



FOR PARLOR OR STAGE.

CHILPERIC.

HERVE.

—PRICE, \$1.00.—

NEW YORK:

Published by W. A. POND & CO.,
347 Broadway.

MUSIC FROM IL TALISMANO,

(The Talisman.)

OR,

The Knight of the Leopard.

A GRAND ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Original English Libretto by

ARTHUR MATTHISON.

Italian Translation by

SIGNOR ZAFFIRA.

MUSIC BY

M. W. BALFE.

ACT I.

Preludio.....	40	5. Now do I See..... ().....	60
1. Soldiers of Araby..... (C).....	1 00	6. I Love the Sky..... (F).....	76
2. Truly, Sir Knight..... (C).....	40	7. Salve Regina..... (C).....	76
3. Golden Love-Locks..... (A).....	75	8. No Sweeter Bud..... (F).....	40
4. How Calm the Air..... (E).....	00	9. Flow'ret, I Kiss Thee. Original Key (D♭).....	40
Solemnly, Softly. Original Key..... (E).....		" " " Transposed..... (A♭).....	40
" " Transposed..... (C).....	40	" " " Original Key (D♭).....	40

ACT II.

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Oh, who shall Sing the Rapture..... (A♭).....		16. Beneath a Portal. Original Key..... (F).....	50
10. You Knight of Scotland..... (C).....	60	" " Transposed..... (E♭).....	50
11. Draw Your Swords..... (C).....	1 00	17. Your Majesty Doth Seem..... (C).....	60
12. Monarch Supreme..... (B♭).....	60	The Lady Eveline. Original Key..... (E♭).....	60
Oh, Valiant Squires. Original Key (G).....		" " " Transposed..... (C).....	50
" " " Transposed..... (F).....	40	18. Cousin Edith..... (C).....	40
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Oh Balmly Wing. Original Key..... (B maj.).....		20. Speak, Sir Scot..... (C).....	35
" " " Transposed..... (F).....	40	21. Thy Kinswoman, Edith..... ().....	
14. Now for my Sport..... (E♭).....	1 00	22. Dim not the Splendor..... (C).....	80
15. Hours and Hours Bell Slowly On..... (G).....	75	23. Farewell, my Beloved Edith..... ().....	

ACT III.

24. Ha! Prince John..... (F).....	75	29. Go, bid unto our Presence..... ().....	50
25. Why, Sweetheart..... (G).....	75	Can I be Dreaming?..... (A♭).....	50
26. Grand March.....	40	30. Radiant Splendors. Original Key..... (D).....	50
27. A Song to Merrie England..... (A).....	75	" " " Transposed..... (E♭).....	40
28. Long Live King Richard..... (F).....	25	31. Glorious England..... (A).....	50

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335661

CHILPERIC;

Extravaganza.

FOUNDED UPON THE CELEBRATED

OPERA BOUFFE,

COMPOSED BY

HERVÉ.

PRICE, \$1.00.

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Closed copy

M

1503

CHILPERIC;

MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA IN FIVE SCENES.

PERSONÆ.

- CHILPERIC . . . *King of the Gauls, who, going after a little game, misses a fox and catches a dear.*
- FREDEGONDA . . . *The petite cherie in question—an ambitious Rustic, who fain would marry both Landry and Chilperic—in fact would “buckle two.”*
- SIEGBERT *Chilperic's hen-pecked brother.*
- BRUNEHAUT . . . *The hen that pecked him.*
- GALSWINDA . . . *A Spanish Princess, contracted to Chilperic, and therefore Fredegonda's rival.*
- DON NERVOSO . . . *Her escort, a needy Noble, who talks in broken Spanish, and deals in Spanish Bonds.*
- SENNA *Court Physician, and keeper of the royal digestion.*
- FATOUT *Chamberlain to Chilperic, and Grand Referee in Etiquette—subsequently enamored of Fredegonda.*
- LANDRY *A young Peasant, Fredegonda's lover.*
- DIVITIACUS . . . *The Arch-Druid—a sporting prophet.*
- ALFRED *The pet Page.*

Chorus of six or eight Druids to change to Courtiers. Corps of six or eight Pages. Chorus of six or eight Peasant Girls to change to Ladies of Court. N. B.—These numbers may be augmented or diminished according to size of stage.

PROPERTIES.

Oak wreaths for Druids; sickle and bunch of mistletoe on oak; long rustic stick for Landry; small market basket for Fredegonda; hunting whip for Chilperic; three or four switches for Brunehaut, Alfred, &c.; daggers for Pages; pepper, mustard, pickle-pot; Fortnum and Mason hamper, with plate, knife and fork, and napkin; bag and live cat; parti-colored umbrellas for all in 1st scene; vial for Senna; pomatum, oil bottle, hand mirror, gold basin, soap and towels, boot and blacking brush, hair brushes, bird cage and two band-boxes, gold stick for Fatout, swords and jewels for Courtiers, gilt drinking cups, small hand truck with gridiron, saucepan, coal scuttle, mop, trunk, etc., on it; antimacassar, straws, stick with bundle of ballads.

CHILPERIC.

OVERTURE.

Maestoso.

Piano.

6/2/137
Ameyard 8.75

The musical score consists of five systems of piano accompaniment. Each system is written for a grand piano with a treble and bass clef. The first system begins with a *Maestoso* tempo marking and a *Piano* dynamic. The second system includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The third system features a *f* (forte) dynamic marking and a *Ped.* (pedal) instruction. The fourth system includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking. The score is characterized by dense chordal textures and rhythmic patterns, typical of a 19th-century overture.

Allo. vivo dolce.

p

Allo. energico.

rall.

a tempo.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of two staves each. The first system is marked "Allo. vivo dolce." and "p". The second system is marked "Allo. energico." and features a 3/4 time signature change. The third and fourth systems continue the piece. The fifth system is marked "rall." and the sixth system is marked "a tempo.".

This page of musical notation consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The music is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system shows a melodic line in the treble staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff. The second system introduces a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The third system features a *f* marking and a *p* (piano) marking. The fourth system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking and a *f* marking. The fifth system continues the melodic and harmonic development. The sixth system concludes the page with a final melodic phrase and a harmonic accompaniment.

First system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs and a wavy line above it labeled "Sotto". The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

Second system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes. The tempo marking "Allegro" is written above the first measure of the upper staff.

Third system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

Fourth system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

Fifth system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

Sixth system of a musical score. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with slurs. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a bass line with chords and single notes.

First system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *f* is present in the bass clef part.

Second system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *ff* is present in the bass clef part.

Third system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *ff* is present in the bass clef part.

Fourth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *ff* is present in the bass clef part.

Fifth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *ff* is present in the bass clef part.

Sixth system of musical notation, featuring a treble and bass clef. The treble clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords and single notes. The bass clef part contains a series of eighth-note chords. A dynamic marking *ff* is present in the bass clef part.

ACT I.

SCENE.—A Forest. Like a huge oak, at the foot of which is a rude stone bench. The whole scene rugged and pic-

turesque. Lightning is seen occasionally at back through trees.

DIVITIACUS and Chorus of Druids.

DIVIT. (with a golden reaping-hook.)

No. 1. SOLO & CHORUS — "PRIESTS OF THE GROVE,"

(DIVITIACUS & DRUIDS.)

Andante maestoso.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand starts with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The music is in 3/4 time and has a slow, majestic feel.

DIVITIACUS.

Priests of the grove, 'Tis we are up to ev' - ry move,

The vocal line for Divitiacus begins with a half rest, followed by a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, and a quarter note B4. The lyrics are "Priests of the grove, 'Tis we are up to ev' - ry move,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern as the introduction.

An - cient Or - der of Druids, Live on the best of food and flu - ids!

The chorus line begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics are "An - cient Or - der of Druids, Live on the best of food and flu - ids!". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

As we thro' all the king - dom go, Sell - ing the bough of

The chorus line continues with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The lyrics are "As we thro' all the king - dom go, Sell - ing the bough of". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

mis - tle - toe! All a - blow - ing, and a - grow - ing,

dim.

Tips have we for young and old, . . . And those who wish their for - tune told, A

cres.

sil - - ver coin on the plan - - et lay, And

we the muffs bam - boo - zle then, in ev' - - - ry way!

rall.

*Allegretto moderato.***f** TENORS.

Priests of the grove, 'Tis we are up to ev' - ry move ;

f DIVITIACUS and BASSES

Priests of the grove, 'Tis we are up to ev' - ry move ;

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts for Tenors and Divitiacus and Basses, with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in 4/4 time and begins with a forte dynamic.

An - cient Or - der of Dru - ids, Live on the best of food and flu - ids,

An - cient Or - der of Dru - ids, Live on the best of food and flu - ids,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues in 4/4 time.

As we through all the king - - dom go, Sel - ling the

As we through all the king - - dom go, Sel - ling the

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music concludes in 4/4 time.

delc.

bough of mis - - - tic - - toe, All a - blow - ing,

bough of mis - - - tle - - toe, All a - blow - ing,

dim.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music is in a major key and 4/4 time. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "bough of mis - - - tic - - toe, All a - blow - ing," and "bough of mis - - - tle - - toe, All a - blow - ing,". The word "delc." is written above the first vocal line, and "dim." is written below the piano part.

and a - grow - ing! Tips have we for young and old, And

and a - grow - ing! Tips have we for young and old, And

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues from the first system. The lyrics are: "and a - grow - ing! Tips have we for young and old, And" and "and a - grow - ing! Tips have we for young and old, And". The piano part continues with the same accompaniment pattern.

those who wish their for - tune told, A sil - - ver coin on the pla - - net

those who wish their for - tune told, A sil - - ver coin on the pla - - net

ff cres.

M. 3139.

The third system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines with lyrics. The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The music continues from the second system. The lyrics are: "those who wish their for - tune told, A sil - - ver coin on the pla - - net" and "those who wish their for - tune told, A sil - - ver coin on the pla - - net". The piano part features a more complex accompaniment with chords and moving lines. The word "ff cres." is written below the piano part. The page number "M. 3139." is written at the bottom.

lay, And we the muffs bam-boo-zle then in ev' - ry way.

lay, And we the muffs bam-boo-zle then in ev' - ry way.

(Horns heard approaching.)

DIVITIACUS.

Allo. moderato

p *p*

I hear the hun-ter's

horn; the Court ap-proach, no doubt. A-way, con-ceal your-selves, this my-stic man-ner

doff it, Back to your hi-ding place: . . po-lice . . . may be a-

rall.

- bout, Six months with la - bour hard, would nev - er suit the pro - - - phet.

Primo tempo. *(Going off.)*

All a -
All a -

decres.

- blow - ing, all a - grow - - ing, O we the muffs bam -
- blow - ing, all a - grow - - ing, O we the muffs bam -

decres.

- boo - zle all in ev' - - ry way.
 - boo - zle all in ev' - - ry way.

dim. e roll.

[DIVITIACUS and Druids go off. Chorus heard till stage is clear. Then enter LANDRY and FREDGONDA.]

LAND. Don't loiter, Fredegonda—pray come on.
 The royal huntsmen will be here anon:
 I heard their horns; and with them is the king.

FRED. What do they hunt?

LAND. Oh, mostly anything—
 Wolves, foxes, hares (*horn off*)—(Hark! there goes
 a tantivy!)—
 Birds—even girls—whatever they can chevy.

FRED. They hunt girls!

LAND. Yes, such girls as beauty claim.
 The king, they say, is down upon such game.

FRED. I shall stop here.

LAND. What!

FRED. It's a pretty place.

LAND. But you'll be—

FRED. Oh, I want to see the chase.

LAND. Why, they'll hunt you!

FRED. Ha, ha! Excuse my laughter;
 But don't you know girls like to be run after?

LAND. Do come along!

FRED. I'm tired. Pray, wait a bit.
[Sits on stone bench.]

LAND. I can't bear this—I won't stand—

FRED. (*drawing him towards her.*) Don't, then; sit.
[He sits unwillingly. FRED. coaxes him.]
 What is um frightened of?

LAND. I don't know, quite;
 But you're too pretty, Freddy, much too bright
 To fit a peasant's virtuous shabby station,
 And Chilperic has such a reputation—
 Were he to see you—

FRED. Well—what?

LAND. Anything.
 He might admire you.

FRED. What a charming king!

LAND. (*jumping up.*) Freddy! you'd fly that base king!

FRED. In such case
 I could not *pass a sovereign that's base.*

LAND. If he made guilty offers, causing shame!

FRED. Oh, I could meet him at that naughty game.

LAND. This would be infamy!

FRED. Would it? You see
 I'd risk that if the king went *in for me.*

LAND. I'm shocked at you!

FRED. Oh, bosh!

LAND. Could I have thought?
 Where are the moral precepts you've been taught?
 "Better—"

FRED. "The Roederer on Splendour's lips
 Than the poor buttermilk that Virtue sips!
 Better than gloves that housemaid hands draw on
 The lavender, luxurious, Houbigant!"

LAND. Houbigant? You begone!

FRED. Come, don't be vicious.

LAND. You're meretricious.

FRED. No, but I'm ambitious.

No 2. SONG VALE — "NO MORE COUNTRY FOR ME."

(FREDEGONDA).

Allegro-valse.

Piano.

The first system of the piano introduction features a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 3/4 time signature. The melody begins with a half note chord of F# and C#, followed by a series of eighth notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A dynamic marking of *f* is present at the start.

The second system continues the piano introduction with similar melodic and accompaniment patterns. The treble clef melody includes some grace notes and slurs. The bass line maintains the eighth-note accompaniment.

The third system concludes the piano introduction. It includes dynamic markings of *roll.*, *p*, and *pp*. The treble clef melody ends with a final chord, and the bass line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

FREDEGONDA.

The vocal introduction begins with the lyrics "No more coun - try for me! How I". The melody is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps and a 3/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing a steady accompaniment.

The second system of the vocal introduction continues with the lyrics "long, yes, . . long for town. . . . Fields and". The melody and piano accompaniment continue in the same style as the first system.

I don't a - gree, . . . When na - ture laughs, I on - - ly frown!

Ah! . . . I long to be gay; . Eyes glanc - - ing, feet

danc - ing, till break of the day! Ah! don't look so in

ter - ror, The coun - try's an er - ror for me! Life and its plea - sures

fain would I see

Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

The first system of music is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a melodic line in the treble staff with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff with chords and moving lines.

The second system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "Were I cab - bage or tree, . . . Then I'd". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: "Were I cab - bage or tree, . . . Then I'd".

The third system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "ne'er, Ah! . . . ne'er com - plain. . . . But I'm". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: "ne'er, Ah! . . . ne'er com - plain. . . . But I'm".

The fourth system of music includes a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics: "nei - ther, you see, . . . And p'raps a thought, fro - lic, and vain!". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clef) with chords and moving lines. The lyrics are: "nei - ther, you see, . . . And p'raps a thought, fro - lic, and vain!".

Ah! I long to be gay; . Eyes glanc - - ing, feet

danc - ing, till break of the day! Ah! don't look so in

ter - ror, The coun - try's an er - ror for me! Life and its plea - sures

fain would I see!

Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, . . . tra, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la.

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

[Horn heard off.]
 LAND. Hark! there's a horn. Away!
 FRED. Don't make a pother.
 Which is the king?
 LAND. (*pointing off*) That.
 FRED. Who's the next?
 LAND. His brother
 Siegbert.
 FRED. And who's the lady?

LAND. Siegbert's wife,
 Brunehaut. They say she leads him a sad life.
 But come.
 FRED. I want to see—
 LAND. We'll, so you may,
 Behind this oak—ch! Thus you'll be O. K.
 [*He drags her behind tree. Enter huntsmen,
 pages, &c., then* CHILPERIC, BRUNEHAUT,
 SIEGBERT, FATOUT, Dr. SENNA, ALFRED.]

No. 3. HUNTING SONG—"OH, RAREST SPORT."

(CHILPERIC & CHORUS).

Allegro.

Piano.

CHILPERIC.

Oh, rar - est sport it is to hunt, By cov - er side and bree - zy track, A red and lus - ty

p

fox in front, And half the shire be - hind your back. Now by val - leys too deep and

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef and a left-hand bass clef. The lyrics are: "dan, . . . Where fields are plough'd for sow - - ing; And a - non to the hill and".

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "on You feel the south wind blow - - - ing. Ho, tal - ly ho, yo ho!". The word "rit." (ritardando) is written above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

Musical score for the third system. The tempo is marked "tempo." above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "Thro' rise and dale, o'er hedge-row and rail, And by pas-ture and fal-low and stub - - ble, Till,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

Musical score for the fourth system. The lyrics are: "out of breath, You're in at the death, And you cut off the brush for your trou - - ble." The piano accompaniment continues with the same texture.

CHORUS. *ff*

Thro' rise and dale, o'er hedge-row and rail, And by pas-ture, and fal-low, and stub - - ble, Till

ff

out of breath, You're in at the death, And you cut off the brush for your trou - - ble.

CHILPERIC.

And tho' no fox be drawn, yet still 'Tis plea-sant on your 'unch to think, The fine old squire up -

p

on the hill, Keeps o - pen house for men in pink. Now by val - leys too deep and

dun, . . . Where fields are plough'd for sow - - ing ; And a - non to the hill and

on You feel the south wind blow . . . ing. *rit.* Ho, tal - ly ho, yo ho!

tempo. Thro' rise and dale, o'er hedge-row and rail, And by pas-ture and fal-low and stub - - ble, Till,

tempo.

out of breath, You're in at the death, And you cut off the brush for your trou - - ble.

CHORUS. *f*

Thro' rise and dale, o'er hedge-row and rail, And by pas-ture, and fal-low, and stub - - ble, Till

f

out of breath, You're in at the death, And you cut off the brush for your trou - - ble.

SIEG. You're fond of hunting, brother?
 CHIL. Well, for me
 There's not enough female society
 About the chase; still, with my taste, it goes
 Better at least than war.

SIEG. So I'd suppose.
 CHIL. In war one meets no women.
 SIEG. No! Odd's life,
 You wouldn't say that if you had my wife.
 BRUN. Siegbert!!
 SIEG. My love, as I was saying first,
 Chilperic ought to marry.

BRUN. Oh, he must.
 All men should marry when they're ordered to,
 As you did, dear, when I commanded you.

SIEG. (*sighing.*) I did.
 BRUN. You'd ne'er have wed without, that's plain.
 CHIL. Is that the etiquette, Lord Chamberlain?
 FAT. Sire, the rules are—if I may so express 'em—
 No man would wed but for the ladies—bless 'em.
 Dr. S. Quite so. And marriages, with their succession,
 Are strongly countenanced by our profession.
 CHIL. I'll think about it. Meanwhile where's the lunch!
 [ALFRED and pages unpack hampers and
 produce sandwiches, &c.]

ALF. (*handing sandwiches.*) Veal and ham.
 SIEG. (*waylaying a page with flash.*) Just a nip. (BRUN-
 HAUT pinches him.) Don't pinch.
 ALF. (*handing liquor.*) Cold punch.
 BRUN. Siegbert, it doesn't suit you. (*Relieves him of flask,
 and helps herself*)

SIEG. (*ruefully.*) You know best.
 BRUN. You know, my love, you feel it on your chest.
 SIEG. I ain't a chance (*taking sandwich*).
 BRUN. Don't touch that ham—pray think.
 Doctor, explain he shouldn't eat or drink.
 [Dr. SENNA takes him aside, and warns him.]

CHIL. Hang it! this sandwich brings my teeth to grief.
 What is it made of?
 ALF. Hem—Australian beef:
 We have a lot more made up in a pasty.
 [Brings forward a pie.]

CHIL. It seems to me the pasty's deuced nasty.
 [He extracts a long stringy substance.]
 Is this rare fossil your idea?

ALF. Sire—no.
 The Chamberlain knows all about it.
 CHIL. (*grimly.*) Oh!
 Chamberlain, step this way.

FAT. (*trembling.*) Most gracious king—
 CHIL. Do you consider this the sort of thing
 To offer to a monarch when he's hungry?
 P'raps you suppose our teeth are ironmong'ry.
 Speak, slave! don't stare (*stamping!*)

FAT. Sire—mercy, I implore!
 It came from our Co-operative Store,
 Is guaranteed by our physicians chief,
 And twopence cheaper than the native beef.

CHIL. (*angrily.*) Ho, guards! remove this fellow from his
 king's
 Presence, and bind him with those fibrous strings;

And when he's well secured thus, take by rote
 And ram each nasty tinfal down his throat.
 [Guards hurry away FATOUT gasping.]

BRUN. Brother-in-law, don't waste that lot of meat; it
 Will do quite well for Siegbert; he can eat it.
 At home he eats the scraps.

CHIL. He might refuse
 To chew such stuff.

BRUN. He chews just what I choose.
 (to SIEG.) Take home these tins; thereon to-night you'll sup.
 No more hot joints till these are all cleared up.
 [Attendants remove the hampers of provisions.]

CHIL. Has anybody seen the Druids yet
 Whom we should meet, our certain tip to get
 About the war we think of undertaking?

ALF. This is the spot, sire, famous for their making
 Their incantations. There's their oak, you see.

CHIL. Are there no signs of them about the tree?
 [ALFRED goes to oak to look.]

ALF. A man! Come out.
 LAND. (*dragged forward.*) Oh lor!
 ALF. A girl!
 CHIL. Great powers!
 I haven't seen a girl for several hours.
 Bring her to me. Egad! she's pretty, too.
 [FREDEGONDA is conducted forward.]

BRUN. (*aside.*) A bold jade!

CHIL. How now, damsel?
 FRED. How d'ye do?
 CHIL. One of my subjects—subjects I'm a friend to.
 You need not tremble, girl.

FRED. I don't intend to.
 BRUN. Pshaw! let her go.
 SIEG. Yes, do; I'll see her clear
 Of this.

BRUN. Siegbert! you drop it!
 SIEG. (*submissively.*) Certainly, my dear.

CHIL. (to FRED.) Are you related to this simple lout?
 LAND. Please, sir, she's my affianced bride.
 FRED. Get out!
 It's true, sir, he has paid me marked attention,
 But that's too insignificant to mention—

CHIL. Save in a law-court, damages to carry.
 FRED. Yes. Girls who sue on promises to marry
 Do so, not 'cause their hearts are seared and frosted,
 But 'cause they had a single chance, and lost it.

CHIL. (*hurriedly.*) There is a guileless candour in your tone
 Which—hush! we must speak further, and alone.
 (to ALF.) Alfred, you'll take this clown (*indicating LANDRY*),
 and bring to us
 The Druid tipster, Divitiacus.
 He'll show you where to find—

LAND. But I don't know!
 CHIL. Silence! Your head shall answer for it. Go.
 [ALFRED takes LANDRY off.]

Doctor, there are some plants and things about
 This forest, and I wish you'd look 'em out
 And catalogue 'em, and all that. Begin it
 At once. These fellows will assist you in it.

Dr. S. Gladly, your Highness. I shall seek with glee
 The flora of these parts—

CHIL. (*with interest.*) Flora! Who's she?

Dr. S. No—flora—flowers—you know.
CHIL. Go—go, sly dog,
 To Flora Flowers ; but mind the catalogue.
 [*Hunting Song, pp. Dr. SENNA exit, accompanied
 by all except CHILPERIC, FREDEGONDA, SIEGBERT,
 and BRUNHAUT.*]

BRUN. We will not go.
SIEG. Just so.
BRUN. That girl might yet,
 If we should leave them, all our plans upset.
CHIL. Now, pretty maid—
FRED. (*pointing to the others.*) Hush !
CHIL. (*to his relatives.*) Aren't you going ?
BRUN. No.
 To leave you two alone ain't *comme il faut*.
 This maid has no duenna.

CHIL. I can be
 That. Pray, *do-enna* folks object to me ?
FRED. Perhaps it's me she would as flighty class ?
 Innocence *has* come to a pretty pass !
 I can't be trusted, can't I ? Oh, my word !
 Where's then the strength of purity ?—Absurd !
BRUN. Look here, King Chilperic, it's understood
 You wed my sister, dear Galswinda.

SIEG. Good.
CHIL. The deuce I do !
SIEG. My boy, don't bid defiance :
 Affairs of state show cause for this alliance.
She's set upon it, and she'll have her way.
 [*Pointing to BRUNHAUT.*]

CHIL. And what if I have mine instead !
SIEG. Nay, nay.
 You've enemies. Her pa would turn uncivil,
 And join the Huns, and play the very divvie.
CHIL. I must dissemble.
SIEG. Do.
CHIL. (*to BRUN.*) In my breast
 Rise thoughts imagined easier than expressed.
 Meanwhile permit a kingly heart thus laden
 To catechise this young and artless maiden
 On household topics—butter, eggs, and cows—
 Things int'resting to a prospective spouse.
BRUN. Well—if that's all—
SIEG. (*aside.*) His earnestness grows comical.
CHIL. Oh, ma'am, my views are strictly economical.
 Damsel, what name do lovers call you by !
FRED. Me ! Fredegonda.
CHIL. List, then, and reply.

No. 4. QUARTETT. — "O, FREDEGONDA, FAIREST."

(CHILPERIC, FREDEGONDA, BRUNHAUT, & SIEGBERT).

Andante amoroso.

Piano.

The musical score is for a piano quartet. It begins with a piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time, marked 'Andante amoroso'. The piano part features a flowing melody in the right hand and a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes in the left hand. The vocal part for Chilperic enters with the lyrics 'O Fre - de - gon - da, fair - est, What'. The score includes staves for the piano and the vocal line.

CHILPERIC.
 O Fre - de - gon - da, fair - est, What

coun - try gave you birth? What sun and soil the ra - - - rest, call'd up the flow'r of

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line begins with a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, followed by a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

earth? You are so fair and plea - sant, It sets me won - der - ing . . . That

cres. un poco.

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a similar melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *cres. un poco.* with a hairpin crescendo symbol. The piano part features chords and a bass line with some sixteenth-note patterns.

rall. you should be a pea - sant, And I a migh - ty king. My bro - - - ther, Good

SIEGBERT.

The third system begins with a *rall.* marking. The vocal line has a slower tempo and includes the name "SIEGBERT." above it. The piano accompaniment features a more complex texture with triplets and sixteenth-note patterns in the right hand.

bro - ther, do leave a - lone this young wo - - - - man, And

BRUNERAUT.

The fourth system continues the piece. The vocal line includes the name "BRUNERAUT." above it. The piano accompaniment features a prominent triplet pattern in the right hand, creating a rhythmic accompaniment for the vocal line.

CHILPERIC.

Where's your dig - ni - ty I pray? Your in - - ter - rup - tion seems . . in -

hu - man. Have done; leave me to deal in my own way, own way.

CHIL. Fair Fredegonda, will you come to Court?

FRED. Oh, sir, I can't do nothing of the sort.

CHIL. Why?

FRED. It's the gentlemen (when we can get 'em)

Who come to court; and we poor maidens let 'em.

BRUN. (*aside.*) Oh, I could whip her soundly!

CHIL. You could teach

Me many things that lie within your reach—
How to sow mangold-wurzel and sew buttons;
How to kill time, likewise how to kill muttons;
How to train cucumbers, trim plants, train oil;
And how to cook, and boil, and broil, and spoil!

Say, will you teach a king of modest parts

To cultivate those mild domestic arts?

FRED. I will.

CHIL. Your hand on that.

FRED. My two hands, see.

BRUN. Hold!—You are much too handy, miss, for me.
She sha'n't come!

SIEG. No!

CHIL. (*stamping.*) How!

SIEG. (*backing.*) Well, well—pray no strife.

CHIL. She SHALL come!

BRUN. Won't I tell your future wife!

Allegro. FREGONDA. dolce.

Ju - - bi - - la - - tion! What e - - la - - tion!

BRUNEHAUT.

Bo - - ther - - a - - tion! Ag - - gra - - va - - tion!

CHILPERIC.

Ad - - mi - - ra - - tion! Pal - - pi - - ta - - tion!

SIEGBERT.

Bo - - ther - - a - - tion! Ag - - gra - - va - - tion!

Of my vi - - sions con - - fir - - ma - - tion, Ev - 'ry day,
 At this whim what con - - ster - - na - - tion! This, I say,
 Tri - - bute to your fas - - ci - - na - - tion, Ah! . . .
 At his . . . whim what con - - ster - - na - - tion, This, I say,

8va

On - ly play, Coach and hor - - ses, Sa - tins fine, Fif - ty cour - ses,
 Will not pay, Join our for - - ces, Yours and mine, That our course is,
 Ah! . . . Coach - - es, hor - - ses, Ah! . . . Ah! . . .
 Will not pay, Join our for - - ces, Yours and mine, This our course is,

8va

Oh, how I shall dine! . . . Oh, what a joy is mine, When I'm deckt

Yes, we must com - bine. . . . Bo - - ther - - - a - - - tion!

How you will shine. . . . Charm-ing and di-vine Art thou, goddess, mine!

Yes, we must com - bine. . . . We must both com-bine. I've a pro-ject

Sua ~~~~~

rall. *a tempo.*

fine! Nought but ad-mi - ra - - - tion! What a vi-sion new! All my dream comes

Ag - - gra - - va - - tion! Here's a fan-cy new. All my dread comes true.

made for a - do - ra - - - - tion, Take what is your due, Love and ri-ches too

fine! For your ac-cep - ta - - - - tion, Yes it's a fan-cy new, For a word or

rall. *a tempo.*

true I Be-wil-der'd I gaze in a - maze, And
 Doubt-ful-ly we gaze, in a daze of a - maze, To
 While she thinks I gaze in a daze of a - maze, To
 two, But she'll find her days are sad e-nough in va-rious ways, And
8va

see what a fate is in store for me . . .
 see what a fool this fool king must be . . .
 see what a love of a girl is she . . .
 she thrown a - side for a bride will be . . .
8va

BRUNEHAUT.

CHILPERIC.

Sir King, I re-quest just a word. . . . Say

The first system of music shows Brunehaut's vocal line starting with a rest, followed by Chilperic's line: "Sir King, I re-quest just a word. . . . Say". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

on. . . . You ap-pear to for-get that you are

The second system continues the vocal lines. Brunehaut's line begins with "on. . . ." and Chilperic's line says "You ap-pear to for-get that you are". The piano accompaniment continues with similar chordal and rhythmic patterns.

pledg'd to wed Gal-swin-da; There-fore you're now a half-mar-ried man.

The third system shows the continuation of the dialogue. Brunehaut's line is "pledg'd to wed Gal-swin-da;" and Chilperic's line is "There-fore you're now a half-mar-ried man." The piano accompaniment features a steady chordal accompaniment in the right hand and a rhythmic bass line in the left hand.

Neus-tria and Spain she brings for dow-ry. You can't af-ford to

The fourth system concludes the dialogue. Brunehaut's line is "Neus-tria and Spain she brings for dow-ry." and Chilperic's line is "You can't af-ford to". The piano accompaniment includes a change in the left hand's rhythmic pattern towards the end of the system.

scorn . . . the chance.

tr

Tutti.

CHIL. (*aside to BRUN.*) Well, when she comes with Neustria and Spain,
Miss Fredegonda can go back again.
I've a large warehouse of wild oats on hand
Which must at once be sown, you understand,

If I'm to wed. Here goes for sowing some.
Sweet Fredegonda, you to Court shall come.
FRED. And Landry?
CHIL. Shall have anything that suits.
We'll make him clean the knives and black the boots.

Allegro moderato.

FREDEGONDA.

Ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver, ne-ver did I plan, Such a piece of for-tune with so

BRUNEHAUT.

Bother, bother, bother, bother, what a sil-ly man! Bent up-on up-set-ting ev'-ry

CHILPERIC.

Pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty, pret-ty peasant maid, Soon will be accomplish'd all the

SIEGBERT.

Bother, bother, bother, bother, what a sil-ly man! Bent up-on up-set-ting ev'-ry

Allegro moderato.

f Tutti.

e - le - gant a man. Ne - ver did I think that such a change could e'er have been, Now a pea - sant, now a
 pret - ty lit - tle plan. Ne - ver so sus - cep - ti - ble a so - ve - reign was seen, For a king he's real - ly
 mar - vels I have said. As to for - mer fan - cies, when a roy - al court you've seen, Pray for - get such things have
 pret - ty lit - tle plan. Ne - ver so sus - cep - ti - ble a so - ve - reign was seen, For a king he's real - ly

rall. *pp a tempo.*
 queen. . . . Land - ry made a shoeblack, too, the post he used to crave, Shoeblack, oh, I know not how the
rall. *pp a tempo.*
 green. . . . What's the good of coun - sel to in - fa - tu - at - ed fools, Scorn - ing all so - ci - e - ty, its
rall. *pp a tempo.*
 been. . . . Come and make me hap - py there, in spite of all they say, Come and sew my buttons on, and
rall. *pp a tempo.*
 green. . . . What's the good of coun - sel to in - fa - tu - at - ed fools, Scorn - ing all so - ci - e - ty, its

cres.

fel-low will be-have. Ah!

max-ims and its rules. Let them go their way, That is all I say, Let them go their way,
 chase my cares a-way. This is all I pray, Let us both be gay, This is all I pray,
 max-ims and its rules. Let them go their way, This is all I say, Let them go their way,

. Where could be a pair so hap-py now . . . as

That is all I say. Let us hope the fit will o-ver be . . . some

Let us, then, be gay. We will hap-py be, my love, from day . . . to

That is all I say. Let us hope the fit will o-ver be . . . some

we?
day.
day.
day.

ff

Solo.

Enter LANDRY.

LAND. The Druid tipster comes.
 CHIL. He'll set at ease
 My mind. Go, call the Court back, Siegbert, please.
 [Exit SIEGBERT.]
 FRED. Landry, you are promoted.
 LAND. Am I?
 FRED. Yes.
 The king has given you a post. What? Guess.
 LAND. Couldn't.

FRED. First Lord of the Boots.

LAND. And what are you?
 FRED. (*confused.*) Oh, I! Well I'm to go to Court, dear, too.

Enter ALFRED, with bag.

ALF. The peasantry!

[*Enter village girls 1, and from opposite side, SIEGBERT, Dr. SENNA, and royal retinue with pages, &c.*]

NO. 5. CHORUS OF PEASANTS—"PEASANTS WE ARE."

Allegro.
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

Piano. *p*

PEASANTS.

1ST.
SOPRANI.

Pea - sants we are, all fam'd for shy - ness,

2ND.
SOPRANI.

Pea - sants we are, all fam'd for shy - ness,

PIANO.

Moderato Cantabile.

Come for a good stare at your High - ness, Rules of po - lite - ness

Don't con - fine us, Prin - ces are to mob, by each snob,

Don't con - fine us, Prin - ces are to mob, by each snob,

Prin - ces are to mob, by each snob! So now you know the rea - son why, Of

Prin - ces are to mob, by each snob! So now you know the rea - son why, Of

length-en'd neck and star - ing eye. O, you are a mo - del of a king,

length-en'd neck and star - ing eye. O, you are a mo - del of a king,

rall.

O, you are, . . . you real-ly are, . . . you real-ly are a mo - del King!

rall.

O, you are, . . . you real-ly are, . . . you real-ly are a mo - del King!

rall.

(Enter DIVITIACUS and Druids R.)

CHIL. Is that old party, then, the Prophet-Bard?

DIVIT. The same original antique c'reck card,
Down to all moves, to every plant well up,
From skittle-sharping to the Chester Cup.

There's no event where money's to be won
But what the old man's game to put you on.
Set down the coin, and he'll predict to thee
Under which little thimble is the pea.

CHIL. Propound, O sagest 'mid the downy ones,
Shall I go forth and smite those bums of Huns?

Andante. DIVITIACUS.

King! 'tis not sur - pris - ing, That some sa - cri - fic - ing Must now be done, ere

Andante.

fate . . . be won! Some of your train Won't mind be - ing slain. . . His

name . . de - - clare, The while the knife I bare! Not if I

REGIN.

CHIL.

Tous.

f Tutti.

know! Not if I know! You won't o - blige! Not if we know!

f Tutti.

CHIL. Most disobliging!

DIVIT. Very.

FAT. Quite perplexing.

CHIL. I must say, gentlemen, your conduct 's vexing.

DIVIT. I have it—yes, the tip the old man 's got—
Consult the guardian spirit of the spot.

CHIL. All right—but how?

DIVIT. You'd better, king, believe,
The only method is in recitative.

No. 6. RECIT. & CHORUS—"COME, SWELL THE CHORAL STRAIN."
(DIVITIACUS E TUTTI.)

Recit. DIVITIACUS.

Voice. Come! swell the choral strain, and keep-ing tune and time, Let's start a gay re -

Piano. *colla parte.*

CHILPERIC. DIVITIACUS.

frain, And put our vows in rhyme! Let's set a - bout it! Ve - ry good!

pizz.

Andno. dolce.

CHORUS

Sprite . . . of the grove, . . . in our great . . . per-tur-ba-tion,

Grant . . . us, we pray, . . . Some lit-tle prog-nos-ti-ca-tion, . .

All . . . that we feel . . . is ut-ter mys-ti-fi-ca-tion,

O, . . . throw some light on th'aff-air; . . . Spi-rit, such is our pray'r! . .

CHILPERIC (Solo). *Allegretto.*

Up to this time, . . . our ef - forts have been fruit - - less,

Don't let me go back now, my er - rand boot - - - less!

CHIL.
FRED. &
BRUNE.

Imo tempo.

Sprite . . . of the grove, . . . in our great . . per - tur -

SOPRANI.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

LANDRY &
FATOUT,
with Tenors.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

SENNA &
SIEGBERT,
with Basses.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

PIANO.

ba - tion, O grant us, some lit - tle prognos - ti - ca - - tion, some prog - - nos - ti -

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'ba - tion, O grant us, some lit - tle prognos - ti - ca - - tion, some prog - - nos - ti -'. The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand part with chords and a left-hand part with a steady bass line. The key signature has two flats, and the time signature is 4/4.

ca - - - - - tion.

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'ca - - - - - tion.'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure as the first system. The system ends with a double bar line.

[Thunder. ALFRED has meanwhile got a game-bag containing a cat.

DIVIT. Our pray'r is heard: Your foe, sire, we have lick'd him;
And this for sign. (to ALF.) Bring forth the sacred victim.

[Thunder. ALFRED lets cat out of bag.

Allegretto.

(General exclamation. *Bis.*)

DIVIT.

King, thy foes are smitten.
Fate blesses you through that adult ex-kitten.
The cat that purrs hath claws too, that make bleed,
And in thy *purrr-puss* thou shalt well succeed.

ALL.

An omen!

CHIL.

Good. By Jove, it rains. Begone!

[It commences to rain. Enter FATOUT with an armful of umbrellas, which he distributes.

FAT.

Allow me, sire. I saw it coming on.

[All form in lines across stage, with umbrellas up. At chorus, "Rain, rain," all form up and down stage, Principals and Court L., Druids and Peasants L., and advance and retire singing.

No 7. FINALE — "COME, LET'S BE OFF."

Voice.

FRED.
Come, let's be

Allegretto.

Piano.

off, and hast-en home. . . . The skies are black with rain down -

BASSES. **CHIL.** *cres.*
- pour - - - pour - ing, Good-bye, O Dru-id, Sport-ing Pro - - - phet, Thanks to you,

for your tip has re-liev'd me of one thought most bor - - - ing.

BRUNE.
Pray, should you come our way, Spare us a call of du - ra -

- tion. Bring your wife and lit - tle ones, .. and stop ... a fort - - - night or two.

Do, . . . do, . . . do, . . .
TENORS.
Yes, come and stop a fort-night, do, . . . do, . . .
BASSES.
We'll come and stop a fort-night, too,

(Rain.) CHORUS. SOPRANI.

do Rain, rain, go a - way, Come a - gain a - no - ther day.

do Rain, rain, go a - way, Come a - gain a - no - ther day.

We'll come and stop a fort-night. Rain, rain, go a - way, come a - gain a - no - ther day.

ff

TENORI.
That's what chil - dren say When they want to go and play.

BASSES.
That's what chil - dren say When they want to go and play.

p

SOPRANI.
Come on, or you'll get shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet.

TENORI.
Come on, or you'll get shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet.

BASSES.
Come on, or you'll get shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet.

ff

SOPRANI.

Go home, change your clothes, Mind and tal - low well your nose.

SOPRANI.

Rain, rain, rain, rain, Does - n't it driz - zle, too? We had best

TENORI.

Rain, rain, rain, rain, Does - n't it driz - zle, too? We had best

BASSI.

Rain, rain, rain, rain, Does - n't it driz - zle, too? We had best

miz - zle, too. We . . had best miz - zle, too. No more mo - - ments

miz - zle, too. We . . had best miz - zle, too. No more mo - - ments

miz - zle, too. We had best miz - zle, too. No more mo - - ments

can . . we . . id - ly waste : . . Good - bye, . . . good - bye, . . . ex - cuse this

can . . we . . id - ly waste : . . Good - bye, . . . good - bye, . . . ex - cuse this

can . . we . . id - ly waste : . . Good - bye, . . . good - bye, . . . ex - cuse this

haste. Ah!

haste Good bye, ex - cuse this sud - den haste. Ah!

haste. Good bye, ex - cuse this sud - den haste.

Rain, rain, go a - way, Come a - gain a -

Rain, rain, go a - way, Come a - gain a -

Good bye, ex - cuse this sud - den haste. Rain, rain, go a - way, Come a - gain a -

8va...

no - ther day.

no - ther day. That's what chil - dren say When they want to go and play.

no - ther day. That's what chil - dren say When they want to go and play.

8va.
p

Come on, or you'll get . . . Shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet . . .

Come on, or you'll get . . . Shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet . . .

Come on, or you'll get . . . Shoes and stock - ings aw - ful wet . . .

8va.
f

SOPRANO.

Go home, change your clothes, Mind and tal - low well your nose.

8va.
p

CHIL. & PRINCIPALS.

Good bye, good bye, good bye.

PAGES & PEASANTS.
Good bye, good bye, good bye.

TENORS.
good bye, good bye, good bye.

BASES.
good bye, good bye, good bye.

f

(Can-can to end of scene.)

TABLEAUX—Pyramid of Umbrellas.

Scene closes.

SCENE 2.—*Ante-Room of the Palace.**(Enter Dr. SENNA, wiping out an empty bottle.)*

Dr. S. Since Fredegonda's settled at the Court,
I've scarce a minute's peace of any sort.
A few more patients with such queer complaints
Would quite destroy the patience of the saints.
She's at me day and night—"Doctor, I'm sinking!"
"Doctor, look!—My left eyelid's took to winking!"
"Oh, Doctor!—I've a singing in my toes!"
"Don't you think I look pale about the nose?"
"I feel in need of something—just a cup
Of tea, with a few drops to keep me up."
So I prescribe the drops; they suit her well.
We call them steel: slander would say Martell.

(holding up bottle.)

This, when she's low, she says, brings back her pith.
"A fourth of Mixture as before—warm with."

(Enter FATOUT.)

FAT. How is your patient, Doctor?
Dr. S. Worse, sir, worse.
But that it's unprofessional to curse,
I'd say, Confound her nerves! hang her pathology!
She'd wear the epiderm off osteology.

FAT. Oh-ho! What says the king?
Dr. S. Why, he's a scoffer
At nerves, and I think's growing weary of her.
FAT. A good thing, too. She plays the deuce with me.
Since she's been here there's no propriety
Kept up at Court. She, like her low-lived set,
Mocks at all rules, infringes etiquette.
Think, sir! she eats—the sight near makes me
swoon—

Mustard with mutton; scoops peas with a spoon;
Pours tea into the saucer; scorns all thesis
Of grammar, and calls watercresses "creases."

Dr. S. Horrid!
FAT. Her language leaves me weak and limp.
She talks of "rum srub"—speaks about a "srump."
She won't improve, despite my warning face.
At whist she always trumps her partner's ace.
And when I speak, she cries, with visage cross,
To me, the Chamberlain, "Dry up, old hoss!"

Dr. S. Oh, this must have an end!
FAT. So I desire;
But how?

Dr. S. Ay, how?
FAT. Suppose, sir, we conspire?
Dr. S. Won't it affect my practice?

FAT. Not a bit.
Fredegonda's influence at Court don't fit
With our own int'rests. What do we? In short,
Remove that influence, sir, from the Court.

That's in your line as medical practitioner.

Dr. S. It is. Propound your motion.
FAT. *(drinking from SENNA'S vial.)* Well, here's wishin' her
A speedy exit.

Dr. S. Hear, hear!
FAT. *(after wry face.)* In this bond
We are united—

BOTH. Down with Fredegond!
(Enter SIEGBERT and BRUNEHAUT.)

BRUN. Encore!
Dr. S. We're lost!
BRUN. Not so; you're found.
SIEG. It's true.

For we have sought accomplices like you.
We, too, are undertaking a small plot,
Which is—I do not quite remember what,
But my wife knows. Ask her. You must unite.
I've a bad head for schemes: but it's all right.

BRUN. Idiot!
SIEG. Yes—about idiots. All serene.
It's a small plot.

BRUN. You are a little green.
The fact is, Doctor and Lord Chamberlain,
This Fredegonda's presence is a stain
(So long as she's a-stayin') on our morals;
Therefore we must foment her rows and quarrels
With Chilperic—get him to make her start,
And manage, with deep art, that she depart.

FAT. 'Tis a good scheme; but how?
BRUN. Means will come later.
Dr. S. *(thoughtfully.)* If I could be called in to vaccinate her!
BRUN. My sister's on her way—

FAT. Galswinda?
BRUN. Yes.

She's coming with a royal train—express
From Spain to visit me.

Dr. S. Then I infer,
If the king likes her, he will marry her!
BRUN. And chase out Fredegond for evermore.
FAT. Then this Galswinda opens that gal's door.
BRUN. Exactly; and to make the lines more hard,
I've sent Galswinda's carte, on a post-card,
To Fredegonda, and beneath it written:
"The king is with this lovely creature smitten."

SIEG. Whence got you the idea a carte to choose?
Dr. S. Carte? 'Twas an inspiration of the mews.
BRUN. 'Twill make her rage: she'll grow as I desire—
Speechless to see the carte, and hoarse for ire.
Dr. S. Luck to the Spanish princess!

SIEG. We all pray for it.
FAT. The dark outsider—
Dr. S. Which shall beat the favourite.

No. 8. FINALE — "WHEN MY SISTER COMES."

Allegretto.

Piano.

BRUNE.

When my sis-ter comes I pro-mise she'll re - pay All the pains you take in her be - half to-day.

DR. SENNA. **FATOUT.** *rall.*

Don't, I pray, speak of it; We don't plot to pro - fit. No, for vir - tue is its own re - ward, they say.

rall.

SIEG. *a tempo.*

If my bro-ther mar-ries that prin - cess, he, he! There will be two vic-tims in one fa - mi - lee.

BRUNE. **DR. SENNA.**

Don't stand there and pot - ter; Come and be a plot-ter. Be a bold in - sur-gent, like Fa - tout and me.

(They dance off.)

Bass

(Scene changes.)

SCENE 3.—Set Throne-Room in the Palace, open at back, showing country. Trophies of armour, 'scutcheons, etc., profled on wings.

[Symphony of next number to open Scene. Enter ALFRED, and pages two and two, and form across stage, with properties mentioned in dialogue.

No. 9. CHORUS — "TIS TEN O'CLOCK."

(LANDRY & PAGES).

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

PAGES.

'Tis ten o'clock, the hour is

here, . . . When Chil-p-z-ric from sleep a-ris-es; If us in id-ling he sur-pris-es He'll

box our ears, I sad - ly fear. Go, see his warm bath steams with va - pour, His

shav - ing - wa - ter quick pro - vide, Ah! and mind you air his morn - ing pa - per, And

have his rash - er nice - ly fried. Come, bus - tle boys, you la - - zy knaves, Come,

ALFRED (*f* *rit. mosso.*)

(*f* *rit. mosso.*)

bus - tle, one and all. I'm sure we work as hard as an - y slaves, And all is

PAGES.

ALFRED.

rea - dy at the mas - ter's call. I on - ly hope you're all pre - par'd; The

PAGES.

king will soon be here. Here's soap, po - ma - tum, bril - lan - tine, hog's lard, Tooth pow - der,

LANDRY. (*Enter LANDRY, macking a boot.*)

ra - zor, all the toil - et gear. Here on this boot I place a

PAGES. (*aside.*)

new and shin - ing face. . . And here is Lan - dry, look - ing ra - ther glum, For something

LANDRY.

has his spi - rits o - ver - come. I shine, but I re - pine, Be -

PAGES.

- cause my love's ma - lign. 'Twould seem that his de - pres - sion is a - cute, His brow is

(Mockingly.)

black, yes, black - er than his boot. Oh, shine your boots, oh, shine your boots!

LANDRY. *pp*

Ah! Do get out and leave me to my sad re - flec - tions.

p *pp* (The Pages retire up.)

*Andantino dolce amoroso.**ad lib.*

'Mid all this pomp, my heart is full of pain, My . . . love is

faith - - less, And not . . . en - tire - ly scathe - less, She car - ries on with

our liege sov - e - reign, This is a bore

ad lib.
'tis a sor - - - - row for me!

colla parte.

LANDRY, *ad lib.*

PAGES. (*aside.*)

But why this

Lan - dry is shirk - ing His task, while we are work - ing.

a tempo.

sigh - ing, And where's the good of dy - ing? False girl, to

you, I'll . . bid a - dieu. There is more fish

. yet in the sea, than e'er came from those green deeps . .

... let this ... my con - so - la - - - tion, con - so - la - tion be.

(BELL OFF.)

Allegro. ALFRED.

There goes his High - ness' bell; look sharp, my boys!

Allegro moderato. LANDRY.

PAGES. Ah!

'Tis ten o - clock, the hour is here . . . When

rall. *Allegro moderato.*

ah!

Chil - per - ic from sleep a - ris - es, If us in id - ling he sur -

I shall be faith - - - - - less too.

- - pri - - ses, He'll box our ears, I sad - - ly fear, So

All the girls now are

see his hot bath steam with va - pour, His shav - ing wa - ter quick pro -

so, ah! *(spoken)* Oh, dear! Praps this may as - -

- vide, ah! And mind you air his morn - ing pa - per, And

rall.
- - suage . . . my woe.

rall.
have his rash - - er nice - ly fried.

rall.

LAND. What mock'ry is boot-shining, is it not,
When in one's own fate there's no shining spot?
A dark-souled king's my foe. Would I were whack-
ing

That dark king with the ease I rub this black-king!
He stole my love one day—smote pain my heart in:
Curse on that day, and this day, and this (s)martin'!
(*sobs.*)

ALF Landry, you're crying!

LAND. No—the effect of onions.

[*Placing boots at the door of CHILPERIC'S
bedroom.*]

There are his boots—and may they blight his
bunions!

[*CHILPERIC comes out of his bedroom, in dress-
ing-gown and slippers, and wielding two
hairbrushes. All the pages wish him "Good
morning," and bow.*]

CHIL. My faithful Landry, thanks! Now, kindly say
If I can recompense you any way?
Speak! if there's aught my kingdom can afford
To prove the thankfulness of its liege lord.
But, as the royal purse is not too deep,
Remember, when you ask, to draw it cheap.

LAND. One boon you might bestow.

Will it cost much?

LAND. That's as may be. Monarch, withdraw your clutch
On my possession—mine, king—once I own'd her—
I had one tender ewe-lamb, and you boned her!

CHIL. I bone a lamb!

ALF. He means, sire, you unlawfully
Took Fredegond, his bride. He goes on awfully
About her in the kitchen.

CHIL. (*aside.*) Oh; I scent

A rat. (*to LANDRY.*) And she's the ewe-lamb you
lam-ent?

LAND. She was my joy. Of that you spoil'd all traces,
And now when'er I meet her, she pulls faces.

CHIL. Go, Landry; I forgive you.

LAND. You are kind!

CHIL. I cut you out in courting—never mind:
I bear no spite; you in no dungeon fling.
I think that's pretty tidy for a king.
A bientot. (Brushes his hair.)

LAND. Then you won't restore—

CHIL. Go, go.

I'll think about it first, and let you know.

[*Exit LANDRY, mournfully. CHILPERIC uses
the hairbrushes vigorously.*]

My looking-glass.

[*A page gives him a hand-glass.*]

The future's full of toil,

Trouble, and turmoil, what I may term—

(*to pages.*) Oil! (*Uses the oil.*)

Freddy and I must sever. I await

The day we part, and—(*to pages.*) Is the parting
straight?

There'll be a scrimmage. I don't care a rush,
But this here scrimmage—(*to pages.*) Here, take
that 'air brush.

[*Hands hairbrushes to page.*]

She'll slang me; but then, women are beneath
Reply. She'll cast my old vows in my teeth—

(*to pages.*) My tooth-brush. Bah! mere constancy I flout;
I wash my hands of it. (*to pages.*) Pour water out.

[*A page presents a basin, kneeling.*]

I'm going to wed Galswinda, and can cope
With Freddy. While there's life there's hope—
Where's soap?

[*Page gives it—then towel.*]

And now from sweet to sweet and sweet I'll fly—
A larger specimen of butterfly!

No. 10. SONG & CHORUS. — "A BUTTERFLY LIV'D."

(CHILPERIC).

Allegro.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a continuous sixteenth-note arpeggiated pattern in a treble clef. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes in a bass clef.

The second system of the piano introduction continues the arpeggiated pattern in the right hand and the accompaniment in the left hand, ending with a final chord in the right hand.

CHILPERIC.

A but - ter - fly liv'd in a gar - den gay, Mid buds and flow' - rets rare, . . . He

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in a treble clef with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in a bass clef, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The music is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

lur'k'd in the leaves of a rose - tree spray, That scent - ed all the air. . . . My

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lur'k'd in the leaves of a rose - tree spray, That scent - ed all the air. . . . My".

wings are bright, my heart is light, I woo no flow'r a - lone. . . . Wher -

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "wings are bright, my heart is light, I woo no flow'r a - lone. . . . Wher -".

rall. *ad lib.*

- - e'er I play, I ne - ver stay, I kiss, and then I'm gone. Ah! . . .

Lov - ers re - flect, and pause, and heed The mo - ral of this lay; . . . The

joys of earth so quick - ly speed, They sel - dom last a day, . . . Thus

plea - sure is like a fleet - ing cloud, Or bub - bles on a spray: . . . Sip

of the sweets while you're al-low'd, Then speed your wings a - way . .

The but-ter-fly flew from flow'r to spray, He robb'd each ho-nied store; . . . Each

fa-vour-ite blos-som it had its day, But still he sigh'd for more. . . . Where-

-e'er I fly, fresh beau-ties lie, Fresh ho-ney on their lips, . . . I

rall. *ad lib.*

sip them all be - fore they fall; Life's joys are best in sips. Ah ! . .

tempo

Lov - ers re - flect, and pause, and heed The mo - ral of this lay; . . The

joys of earth so quick - ly speed, They sel - dom last a day, . . . Thus

plea - sure is like a feet - ing cloud, Or bub - bles on a spray; . . Sip



[The last sixteen bars of second verse are repeated in chorus, and exeunt omnes after CHILPERIC, dancing off as they sing r.]

(Enter Dr. SENNA and FATOUT, L.)

Dr. S. Our project will succeed. The king receives His Spanish bride, and Fredegonda leaves.

FAT. Alas! in contradictions men abound. My sentiments have turned completely round.

Dr. S. What sentiments?
FAT. For Fredegonda. Yes, When prosperous I disliked her. In distress I feel a warm, diffusive sensibility, Mild—maundering—Is it love?

Dr. S. No; imbecility.
FAT. 'Tis sad, 'tis melting, as a mournful strain is. Is my heart soft'ning?

Dr. S. I should say your brain is. I must take you in hand. You're in grave plight. My Medicated Baths will put you right. Go, now, to Chilperic's bedchamber. Say Princess Galswinda's train is on the way.

FAT. I daren't. That means all's up with Fredegond. And oh! my spirits, Doctor dear, despond.

Dr. S. Muff! I shall tell him. As for you, you'd best cut; Get your head shaved, and order a strait-waistcoat.

[Exit Dr. SENNA.]

FAT. He thinks I'm going cracked. I think so, too. Oh Fredegonda, Fredegonda! you Are all the cause of this! And I despised her, Thought her low—vulgar—sneered and criticised her! Ha, ha! Oh, madness! Love! Remorse to follow! (slapping his forehead.)

Ha, ha! my head! And oh, don't it sound hollow!
(Enter FREGONDONDA R. U. E.)

She comes!

FRED. How now, old Goldstick-in-the-mud!

FAT. (aside.) Playful expression! 'Tis her warm young blood Scorns the control of speech, and soars slap bang Into the wild and buoyant sphere of slang.

FRED. Where is the governor? Go, fetch him to me.

FAT. (aside.) How little she suspects those prospects gloomy Which are before her. (Aloud.) Ma'am, life's full of care:

We're here to-day, and gone—
I wish you were.

FAT. But in the hour of trial, when forsook, You'll find a friend where now you never look.

O woman! in your hour of ease, A spoilt pet, a domestic tease, Who is your best friend, if you please?

FRED. My mother!

FAT. When pain and anguish wring the brow, Through jinks which morals don't allow,

Who'll be your friend and pitcher now!
The Chamberlain!

[Stamps tragically off.]

FRED. That party's drunk or mad. It's a drawn match With him 'twixt Cogni-ac and Colney Hatch.
[CHILPERIC enters in full dress, R., with Dr. SENNA, and crosses the stage.]

CHIL. When the princess comes, let Fatout announce her; Then bring the Court in.

[Exit Dr. SENNA at opposite side.]

There's my rustic bouncer, Fresh as a ray of sunlight—(advancing towards her.)

FRED. Come, I say!
Talking of that, pray, what means this array!
You wear a new dress-coat!

CHIL. (haughtily.) Madam, I do.

FRED. Madam, indeed! A new address, sir, too!
It was once "Freddy."

CHIL. So it shall be now.
You always are half-ready for a row.

FRED. What if I am?

CHIL. Why, simply, it's ill-bred To a throw a tea-cup at a monarch's head, As you did yesternight.

FRED. Your words were coarse, sir, And pert. I threw the tea-cup for your sauce, sir. I had good grounds.

CHIL. Yes, in the cup you started;
But I deny that they were good. They smarted.

FRED. I threw my lover over for you.

CHIL. Bosh!

FRED. I refused Landry.

CHIL. Landry! That won't wash.

FRED. (aside.) I'll have a cry, and put him in a fix.

(aloud.) Oho! His tricks will bring on hys-ter-ics!

I'm going. Ow—yah—aah! (screams.)

CHIL. Confound this riot!

Here's some one coming. Freddy, do be quiet!

[FREGONDONDA continues to scream and stamp her feet. Enter BRUNEHAUT and SIEGBERT.]

BRUN. What is all this?

FRED. It's me he would insult!

[Continues screaming.]

CHIL. Siegbert, bring in the garden hydra-pult.

FRED. (recovering herself.) What for?

CHIL. For your recovery, my own.

FRED. Thankee; but the attack I shall postpone.

BRUN. (to CHIL. aside.) Galswinda's coming.

CHIL. (aside.) Oh, I'm in for it!

BRUN. You'd best this creature notice give to quit.

(Enter FATOUT.)

No. 11. RECIT. & CHORUS—"THE PRINCESS IS AT HAND."

Allegro.

Piano.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4.

FATOUT.

Brav.

The Prin - cess is at hand, There's on the steps a vi - sion Of trunks and traps that

The recitative for Fatout is written on a single staff. It begins with a double bar line and a fermata. The lyrics are: "The Prin - cess is at hand, There's on the steps a vi - sion Of trunks and traps that". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and rhythmic patterns.

CHILPERIC.

stand A - wait - ing for ad - mis - sion. Show her in - to the par - lour, Or

The recitative for Chilperic is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: "stand A - wait - ing for ad - mis - sion. Show her in - to the par - lour, Or". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and rhythmic patterns.

FREDEGONDA.

ra - ther in this hall. And who's the Princess,

The recitative for Fredegonda is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: "ra - ther in this hall. And who's the Princess,". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and rhythmic patterns.

CHILPERIC.

pray? What meansthis morning call? It's but an aunt of mine come on a vi - sit, dear; Just go and change your

The recitative for Chilperic is written on a single staff. The lyrics are: "pray? What meansthis morning call? It's but an aunt of mine come on a vi - sit, dear; Just go and change your". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves with chords and rhythmic patterns.

FREDEGONDA. SIEGBERT. FATOUT. *exit FREDEGONDA in a pet.*

dress, and pre-sent-ly you'll see her. I go. Just so. Quite so.

The first system of music shows a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

Fatout makes a sign; enter the Court, retainers, &c.

The second system of music is a piano accompaniment for the entrance of the court retainers. It features a wavy line above the staff labeled *Sou.* (Sous). The piano part consists of chords and rhythmic patterns.

The third system of music continues the piano accompaniment for the entrance of the court retainers, with a wavy line above the staff labeled *Sou.* (Sous).

(Chorus of Retainers.)

SOPRANI.
Here comes the beau - ty; Let us pay our du - ty; Here she

TENORI.
Here comes the beau - ty; Let us pay our du - ty; Here she

BASSES.
Here comes the beau - ty; Let us pay our du - ty; Here she

The chorus of retainers section includes vocal lines for Soprani, Tenori, and Basse. The piano accompaniment features a wavy line above the staff labeled *Sou.* (Sous).

comes, here she comes; Ain't she nice-ly dressed, Gor-geous and hand-some,

comes, here she comes; Ain't she nice-ly dressed, Gor-geous and hand-some,

comes, here she comes; Ain't she nice-ly dressed, Gor-geous and hand-some,

8va.

Wor-thy a mon-arch's ran-som, When with the king she is wed, may both be blest.

Wor-thy a mon-arch's ran-som, When with the king she is wed, may both be blest.

Wor-thy a mon-arch's ran-som, When with the king she is wed, may both be blest.

TENORS.

Bring up her port-man-teaus, While we sing our can-tos, Car-ry all her

BASSES.

Bring up her port-man-teaus, While we sing our can-tos, Car-ry all he

trunks up - stairs. Pay the mo - dest cab - men's fares. Clean sheets are air'd, too ;

trunks up - stairs. Pay the mo - dest cab - men's fares. Clean sheets are air'd, too ;

Thus we're pre - par'd to make all things right and plea - sant for the fo - reign-er - ing

Thus we're pre - par'd to make all things right and plea - sant for the fo - reign-er - ing

vi - si - tor. Pray, fair Span - ish Prin - cess, come and just make your - self at home.

vi - si - tor. Pray, fair Span - ish Prin - cess, come and just make your - self at home.

CODA.

Here comes the beau - ty, Let us pay our du - ty; Here she comes, and so
 Here comes the beau - ty, Let us pay our du - ty; Here she comes, and so

CODA.

SOPRANO.

Let us pay our du - ty.
 nice - ly drest. Here comes the beau - ty, Let us pay our du - ty.
 nice - ly drest. Here comes the beau - ty, Let us pay our du - ty.

O - pen the front door, and say, Please to step this way. Ma - dam, per - mit us
 O - pen the front door, and say, Please to step this way. Ma - dam, per - mit us
 O - pen the front door, and say, Please to step this way. Ma - dam, per - mit us

our respects to pay.
our respects to pay.
our respects to pay.
our respects to pay.

[During the Coda enter GALSWINDA in travelling attire, with Don NERVOSO carrying parasols, handboxes, bird-cages, etc., and Dr. SENNA assisting. CHILPERIC meets and relieves her of some of the luggage.

- BRUN. Sister!
GAL. Dear Brunchaut! (*They embrace.*)
CHIL. (*aside*) She's a charming girl.
(*to GAL.*) Lady, my crown receives its rarest pearl,
In taking such a gem to share its splendour.
GAL. (*courtsying.*) My lord, the compliment's both choice and tender.
BRUN. (*to SIEG.*) There, you may kiss her.
SIEG. Pardon my abstinence.
To offer one's wife's sister much attention
Is dangerous.
BRUN. How, sir! You dare—
SIEG. No, no,
It isn't I. The House of Lords says so.
GAL. Your Highness, this is Don Nervoso.
Don N. (*bowing.*) Si,
Señor—hidalgo puro e Grandee.
CHIL. Oh, you're a swell, eh?
Don N. (*proudly.*) Amma suel-immense.
CHIL. To hold a conversation *in extenso*,
In Spanish, ain't my line. Here, Doctor, you
Just say the proper thing for how d'ye do.

- Dr. S. (*to Don N.*) Cigaros puros de Habana.
Don N. Backi.
Dr. S. Just so. La Porta-Rica paddiwhacki.
Don N. Habla cachuca.
Dr. S. Yes; on that I'm bento.
Por Buenos Ayres el pronunciamiento.
Don N. (*drawing his sword furiously.*) Carambo! Muerta!
Dr. S. Oh, if you're offenda,
Come on! Gibraltar rocco no surrenda!
[Don NERVOSO flies at him. Bystanders intervene.]
CHIL. Part them—they are incensed. (*to Dr. S.*) You're a nice fellow
For an interpreter! You've turned him yellow.
Dr. S. Sire, he's an ass.
Don N. No, no! Son un' topsawya,
Sangre azul.
Dr. S. Well, never mind, mi-boya.
Viva la libertad!
Don N. (*mollified*) Buenos!
Dr. S. You see
All's right. You'll have some liquorice with me.
CHIL. Princess, you are so charming, that I vow
I never felt the force of love till now.
Think you that you can love as well as I?
GAL. I cannot tell, your Highness, but I'll try.

No 12. DUETT — "WOULD YOU PROVE."

CHILPERIC & GALSWINDA.

Andante con moto. GALS.
Voice. Would you prove how much love in wo-man's bo-som glow-eth?
Piano. *p*

You shall earn full re-turn of all your heart be-stow - eth. You shall earn

rall. full return Of all your heart be - stow - - - eth, 'Tis all that I would gain, . . . My

CHILPERIC.

doubt thou am-ply clear-est, Love me, and so re - main In my heart first and dear - est. As

thou art true to me, Shall my troth be e - ter - nal, And our bliss rise su -

pizz.

- per - nal O'er all the woes that be, And our bliss rise su - per - nal O'er all the woes that

be. Oh, love me, sweet, and I re - peat Our love shall be a joy com - plete. Ah! Ah!

GAL.

GALSWINDA.
Would you prove how much love In wo - man's bo - som glow - eth I You shall earn full return Of

CHILPERIC.
Yes, I'd prove how much love In wo - man's bo - som glow - eth. Let me earn full return Of

rall.
all your heart be - stow - eth. You shall earn full re - turn Of all your heart be - stoweth, be - stow - eth!

all my heart be - stow - eth. Let me earn full re - turn Of all my heart be - stoweth, be - stow - eth!

rall.

Musical score for the first system, featuring piano accompaniment. The top staff has a section marked "Soda" with a wavy line above it, and the bottom staff has a section marked "rall.".

BRUN. Well, are you satisfied?
 CHIL. More—I'm delighted.
 At once our troth shall mutually be plighted.
 SIEG. (*aside.*) Poor victim!
 CHIL. (*to ALFRED.*) Go—the wedding favours make.
 Doctor, you'll superintend the bridal-cake.

Dr. S. I'll make it heavy.
 CHIL. Do; important this is.
 See, too, the prime gooseberry-champagne fizzes.
 Dr. S. Oh, I can trust my carbonate of soda!
 CHIL. Now strike a chorus up—with joyous coda.

No. 13.

FINALE—"LET US STRIKE."

Allegro.

Piano.

Musical score for the second system, starting with "Allegro." and "Piano." markings. It features piano accompaniment in 2/4 time.

Musical score for the third system, continuing the piano accompaniment.

CHILPERIC.

Let us strike a cho - rus up, Be - fore we crush the wed - ding cup.

Musical score for the fourth system, including vocal lines for Chilperic and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a lower register and includes the lyrics "Let us strike a cho - rus up, Be - fore we crush the wed - ding cup." The piano accompaniment features a forte (*ff*) section.

GALS.

LAND.

All my wish will be sat - is - fied, For I shall be a blush - ing bride. If they wed, it's my be - lief That

BRUNE.

Fred - e - gon - da comes to grief. Sis - ter mar - ries a king, and she, I hope, will rule the roast like me.

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

Long life, long life, to the hap - py pair, Bride - groom gal - lant,

TENORS.
Long life, long life, to the hap - py pair, Bride - groom gal - lant,

BASSES.
Long life, long life, to the hap - py pair, . Bride - groom gal - lant,

Bride so fair! . . . Long life! long life! this shall be our song,

bride so fair! . . . Long life! long life! this shall be our song,

bride so fair! . . . Long life! long life! this shall be our song,

Be they hap - - py as the day is long.

Be they hap - - py as the day is long.

Be they hap - - py as the day is long.

Piu vivace.

Let us now a joy - ous wed-ding break - fast make; Veal and ham, and roast po - ta - toes

Let us now a joy - ous wed-ding break - fast make; Veal and ham, and roast po - ta - toes

Let us now a joy - ous wed-ding break - fast make; Veal and ham, and roast po - ta - toes

Piu vivace.

beef and cake, Pork and greens, Bon'd sardines. Beer and port, That's your sort. Ap - ple tart and
 beef and cake, Pork and greens, Bon'd sardines, Beer and port, That's your sort. Ap - ple tart and
 beef and cake, Pork and greens, Bon'd sardines, Beer and port, That's your sort. Ap - ple tart and

Yorkshire pudding, tripe and I - rish stew, And shrimps and wa - ter - creas - es too, Will suit the taste of me and
 Yorkshire pudding, tripe and I - rish stew, And shrimps and wa - ter - creas - es too, Will suit the taste of me and
 Yorkshire pudding, tripe and I - rish stew, And shrimps and wa - ter - creas - es too, Will suit the taste of me and

you ; and then we'll throw the luck - y shoe, And that I think a - bout will do. Don't
 you ; and then we'll throw the luck - y shoe. And that I think a - bout will do. Don't
 you ; do, Don't

you ?

you ?

you ?

General dance.

Scene closes in.

M. 3139

The musical score consists of three vocal staves at the top, each with the lyrics "you ?". Below them is a piano accompaniment section. The first system of the piano part is marked "General dance." and features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The second system continues this dance-like accompaniment. The third system shows a more complex texture with dense chords in the right hand. The final system is marked "Scene closes in." and features a more melodic and expressive piano part, with the right hand playing a descending line and the left hand providing harmonic support.

SCENE 4.—Corridor in Palace.

(Enter LANDRY, reading a sheet of paper.)

LAND. The king has ordered me, through this epistle,
To give poor Fredegonda her dismissal.
(reads) "Give her a hint to pack up, my good feller.
Tip it her strongly: in plain words, man, tell her."
I'm sorry, yet I'm glad, to bear this fiat.
I love her still, and p'raps she'll come home quiet.

(Enter FREDGONDA.)

FFED. Chil— Oh, it's you!
LAND. Yes, dear.
FRED. Don't call me dear here.
Your back was turned: I thought 'twas your superior.
LAND. (sighing.) Hah!
FRED. What now?
LAND. Nothing: my heart-strings expand.
It was *soupir yer* cannot understand.

FRED. Stand by. I seek your master.
LAND. It won't do.
Though I stand by, he'll no more stand by you.

FRED. What mean you?
LAND. It's all up, my Fredegonda;
You've a successor.

FRED. Ha! Where?
LAND. Over yonda.
Chilperic's married.

FRED. 'Tis a lie!
LAND. Oh, no.
'Tis no ally of yours; more like a foe.

FRED. Oh, agonies! Why, 'twas his aunt, he said!
LAND. You'll find she's an *ant-agonist*(t) to dread.
You'll have to go.

FRED. With stifled rage I'm choking.
The king—show me the king.

LAND. Her passion's *sho-king*.
FRED. I go in quest of him—

LAND. Inquest I fear
There'll be, if you excite yourself so, dear.
Here comes the king. On him turn your emotion.
(aside) I shall go off, for there'll be an explosion
[Exit LANDRY.]

(Enter CHILPERIC.)

FRED. So, sir, I hear that you have dared to wed!
CHIL. Madam, you've struck the right nail on the head.
FRED. (grimly) I will. Not on the head, though, in that case;
But I'll strike sundry nails upon the face.
Oh, but I'll tear her eyes out!

CHIL. What's the use
To try to terrorize me with abuse?
FRED. Pah! I could lynch you both, you wretched cuss!
You and your wife lynch. (Changing her tone.)
Why flinch from me thus!

Am I so ugly grown that you forsake me?
Where are the tender oaths you once did make me?
You vowed you loved; yet cast me off you now will;
Say, is this consonant with that avowal?
CHIL. She talks like Lindley Murray.

FRED. Well, I'm flurried.
From mood to mood I vio-lintly am (h)urried.

CHIL. Your mood is too intense, and out of place.
FRED. 'Cause there's another person in the case.

CHIL. What case?
FRED. Objective.
CHIL. Your objection state.*

Parse on.
FRED. Indicative present: "I HATE!"
Imperfect: "I was loving." Future: "I
Will scratch!"

CHIL. We'll conjugate that by and by.
FRED. Why did you swear to Freddy, since you loathe her,
Full many an oath, and go and wed an-oather?
Can you wreck all a woman's peace, false king?
Can you recall what I'm about to sing!

No. 14. AIR AND DUET — "CANST THOU RECALL?"

Voice.

Andro.

FRED. Canst thou re-call thy words of promise! Thou once didst whisper words of air; O,

Piano.

ask thy heart, which now so dumb is. If no old e-cho lin-ger there? . . . Or

col canto.

M. 3139

rall.

dost thou an - swer, love has ra - - ted Such vows be - yond their i - dle worth, By

lips a - lone they were cre - a - ted, The heart had no part in their birth?

No, let me che - rish but an em - ber Of love's spent flame that lin - gers yet; How

griev - ous be it to re - mem - ber, 'Tis far more bit - ter to for - get. . . . Say

col canto.

rall.

thou, I'll keep my false-hood from her; I'll feign and feign, nor yet dis - close, But

leave her with her dreams of sum - mer, In this, the day of dead - ly snows.

CHIL. "I won't be bullied, Madam!" *Allegro.*

FRED. "You shall!" Come, no re - vil - ing, Pri - thee be smil - ing; This is not a fi - nal part - ing.

CHIL. "Sha'n't!"

No, sil - ly goose, Spare all a - buse, Then pack up and quick be start - ing. Do go express now; Should the Princess now

chance ar-rive, There'd be a mess now; So come a-way, Do not de-lay, Scold some o-ther day.

Think a bit of ap-pear-an-ces, my dear; All that man can do I will do for you.

Buy a pret-ty lit-tle vil-la, where you'll live, Fit-ted up with ev'-ry-thing that wealth can give.

Such a jol-ly lit-tle trap to drive a-bout, . . . When you go out to ket-tle-drum or rout.

Then, the last and most in - val - u - a - ble boon, I'll be there each Thursday af - ter - noon, Oh yes, I'll

Tutti.

come, and I'll see you so soon, On ev - ry Thurs - day af - ter - noon. Ah!

p *dim.*

FREDEGONDA.

Put on your wil - ing, Wheedling, be - gul - ing, This for e - ver is a part - ing Once in the way.

CHILPERIC.

Come, no re - vil - ing; Pri' - thee be smil - ing; This is not a fi - nal part - ing. No, sil - ly goose,

f Tutti.

Sure I'll not stay; Tho' for this you'll soon be smart - ing. You sha'n't en - slave me. Take what you gave me,

Spare all a - buse. Then pack up, and off be start - ing. Do go express, now. Should the Princess now

8va

Take back all, since thus you brave me, Pitch 'em a - way, Jew - els so gay, Silks got from Jay,
 Chance - rive ther'd be a mess now, So come a - way, Do not de - lay, Come you a - way,

ad lib.

Stalls for the play, Take back all, I pray, Of this ar - ray, of this ar - ray, Take a - way,
 Do not de - lay, Scold some o - ther day, Some o - ther day, some o - ther day. Go a - way,

Take 'em a - way, Take 'em a - way, Take 'em a - way, I'll no lon - ger stay, No, I sha'n't
 Do go a - way, Do go a - way, Do go a - way, Pray do not de - lay, Do not de -

stay, I scorn your shab-by, stin-gy way. . . . I shall . . . not
 - lay, But blow me up some o-ther day. . . . Now go . . . a-

stay.
 - way. [FREDEGONDA flings her jewels at CHILFERIC, and exit. CHILFERIC goes off at opposite entrance.

8va

SCENE 5.—Garden set. Terrace rows at back. Profile wing of palace. Foliage and flower wings and borders. A few banks at sides. Pages and ladies of Court dis-

covered grouped lying and sitting, drinking wine. Symphony of next number to open scene. Segue chorus. LANDRY enters dejected, in time for his solo.

NO. 15. CHORUS & SOLO — "WITH JEST AND SONG."

(LANDRY & PAGES)

Allegro.
 Piano. *mf* *mf*

PAGES.

With jest as long The hours we'll pro-long; We'll sing and we'll laugh, And bumpers we'll quaff, This wed-ding

new We'll safe-ly see thro', And drink to the day In old flasks of To-kay. . . .

LANDRY.

These are so light-heart-ed, But for me joy has de-part-ed,

Nought to me can bring a re-lief, Since my sweet-heart has come to grief.

PAGES

With jest and song The hours we'll pro-long; We'll sing and we'll laugh, And bumpers we'll quaff, This wed-ding
 new We'll safe-ly see thro', And drink to the day In old flasks of To-kay. . . .

ALF. Silence, you boys, and fall in order soon:
 The king's returning from his honeymoon.

(Enter Dr. SENNA.)

Dr. S. Is all prepared his Majesty to greet?

ALF. Yes. Where's the populace?

Dr. S. Out in the street.

ALF. And will they cheer?

Dr. S. Rather. You'll hear a row.

They see so little of the monarch now,
 That at the sight they go quite wild. (To pages.)
 You here!

Mind, when I cry "Long live the King," you cheer.
 "King" is the cue. Shout, when the word "queen"
 passes,

Till you're a little hoarse, you little asses!

Landry, pluck up a smile; you're grim.

LAND. Me grim?

ALF. He's in the *megrims*; that's what's up with him.

Dr. S. Here comes the king; now don't forget the cue.

[Cheers heard outside. Enter CHILPERIC and
 GALSWINDA, SIEGBERT and BRUNEHAUT;
 DON NERVOSO bringing up the rear.]

Long live the King!

PAGES. Hooray!

CHIL. Thanks; that will do.

This warm reception is so flattering,
 It leaves me grateful, and—

Dr. S. Long live the King!

[Pages cheer.]

CHIL. Enough. As I was saying, but last week—

Dr. S. Long live the King! [Pages cheer.]

CHIL. (angrily.) Shut up, and let me speak!

Dr. S. O gracious king— [Pages cheer.]

CHIL. If you can't talk without
 Those fellows deafening us with a shout,
 Be off!

Dr. S. I go, sire.

CHIL. Ah, that's right. Get out!

[Exit Dr. SENNA.]

GAL. Our honeymoon is over.

CHIL. Glad 'tis so.

Incipient matrimony's deuced slow.

SIEG. In its first stage it is; but when that's past

You'll find it fast enough. *She'll* make you fast.

CHIL. How so?

SIEG. She'll take away your appetite.

Her sister does mine.

BRUN. (to GAL.) You don't treat aright

Your husband. You're too soft with him, I fear.

GAL. Soft! But that's *oft* the best way, too, my dear.

BRUN. It used to be; but by the modern plan

Woman is recognised a match for man.

CHIL. (overhearing.) Woman a match?

BRUN. Of course; or where's the use of her?

CHIL. Ay, but she needn't be the very Lucifer.

No brimstone counsel. If my wife the like

Tried, I would serve her like a match, and strike.

BRUN. What! strike a beauty!

CHIL. Ay, and bruise her, too

She'd be a *Belle and black*—and likewise blue.

BRUN. Oh, hoity-toity!

CHIL. There—dispose the question.

SIEG. He's knocked the head off that same match sug-
 gestion.

LAND. (to DON NERVOSO.) What's your opinion, Don?

Don. N. Carral! El rey

Es puchos de las heddas,

LAND.

So I say.

(Enter Dr. SENNA.)

Dr. S. My lord the king— [Pages cheer.
Be still; you needn't sing
So loud as that. I wished to tell the king— [Pages cheer.

CHIL. Will you shut up?

Dr. S. It isn't I that seek
To make a noise. (To pages.) I wish you'd let
me speak!

ALF. You bade us at the word "king" voice to use.

Dr. S. Do hold your peace!

ALF. Then you withhold your cues.

Dr. S. (aside to CHIL.) Miss Fredegonda—

CHIL. What—not gone!
Dr. S. Alas!

CHIL. She's going, and she's coming.
She sha'n't pass!

Dr. S. Send for Fatout—tell him—
I grieve to state it,

But Fatout's with her, quite infatoo-ated.

[Enter FREGONDONDA woefully, à la Ophelia,
dragging a truck with furniture, and followed
by FATOUT carrying ballads on a stick.

BRUN. The baggage, with her baggage!

FRED. (to FATOUT.) Come, old codger.

GAL. Who is this person?

CHIL. (stewardly.) It's—my first-floor lodger.

No. 16. LAMENT OF FREGONDONDA—"FAREWELL."

FRÉGONDONDA.

Voice. Fare-well the

Piano. *Andantino con moto.
dolce.*

tran-quil mind, fare-well con-tent! . . . For me no more the sun of luck has shone, . . . I'm turn'd a-

- way a-gainst my own con-sent, . . . And Fre-de-gon-da's oc-cu-pa-tion's gone. . . Ye

rit.

tear - drops flow kind - ly, For her who lov'd so blind - ly.

Fare - - well, . . . all is o'er, Good-bye, e - ver - more.

ad lib.
 . . . Fare - - well . . . all is o'er, Good-bye, e - ver - more. . .
rall.

CHIL. Is there much more of this?

FRED. Heaps.

CHIL. Get along.

FAT. Only one 'penny, twelve yards of song,
 Containing half the new and fav'rite hairs:—
 "Oh Willie, we have missed you," "Get'n up stairs."
 "Pop goes the weasel," "All among the hay."
 "Lilla's a lady," "That's what some folks say."
 "My love is like," "John Anderson, my jo."

"Sweet spirit," "Kiss and never tell." "That's so."
 "Rock me to sleep," "Ben Bolt," "The Sea-king's
 daughter."

"I know a bank," "Tom Bowling," "Allan water."
 "My mother bids me bind," "The deep, deep sea."
 "God save the Queen," and "Woodman, spare that
 tree."

Here you have all the verses that belongs
 To all the pop'lar sentimental songs.

2ND VERSE.

FREDEGONDA.

The cur - few

*Andantino con moto.
dolce.*

tolls the knell of part - ing day, . . . And my day's done, tho' I don't hear a bell, . . . And those who

came to jeer re - main'd to pray, . . . And Freedom shriek'd when Kos - ci - us - ko fell. . . . The

rit.

ex - tract just quot - ed I don't quite know who wrote it.

Ro-ber - - to! Ro-ber - to, ah toi que j'ai m - e

ad lib.
 . . . Ro-ber - - to! . . . do I go? Ah, yes, . . . ah, I go.

rall.

CHIL. What means this nonsense?

Dr. S. Both insane, that's clear.

[FREGONDIA, having stuck an anti-Maccassar on her head fantastically, distributes the contents of her truck, à la Ophelia.]

FRED. There's rosemary; that's for remembrance, dear.

[Hands CHILPERIC a gridiron.]

There's pansies; that's for thoughts.

[Hands GALSWINDA a mop.]

And here is rue.

You'll wear it with a difference.

[Sticks a coal-scuttle on Dr. SENNA's head.]

Dr. S. I do!

CHIL. Fatout—here, take her (or you'll earn a scoldin')
To Bedlam, or—

FAT. (tearfully, offering song.) "Jerusalem the Golden."

BRUN. Oh, they are mad!

GAL. Both mad!

SIEG. A shocking thing!

CHIL. Mad as March hares.

LAND. (bursting forth.) I tell thee, churlish king,
A "leading lady" shall my sweetheart be,
When thou art cast for dull "utility!"

FRED. It is his voice!

LAND. It is. Oh, Freddy, come.
Leave this false Court: like most courts, 'tis a slum.
Alles! Back with me to our rural groves,
Our humble household loves and home-baked loaves;

Come to the thatched roof, far from titled blokes,
Where no cloud lowers save when the chimney
smokes;

Where lime-trees, pine-trees, axle-trees stand high,
And ev'ry Monday clothes hang out to dry.
Come, and we'll cull the wild bloom of our bowers,
The corn-flow'rs, flow'rs of brimstone, cauliflowers.
Hence! let us leave these swells and their high livin'.
Return at once, and all will be forgiven.

FRED. I do—I will!

CHIL. Now thank the stars for that!
Take her, good Landry, and our blessing pat.
Talking of pats, whate'er your cows supply
Of butter and of eggs, why, we will buy.

LAND. A bargain!

CHIL. Send your poultry. We won't scrooge
The price.

SIEG. That seems a poultry subterfuge.

BRUN. Silence! We're rid of her.

CHIL. (to FATOUT.) Do you design,
Fatout, to stick yet to the ballad line?

FAT. (sully.) No; as she's lost, the retail I'll vacate
But make me Laureate.

CHIL. That love I hate.
However, be it so. Now that all's righted,
If our friends are contented, we're delighted.

(Form in lines for FINALE.)

No. 17. FINALE.—"FOUR FAITHS ARE PLIGHTED."

Allegro.

Piano. *f*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *Allegro* and *f*. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of chords and single notes.

CHILPERIC.

Four faiths are plight - ed, Four hearts u - nit - ed, If you're d:-light - ed, we've won our cause.

The vocal line for Chilperic is in 4/4 time, marked *f*. The melody is simple and direct, with lyrics: "Four faiths are plight - ed, Four hearts u - nit - ed, If you're d:-light - ed, we've won our cause." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

GALSWINDA.

Smile, then, if you've all grounds for ap - prov - al; Smile, and re - move all doubts by ap - plause.

The vocal line for Galswinda is in 4/4 time, marked *f*. The melody is simple and direct, with lyrics: "Smile, then, if you've all grounds for ap - prov - al; Smile, and re - move all doubts by ap - plause." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

LANDRY.

Though I'm hap - py, too, I'll my griefs re - new, All my woes and sor - row, If you like, to - mor - row.

The vocal line for Landry is in 4/4 time, marked *f*. The melody is simple and direct, with lyrics: "Though I'm hap - py, too, I'll my griefs re - new, All my woes and sor - row, If you like, to - mor - row." The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

FRED. SING. FAT.

I will do the same. If as much you claim. I am hon-our'd and content-ed, If my fears be

SENNA.

cir-cum-vent-ed By your plaudits, ere the cur-tain fall.

f TENORS.
So say we all.

f BASSES.
So say we all.

f SOPRANI & TENORI.

Four faiths are plight - - ed, Four hearts u - nit - - ed, If you're de -

f BASSES.
Four faiths are plight - - ed, Four hearts u - nit - - ed, If you're de -

light - ed, We've won our cause. Smile, then, if you've all grounds for ap -

light - ed, We've won our cause. Smile, then, if you've all grounds for ap -

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major, with lyrics: "light - ed, We've won our cause. Smile, then, if you've all grounds for ap -". The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment, featuring a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

rall.
pro - - val, Smile, and re - move all Our doubts by ap - - plause.

rall.
pro - - val, Smile, and re - move all Our doubts by ap - - plause.

rall.

The second system of music consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines in G major, with lyrics: "pro - - val, Smile, and re - move all Our doubts by ap - - plause." The bottom two staves are piano accompaniment. The word "rall." is written above the first staff, above the second staff, and below the third staff.

(Curtain quick on last bar).



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