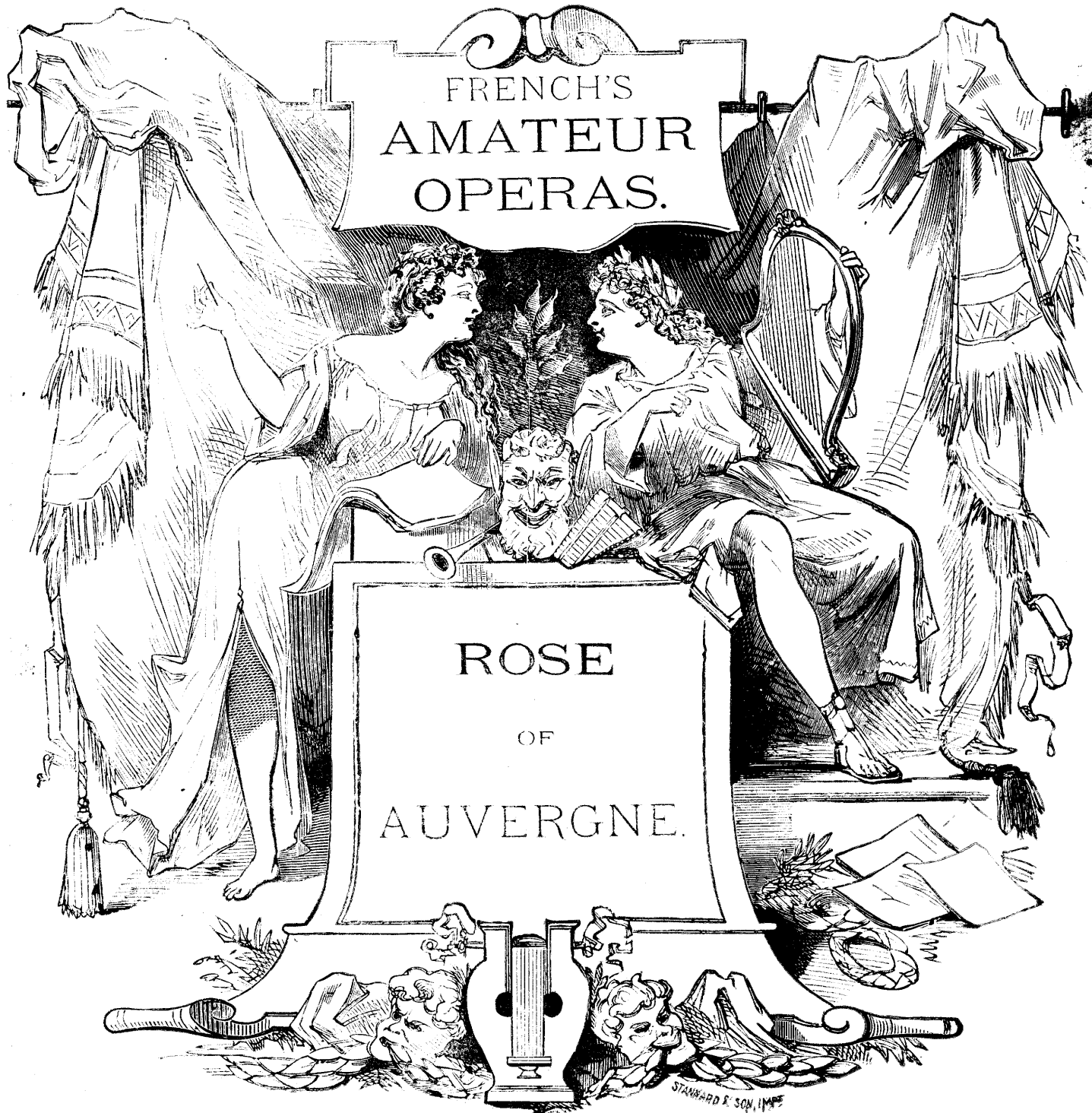


FOR STAGE OR DRAWING ROOM.



The Libretto, Stage Directions, & Music Complete.

NEW YORK:
Samuel French & Son,
PUBLISHERS.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER.

THE ROSE OF AUVERGNE;

OR,

“Spoiling the Broth.”

COMIC OPERA

In One Act,

WRITTEN BY

HENRY B. FARNIE.

COMPOSED BY

OFFENBACH.



NEW YORK:
SAML. FRENCH & SON,
Publishers,
No. 122 Nassau Street.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
Publisher,
No. 89 Strand.

The Rose of Aubergne; or, "Spoiling the Broth."

PERSONÆ.

FLEURETTE (S.) *Landlady of a village cabaret.*
ALPHONSE..... (T.) *A Shoemaker.*
PIERRE (2nd T.) *A Blacksmith.*

COSTUMES.

FLEURETTE: Short print dress, small white apron, white cap, high-heeled shoes.
ALPHONSE: Green or blue long-tailed coat, brass buttons; peg-top, striped trousers, too short; boots; large shirt-collar; cravat; and red waistcoat; flaxen wig and white beaver. PIERRE: Dirty canvas trousers; highlows; leather apron; shock wig; shirt sleeves rolled up.

SCENE.—The interior of FLEURETTE'S cabaret. A kitchen set, with practicable fire-place, R. Door in flat and L. practicable. A plain deal table C., three or four plain chairs at back. A side table, L. U. E.

NOTE.—When played in a drawing-room, without scenery, the imaginary stage should be so placed as to take in a fire-place; if this is not possible, then some structure must be managed to realize the idea of one. One side door, supposed to lead into the street, will be sufficient for the business. The Pianoforte should be at the side, between audience and performers.

PROPERTIES REQUIRED.

A stew-pan; a soup tureen; five or six soup-plates (two to be broken); a marketing-basket, containing greens, carrots, &c.; a bit of bacon wrapped in paper; three or four tallow candles wrapped in ditto; a soup-ladle; spoons; two or three bottles, one with wine, to stand on side table; tumblers; a pair of high-heeled shoes with pink rosettes; some lengths of worsted resembling candle-wicks to put in soup; a long French loaf; a second stew-pan, with a large hole in it; a small bouquet; a table-cloth; a pitcher; an old slipper with pink rosette to be put in tureen.

** Applications in reference to the performance of this Work should be made to Messrs. Metzler & Co., Great Marlborough Street, of whom the Band parts may be obtained.

THE ROSE OF AUVERGNE.

COMIC OPERA, IN ONE ACT.

FANTASIA OVERTURE.

Andante moderato.

Piano.

The musical score is written for piano in G major and 3/4 time. It consists of six systems of music. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes the tempo marking *Andante moderato*. The second system features the instruction *ben legato*. The third system includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking. The score is primarily composed of arpeggiated chords and flowing eighth-note passages in both hands. The piece concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melodic line with several slurs and ties. The lower staff is in bass clef and features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

The second system continues the musical piece with similar notation to the first system, showing the progression of the melody and accompaniment.

The third system includes dynamic markings. The upper staff has a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking, and the lower staff has a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The notation shows a gradual decrease in volume and a slight slowing of the tempo.

The fourth system begins with the tempo marking *Allegretto.* and a 3-measure rest in the upper staff. The notation shows a change in the rhythmic pattern and dynamics.

The fifth system starts with the dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) in the upper staff. The notation features a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the lower staff.

The sixth system includes the dynamic marking *legg.* (leggiero) in the upper staff. The notation shows a light and graceful musical texture.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff contains a complex accompaniment with many beamed sixteenth notes. A *cres.* (crescendo) marking is placed above the bass staff.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment features a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The system includes *rit.* (ritardando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *accel.* (accelerando) markings.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment features a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff accompaniment features a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains a continuous eighth-note melody. The bass staff contains a rhythmic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the eighth-note melody. The bass staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Third system of musical notation. The treble staff includes a *presto.* (presto) tempo marking. The bass staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble staff shows a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble staff continues with a melodic line. The bass staff continues with a rhythmic accompaniment.

Sixth system of musical notation. The treble staff features a melodic line with some slurs. The bass staff features a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking.

FLEURETTE discovered at the fire-place examining with sorrow a broken stew-pan.

FLEUR.—Cracked! broken! smashed—my only stew-pan. Here's a pretty business. For to-day being a public holiday all the ironmongers are shut up, and not a pot or pan is to be had for love or money. (*Puts down pan, and comes forward.*) I don't know what

I shall do! My two best customers, Pierre the blacksmith and Alphonse the shoemaker, are coming here to dinner in a few minutes, and I won't have bite or sup to give them. Dear! dear—how provoking. (*Reflectively.*) Could I mend it with sealing-wax? No, I'm afraid that won't do. If it had been any other but these two—oh! they are so awfully devoted to me, and so jealous of each other. I really don't know which to choose.

No. 1. SONG—HEIGH-HO! WHICH TO CHOOSE.

Allegretto non troppo.

Piano.

FLEURETTE.

1. Two lov - ers claim my sole af - fec - tion, I real - ly don't know what to do!
2. Pierre is a blacksmith, more by to - ken, His strength and va - lour make him fear'd;

For when I'd make a calm se - lec - tion, My heart still wav - ers, wav - ers, wav - - - -
Alphonse, the cob - bler, is soft spo - ken, And once a - week he trims his beard!

- ers, still wav - ers 'tween the two. } Ah! . . . Ah! . . .
Once a week he trims his beard! }

My fool - ish head won't tell me which to wed. Ah! . . . Ah! . . .

The first system consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a single staff with lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is in a minor key and 3/4 time. The vocal line has a melodic line with some grace notes and a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand.

My fool - ish head, my fool - ish head won't tell me which to

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The word *legg.* is written below the piano part.

wed. Heigh - ho! heigh - ho! heigh - ho! heigh - ho! heigh - ho!

The third system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a melodic line with a fermata over the final note. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The word *tr.* is written above the vocal line and below the piano part. The word *8va.* is written above the piano part.

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is empty. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and chords in the right hand. The word *f* is written below the piano part.

Song over, FLEURETTE goes to side table, arranges bottles, stirs fire, &c., during next speech.

FLEUR.—Then there's the dance on the green to-night, and I have nothing but these coarse boots. Ah! if I had only a neat pair of little shoes, with rosettes in them—and a new stew-pan—then I think I could die happy! But it is too blissful a vision—very much too blissful. Meanwhile the dinner-hour approaches—one more effort to get a stew-pan and buy my vegetables. (*She takes basket from below side-table.*) There!—Heigh-ho!—(*Sings, without an accompaniment, a few bars of the last song, and goes off.*)

Enter, after a slight pause, PIERRE, carrying a new stew-pan. He looks round room, then comes front.

PIERRE.—Not here? Ha! Thousand sledge-hammers! (*waves pan*), the serpent of jealousy is dining off my interior! Can that milk-sop Alphonse have been here before me? I will break him into bits, I will! I have a biceps—there! (*swings arm*). But no! it cannot be—Mademoiselle Fleurette could never have the bad taste to prefer a cobbler to a son of Vulcan. Never! What! marry a ninny that actually so far forgets himself as to wash his hands! *I don't*. These are hands made for love!—hard as a hammer. Now that she is gone, I will hang up the stew-pan—soft emblem of my love—on the wall,—embalmed with my sighs (*sighs heavily*). I know she wants one—and here it is!

No. 2. SONG—THIS STEWPAN BRIGHT AND NEW. (T.)

(PIERRE.)

Voice.

Piano.

p

p

This stew - pan

bright and new, Is proof, Mam - selle, for you I keep my bo-som's troth, I keep my bo-som's

troth, You'll see I did in - vest In stew-pan of the best, To make your

rit.

cab - bage broth! To make your cab - bage broth! The broth! the broth! the broth! the

rit.

con molto espressione.

broth! To make your cab-bage broth! To make . . your cab - - - - bage broth!

col canto. *mf*

1st time.

But now, with fing - ers nim - ble, Let me hang it up there, And

accel. un poco.

then a lov - ing sym - bol, It will be for my fair! For when the broth she's turn - ing,

rit.

It will soft - ly in - spire, The thought "his heart is burn - ing Like it up - on the fire!"

Sva

rit.

Ah! yes, this heart Like that stew - pan is burn - ing, is burn - ing,

ad lib.

Up-on the fire, oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! . . . oh! . . .

tempo primo.

D.C. § Last time to finish.

. . . This stew - pan broth.

p

PIERRE.—And now there's this bouquet (*draws one from
bicast*). Ha! a delicate thought; I will put it in the
stew-pan. She will be sure to find it. (*Places it in
pan.*) There; now to be off, only to return and enjoy her
surprise. (*Apostrophising stew-pan.*) O my stew-pan

—my pretty little stew-pan, be propitious, breathe my
love to her and simmer up my heart's devotion! [*Exit.*
Symphony of next song begins. Enter, after a slight pause,
ALPHONSE. *During the symphony he walks about as
if seeking FLEURETTE—then comes front.*

No. 3. RECIT. & ROMANCE—FOR HER DEAR FEET. (T.)

Maestoso.

Piano. *f*

8va

8va

8va *rit.*

Allegro. *f* *ff*

Recit.—ALPHONSE.

Ah! this tem-ple of love methinks is som-bre-look-ing, For she on whom I'm sweet does-n't seem to be

here! I'm not a-ware whether 'tis the cooking, But I feel ra-ther faint, so hap-py, yet rather

rapidamento.

p

Andante.

queer! *8va* This is my darling's

p dolce.

dwell - ing, Fair - est rose in all Auv - ergne! A rose that o - thers would be

8va

smell - ing, (The feel - ing gives me quite a turn! a turn!) for I love . . . her mad -

- ly, Fair - est rose, fair - est rose of all Auv - ergne, Fairest rose . . . of all . . . Auv - ergne.

Poco piu allegretto. Takes parcel of shoes out of pocket. *8va...*

p *cres.* *ff*

S p

1. For her dear feet so lit-tle and taper, I've made these shoes as thin as pa-per, lea-ther!
2. These and my heart I'll give to - - gether, De - vo - tion and the best of

rit.

pa-per, lea-ther! Yet so strong, they'll last long, Yet so strong, they'll last long. } Yes, they'll last quite as long,
Both are strong, they'll last long Both are strong, they'll last long.

piu vivo.

quite as long, quite as long, quite as long, Long as the ar-dent love he bears for you, Your cobbler true, Your

ad lib. *tempo.*

cob - bler true, Long as the ar-dent love he bears for you, Your cob - bler true.

ALPH.—Yes! I know Mademoiselle Fleurette wanted a pair of nice shoes for the village dance—and here they are! type of my love. I hope that blustering fellow, Pierre, hasn't been here before me. Ugh! I hate that fellow. I'll

put my little present on the table (*wraps them up in a p.p.r., and pla.cs them on tab.e*). There! O St. Crispin, be propitious! By-and-by I'll come back and enjoy her surprise. *[Exit.*

Enter FLEURETTE, with her basket.

FLEUR.—Not a stew-pan to be had for love or money! Just as I thought. And here have I got all my vegetables—carrots, turnips, greens—and nothing to cook them in. (Places basket on floor near table.) Heigh-ho! that's pleasant. (Sees new stew-pan). What! Can I believe my eyes—(runs and takes it down). Yes! It is! a bran new stew-pan—

Enter PIERRE, unperceived.

I do believe it was Pierre!

PIERRE (coming down and bowing).—Yes! Mam'selle.

FLEUR.—Ah! it is so polite of you!

PIERRE.—It is the symbol of my heart!!

FLEUR.—Tut—tut. By-and-by, perhaps.

PIERRE.—Ah! do not say so—am I not man enough for you—eh?

FLEUR.—Oh—well—I—

PIERRE (warmly).—Feel my biceps. (Stretches out arm which FLEURETTE touches.)

FLEUR.—Magnificent!

PIERRE.—Who thrashed the baker?

FLEUR.—Ah!

PIERRE.—Who pounded the butcher?

FLEUR.—I know 'twas you.

PIERRE.—Well, I've thrashed all the country-side. What more do you want?

FLEUR. (aside). He is charming.

PIERRE.—So—do give me a kiss!!

[She eludes him—They come front.

No. 4.

DUET—GO ALONG! (S.T.)

FLEURETTE.

VOICE. *Allegretto.*
 Go a - long!

PIANO. *f* *p* *pp*

PIERRE.

FLEUR.

PIERRE.

FLEUR.

Pray, don't be coy! Then take that for your pains! What-e - ver is the mat-ter! Then

p *pp*

PIERRE.

FLEUR.

take that for your pains! What e - ver is the mat - ter! If you like that

cres.

PIERRE.

I like it too! Oh, ah, oh, ah! I've had enough, it's true!

cres. *cres.* *f*

FLEUR. PIERRE. FLEUR. PIERRE.

If you like that I've had e-nough! I like it too! I've had e-

FLEUR.

If you like that, I like it too, If you like that, I like it too.

-nough, Yes, that will do, I've had e-nough, Yes, that will do, Yes, that will do.

f *dim.* *dim.*

FLEUR.

I can ham-mer down a blow, Clinkclank, like a smith, you know, Beating out the i-ron

PIERRE.

She can ham-mer down a blow, Clinkclank, like a smith I know, Beat-ing out the i-ron

p

red, When I take it in my head! I can ham-mer down a blow, I can

red, When she takes it in her head! Clinkclank, like a smith I know,

sva

ham-mer down a blow, I can ham-mer down a blow, I can ham-mer down a
 Clank clank, like a smith I know,
8va
 blow, Clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank
 Yes, I know, Yes, I know.
 clank
 She can ham-mer, ham-mer, ham-mer, ham-mer, ham-mer, ham-mer ham-mer, ham-mer,
 clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank, I can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank,
 ham-mer, ham-mer, ham-mer, Yes, I know, She can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank,

like a smith, you know, Beat - ing out the i - ron red, When I take it in my

like a smith I know, Beat - ing out the i - ron red, When she takes it in her

head. Yes! take it in my head, Yes! take it in my head, I can

head. Yes! take it in her head, Yes! take it in her head, She can

ham - mer down a blow, I can ham - mer down a blow!

ham - mer down a blow, She can ham - mer down a blow!

PIERE.

This oc - cu - pa - - tion seems to give you

pp *p*

M 2898.

plea - - sure, If so, then thrash me at your lei - sure! It will af -

The first system of music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The music is in a 2/4 time signature. The lyrics are: "plea - - sure, If so, then thrash me at your lei - sure! It will af -".

- fec - - - tion for me in - stil, . . . Oh! punch my head, I beg you will.

The second system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "- fec - - - tion for me in - stil, . . . Oh! punch my head, I beg you will." The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

FLEUR.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! You dread-ful muff, you! To ask a girl if

The third system of music is marked "FLEUR." and features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! You dread-ful muff, you! To ask a girl if". The piano accompaniment includes a wavy line labeled "8va" above the treble clef staff, indicating an octave shift.

she will cuff you! And will you tell me, where is the fun . . .

The fourth system of music continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "she will cuff you! And will you tell me, where is the fun . . .". The piano accompaniment includes a wavy line labeled "8va" above the treble clef staff, indicating an octave shift.

PIERRE.

Of giv - ing blows and get - ting none? If this gives you a - ny plea - sure, Punch, oh!

8va.

Ha! ha! ha! you dread - ful muff, you, Ask - ing me if I will cuff you, punch me at your lei - sure. Ha! ha!

f

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Clank clank, clank clank, clank clank,

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Clank clank, clank clank, clank,

p

clank, clank, clank, clank, clank, I can ham - mer down a blow, Clank clank, like a smith, you

clank, clank, clank, clank, clank, She can ham - mer down a blow, Clank clank, like a smith, I

pp

know, Beat-ing out the i - ron red, When I take it in my head, I can ham-mer down a
 know, Beat-ing out the i - ron red, When she takes it in her head.

blow, I can ham-mer down a blow,
 Clank clank, like a smith I know, Clank clank, like a smith I

8va

I can ham-mer down a blow, I can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank
 know, She can ham-mer down a blow, She can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank

8va

ff *pp*

clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank, like a smith, you know, I can ham-mer down a
 clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank, like a smith I know, She can ham-mer down a

f

pp

blow, I can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank

blow, She can ham-mer down a blow, Clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank clank

pp

cres. *f presto.*

like a smith, you know, I can ham-mer, I can ham-mer, I can ham-mer down a

like a smith, I know, She can ham-mer, She can ham-mer, She can ham-mer down a

f presto.

8va

blow, I can ham-mer, I can ham-mer, I can ham-mer down a blow, I can ham-mer down a

blow, She can ham-mer, She can ham-mer, She can ham-mer down a blow, She can ham-mer down a

8va

blow, I can ham-mer down a blow, I can ham-mer, I can ham-mer, I can

blow, She can ham-mer down a blow, She can ham-mer, She can ham-mer, She can

8va

ham-mer down a blow.

ham-mer down a blow.

8va

ff

f

8va

ff

f

8va

ff

f

PIERRE (*in admiration*). Ah! there's a woman for you!
I'd like to see that miserable cobbler come here now.

FLEUR.—Well—what then?

PIERRE.—I'd smash him into little bits, and put the pieces
in my pocket. There!

FLEUR.—Would you! odious, jealous creature.

PIERRE.—Well, he shan't court you!

FLEUR.—He shall—if I like. (*Going to table and taking
basket.*) Now, like a good soul, come and help me to
make the cabbage broth.

PIERRE.—Oh certainly!

FLEUR.—Well—fetch me the bacon to put in it.

PIERRE.—Where is it?

FLEUR.—In the next room—in the cupboard.

PIERRE.—I fly. (*Aside.*) The stew-pan has done the
business! [*Exit.*]

FLEUR. (*ap/earing to pour from pitcher.*)—There! that's
water enough. I wish Pierre wouldn't threaten Alphonse
so. I like Alphonse, and if I were to marry him, it
would be awkward if Pierre had previously broken him
to bits.

*Enter PIERRE, with candles wrapped in paper. He gives
them to her.*

PIERRE.—There's the bacon.

FLEUR. (*putting down parcel angrily.*) Bacon! you stupid,
it's candles.

PIERRE.—Well—that'll do, won't it?

FLEUR.—No—stupid!—stop—I'll fetch the bacon myself.
[*Exit.*]

PIERRE.—What an active little woman! (*Sits on table, and
puts his hands on ALPHONSE'S parcel.*) Hallo! what's
this?—a parcel. Let's see. (*Opens it.*) Shoes!
(*Examines one.*) Latest fashion—high heels, and ro-
settes. (*Comes down exci.edly.*) Ten thousand sledge-
hammers, that wretched cobbler has been beforehand
with me, and left these for Fleurette. I see his little
game! He expects she'll dance with him to-night on
the green. (*Strikes heart.*) Be still, oh heart! What's
to be done? I can't steal these shoes, and she shan't
dance in them all the same. Ha! she comes.

[*He conceals slipper behind back*

Enter FLEURETTE with bacon. She crosses to table.

FLEUR.—Here it is! (*Puts it on table and busies herself with the stew-pan.*)

[PIERRE *edges towards basket at other end of table.*

PIERRE (*Aside.*)—If I could only get rid of this infernal shoe. (*Puts it, unseen by FLEURETTE, among the vegetables in basket.*) Thank goodness, *that's* all right!

FLEUR.—Now, then, good for-nothing, will you help me? If so, put in the bacon, whilst I just trim the vegetables.

[*She does so.*

PIERRE (*Aside, quaking.*) The vegetables, oh gracious! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Mam'selle. Certainly, Mam'selle!

[*In his agitation—always looking at her cutting the vegetables—he puts candles into the stew-pan.*

FLEUR.—There—we'll have capital soup to-day.

PIERRE.—But, Mam'selle, you are cutting away the best part.

FLEUR.—Really?

PIERRE.—Of course you are—the very best.

FLEUR.—Perhaps I am.

PIERRE.—And then there will be less soup, you know.

FLEUR.—True—then I won't cut them any more.

[*Puts back vegetables in basket and rises.*

PIERRE (*Aside*)—She hasn't seen the shoe!

FLEUR. (*taking up bacon.*)—Why—how's this, stupid? you've not put in the bacon.

PIERRE.—Oh yes, I have.

FLEUR.—You've not, I tell you.

PIERRE.—I have!

FLEUR.—You haven't—here it is!

PIERRE (*Aside.*)—If I haven't gone and put in the candles!—All the better—I like 'em. (*Aloud.*) I'll put it in now, Mam'selle. [*Puts bacon in stew-pan.*

FLEUR.—And now for the vegetables. (*Takes basket and empties it all into stew-pan.*) Oh! won't it be good!

PIERRE.—Oh—yes—delicious!

[*Takes stew-pan, and places it on fire, where he remains during next scene, stirring the broth with a long wooden taule.*

Enter ALPHONSE, without perceiving PIERRE.

ALPH (*Aside.*)—Now for her charming surprise. (*Advancing—aloud.*) Good-day, Mam'selle Fleurette.

FLEUR.—Ah! how are you, Monsieur Alphonse. (*They shake hands—front.*)

PIERRE (*Aside—rattling ladle.*)—My r-r-r-ival!!

ALPH. (*Aside—trembling—having recognized PIERRE.*)—The pugnacious blacksmith. Oh!

FLEUR.—Well, dinner is not ready yet.

ALPH.—I didn't come for that, Mam'selle. (*Aside.*) She doesn't look particularly surprised about the shoes.

FLEUR.—No? What *did* you come for then, Monsieur Alphonse?

ALPH. (*mysteriously.*)—How do you like my shoes?

FLEUR. (*perplexed.*)—Shoes.

ALPH.—Exactly.

FLEUR.—I've never seen any shoes.

ALPH.—What!! Not those I brought you for the dance to-night.

FLEUR.—No!

ALPH.—Why, I placed them on that very table (*going to table*). Ah! see—there's my parcel unopened. (*Takes it and opens it.*)

FLEUR.—That explains it.

ALPH. (*handing her slipper.*)—How do you like it—my own make?

FLEUR.—O beautiful—such a pretty rosette. Where's the other?

ALPH. (*looking all about.*) Where's the other?—well, I really don't see it.

PIERRE.—Of course not. You only brought one.

ALPH.—Two! if I die for it. Why, I made 'em myself and ought to know.

FLEUR.—That's odd. Where *can* the other have got to?

PIERRE (*coming C.*)—I have it!

FLEUR. }
and } Yes?

ALPH. }
PIERRE.—He's made the same shoe twice! that's it!

ALPH.—Bah!

PIERRE.—Yes—he's fallen asleep during his work, and thus has occurred this lamentable mistake.

FLEUR.—There's something in that.

ALPH.—Stuff and nonsense—I made two shoes—right and left—and left them here—and that's right!!

[ALPH. R, PIERRE L, FLEUR C.

FLEUR.—Ah well, never mind—I'll dance gaily to-night all the same!

PIERRE.—Certainly—with me!

ALPH.—Beg pardon—with me!!

PIERRE (*dragging her one side by hand.*)—With me!

ALPH. (*dragging her on other side.*)—With me!

PIERRE.—You be bothered!

ALPH.—Same to you, and many of them!

FLEUR.—Oh—oh (*disengages herself*), I shan't be dislocated, all the same! There!

ALPH. }
and }—Then choose!!

PIERRE. }
FLEUR.—I will (*pause*). He that dances best. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha!

ALPH (*giving a hop*).—That's me!

PIERRE (*with a bound*).—No—it's me!!

[FLEURETTE *goes to table—then turns.*

FLEUR.—We'll see to-night. In the meantime, I must think of dinner. And I declare I haven't fetched the soup-plates yet! [*Exit.*

[*The rivals look daggers at each other.*]

PIERRE.—I'm not satisfied!

ALPH.—Nor I.

PIERRE.—Oh! if you will be good enough to walk into the street, I'll soon satisfy you.

ALPH. (*shaking—aside*).—He's as strong as a steam hammer. But give her up? Never!!

No. 5. DUET—YOU BLACKSMITH, LOOK YOU HERE. (T.T.)

Allegro. ALPHONSE.

Voice. You black - - smith, look you here!

Piano. *p*

PIERRE. ALPH. (*trembling*). PIERRE (*fiercely*).

You cob - - bler, mind your eye! Do you know that I am a man, sir! And per -

ALPH.

Per - haps so! Per - haps so!

- haps you're not at all a - ware, I am one too! I am one too! And I will make it

ALPH.

plain to your fee - ble brain, likewise to your sil - ly eyes What man I can be, You!

mf *p*

PIERRE. ALPH. PIERRE. ALPH.

Oui! you will quickly see! Me! Oui! you will quickly see! Me!

mf *cres.*

PIERRE. ALPH. (*shaking.*)

Oui! you will quick-ly see . . . will quick - - ly see! I'll quick - ly

f *p rit.*

Moderato. PIERRE.

see! Oh, dear me, I trem-ble, I trem-ble. Ha! ha! ha! he

ALPH. PIERRE.

trembles, he trem-bles, Un - der me my legs give way. . . Un - der him his legs give way.

ALPH. PIERRE. ALPH.

O dear me, I trem-ble, I trem-ble. Ha! ha! ha! he trembles, he trem-bles, Un-der me my

legs give way. . . A - ble and will-ing he is

PIERRE.

Un - der him his legs give way. A - ble and will-ing I am

cres. *f*

me to thrash, Re - duc - ing my sys - tem to im - mor - tal smash, A - ble and will - ing he is

him to thrash, Re - duc - ing his sys - tem to im - mor - tal smash, A - ble and will - ing I am

f

me to thrash, Re - duc - ing my sys - tem to im - mor - tal smash, Ah! Fear, like an

him to thrash, Re - duc - ing his sys - tem to im - mor - tal smash, Ah! Fear, like an

accel. *8va* *accel.*

f

a - gue, now shakes me sore, Fear, like an a - gue, now shakes me sore, For soon I'll lie up - on the

a - gue, now shakes him sore, Fear, like an a - gue, now shakes him sore, For soon he'll lie up - on the

8va

floor, For soon I'll lie up - on the floor, For soon I'll lie up - on the floor, For soon I'll lie up - on the

floor, For soon he'll lie up - on the floor, For soon he'll lie up - on the floor, For soon he'll lie up - on the

8va

floor, I'll lie up - on the floor, I'll lie up - on the floor, up - on the floor!

floor, he'll lie up - on the floor, he'll lie up - on the floor, up - on the floor!

8va.....

ff

(They wrestle till interrupted by the entrance of FLEURETTE at the last bar of Sym.)

8va

8va

PIERRE chases ALPHONSE round room—eventually grappling with him—and is about to throw him, when enter FLEURETTE with plates. She rushes between them. They separate—and she, putting plates on table, sinks disgusted into chair. Tableau.

FLEUR.—This is pretty—very pretty, gentlemen!

PIERRE.—Let him cut his stick then.

ALPH.—Let him do that himself.

FLEUR. (rising and coming down between them).

last time, I tell you both that it is not in my establishment you are going to demolish each other.

ALPH.—She is right—it isn't etiquette.

PIERRE.—Bah!

FLEUR. (going to side table). Now then, be quiet—do! and let us have our dinner in peace.

ALPH. and PIERRE.—Good.

Both assist FLEURETTE in laying cloth, putting bottles, bread, spoons, etc.—scowling fiercely at each other the while, and putting everything down with a bang.

FLEUR. (seating hers *lf* centre of table). There! that's all nice. Monsieur Pierre do me the favour to serve the broth here.

ALPHONSE seats himself at end of table, L.

PIERRE.—With pleasure, Mam'selle.

He empties broth into tureen and places it on table.

ALPHONSE breaks the bread and helps wine.

FLEURETTE helps broth.

FLEUR.—Ah! it looks good. Try that, gentlemen.

PIERRE (R) (stirring it).—It *is* good. My spoon can almost stand in it upright.

ALPH. (tasting).—Strong as glue!

FLEUR.—I *knew* you would like it!

ALPH.—Yes—but—eh? (tastes again). Yes—it does taste strong of—

FLEUR. and PIERRE.—What?

ALPH.—Leather.

PIERRE.—Bah! you're drunk—you're a sherry-cobbler. It's only the butter, Mam'selle!

FLEUR.—Of course it is.

ALPH.—It's very good, all the same.

PIERRE.—Ah! Mam'selle, nobody makes broth like you! I'll trouble you for some more. (She helps him.)

ALPH.—I never tasted such savoury broth. (Pulls out the worsted candle-wicks.) Hallo! What's this?

PIERRE. (aside).—I know!

FLEUR.—I haven't the least idea.

ALPH. (smelling them).—Haven't you? Then I have. They are candlewicks!

FLEUR. (to Pierre).—Oh, oh! you wretch, you—you put the candles into the pan, I know you did. Extravagance!

PIERRE.—Well—yes—but as this was a holiday, I thought we might afford it.

ALPH.—Individually, I don't like my candles boiled, I prefer them burnt. (Spoons up a bouquet) Hallo! this broth is very rich—what's this?

FLEUR.—Flowers!

PIERRE.—Twenty thousand sledge-hammers! That bouquet was for you, Mam'selle, and I hid it in a retiring manner in the stew-pan.

FLEUR. (taking it).—Oh I am so sorry! but I will never, never part with it. (Throws it unperceived over her shoulder.) Now, gentlemen, what do you say to—

ALPH. and PIERRE.—To what?

FLEUR.—To a song?

ALPH. and PIERRE. (knocking their glasses on table).—By all means—"Babette's Wedding."

FLEUR.—Then fill your glasses—and "Babette's Wedding" be it.

[ALPHONSE charges the glasses, which they flourish and drink during the symphonies of the trio.

No. 6. TRIO—THE RUSTIC WEDDING. (S.T.T.)

8va
Allegretto.

Piano.

f

FLEURETTE.

Ah! ne-ver was day so-mer-ry As when our Ba-bette was wed, Ah!

ALPHONSE.

PIERRE.

8va

p

ne - ver was day so mer - ry As when our Babette was wed; Din - ner,

ne - ver was day so mer - ry As when our Babette was wed;

ne - ver was day so mer - ry As when our Babette was wed;

8va

danc - ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a head, Din - ner, danc - ing, ci - der,

Din - - ner, danc - ing, ci - der,

Din - - ner, danc - ing, ci - der,

last time to finish.

per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a head, ah!

per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a head, ah!

per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a head, ah!

8va

f

1st time. FLEUR. (Solo). He was
 2nd time. ALPHONSE (Solo). Each de-
 3rd time. PIERRE (Solo). Poor Ba-

8va

p

fat, but she was fat - ter, Like two wa - ter butts in size, But in love that does not
 - vour'd a goose for din - ner, And po - ta - toes quite a sack, Lest the bride by get - ting
 - bette had too much ci - der, So she could not go a - way, And her hus - band sat be-

mat - ter, For they say love has no eyes.
 thin - ner, Might her fine pro - por - tions lack. } Ah! ah! ah! ah!
 - side her, Ve - ry like her to this day.

ah! ah! ah!

ah! ah! ah!

Repeat §

For they say love has no eyes, }
Might her fine pro - por - tions lack. } Ah!
Ve - - ry like - ly to this day. }

ah! For they say love has no eyes. }
Might her fine pro - por - tions lack. } Ah!
Ve - - ry like - ly to this day. }

ah! For they say love has no eyes. }
Might her fine pro - por - tions lack. } Ah!
Ve - - ry like - ly to this day. } *Repeat* §

p

For finish.

head, fif - teen a head!

head, fif - teen a head!

head, fif - teen a head!

f

8va

During last symphony, they rise and dance (each in his and her place), a few steps, then reseal themselves.

PIERRE.—Ah! mam'selle, you sing so beautifully. You put me in mind of—

FLEUR.—Of what?

PIERRE.—Of a barrel-organ I once knew.

FLEUR.—Flatterer!

ALPH. (*aside*)—He's deuced complimentary. (*Digs the ladle viciously into tureen.*)

FLEUR.—Now for a little more soup. Give us all some Monsieur Alphonse.

ALPH.—Certainly. Hallo! what's this now? (*Drags out remains of a shoe, with a rosette*). Whatever is it?

FLEUR.—I haven't the remotest idea!

PIERRE. (*aside*).—I have!

ALPH.—Why it's a shoe—it's my shoe!

FLEUR.—What!! the missing shoe?

[PIERRE *withdraws gradually from table, conscience-smitten.*]

ALPH.—Yes—my shoe—I made it, and I know it.

FLEUR.—Who could have put it into the pot?

PIERRE (*hesitating*).—Who? I—I—really don't know.

ALPH. (*rising excitedly*).—It was he—mam'selle—it was he who put it in. I'll take my oath it was he!!

FLEUR. (*rising*).—Oh you bad fellow—I believe it *was* you.

PIERRE (*in a rage*).—Well, then, forty-thousand sledge-hammers, it was me! I know I did it! Because I was determined you should not dance with that jack-daw there!

ALPH. (*aside*).—There he goes again!

FLEUR. (*to PIERRE*).—There, Monsieur Pierre, my choice is made. I will never marry a man who is indelicate enough to put my shoes in his broth.

ALPH.—Oh it was shameful!

PIERRE (*wildly*).—Oh—ha! ha!—that's it then! (*strides about*.—ALPHONSE gets behind FLEURETTE, and they

retreat into corner.) Oh—very good—shameful indeed! we'll see. (*Seizes chairs and flings them down—then takes two plates and smashes them.*)

FLEUR.—Oh! oh! he'll break all my things.

PIERRE.—Yes—perfidious one.—(*Takes soup tureen under arm and goes to door.*) And now go with your cobbler. Bah! Wait till I catch him! That's all. I'll scrunch, and punch, and munch him into eternal smash!

[*Exit*

FLEURETTE *runs weeping and picks up chair.*
ALPHONSE *very terrified sits on another chair and wipes his brow with handkerchief.*

FLEUR.—O dear—dear—what ruin has fallen upon me And you stood by, Monsieur Alphonse, and let him do it!

ALPH.—I? oh—I was going to thrash him within an inch of his life (*rises valourously*)—when he went away He saw my intention.

FLEUR.—After all—this settles any doubt I had.

ALPH.—How?

No. 7.

FINALE—MY HAND IS YOURS! (S.T.T.)

Moderato. FLEUR. (*To ALPH.*)

My hand is yours! here, take it,

all your own, From those that of-fer'd love 'tis you that I have cho - sen. Oh!

(*Aside.*)

thanks! you're-ve-ry good! He'll break my ev-'ry bone. Now his

M. 2898.

FLEUR.

Ah!

com - - ing, I am fear - - - ing, and my veins all are froz - en, yes, are froz - en.

. I am all your own! From those that of-fer'd love 'tis you that I have chos - -

ALPH.

- en, Why how is this? you have a doubt? I? oh dear no, no doubt what-e - - - ver!

piu vivo. *leggiero.*

FLEUR. ALPH. (aside.) (To FLEUR.)

Don't marry me against the grain. He does not come, I breath a-gain! My joy-ful feel-ings for me are too

Sva *cres.*

(aside).

ma - ny! For him now I care not a pen - ny, not a pen - ny, not a pen - ny, not a pen - - -

Allegretto.

Hap - py now shall we be, Bright will the fu - ture shine,
- ny! Hap - py now shall we be, Bright will the fu - ture shine,

Allegretto.

Hap - py now shall we be, Bright will the fu - ture shine, Mirth and glee, Mirth and glee,
Hap - py now shall we be, Bright will the fu - ture shine, Mirth and glee,

shared with thee, Here is my hand, 'tis thine, 'tis thine, Here is my hand
shared with thee, This lit - tle hand is mine, is mine, This lit - tle hand

. . . . Here is my hand, . . . Here is my hand, 'tis thine, 'tis thine,
 This lit - tle hand, . . . This lit - tle hand, is mine,

My hand is thine, My hand is thine.
 is mine, Thy hand is mine, Thy hand is mine.

[Enter PIERRE, penitent, with a most sorrowful countenance. ALPHONSE starts and with FLEURETTE retreats into corner. PIERRE bears the soup-tureen and new plates, which he places on table during symphony, then laying his hand on his breast, bows low to

FLEURETTE in token of contrition. ALPHONSE and FLEURETTE seeing this advance boldly front, FLEURETTE C, with one on each side. This must be managed so as to bring the symphony down to the reprise of the last trio, at which PIERRE points towards door.

Marcato. Enter PIERRE.

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Allegro.

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, marked *Allegro*. The right hand has a dotted eighth-note pattern, and the left hand has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

PIERRE.

Vocal line for Pierre, starting with the lyrics: "Hark! now the scrap- ing of the". The melody is in G major and 6/8 time.

Vocal line for Pierre, continuing with the lyrics: "fid - dle, Summons the dan - cers one and all— Cor - ners and sides and down the mid - dle — To the". The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte).

Vocal lines for Fleur and Alph. Fleur's line includes the lyrics: "ball, . . . to the ball! Yes! let us to the ball!". Alph's line includes the lyrics: "All an - ger past . . .". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings of *f* and *p* (piano).

(aside.)

... we're friends at last! I ra - ther like the •lad ... He isn't ... half so

PIERCE.
bad. Yes! she is yours! I yield to you her hand, And for the wrong I've done, would now express my

sor - row! And if a son should crown your marriage joy, — Re-mem-ber me on that aus-pic-ious mor -

- row And let me stand god-father to the boy And let me stand god-fa-ther to the

In our joy, with lov-ing friends, there now is no al - loy!

In our joy, with lov-ing friends, there now is no al - loy!

boy, . . . to the boy! And let me stand god-fa-ther to the

Allegretto.

Ah! ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— Ah!

Ah! ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— Ah!

boy! Ah! ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— Ah!

Allegretto.

ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— *pp* Din - - ner,

ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— *pp* Din - - ner,

ne-ver was day so mer-ry, As when our Ba-bette was wed— *pp* Din - - ner,

danc - ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, Din - ner,
 danc - ing, ci - der per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, Din - ner,
 danc - ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, Din - ner,
 8va
 cres.

danc-ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, fif - teen a - head.
 danc-ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, fif - teen a - head.
 danc-ing, ci - der, per - ry, All at fif - teen sous a - head, fif - teen a - head.
 8va ~~~~~
 f ff

8va ~~~~~

[They join hands and dance during symphony.]

CURTAIN.