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TCHAIKOVSKY

THE QUEEN OF SPADES

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(In U.S.A.)

G. SCHIRMER, Inc.
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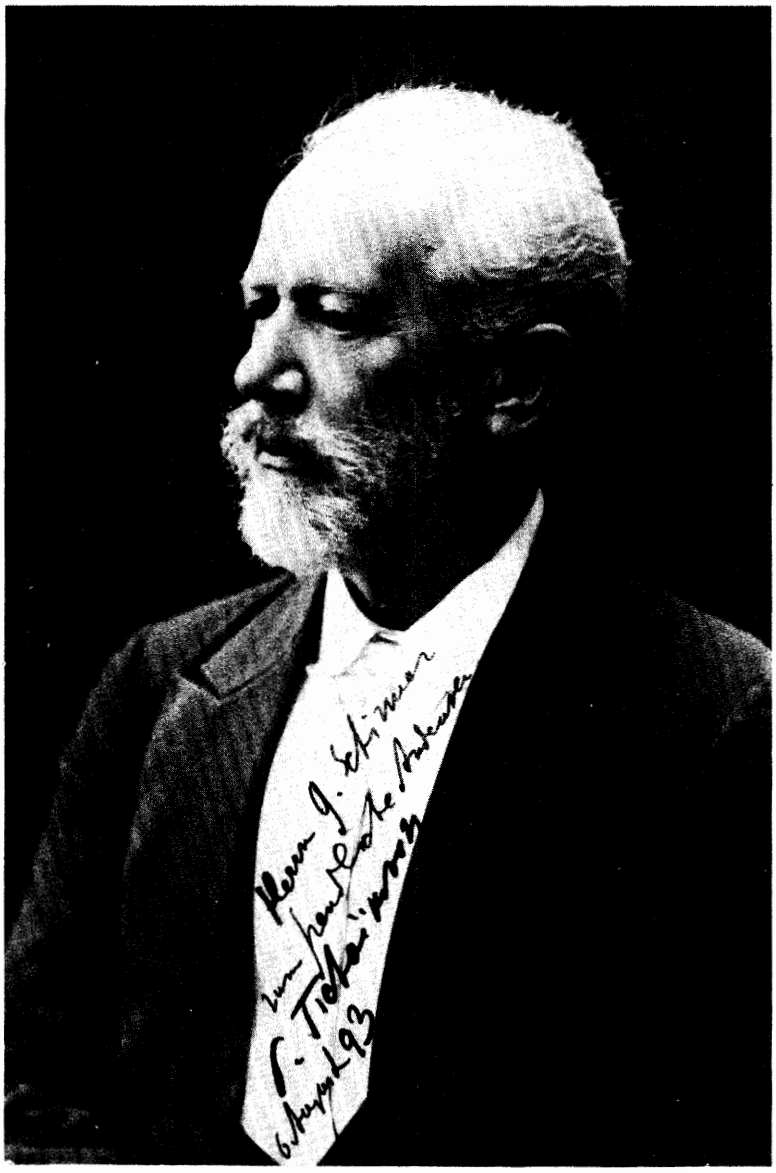

Photograph of P. I. Tchaikovsky, signed and inscribed to Gustave Schirmer, founder of the house

The QUEEN OF SPADES

An Opera in Three Acts and Seven Scenes

by

PETER ILYITCH TCHAIKOVSKY

Libretto by

MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY

English Version by

ROSA NEWMARCH

G. SCHIRMER, INC. New York

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Characters.

Herman	*1-st Tenor.*
Count Tomsky (Plutus)	*Baritone.*
Prince Yeletsky	*Baritone.*
Tchekalinsky	*Tenor.*
Sourin	*Bass.*
Tchaplitsky	*2-nd Tenor.*
Naroumov	*2-nd Bass.*
Master of the Ceremonies	*2-nd Tenor.*
Countess ***.	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Lisa	*Soprano.*
Pauline (Daphnis)	*Contralto.*
The Governess	*Mezzo-Soprano.*
Mary	*Soprano.*

Characters in the Interlude.

a) Chloë	*Soprano.*
b) Daphnis (Pauline)	*Contralto.*
c) Plutus (Count Tomsky)	*Baritone.*

The scene is laid in St. Petersburg at the close of the Eighteenth Century.

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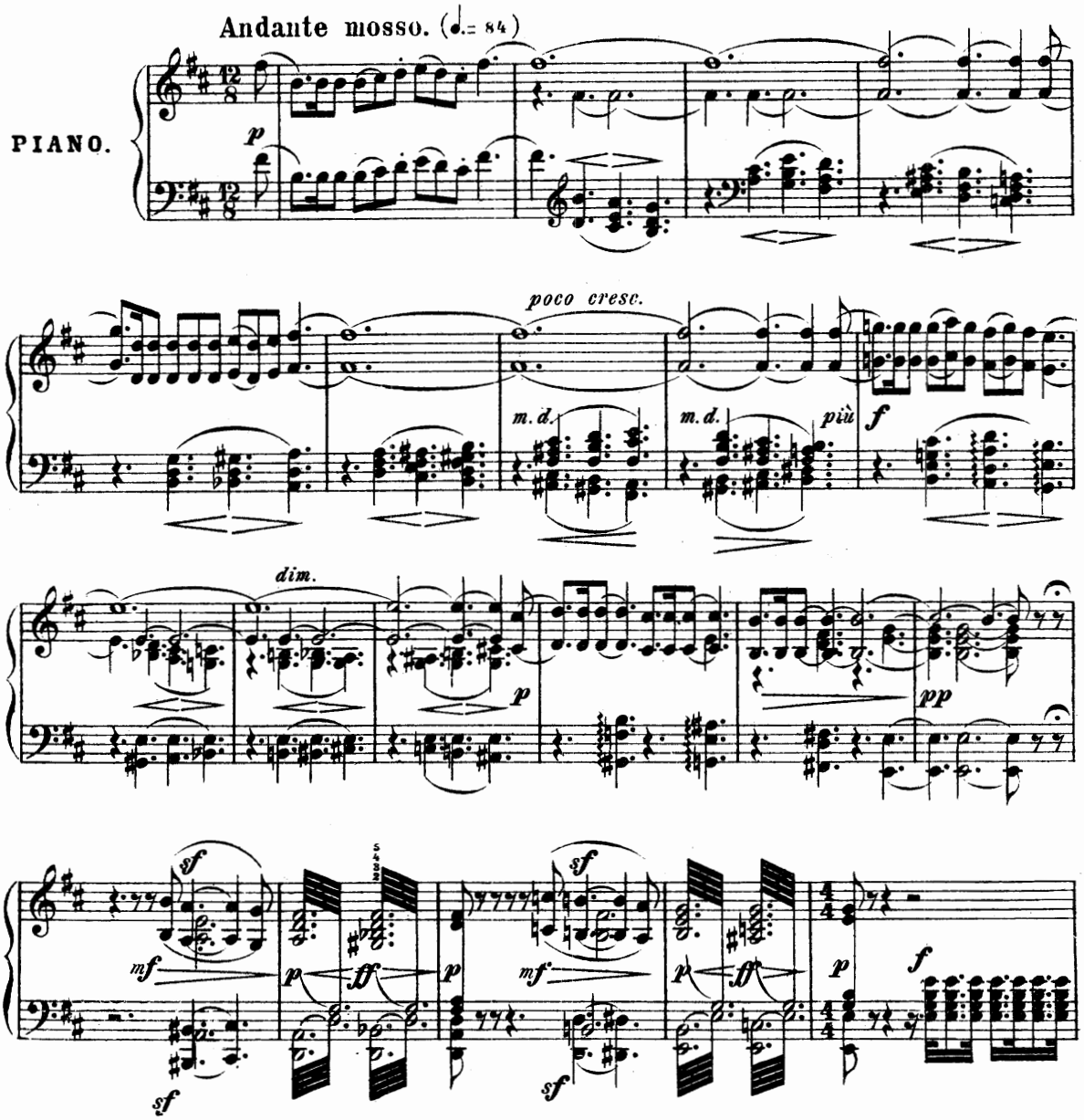
The Queen of Spades

English version by Rosa Newmarch
(after the Russian of Modeste Tchaikovsky)

Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky, Op. 68

INTRODUCTION.



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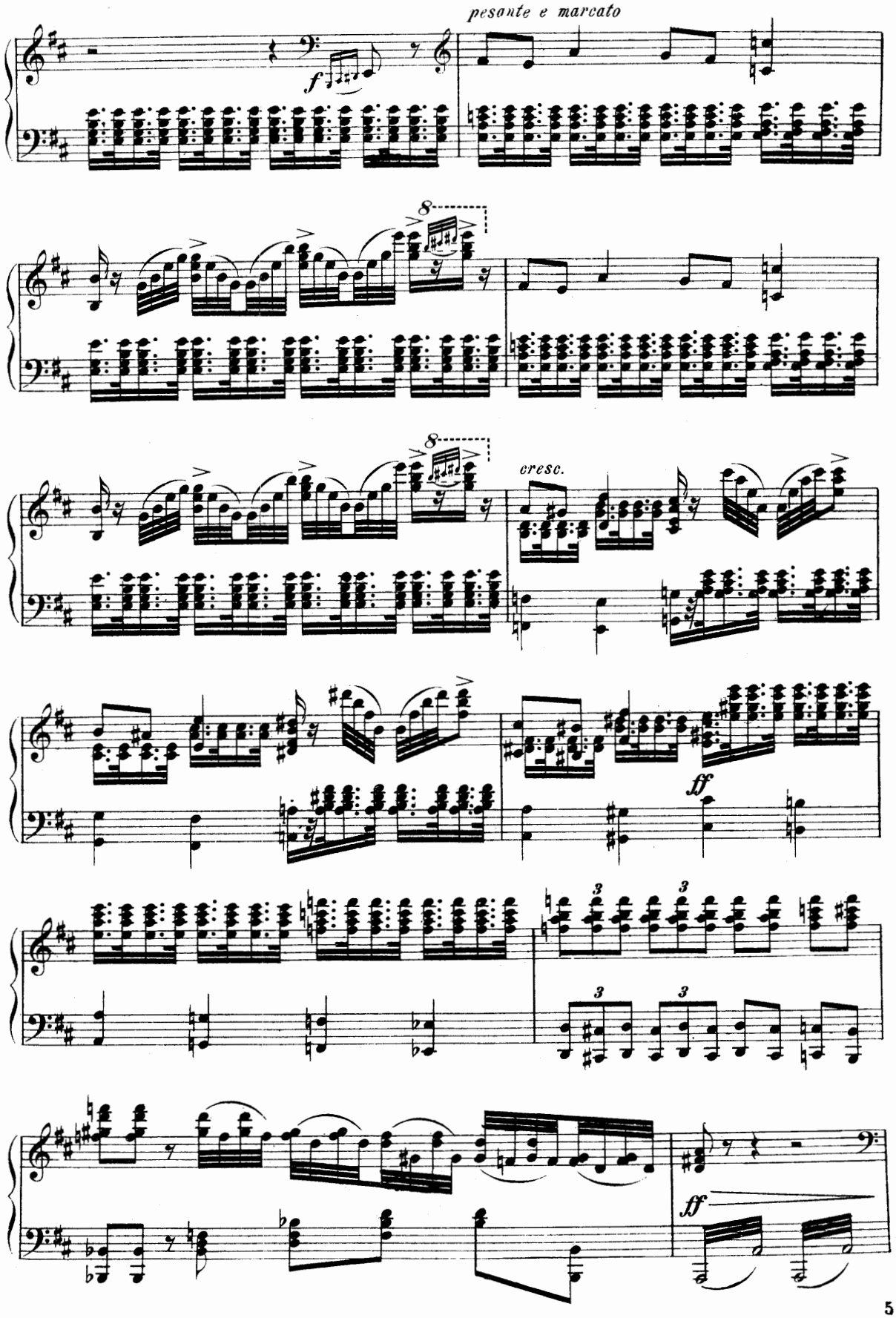
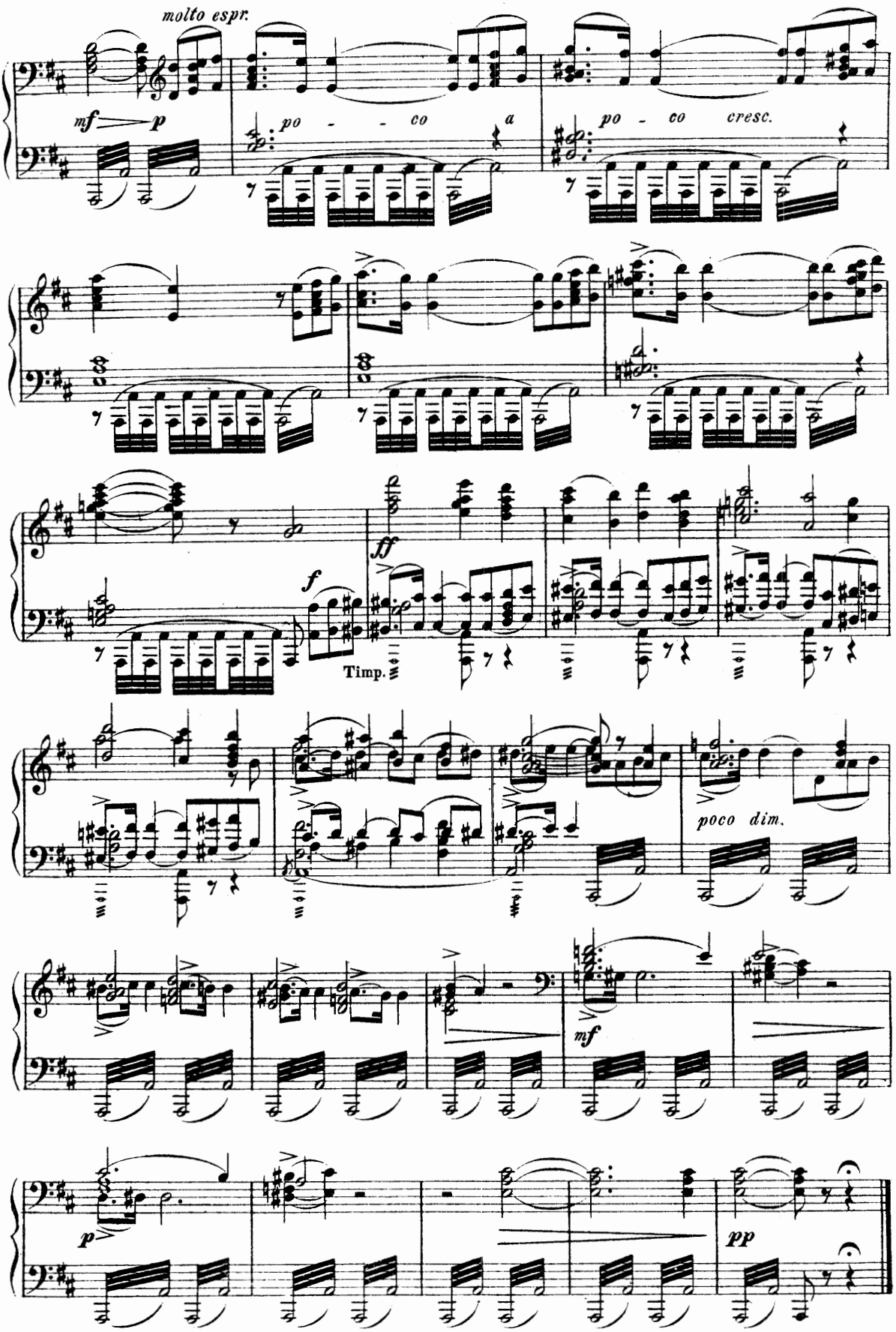

pesante e marcato
f
8
8
cresc.
ff
3
3
3
3
ff

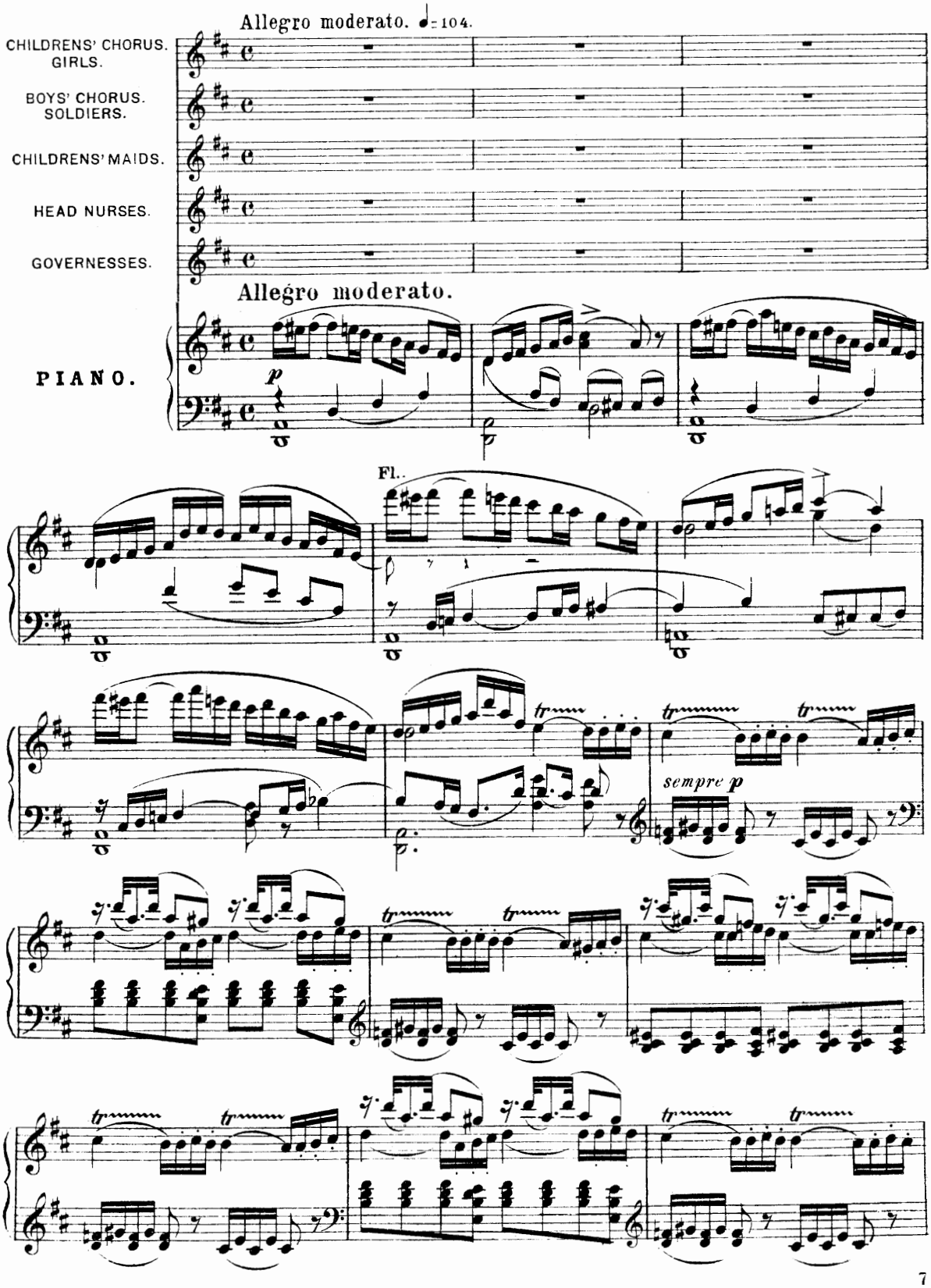

molto espr.
mf
p
po - co a
po - co cresc.
f
ff
Timp.
poco dim.
mf
p
pp

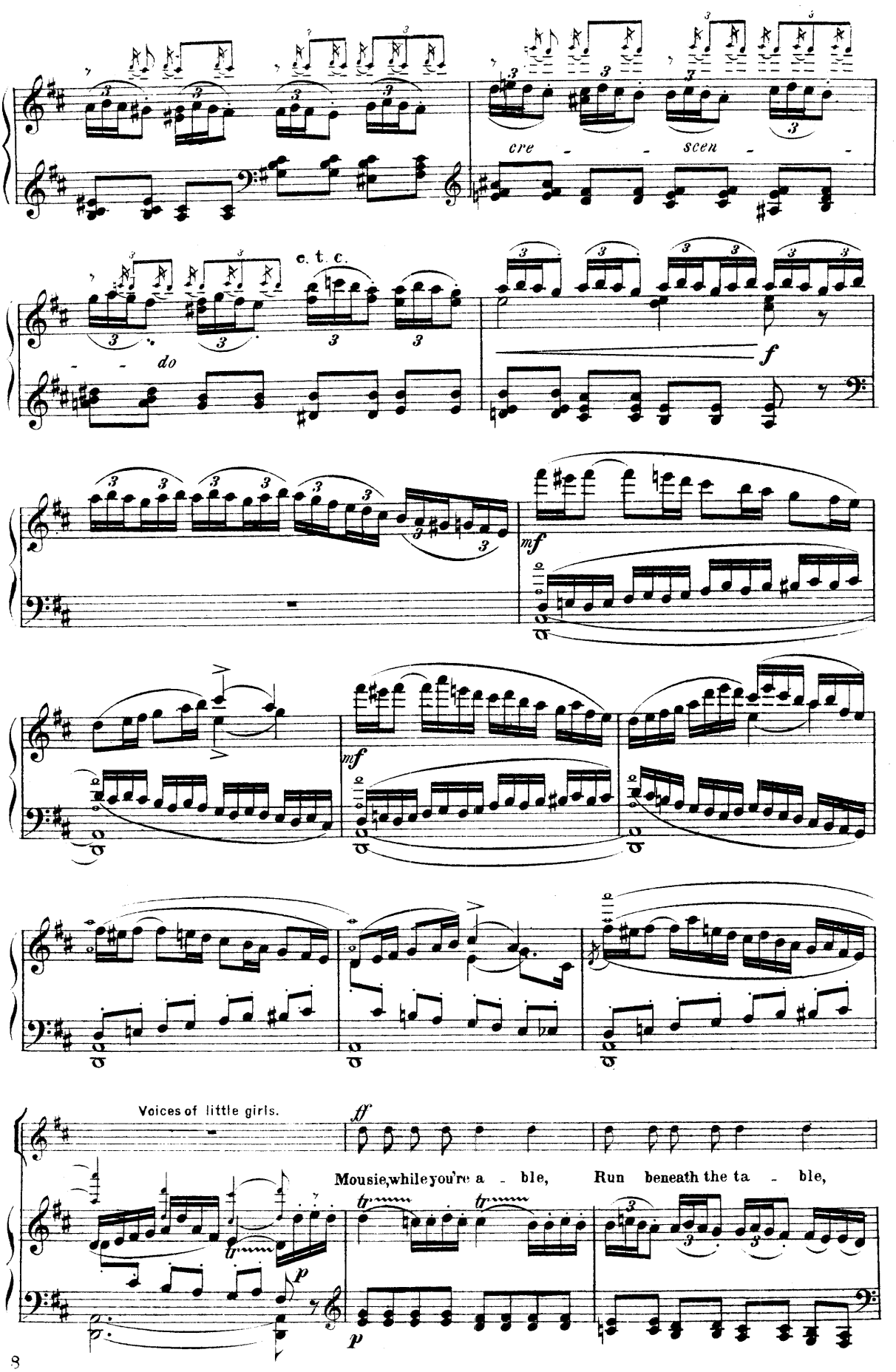
ACT I.

SCENE I.

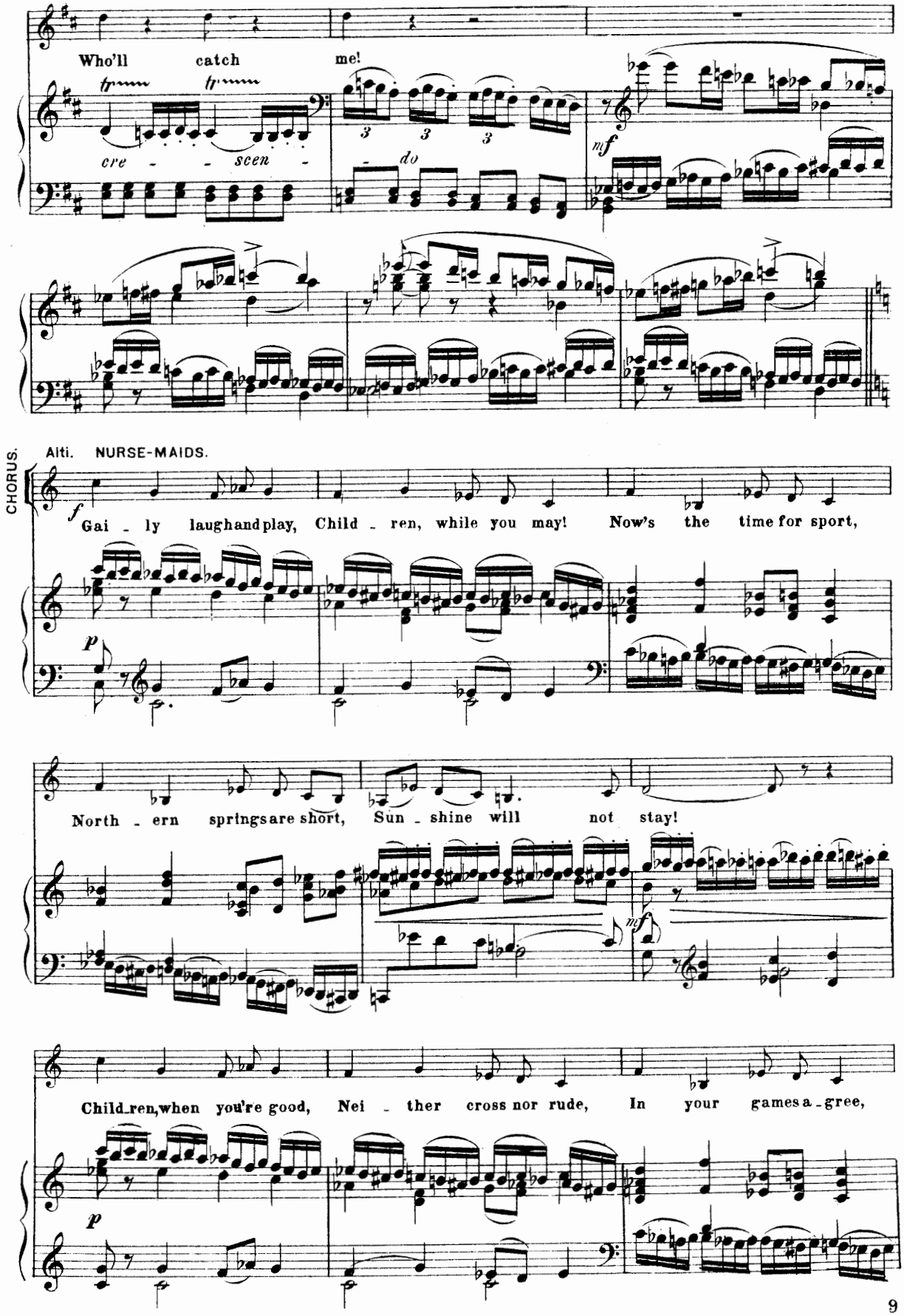
Spring. A open space in the Summer Garden, St. Petersburg. Seated on the benches are nurses and governesses, chatting together. Some of the children are playing at races; others have skipping-ropes, balls etc.

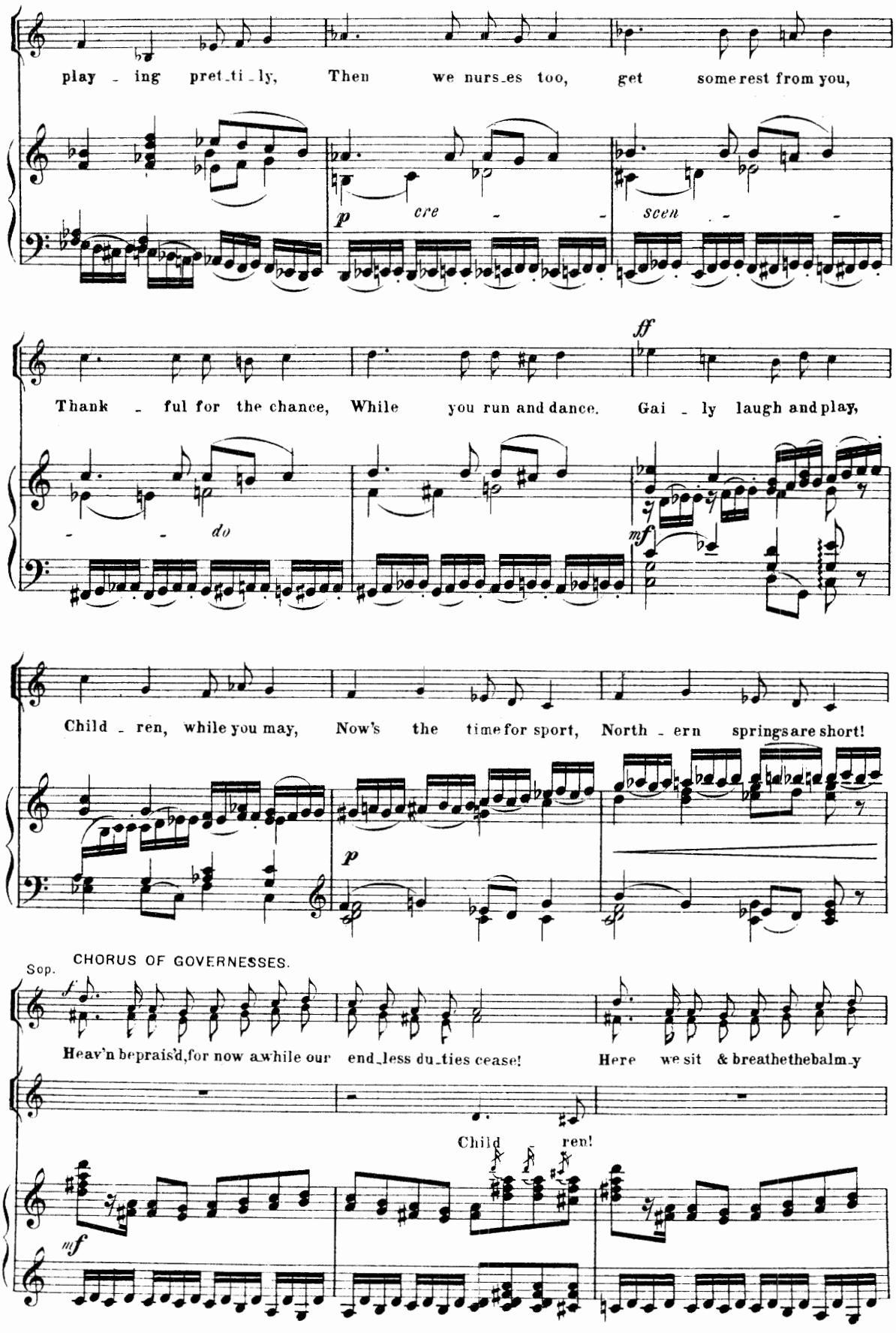
№1. Chorus of Children, Nurses etc.

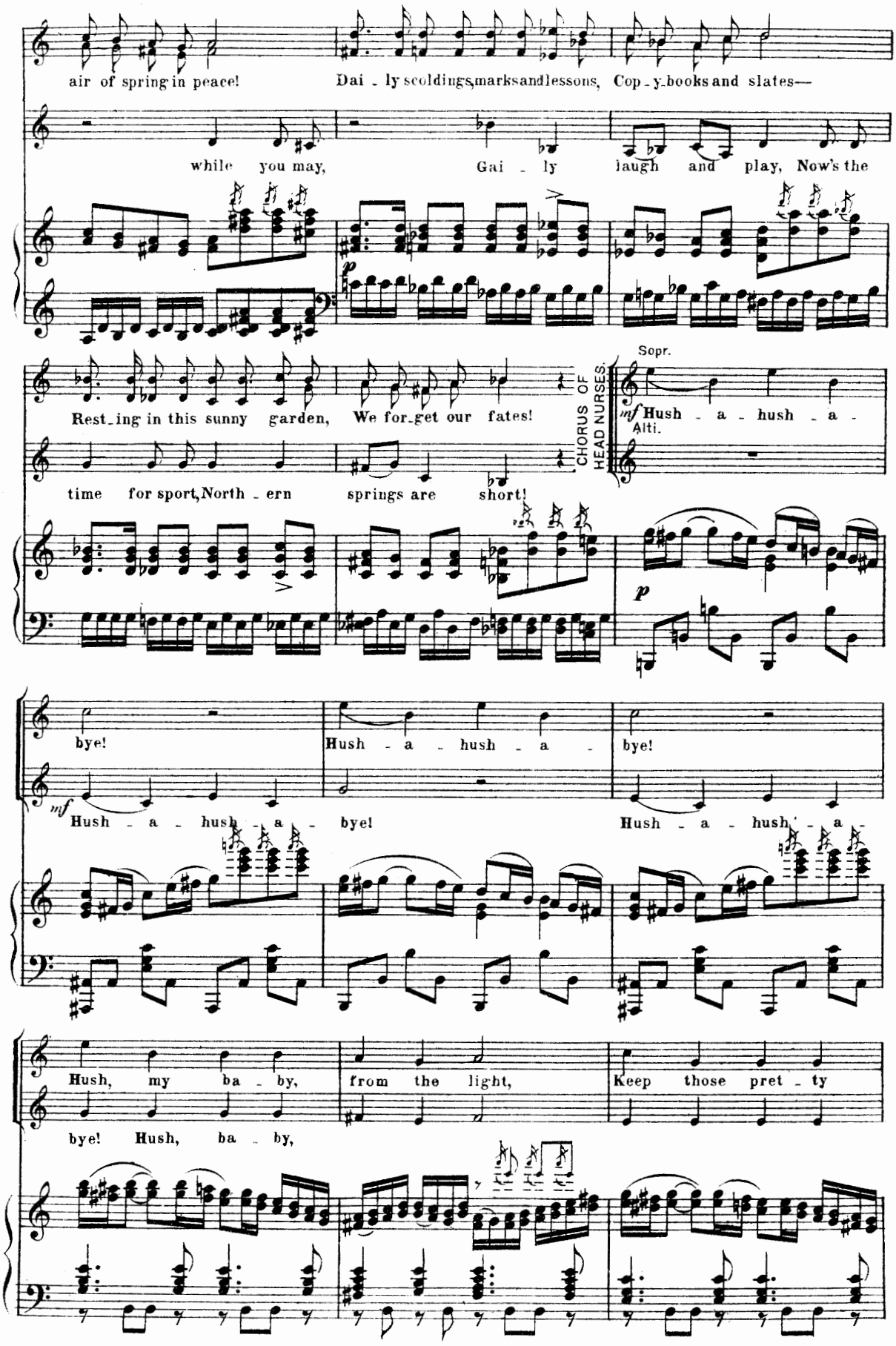


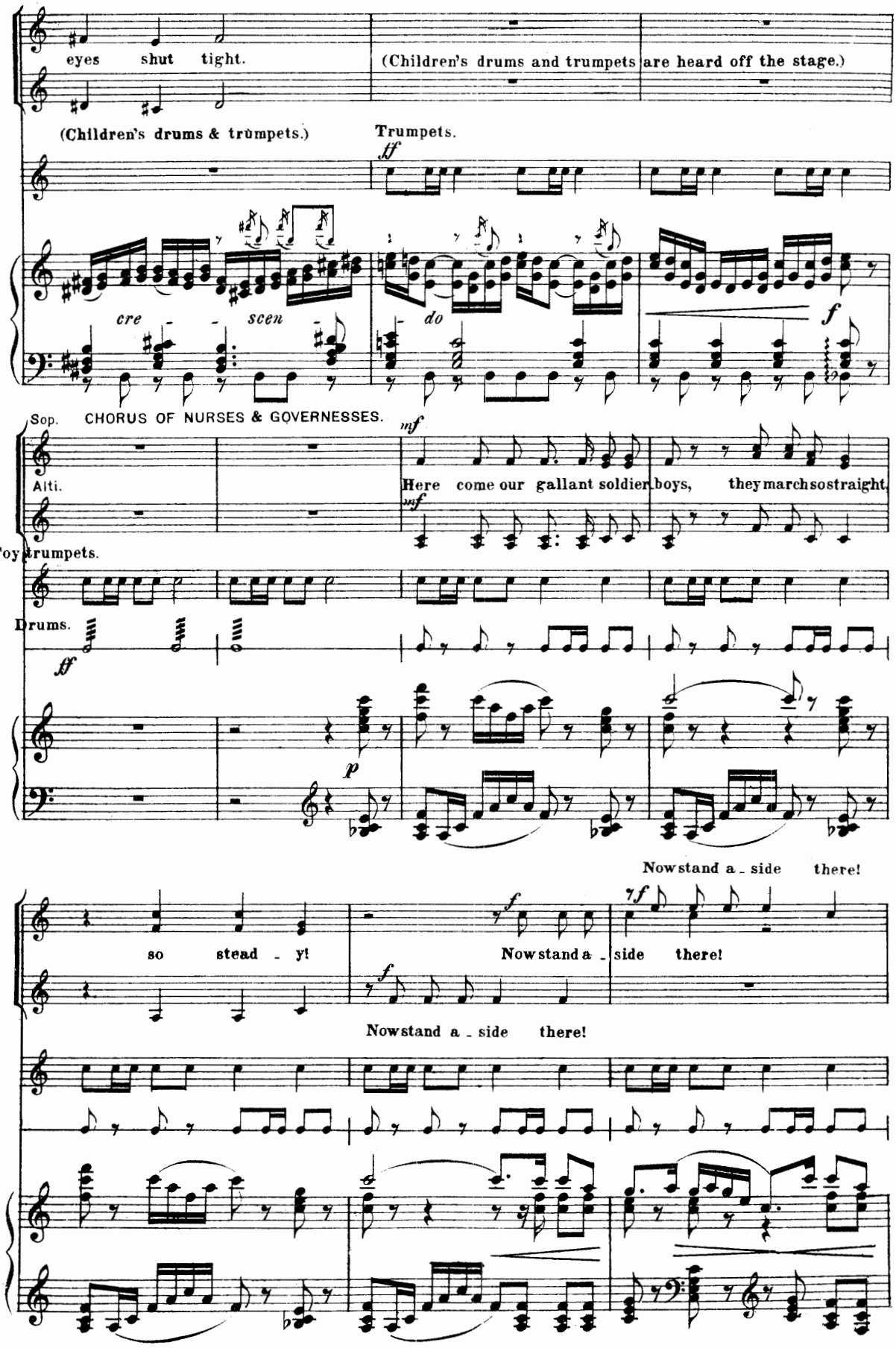

cre - - scen - -
c. t. c.
- - do
f
mf
mf
Voices of little girls.
ff
Mousie, while you're a - ble, Run beneath the ta - ble,
p
p

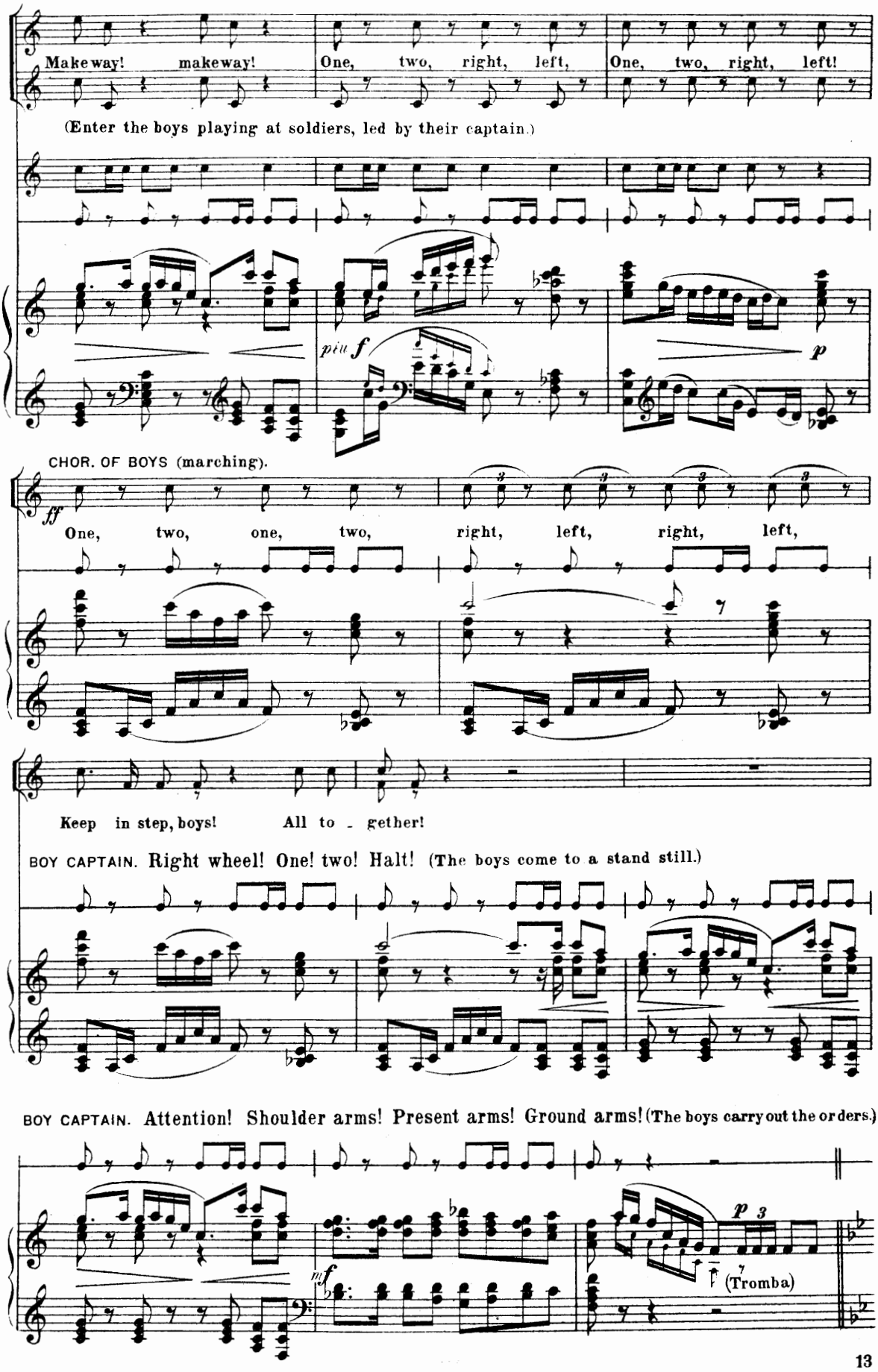
(Sounds of laughter, exclamations, and running footsteps.)

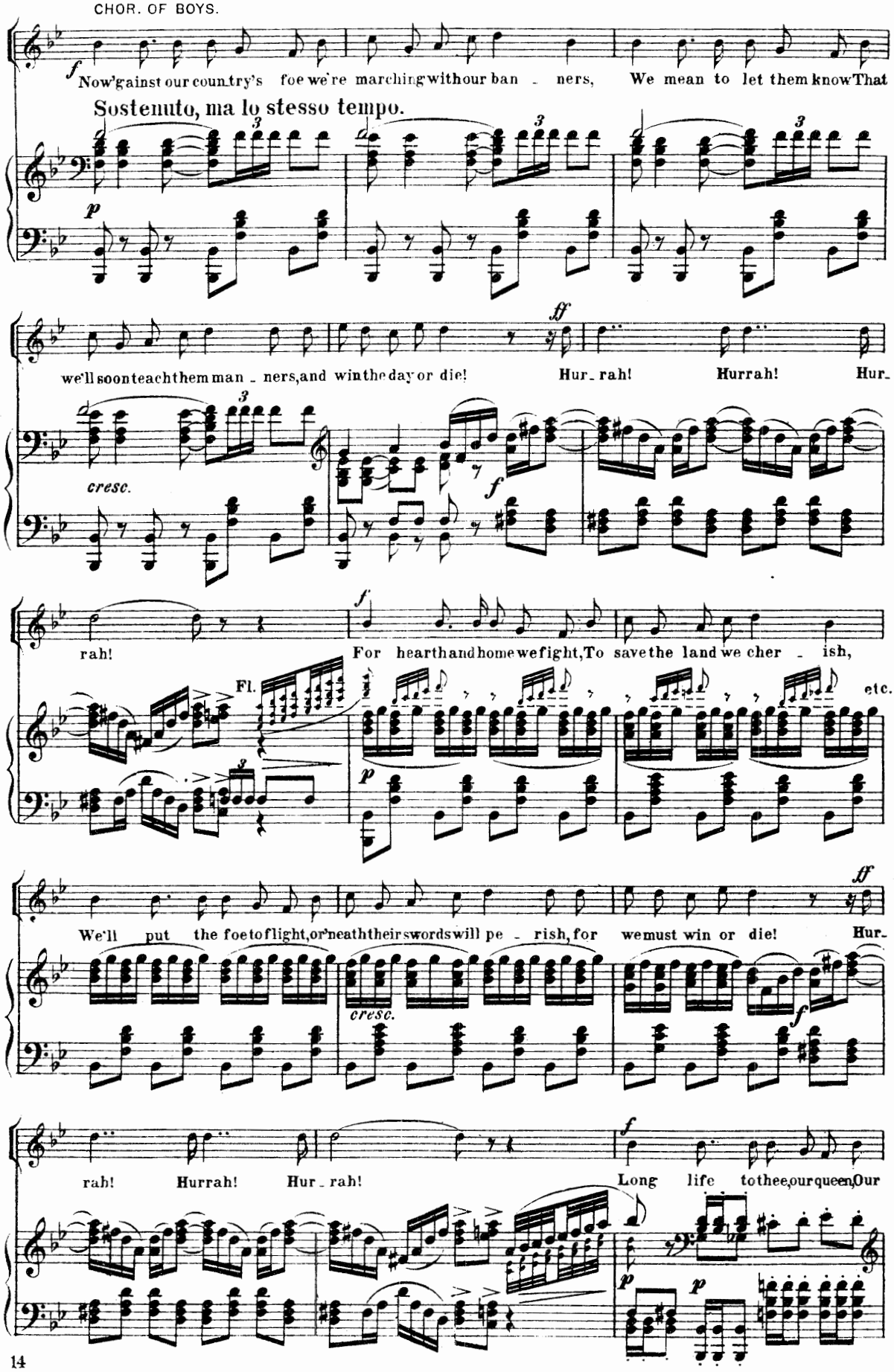


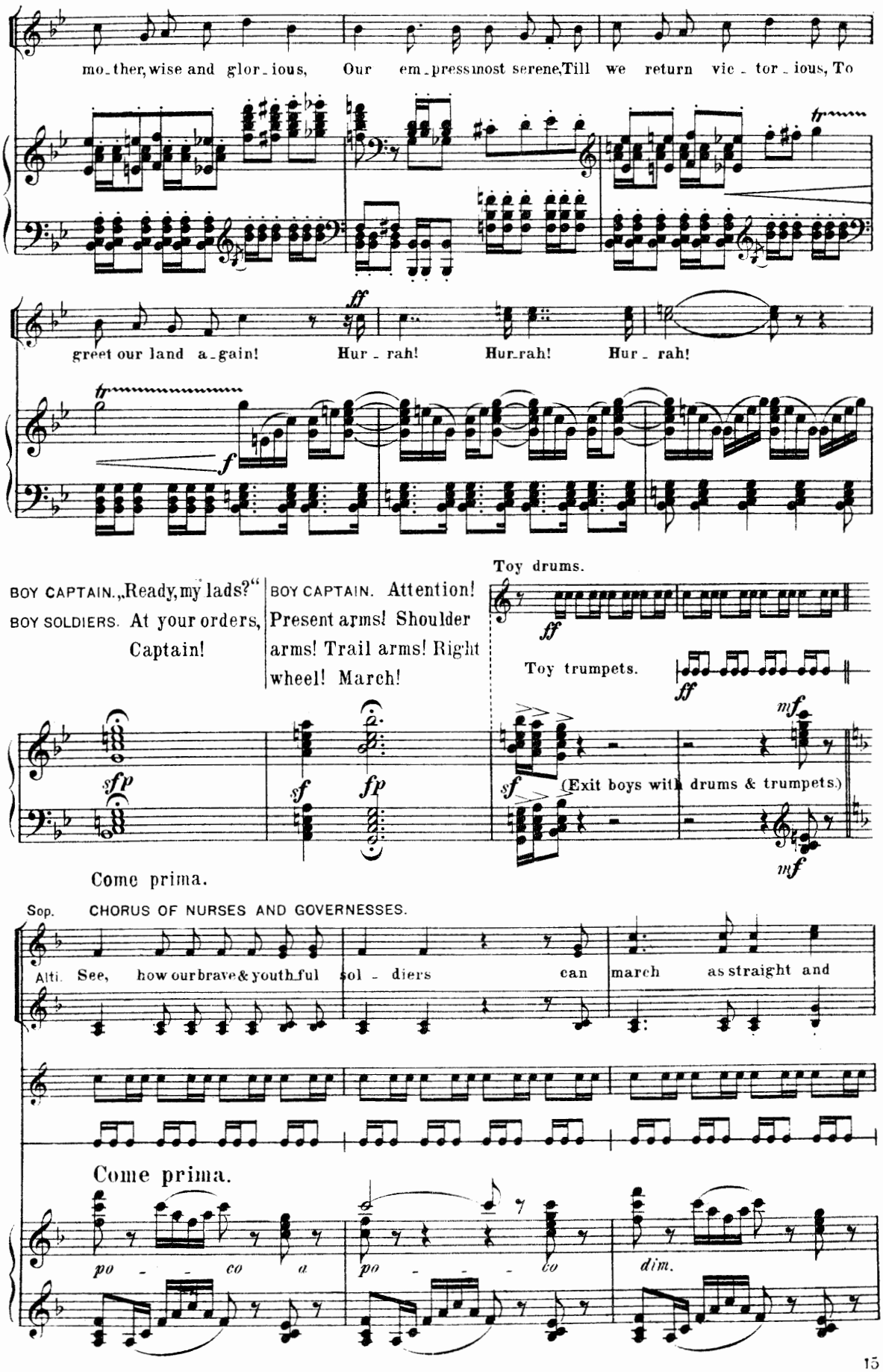

play - ing pret_ti_ly, Then we nurs_es too, get some rest from you,
p cre - - scen - -
ff
Thank - ful for the chance, While you run and dance. Gai - ly laugh and play,
do
mf
Child - ren, while you may, Now's the time for sport, North - ern springs are short!
p
Sop.
CHORUS OF GOVERNESSES.
f
Heav'n be prais'd, for now a while our end_less du_ties cease! Here we sit & breathe the balm_y
Child ren!
mf

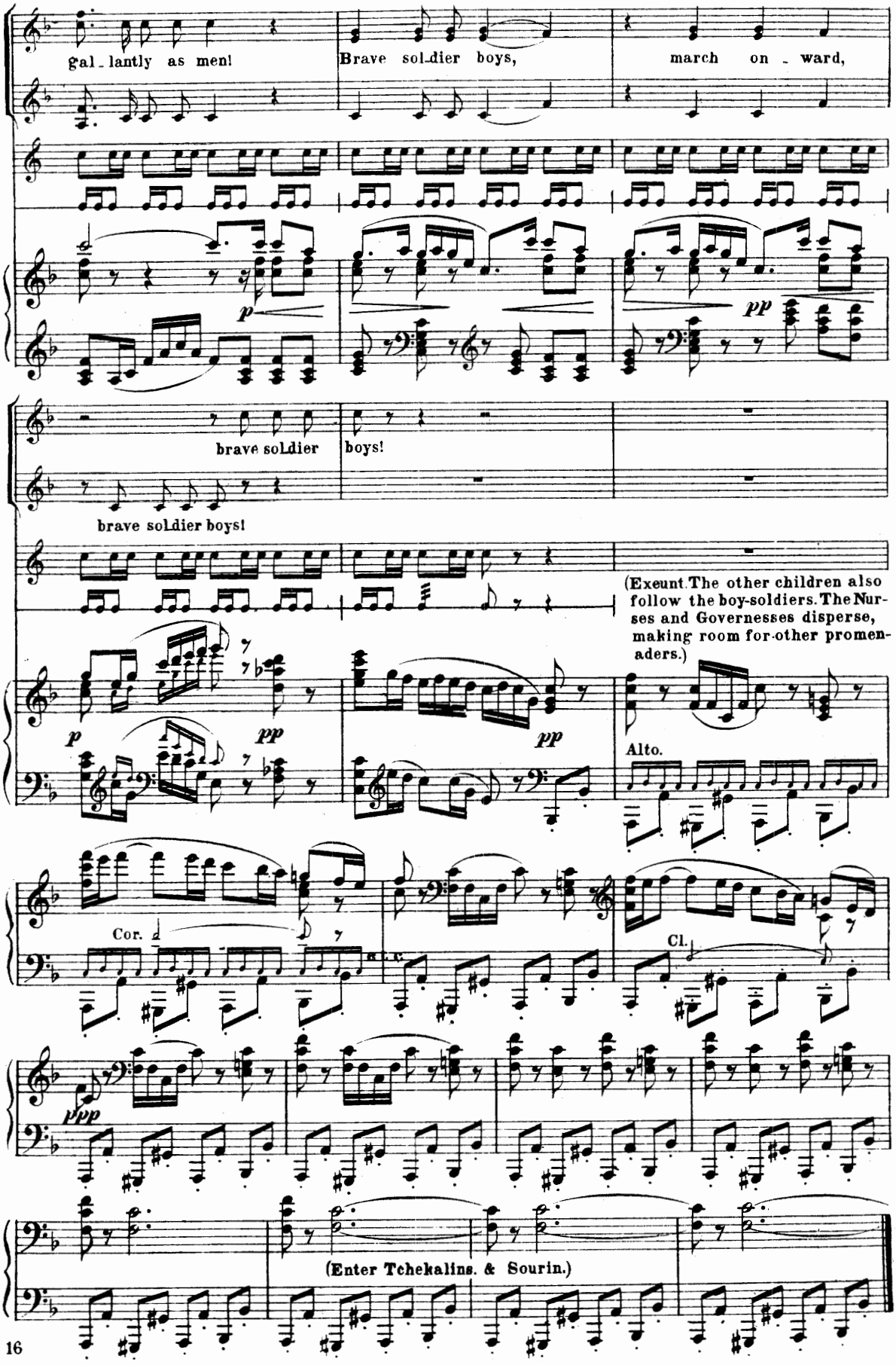

air of spring in peace!
Dai - ly scoldings, marks and lessons, Cop - y - books and slates—
while you may,
Gai - ly laugh and play, Now's the
Rest - ing in this sunny garden,
We for - get our fates!
time for sport, North - ern springs are short!
CHORUS OF HEAD NURSES.
Sopr.
mf Hush - a - hush - a -
Alti.
bye!
Hush - a - hush - a -
bye!
mf Hush - a - hush - a - bye!
Hush - a - hush - a -
Hush, my ba - by,
from the light,
Keep those pret - ty
bye! Hush, ba - by,

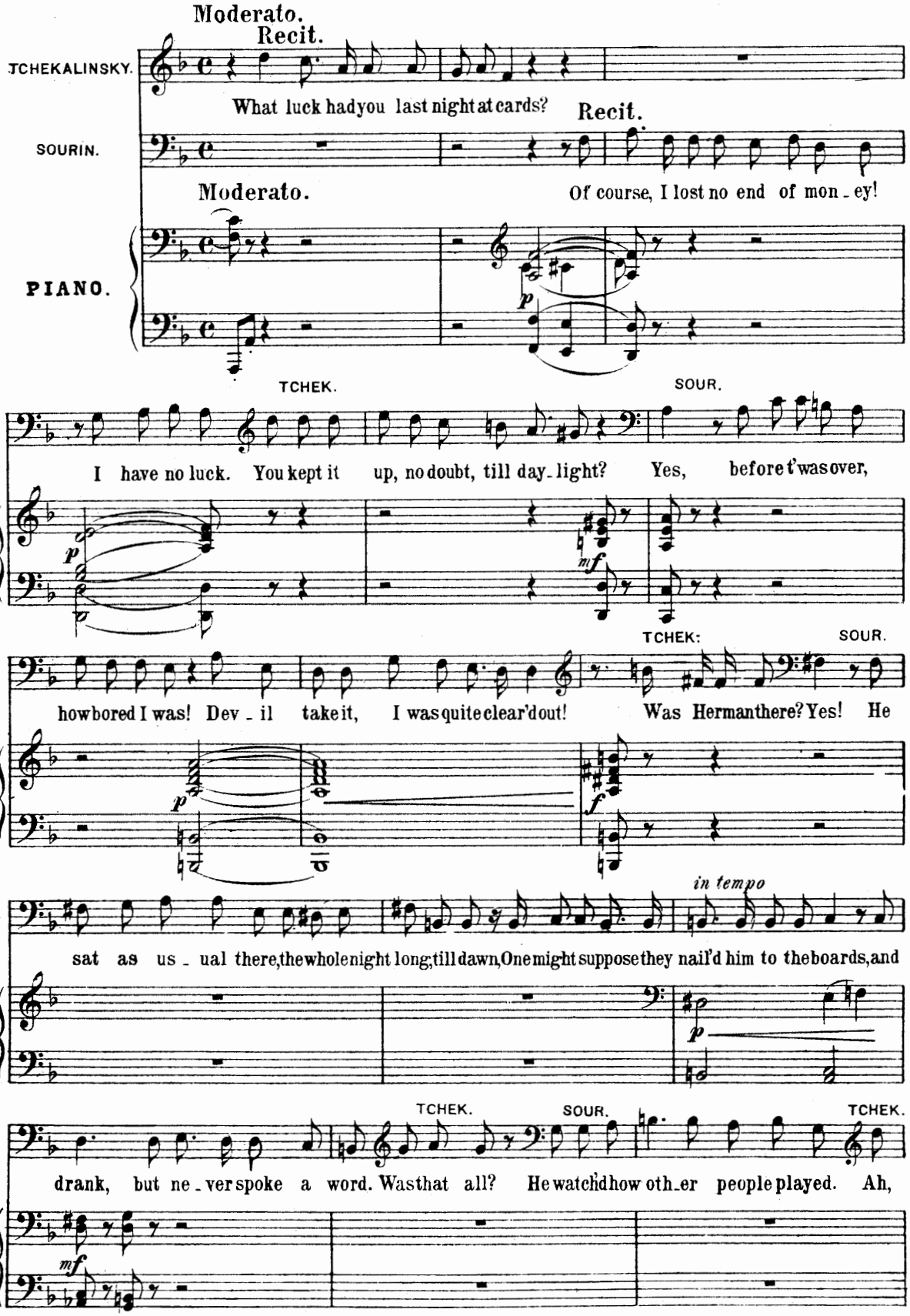

eyes shut tight.
(Children's drums and trumpets are heard off the stage.)
(Children's drums & trumpets.)
Trumpets.
ff
cre - - scen - do
f
Sop.
CHORUS OF NURSES & GOVERNESSES.
mf
Alti.
Here come our gallant soldier boys, they march so straight,
mf
Toy trumpets.
Drums.
ff
p
Now stand a - side there!
so stead - y!
f
Now stand a - side there!
7f
Now stand a - side there!

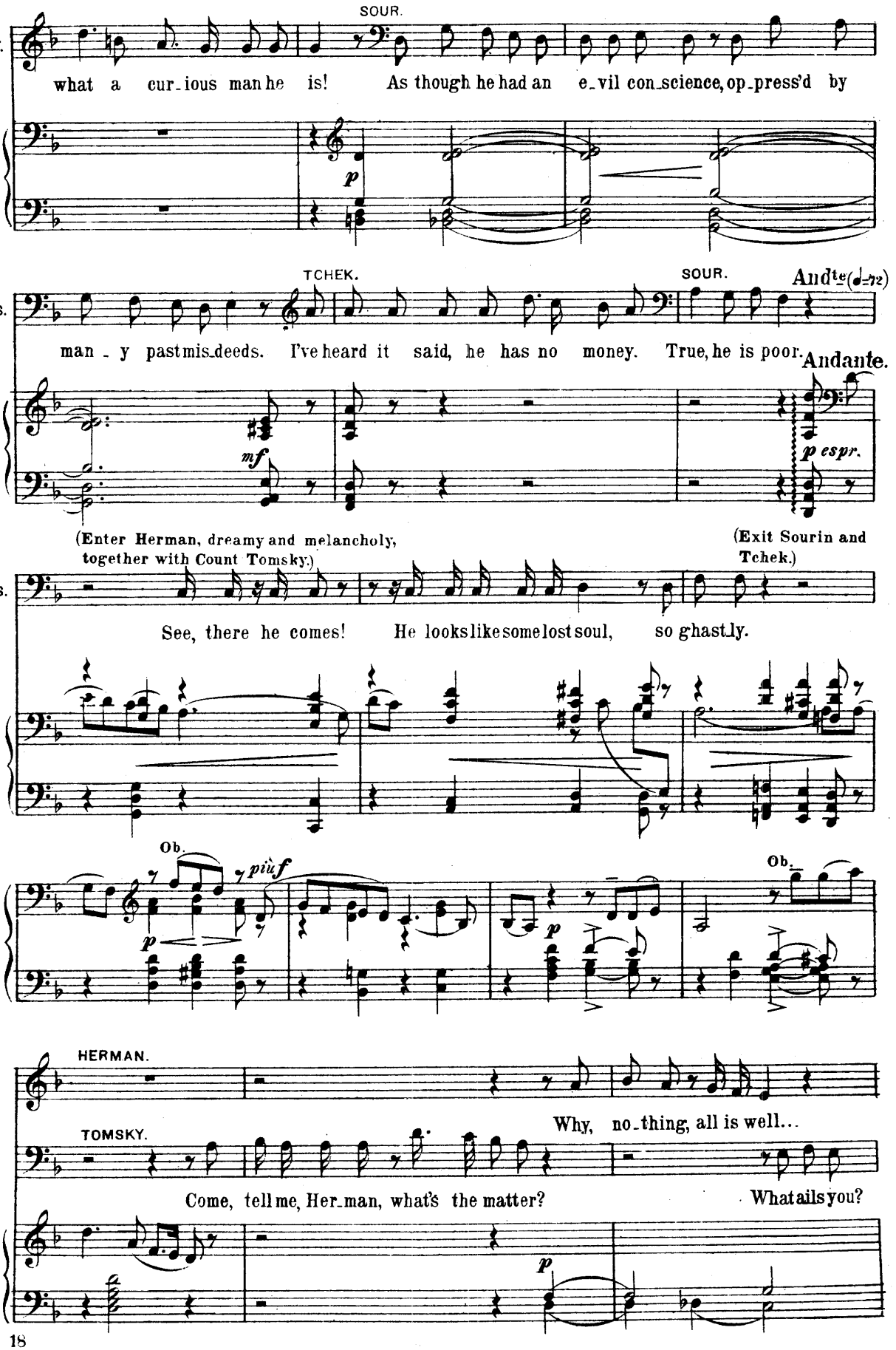

Make way! make way!
One, two, right, left,
One, two, right, left!
(Enter the boys playing at soldiers, led by their captain.)
più f
p
CHOR. OF BOYS (marching).
ff
One, two, one, two, right, left, right, left,
Keep in step, boys! All to - gether!
BOY CAPTAIN. Right wheel! One! two! Halt! (The boys come to a stand still.)
BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Shoulder arms! Present arms! Ground arms! (The boys carry out the orders.)
mf
p
(Tromba)

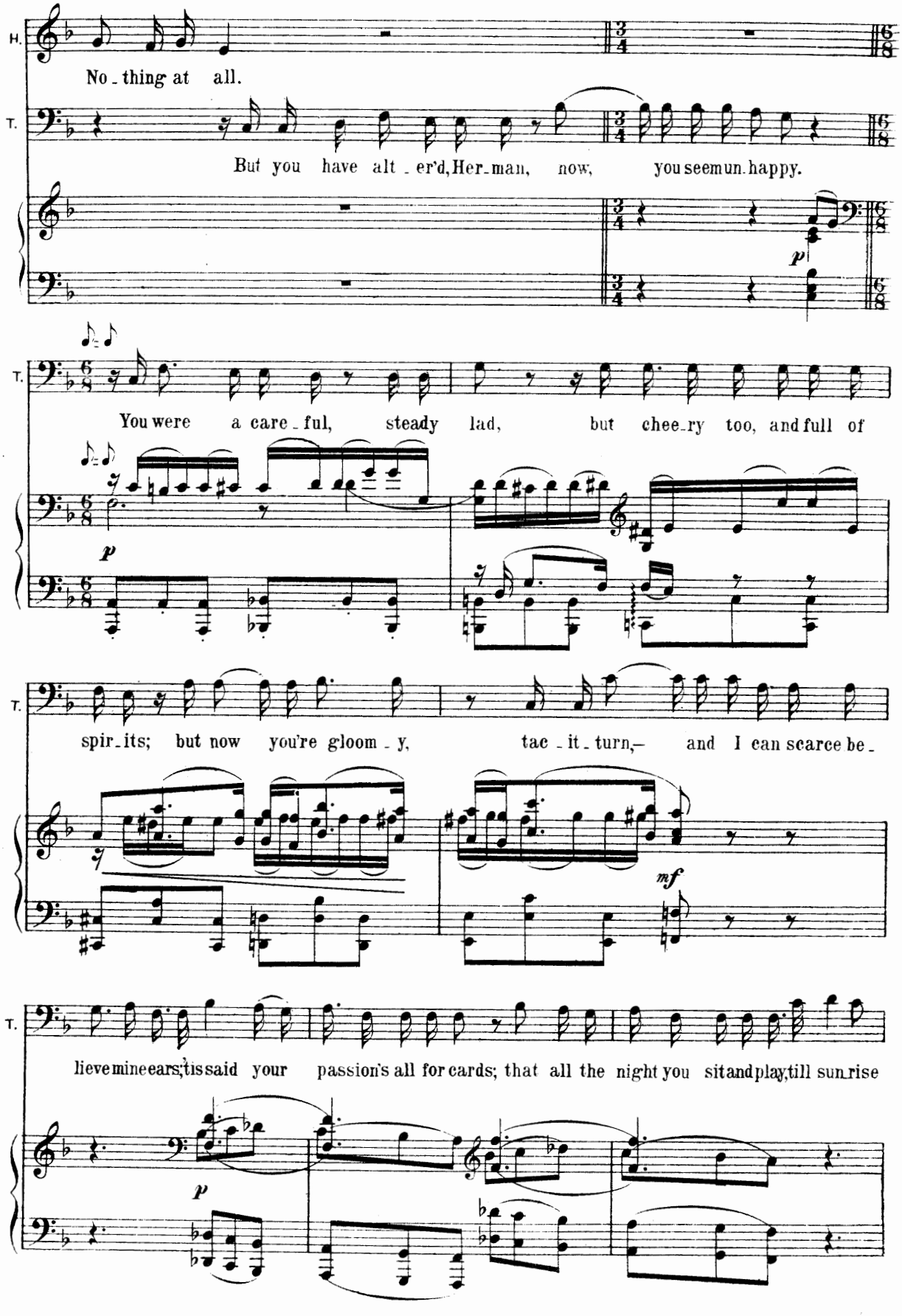

CHOR. OF BOYS.
Now 'gainst our country's foe we're marching with our ban - ners, We mean to let them know That
Sostenuto, ma lo stesso tempo.
we'll soon teach them man - ners, and win the day or die! Hur - rah! Hurrah! Hur -
cresc.
rah!
For hearth and home we fight, To save the land we cher - ish,
Fl.
etc.
We'll put the foe to flight, or 'neath their swords will pe - rish, for we must win or die! Hur -
cresc.
rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah!
Long life to thee, our queen, Our

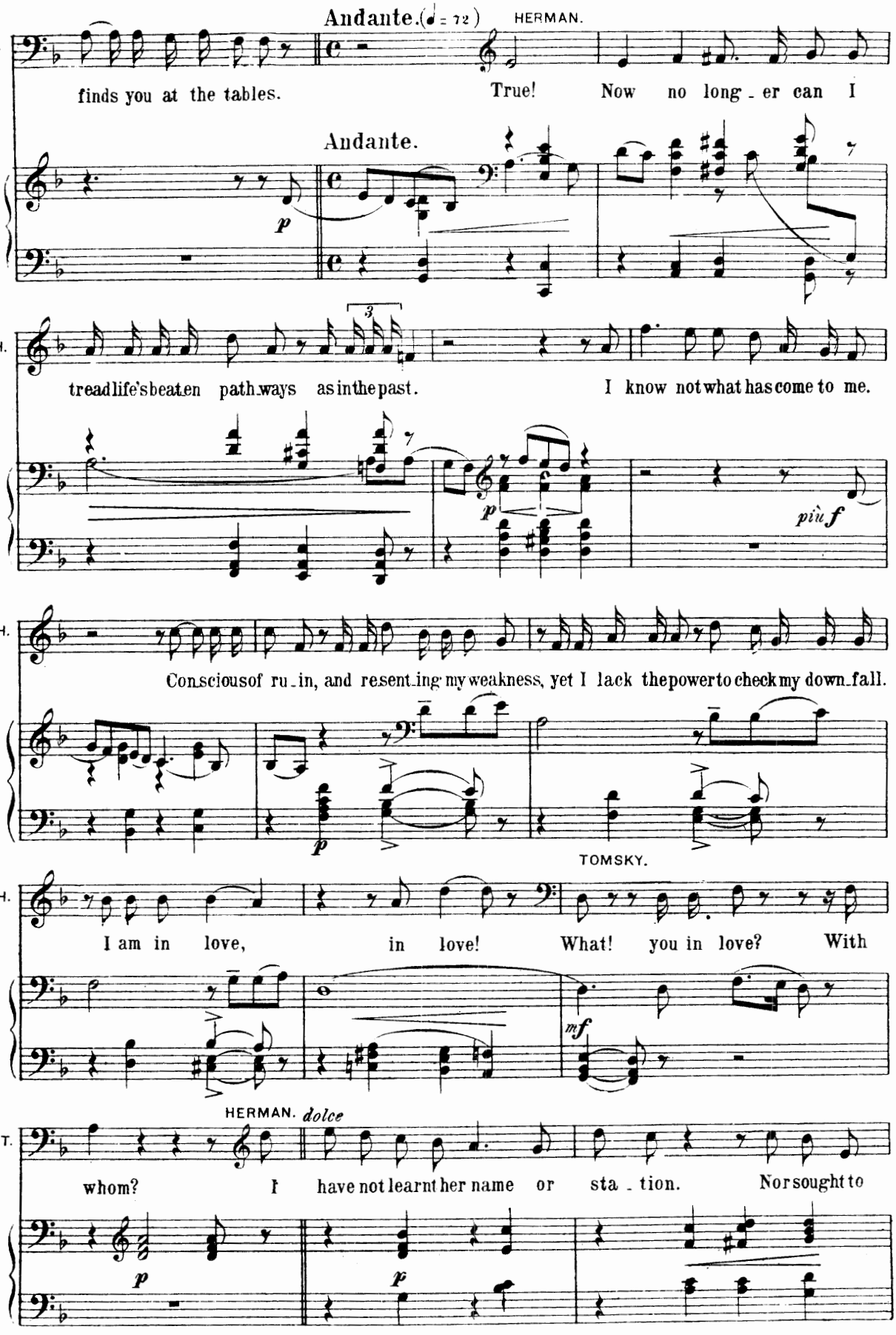

mo-ther, wise and glor-ious, Our em-press most serene, Till we return vic-tor-ious, To
tr
ff
greet our land a-gain! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
tr
f
BOY CAPTAIN. „Ready, my lads?"
BOY SOLDIERS. At your orders, Captain!
BOY CAPTAIN. Attention! Present arms! Shoulder arms! Trail arms! Right wheel! March!
Toy drums.
ff
Toy trumpets.
ff
mf
sfp
sf
fp
sf
(Exit boys with drums & trumpets.)
mf
Come prima.
Sop.
CHORUS OF NURSES AND GOVERNESSES.
Alti. See, how our brave & youthful sol-diers can march as straight and
Come prima.
po - - co a
po - - - co
dim.

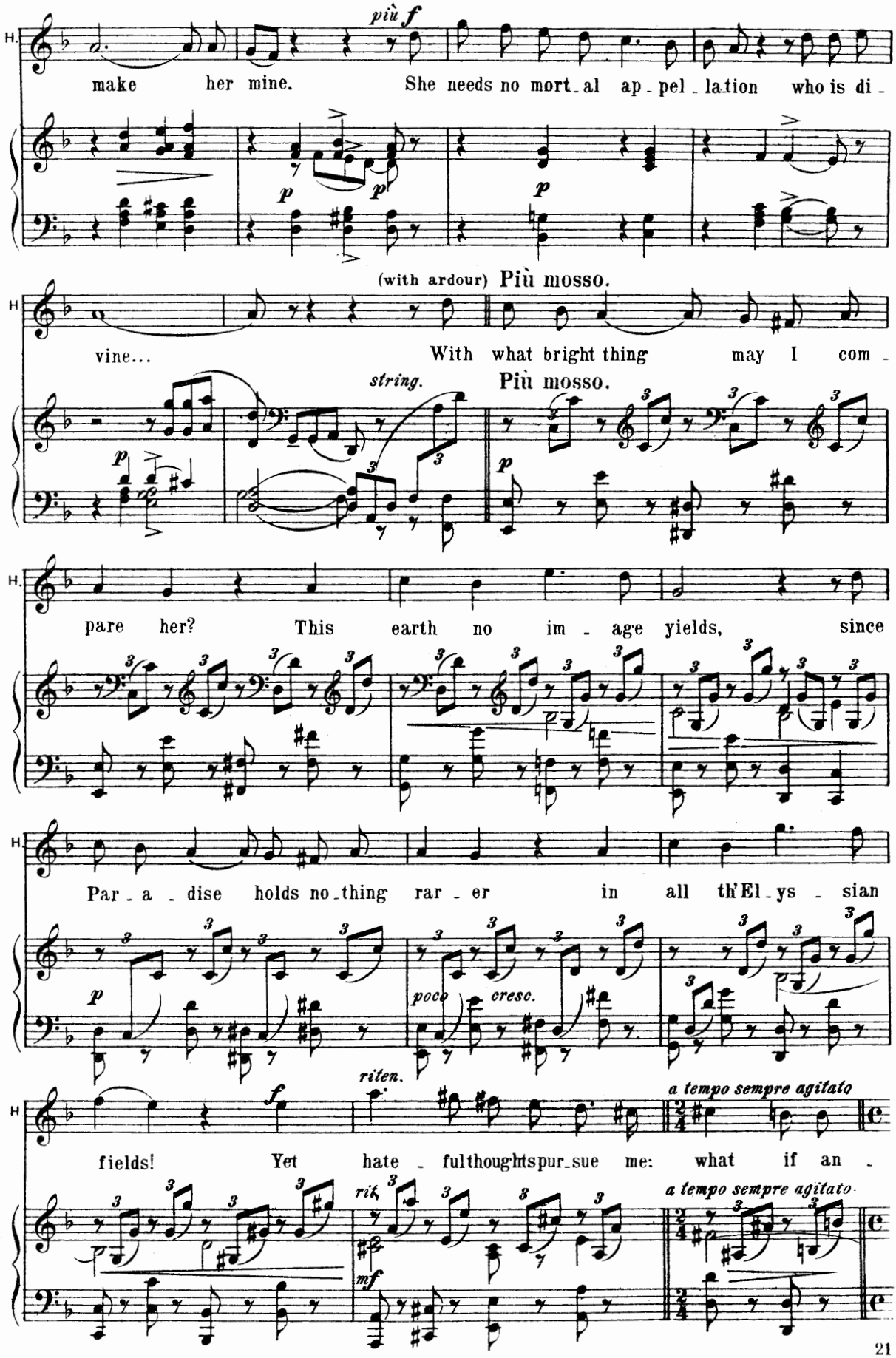

gal - lantly as men!
Brave sol-dier boys,
march on - ward,
p
pp
brave soldier
boys!
brave soldier boys!
(Exeunt The other children also follow the boy-soldiers. The Nurses and Governesses disperse, making room for other promenaders.)
p
pp
pp
Alto.
Cor.
Cl.
ppp
(Enter Tchekalins. & Sourin.)

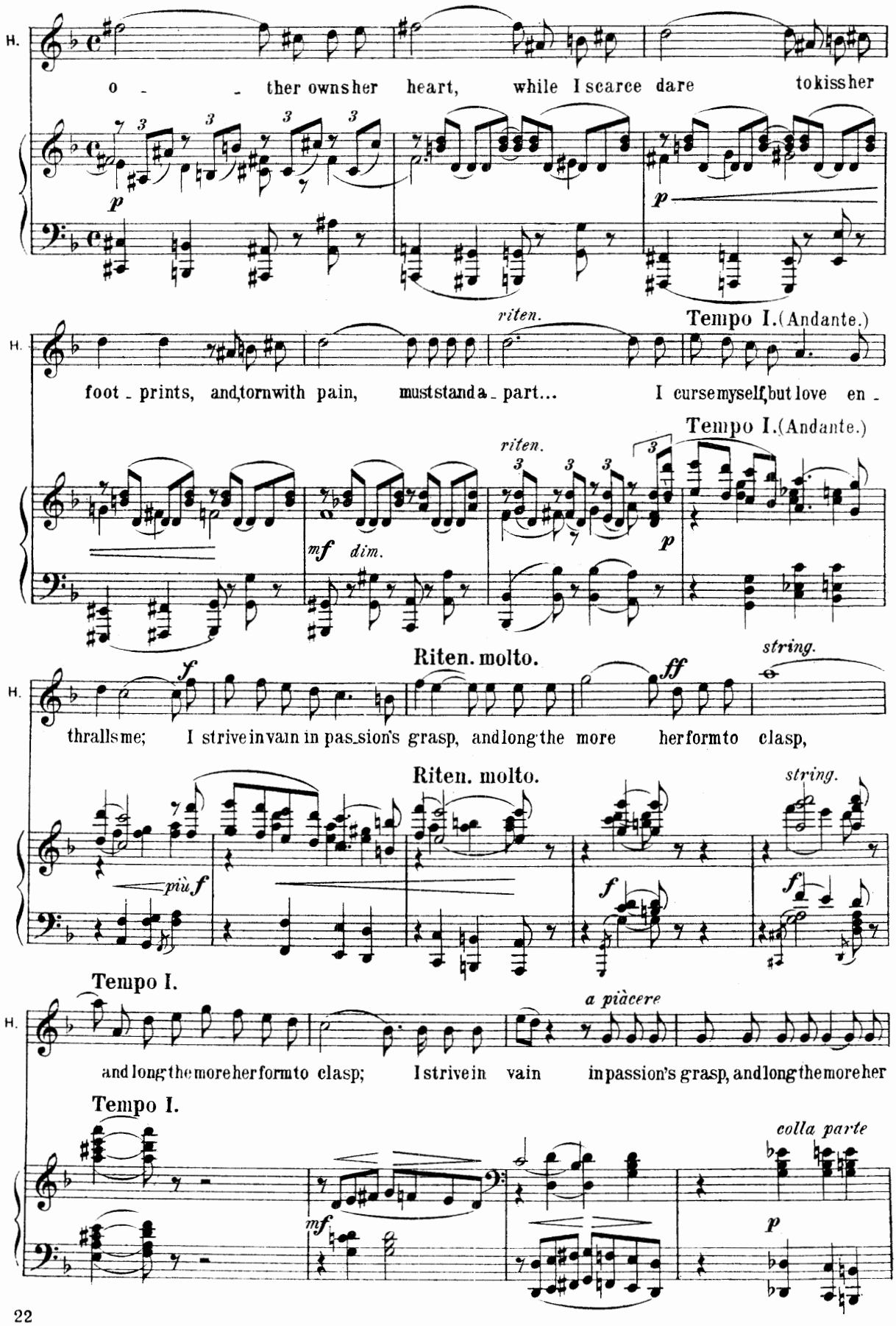

Moderato.
Recit.
TCHEKALINSKY.
What luck hadyou last night at cards?
Recit.
SOURIN.
Moderato.
Of course, I lost no end of mon - ey!
PIANO.
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
S.
I have no luck. You kept it up, no doubt, till day - light? Yes, before t'was over,
p
mf
TCHEK:
SOUR.
S.
howbored I was! Dev - il take it, I was quite clear'dout! Was Hermanthere? Yes! He
p
f
in tempo
S.
sat as us - ual there,thewholenight long;till dawn,Onemight supposethey nail'd him to theboards,and
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
TCHEK.
S.
drank, but ne - verspoke a word. Wasthat all? He watchdhow oth - er people played. Ah,
mf

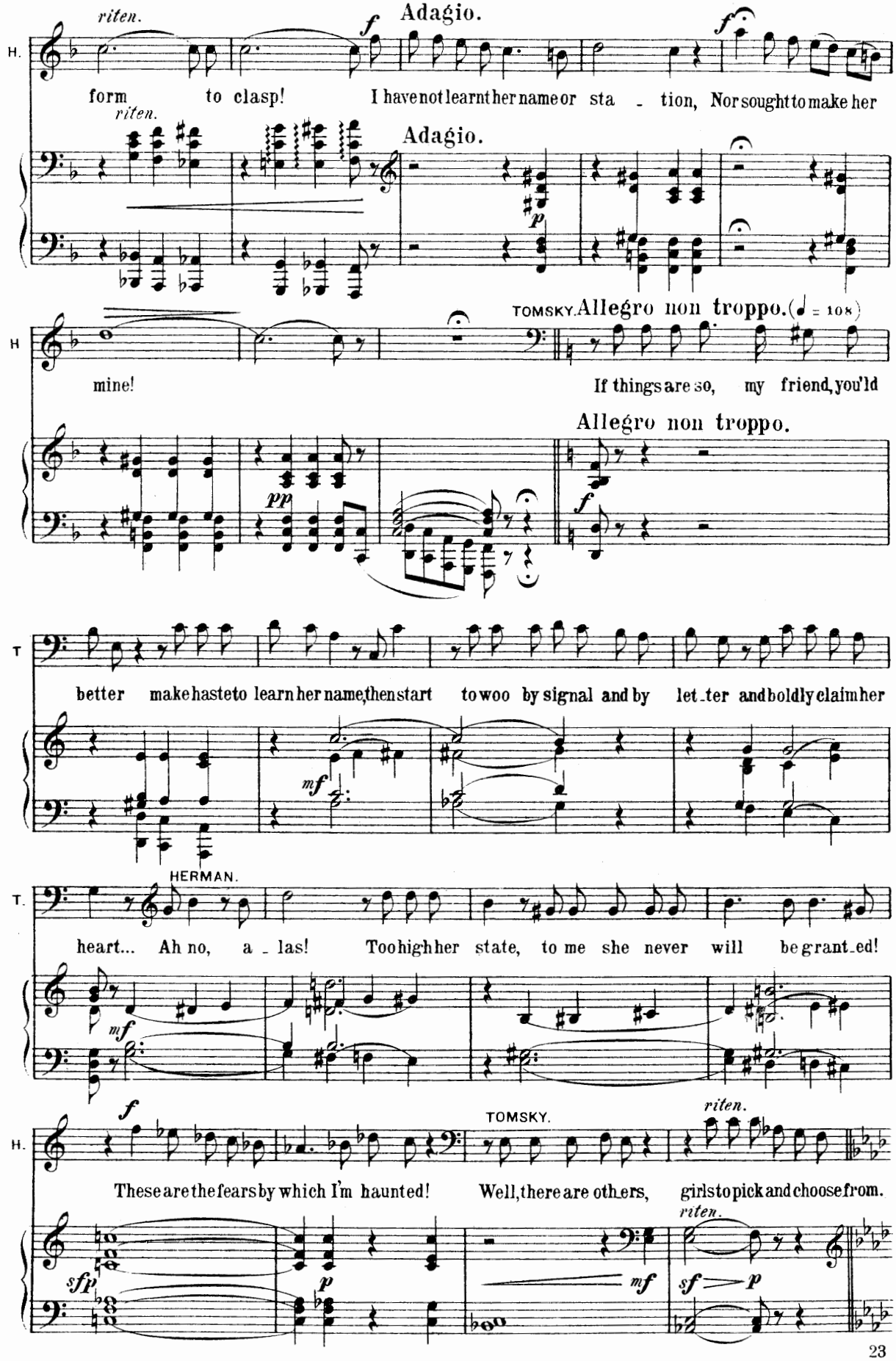

SOUR.
T.
what a cur_ious man he is! As though he had an e_vil con_science, op_press'd by
p
TCHEK.
SOUR.
Andte (♩=72)
S.
man _ y past mis_deeds. I've heard it said, he has no money. True, he is poor.
Andante.
mf
p espr.
(Enter Herman, dreamy and melancholy, together with Count Tomsky.)
(Exit Sourin and Tchek.)
S.
See, there he comes! He looks like some lost soul, so ghast_ly.
Ob.
p
più f
Ob.
p
HERMAN.
Why, no_thing, all is well...
TOMSKY.
Come, tell me, Her_man, what's the matter?
What ails you?
p

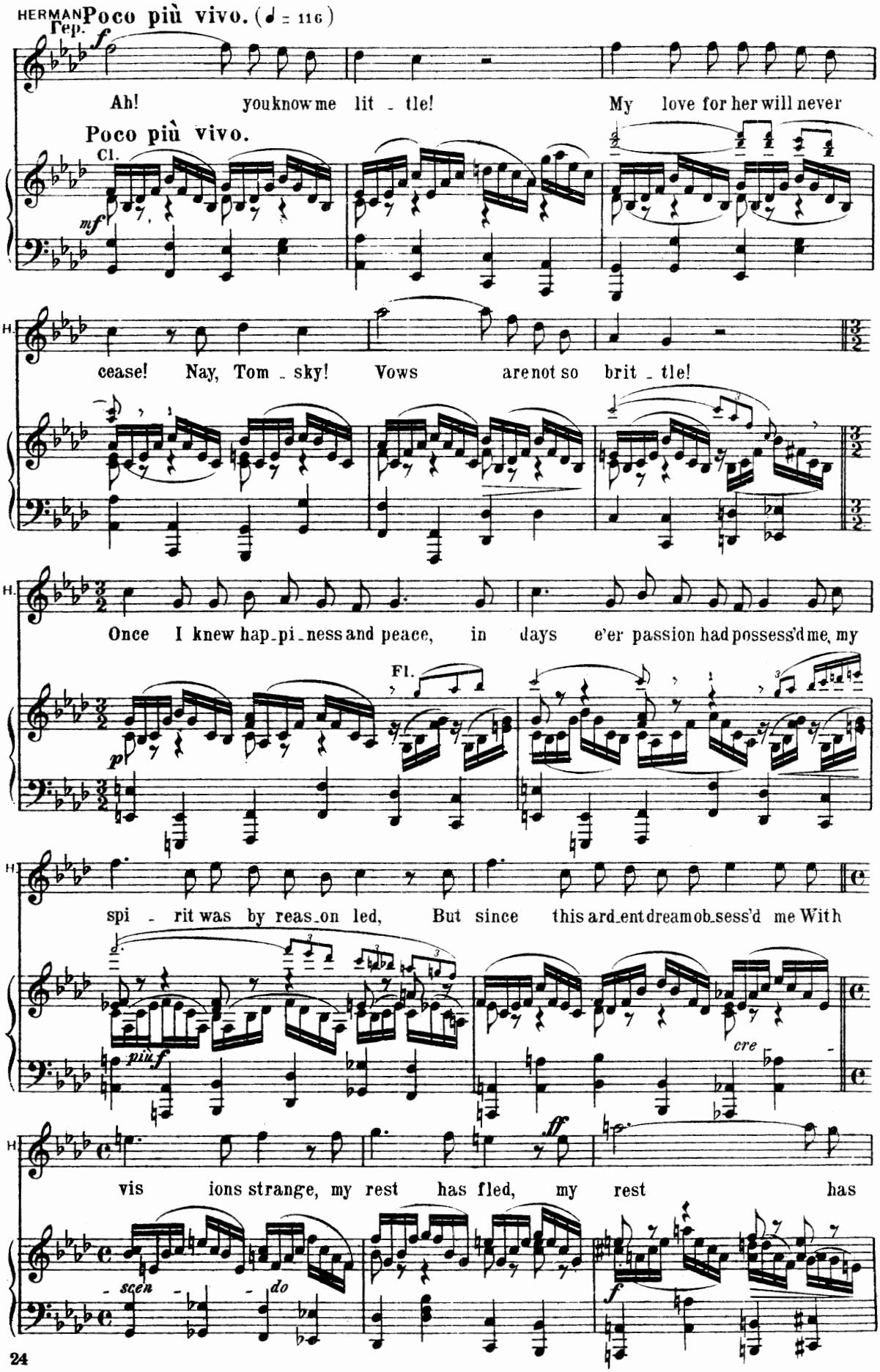

H.
No - thing at all.
T.
But you have alt - er'd, Her - man, now, you seem un - happy.
p
T.
You were a care - ful, steady lad, but chee - ry too, and full of
p
T.
spir - its; but now you're gloom - y, tac - it - turn, — and I can scarce be -
mf
T.
lieve mine ears; 'tis said your passion's all for cards; that all the night you sit and play, till sun - rise
p

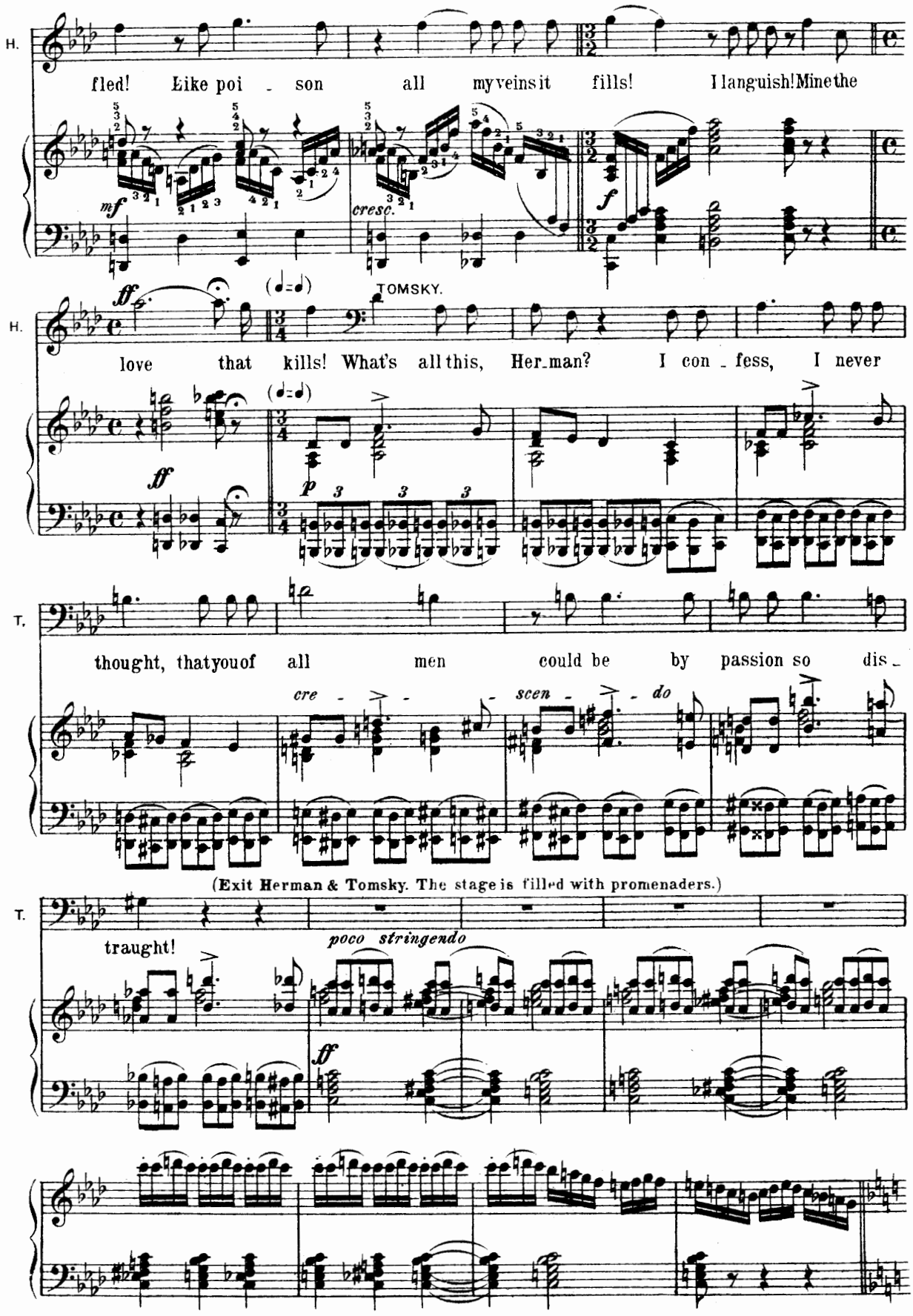

Andante. (♩ = 72)
HERMAN.
T.
finds you at the tables.
True! Now no long - er can I
Andante.
p
H.
tread life's beaten path - ways as in the past.
I know not what has come to me.
p
più f
H.
Con - scious of ru - in, and resent - ing my weakness, yet I lack the power to check my down - fall.
p
TOMSKY.
H.
I am in love, in love! What! you in love? With
mf
HERMAN. dolce
T.
whom? I have not learnt her name or sta - tion. Nor sought to
p
p


più f
make her mine. She needs no mort_al ap_pel_lation who is di_
(with ardour) Più mosso.
vine... With what bright thing may I com_
string.
Più mosso.
pare her? This earth no im_age yields, since
Par_a_dise holds no_thing rar_er in all th'El_ys_sian
poco cresc.
riten.
a tempo sempre agitato
fields! Yet hate_ful thoughts pur_sue me: what if an_
rit.
mf
a tempo sempre agitato

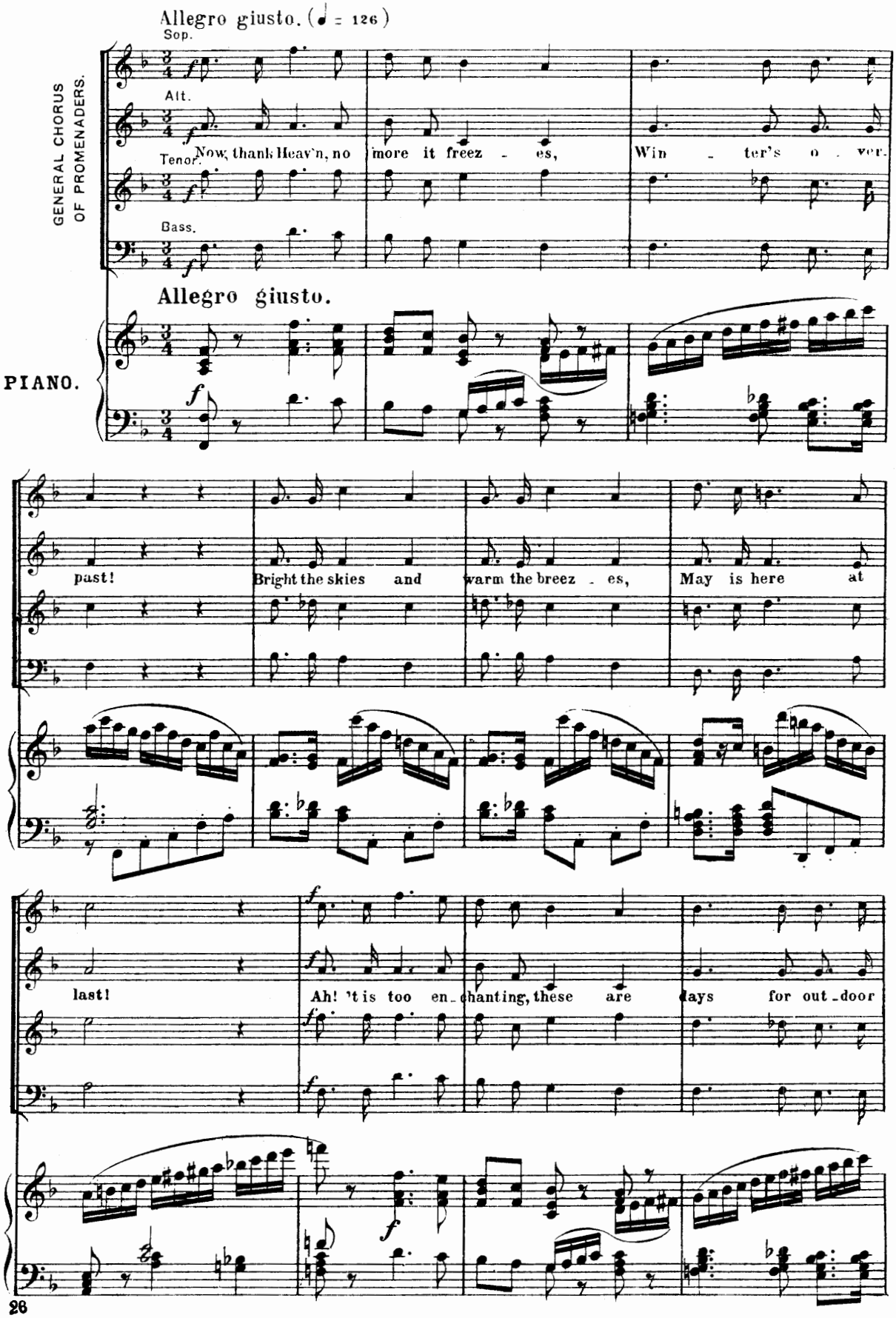

H.
o - - ther owns her heart, while I scarce dare to kiss her
p
p
riten.
Tempo I. (Andante.)
H.
foot - prints, and, torn with pain, must stand a - part... I curse myself, but love en -
Tempo I. (Andante.)
riten.
mf dim.
p
Riten. molto.
string.
H.
f
ff
thralls me; I strive in vain in pas - sion's grasp, and long the more her form to clasp,
Riten. molto.
string.
più f
f
f
Tempo I.
a piacere
H.
and long the more her form to clasp; I strive in vain in passion's grasp, and long the more her
Tempo I.
colla parte
mf
p

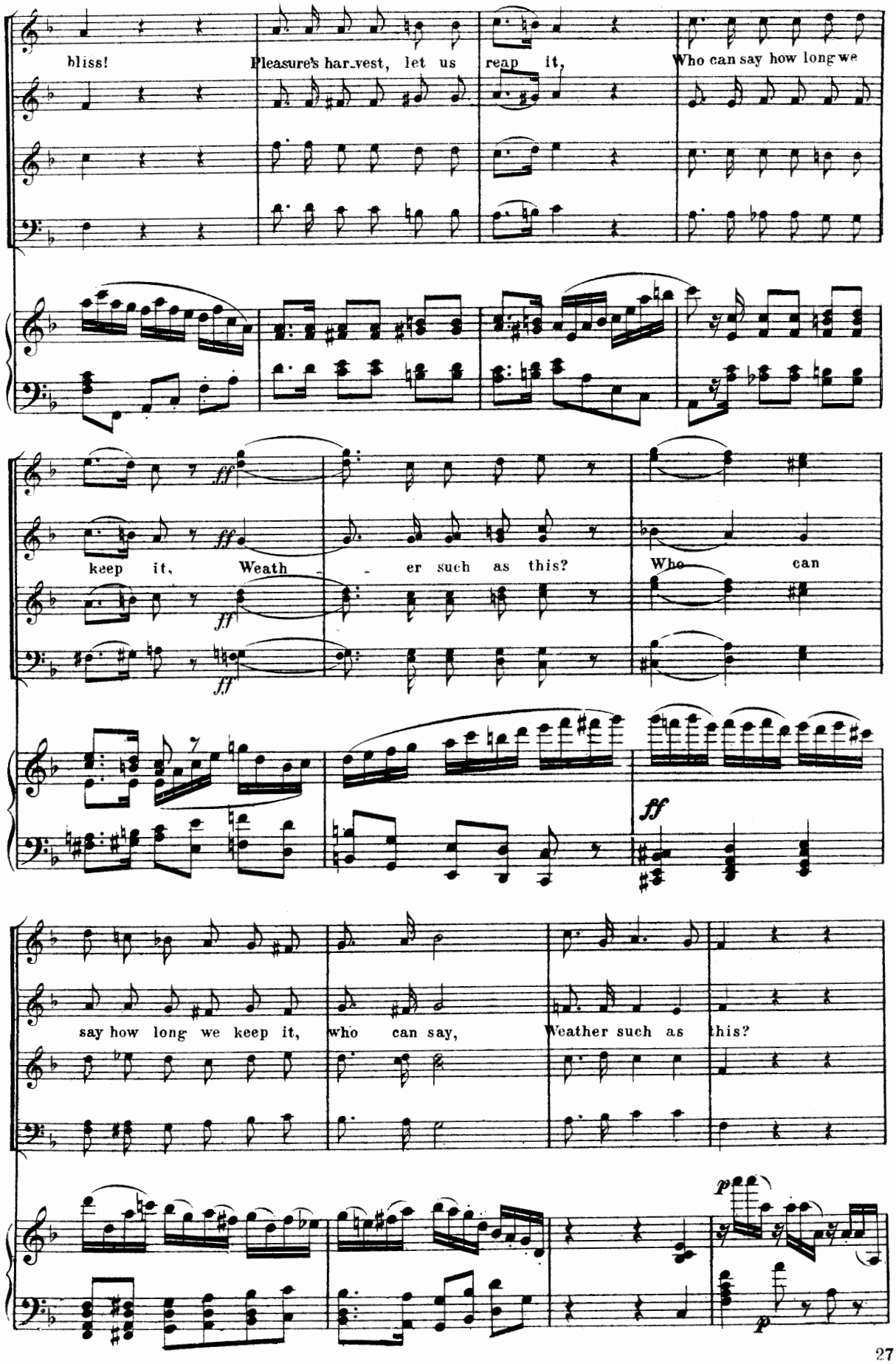

riten.
Adagio.
H.
form to clasp! I have not learnt her name or sta - tion, Nor sought to make her
riten.
Adagio.
TOMSKY. Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 108)
H
mine!
If things are so, my friend, you'ld
Allegro non troppo.
T
better make haste to learn her name, then start to woo by signal and by let - ter and boldly claim her
HERMAN.
T.
heart... Ah no, a - las! Too high her state, to me she never will be grant - ed!
TOMSKY.
riten.
H.
These are the fears by which I'm haunted! Well, there are oth - ers, girls to pick and choose from.
riten.

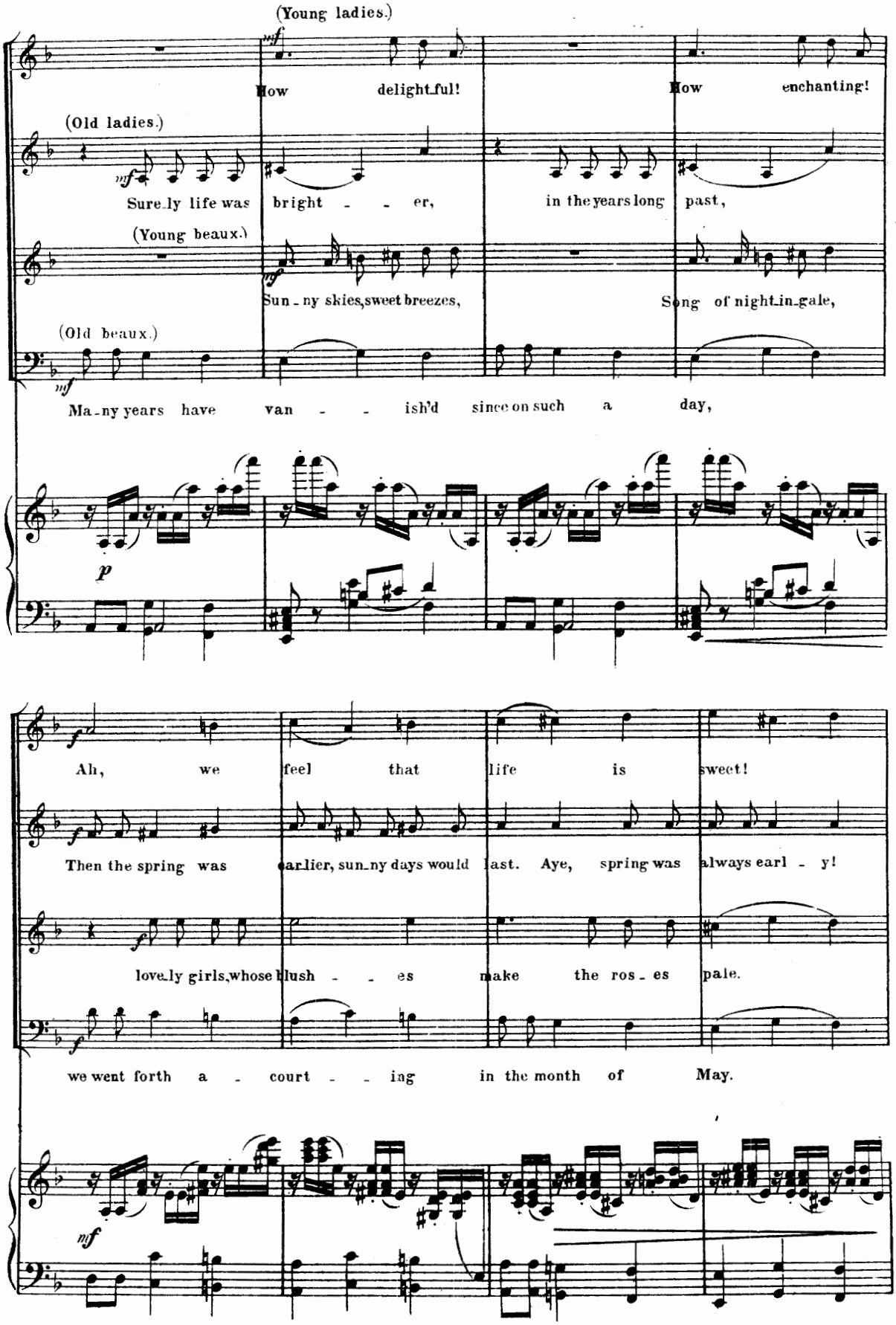

HERMAN
Rep.
Poco più vivo. (♩ = 116)
f
Ah! you know me lit - tle! My love for her will never
Poco più vivo.
Cl.
mf
H.
cease! Nay, Tom - sky! Vows are not so brit - tle!
Once I knew hap - pi - ness and peace, in days e'er passion had possess'd me, my
Fl.
p
spi - rit was by reas - on led, But since this ard - ent dream ob - sess'd me With
più f
cre
vis ions strange, my rest has fled, my rest has
ff
- scen - do
f

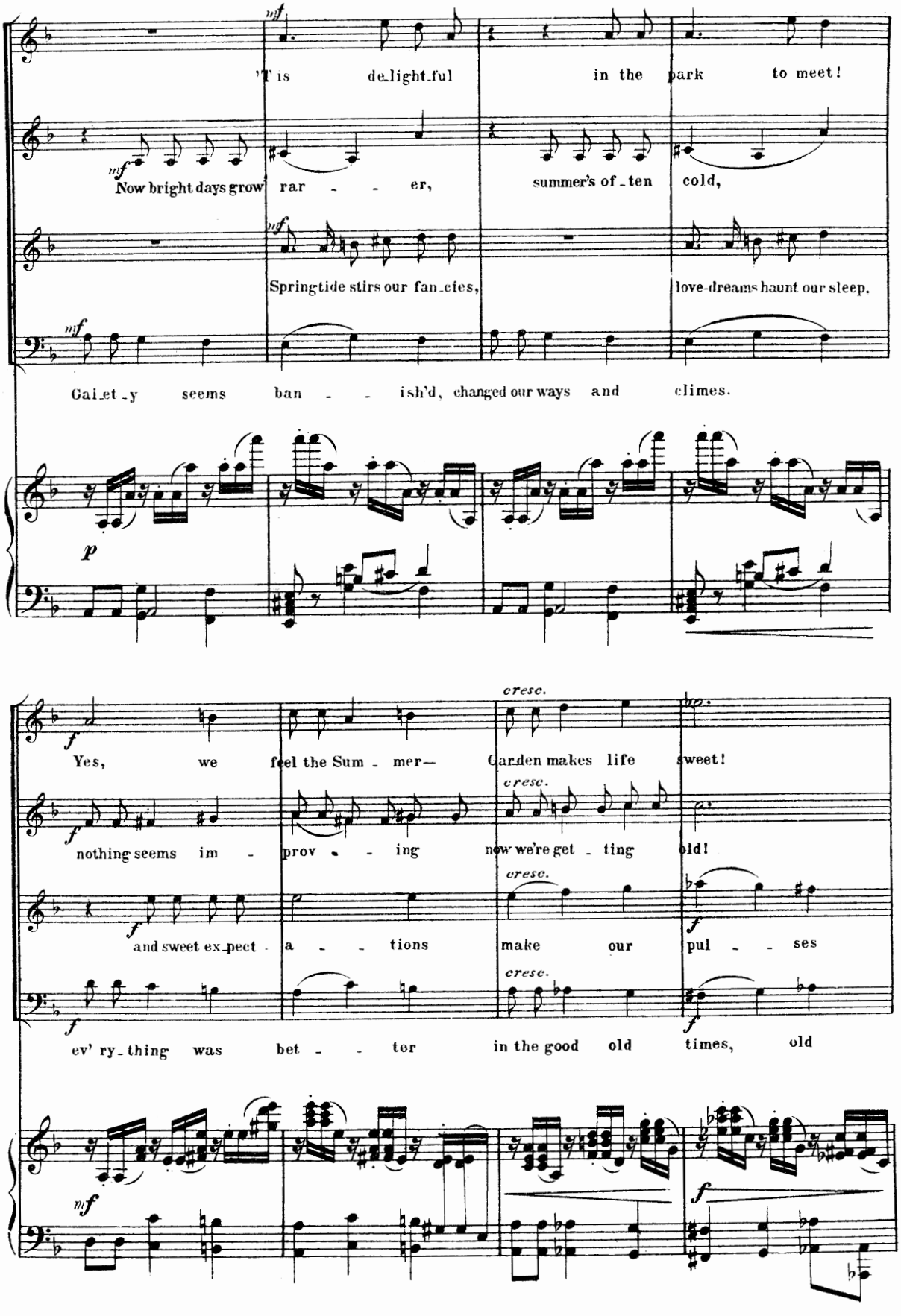

H.
fled! Like poi - son all my veins it fills! I lan-guish! Mine the
mf
cresc.
f
TOMSKY.
H.
love that kills! What's all this, Her-man? I con - fess, I never
ff
p
T.
thought, that you of all men could be by passion so dis -
cre - scen - do
(Exit Herman & Tomsky. The stage is filled with promenaders.)
T.
traught!
poco stringendo
ff

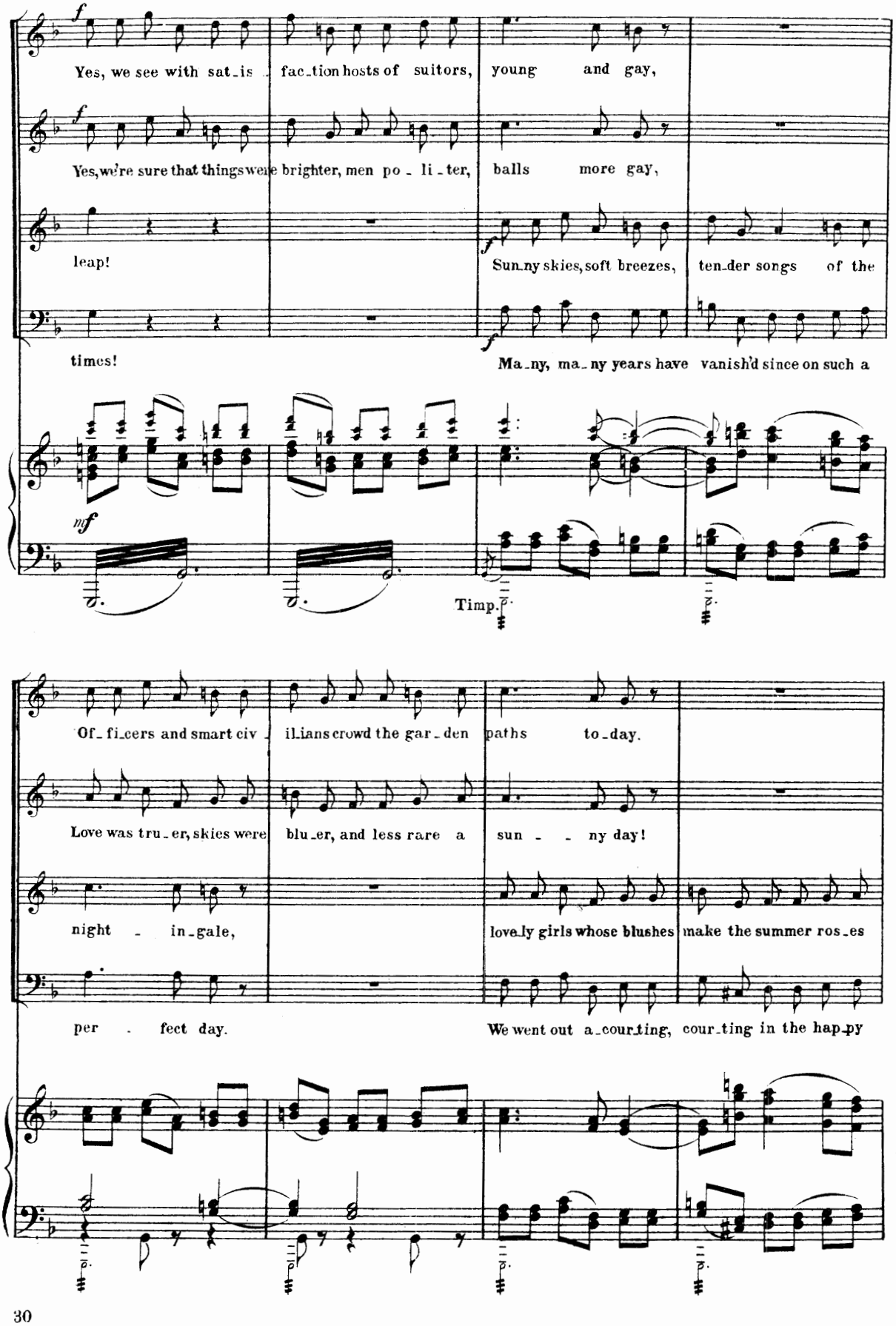
№ 3. Chorus of Promenaders. Scene.

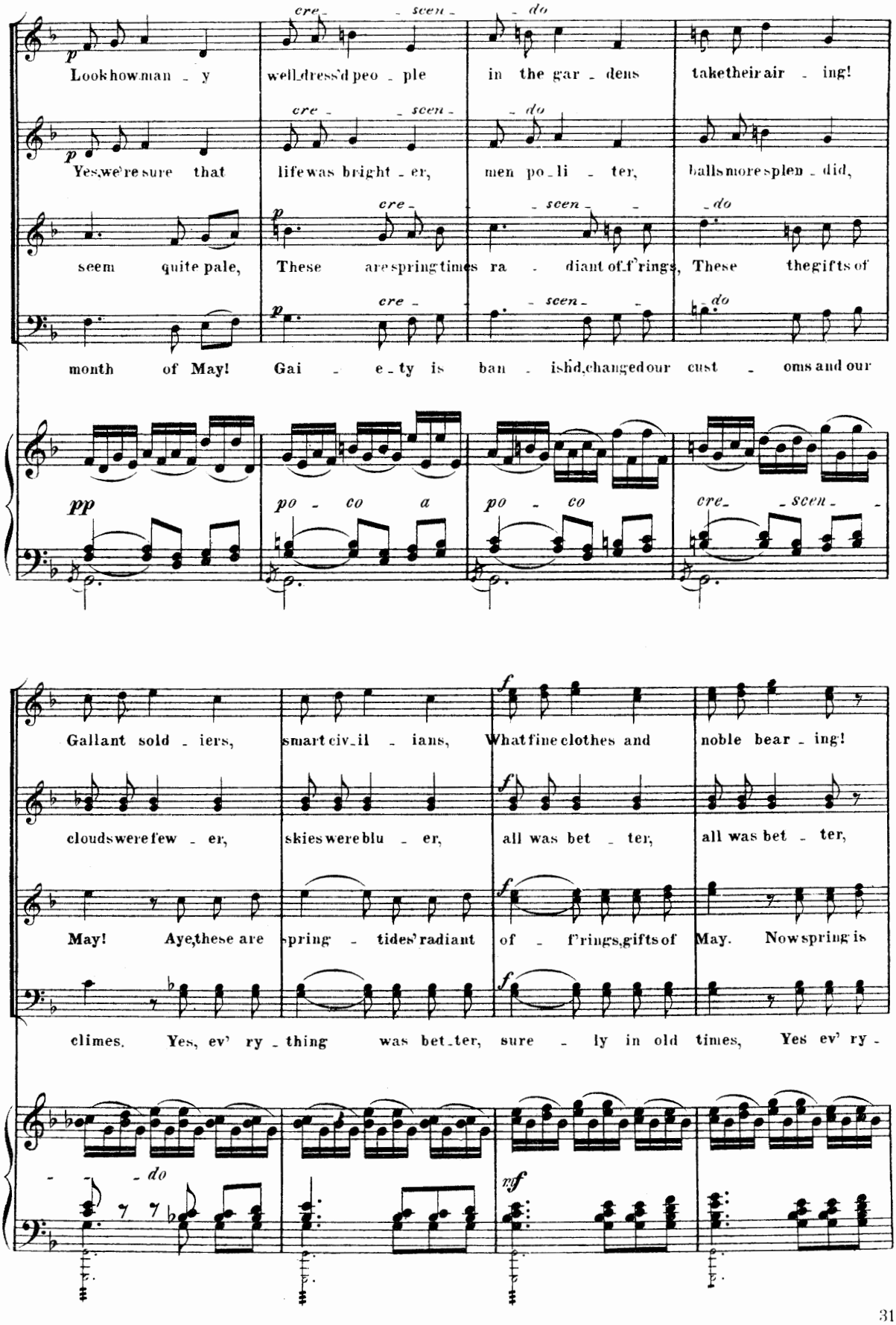


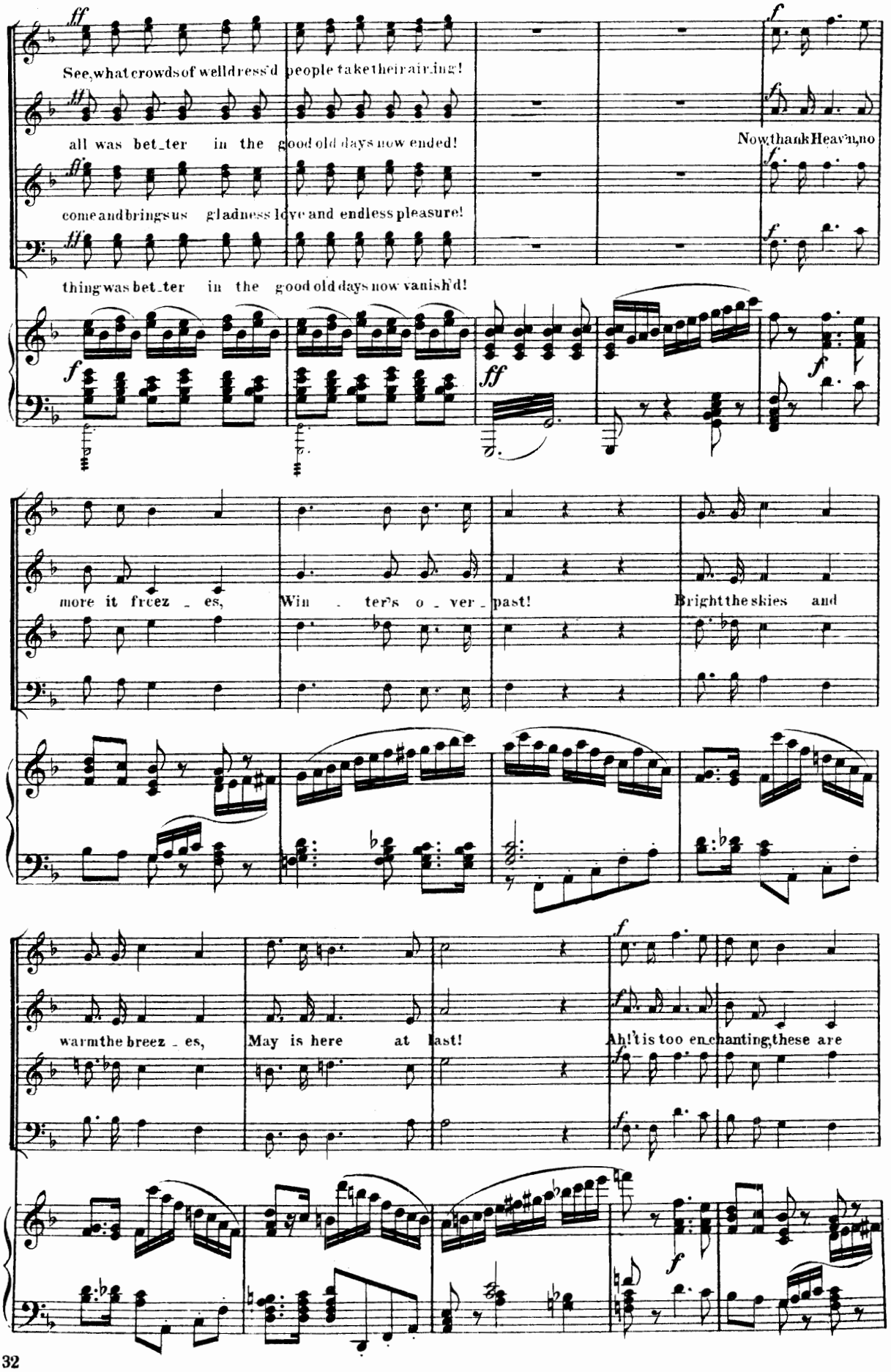

bliss! Pleasure's har_vest, let us reap it, Who can say how long we
keep it, Weath - - er such as this? Who can
say how long we keep it, who can say, Weather such as this?

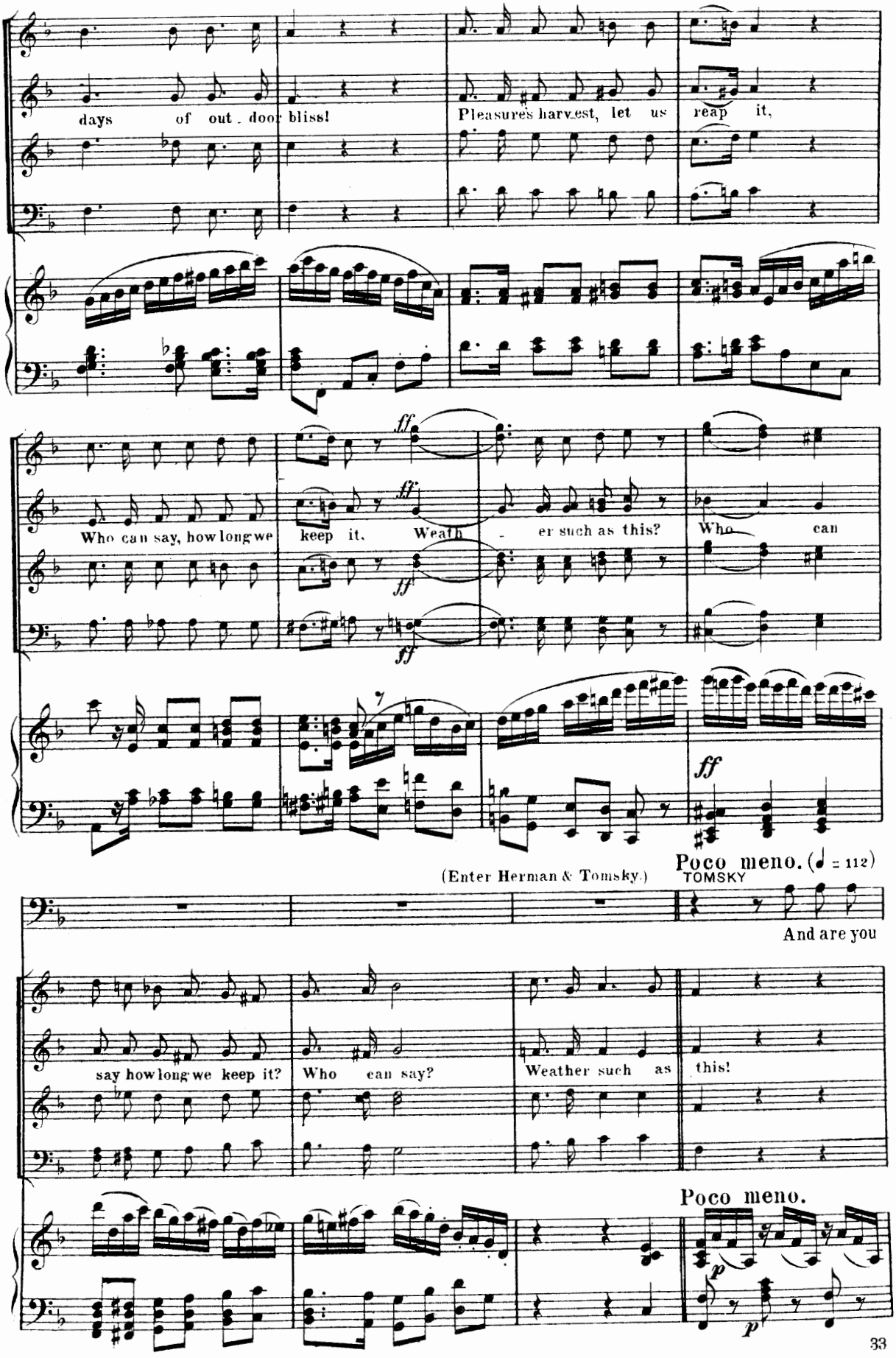

(Young ladies.)
How delight_ful! How enchanting!
(Old ladies.)
Sure_ly life was bright - - er, in the years long past,
(Young beaux.)
Sun_ny skies, sweet breezes, Song of night_in_gale,
(Old beaux.)
Ma_ny years have van - - ish'd since on such a day,
Ah, we feel that life is sweet!
Then the spring was earlier, sun_ny days would last. Aye, spring was always earl - y!
love_ly girls, whose blush - - es make the ros_es pale.
we went forth a - court - - ing in the month of May.

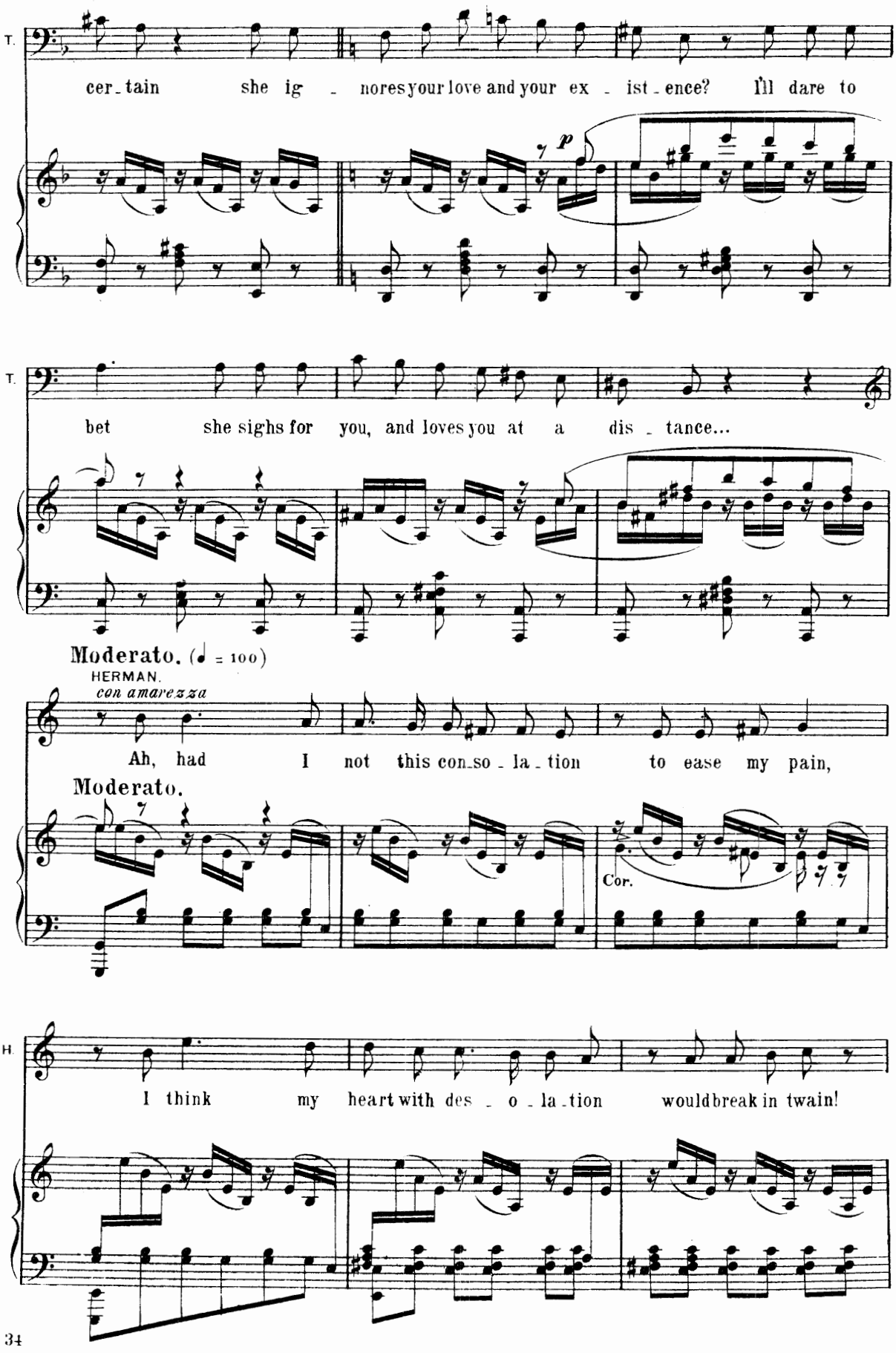

mf
'T is de-light-ful in the park to meet!
mf
Now bright days grow rar - - er, summer's of-ten cold,
mf
Spring-tide stirs our fan-cies, love-dreams haunt our sleep.
mf
Gai-et-y seems ban - - ish'd, changed our ways and climes.
p
cresc.
f
Yes, we feel the Sum - mer— Garden makes life sweet!
cresc.
f
nothing seems im - prov - - ing now we're get-ting old!
cresc.
f
and sweet ex-pect - a - - tions make our pul - - ses
cresc.
f
ev' ry-thing was bet - - ter in the good old times, old
mf
f

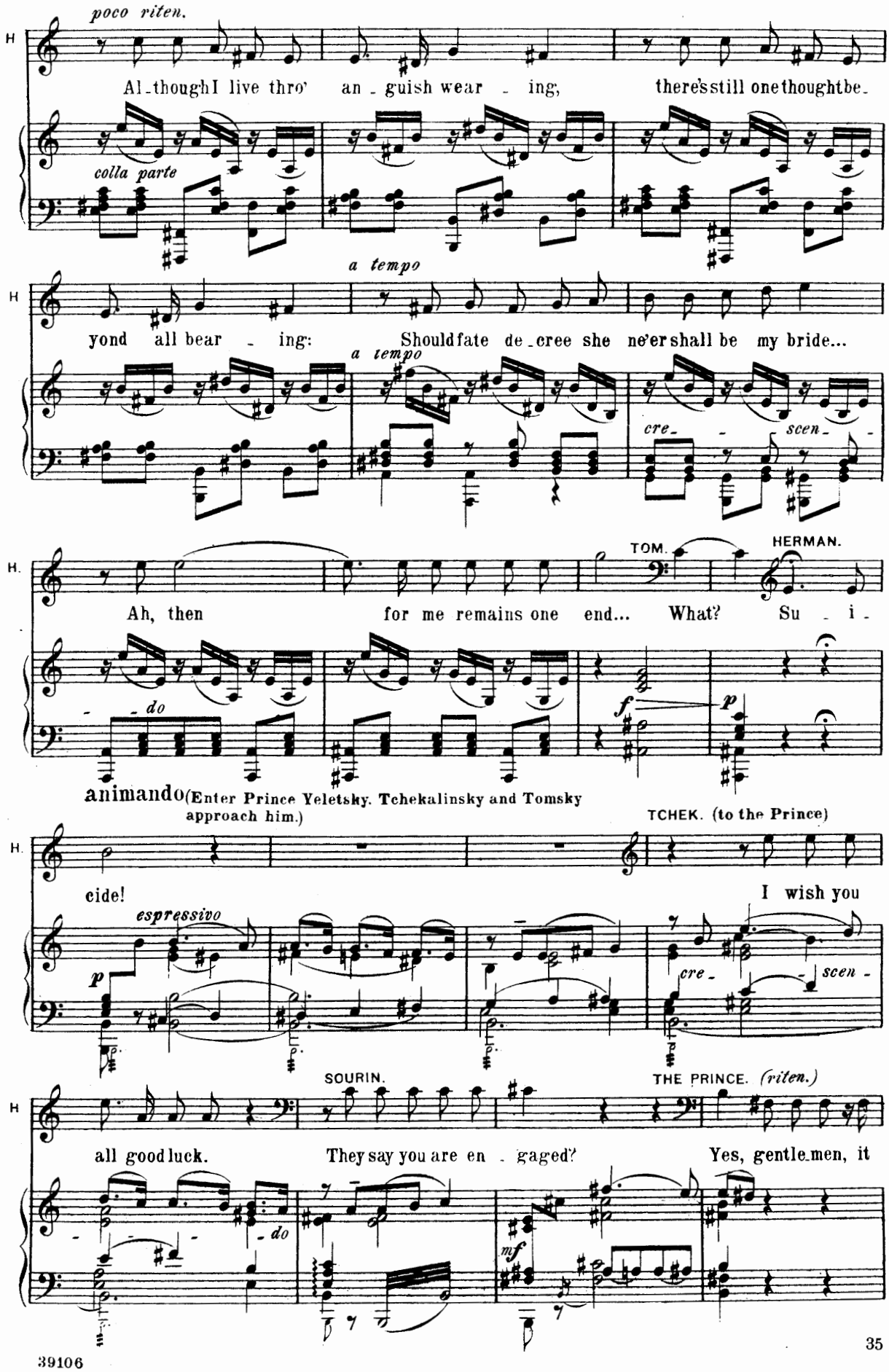

Yes, we see with sat_is_fac_tion hosts of suitors, young and gay,
Yes, we're sure that things were brighter, men po_li_ter, balls more gay,
leap!
Sun_ny skies, soft breezes, ten_der songs of the
times!
Ma_ny, ma_ny years have vanish'd since on such a
Timp.
Of_fi_cers and smart civ_il_ians crowd the gar_den paths to_day.
Love was tru_er, skies were blu_er, and less rare a sun_ny day!
night_in_gale,
love_ly girls whose blushes make the summer ros_es
per_fect day.
We went out a_cour_ting, cour_ting in the hap_py

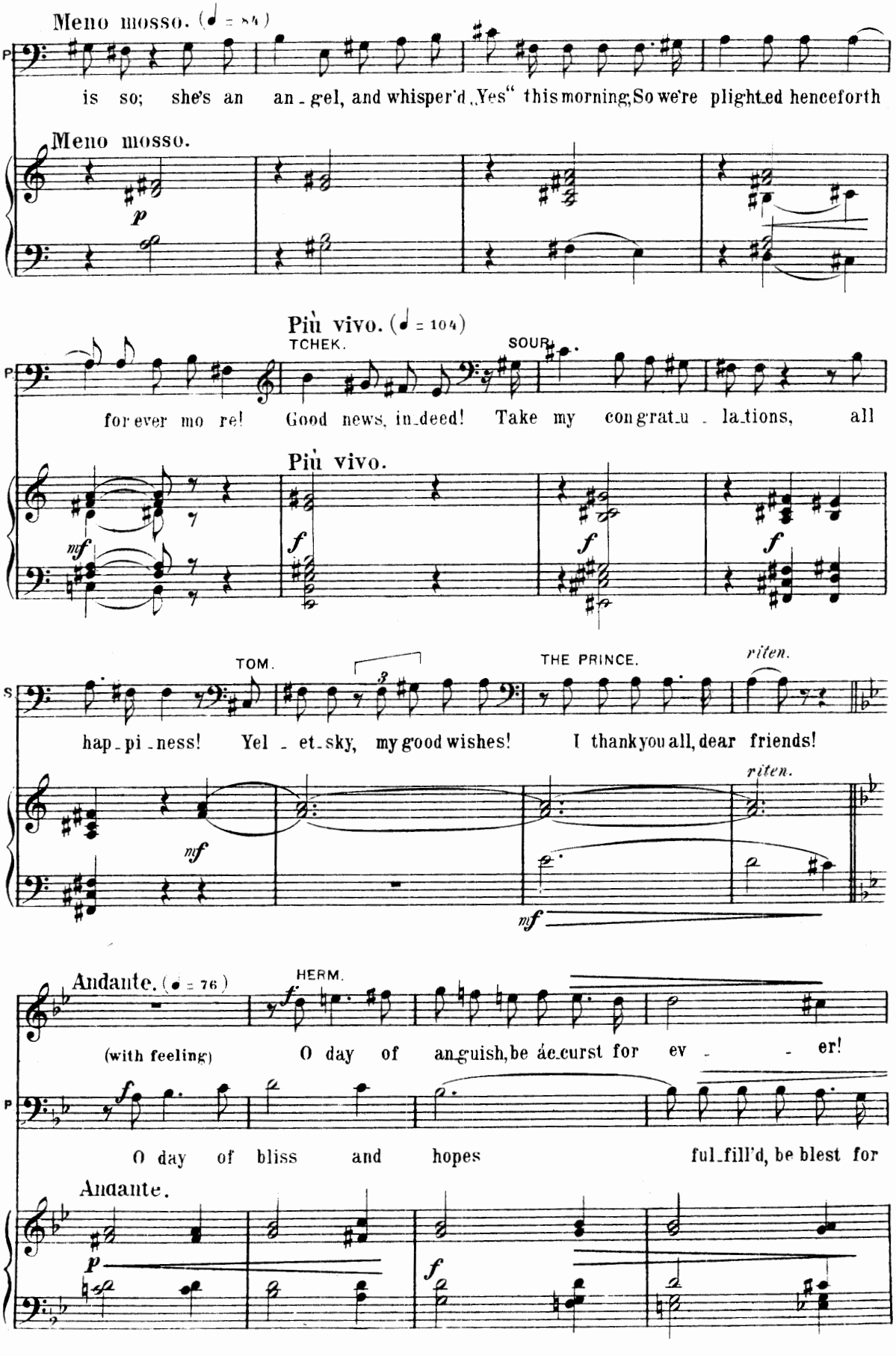

Look how man - y well-dress'd peo - ple in the gar - dens take their air - ing!
Yes, we're sure that life was bright - er, men po - li - ter, balls more splen - did,
seem quite pale, These are spring times ra - diant off'rings, These the gifts of
month of May! Gai - e - ty is ban - ish'd, changed our cust - oms and our
cre - scen - do
pp
po - co a po - co
Gallant sold - iers, smart civ - il - ians, What fine clothes and noble bear - ing!
clouds were few - er, skies were blu - er, all was bet - ter, all was bet - ter,
May! Aye, these are spring - tides' radiant of - f'rings, gifts of May. Now spring is
climes. Yes, ev' ry - thing was bet - ter, sure - ly in old times, Yes ev' ry -
f
mf

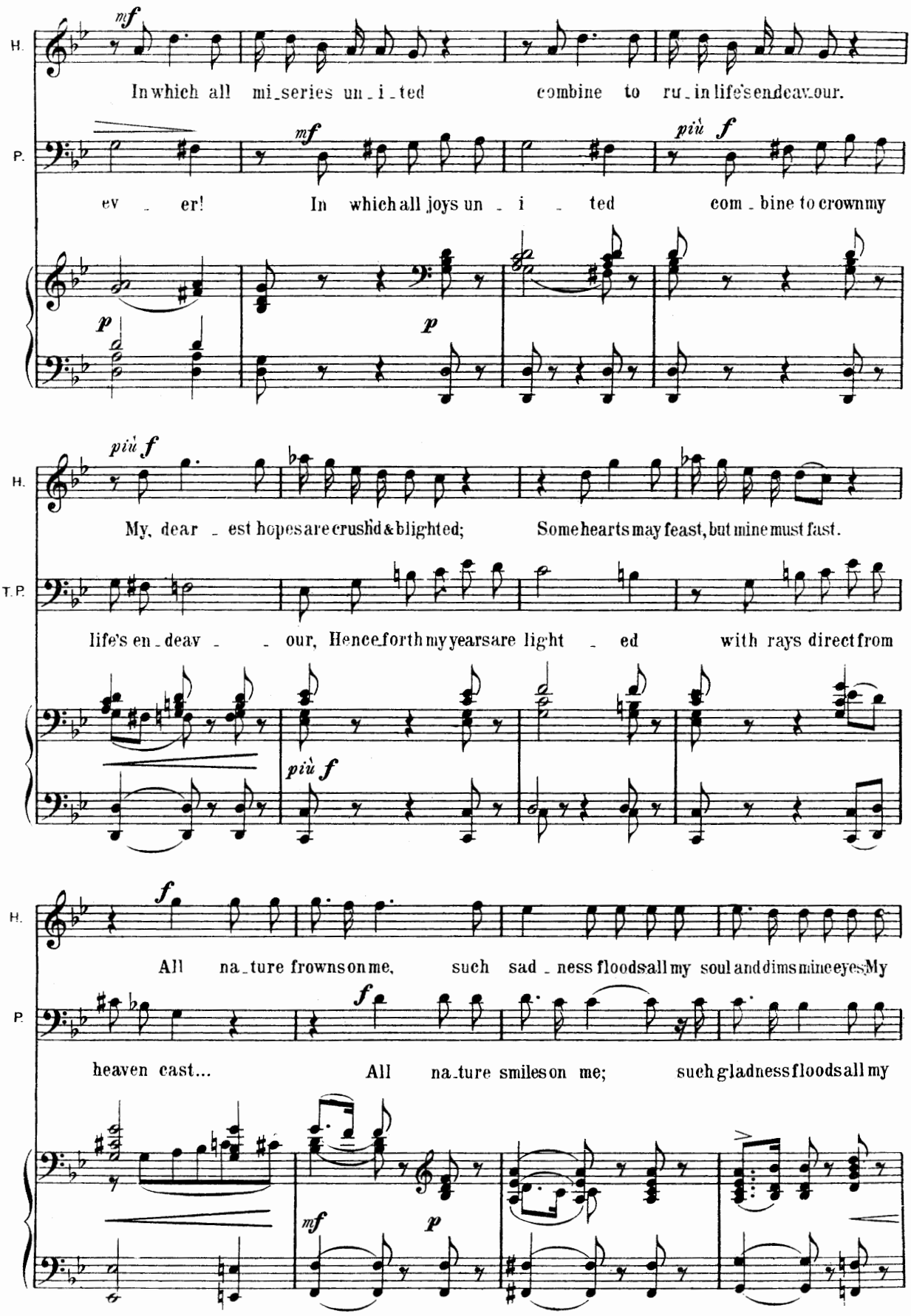

See, what crowds of well dress'd people take their airing!
all was bet_ter in the good old days now ended!
Now, thank Heav'n, no
come and brings us gladness love and endless pleasure!
thing was bet_ter in the good old days now vanish'd!
more it freez_es,
Win_ter's o_ver_past!
Bright the skies and
warm the breez_es,
May is here at last!
Ah! 't is too en_chanting, these are

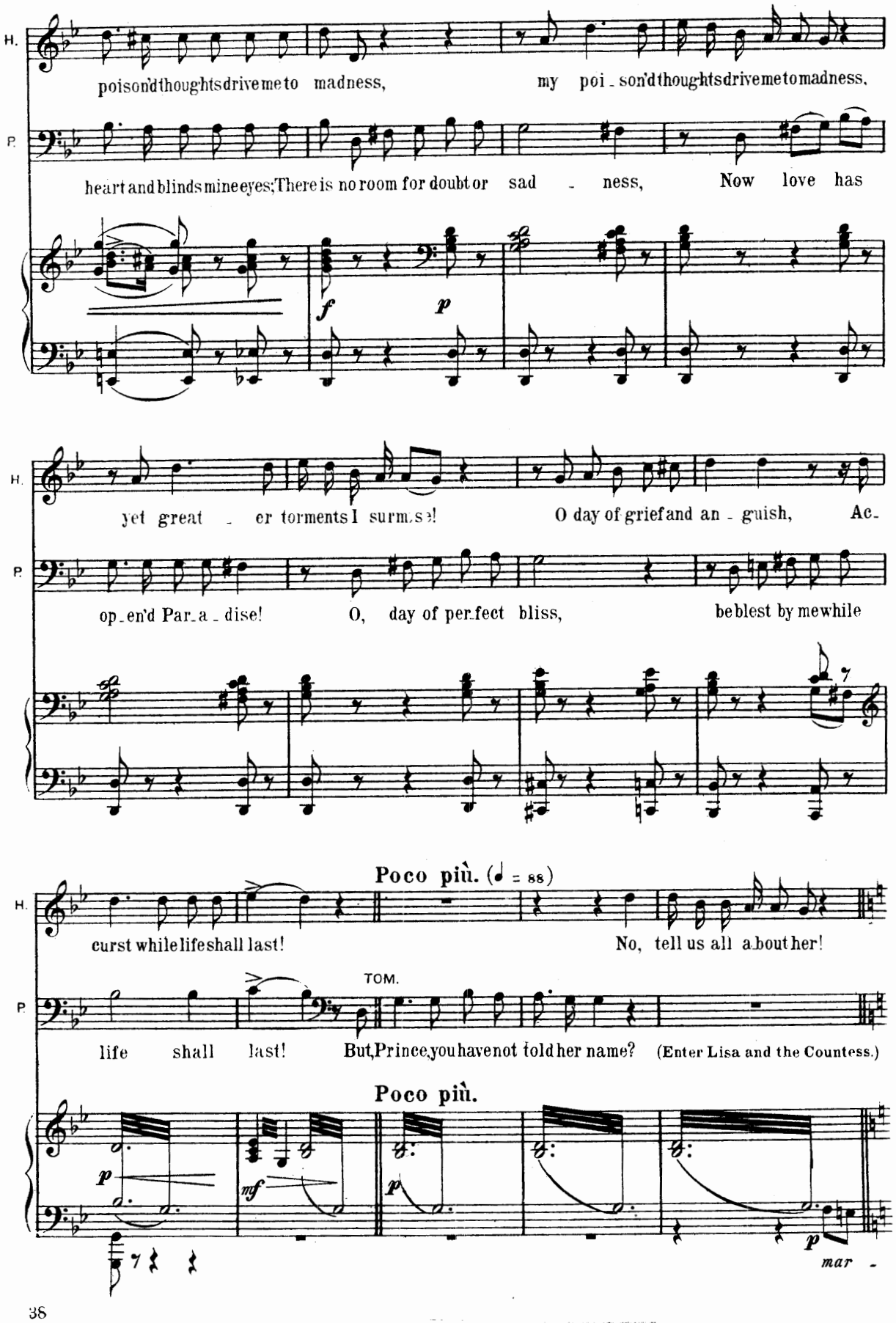

days of out - door bliss!
Pleasures harvest, let us reap it,
Who can say, how long we keep it. Weath - er such as this? Who can
ff
(Enter Herman & Tomsky.)
Poco meno. (♩ = 112)
TOMSKY
And are you
say how long we keep it? Who can say? Weather such as this!
Poco meno.
p
p

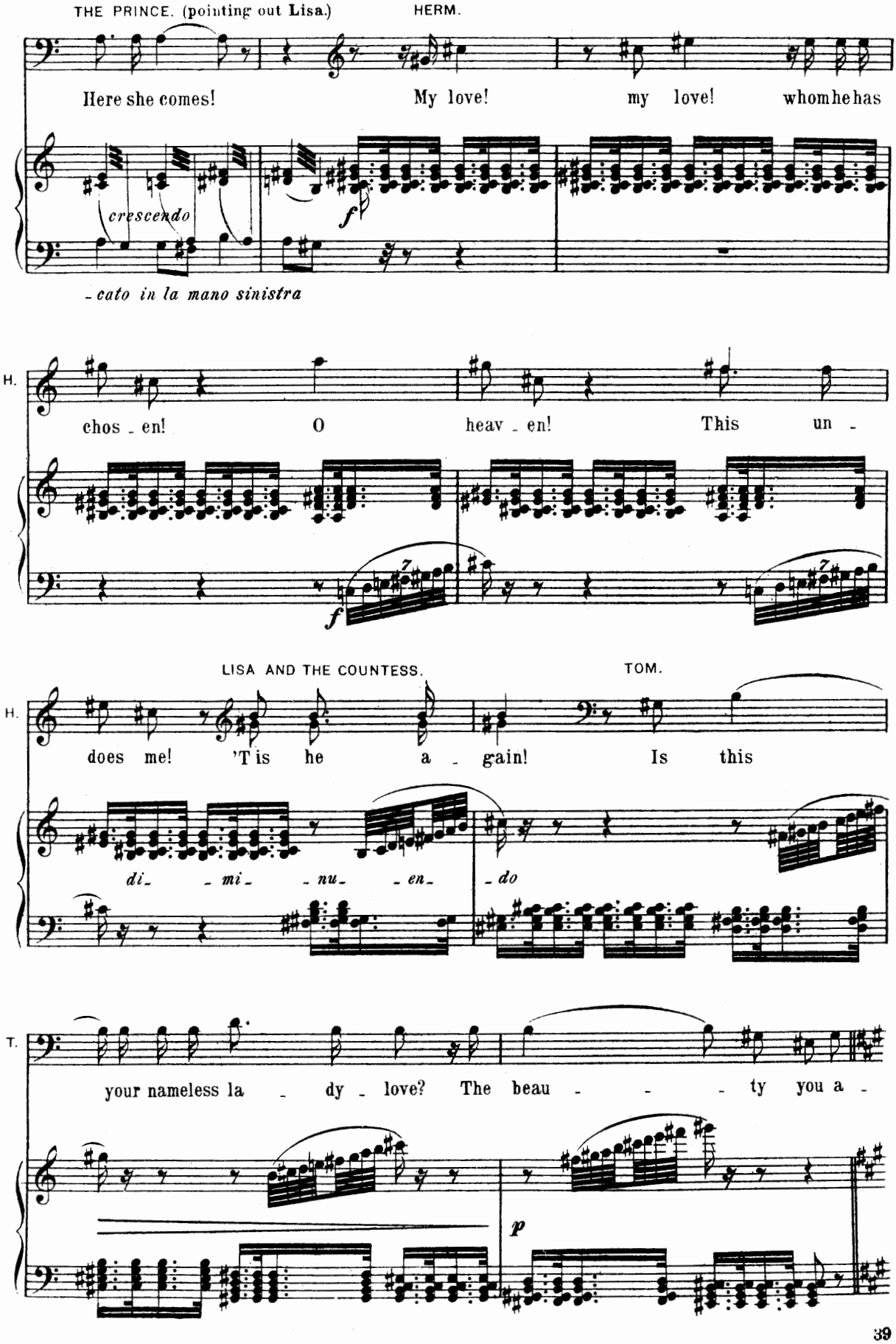

T.
cer_tain she ig_nores your love and your ex_ist_ence? I'll dare to
p
T.
bet she sighs for you, and loves you at a dis_tance...
Moderato. (♩ = 100)
HERMAN.
con amarezza
Ah, had I not this con_so_la_tion to ease my pain,
Moderato.
Cor.
H.
I think my heart with des_o_la_tion would break in twain!


poco riten.
Al-though I live thro' an-guish wear-ing, there's still one thought be-
colla parte
a tempo
yond all bear-ing: Should fate de-cree she ne'er shall be my bride...
a tempo
cre- scen-
TOM.
HERMAN.
Ah, then for me remains one end... What? Su-i-
do
f
p
animando
(Enter Prince Yeletsky. Tchekalinsky and Tomsky approach him.)
TCHEK. (to the Prince)
cide!
I wish you
espressivo
p
cre- scen-
SOURIN.
THE PRINCE. (riten.)
all good luck. They say you are en-gaged? Yes, gentle-men, it
do
mf


Meno mosso. (♩ = 84)
P
is so; she's an an - gel, and whisper'd „Yes" this morning; So we're plighted henceforth
Meno mosso.
p
Più vivo. (♩ = 104)
TCHEK.
SOUR.
P
for ever mo re! Good news, in deed! Take my con grat u - la tions, all
Più vivo.
mf
f
f
f
TOM.
THE PRINCE.
riten.
S
hap - pi - ness! Yel - et - sky, my good wishes! I thank you all, dear friends!
riten.
mf
mf
Andante. (♩ = 76)
HERM.
(with feeling)
O day of an guish, be ac curst for ev - - er!
P
O day of bliss and hopes ful - fill'd, be blest for
Andante.
p
f


H.
mf
In which all mi_series un_i_ted combine to ru_in life's endeav_our.
P.
mf
più f
ev_er! In which all joys un_i_ted com_bine to crown my
p
p
H.
più f
My dear_est hopes are crush'd & blighted; Some hearts may feast, but mine must fast.
T.P.
life's en_deav_our, Hence_forth my years are light_ed with rays direct from
più f
H.
f
All na_ture frowns on me, such sad_ness floods all my soul and dims mine eyes. My
P.
f
heaven cast... All na_ture smiles on me; such gladness floods all my
mf
p


H.
poison'd thoughts drive me to madness,
my poi - son'd thoughts drive me to madness,
P.
heart and blinds mine eyes; There is no room for doubt or sad - ness,
Now love has
f
p
H.
yet great - er torments I surmise!
O day of grief and an - guish,
Ac-
P.
op-en'd Par-a-dise!
O, day of per-fect bliss,
be blest by me while
Poco più. (♩ = 88)
H.
curst while life shall last!
No, tell us all about her!
TOM.
P.
life shall last!
But, Prince, you have not told her name?
(Enter Lisa and the Countess.)
Poco più.
p
mf
p
p
mar -



THE PRINCE. (pointing out Lisa.) HERM.

Here she comes! My love! my love! whom he has

crescendo

f

-cato in la mano sinistra

H.

chos - en! O heav - en! This un -

f

LISA AND THE COUNTESS. TOM.

H.

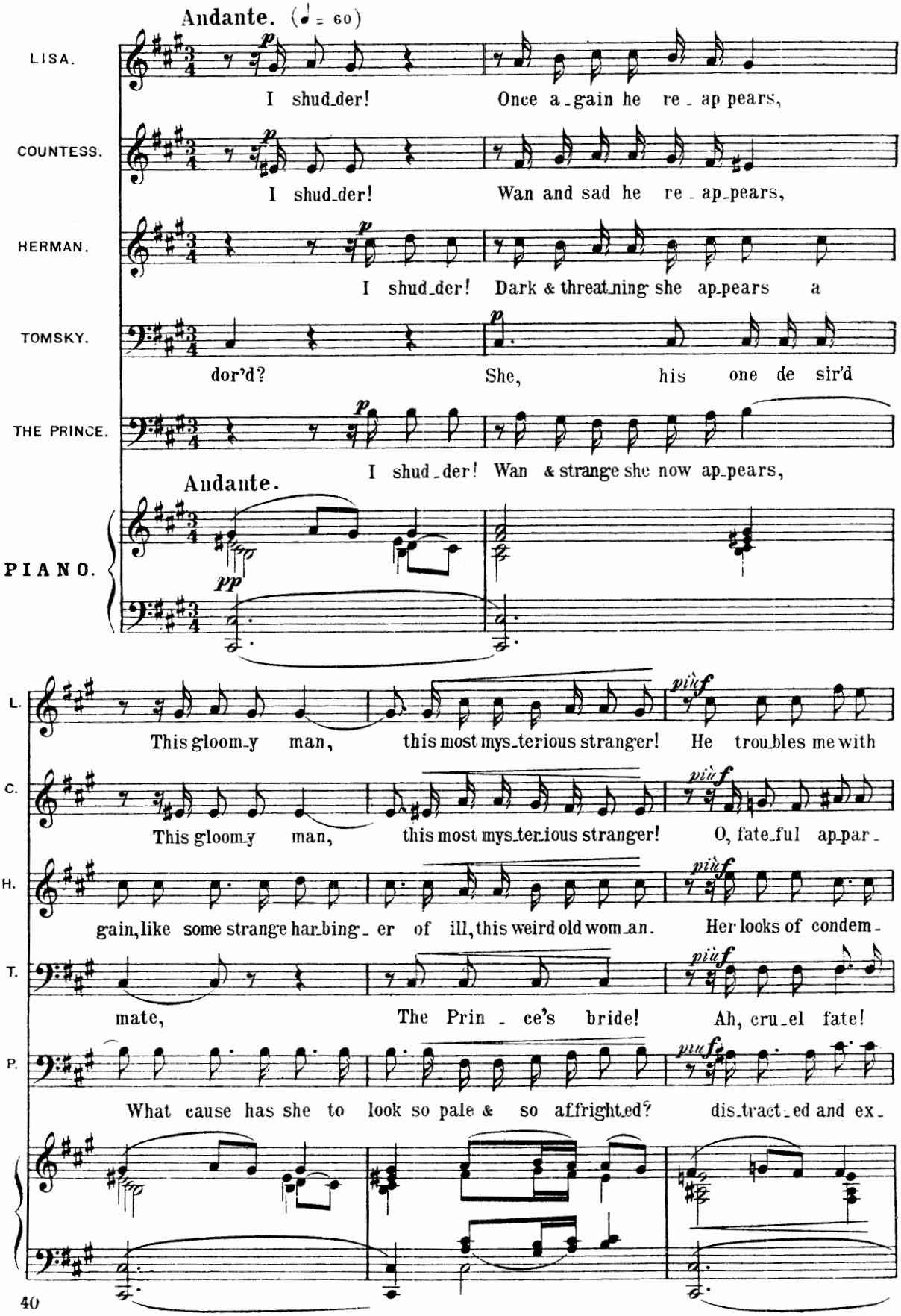
does me! 'T is he a - gain! Is this

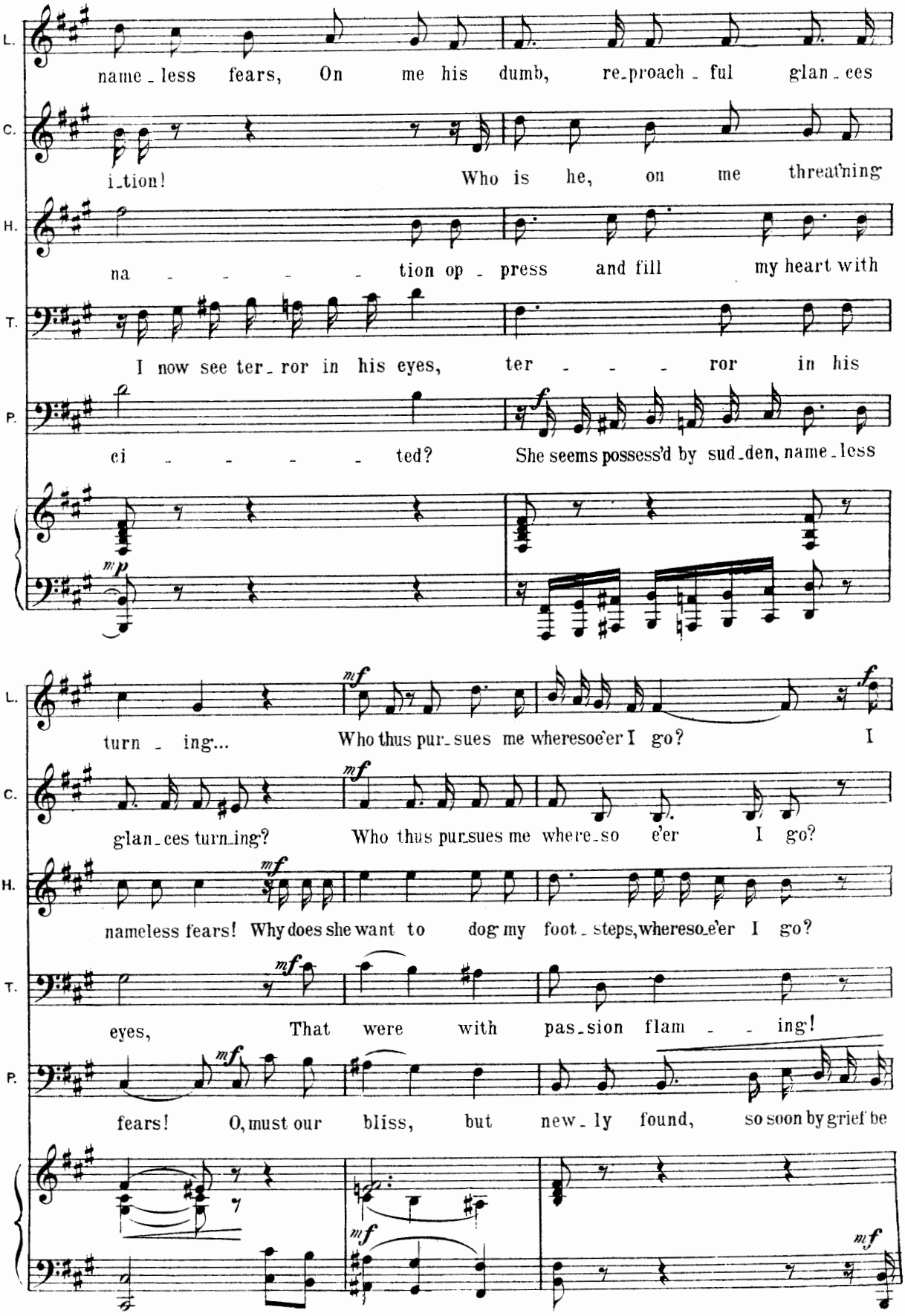
di- - mi- - nu- - en- - do

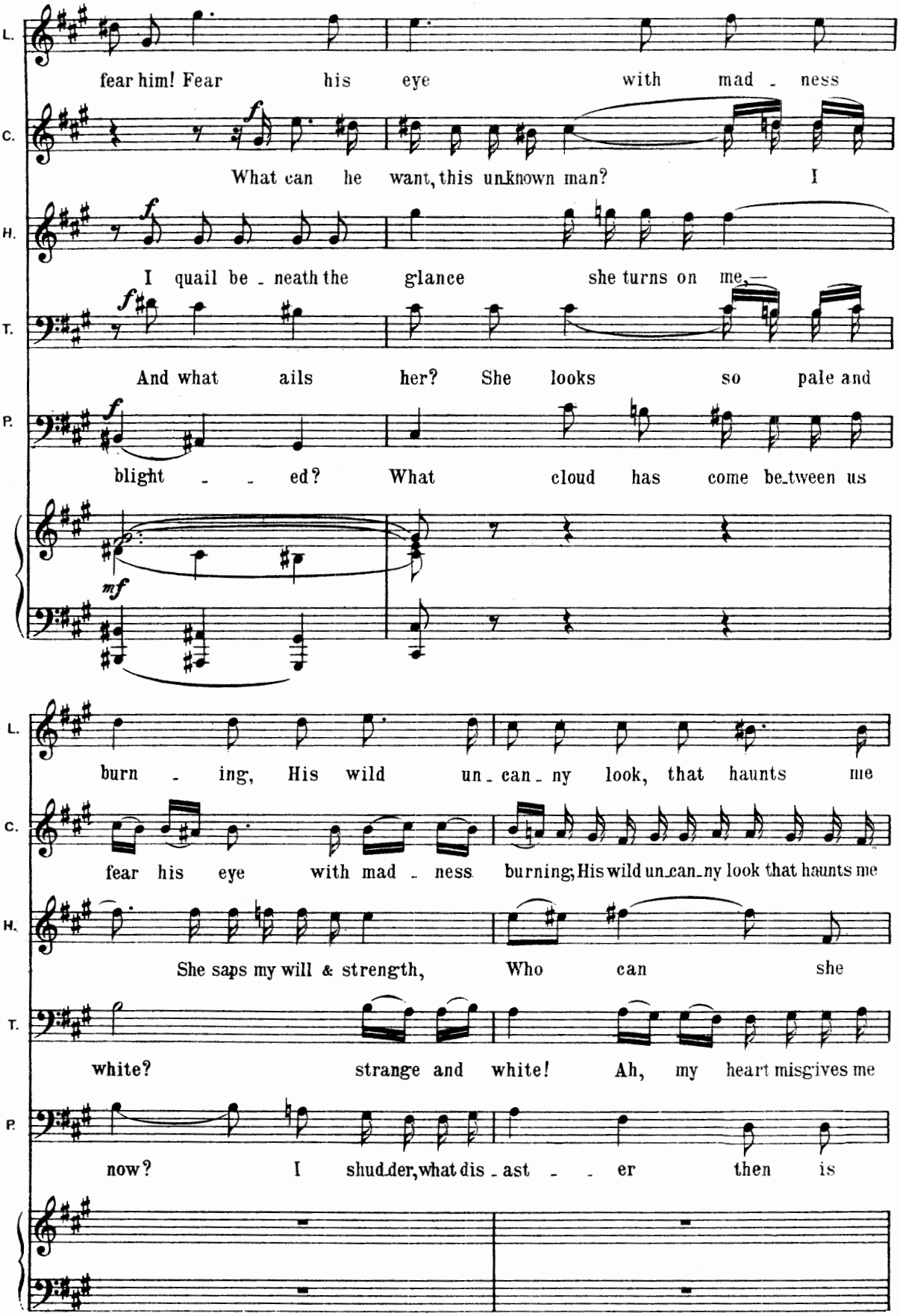
T.

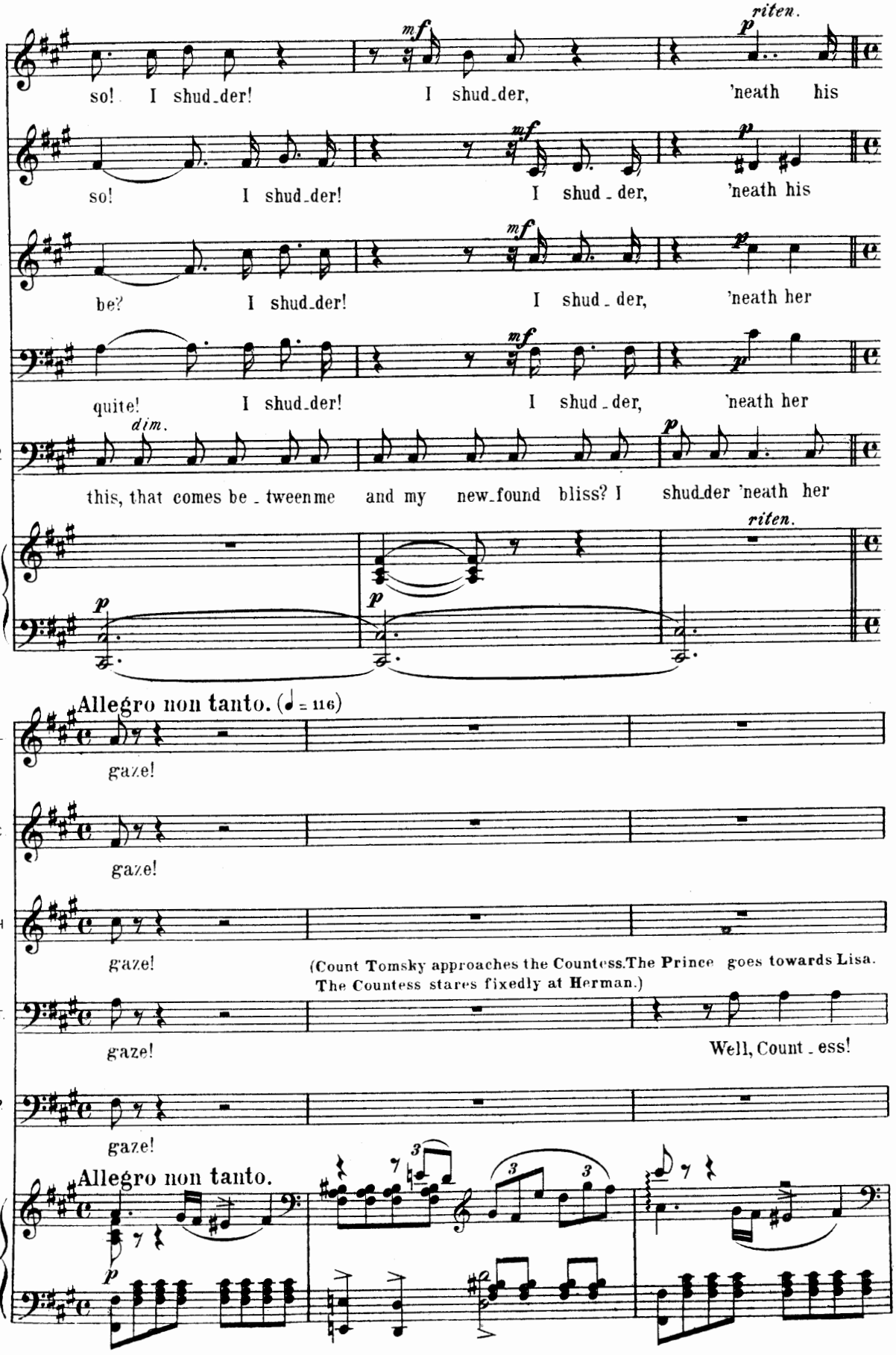
your nameless la - dy - love? The beau - - - ty you a -

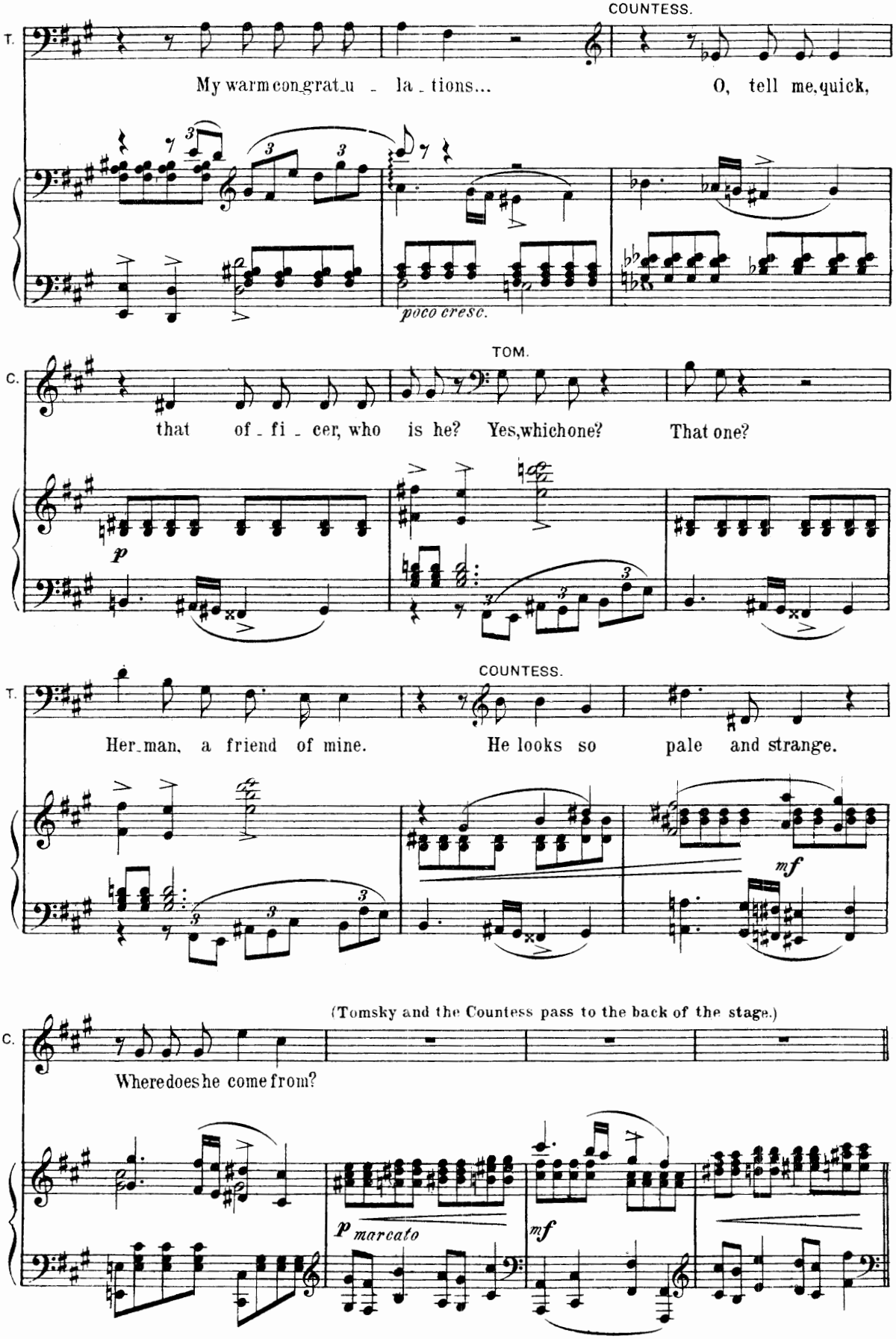
p


Andante. (♩ = 60)
LISA.
I shud_der! Once a_gain he re_ap pears,
COUNTESS.
I shud_der! Wan and sad he re_ap_pears,
HERMAN.
I shud_der! Dark & threat_ning she ap_pears a
TOMSKY.
dor'd? She, his one de sir'd
THE PRINCE.
I shud_der! Wan & strange she now ap_pears,
Andante.
PIANO.
L.
This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! He troubles me with
C.
This gloom_y man, this most mys_terious stranger! O, fate_ful ap_par_
H.
gain, like some strange har_bing_er of ill, this weird old wom_an. Her looks of condem_
T.
mate, The Prin_ce's bride! Ah, cru_el fate!
P.
What cause has she to look so pale & so affright_ed? dis_tract_ed and ex_


L.
name_less fears, On me his dumb, re_proach_ful glan_ces
C.
i_tion! Who is he, on me threat'ning
H.
na - - - - - tion op_press and fill my heart with
T.
I now see ter_ror in his eyes, ter - - - ror in his
P.
ei - - - - - ted? She seems possess'd by sud_den, name_less
mp
f
L.
turn_ing... Who thus pur_sues me wheresoe'er I go? I
mf
f
C.
glan_ces turn_ing? Who thus pur_sues me where_so e'er I go?
mf
H.
nameless fears! Why does she want to dog my foot_steps, whereso_e'er I go?
mf
T.
eyes, That were with pas_sion flam - - ing!
mf
P.
fears! O, must our bliss, but new_ly found, so soon by grief be
mf
mf
mf

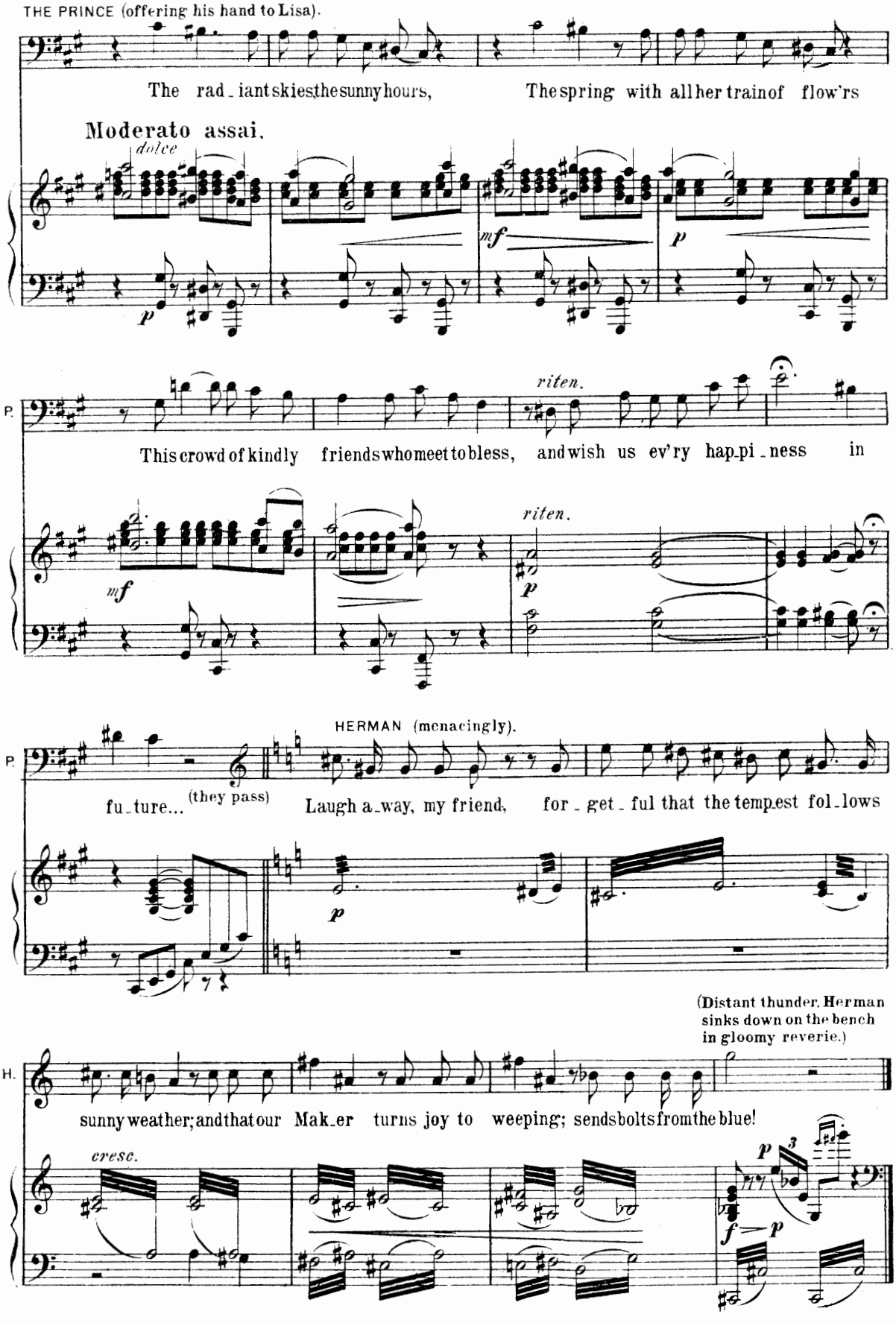

L.
fear him! Fear his eye with mad - ness
C.
What can he want, this unknown man? I
H.
I quail be - neath the glance she turns on me,—
T.
And what ails her? She looks so pale and
P.
blight - - ed? What cloud has come be-tween us
burn - ing, His wild un - can - ny look, that haunts me
fear his eye with mad - ness burning; His wild un-can-ny look that haunts me
She saps my will & strength, Who can she
white? strange and white! Ah, my heart misgives me
now? I shud-der, what dis - ast - - er then is

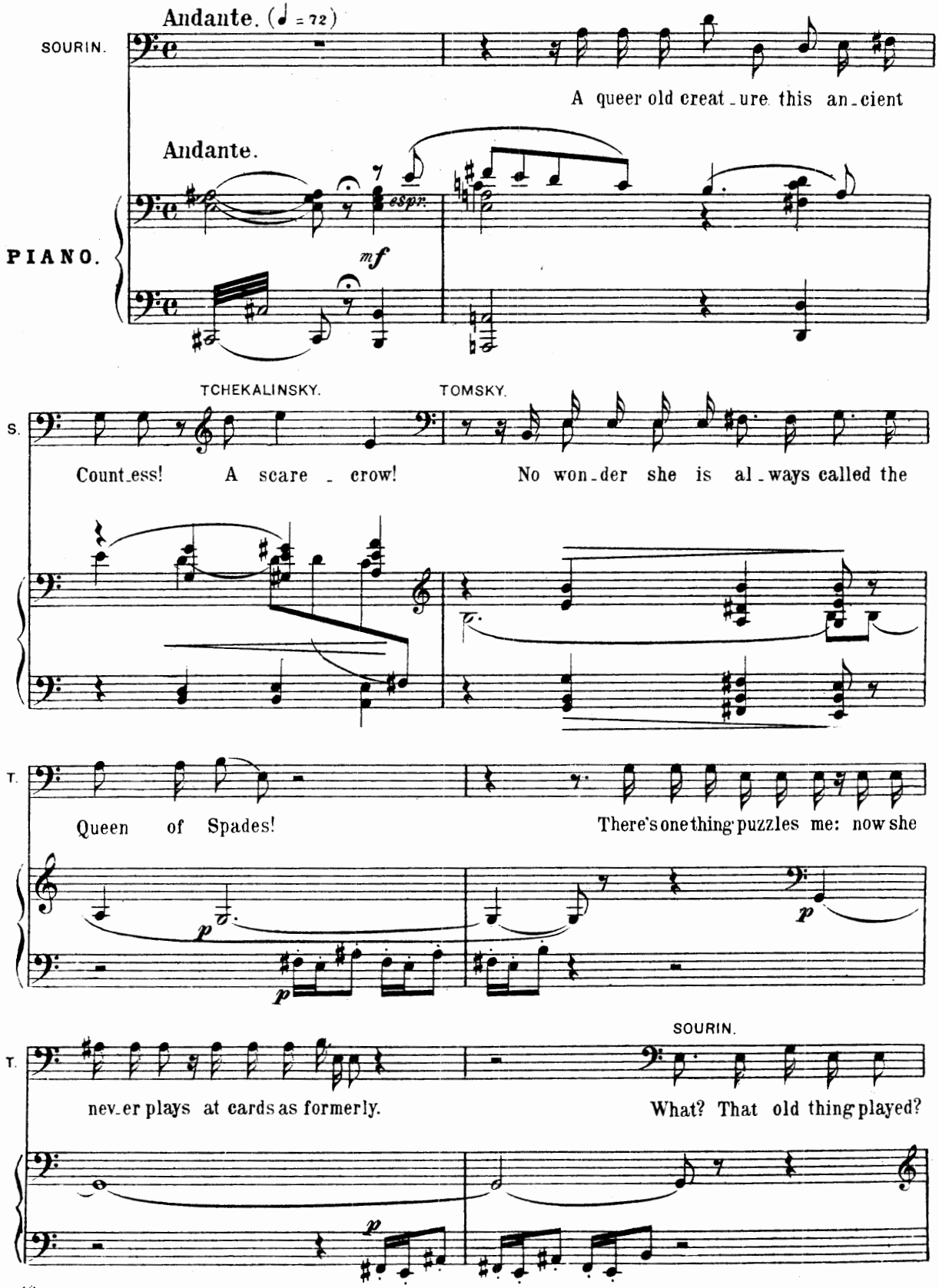

riten.
so! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath his
so! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath his
be? I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath her
quite! I shud_der! I shud_der, 'neath her
dim.
this, that comes be_tween me and my new_found bliss? I shud_der 'neath her
riten.
Allegro non tanto. (♩ = 116)
gaze!
gaze!
gaze!
(Count Tomsky approaches the Countess. The Prince goes towards Lisa. The Countess stares fixedly at Herman.)
gaze!
Well, Count_ess!
gaze!
Allegro non tanto.

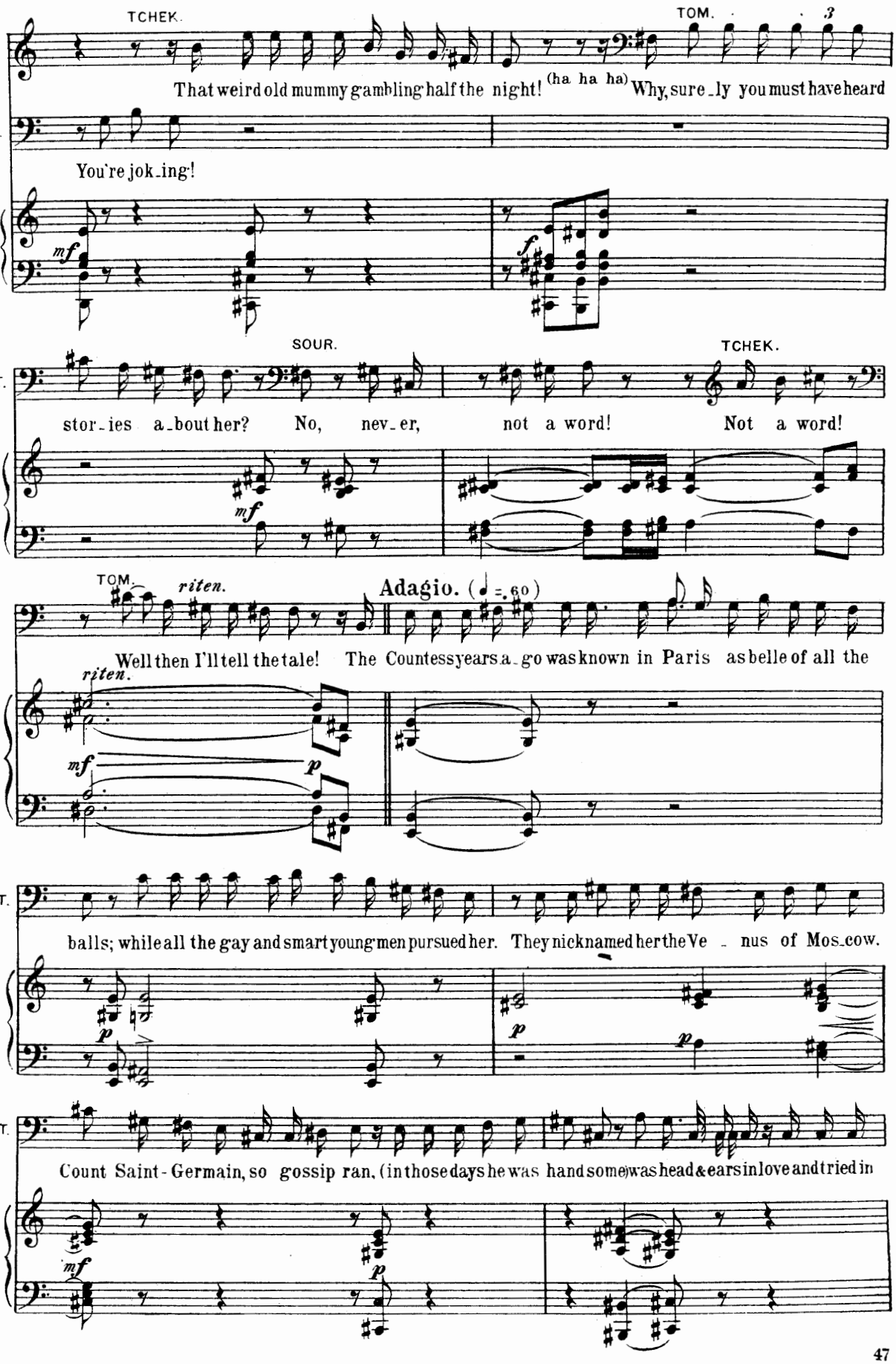

COUNTESS.
T.
My warm con_grat_u _ la _ tions...
O, tell me, quick,
poco cresc.
TOM.
C.
that of _ fi _ cer, who is he? Yes, which one? That one?
p
COUNTESS.
T.
Her_man, a friend of mine.
He looks so pale and strange.
mf
(Tomsky and the Countess pass to the back of the stage.)
C.
Where does he come from?
p marcato
mf

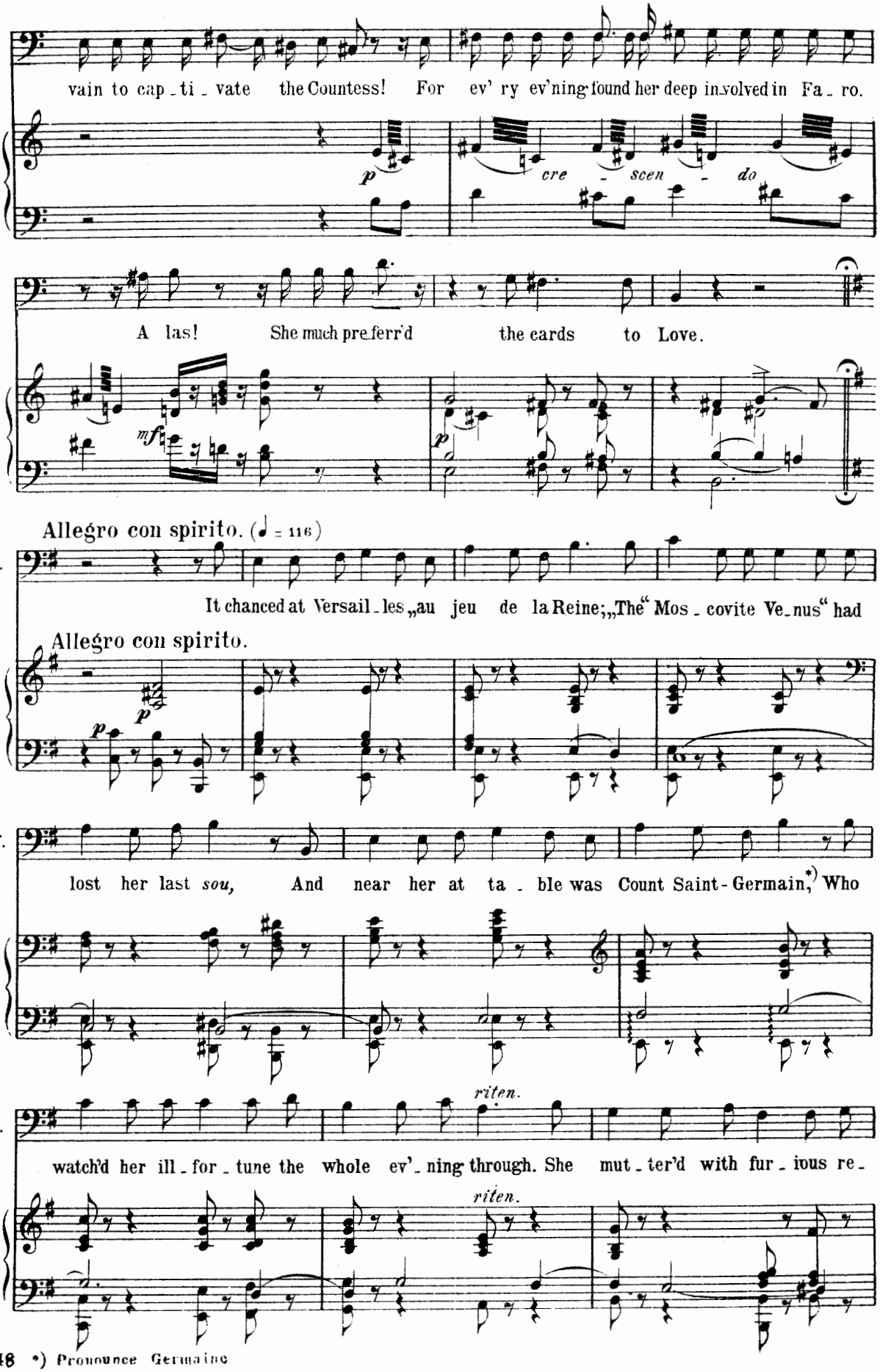
Moderato assai. (♩ = 96)

THE PRINCE (offering his hand to Lisa).

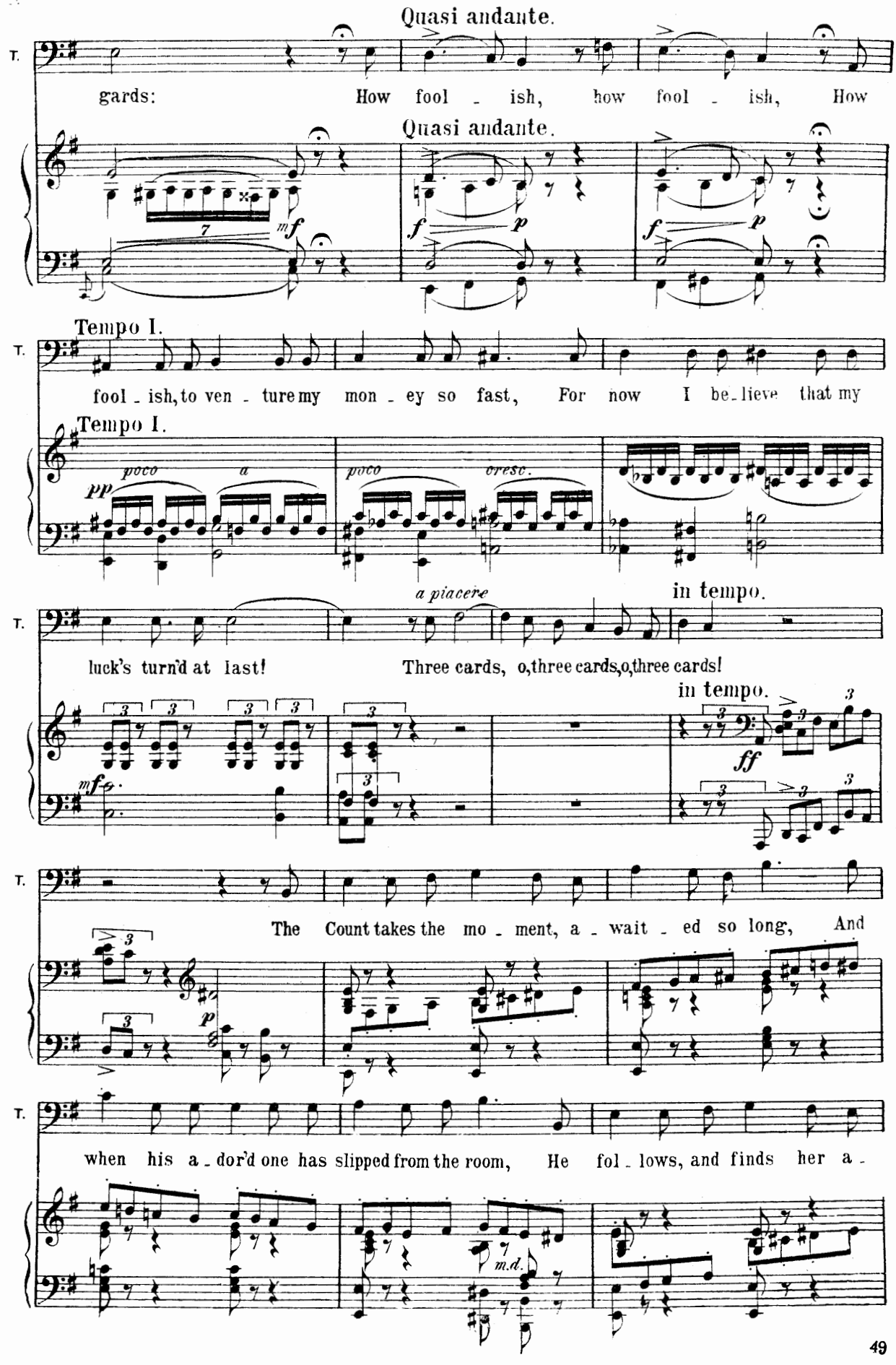


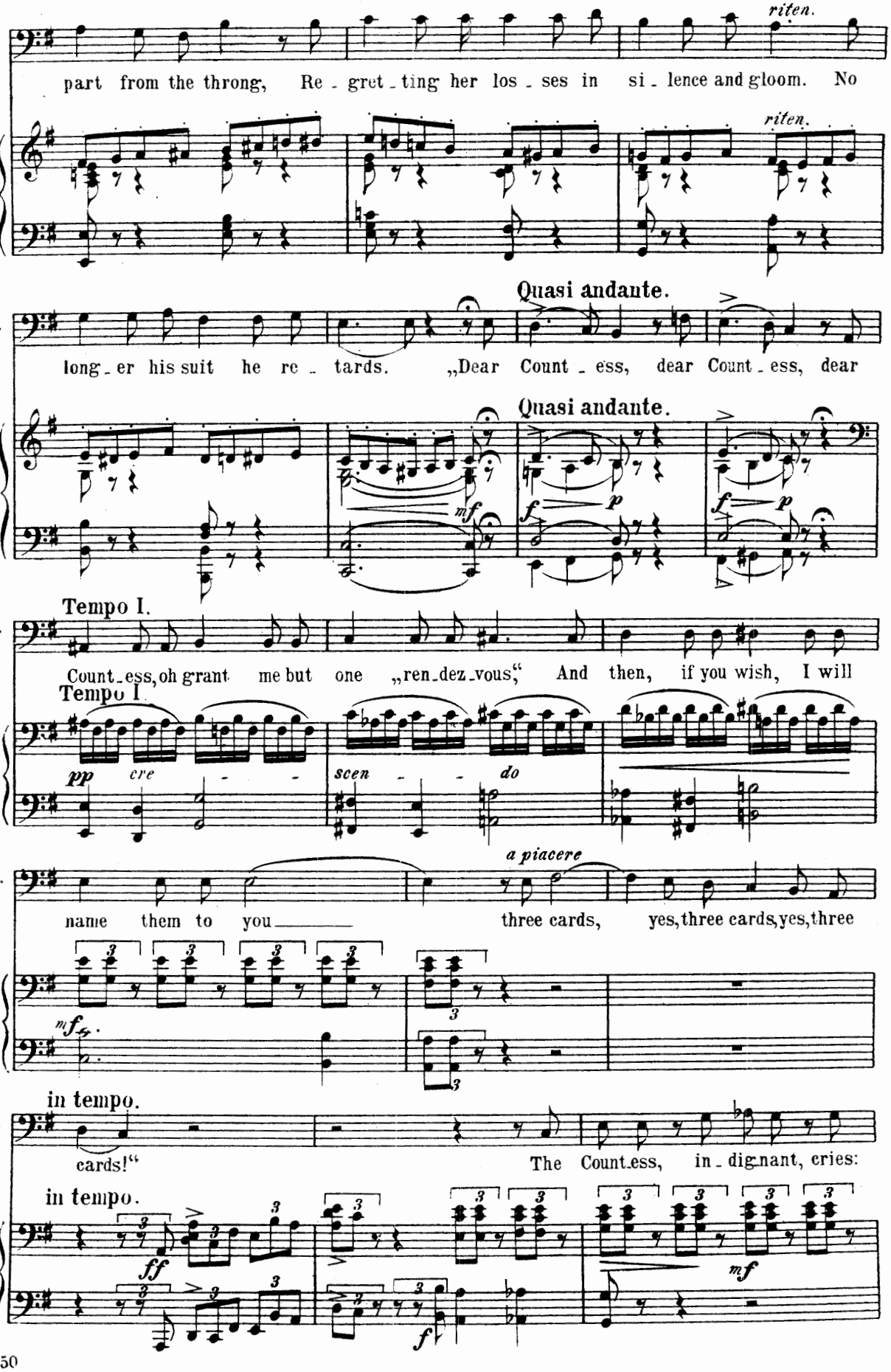

Andante. (♩ = 72)
SOURIN.
A queer old creat-ure this an-cient
Andante.
espr.
mf
PIANO.
TCHEKALINSKY.
TOMSKY.
S.
Count-ess! A scare - crow!
No won-der she is al-ways called the
T.
Queen of Spades!
There's one thing puzzles me: now she
p
p
p
SOURIN.
T.
nev-er plays at cards as formerly.
What? That old thing played?
p

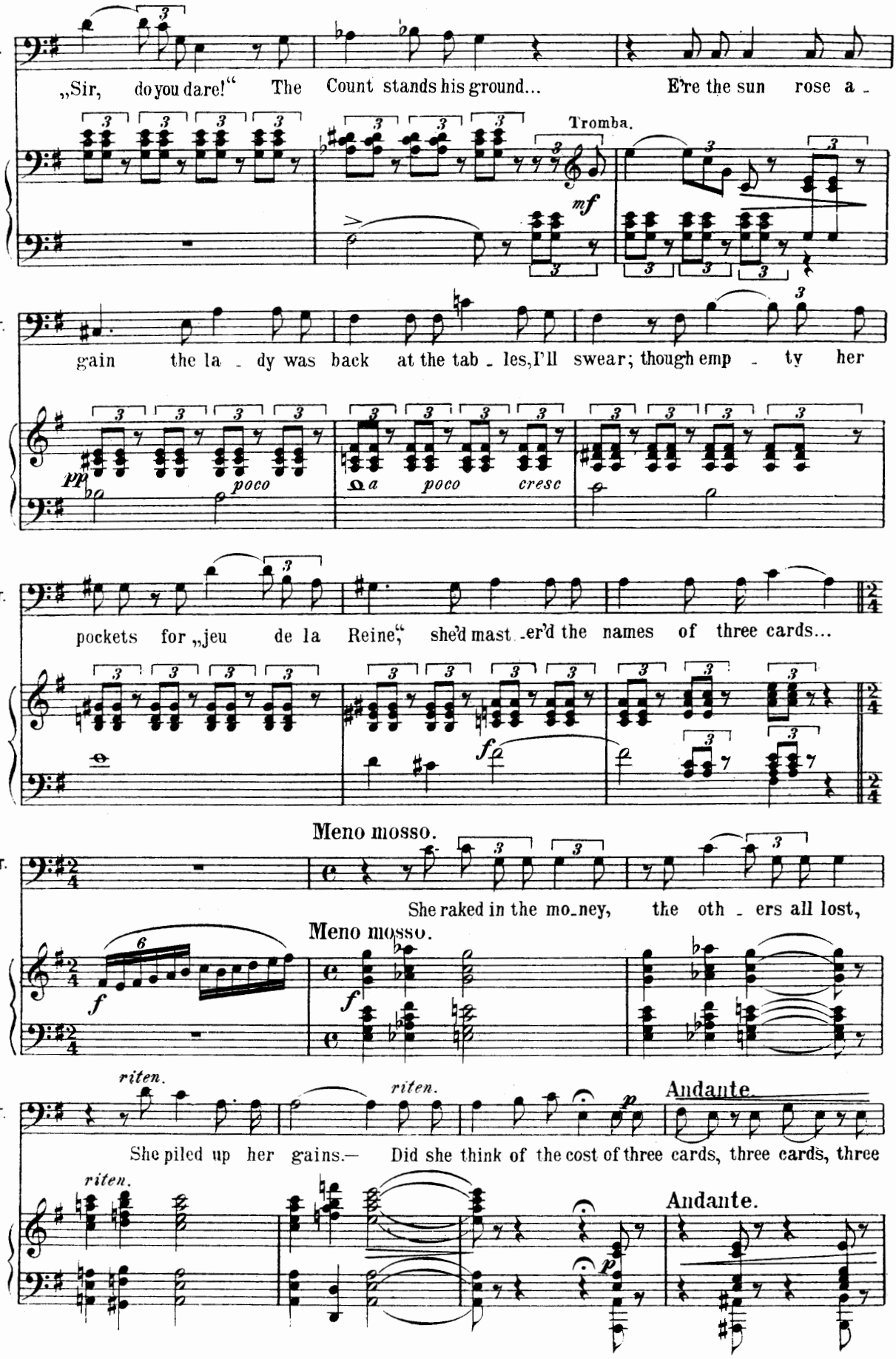

TCHEK.
TOM.
3
That weird old mummy gambling half the night! (ha ha ha) Why, sure-ly you must have heard
S.
You're jok-ing!
mf
f
SOUR.
TCHEK.
T.
stor-ies a-bout her? No, nev-er, not a word! Not a word!
mf
TOM.
riten.
Adagio. (♩ = 60)
Well then I'll tell the tale! The Countess years a-go was known in Paris as belle of all the
riten.
mf
p
T.
balls; while all the gay and smart young men pursued her. They nicknamed her the Ve - nus of Mos-cow.
p
p
p
T.
Count Saint-Germain, so gossip ran, (in those days he was handsome) was head & ears in love and tried in
mf
p

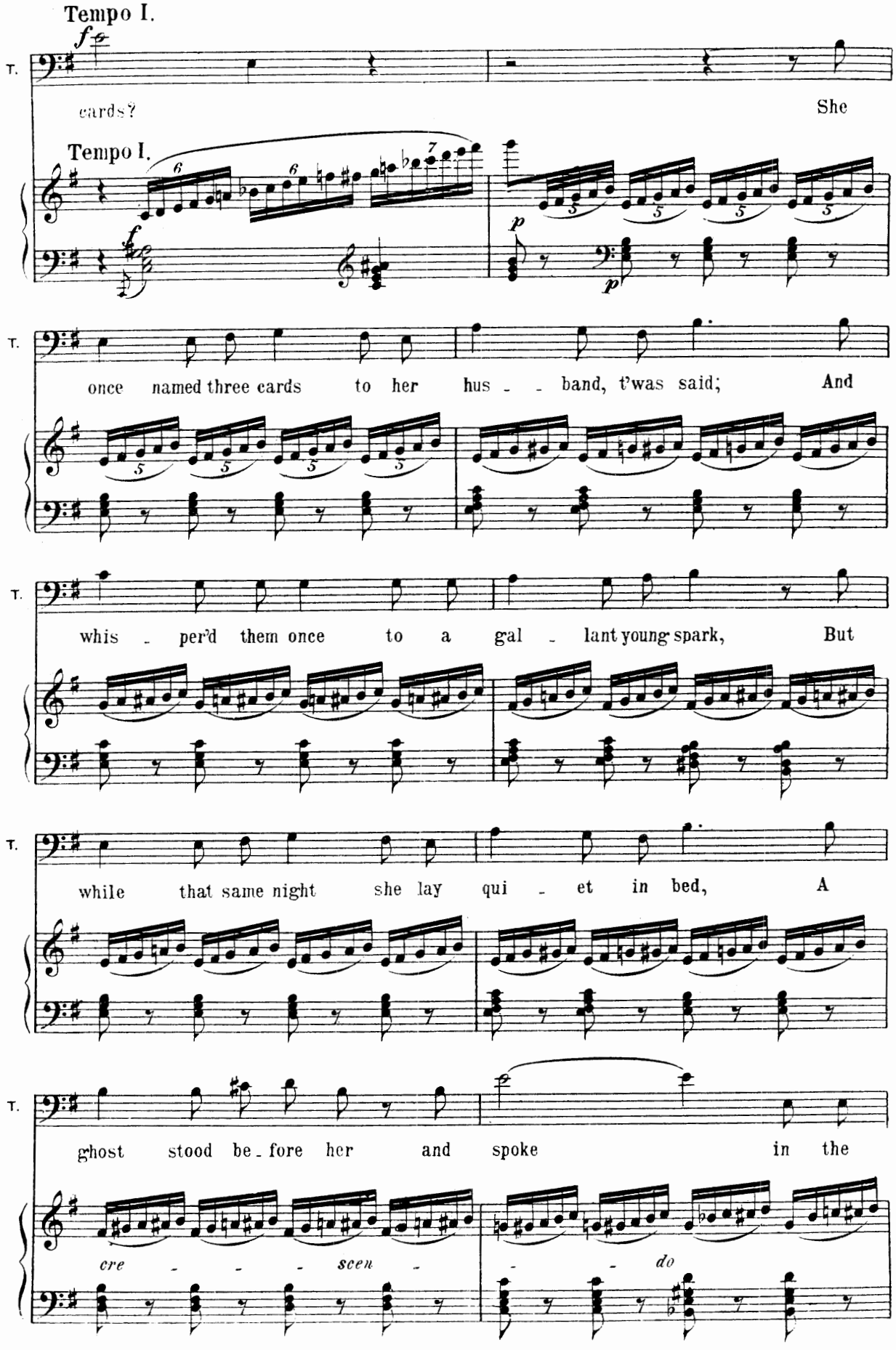


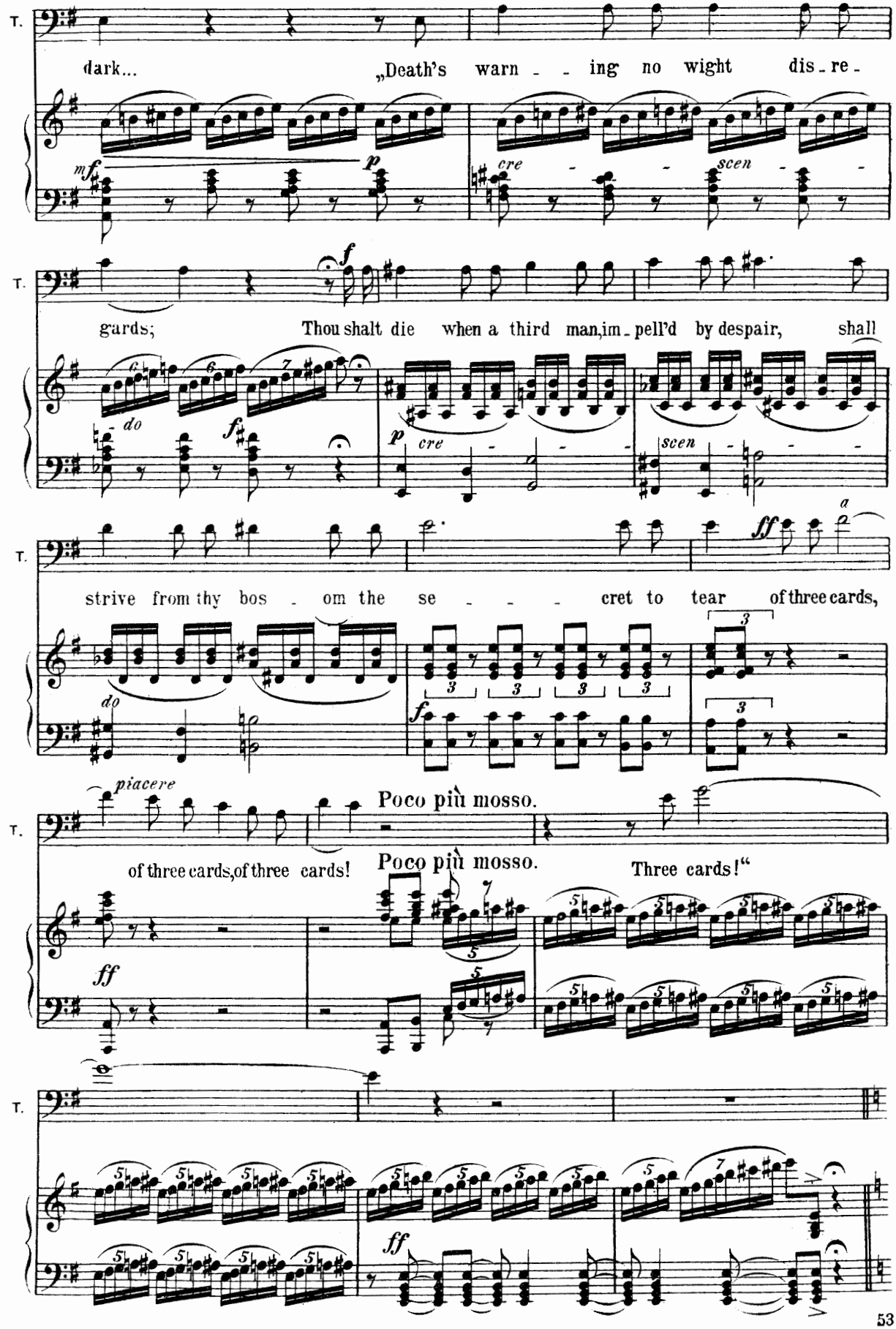
48 *) Pronounce Germaine


Quasi andante.
T.
gards: How fool - ish, how fool - ish, How
Quasi andante.
Tempo I.
T.
fool - ish, to ven - ture my mon - ey so fast, For now I be - lieve that my
Tempo I.
poco a
poco cresc.
a piacere
in tempo.
T.
luck's turn'd at last! Three cards, o, three cards, o, three cards!
in tempo.
T.
The Count takes the mo - ment, a - wait - ed so long, And
T.
when his a - dor'd one has slipped from the room, He fol - lows, and finds her a -

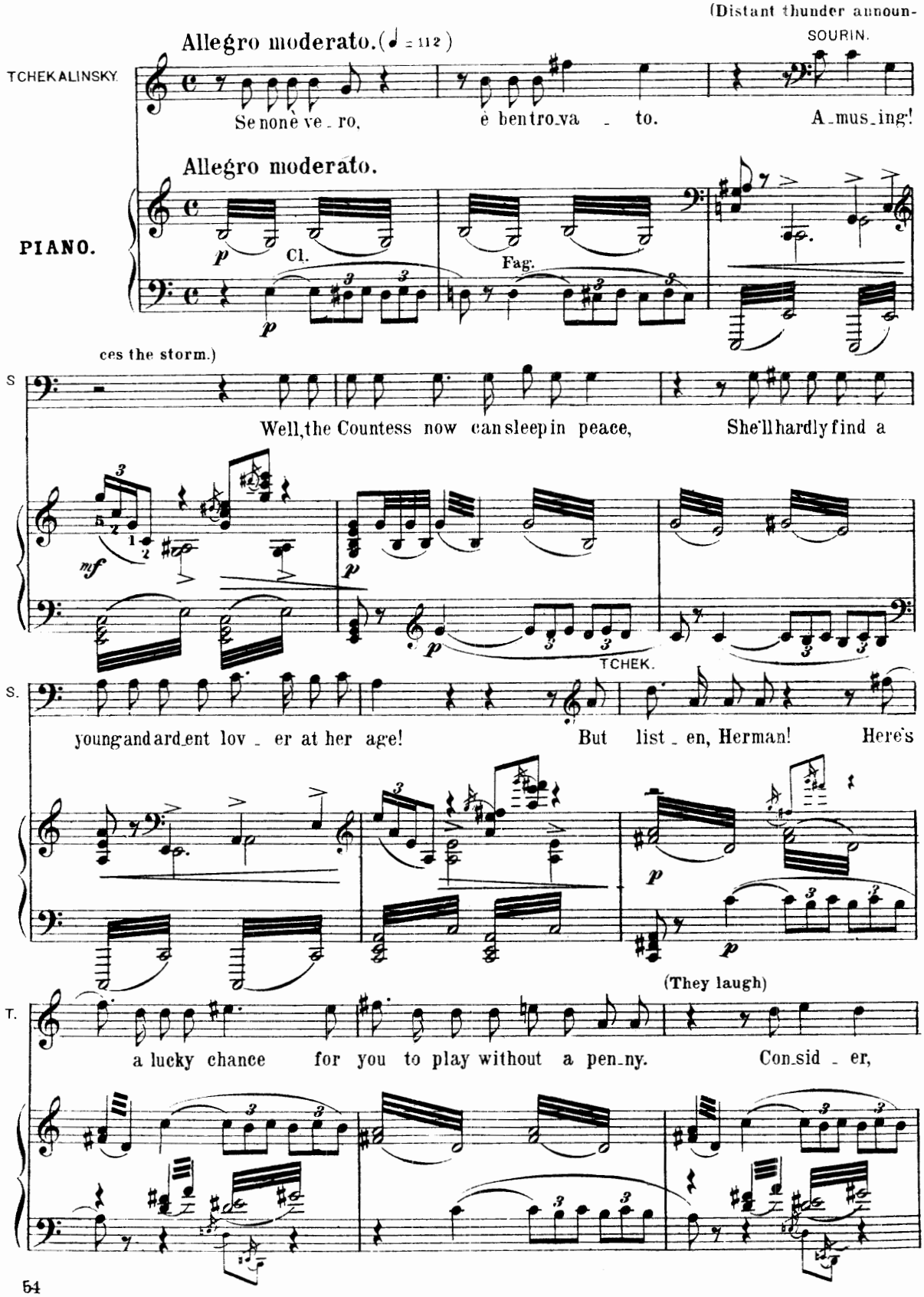

T.
riten.
part from the throng, Re - gret - ting her los - ses in si - lence and gloom. No
riten.
Quasi andante.
T.
long - er his suit he re - tards. „Dear Count - ess, dear Count - ess, dear
Quasi andante.
mf
f p
f p
Tempo I.
T.
Count - ess, oh grant me but one „ren - dez - vous," And then, if you wish, I will
Tempo I.
pp cre - - -
scen - - - do
a piacere
T.
name them to you three cards, yes, three cards, yes, three
mf
in tempo.
T.
cards!" The Count - ess, in - dig - nant, cries:
in tempo.
ff
f
mf

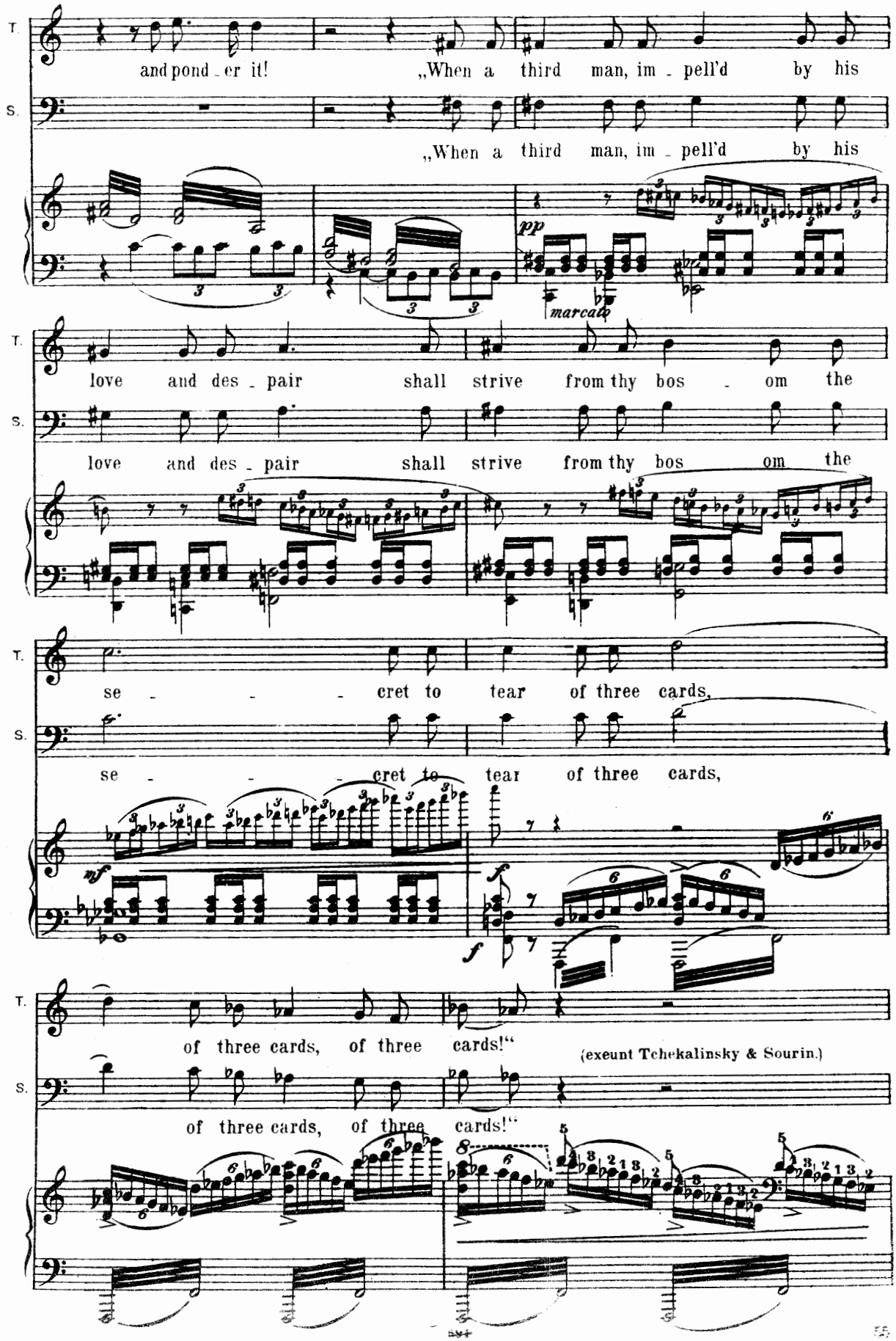

T.
„Sir, do you dare!“ The Count stands his ground... E're the sun rose a -
Tromba.
mf
T.
gain the la - dy was back at the tab - les, I'll swear; though emp - ty her
pp
poco
a poco cresc
T.
pockets for „jeu de la Reine,“ she'd mast - er'd the names of three cards...
f
Meno mosso.
T.
She raked in the mo - ney, the oth - ers all lost,
Meno mosso.
f
riten.
riten.
Andante.
T.
She piled up her gains.— Did she think of the cost of three cards, three cards, three
riten.
Andante.


Tempo I.
cards?
She
Tempo I.
once named three cards to her hus - - band, t'was said; And
whis - per'd them once to a gal - lant young spark, But
while that same night she lay qui - et in bed, A
ghost stood be - fore her and spoke in the
cre - - - scen - - - do

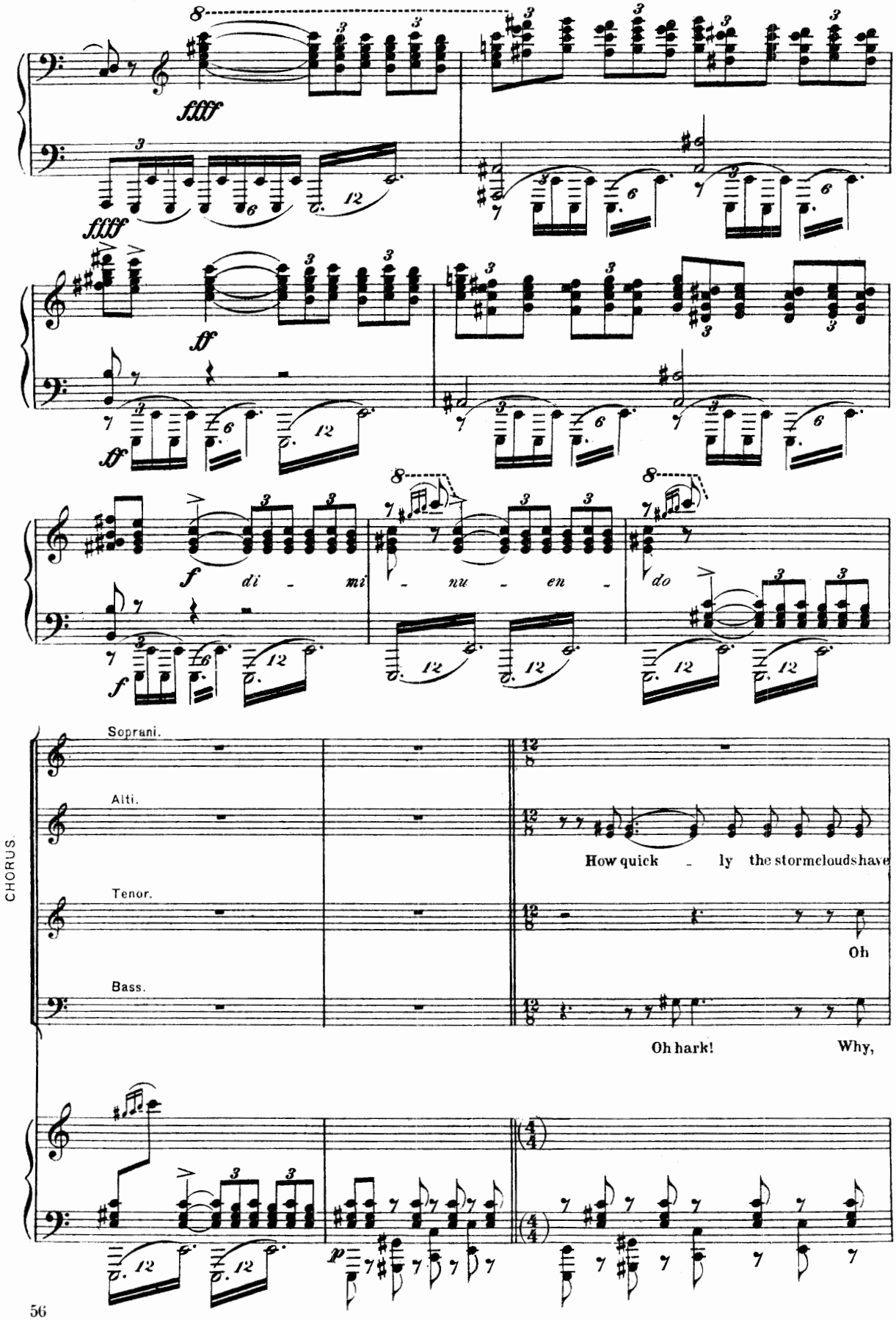

T.
dark...
„Death's warn - - ing no wight dis - re -
cre - scen - -
T.
gards;
Thou shalt die when a third man, im - pell'd by despair, shall
do
cre
scen
T.
strive from thy bos - om the se - - - - cret to tear of three cards,
do
piacere
Poco più mosso.
T.
of three cards, of three cards!
Poco più mosso.
Three cards!"
T.

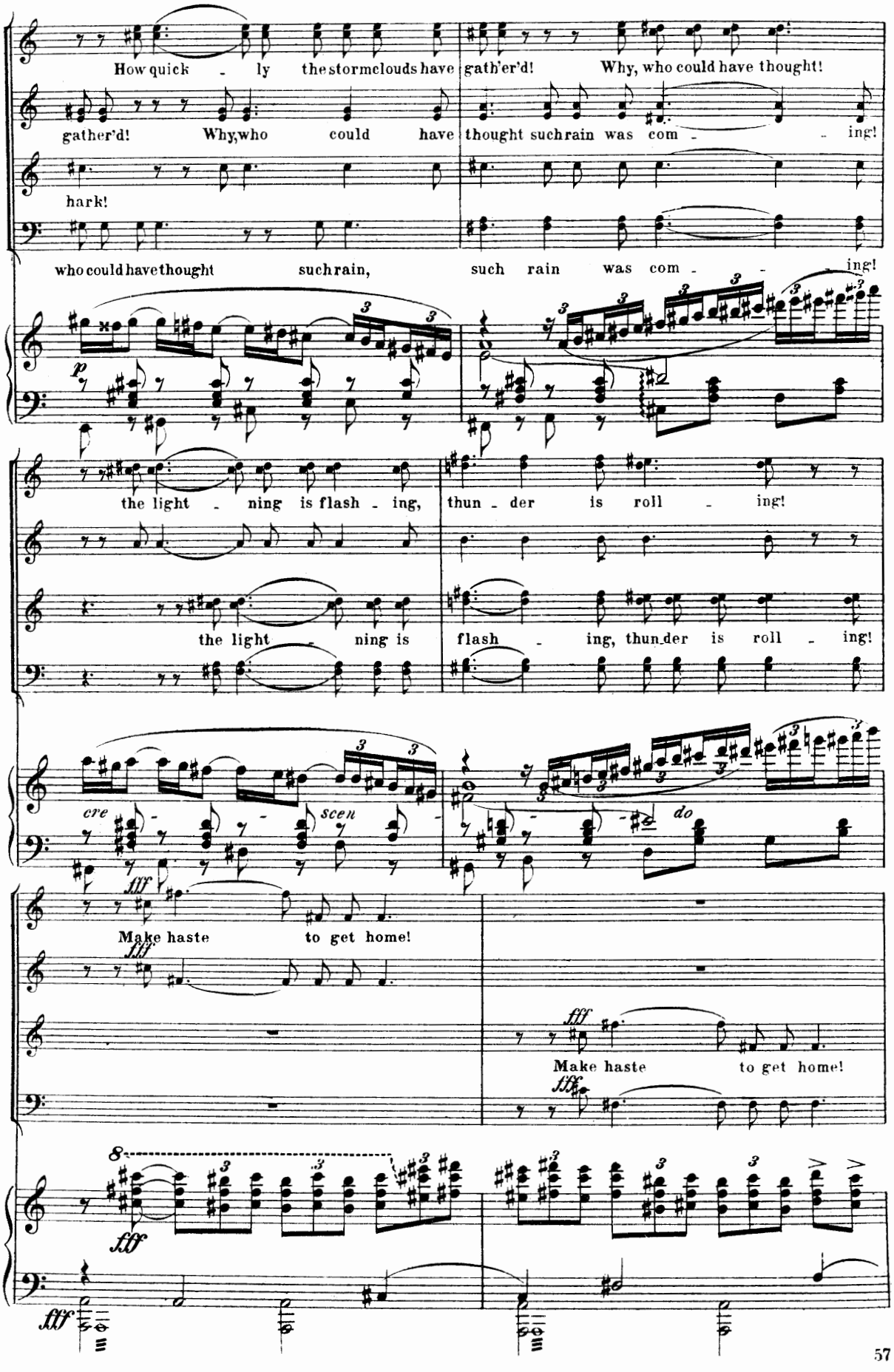
№ 6. Closing scene (storm).

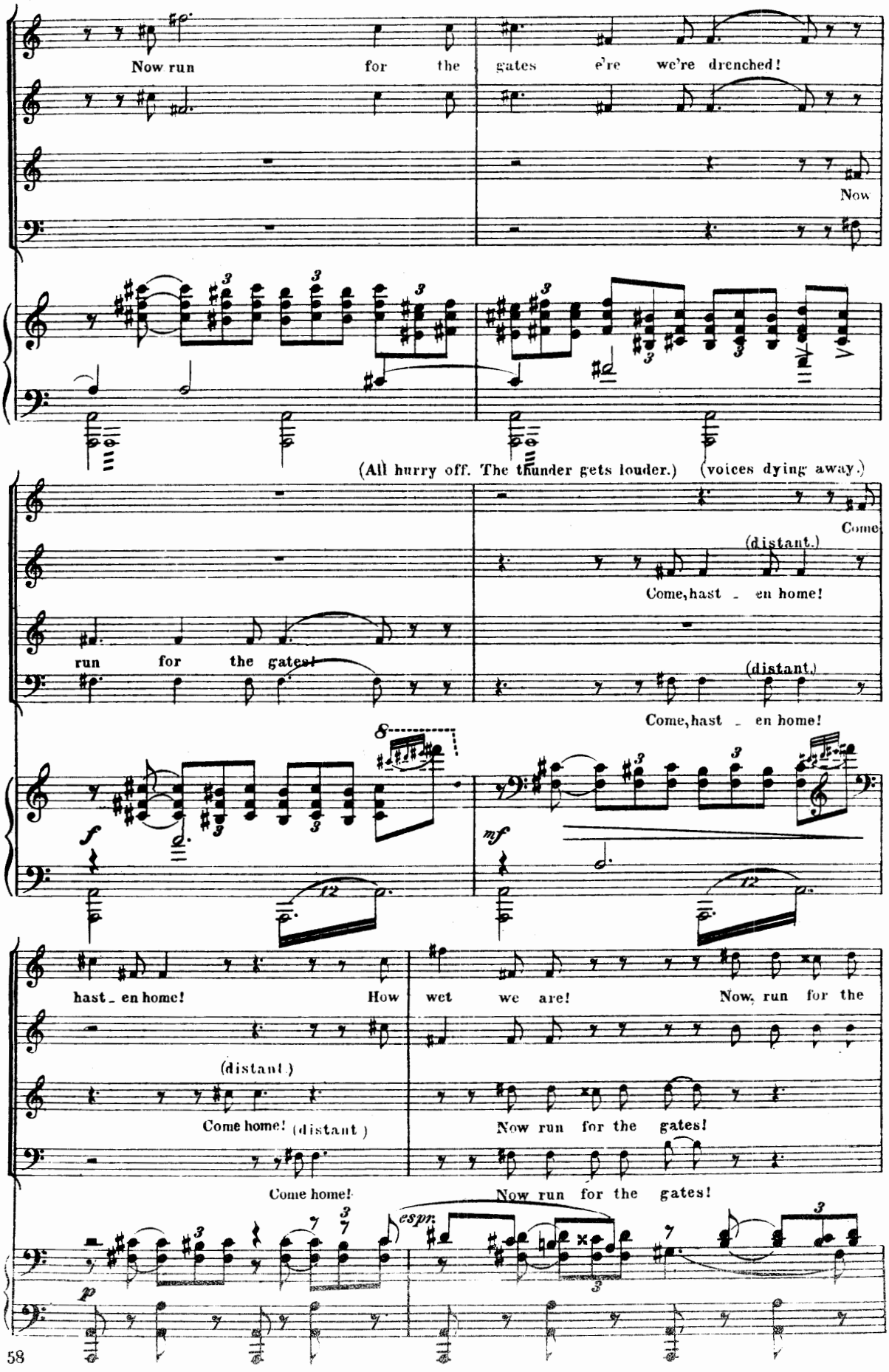


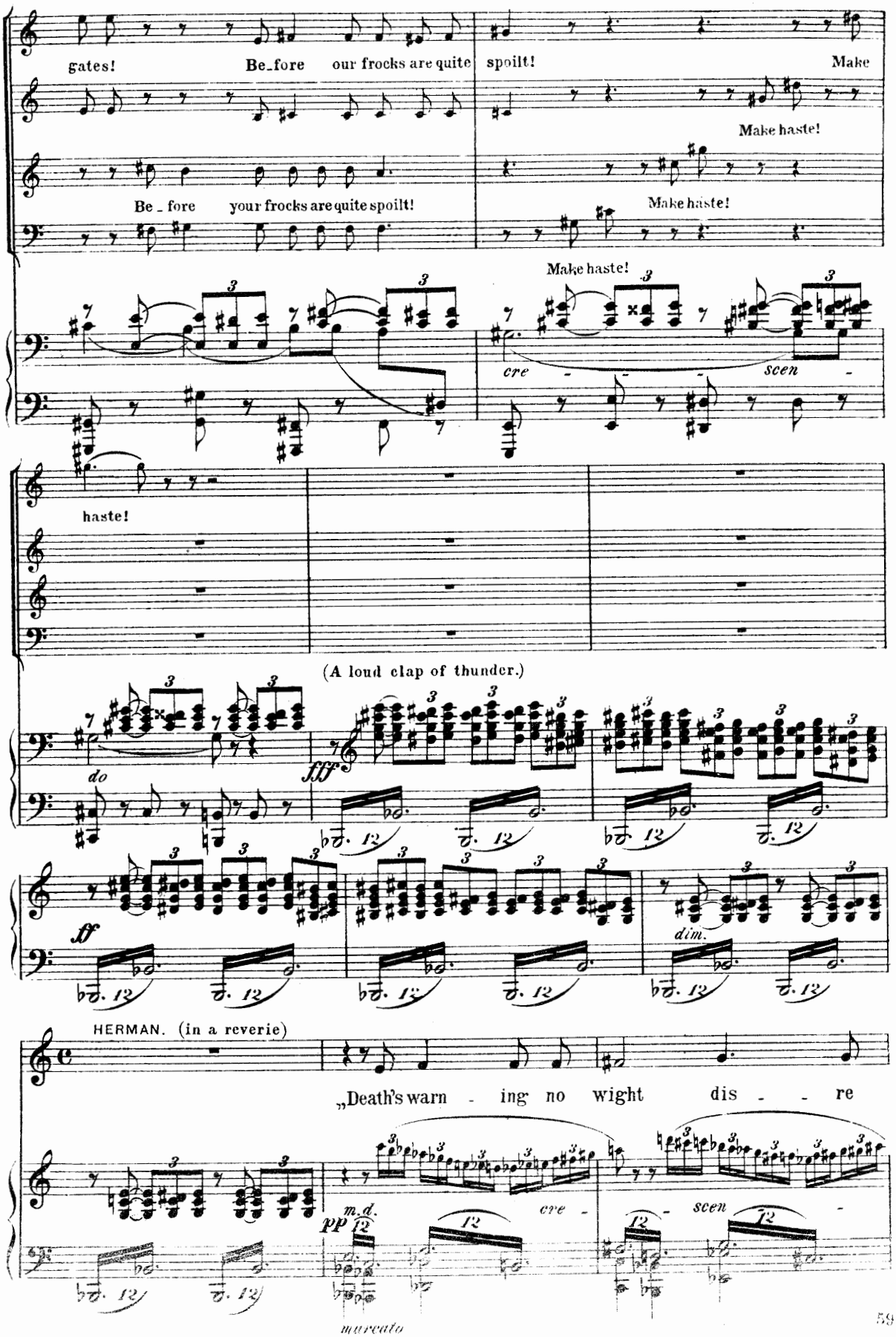

T.
S.
and pond - er it!
„When a third man, im - pell'd by his
„When a third man, im - pell'd by his
pp
marcato
love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos - om the
love and des - pair shall strive from thy bos om the
se - - - cret to tear of three cards,
se - - - cret to tear of three cards,
mf
f
f
of three cards, of three cards!"
(exeunt Tchekalinsky & Sourin.)
of three cards, of three cards!"

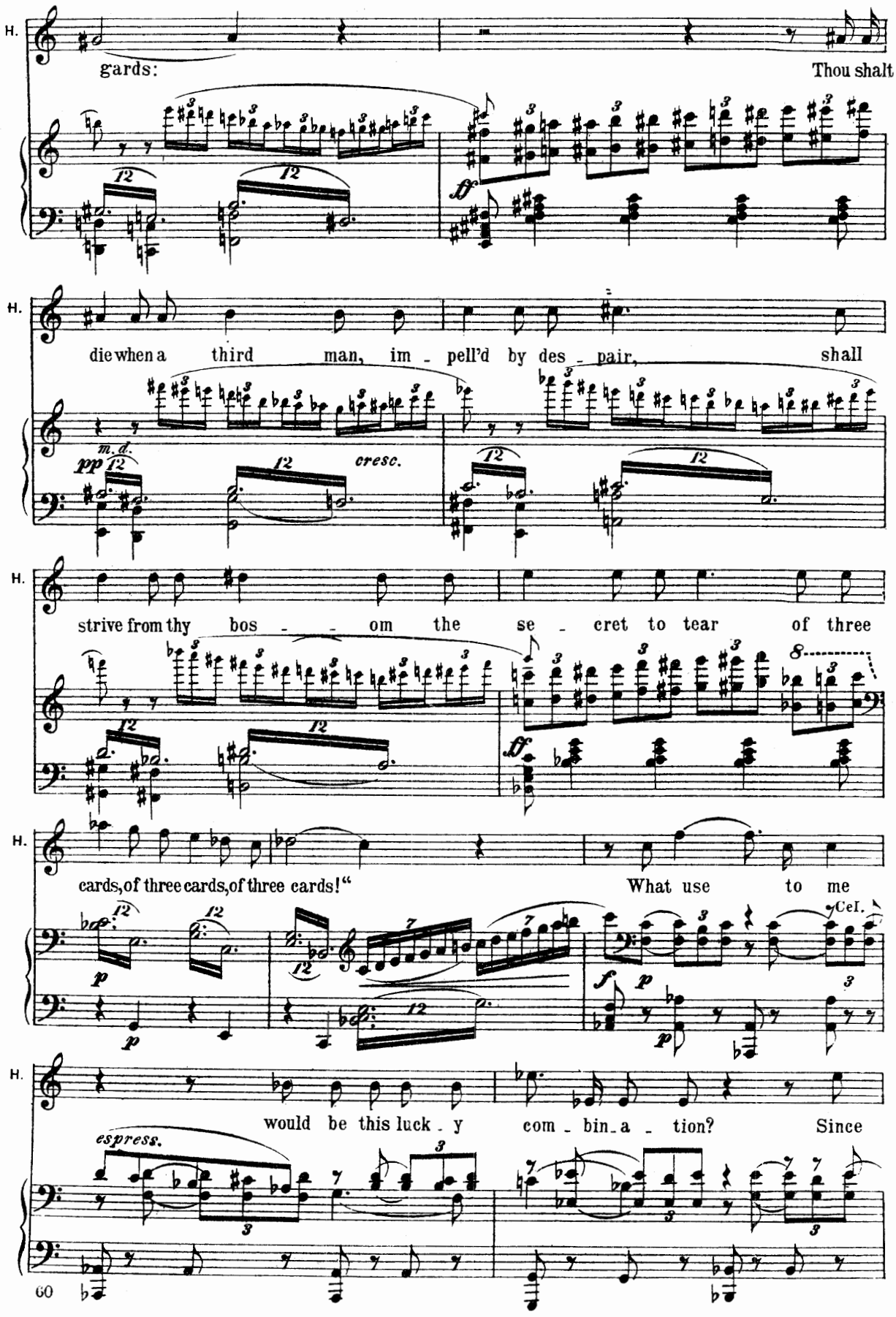
(A loud clap of thunder. The storm bursts overhead and the promenaders are seen hurrying in all directions.)

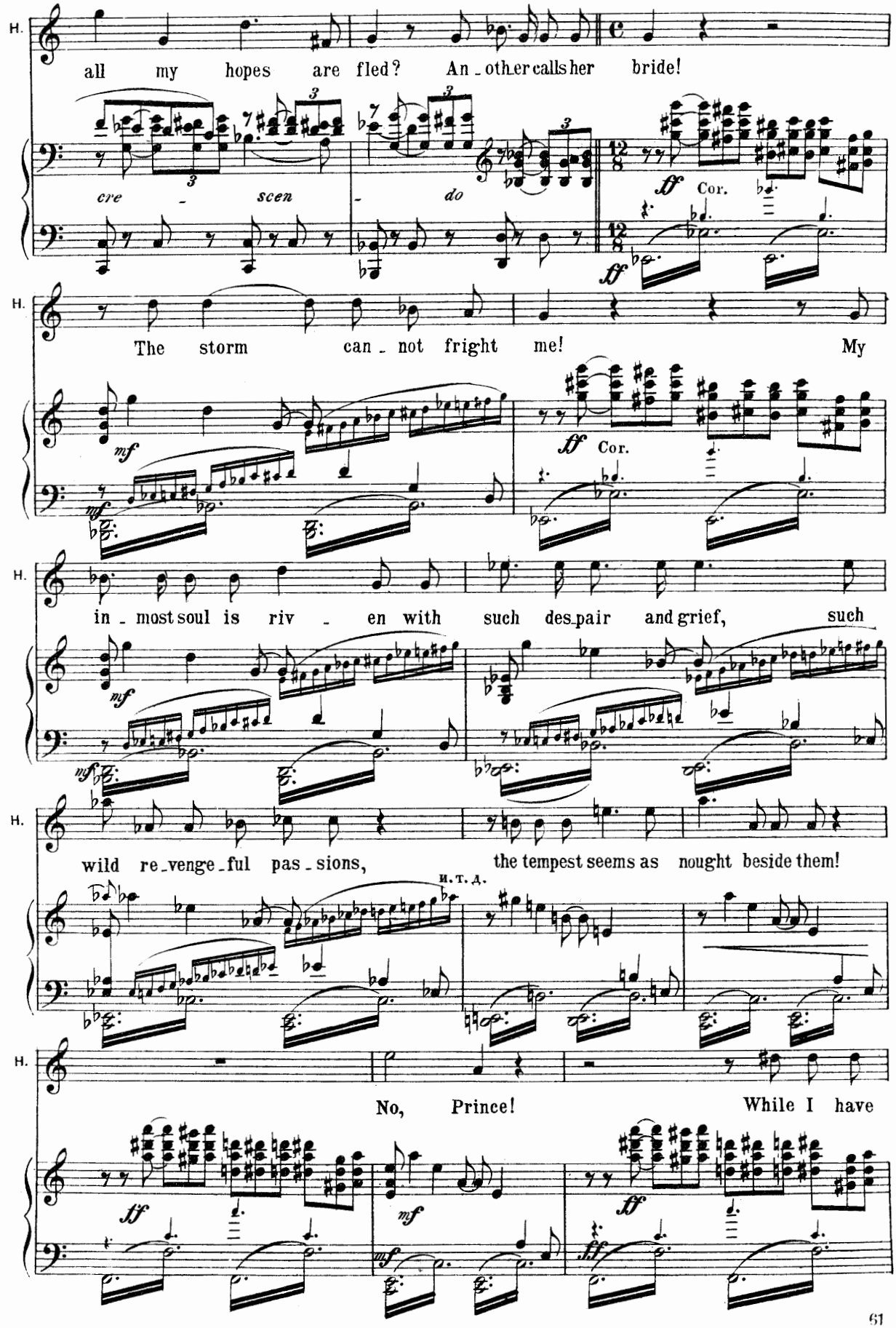


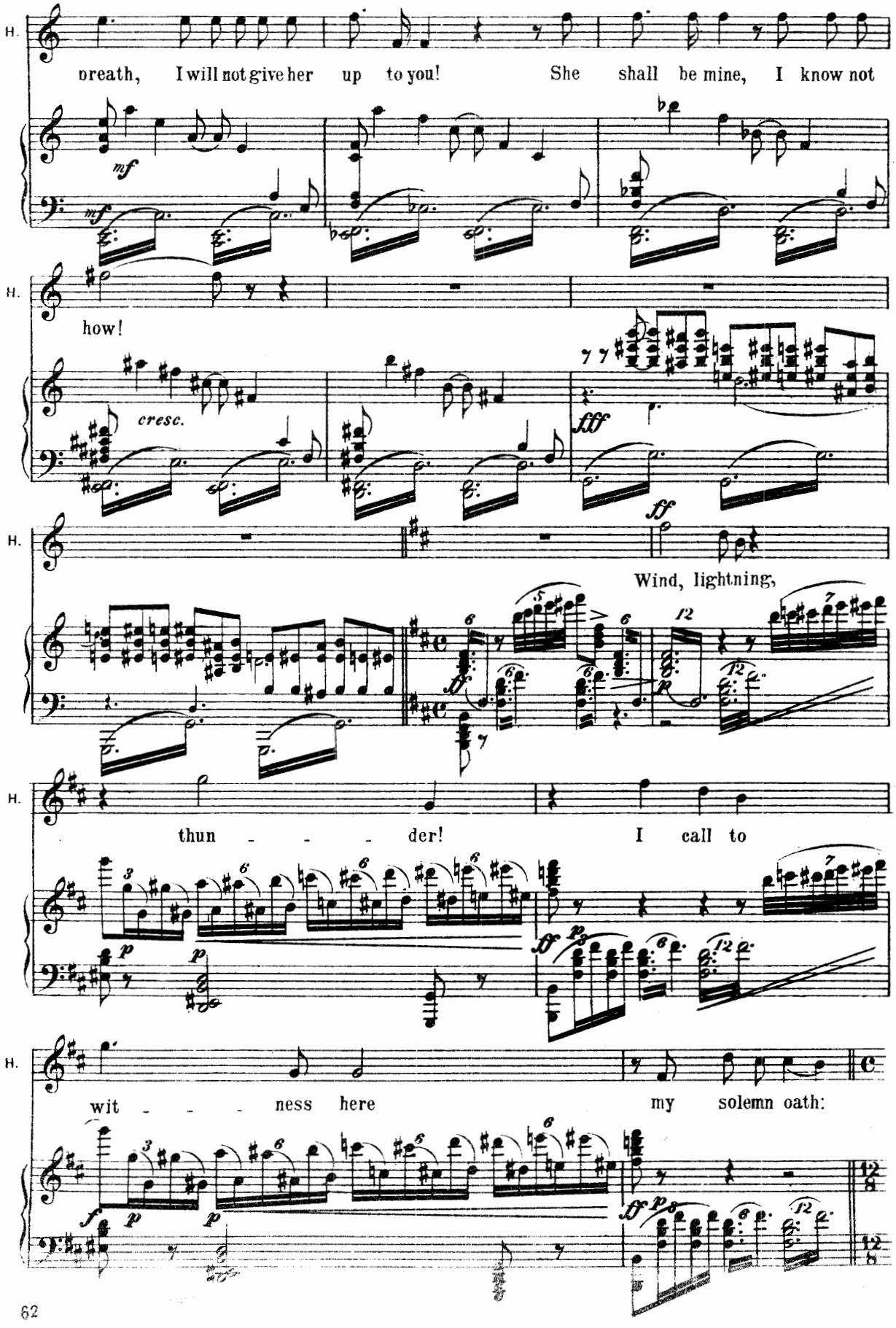

How quick - ly the storm clouds have gath'er'd! Why, who could have thought!
gather'd! Why, who could have thought such rain was com - - ing!
hark!
who could have thought such rain, such rain was com - - ing!
p
the light - ning is flash - ing, thun - der is roll - ing!
the light - ning is flash - ing, thun der is roll - ing!
cre - scen - do
fff
Make haste to get home!
Make haste to get home!
8
fff

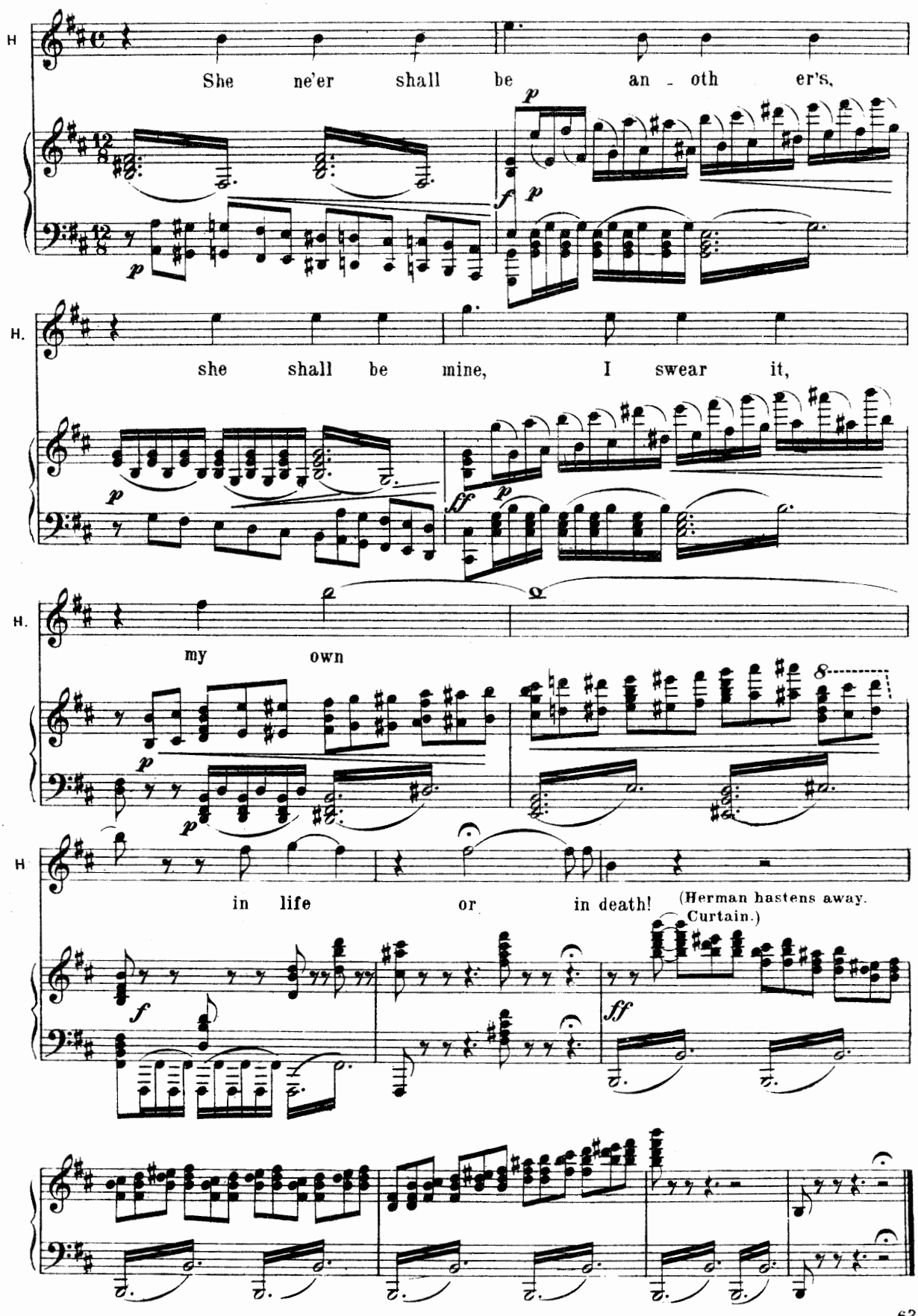

Now run for the gates e're we're drenched!
Now
(All hurry off. The thunder gets louder.)
(voices dying away.)
Come
(distant.)
Come, hast - en home!
run for the gates!
(distant.)
Come, hast - en home!
f
mf
hast - en home!
How wet we are!
Now run for the
(distant.)
Come home! (distant.)
Now run for the gates!
Come home!
Now run for the gates!
espr.
p


gates! Be_fore our frocks are quite spoilt! Make
Make haste!
Be _ fore your frocks are quite spoilt!
Make haste!
Make haste!
cre - - - scen -
haste!
(A loud clap of thunder.)
do
fff
ff
dim.
HERMAN. (in a reverie)
„Death's warn - ing no wight dis - - re
m.d.
pp
cre -
scen -
marcato


H.
gards:
Thou shalt
ff
H.
die when a third man, im - pell'd by des - pair, shall
m.d.
pp
cresc.
H.
strive from thy bos - - om the se - cret to tear of three
ff
H.
cards, of three cards, of three cards!"
What use to me
p
Cel.
H.
would be this luck - y com - bin - a - tion? Since
espress.


H.
all my hopes are fled? An_other calls her bride!
cre - scen - do
ff
Cor.
H.
The storm can_not fright me! My
mf
ff
Cor.
H.
in_most soul is riv - en with such des_pair and grief, such
mf
H.
wild re_venge_ful pas_sions, the tempest seems as nought beside them!
и т. д.
H.
No, Prince! While I have
ff
mf
ff


H.
breath, I will not give her up to you! She shall be mine, I know not
mf
mf
H.
how!
cresc.
fff
ff
H.
Wind, lightning,
H.
thun - - - der! I call to
p
p
ff
p
H.
wit - - - ness here my solemn oath:
f
p
p
ff
p

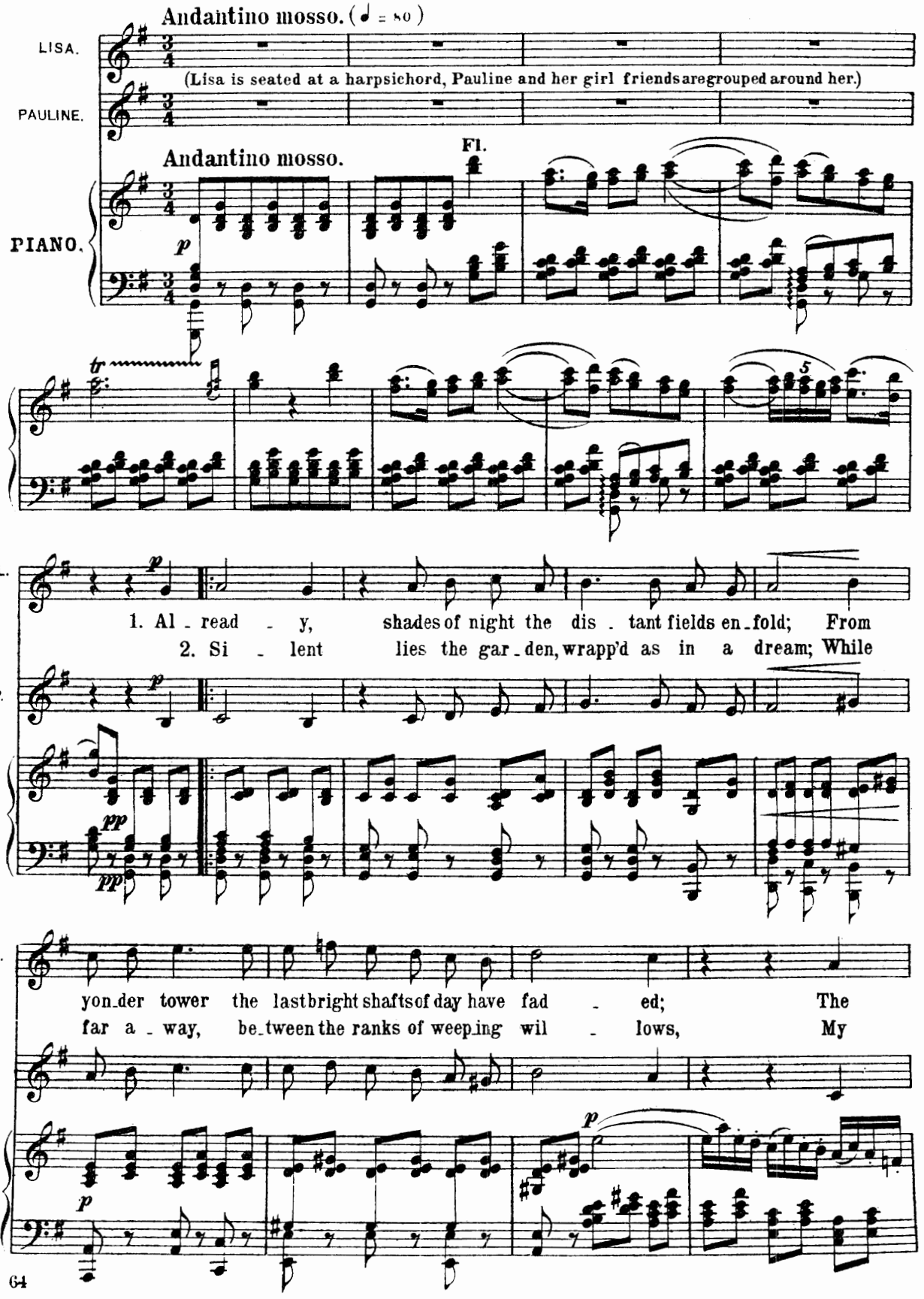


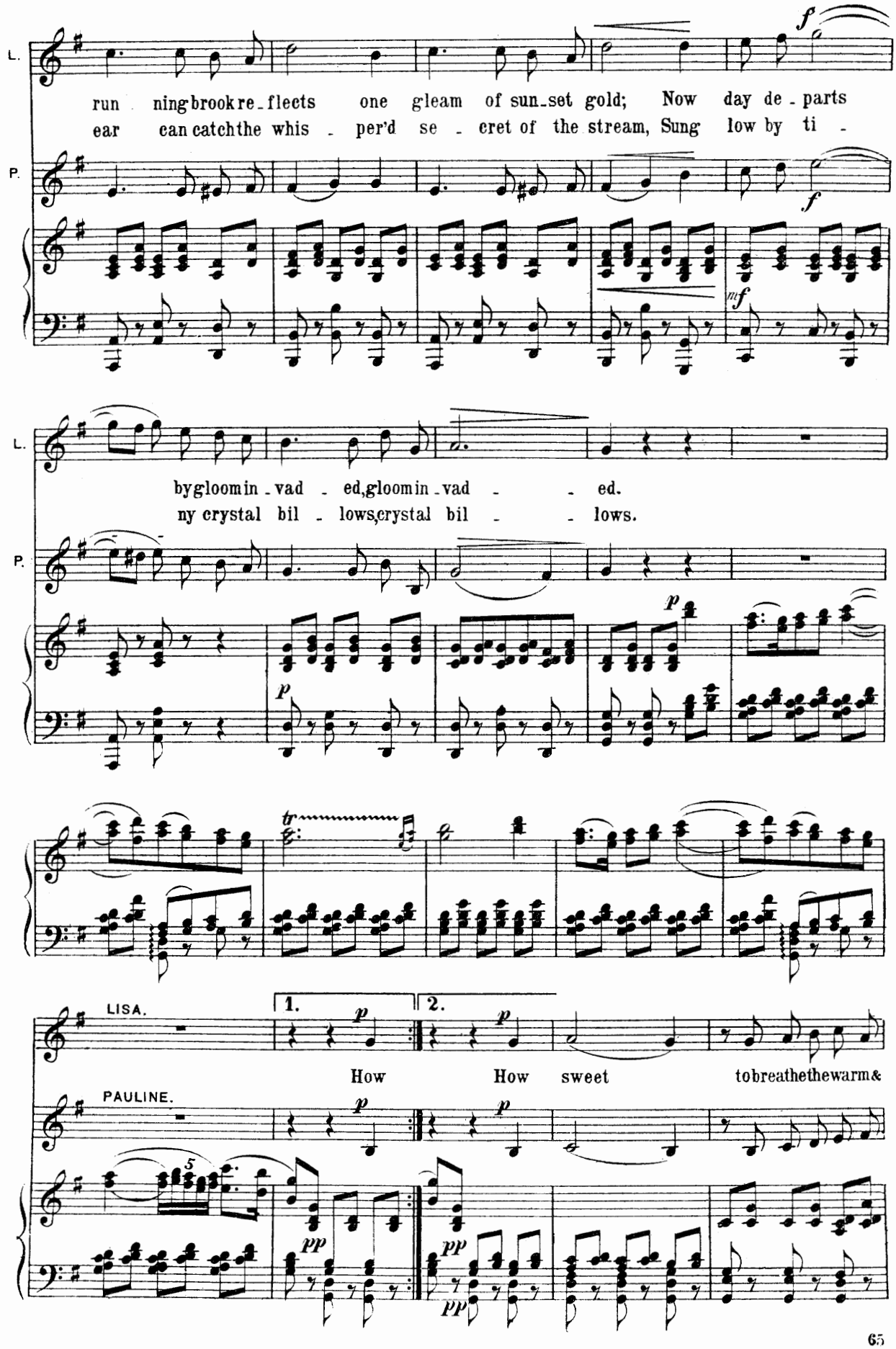
End of First Scene.

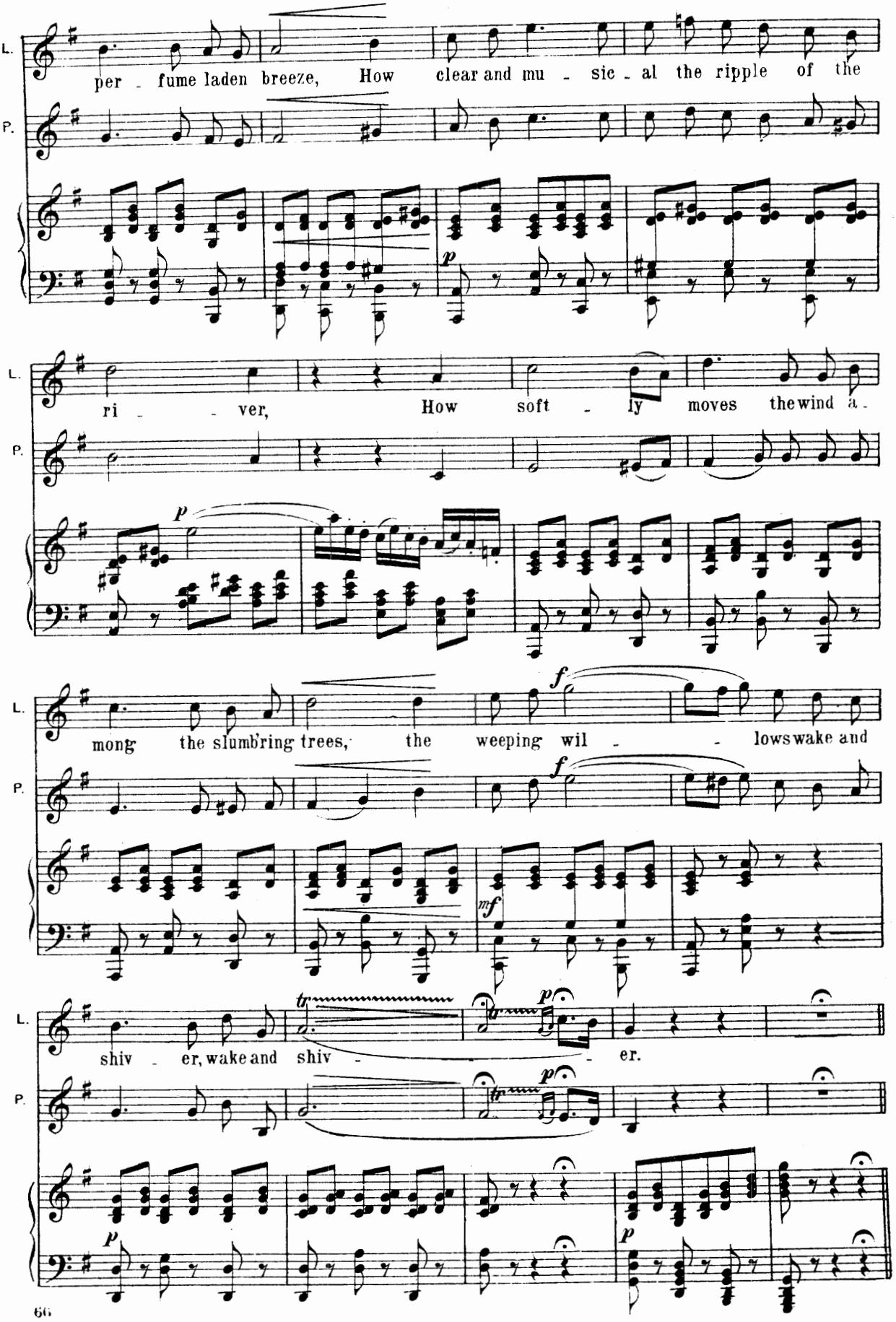
SCENE II.

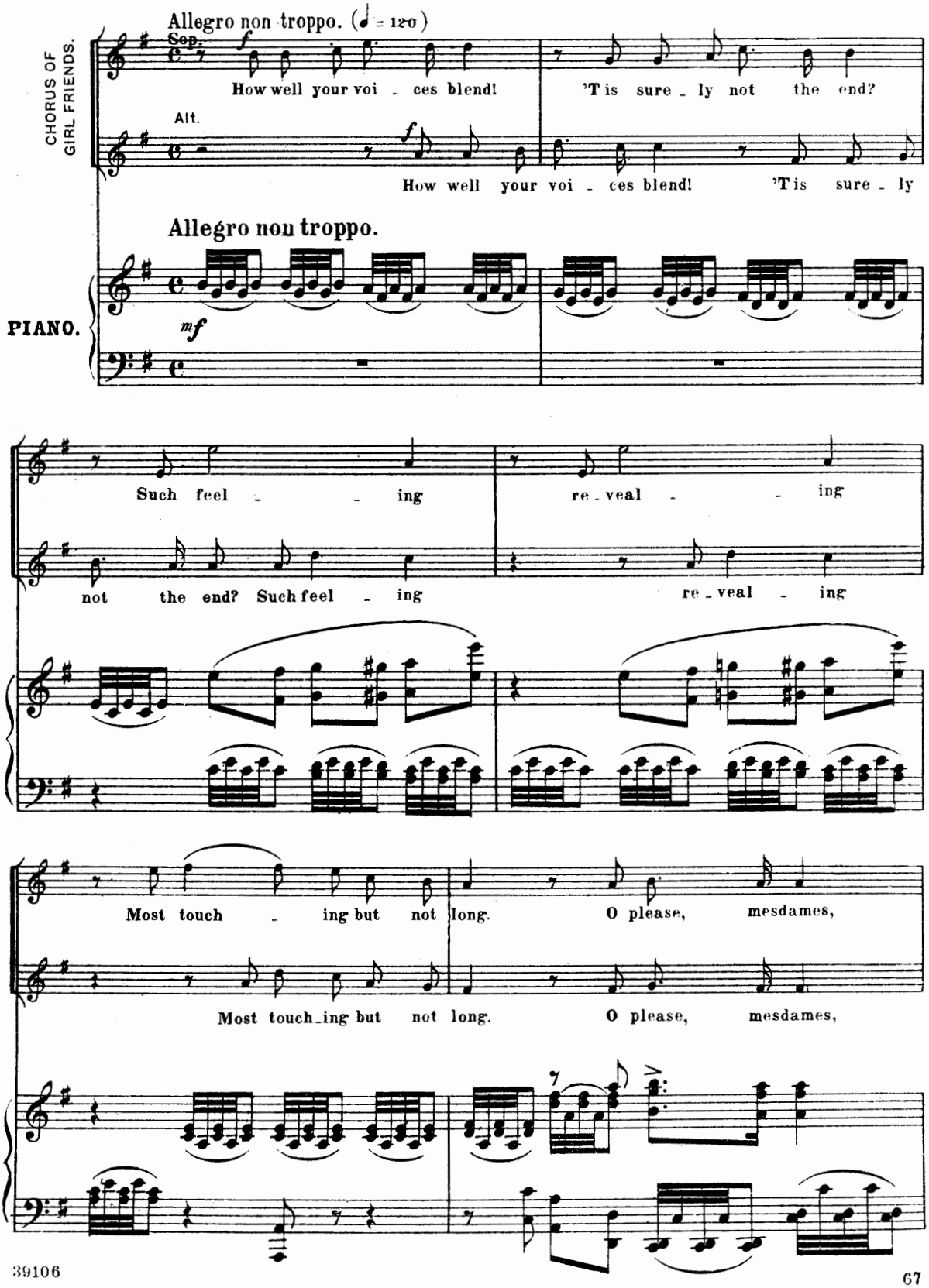
Lisa's room. A door opening on to the balcony which leads into the garden.

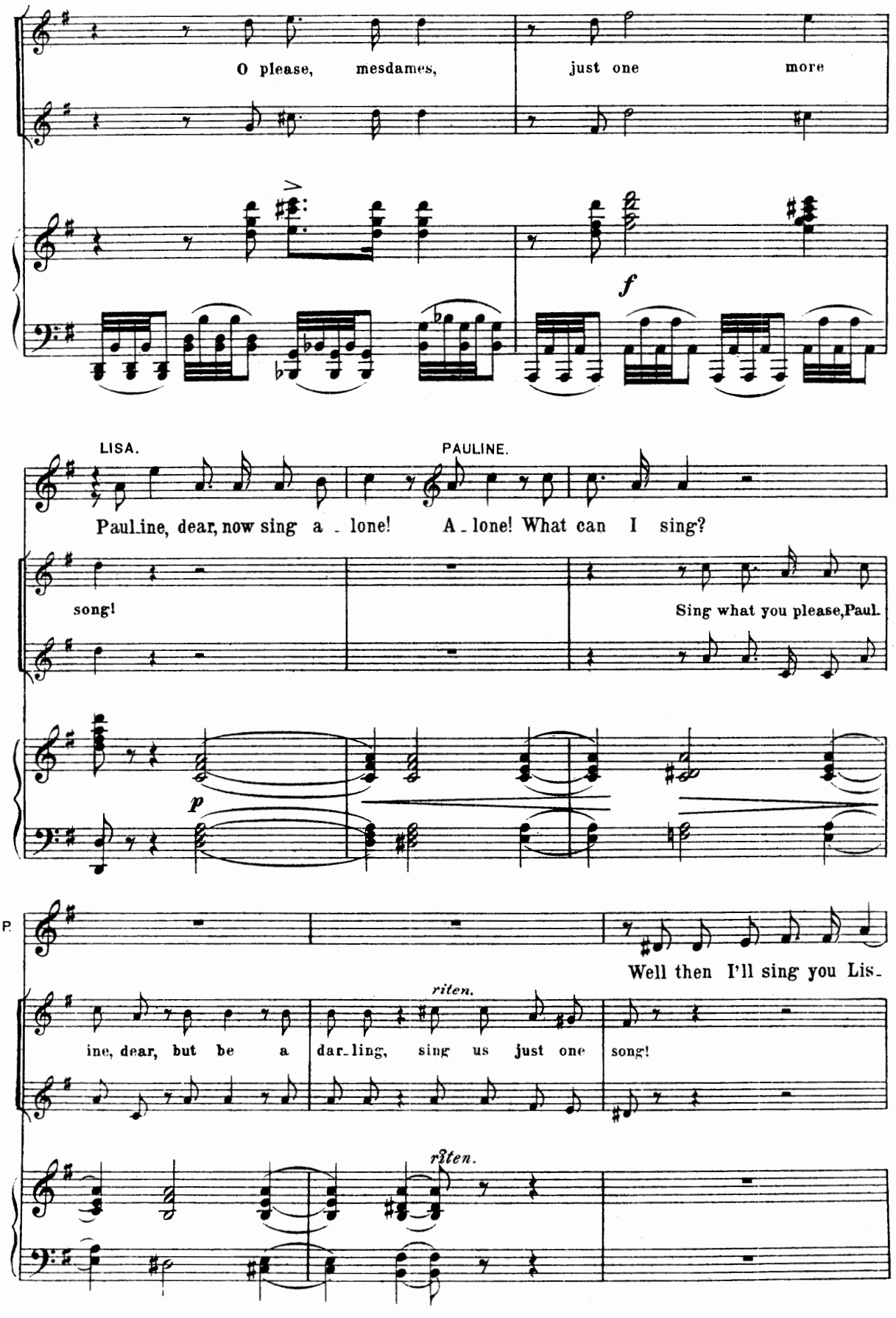
№ 7. Duet.

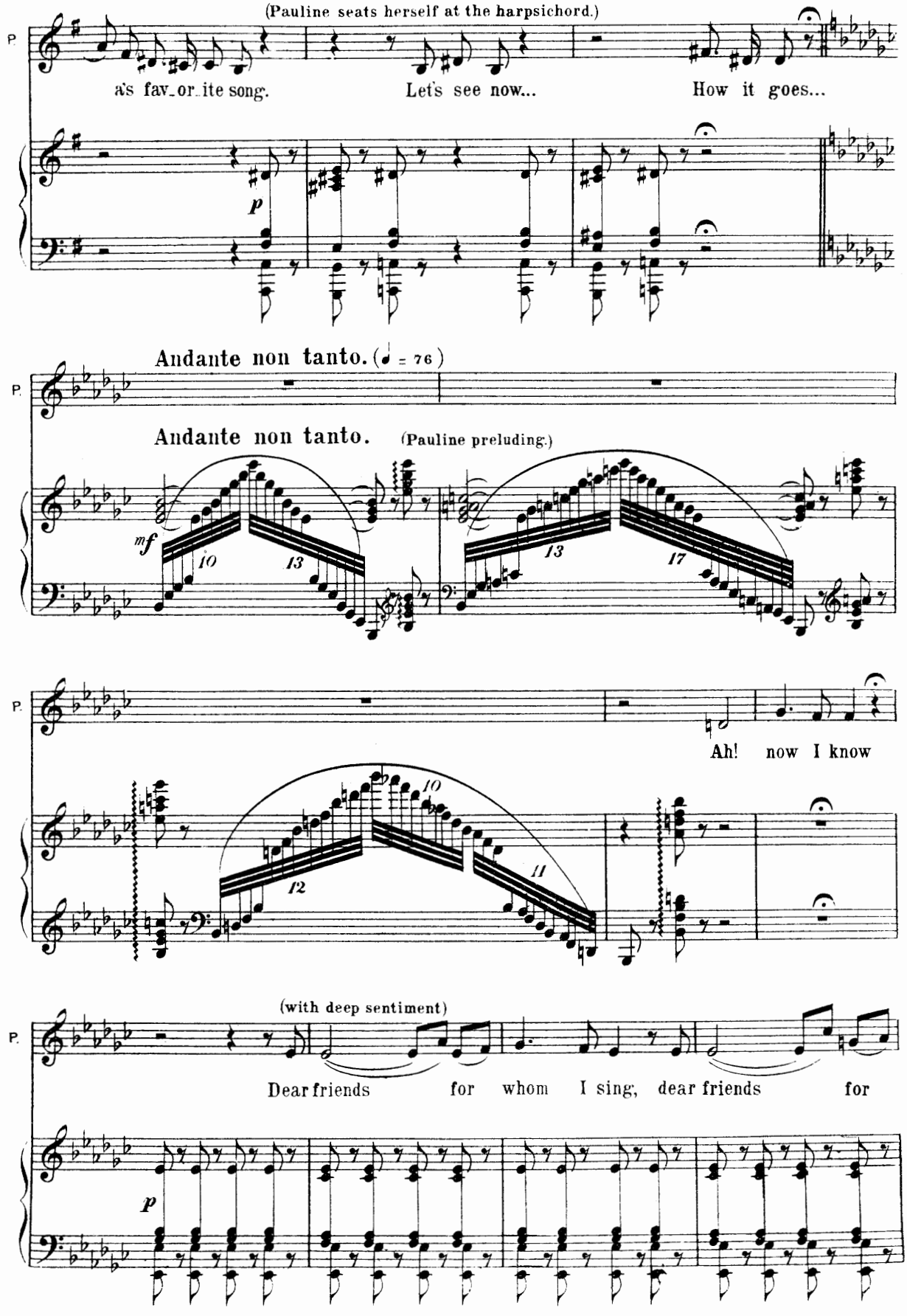


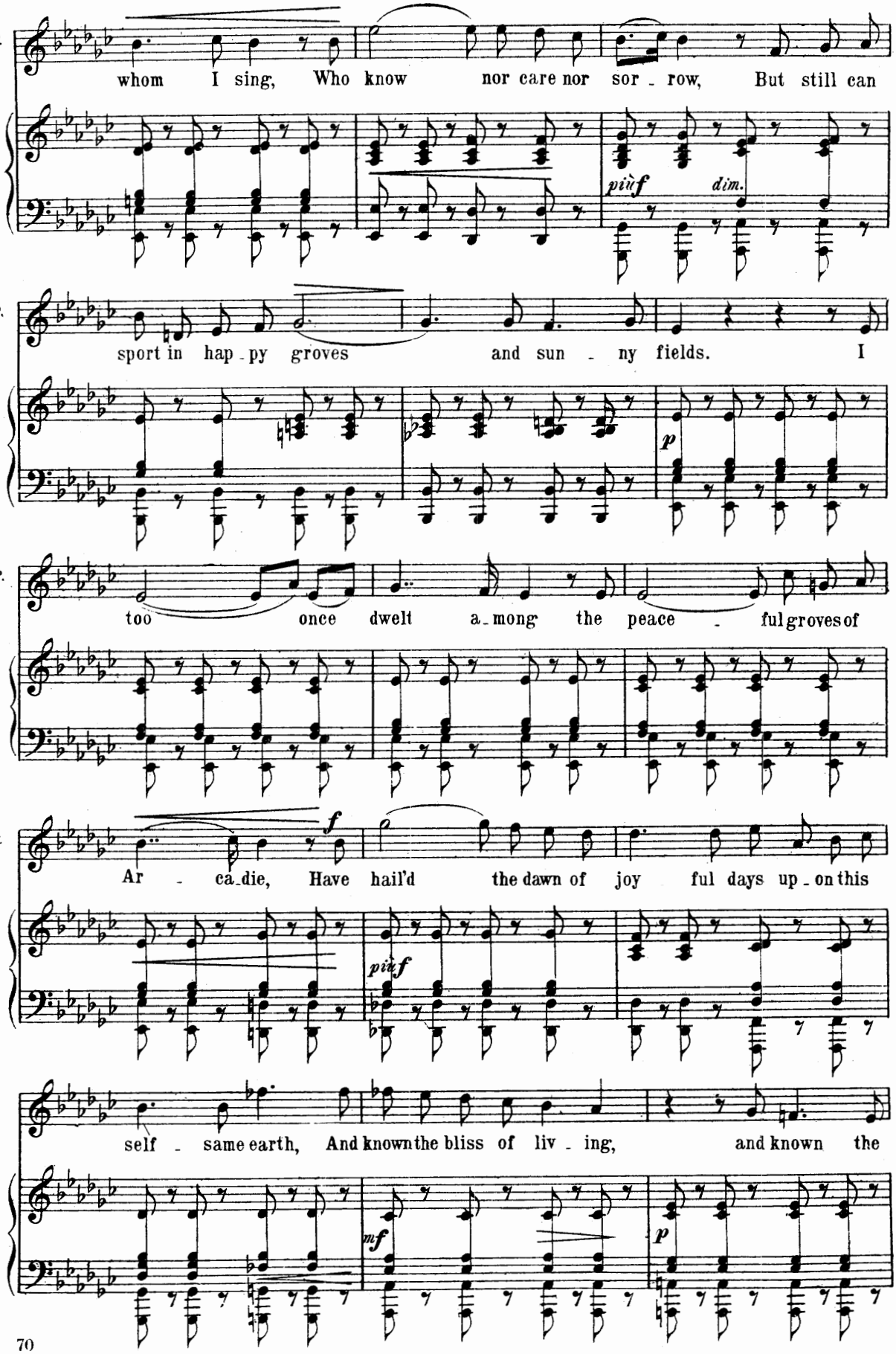

L.
P.
run ning brook re - flects one gleam of sun - set gold; Now day de - parts
ear can catch the whis - per'd se - cret of the stream, Sung low by ti -
by gloom in - vad - ed, gloom in - vad - - ed.
ny crystal bil - lows, crystal bil - - lows.
LISA.
PAULINE.
1.
2.
How How sweet to breathe the warm &

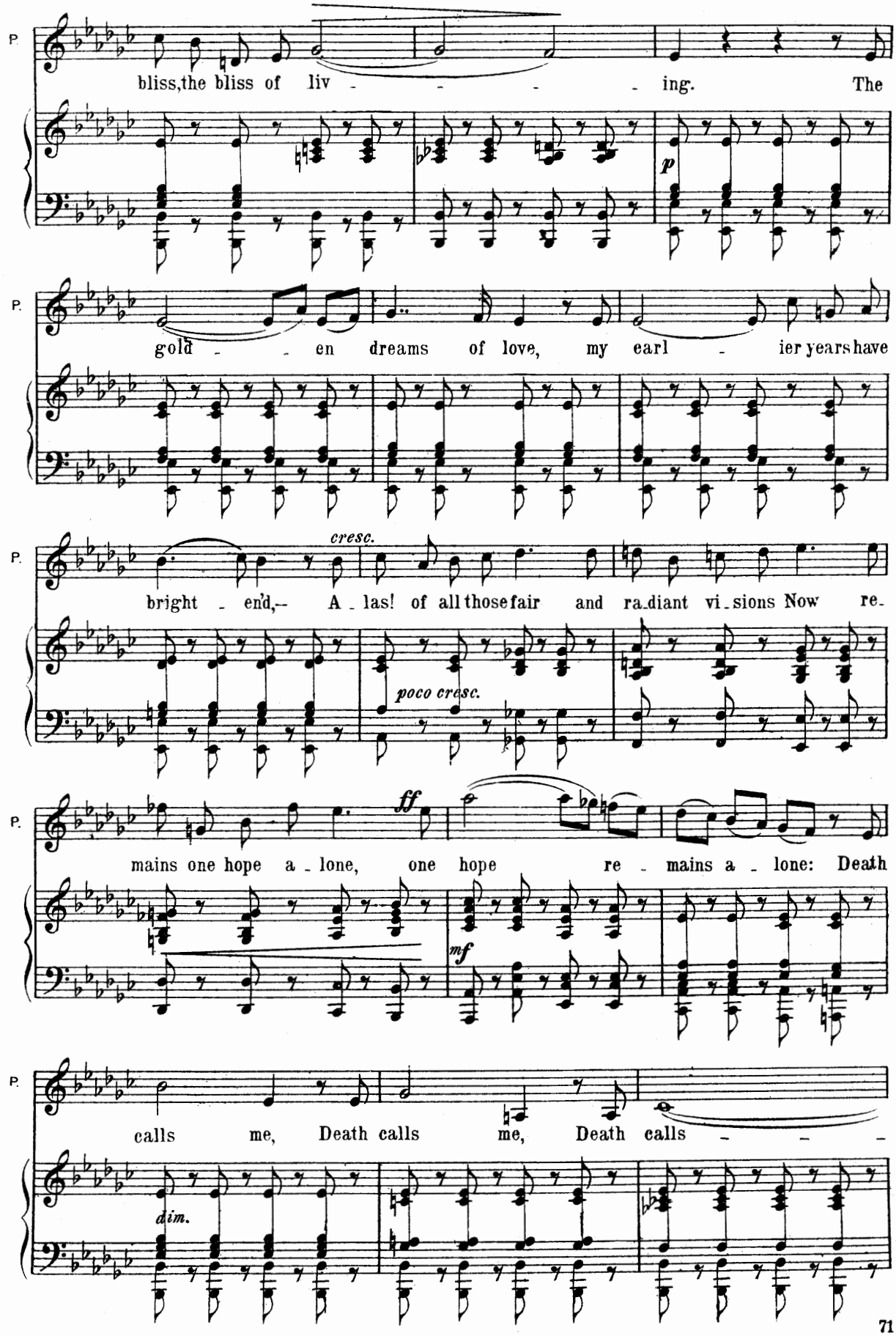

L.
per - fume laden breeze, How clear and mu - sic - al the ripple of the
P.
ri - - ver, How soft - ly moves the wind a -
mong the slumb'ring trees, the weeping wil - - lows wake and
shiv - er, wake and shiv - - er.

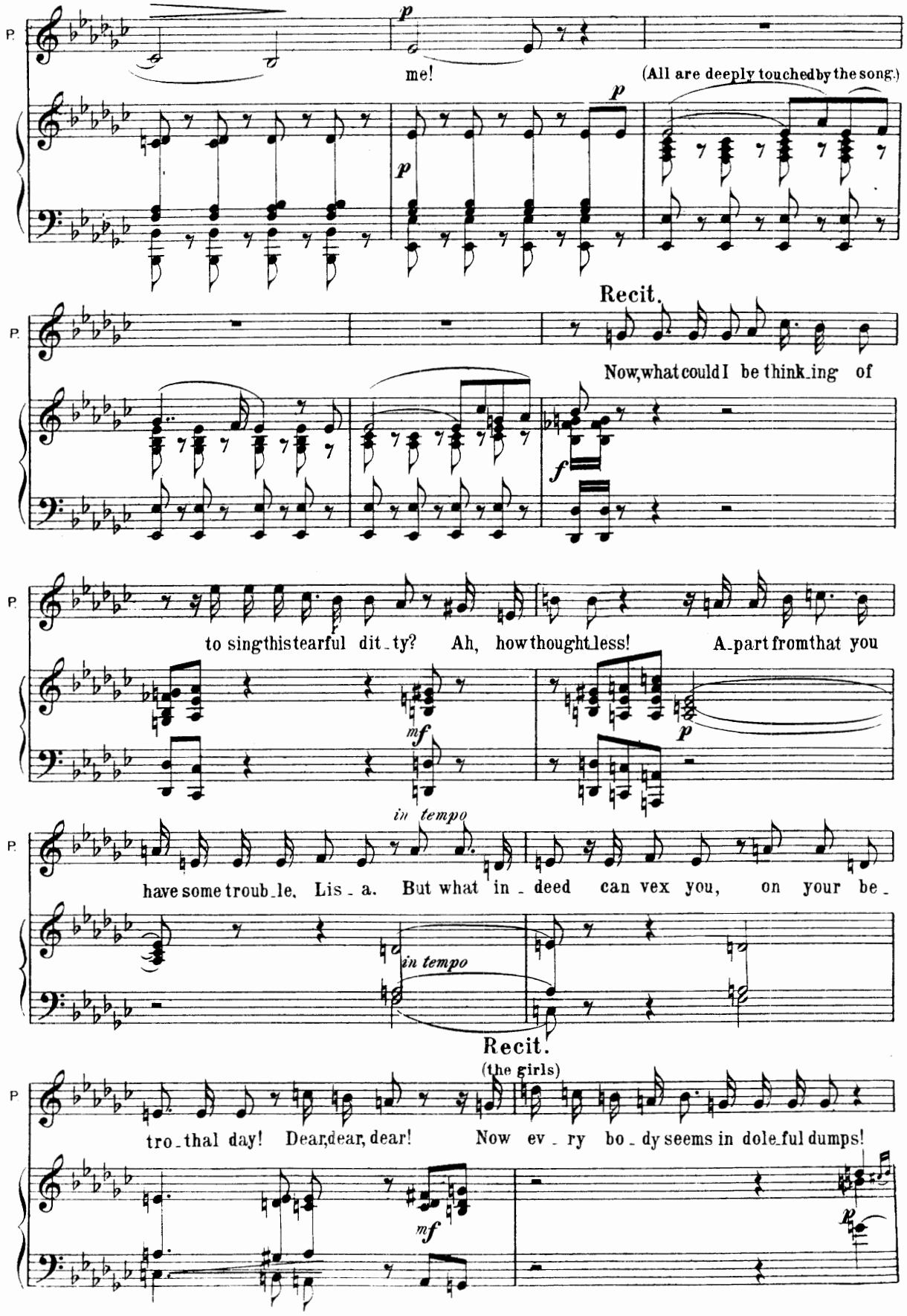

Allegro non troppo. (♩ = 120)
CHORUS OF GIRL FRIENDS.
Sop.
How well your voi - ces blend!
'T is sure - ly not the end?
Alt.
How well your voi - ces blend!
'T is sure - ly
Allegro non troppo.
PIANO.
mf
Such feel - - ing
re - veal - - ing
not the end? Such feel - ing
re - veal - ing
Most touch - ing but not long.
O please, mesdames,
Most touch - ing but not long.
O please, mesdames,

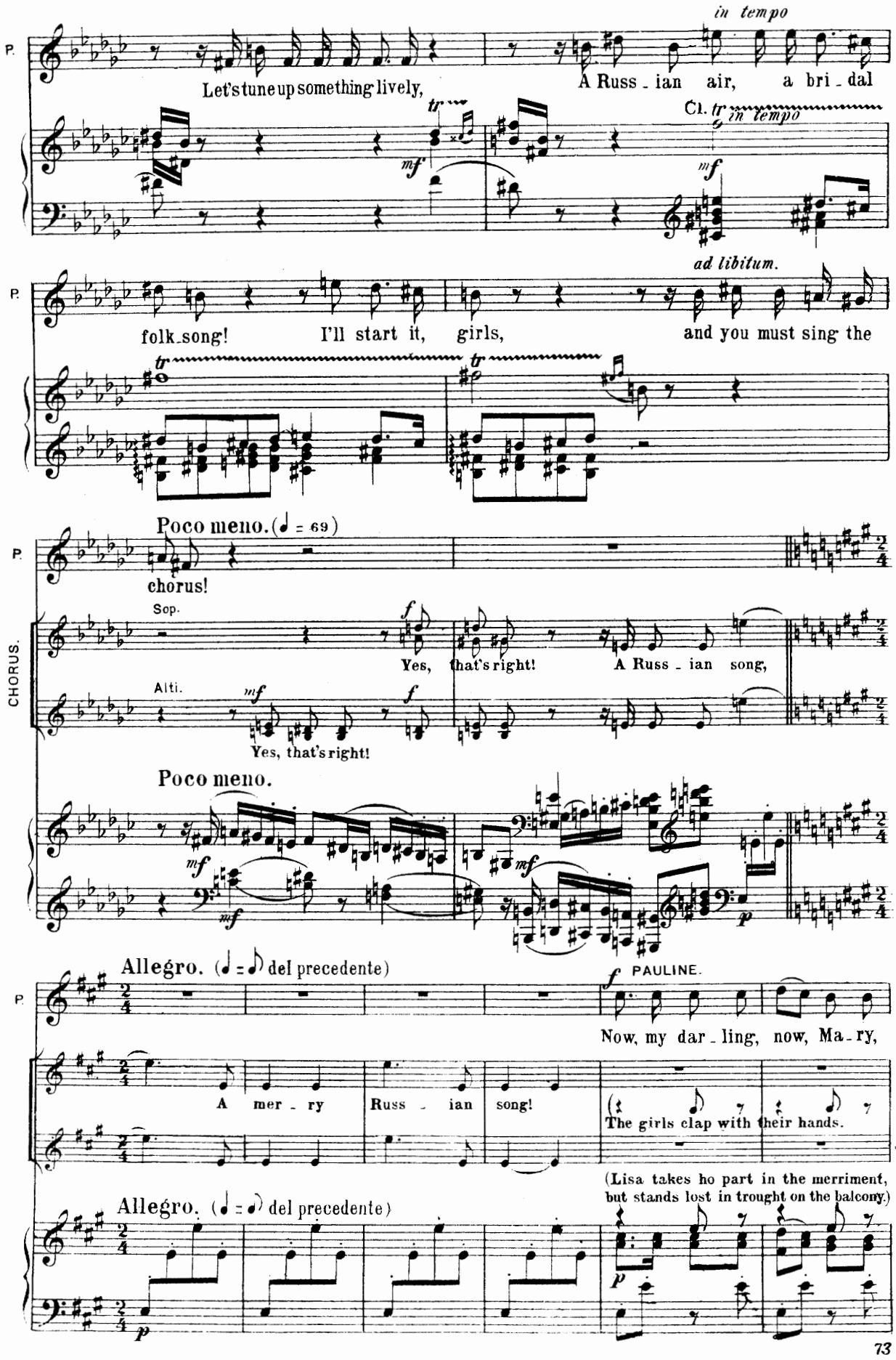

O please, mesdames, just one more
f
LISA.
PAULINE.
Pauline, dear, now sing a - lone! A - lone! What can I sing?
song!
Sing what you please, Paul.
p
Well then I'll sing you Lis-
ine, dear, but be a dar-ling, sing us just one song!
riten.
riten.

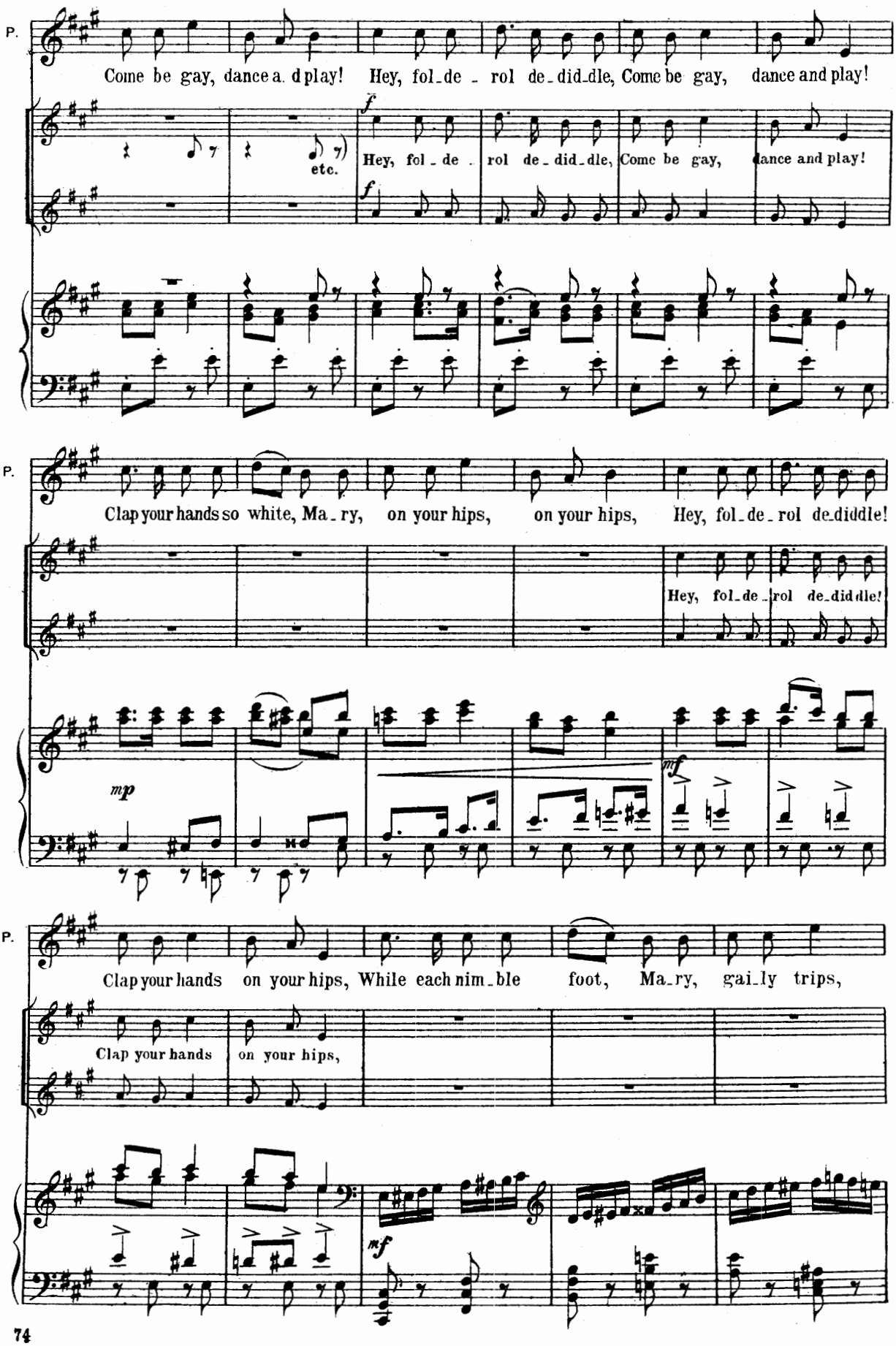

(Pauline seats herself at the harpsichord.)
P.
a's fav_or_ite song.
Let's see now...
How it goes...
p
Andante non tanto. (♩ = 76)
P.
Andante non tanto.
(Pauline preluding.)
mf
10
13
13
17
P.
Ah! now I know
12
10
11
(with deep sentiment)
P.
Dear friends for whom I sing, dear friends for
p

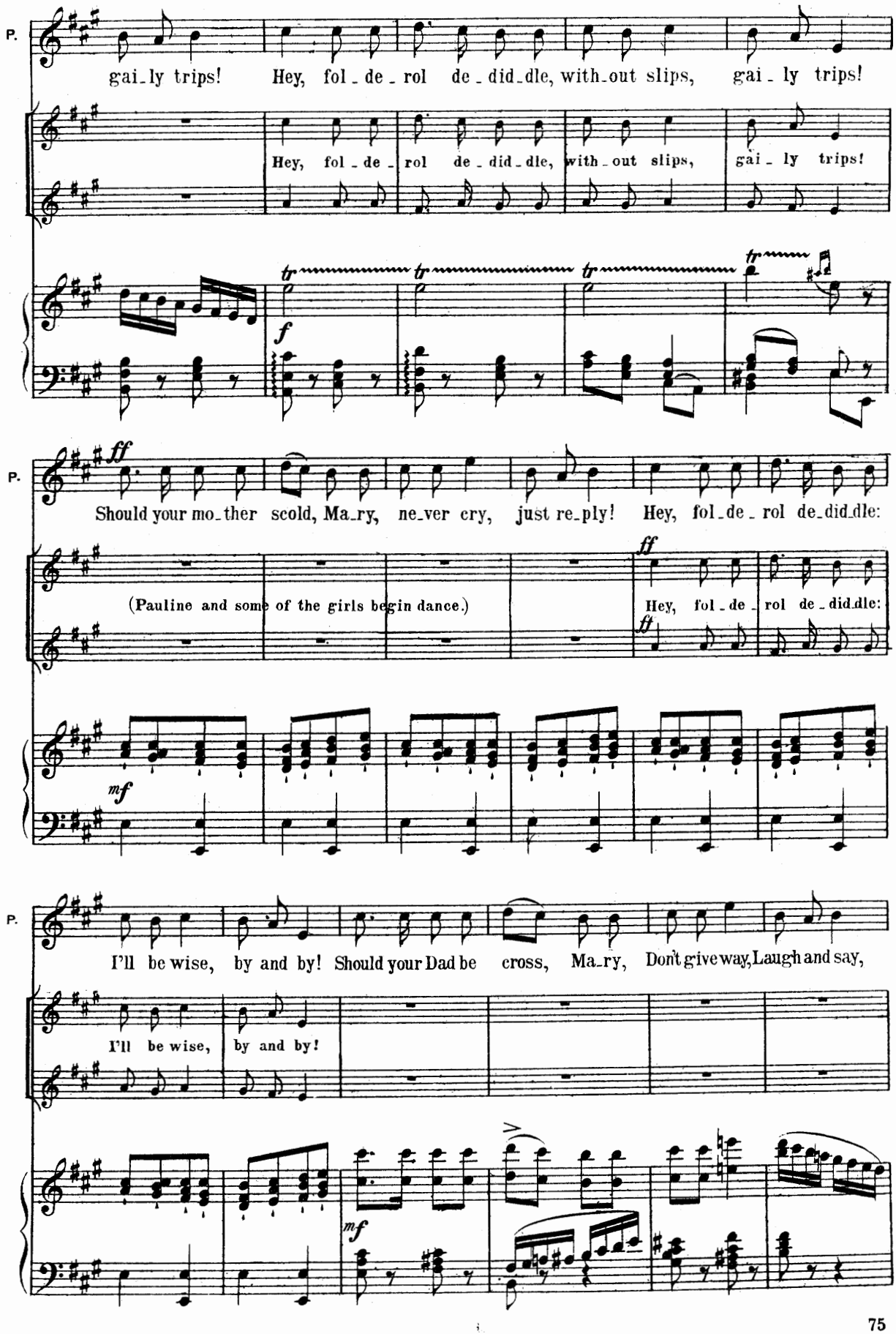

P.
whom I sing, Who know nor care nor sor - row, But still can
più f
dim.
P.
sport in hap - py groves and sun - ny fields. I
p
P.
too once dwelt a - mong the peace - ful groves of
P.
f
Ar - ca - die, Have hail'd the dawn of joy ful days up - on this
più f
P
self - same earth, And known the bliss of liv - ing, and known the
mf
p

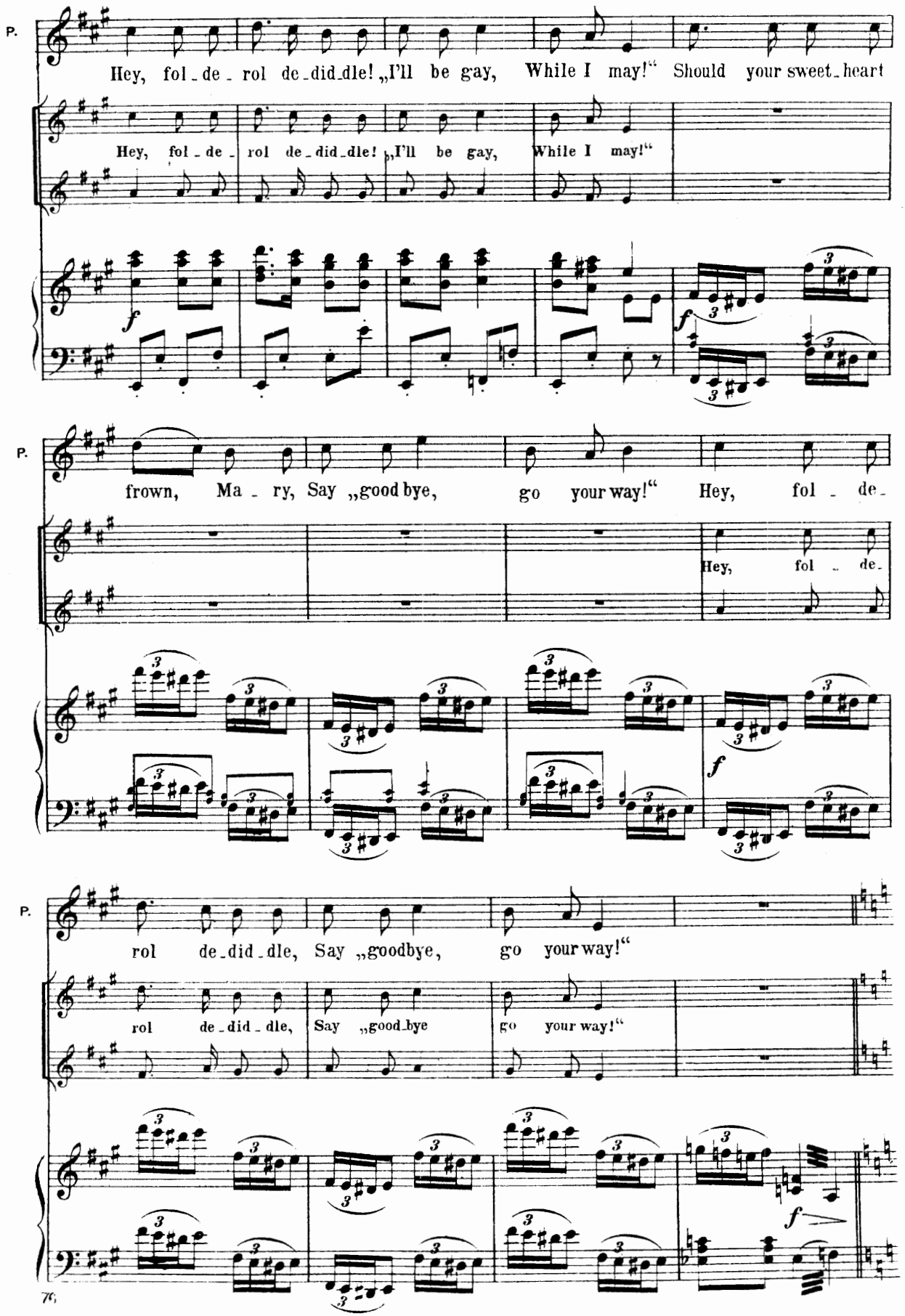

P.
bliss,the bliss of liv - - - - ing. The
p
P.
gold - - en dreams of love, my earl - ier years have
P.
cresc.
bright - end,-- A - las! of all those fair and ra-diant vi-sions Now re-
poco cresc.
P.
mains one hope a - lone, one hope re - mains a - lone: Death
ff
mf
P.
calls me, Death calls me, Death calls - - -
dim.

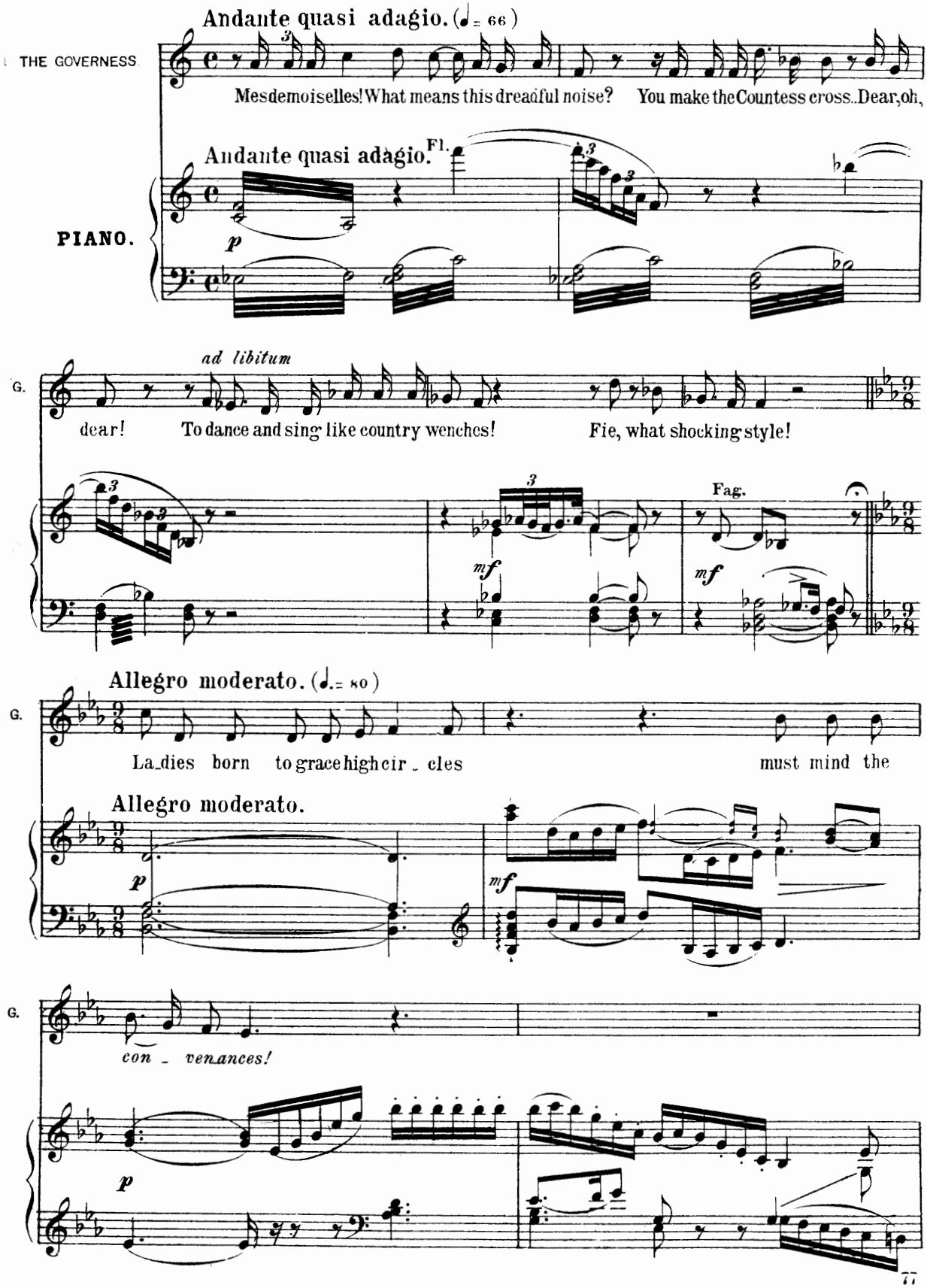

P.
me!
(All are deeply touched by the song.)
Recit.
Now, what could I be think_ing of
to sing this tearful dit_ty? Ah, how thoughtless! A_part from that you
in tempo
have some troub_le, Lis_a. But what in_deed can vex you, on your be_
in tempo
Recit.
(the girls)
tro_thal day! Dear, dear, dear! Now ev_ry bo_dy seems in dole_ful dumps!

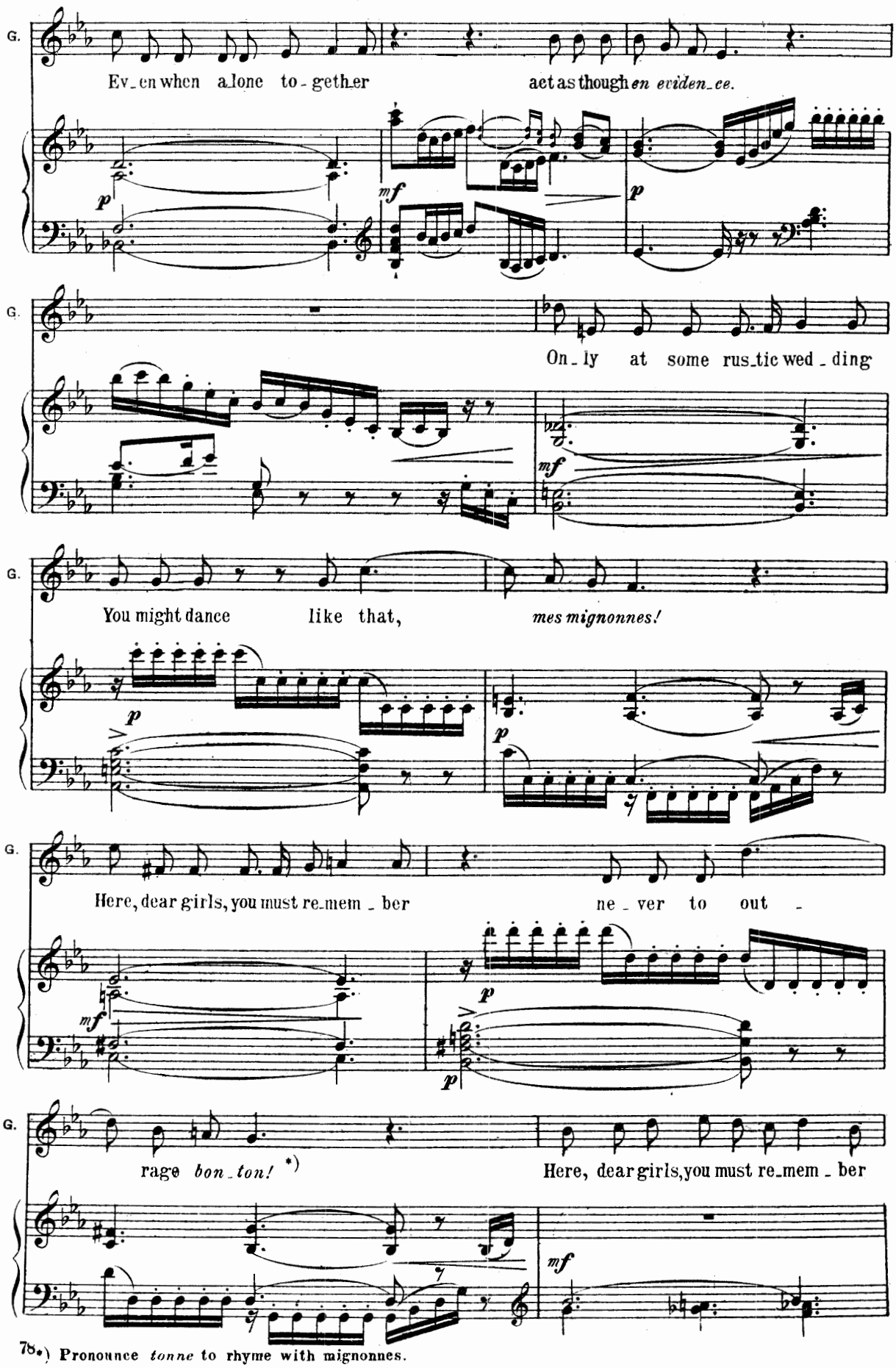

in tempo
P.
Let's tune up something lively,
A Russ - ian air, a bri - dal
Cl.
in tempo
ad libitum.
folk-song! I'll start it, girls, and you must sing the
Poco meno. (♩ = 69)
chorus!
CHORUS.
Sop.
Yes, that's right! A Russ - ian song,
Alti.
Yes, that's right!
Poco meno.
Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)
PAULINE.
Now, my dar - ling, now, Ma - ry,
A mer - ry Russ - ian song!
The girls clap with their hands.
(Lisa takes no part in the merriment, but stands lost in trought on the balcony.)
Allegro. (♩ = ♪ del precedente)


P.
Come be gay, dance a. d play! Hey, fol_de _ rol de_did_dle, Come be gay, dance and play!
f
etc.
Hey, fol _ de . rol de _ did _ dle, Come be gay, dance and play!
f
P.
Clap your hands so white, Ma _ ry, on your hips, on your hips, Hey, fol_de_rol de_diddle!
Hey, fol_de_rol de_diddle!
mp
mf
P.
Clap your hands on your hips, While each nim _ ble foot, Ma_ry, gai_ly trips,
Clap your hands
on your hips,
mf

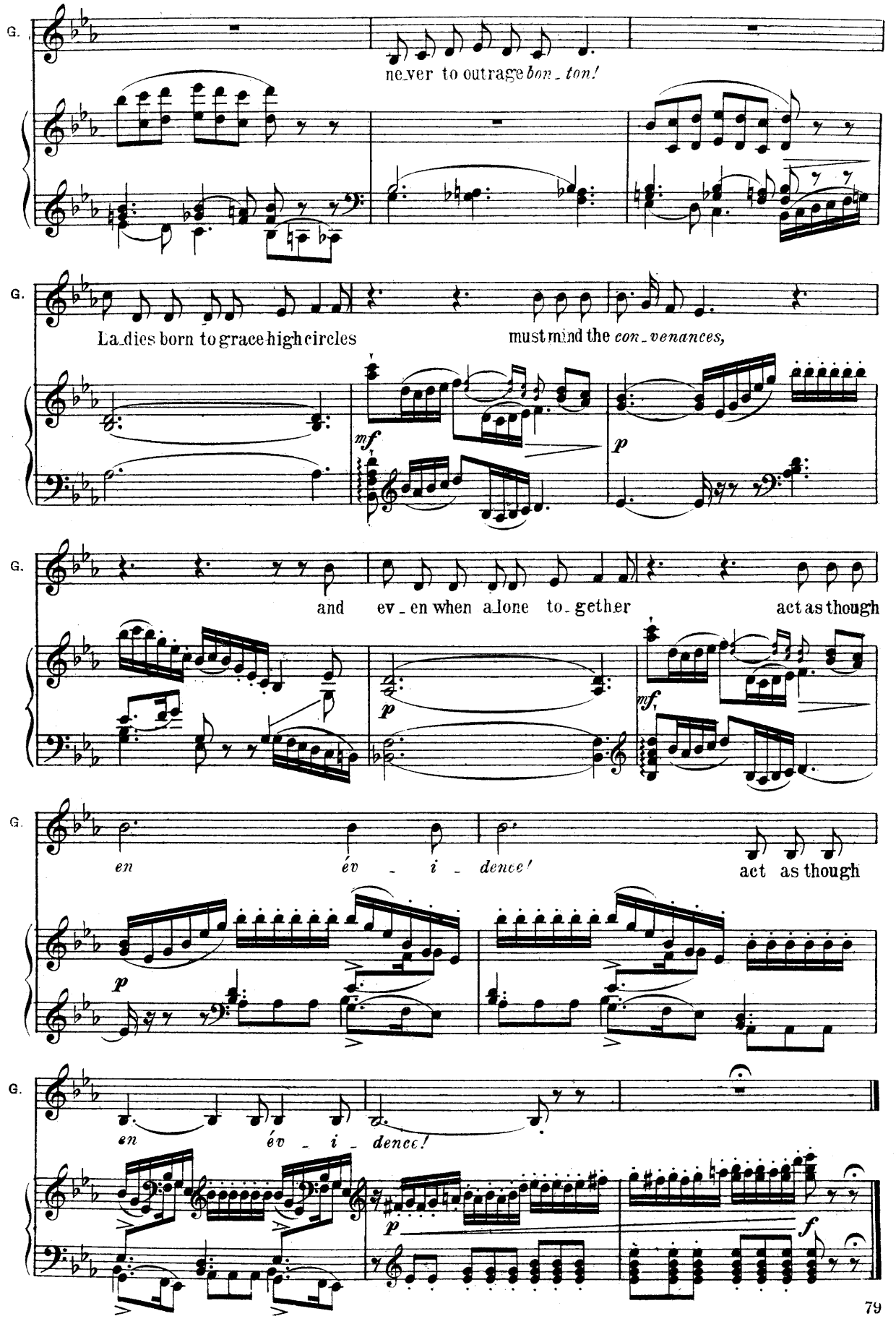

P.
gai_ly trips! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!
Hey, fol_de_ rol de_did_dle, with_out slips, gai_ly trips!
tr
f
P.
ff
Should your mo_ther scold, Ma_ry, ne_ver cry, just re_ply! Hey, fol_de_rol de_did_dle:
(Pauline and some of the girls begin dance.)
ff
Hey, fol_de_ rol de_did_dle:
ff
mf
P.
I'll be wise, by and by! Should your Dad be cross, Ma_ry, Don't give way, Laugh and say,
I'll be wise, by and by!
mf

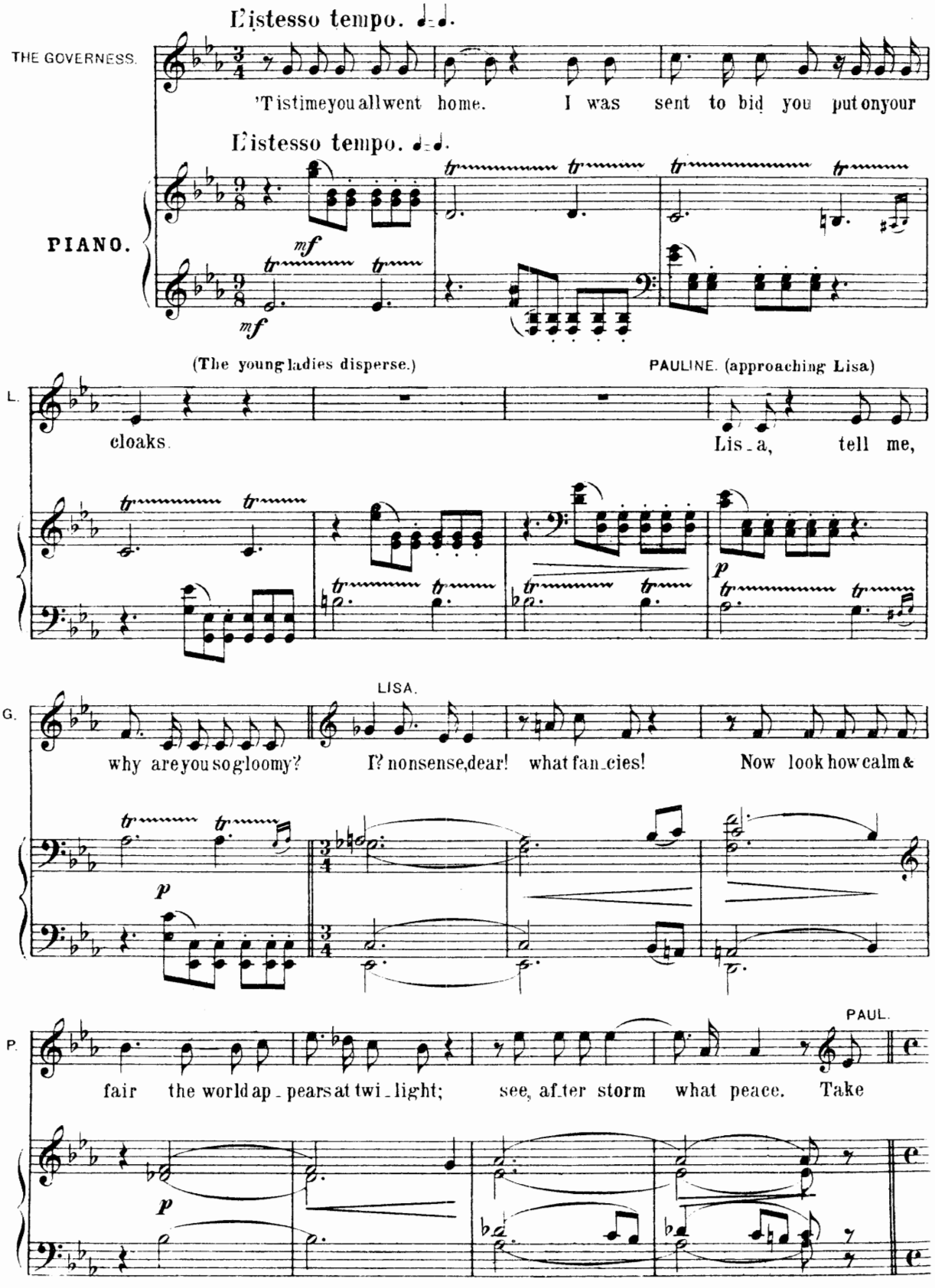

P.
Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!“ Should your sweet - heart
Hey, fol - de - rol de - did - dle! „I'll be gay, While I may!“
f
f
P.
frown, Ma - ry, Say „good bye, go your way!“ Hey, fol - de -
Hey, fol - de -
f
P.
rol de - did - dle, Say „goodbye, go your way!“
rol de - did - dle, Say „good bye go your way!“
f

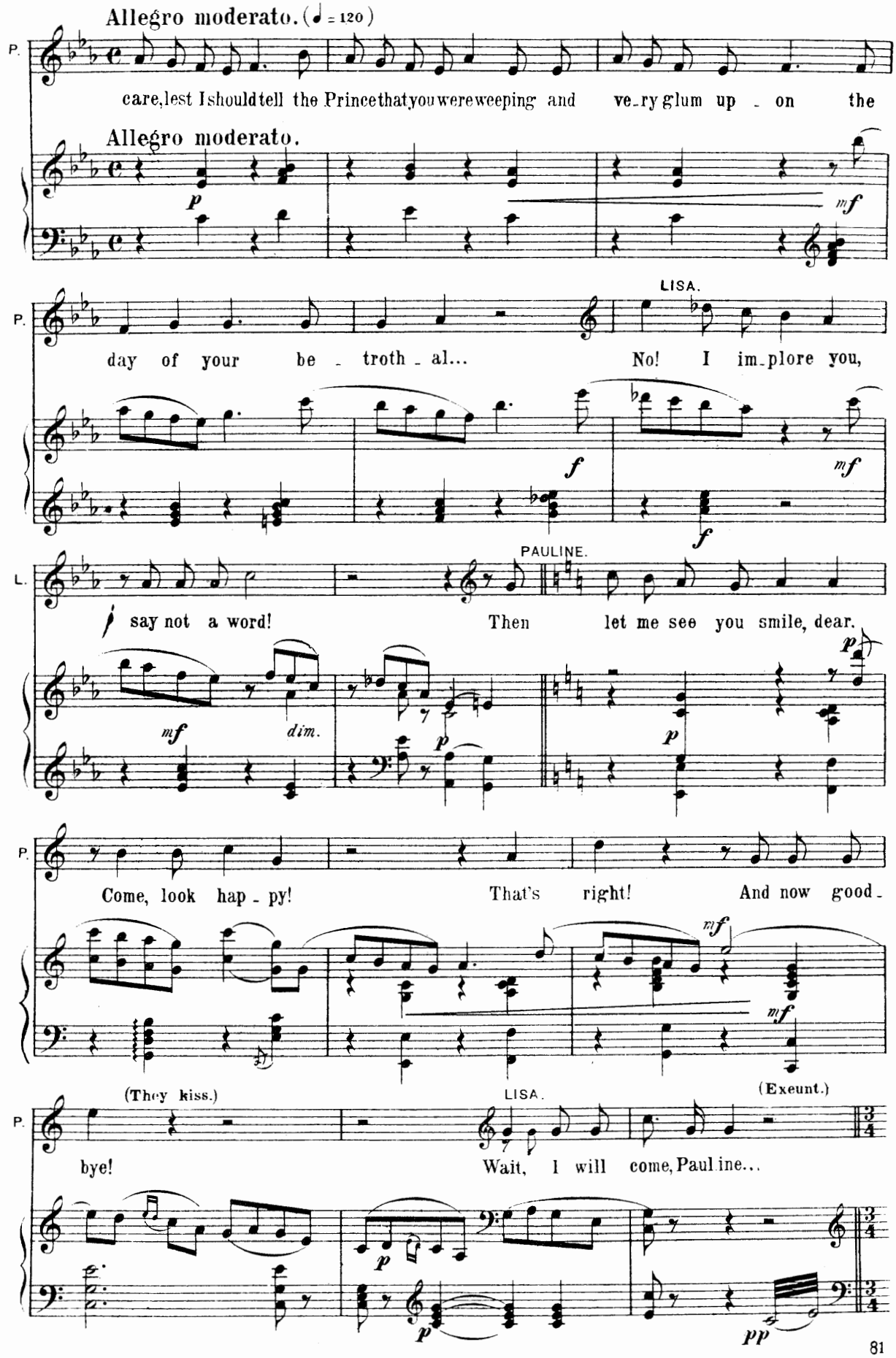

Andante quasi adagio. (♩= 66)
THE GOVERNESS.
Mesdemoiselles! What means this dreadful noise? You make the Countess cross. Dear, oh,
Andante quasi adagio.
Fl.
PIANO.
p
ad libitum
G.
dear! To dance and sing like country wenches! Fie, what shocking style!
Fag.
mf
mf
Allegro moderato. (♩.= 80)
G.
La_dies born to grace high cir_cles must mind the
Allegro moderato.
p
mf
G.
con_venances!
p

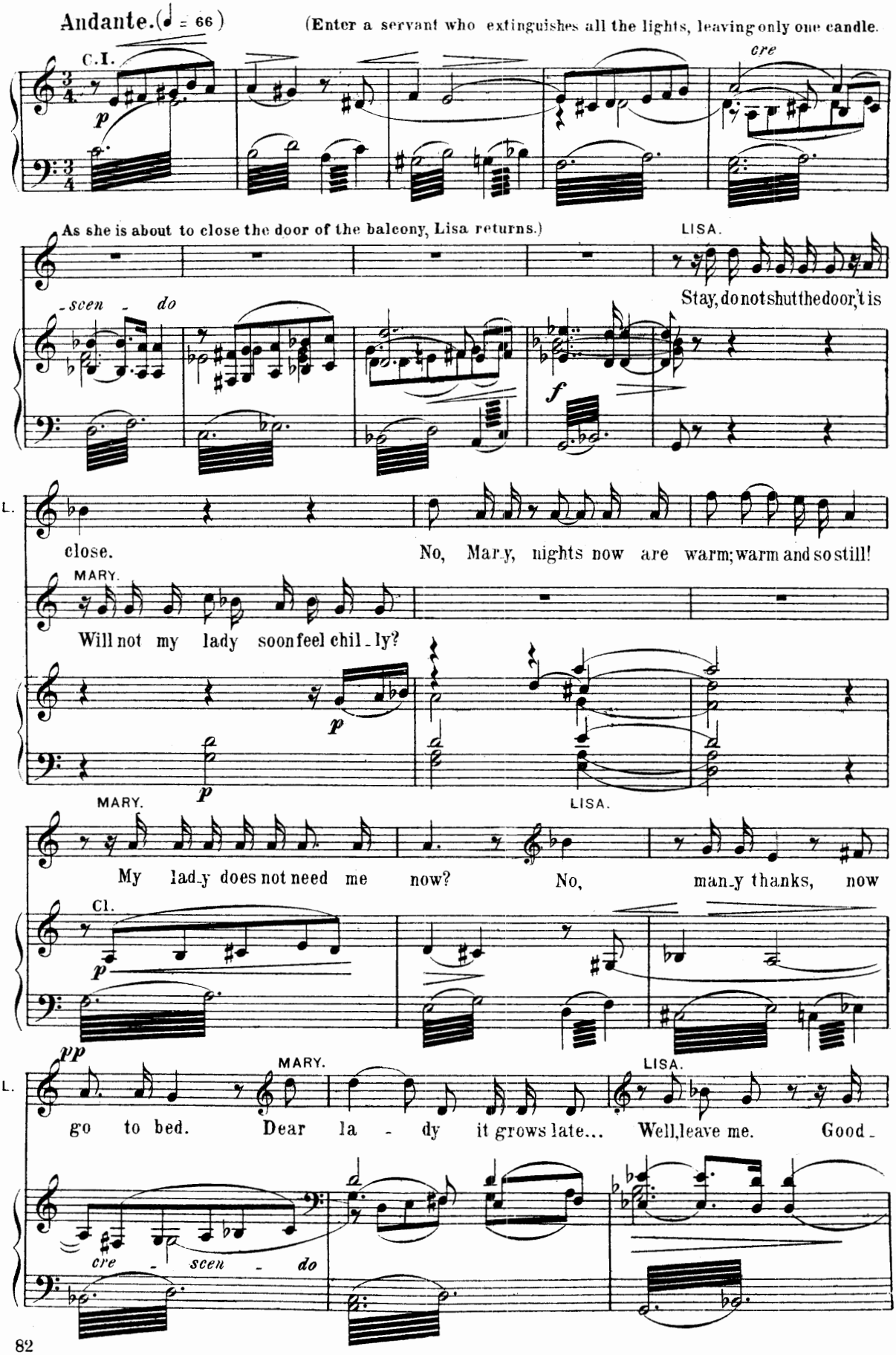


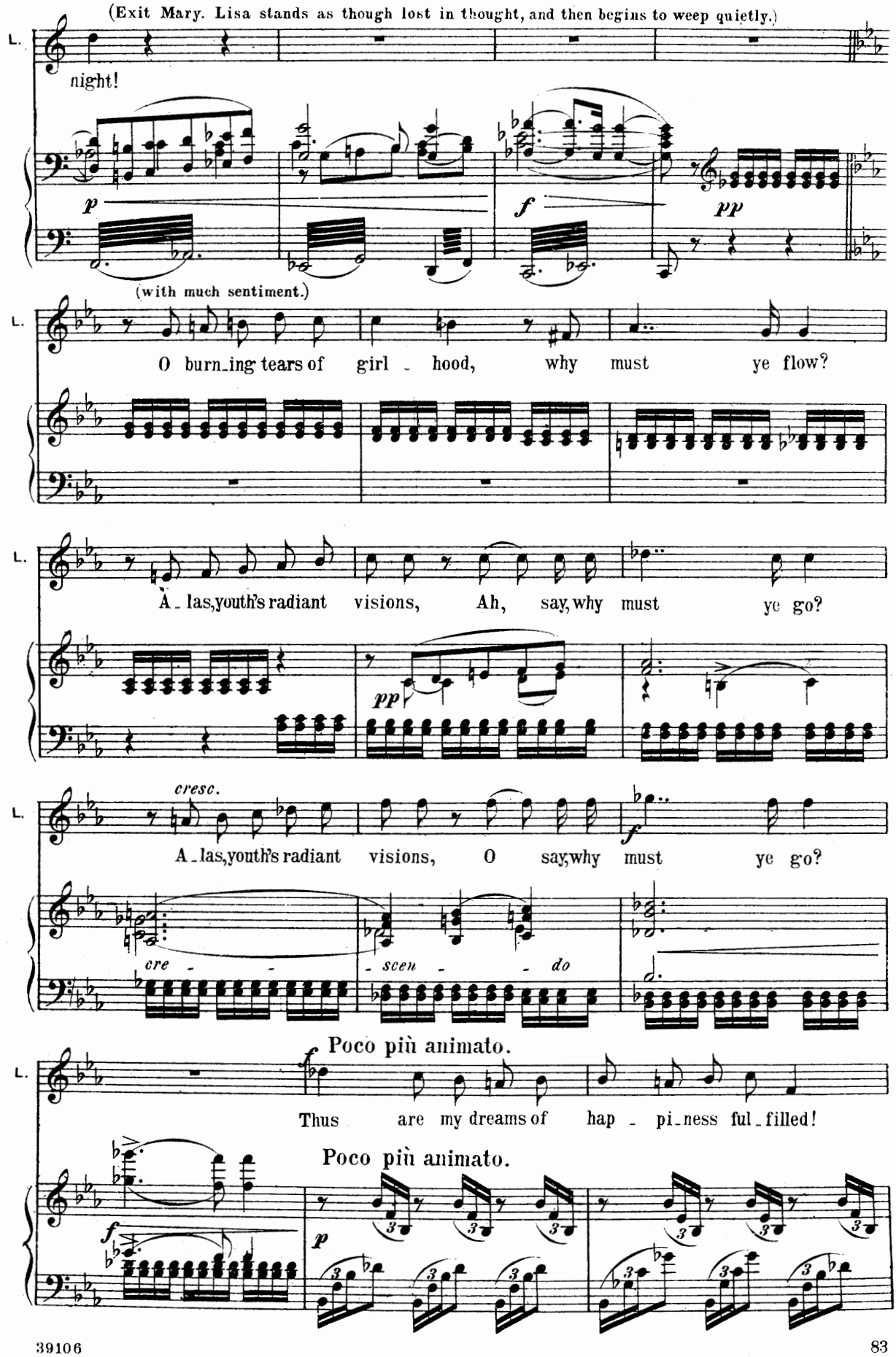
*) Pronounce *tonne* to rhyme with mignonnes.

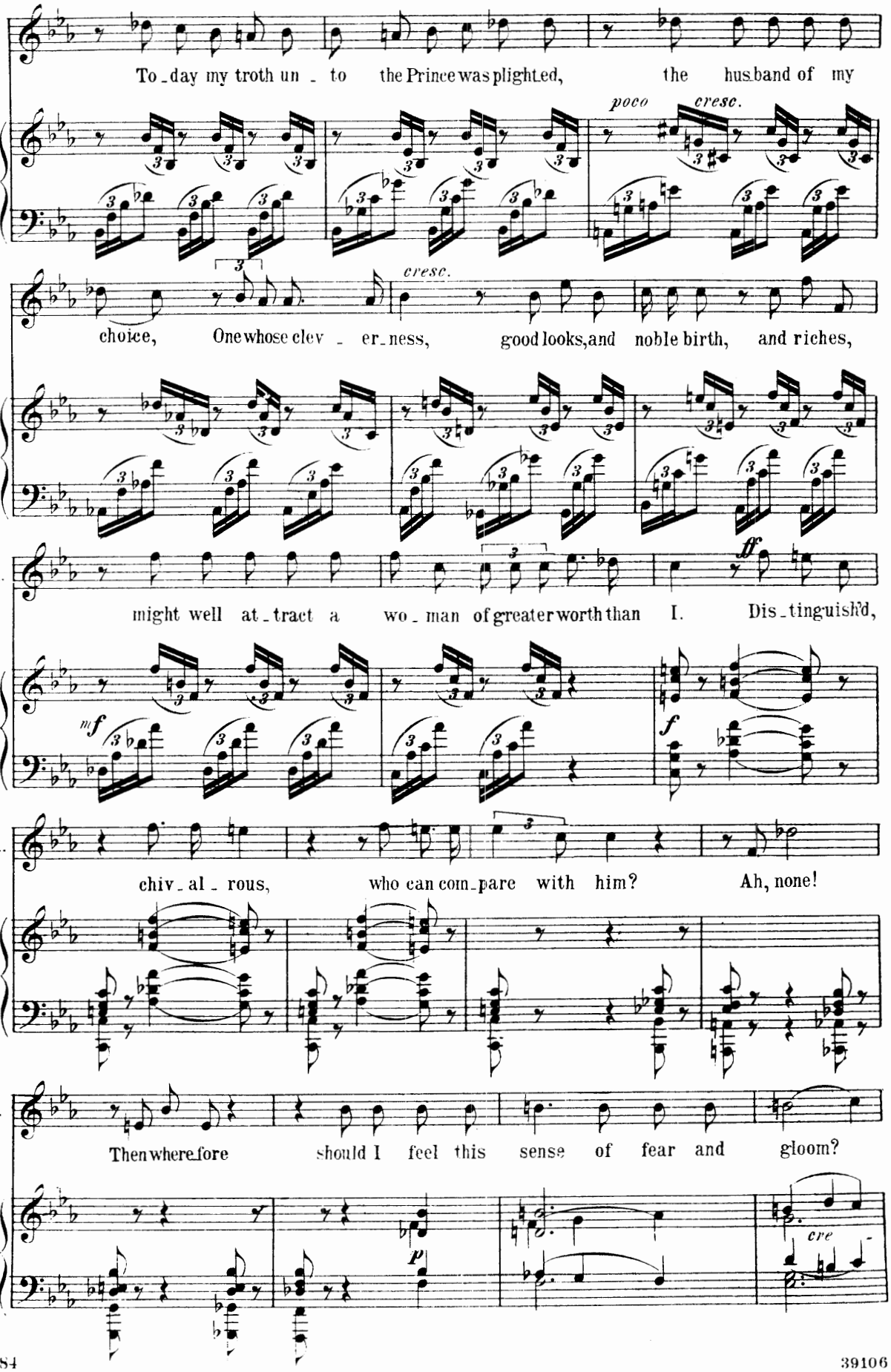

G.
never to outrage bon - ton!
G.
La - dies born to grace high circles
must mind the con - venances,
mf
p
G.
and
ev - en when a - lone to - gether
act as though
p
mf
G.
en
év - i - dence!
act as though
p
G.
en
év - i - dence!
p
f

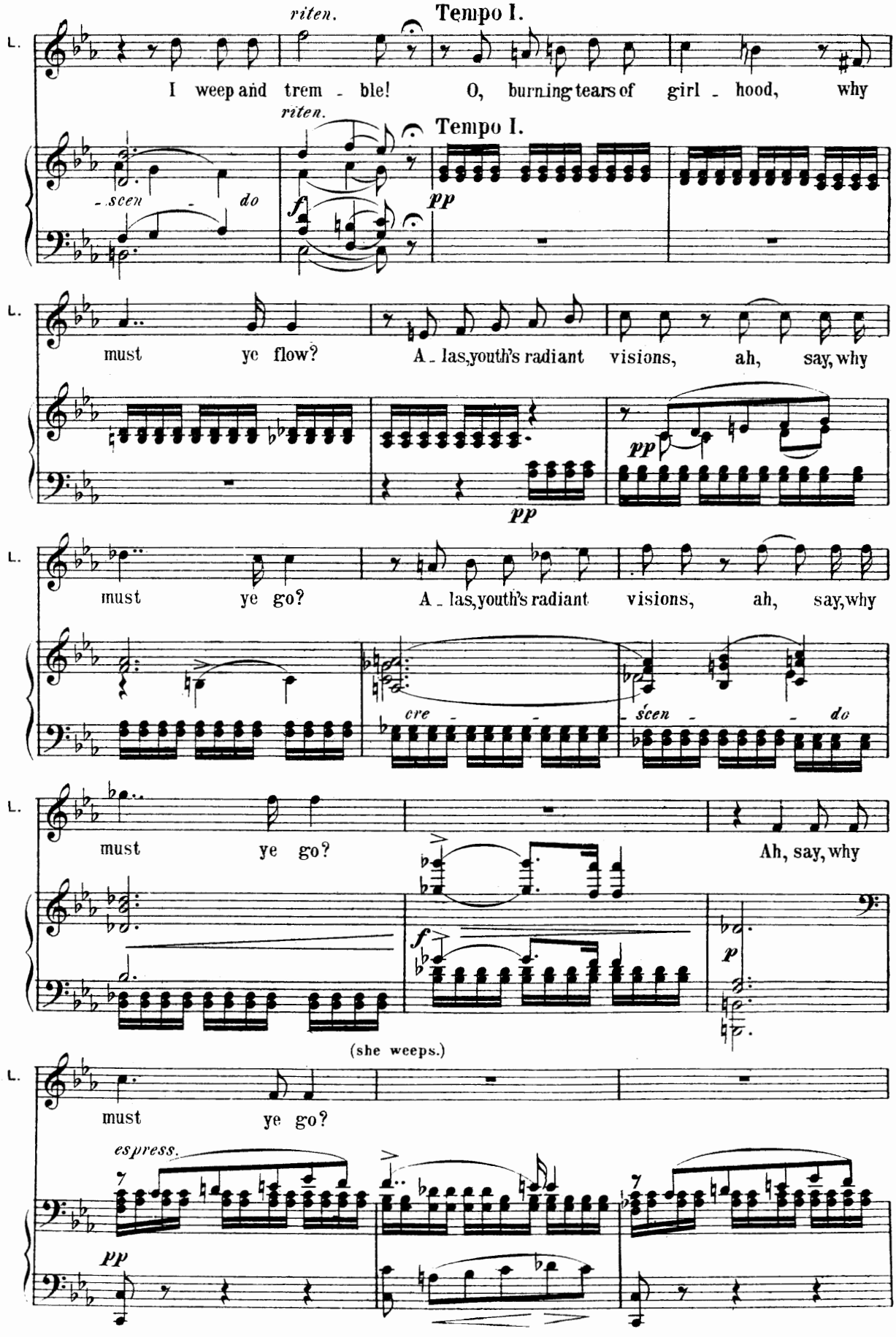

L'istesso tempo.
THE GOVERNESS.
'Tistimeyouallwent home. I was sent to bid you putonyour
L'istesso tempo.
PIANO.
mf
mf
(The young ladies disperse.)
PAULINE. (approaching Lisa)
L.
cloaks.
Lis_a, tell me,
p
LISA.
G.
why areyou sogloomy? I? nonsense,dear! what fan_cies! Now look how calm &
p
PAUL.
P.
fair the world ap_pears at twi_light; see, af_ter storm what peace. Take
p

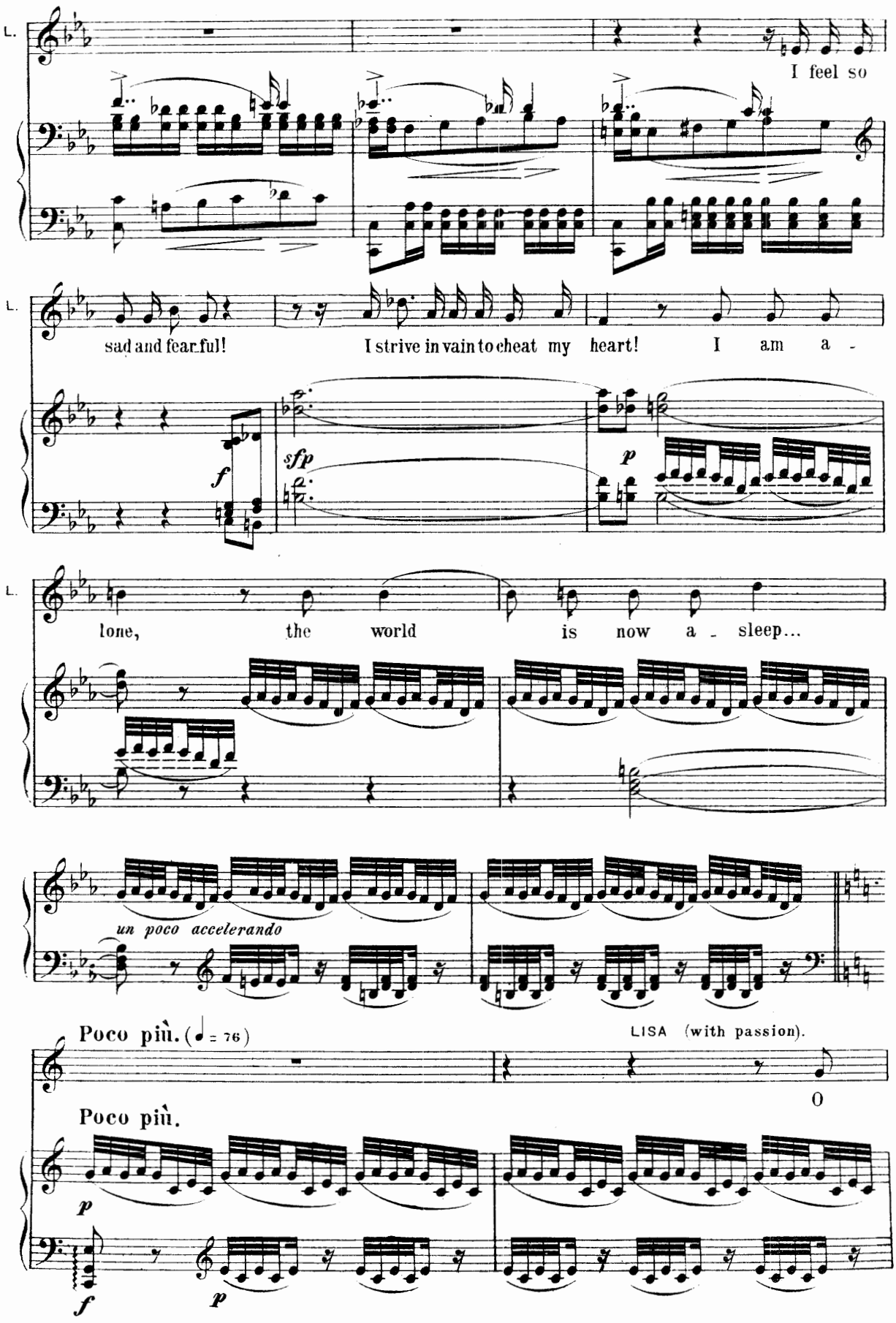

Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)
P.
care, lest I should tell the Prince that you were weeping and very glum up - on the
Allegro moderato.
p
mf
LISA.
day of your be - troth - al... No! I im - plore you,
f
mf
f
PAULINE.
L.
say not a word! Then let me see you smile, dear.
mf
dim.
p
p
Come, look hap - py! That's right! And now good -
mf
mf
(They kiss.)
LISA.
(Exeunt.)
bye! Wait, I will come, Pauline...
p
p
pp

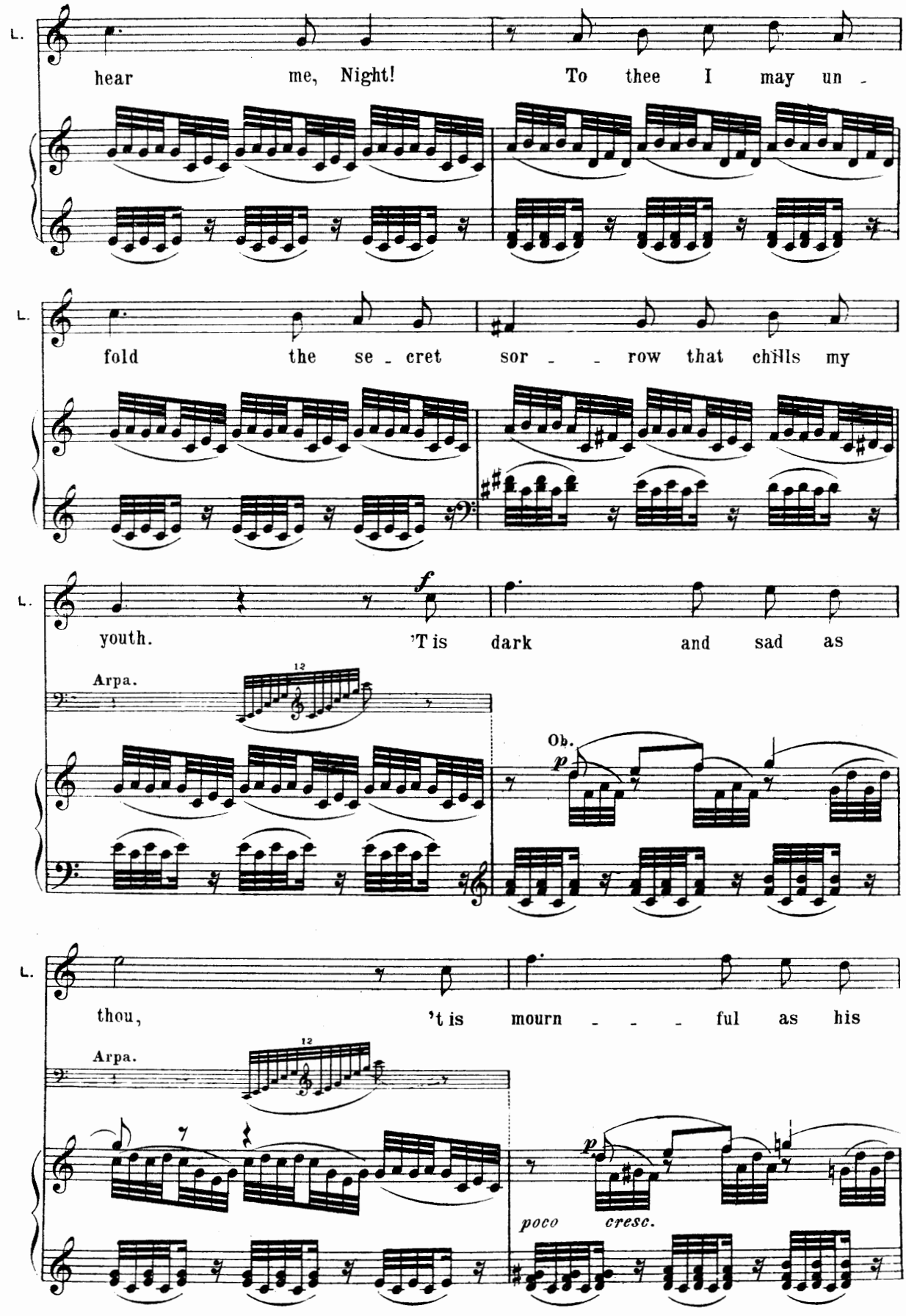

Andante. (♩ = 66)
(Enter a servant who extinguishes all the lights, leaving only one candle.
C.I.
cre
As she is about to close the door of the balcony, Lisa returns.)
LISA.
Stay, do not shut the door, 't is
-scen - do
close.
No, Mar-y, nights now are warm; warm and so still!
MARY.
Will not my lady soon feel chil-ly?
MARY.
LISA.
My lad-y does not need me now?
No, man-y thanks, now
Cl.
MARY.
LISA.
go to bed.
Dear la - dy it grows late...
Well, leave me.
Good-
cre - scen - do

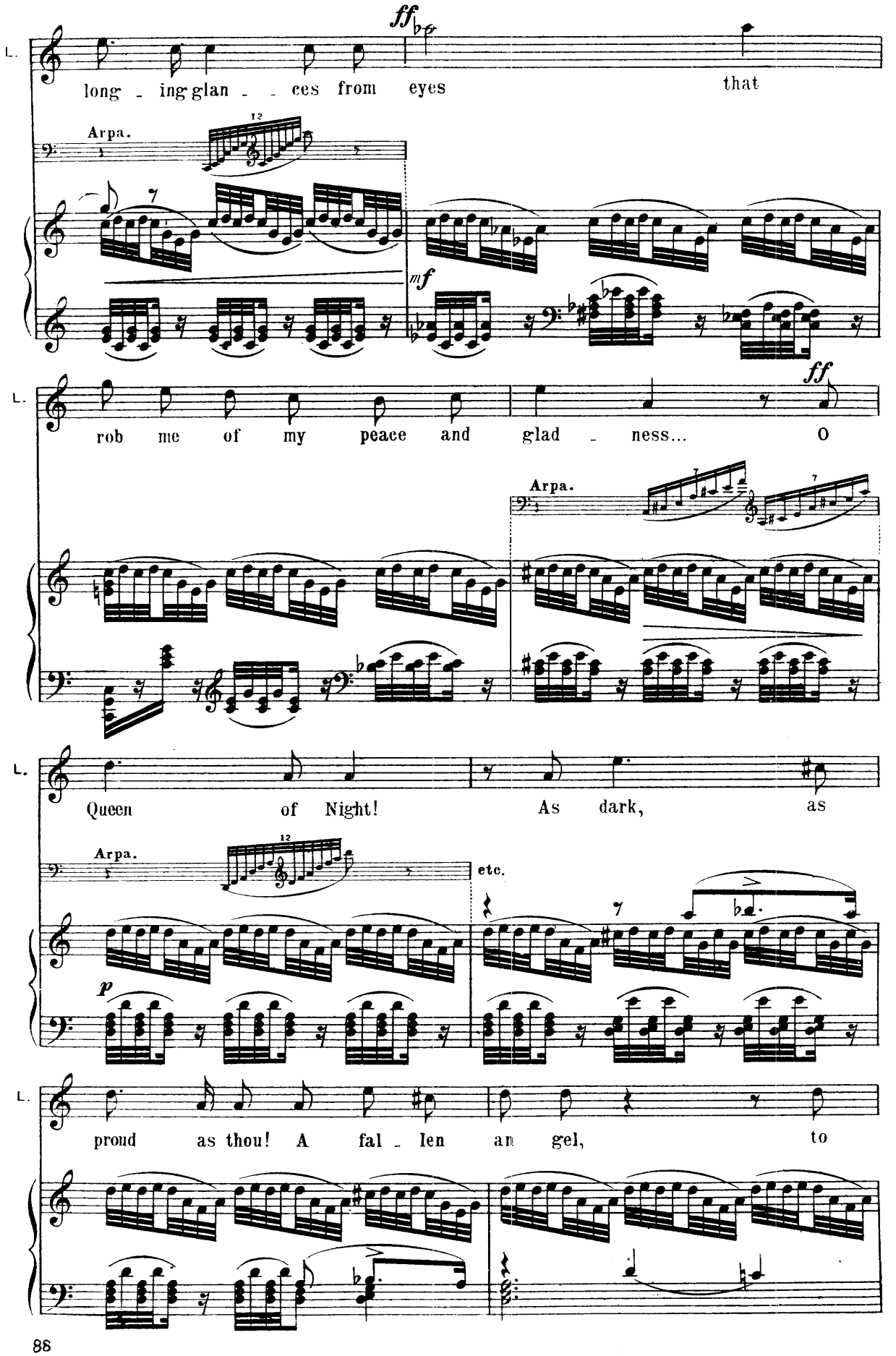

(Exit Mary. Lisa stands as though lost in thought, and then begins to weep quietly.)
L.
night!
p
f
pp
(with much sentiment.)
O burn_ing tears of girl _ hood, why must ye flow?
A _ las, youth's radiant visions, Ah, say, why must ye go?
pp
cresc.
A _ las, youth's radiant visions, O say, why must ye go?
f
cre _ _ _ scen _ _ do
Poco più animato.
Thus are my dreams of hap _ pi_ness ful_filled!
Poco più animato.

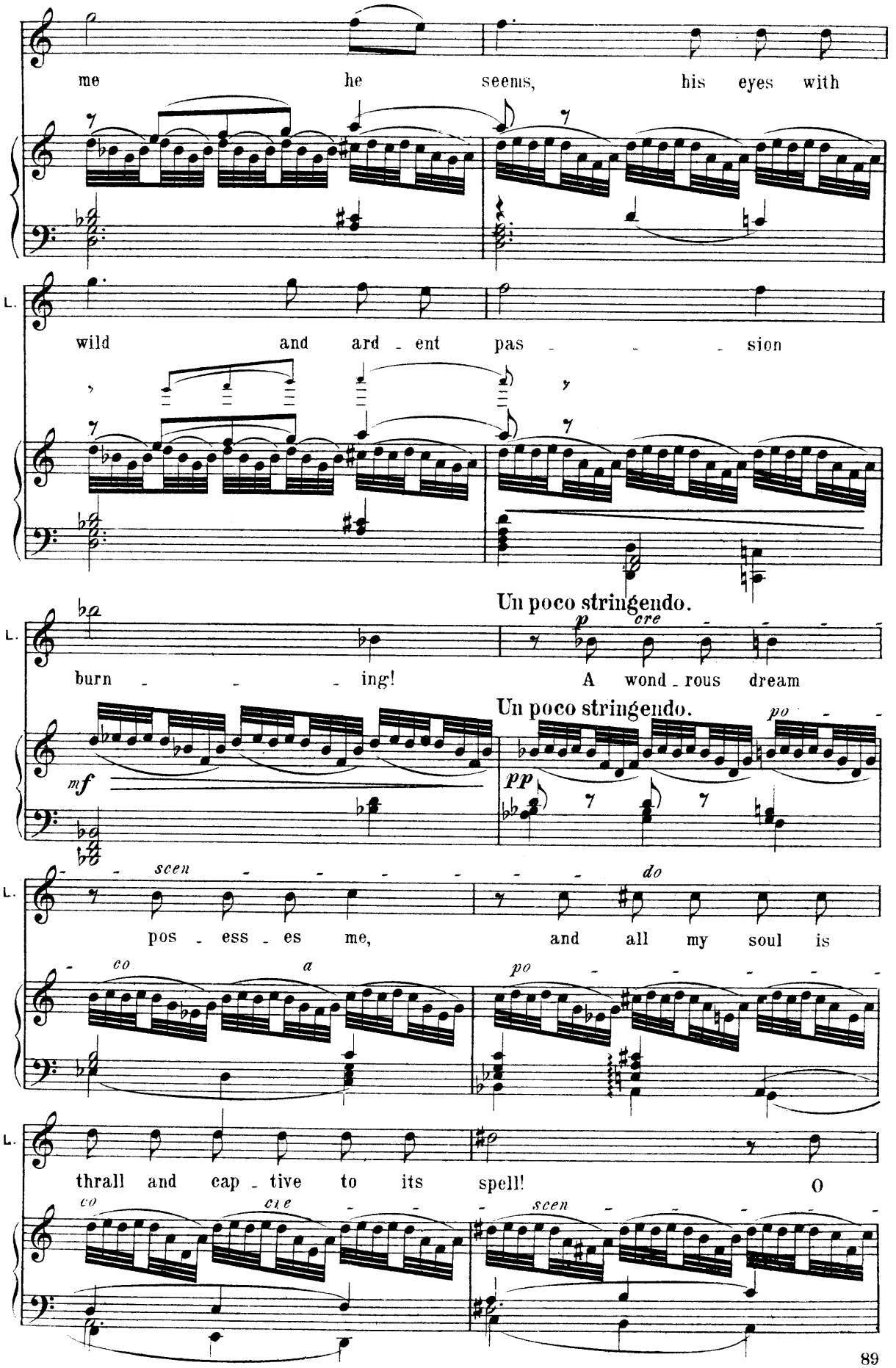

L.
To-day my troth un-to the Prince was plighted, the husband of my
poco
cresc.
L.
choice, One whose clev-er-ness, good looks, and noble birth, and riches,
cresc.
L.
might well at-tract a wo-man of greater worth than I. Dis-tinguish'd,
ff
mf
f
L.
chiv-al-rous, who can com-pare with him? Ah, none!
L.
Then where-fore should I feel this sense of fear and gloom?
p
cre

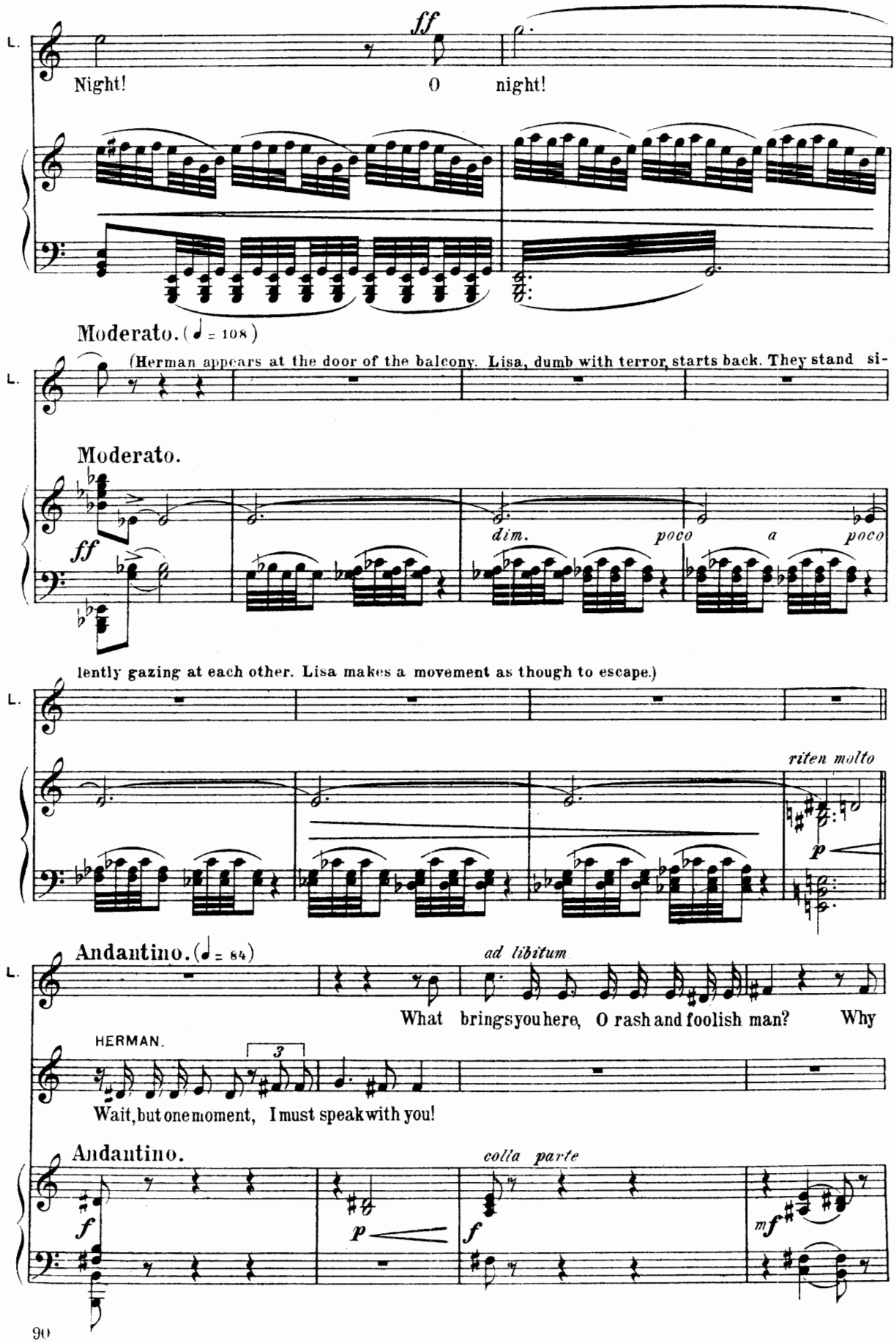

riten.
Tempo I.
L.
I weep and trem - ble!
O, burning tears of girl - hood, why
- scen - do
must ye flow?
A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
must ye go?
A - las, youth's radiant visions, ah, say, why
cre - - -
- scen - - do
must ye go?
Ah, say, why
(she weeps.)
must ye go?
espress.

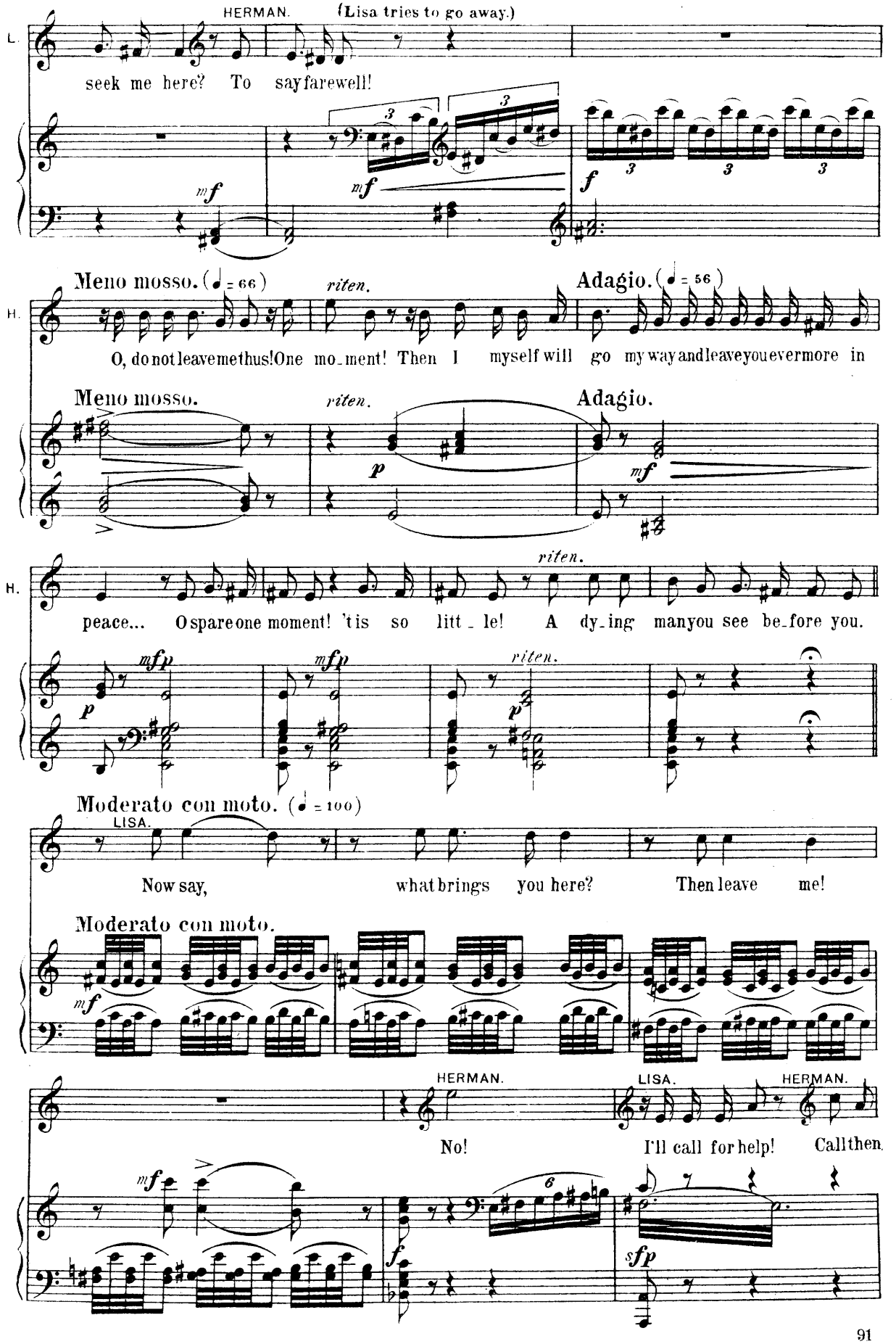

L.
I feel so
L.
sad and fear.ful! I strive in vain to cheat my heart! I am a -
f
sfp
p
L.
lone, the world is now a - sleep...
un poco accelerando
Poco più. (♩ = 76)
LISA (with passion).
O
Poco più.
p
f
p

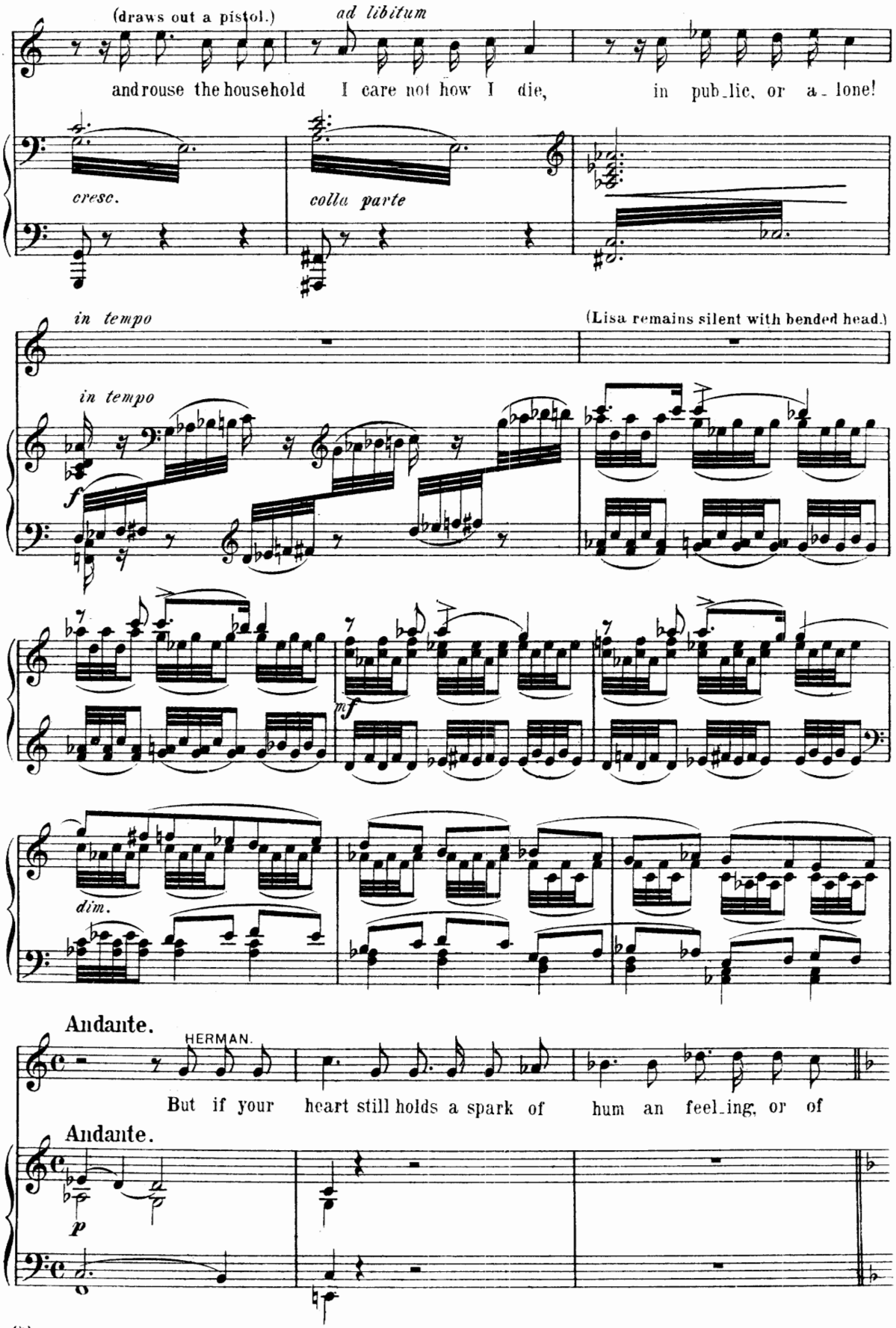

L.
hear me, Night! To thee I may un -
L.
fold the se - cret sor - - row that chills my
L.
f
youth. 'T is dark and sad as
Arpa.
12
Ob.
p
L.
thou, 't is mourn - - - ful as his
Arpa.
12
p
poco cresc.

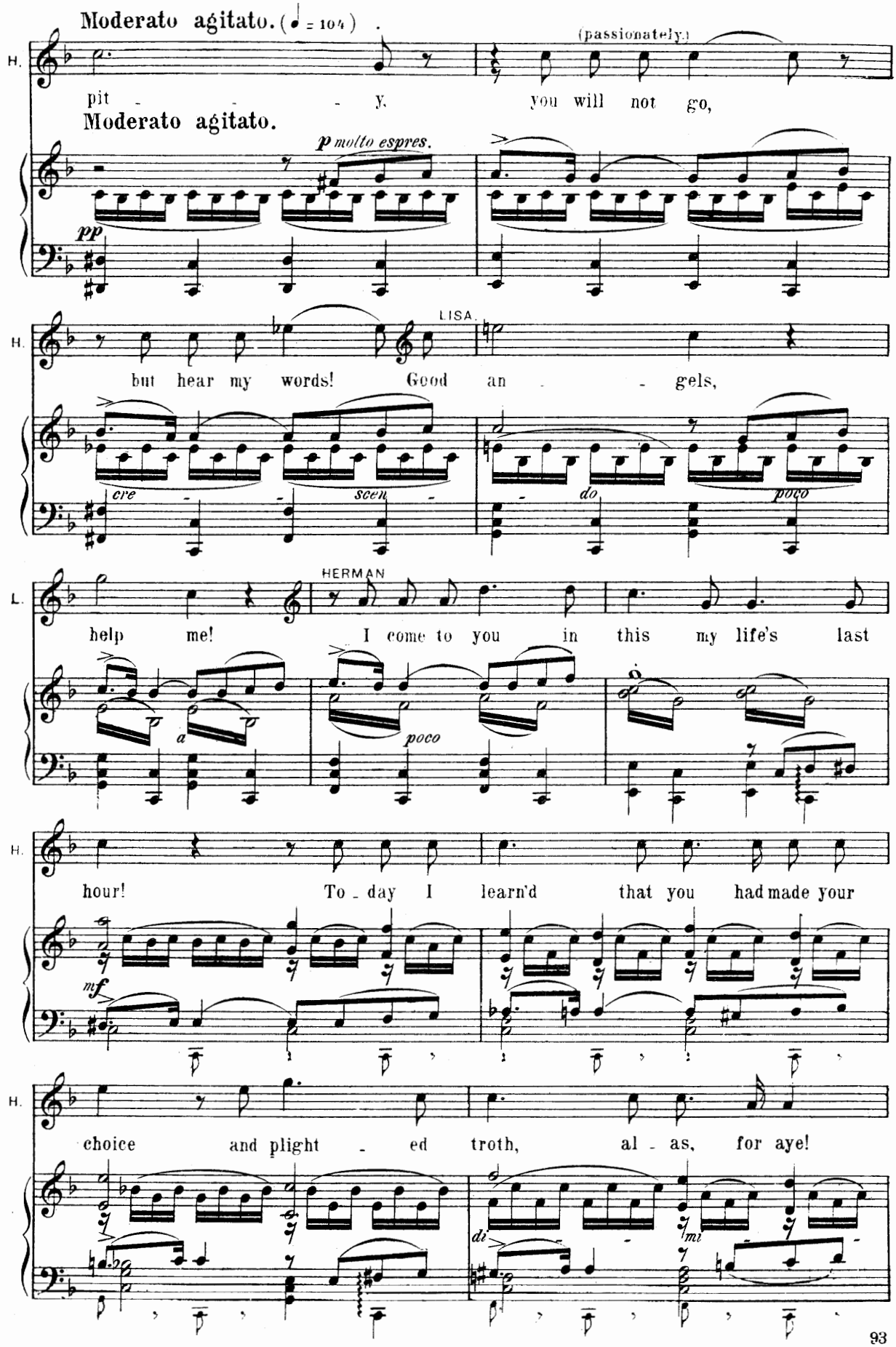

ff
long - ing glan - - ces from eyes that
Arpa.
12
mf
L.
rob me of my peace and glad - ness... O
ff
Arpa.
Queen of Night! As dark, as
Arpa.
12
etc.
p
L.
proud as thou! A fal - len an gel, to

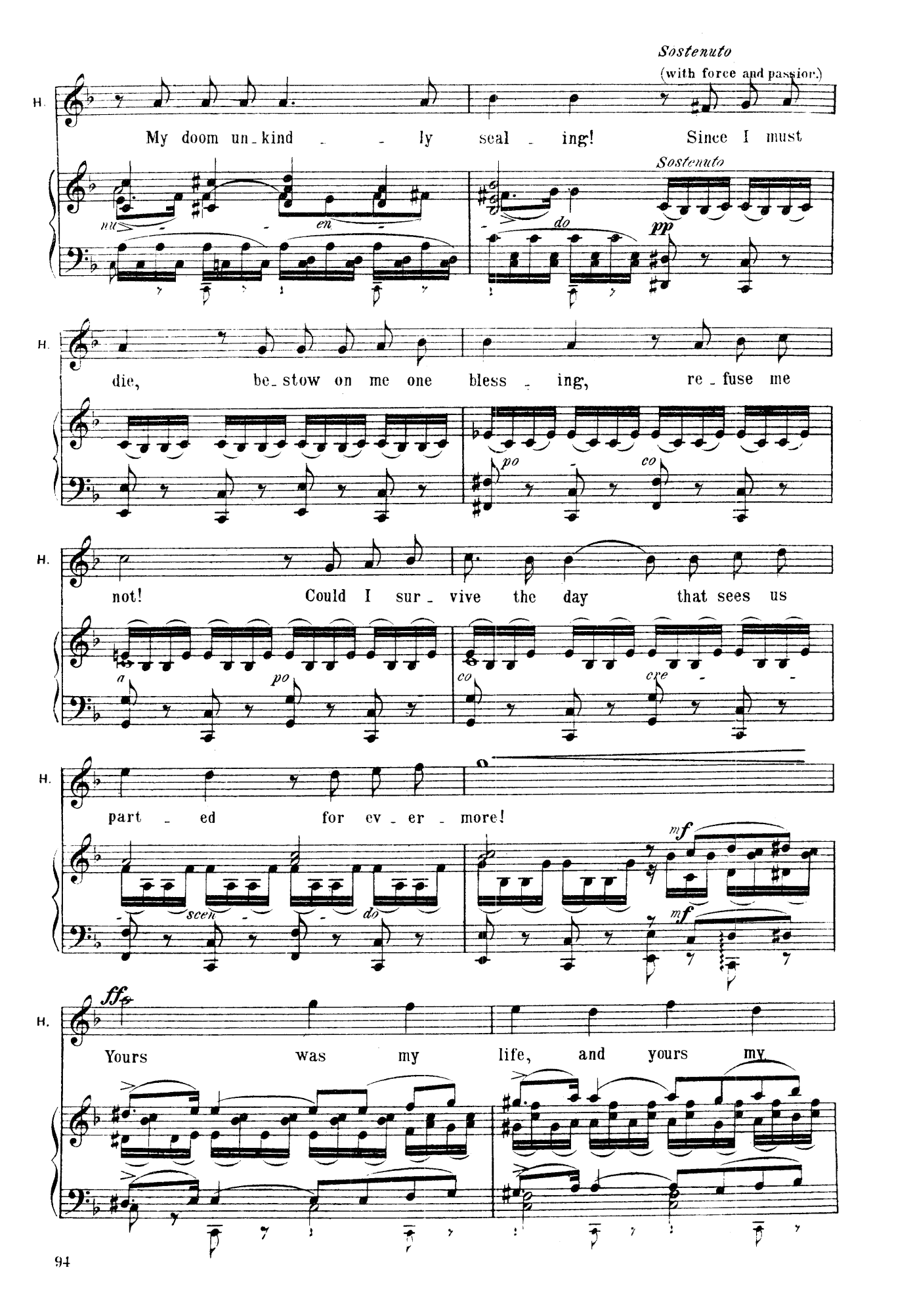

me he seems, his eyes with
L.
wild and ard - ent pas - - - sion
Un poco stringendo.
L.
burn - - - ing!
p cre
A wond - rous dream
Un poco stringendo.
mf
pp
po
L.
scen
pos - ess - es me,
do
and all my soul is
co
a
po
L.
thrall and cap - tive to its spell!
O
co
cie
scen

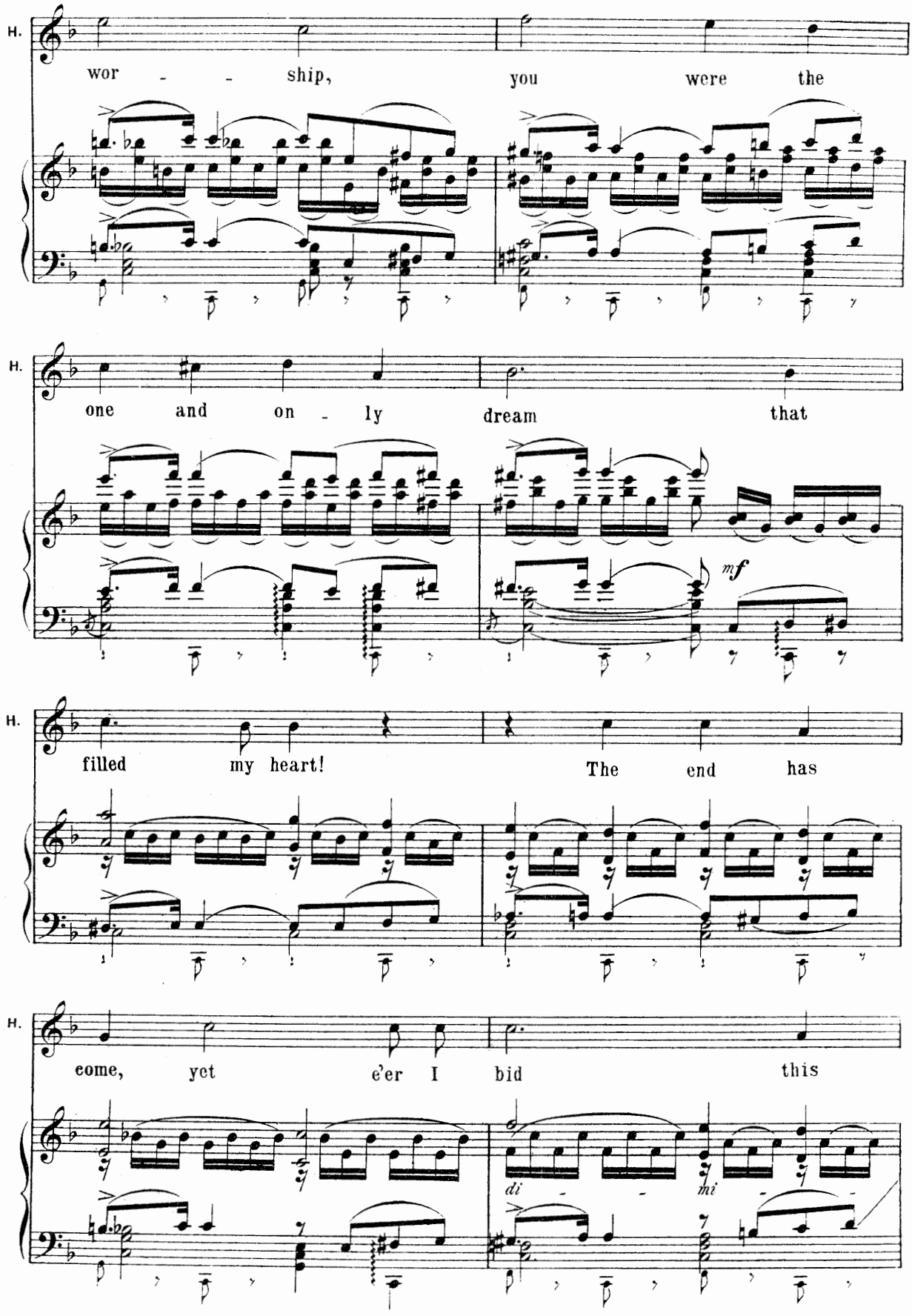

L.
ff
Night!
O night!
Moderato. (♩ = 108)
(Herman appears at the door of the balcony. Lisa, dumb with terror, starts back. They stand si-
Moderato.
ff
dim.
poco a poco
lently gazing at each other. Lisa makes a movement as though to escape.)
riten molto
p
Andantino. (♩ = 84)
ad libitum
What brings you here, O rash and foolish man? Why
HERMAN.
3
Wait, but one moment, I must speak with you!
Andantino.
colla parte
f
p
f
mf

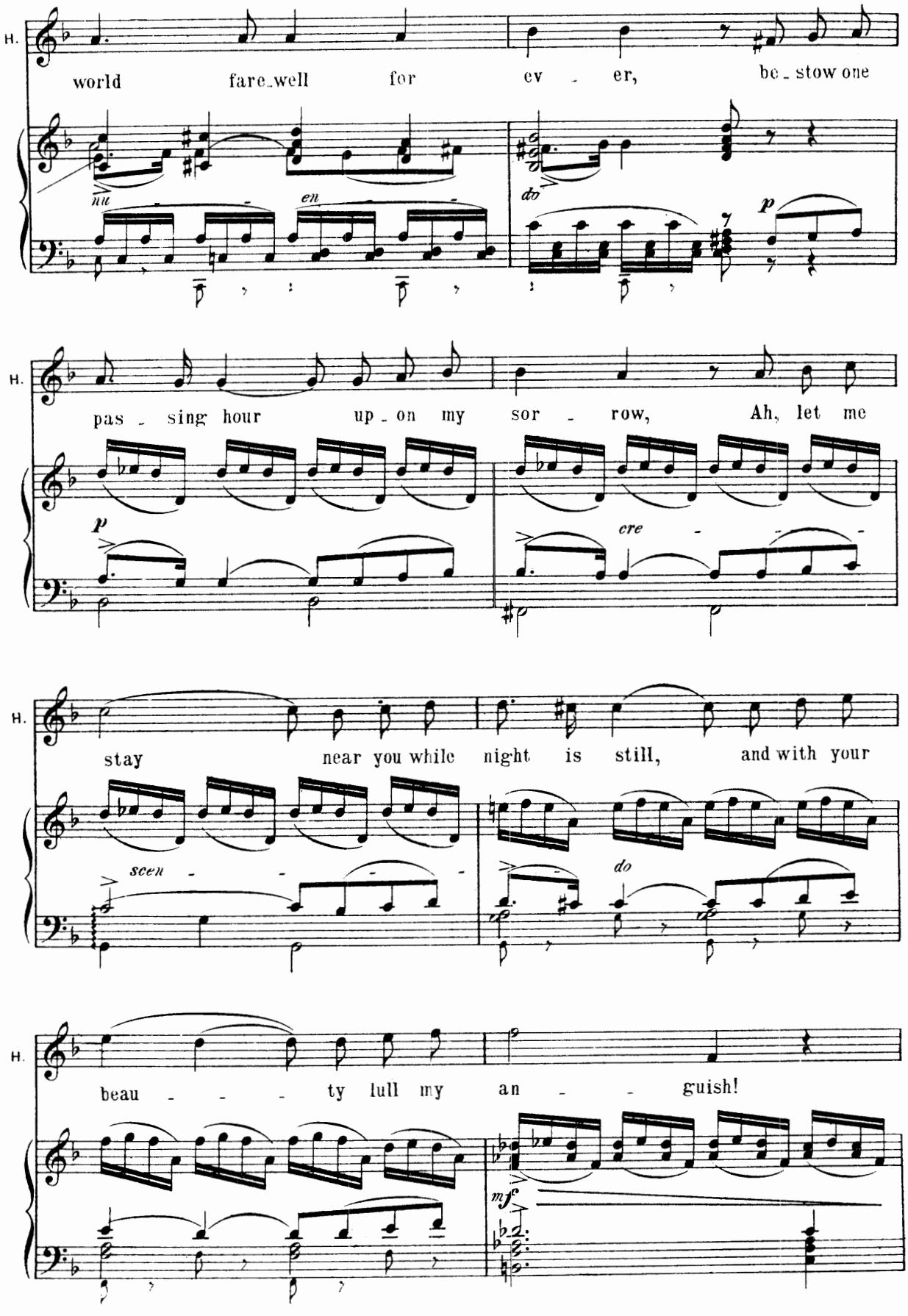

HERMAN. (Lisa tries to go away.)
L.
seek me here? To say farewell!
mf
mf
f
Meno mosso. (♩ = 66)
riten.
Adagio. (♩ = 56)
H.
O, do not leave me thus! One mo_ment! Then I myself will go my way and leave you evermore in
Meno mosso.
riten.
Adagio.
p
mf
riten.
H.
peace... O spare one moment! 'tis so litt_le! A dy_ing man you see be_fore you.
p
mfp
mfp
riten.
p
Moderato con moto. (♩ = 100)
LISA.
Now say, what brings you here? Then leave me!
Moderato con moto.
mf
HERMAN.
LISA.
HERMAN.
No!
I'll call for help!
Call then.
mf
f
6
sfp

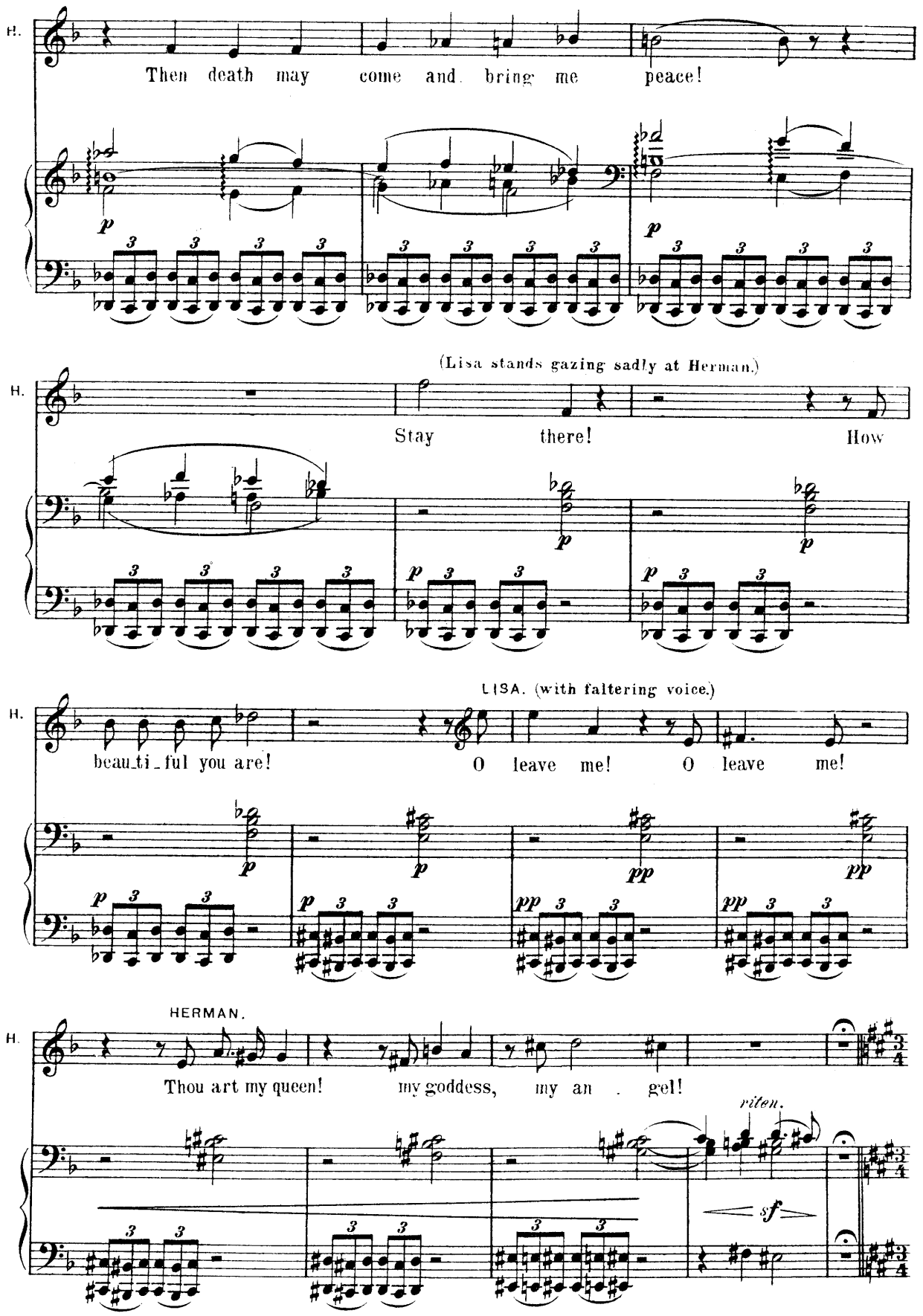

(draws out a pistol.)
ad libitum
H.
and rouse the household I care not how I die, in pub_lic, or a_lone!
cresc.
colla parte
in tempo
(Lisa remains silent with bended head.)
in tempo
f
mf
dim.
Andante.
HERMAN.
But if your heart still holds a spark of hum an feel_ing, or of
Andante.
p

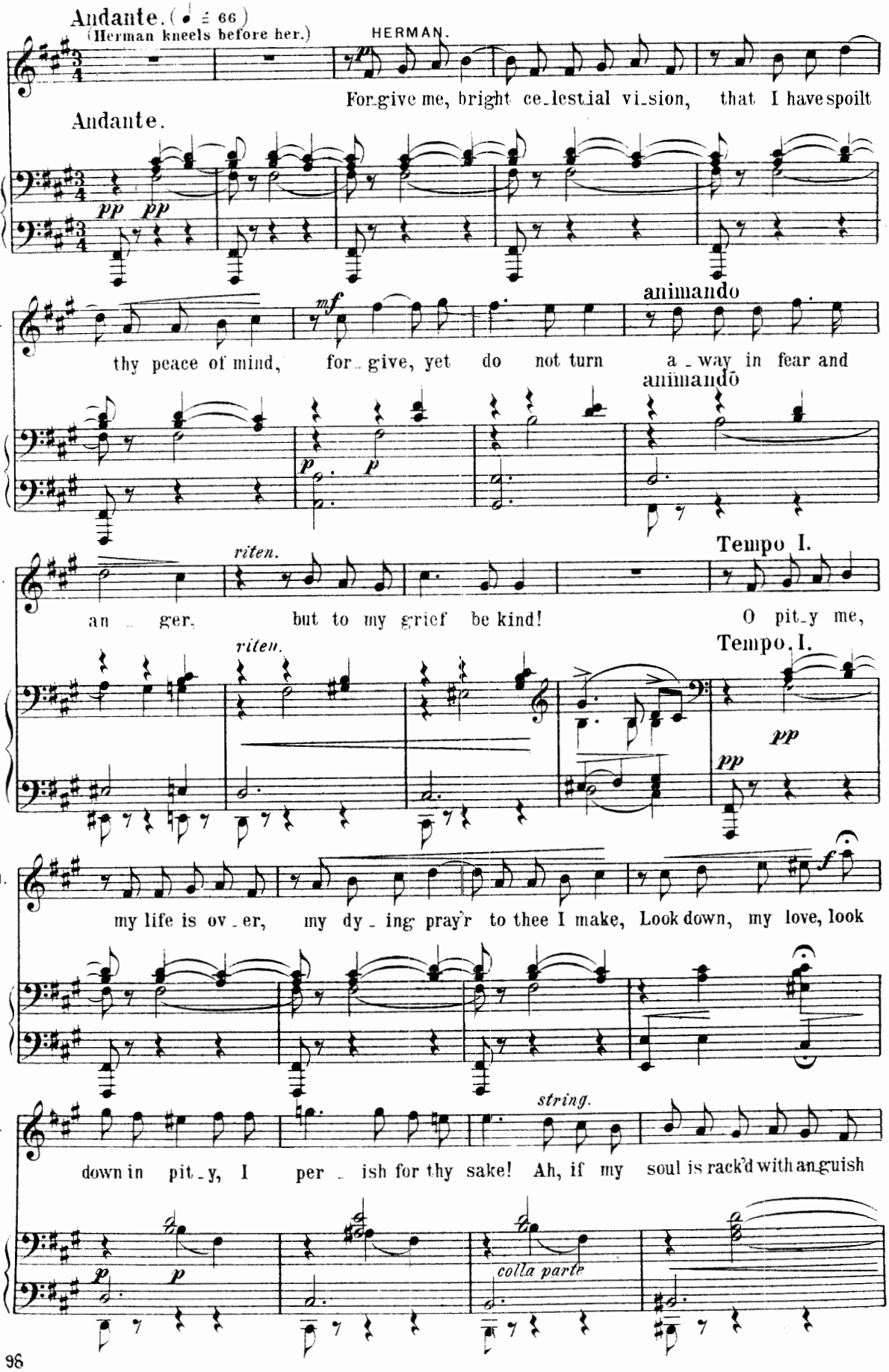

Moderato agitato. (♩ = 104)
(passionately.)
H.
pit - - - y. you will not go,
Moderato agitato.
p molto espres.
pp
LISA.
but hear my words! Good an - gels,
cre - scen - do poco
HERMAN
L.
help me! I come to you in this my life's last
a
poco
hour! To - day I learn'd that you had made your
mf
choice and plight - ed troth, al - as, for aye!
di
mi

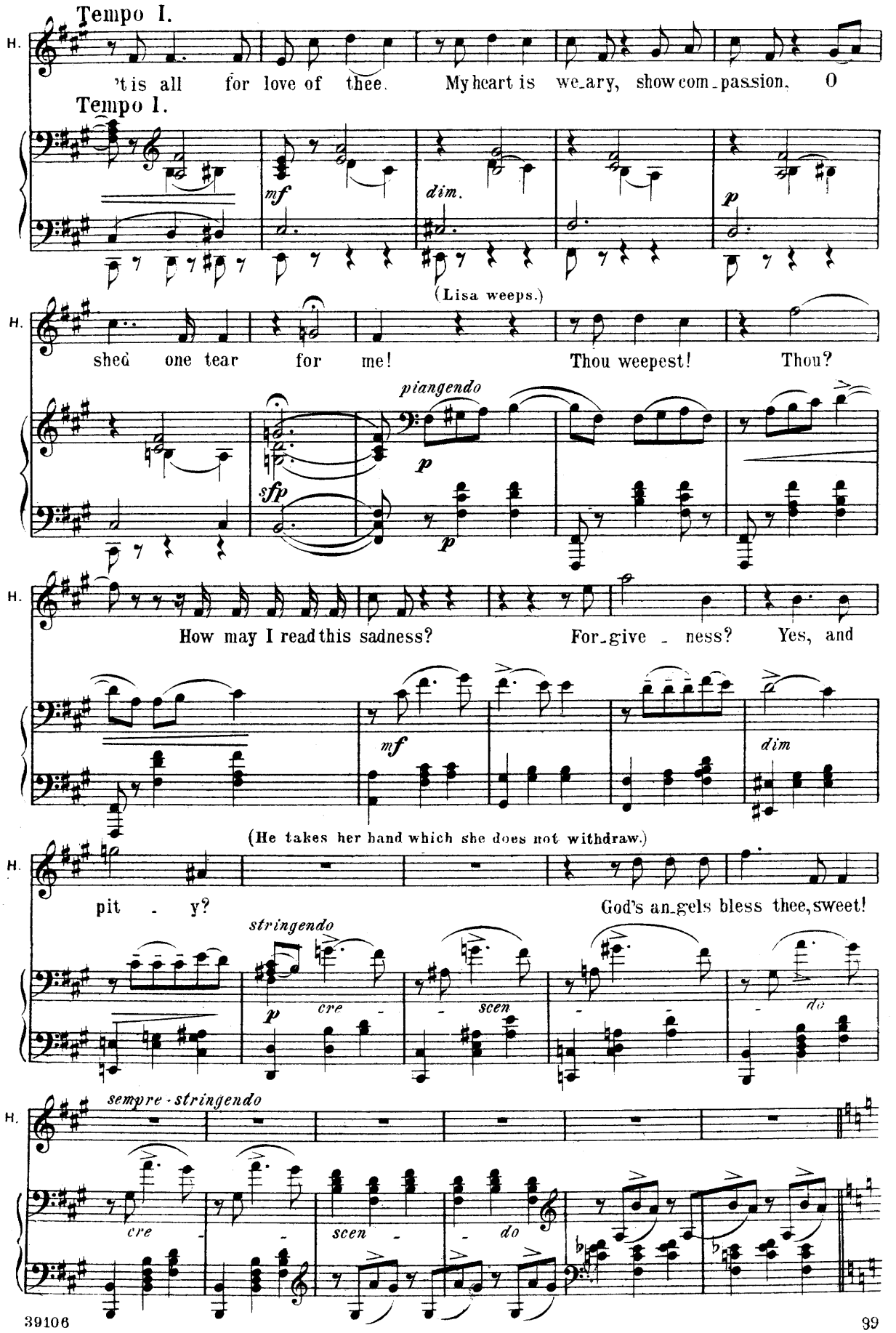

Sostenuto
(with force and passion.)
H.
My doom un_kind _ _ ly seal _ ing! Since I must
Sostenuto
pp
H.
die, be_stow on me one bless _ ing, re _ fuse me
H.
not! Could I sur _ vive the day that sees us
H.
part _ ed for ev _ er _ more!
mf
H.
ff
Yours was my life, and yours my

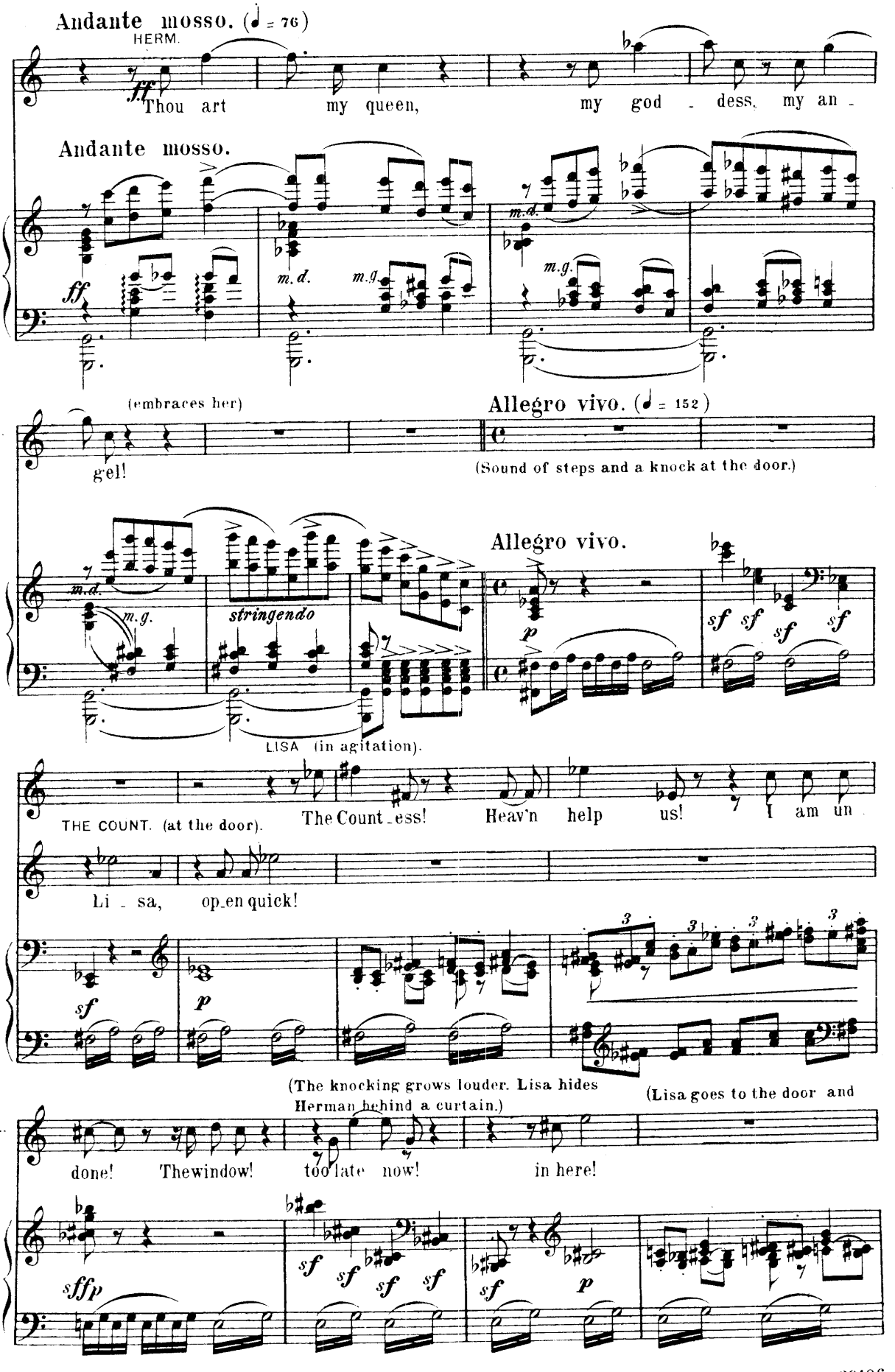

H.
wor - - ship, you were the
H.
one and on - ly dream that
mf
H.
filled my heart! The end has
H.
come, yet e'er I bid this
di - - mi - -

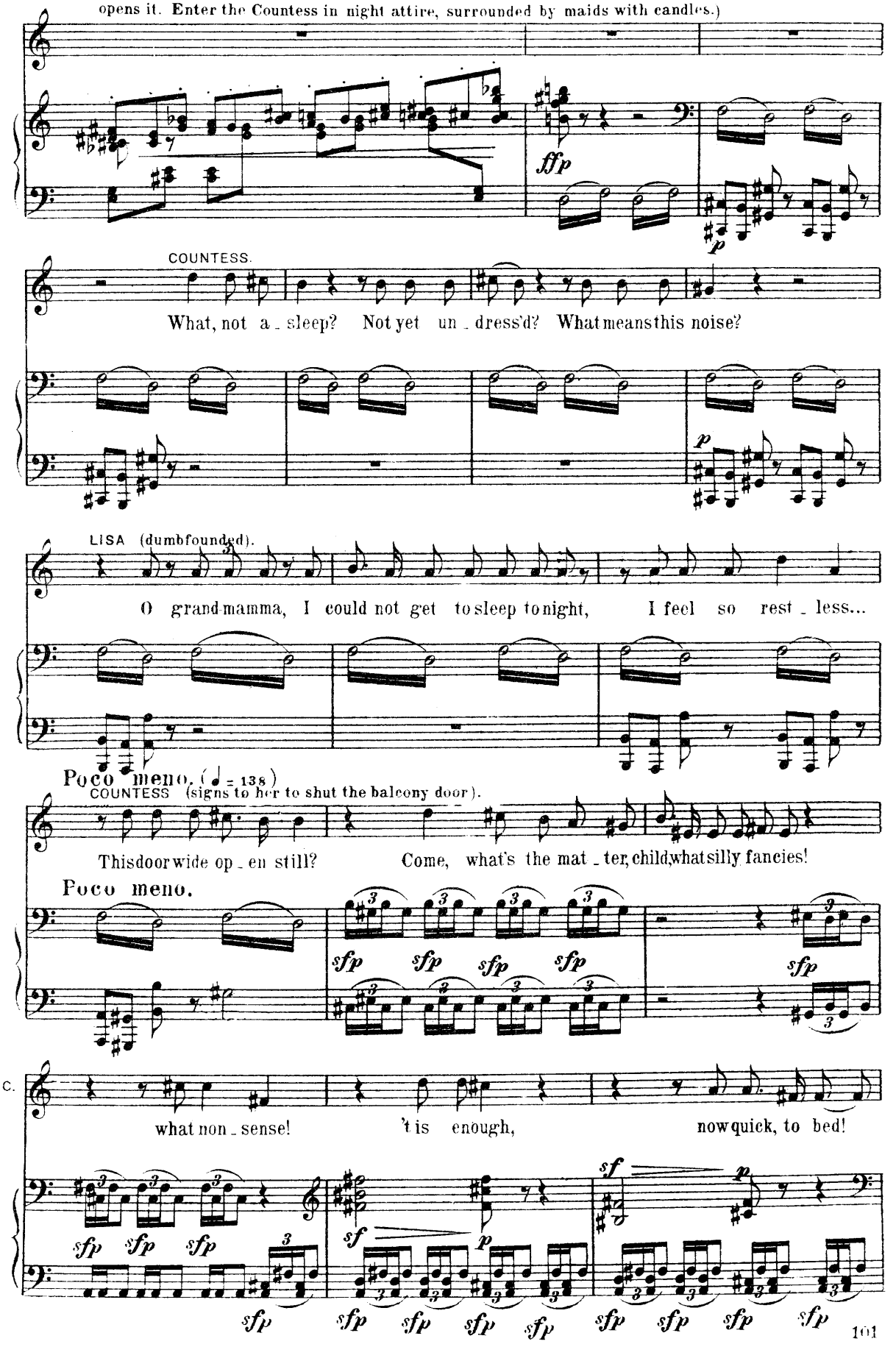

H.
world fare-well for ev - er, be-stow one
nu - en
do
p
H.
pas - sing hour up-on my sor - row, Ah, let me
p
cre - - -
H.
stay near you while night is still, and with your
seen - - - -
do
H.
beau - - - ty lull my an - - guish!
mf

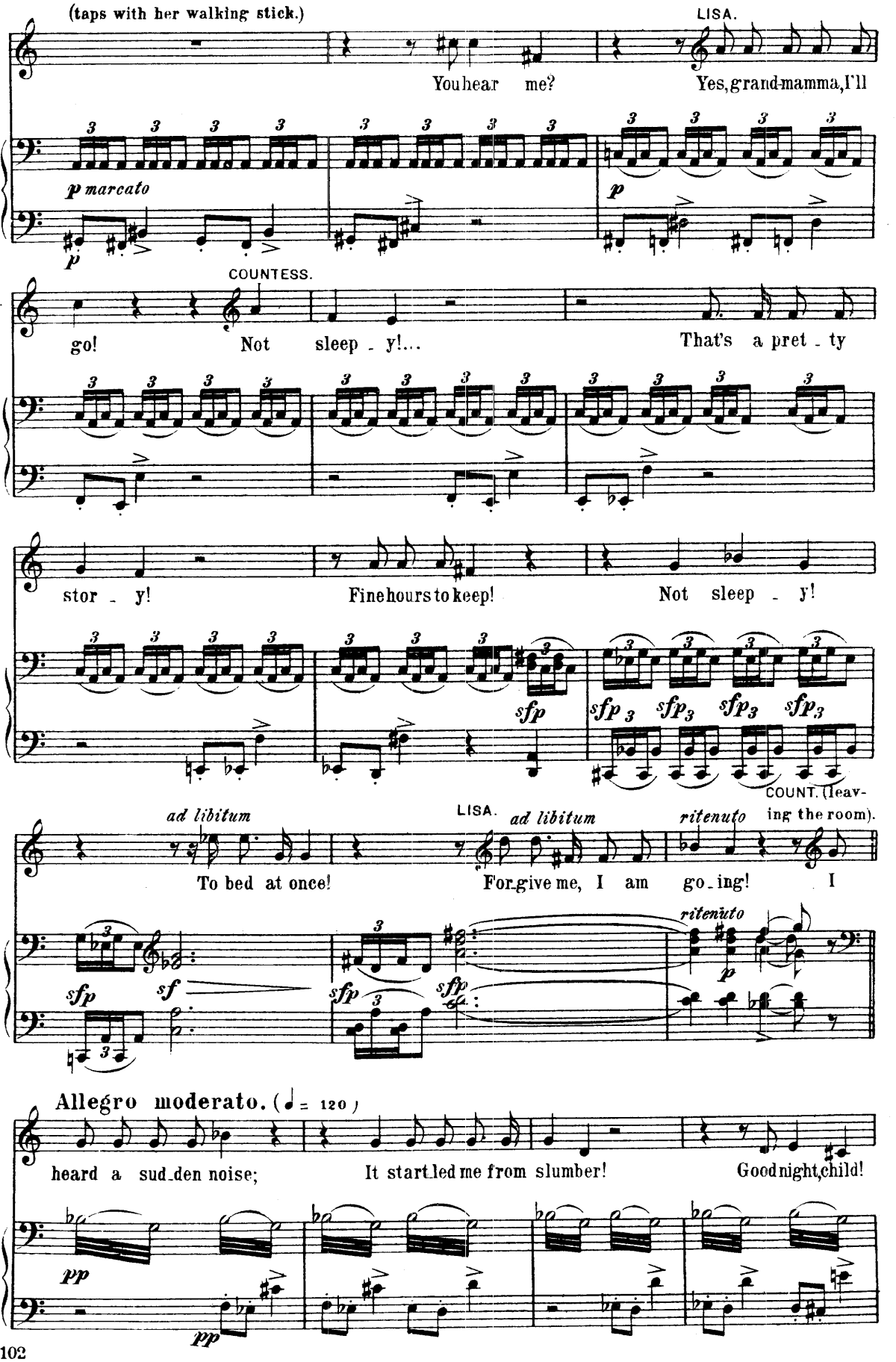

H.
Then death may come and bring me peace!
p
(Lisa stands gazing sadly at Herman.)
Stay there! How
LISA. (with faltering voice.)
beau_ti_ful you are!
O leave me! O leave me!
pp
HERMAN.
Thou art my queen! my goddess, my an . gel!
riten.
sf

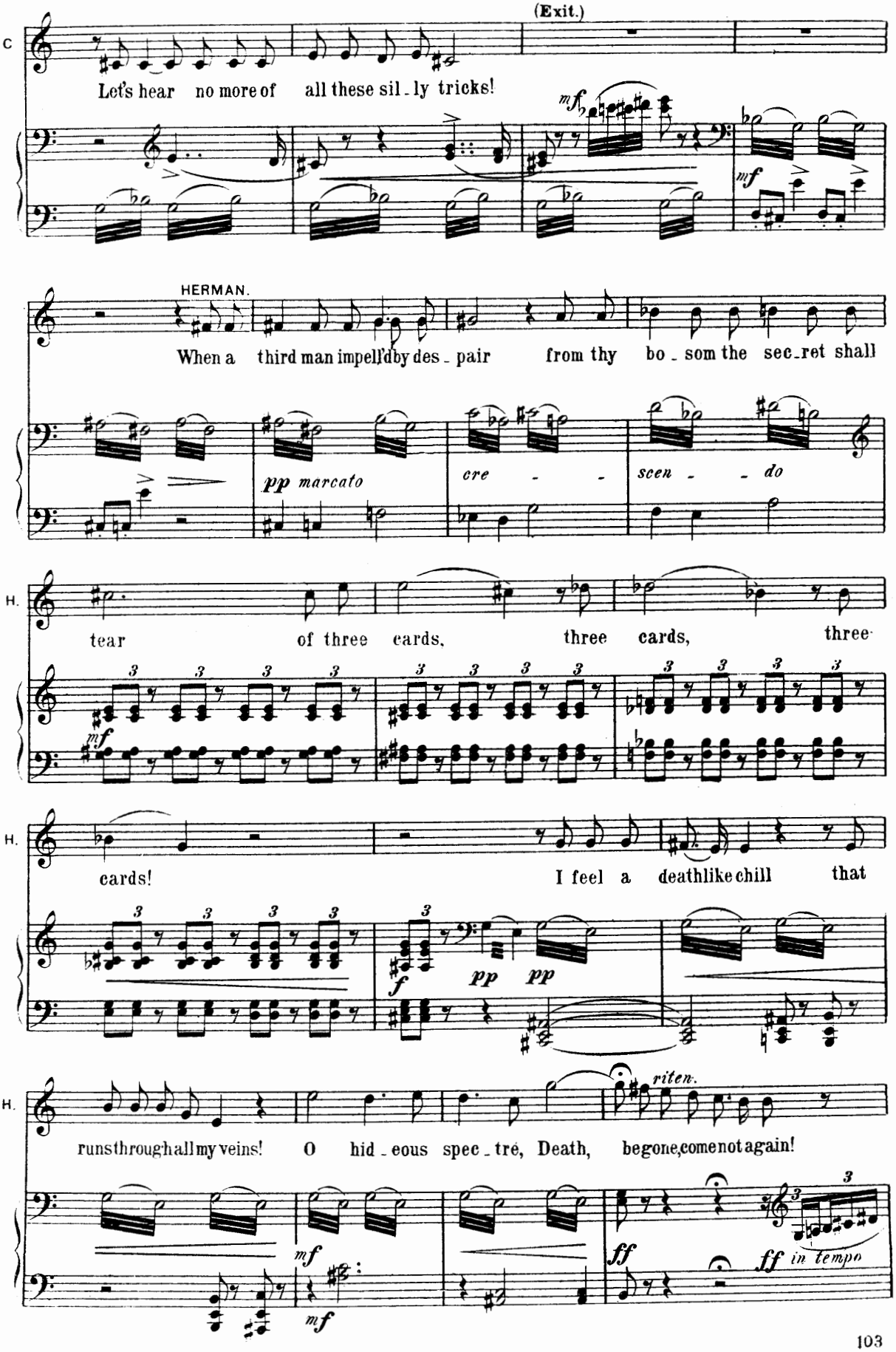

Andante. (♩ = 66)
(Herman kneels before her.)
HERMAN.
For-give me, bright ce-lestial vi-sion, that I have spoilt
Andante.
pp pp
H.
animando
mf
thy peace of mind, for-give, yet do not turn a-way in fear and
animando
p p
H.
riten.
Tempo I.
an-ger, but to my grief be kind! O pit-y me,
riten.
Tempo I.
pp
pp
H.
f
my life is ov-er, my dy-ing pray'r to thee I make, Look down, my love, look
H.
string.
down in pit-y, I per-ish for thy sake! Ah, if my soul is rack'd with anguish
p p
colla parte


Tempo I.
H.
't is all for love of thee. My heart is we_ary, show com_passion, O
Tempo I.
mf
dim.
p
(Lisa weeps.)
H.
shed one tear for me! Thou weepest! Thou?
piangendo
sfp
p
p
H.
How may I read this sadness? For_give _ ness? Yes, and
mf
dim
(He takes her hand which she does not withdraw.)
H.
pit _ y? God's an_gels bless thee, sweet!
stringendo
p
cre _
scen
do
H.
sempre - stringendo
cre _
scen _
do

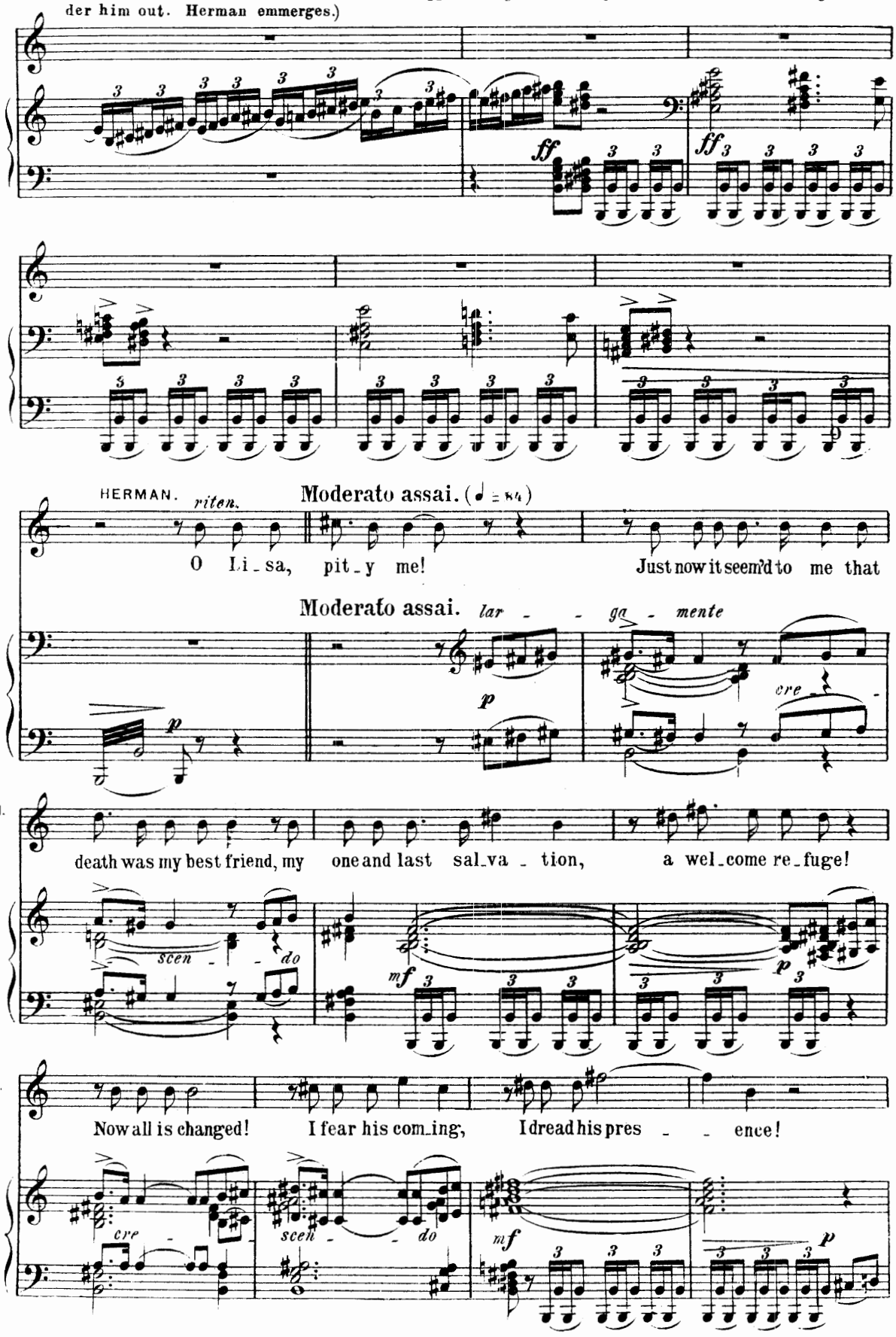

Andante mosso. (♩ = 76)
HERM.
ff
Thou art my queen, my god - dess, my an -
Andante mosso.
m.d.
m.g.
(embraces her)
H.
gel!
Allegro vivo. (♩ = 152)
(Sound of steps and a knock at the door.)
Allegro vivo.
stringendo
p
sf
LISA (in agitation).
THE COUNT. (at the door).
The Count - ess! Heav'n help us! I am un -
Li - sa, op - en quick!
(The knocking grows louder. Lisa hides Herman behind a curtain.)
(Lisa goes to the door and
L.
done! The window! too late now! in here!
sffp

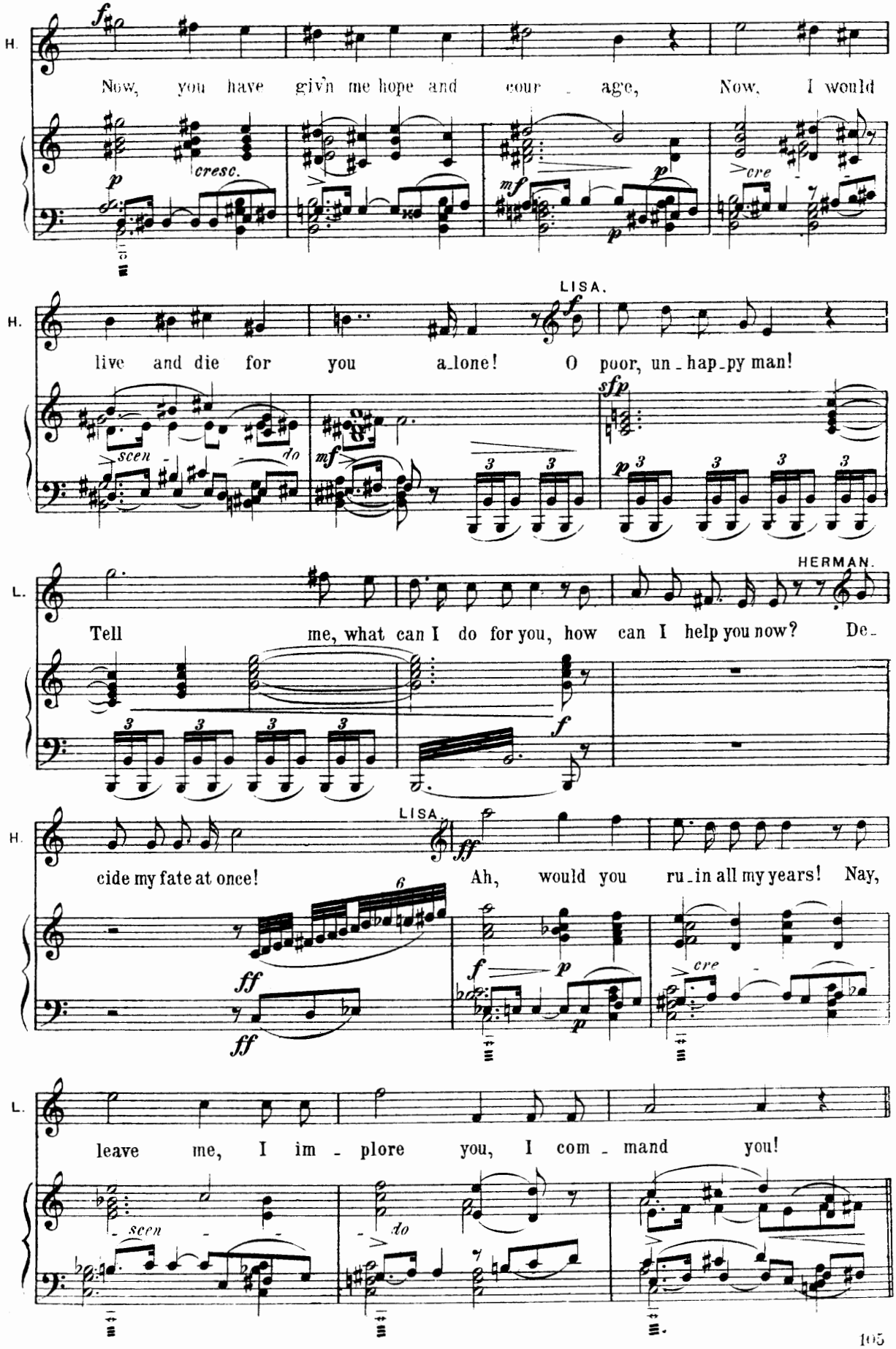

opens it. Enter the Countess in night attire, surrounded by maids with candles.)
fffp
p
COUNTESS.
What, not a - sleep? Not yet un - dress'd? What means this noise?
p
LISA (dumbfounded).
O grand-mamma, I could not get to sleep to-night, I feel so rest - less...
Poco meno. (♩ = 138)
COUNTESS (signs to her to shut the balcony door).
This door wide op - en still? Come, what's the mat - ter, child, what silly fancies!
Poco meno.
sfp sfp sfp sfp
sfp
what non - sense! 't is enough, now quick, to bed!
sf
p
sfp sfp sfp
sf
p
sfp sfp sfp sfp sfp sfp sfp sfp sfp

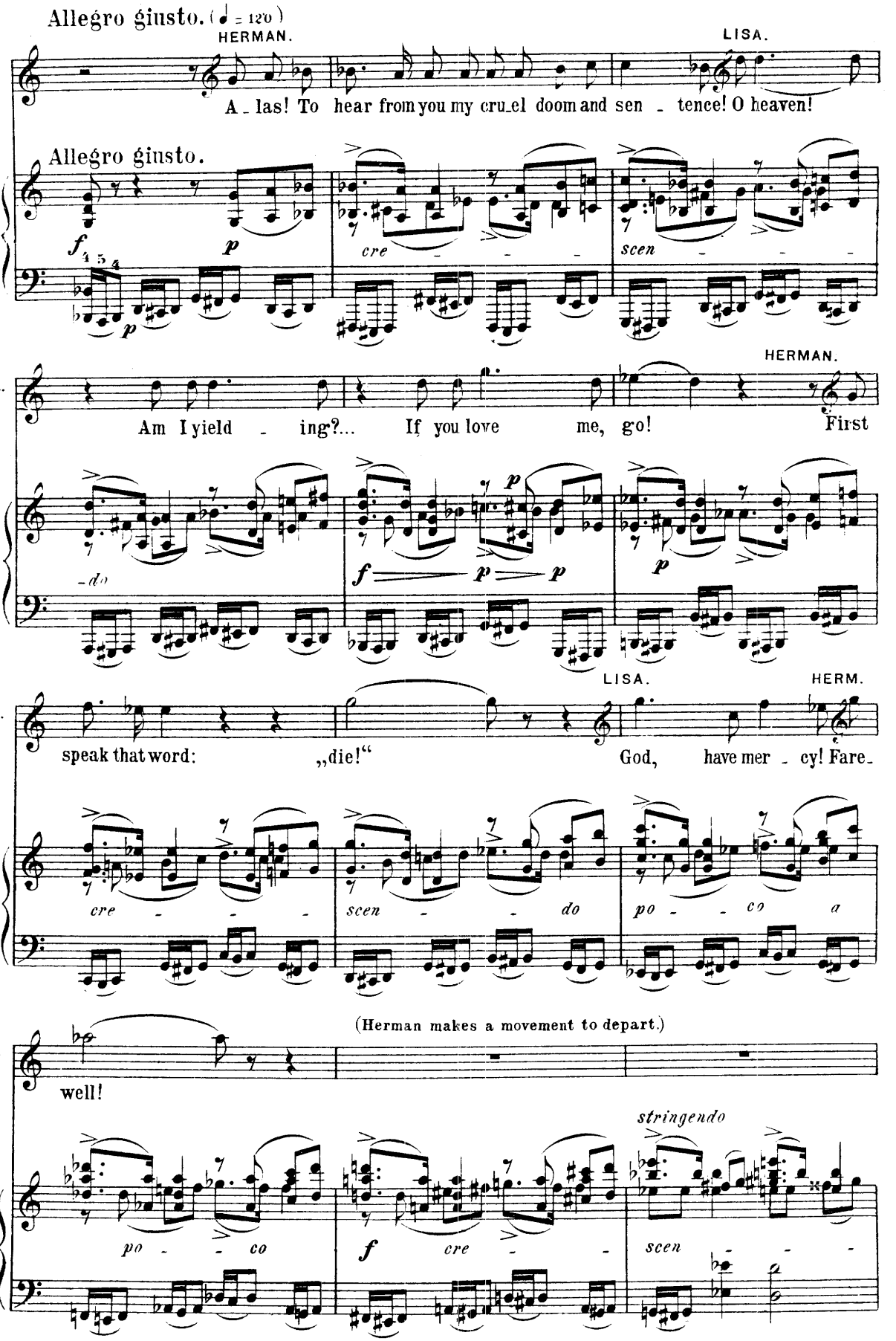

(taps with her walking stick.)
LISA.
C.
You hear me?
Yes, grand-mamma, I'll
p marcato
p
p
COUNTESS.
L.
go! Not sleep - y!...
That's a pret - ty
C
stor - y!
Fine hours to keep!
Not sleep - y!
sfp
sfp 3 sfp 3 sfp 3 sfp 3
COUNT. (leav-
ad libitum
LISA.
ad libitum
ritenuto
ing the room).
C
To bed at once!
For-give me, I am go-ing!
I
ritenuto
sfp
sf
sfp
sfp
p
Allegro moderato. (♩ = 120)
C.
heard a sud-den noise;
It start-led me from slumber!
Good night, child!
pp
pp

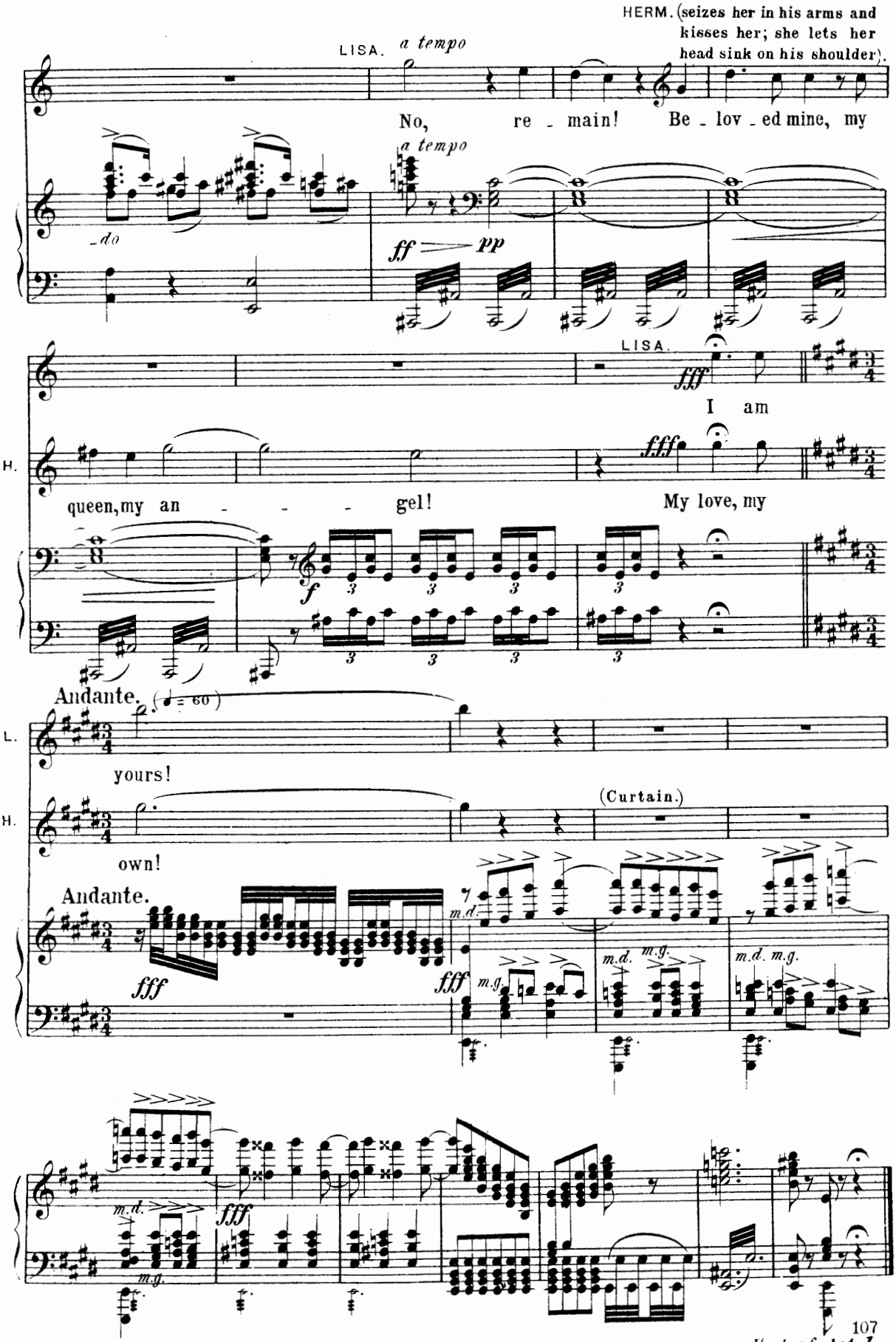

(Exit.)
C
Let's hear no more of all these sil - ly tricks!
mf
mf
HERMAN.
When a third man impell'd by des - pair from thy bo - som the sec - ret shall
pp marcato
cre - -
scen - - do
H.
tear of three cards, three cards, three
mf
H.
cards! I feel a deathlike chill that
f
pp
pp
H.
runs through all my veins! O hid - eous spec - tre, Death, be gone, come not again!
riten.
mf
mf
ff
ff in tempo

(Lisa locks the door after the Countess and, approaching the balcony, opens it and makes a sign to order him out. Herman emmerges.)




H.
Now, you have giv'n me hope and cour - age, Now, I would
cresc.
cre
LISA.
H.
live and die for you a_lone! O poor, un_hap_py man!
scen - do
sfp
L.
HERMAN.
Tell me, what can I do for you, how can I help you now? De_
H.
LISA.
cide my fate at once! Ah, would you ru_in all my years! Nay,
cre
L.
leave me, I im - plore you, I com_mand you!
scen
do


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
HERMAN.
LISA.
A - las! To hear from you my cru-el doom and sen - tence! O heaven!
Allegro giusto.
cre - - - -
scen - - - -
L.
HERMAN.
Am I yield - ing?... If you love me, go! First
-do
LISA.
HERM.
H.
speak that word: „die!“ God, have mer - cy! Fare-
cre - - -
scen - - do
po - - co a
(Herman makes a movement to depart.)
H.
well!
stringendo
po - - co
cre - -
scen - - -

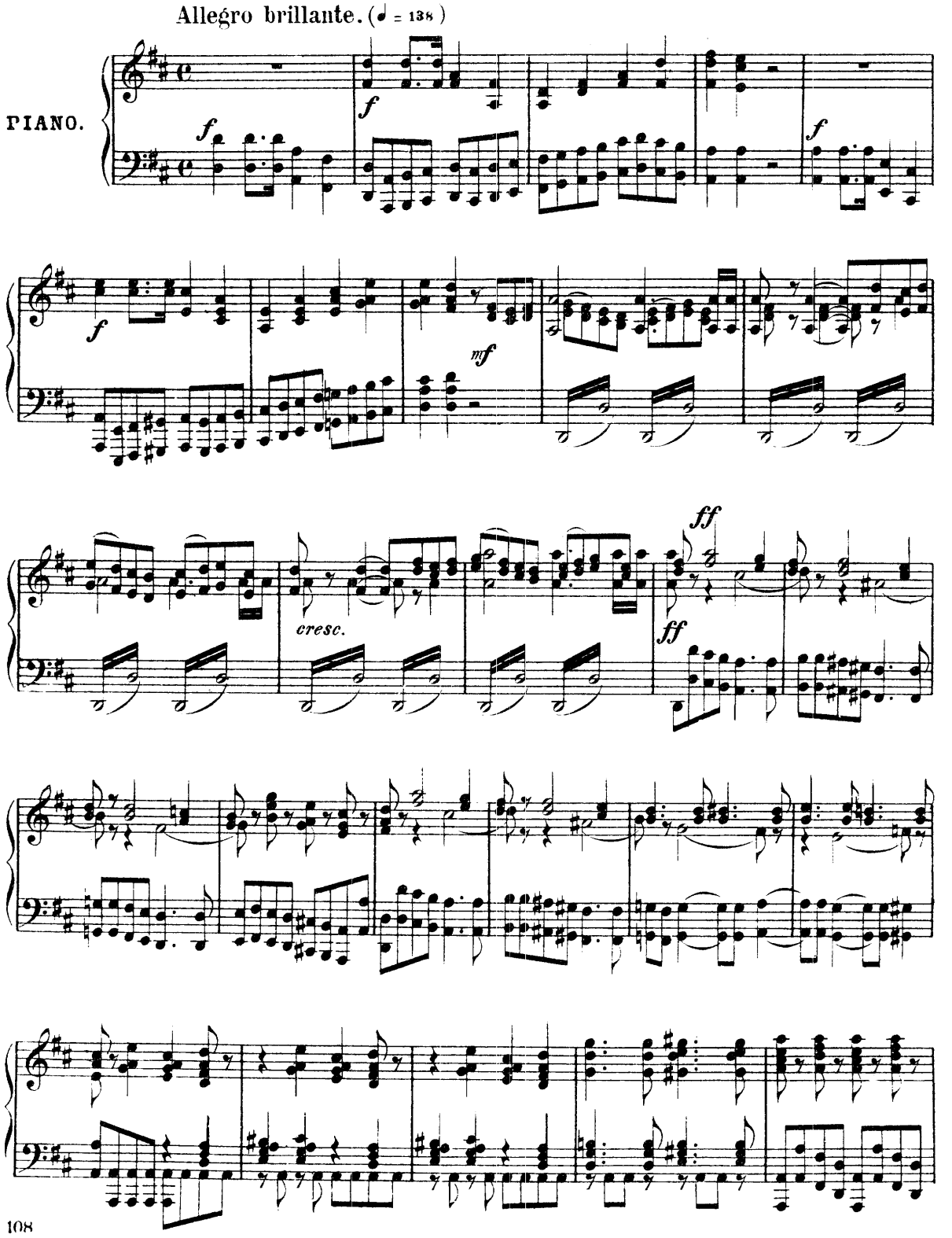

HERM. (seizes her in his arms and kisses her; she lets her head sink on his shoulder).
LISA. a tempo
No, re - main! Be - lov - ed mine, my
a tempo
do
ff pp
LISA.
fff
I am
H.
queen, my an - - - gel!
fff
My love, my
f
Andante. (♩ = 60)
L.
yours!
H.
own!
(Curtain.)
Andante.
fff
m.d.
m.g.
fff
m.d. m.g.
m.d. m.g.
m.d.
m.g.
fff

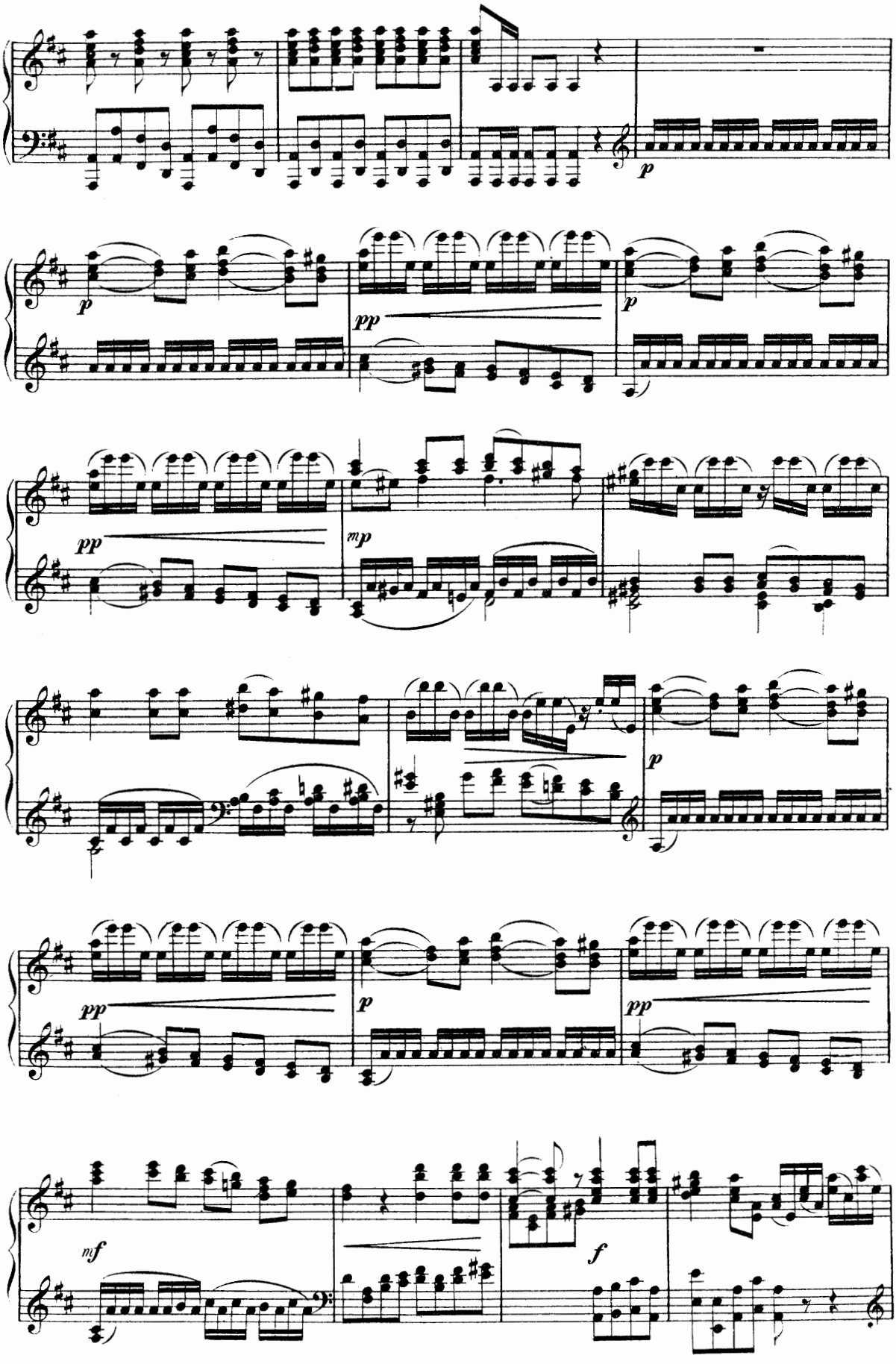
End of Act I.

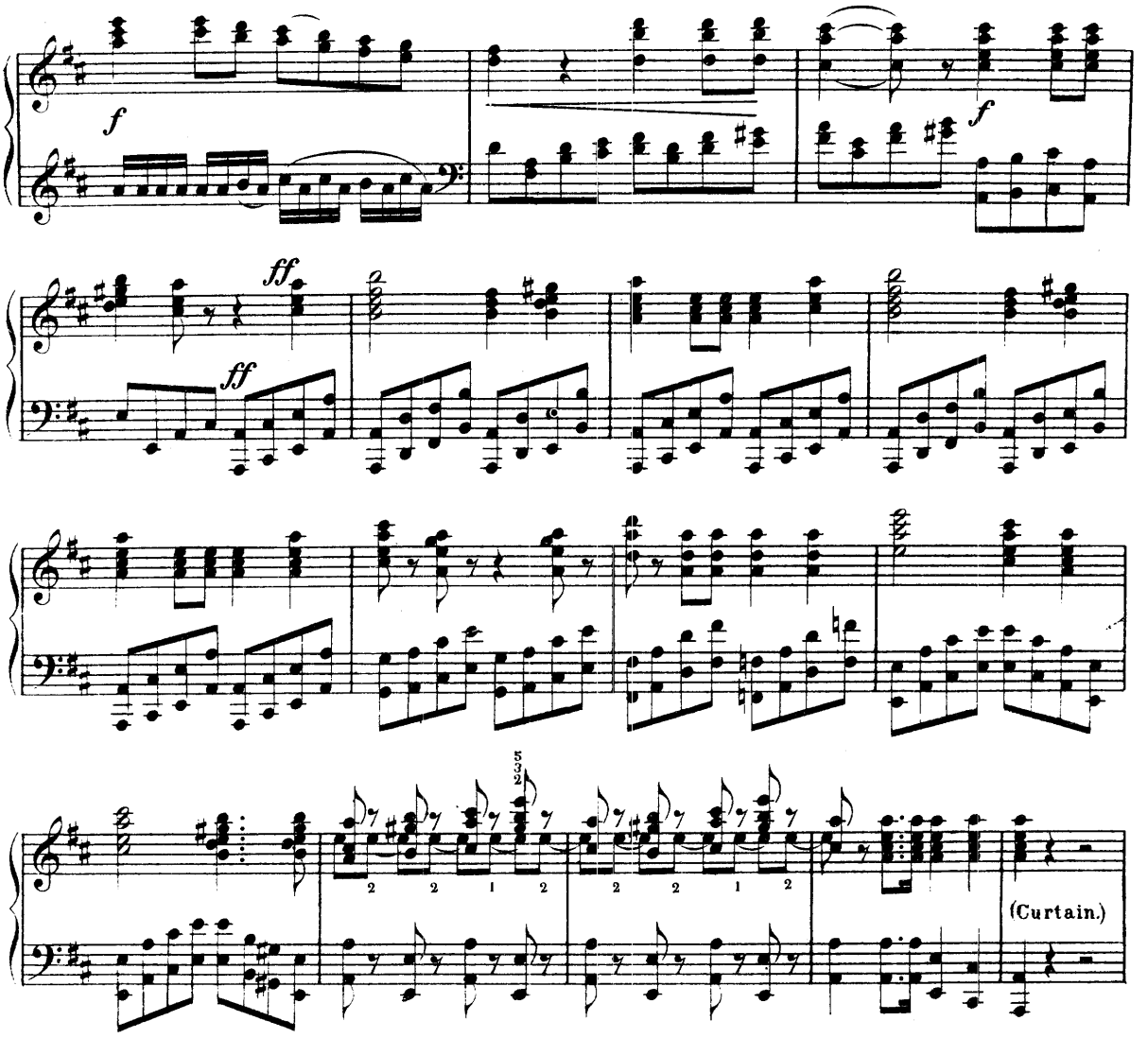
ACT II.

SCENE III.

№ 11. Entr'acte and Chorus.




p
p
pp
p
pp
mp
p
pp
p
pp
mf
f



(A large reception room. A masked ball at the house of a rich dignitary. Theatrical boxes down the sides of the room between the columns. A quadrille in which young people in various costumes take part. *Contredanses.* A choir of singers, on a platform.)

CHOIR OF SINGERS.

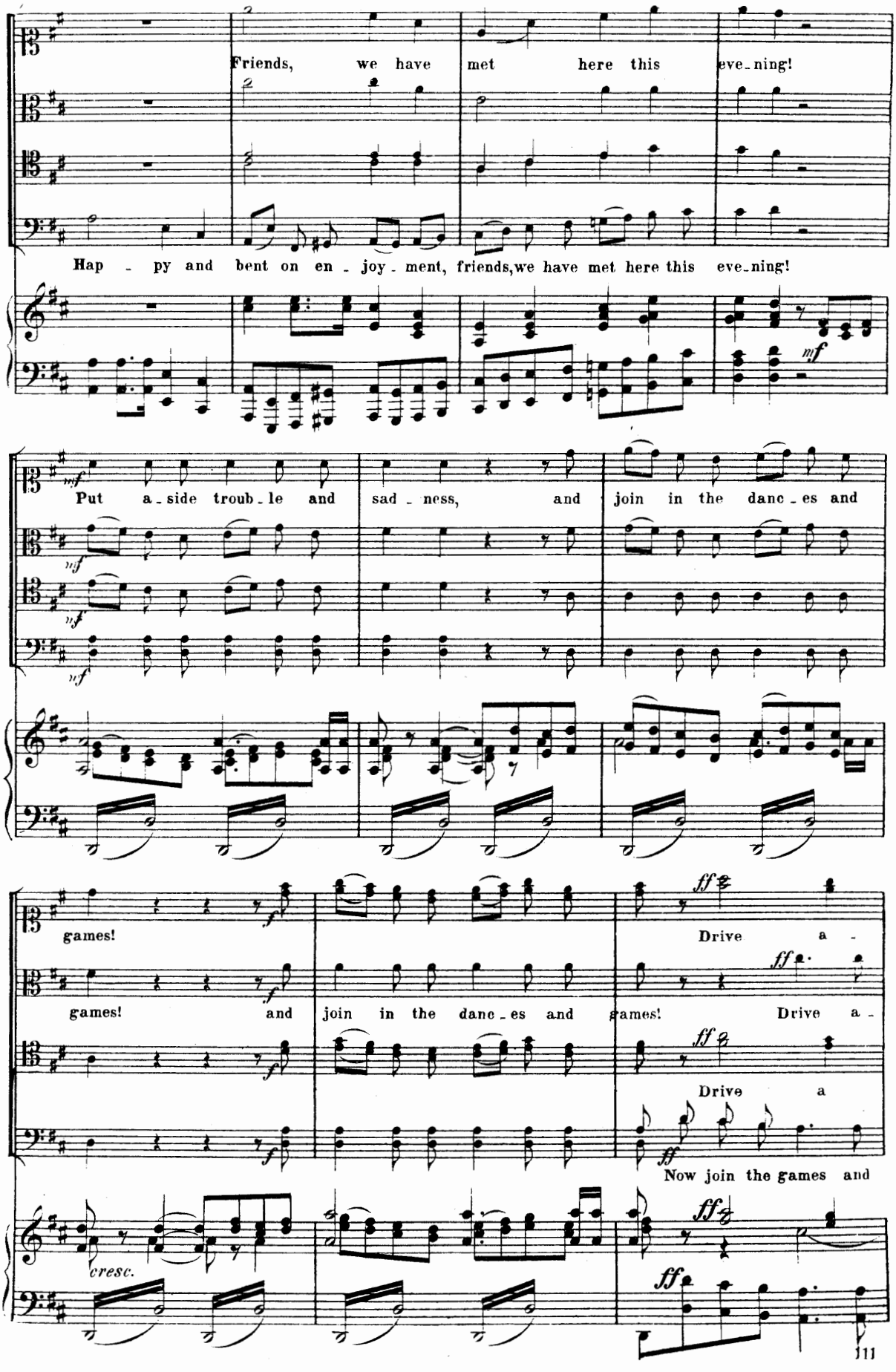
Sopr. Hap - py and bent on en - joy-ment,

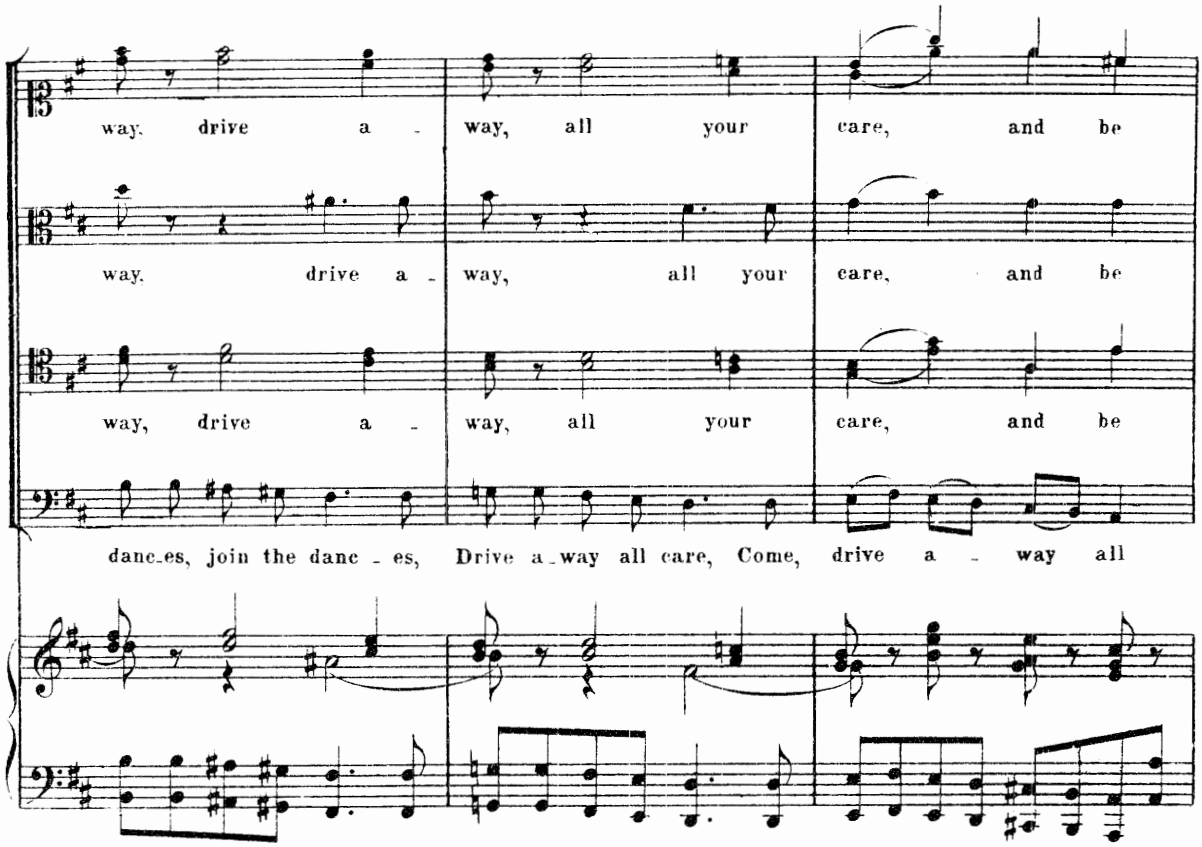
Alti.

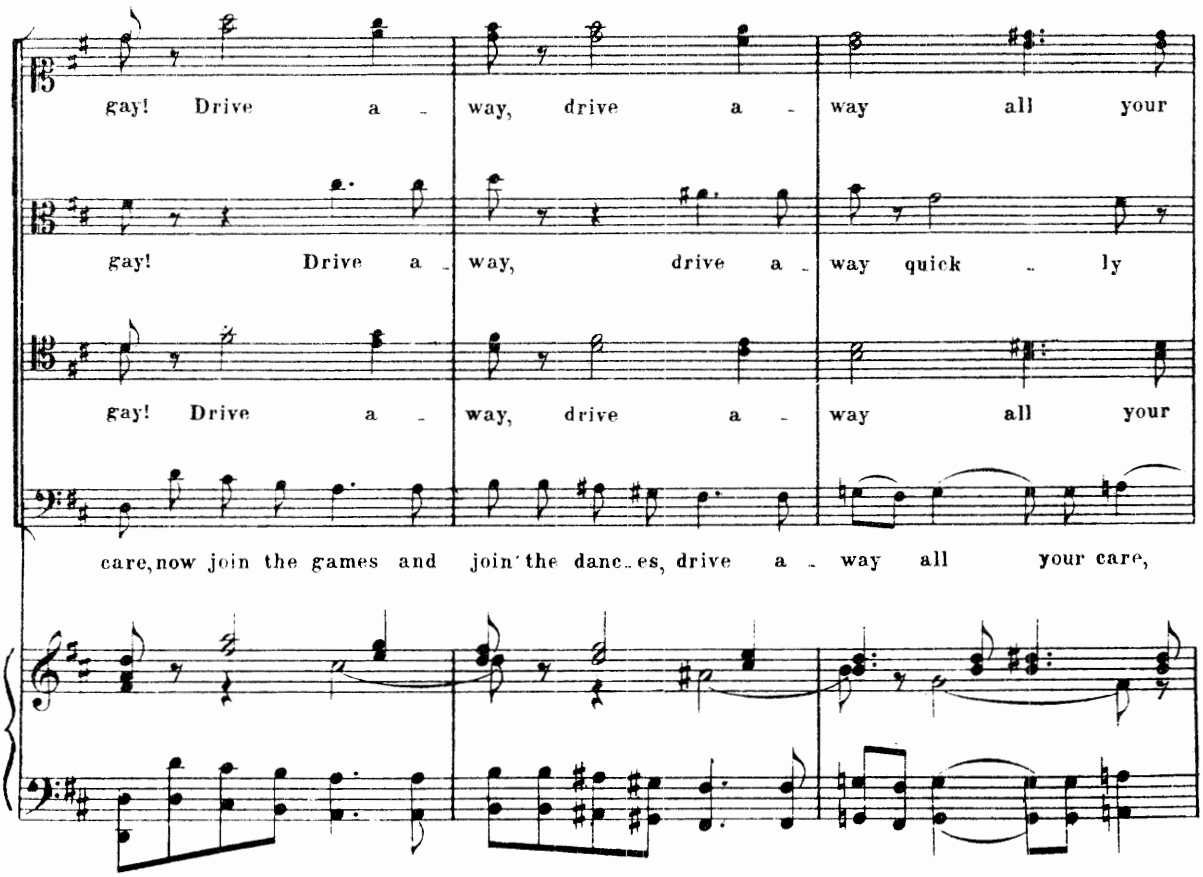
Ten.

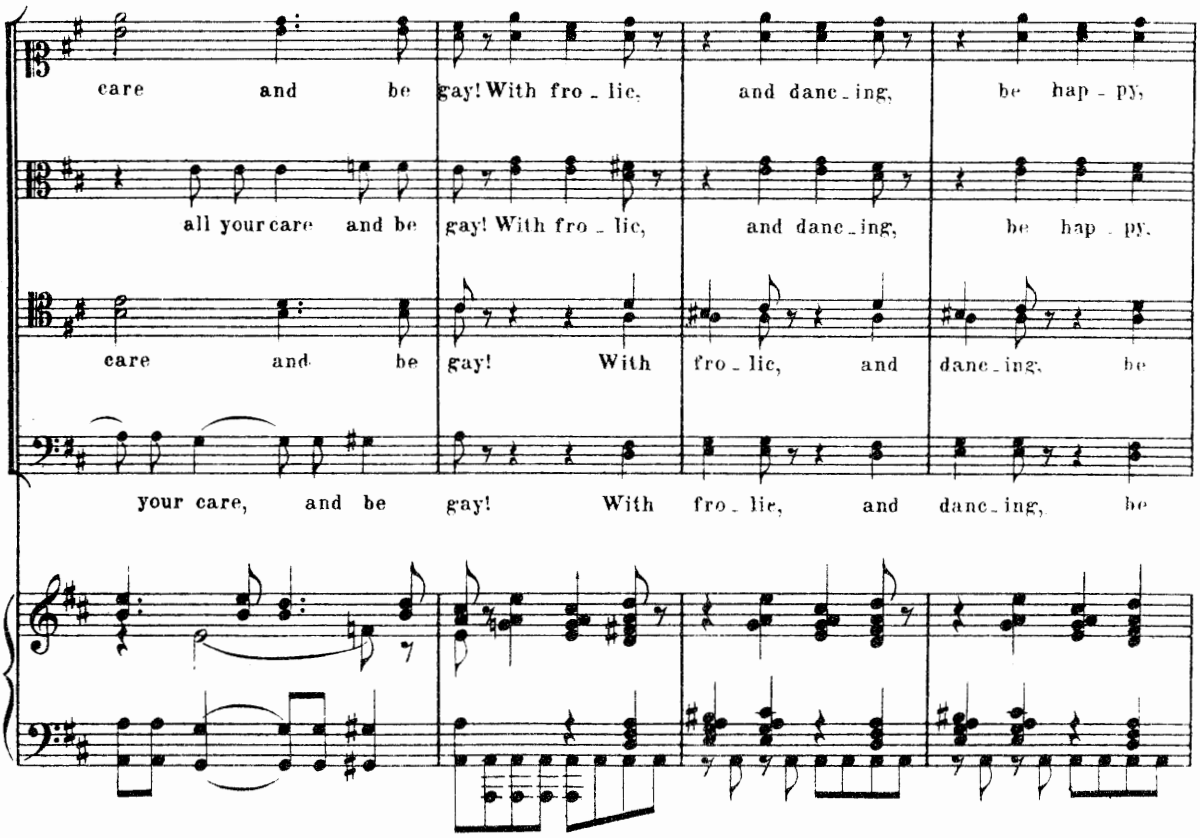
Bas.

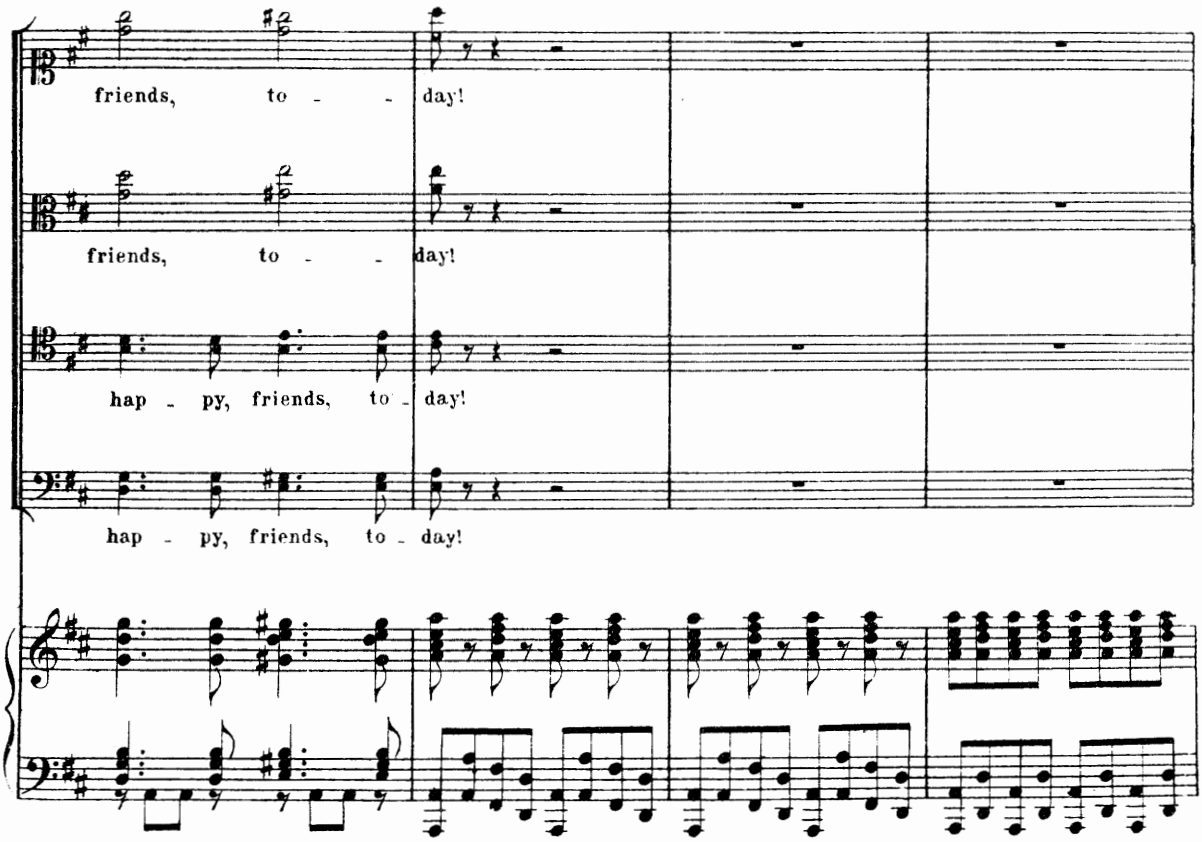
Hap - py, and bent on en - joy - ment, Friends, we have met here this eve-ning!

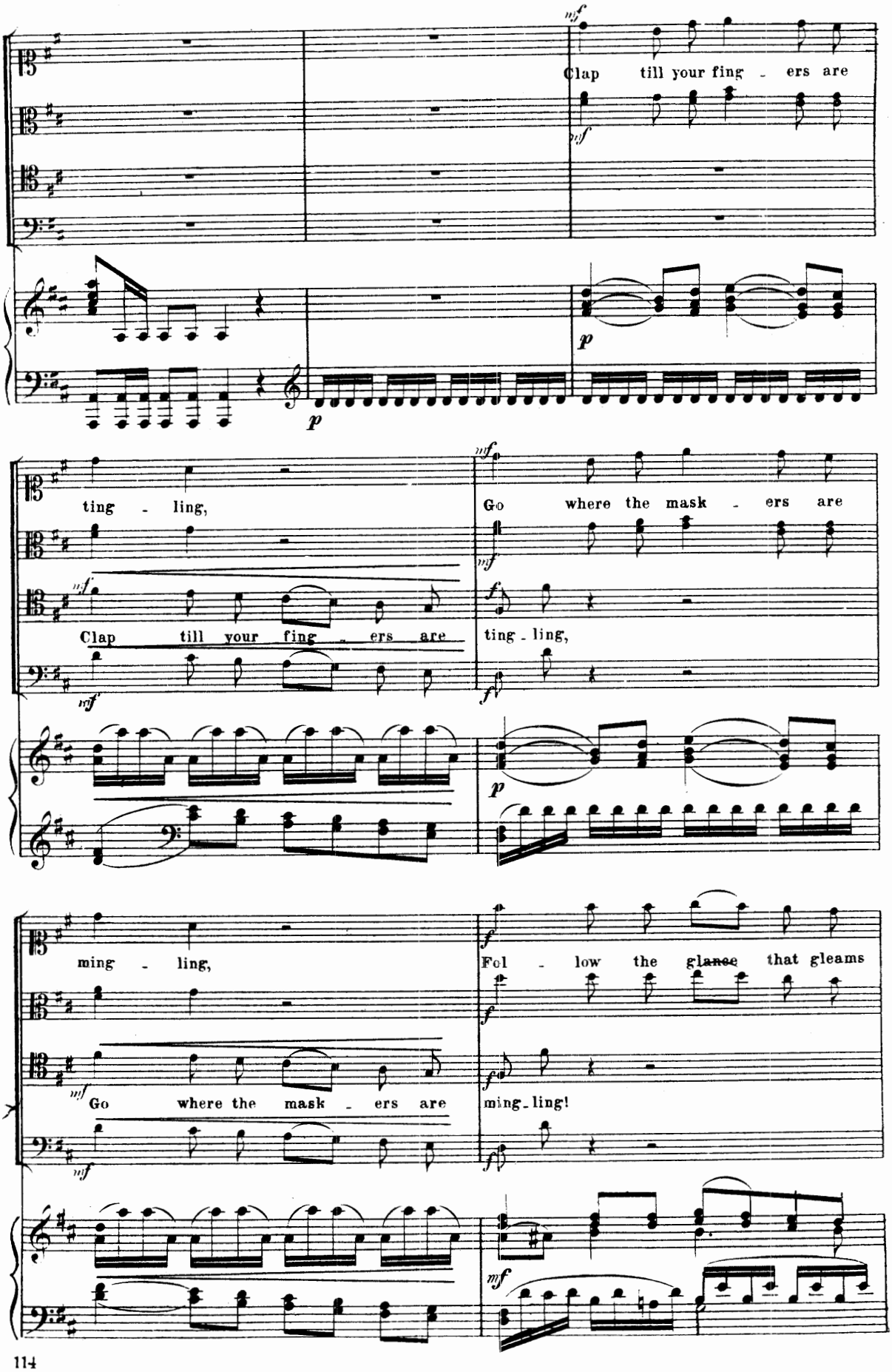

Friends, we have met here this eve-ning!
Hap - py and bent on en - joy - ment, friends, we have met here this eve-ning!
mf
Put a-side troub-le and sad - ness, and join in the danc-es and
games!
games! and join in the danc-es and games!
Drive a -
Drive a -
Drive a
Now join the games and
cresc.
ff

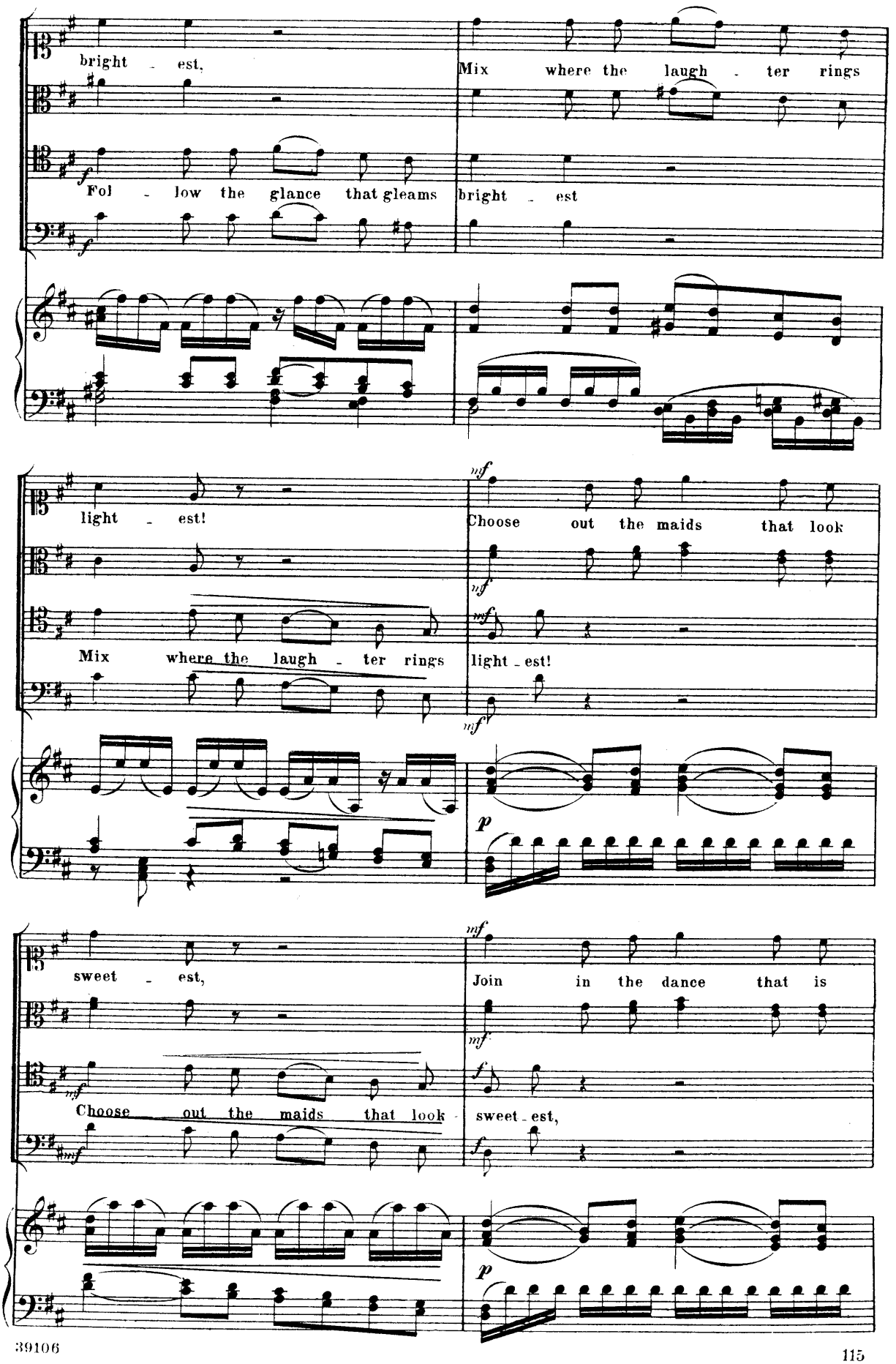

way, drive a - way, all your care, and be
way, drive a - way, all your care, and be
way, drive a - way, all your care, and be
dance_es, join the dance - es, Drive a_way all care, Come, drive a - way all

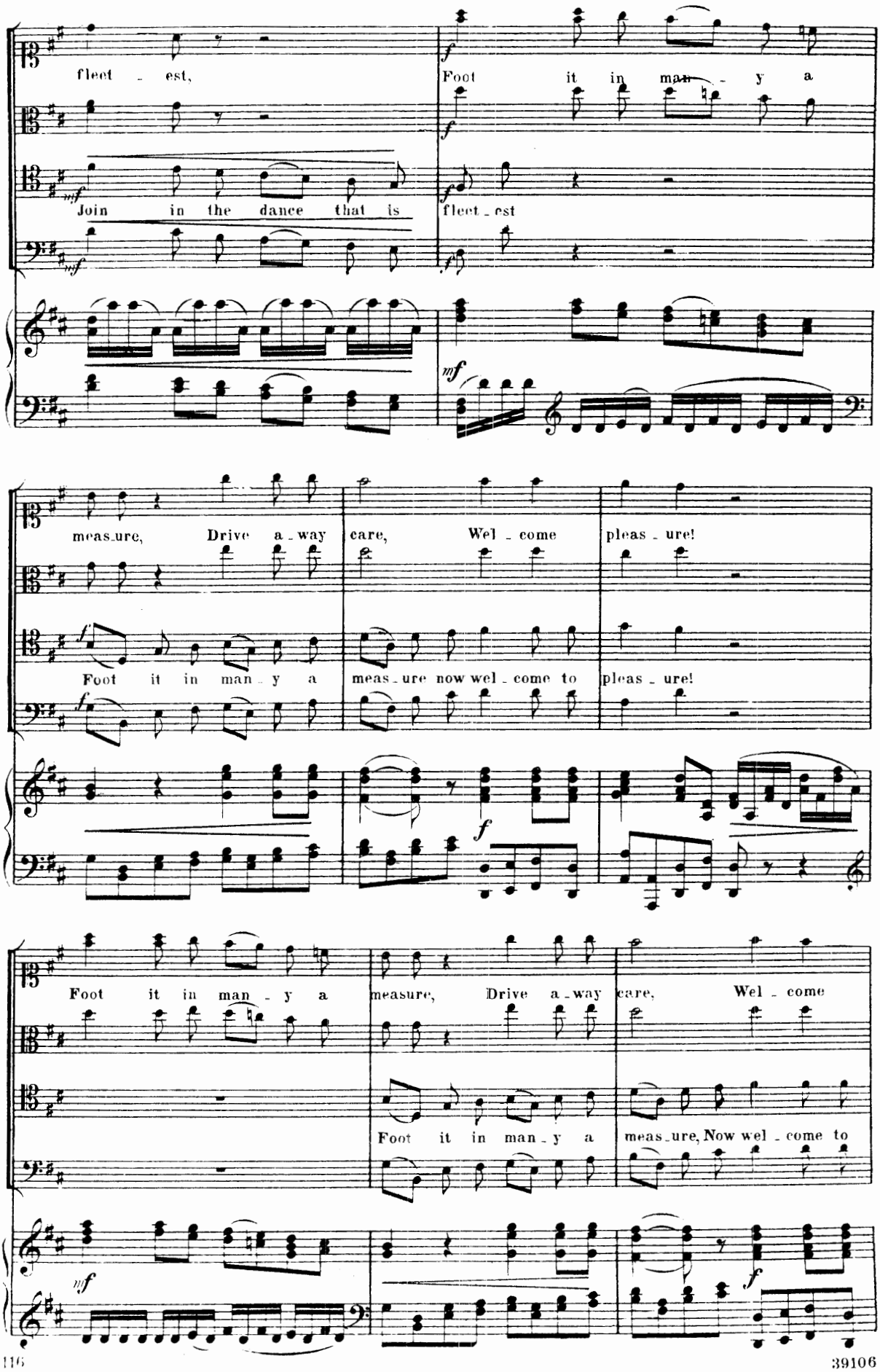

gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your
gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way quick - ly
gay! Drive a - way, drive a - way all your
care, now join the games and join the dance_es, drive a - way all your care,

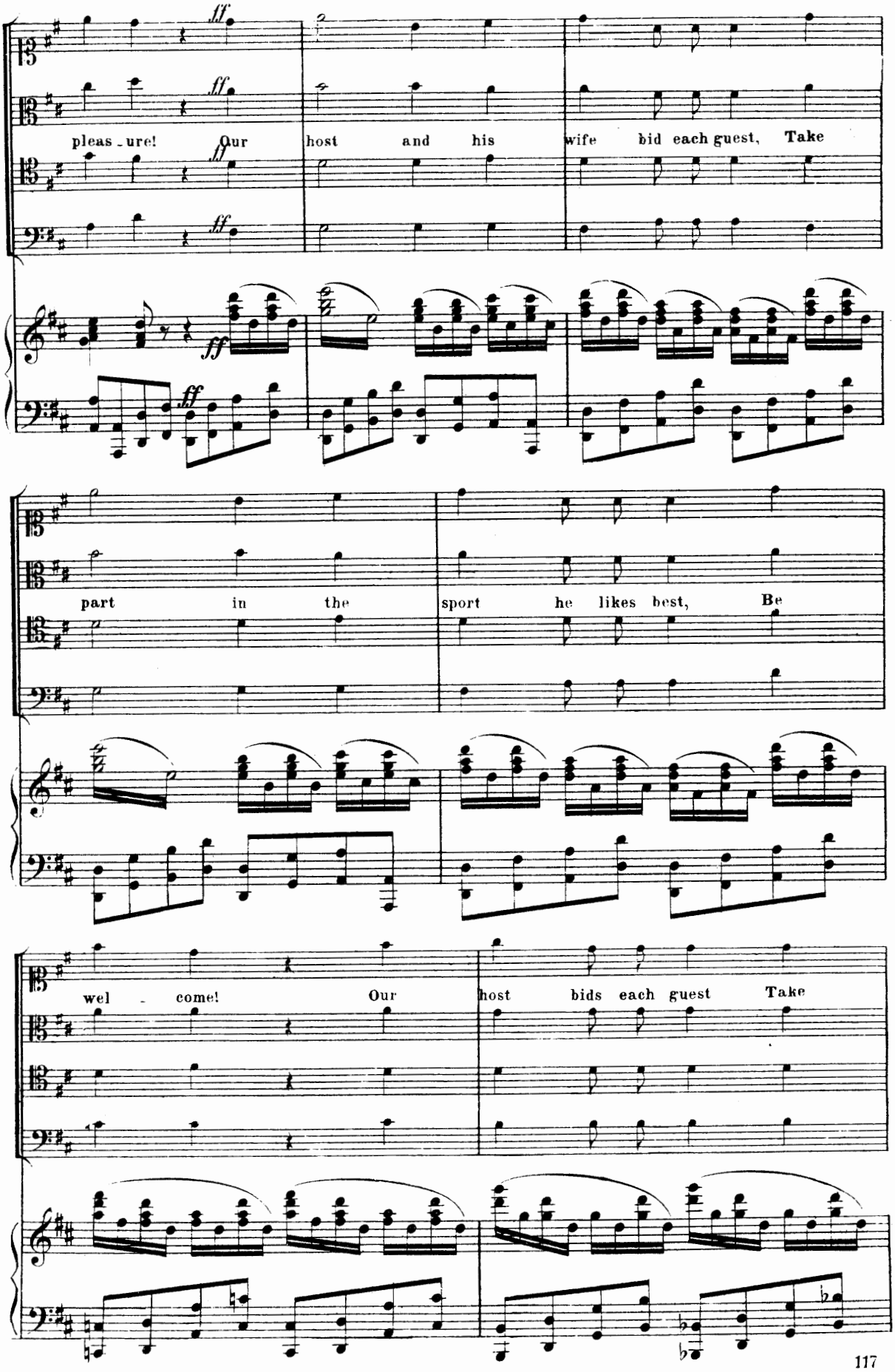

care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,
all your care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be hap - py,
care and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be
your care, and be gay! With fro - lic, and danc - ing, be

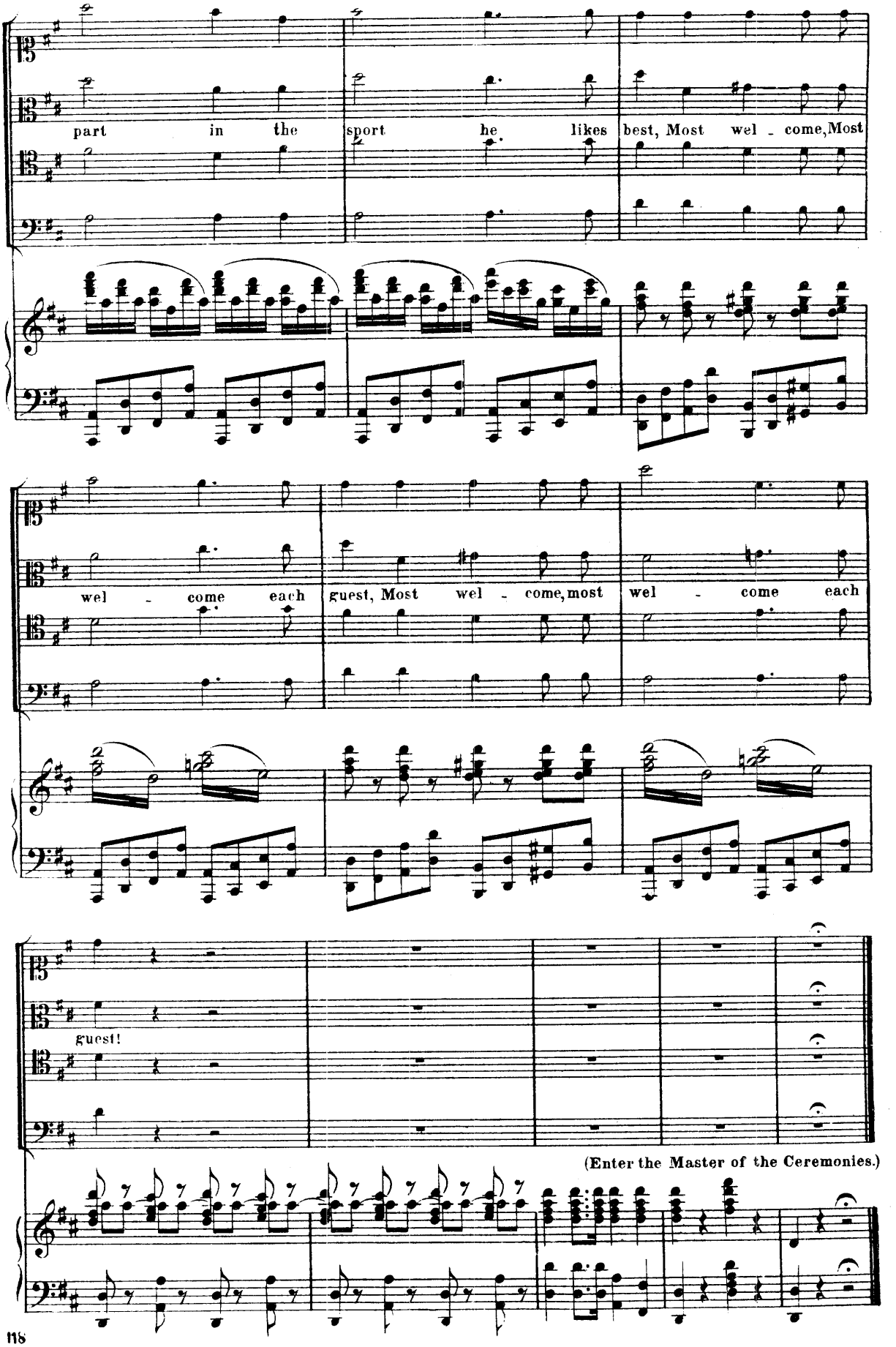

friends, to - - day!
friends, to - - day!
hap - py, friends, to - day!
hap - py, friends, to - day!

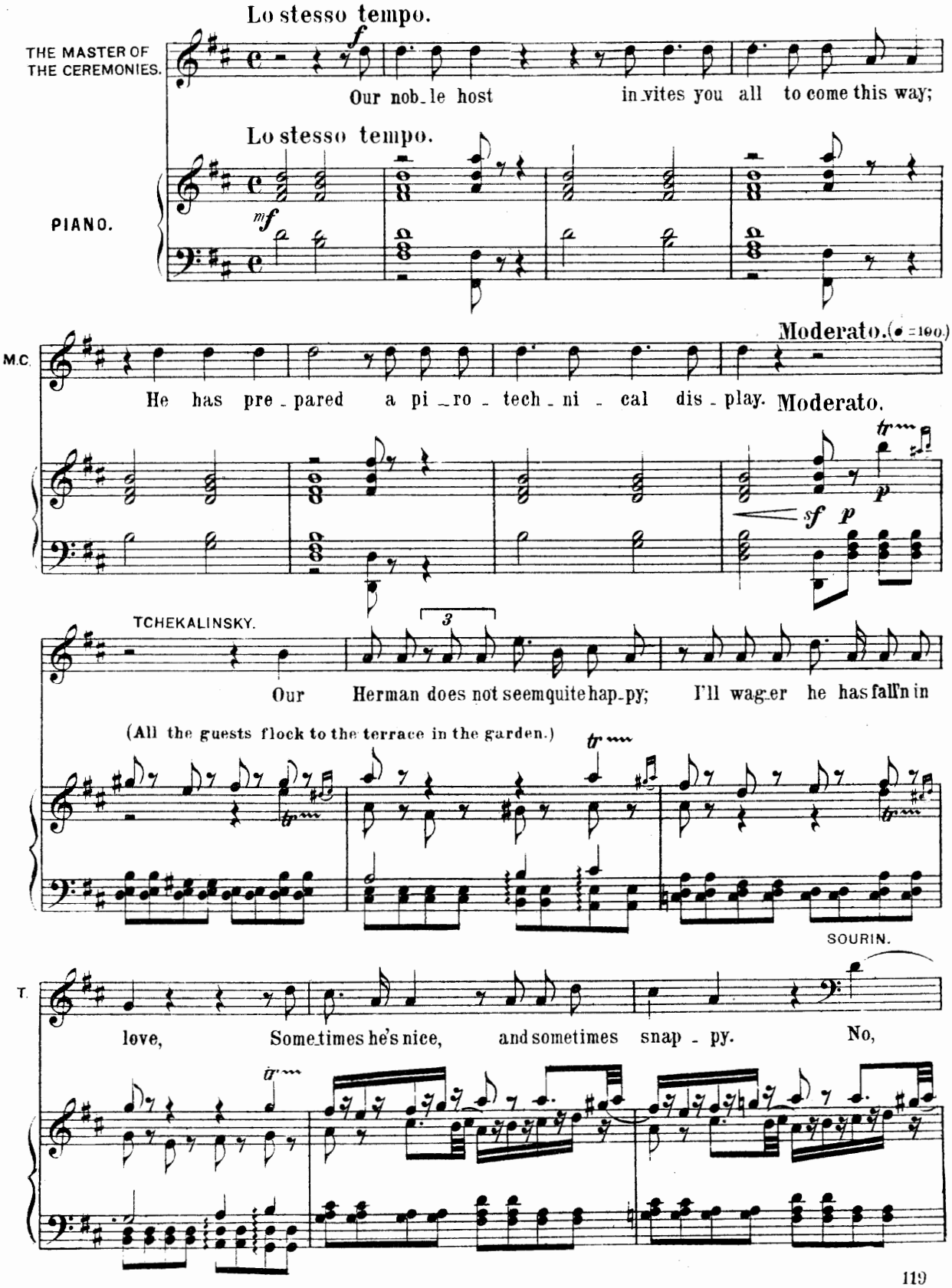

Clap till your fing - ers are
ting - ling,
Go where the mask - ers are
Clap till your fing - ers are
ting - ling,
ming - ling,
Fol - low the glance that gleams
Go where the mask - ers are
ming - ling!

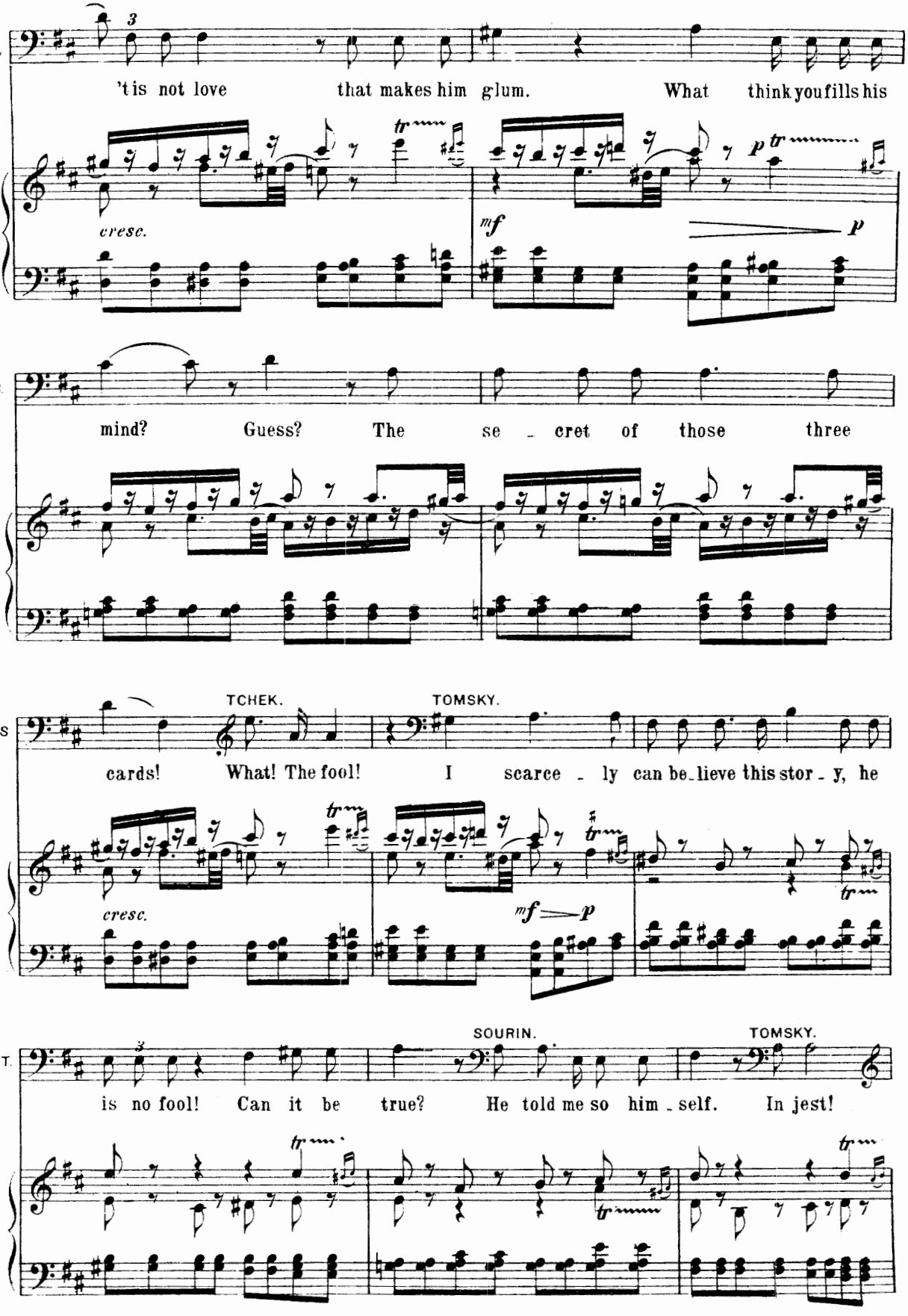

bright - est,
Mix where the laugh - ter rings
Fol - low the glance that gleams
bright - est
light - est!
Choose out the maids that look
Mix where the laugh - ter rings
light - est!
sweet - est,
Join in the dance that is
Choose out the maids that look
sweet - est,

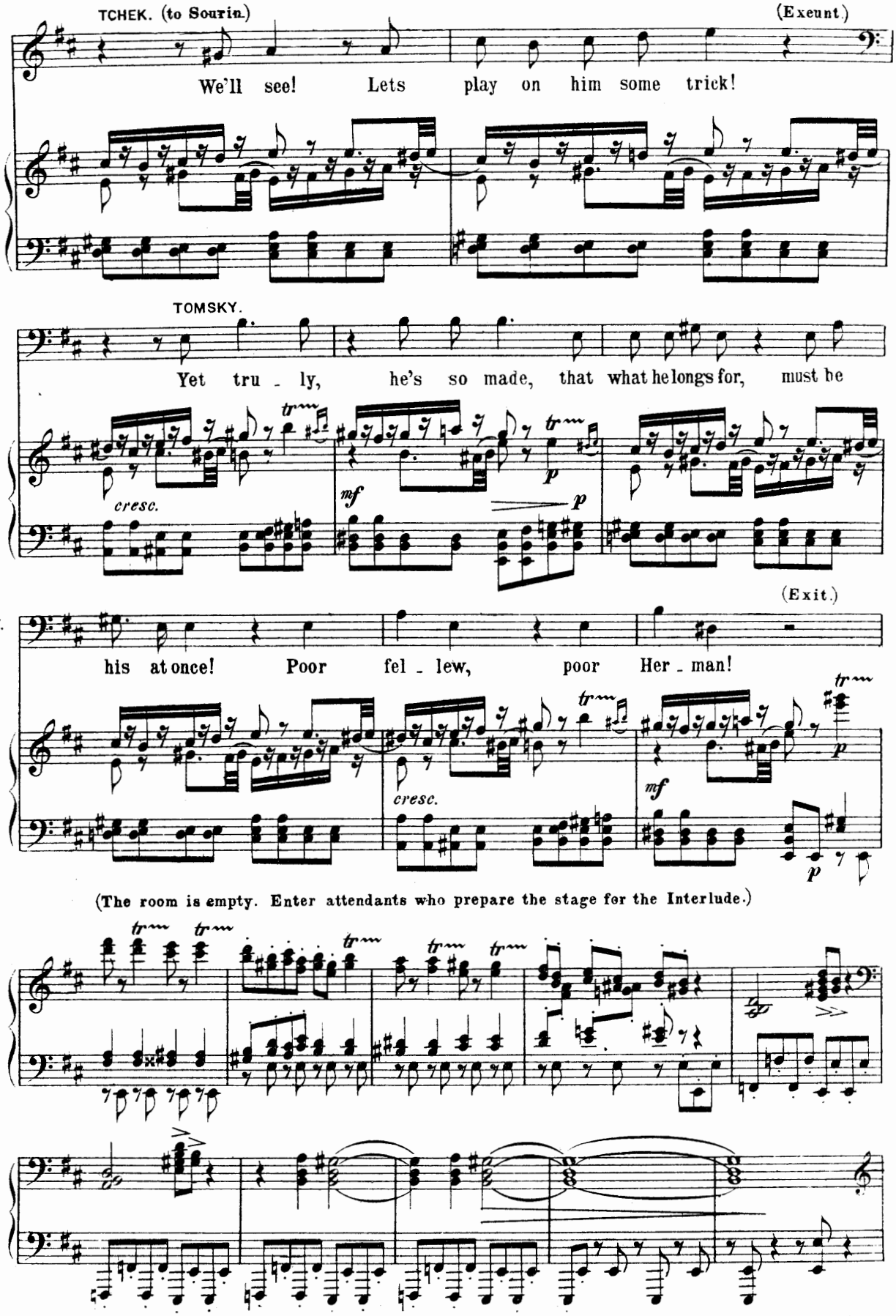

fleet - est,
Foot it in man - y a
Join in the dance that is
fleet - est
meas - ure, Drive a - way care, Wel - come pleas - ure!
Foot it in man - y a meas - ure now wel - come to pleas - ure!
Foot it in man - y a measure, Drive a - way care, Wel - come
Foot it in man - y a meas - ure, Now wel - come to

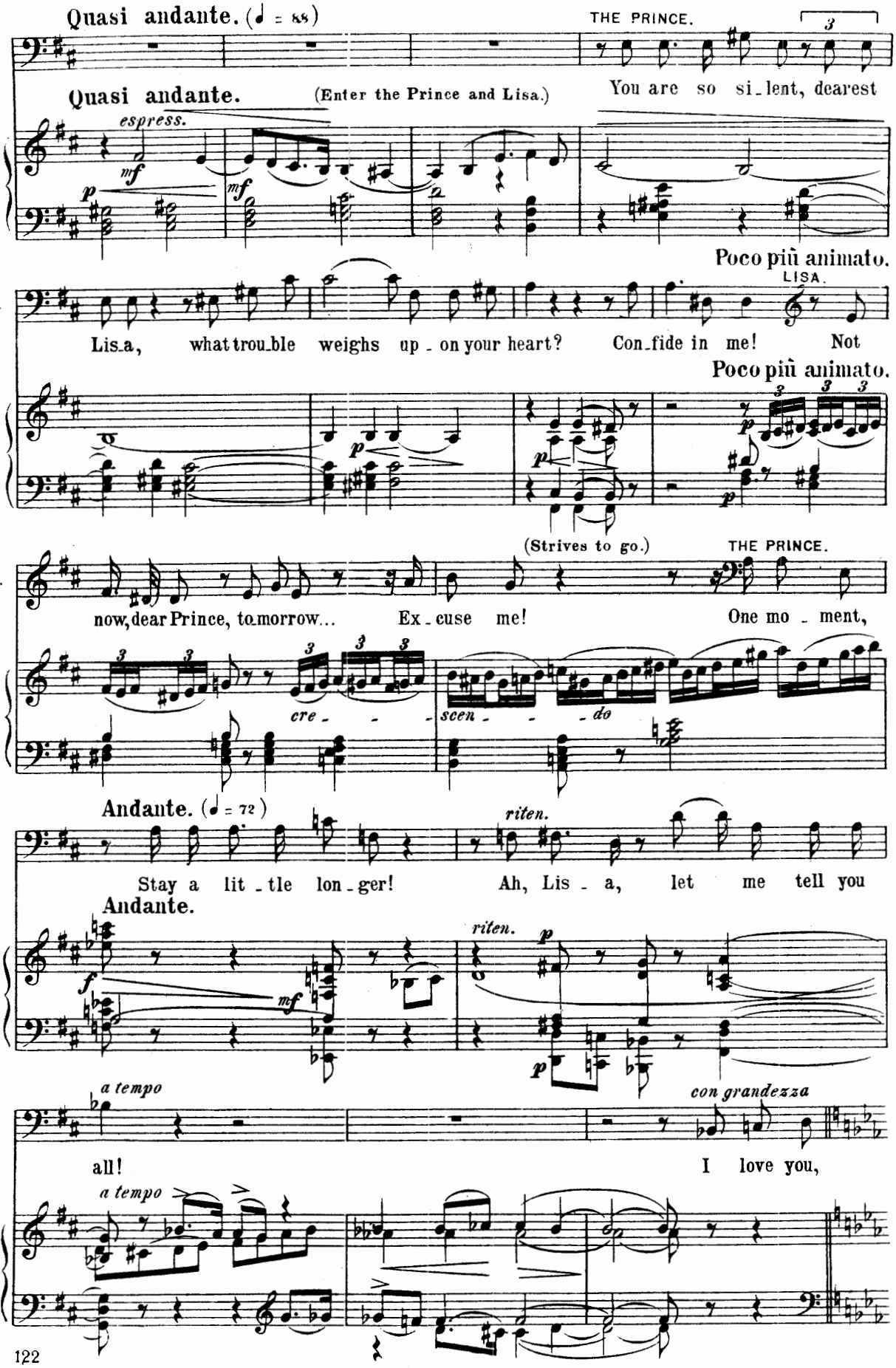

ff
pleas - ure! Our host and his wife bid each guest, Take
part in the sport he likes best, Be
wel - come! Our host bids each guest Take

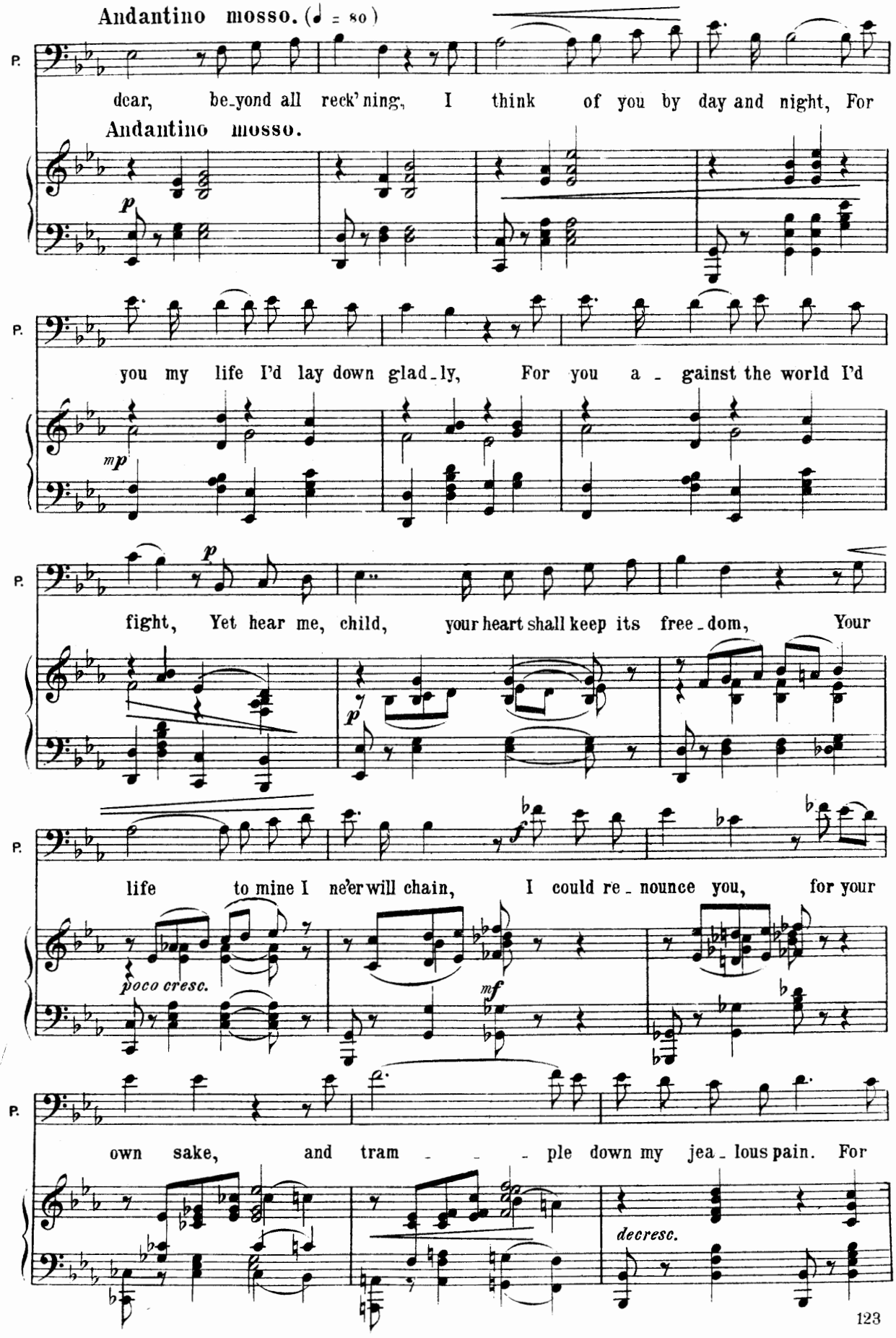

part in the sport he likes best, Most wel - come, Most
wel - come each guest, Most wel - come, most wel - come each
guest!
(Enter the Master of the Ceremonies.)

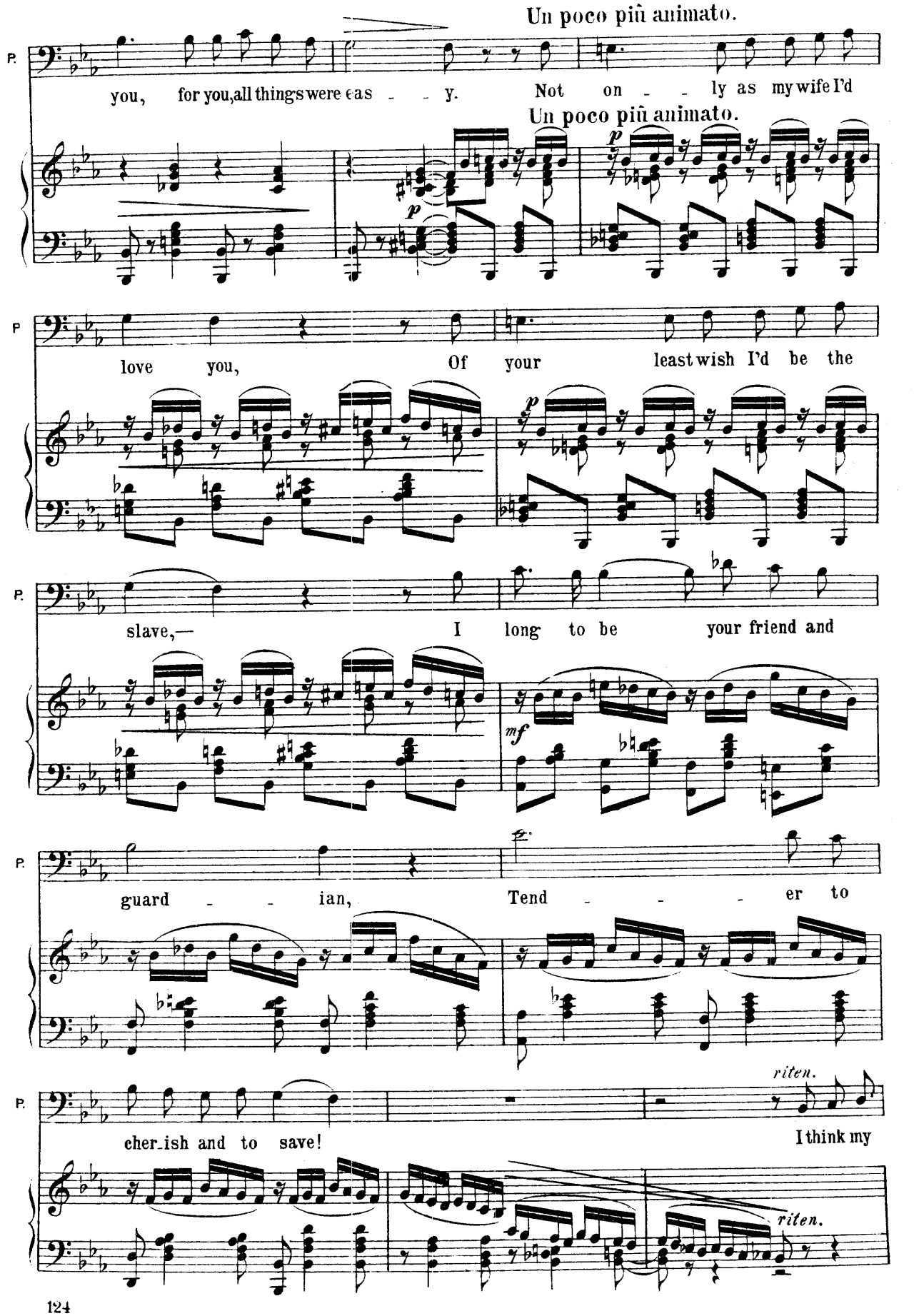

Lo stesso tempo.
THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
Our nob_le host in_vites you all to come this way;
Lo stesso tempo.
PIANO.
Moderato. (♩ = 100.)
M.C.
He has pre_pared a pi_ro_tech_ni_cal dis_play.
Moderato.
TCHEKALINSKY.
Our Herman does not seem quite hap_py; I'll wag_er he has fall'n in
(All the guests flock to the terrace in the garden.)
SOURIN.
T.
love, Some_times he's nice, and sometimes snap_py. No,

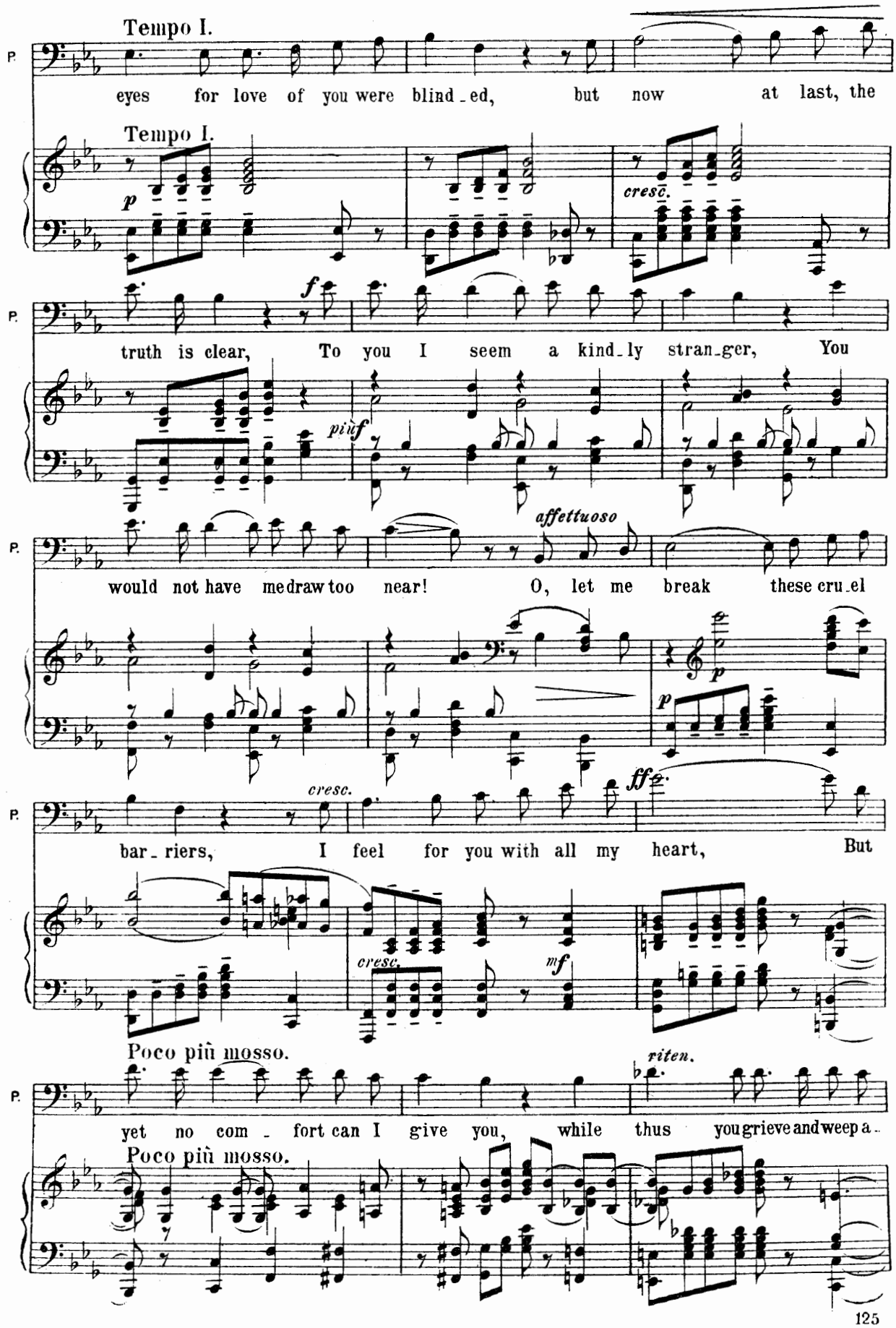

S.
'tis not love that makes him glum. What think you fills his
cresc.
mf
p
S.
mind? Guess? The se - cret of those three
TCHEK.
TOMSKY.
S
cards! What! The fool! I scarce - ly can be - lieve this stor - y, he
cresc.
mf — p
SOURIN.
TOMSKY.
T.
is no fool! Can it be true? He told me so him - self. In jest!

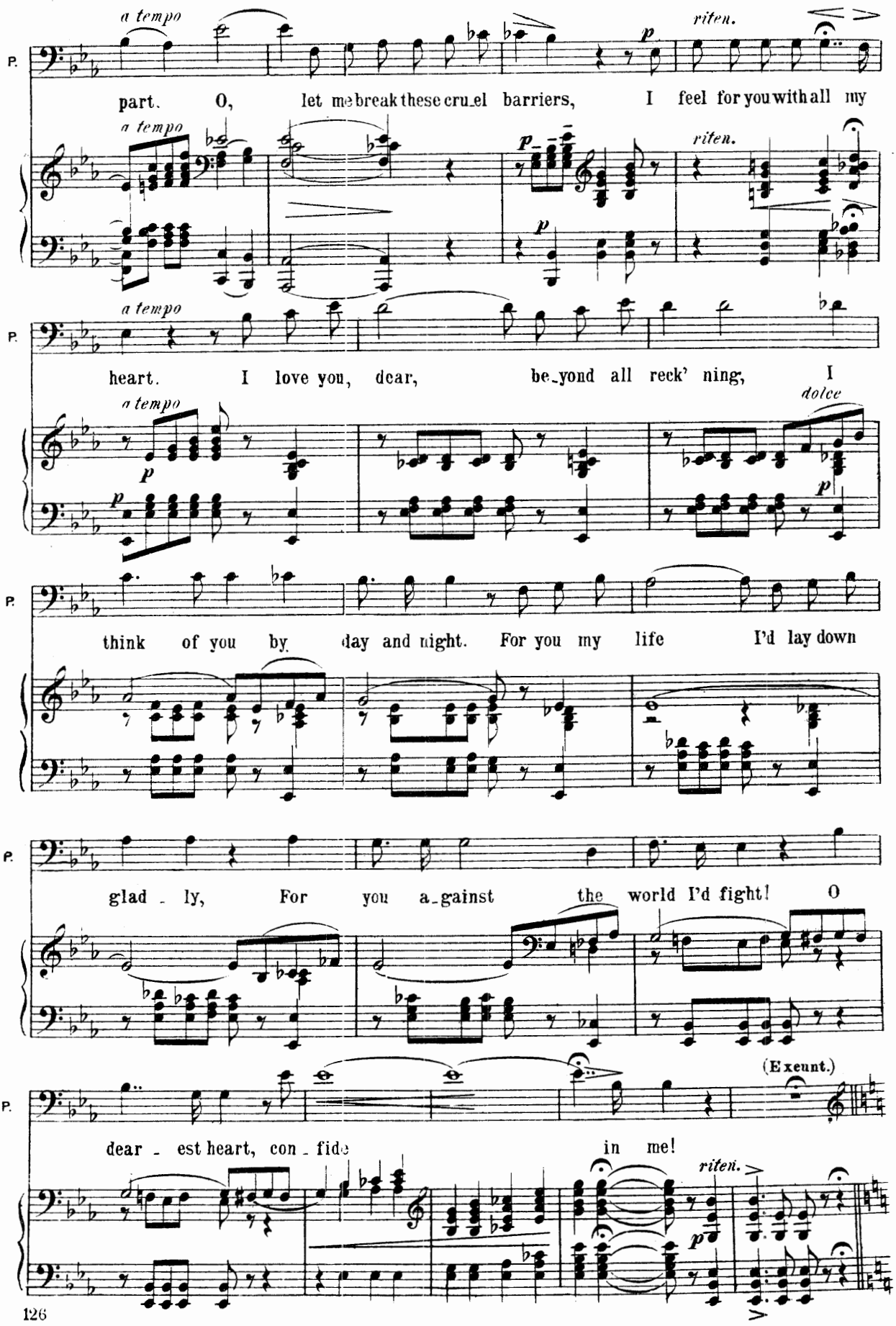

TCHEK. (to Sourin.)
(Exeunt.)
We'll see! Lets play on him some trick!
TOMSKY.
Yet tru - ly, he's so made, that what he longs for, must be
cresc.
mf
p
(Exit.)
T.
his at once! Poor fel - lew, poor Her - man!
cresc.
mf
p
(The room is empty. Enter attendants who prepare the stage for the Interlude.)

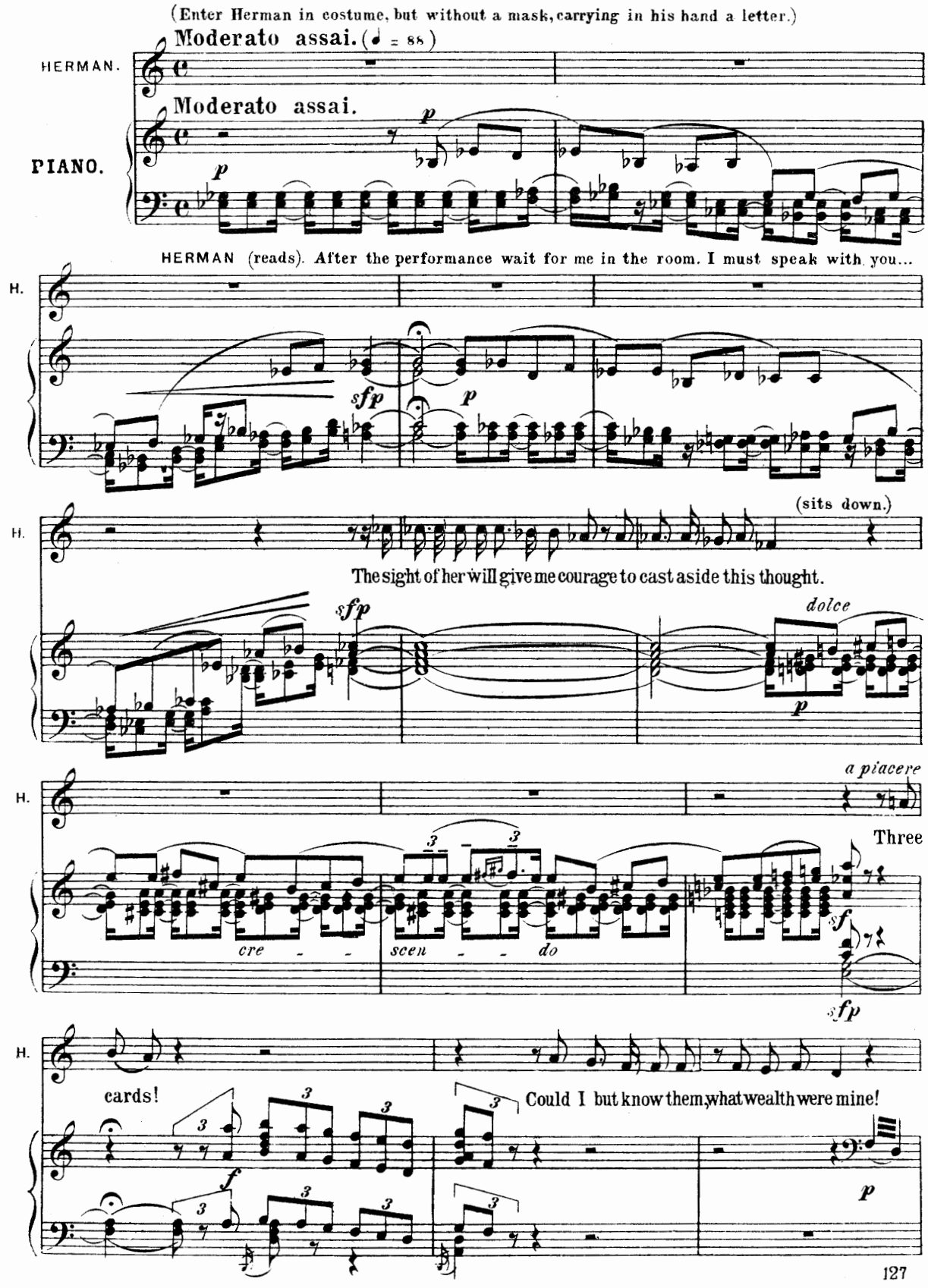

Quasi andante. (♩ = 88)
THE PRINCE.
Quasi andante.
(Enter the Prince and Lisa.)
You are so si_lent, dearest
espress.
Poco più animato.
LISA.
P.
Lis_a, what trou_ble weighs up_on your heart? Con_fide in me! Not
Poco più animato.
(Strives to go.)
THE PRINCE.
L.
now, dear Prince, to_morrow... Ex_cuse me! One mo_ment,
cre_ _ _ _
scen_ _ _ _do
Andante. (♩ = 72)
riten.
P.
Stay a lit_tle lon_ger! Ah, Lis_a, let me tell you
Andante.
riten.
a tempo
con grandezza
P.
all! I love you,
a tempo

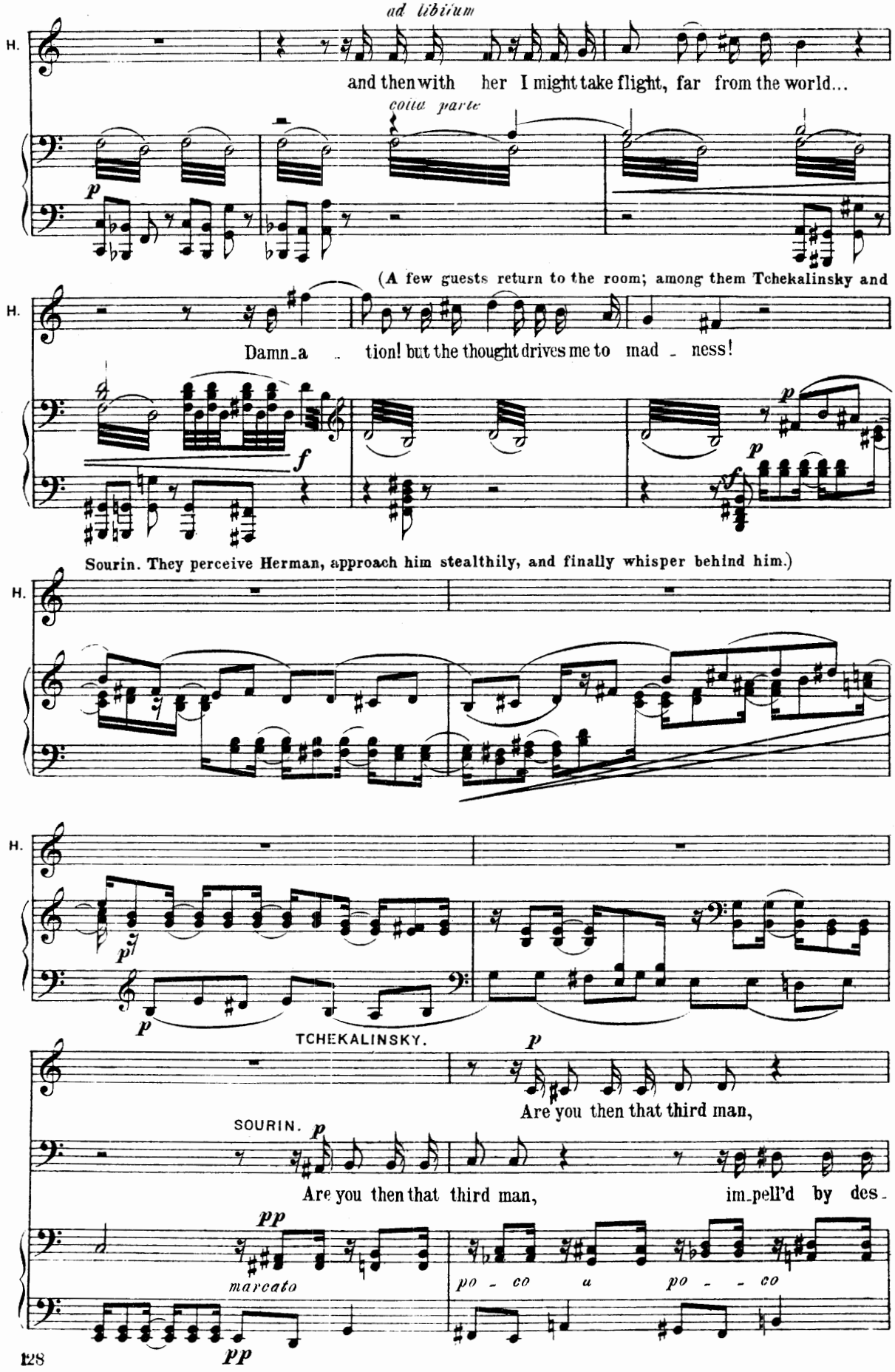

Andantino mosso. (♩ = 80)
P.
dear, be-yond all reck'ning, I think of you by day and night, For
Andantino mosso.
p
P.
you my life I'd lay down glad-ly, For you a-gainst the world I'd
mp
P.
fight, Yet hear me, child, your heart shall keep its free-dom, Your
p
P.
life to mine I ne'er will chain, I could re-nounce you, for your
poco cresc.
mf
P.
own sake, and tram-ple down my jea-lous pain. For
decresc.

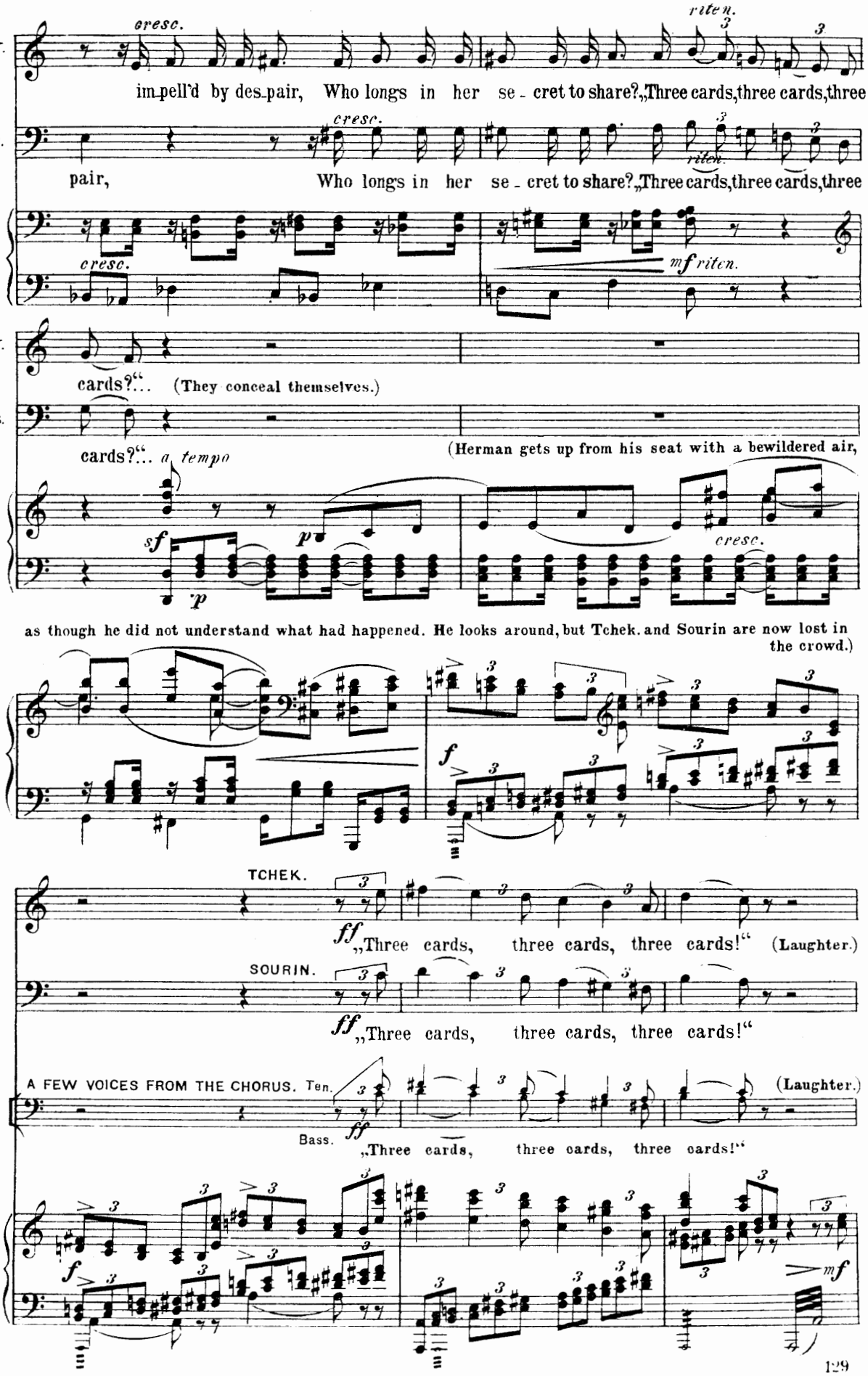

Un poco più animato.
P.
you, for you, all things were eas - - y. Not on - - ly as my wife I'd
Un poco più animato.
p
p
P
love you, Of your least wish I'd be the
p
P.
slave,— I long to be your friend and
mf
P.
guard - - ian, Tend - - - er to
P.
cher-ish and to save! I think my
riten.
riten.

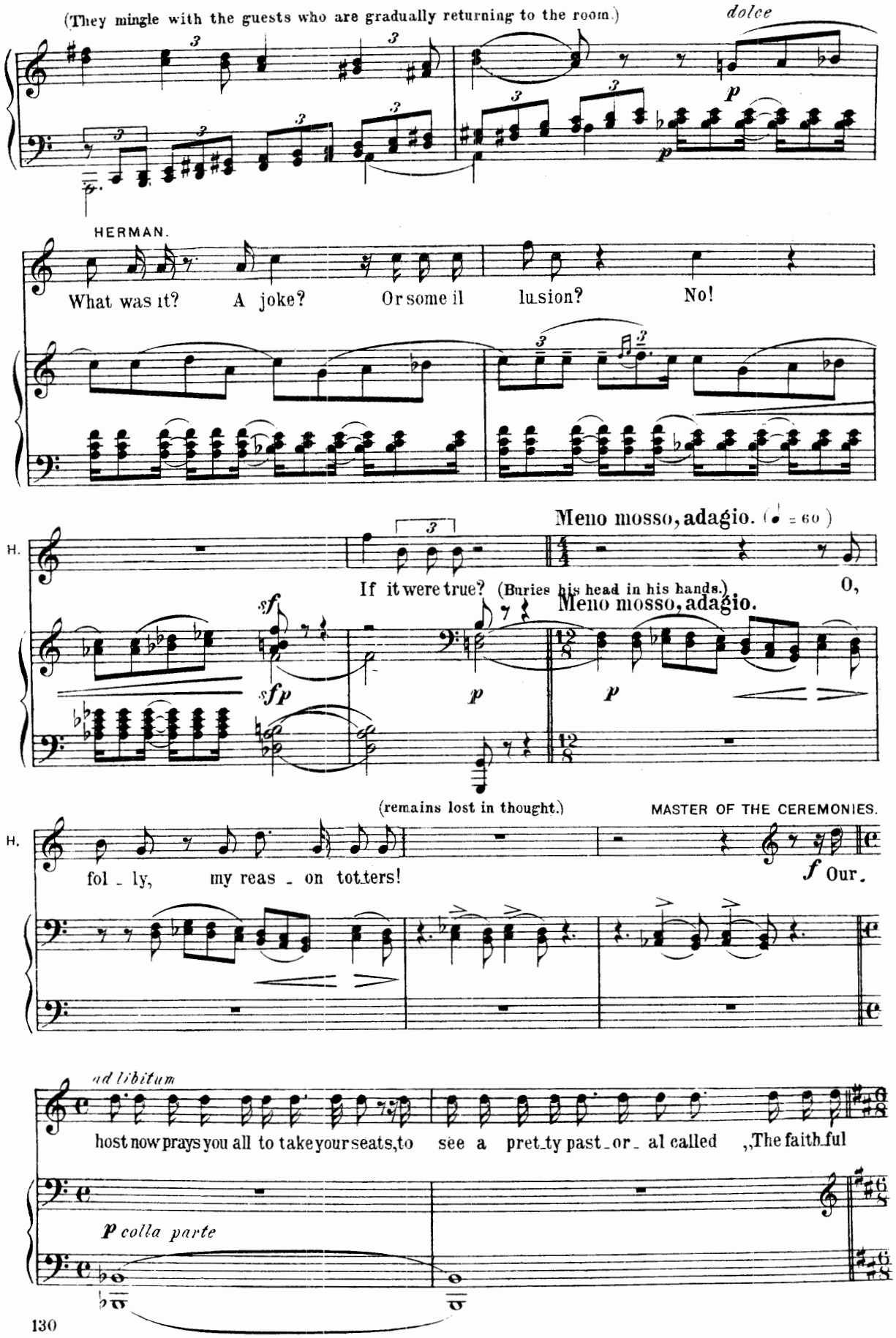

Tempo I.
P.
eyes for love of you were blind_ed, but now at last, the
Tempo I.
p
cresc.
P.
truth is clear, To you I seem a kind_ly stran_ger, You
f
più f
P.
would not have me draw too near! O, let me break these cru_el
affettuoso
p
p
P.
bar_riers, I feel for you with all my heart, But
cresc.
ff
cresc.
mf
Poco più mosso.
P.
yet no com_fort can I give you, while thus you grieve and weep a_
riten.
Poco più mosso.


a tempo
riten.
P.
part. O, let me break these cru_el barriers, I feel for you with all my
a tempo
riten.
a tempo
heart. I love you, dear, be_yond all reck' ning, I
a tempo
dolce
think of you by day and night. For you my life I'd lay down
glad - ly, For you a_gainst the world I'd fight! O
(Exeunt.)
dear - est heart, con - fide in me!
riten.


(Enter Herman in costume, but without a mask, carrying in his hand a letter.)
Moderato assai. (♩ = 88)
HERMAN.
PIANO.
Moderato assai.
HERMAN (reads). After the performance wait for me in the room. I must speak with you...
H.
(sits down.)
The sight of her will give me courage to cast aside this thought.
dolce
a piacere
Three
cre - - scen - - do
cards!
Could I but know them, what wealth were mine!

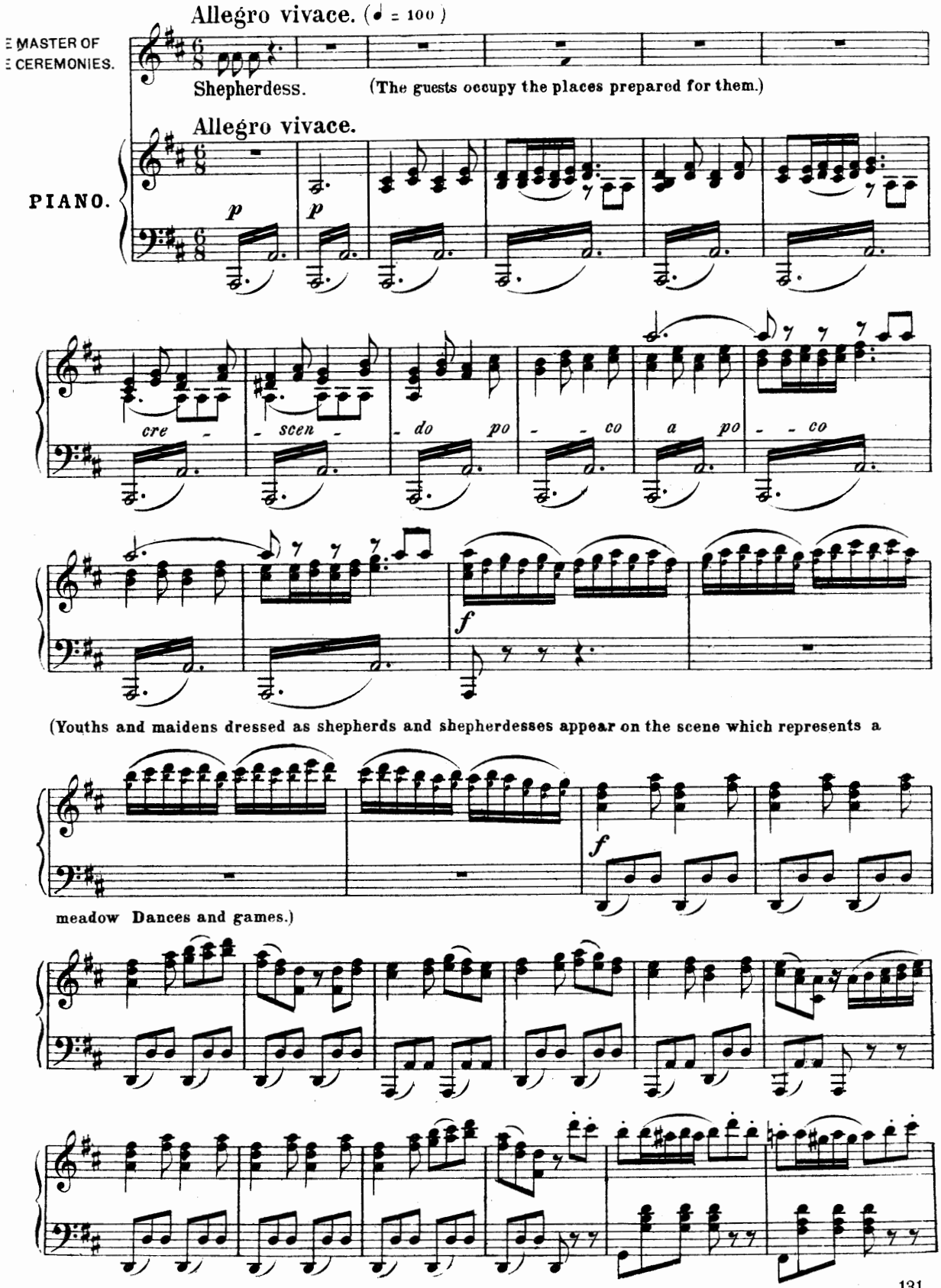

ad libitum
H.
and then with her I might take flight, far from the world...
colla parte
p
(A few guests return to the room; among them Tchekalinsky and
H.
Damn-a - tion! but the thought drives me to mad - ness!
f
p
p
Sourin. They perceive Herman, approach him stealthily, and finally whisper behind him.)
H.
H.
p
p
TCHEKALINSKY.
p
Are you then that third man,
SOURIN.
p
Are you then that third man, im-pell'd by des-
pp
marcato
po - co a po - co
pp

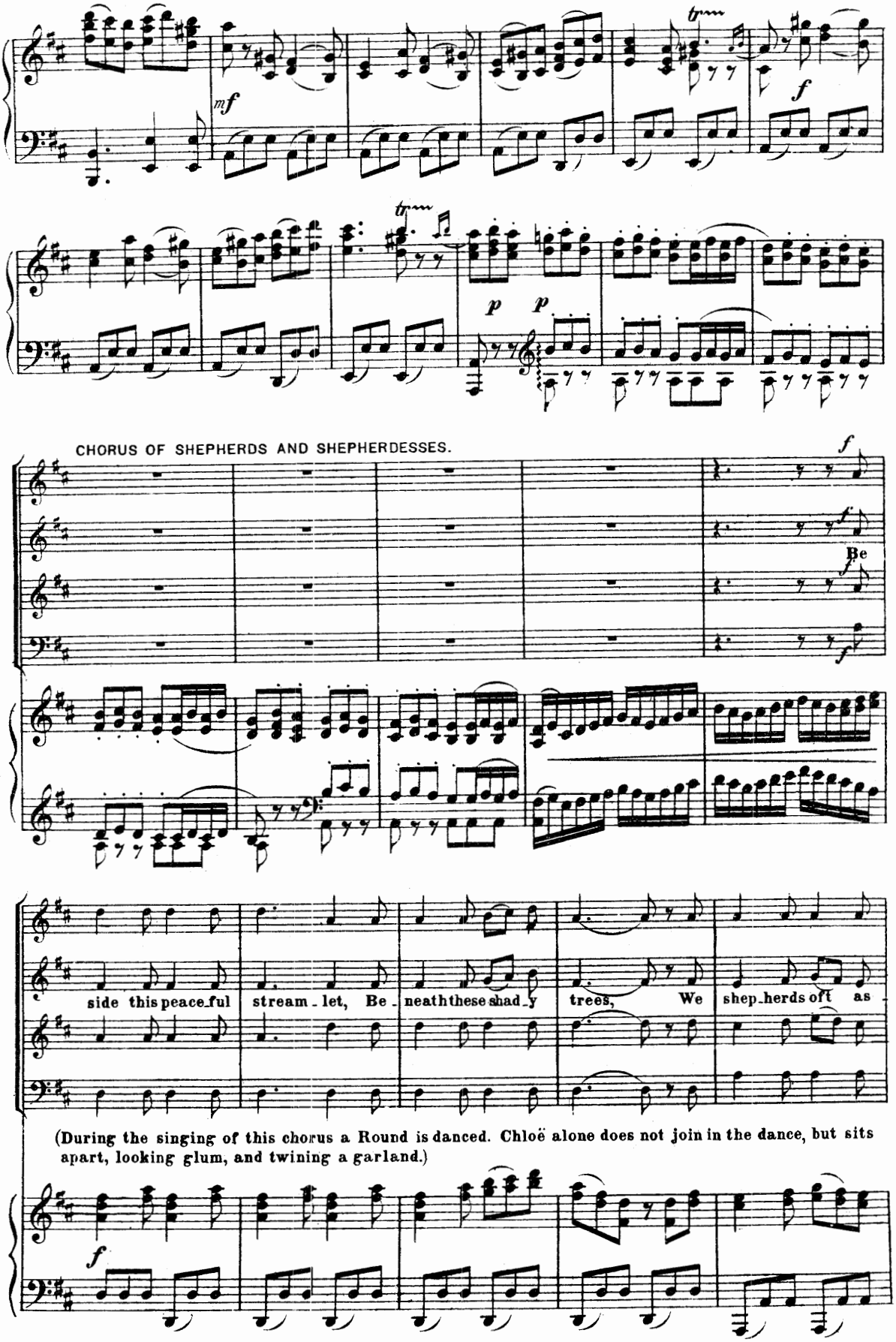

T.
cresc.
riten.
im-pell'd by des-pair, Who longs in her se - cret to share?„Three cards,three cards,three.
S.
cresc.
riten.
pair, Who longs in her se - cret to share?„Three cards,three cards,three
cresc.
mf riten.
T.
cards?“... (They conceal themselves.)
S.
cards?“... a tempo
(Herman gets up from his seat with a bewildered air,
sf
p
p
cresc.
as though he did not understand what had happened. He looks around, but Tchek. and Sourin are now lost in the crowd.)
f
TCHEK.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“ (Laughter.)
SOURIN.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“
A FEW VOICES FROM THE CHORUS. Ten.
(Laughter.)
Bass.
ff „Three cards, three cards, three cards!“
f
mf


(They mingle with the guests who are gradually returning to the room.)
dolce
HERMAN.
What was it? A joke? Or some il lusion? No!
Meno mosso, adagio. (♩ = 60)
H.
If it were true? (Buries his head in his hands.) O,
Meno mosso, adagio.
(remains lost in thought.)
MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.
H.
fol - ly, my reas - on tot.ters!
Our.
ad libitum
host now prays you all to take your seats, to see a pret.ty past.or.al called „The faith.ful
colla parte

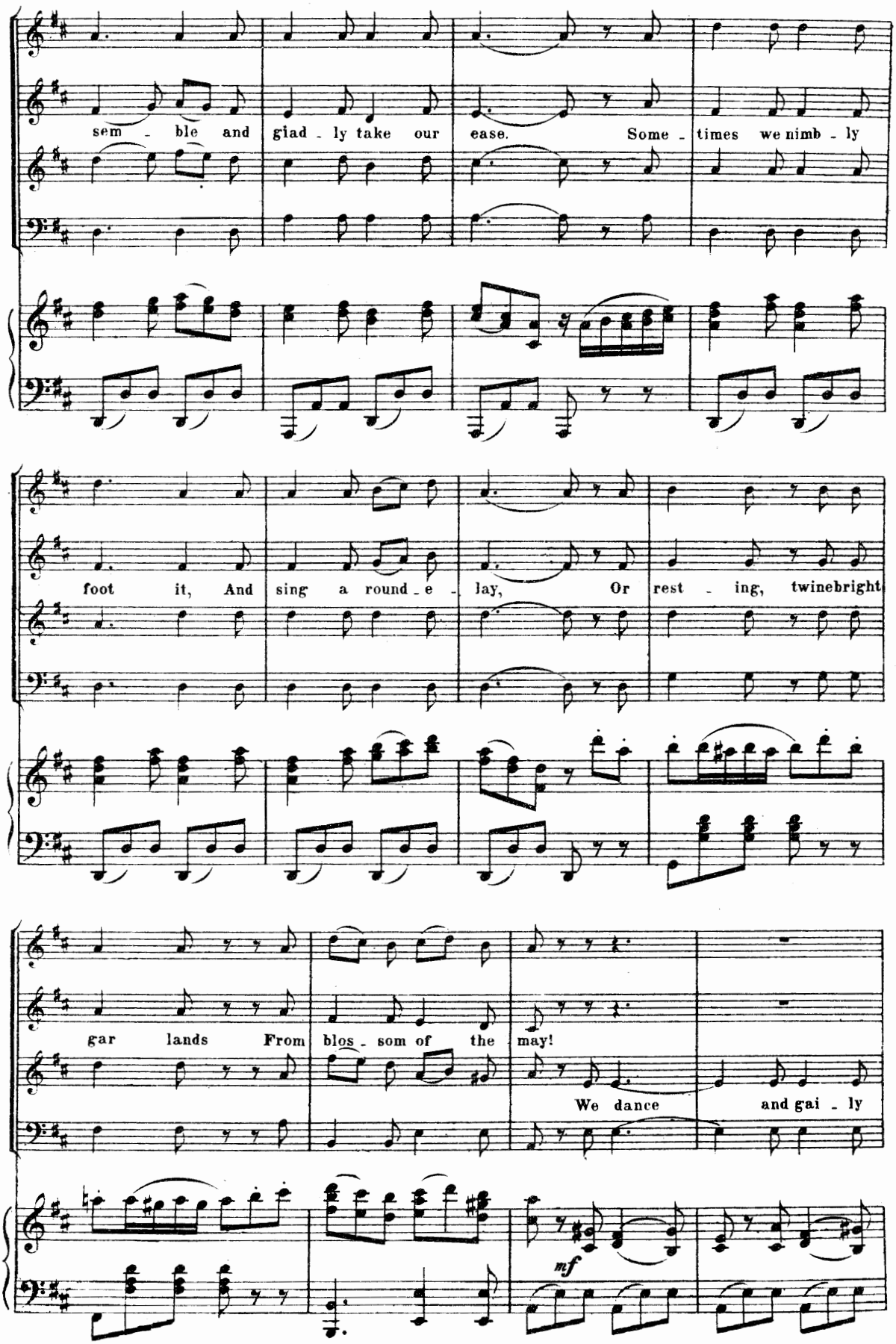
№ 14. Interlude „The faithful Shepherdess."

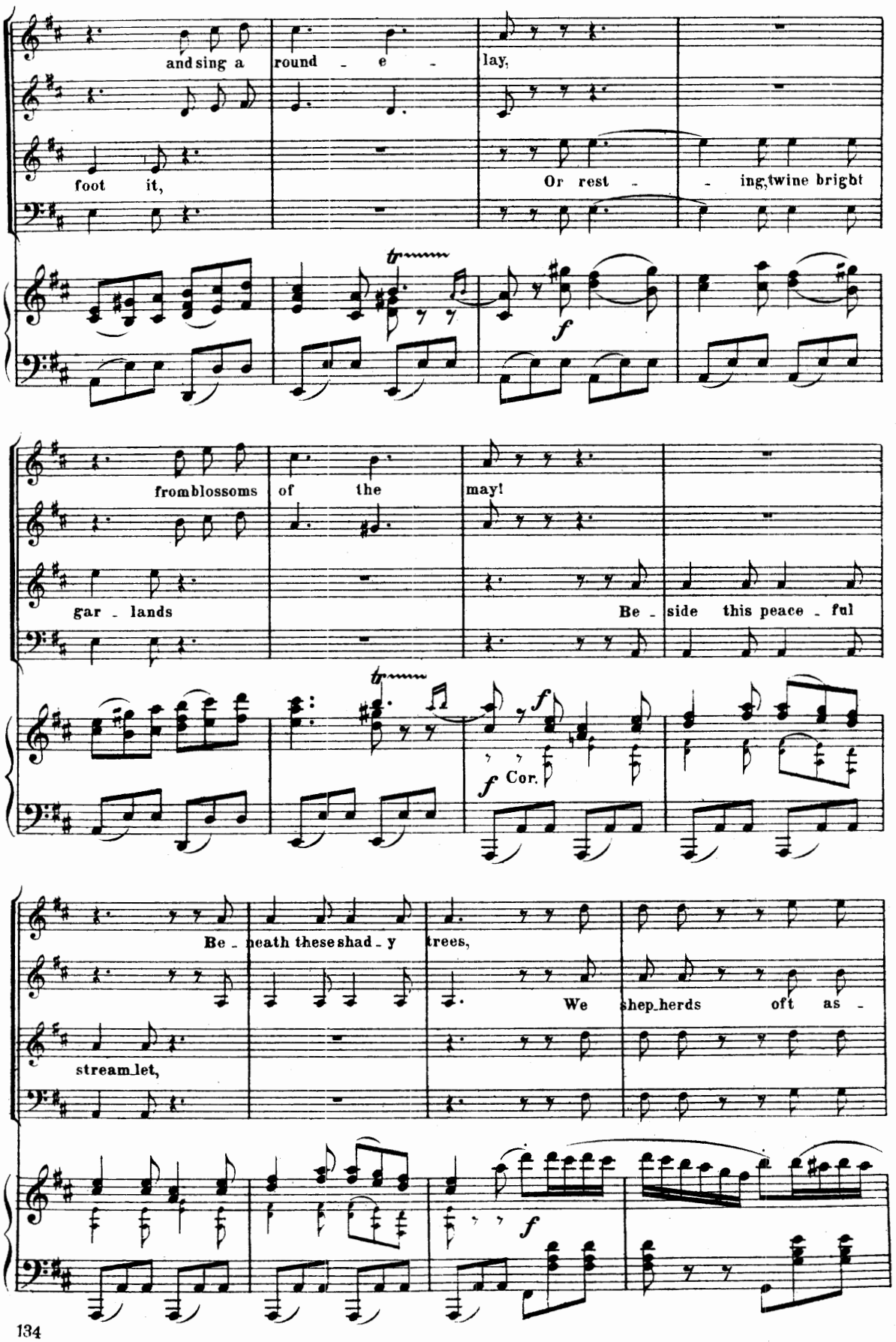
a) Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

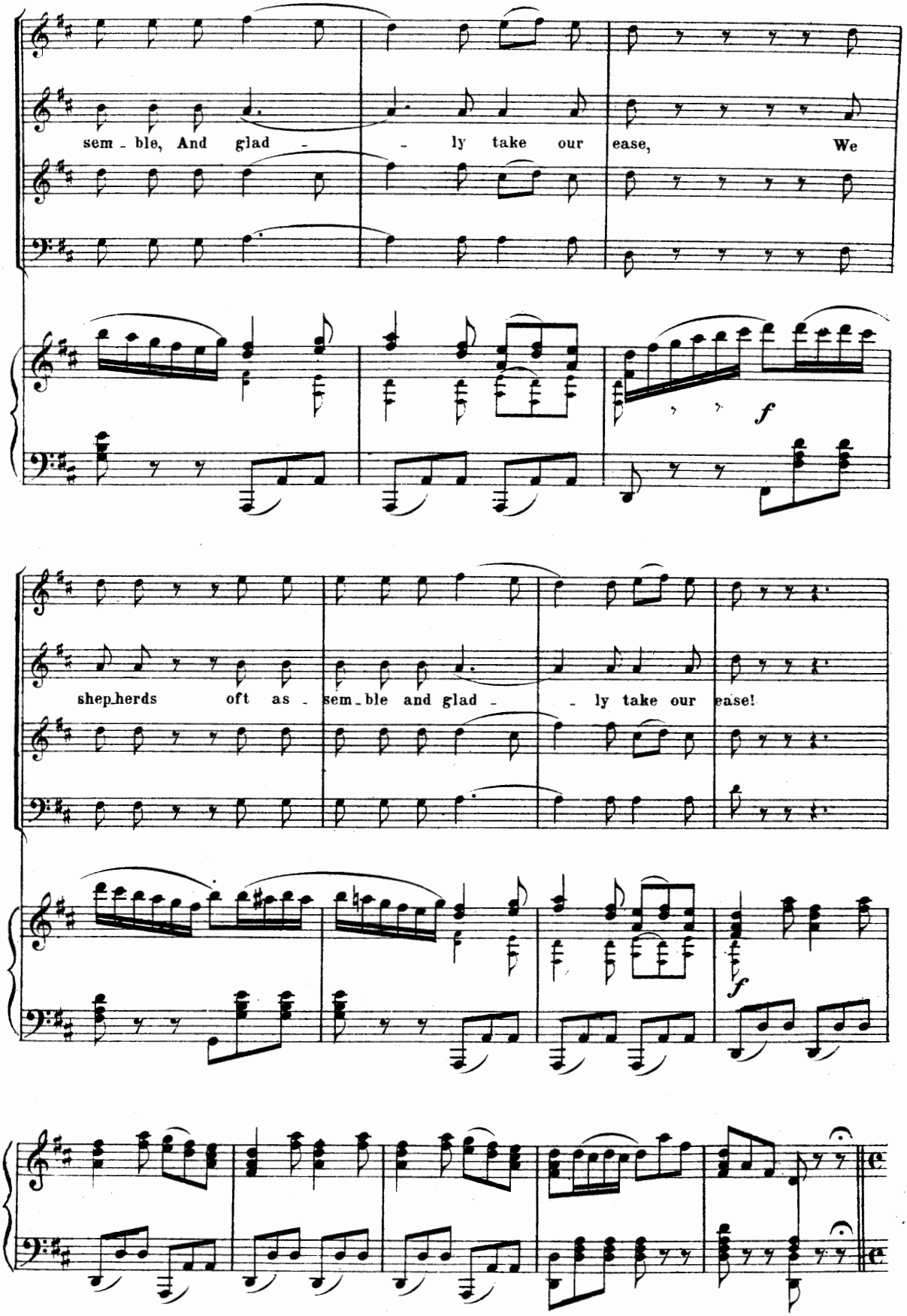




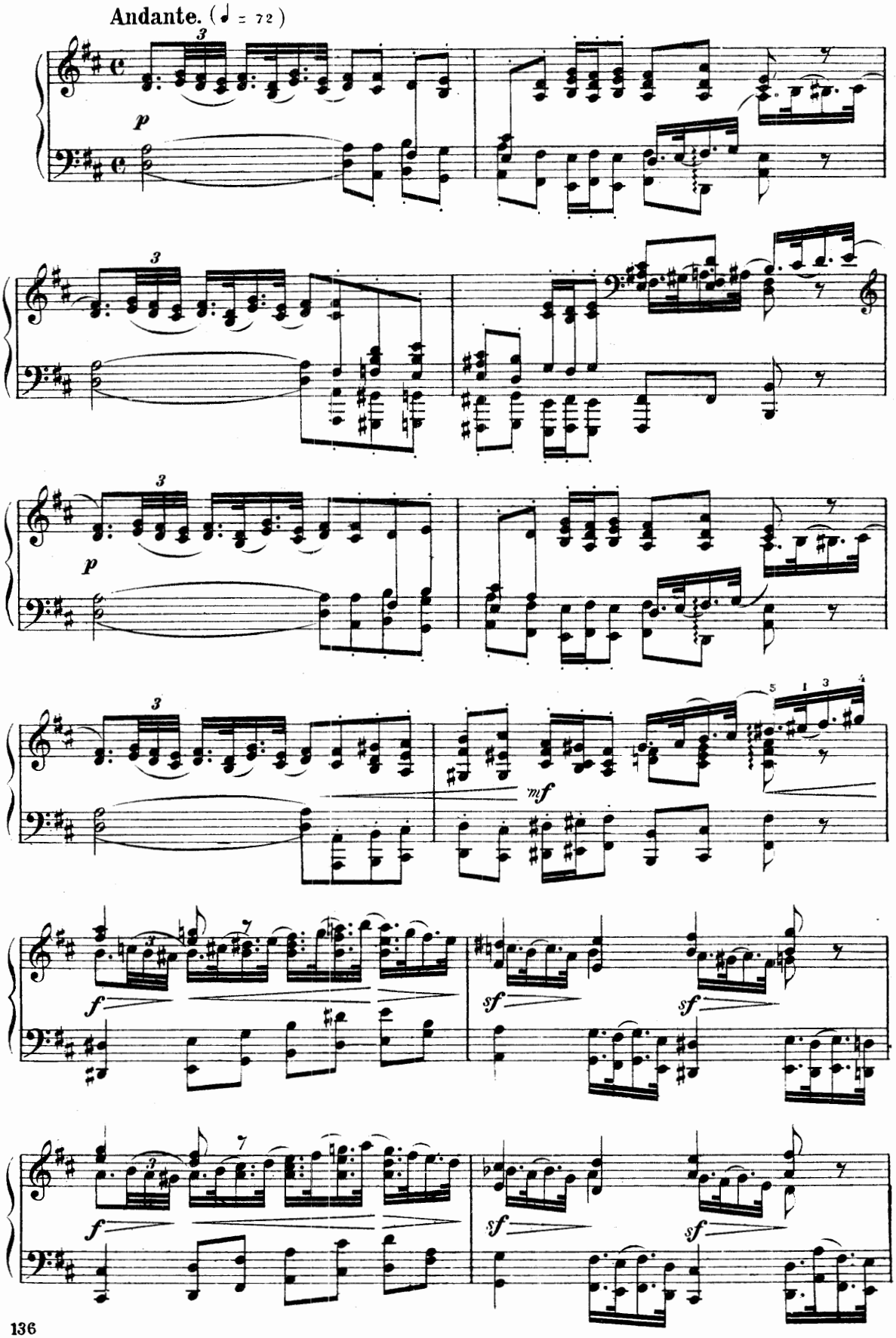
(During the singing of this chorus a Round is danced. Chloë alone does not join in the dance, but sits apart, looking glum, and twining a garland.)

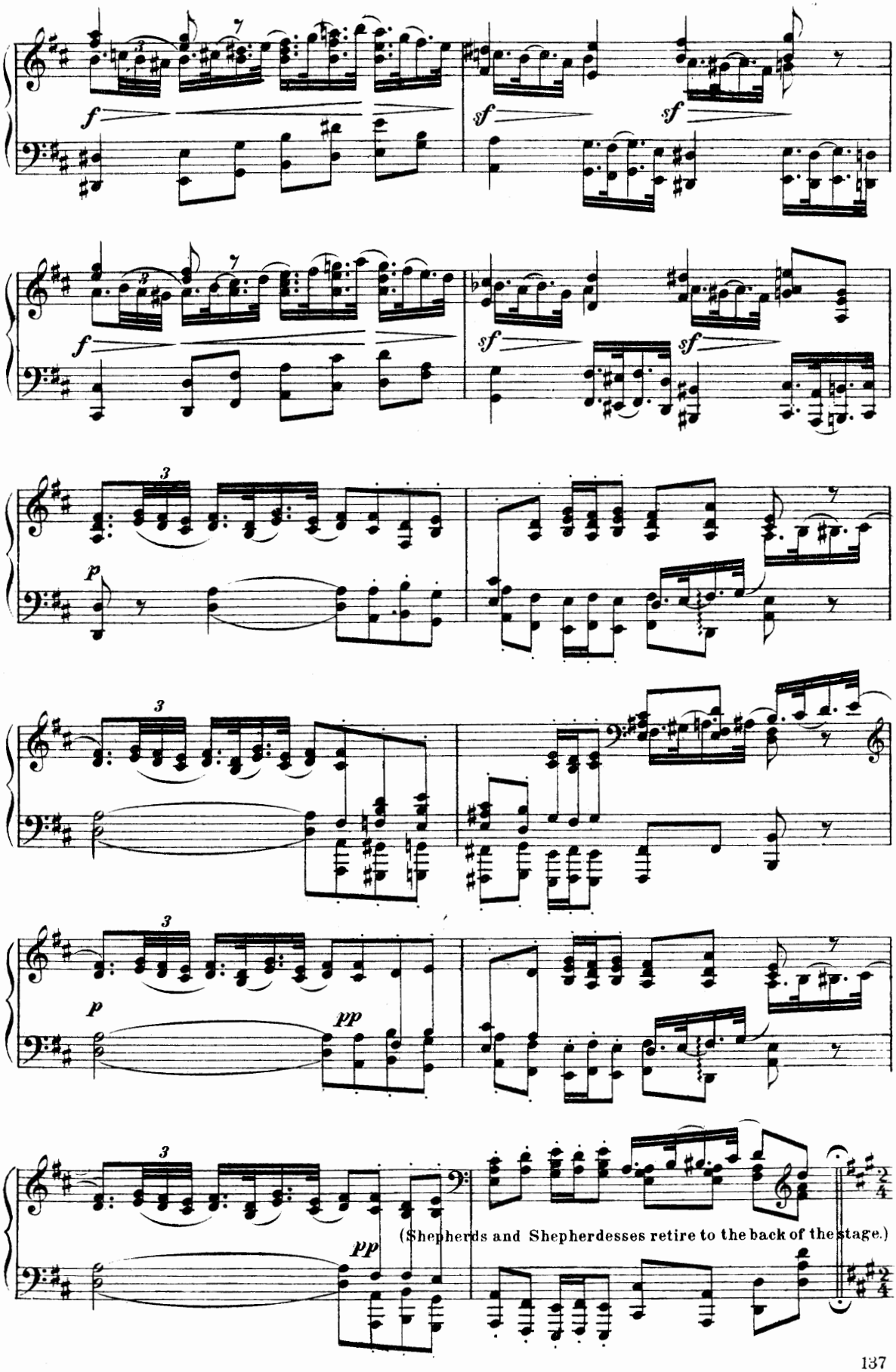

sem - ble and giad - ly take our ease. Some - times we nimb - ly
foot it, And sing a round - e - lay, Or rest - ing, twinebright
gar lands From blos - som of the may!
We dance and gai - ly
mf


and sing a round - e - lay,
foot it, Or rest - - ing, twine bright
tr
f
from blossoms of the may!
gar - lands Be - side this peace - ful
tr
f
f Cor.
Be - neath these shad - y trees,
stream let, We shep herds oft as -
f

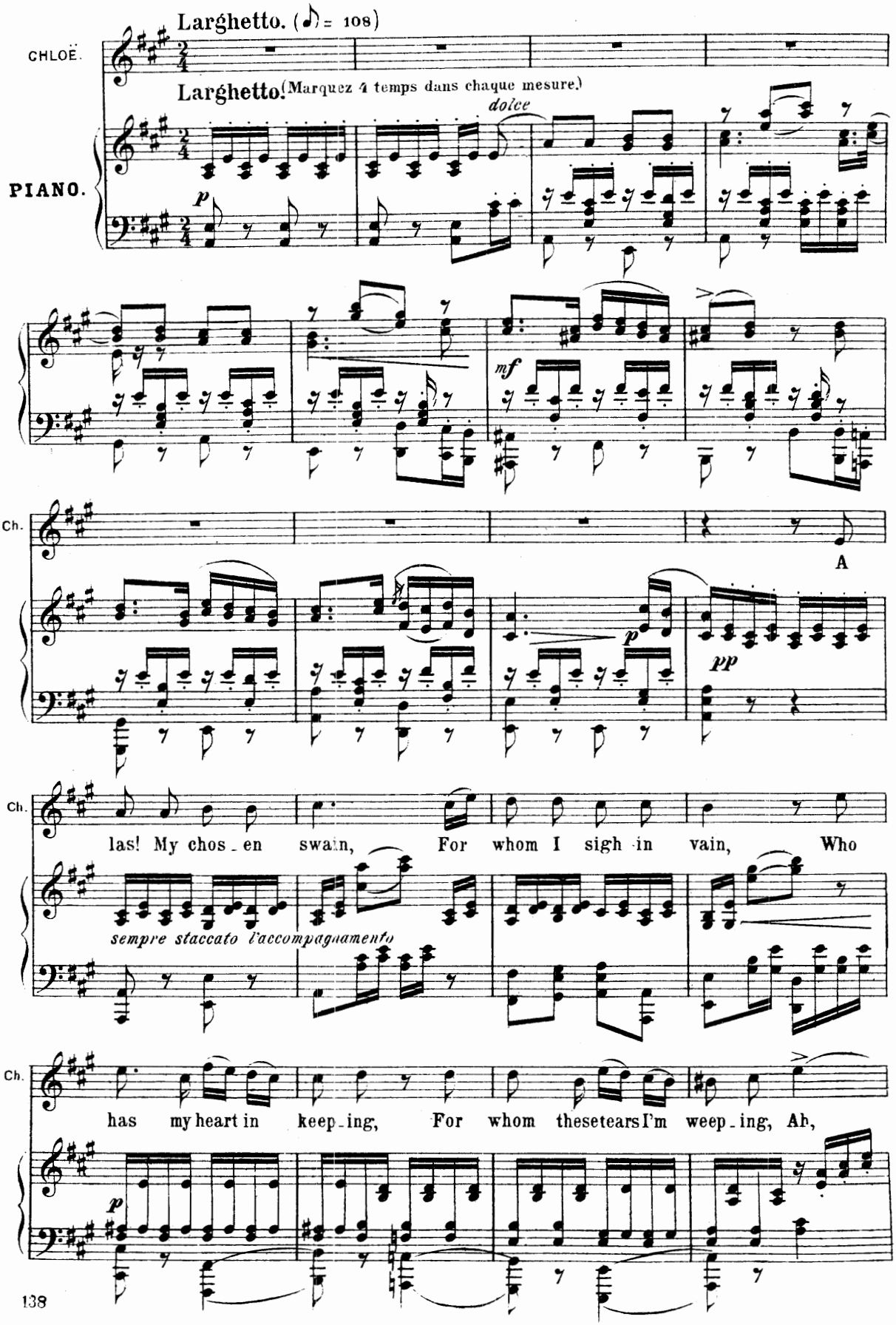

sem - ble, And glad - - ly take our ease, We
f
shep-herds oft as - sem - ble and glad - - ly take our ease!
f

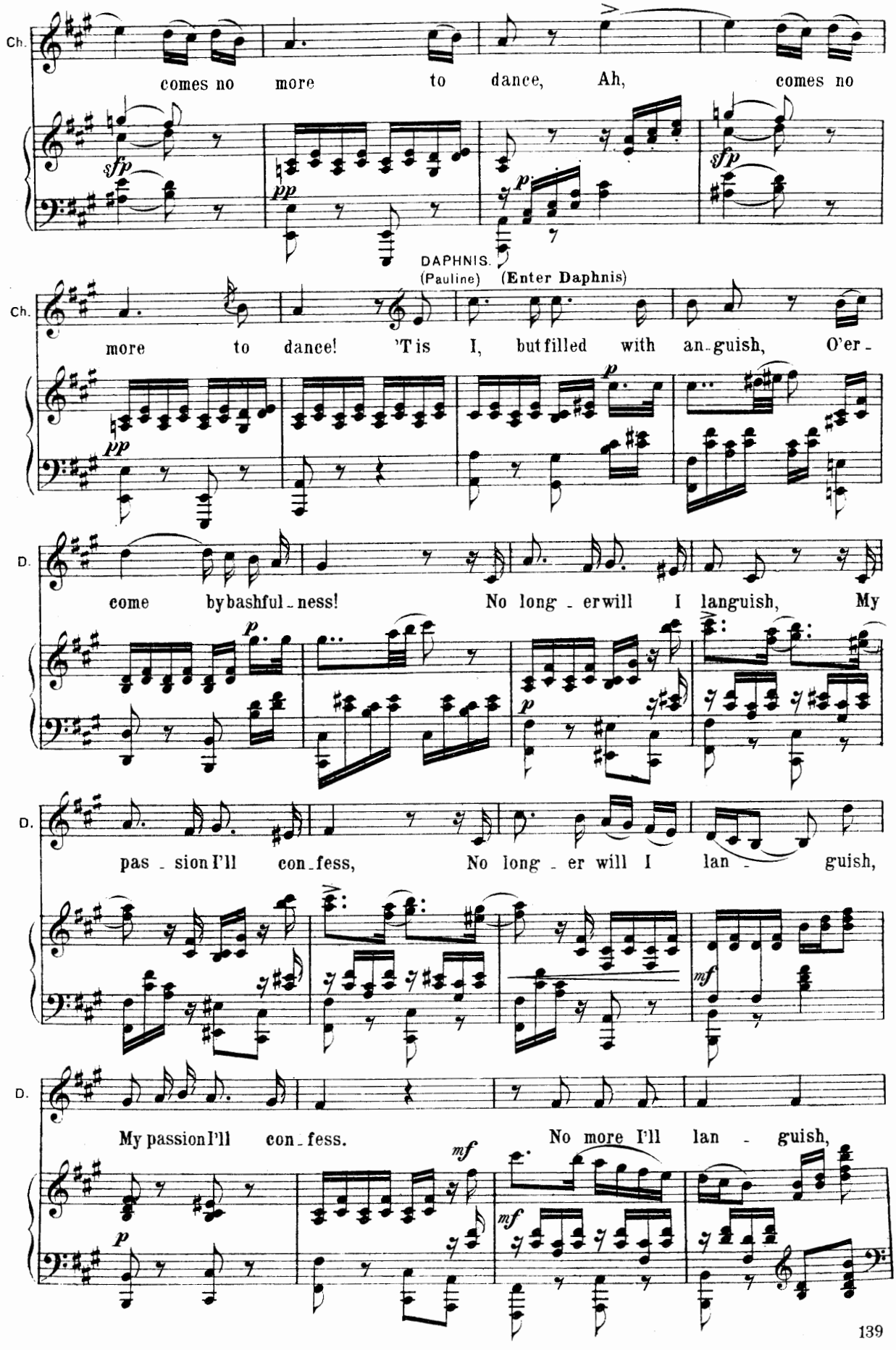
b) Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

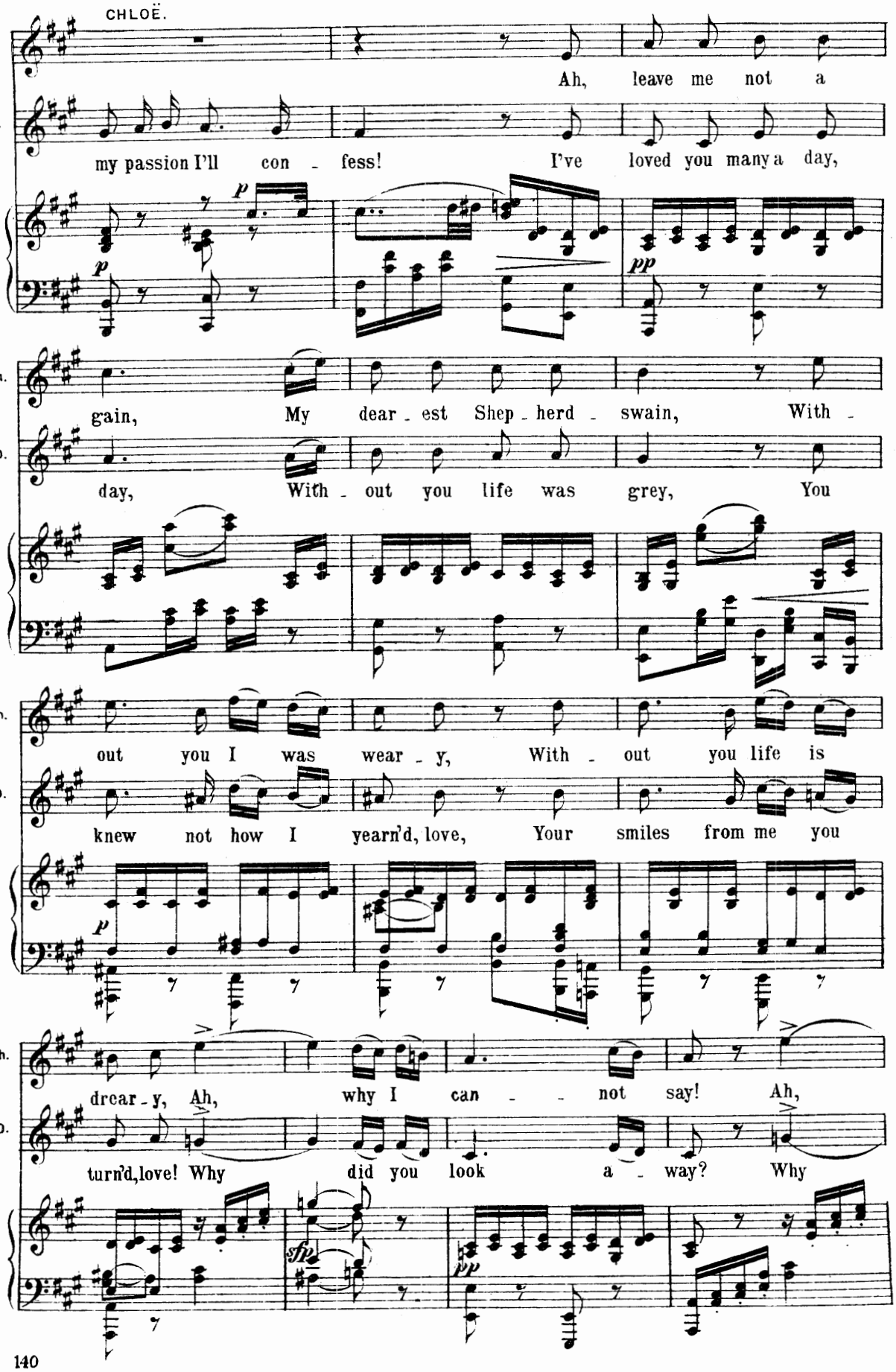


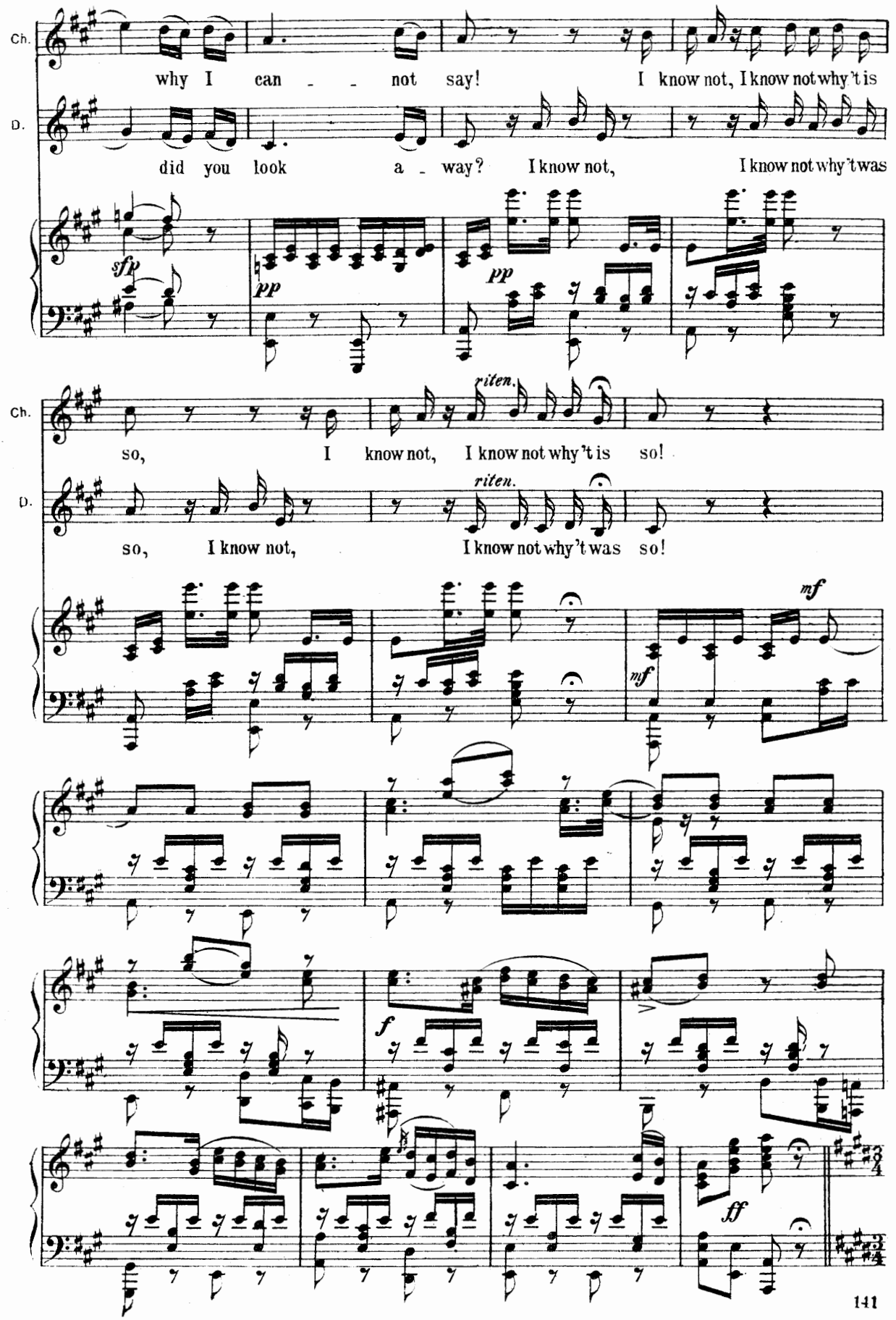

f
sf
sf
f
sf
sf
p
p
pp
pp
(Shepherds and Shepherdesses retire to the back of the stage.)

c) Duet of Chloë and Daphnis.



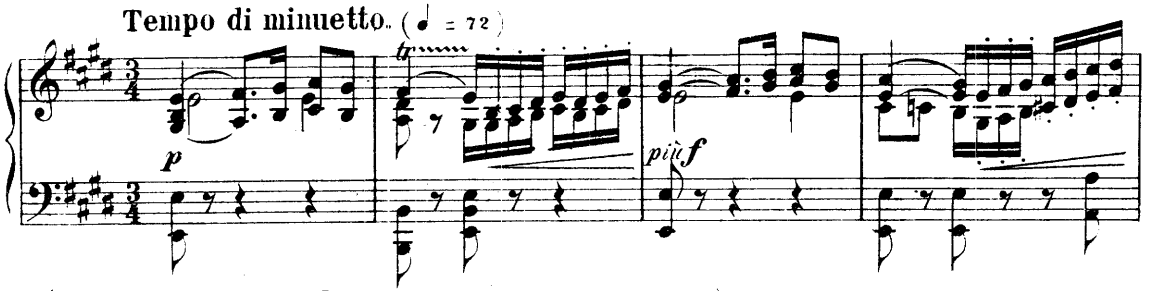

Ch.
comes no more to dance, Ah, comes no
DAPHNIS. (Pauline)
(Enter Daphnis)
Ch.
more to dance! 'Tis I, but filled with an-guish, O'er-
D.
come by bashful-ness! No long-er will I languish, My
D.
pas-sion I'll con-fess, No long-er will I lan-guish,
D.
My passion I'll con-fess. No more I'll lan-guish,


CHLOË.
Ah, leave me not a
D.
my passion I'll con - fess! I've loved you many a day,
p
p
pp
Ch.
gain, My dear - est Shep - herd - swain, With -
D.
day, With - out you life was grey, You
Ch.
out you I was wear - y, With - out you life is
D.
knew not how I yearn'd, love, Your smiles from me you
p
Ch.
drear - y, Ah, why I can - not say! Ah,
D.
turn'd, love! Why did you look a - way? Why
sfp
pp

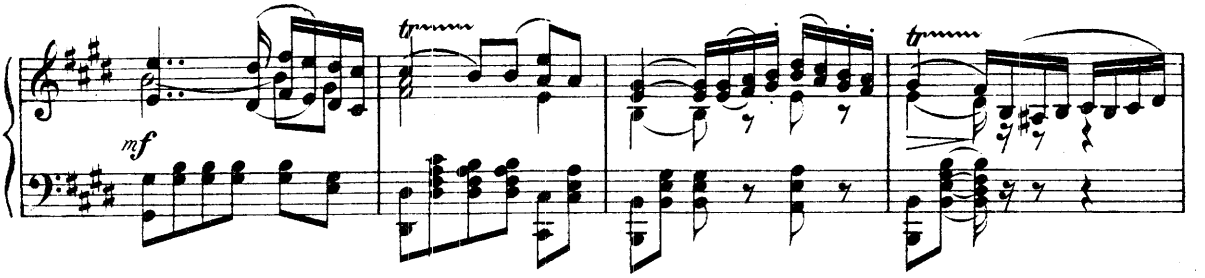

Ch.
why I can - - not say!
I know not, I know not why 't is
D.
did you look a - way?
I know not,
I know not why 't was
sfp
pp
pp
Ch.
so,
I know not,
I know not why 't is so!
riten.
D.
so,
I know not,
I know not why 't was so!
riten.
mf
mf
f
ff

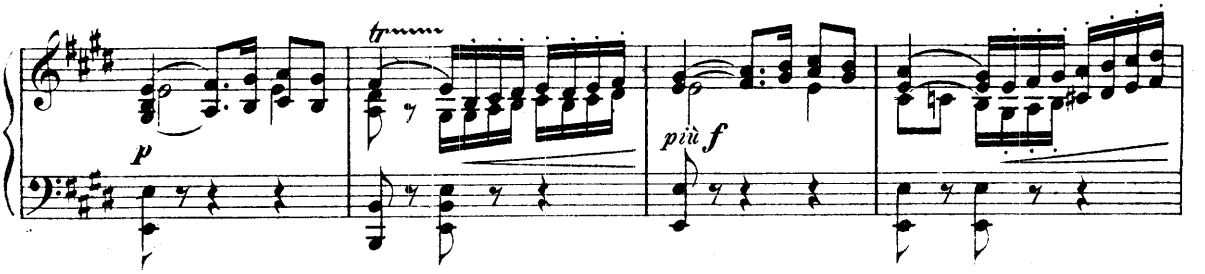
d) Finale.

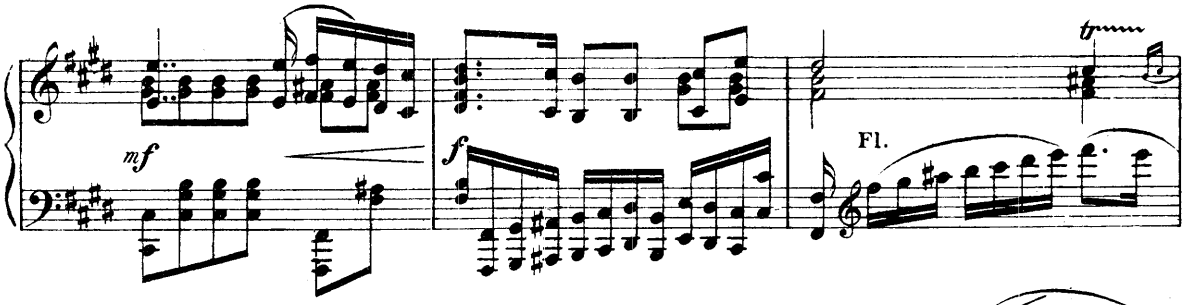
Tempo di minuetto. (♩ = 72)

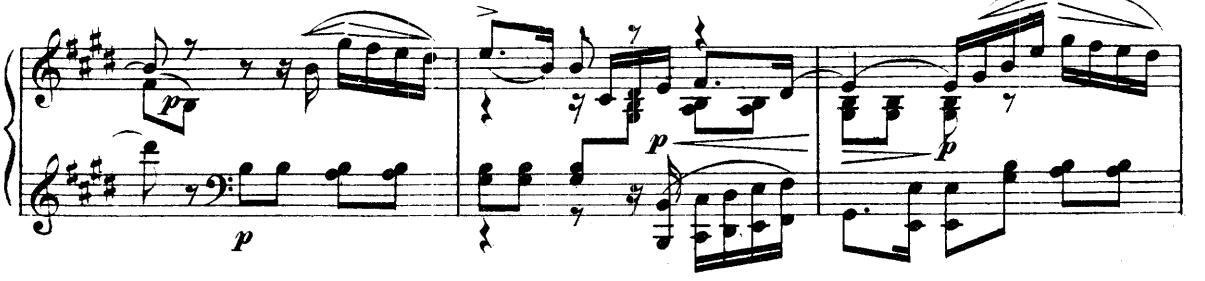


(Enter the attendants of Plutus, bearing costly gifts. Dance.)

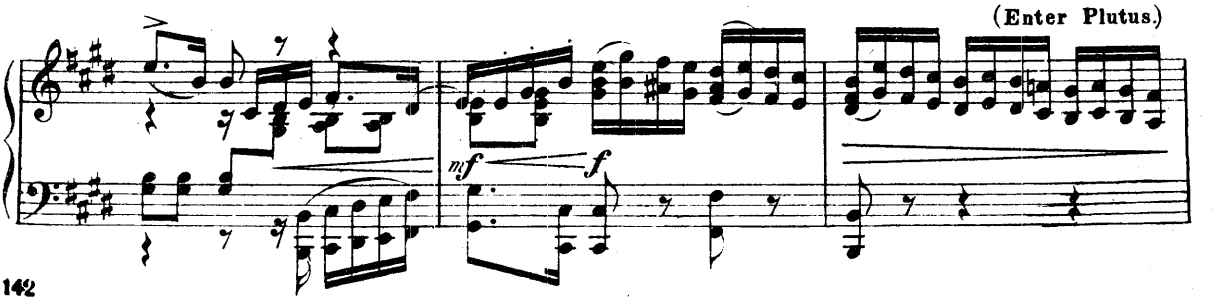


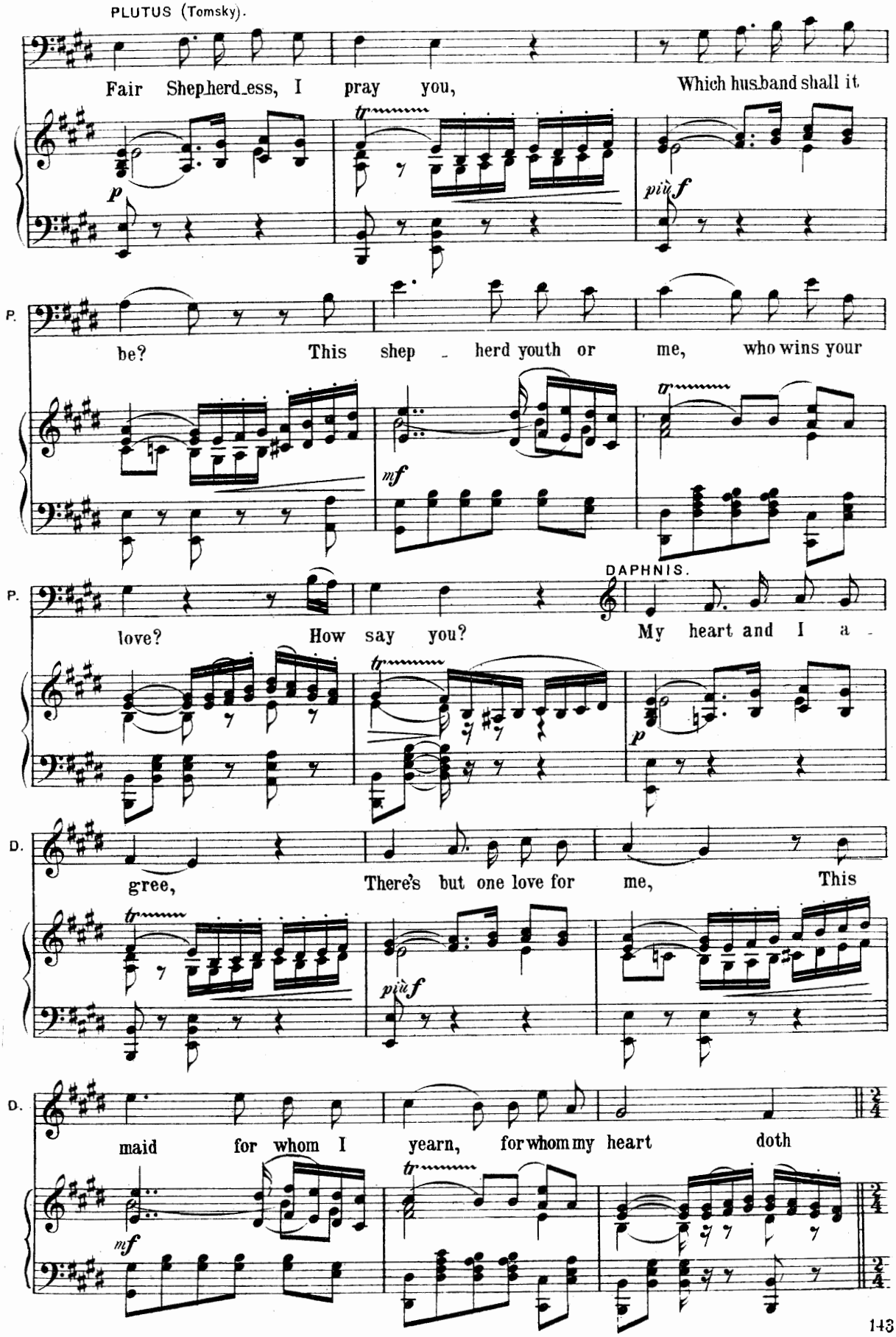


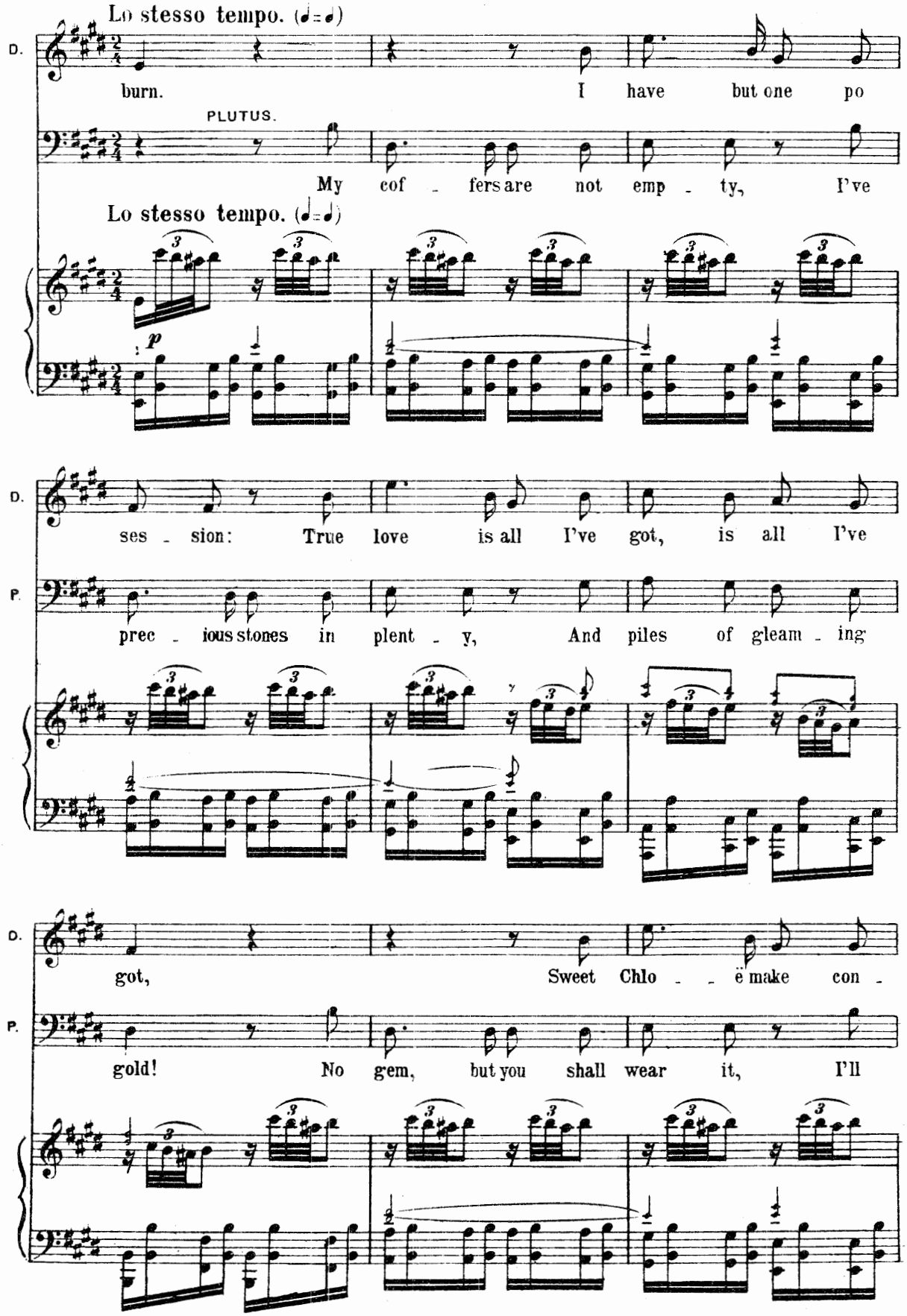


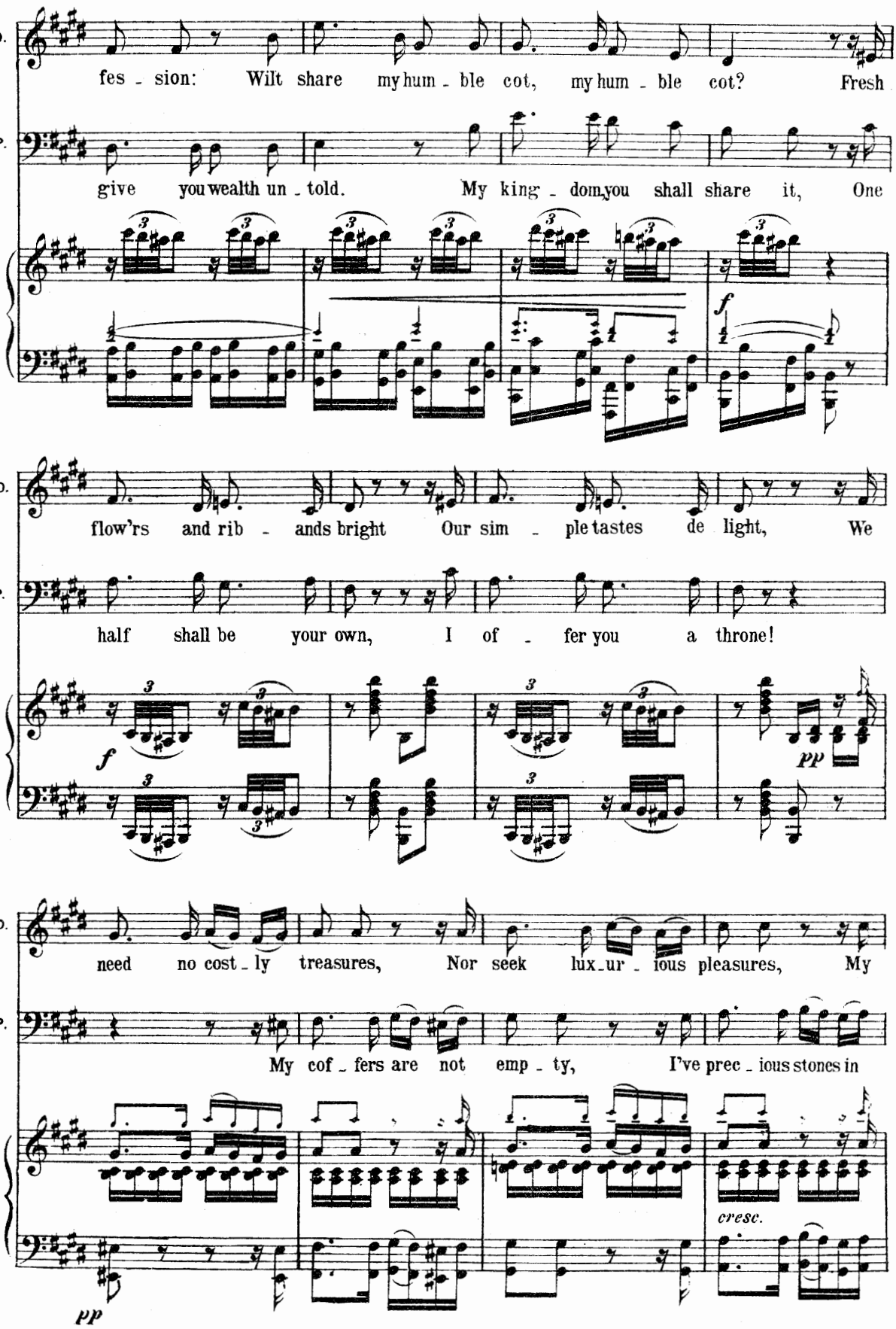


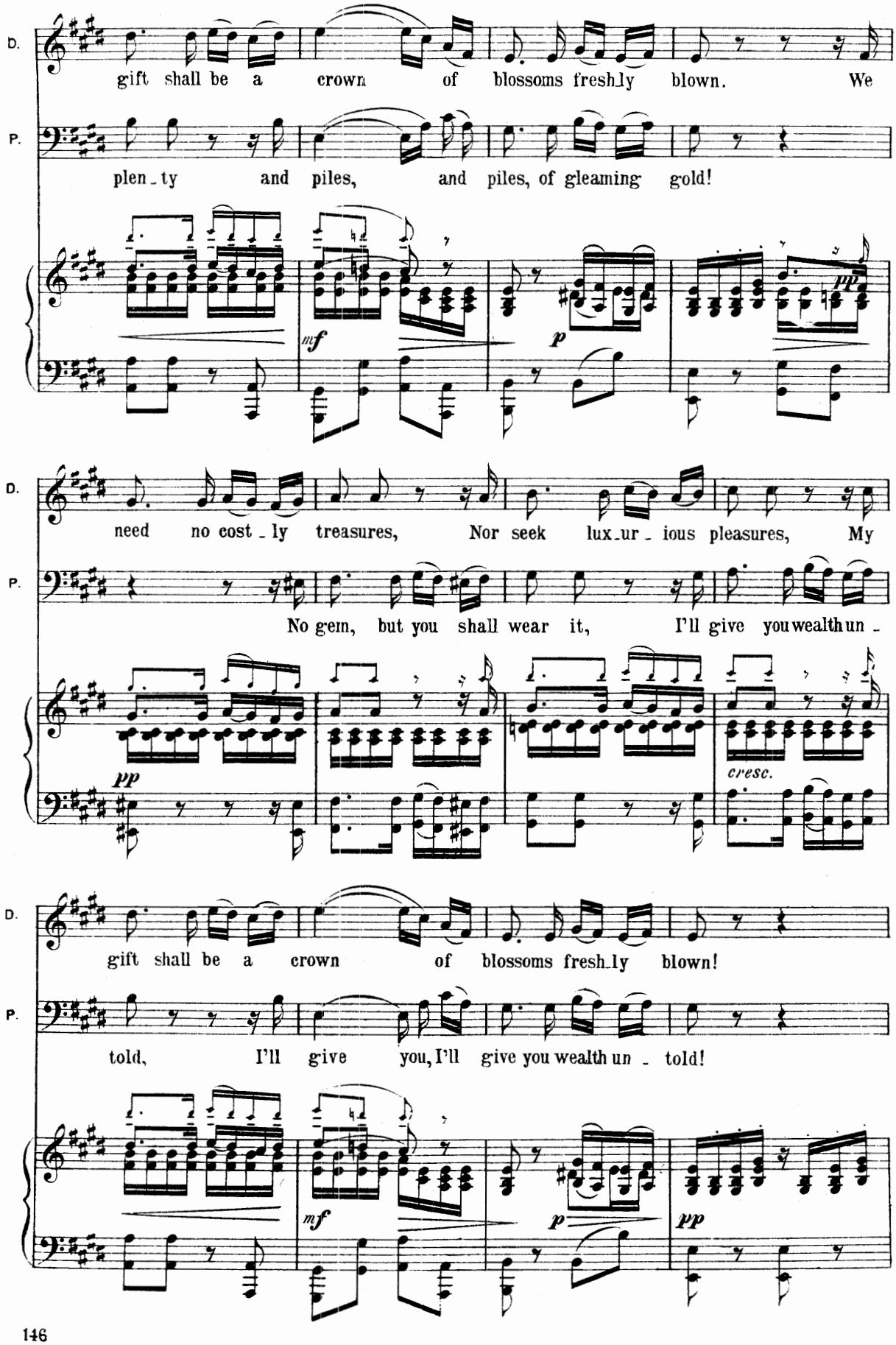
(Enter Plutus.)

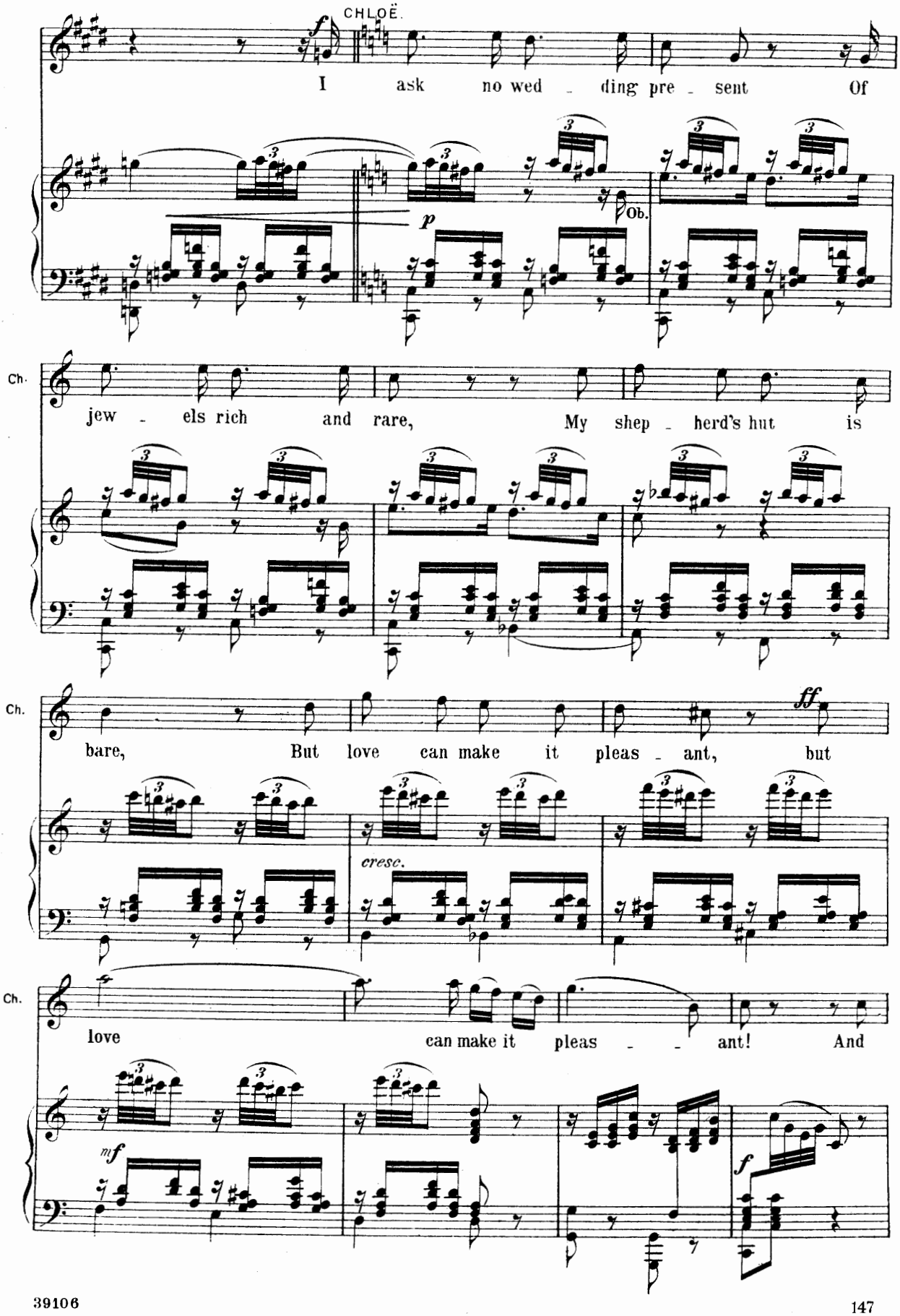


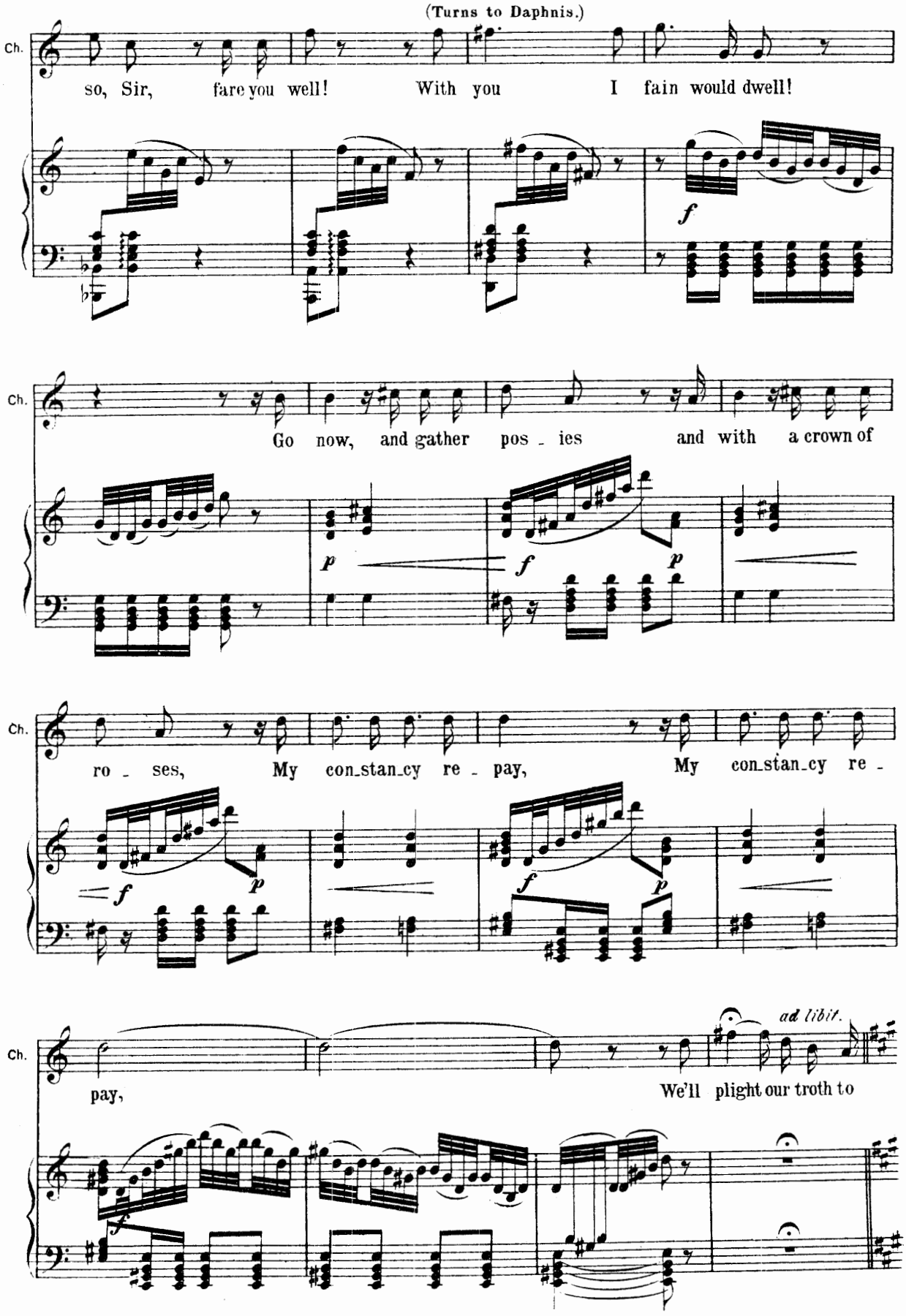

PLUTUS (Tomsky).
Fair Shepherd_ess, I pray you, Which husband shall it
p
più f
P.
be? This shep - herd youth or me, who wins your
mf
DAPHNIS.
P.
love? How say you? My heart and I a -
p
D.
gree, There's but one love for me, This
più f
D.
maid for whom I yearn, for whom my heart doth
mf

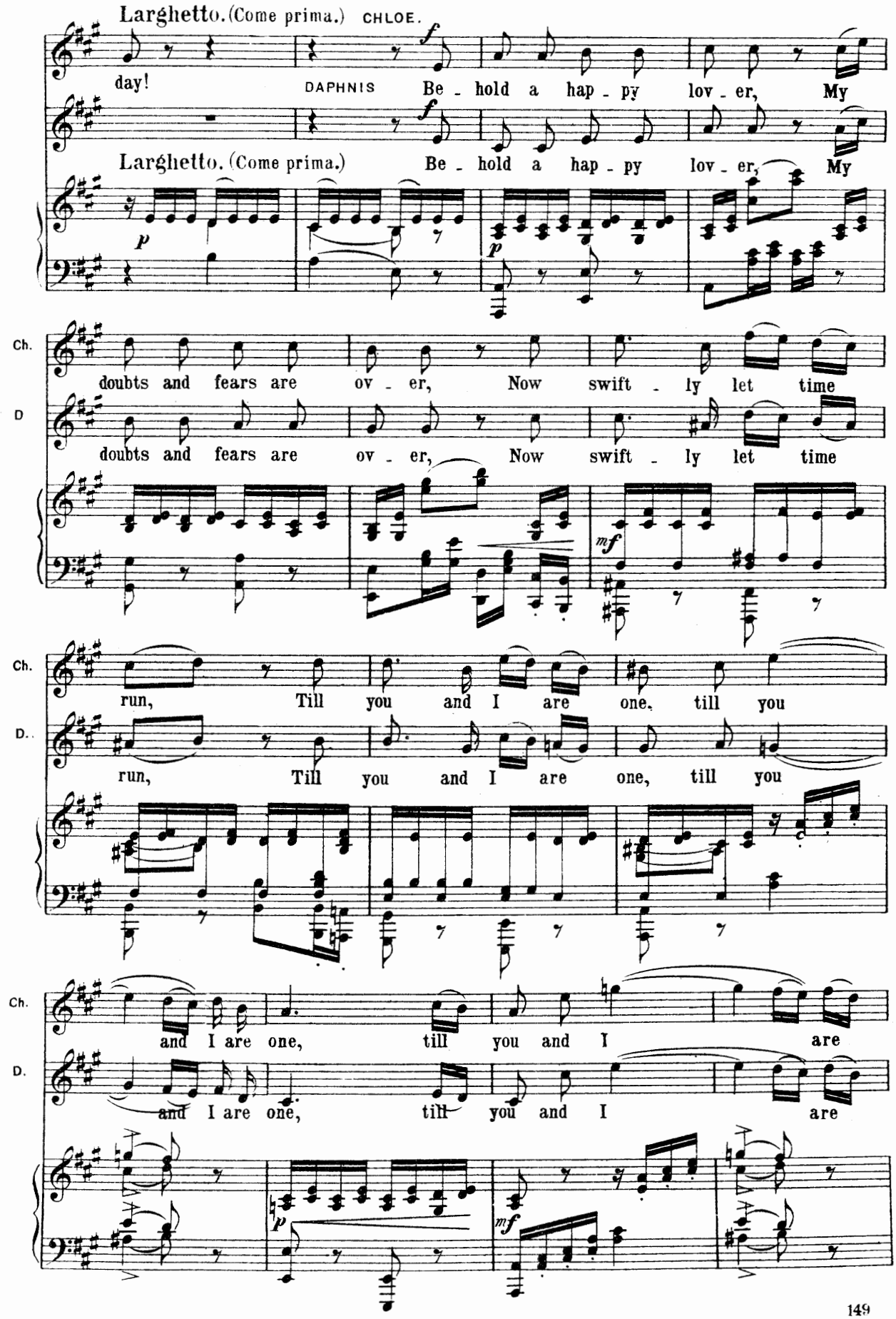

Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)
D.
burn.
I have but one po
PLUTUS.
My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've
Lo stesso tempo. (♩=♩)
p
D.
ses - sion: True love is all I've got, is all I've
P.
prec - ious stones in plent - y, And piles of gleam - ing
D.
got,
Sweet Chlo - - ë make con -
P.
gold! No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll

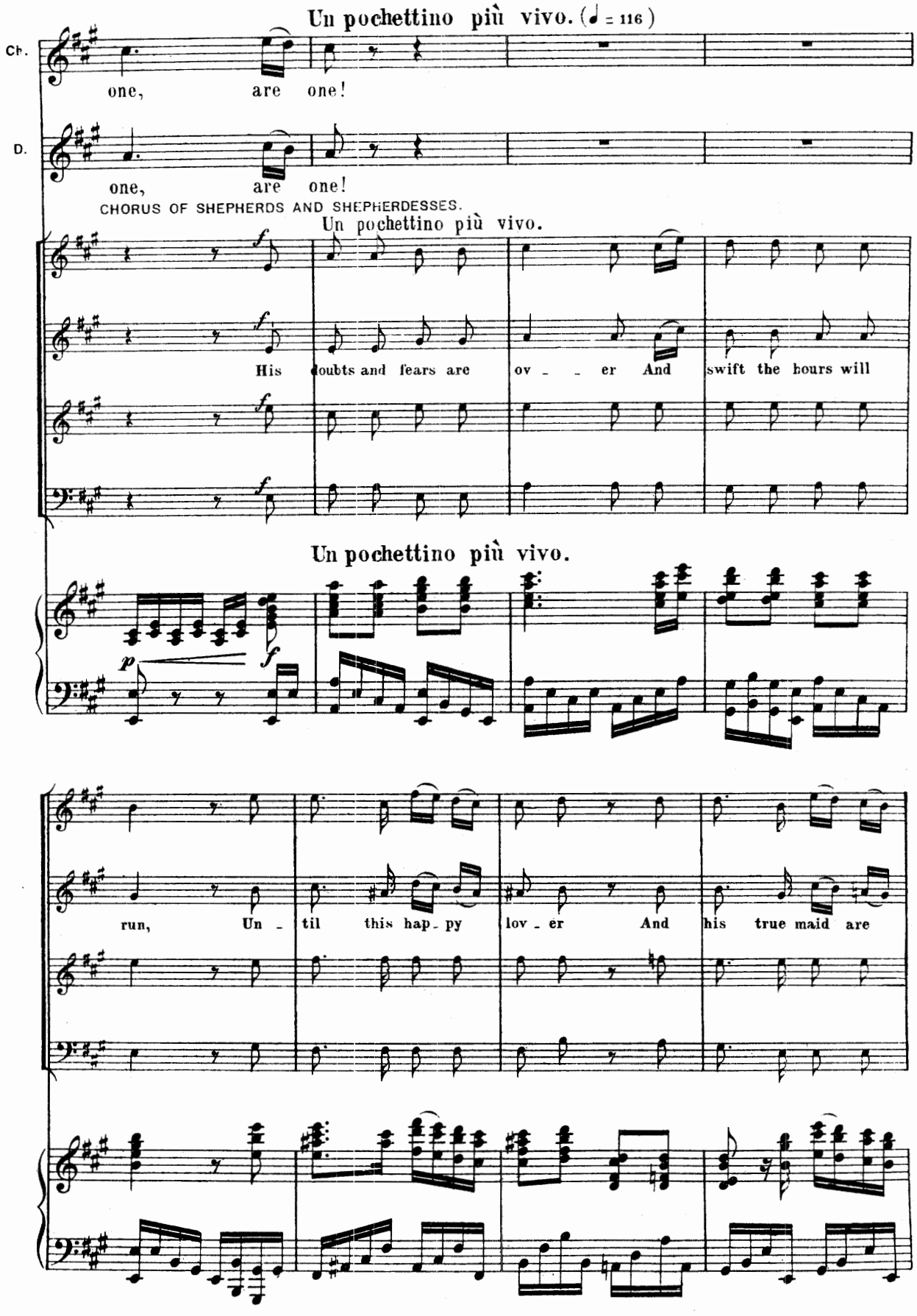

D.
fes - sion: Wilt share my hum - ble cot, my hum - ble cot? Fresh
P.
give you wealth un - told. My king - dom you shall share it, One
f
D.
flow'rs and rib - ands bright Our sim - ple tastes de light, We
P.
half shall be your own, I of - fer you a throne!
f
pp
D.
need no cost - ly treasures, Nor seek lux - ur - ious pleasures, My
P.
My cof - fers are not emp - ty, I've prec - ious stones in
cresc.
pp

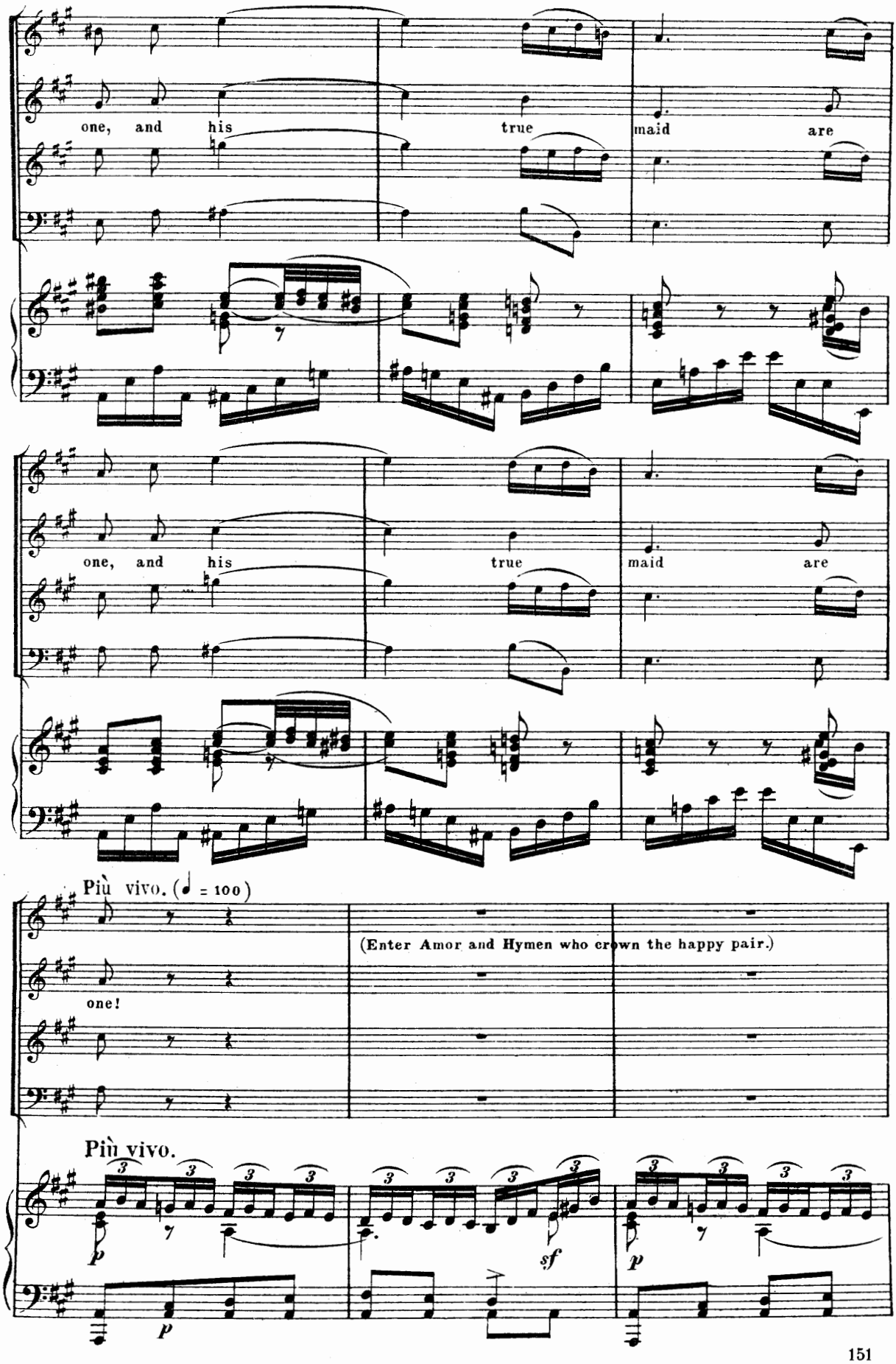

D.
gift shall be a crown of blossoms freshly blown. We
P.
plen_ty and piles, and piles, of gleaming gold!
mf
p
pp
D.
need no cost_ly treasures, Nor seek luxur_ious pleasures, My
P.
No gem, but you shall wear it, I'll give you wealth un_
pp
cresc.
D.
gift shall be a crown of blossoms freshly blown!
P.
told, I'll give you, I'll give you wealth un_told!
mf
p
pp

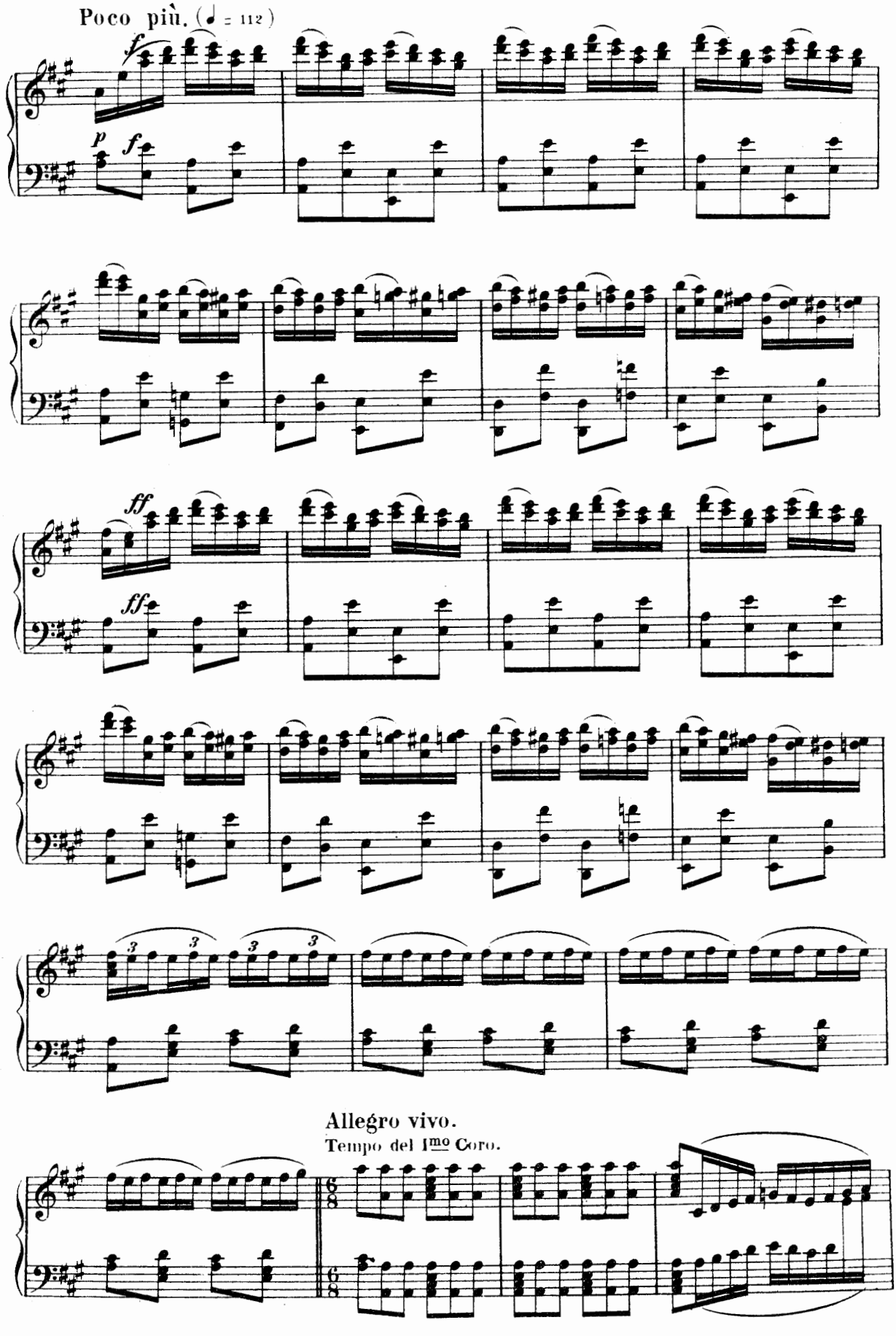

CHLOË.
I ask no wed - ding pre - sent Of
Ob.
Ch.
jew - els rich and rare, My shep - herd's hut is
Ch.
bare, But love can make it pleas - ant, but
cresc.
Ch.
love can make it pleas - - ant! And


(Turns to Daphnis.)
Ch.
so, Sir, fare you well! With you I fain would dwell!
f
Ch.
Go now, and gather pos - ies and with a crown of
p
f
p
Ch.
ro - ses, My con-stan-cy re - pay, My con-stan-cy re -
f
p
f
p
Ch.
ad libit.
pay, We'll plight our troth to

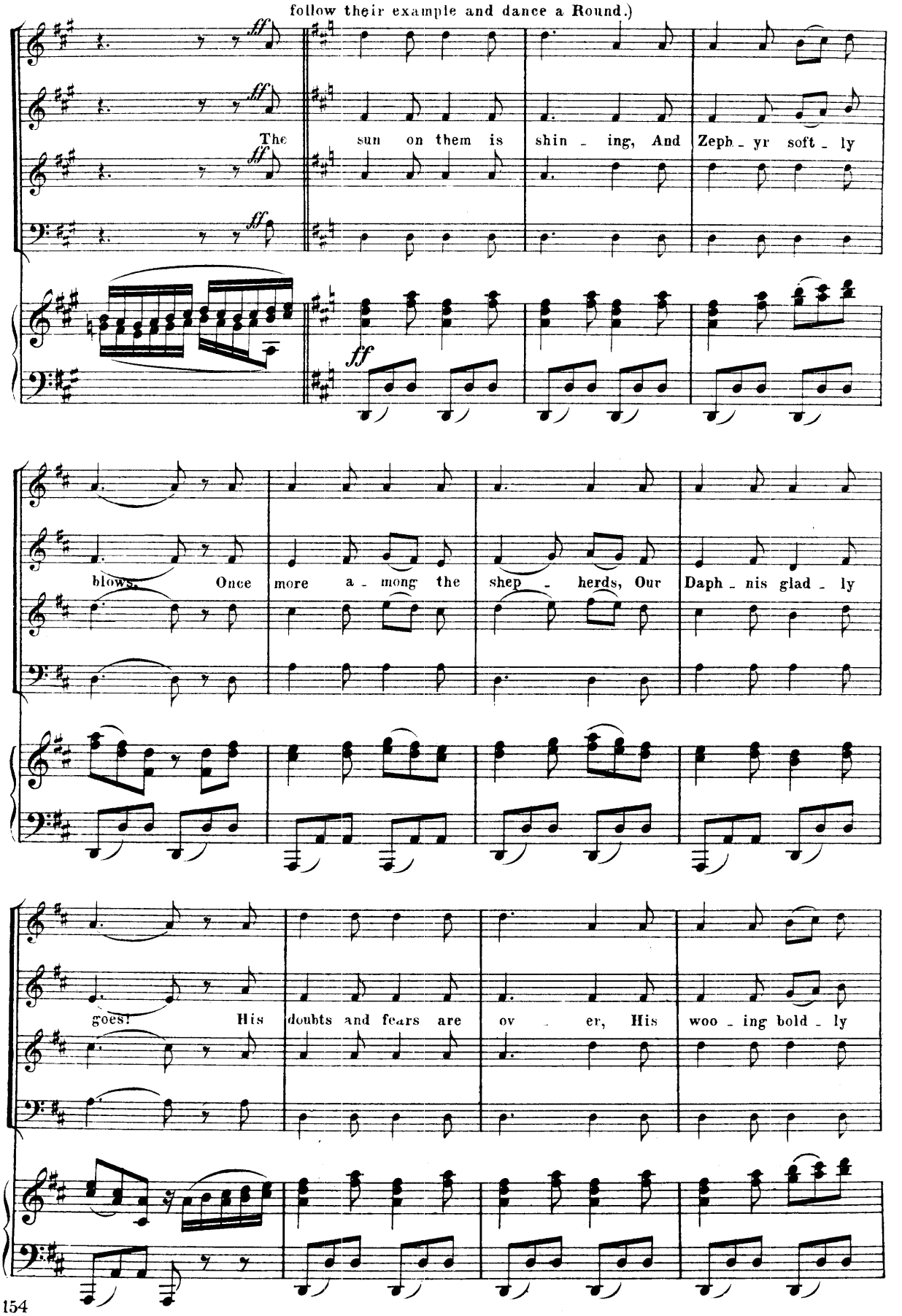

Larghetto. (Come prima.)
CHLOE.
day!
DAPHNIS
Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My
Larghetto. (Come prima.)
Be - hold a hap - py lov - er, My
Ch.
D
doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time
doubts and fears are ov - er, Now swift - ly let time
Ch.
D.
run, Till you and I are one, till you
run, Till you and I are one, till you
Ch.
D.
and I are one, till you and I are
and I are one, till you and I are

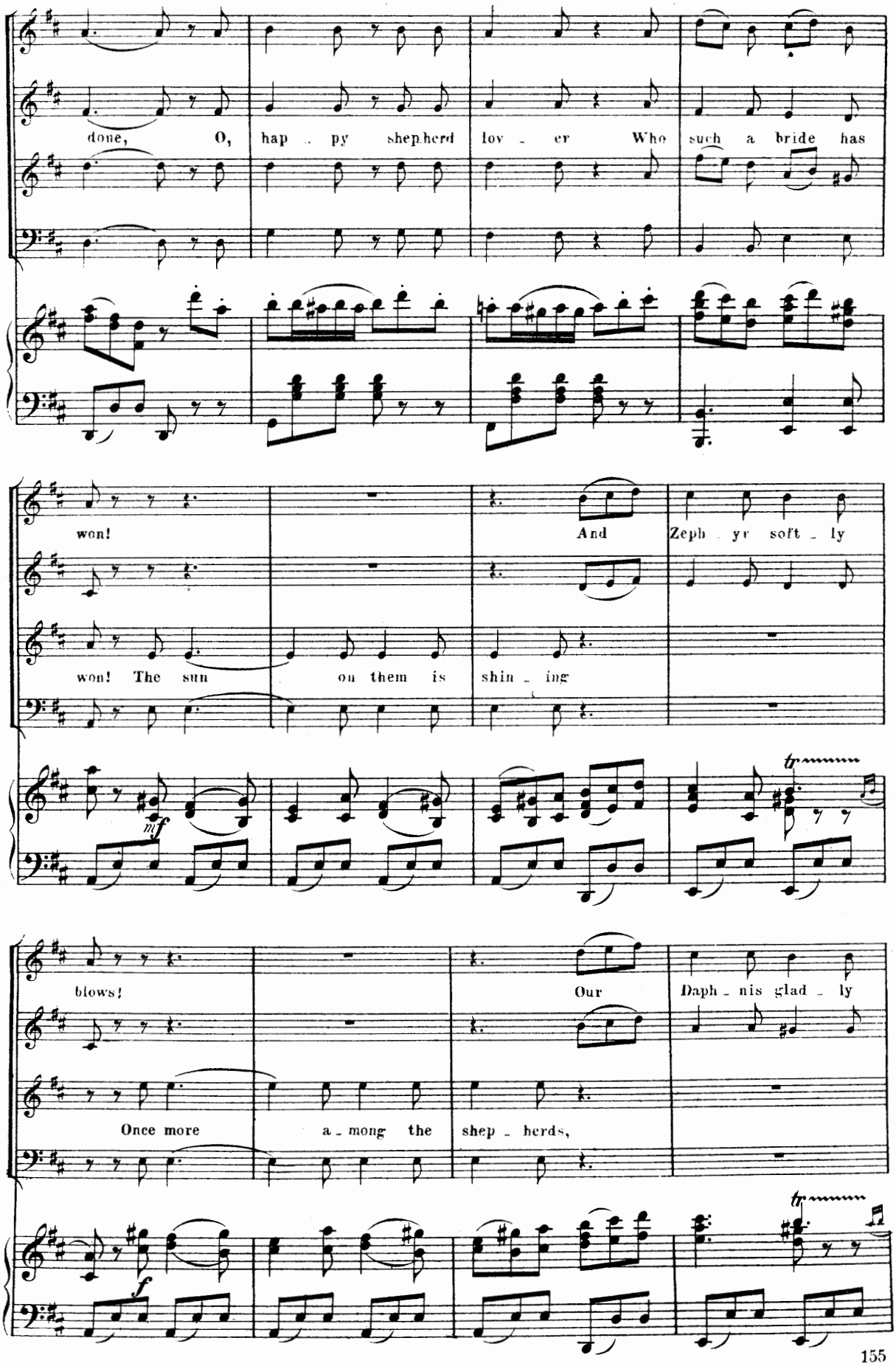

Un pochettino più vivo. (♩ = 116)
Ch.
one, are one!
D.
one, are one!
CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.
Un pochettino più vivo.
His doubts and fears are ov - - er And swift the hours will
Un pochettino più vivo.
run, Un - til this hap - py lov - er And his true maid are

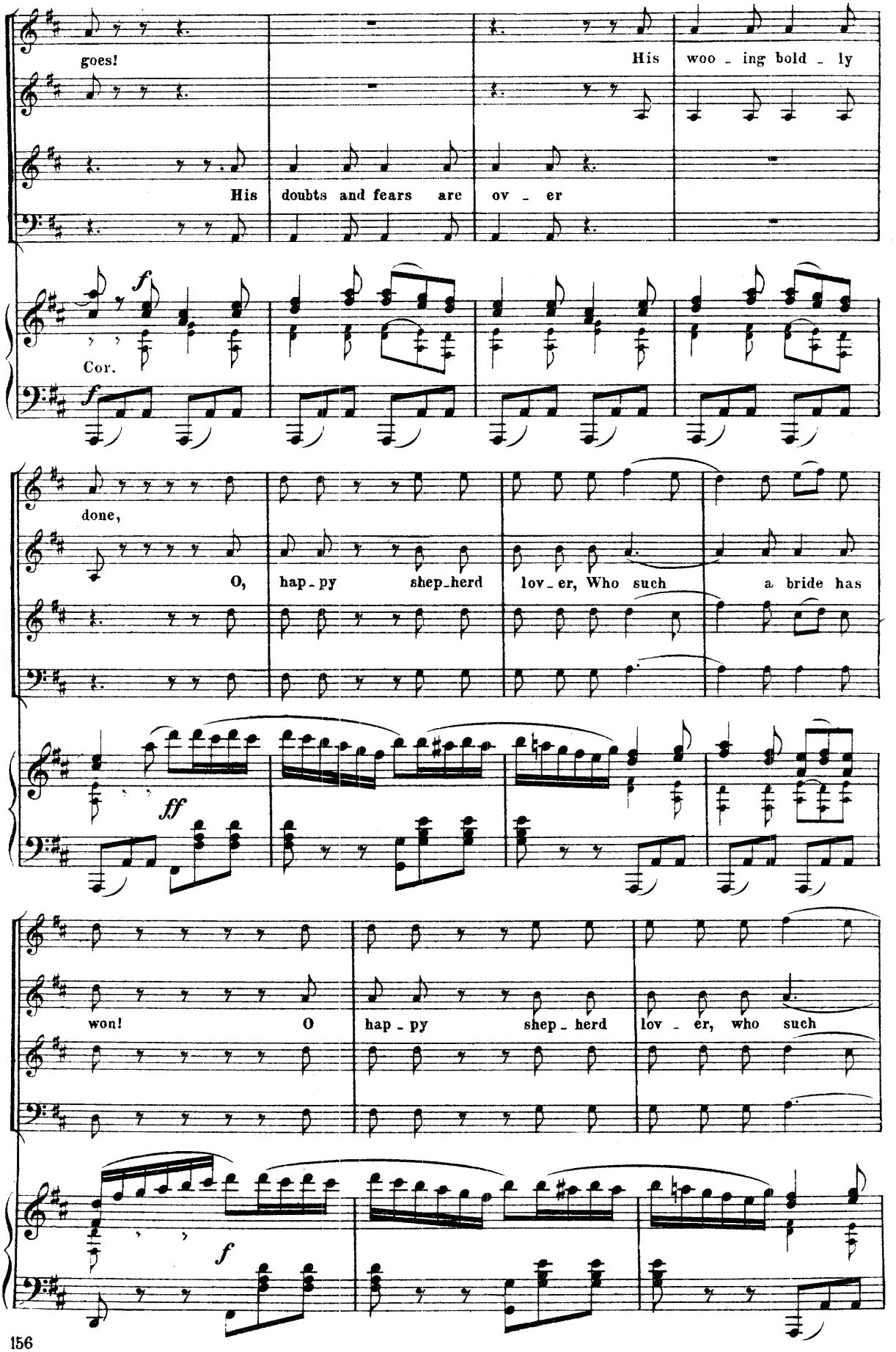

one, and his true maid are
one, and his true maid are
Più vivo. (♩ = 100)
(Enter Amor and Hymen who crown the happy pair.)
one!
Più vivo.
p
sf
p
p

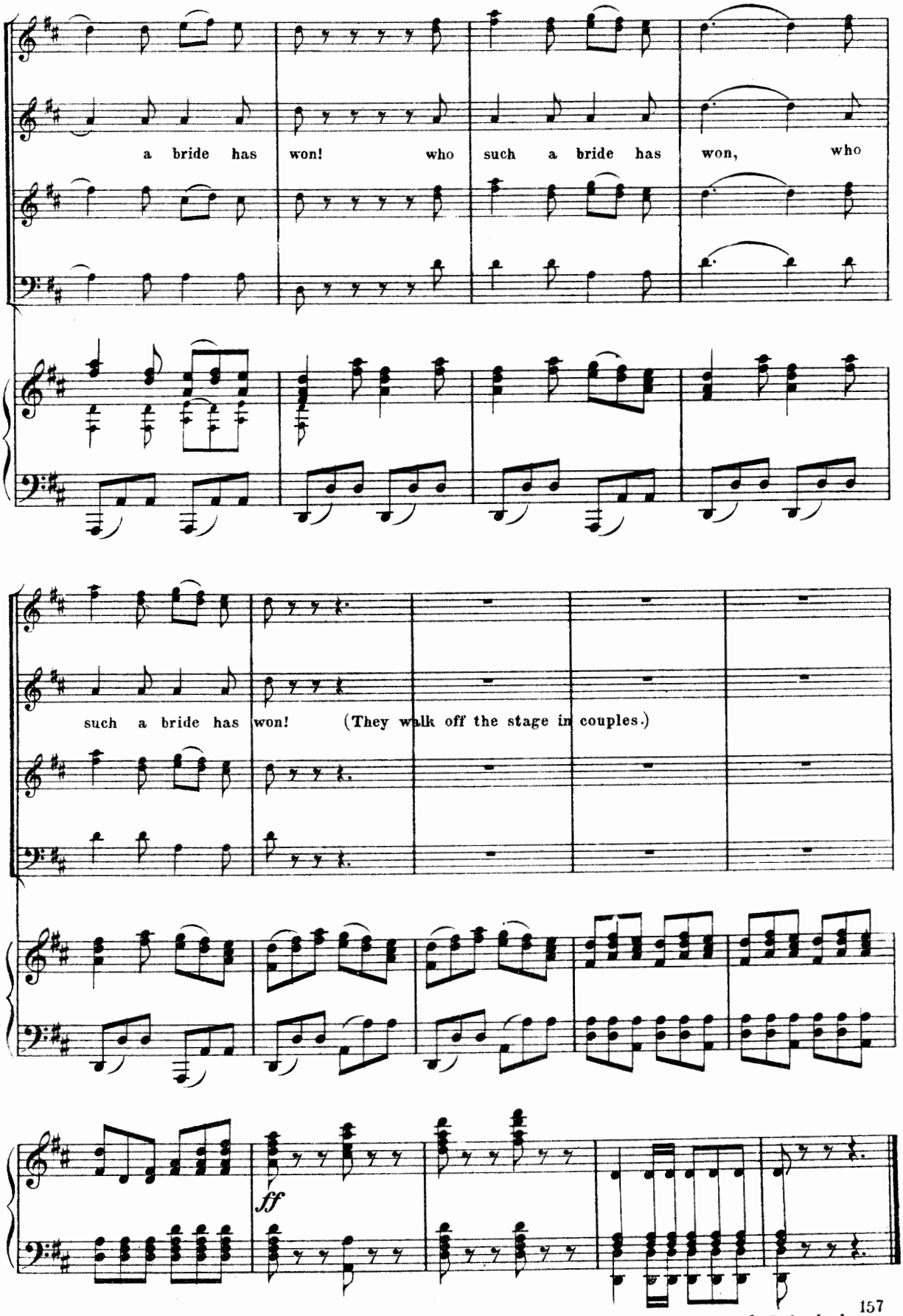

Poco più. (♩ = 112)
Allegro vivo.
Tempo del 1mo Coro.

(Chloë and Daphnis dance hand in hand. The Shepherds and Shepherdesses follow their example and dance a Round.)



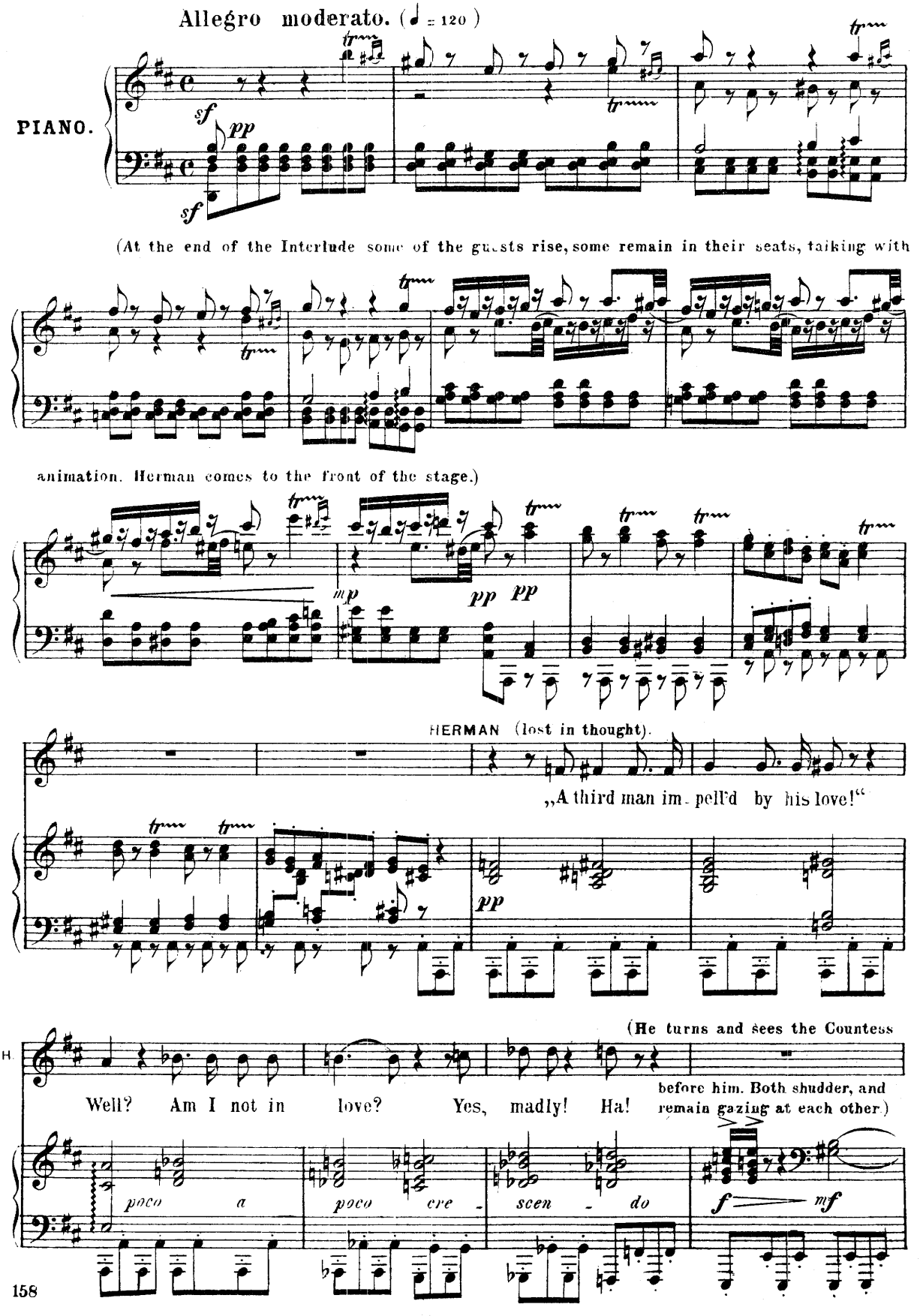

done, O, hap - py shepherd lov - er Who such a bride has
won!
And Zeph - yr soft - ly
won! The sun on them is shin - ing
mf
tr
blows!
Our Daph - nis glad - ly
Once more a - mong the shep - herds,
f
tr

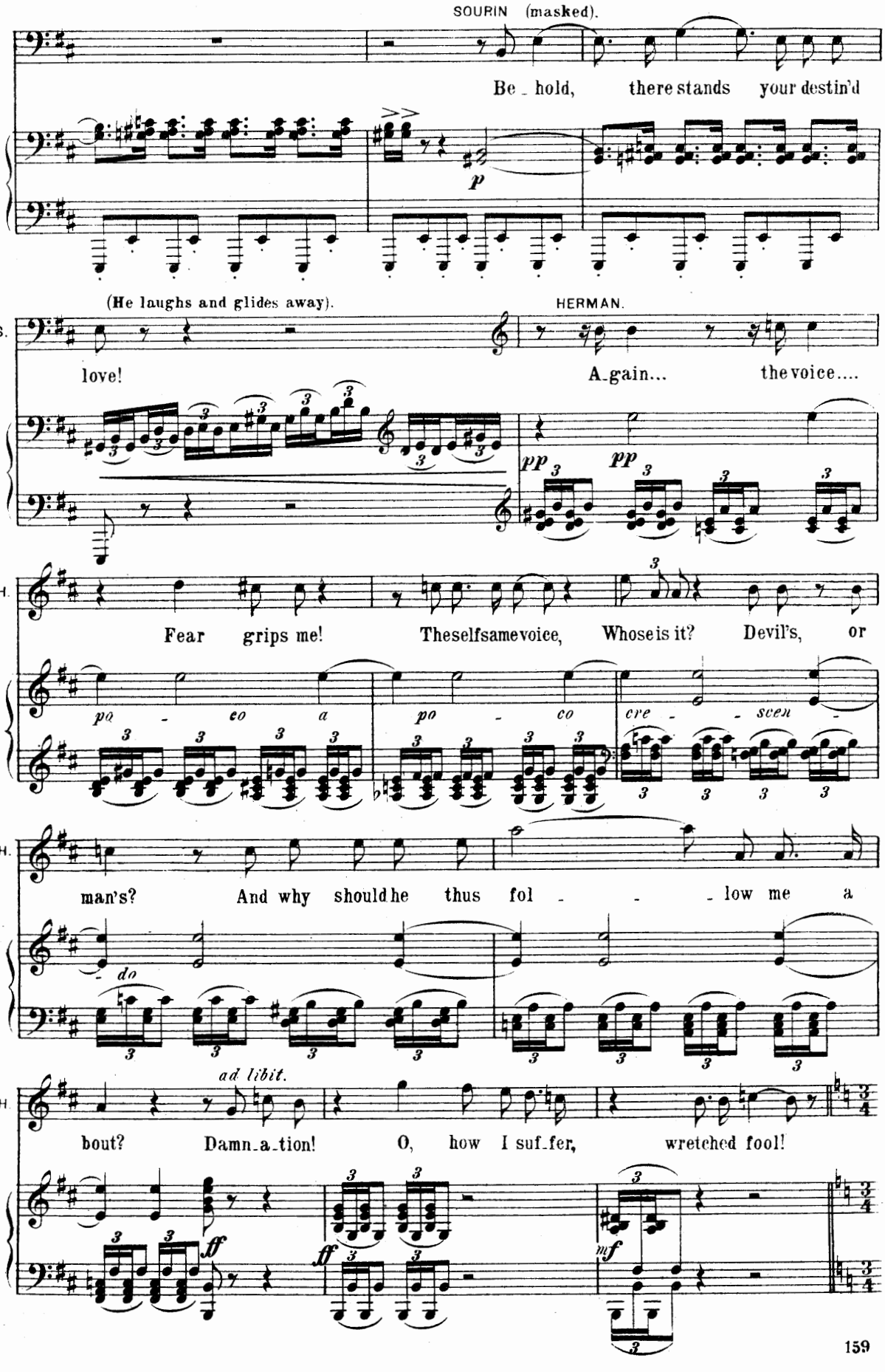

goes!
His woo - ing bold - ly
His doubts and fears are ov - er
f
Cor.
f
done,
O, hap - py shep - herd lov - er, Who such a bride has
ff
won! O hap - py shep - herd lov - er, who such
f

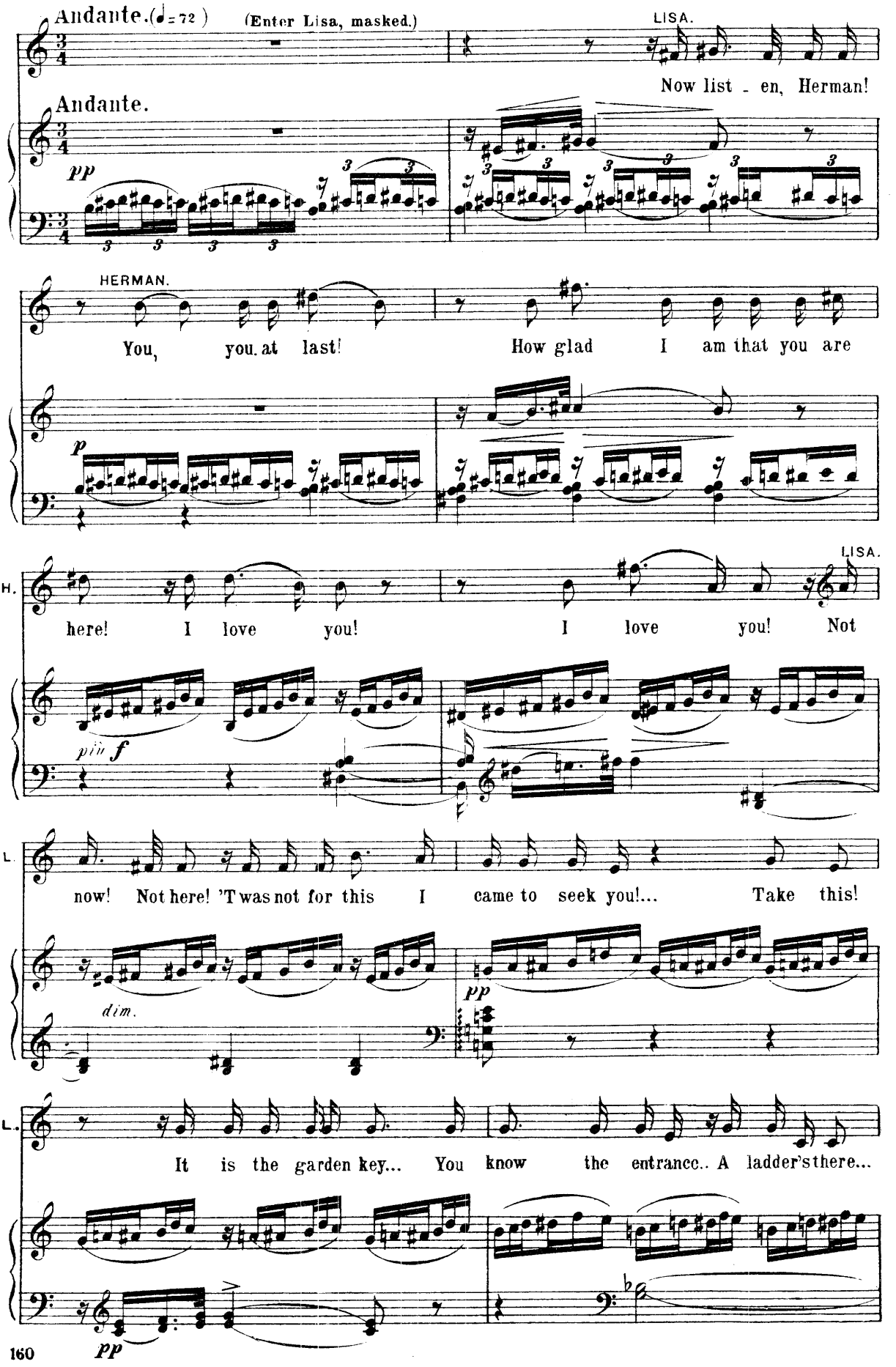


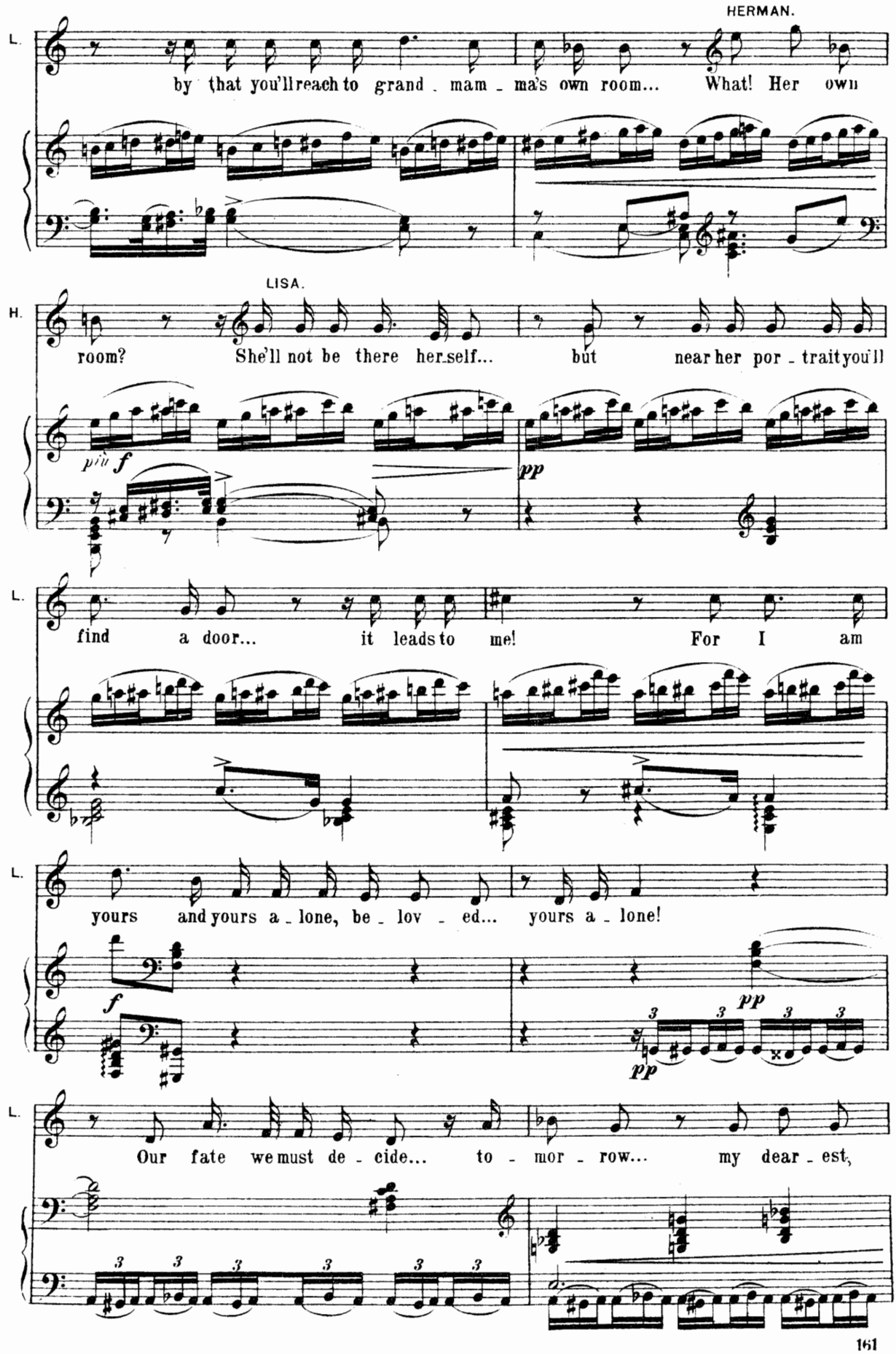
End of Interlude

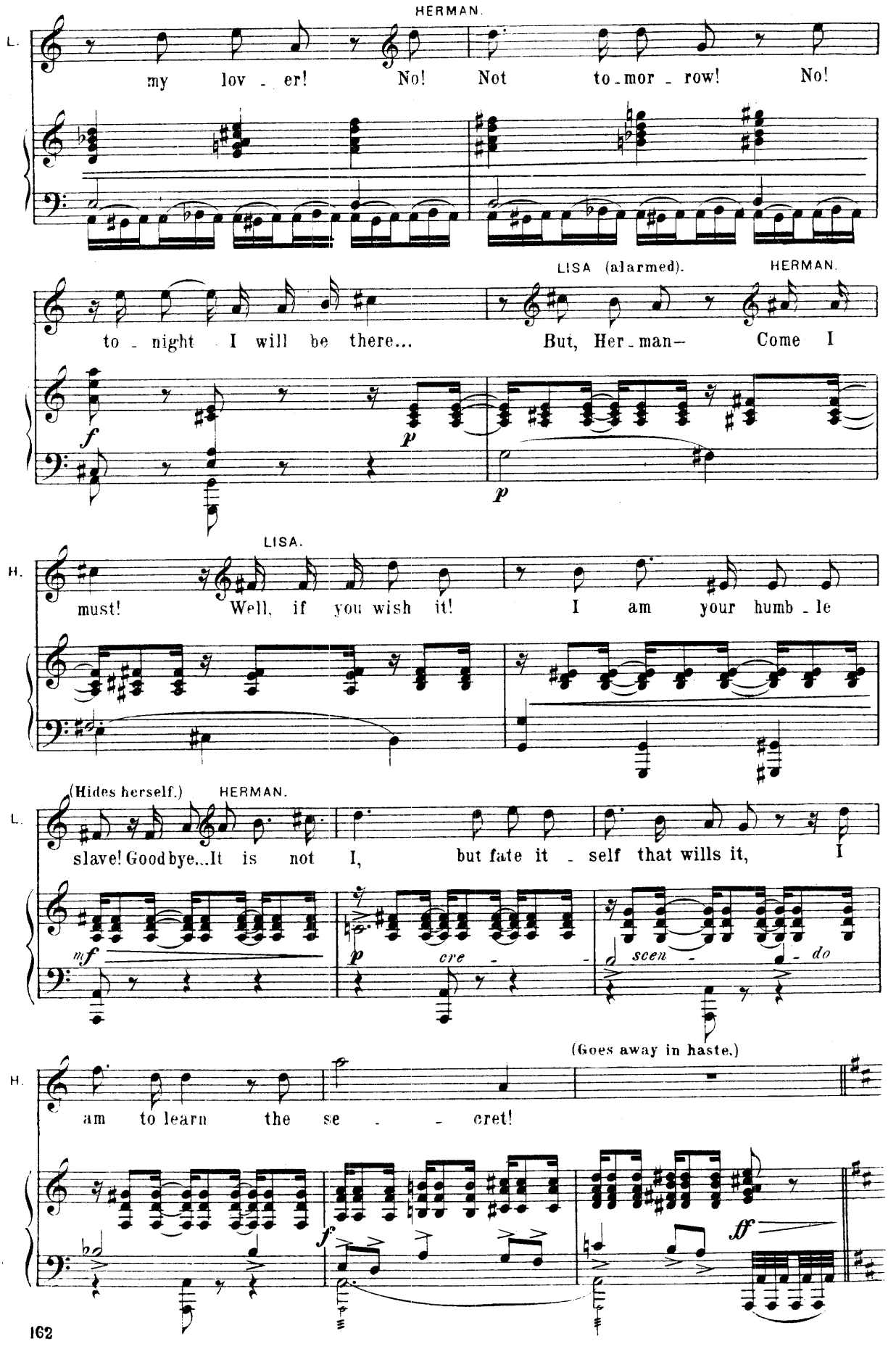
№ 15. Closing scene.

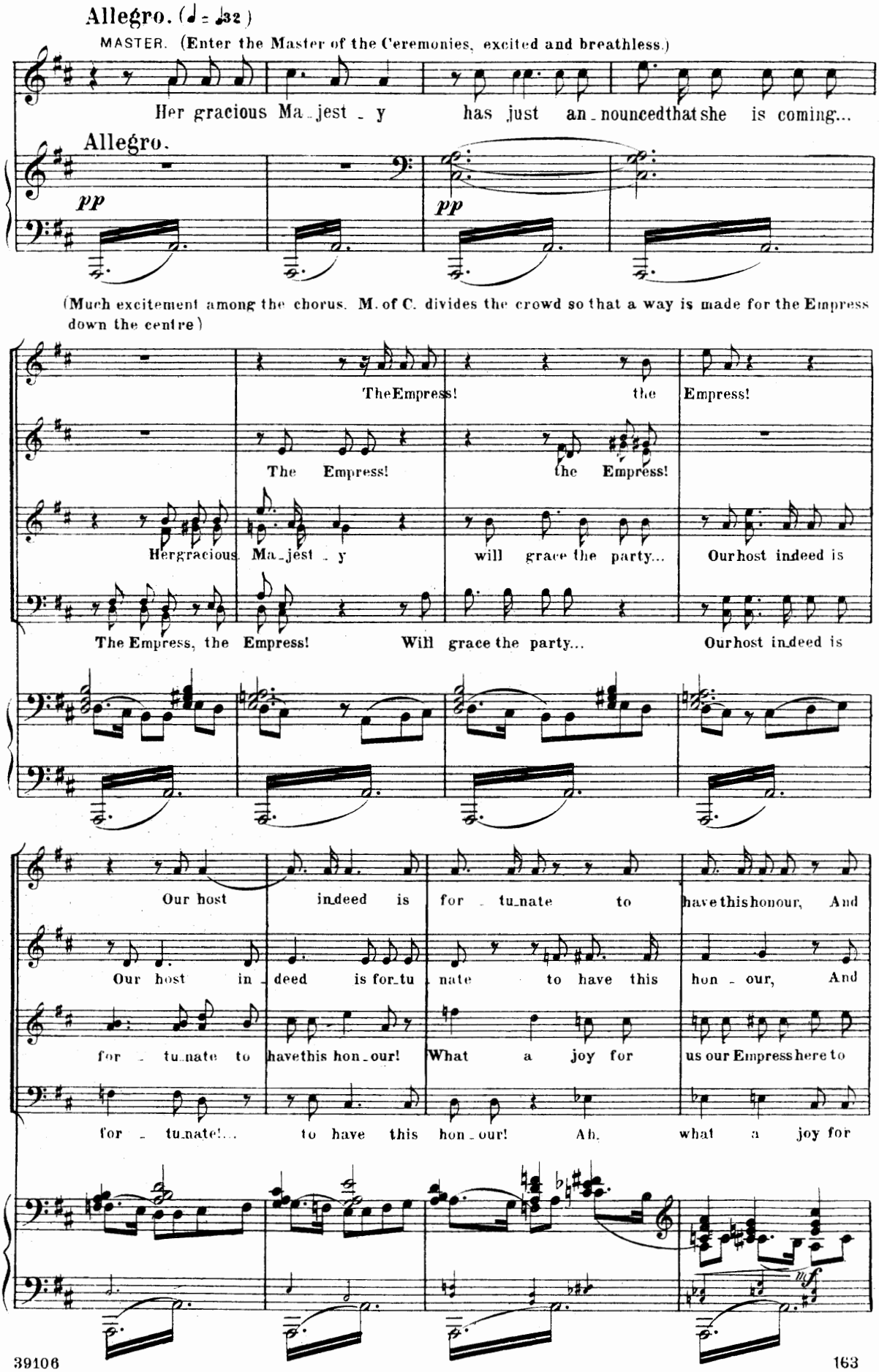


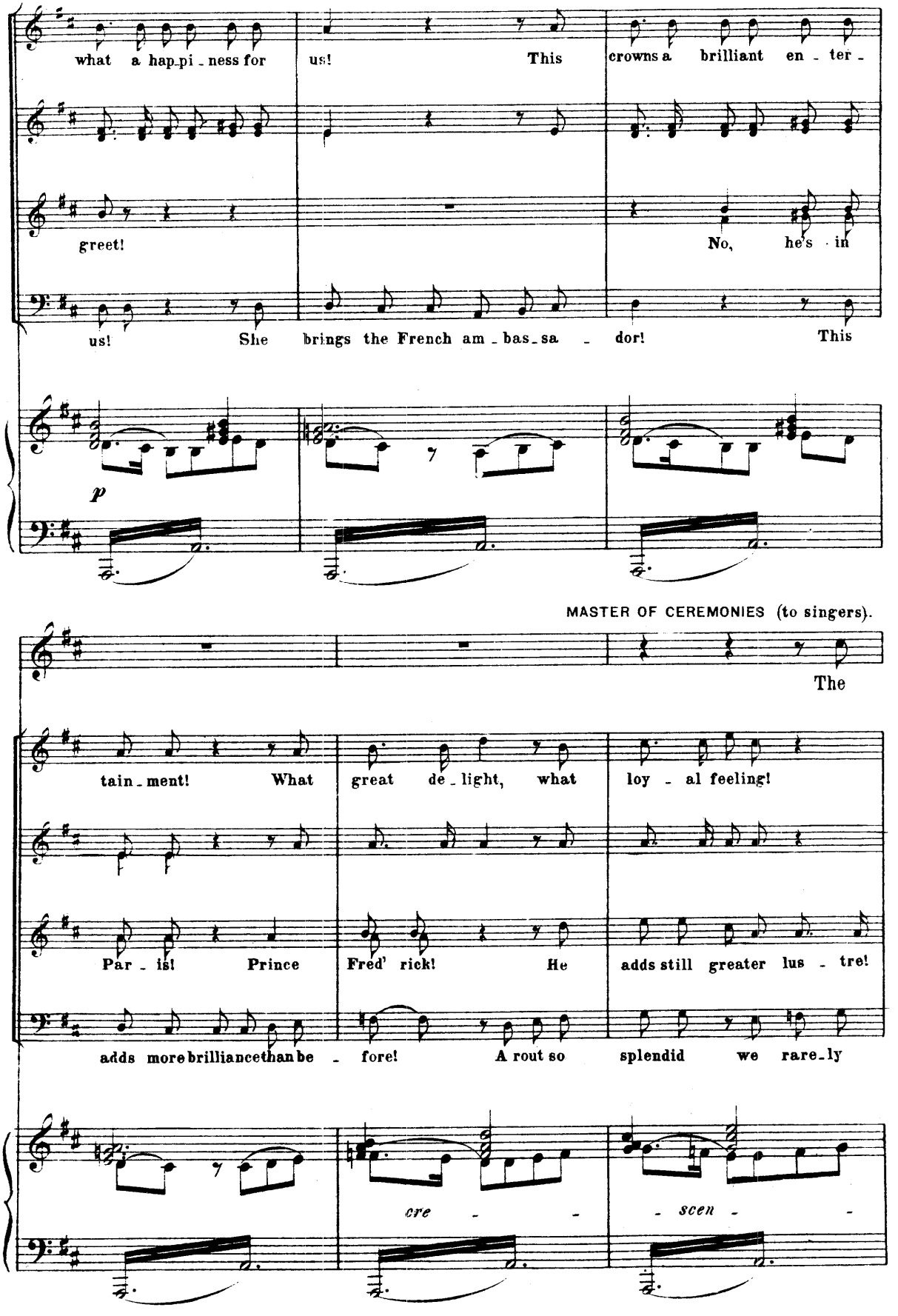

SOURIN (masked).
Be_hold, there stands your destin'd
p
(He laughs and glides away).
HERMAN.
S.
love!
A_gain... the voice....
pp
pp
H.
Fear grips me! Theselfsamevoice, Whoseis it? Devil's, or
po - eo a po - co cre - - scen -
H.
man's? And why shouldhe thus fol - - - low me a
do
H.
ad libit.
bout? Damn_a_tion! O, how I suf_fer, wretched fool!
ff
ff
mf
3/4
3/4

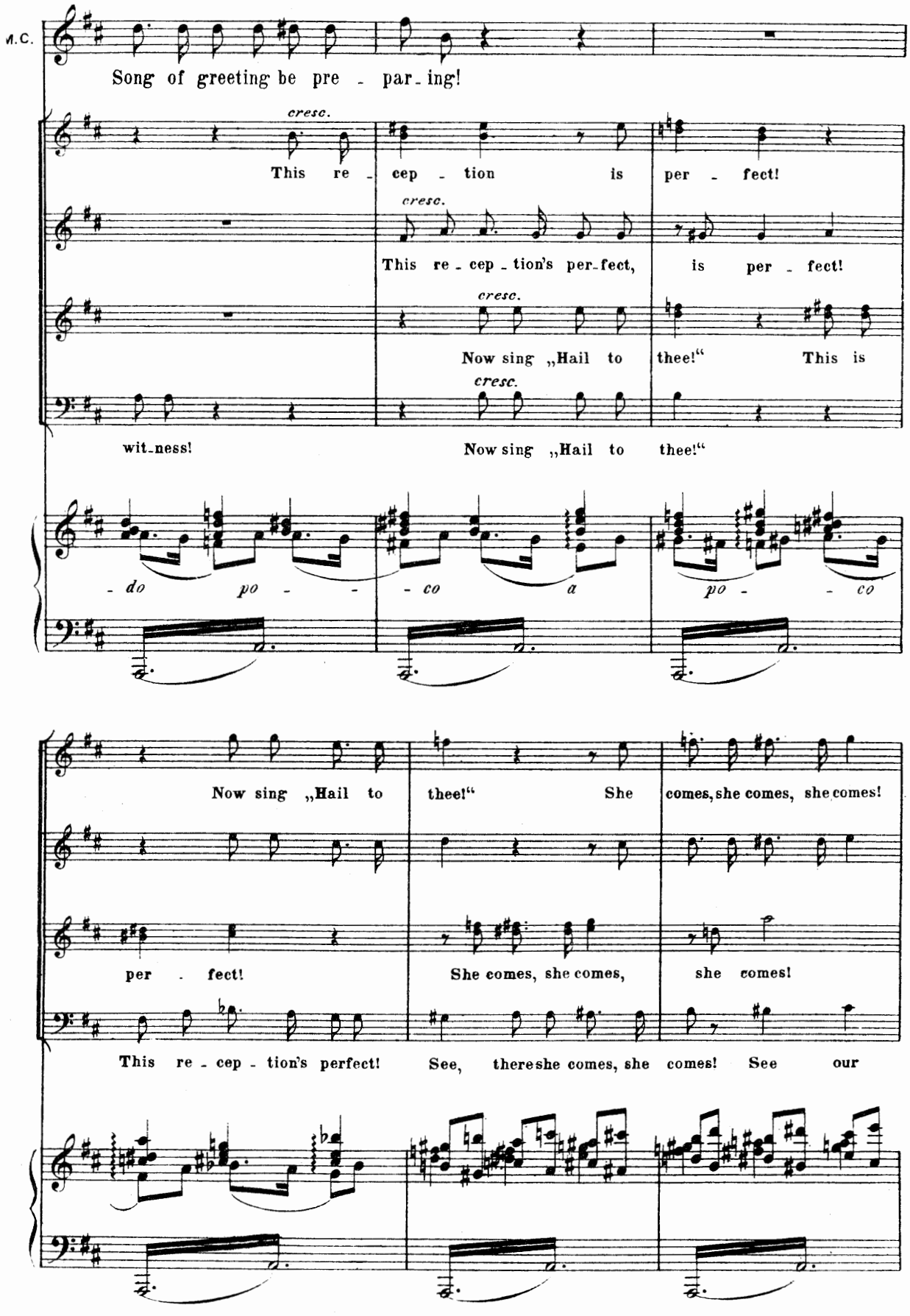

Andante.(♩= 72)
(Enter Lisa, masked.)
LISA.
Now list - en, Herman!
Andante.
pp
HERMAN.
You, you. at last! How glad I am that you are
p
LISA.
H.
here! I love you! I love you! Not
pin f
L.
now! Not here! 'T was not for this I came to seek you!... Take this!
dim.
pp
L.
It is the garden key... You know the entrance.. A ladder's there...
pp

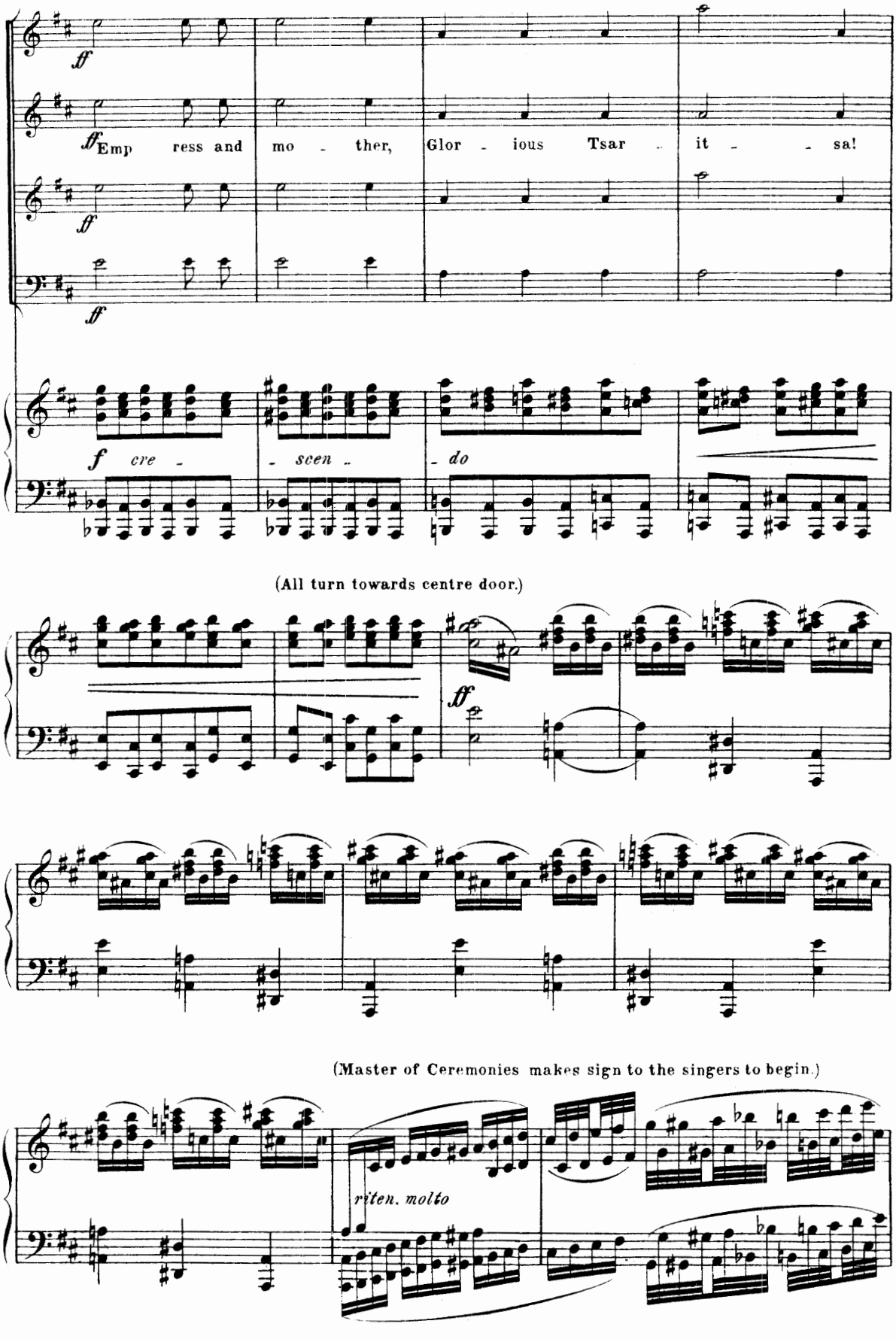

HERMAN.
L.
by that you'll reach to grand - mam - ma's own room... What! Her own
LISA.
H.
room? She'll not be there her self... but near her por - trait you'll
più f
pp
L.
find a door... it leads to me! For I am
L.
yours and yours a - lone, be - lov - ed... yours a - lone!
f
pp
pp
L.
Our fate we must de - cide... to - mor - row... my dear - est,

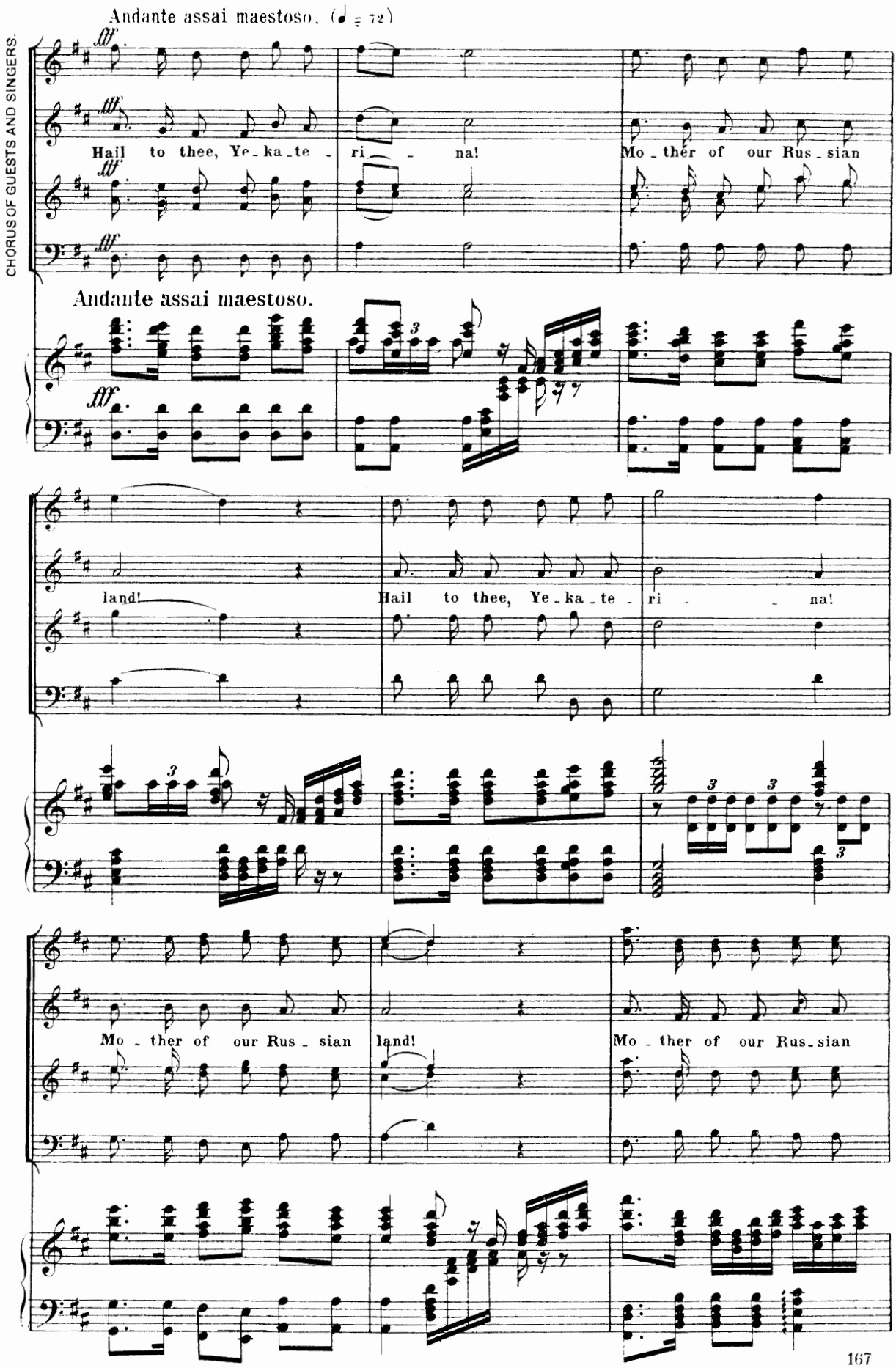

HERMAN.
L.
my lov - er! No! Not to-mor - row! No!
LISA (alarmed).
HERMAN.
to - night I will be there... But, Her - man— Come I
f
p
p
LISA.
H.
must! Well, if you wish it! I am your humb - le
(Hides herself.)
HERMAN.
L.
slave! Good bye...It is not I, but fate it - self that wills it, I
mf
p
cre - scen - do
(Goes away in haste.)
H.
am to learn the se - - cret!
f
ff


Allegro. (♩ = ♩32)
MASTER. (Enter the Master of the Ceremonies, excited and breathless.)
Her gracious Ma_jest_y has just an_nounced that she is coming...
Allegro.
pp
pp
(Much excitement among the chorus. M. of C. divides the crowd so that a way is made for the Empress down the centre)
CHORUS OF GUESTS.
The Empress! the Empress!
The Empress! the Empress!
Her gracious Ma_jest_y will grace the party... Our host indeed is
The Empress, the Empress! Will grace the party... Our host indeed is
Our host indeed is for_tu_nate to have this honour, And
Our host in_deed is for_tu_nate to have this hon_our, And
for_tu_nate to have this hon_our! What a joy for us our Empress here to
for_tu_nate!... to have this hon_our! Ah, what a joy for
mf

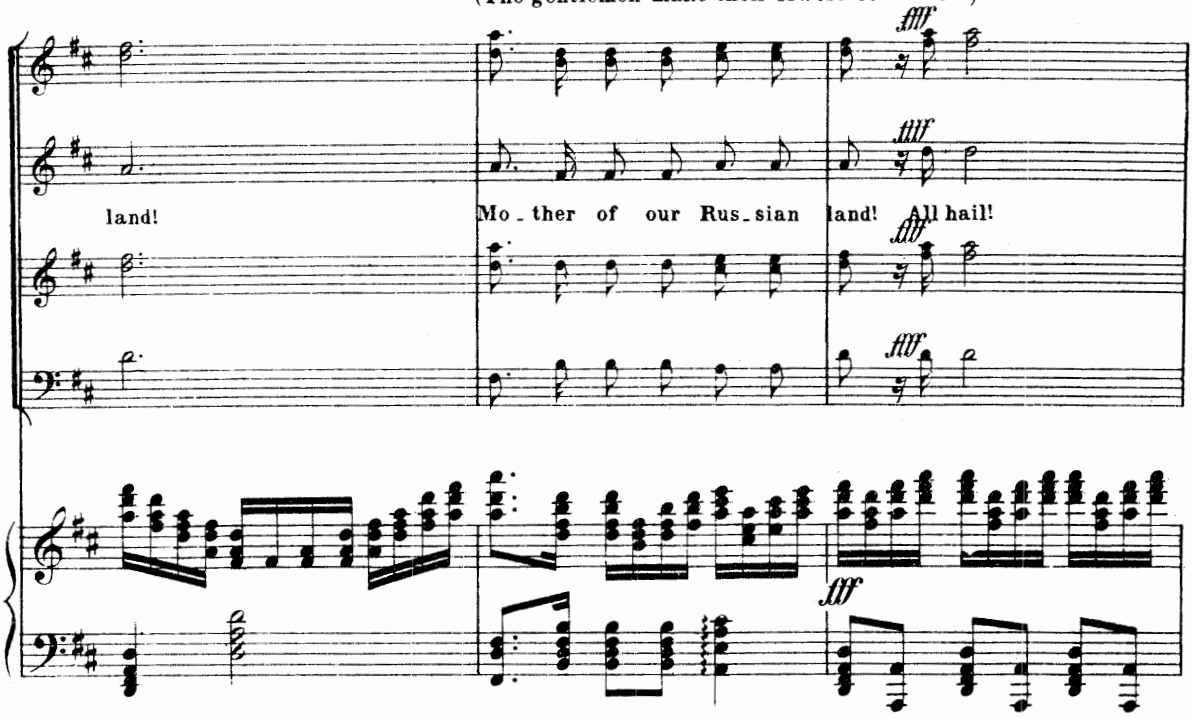

what a hap_pi_ness for us! This crowns a brilliant en_ter_
greet! No, he's in
us! She brings the French am_bas_sa_dor! This
p
MASTER OF CEREMONIES (to singers).
The
tain_ment! What great de_light, what loy_al feeling!
Par_is! Prince Fred' rick! He adds still greater lus_tre!
adds more brilliance than be_fore! A rout so splendid we rare_ly
cre_ scen_


M.C.
Song of greeting be pre - par-ing!
cresc.
This re - cep - tion is per - fect!
cresc.
This re - cep - tion's per-fect, is per - fect!
cresc.
Now sing „Hail to thee!“ This is
cresc.
wit-ness! Now sing „Hail to thee!“
- do po - - - co a po - - co
Now sing „Hail to thee!“ She comes, she comes, she comes!
per - fect! She comes, she comes, she comes!
This re - cep - tion's perfect! See, there she comes, she comes! See our

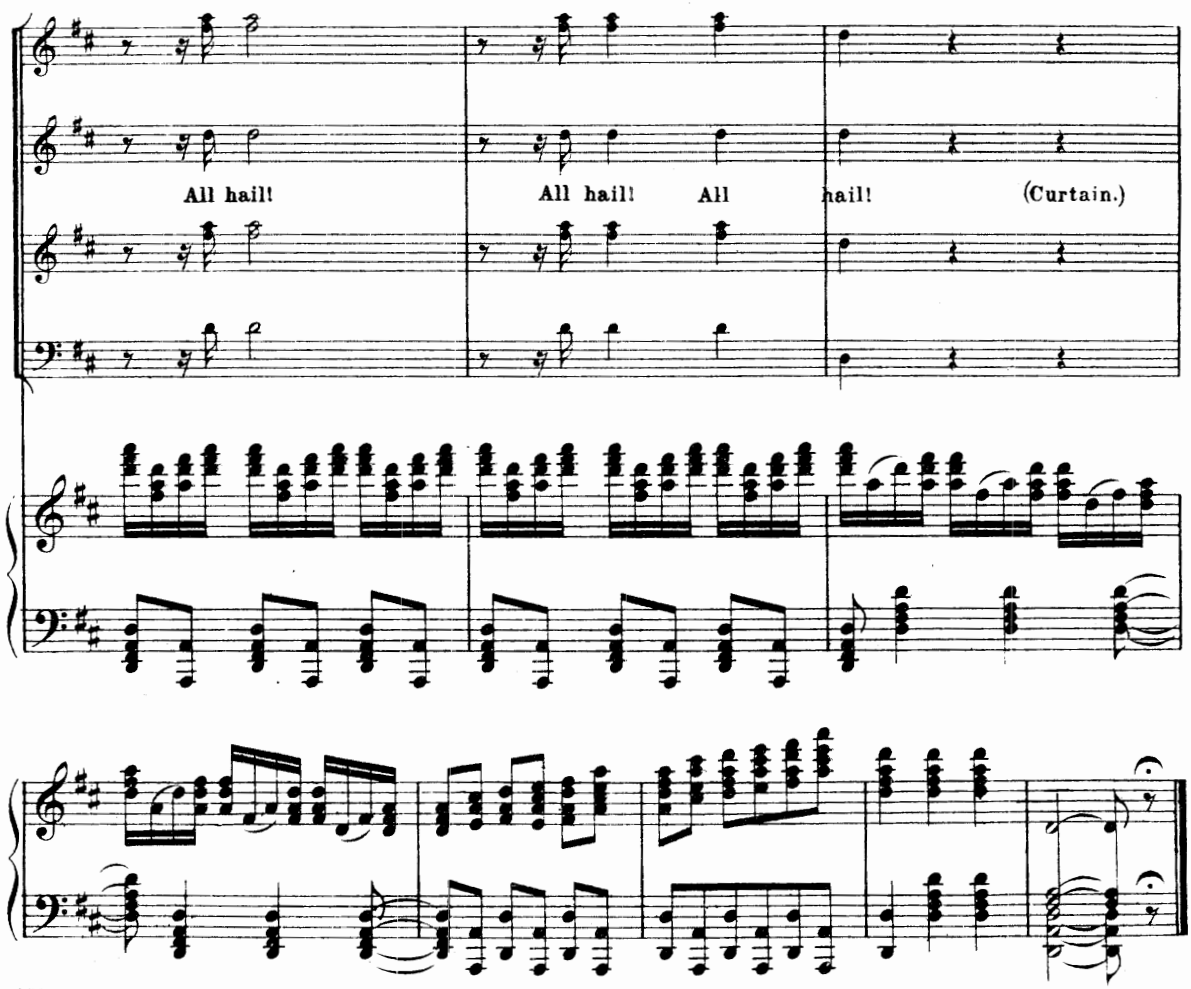

ff
ff Emp ress and mo - ther, Glor - ious Tsar - it - - sa!
ff
ff
f cre - scen - do
(All turn towards centre door.)
ff
(Master of Ceremonies makes sign to the singers to begin.)
riten. molto


Andante assai maestoso. (♩ = 72)
CHORUS OF GUESTS AND SINGERS
fff
Hail to thee, Ye-ka-te-ri-na!
Mo-ther of our Rus-sian
Andante assai maestoso.
land!
Hail to thee, Ye-ka-te-ri-na!
Mo-ther of our Rus-sian
land!
Mo-ther of our Rus-sian

(The gentlemen make their lowest court bow.)



(The ladies make a profound curtsey.) (Enter pages, two and two.)

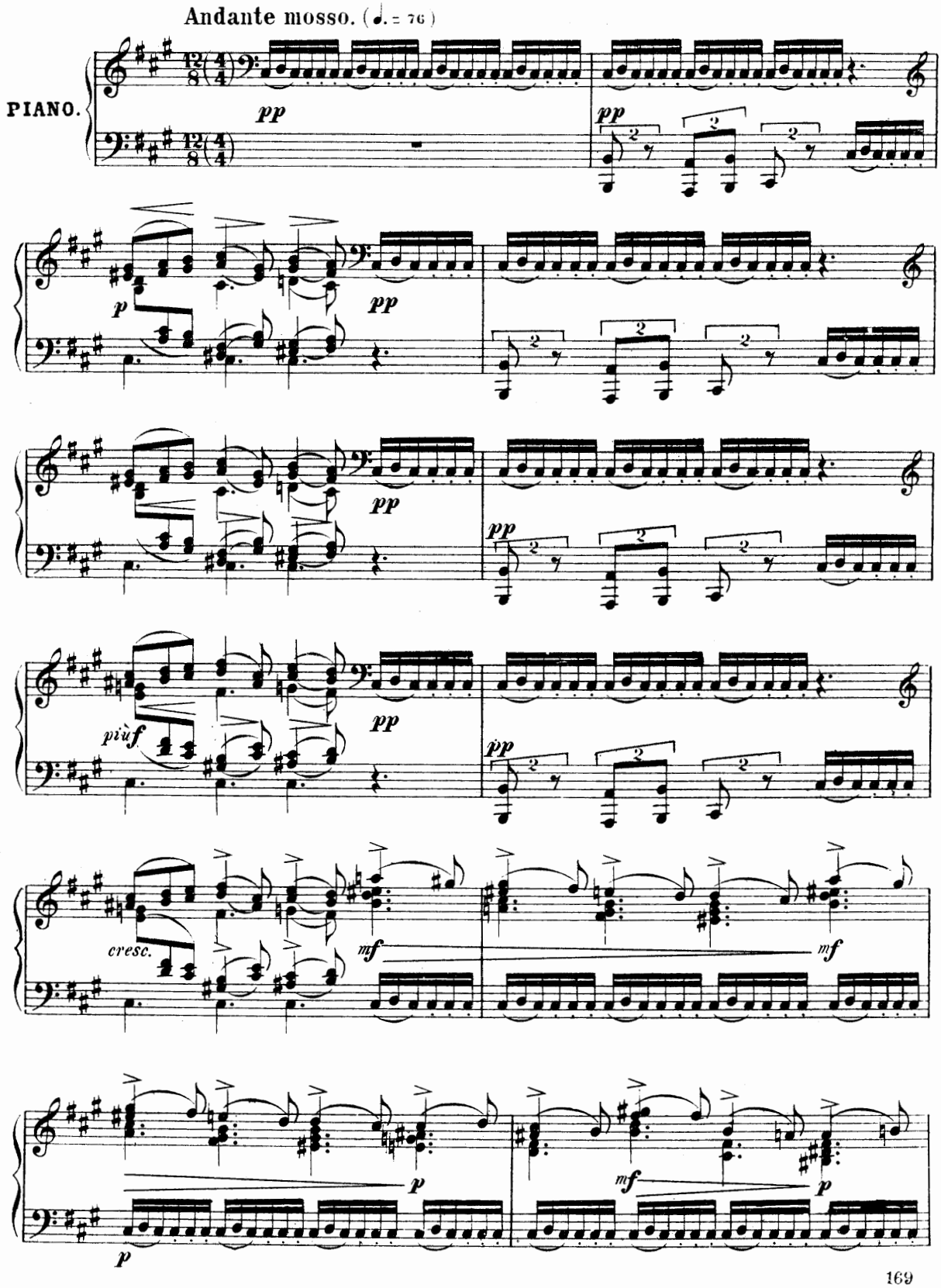


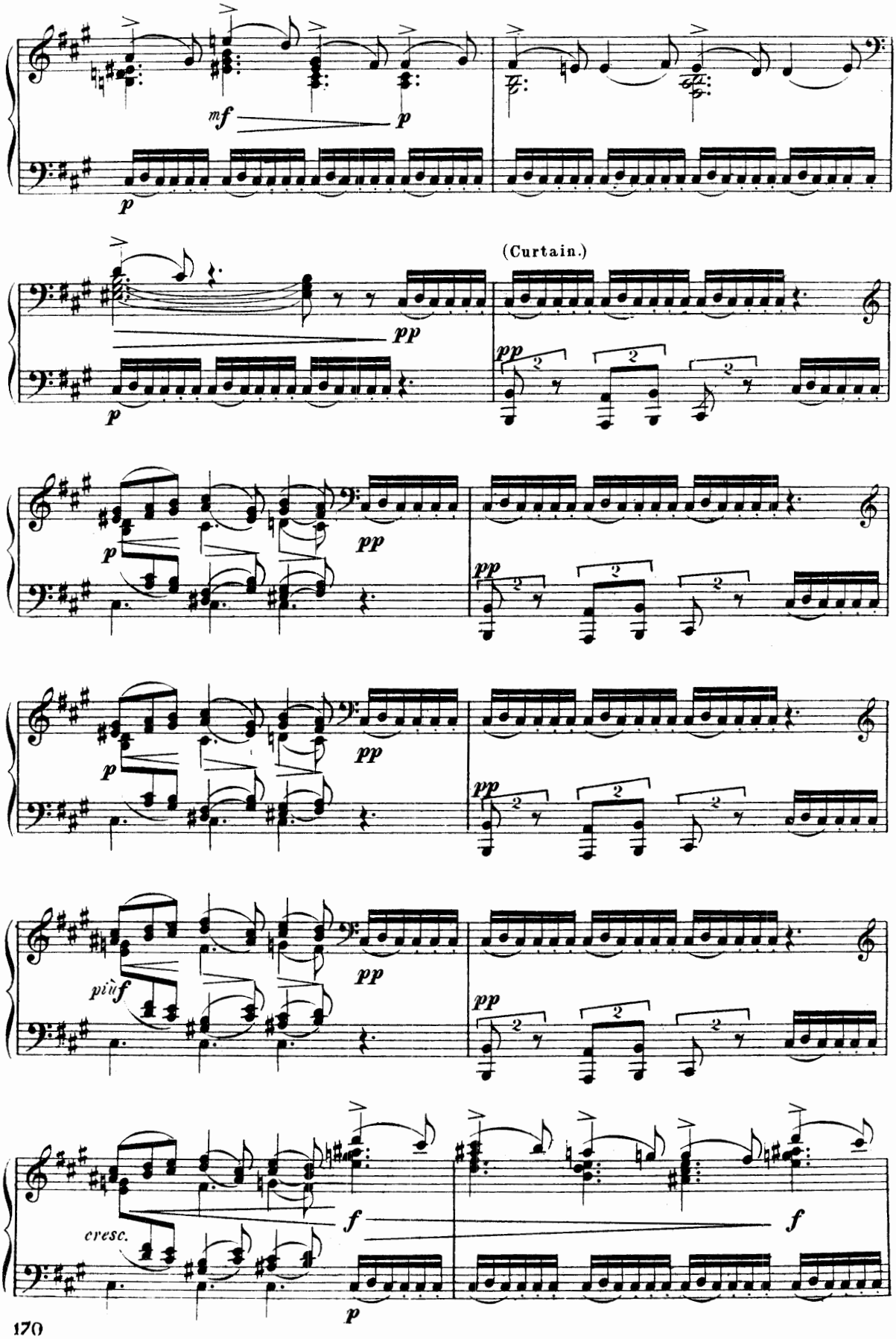
End of Third Scene.

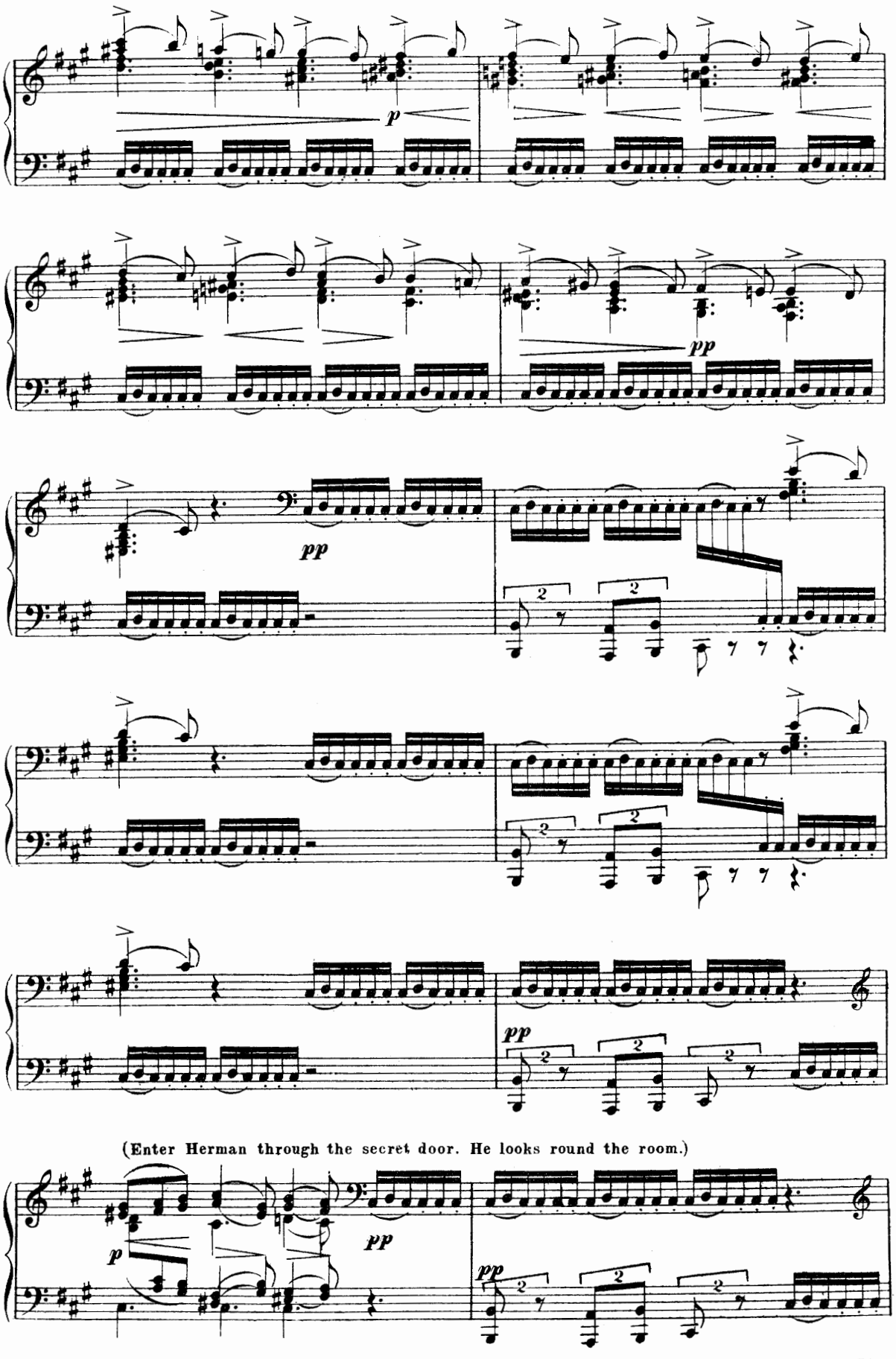
SCENE IV.

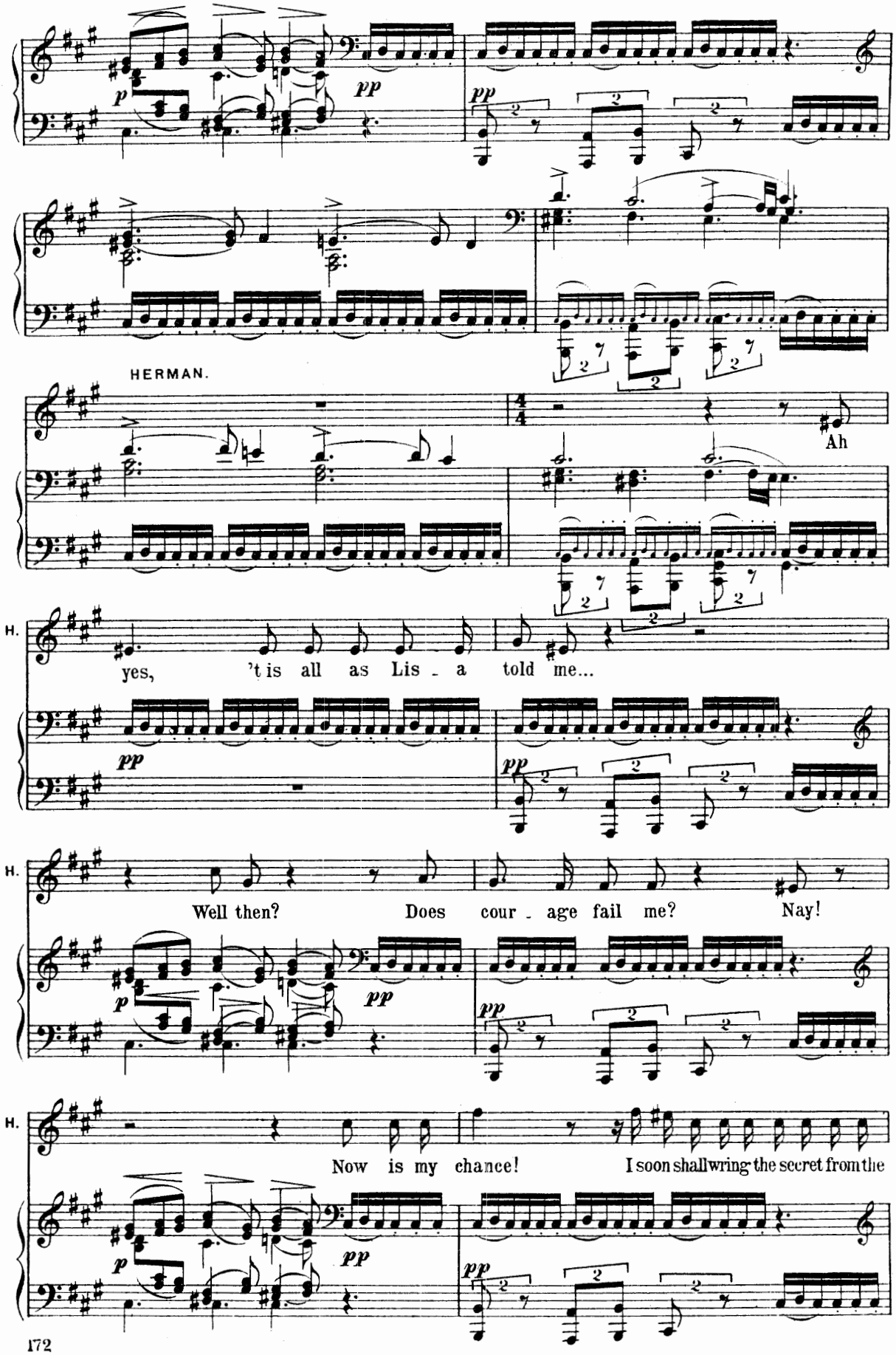
The Countess's bedroom, lit with lamps.

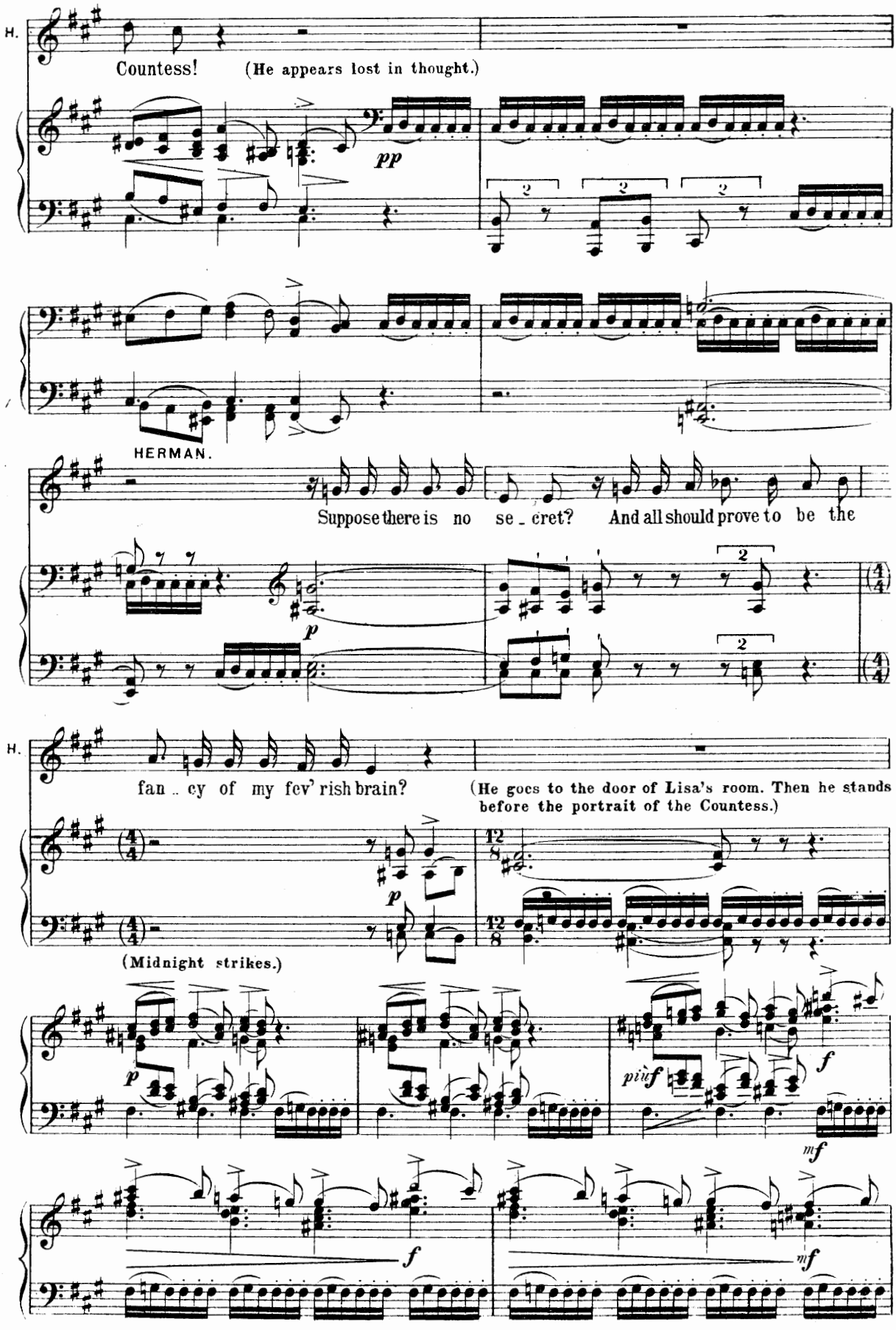
№ 16. Scene and Chorus.

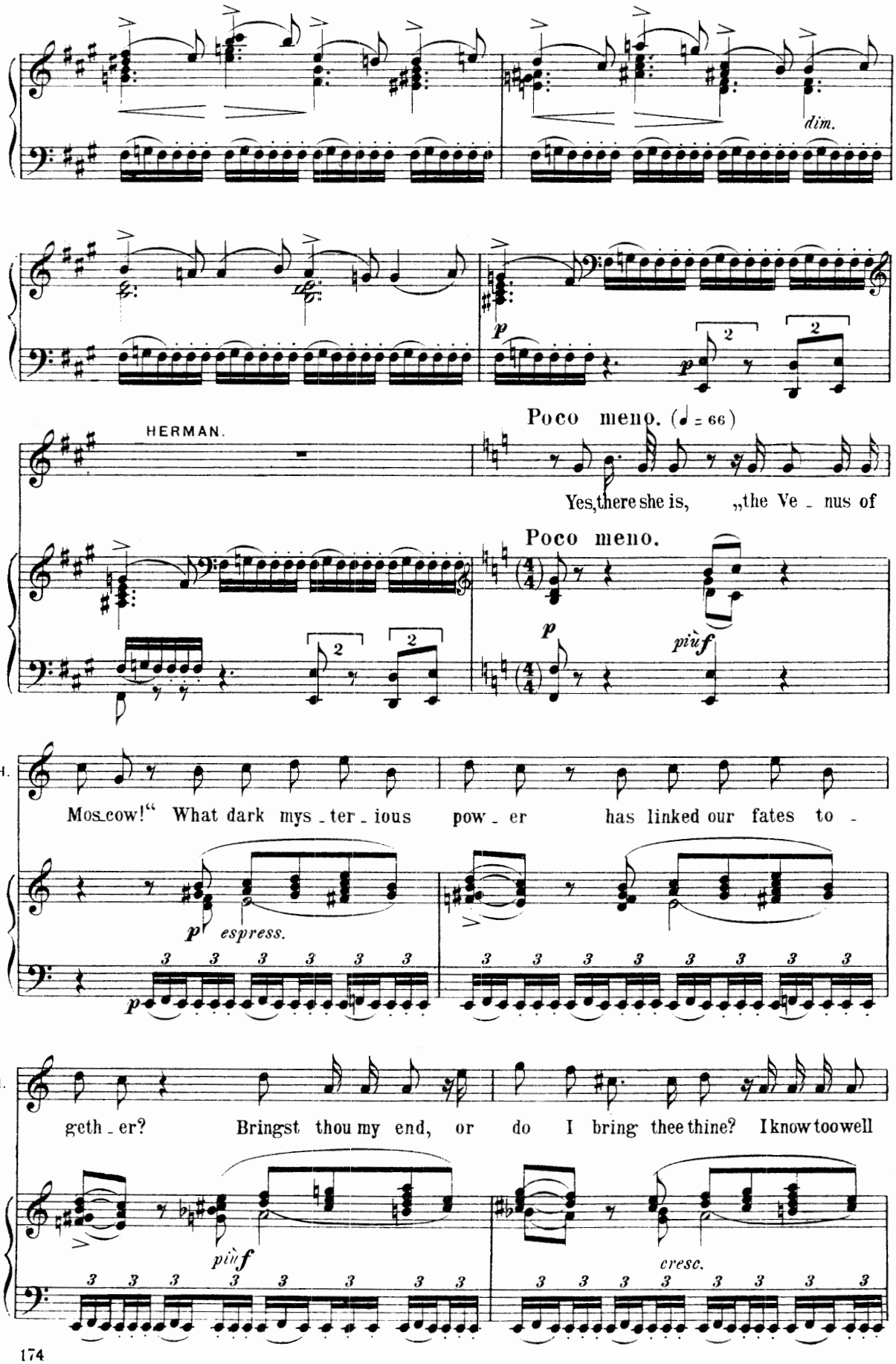


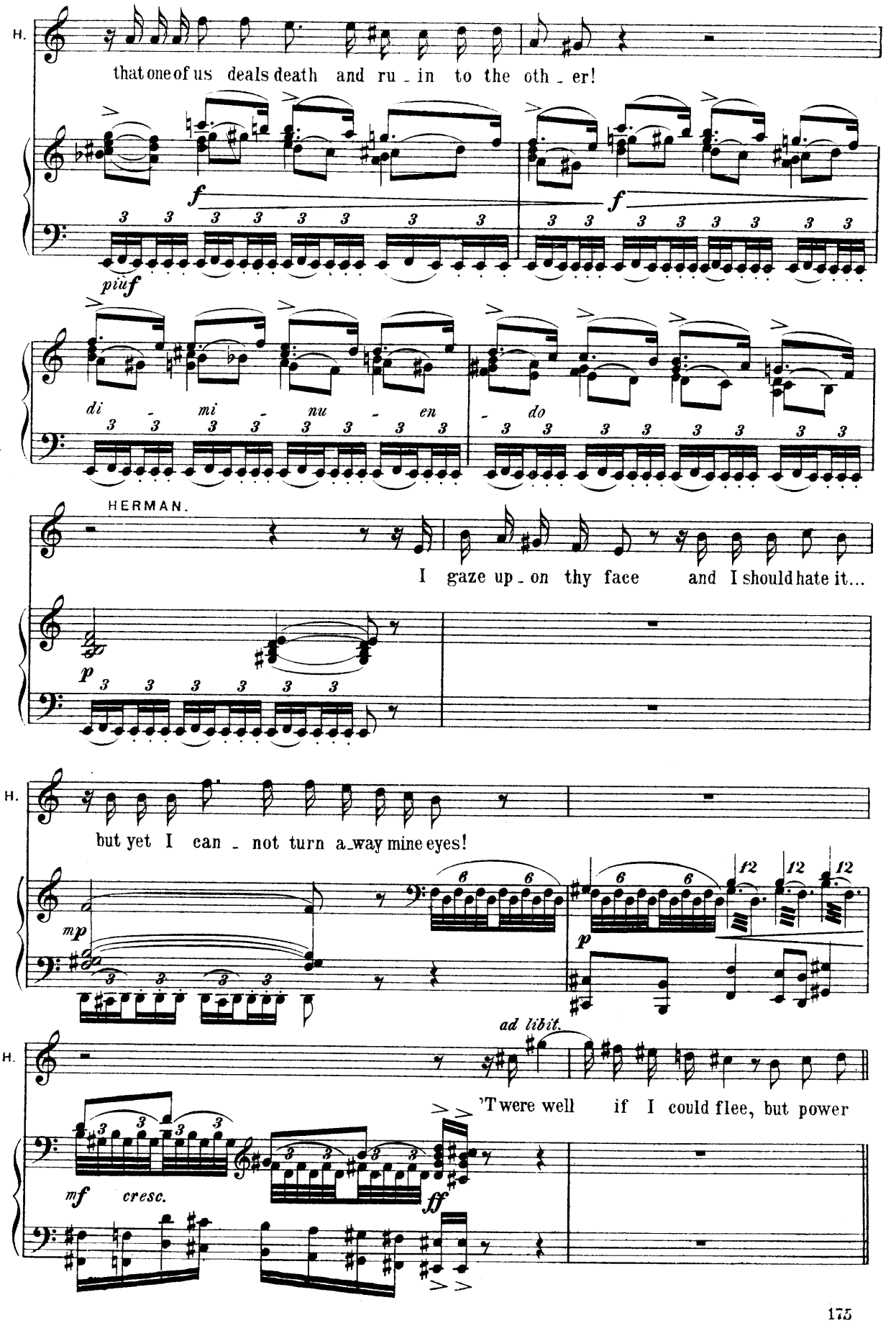

mf
p
p
(Curtain.)
pp
p
pp
p
pp
pp
p
pp
pp
più f
pp
pp
cresc.
f
f
p

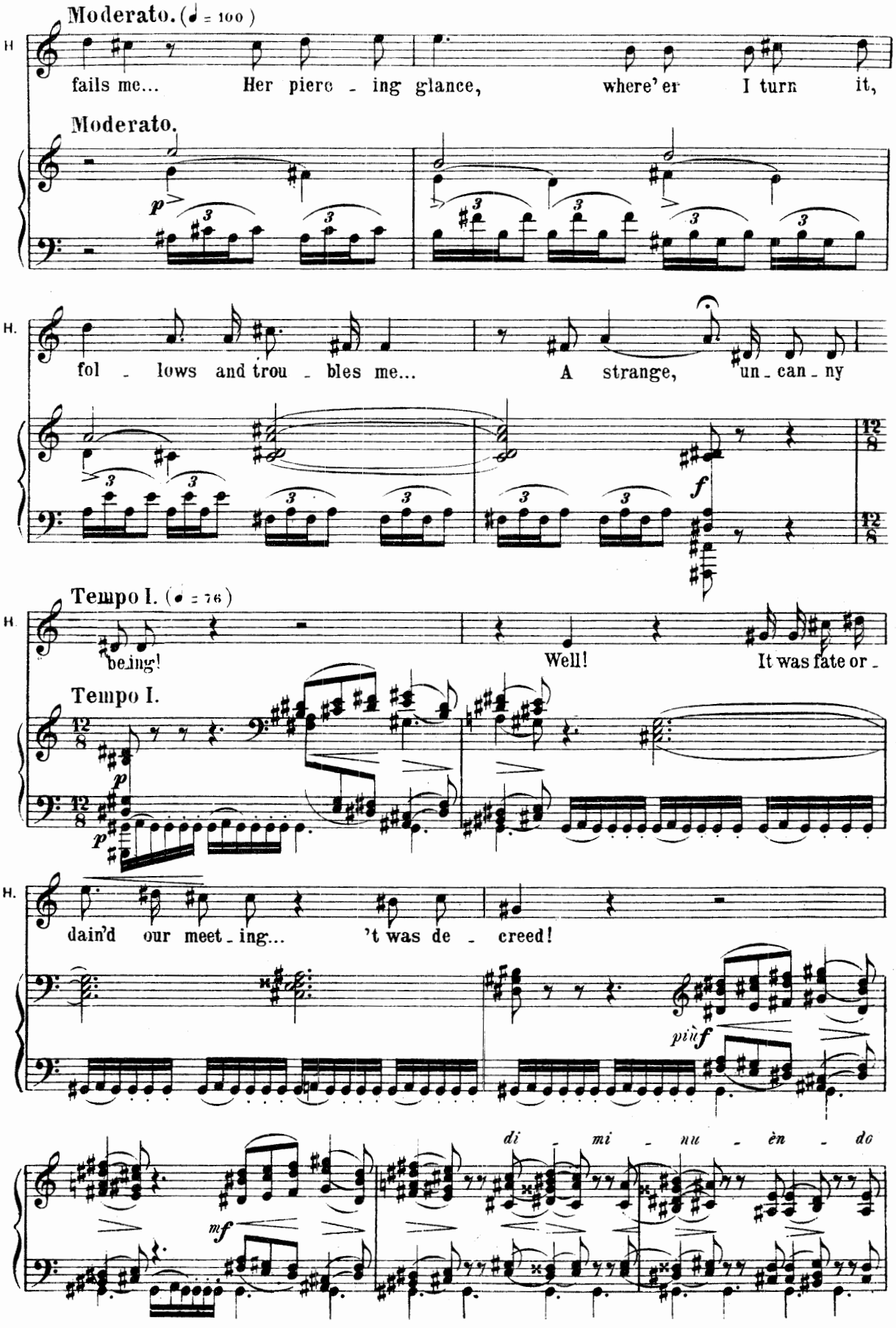

p
pp
pp
pp
(Enter Herman through the secret door. He looks round the room.)
p
pp
pp

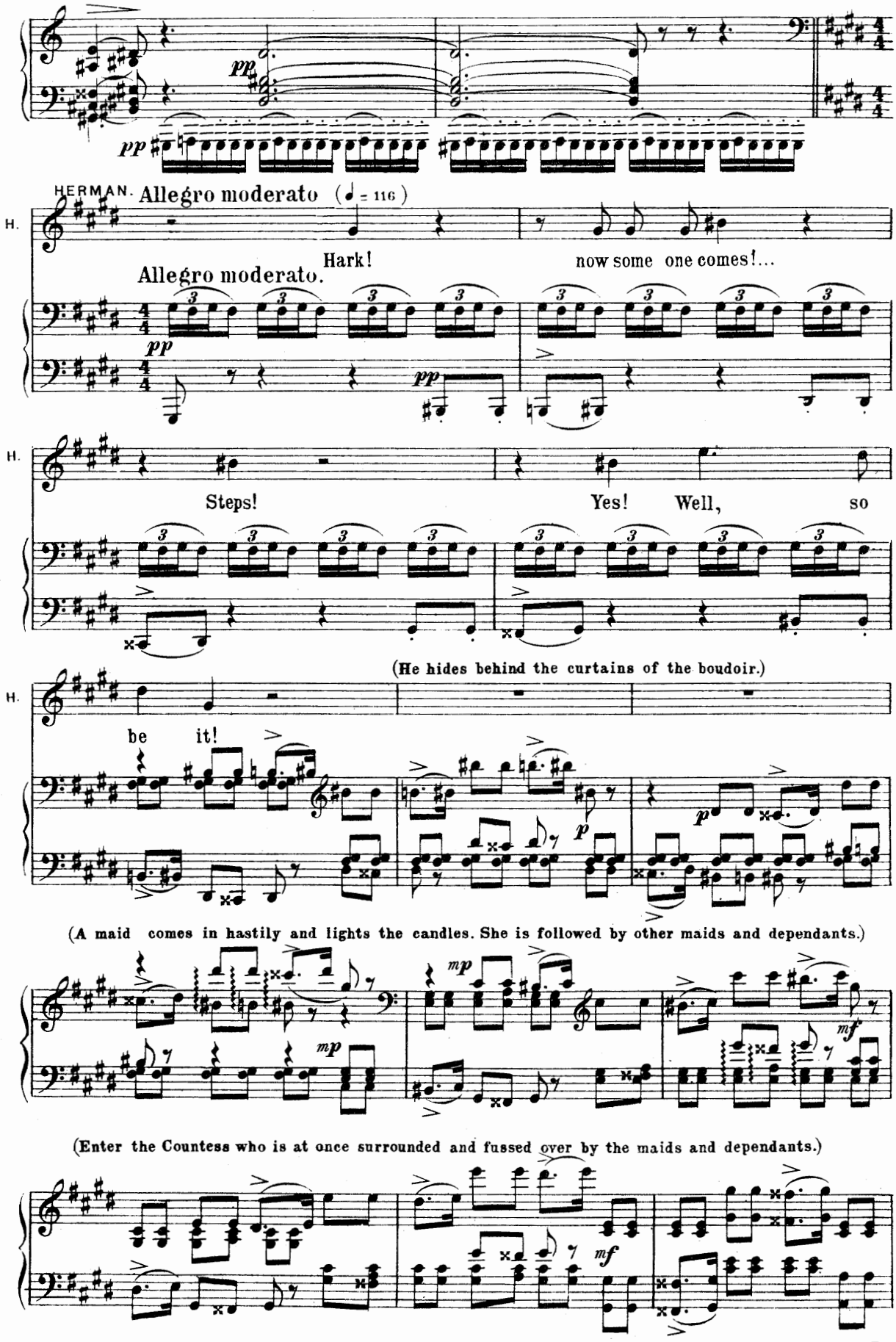

HERMAN.
Ah
H.
yes, 't is all as Lis - a told me...
H.
Well then? Does cour - age fail me? Nay!
H.
Now is my chance! I soon shall wring the secret from the

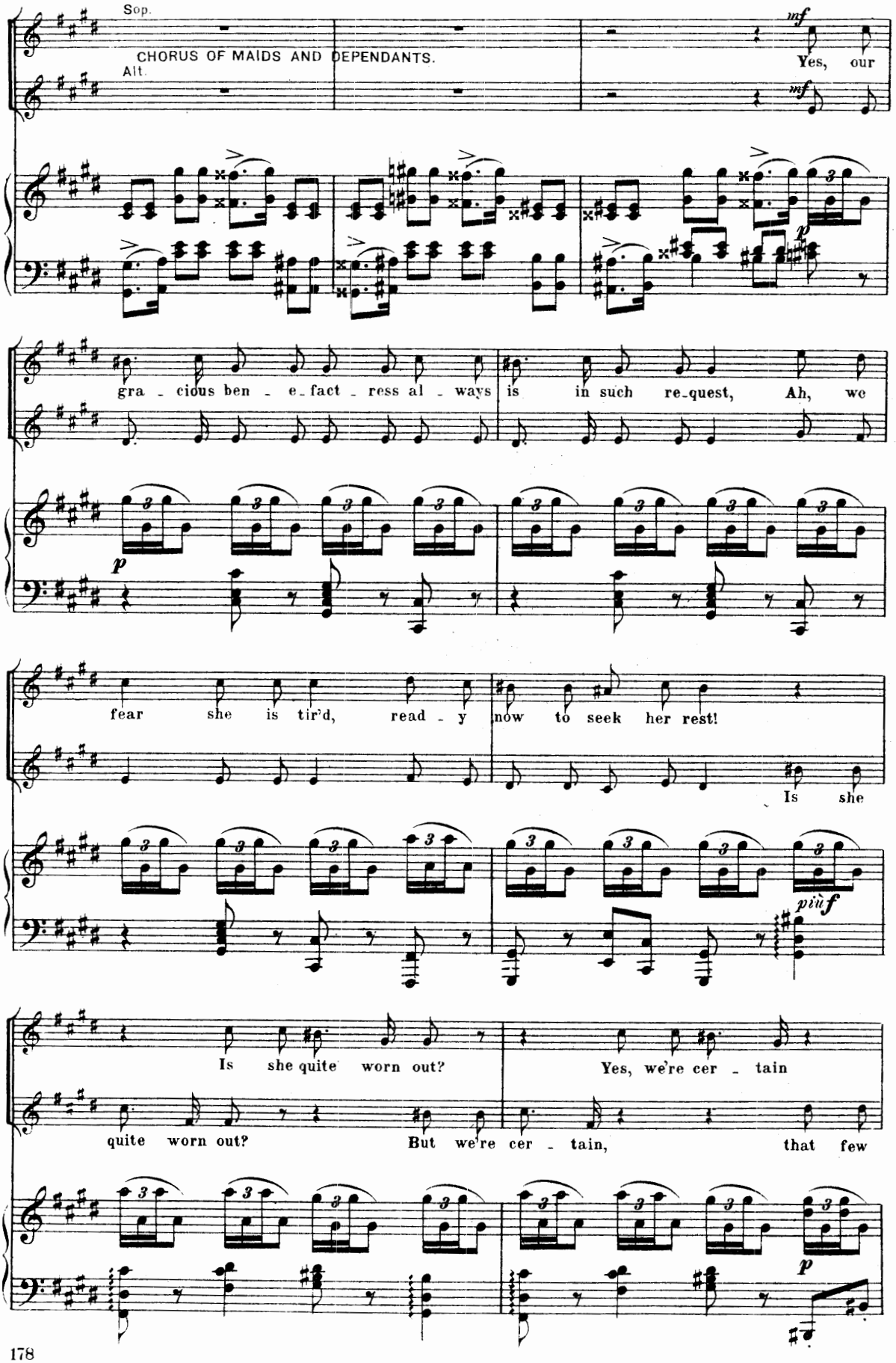

H.
Countess!
(He appears lost in thought.)
pp
HERMAN.
Suppose there is no se - cret? And all should prove to be the
p
H.
fan - cy of my fev' rish brain?
(He goes to the door of Lisa's room. Then he stands before the portrait of the Countess.)
p
(Midnight strikes.)
p
più f
f
mf
f
mf

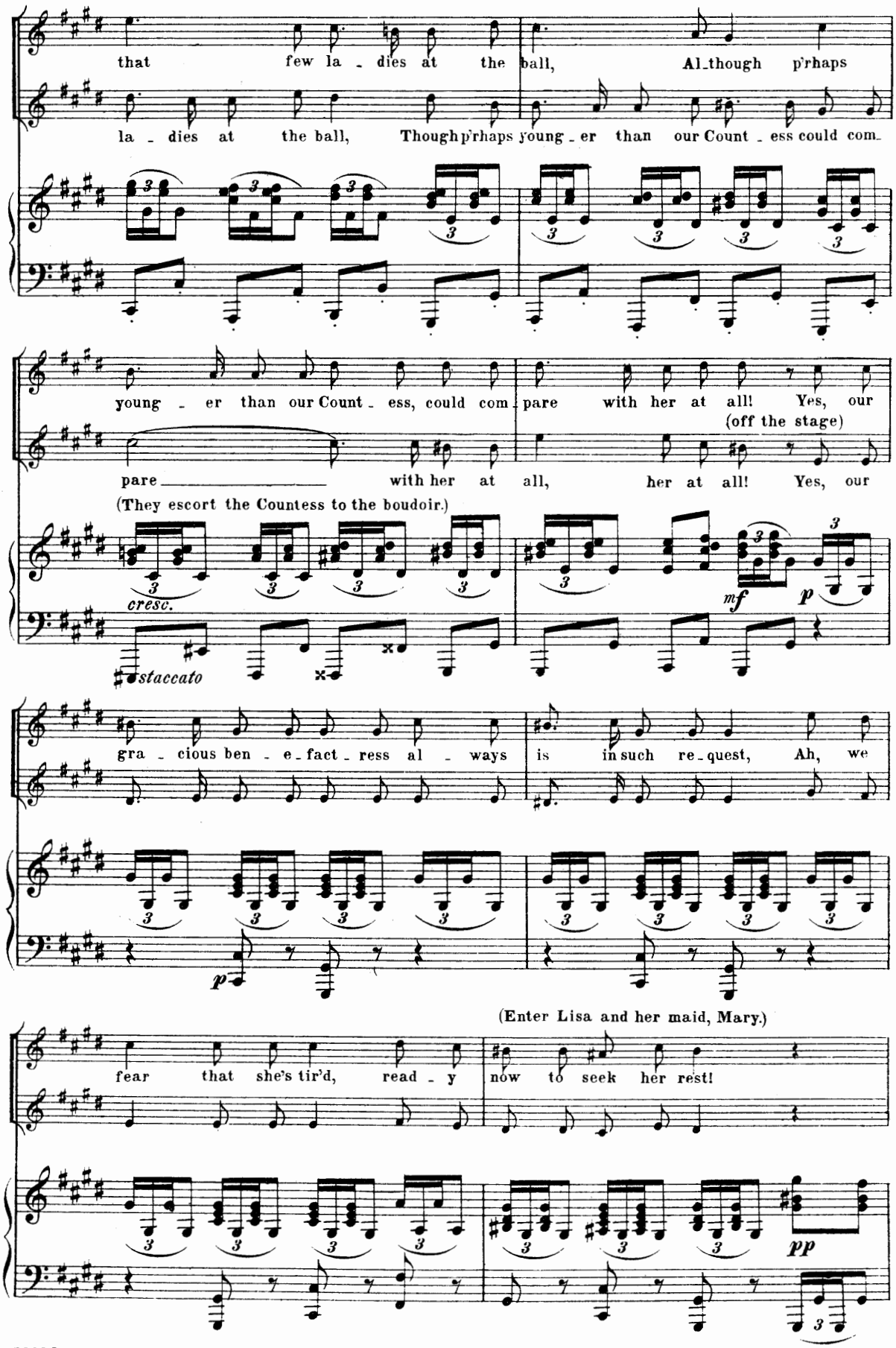

dim.
HERMAN.
Poco meno. (♩ = 66)
Yes, there she is, „the Ve - nus of
Poco meno.
piùf
H.
Mos-cow!“ What dark mys - ter - ious pow - er has linked our fates to -
espress.
H.
geth - er? Bringst thou my end, or do I bring thee thine? I know too well
piùf
cresc.

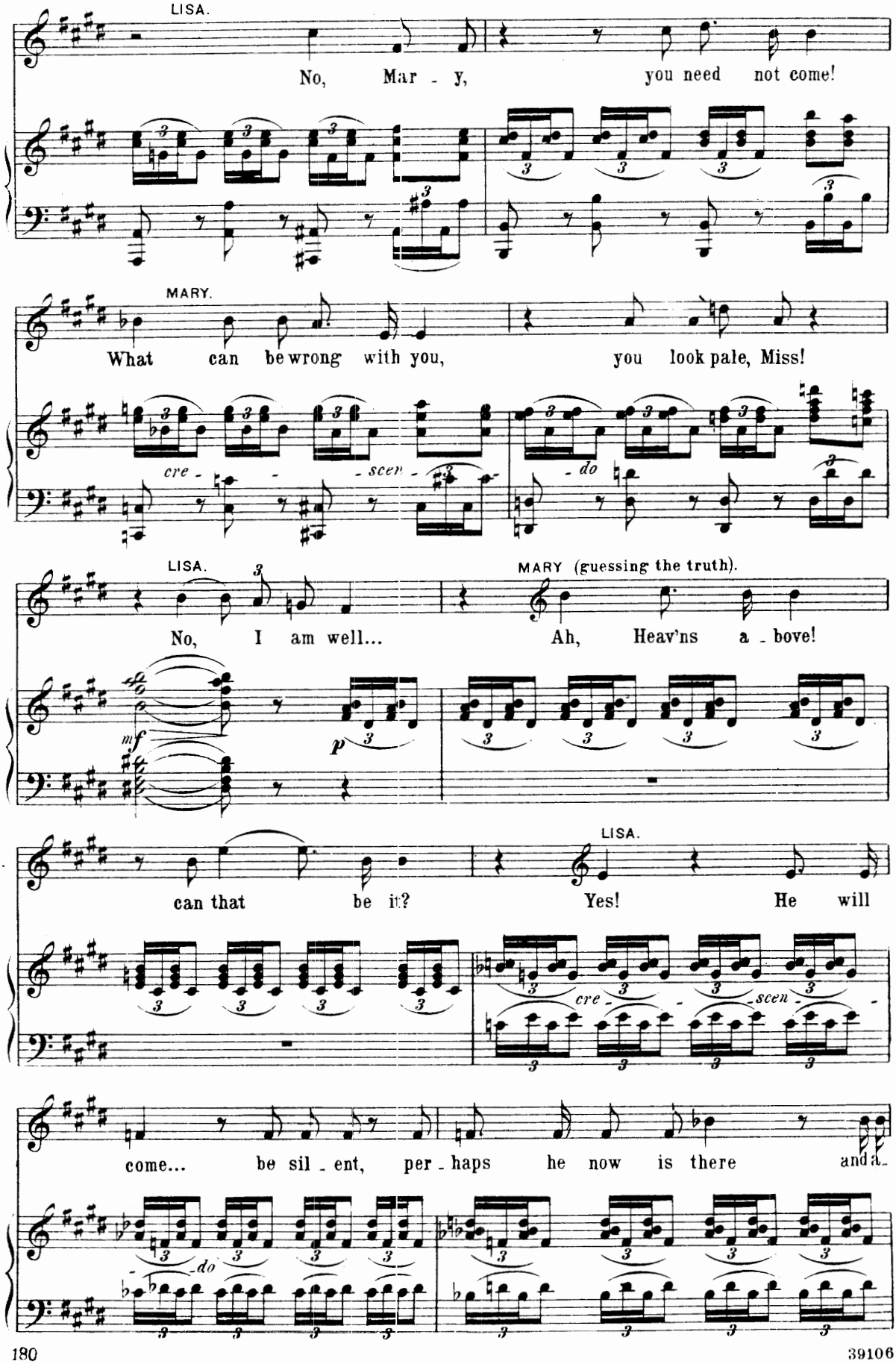

H.
that one of us deals death and ru - in to the oth - er!
f
f
piùf
di - mi - nu - en - do
HERMAN.
I gaze up - on thy face and I should hate it...
p
H.
but yet I can - not turn a - way mine eyes!
mp
p
ad libit.
H.
'Twere well if I could flee, but power
mf cresc.
ff

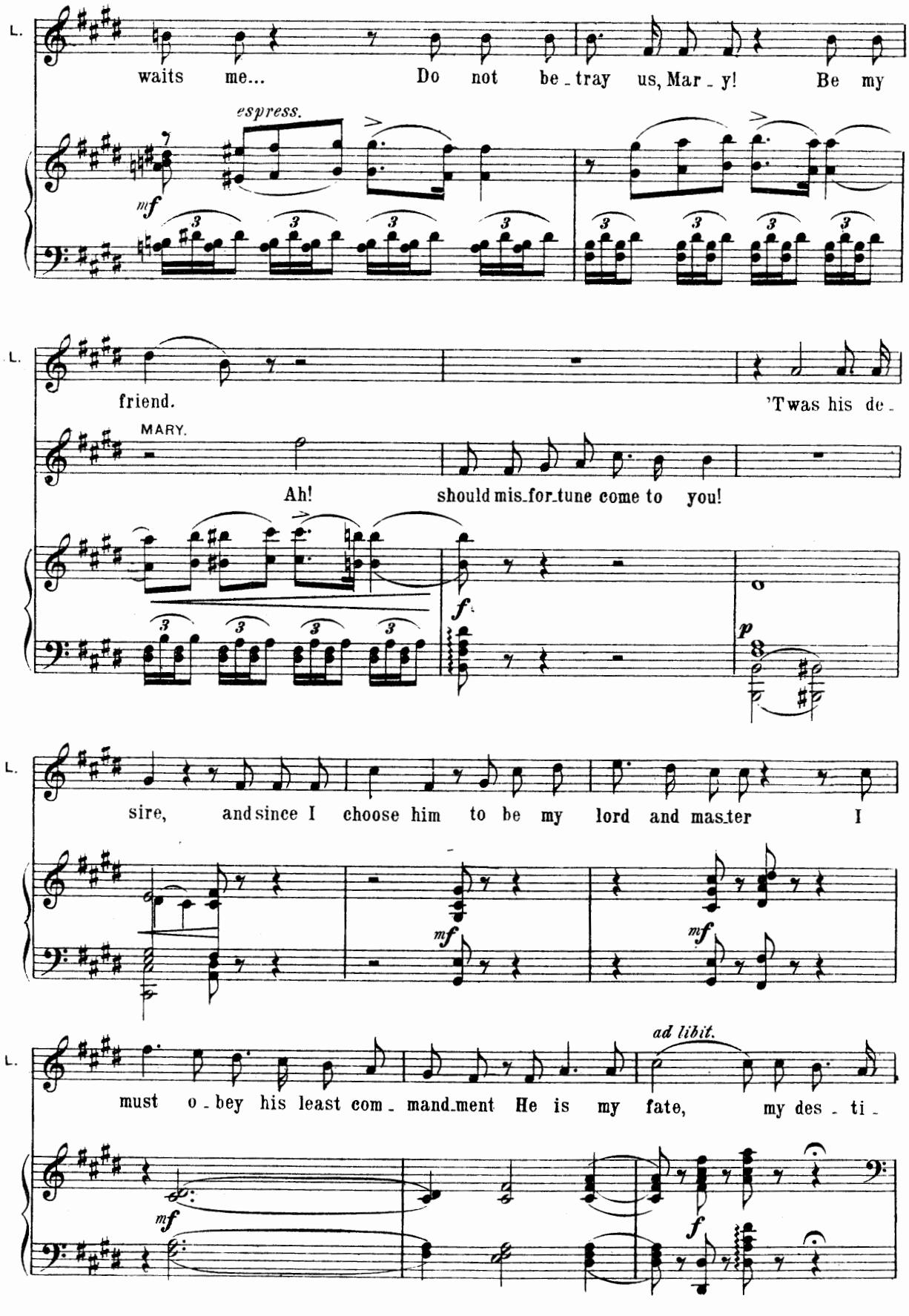

Moderato. (♩ = 100)
H
fails me... Her piero - ing glance, where'er I turn it,
Moderato.
p
H.
fol - lows and trou - bles me... A strange, un - can - ny
f
Tempo I. (♩ = 76)
H
be.ing! Well! It was fate or -
Tempo I.
p
p
H.
dain'd our meet - ing... 't was de - creed!
più f
di - mi - nu - èn - do
mf

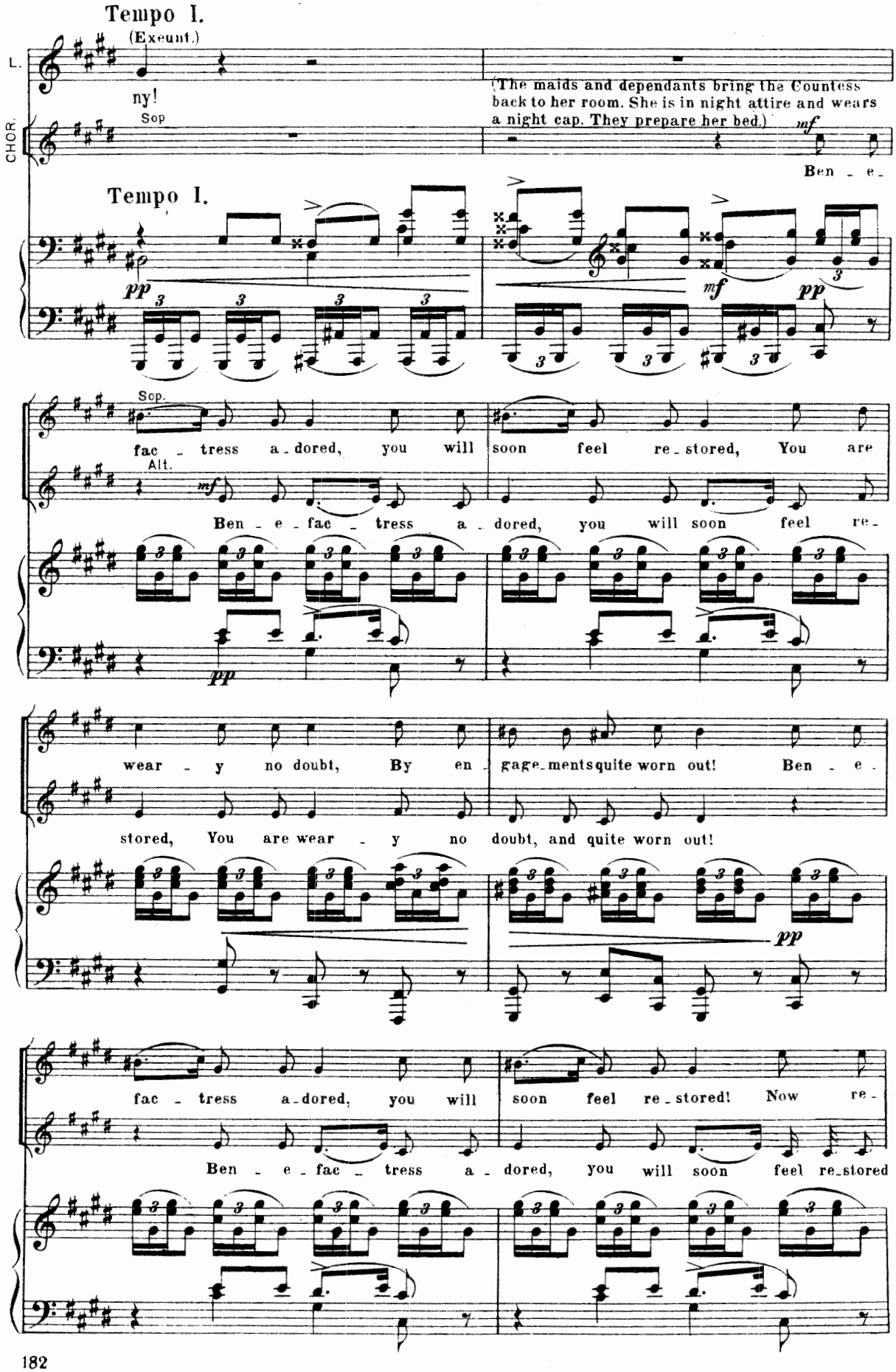

HERMAN.
Allegro moderato (♩ = 116)
H.
Hark!
now some one comes!...
Allegro moderato.
Steps!
Yes! Well, so
(He hides behind the curtains of the boudoir.)
be it!
(A maid comes in hastily and lights the candles. She is followed by other maids and dependants.)
(Enter the Countess who is at once surrounded and fussed over by the maids and dependants.)

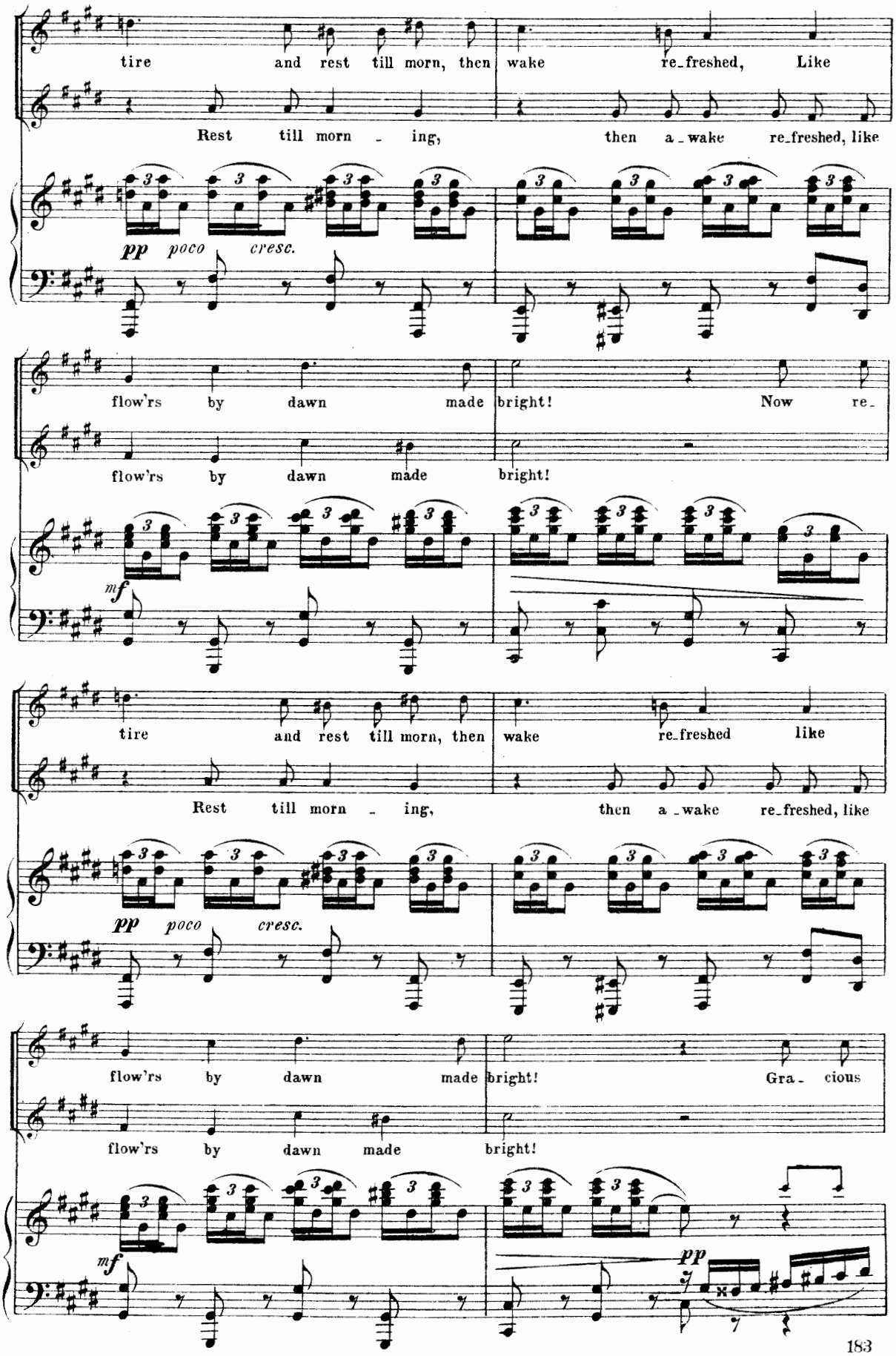

Sop.
Alt.
CHORUS OF MAIDS AND DEPENDANTS.
mf
Yes, our
mf
p
gra - cious ben - e-fact - ress al - ways is in such re-quest, Ah, we
p
fear she is tir'd, read - y now to seek her rest!
Is she
più f
Is she quite worn out?
Yes, we're cer - tain
quite worn out?
But we're cer - tain, that few
p

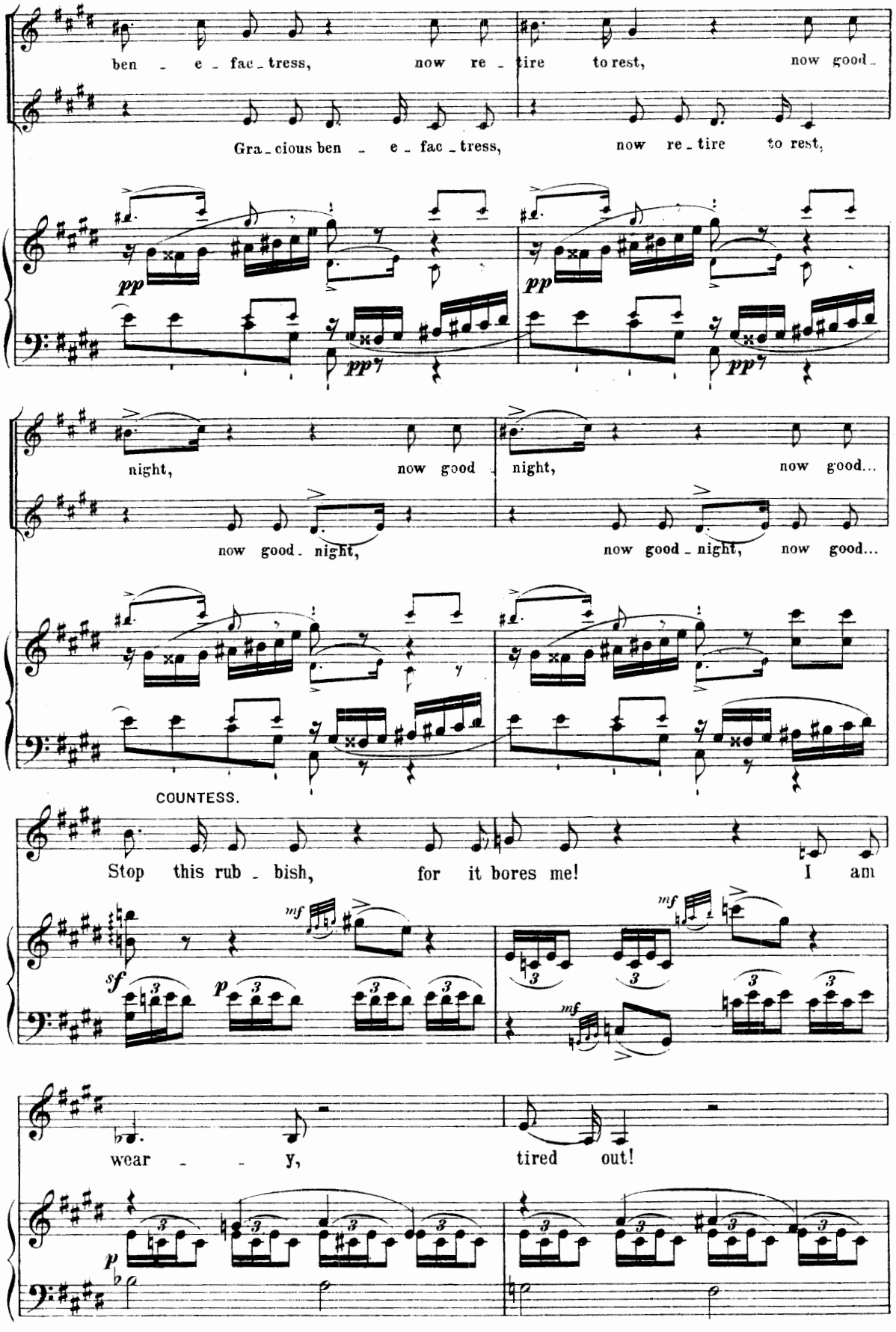

that few la - dies at the ball, Al-though p'rhaps
la - dies at the ball, Though p'rhaps young - er than our Count - ess could com-
young - er than our Count - ess, could com - pare with her at all! Yes, our
(off the stage)
pare with her at all, her at all! Yes, our
(They escort the Countess to the boudoir.)
cresc.
staccato
mf
p
gra - cious ben - e - fact - ress al - ways is in such re - quest, Ah, we
p
(Enter Lisa and her maid, Mary.)
fear that she's tir'd, read - y now to seek her rest!
pp


LISA.
No, Mar - y, you need not come!
MARY.
What can be wrong with you, you look pale, Miss!
cre - scen - do
LISA.
No, I am well...
MARY (guessing the truth).
Ah, Heav'ns a - bove!
mf
p
M.
can that be it?
LISA.
Yes! He will
cre - scen -
come... be sil - ent, per - haps he now is there and a-
do


L.
waits me... Do not be-tray us, Mar-y! Be my
espress.
mf
L.
friend. 'Twas his de-
MARY.
Ah! should mis-for-tune come to you!
f
p
L.
sire, and since I choose him to be my lord and master I
mf
mf
L.
must o-bey his least com-mand-ment He is my fate, my des-ti-
ad libit.
mf
f


Tempo I.
(Exeunt.)
L.
ny!
CHOR.
Sop
(The maids and dependants bring the Countess back to her room. She is in night attire and wears a night cap. They prepare her bed.)
mf
Ben - e -
Tempo I.
pp
mf
pp
Sop.
fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored, You are
Alt.
mf
Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re -
pp
wear - y no doubt, By en - gage - ments quite worn out! Ben - e -
stored, You are wear - y no doubt, and quite worn out!
pp
fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored! Now re -
Ben - e - fac - tress a - dored, you will soon feel re - stored


tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed, Like
Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like
pp poco cresc.
flow'rs by dawn made bright! Now re_
flow'rs by dawn made bright!
mf
tire and rest till morn, then wake re_freshed like
Rest till morn _ ing, then a _wake re_freshed, like
pp poco cresc.
flow'rs by dawn made bright! Gra_ cious
flow'rs by dawn made bright!
mf
pp


ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest, now good -
Gra - cious ben - e - fac - tress, now re - tire to rest,
pp
night, now good - night, now good...
now good - night, now good - night, now good...
COUNTESS.
Stop this rub - bish, for it bores me! I am
wear - - y, tired out!
C.

(The Maids settle her on a couch and prop her up with cushions.)

C. I will not go to bed just yet!

cresc.

COUNTESS.

ad libit.

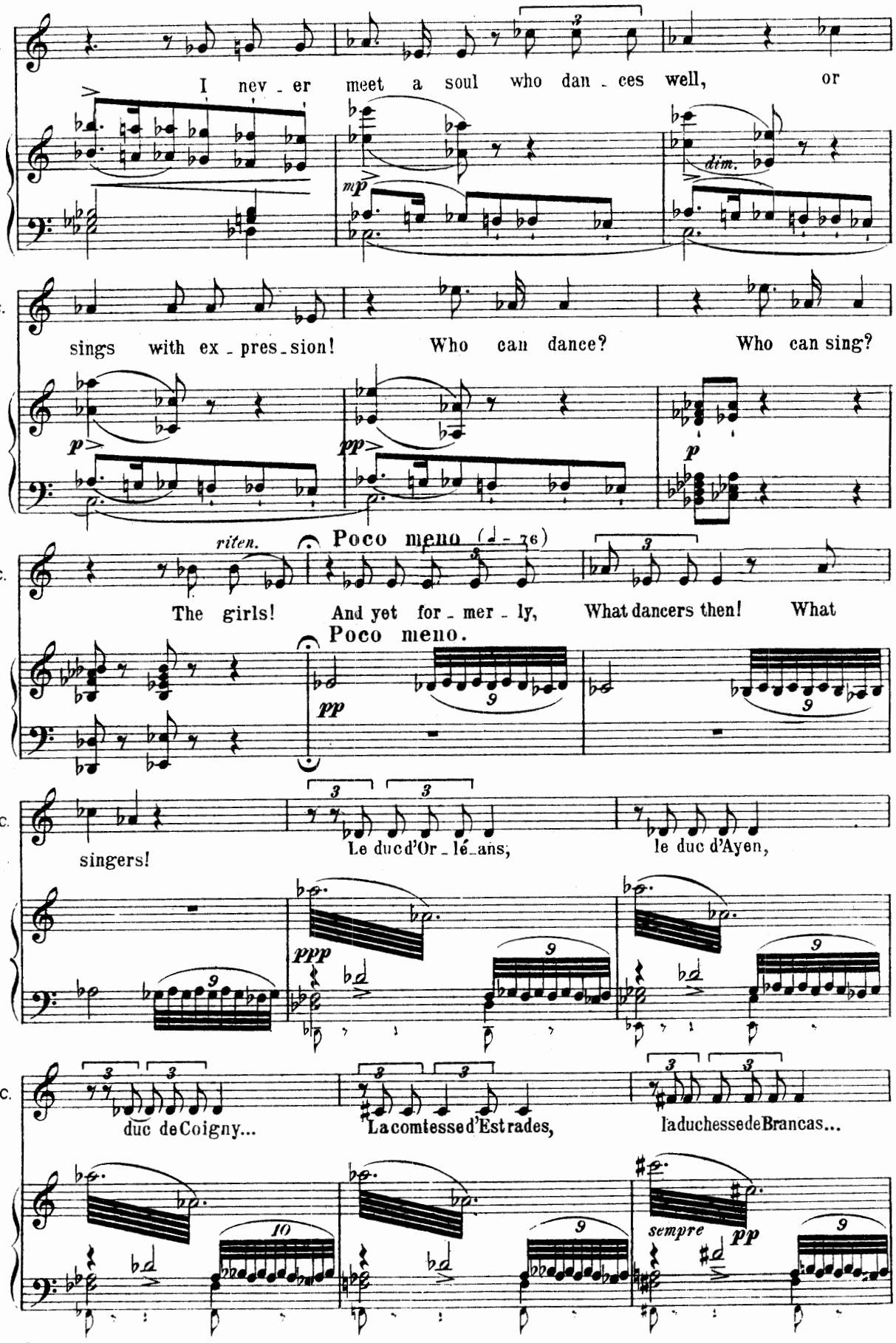
Ah! How stale the world has

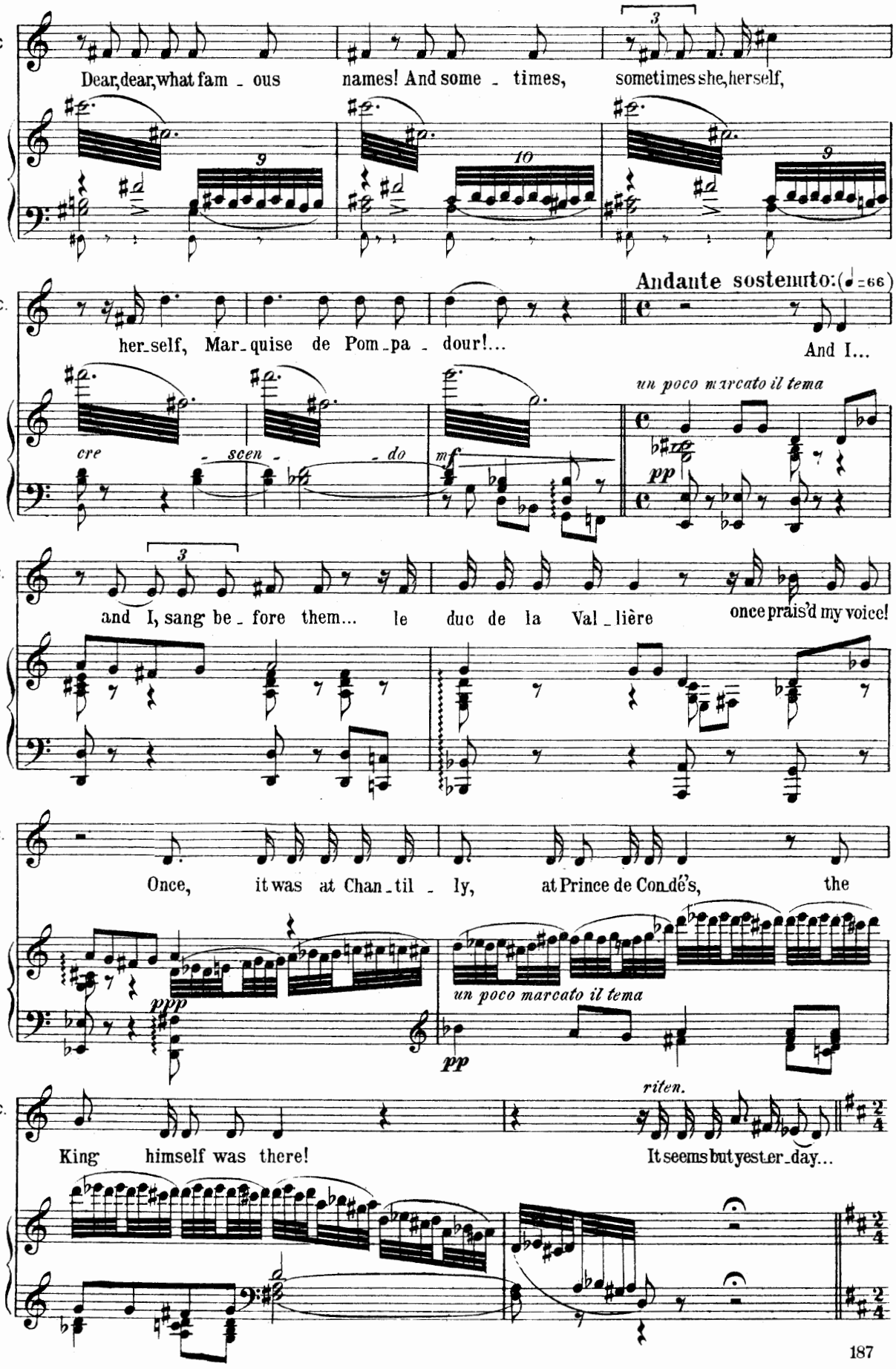
Andantino con moto. (♩ = 84)

C. grown! Yes, now-a-days I think so-ci-et-y has lost its

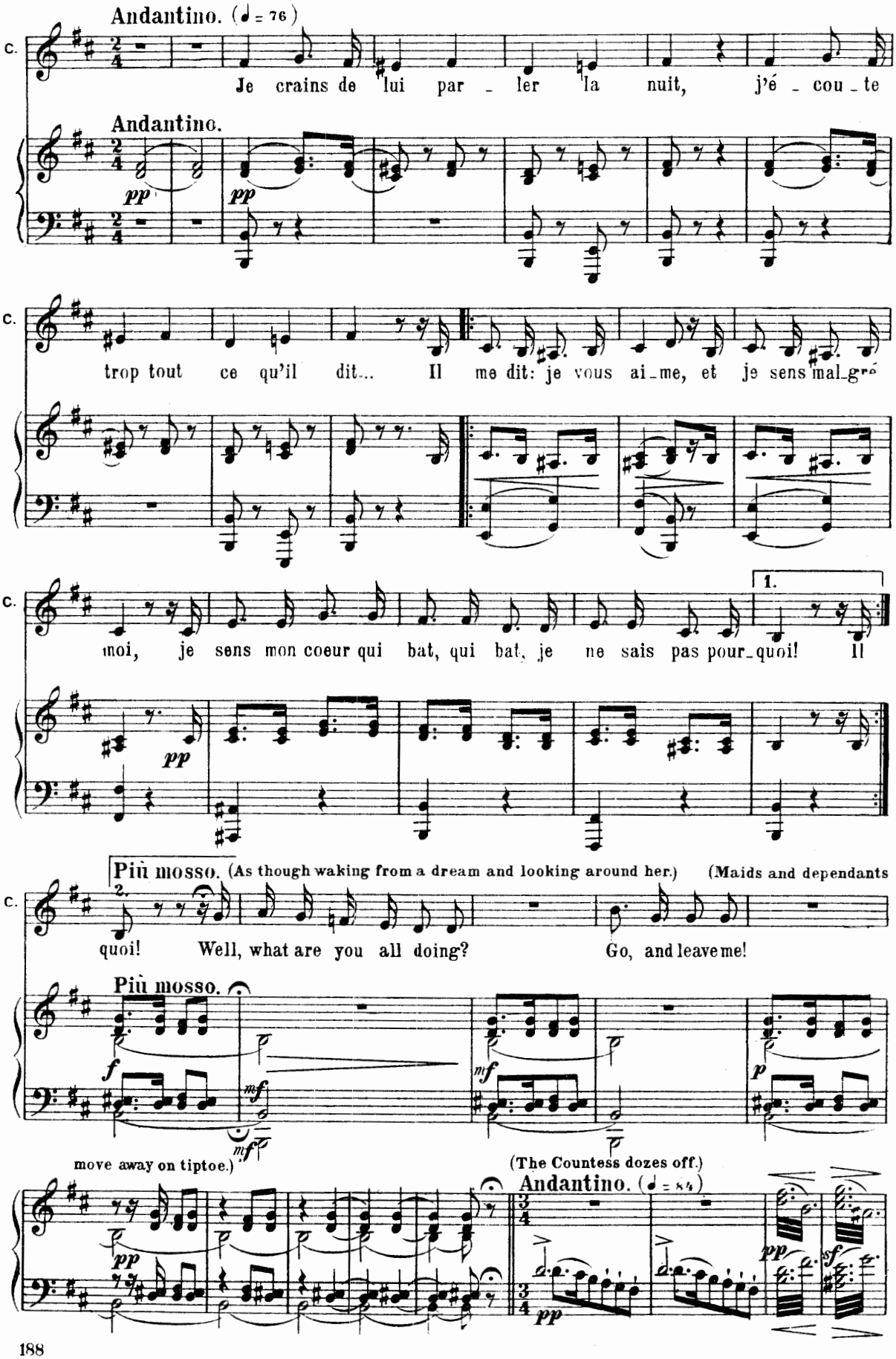
Andantino con moto.

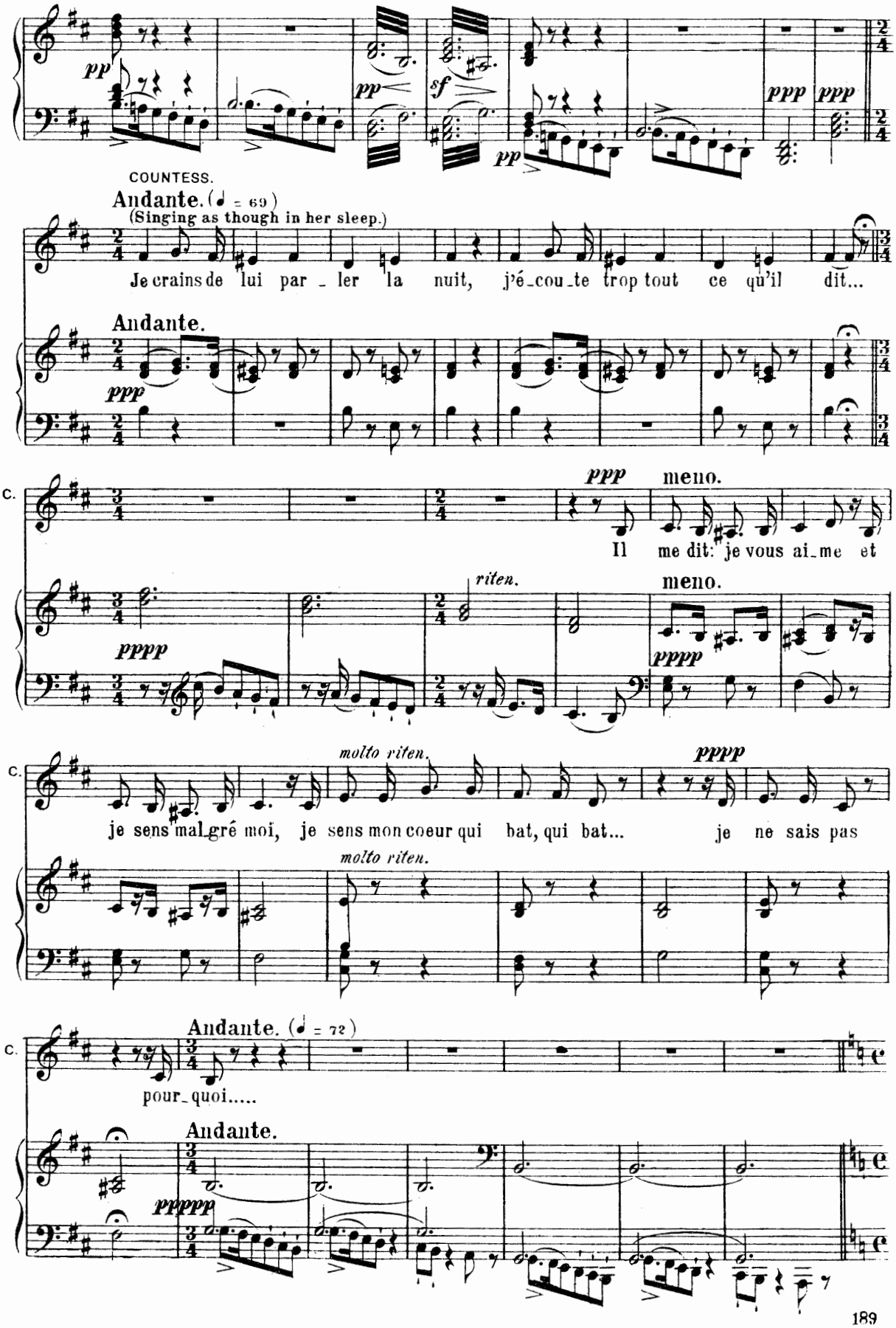
C. brilliance. Such shocking man-ners! Such bad style!


C.
I nev - er meet a soul who dan - ces well, or
dim.
mp
C.
sings with ex - pres - sion! Who can dance? Who can sing?
p
pp
p
C.
riten.
Poco meno (♩ - 76)
The girls! And yet for - mer - ly, What dancers then! What
Poco meno.
pp
9
9
C.
singers!
Le duc d'Or - lé - ans,
le duc d'Ayen,
3
3
ppp
9
9
C.
duc de Coigny...
La comtesse d'Estrades,
la duchesse de Brancas...
3
3
10
9
sempre
pp
9

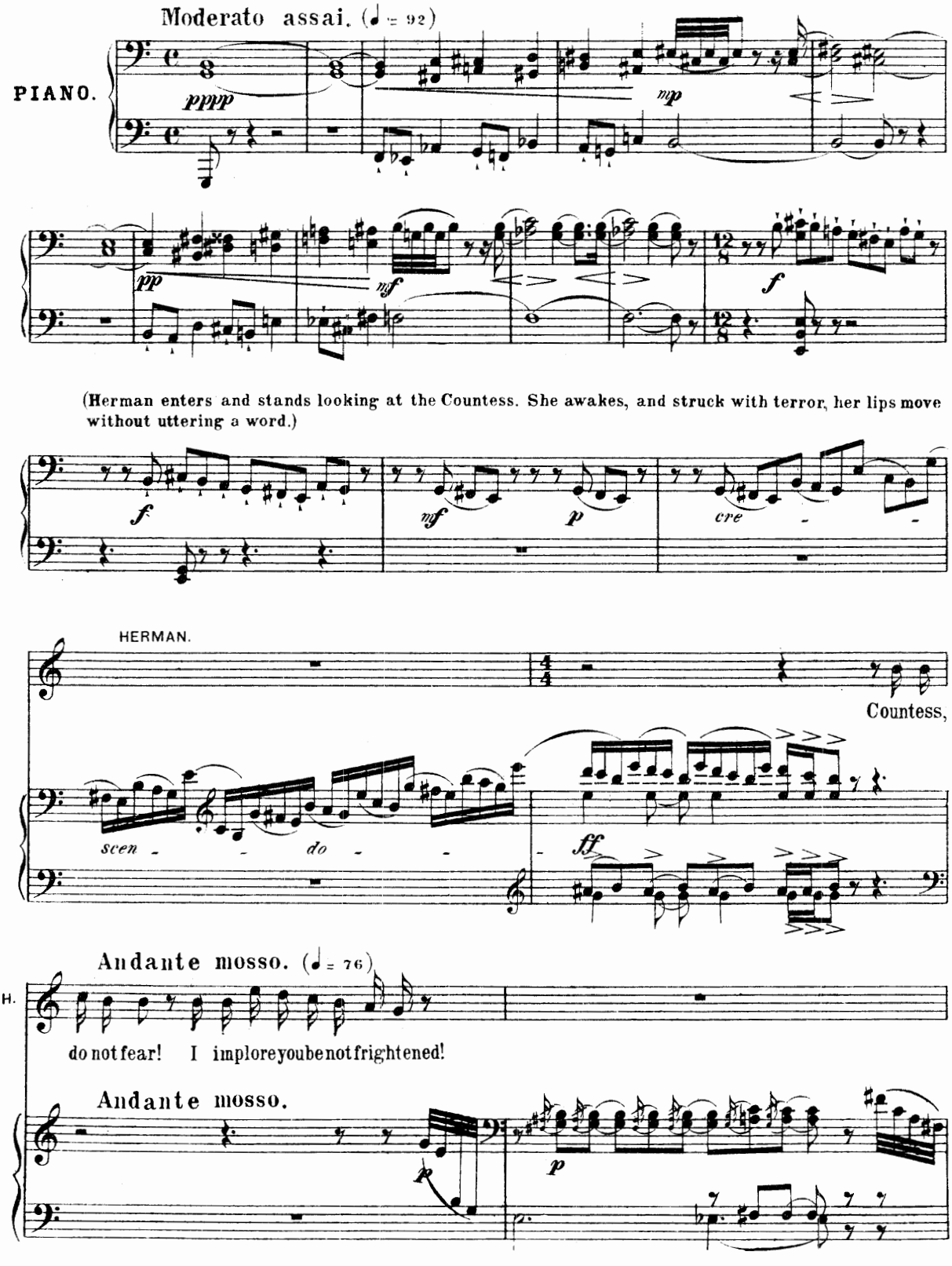

C
Dear, dear, what fam - ous names! And some - times, sometimes she, herself,
C.
her-self, Mar-quise de Pom-pa - dour!...
Andante sostenuto: (♩=66)
And I...
cre - scen - do
mf
un poco marcato il tema
pp
C.
and I, sang be - fore them... le duc de la Val - lière
once prais'd my voice!
C.
Once, it was at Chan-til - ly, at Prince de Condé's, the
ppp
un poco marcato il tema
pp
C.
King himself was there!
riten.
It seems but yester-day...

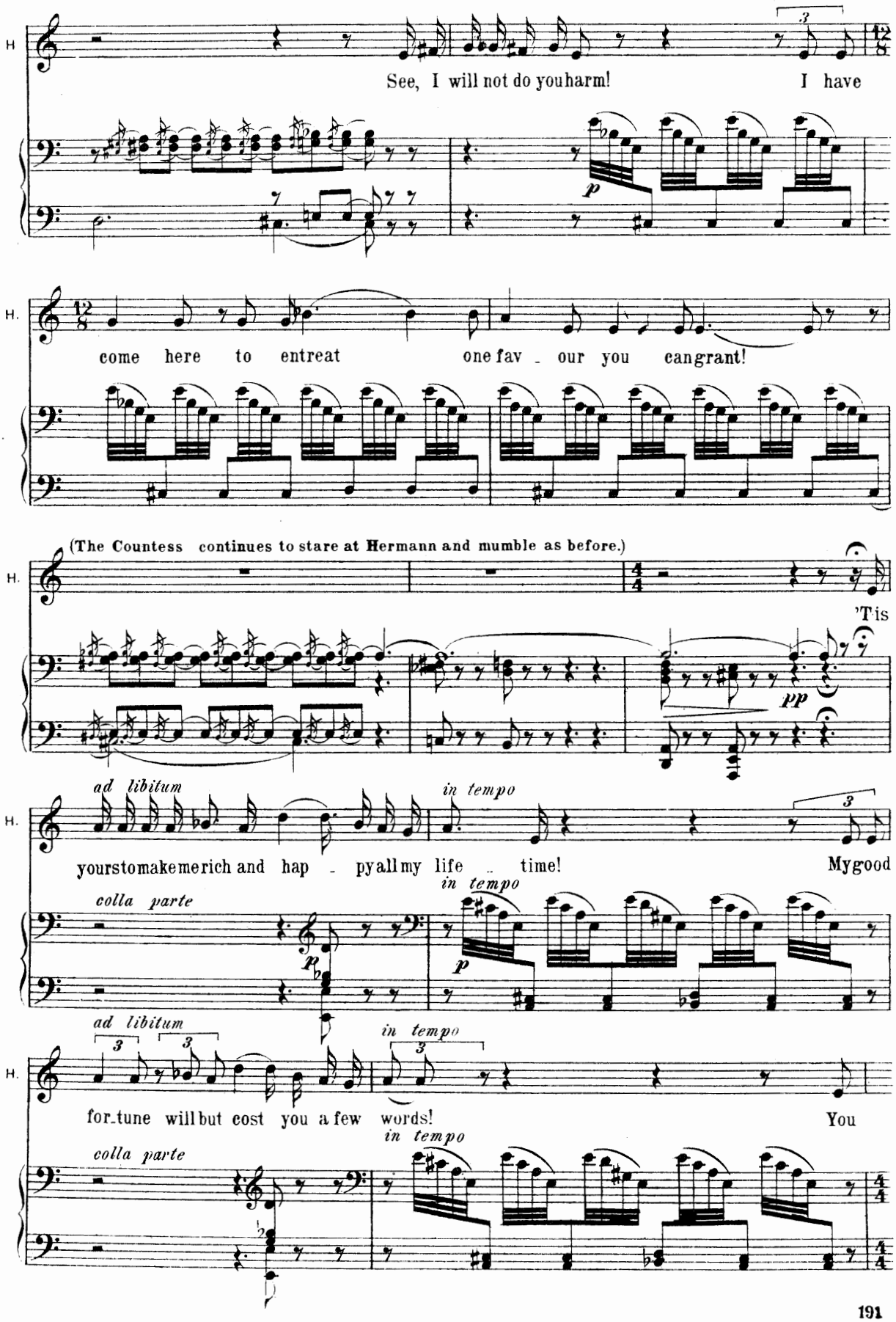
(OBSERVATION: The following song is borrowed from Grétry's opera „Richard Coeur de Lion.")

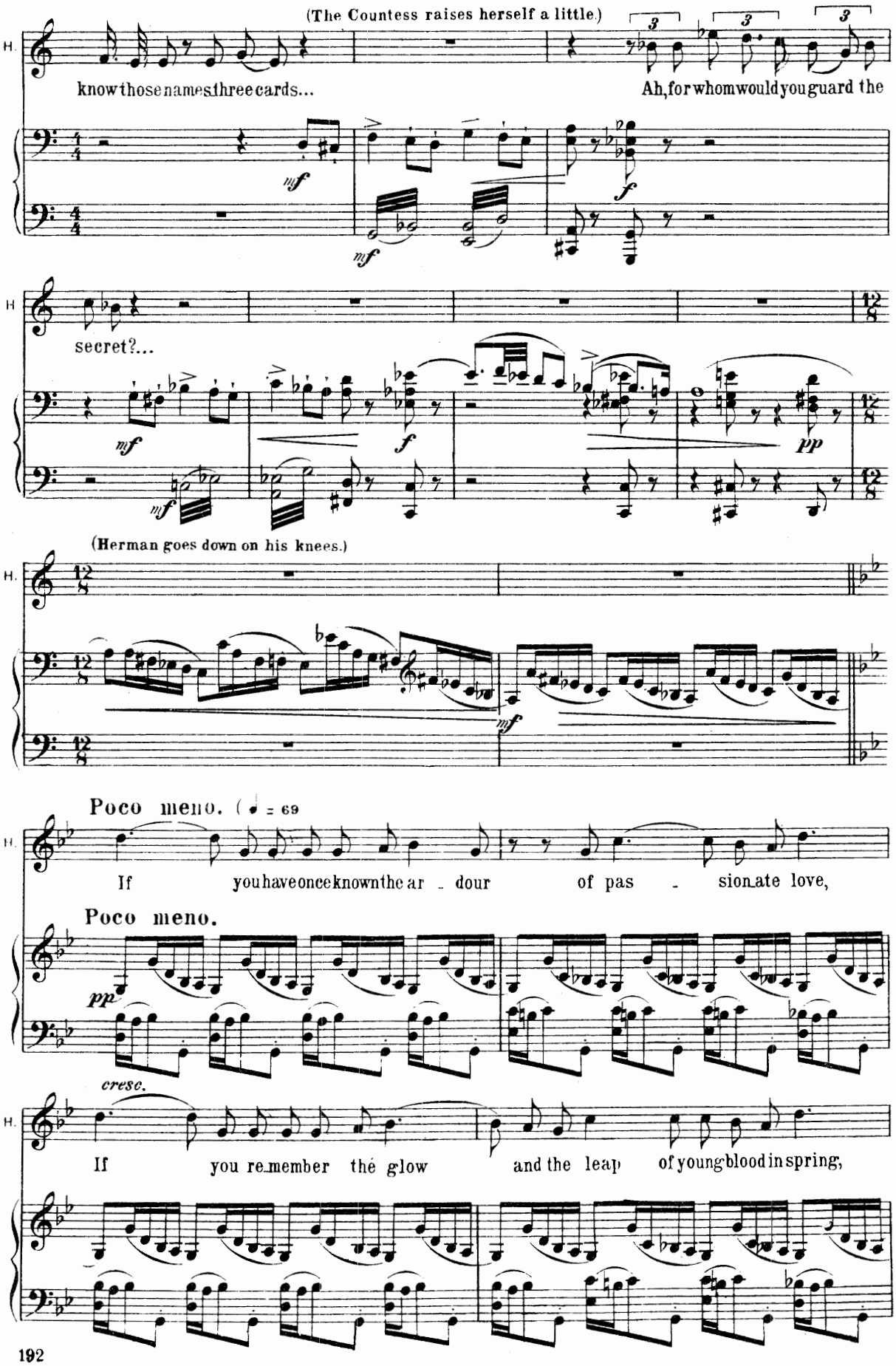


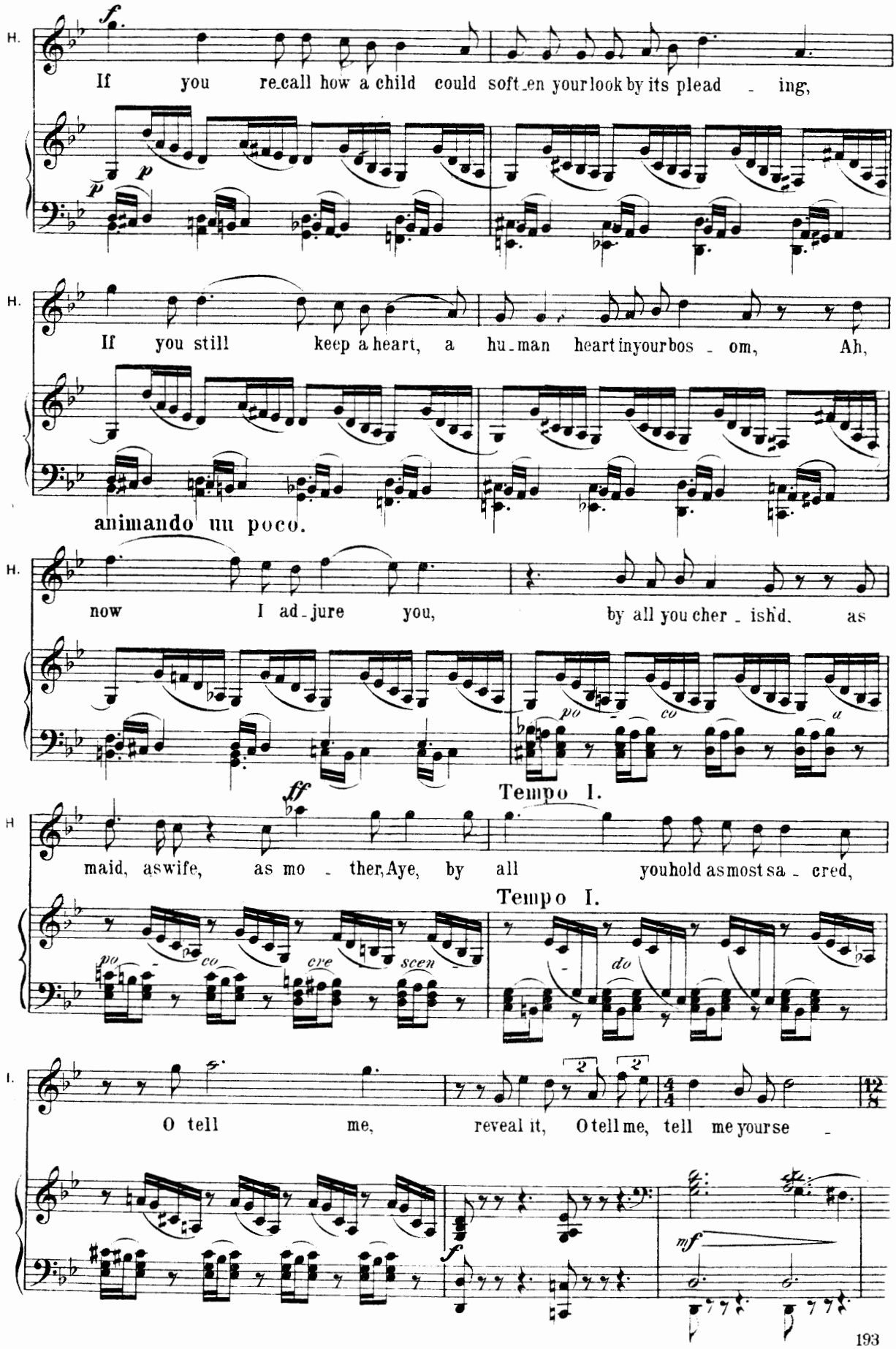

pp
pp
sf
pp
ppp
ppp
COUNTESS.
Andante. (♩ = 69)
(Singing as though in her sleep.)
Je crains de lui par - ler la nuit, j'é-cou-te trop tout ce qu'il dit...
Andante.
ppp
C.
ppp
meno.
Il me dit: je vous ai-me et
riten.
meno.
pppp
pppp
C.
molto riten.
pppp
je sens mal-gré moi, je sens mon coeur qui bat, qui bat... je ne sais pas
molto riten.
C.
Andante. (♩ = 72)
pour-quoi.....
Andante.
pppppp

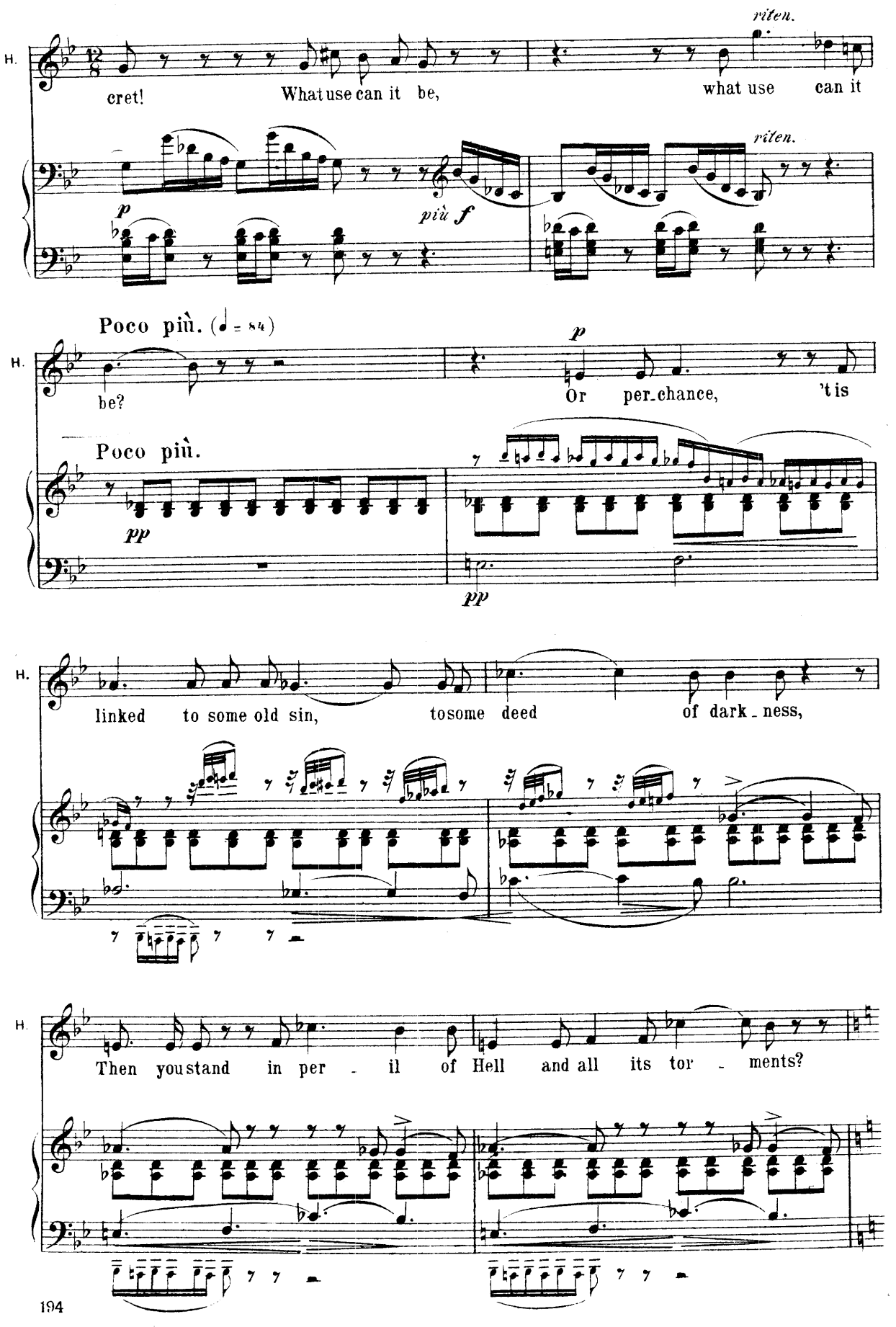
№ 17. Closing scene.

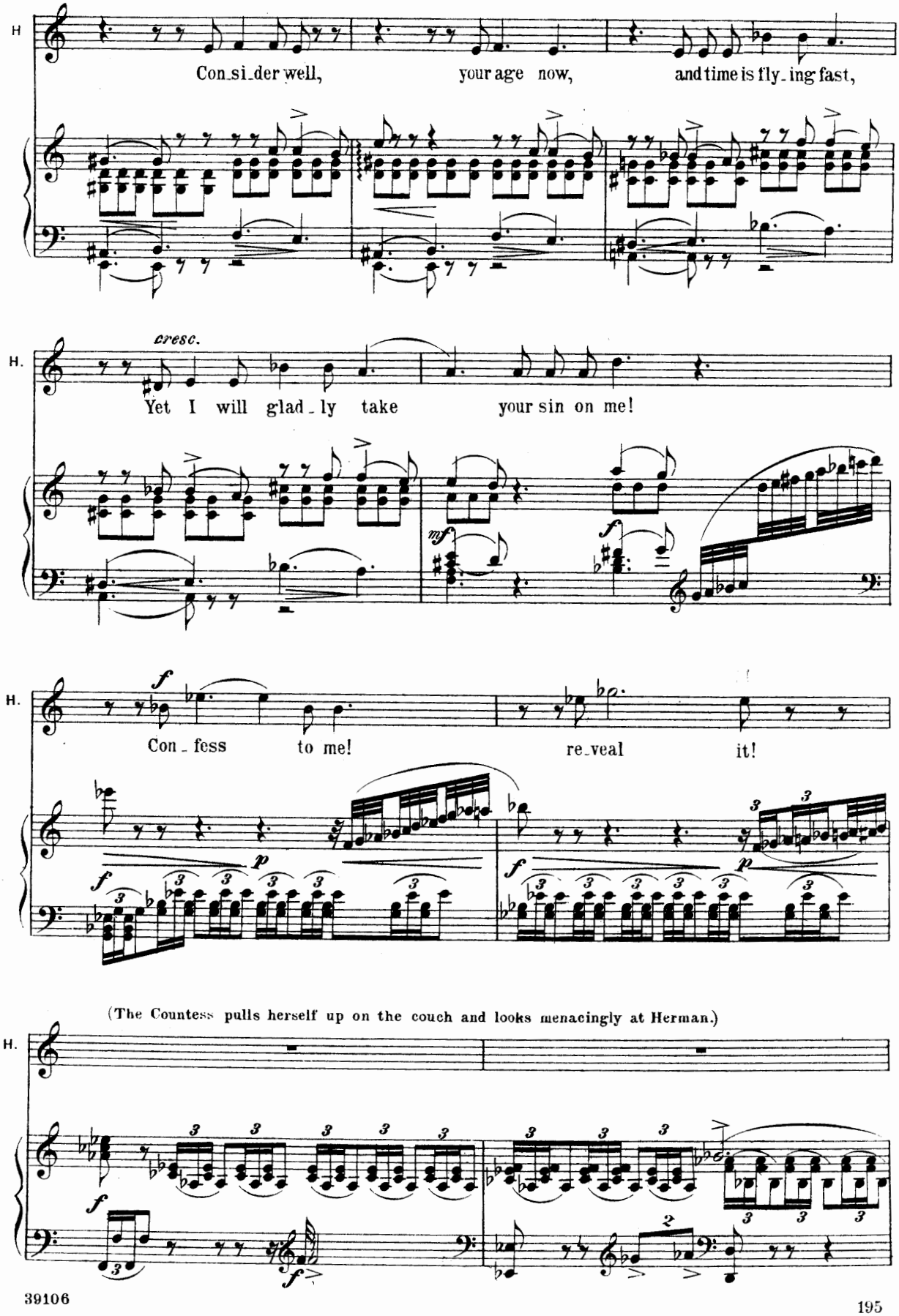


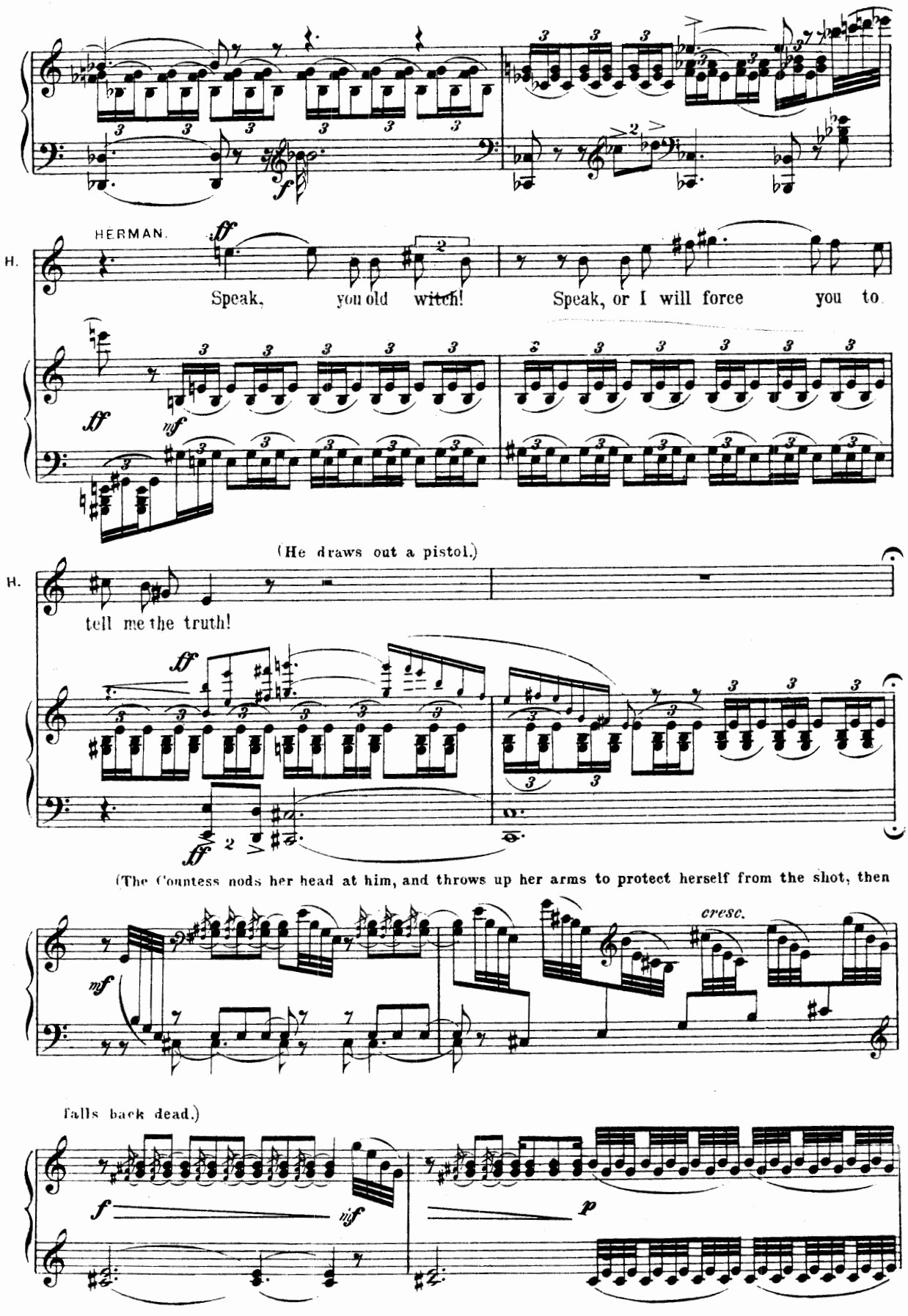

H.
See, I will not do you harm!
I have
p
H.
come here to entreat
one fav - our you can grant!
(The Countess continues to stare at Hermann and mumble as before.)
H.
'Tis
pp
ad libitum
in tempo
H.
your stome make me rich and hap - py all my life - time!
My good
colla parte
in tempo
p
ad libitum
in tempo
H.
for - tune will but cost you a few words!
You
in tempo
colla parte

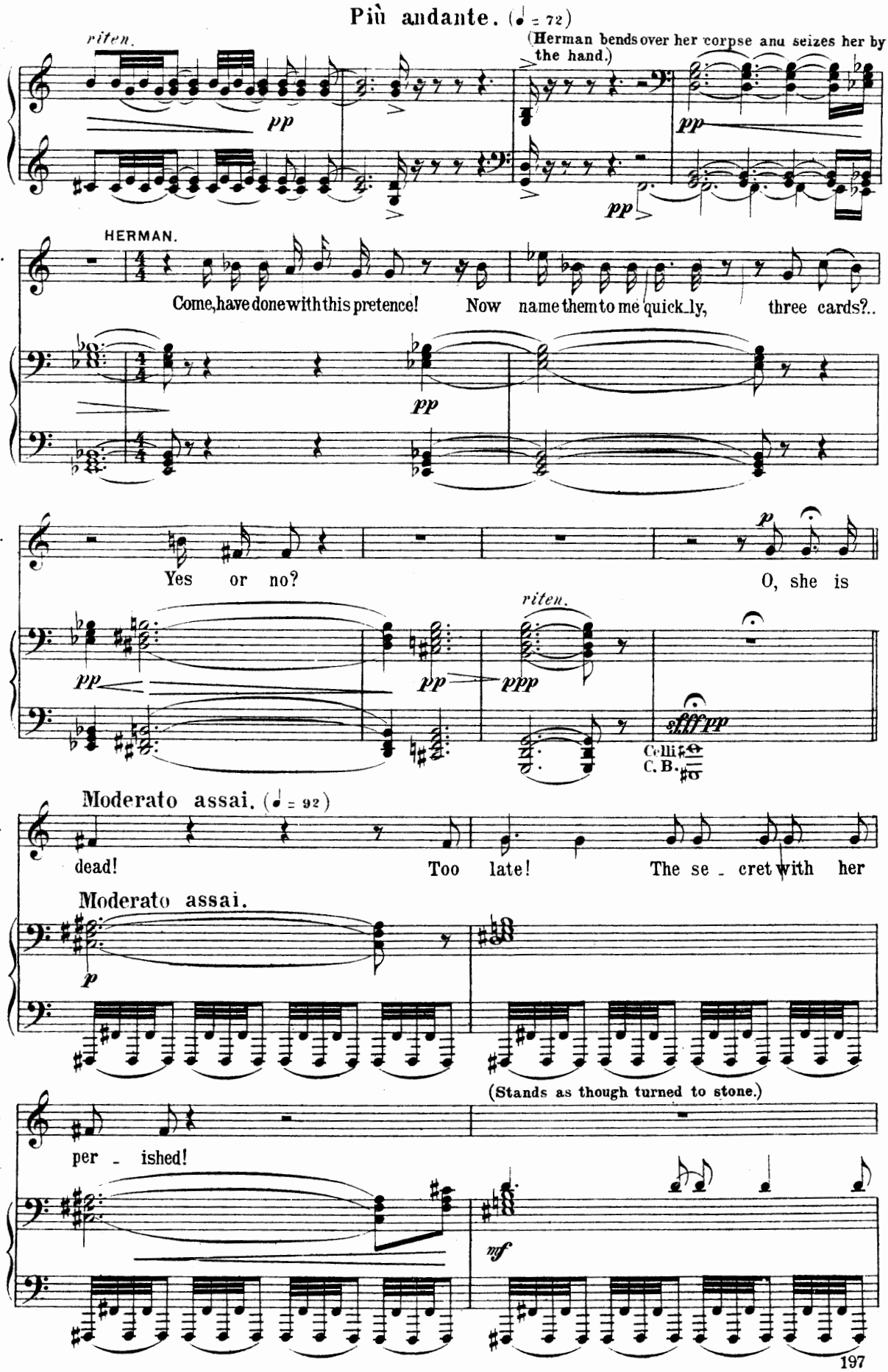

(The Countess raises herself a little.)
H.
know those names three cards...
Ah, for whom would you guard the
secret?...
(Herman goes down on his knees.)
Poco meno. (♩ = 69
If you have once known the ar - dour of pas - sionate love,
Poco meno.
cresc.
If you re-member the glow and the leap of young blood in spring,

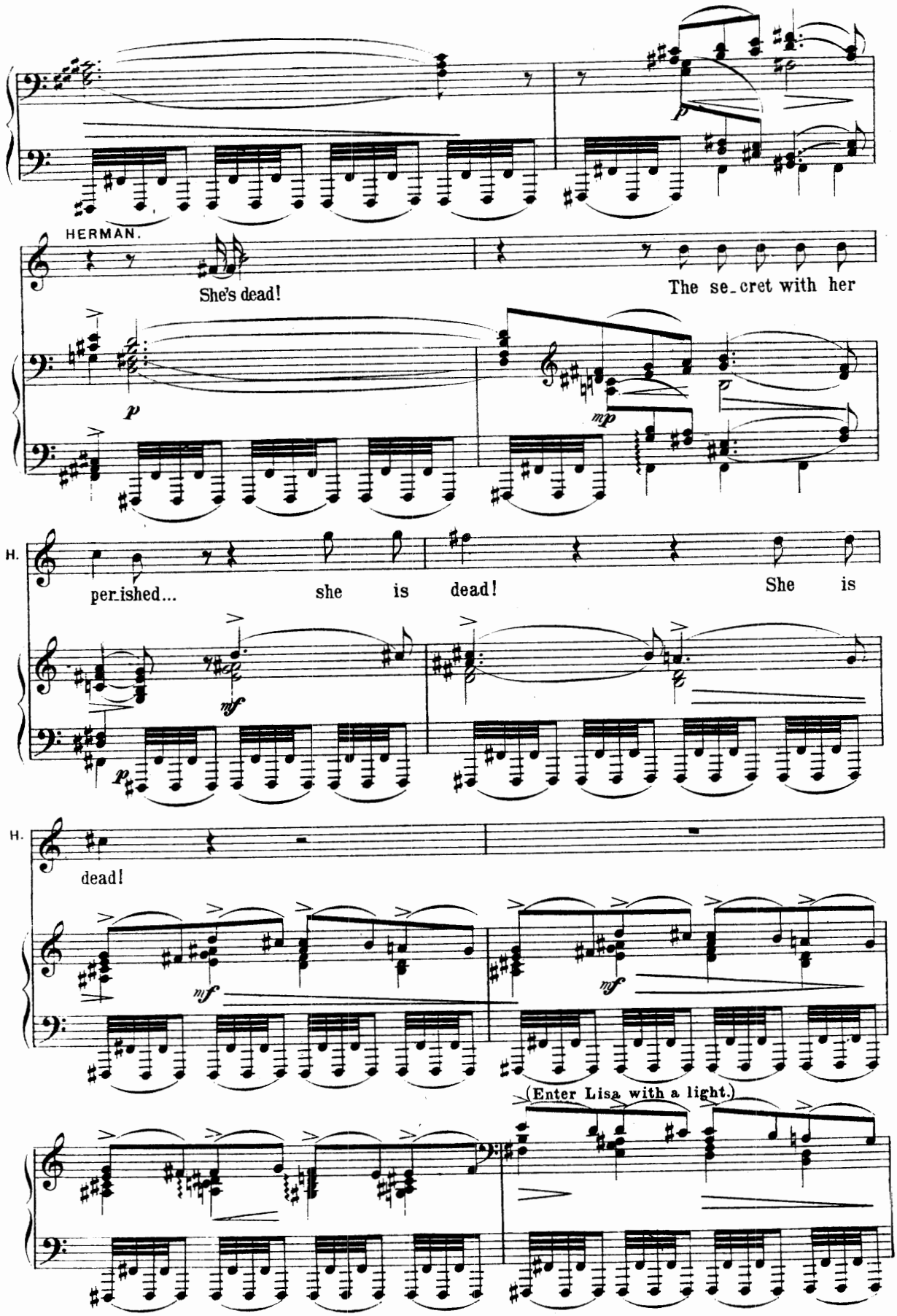

H.
If you re-call how a child could soft-en your look by its plead - ing,
H.
If you still keep a heart, a hu-man heart in your bos - om, Ah,
animando un poco.
H.
now I ad-jure you, by all you cher - ish'd, as
Tempo I.
H
maid, as wife, as mo - ther, Aye, by all you hold as most sa - cred,
Tempo I.
I.
O tell me, reveal it, O tell me, tell me yourse -

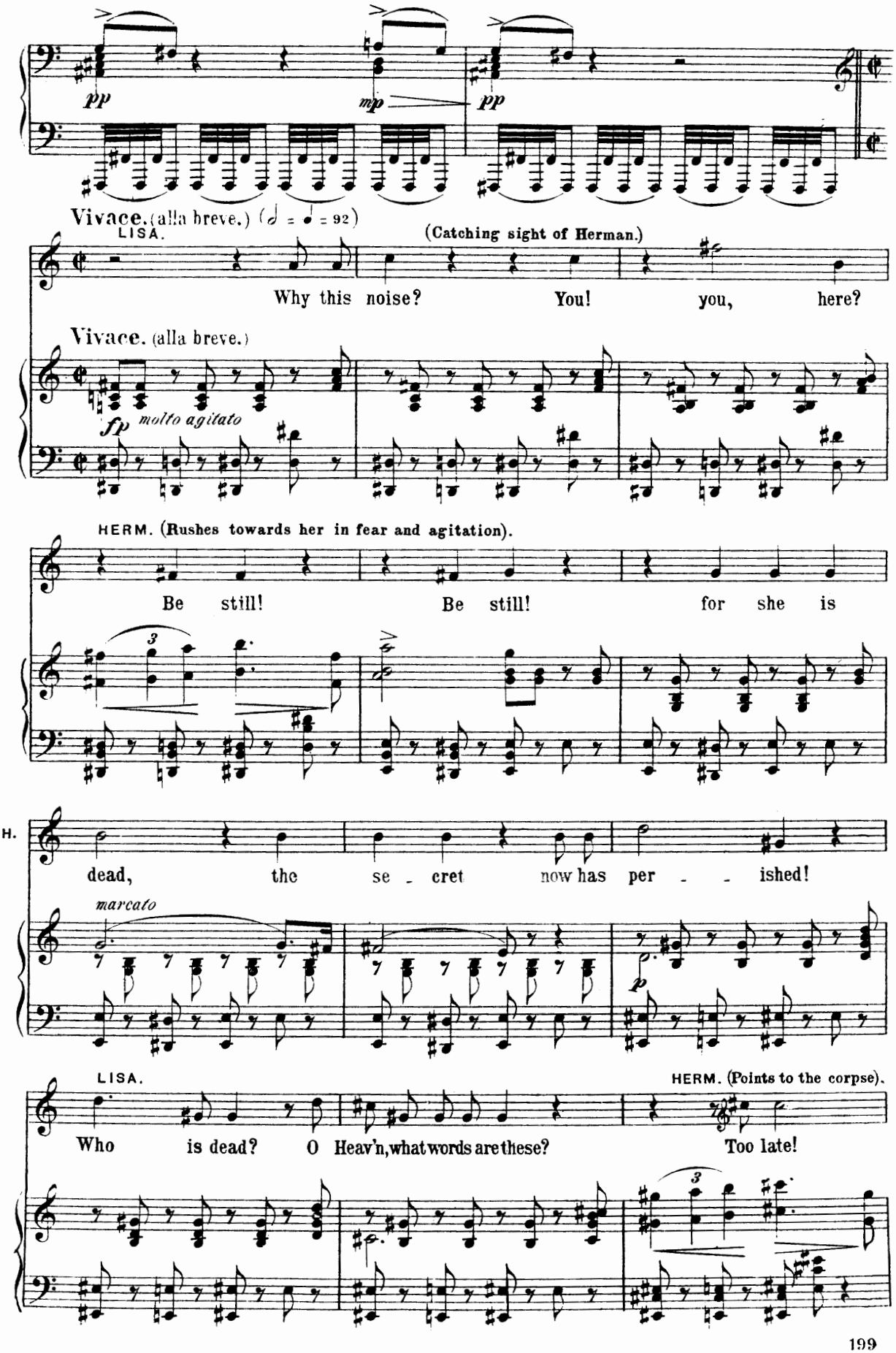

H.
cret! What use can it be, what use can it
riten.
riten.
p
più f
Poco più. (♩ = 84)
H.
be? Or per-chance, 't is
p
Poco più.
pp
pp
H.
linked to some old sin, tosome deed of dark-ness,
H.
Then youstand in per-il of Hell and all its tor-ments?

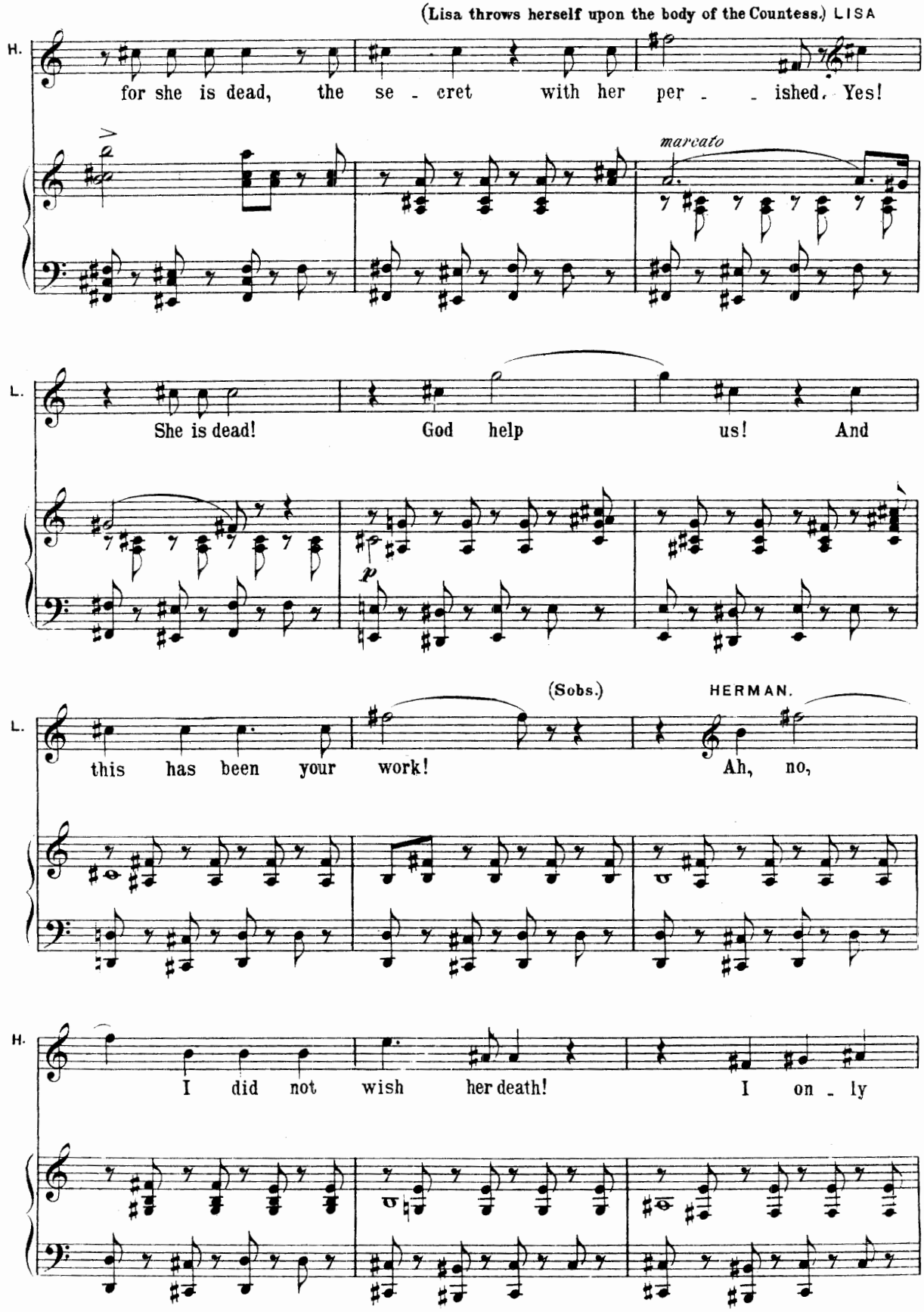

H
Con_si_der well, your age now, and time is fly_ing fast,
H.
cresc.
Yet I will glad_ly take your sin on me!
mf
f
H.
f
Con_fess to me! re_veal it!
p
f
p
(The Countess pulls herself up on the couch and looks menacingly at Herman.)
H.
f
f

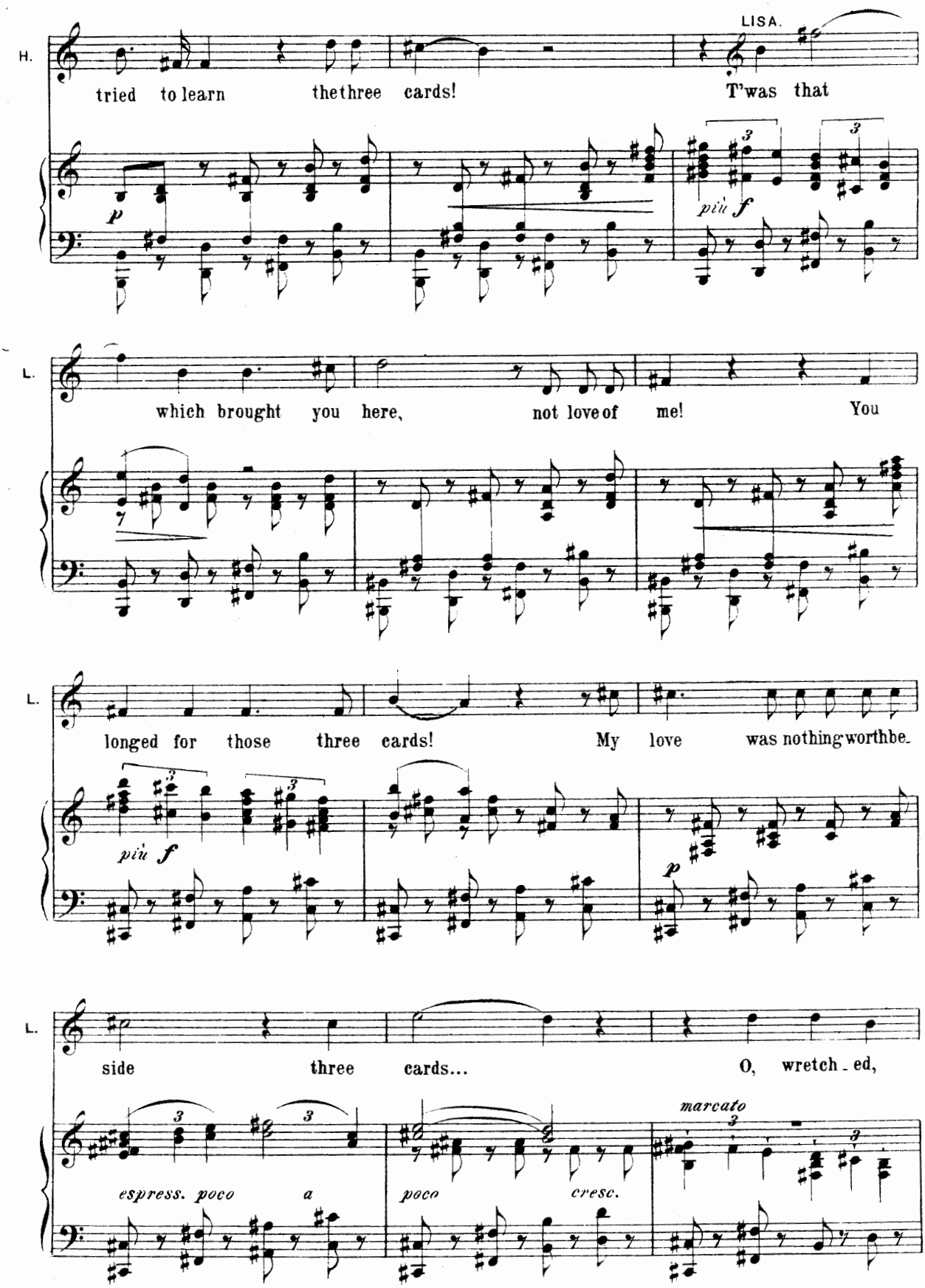

HERMAN.
H.
Speak, you old witch! Speak, or I will force you to
(He draws out a pistol.)
H.
tell me the truth!
(The Countess nods her head at him, and throws up her arms to protect herself from the shot, then
cresc.
falls back dead.)

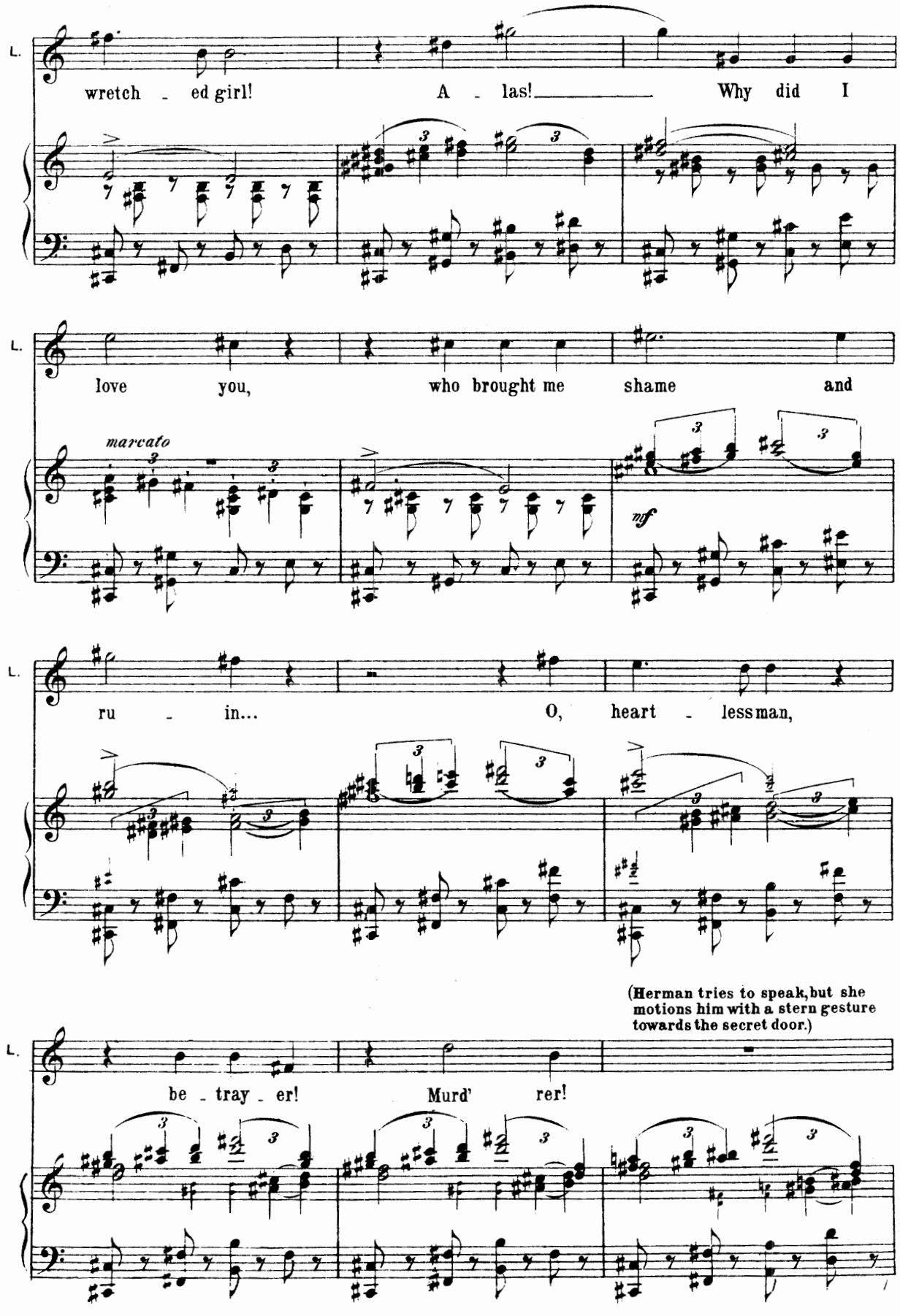

Più andante. (♩ = 72)
riten.
(Herman bends over her corpse and seizes her by the hand.)
HERMAN.
Come, have done with this pretence! Now name them to me quick-ly, three cards?..
Yes or no?
O, she is
riten.
Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)
dead!
Too late!
The se - cret with her
Moderato assai.
(Stands as though turned to stone.)
per - ished!

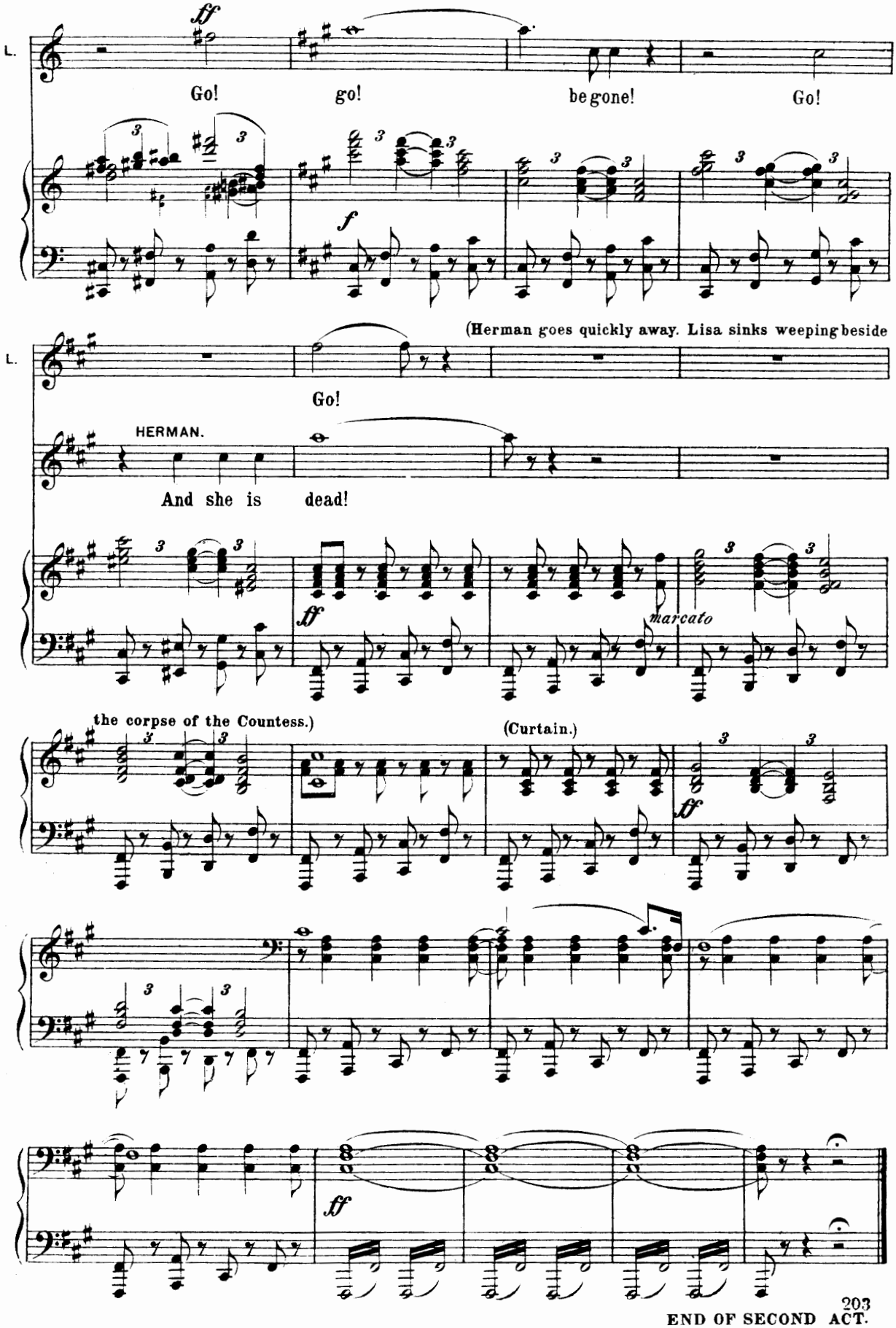

HERMAN.
She's dead!
The se_cret with her
H.
per_ished... she is dead! She is
H.
dead!
(Enter Lisa with a light.)


pp
mp
pp
Vivace. (alla breve.) (𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥 = 92)
LISA.
(Catching sight of Herman.)
Why this noise? You! you, here?
Vivace. (alla breve.)
fp molto agitato
HERM. (Rushes towards her in fear and agitation).
Be still! Be still! for she is
H.
dead, the se - cret now has per - - ished!
marcato
p
LISA.
HERM. (Points to the corpse).
Who is dead? O Heav'n, what words are these? Too late!


(Lisa throws herself upon the body of the Countess.) LISA
H.
for she is dead, the se - cret with her per - - ished. Yes!
marcato
L.
She is dead! God help us! And
p
(Sobs.)
HERMAN.
L.
this has been your work! Ah, no,
H.
I did not wish her death! I on - ly


H.
LISA.
tried to learn the three cards!
T'was that
p
più f
L.
which brought you here, not love of me!
You
L.
longed for those three cards!
My love was nothing worthbe-
più f
p
L.
side three cards...
O, wretch - ed,
espress. poco a
poco
cresc.
marcato


L.
wretch - ed girl! A - las! Why did I
L.
love you, who brought me shame and
marcato
mf
L.
ru - in... O, heart - less man,
(Herman tries to speak, but she motions him with a stern gesture towards the secret door.)
L.
be - tray - er! Murd' rer!

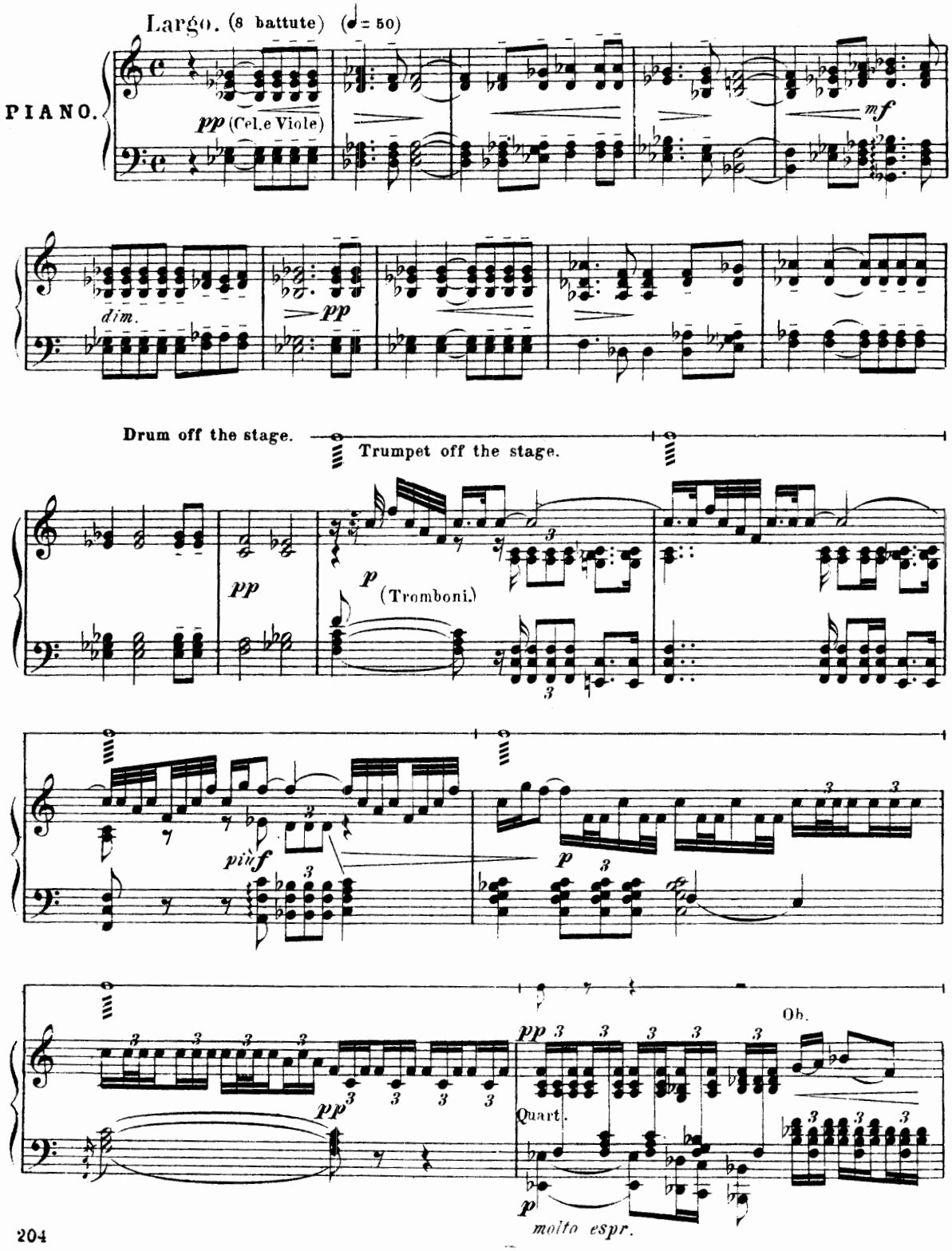


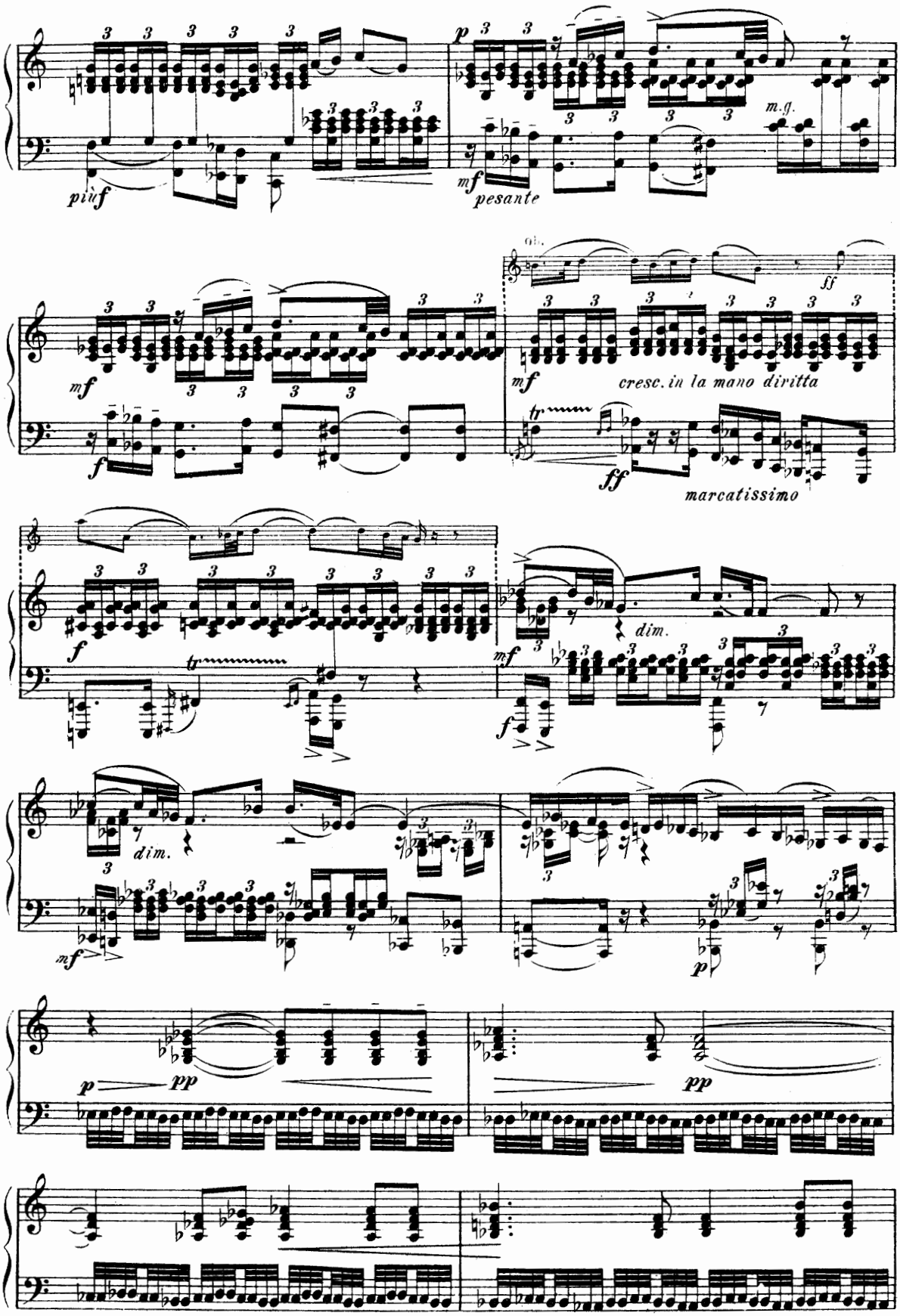
END OF SECOND ACT.

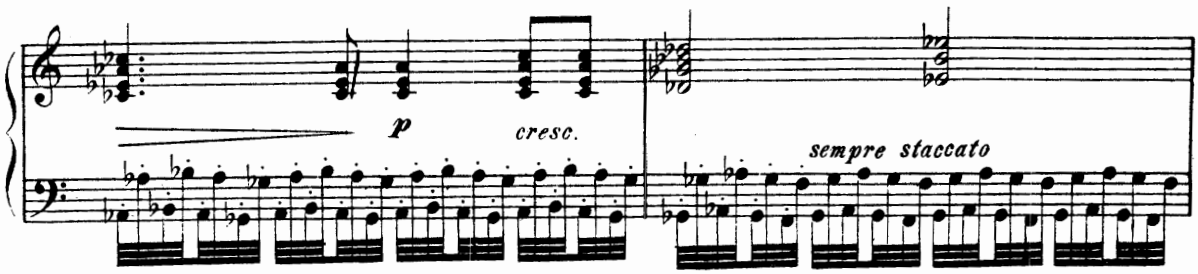
ACT III.

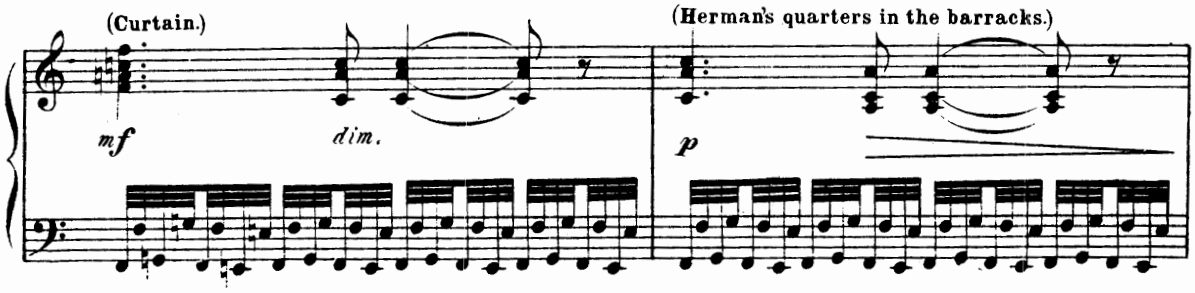
SCENE V.

№ 18. Entr'acte and scene.

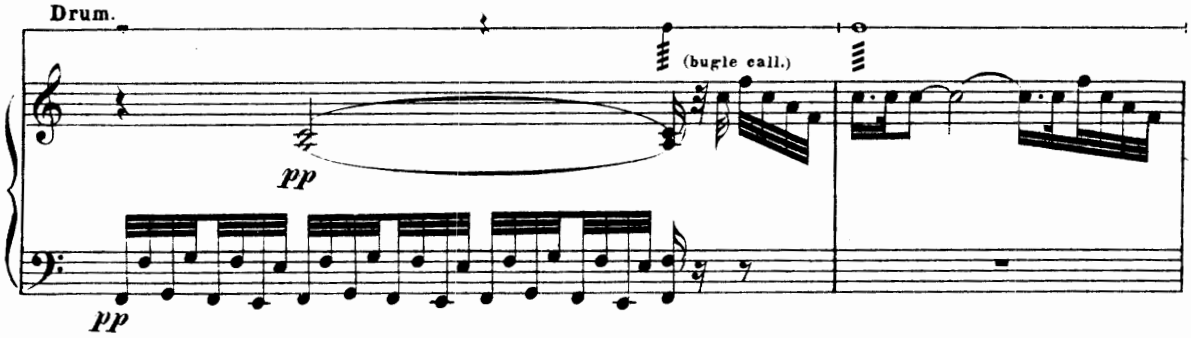


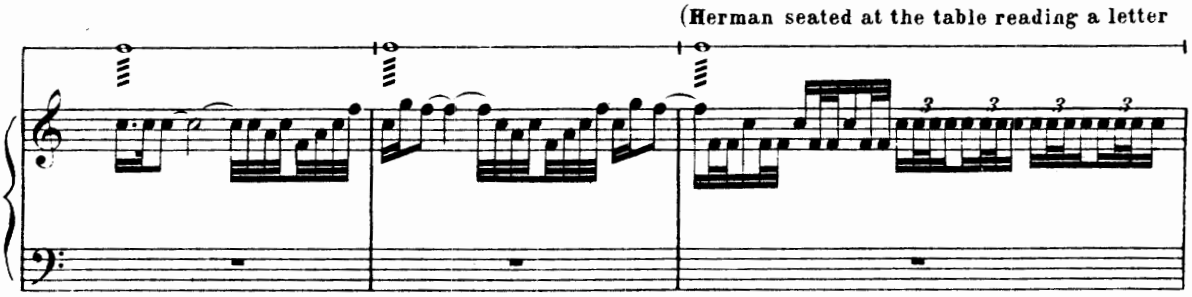

più f
p
mf
pesante
m.g.
mf
f
ob.
ff
mf
cresc. in la mano diritta
tr
ff
marcatissimo
f
tr
mf
dim.
f
dim.
mf
p
p
pp
pp

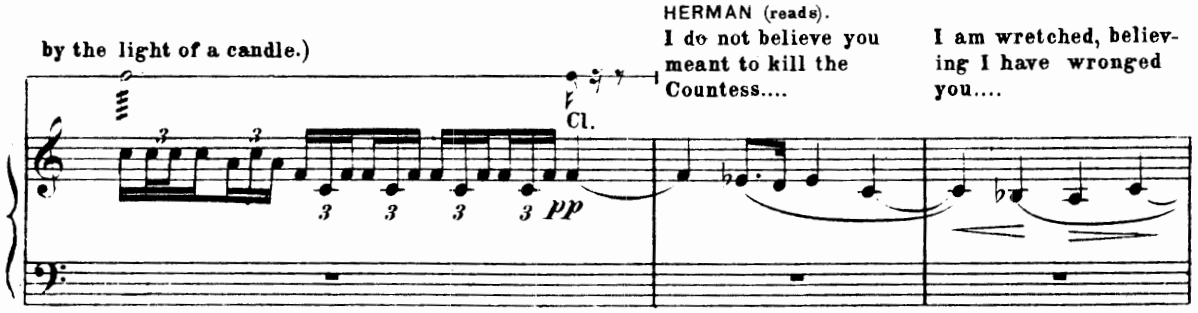




(It is late evening and the moonlight gleams through the window from time to time. The wind howls outside.)







Set me at rest! To-day I will expect you on the Quay,

when no one will be there to see us. By midnight,

if you fail to come, I shall be filled with dreadful fears,

which I strive now to chase away. Forgive me, I suffer greatly...

HERMAN.

Poor woman!

Cl. basso

mf

mf

H.

To what dark depths of shame and grief I've dragged her with me!

tr

p

H.

p

(Falls back in his chair and is lost in revery.)

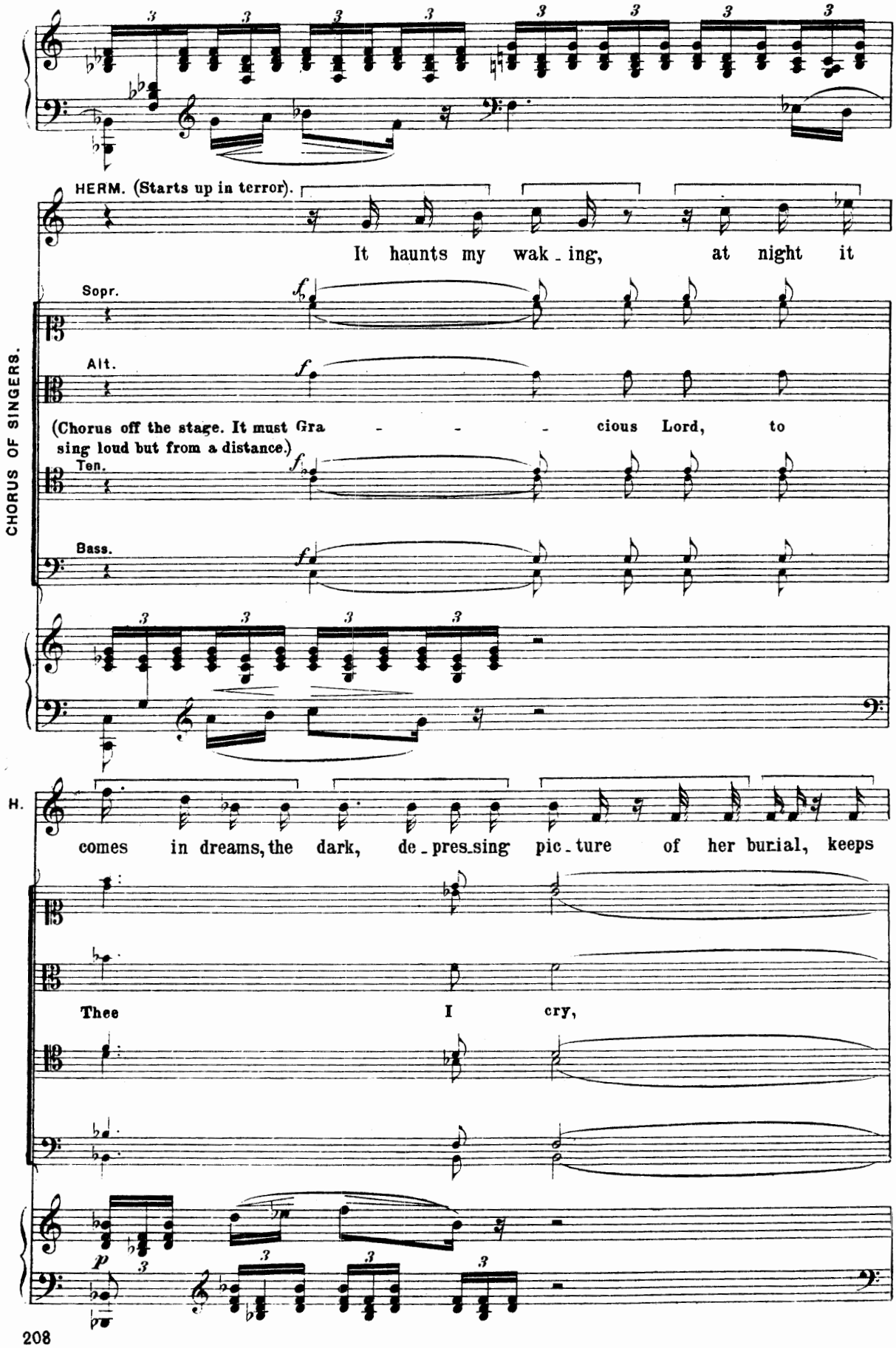
H.

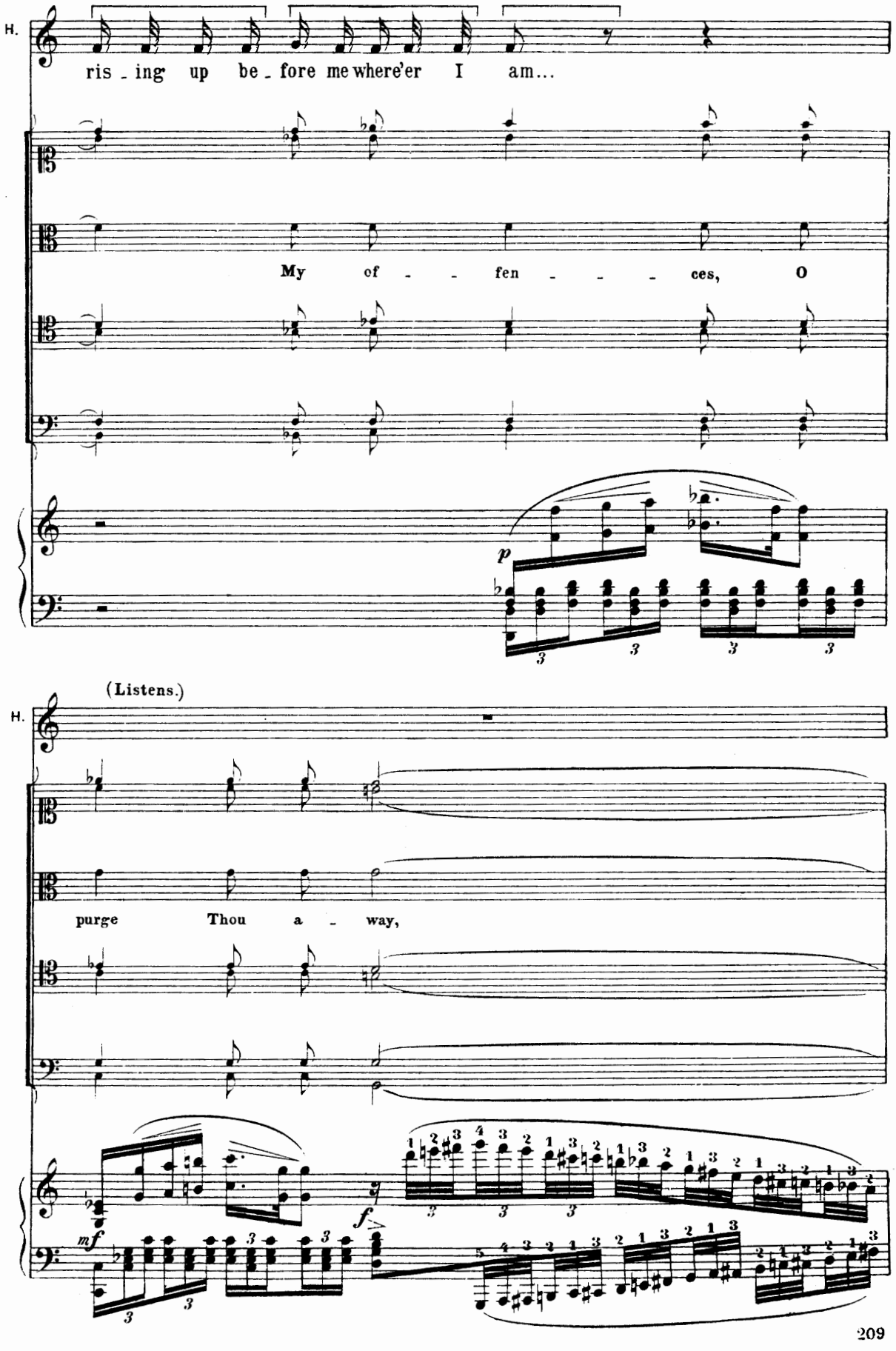
Ah, could I find some quiet, some o - bliv - ion!

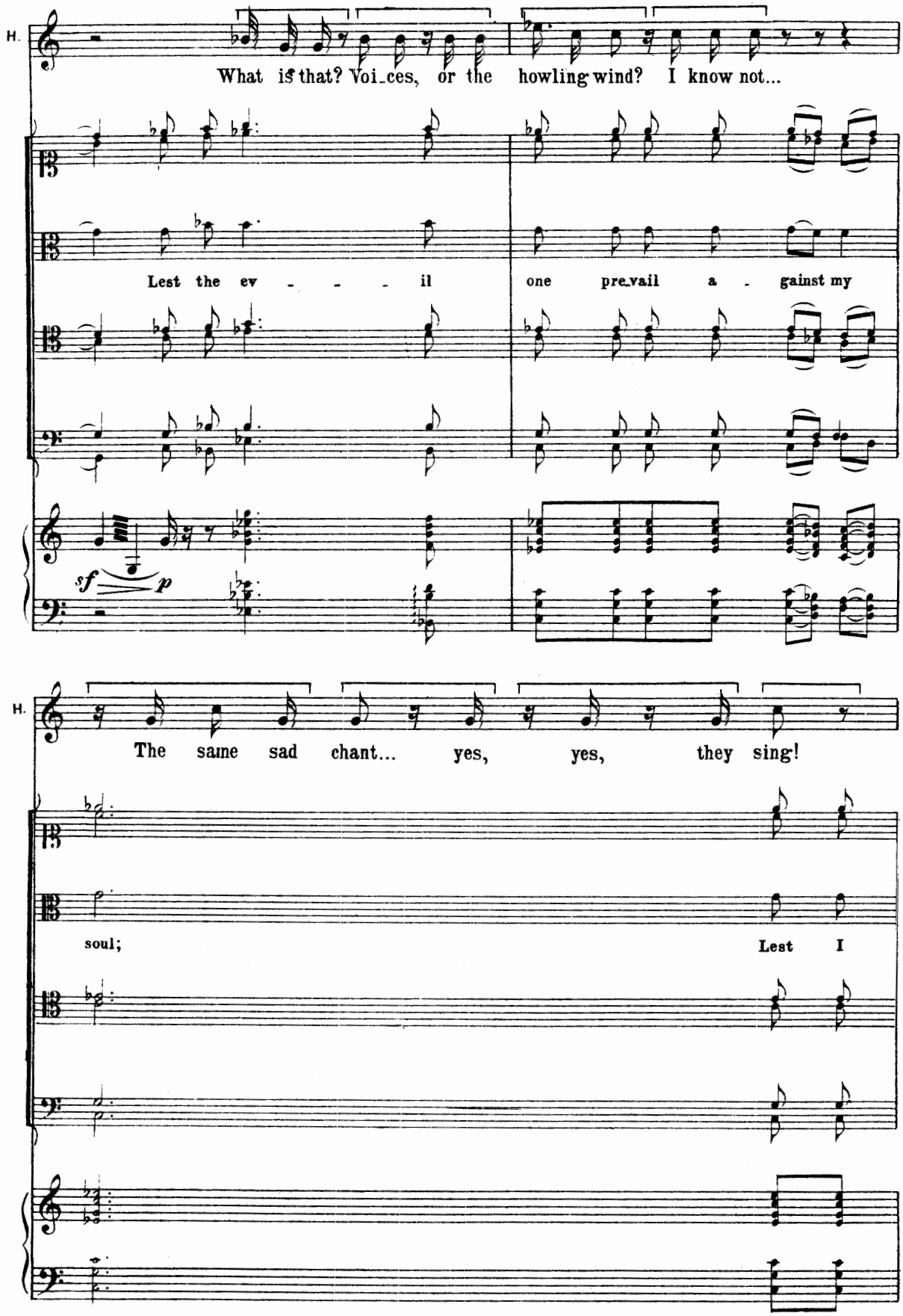
sfp

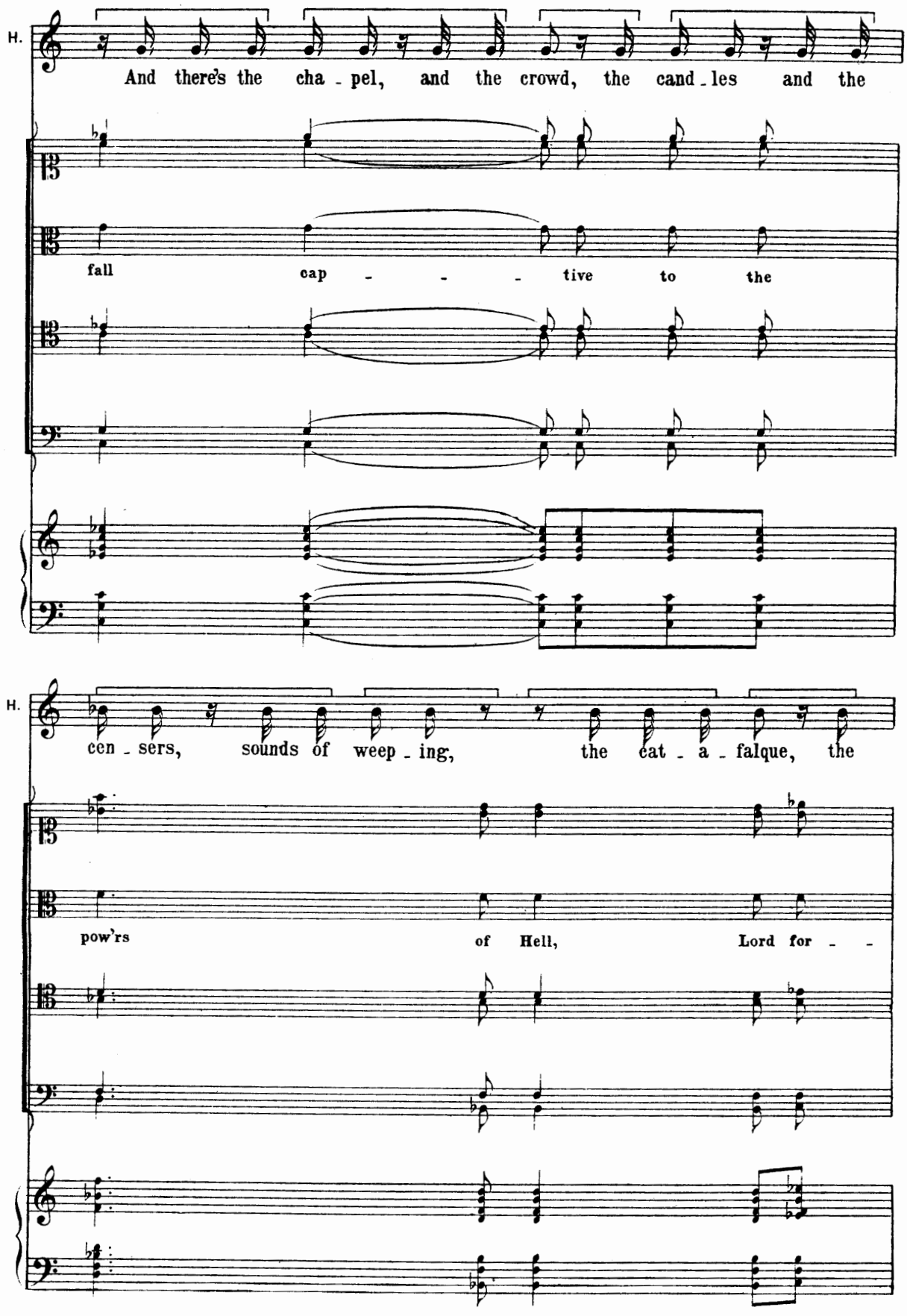
p

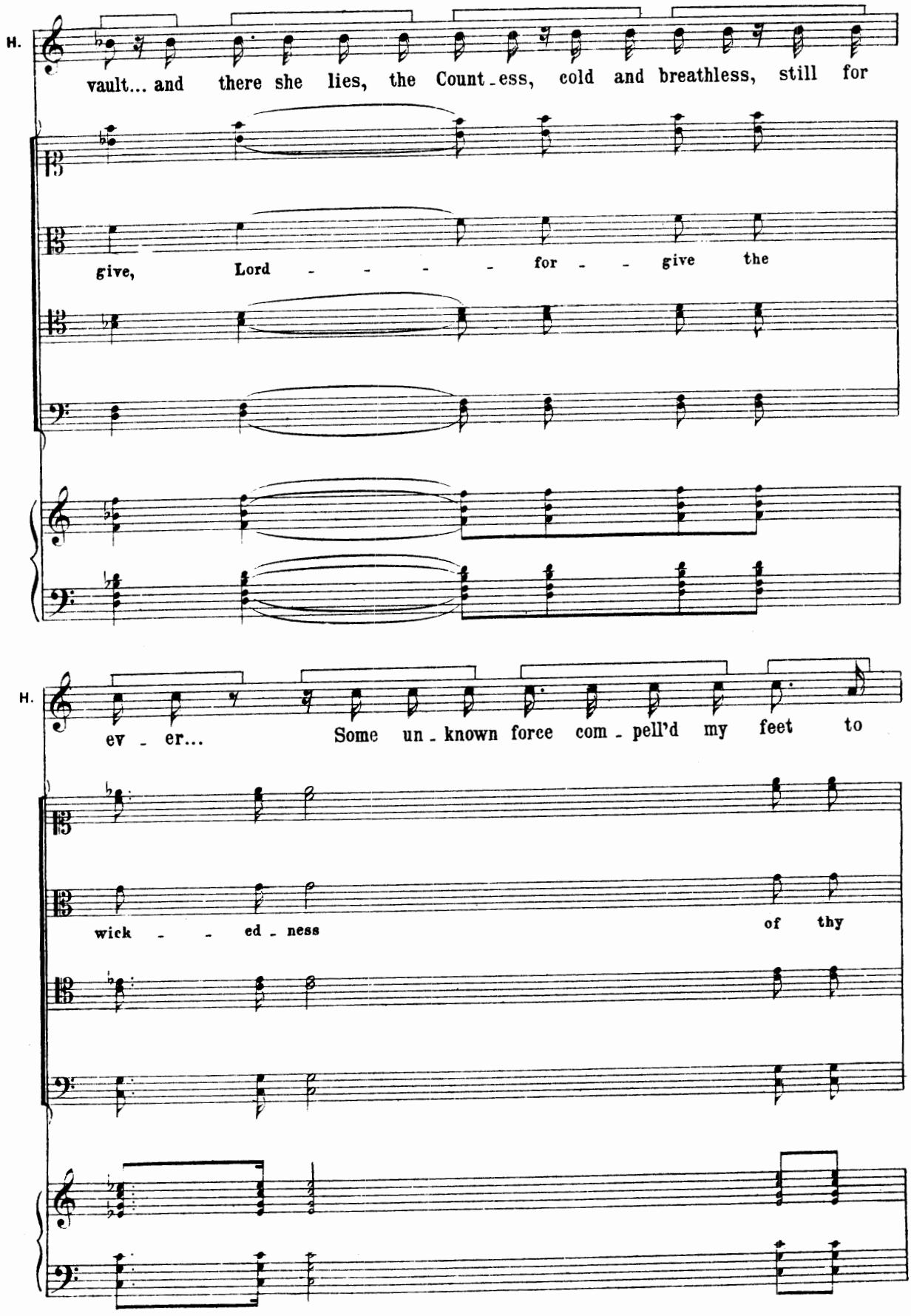
p

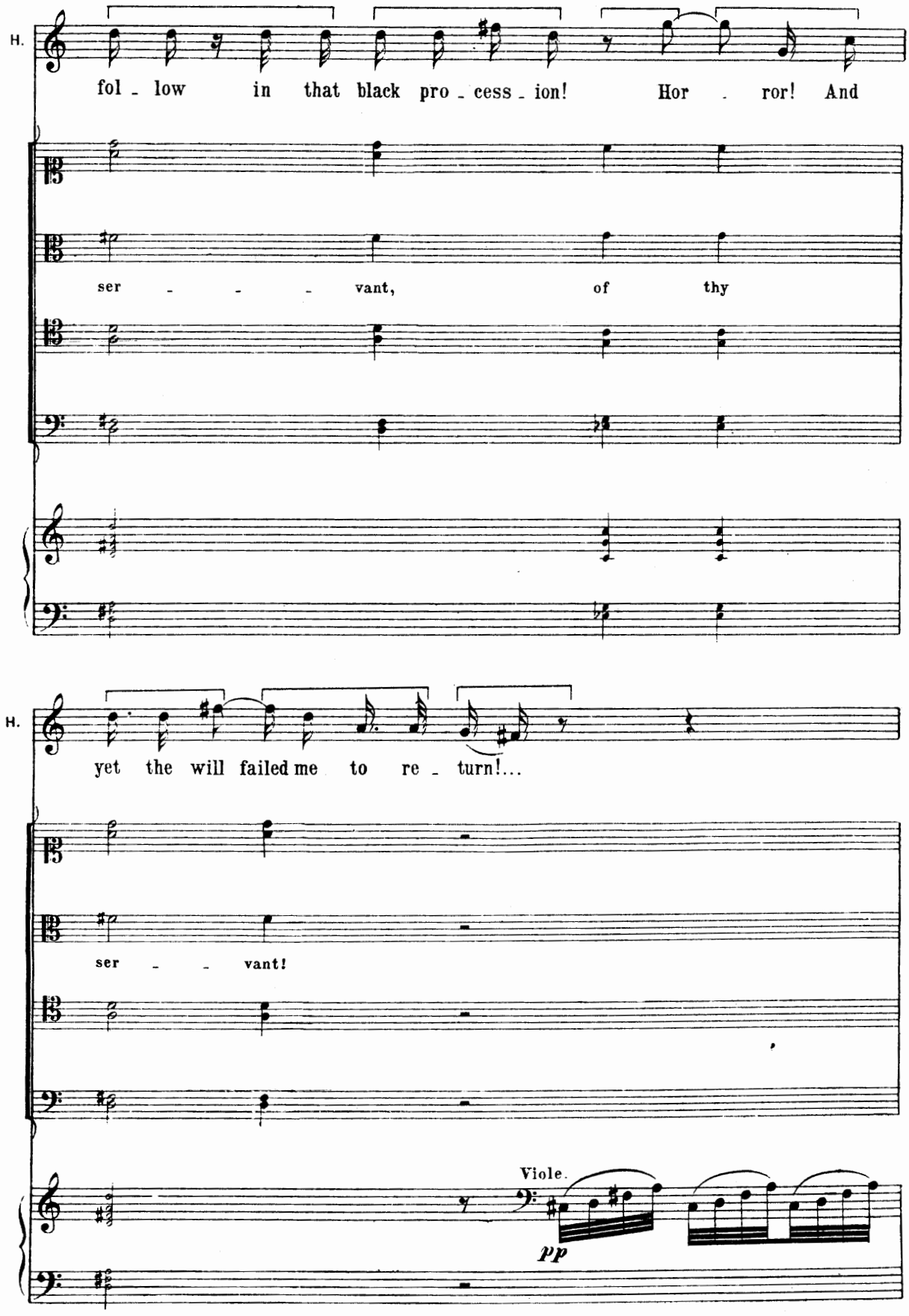

HERM. (Starts up in terror).
It haunts my wak_ing, at night it
Sopr.
Alt.
(Chorus off the stage. It must sing loud but from a distance.)
Gra - - - cious Lord, to
Ten.
Bass.
CHORUS OF SINGERS.
H.
comes in dreams, the dark, de_pres_sing pic_ture of her burial, keeps
Thee I cry,

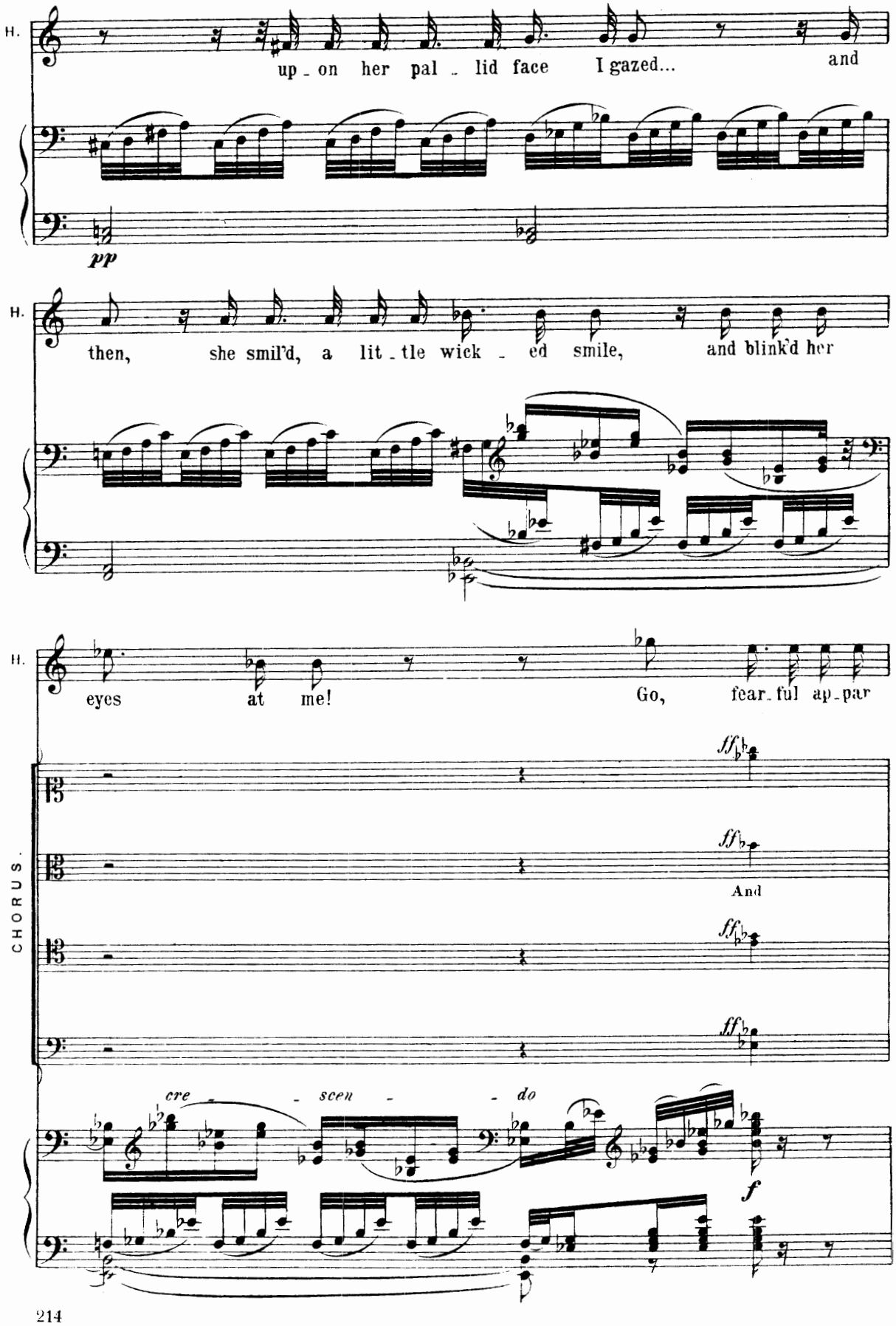

H.
ris - ing up be - fore me where'er I am...
My of - - fen - - - ces, O
p
(Listens.)
H.
purge Thou a - way,
mf
f

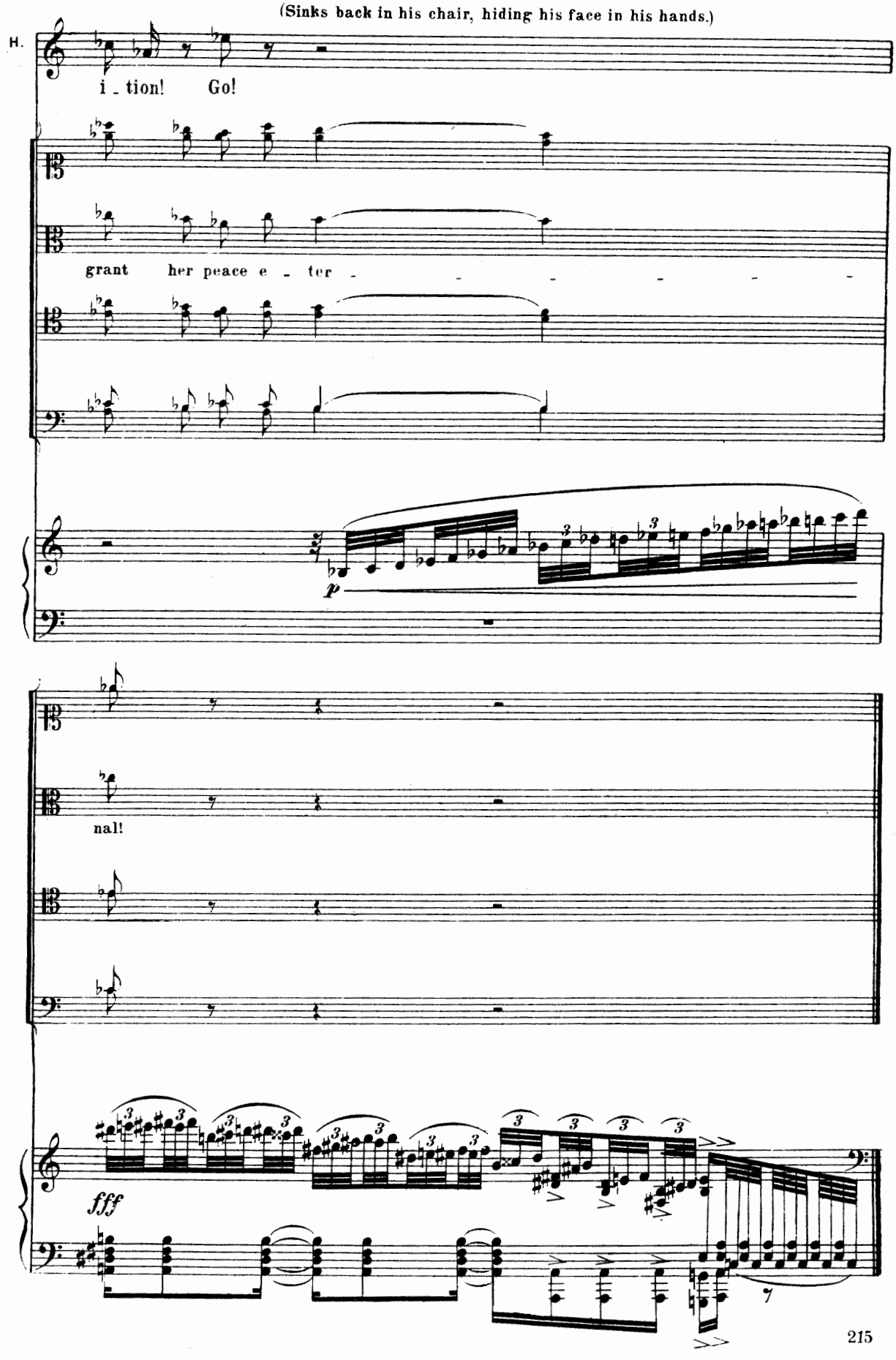

H.
What is that? Voi_ces, or the howling wind? I know not...
Lest the ev - - - il one pre_vail a - gainst my
sf p
H.
The same sad chant... yes, yes, they sing!
soul; Lest I

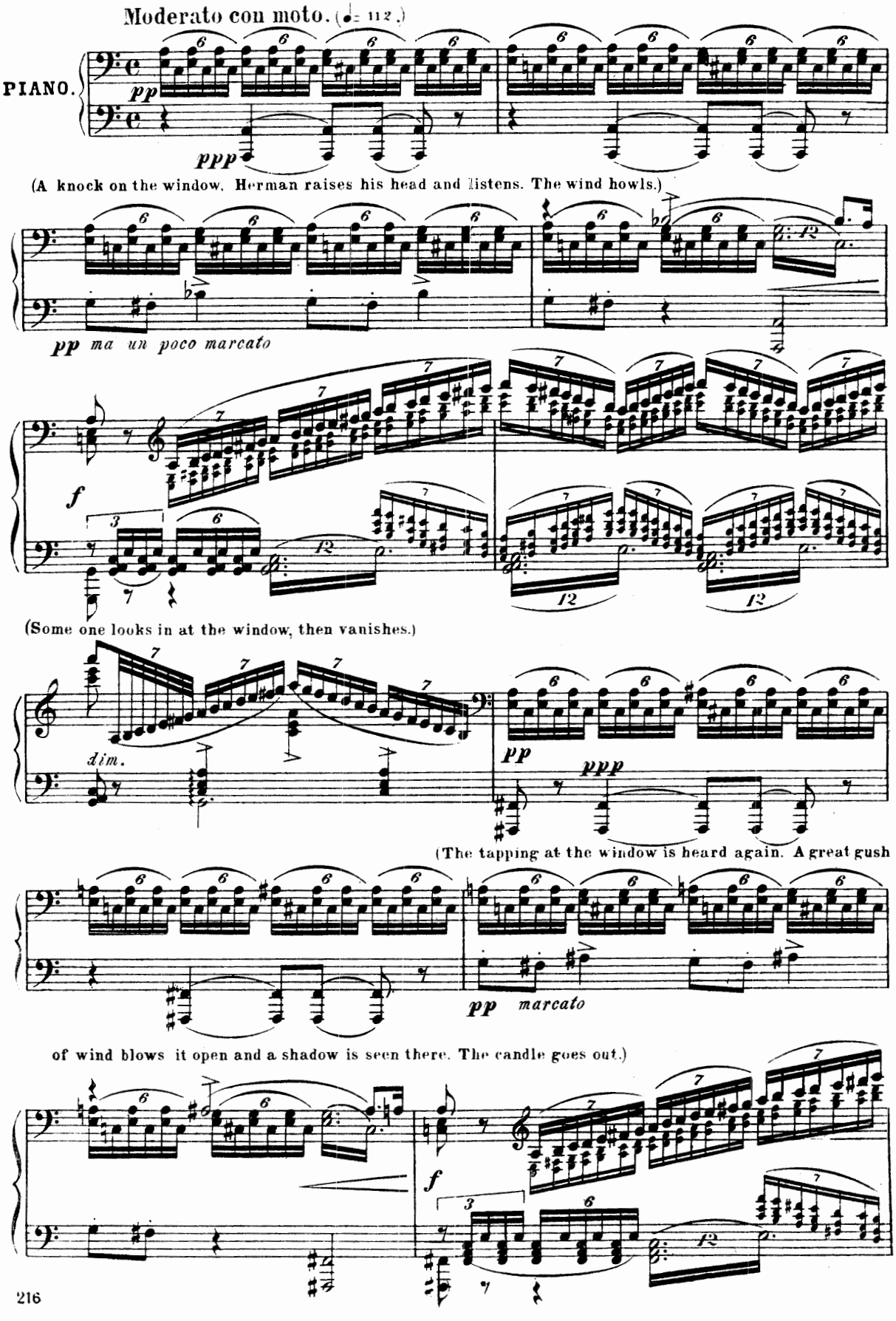

H.
And there's the cha - pel, and the crowd, the cand - les and the
fall cap - - - tive to the
H.
cen - sers, sounds of weep - ing, the cat - a - falque, the
pow'rs of Hell, Lord for - -

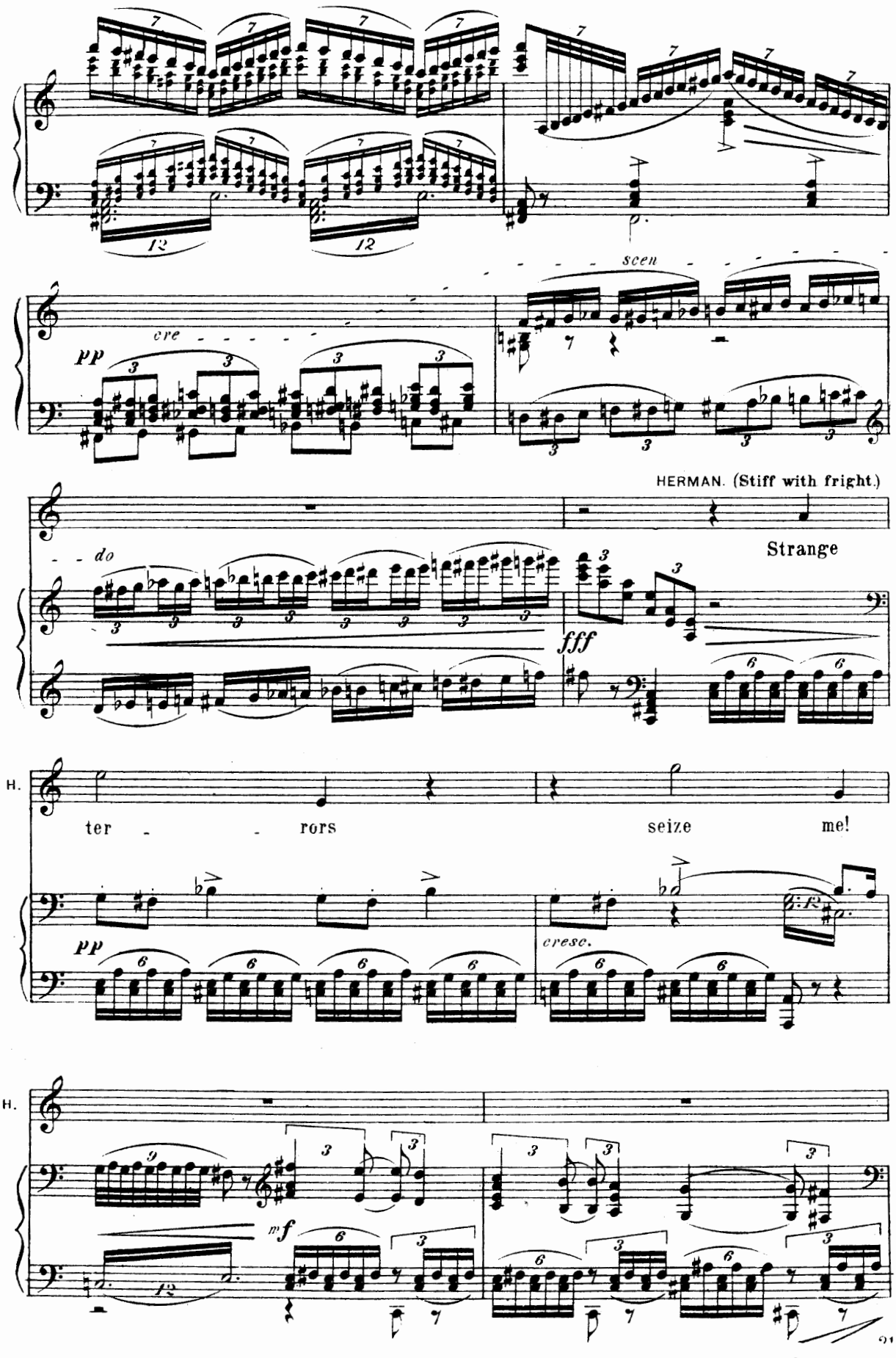

H.
vault... and there she lies, the Count-ess, cold and breathless, still for
give, Lord - - - - for - - give the
H.
ev - er... Some un-known force com-pell'd my feet to
wick - - ed-ness of thy

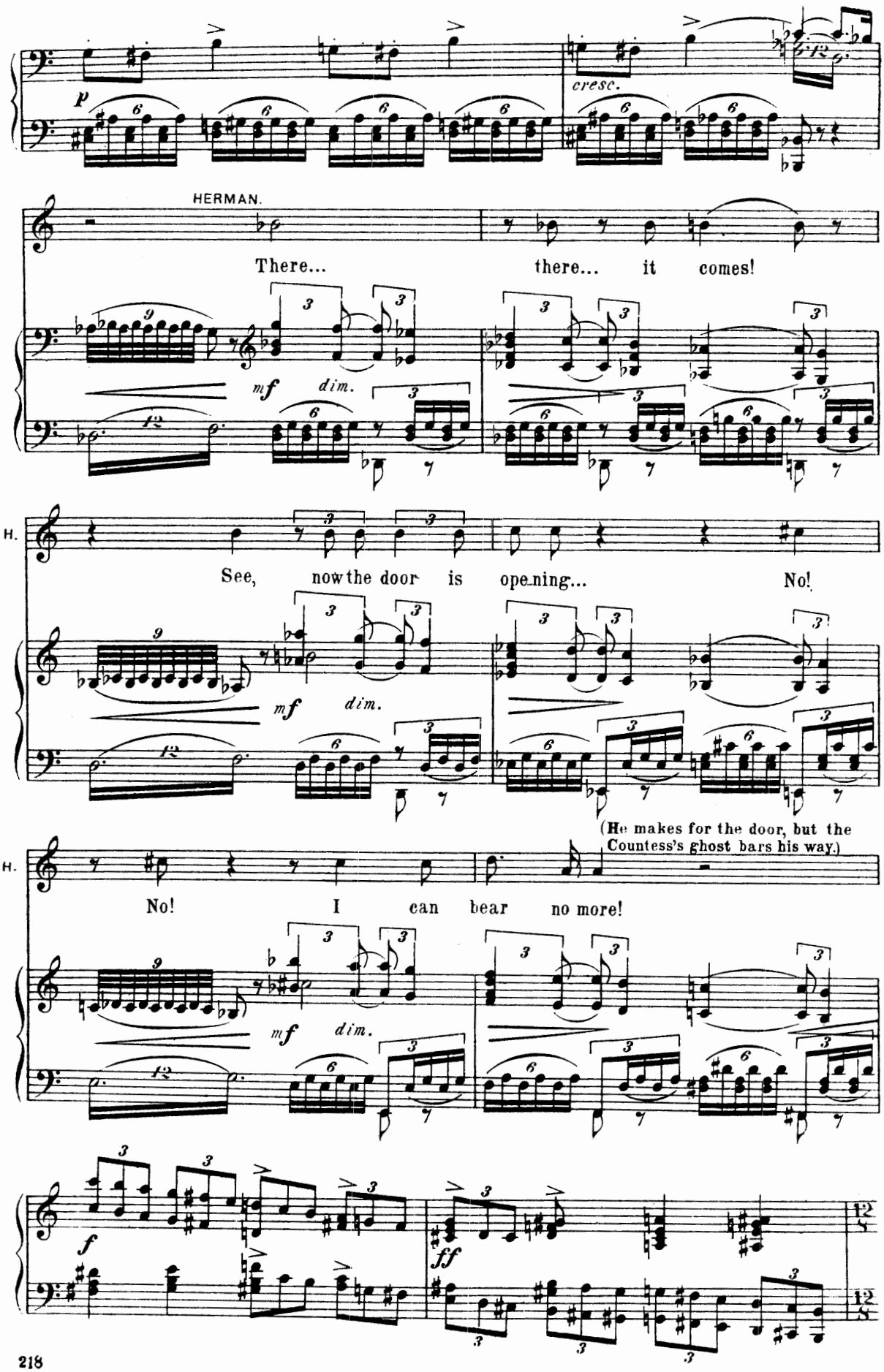

H.
fol - low in that black pro - cess - ion! Hor - ror! And
ser - - - vant, of thy
H.
yet the will failed me to re - turn!...
ser - - vant!
Viole.
pp

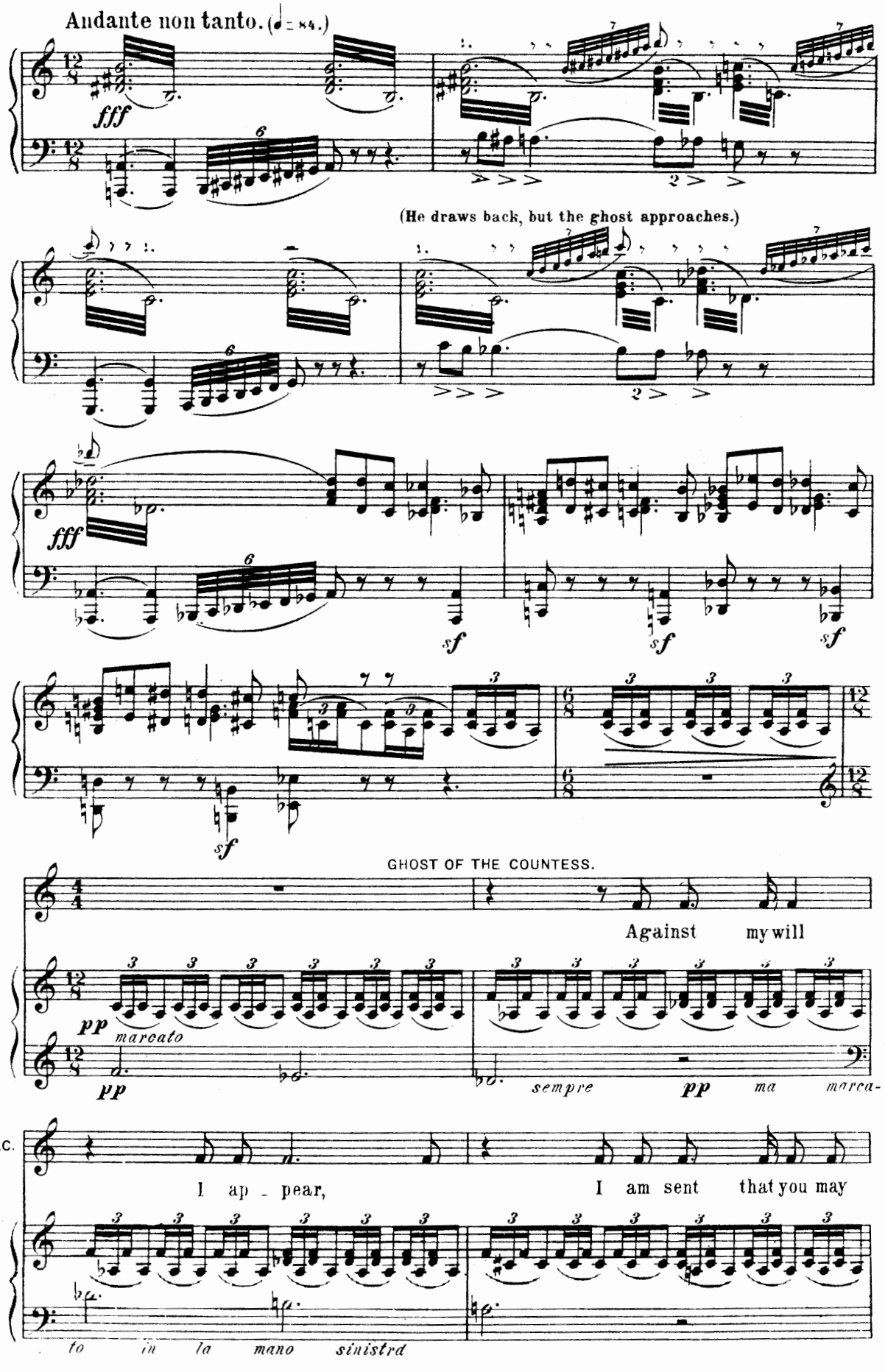

H.
up_on her pal_lid face I gazed... and
pp
H.
then, she smil'd, a lit_tle wick_ed smile, and blink'd her
H.
eyes at me! Go, fear_ful ap_par
CHORUS.
ff
ff
And
ff
ff
cre_scen_do
f

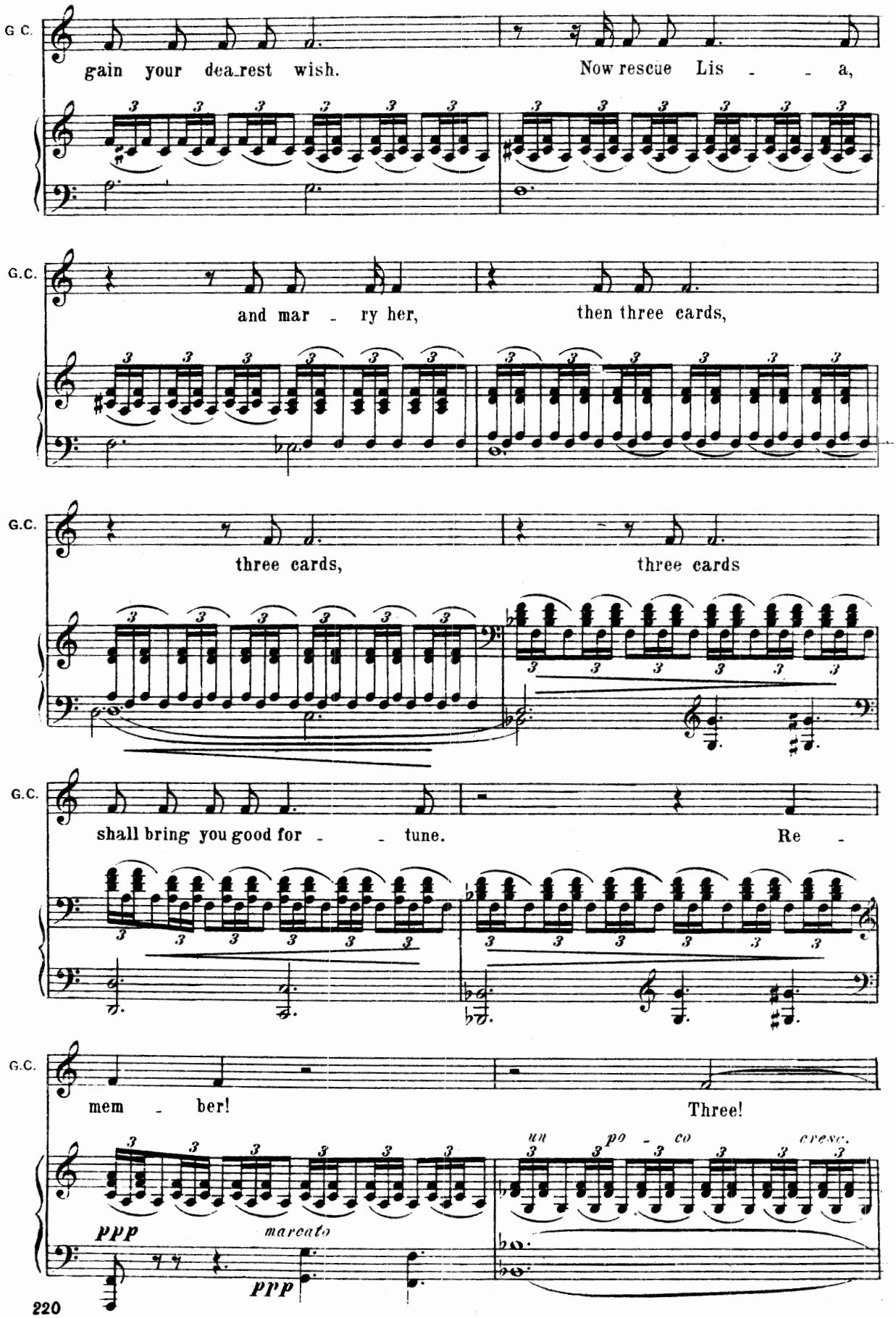

(Sinks back in his chair, hiding his face in his hands.)
H.
i - tion! Go!
grant her peace e - ter -
p
nal!
fff

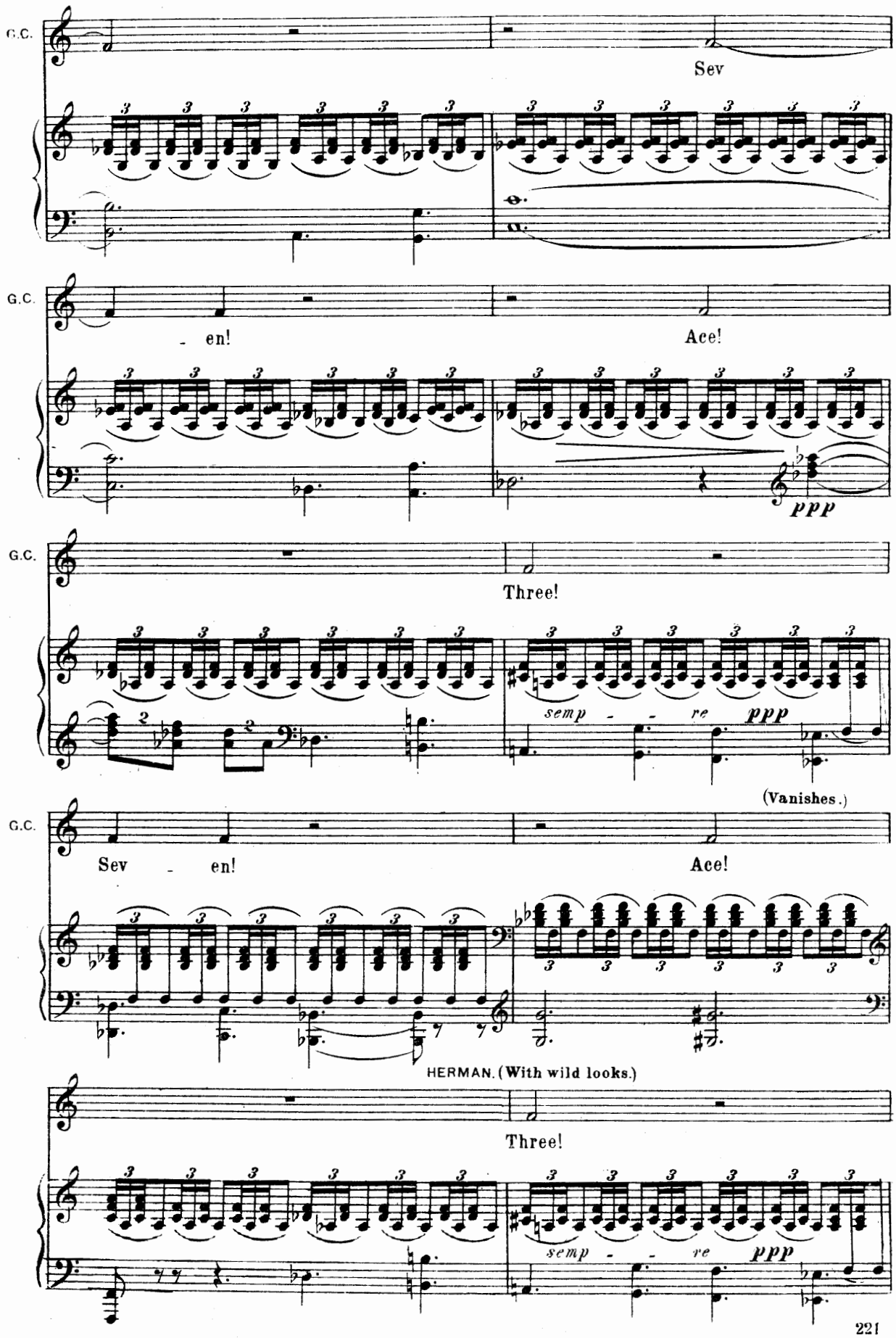

Moderato con moto. (♩= 112.)
PIANO.
pp
ppp
(A knock on the window. Herman raises his head and listens. The wind howls.)
pp ma un poco marcato
f
(Some one looks in at the window, then vanishes.)
dim.
pp
ppp
(The tapping at the window is heard again. A great gush
pp marcato
of wind blows it open and a shadow is seen there. The candle goes out.)
f

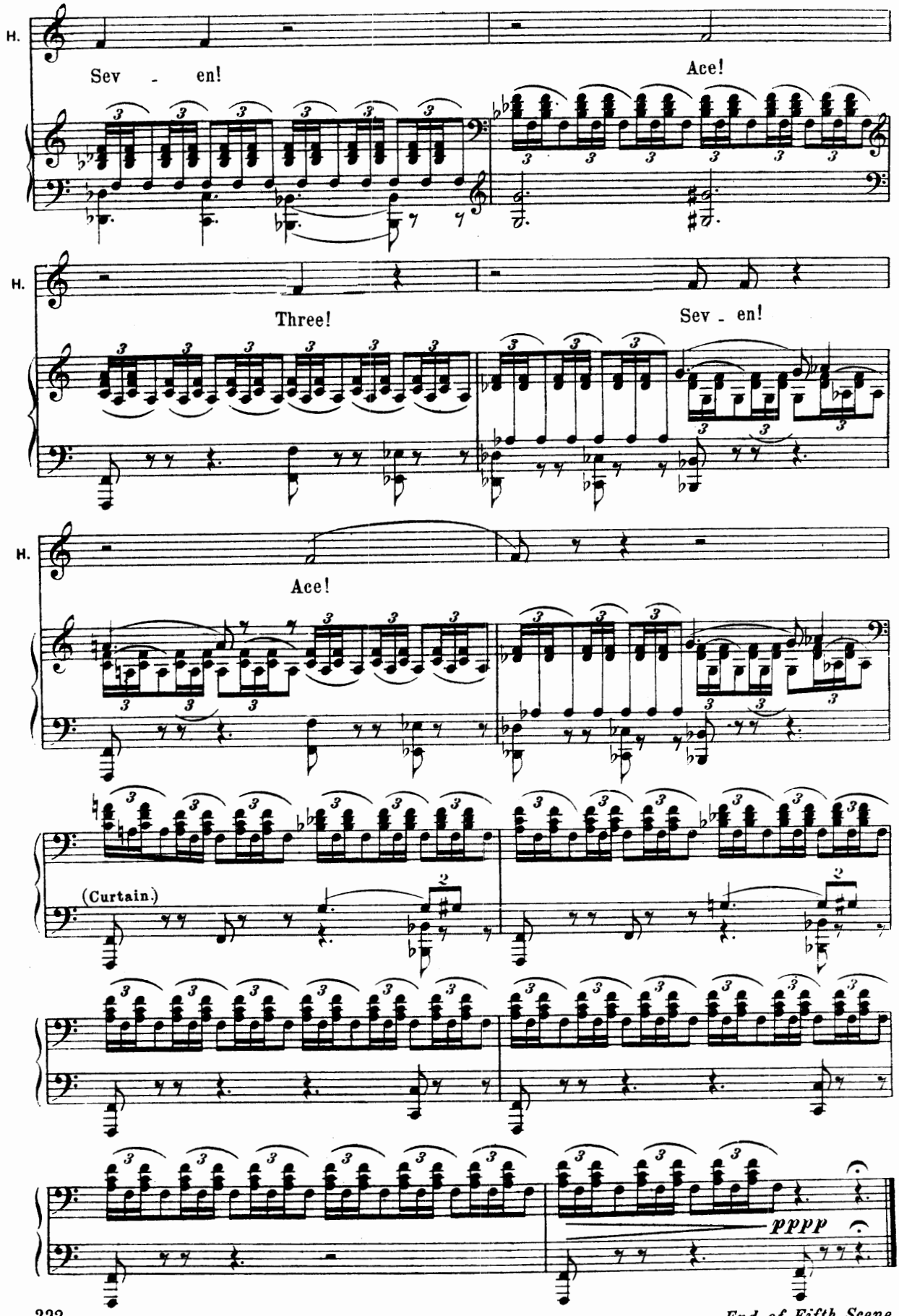

scen
cre
pp
HERMAN. (Stiff with fright.)
Strange
do
fff
H.
ter - - rors seize me!
pp
cresc.
H.
mf


p
cresc.
HERMAN.
There... there... it comes!
mf dim.
H.
See, now the door is opening... No!
mf dim.
(He makes for the door, but the Countess's ghost bars his way.)
H.
No! I can bear no more!
mf dim.
f
ff


Andante non tanto. (♩= 84.)
fff
(He draws back, but the ghost approaches.)
fff
sf
sf
sf
sf
GHOST OF THE COUNTESS.
Against my will
pp
marcato
pp
sempre
pp
ma
marca-
C.
I ap - pear,
I am sent that you may
to in la mano sinistra

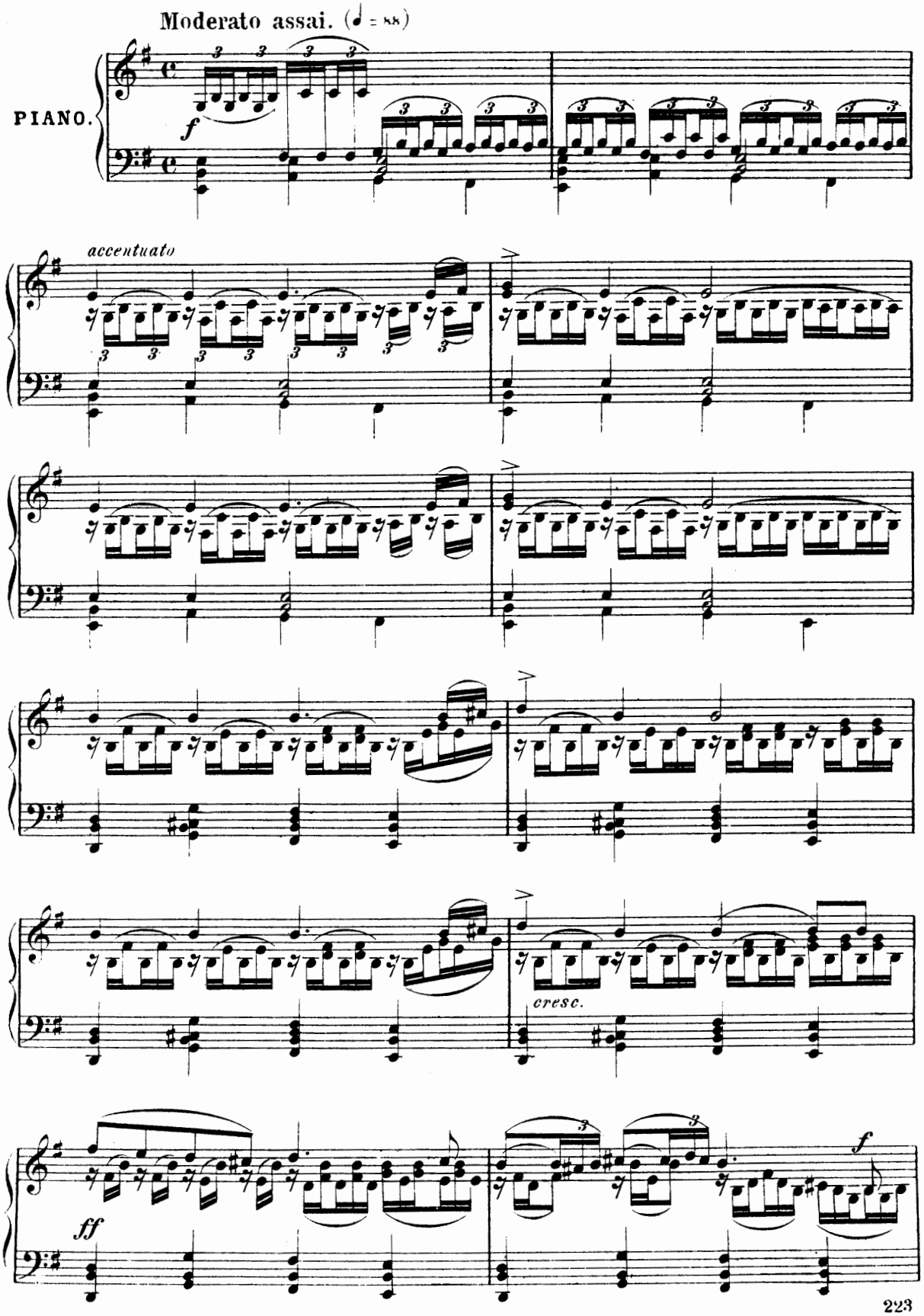

G C.
gain your dea_rest wish.
Now rescue Lis - - a,
G.C.
and mar - ry her,
then three cards,
G.C.
three cards,
three cards
G.C.
shall bring you good for - - tune.
Re -
G.C.
mem - ber!
Three!
ppp
marcato
ppp
un
po - co
cresc.

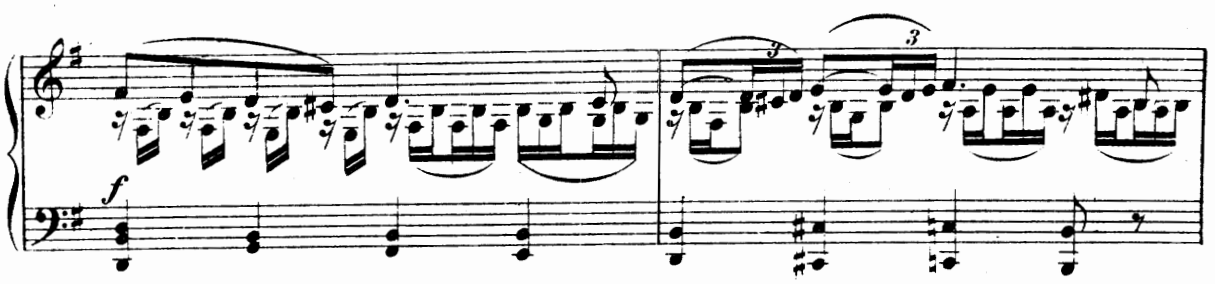

G.C.
Sev
G.C.
- en!
Ace!
ppp
G.C.
Three!
semp - - re ppp
(Vanishes.)
G.C.
Sev - en!
Ace!
HERMAN. (With wild looks.)
Three!
semp - - re ppp

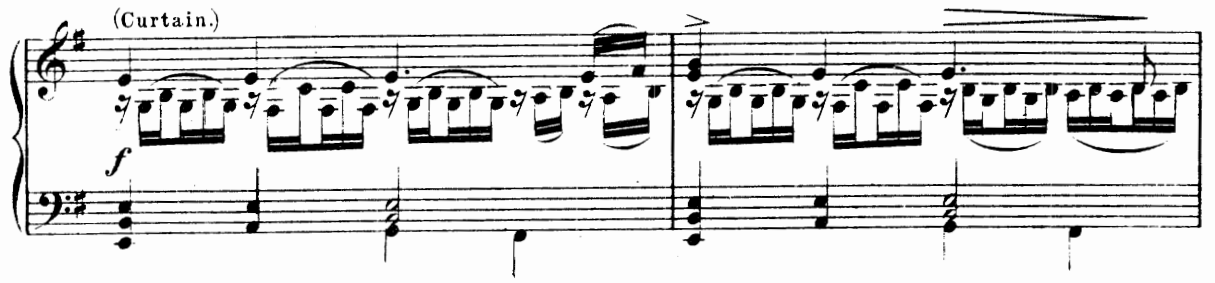


End of Fifth Scene.

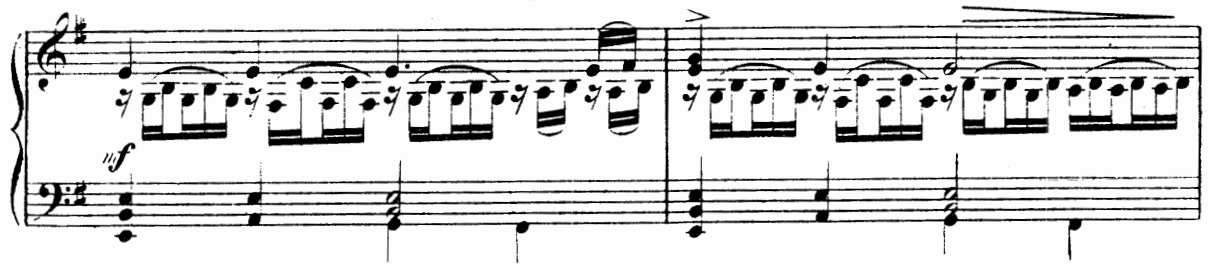
№20. Scene and Arioso: Lisa.

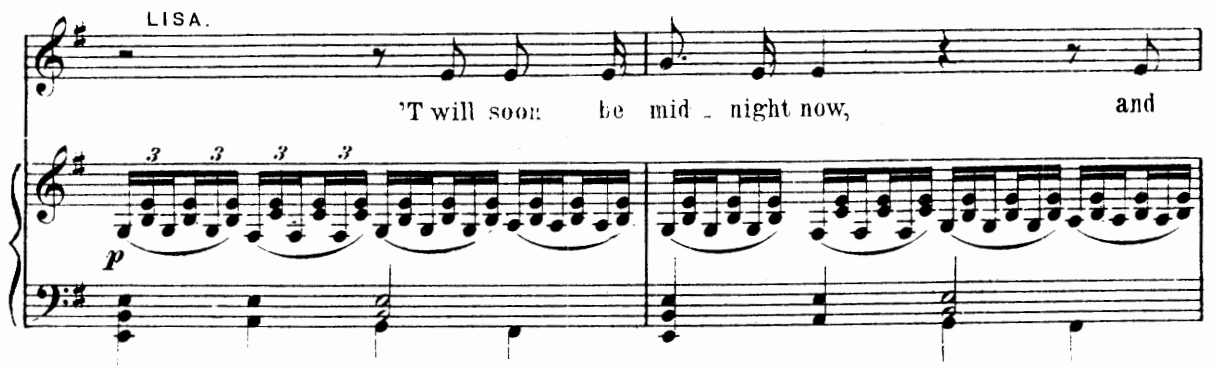


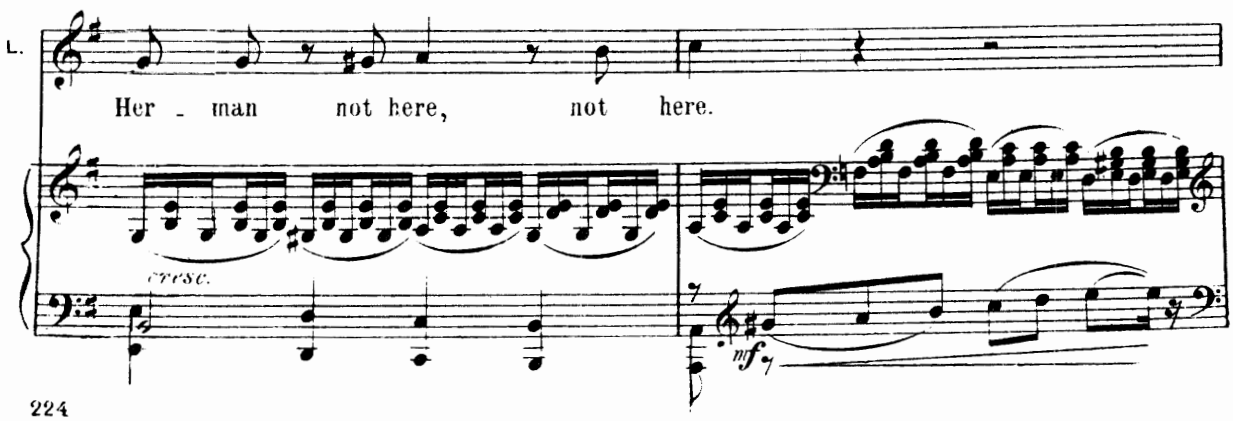


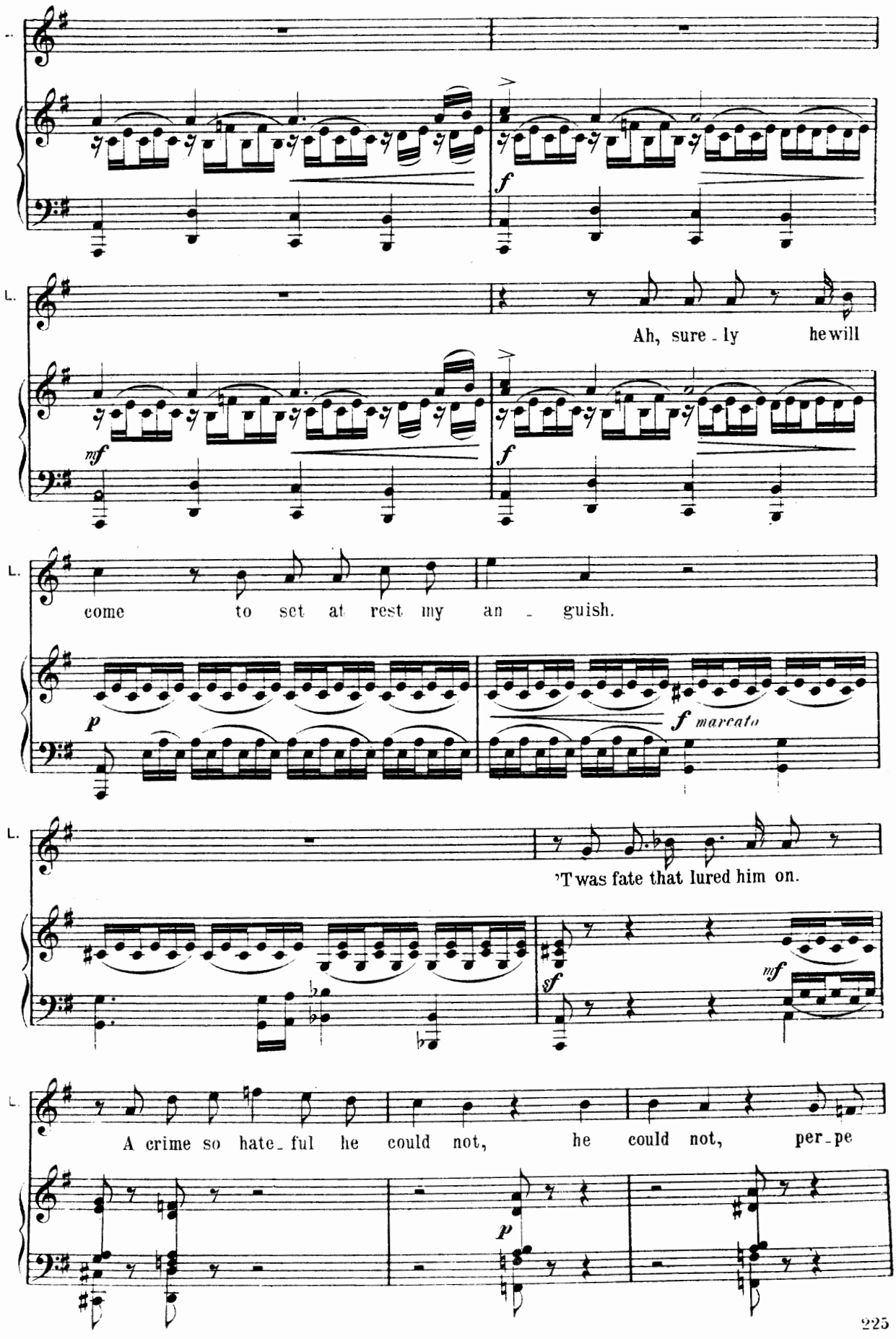


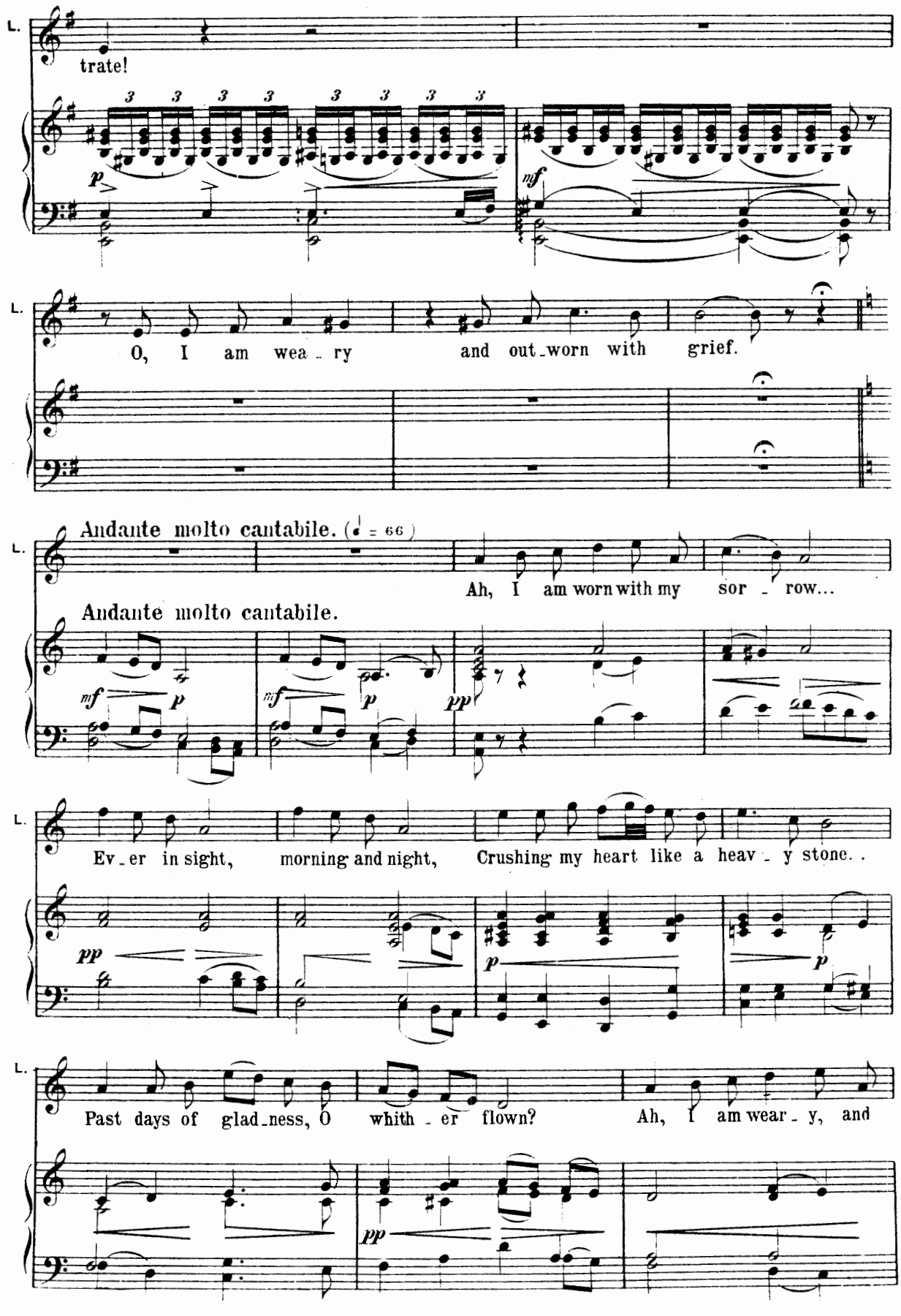
Night. The canal opposite the Winter Palace. In the back ground the Quays of the Neva, and the Peter-and-Paul Fortress in the moonlight. Under the arch, in a dark corner, sits Lisa, dressed in black

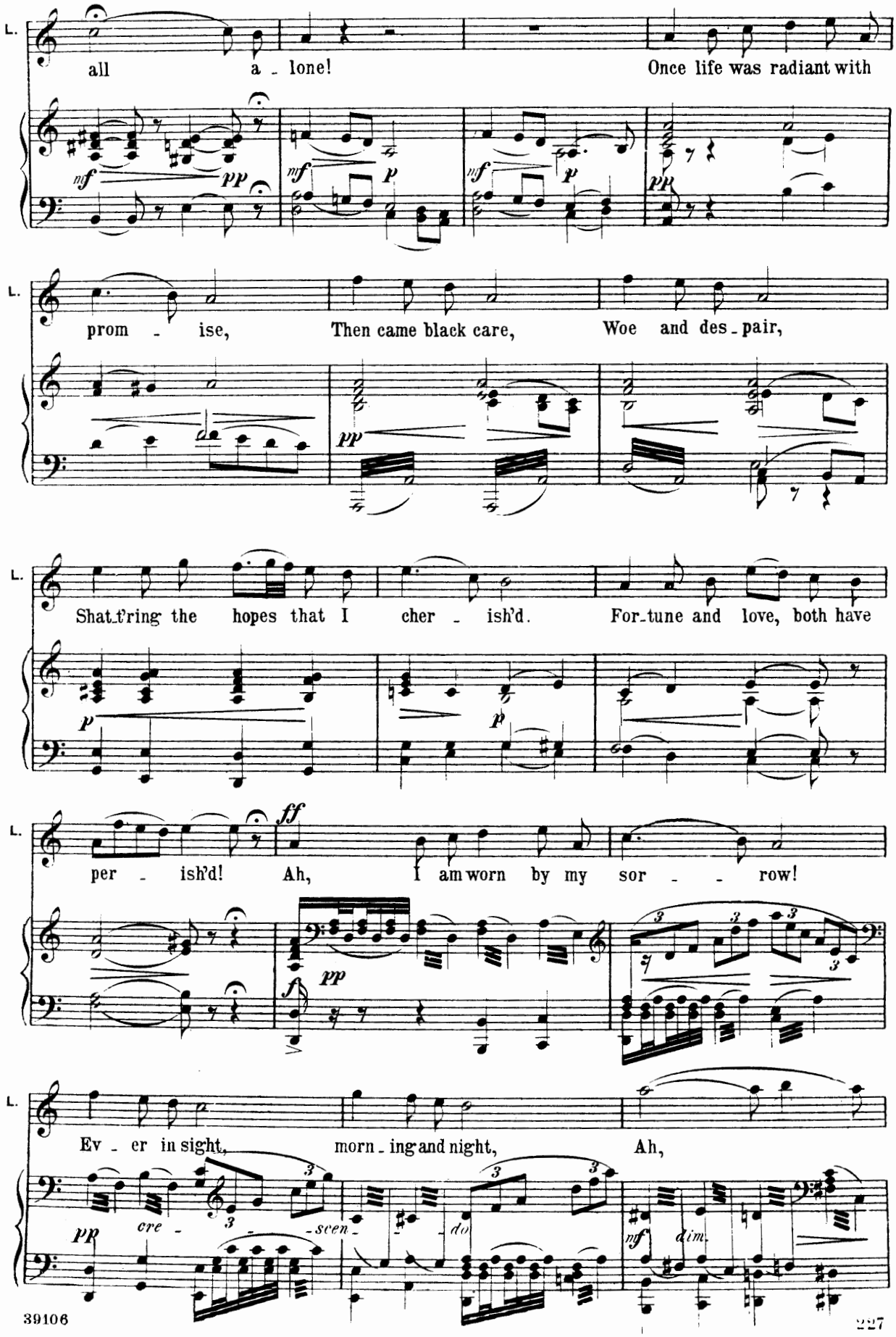


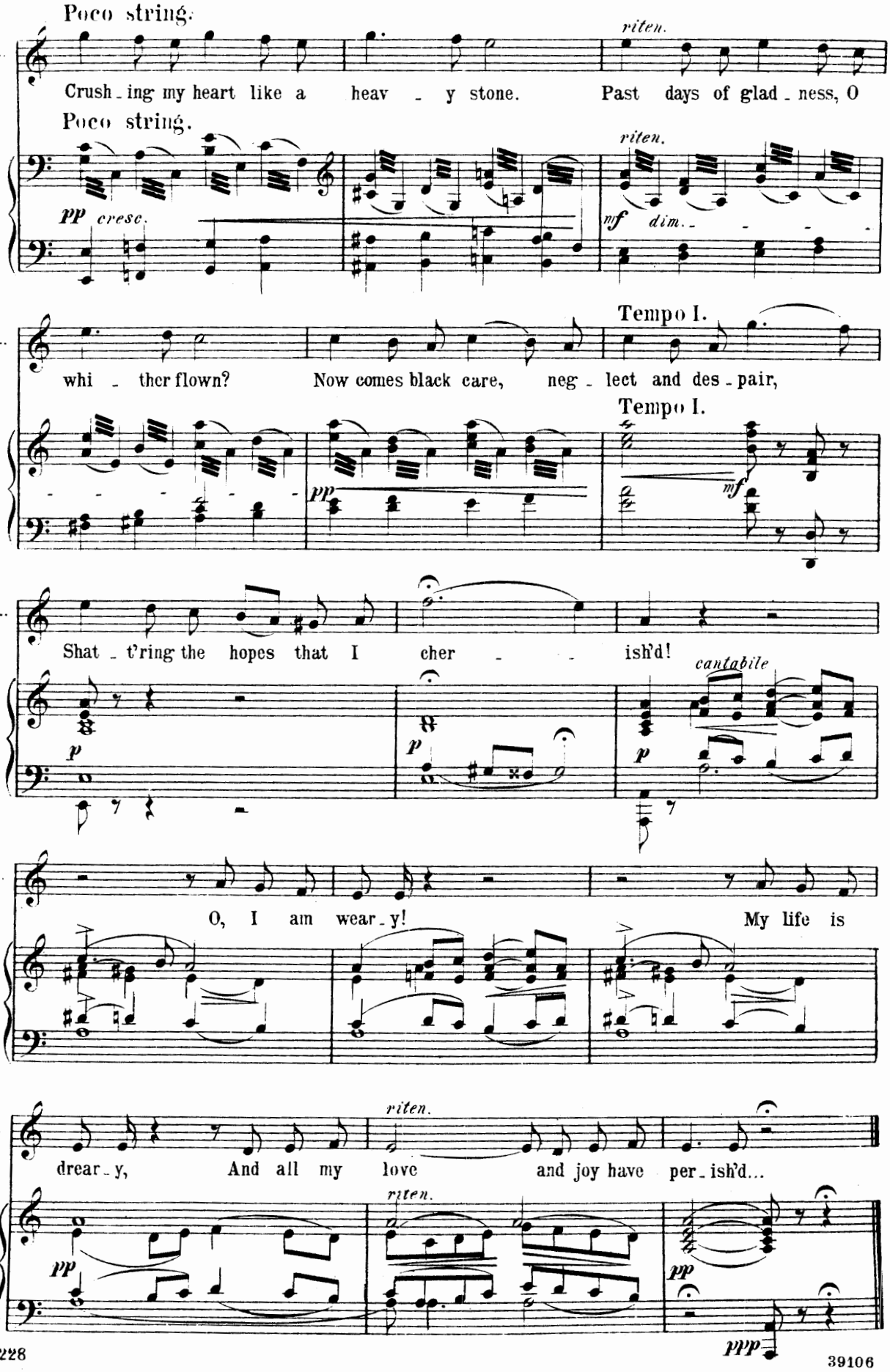


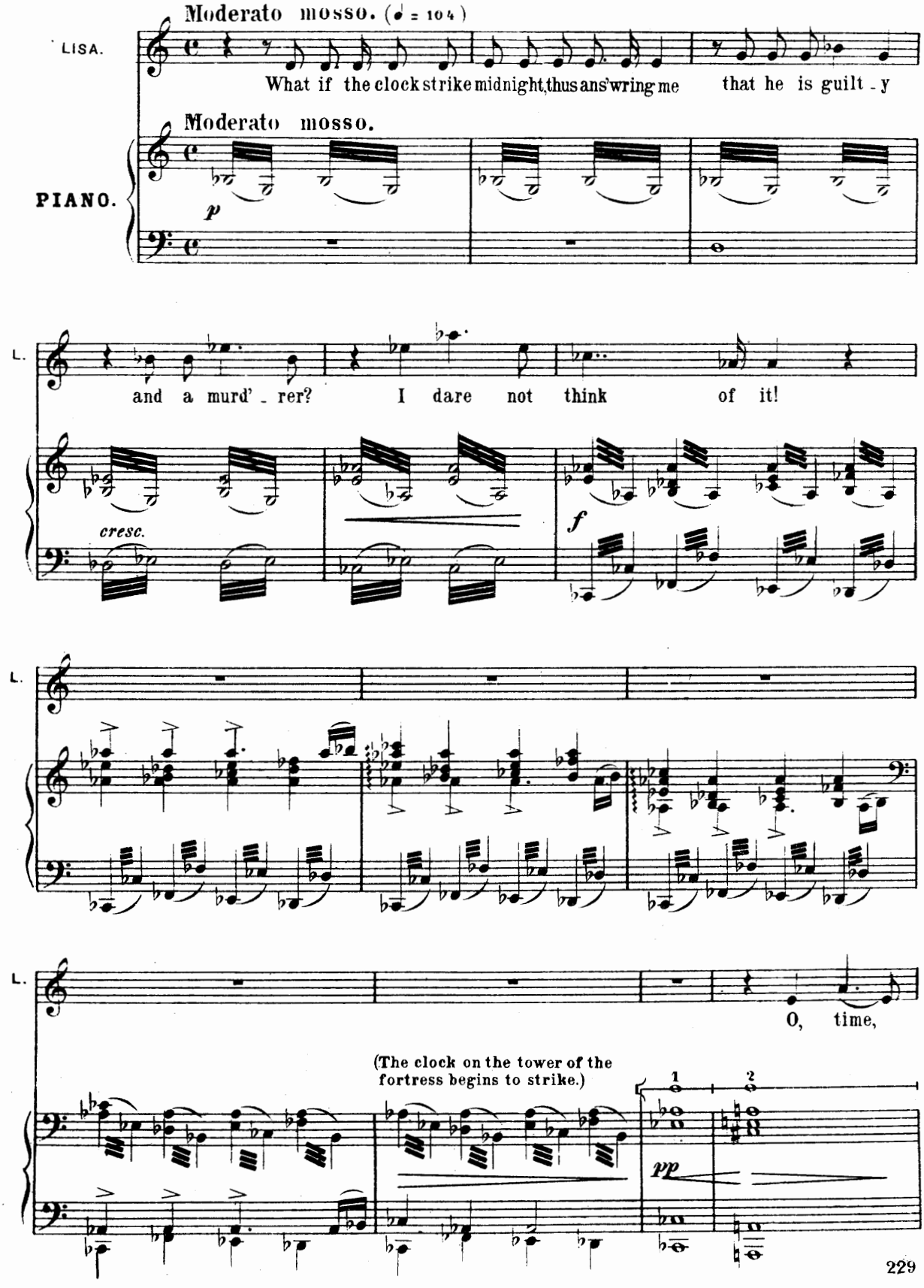


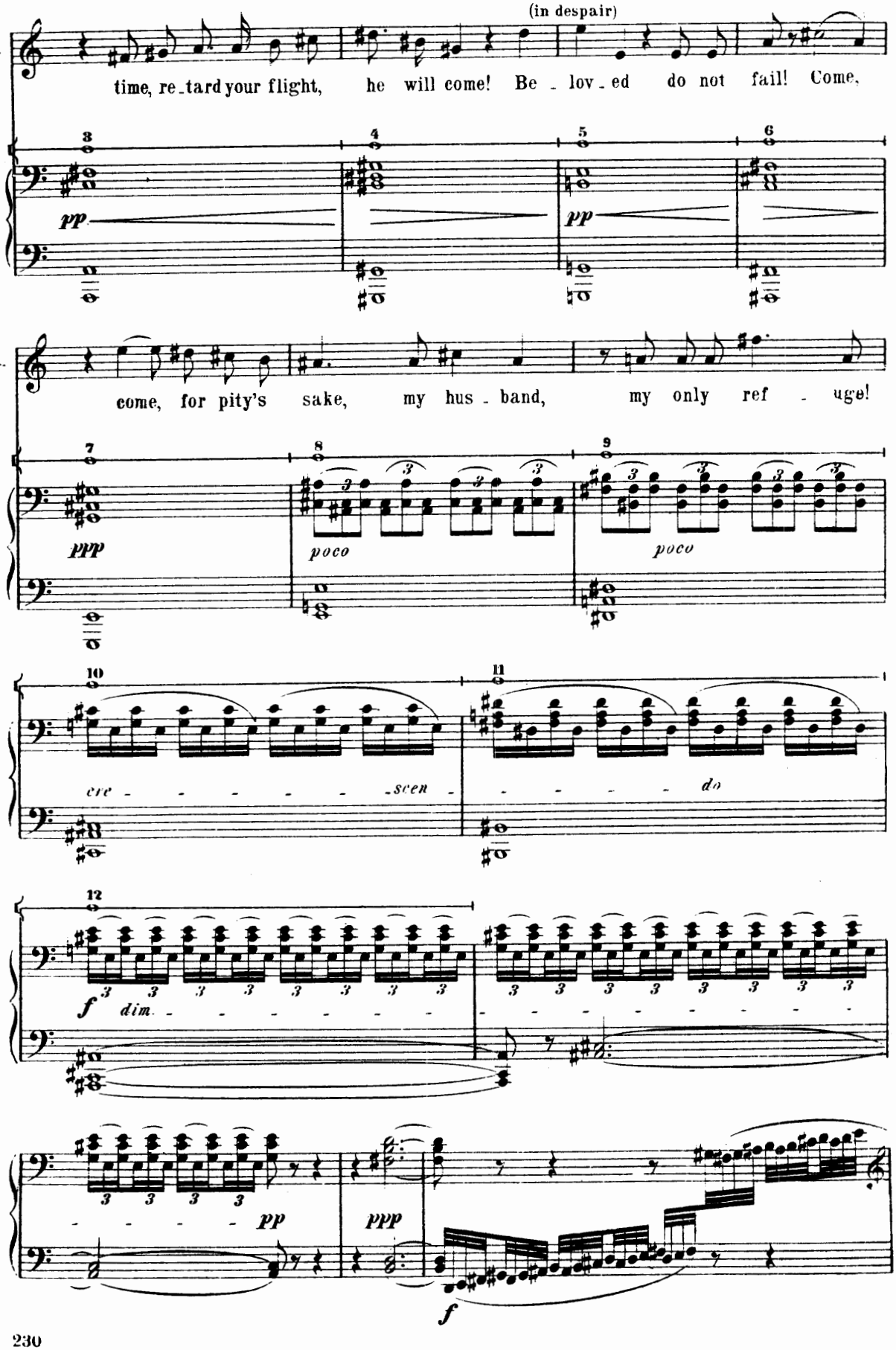

L.
Ah, sure - ly he will
come to set at rest my an - guish.
'T was fate that lured him on.
A crime so hate - ful he could not, he could not, per - pe
f
mf
p
f marcato
sf
mf
p

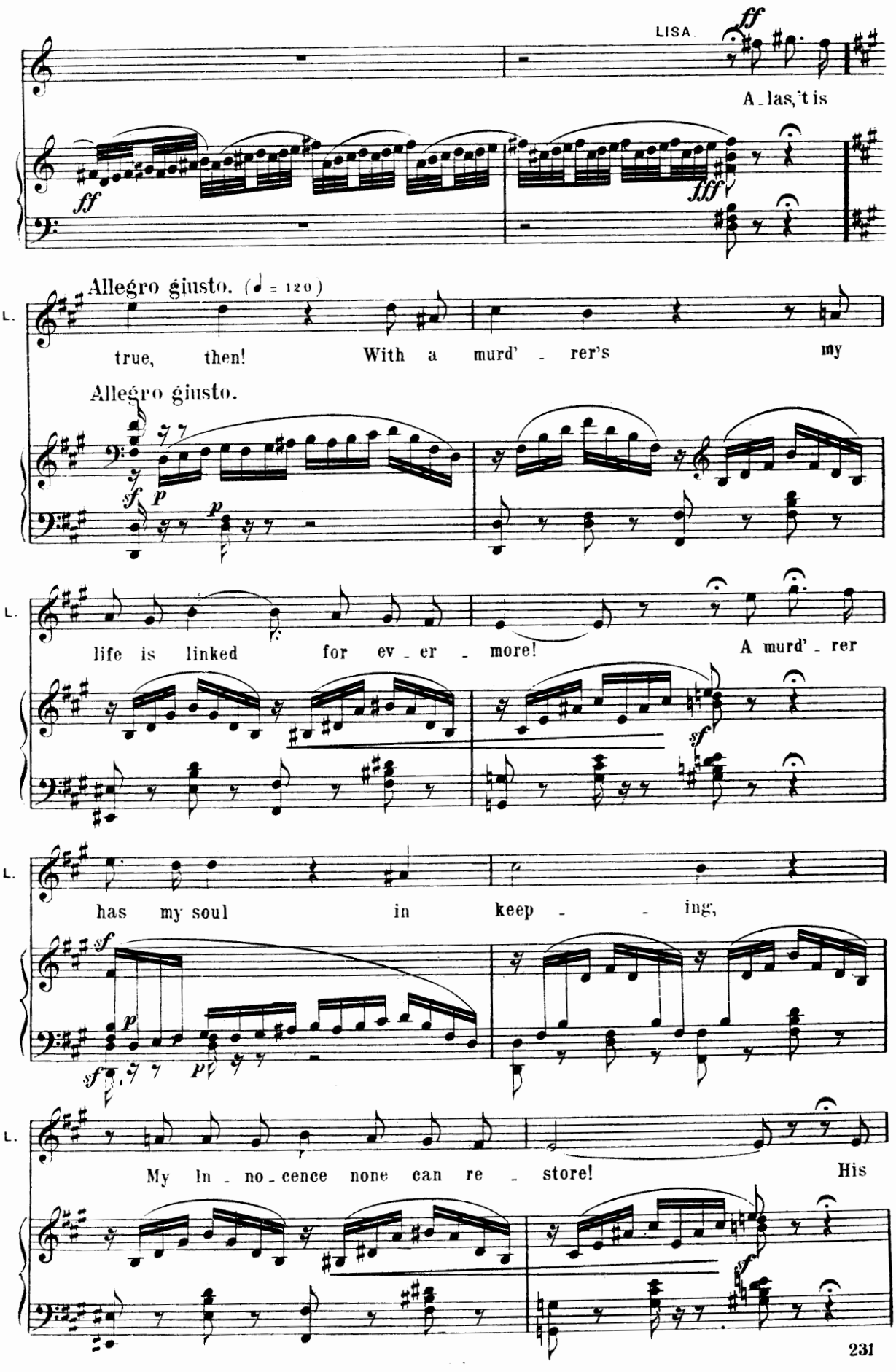

L.
trate!
p
mf
L.
O, I am wea - ry and out-worn with grief.
Andante molto cantabile. (♩ = 66)
L.
Ah, I am worn with my sor - row...
Andante molto cantabile.
mf
p
mf
p
pp
L.
Ev-er in sight, morning and night, Crushing my heart like a heav - y stone..
pp
p
p
L.
Past days of glad-ness, O whith - er flown? Ah, I am wear - y, and
pp

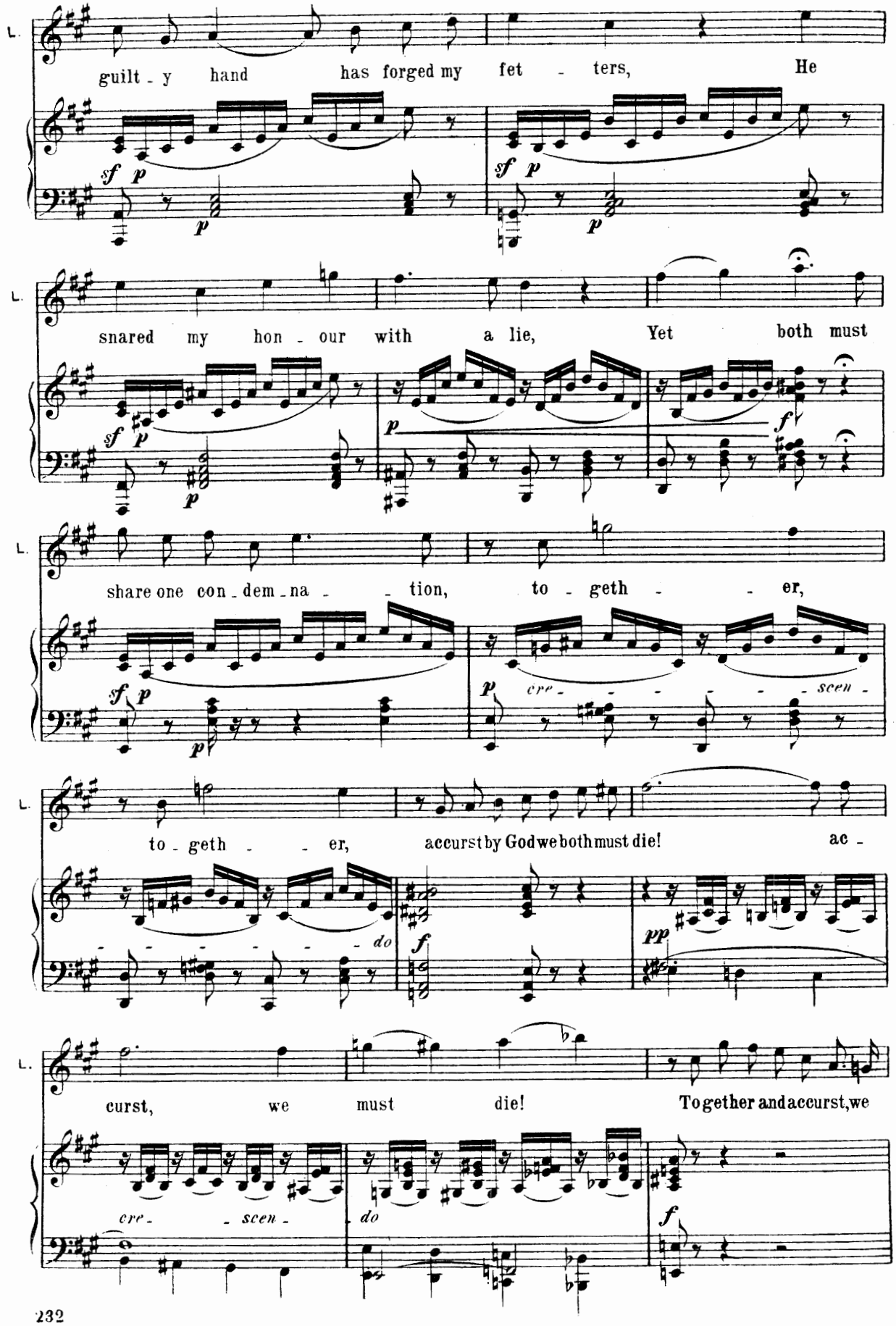

L.
all a - lone!
Once life was radiant with
mf pp
mf p
mf p
pp
L.
prom - ise,
Then came black care,
Woe and des - pair,
pp
L.
Shat-t'ring the hopes that I cher - ish'd.
For-tune and love, both have
p
p
L.
per - ish'd!
Ah, I am worn by my sor - - row!
ff
pp
f
L.
Ev - er in sight,
morn - ing and night,
Ah,
pp
cre - scen - do
nf dim.

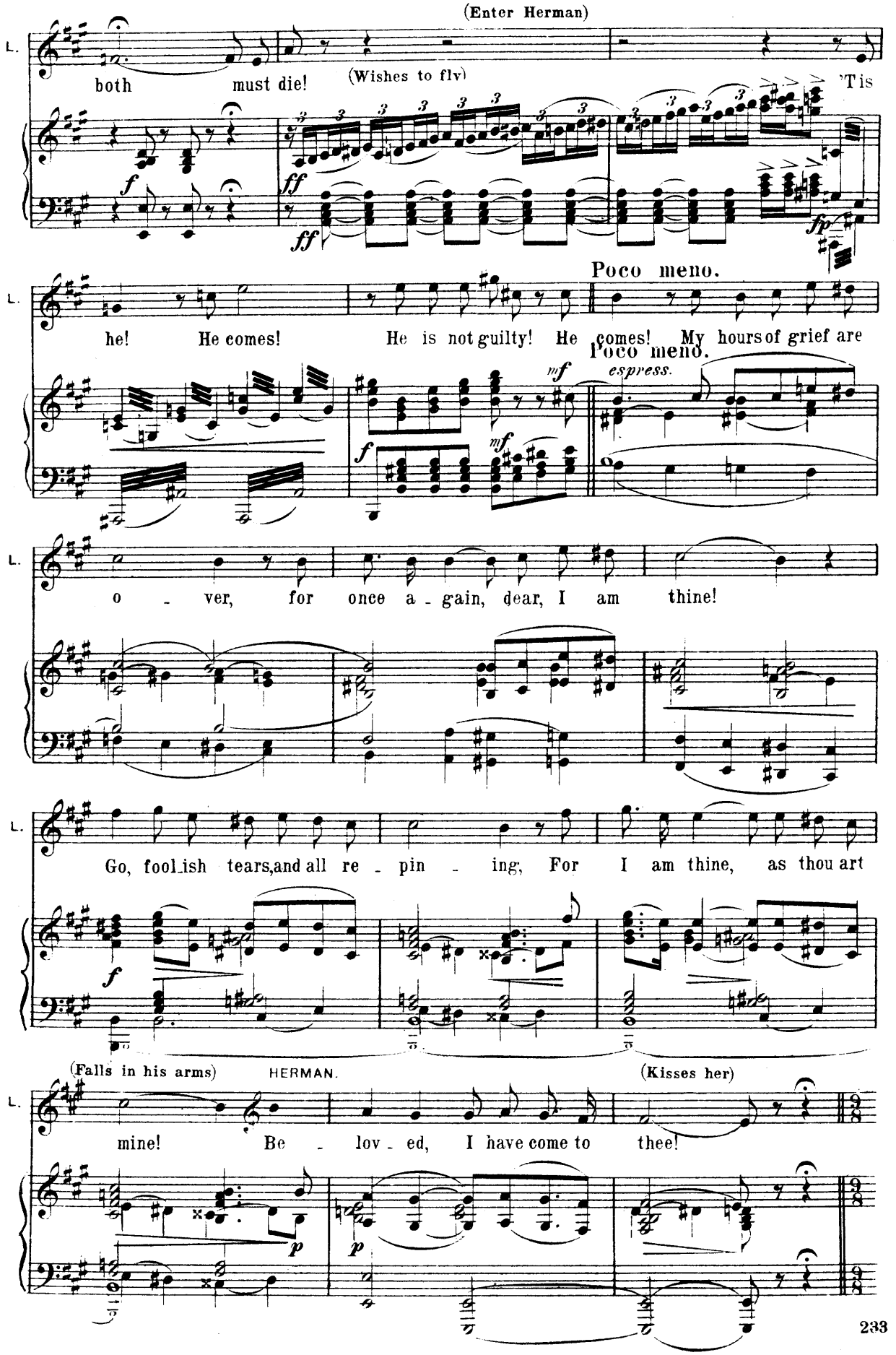

Poco string.
riten.
L.
Crush - ing my heart like a heav - y stone. Past days of glad - ness, O
Poco string.
riten.
pp cresc.
mf dim.
Tempo I.
L.
whi - ther flown? Now comes black care, neg - lect and des - pair,
Tempo I.
pp
mf
L.
Shat - t'ring the hopes that I cher - - ish'd!
cantabile
p
p
p
L.
O, I am wear - y! My life is
L.
riten.
drear - y, And all my love and joy have per - ish'd...
riten.
pp
pp
ppp

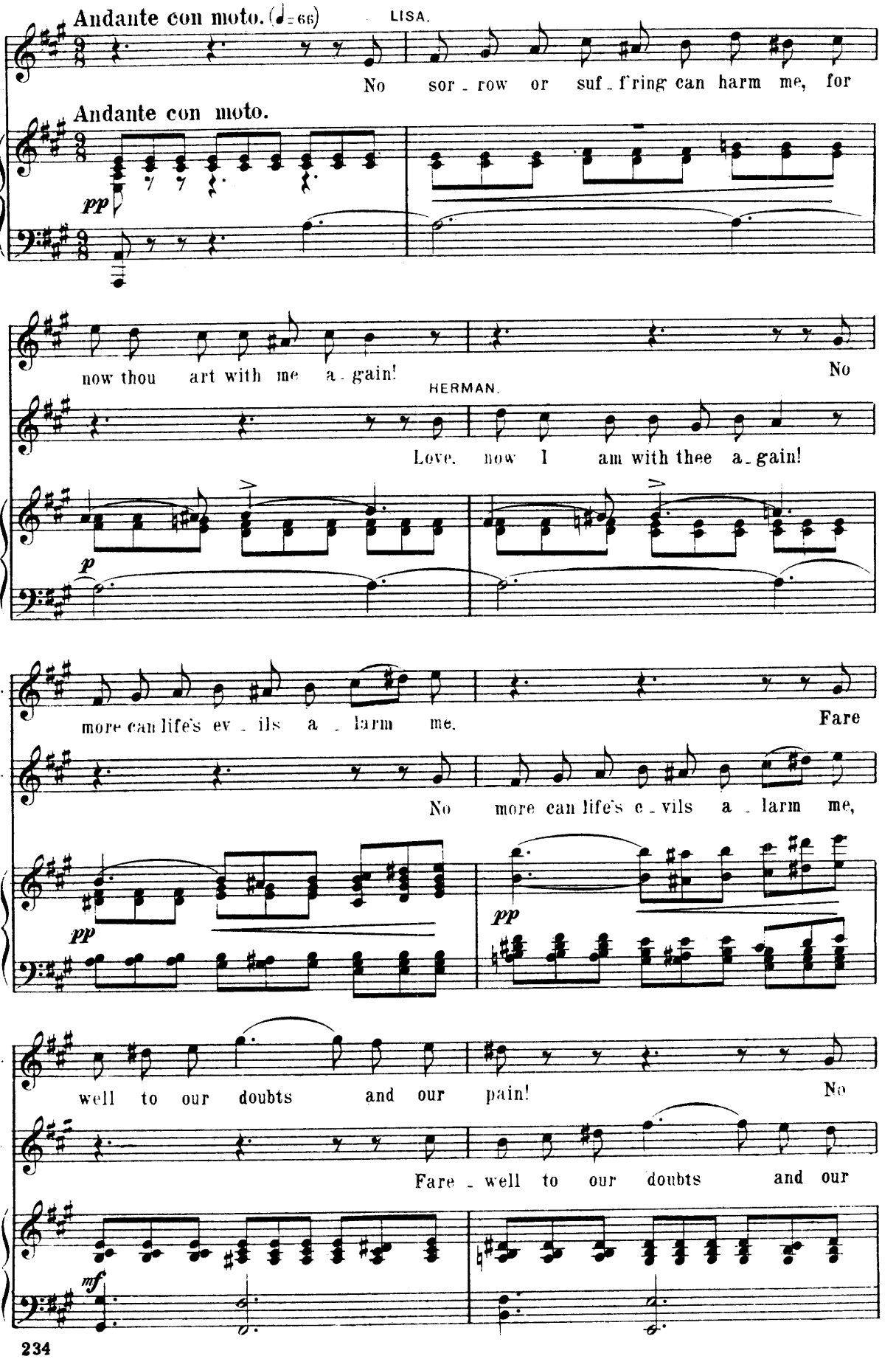

Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)
LISA.
What if the clock strike midnight, thus ans'wring me that he is guilt - y
Moderato mosso.
PIANO.
p
L.
and a murd' - rer? I dare not think of it!
cresc.
f
L.
L.
O, time,
(The clock on the tower of the fortress begins to strike.)
1
2
pp

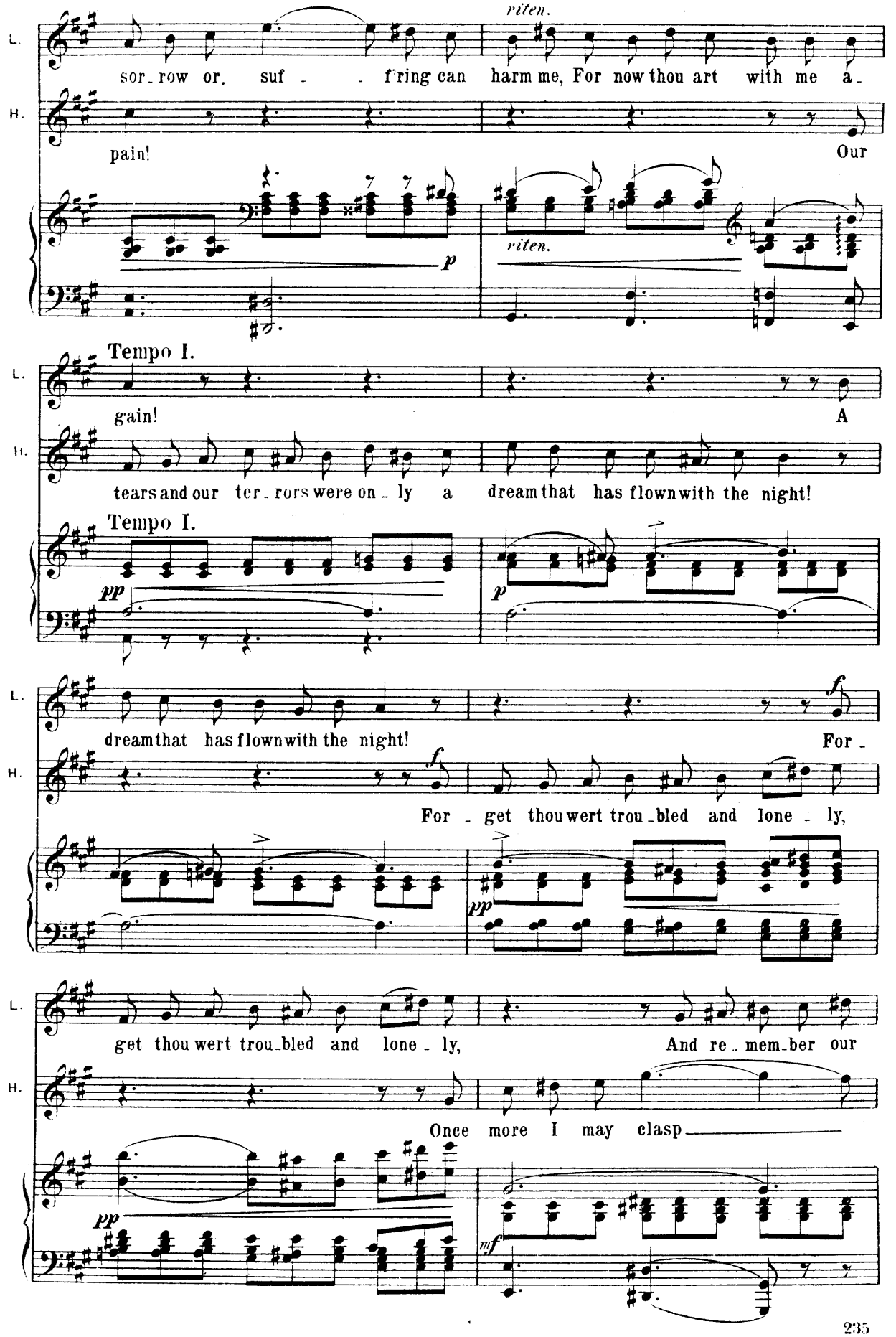

(in despair)
L.
time, re-tard your flight, he will come! Be - lov-ed do not fail! Come,
pp
pp
L.
come, for pity's sake, my hus-band, my only ref - uge!
ppp
poco
poco
cre - - - - - - scen - - - - - - do
f
dim. - - - - - - - -
pp
ppp
f

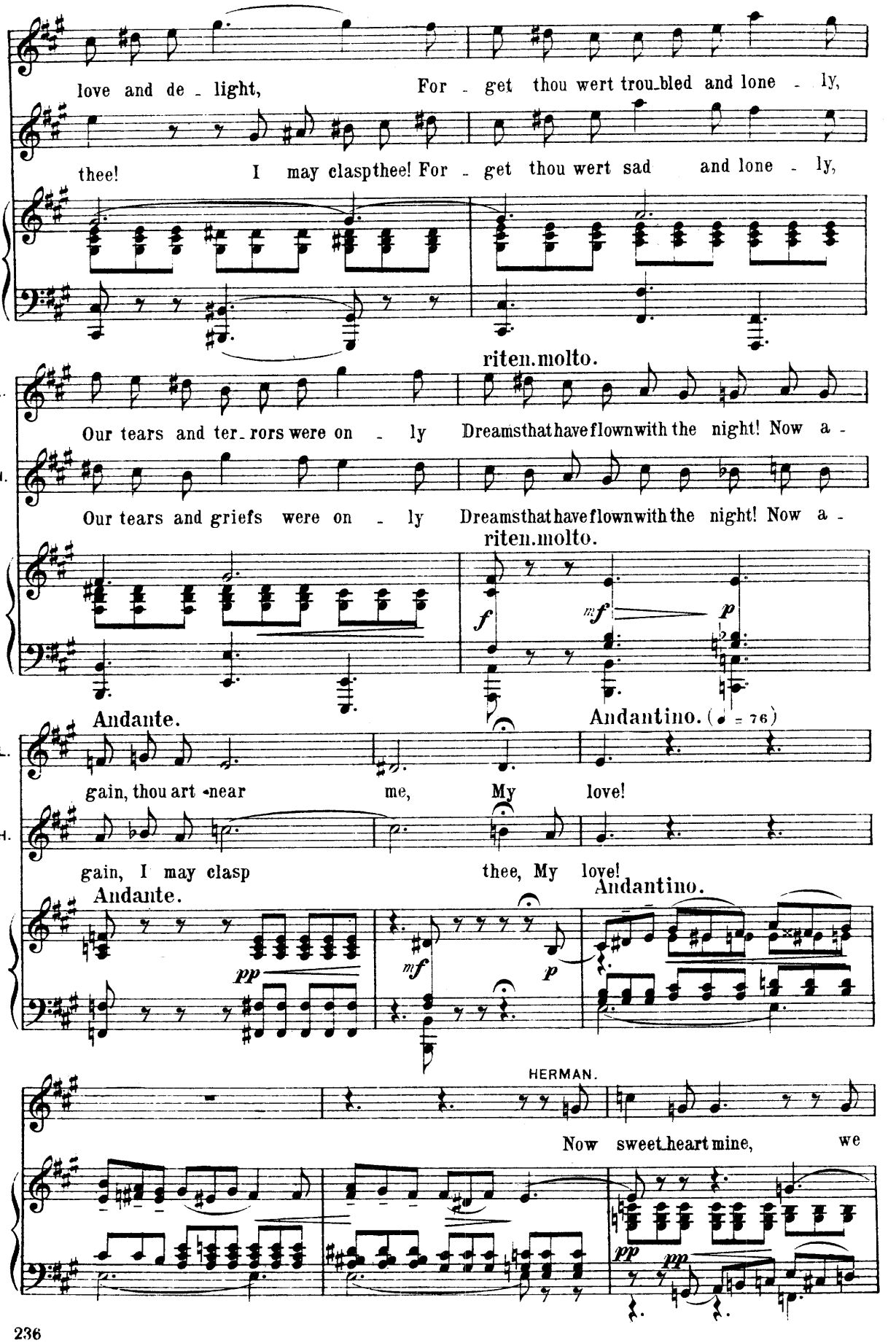

LISA
ff
A - las, 't is
fff
Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
true, then! With a murd' - rer's my
Allegro giusto.
sf
p
life is linked for ev - er - more! A murd' - rer
has my soul in keep - - ing,
My In - no - cence none can re - store! His

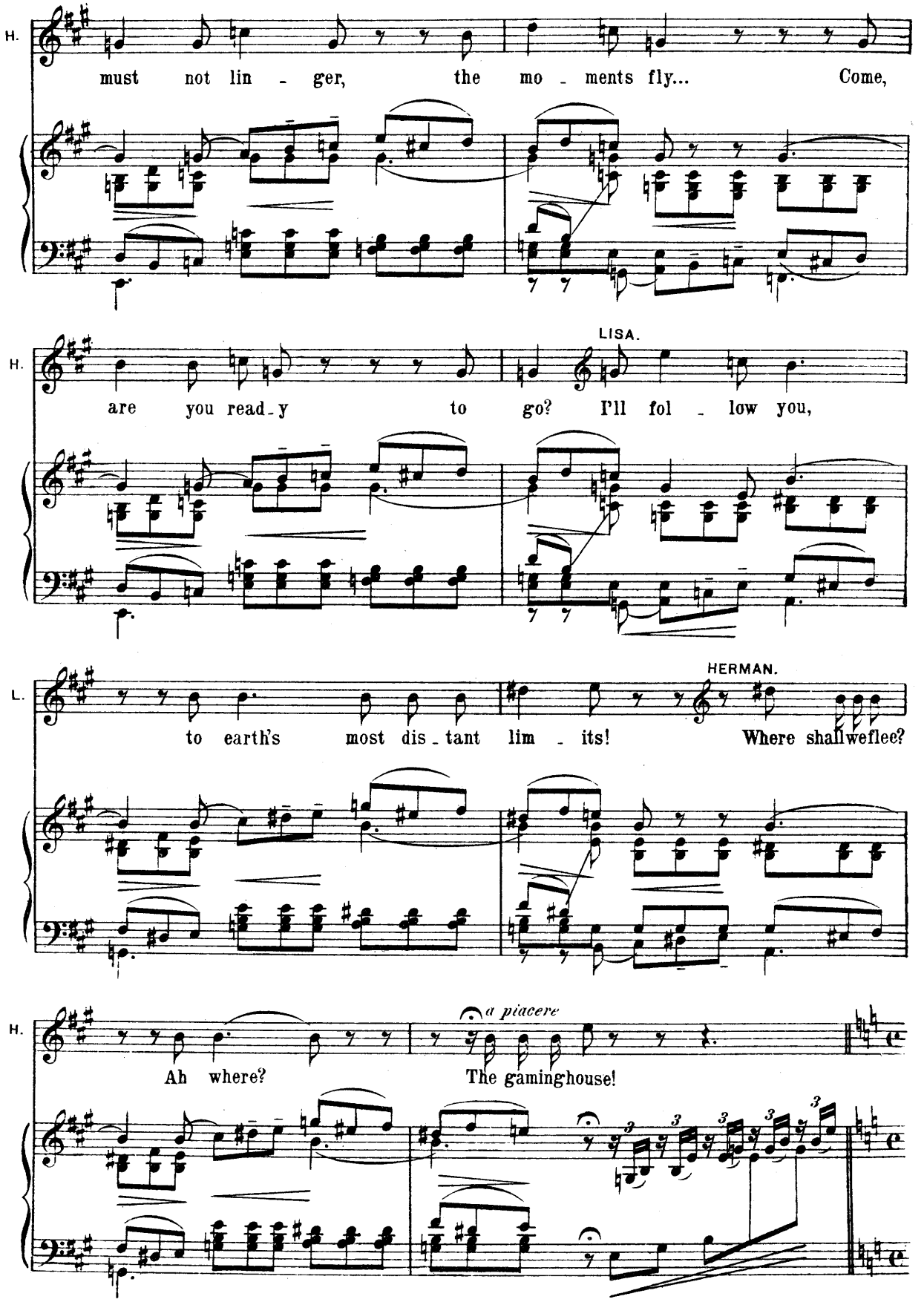

L.
guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He
sf p
p
L.
snared my hon - our with a lie, Yet both must
sf p
p
f
L.
share one con - dem - na - - tion, to - geth - - er,
sf p
p
cre - - - - - - scen -
L.
to - geth - - er, accurst by God we both must die! ac -
do
f
pp
L.
curst, we must die! Together and accurst, we
cre - - scen -
do
f

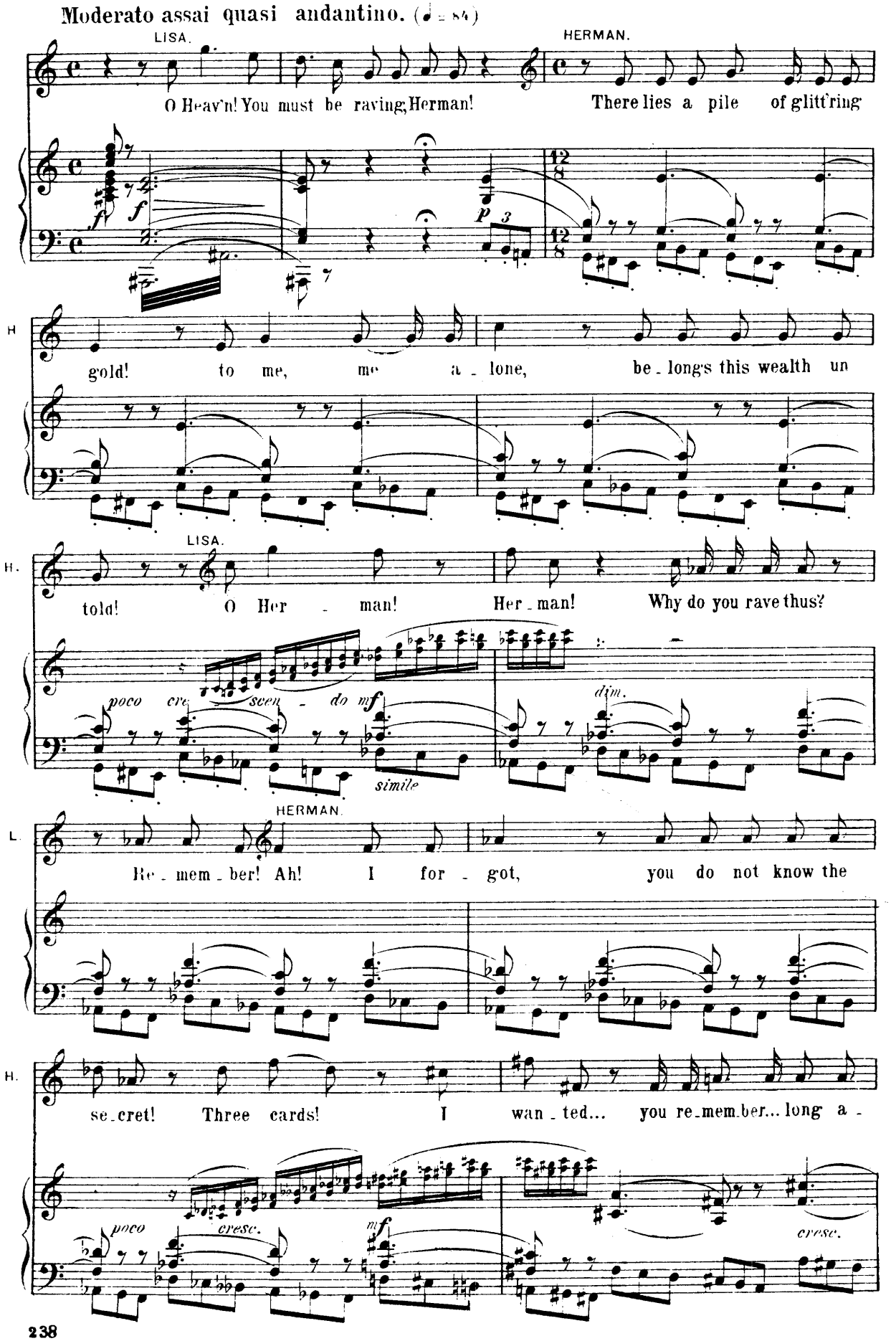

(Enter Herman)
L.
both must die!
(Wishes to fly)
'Tis
Poco meno.
he! He comes!
He is not guilty! He comes! My hours of grief are
Poco meno.
espress.
o - ver, for once a - gain, dear, I am thine!
Go, fool_ish tears, and all re - pin - ing; For I am thine, as thou art
(Falls in his arms)
HERMAN.
(Kisses her)
mine! Be - lov - ed, I have come to thee!


Andante con moto. (♩=66)
LISA.
No sor - row or suf - f'ring can harm me, for
Andante con moto.
pp
now thou art with me a - gain!
No
HERMAN.
Love, now I am with thee a - gain!
p
more can life's ev - ils a - larm me.
Fare
No more can life's e - vils a - larm me,
pp
pp
well to our doubts and our pain!
No
Fare - well to our doubts and our
mf


riten.
L.
H.
sor_row or, suf - - fring can harm me, For now thou art with me a_
pain!
Our
p
riten.
Tempo I.
gain!
A
tears and our ter_rors were on_ly a dream that has flown with the night!
Tempo I.
pp
p
dream that has flown with the night!
For_
f
For_get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly,
pp
get thou wert trou_bled and lone_ly,
And re_mem_ber our
Once more I may clasp
pp
mf


L.
love and de - light,
For - get thou wert trou_bled and lone - ly,
H.
thee!
I may claspthee! For - get thou wert sad and lone - ly,
riten.molto.
L.
Our tears and ter_rors were on - ly
Dreamsthathaveflownwith the night! Now a -
H.
Our tears and griefs were on - ly
Dreamsthathaveflownwith the night! Now a -
riten.molto.
f
mf
p
Andante.
Andantino. (♩ = 76)
L.
gain, thou art near
me,
My
love!
H.
gain, I may clasp
thee, My
love!
Andante.
Andantino.
pp
mf
p
HERMAN.
Now sweet_heart mine,
we
pp
pp


H.
must not lin - ger, the mo - ments fly... Come,
H.
LISA.
are you read - y to go? I'll fol - low you,
L.
HERMAN.
to earth's most dis - tant lim - its! Where shall we flee?
H.
a piacere
Ah where? The gaming house!



Moderato assai quasi andantino. (♩ = 84)

LISA.

O Heav'n! You must be raving, Herman!

HERMAN.

There lies a pile of glitt'ring

H

gold! to me, me a - lone, be - longs this wealth un

H.

told!

LISA.

O Her - man! Her - man! Why do you rave thus?

poco cre - scen - do mf

simile

dim.

L.

Re - mem - ber!

HERMAN.

Ah! I for - got, you do not know the

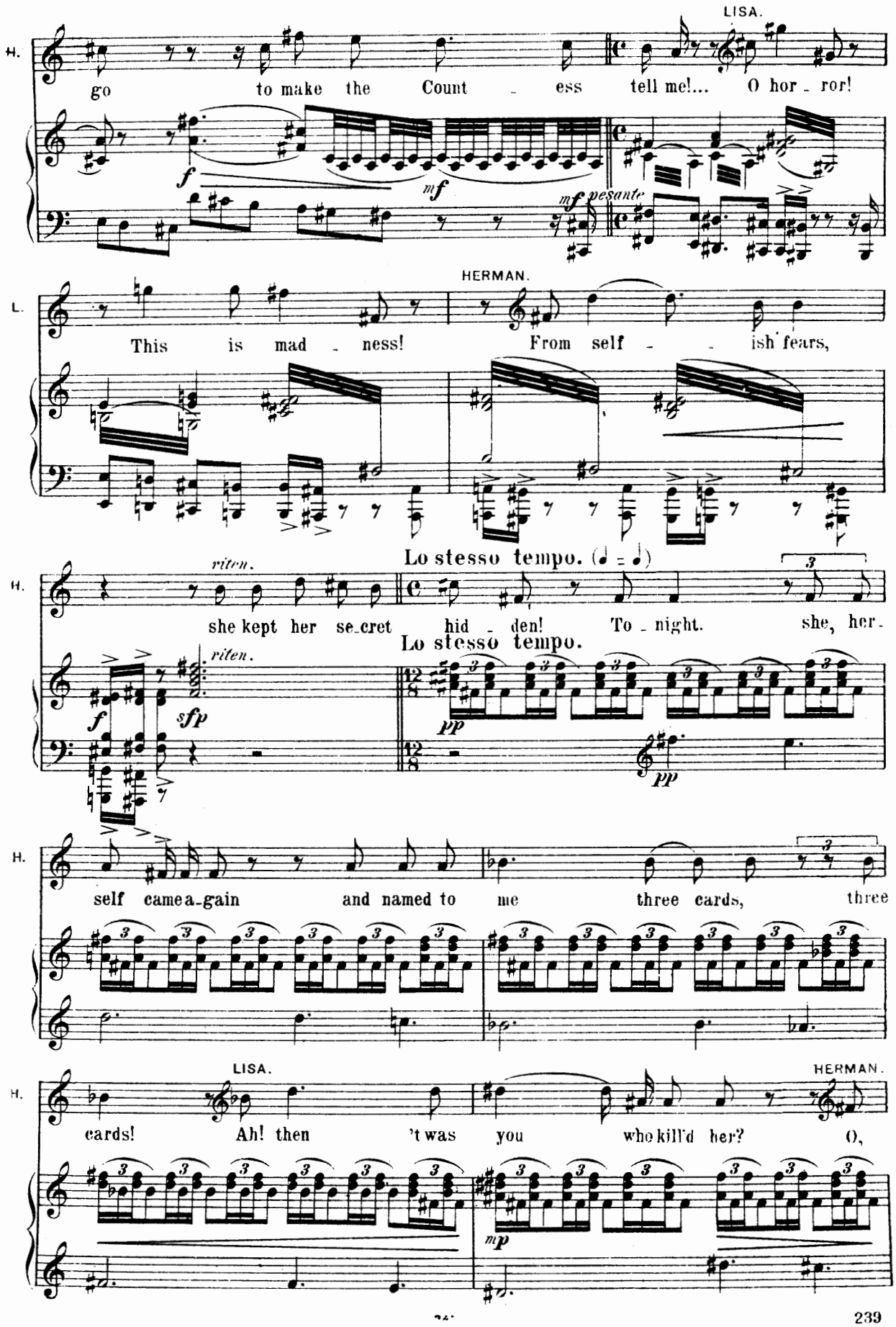
H.

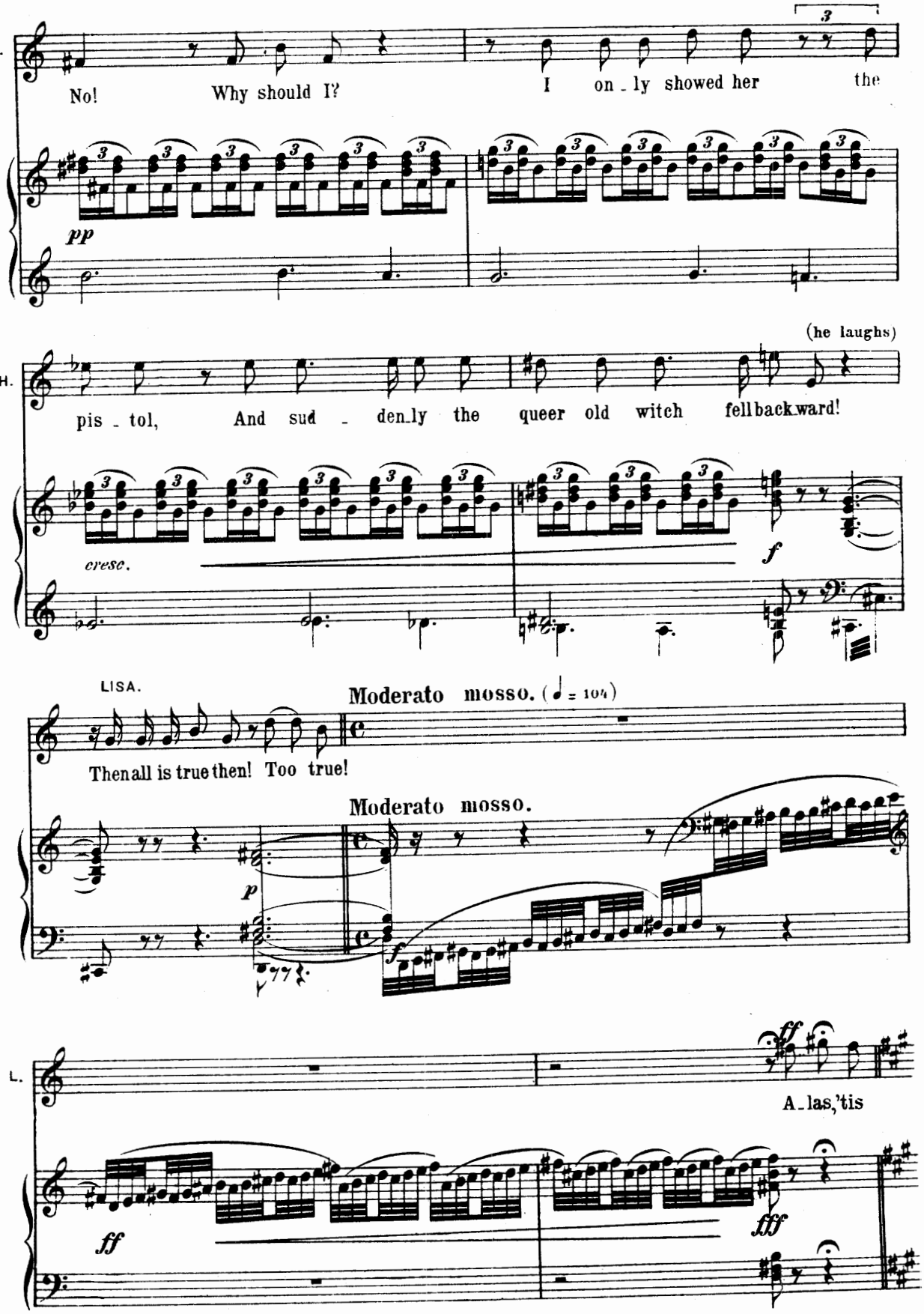
se - cret! Three cards! I wan - ted... you re - mem - ber... long a -

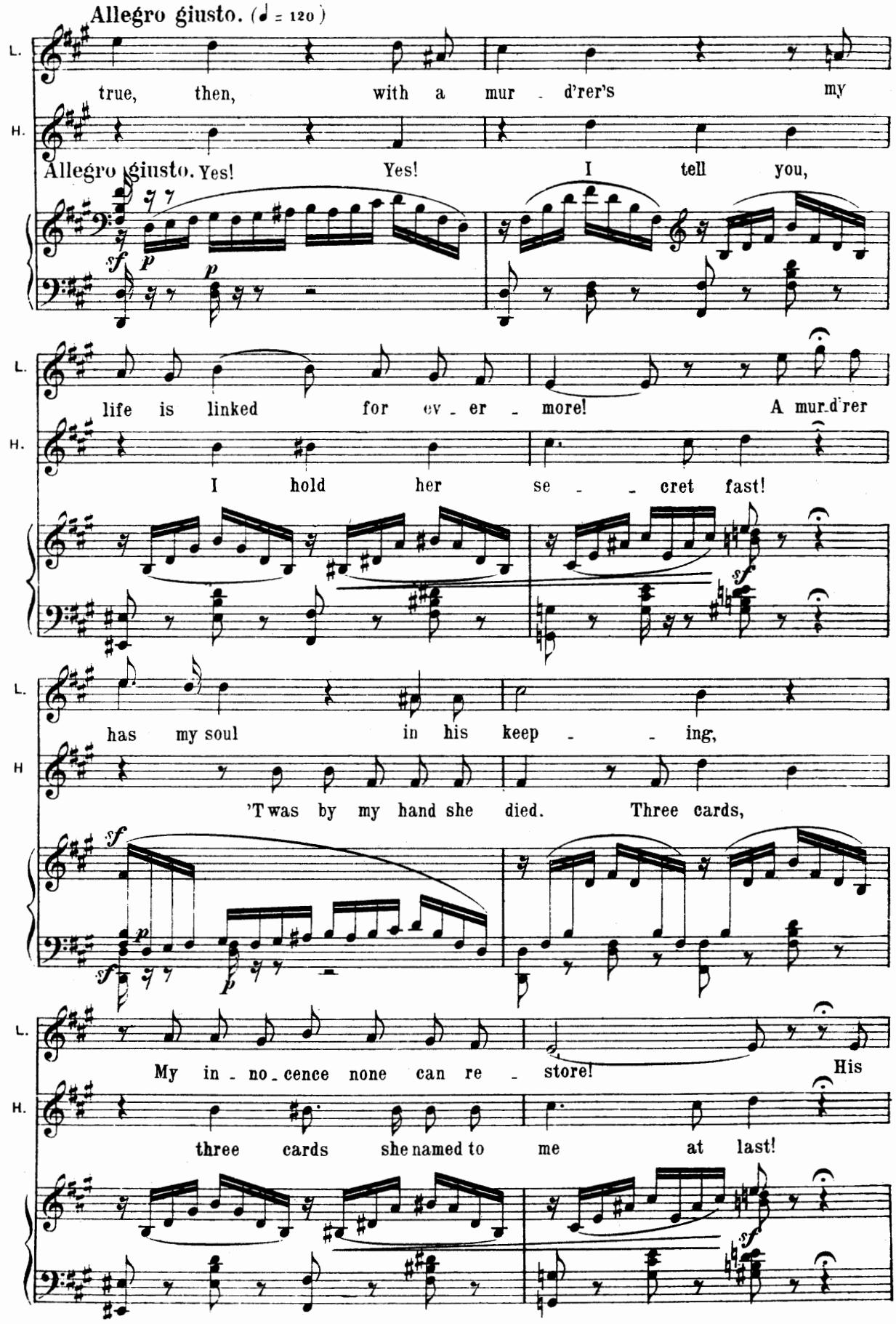
poco cresc.

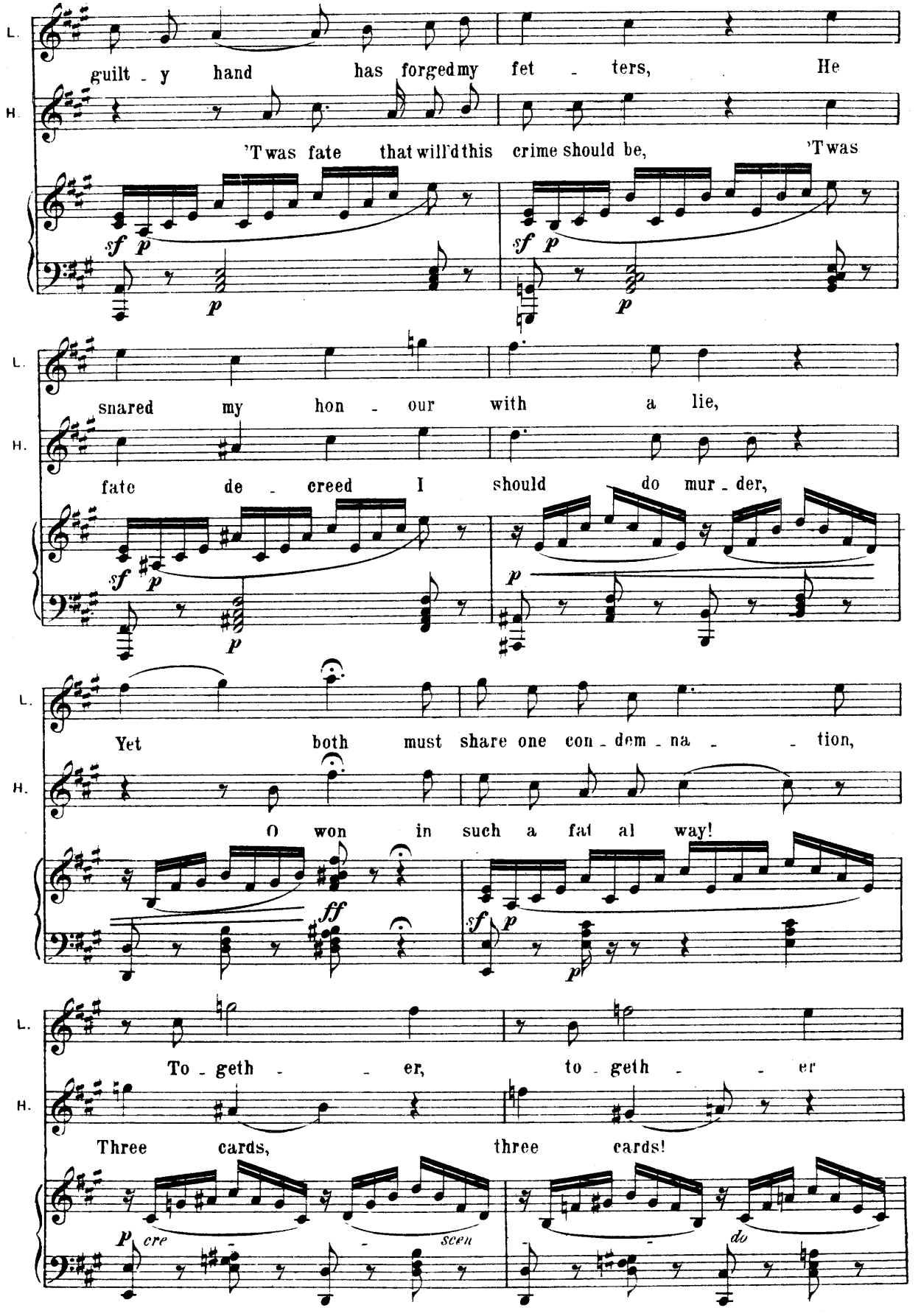
mf

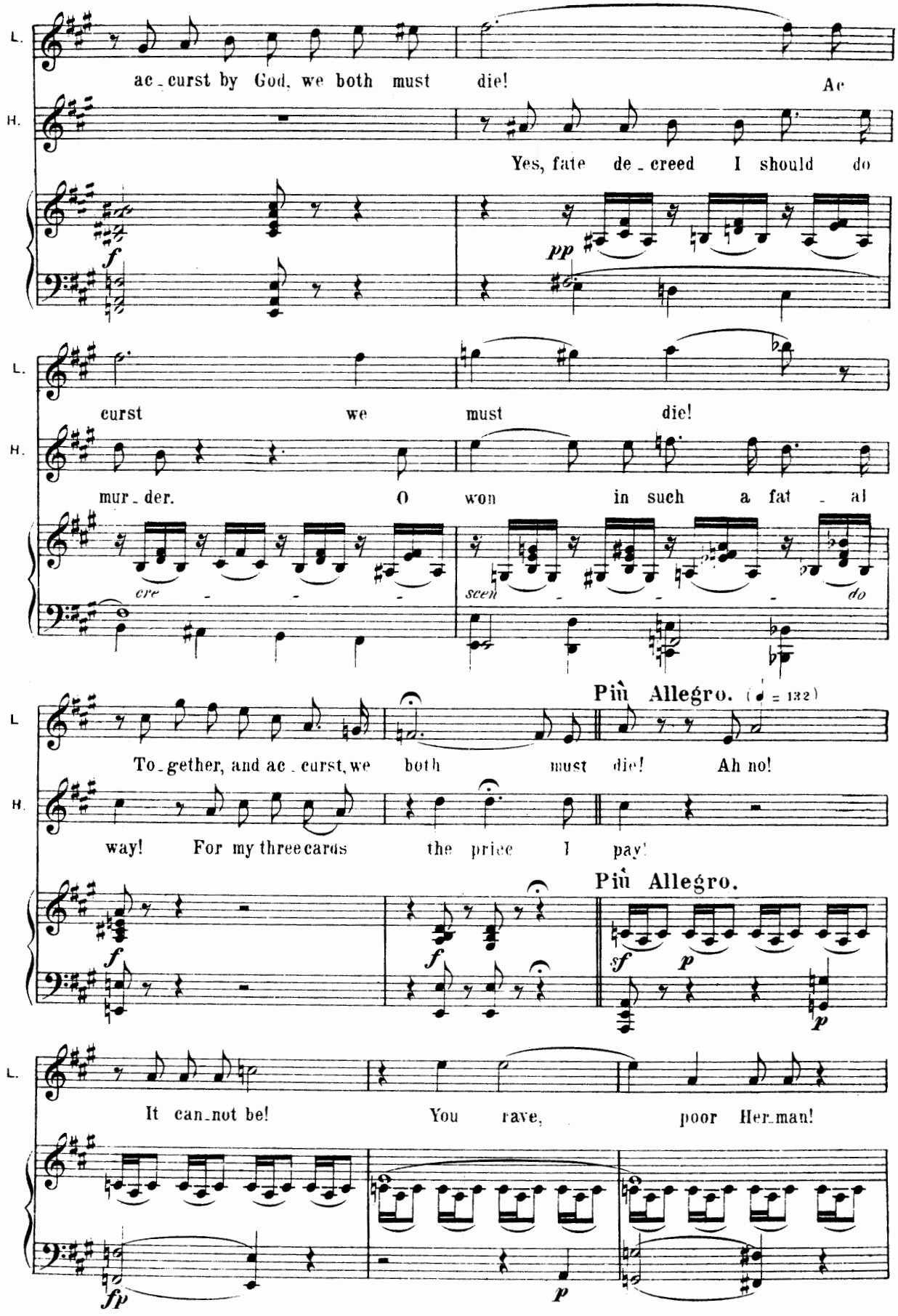
cresc.

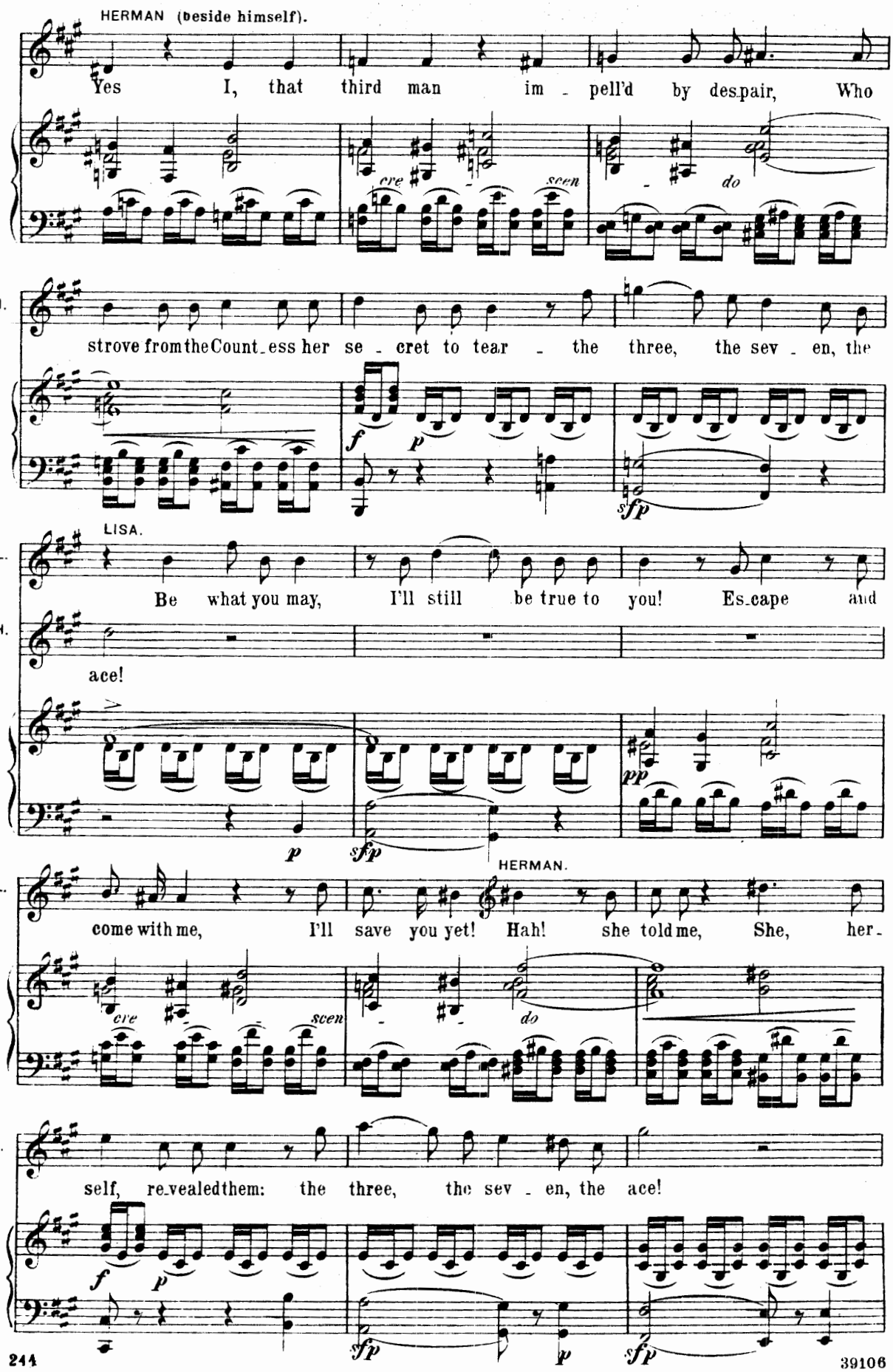

LISA.
H.
go to make the Count - ess tell me!... O hor - ror!
f
mf
mf pesante
HERMAN.
L.
This is mad - ness! From self - - ish fears,
Lo stesso tempo. (♩ = ♩)
riten.
H.
she kept her se-cret hid - den! To - night. she, her-
Lo stesso tempo.
riten.
f
sfp
pp
pp
H.
self came a-gain and named to me three cards, three
LISA.
HERMAN.
H.
cards! Ah! then 't was you who kill'd her? O,
mp

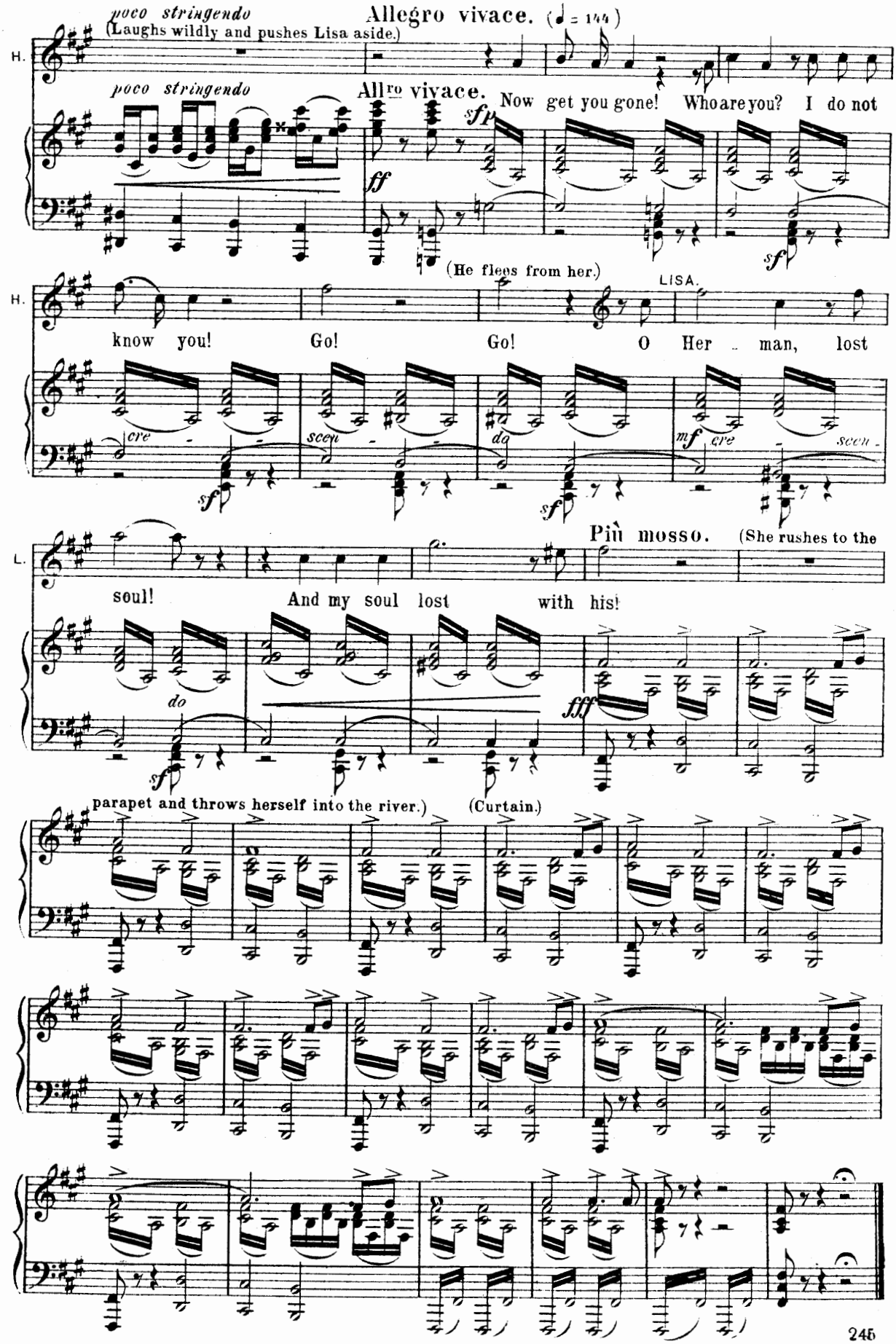

H.
No! Why should I? I on - ly showed her the
pp
(he laughs)
H.
pis - tol, And sud - den - ly the queer old witch fell back - ward!
cresc.
f
LISA.
Moderato mosso. (♩ = 104)
Then all is true then! Too true!
Moderato mosso.
p
f
L.
ff
A - las, 'tis
ff
fff


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
L.
true, then, with a mur - d'rer's my
H.
Allegro giusto. Yes! Yes! I tell you,
sf p p
L.
life is linked for ev - er - more! A mur-d'rer
H.
I hold her se - - cret fast!
sf
L.
has my soul in his keep - - ing,
H
'T was by my hand she died. Three cards,
sf p sf p
L.
My in - no - cence none can re - store! His
H.
three cards she named to me at last!
sf


L.
guilt - y hand has forged my fet - ters, He
H.
'T was fate that will'd this crime should be, 'T was
sf p
p
sf p
p
L.
snared my hon - our with a lie,
H.
fate de - creed I should do mur - der,
sf p
p
p
L.
Yet both must share one con - dem - na - - tion,
H.
O won in such a fat al way!
ff
sf p
p
L.
To - geth - - er, to - geth - - er
H.
Three cards, three cards!
p cre - scen - do

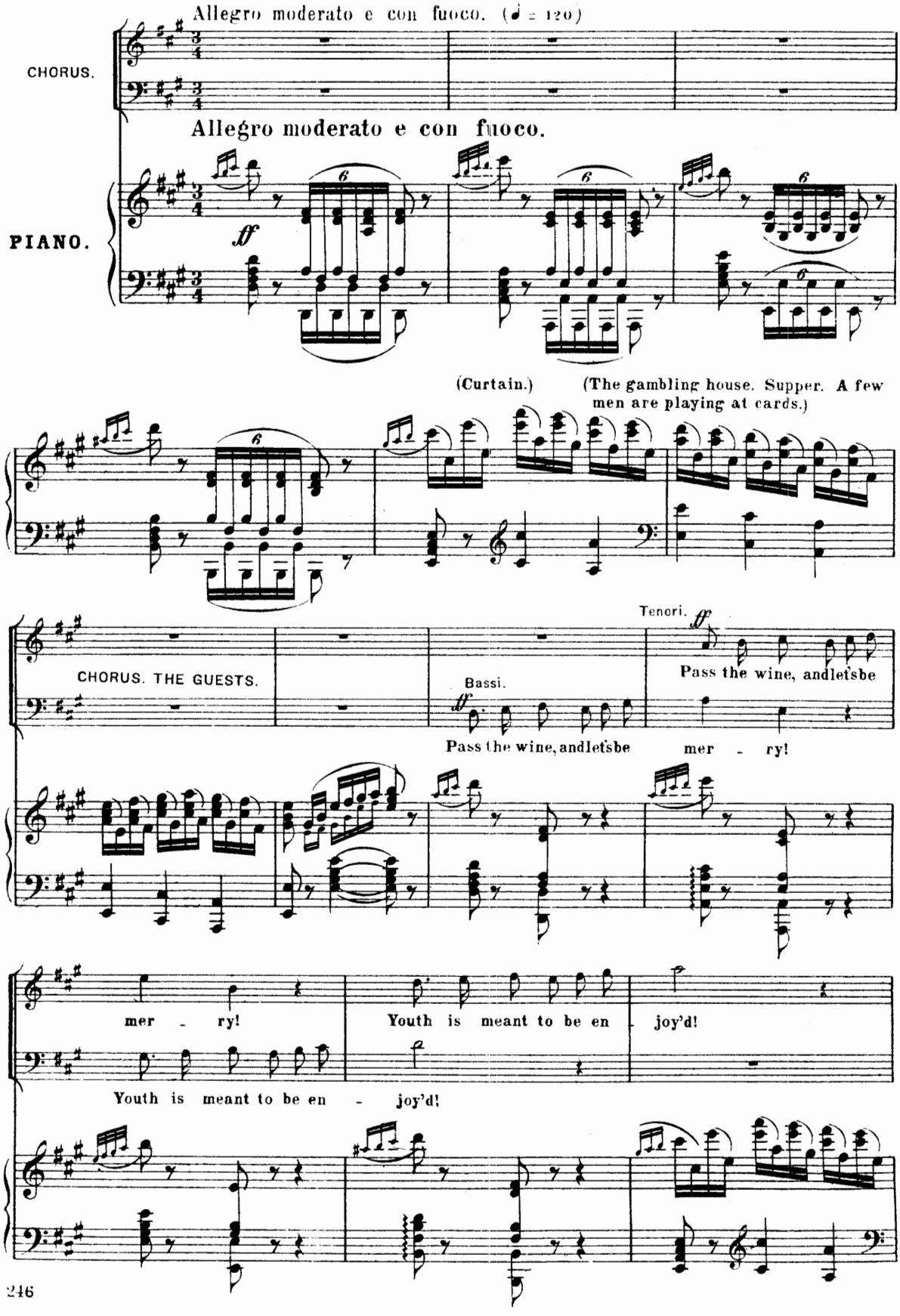

L.
H.
ac - curst by God, we both must die!
Ac
Yes, fate de - creed I should do
f
pp
curst we must die!
mur - der. O won in such a fat - al
cre - - -
scen - - - - - do
To - gether, and ac - curst, we both must die! Ah no!
way! For my three cards the price I pay!
Più Allegro. (♩ = 132)
Più Allegro.
f
f
sf
p
p
It can - not be! You rave, poor Her - man!
fp
p

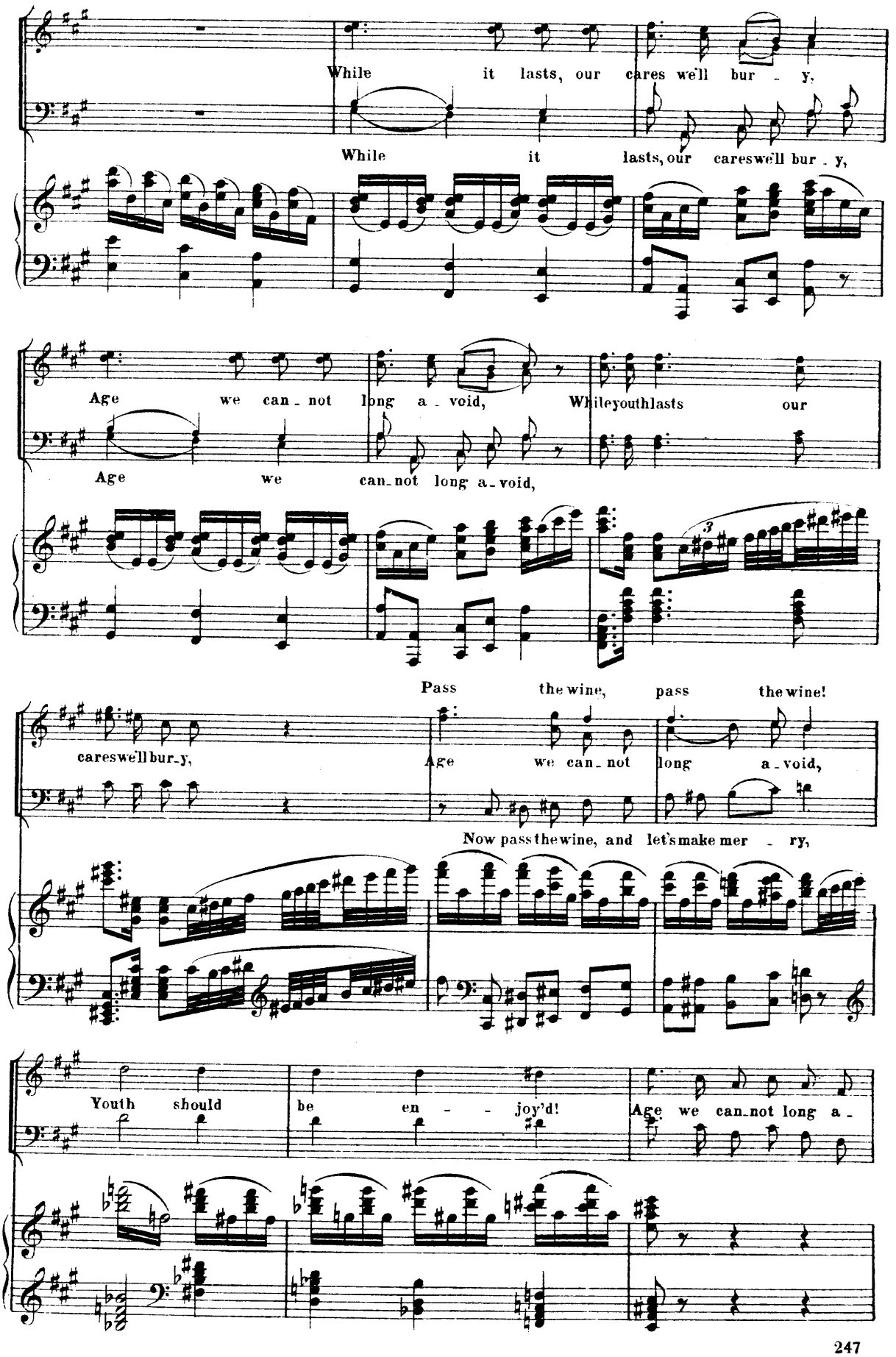

HERMAN (beside himself).
Yes I, that third man im - pell'd by des.pair, Who
cre
scen
do
H.
strove from the Count_ess her se - cret to tear - the three, the sev - en, the
f
p
sfp
LISA.
L.
Be what you may, I'll still be true to you! Es.cape and
H.
ace!
pp
p
sfp
HERMAN.
L.
come with me, I'll save you yet! Hah! she told me, She, her -
cre
scen
do
H.
self, re.vealed them: the three, the sev - en, the ace!
f
p
sfp
p
sfp

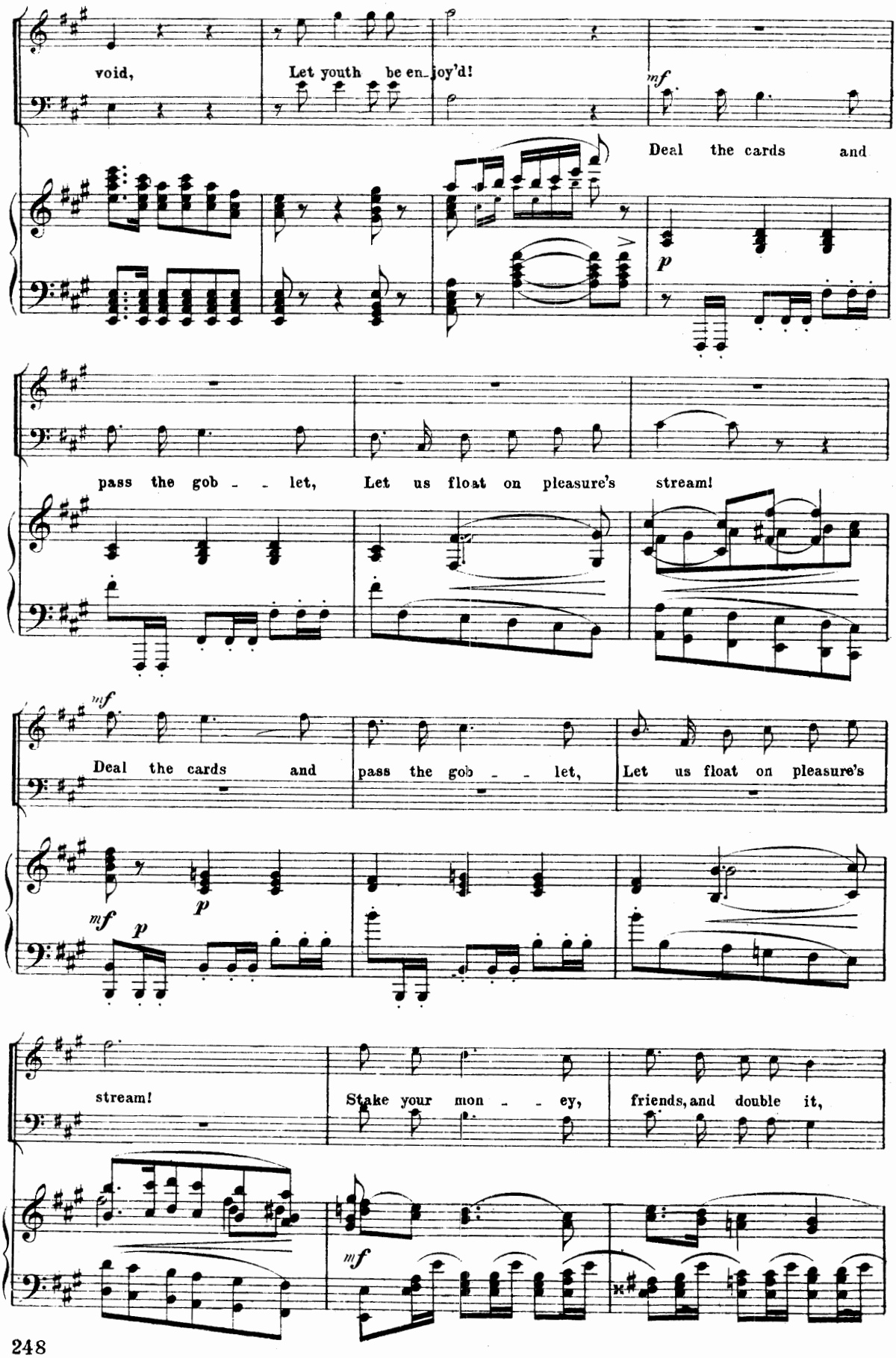


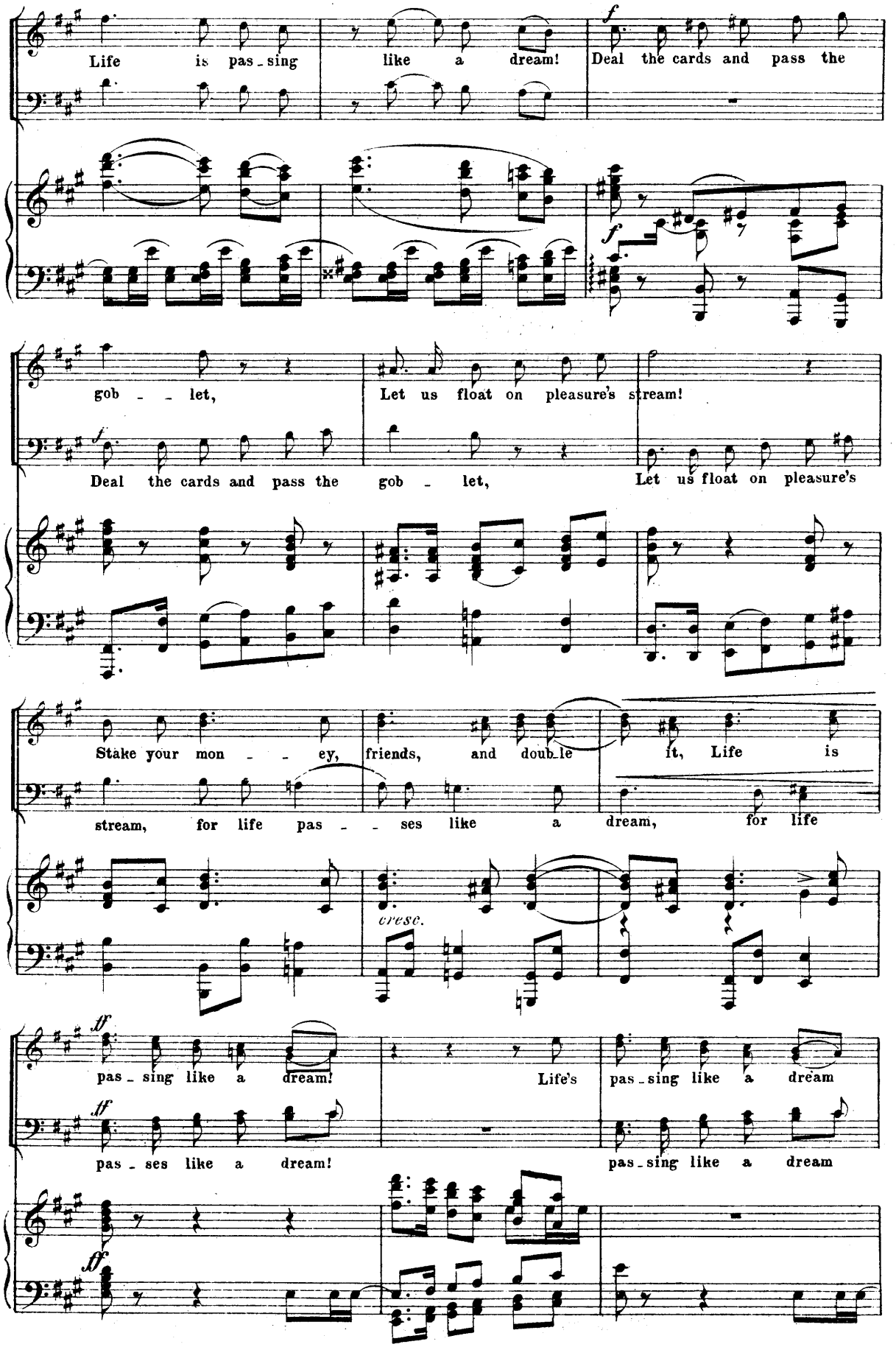
End of 6th Scene.

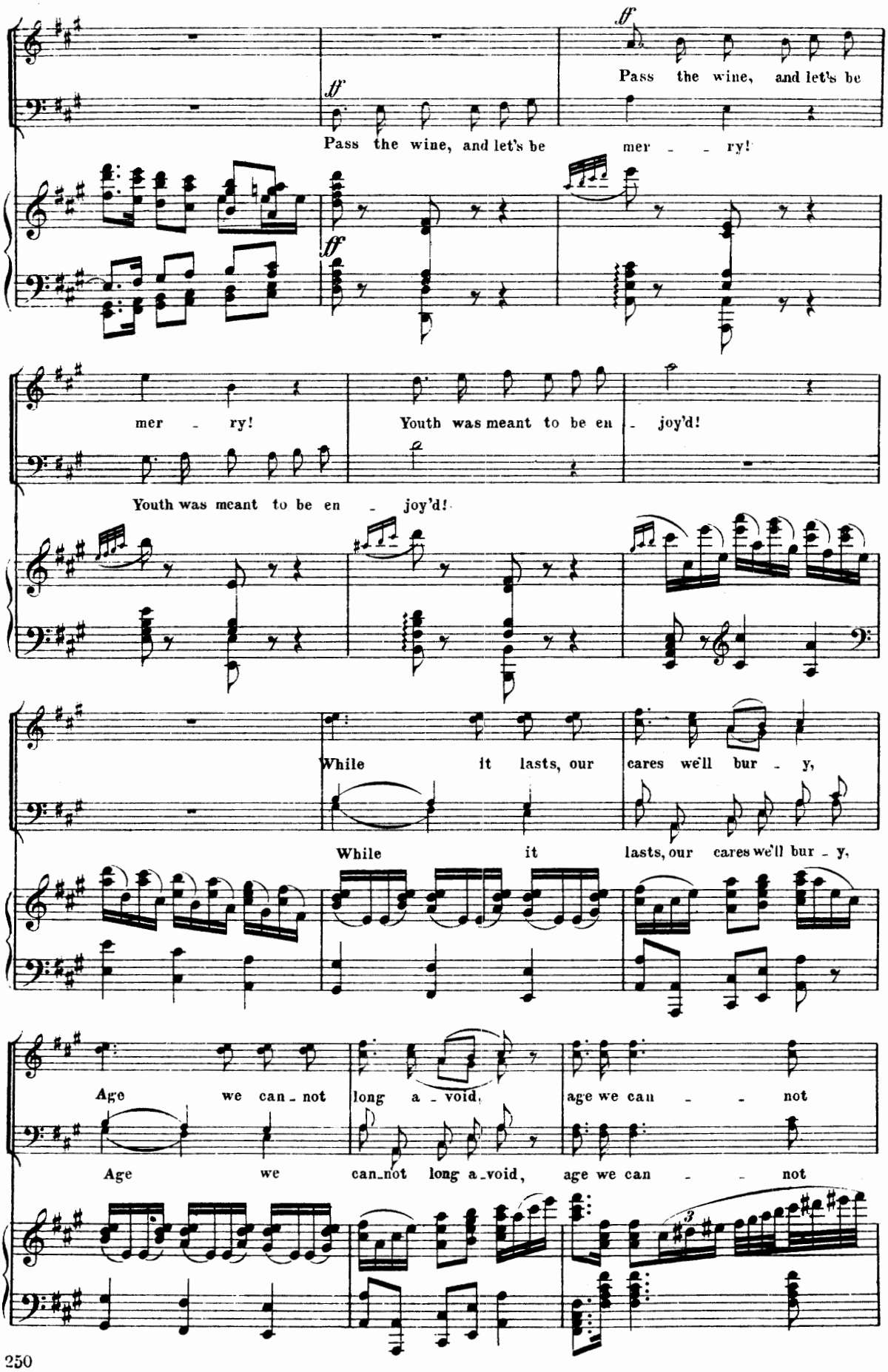
№ 22. Chorus and scene.

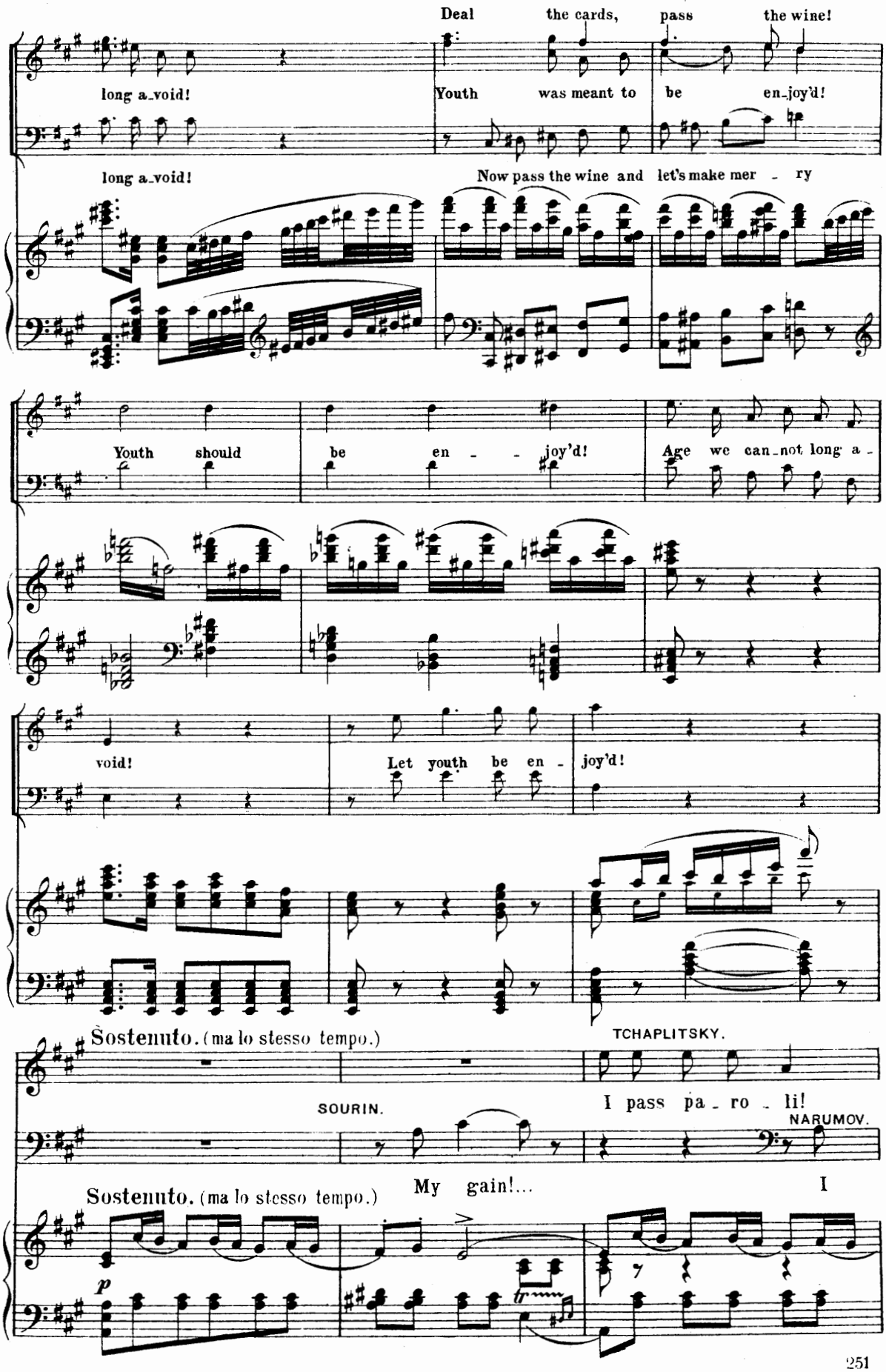


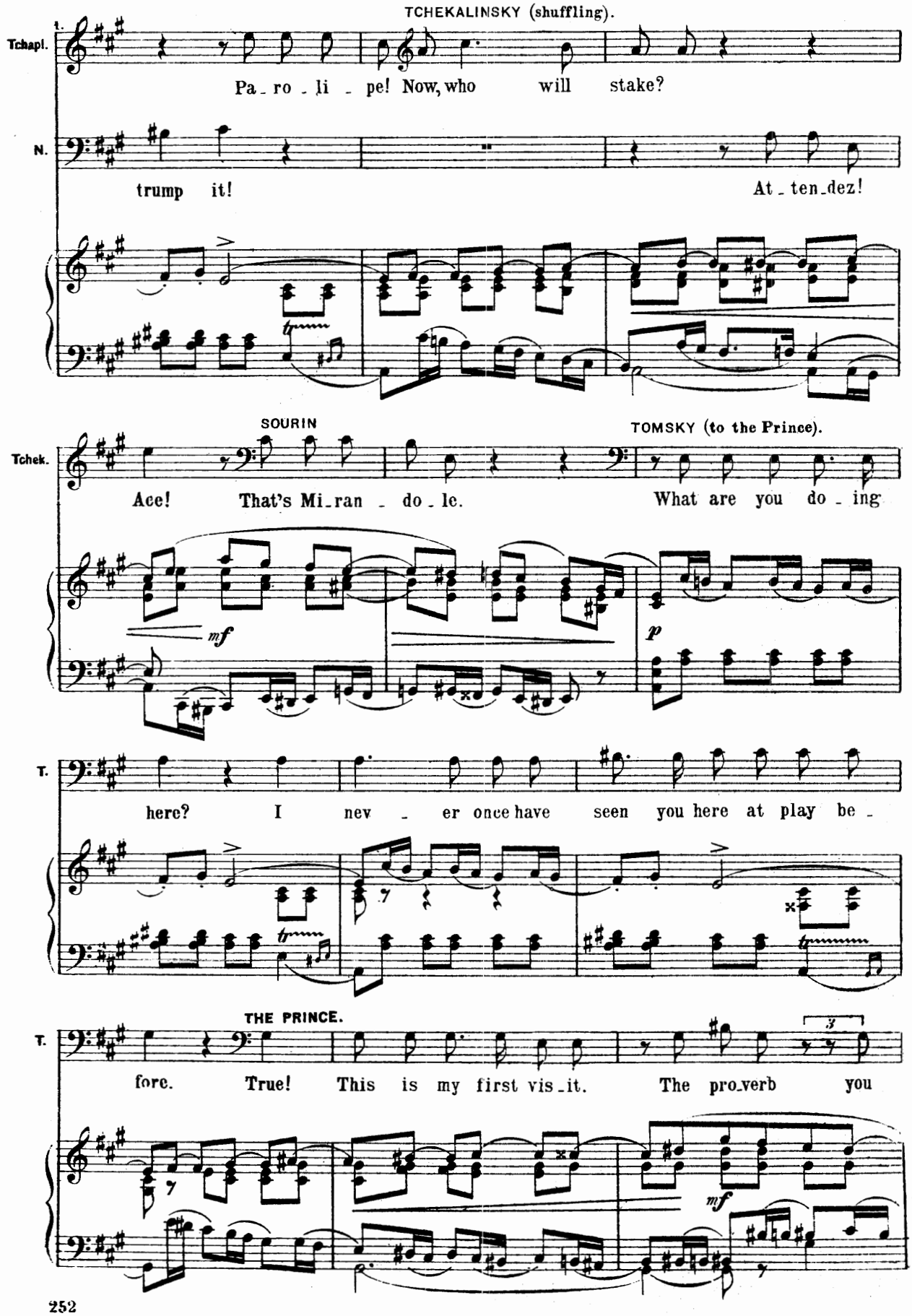

While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
While youth lasts our
Age we can - not long a - void,
Pass the wine, pass the wine!
cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
Now pass the wine, and let's make mer - ry,
Youth should be en - - joy'd!
Age we can - not long a -

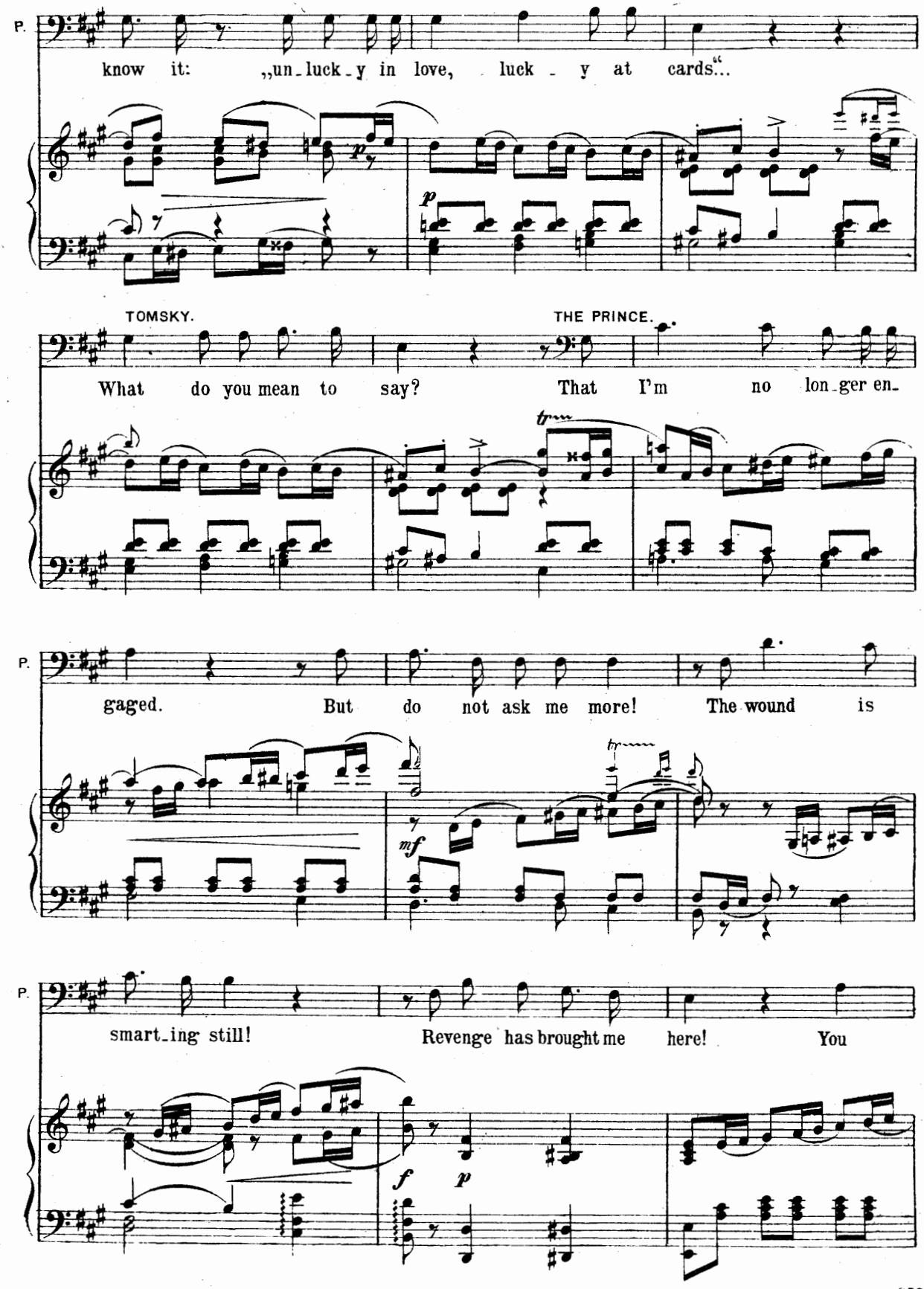

void,
Let youth be en_joy'd!
mf
Deal the cards and
p
pass the gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's stream!
mf
Deal the cards and
pass the gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's
p
mf
p
stream!
Stake your mon - - ey,
friends, and double it,
mf

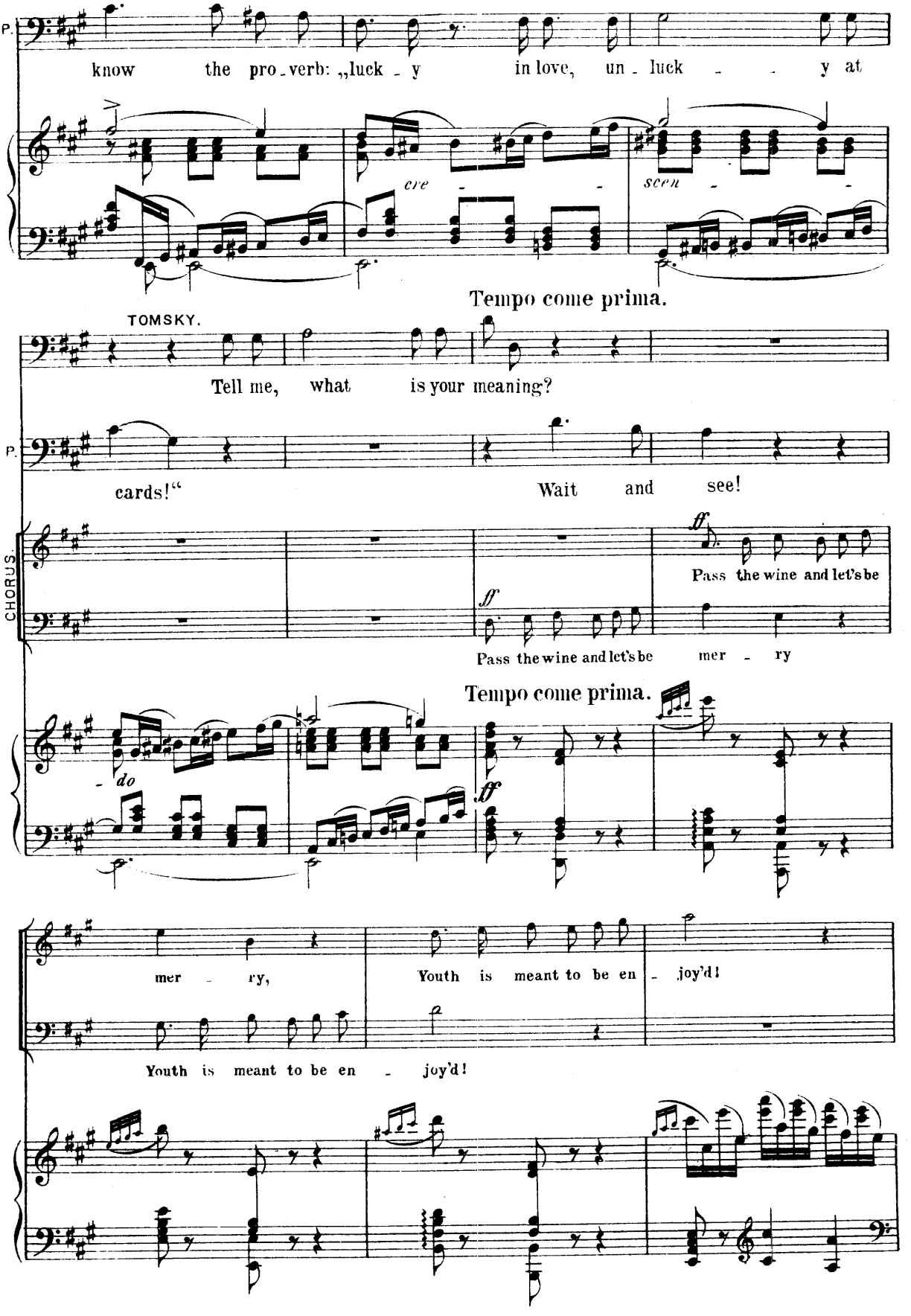

Life is pas - sing like a dream!
Deal the cards and pass the
gob - - let,
Let us float on pleasure's stream!
Deal the cards and pass the gob - let,
Let us float on pleasure's
Stake your mon - - ey, friends, and double it, Life is
stream, for life pas - - ses like a dream, for life
cresc.
pas - sing like a dream!
Life's pas - sing like a dream
pas - ses like a dream!
pas - sing like a dream

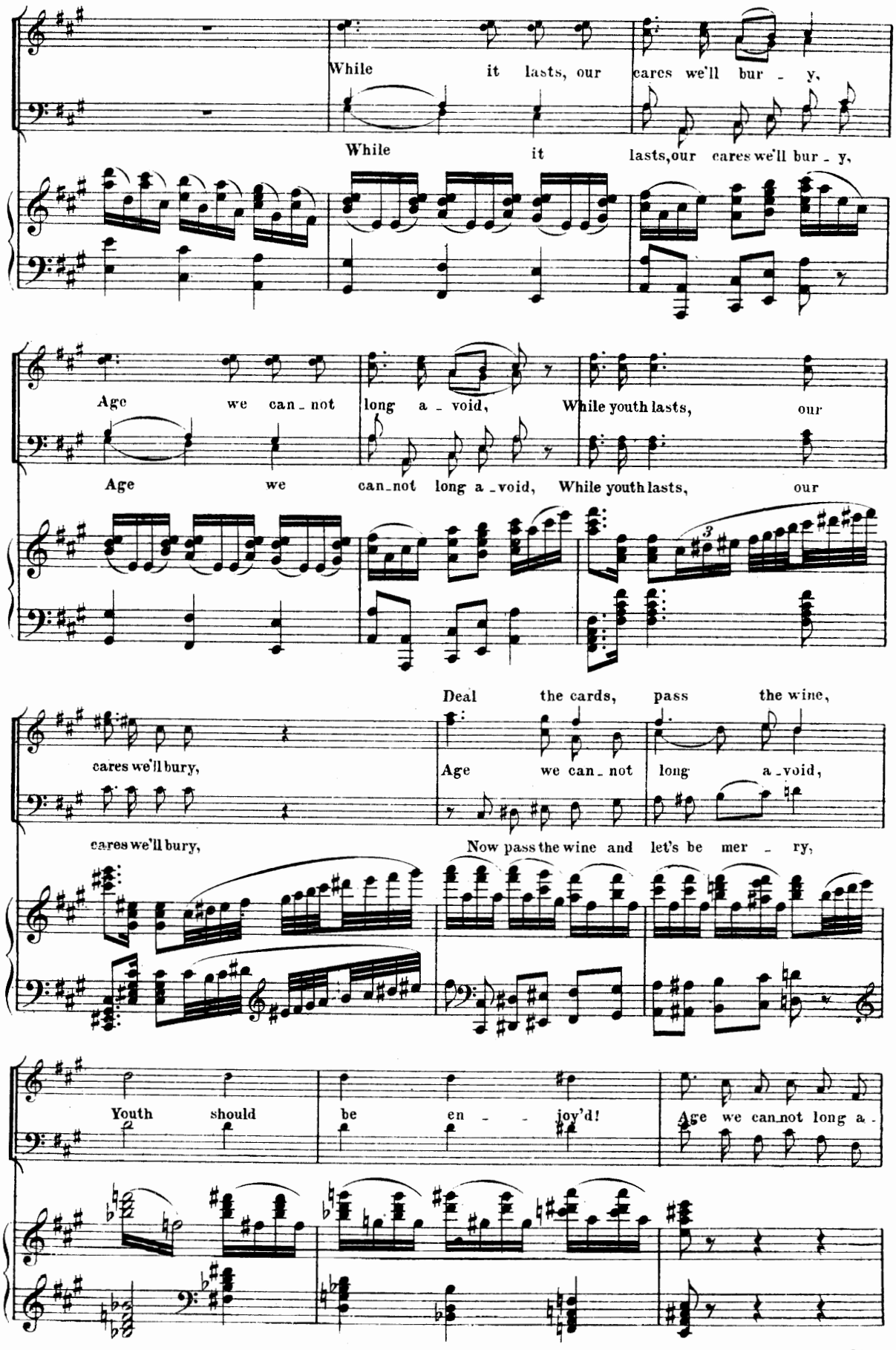

ff
Pass the wine, and let's be
mer - - ry!
ff
Pass the wine, and let's be mer - - ry!
mer - ry!
Youth was meant to be en - joy'd!
Youth was meant to be en - joy'd!
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void,
age we can - - not
Age we can - not long a - void, age we can - - not


Deal the cards, pass the wine!
long a_void!
Youth was meant to be en_joy'd!
long a_void!
Now pass the wine and let's make mer - ry
Youth should be en - joy'd!
Age we can_not long a -
void!
Let youth be en - joy'd!
Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)
TCHAPLITSKY.
I pass pa - ro - li!
SOURIN.
NARUMOV.
My gain!...
I
Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)
p


TCHEKALINSKY (shuffling).
Tchapl.
Pa_ro_li_pe! Now, who will stake?
N.
trump it!
At_ten_dez!
SOURIN
TOMSKY (to the Prince).
Tchek.
Ace! That's Mi_ran_do_le.
What are you do_ing
mf
p
T.
here? I nev_er once have seen you here at play be_
THE PRINCE.
T.
fore. True! This is my first vis_it. The pro_verb you
3
mf


P.
know it: „un-luck-y in love, luck - y at cards“...
TOMSKY.
THE PRINCE.
What do you mean to say? That I'm no lon-ger en-
P.
gaged. But do not ask me more! The wound is
P.
smart-ing still! Revenge has brought me here! You


P.
know the pro_verb: „luck_y in love, un_luck_y at
cre_scen_
Tempo come prima.
TOMSKY.
Tell me, what is your meaning?
P.
cards!“ Wait and see!
CHORUS.
ff
Pass the wine and let's be
ff
Pass the wine and let's be mer_ry
Tempo come prima.
do
ff
mer_ry, Youth is meant to be en_joy'd!
Youth is meant to be en_joy'd!


While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
While it lasts, our cares we'll bur - y,
Age we can - not long a - void, While youth lasts, our
Age we can - not long a - void, While youth lasts, our
Deal the cards, pass the wine,
cares we'll bury,
Age we can - not long a - void,
cares we'll bury,
Now pass the wine and let's be mer - ry,
Youth should be en - joy'd!
Age we can not long a -

(The players join those at the supper table.)

void, Let youth be en - joy'd!

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

TCHEKALINSKY.

Come, gent-le-men, let Tomsky sing a jov-ial dit - ty!

Sostenuto. (ma lo stesso tempo.)

p *poco cre - scen - do*

CHORUS.

Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a jol - - ly song,

Sing, Toms - ky, sing, but let it be a

mf

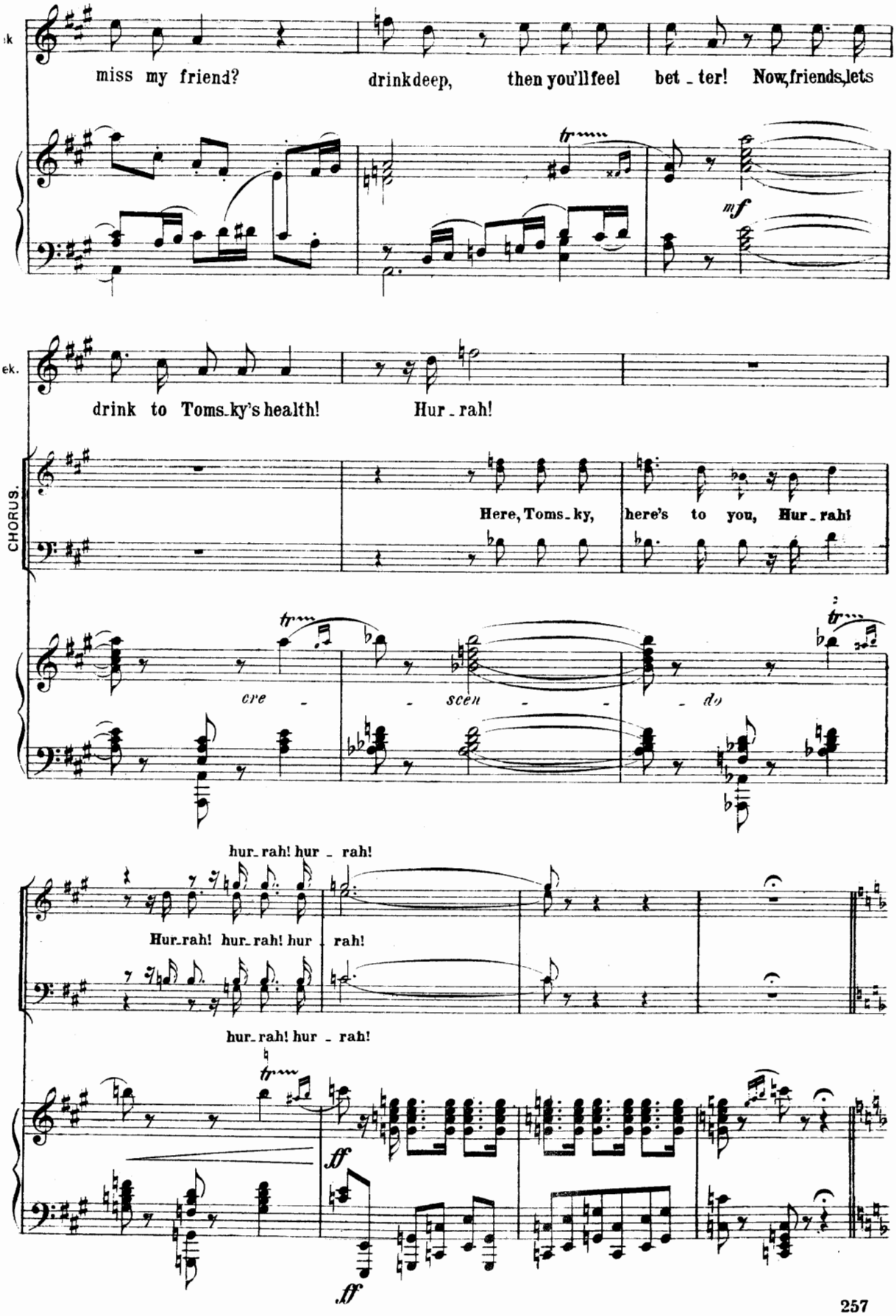
TOMSKY. TCHEK.

I am not in the mood. Hey! What's a -

A song of love and wine!

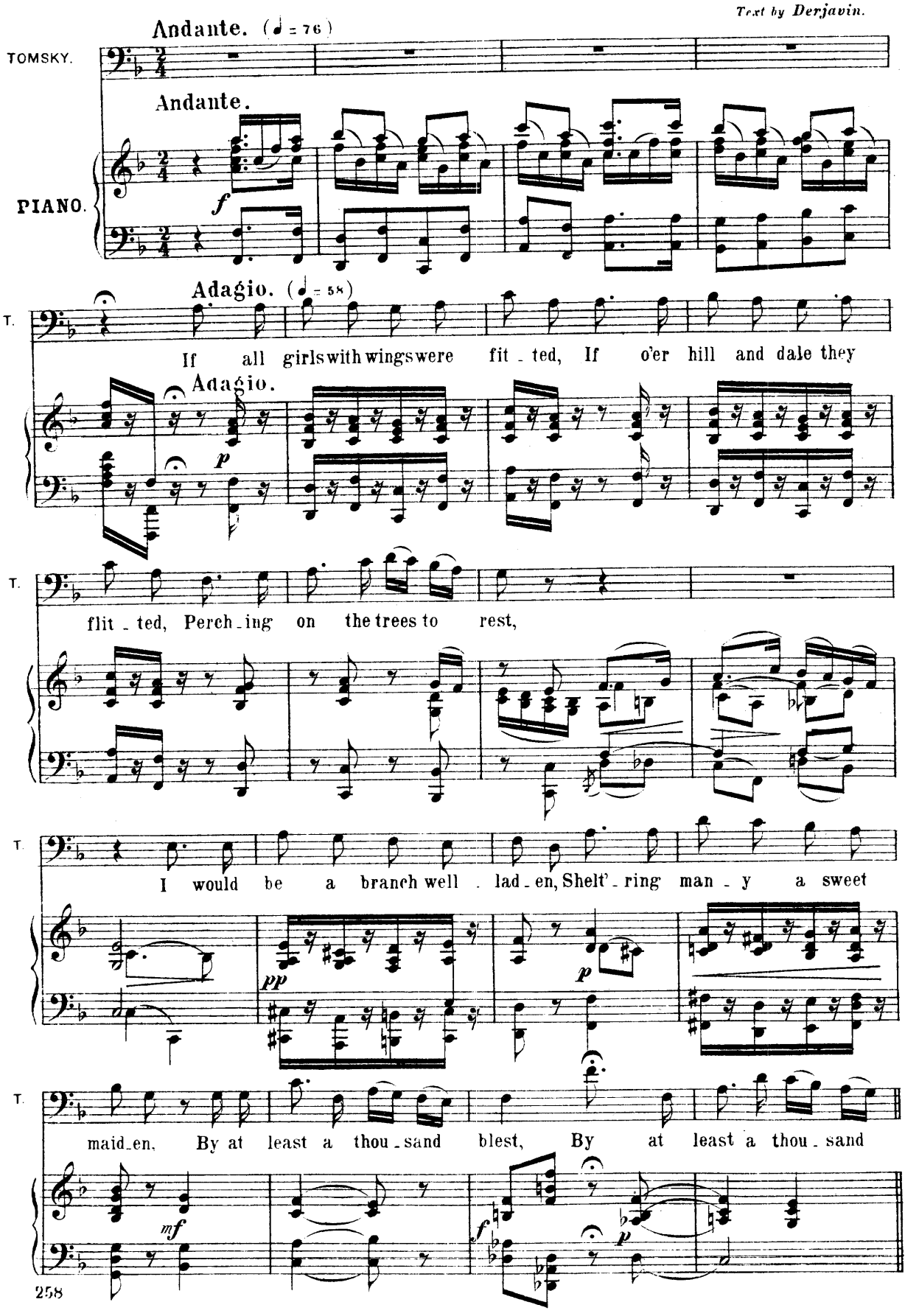
jol-ly song, a song!

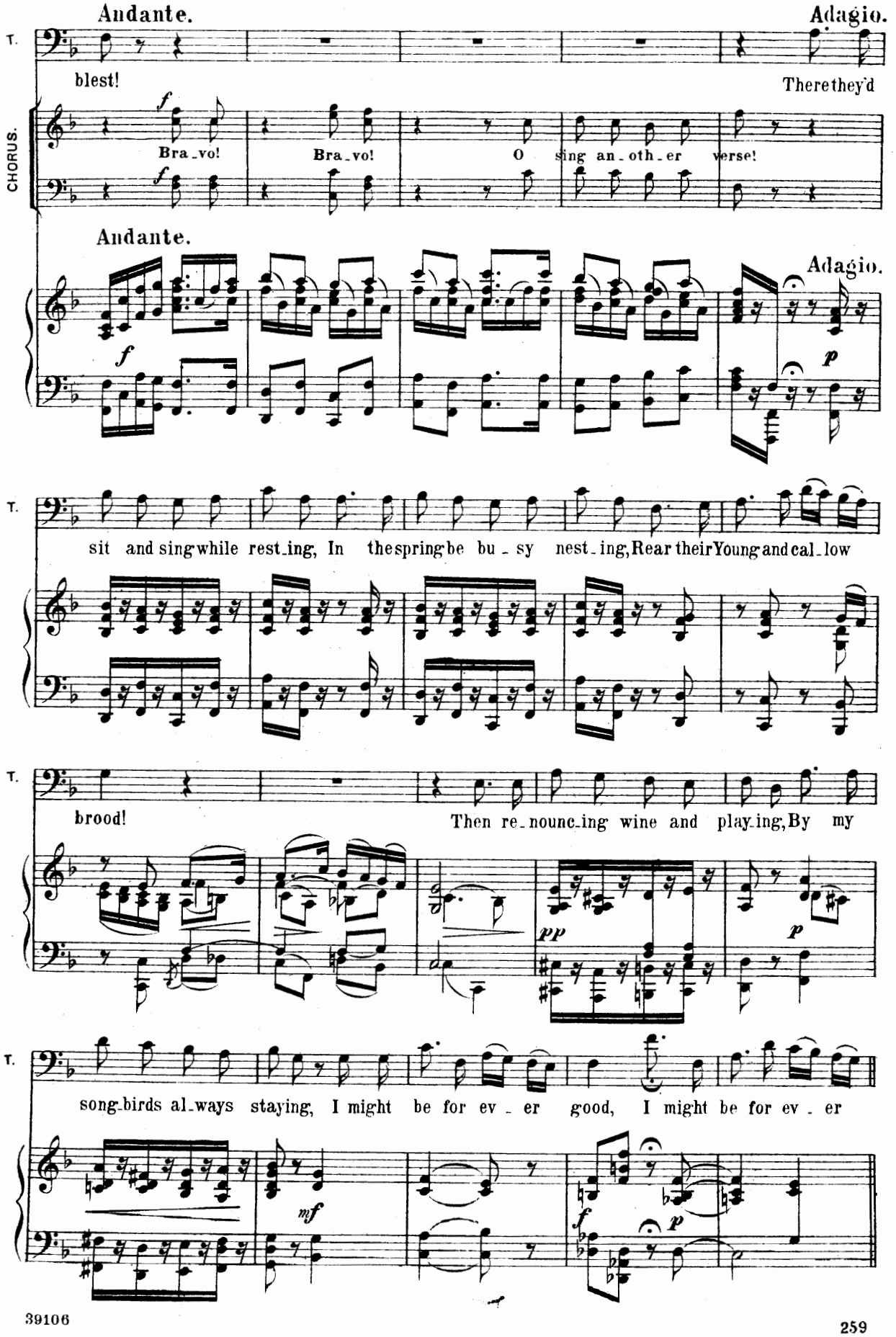
p *p*

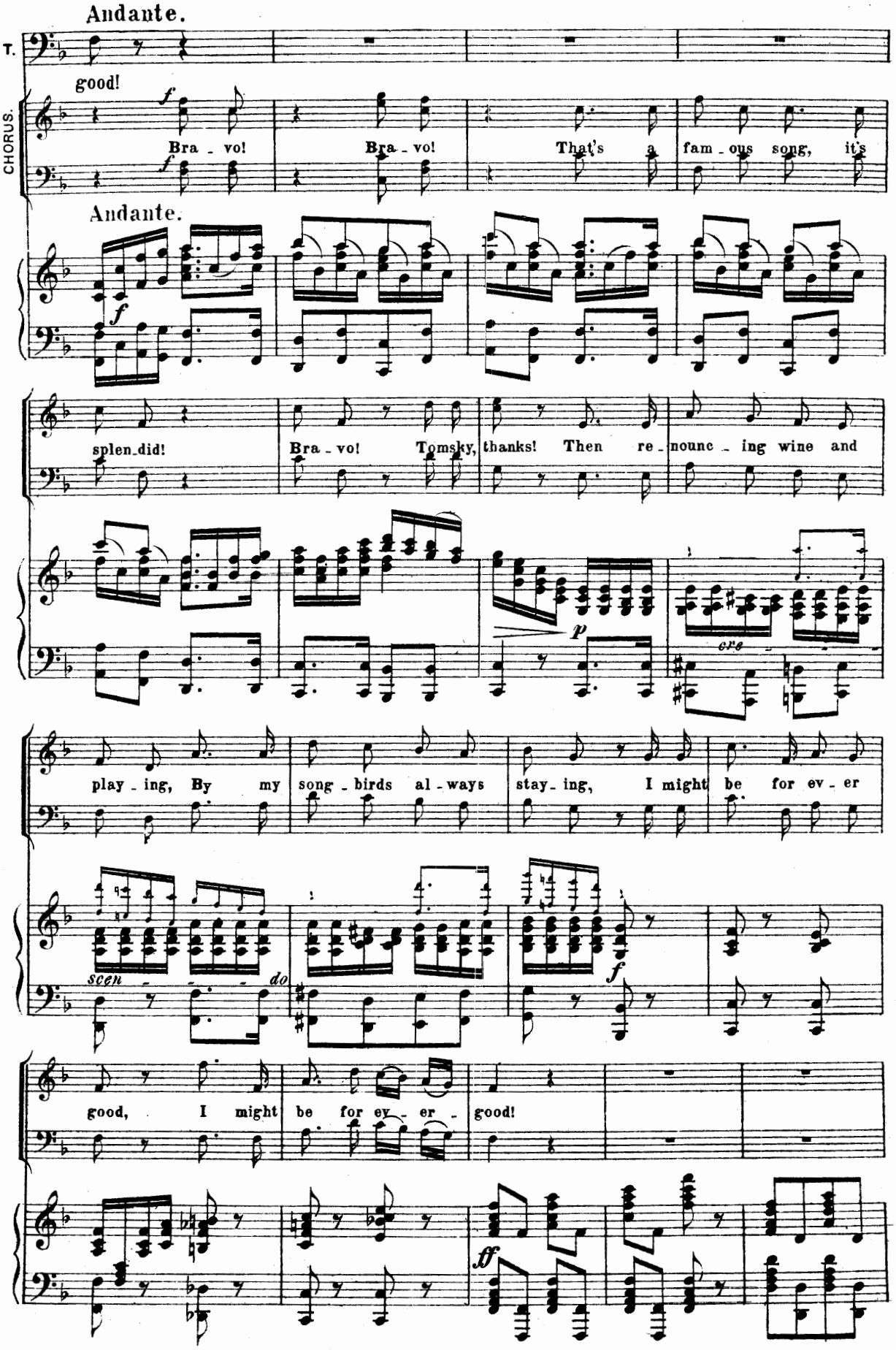

miss my friend?
drink deep, then you'll feel bet - ter! Now, friends, lets
mf
drink to Toms-ky's health!
Hur - rah!
CHORUS.
Here, Toms-ky, here's to you, Hur - rah!
cre - scen - do
hur-rah! hur - rah!
Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!
hur-rah! hur - rah!
ff
ff

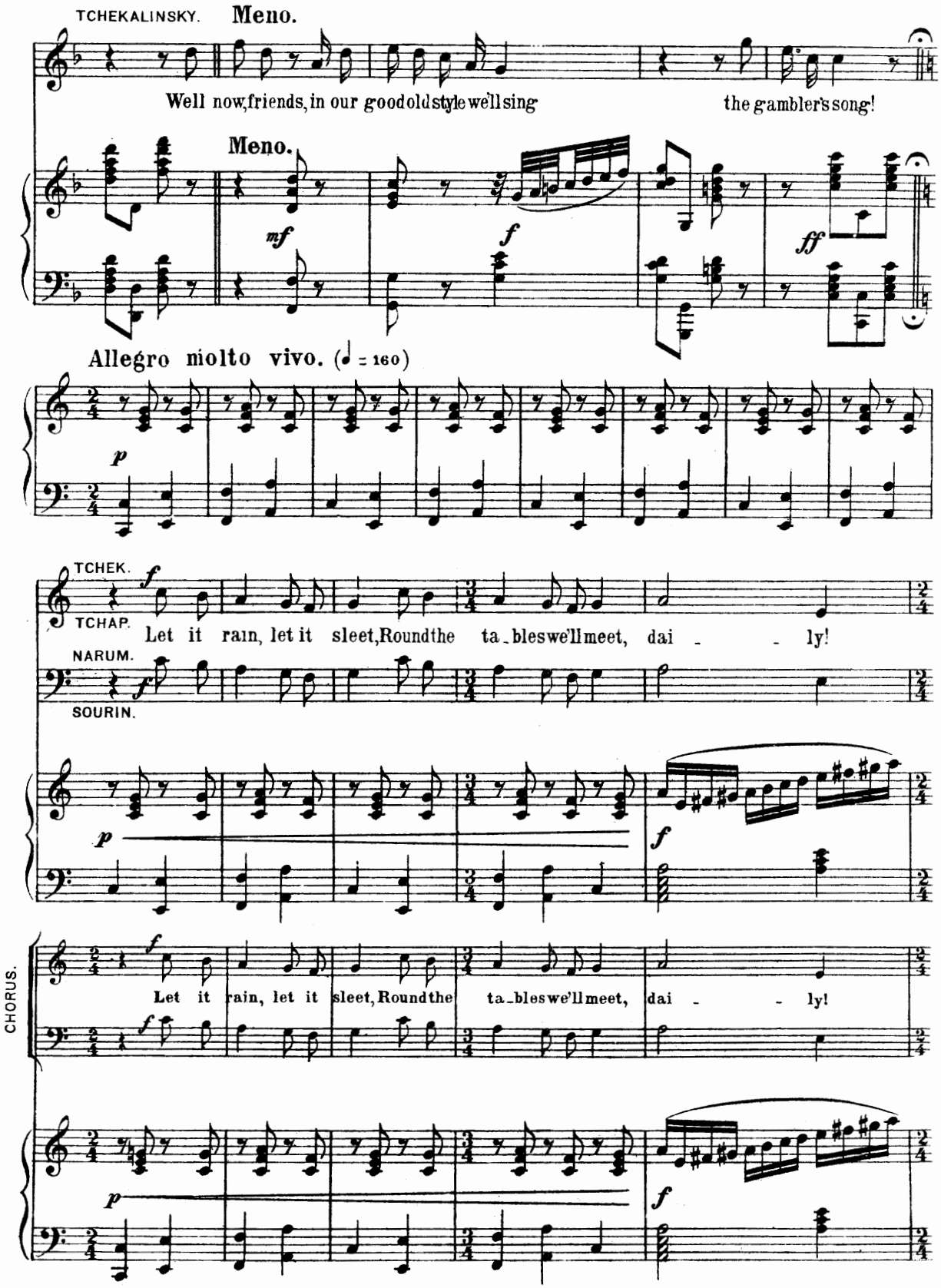
№ 23. Tomsky's Song and Chorus of Gamblers.

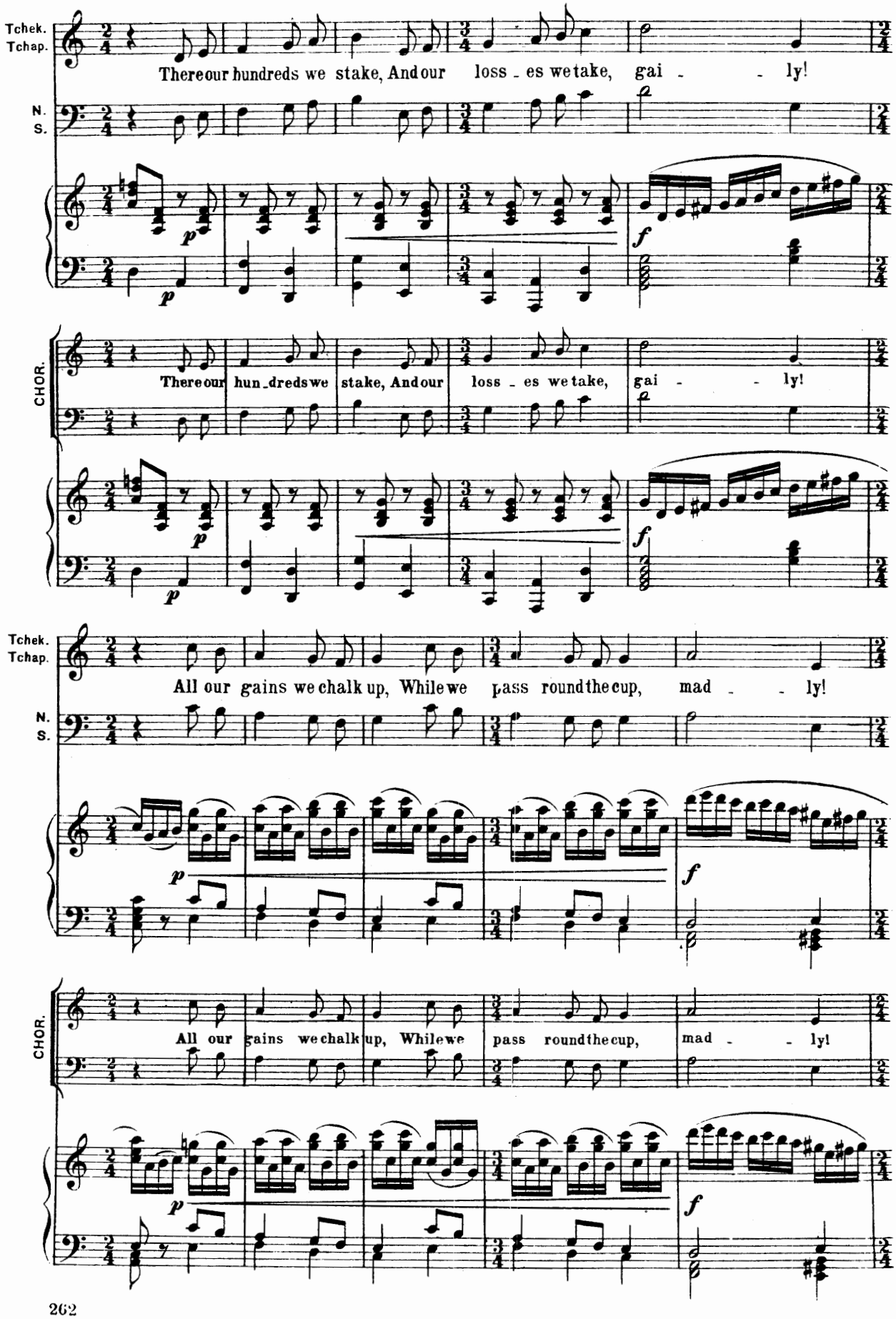
Text by Derjavin.

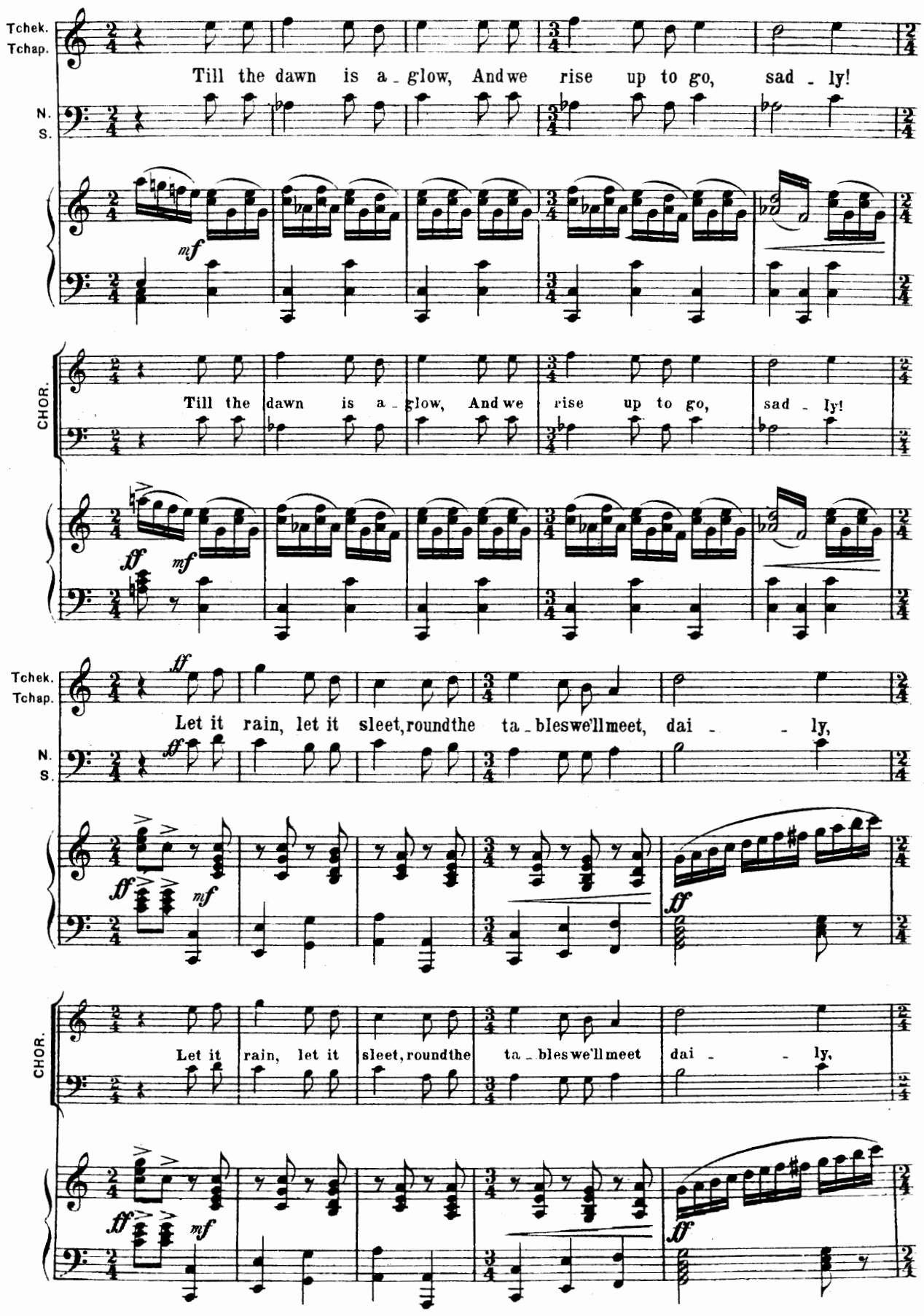


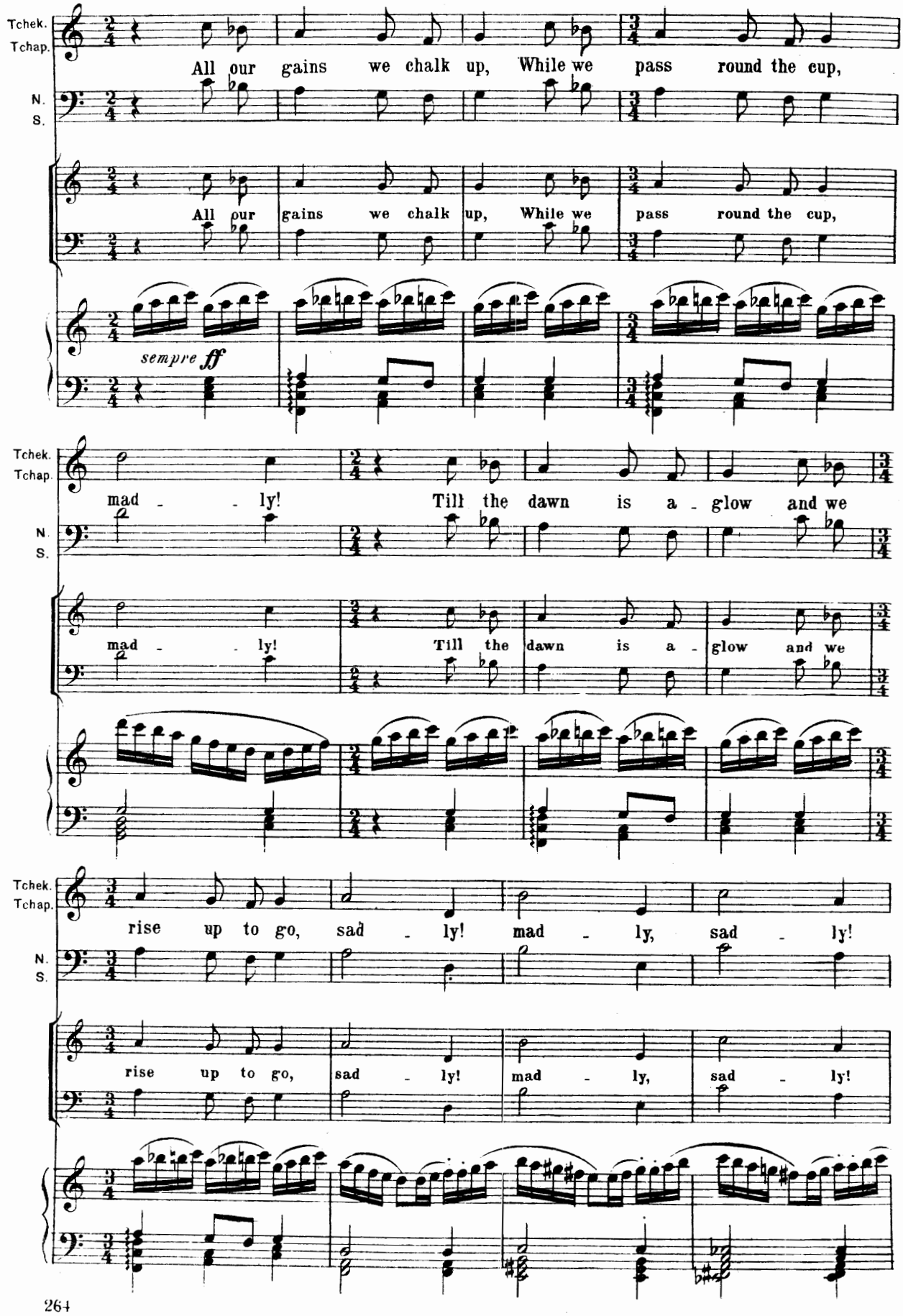

Andante.
Adagio.
T.
blest!
There they'd
CHORUS.
Bra_vo!
Bra_vo!
O sing an_oth_er verse!
Andante.
Adagio.
sit and sing while rest_ing, In the spring be bu_sy nest_ing, Rear their Young and cal_low
brood!
Then re_nounc_ing wine and play_ing, By my
song_birds al_ways staying, I might be for ev_er good, I might be for ev_er

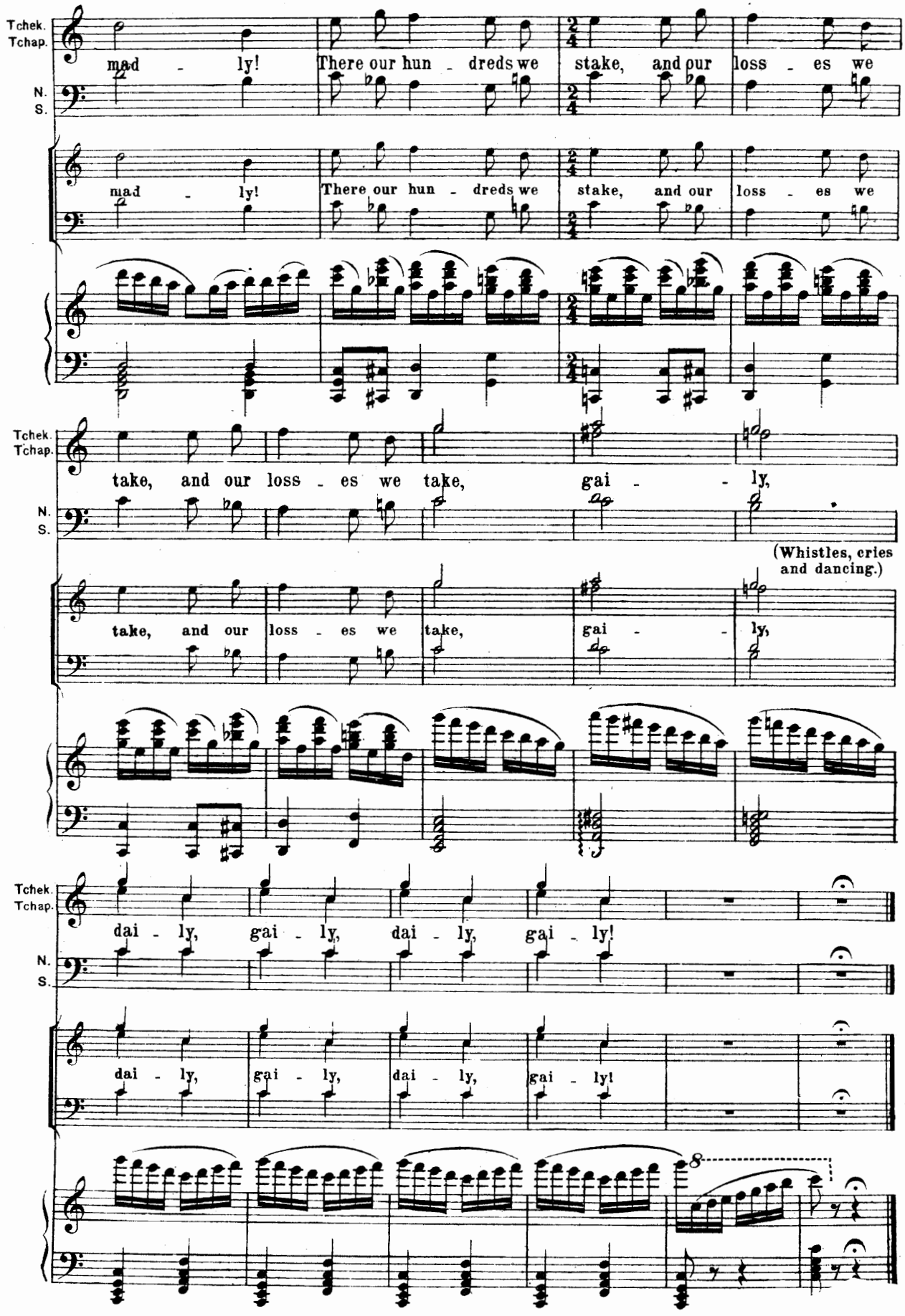

Andante.
T.
good!
CHORUS.
Bra - vo!
Bra - vo!
That's a
fam - ous song, it's
Andante.
splen - did!
Bra - vo!
Tomsky, thanks! Then re - nounc - ing wine and
play - ing, By my
song - birds al - ways
stay - ing, I might
be for ev - er
scen - do
good, I might
be for ev - er - good!

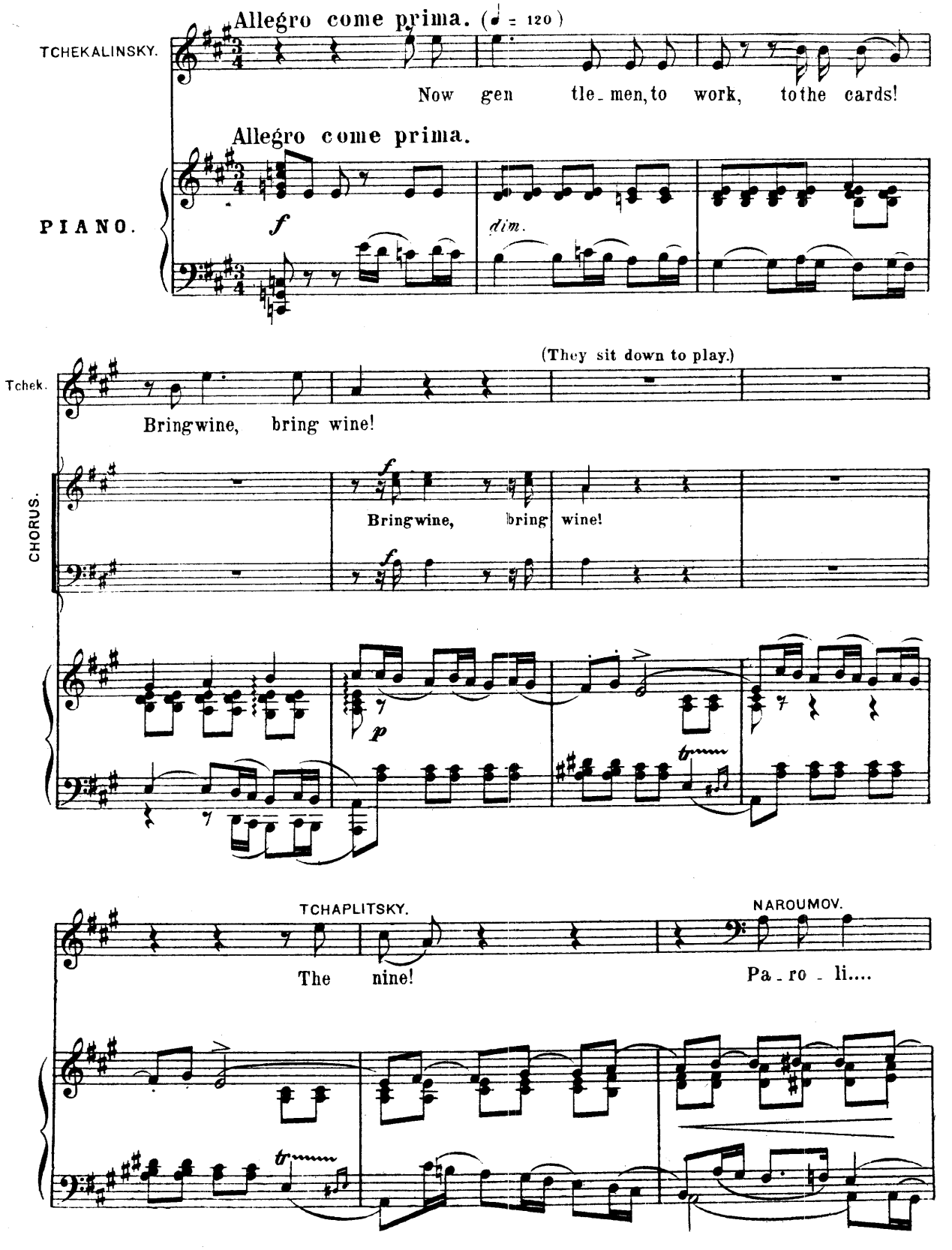

TCHEKALINSKY.
Meno.
Well now, friends, in our good old style we'll sing the gambler's song!
Meno.
mf
f
ff
Allegro molto vivo. (♩ = 160)
p
TCHEK.
TCHAP.
NARUM.
SOURIN.
f
Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta_bles we'll meet, dai_ly!
p
f
CHORUS.
Let it rain, let it sleet, Round the ta_bles we'll meet, dai_ly!
p
f

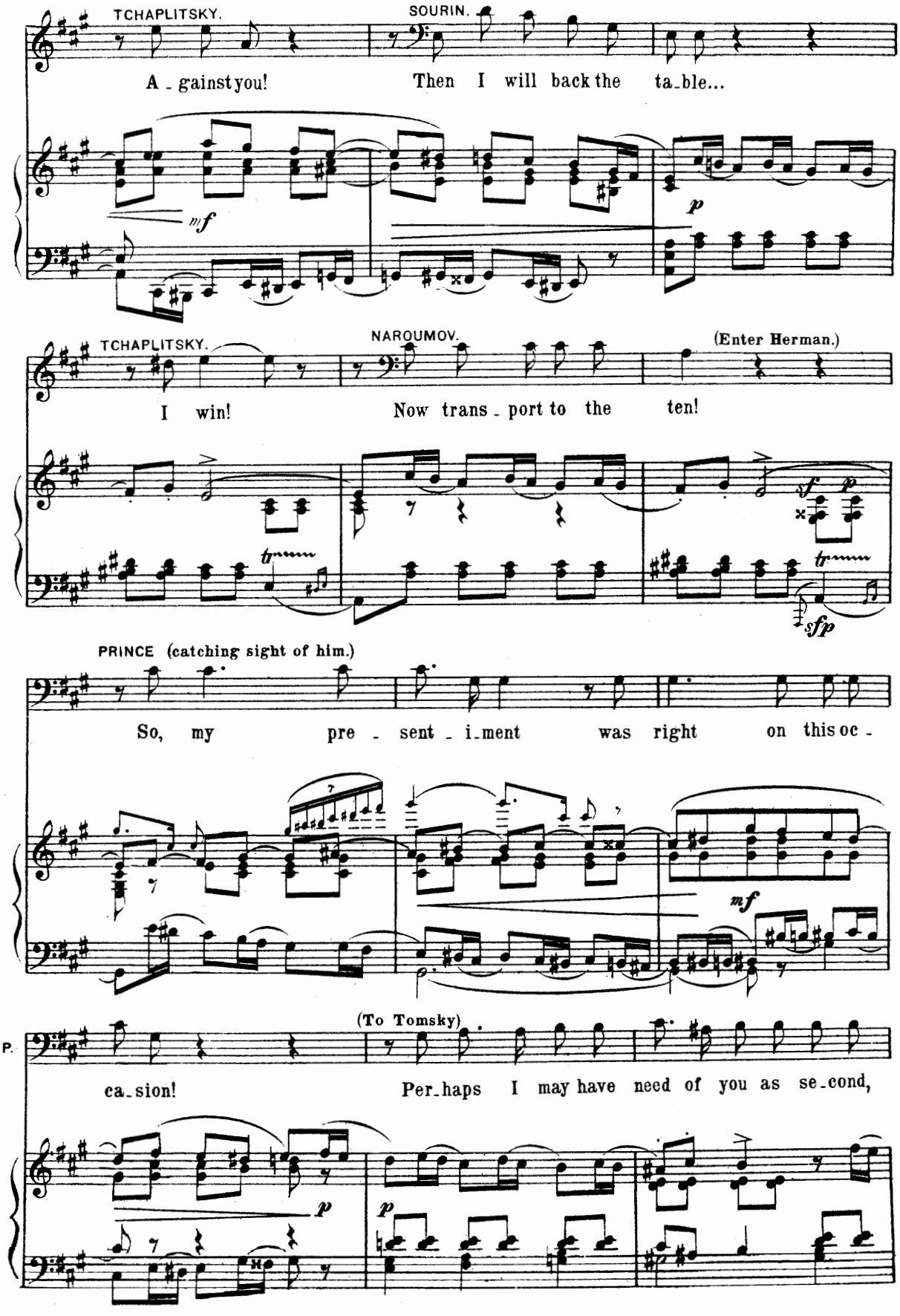

Tchek.
Tchap.
There our hundreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!
N.
S.
CHOR.
There our hun-dreds we stake, And our loss - es we take, gai - - ly!
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup, mad - - ly!

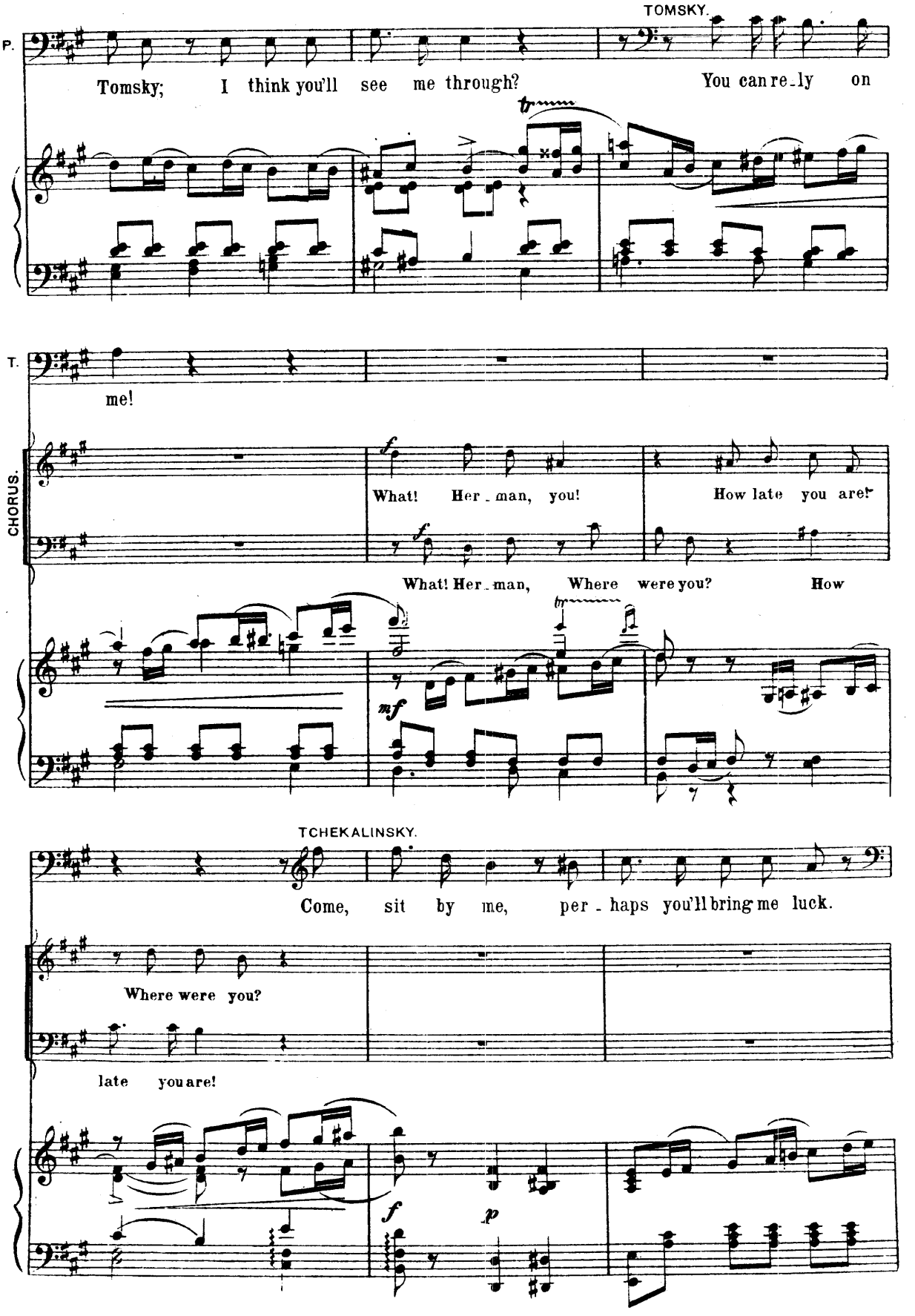

Tchek.
Tchap.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
N.
S.
mf
CHOR.
Till the dawn is a - glow, And we rise up to go, sad - ly!
ff
mf
Tchek.
Tchap.
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet, dai - - ly,
N.
S.
ff
mf
CHOR.
Let it rain, let it sleet, round the ta - bles we'll meet dai - - ly,

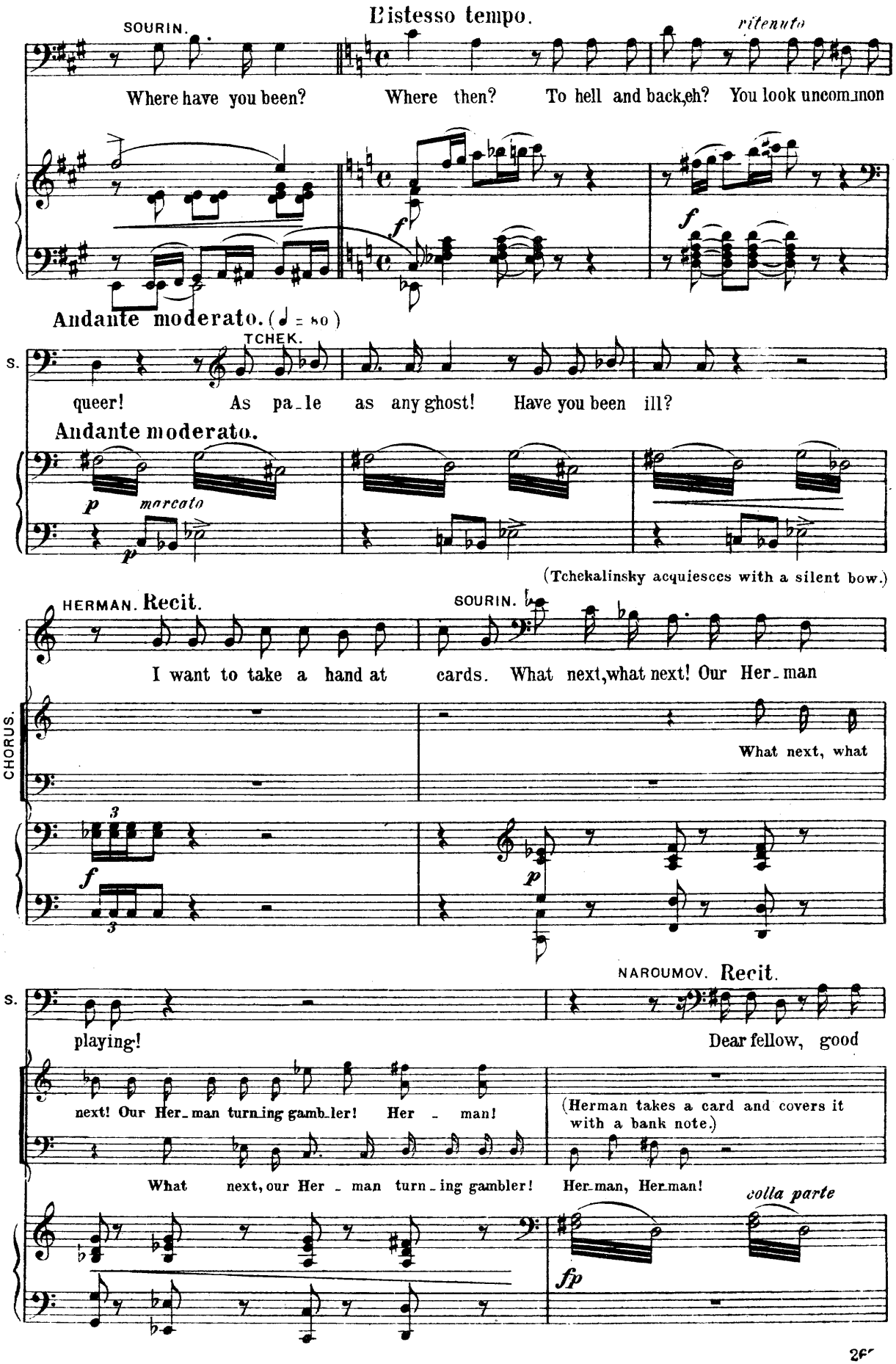

Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,
All our gains we chalk up, While we pass round the cup,
sempre ff
mad - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we
mad - ly! Till the dawn is a - glow and we
rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!
rise up to go, sad - ly! mad - ly, sad - ly!

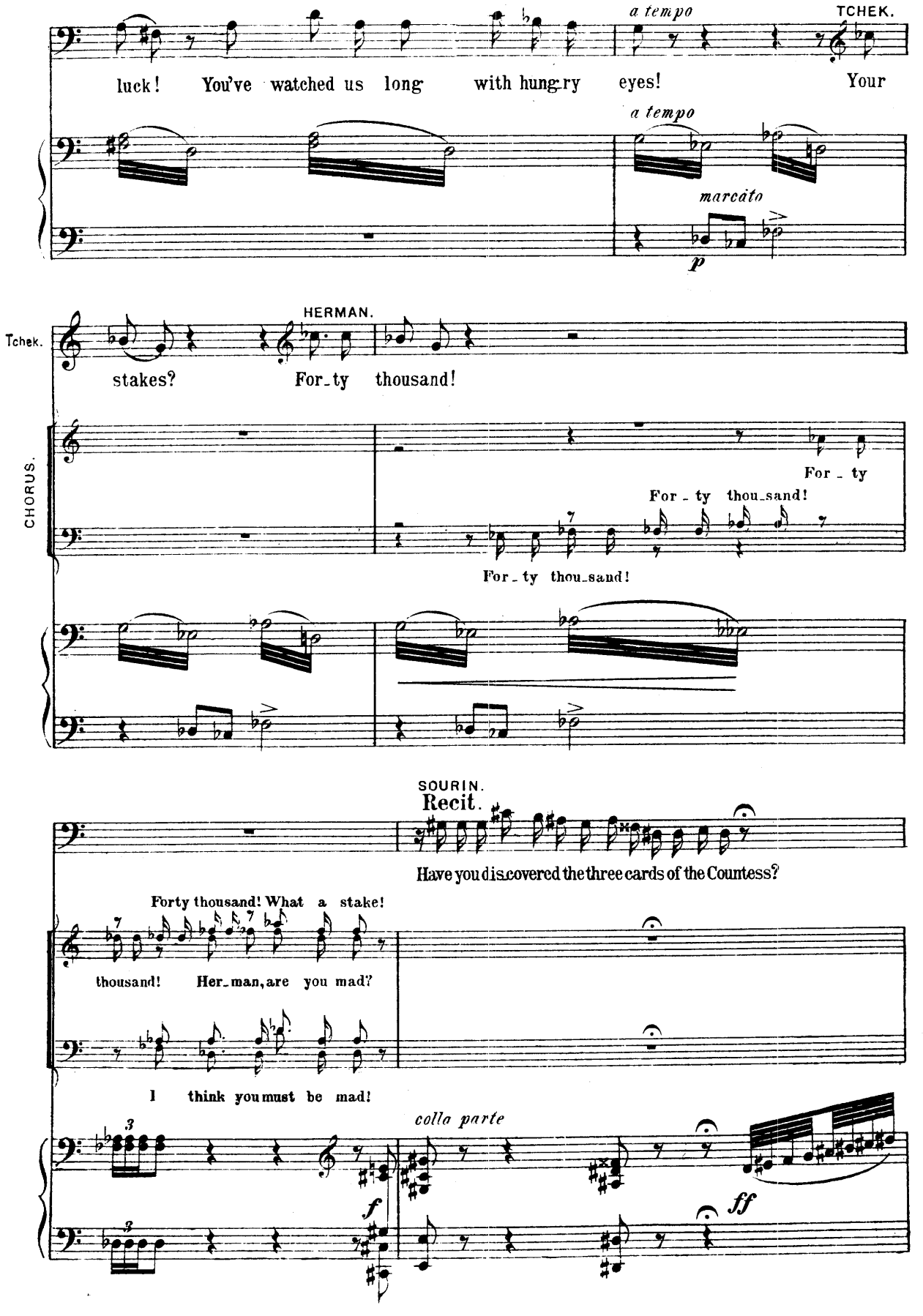

Tchek.
Tchap.
N.
S.
mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we
mad - ly! There our hun - dreds we stake, and our loss - es we
take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,
(Whistles, cries and dancing.)
take, and our loss - es we take, gai - - ly,
dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!
dai - ly, gai - ly, dai - ly, gai - ly!
8

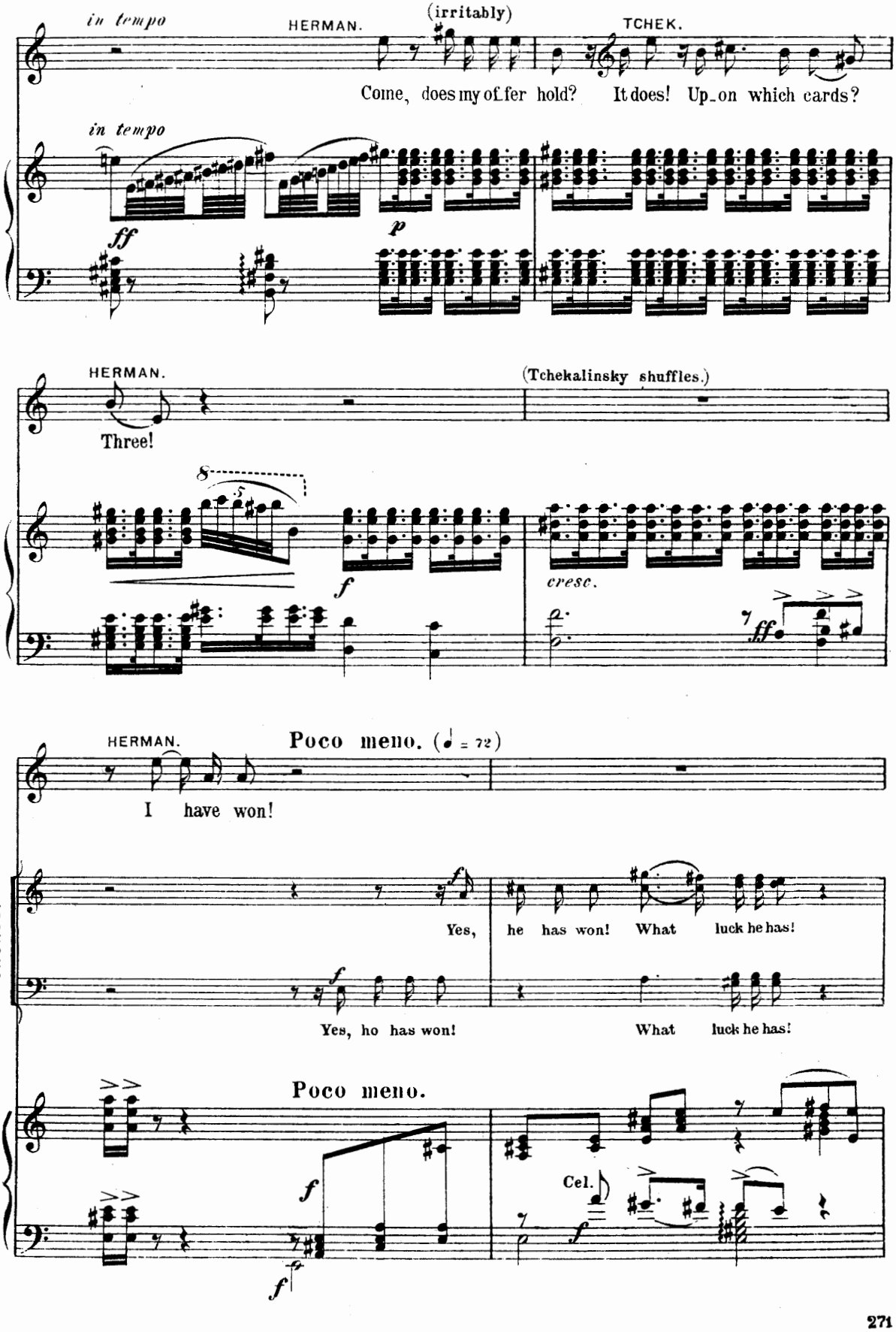

Allegro come prima. (♩ = 120)
TCHEKALINSKY.
Now gen tle_men, to work, to the cards!
Allegro come prima.
PIANO.
f
dim.
(They sit down to play.)
Tchek.
Bring wine, bring wine!
CHORUS.
f
Bring wine, bring wine!
p
TCHAPLITSKY.
NAROUMOV.
The nine!
Pa_ro_li....

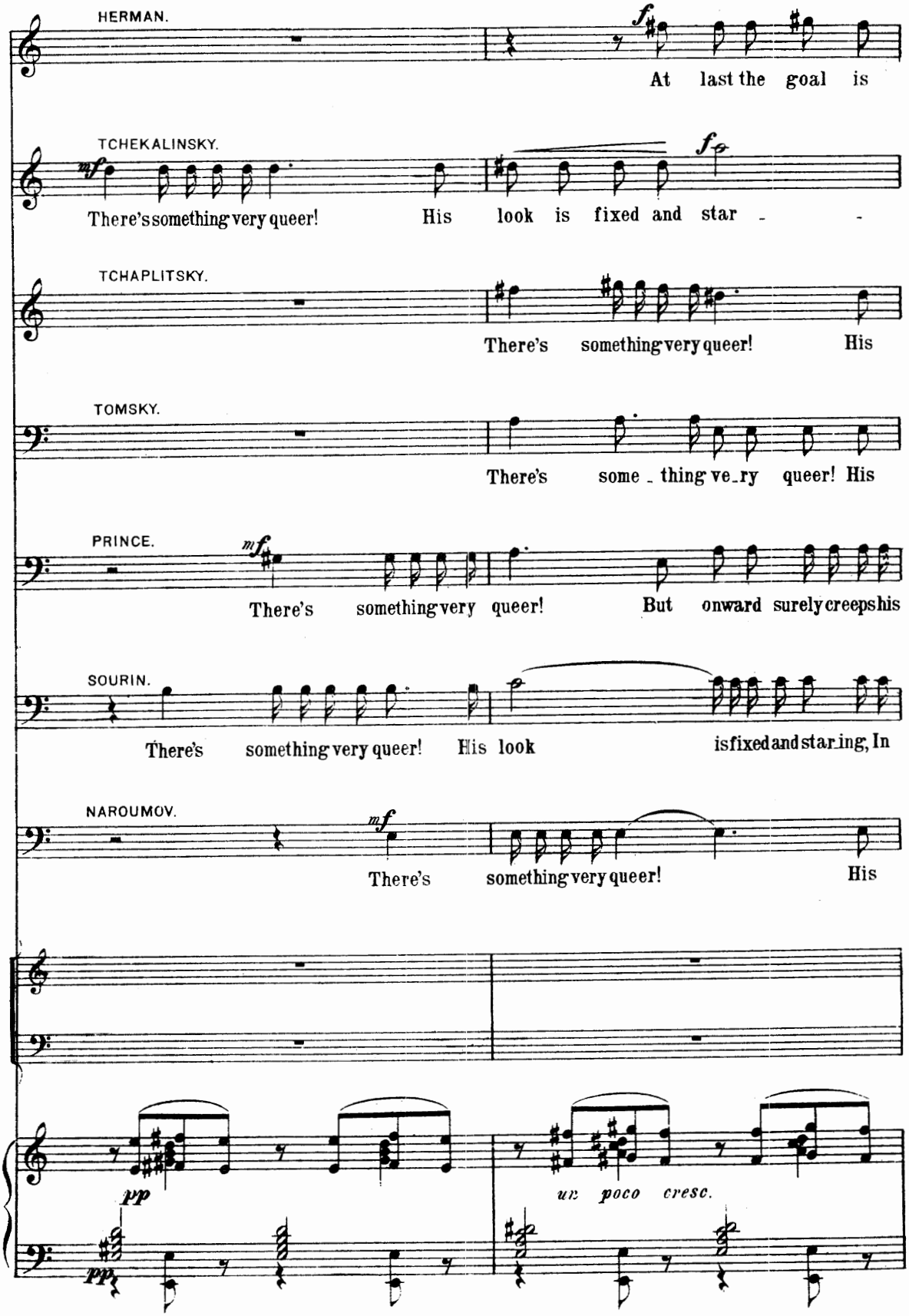

TCHAPLITSKY.
A - gainst you!
SOURIN.
Then I will back the ta - ble...
mf
p
TCHAPLITSKY.
I win!
NAROUMOV.
Now trans - port to the ten!
(Enter Herman.)
sf
p
tr
sfp
PRINCE (catching sight of him.)
So, my pre - sent - i - ment was right on this oc -
mf
(To Tomsky)
P.
ca - sion!
Per - haps I may have need of you as se - cond,
p
p

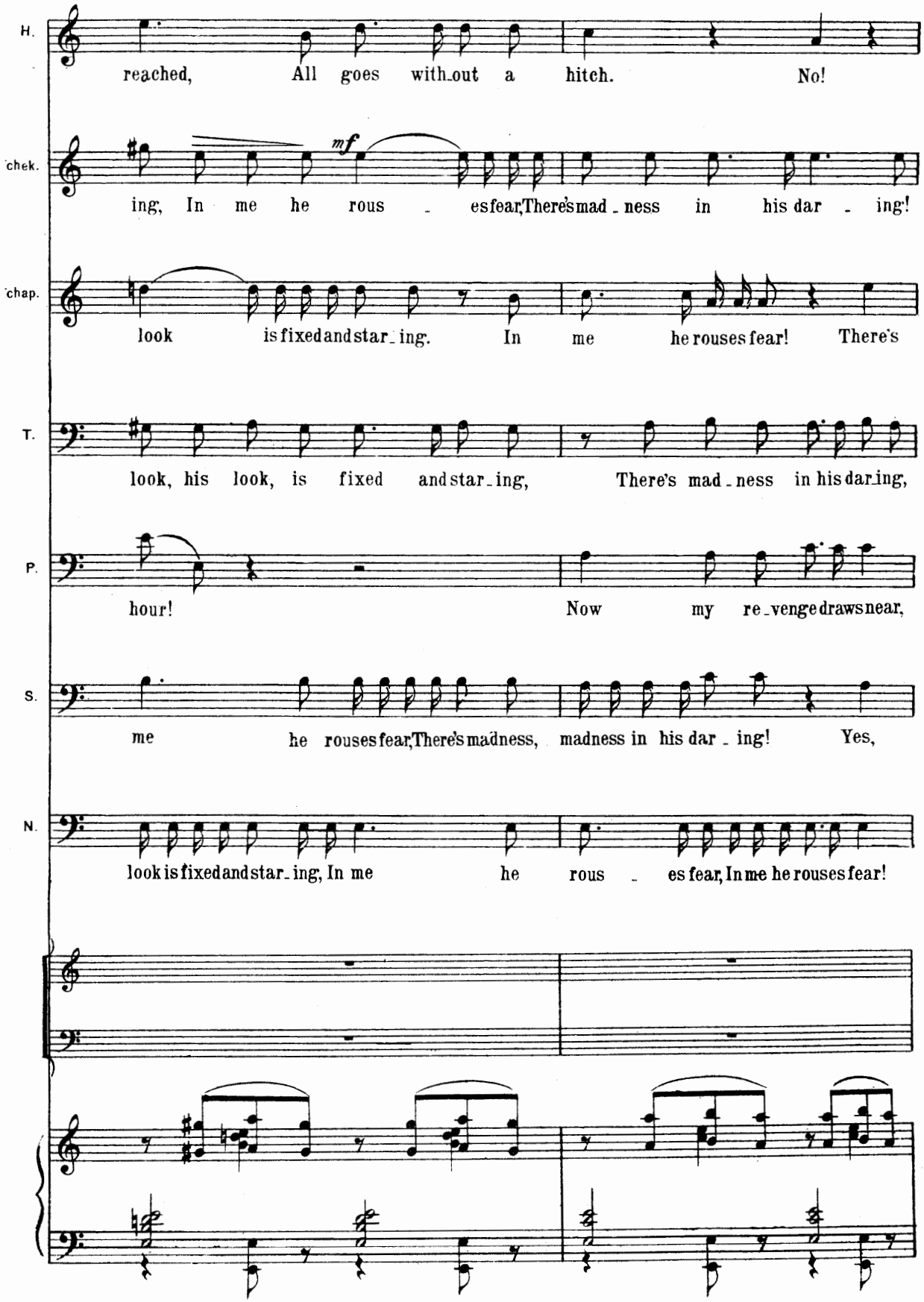

TOMSKY.
P.
Tomsky; I think you'll see me through? You can re-ly on
T.
me!
CHORUS.
What! Her-man, you! How late you are!
What! Her-man, Where were you? How
TCHEKALINSKY.
Come, sit by me, per-haps you'll bring me luck.
Where were you?
late you are!

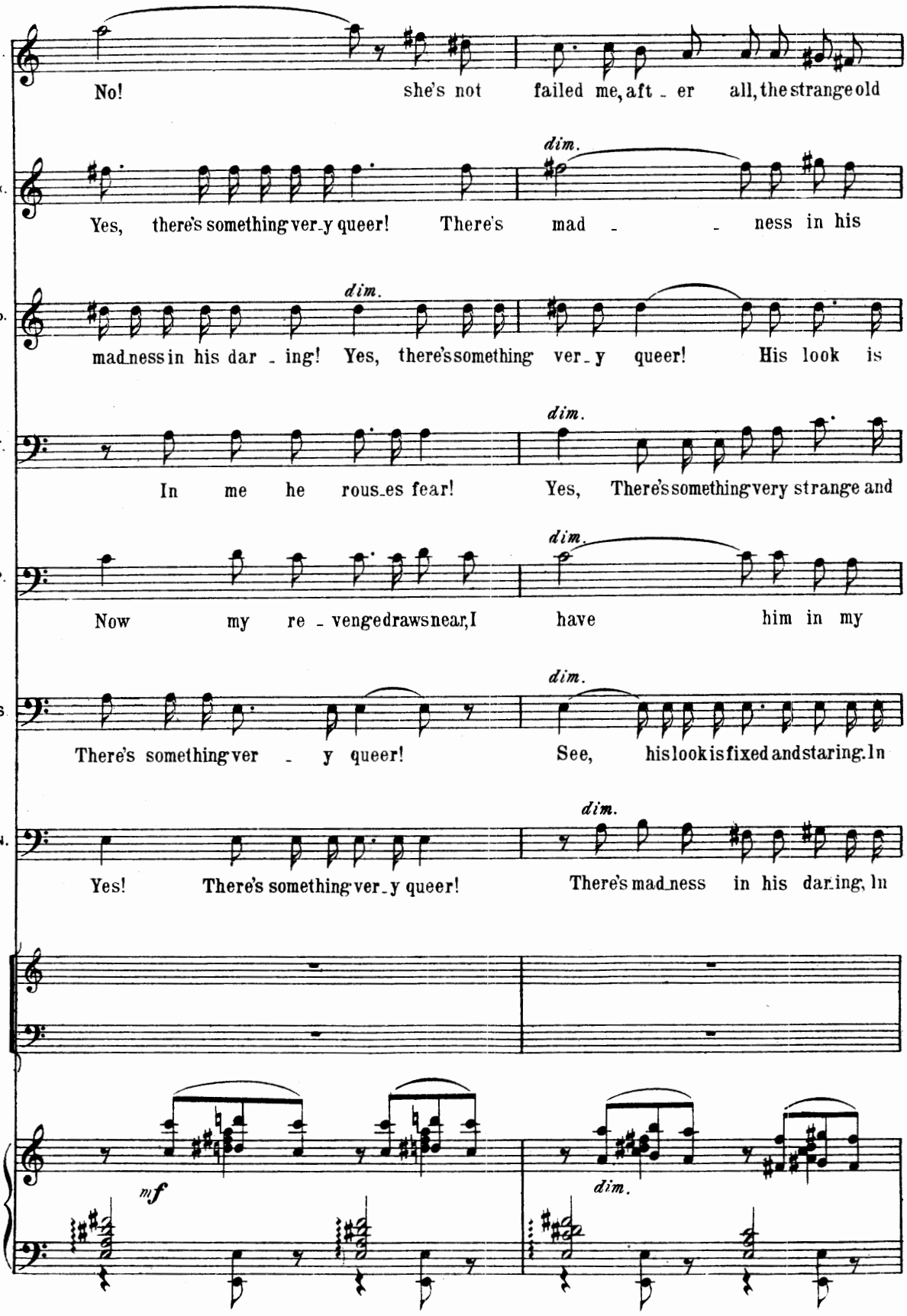

L'istesso tempo.
SOURIN.
ritenuto
Where have you been?
Where then?
To hell and back,eh?
You look uncommon
Andante moderato. (♩ = 80)
TCHEK.
S.
queer!
As pa_le
as any ghost!
Have you been ill?
Andante moderato.
p
marcato
p
(Tchekalinsky acquiesces with a silent bow.)
HERMAN. Recit.
SOURIN.
I want to take a hand at
cards.
What next,what next!
Our Her_man
CHORUS.
What next, what
f
p
NAROUMOV. Recit.
S.
playing!
Dear fellow, good
next! Our Her_man turning gamb_ler!
Her _ man!
(Herman takes a card and covers it with a bank note.)
What
next, our Her _ man turn_ing gambler!
Her_man, Her_man!
colla parte
fp

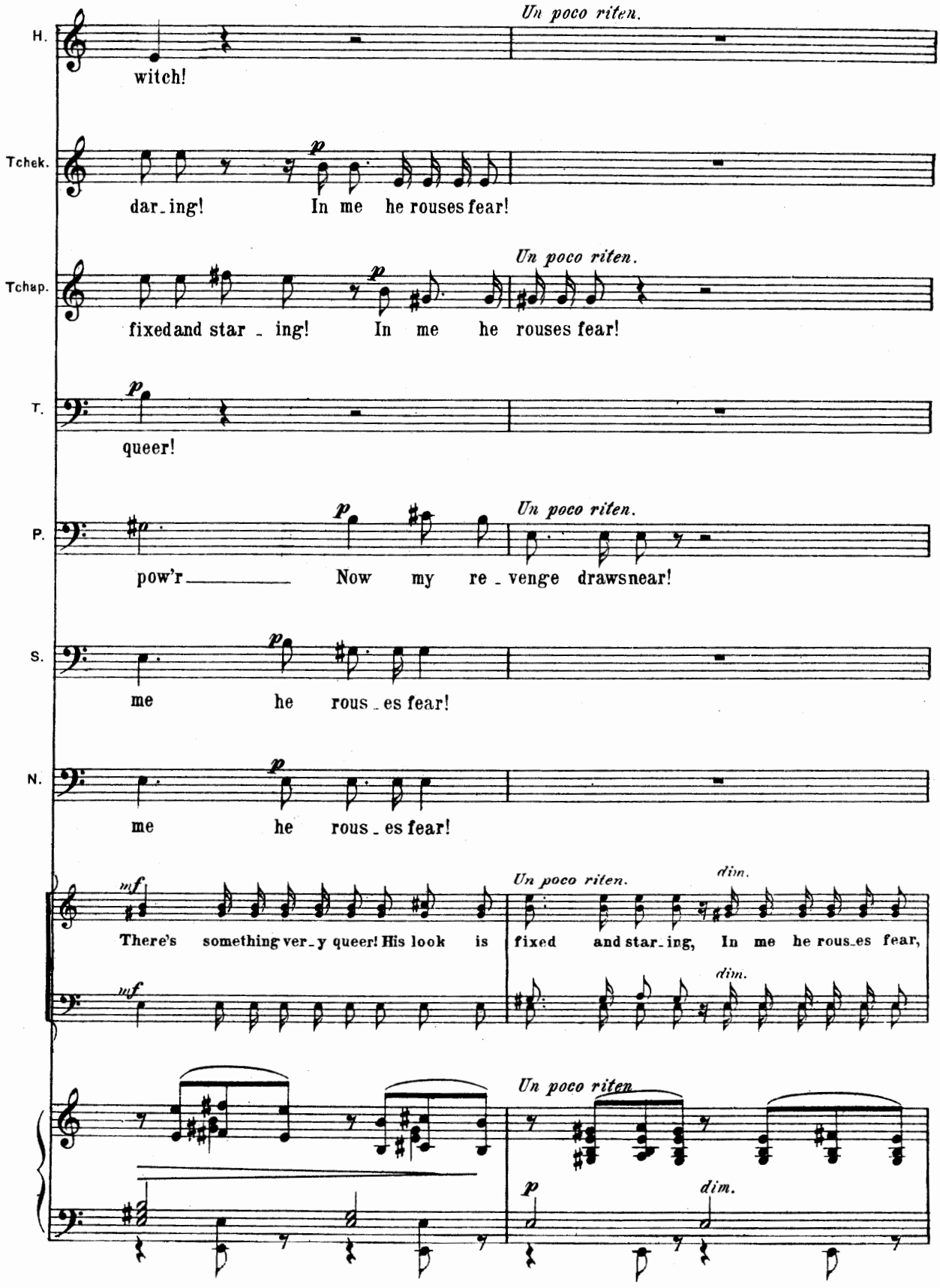

a tempo
TCHEK.
luck! You've watched us long with hungry eyes! Your
a tempo
marcato
p
HERMAN.
Tchek.
stakes? For_ty thousand!
CHORUS.
For_ty
For_ty thou_sand!
For_ty thou_sand!
SOURIN.
Recit.
Have you dis_covered the three cards of the Countess?
Forty thousand! What a stake!
thousand! Her_man, are you mad?
I think you must be mad!
colla parte
f
ff

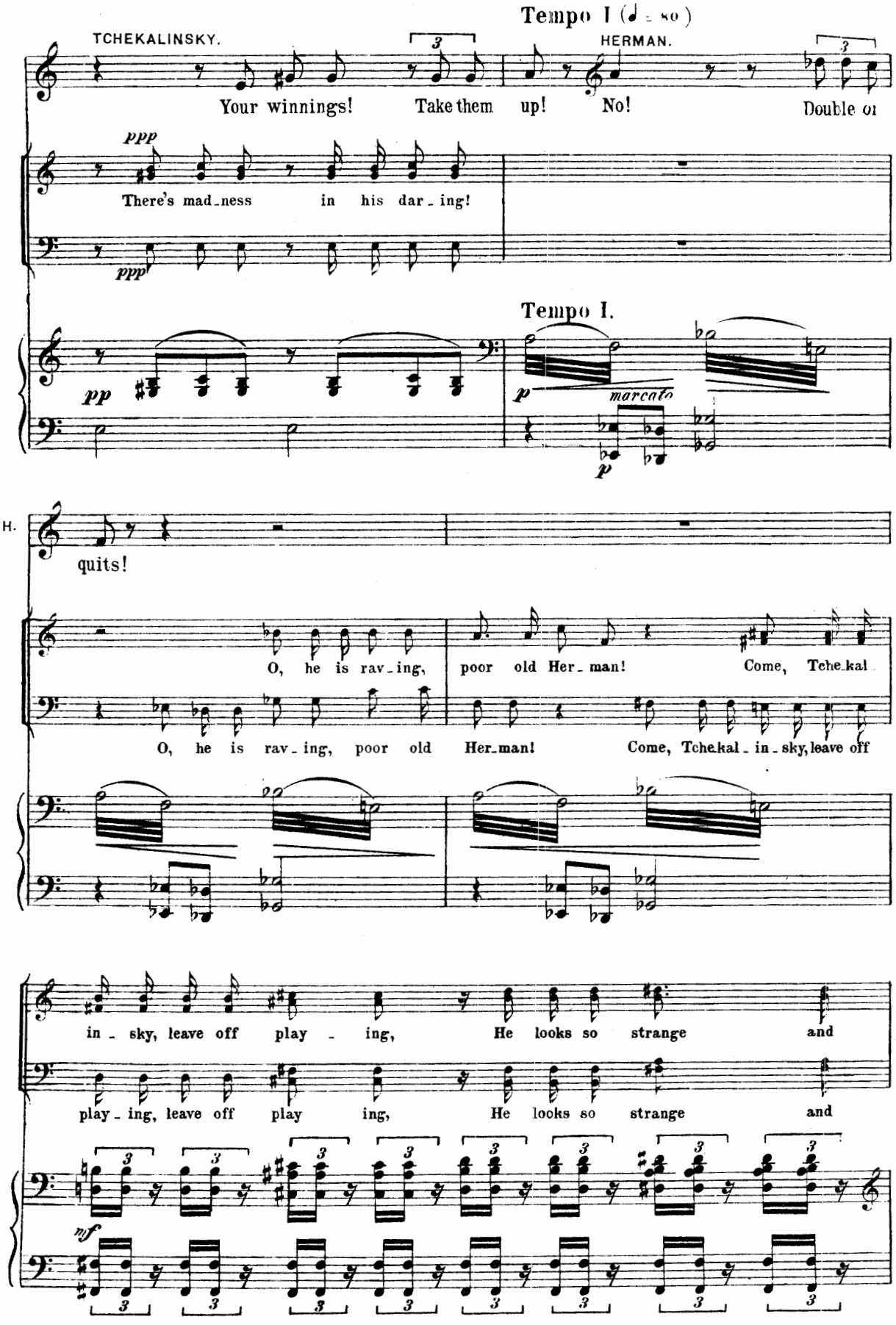

in tempo
HERMAN.
(irritably)
TCHEK.
Come, does my offer hold? It does! Upon which cards?
in tempo
ff
p
HERMAN.
(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)
Three!
8
5
f
cresc.
ff
HERMAN.
Poco meno. (♩ = 72)
I have won!
CHORUS.
Yes, he has won! What luck he has!
f
Yes, ho has won!
What luck he has!
Poco meno.
f
f
Cel.
f

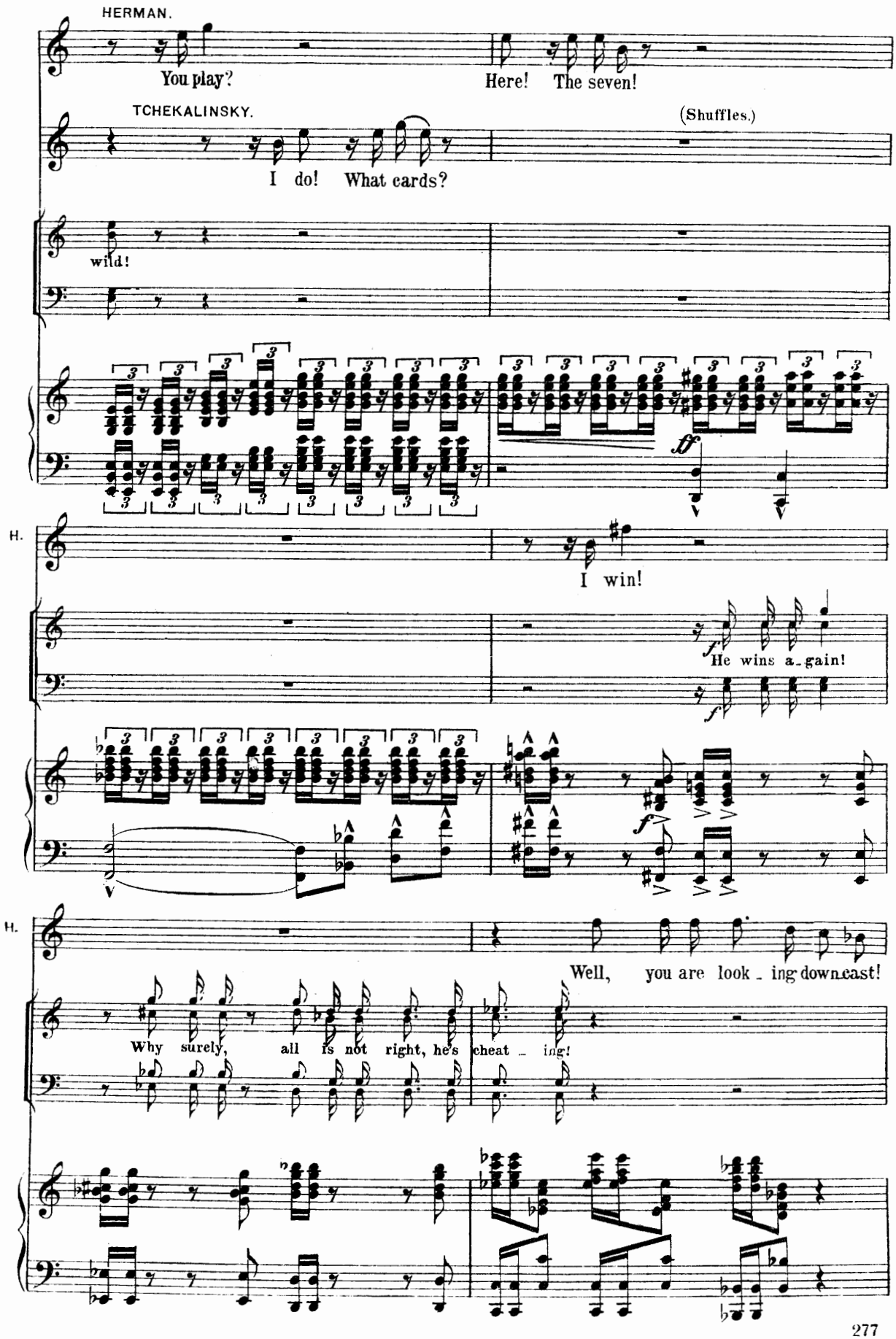

HERMAN.
At last the goal is
TCHEKALINSKY.
There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star - -
TCHAPLITSKY.
There's something very queer! His
TOMSKY.
There's some - thing ve - ry queer! His
PRINCE.
There's something very queer! But onward surely creeps his
SOURIN.
There's something very queer! His look is fixed and star ing, In
NAROUMOV.
There's something very queer! His
un poco cresc.

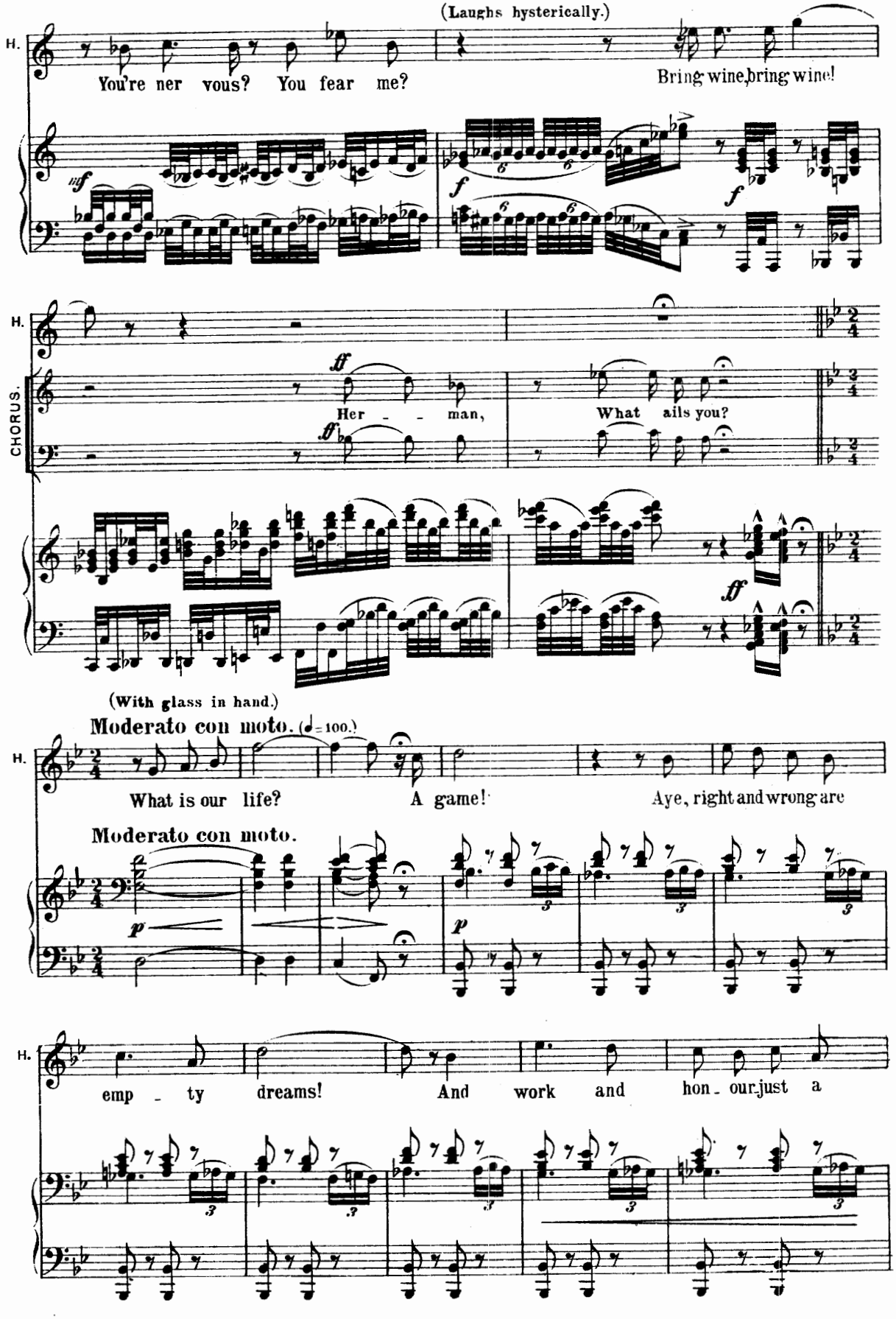

H.
reached, All goes with_out a hitch. No!
chek.
mf
ing; In me he rous _ es fear, There's mad _ ness in his dar _ ing!
chap.
look is fixed and star_ing. In me he rouses fear! There's
T.
look, his look, is fixed and star_ing, There's mad _ ness in his dar_ing,
P.
hour! Now my re_venge draws near,
S.
me he rouses fear, There's madness, madness in his dar _ ing! Yes,
N.
look is fixed and star_ing, In me he rous _ es fear, In me he rouses fear!

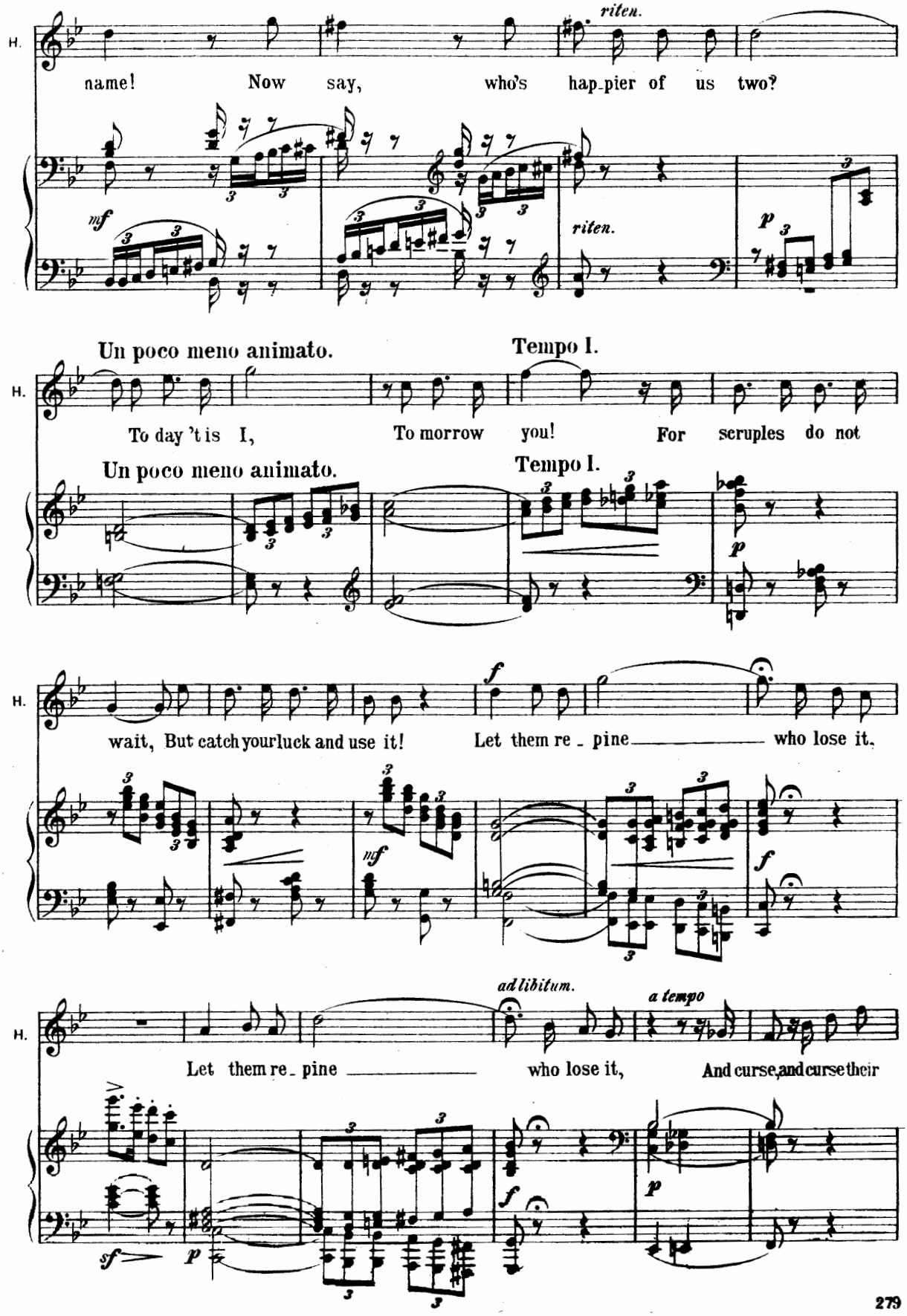

H.
No! she's not failed me, aft - er all, the strange old
Tchek.
dim.
Yes, there's something ver-y queer! There's mad - - ness in his
Tchap.
dim.
mad-ness in his dar - ing! Yes, there's something ver-y queer! His look is
T.
dim.
In me he rous-es fear! Yes, There's something very strange and
P.
dim.
Now my re - venge draws near, I have him in my
S.
dim.
There's something ver - y queer! See, his look is fixed and staring. In
N.
dim.
Yes! There's something ver-y queer! There's mad-ness in his dar-ing, In
mf
dim.

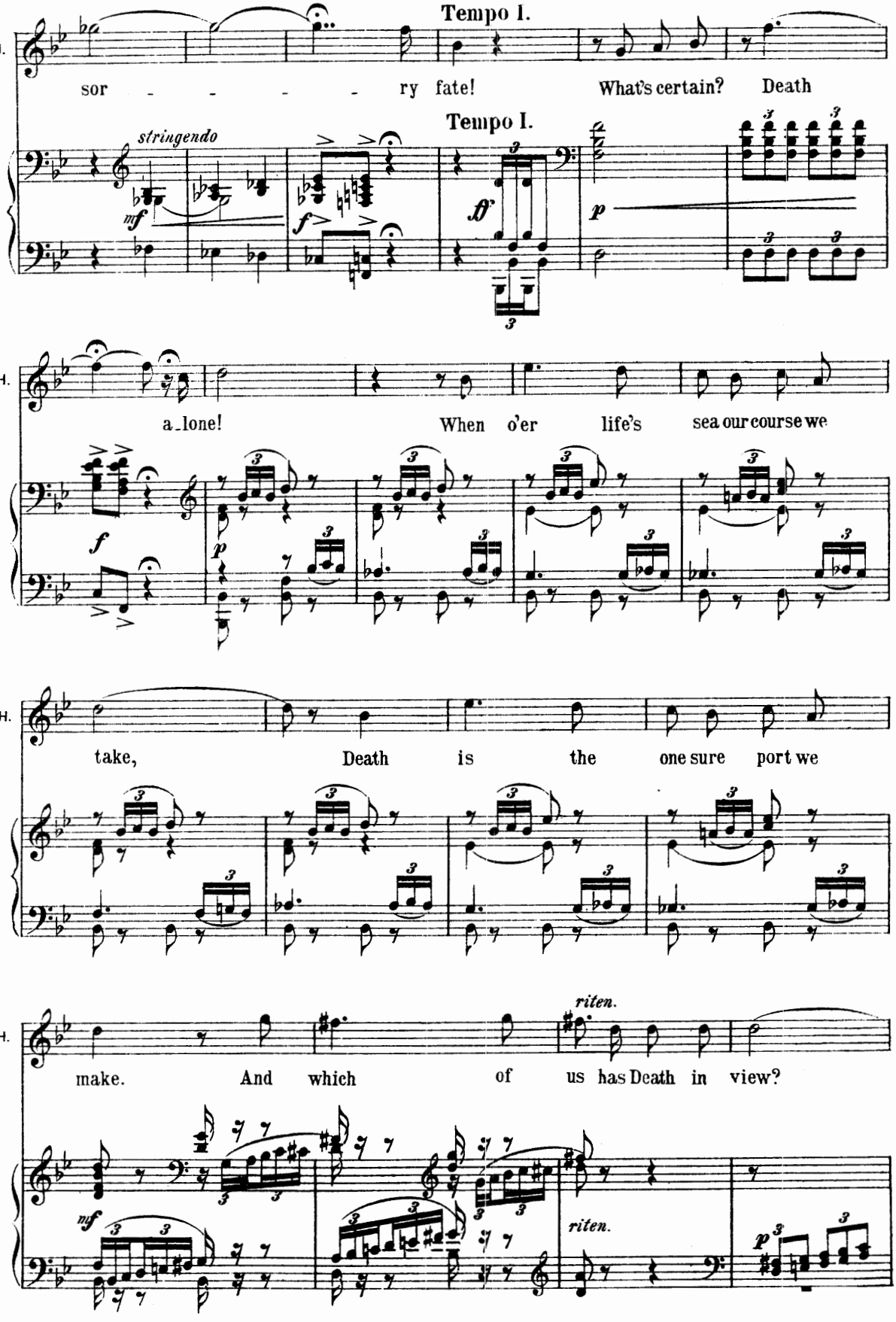

H.
witch!
Un poco riten.
Tchek.
dar_ing!
In me he rouses fear!
Tchap.
fixed and star_ing!
In me he rouses fear!
Un poco riten.
T.
queer!
P.
pow'r
Now my re_venge draws near!
Un poco riten.
S.
me he rous_es fear!
N.
me he rous_es fear!
There's something ver_y queer! His look is
fixed and star_ing, In me he rous_es fear,
Un poco riten.
dim.
Un poco riten
dim.

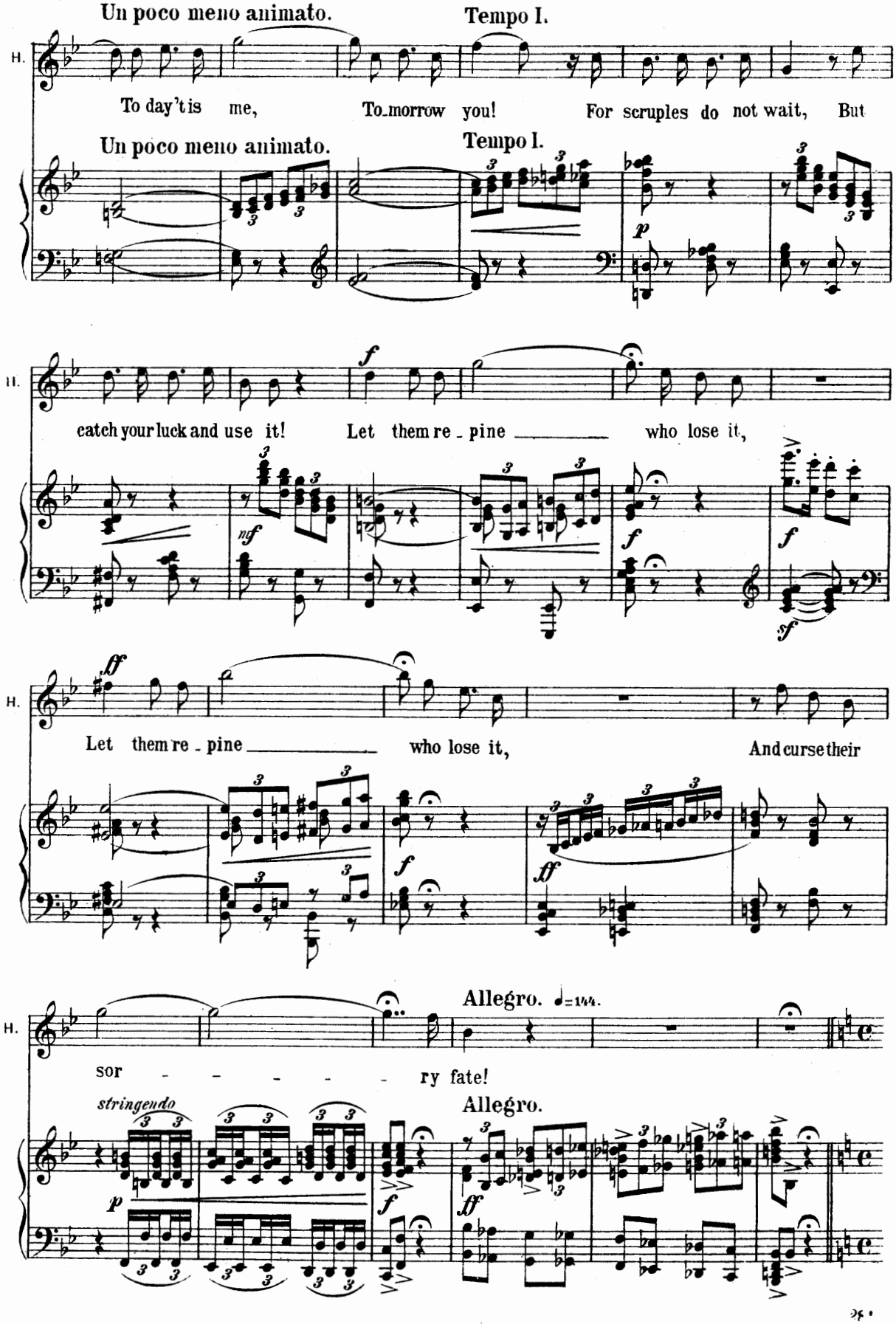

Tempo I (♩ = 80)
TCHEKALINSKY.
HERMAN.
Your winnings! Take them up! No! Double or
There's mad_ness in his dar_ing!
Tempo I.
marcato
quits!
O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tchekal
O, he is rav_ing, poor old Her_man! Come, Tchekal_in_sky, leave off
in_sky, leave off play_ing, He looks so strange and
play_ing, leave off play ing, He looks so strange and

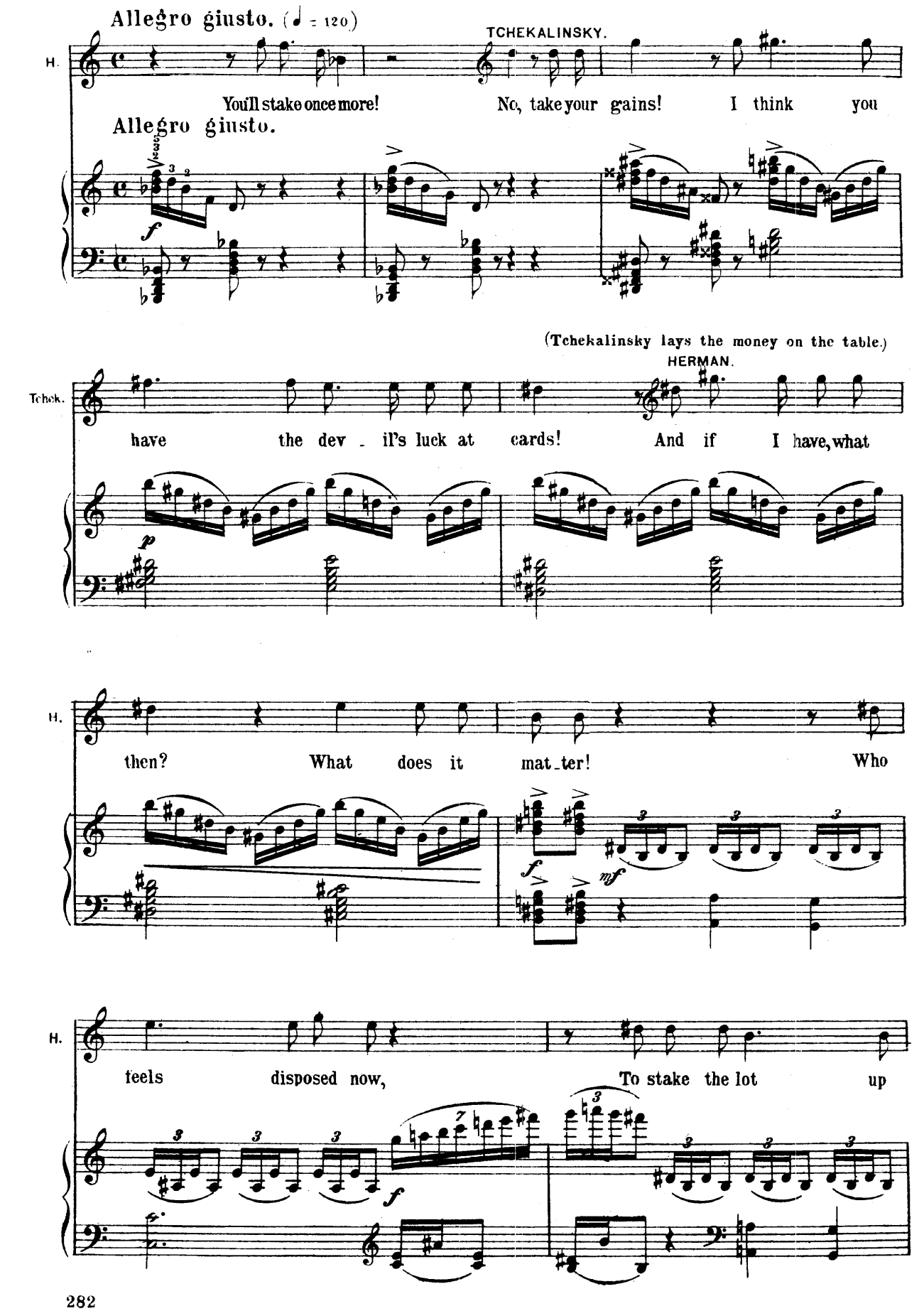

HERMAN.
You play?
Here! The seven!
TCHEKALINSKY.
(Shuffles.)
I do! What cards?
wild!
ff
H.
I win!
He wins a_gain!
H.
Well, you are look_ing downcast!
Why surely, all is not right, he's cheat_ing!

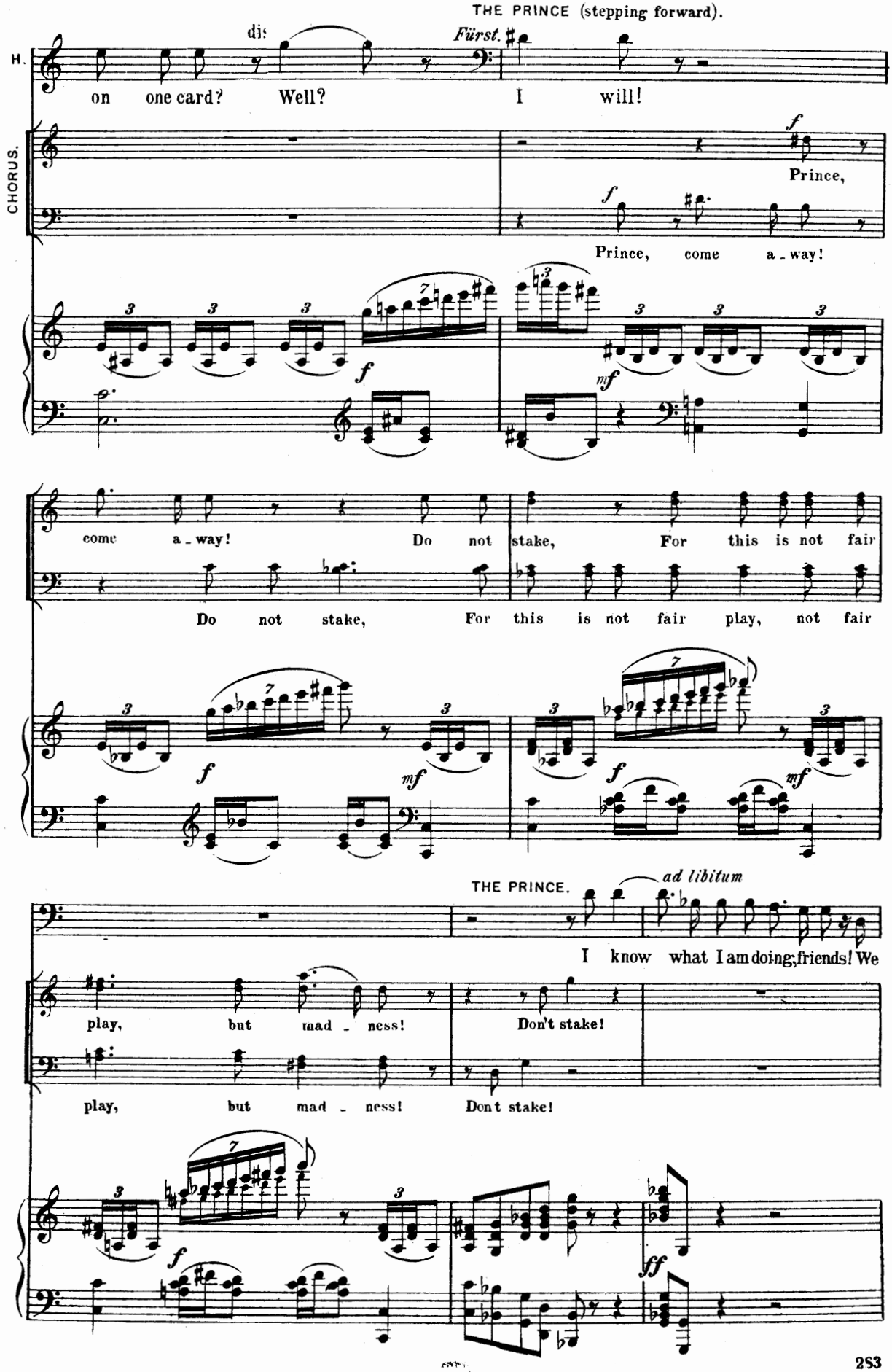

(Laughs hysterically.)
H.
You're ner vous? You fear me?
Bring wine, bring wine!
CHORUS.
Her - - man,
What ails you?
(With glass in hand.)
Moderato con moto. (♩=100.)
What is our life?
A game!
Aye, right and wrong are
Moderato con moto.
emp - ty dreams!
And work and hon - our just a

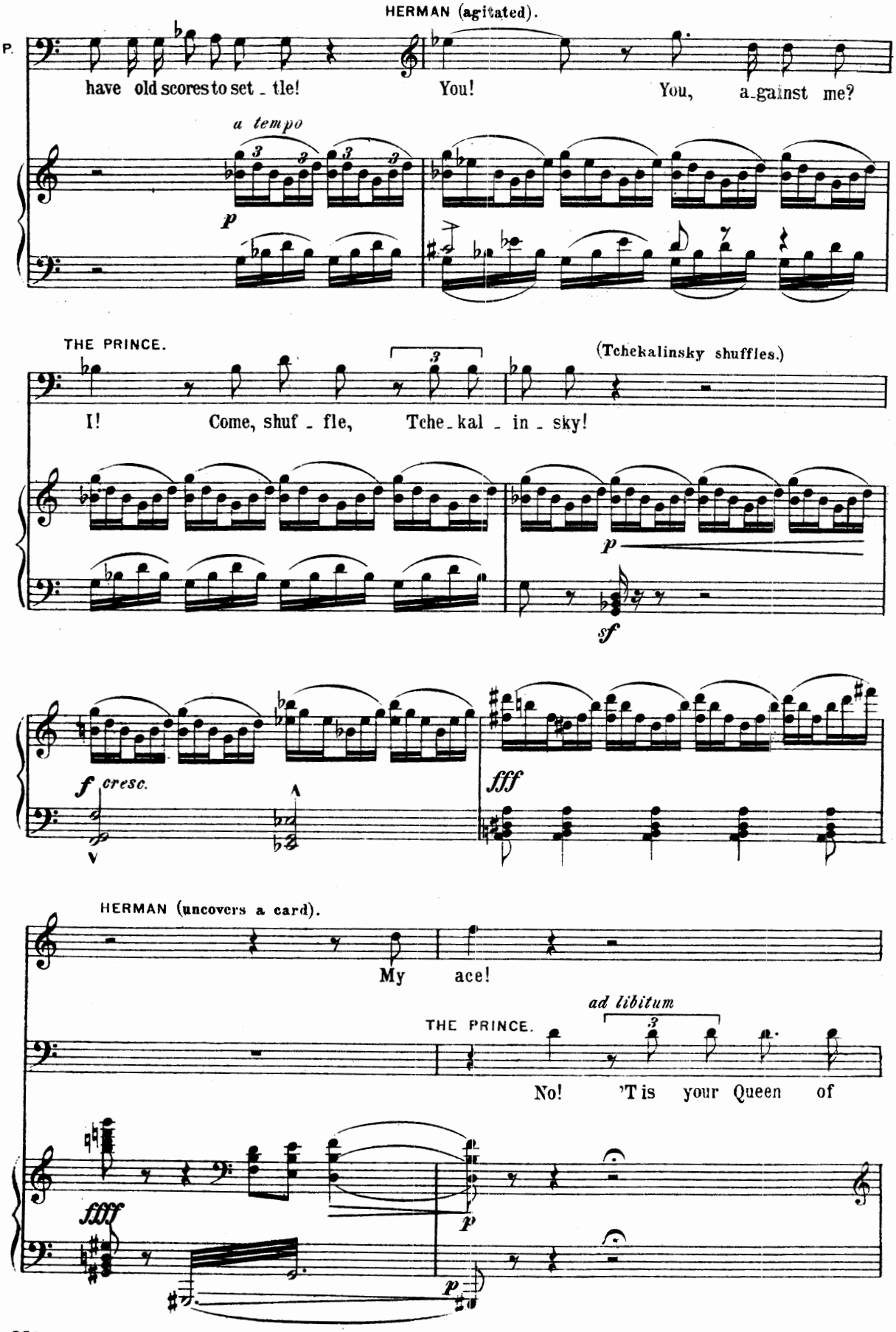

H.
riten.
name! Now say, who's hap_pier of us two?
mf
riten.
p
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
To day 't is I, To morrow you! For scruples do not
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
p
H.
f
wait, But catch your luck and use it! Let them re_pine who lose it.
mf
f
H.
ad libitum.
a tempo
Let them re_pine who lose it, And curse, and curse their
sf
p
f
p

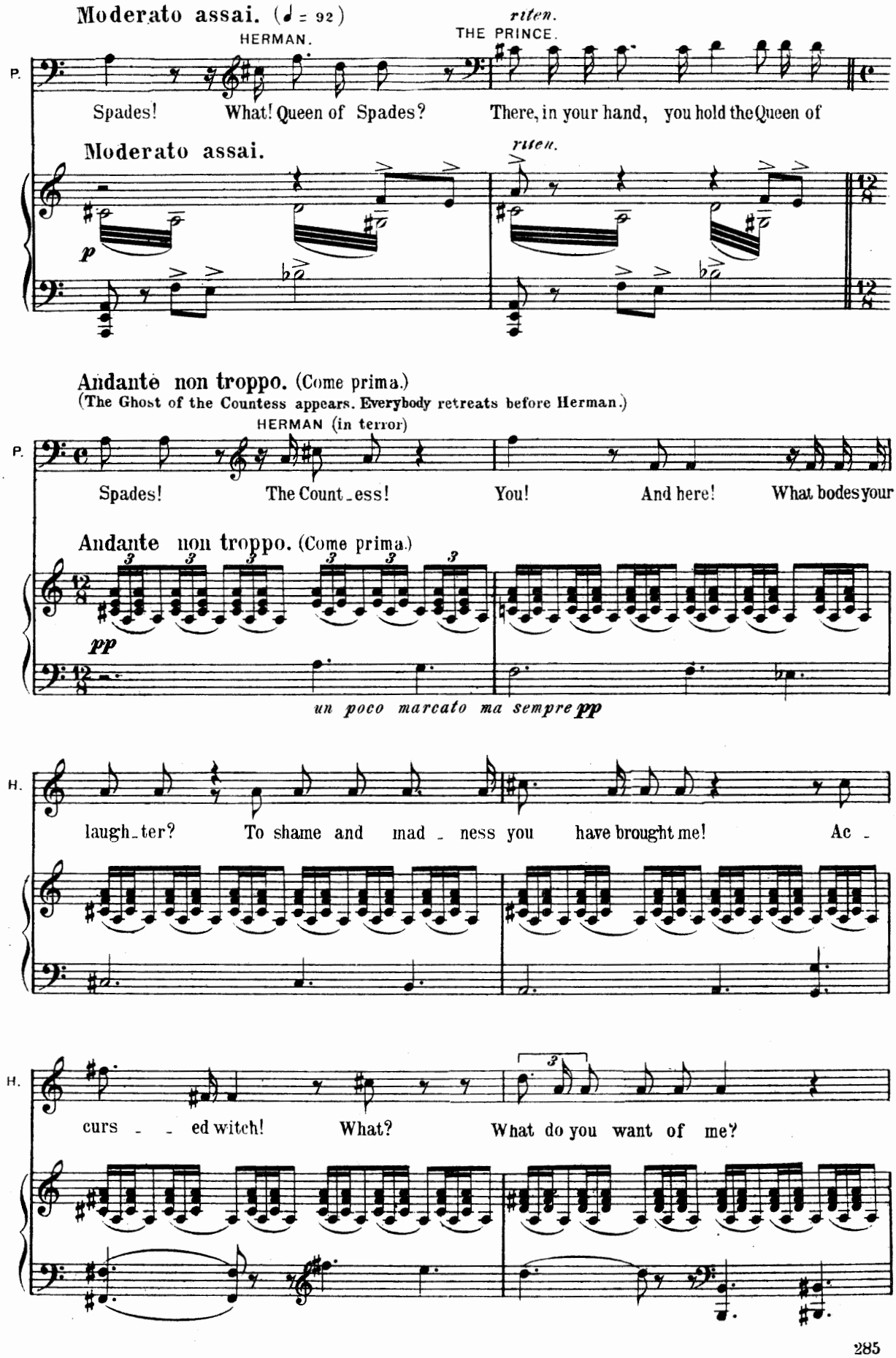

Tempo I.
H.
sor - - - - - ry fate! What's certain? Death
Tempo I.
stringendo
mf
f
ff
p
H.
a_lone! When o'er life's sea our course we
f
p
H.
take, Death is the one sure port we
H.
make. And which of us has Death in view?
riten.
mf
riten.
p

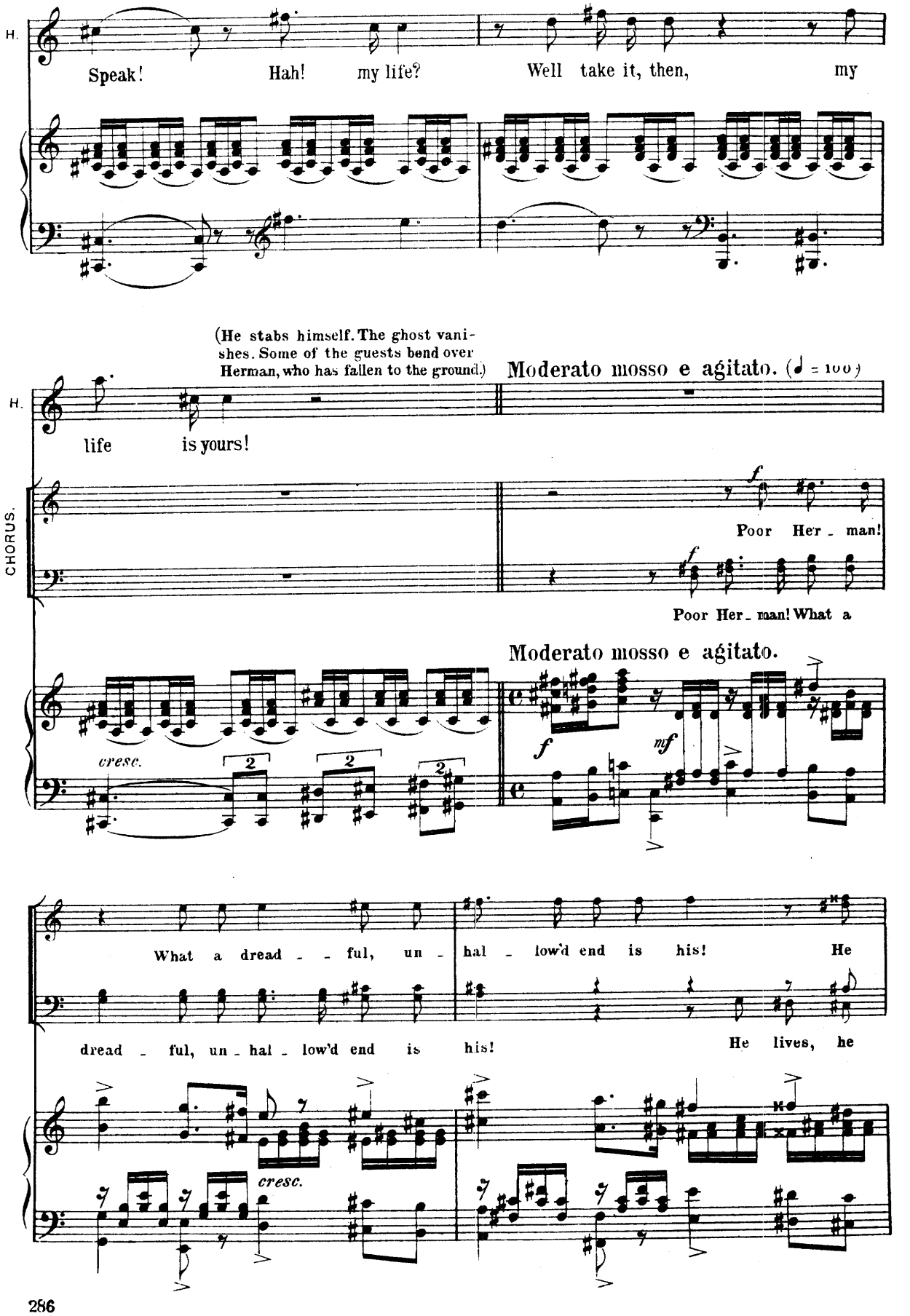

Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
H.
To day't is me, To-morrow you! For scruples do not wait, But
Un poco meno animato.
Tempo I.
catch your luck and use it! Let them re - pine who lose it,
Let them re - pine who lose it, And curse their
Allegro.
sor - - - - - ry fate!
stringendo
Allegro.


Allegro giusto. (♩ = 120)
TCHEKALINSKY.
H.
You'll stake once more!
No, take your gains!
I think you
Allegro giusto.
(Tchekalinsky lays the money on the table.)
HERMAN.
Tchek.
have the dev - il's luck at cards!
And if I have, what
H.
then?
What does it mat - ter!
Who
H.
feels disposed now,
To stake the lot up


THE PRINCE (stepping forward).
H.
dis
Fürst.
on one card? Well? I will!
CHORUS.
Prince,
Prince, come a - way!
come a - way! Do not stake, For this is not fair
Do not stake, For this is not fair play, not fair
THE PRINCE.
ad libitum
I know what I am doing; friends! We
play, but mad - ness! Don't stake!
play, but mad - ness! Don't stake!


HERMAN (agitated).
P.
have old scores to set - tle!
You!
You, a-gainst me?
a tempo
p
THE PRINCE.
(Tchekalinsky shuffles.)
I!
Come, shuf - fle,
Tche-kal - in - sky!
p
sf
f cresc.
fff
HERMAN (uncovers a card).
My ace!
ad libitum
THE PRINCE.
No! 'T is your Queen of
ffff
p
p


Moderato assai. (♩ = 92)
HERMAN.
THE PRINCE.
riten.
P.
Spades! What! Queen of Spades? There, in your hand, you hold the Queen of
Moderato assai.
riten.
p
Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)
(The Ghost of the Countess appears. Everybody retreats before Herman.)
HERMAN (in terror)
P.
Spades! The Count-ess! You! And here! What bodes your
Andante non troppo. (Come prima.)
pp
un poco marcato ma sempre pp
H.
laugh-ter? To shame and mad - ness you have brought me! Ac -
H.
curs - - ed witch! What? What do you want of me?


H.
Speak! Hah! my life? Well take it, then, my
(He stabs himself. The ghost vanishes. Some of the guests bend over Herman, who has fallen to the ground.)
Moderato mosso e agitato. (♩ = 100)
H.
life is yours!
CHORUS.
f
Poor Her - man!
f
Poor Her - man! What a
Moderato mosso e agitato.
cresc.
2
2
2
f
mf
What a dread - - ful, un - hal - low'd end is his! He
dread - ful, un - hal - low'd end is his! He lives, he
cresc.

(Herman comes to himself, and seeing the Prince, tries to raise himself up.)

lives, he breathes!

lives, he breathes!

dim.

f

HERMAN.

Prince! Prince, for -

p

H.

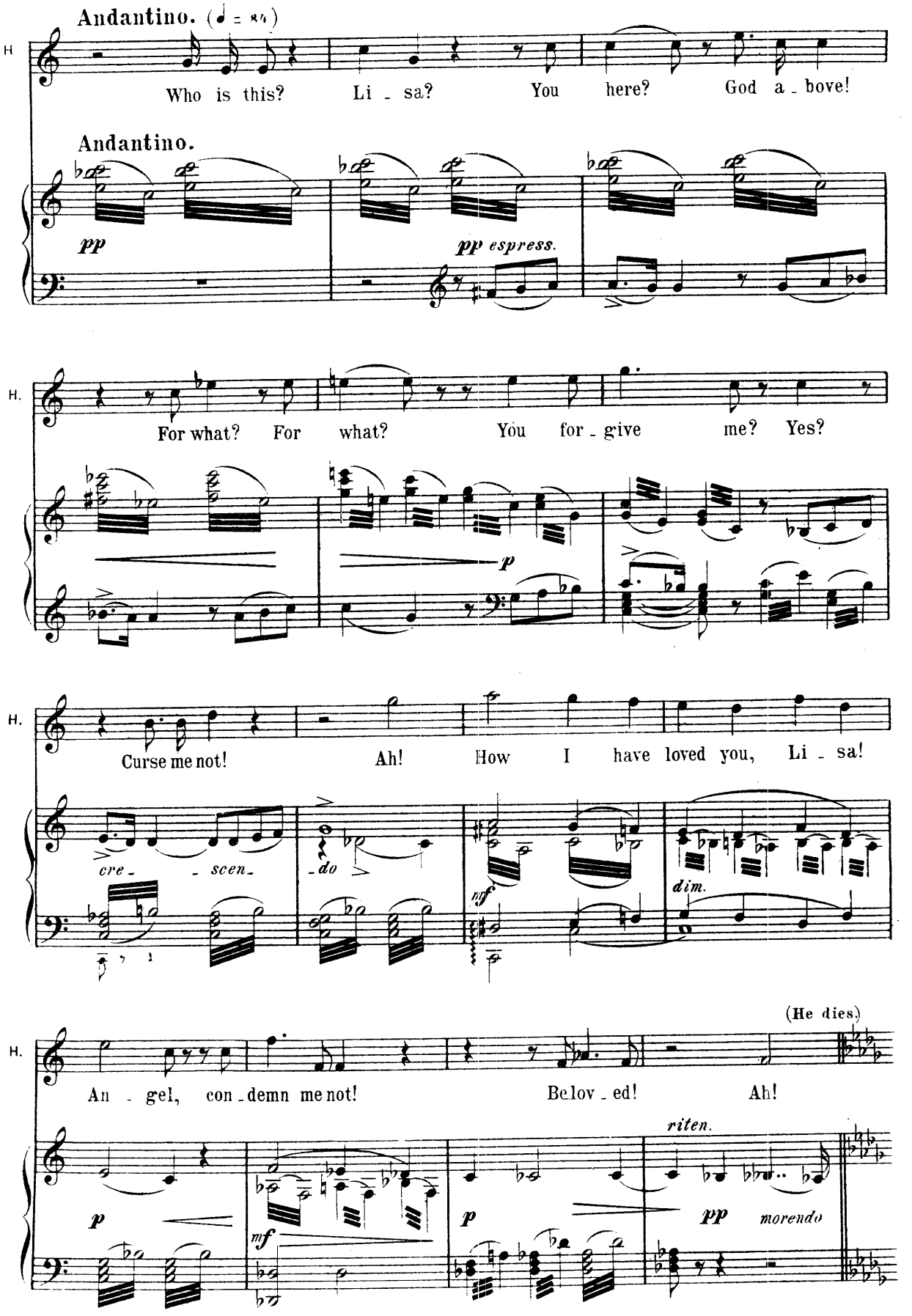
Ritenuto.

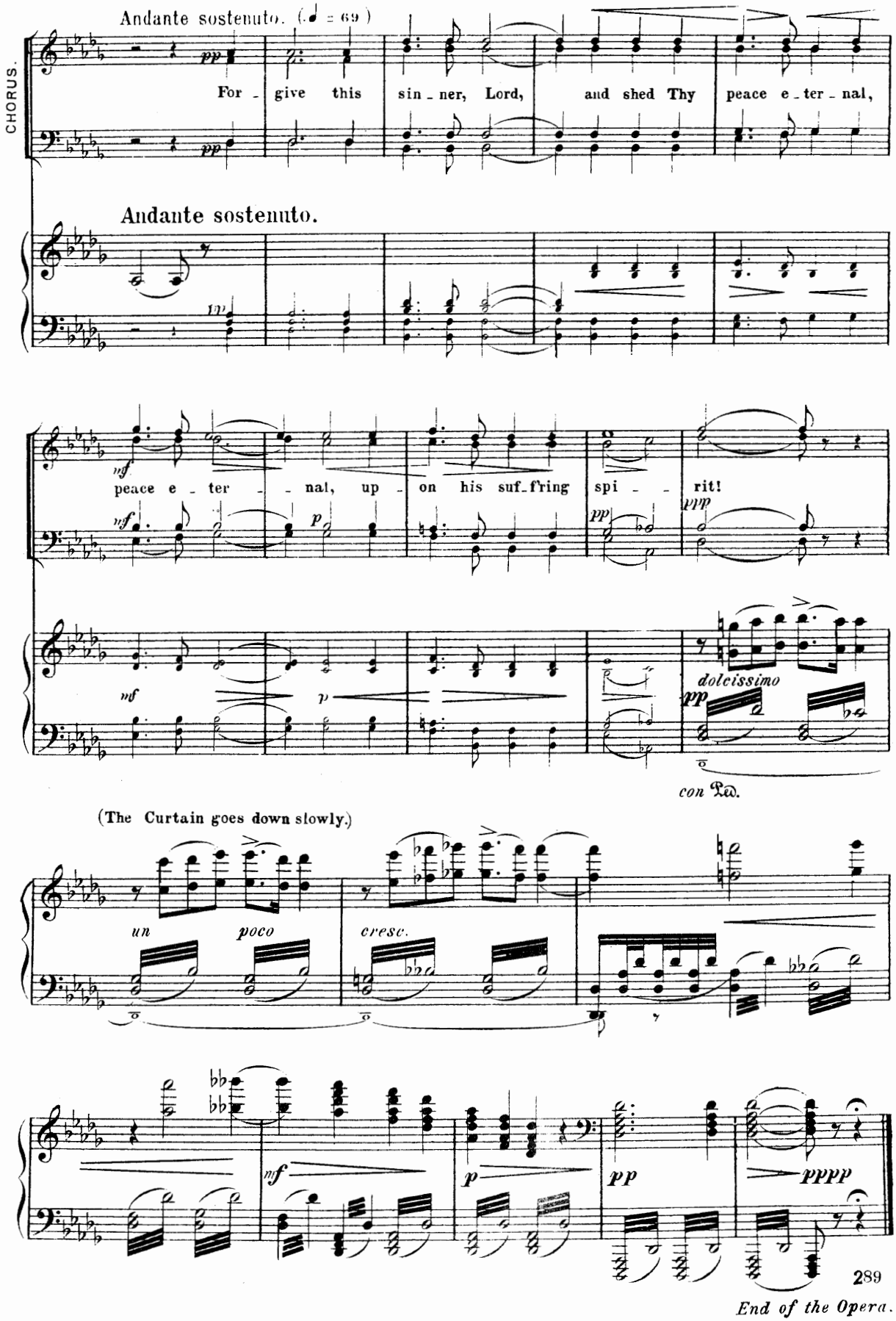
ad libitum

give, for-give! All's ov - er... ov - er... I am dy - ing:...

Ritenuto.

Andante.


Andantino. (♩ = 84)
H
Who is this? Li - sa? You here? God a - bove!
Andantino.
pp
pp espress.
H.
For what? For what? You for - give me? Yes?
p
H.
Curse me not! Ah! How I have loved you, Li - sa!
cre - scen - do
mf
dim.
(He dies.)
H.
An - gel, con - demn me not! Belov - ed! Ah!
riten.
p
mf
p
pp morendo



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