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# 66 <br> MA <br>  <br> (LA MASCOTTE.) <br> COMIC OPERA <br> in 3 AcTS. <br> <br> MUSIC BY 

 <br> <br> MUSIC BY}

# EDMOND <br> AUDRAN. 

ENGLISH TRANSLATION:AND ADAPTATION OF WORDS TO MUSIC BY

## THEODORE T. BARKER.

DIALOGUE AND STAGE DIRECTIONS BY
I. W. NORCROSS, JR.

## HONTICN:

Oliver Ditson Comipany:<br>NEW YORK:<br>C. H. DITSON \& CO. LYON \& HEALY. J. E. DITSON \& CO. JOHN C. HAYNES \& CO

## CAS'I OF CHARACIERS.



## ARGUMENT.

The scerse of the opera is laid in Piomlino, Italy, in the 15 th century. The stage represents a farm, when the peasants are celebrating the vintage festival Rocco, the farmer, instead of joining the pleasures, sits moodily apart. In reply to the peasants, who ask the reason, he declares that it is on account of his ill-luck, which turns all his efforts to disadvantage. Plppo, his shepherd, whom he had sent to his brother for aid in his misfortunes, retuins, bringing only a basket of eggs, and a letter, to the disgust of Rocco, with the information that liis brother has sent, also, his turkey-keeper, Berrina, who will bring good fortune to his house, she being a Mascot, or hearth-angel, whose presence makes a home happy and prosperous. Pippo gives a glowing decription of Bettina's charms and accomplishments, which Rocco laughs at; and when Bettina arrives, shortly afterwards, she meets with a cold welcome from him, and an order to leturn whence she came. While she is preparing to leave the scene is interropted by the arrival of a hunting party, consisting of Prince LORENZO, his daughter, I'rince Frederic, and members of the court, who stop at the farm for rest and refreshment after the chase. The Prince who deems himself ons of the unlucky ones, takes notice on Bettina, and by accident learns that she is the possesser of pecuiar virtues. and determines to take her to his court, and make use of her gifts for his own advantage. Kocco appeals from his decision; but the prince pacifies him with the promise to make him Cuurt Chamberlain, with large powers and emoloments. He then ennobles Bettina, as Countess of l'anada, and with these added to the party, turns gaily homeward, learing Pippo behind, to his great disgust, and the sorrow of Bettina.

In the Second Act, we find the characters at the grand-ducal palace at Piomhino. A grand fête is to be given in honor of the marriage of Fiametta, the Prince's daughter, to Frederic, the crown-prince of Pisa. Bettina is in great favor at the court, and is believed to be the
king's favorite. While she, weary of the splendor tnat surroundz her, pines for her free peasant life, and for her absent lover, Pippo Among the other wedding entertainments, is to be a display given by a company of actors and dancers, the principal one of which, under the name of Saltarelle, turns out to be Pippo in disguise. The lovers meet, and plan an escape, which fails, however, through Rocco, who announces the presence of Pippo to the Prince, and his arrest Meanwhile, Fiametta has taken a great fancy to Pippo, and turns te: back upon Frederic. She acknowledges her passion to the former, and tells him that Bettina is false to him, and about to marry he: father, the Prince Lorenzo. At the last moment, Pippo and Bettina come together again, and explain matters. In a moment of general confusion, resulting from the cross-purposes of all parties-they escape by leaping through a window inte the river below, to the horror of all present.

In the Third Act, the scene lies in the large hall of an ltalian inn, in the duchy of Pisa. Soldiers of the Pisan army are carousing in honor of their recent victories, gained under the lead of Frederic, over the armies of Lorenzo. Pippo appears as a captain and friend of Frederic, and Bettina, as a goung trooper, in which disruise she has fought through the war, as the companion of Pippo. They reveal their real names and persons to l'rederic, and Pippo declares his in tention to leave the army and marry Bettina at once. While the preparations are making for the wedding, Lorenzo, Fiametta and Rocco disguised as strolling minstrels, and wanering through the country to gain a living in their altered condition, resulting from the reverses of the war - meet the bridal party at the ina - make $t$ em selves known to each other, and after proper explanations on all sides, Fiametta goes back to her old lover, Frederic, and the wedding of Bettina and Pippo is celebrated with general rejoicing.

ACTI.
OVERTURE . . ............................................. ${ }^{\text {Page }}$
: INTRODUCTION AND OPENING CHORUS.
3
DRINKING SONG.
LEGENi) OF THE MASCOT. (Ballad.)................... 21
4. NOW THE VINCAG TIME..........

COME, NOW, MY BEAUTY. (Song and Chorws.
COME, NOW, MY BEAM. (Song and Chorus.)..... 31
DON'T COME TOO NEAR. (SOng.)................... 33
CHORUS AND IRESAGE SONG.
33
WISE MEN IN ALL AGES. (Song.)
WHEN THE GAY SPORI
. THIS COUNTRY LAD. (Couplet)
(I. THAT PECULIAR CHARM. (Song.)
12. WHEN I BEHOLD. (Duet.) .. .......................................
13. SCENIC MUSIC.

14 FINALE. (Chorus.)
..................... ............... 65

## ACTII.

ENTR' ACT
16. O, WHAT BEAUTY! irhorus.)
17. EXCUSE MY BOLDNFSS. (Couplet.)................................ 95

FROM THY PRESENCE
103

OVERTURE.












Tempo di Valse.

a tempo.





## ACTI.

The scene represents a farm yard in Italy. At the right a furm humst; tit the left a shed -at b. c., buck, "post with
 country beyond. Tables and rustic chairs k . and L. At the rising of rurtuin the cintug' tpost hus. just begum. They are drinking bete wine. Boys and girls are filling jugs from alarge burrel pheed L., under the shed. They fill glisses, which they pass aromed.

## INTRODUCTION AND OPENING CHORUS.

No. 1.
Three Peasant Girls and Chorus.




 grod, sn fresh and sweet. Now the rin-tage time is o-ver, Lads and las-ses gai - ly meet, Quaff new
 wine, both maid and lor-er, Wine so good, so fresh and sweet.

 wine, both maid and lov-er, Wine so good, so fresh aud sweet. .............
它

wine, both maidand lov.er, Wine so good, so fresh aud sweet. ..............


## DRINKING OUNG.

No. 2.
Thref Peasant Girla.


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(Rocco is seated, r. Pala, Francesc, a Antonia, Peasants, men and women, servants, etc., R. \& L.)
Peasant. Ah, boys, that is delicious 1 It makes a fellow feel so gay. Antonia. (Pointing to Rocco, who is seated, r., with his head buried in his hands.) It doesn't appear to have the same effect on Farmer Rocco. Look at him. How sad he Jooks !
Paola. True. For the past hour he has scarcely opened his lips.
Francesca. What can be the matter? I'll ask him. (Approaching him.) Master Rocco-
Rocco. (Raising his head.) What!
Fran. You are sad, and you do not drink with us.
Roc. Well?
Pao. Is it because you are in trouble, Master Rocco.
Roc. Yes.
Anton. And pray, Master Rocco, what is it grieves you so much?
Roc. Ill luck.
All. 111 luck ?
Roc. (Rises.) Yes; ill luck, which pursues me everywhere! Nothing succeeds with me! Last year, my barn was burnt. For six months past, my sheep have been dying, one by one. Then my gamekeeper has entered a lawsuit against me, and, last of all, my tailor refuses me a new coat, because I haven't the money to pay him.
Peasant. Poor Master Rocco!
Pao. What a pity!
Fran. It is provoking.
Roc. Yes; and the more provoking when I think of my brother who has all the good luck,-all the chances, all the success. His corn ripens first ; his flocks and herds fatten daily. Gold fills his coffers. He is Jack who laughs ; I am Jack who weeps.
Anton. And why does he not assist you?
Pao. Ah, yes! why, indeed? It isn't because I haven't asked him often enough. Every time I apply to him, do you know what he sends me?
All. No-what?
Roc. He invariably sends me a basket of fresh eggs. Think of it! A basket full of fresh eggs ! A most eggs-traordinay fact !
Axt Ha! ha! (Langhing.)

Roc. Yes; and accompanied by the usual subscription-a letter full of good advice.
Pao. Such meanness!
Fran. The heartless man!
Roc. Even to-day 1 have sent my shepherd, Pippo to him with a letter which would soften a rock. I made one last appeal to his brotherly feelings; you will see what answer he will send me.
Pao. Here is Pippo coming. (Pointing off, r. U. e.)
(Enter Pippo, hastily, R. U. E.)
Roc. (Anxiously.) Have you seen Antonio ?
Pirpo. Yes. He is quite well.
Roc. Zounds I
Pir. He is fresh and rosy.
Roc. Of course be is. You delivered my letter to him?
Pip. Yes
Roc. And what answer did he make?
Pip. He spoke like this. (Imitating Antonio.) "Oh, my poor brother!"-
Roc. Well?
Pip. "This time he shall not ask in vain!"-
Roc. \& Others. Ah!'
Pip. "l would even rob myself for him. I shall make him a royal present. Go tell him I shall send him Bettina."
All. Bettina!
Pip. Yes-Bettina.
Roc And who is Bettina?
Pip. You do not know Rettina? Bettina, the rosebud-the keeper of his turkies.
Roc. What? He sends me his tarkey-keeper! He must be crazy. Instead of reducing my expences, he adds to them, and when he knows I am in want-oh, this devilish ill luck!
PiP. Very true. Do you know what you should do master? Yoo should have a Mascot.
All. A Mascot?
Pip. Yes, a Mascot. Don't you know what a Mascot is ?
All. No-no. What is it ?
PIP. Well then, I will tell you.

## LEGEND OF THE MASCOTS.

No. 3. BALLAD.
Pippo \& Chorus.
Allegretto.

 from heav'n a - bove, Be - held what the dark fiend was from heavna bove Be - held what the dark fiend was




P):-






Rown Bah! idle tales all this. (S゙hruspres shoulders.) Pipfo. Hle tales? You mas laugh, master Rocco, but there are famous examples in all the conntrs. Rocco. Quit, fool! They are laughing at you.

Francesca. Look, girls. (Pointingr.) I here is old Carlo, the fid dler. "hey are goin: 10 have a dance in the square. Let's join them.
Alf. 'The dance The dance

No. 4. EXIT.
Soprinos.




(All the peasants go off singing, R. U. E., through gateway.)
PIPPO. Come, master, we mustn't always be sad.
Rocro. And what would you have me do, when I see my last hope vanish like all the rest? When I count upon my brotlier for assistance, and 1 receive from him-what? The keeper of his turkeys.
Pip. But you do not know her. You do not know Bettina's worth. Roc. How so?

Pip. Well then, I love her!
Roc. You?
Pip. Aye, and dearly too! Each time you have sent me to Antonio's, I have met and courted her. We have sat lovingly together, and trold our tales of love. We have quarrelled and and kissed over the same dfferences My body is fairly black and blue from her little love-pats Even the thought of her makes my heart jump like a kid goat of six weeks. I'm badly affected. Heel of my pulse. (Holds out his hand.)
Roc. Nunsense! She cares nothing for you.
Pip. On the contrary, she adores me. She is always glad to see me, and then, you should see us dance together!

Roc. Ah, yes ; dancing is your great accomplishment.
P1p. (Turning a piroutte) Our mutual accomplishment, Mastet Rocco. (Turns another.) How glad I am that she is coming here!
Roc. Yes, another mouth to feed.
Pip. But such a pretty mouth, master! and then, such oyes! such arms! and such a foot!
Roc. Come, come, no more of this! Go to your sheep, sir, where you belong, and, remember, you can't serve your master and your love at the same time.
Pıp. I go, Master Rocco. (Takrs a running jump with staff, off L. U. E.)

Roc. As for m.yself, I will go and water my cattle. (Extt)
(.Scarcely has Rocco disappcard zethen BETTINA enters, R. U. E. Runs down atid across the stage to L . and back to R ., followed by seven or cight village boys whis surround her, and teave her. She carries a bag.)
Bettina. Will you let me alone!
(. She pushes them from her, and darts to C. Tho boys follow and swi rownd her again.)

## COME NOW, MY BEAUTY!

Bettina, Tenors and Basses.
No. 5. ENTERING CHORUS AND SONG BY BETTINA.
Allegro dieo.


Tenors.



## "DON'T COME TOO NEAR."

No. 6. SONG.
Rettina.



70 rempo.




, At conclusion of song, Rocco enters L., from under shed with bucket of water, as boy's contimue to tease Bettina. She siezes the bucket of water from Farmer Rocco, and throws contents in their faces. Thev run off, R U.E..)
Bettina. Take that, then!
Rocco. (Astonishad) Well, well!
Bet. (Laughing at them, then curtseying to Farmer Rocco.) Plenty of good things to you, sir!
Roc. (Admiringly.) What a jolly girl!
Bet. Who ever say such boobies? What do they take me for, 1 wonder? Do they think, perchance, my heart is an artichoke, and they can divide its leaves among themselves? These country chaps are very droll. They no sooner see a young girl coming than they set themselves upon her, and want to kiss her. (Going up stage, and calling to them.) I say, lads (faughing), come back here.
Roc. They won't be likely to return before they dry themstives. But, tefl me, are you not from Farmer Antonio's?
Bet. In straight line, sir-looking for Master Rocco's farm. (Strikes attitude.)
Roc. I am Rocco. So you are Bettina, eh ?
Bet. Bettina, the rosebud, so-called, and keeper of turkeys. Maid-of-all-work, and I can boast of it. So you are my new master?
Roc. Alas! Bet. Do I not please you, sir?
Roc. No-yes-that is. But my brother, did he not give you anything for me?
Bet. Oh, yes; I have it in my bag. (Fumbling in her bag) It's quite at the bottom.
Roc. (Rubbing his hands) The royal present at last!
BeT. (Drawing from her batr a little basket of egrss and a letter in if.) There it is, sir-a basket of eqys and a letter.
Roc. (Despondently.) Wways the basket of fresh eggs, and (taking out letter and puttins it in his pocket) the usual contribution. (Putting egrs on table.) May heaven bless him and his eggs!
Bet. You do not look happy, master?
Hoc. True, I am not happy. Everything gues against me, and my brother makes game of me
Bet. Master Antonio told me you would receive me with open arins; that I should be fêted, and petted. and made mucla of, as I have always been with him. How is it Do I not please you?
Roc. No ; it is not that; you look like a good girl.

Bet. I am called a very good girl-good character. I like to laugh. I'm merry by nature. Roc. So much the better.
Bet. Then why do l not please you? Where there is work to be done, you will always find me there. I will split your wood for you, do your washing, make your butter. I will do everything for you, so that you will say, "This girl is a treasure!"
Roc. (Aside.) A treasure? l'erbaps that is why my brother sends her. (Aloud.) 'Tis well; here is my house. (Approachin! house.)
Bet. Then you won't turn me away, sir? (Shouts and hunting horns heardoff, R.U E) Ah! what is that?
Roc. Horns! 'Tis the royal hunt! (Goes up stage a few steps.)
BeT. (Excited and running to back of stage.) Oh! Oh! see them! A heap of fine ladies and gentlemen-and coming this way too! (Running ubout stage. Tivo poges, Angelo and Luigi, enter huw -iedly, from R.U.E., through gateway, C., and stop at centre of stage; they salute. They are both dressed in rich costumes of the chase.)
Angelo. (Offciouslv.) We come before his highness, Lorenzo Xvir., Prince of Piombino.
Roc. (Taking off his riat quickly.) Lurenzo XviI!
Bet. Our sovereign!
Ang. Yes; and accompanied by his august dauglater, Princess Fiametta, her future husband, Prince Frederic, and all their suife.
Luigl. Their serene highnesses are tired, and wish to rest themsclves at your farm, good man. Therefore, prepare ye to reccive them (ANGELO and LUIGI exit in same order through gatezay, c, anu off, R.U.E.)
Roc. The Prince Lorenzo at my house! What an honor! I an not fit to le seen in this dress of sackcloth!
Bet. And 1 with my hair all hanging about. (She puts up her hair And my dress all tumbled! (She smooths down ker dress.) Andoh, heavens!
Roc. What is it?
BET. Ny stocking has got a hole in it!
Roc. Where?
Bet. At the toe.
Roc. That is toe thin! 1 don't take stock in' that! (Horms heard near by )
Bet. (Ruining up stage, then down, R.) Here they are!
(Enter parses, followed by lords and ladies. They are all dressed in the costume of the chase, and take positions, x. and L.)

## ENTERING CHORUS AND PRESAGE SONG.

No. 7.
Bettina, Fiametta, Frederic, Lorenzo, Rocco, Chorus.
Allyretto moderato.
MeD.


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way for our good suv - 'reign! Long live our Prince, we'll shout and cry l....................... pres.

way for our good sur - 'reign! Long live our Prince, well shout and cry!...................

way for our good sow - 'reign! Long live our Prince, well shout and cry!....................



Fred.


Fiam.




## "WISE MEN IN ALL AGES."

No. 8. PRESAGE SONG

> Lorenzo.








## WHEN THE GAY SPORT.

No. 9. EXIT.

klow that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reign, and let us shout, Live Lor-en. zo.
(1-4-4
know that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reiga, and let us shout, Live loren - zo.
O:-
know that rest, is nigh. Let us make way for our good sov'reign, and let us shout, Live Lor-en-zo.


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(At conclusion of Chorus, enter Lor., followed by Fiam. and Fred.)
Fiam Come, papa, let us forget all this, now that we are in this temple of agriculture.
Lor. A temple?
Fiam. Y'es, a rustic temple. For my part, I prefer it to all your magnificent palaces.
Fred. Very singular taste, Princess, it seems to me. 1
Fiam. Be quiet, sir! (To Roc.) My good man, I long for a glass of pure, fresh milk.
Roc. With pleasure, madame. Bettina shall milk the cow at once.
BFT. (Culseying.) Yes, madame. Ith not be long.(To the lords and ladies.) And if the ladies and gentlemen will follow me, they will see how it is done. (lietina exits L under shed, followed by lords and ladies. Lor., Fiam., Fred. ani Roc. remain.)
Lor. 'Tis well, farmer. 1 am satisfied with your reception. (Coming down. FhM. and Fned retire up. Lor. hodds out his hand.) 1 permit you to kiss my hand.
Roc. Oh. Prince, this is too much honor! (Kisses kand.)
Lor. It is a great deal, I confess. Still, I am a monarch without ceremony-not formal, and a jolly good fellow! I breathe gay-ety-Ha, ha, ba! (Stoppong suddenly, and changing his tone.) Or, rather, I have the air of breathing gayety. I am merry, but it does not come from the heart; for under this happy exterior I hide a poignant care!
Roc. But what can trouble the existence of my prince?
Lor What is the trouble? Ill luck! I am doomed to misfortune!
Roc. Ah, just like me!
Lor. If I go to battle, I am generally beaten along the whole line. If I play at throwing dice, I invariably lose; and if $I$ aim at a deer, 1 kill a rabbit-that is, when I kill anything!
Koc. Absolutely like me!
Lok. Yet i am merry-ha, ha, ha!
$\overline{\text { ciam. Calm yourself, papa! }}$
Lor. Yes, I will be calm-very calm; even placid, if you wish it. A chair, if you please-l am very tired!
Roc. Your Highness has only to mention it. (Quickly bringing chair.)
Lok. Thank you! (Siats himself in chair, which brezts down. He falls to the floor.)
Fiam. Heavens-papa!
Roc. (At same time.) Oh, sire!
Fred. Have you broken any bones, father-in-law? (Helping him up.
Lor. (Holding on to hir side.) Only thirteen of my ribs! How many of them are there
Fred. Ribs?
Lor. No-charrs
Roc. Only this one, your Highness
Lor. Of course, it was forme! It does not surprise me. My usual ill luck, my misfortune! (Enter BET. with three cups of milk on a tray.)
Bet. (Curtseying.) Here is the new milk for your Highnesses.
Fiam. (Takius' glass, which she gives to Lor.) Drink, papa; it will do you good. (He take's it and prefares to drink. Fiametta and Freteric taking the other two and doin's thesame; l.or. drinks last.)

Fiam. (After drinking.) It is delicious 1
Fred. (Same.) Excellent!
LOR. (Uttering a cry, and throwing cup from him after tasting if.) Oh!
Fiam. (Running to him.) What is the matter, papa?
Lor. Ah! (Making a wry face.) My milk has soured!
Bet. (Aside.) Heaven! I took the vinegar-cup! What will be come of me ?
Roc. Whoever heard of the like?
Lok. Nothing remarkable, my friends, I assure you! Everything sours with me-I am prepared for it! (Enter Pippo, hurriedly. L.U.E., coming down to Roc.)

Pippo. Oh, master, what a lut of fine people!
Roc. (Aside to PIP.) $1 t$ is Prince Lorenzo and his daughter.
Pip. (Remoaing his hat.) The Prince!
liam. (Aside.admiring Prr.) What a bandsome youth!
Roc. (To Lor.) If your Highness pleases, I will show you my farm - it may amuse you.

Lor. 'Tis well; lead on : but there is misfortune in the air-l scent it. (To Fiam.) Follow me, my daughter. (He exits L. with Roc.)
Frisi, (Offerizg his arm to Hiam.) Allow me, beloved one!
Flam. (Arot noticing, and phassing by him to L., then throwing a last look upon Pipro. How handsome-how noble he looks! (She exits quickly, L , sighing; Bettina notices this, and sturts; PIP exits R.)
Bet. What! again?
Fred. (Fohowing Fiam.) Wait for me-wait for me, I say! (/he follows her; PIrPO exits ix.)
bet. Now what dues she mean by tooking at my Pippo? Does she want to take him from me? Oh, never, while the rosebud is here! (Fiam., eenters quickly, L., Bet. sees her.) Ah, she is back again!
Fiam. Gone? (Goes up stage, looking k. and L.)
Bet. She is looking for him! Oli, if she dares!-(Raises her arm.) No; (Drawing back.) I must not slap a Princess !
Fiam. (Perceizing Ret.) Ah! Perhaps this girl can tell me. (To Bet A word with you.
Bet. (Curtseying.) What does your llighness desire?
FiAM. (Indifferently.) A simple favor. When we arrived nere, I saw a youth-a farmer's son, probably -
Bet. The shepherd, your Highness. (.Aside.) That will take her down a peg!
Fiam. A simple shepherd? (Aside.) Rustic simplicity, how 1 adore thee! (Aloud) He appeared to me very handsome! (BET. starts, but recozers herself.;
Bet. You-you think so, Princess?
Fiam. Yes; but do not be surpised. I love everything that is beautiful in nature. I detest this court wherein I live, and regret being born on the steps of a throne. Oh, how I long for the simple country life! I wish to be clothed in a dress of coarse cloth; walk barefoot w'tont a bat, and make hay; and have for a companion (fassionate $y$ ) the simple country lad!

THIS COUNTRY LAD.
No. 10. COUPLETS.
Fiametta.


Fiametta.



Fiam. 1 must coaress that 1 ani riterested in this young shepherd. A face free and upen, suett and generous in his manners. Bet. (Aside.) She loves my lippo: I am sure of it! I know what l'll do. l'll give her a certifioate of his character that will cool her a little. (.flom, oh. l'incess. you sluuldn't trust to appearances: they are very deceitful.
Fiam. What do you mean?
RET. He looks simple, hut he is very had-tempered. FiAm, Ah! BET. He is always spoiling for a find. It was only the other day he quarrelled with three of our boys and whipped them badly. Fiam. Ahthree? bet. Yes, all thee of them.
Fiam. (Admirinety, asife) What a brave fellow 'What valor! Bet. And then he is such aglutton He is aluays eating and drinking. He will swallum six plates of sonp in the twinkling of an eye. Fiam. Six plates! (Aside.) Why not? lle is the perfect picture of
health. (To Ret) Thank you. I shall hnow how to recelve hin (Asidc.) Just my ideal!
Bet. (Curtseying.) I am always at your highess' service. I fer. much easier now. (E゙xit R, into house, Enter Firfo. harriedly, L. Fred. Ah, Princess, here jou are! l've leen loolingeveryibleri for you. When I am not with you, I no horererenst 1 metels vegetate, FiAm, Really, wo ate quite a llam '
Fred. Exactly; one that can exist only in the -ublight ul ycur sm:ies
Fiam. How sentimental! Ah, but yuu dhd mot vanquish tliree men
It was not you who swallowed six platen (il w:up).
Fred. (Mfaking a grimace.) I should hope nat
Fiam. Oh, these great lords!- no blood, no hiceps, no muscle, nd anything!
Fred. Allow me, my sweet one. I shine with other $y+z^{1: t i t s}$

## "THAT PECULIAR CHARM."

No. 11. SONG.

## Fiametta, Frederic,

Moderato. But not ton slowiy.



(Enter Pip. and Bet., L. U.e, through gateway, c.)
Plif. Your pardon, Princess, if I interrupt you; but your father, the Prince Lorenzo, is asking for you
Fiam. (Sweetly.) Papa wishes to ste me? "ris well I an going, my friend.
Ber. (Aside.) Her friend!
Fred. (Aside.) Her friend!
Fiam. (Admiringly to Pip.) So then, you are not afraid of three men.
Pir. (Iaghing loudly.) No, nor three women, either! Fiam. (Aside.) What a nature. One only finds it here? (Sighing.) An' (Dryt.) Fullow me, Frederic. (She goes L.)
Fred. Yes, mist weet one'

Fiam. (Puskes Fied. defore her.) Pass on before. (Admining Pippo.) He is decidly handsome; yes, very handsome! Ah! (Exit, L.) I'Ir.' (Laughing, and looking after the Princess.) She is very funay, this Princess !
Bet. (Sulking.) Do you think so, Mister Pippo? Perhaps you would like to follow her ?
Pir. Come, come; don't be foolish. (Laughing.)
BET. Did I not see you devouring her with your eyes?
Pip. Me, a shepherd, cast an eye at the daughter of Prince Lorenzo! (Going up to her, and putting arm about her waist.) Ah, Bettina! if you only knew how I love you!
Bet. And I. Pippo have loved you from the first time I saw - ath Hippo, flupu!

Bettina, Pippc.
No. 12. DUET.

> Allegretto moderato.






WA the onnclu ion of Duet, Pippo embraces Bettiva. Enter Roceo c., from L.U E..) Roc. Well, well, upon my word!
Bet. (Confused and drazuing away from Pupo.) Oh!
Pip. 1 told you so, master!
Roc. Be quiet, you lazy fellow! Here I find you kissing and hugging, and you should be driving your sheep to the fold. PIp. But -
Roc. (Furiously) No buts about it-go at once, I tell you!
Pip. All right. master, I'll go. (He goes out C., off L.U.E., throwing kisses to liet.)
3et. 'Aside, foukin;" "at Roc.) Old sour milk !
Ro: As for you my beauty $1: 11$ stand none of this! You may pack up your bundle and yo.
Bet. (Withemotion) What! You send me away?
Roc. Immediately! You can go back to my brother.
Bet. (Crying.) You are very hard. sir. (Crving.) All for one unfortunate little kiss! (Crying bitterly.)
Koc Come, come, no snivelling ; but pack up your bundle, and go.
Bet. (Still crying.) Very well, sir, I will go. Is there any answer to the letter, sir?
Roc. Ah, yes. (Drawing letfer from his pocket.) The same old story, no doubt. However. I will read it. He unfolt's lether, while BET. on the right, is arranging her things to go. The orchestra phays softly the legend of the Masiot a; Roc. reads.)
"My Dear 13rother:
"If I have succeeded in all I have undertaken, if I have made a fortune, and have always had good luck, it is because I possessed a • Mascot.' (Intermptint.) A what? (Continums "But now that I am rich, happy, and have nothing to wish for, in proof of my friendship for you, I send you her who has brought me all my happiness My Mascot' is Bettina. I give her to you." (Looking at Bet.) She-a Mascot!
Bet. (Itho has made her freparations.) I an ready to go, sir.
Roc. (Not noticing her, and continuing to read.) "And as soon as she will be with you, bad luck will disappear, and good fortune will make you smile." (Enter PIPPO, C. from L.U E,, running with coat on his arm.)
Pip. Master, master!-good news! Good news!
Roc. (Putting letters in his pocket.) What then?
Pip. Your cow has leen found! Roc. Is it true?
Pip. Yes; and 1 have just met the gamekeeper. You have won your lawsuit!

Roc. Is it prossible?
Pip. Yes; and here is your coat, which the tailor says you can have without the money.
Roc. My cow-my lawsuit-my coat-all at once: (Looking at Bet.) And she has been here but a short time.
Bet. I am going away, Pippo. Master Rocco drives me out.
Pip. You?
Roc. (Running quickly to Bet.) Who says that? (Taking her hundle from her.) You go away? Never!
Bet. (Dazed.) How he has changed!
Roc. (Earnestiy.) You shall rever leave me! I will give you the best room in the house. You can fix your own wages. You shall have everything you wish for; but promise me that you will never leave me.
Bet. Willingly. (Aside.) Old sour milk has actually turned into cream.
Fred. (Enters hurriedly.) Help! Help!
Ruc., Pip., Bet. What! What is the matter?
Fren. Prince Lorenzo - (Roc. andothers.) Well?
Fred. His highness, thinking it was a good omen, insisted upon picking lilites in the fror-pond. He leaned tow far, and over he went head first!
(Roc. and others.) Heavens!
FPeD. Happily I was there. I caught hold of the royal flap of his royal coat-tail, and pulled him out. He is wet through to the waist, and must have a dry coat.
Roc. Wait a moment; I will give himmine. (Takes off coat antlgizes it to Fred. saying, aside.) 'Twill give me a chance to wear my new one!

Fren. (Drawing Pif. with hion, Conce with me; you zan assist me in changing his clothes. (They cxit L.)
Ros. (Putting on newe coat.) And to think it is she to whom I owe ali this. (Famestip.) Ah, yes, fettina-you are, indeed, a treasure!
Mr:T. (Aside., lle'll turn intobuter next!
Roc. Hut I feel anxious about you Tell me, are you not hungry?
Ber. Yes; 1 do feel a goneness!
Roc. What! Youfeel a goneness, and you do not tell me! Go to the larder at once. and take the best of everything-I command you! Bet. Yes, master! Roc. And you will never leave me?
BEI. Never! (Asidi.) I helieve he has gone crazy. [Exit into houre, R.
Ror. (Rubling hishanis, and iontainy about.) A Mascot! It last I possess a Mascul! Everythins will succeed with me now! I shall buy hands and vinewards and stock. I shall become the richest larmer in the kingdom! (Enter Lom. L., hodeng a letter in his hond. redting.) Sh! I must read that happy letter ayain. (Fumbling inh his poikets.) What havel done with it?
Lor. (With Rucco's coat on, coming forward and shozetner letter.) Here it is. Ruc. What! Youhave it, my l'rince?
1.on. It was in vur pocket. So, my good man, you possess a Mascot?

Roc. (Ruhbinvikic liands.) Y'es, your Highness.
Lor. (W'ith aththority, 'Tis well: 1 am going to take her
Roc. (Stupeffid.) Eh-what! You are qoing to take her from me? Oh, Prince have mercy! (Falling uponhis knees.) I have hat ton much ill luck already!
Lok. Oh. weli -think of mine: But should not your petty. mean ill hack sive way before my royal ill luck? Think what you nwe to your sovercien! Recint me. and I will have you thrown intu adungeon: Give her to me and I will tod you with favors and honots. Roc. Well, of the two, I choose the favors and linnors 1.or. Wisely done. I shall give you plenty. Now. let us read the treatise on Mascots. Rnc. The treatise?
Lok. Yes : the tratise mentioned in the posiscript. (Showing Rnc and roddins.) "You will find in the basket of equs a romplete treatise on Mascots, which you must observe strictly."
Roc. Here is the basket of erres. (He tukes it from tublic.) I havn't op ened it. (He opons and draws out abook.) A musty, worm-eaten book, I declare!
Lor. Quick! Let us read. (Takers hook from Roc.) Listen. (Reading.) "Article 1st: One is born a Mascot; one cannot become one otherwise. (Inaroupting) Very true; I've learned that from ex perience Roc. It is a gift.
Lor. (Continuing.) "Article 2 d : "" The Mascot is hereditary in families, but sometimes the child is superior to the father and mother. Roc. Curious enough.
Lor. (Reading.) "Article 3d: The most important"-Oh, oh! it fairly blinds me! Roc. (Approachins a)raiously.) Yes, yes! read on.
Lor. (Rcadins.) "A Mascot should never marry other than a Mas cot; for should a Mascot marryotherwise, all good influences will absolutely cease with the first bridal kiss, only to reappear a generation hence in the offspring of the union, and then in a lesser degree.

Roc. The first bridal kiss!
LOR. Think of it-delicate enough, indeed! We must watch her closely. No elopements or secret marriages in this case. Eter. nal rigilance will he the price of our future welfare! But 1 am impatient to see her, Betina, as she is called. Who is she, and what does she do? Roc. She is the keeper of my turkeys.
Lor. A keeper of lurkeys? Hem! Jas she any relatives?
Roc. None that I know of.
Lor. So much the better. I will make her believe she is descended from a noble family. Roc. And you will reward ine liberally?
Lone Most sumptuously! I will take jou both to my court; I will make you my lord chamberlain, and she-well, you will see what 1 have in store for her. Bring ber immediately
Roc. Wait a moment. (He gocis to the bell and rings loudly. Everybody appears upon the scene, including lords and l.zdies of the court, pagres, peasants, ete.)

No. 13. SCENIC MUSIC.

$6 t$



ten.


## FINALE.

No. 14. Bettina, Fiametta, Frederic, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco, Chorus.


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Brett. (Entering.)


Rocco.

$70$





$7!$




I'm high - born, that's quite . . . . . . . . sure.

 O
She's
high - born, that's
quite . . . . sure.
2): ${ }^{p+}$

| $\frac{e}{2}$ | $e$ |  |
| :---: | :---: | :---: |
|  | + |  |

1


She is lost $\frac{p}{2+2}$ $\left\lvert\, \begin{array}{r}1 \\ -1\end{array}\right.$ $\rightarrow$
 sure.

Bet - ti - na is
mine,
e, . . . . .
sure.

 $\square$ Wealth and ease are mine, .... sure.
 She's high - born, that's



78



pleas - me, But I'd like, if so be your pleas - are,







## COACHING CHORUS.

No. 15.

> Allo. viro


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Principals and Chords.
Sopranos.










AOT II.
ENTR' ACT.

SCENE-Hall in the Palnce of the Grand Dake of Piombino-A large opening upon a gallery or corador at back of staye-Door R. window 3 E. Two loors L. Armochairs, divans, chairs, Ac. R. © L. Atrise of curtain, Carlo, Marco, Angelo, Lnigi, Beppo and other Pages discovered.

## 0 WHAT BEAUTY.

No. 16. CHORUS, and COUPLETS OF THE PAGES.
Carlo, Paolo, Angelo, Luigi, Marco, 1st and 2d Scpranos.


The Pages. 1st. Sop.



Luigi.





Angelo.


Liar.

dux!



2d. Sop.


The same have I, too, the same have I, too!
Thine to us read. Well, all give heed!

EXCUSE MY BOLDNESS.
No. 17. COUPLETS OF THE PAGES.
(Realiny.)





It the zonclusion, Rocco and Lorenzo enter L. 3. E. Lonenzo abproaches pages, on tip-1os, and lakes notes from them.
Pag.s. (frightented.) The Prince! We are caught!
Lor. Love letters to the Countess, eh ?
Roc. A pleasant occupation.
Lon. (argered)' Tis monstrous!
Pages. Your highness-

Lon. Hold your tongues: If you cuer dare to cast your eyes apoo her, or bresthe the smallest word of love to ner, that moment you will answer with your lives.
All the pages. Pardon, pardon, Sire!
Lor. You have heard me.- (pointing toback.) Col

## Chorus of Pages as they exrl bach.

## FR0M THY PRESENCE.

No. 18. SORTIE.
1o Tempo.
1st Sop.




Roc. You a e rather severe with these young nen
Lor Not ha.f severe enough. Do you not remember the third article on the treatise of the Mascots - the kiss?
soc. True; but she must marry first.
or. But, slpposing she marries on the sly, as young girls often take it in their heads to do. Now there's that irrepressible l'ippo, who makes his appearance every now and then.
Ruc. Never lear. Hell not forget his last reception very soon.
Lok. I hope not. Think of the good fortune Bettina has brought to me. Ever since I have had her. everything succeeds. I have no more bad colds. I digest my food well. I win at dominoes, a thing I never did before. Indeed, thanks to her, l have become the most fortunate of men
Ruc. And to think, all this should have been mine.
Lor. But have 1 not rewarded you liberally? Have 1 not made you my grand chamberlain? What more could you wish for?
Roc. (Sighing ) I should like Bettina better.
Lok. Ah! you'll never be content.
koc. Here, I have taken 1125 tickets in the Sicillian lottery, and what have I drawn--a toot $/$-brush, and a pair of penny gold sleeve buttons. Now if I had had a Mascot -
Lor. You could have done as 1 did-taken one ticket, and drawn the first prize-a fortune!
Roc. You see, you rob me. Then, again, everybody is asking who is this stranger the Prince has brought to court. Already they leer at her suspiciously as she passes by.
Lor Let them lee:-let them ask! My conscience is clear.
Roc. Conscience? A trifing thing, now-a-days!
Lor. We'll change the subject. How about my daughter's wedding, which takes place to-day?
Roc. Everything is prepared, your Highness. After the ceremony, will come the ball, then the concert and a grand pantomine, for which I have engaged Salterelle and his troupe, and whom I expect at any moment.
Lor. Good! A very judicious arrangement.
Fiam. (Outside.) I tell you, you bore me!
Roc. 1 leave you. (Enter Fiam. and Fred., L., as Roc. exits r.)
Fred. (Expostulating.) But, my dear Fiametta-
Fiam. Enough. Let me alone!
IOR. Come, come, my children, you are altogether too premature! These little accompaniments should follow marriage, not come before!
Fian, Oh, this is unbearable! He follows me like a shadow. I can't move without finding him at my heels!
Fred. It is all for love,my dear! Fiam.(sharply.)Rather say, jealousy.
Lor. There you are! Beginning again!

Fred. Why does slue tiy trumme? Why does she shu for haurs atone in her room?
Fiam. Well, if you mast know-to draw.
Lok. WHRD. Lolraw? FAM Yes. 1 love drawing: it amuses me Lon. (In a combliating tonc.) One is not forbidden to cultivate the finc arts, you know.
Frem. You hink so. (To finm.) And what lo yon draw?
Fiam. (Cuhly.) Animals or thowers, monsicur.
Fren (Bringing forward a paper, which he nad hidden behind him. Flowers indced! Aml this, 1 suppose, is one of them!
Fiam. (Aside.) Ah!
Lor. (Looking at drawing, which represents I'ippo.) What is it i An ape?
Fred. Yes-a species! It is the portrait of that poung shepherd we met at the farm, some three months ago.
Lor. (lexed.) Pippo! That animal again
Fiam. What t the idol of my luve-my noble Pippo-an animal $;$ Such depravity! . And in a parent too!
Fred. She owns it Lok. My daughter, you do wrong.
Fiam. (abotistinins.) linere is yet time to break off this hatelu marriage:
Lok. Sht it shall not be broken off! I his marriage must take place, because we all desire it.
Fiam. I understand. You wish to get rid of me! Ever since this so-called Countess of l'anda has been in the house, I am noth ing here!
Fred. (To Lor.) Frue! fou have eyes only for her.
Fram. (Same time.) She has eight servants to wait upon her
Fred. To say nothing of the tivo who look after her poodle.
Fiam. Two maids of honor and a physician are attached to her person.
Fred. And when that poodle smells a rat, you should see her go into a fit !
Lor. (Anxiously.) Who? Bettina? Fred. No, the poodle! Lor. But it is a long time since I have seen Bettina, I am really getting anxious about her some accident may have befallen her Fiam. (Bitterly) Re-assure yourself, papa, here is the Countess.
Fred. With her physician and mads of honor.
Fian. (Dratr.) We give place to her. Lok. Bat my daughter?
Frim No apology is necessary - we give place to her.
Fiam. Follow me, Frederic! (she exits, r, folloeved by Frederic. Lok. Dear me, these perturbative minds they quite unsettle me (Turning, sees Ber conto ing, L) Ah! Bettina, why this agitation:
(BetTins is in cout dress, a maid of honor carries the tran of he dress, two other maids of honor and a thysiaian atfend her. She enters quickly; they all follow her running, the physician in a a smalltrot.

## "AH! LET ME BE!"

No. 19. ENTRANCE AND COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS. Bettina and Lorenzo.



## H0W OF MY VILLAGE.

No. 20. COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS.
Bettina.

rit. a tempo.



> rit. alempo.


Lon. Calm wurself, Bethat (Io the matutio of fiom(ig.) Leave us (To the l'hesticiat.) Have you obeyed my instructions?
Physician. Yes. sire.
Lor. Any indications of disease as yet?
?hys. No, sire.
Lor. No symptoms of insanity?
Phys. No, sire.
Lor. Hydrophobia?
Phys. No, sire.
Lor. (Softly.) Love?
Phys. (Hesitates.) Well, sire, I couldn't say as to that!
Lor. What do you mean?
Phys. You see, sire, love is an affection upon which we doctors agree to disagree.
Lor. (Thinking a moment.) Exactly; 1 understand you. But what treatment have you given her?
Phys. The most thorough, sire. I have examined ber pulse twice a minute-when she would allow me: her tongue cuery five min-utes-when she would show it : administered a pellet of aconite in a quart of water, every half hour - when she would drink, and Turkish baths every hour-when she would take them.
Lor. (Grasping him suddenly.) Great heavens! You did all this?
$\mathrm{P}_{\mathrm{Hys}}$. Yes, sire.
Lor. (Looking at BET., who has retired up R., and is looking out of windour.) And she still lives! (To Phys.) For the future, use a little more discretion. Do not make her show her tongue so often, and be milder in your treatment. You can leave me.
Phys. (Bowing.) Yes, sire. (Exits L., in a small trot.)
Lor. (Anxiously.) Well, Bettina, how do you feel?
Ber. (Coming down.) I feel-I feel-
Lor. Yes, yes ; you feel-
Bet. (Emphatically.) I feel as though I could never stand this life another day. You confine me in a room from morning till night, and guard me as you would a prisoner!
Lor. But, my dear, you can have anything and everything You have only to ask for it.
Bet. I wish to be free. I long to ride horseback-to gallop over hedges and jump ditches. Oh, for a little excitement?

Lor. (ilh,rifed.) Gallop? Yise and break the eins-I mean joun neck! Oh, no: ask for anything but a horse :
BET. Then, a little swimmins! (Goes to zuindow and points out.) The decp blue river flows be this window. I swim hke a fish. 1 Inse the water! (fortatis soummins.) One, two, one two, and then down! (IMkes morion of divine through window.) Lor. (Alarmed) Jetina' T.ink a moment. (Imitating.) One. two, one, iwo, and down younlike a fish-I mean like a stone -to the bontem. (Aside.) I must get her away from that win. dow. (Takes her arm. amd leads her down as he sficaks.) Now, Bettina, why not play at shattecock, skip-rope-something thai will give you an appetite. you know!
Bet. (Indi, mathe:) l-a Countess-skip rope? Never!
Lor. I confess, if is a litule out of the general order of things. Still I must do some.. nes for gou.
Bet. Well, if you mus. to something for me, sive me Pippo.
Lor. Pippo!--that monster, Pippo! Oh, no, oh, no!
Bet. I want my lippo
Lor. (Expostu'ating.) But my dear liettina, think a moment!
Bet. I won't I vant my P'ippo!
Lor. (As begere) You think you do, but you don't, Now, Pippa cares nothing for you. You never hear anything from him.
Bet. (Sadly.) That is true!
Lok. He has forgotten you. Why, no lonyer ogo than yesterday. we caught him kissing one of the maids. (Asiat) Thatill do for a small one!
Bet. He? Ah, the wretch-the ungrateful fellow! Well, I shali never marry!
Lor. Good, good-that's right! Never marry-never think of marrying. (To himself) 1 feel easier now. (Noise at back.) Enter Roc, lue.
Roc. Your Highness. Salterelle and his troupe have arrived, and await your pleasure.
Lor. Show them in at once, and summon all the court. (Roco es its L.U.E. To EET.) Here is amusement for yoll (.Ifusic.)
(Enter Flam, Fred., Roc., and all the cout; then Pir., in Salter. ELLE'S dress. with a hatf mask over his face followed by play. irs of the Italian Comedr-Harlequin. Columbint, Clown, ete.: then pages, who place thimselates at back. R. and L.)

## "WHAT A CHARMING, BRIGHT DISPLAY?"

No. 21. CHORUS \& AIR OF SALTARELLE.
Tempo di Minuetto.


11\%





Recit. Saltarelle.


116
Allegm.




Lok. Bravo! Simply perfect! (turning to the lords.) Such grace ! such dexterity! He is truly wonderful, this merry-andrew. (He coutinues spenkiug to lords and others.)
Pip. (Turns a firouelte, which brings him near Bet.) Bettina, it is I -Pippo.
Bet. (Starts.) My Pippo-ah!
Pir. (Aside to BET.) Come back directly; I will wait for you here.
Ber. Yes; (secing Lor about to turn.) away, at once! (Pip.turns a second pirouette which takes himt away from her.)

Lor. (Toplayers, and pointing to the R. ) This side of the hall, my friends, is reserved for you. (To the lords and others) Come, gentlemen, let us retire, and prepare for the wedding. (raoves up centre.) Countess, will you accompany us?
Fred. (aside to Fiam.) Observe ; he will not separate from her.
Fiam. It is scandalous.
Lor. Well-Countess.
BET. (as waking from a dream.) Here I am, Prince-here I am.
Chorus to erit.

No. 22.
EXIT.


Lorevizu and all hes cowngo wp stage and retbe, L. The players go aff, N , leãing l'iplo alone.)
Pip. M'Athes e'ver whody off. then comes formard jovously.) At last, I have seen her, spoken to her! (Takes off his mask.) I had begun to despair ever meeting her again, when kind fortune threw me among these players,- and learning that they were to give an entertainment during certain wedding festivities at the palace, I immediately seized the opportunity to reach Bettina. (Seeing Bettina chter.) Ah, liere she is!
Ret. (Enters, l.U.E., and runs to Pippo, into awhose arms she throws Morself.) Pippo! PiP. Bettina!
Bre. Is it really you, Pippo?
Pip. As suro as eggs are eggs it is.

Bet. And do you still love me, Plppo P
Pip. More than ever!
lift. And you liave come to take me aways
PII. Kes, if you will go.
BeT. Indeed, I will: but how am I to get away? : am continually watched and spied upon.
l'IP. Leave that to me-It is very simple. I will bring you the dress of one of our players, which you can put on, and then, not known or seen, we can decamp together.
BET. Crood: and then we will be married.
I'ir. As soon as possible; - but now let me look at you. What a fine lady you make!
Bet. And you, Pippo, how handsome you look!

## KNOW'ST THOU THOSE ROBES.

Bettina, Pippo.
No. 23. DUETTO.





anime.



Prt




(During the dance Roc. entirs, L U.E., stops at C., exclaints Pippo!) Bet. Now, Pippo, let us haste! We must not be found here together. 1 will wait for you in my room. I long to fly away. (Exits L.)
${ }^{1} 1 \mathrm{Ip}$. And 1 too. 1 will get the dress at once. (Exits R )
Roc. Pippo here! If the Prince knew the danger which threatens his Mascot! I must warn him. (Secing Lor.) Here be comes. (Enter Lon, R u.e Roc. gies to him.)
Roc. Oh, Prince! I wouldn't have belicied it, if I hadn't seen it !
Lor. What?
LOR. That monster again?
Roc. Pippo.
Roc. Yes, 'tis he-Saltarelle !
Lor. The devil!
Roc. Precisely; he has come to carry off Bettina
l.or. What carry off Bettina, my Mascot! Ill put a stopper on this gay Lothario. Let us seck him at once! (They starl 10 go a enter FRED, R.U.E.)
Fred. (W'ith letter in his hond) $M$, father-in-law! I was looking looking for you. I've something important to tell you.
Lop. The devil you have! (Fo Ror. asiac.) Look after l'ippo, and siop him at any price. (Roc. exits k .) 1'm all attention. What's the matter?
Fred. It is a letter from papa which a messenger has just brought.
Lor. Your papa?
Fred. No, the letter. Illl real it to you. (heading.) "My Dear Cousin:-1 should like very much to embrace my daughter."
Lor. (Following his thourht.) Embrace her? But perhaps some one is embracing her now:
Frf.D. Some one embracing her?
Lor. A mere clown; nothing more.
Fred. My beloved one?
Lor. Hell! I beg pardon ; go on
Fred. I continue. (Reading.)" 1 should like very much to embrace my daughter and kiss her." (Noise of kissing outside.)
Lor. A kiss! ! heard one! (He runt out L. quackly.)
Fred. He's got 'em. I ain sure of it
l.or. (Rerntering, aside.) It was only a page kinsing a maid of Hocior. (To Fred.) I've had a fright. Where were we ? Proceed.
Fined. (Reading.) "But this morning ! was semed with an attack of the sout, and shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony."
Lor. Her marriage? Never! liut, my friend, you do not knov. Perhaps at this very moment she may be marrying some one else.
FRen. Who?
Lor. (Louder.) Her!
Fred. (Lowder.) What her! Lor. (Screaming.) Hel
Fred (Screamingo) Wiat lee?

Lor. (Furious.) You can't understand anything! While we are here, he is probably pressing her to his heart!
Fren. He! Who? What?
Lor. Oh, no! What am I talking about? Goon. 1 ame a littit excited. that's all.
Fred. So am I, for that matter. I will continue. (Rerding. '" I shali not be able to attend the marriage ceremony. I senc you by this messenser"-(.hoise of kisses outside.)
Lor. Another kiss! l've got him this time, sure! (fans off L.)
Fren. (Contmues reading.) "By this messenger my blessitg, anci: some wedung presents." (Looking up discouers Lor. gone) Gone ardin! lle's got 'em about as bad as thes generally' have 'em. (He walks up Einter P'ippo, hurriadr, from R.; they meth. I'ippo! You here? Pip. In heaven's name. silence' Fren I understand You are after Bettina?
PIr. Yes; but say nothing. I beg of you!
Fren Have no fears. la me you see a friend. If 1 can assist you. I am your service.
Pir. Oh, thank you' Tell me. where is her room!
Fred. Close at hand. Come, quickly, or gou will be seized.
 ghatds.) L,ok. Hhal there, Mr. Pippo! Fred. Dished!
PiP. Done for!
Lor. (To guarils.) book well after that man. He has dared to come in here; be does not go out arain.
Pip. (Gayly.) Then you give me a position at court?
Lor. Yes, an elevated one. You will be hanged! Fred. Hung!
Pip. Allow me-
Lor. I'll allow nothing! (To the grards.) Guard him well. Yo will answer for hom with your heads! To ['IP.) Stay where you are. I am going to resulate you a little. (Finas quitily suards place themselves at botit.
PIP. Hanged' So I am to be hanged? 'I here's food for reftection
Fred. But why have you been sil indincreet? Why lave you dared to approach the Prince's tavorite
Pir. What? The I'rince's lamote? 'Tis talse'
Freas. False is it? Keflect a moment. Why has the prance brough her ton cuart? Why has he male her a Countess
Prr. (Sitassected.) 'lis true : but I cannot lelieve it!
Frell. Why is he the slave of her caprices? Winy doer a- wateb over her like the mont jualus of lovers:
PiP. (Sorrowfulty.) liou true:
Fred. Ifrides, butore is ignorant of it. You have only teask, the be told.

## "FROM COURTIERS AS THEY PASS."

No. 24. COUPLETS.





Frem. My dear lellow, I sympanhize with you. Speaking trankly, jou are tro simple; but pardon me, if I leave you. I yo to my wedding; !ou go to the gallows. Yes. my dear fellow, I sympathize with jou deeply! (Aureroir. Héerits $\mathbf{L}$ )
Pir. lettina lalse! And I was ready to marry her! He is right. $l$ am very simpit, and she is making game of me. But l'll be revenged-yes, sufficiently revenged. Alas, how? I am a pris(He throws himseltrinto a chair, his head in his hands. FiamETTA enters softty from R., sees PIPPo. She goes to the guards, speaks softly to them, they go out. She comes down where Pippo (an see her.)
Fiam. Ahem! Pip. (Turning round.) The Princess!
FiAm. Ah, at last, I see you again!
PIP. (To himself.) At last she sees me! There is nothing strange in that. (Aloud.) You are interested in me, then!
Fiam. Why do you ask? Can't you see that l am?-that I have eyes for no one but you?
PIP. (Aside.) Upon my word, she takes my breath away. (Aloud.) But you forget, my lady
Fiam. ${ }^{2}$ forget nothing, noble Pippo. I love you-l confess it ! (Throws hersclf on his breast.)
PIP. Splendid! Delicious! I had no idea she was so nice!
Fiam. (Drawing back a little.) But tell me, Pippo-is it true that you love Bettina?
Pip. Bettina? No! She has played me false. I hate her! (Aside.) Oh, how a weet is revenge!
Fiam. Then there is nothing to prevent your loving me?
Pip. No. (Aside.) 1 'm in for it!
Fiam. (Taking his arm and putting it around her waist.) We shall be very happy-eh, Pippo? (Impatiently.) bay something sweet to me?
Pıp. You are charming. (Aside.) No nonsense about her!
Fiam. Say more! Pip. You are delicious!
Fiam. More yet! Pip. Well then, ladore you!
Fiam. Yes! Pip. I idolize you!
Fiam. Yes
Pip. I worship you! (Stops suddenly.) Shall l kiss you.
Fiam. Oh, no; not now! Presently, when papa is here.
Pir. (Thunderstruck.) What!
Fiam. I have asked papa to come here with two witnesses.
PIP. You did that?
Fiam. Yes; I wish to be compromised. Then, papa will be obliged to let us marry. Do you understand?
fir. Yes, yes; lunderstand. (Aside.) What a lark:
Fiam. (Looking off, L.) Here is papa! Quick! Quick! Press me to your heart. Kiss me, and speak words burning with love!
PIP. Burning with love? We'll have a conflagration leere directly.
Fiam Yes, jes! Go on!
$\mathrm{P}_{2} \mathrm{P}$. (With fervor.) Fiametta, here upon this breast l clasp thee! Oh, my angel! My idol!
Fiam. That's right-keep it up! (PIP. presses her to his heart, and kisses her several times. In the meantime, LOR. has appeared at the back of stage, with two lords. He is dumbfounded.)
Lor. Heaven! What do l see? My daurster in that monster's arms! (To FiAm.) And is it for this you have summoned me hence? Fiam. Yes, papa.
Lor. Leave us gentleman! Remember, you have seen nothing. (The lords go out. To PiP.) As for you, you scoundrel!--
Fiam. (Putting her arms around Pip.) Tear him from my arms, if you will!
Pip. Yes, tear me from her arms, if you will! (To F1am.) Hold me tight!
Fiam. l love him! The witnesses you lave brought can vertify it. All the court will know it. You have only one course to takelet us marry.
Lor. (To himself.) Just like Bettina! Aln—an idea! If 1 should marry my daughter to Pippo, Bettina cannot marry him. It will be a terrible mesalliance, but I shall keep my Mascot. Shall I hesitate? No! ( $\Gamma_{0}, P_{1 P}$.) Come here From this day forth, you are Duke of Villa Rosa! Pıp. I?
Lor. You possess an in income of 50,000 crowns, which you will draw from my treasury Pir. (K'neeling.) But Prince-
Lor. Rise. l shall not feel it ; for l can increase the taxes! Now that you have become a desirable person, I give you my daughter in marriage.
Pip. (Stupıfed.) Am 1 dreaming? (To Fiam.) Pinch me!
LOR. (.1Leaningly.) Later, my friend!
Fial. Thank you, papa-yot are very good-very kind!
Lor. Duke, you must hastek and dress as befits your rank for the ceremuny. I am going to give urders. He rings bell, page apfouls at bat Lok. whispers to him; BET. emters and rums to firtas

Her, Ah. Piono! why have you not come? I have been wattof for you.
PIP. (Steptin; fron her with a haughty gesture.) Pardon me, ma dame: I am engaged.
Lor. Come alons, Duke Villa Rosa. Bet. (Surprised.) Villa Rosa
Pip. Yes, father-in-law, I'll hasten and dress myself.
Lor. Make haste, son-in-law! Pippo exits, L.U.E., with pages, aftep haaing cast a look of disdain upon BETTINA.)
Bet. (At left of Lor.) Father-in-law! He calls you father-in-awi
Lor Yes, he is going to marry my daughter ${ }^{\prime}$
FIAm. (At right of Lor.) He adores me!
Bet. And you would steal my Pippo from me? Oh, nol This marriage will never take place !
Fiam. And what's to prevent it, my little one?
Bet. Me-her little one! Oh!-
Fiam. (Sneeringly.) Why not, dear Countess?
Bet. (Threatning her.) Don't you dear Countess me!
Lor Come, come young ladies, this will never do!
Fiam. She only knows farm yard language!
Bet. (Furious. Snatihes glove from Lor's right hand, and throws it at Fiam.) There! "Take that! I defy you!
Fian. (Snatihes,gloze from Lor's lefthand, and throws it at BET.) As for me, there's my answer!
Lor. (Bewildered.) Bettina! My daughter!
Bet. (Snatihe's hat from LoR's head, and throws it at FiAM.) Therel There!
Fiam. (Snatching sceptre, or staff, from Lor. and throwing it at Ber.) Very well-there!
l.or. (Calling loudly.) Rocco, Rocco! Help, help! (Roc. enters at back.)

Roc. What is the matter!
Lor. Look after Bettina. (To Fiam.) And you go dress yourself.
Fiam. I obey, papa. (Starts to go off R., stops at wing.) Very soon, dear Countess!
Bet. (Erasperated.) Oh ! - She goes to throw herself on Fiam. Roc. attempts to hold her back and is thrown against Lor., who nearly falls. Fiam. goes out, laughing loudly.)
Lor. Come, my dear Bettina-calm yourself.
Bet. Never; so long as you give your daughter to Mr. Pippo!
Roc. What do l hear?
Lor. Why not, since they love each other? Put yourself in my place.
Bet. They love each other? That is why he repulsed me, just now l understand it all. He prefers a Princess to me. Ah, the traitor!
Lor. Why shouldn't he-I mean, why should he? Now, stop, and think a moment. He cares nothing for you.
Bet. You are right. He will think, perhaps, that 1 mourn for him, and that, in despair, I shall wear the willow. (Laughs nervowsly.) Oh, no! I shall not want in getting married.
Roc. You!
Lor. But, Bettina, can't you see that it would be best to remair single?
Bet. No, no, no! I tell you! I will be married. I will marry any. body-everybody!
Lor. Heavens! And she cooly contemplates bigamy.
Roc. (Aside to Lok.) 1 have an idea! Give her to me; I wid marry her! Lor. You?
Roc. Yes; as a matter of form only. Your Mascot will still be preserved
Lor. You will? But, no. On second thoughts, I will marry her, as a matter of form, myself. (To Bet.) Bettina, J have found you a husband! Bet. A husband?
Lor. Yes; it will he a magnificent match. He is a man of a certain age, but he is well preserved. Bet. Who is the he?
Lor. In me you see the he. Bet. You?
Lor. Yes; think of it! You will be Princess Piombina-you will be all-poweriul.
Bet. More powerful than Pippo and Fiametta? I should just like to be able to bulldoze them a little!
Lor. You can, perlectly!
Bet. I accept you; but, l warn you, I shall not love you!
Lor. Suits me exactly. l don't want to be loved! Under the cir cumstances, it would be wholly out of the proper order of thinga, (Aside.) Now she will be safe for all time to come! (Alowd; We will have the two weddings to-gether.
Bet. Just what I should like!
Lor. Very well. Now, rua and put on your best white dress.
Bet. I go ; it won't take long. (Exits L. hurriedly.)
Lor. And above all, don't forget the orange blossoms!
Roc. She is worthy of it!
LOR. She shall always be worthy of itl

## TO HUNT THE STAG.

No. 25. COUPLETS.


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(Enter FreD. in weduling dress, L.U.E.)

Fred. Here I am, father-in-law; here I am. I hope I am not late. Lor. (Aside to Ruc.) Frederic! LIang it all, I had torgotten him.
Roc. What are you going to say to him?
L.or. Ask me an easier one.

Fred. Well, father-in-law, where is my lovely bride?
Lor. Your bride? (Bursting into a loud laugh.) Ha, ha, ha!
Foc. (Likewise.) Ho, ho, ho!
Fred. (Astonished.) Hey? What?
' OR. (Nudging Roc.) Let me alone for a racket (To Fred.) Prince.
(Laughing again.) 1la. ha, ha!
Koc. (Same business.) Ho, ho, ho!
FRED. Father-in-law has evidently taken a drop too much.
Lor. (Still laughing.) The fact is, my friend, another husband has turned up.
Fred. Another husband! Such an insult. Do not forget, Prince, that papa is an old warrior.
Lor. (Snapping fingers in Frederic's face. He jumps one side.) That for your old warrior.
Roc. (Same business. Fren. jumps back again.) That for your old warrior.
Lor. (Aside.) With my Mascot, I shall win all the battles.
Fred. Is that your last word?
Lor. The last.
Fred. Very well, I leave you; but before I go, who bas taken my place?

Lor. (Pointing to Prypo, who enters, L.) He will tell you.
FRED. Pippo!
Pip. Yes, it is I, Pippo. l're changed my mind. Instead of going to the gallows, l have taken your place at the wedding. My deal fellow, you are too simple, I sympathize with you deeply. I de upon my word. (Turns back upon him).
Fred. Maledictions! l'll be revenged!
(Enter Fiametta, R.)
(During chorws, "I'm ready now," Pippo advances bowing, and gives his hand to Fiametta. "My bride intended all may view." Lorenzo points to Bettina, who appear at back, c., in wedding dress. She comes down and sings "Why, yes, 'Tis my own self, etc." During chorus "Yes, we've had too much talk, etc," Lorenzo goes to Bettina, on the L., gives her his hand and adzances up stage, escorted by maids of honor and pages. Pippo goes to FIAMETTA on the R., gives her his hand, and advances up stage, equally escorted by maids and pages. The two parties meet up c. With a spontaneous movement, BETTINA drops Lorenzo's hand, and Pippo that of FiAmetta, they throw themselves towards one another, and quickly come down front together. General commotion follows. "How will he bear to be mistaken.' Bettina and Pippo leap through window, R. Every one screames "Oh!" Lorenzo faints in Rocco's arms, Fiametta in the arms of her maids of hemer. Tableaw.I

## FINALE.

No. 26. All the Characters and Chorus.


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## Pages and comemans, with the Sopranos






$114$



Lorenzo.


## Bett.





ONE DAY A CAPTAIN BOLD.

$1.5$





Betr. with Sopranos.





Bett. with Sopranos.



Sop. 10 Tempo.




158



Or lords, or lack-eys in the halls! The dev-il takstheir os - ten - ta - thon I




162


Bett.




> (to the guards.) (to Pippo.) (to the gwards.)





$$
\begin{align*}
& \text { ACT III. }  \tag{164}\\
& \text { ENTeR' ACT. } \\
& \text { Allegro non troppo. }
\end{align*}
$$

170


CHORUS OF SOLDIERS OF PISAN ARMY.
No. 27.
The Sergeant, Matheo, Tenors and Basses.
ACT III.-Scene. - The great hall of an Italian Inn, in the Duchy of Pisa. The back is open, and shows the country, with swn shining bevond. Doors k. and L. At R., ad Grooves, nuptial chamber. Chairs and rustic tables, R. and L. At the rising of the curtain, SERGEANT Parafante and soldicrs of the Duke of Pisct's army are discozered seated ut the tables, drinking. Matheo and the servants wat upon them.


Tenors. $f$









Mat. (Aside.) I wish my wine would choke you, you lazy hussars.
ERR. What did you say?
Mat. Nothing. So, Sergeant, you have again beaten the Prince Lorenzo?
SER. On all sides; during the past month, since our sovereign, the Duke of l'isa, declared war against that old imbecile, Lorenzo XVII, we have given him a whipping every day.
st Soldier. It is Prince Frederic who commands.
2 c Sol. And you ought to feel honored that he has deigned to make your inn his head-quarters.
Mat. I am greatly honored. (Aside.) I'd like to see them all to the devil.
jer. He is well seconded by our brave Captain Pippo; eh, boys? Ist Sol. A regular dare-devil!
2D Sol. That's true. But where did he come from, this Captain Pippo?

Ser. Nobody knows. Two months ago, two peasants, one tall and the other short, presented themselves at the canp and asked to be enrolled. The tall one was called Pippo. He performed great deeds of valor, and soon won the rank of Captain. The fittle one, who never leaves his side, is his orderly.
IST Sol. "Tis very strange, all the same.
${ }^{21}$ Sol. Comrades, our I'rince approaches !
SER. (Commanding.) Attention! Comrades, the Prince! Drummers to your places! (Exery one rises, and puts himself in milhtary position, in columns, k. and L. Two little drun:mers plaie themselves at the heide, R. ard L., and bea, the taftoo. Enter Fred. C. from R., comes down; they salute.
Fred. Greeting to you, my good soldiers! Greeting to the sound of the drum.

## ENTRANCE OF THE PRINCE AND SONG OF THE DRUM.

No. 28.
Frederic, Tenors and Basses.


Fred.



SONG OF THE DRUM.






Fred.

$182$





Fred. Break ranks! (They scatter abowt.) But where Is Captans Pippo? lle asked me for a moment's audience and I am here to meet him.

> (Ente, PIP., C. from Lu in Captain's uniform.)

## Pn. Here I 2 m , General.

Fred. Your hand, Captain. Soldiers, I declare before you that our success is all owing to the valor of our brave Captain Pippo!
Pir. Oh, Prince! I may have valor, but you confuse me.
Fred. All heroes are modest; but let us change the subject. You wished to speak with me.
PIP. Yes, your highness; I have a favor to ask of you.
Fred. It is already granted.
Pip. It is very stupid; but then, it must come sooner or later. I wish to get married.

Fred. You marry, and with whom?
PIP. (Pointing to Bet., who enters C. from L., dressed as a little trooper.) With my orderly.
All. With his orderly. What does he mean!
Bet. (Saluting Fred.) If your goodness will allow it, General.
Fred. Good, very good. I understand. Granted.
Sergeant and Soldiers. How? Granted?
Fred. Certainly, Listen, soldiers: this little trooper is a woman. (Exclamations of surprise on all sides.)
Bet. Yes, comrade, a woman who became a soldier for love - all for this big goose. (Taps Pip. on the cheek.)
Pip. My little duck.
Fred. (Coughing.) Ahem! ahem!
PIP. (Suddenly taking military position.) Right about face I
Bet. (Doing satre.) Your pardon, General.
PIP. In two words, comrades, she is my sweetheart. We escaped together from the castle of the Prince Lorenzo. The old duffer intended to make her his wife, and we gave him the slip by jumping through the castle window into the river below.
Soldieks. Bravo! bravol
Ferd. Yes, and they jumped bravely, too. I was there.
Bet. We swam like ducks, eh, Pippo?
PIp. Yes, and was soon out of their reach. Soon after, we learned from a fisherwoman hard by, that the Duke of Pisa had declared war against the Prince Lorenzo. I said to Bettina, let us go to Prince Frederic. Then we s.all not fear pursuit. We forthwith presented ourselves.

Fred. And I enrolled them immediately.
Pip. We went to battle, Bettina was by my side. I becanee a lion.
Bex. The first day he took a flag.
Fred. I made him Corpora!.
BET. The second day ie took 2 cannon.
Ferd. I made him Sergeant.

Pip. The third day l took-. (Aside.) Now what the devil did 1 take the third day? 1 have taken so many things, -- Ah, yes I took a drop - I mean a cold, nevertheless, all goes well, and I want to be married this very day: yes, this very hour.
Fred. A marriage at a moment's notice. (Pointing to Bet.) Bu this dress?

Bet. Never fear, your highness. We have tahen our little precan tions in advance.

Pir. Yes, Prince; 1 have even gone so far as to have the nuptia chamber frepared. (Pointing' to the door on the L.) Hang, it I forget this is not a palace.
Bet. No matter. When at war, do as warriors do.
PIP. She is charming. In love as in war, everything goes well with us, eh, birdie?

BET. (Tapping him on his cheek.) Yes, my old chicken.
Fred. (Coughing.) Ahem! ahem!
PIP. (Assuming military position.) Right about face!
Bet. (As if carrying arms.) Your pardon, General. (Salwtes ama marches back to c.) I go to dress myself.
PIP. (Commanding.) March! (She exits L.U.E., in military order.;
Fred. Ah! Pippo, you are indeed happy. You are beloved, while as for me, Fiametta disdains me.
Pip. Bah! Don't think about it ; seek excitement on the field.
Fred. That is what I have done, 1 have defeated lier imbecile old father.

Pip. Yes, and badly too, thev say he is flying and that his army has deserted him.

Mat. (Aside.) Poor old man.
PIP. All the army are amused. They have even made songs about him. They call him the great orang-outang.
Mat. (With a gesture.) Scoundrels!
Pip. and Fred. (Turning to Mat.) Eh ?
Mat. Nothing
Fred. Yes, the Prince is flying with his daughter, whom I still love and who knows but what Fiametta may be sad and unhappy (Great noise outside.) What's all that?
Mat. (Looking out at back.) They look like peasants. One would say they were wandering musicians. The soldiers surround theru -they come this way.
Fred. Wandering musicians, no doubt. Let us retire where we shall not be annoycu. Come Captain I
Pip. 1 follow, Prince. (They exit by a side door, L.)
Mat. (Up stage.) Here they are.
(Enter Lor., Ruc. and Fiam., surrounded by a crowd of peasant and soldiels, the two men are dressed as peasants. Lor. with large red whiskers. Roc. with large black whiskers. FiAM. is dressed as a peasant woman, with her hair all rough over hen face. Lor holds a bagpipe, Roc. a flageolet, and Fiam a iam dowrimes.

## entrance of the refuges.

## AND THE ORANG-OUTANG SONG.

No. 29.
Fiametta, Lorenzo, Rocco, Sargeant, Chorus.


SEhGEANT.


Cunyutht, 188:, by U. Ditson \& Co.


LORENZO.


148 FIAM.




Allegretto.



## SONG OF THE ORANG-OUTANG.

No. 30.


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1.94




$198$


All the roldiens citt siming the refrain of the chorws of the Orang owtang. Lor, Roc. Fiam. and Mat. remain.)

Lor. (To Fiam., who is counting the money.) How much ?
Fiam. Thirty-nine sous.
Lor. Keep them. We have no longer reason to be proud.
Mat. (Roughly to Lok.) Conte, now, move on!
Lor. (Angrily.) Move on. (Softer and more amiable.) Oh, Matheo! Matheo!

Mat. What now?
Lor. You remember your old master, Prince Lorenzo?
Mat. Feelingly.) Ah, yes, indeed I do remember him. He was not very powerful, but he was a good man.
Lor. (With effusion, and shaking him by the hand.) Thank you, thank you You, at least have a kind word for him, while others treat him as an orang-outang.) Thanks, good friend, thanks.
Mat. (Astonishecl.) Who are you 9
Lor. Mathen. (Taking of his beard, which he puts in his pocket.) Look!

Mat. The Prince!
Lor. No, -1 am nothing now.
Mat. Is it true, then
Lor. Yes, my old luck has returned. Defeated by the Duke of I'sa in every quarter, my faithful subjects revolted and invaded my paiace.
Fiam. Our lives were threatened.
Lor. I am no coward, but I saw that the only way to get out honorably, was to get out quickly.
Roc. Which we did manfully.
Fiam. And thoughtlessly forgot -
Roc. Our cash-box.
Lor. One always forgets something. Then (Pointing to Fiam.) my darling child, my grand chamberlain.
Roc. (Taking off his beard, whiti he puts in his pocket) Your exchamberlain.
LOR. Quite right, quite right; my ex chamberlain and myself borrowed these make ups, 1 should say disguises, and after enduring a thousand fatigues, find ourselves safe

Mat. In the enemy's camp.
Lor. Quite right As safe here as anywhere. Do you know what my faithful subjects have done.
Mat. No, what?
Lor. They have set a price on my head; they have offered a reward of 497 francs.

Mat. Why this fraction? Why not a round sum?
Lor. Perhaps it is tecause my head is not worth 500 írancs. All this would not have happened to me a month ago.
Mat. Why?

Lon. Because I had-Noise of M/usic and bells noming ontide.
Fiam. What's all this noise?
Mat. Don't heed it; it is only a wedding.
Fiam And who is to be married?
Mat. A beautiful girl, named Bettina.
Lor. ( $7 u m p i n g$ up.) Bettina!
Flam. and Roc. Bettina!
Lor. With whom ?
Mat. A brave officer, captain Pippol
Fiam. Pippo!
Lor. Pippo!
Fiam. He marries her? Ah, papa, my nerves I I faintl (Mat comes quickly with a chair.)
Lor. Some vinegar, Matheo, some vinegar!
Mat. Directly. (Goes out.)
Roc. (On right of Fiam.) We must chafe her hands.
Lor. (On left.) Yes.
Roc. (Rubbing Fiam's hand.) So Bettina is to be married ?
Lor. (With energy.) So much the better!
Roc. (Same business.) How so much the better? You well know, if this marriage takes place, Bettina ceases to be a Mascot.
Lor. Precisely-that pleases me. Since 1 no longer pussess her my self, no one else shall have her. You understand?
Lor. (Walking up L.) Matheo-the vinegar!
Roc. (Mechanically rubbing Fiam's hand.) I have nothing to gaiv from Lorenzo, while if I preserve the Mascot to Frederic, I caul hope for everything from lis gratitude. (Leaving Fiam's haed.) Matheo-the vinegar! (He walks up stage.)
Lor. (Comes back, takes Fiam's hand, which he rubs meckanically.) Frederic, no longer having the Mascot, the chances become equal. I will begin the war again, and conquer him
Roc. (Coming back, and speaking to himself.) After reflecting, I shall go and warn the Prince.
Lor. (Same time) After thinking it over, I shall let this marriage go on.
Fiam. (Opining her eyes.) Where am I? (Getsup.)
Roc. She is recovering!
Mat. (Coming back.) Here is the vinegar.
Lok. We no longer want it; you have been too quick about it Keep it for the salad. (Noise outside, and joyous acclamations.,
Fiam. (With acry.) Ah, I remember-a wedding!
Mat. (Up stage.) Here are the bride and bridegroom and thehr friends coming from the chapel.
lon. (To Fiam.) Courage, my child, courage! (To Roc.) Our beards -let us put them on and keep one side. (They hide in a room, or cupboard, on the left. Enter I'IP. and Fred., at back, in grawd doess; BET. as a bride, accompanied by friends and soldiers.)

## (un "ENTRANCE OF WEDDING PARTY AND ARIETTE."

 No. 31. Fiametta Frederic, Pippo, Lorenzo, Chorus.





(All the assistants $g^{\prime}$, out on tip-toe at back, cturing ze'hich Bet. is made to enter the nuptia! chamber. Fiam. giãe's Fred. a last look as he goes off at hack l'up. remains alone. )
Pip. Au readir. noy friends, aurenoir! (Coming to the front.) Here I am, alone; nothing to do, but think of my little wife, my dear Bettina How my heart palpitates ! so does hers, no doubt. A kiss-I must have a kiss from those ruby lips! (Goes towards nuptial chamber. R R c. th the meantime steals across stage on tip-toc. As Pippo is about to enter. Roc. taps himen the shoul. der. PiP. tums quickly.)
I'up. What?
Roc. Jardon, captain-a word.
I'sp. Who are you?
Roc. (Taking off beard.) Look!
P1P. (Surprised.) Myold master! Hang it, what brings you here?
Roc. I must speak with you.
Pip. Not now-l am engaged. I will see you to-morrow.
R○C. Oh, no; to-morrow will be too late-it is about your future welfare.
Pip My future welfare? Speak quickly, then, for I have no time w lose.
Rnc. (Looking around, and then speaking in a marked tone.) Listen. For the past month, you have done great deeds; deteated great armies. and have been overwhelmed with gifts and favors from the Prince. To what do you think you owe this unlooked-for good fortune?
Pir. (Nobly) To my valor!
Lor. (Looking out of door, L.) What do I see-Rocco and Pippo together
Roc. Your valor? Now, don't deceive yourself! You know you are a chicken-bearted fellow. No, no-you owe all to a woman -to Bettina; because betina is a Mascot.
PIP. (W'ith a iry) A Mascot!
Lor. (Aside from door.) Ab! He's splitting!
Pip. A Mascot? Are jou sure of that?
Roc. Absolutely sure; and the proof is, that all this good fortưne has come to you since she has not quitted your aide.

Pip. True. What luck! What chance! So I have mariied a Mas rot ! Roc. (Stopping him, as he is about to enter chamber.) Unfortunave man, don't go there!
Pip. Why nol?
Roc. Why not? Because if you go in that room, if you take from Bettina the orange blossoms she wears in her bosom, if you even kiss her, that moment she cease to be a Mascot!
Pip. But, hang it all. I Iove her! She is my wife.
Bet. (Inside.) Pippo! Pippo!
Pip. She calls me-you hear her?
Lor. (Aside from doo. Go in. you donkey?
Roc. Don't enter. One step further-good by, fortune, good by honors, good by, happiness! You will become a poor shepherd again.
P1p. (Determinedly.) Never!
Roc. (Suddenly. An idea-make her your sister, and the future is yours!
Lor. Wretch!
Bet. (Inside.) Pippo-my little Pippo!
Pip. I hear her. There-she is coming!
Roc. Courage! Be firm; be cool!
Lor. (Aside, from door.) Yes; damned cool!
Pip. I must and will; but how can 1 trust myself? Oh, if I only had some one to help me!
Roc. Listen I go in there. (Pointing fo door R.) If you begin to fail, 1 will call vou to order by playing upon this (Pointing to clarionet.) the Legend of the Mascots.
Pif. Very well. That will do, for 1 am determined.
Lor. (Aside, from door.) Happily, I have my bagpipe. We shall see!
Bet. (Coming out in night attire, her orange blossoms at her side, and a lamp in her hand.) Pippo! Ah, there you are. (Places lamp on table: Lor. is hidden on one side, Roc. on the other.)
Piy. It is she!

# HOW'S THIS PIPPO? 

No. 32. QUARTETTE. Bettina, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco.


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Bett.





PTppo. (hesilates, and looks rommd.)
Approaches to embrace her.I



Loren. (plays a village air.)





Bett. à volanté.


(Jorenzo blouss so hard that he bursts the skin of his bagpipe, wout a great noise.)

(Rocco continues his air triumphantly.)


ENSEMBLE.
Bett.



(At the end of the Ensemble, Bet. retires angrily. Pippo wishes to rush after her.)

Wt the end of quartette, Bet. walks angrily away. Pip. wiskes to rush after her.)
Pip. Bettina!
Bet. (Furious.) There, thats what you deserve. (She boxes his cars, then runs into her :oom and locks the door.)
PIp. (Throwing himself against the door and knocking.) lettina! Bettina! (Noise of key being turned twice.) She has double locked the door. (Knocking again.) Bettina! Open, I beg of you.
Roc. (ITho has come out of hiding.) Come, come, - no weakness.
Pip. (Ansrity.) Let me alone - you bore me. (Knockiny arain.) Bettina! I ask pardon. I give up fortune, honors, everything. I want only you!
Roc. Ah, I will go and warn Prince Frederic. (Goes outquickly at back.)
Pip. (Calling at door.) Bettina, I am on my knees, I implore you.
Lor. (Coming out of his hiding place.) She will not open it.
Pif. (iupring aronnd.) Who speaks?
Lor. I!
PIP. And who are you?
Lor. No matter. You bave wronged her. You bave tramp'ed upon her heart.
Pip. (In despair) What slall I do, then ?
Lor. (Seizing his arm.) Come with me! (Drawing hion of, r.i.e.) Come!
Pip. (Resisting a little.) But who are you?
Lor. Your good angel. (Still urging him.)
Roc. (Outside.) This way, Prince, this way!
Lor. Ah, some one comes. Follow me! (Drazeshim off. к i.e. Enter Fred., Roc., Serg., Parafante and Soldiers at c., buck quickly.)
Fred. Sergeant, guard this door with two sentinels. (Points to door of chamber, r.) A Mascot! A Mascot! and she is mine. My friend, you can count upon my gratitude.
Roc. I shall do so, your highness.

Frfo. But where is Pippo? Sergeant, tell Captain l'ph , I wish ic $^{\text {f }}$ see him.
Lor. (Entirs at buck, "nd comes down rubbing his han'. Ile won's be likely to find him very swon
Frow. What does this peasant say?
Lor. I say that the won't be likely to find him very soon. Captain Pippo is engared, very much engaged. (Laustang.) His, ha, ha!
Fren. 1'his fellow's making game of us.
Roc. (Asite.) I smell something wrung.
Fred. Who are you?
Roc. ( $\beta^{\prime}$ ulling off his biard.) It is Lorenzo.
Fred. Lurenzo! And you dare to brave me here. Soldiers, an round him!
Fiam (Enters from left and therows herself at Frev's feed.) Pardon l'ardon, for my father's sake, pardon!
Fred. (Astonished.) Fiametta! (Looking at her. Aside) How tovely she is. (Alome.) I pardon you, - rise.
Fiam. (Putting her hand to her heart. Aside.) llow my heart beats (Looking it him.) How handsome he looks (Alout.) l'rince, I find you swift to forgive, while I am slow to love. Do not turn from me.
Fred. (Transported.) What! You love me at last. You-
Roc. (Pulling him by the slecie.) You forget Pippo.
Fred True; where can he be?
Lor. (Pointing to chamber, R.) He is there!
Roc. What?
Fred. How do you know?
Lor. (Imituting.) I gave him a back up by the window.
Fked. I must make sure of that. Soldiers, break open the door
Serg. 'Tis useless, he is opening it. (Bet. and Fip. appear upon the threshold of the door. PIP. holding victoriously, the boqud of orange blossoms.)

## FINALE.

No. 33.

## All the Characters and Chorus.

Rocco and Pippo on the sill of the door. Pippo holding the bouquet of flowers.




Frederic.




a tempo. Frederio.


Prepo.



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| - lieve in! I do, most faith - ful-ly! Sor. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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| We must be - lieve in! <br> Ful <br> - ly! <br> Basses. |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  | $1+12$ |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |

## Better.


In this hall, un-sus - pect - ed, I've more than one de - lect - ed.



Pippo.


I man-y more be - hold, Yes, more than twenty - fold, all told!


They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - tee - tors,



Sop. (Alt.)


They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - thc - tors, Basses.


They are our fair in - spec - tors, Our charming house - pro - thc - tors,





