tle King! .....


f
Be - hold these tears, from grief that spring, Ah!..... for - give his fault, be
Allegro. (The King, saddened, is disposed to pardon.) VIR. (interfering.)
generous, dear- est King!
Be - fore we par - don
suivez.
mf
f
grant for such at - tacks of hate, ...
'Twere well to take in con - sul-
- ta - - tion..... His em - i - nen- ce's pen - e - tra - tion; Reas - ons of

THE KING (*repeating.*) Reasons of state.

Andantino non troppo.

State!....

SOP. *f*

Reas- ons of State!

TEN. *f*

Reas- ons of State!

BASS. *f*

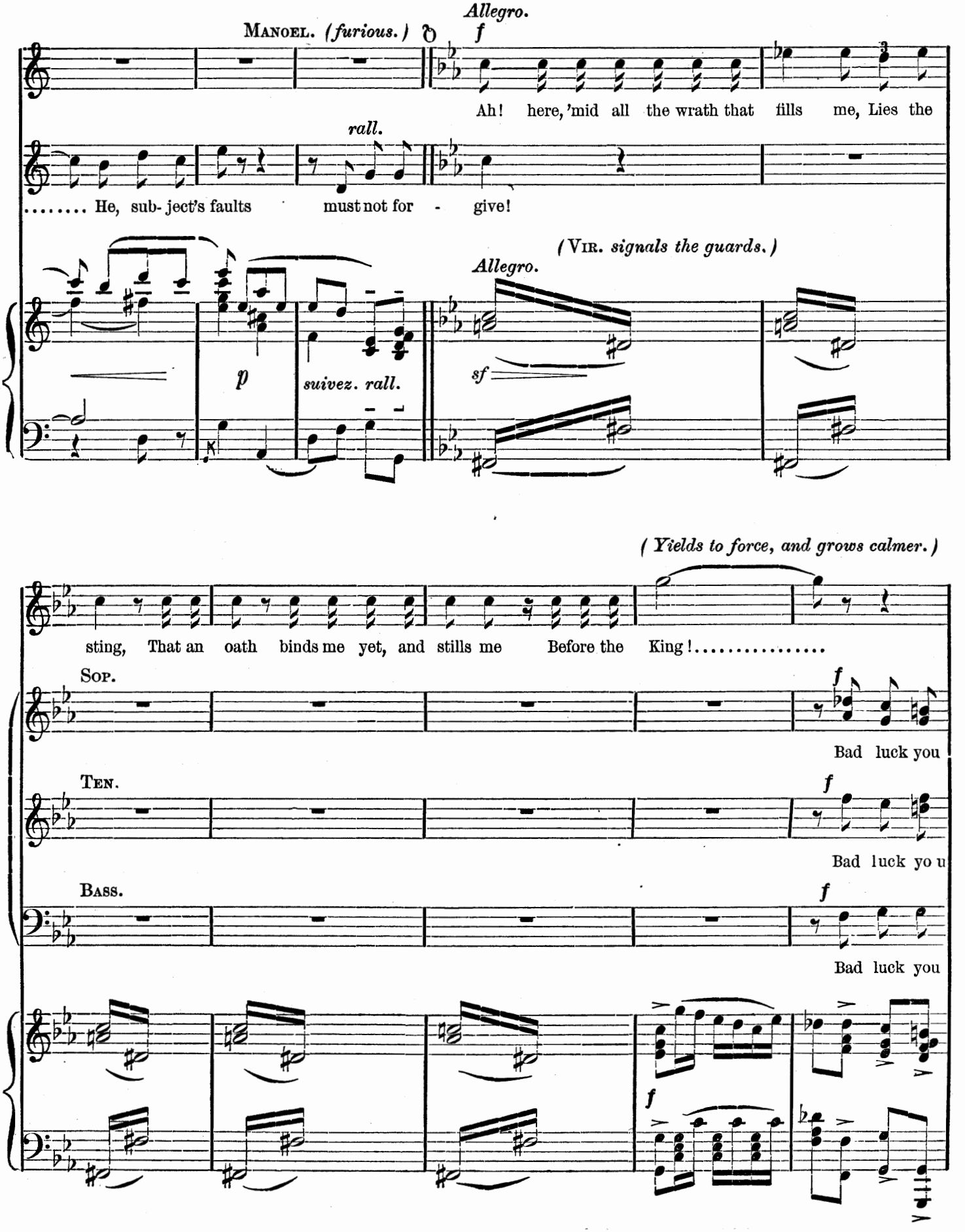
Andantino non troppo.

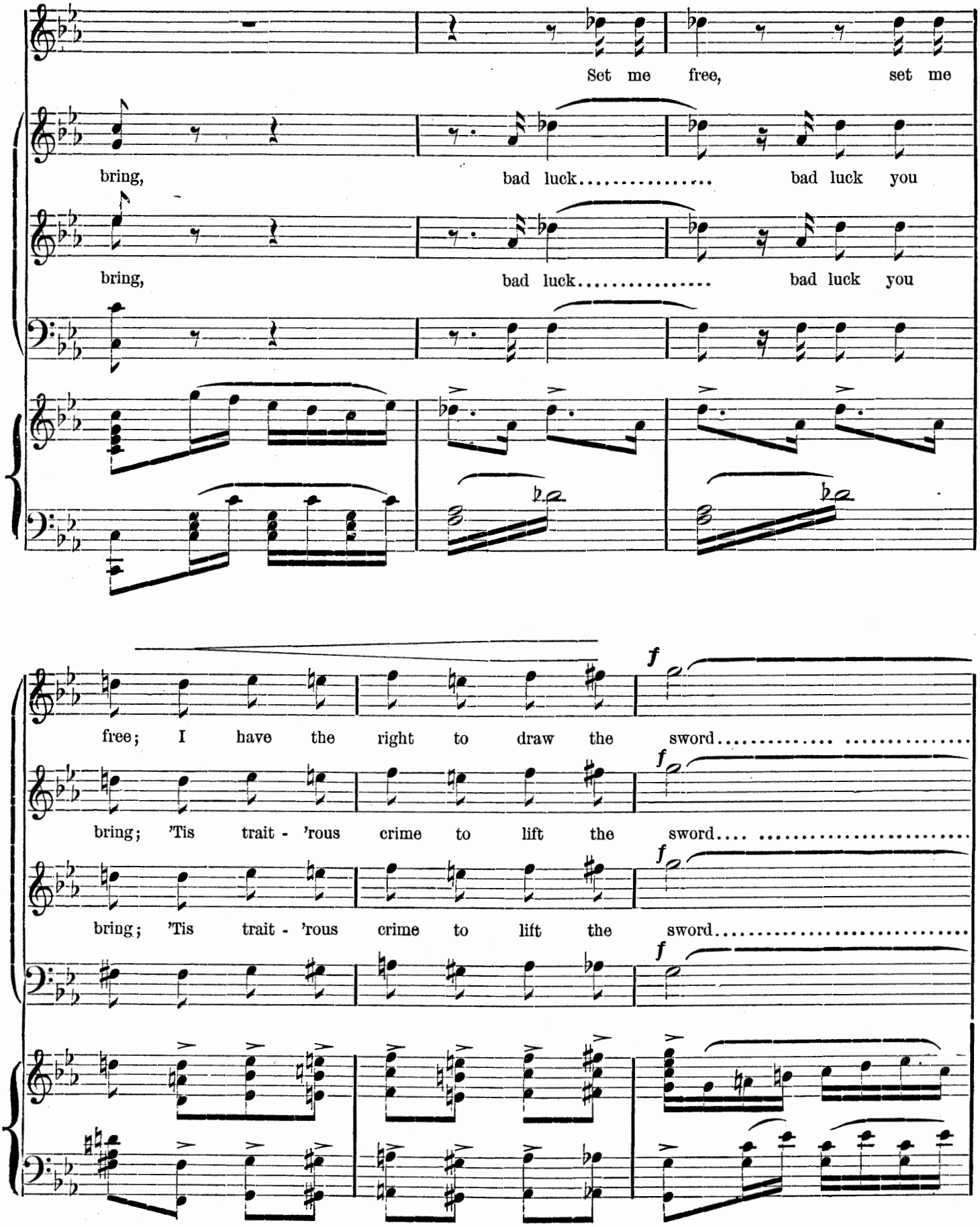
Ah! poor young

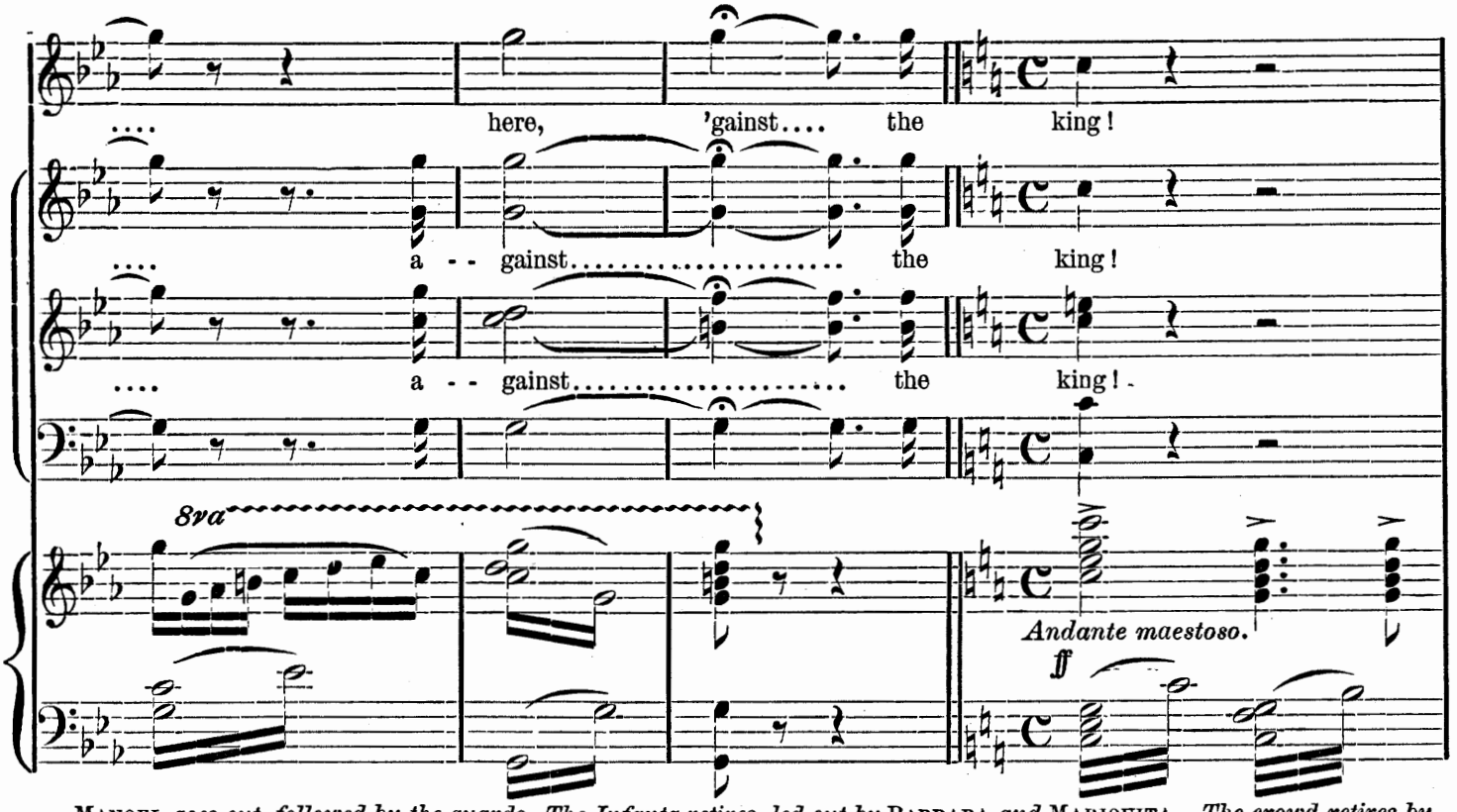
king, all powerless reign - - ing,..... Op - posed in will, or ways to

live;

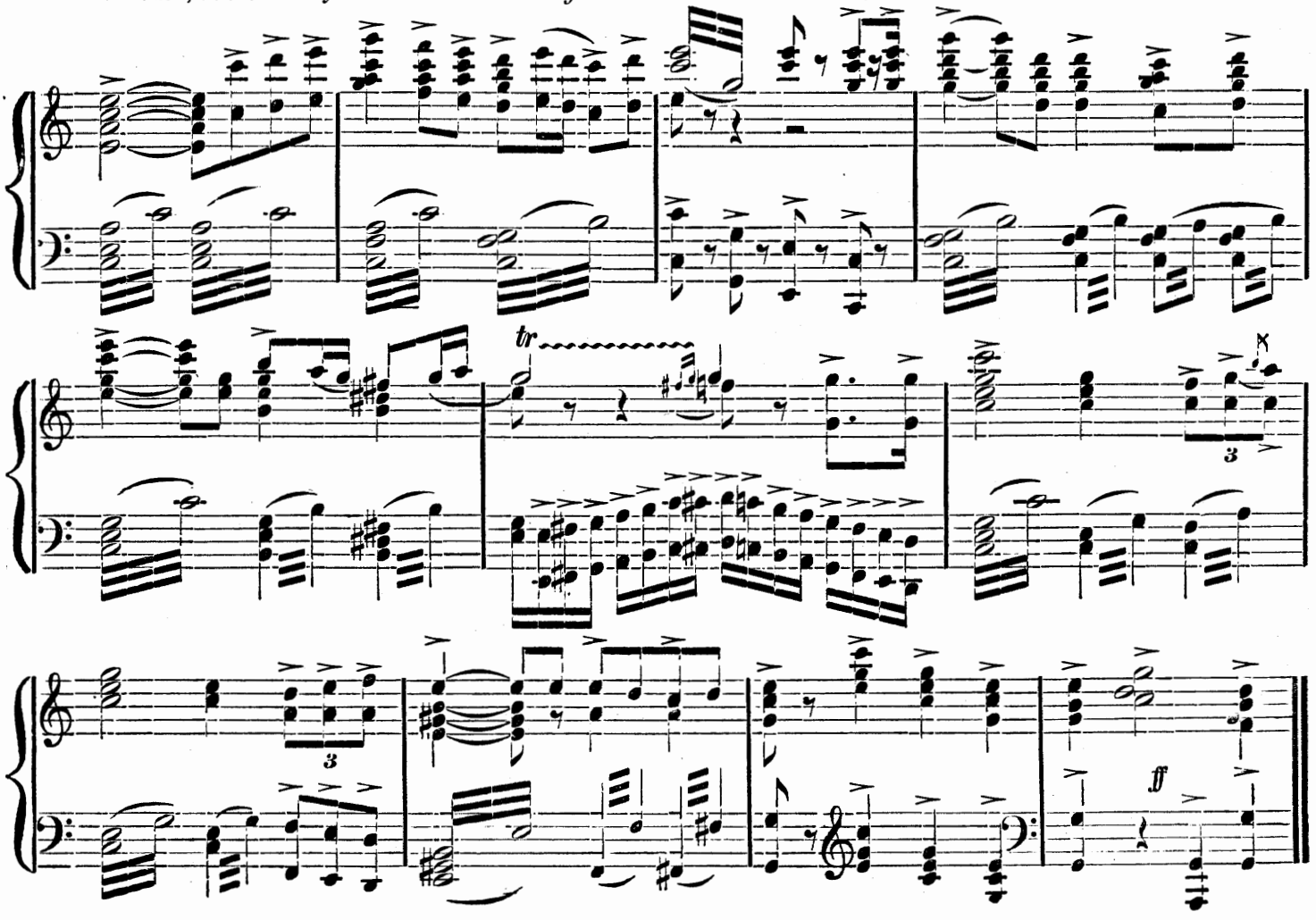
The one he loves de - prived of gain - ing,


Allegro.
MANOEL. (furious.)
f
Ah! here, 'mid all the wrath that fills me, Lies the
rall.
..... He, sub- ject's faults must not for - give!
(VIR. signals the guards.)
Allegro.
p
suivez. rall.
sf
(Yields to force, and grows calmer.)
sting, That an oath binds me yet, and stills me Before the King!.....
SOP.
Bad luck you
TEN.
Bad luck yo u
BASS.
Bad luck you


Set me free, set me
bring, bad luck..... bad luck you
bring, bad luck..... bad luck you
free; I have the right to draw the sword..... .....
bring; 'Tis trait - 'rous crime to lift the sword.... .....
bring; 'Tis trait - 'rous crime to lift the sword.....
f
f
f
f



MANOEL *goes out, followed by the guards. The Infanta retires, led out by* BARBARA *and* MARIQUITA. *The crowd retires by the back, in the suite of the* KING. *Scene changes.*

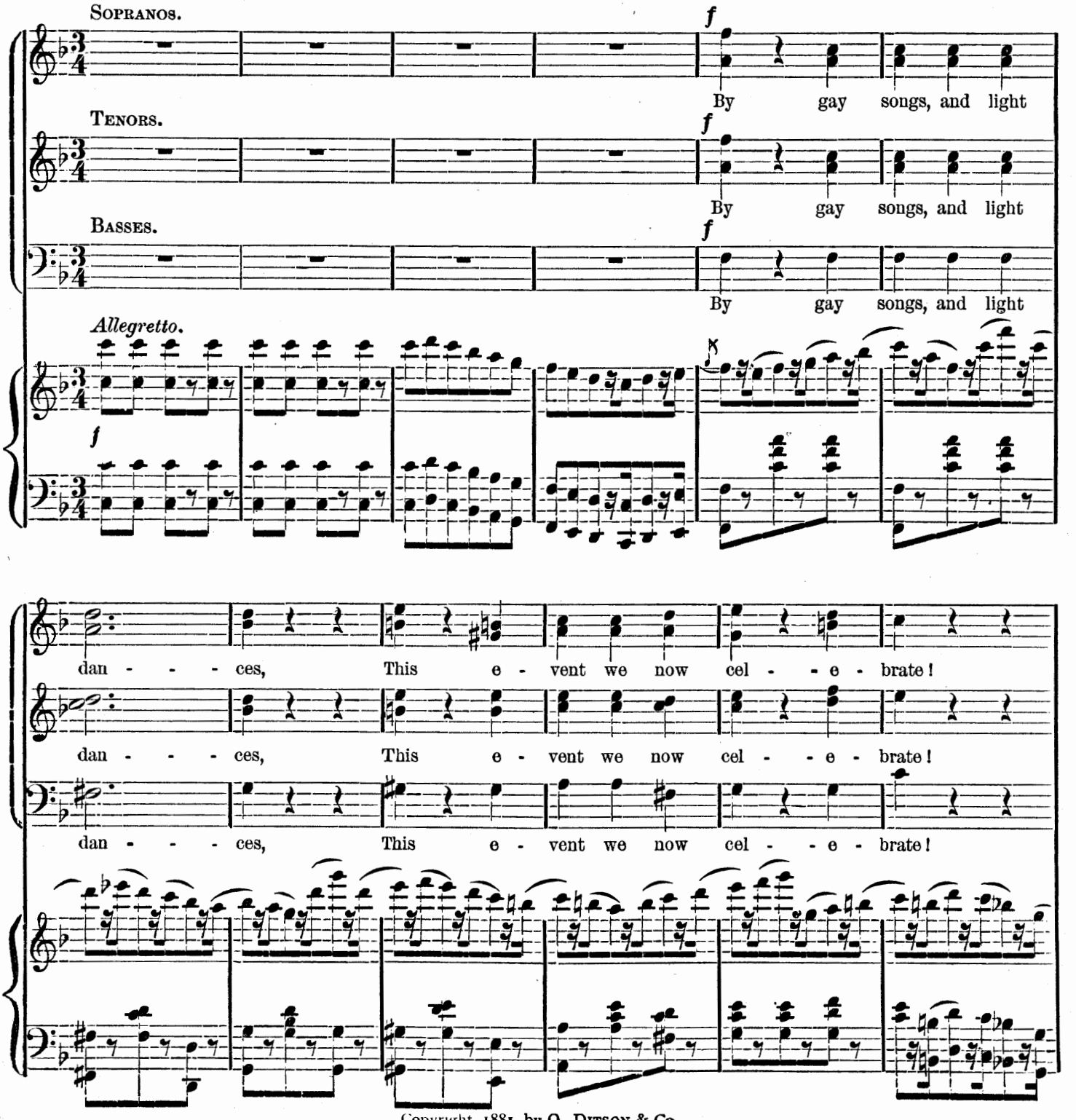


ACT III.

SECOND TABLEAU.—*Park of Versailles. In the back, a broad practicable terrace, from which they descend upon the scene by a large flight of steps. King's guards, lords and common people are standing upon the terrace. In front, other lords are promenading with ladies of the court.*

BY GAY SONGS, AND LIGHT DANCES.

CHORUS AND COUPLET FINALE.



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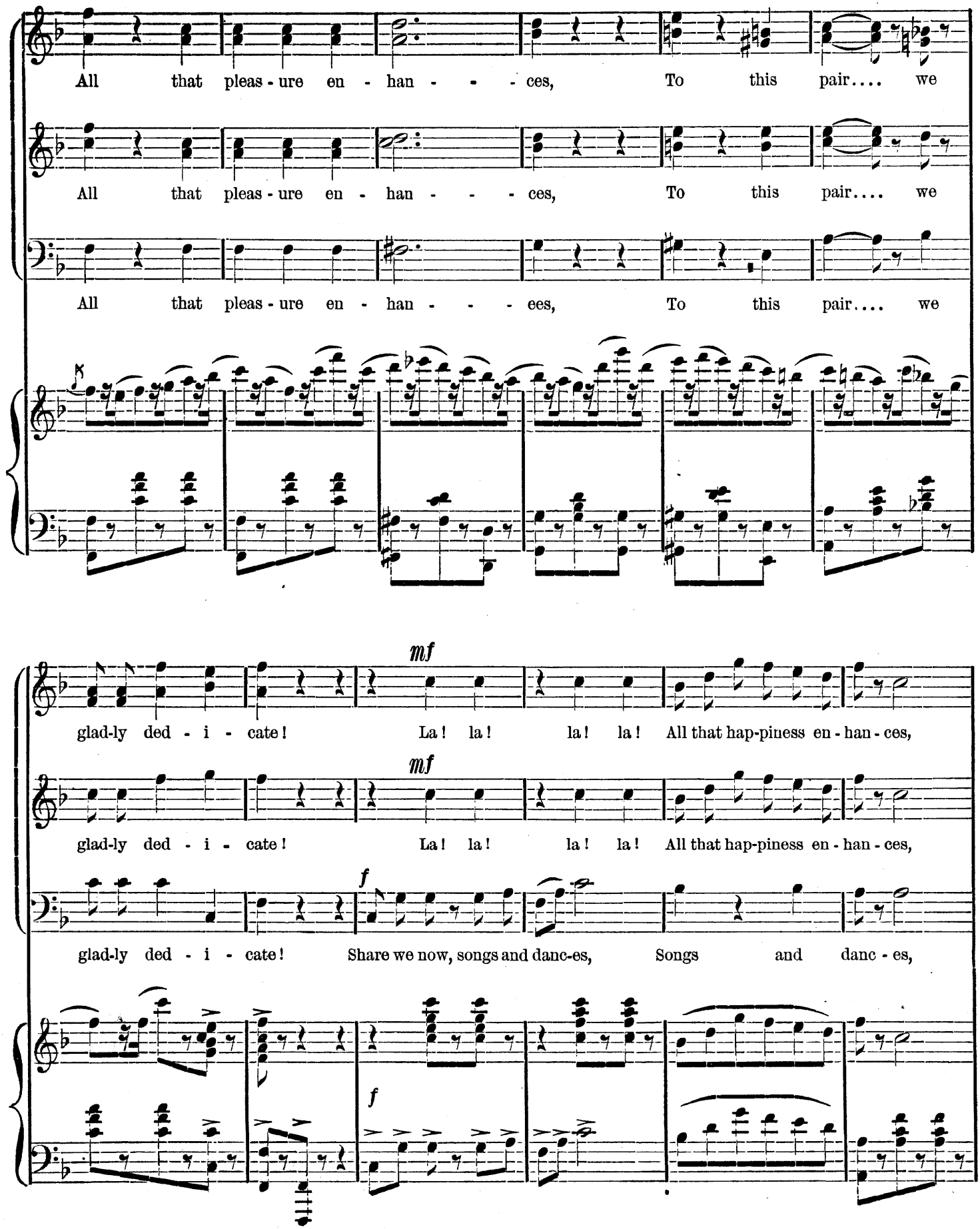
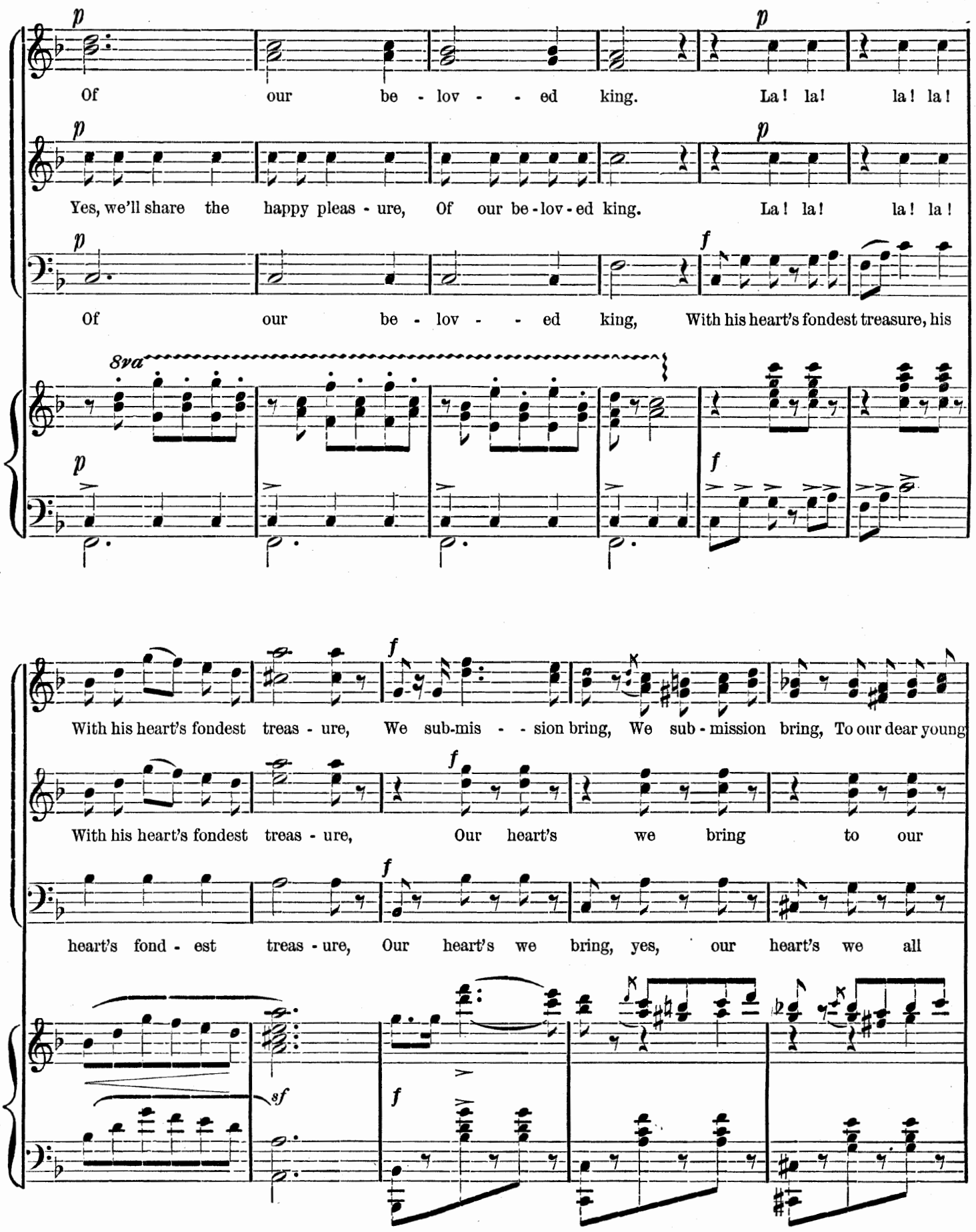
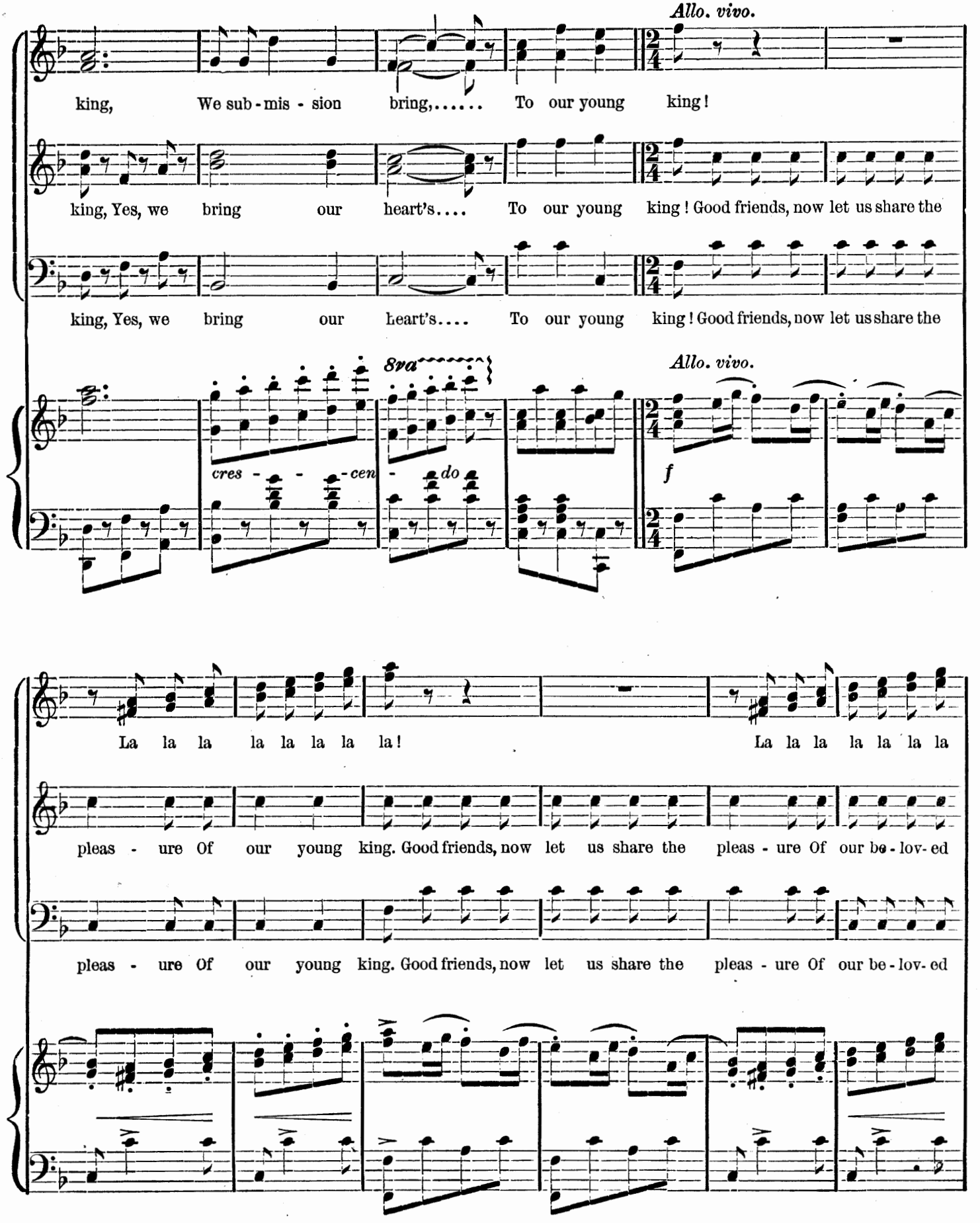
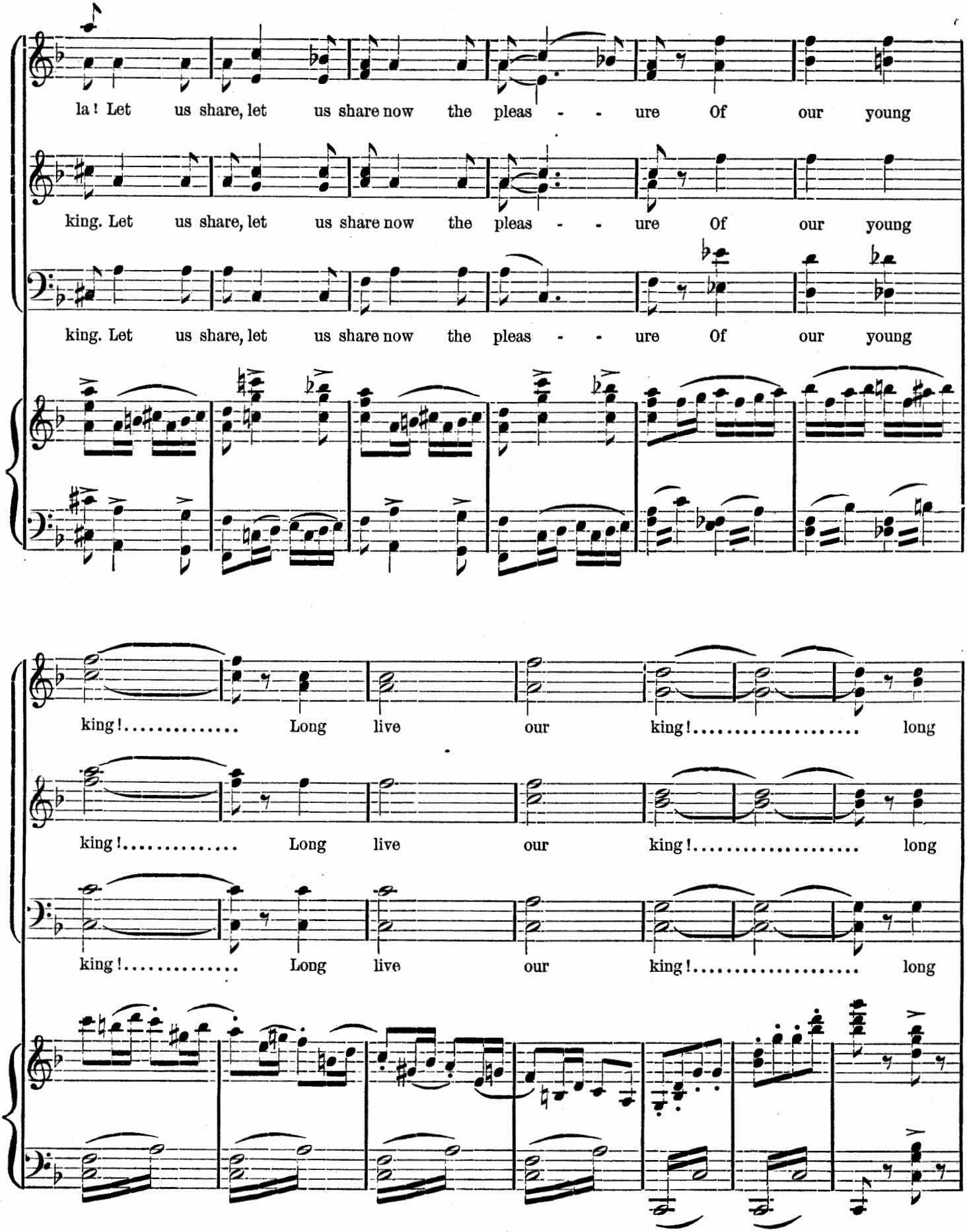
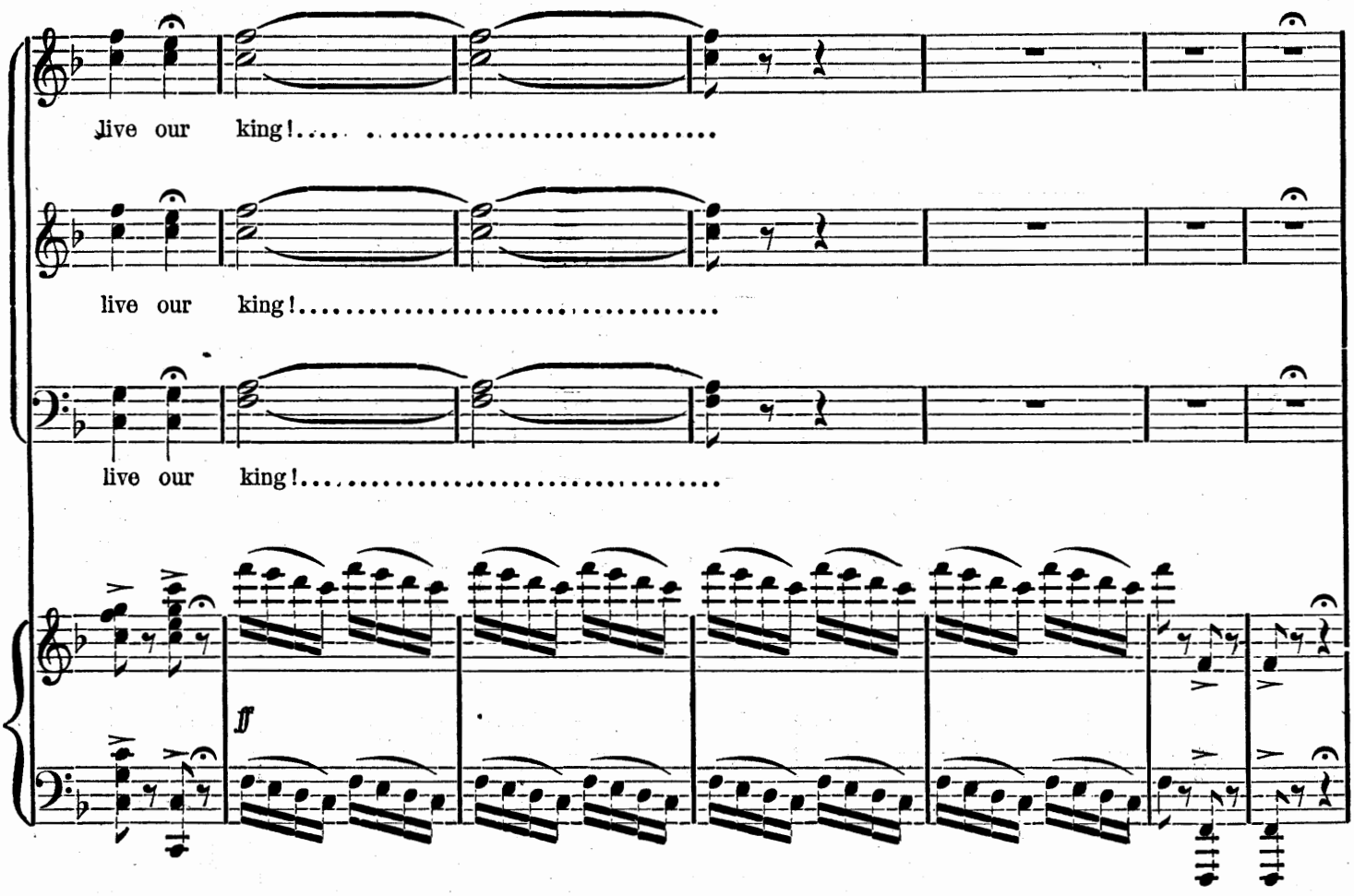

All that pleas - ure en - han - - - ces, To this pair.... we
All that pleas - ure en - han - - - ces, To this pair.... we
All that pleas - ure en - han - - - ees, To this pair.... we
mf
glad-ly ded - i - cate! La! la! la! la! All that hap-piness en - han - ces,
mf
glad-ly ded - i - cate! La! la! la! la! All that hap-piness en - han - ces,
f
glad-ly ded - i - cate! Share we now, songs and danc-es, Songs and danc - es,
f


p
Of our be - lov - - ed king. La! la! la! la!
p
Yes, we'll share the happy pleas - ure, Of our be - lov - ed king. La! la! la! la!
p
Of our be - lov - - ed king, With his heart's fondest treasure, his
8va
p
f
With his heart's fondest treas - ure, We sub-mis - - sion bring, We sub - mission bring, To our dear young
With his heart's fondest treas - ure, Our heart's we bring to our
heart's fond - est treas - ure, Our heart's we bring, yes, our heart's we all
sf
f


Allo. vivo.
king, We sub - mis - sion bring,..... To our young king!
king, Yes, we bring our heart's.... To our young king! Good friends, now let us share the
king, Yes, we bring our heart's.... To our young king! Good friends, now let us share the
8va
cres - - - cen - do
Allo. vivo.
f
La la la la la la la la!
La la la la la la la
pleas - ure Of our young king. Good friends, now let us share the pleas - ure Of our be - lov - ed
pleas - ure Of our young king. Good friends, now let us share the pleas - ure Of our be - lov - ed


la ! Let us share, let us share now the pleas - - ure Of our young
king. Let us share, let us share now the pleas - - ure Of our young
king. Let us share, let us share now the pleas - - ure Of our young
king !..... Long live our king !..... long
king !..... Long live our king !..... long
king !..... Long live our king !..... long



VIRO. (*entering.*) What a superb show! The arrival of the Princess Maria Leczinska, puts all Versailles in festive array. As to the Infanta of Spain, she has nothing to do but to return to Madrid. (*Enter* PEROLSKI, LORD SEYMOUR, *and* KRACKENBERG. VIROFLAY *addresses* PEROLSKI.) Well, Monsieur the Ambassabor of Poland, 'tis the daughter of your ancient King, who has obtained the honor of sitting upon the throne of France.

LORD SEYM. (*to* KRACKENBERG.) If England had wanted it!

KRACK. Or Austria!

VIRO. (*to* PEROLSKI.) For the rest, I was always in doubt—You know I am never deceived. And your government, what does it think of it? Is it vexed—

PER. (*coldly.*) It is delighted, Monsieur, so I am happy to pass over to you the ribbon. (*he puts on* VIROFLAY'S *neck a ribbon of an ugly color.*)

VIRO. Oh! Monsieur the Ambassador, I had never solicited—(*aside.*) At last I have one! It is not a pretty color, but better than none.

* (*A flourish of trumpets is heard. The* KING *appears with the Infanta—behind her, stand* BARBARA *and* MARIQUITA.)

KING. 'Tis here, dear Marianna that I must place your hand in that of the heir of Portugal.

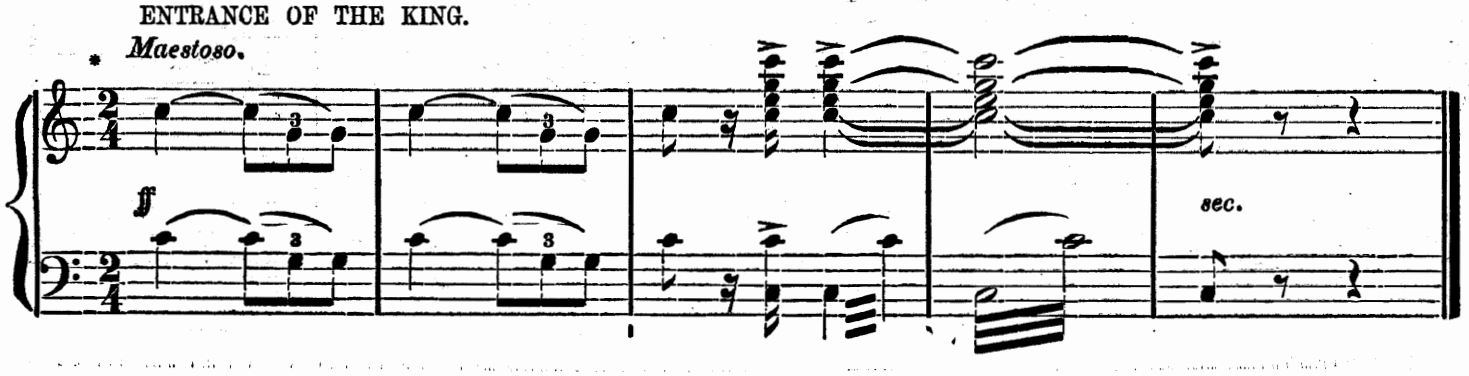
MAR. Yes Sire, it must be, since that is the price of the pardon you have granted to Manoël.

KING. Your father, you know, insists upon the marriage—Reasons of State, as says Monsieur the Cardinal.

MAR. (*sadly.*) Always. Ah! Sire, we shall both be unhappy—that is all.

ENTRANCE OF THE KING.

* *Maestoso.*



* (*Another flourish of the trumpets.* MANOEL *and* INIGO *appear upon the terrace, hand in hand, and dressed in rich costumes—Behind them come the Spanish Students of the first Act.*)

KING. (*pointing to* MANOEL.) Behold your husband, Madame.

MAR. (*without looking up.*) Alas! (*The Orchestra plays the romance of* MANOEL, *of the first Act. The Infanta turns, and recognizes* MANOEL. *She gives a cry of joy.*) Ah! you, Manoël!

KING. Dom Joseph de Braganza. Infant of Portugal!

MAN. (*running to* MARIANNA.) Dear Marianna!

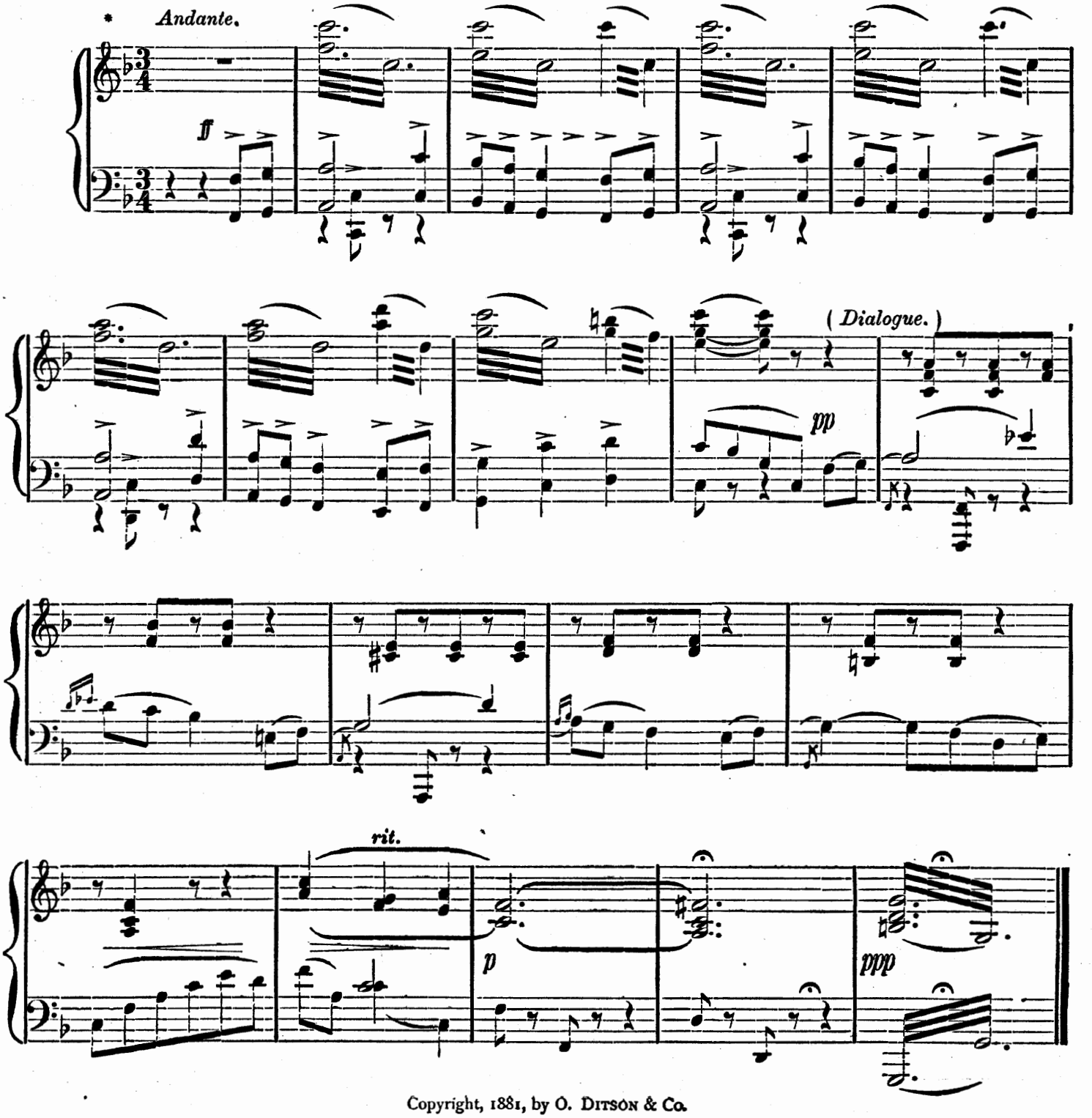
MAR. (*to the* KING.) Oh! Sire, you avenge yourself nobly.

VIR. (*to* INIGO.) Ah! so—and you, Monsieur Dom Inigo?

INI. (*with dignity.*) Duke de Sandoval—Governor of the Infant.

VIR. Duke de Sandoval! I always had my doubts—I am never deceived—

ENTRANCE OF JOSEPH OF BRAGANZA.



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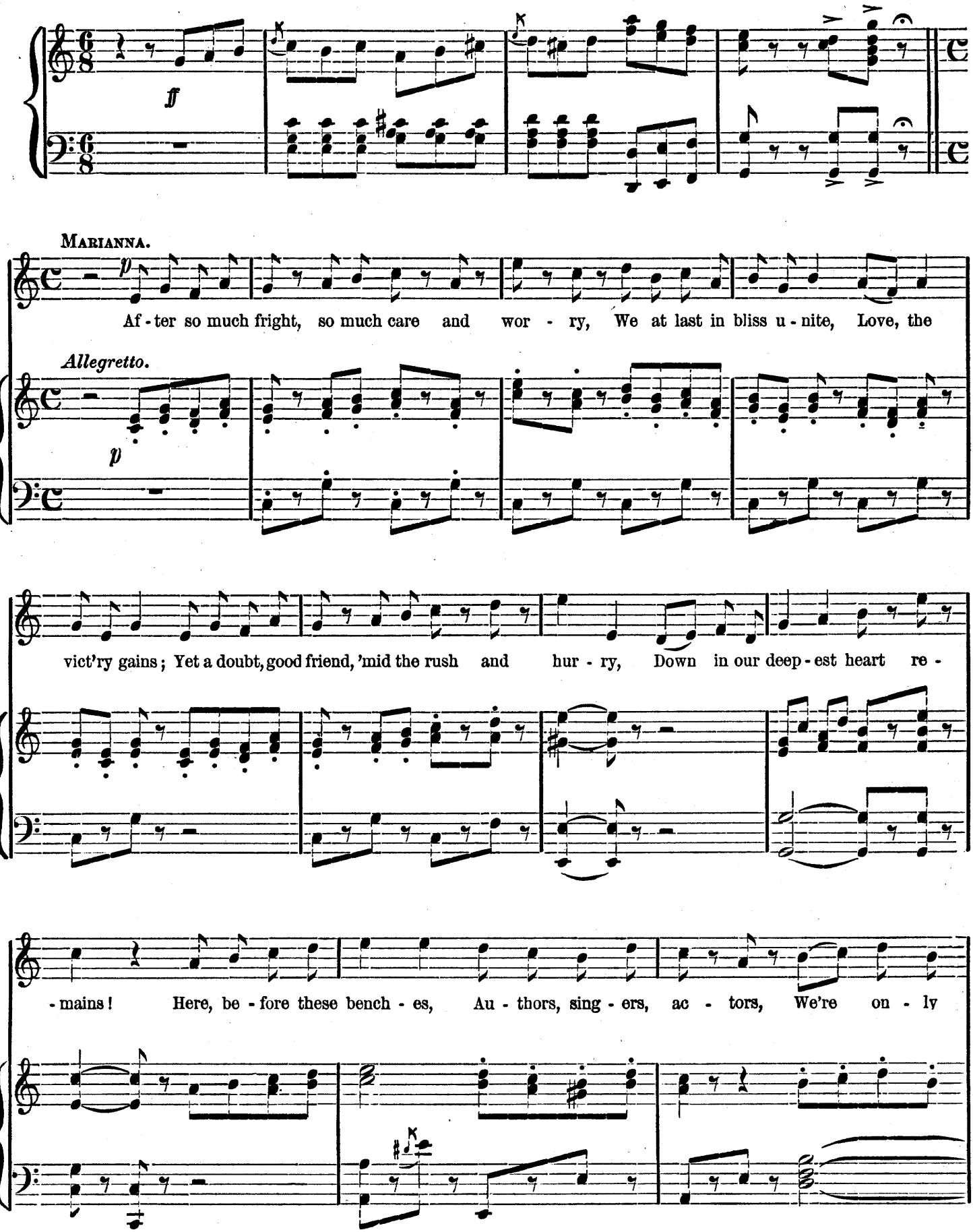
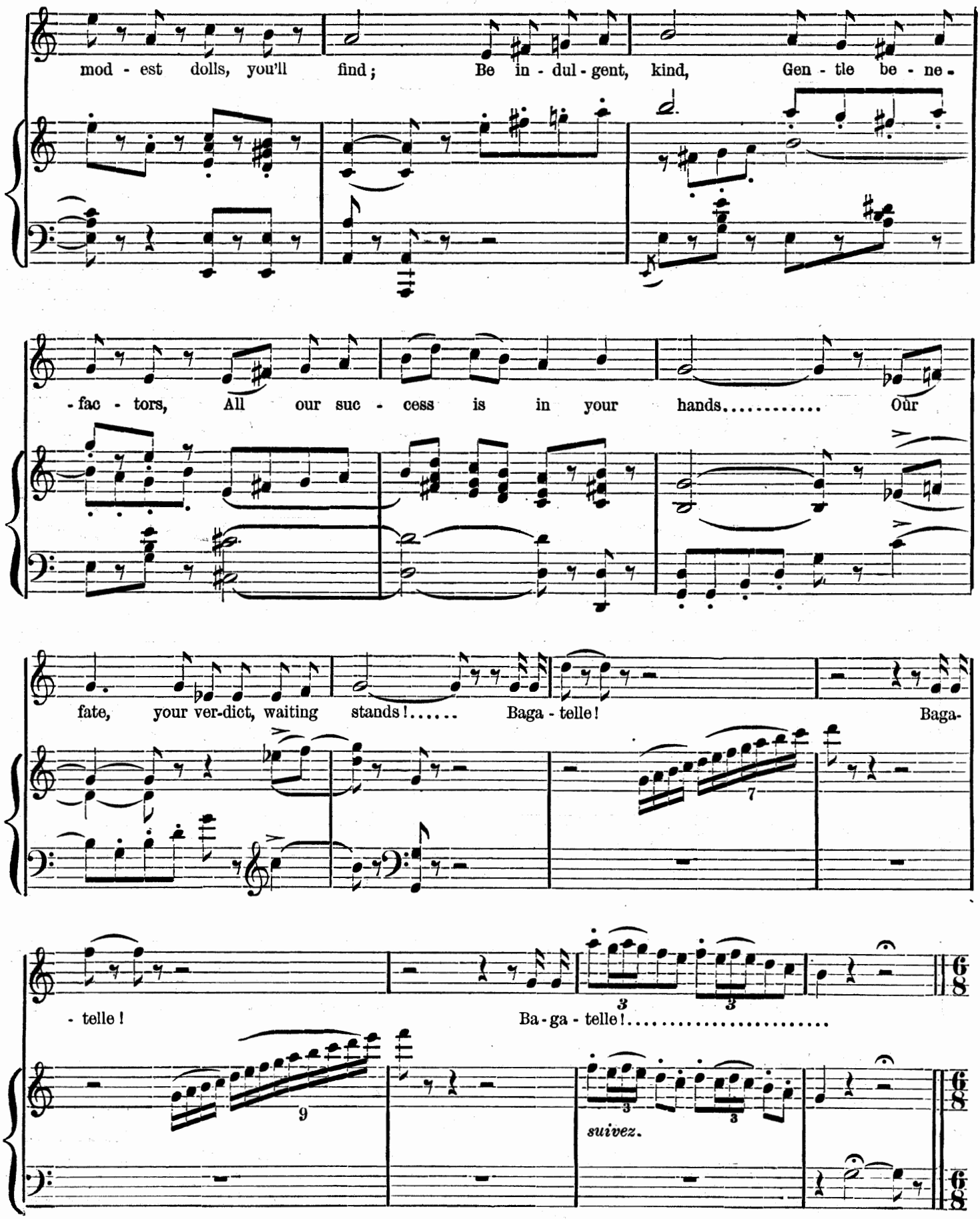
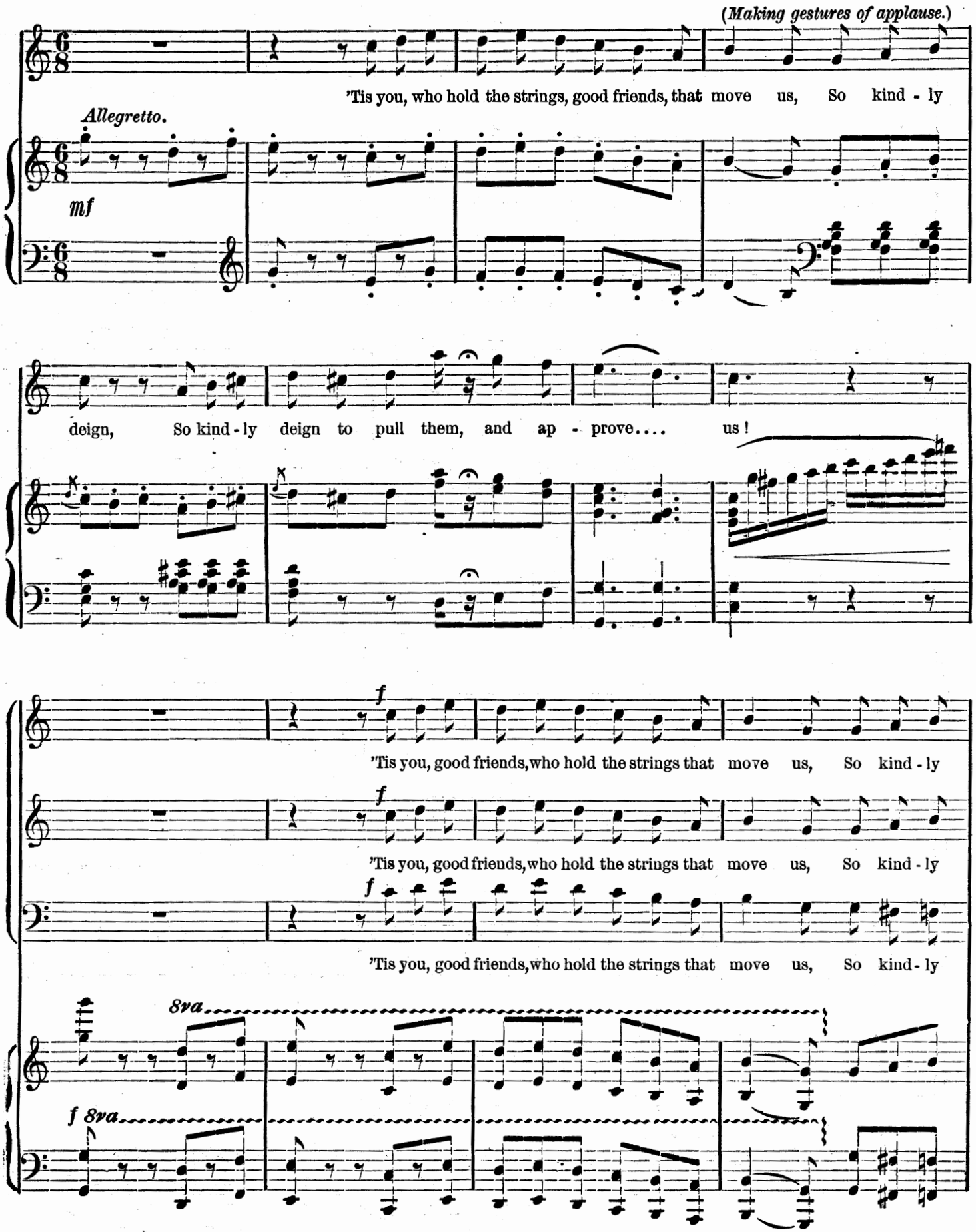
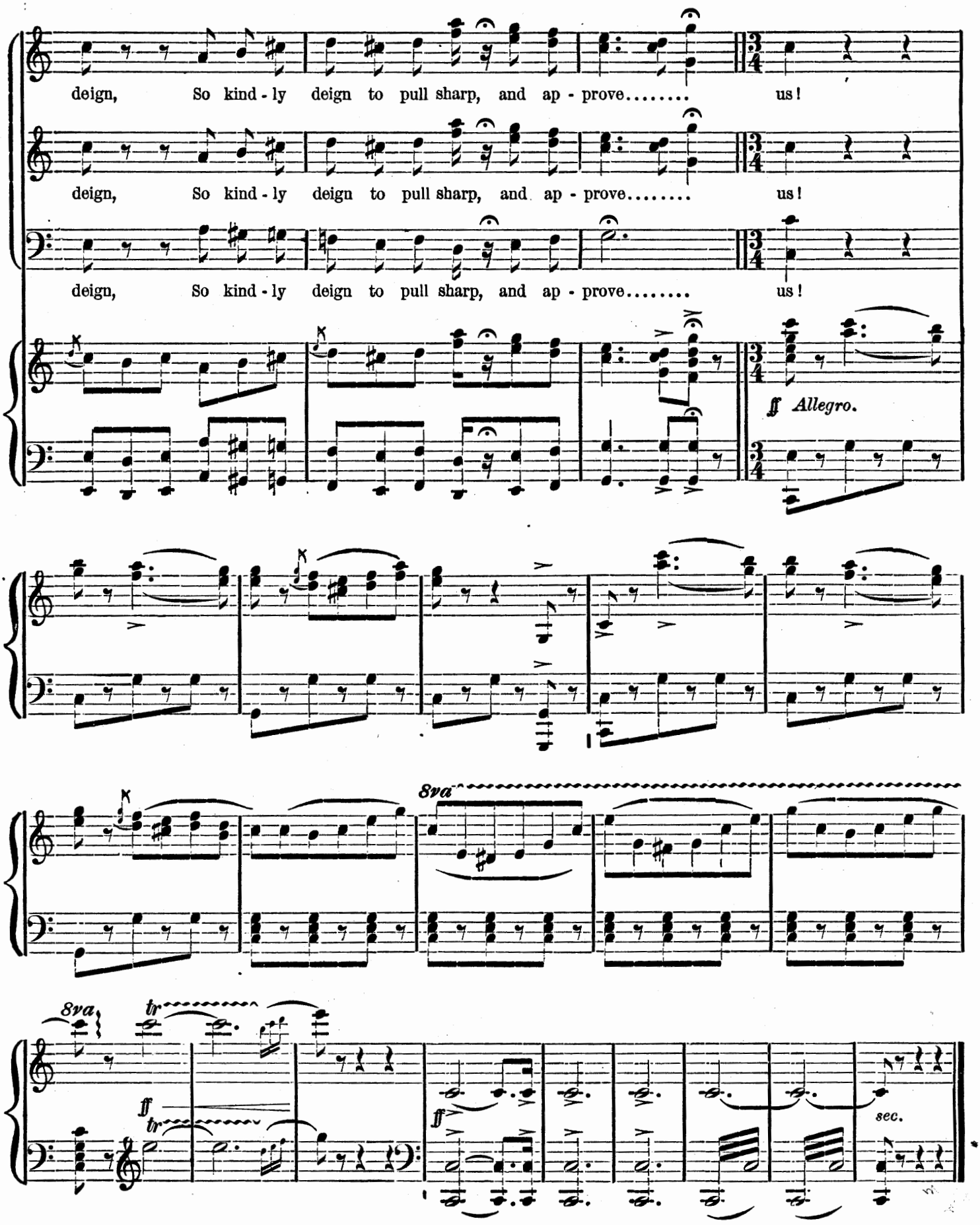
COUPLET FINALE.




mod - est dolls, you'll find; Be in - dul - gent, kind, Gen - tle be - ne -
- fac - tors, All our suc - cess is in your hands..... Our
fate, your ver-dict, waiting stands!..... Baga - telle! Baga-
- telle!
Ba - ga - telle!.....
suivez.


(Making gestures of applause.)
'Tis you, who hold the strings, good friends, that move us, So kind - ly
Allegretto.
mf
deign, So kind - ly deign to pull them, and ap - prove.... us!
f
'Tis you, good friends, who hold the strings that move us, So kind - ly
'Tis you, good friends, who hold the strings that move us, So kind - ly
'Tis you, good friends, who hold the strings that move us, So kind - ly
8va
f 8va


deign, So kind - ly deign to pull sharp, and ap - prove..... us!
deign, So kind - ly deign to pull sharp, and ap - prove..... us!
deign, So kind - ly deign to pull sharp, and ap - prove..... us!
ff Allegro.
8va
8va
tr
ff
tr
ff
sec.