A

COMIC OPERA.

FANTINE.

IN

THREE ACTS.

BOSTON:

OLIVER DITSON & CO.

New York: C. H. DITSON & CO. Chicago: LYON & HEALY. Phila.: J. E. DITSON & CO.

FANTINE.

A Comic Opera in Three Acts.

BY

BERNICAT AND MESSAGER.

TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY

B. E. WOOLF and R. M. FIELD.

WITH MUSICAL ADDITIONS BY

B. E. WOOLF.

AS FIRST PRODUCED IN AMERICA AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.

ORCHESTRATION BY MR. GEO. PURDY.

BOSTON:

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FRANCOIS BERNIER.
MARQUIS DE PONTCORNET.
CHEVALIER DE LANSAC.
KIRSCHWASSER.
NICOLET.
JASMIN.
GRATINET.
COURTALIN.

A SERVANT.
A SOLDIER.
A WORKMAN.
FANTINE.
COUNTESS DE LA SAVONNIERE.
MILITZA.
MANON.
JULIETTE.

CONTENTS.

	OVERTURE	3
1	OUR SECRETARY, WHERE IS HE?	9
	WE'RE THE FINEST TROOPS. (Military Song.)	18
2	AH, HERE'S FRANCOIS	24
3	'TIS FRANCOIS, HOSED IN BLUE. (Sortie.)	33
4	BEHOLD, ONCE AGAIN. (Rondo.)	36
5	IN NOBLE HALLS OF FASHION	42
6	NOW, TAKE PAINS AND MIND MY DICTATION. (Duet.)	43
7	WE COME, WE COME	53
8	A SAILOR LAD WOULD GO. (Duet.)	65
9	AND THAT IS HOW, YOU KNOW. (Sortie.)	74
10	YE SONS OF FRANCE. (Finale.)	75

ACT II.

	ENTR'ACTE MENUET	93
11	OH 'TIS A SHAME. (Chorus of Servants.)	95
	YOU MAY BELIEVE. (Song.)	97
12	EXIT OF SERVANTS	101
13	IT IS PERPLEXING. (Couplets.)	102
14	A SAILOR LAD WOULD GO	105
15	THE SEX, I LOVE IT	108
16	AH, DO WE THEN MEET AGAIN. (Duet.)	111
17	THEY SAY I'M STILL PRETTY. (Rondo.)	121
18	YOU SAID TO ME. (Romance.)	125
19	FOR THE SWISS GUARDS CLEAR THE WAY. (Finale.)	129
	DRINKING SONG	136

ACT III.

	ENTR'ACTE	167
20	THUS THROUGH THE STREETS (Patrol.)	170
21	SONG OF THE FIFER. (Song and Chorus.)	182
22	LOVED ONE, MY LIFE I'VE GIVEN. (Romance.)	188
23	CIDER AND COFFEE. (Duet.)	191
24	'TIS LEMONADE, GOOD LEMONADE. (Lemonade Chorus.)	200
25	A TRUE PARISIAN	205
26	SHE TO ME ONCE SAID. (Finale.)	209

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FANTINE.

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OVERTURE.

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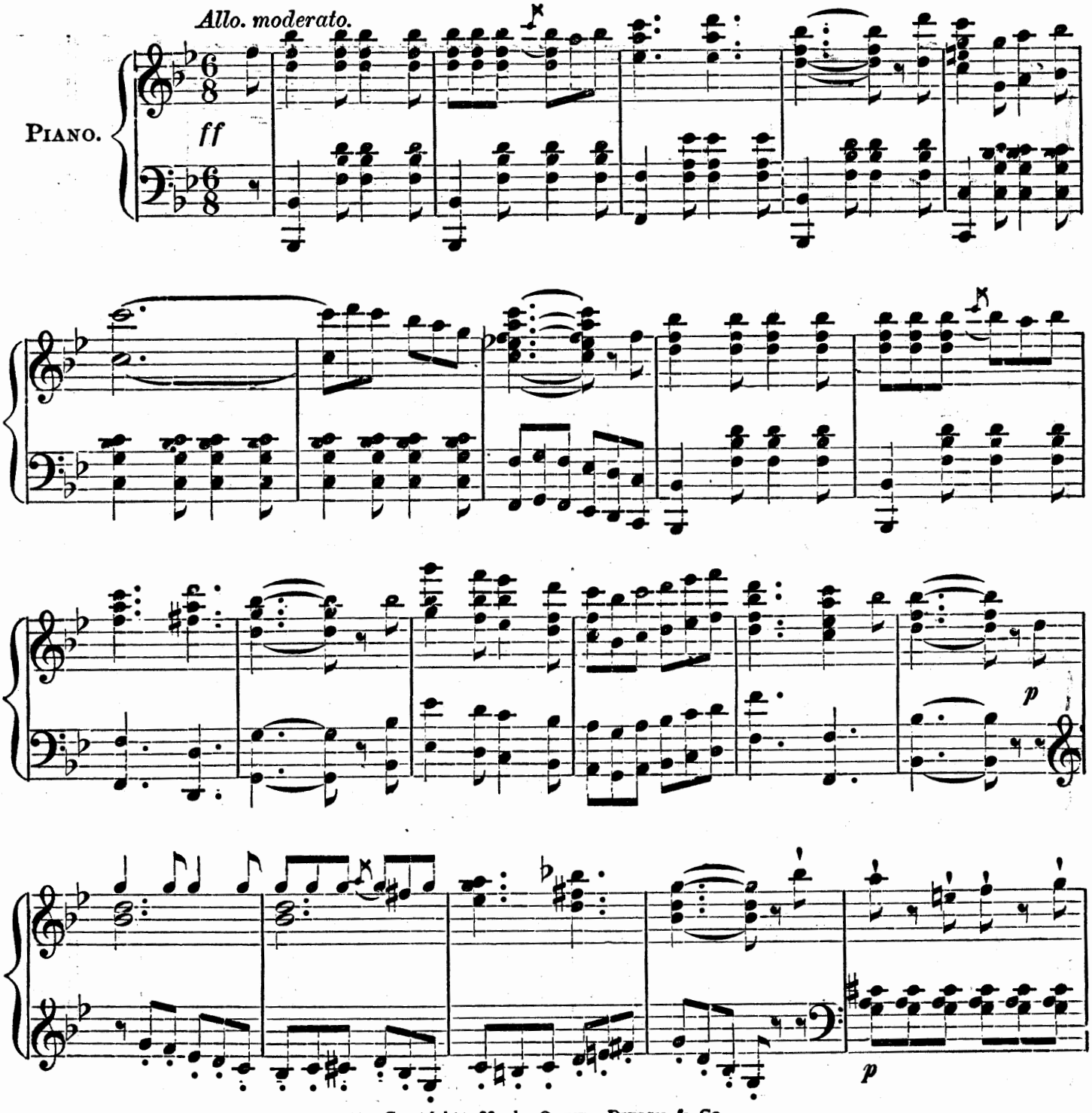

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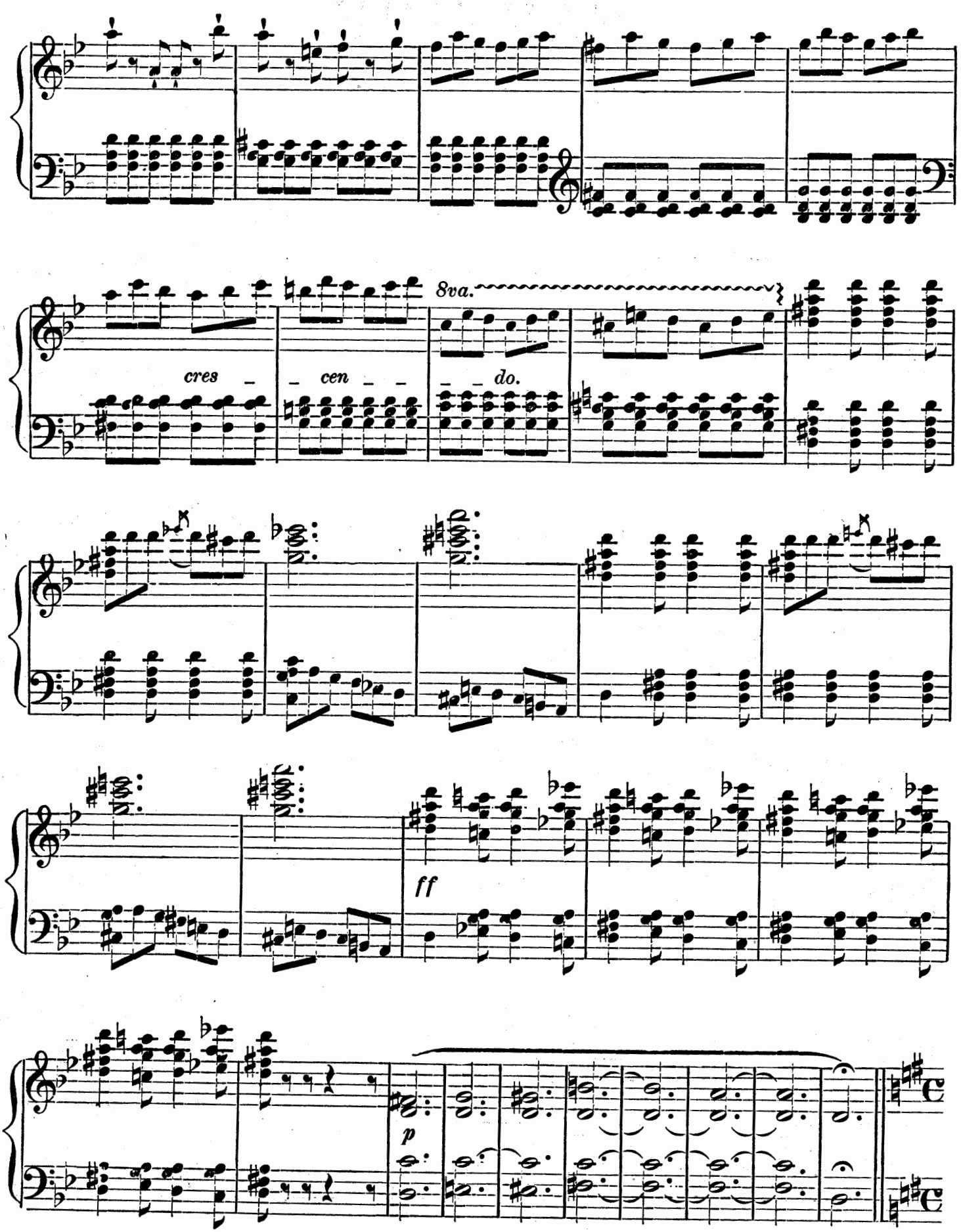
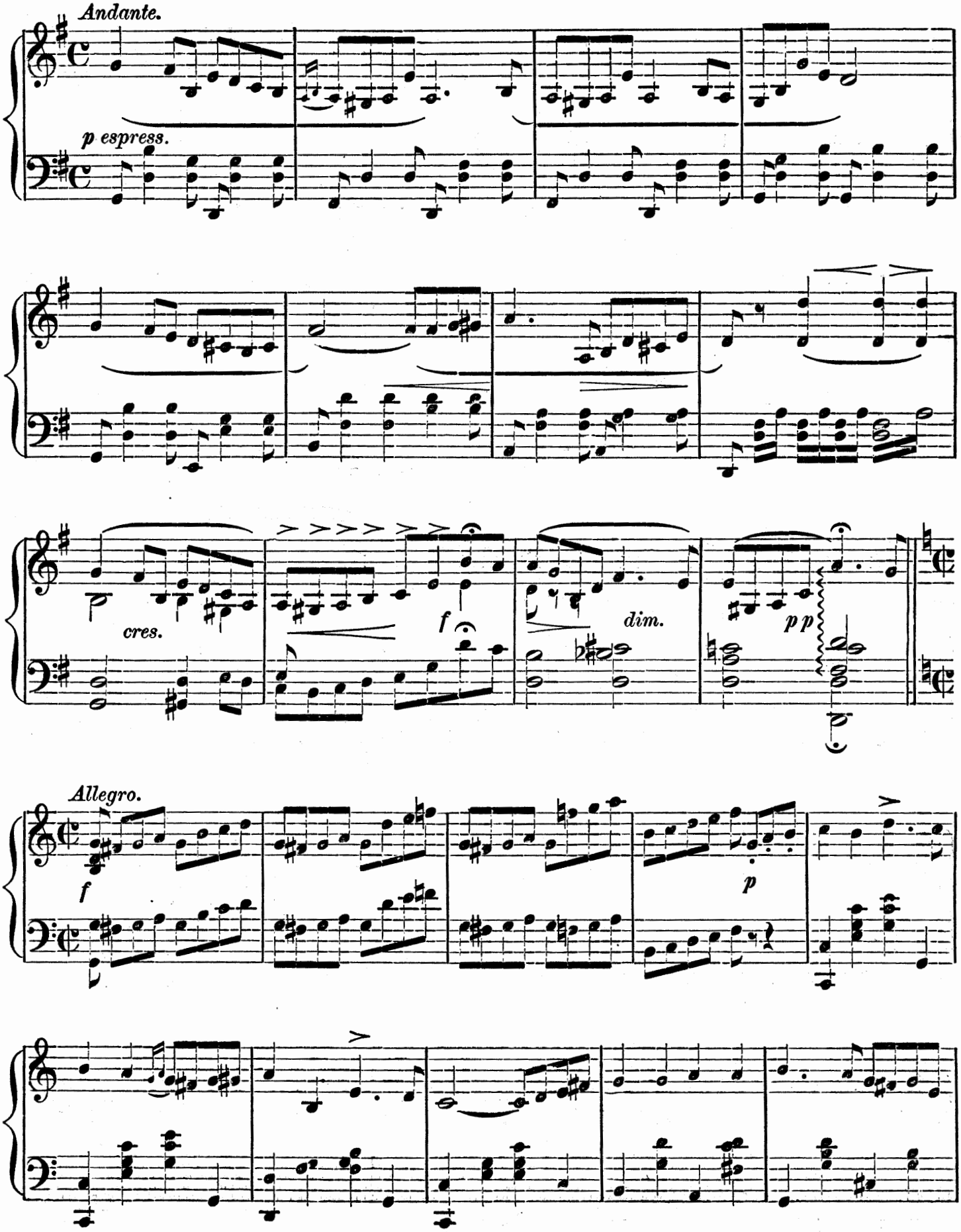
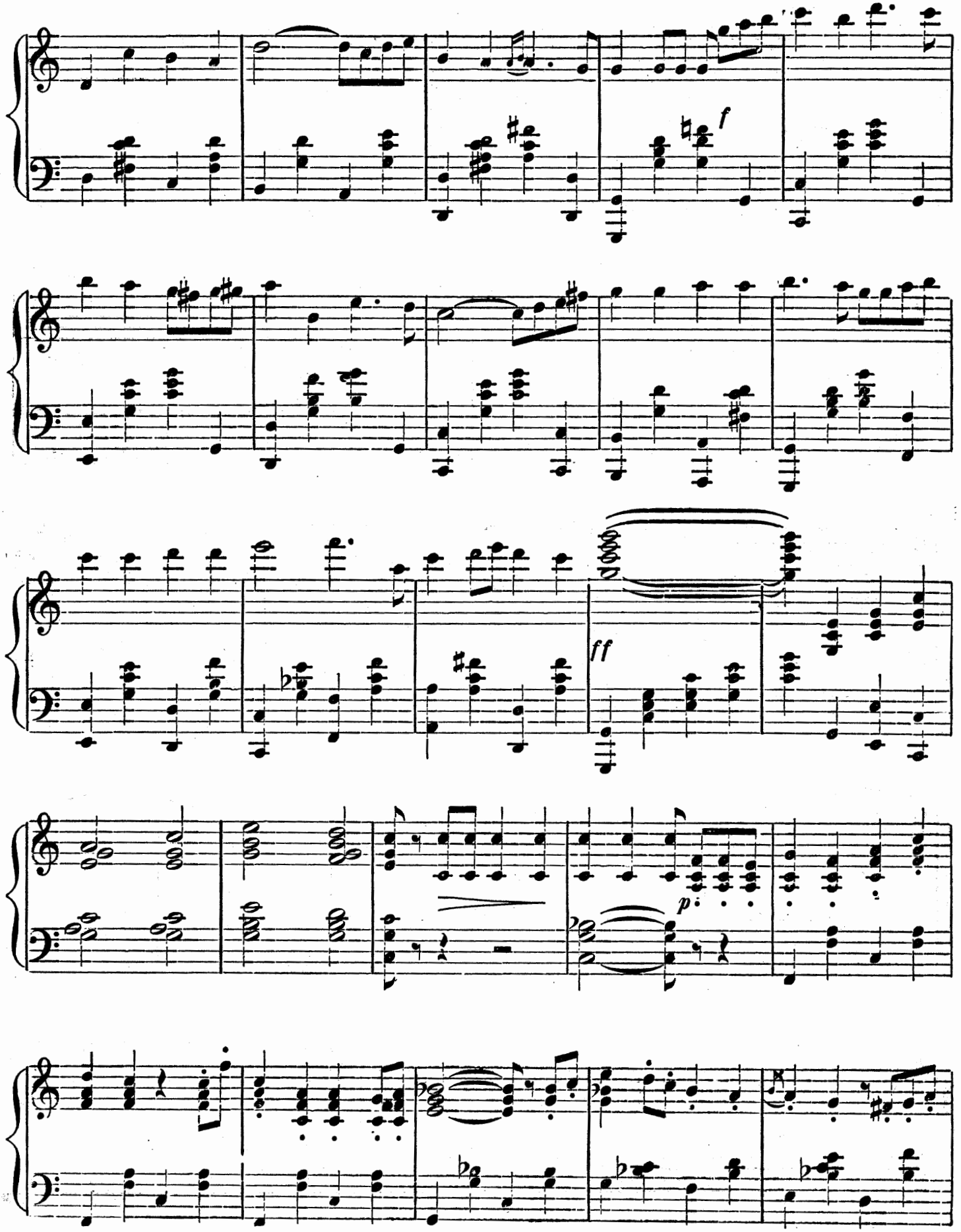
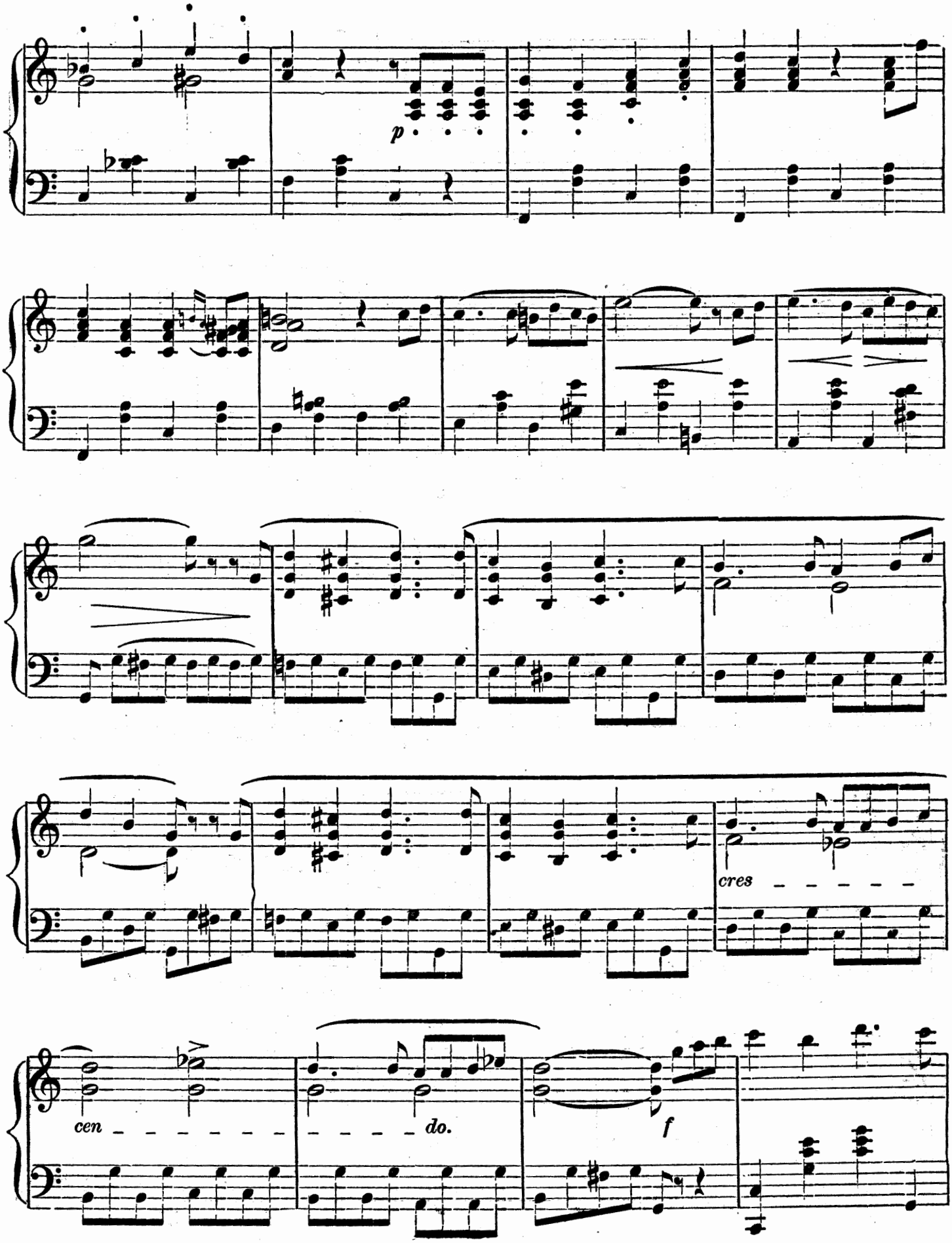
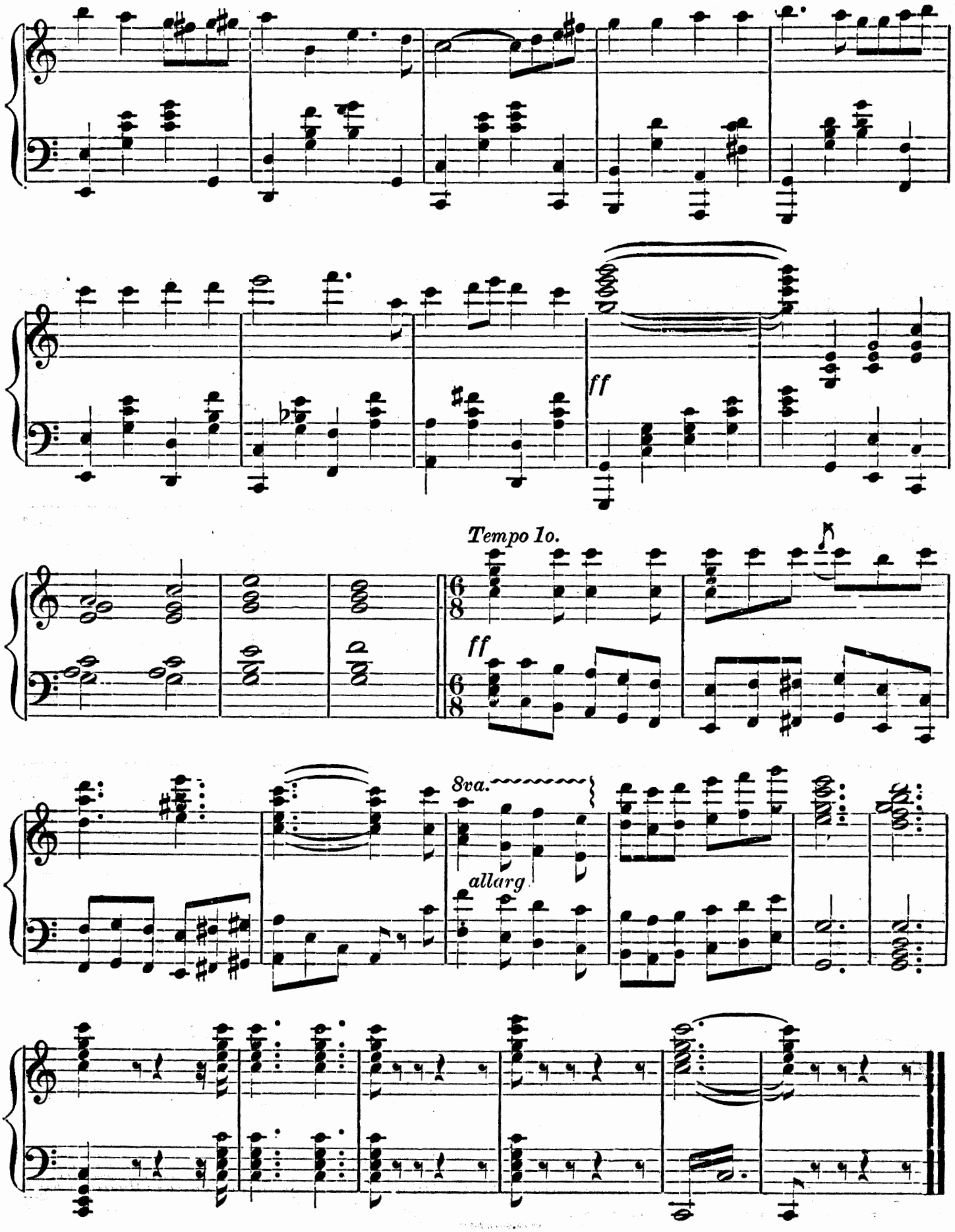

8va.
cres _ _ cen _ _ _ do.
ff
p


Andante.
p espress.
cres.
f
dim.
pp
Allegro.
f
p


f
ff
p


p
cres
cen
do.
f


ff
Tempo 1o.
6/8
ff
8va.
allarg.

ACT I.

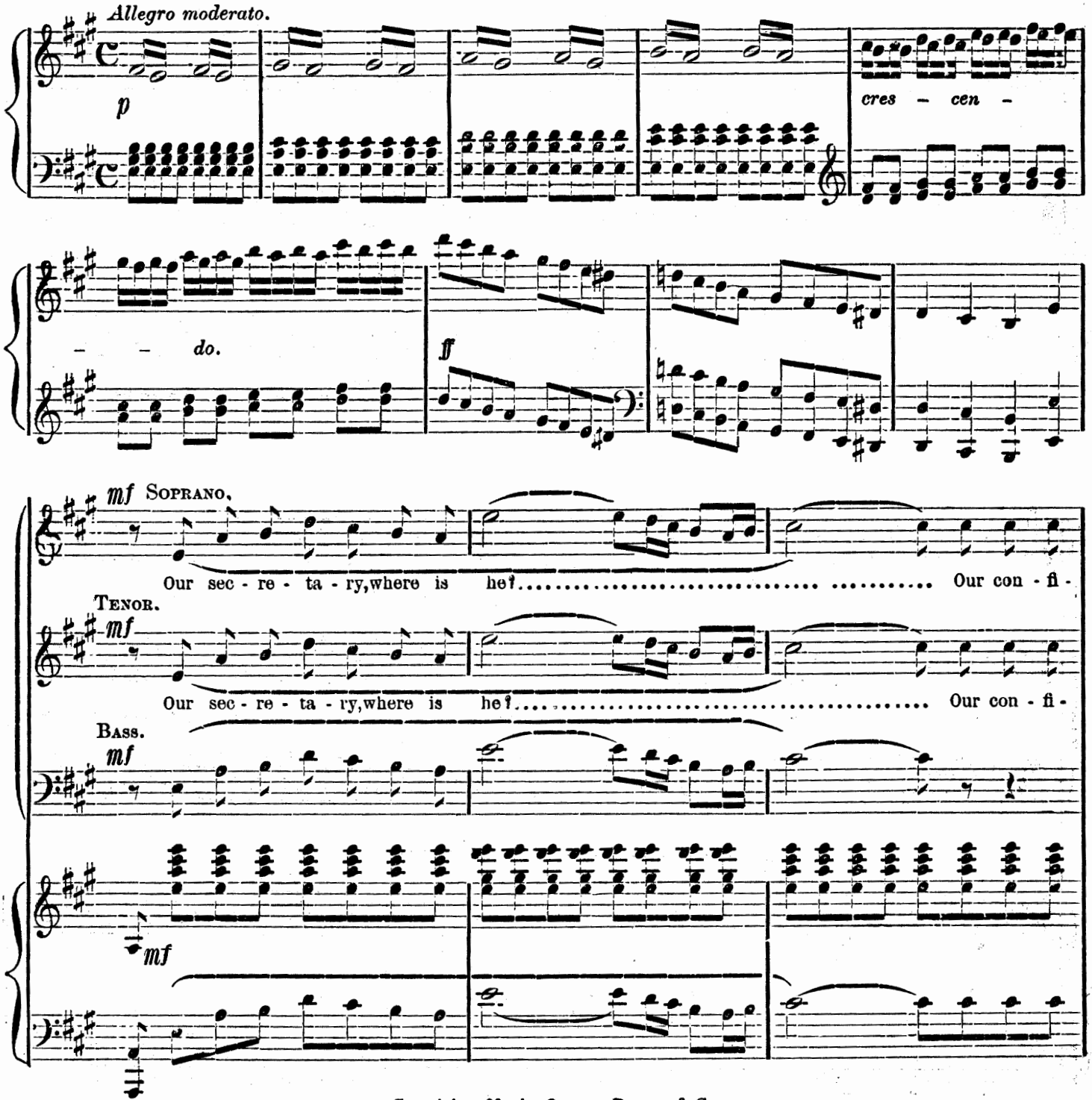
SCENE.—*St Eustache Square. Church at back. A street in perspective on each side of church. Columns of market seen at* R. *Between the pillars, stands of cloth venders and second-hand dealers.* R. 2. E., *gloomy house, with small door, above which is seen the sign:* "MILITZA, FORTUNE TELLER." L. *market stands of different kinds.* R. U. E., *adjoining market, a small shed, above which is a sign:* "FRANCOIS, LETTER WRITER."

At rise of curtain the shed of FRANCOIS *is closed, and people are discovered looking surprised and discontented at the shutters, which are down.*

NICOLET, COUNTESS, *disguised somewhat elegantly as a Grisette,* MANON, JULIETTE, *Citizens, men and women, etc., etc.*

"OUR SECRETARY, WHERE IS HE?"

No. 1. INTRODUCTION. Countess, Nicolet and Chorus.



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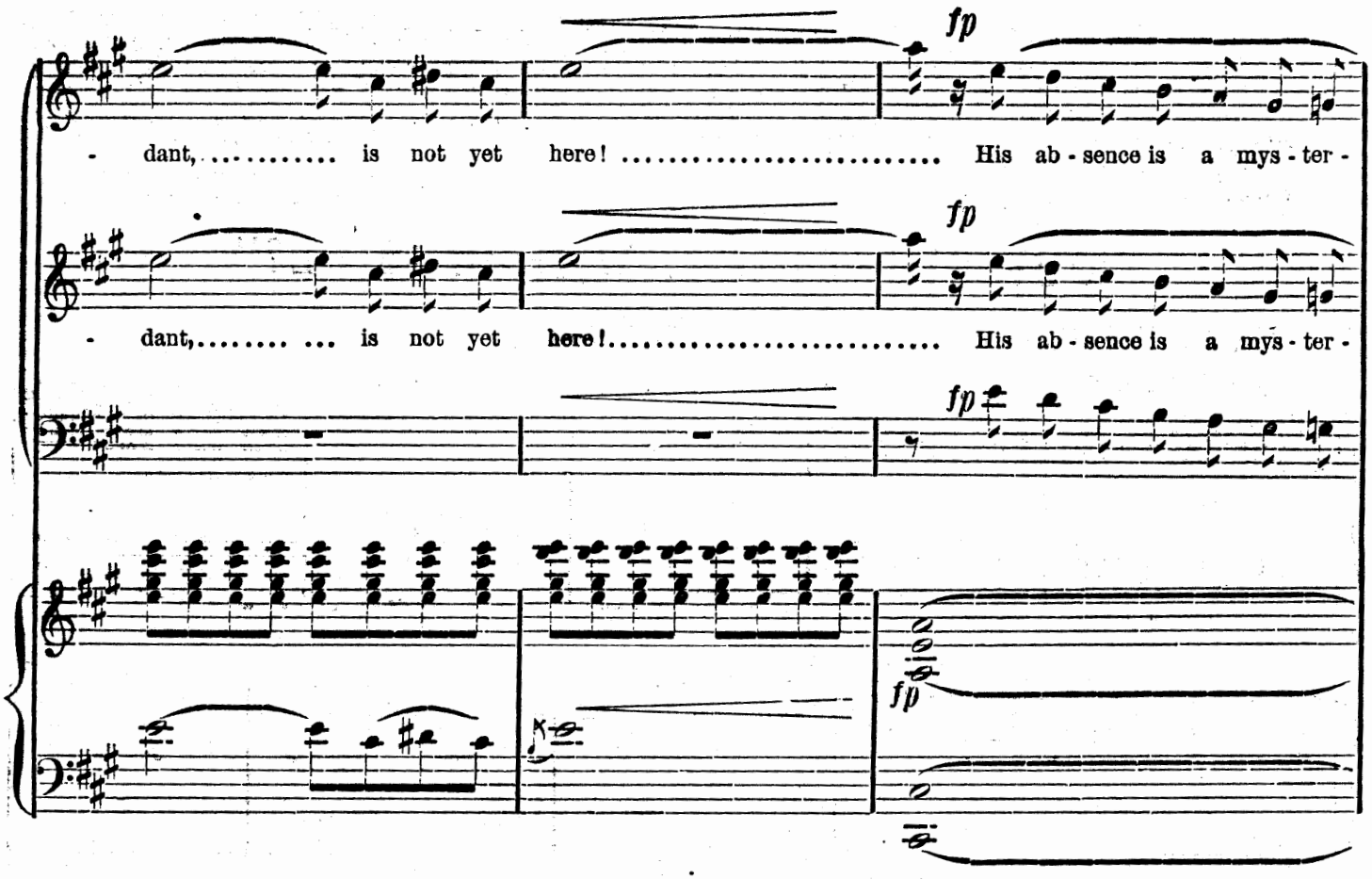
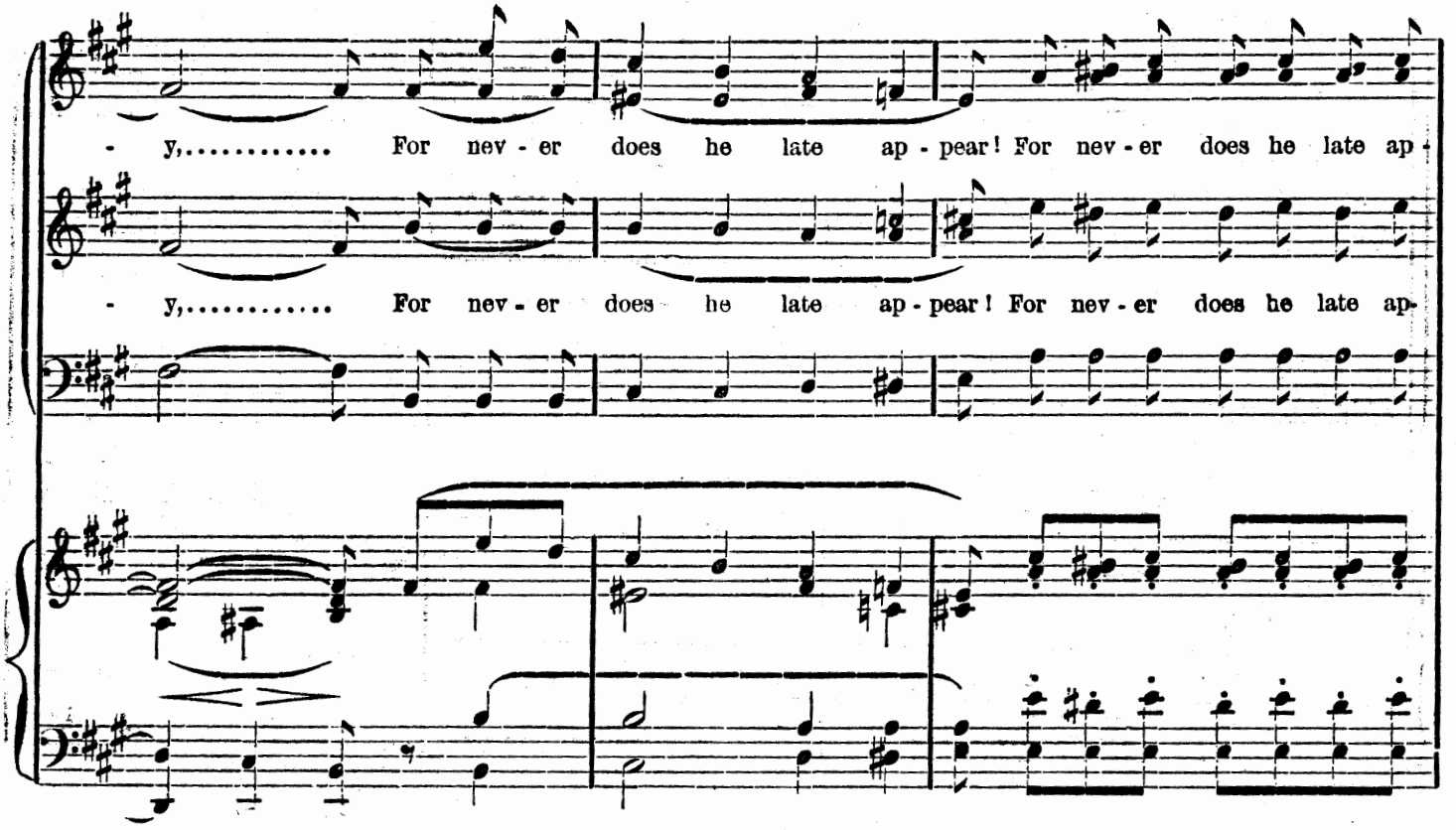
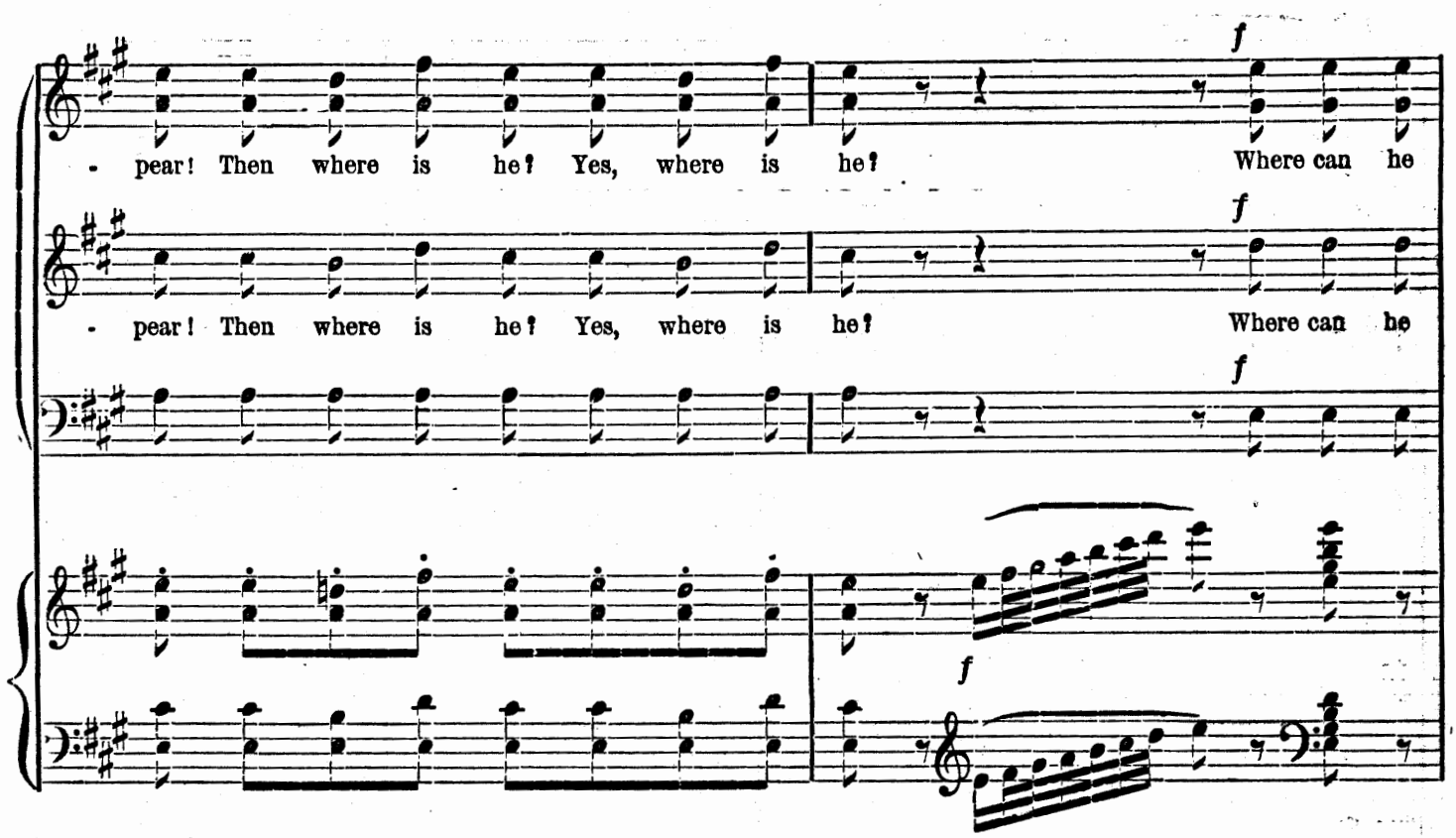
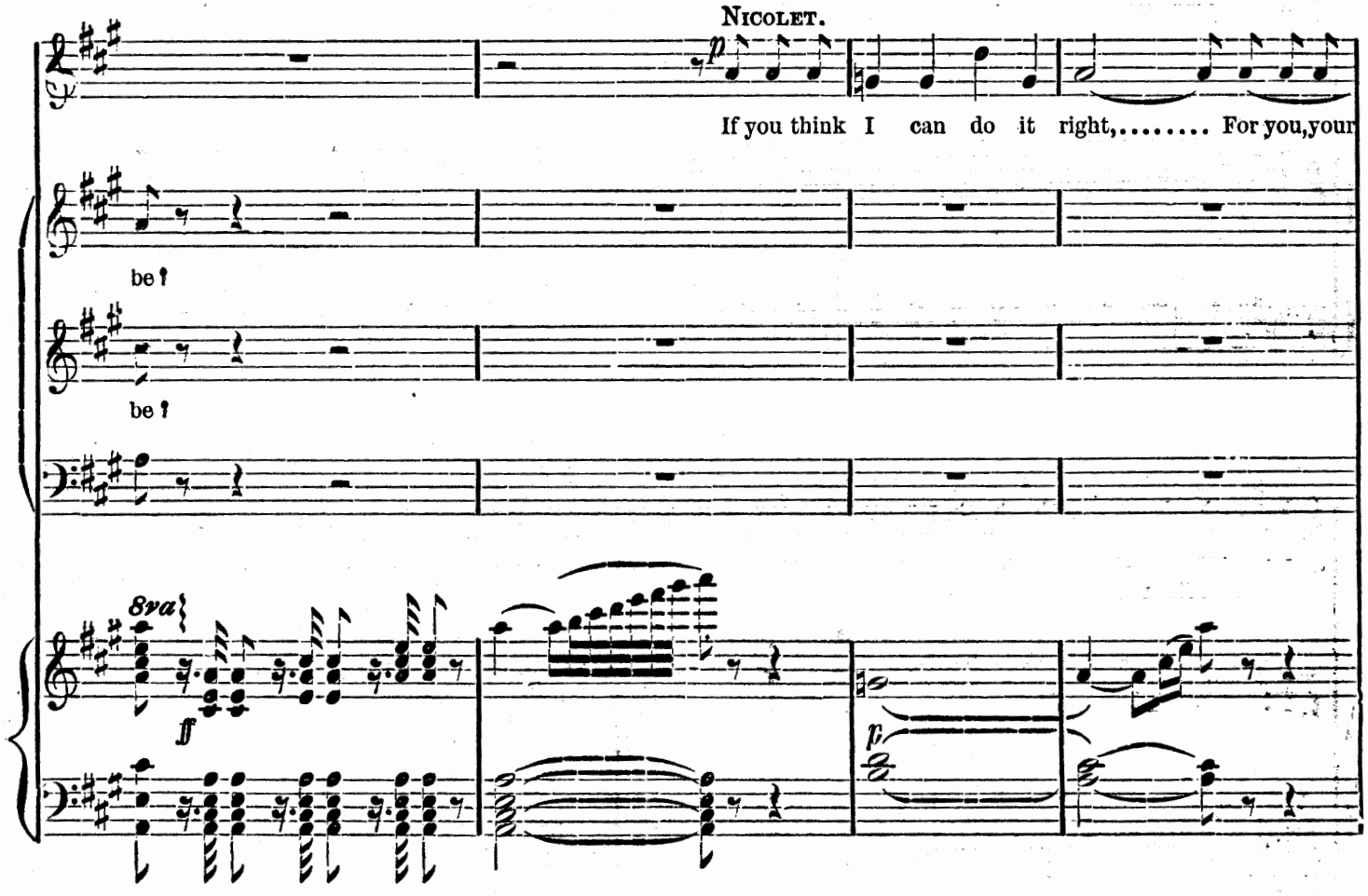
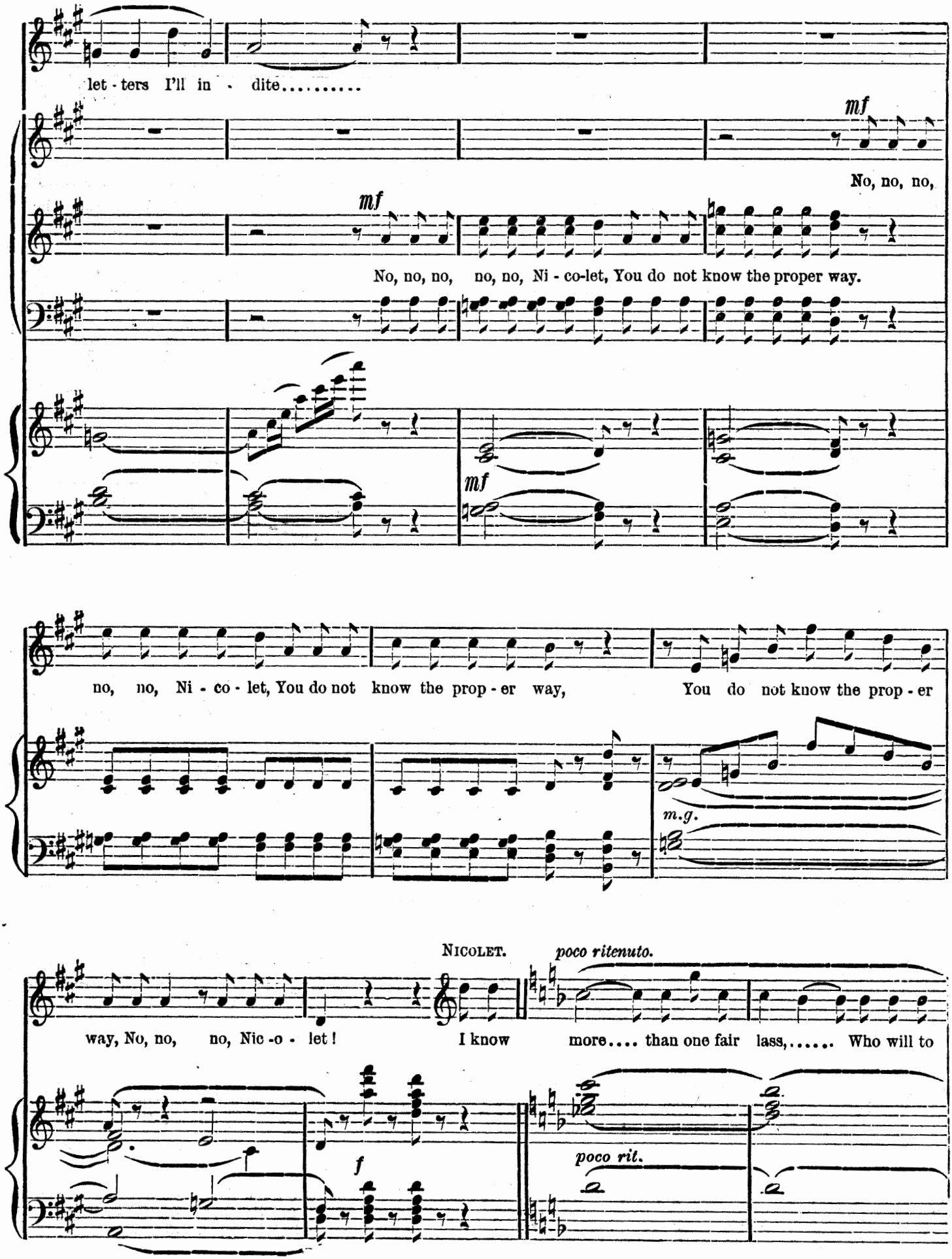
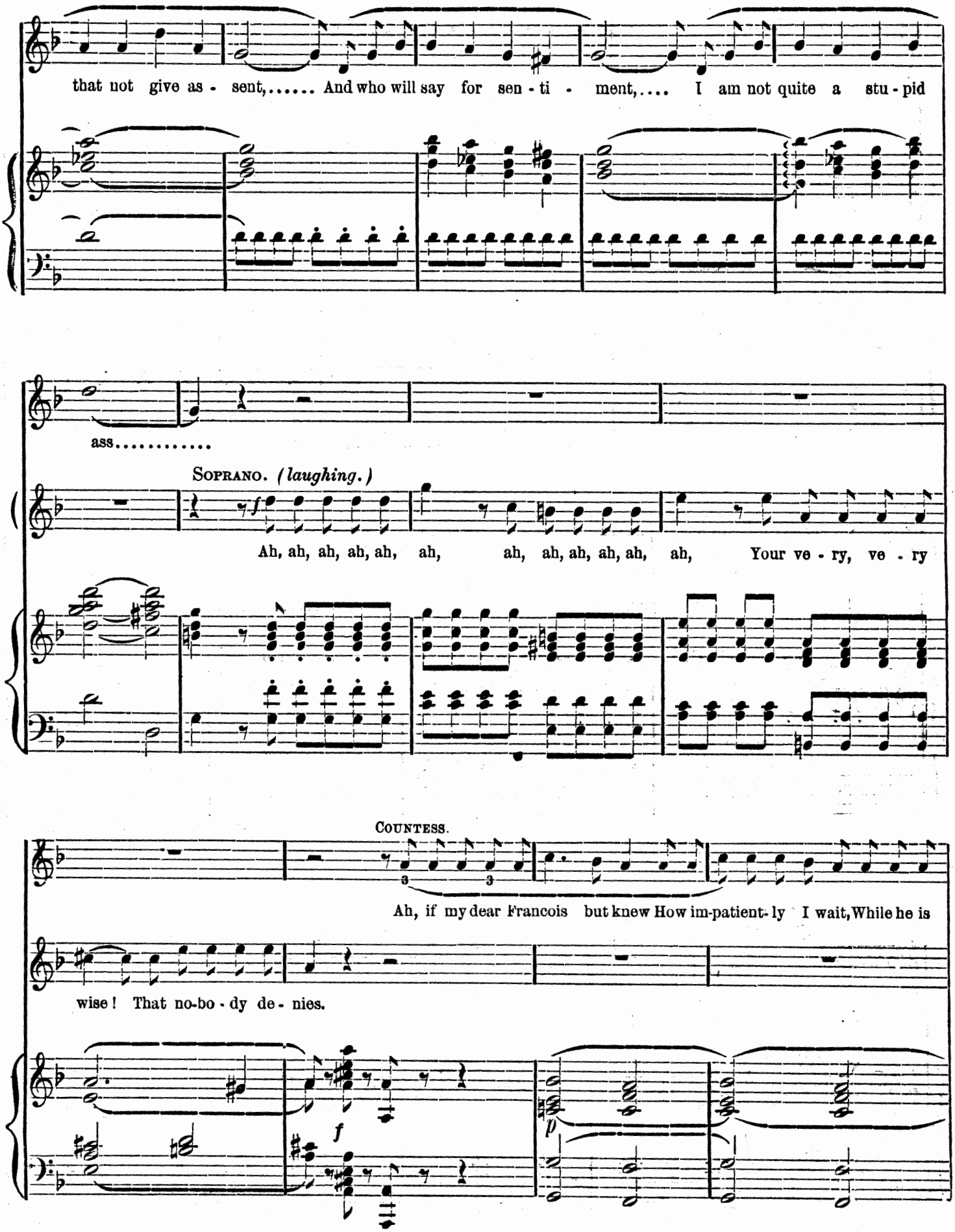

fp
- dant, ... is not yet here! ..... His ab - sence is a mys - ter -
fp
- dant, ... is not yet here! ..... His ab - sence is a mys - ter -
fp
fp

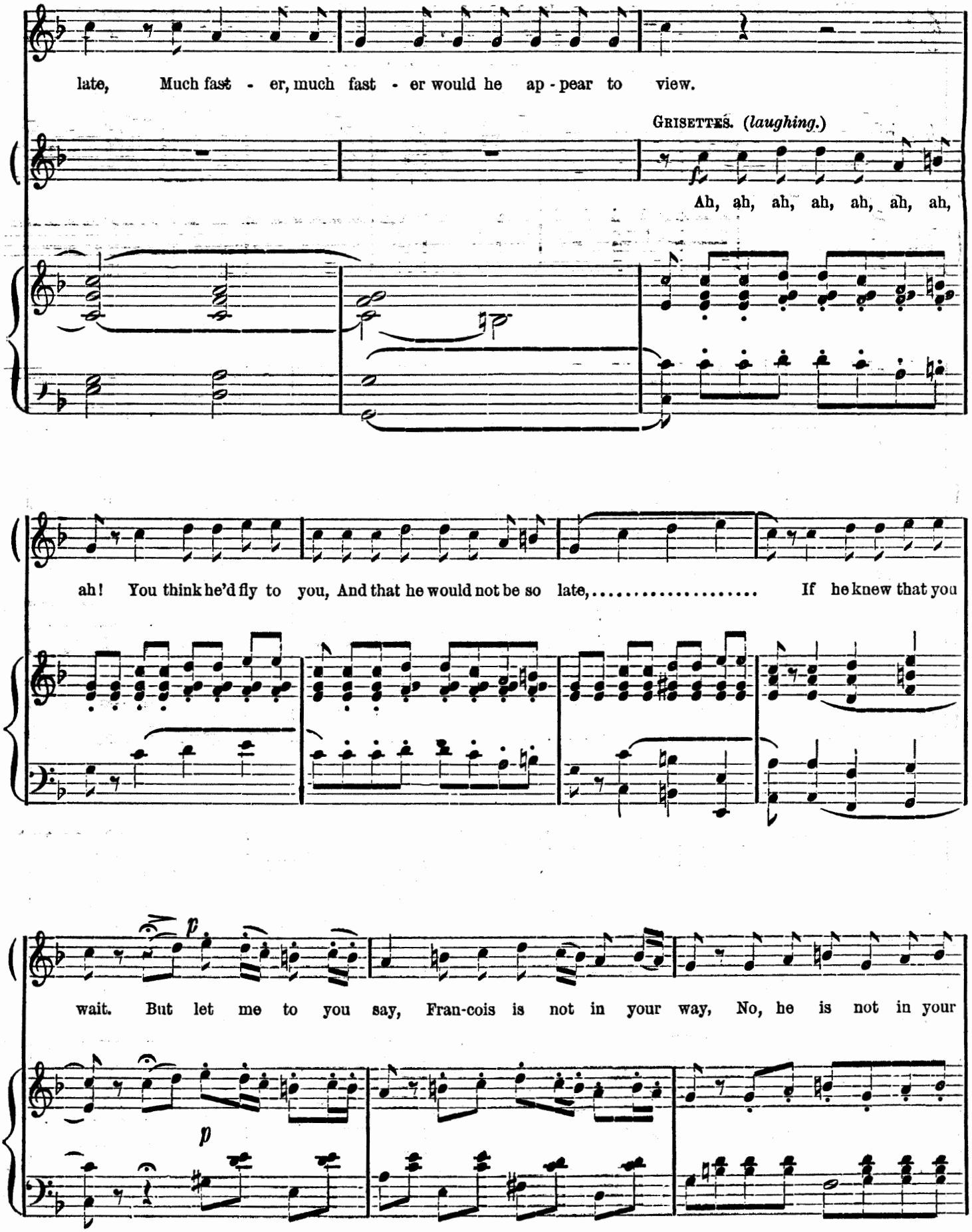

- y, ... For nev - er does he late ap - pear! For nev - er does he late ap -
- y, ... For nev - er does he late ap - pear! For nev - er does he late ap -

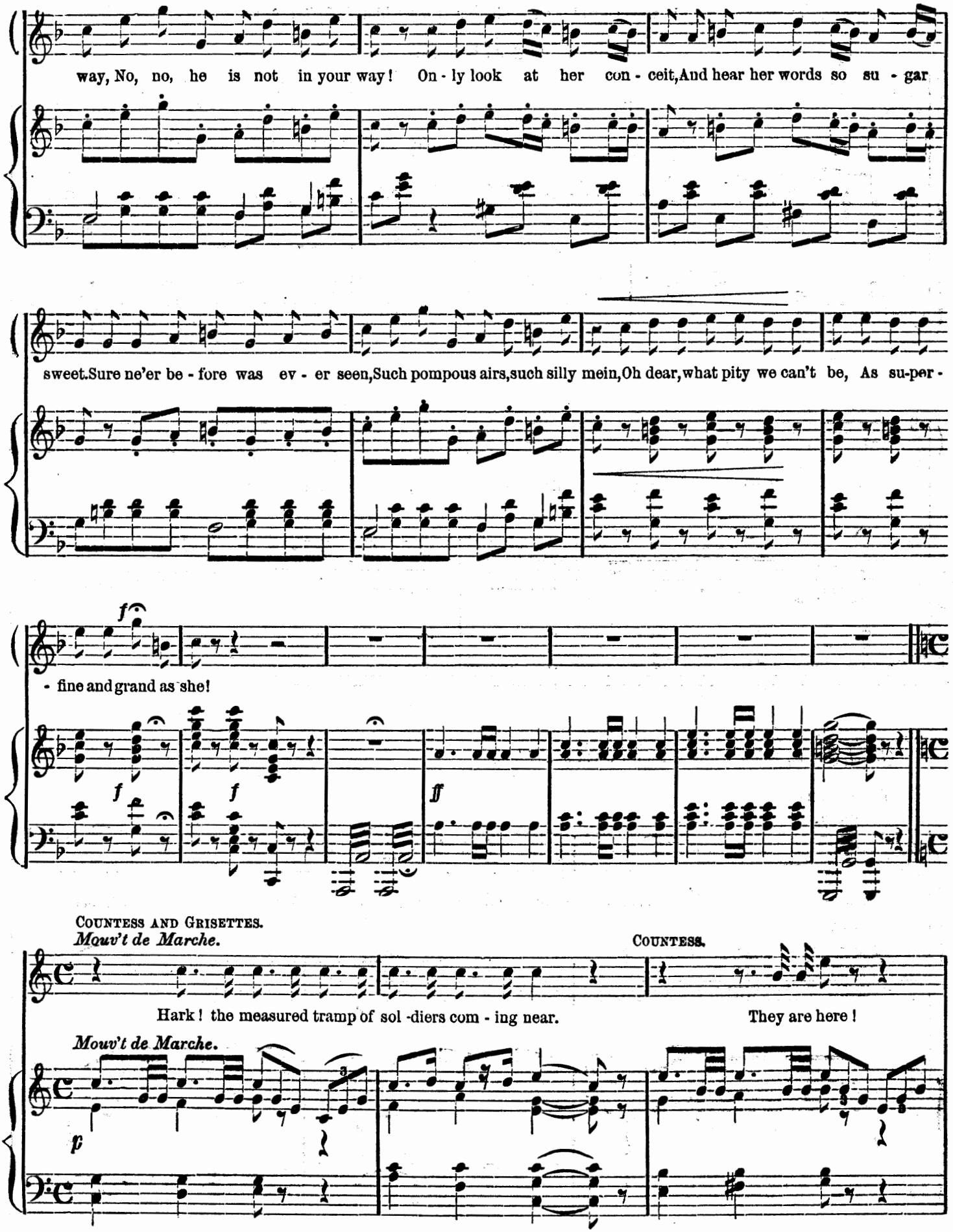

- pear! Then where is he? Yes, where is he? Where can he
- pear! Then where is he? Yes, where is he? Where can he


NICOLET.
If you think I can do it right,..... For you, your
be?
be?
8va


let - ters I'll in - dite.....
mf
No, no, no,
mf
No, no, no, no, no, Ni - co-let, You do not know the proper way.
mf
no, no, Ni - co - let, You do not know the prop - er way, You do not know the prop - er
m.g.
NICOLET.
poco ritenuto.
way, No, no, no, Nic -o - let! I know more.... than one fair lass,..... Who will to
f
poco rit.

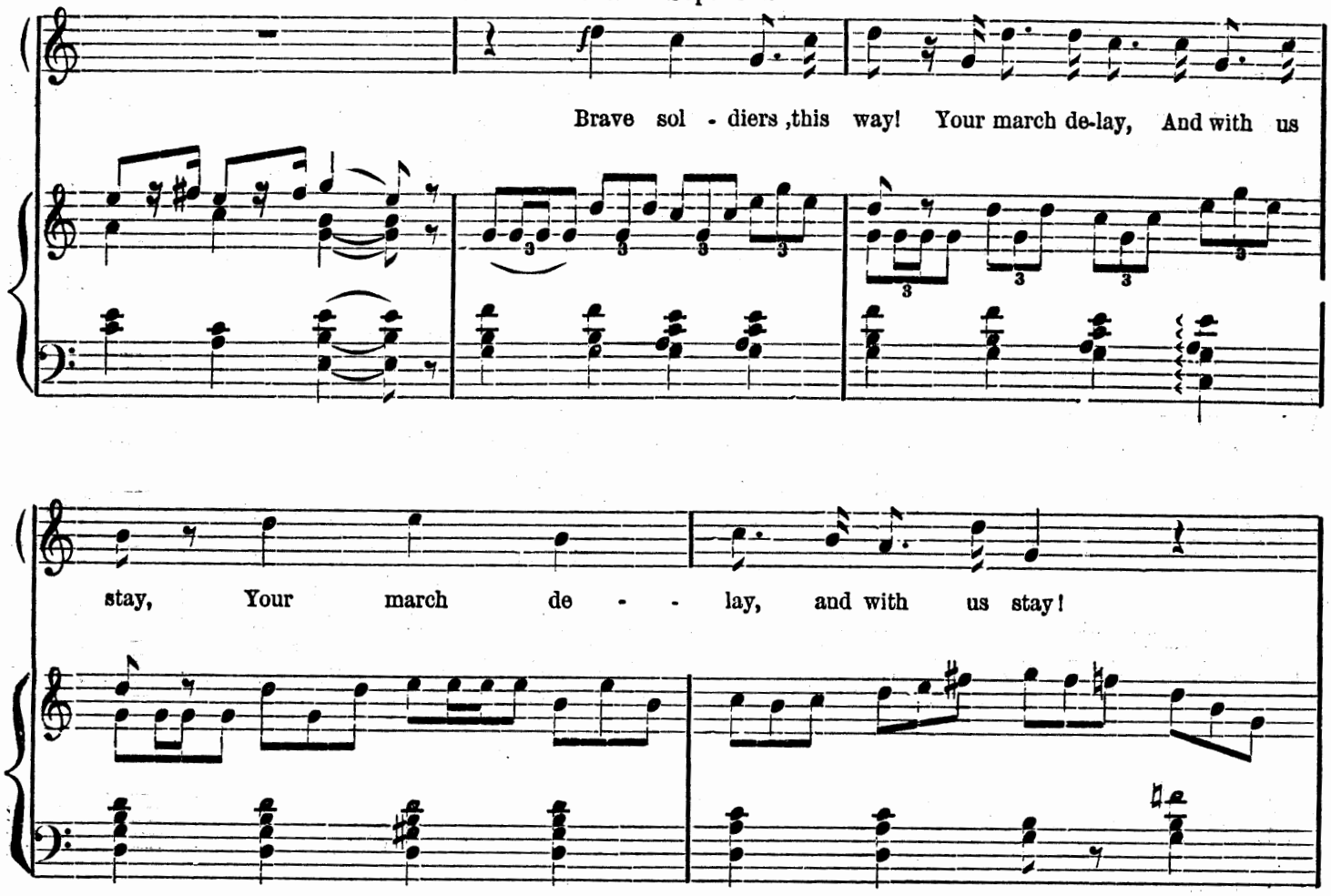

that not give as - sent,..... And who will say for sen - ti - ment,.... I am not quite a stu - pid
ass.....
SOPRANO. (laughing.)
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, Your ve - ry, ve - ry
COUNTESS.
Ah, if my dear Francois but knew How im-patient- ly I wait, While he is
wise! That no-bo - dy de - nies.


late, Much fast - er, much fast - er would he ap - pear to view.
GRISETTES. (laughing.)
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
ah! You think he'd fly to you, And that he would not be so late,..... If he knew that you
wait. But let me to you say, Fran-cois is not in your way, No, he is not in your


way, No, no, he is not in your way! On - ly look at her con - ceit, And hear her words so su - gar
sweet. Sure ne'er be - fore was ev - er seen, Such pompous airs, such silly mein, Oh dear, what pity we can't be, As su-per -
f
- fine and grand as she!
f
f
ff
COUNTESS AND GRISETTES.
Mouv't de Marche.
COUNTESS.
Hark! the measured tramp of sol -diers com - ing near.
They are here!
Mouv't de Marche.
f

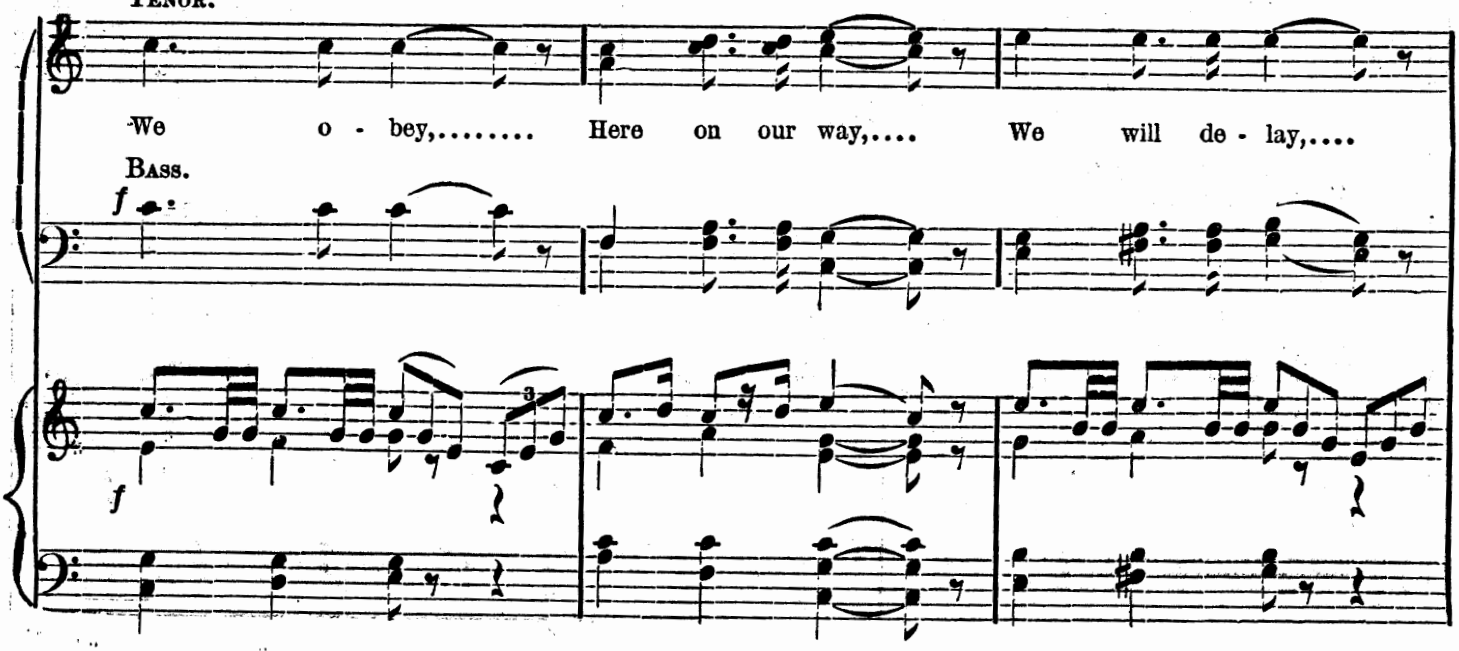
COUNTESS. (*Speaks aside.*) I can wait no longer. I'll go and meet him. (*Exit* R. 2. E.)

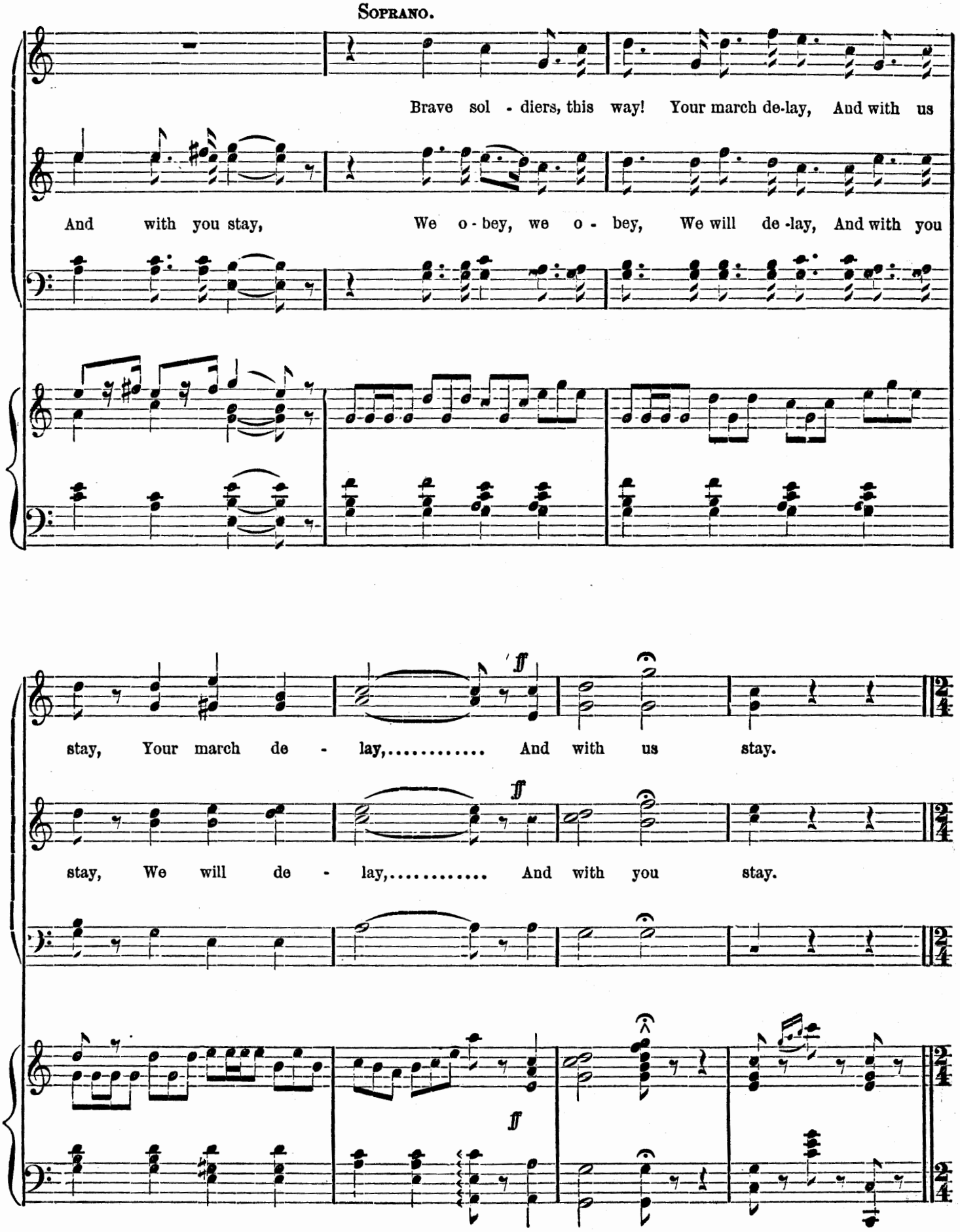
WOMEN. 1st & 2d Sopranos.



(*Enter* L. U. E., *Soldiers and* KIRSCHWASSER *marching.*)

f SOLDIERS.
TENOR.

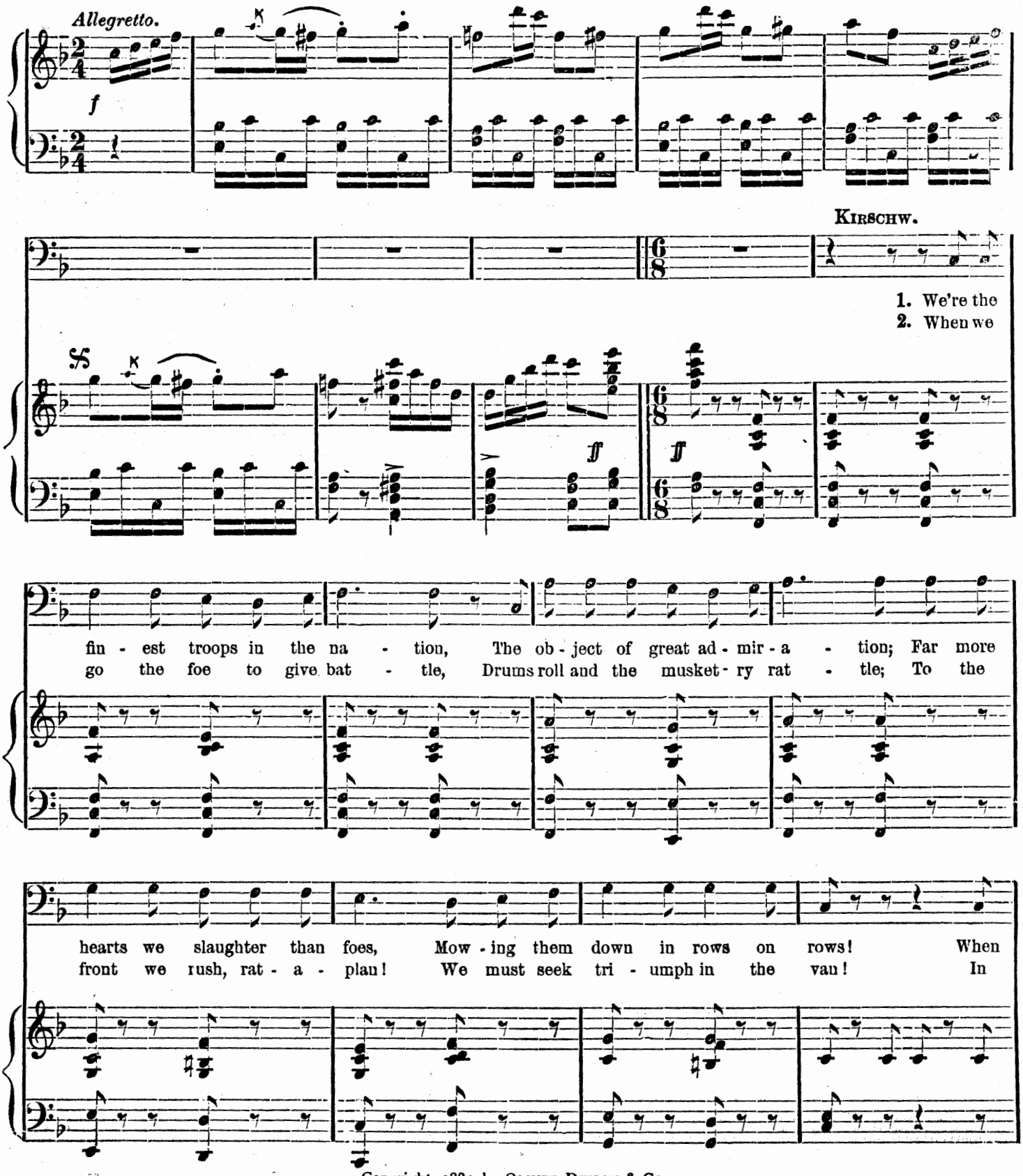



Soprano.
Brave sol - diers, this way! Your march de-lay, And with us
And with you stay, We o - bey, we o - bey, We will de -lay, And with you
stay, Your march de - lay,..... And with us stay.
ff
stay, We will de - lay,..... And with you stay.
ff

"WE'RE THE FINEST TROOPS."

MILITARY SONG.

(KIRSCHWASSER *during symphony brings his soldiers to a halt, and then advances.*)



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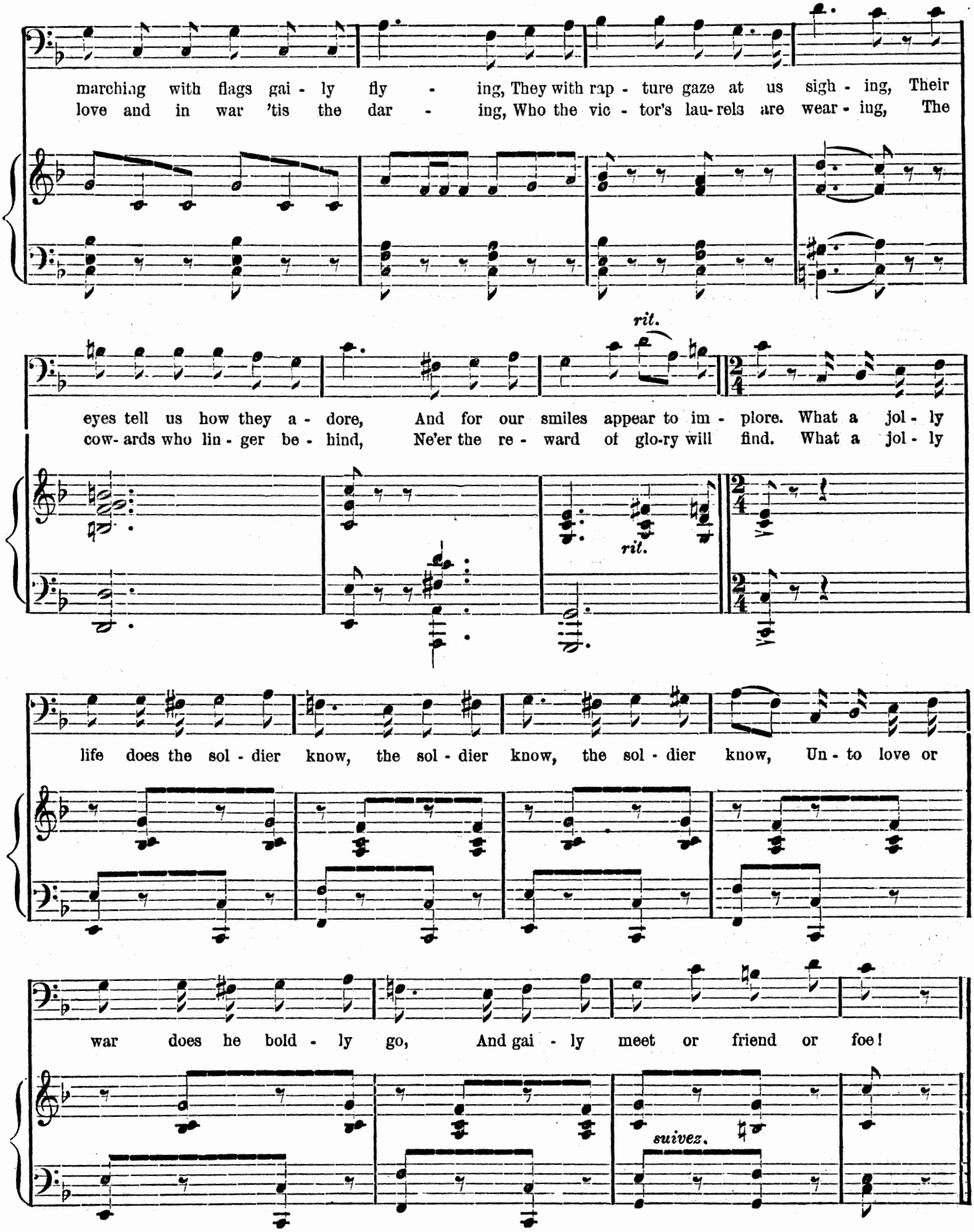
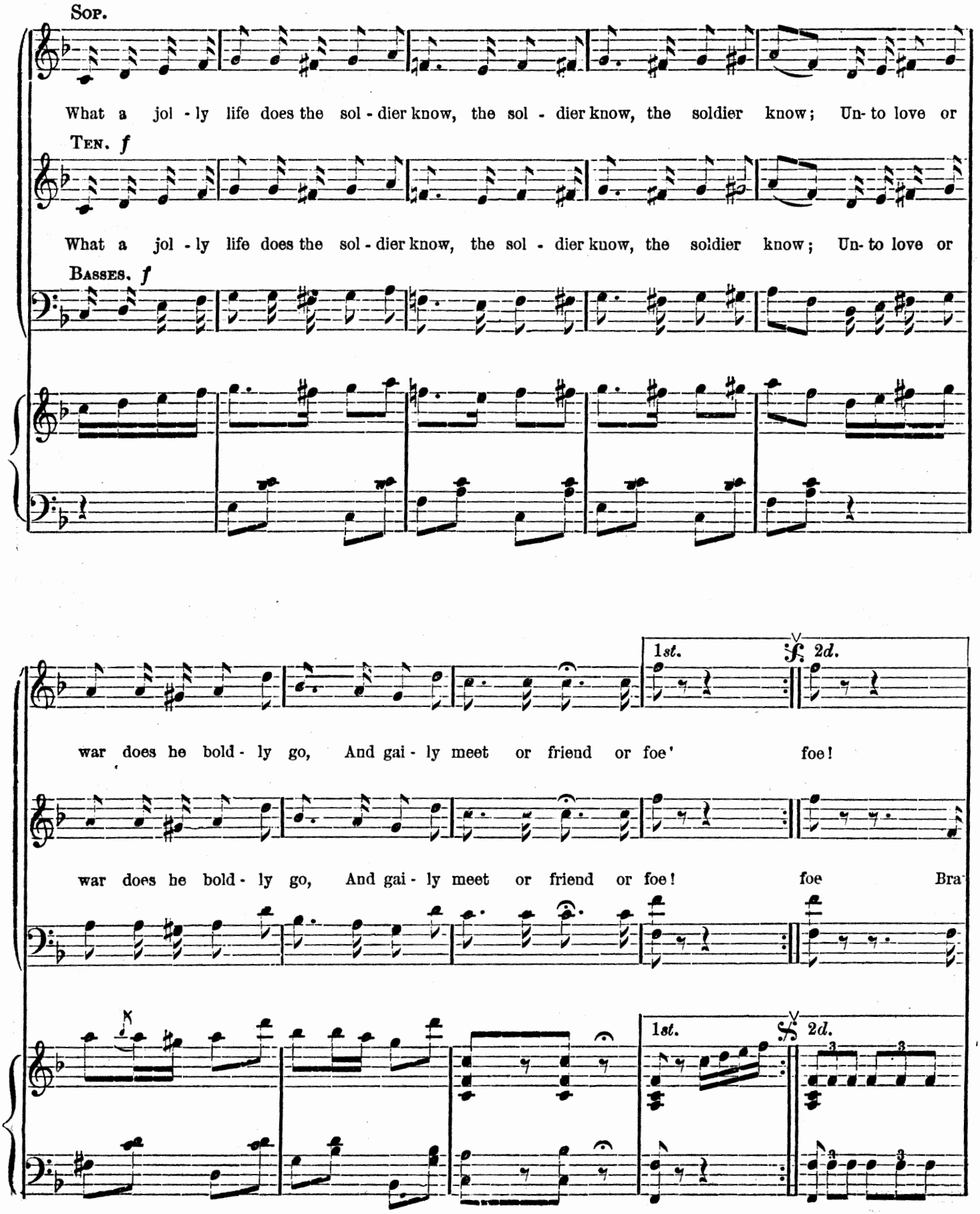
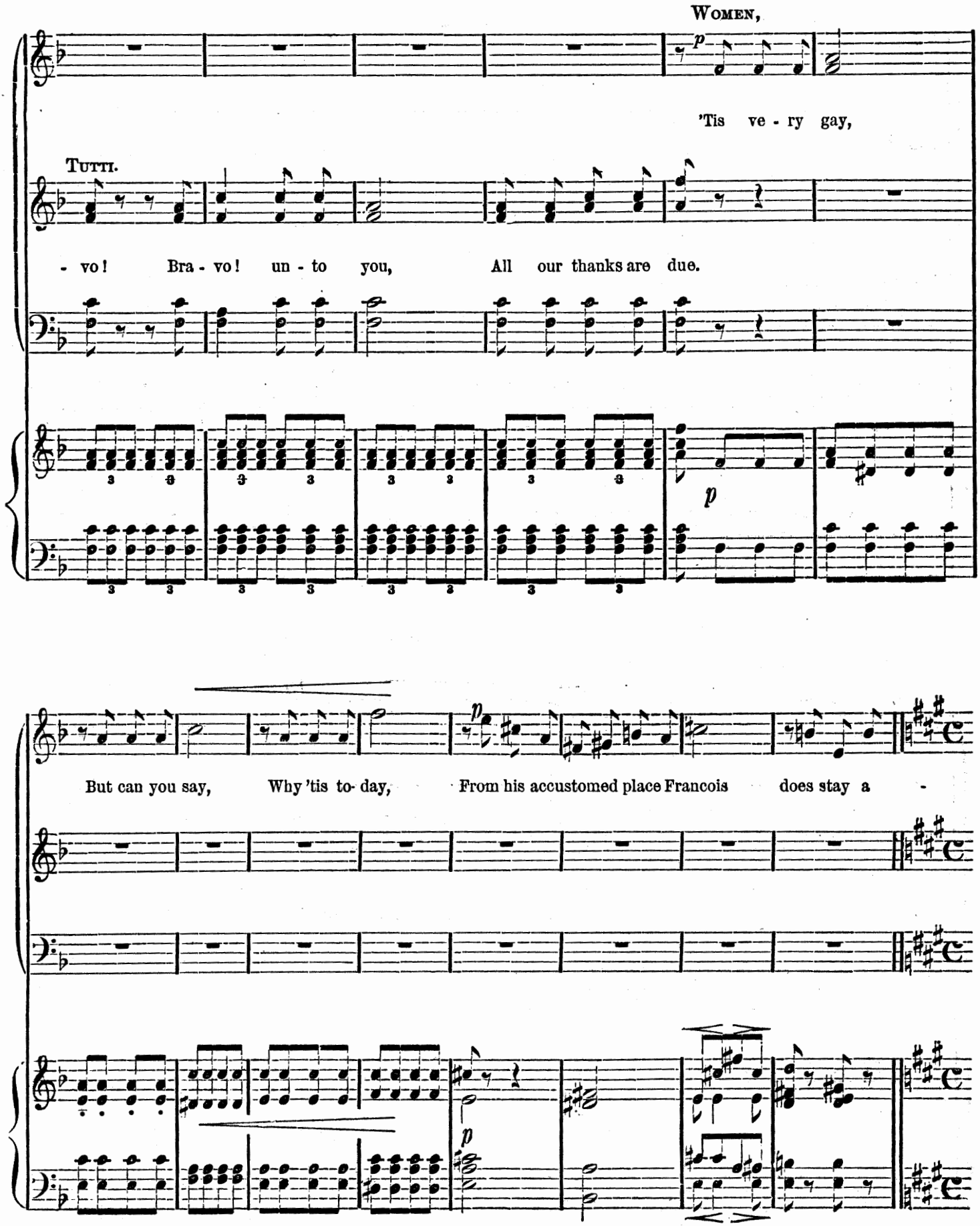
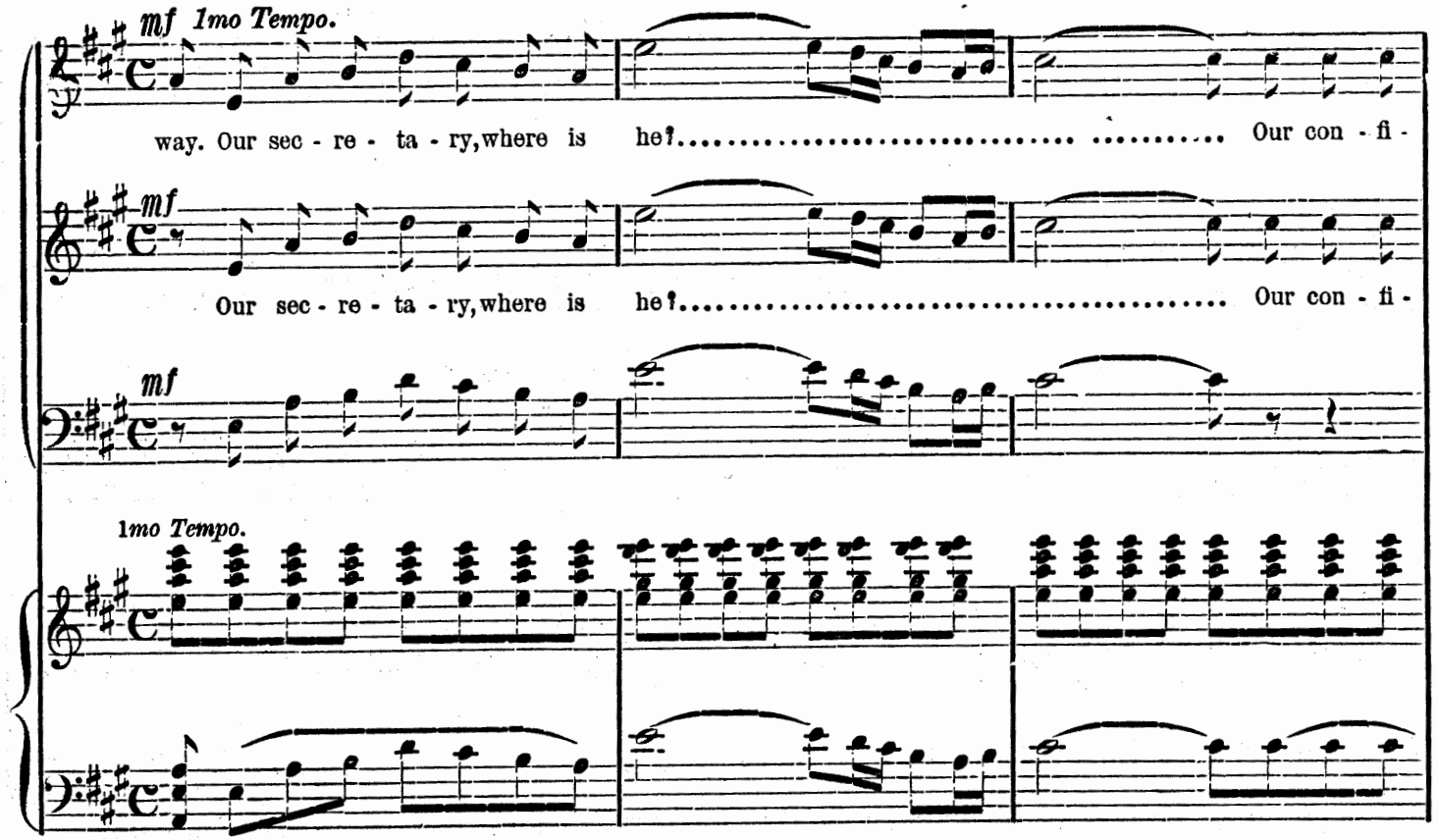
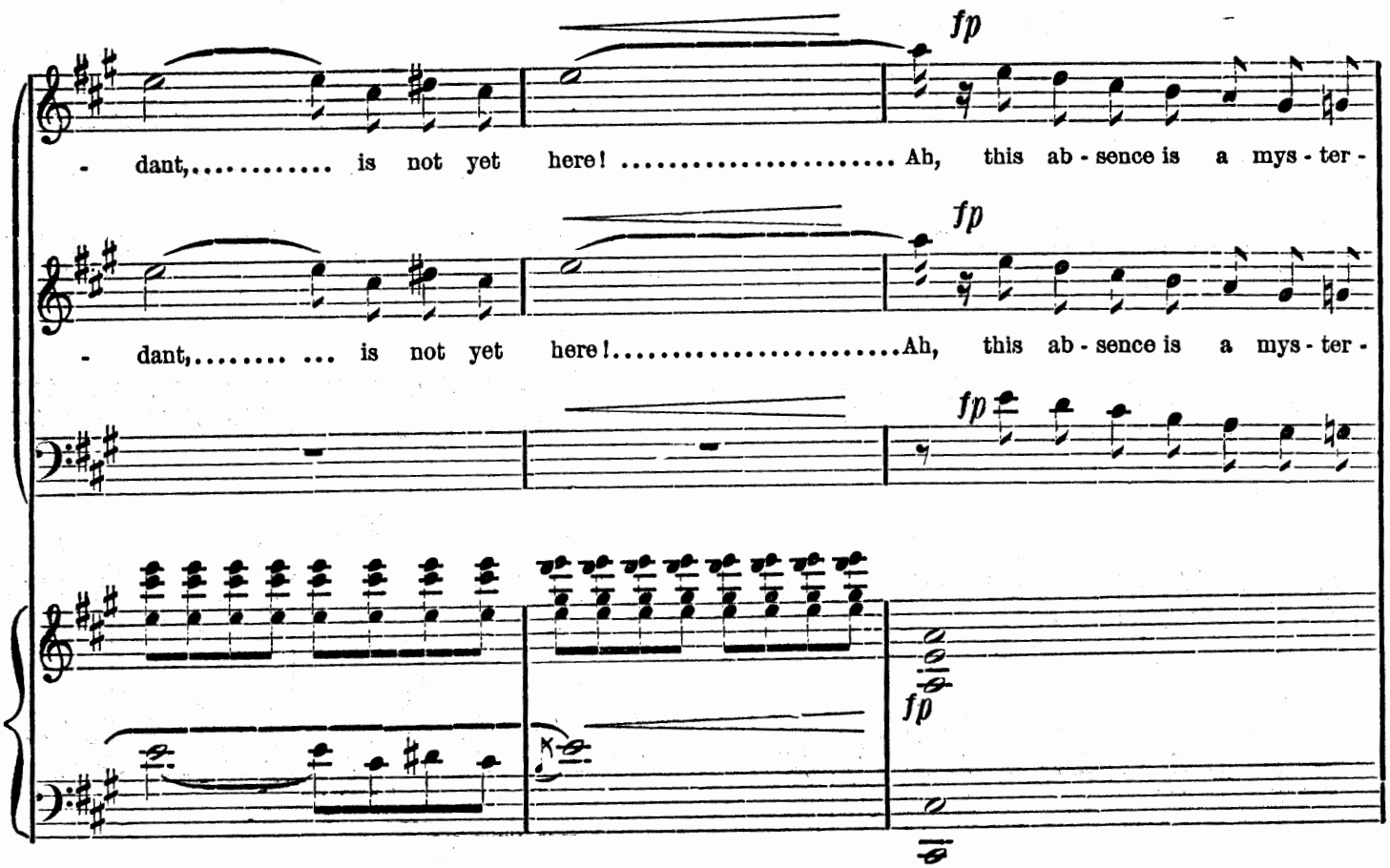
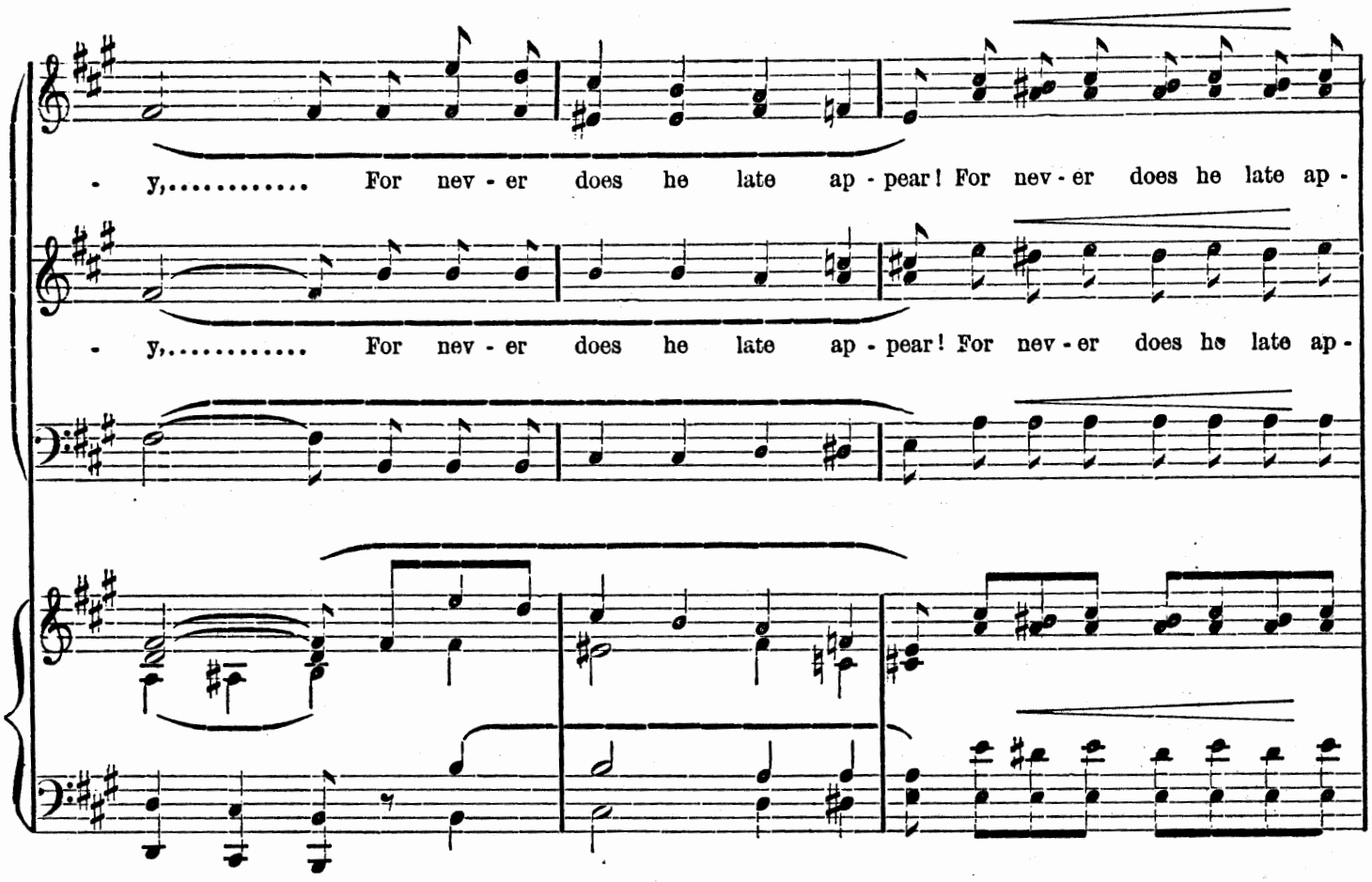

marching with flags gai - ly fly - ing, They with rap - ture gaze at us sigh - ing, Their
love and in war 'tis the dar - ing, Who the vic - tor's lau-rels are wear - ing, The
rit.
eyes tell us how they a - dore, And for our smiles appear to im - plore. What a jol - ly
cow- ards who lin - ger be - hind, Ne'er the re - ward of glo-ry will find. What a jol - ly
rit.
life does the sol - dier know, the sol - dier know, the sol - dier know, Un - to love or
war does he bold - ly go, And gai - ly meet or friend or foe!
suivez.

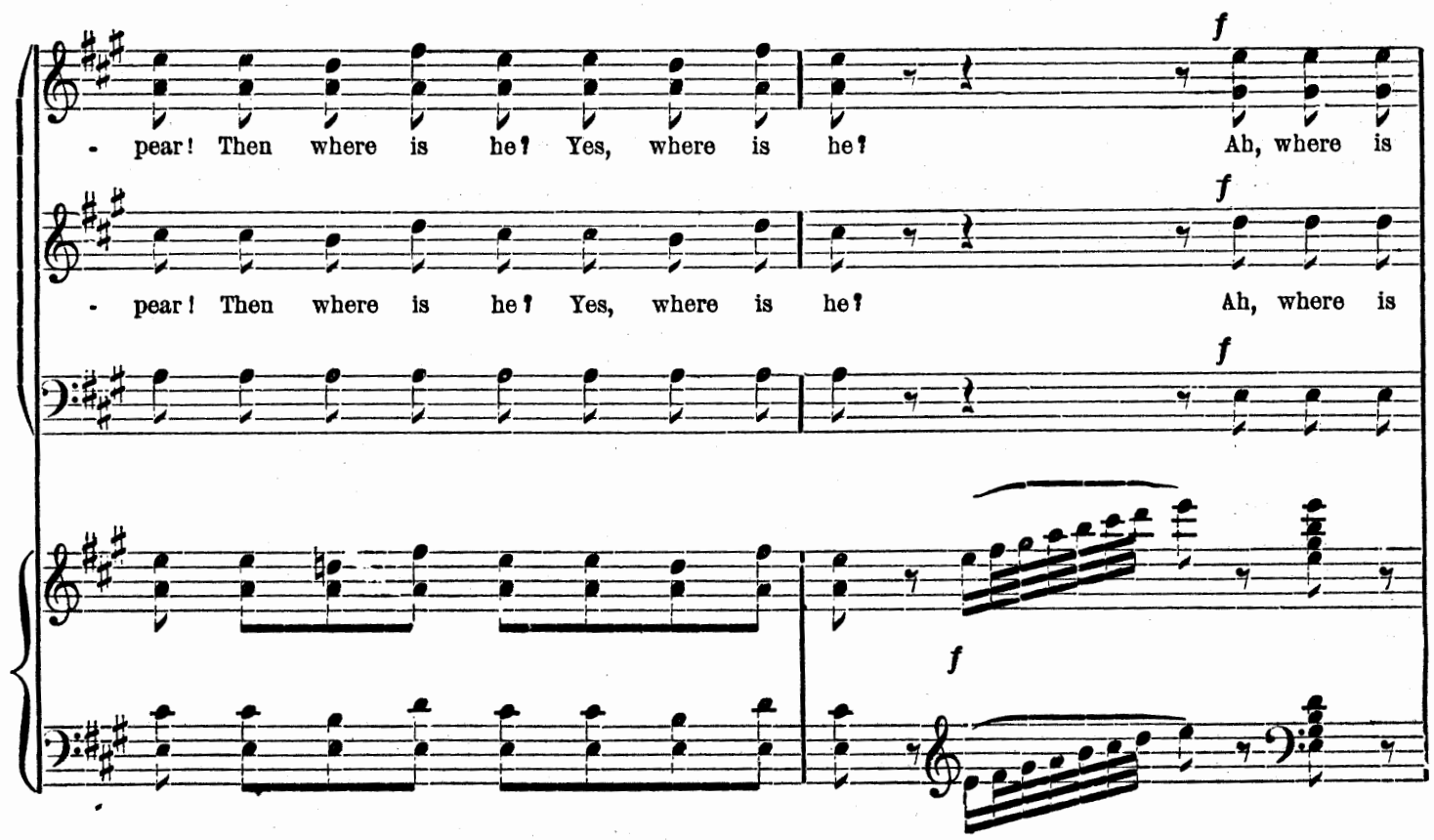

Sop.
What a jol - ly life does the sol - dier know, the sol - dier know, the soldier know; Un- to love or
Ten. f
What a jol - ly life does the sol - dier know, the sol - dier know, the soldier know; Un- to love or
Basses. f
1st.
2d.
war does he bold - ly go, And gai - ly meet or friend or foe' foe!
war does he bold - ly go, And gai - ly meet or friend or foe! foe Bra
1st.
2d.

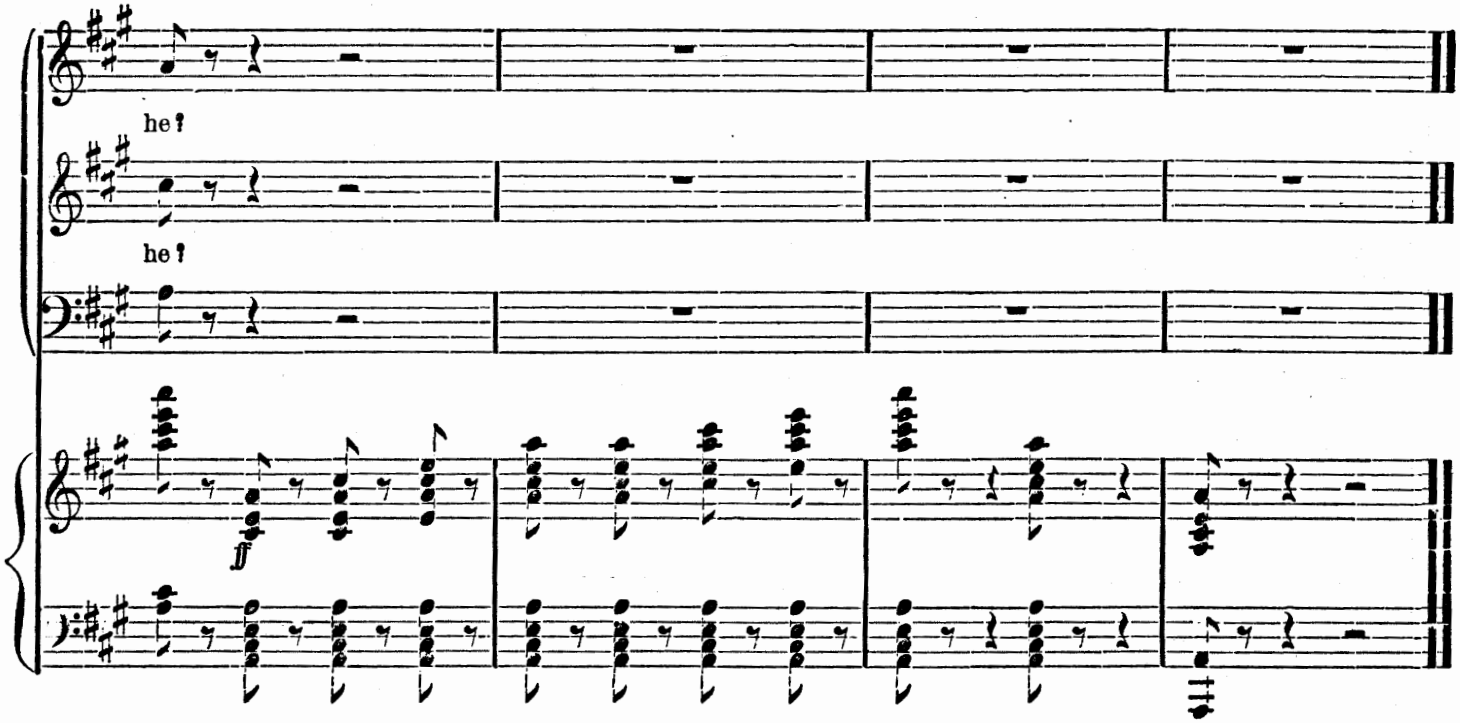

Women,
'Tis ve - ry gay,
Tutti.
- vo! Bra - vo! un - to you, All our thanks are due.
But can you say, Why 'tis to- day, From his accustomed place Francois does stay a -


mf 1mo Tempo.
way. Our sec - re - ta - ry, where is he? Our con - fi -
mf
Our sec - re - ta - ry, where is he? Our con - fi -
mf
1mo Tempo.


fp
- dant, is not yet here! Ah, this ab - sence is a mys - ter -
fp
- dant, is not yet here! Ah, this ab - sence is a mys - ter -
fp
fp


- y,..... For nev - er does he late ap - pear! For nev - er does he late ap -
- y,..... For nev - er does he late ap - pear! For nev - er does he late ap -


- pear! Then where is he? Yes, where is he? Ah, where is
- pear! Then where is he? Yes, where is he? Ah, where is
f
f
f
f



KIRSCH. (*Gruffly.*) But, tell me? Why this crowd? Is there a riot?

MANON. (*On one side.*) No, warrior of my soul! (*Takes his arm.*) I'm Manon, the fish dealer. We are waiting for our letter-writer. (*Smiles at him coquettishly.*)

JULLIETTE. (*Taking his other arm.*) I'm Juliette, the flower girl. (*Smiles as the other.*) It's our hour for correspondence.

KIRSCH. (*Ogling one and then the other.*) Ah! You are waiting for some one?

MANAN. Yes—Francois! We call him "Francois Blue Stockings," for he always wears that color.

KIRSCH. Francois Blue Stockings, eh?

JULIETTE. Yes. Secretary-in-chief to the market-women.

KIRSCH. Ah! He should know, then, some lively secrets. (*Puts an arm around each w_ist and hugs them. They es_ape.*) And these men?

WORKMAN. We are waiting to hear him read the paper to us, as he does every day.

MANON. Yes; and everybody understands everything as he reads it. (KIRSCHWASSER *chucks her under the chin. She goes up.*)

NICOLET. (*With admiration.*) When we hear him read the debates of the States-General, it is as good as listening to Mirabeau himself. (*Enter* GRATINET *and* COURTALIN, R. U. E., *and stopping before* FRANCOIS' *shed.*)

COURT. & GRAT. Not here!

KIRSCH. (*Gruffly.*) What do you want? Who are you?

GRAT. (*Troubled*) Who am I? Oh, I'm a tradesman who wants Francois to make me out a bill.

COURT. (*Troubled*) And I!—I—I'm a baker who—who wants an account reckoned up.

KIRSCH. 'Pristi! Everybody wants this fellow with the blue stockings! It's remarkable!

GRAT. (*Aside.*) The duece! Should he suspect!——

KIRSCH. And it's the more remarkable, because I too want him.

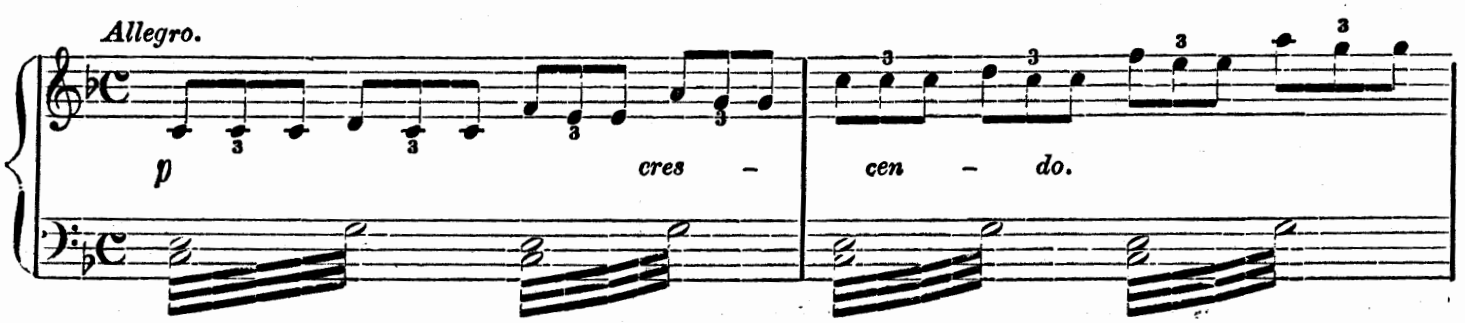
OMNES. (*Laughing.*) Ha! Ha!

KIRSCH. (*Taking letter from haversack.*) Yes; to answer this letter I have just received from Switzerland. For I'm a Swiss, you know. (*Pathetically and jodelling.*) Tra-la-la-i-yah! It's a note from my wife. I ran away from her because she wanted a handful of my hair now and then. Francois shall answer it—trumpets and thunder!—in a way that I shall dictate.

OMNES. (*Some of whom have been looking off* R. U. E., *begin the cry.*) He is here! he is here! (*All overjoyed, and surrounding* FRANCOIS *as he comes down.*)

"AH, HERE'S FRANCOIS."

No. 2. Manon, Juliette, Nicolet, Gratinet, Kirschwasser and Chorus.



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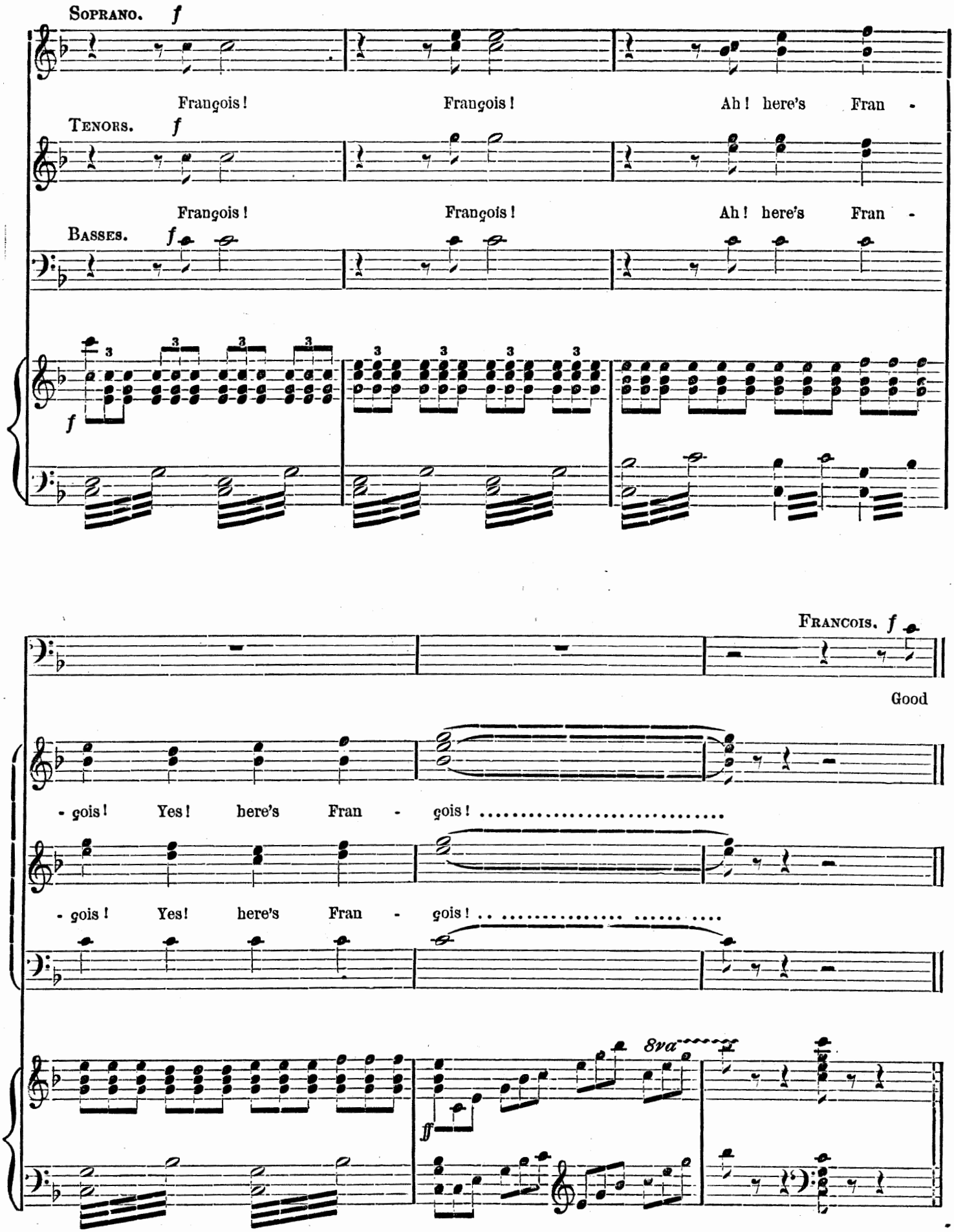
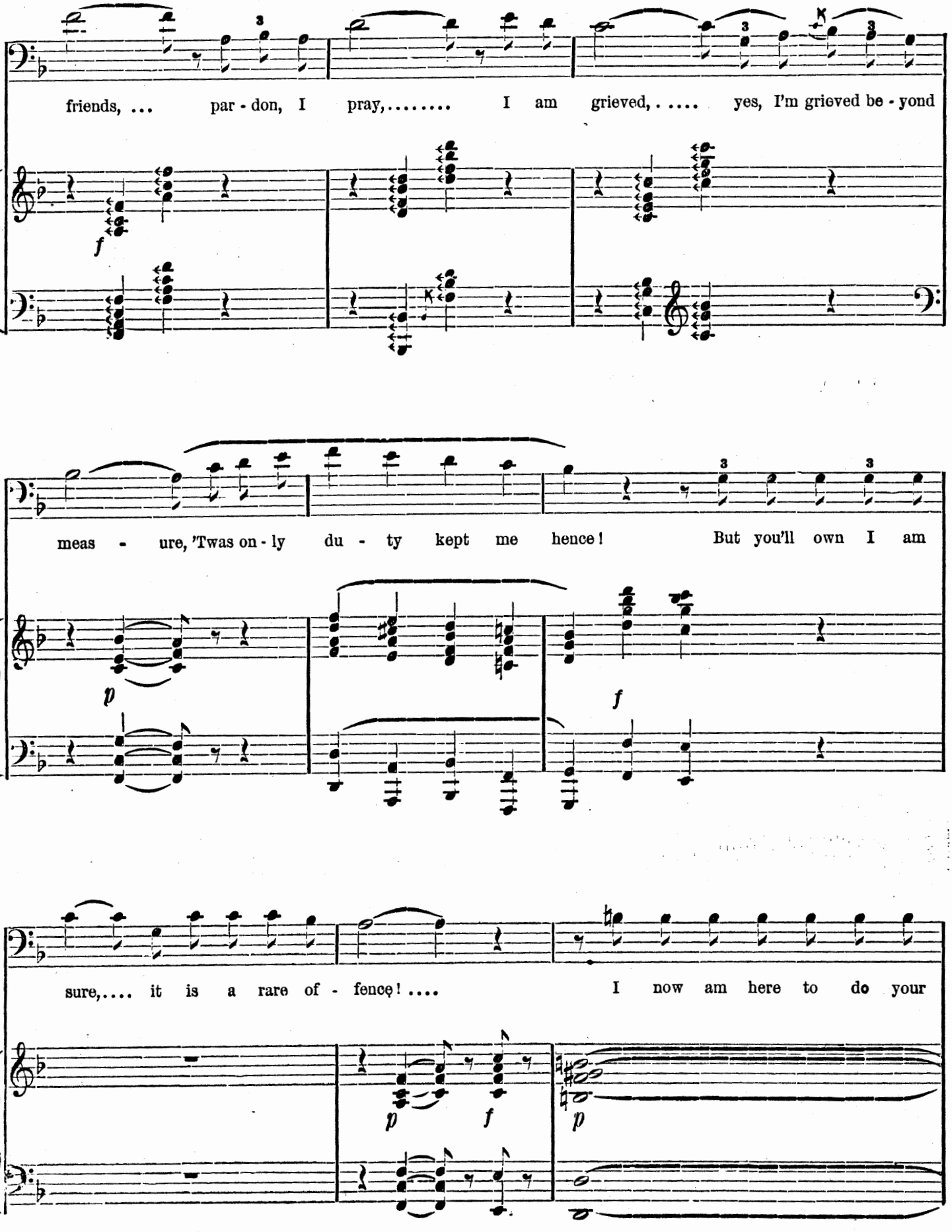
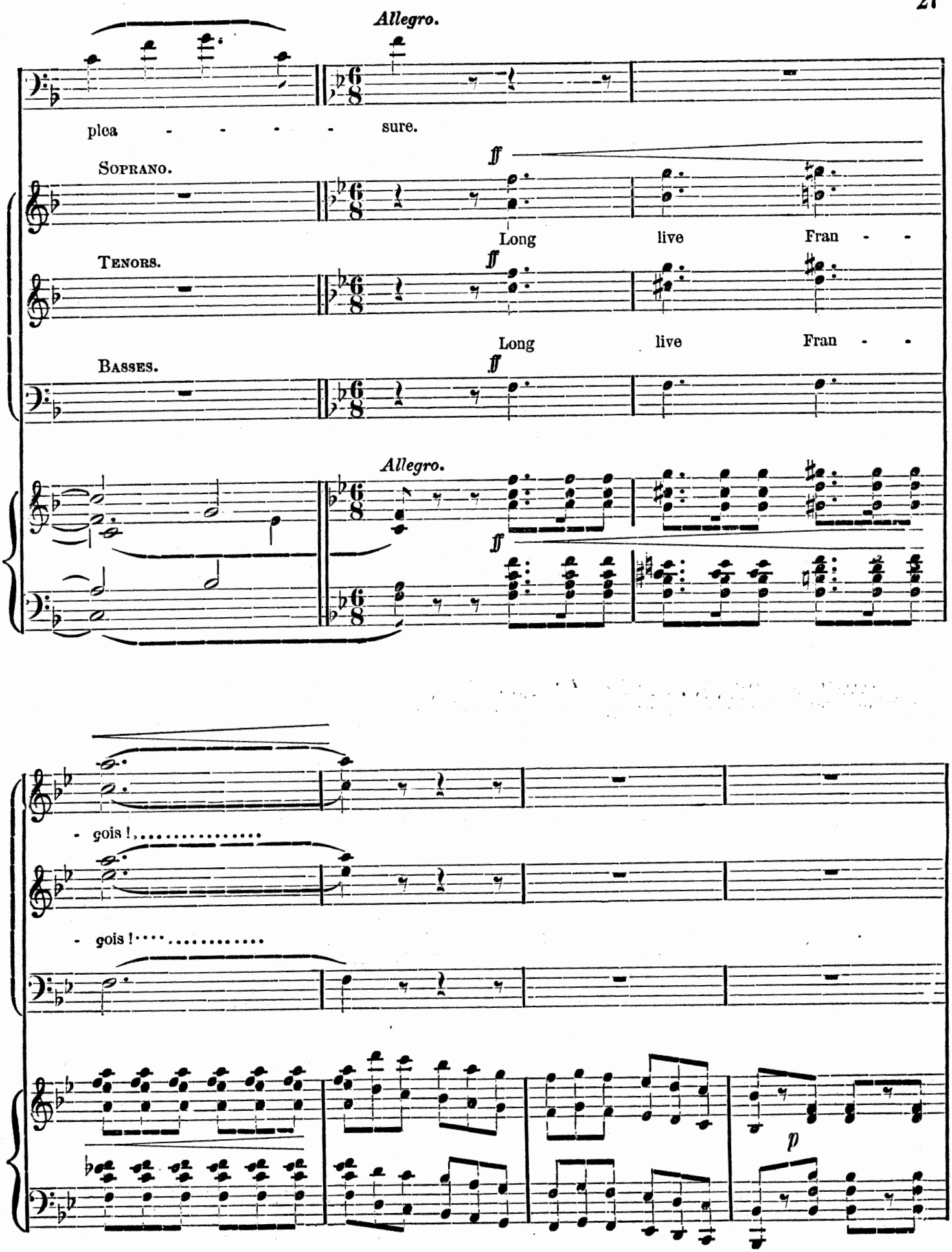
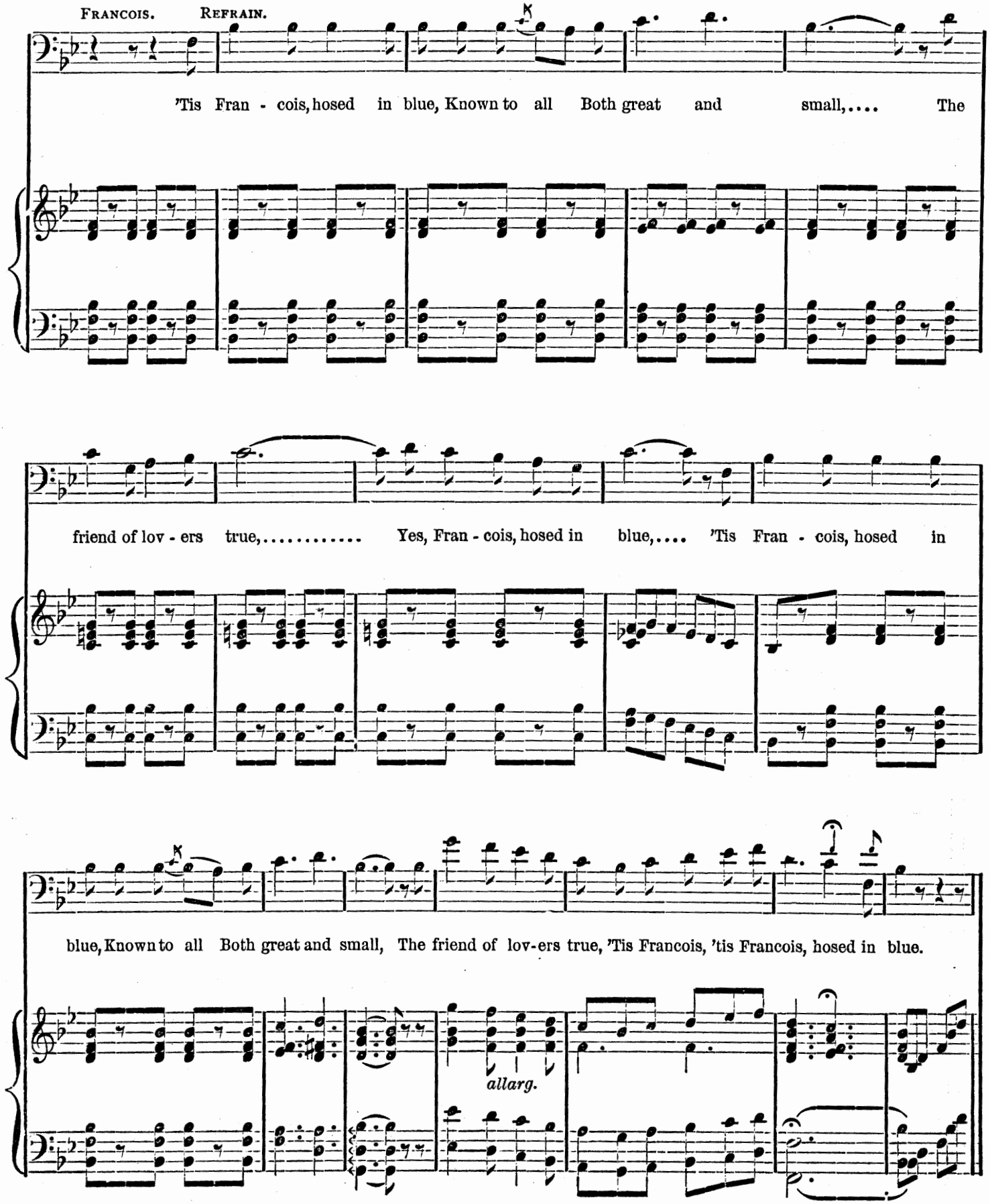

Soprano. f
François! François! Ah! here's Fran -
Tenors. f
François! François! Ah! here's Fran -
Basses. f
f
Francois. f
Good
- gois! Yes! here's Fran - gois! .....
- gois! Yes! here's Fran - gois! .. ..
8va
ff

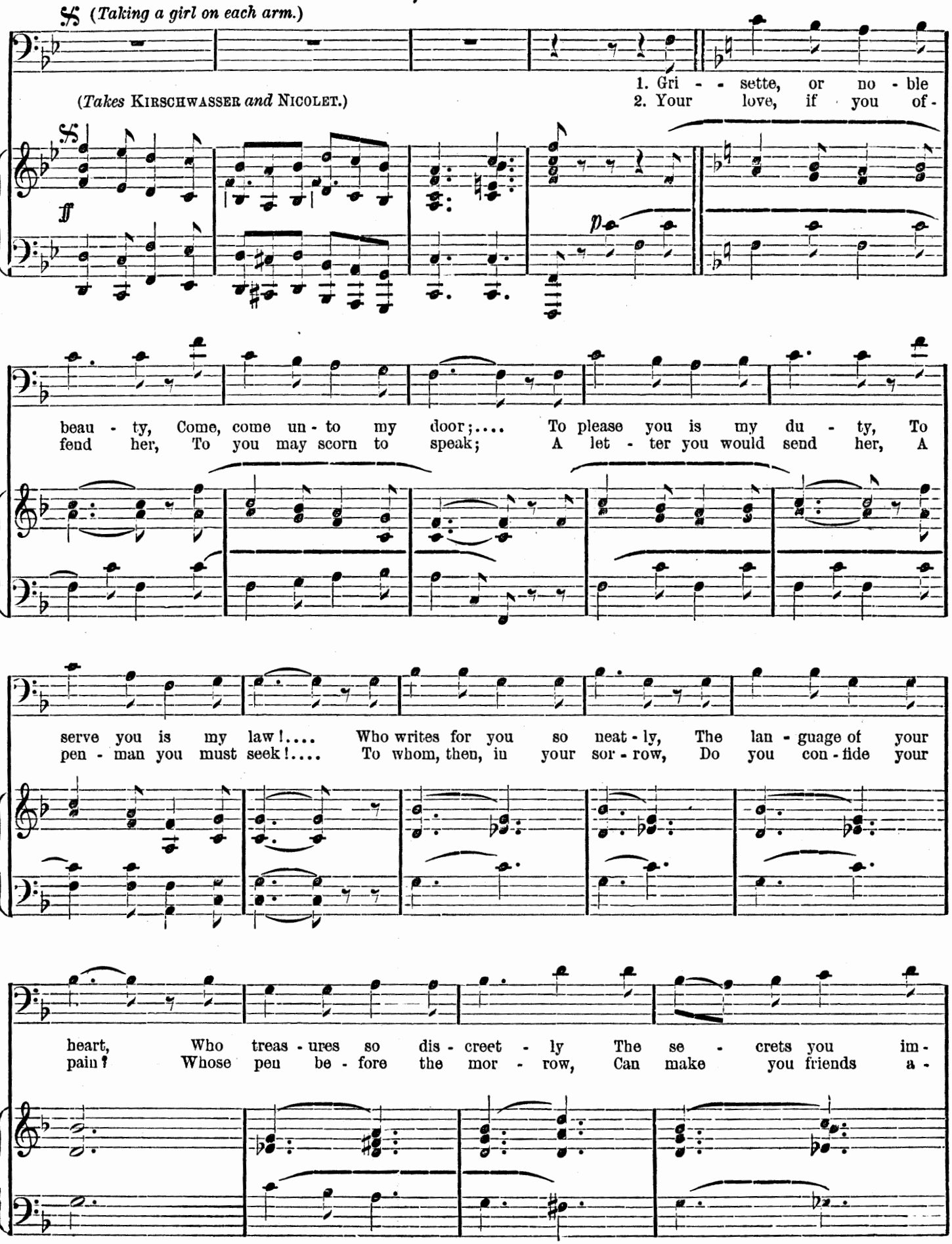
Moderato.

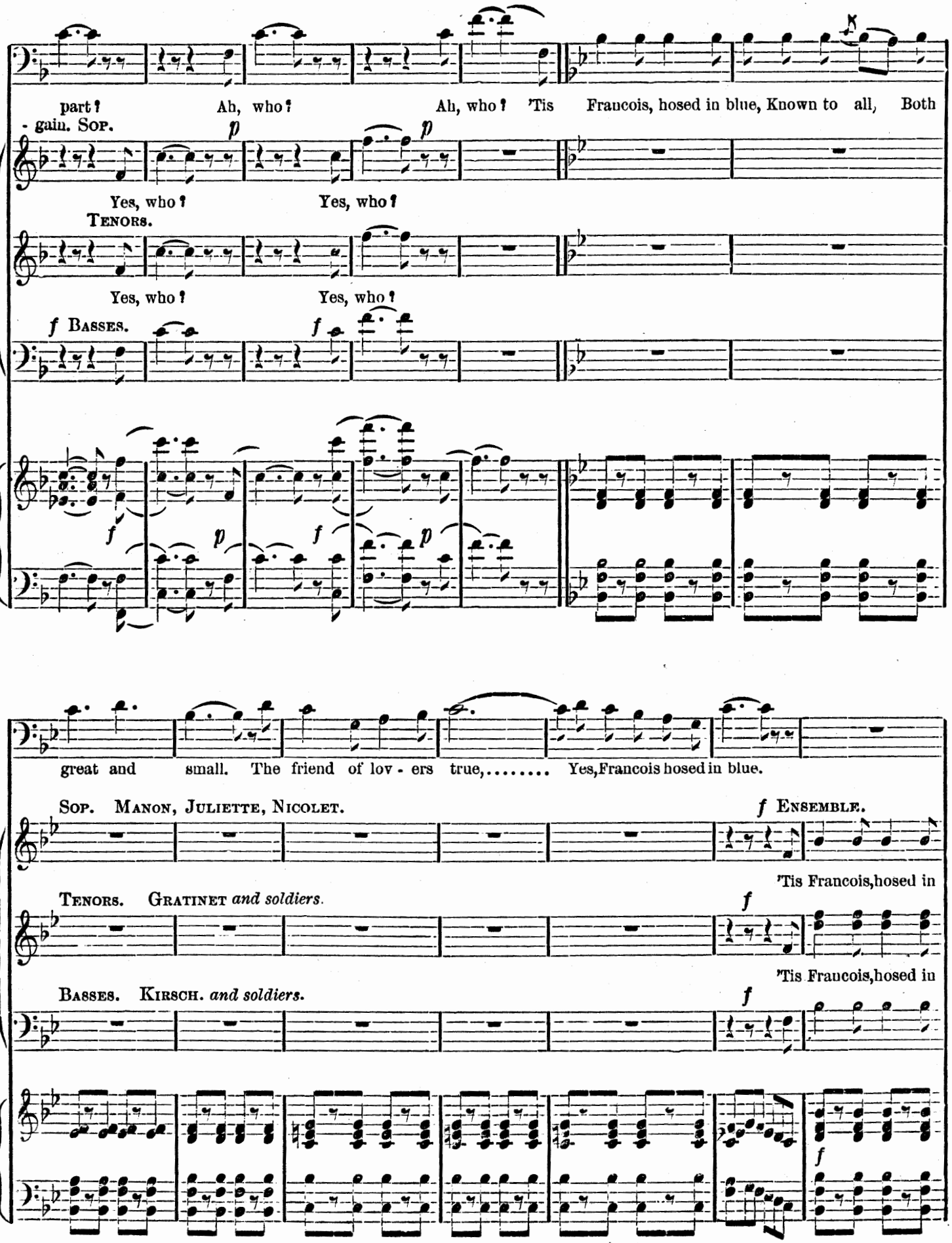

friends, ... par - don, I pray,..... I am grieved, ... yes, I'm grieved be - yond
f
meas - ure, 'Twas on - ly du - ty kept me hence! But you'll own I am
p
f
sure,.... it is a rare of - fence! .... I now am here to do your
p
f
p

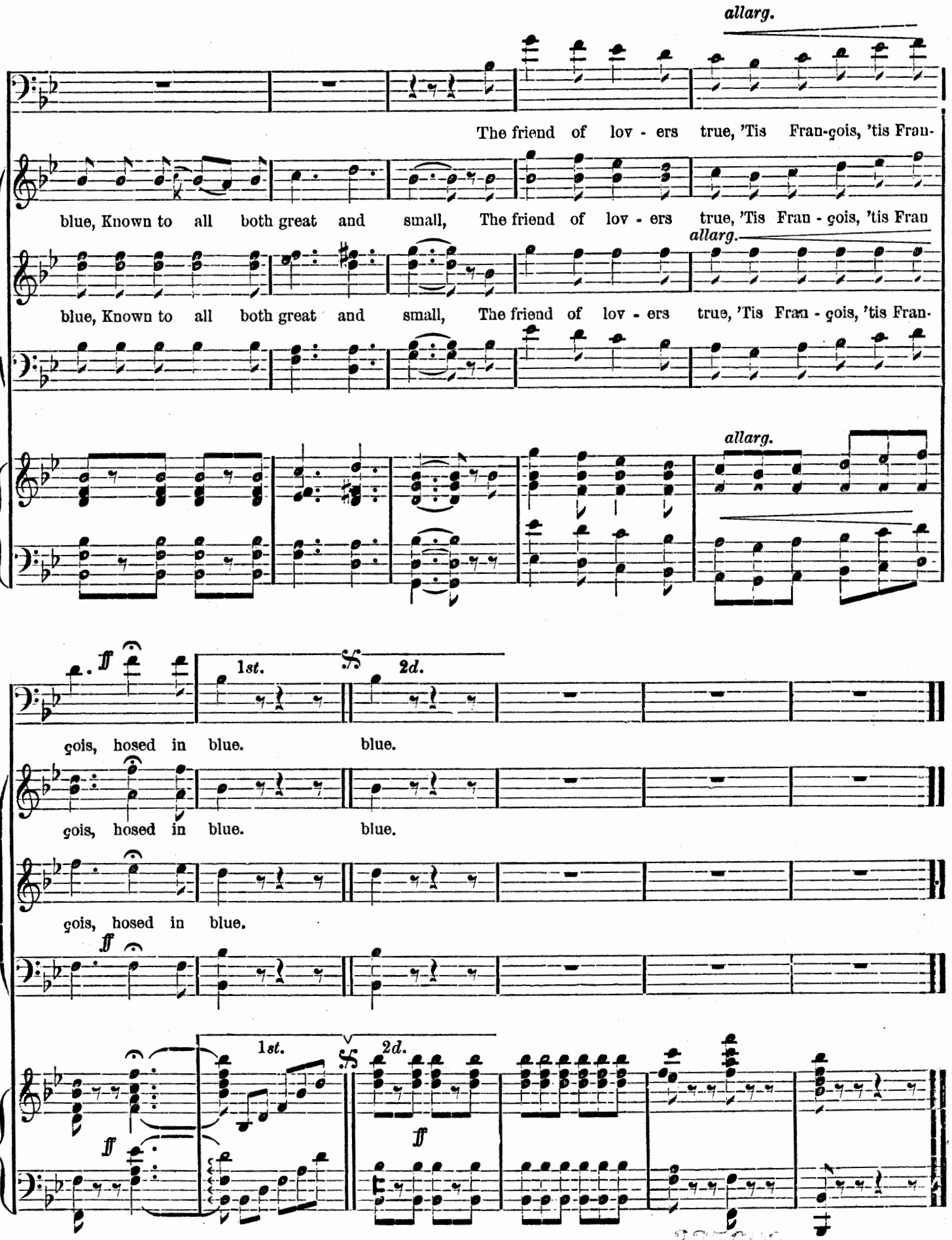

Allegro.
plea - - - - - sure.
Soprano.
Tenors.
Basses.
ff
Long live Fran - -
Allegro.
- gois !.....
- gois !.....
p

RONDO.


FRANCOIS.
REFRAIN.
'Tis Fran - cois, hosed in blue, Known to all Both great and small,.... The
friend of lov - ers true,..... Yes, Fran - cois, hosed in blue,.... 'Tis Fran - cois, hosed in
blue, Known to all Both great and small, The friend of lov-ers true, 'Tis Francois, 'tis Francois, hosed in blue.
allarg.


(Taking a girl on each arm.)
(Takes KIRSCHWASSER and NICOLET.)
1. Gri - - sette, or no - ble
2. Your love, if you of -
beau - ty, Come, come un - to my door;.... To please you is my du - ty, To
fend her, To you may scorn to speak; A let - ter you would send her, A
serve you is my law!.... Who writes for you so neat - ly, The lan - guage of your
pen - man you must seek!.... To whom, then, in your sor - row, Do you con - fide your
heart, Who treas - ures so dis - creet - ly The se - crets you im -
pain? Whose pen be - fore the mor - row, Can make you friends a -


part! Ah, who! Ah, who! 'Tis Francois, hosed in blue, Known to all, Both
- gain. Sop.
p
p
Yes, who! Yes, who!
Tenors.
Yes, who! Yes, who!
f Basses.
f
f
p
f
p
great and small. The friend of lov - ers true,..... Yes, Francois hosed in blue.
Sop. Manon, Juliette, Nicolet.
f Ensemble.
'Tis Francois, hosed in
Tenors. Gratinet and soldiers.
f
'Tis Francois, hosed in
Basses. Kirsch. and soldiers.
f
f


allarg.
The friend of lov - ers true, 'Tis Fran-çois, 'tis Fran-
blue, Known to all both great and small, The friend of lov - ers true, 'Tis Fran - çois, 'tis Fran
allarg.
blue, Known to all both great and small, The friend of lov - ers true, 'Tis Fran - çois, 'tis Fran-
allarg.
ff
1st.
2d.
çois, hosed in blue. blue.
çois, hosed in blue. blue.
çois, hosed in blue.
ff
1st.
2d.
ff
ff

OMNES. Long live Francois!

FRANCOIS. Thanks, good friends; thanks!

Enter COUNTESS, R. 2. E.

COUNT. (*Aside, as he enters.*) It is he! How handsome he is—for a nobody!

FRAN. (*To* NICOLET.) Have you seen Fantine to-day?

NICO. No; but she should soon be here. It is very near her hour for singing in this square.

FRAN. (*Tenderly.*) You see, Nicolet, the fact is, when a day passes without my seeing her—(*Suddenly.*) But to work! That will give me patience. (*Turns to crowd.*) Whose turn is it?

OMNES. Mine! Mine!

COUNT. (*Advancing.*) It is mine! I was here first—as, alas! I am every morning.

FRAN. (*Bows.*) I am at your orders, Madame.

COUNT. I have a secret to confide to you. (FRANCOIS *signs to all to retire. All go up; the women grumbling and making faces at the* COUNTESS, *the men calming them. They remain at back; the men chatting, and the women flirting with the soldiers. Others go to their stalls, and attend to business.*)

FRAN. (*Coming down to* COUNTESS.) Speak!

COUNT. I am called the Countess Celestine-Ermengarde de la Savonniére.

FRAN. What! In this attire?

COUNT. (*Gushingly.*) It is for love—(*Checking herself, and, drily,*)—of the people!

FRAN. Of the people? You!—the sister of that furious royalist, the Marquis de Pontcornet?

COUNT. Ah! I am as much in advance of the times, as the Marquis is behind them. (*With enthusiasm.*) I am for liberty of every kind—that is (*Simpering.*), every liberty that is wholly proper!

FRAN. Ah! I see! (*Aside.*) Some lunatic.

COUNT. Do these sentiments surprise you? They are easily explained. I'm a widow. My husband was a philosopher. He taught me very many interesting things; among others, the important truth that, noble or plebeian, a man is always a man!

FRAN. I think there can be no doubt of it.

COUNT. (*Tenderly.*) And that plebeian and gentlemen are equal before nature, love and beauty. I have met at the chateau many a gentleman who had the manners of a plebeian! I know a plebeian (*Warm and gushingly.*) who—has the manners and the fascinations—Do you—oh, *do* you understand me?

FRAN. Perfectly! You do not wish to compromise yourself, and you want me to be your interpreter with this fascinating plebeian you have condescended to notice.

COUNT. Ah, yes! (*Gushingly.*)

FRAN. You want a philosophico passionate letter.

COUNT. (*Coyly.*) You have guessed it! You are as intelligent as you are handsome.

FRAN. But first, Madame, will you permit me to dispose of these worthy people? I shall then be wholly at your service.

COUNT. As you will, sir! (FARNCOIS *goes up and speaks to* OMNES.) Not a bad way to obtain a tête-a-tête! In the meanwhile, I'll consult Militza, to learn how my plan will succeed. (*Going towards* MILITZA'S *house, and turning.*) I'll soon return, Francois. (*Aside.*) He's *lovely!* (*Exit into house.*)

FRAN. (*Coming down.*) Well; whose turn is it now?

KIRSCH. Mine! I'm in haste. Besides, I'm in a rage, also. I have received this letter from my wife in Switzerland. She calls names! She abuses me! I want you to answer it, and to show that I can be as insulting as she is!

FRAN. What does she say?

KIRSCH. (*Furious.*(What does she say! What *dosen't* she say! Listen. (*Reads.*) "My poor Kirschwasser: I married you through stupidity. I quarrelled with you—I made you unhappy! I thought you an idiot. It is true. I ask your pardon. I am wrong. I do not wish to explain my error. You would never understend me. But pardon me. You shall see; write to me at once, care of Uncle Schwartz, who will deliver to me your letter. If you do not comply, you don't know what may happen.

"CATHERINE KIRSCHWASSER."

There! (*Gives letter to* FRANCOIS.) An idiot, eh! She threatens, does she? Ah! Wait till *I* write!

FRAN. (*Reading letter.*) My dear fellow, you have misunderstood it. Let *me* punctuate it for you. (*Reads with emotion.*) "My poor Kirschwasser: I married you! Through stupidity, I quarrelled with you; I made you unhappy! I thought you an idiot, it is true; I ask your pardon. I am wrong. I do not wish to explain my fault; you would never understand me. But pardon me: you shall See. Write to me at once, care of Uncle Schwartz, who will deliver to me your letter. If you do not comply, you don't know what may happen.

"CATHERINE KIRSCHWASSER."

(*During the reading* KIRSCH. *is moved, and, at last, blubbers, and mumbles unintelligibly.*)

KIRSCH. Knapsacks and bayonets! I didn't understand it so at first! Poor Catherine!

FRAN. What answer shall I make?

KIRSCH. (*Blubbering.*) She is unhappy! She yearns for me!

FRAN. As you see! (*Holds out letter.*)

KIRSCH. (*Changing his tone.*) Well, I'm not unhappy, and I *don't* yearn for her. She wants more of my hair! (FRANCOIS *goes up, angry.*)

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

KIRSCH. (*To soldiers who have come forward.*) Eyes front! Dress!

MANON. (*Aside, to market-women.*) Now that Francois is here, we can give him his surprise.

KIRSCH. (*Overhearing.*) A surprise?

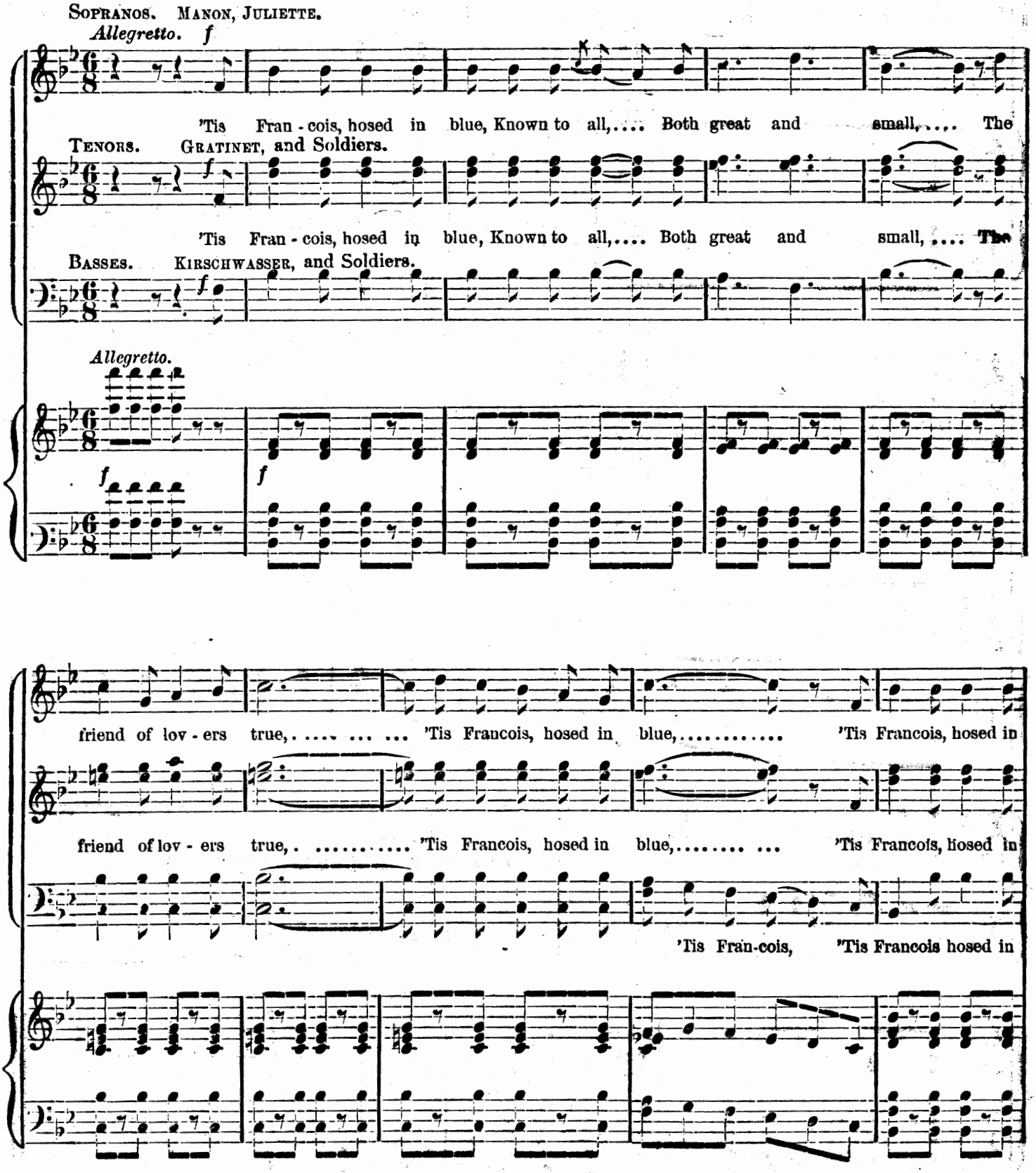
JULIETTE. (*In a low voice.*) Hush! To-day is the anniversary of the coming of Francois to set up his shop here.

MANON. And we are going to celebrate it.

KIRSCH. Bravo! I'm with you. In an hour, I'll return. Wait for me. (*To soldiers.*) To the left about! Left! Forward! March!

"'TIS FRANCOIS, HOSED IN BLUE."

No. 3. SORTIE.



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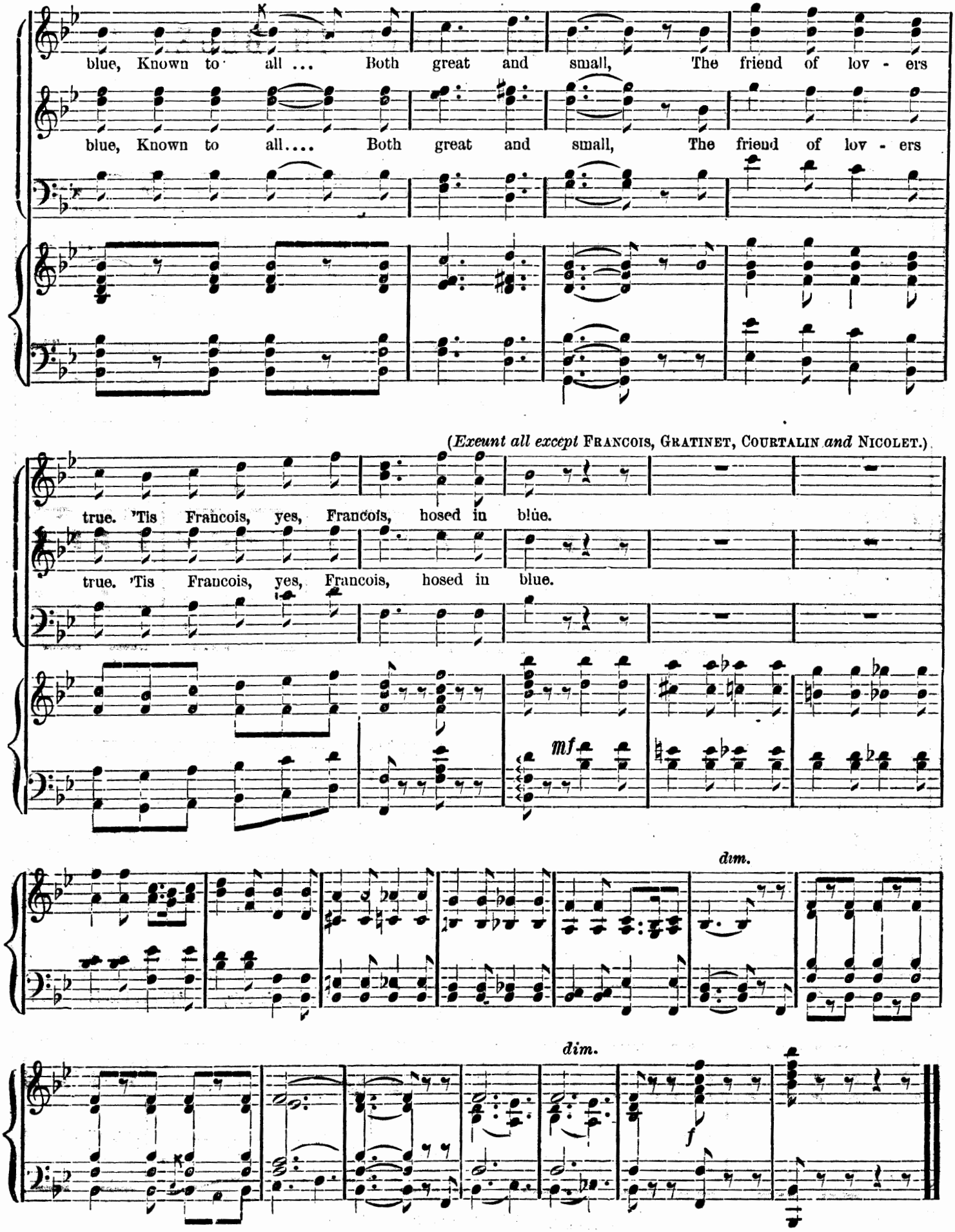

blue, Known to all ... Both great and small, The friend of lov - ers
blue, Known to all.... Both great and small, The friend of lov - ers
(*Exeunt all except* FRANCOIS, GRATINET, COURTALIN *and* NICOLET.)
true. 'Tis Francois, yes, Francois, hosed in blue.
true. 'Tis Francois, yes, Francois, hosed in blue.
mf
dim.
dim.
f

FRAN. Come, Nicolet! Pens, ink, and paper, and then to work!

NICO. I'll make them ready. (*Exit into shop.*)

GRAT. (*Stopping* FRANCOIS *as he is going up.*) Master!

COURT. (*Saluting him.*) Brother!

FRAN. (*Giving hand to each.*) Ah! You here? (*Looks cautiously over his shoulder, and says in undertone.*) Well, what now? (NICOLET *places tables and chairs outside shop, with pen, ink and paper, and exits.*)

GRAT. Good! And you? Can the Committee of Gravilliens count upon you?

FRAN. (*Smiles.*) On me? Francois Bernier? On me, who was forced to fly from Besancon for my liberal opinions, and take refuge in Paris? Have I not given you a thousand proofs of my devotion to the cause?

COURT. Well, then, do you know the Marquis de Pontcornet?

FRAN. I do. Very rich, and very influential with the king and his ministers.

GRAT. (*Contemptuously.*) An old monopolist, whose chateau at Pitou was burned by the peasants during the famine.

FRAN. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) Yes; while he was away in Paris to buy food for them!

COURT. Oh, we know you befriend him.

FRAN. Because I know him, and have always found him kind to the poor, and considerate to all.

COURT. Well, that's your lookout. It is true, nevertheless, that he favors the most unpopular measures;—that he is a mad reactionist;—that he writes songs!

FRAN. (*Laughs.*) I know that; for I correct them for him.

COURT. He is marked as a very dangerous man.

FRAN. (*Laughs.*) *He* dangerous? Absurd!

GRAT. He is an enemy, and you are asked to watch him.

FRAN. That is not difficult.

COURT. Now let us into the house. I want to show you a list of new followers of which you must take a copy at once.

FRAN. Come, then. Nicolet is one of us, so we have nothing to fear from him. This way. (*They pass before* FARNCOIS, *and enter shop.*) Pontcornet dangerous! What an idea! (*Exit into shop, laughing.*)

Enter LANSAC *and* JASMIN, L. 1 E., *as* FRANCOIS *is separating.*

LAN. You understand, Jasmin?

JAS. Perfectly. The young girl who has the audacity to resist us, is to be carried off. I have accordingly taken care to provide a good carriage, a pair of swift horses, and a driver who may be relied upon. The carriage will be at nightfall at the upper end of this square. (*Points up* R.)

LAN. You are an intelligent rascal?

JAS. (*Bows.*) There is, however, one important consideration;—the finances. Hire of horses and carriages, ten louis; to keep the postillion from falling asleep, two louis—one for each eye; for the services of—the friend who is to assist me—five louis. (*During the last enumeration he is somewhat embarrassed, and eyes* LANSAC *closely.*)

LAN. (*Sarcastically.*) Prudent rogue!

JAS. (*Bowing.*) You are too kind. May I add, that if your uncle and my master, the Marquis de Pontcornet, should learn that I have been engaged in this respectable business, I shall be kicked out of doors. I shall lose my place. Total—a sufficiently large sum to pay all expenses, and recompense *me* as well.

LAN. I understand. You should be well paid; but I have lost my last louis to-night at the faro table!

JAS. (*Dismayed.*) The deuce you have!

LAN. Don't let that interfere with your arrangements. I don't see how I shall do it at present, but if you *must* have this money to-night, it shall be forthcoming. I have resolved to carry off the pretty Fantine this very evening.

JAS. Then I have your word of honor as to the money?

LAN. You have. And I may rely on you?

JAS. On the word of an honest man!

LAN. (*Looks at him dubiously.*) No juggling, now!

JAS. Oh, sir! Everything shall take place as you desire. (*Going up and aside.*) Without me, however!

LAN. Good! But where *shall* I obtain the money!

Enter COUNTESS *from* MILITZA'S *house.*

COUNT. (*Speaking as she enters.*) I'll wait for her no longer.

LAN. (*Sees her.*) Ah! My dear aunt? And in this attire? What *are* you doing here?

COUNT. What are *you* doing here?

LAN. I—I—I am killing time. And you? ——

COUNT. (*Points to* MILITZA'S *house.*) For the fortune teller, yonder.

LAN. Ah! You believe in the cards, then. So do I. (*With meaning.*) The cards never lie!

COUNT. Do you think so?

LAN. I know it! If they say you shall be loved by a pretty brunette of a girl, or a poetic blonde of a man, believe them.

COUNT. (*Simpers.*) And do you think so! So do I; for I believe too in them.

LAN. Do you? (*With sudden thought.*) Can you imagine what they predicted for me this morning? Why, that a tender-hearted relation of mine,—a woman of noble soul and deep affection,—would lend me a thousand francs, of which I have immediate need!

COUNT. It meant me!

LAN. Assuredly. The cards promised *you* love,—me money. The cards never lie.

COUNT. *Me* love? Ah! (*Lacadaisically.*) Can it be? Come! Their prophesy shall be realized in your case. I am so happy, I can refuse you nothing. Go with me and I'll give you a thousand francs. May their prophesy about me be realized as soon! (*Sighs aside.*) Ah, Francois!

LAN. (*Delighted.*) My dear aunt! (*Enter* NICOLET *from shop.*)

NICO. (*Aside.*) To see that the way is clear.

COUNT. (*Sees him.*) Your master is there!

NICO. Yes, but busy—very busy.

COUNT. Tell him I will return, and to wait for me. (*Aside.*) First, to get rid of my nephew.

LAN. (*Aside.*) With the money in my pocket, Fantine is mine.

COUNT. (*Going up,* R.) Are you coming, nephew?

LAN. Yes, adorable aunt! (*Gives her his arm. They exeunt,* R U. E. NICOLET *follows them up.*)

NICO. The coast is clear at last. (*Goes to shop.*) You can come out now.

Enter GRATINET, COURTALIN, *and* FRANCOIS *from shop.*

COURT. It is understood, then?

FRAN. Perfectly. (*Cheers and shouts outside,* R. 2. E.)

GRAT. What is that?

NICO. (*Looking off* R.) Fantine, the street-singer.

FRAN. (*With interest, and moved,*) Fantine!

NICO. Ah! She is here!

COURT. Good bye!

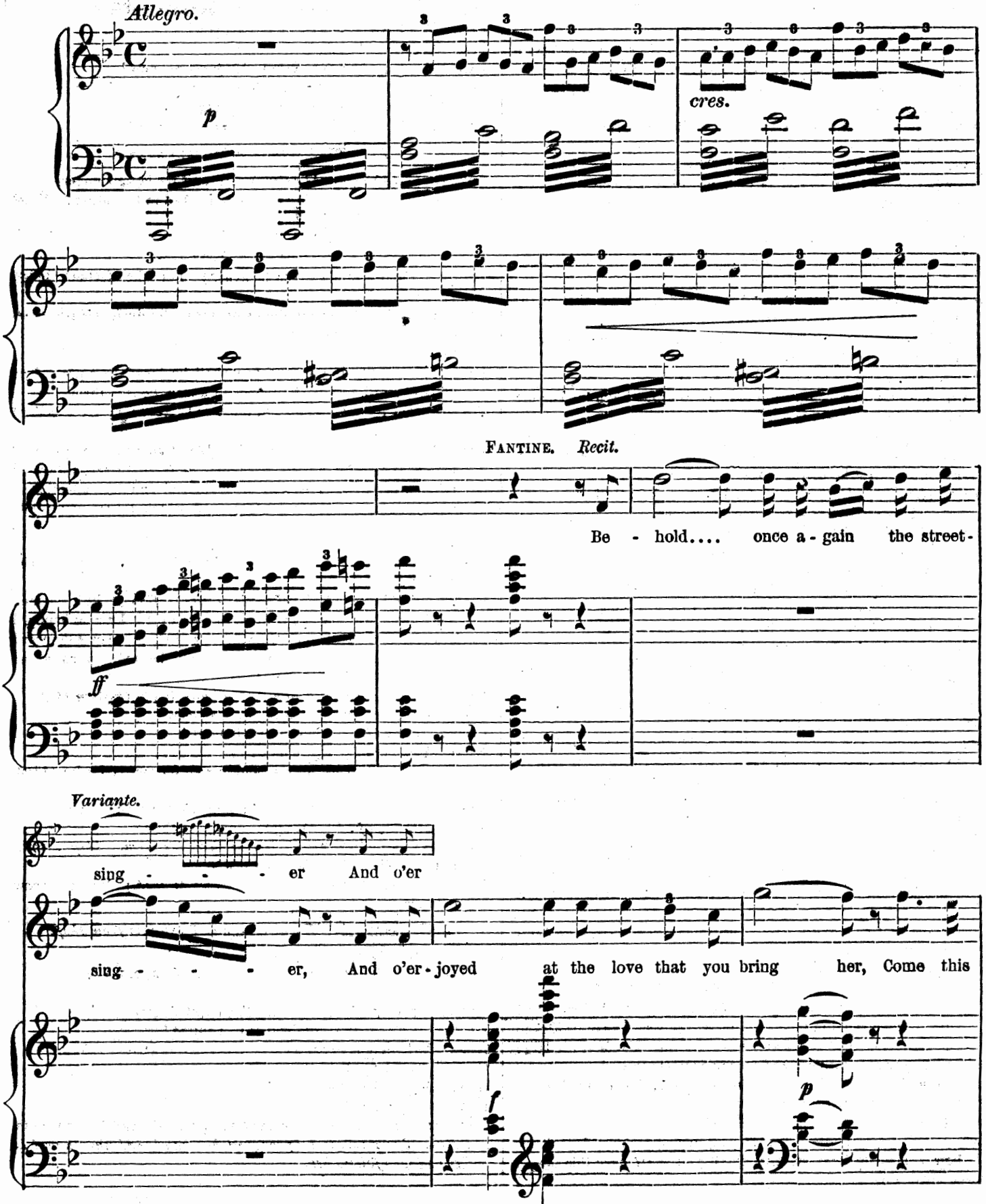
GRAT. Remember Pontcornet!

FRAN. Rely on me!

COURTALIN *and* GRATINET *exeunt* L. 1. E., *followed by* FRANCOIS. *Enter* FANTINE, *holding songs in her hand, and surrounded by crowd who follow her.*

No. 4. RONDO.

Allegro.



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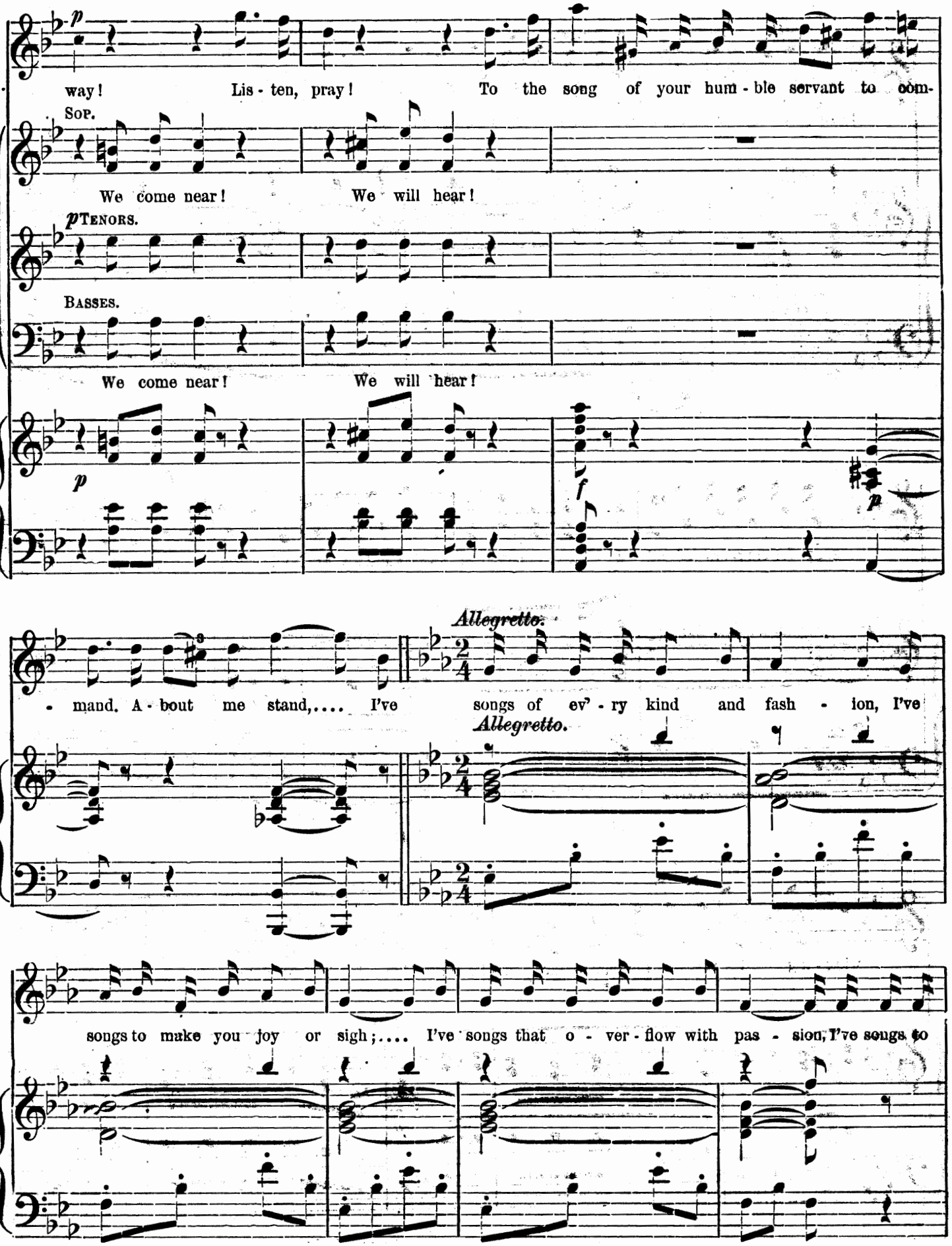
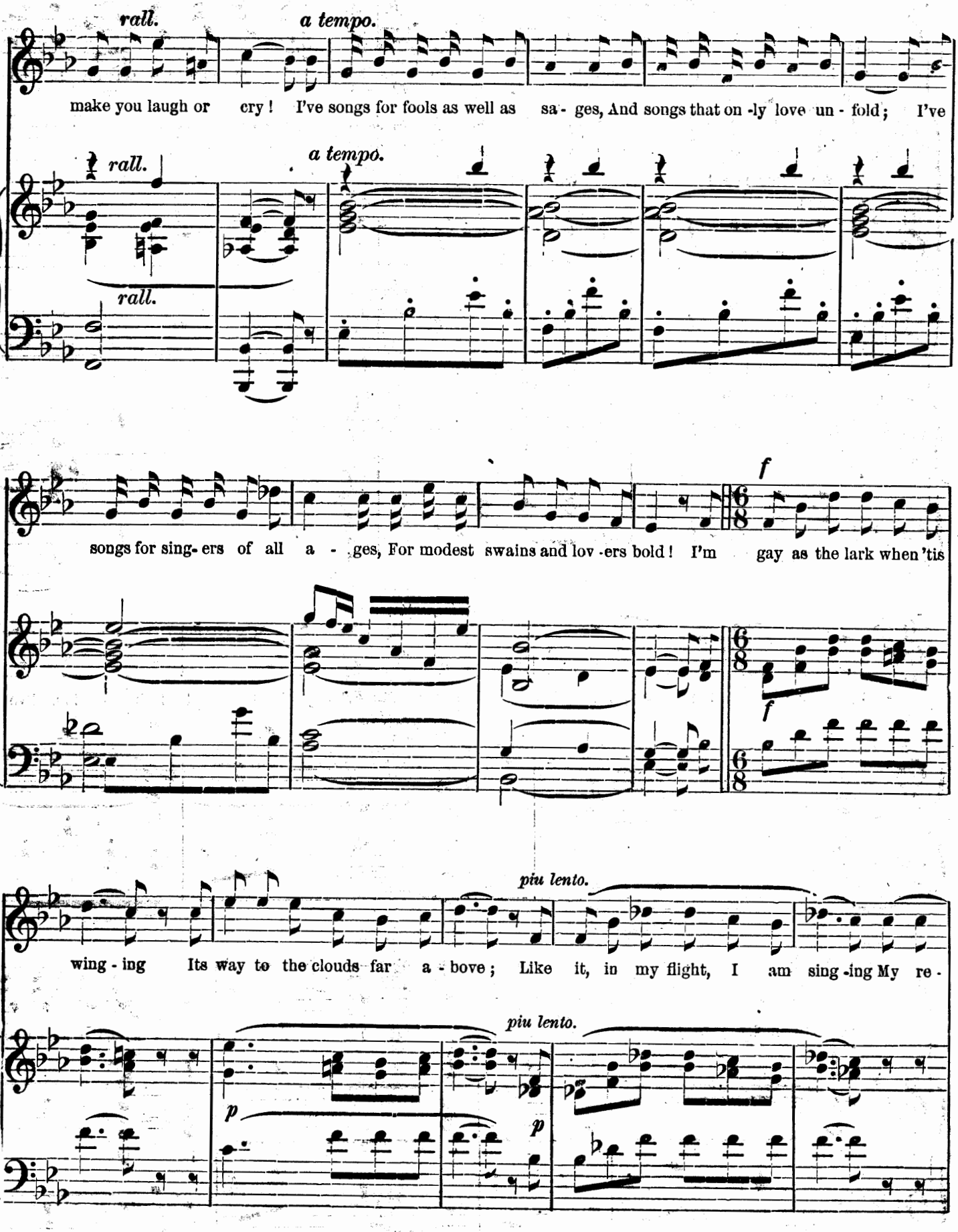

p
way! Lis - ten, pray! To the song of your hum - ble servant to com-
Sop.
We come near! We will hear!
p Tenors.
Basses.
We come near! We will hear!
p
f
p
- mand. A - bout me stand,.... I've songs of ev' - ry kind and fash - ion, I've
Allegretto.
Allegretto.
songs to make you joy or sigh;.... I've songs that o - ver - flow with pas - sion, I've songs to


rall.
a tempo.
make you laugh or cry! I've songs for fools as well as sa - ges, And songs that on -ly love un - fold; I've
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
songs for sing- ers of all a - ges, For modest swains and lov -ers bold! I'm
f
gay as the lark when 'tis
f
piu lento.
wing - ing Its way to the clouds far a - bove; Like it, in my flight, I am sing -ing My re -
piu lento.
p
p

a tempo.

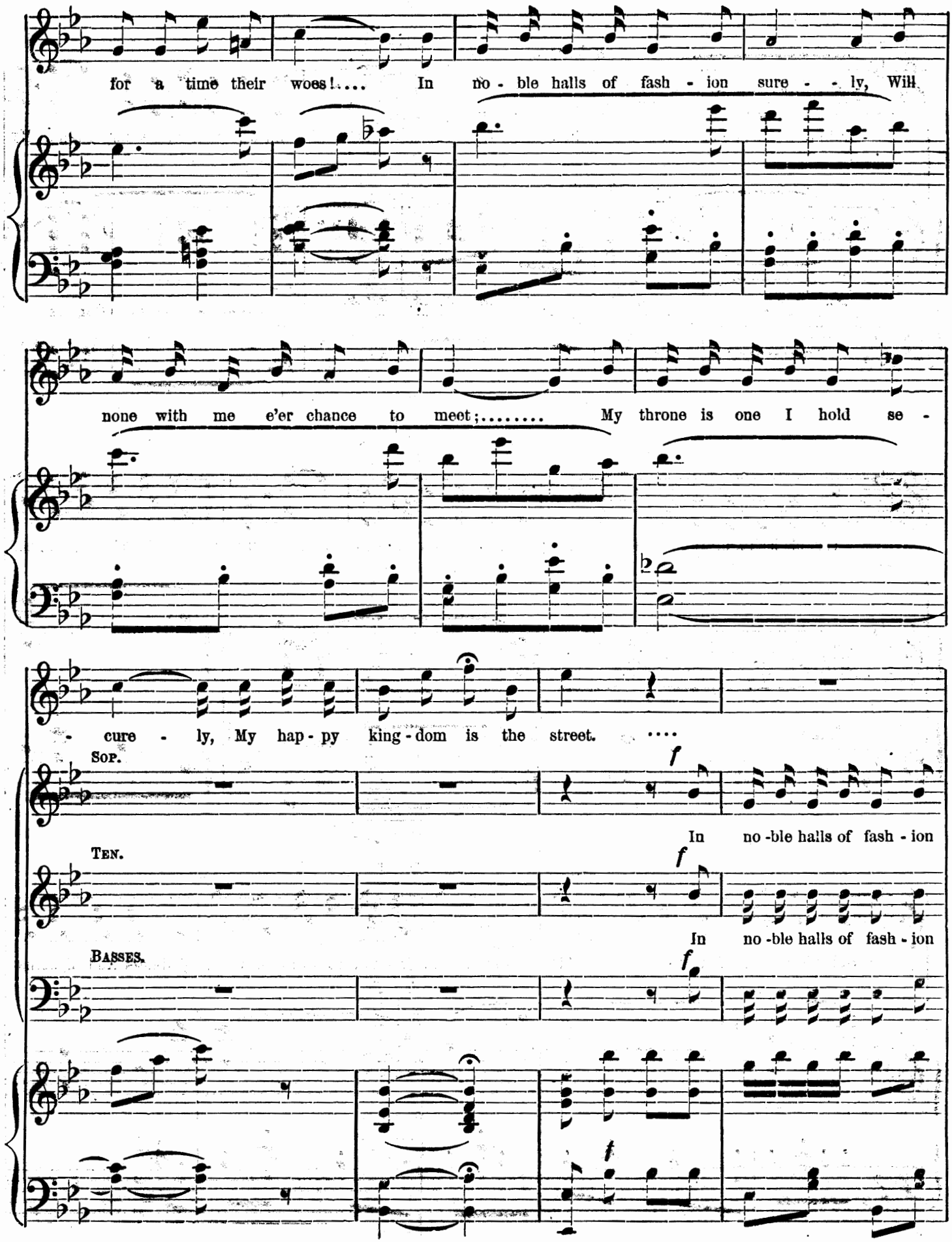
- frain of freedom and love, I soothe with my songs the dis - tresses, Of all who with sorrow may dwell ! My

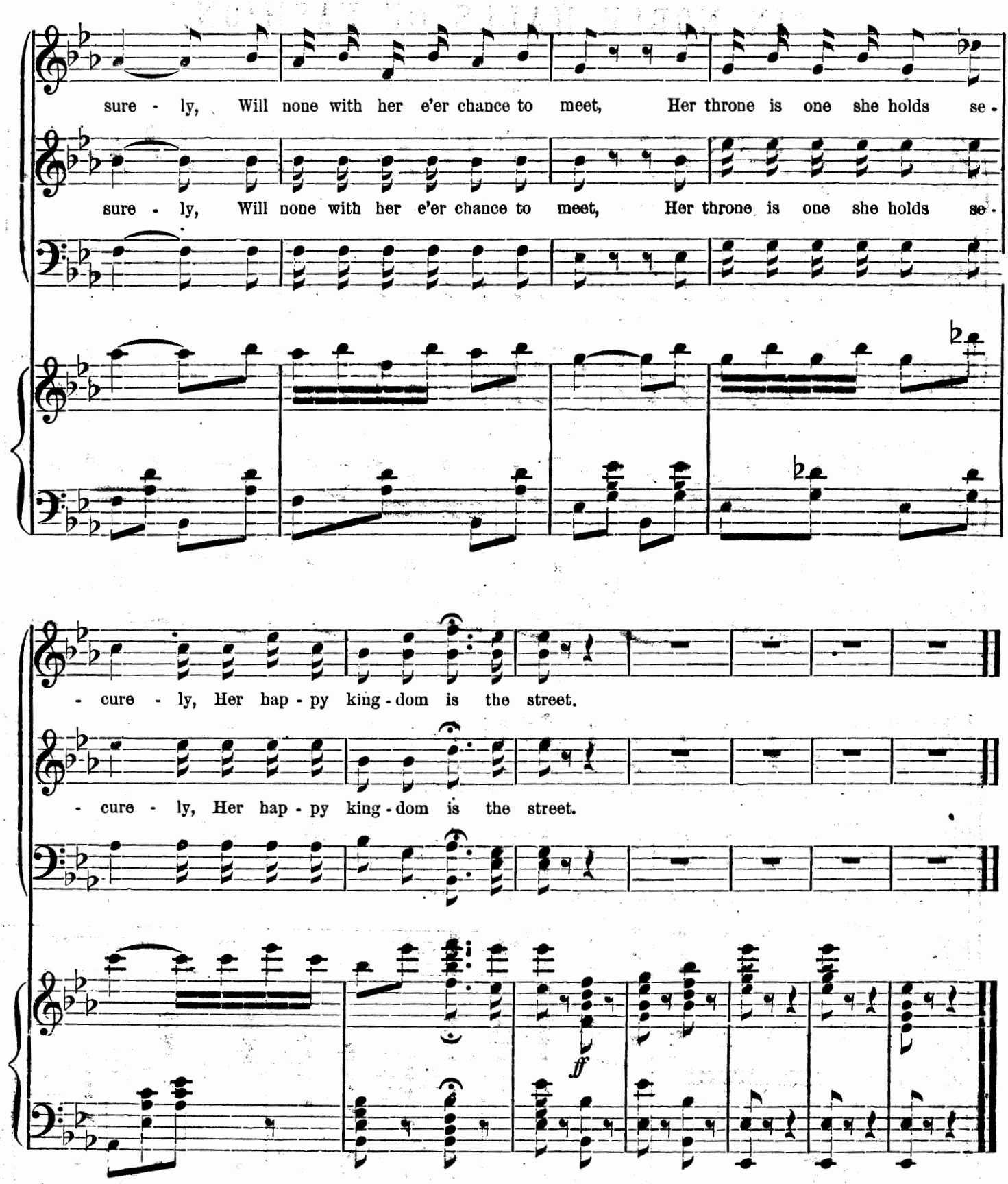
a tempo.

p *mf* *p*

car- ols lash him who op -presses The poor, and the low - ly as well. My voice to sleep lulls gloom and

sad - ness, On grief a ray of sun - shine throws ; Brings in - to careworn hearts some glad-ness, And lightens


for a time their woes!.... In no - ble halls of fash - ion sure - - ly, Will
none with me e'er chance to meet;..... My throne is one I hold se -
- cure - ly, My hap - py king - dom is the street. ....
Sop.
In no -ble halls of fash - ion
Ten.
In no -ble halls of fash - ion
Basses.



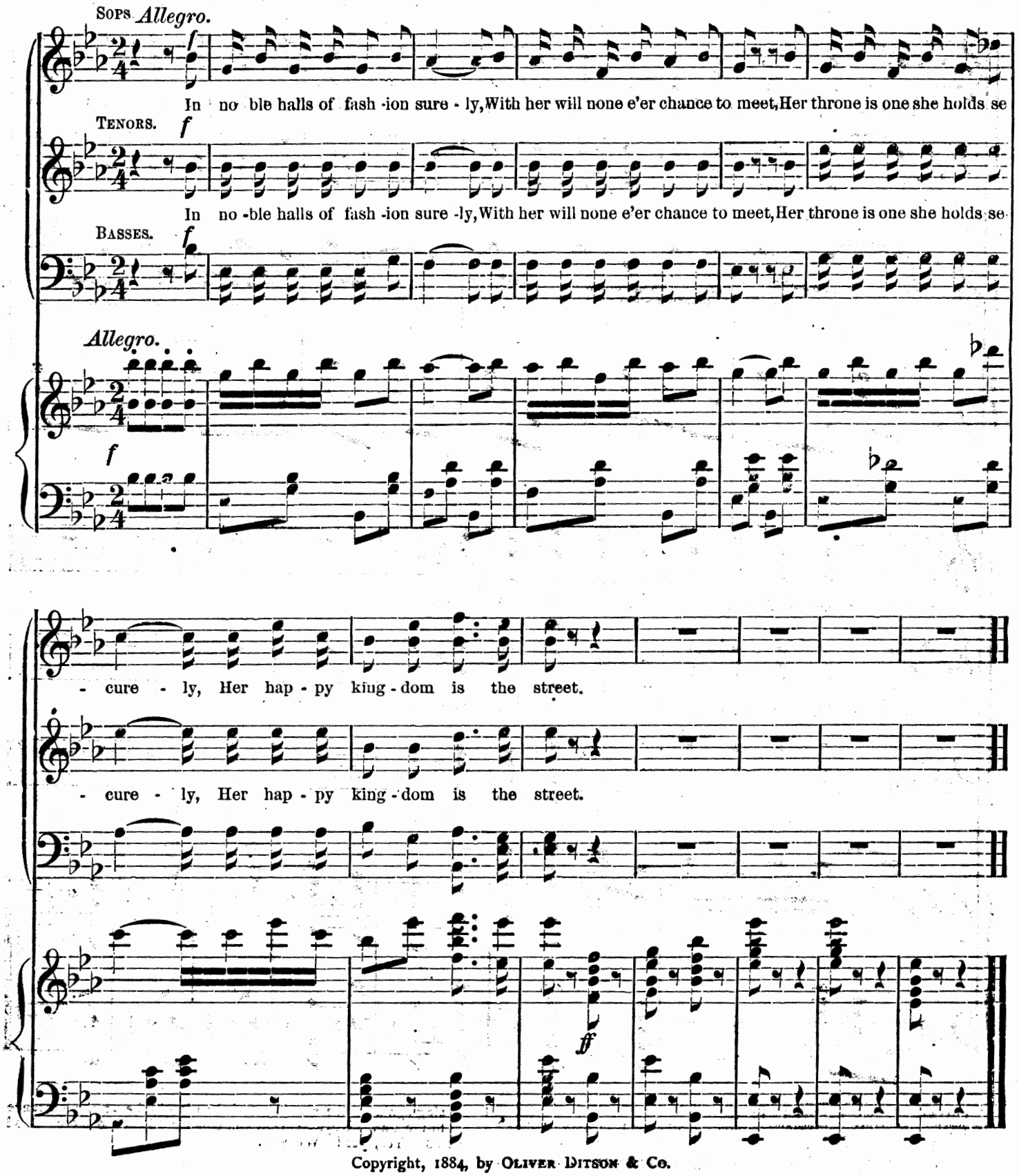
OMNES. Bravo, Fantine! Bravo!

FAN. (*Collecting money.*) Come, gentlemen! Come, ladies! Don't be afraid! You'll not offend me, no matter how large a sum you give. It's my last song this morning. I shall not sing again till the evening, and then it will be at the entrance to the Palais Royale! Will you come and hear me there? Do!

OMNES. Yes, yes! We will.

"IN NOBLE HALLS OF FASHION."

No. 5. Response of Chorus.



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Exeunt crowd at different entrances. NICOLET, JULIETTE. MANON, *and* FANTINE *remain. The latter goes up and counts the money she has received. Enter* FRANCOIS, R. 1, E., *as crowa disappears.*

NICO. (*Going to* FRANCOIS.) If you have no need of me,—and you *haven't* any important work on hand, *have you?* may I join my companions (*Points up*) for a little walk?

FRAN. (*Smiles,*) Go, my good fellow, go—(*In his ear.*) for a little walk, a little talk, and perhaps—(*Pushes him away gaily.*) a little kiss!

NICO. Thanks! (*Going up.*) There never was such a master! (*Gives* MANON *and* JULIETTE *an arm each.*) Now for our surprise! *Exeunt with them running,* R. U. E.)

FRAN. At last, my dear Fantine, we are alone! But, first, tell me —has this young nobleman followed you again, and tried to speak with you?

FAN. (*Smiles at him.*) Jealous fellow that you are. But no! I have not seen him for more than a week. He has discovered that it is useless to pursue me, I suppose. How good you are to me,—the poor street singer, who scarcely knows how to read and write; who owes the little she *does* know, all to you!

FRAN. You owe me nothing, Fantine; and if you did, I am more than repaid by your smiles. But, come, that reminds me—this is the hour for your daily lesson. (*Brings down table and chair which are before his shop.*)

FAN. My mother will not come here for me under an hour, at least. That hour I give to you.

FRAN. (*Brings down chair.*) Now, to work!

FAN. Yes, to work! (*Sits down to write.* FRANCOIS *overlooks her as she writes.*)

"NOW, TAKE PAINS AND MIND MY DICTATION."

No. 6. DUET. Fantine, and Francois.

Moderato.

p

FRANCIOS.

Now, take pains and mind my dic - ta - tion; And with care make each stroke and turn.

FANTINE.

Tempo di minuetto.

I'll try to meet your ap - pro - ba - tion, But 'tis so ver - y hard to - learn.

Tempo di minuetto.

p *sf* *p*

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FRANCOIS.

B - a, ba. Slow - ly with each let - ter; B - o, bo. Bear down ver - y light.

FANTINE. FRANCOIS.

B - e, be. Charming! That is bet - ter. Bi - i, - Bi. I shall nev - er write.

You must be pa - tient if you ev - er, Hope as a writ - er to be clev - er!

Naught can be learned without some pains, Come, we will try it once a - gain.

poco rit.

FANTINE. (*Trembles, and writing nervously.*)

B - a, - ba. B - o, - Bo.

(*In half voice with passion.*)

Loved one, I a - dore you! And for thee I sigh!

(*Much moved, and stammering.*)

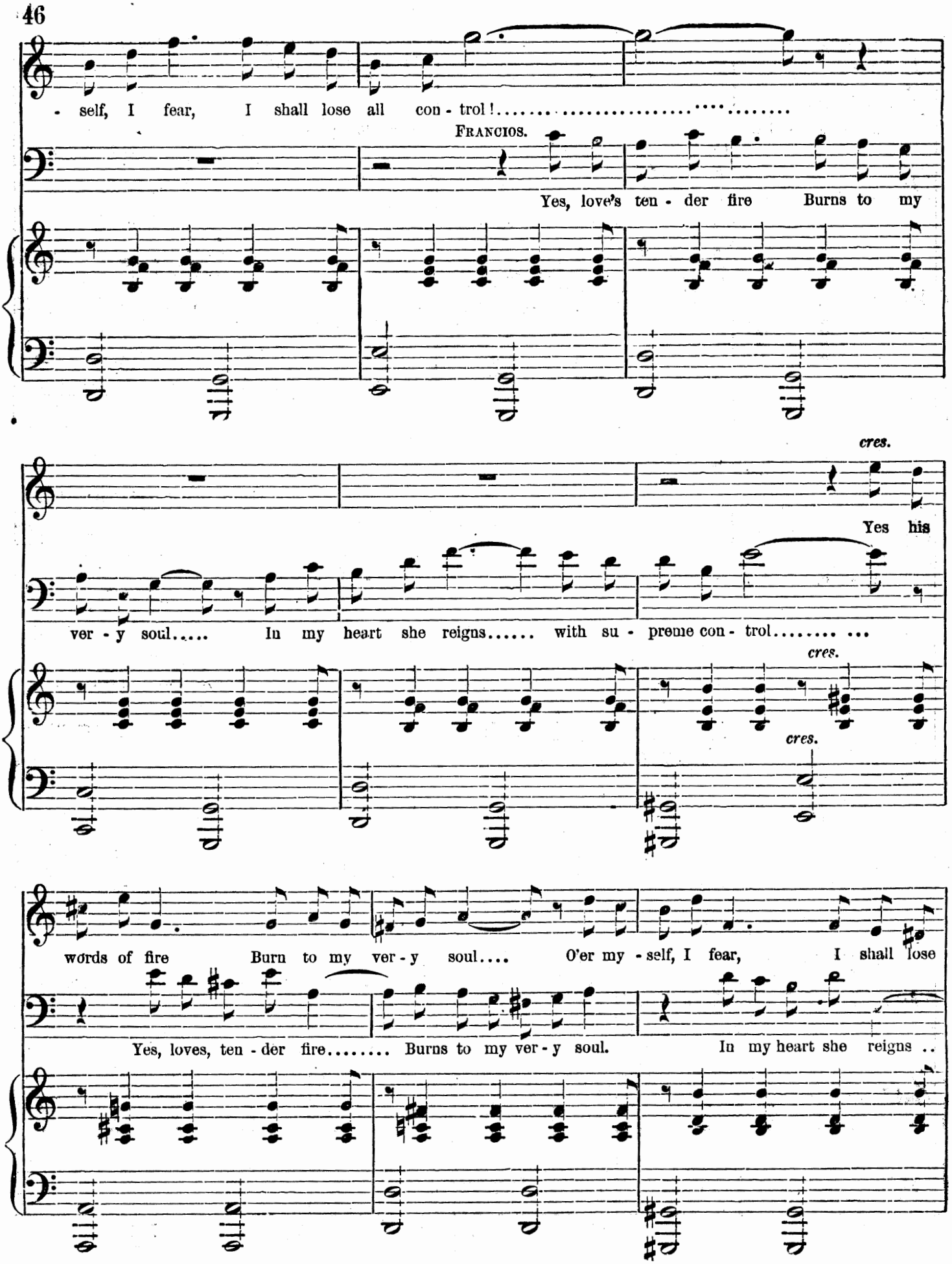
B - e, be. Bi - i, - Bi.

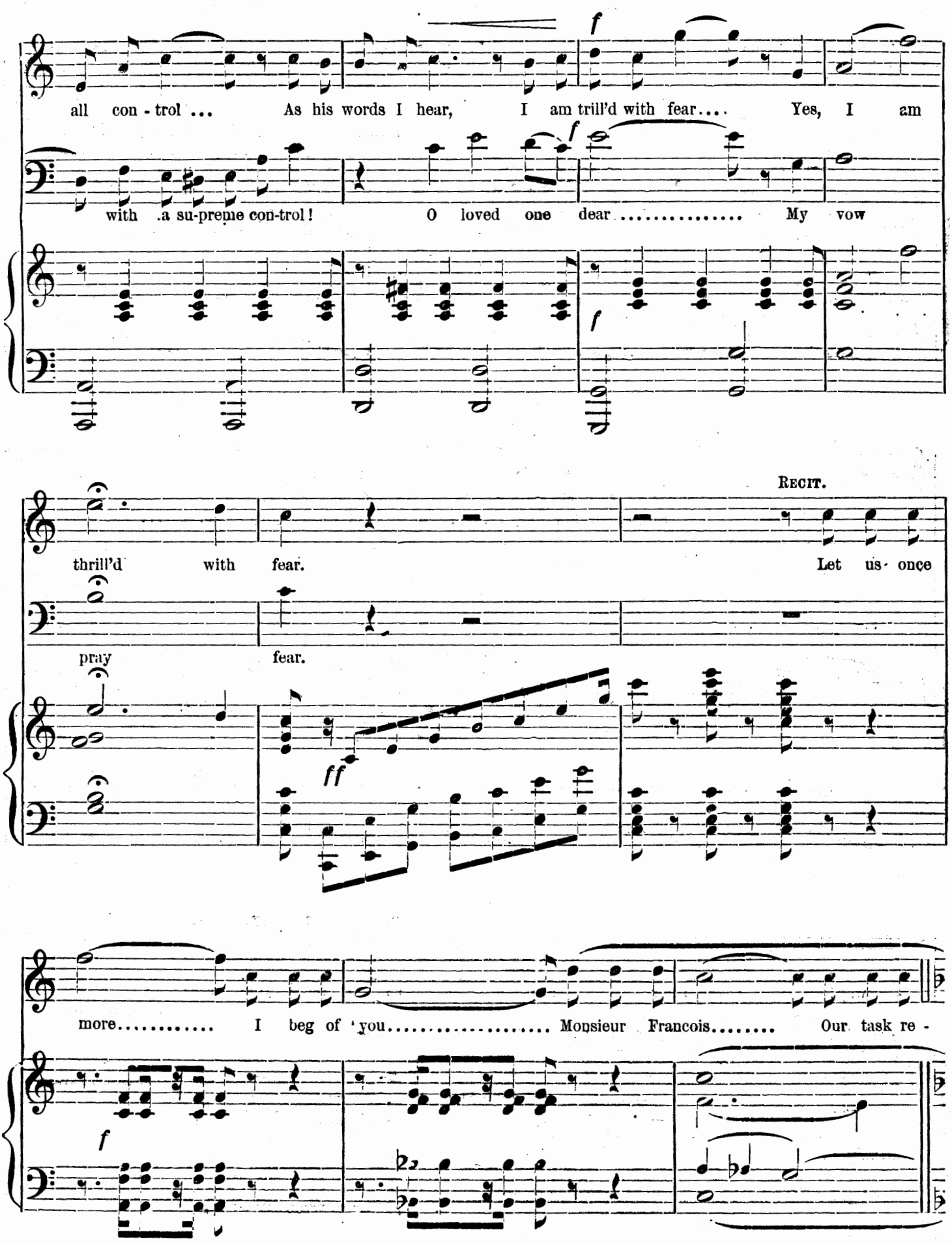
Love me I im- plore you. Or with grief I

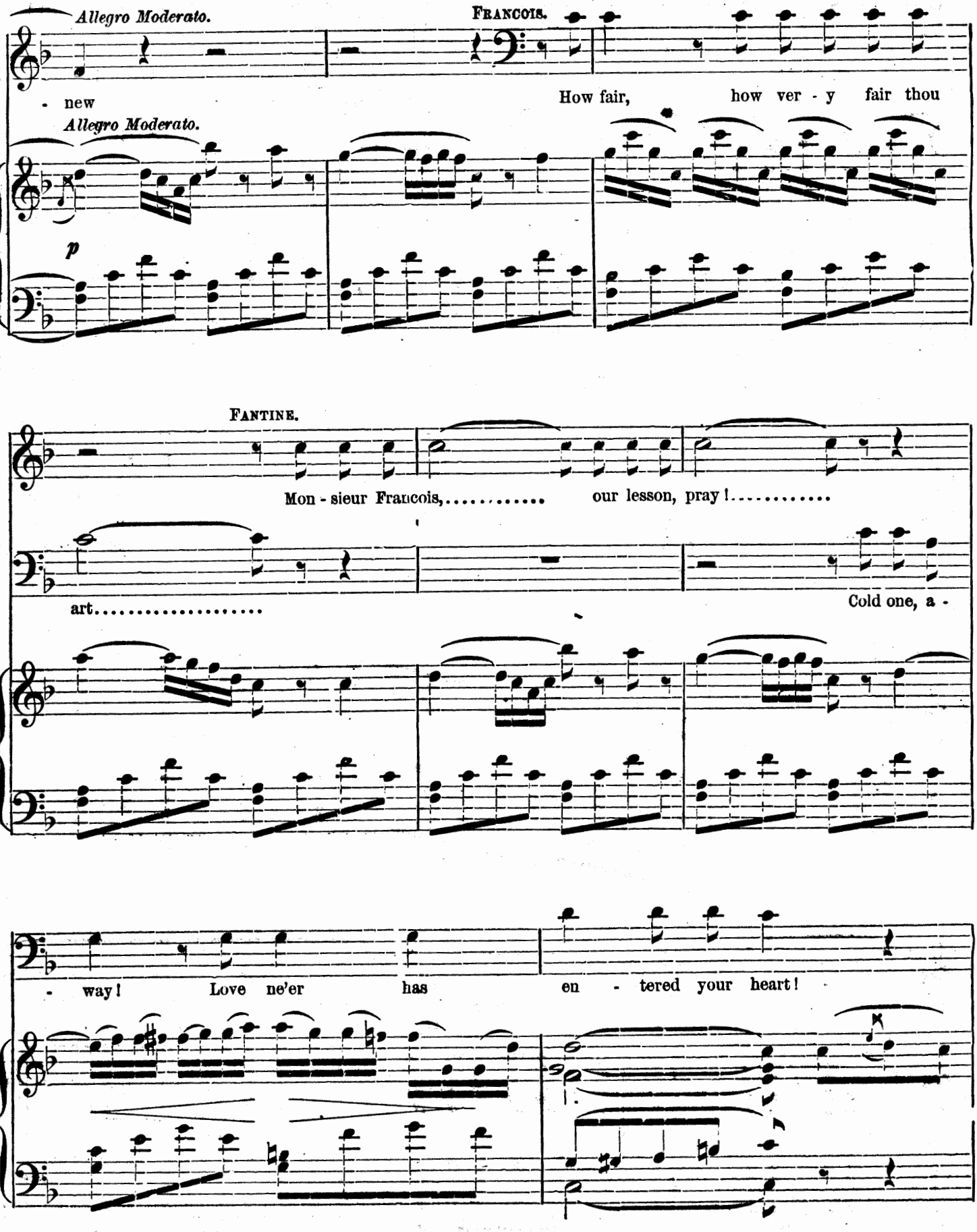
Andantino. FANTINE. *p* (*Aside and rising.*)

die! How his words of fire Burn to my ver - y soul! O,er my

p


- self, I fear, I shall lose all con - trol!.....
FRANCIOS.
Yes, love's ten - der fire Burns to my
cres.
Yes his
ver - y soul..... In my heart she reigns..... with su - preme con - trol..... ...
cres.
cres.
words of fire Burn to my ver - y soul.... O'er my - self, I fear, I shall lose
Yes, loves, ten - der fire..... Burns to my ver - y soul. In my heart she reigns ..


all con - trol ... As his words I hear, I am trill'd with fear.... Yes, I am
with a su-preme con-trol! O loved one dear ..... My vow
RECIT.
thrill'd with fear. Let us - once
pray fear.
more..... I beg of you..... Monsieur Francois..... Our task re -


Allegro Moderato.
FRANCOIS.
- new
How fair, how ver - y fair thou
Allegro Moderato.
p
FANTINE.
Mon - sieur Francois,..... our lesson, pray!.....
art.....
Cold one, a -
- way! Love ne'er has en - tered your heart!

FANTINE.

To speak such words of i - dle fol - ly How can so wise a teach - er

deign? Come, you must be ..... less melan - chol - - y,

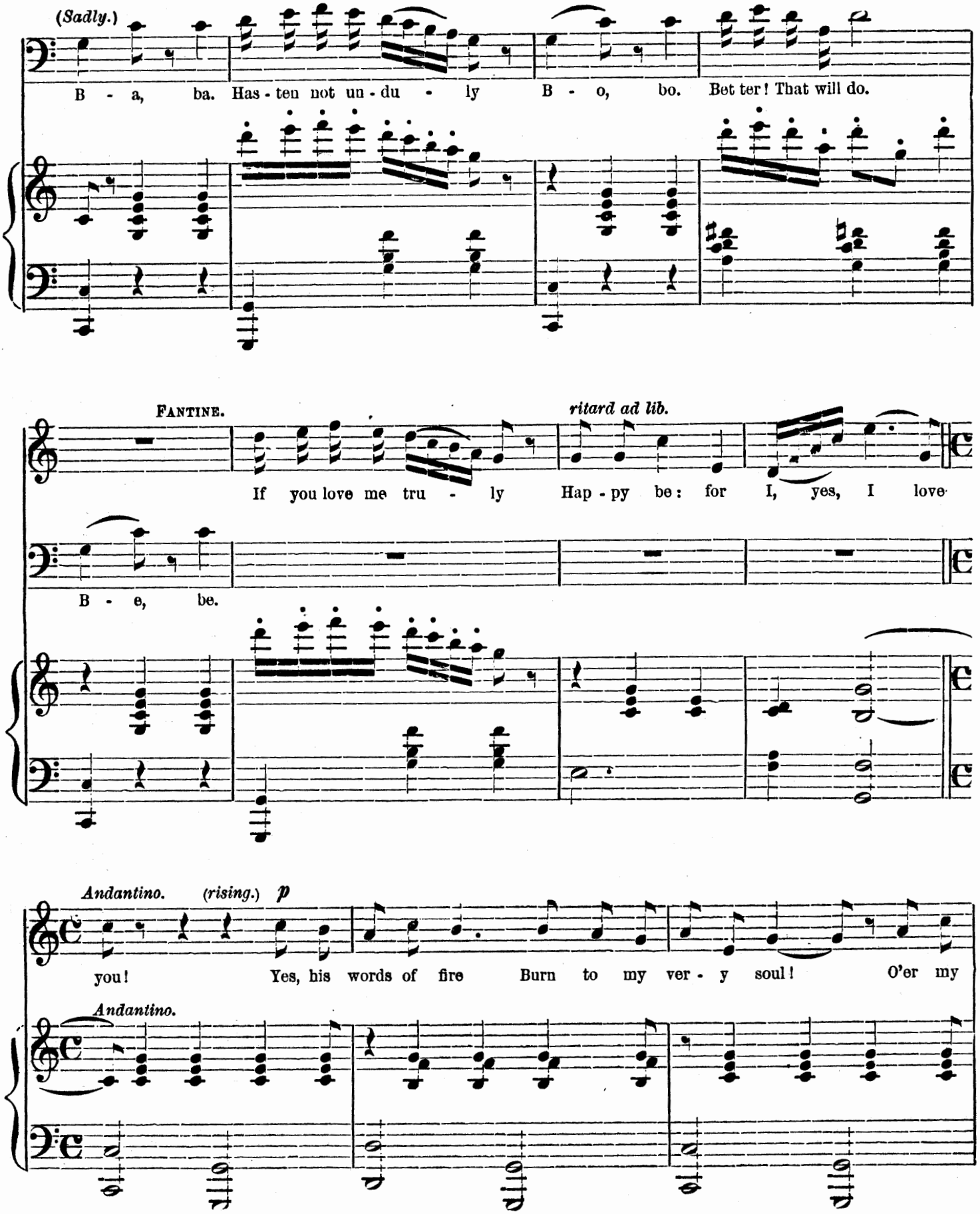
FRANCOIS.

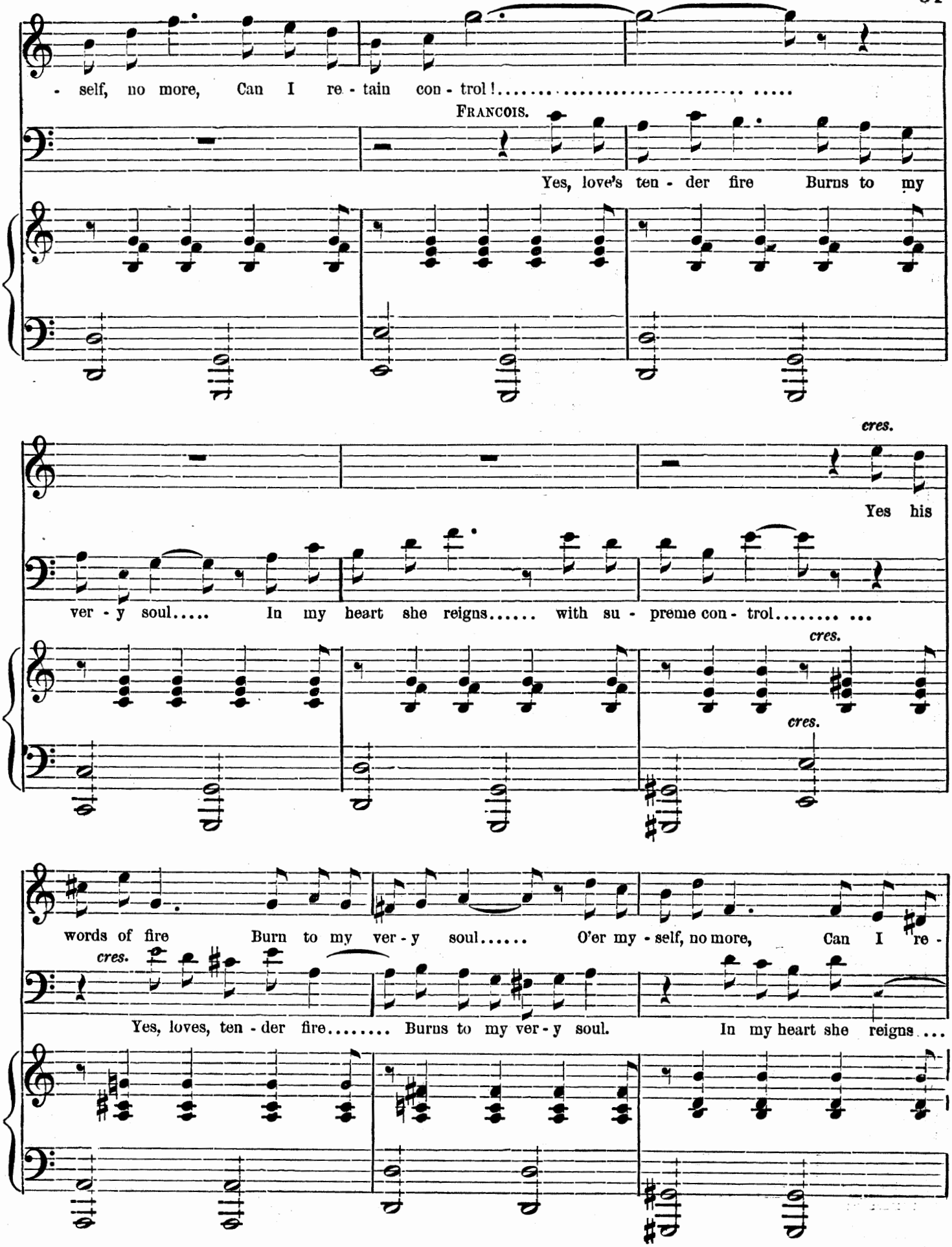
If you my love e'er hope to gain! Take back that cru - el threat, And my foolish words for - get.

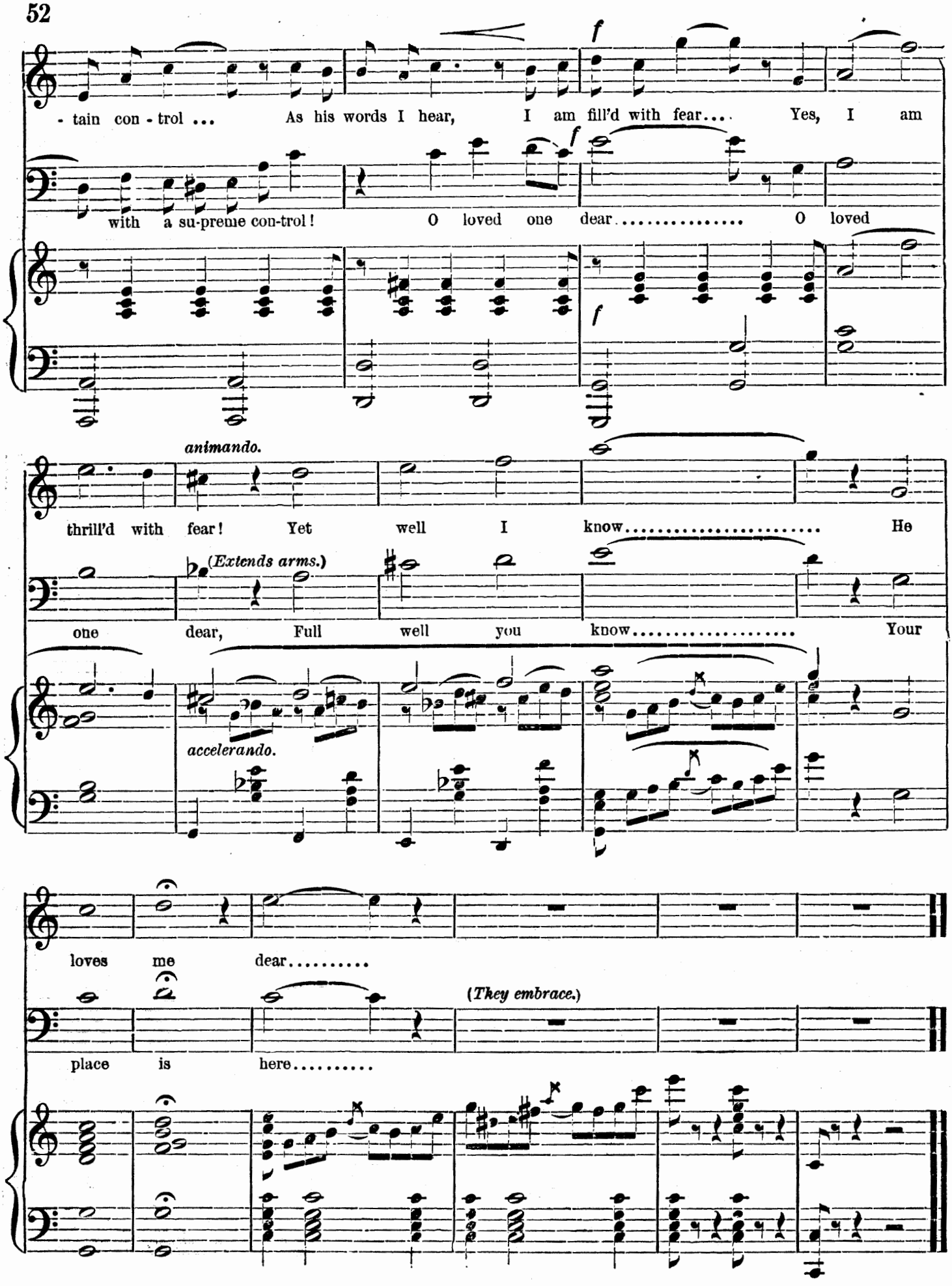
f

1st. Tempo. (*She sits to write again.*)

I meek - ly par - don beg of you, And I'll my lesson straight re - new.


(Sadly.)
B - a, ba. Has - ten not un - du - ly B - o, bo. Bet ter! That will do.
FANTINE.
ritard ad lib.
If you love me tru - ly Hap - py be: for I, yes, I love
B - e, be.
Andantino. (rising.) p
you! Yes, his words of fire Burn to my ver - y soul! O'er my
Andantino.


- self, no more, Can I re - tain con - trol!
FRANCOIS.
Yes, love's ten - der fire Burns to my
cres.
Yes his
ver - y soul..... In my heart she reigns..... with su - preme con - trol..... ...
cres.
cres.
words of fire Burn to my ver - y soul..... O'er my - self, no more, Can I re -
cres.
Yes, loves, ten - der fire..... Burns to my ver - y soul. In my heart she reigns ...


- tain con - trol ... As his words I hear, I am fill'd with fear.... Yes, I am
with a su-preme con-trol! O loved one dear..... O loved
animando.
thrill'd with fear! Yet well I know..... He
(Extends arms.)
one dear, Full well you know..... Your
accelerando.
loves me dear.....
(They embrace.)
place is here.....

Enter MILITZA, L. I. E.

MIL. What do I see!

FAN. (*Quitting* FRANCOIS.) Militza!

FRAN. The deuce! (*Ashamed, and taking chair and table to shop to simulate pressing occupation.*)

MIL. Well, miss, are these the principles I have taught you?

FRAN. Don't be angry. I love her, and would make her my wife.

MIL. What! A poor girl without a sous? Your wife!

FRAN. Yes; you'll surely not withhold your consent. (*Taps her under chin.*) Eh! We love each other, you know. Come, say yes!

MIL. If *she* is willing, I'm sure *I* should have no objection. Besides, she's only my child by adoption, and I shall be glad to see her the wife of an honest man. The girl was found in the country by peasants, and given to them by a strolling company of acrobats. I was then one of them, and took charge of her. The manager did not like it; but he was a drunken brute who used to beat me. He wanted to beat her too, and so, one night, I ran away with Fantine yonder, and since then we have lived as we could, and—here we are.

FRAN. What matters her past to me? I love her. That's enough!

FAN. Dear Francois?—

MIL. But I must go and get breakfast ready. While thinking of the heart, we musn't forget the stomach. You can spare me, I presume. (*Slyly.*) Eh? Well, well. While I am gone, bill and coo, you happy noodles—bill and coo! (*Exit into house.*)

FRAN. What a good-hearted creature; and how much I owe her for having guarded for me such a treasure as my Fantine!

FAN. And you love me so very much then. (FRANCOIS *kisses her.*)

Enter PONTCORNET, R. U. E.

PONT. Do I disturb you?

FRAN. Oh! The Marquis de Pontcornet!

FAN. (*Aside, and starts. Struck.*) Pontcornet—Pontcornet! (*Reflects.*)

PONT. I want you, Francois, but I see you are—ahem! busy! (*Smiles. Looks through eye-glass at* FANTINE.) Upon my word, a pretty girl—a *very* pretty girl. (*Points to songs she has in her hand, which she seized when surprised by the Marquis.*) What have you there?

FAN. (*Curtseys.*) Songs, if you please.

PONT. Songs? Do you sell songs?

FAN. (*Curtseys*) Yes, if you please?

PONT. What a curious coincidence! I write them.

FAN. What you? You write songs—like these?

PONT. Like these? Like anything. Of late, I have been writing them against the revolutionists. (*Takes paper from pocket.*) For instance, here is one that will inevitably overturn the factions at present trying to ruin our country with their republican ideas. Here, Francois, take the song and correct it. (*To* FANTINE.) And you, little one, sing it Make it popular, and your fortune is assured; for it will win the favor of the king. I sing the praises of royalty.

FRAN. Yes; but the people will not sing anything of that kind.

PONT. The people will sing what they are made to sing!

FRAN. Not always!

PONT. You will observe I have adopted a familiar bantering tone. Listen. (*Declaims poem.*)

Ye sons of France, give ear to me,
While I unto you all explain
How through our glorious ruler we
Seek not prosperity in vain.
In our finances, no confusion;
By our laws, the people blest;
Money rolling in profusion;
And no taxes we detest.
And this is by all confessed.
And this, you see,
Will ever be
While France is ruled by royalty.

FRAN. (*Alarmed.*) Not so loud, Marquis!—at least, here, near the market, where such sentiments are not popular.

PONT. There are eighteen more verses like that. Do you see the idea? Now, correct my verses—make them run smoothly, and let this little one sing them. My protection is assured you, and your fortune also.

FRAN. (*Takes paper.*) I will attend to it, Marquis.

PONT. I will return for them shortly. (*To* FAN.) And I shall not forget you. (*Aside.*) Decidedly, some of the daughters of the common people are very pretty! (*Aloud.*) By the way, Francois, be particular about the spelling. A nobleman has no time to attend to such a trifle. *Au revoir.* (*Exit* R.)

FAN. They would pelt me with stones if I were to sing that song!

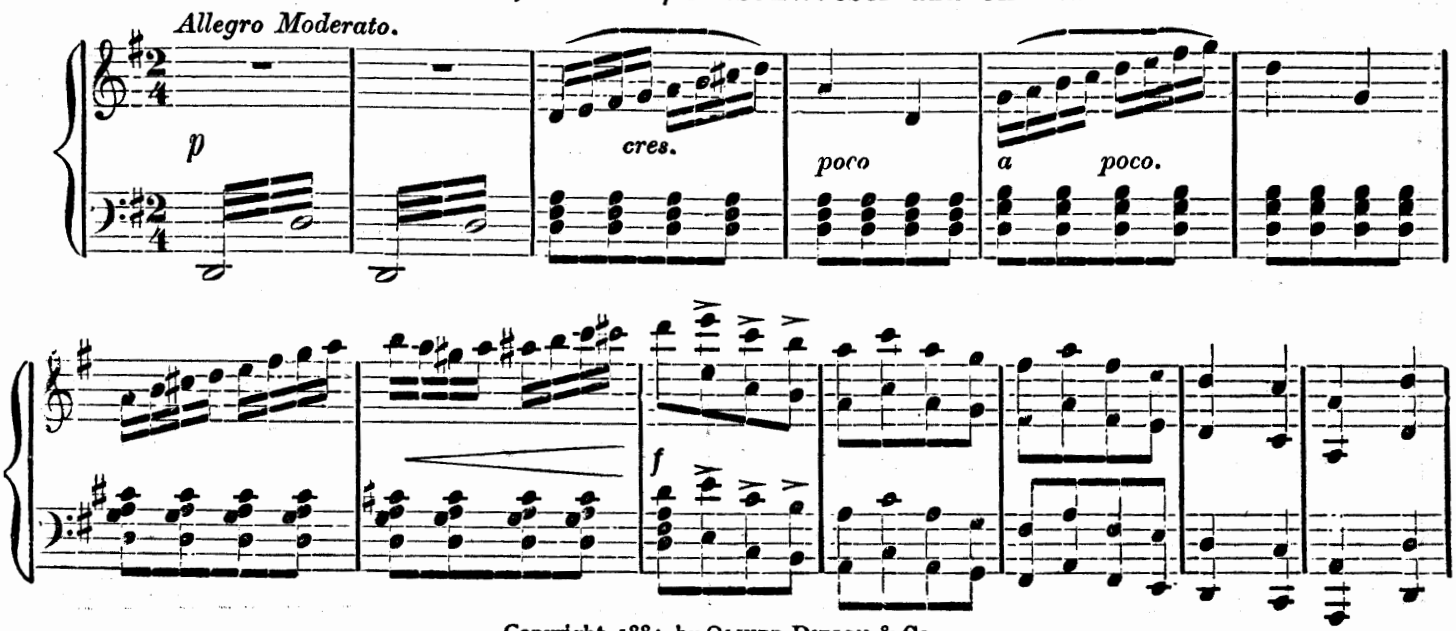
FRAN. Oh, wait till I have touched it up a bit. Ah, Marquis, you are fortunate that I am able to befriend you just now. If my fellow conspirators knew you wrote these verses, I would not give a farthing for your head!

NICO. (*Enter at back.*) This way! This way.

FRAN. What now? (*Enter* KIRSCHWASSER, MANON, JULIETTE, *Market women, Soldiers, Work-girls, Men and women.*)

"WE COME! WE COME!"

No. 7. Francois, Gratinet, Kirschwasser and Chorus.



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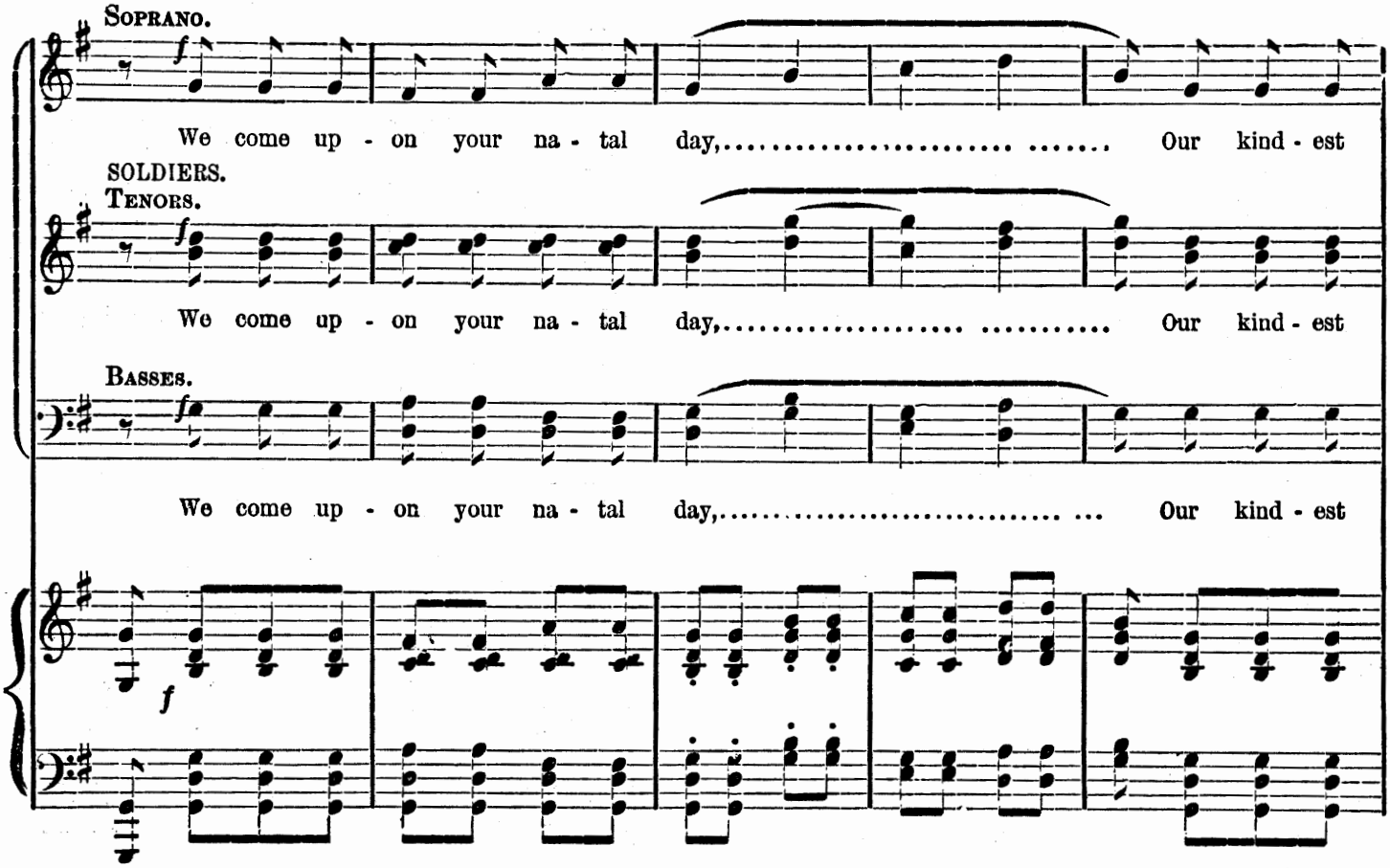
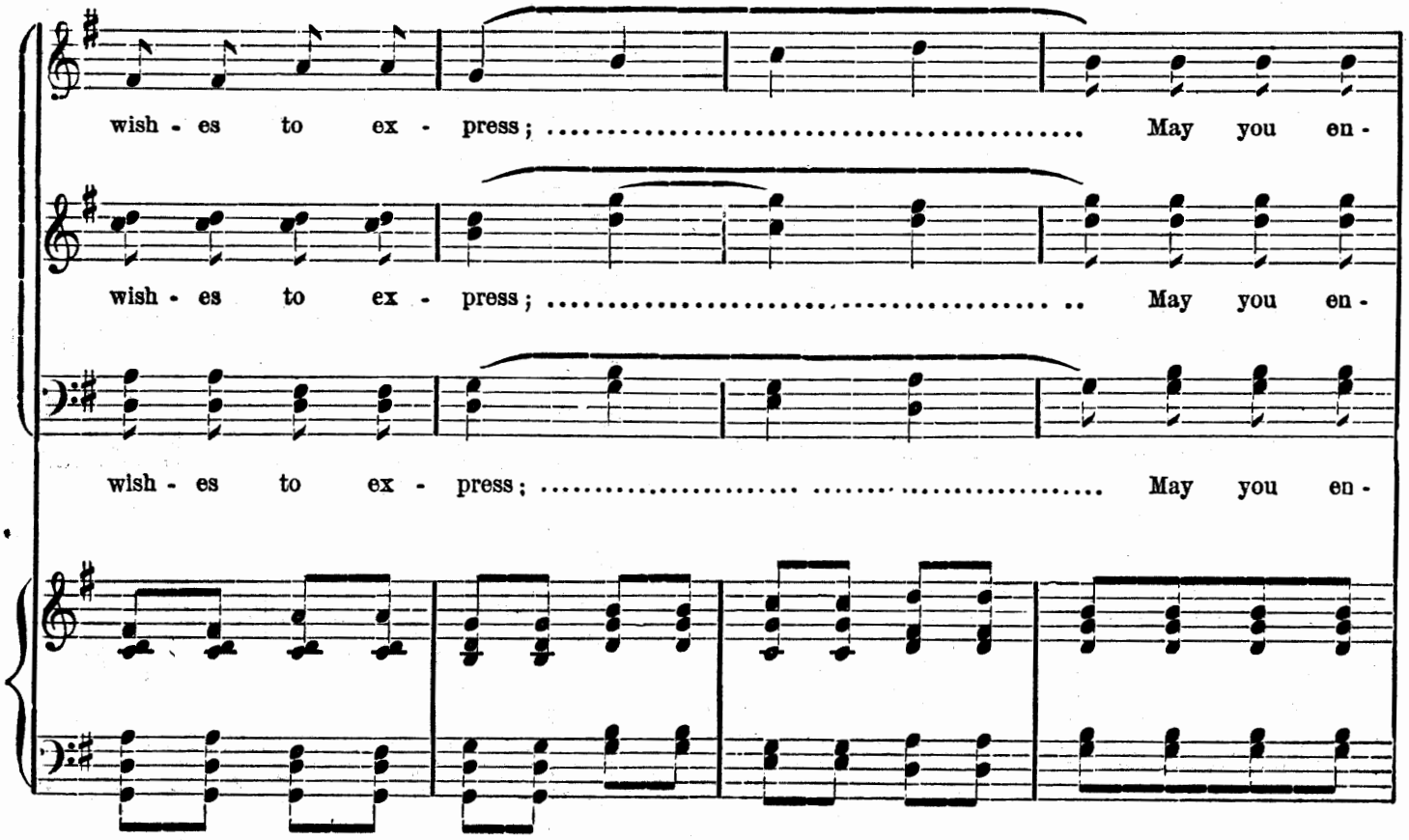
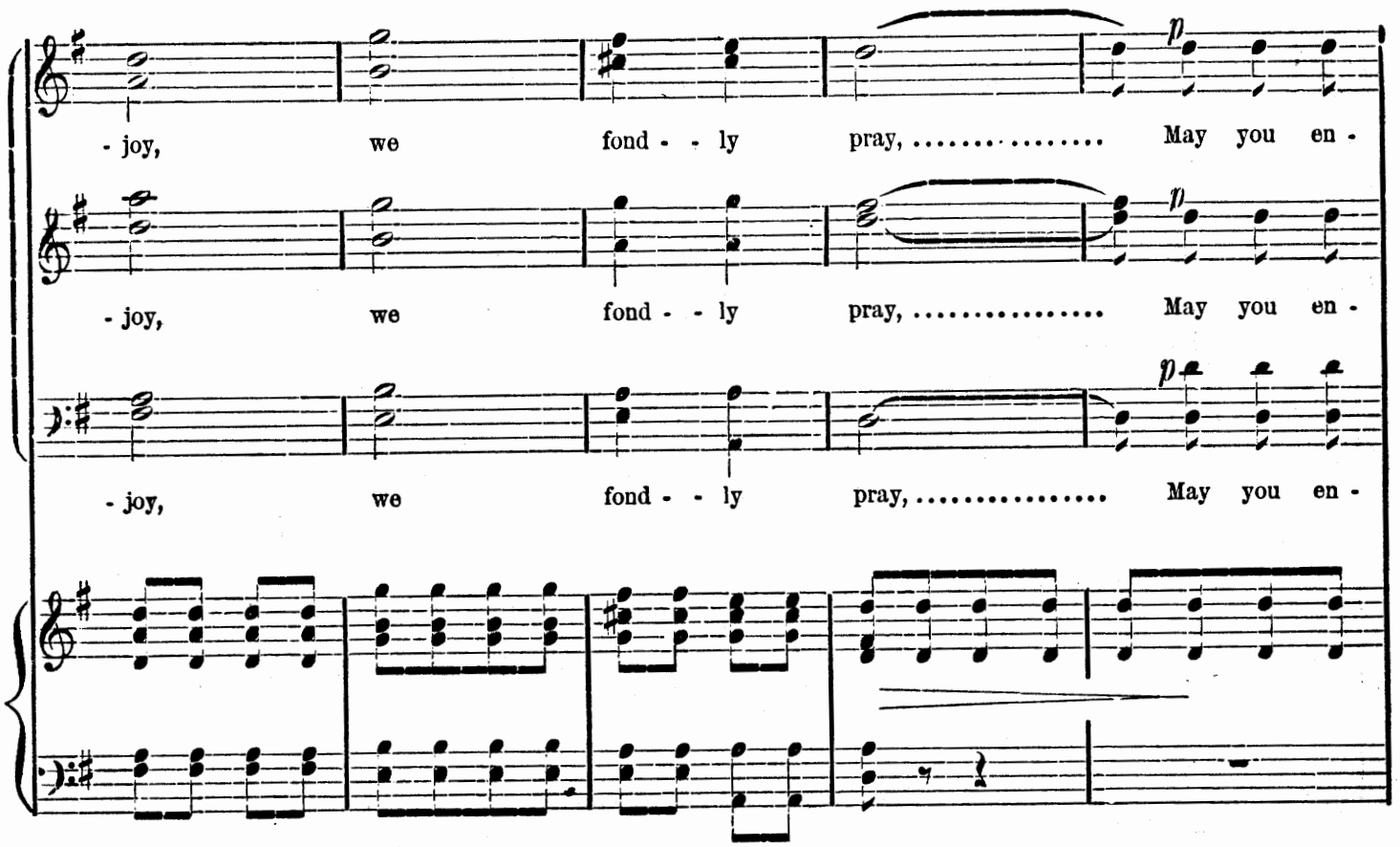
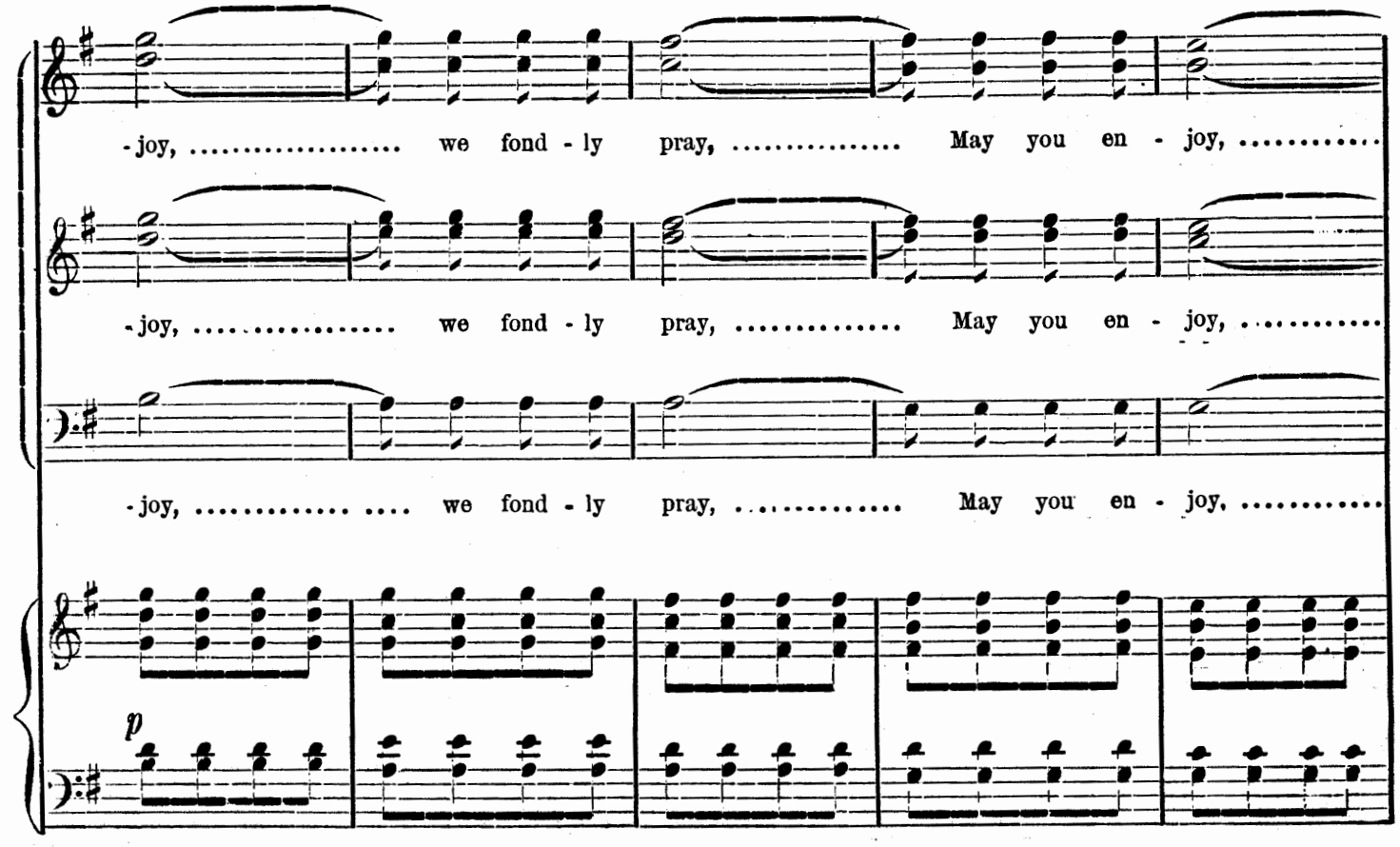
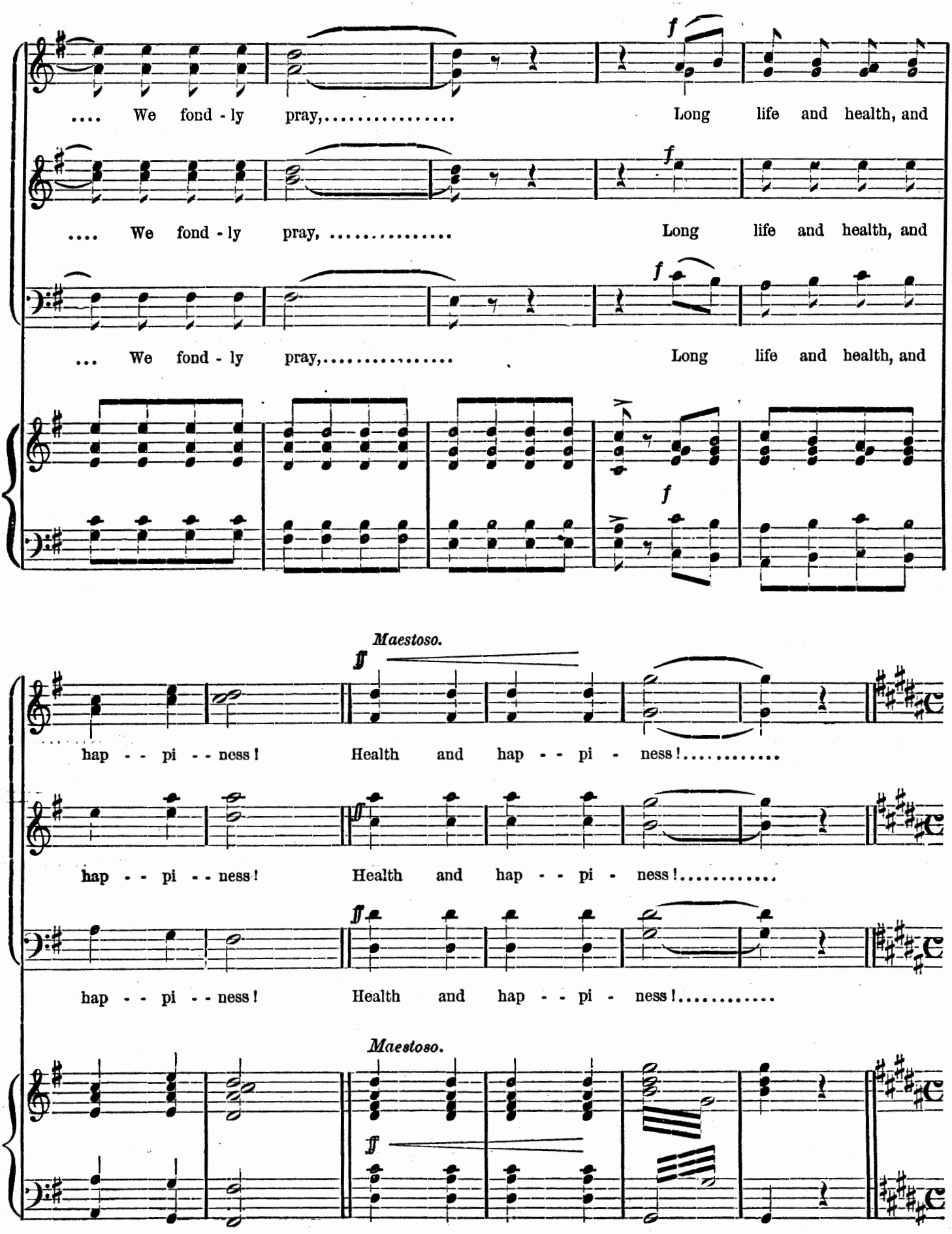

Soprano.
We come up - on your na - tal day, Our kind - est
Soldiers.
Tenors.
We come up - on your na - tal day, Our kind - est
Basses.
We come up - on your na - tal day, Our kind - est


wish - es to ex - press; May you en -
wish - es to ex - press; May you en -
wish - es to ex - press; May you en -


- joy, we fond - - ly pray, ... May you en -
- joy, we fond - - ly pray, ... May you en -
- joy, we fond - - ly pray, ... May you en -


- joy, ... we fond - ly pray, ... May you en - joy, ...
- joy, ... we fond - ly pray, ... May you en - joy, ...
- joy, ... we fond - ly pray, ... May you en - joy, ...


.... We fond - ly pray,..... Long life and health, and
.... We fond - ly pray, ... Long life and health, and
... We fond - ly pray,..... Long life and health, and
Maestoso.
hap - - pi - - ness! Health and hap - - pi - ness!.....
hap - - pi - - ness! Health and hap - - pi - ness!.....
hap - - pi - - ness! Health and hap - - pi - ness!.....
Maestoso.

FRANCOIS.

Andante.

While I live, to you I swear,..... Your kind - ness I can - not for-

Andante.

ff *p*

- get;..... Do what I may, I feel I e'er..... To you shall owe a grate - ful

suivez.

Allegro Moderato.

debt.

f

Long live Francois! Long live Fran - cois!..... Long live Francois! Long live Fran-

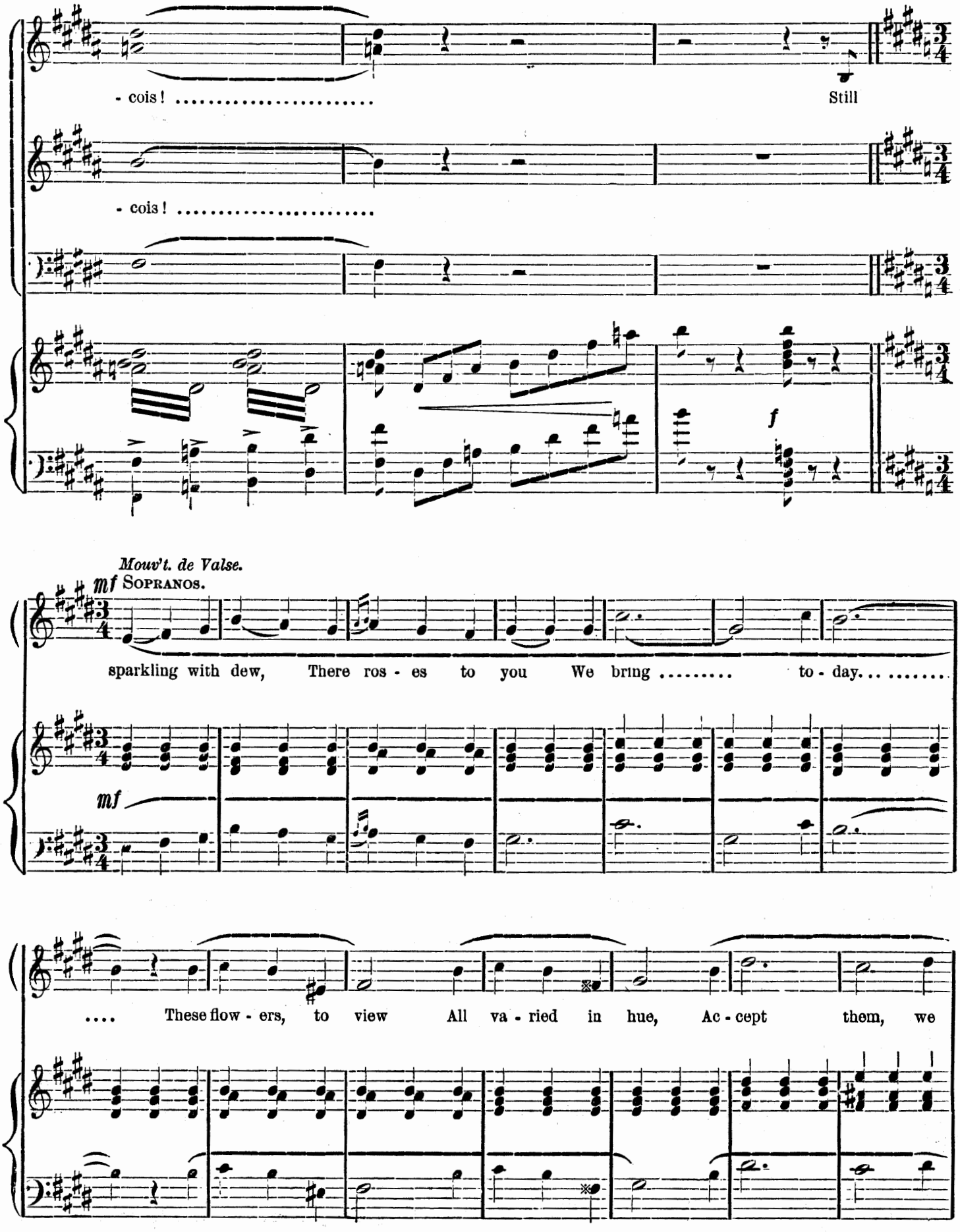
f

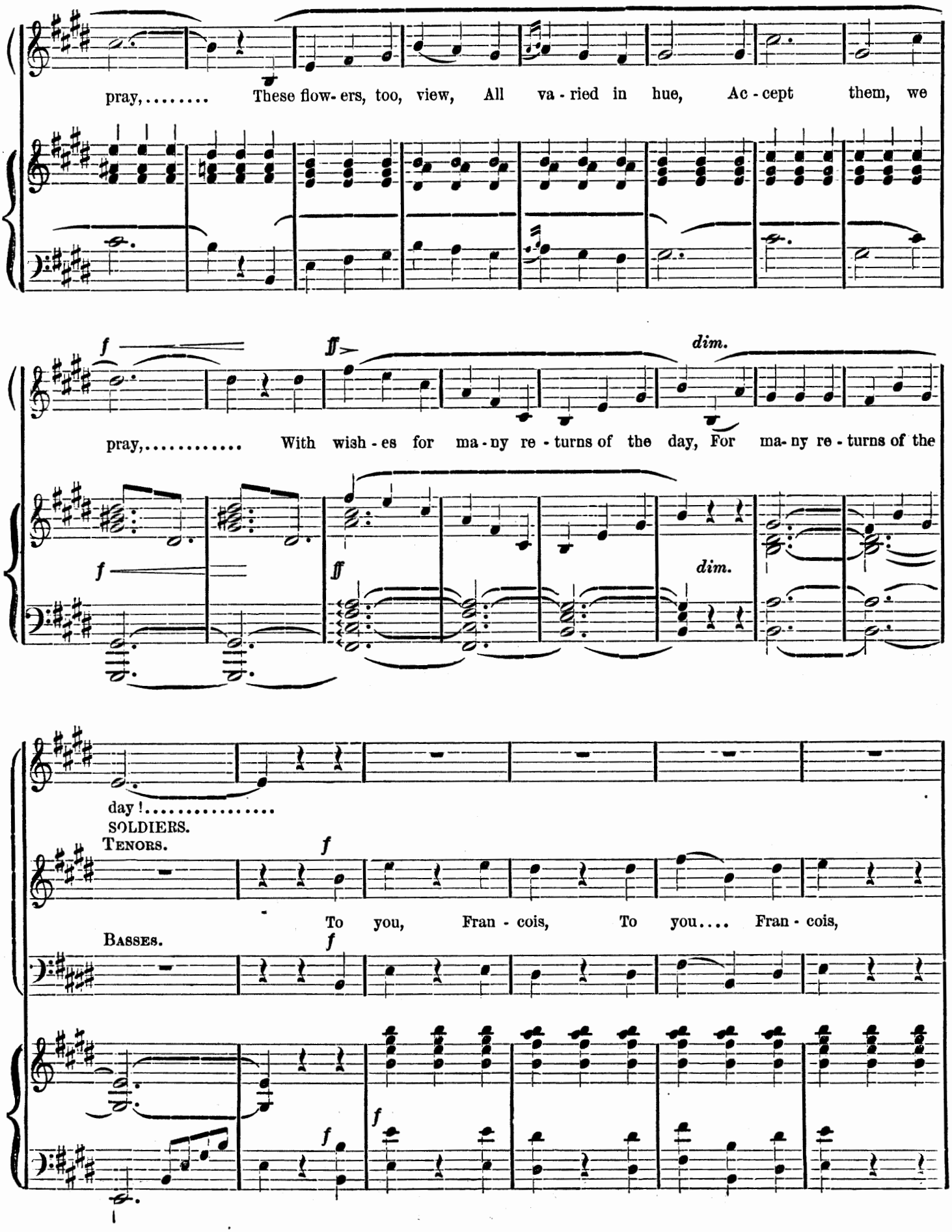
Long live Francois! Long live Fran - cois!..... Long live Francois! Long live Fran-

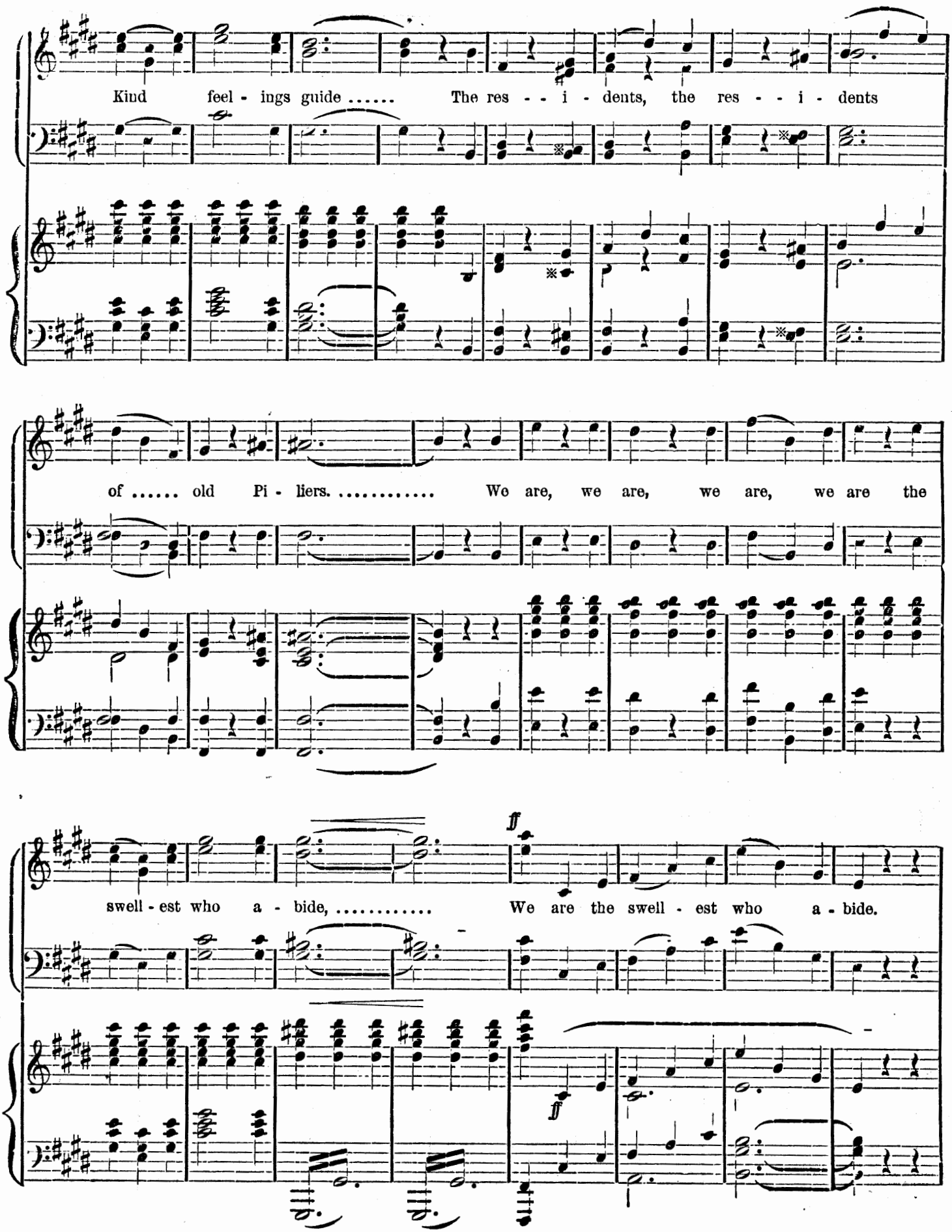
f

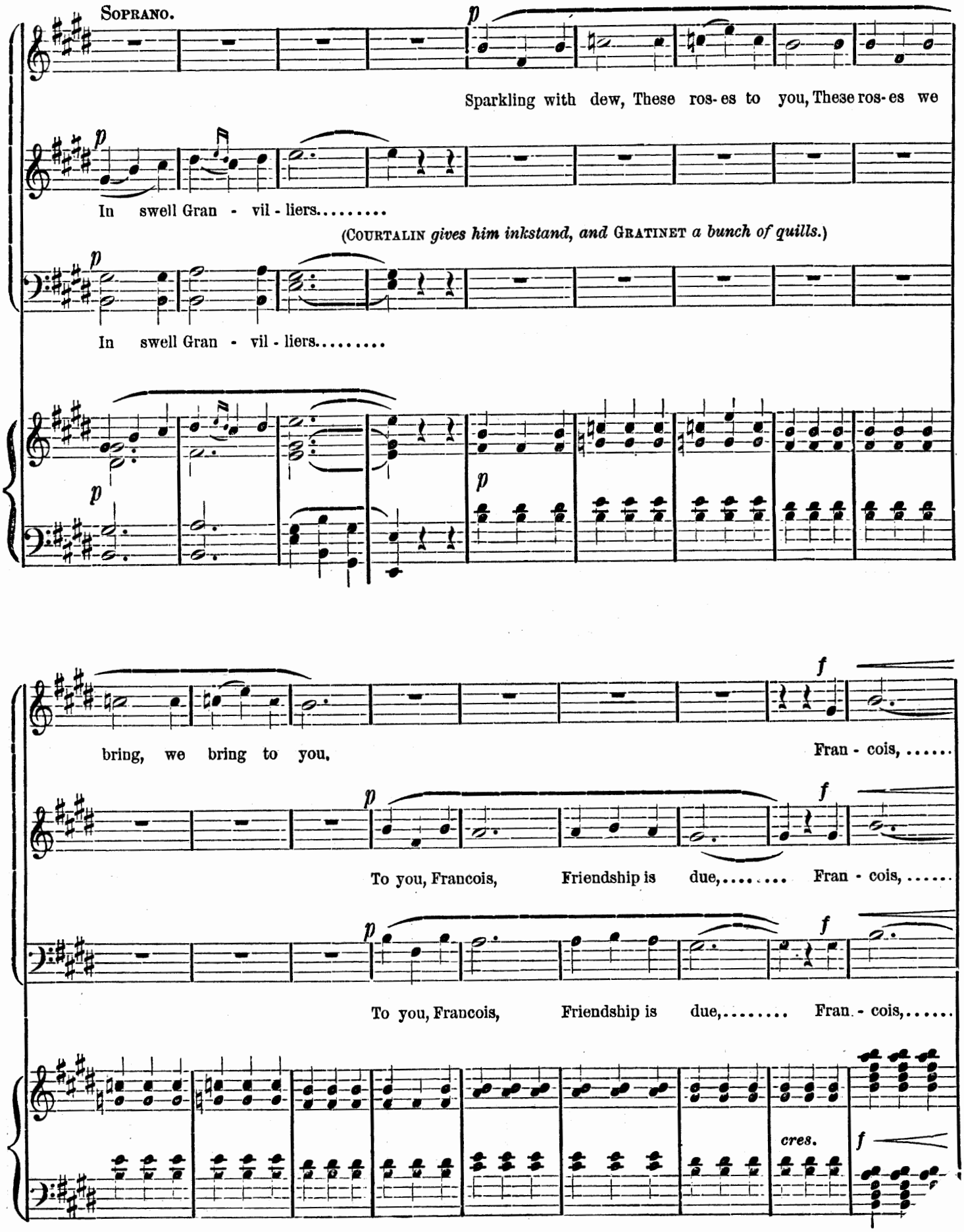
Allegro Moderato.

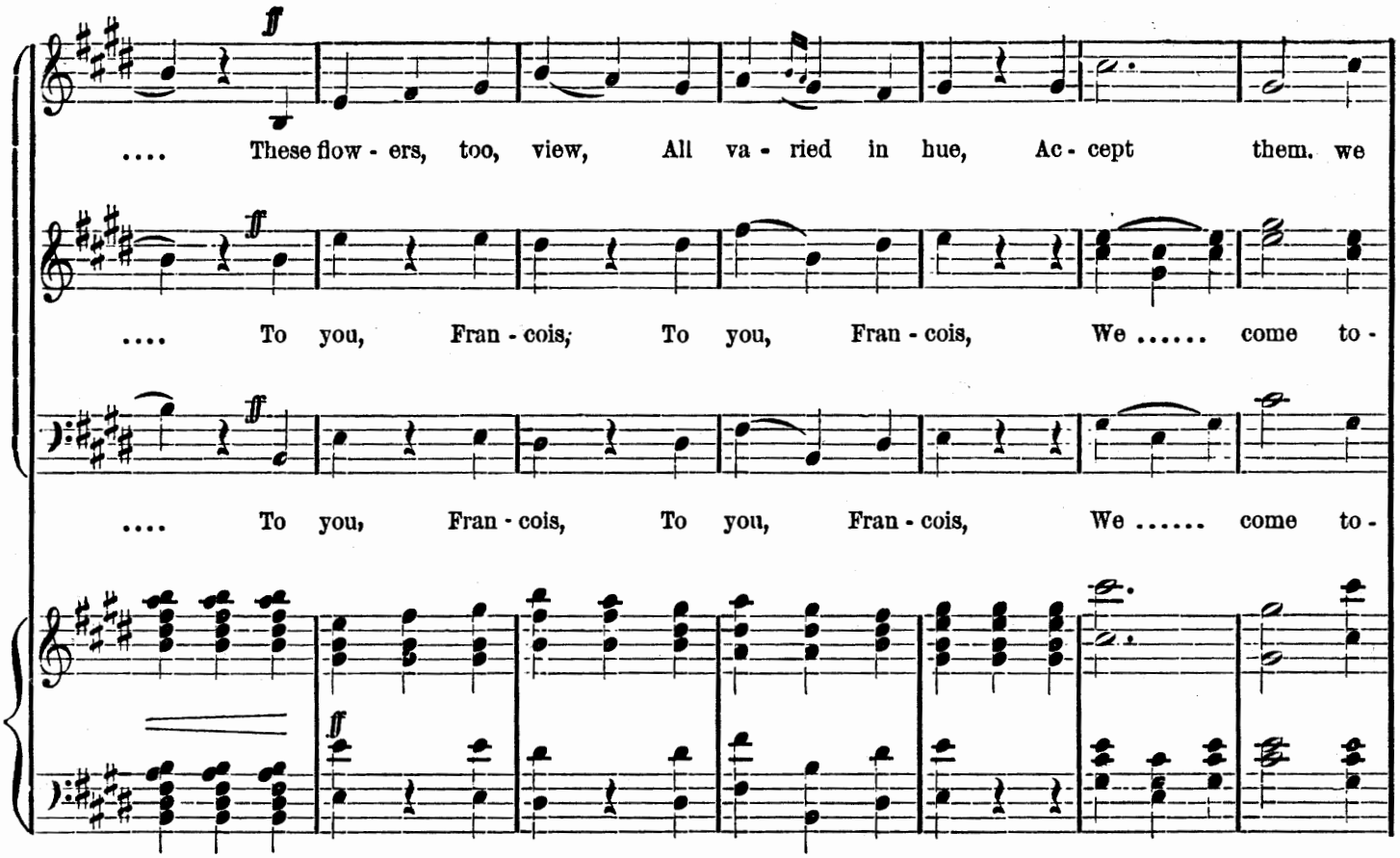
f *ff*

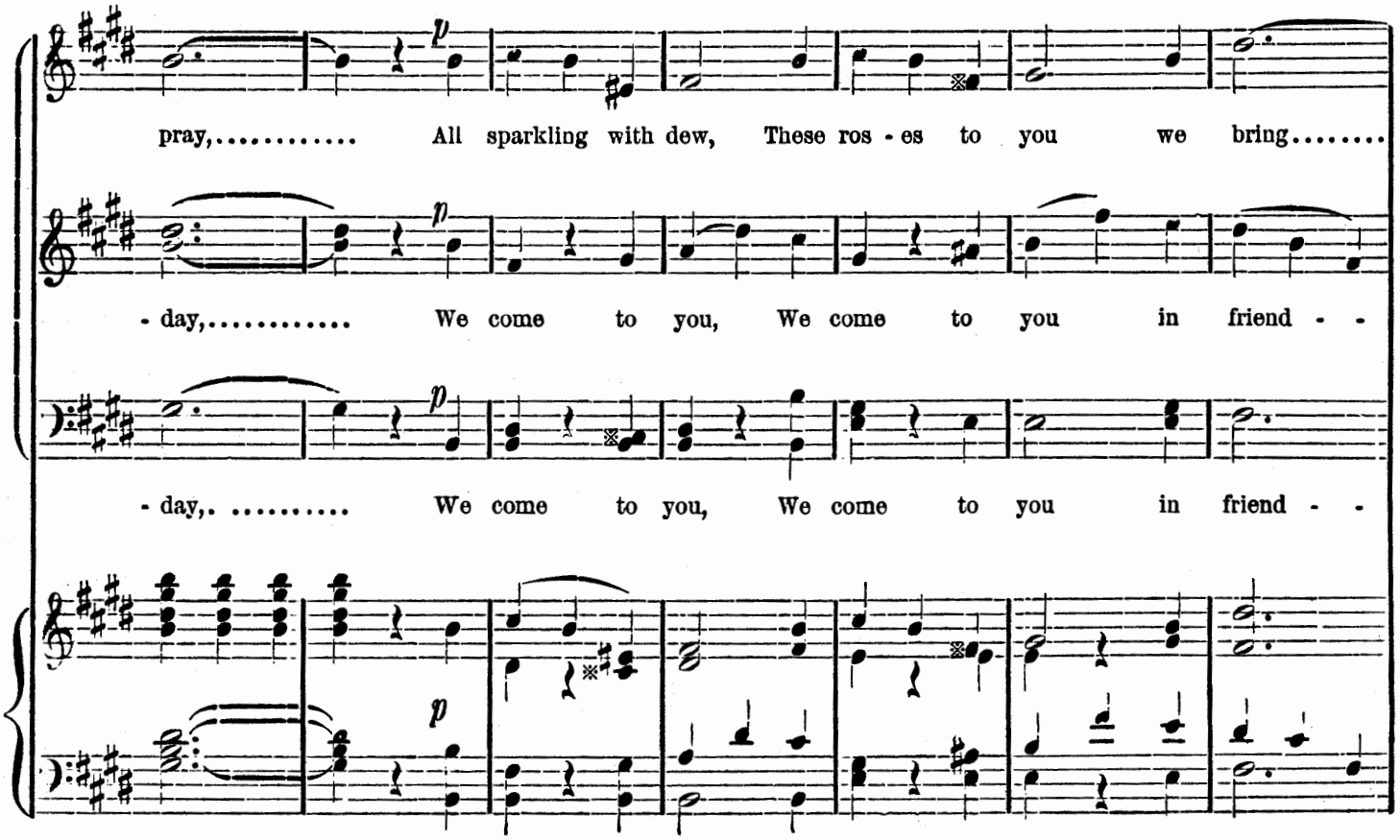

- cois! .....
Still
- cois! .....
f
Mouv't. de Valse.
mf SOPRANOS.
sparkling with dew, There ros - es to you We bring ..... to - day. .....
mf
.... These flow - ers, to view All va - ried in hue, Ac - cept them, we

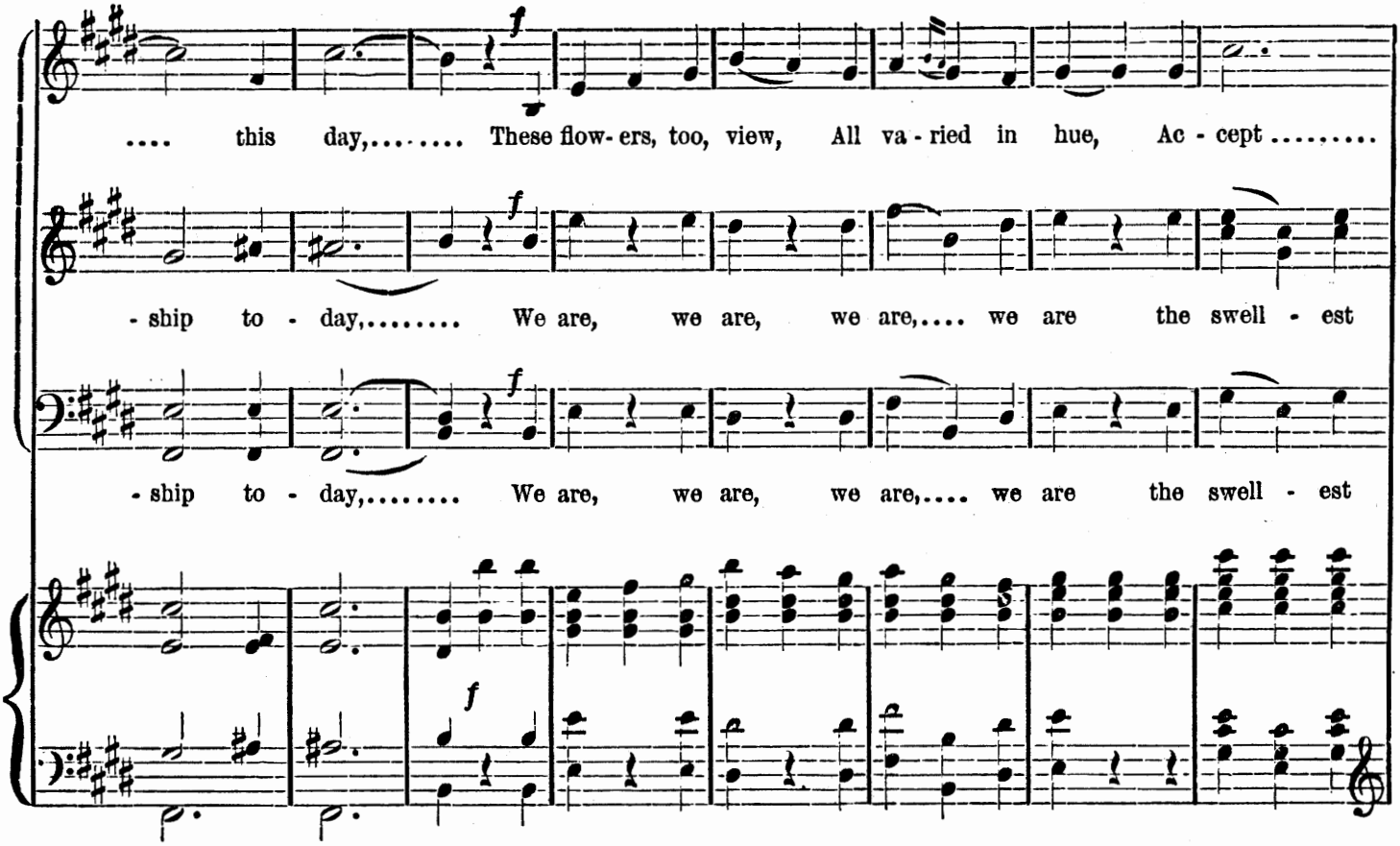

pray,..... These flow- ers, too, view, All va - ried in hue, Ac - cept them, we
f
ff
dim.
pray,..... With wish - es for ma - ny re - turns of the day, For ma- ny re - turns of the
f
ff
dim.
day !.....
SOLDIERS.
TENORS.
f
To you, Fran - cois, To you.... Fran - cois,
BASSES.
f
f
f

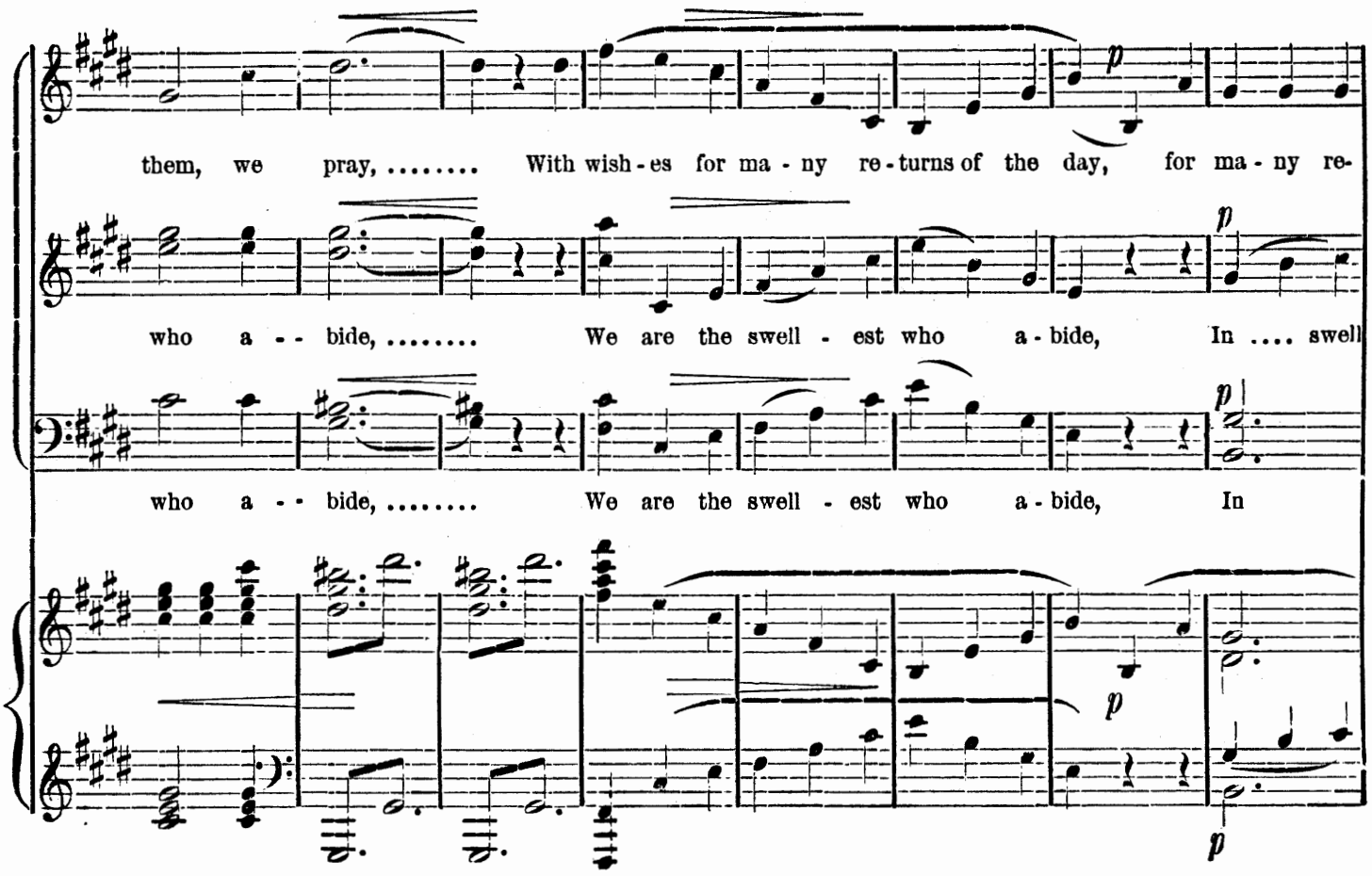

Kind feel - ings guide ..... The res - - i - dents, the res - - i - dents
of ..... old Pi - liers. ..... We are, we are, we are, we are the
swell - est who a - bide, ... We are the swell - est who a - bide.
ff
ff

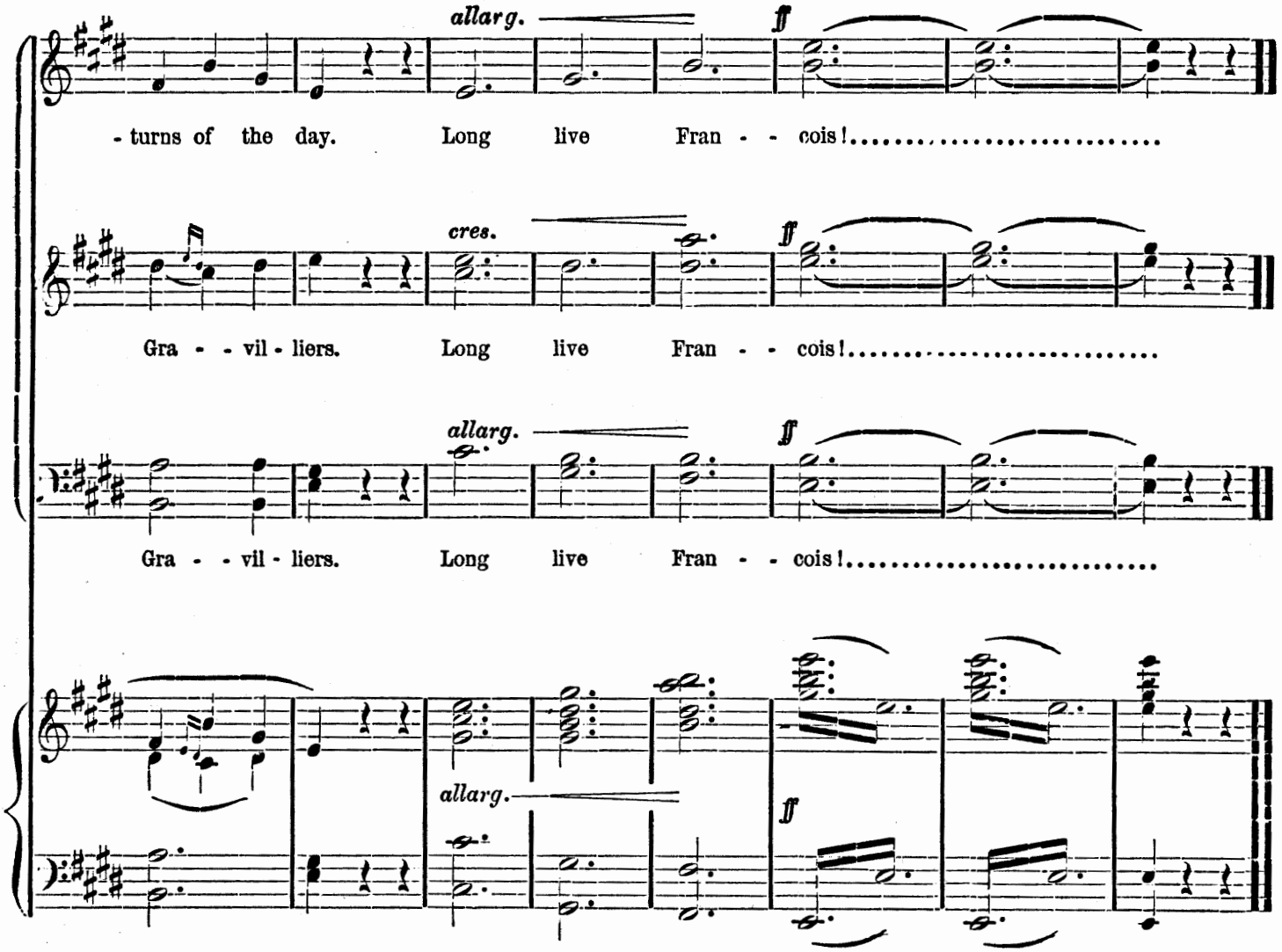

Soprano.
Sparkling with dew, These ros- es to you, These ros- es we
In swell Gran - vil - liers.....
(Courtalin gives him inkstand, and Gratinet a bunch of quills.)
In swell Gran - vil - liers.....
bring, we bring to you,
Fran - cois, ...
To you, Francois, Friendship is due,..... Fran - cois, ...
To you, Francois, Friendship is due,..... Fran - cois,.....
cres.


.... These flow - ers, too, view, All va - ried in hue, Ac - cept them. we
.... To you, Fran - cois, To you, Fran - cois, We ..... come to -
.... To you, Fran - cois, To you, Fran - cois, We ..... come to -


pray,..... All sparkling with dew, These ros - es to you we bring.....
- day,..... We come to you, We come to you in friend - -
- day,..... We come to you, We come to you in friend - -


.... this day,..... These flow- ers, too, view, All va - ried in hue, Ac - cept .....
- ship to - day,..... We are, we are, we are,.... we are the swell - est
- ship to - day,..... We are, we are, we are,.... we are the swell - est


them, we pray, ... With wish - es for ma - ny re - turns of the day, for ma - ny re-
who a - - bide, ... We are the swell - est who a - bide, In .... swell
who a - - bide, ... We are the swell - est who a - bide, In



NICO. (*Concealing bouquet behind his back.*) This is my offering, my kind master. First bouquet,—violets. (*Shows it.*) Emblem of your modesty. Second bouquet,—tulips. (*Shows it.*) Emblem of ardent love (*Looks at* FAN.) returned! Am I not right?

FRAN. (*Grasping his hand.*) Thanks, youngster, thanks!

NICO. (*To* KIRSCH. *Aside.*) Not so bad for me!

KIRSCH. (*Comes forward, concealing behind him a pipe and a package of tobacco.*) I too, bring my present—a pipe. (*Shows it.*) My grandmother gave it to me. Emblematic of matrimony! The fire—quarrels and tiffs. The smoke—what they end in. A paper of tobacco, (*Shows it.*) left me by my grandfather. Emblematic of mankind generally. You must set it in a blaze to find out what good or bad is in it. Accept them, my good Francois! (FRANCOIS *takes them, and gives them to* NICOLET, *who goes with them to shop.*)

KIRSCH. (*Following him. Aside to him.*) Not so bad for *me*, either. *That* was eloquence!

Enter COUNTESS, *followed by a lackey, bearing a cage covered by a veil.*

COUNT. And I, Francois, have not forgotten you either.

FRAN. Madam—*You* too!

(*Lackey raises veil, and saows two doves in cage.*)

COUNT. (*Gushingly.*) An emblem of faithful love.

FRAN. Ah, you overwhelm me!

FAN. And do you imagine I am going to give you nothing on this anniversary?

FRAN. (*Surprised.*) *You*, Fantine?

FAN. Yes, I! I have my present too. It isn't much. A song of my childhood. You shall be the first to whom I have sung it since I was so high. (*Indicates small child.*)

FRAN. Dear Fantine, how good of you!

MANON. (*To* COUNTESS.) How sweet, isn't it. You see they love each other!

COUNT (*Excitedly.*) Love! (*Aside.*) A rival! Oh!

FAN. (*To all.*) Come, gather about me, and listen. It's called the "Song of the Little Sailor." Join in the chorus.

"A SAILOR LAD WOULD GO."

No. 8. DUET. Fantine, and Chorus.

Allegretto.

FANTINE.

1. A sail - or lad would go, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing to and fro; Oars high, Yo ho! oars low!
2. But he to them did show, Heave a - ho! He was no i - dle foe; Sword high, Yo ho! sword low!

Allegretto.

8va

(Tambourine.)

No ship had he, you know!
But ere they far did go!

SOP.

p Oars high, Yo ho! oars low!
Sword high, Yo ho! sword low!

TENOR.

Oars high, Yo ho! oars low!
Sword high, Yo ho! sword low!

BASSES. SOLDIERS. *p*

8va

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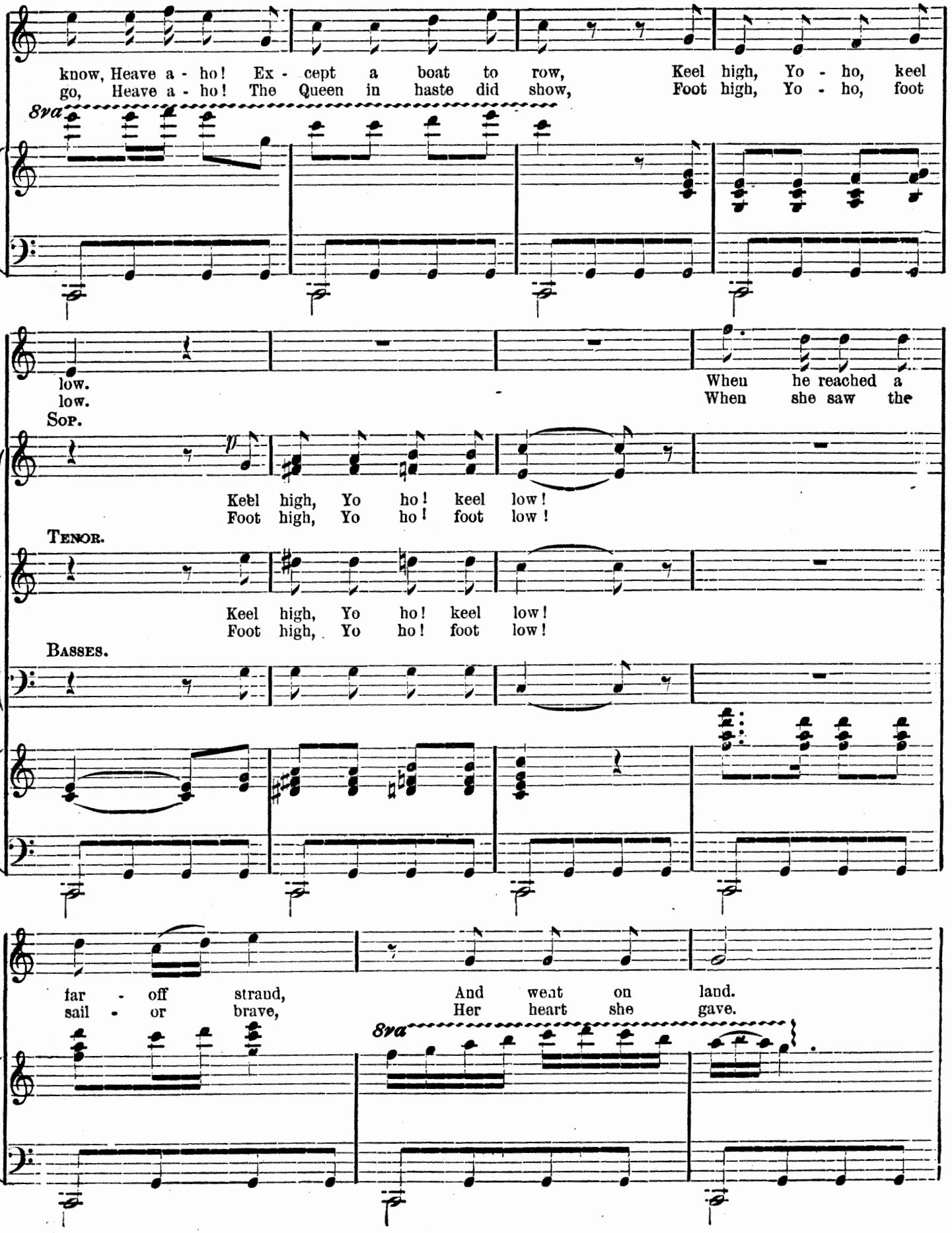
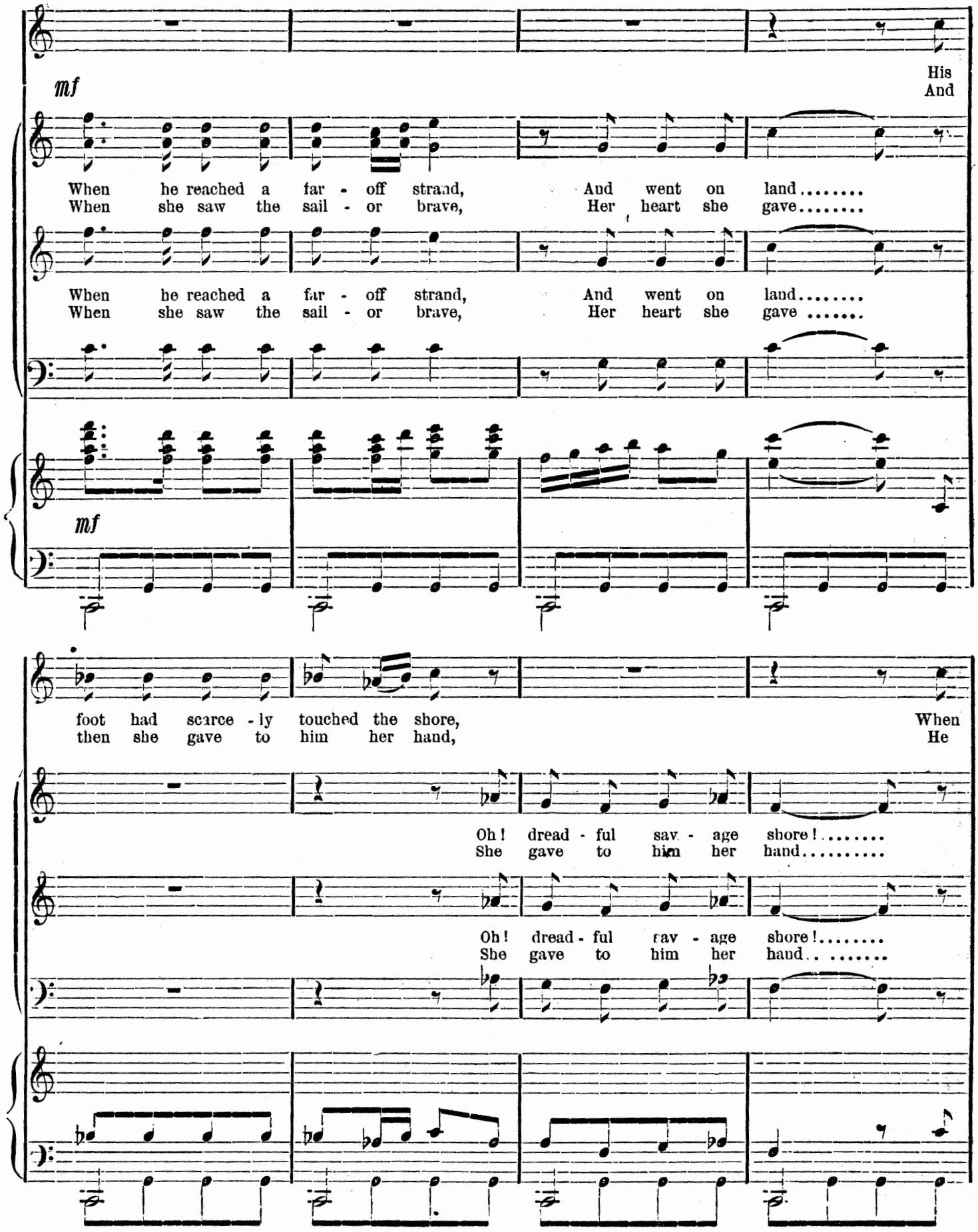
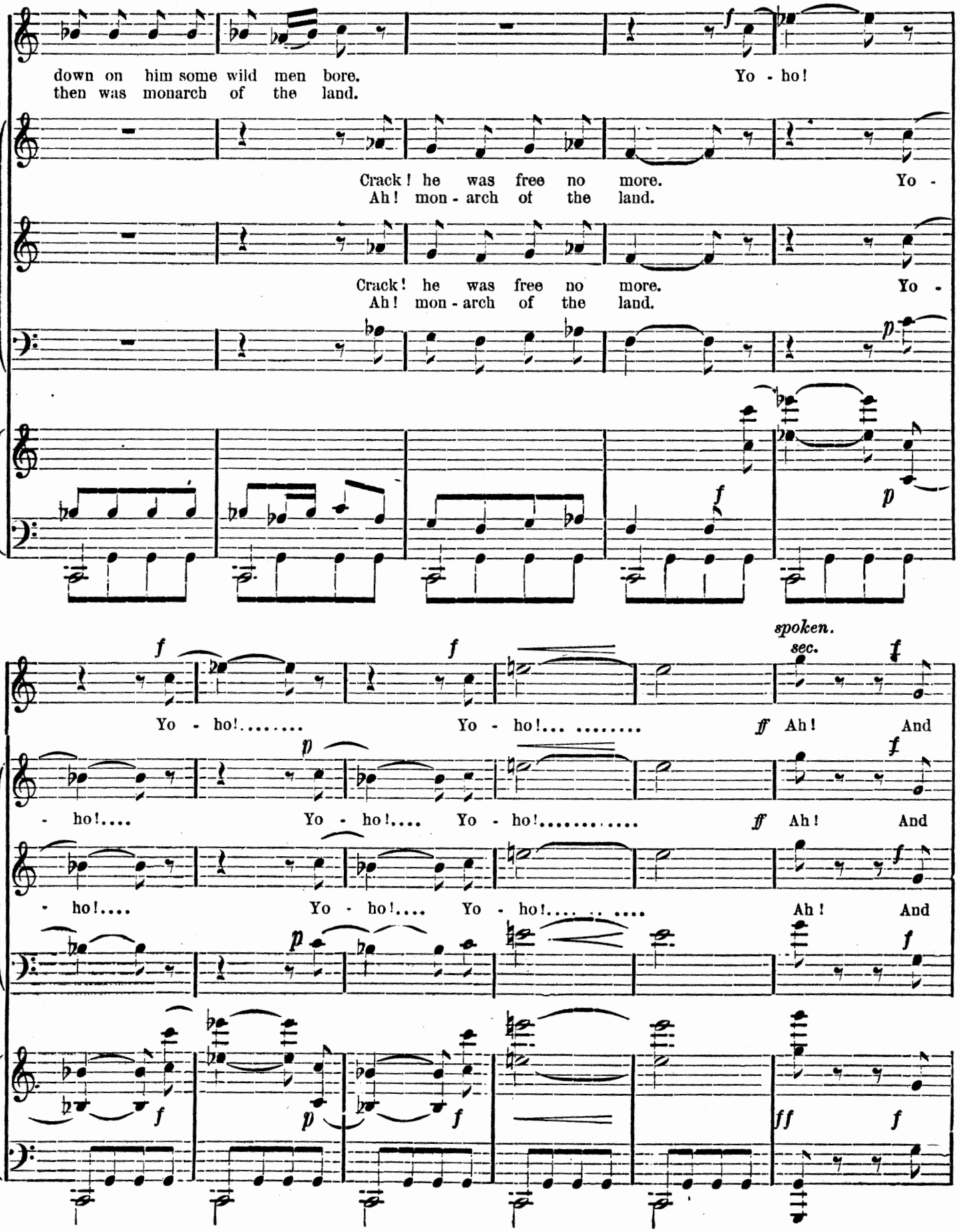
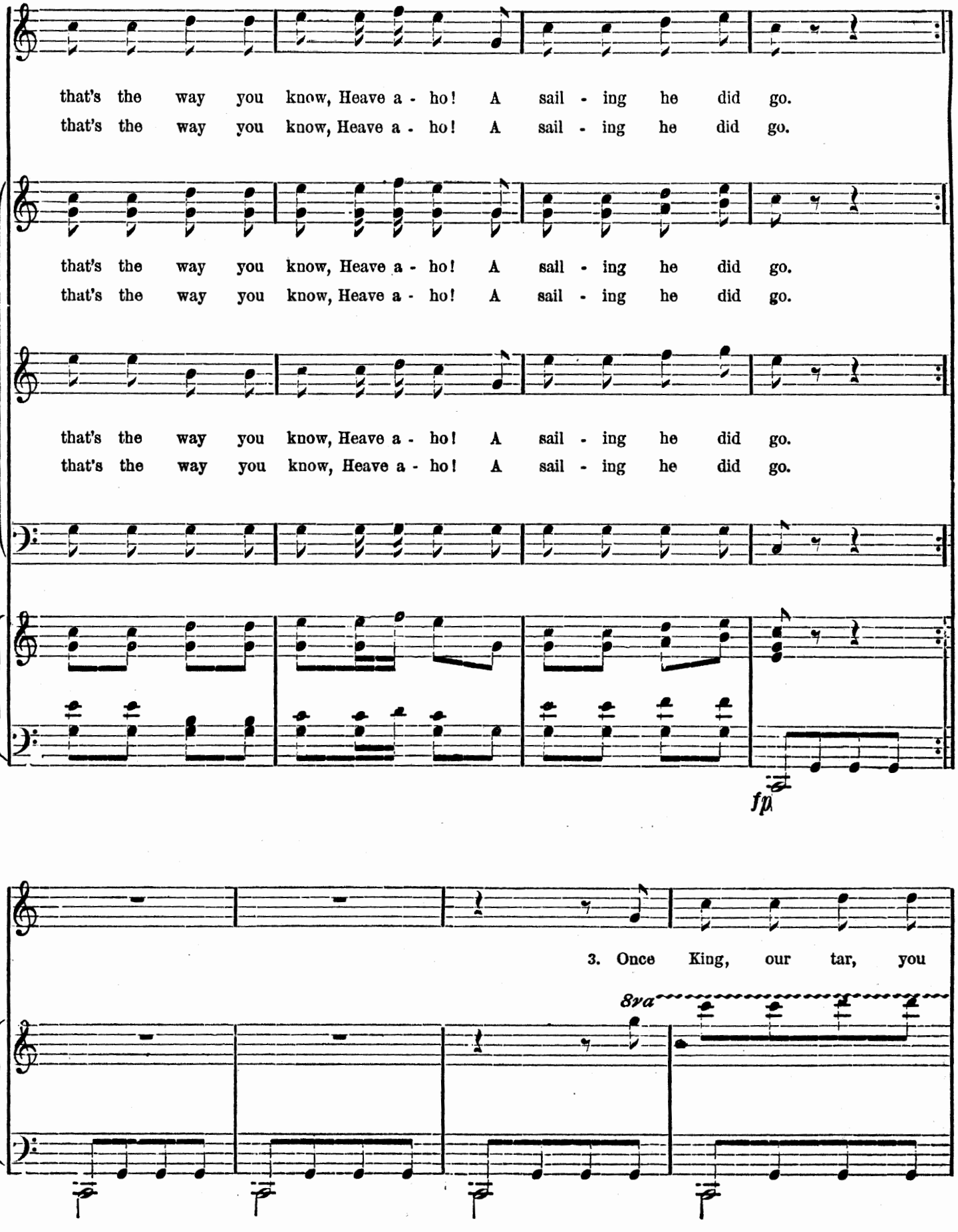
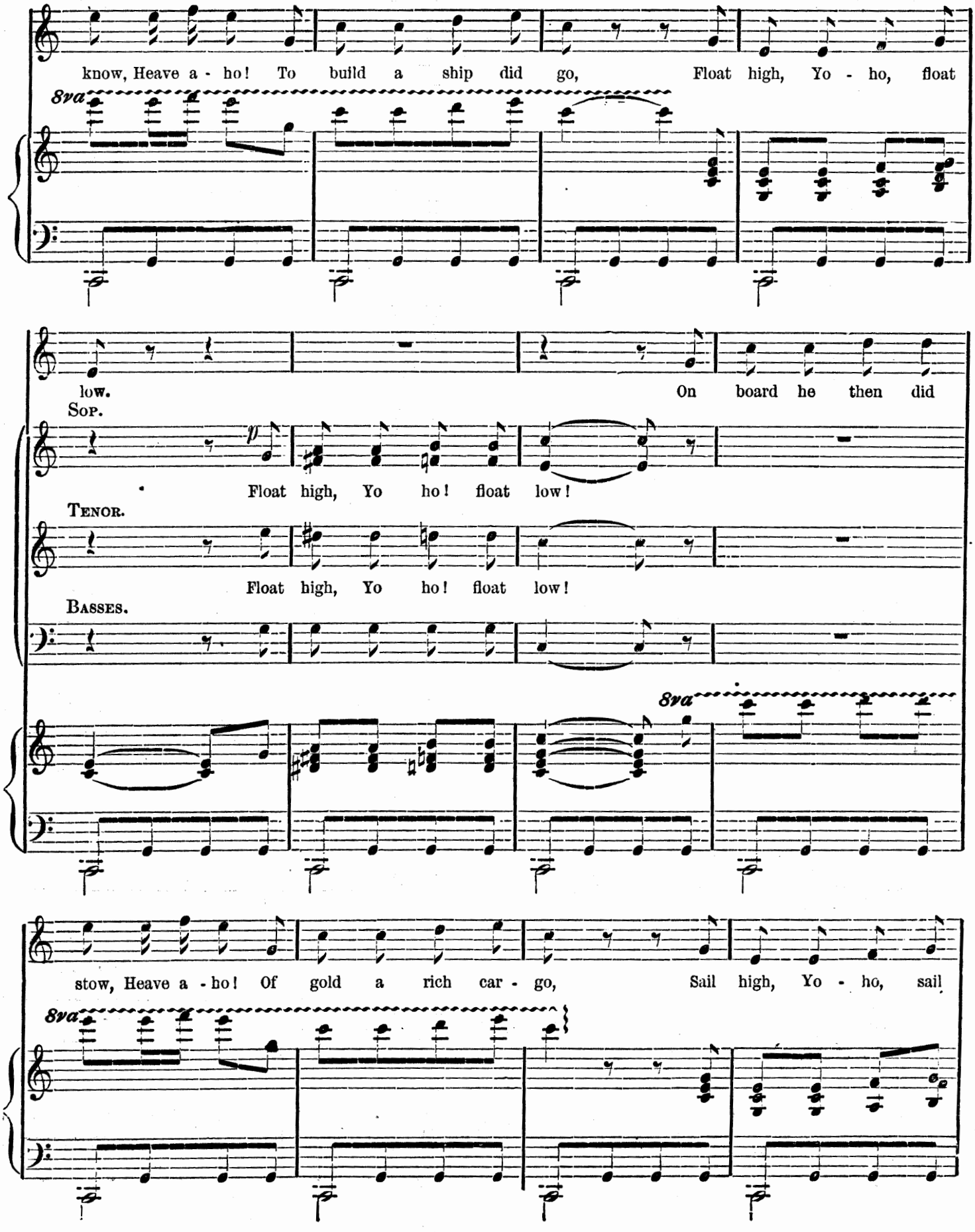
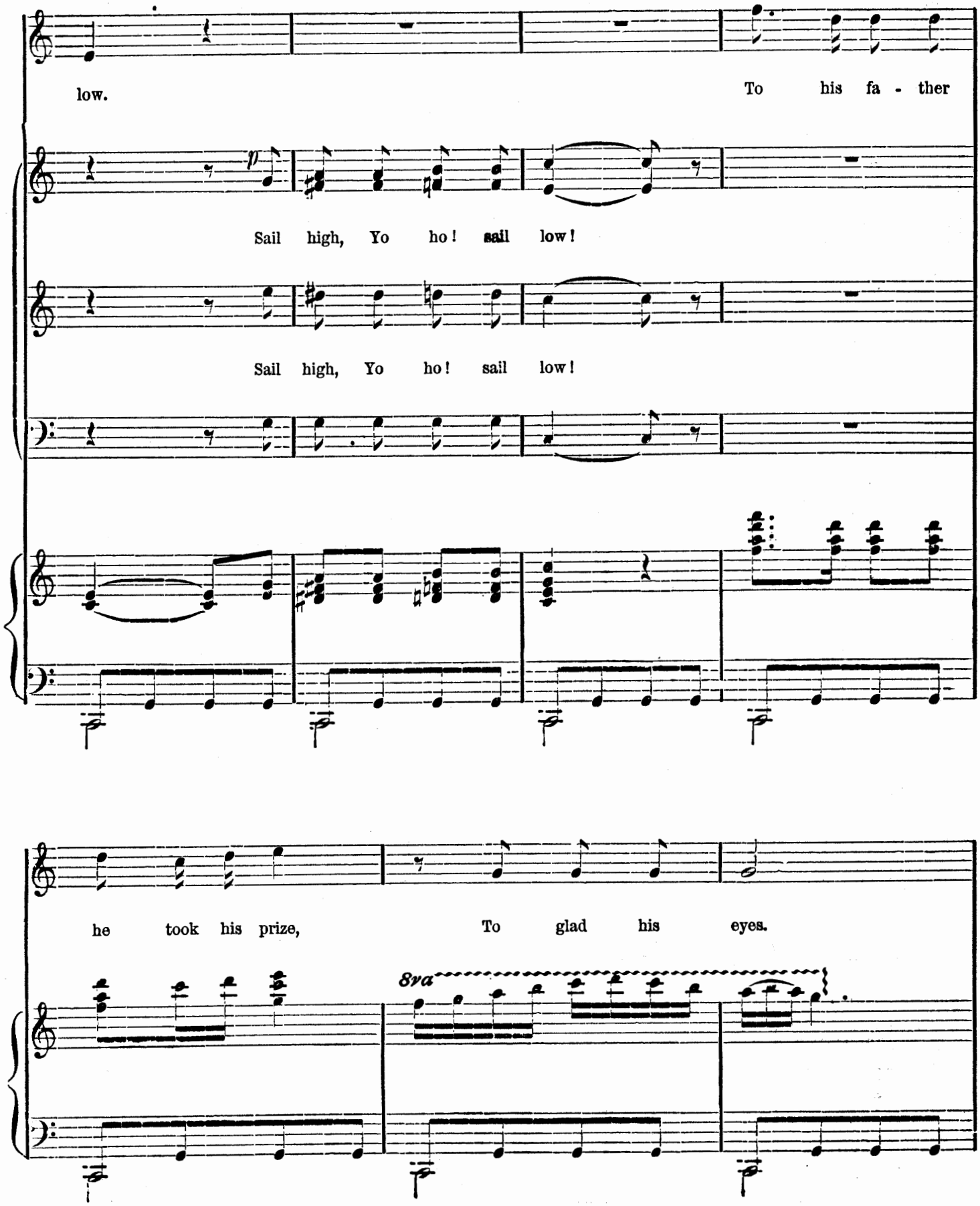

know, Heave a - ho! Ex - cept a boat to row, Keel high, Yo - ho, keel
go, Heave a - ho! The Queen in haste did show, Foot high, Yo - ho, foot
8va
low.
low.
When he reached a
When she saw the
Sop.
Keel high, Yo ho! keel low!
Foot high, Yo ho! foot low!
Tenor.
Keel high, Yo ho! keel low!
Foot high, Yo ho! foot low!
Basses.
far - off strand, And went on land.
sail - or brave, Her heart she gave.
8va

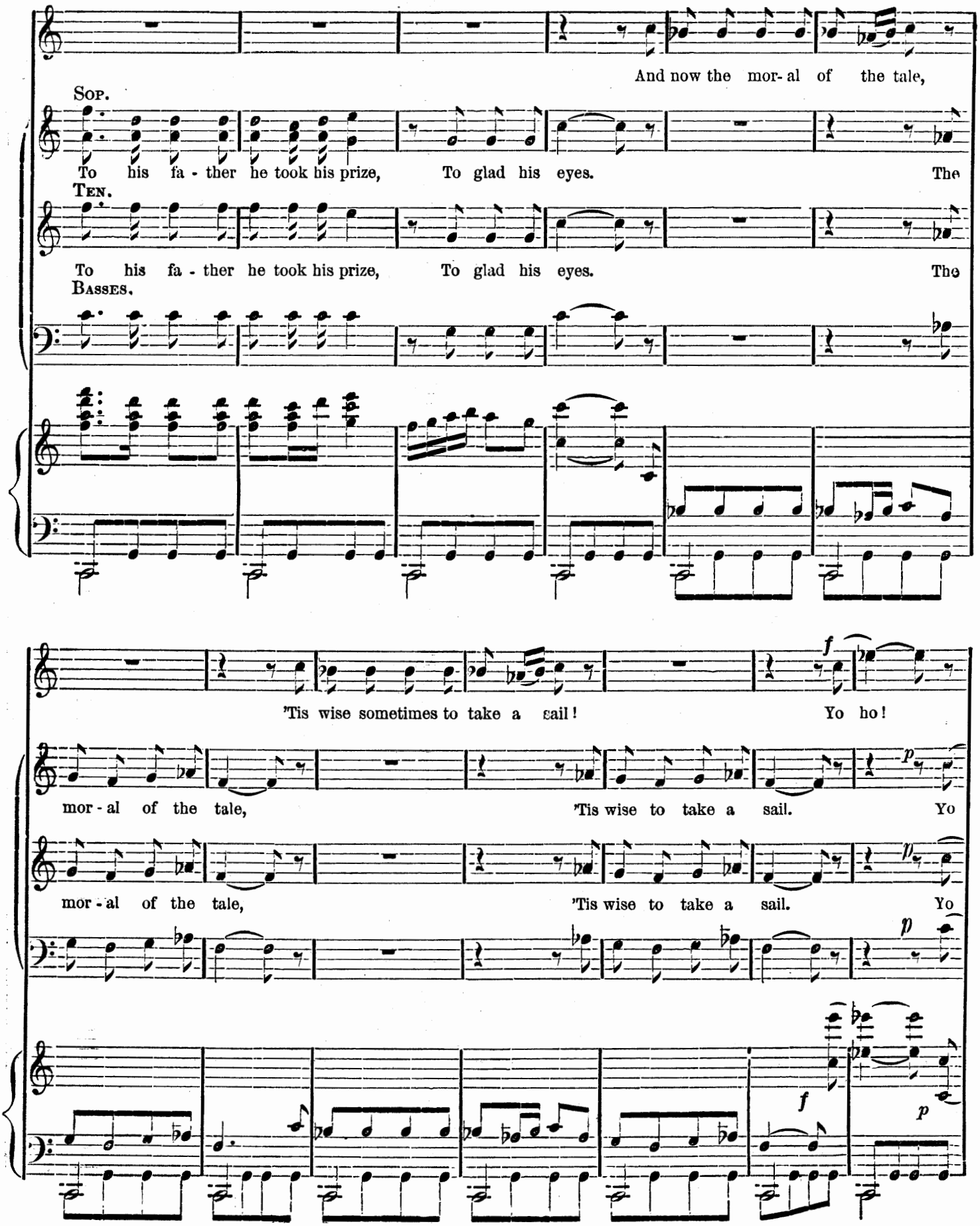

mf
His
And
When he reached a far - off strand, And went on land.....
When she saw the sail - or brave, Her heart she gave.....
When he reached a far - off strand, And went on land.....
When she saw the sail - or brave, Her heart she gave .....
mf
foot had scarce - ly touched the shore, When
then she gave to him her hand, He
Oh! dread - ful sav - age shore!.....
She gave to him her hand.....
Oh! dread - ful sav - age shore!.....
She gave to him her hand.. .....

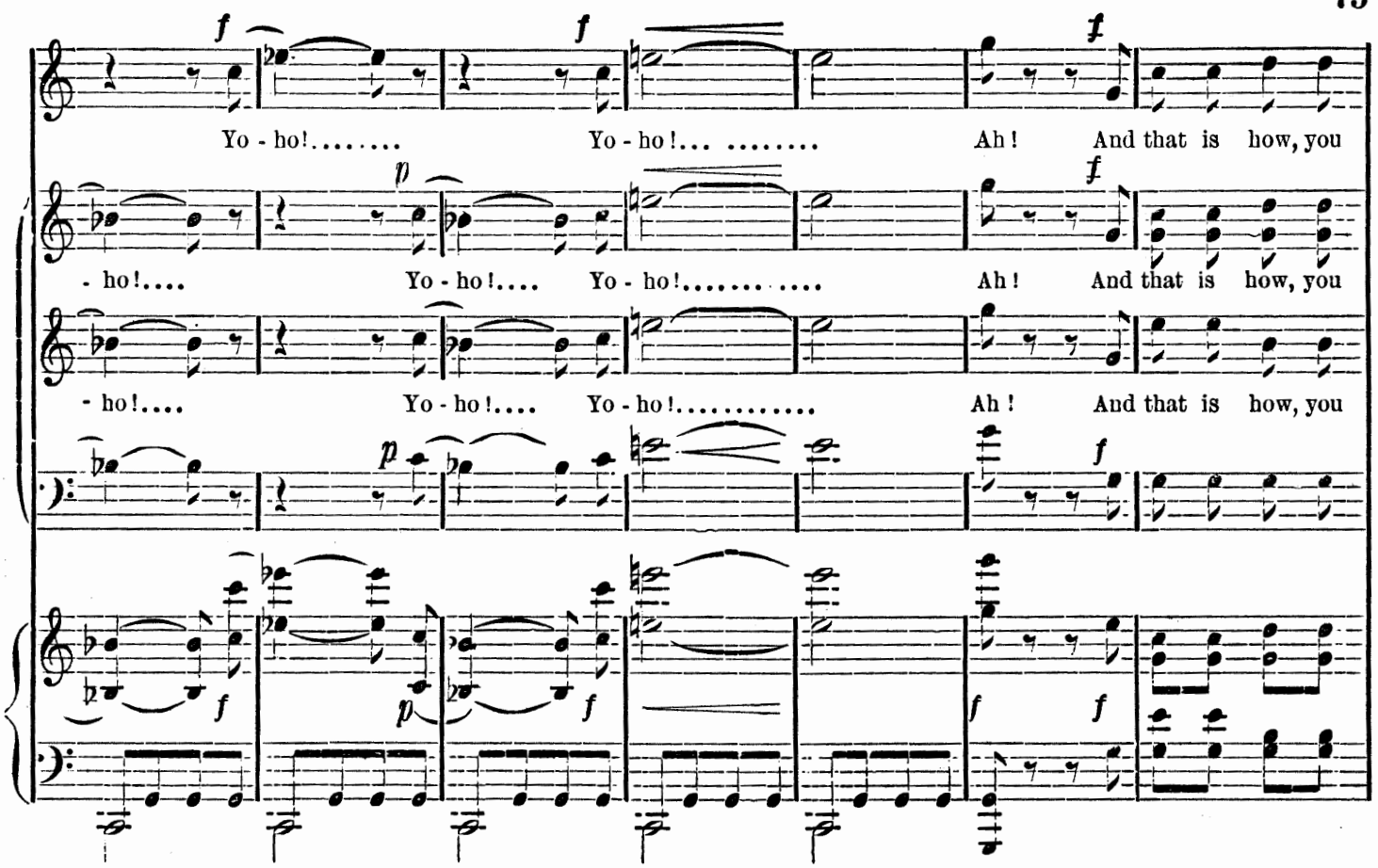

down on him some wild men bore.
then was monarch of the land.
Yo - ho!
Crack! he was free no more.
Ah! mon - arch of the land.
Yo -
Crack! he was free no more.
Ah! mon - arch of the land.
Yo -
spoken.
sec.
Yo - ho!..... Yo - ho!... ..... ff Ah! And
- ho!.... Yo - ho!.... Yo - ho!..... ff Ah! And
- ho!.... Yo - ho!.... Yo - ho!.... .. .... Ah! And

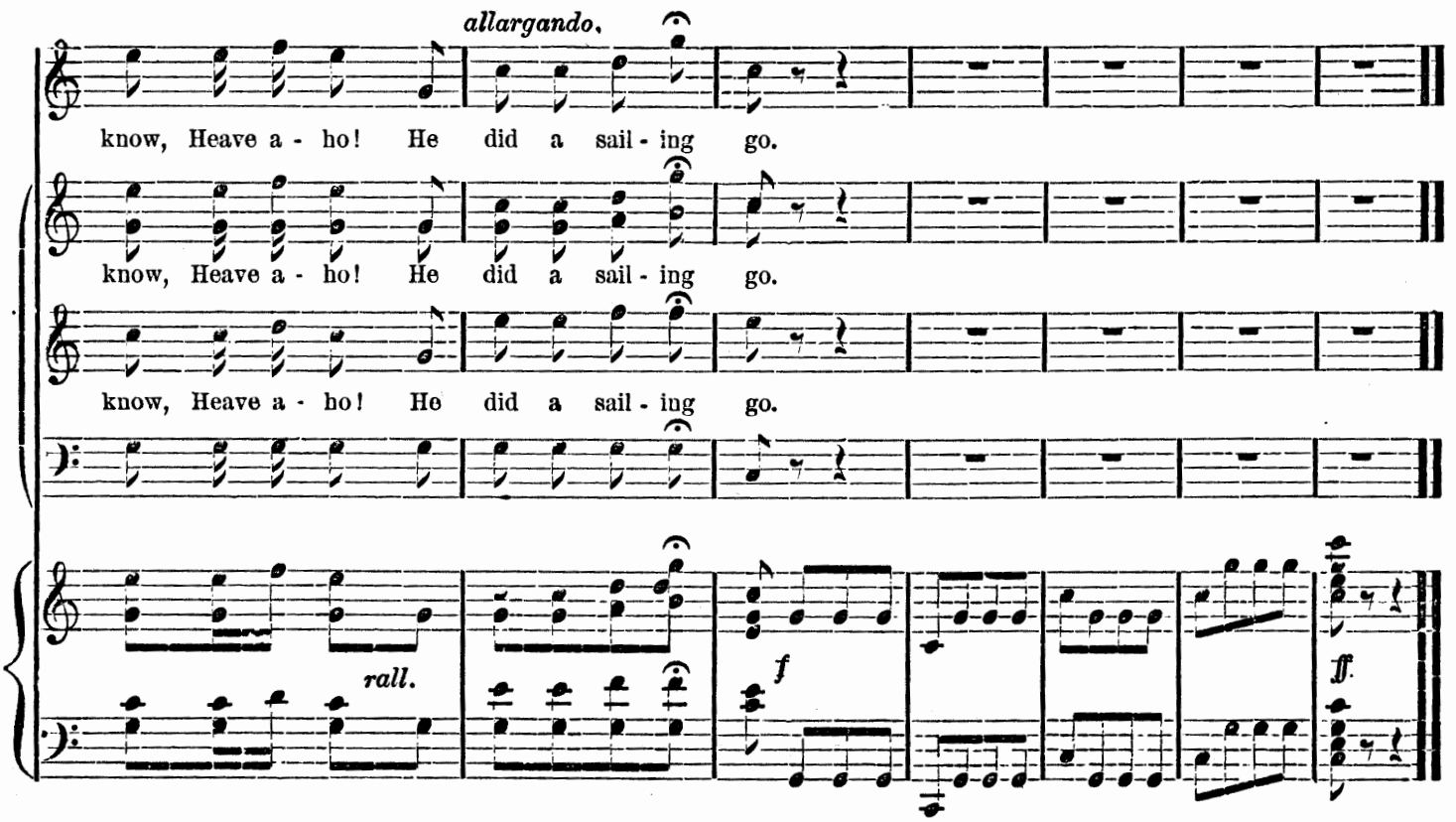

that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
that's the way you know, Heave a - ho! A sail - ing he did go.
fp
3. Once King, our tar, you
8va


know, Heave a - ho! To build a ship did go, Float high, Yo - ho, float
8va
low. On board he then did
Sop.
Float high, Yo ho! float low!
Tenor.
Float high, Yo ho! float low!
Basses.
8va
stow, Heave a - ho! Of gold a rich car - go, Sail high, Yo - ho, sail
8va


low.
To his fa - ther
p
Sail high, Yo ho! sail low!
Sail high, Yo ho! sail low!
he took his prize,
To glad his eyes.
8va


And now the mor- al of the tale,
Sop.
To his fa - ther he took his prize, To glad his eyes. The
Ten.
To his fa - ther he took his prize, To glad his eyes. The
Basses.
'Tis wise sometimes to take a sail! Yo ho!
mor - al of the tale, 'Tis wise to take a sail. Yo
mor - al of the tale, 'Tis wise to take a sail. Yo

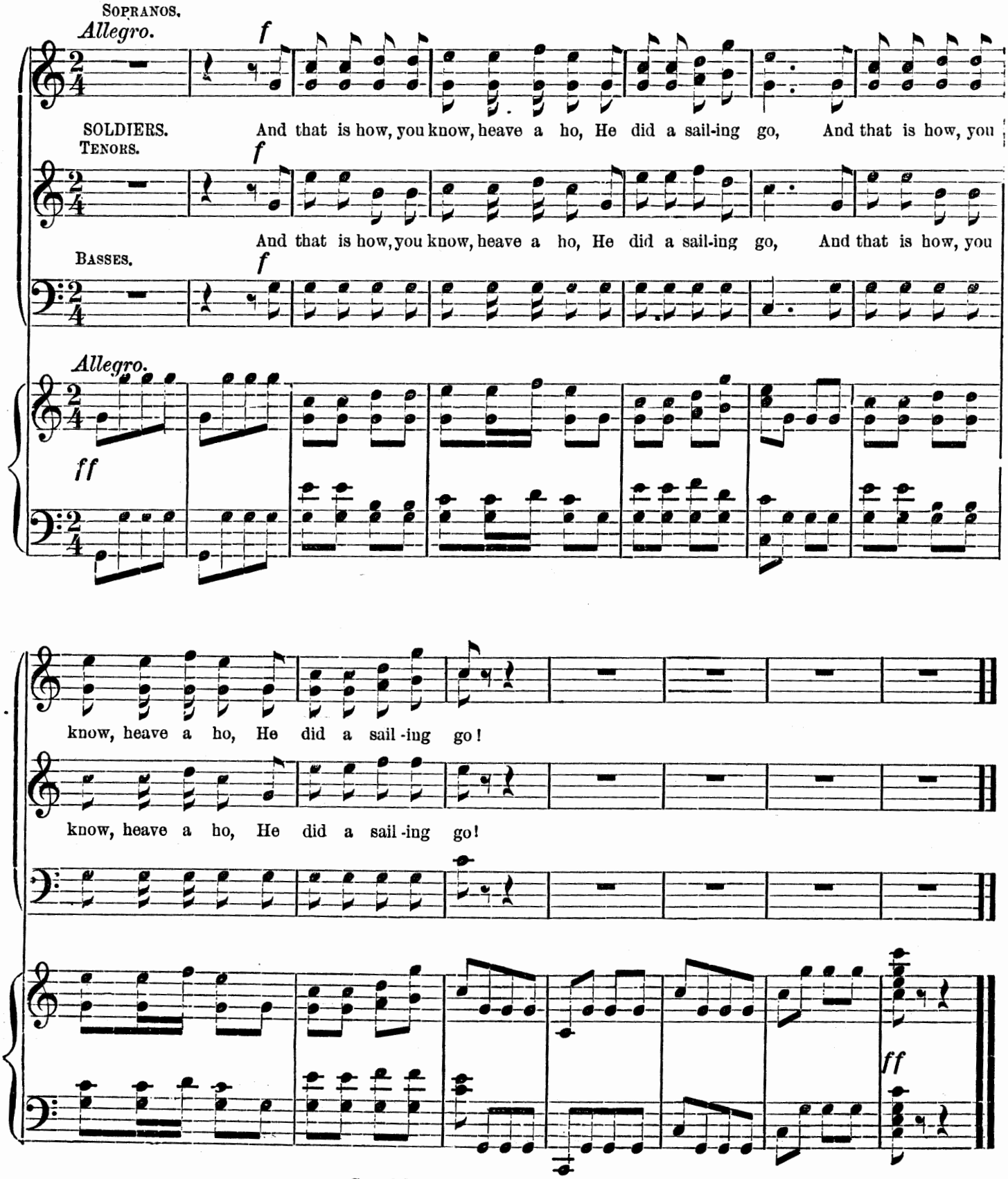




OMES. Bravo, Fantine, bravo!
COUNT. (*Moved.*) I must speak to this girl.
KIRSCH. This sailing is warm work, and dry work too. I propose we moisten it, and wash down the song with a bottle or two of wine. We can then drink the health of Francois. No festival is complete without the clinking of glasses.
FRAN. I agree with you. Come, friends, come!
OMNES. Long live Francois!

"AND THAT IS HOW, YOU KNOW."

No. 9. SORTIE.



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Exeunt all except FANTINE *and* COUNTESS. FAN. *goes up and looks tenderly after* FRANCOIS.

COUNT. (*Aside.—Who has been troubled ever since the song, and who h s wat hed* FAN. *now and then anxiously.*) If it should be! But to satisfy my doubts, I must bring her to my brother. But how?

FAN. (*Looking after* FRAN.) How happy he is, and how I love him!

COUNT. (*Aside.*) I have it! (*Stops* FAN. *as she is about to enter* MILITZA'S *house.*) A word with you, child. Where did you learn that song?

FAN. (*Smiles.*) It seems as if I had always known it from my infancy.

COUNT. (*Anxiously.*) And where was your infancy passed?

FAN. Oh, it was a grand house, somewhere, with large old trees, and shady walks!

COUNT. Was it in Pitou?

FAN. (*Astonished.*) That's what Militza called it. How did *you* know? I remember some wicked men who burned everything in the chateau, and then — all is confused till I remember Militza, who took me from a man who wanted to beat me, and ran away with me to the gipsies; and then I grew up and began to sing for them from town to town — and — and — here I am, the street singer, Fantine.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) *Can* it be she? Impossible! My brother *must* see her! (*Aloud.*) I am the Countess de la Savonniere, sister of the Marquis de Pontcornet.

FAN. (*St rtled.*) Again that name! (*Puts her hand to her head, absorbed in thought.*)

COUNT. (*Aside.*) There can be no doubt. (*Aloud.*) My child, you sing very prettily. My brother is fond of music, and he must hear you. Come — come with me. You cannot refuse me. Ten louis for two little songs.

FAN. But my mother?

COUNT. Militza? I will take you both. Bring her hither quickly. We will go at once.

FAN. (*Aside.*) Ten louis! With that I should not go to dear Francois quite dowerless! (*Aloud.*) I'll go, Madame. (*Exit quickly into* MILITZA'S *house.*)

COUNT. This would complete my happiness, should it really be my long-lost niece. I should then be rid of a troublesome rival; for though Francois may wed Fantine, the street-singer, he certainly could not hope to aspire to Mlle. Pontcornet. Ah, that nephew of mine, de Lansac, told me the cards said I should succeed in love. (*Enter* FAN. *and* MIL. *from house.*)

FAN. Here we are, madame.

MIL. (*To* COUNTESS.) Ah, madame! — such generosity,— such goodness!

COUNT. (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes! We will talk of that later; but come, now. (*Aside and going.*) Now, my fine Francois, we will see if you will scorn my love! (*Exeunt* L. I. E., COUNTESS, FAN. *and* MIL.)

Enter at the same moment FRAN., GRAT., NICO., *men and women of the people,* MANON, *and* JULIETTE, R. 2. E.

GRAT. A jolly festival and good wine!

ALL. Yes, yes!

COURT. (*To* FRAN. *aside.*) Have you seen Pontcornet? Remember, he is to be watched.

FRAN. Oh, yes! (*Aside.*) I must save him. (*Aloud.*) My friends, I have a great piece of news for you. Pontcornet, the implacable royalist, stirred by the example of so many others, has come over to the side of the people!

OMNES. He?

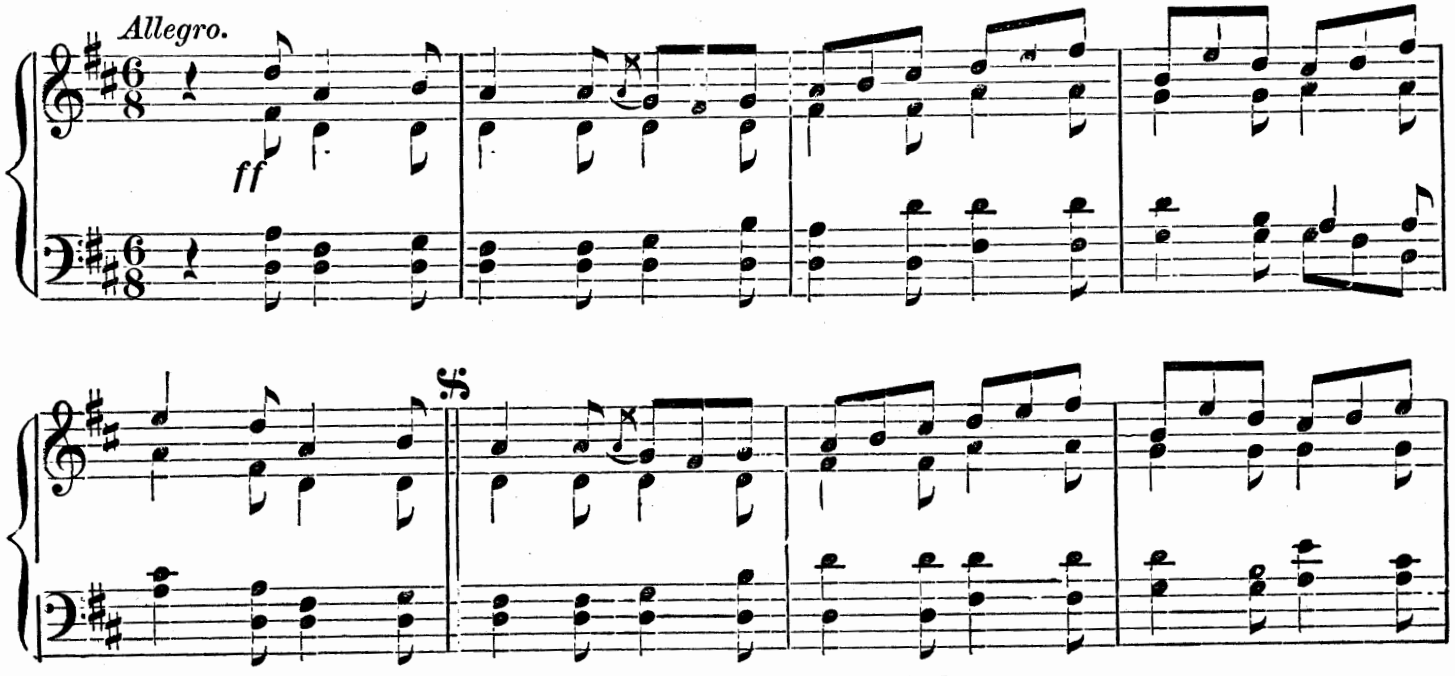
FRAN. Yes, he! It astonishes you, doesn't it? It did *me!* Yes, he is devoted to the cause of liberty; in proof of which you shall hear a song of his which he has given me but now, with the request that Fantine and myself should teach it to you. (*Aside, laughing.*) Poor Pontcornet! I *must* do it!

OMNES. The song! The song!

FRAN. (*Takes song from pocket.*) It is here. Listen!

"YE SONS OF FRANCE."

No. 10. FINALE. Nicolet, Marquis, Francois, and Chorus.



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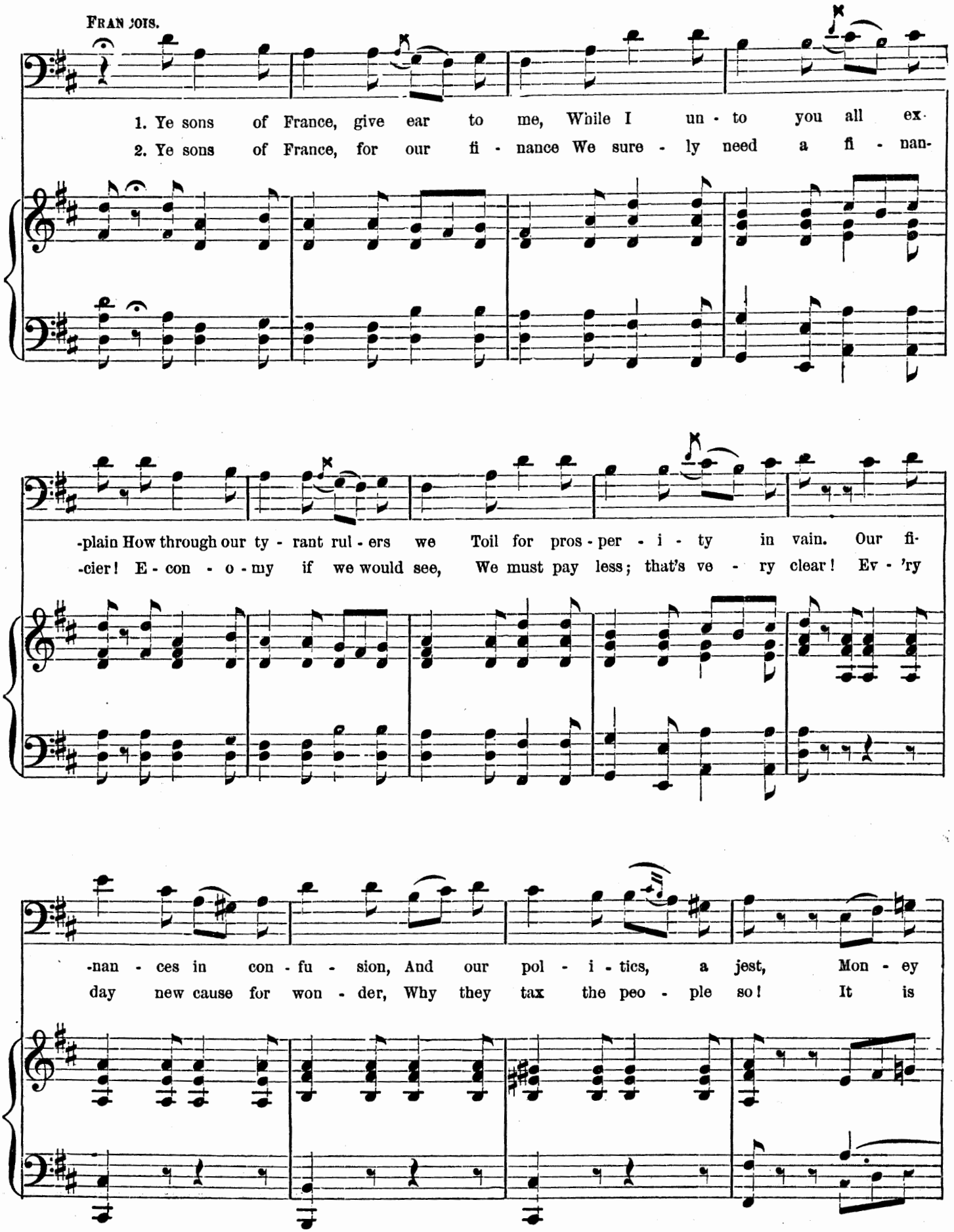
"YE SONS OF FRANCE."

FRANÇOIS.



poco rit.

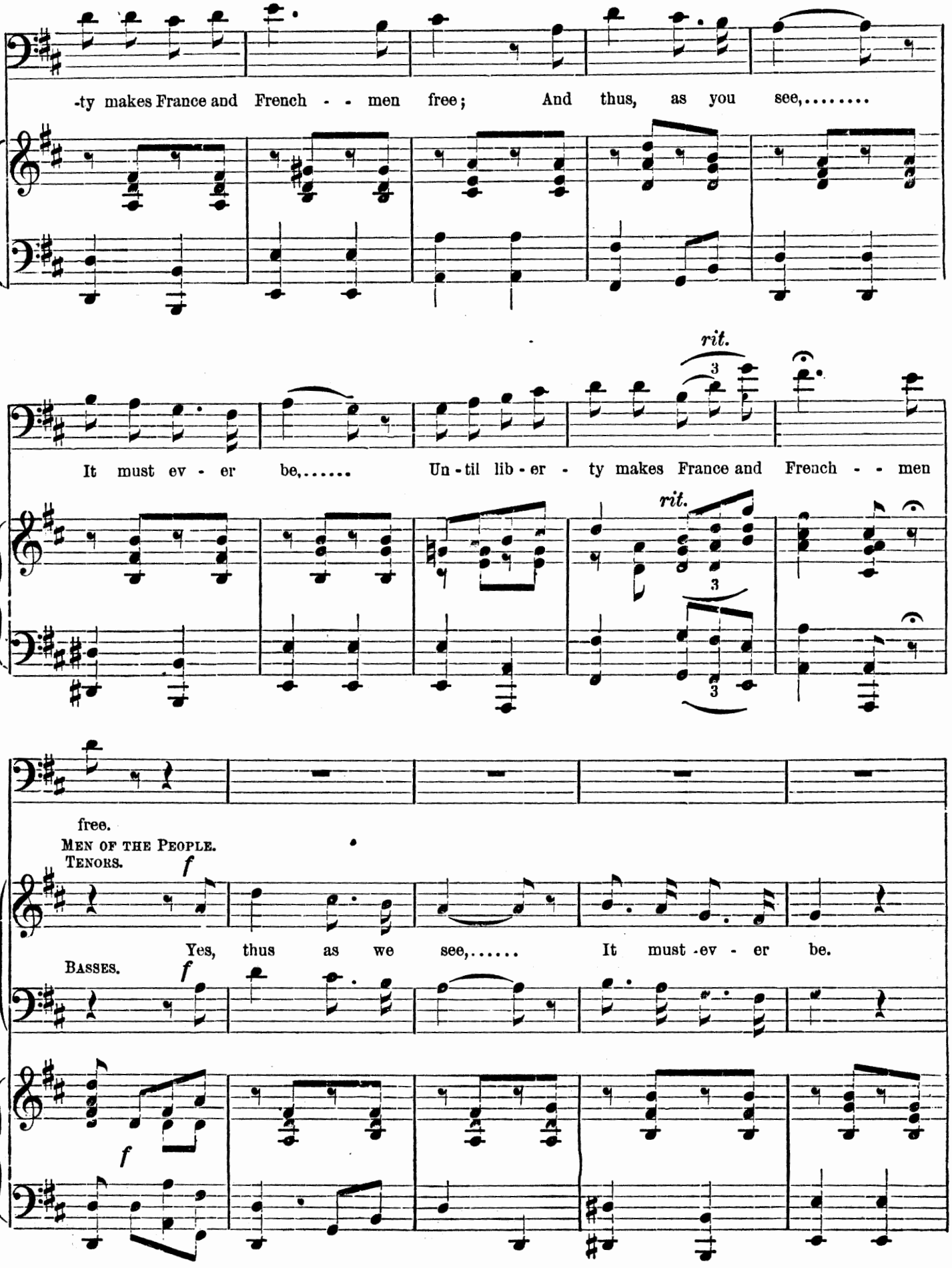
squan - dered in pro - fu - sion Up - on ob - jects we de - test,.....
noth - ing else but plun - der, In - to what poc - kets does it go?.....

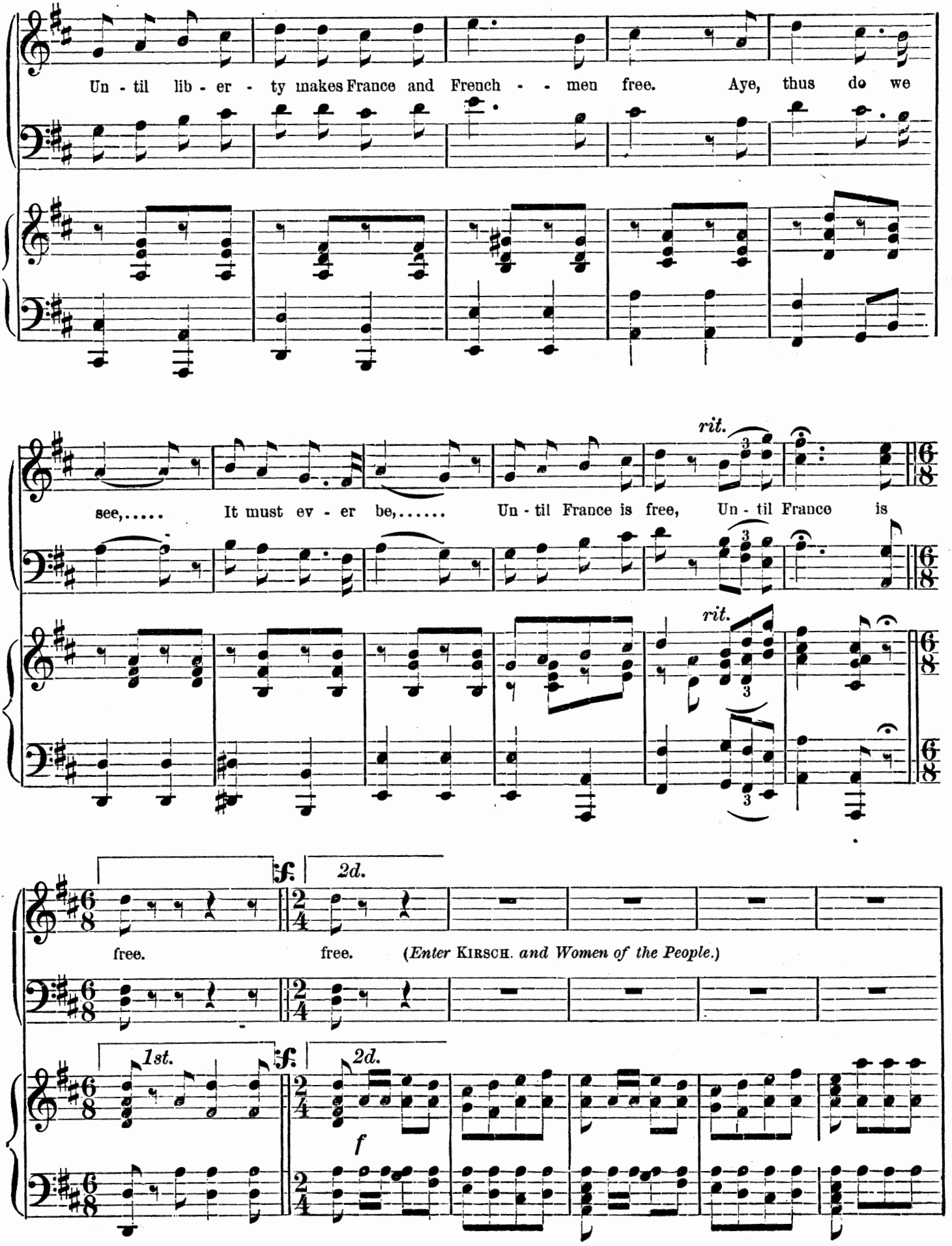
REFRAIN.

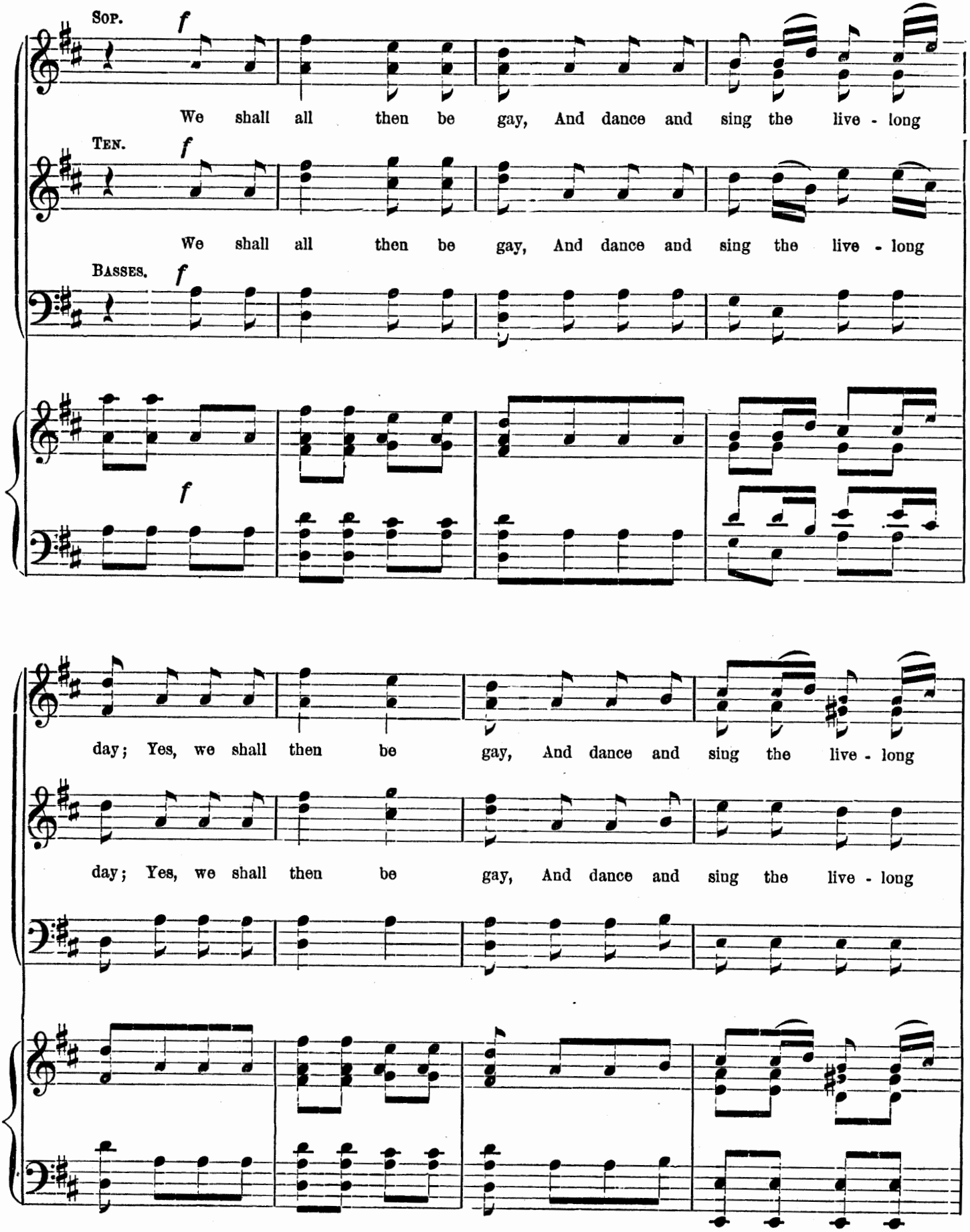
.... It is by all con - fessed! And
.... We all of us well know!

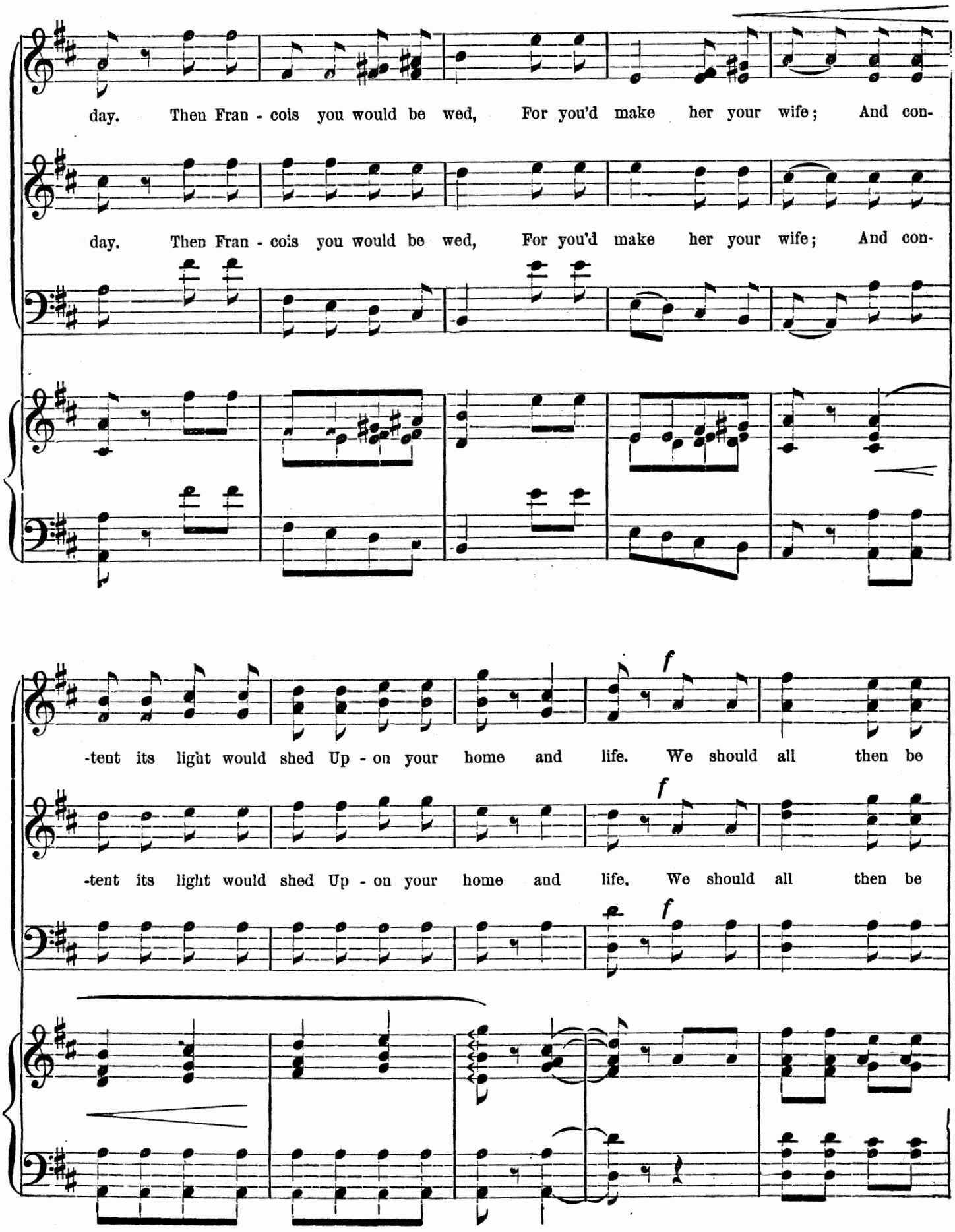
p

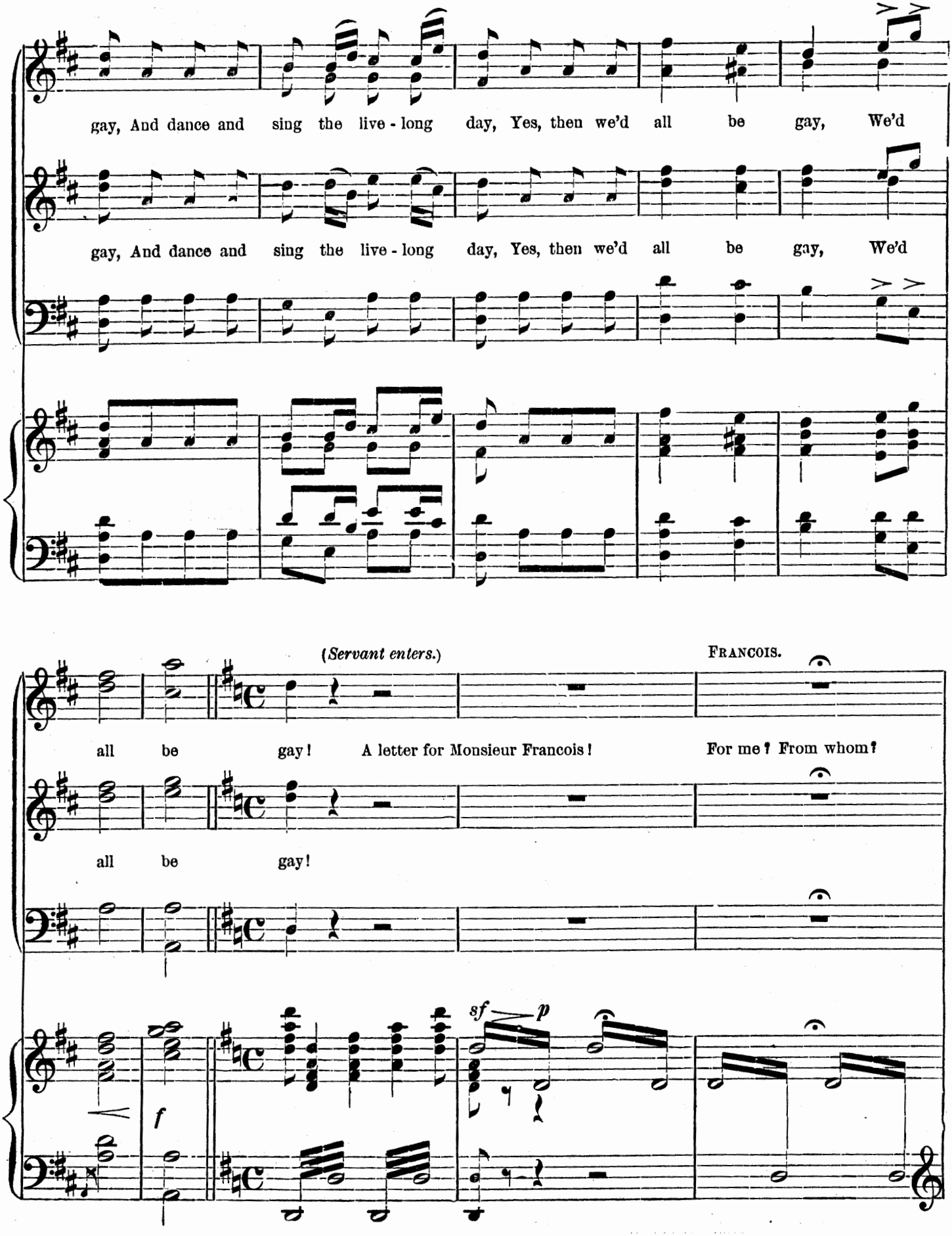
thus, as you see,..... It must ev - er be, Un - til lib - er-

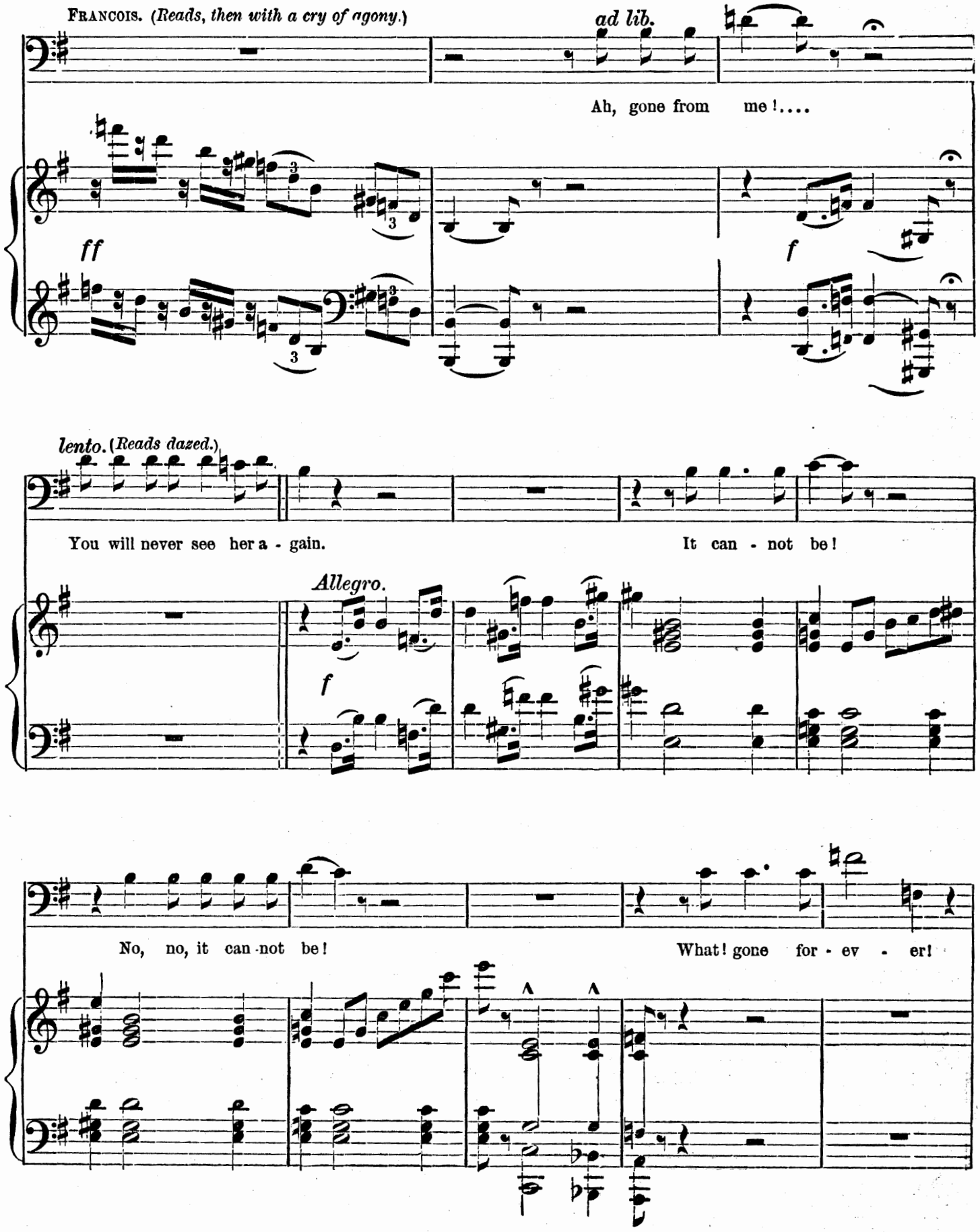

-ty makes France and French - - men free; And thus, as you see,.....
rit.
3
It must ev - er be,..... Un - til lib - er - ty makes France and French - - men
rit.
3
3
free.
MEN OF THE PEOPLE.
TENORS.
f
Yes, thus as we see,..... It must - ev - er be.
BASSES.
f
f

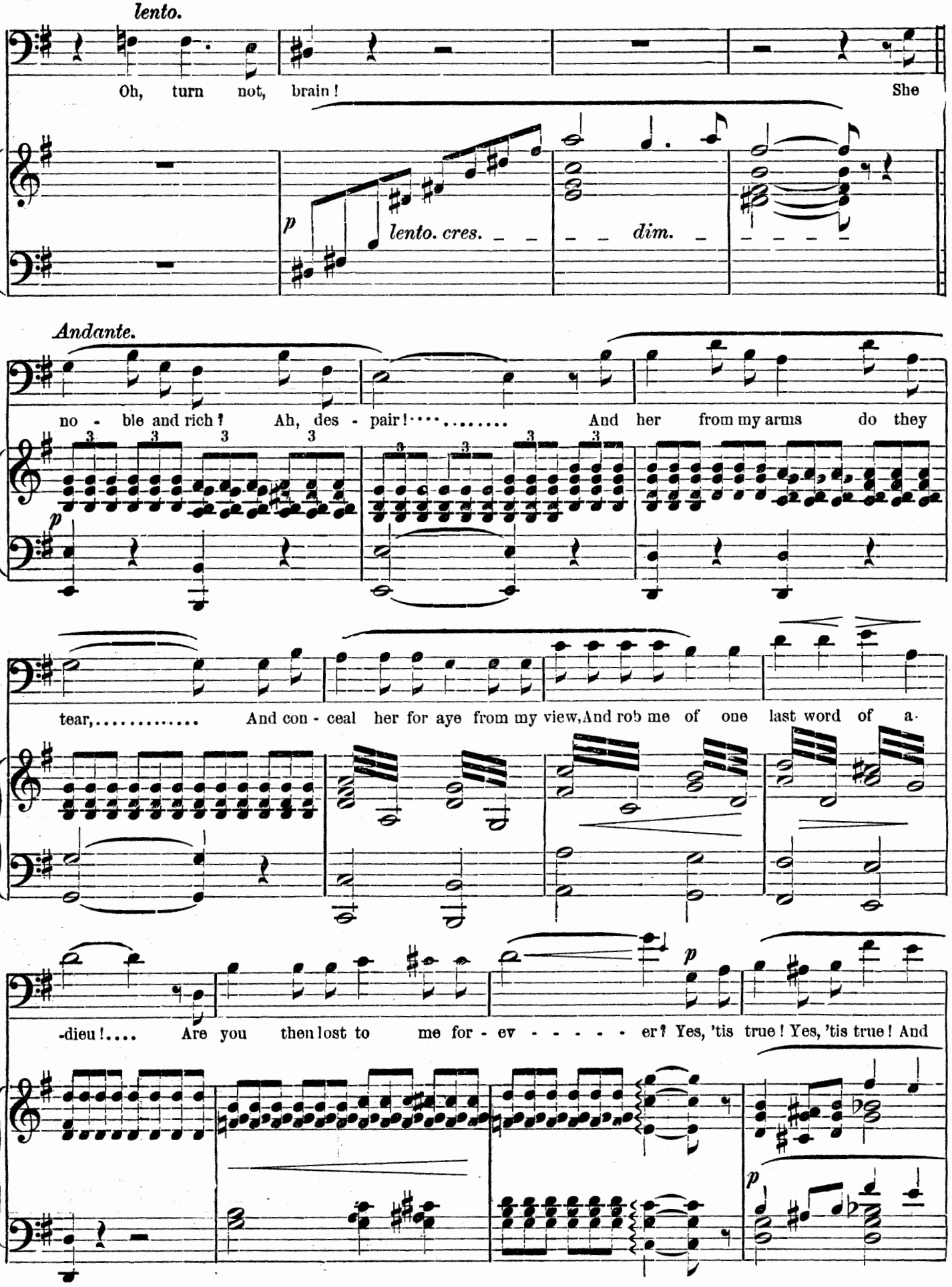

Un - til lib - er - ty makes France and French - - men free. Aye, thus do we
see,..... It must ev - er be,..... Un - til France is free, Un - til France is
rit.
rit.
free.
free.
(Enter KIRSCH. and Women of the People.)
1st.
2d.
2d.
f
f

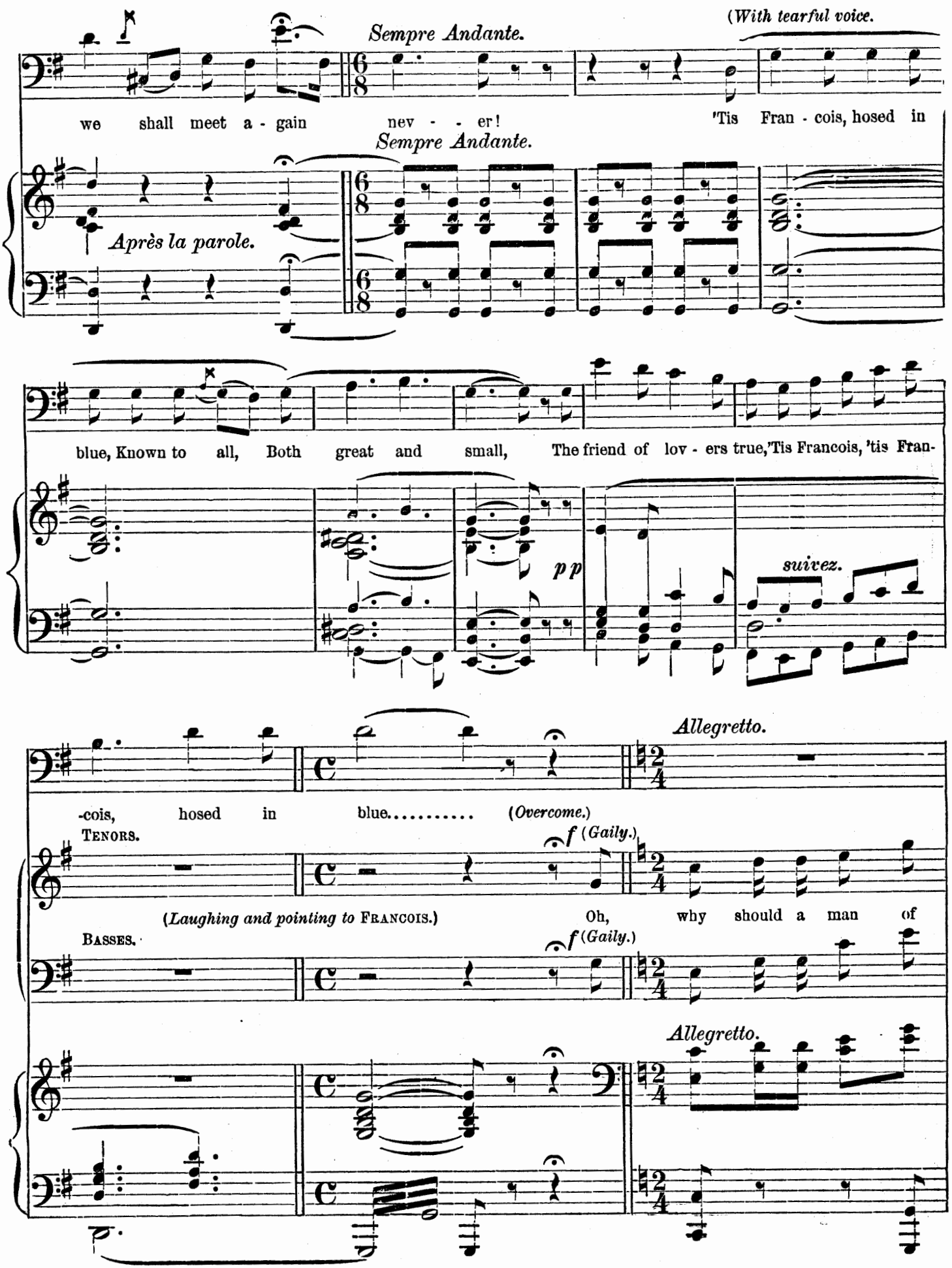

Sop.
f
We shall all then be gay, And dance and sing the live - long
Ten.
f
We shall all then be gay, And dance and sing the live - long
Basses.
f
f
day; Yes, we shall then be gay, And dance and sing the live - long
day; Yes, we shall then be gay, And dance and sing the live - long

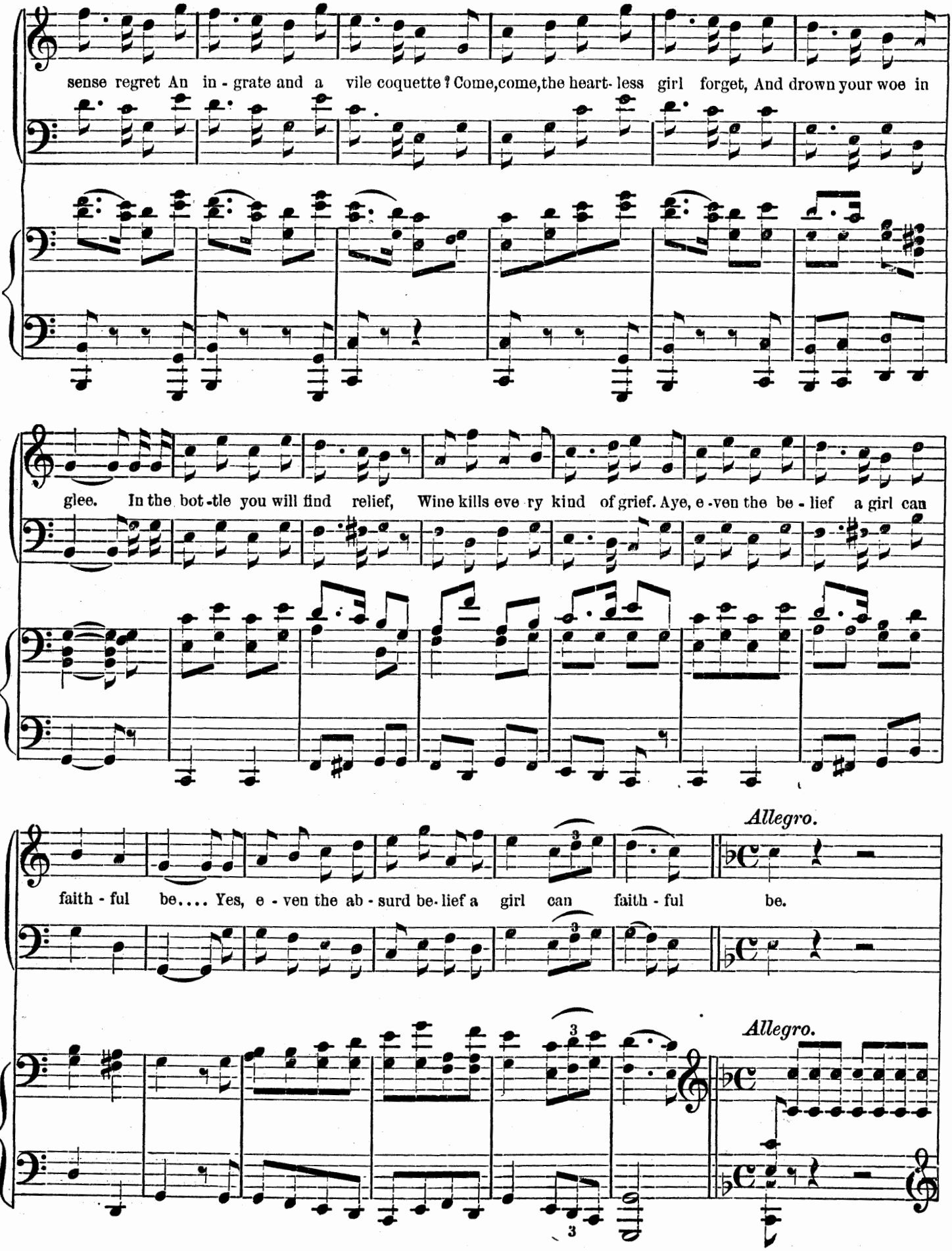

day. Then Fran - cois you would be wed, For you'd make her your wife; And con-
day. Then Fran - cois you would be wed, For you'd make her your wife; And con-
-tent its light would shed Up - on your home and life. We should all then be
f
f
-tent its light would shed Up - on your home and life. We should all then be
f


gay, And dance and sing the live - long day, Yes, then we'd all be gay, We'd
gay, And dance and sing the live - long day, Yes, then we'd all be gay, We'd
(Servant enters.)
FRANCOIS.
all be gay! A letter for Monsieur Francois! For me? From whom?
all be gay!
sf
p
f


FRANCOIS. (Reads, then with a cry of agony.)
ad lib.
Ah, gone from me!....
ff
f
lento. (Reads dazed.)
You will never see her a - gain.
It can - not be!
Allegro.
f
No, no, it can not be!
What! gone for - ev - er!


lento.
Oh, turn not, brain! She
p
lento. cres.
dim.
Andante.
no - ble and rich? Ah, des - pair!..... And her from my arms do they
p
tear,..... And con - ceal her for aye from my view, And rob me of one last word of a-
-dieu!.... Are you then lost to me for - ev - - - - - er? Yes, 'tis true! Yes, 'tis true! And
p
p


Sempre Andante.
(With tearful voice.
we shall meet a - gain nev - - er!
'Tis Fran - cois, hosed in
Sempre Andante.
Après la parole.
blue, Known to all, Both great and small, The friend of lov - ers true, 'Tis Francois, 'tis Fran-
pp
suivez.
Allegretto.
-cois, hosed in blue..... (Overcome.)
TENORS.
f (Gaily.)
(Laughing and pointing to FRANCOIS.)
Oh, why should a man of
BASSES.
f (Gaily.)
Allegretto.


sense regret An in - grate and a vile coquette? Come,come,the heart- less girl forget, And drown your woe in
glee. In the bot -tle you will find relief, Wine kills eve ry kind of grief. Aye, e -ven the be - lief a girl can
Allegro.
faith - ful be.... Yes, e - ven the ab - surd be- lief a girl can faith - ful be.
Allegro.

(MARQUIS *enters and hastens to* FRANCOIS.)

I come, Fran- cois, the vers-es to re - ceive. Eh! what

FRANCOIS.

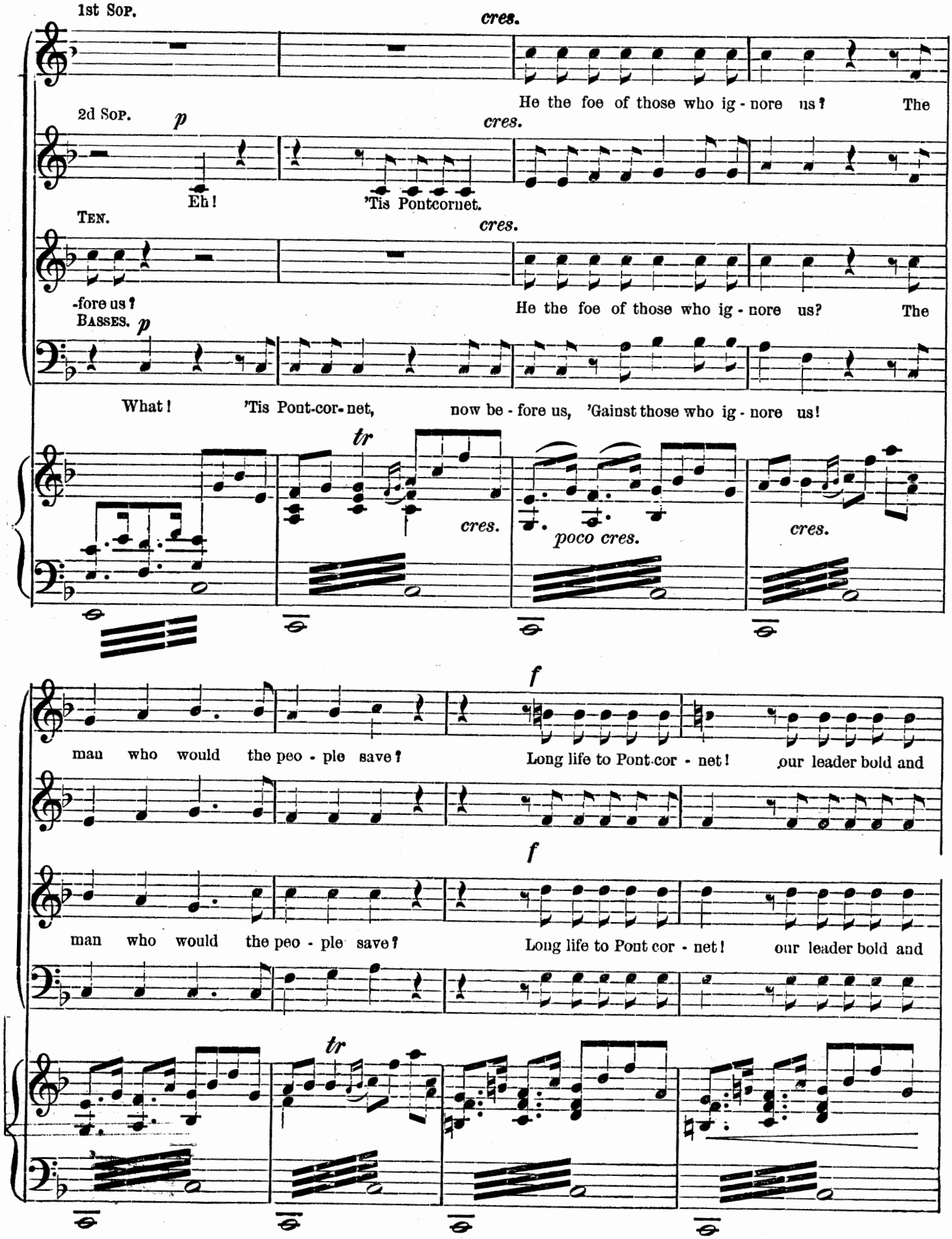
Ah! Monsieur le Mar - quis.

NICOLET.

ails you, my lad? Tell me, why do you grieve? Ask nothing of him,

TENORS.

pray, Monsieur de Pontcor - net. In grief.... our friend you see! Ah! is Pontcornet! now be-


1st Sop.
cres.
He the foe of those who ig - nore us? The
2d Sop.
p
cres.
Eh!
'Tis Pontcornet.
Ten.
cres.
-fore us?
He the foe of those who ig - nore us? The
Basses.
p
What!
'Tis Pont-cor-net,
now be - fore us,
'Gainst those who ig - nore us!
tr
cres.
poco cres.
cres.
f
man who would the peo - ple save?
Long life to Pont-cor - net!
our leader bold and
f
man who would the peo - ple save?
Long life to Pont cor - net!
our leader bold and
tr

MARQUIS.

What!

brave, Long life to Pont - cor - net, our lead - er bold and brave!

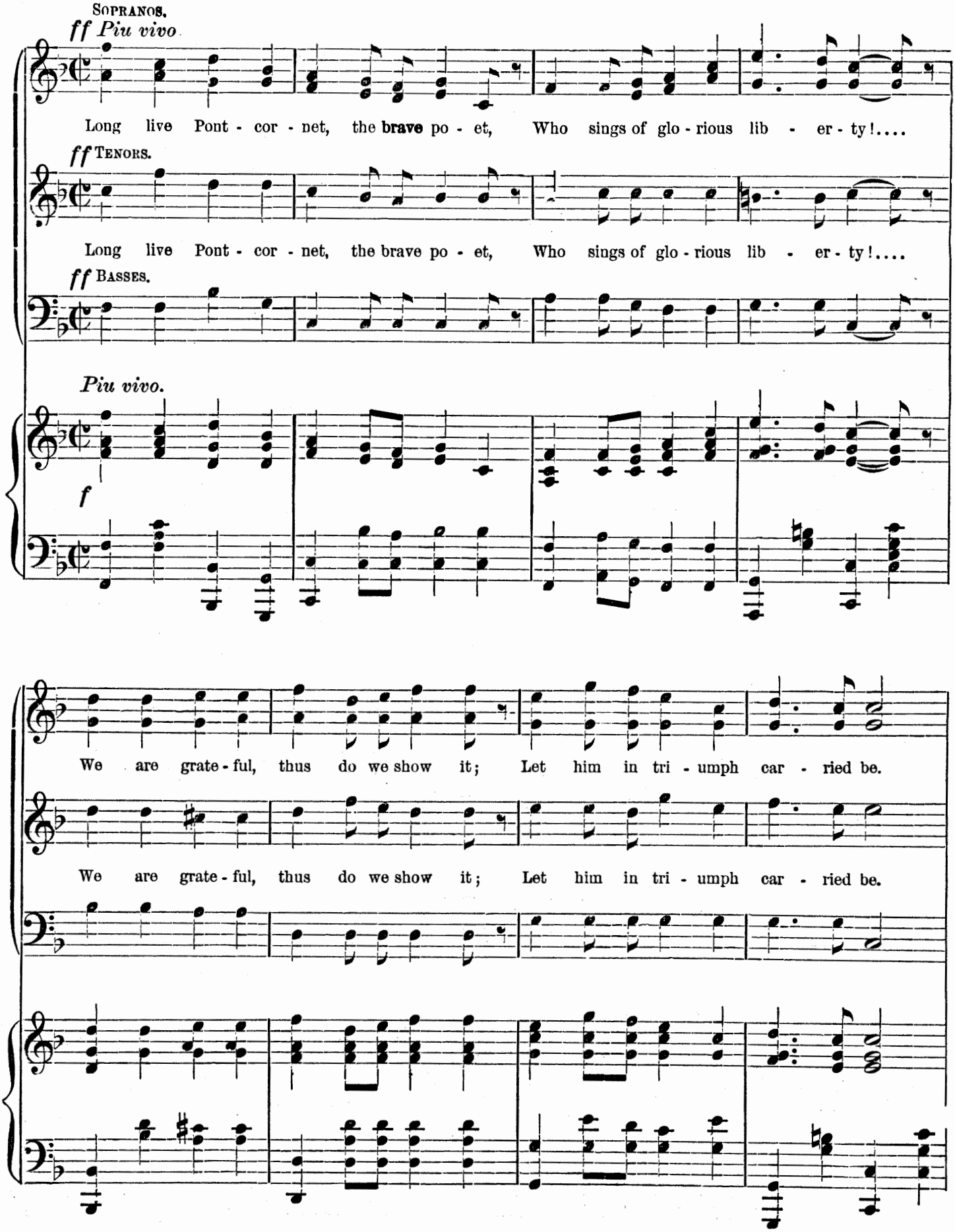
brave, Long life to Pont - cor - net, our lead - er bold and brave!

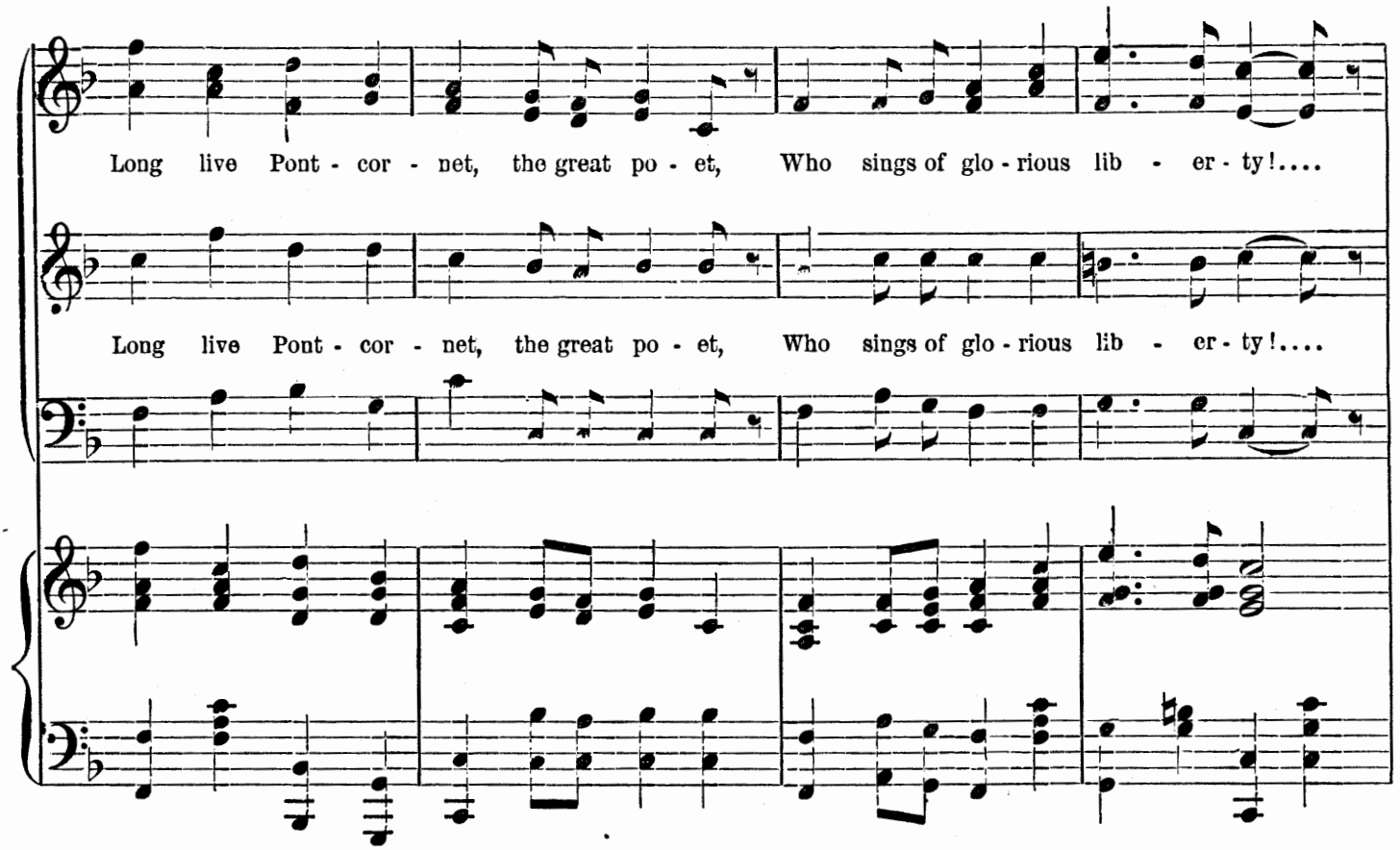
brave, Long life to Pont - cor - net, our lead - er bold and brave!

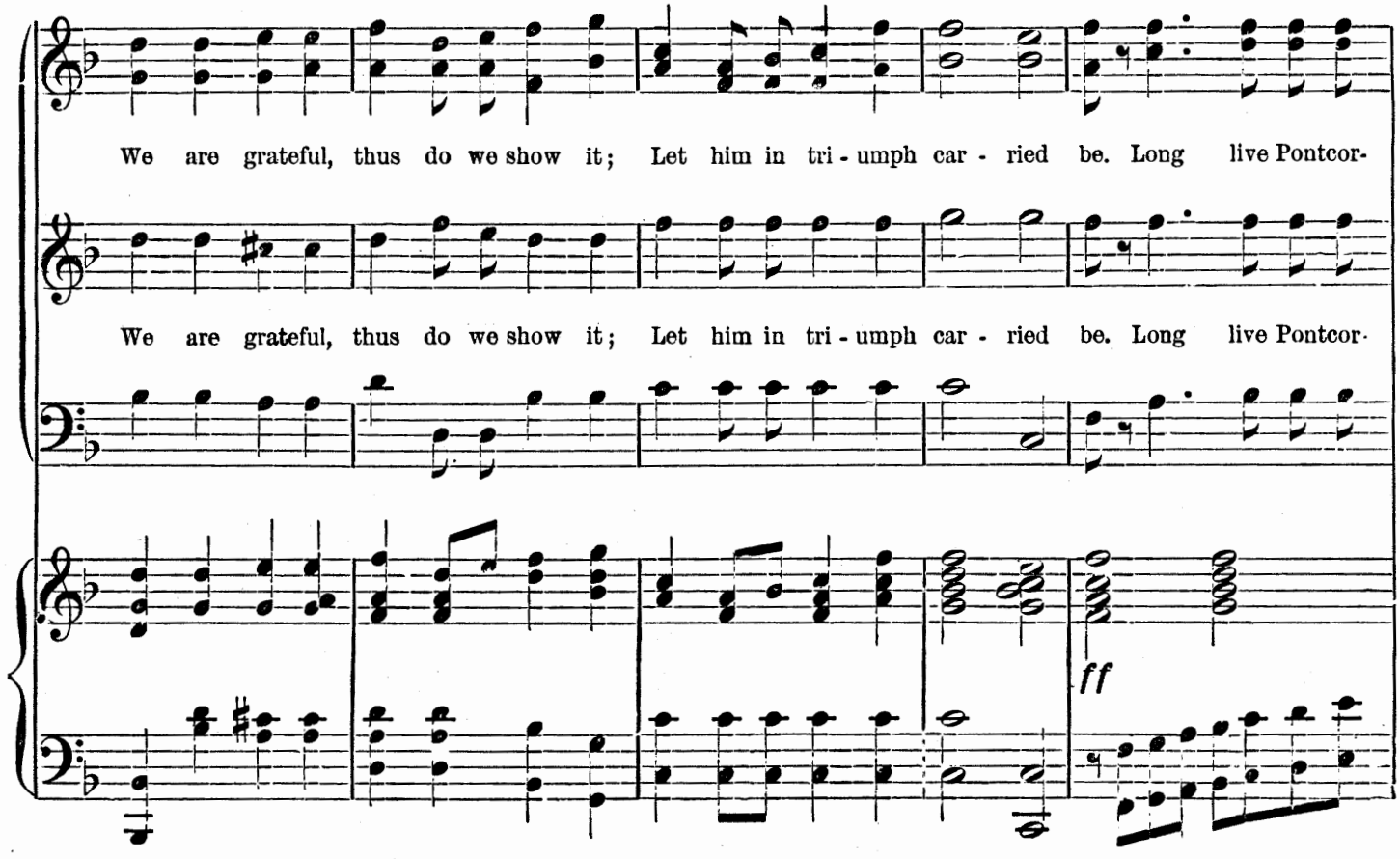
f
m.g

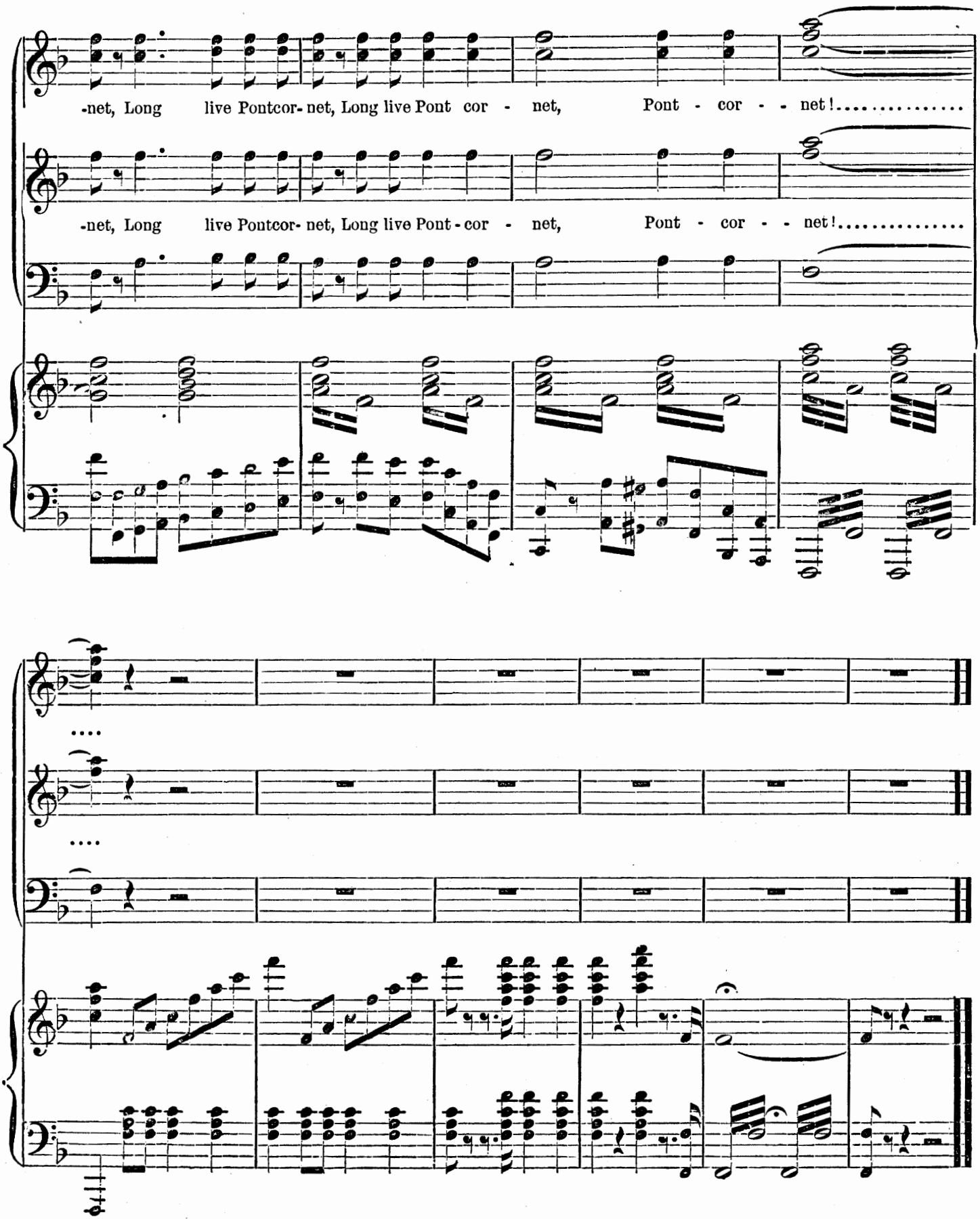
I your lead - er? 'Tis ab - surd! They must be mad, up - on my word!

f *accel.*


Sopranos.
ff Piu vivo
Long live Pont - cor - net, the brave po - et, Who sings of glo - rious lib - er - ty!....
ff Tenors.
Long live Pont - cor - net, the brave po - et, Who sings of glo - rious lib - er - ty!....
ff Basses.
Piu vivo.
f
We are grate - ful, thus do we show it; Let him in tri - umph car - ried be.
We are grate - ful, thus do we show it; Let him in tri - umph car - ried be.


Long live Pont - cor - net, the great po - et, Who sings of glo - rious lib - er - ty!....
Long live Pont - cor - net, the great po - et, Who sings of glo - rious lib - er - ty!....


We are grateful, thus do we show it; Let him in tri - umph car - ried be. Long live Pontcor-
We are grateful, thus do we show it; Let him in tri - umph car - ried be. Long live Pontcor-
ff

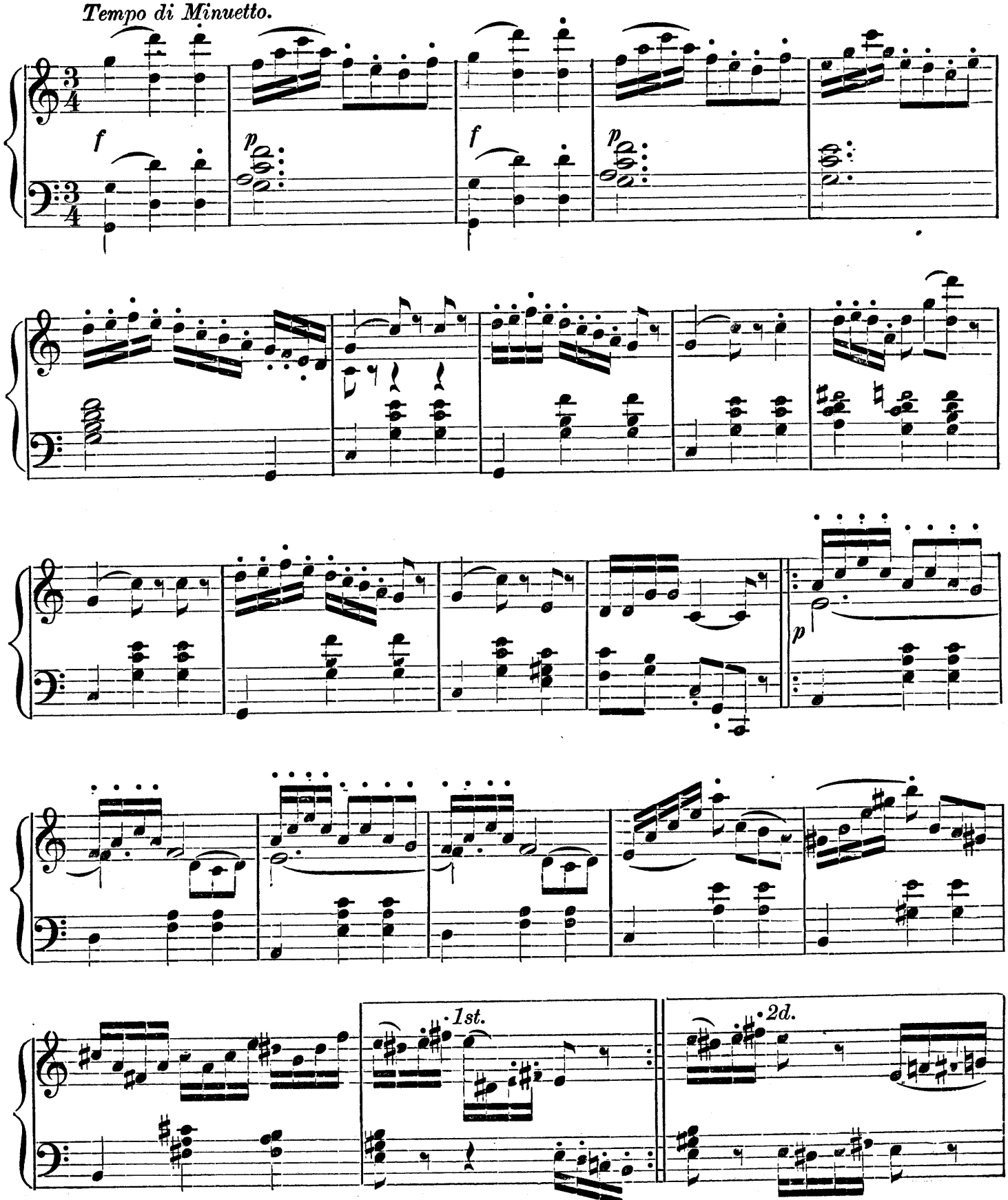


(They seize PONTCORNET, *raise him on the shoulders of* GRATINET *and* COURTALIN, *he stunned, and the people enthusiastic. They are about to carry him in triumph, as the curtain falls.)*

ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE--MENUET.

Tempo di Minuetto.



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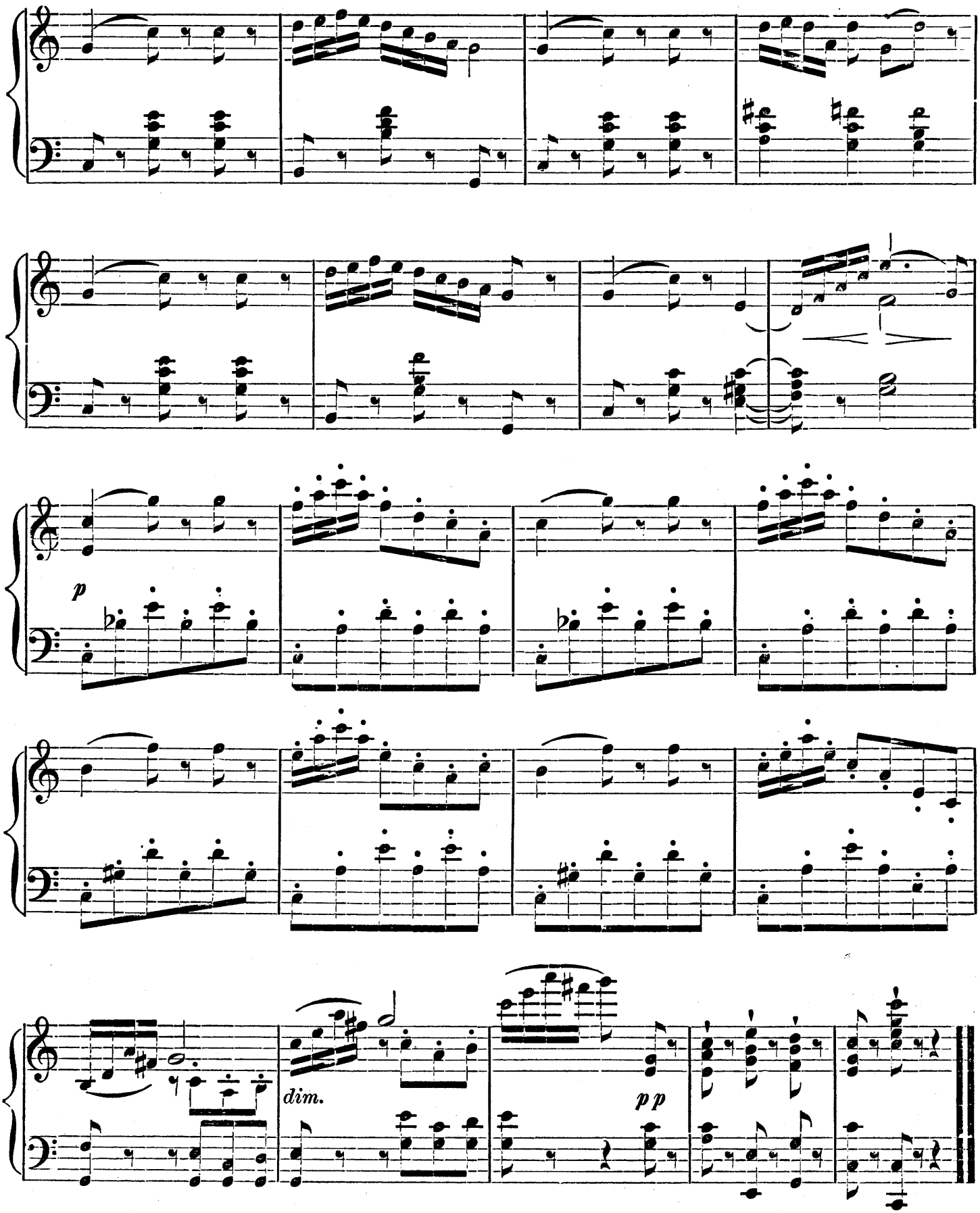
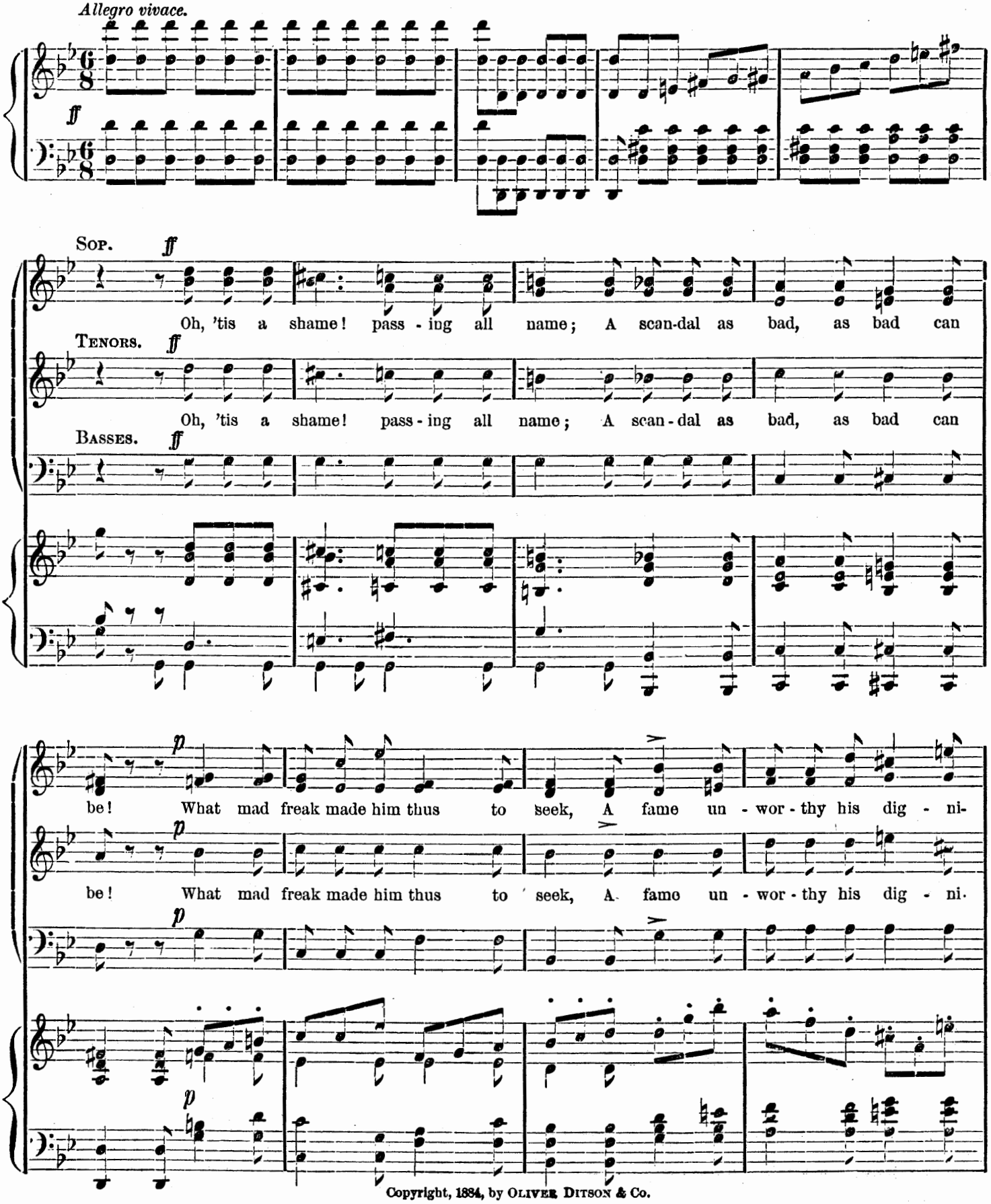


SCENE.—*A grand salon in* PONTCORNET'S *house. Door* C. *Door* L. *and* R. 2 E. *At rise of curtain,* JASMIN, *cooks, valets, chambermaids, and other servants discovered.*

"OH 'TIS A SHAME!"

NO. 11. CHORUS OF SERVANTS.

Allegro vivace.



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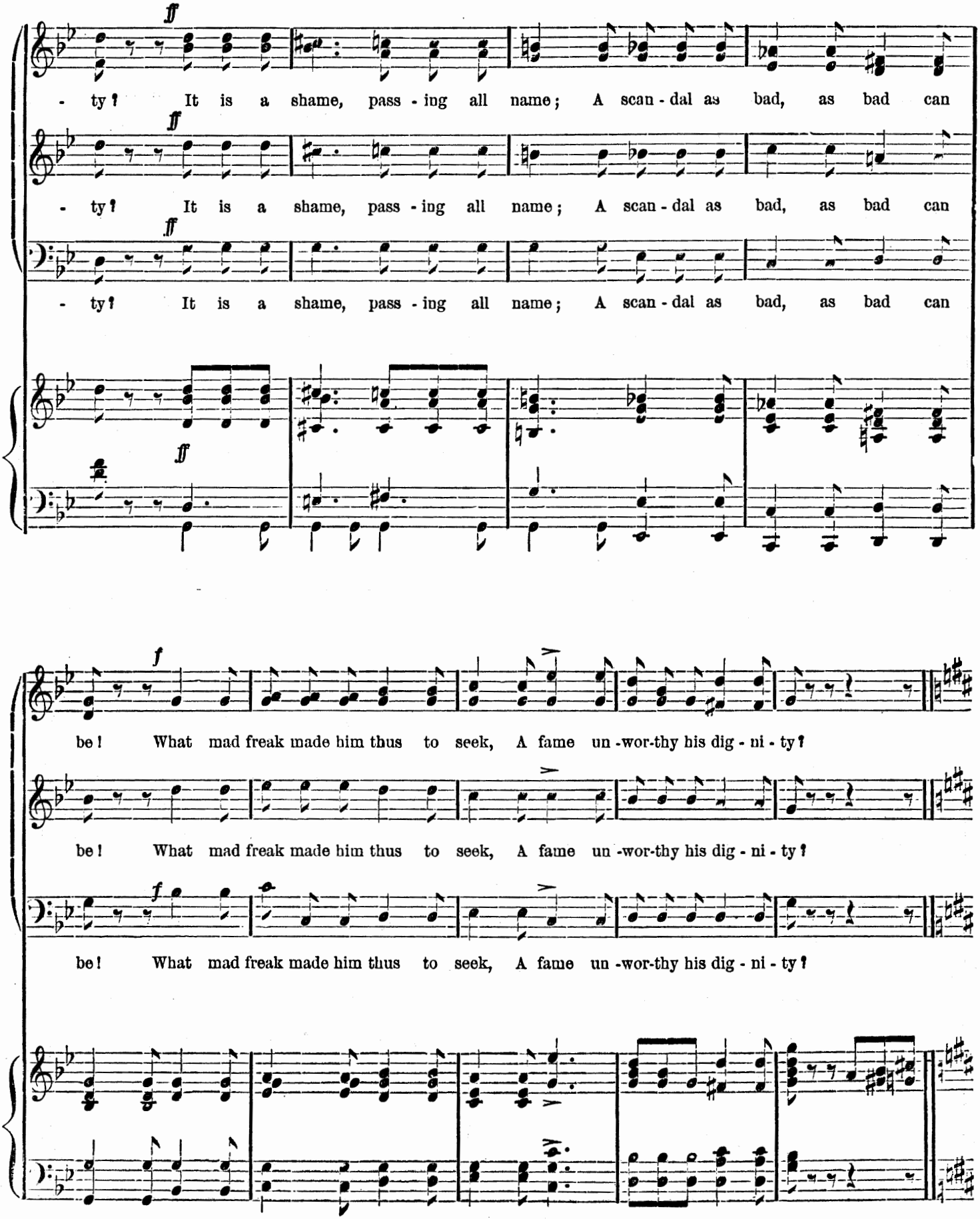
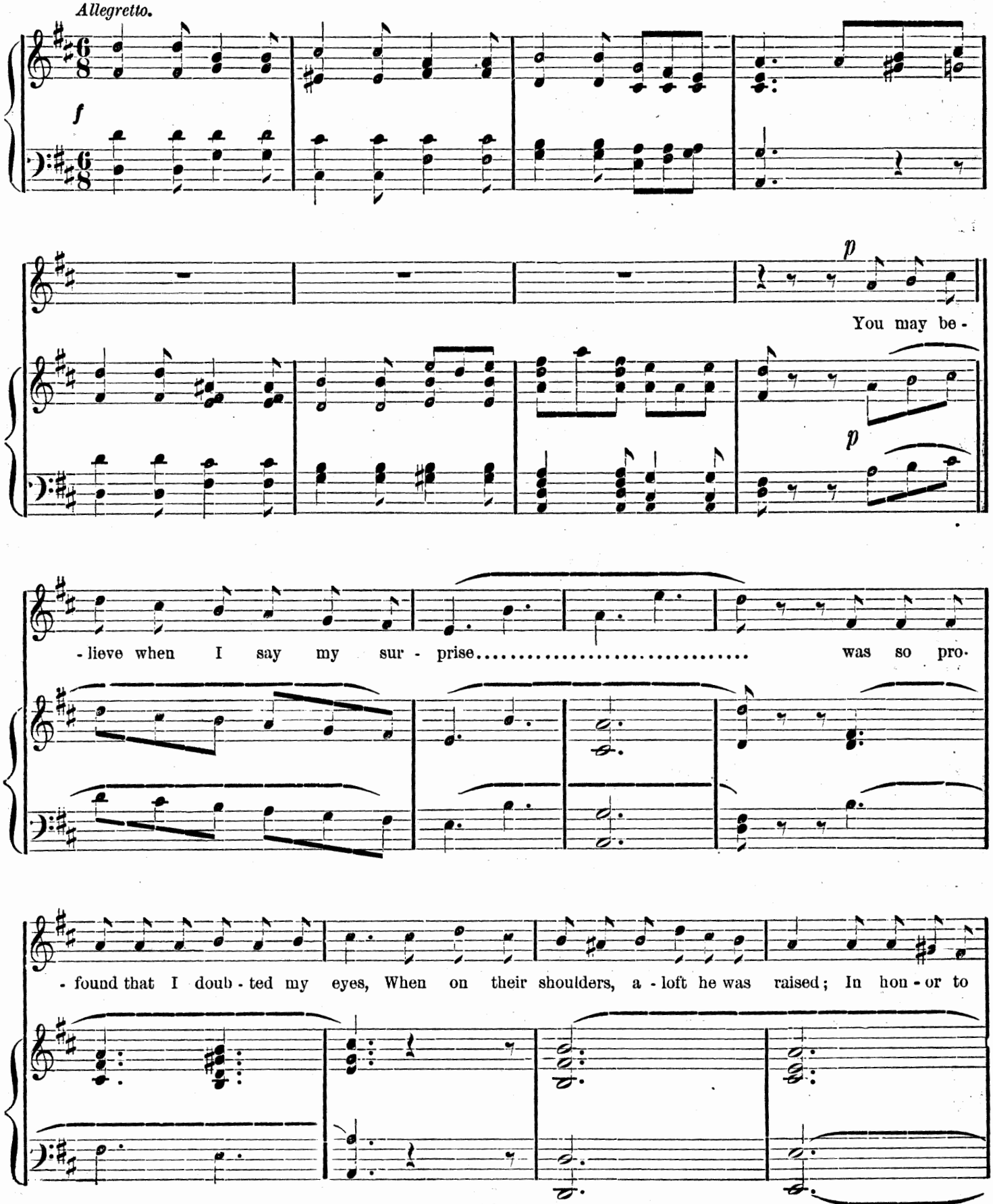

ff
- ty! It is a shame, pass - ing all name; A scan - dal as bad, as bad can
ff
- ty! It is a shame, pass - ing all name; A scan - dal as bad, as bad can
ff
- ty! It is a shame, pass - ing all name; A scan - dal as bad, as bad can
ff
f
be! What mad freak made him thus to seek, A fame un - wor-thy his dig - ni - ty?
be! What mad freak made him thus to seek, A fame un - wor-thy his dig - ni - ty?
f
be! What mad freak made him thus to seek, A fame un - wor-thy his dig - ni - ty?

"YOU MAY BELIEVE."

SONG.

Jasmin.

Allegretto.



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him for the freedom he praised. Heedless of all the proud deeds of his race, Whose name he thus cru-el-ly sunk in dis

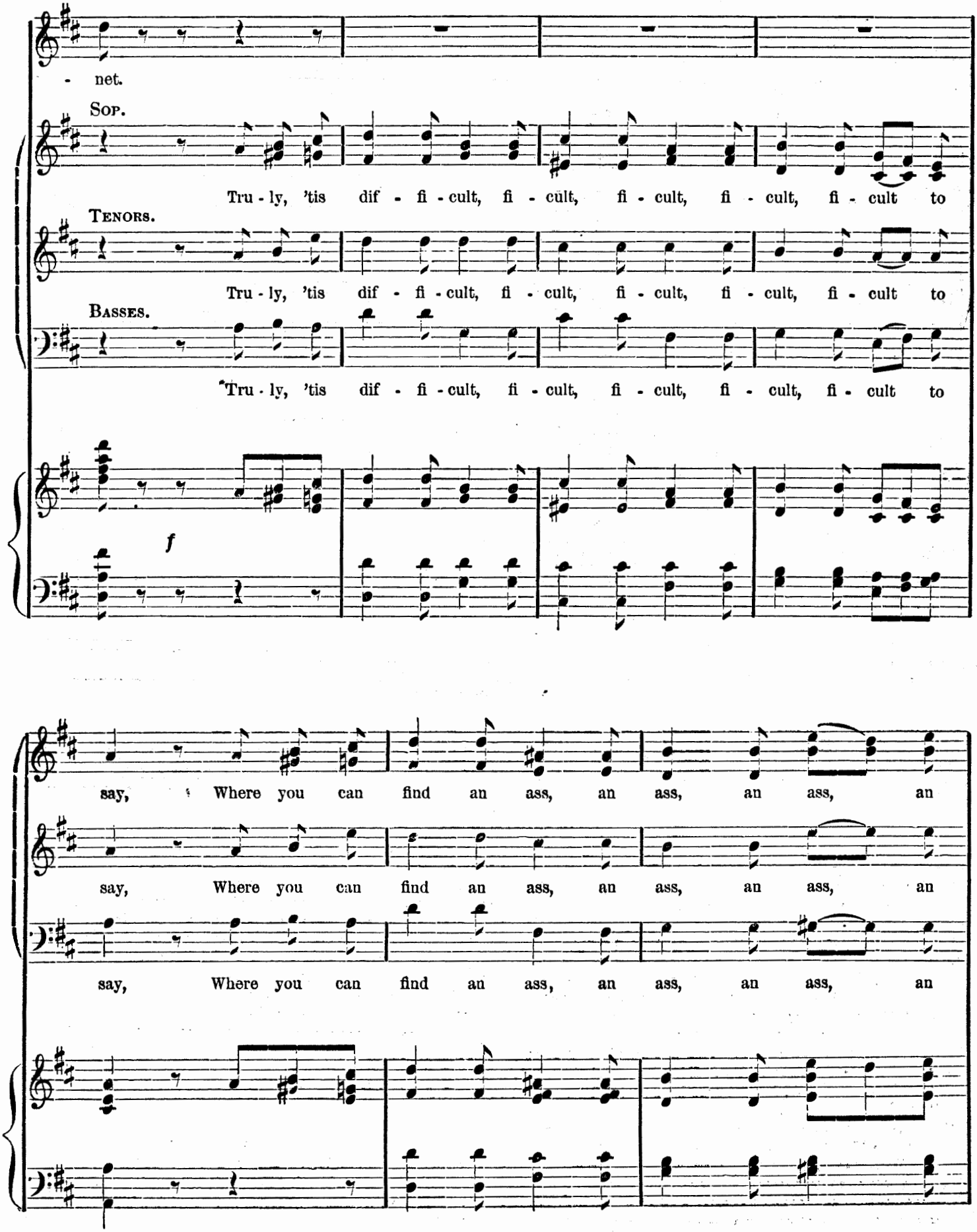
- grace, What in this scan - dal is hard-est of all, Is that he can - not his im - pru-dence re-

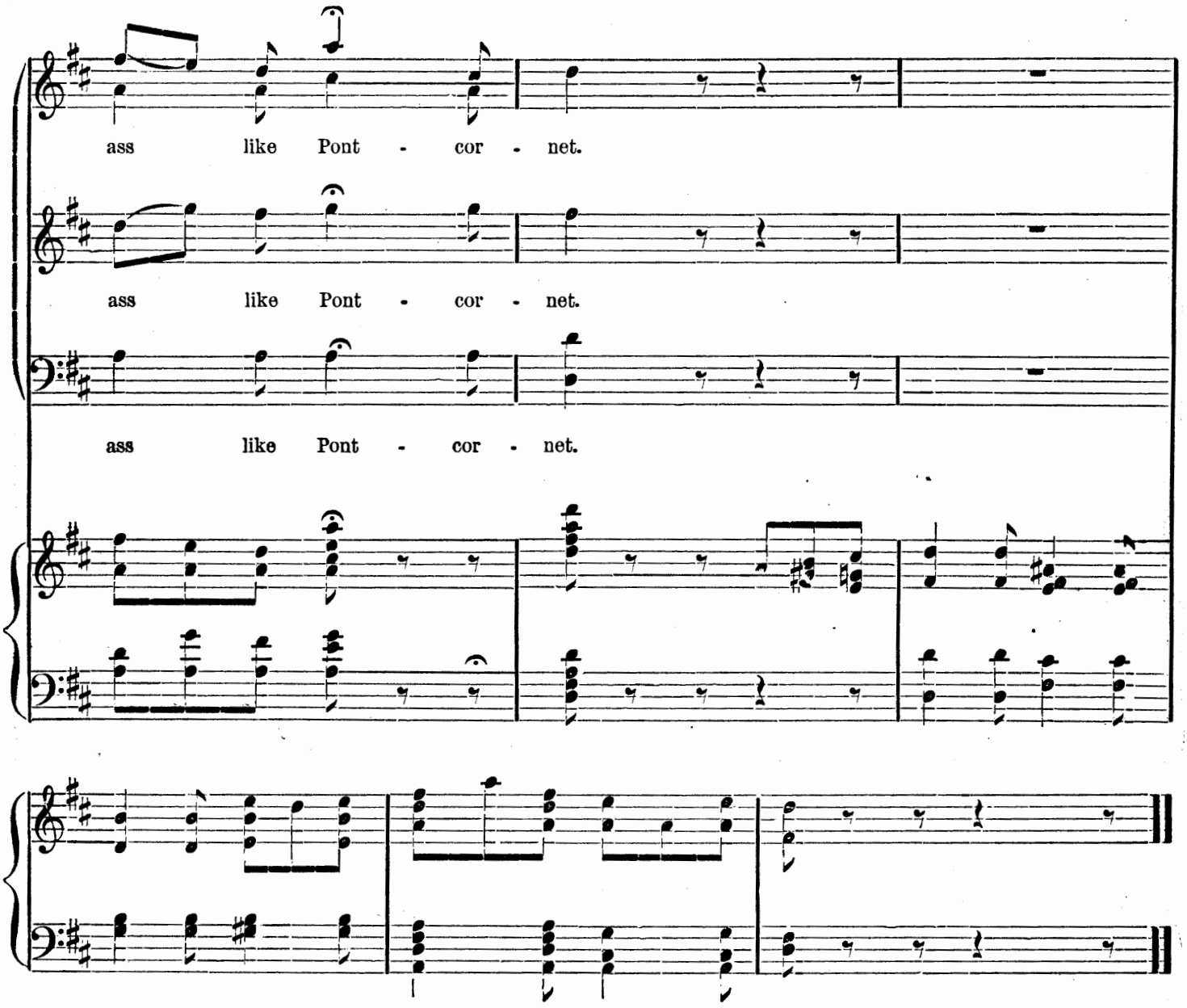
REFRAIN.

- call. Tru - ly, 'tis dif - fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult to

f

say, Where you can find an ass, an ass, an ass, an ass like Pont Cor-


- net.
Sop.
Tru - ly, 'tis dif - fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult to
Tenors.
Tru - ly, 'tis dif - fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult to
Basses.
Tru - ly, 'tis dif - fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult, fi - cult to
f
say, Where you can find an ass, an ass, an ass, an
say, Where you can find an ass, an ass, an ass, an
say, Where you can find an ass, an ass, an ass, an



OMNES.—It is shameful! Outrageous!

JAS. The idea of the Marquis fraternizing with the vulgar people! A Marquis writing songs about liberty! Bah!

OMNES. Bah!

JAS. We *can't* condescend to remain with such a master!

OMNES. No! No!

(*Cries outside*, L.)—"Long live Pontcornet!"

JAS. Do you hear that? Market people cheering the Marquis. It disgraces him! It disgraces *us!*

Enter PONTCORNET, C. *excitedly.*

PONT. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Yes, my friends! You may count upon me! (*Comes down.*) Good people, they call me their liberator. Why, I don't know! (*Sees* JASMIN.) Here, Jasmin! (*Gives him hat and cane.*)

JAS. (*Taking them stiffly.*) I have the honor to offer my resignation to the Marquis—I beg pardon!— to *citizen* Pontcornet!

PONT. Why, what do you mean, you impudent rascal?

JAS. The *ladies* and *gentlemen* (*pointedly*) here assembled, cannot preserve their self-respect and serve a friend of the mob at the same time. That is our ultimatum;—if the word is right.

OMNES. Yes! Our ultimatum;—if the word is right.

PONT. (*Furious.*) Scoundrels,—idiots,—ragamuffins!

JAS. (*Pleased.*) Ah! Scoundrels,—idiots,—ragamuffins! He is *not* changed then. He is *not* converted to liberal ideas!

PONT. Impertinent booby! (*Kicks* JASMIN *behind. The others all wince and make a movement as if they had received the blow.*)

JAS. Thanks, for this testimony to your fidelity to the traditions of your race. We will *not* leave you.

OMNES. No, no! Long live the Marquis.

JAS. And now we can resume our preparations for to-night's fête.

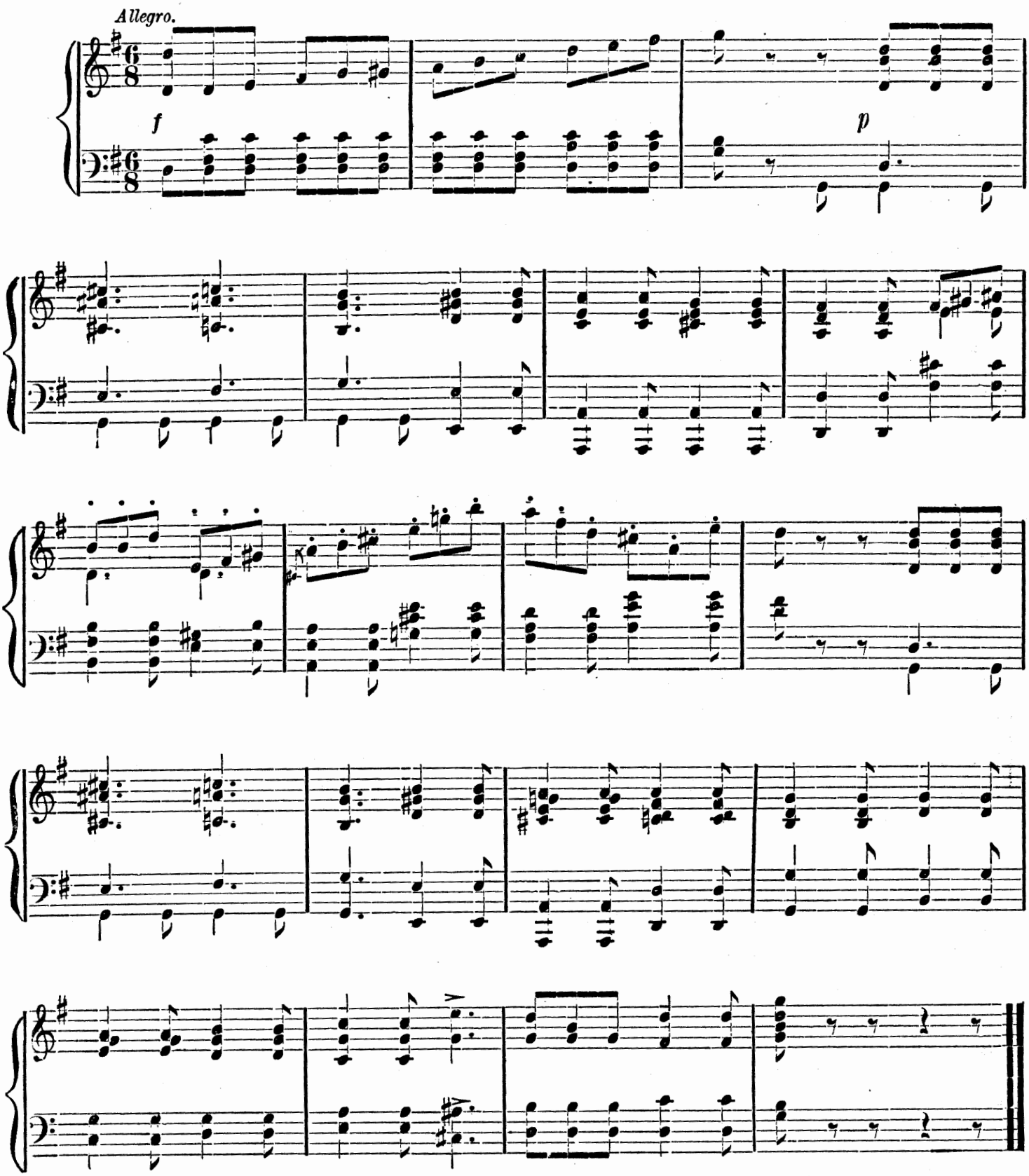
PONT. Very well! A word, Jasmin. Do you know Francois—him of the blue stockings?

JAS. The scribbler of the market-place?

PONT. Yes! You will send for him at once. We have an account to settle together!

JAS. I obey! Excuse my words of a few moments ago. We are bound more closely than ever to you, by your affectionate proof of loyalty to your old principles! (*Rubs his back. All copy action, sympathetically.*) Come; prepare for this evening's festivities!

No. 12. EXIT OF SERVANTS.



Exeunt all, C. *except the* MARQUIS.

PONT. I do not understand this popularity; for I *am* suddenly the people's favorite, thanks to the infernal song which that rascal Francois corrected. Corrected? Yes, with a vengeance! What will the king say? The situation is a serious one. I *could* look to the people for support, but,—bless me—it's an awkward piece of business! What's to be done?

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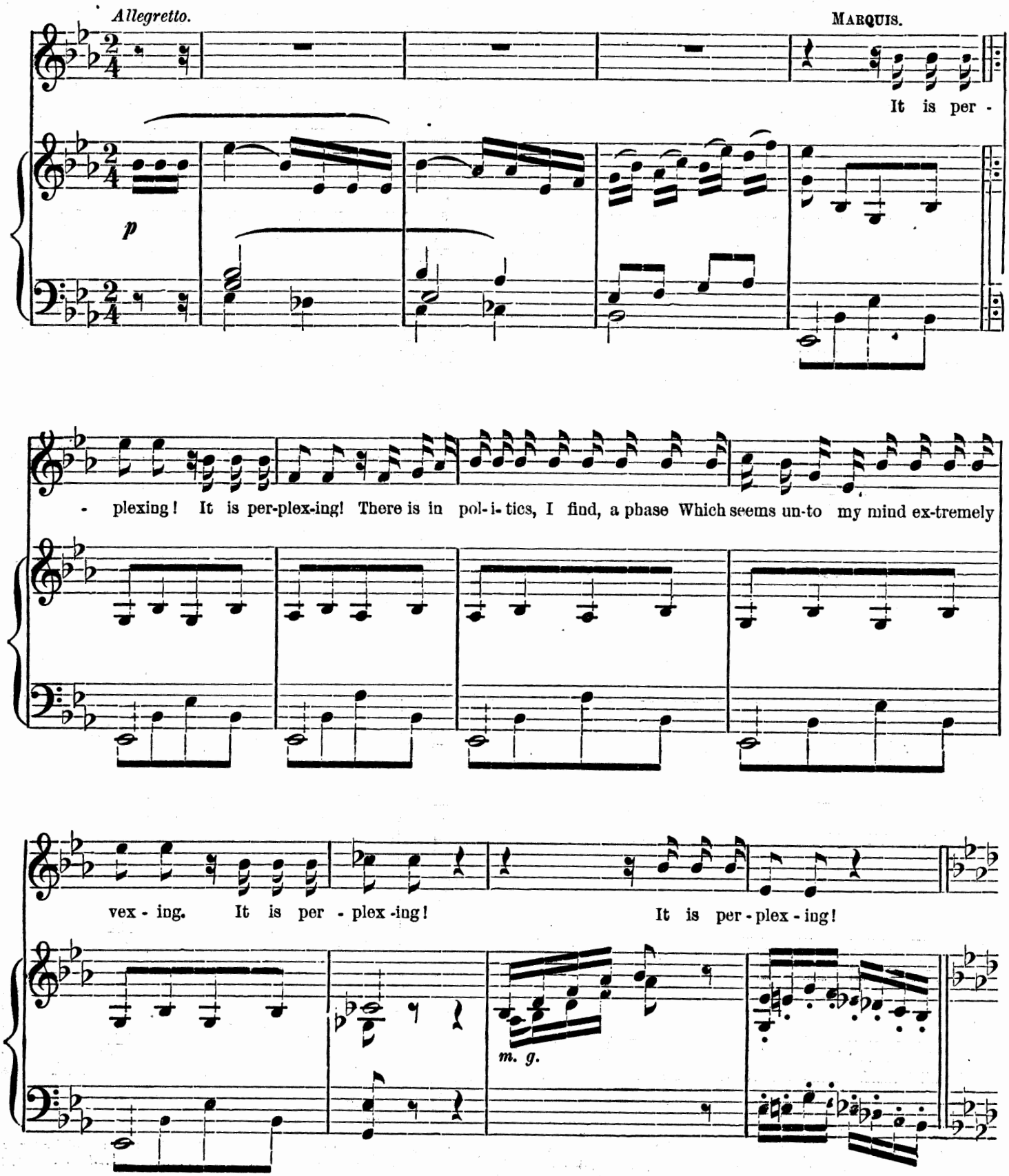
"IT IS PERPLEXING."

No. 13. COUPLETS.



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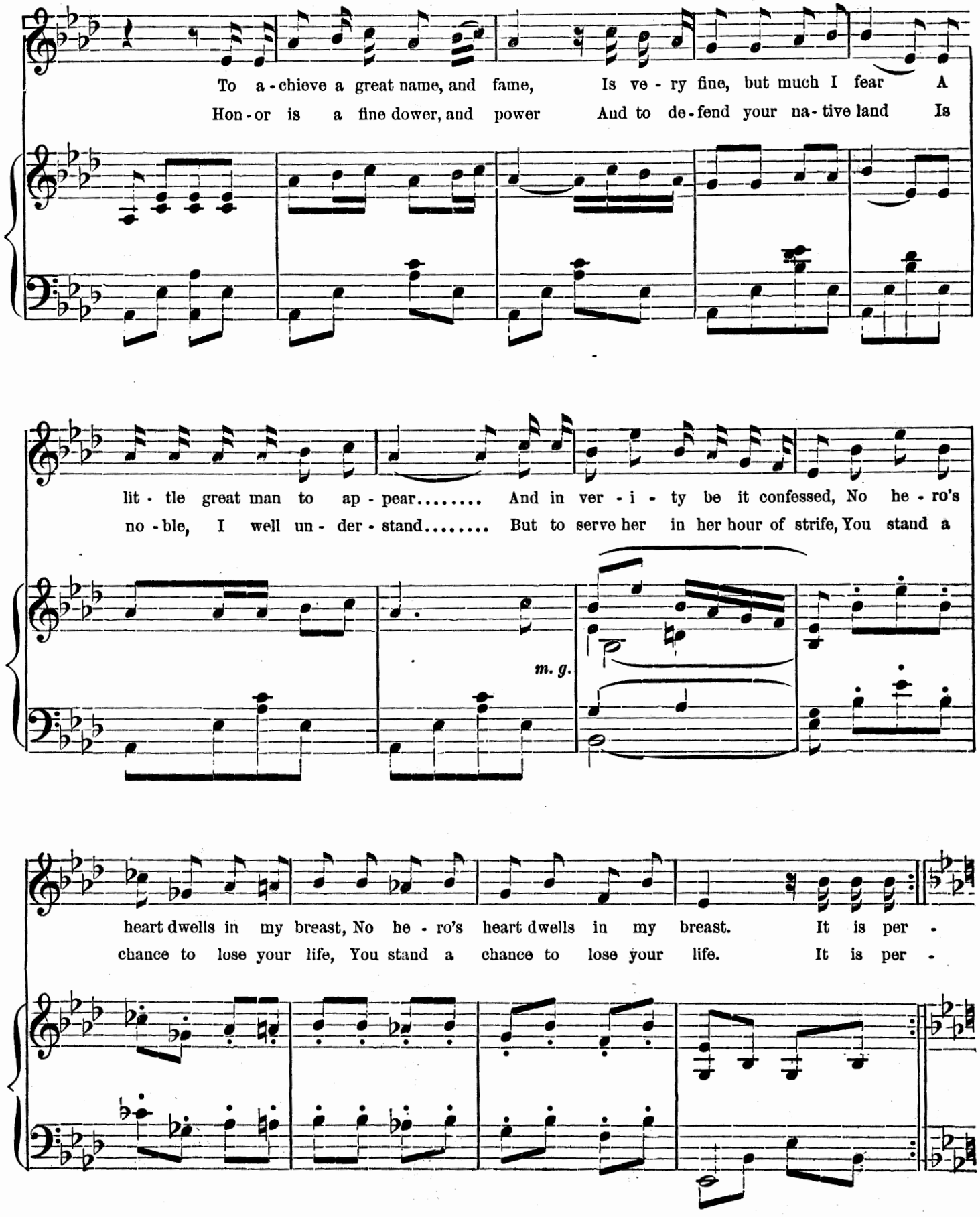
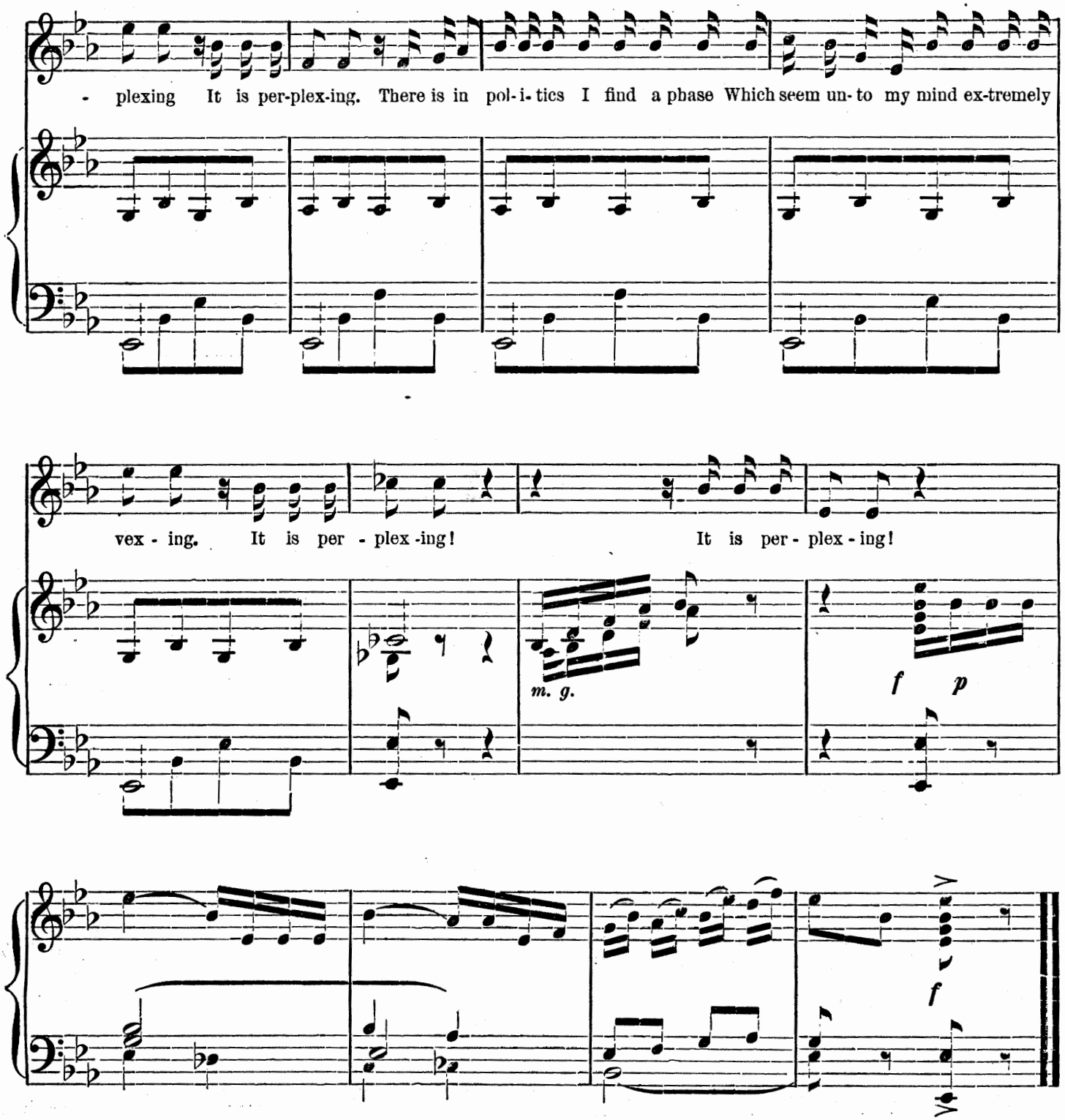

To a - chieve a great name, and fame, Is ve - ry fine, but much I fear A
Hon - or is a fine dower, and power And to de - fend your na - tive land Is
lit - tle great man to ap - pear..... And in ver - i - ty be it confessed, No he - ro's
no - ble, I well un - der - stand..... But to serve her in her hour of strife, You stand a
m. g.
heart dwells in my breast, No he - ro's heart dwells in my breast. It is per -
chance to lose your life, You stand a chance to lose your life. It is per -



Enter COUNTESS, R. 2. E.

COUNT. Ah brother! I was seeking you. I've such important news for you. I'm on the traces of your long-lost daughter—Jeanne!

PONT. (*Startled and moved.*) Jeanne!

COUNT. Yes, who was carried off at the burning of your chateau at Pitou, by vagabonds.

PONT. She lives, then? And you have found her in custody of those wretches?

COUNT. No; but with a good woman who brought her to Paris. She has given me the most precise details of everything, and the memory of her youth that I have awakened in the girl herself, leaves no longer room for doubt.

PONT. My child alive and found! But how did you discover her!

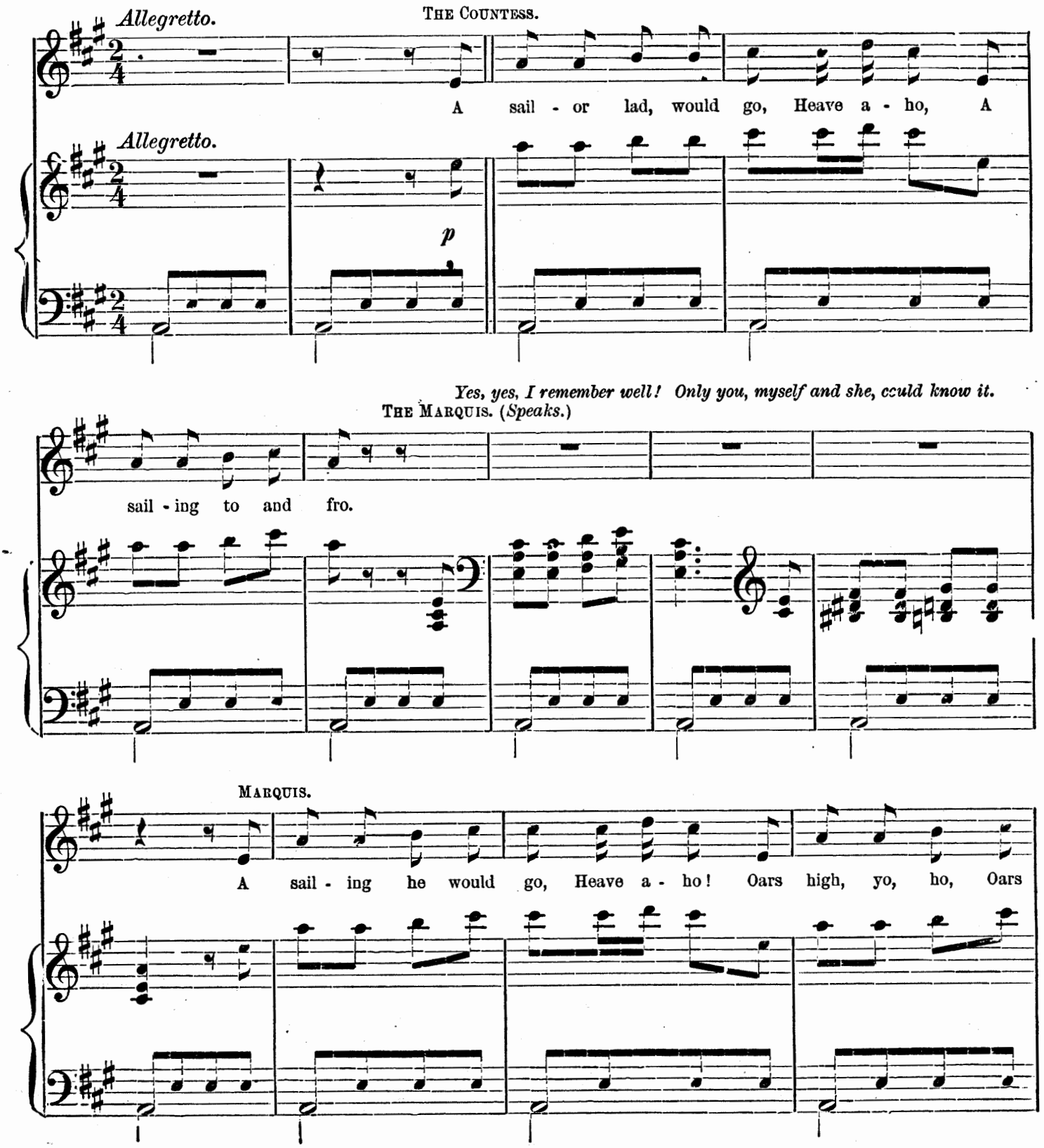
COUNT. By chance—providence. She was singing in the streets.

PONT. (*Overwhelmed.*) My daughter—a Pontcornet—singing in the streets?

COUNT. Yes, the song you wrote for her so long ago.

"A SAILOR LAD WOULD GO."

No. 14.



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COUNTESS. *goes to back, beckons* FAN. *and* MIL. *in, and signs to* FAN. *to sing.*

FANTINE

low !

a tempo.

To his fa - ther he took his prize, To cheer his eyes, To his fa - ther

rit.

he took his prize, To cheer his eyes !

rit.

PONT. My daughter—my little Jeanne!

FAN. (*Embarrassed.*) Monsieur le Marquis!

PONT. (*Drawing her towards him, and recognizing her*) Why, it's my little songster of this morning! Can it be? (*Examines her.*) You were only five years old, and—you have grown so!

COUNT. She is your daughter, all the same. She could not stop growing until you had found her again!

PONT. I did not think of that. She has her mother's eyes! That song, too!—I must believe it! She is very pretty—and bears herself in an aristocratic manner. She inherited that from me. (*Takes her hand.*) And such delicate hands! Come, child, embrace your father!

FAN. (*Timidly.*) Pardon me—this surprise—my emotion—this sudden change in my life!

PONT. Think of the change it has made in mine! I am your father. And as a natural and logical consequence, you are my daughter. (*Kisses and embraces her.*) Take her, sister. Clothe her in attire worthy her new rank, while I talk with Madame Militza. My daughter must eclipse all my guests to-night. I leave that to you.

COUNT. She shall have the richest garbs from her mother's wardrobe—until she has one of her own.

PONT. Embrace me again, my child. There is a great deal of lost time to be made up! (*Embraces her.*)

FAN. (*Aside*) And Francois! How am I to let him know?

COUNT. Come, child! Come!

Exit R. 2. E., *with* FATINE.

PONT. What a romance! And now, Militza, give me all the particulars. But first about yourself. You are married?

MIL. Alas! Yes and no! I had an excellent husband, with whom I kept an inn in Switzerland. His name was Kirschwasser.

PONT. One moment. I know this Kirschwasser.

MIL. (*With joy.*) Oh! You know him!

PONT. I am mistaken. It is a drink of the same name. Go on with your story.

MIL. We did not live happily together. It was my fault. I was jealous—and his hair was long and *so* tempting!——

PONT. That you felt obliged to borrow a handful of it, now and then!

MIL. Alas—yes! He ran away, and I have not seen him since.

Enter JASMIN, E.

JAS. The person I was sent for is here.

PONT. Ah! Good! (*To* MIL.) Enter here, madame. (*Points* L. 2. E.) We will resume our conversation by and by. I shall recompense your devotion.

MIL. (*At door.*) You are too good! (*Exit* L. 2. E.)

PONT. (*To* JAS.) Now show Francois in. (*Exit* JAS., C.) I hope, at last, that I shall obtain some explanation of the cause of my popularity.

Enter FRANCOIS, C.

FRAN. You wish to see me!

PONT. Ah! you are there, are you? (*Reproachfully.*) You know what happened to me? The people brought me home in triumph.

FRAN. So I hear!

PONT. Thanks to *your* song. Do you know what you have done? You have lost me my position at court,—for as soon as the king hears of it, he will be furious!

FRAN. When you know my reasons——

PONT. Silence, sir! You have turned me into a common politician, who changes his politics in a moment for mob applause. Such a thing was never heard of.

FRAN. (*Smilingly.*) Do you think so? And as to the song, on this 10th of July, 1789, serious questions are stirring Frenchmen to the very soul. You were looked upon as dangerous to the liberal cause, thanks to your songs in favor of the court. You were a marked man. In changing your latest song, I have saved you from a great peril that threatened you.

PONT. Well, I don't thank you for it. I have even sent for you to ask you to undo what you have done.

FRAN. That's easy enough. Tell your friends at court that I mutilated your song,

PONT. But, my dear fellow, in that case, their vengeance will fall upon you, and it is you who will be arrested. Why should I destroy you for trying to save me?

FRAN. (*Bitterly.*) What does it matter? My heart suffers from one pain that renders it insensible to every other.

PONT. Oh, very well then. Besides, if something disagreeable is to happen, perhaps it is better it should happen to you than to me—that is, if you are so indifferent to it one way or the other.

Enter JASMIN, C.

JAS. (*Announcing.*) The Chevalier de Lansac!

PONT. My nephew! I'll receive him in a moment.

FRAN. If you will permit me, I will go to the library and write a letter explaining the whole affair. If you are then called upon, you can completely exonerate yourself.

PONT. That is generous! On my part, if you get into trouble, I'll look after *you*. Depend upon me, my dear blue-stockings—I mean, my dear Francois! This way. (*Points* R. 2. E.)

FRAN. It will be soon done. (*Exit* R. 2. E.)

PONT. Request my nephew to come to me.

Exit JASMIN, C., LANSAC, *enters immediately*, C.

LAN. Good day, my dear uncle.

PONT. Ah! And where do you come from?

LAN. (*Sarcastically.*) From the market-place, where I had the honor to be a witness to your glorious triumph! Do you know you are almost as popular now as Lafayette himself?

PONT. (*Angrily.*) Go to the——! But, tell me—what the deuce were *you* doing in the market place?

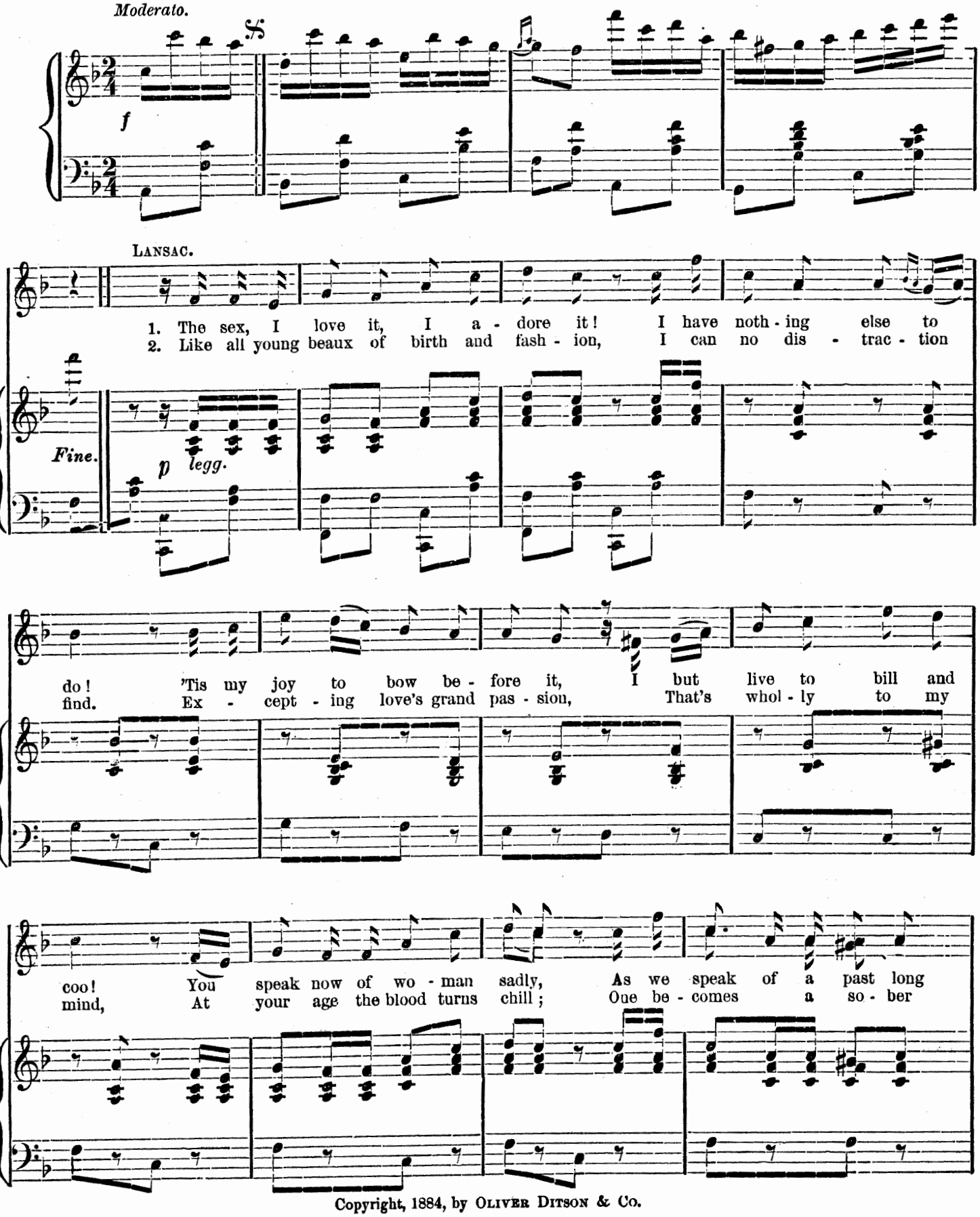
LAN. (*Sighs.*) A love affair that turned out badly. The little beauty that I proposed to carry off, was carried off by somebody else. But I shall find her again, never fear!

PONT. Women, always women! Why is it that you can think of nothing else?

"THE SEX, I LOVE IT."

No. 15. SONG.

Moderato.



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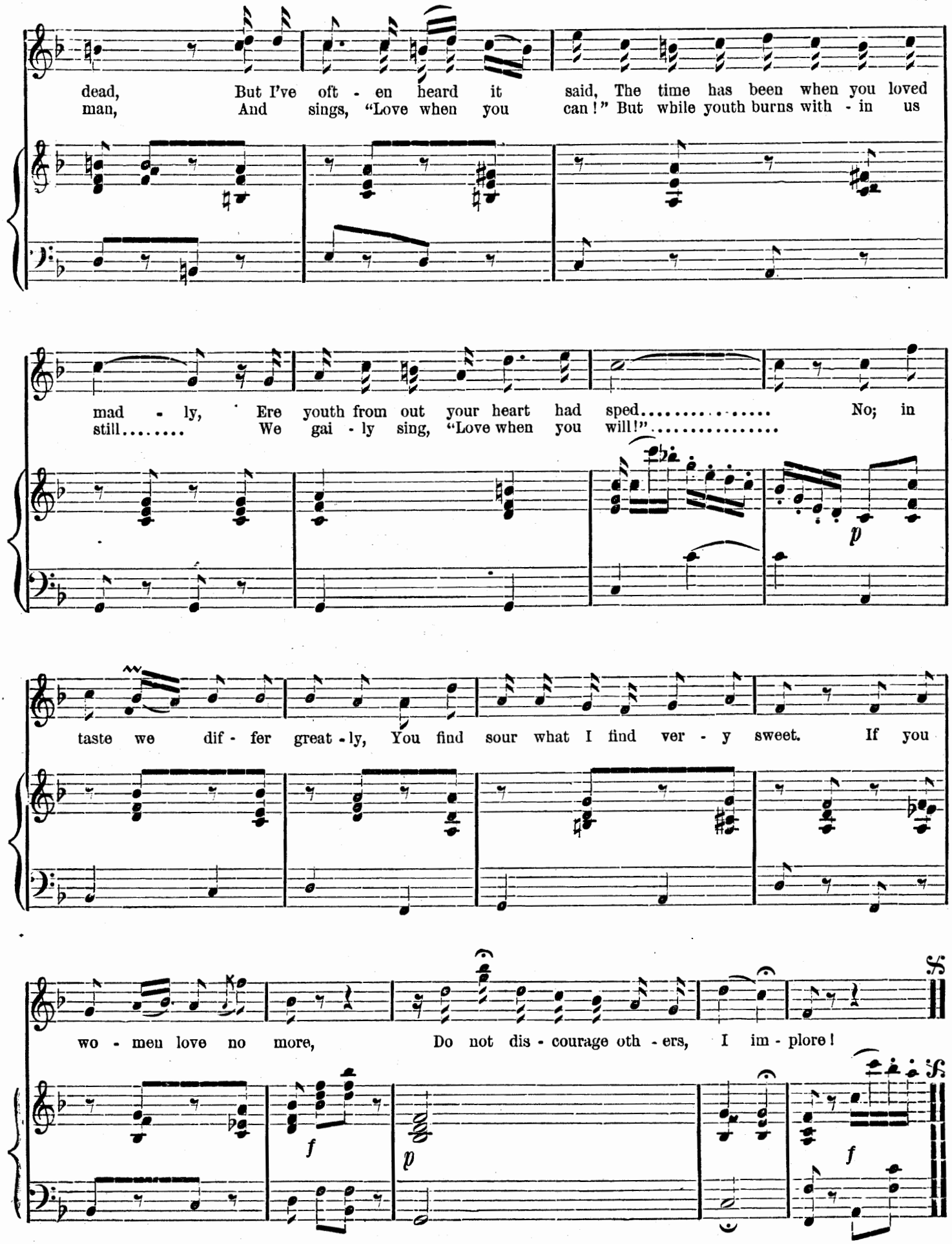
dead, But I've oft - en heard it said, The time has been when you loved
man, And sings, "Love when you can!" But while youth burns with - in us
mad - ly, Ere youth from out your heart had sped..... No; in
still..... We gai - ly sing, "Love when you will!".....
p
taste we dif - fer great - ly, You find sour what I find ver - y sweet. If you
wo - men love no more, Do not dis - courage oth - ers, I im - plore!
f
p
f
ff

PONT. Yes, yes; but, my dear nephew, you will for the future turn over a new leaf. And, by the way, I've a bit of serious news for you. You *were* my sole heir; you *are* so no longer.

LAN. (*Dismayed*) Eh! What do you mean?

PONT. Fate has sent me a charming young girl of eighteen——

LAN. (*Pretending to be shocked.*) Oh, uncle!

PONT. My daughter,—blockhead,—whom I have just found again!

LAN. What? Jeanne, my boyhood's little playfellow, found again?

PONT. Yes, to be a comfort to me in my politico-lyrical troubles.

LAN. But how did it happen!

PONT. Like a romance. You see, she sings.

LAN. (*Puzzled*) She sings!

PONT. (*Embarrassed.*) Yes—she sings—because,—because she is lively. (*Aside.*) He must not know she is a street singer. (*Aloud.*) The fact is, that at the burning of the chateau she was stolen by gypsies. (*Aside.*) Now for a good one! (*Aloud.*) She was rescued by a good woman and placed in one of the best convents in Touraine, to be educated. (*Aside*) Wheugh! (*Aloud.*) By a miraculous chance, my sister went there—or rather was passing—or something of that kind—she does go there occasionally you know—and heard her sing. The voice struck her—and also the words of the song—and—my sister asked the Lady Superior, and the Lady Superior asked the girl and they—they all asked each other—and all was discovered,—and that's how my daughter was restored to me. (*Aside.*) That *ought* to settle it!

LAN Upon my honor, uncle, I share in your joy. Am I not to meet my cousin?

PONT. Certainly, certainly! But you must be indulgent to her at first. Her manners are a trifle rough, and her education is none of the most thorough——

LAN. But the best convent Touraine——

PONT. (*Perplexed.*) True, I forgot that—I mean, they spoiled her there by over-indulgence

LAN. Well, I congratulate you on your good fortune. There is more reason now than ever to settle this unfortunate business of your revolutionary song. Monsieur de Breteuil is terribly angry about it. I was present at your triumph, and as I feared something disastrous might ensue, I went to our friend's house at once. He has given me this note for you.

PONT. (*Seizing note*) Ah! Let me see! (*Reads.*) "My Dear Marquis: Make a public disavowal of your song, or to-night you shall sleep in the Bastile. BRETEUIL." The Bastile? The deuce! *Very* friendly, *that!* I'll go to him at once, for I have just found a means of exonerating myself. (*Looks* R. 2. E.)

Enter JASMIN, C.

JAS. The guests have just arrived.

PONT. It is destined I shall not have a moment's peace. I'll be with them at once. (*Exit* JAS.) That is to say—(*To* LAN.)—you shall receive them.

Enter COUNTESS, R. 1. E., *with* FANTINE *in fine attire.*

COUNT. Ah, brother!

PONT. (*Perplexed.*) Now *she* comes,—and my daughter whom I had forgotten! She is charming, and (*To* COUNT.) you've given another proof of your good taste, sister. Come, nephew! Let me present you to your cousin (*With grimaces at* COUNT., *and winks at* FAN.) whom we have just rescued from a convent in Brittany.

LAN. But you just said Touraine!

PONT. (*Confused.*) Yes, yes! From Touraine *in* Brittany. (*Aside.*) Liars should have good memories. (*Aloud.*) Come. (*Moves so as to bring* FANTINE *in sight of* LANSAC.) My daughter, I have the pleasure to present to you, my nephew, the Chevalier de Lansac.

FAN. AND LAN. (*Each starting.*) Ah!

LAN. (*To* PONT.) Why, 'tis Fantine, the street singer! (*Astounded.*)

FAN. (*To* COUNTESS.) It is the young man who followed me! (*Indignant.*)

PONT. (*Aside to* LAN.) Be quiet, idiot! I'll explain everything, by and by. (*Takes him aside and whispers.*)

COUNT. (*Aside to* FAN.) Followed you, eh? He's in love with you, then! (*Aside*) A brilliant idea! (*Aloud*) Nephew, offer your arm to your cousin. (FAN. *goes up, pouting.*)

PONT. Certainly. Offer her your arm. Why do you stand there, gaping at me like a moon-struck calf?

LAN. (*Aside to* COUNT) Where is the joke?

COUNT. (*To* LAN.) There is no joke. Come, Chevalier, give your arm to your cousin, Mlle. de Pontcornet.

LAN. It *is* my cousin then? (*Aside.*) There's cozening somewhere! (*Aloud*) So we are near relations? I am delighted! (*Offers arm.*)

FAN. (*Timidly takes his arm.*) I—I—Excuse me, Chevalier, but—I'm so surprised, so confused! (*They go up stage slowly, and exeunt,* C.)

PONT. Sister, do the honors in my absence. Receive my guests. I must go to the chateau. (*Going,* C.)

COUNT. Brother, what a lovely pair! Seeing them together, do you not think of marriage!

PONT. Marriage? Rubbish! Are you mad? I find my daughter this morning. I can't marry her this evening. She'll keep! (*Going.*) Let me see if Francois has finished my letter. (*Exit* R. 2. E.)

COUNT. Their marriage would complete my joy. Francois would think no more of her, and would be free to give his attention wholly to me. (*Enter* NICOLET, C., *dressed as a confectioner's apprentice, and carrying under his arm a small, flat wicker basket.*)

NICO. Ah, excuse me! (*Aside, surprised.*) Eh! *She*! My master's customer?

COUNT. (*Surprised.*) Nicolet! What are *you* doing here?

NICO. I have entered the service of Monsieur Gratinet, the confectioner, and have been sent by him with these delicacies.

COUNT. Then you have left Francois?

NICO. (*Significantly.*) He has closed his shop, you know; all on account of a love affair—a street singer who jilted him, to fall in love with a gay young nobleman.

COUNT. Ah! My nephew, the Chevalier de Lansac.

NICO. (*Eagerly.*) Your nephew? (*Aside.*) That's well to know!

COUNT. And where is Francois?

NICO. (*Insinuatingly.*) Scouring Paris for his little songstress. But he'll not find her, will he! (*Laughs strategically.*) He, he! He can't find her, of course; because she's *here.* (*Waits reply anxiously.*)

COUNT. (*Unconsciously.*) Yes, yes!

NICO. (*Aside with joy.*) Ah! It *is* so, then?

COUNT. (*Anxiously*) But where can Francois be found?

NICO. At the revolutionary club, where he is to speak to-night.

COUNT. Thank you. (*Aside.*) To-night? I'll go! (*Aloud.*) This way, Nicolet. (*Points* L. 1. E)

NICO. Thanks, madame. (*Aside.*) She is here. How to tell Francois. (*Exit* L. 1. E.)

COUNT. (*Going up.*) Cost what it may, Fantine must be married and placed out of the reach of Francois. (NICO. *looks in cautiously,* L. 1. E.) And at once! (*Exit* C.)

NICO. (*Entering.*) The game is won! I've learned all I wanted to know. Wasn't it a clever idea, and won't Francois be pleased with my day's work!

FRAN. (*Outside,* R. 2. E.) Good luck to you, Marquis! (*Enter* R. 2. E.)

NICO. (*Astonished*) Master!

FRAN. (*Same*) Nicolet, what are you doing here?

NICO. (*Mysteriously.*) Hush! Mum! Not a word! I'm at work for you. Seeing you so sad, I wished to find out what had become of Fantine.

FRAN. (*Quickly.*) And you have succeeded?

NICO. (*Excitedly, and speaking quickly.*) Yes; at first, I set the neighbors talking and then I learned that Fantine and Militza had gone away with the Countess de la Savonniere.

FRAN. (*Startled*) The Countess! She!

NICO. Yes; the aunt of the Chevalier de Lansac; the young nobleman, you know, who followed Fantine so persistenly, for a long time.

FRAN. (*Astounded.*) Her nephew!

NICO. Yes. And Fantine is *here!*

FRAN. Here!

NICO. With her father, the Marquis de Pontcornet.

FRAN. (*Stunned.*) The Marquis her father! Ah, then indeed Fantine is lost to me forever!

NICO. And why? Cheer up! You must see her and speak to her.

FRAN. (*Hastily.*) You are right—but how?

NICO. Do not be hasty or imprudent. Leave everything to me. I am going to find her, and I'll tell her you are here. Ah! but we'll be cunning. These nobles may be powerful, but we'll show them we can outwit them. No one suspects me here; and in a short time I'll return and tell you all you can wish to know.

FRAN. Good Nicolet, kind Nicolet, go! Go, question, seek, guess, but hasten.

NICO. Depend upon me, master. Brought up in the streets of Paris, I am like a hunting dog. Nothing can throw me off a scent I have once found. (*Exit quickly,* L. 1. E.)

FRAN. And am I never to see her again? Must I say farewell forever to her? Alas! She is rich and noble, and can never stoop to one as lowly as I am. Ah! Fantine! Fate has torn you from my arms;—but in pity's name, do not drive me from your heart! (*Enter* FANTINE. *He sees her.*) Fantine!

FAN. Francois! (*They embrace.*)

"AH, DO WE THEN MEET AGAIN?"

No. 16. DUET. Fantine and Francois.

Allo. appassionato. FANTINE.

Ah, do we then meet a - gain? Yes! oh, joy beyond ex -

FRANCOIS.

- press - ing! From this hour, farewell to pain, ... Heav'n o'er us sheds its bless - ing.

Ah, 'tis you I clasp once more, Yes, ... be - lov - ed, Ah, what

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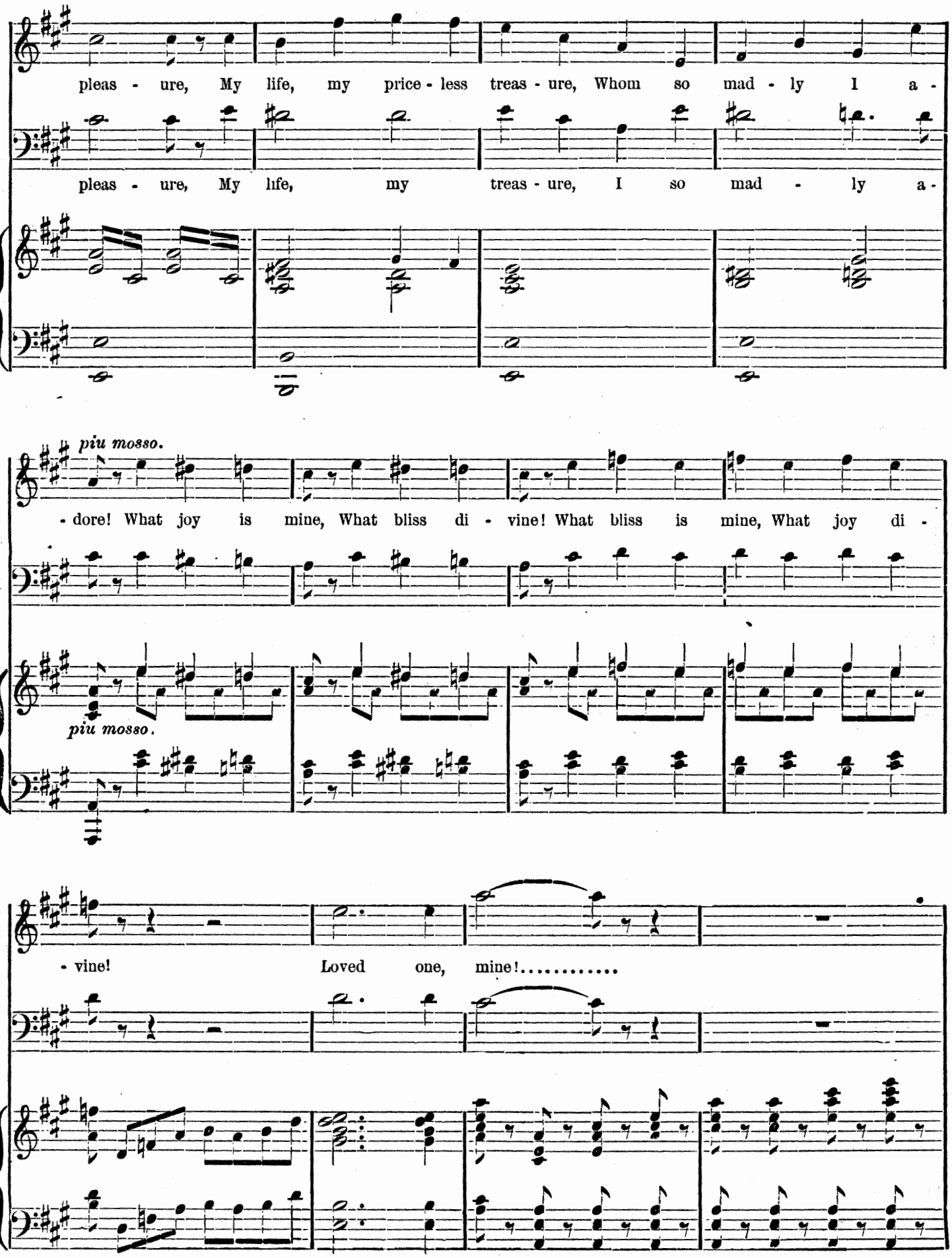
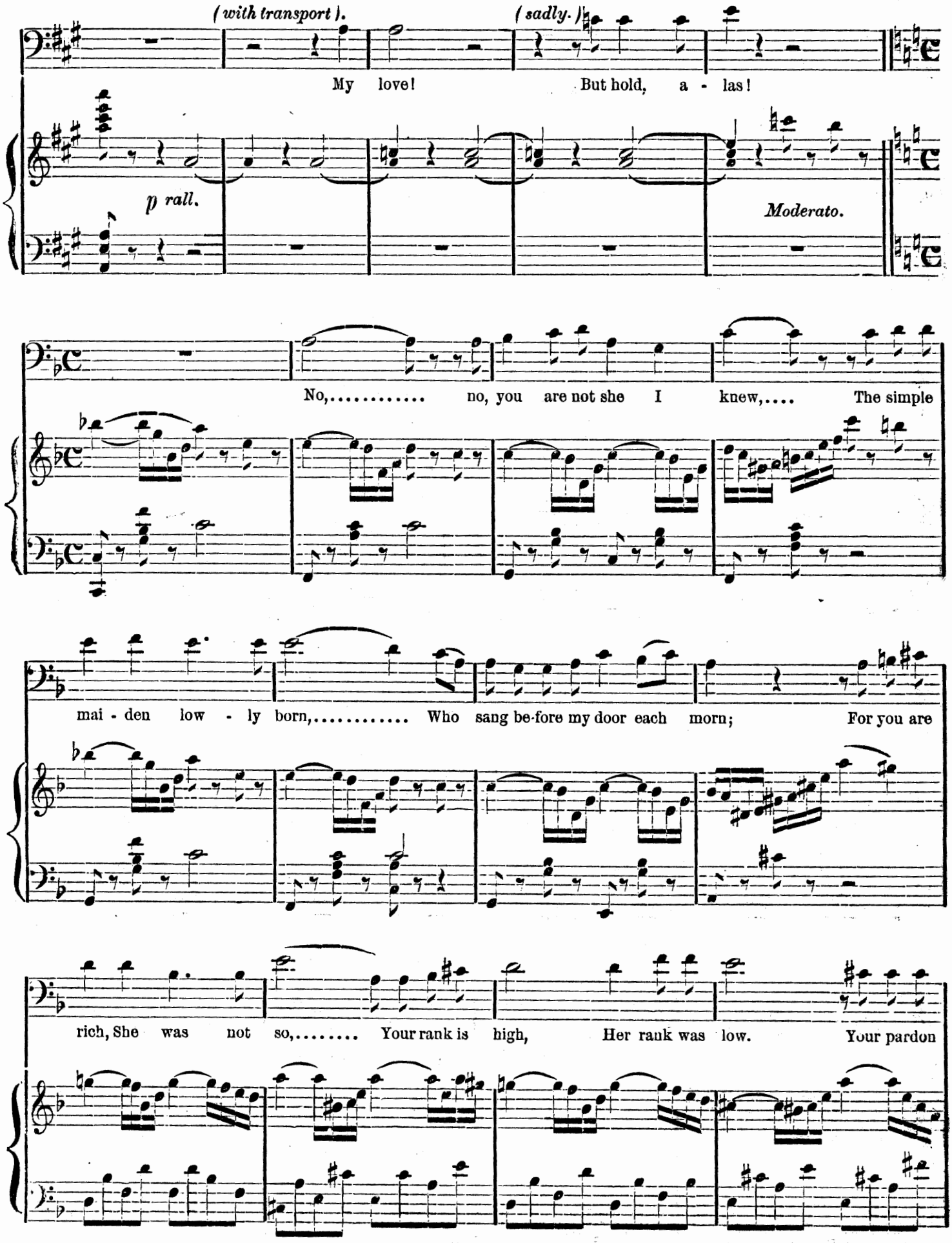

pleas - ure, My life, my price - less treas - ure, Whom so mad - ly I a -
pleas - ure, My life, my treas - ure, I so mad - ly a -
piu mosso.
- dore! What joy is mine, What bliss di - vine! What bliss is mine, What joy di -
piu mosso.
- vine! Loved one, mine!.....


(with transport).
(sadly.)
My love! But hold, a - las!
p rall.
Moderato.
No,..... no, you are not she I knew,.... The simple
mai - den low - ly born,..... Who sang be-fore my door each morn; For you are
rich, She was not so,..... Your rank is high, Her rank was low. Your pardon

(going). FANTINE.

grant, I pray. A - dieu, a - dieu, for aye! No long - er this sad - ness

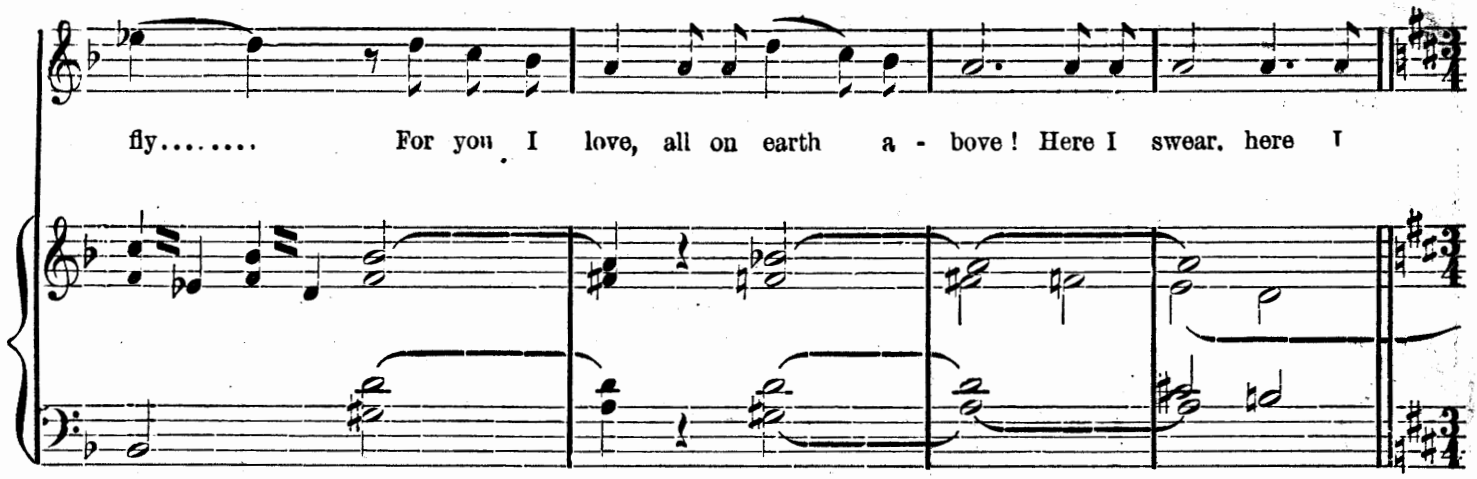
bor - row, For I love but you a - lone, Wealth and rank are on - ly

sor - row, If I have not you, ... my own,.... Yes, if I have not you,.... my

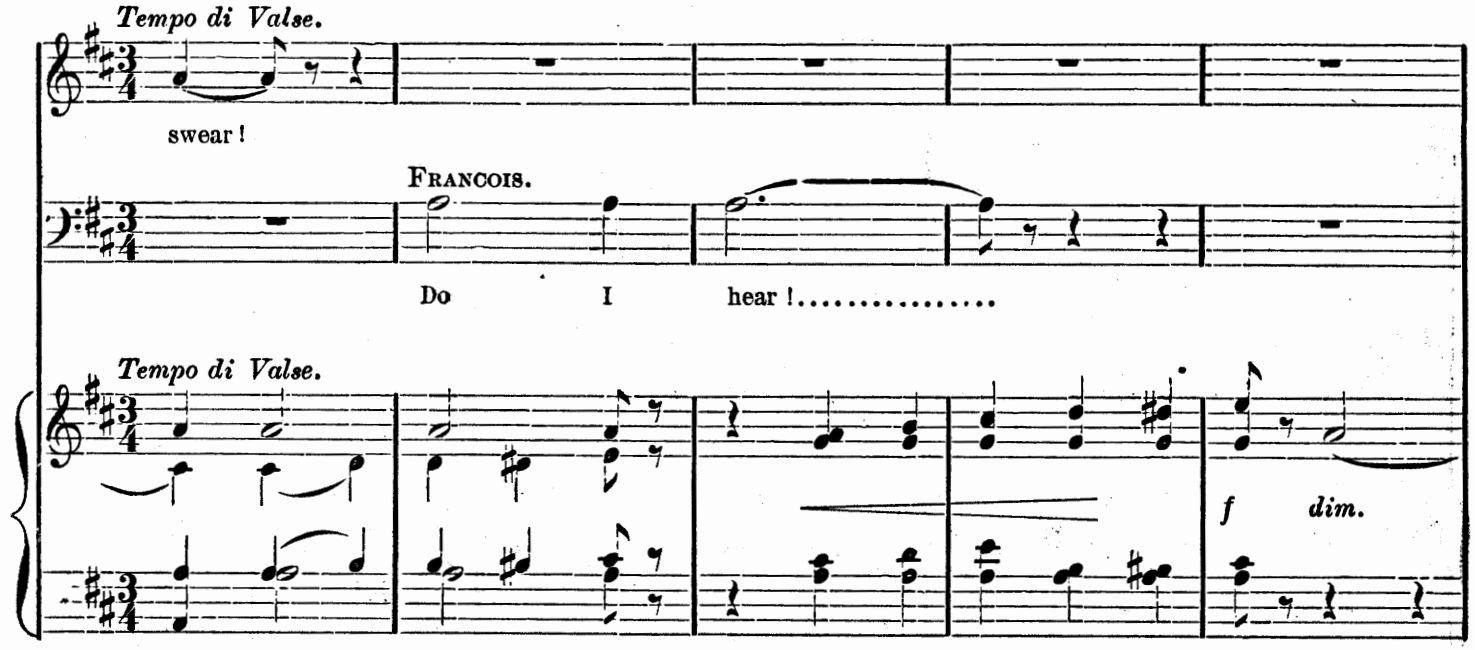
pp animato.

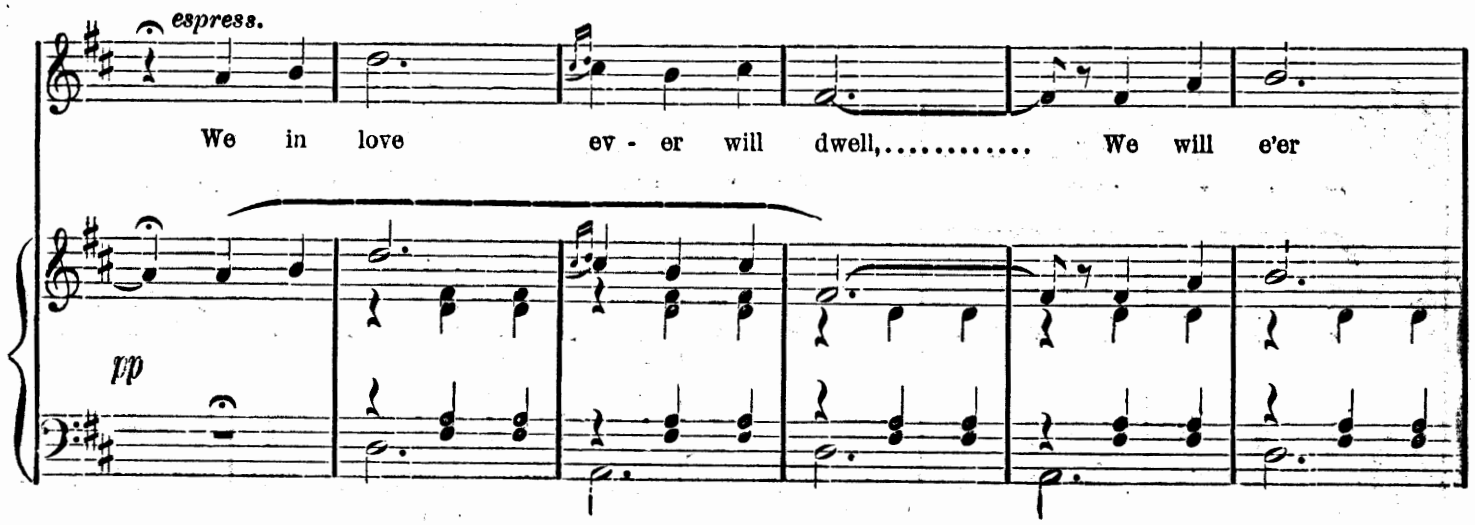
own !..... Take then my hand, no long - er sigh,.... And hence we will to-geth-er

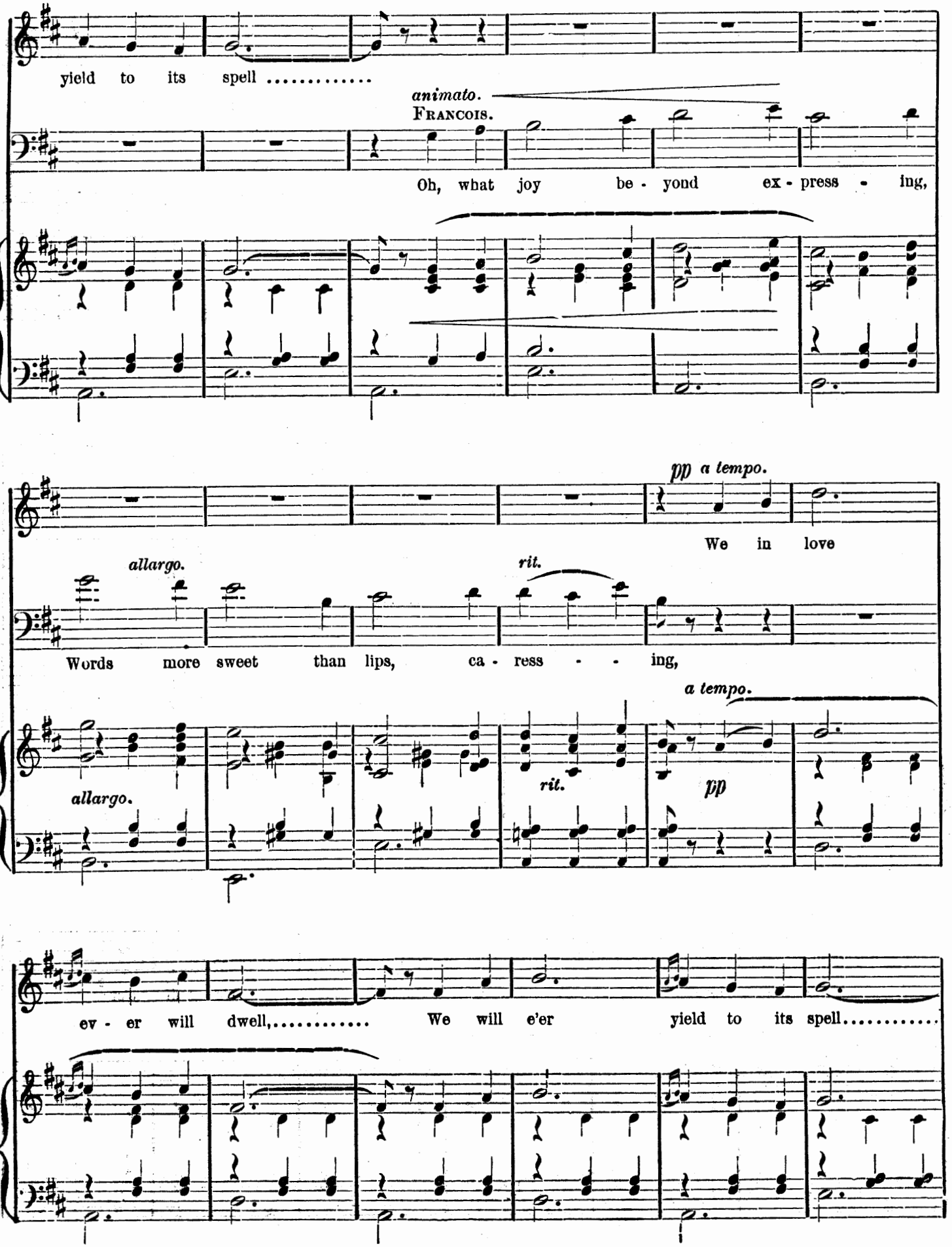
pp

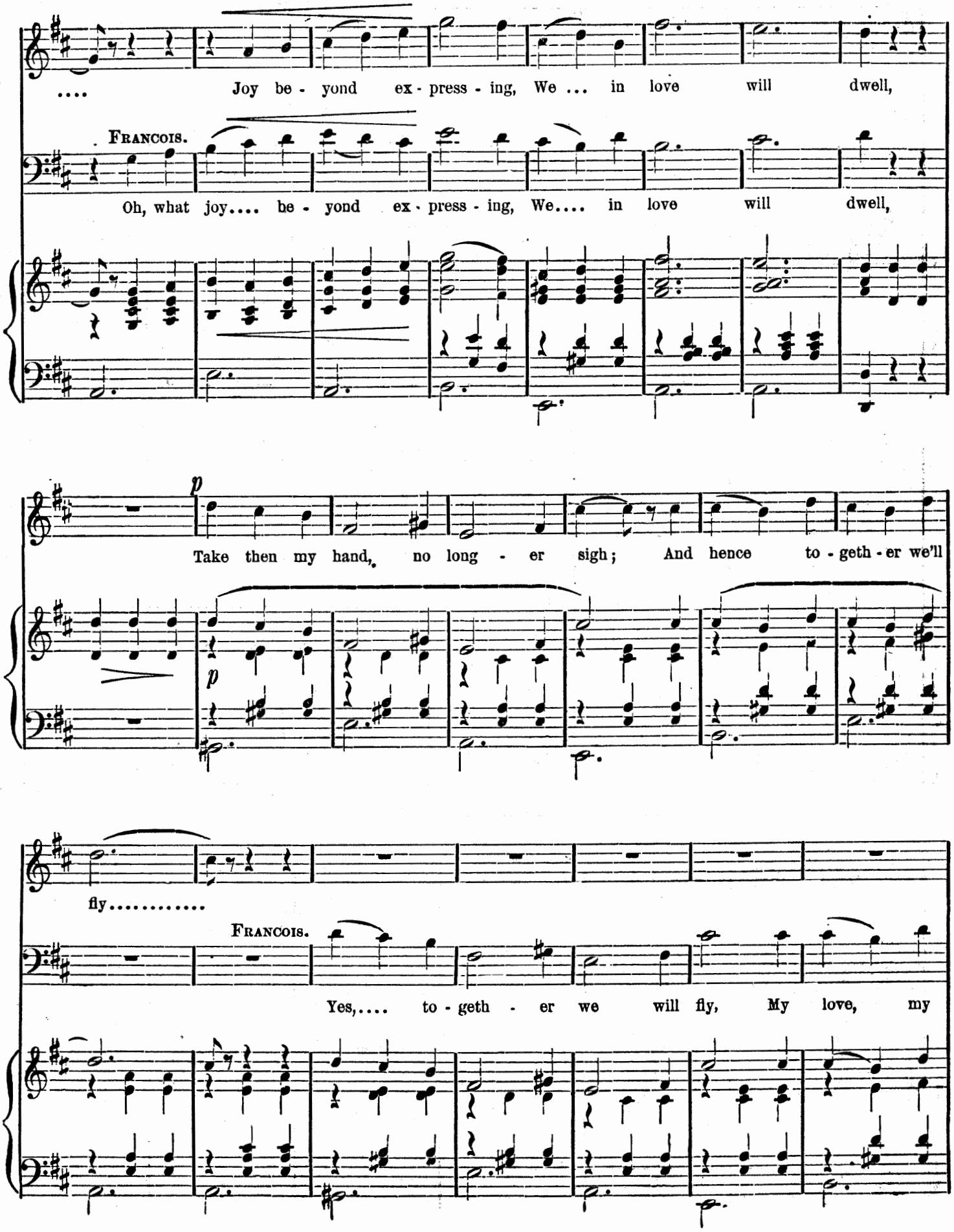


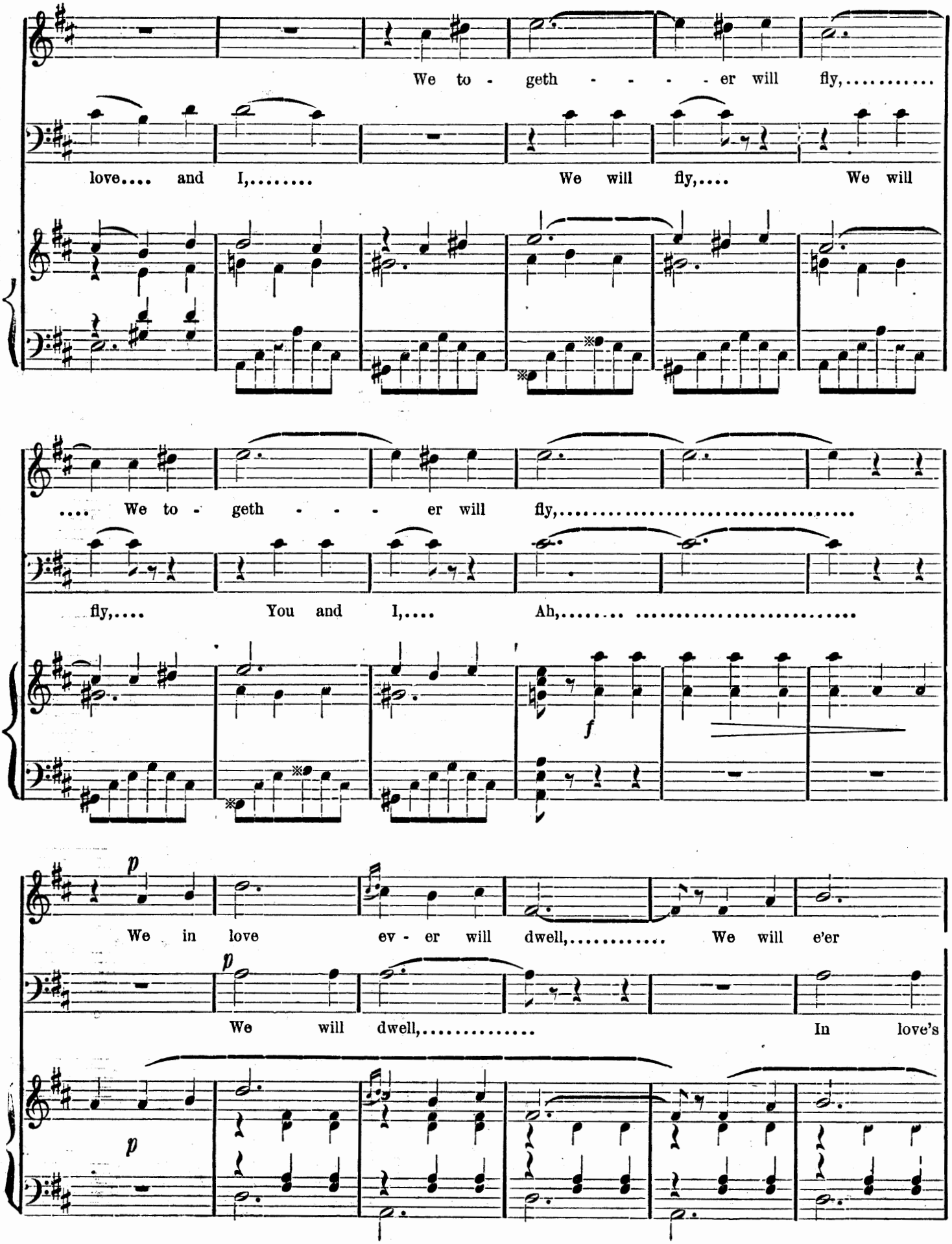
"WE IN LOVE EVER WILL DWELL."

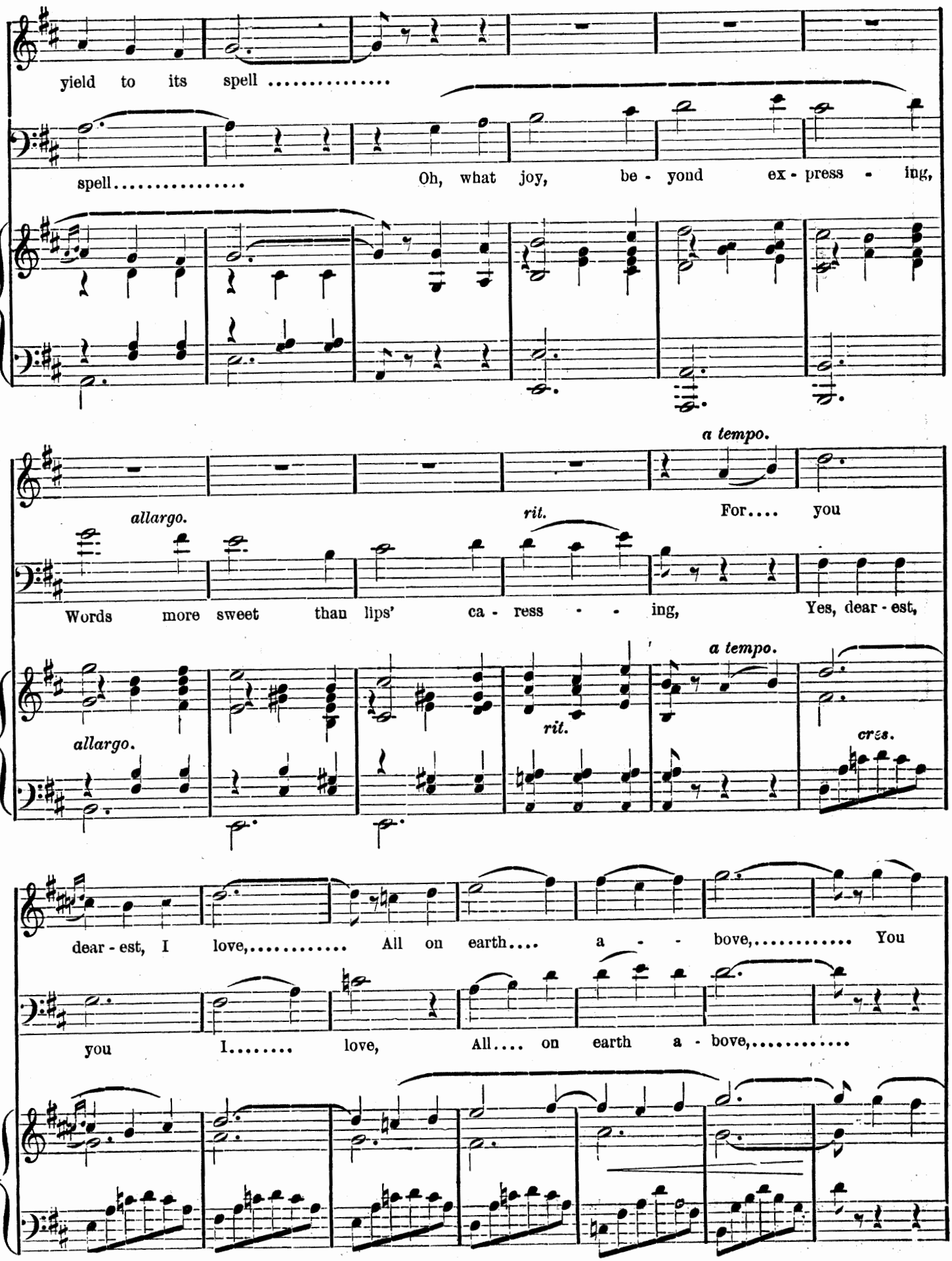


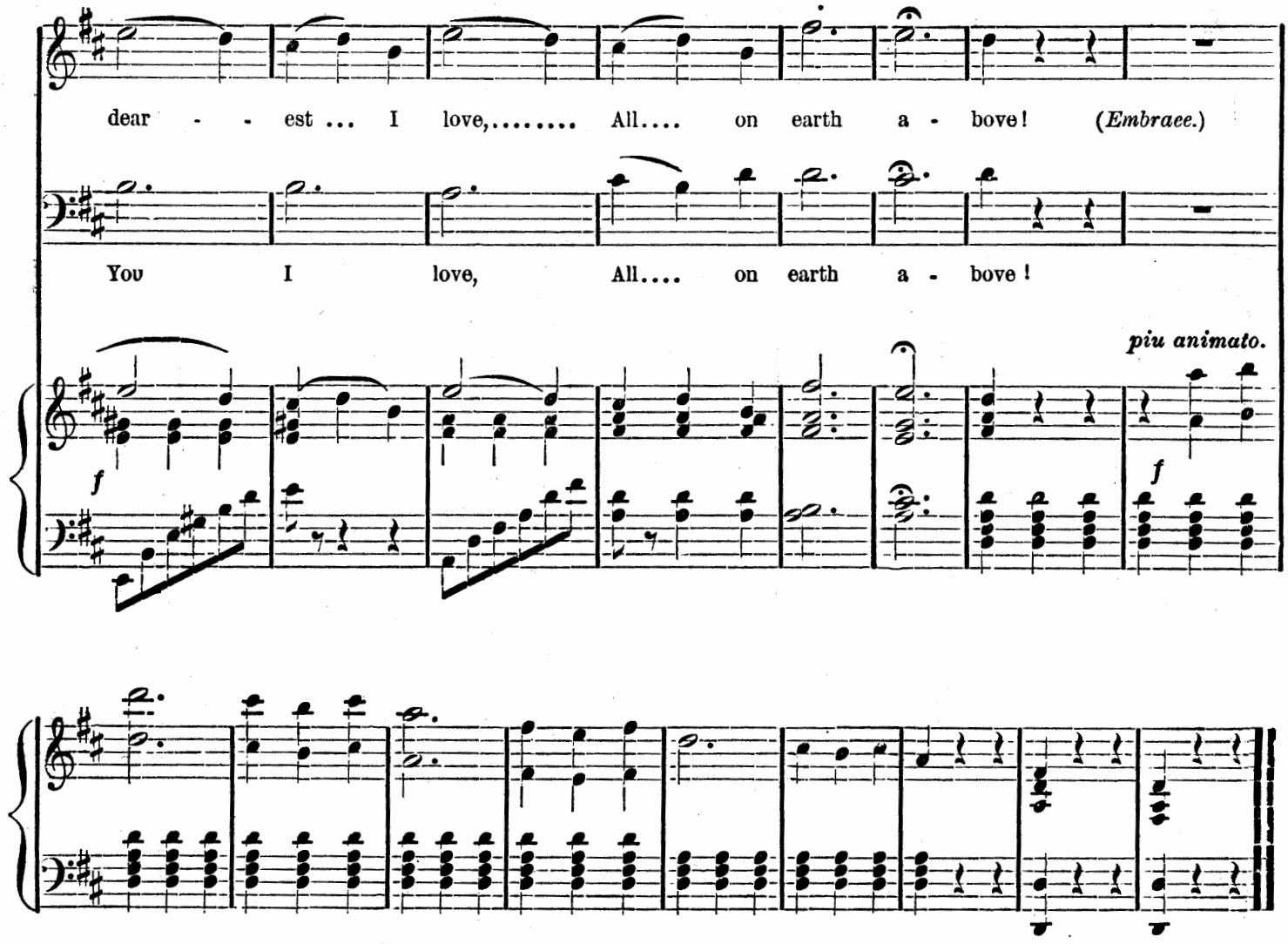



yield to its spell .....
animato.
FRANCOIS.
Oh, what joy be - yond ex - press - ing,
pp a tempo.
We in love
allargo.
rit.
Words more sweet than lips, ca - ress - - ing,
a tempo.
allargo.
rit.
pp
ev - er will dwell,..... We will e'er yield to its spell.....


.... Joy be - yond ex - press - ing, We ... in love will dwell,
FRANCOIS.
Oh, what joy.... be - yond ex - press - ing, We.... in love will dwell,
p
Take then my hand, no long - er sigh; And hence to - geth - er we'll
p
fly.....
FRANCOIS.
Yes,.... to - geth - er we will fly, My love, my


We to - geth - - - - er will fly,.....
love.... and I,..... We will fly,.... We will
.... We to - geth - - - er will fly,.....
fly,.... You and I,.... Ah,..... .....
f
p
We in love ev - er will dwell,..... We will e'er
p
We will dwell,..... In love's
p


yield to its spell .....
spell.....
Oh, what joy, be - yond ex - press - ing,
allargo.
rit.
a tempo.
For.... you
Words more sweet than lips' ca - ress - - ing,
Yes, dear - est,
allargo.
rit.
a tempo.
cres.
dear - est, I love,..... All on earth.... a - - bove,..... You
you I..... love, All.... on earth a - bove,.....



COUNT. (*Seeing them embrace.*) (*Aside.*) What do I see! Francois here with Fantine? (*Aloud—sternly.*) Niece!

FRAN. & FAN. (*Separating.*) The Countess!

COUNT. (*Aside.*) Break, heart! (*Aloud.*) *You* here, Monsieur Francois, after the trick you played the Marquis! Your boldness is refreshing! Still I'm not *very* angry with you, for I wanted to see you. (*To* FAN.) My child, you are to be the queen of to-night's fête, and if you will permit me, I will give you a few ideas. (LANSAC *appears*, C.) And, by the way, here is your cousin who seems to be looking for you. Go to him. I'll come to you soon. (FRANCOIS *makes an angry movement.*)

FAN. (*Aside* to FRANCOIS,) Patience, and wait for me. (*Gives her arm to* LANSAC, *and exit* C., *after saluting the* COUNTESS.)

FRAN. (*Aside.*) I'll doubt you no more, Fantine, my soul!

COUNT. (*Aside.*) And now. for the decisive movement! Courage, fluttering heart—courage! (*Aloud.*) Francois!

FRAN. (*Bows.*) Madame?

COUNT. (*Resolutely.*) Let us speak plainly, freely and clearly, as between man and man.

FRAN. (*Astounded.*) Man and man?

COUNT. (*Coyly.*) I am a widow—and a philosopher. I have studied Jean Jacques Rosseau!

FRAN. Oh—I see!

COUNT. (*With precision.*) You love Fantine; but Madmoiselle Pontcornet is too high above you. A Pontcornet cannot marry an inferior (*Correcting herself.*), unless she is a widow, and—a philosopher like myself!

FRAN. (*Aside.*) I begin to understand! (*Aloud.*) In the times in which we live, all roads to distinction are open to everyone. I can win Fantine, and she will wait for me.

COUNT. Fantine! Madmoiselle Pontcornet is betrothed to her cousin, the Chevalier de Lansac.

FRAN. Betrothed? To de Lansac? You jest!

COUNT. You must give up your hopes in that direction. But happiness awaits you in another—in the same family! Am I plain?

FRAN. (*Aside.*) Very! (*Aloud and somewhat jeeringly.*) It is too much honor to hope for!

COUNT. You have discovered the sentiments you have awakened in me. You feared to speak. I have spoken for you. A widow—and a philosopher may speak freely. Treasures of the tenderest love have been accumulating in my heart ever since I became a wtdow. Speak but the word and they are all yours!

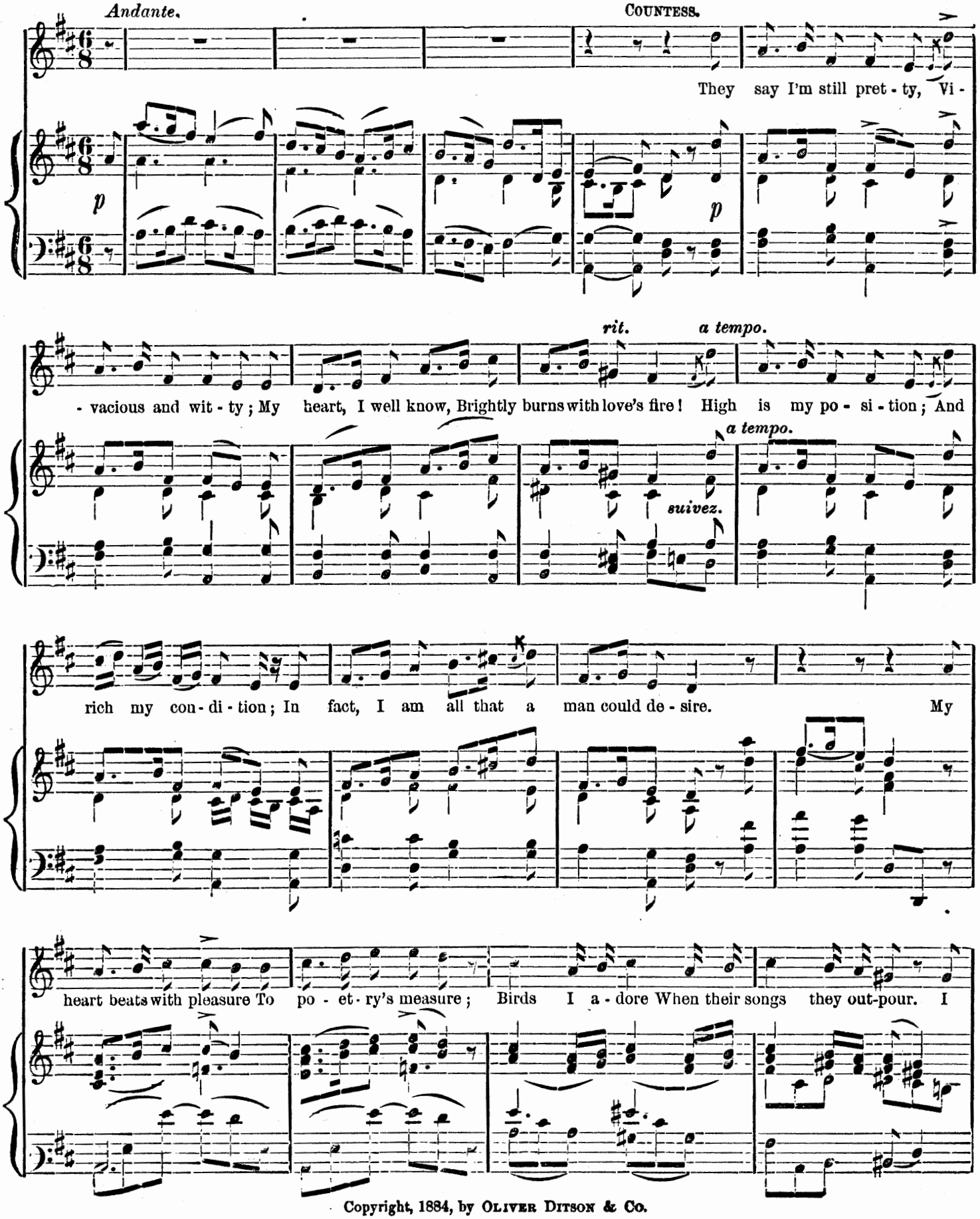
FRAN Madame. (*Aside.*) I must not anger her. Prudence, prudence!

COUNT. (*Aside.*) He is reflecting. (*Aloud.*) I feel delicate in bringing my merits to your notice; but you compel me to do so, as you do not seem to be aware of the value of the prize within your reach.

No. 17. RONDO.

Andante.

COUNTESS.



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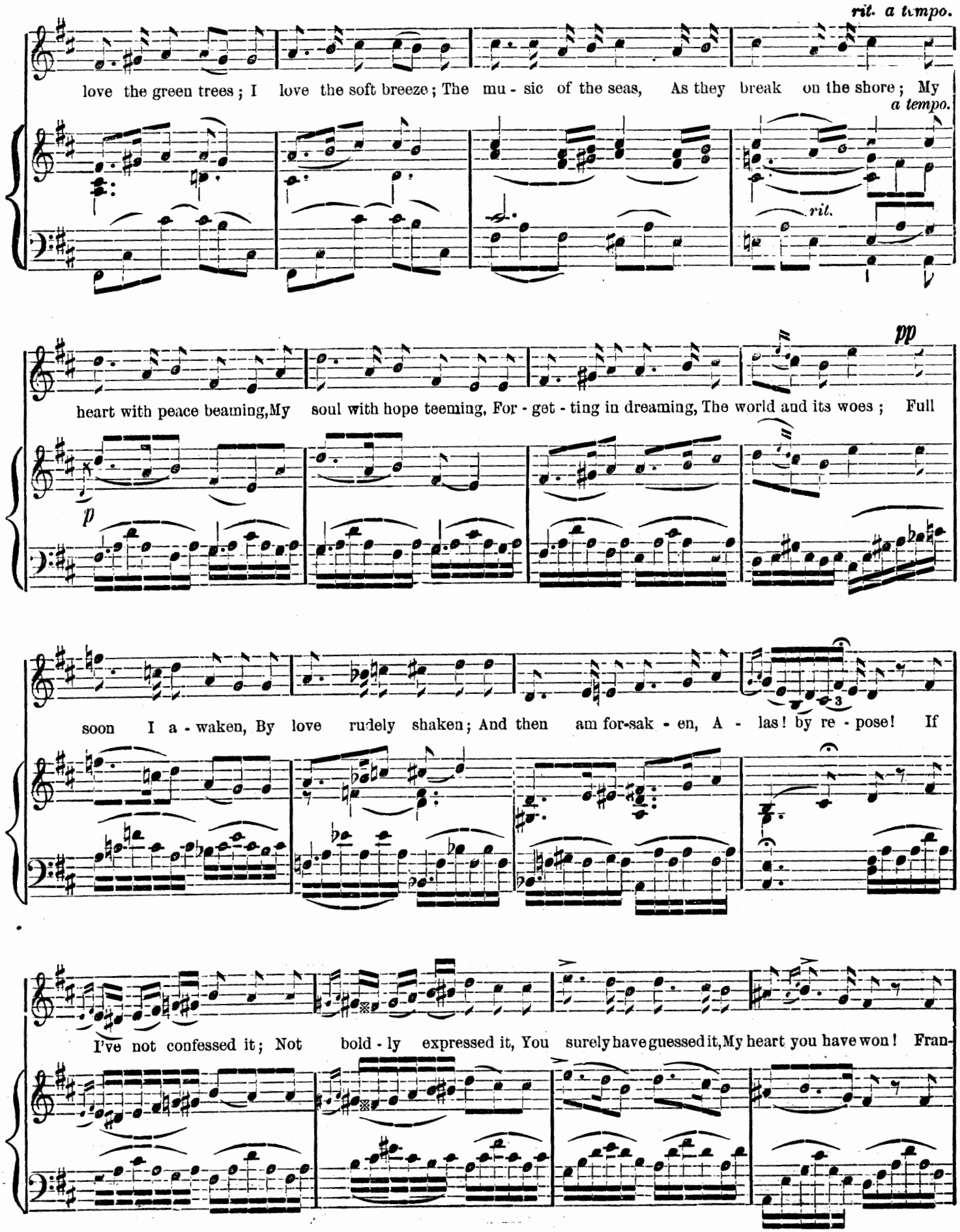
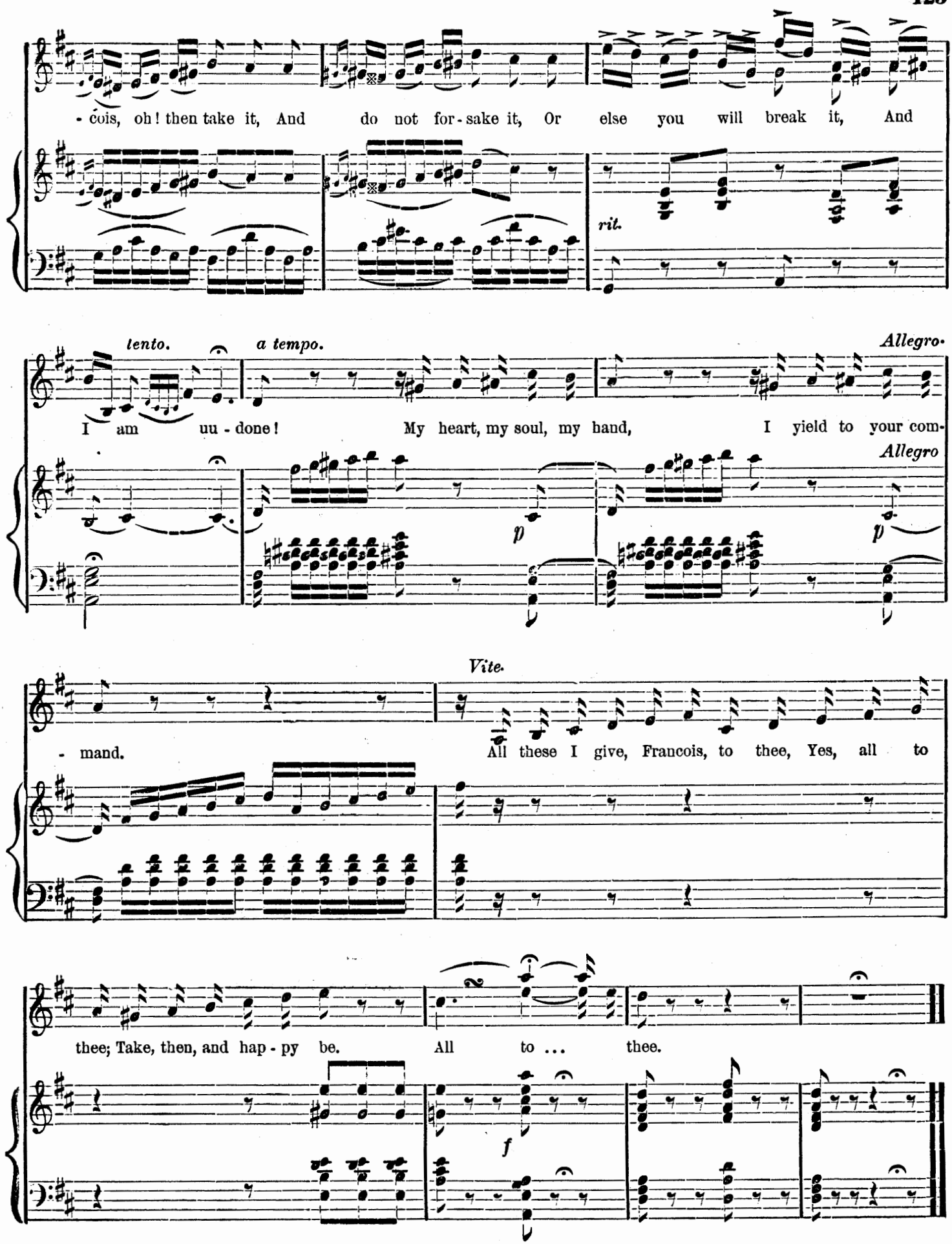

rit. a tempo.
love the green trees; I love the soft breeze; The mu - sic of the seas, As they break on the shore; My
a tempo.
rit.
pp
heart with peace beaming, My soul with hope teeming, For - get - ting in dreaming, The world and its woes; Full
p
soon I a - waken, By love rudely shaken; And then am for-sak - en, A - las! by re - pose! If
3
I've not confessed it; Not bold - ly expressed it, You surely have guessed it, My heart you have won! Fran-


- cois, oh! then take it, And do not for - sake it, Or else you will break it, And
rit.
lento.
a tempo.
Allegro.
I am uu - done! My heart, my soul, my hand, I yield to your com-
Allegro
p
p
Vite.
- mand. All these I give, Francois, to thee, Yes, all to
thee; Take, then, and hap - py be. All to ... thee.
f

FRAN. (*Aside.*) What fascinating fervor! (*Laughs.*) She must be told all. (*Aloud.*) Madame, believe me, I feel happy and honored by the frank suggestion you have but now made, but I have sworn to love none other than Fantine.

COUNT. You refuse, then, a palpitating heart? A heart that beats for thee alone? So much the worse for you. Mademoiselle de Pontcornet will wed the chevalier de Lansac, all the same! and then, ungrateful man, you will have time to reconsider your determination—and to repent.

PONT. (*Outside,* C.) Jasmin! La Brisée!

COUNT. My brother! He must not see you here. Go! Go! (*Pushes him* R. 2. E.)

FRAN. (*Resisting.*) But——

COUNT. You have refused me. Spare my reputation! Go—go! Ingrate, go! (*Pushes him off,* R. 2. E. *Enter* C. PONT., *his dress torn and in disorder, supported by* LANSAC.)

PONT. Oh, dear! Have I a whole bone in my body? I feel as if I was an animated jelly!

COUNT. What now, brother?

PONT. I have just told the people that I was not the author of that confounded song. See the result! (*Turns.*) Oh! (*Groans.*) But that is not all. Before I could disavow the poem to the court, the order was out for my arrest. I showed a letter Francois wrote, saying he alone was to blame. Too late! I begged, implored, and, at last, was told if I would deny the song publicly something might be done for me. I go to the market-place, and *do* deny it! Carrots, cabages, potatoes, eggs—not fresh—and other vegetables, fly like hail about my head. The mob follows me to my very door shouting—"Down with Pontcornet!"

COUNT. Thank fortune you are now in safety!

LAN. They shall, at least, find one who is not afraid to face them!

PONT. Indeed? (*Shakes hands with him.*) Thank you. In that case, there's no need for me to stay here. I'll fly to England. With the rabble on one side, and the Bastile on the other, there's nothing else to do!

COUNT. And your daughter?

PONT. The deuce! I didn't think of her. I've had her such a short time, you see. Now I think of it, I must save my life for her sake. I'm off! I'll leave her to your tender care.

COUNT. I've a better idea. (*Aside to* LAN.) You love her! She is worthy of you. Endorse what I say. (*Aloud.* Brother, the danger is one that calls for bold and immediate action. Your daughter needs a husband—a protector—he is here! (*Points to* LAN.)

PONT. My nephew!

COUNT. Yes, who has loved his cousin from her childhood!

FAN. Yes, my dear uncle, from her tenderest infancy!

COUNT. You hear? Consent to this marriage, where rank and birth are in accord, and you can go without fear of your daughter's future.

PONT. You are right. It shall be as you say, and I'll have only my own future to look after.

FRANCOIS *appears at door,* R. 2. E.

FRAN. I'm uneasy in my mind! (*Sees others.*) Ah! (*Conceals himself again.*)

PONT. Well, then, nephew, it's understood you are to marry my daughter.

COUNT. (*Who has gone up.*) Ah! And here she is! (*Enter* FAN., C.) My child, we have been discussing your future happiness.

FAN. My happiness? Oh, how kind!

FRAN. (*Advancing.*) Fantine!

FAN. Francois! (*Going to him joyfully.*)

COUNT. (*Interposing.*) Your father, compromised by an unfortunate jest of that—injudicious person, is obliged to fly into exile——

PONT. (*Lachrymosely.*) Yes; and I should be on my way now!

COUNT. (*To* FAN.) Or take the choice of two alternatives—the Bastile, or mobbing by the angry people!

PONT. Either of which result is equally unpleasing to contemplate.

COUNT. My brother starts at once for England, and leaves you to my care and that of your future husband!

FAN. (*Looks at* FRAN., *pleased.*) My future husband!

COUNT. Don't look that way, but *this!* (*Points to* LANSAC.)

FAN. (*Revolting.*) That my husband! Oh, father! No, no! I will follow you into exile! I will share your dangers and privations; but I cannot, I will not marry the Chevalier when I love another!

PONT. Another!

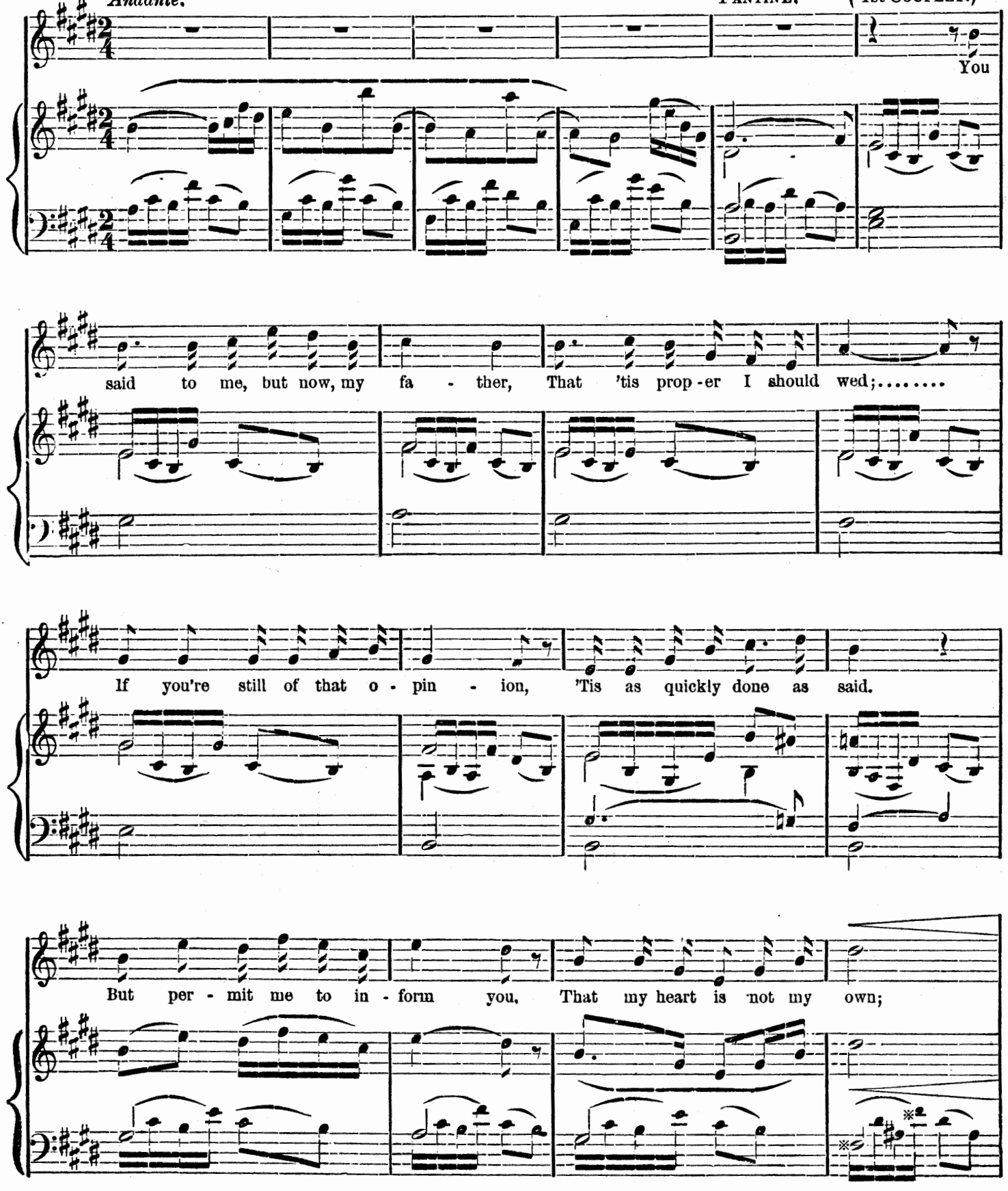
FRAN. Brave, loyal little Fantine!

"YOU SAID TO ME."

No. 18. ROMANCE. Fantine.

Andante.

FANTINE. (1st COUPLET.)



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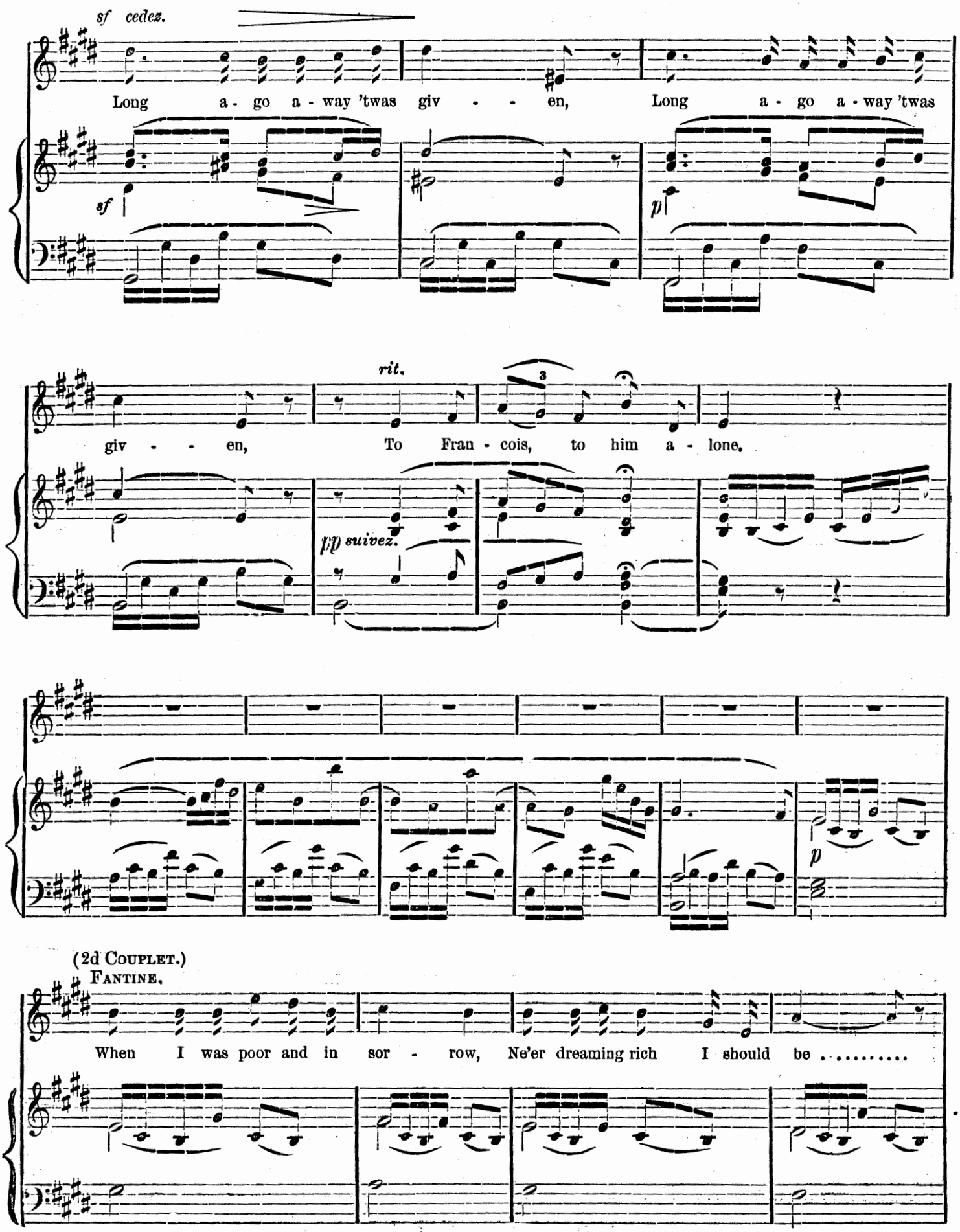
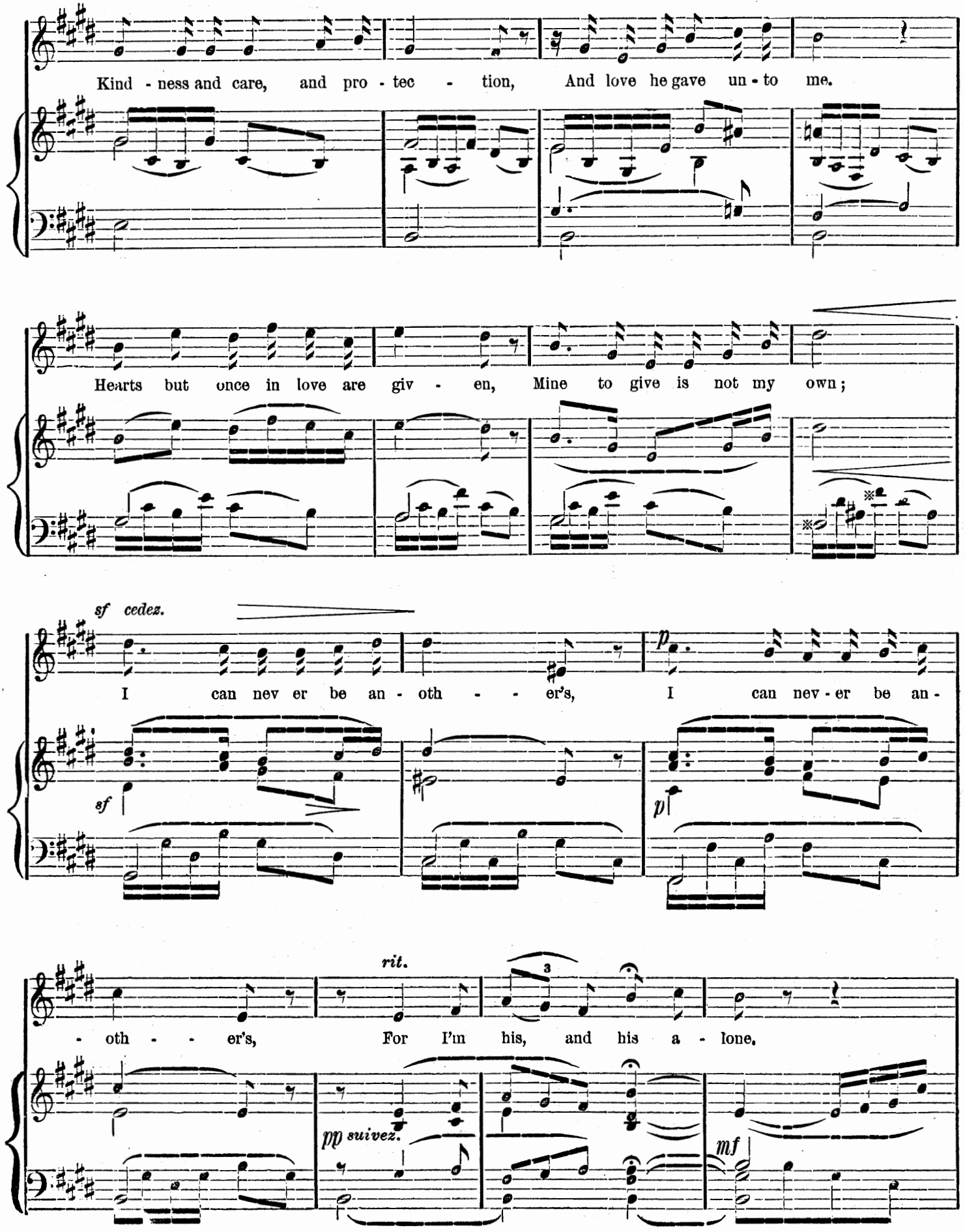
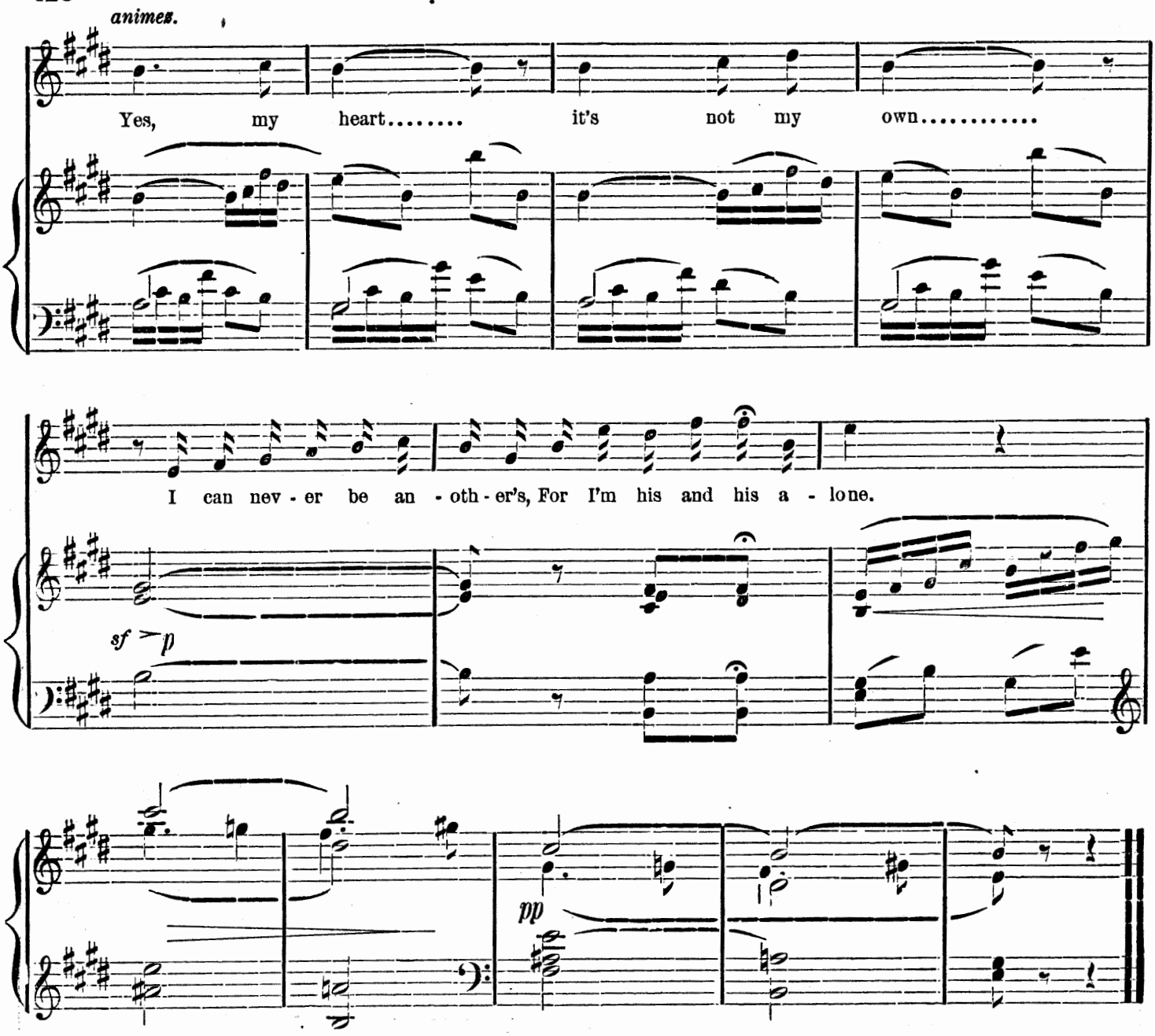

sf cedez.
Long a - go a - way 'twas giv - - - en, Long a - go a - way 'twas
sf
p
rit.
giv - - - en, To Fran - cois, to him a - lone.
pp suivez.
p
(2d Couplet.)
Fantine.
When I was poor and in sor - row, Ne'er dreaming rich I should be .....


Kind - ness and care, and pro - tec - tion, And love he gave un - to me.
Hearts but once in love are giv - en, Mine to give is not my own;
sf cedez.
I can nev er be an - oth - - er's, I can nev - er be an -
sf
p
- oth - - er's, For I'm his, and his a - lone.
rit.
3
pp suivez.
mf



PONT. (*Angrily.*) What! Marry him? The cause of all my troubles? A public scribbler! A verse jingler for the mob! Never! Never, I say!

FRAN. (*Angrily*) Marquis! (*Voices outside.*) "Down with Pontcornet!"

PONT. They're at it again! (*Enter* JASMIN, C.)

JAS. The vile and greasy common people are surrounding the house, and threaten violence to you.

PONT. Extinguish all the lights. Tell them I'm out! (*Enter* NICOLET, C.)

NICO. Two delegates from the people wish to speak with the Marquis.

PONT. Two delegates. Only two! It sounds like two hundred.

NIC. What answer shall I make them?

PONT. (*Savagely*) Tell them to go to the——(*Calming.*) Tell them I'll see them with all the pleasure in the world.

NICO. (*Announcing.*) Delegates Courtalin and Gratinet.

PONT. (*Joyfully.*) Courtalin! Gratinet! Why, I'm their best customer. I'll give them an order now. (*Enter* COURTALIN *and* GRATINET, C.)

COURT. (*Running to* FRAN.) You here. We have been seeking you.

GRAT. Yes! We wish to save you.

FRAN. (*Astonished.*) To save *me*?

PONT. No! It's a mistake. *I* am the one who is to be saved.

GRAT. *You!* Oh, no! We have just learned at our headquarters, that you have denounced Francois as the author of a seditious song, and an order is out for his arrest.

COUNT. *and* FAN. Arrest Francois!

PONT. But he is your leader.

COURT. (*Coldly.*) Yes; and that is why we have sought him in order to know what we shall do with *you*.

PONT. (*With fear.*) Do with *me!*

FRAN. Give yourself no uneasiness, Marquis. I will talk with my friends, and persuade them to withdraw.

COUNT. (*Gushing.*) Talk to that wild mob? *You?* Oh, they will kill you!

FRAN. (*Smiles.*) The people know Francois' Blue Stockings, and his costume will protect him.

PONT. (*Aside.—Seized with an idea.*) Ah! A happy thought! (*Noise heard outside,* C.)

NICO. (*At back.*) Soldiers are entering the house!

OMNES. Soldiers!

PONT. Soldiers! The mob outside and the soldiers in? I hope it takes enough of them to capture one man. Sister, detain them here. I've an idea. I'm saved! (*Exit* L. 2. E.)

COUNT. What can he mean?

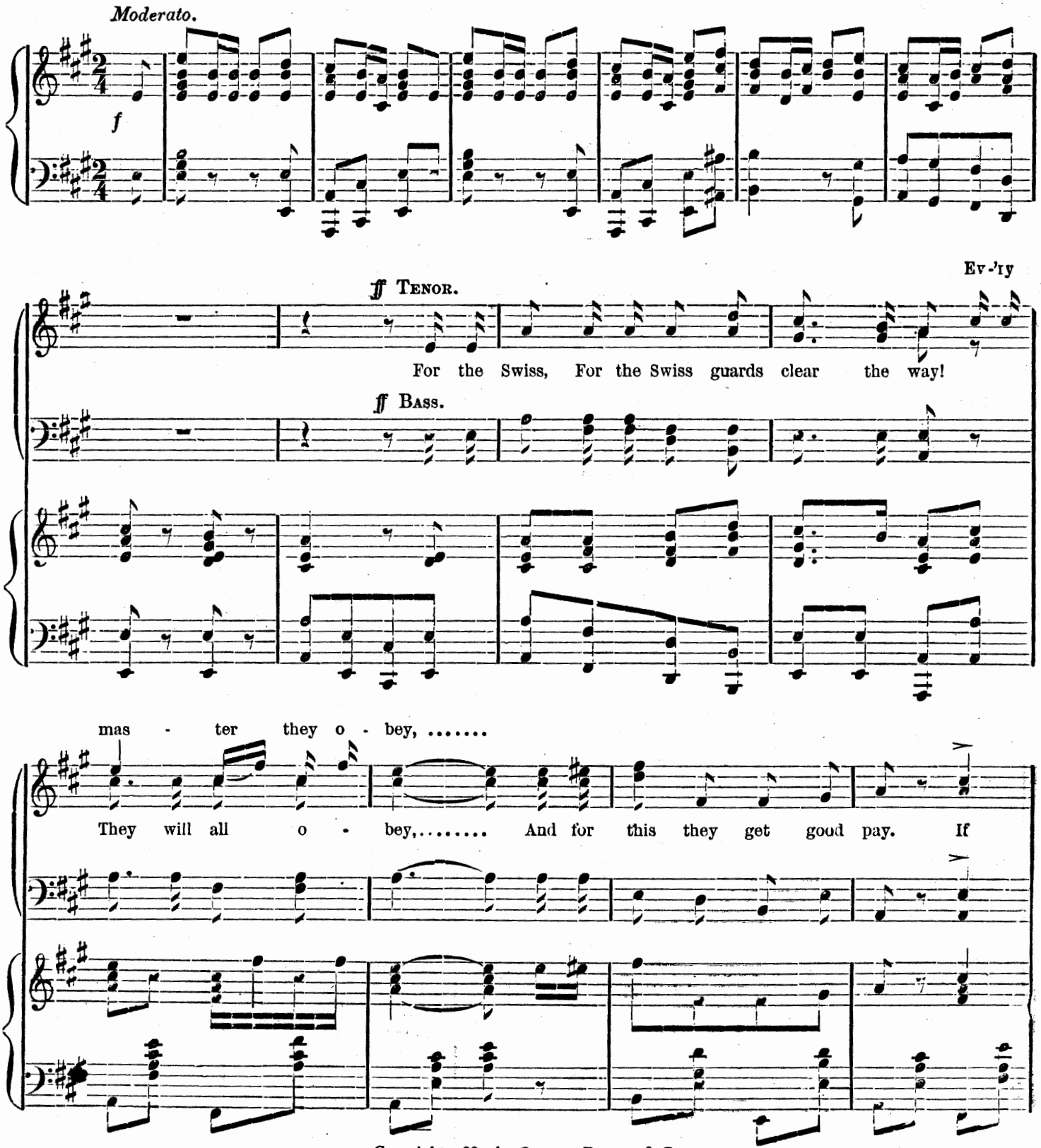
KIRSCH. (*Outside,* C.) Let the house be thoroughly searched. Guard all the doors. No one must pass!

Enter KIRSCH. *and soldiers, followed by guests, servants, etc.*

"FOR THE SWISS GUARDS, CLEAR THE WAY."

No. 19. FINALE. Fantine, Countess, Nicolet, Marquis, Lansac, Francois, Kirschwasser, Gratinet, Courtalin and Chorus.

Moderato.



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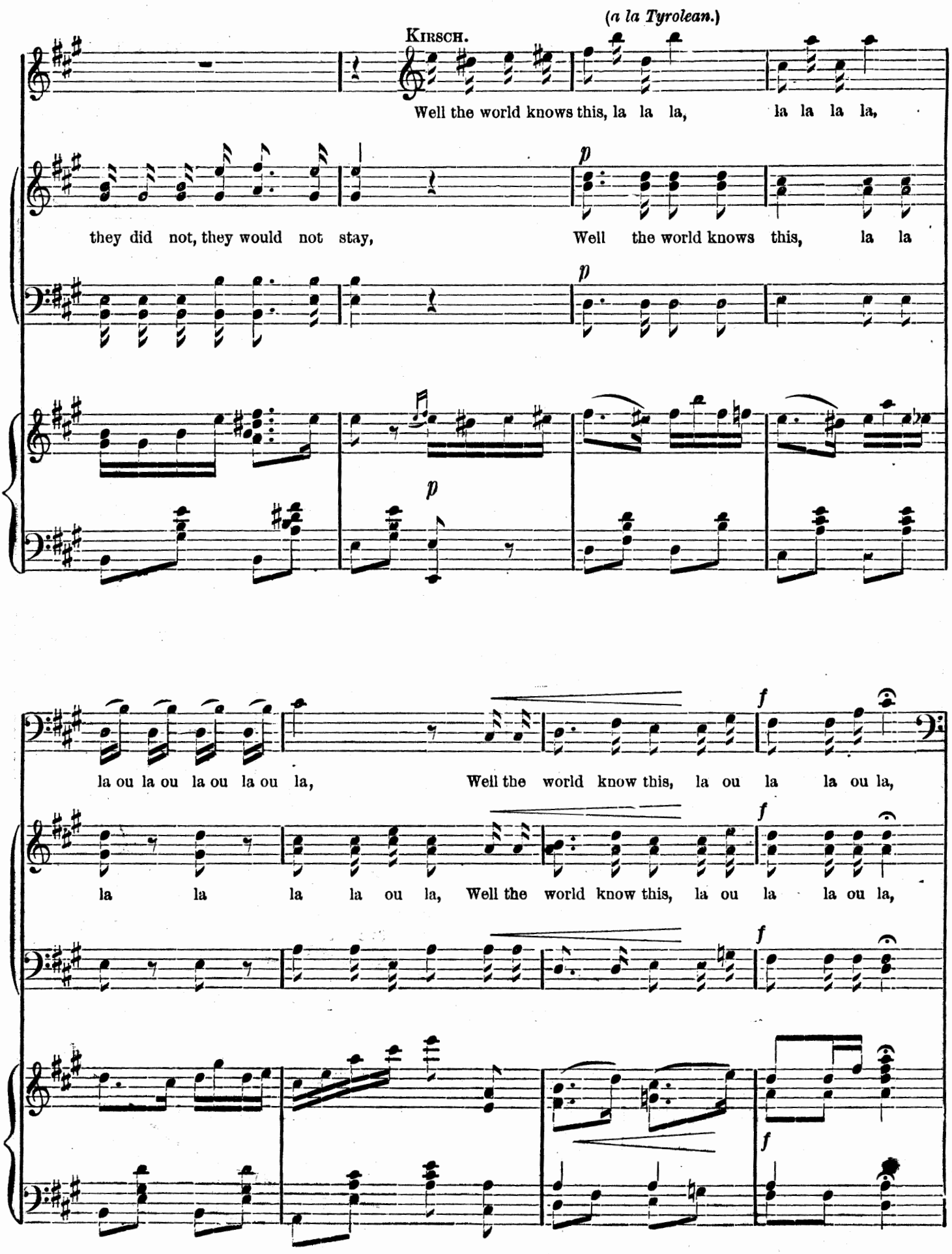
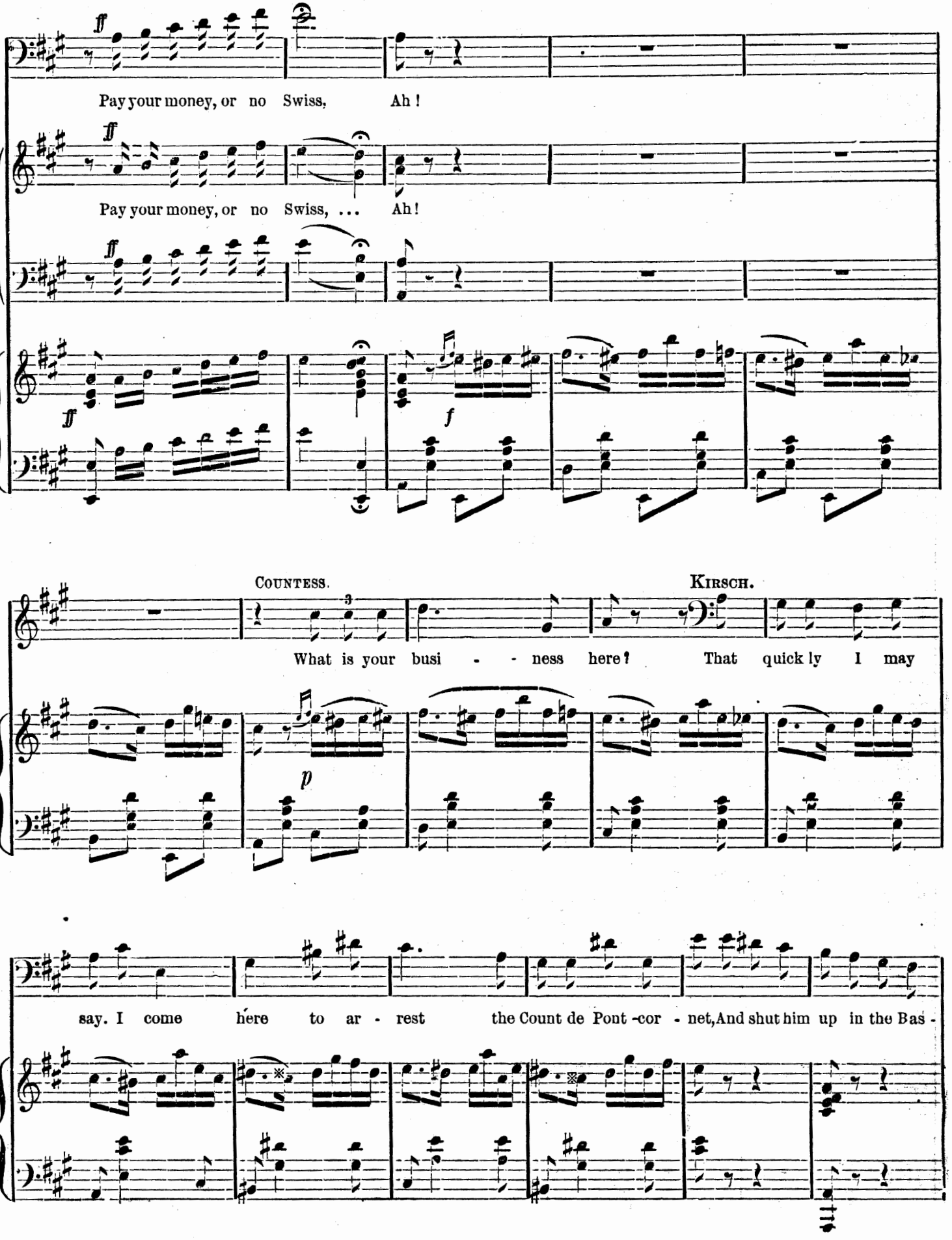
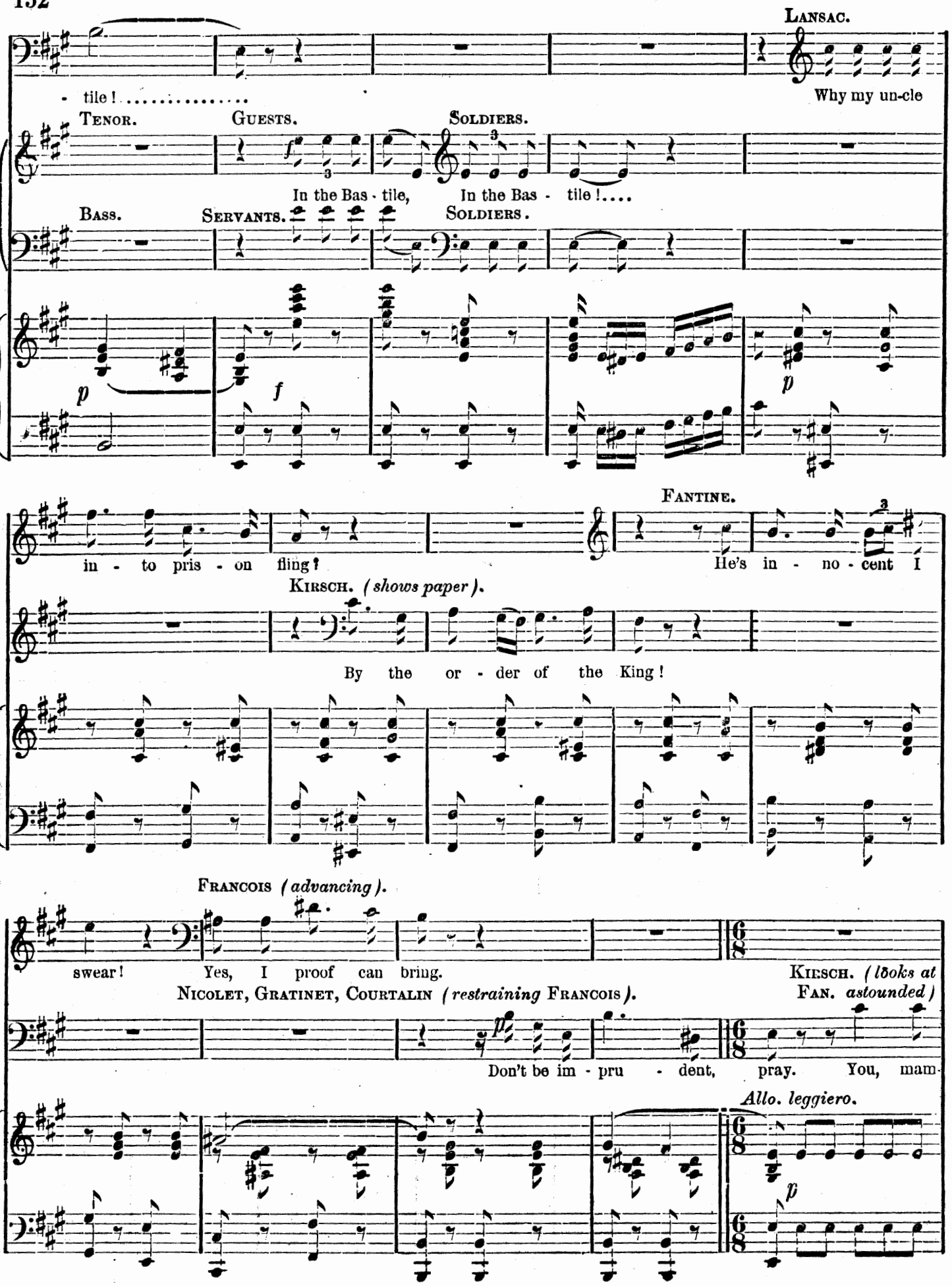
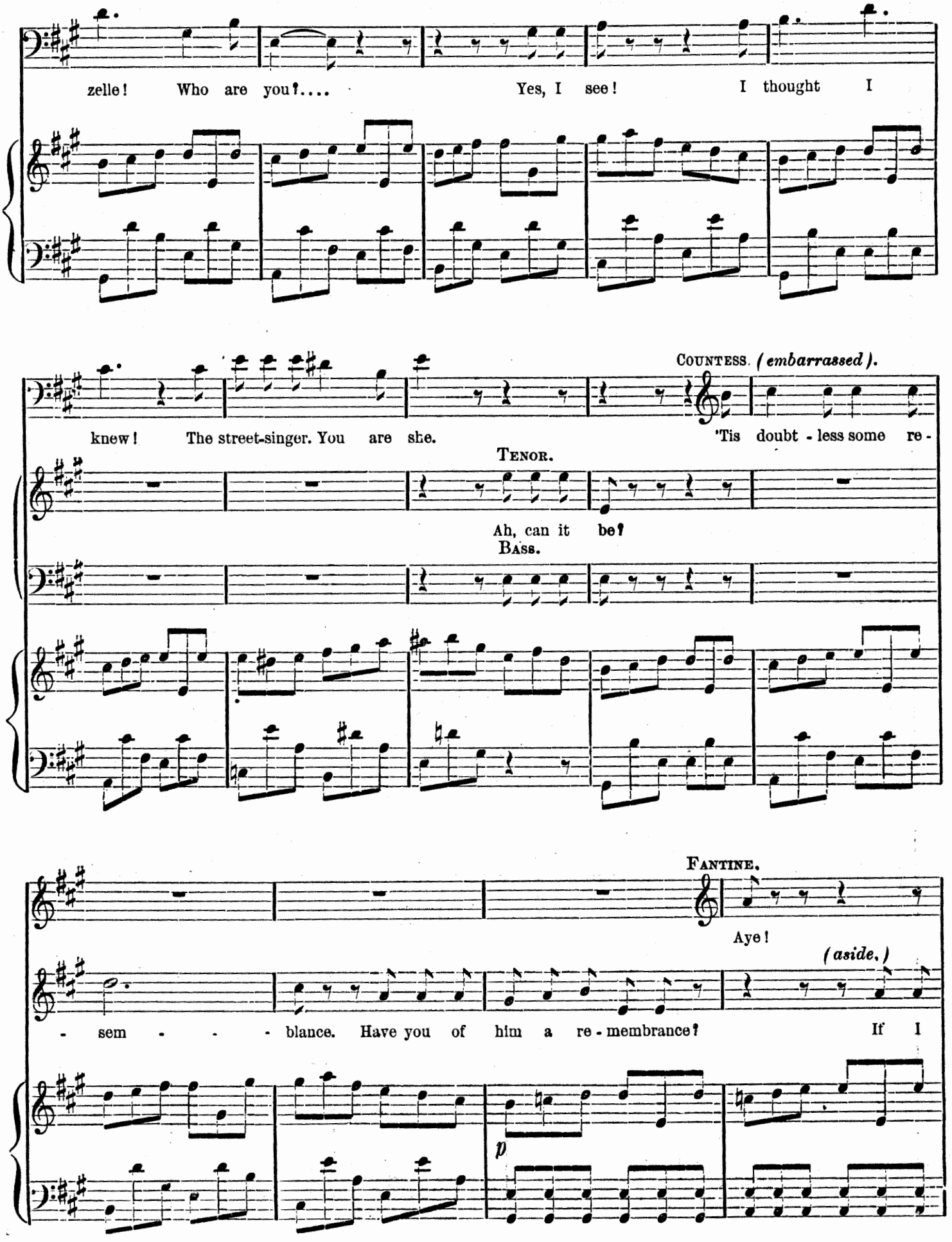
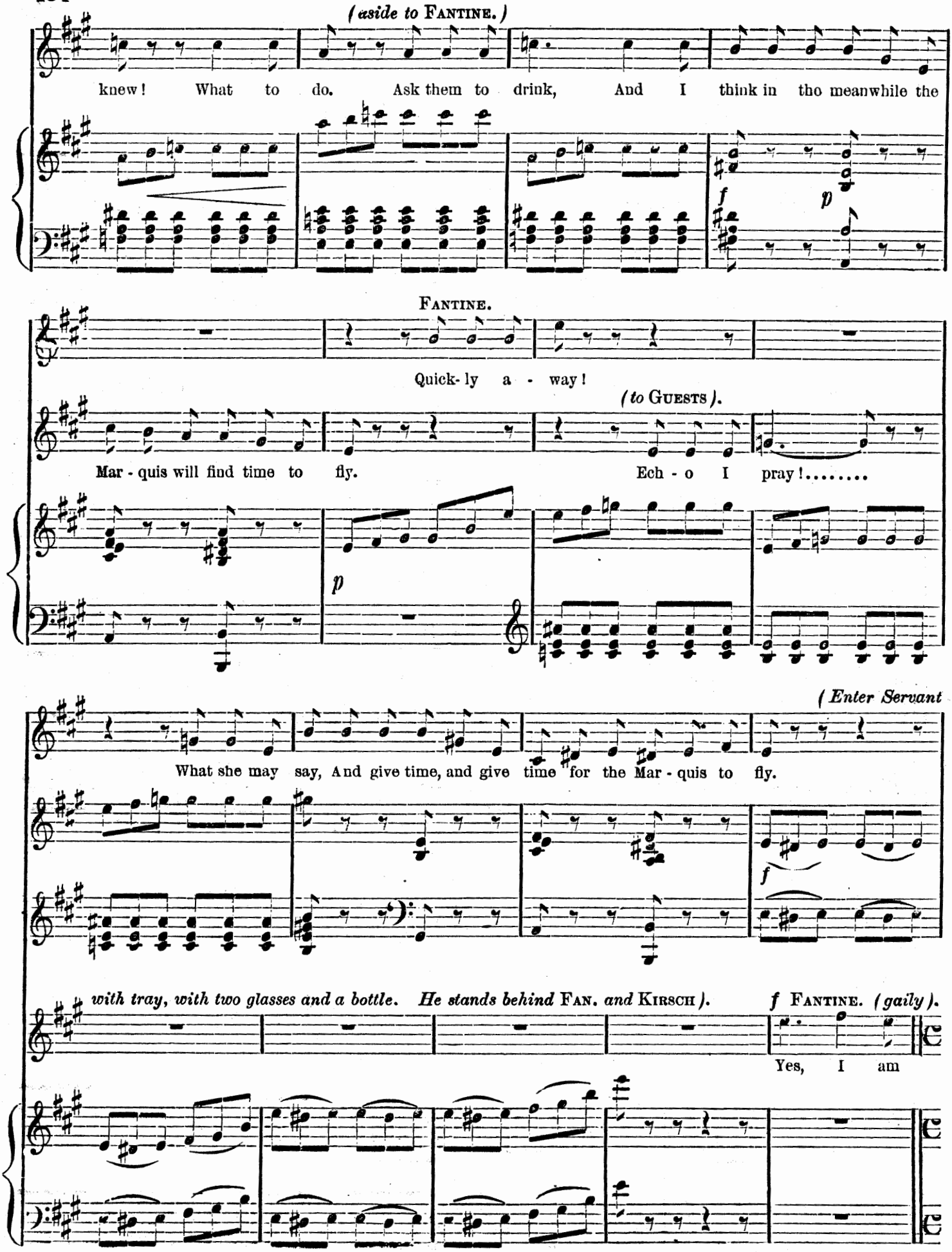
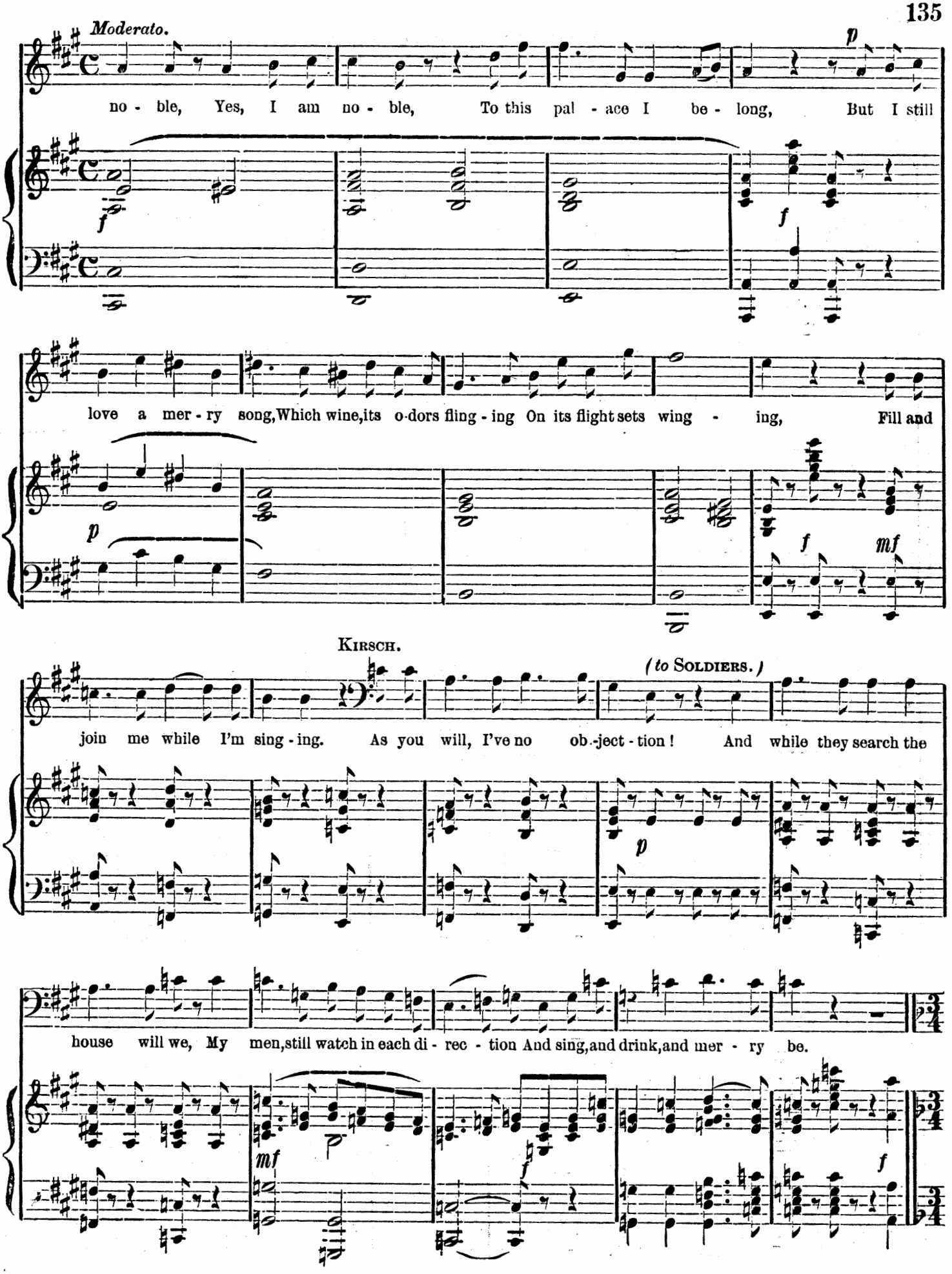

(a la Tyrolean.)
KIRSCH.
Well the world knows this, la la la, la la la la,
they did not, they would not stay, Well the world knows this, la la
p
p
p
la ou la ou la ou la ou la, Well the world know this, la ou la la ou la,
la la la la ou la, Well the world know this, la ou la la ou la,
f
f
f
f


Pay your money, or no Swiss, Ah!
Pay your money, or no Swiss, ... Ah!
COUNTESS.
KIRSCH.
What is your busi - - ness here? That quick ly I may
say. I come here to ar - rest the Count de Pont -cor - net, And shut him up in the Bas -


Lansac.
- tile! .....
Why my un-cle
Tenor.
Guests.
Soldiers.
In the Bas - tile,
In the Bas - tile!....
Bass.
Servants.
Soldiers.
p
f
p
Fantine.
in - to pris - on fling?
He's in - no - cent I
Kirsch. (shows paper).
By the or - der of the King!
Francois (advancing).
swear! Yes, I proof can bring.
Kirsch. (looks at
Fan. astounded)
Nicolet, Gratinet, Courtalin (restraining Francois).
Don't be im - pru - dent, pray. You, mam-
Allo. leggiero.
p

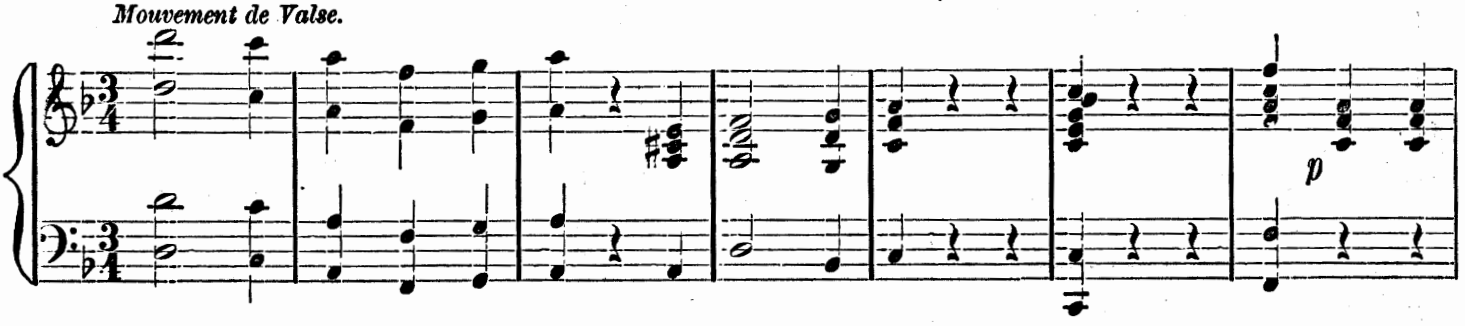

zelle! Who are you?.... Yes, I see! I thought I
COUNTESS. (embarrassed).
knew! The street-singer. You are she. 'Tis doubt - less some re -
TENOR.
Ah, can it be?
BASS.
FANTINE.
Aye!
(aside.)
- sem - - - blance. Have you of him a re - membrance? If I
p


(aside to FANTINE.)
knew! What to do. Ask them to drink, And I think in the meanwhile the
f
p
FANTINE.
Quick- ly a - way!
(to GUESTS).
Mar - quis will find time to fly. Ech - o I pray!.....
p
(Enter Servant
What she may say, And give time, and give time for the Mar - quis to fly.
f
with tray, with two glasses and a bottle. He stands behind FAN. and KIRSCH).
f FANTINE. (gaily).
Yes, I am

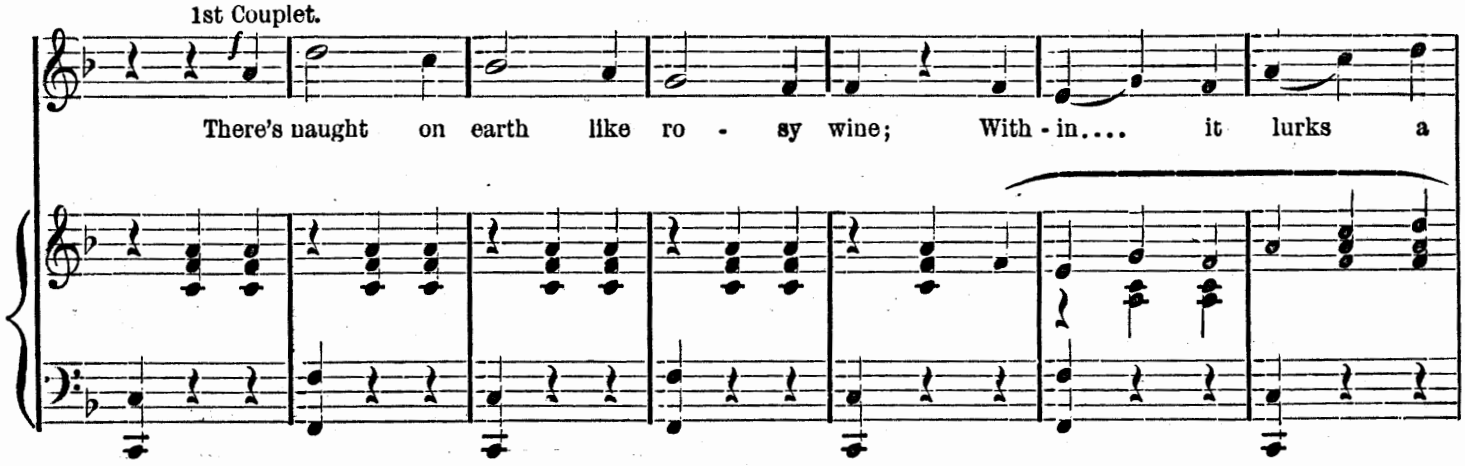

Moderato.
no - ble, Yes, I am no - ble, To this pal - ace I be - long, But I still
love a mer - ry song, Which wine, its o-dors fling - ing On its flight sets wing - ing, Fill and
KIRSCH.
(to SOLDIERS.)
join me while I'm sing - ing. As you will, I've no ob-ject - tion! And while they search the
house will we, My men, still watch in each di - rec - tion And sing, and drink, and mer - ry be.

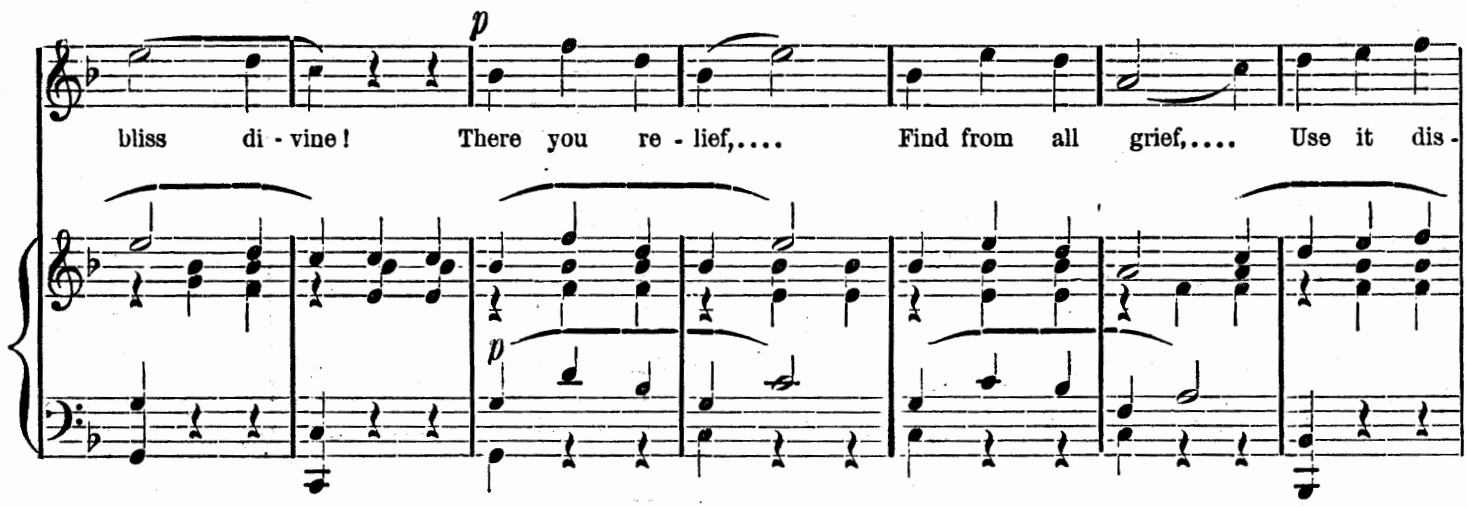
DRINKING SONG.

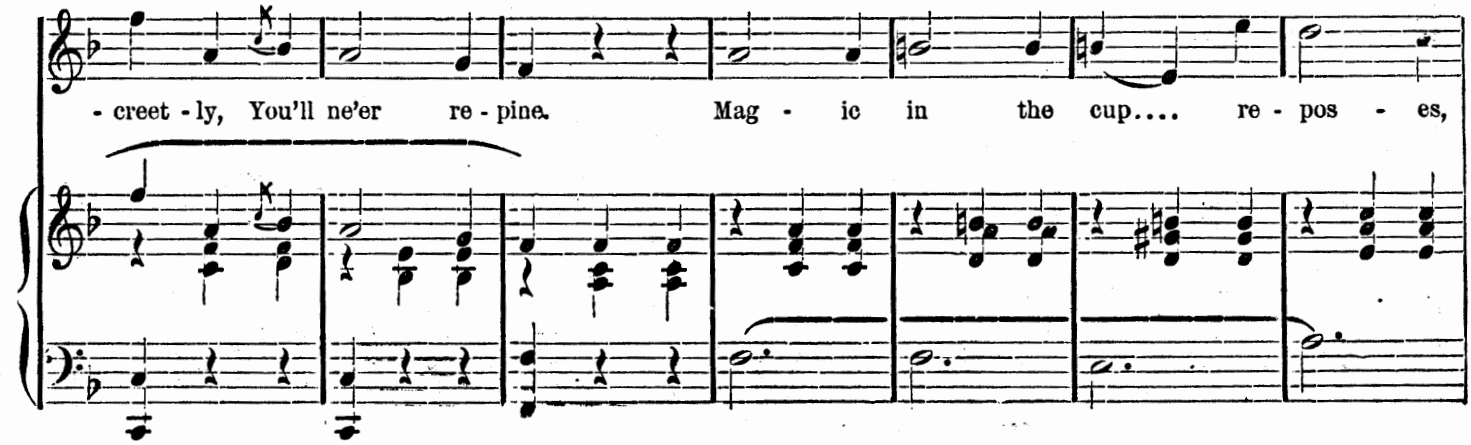
Mouvement de Valse.

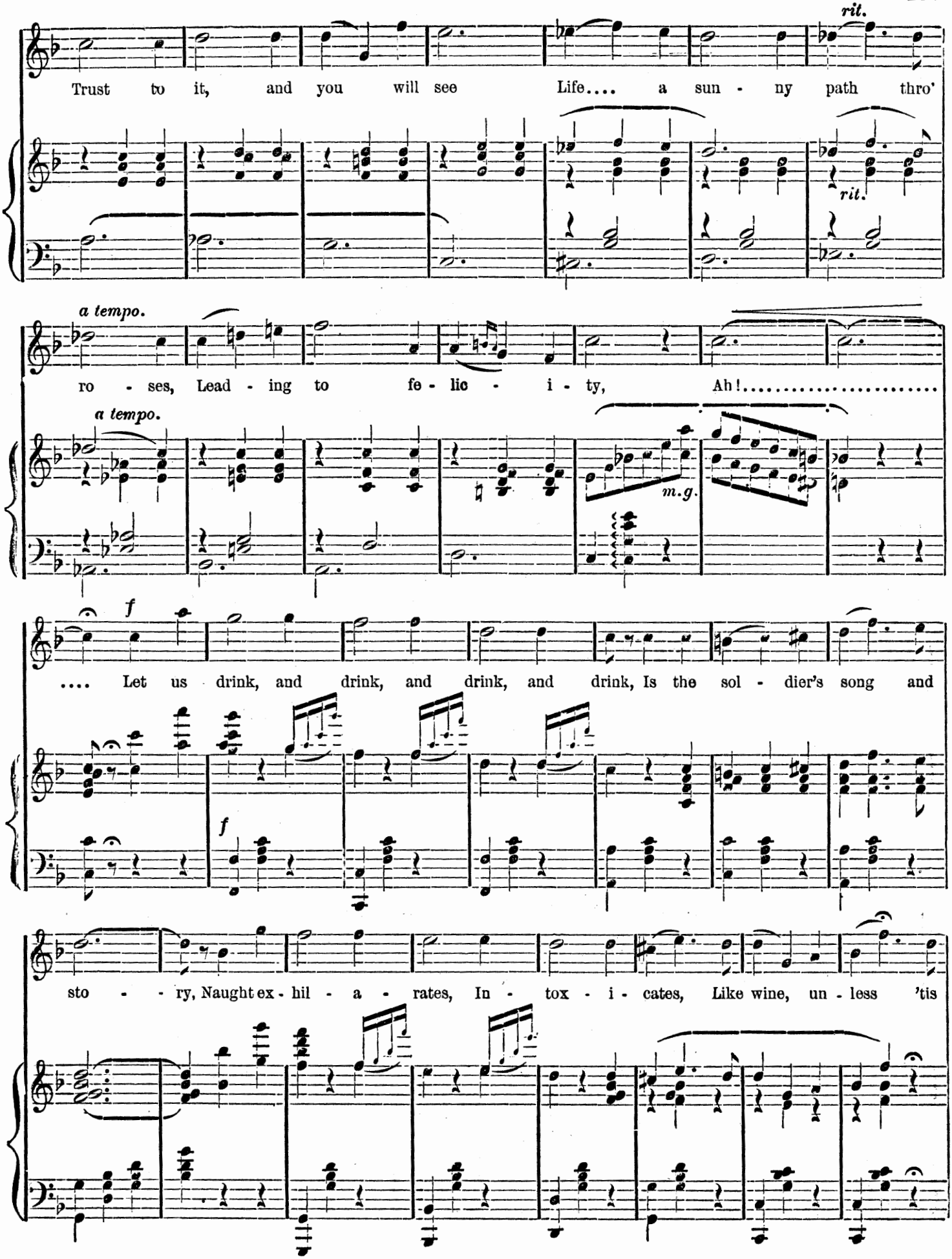


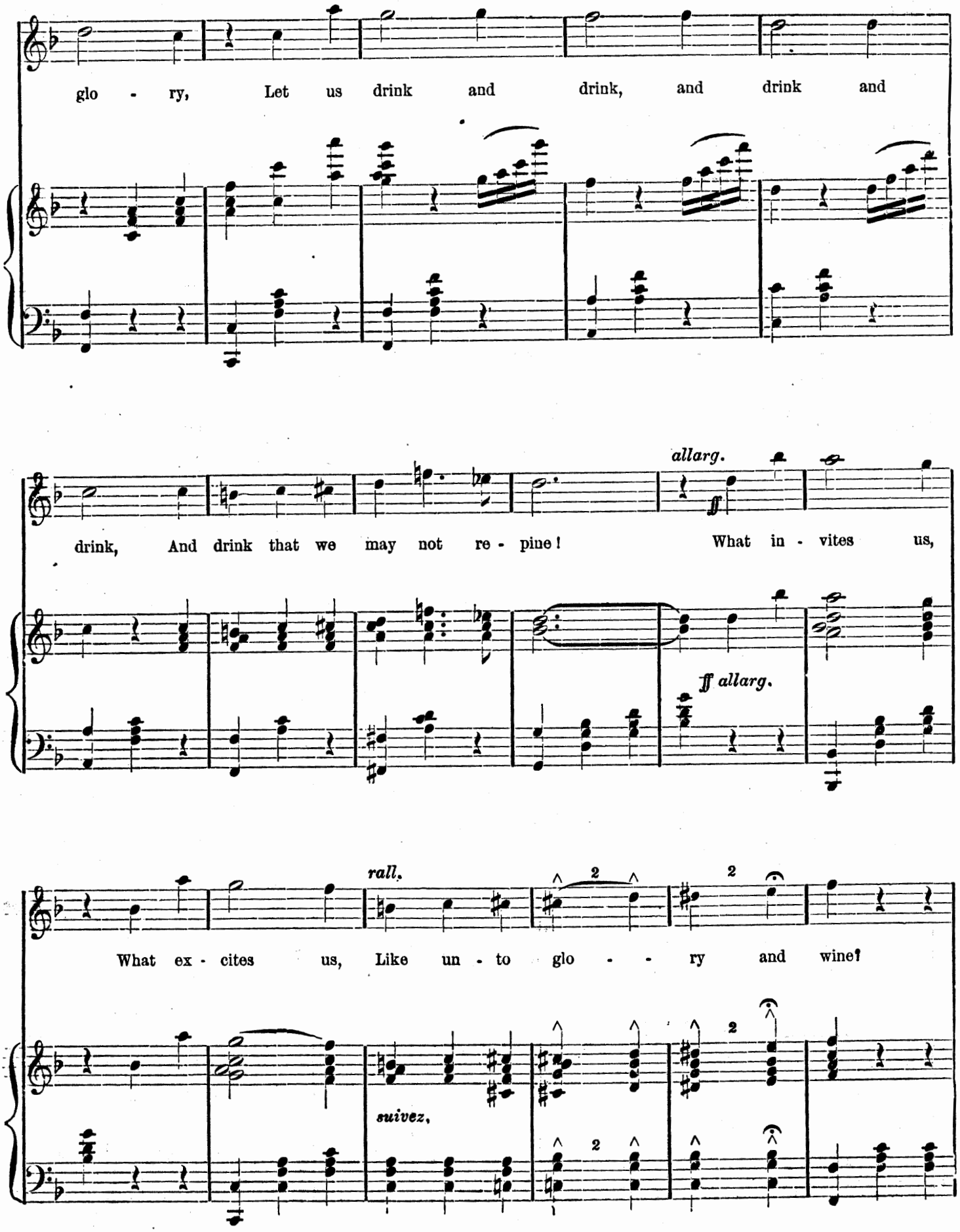
FANTINE.
1st Couplet.

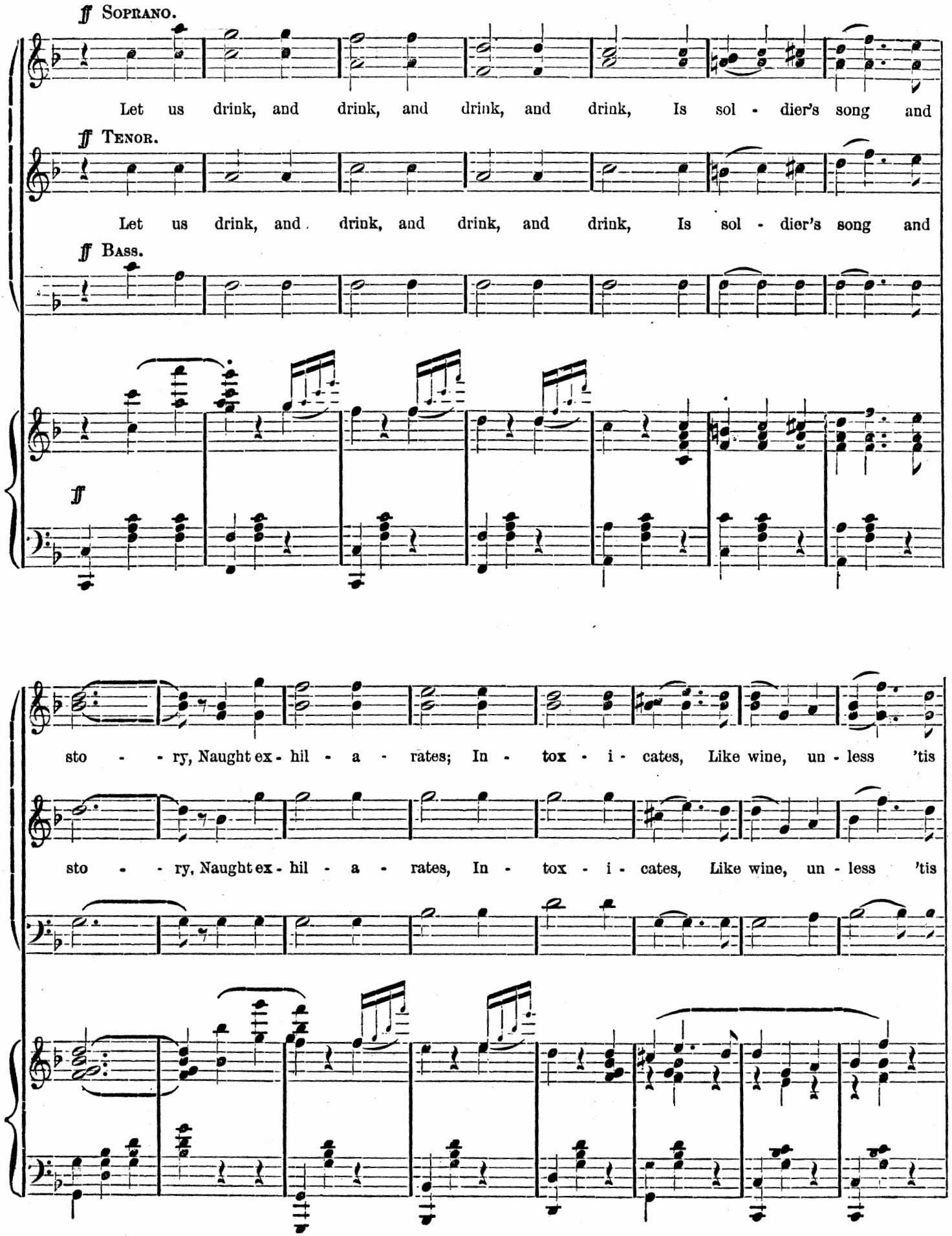


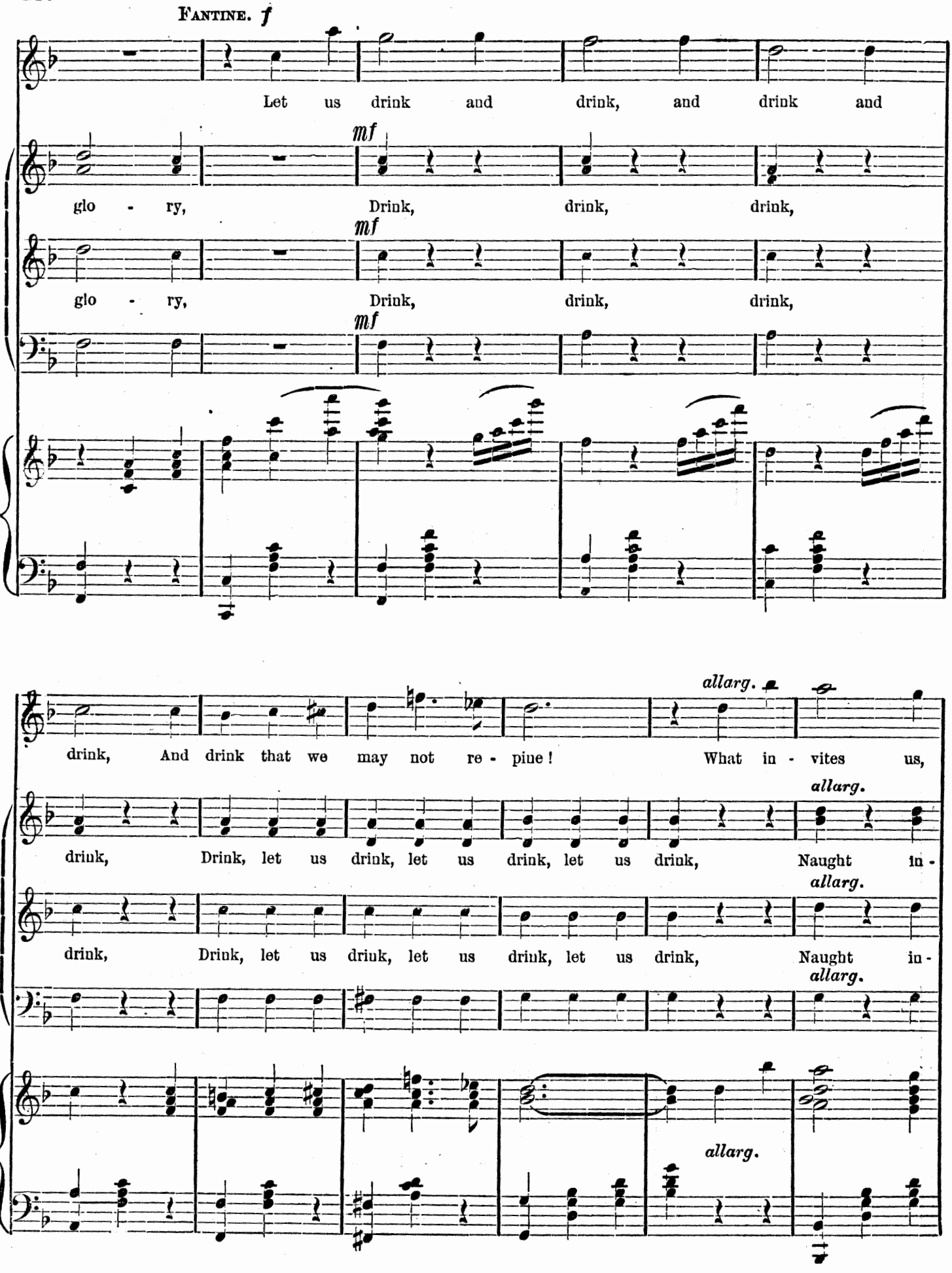


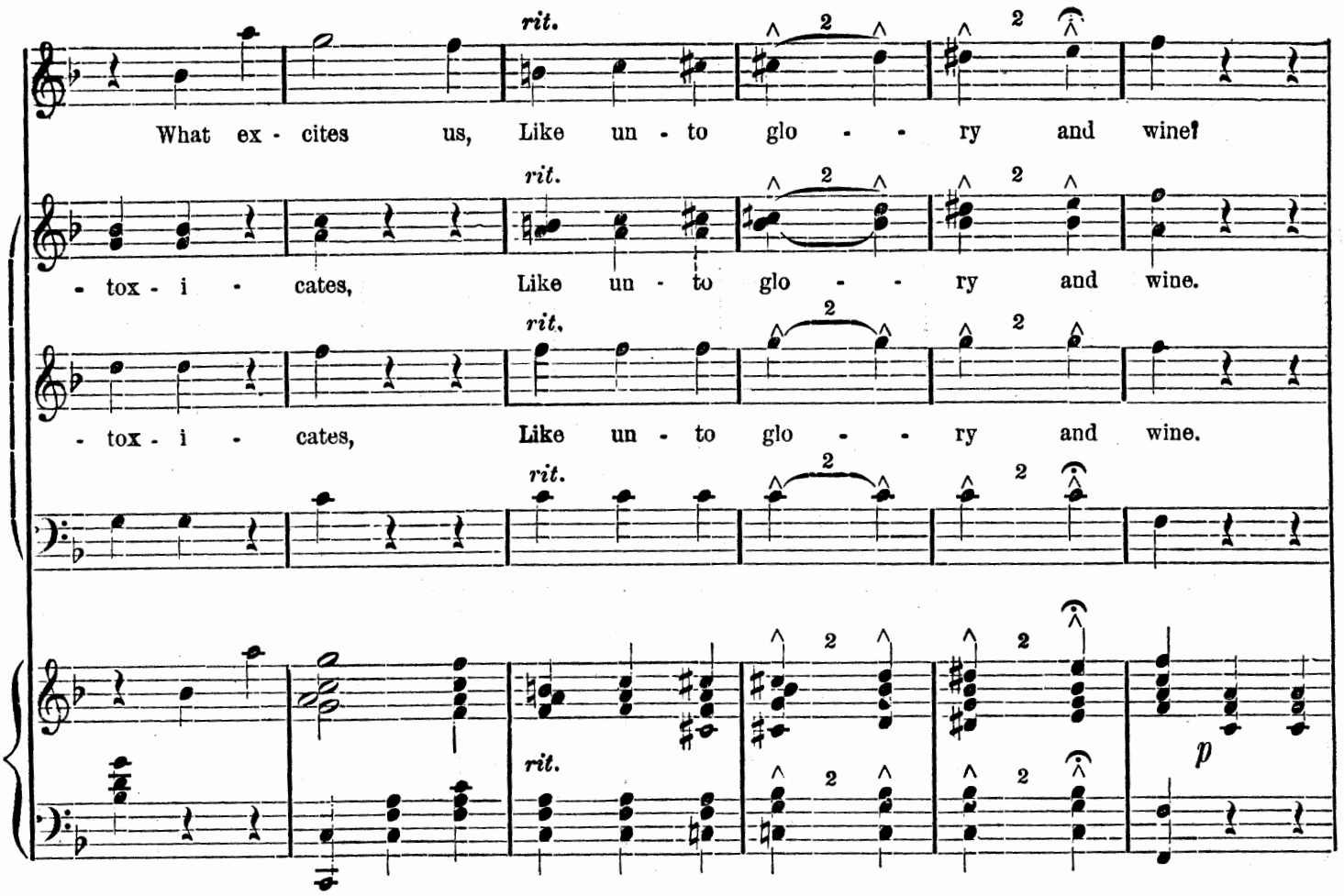



rit.
Trust to it, and you will see Life.... a sun - ny path thro'
rit.
a tempo.
ro - ses, Lead - ing to fe - lic - i - ty, Ah!.....
a tempo.
m.g.
f
.... Let us drink, and drink, and drink, and drink, Is the sol - dier's song and
f
sto - - ry, Naught ex - hil - a - rates, In - tox - i - cates, Like wine, un - less 'tis

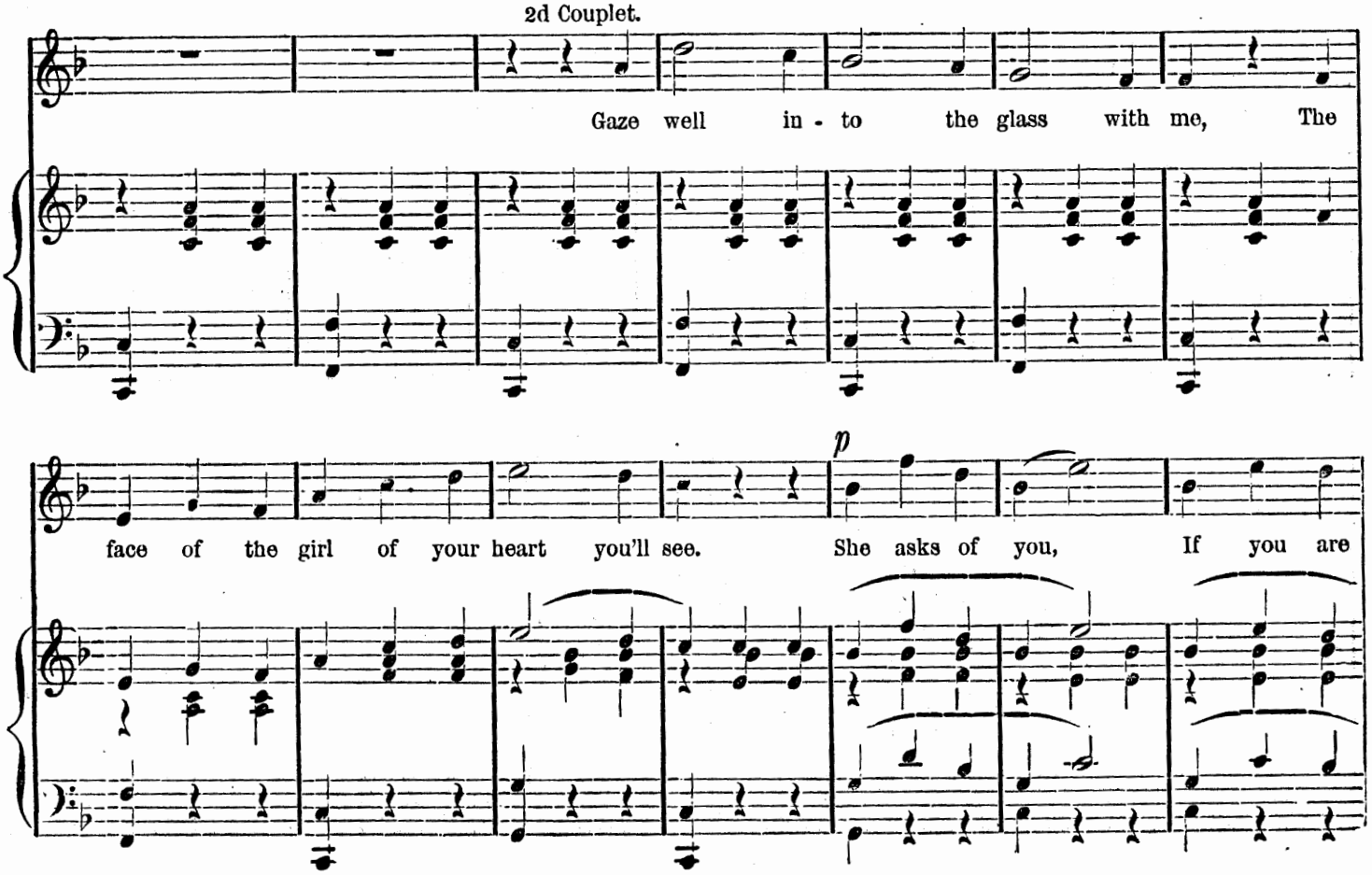

glo - ry, Let us drink and drink, and drink and
allarg.
drink, And drink that we may not re - pine! What in - vites us,
ff allarg.
rall.
What ex - cites us, Like un - to glo - - ry and wine!
suivez,

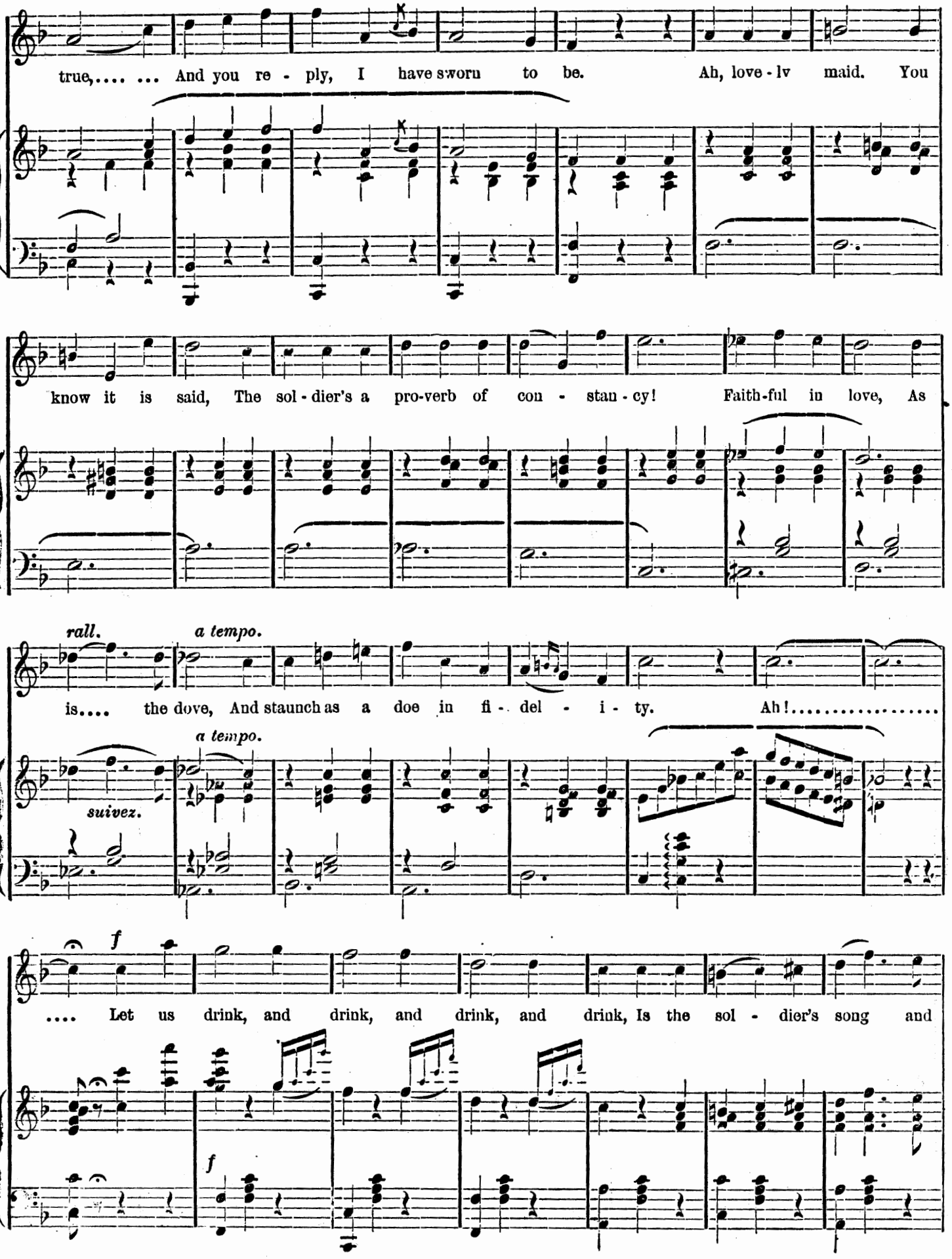

ff Soprano.
Let us drink, and drink, and drink, and drink, Is sol - dier's song and
ff Tenor.
Let us drink, and drink, and drink, and drink, Is sol - dier's song and
ff Bass.
ff
sto - - ry, Naught ex - hil - a - rates; In - tox - i - cates, Like wine, un - less 'tis
sto - - ry, Naught ex - hil - a - rates, In - tox - i - cates, Like wine, un - less 'tis

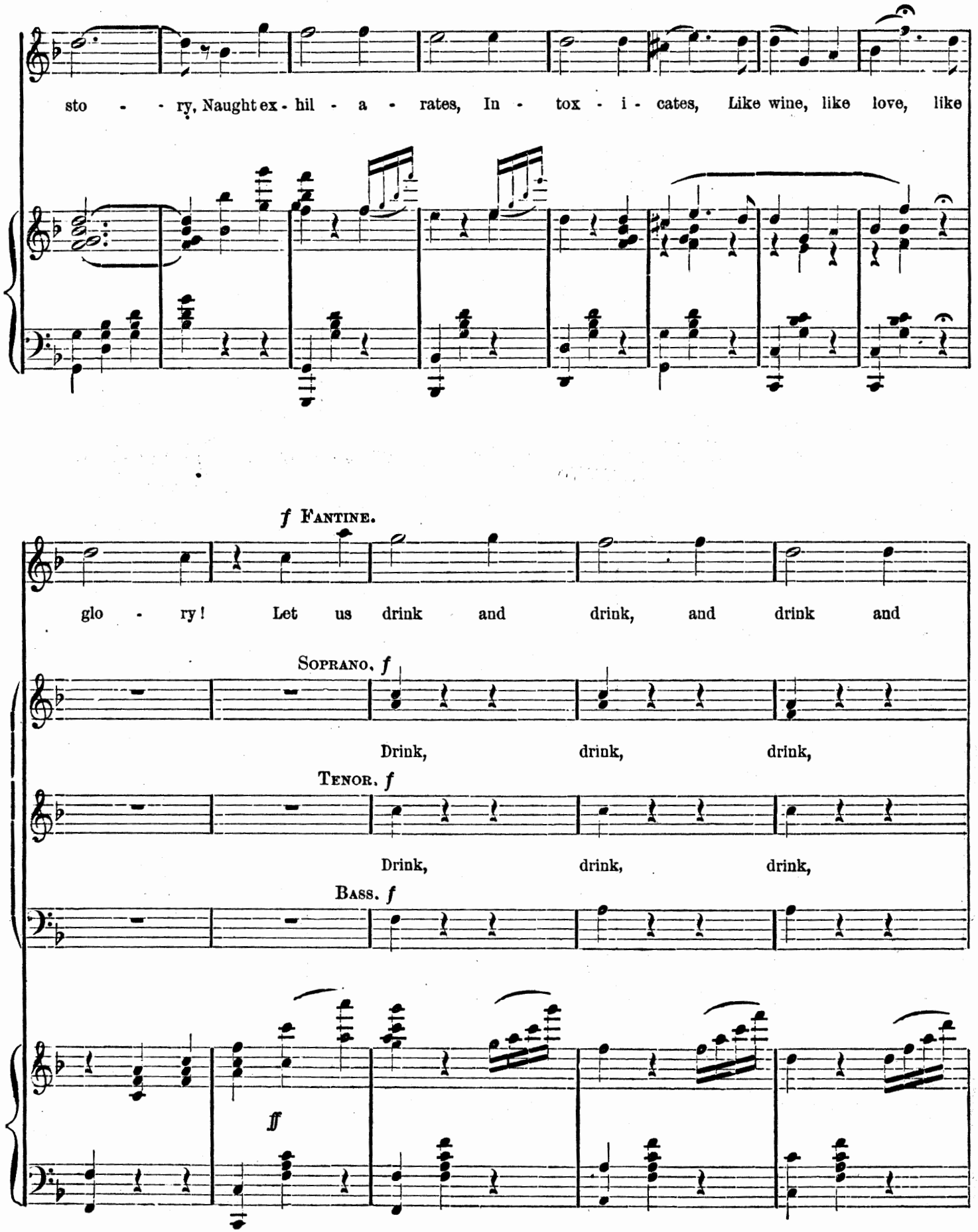

FANTINE. f
Let us drink and drink, and drink and
mf
glo - ry, Drink, drink, drink,
mf
glo - ry, Drink, drink, drink,
mf
allarg.
drink, And drink that we may not re - pine! What in - vites us,
allarg.
drink, Drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, Naught in -
allarg.
drink, Drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, Naught in -
allarg.
allarg.

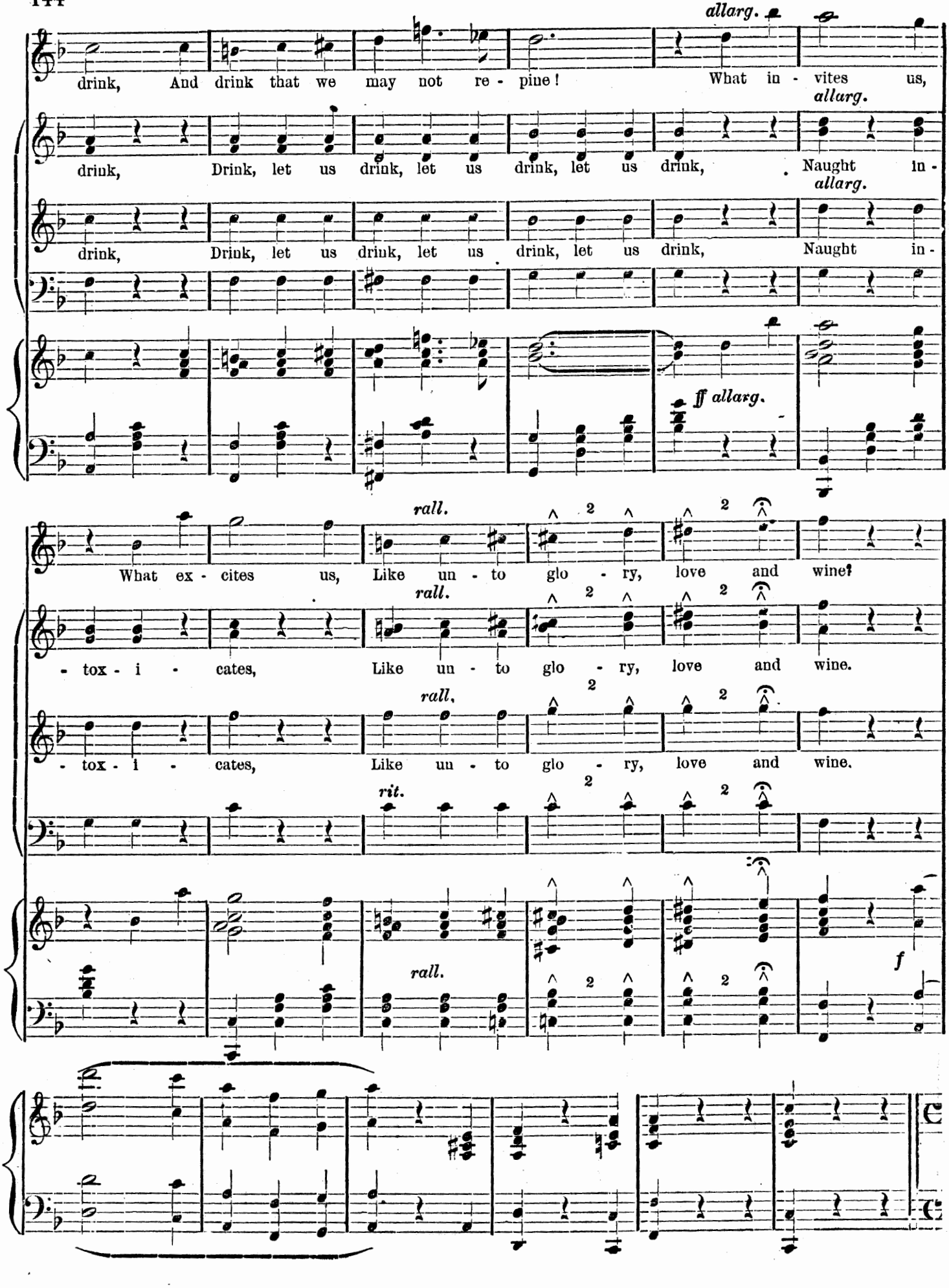

rit.
What ex - cites us, Like un - to glo - - ry and wine?
rit.
- tox - i - cates, Like un - to glo - - ry and wine.
rit.
- tox - i - cates, Like un - to glo - - ry and wine.
rit.
rit.
p

2d Couplet.


Gaze well in - to the glass with me, The
p
face of the girl of your heart you'll see. She asks of you, If you are


true,.... ... And you re - ply, I have sworn to be. Ah, love - ly maid. You
know it is said, The sol - dier's a pro-verb of con - stan - cy! Faith-ful in love, As
rall.
a tempo.
is.... the dove, And staunch as a doe in fi - del - i - ty. Ah!.....
a tempo.
suivez.
f
.... Let us drink, and drink, and drink, and drink, Is the sol - dier's song and
f


sto - - - ry, Naught ex - hil - a - rates, In - tox - i - cates, Like wine, like love, like
f FANTINE.
glo - ry! Let us drink and drink, and drink and
SOPRANO. f
Drink, drink, drink,
TENOR. f
Drink, drink, drink,
BASS. f
ff


allarg.
drink, And drink that we may not re - pine! What in - vites us,
allarg.
drink, Drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, Naught in -
allarg.
drink, Drink, let us drink, let us drink, let us drink, Naught in -
ff allarg.
rall.
What ex - cites us, Like un - to glo - ry, love and wine?
rall.
- tox - i - cates, Like un - to glo - ry, love and wine.
rall.
- tox - i - cates, Like un - to glo - ry, love and wine.
rit.
rall.
f

(SOLDIER *enters, and salutes* KIRSCHWASSER.)

COUTESS (*aside*).

Ah, Sergeant! A man but now we have ar-rested, Who tried from hence to fly! Alas! we've lost the

Allegro.

p

p

game! Francois, Blue Stocking, so he said.

p KIRSCHW.

And did he give to you his name? Oh, my poor Fran-

SOPRANOS.

mf

Fran-cois! Francois!

TENORS.

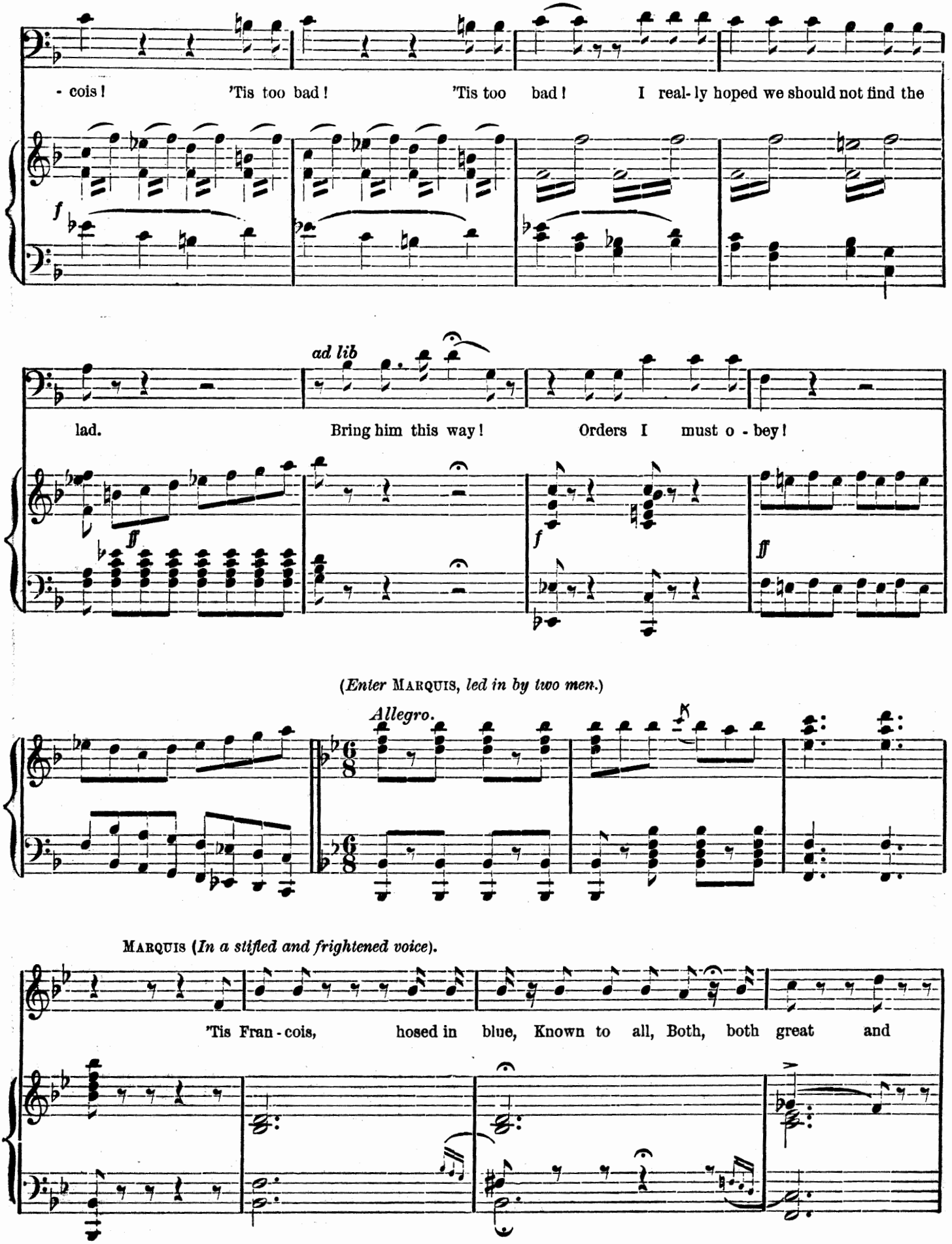
mf

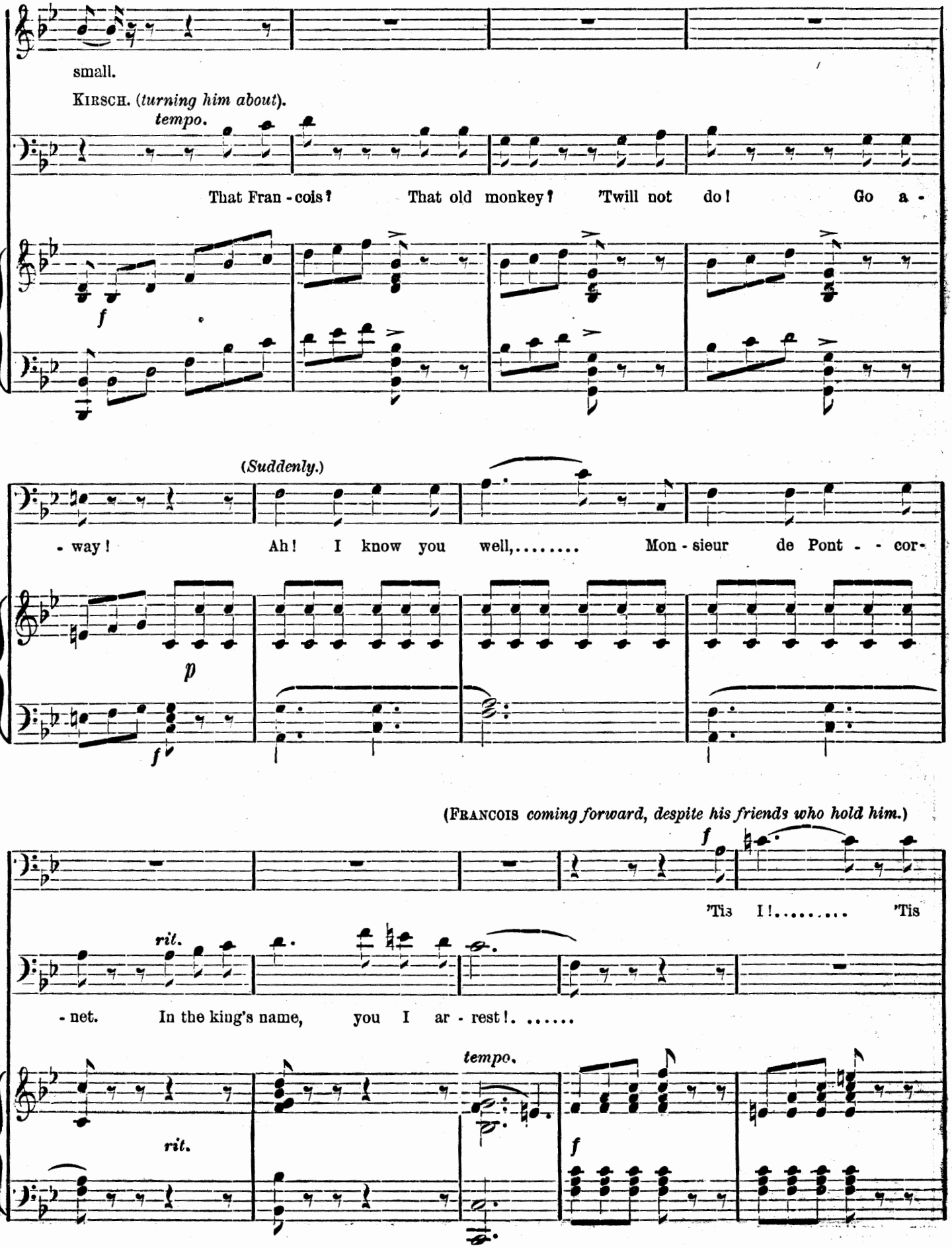
Fran-cois! Francois!

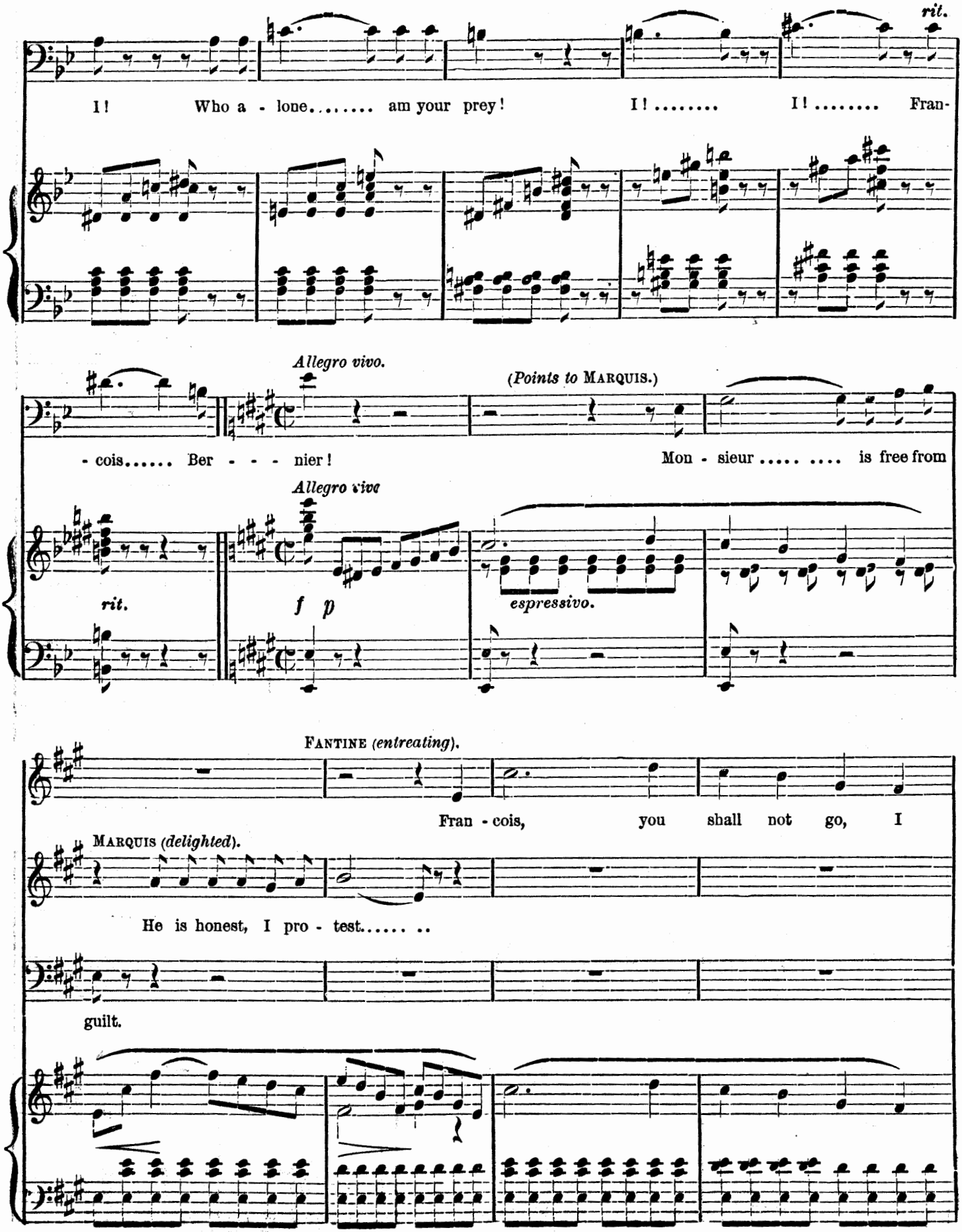
BASSE.

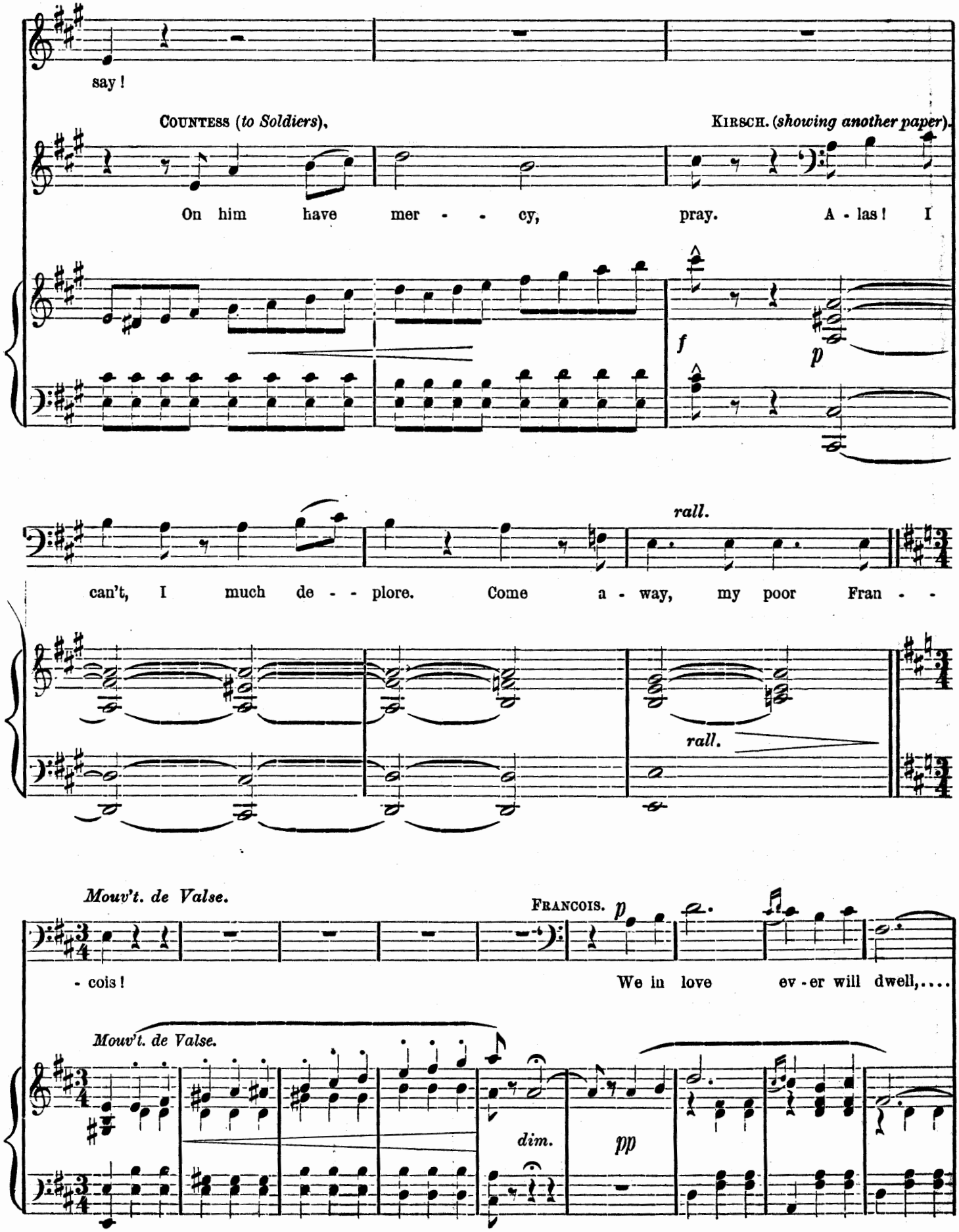
mf

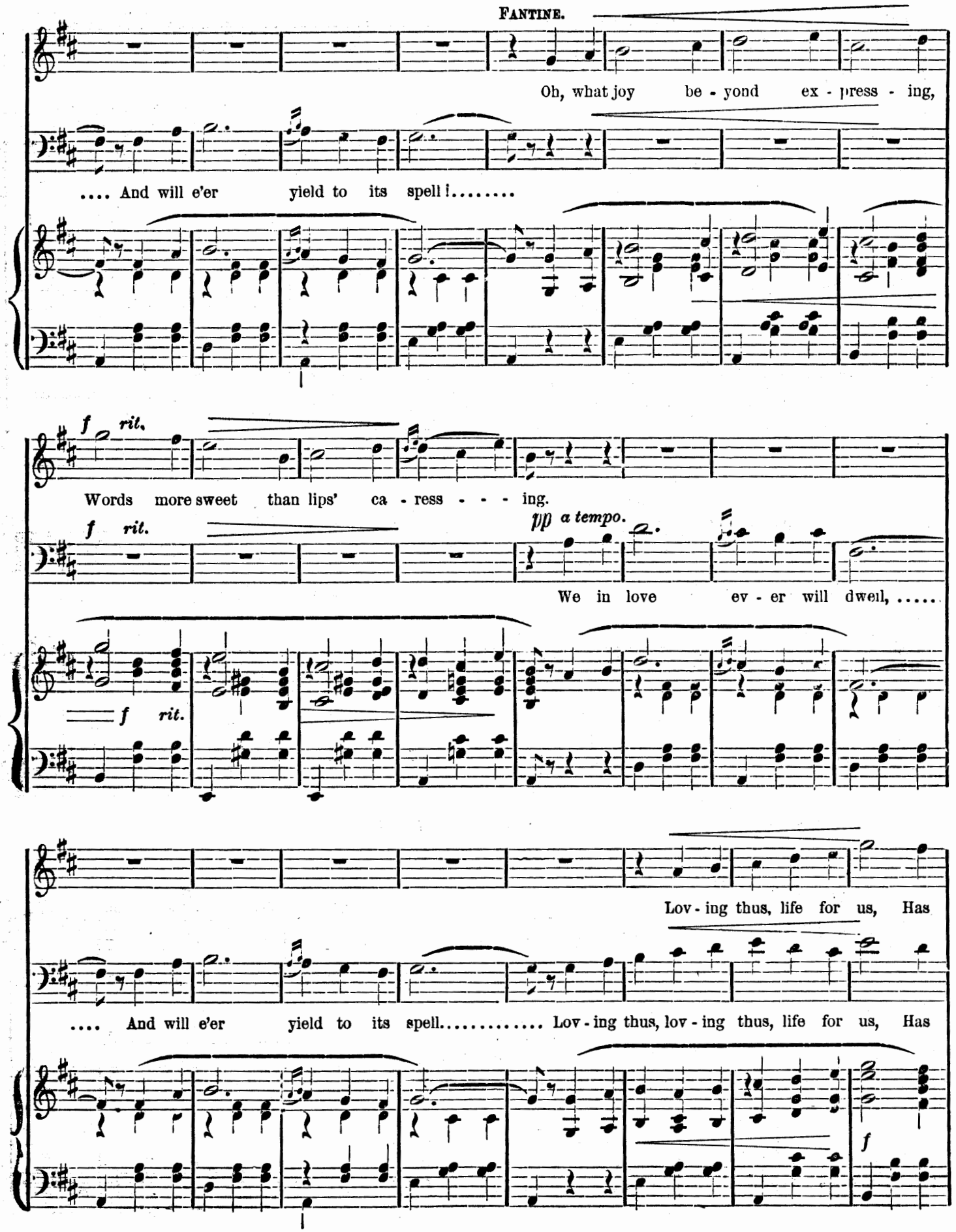
cres.


- cois! 'Tis too bad! 'Tis too bad! I real- ly hoped we should not find the
f
ad lib
lad. Bring him this way! Orders I must o - bey!
ff
f
ff
(Enter MARQUIS, led in by two men.)
Allegro.
MARQUIS (In a stifled and frightened voice).
'Tis Fran - cois, hosed in blue, Known to all, Both, both great and


small.
KIRSCH. (*turning him about*).
tempo.
That Fran - cois? That old monkey? 'Twill not do! Go a -
f
(*Suddenly.*)
- way! Ah! I know you well,..... Mon - sieur de Pont - - cor-
p
f
(FRANCOIS *coming forward, despite his friends who hold him.*)
f
'Tis I!..... 'Tis
rit.
- net. In the king's name, you I ar - rest!. .....
tempo.
rit.
f


rit.
I! Who a - lone..... am your prey! I!..... I!..... Fran-
Allegro vivo.
(Points to MARQUIS.)
- cois..... Ber - - - nier! Mon - sieur .... is free from
Allegro viva
rit.
f p
espressivo.
FANTINE (entreating).
Fran - cois, you shall not go, I
MARQUIS (delighted).
He is honest, I pro - test..... ..
guilt.


say !
COUNTESS (to Soldiers).
KIRSCH. (showing another paper).
On him have mer - - cy, pray. A - las! I
f
p
rall.
can't, I much de - - plore. Come a - way, my poor Fran - -
rall.
Mouv't. de Valse.
FRANCOIS. p
- cois!
We in love ev - er will dwell,....
Mouv't. de Valse.
dim.
pp


FANTINE.
Oh, what joy be - yond ex - press - ing,
.... And will e'er yield to its spell!.....
f rit.
Words more sweet than lips' ca - ress - - - ing.
f rit.
pp a tempo.
We in love ev - er will dwell, ...
f rit.
Lov - ing thus, life for us, Has
.... And will e'er yield to its spell..... Lov - ing thus, lov - ing thus, life for us, Has
f

Allegro vivace.

naught but bless - - - - ing!

naught but bless - - - - ing!

Allegro vivace.

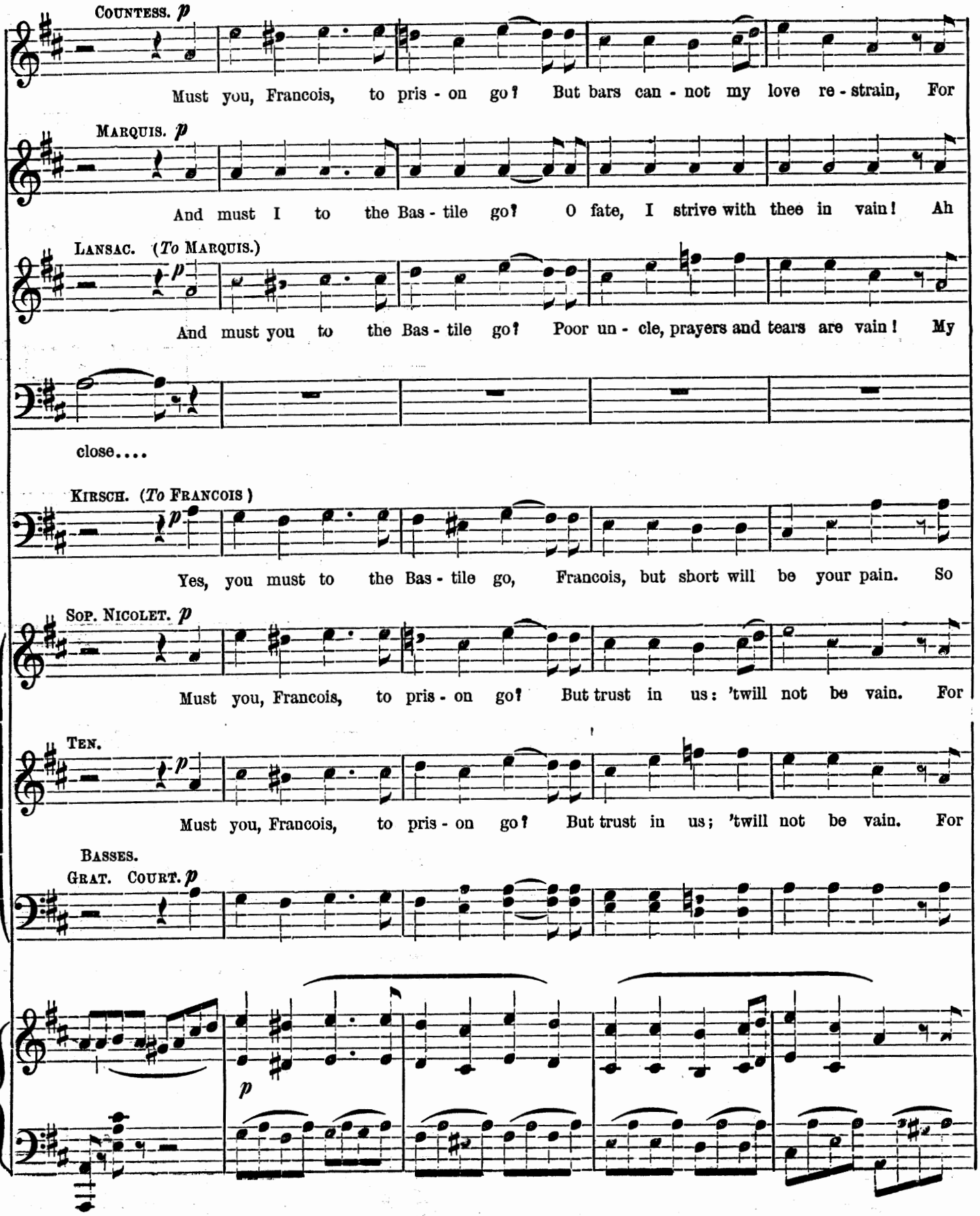
ff

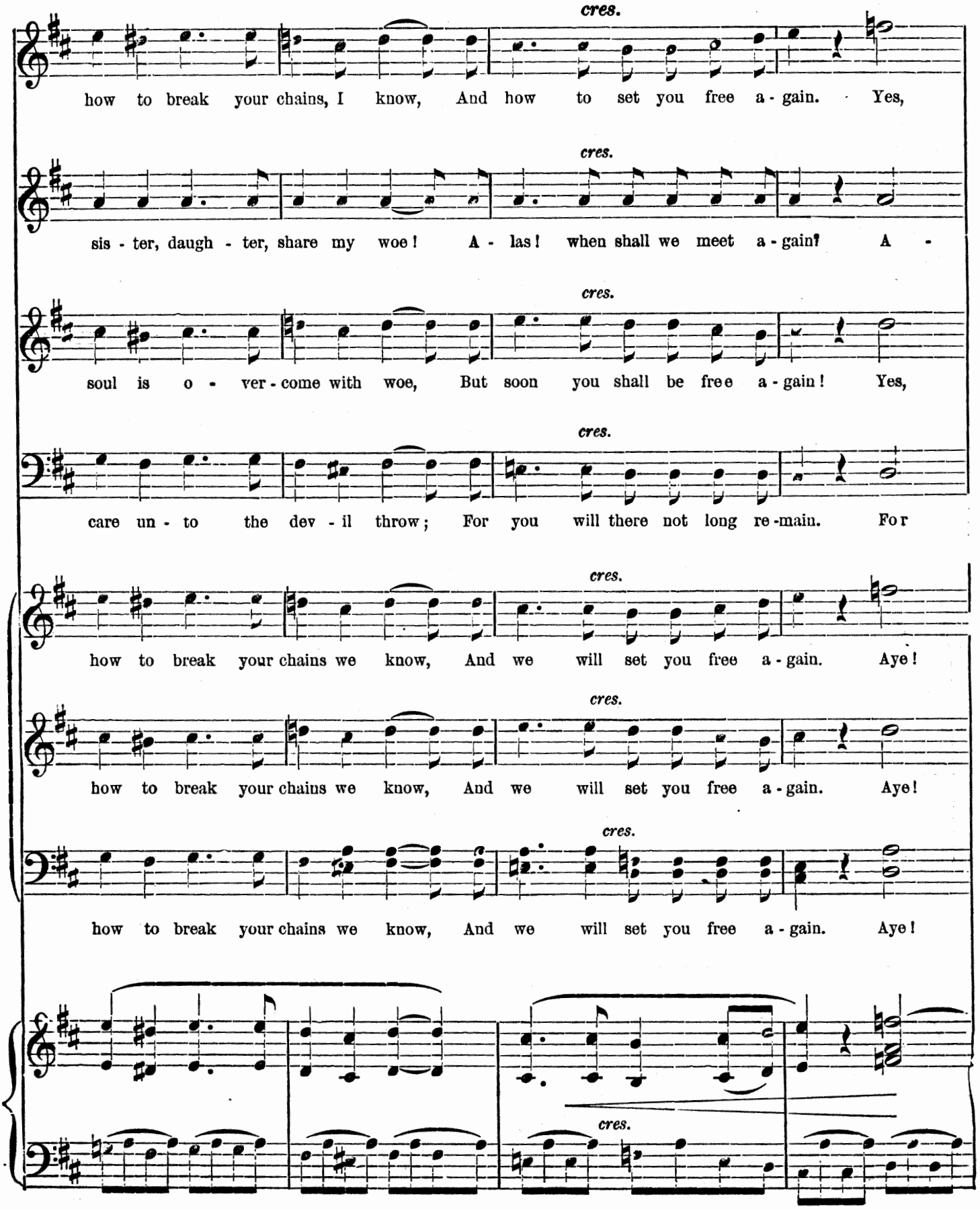
FRANCOIS (*gaily.*)

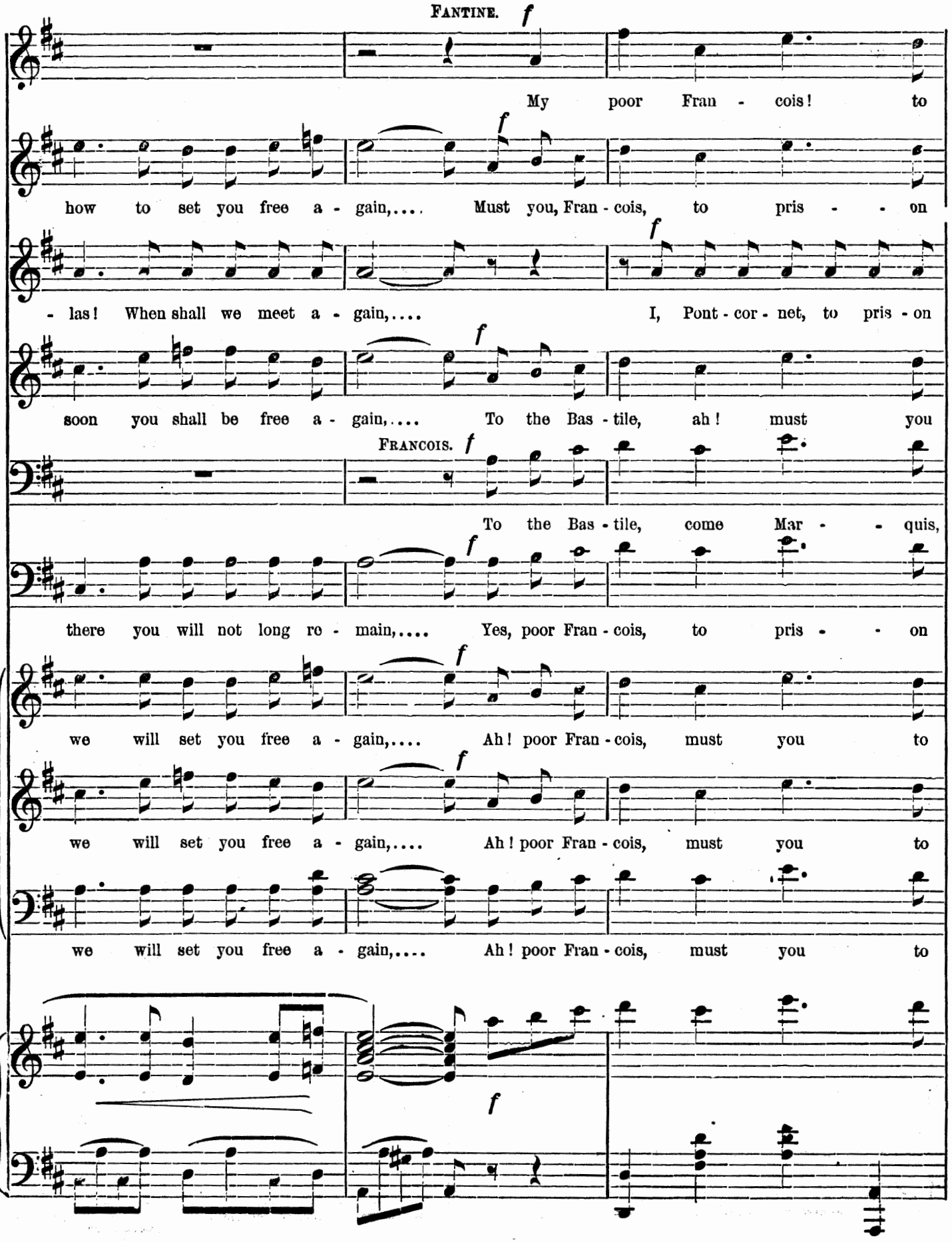
To the Bas - tile, come, marquis; 'tis our fate; We'll laugh and jest at all our woes. Between the

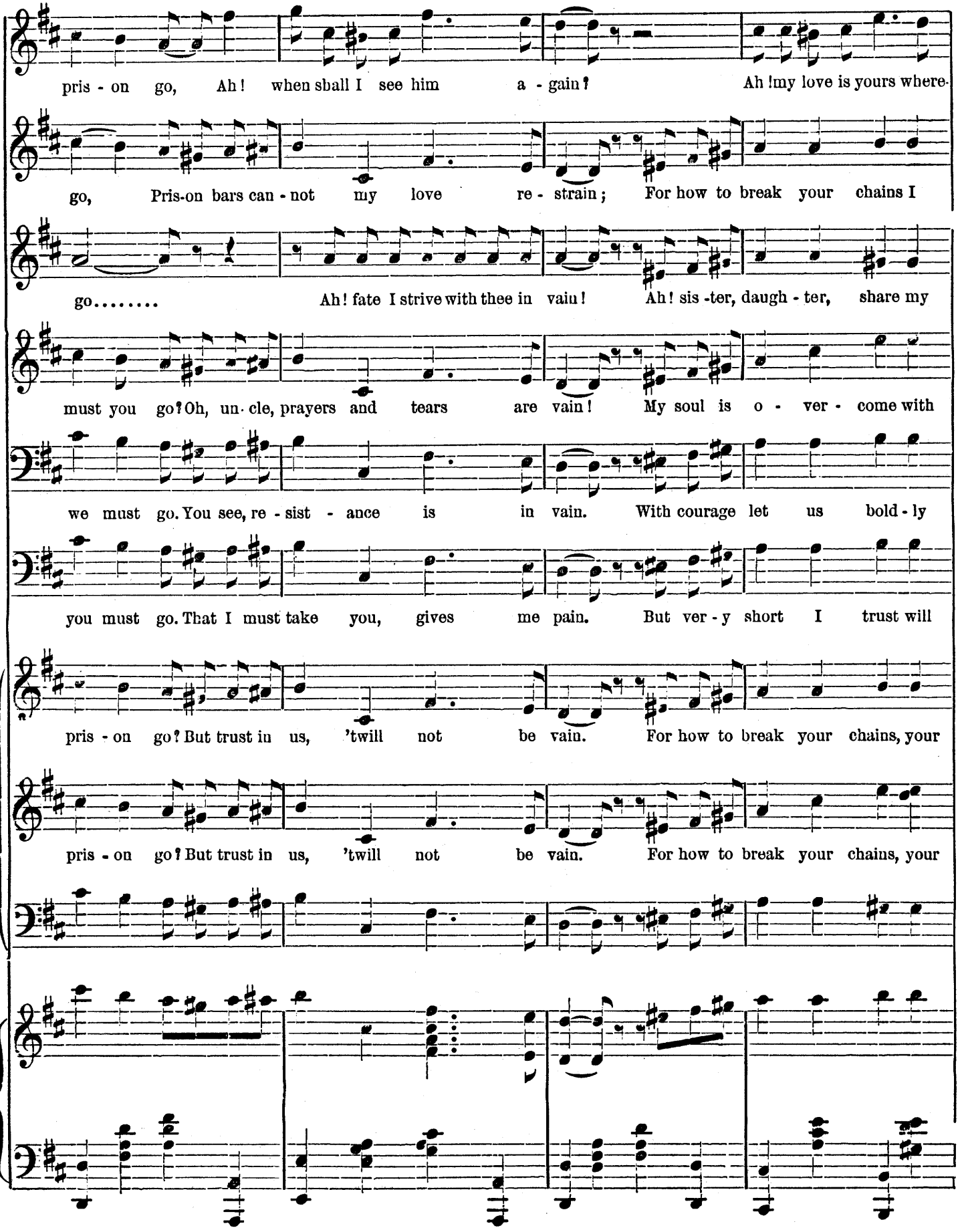
p

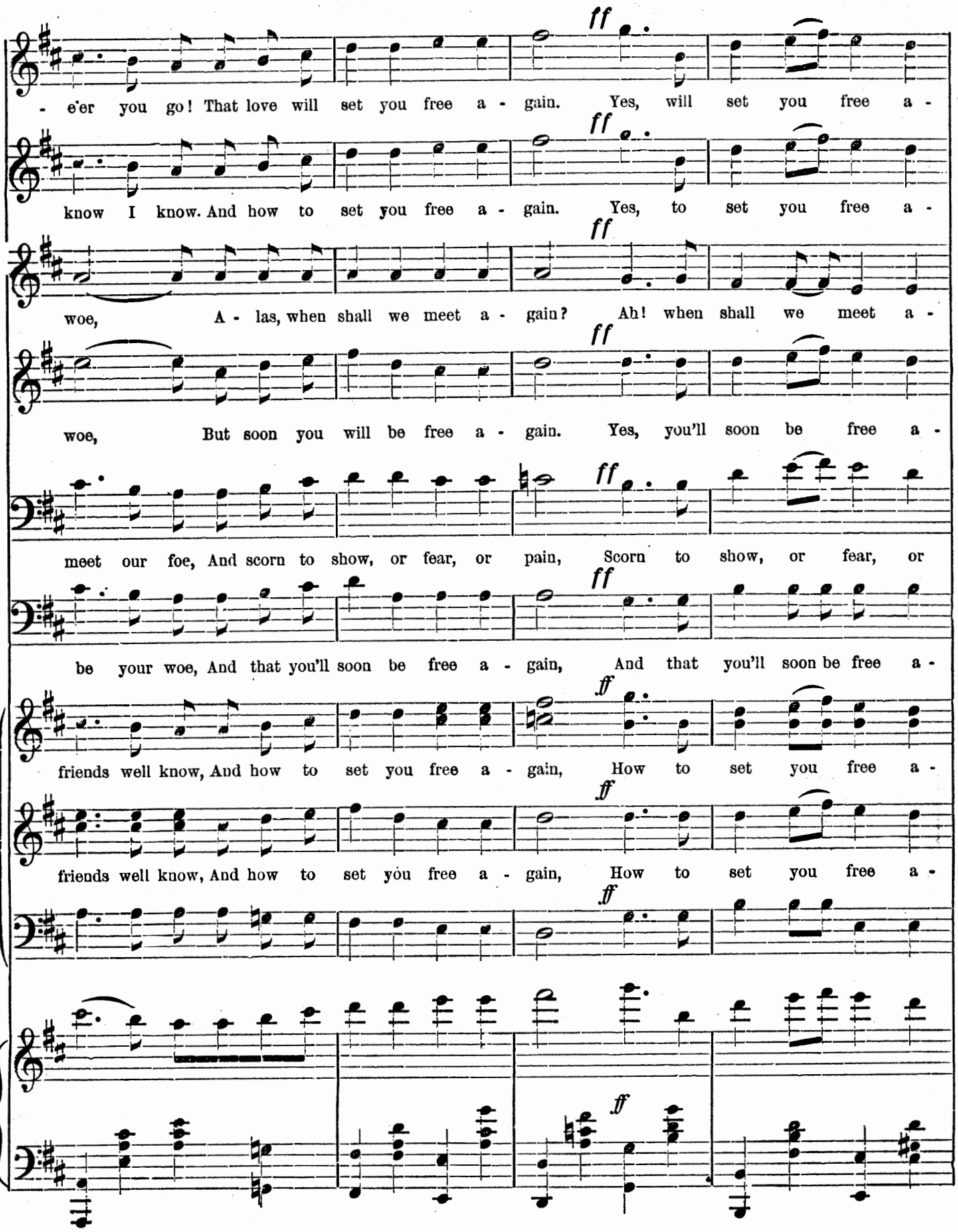
world and us, its gloom - y gates Up - on its hing - es soon will close, Its gate up - on us soon will

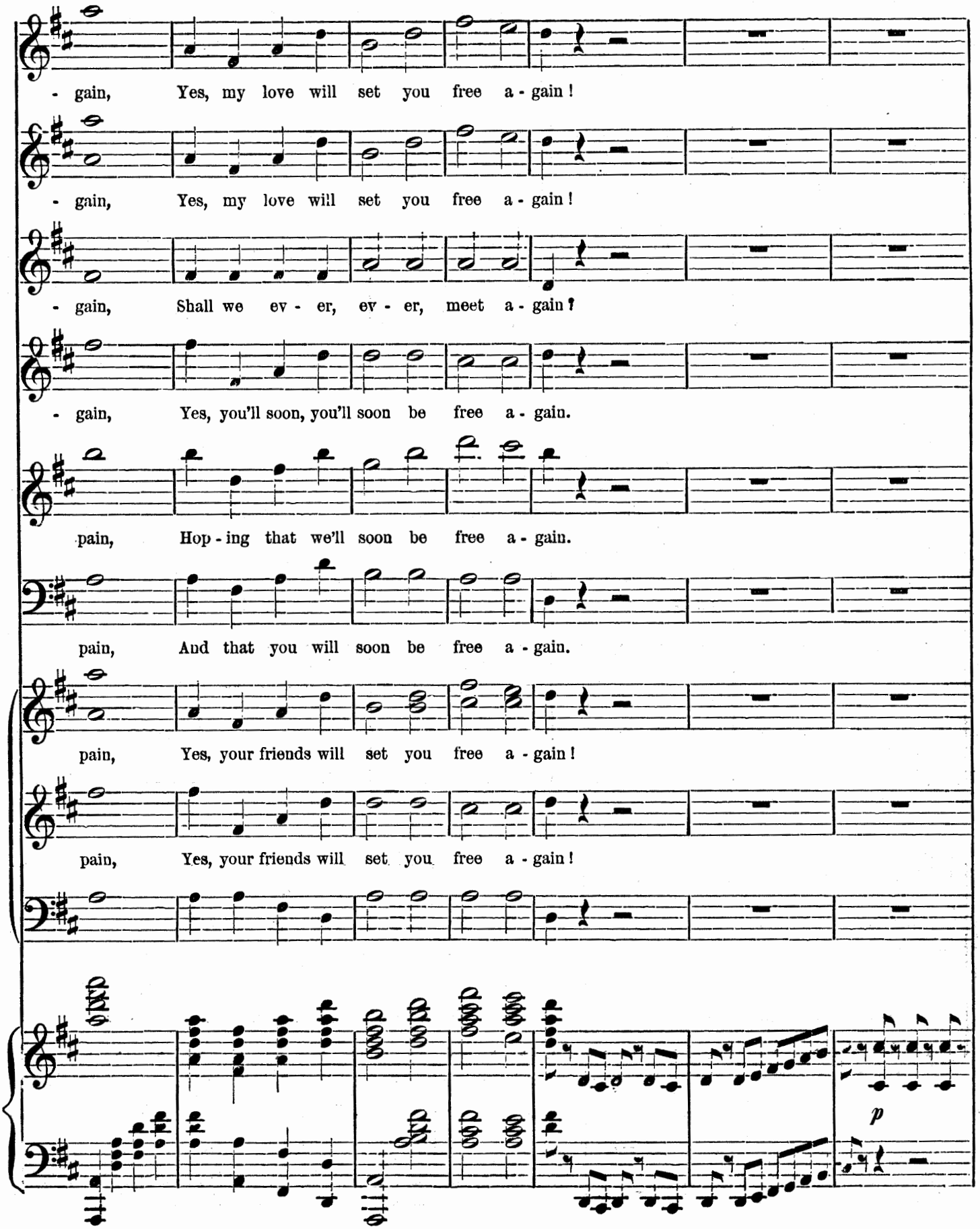

COUNTESS. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But bars can - not my love re - strain, For
MARQUIS. p
And must I to the Bas - tile go? O fate, I strive with thee in vain! Ah
LANSAC. (To MARQUIS.) p
And must you to the Bas - tile go? Poor un - cle, prayers and tears are vain! My
close....
KIRSCH. (To FRANCOIS) p
Yes, you must to the Bas - tile go, Francois, but short will be your pain. So
SOP. NICOLET. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But trust in us: 'twill not be vain. For
TEN. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But trust in us; 'twill not be vain. For
BASSES.
GRAT. COURT. p
p

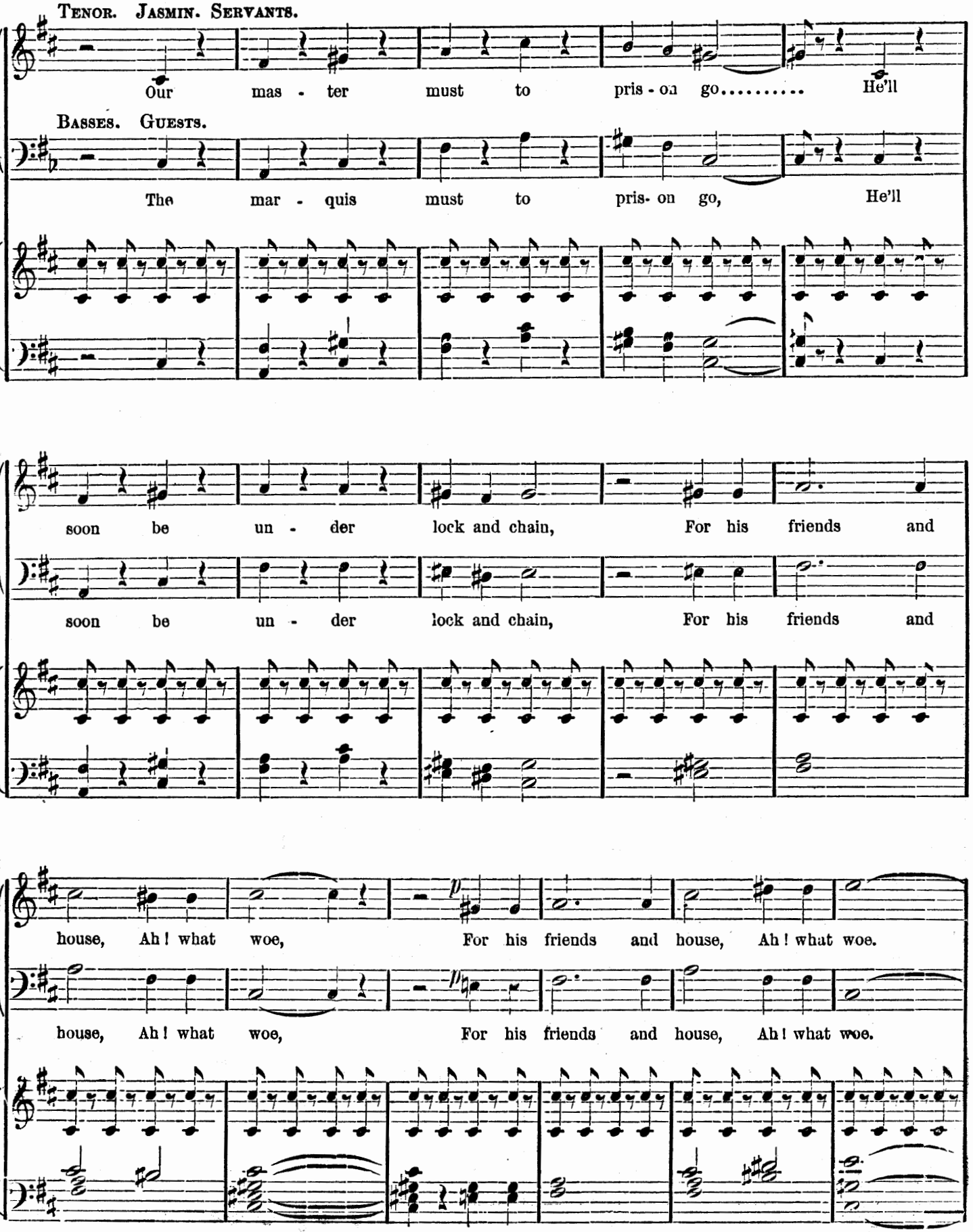

cres.
how to break your chains, I know, And how to set you free a - gain. Yes,
cres.
sis - ter, daugh - ter, share my woe! A - las! when shall we meet a - gain? A -
cres.
soul is o - ver - come with woe, But soon you shall be free a - gain! Yes,
cres.
care un - to the dev - il throw; For you will there not long re - main. For
cres.
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain. Aye!
cres.
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain. Aye!
cres.
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain. Aye!
cres.

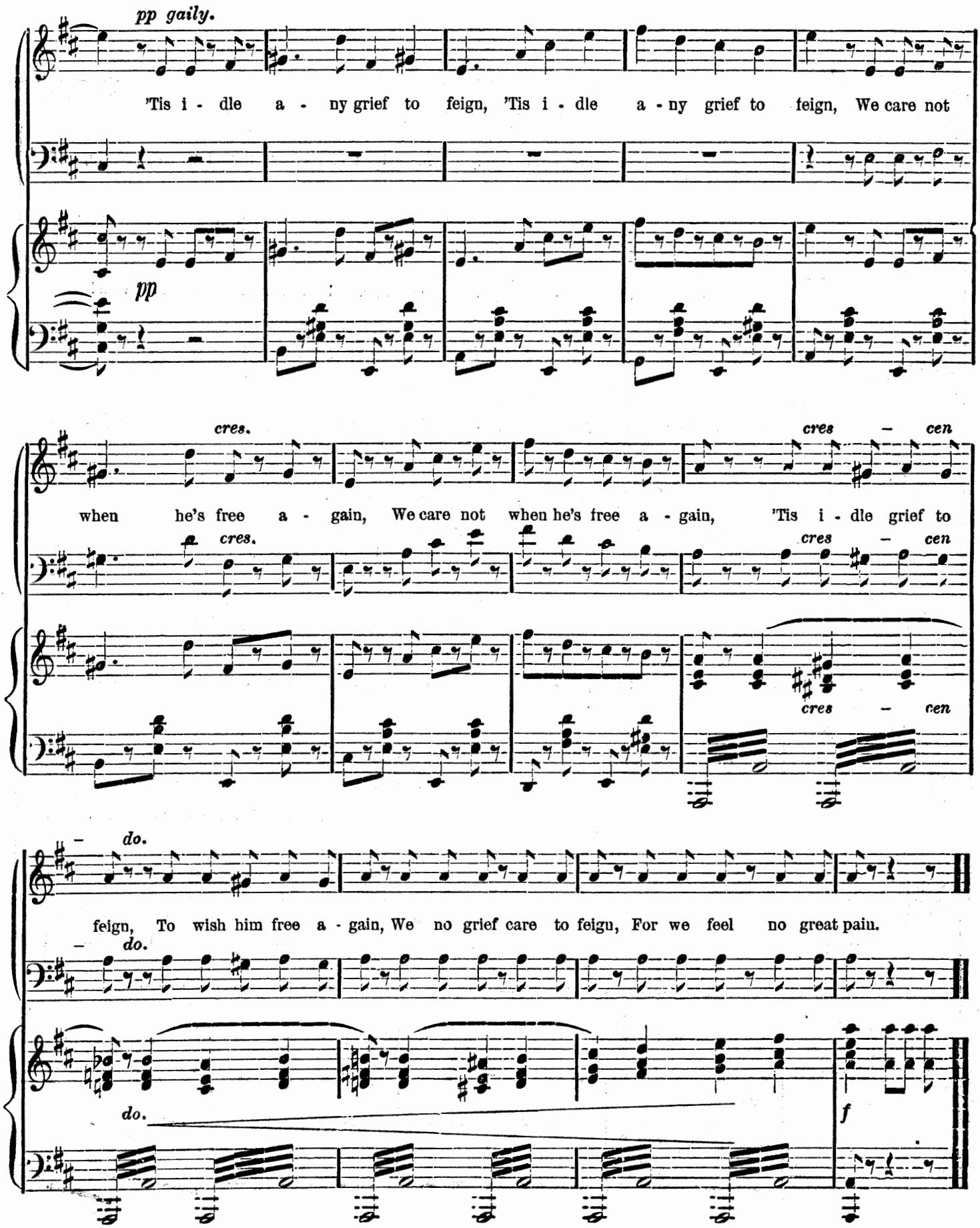

FANTINE.
f
My poor Fran - cois! to
how to set you free a - gain,.... Must you, Fran - cois, to pris - - on
- las! When shall we meet a - gain,.... I, Pont - cor - net, to pris - on
soon you shall be free a - gain,.... To the Bas - tile, ah! must you
FRANCOIS.
To the Bas - tile, come Mar - - quis,
there you will not long re - main,.... Yes, poor Fran - cois, to pris - - on
we will set you free a - gain,.... Ah! poor Fran - cois, must you to
we will set you free a - gain,.... Ah! poor Fran - cois, must you to
we will set you free a - gain,.... Ah! poor Fran - cois, must you to

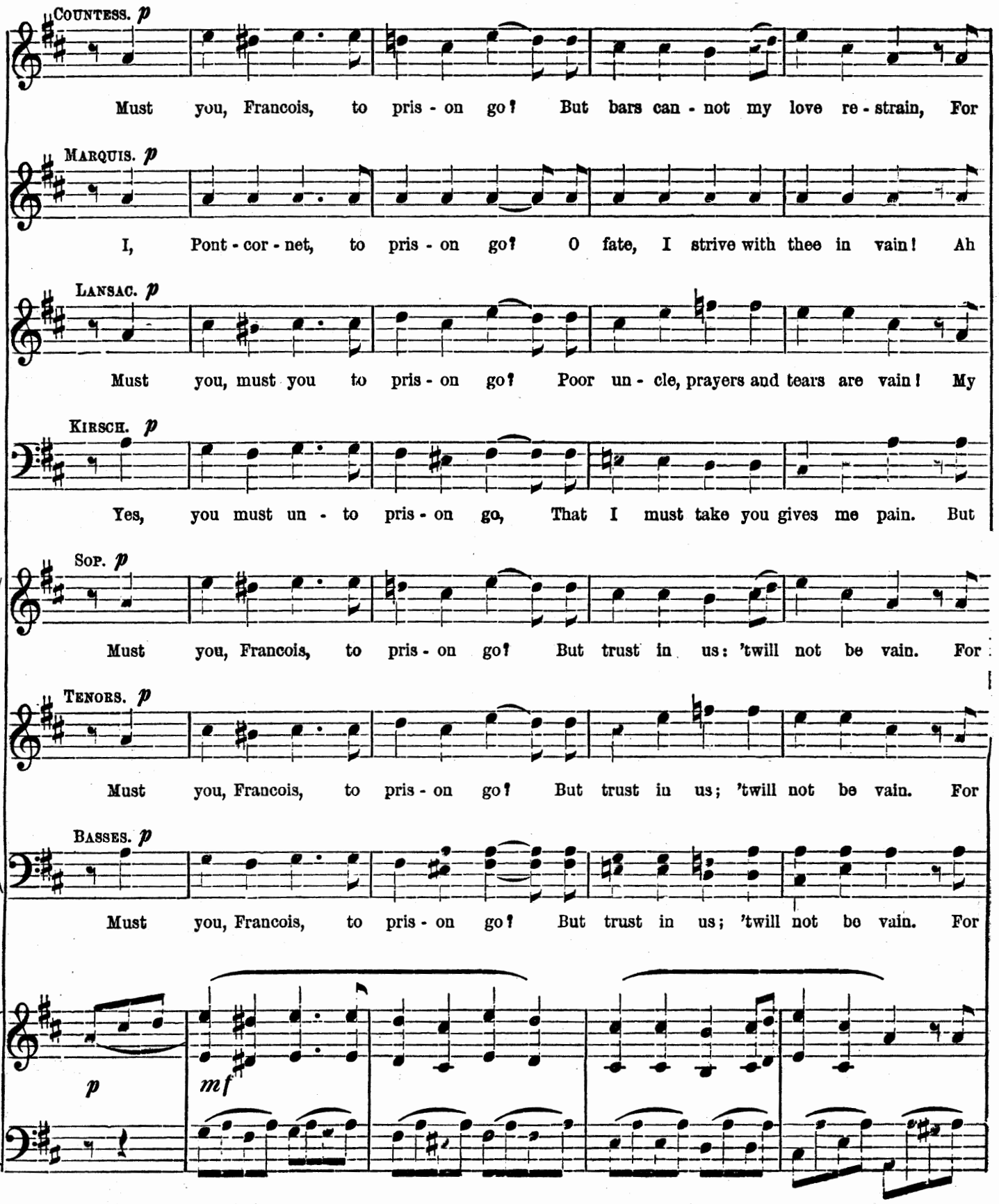

pris - on go, Ah! when shall I see him a - gain? Ah! my love is yours where-
go, Pris-on bars can - not my love re - strain; For how to break your chains I
go..... Ah! fate I strive with thee in vain! Ah! sis -ter, daugh - ter, share my
must you go? Oh, un - cle, prayers and tears are vain! My soul is o - ver - come with
we must go. You see, re - sist - ance is in vain. With courage let us bold - ly
you must go. That I must take you, gives me pain. But ver - y short I trust will
pris - on go? But trust in us, 'twill not be vain. For how to break your chains, your
pris - on go? But trust in us, 'twill not be vain. For how to break your chains, your

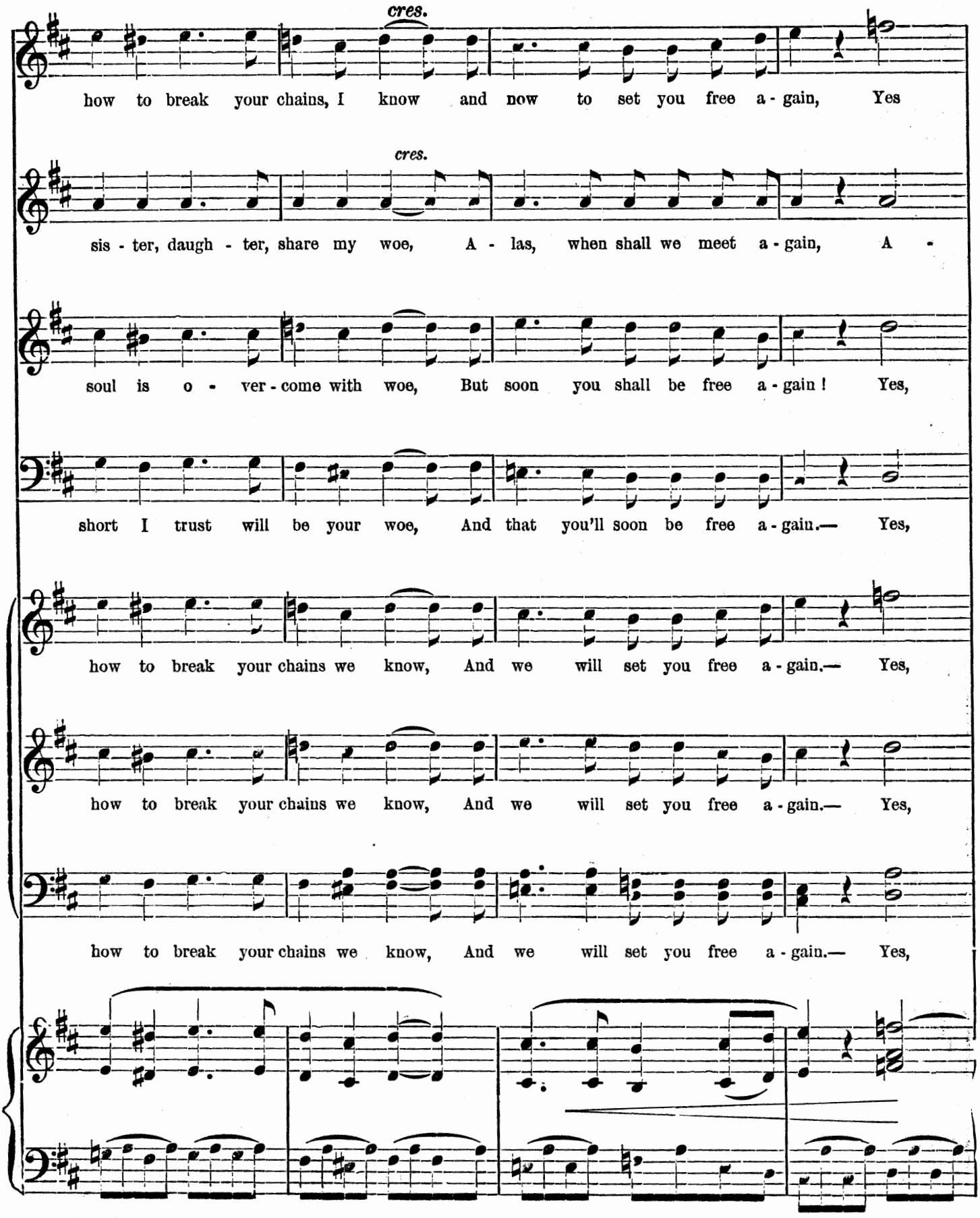

- e'er you go! That love will set you free a - gain. Yes, will set you free a -
know I know. And how to set you free a - gain. Yes, to set you free a -
woe, A - las, when shall we meet a - gain? Ah! when shall we meet a -
woe, But soon you will be free a - gain. Yes, you'll soon be free a -
meet our foe, And scorn to show, or fear, or pain, Scorn to show, or fear, or
be your woe, And that you'll soon be free a - gain, And that you'll soon be free a -
friends well know, And how to set you free a - gain, How to set you free a -
friends well know, And how to set you free a - gain, How to set you free a -
ff

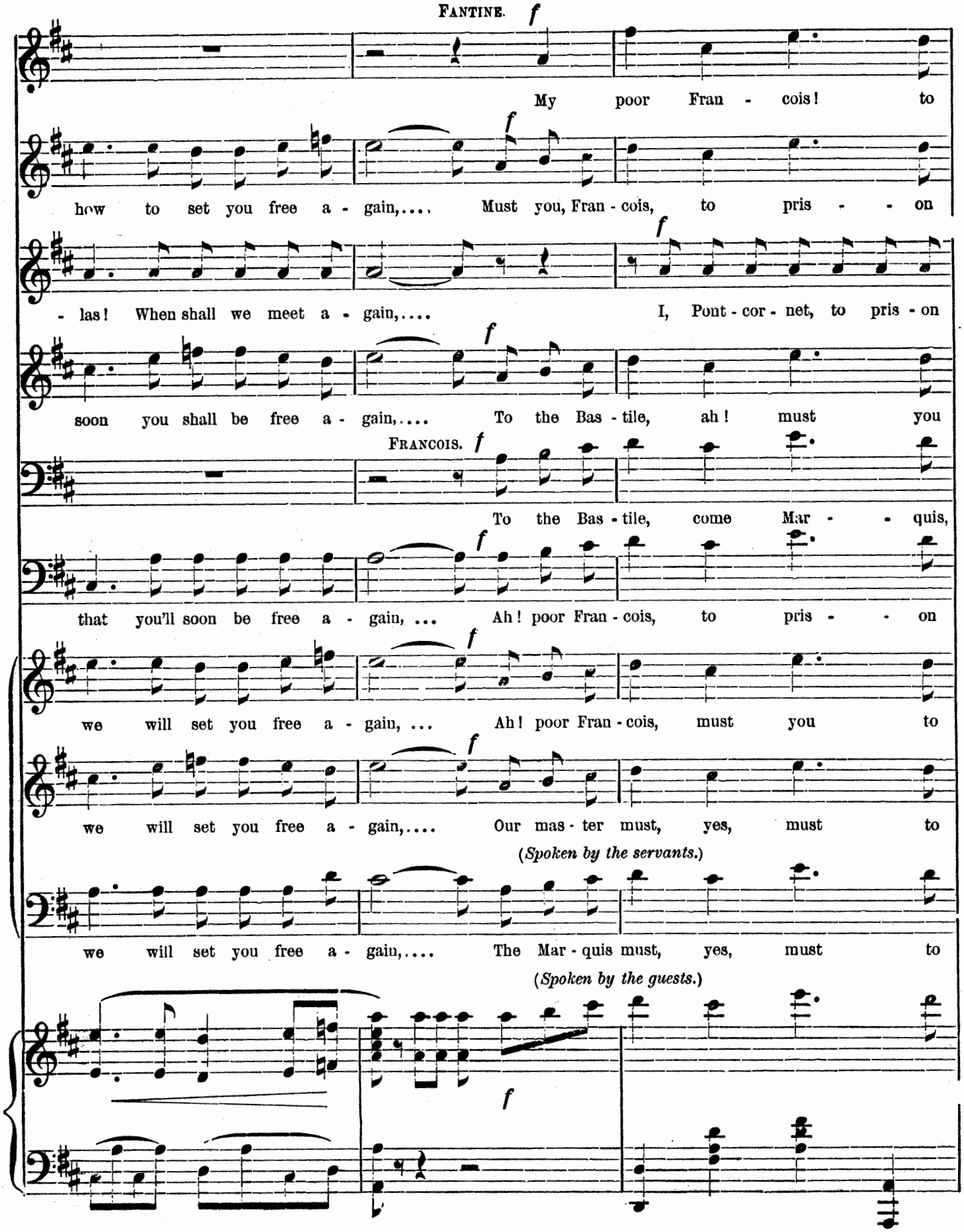

- gain, Yes, my love will set you free a - gain!
- gain, Yes, my love will set you free a - gain!
- gain, Shall we ev - er, ev - er, meet a - gain?
- gain, Yes, you'll soon, you'll soon be free a - gain.
pain, Hop - ing that we'll soon be free a - gain.
pain, And that you will soon be free a - gain.
pain, Yes, your friends will set you free a - gain!
pain, Yes, your friends will set you free a - gain!
p

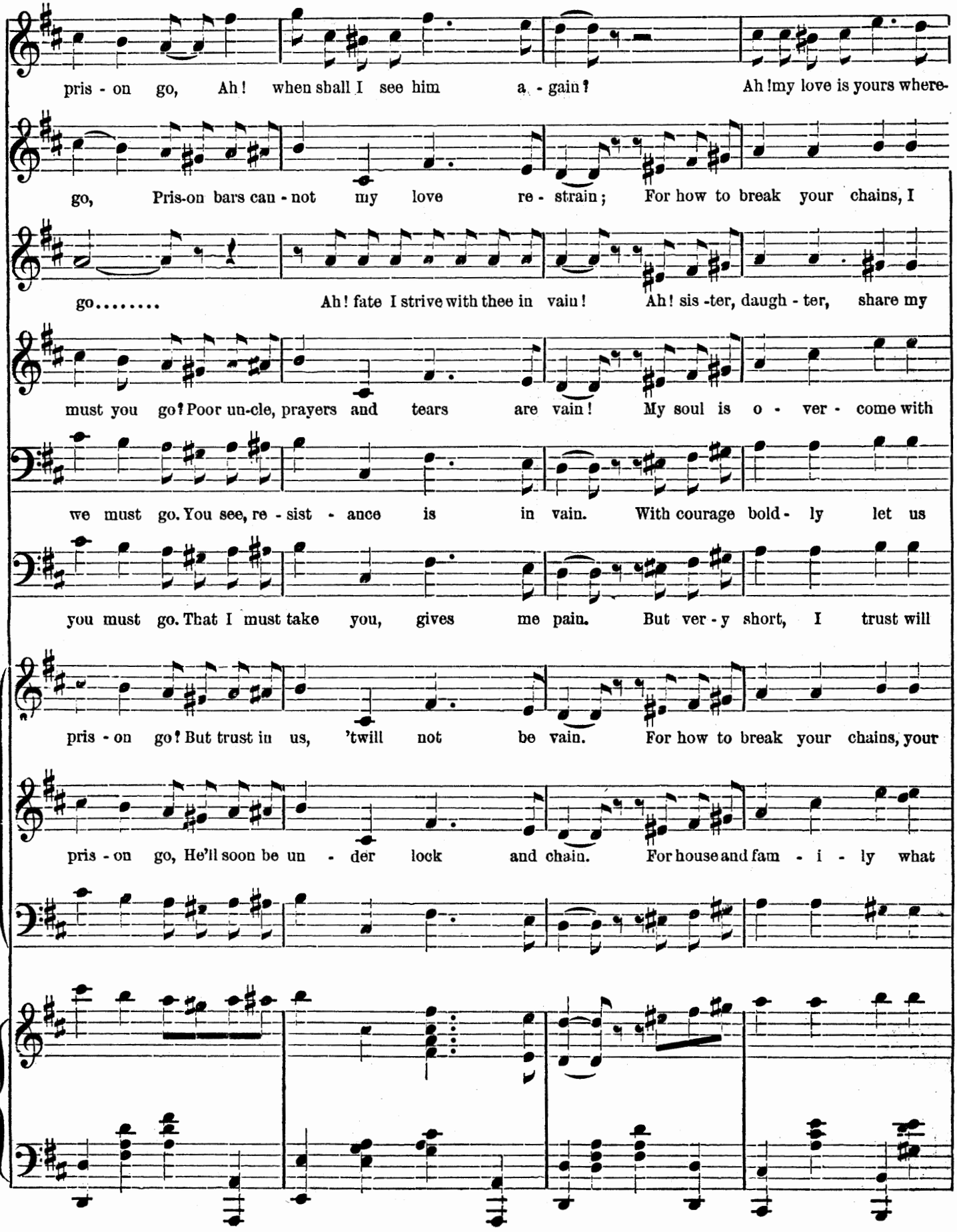

Tenor. Jasmin. Servants.
Our mas - ter must to pris - on go..... He'll
Basses. Guests.
The mar - quis must to pris- on go, He'll
soon be un - der lock and chain, For his friends and
soon be un - der lock and chain, For his friends and
house, Ah! what woe, For his friends and house, Ah! what woe.
house, Ah! what woe, For his friends and house, Ah! what woe.

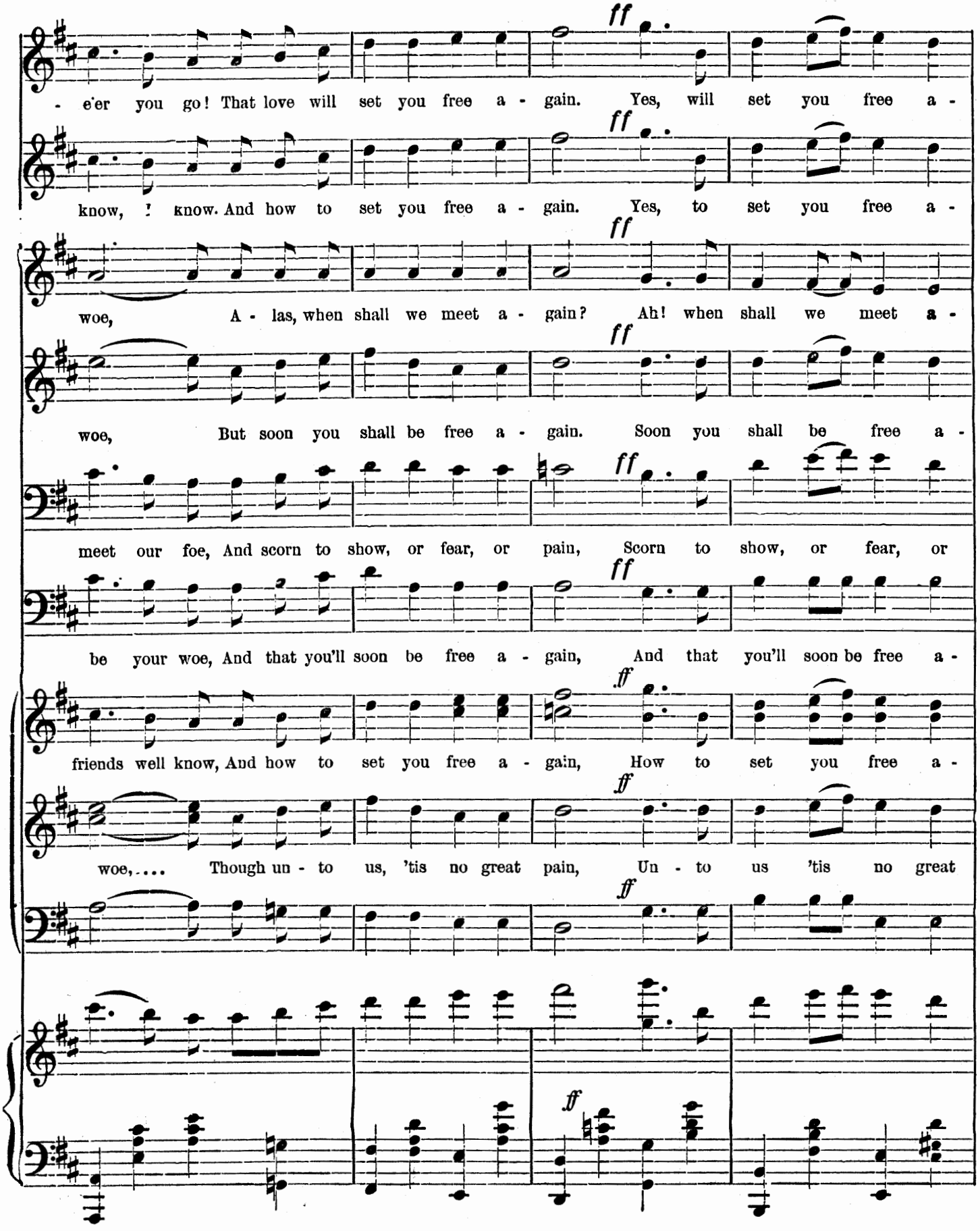

pp gaily.
'Tis i - dle a - ny grief to feign, 'Tis i - dle a - ny grief to feign, We care not
pp
cres.
cres – cen
when he's free a - gain, We care not when he's free a - gain, 'Tis i - dle grief to
cres.
cres – cen
cres – cen
– do.
feign, To wish him free a - gain, We no grief care to feign, For we feel no great pain.
– do.
do.
f

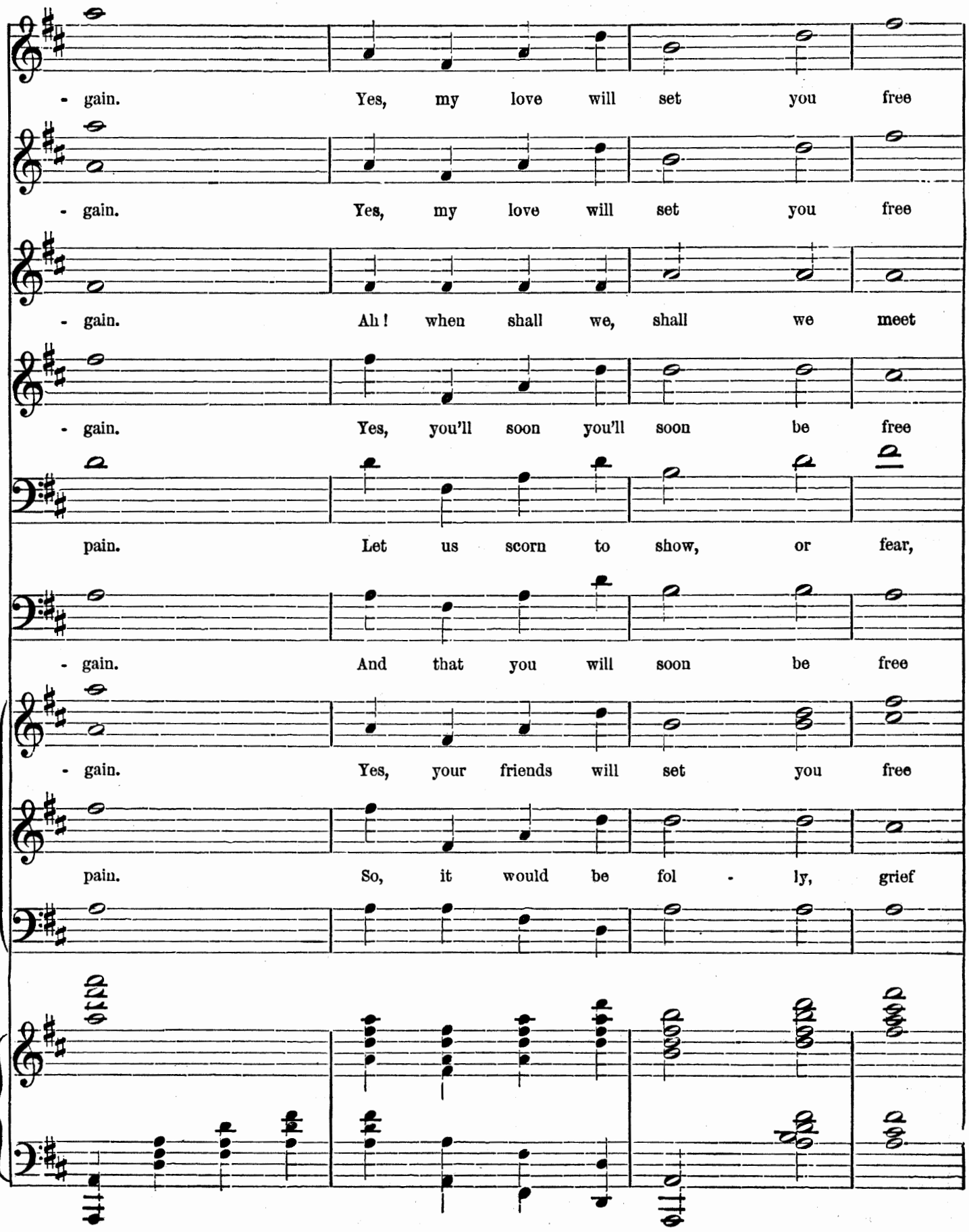

COUNTESS. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But bars can - not my love re - strain, For
MARQUIS. p
I, Pont - cor - net, to pris - on go? O fate, I strive with thee in vain! Ah
LANSAC. p
Must you, must you to pris - on go? Poor un - cle, prayers and tears are vain! My
KIRSCH. p
Yes, you must un - to pris - on go, That I must take you gives me pain. But
SOP. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But trust in us: 'twill not be vain. For
TENORS. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But trust in us; 'twill not be vain. For
BASSES. p
Must you, Francois, to pris - on go? But trust in us; 'twill not be vain. For
p
mf

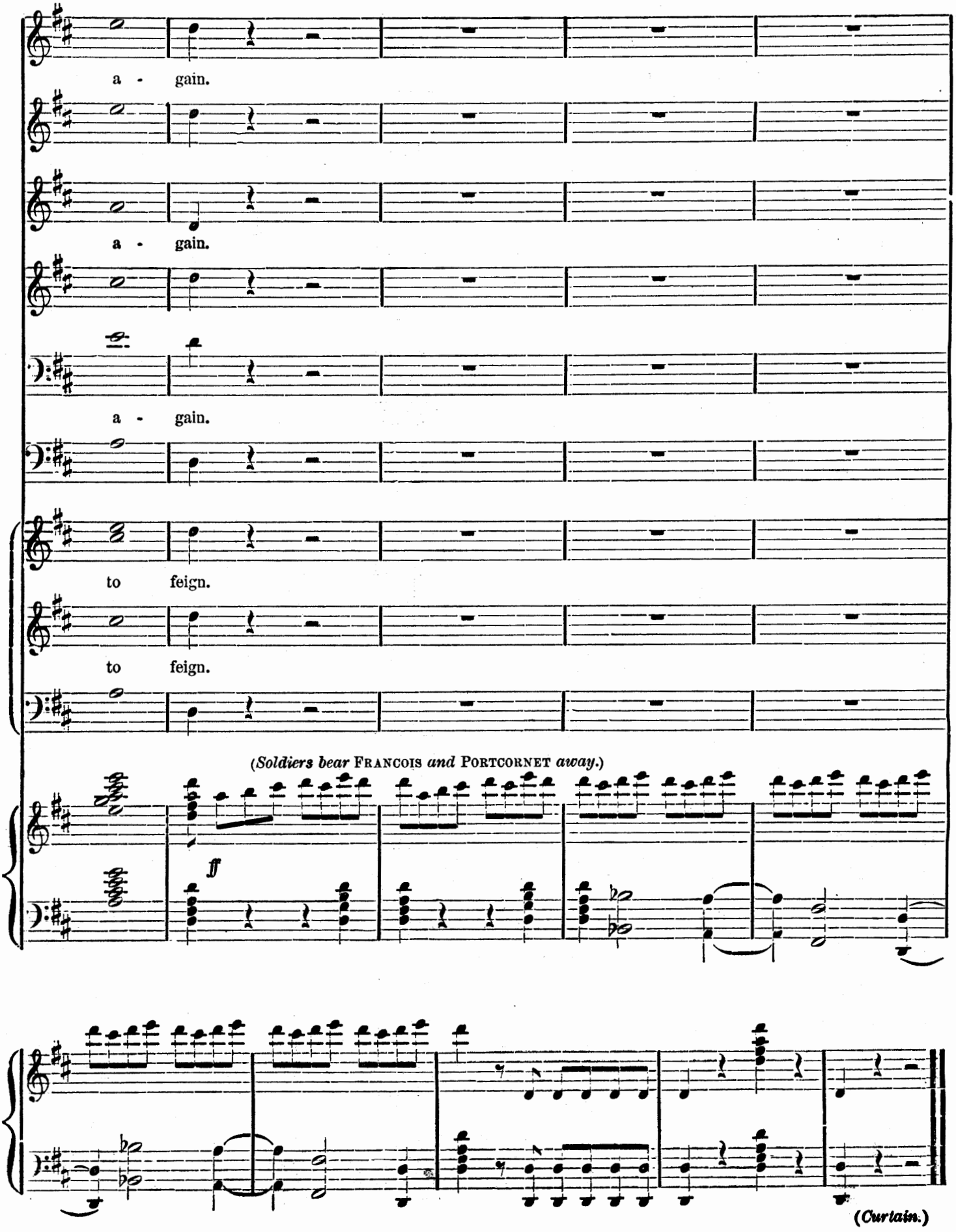

cres.
how to break your chains, I know and now to set you free a - gain, Yes
cres.
sis - ter, daugh - ter, share my woe, A - las, when shall we meet a - gain, A -
soul is o - ver - come with woe, But soon you shall be free a - gain ! Yes,
short I trust will be your woe, And that you'll soon be free a - gain.— Yes,
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain.— Yes,
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain.— Yes,
how to break your chains we know, And we will set you free a - gain.— Yes,


FANTINE.
f
My poor Fran - cois! to
how to set you free a - gain,.... Must you, Fran - cois, to pris - - on
- las! When shall we meet a - gain,.... I, Pont - cor - net, to pris - on
soon you shall be free a - gain,.... To the Bas - tile, ah! must you
FRANCOIS.
To the Bas - tile, come Mar - - quis,
that you'll soon be free a - gain, ... Ah! poor Fran - cois, to pris - - on
we will set you free a - gain, ... Ah! poor Fran - cois, must you to
we will set you free a - gain,.... Our mas - ter must, yes, must to
(Spoken by the servants.)
we will set you free a - gain,.... The Mar - quis must, yes, must to
(Spoken by the guests.)


pris - on go, Ah! when shall I see him a - gain? Ah! my love is yours where-
go, Pris-on bars can - not my love re - strain; For how to break your chains, I
go..... Ah! fate I strive with thee in vain! Ah! sis -ter, daugh - ter, share my
must you go? Poor un-cle, prayers and tears are vain! My soul is o - ver - come with
we must go. You see, re - sist - ance is in vain. With courage bold - ly let us
you must go. That I must take you, gives me pain. But ver - y short, I trust will
pris - on go! But trust in us, 'twill not be vain. For how to break your chains, your
pris - on go, He'll soon be un - der lock and chain. For house and fam - i - ly what


- e'er you go! That love will set you free a - gain. Yes, will set you free a -
know, I know. And how to set you free a - gain. Yes, to set you free a -
woe, A - las, when shall we meet a - gain? Ah! when shall we meet a -
woe, But soon you shall be free a - gain. Soon you shall be free a -
meet our foe, And scorn to show, or fear, or pain, Scorn to show, or fear, or
be your woe, And that you'll soon be free a - gain, And that you'll soon be free a -
friends well know, And how to set you free a - gain, How to set you free a -
woe,.... Though un - to us, 'tis no great pain, Un - to us 'tis no great
ff

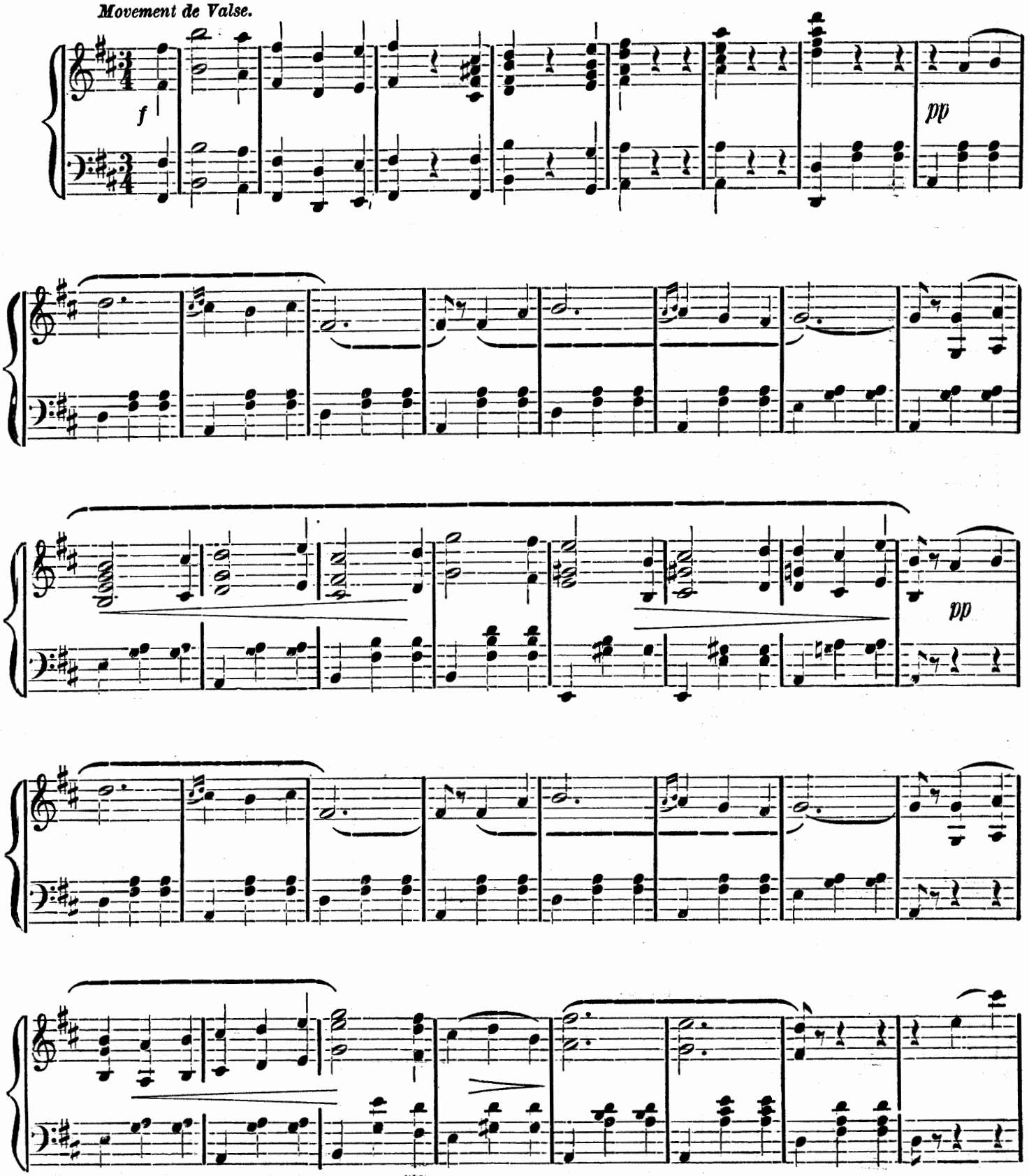

- gain. Yes, my love will set you free
- gain. Yes, my love will set you free
- gain. Ah! when shall we, shall we meet
- gain. Yes, you'll soon you'll soon be free
pain. Let us scorn to show, or fear,
- gain. And that you will soon be free
- gain. Yes, your friends will set you free
pain. So, it would be fol - ly, grief


a - gain.
a - gain.
a - gain.
to feign.
to feign.
(Soldiers bear FRANCOIS and PORTCORNET away.)
ff
(Curtain.)

ACT III.

ENTR'ACTE.

Movement de Valse.



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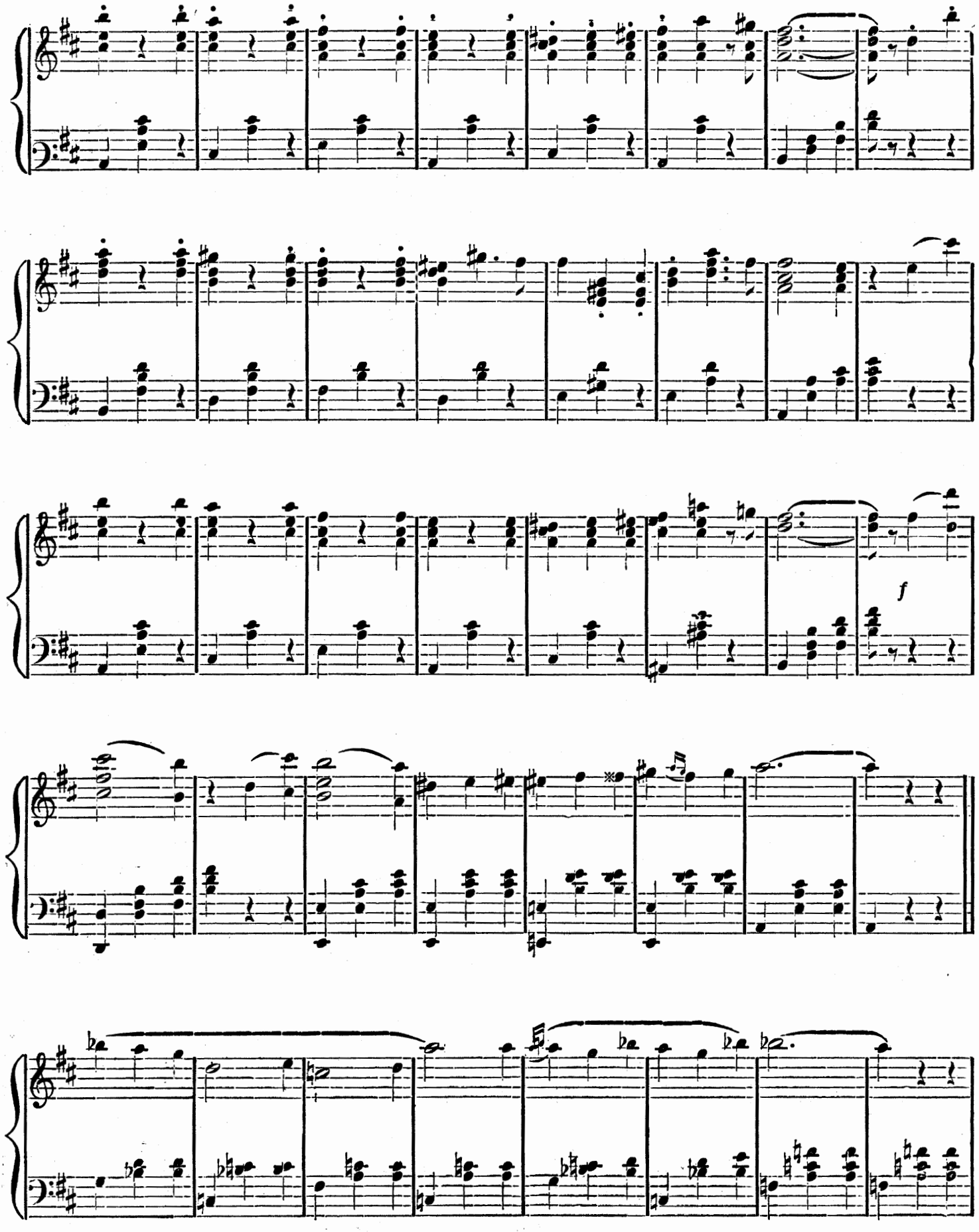
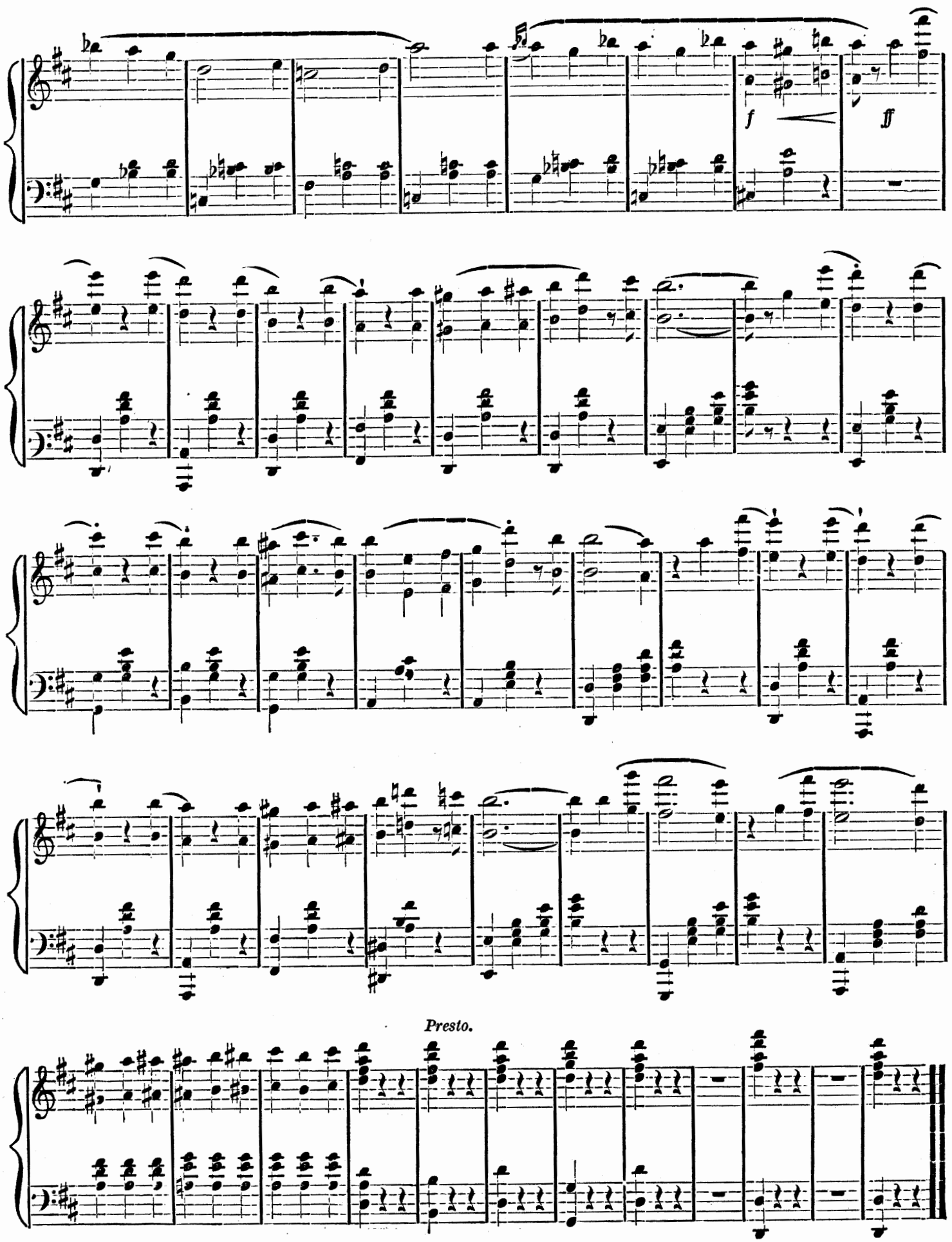

f

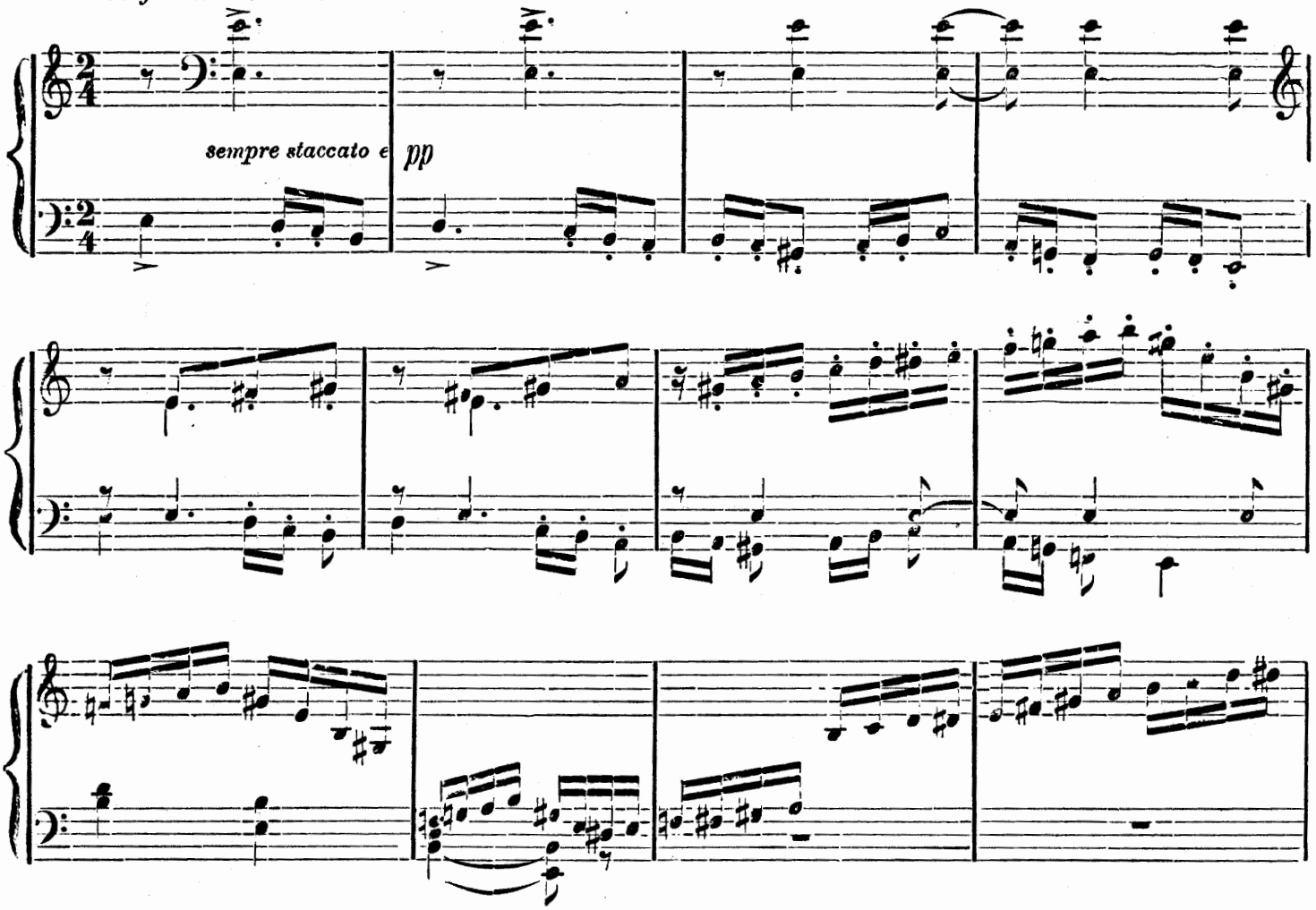

f
ff
Presto.

SCENE. *View on the Pont Neuf, as taken from the Quai de la Megissere. Tavern* L., *with sign "Tell's Arrow." Tables and chairs before tavern. Guard-house* R. *Day breaking. Night patrol with* GRATINET, *and commanded by* COURTALIN, *enter by Quai.*

"THUS THROUGH THE STREETS."

No. 20. INTRODUCTION.

Very moderate.



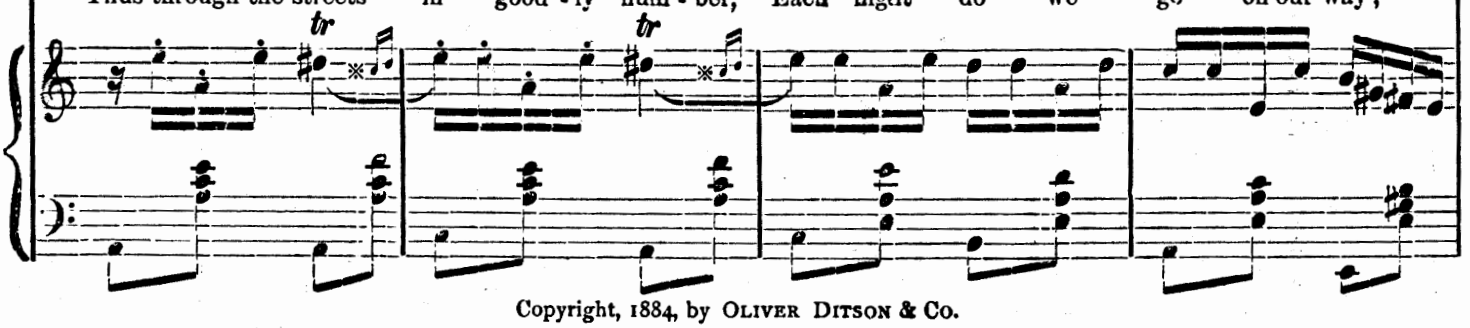
SOLDIERS.

pp TENORS.

Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber, Each night do we go on our way;

pp BASSES.

Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber, Each night do we go on our way;



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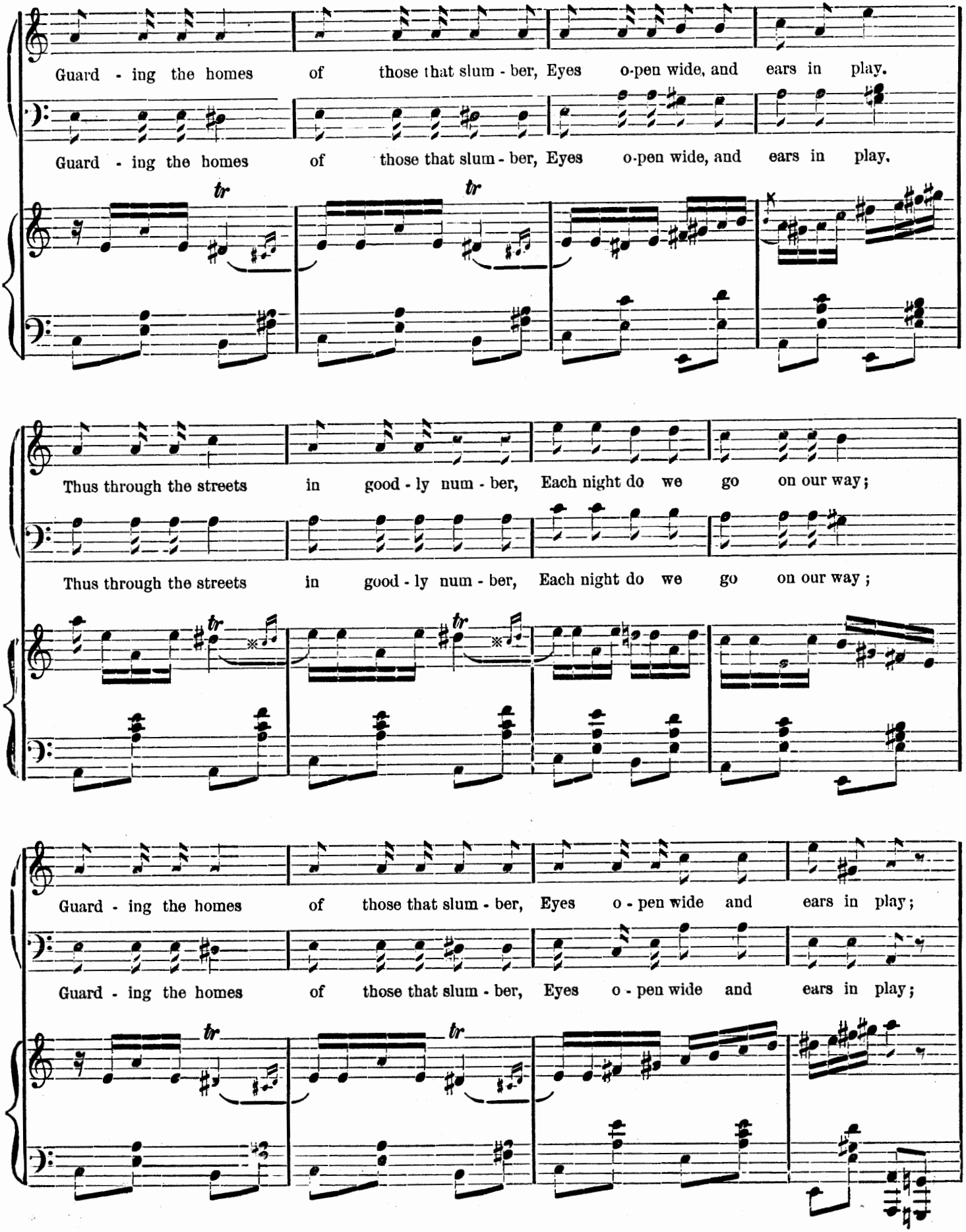
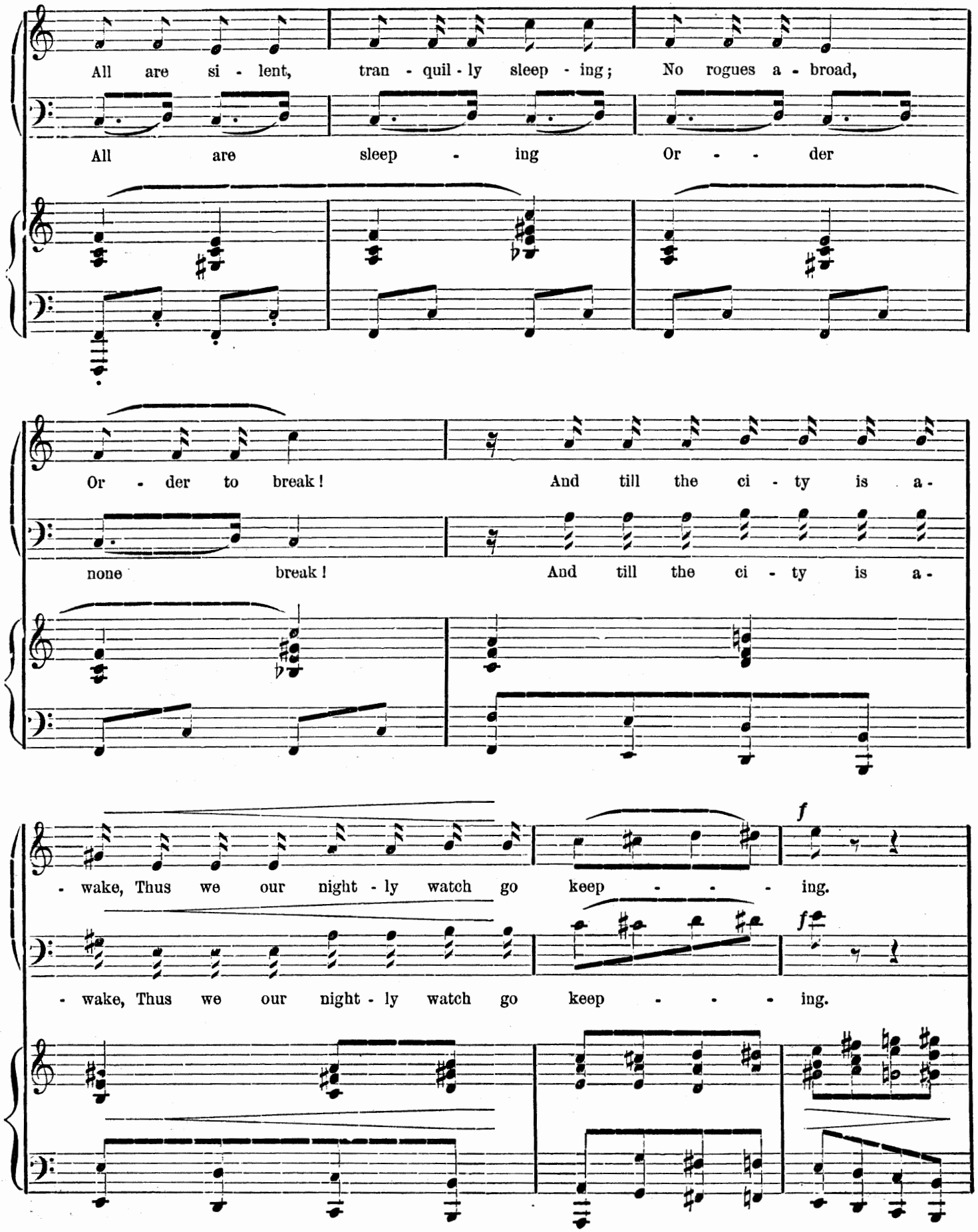
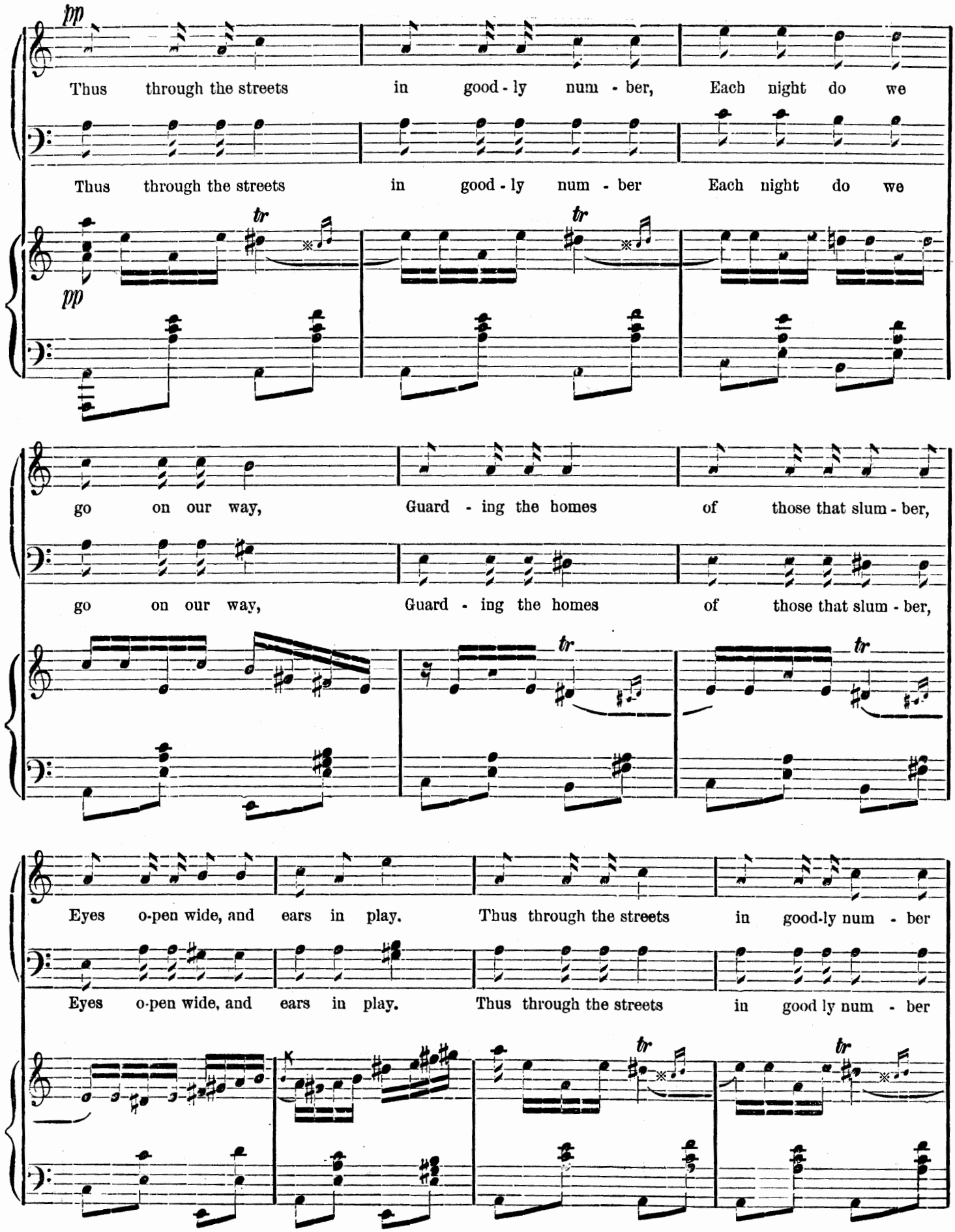
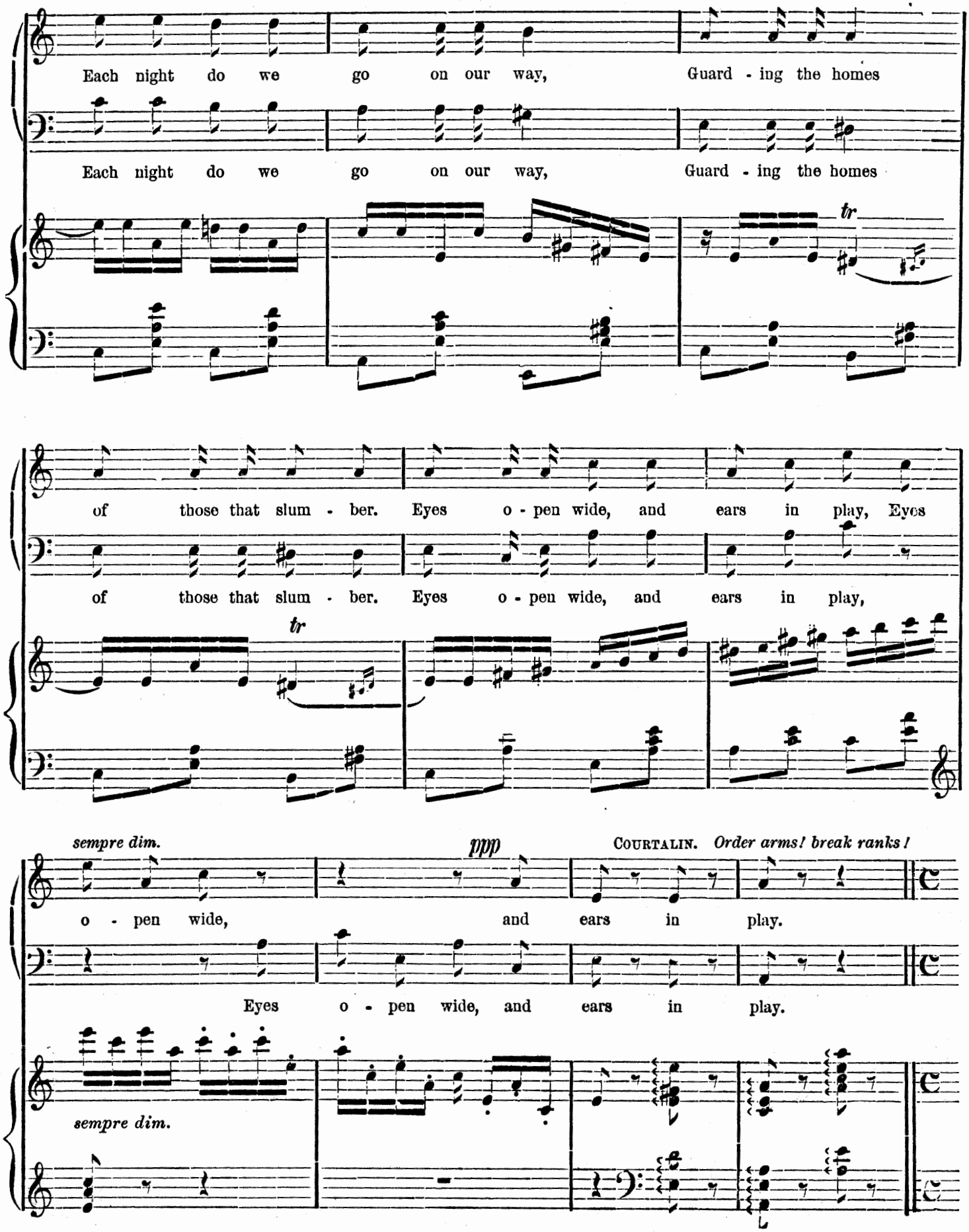
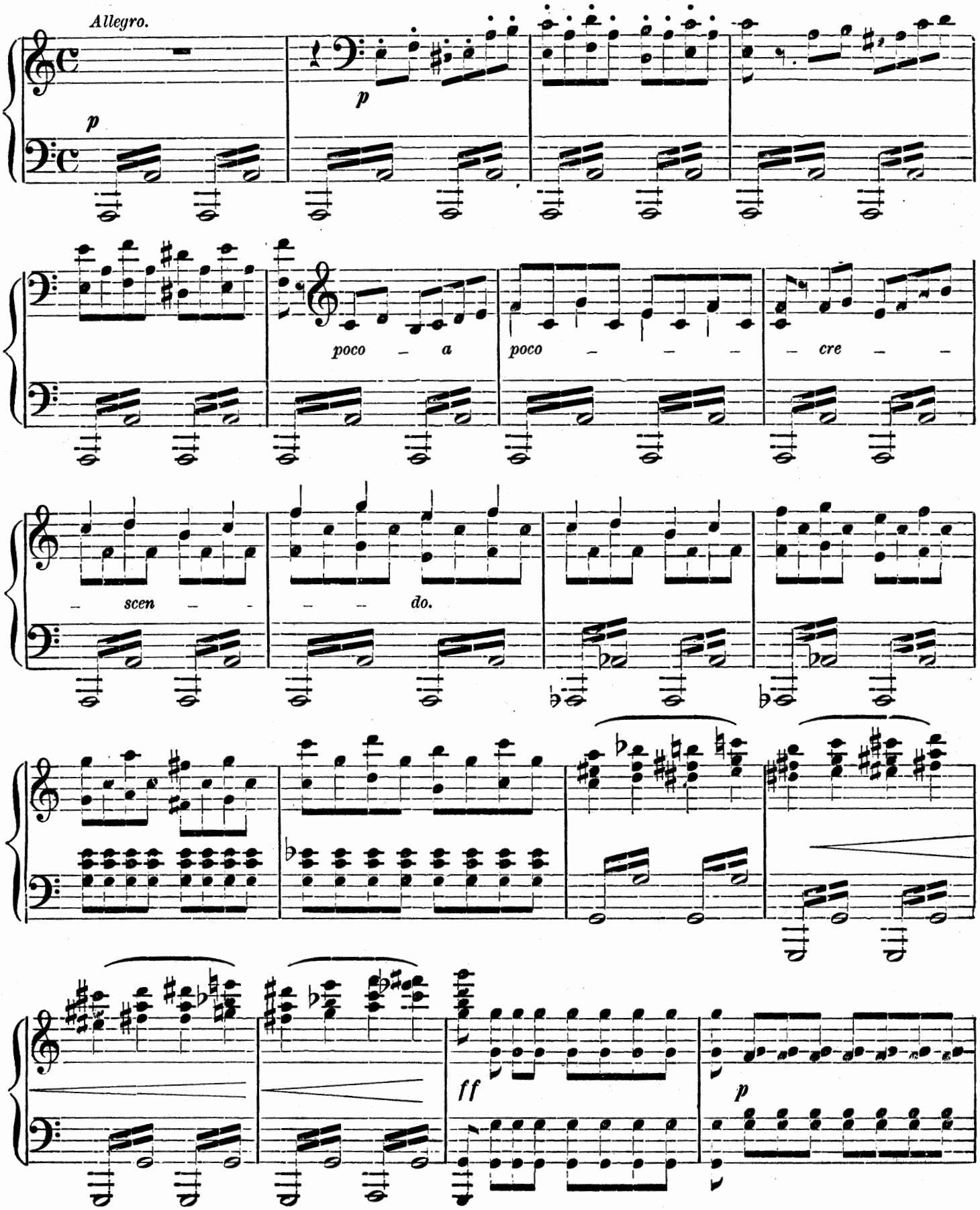

Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber, Eyes o-pen wide, and ears in play.
Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber, Eyes o-pen wide, and ears in play.
Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber, Each night do we go on our way;
Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber, Each night do we go on our way;
Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber, Eyes o - pen wide and ears in play;
Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber, Eyes o - pen wide and ears in play;


All are si - lent, tran - quil - ly sleep - ing; No rogues a - broad,
All are sleep - ing Or - - - der
Or - der to break! And till the ci - ty is a -
none break! And till the ci - ty is a -
f
- wake, Thus we our night - ly watch go keep - - - - ing.
f
- wake, Thus we our night - ly watch go keep - - - - ing.

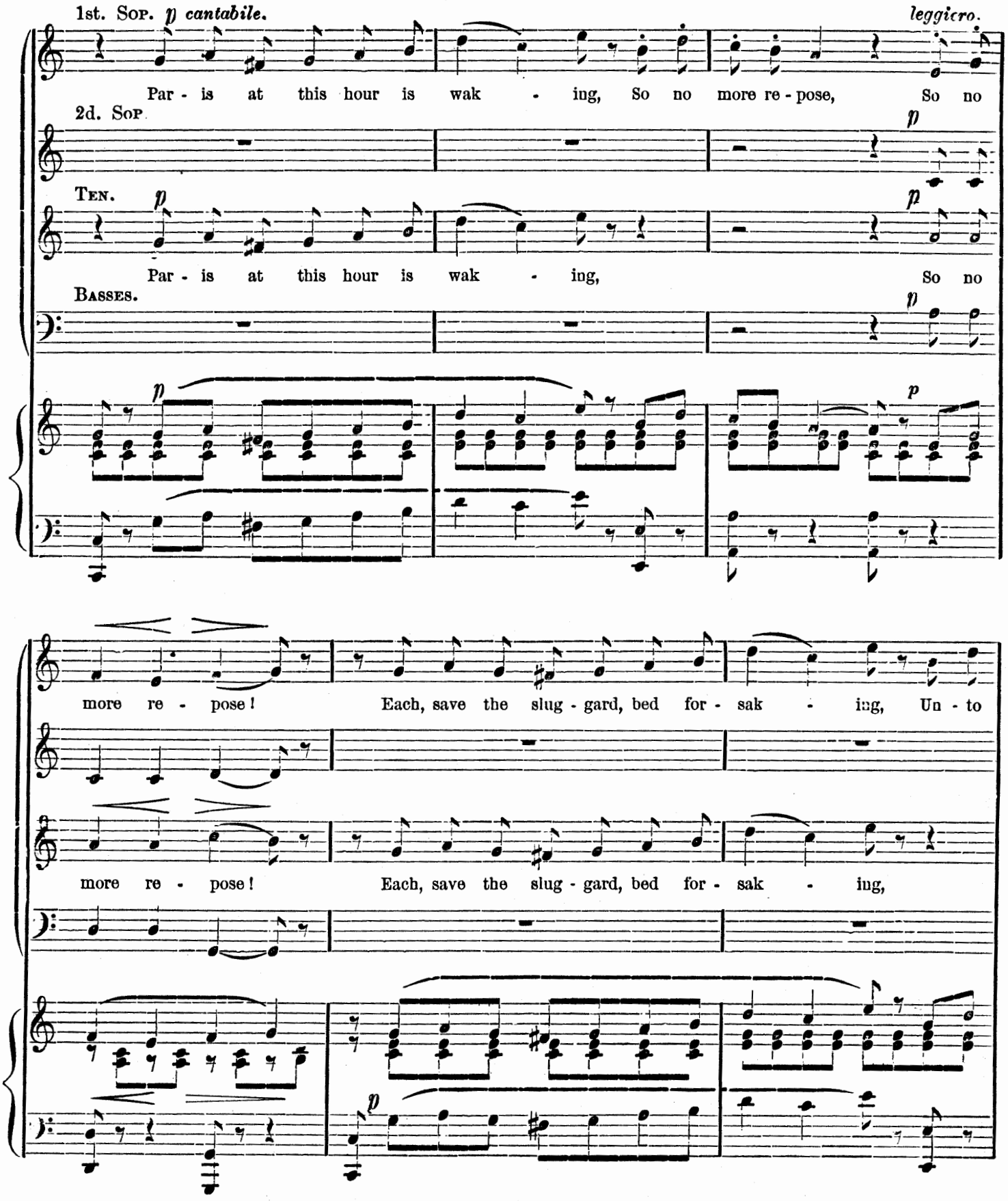

pp
Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber, Each night do we
Thus through the streets in good - ly num - ber Each night do we
tr
tr
pp
go on our way, Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber,
go on our way, Guard - ing the homes of those that slum - ber,
tr
tr
Eyes o-pen wide, and ears in play. Thus through the streets in good-ly num - ber
Eyes o-pen wide, and ears in play. Thus through the streets in good ly num - ber
tr
tr

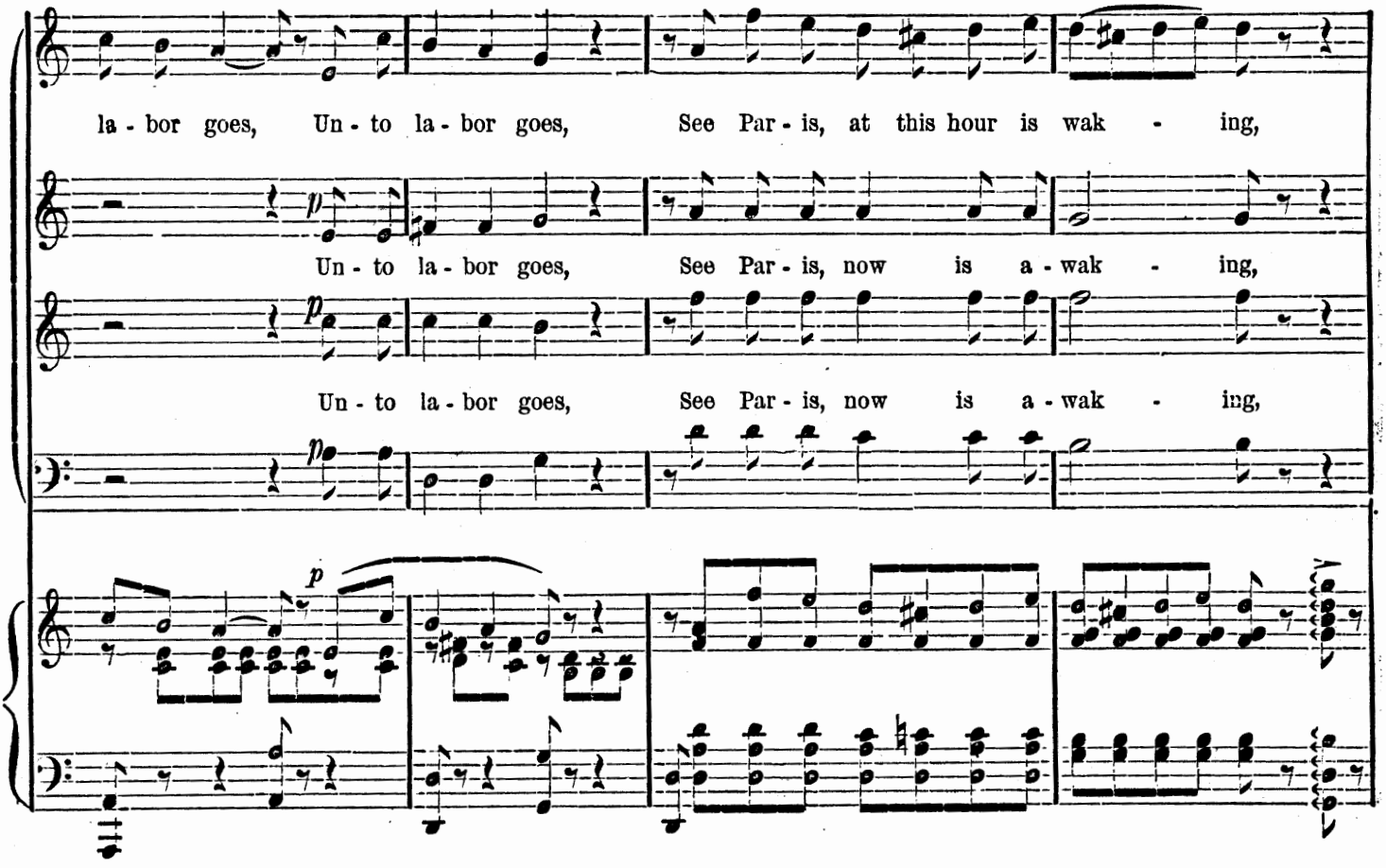

Each night do we go on our way, Guard - ing the homes
Each night do we go on our way, Guard - ing the homes
tr
of those that slum - ber. Eyes o - pen wide, and ears in play, Eyes
of those that slum - ber. Eyes o - pen wide, and ears in play,
tr
sempre dim.
ppp
COURTALIN. Order arms! break ranks!
o - pen wide, and ears in play.
Eyes o - pen wide, and ears in play.
sempre dim.

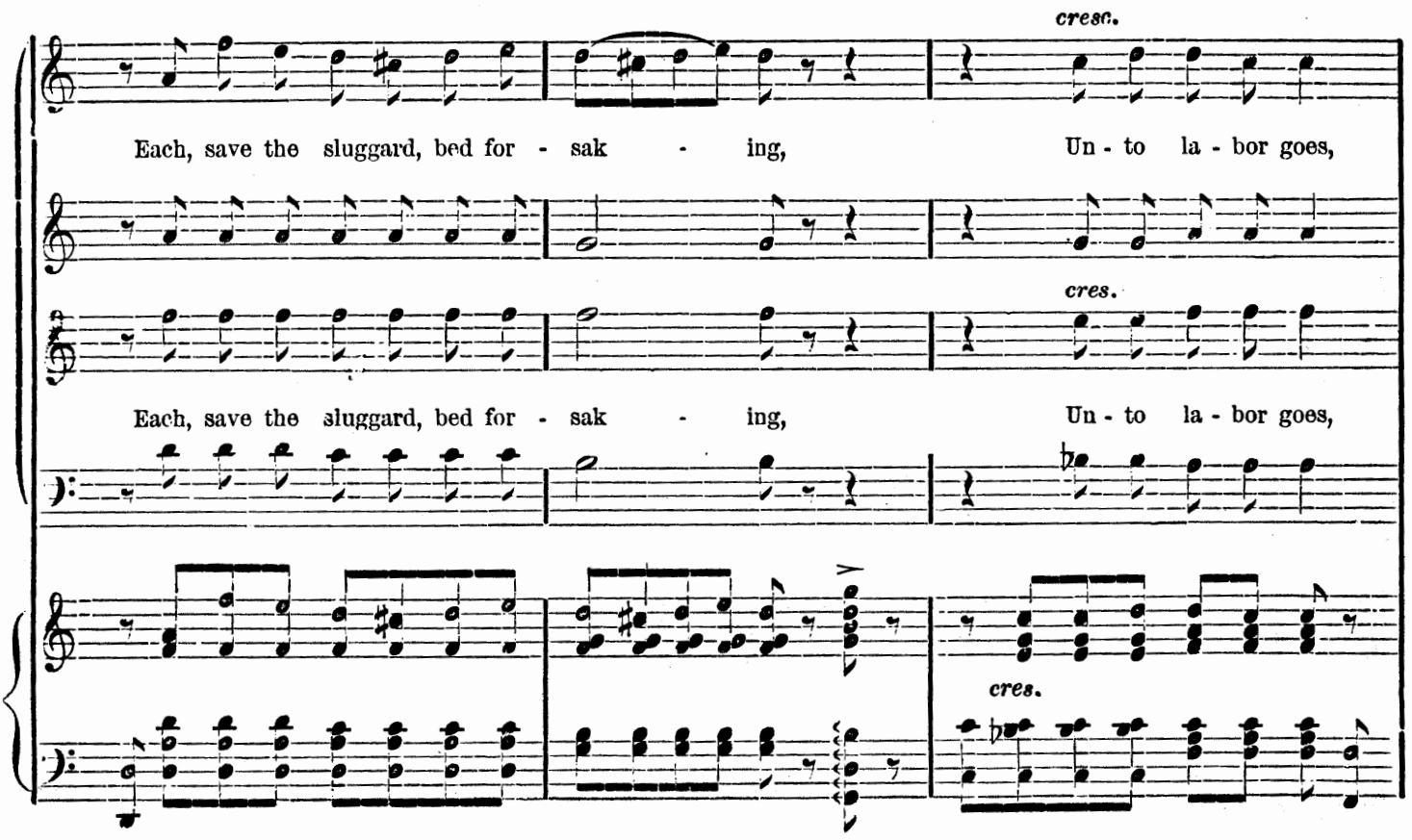
The guards group before the guard-house. COURTALIN *and* GRATINET *knock at door of inn, and then sit at table before inn. The street fills with buyers and sellers, and men and women of the people.* KIRSCHWASSER *appears, recognizes* COURT. *and* GRATINET, *and then brings out bottle of wine and glasses, and sits with them at table.)*

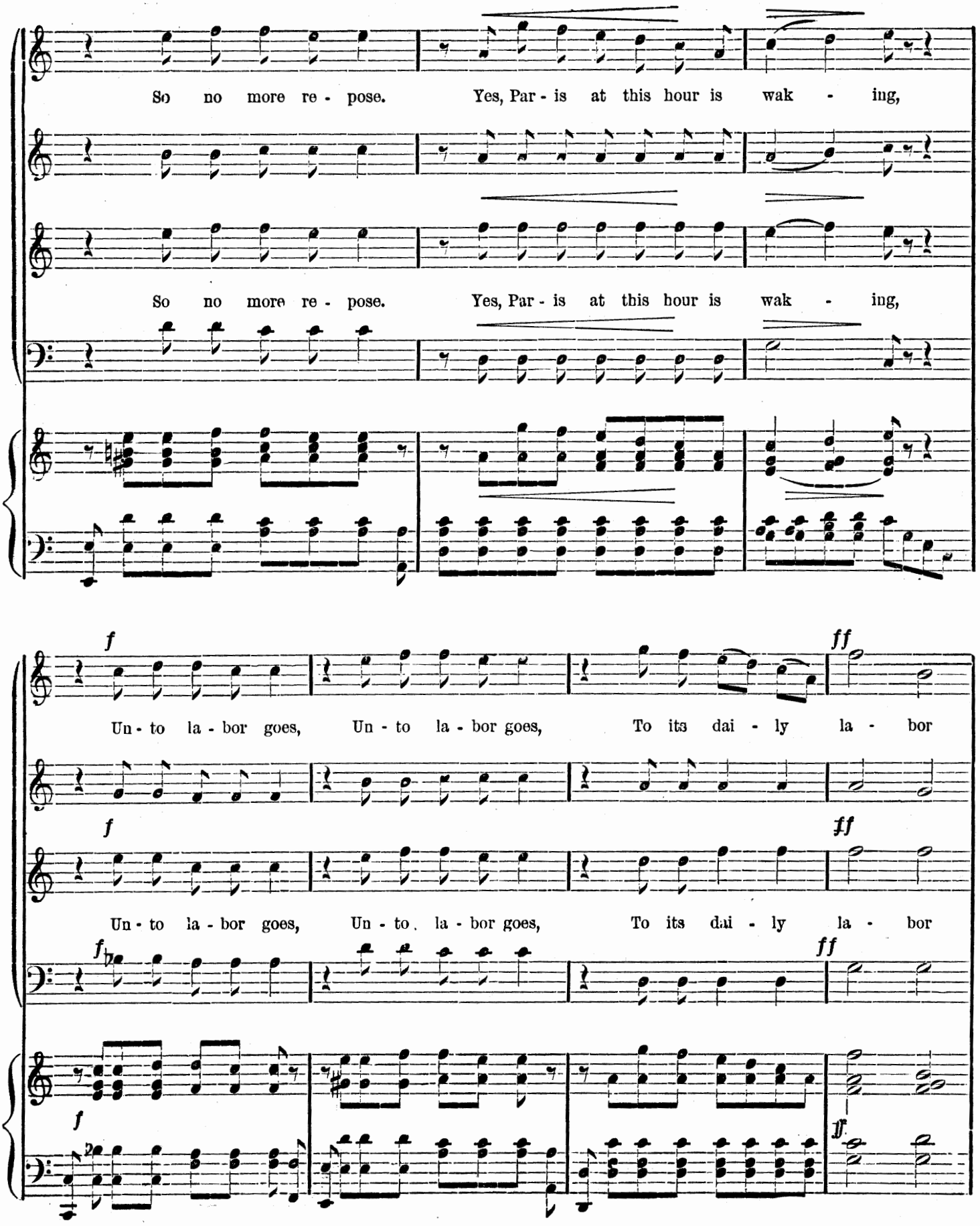


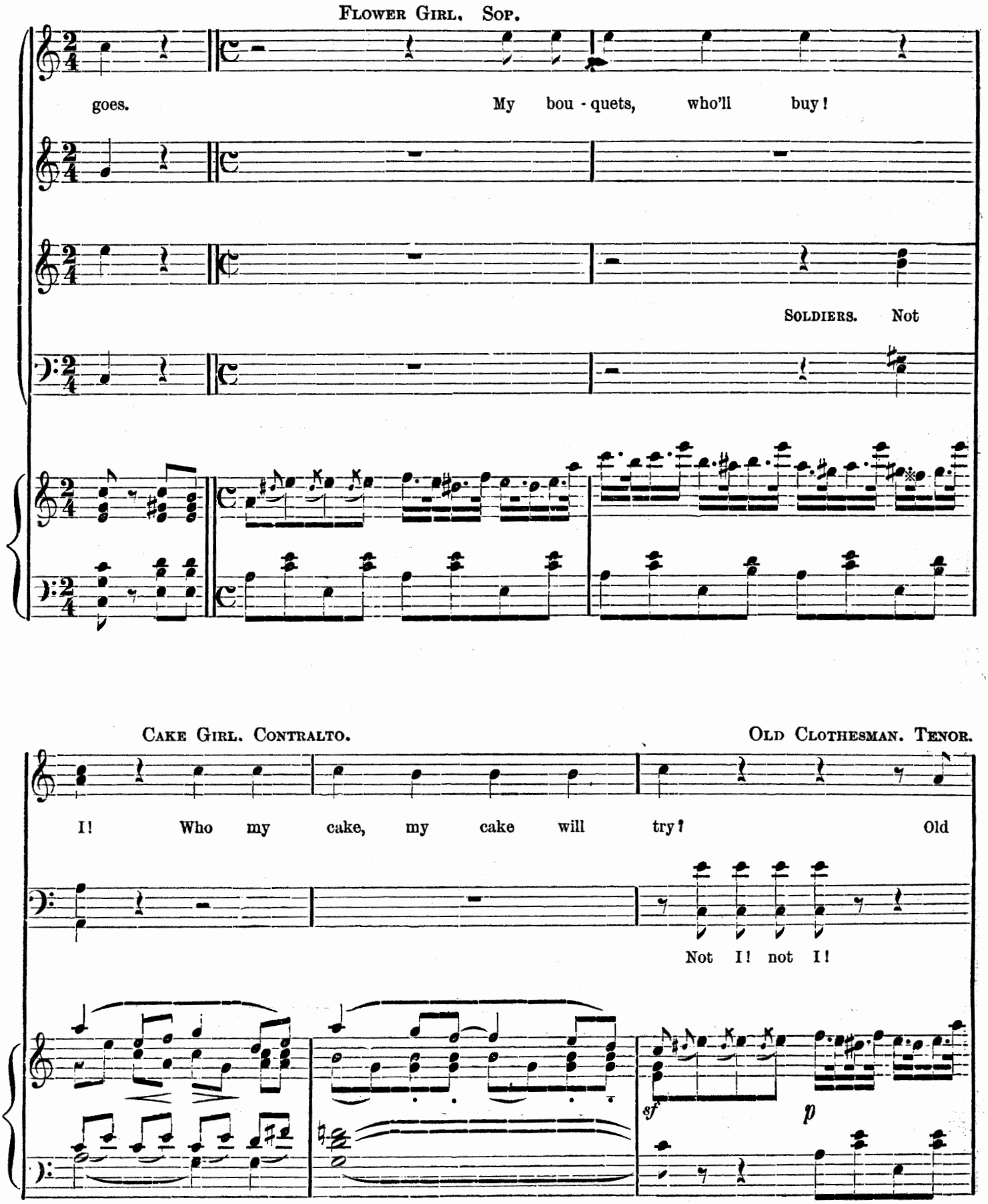
CHORUS.

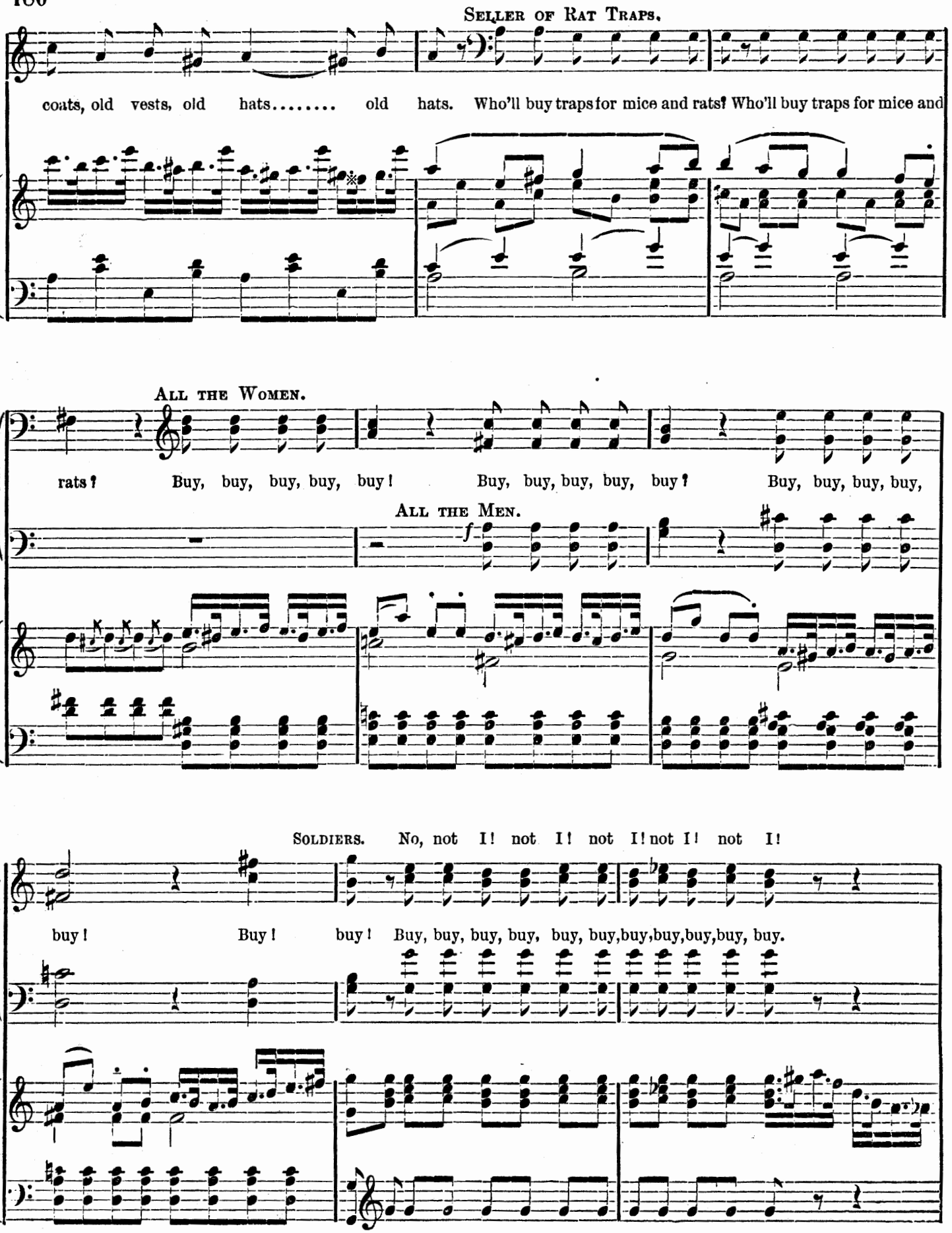

1st. Sop. p cantabile.
leggiero.
Par - is at this hour is wak - ing, So no more re - pose, So no
2d. Sop.
Ten.
Par - is at this hour is wak - ing, So no
Basses.
more re - pose! Each, save the slug - gard, bed for - sak - ing, Un - to
more re - pose! Each, save the slug - gard, bed for - sak - ing,

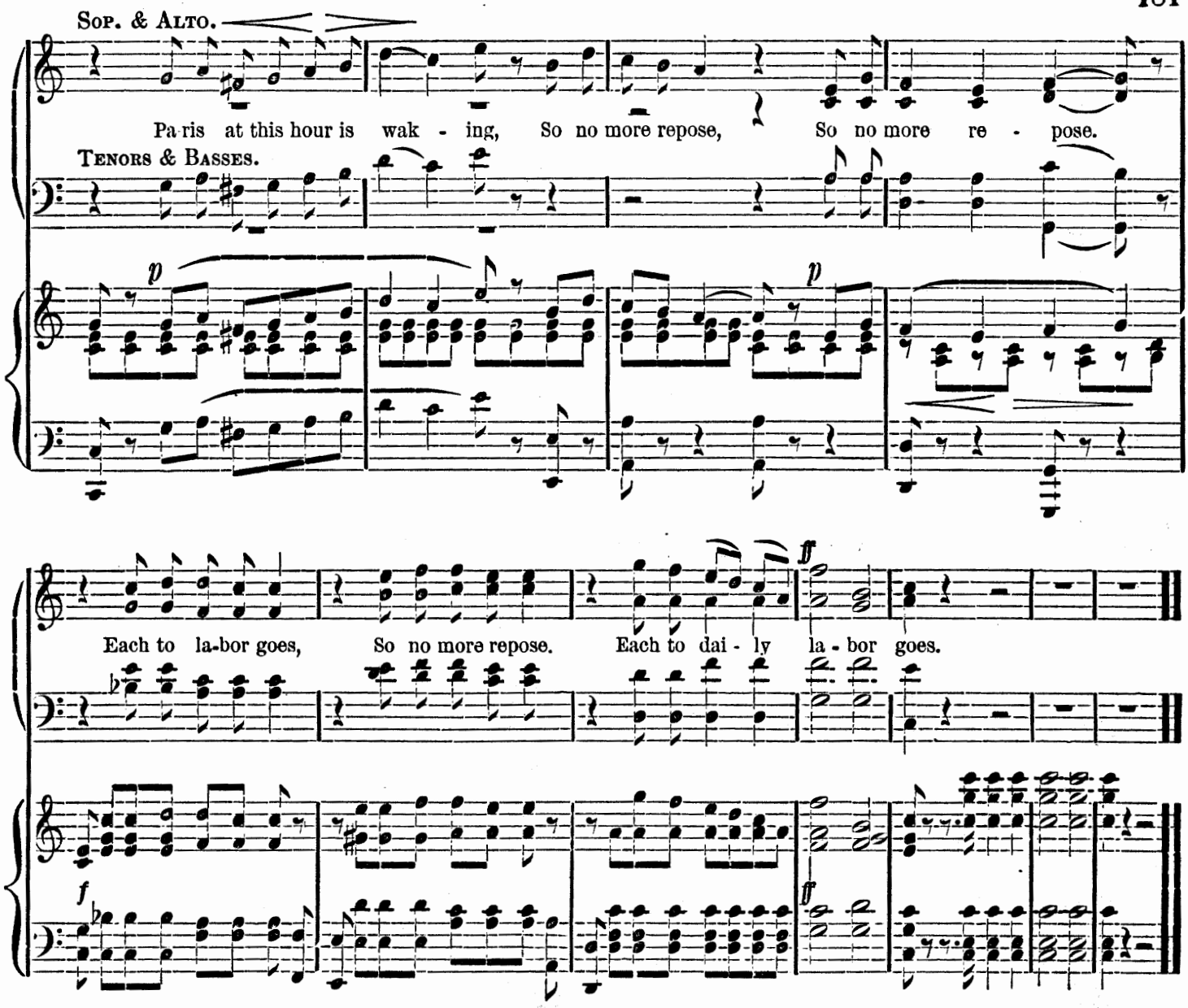

la - bor goes, Un - to la - bor goes, See Par - is, at this hour is wak - ing,
Un - to la - bor goes, See Par - is, now is a - wak - ing,
Un - to la - bor goes, See Par - is, now is a - wak - ing,
p
p
p


cresc.
Each, save the sluggard, bed for - sak - ing, Un - to la - bor goes,
cres.
Each, save the sluggard, bed for - sak - ing, Un - to la - bor goes,
cres.


So no more re - pose. Yes, Par - is at this hour is wak - ing,
So no more re - pose. Yes, Par - is at this hour is wak - ing,
f
ff
Un - to la - bor goes, Un - to la - bor goes, To its dai - ly la - bor
f
ff
Un - to la - bor goes, Un - to la - bor goes, To its dai - ly la - bor
f
ff
f
ff


Flower Girl. Sop.
goes.
My bou - quets, who'll buy!
Soldiers. Not
Cake Girl. Contralto.
Old Clothesman. Tenor.
I! Who my cake, my cake will try?
Old
Not I! not I!
sf
p


Seller of Rat Traps.
coats, old vests, old hats..... old hats. Who'll buy traps for mice and rats? Who'll buy traps for mice and
All the Women.
rats? Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy! Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy? Buy, buy, buy, buy,
All the Men.
f
Soldiers. No, not I! not I! not I! not I! not I!
buy! Buy! buy! Buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy, buy.



All exeunt at different entrances, except KIRSCHWASSER, COURTALIN, *and* GRATINET. *who remain seated at table, drinking and chatting. The soldiers remain at back smoking, some seated on the ground, some standing.*

GRAT. (*Seated at table,* R., *with* COURTALIN *and* KIRSCHWASSER.) So, my dear Kirschwasser, you are content with the turn affairs have taken?

KIRSCH. Delighted, my boy! It was a lucky day when I resigned my regimentals.

GRAT. The day after the taking of the Bastile?

KIRSCH. Yes; where I had conducted poor François. I was as savage as a bear. I have said good by to my uniform and have become an innkeeper. I no longer carry the nation's colors on my back.

COURT. True! You now carry your own color in your nose!

KIRSCH. (*Laughs.*) Yes; and warranted not to fade! Well, I'm glad I'm no longer a soldier. (*Enter* JASMIN *from inn, in attire of wine-dealer's assistant.*)

JAS. Yes; and you are not the only man who has abandoned his uniform.

KIRSCH True. (*Presenting* JASMIN.) My assistant, Citizen la Rondeur.

JAS. Formerly Jasmin, steward to the Marquis de Pontcornet.

COURT. (*Laughing.*) And now a patriot of patriots!

JAS. One moment, please. When the Marquis deserted me by quitting Paris, I simply changed the servants' livery for the workingman's apron.

KIRSCH. This is all very well; but business is business.

JAS. Yes, citizen, I am going to fill the order of general Lafayette. Six bottles of Sauterne, was it not?

KIRSCH. Yes; six bottles, go! (*Exit* JASMIN *into inn.*)

GRAT. I hope that business prospers with you.

COURT. And that Madame Kirschwasser attracts her share of customers to your shop.

KIRSCH. She does, I assure you. I wasn't at all sorry to find her at Pontcornet's. Only think of it. Two of my men, in searching the house, found her and brought her to me as a suspicious character. I should have recognized her by the scratches on the faces of her capturers, if I had not known her the moment I set eyes on her. Well.—I'm a forgiving nature, and she is, as she always was, a very striking woman—I mean to look at. I forgave her—she forgave me. I wear a wig, and we're happy. Ah! she makes business very lively.

GRAT. For her husband?

KIRSCH. (*Sheepishly.*) Well, you see, she has to make up for lost time; and I,—well, I have become accustomed to discipline. (*Laughs.*) She's my corporal.

MIL. (*Outside from shop.*) Kirschwasser! Kirschwasser!

KIRSCH. There she is! Eyes front!

MIL. (*Appears at door.*) Already with a glass in your hand!

KIRSCH. The glass is the inn-keeper's musket, and I'm on drill. (*Drinks.*)

MIL. (*Good-naturedly.*) To-day you must have your wits about you, for there's trouble brewing.

COURT. Ah, yes. The municipal election. Well (*raises glass*), here's success to our commander, François!

GRAT. And he will be elected.

KIRSCH. And he deserves it! 'Pristi! He has made his way quickly since the day he was rescued from the Bastile.

COURT. (*Rising.*) Let us go and learn the result of the election. (*All rise.*)

(*Enter* NICOLET, L. 1. E.)

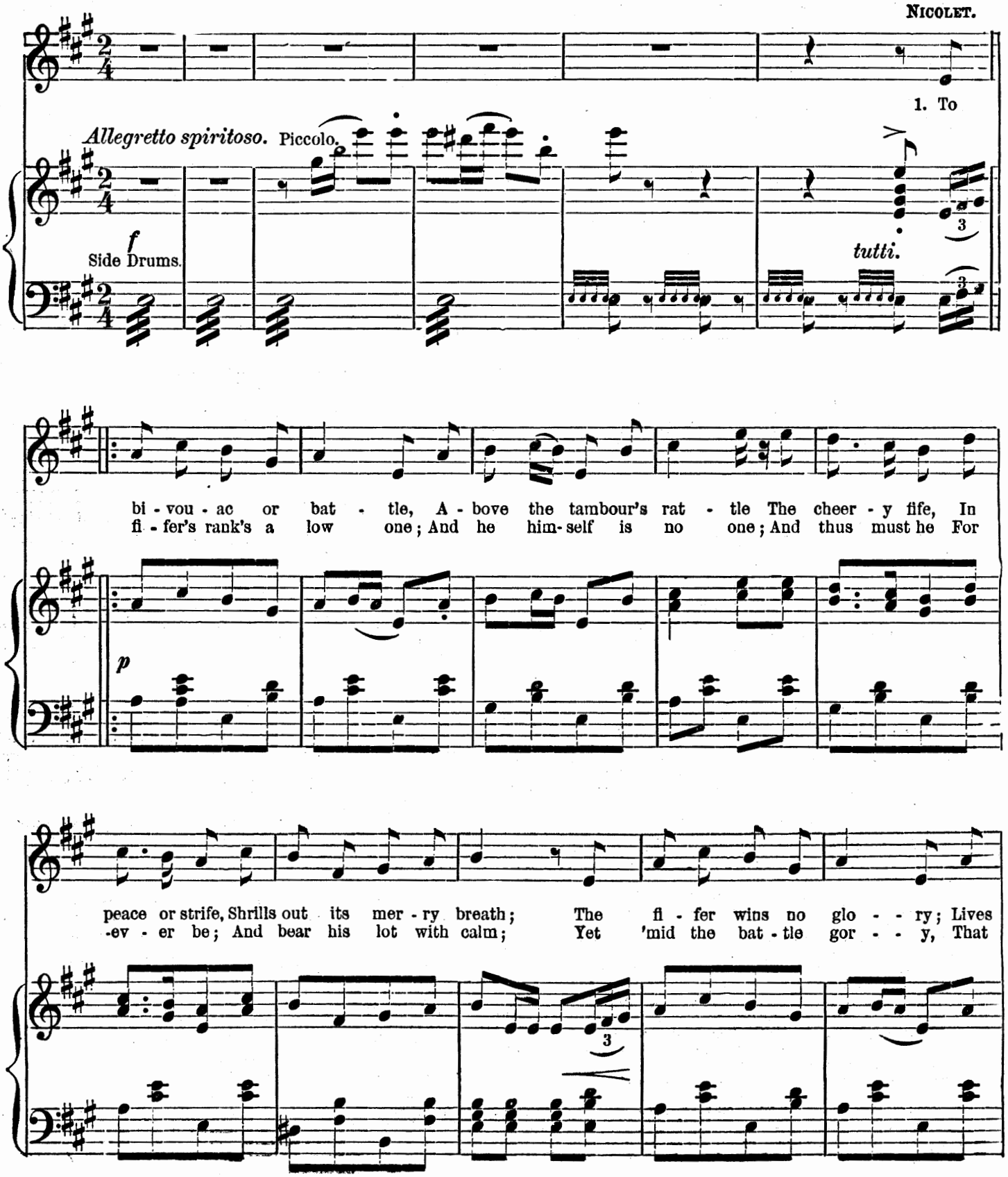
NICO. The result of the election? I have it.

OMNES. Nicolet!

NICO. Yes; Nicolet, solo fifer of the batallion of Gravilliers. I say "solo," because I am the only one!

SONG OF THE FIFER.

No. 21. SONG and CHORUS. Nicolet and Soldiers.



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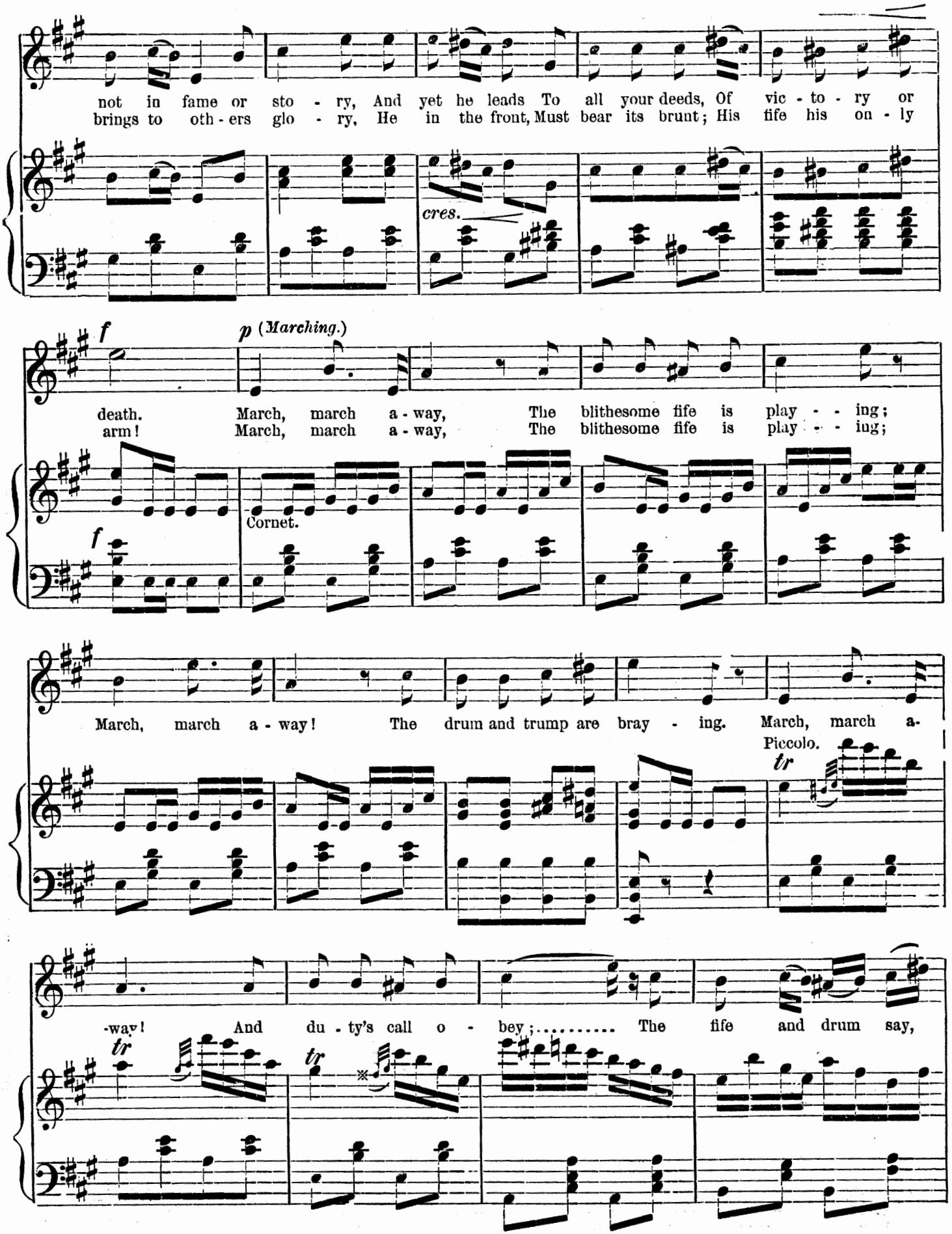
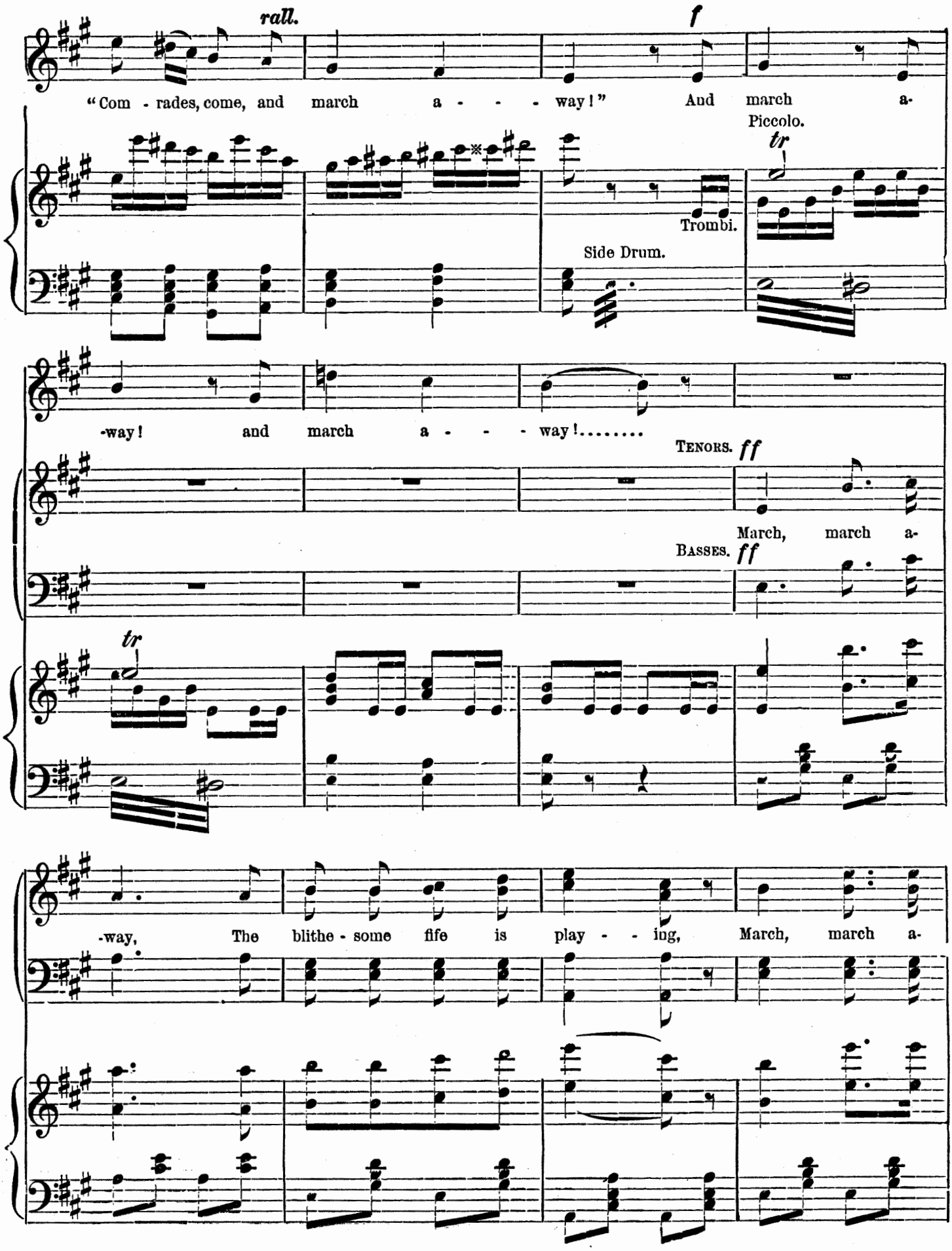
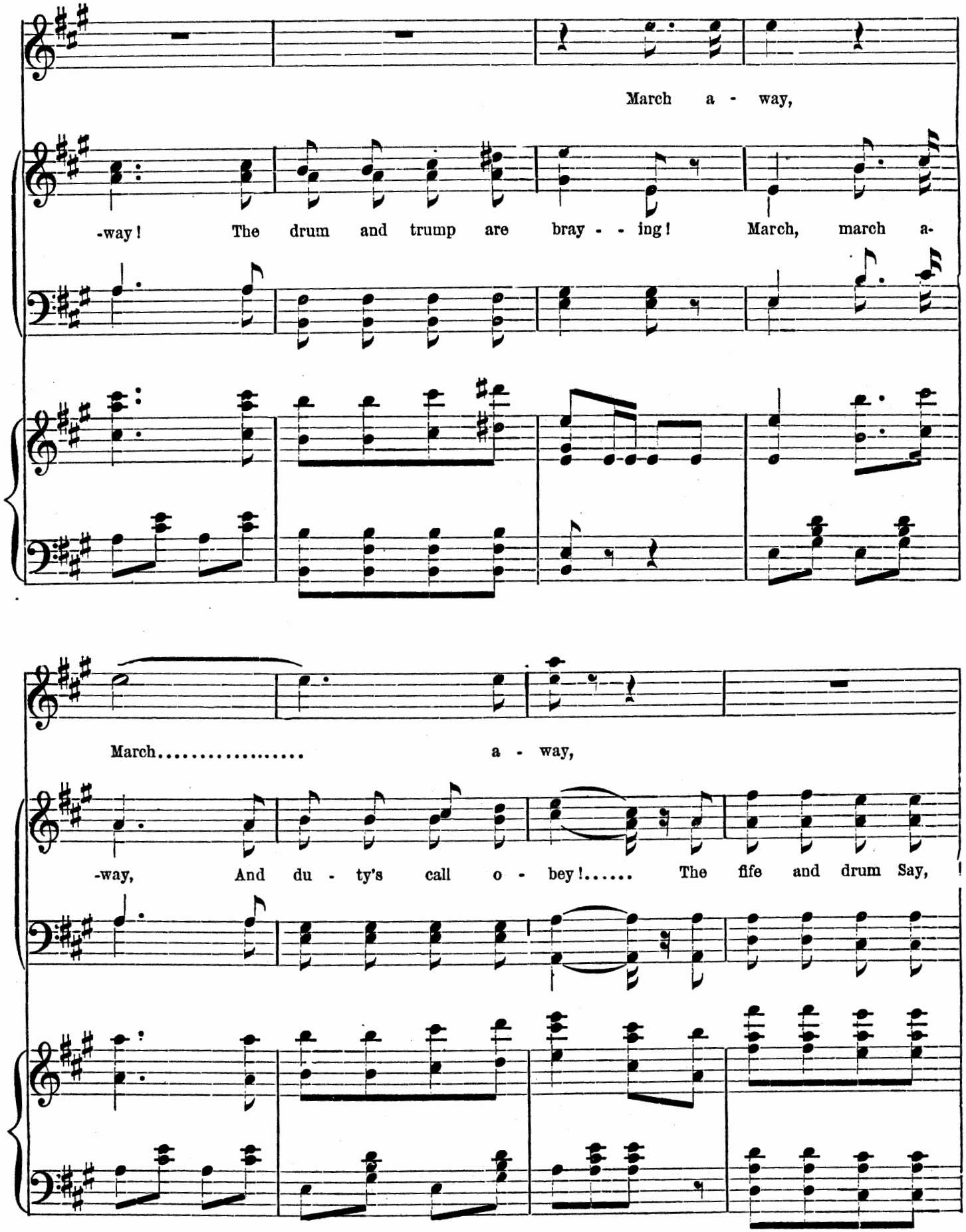
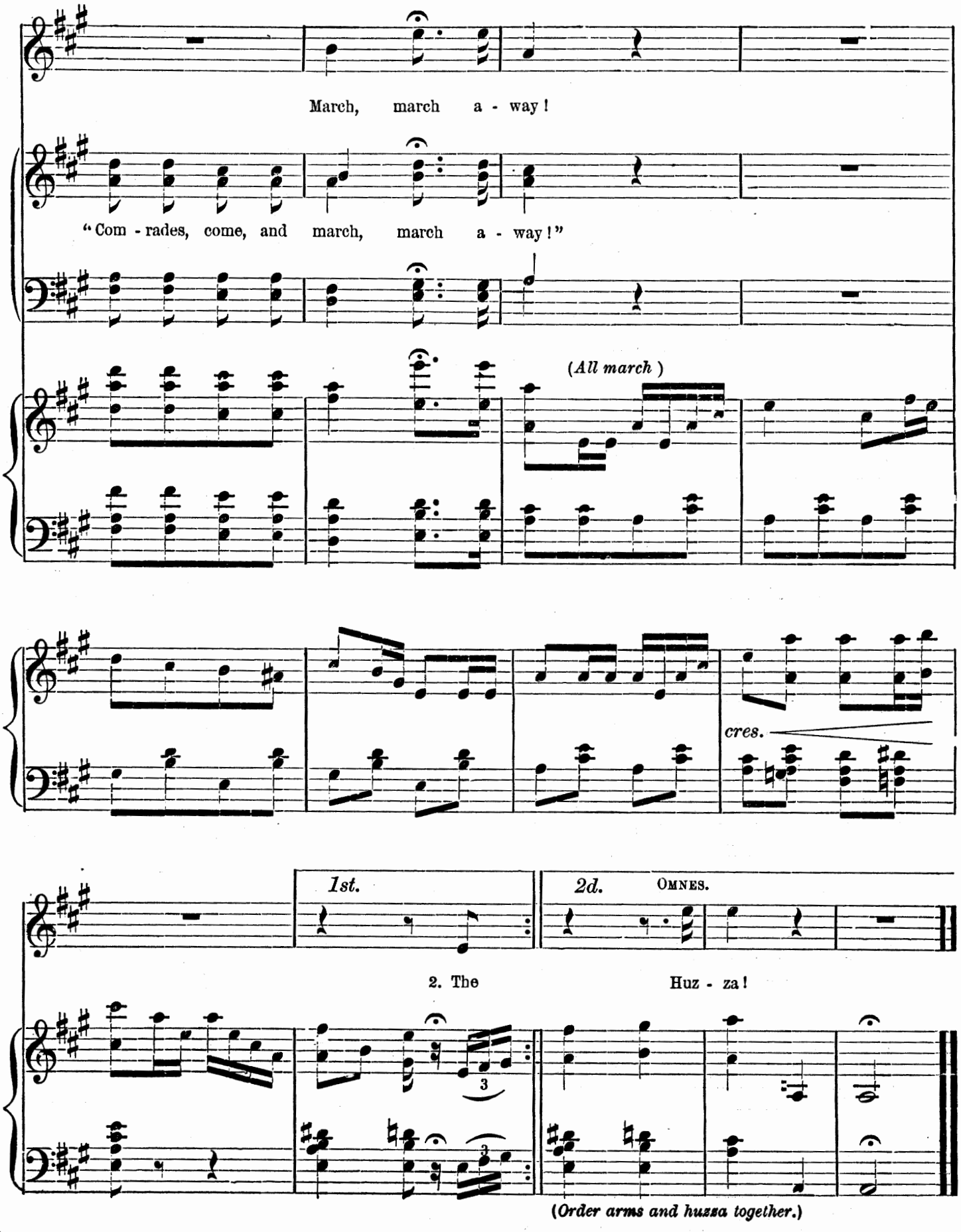

not in fame or sto - ry, And yet he leads To all your deeds, Of vic - to - ry or
brings to oth - ers glo - ry, He in the front, Must bear its brunt; His fife his on - ly
cres.
f
p (Marching.)
death. March, march a - way, The blithesome fife is play - - ing;
arm! March, march a - way, The blithesome fife is play - - ing;
Cornet.
f
March, march a - way! The drum and trump are bray - ing. March, march a-
Piccolo.
tr
-way! And du - ty's call o - bey;..... The fife and drum say,
tr
tr


rall.
f
"Com - rades, come, and march a - - - way!" And march a-
Piccolo.
tr
Trombi.
Side Drum.
-way! and march a - - - way!.....
Tenors. ff
March, march a-
Basses. ff
tr
-way, The blithe - some fife is play - - ing, March, march a-


March a - way,
-way! The drum and trump are bray - - ing! March, march a-
March..... a - way,
-way, And du - ty's call o - bey!..... The fife and drum Say,


March, march a - way!
"Com - rades, come, and march, march a - way!"
(All march)
cres.
1st.
2d.
OMNES.
2. The
Huz - za!
(Order arms and huzza together.)

MIL. (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes. But who is elected?

NICO. Why, who should it be but our commander, Francois Bernier?

OMNES. Long live the commander!

NICO. You'll see him presently, for he was close behind me.

COURT. (*Looking* L. I. E.) Holloa! (*To guards*) Quick, there! Here comes the commander. (*Guards form in line before guard-house.*)

NICO. That's the idea. Now, a good one.

Drums roll. Enter FRANCOIS. *Soldiers present arms.*

OMNES. Long live Francois? (*During following speech,* COURTALIN *signs soldiers to recover arms and break ranks.*)

FRAN. Ah, friends! you make me very proud and happy. Believe me, I shall remember it.

OMNES. Long live the commander!

FRAN. (*Anxiously to* COURTALIN *and* GRATINET.) Well, have you nothing to say to me?

COURT. No, commander. No woman travelling alone, and coming from England has been seen.

FRAN. (*Sighs.*) Well,—thanks. You will soon return to the lieutenant of police for further news?

COURT. Yes, commander. (*As he goes up with* GRATINET.) Do you see what a sharp lookout he keeps for conspirators from England? (*Exeunt into guard-house followed by soldiers.*)

FRAN. (*To* KIRSCH. *and* MILITZA.) Ah! my good friends.

KIRSCH. (*Moved.*) I, your friend? I, who arrested you?

FRAN. You only obeyed orders.

MIL. (*Looking significantly at* KIRSCH.) Yes, and it was the very last order of any kind he has shown a desire to obey.

KIRSCH. (*Aside, as he escapes into inn.*) My corporal doesn't seem amiable this morning. (*Exit into inn.*)

FRAN. (*Sadly.*) No news yet from Fantine, my good Militza. I fear I shall never see her again.

MIL. And you love her still?

FRAN. More than ever. That Pontcornet, compromised and condemned, should fear to return to Paris I can understand. But Fantine! Ah! if she really loved me, she would be here.

MIL. Think of her duty to her family.

FRAN. Think of her duty to *me*. For two months I have awaited her return in vain. Ah! Militza, she has forgotten me. (*Falls into chair by table.*)

MIL. Well, well, patience,—patience. I have my own ideas about her absence.

Enter from inn KIRSCH. *with a bottle which he caresses tenderly.*)

KIRSCH. (*Cajolingly to* MILITZA.) Just one, you know, to celebrate his election. See how sad he looks. This will cheer him up. It always cheers me when you make me sad. (MILITZA *starts.* KIRSCH. *corrects himself.*) I mean, when I make *you* sad.

MIL. Will you be quiet, you drunkard?

KIRSCH. One moment. I forbid you to call me a drunkard.

MIL. (*Astonished.*) Eh! You forbid? I forbid *you* to forbid *me* anything. (*About to slap his face.*)

KIRSCH. (*Cowed.*) Don't strike. I'm defenceless.

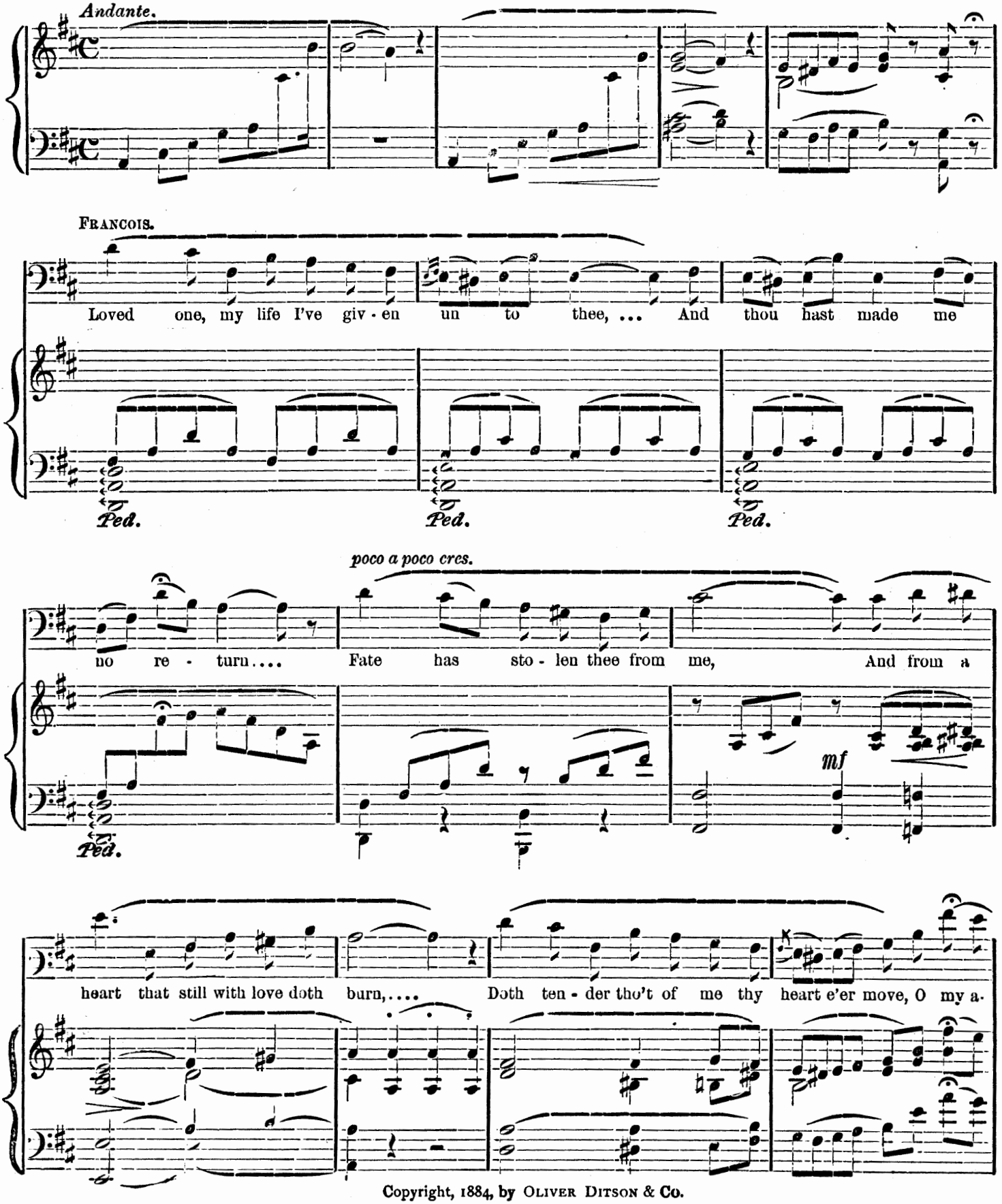
MIL. Well, then, off with you.

KIRSCH. (*Salutes*) All right, corporal. (*Aside, and going.*) Discipline is discipline! (*Goes into inn hustled by* MILITZA)

FRAN. Ah, this long silence drives me to despair. Fantine, Fantine! why do you not come home to him whose only ambition is to deserve you.

"LOVED ONE, MY LIFE I'VE GIVEN."

No. 22. ROMANCE.



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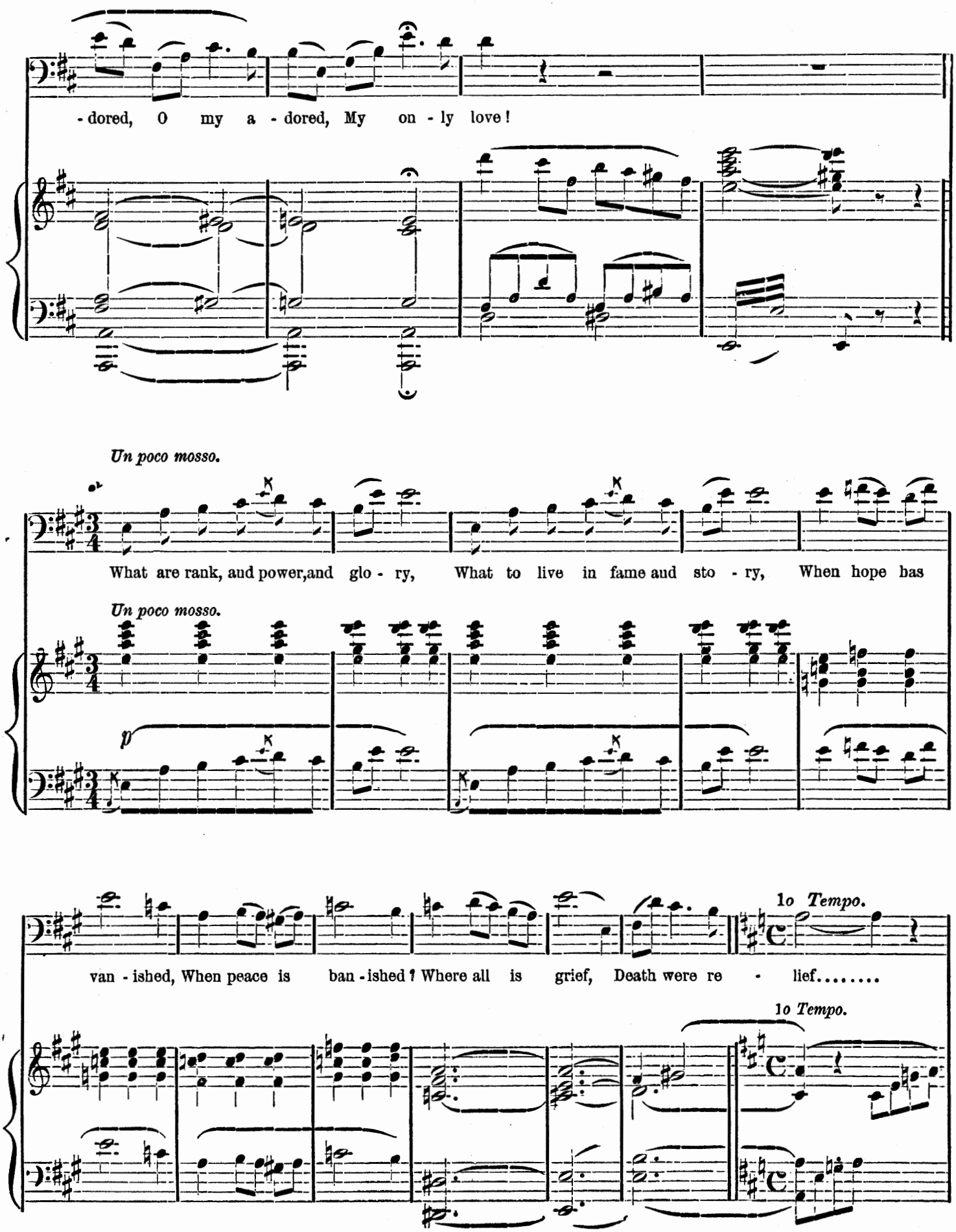
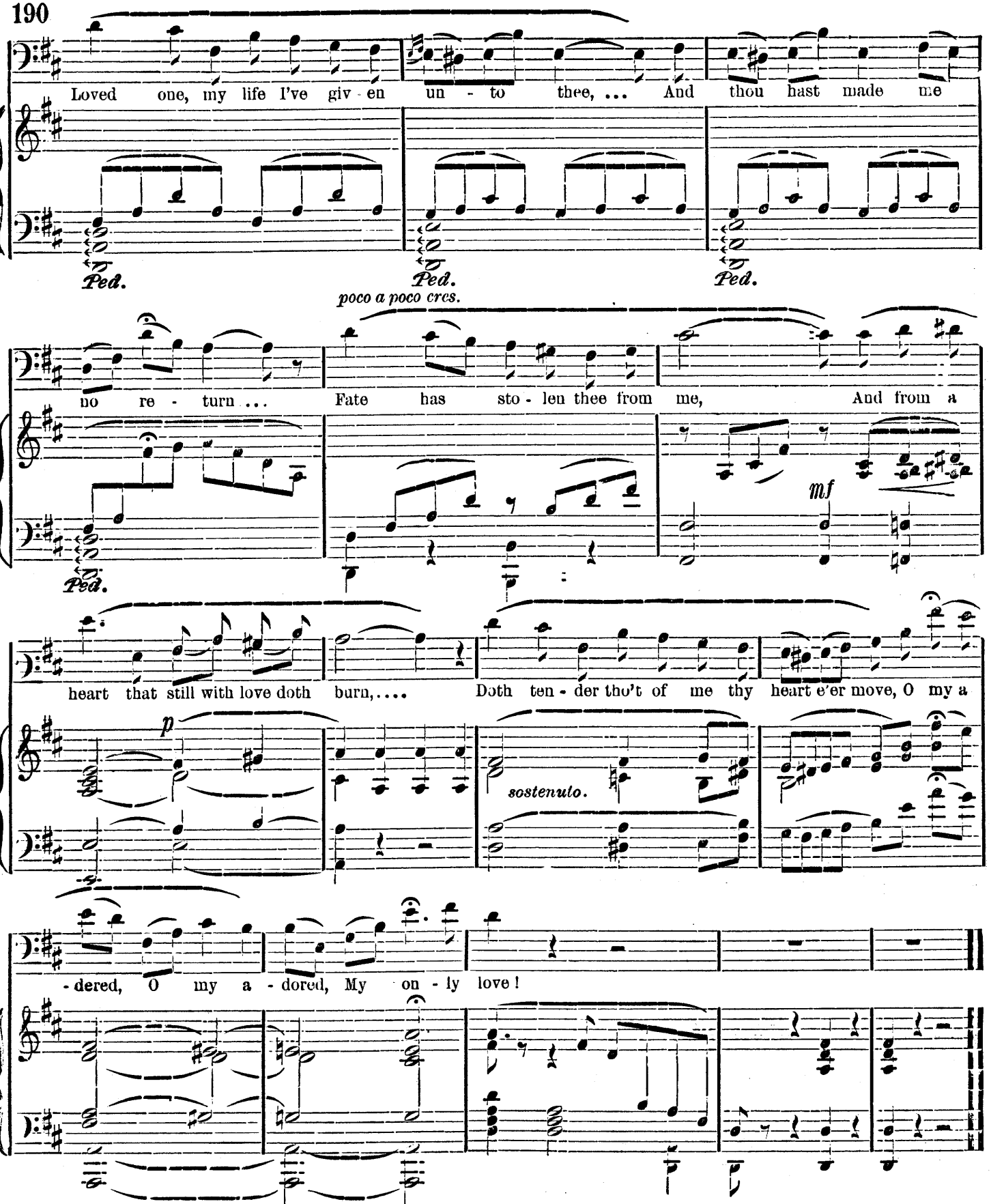

- dored, O my a - dored, My on - ly love!
Un poco mosso.
What are rank, and power, and glo - ry, What to live in fame and sto - ry, When hope has
Un poco mosso.
p
van - ished, When peace is ban - ished? Where all is grief, Death were re - lief.....
1o Tempo.
1o Tempo.



Enter NICOLET. (*From guard-house.*)

NICO. (*Salutes.*) Commander, a letter from Gen. Lafayette, to be delivered only into your hands.

FRAN. (*Takes letter. Reads.*) Order for the Gravilliers battalion to report in full dress for the service of the National Assembly, at their usual place of meeting, Very well. I will notify my staff. Come, Nicolet! (*Exit, followed by* NICOLET.)

At the same moment enter R. U. E. *men and women of the people. In the midst of them,* PONTCORNET, *dressed as a Norman peasant, pushing a small cart before him, on which is a fountain representing the Bastile. Following, the* COUNTESS, *dressed as a peasant woman, with a coffee fountain.*

PONT. Ice cold cider! Good Normandy cider! Who'll buy?

COUNT. Coffee! Hot coffee! Who'll buy?

(*People pass from one to the other, and buy.*)

PONT. (*Aside. Eyeing* COUNTESS.) Bravo!

COUNT. (*Aside. Eyeing* PONTCORNET.) Perfect!

"CIDER AND COFFEE."

No. 23. DUETT. Countess, Marquis.

Moderato. COUNTESS. RECIT.

My cof - fee try? ... I warm you

MARQUIS.

My ci - der buy? I, cool - ness to the blood im - part!

Moderato.

p

to..... the ve - ry heart,.... One and all, my cof - fee buy! One and all, my cof- fee buy!....

One and all, my ci - der try!.....

p Allegro vivace.

Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,

p

Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,

Allegro vivace.

sf *p*

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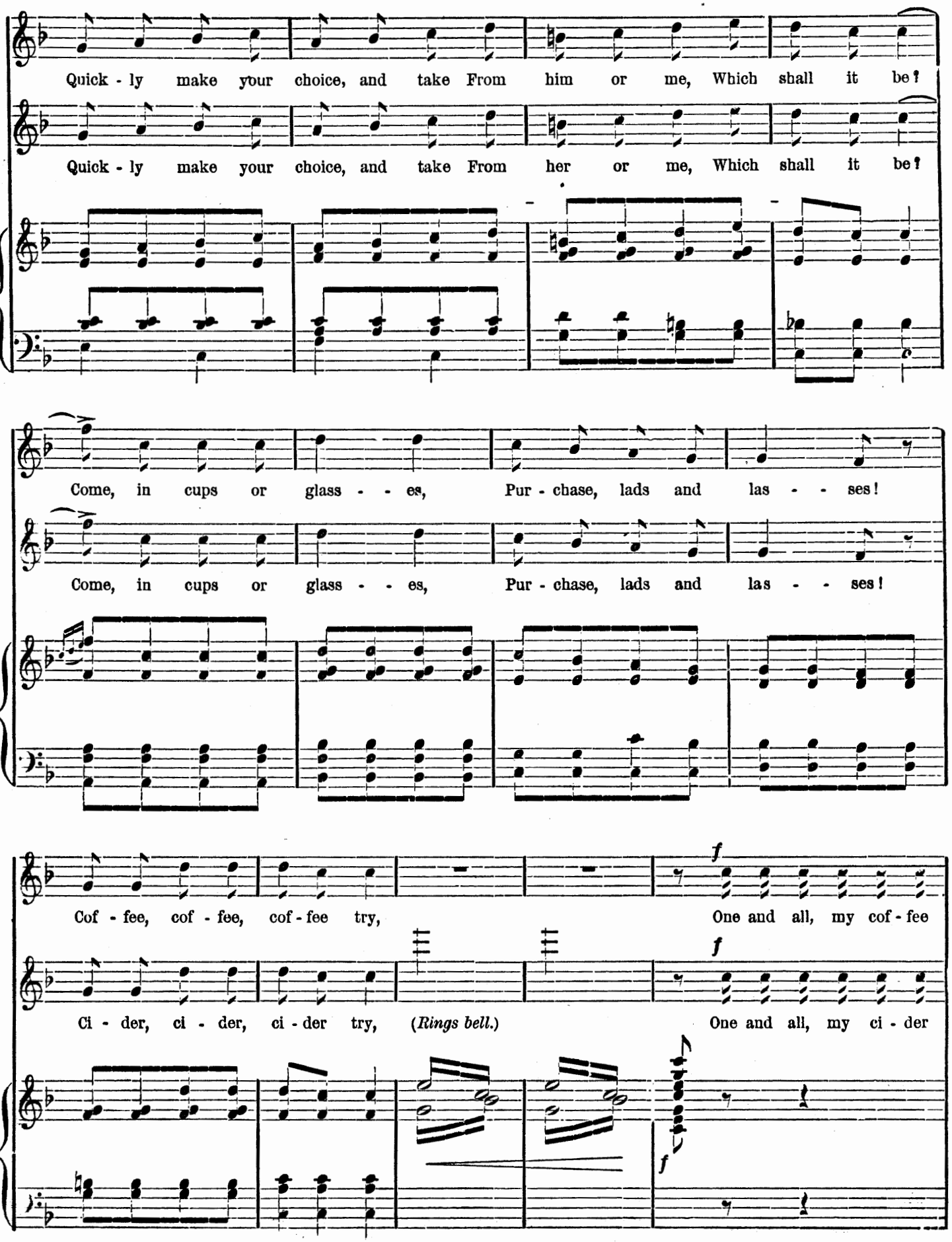
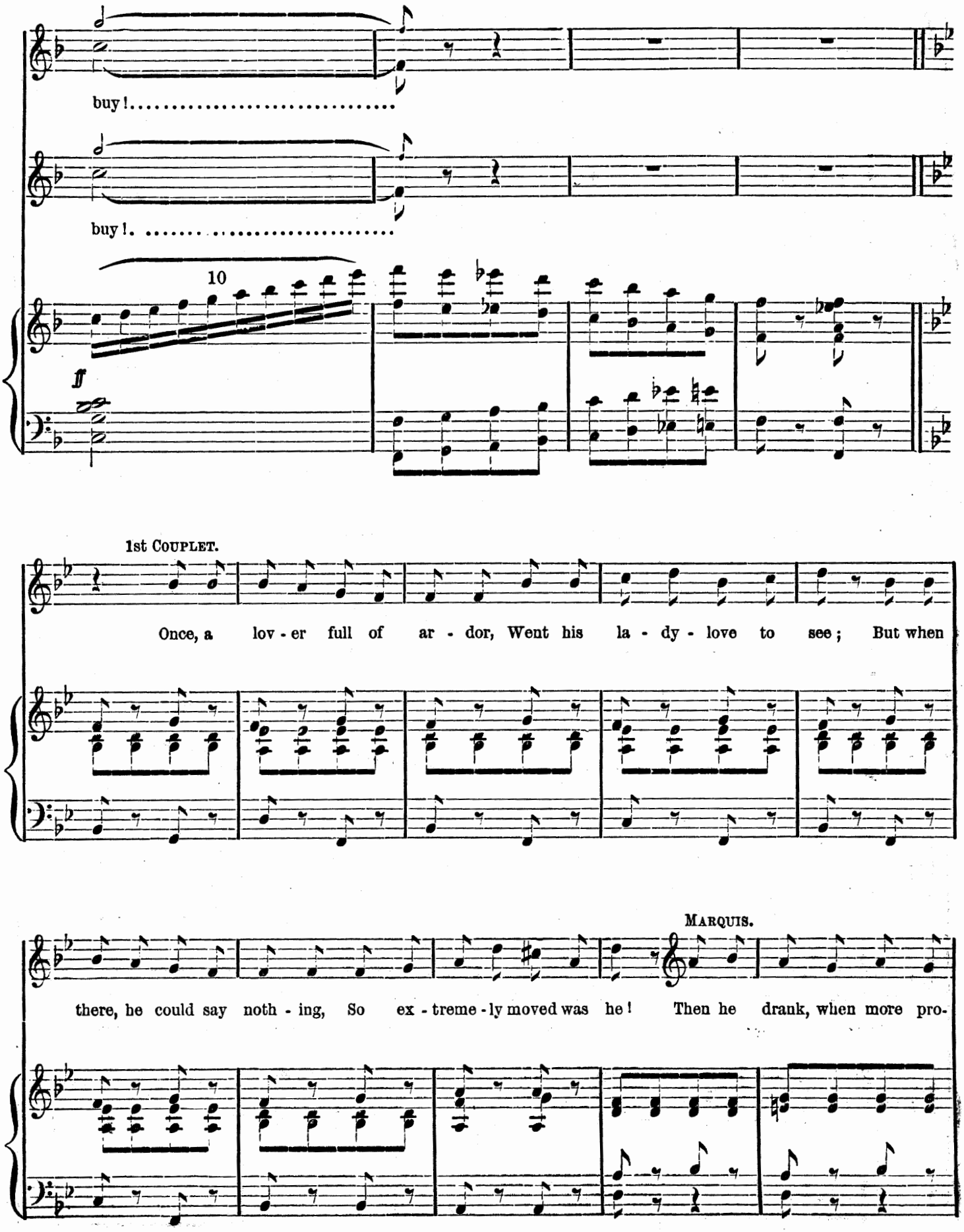
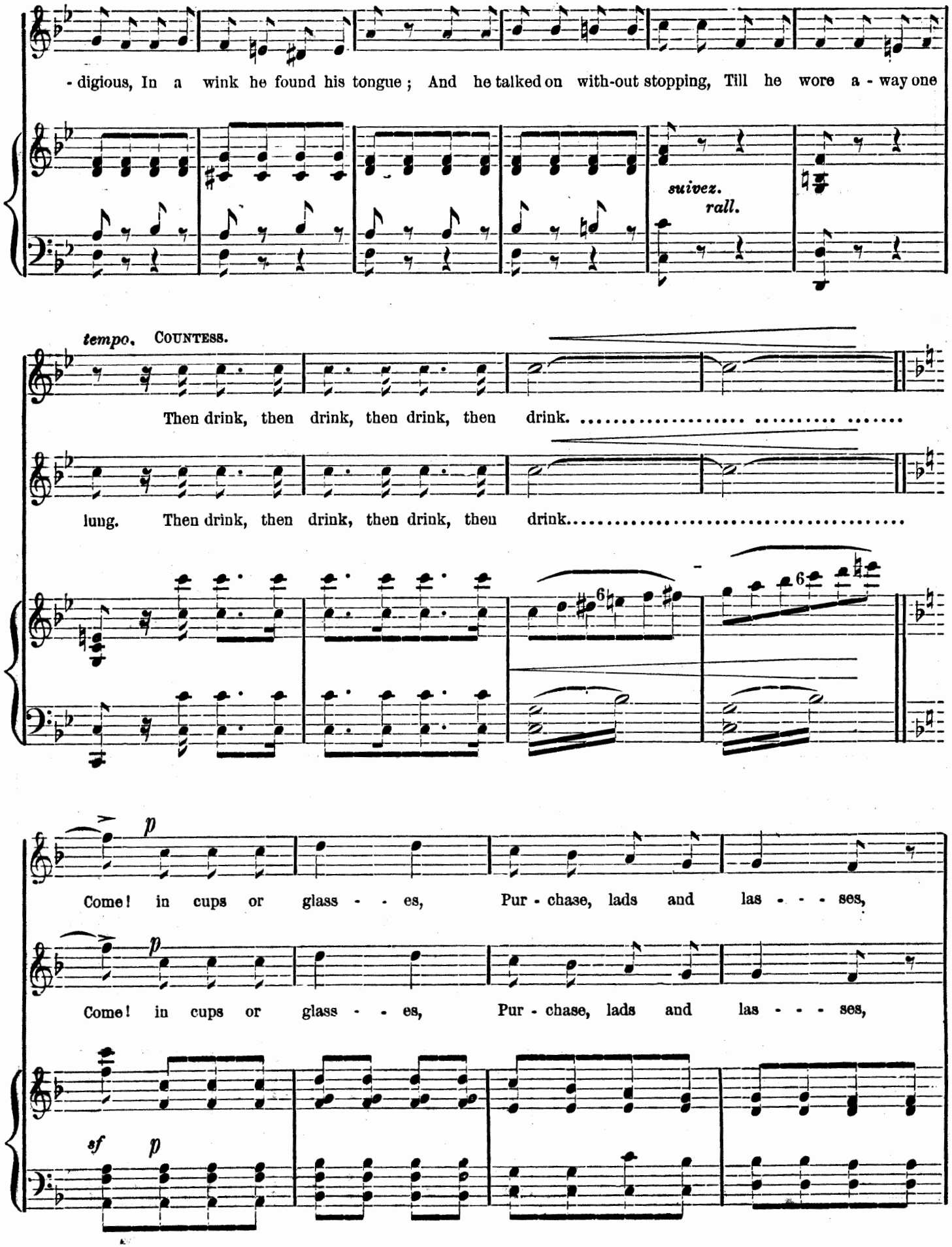
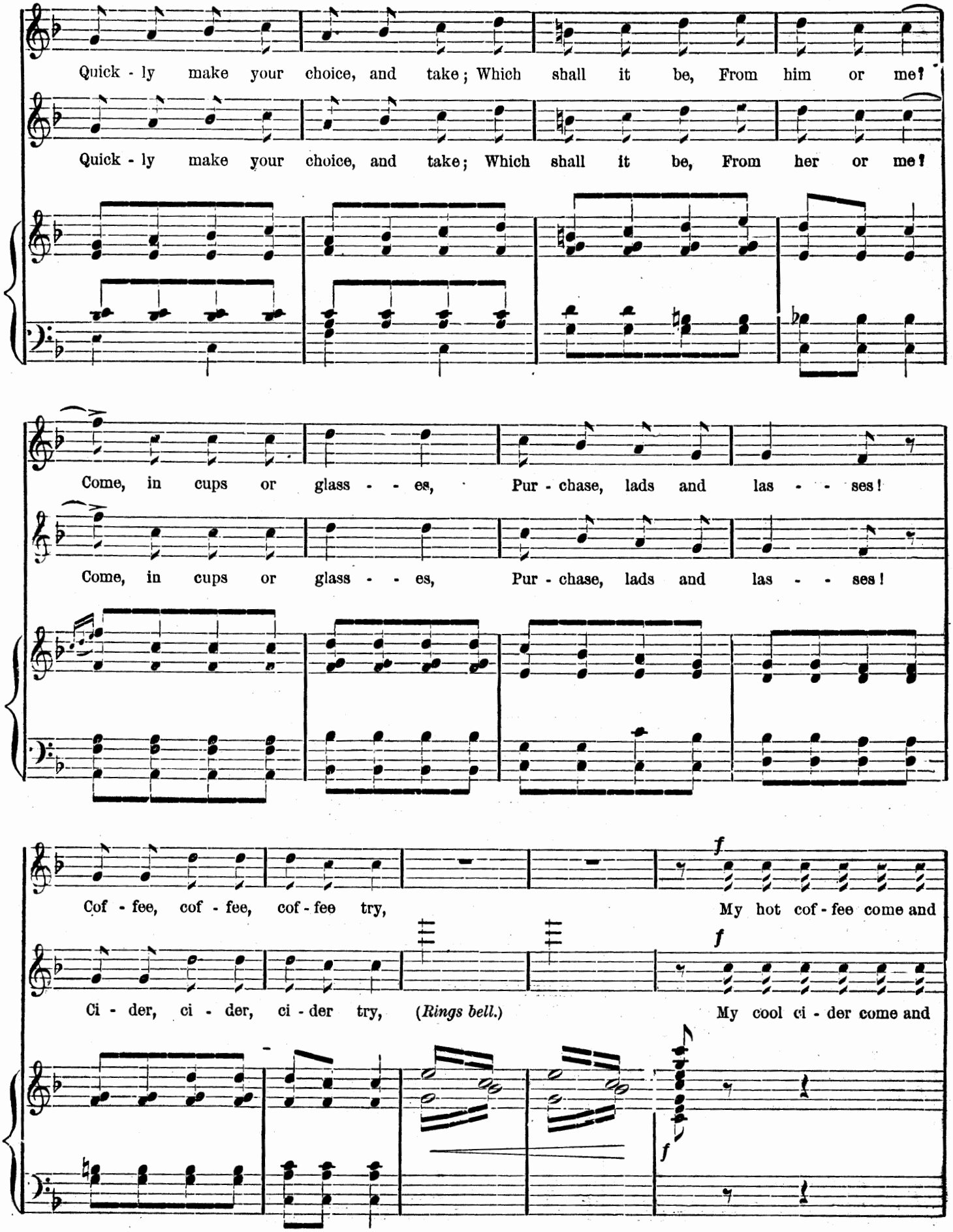
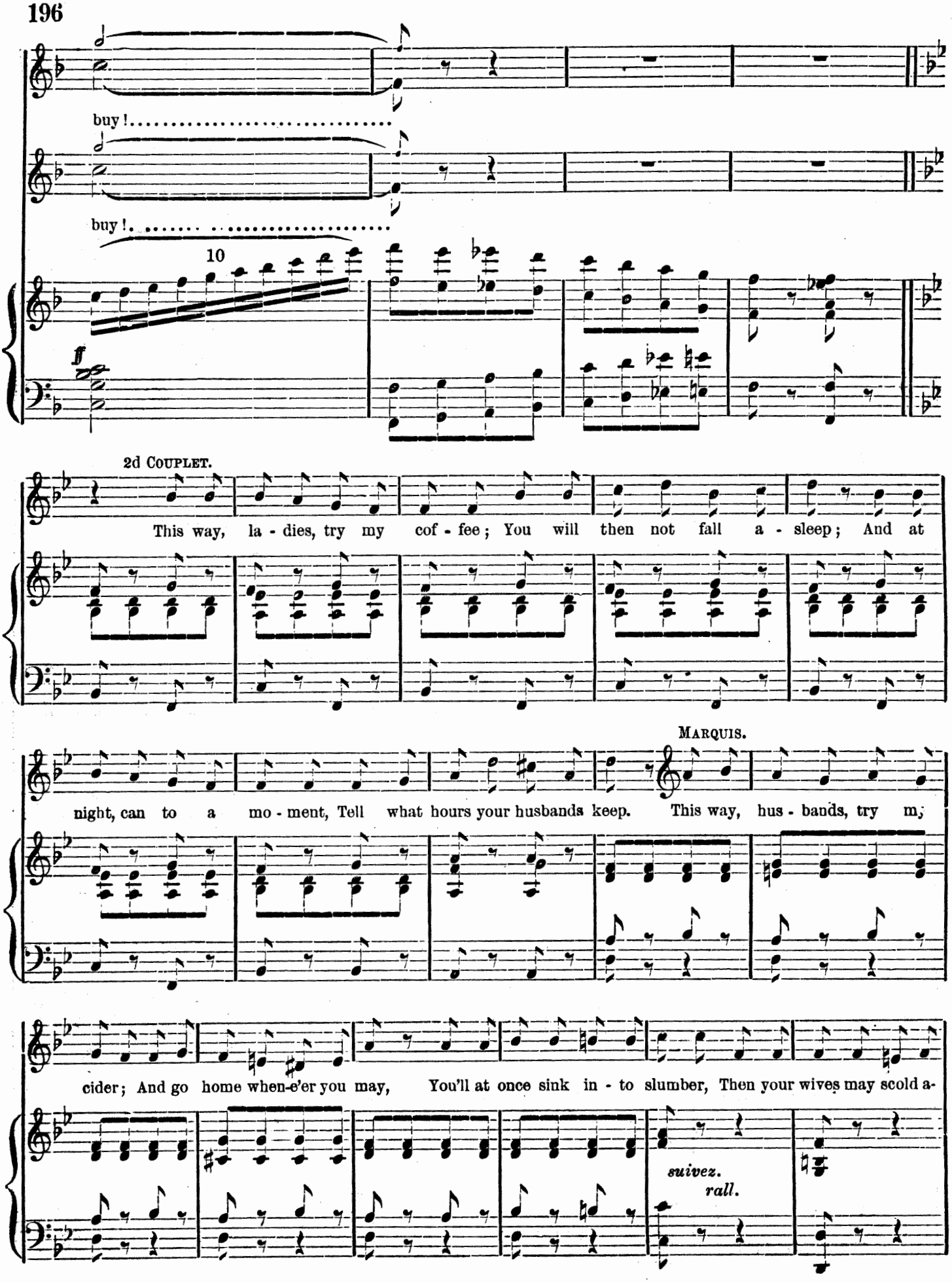
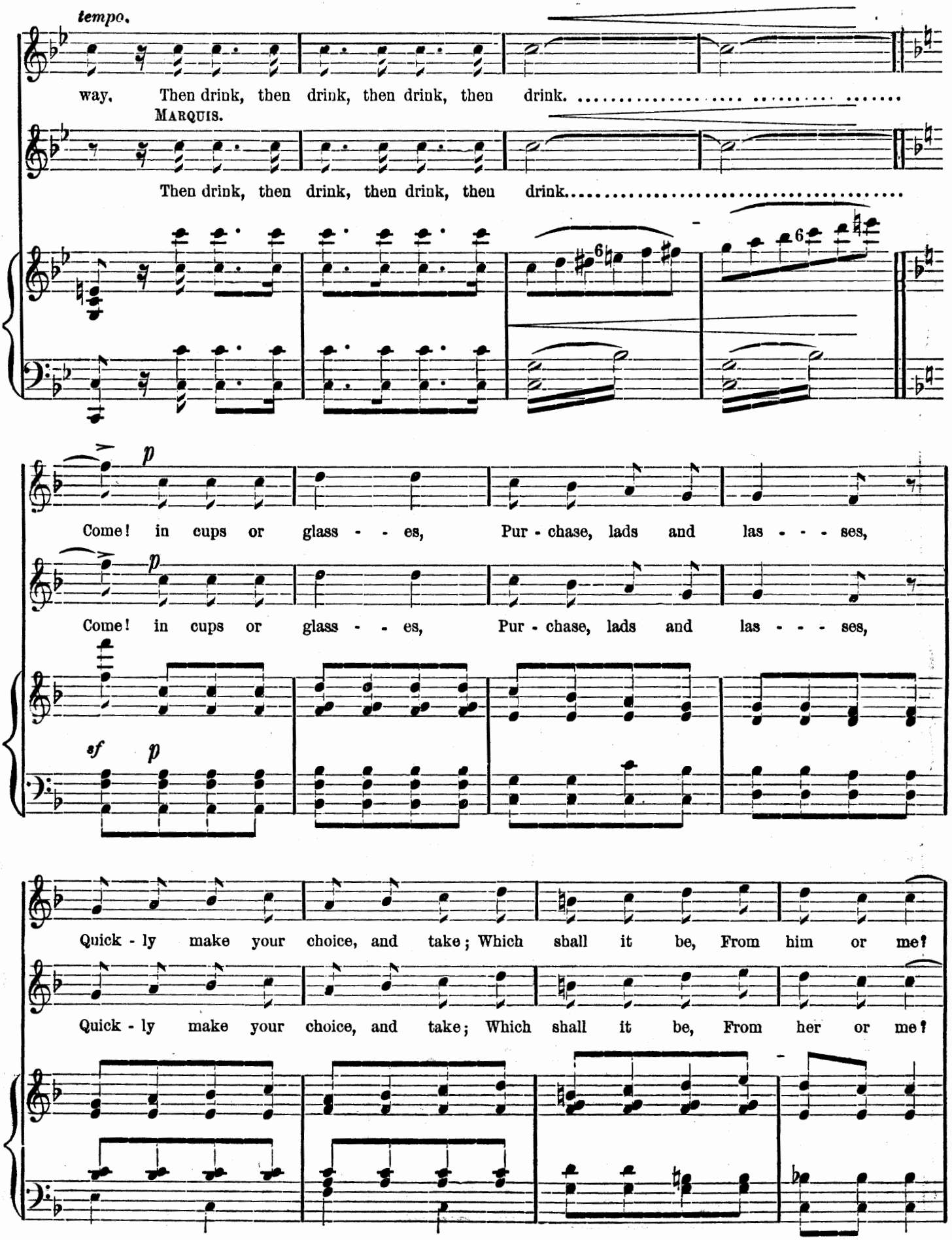

Quick - ly make your choice, and take From him or me, Which shall it be?
Quick - ly make your choice, and take From her or me, Which shall it be?
Come, in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses!
Come, in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses!
Cof - fee, cof - fee, cof - fee try, One and all, my cof - fee
Ci - der, ci - der, ci - der try, (Rings bell.) One and all, my ci - der
f
f
f

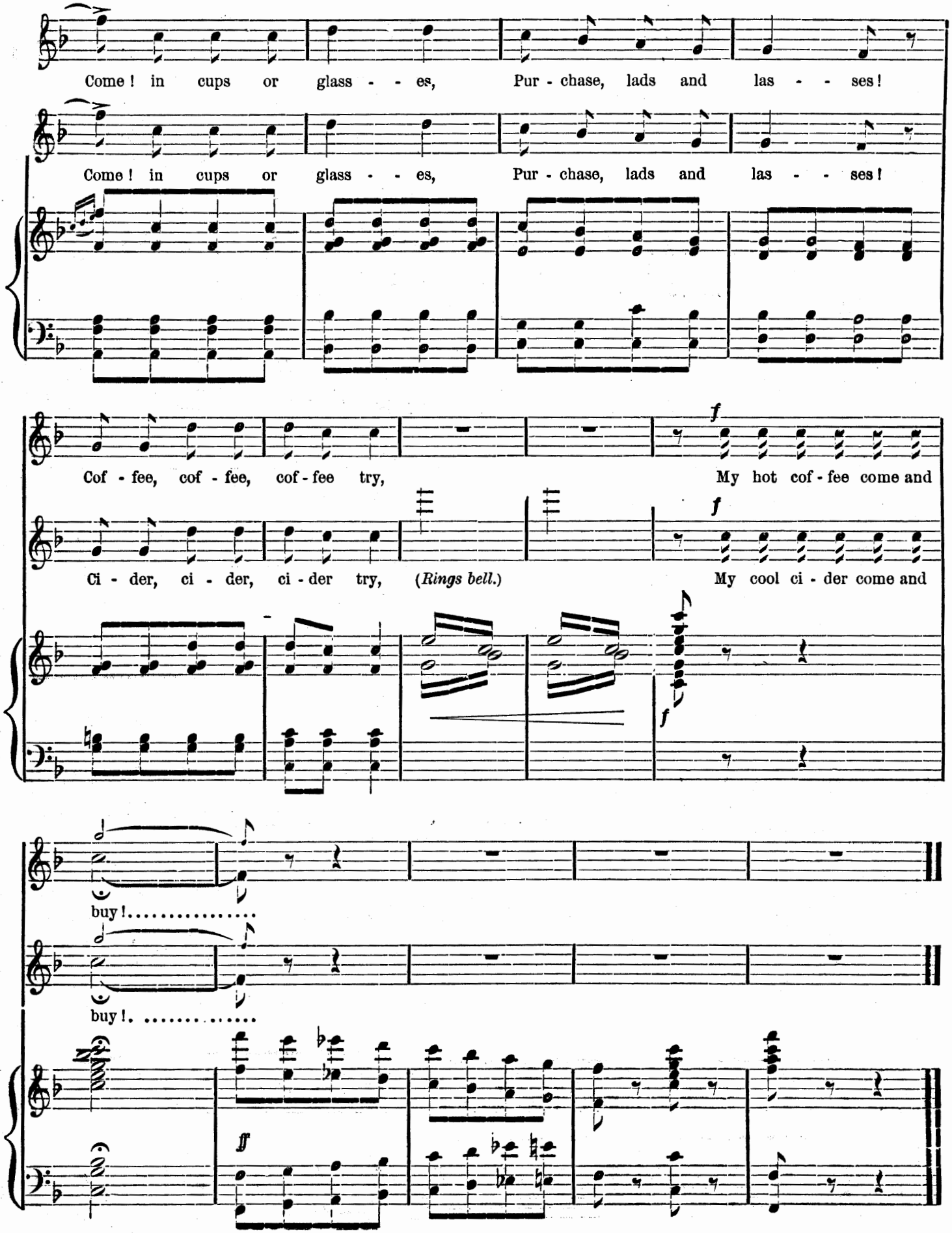

buy!.....
buy!.....
10
ff
1st COUPLET.
Once, a lov - er full of ar - dor, Went his la - dy - love to see; But when
MARQUIS.
there, he could say noth - ing, So ex - treme - ly moved was he! Then he drank, when more pro-


- digious, In a wink he found his tongue ; And he talked on with-out stopping, Till he wore a - way one
suivez.
rall.
tempo. COUNTESS.
Then drink, then drink, then drink, then drink.
lung. Then drink, then drink, then drink, then drink.
Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,
Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,
sf
p


Quick - ly make your choice, and take; Which shall it be, From him or me?
Quick - ly make your choice, and take; Which shall it be, From her or me?
Come, in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses!
Come, in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses!
Cof - fee, cof - fee, cof - fee try, My hot cof - fee come and
Ci - der, ci - der, ci - der try, (Rings bell.) My cool ci - der come and
f
f
f


buy !
buy !
10
ff
2d COUPLET.
This way, la - dies, try my cof - fee ; You will then not fall a - sleep ; And at
MARQUIS.
night, can to a mo - ment, Tell what hours your husbands keep. This way, hus - bands, try my
cider ; And go home when-e'er you may, You'll at once sink in - to slumber, Then your wives may scold a-
suivez.
rall.


tempo.
way. Then drink, then drink, then drink, then drink.
MARQUIS.
Then drink, then drink, then drink, then drink.
Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,
Come! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - - ses,
Quick - ly make your choice, and take; Which shall it be, From him or me!
Quick - ly make your choice, and take; Which shall it be, From her or me!


Come ! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses !
Come ! in cups or glass - - es, Pur - chase, lads and las - - ses !
Cof - fee, cof - fee, cof - fee try, My hot cof - fee come and
Ci - der, ci - der, ci - der try, (Rings bell.) My cool ci - der come and
buy !.....
buy !.....

The people pay them after being served, which is during the refrain, and then exeunt at different entrances.

PONT. Nobody recognizes us. Our disguises are a great success.

COUNT. Yes, but not improving to our personal appearance. (*Looking about.*) But where can Lansac be? We were to meet him at Militza's.

PONT. I hope he has found my daughter.

COUNT. Depend upon it he has followed her closely. To think of her quitting us to return to Paris, perhaps to meet her old lover, Francois.

PONT. Impossible! A Pontcornet could not disgrace herself so.

COUNT. But she has been a Pontcornet for such a short time!

PONT. Will Lansac never come? I am tired of dragging this dreadful machine around.

COUNT. And I of crying coffee.

PONT. I'm dying of thirst.

COUNT. Well, and why do you not drink from your fountain!

PONT. Of course! I've a right to drink my own cider. I've paid dearly enough for it! (*Takes goblet, and turns tap.*) Not a drop! Of course! My luck! I must have it filled, because a vender of cider without any cider to vend would be open to suspicion. Where the deuce do they sell the stuff? Ah! try that.

COUNT. But if you can't get there?

PONT. Then I'll make some lemonade. It can't be any more sour than the cider.

Enter JAS. *from inn, carrying a basket with six bottles.*

PONT Ah! here is somebody. I say, my good fellow, what have you there?

JAS. What's that your business? (*Crosses him.*)

PONT. (*Kicks him.*) You rascal! How dare you!

JAS. (*Startled and aside.*) Ah! That kick! I know the trademark. It is the marquis.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) Brother, your noble manner will betray you.

JAS. (*Aside.*) If it be he, I'll make him pay for kicking a citizen!

PONT. What *sort* of wine have you there?

JAS. Sauterne.

PONT. That'll do. Pour it in here. I'll sell it for lemonade.

JAS. Sauterne for lemonade?

PONT. Yes. It's a private recipe of my own. (*Takes bottles, and with the aid of* COUNTESS, *fills the fountain*; JAS. *drawing the corks.*) It's expensive, I know, but I am going to give the people a treat.

JAS. (*Drawing corks.*) A treat,—yes! And I'll give *you* a treat for that kick. It must be the marquis.

PONT. How much have I to pay you?

JAS. (*Winking, aside.*) Thirty-eight francs.

PONT. (*Aside.*) The scoundrel! (*Aloud.*) Very cheap. Here! *ives him money.*)

JAS. (*Aside.*) English money! It is the marquis! (*Aloud.*) Much obliged! (*Aside.*) I'll go and inform on him! It's mean, I know, but it will show my patriotism. (*Aloud.*) I'll get your change.

PONT. (*Loftily.*) Keep the change.

JAS. Eh! (*Aside.*) Fourteen francs for the waiter? The country's in danger! I'll notify the guard. (*Exit into guardhouse.*)

COUNT. Will Lansac never come?

PONT. Do not be impatient; we will wait here, no one will recognize us.

Enter JAS. *with* GRAT., COURT. *and guards.*

JAS. (*Aside to them, and pointing.*) There they are—English spies, who sell Sauterne for lemonade!

GRAT. Leave them to me. (*Approaches* PONT., *and slapping him on back*) Well, citizen, how does business prosper with you?

PONT. (*Terrified.*) The guard!

COUNT. The guard! (*Wipes her cups in a frenzied manner, on her apron, turning her back to the soldiers.*)

PONT. (*Assuming a silly country air.*) Good. Business is very good.

GRAT. And your lemonade good, also? Give me a glass.

PONT. Certainly. Here—here! (*Turns out glass.*)

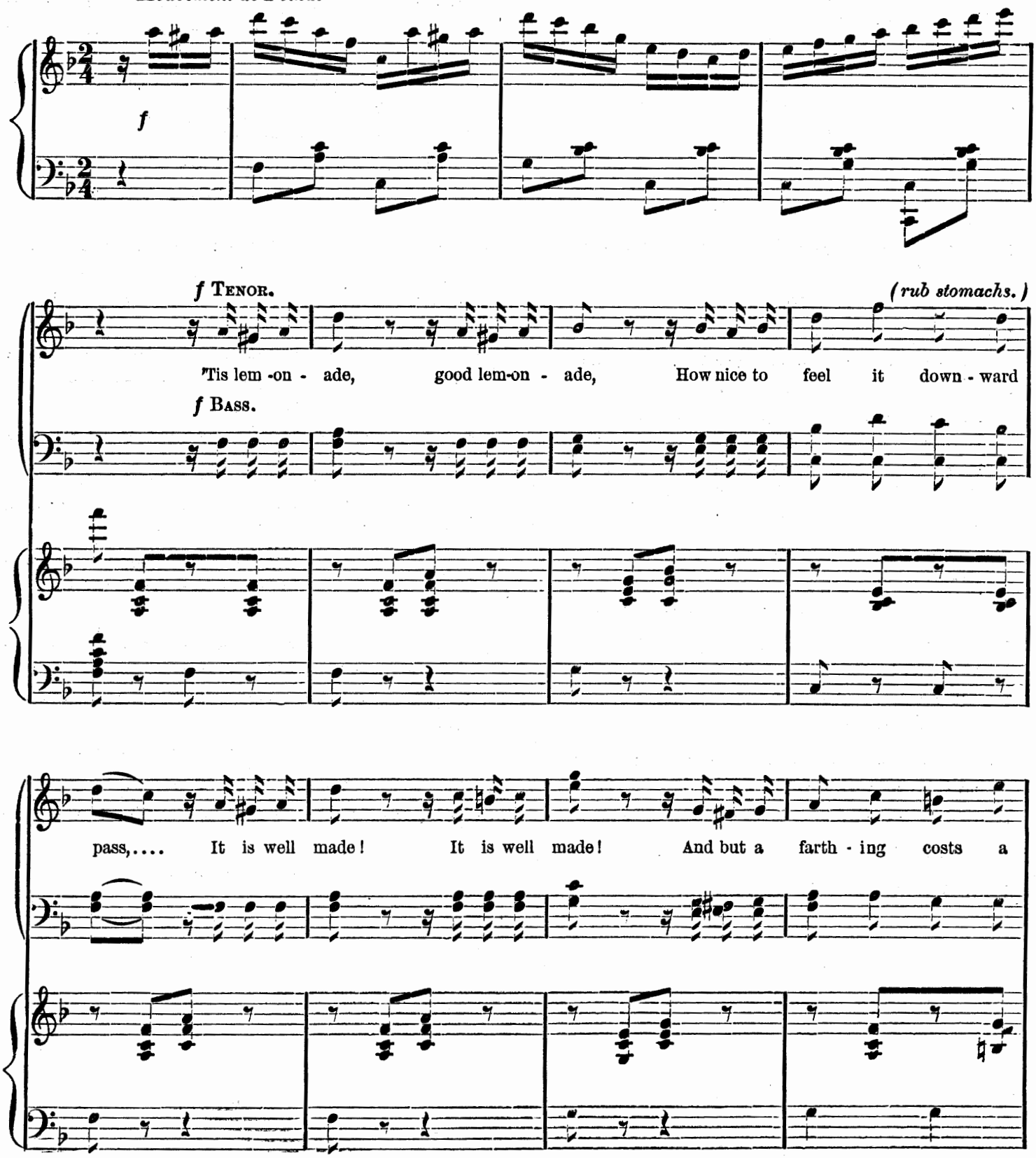
GRAT. (*To guards.*) Help yourselves, comrades. It is only two sous a glass. It is my treat.

CHORUS. (*As they drink.*)

"'TIS LEMONADE, GOOD LEMONADE."

No. 24. LEMONADE CHORUS.

Mouvement de Polka.



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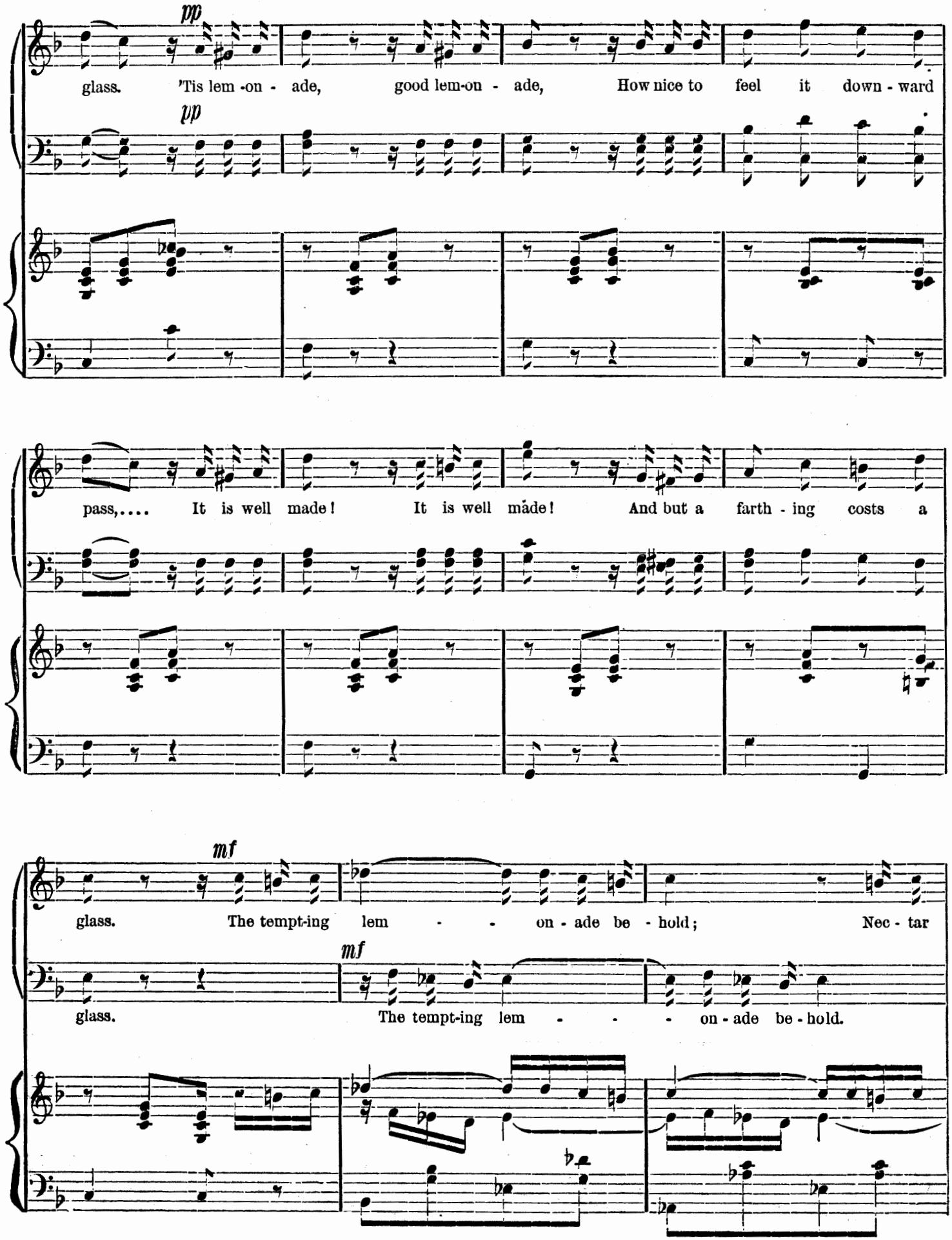
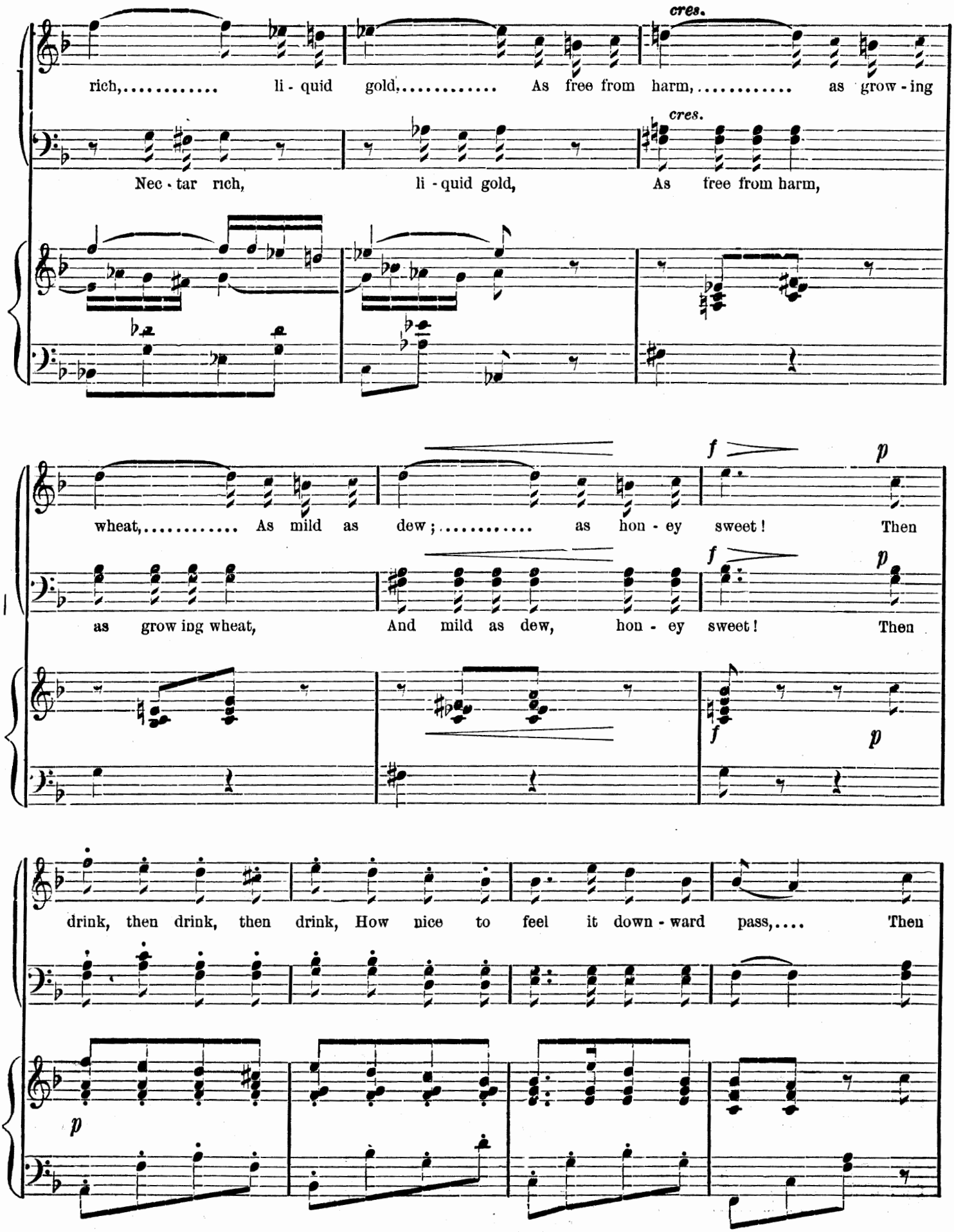
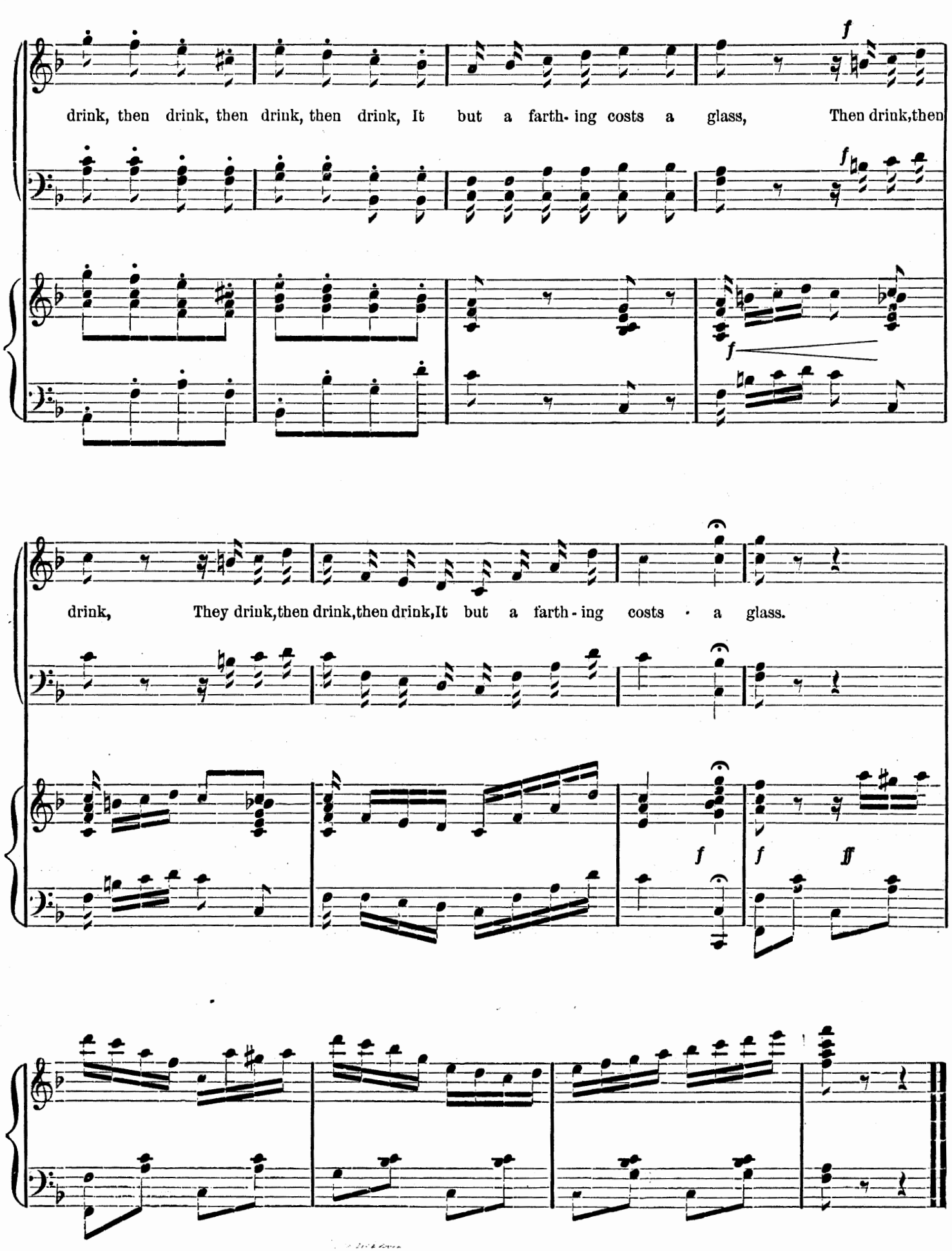

pp
glass. 'Tis lem -on - ade, good lem-on - ade, How nice to feel it down - ward
pp
pass,.... It is well made! It is well made! And but a farth - ing costs a
mf
glass. The tempt-ing lem - - on - ade be - hold; Nec - tar
mf
glass. The tempt-ing lem - - - on - ade be - hold.


cres.
rich, li - quid gold, As free from harm, as grow - ing
cres.
Nec - tar rich, li - quid gold, As free from harm,
wheat, As mild as dew; as hon - ey sweet! Then
f
p
as grow ing wheat, And mild as dew, hon - ey sweet! Then
f
p
drink, then drink, then drink, How nice to feel it down - ward pass,... Then
p


drink, then drink, then drink, then drink, It but a farth- ing costs a glass, Then drink,then
drink, They drink,then drink,then drink,It but a farth - ing costs · a glass.

COURT. To the health of Francois Blue Stockings.

COUNT. Francois? You know him? (PONT. *drinks.*)

COURT Know him? Why, he's our commander. He was here but a few moments ago

PONT. (*Anxiously.*) Here! And *alone?*

COURT. What do you mean by *alone*?

PONT. (*Troubled.*) Why, alone! When I say alone, I mean—not double—that is—I've heard of his having a—a—pretty companion.

GRAT. Oh! You mean Fantine, the daughter of the Marquis de-Pontcornet, perhaps. The old idiot refused to give her to Francois.

PONT. (*Aside.*) Old idiot! Oh, if I only had him alone, with three or four trusty friends to help me! (*Drinks from fountain.*)

COUNT. Does Francois still love her?

GRAT. Devotedly. (COUNT. *sighs.*)

COURT. (*Putting his hand on* PONT.'s *shoulder.*) Ah! that traitor Pontcornet. It was he, you know, who had Francois thrown into the Bastile.

PONT. (*Forgetting himself.*) It's false.

OMNES. What! (PONT. *drinks frantically.*)

COURT. Do you dare to defend Pontcornet?

PONT. Do I look like a man who would defend Pontcornet? Nonsense! To the deuce with Pontcornet! (*Aside.*) Anywhere but here. (*Drinks.*)

GRAT. (*Drinks, tasting.*) What does this mean? You sell Sauterne for lemonade, and this lad tells me (*Points to* JASMIN.) that you make change in English money.

PONT. (*Slightly drunk.*) But my dear Gratinet.

GRAT. (*Surprised.*) Ah! You know me then, citizen?

COUNT. No, no. My brother is near-sighted and liable to mistakes.

GRAT. (*Examining them.*) One moment. Ah! I know *you* now. It is the Countess de—de Boutonnière.

COUNT. (*Forgetting herself. Angrily.*) Savonnière, if you please.

GRAT. Ah! I thought so. And you are the Marquis de Pontcornet.

OMNES. Pontcornet!

PONT. (*Tipsily.*) Well, yes, it's so. You're not going to arrest one of your best customers, are you?

JAS. As much as we shall regret it, Citizen Marquis, we shall have to take that trouble.

PONT. (*Suddenly.*) What! It's Jasmin, my faithful and trusted vassal!

GRAT. (*Seeing angry movement of guards.*) There are no longer any vassals, citizen.

PONT. All right, all right. We won't have any then. *I* don't want them, and if *you* don't—

GRAT. There! That will do. You've talked long enough. Seize him! Take him to the guard-house. Take her also. Off with them! Away!

PONTCORNET *and* COUNTESS *resist, but are taken to the guard house, whither they are followed by all but* JASMIN, *the prisoners remonstrating, the soldiers muttering threats.*

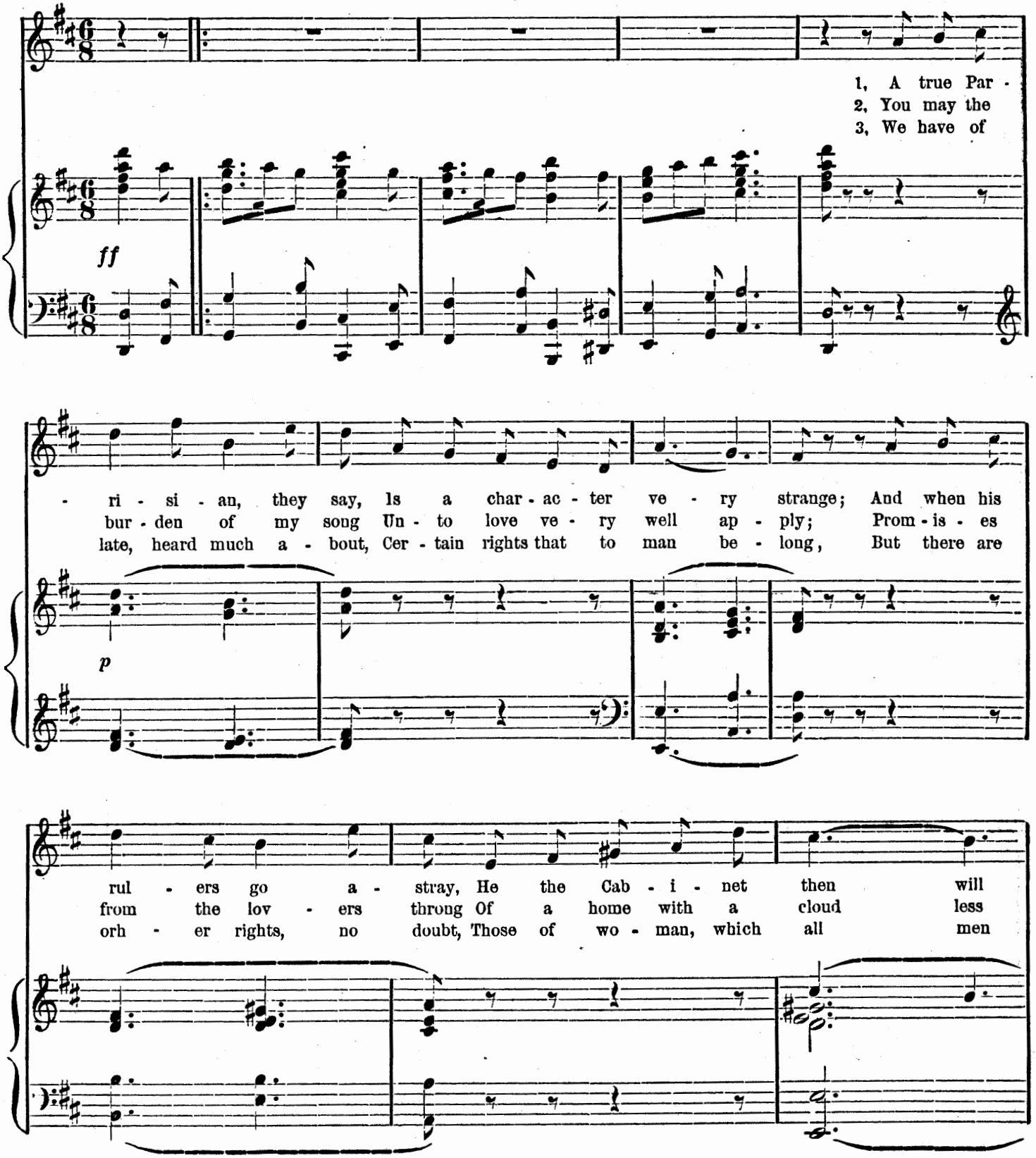
JAS. Ah! No one will doubt my principles now, and the kick, the insulting kick is avenged! (*Exit into inn.*)

Enter FANTINE, L. U. E., *dressed as a street singer.*

FAN. No one here! In the market place the shop of Francois is closed, and Militza's house is also deserted by her. What shall I do? I see nobody I know. But never mind. I shall find him I love. But where? (*Struck with an idea.*) The little street singer can still attract a crowd. I'll sing. I then may find somebody whom I used to know. Perhaps Francois himself. Yes, yes. (*Looks off* R.) Ah, there are some now! This way, good people, this way. (*People begin to fill stage slowly, and are followed by others, who gather while the song is going on.*) This way, and I'll sing you the latest song of the day. (*Affecting gayety and manners of street singer.*) Come! Listen to me.

"A TRUE PARISIAN."

No. 25. Fantine.



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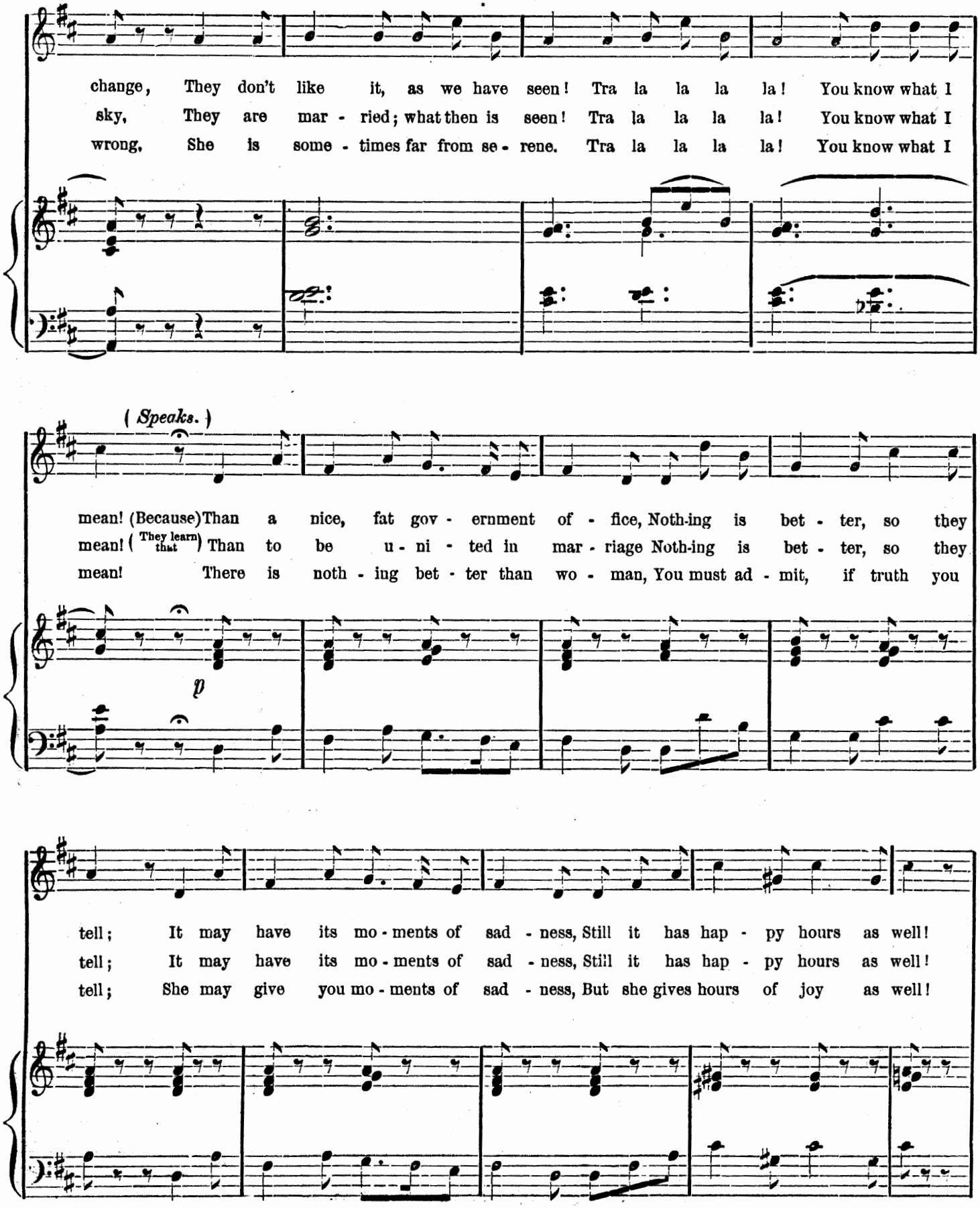
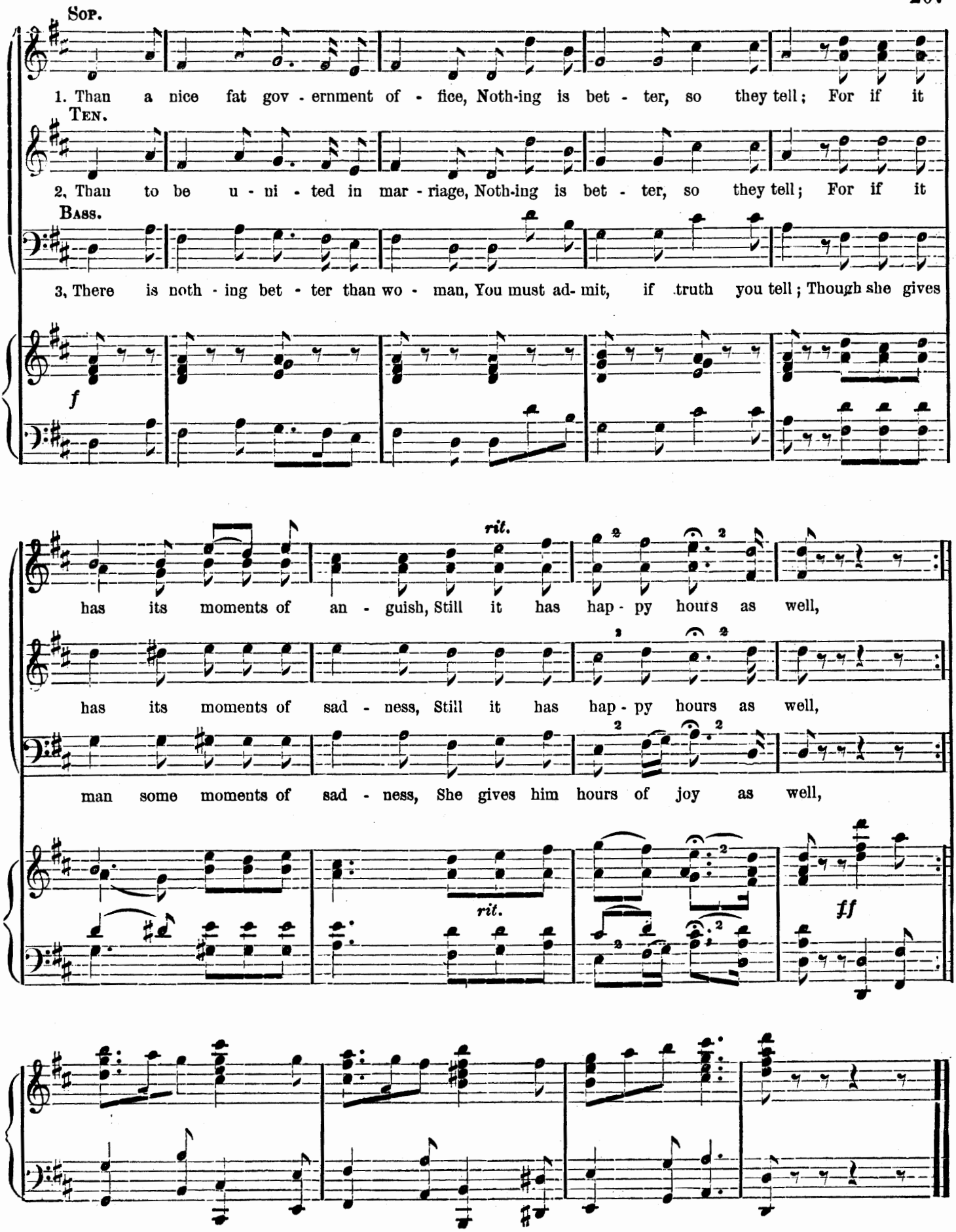

change, They don't like it, as we have seen! Tra la la la la! You know what I
sky, They are mar - ried; what then is seen! Tra la la la la! You know what I
wrong, She is some - times far from se - rene. Tra la la la la! You know what I
(Speaks.)
mean! (Because) Than a nice, fat gov - ernment of - fice, Noth-ing is bet - ter, so they
mean! (They learn that) Than to be u - ni - ted in mar - riage Noth-ing is bet - ter, so they
mean! There is noth - ing bet - ter than wo - man, You must ad - mit, if truth you
p
tell; It may have its mo - ments of sad - ness, Still it has hap - py hours as well!
tell; It may have its mo - ments of sad - ness, Still it has hap - py hours as well!
tell; She may give you mo - ments of sad - ness, But she gives hours of joy as well!


Sop.
1. Than a nice fat gov - ernment of - fice, Noth-ing is bet - ter, so they tell; For if it
Ten.
2, Than to be u - ni - ted in mar - riage, Noth-ing is bet - ter, so they tell; For if it
Bass.
3, There is noth - ing bet - ter than wo - man, You must ad- mit, if truth you tell; Though she gives
f
has its moments of an - guish, Still it has hap - py hours as well,
has its moments of sad - ness, Still it has hap - py hours as well,
man some moments of sad - ness, She gives him hours of joy as well,
rit.
rit.
ff

ALL. Bravo! Bravo!

MIL. (*Appearing from the inn.*) That voice! (*Advancing.*)

FAN. Come, citizens, don't forget the singer.

Enter LANSAC, L. 1. E.

LAN. I know that voice! Eh, Fantine?

Enter GRAT., COURT., NICO., *and guards.*

NICOLET L. 1. E.

FAN. (*In fear.*) He!

MIL. Fantine!

Enter KIRSCHWASSER *from inn.*

FAN. Militza! (*Rushes to her arms.*)

NICO. (*With joy.*) It is Fantine!

KIRSCH. (*Astonished.*) Eh! Mademoiselle de Pontcornet?

COURT. *and Guards.* Pontcornet!

LAN. (*Eagerly.*) Jeanne (*Taking* FAN. *by the arm, and speaking in a low tone.*), Prudence! (*Aloud.*) Gentlemen (*presenting her*), Madame de Lansac, my wife.

FAN. (*Aside to him.*) What do you mean?

NICO. KIRSCH., MIL. His wife!

LAN. (*To* FAN., *aside.*) Silence! (*Aloud.*) Certainly, my wife. Why not? Since when has a French citizen been forbidden to marry whom he chooses? I married my cousin in London. If she has disguised herself in this manner, it is because she knew that we are very suspicious just now of people coming from England.

ALL. (*Nodding to each other.*) True! True!

LAN. Besides, the name, Pontcornet, is not in favor at present, as you all know. But the wife of Citizen Lansac has nothing to fear, I hope.

COURT. Nothing. (*To people, who have pressed about* FAN.) Come, come,—make way there! (*Exeunt men and women of the people gradually.*)

NICO. (*Aside to* GRAT.) The wife of Lansac? And Francois! What a blow for him!

LAN. (*To* KIRSCH.) Can you provide lodgings for my wife and myself?

KIRSCH. By all means.

LAN. I will examine them. (*Aside to* FAN.) Be prudent!

KIRSCH. This way, citizen. (*Aside.*) I wonder if *they* fight yet! (*Exit into inn, followed by* LANSAC.)

NICO. (*To* GRAT.) We must tell Francois.

GRAT. At once; for if he should meet her too suddenly—(*Shrugs his shoulders.*) Who knows?—

Exeunt NICO., *and* GRAT., L. 2. E. COURT. *and guards at back.*

FAN. My dear Militza!

MIL. Ah! That you should have married anybody but Francois!

FAN. I will explain all, by and by. But tell me, where is he?

MIL. At the tribunal, I believe. Do you love him still?

FAN. (*Overjoyed.*) More than ever. (*Aside.*) He is near, then!

MIL. But your husband—

LAN. *and* KIRSCH. *re appear.*

LAN. They will do very well.

FAN. (*With pleasure.*) Ah, cousin! I have found where he—

LAN. (*Offers arm, and gravely.*) Your arm, wife.

FAN. (*Takes his arm.*) I'll see you soon, Militza. (*Exit into inn, with* LANSAC.)

KIRSCH. Married? It has completely knocked me over. Think of it. It only took her two months to forget Francois! Is there such a thing in the world as a true woman?

MIL. What do you say?

KIRSCH. (*Angrily.*) I say that all women are false, fickle and treacherous; and it strikes me—

MIL. Does it? (*Slaps his face.*)

KIRSCH. (*Rubs face.*) That strikes me too! (*Salutes.*) All right, corporal. Discipline is discipline.

MIL. To think of it! Marrried, and to that fop,—that bandbox,—Lansac!

KIRSCH. It strikes me—no, it doesn't No! I beg pardon. I mean, I'd like to wring that Lansac's neck. Perhaps you would prefer to do it, and were getting your hand into practice when you nearly knocked my head off just now.

MIL. (*Driving him into inn.*) Will you be off? March!

KIRSCH. (*Salutes.*) All right, corporal. (*Going to inn.*)

Enter FRAN., *agitated,* L. 1. E., *followed by* GRAT. *and* NICO.

FRAN. Alas! It is true, then?

KIRSCH. They have told you—

FRAN. That Fantine is married.

MIL. Alas! Yes.

FRAN. To her cousin, de Lansac.

KIRSCH. They must have forced the poor child to do it. Still, a woman, as I well know, has a will of her own, and—

MIL. (*Frowns at him. He salutes sheepishly.*) They were here but now.

FRAN. (*Angrily.*) Together?

COURT. Courage, Francois! Courage!

NICO. (*Looking at inn.*) Here they come!

FRAN. (*Starting forward. He is held back by* COURT. *and* NICO.) Let me go!

OMNES. Francois!

Enter FAN. *and* LAN., *arm in arm, from inn. Exit* GRAT. *into guardhouse.*

FRAN. (*Placing himself before them.*) It is I!

FAN. (*Overjoyed, and going to him.*) Francois!

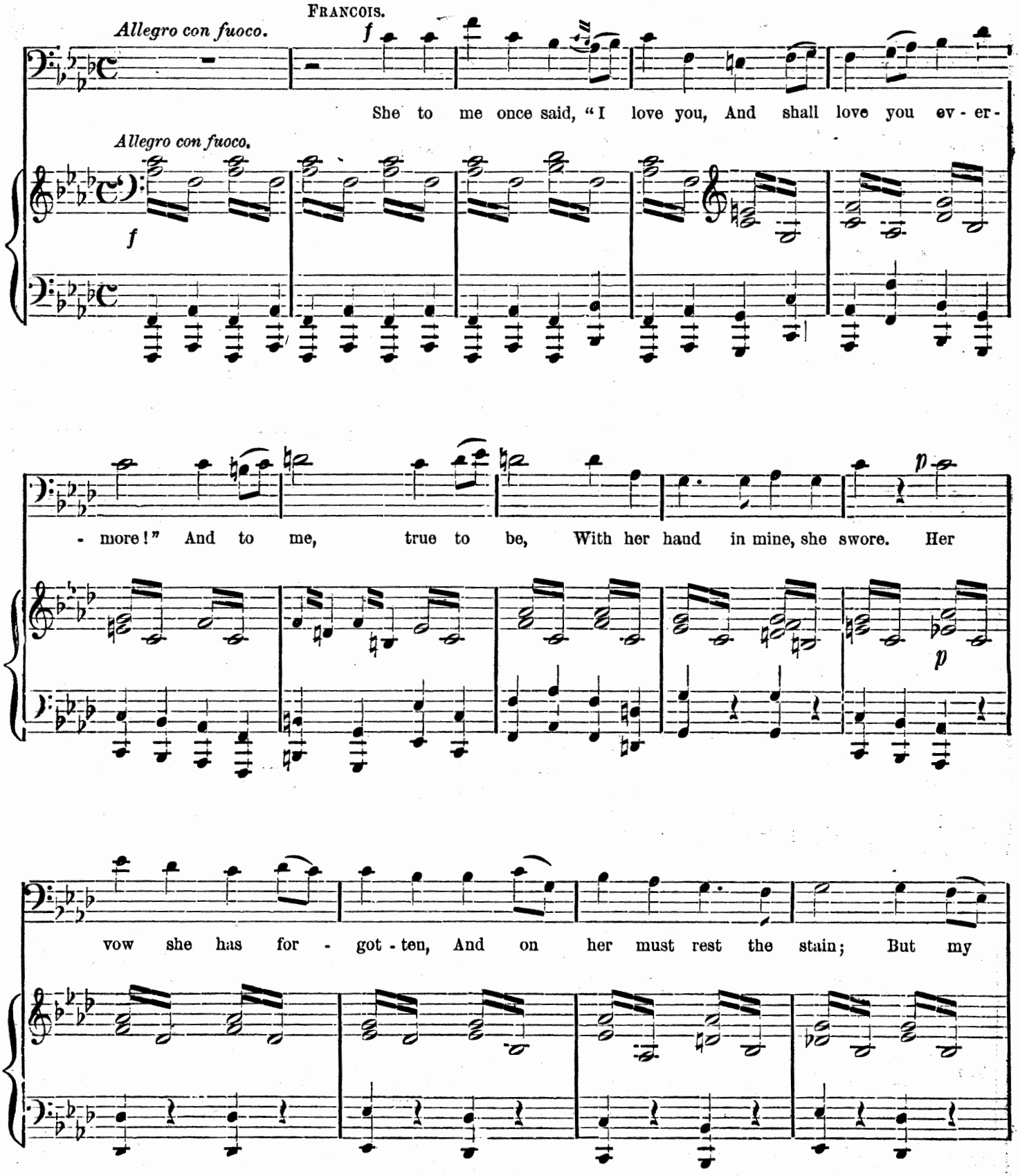
FRAN. (*Repulsing her.*) His wife! You are his wife!

LAN. Hear me!

FRAN. No!

"SHE TO ME ONCE SAID."

No. 26. FINALE. Francois.



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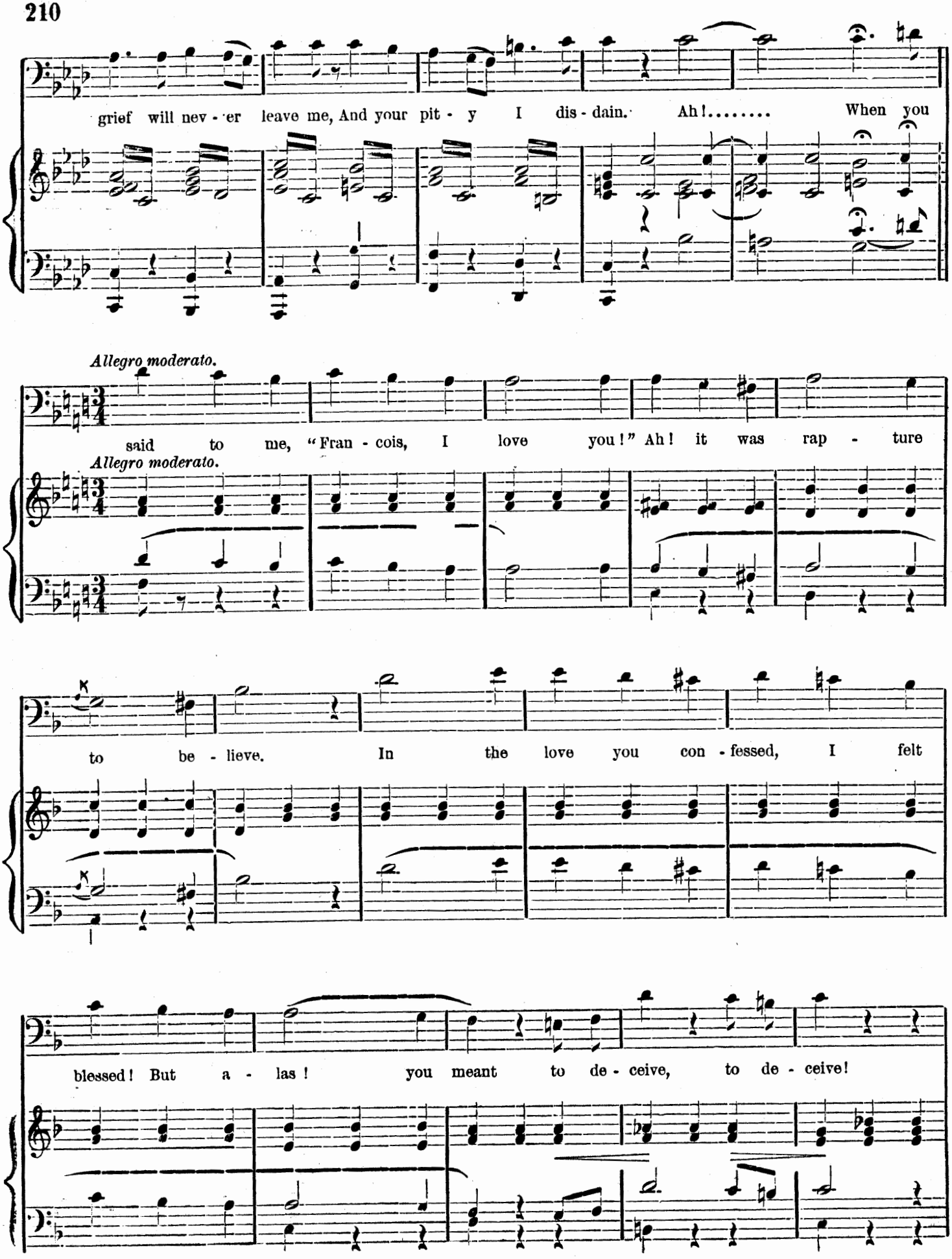
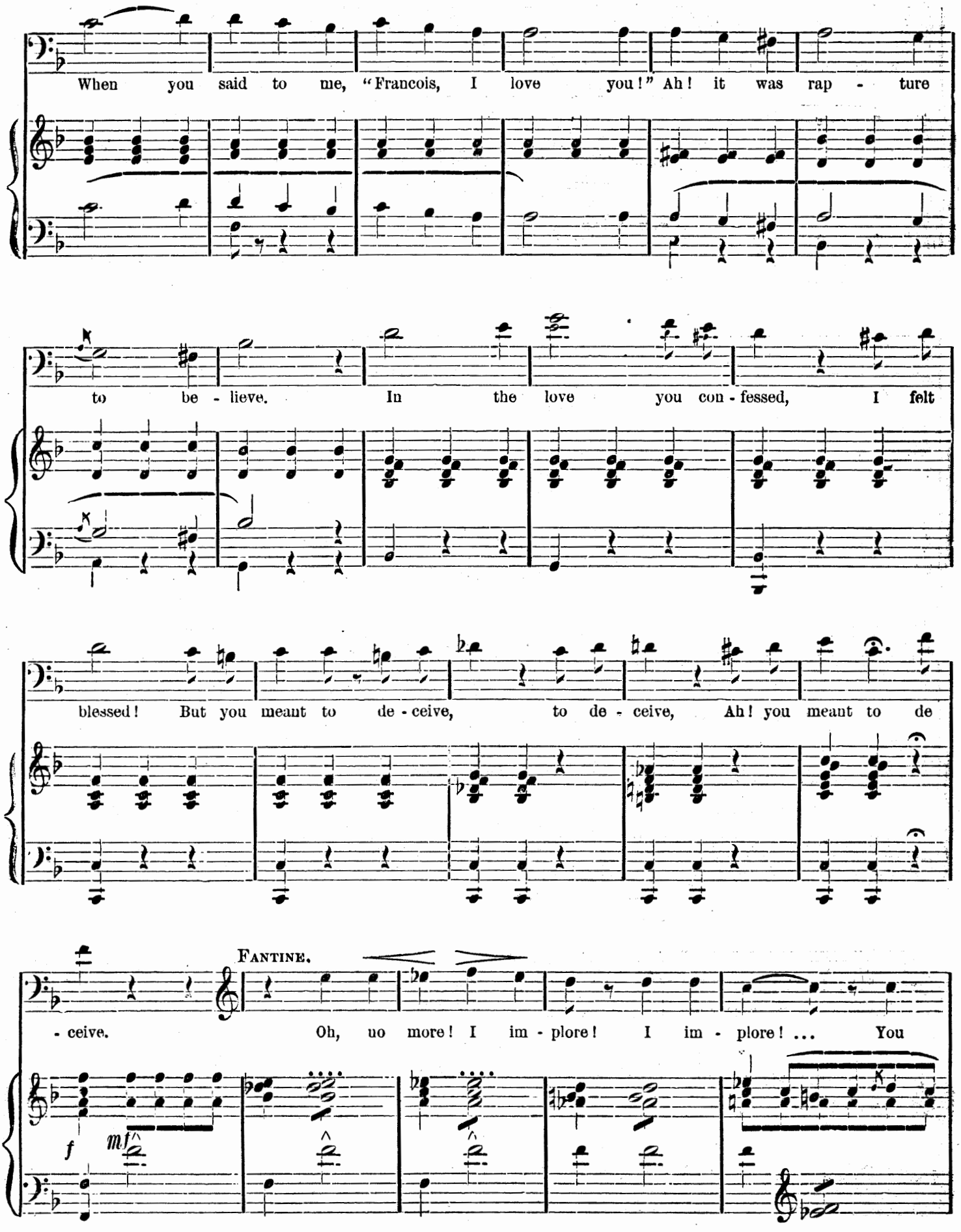
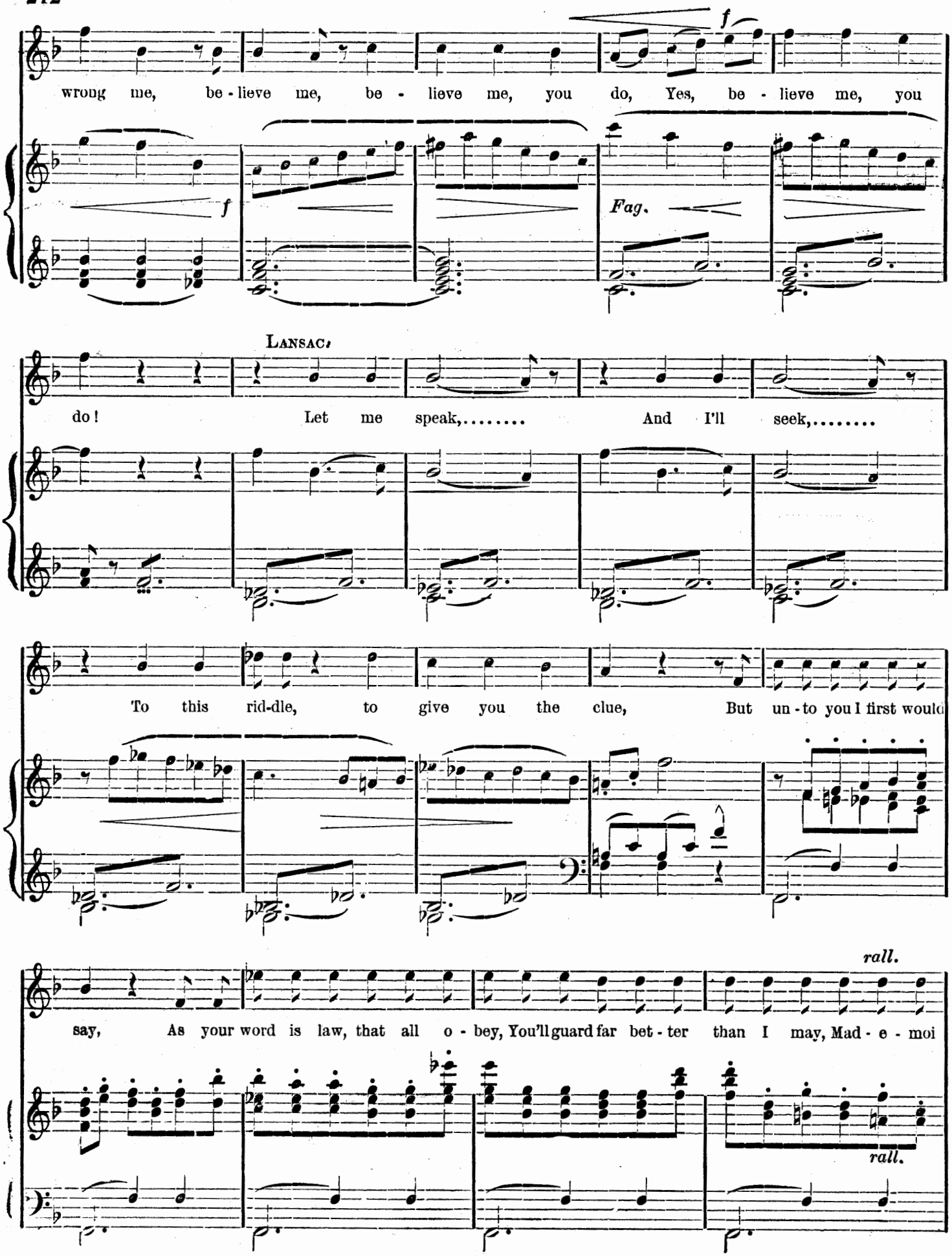
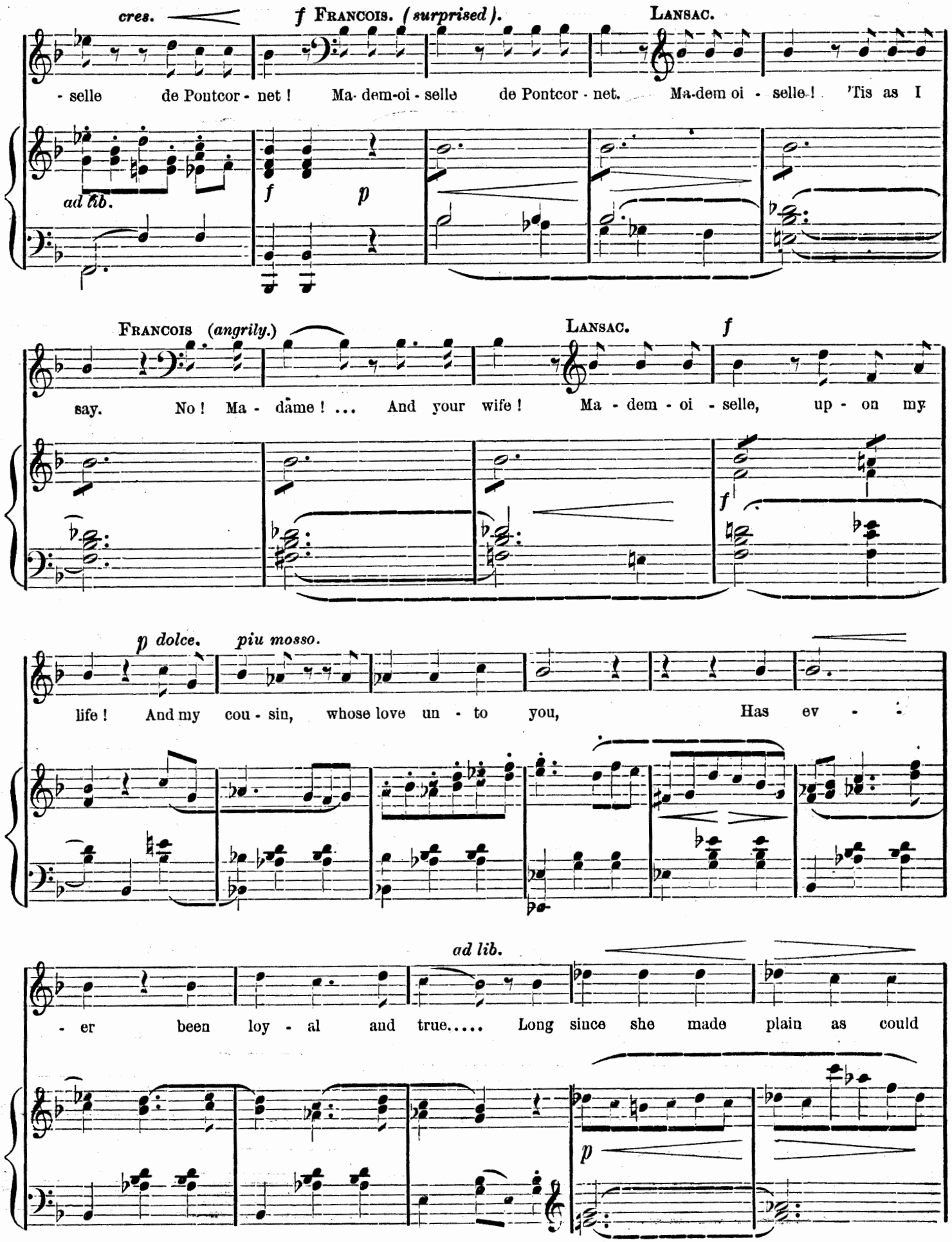
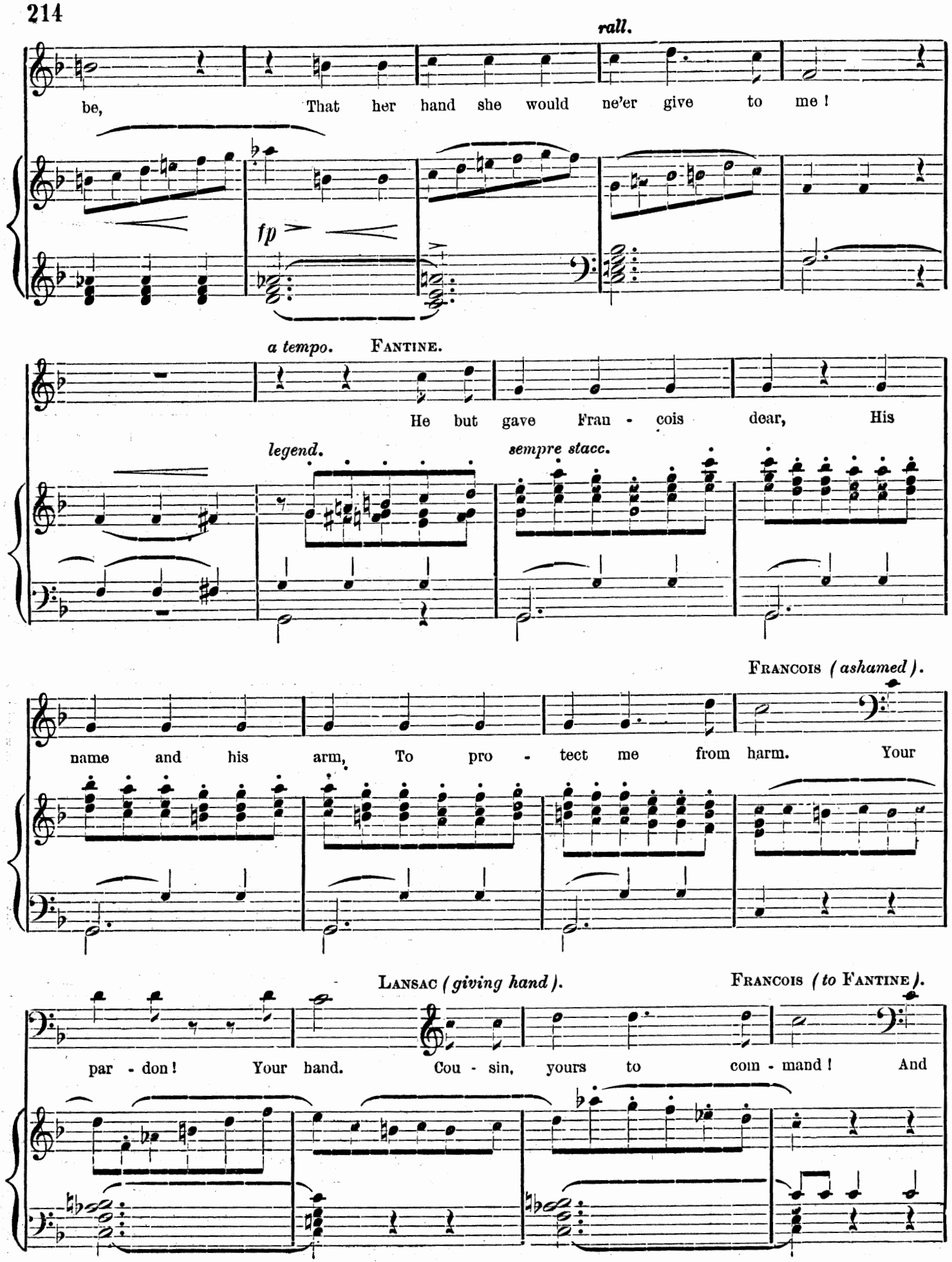
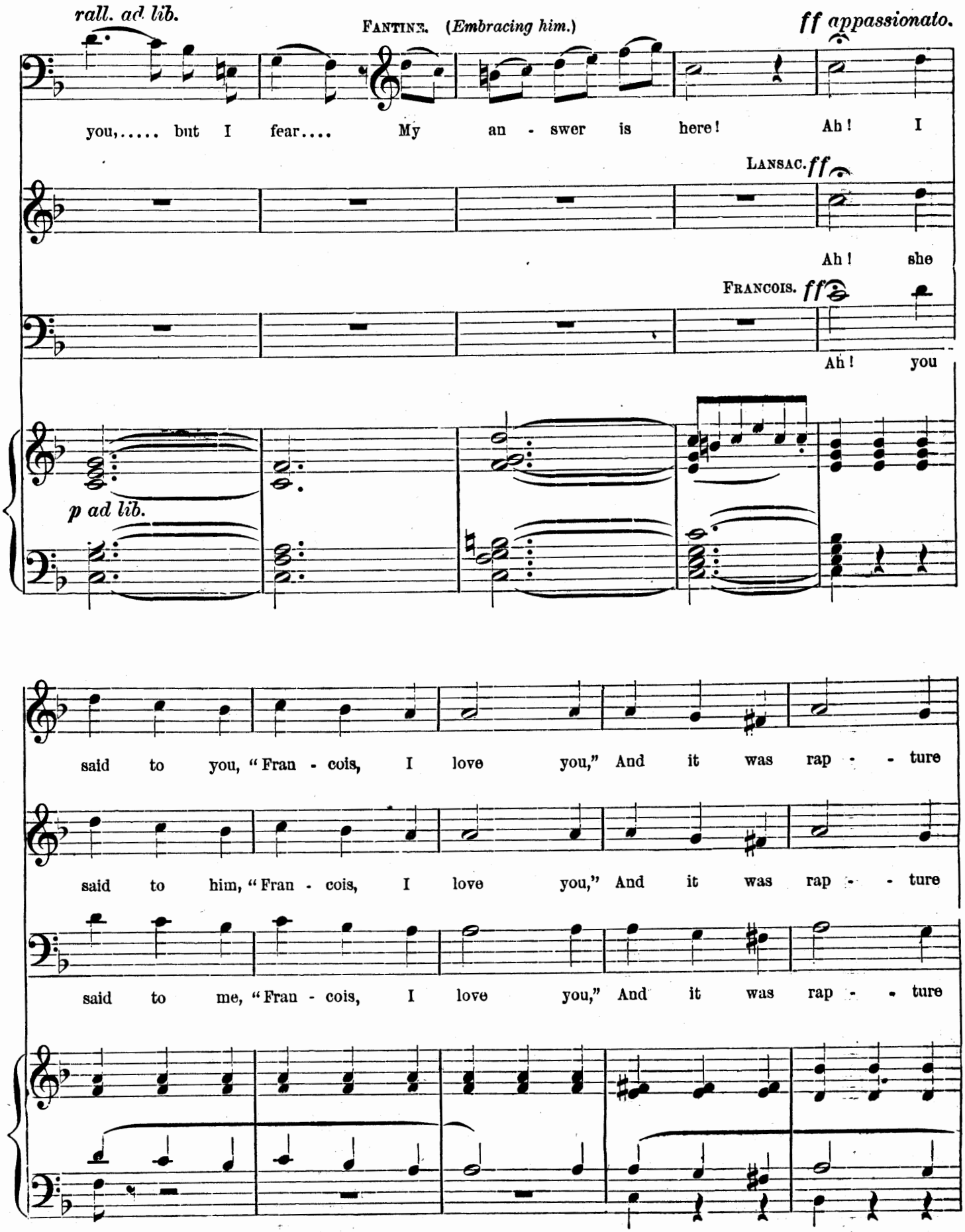

grief will nev - er leave me, And your pit - y I dis - dain. Ah!..... When you
Allegro moderato.
said to me, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Ah! it was rap - ture
Allegro moderato.
to be - lieve. In the love you con - fessed, I felt
blessed! But a - las! you meant to de - ceive, to de - ceive!

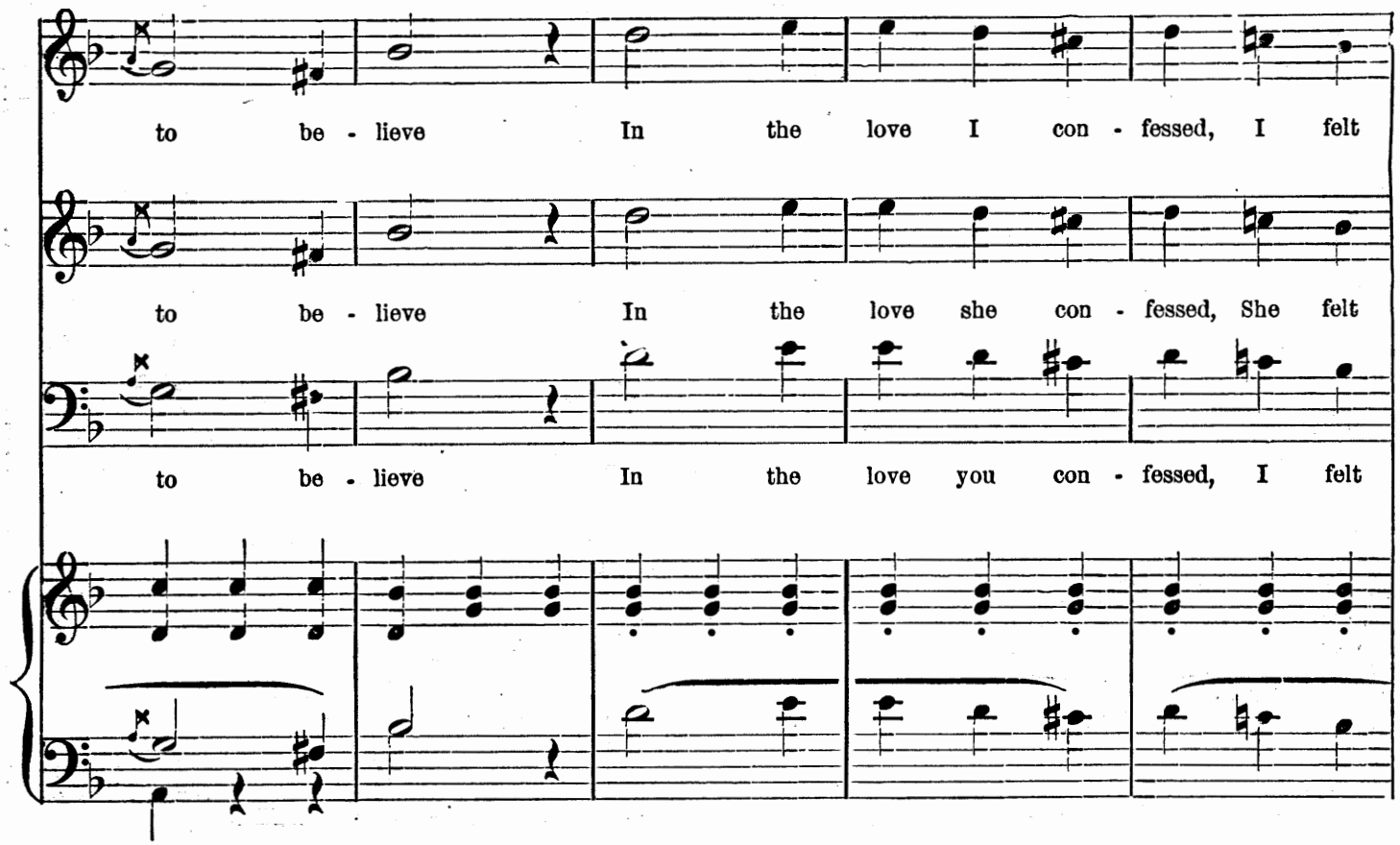

When you said to me, "Francois, I love you!" Ah! it was rap - ture
to be - lieve. In the love you con - fessed, I felt
blessed! But you meant to de - ceive, to de - ceive, Ah! you meant to de
FANTINE.
- ceive. Oh, uo more! I im - plore! I im - plore! ... You
f
mf

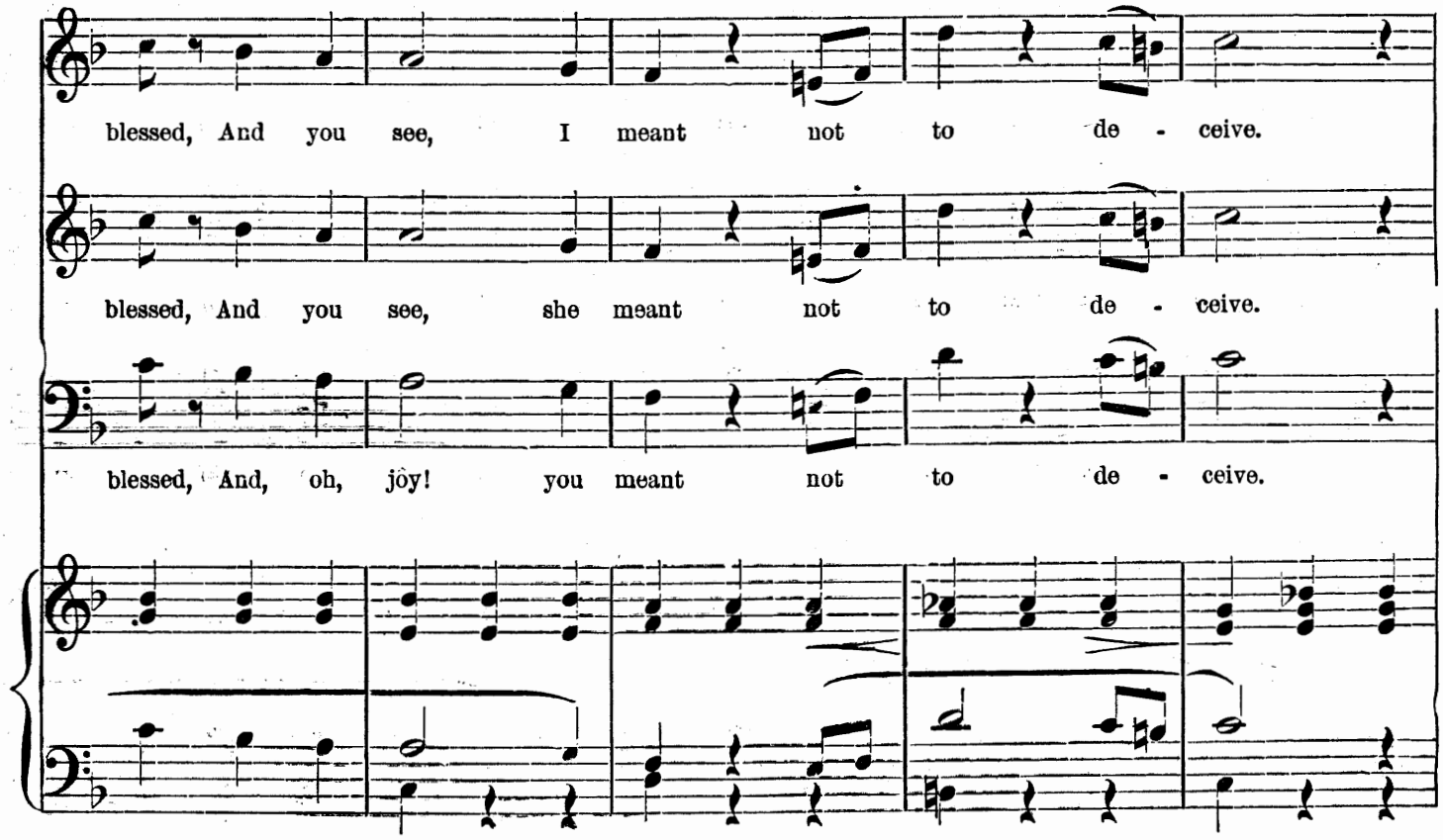

wrong me, be - lieve me, be - lieve me, you do, Yes, be - lieve me, you
f
f
Fag.
Lansac.
do! Let me speak,..... And I'll seek,.....
To this rid-dle, to give you the clue, But un - to you I first would
rall.
say, As your word is law, that all o - bey, You'll guard far bet - ter than I may, Mad - e - moi
rall.

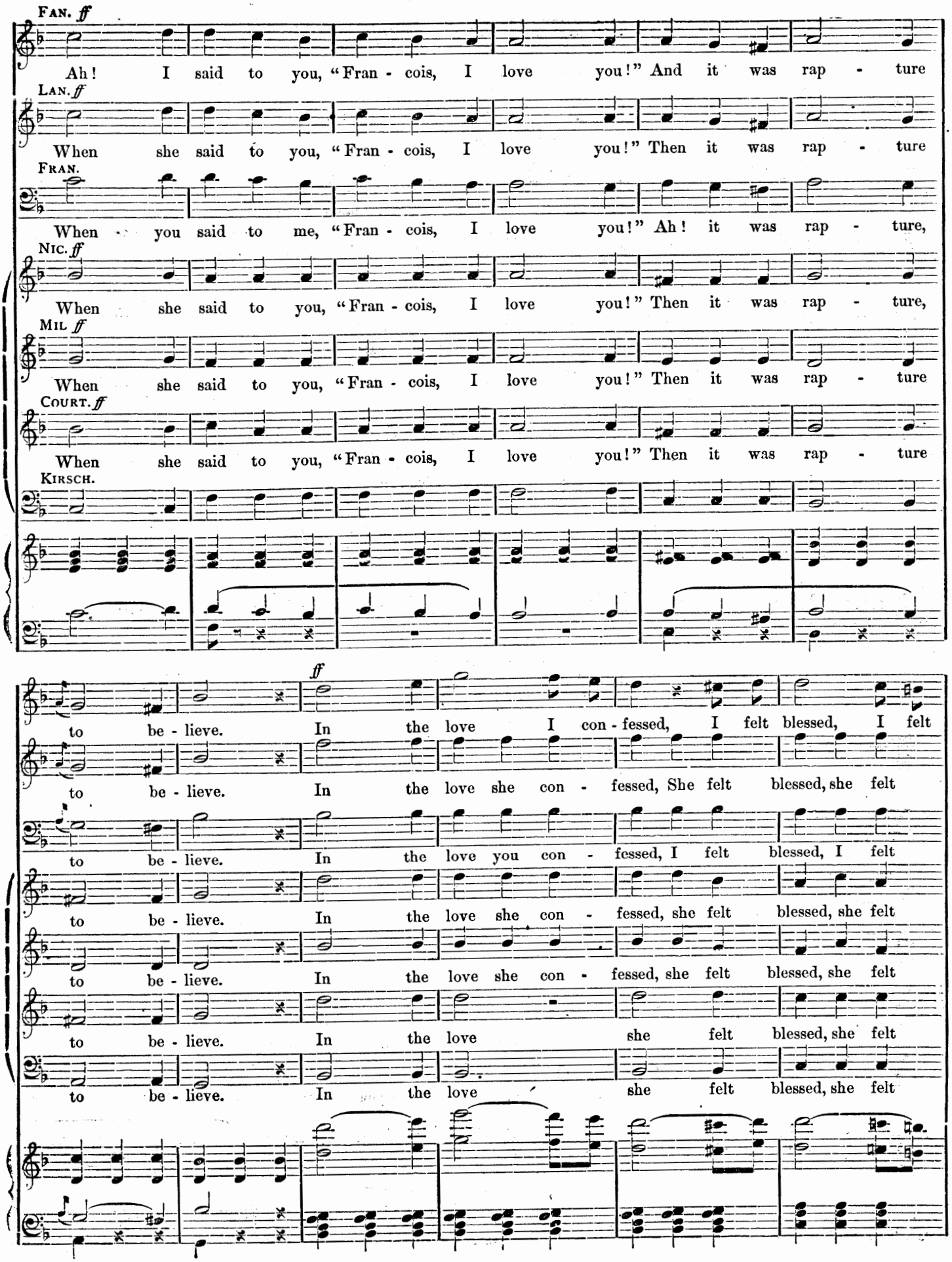

cres.
f FRANCOIS. (surprised).
LANSAC.
- selle de Pontcor - net ! Ma- dem-oi - selle de Pontcor - net. Ma-dem oi - selle ! 'Tis as I
ad lib.
f
p
FRANCOIS (angrily.)
LANSAC.
f
say. No ! Ma - dame ! ... And your wife ! Ma - dem - oi - selle, up - on my
f
p dolce.
piu mosso.
life ! And my cou - sin, whose love un - to you, Has ev - -
ad lib.
- er been loy - al and true..... Long since she made plain as could
p

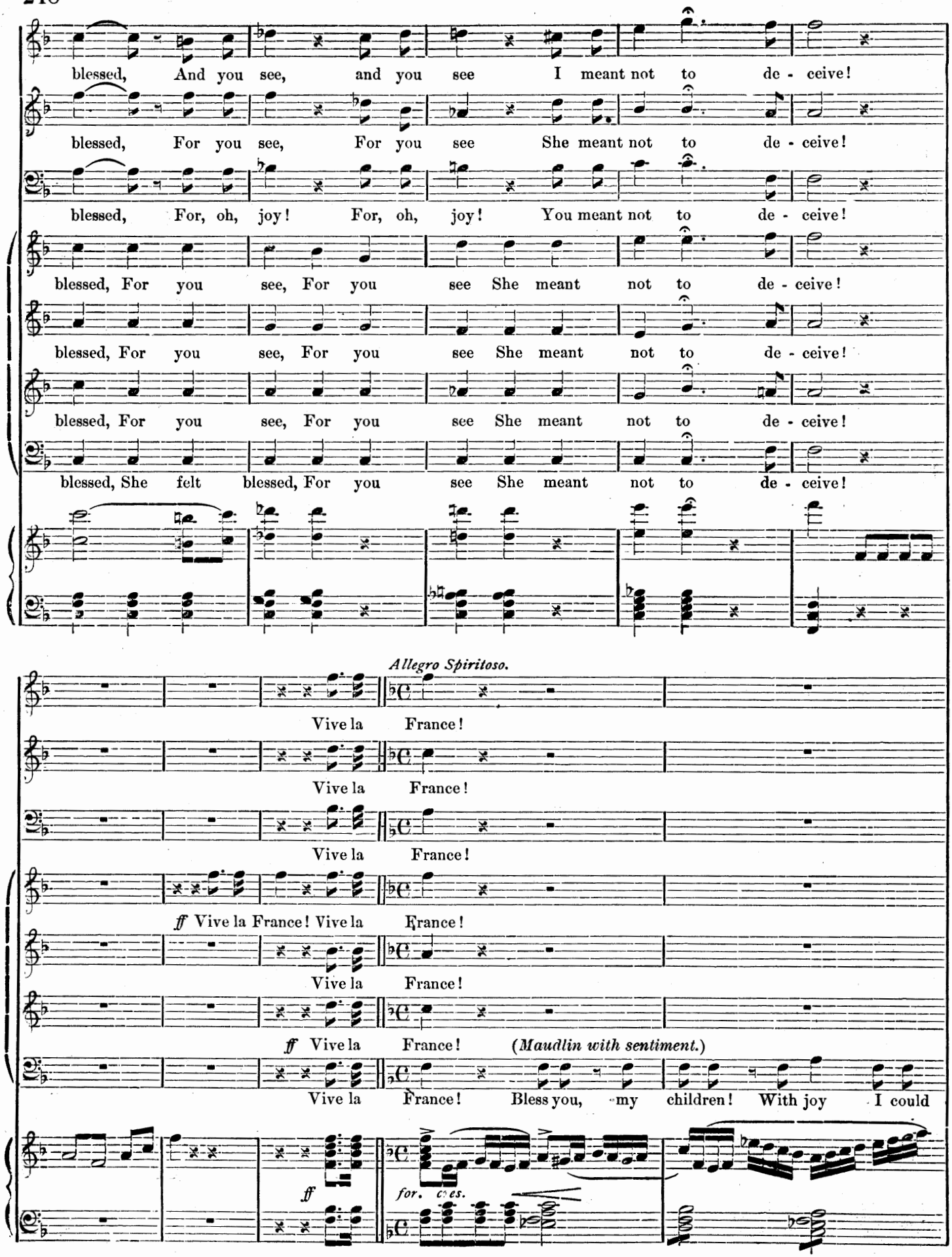

rall.
be, That her hand she would ne'er give to me!
fp
a tempo. FANTINE.
He but gave Fran - cois dear, His
legend.
sempre stacc.
FRANCOIS (ashamed).
name and his arm, To pro - tect me from harm. Your
LANSAC (giving hand).
FRANCOIS (to FANTINE).
par - don! Your hand. Cou - sin, yours to com - mand! And


rall. ad lib.
FANTINE. (Embracing him.)
ff appassionato.
you,..... but I fear.... My an - swer is here! Ah! I
LANSAC. ff
Ah! she
FRANCOIS. ff
Ah! you
p ad lib.
said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you," And it was rap - - ture
said to him, "Fran - cois, I love you," And it was rap - - ture
said to me, "Fran - cois, I love you," And it was rap - - ture


to be - lieve In the love I con - fessed, I felt
to be - lieve In the love she con - fessed, She felt
to be - lieve In the love you con - fessed, I felt


blessed, And you see, I meant not to de - ceive.
blessed, And you see, she meant not to de - ceive.
blessed, And, oh, joy! you meant not to de - ceive.


FAN. ff
Ah! I said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you!" And it was rap - ture
LAN. ff
When she said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Then it was rap - ture
FRAN.
When you said to me, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Ah! it was rap - ture,
NIC. ff
When she said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Then it was rap - ture,
MIL ff
When she said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Then it was rap - ture
COURT. ff
When she said to you, "Fran - cois, I love you!" Then it was rap - ture
KIRSCH.
ff
to be - lieve. In the love I con - fessed, I felt blessed, I felt
to be - lieve. In the love she con - fessed, She felt blessed, she felt
to be - lieve. In the love you con - fessed, I felt blessed, I felt
to be - lieve. In the love she con - fessed, she felt blessed, she felt
to be - lieve. In the love she con - fessed, she felt blessed, she felt
to be - lieve. In the love she felt blessed, she felt
to be - lieve. In the love she felt blessed, she felt


blessed, And you see, and you see I meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, For you see, For you see She meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, For, oh, joy! For, oh, joy! You meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, For you see, For you see She meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, For you see, For you see She meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, For you see, For you see She meant not to de - ceive!
blessed, She felt blessed, For you see She meant not to de - ceive!
Allegro Spiritoso.
Vive la France!
Vive la France!
Vive la France!
ff Vive la France! Vive la France!
Vive la France!
ff Vive la France! (Maudlin with sentiment.)
Vive la France! Bless you, my children! With joy I could
ff
for. es.

(Enter GRATINET *and soldiers.)*

Allegro Marziale e Marcato.
(GRAT. *saluting* FRAN.)

dance! I have got two pris - 'ners

ff Side Drums.

fp

FRAN.

here, And they're both half-dead with fear! Bring them both this way; I'll question

(GRAT. *salutes and exit.*)

(Re-enter GRAT. *with* PONT. & COUNTESS *in guard of two soldiers.)*

them with - out de - lay!

fz

MARQUIS. *(piteously.)*

What harm in me d'ye see? Can't you hear what I have said? I'm in the harmless

ff

FRAN. *ad lib.*

trade, Of sell - ing sim - ple lem- on - ade! What do I see? It can-not be! The

ff OMNES:

Mar - quis de Pont - cor - - - net! The Mar - quis de Pont - cor - net! . . .

ff

p

p LANSAC. FANTINE. COUNTESS. *Allegro moderato.* MARQUIS.

Un cle! Fa - ther! Francois, oh joy! An en - - - e -

p

p

FANTINE. (*Aside to* FRANCOIS.)

- my who would des - troy. Fran - cois, pro - tect him pray; Fran - cois, pro tect him

cres. sf

FRANCOIS *to* GRATINET. (*Reproachfully.*)

pray. My zeal - ous Gra - ti - net! Are you mad? Up - on my life, You've brought the fa - ther

fz

for. OMNES.

of my wife, The fa - ther of my wife! The fa - ther of his wife, The

f

The fa - ther of his wife, The

for.

MARQUIS. (*Astounded.*) LANSAC. (*Aside to* MARQUIS.)

fa - ther of his wife. His wife? What, you? His fa - ther? I? A -

fa - ther of his wife.

FANTINE. (*To* MARQUIS.)

- gree, un - - less you wish to die! Con - sent! I

p

love him still, I love him, I love him, I love him

MARQUIS. *rall.*

still. . . . . Then have it as you will, Then have it as you

rall.

MARQUIS. (*Aside to* COUNTESS.) (*To* FRANCOIS.)

will. We're safe, we're safe! No oth - er way. Well,

Recit. ad lib. (*Slaps him on back.*) *ff* OMNES. MARQUIS. (*Gaily to all.*)

son - in - law! How goes it? Eh? Long live cit - i - zen Pont- cor - net. Come, we all must hap py

ff

Long live cit - i - zen Pont- cor - net.

sf ad lib. *ff* *p*

COUNTESS. (*Aside.*) *ff* OMNES:

be. For - ev - er lost! oh, ag - o - ny! Long live Fran - cois! . . . .

ff

Long live Fran - cois! . . . .

ff *for.*

Allegretto. FANTINE.

The poor street sing - er's sto - ry Thus in con - tent - ment ends; Their

f *p*

fu - ture will be hap - py, But all on you de - pends. To fill, of joy, her

meas - ure, But needs you to con - fess, Her wish to give you pleasure May wear the crown suc-

(Clapping hands.)

- cess ! Come, say ! we pray ! For Francois, hosed in blue, Known to all, Both

SOPRANO. *f* ENSEMBLE.

Come, say ! we pray !

TENOR. *f*

Come, say ! we pray !

BASS. *f*

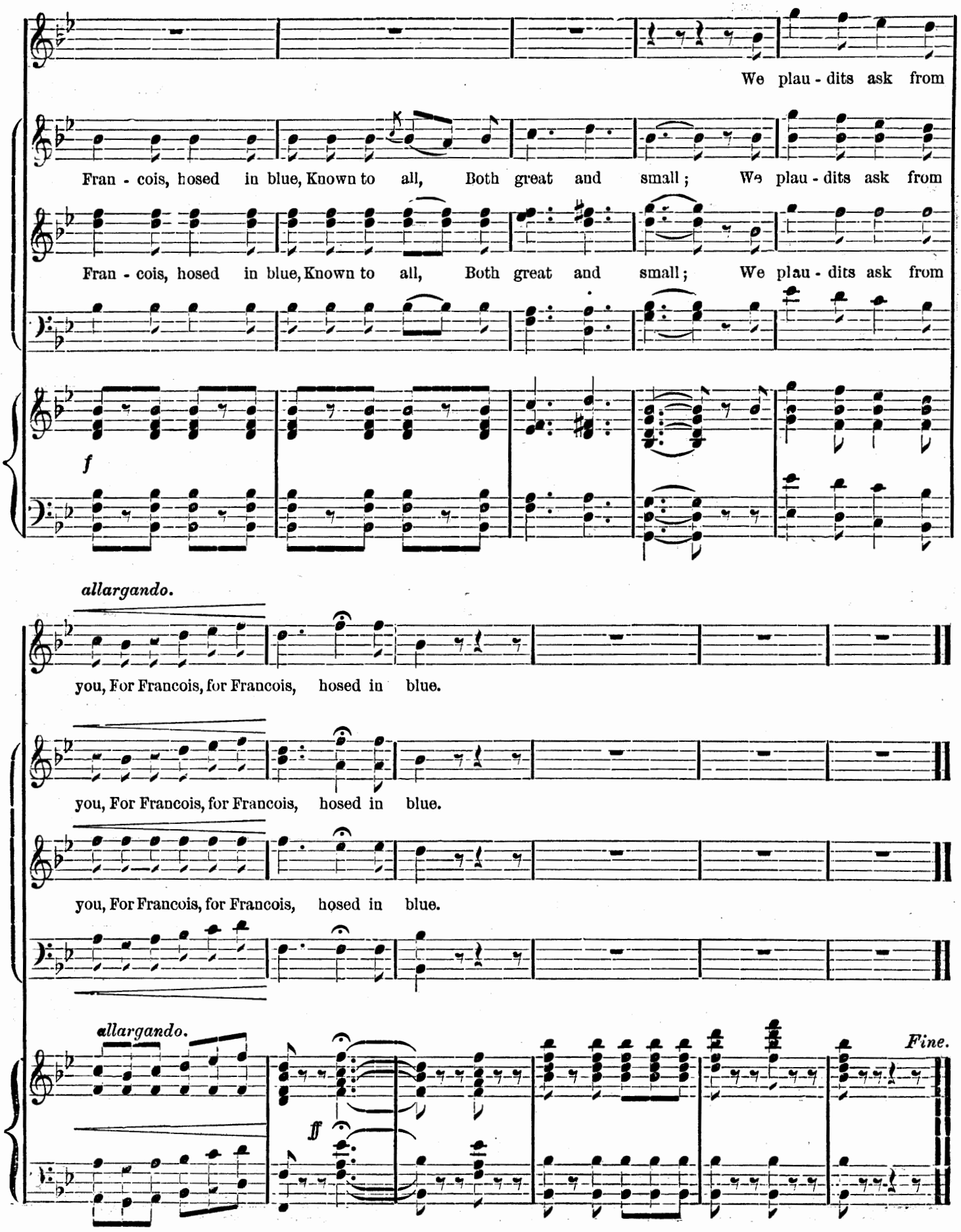
p *f* *p* *f*

great and small ;.... We plaudits ask from you !..... Give them, if 'tis our due !....

f

For *f*

For *f*


We plau - dits ask from
Fran - cois, hosed in blue, Known to all, Both great and small; We plau - dits ask from
Fran - cois, hosed in blue, Known to all, Both great and small; We plau - dits ask from
f
allargando.
you, For Francois, for Francois, hosed in blue.
you, For Francois, for Francois, hosed in blue.
you, For Francois, for Francois, hosed in blue.
allargando.
ff
Fine.

Home Musical Library.

List 1. -- Books of Vocal Music.

The following books embrace twenty, if not all, the really good and popular music that has ever been published in cheap form. The [illegible] publishers early, [illegible] all the existing gems, and their facilities for the completion of books of this character, together with the experience and knowledge of what will be [illegible] books in this form, give them [illegible] extraordinary advantages in making a selection of those which will prove most popular, of lasting merit, and of all [illegible] nature. Each book of the Home Library contains from 200 to 300 pages, of full sheet music size. All accompaniments may be played either on the Piano or Reed Organ. Prices of each book: In boards, $0.60; in cloth, $1.00; full gilt, $1.50.

The Sunshine of Song.

This book, containing some 200 pages, and 80 songs, was published in the winter of 1877-78, and the variety of songs, in many cases with choruses, which can be found here, seem to be well suited to the popular taste, which is ever eager for something fresh, new and entertaining. We think that this book fills the bill very acceptably.

CONTENTS.

Ah! this heart with joy.	Little old rabbit.
Bonnie Jean.	Lovely, oh, so lovely!
Chime again.	Nancy Lee.
Close your eyes tenderly.	Nearer, sweet Spe.
Cow bells in the lane.	Old home.
Darling, let me dream again.	Only a flower.
Don't let my mother die.	Room for all.
Early in the morning.	Speak softly.
'Tis like violets.	Sweet Nellie.
Is there room in heaven?	'Tis home.
	Weep not, Mother.

and 45 others.

Beauties of Sacred Song.

This is a brilliant addition to the Home Musical Library, and comprises a wealth of "sacred song" by such composers as Handel, Abt, Gounod, Sullivan, Thomas, Pinsuti and others. There are 86 pieces, with piano accompaniment, and may be played on the organ if desired. There are—

There's a green hill far away.	Bells home at last.
Above the stars.	Angels' Greeting.
Angels ever bright.	He wipes the tears from every eye.
Palm branches.	There be the kingdom.
He Grows without a Cross.	O rest in the Lord.

Moore's Irish Melodies.

By a felicitous combination of the forces of the past years, and the composer Stevenson, the best types of the songs of Ireland have been collected and Arranged in a pleasing form, and have become fairly celebrated. They have been largely translated into foreign languages, and wherever played or sung, are especially noteworthy for the pure, sweet English, set to music, whose harmony of sound and action proclaim the work of a skilled master.

CONTENTS.

Come o'er the sea.	Oh, breathe not his name!
Come rest in this bosom.	Origin of the harp.
Farewell to my harp.	Rich and rare were the gems.
Fair Erin.	The harp that once thro'.
I'd twine me the hyper.	The 'an rose of summer.
I rest from the bench.	The meeting of the waters.
Let Erin remember.	The valley lay smiling.
Love's young dream.	The minstrel boy.
Wave Cruina.	The Shamrock.

and 35 others.

Gems of English Song.

[illegible] Farm. 80 Songs. Dewdrops &c. A hasty glance at the choice specimens titles of its contents here appended will be sufficient proof of the sterling character of this very nice collection—by all considered the finest yet issued. It has recently been revised and enlarged.

CONTENTS.

Ah! if thou couldst know.	Let me dream again.
Angels ever bright and fair.	Nancy Lee.
Bells and Shamrocks.	Nazareth.
Bonnie Bella.	One morning.
Beautiful bird, sing on.	Sing on, sweet Angelus.
By the blue sea.	Sleep.
Consider the lilies.	Sing, Birdie, Sing.
Dudgeon I under and true.	Speak to me.
Fly forth, O gentle dove.	Tender and true.
Hour of sweet flowers.	Twickenham Ferry.
I am weary with rowing.	Welcome, pretty primrose.
I love my love in the morning.	Who's at my window? German Wedding Song.

and 45 others.

The World of Song.

A book of 320 large pages, embracing a world of variety, from the pens of such well-known composers as Millard, Engelbrecht, Abt, Sullivan, Danks, Balfe, Webster, Blake, Pinsuti, Foster, Brockway, Frost, Molloy, Campana, Claribel, Root, Hawthorne, and others of equal reputation.

It contains a host of sparkling little gems.

PART OF THE CONTENTS.

And eyes will watch for thee.	Heart bowed down.
And you will I.	Kissing through the bars.
Angels whisper good-night.	Little brown cot.
Beautiful Land.	Maggie's answer.
Beautiful love.	Nancy's in the cold ground.
Blown in on the ryn.	Nicodemus tonight.
Breathe again those sweet words.	Mother says I mustn't. My heart's best love.

and 80 others.

Operatic Gems.

In this book of 232 pages will be found a very beautiful collection of the choicest operatic gems, taken from the most popular operas and arranged for parlor use. It is of the same general tenor as "Operatic Pearls," although in most respects comprising selections of a somewhat easier and popular nature. There are 78 pieces, of which we mention:—

Oriental Alla.	Ah, Mute thought!
When the fair land of Fe-land.	Return, my beloved!
Strand, fly with me!	Strabella's prayer.
Let me like a soldier fall!	Lonely I wander.
Like a dream.	Come love, fly thee.
Queen of Heaven (Cantata).	On yonder rock reclining.

Franz's Album of Song.

Old and New. A very fine volume of songs by Robert Franz, including many of his most recent compositions, with which he has favored us during the past few years. These songs are highly classic compositions, and will be best appreciated by those who's musical tastes have been carefully cultivated. It is a large paper, 200 contains over 100 songs in both English and German text. We select a few from their number:—

Wedding, whither thy flight? (Whirle wohin so schnell?)
Coming my love to-day? (Kommst diese Liebchen heute?)
Dream song to May (Traumlied im Mai).
Dear child mine, mine (Herzliges Kindlein).
Farewell (Sein Kuss).
Fountain (Der Quell).
Lonely Rose (Einsame Rose).
Song of the Lark (Lerchenlied).
Sailor (Im Kahn).
Wanderer's Song (Wanderlied).
While thine eyes reflected (Ich habe's Empfunden).

Household Melodies.

VOLUME I.

The Household Melodies, divided into two volumes, each of which contains twenty-five choice songs, embracing many of the most popular ballads, sentimental gems, dialogs, duets, and quartettes, in each volume, is largely made up of choice melodies from the pens of such well-known American composers as to make them welcome in hundreds of homes, as well as the standard ones of many of which are [illegible] more prominent in the first and second [illegible] circles. We subjoin a few titles of the many bright things to be found within its covers:—

Abide with me.	Let the mountains be.
Angel voices.	Lovely Rosabelle.
Beautiful Isle.	Mother's prayer.
Beautiful eyes.	O I wish I were a Bird.
Crushed forever.	Please tender grass.
Dream of love.	Shall we meet again.
Dying Hymn.	Sweet are the flowers.
Forsaken.	Thinking of thee.
Good eve.	When Baby Kisses.
I love thee.	

and 30 others.

Household Melodies.

VOLUME II.

As has been said in noticing Vol. I, a large portion of the compositions of American song writers, of [illegible] reputa, and well known to all lovers of [illegible] music, will be found within the pages of [illegible] volumes. A few foreign compositions of [illegible] choicest kind, quite as [illegible] popular, and [illegible] work of the three volumes is a [illegible] and tasteful selection, some of them [illegible]

Alla Serena.
Bring back my child.
Don't be jealous.
Good bye.
Is mother there?
Let not your heart.
Oh, dear love!
Sister pearl Sweet.
Sweet Angels.
The little boy cried.
The Vesper Bells.
True as steel.
Wanderer's return.
Will you meet me?
You'll forget me.

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