With lots of true
love & my dear Friends
as ever.

Bibb.

From our dear Friend,
Wm. J. Mattern; on his leaving
Harrow for America today.

Neville Lynn

Sept 17th, 1917.

Yours Neville Lynn

CINDERELLA

A FAIRY OPERA

IN FOUR ACTS

COMPOSED BY

JOHN FARMER.

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY HENRY S. LEIGH.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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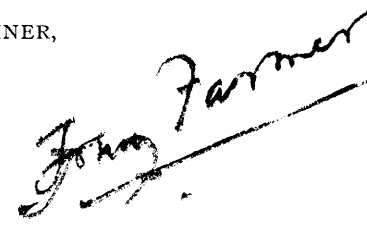

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CINDERELLA.

PREFACE.

This Opera will be found suitable for performance either on the stage, in the concert-room, or as a private entertainment.

The Book of Words, being accompanied by descriptive illustrations, cannot fail to be of great assistance to the audience.

CHARACTERS.

Prince Mirabel	Tenor.
Malatesta (his tutor)	Bass.
The Baron Pomposo	Bass.
Cinderella (his youngest daughter)	Soprano.
Priscilla, Tabitha (her sisters)	Soprano. Alto.
Fairy Queen	Soprano.

Fairies, Huntsmen, Shepherds, Guests, &c.

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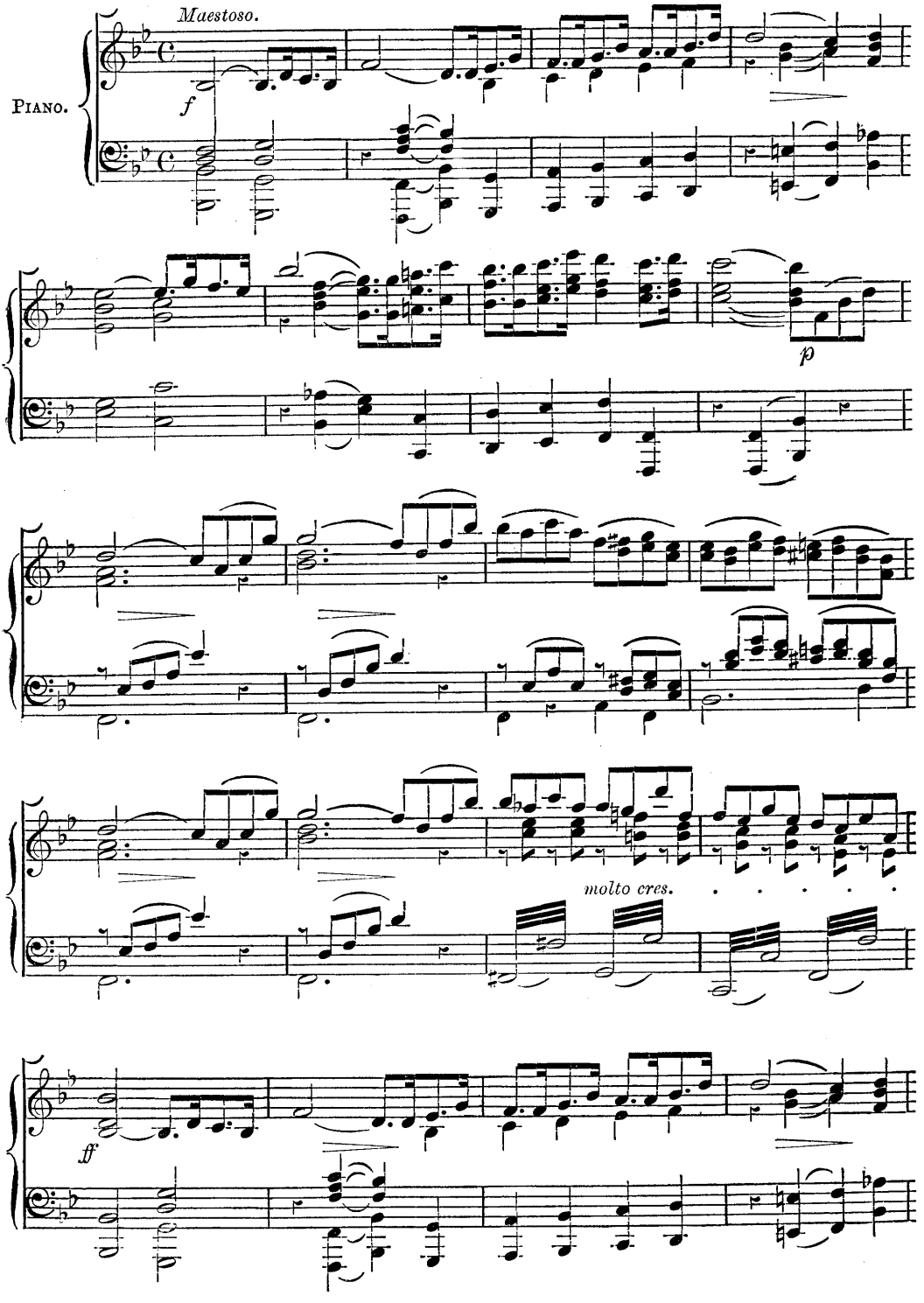
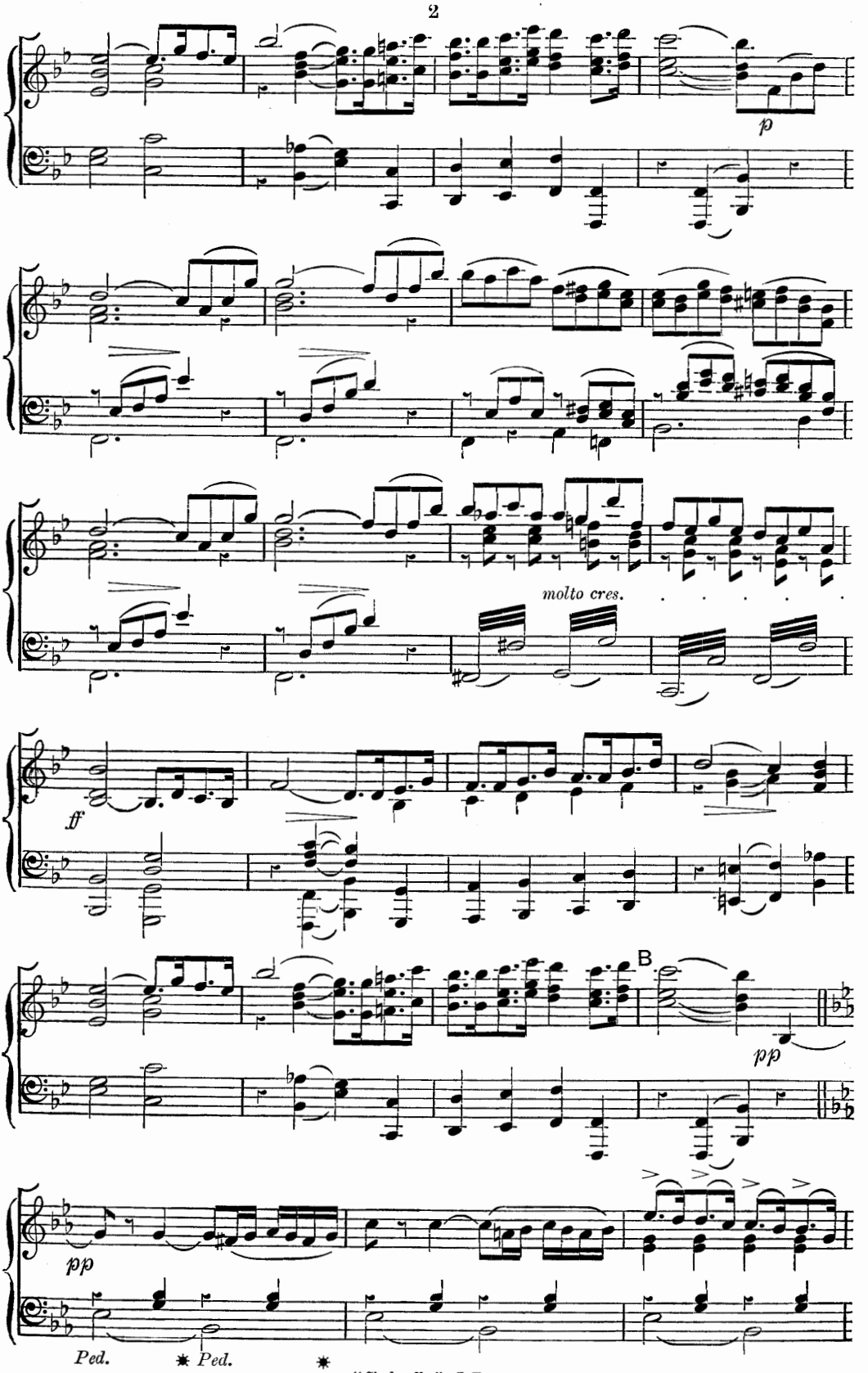
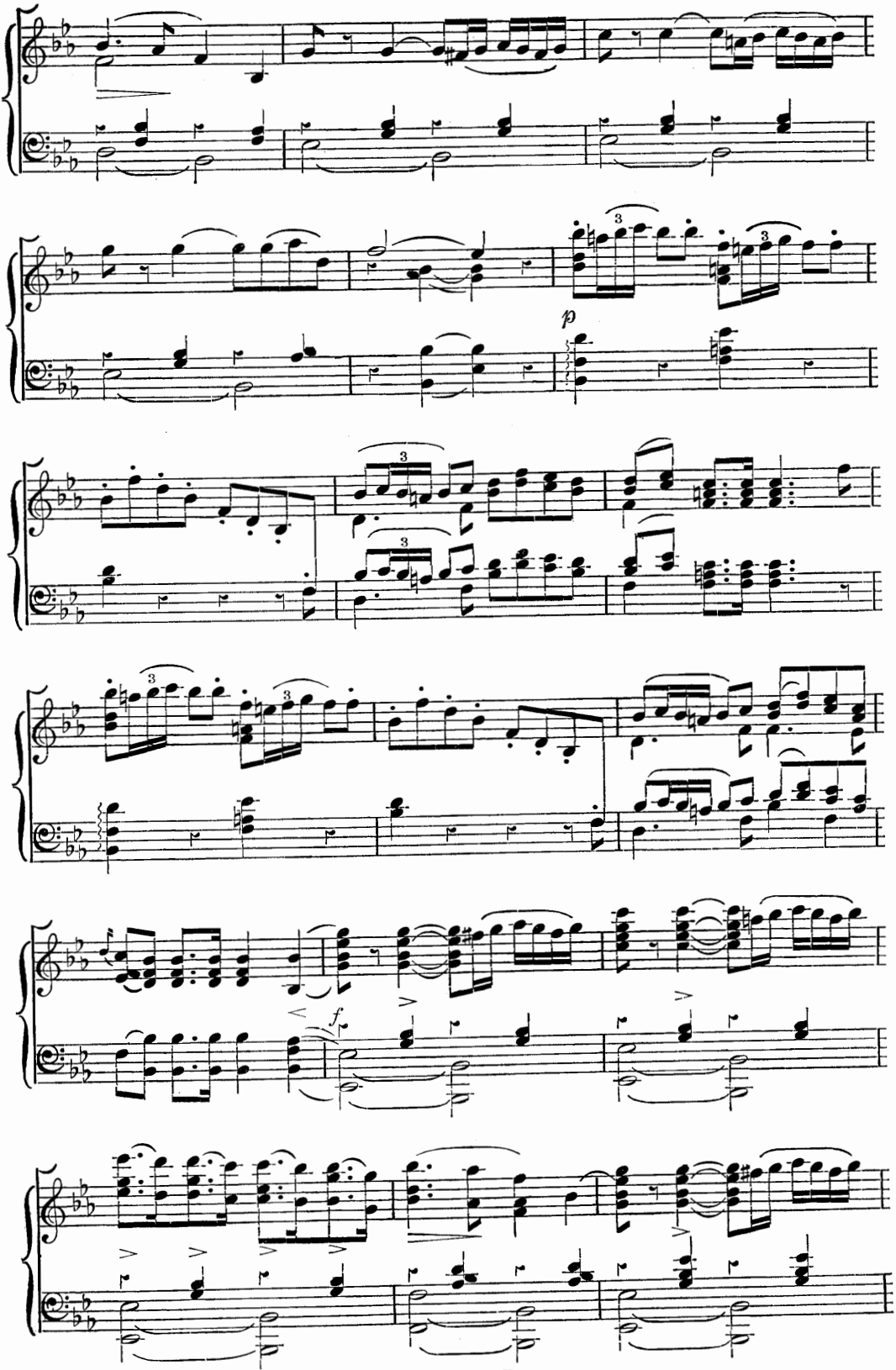
CINDERELLA.

INTRODUCTION.




p
molto cres.
ff
B
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.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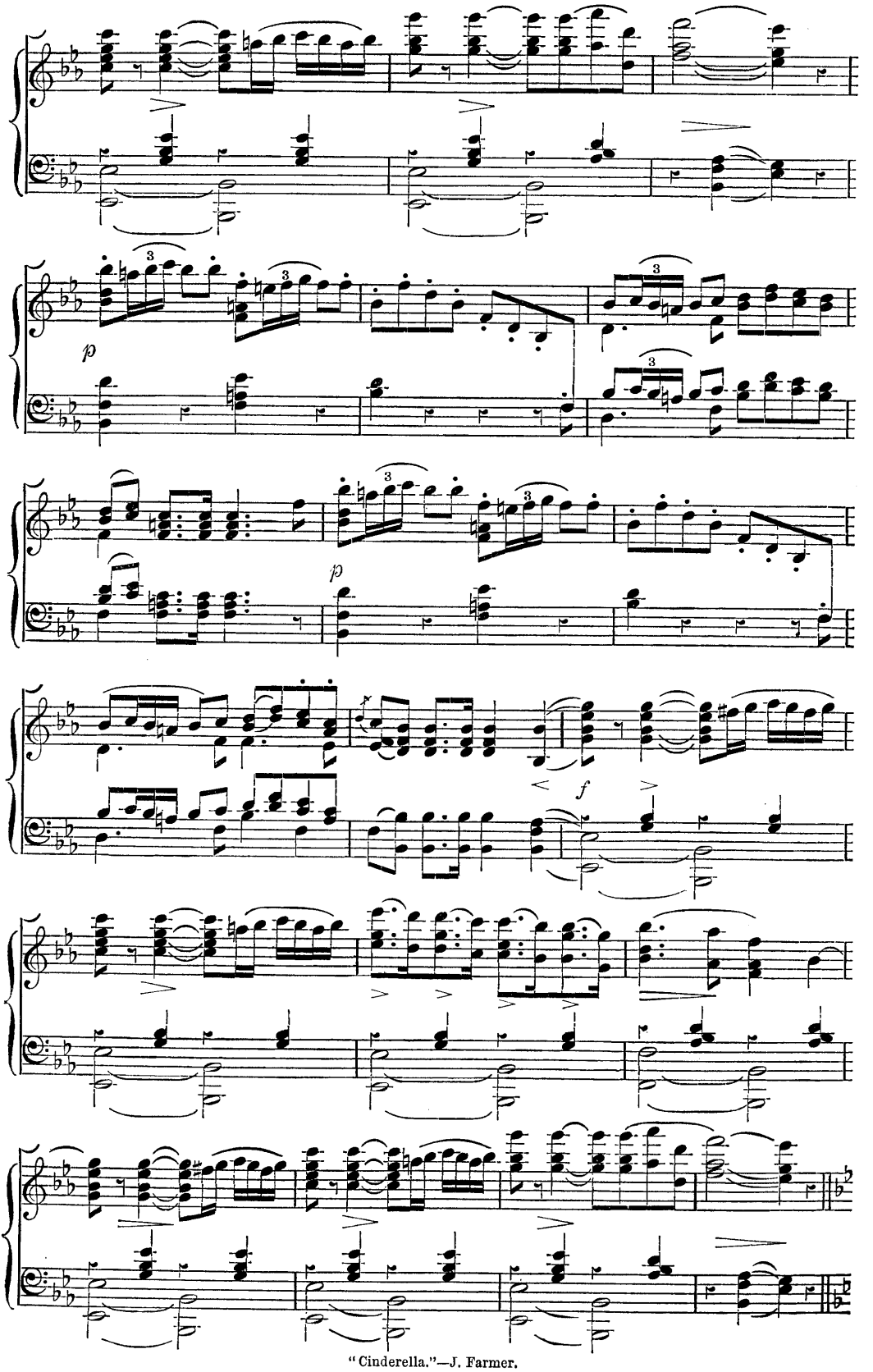
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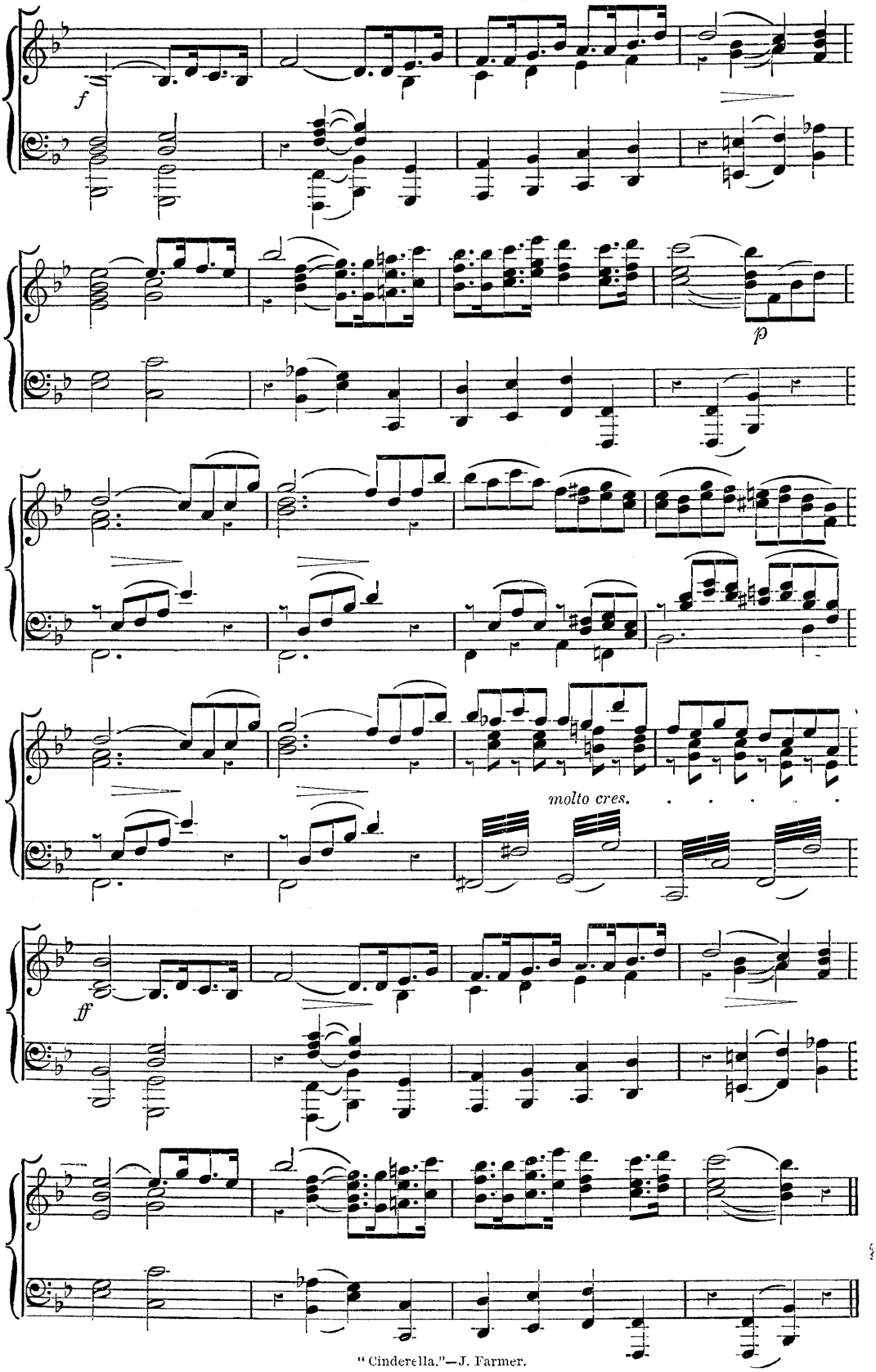
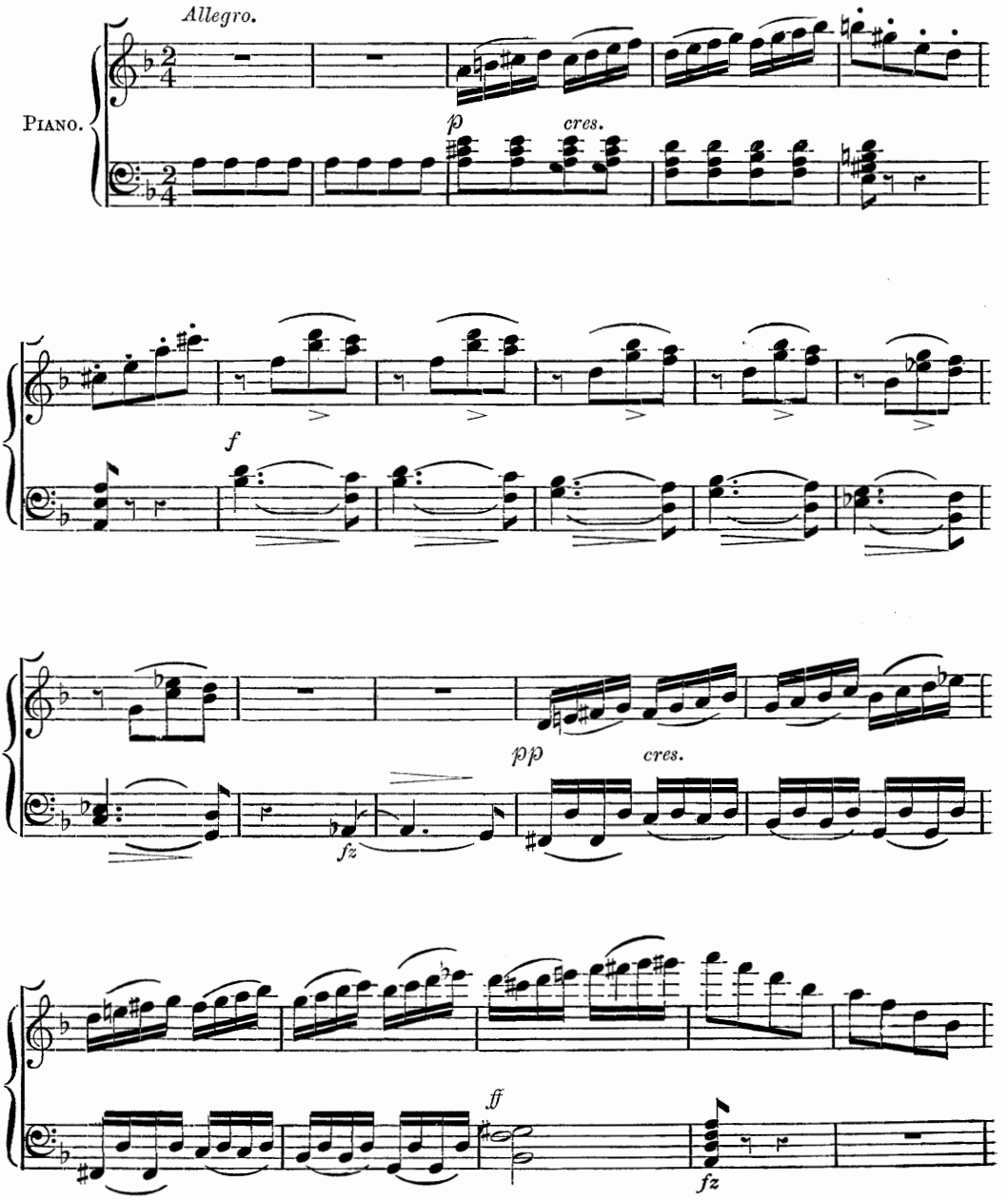
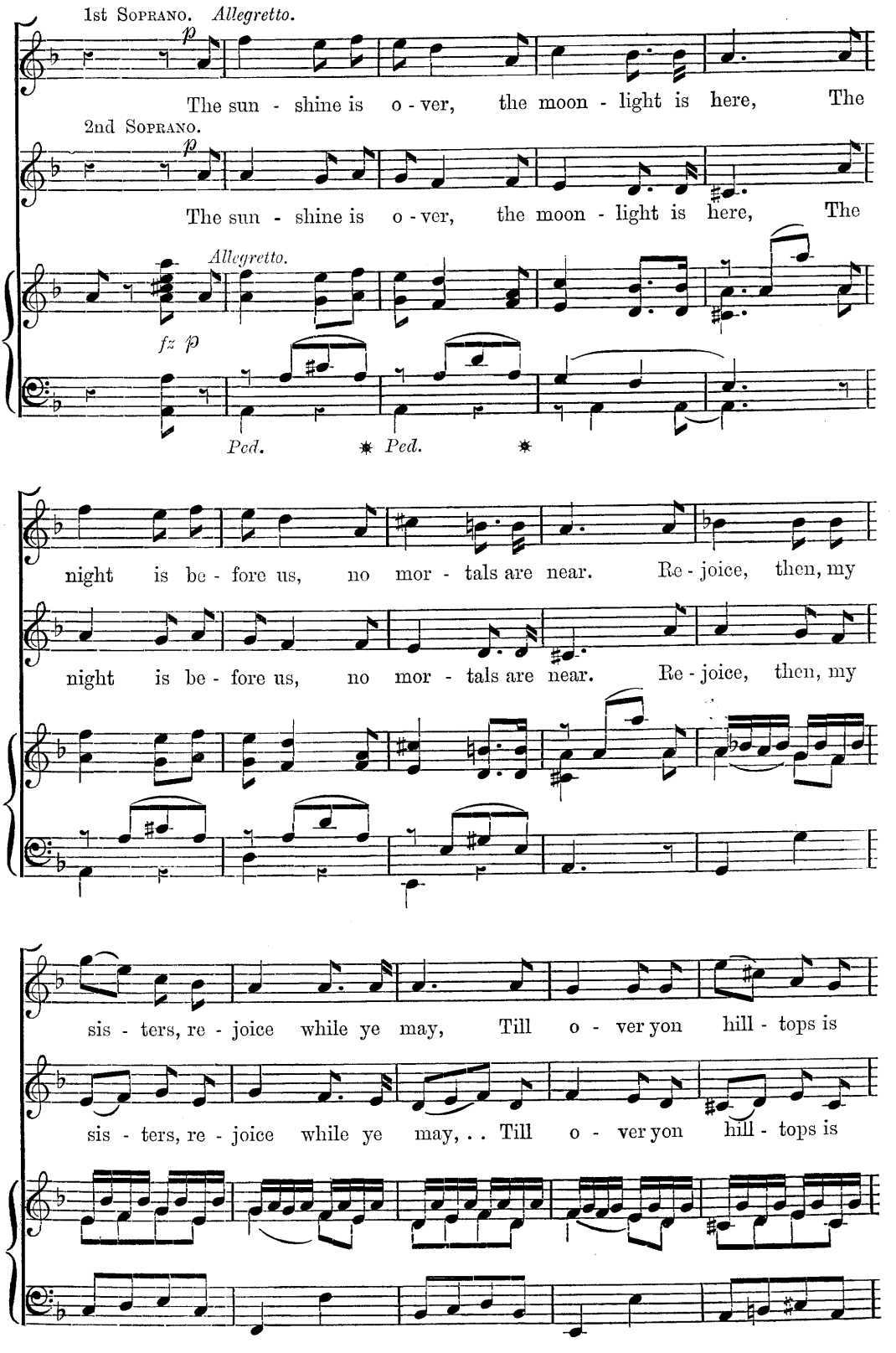

f
p
molto cres.
ff

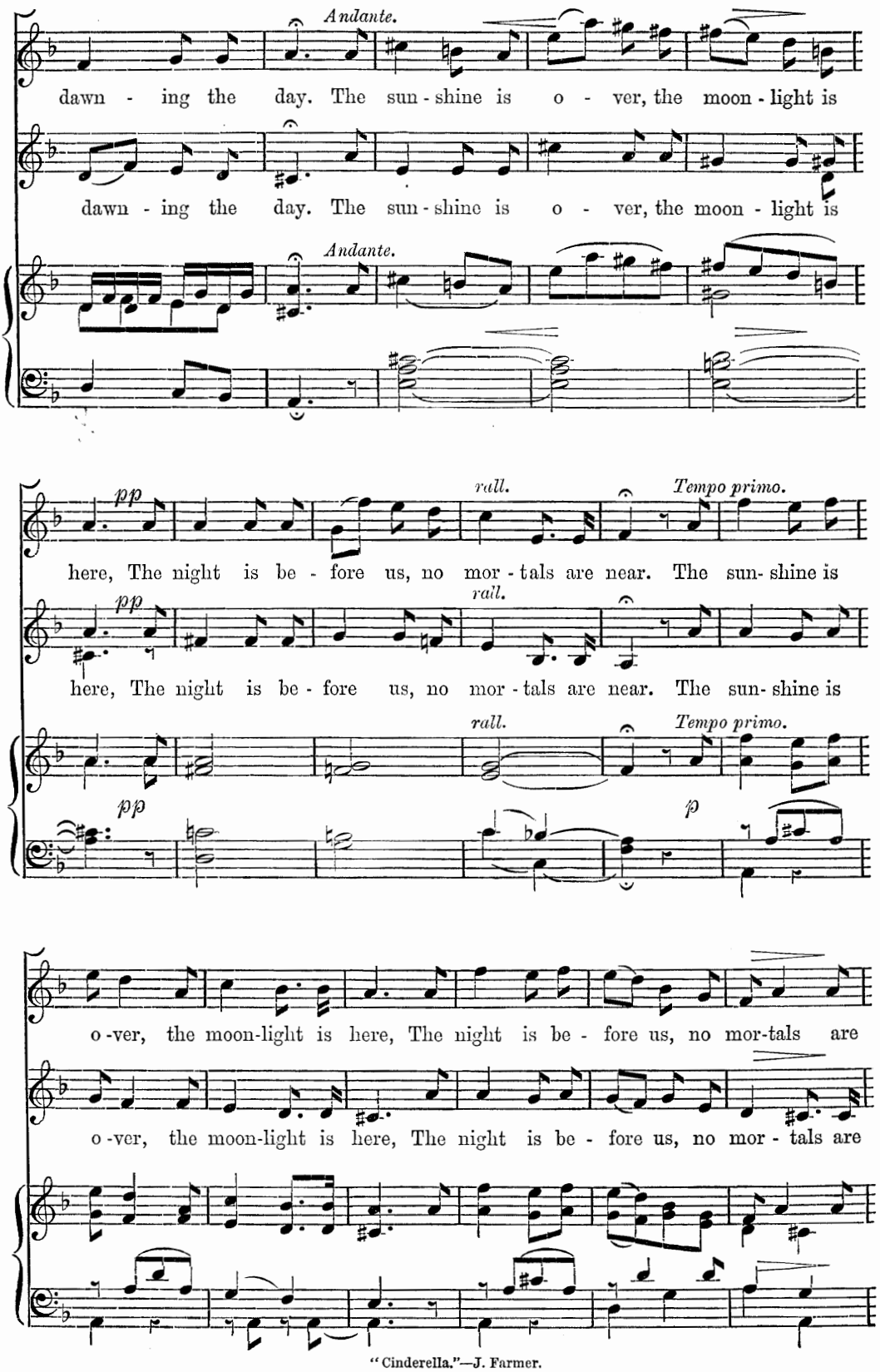
ACT I.

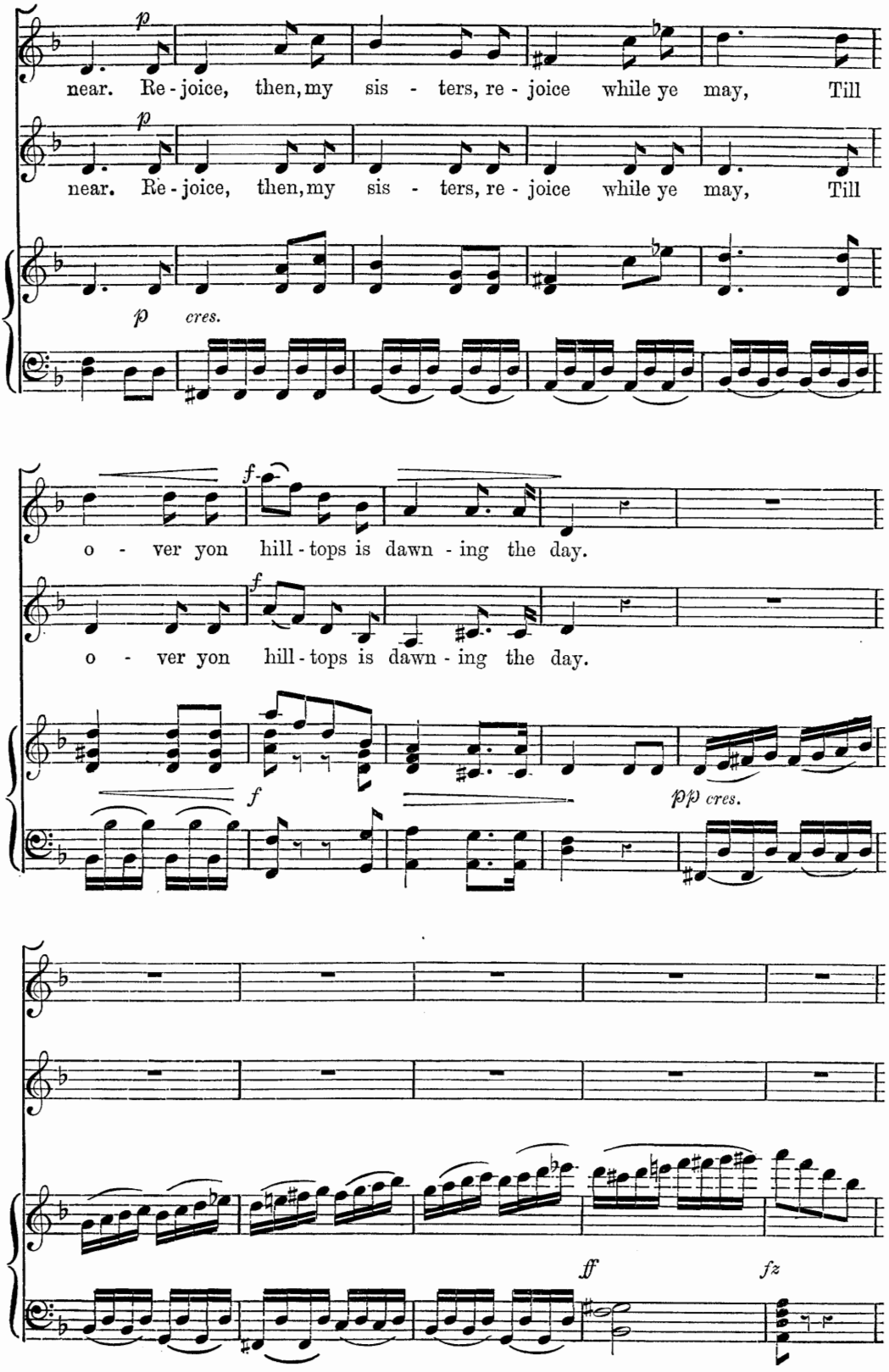
SCENE.—*Forest by moonlight. At the back,* R, *Prince's Castle;* L, *view of town. Group of Fairies discovered at the rise of the curtain.*

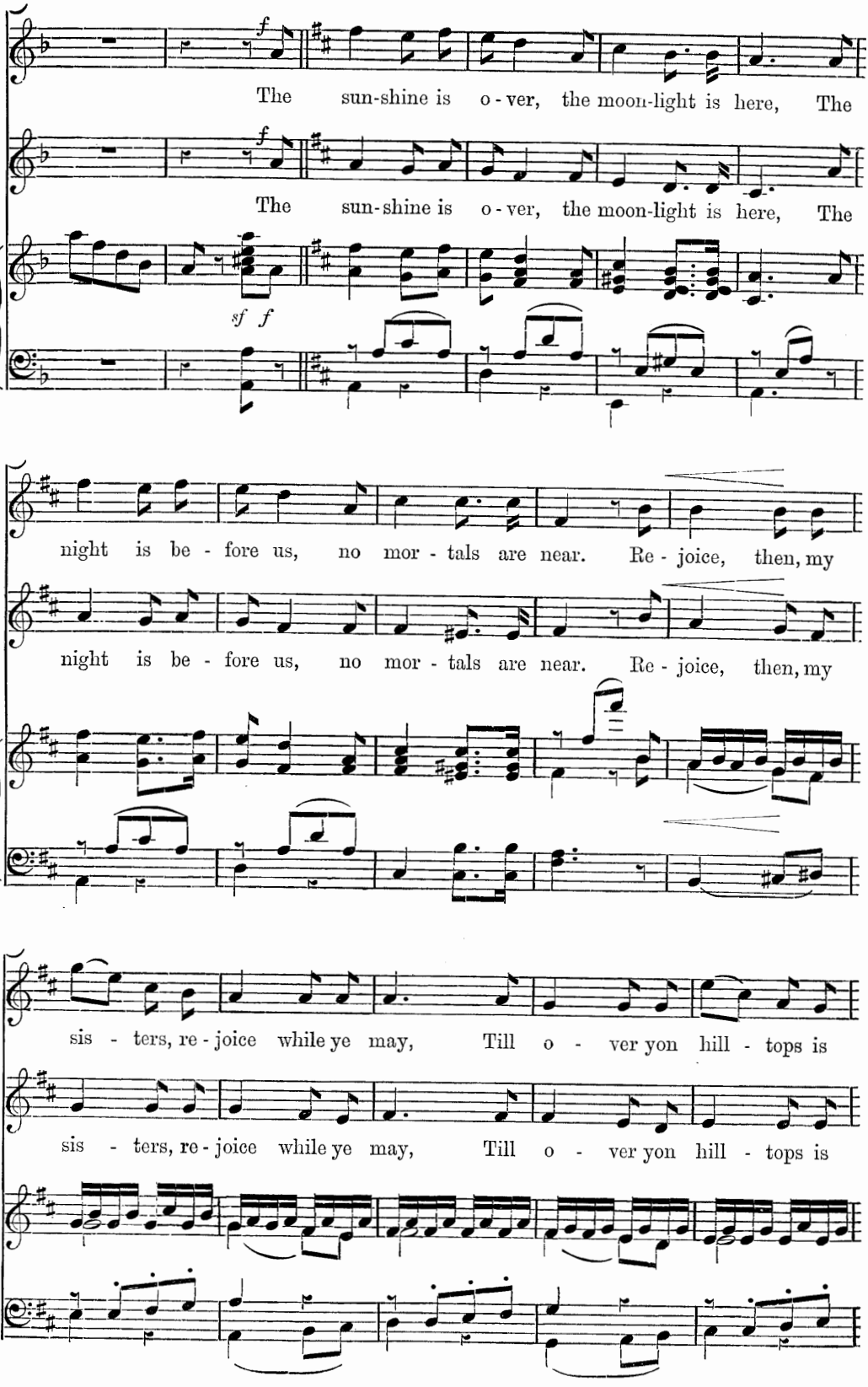
No. 1. OPENING CHORUS (FAIRIES).—"THE SUNSHINE IS OVER."



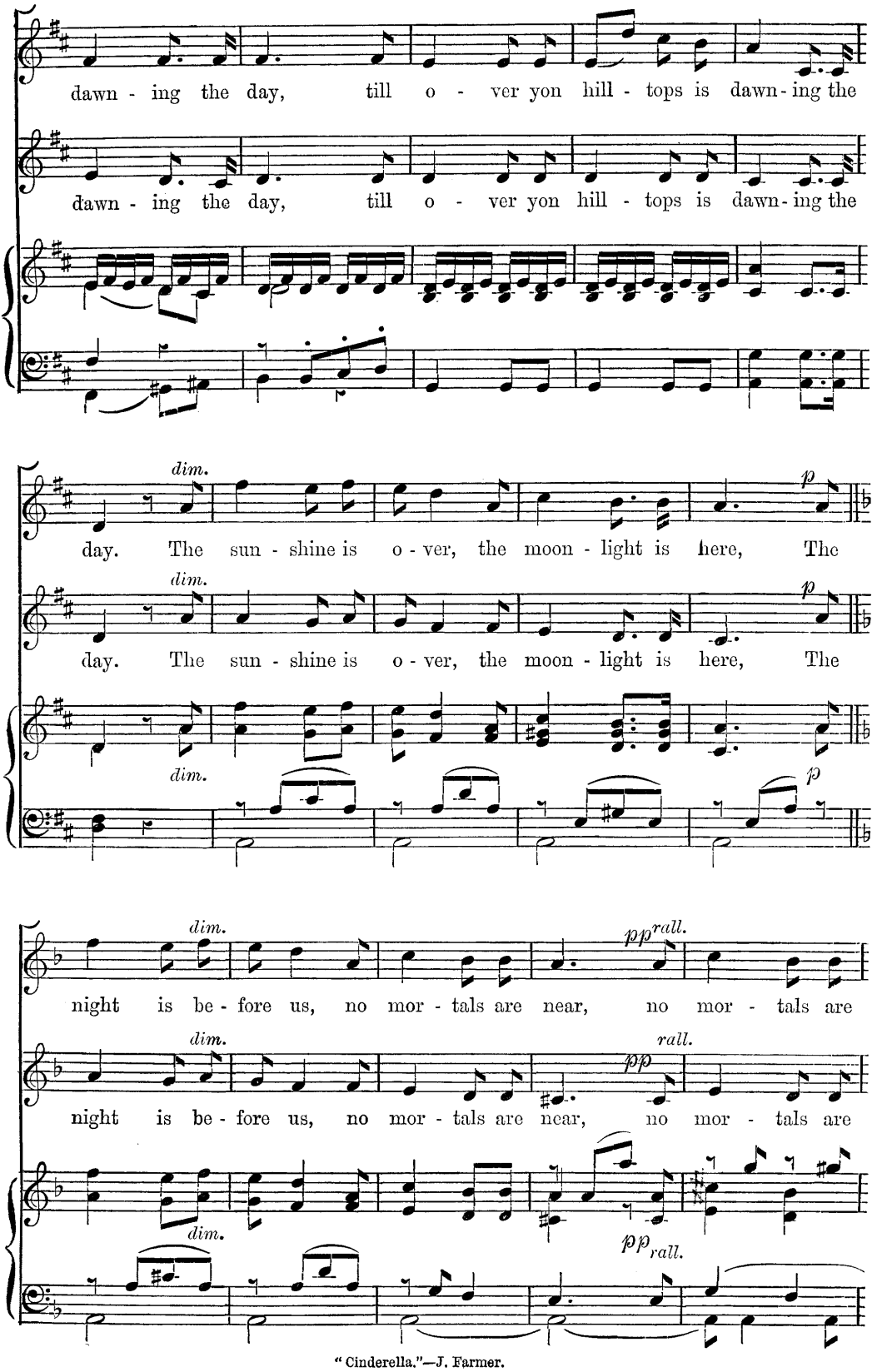

1st Soprano. Allegretto.
p
The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is here, The
2nd Soprano.
p
The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is here, The
Allegretto.
fz p
Ped. Ped.
night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near. Re - joice, then, my
night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near. Re - joice, then, my
sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, Till o - ver yon hill - tops is
sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, . . Till o - ver yon hill - tops is

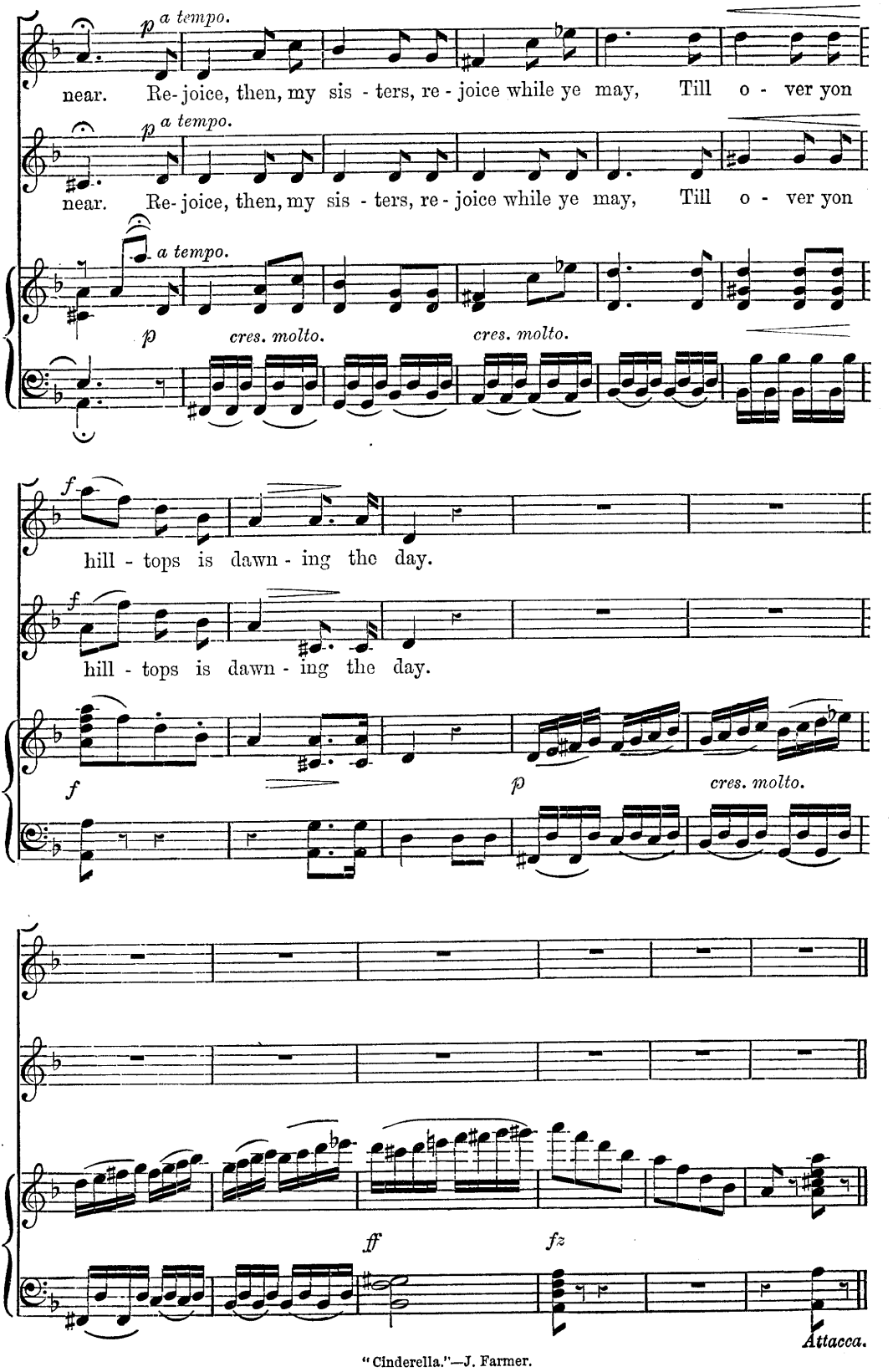

Andante.
dawn - ing the day. The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is
dawn - ing the day. The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is
Andante.
pp
rall.
Tempo primo.
here, The night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near. The sun- shine is
pp
rall.
here, The night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near. The sun- shine is
rall.
Tempo primo.
pp
p
o -ver, the moon-light is here, The night is be - fore us, no mor-tals are
o -ver, the moon-light is here, The night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are


near. Re - joice, then, my sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, Till
near. Re - joice, then, my sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, Till
p
cres.
o - ver yon hill - tops is dawn - ing the day.
o - ver yon hill - tops is dawn - ing the day.
f
pp cres.
ff
fz

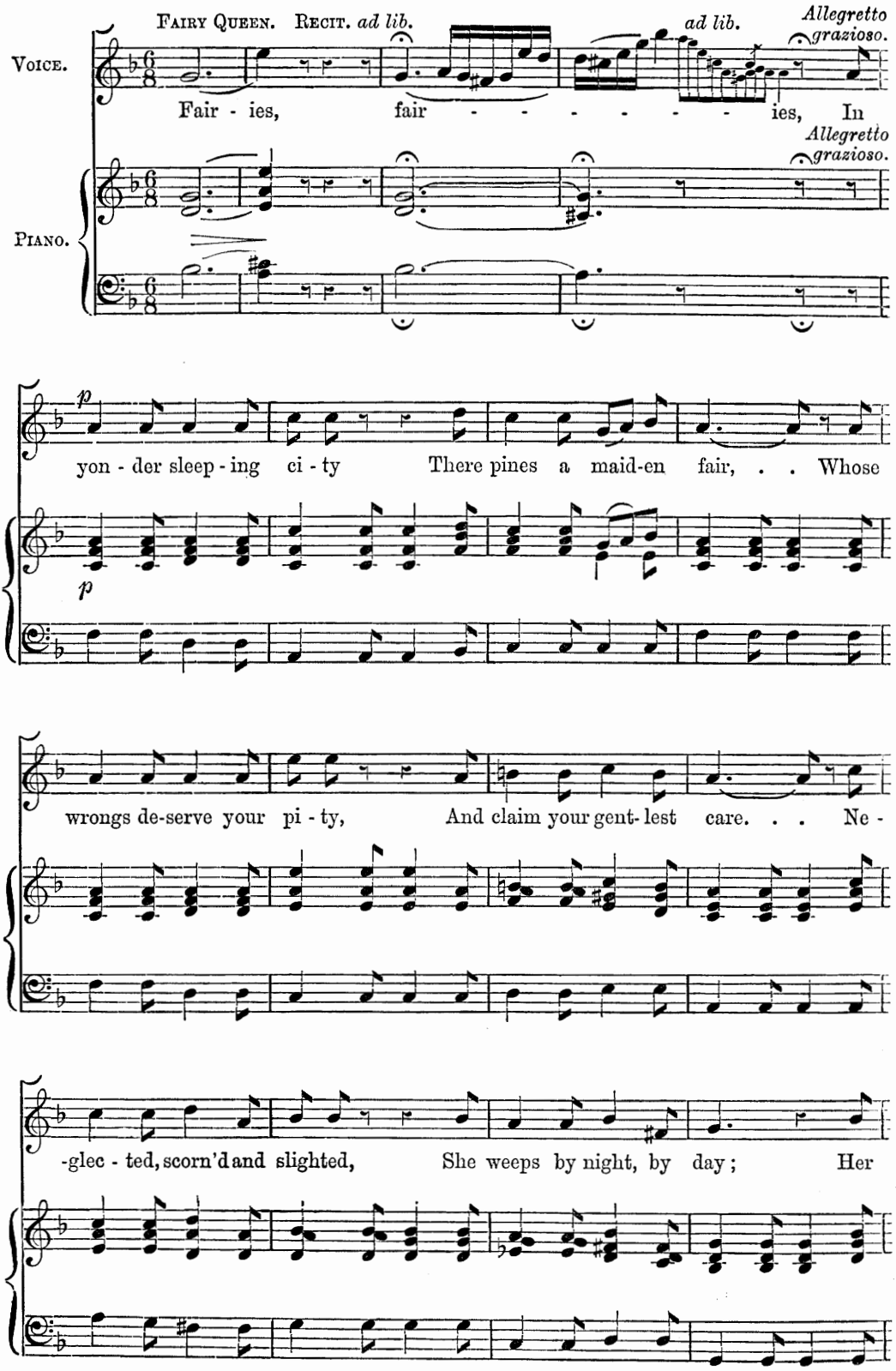


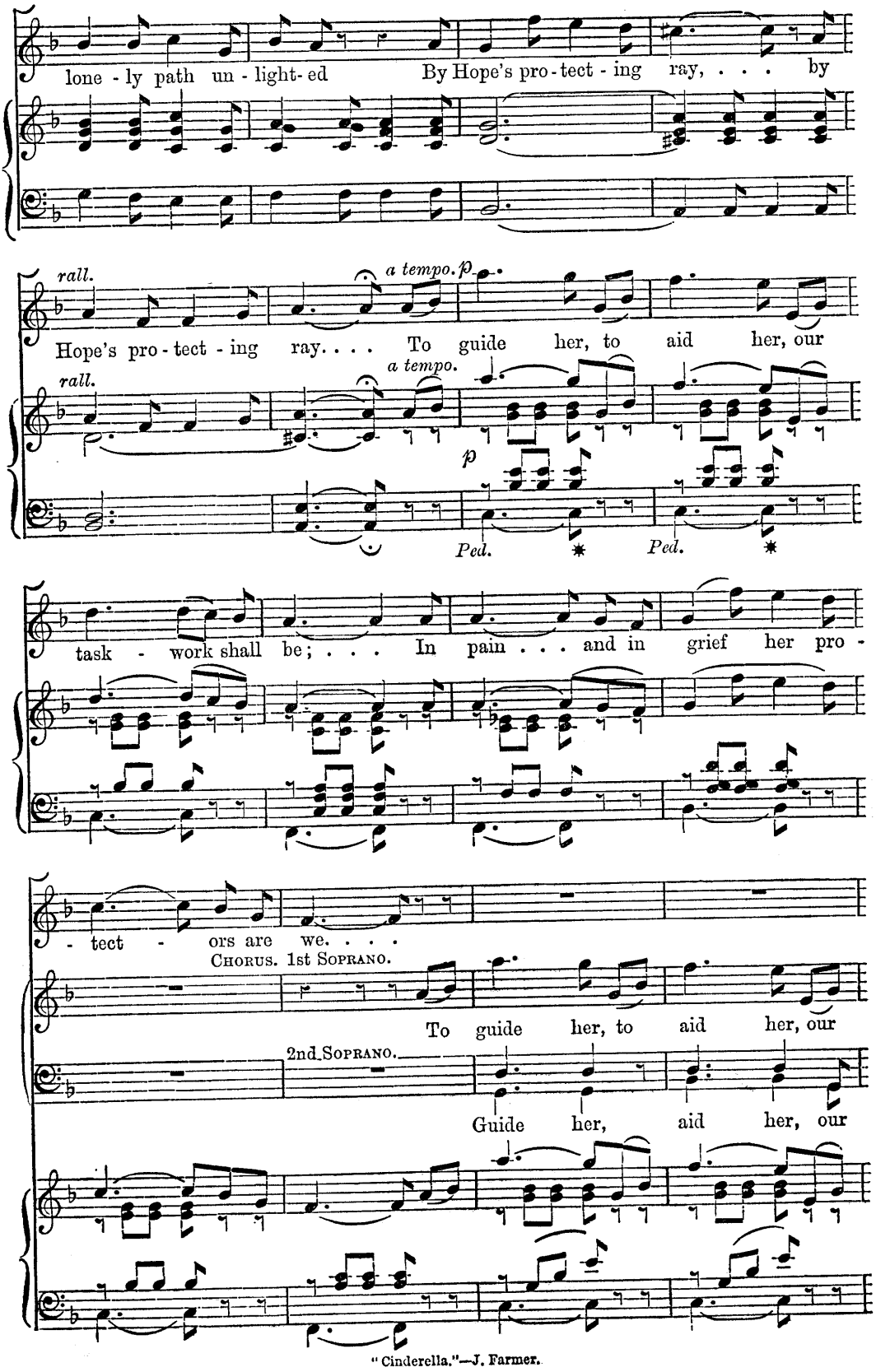
"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.

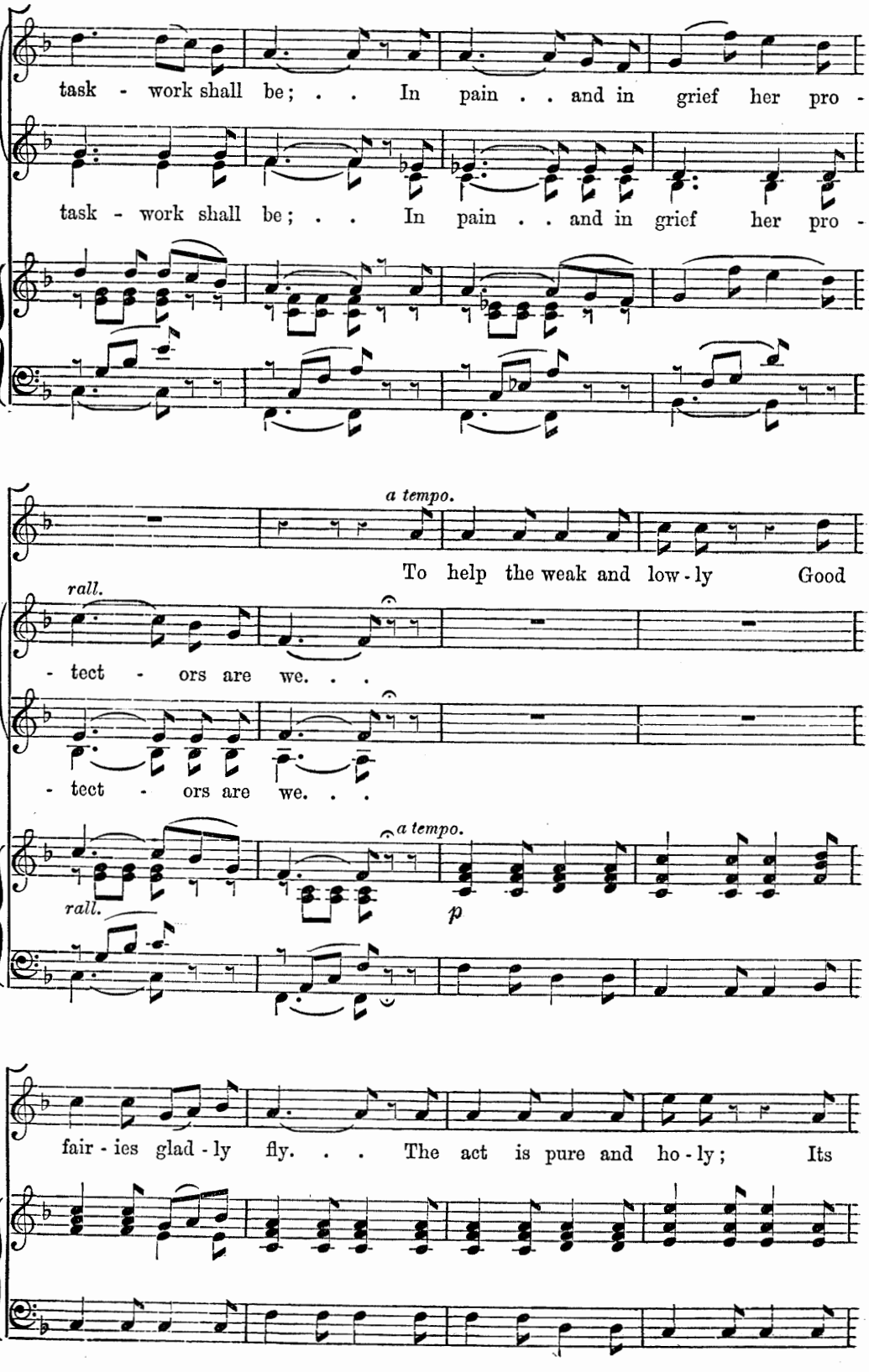

dawn - ing the day, till o - ver yon hill - tops is dawn - ing the
dawn - ing the day, till o - ver yon hill - tops is dawn - ing the
dim.
day. The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is here, The
dim.
day. The sun - shine is o - ver, the moon - light is here, The
dim.
p
dim.
night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near, no mor - tals are
dim.
pp rall.
night is be - fore us, no mor - tals are near, no mor - tals are
dim.
pp rall.

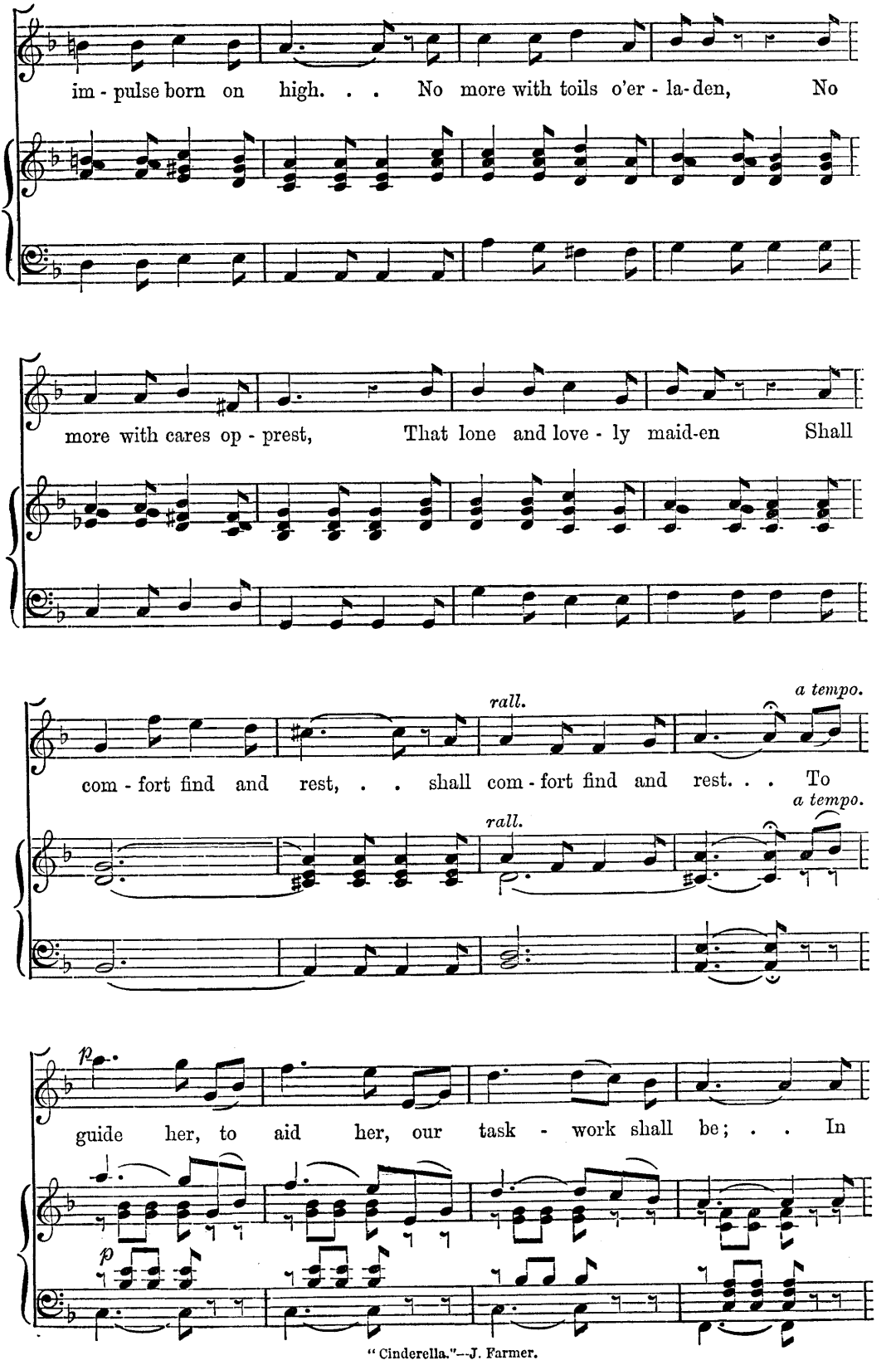

p a tempo.
near. Re-joice, then, my sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, Till o - ver yon
p a tempo.
near. Re-joice, then, my sis - ters, re - joice while ye may, Till o - ver yon
a tempo.
p
cres. molto.
cres. molto.
f
hill - tops is dawn - ing the day.
f
hill - tops is dawn - ing the day.
f
p
cres. molto.
ff
fz
Attacca.

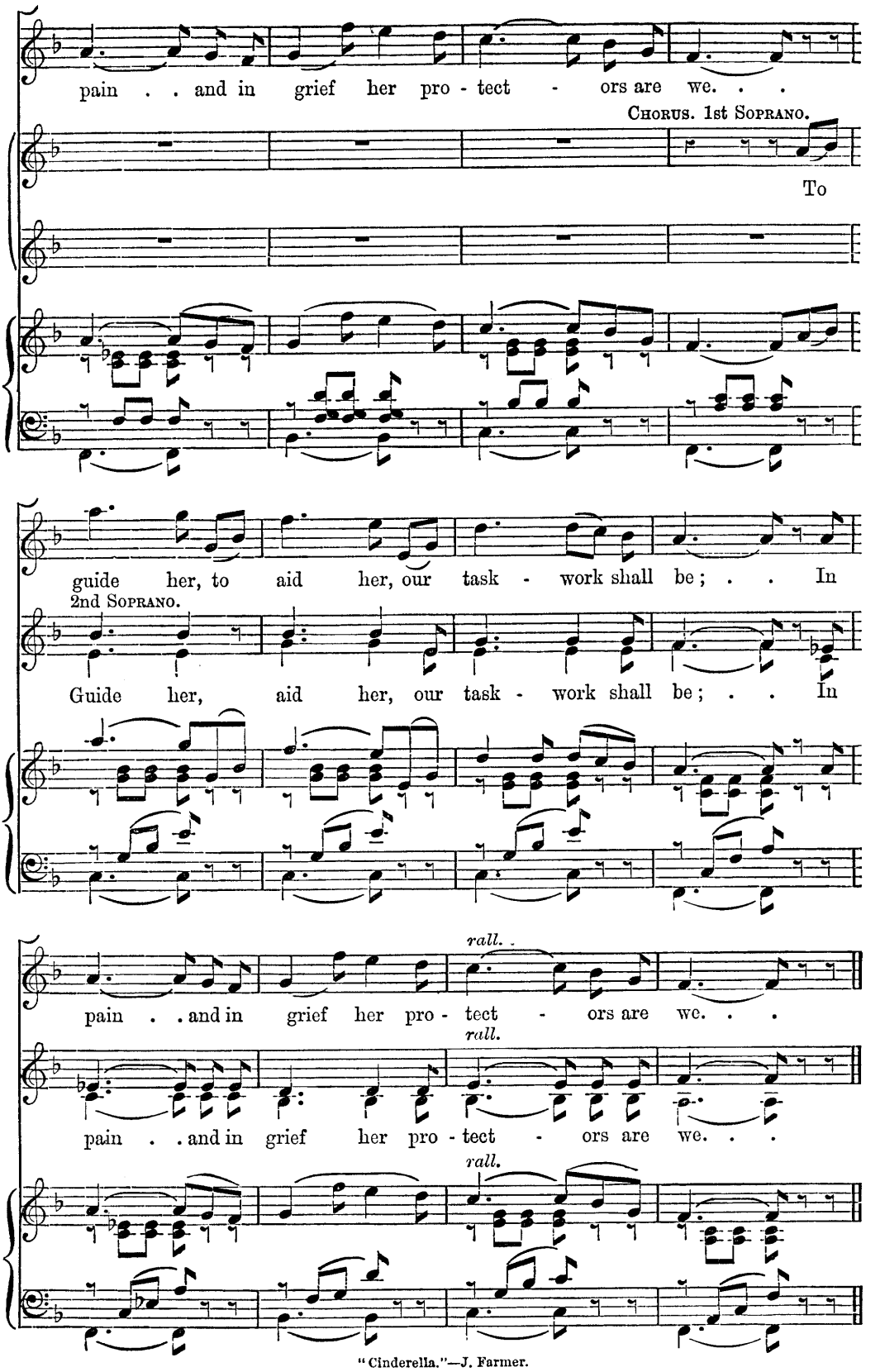
No. 2. SONG AND CHORUS.—"IN YONDER SLEEPING CITY."



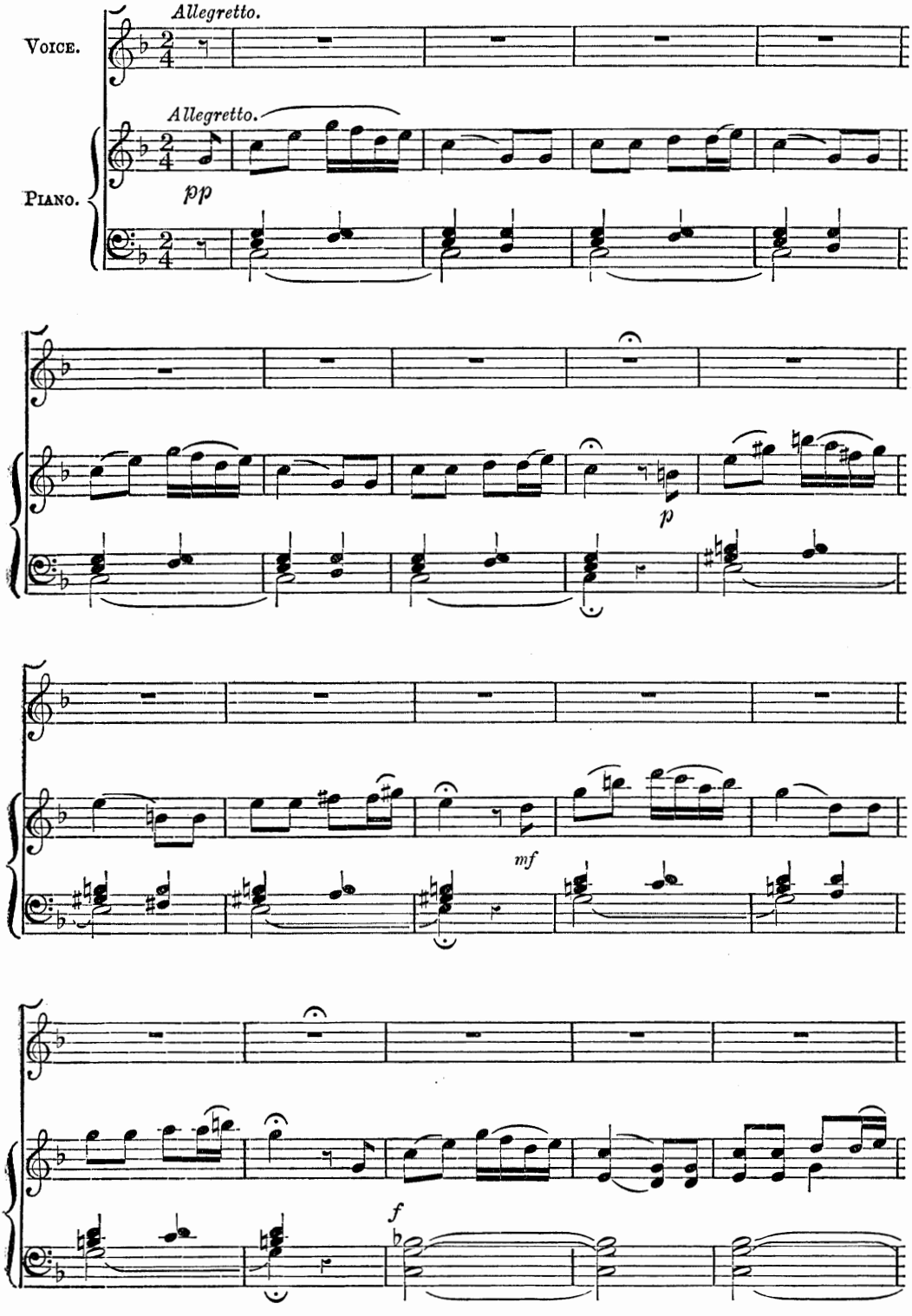

lone - ly path un - light- ed By Hope's pro - tect - ing ray, . . . by
rall.
a tempo.
p
Hope's pro - tect - ing ray. . . . To guide her, to aid her, our
rall.
a tempo.
p
Ped.
Ped.
task - work shall be; . . . In pain . . . and in grief her pro -
- tect - ors are we. . . .
Chorus. 1st Soprano.
To guide her, to aid her, our
2nd Soprano.
Guide her, aid her, our

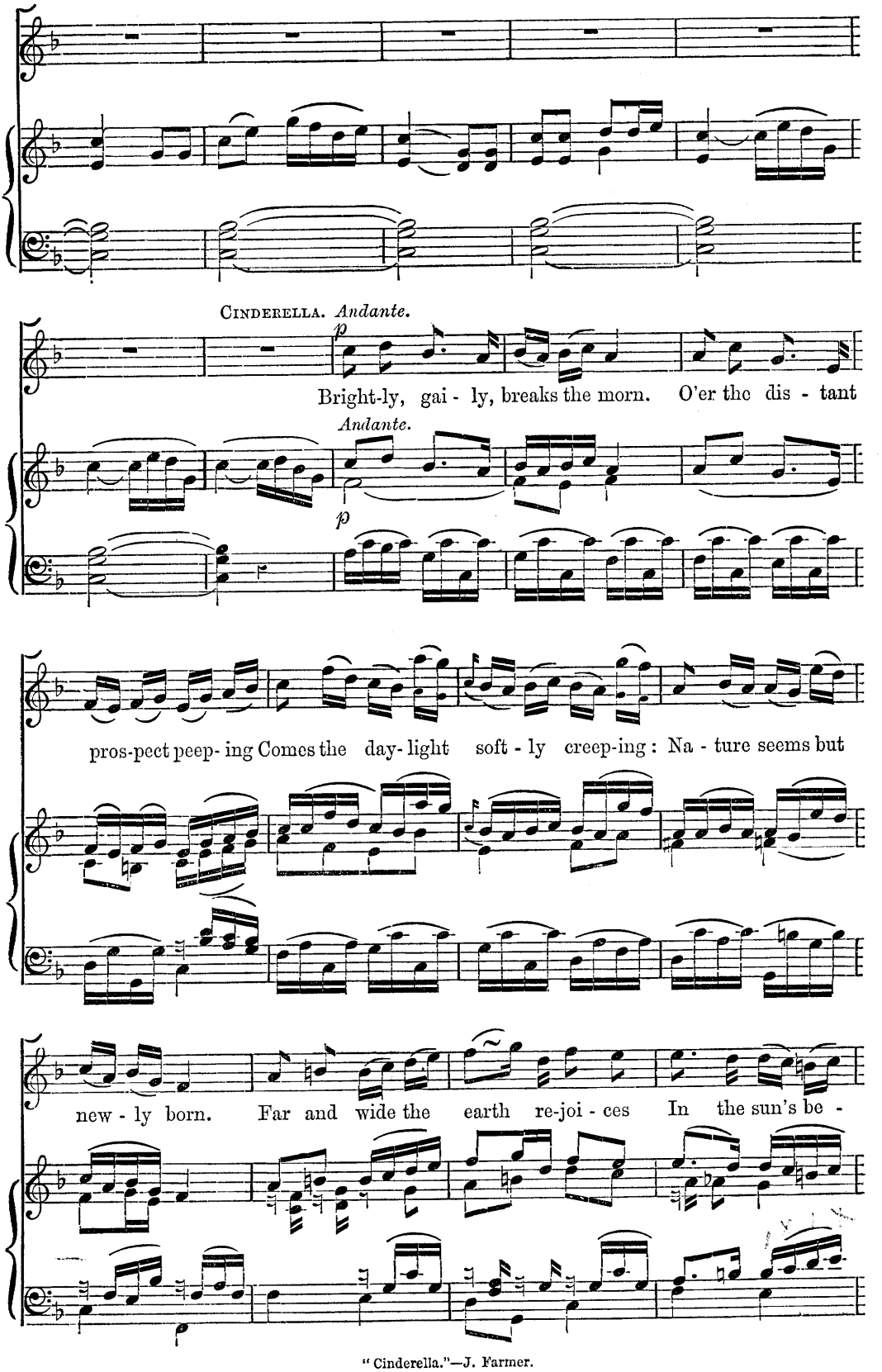

task - work shall be; . . In pain . . and in grief her pro -
task - work shall be; . . In pain . . and in grief her pro -
a tempo.
To help the weak and low - ly Good
rall.
- tect - ors are we. . .
- tect - ors are we. . .
a tempo.
rall.
p
fair - ies glad - ly fly. . . The act is pure and ho - ly; Its

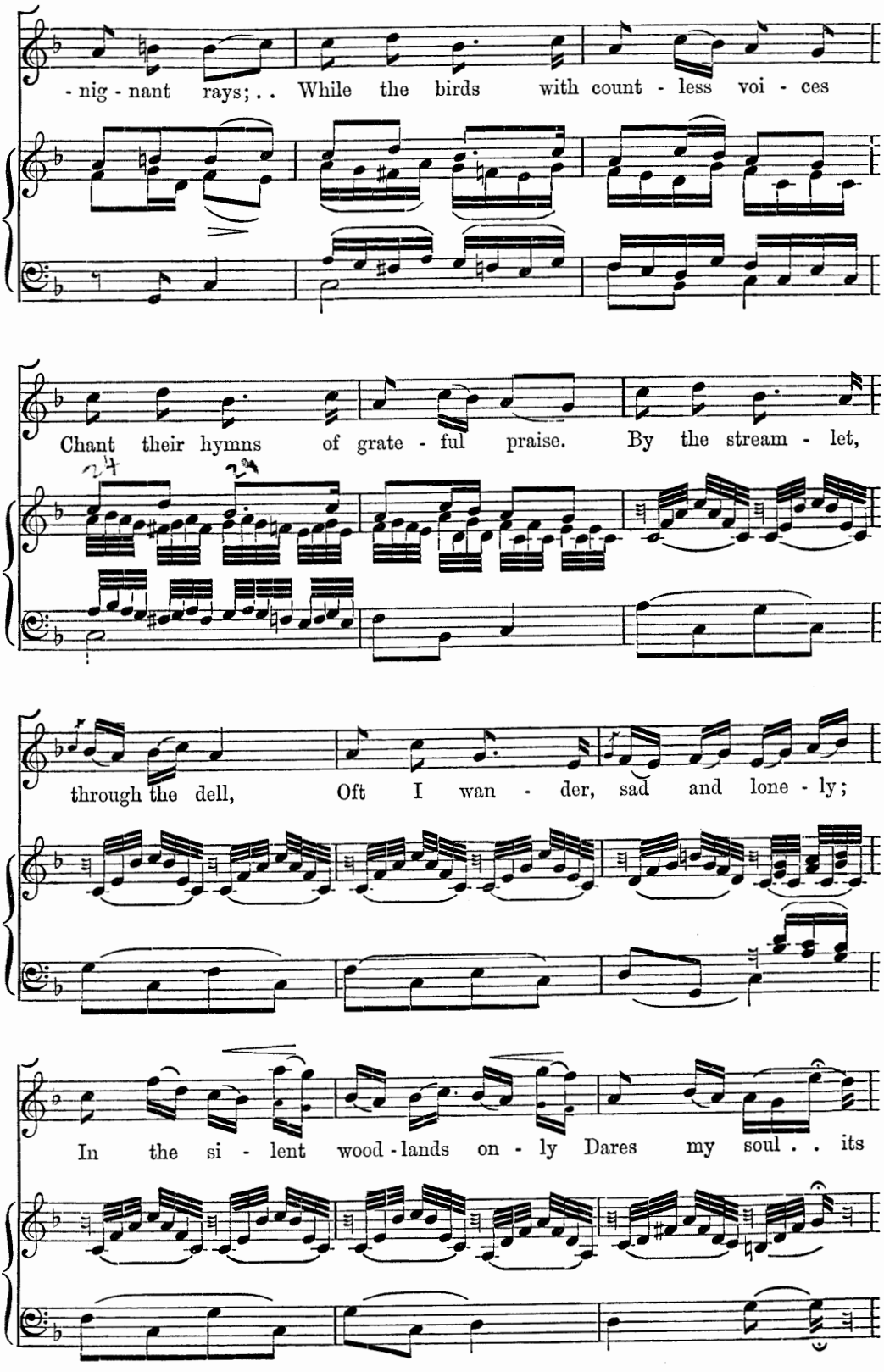

im - pulse born on high. . . No more with toils o'er - la - den, No
more with cares op - prest, That lone and love - ly maid-en Shall
com - fort find and rest, . . shall com - fort find and rest. . . To
rall.
a tempo.
guide her, to aid her, our task - work shall be; . . In
p


pain . . and in grief her pro - tect - ors are we. . .
Chorus. 1st Soprano.
To
guide her, to aid her, our task - work shall be; . . In
2nd Soprano.
Guide her, aid her, our task - work shall be; . . In
rall.
pain . . and in grief her pro - tect - ors are we. . .
rall.
pain . . and in grief her pro - tect - ors are we. . .
rall.

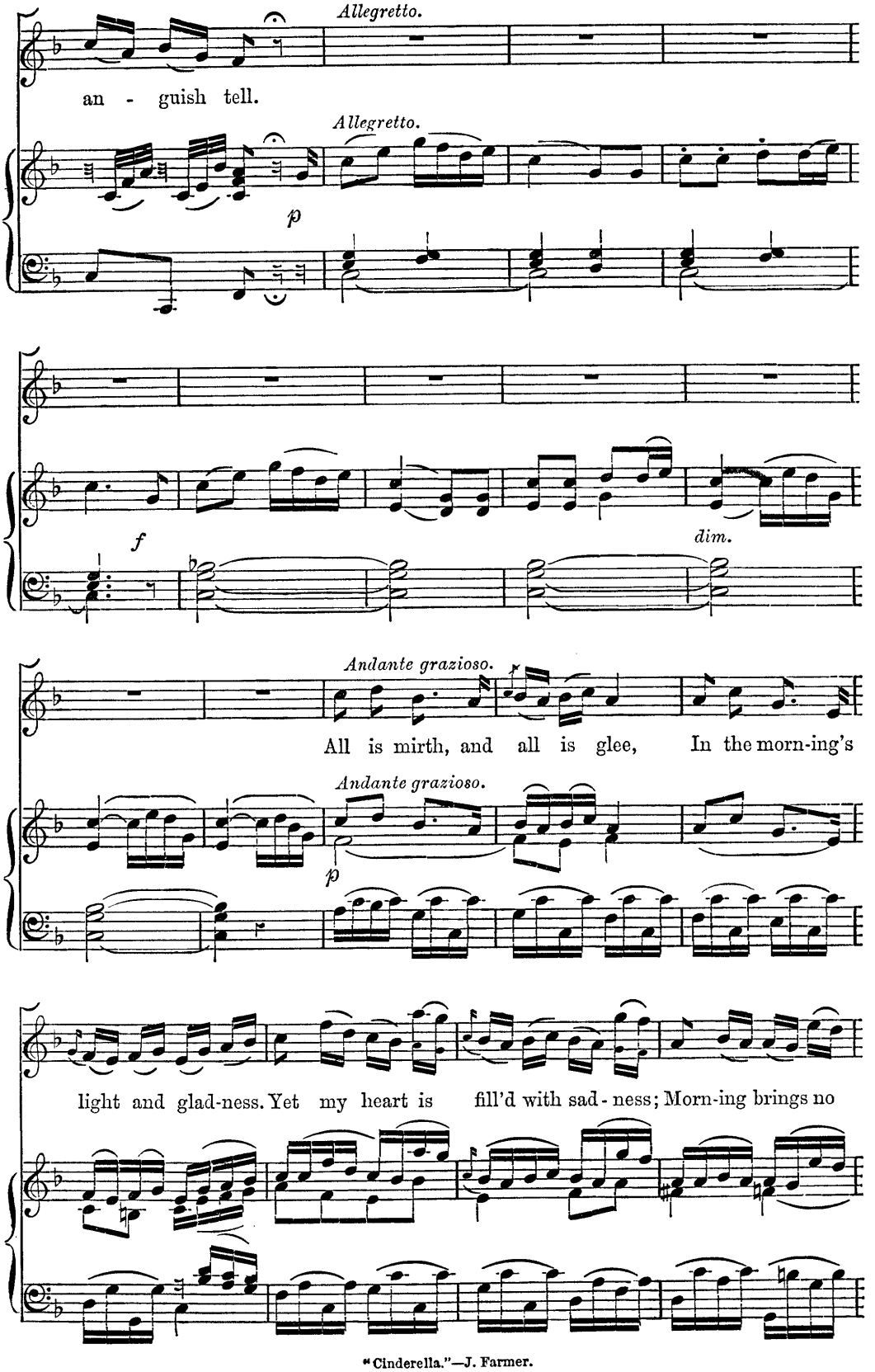
The scene changes to sunrise, and shepherds are heard playing in the distance.
Enter Cinderella carrying flowers.

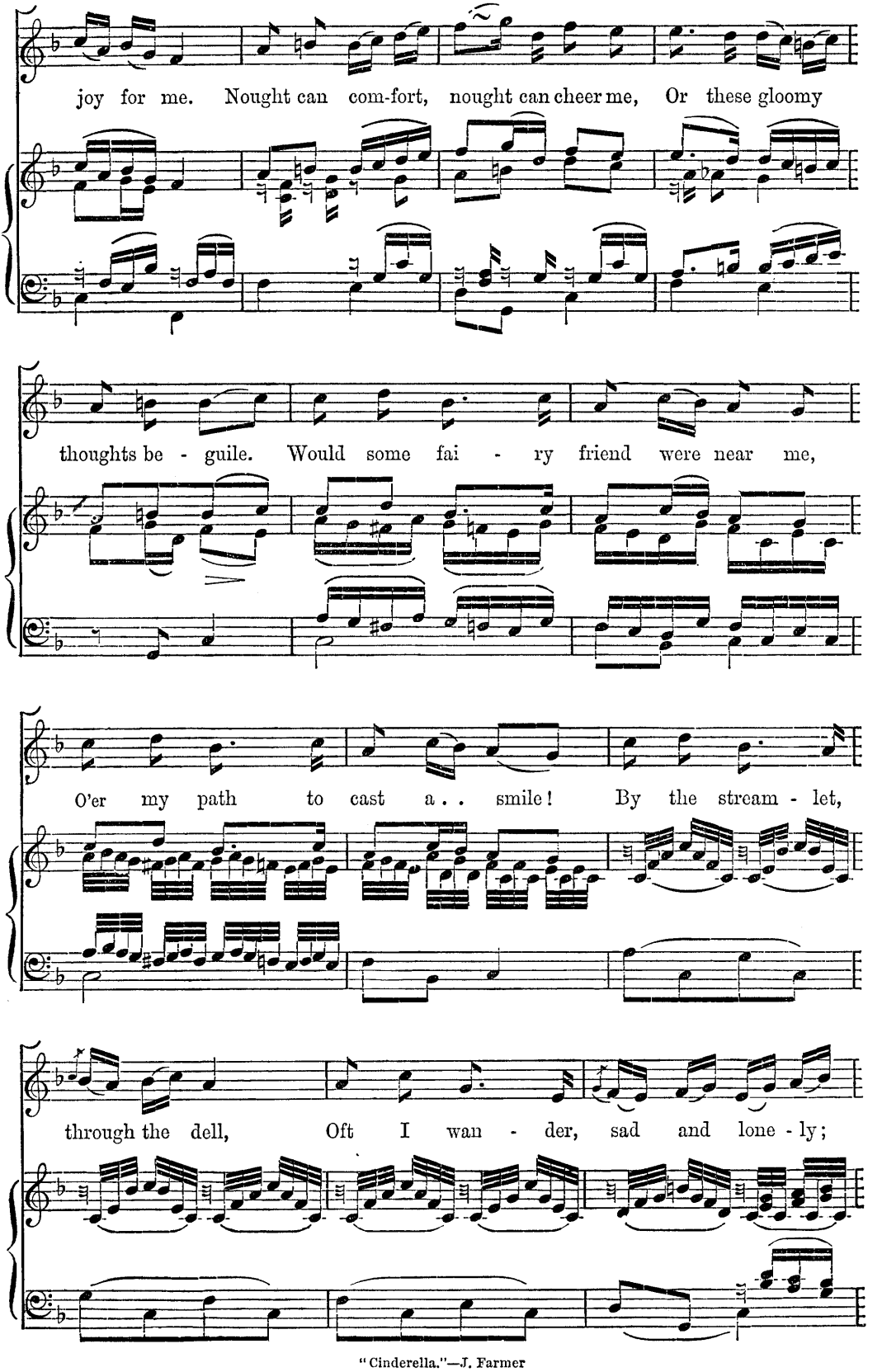


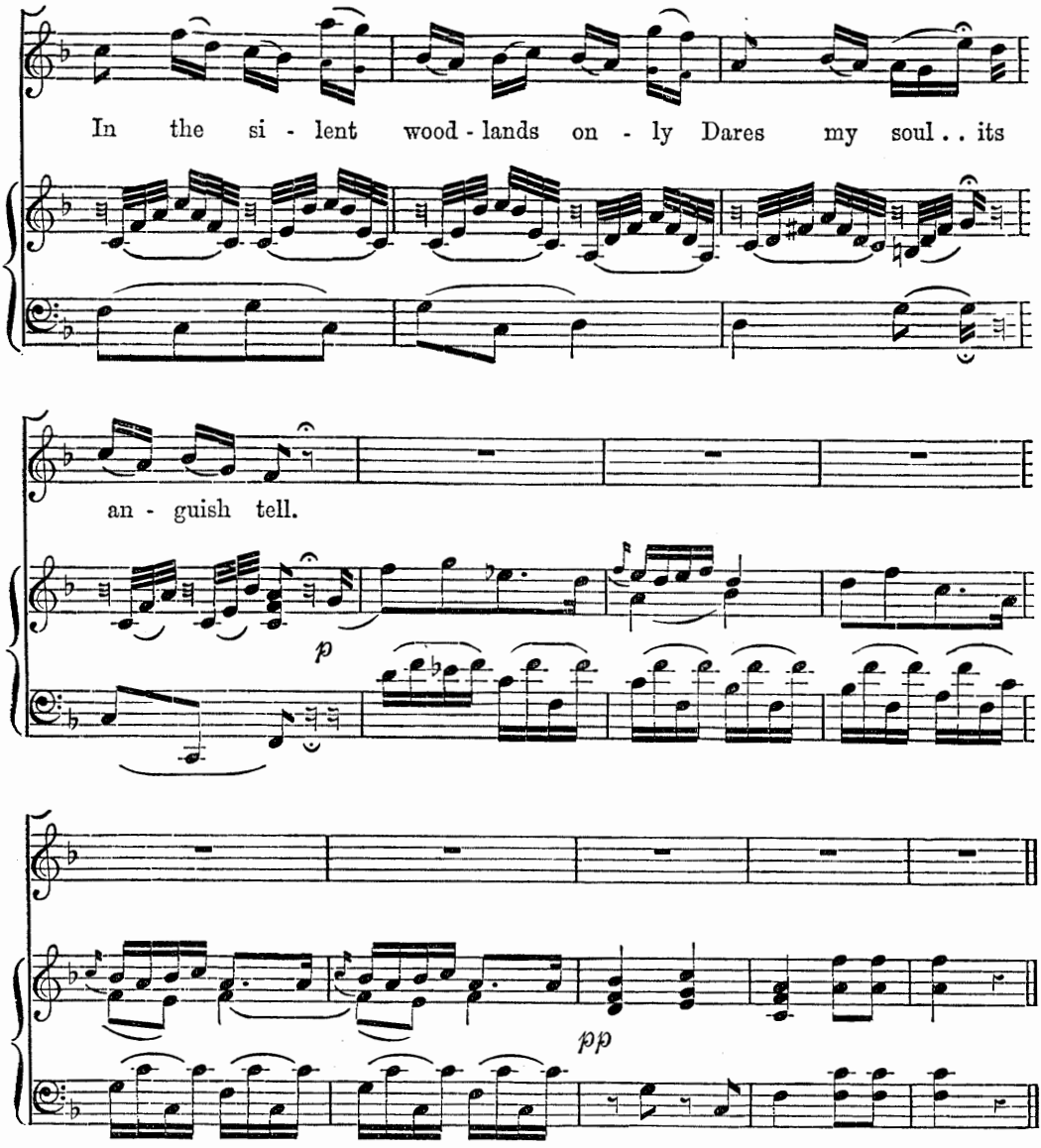

CINDERELLA. Andante.
p
Bright-ly, gai - ly, breaks the morn. O'er the dis - tant
Andante.
p
pros-pect peep- ing Comes the day- light soft - ly creep-ing: Na - ture seems but
new - ly born. Far and wide the earth re-joi - ces In the sun's be -



"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.


Allegretto.
an - guish tell.
Allegretto.
p
f
dim.
Andante grazioso.
All is mirth, and all is glee, In the morn-ing's
Andante grazioso.
p
light and glad-ness. Yet my heart is fill'd with sad - ness; Morn-ing brings no


joy for me. Nought can com-fort, nought can cheer me, Or these gloomy
thoughts be - guile. Would some fai - ry friend were near me,
O'er my path to cast a . . smile! By the stream - let,
through the dell, Oft I wan - der, sad and lone - ly;

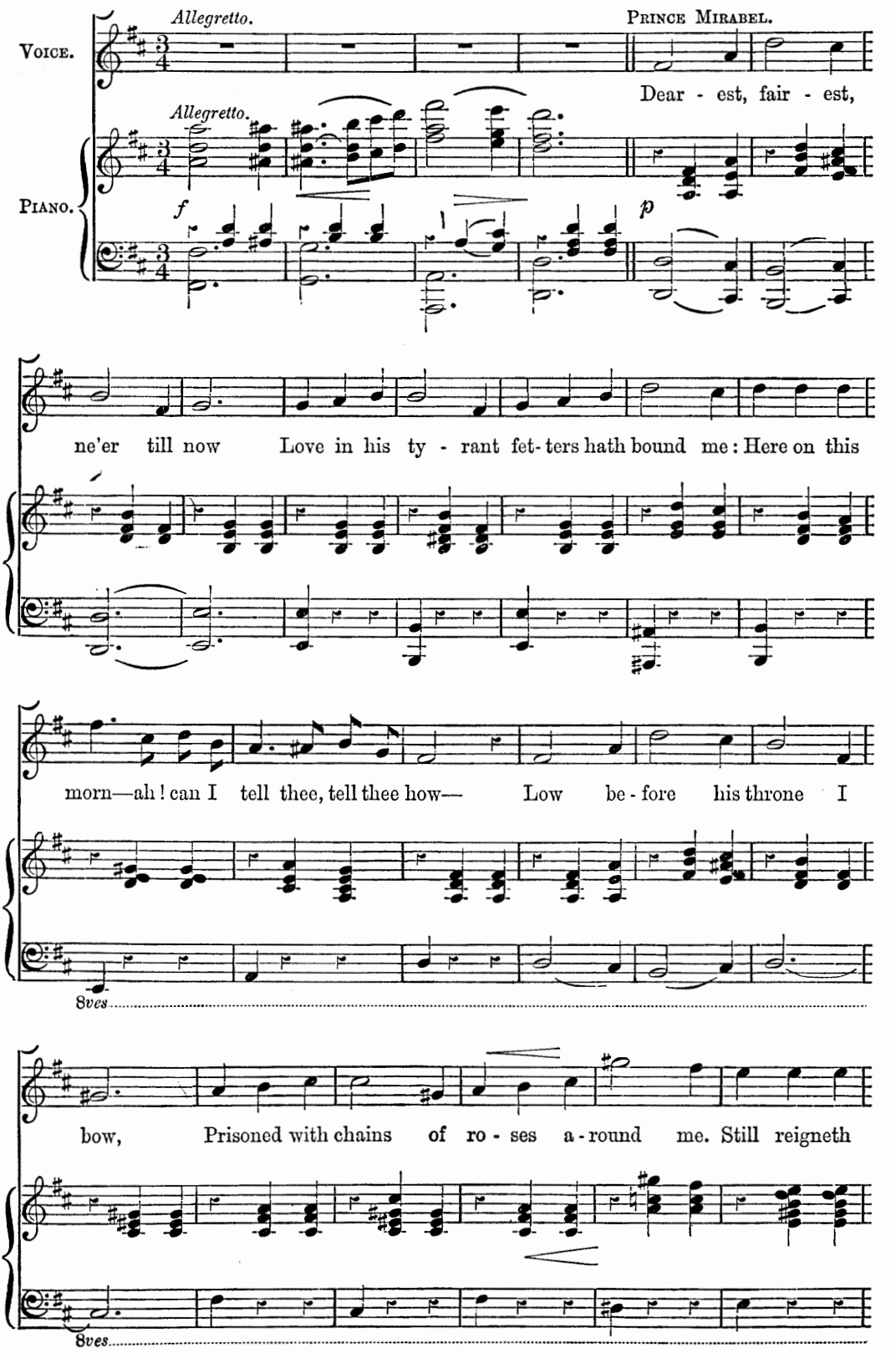


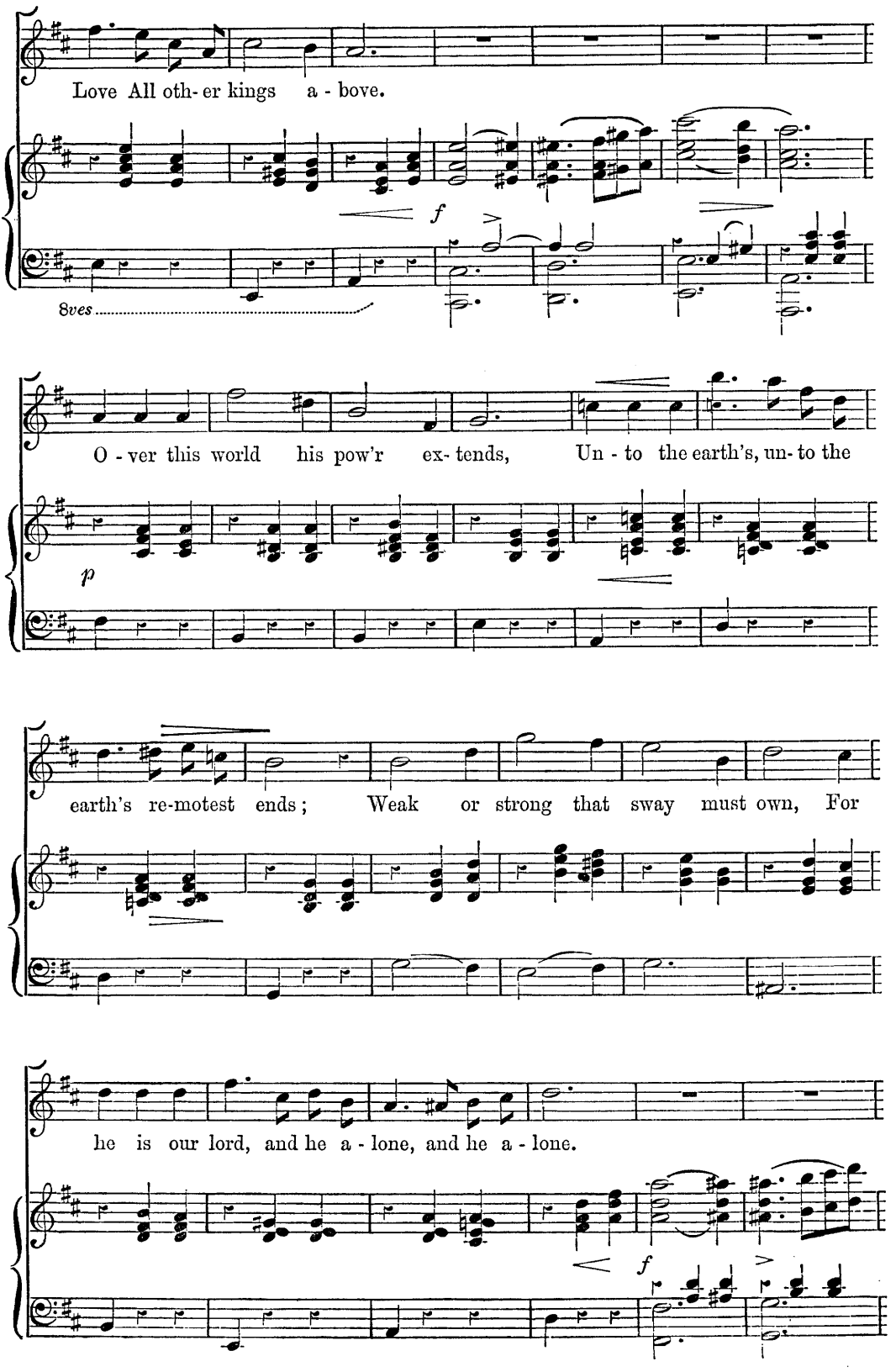
CINDERELLA.—Will my troubles never cease? Ah me! this life of eternal drudgery is almost more than I can bear. Toiling from dawn till eve, without one word of pity or one glance of consolation. My sisters must indeed have stony hearts to treat me thus. Even my father, though generous and kind by nature, lavishes all his care and affection upon his elder daughters, and seldom wastes a thought on the poor forlorn Cinderella. Luckily this bright morning gives me an hour's brief holiday; let me hasten, before my daily toil commences, to strew these violets upon my darling mother's grave. Mother! what a world of sweet memories in that one word!

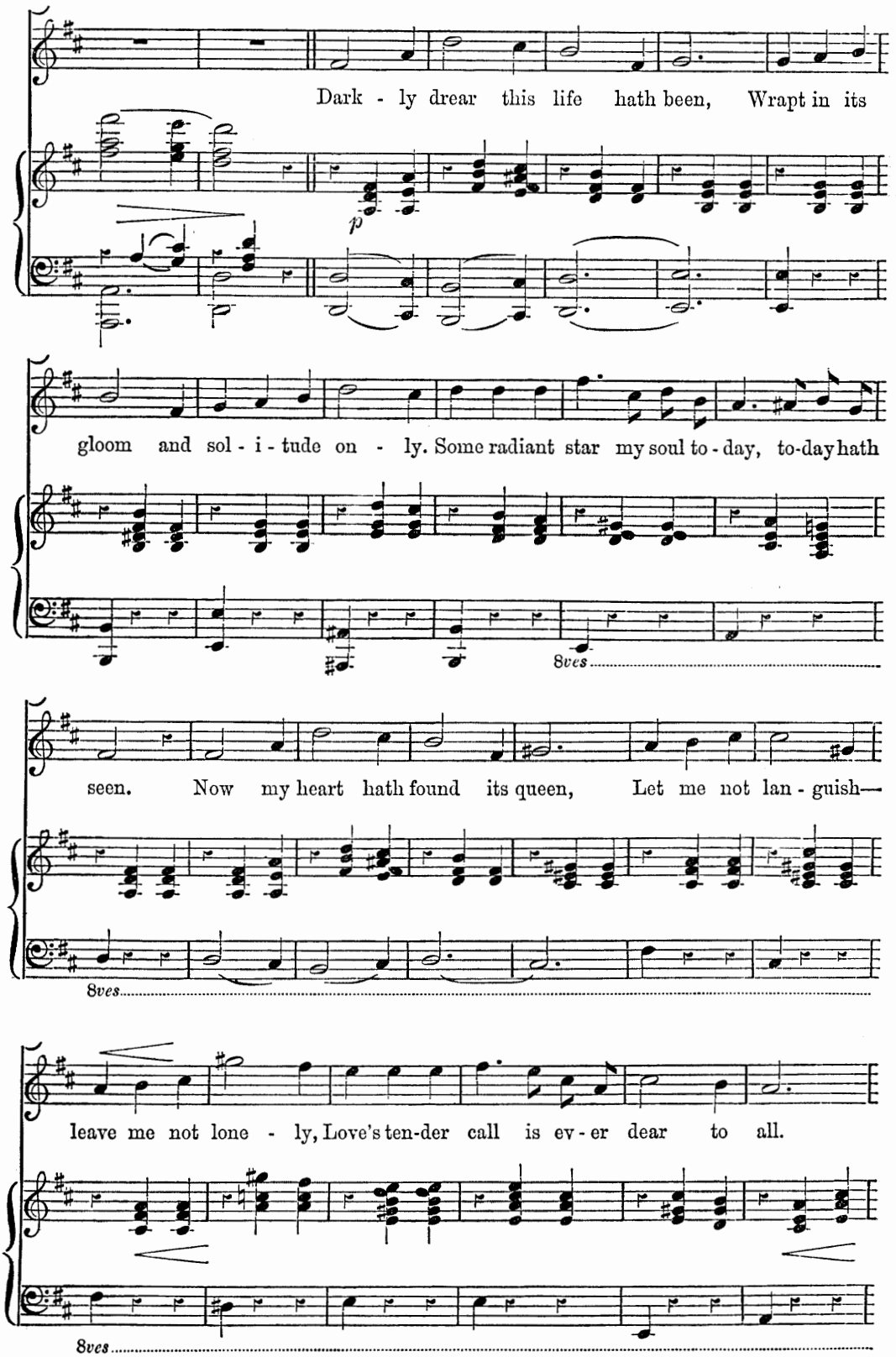
[*Exit* CINDERELLA.

Enter PRINCE MIRABEL.

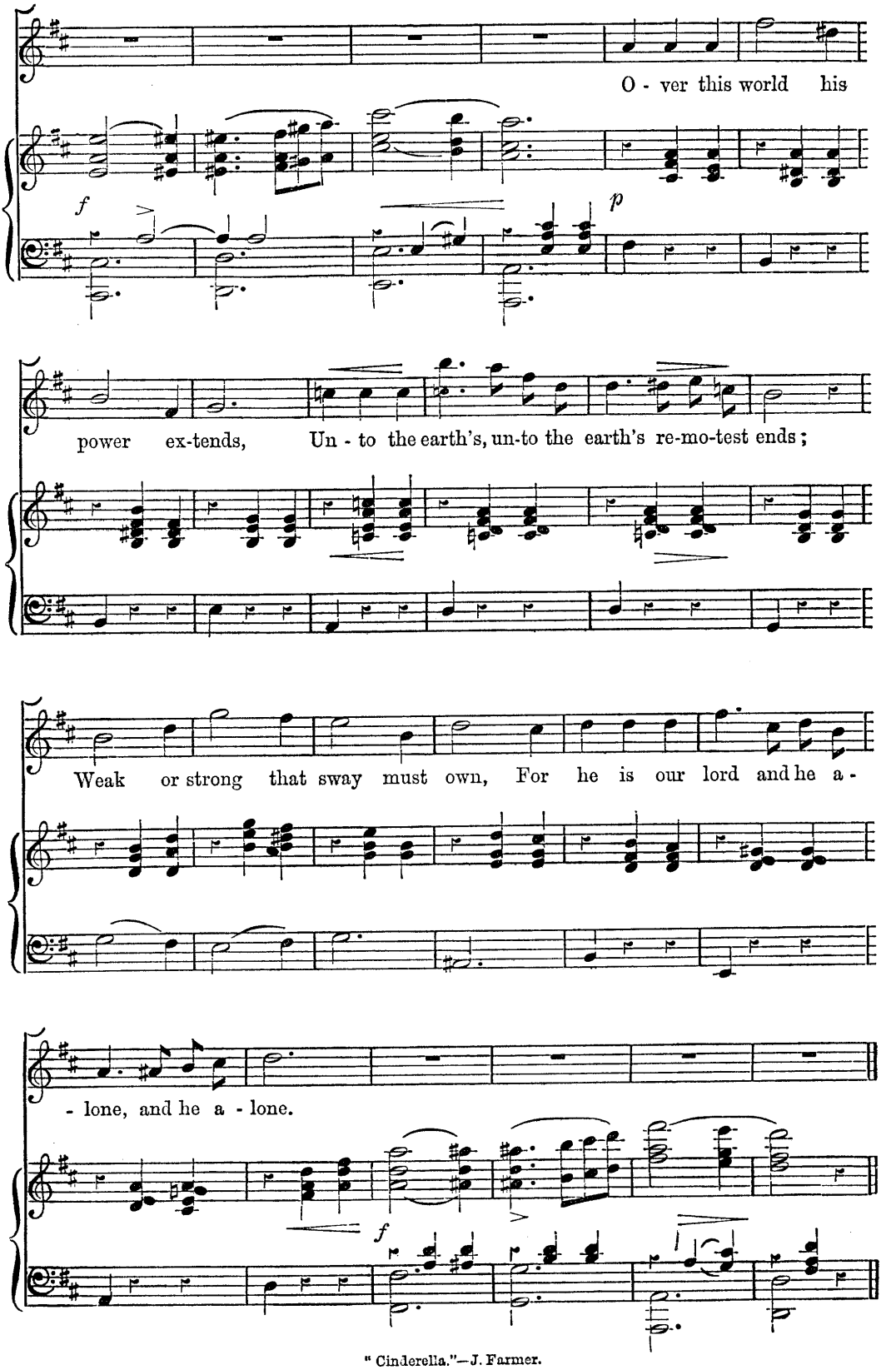
PRINCE.—Surely it must have been a fairy that flitted by me a moment ago. Such a face—and such a form could scarcely belong to such an ordinary world as the one we live in. How little she imagined, as those tiny feet carried her away, that she was taking a Prince's heart with her!


Allegretto.
PRINCE MIRABEL.
VOICE.
Dear - est, fair - est,
Allegretto.
PIANO.
f
p
ne'er till now Love in his ty - rant fet-ters hath bound me: Here on this
morn—ah! can I tell thee, tell thee how— Low be - fore his throne I
8ves
bow, Prisoned with chains of ro - ses a - round me. Still reigneth
8ves


Love All oth- er kings a - bove.
f
8ves
O - ver this world his pow'r ex- tends, Un - to the earth's, un- to the
p
earth's re-motest ends; Weak or strong that sway must own, For
he is our lord, and he a - lone, and he a - lone.
f



"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.



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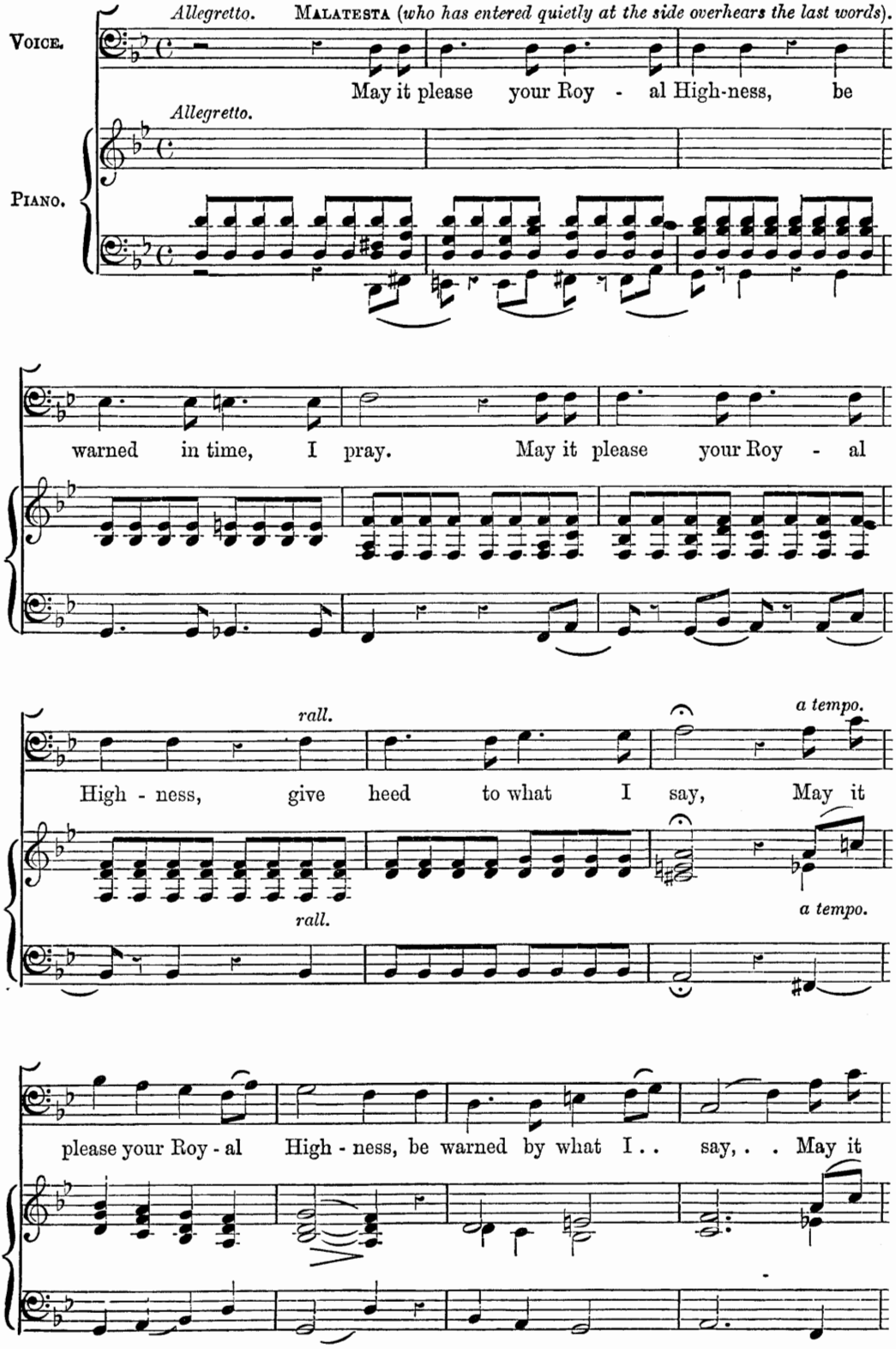
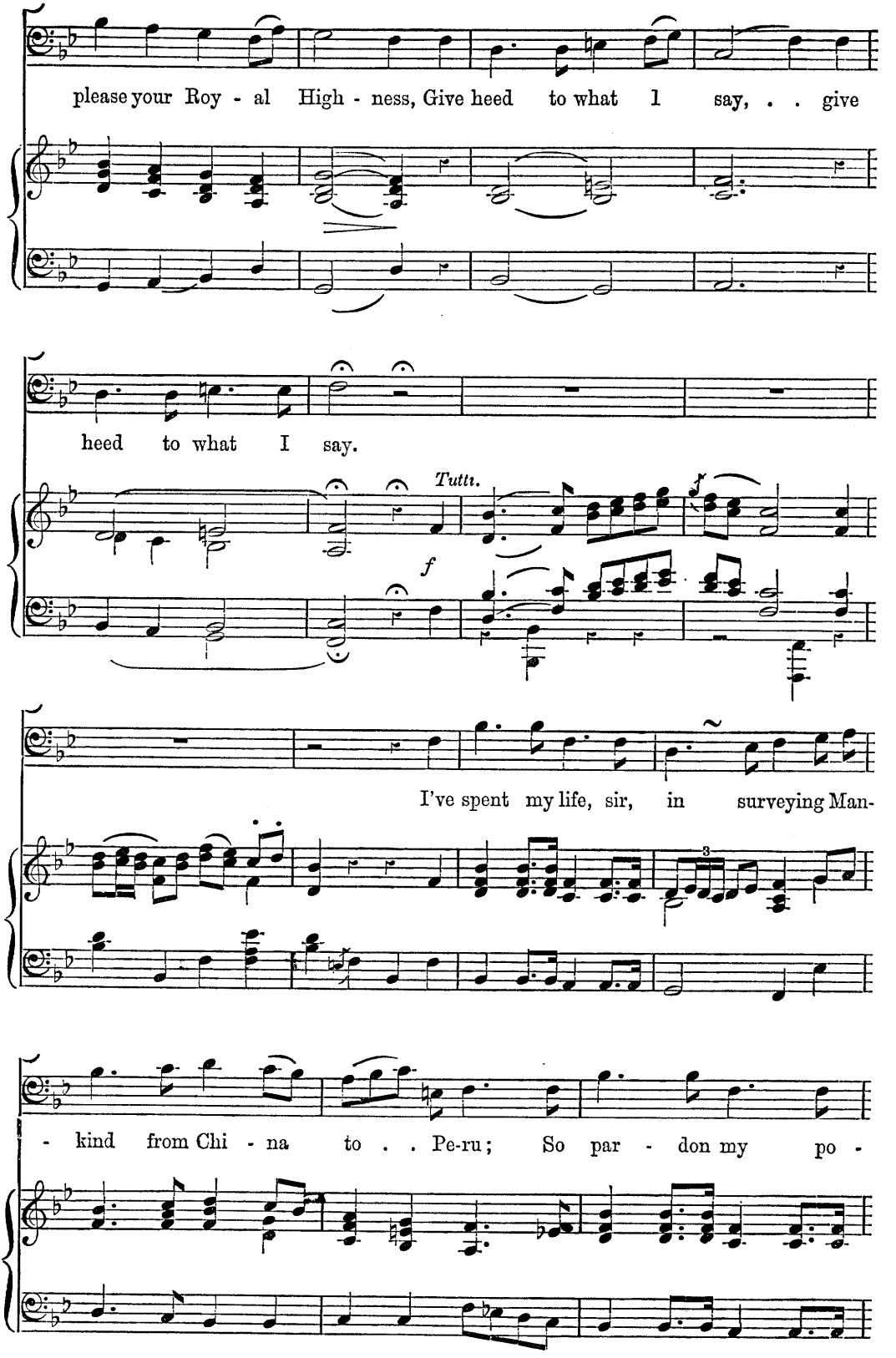
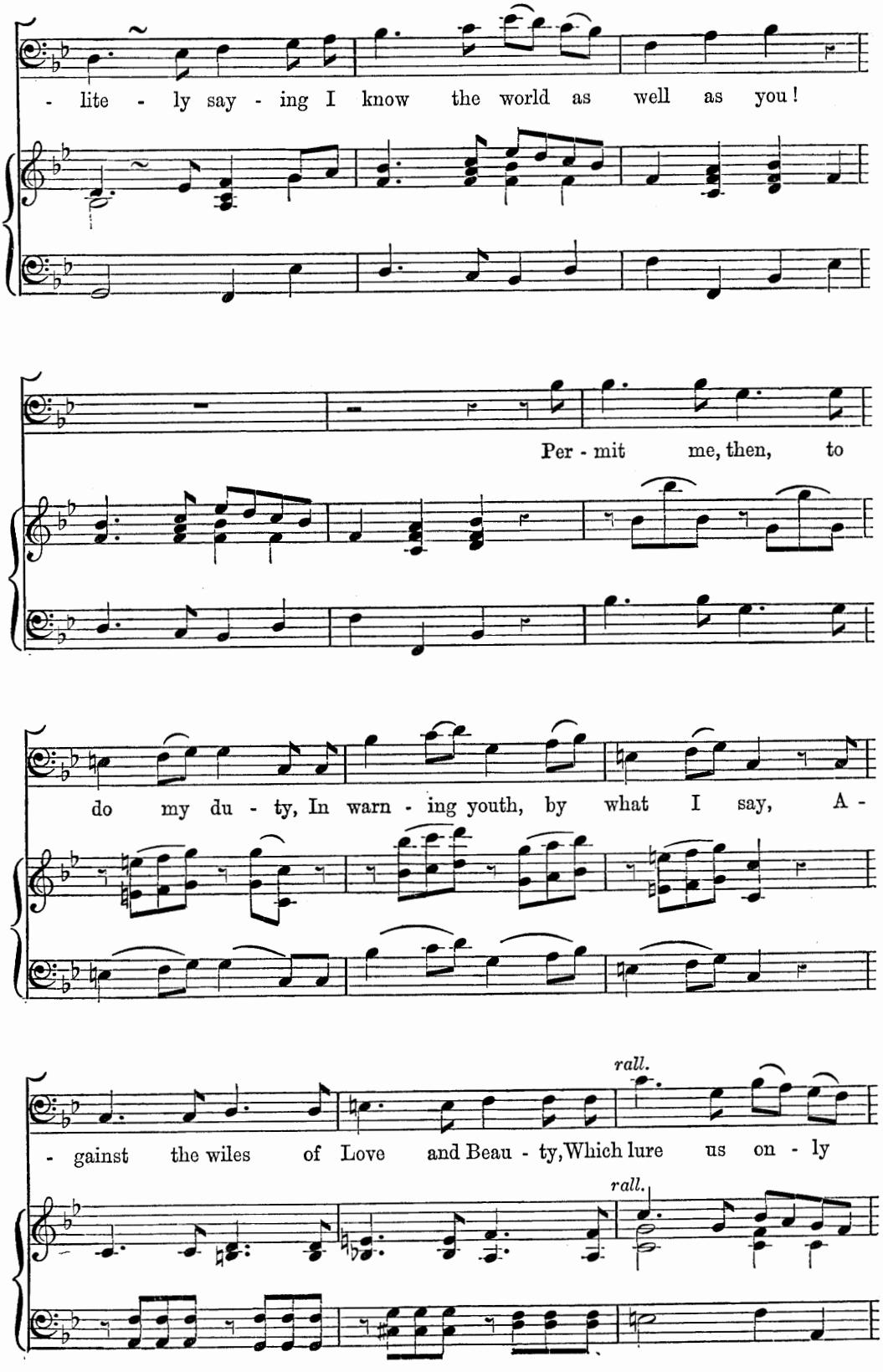
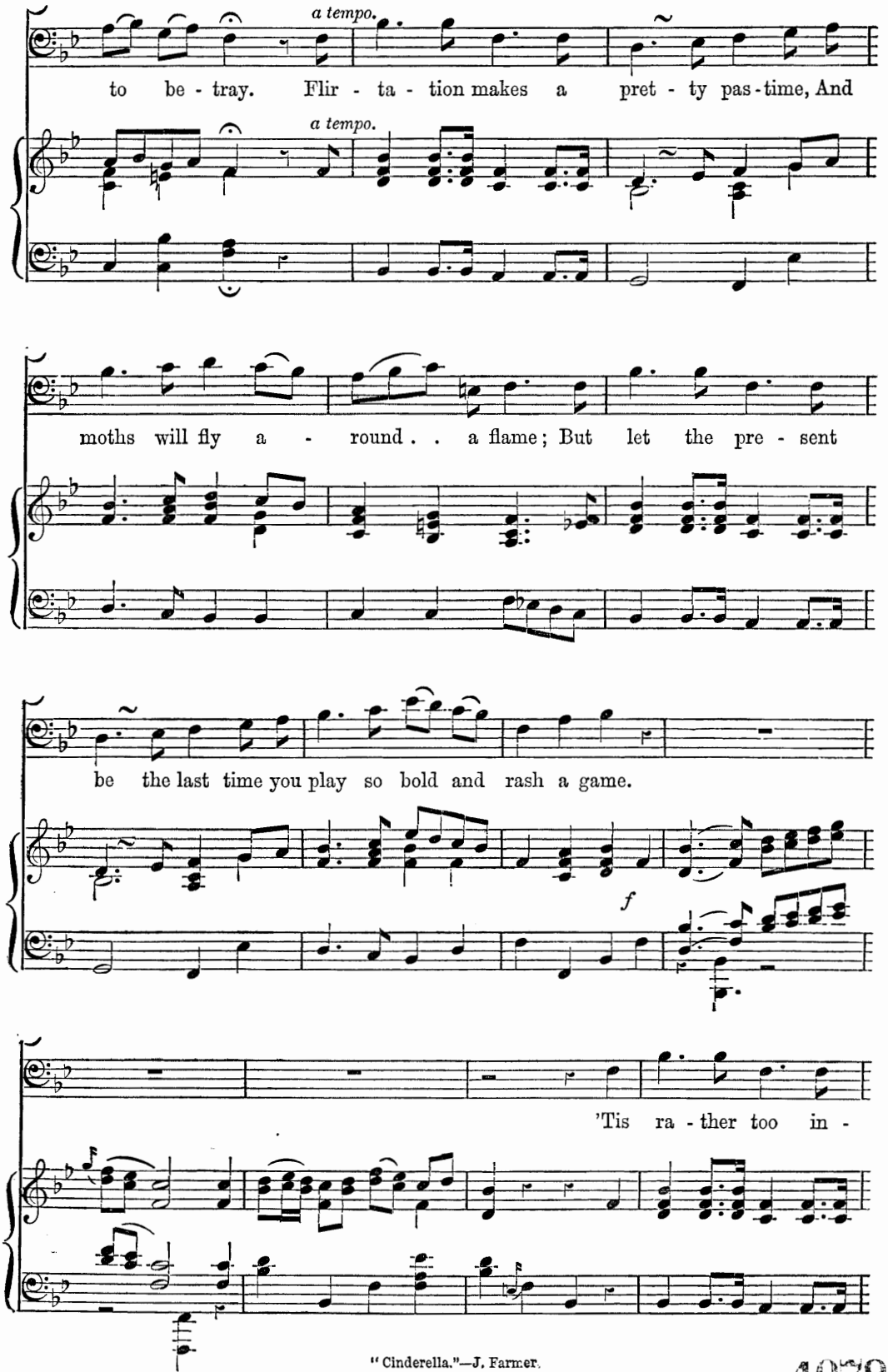
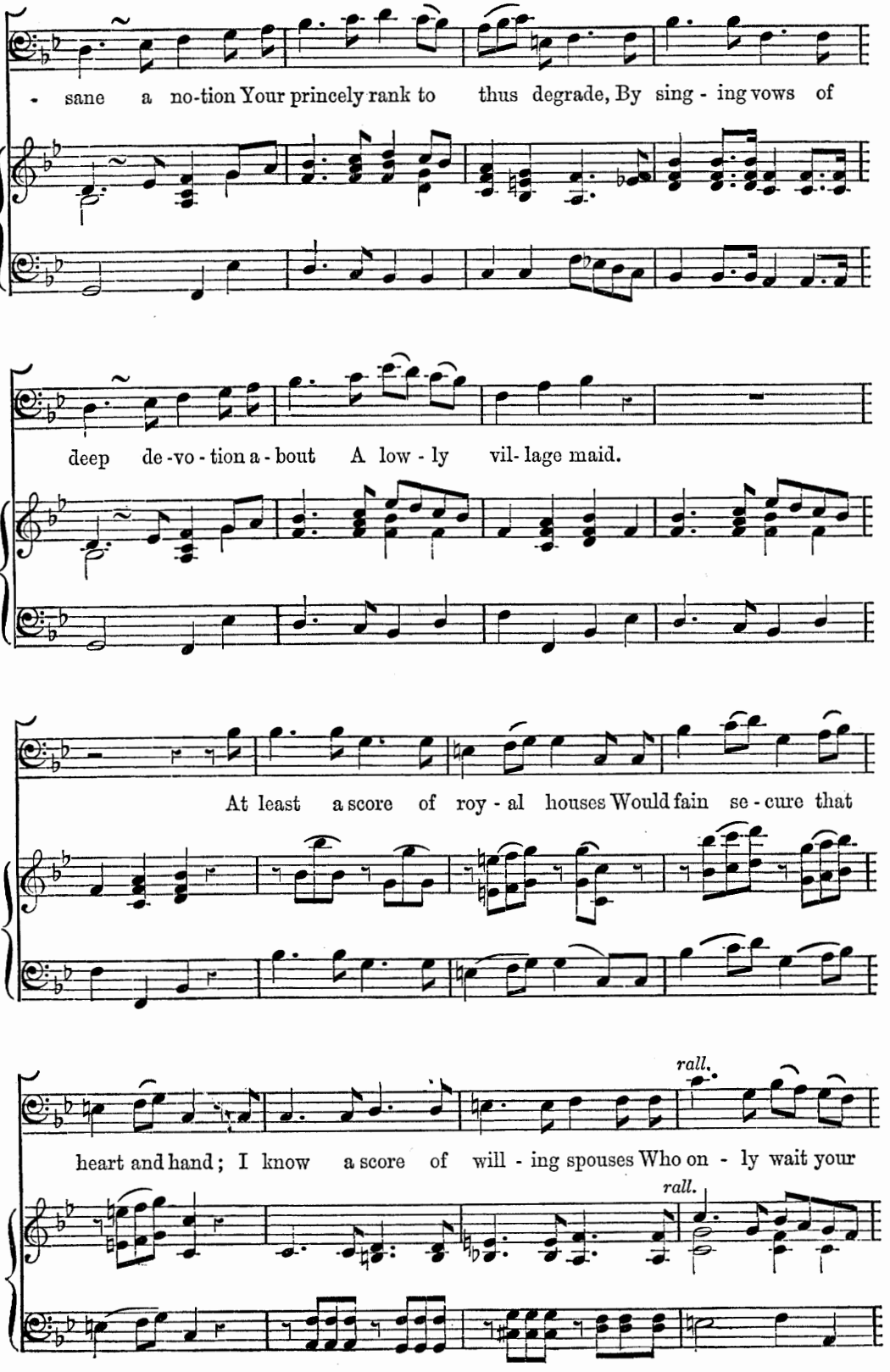

Allegretto.
MALATESTA (*who has entered quietly at the side overhears the last words*).
VOICE.
May it please your Roy - al High-ness, be
Allegretto.
PIANO.
warned in time, I pray. May it please your Roy - al
rall.
a tempo.
High - ness, give heed to what I say, May it
rall.
a tempo.
please your Roy - al High - ness, be warned by what I . . say, . . May it

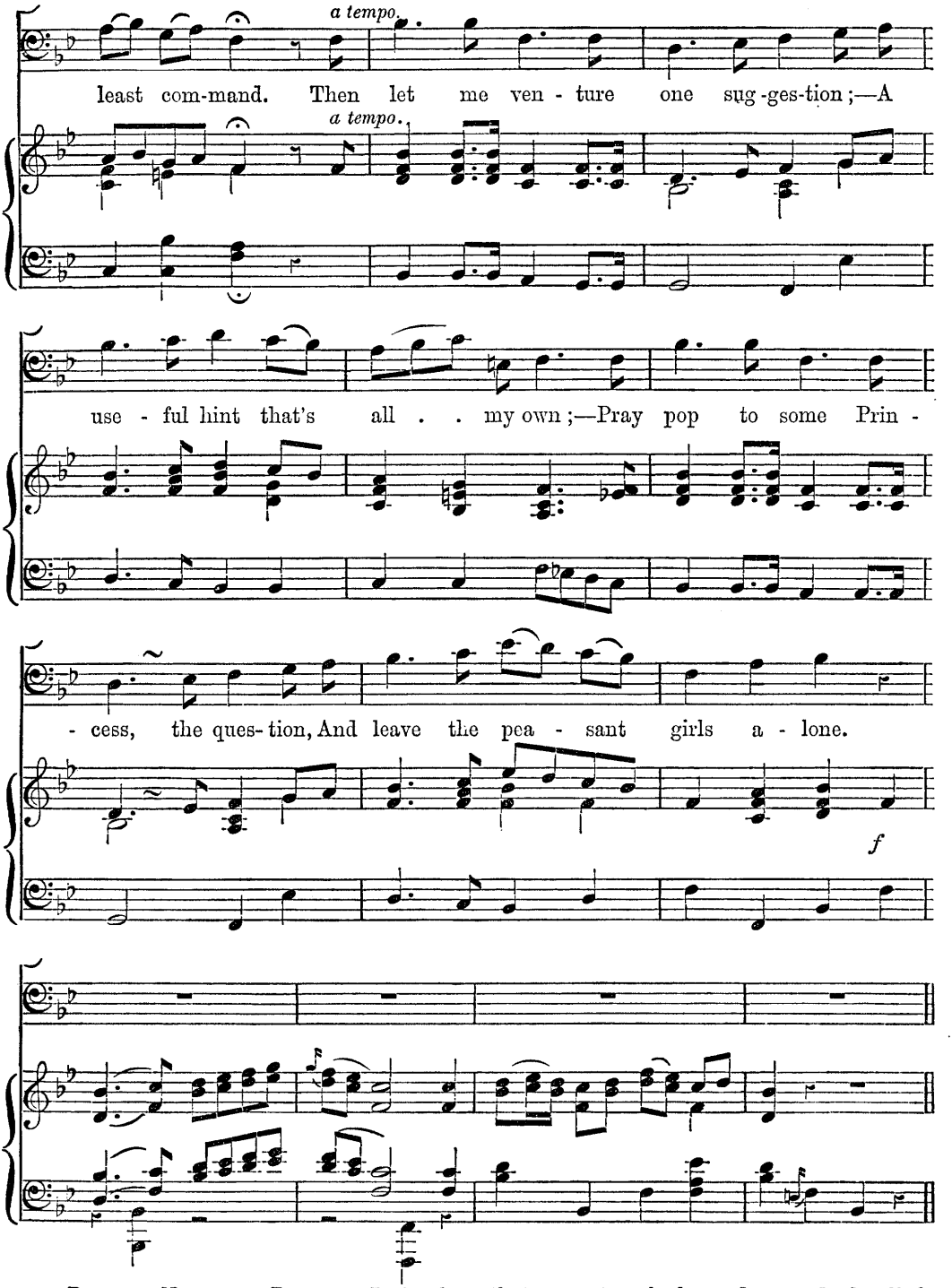

please your Roy - al High - ness, Give heed to what I say, . . give
heed to what I say.
Tutti.
f
I've spent my life, sir, in surveying Man-
- kind from Chi - na to . . Pe-ru; So par - don my po -


- lite - ly say - ing I know the world as well as you!
Per - mit me, then, to
do my du - ty, In warn - ing youth, by what I say, A -
rall.
- gainst the wiles of Love and Beau - ty, Which lure us on - ly
rall.


a tempo.
to be - tray. Flir - ta - tion makes a pret - ty pas - time, And
a tempo.
moths will fly a - round . . a flame; But let the pre - sent
be the last time you play so bold and rash a game.
f
'Tis ra - ther too in -

407965


- sane a no-tion Your princely rank to thus degrade, By sing - ing vows of
deep de-vo - tion a - bout A low - ly vil- lage maid.
At least a score of roy - al houses Would fain se - cure that
rall.
heart and hand; I know a score of will - ing spouses Who on - ly wait your
rall.

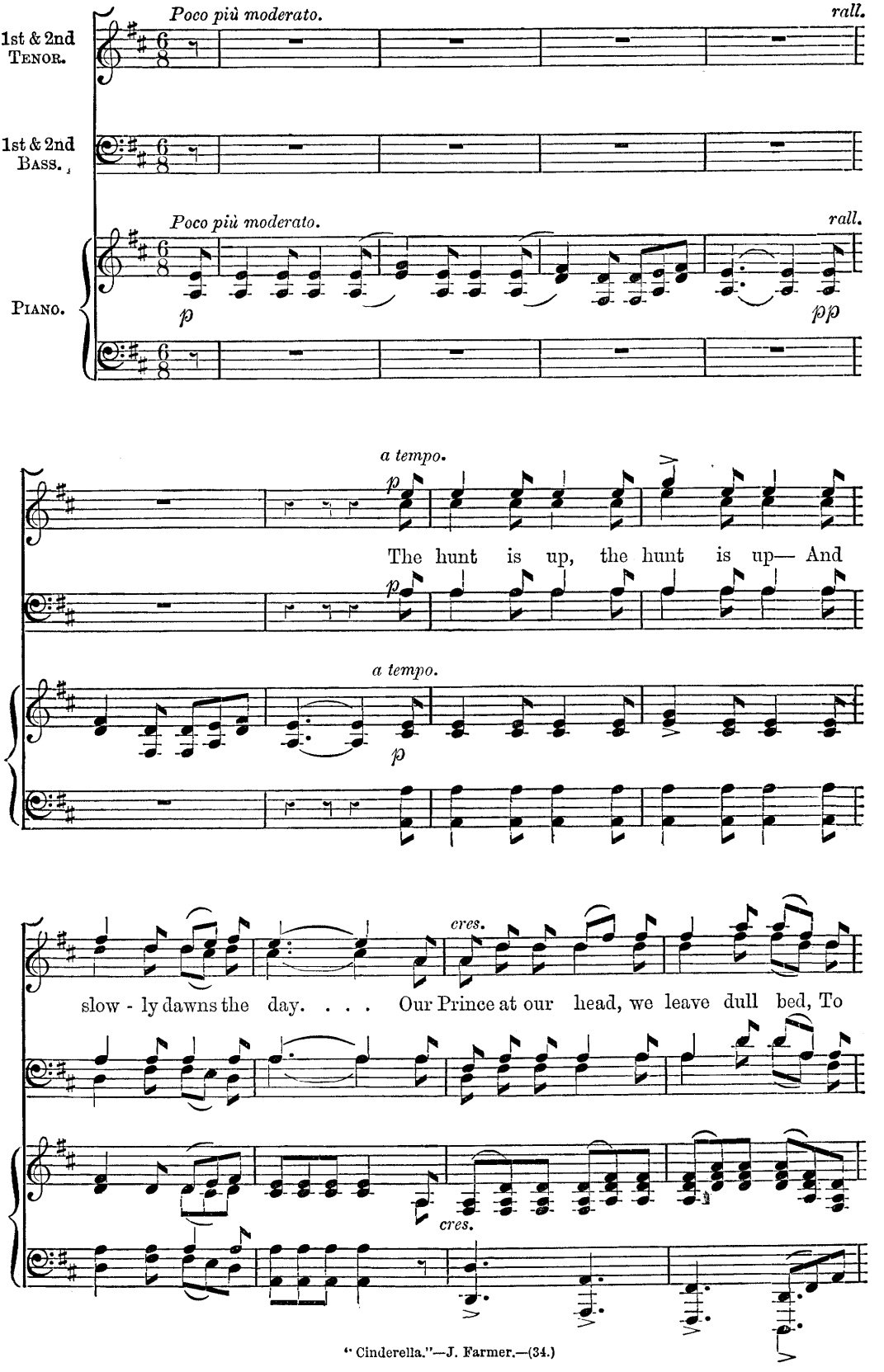


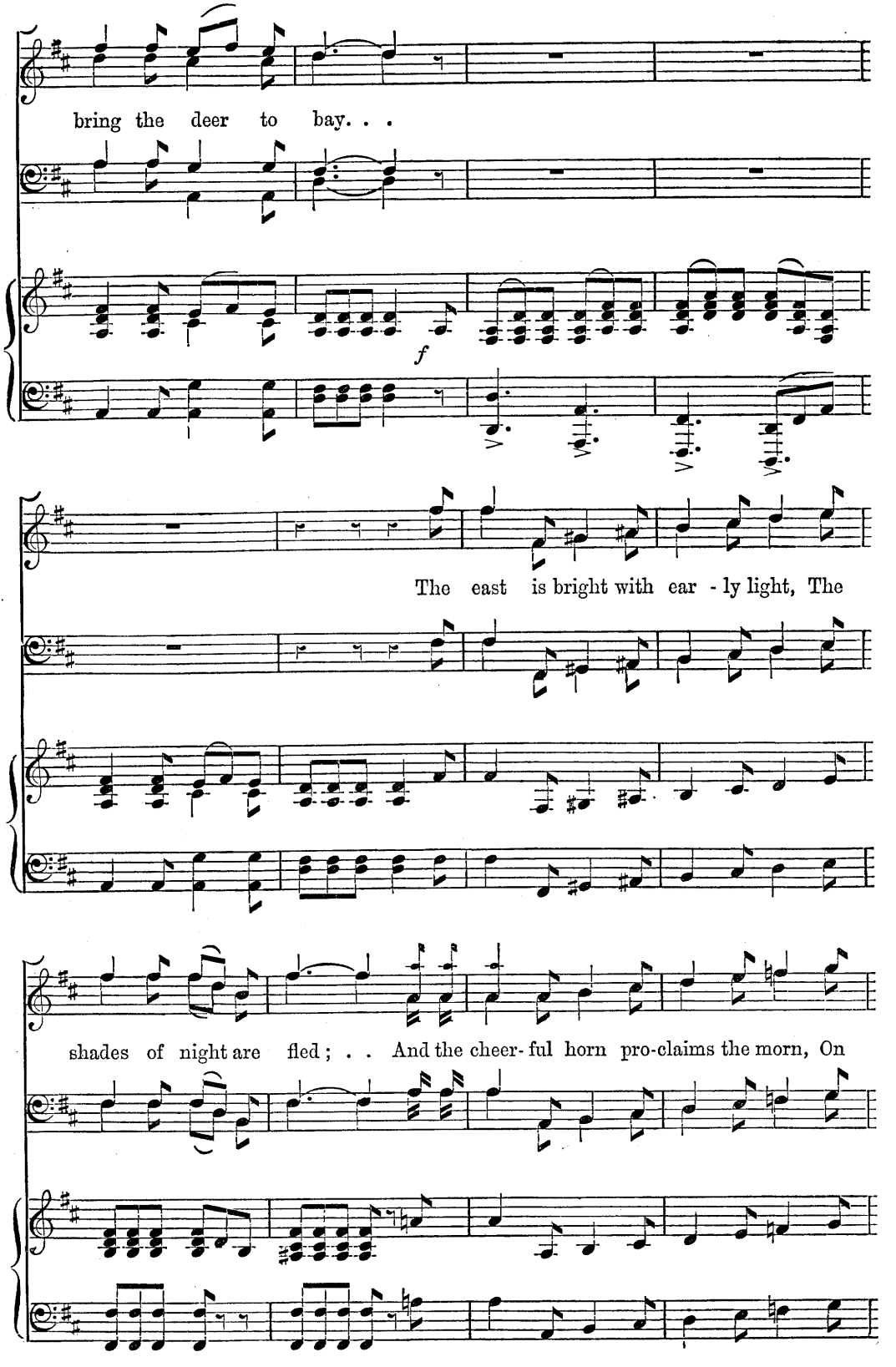
PRINCE.—No more, Doctor. It is clear that your travels have destroyed the little sentiment that Nature gave you at your birth.

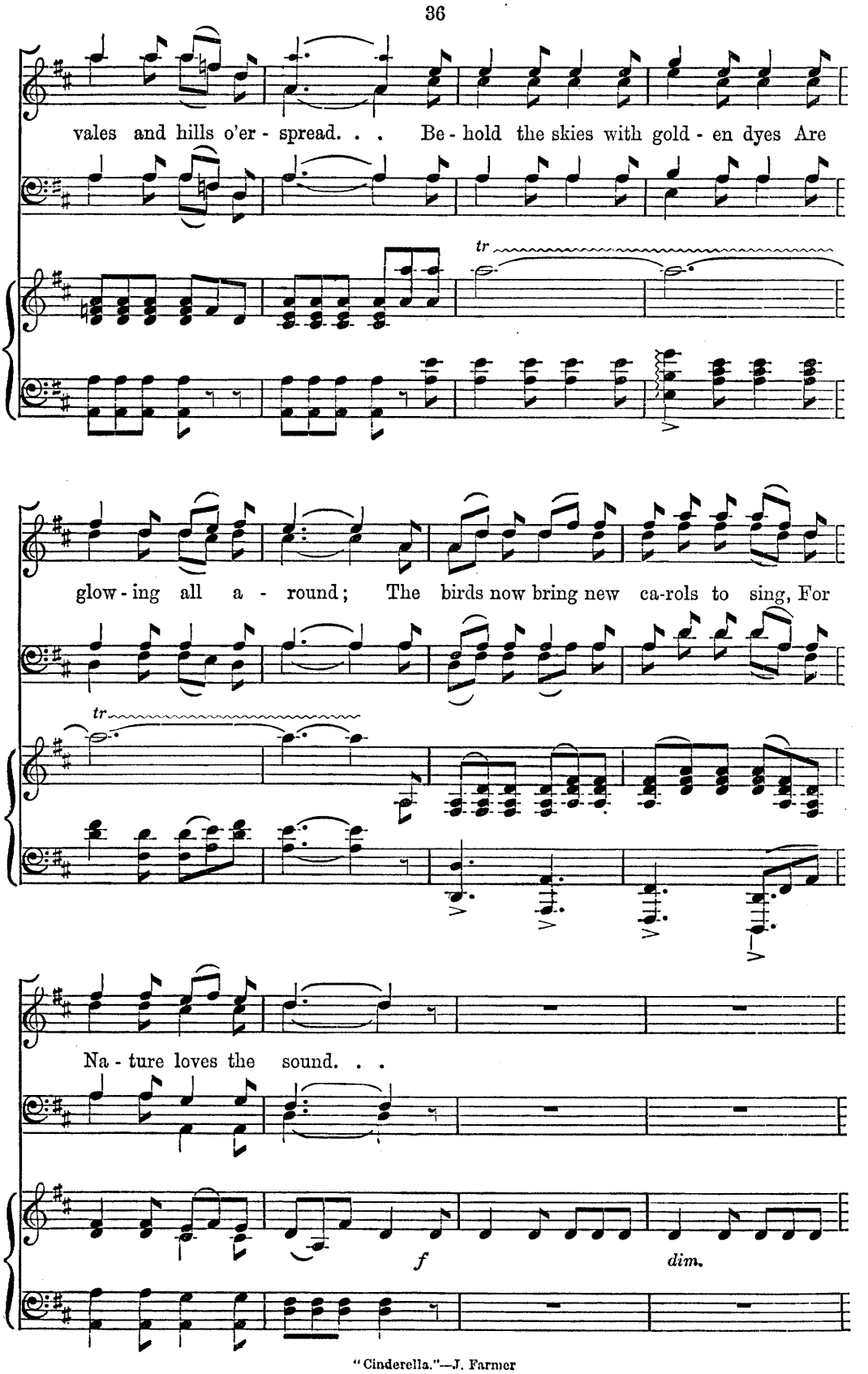
MALATESTA.—But pray believe, your Royal Highness, that I am advising you for your own good and that of your country. Consider the impropriety—the scandal—

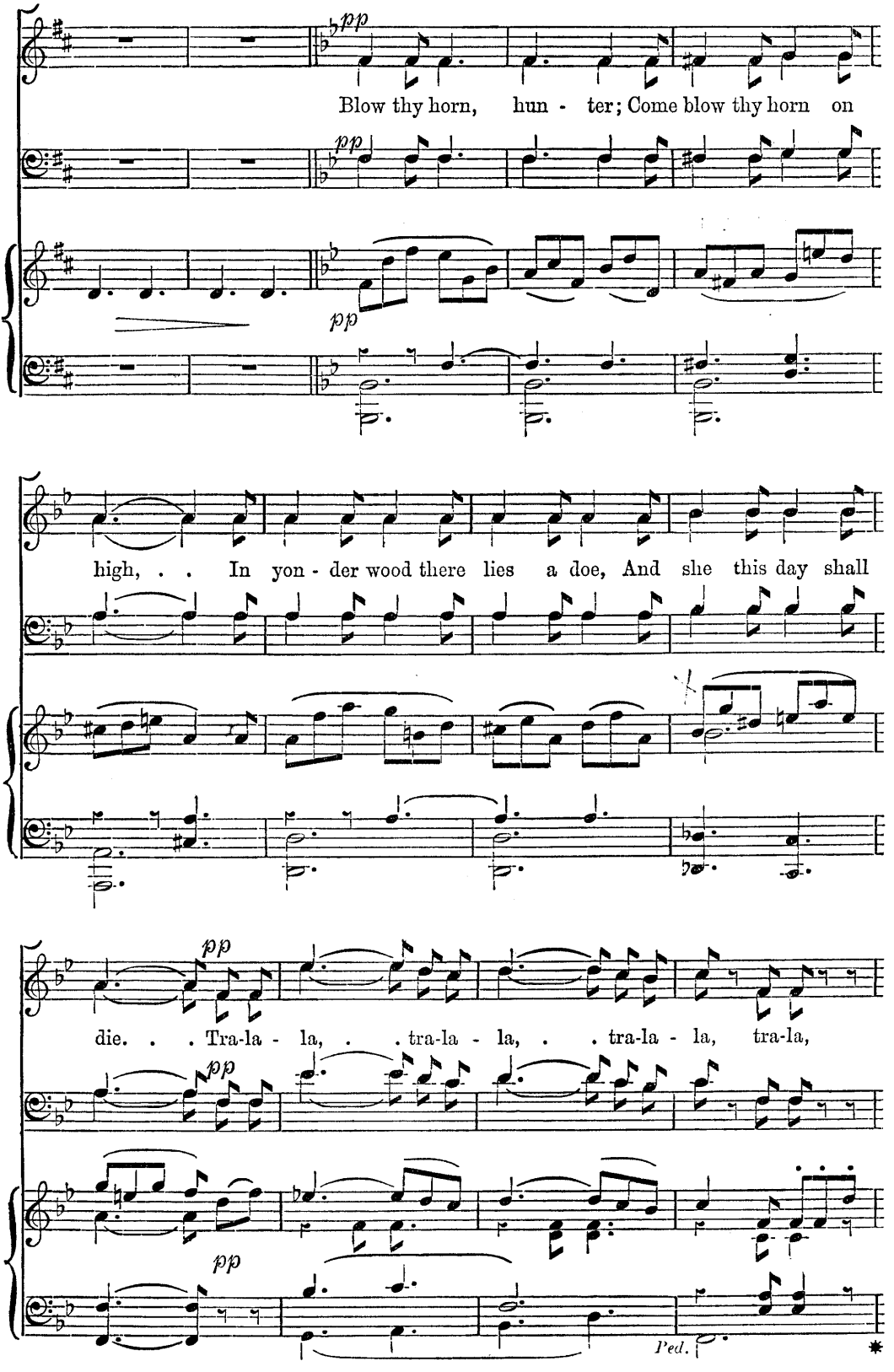
PRINCE.—I shall consider my own wishes and nothing but those. Your advice may be well meant, but it is utterly thrown away.

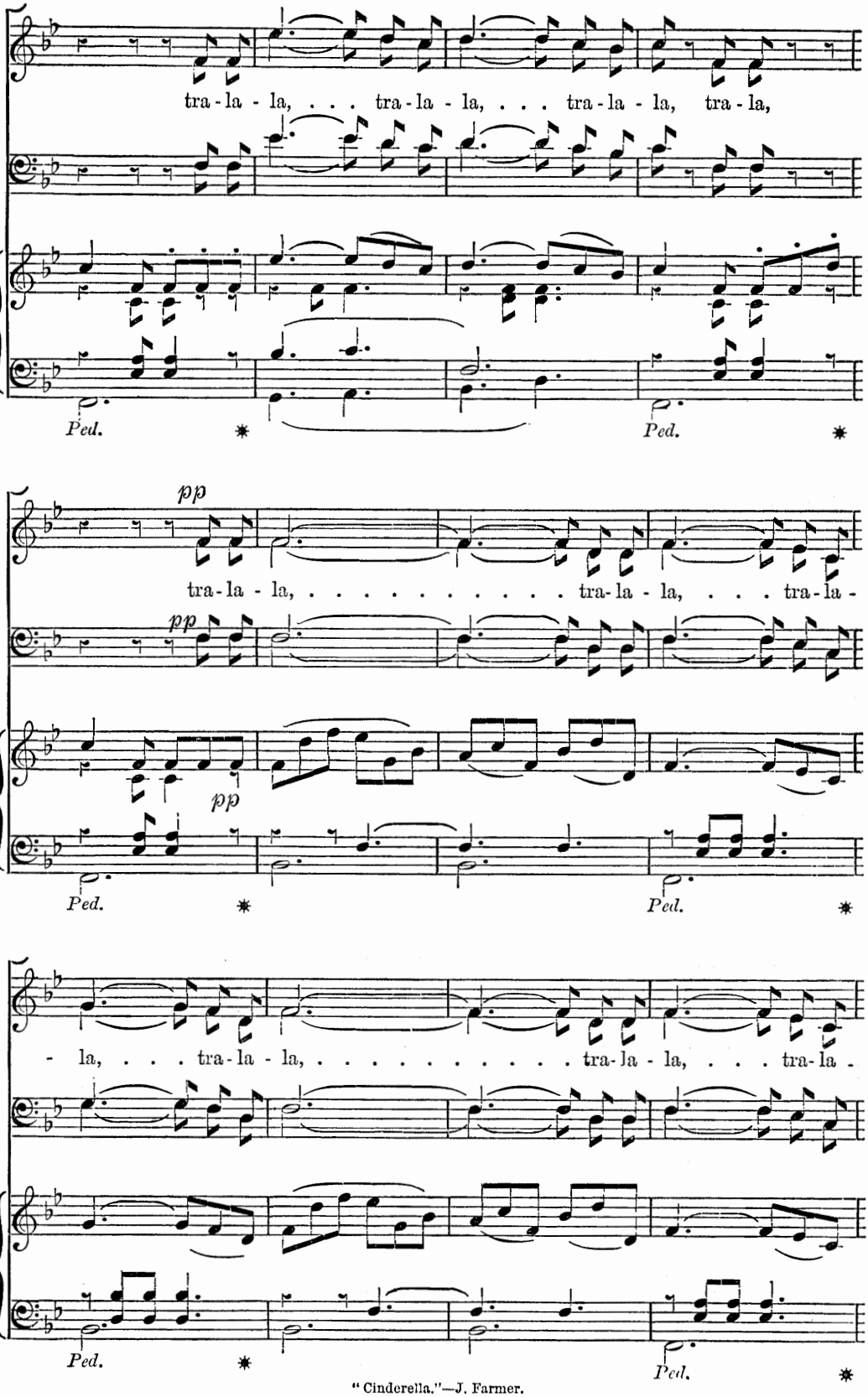
Enter HUNTSMEN.

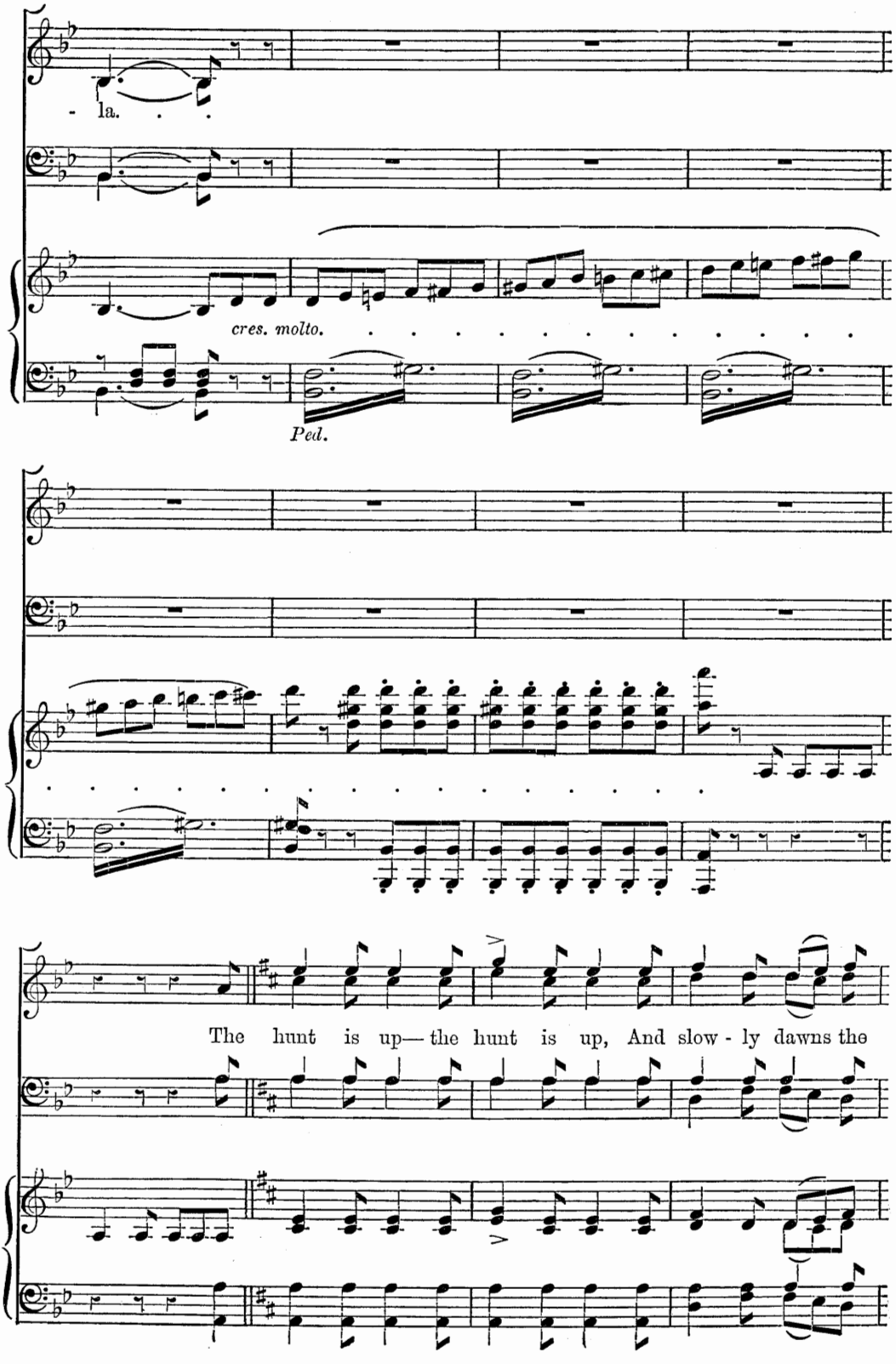

Poco più moderato.
rall.
1st & 2nd Tenor.
1st & 2nd Bass.
Piano.
p
pp
a tempo.
The hunt is up, the hunt is up— And
slow - ly dawns the day. . . . Our Prince at our head, we leave dull bed, To
cres.

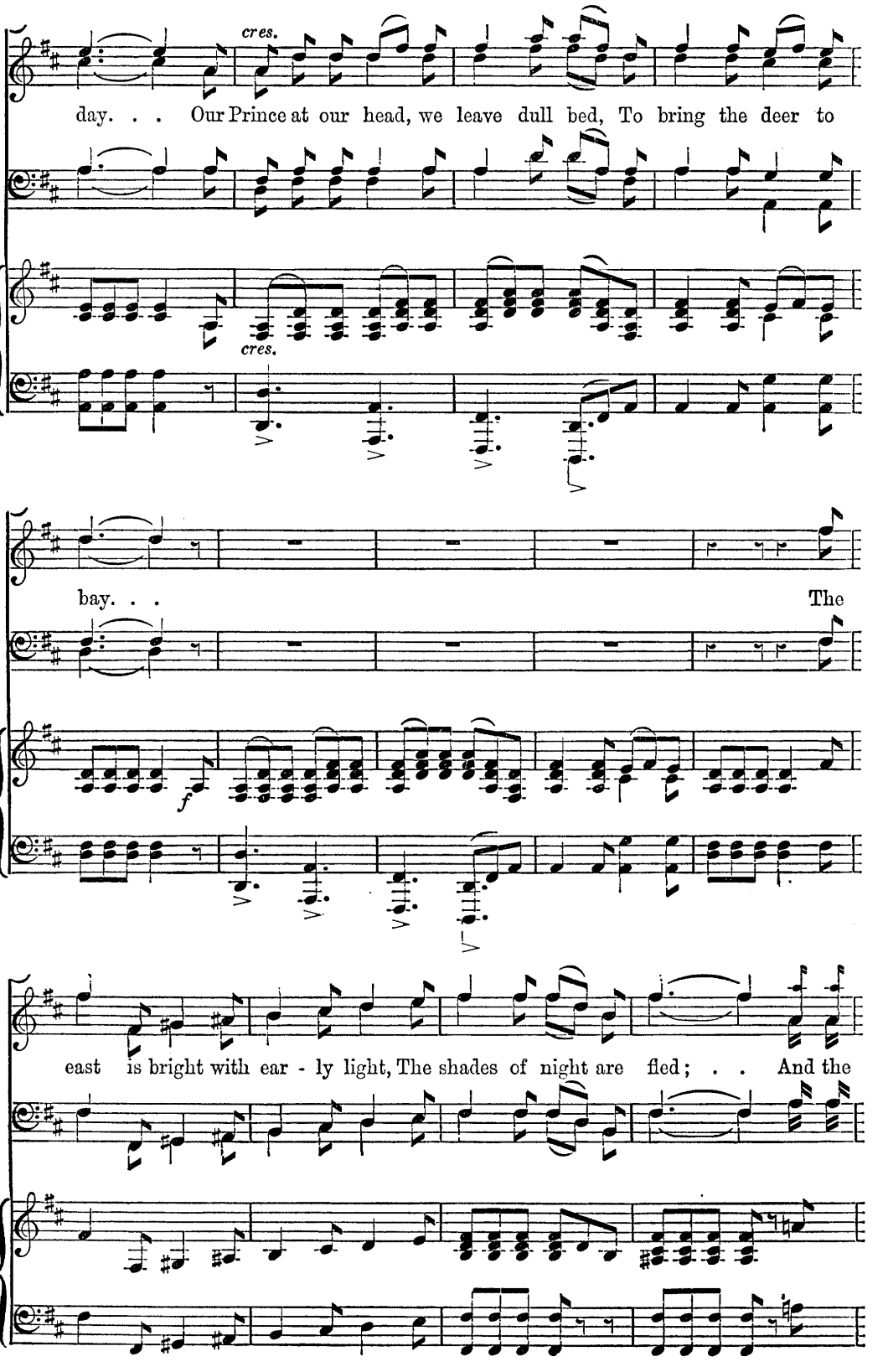

bring the deer to bay. . .
f
The east is bright with ear - ly light, The
shades of night are fled; . . And the cheer- ful horn pro-claims the morn, On

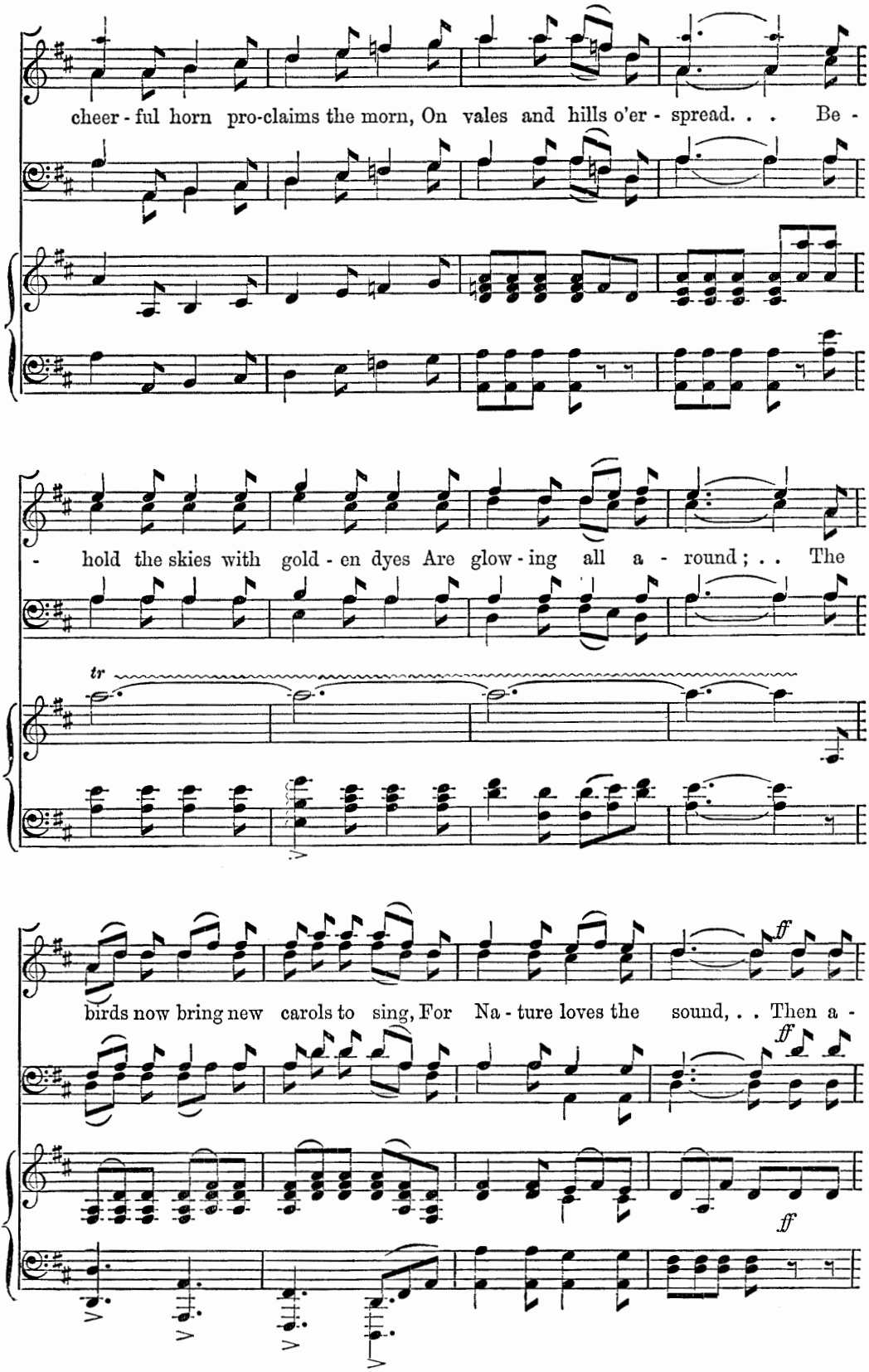

vales and hills o'er - spread. . . Be - hold the skies with gold - en dyes Are
tr
glow - ing all a - round; The birds now bring new ca-rols to sing, For
tr
Na - ture loves the sound. . .
f
dim.

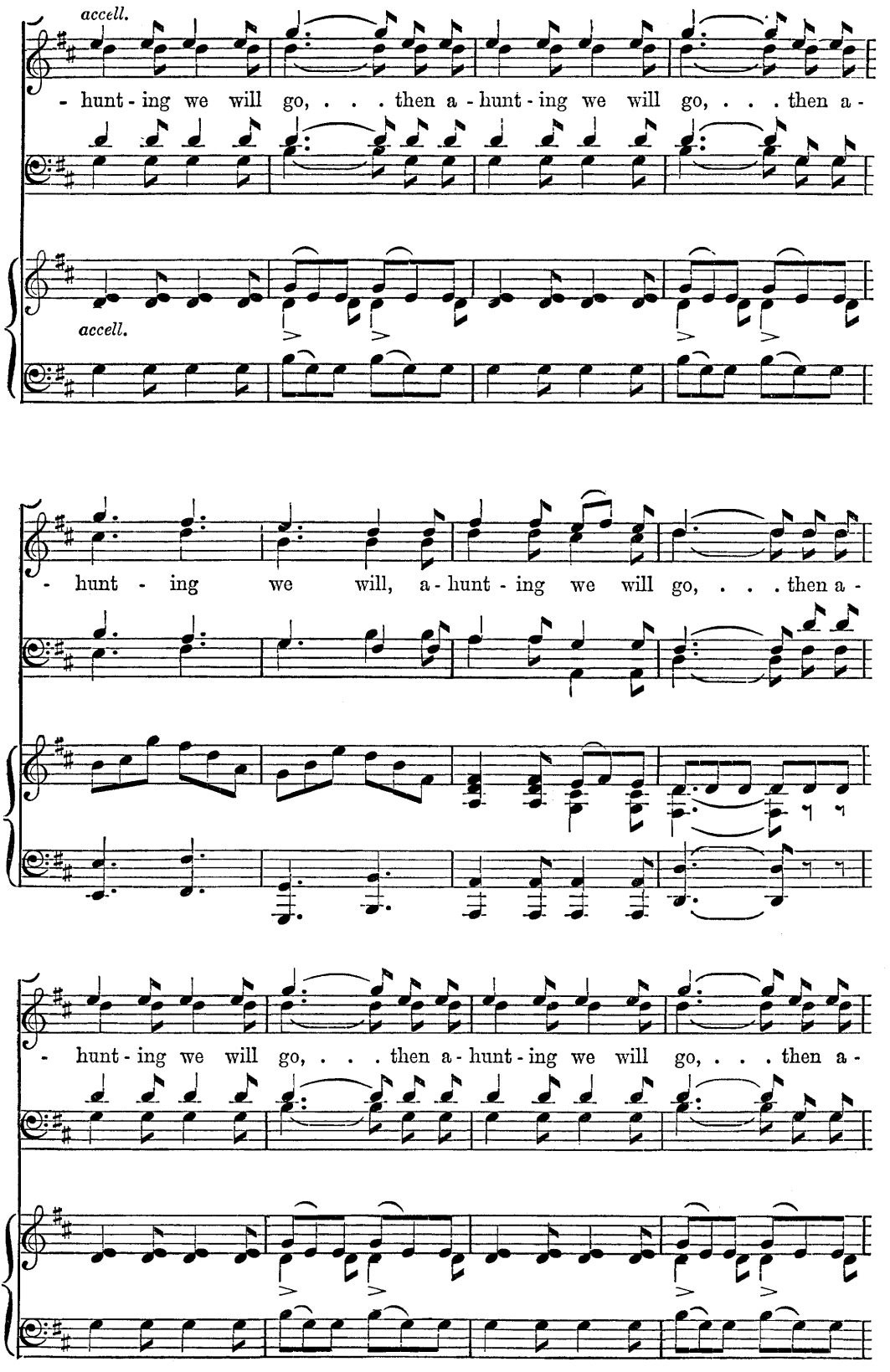

pp
Blow thy horn, hun - ter; Come blow thy horn on
high, . . In yon - der wood there lies a doe, And she this day shall
pp
die. . . Tra-la - la, . . tra-la - la, . . tra-la - la, tra-la,
pp
pp
Ped.

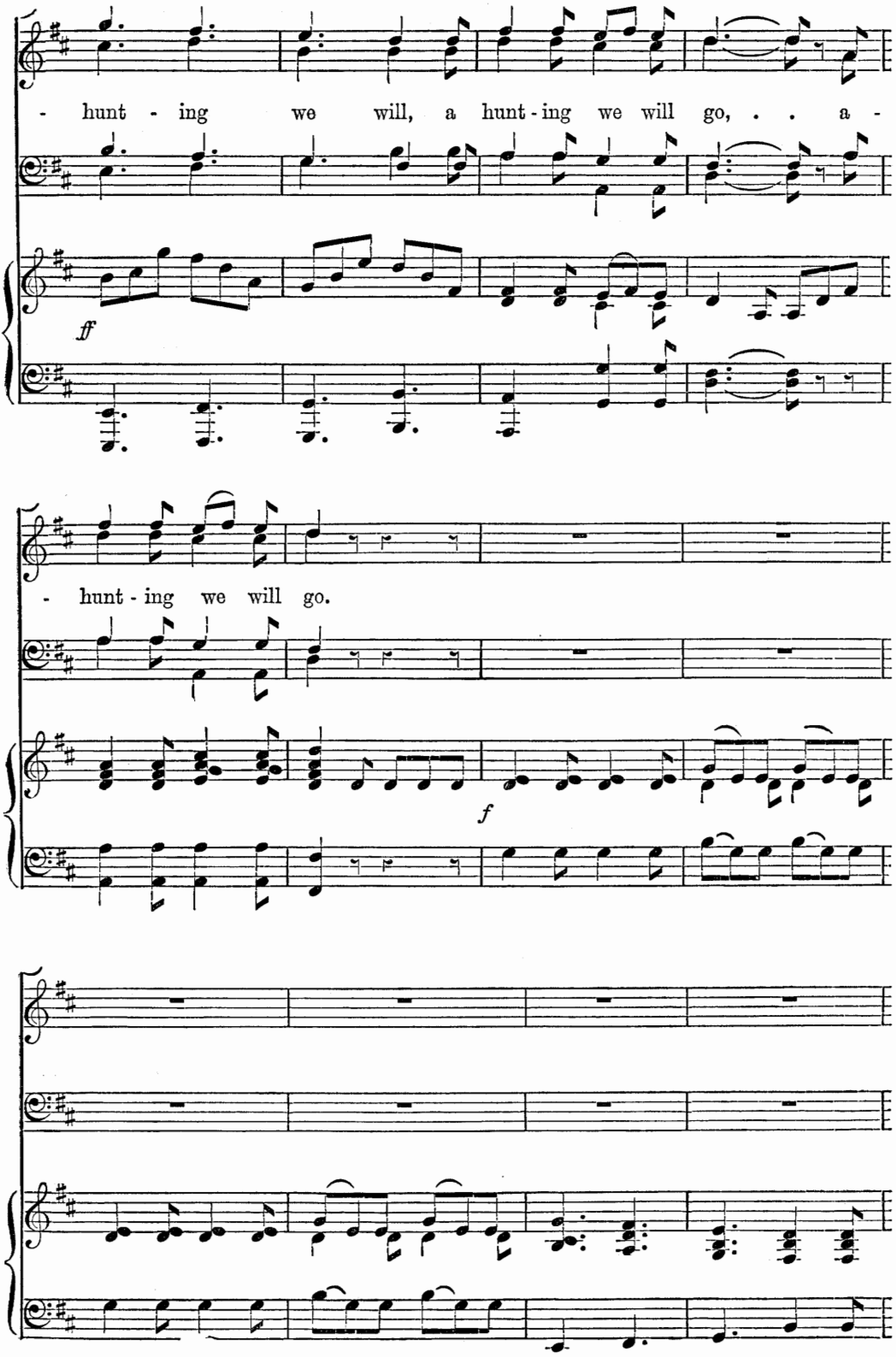

tra - la - la, . . . tra - la - la, . . . tra - la - la, tra - la,
Ped.
Ped.
pp
tra - la - la, ... tra - la - la, . . . tra - la -
pp
pp
Ped.
Ped.
- la, . . . tra - la - la, ... tra - la - la, . . . tra - la .
Ped.
Ped.

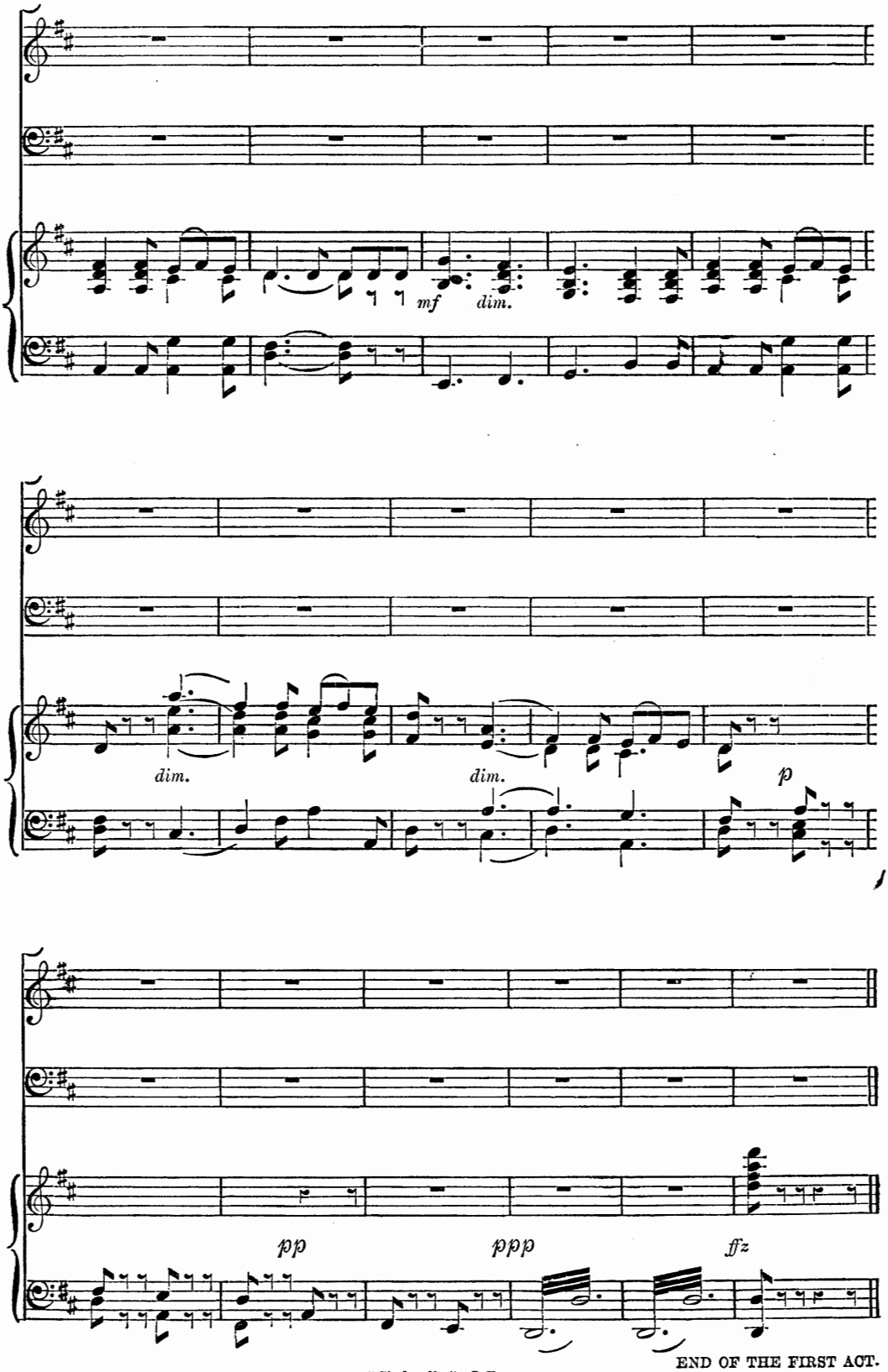

la.
cres. molto.
Ped.
The hunt is up— the hunt is up, And slow - ly dawns the


cres.
day. . . Our Prince at our head, we leave dull bed, To bring the deer to
cres.
bay. . . The
f
east is bright with ear - ly light, The shades of night are fled; . . And the


cheer - ful horn pro-claims the morn, On vales and hills o'er - spread. . . Be -
- hold the skies with gold - en dyes Are glow - ing all a - round; . . The
tr
birds now bring new carols to sing, For Na - ture loves the sound, . . Then a -
ff
ff
ff


accell.
- hunt - ing we will go, . . . then a - hunt - ing we will go, . . . then a -
accell.
- hunt - ing we will, a - hunt - ing we will go, . . . then a -
- hunt - ing we will go, . . . then a - hunt - ing we will go, . . . then a -

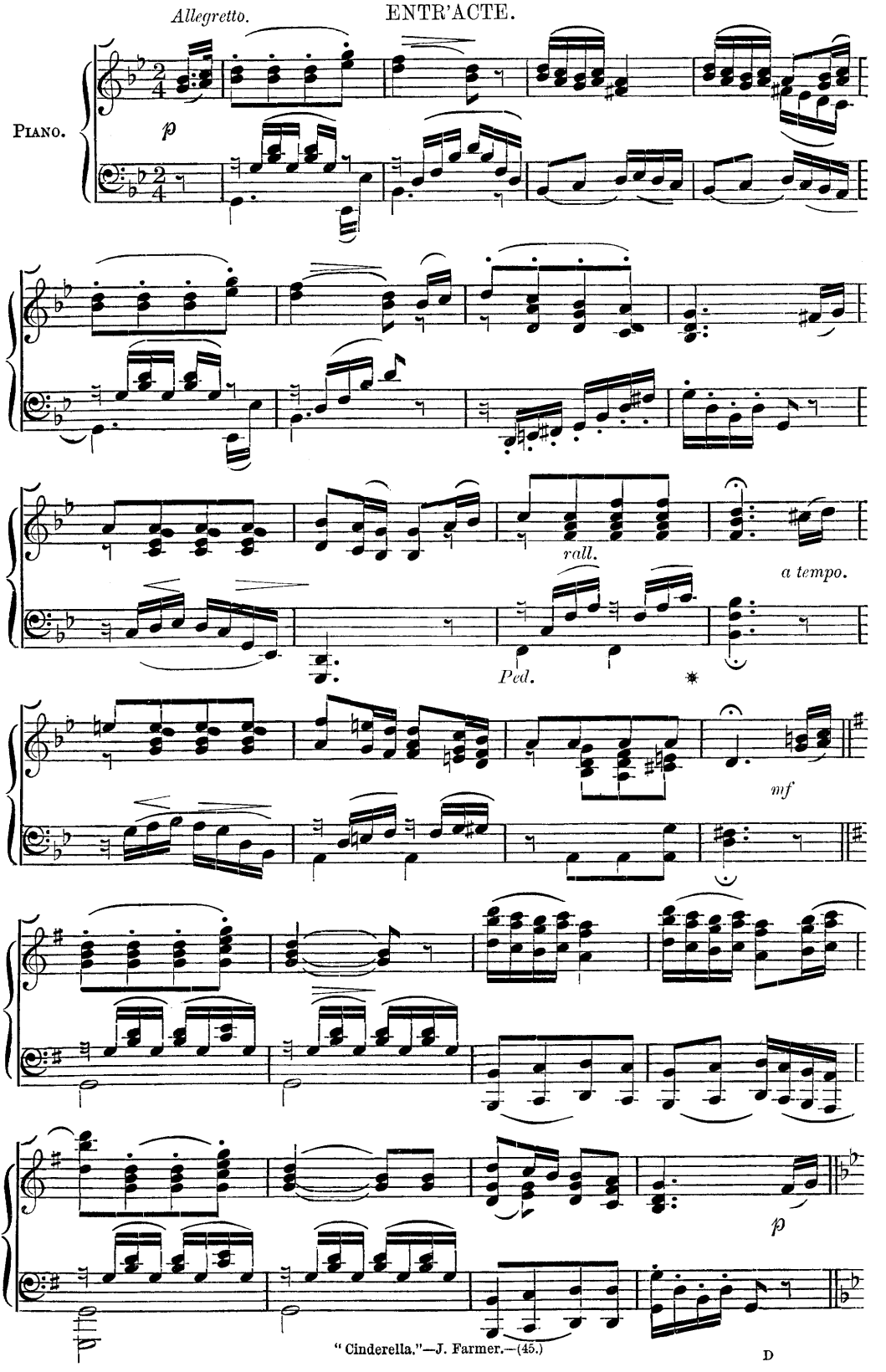

- hunt - ing we will, a hunt - ing we will go, . . a -
ff
- hunt - ing we will go.
f

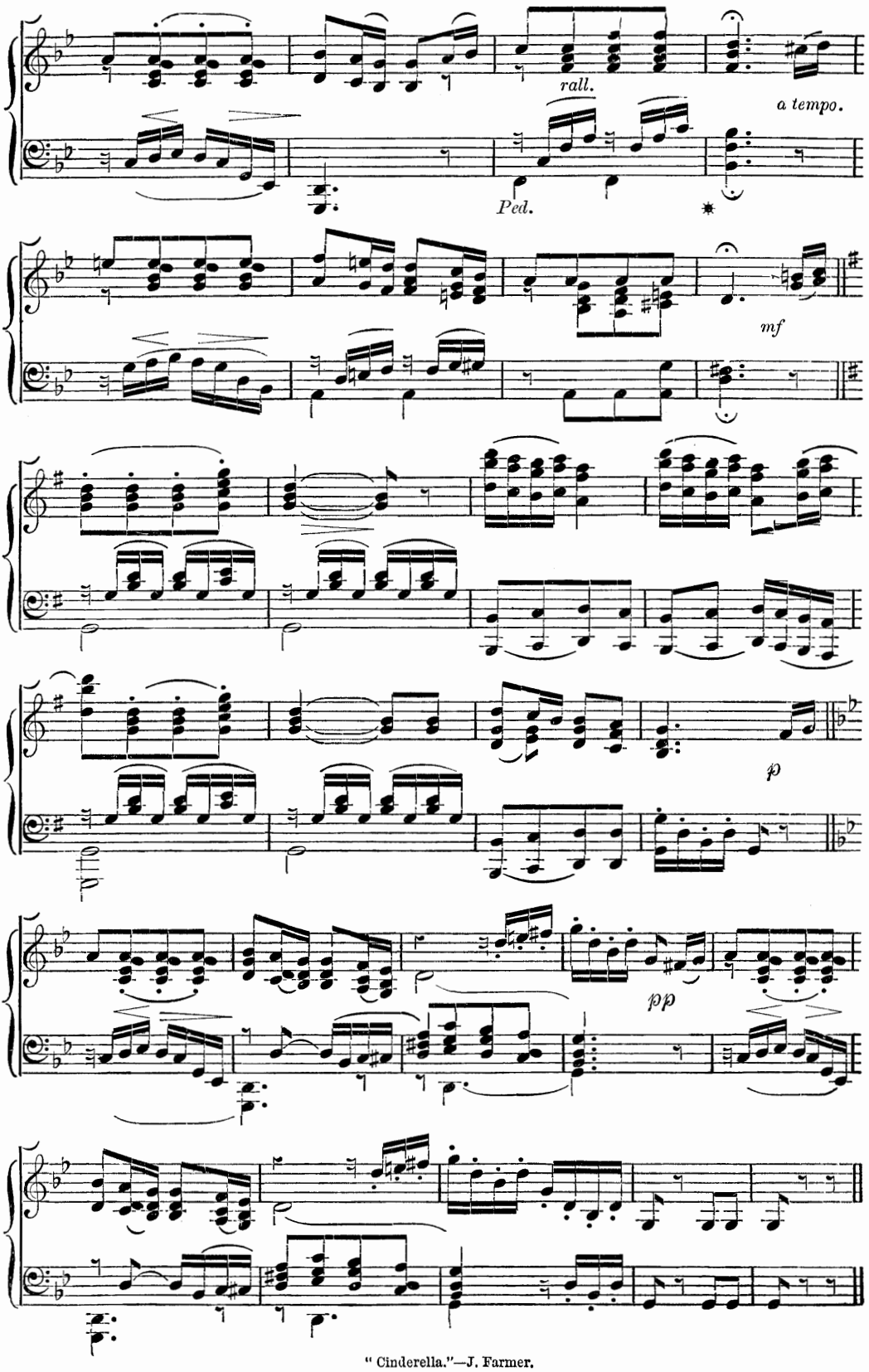


END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

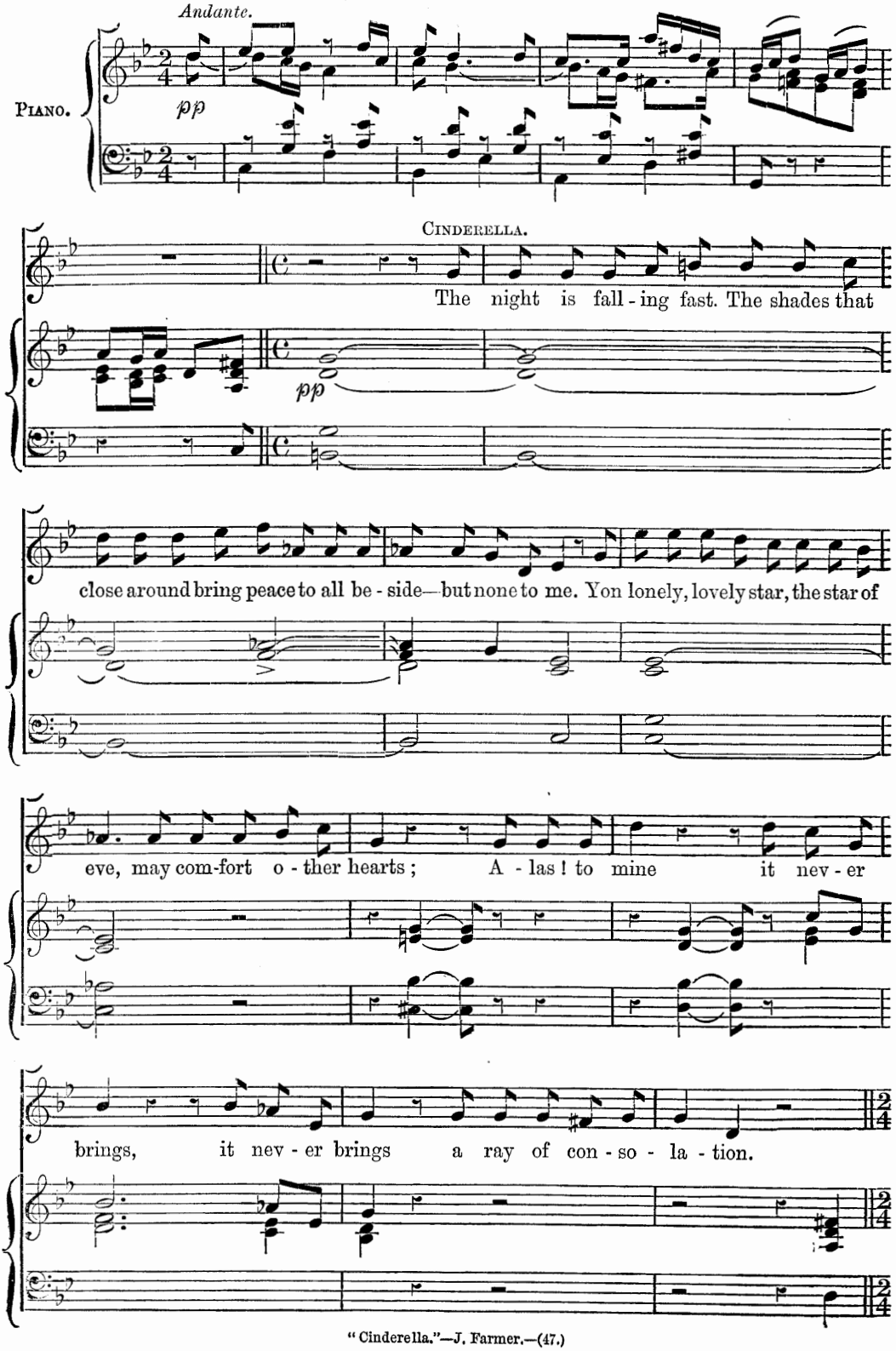
ENTR'ACTE.

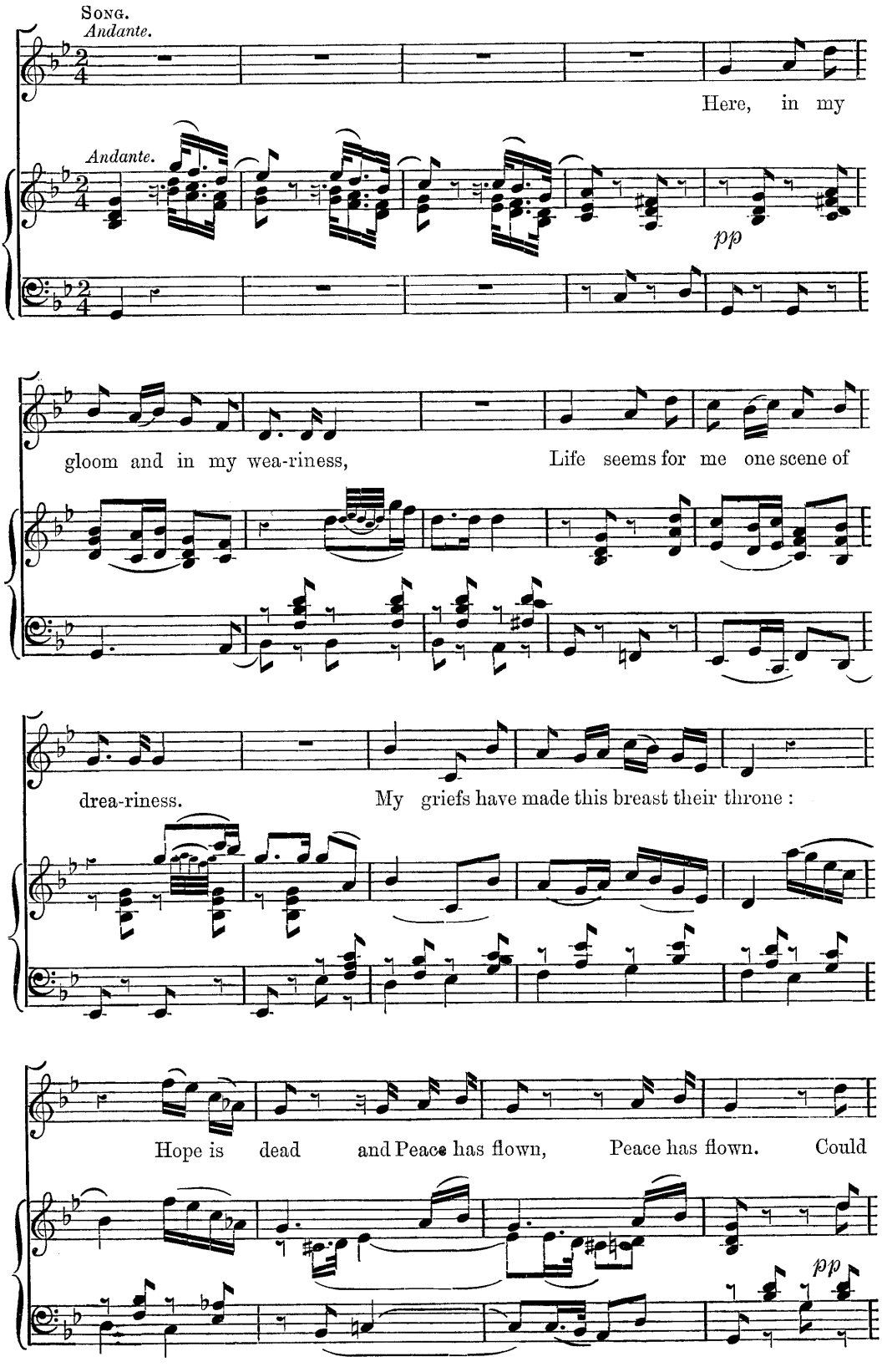


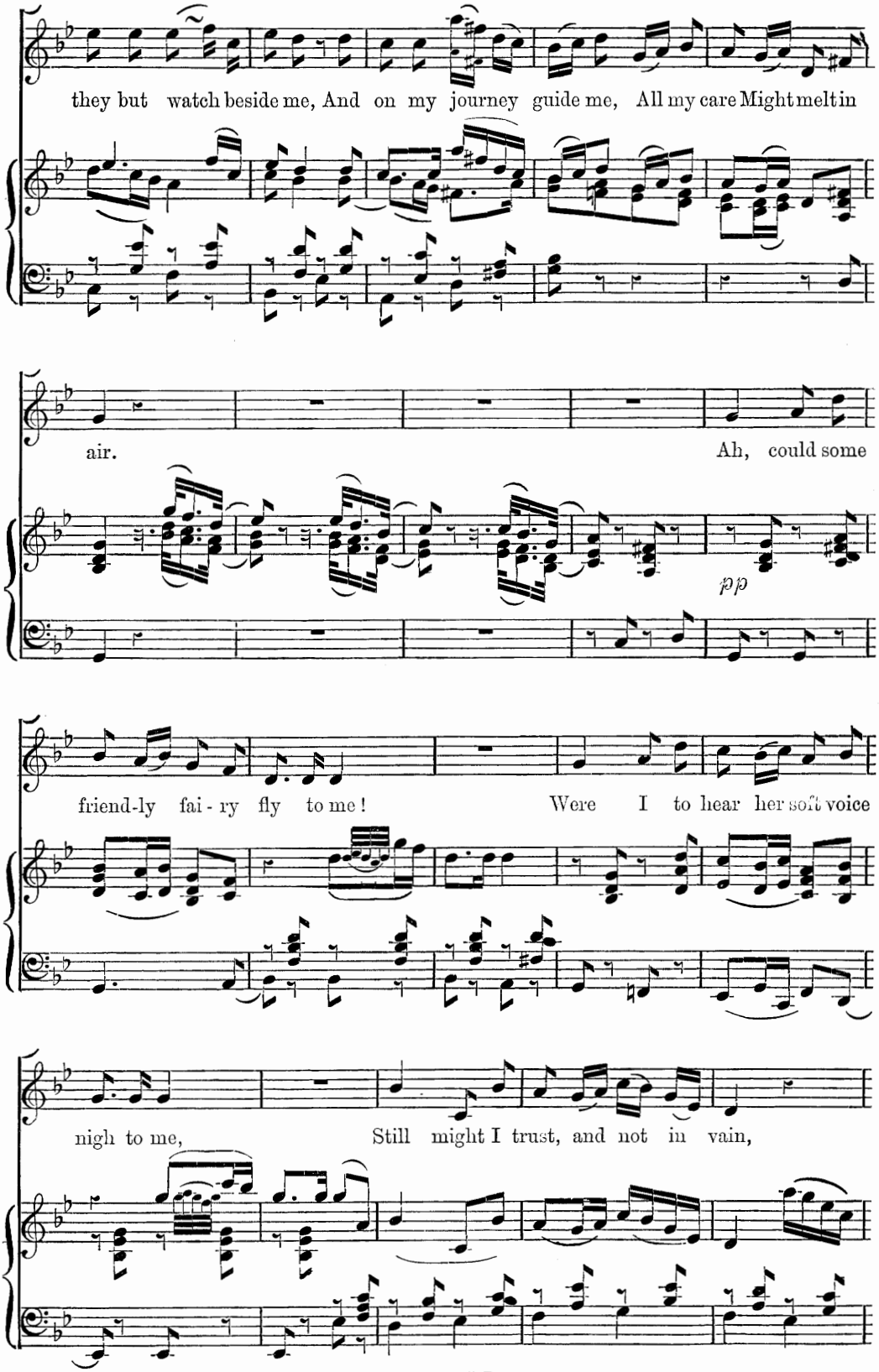

rall.
a tempo.
Ped.
mf
p
pp

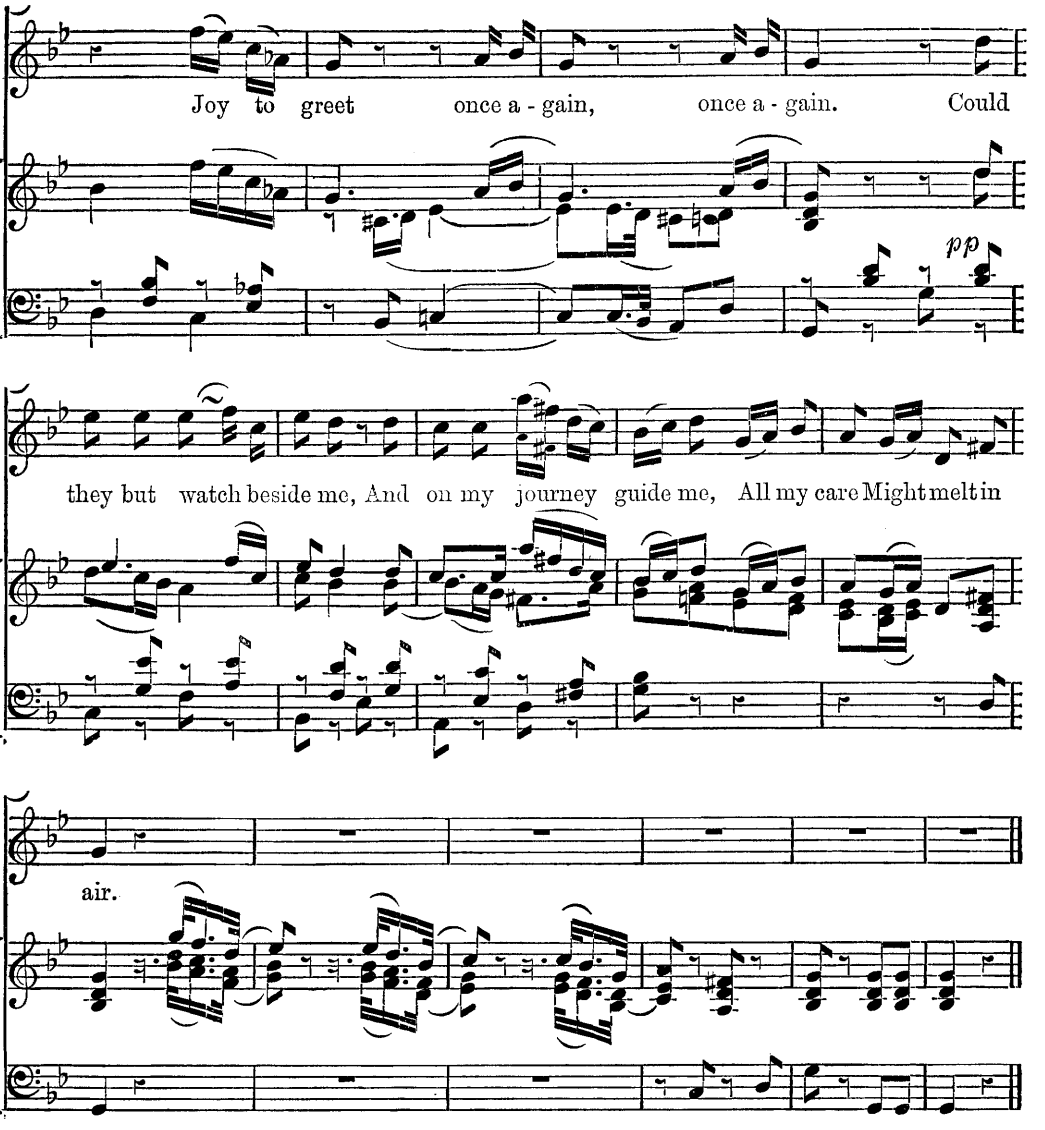
SCENE.—*The Kitchen in the Baron's Manor. Evening. Cinderella discovered, sitting gloomily by the fire. Dim lamplight. She comes forward slowly.*

No. 7. RECIT. AND SONG.—"THE NIGHT IS FALLING FAST."




Song.
Andante.
Here, in my
Andante.
pp
gloom and in my wea-riness, Life seems for me one scene of
drea-riness. My griefs have made this breast their throne :
Hope is dead and Peace has flown, Peace has flown. Could
pp


they but watch beside me, And on my journey guide me, All my care Might melt in
air.
Ah, could some
pp
friend-ly fai - ry fly to me!
Were I to hear her soft voice
nigh to me,
Still might I trust, and not in vain,



CINDERELLA.—Will there never be any escape from this cruel tyranny? Must I, until I die, rest contented with my solitary lot? How drearily the hours of evening pass! All will be mirth and gaiety at yonder palace to-night. My sisters, radiant in their gems and gewgaws, will shine among the honoured guests; while I—the poor neglected Cinderella—linger here, despised and slighted, only to dream of joys that never can be mine. But hark! I hear them coming. Let me greet them cheerfully. My face must not betray my feelings.

Enter PRISCILLA *and* TABITHA, *in ball-dress.*

PRISCILLA (*to* TABITHA, *pointing at* CINDERELLA).—Sulking as usual, I declare. What an ungrateful creature, is it not, my dear Tabitha?

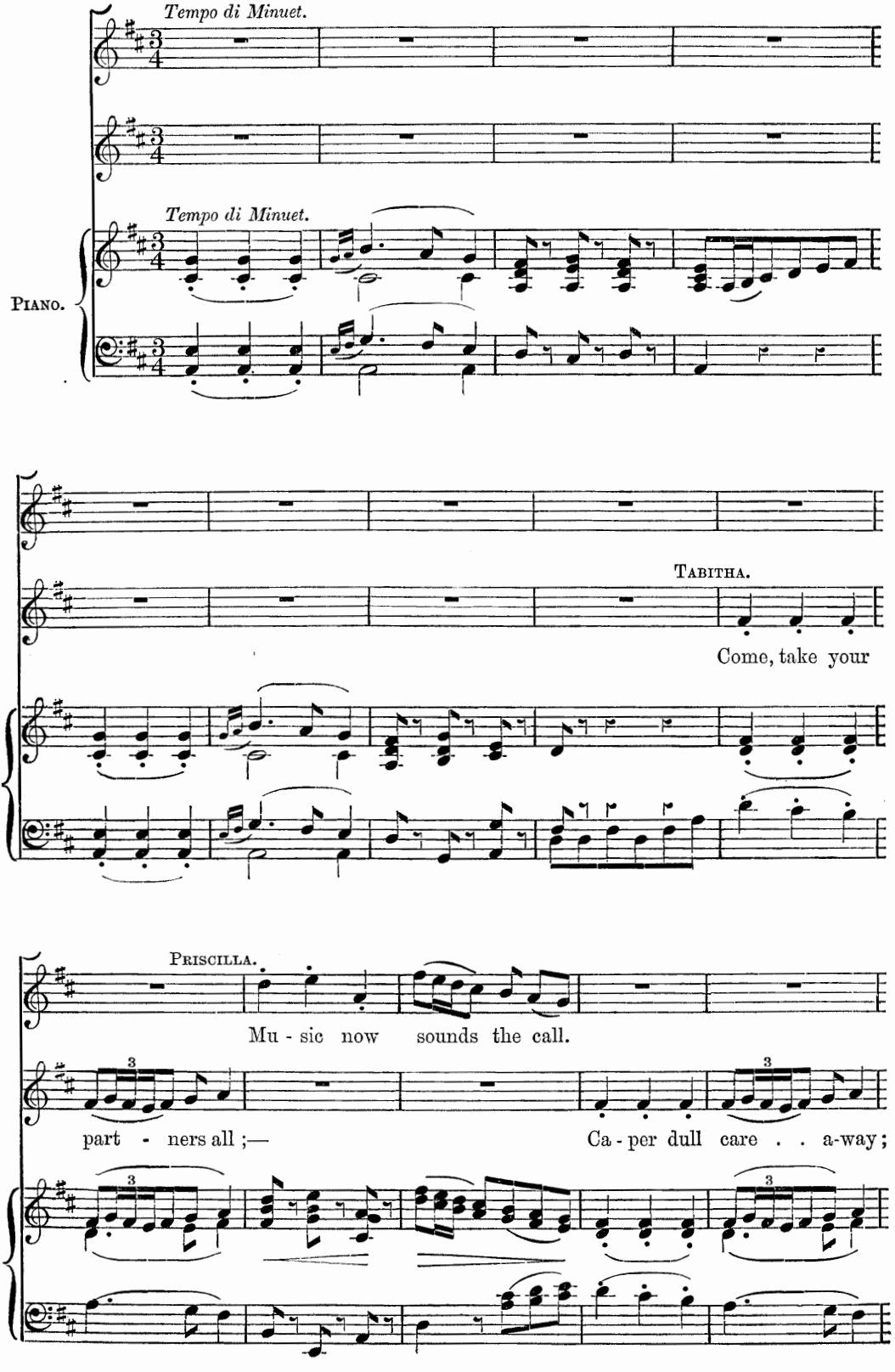
TABITHA.—Perfectly incorrigible, my darling Priscilla.

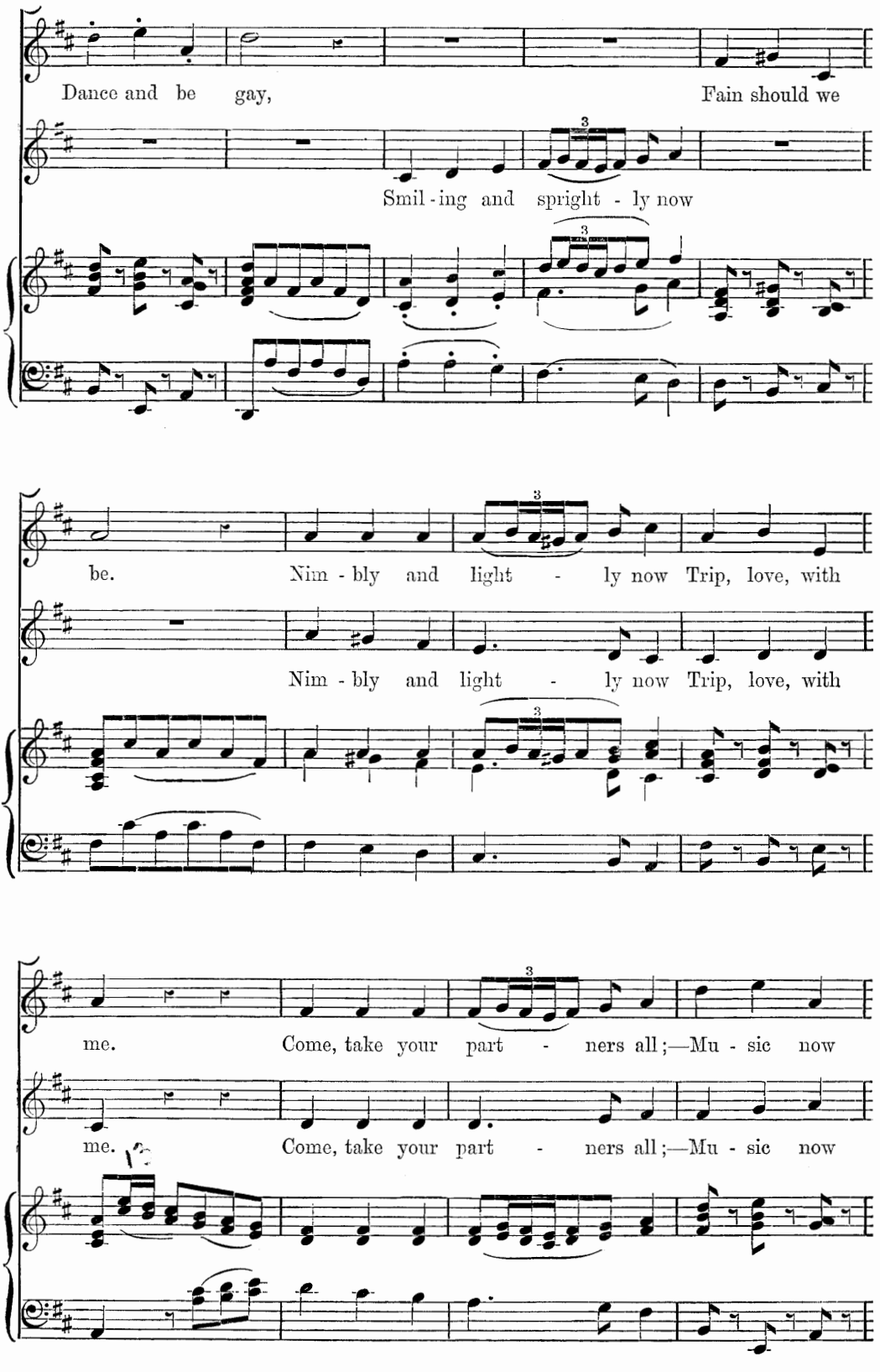
PRISCILLA.—But the airs and graces of her ladyship shall not make us very miserable at the Prince's ball, Tabitha?

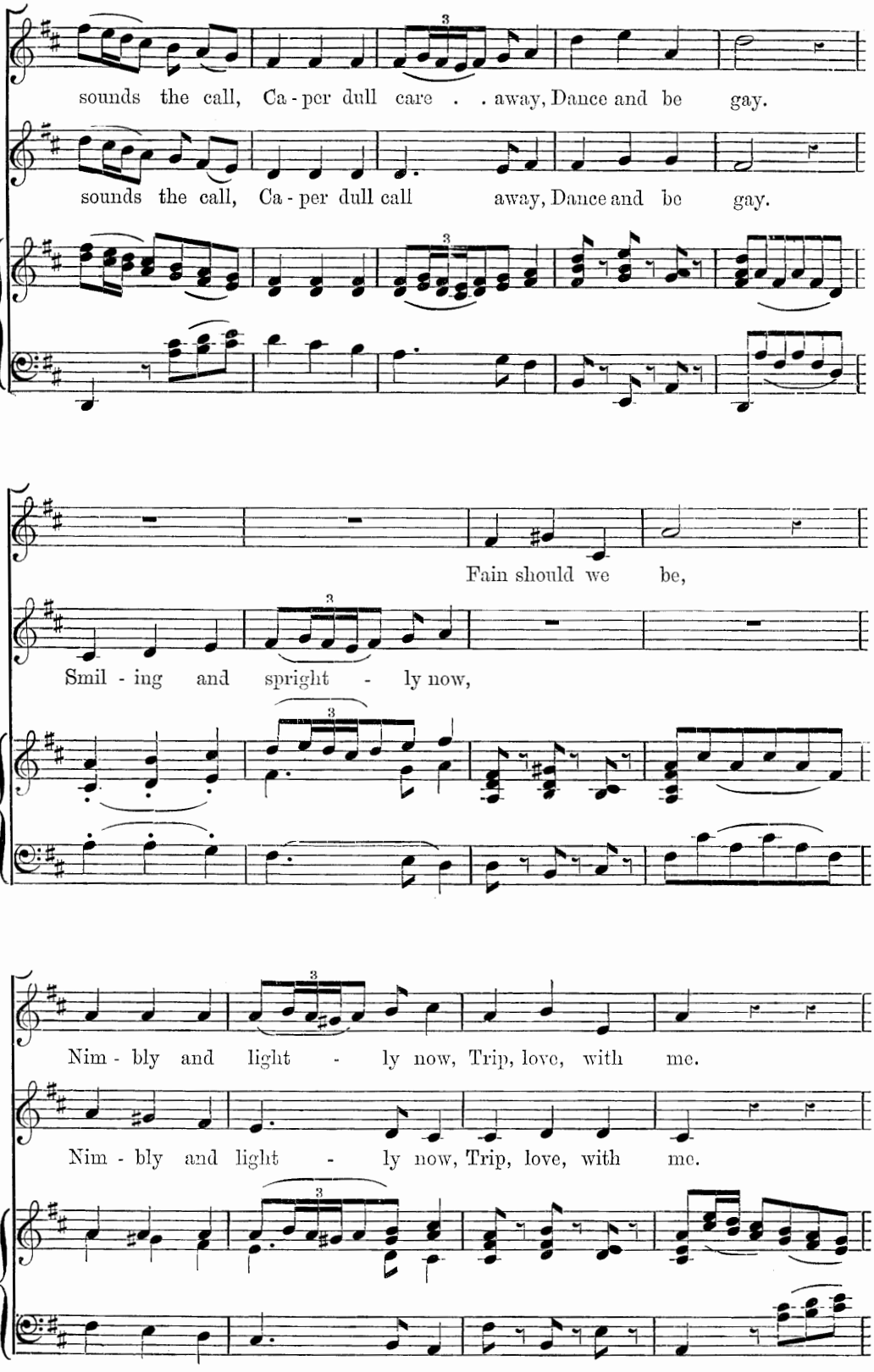
TABITHA.—They will hardly cast a damp upon our favourite minuet, Priscilla.

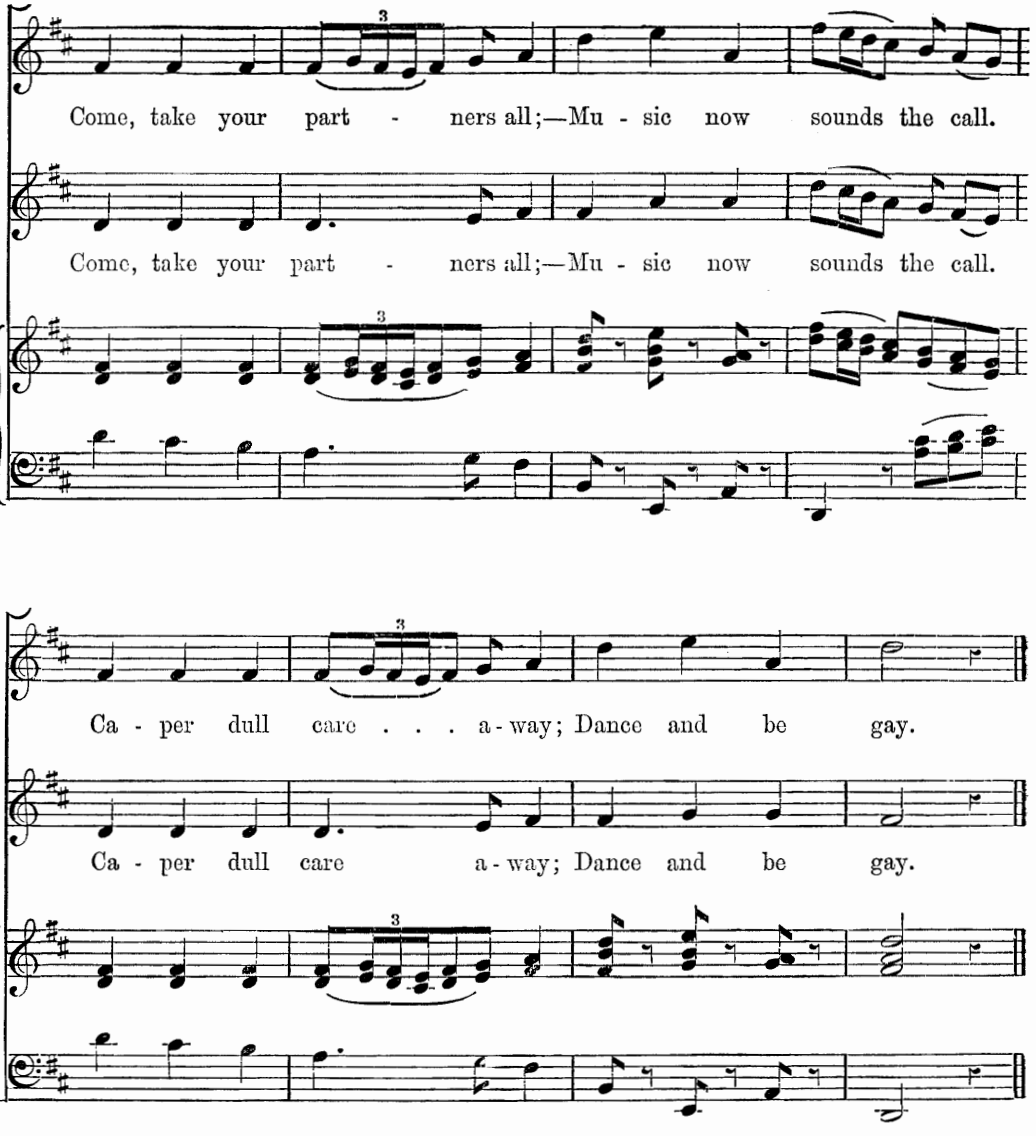
PRISCILLA.—Let us rehearse it once more, darling.

TABITHA.—Yes, love; we cannot be too perfect on such an occasion as this.


Tempo di Minuet.
Tempo di Minuet.
PIANO.
TABITHA.
Come, take your
PRISCILLA.
Mu - sic now sounds the call.
part - ners all ;—
Ca - per dull care . . a-way;


Dance and be gay, Fain should we
Smil - ing and spright - ly now
be. Nim - bly and light - ly now Trip, love, with
Nim - bly and light - ly now Trip, love, with
me. Come, take your part - ners all;—Mu - sic now
me. Come, take your part - ners all;—Mu - sic now


sounds the call, Ca - per dull care . . away, Dance and be gay.
sounds the call, Ca - per dull call away, Dance and be gay.
Fain should we be,
Smil - ing and spright - ly now,
Nim - bly and light - ly now, Trip, love, with me.
Nim - bly and light - ly now, Trip, love, with me.



Priscilla (*to* Cinderella, *mockingly*).—That is the way to dance minuets at Court, my dear.

Tabitha.—Was it not very kind of us to give you a lesson, my love?

Priscilla.—It is likely to be so useful, you know.

Tabitha.—To study it for your next invitation, you know.

(*Both make ironical curtsies.*)

Cinderella (*aside*).—This insolence is almost unbearable. (*To Sisters.*) Oh, I am sure you both dance delightfully. It strikes me I should make but an indifferent pupil.

(*Knocking at the door.*)

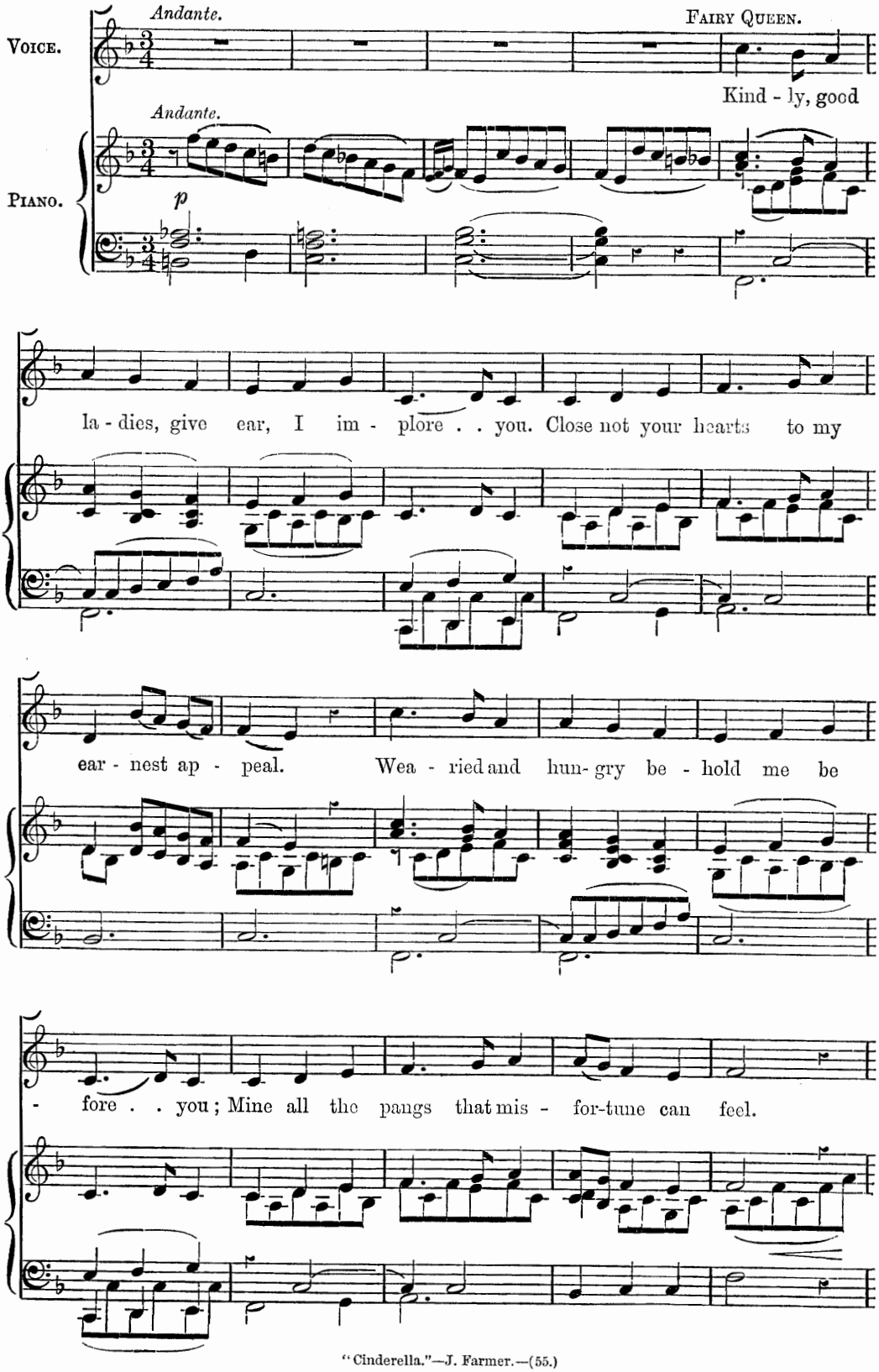
Priscilla.—Open at once, girl, do you hear?

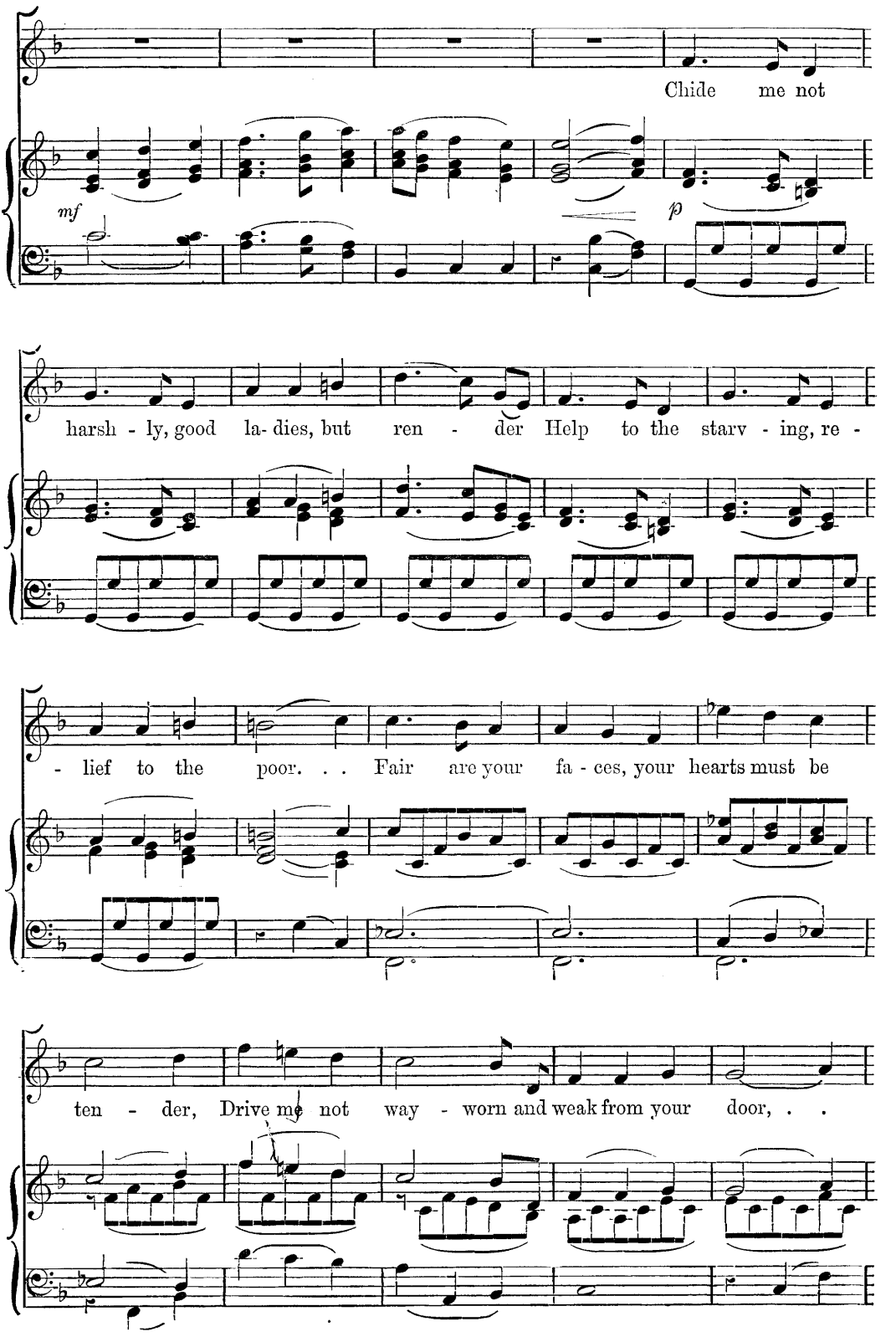
Tabitha.—How dreadfully slow you are, to be sure.

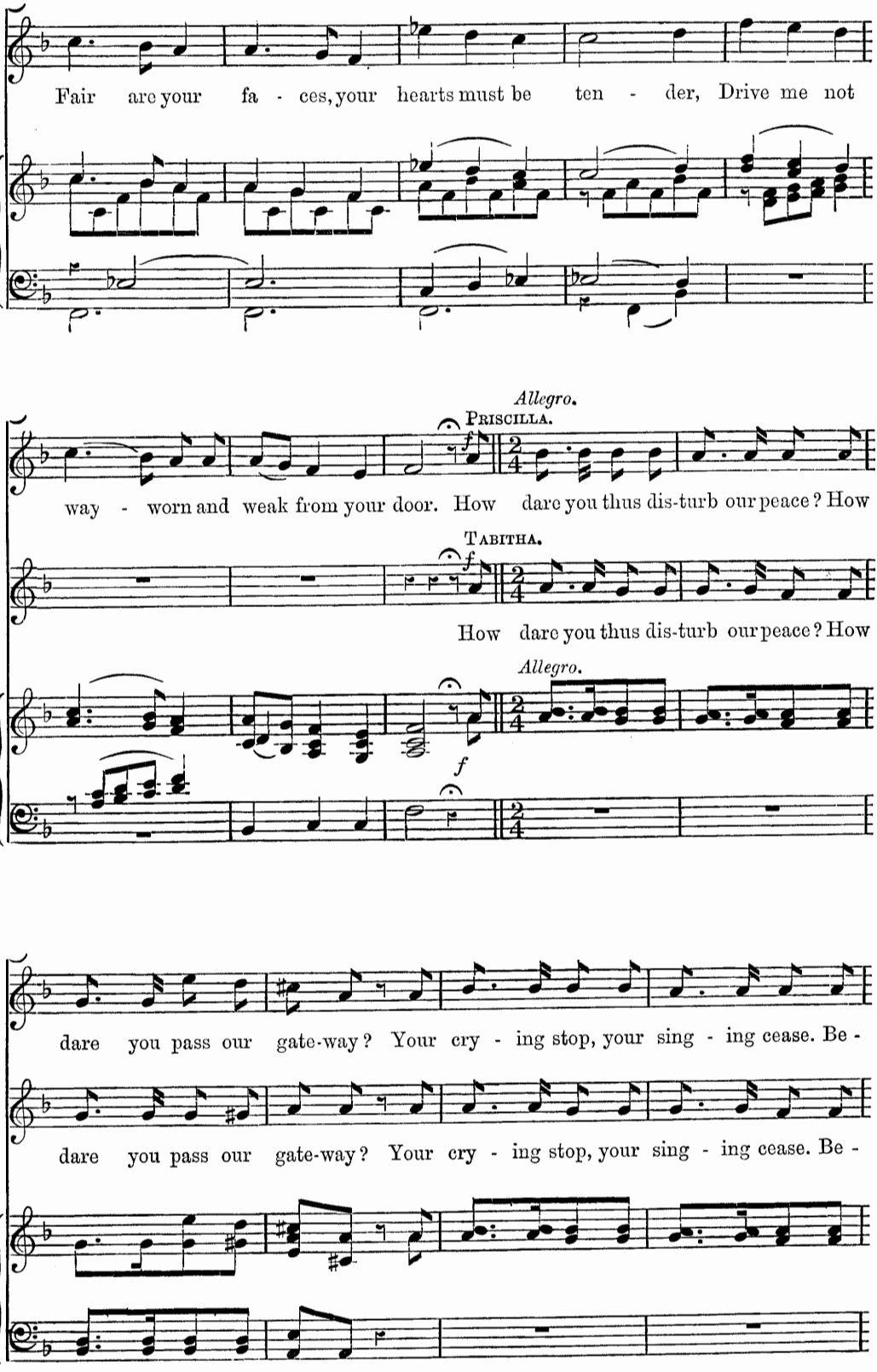
(Cinderella *opens the door.*)

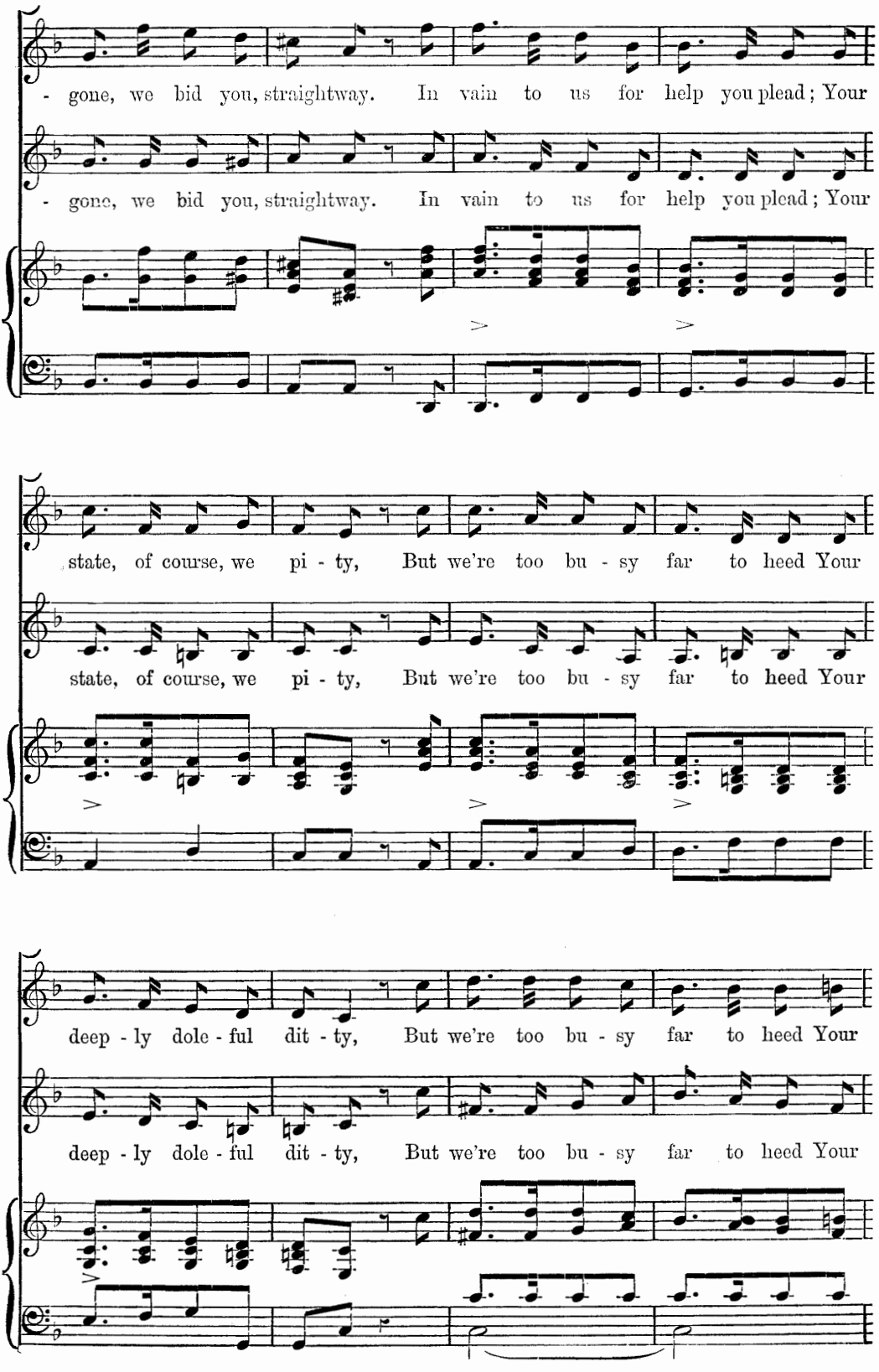
Enter Fairy Queen, *as a Beggar Woman.*

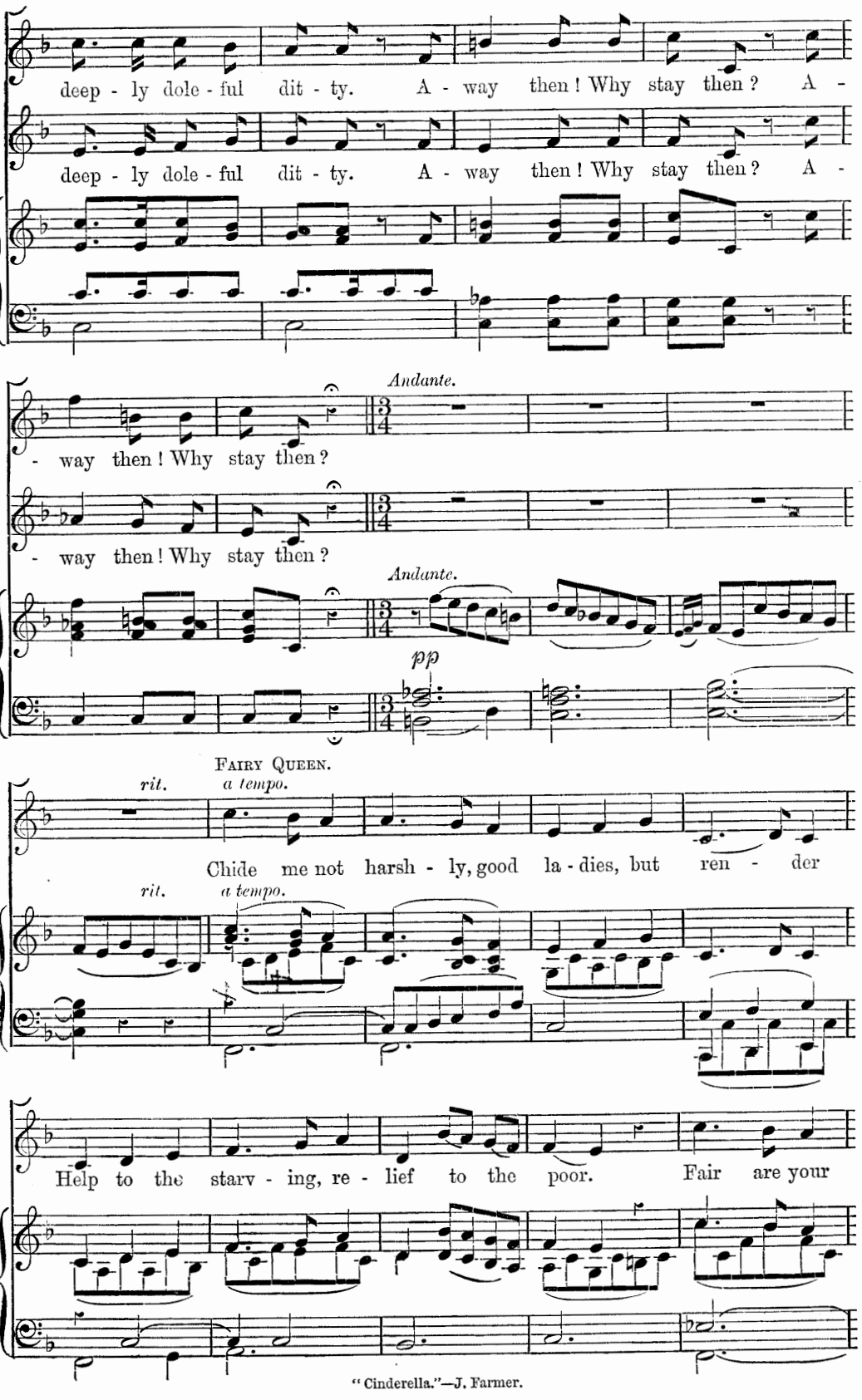
No. 8. SONG.—" KINDLY, GOOD LADIES, GIVE EAR."

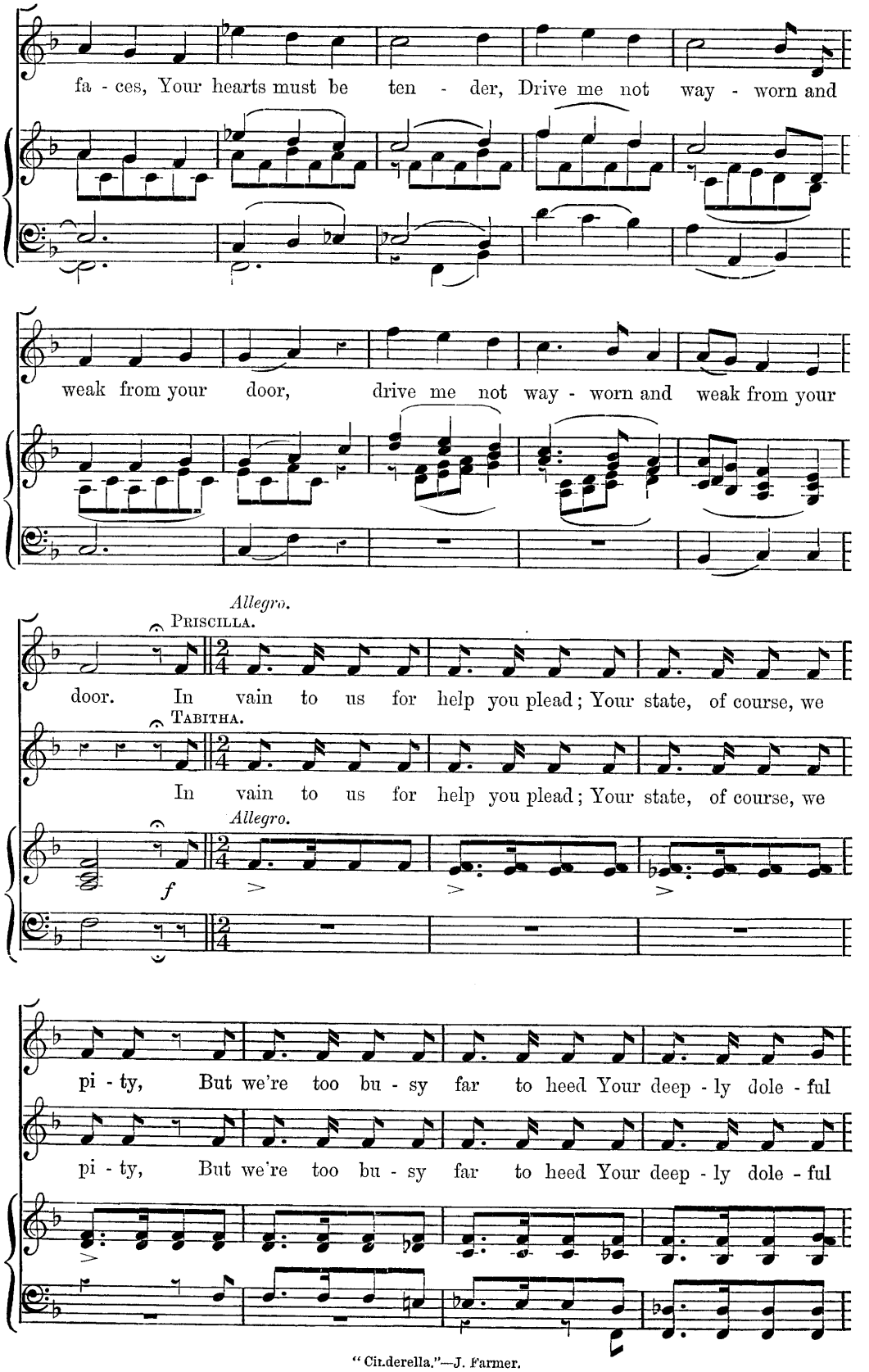


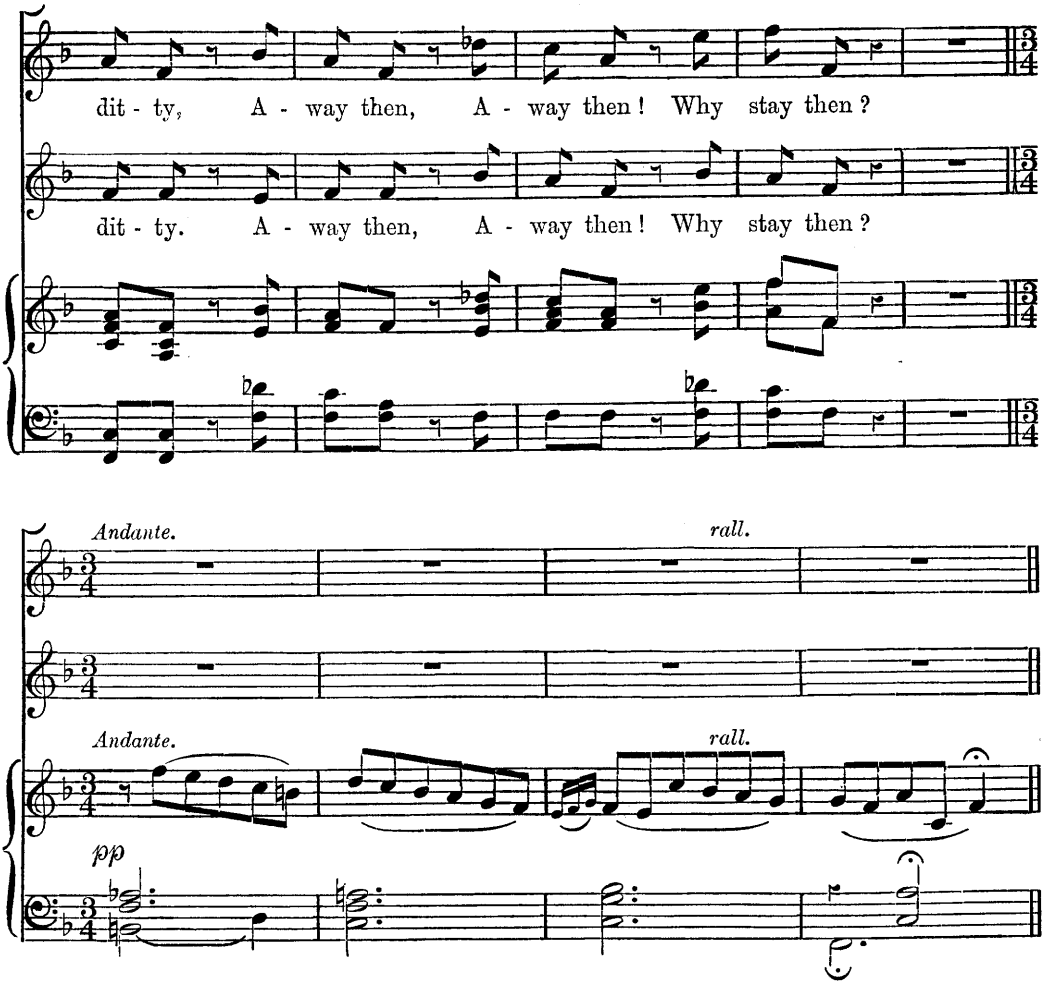

Chide me not
mf
p
harsh - ly, good la- dies, but ren - der Help to the starv - ing, re -
- lief to the poor. . . Fair are your fa - ces, your hearts must be
ten - der, Drive me not way - worn and weak from your door, . .


Fair are your fa - ces, your hearts must be ten - der, Drive me not
Allegro.
PRISCILLA.
f
way - worn and weak from your door. How dare you thus dis-turb our peace? How
TABITHA.
f
How dare you thus dis-turb our peace? How
Allegro.
f
dare you pass our gate-way? Your cry - ing stop, your sing - ing cease. Be -
dare you pass our gate-way? Your cry - ing stop, your sing - ing cease. Be -


- gone, we bid you, straightway. In vain to us for help you plead; Your
- gone, we bid you, straightway. In vain to us for help you plead; Your
state, of course, we pi - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your
state, of course, we pi - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your
deep - ly dole - ful dit - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your
deep - ly dole - ful dit - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your


deep - ly dole - ful dit - ty. A - way then! Why stay then? A -
deep - ly dole - ful dit - ty. A - way then! Why stay then? A -
Andante.
- way then! Why stay then?
- way then! Why stay then?
Andante.
pp
Fairy Queen.
rit.
a tempo.
Chide me not harsh - ly, good la - dies, but ren - der
rit.
a tempo.
Help to the starv - ing, re - lief to the poor. Fair are your


fa - ces, Your hearts must be ten - der, Drive me not way - worn and
weak from your door, drive me not way - worn and weak from your
Allegro.
PRISCILLA.
door. In vain to us for help you plead; Your state, of course, we
TABITHA.
In vain to us for help you plead; Your state, of course, we
Allegro.
f
pi - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your deep - ly dole - ful
pi - ty, But we're too bu - sy far to heed Your deep - ly dole - ful



FAIRY QUEEN.—Alas! there seems no hope for me here. I must wander forth again upon my lonely way.

CINDERELLA.—One moment, my good woman. I can at least relieve your hunger and your thirst for a time. (*Goes to the cupboard and brings down a loaf and a basin of milk.*) Here, take these; they are poor comfort, but I offer them with all my heart.

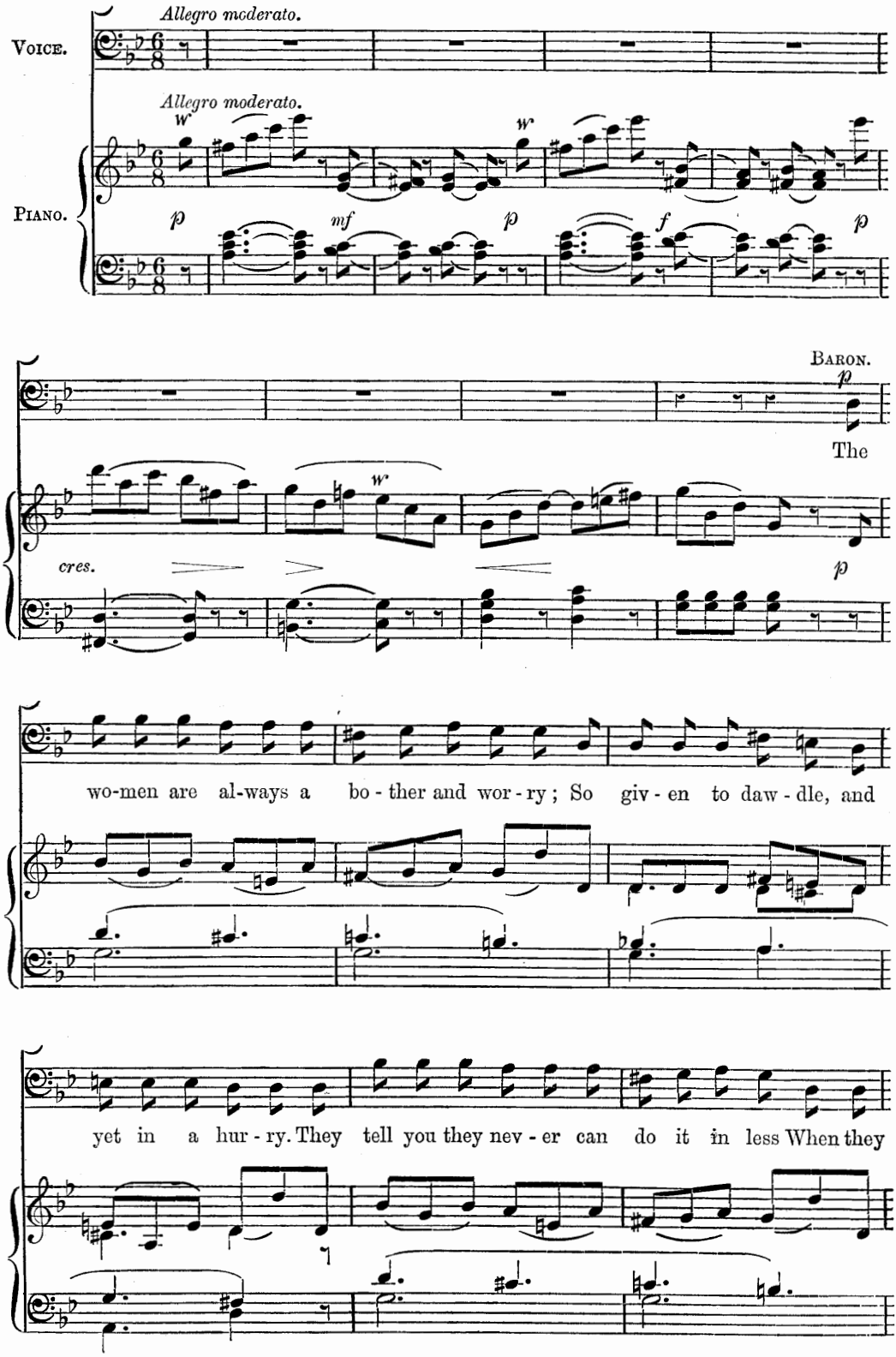
FAIRY QUEEN (*taking them*).—Ah, generous girl, you have given me new life. How can I thank you? May my gratitude bring down a blessing upon your fair young head. (*Going.*)

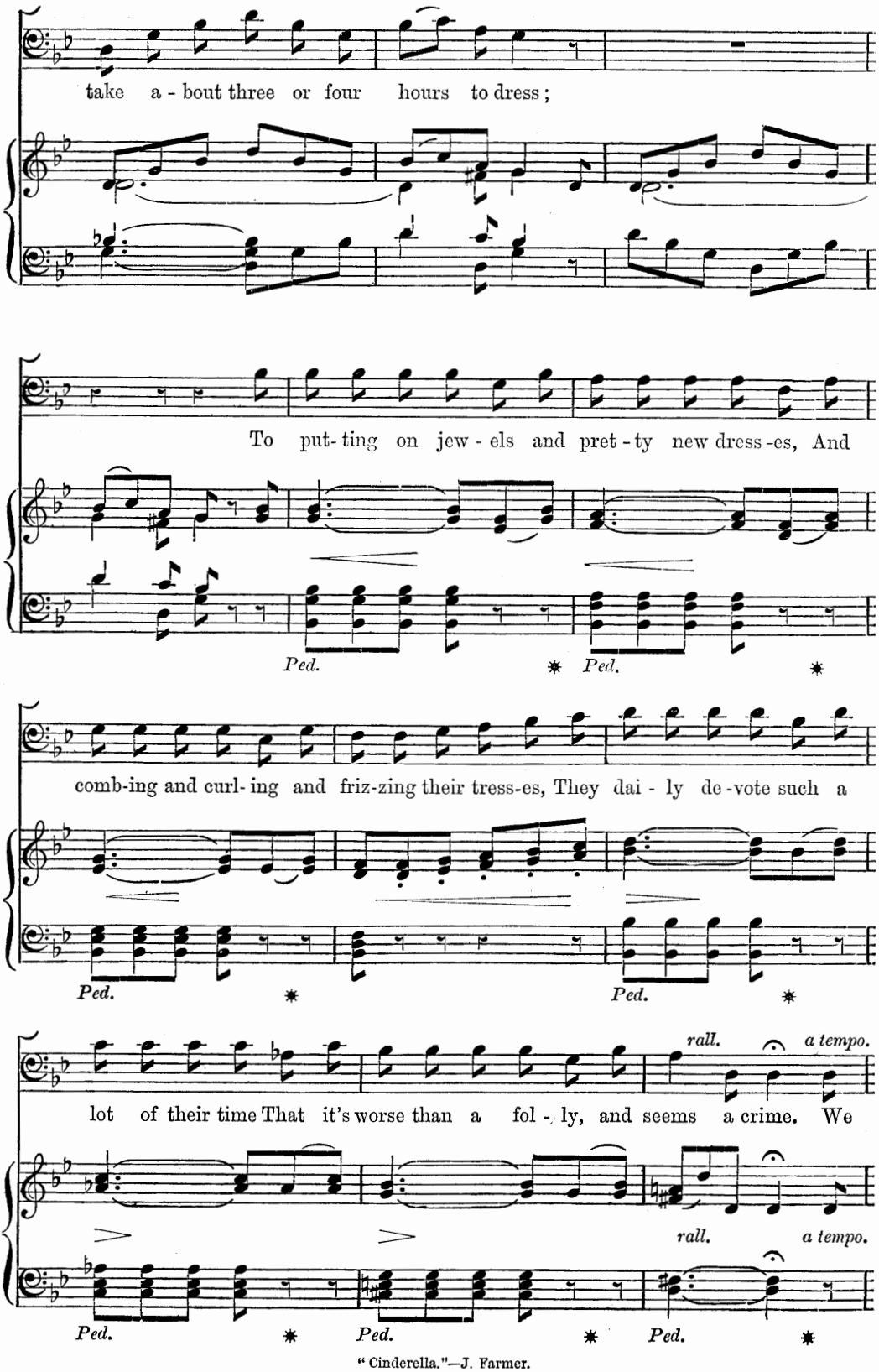
CINDERELLA.—No more words; farewell, good mother. [*Exit* FAIRY QUEEN. Poor feeble old soul, she has a long and weary journey before her. (*Closes door and comes down.*) How precious is one gentle word—one trifling act of kindness—to the lowly and afflicted. But stay—I might have done a little more to comfort her. This poor kitchen would at least yield her shelter till the morning, while my father and sisters are at the ball. No doubt I can overtake her in a few moments, and bid her come back when all is quiet.

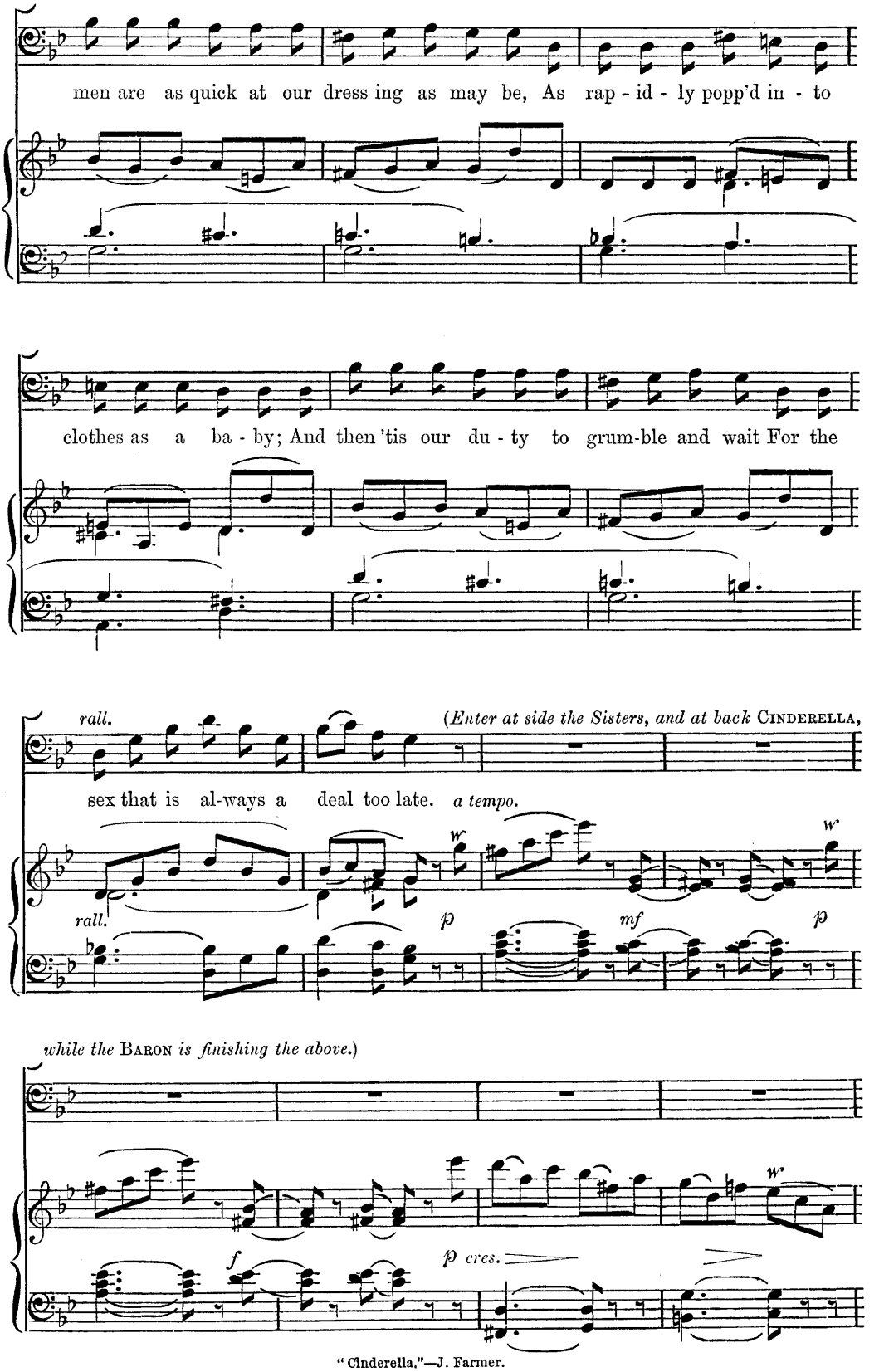
[*Runs up to door and exit.*

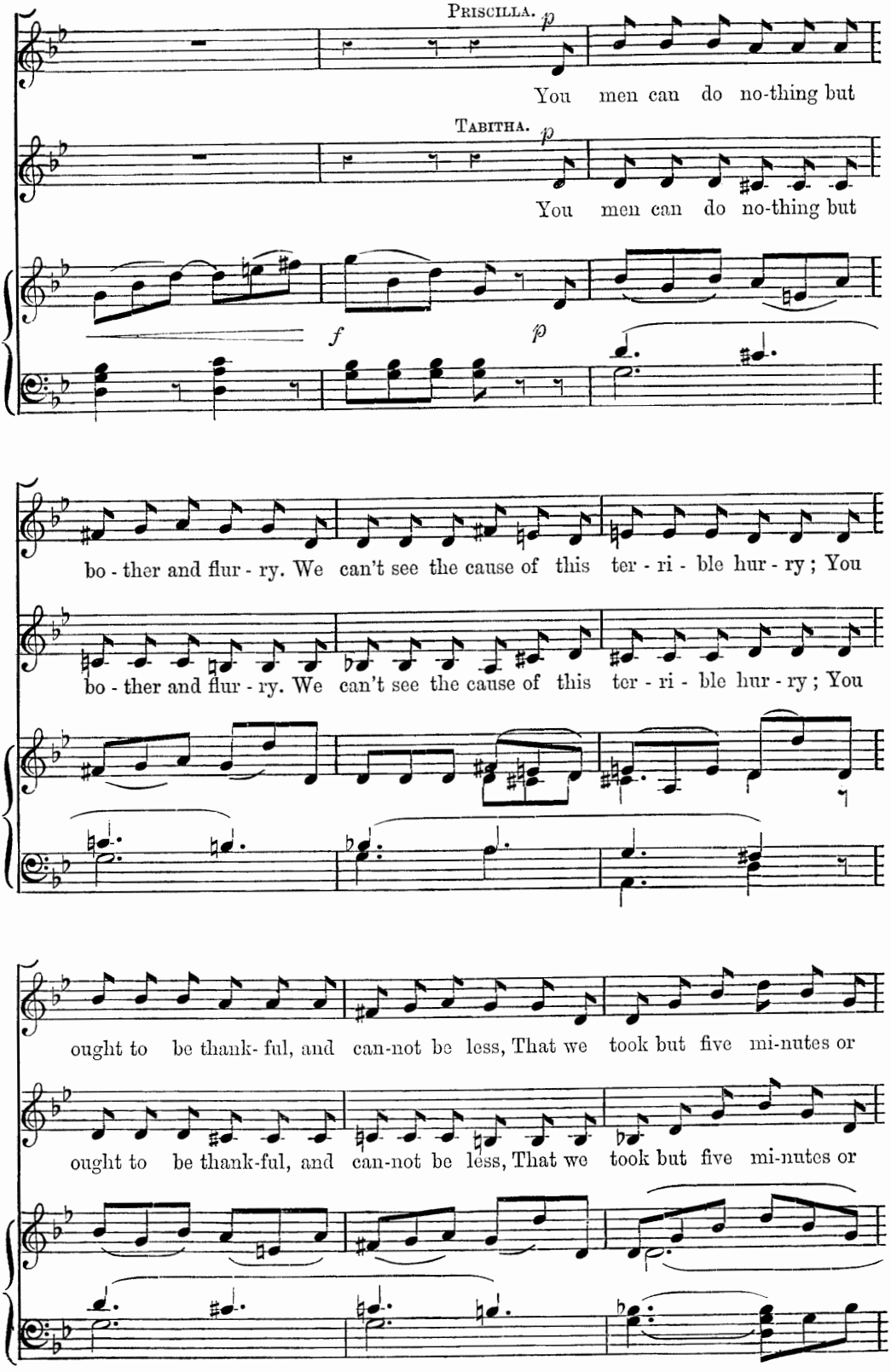
Enter BARON, *in ball dress.*

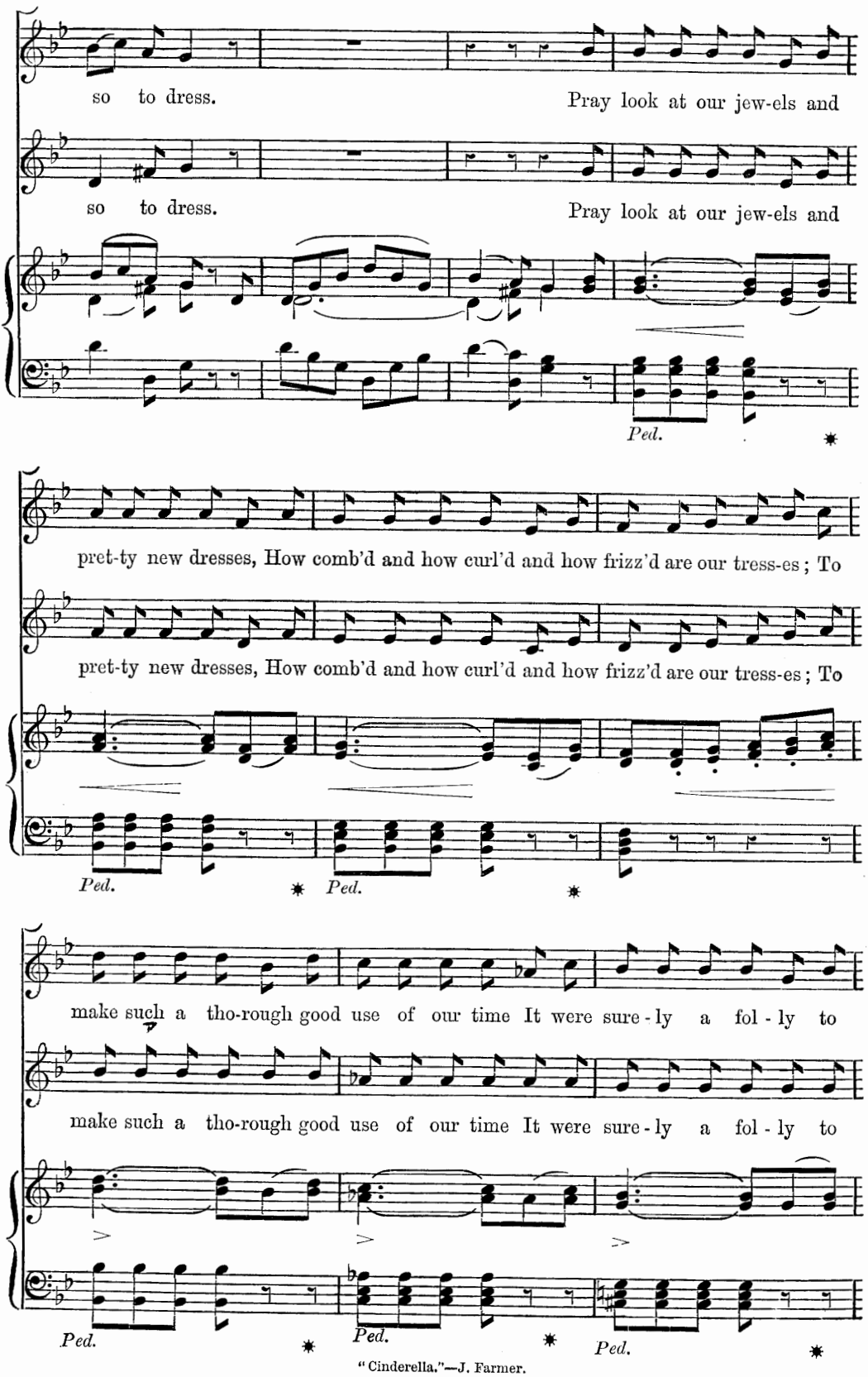
BARON.—A plague on the women; they have no notion of ever being in time for anything. Here have I been for the last three quarters of an hour fuming and fretting with impatience all over the house. And I don't feel very much at home in my new clothes either, to tell the truth. It requires a deal of buckling and coaxing to keep a figure like mine within respectable proportions.

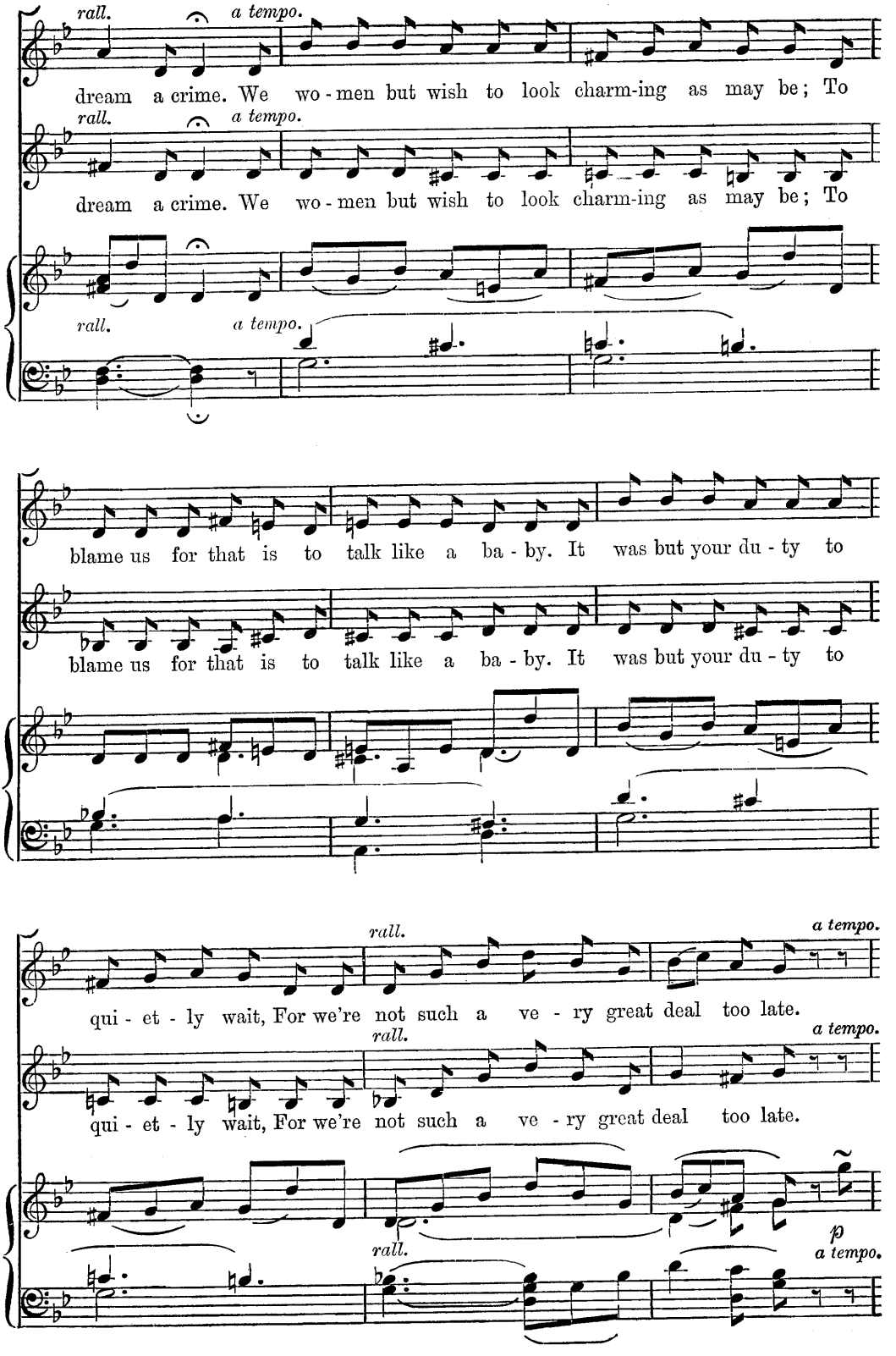

Allegro moderato.
VOICE.
Allegro moderato.
PIANO.
p
mf
p
f
p
BARON.
p
The
cres.
p
wo-men are al-ways a bo - ther and wor - ry; So giv - en to daw - dle, and
yet in a hur - ry. They tell you they nev - er can do it in less When they

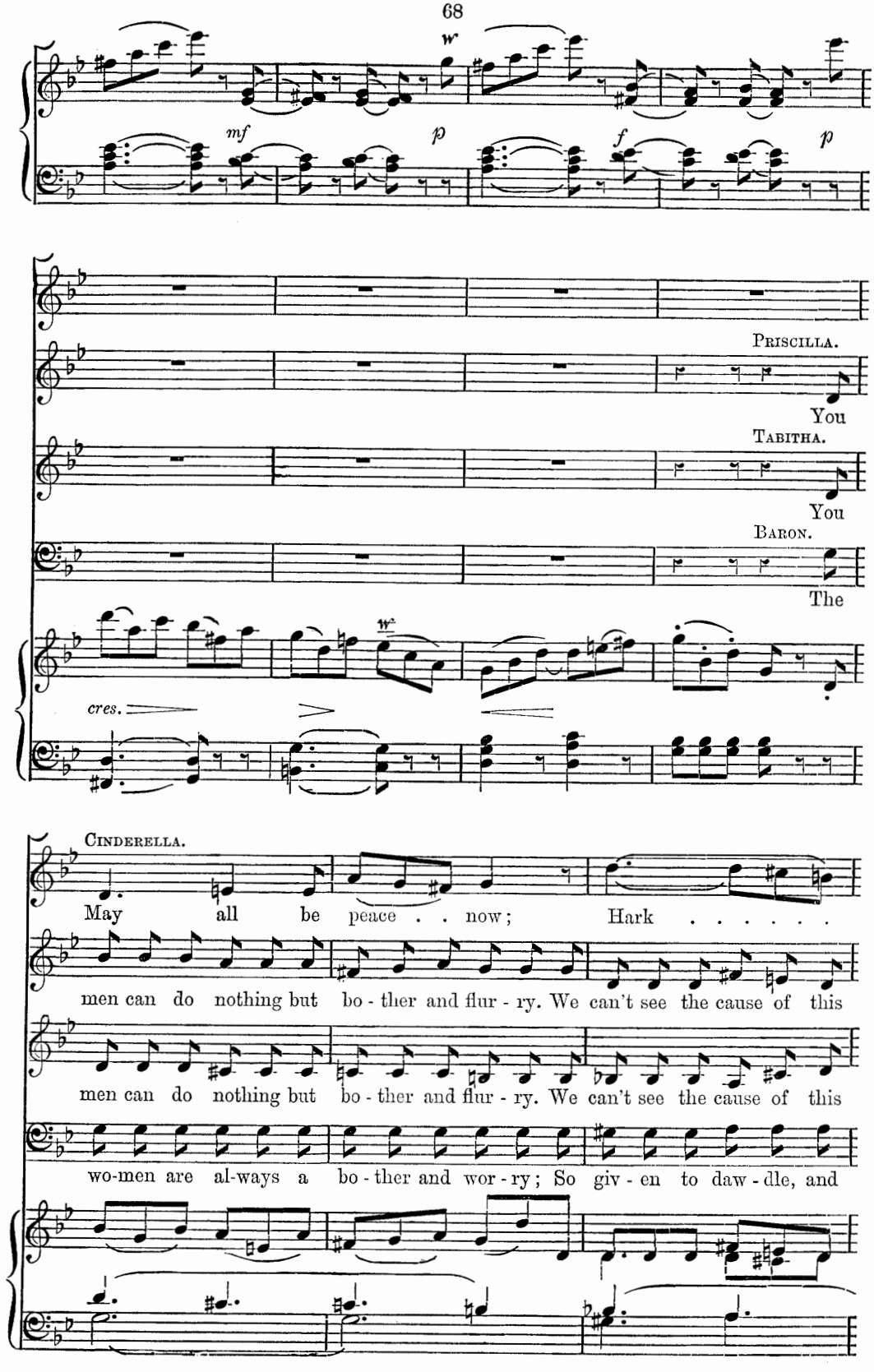

take a - bout three or four hours to dress;
To put- ting on jew - els and pret - ty new dress-es, And
Ped.
Ped.
comb-ing and curl- ing and friz-zing their tress-es, They dai - ly de-vote such a
Ped.
Ped.
lot of their time That it's worse than a fol - ly, and seems a crime. We
rall.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

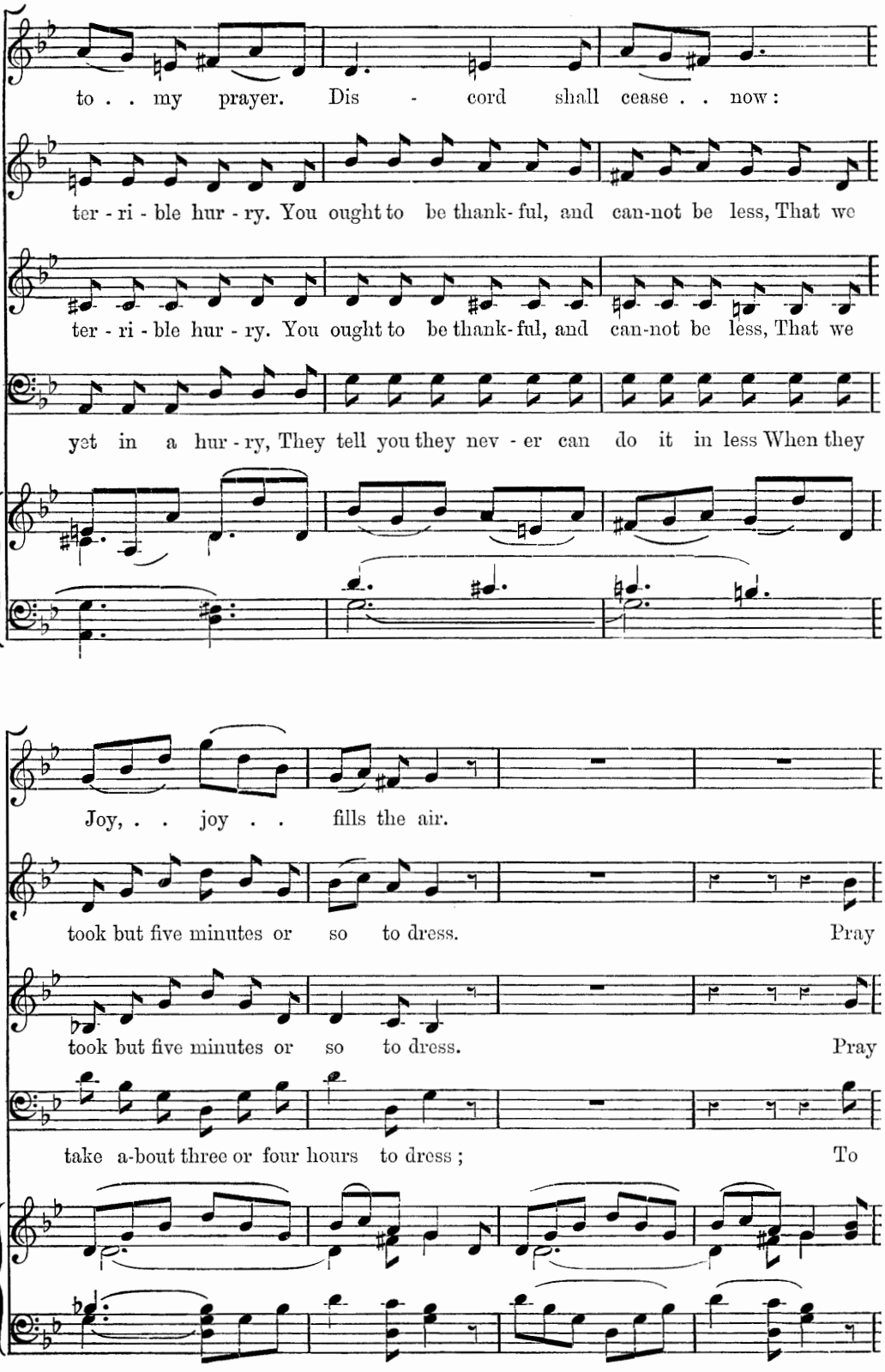

men are as quick at our dress ing as may be, As rap - id - ly popp'd in - to
clothes as a ba - by; And then 'tis our du - ty to grum-ble and wait For the
rall.
(Enter at side the Sisters, and at back CINDERELLA,
sex that is al-ways a deal too late. a tempo.
rall.
p
mf
p
while the BARON is finishing the above.)
f
p cres.

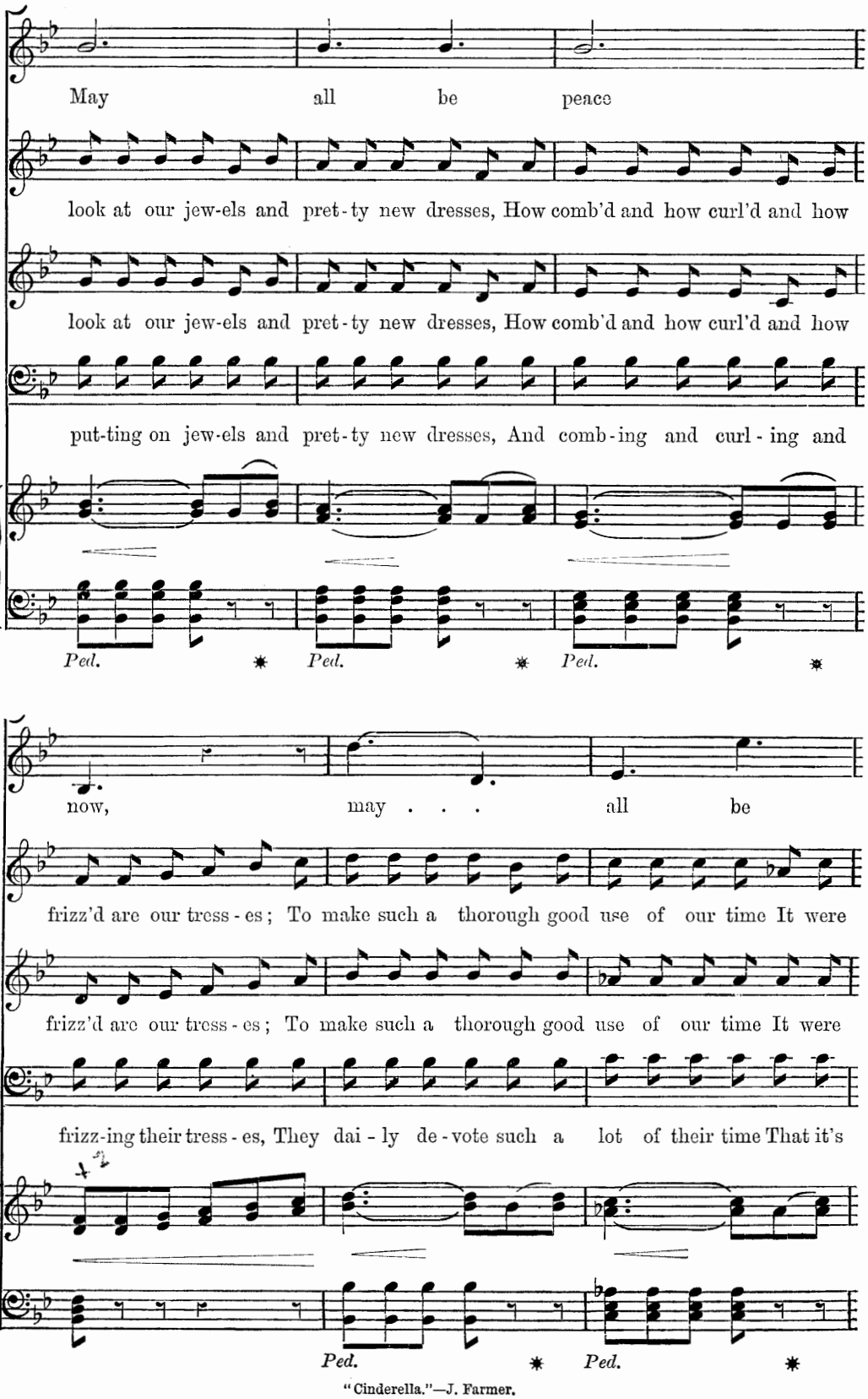

Priscilla.
p
You men can do no-thing but
Tabitha.
p
You men can do no-thing but
f
p
bo - ther and flur - ry. We can't see the cause of this ter - ri - ble hur - ry; You
bo - ther and flur - ry. We can't see the cause of this ter - ri - ble hur - ry; You
ought to be thank- ful, and can-not be less, That we took but five mi-nutes or
ought to be thank-ful, and can-not be less, That we took but five mi-nutes or

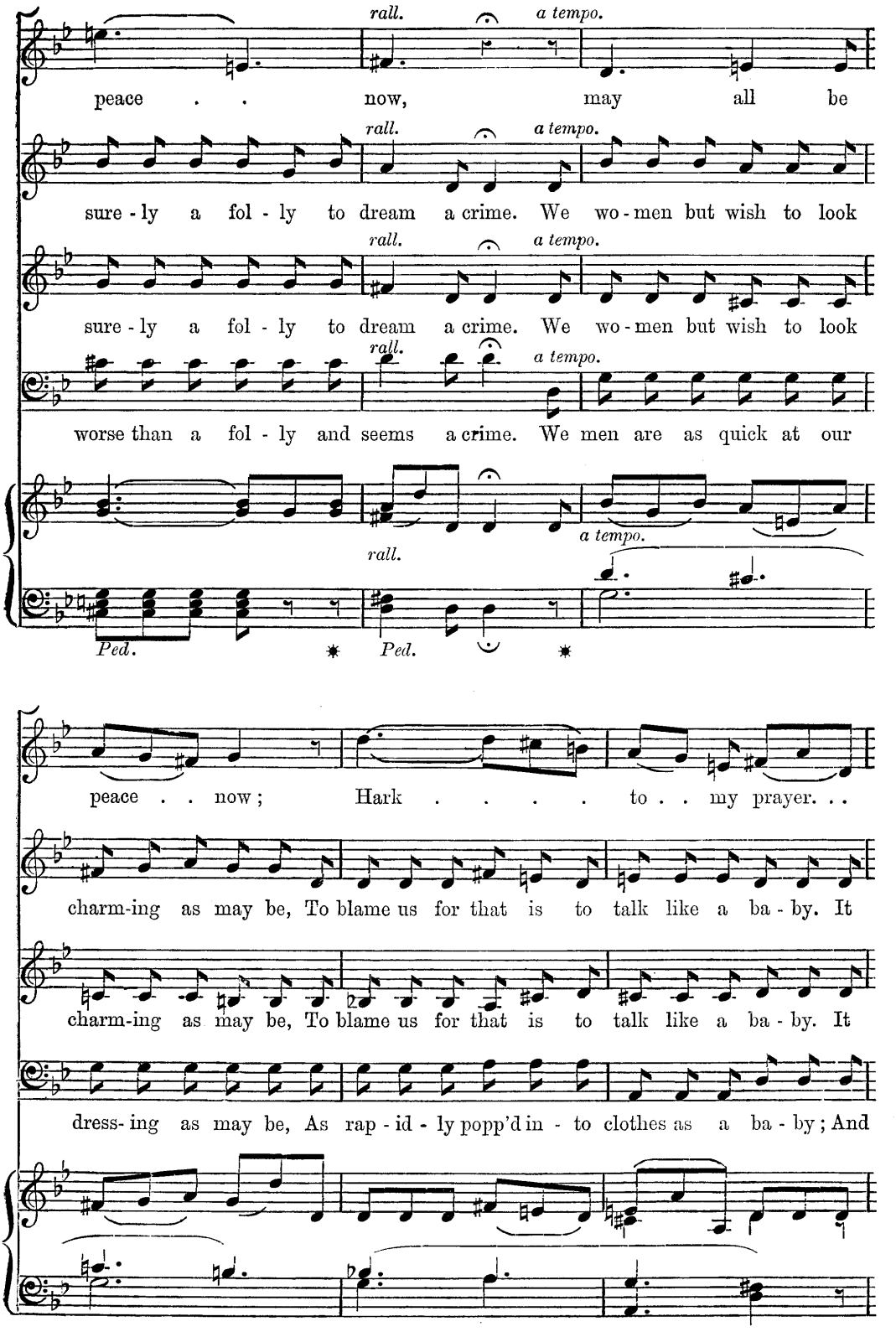

so to dress. Pray look at our jew-els and
so to dress. Pray look at our jew-els and
Ped.
pret-ty new dresses, How comb'd and how curl'd and how frizz'd are our tress-es; To
pret-ty new dresses, How comb'd and how curl'd and how frizz'd are our tress-es; To
Ped. Ped.
make such a tho-rough good use of our time It were sure-ly a fol-ly to
make such a tho-rough good use of our time It were sure-ly a fol-ly to
Ped. Ped. Ped.

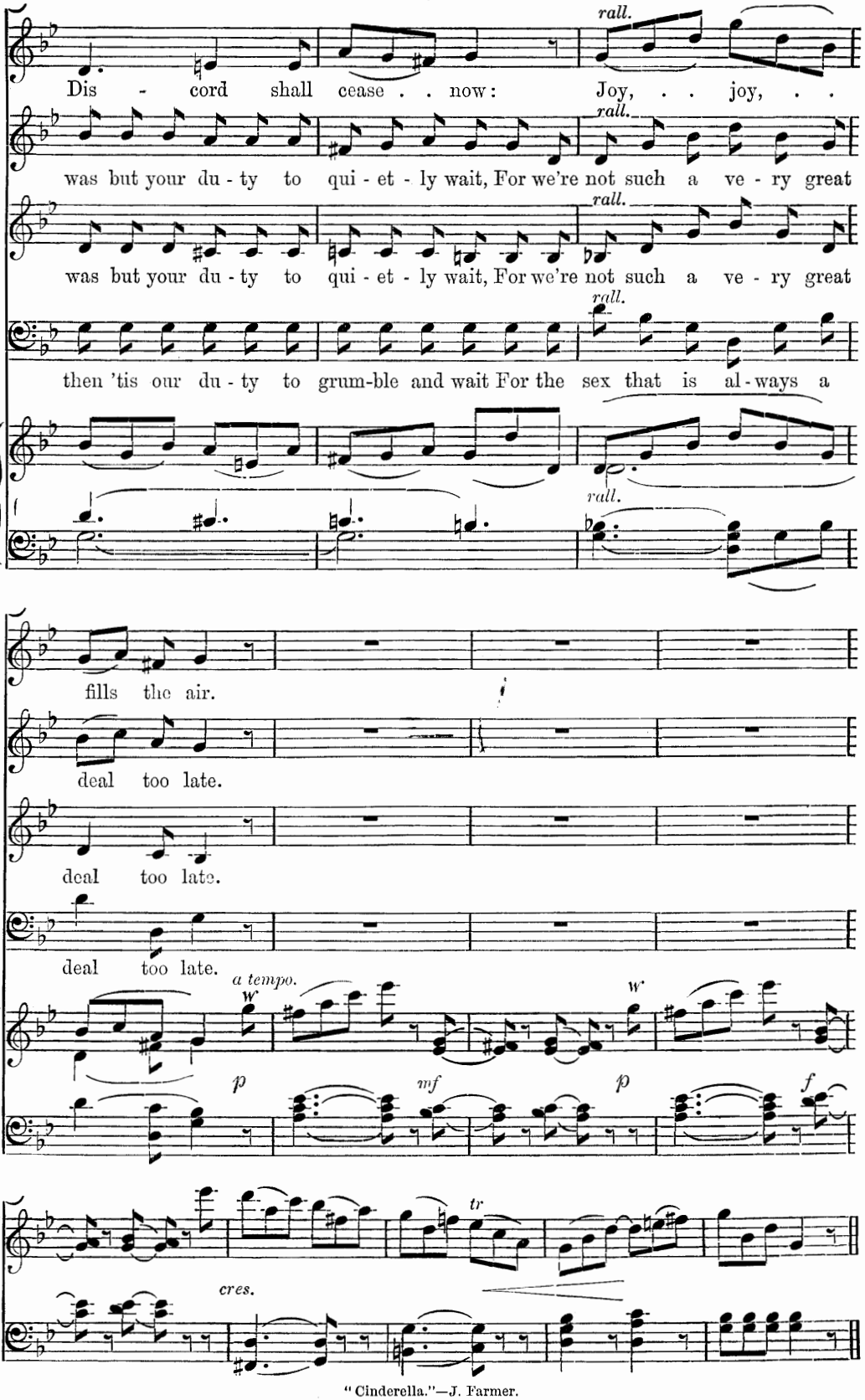

rall.
a tempo.
dream a crime. We wo - men but wish to look charm-ing as may be; To
rall.
a tempo.
dream a crime. We wo - men but wish to look charm-ing as may be; To
rall.
a tempo.
blame us for that is to talk like a ba - by. It was but your du - ty to
blame us for that is to talk like a ba - by. It was but your du - ty to
rall.
a tempo.
qui - et - ly wait, For we're not such a ve - ry great deal too late.
rall.
a tempo.
qui - et - ly wait, For we're not such a ve - ry great deal too late.
rall.
p
a tempo.


mf
p
f
p
PRISCILLA.
You
TABITHA.
You
BARON.
The
cres.
CINDERELLA.
May all be peace . . now; Hark . . . . . .
men can do nothing but bo - ther and flur - ry. We can't see the cause of this
men can do nothing but bo - ther and flur - ry. We can't see the cause of this
wo-men are al-ways a bo - ther and wor - ry; So giv - en to daw - dle, and


to . . my prayer. Dis - cord shall cease . . now:
ter - ri - ble hur - ry. You ought to be thank - ful, and can-not be less, That we
ter - ri - ble hur - ry. You ought to be thank - ful, and can-not be less, That we
yet in a hur - ry, They tell you they nev - er can do it in less When they
Joy, . . joy . . fills the air.
took but five minutes or so to dress. Pray
took but five minutes or so to dress. Pray
take a-bout three or four hours to dress; To


May all be peace
look at our jew-els and pret-ty new dresses, How comb'd and how curl'd and how
look at our jew-els and pret-ty new dresses, How comb'd and how curl'd and how
put-ting on jew-els and pret-ty new dresses, And comb-ing and curl-ing and
Ped. Ped. Ped.
now, may . . . all be
frizz'd are our tress-es; To make such a thorough good use of our time It were
frizz'd are our tress-es; To make such a thorough good use of our time It were
frizz-ing their tress-es, They dai-ly de-vote such a lot of their time That it's
Ped. Ped.


rall.
a tempo.
peace . . now, may all be
sure - ly a fol - ly to dream a crime. We wo - men but wish to look
sure - ly a fol - ly to dream a crime. We wo - men but wish to look
worse than a fol - ly and seems a crime. We men are as quick at our
Ped.
peace . . now; Hark . . . . to . . my prayer. . .
charm-ing as may be, To blame us for that is to talk like a ba - by. It
charm-ing as may be, To blame us for that is to talk like a ba - by. It
dress- ing as may be, As rap - id - ly popp'd in - to clothes as a ba - by; And


rall.
Dis - cord shall cease . . now: Joy, . . joy, . .
rall.
was but your du - ty to qui - et - ly wait, For we're not such a ve - ry great
rall.
was but your du - ty to qui - et - ly wait, For we're not such a ve - ry great
rall.
then 'tis our du - ty to grum-ble and wait For the sex that is al - ways a
rall.
fills the air.
deal too late.
deal too late.
deal too late.
a tempo.
p
mf
p
f
tr
cres.

BARON.—And now, Cinderella, my dear, we must leave you to take charge of the house during our brief absence. Keep your spirits up, there's a dear. There's nothing like cheerfulness for a companion when you're all alone.

PRISCILLA.—We shall be home again soon after daylight, I dare say.

TABITHA.—Mind you don't fall off to sleep, or we shall have nobody to open the door for us. [*Exeunt Sisters.*

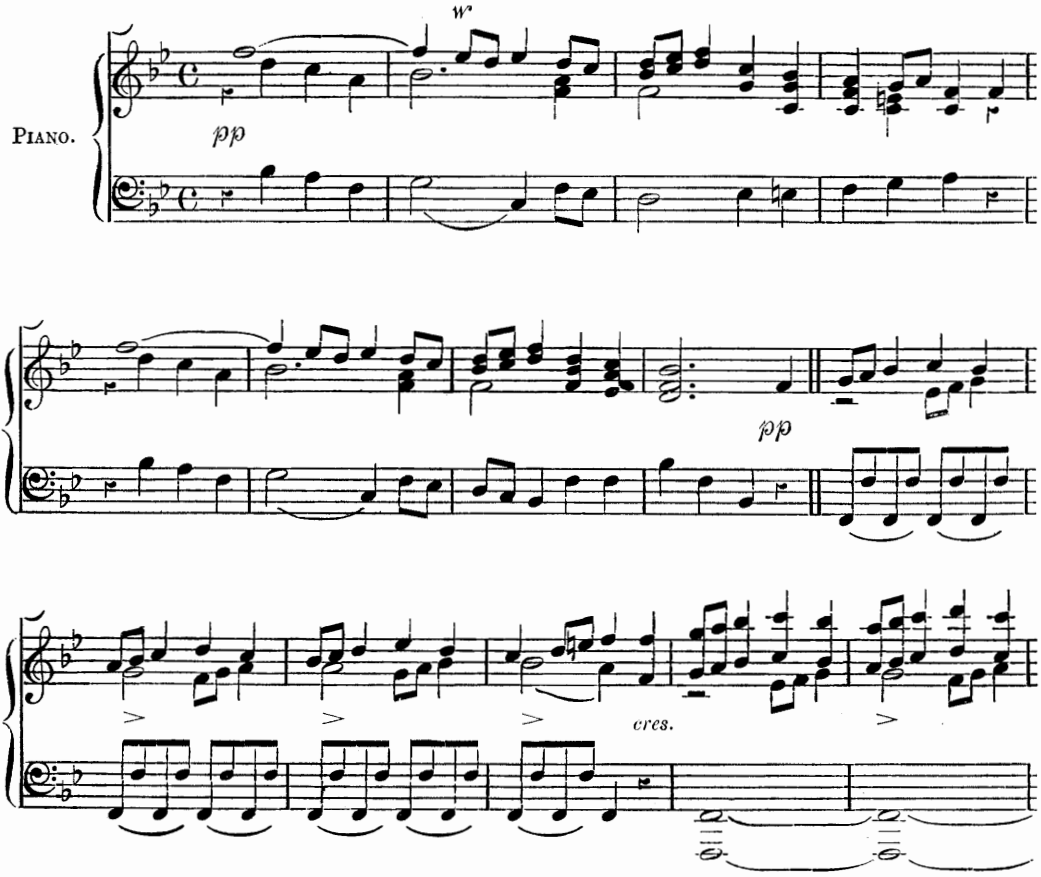
BARON (*to* CINDERELLA, *sheepishly*).—Of course, you know, I regret extremely that you cannot be at the party; but, my dear daughter, there are circumstances—

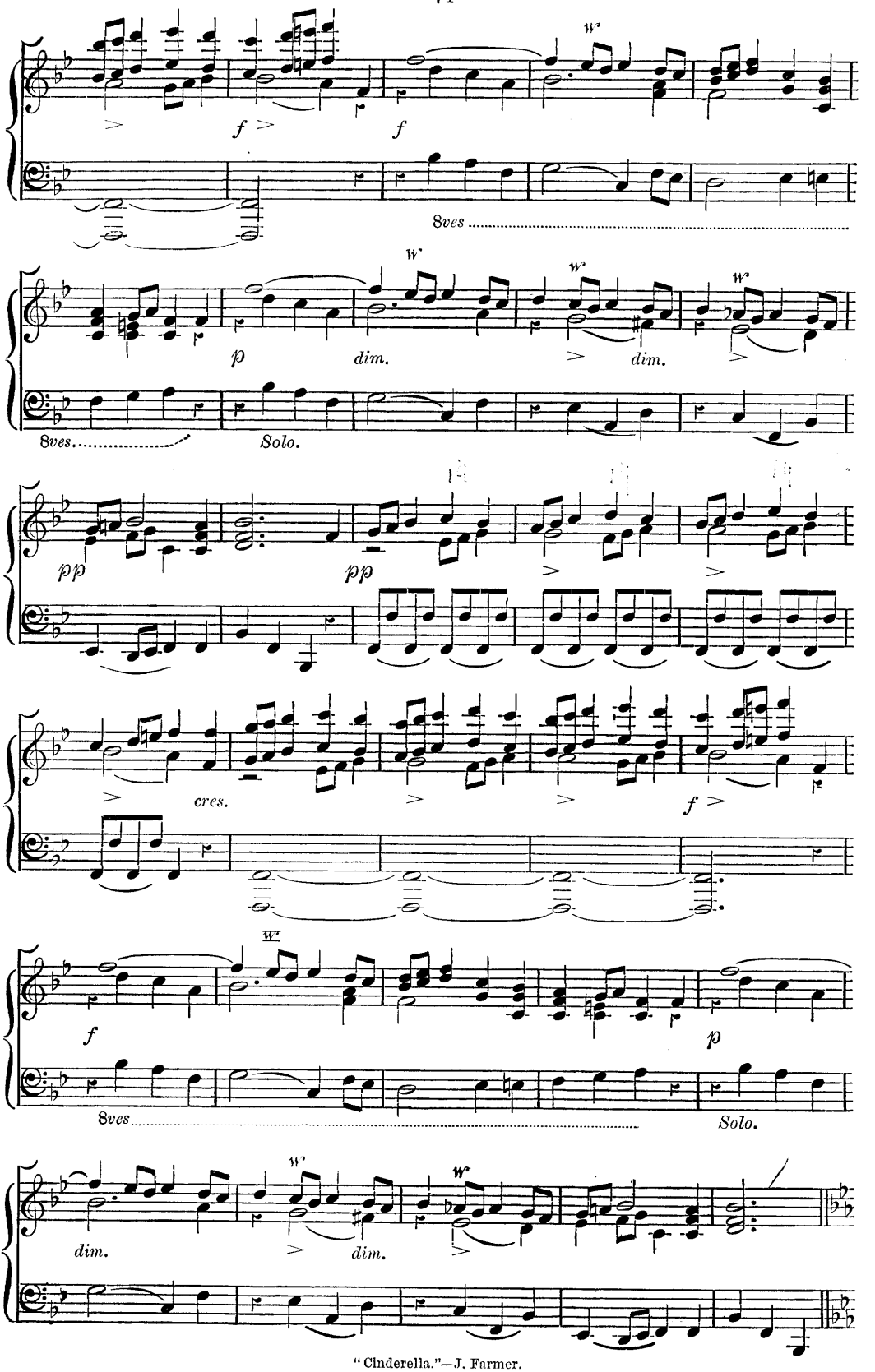
CINDERELLA.—Pray, father, do not give them a thought. It is nothing new, remember, for me to be left with my own thoughts for a few hours. Farewell! I wish you all a merry night.

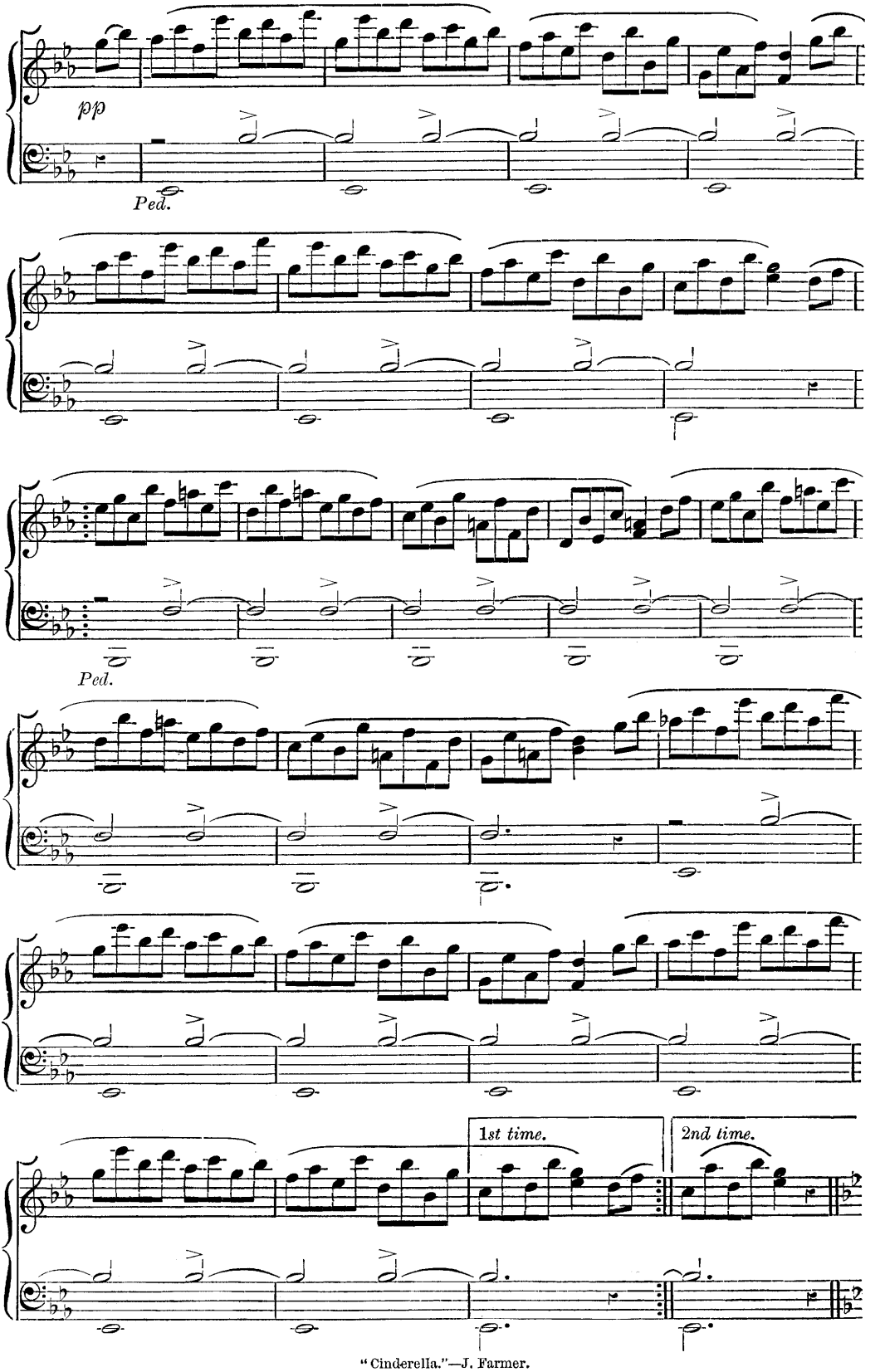
BARON (*aside*).—It seems a rascally shame, I confess; but, as I said before, there are circumstances— [*Exit.*

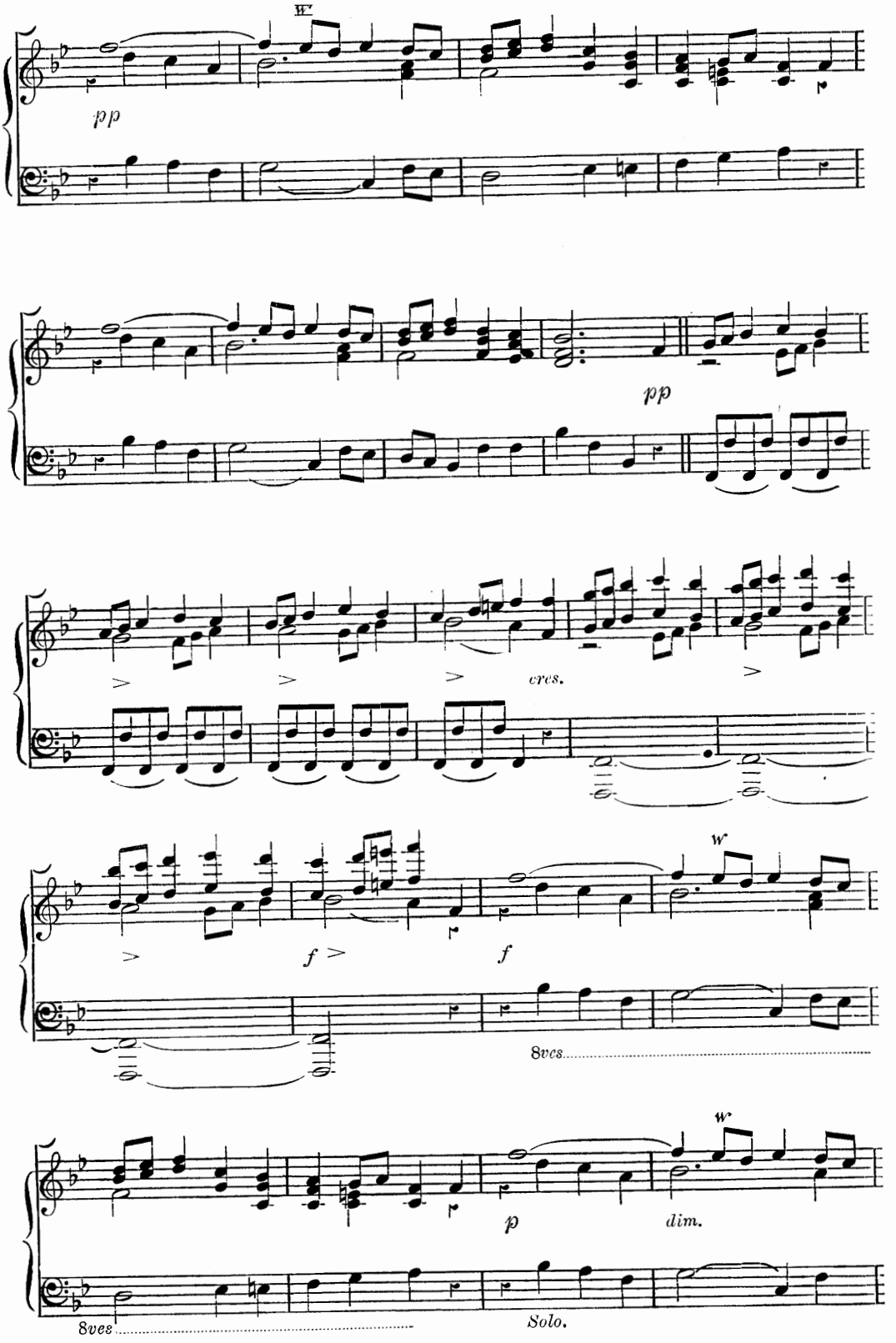
CINDERELLA.—Alone once more; and they will be all smiles and happiness until the morning. Dear father! I know he loves his poor forsaken Cinderella, though he does not openly declare his affection. How strange it seems that I could find no trace of that old wayfarer. She could not have gone far, surely, in so short a time. It pains me to think of the dreary night before her. (*Goes up to window and looks out.*) How brilliantly the palace lights gleam through the darkness! (*Gavotte heard.*) Hark! the music is beginning. It soothes me as with a magic spell, even at this distance. (*Seats herself by fire.*) Come to me, friendly sleep, if only for an hour or two. (*Sinks to sleep.*)

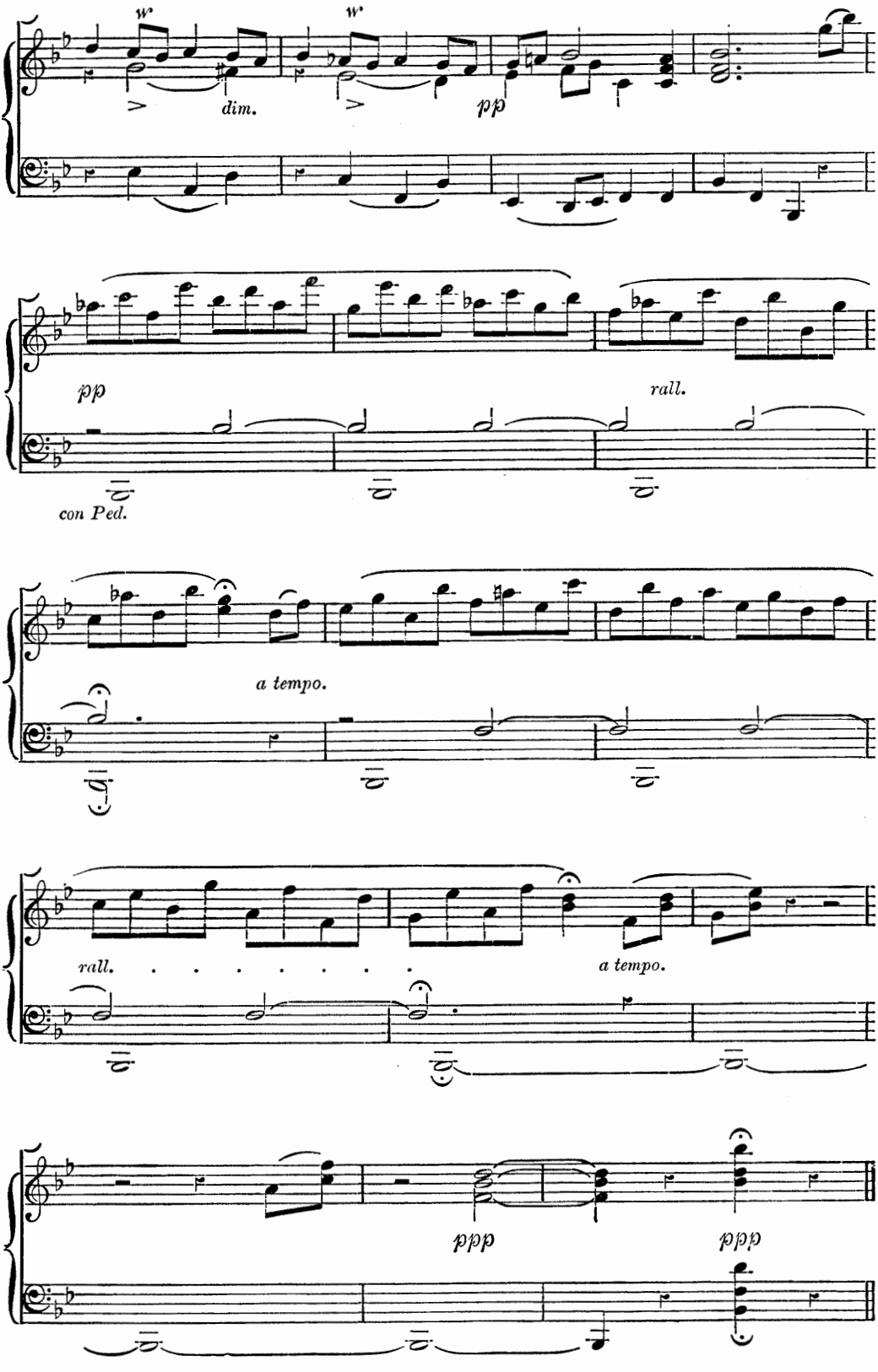
GAVOTTE.




f
f
8ves
p
dim.
dim.
8ves
Solo.
pp
pp
cres.
f
f
8ves
Solo.
dim.
dim.


pp
Ped.
Ped.
1st time.
2nd time.


W.
pp
pp
cres.
f
f
W.
8vcs
p
dim.
W.
8ves
Solo.

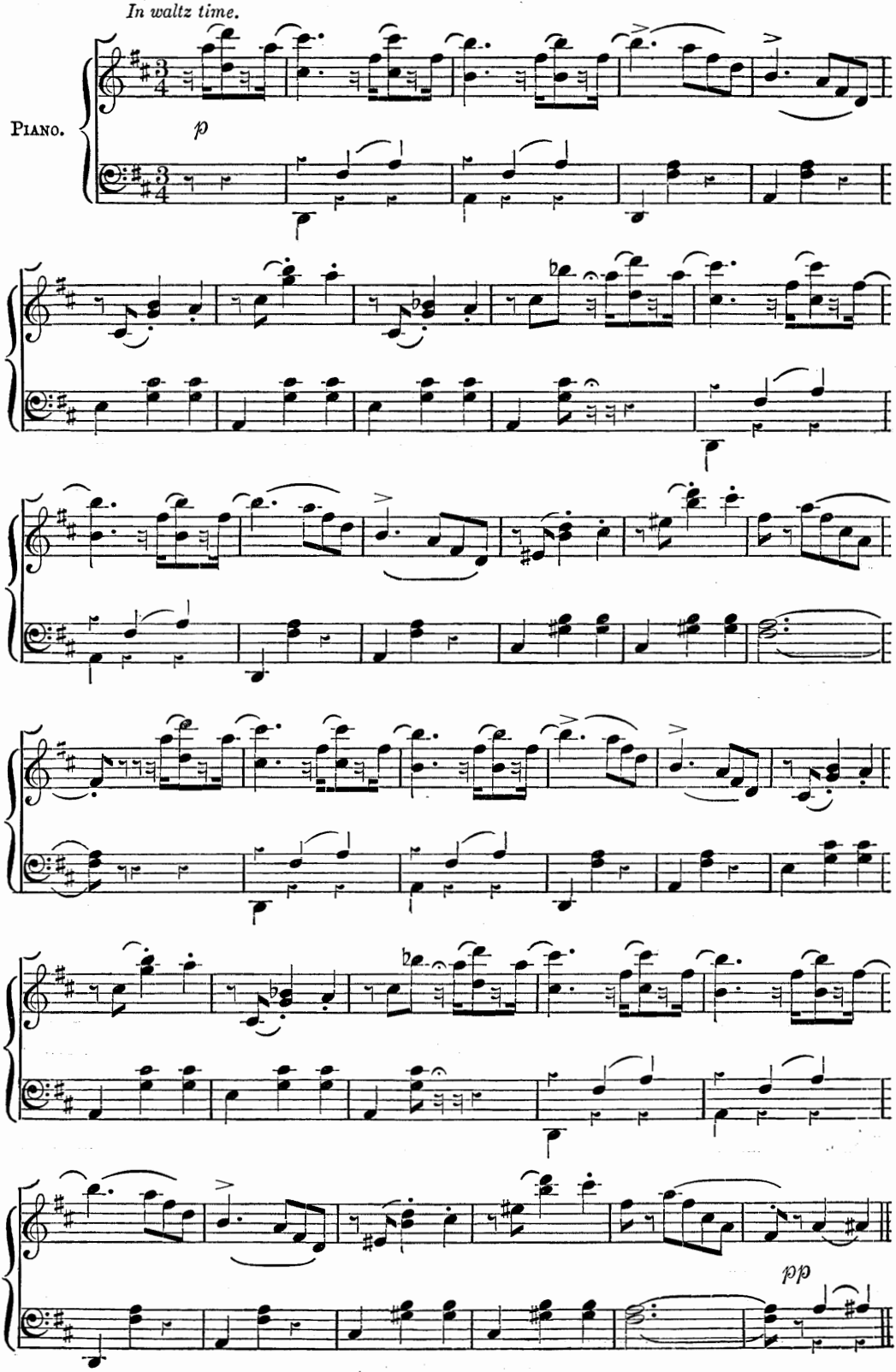

dim.
pp
pp
rall.
con Ped.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
ppp
ppp

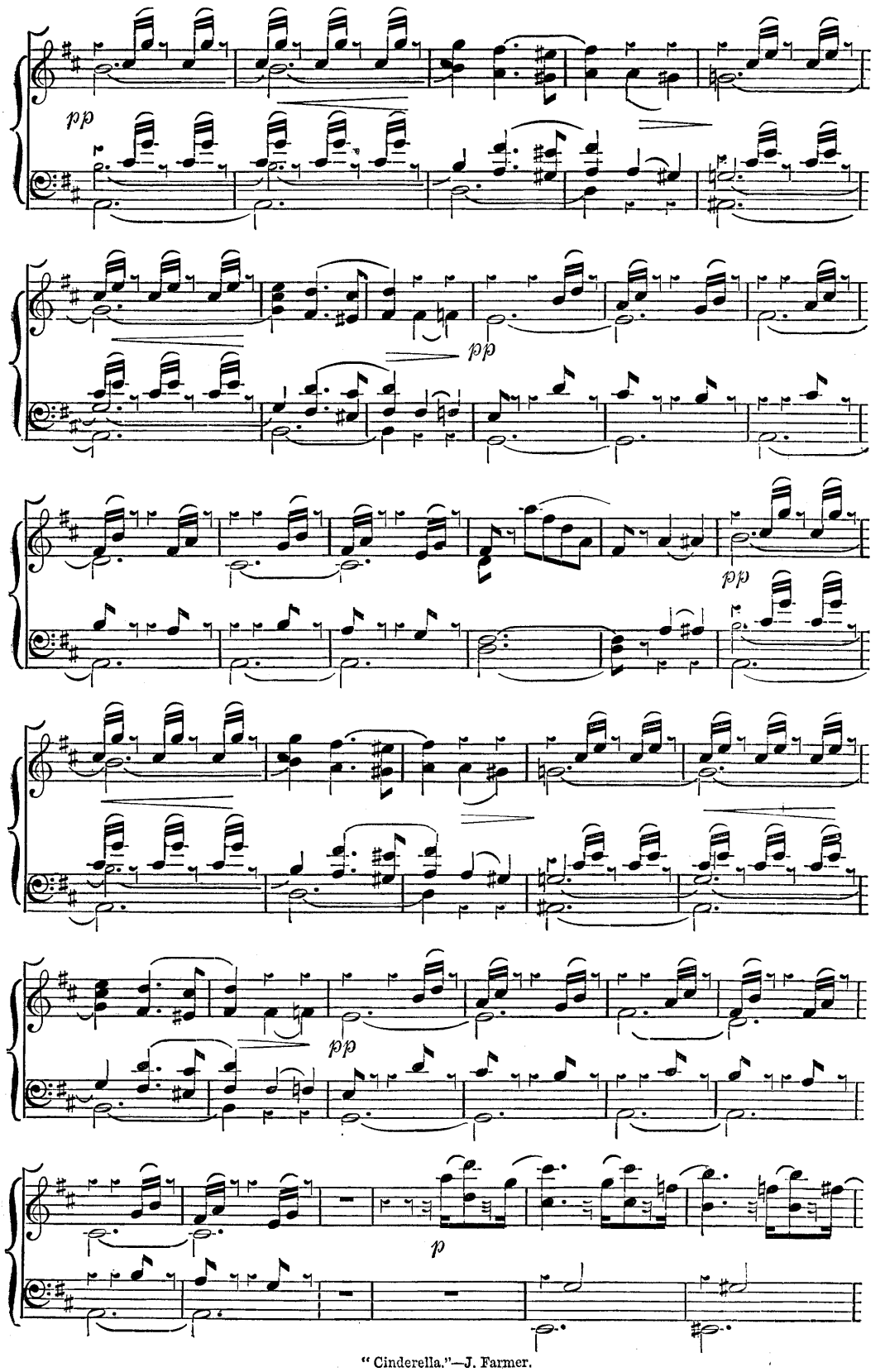
Enter softly Fairies, followed by QUEEN.

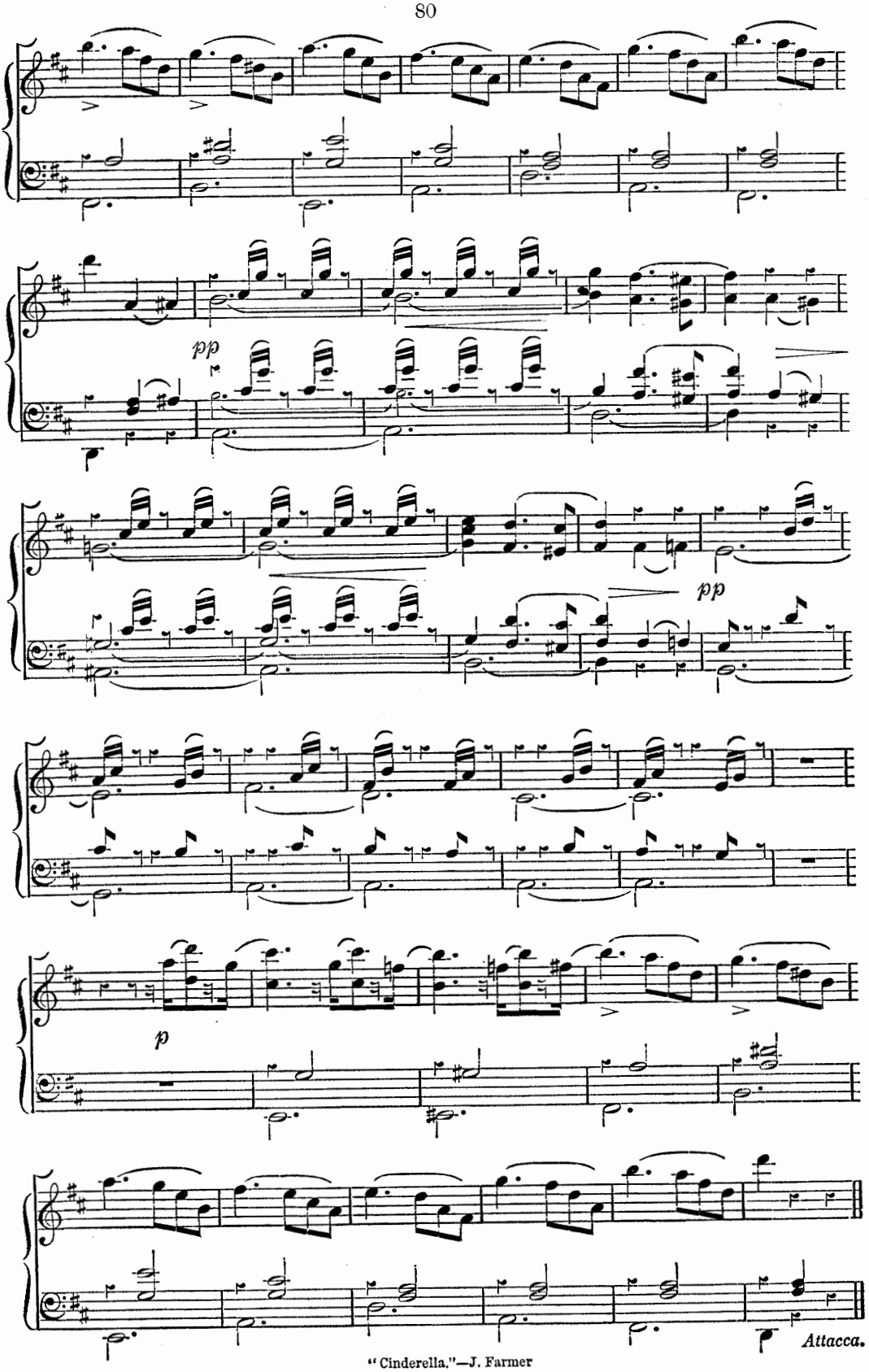
BALLET.

In waltz time.

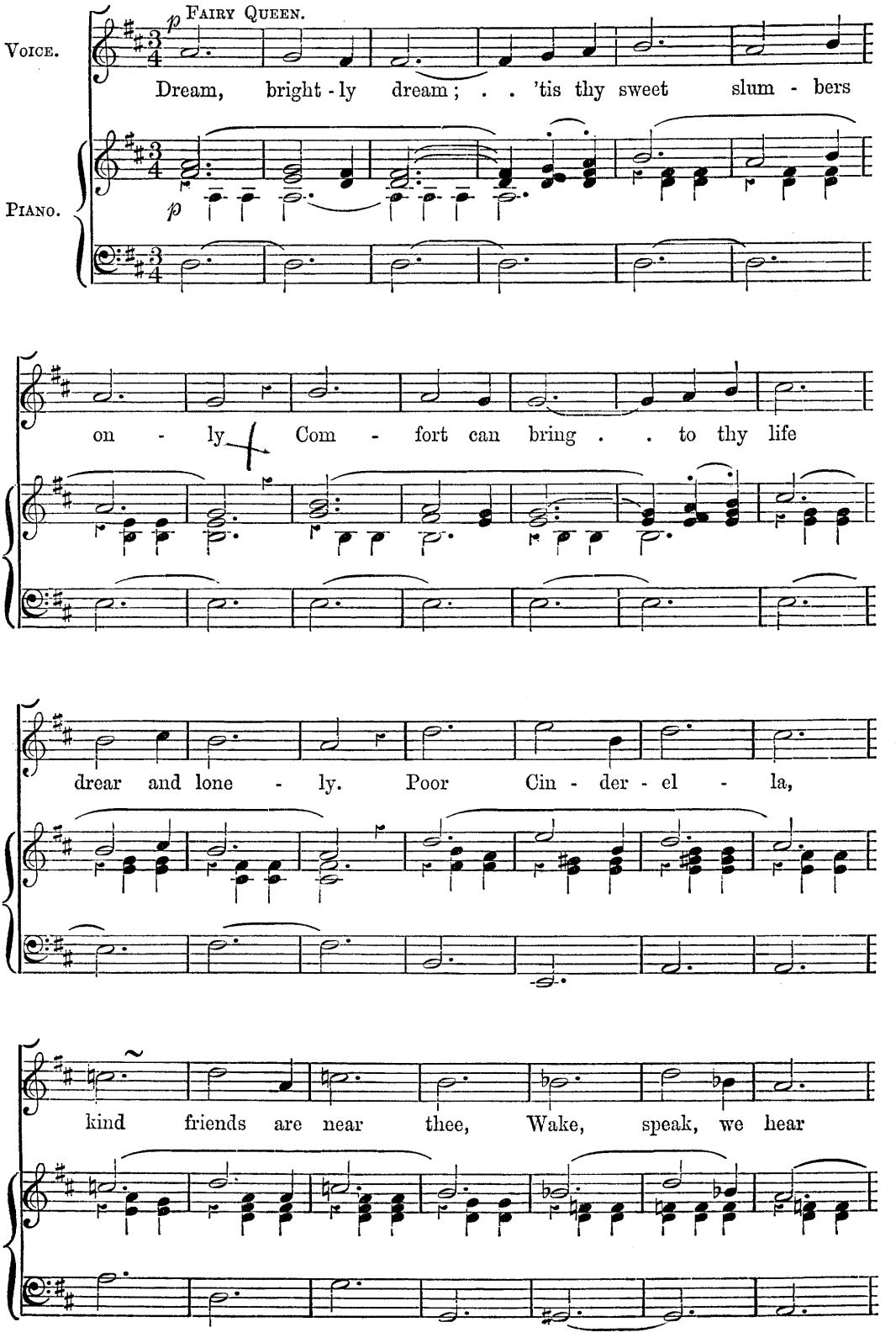
PIANO.

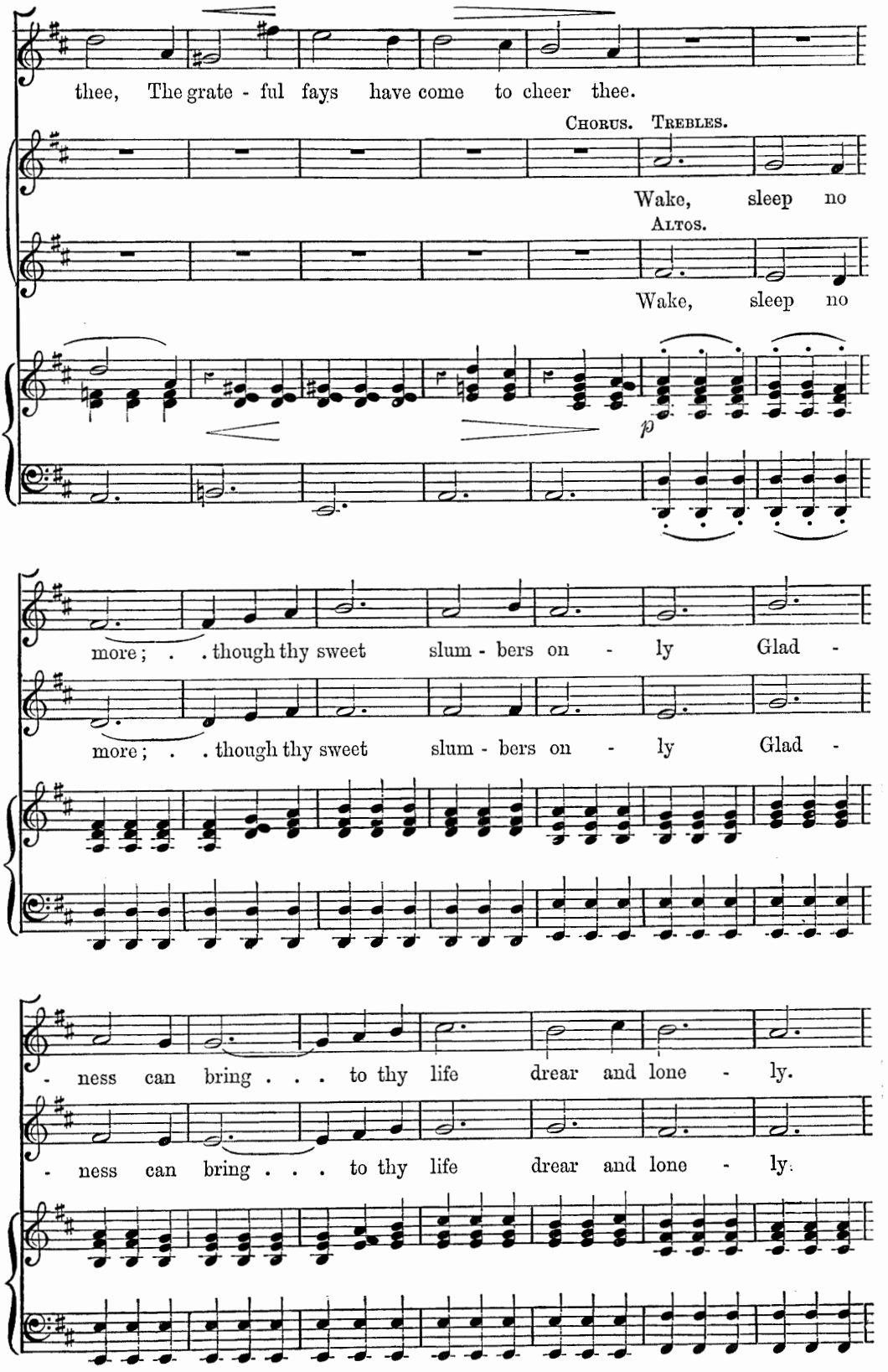



pp
pp
pp
pp
p

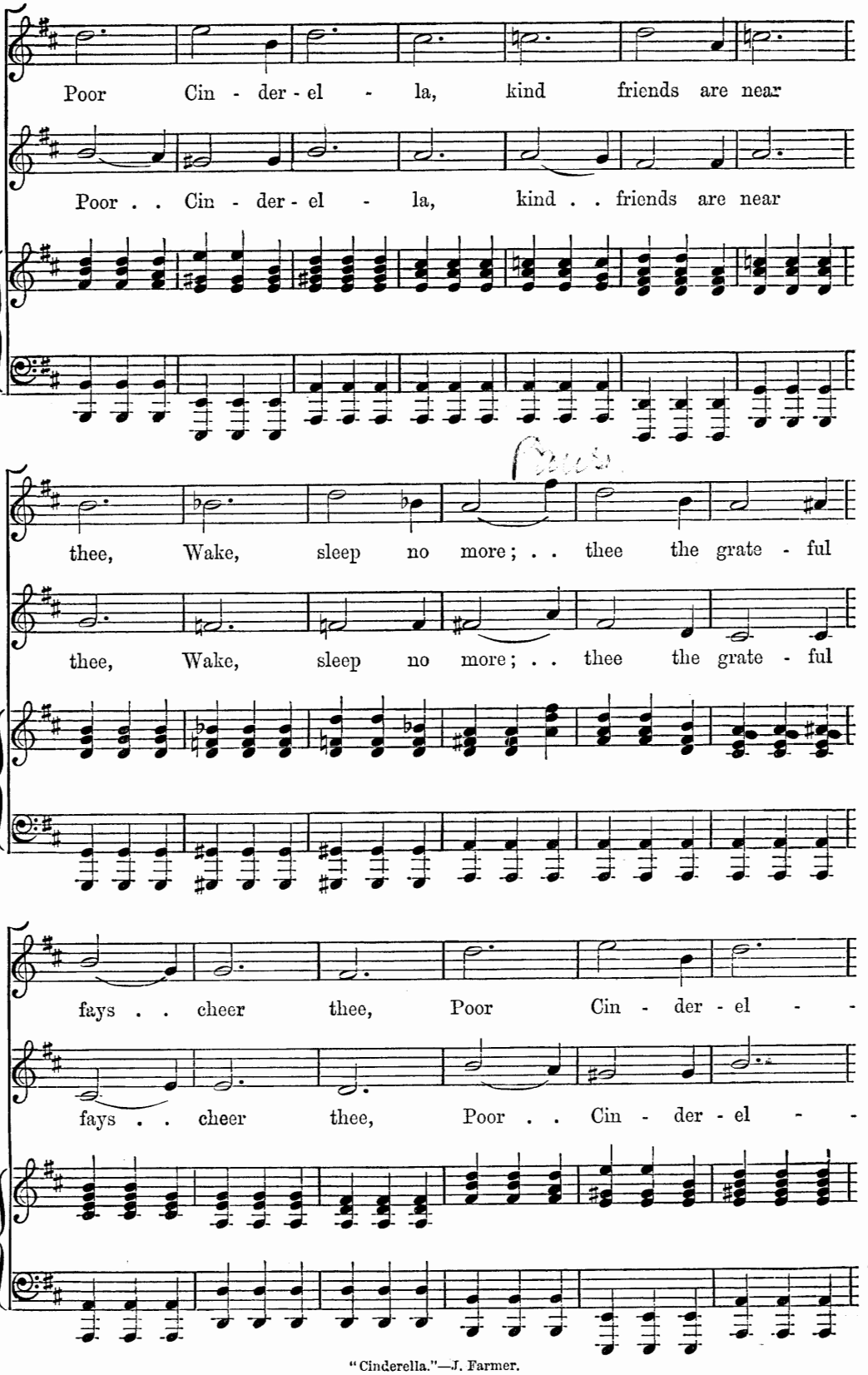

pp
pp
p
Attacca.

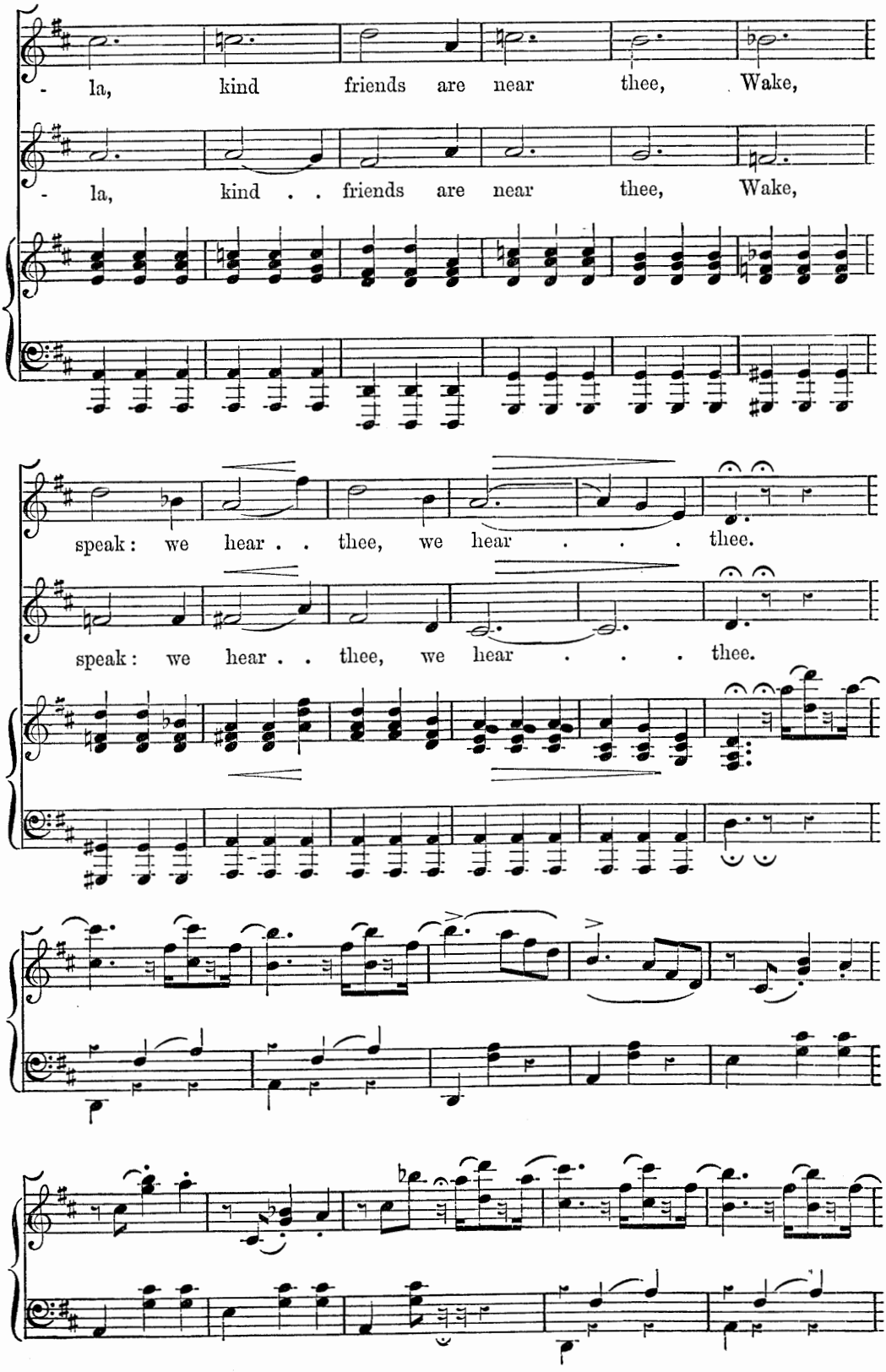
No. 10. SOLO AND CHORUS OF FAIRIES.—"DREAM, BRIGHTLY DREAM."

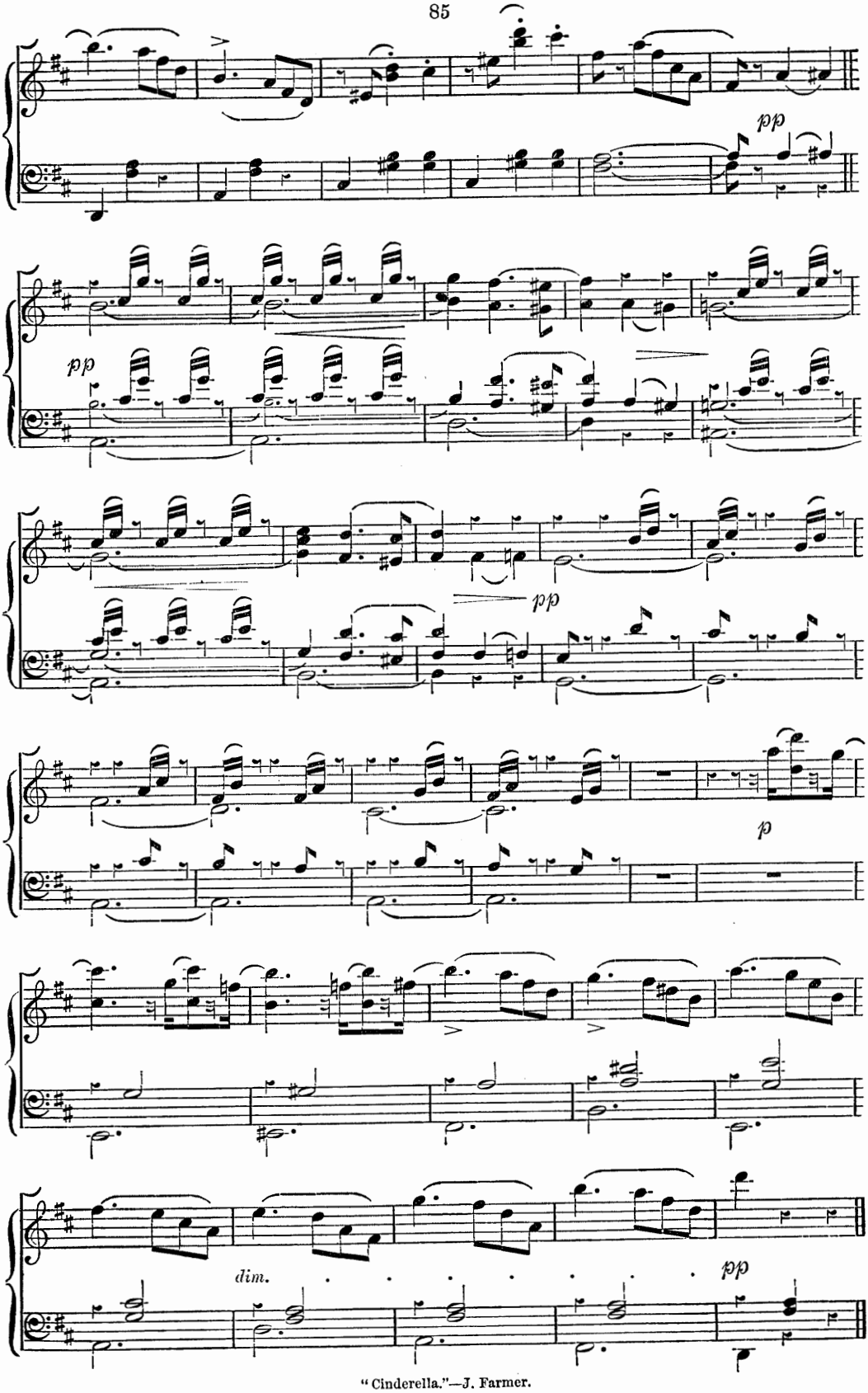




"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.


Poor Cin - der - el - la, kind friends are near
Poor . . Cin - der - el - la, kind . . friends are near
thee, Wake, sleep no more; . . thee the grate - ful
thee, Wake, sleep no more; . . thee the grate - ful
fays . . cheer thee, Poor Cin - der - el -
fays . . cheer thee, Poor . . Cin - der - el -


- la, kind friends are near thee, Wake,
- la, kind . . friends are near thee, Wake,
speak: we hear . . thee, we hear . . . thee.
speak: we hear . . thee, we hear . . . thee.


pp
pp
pp
p
dim.
pp

(*During the music everything in the kitchen has been set straight and arranged by the Fairies. At the end of it* CINDERELLA *wakes.*)

CINDERELLA (*starting up and coming down*).—Am I still dreaming? who and what are these bright beings?

FAIRY QUEEN.—Be not alarmed, but listen, Cinderella. We have met before, and on this very day.

CINDERELLA.—Met before? But how and where?

FAIRY QUEEN.—You thought perhaps but little of the bread and milk you gave so generously to the way-worn wanderer at your door.

CINDERELLA.—Can it be possible? 'Twas *you*, then, madam.

FAIRY QUEEN.—None other. I was curious to discover whether those gentle features were the index of a true and kindly heart. I am satisfied with my experiment, or I should not now be here.

CINDERELLA.—Oh, how good of you; and my dingy little kitchen looks like a palace already.

FAIRY QUEEN.—That word recalls to me the object of my visit. Confess, dear Cinderella, that it would not be an unpleasant surprise to find yourself at the Prince's ball to-night. You need not answer; your eyes have spoken for you.

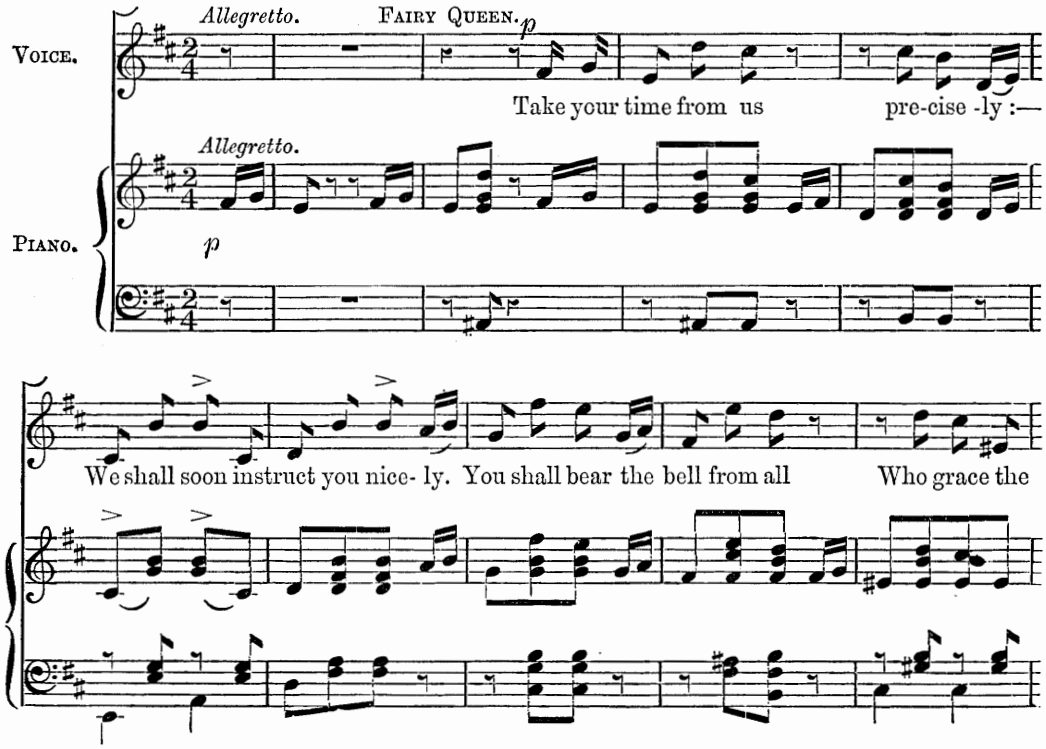
CINDERELLA.—Yes, I own that I did wish for a moment—but no, it cannot be. A pretty costume, to be sure, for the presence of royalty. I fear you mock me, lady.

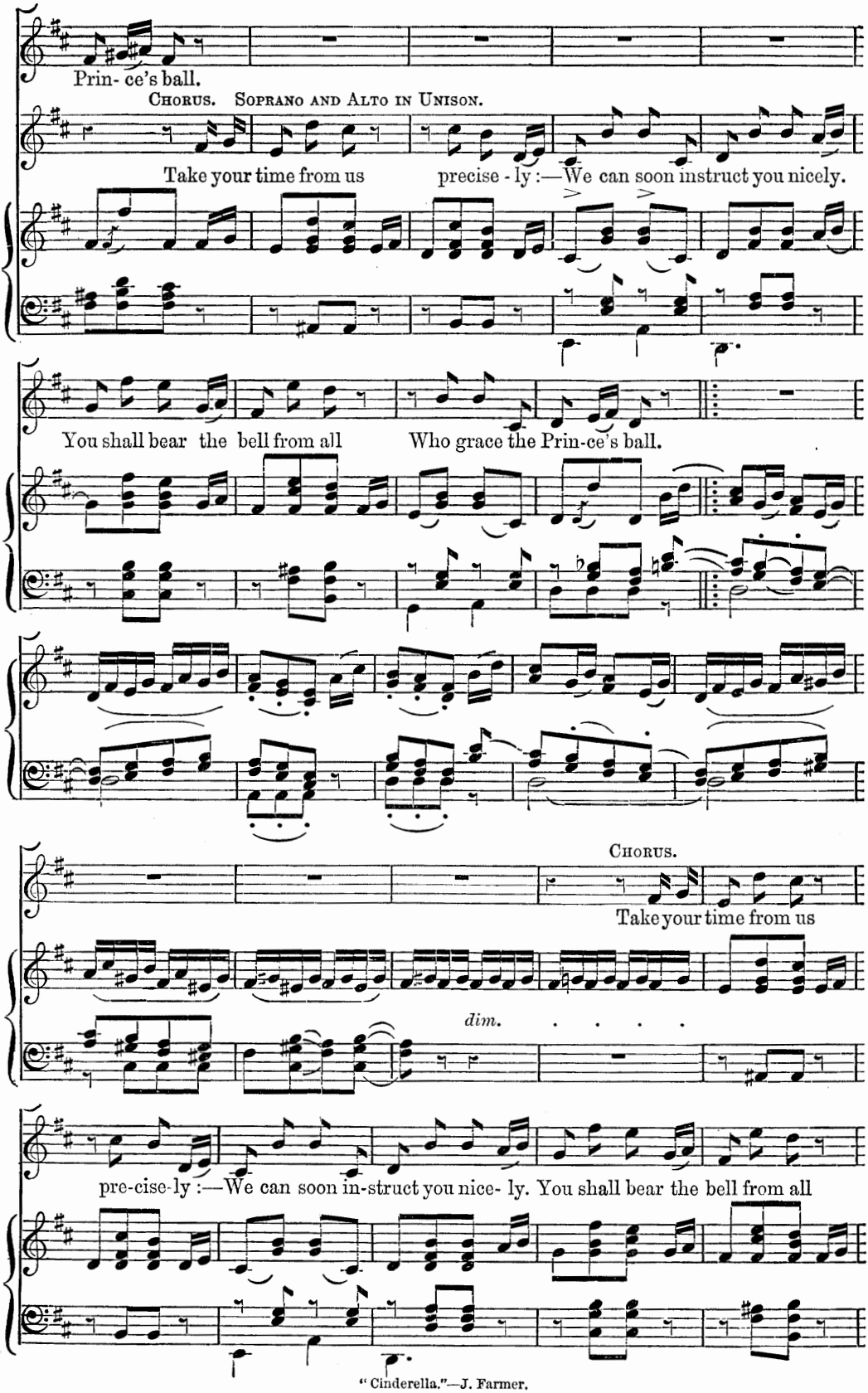
FAIRY QUEEN.—Do I? We shall see. (*Touches* CINDERELLA *with wand. The rags disappear, uncovering a magnificent ball-dress.*)

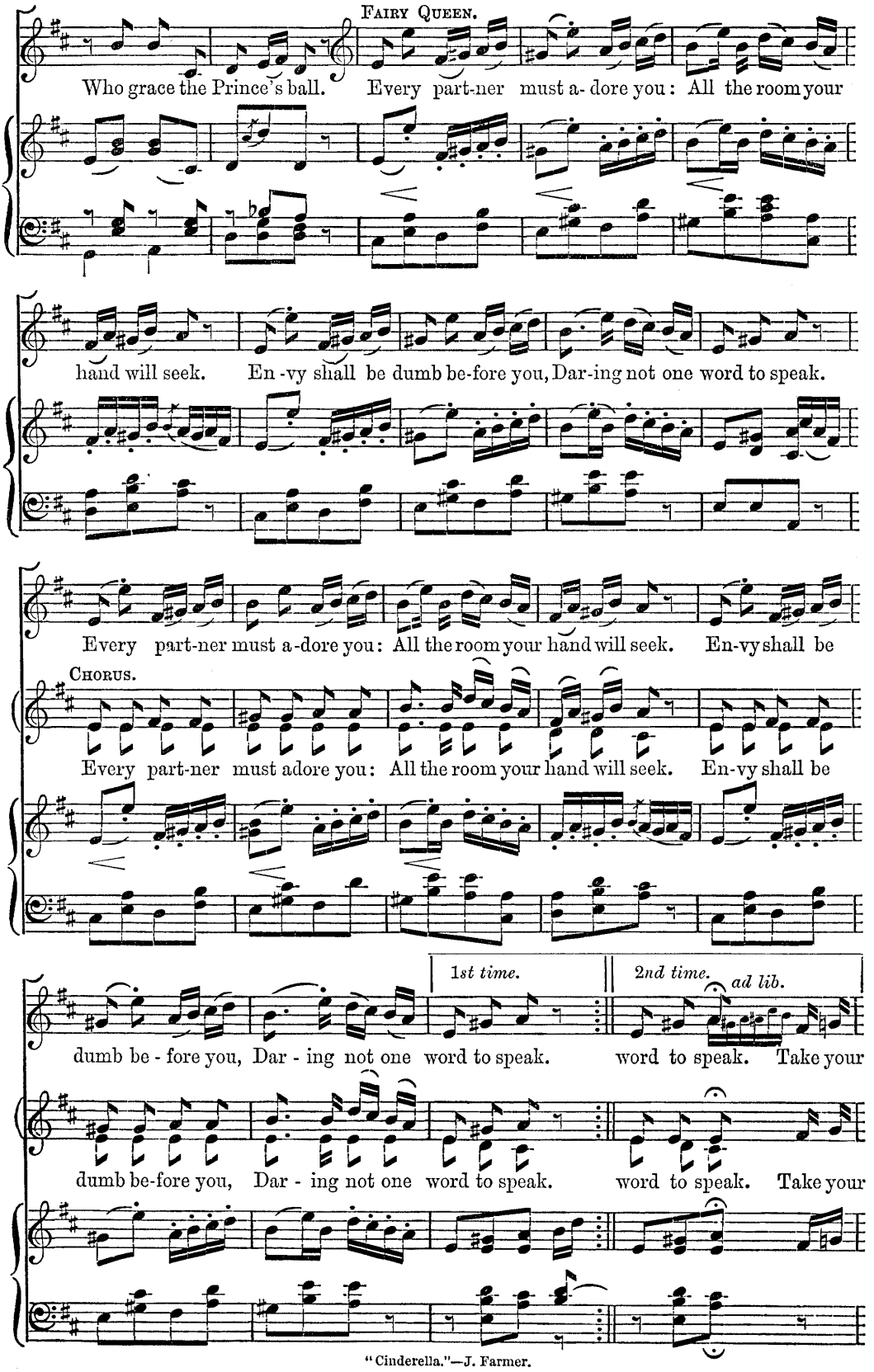
CINDERELLA.—How delightful! I *must* be dreaming! But, alas! my kind protector, all this elegance is wasted on such a simpleton as I, who cannot even dance a single step.

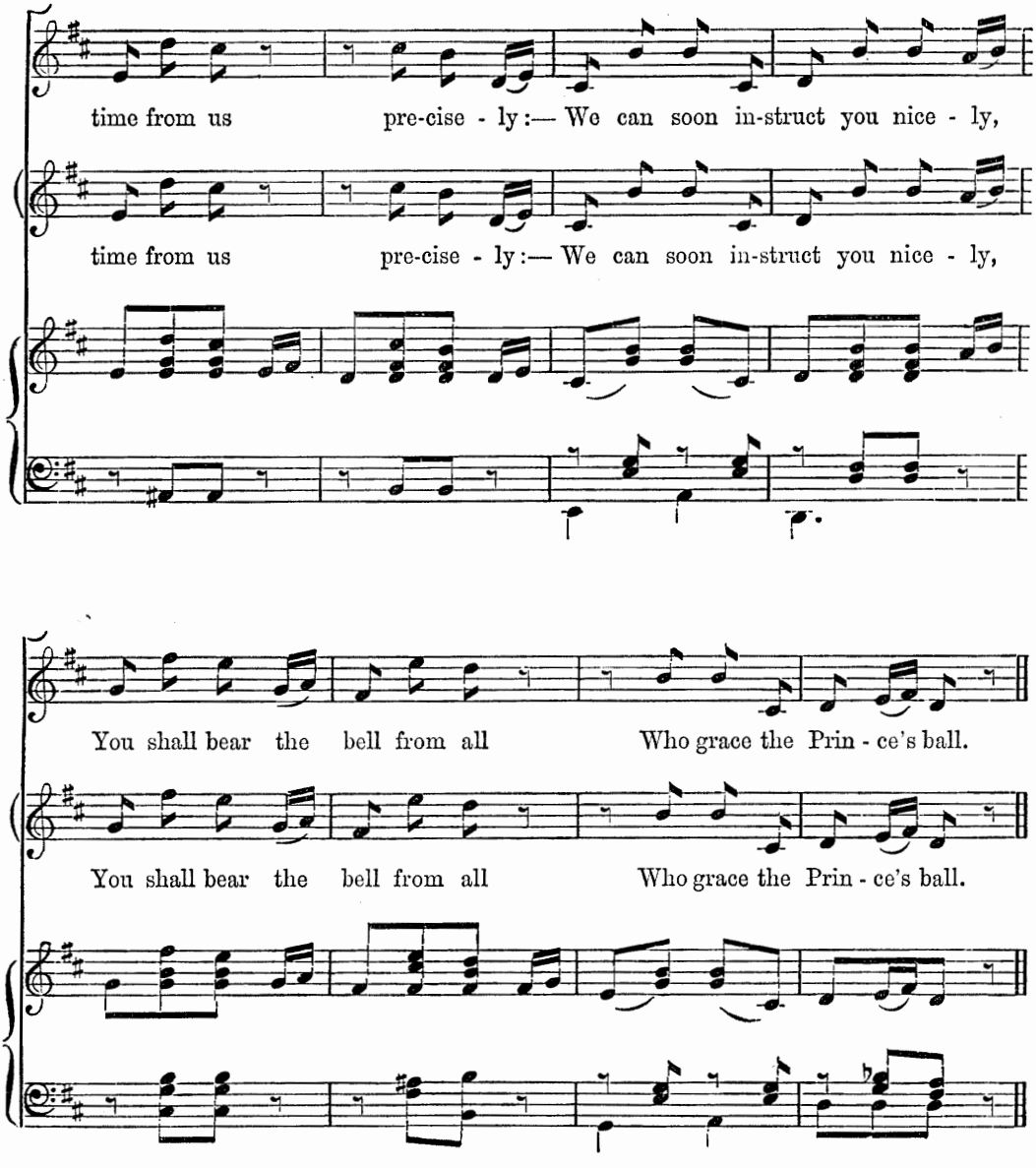
FAIRY QUEEN.—Nonsense! you don't know half you can do until you try; we fairies have trained pupils much more awkward than yourself. Now for a lesson; we shall find one quite enough.

No. 11. RECIT. AND SONG.—"TAKE YOUR TIME FROM US PRECISELY."




Prin- ce's ball.
Chorus. Soprano and Alto in Unison.
Take your time from us
precise - ly :—We can soon instruct you nicely.
You shall bear the bell from all
Who grace the Prin-ce's ball.
Chorus.
Take your time from us
dim.
pre-cise-ly :—We can soon in-struct you nice- ly. You shall bear the bell from all


Fairy Queen.
Who grace the Prince's ball. Every part-ner must a-dore you: All the room your
hand will seek. En-vy shall be dumb be-fore you, Dar-ing not one word to speak.
Every part-ner must a-dore you: All the room your hand will seek. En-vy shall be
Chorus.
Every part-ner must adore you: All the room your hand will seek. En-vy shall be
1st time.
2nd time.
ad lib.
dumb be - fore you, Dar - ing not one word to speak. word to speak. Take your
dumb be-fore you, Dar - ing not one word to speak. word to speak. Take your

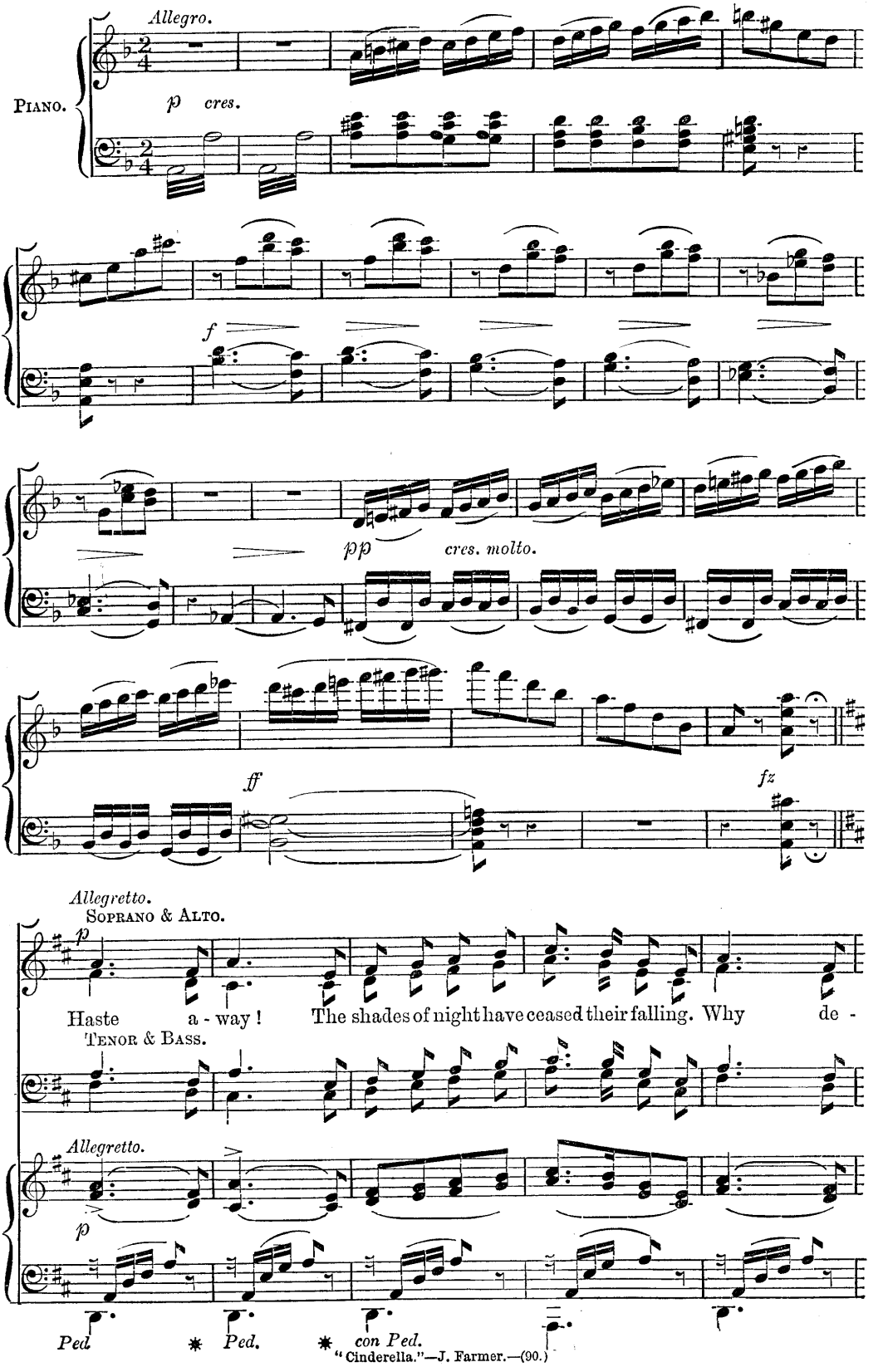


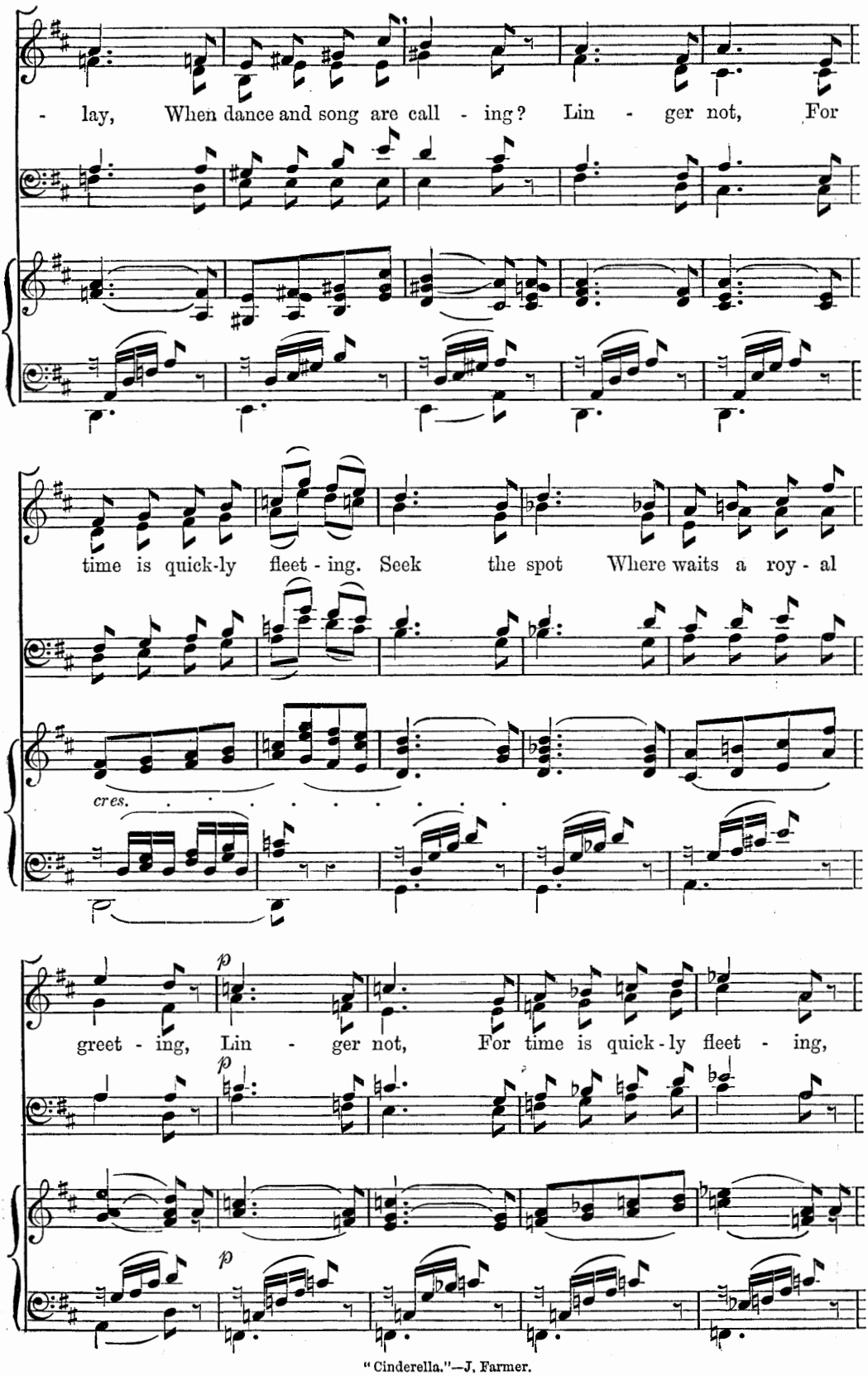
(CINDERELLA *dances, clumsily at first, but gradually improving.*)

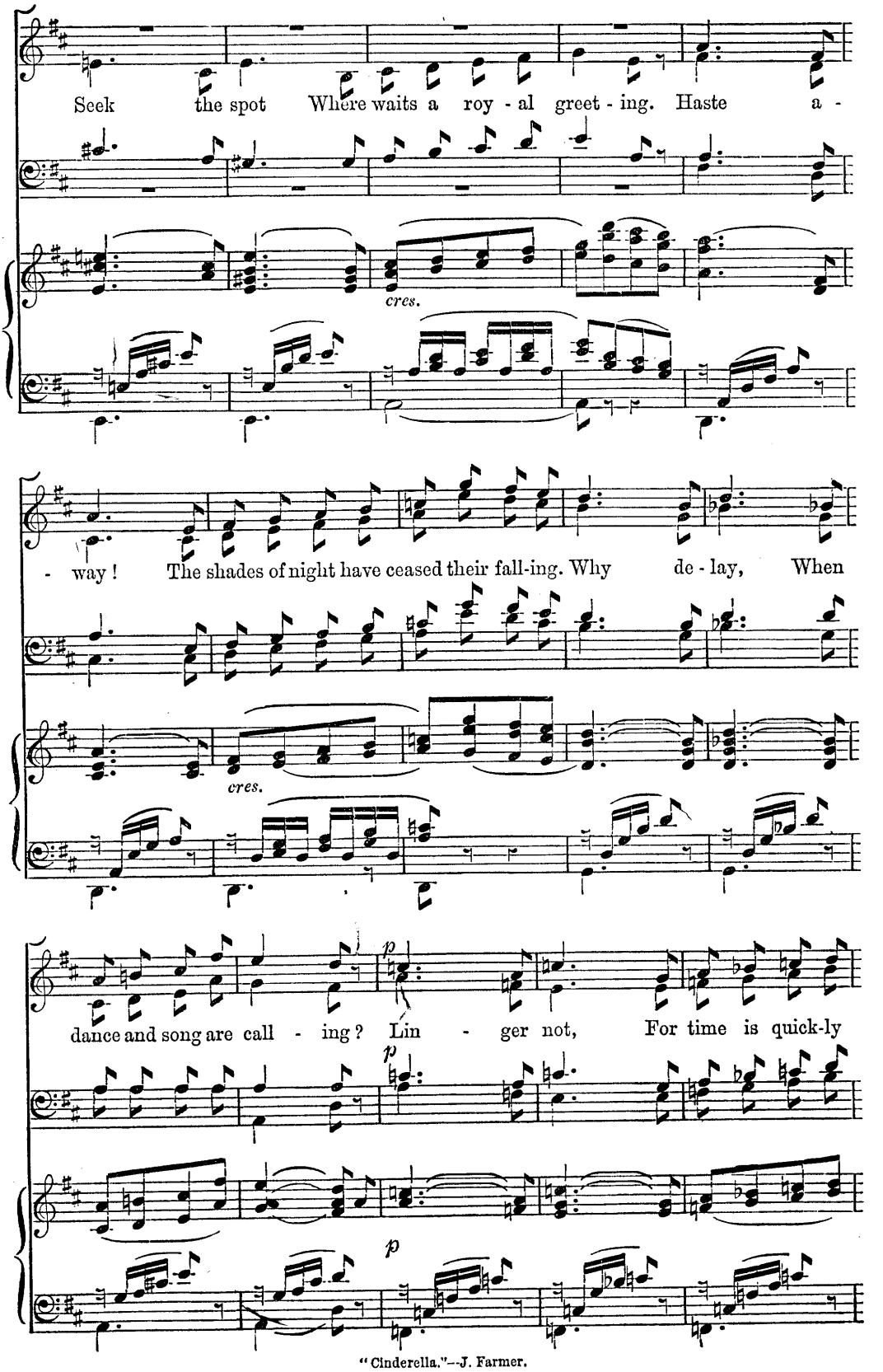
FAIRY QUEEN.—There is but one thing more, my child. You must go to this grand entertainment in a style becoming the pet of the fairies.

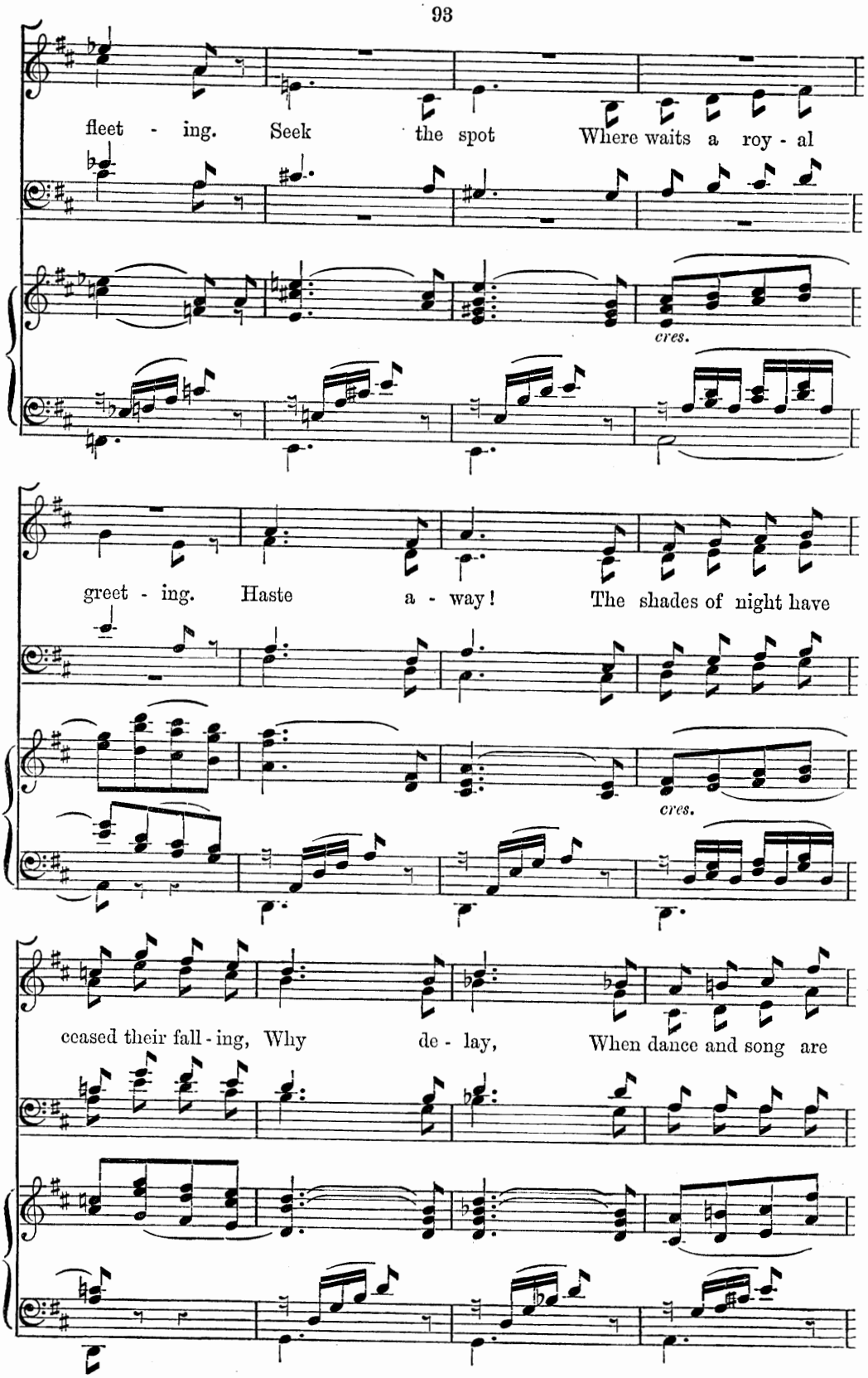
CINDERELLA.—The palace is not far off, and I could run there easily in five minutes.

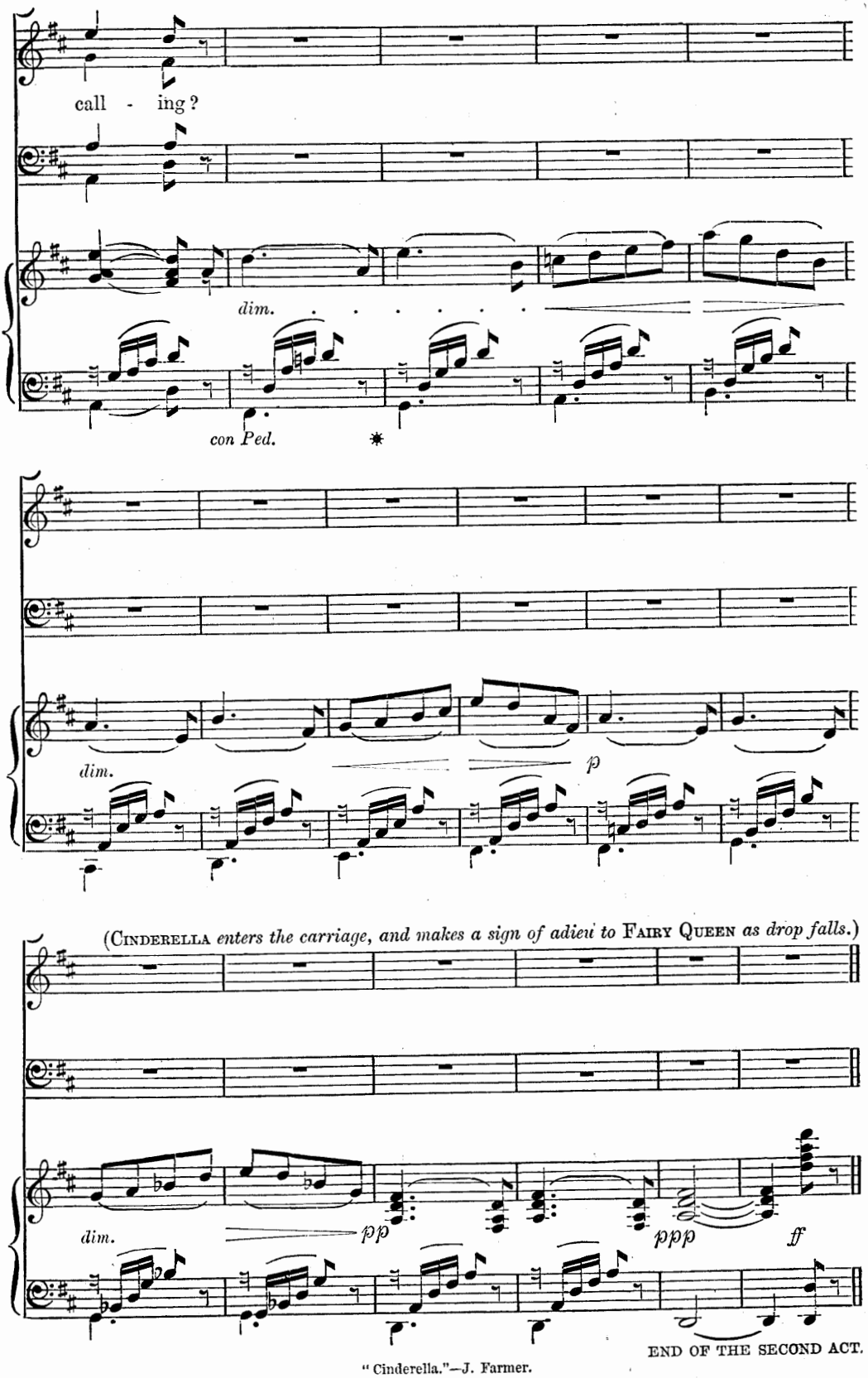
FAIRY QUEEN.—Run?—would you disgrace your benefactors? Let the lady's coach be announced instantly. (*Coach appears at back. Enter Footmen.*) A word before we part, Cinderella. Be happy and amuse yourself; but give your name to nobody on earth, and stay not within the palace one second beyond the hour of midnight, or even my power cannot avert the consequences. Farewell!


Allegro.
PIANO.
p cres.
f
pp
cres. molto.
ff
fz
Allegretto.
SOPRANO & ALTO.
p
Haste a - way! The shades of night have ceased their falling. Why de -
TENOR & BASS.
Allegretto.
p
Ped. * Ped. * con Ped.


- lay, When dance and song are call - ing? Lin - ger not, For
time is quick-ly fleet - ing. Seek the spot Where waits a roy - al
cres.
greet - ing, Lin - ger not, For time is quick - ly fleet - ing,
p
p
p


Seek the spot Where waits a roy - al greet - ing. Haste a -
cres.
- way! The shades of night have ceased their fall-ing. Why de - lay, When
cres.
dance and song are call - ing? Lin - ger not, For time is quick-ly
p
p
p


fleet - ing. Seek the spot Where waits a roy - al
cres.
greet - ing. Haste a - way! The shades of night have
cres.
ceased their fall - ing, Why de - lay, When dance and song are

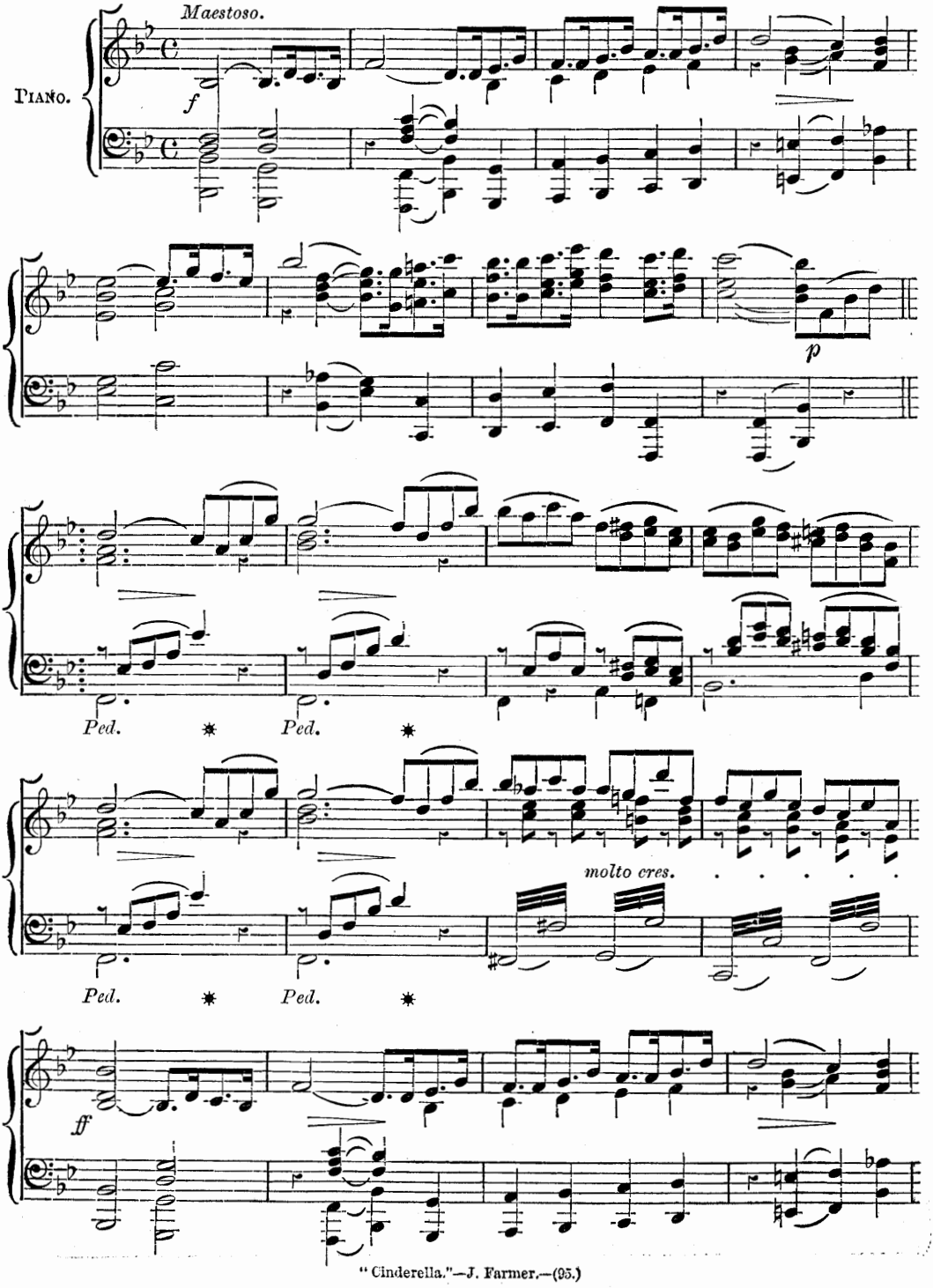


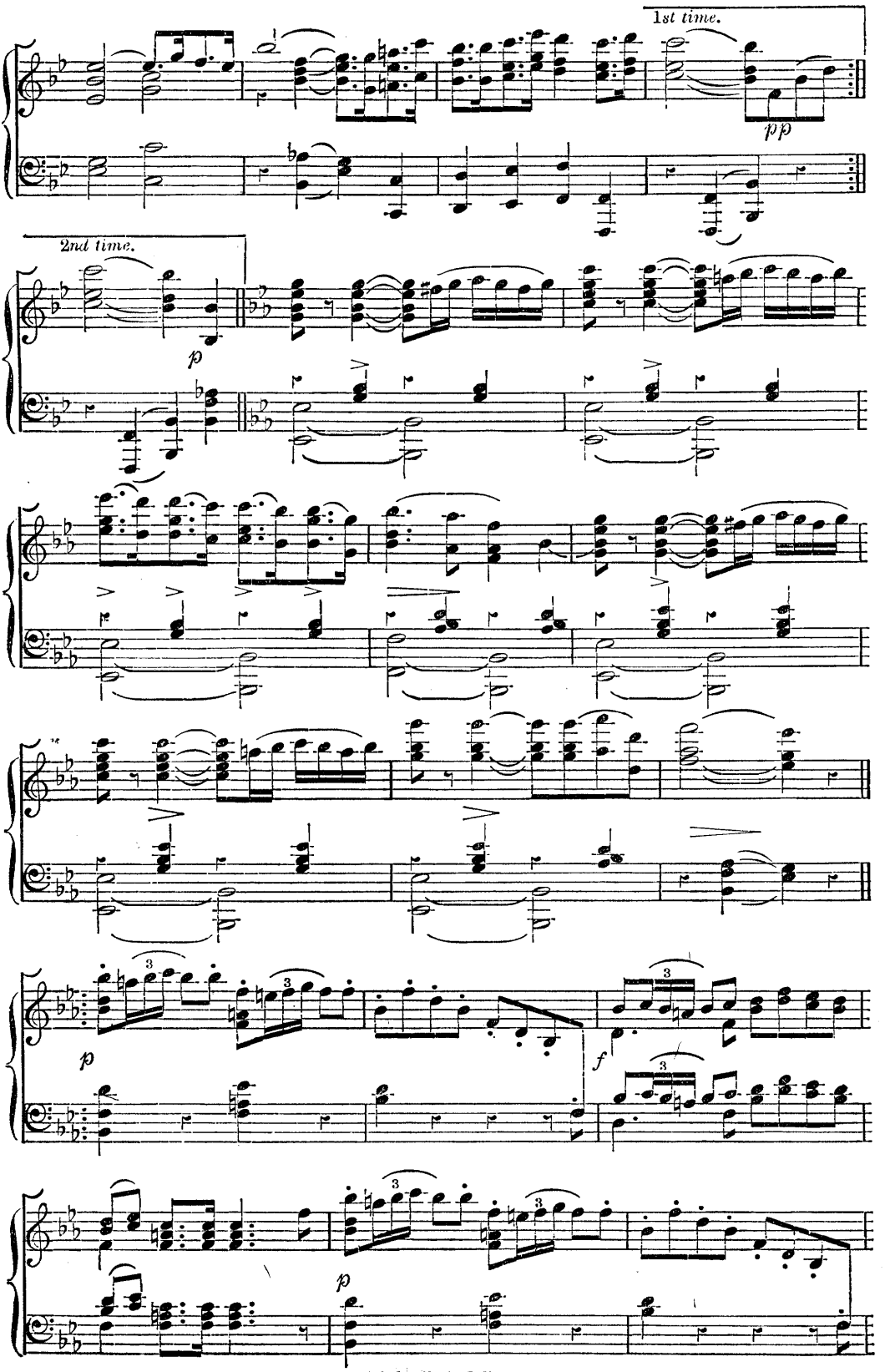
END OF THE SECOND ACT.

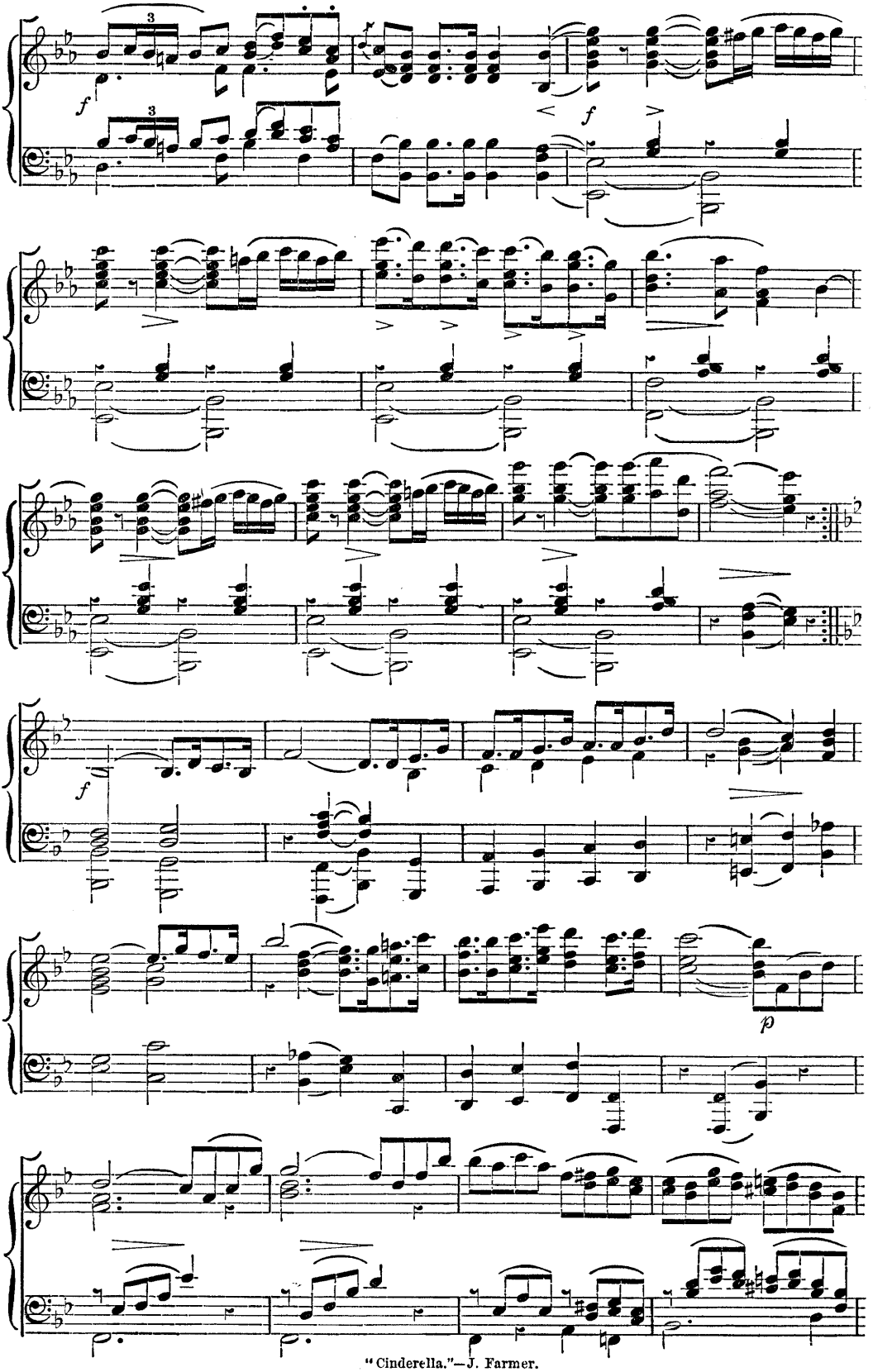
ACT III.

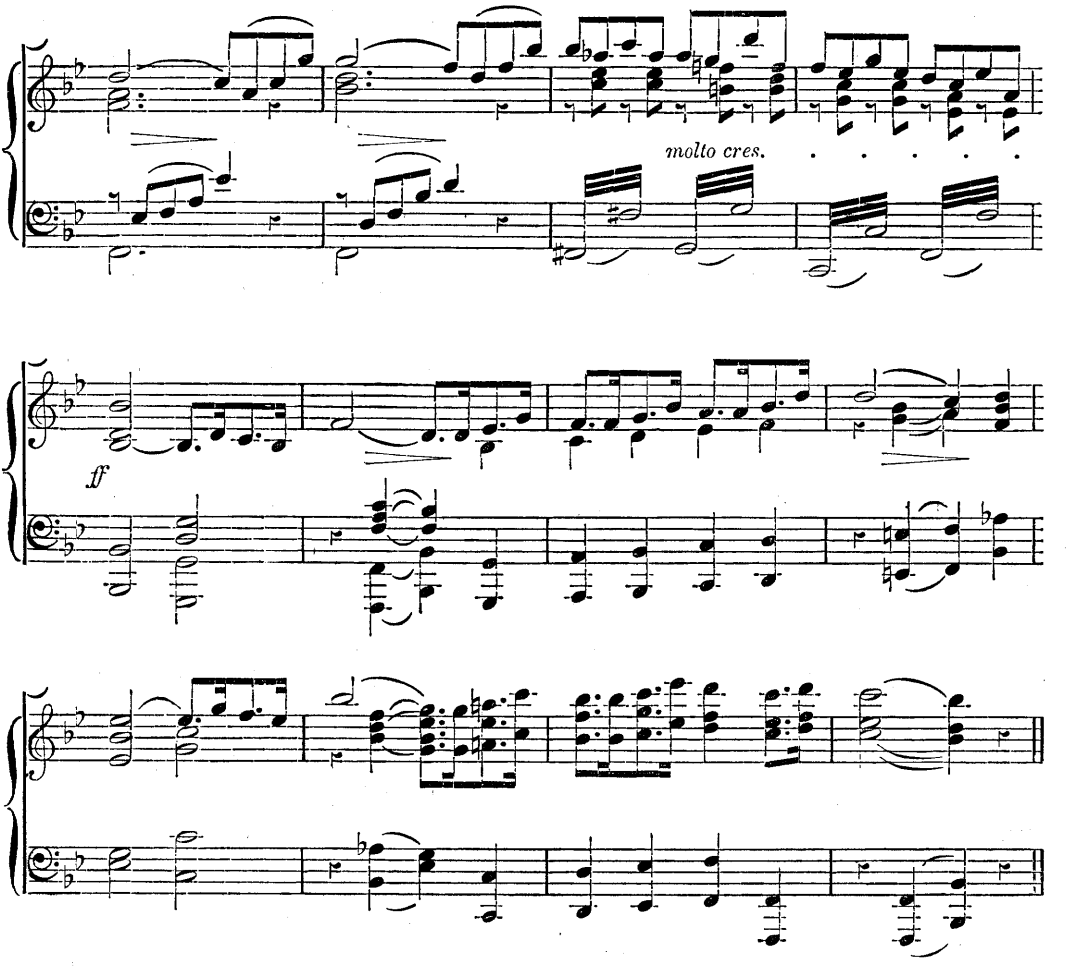
SCENE.—*Ball-room at the Palace. At* R. PRINCE *discovered seated on raised throne with canopy, surrounded by Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court. Guards at the back. Two staircases leading up to Conservatory.*

PROCESSIONAL MARCH.




1st time.
pp
2nd time.
p
p
f
p


f
3
3
f
p



(*The* BARON, *with* PRISCILLA *and* TABITHA, *comes forward at the end of the dance.*)

BARON.—I trust, my dears, that you have both followed my injunctions and been particularly cautious in your selection of partners.

PRISCILLA.—Not a glance nor a smile have I bestowed this evening upon anybody under a Count.

TABITHA.—For my own part I have drawn the line at Major-Generals and Foreign Ambassadors.

BARON.—Bless you, my children; this is as it should be. I cannot have my tender little chickens thrown away upon respectable but untitled mediocrity. To-night may be the starting point of your whole future destinies. (*They go up.*)

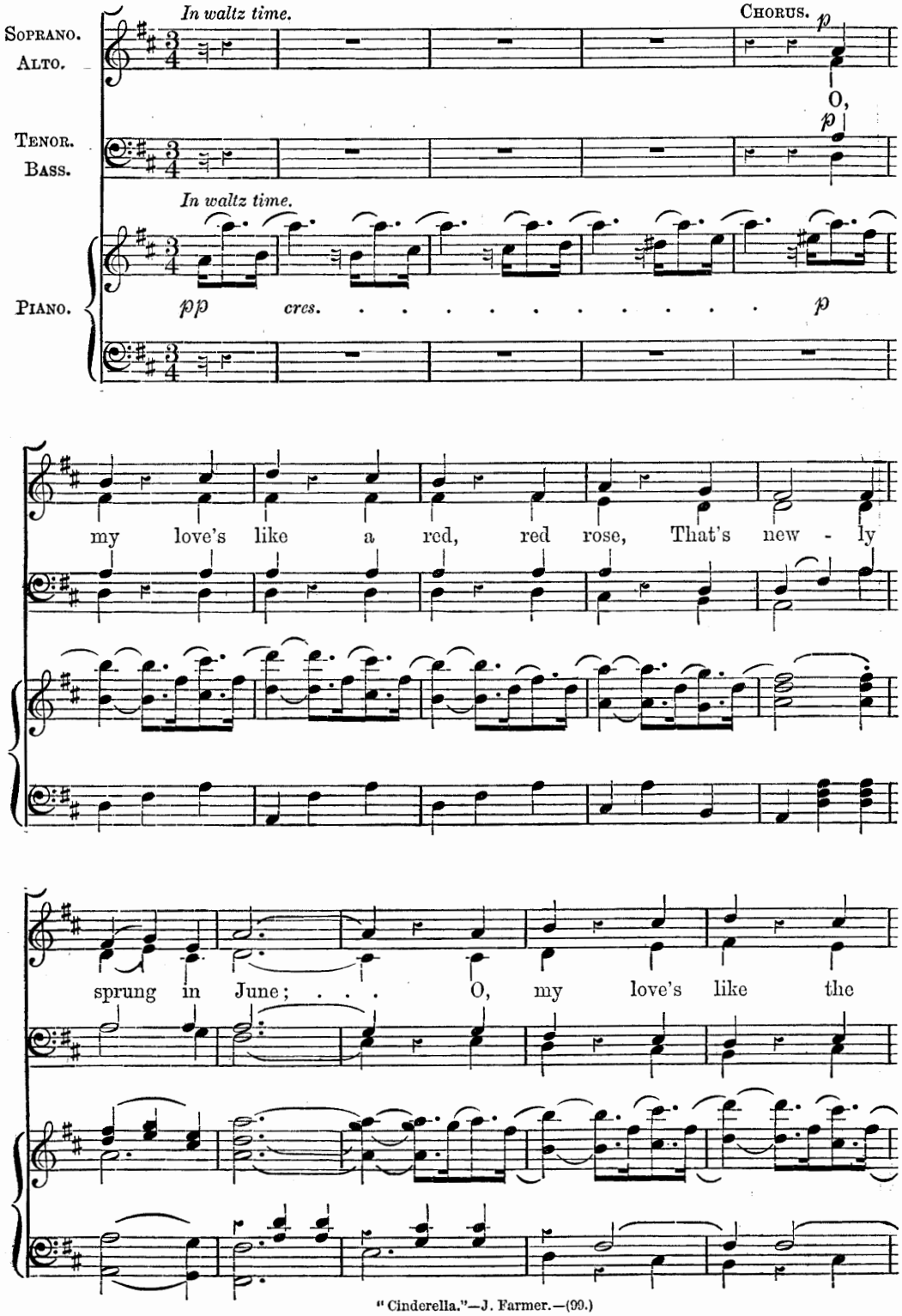
MALATESTA.—(*Aside, coming down.*) It is as much as I can do to keep my royal pupil constantly in my watchful eye. He becomes every day more headstrong and impulsive. Seventeen is a dangerous age for persons of lively susceptibilities. No matter; my mind is quite made up. A Princess, and nothing less, shall be the bride of Prince Mirabel.

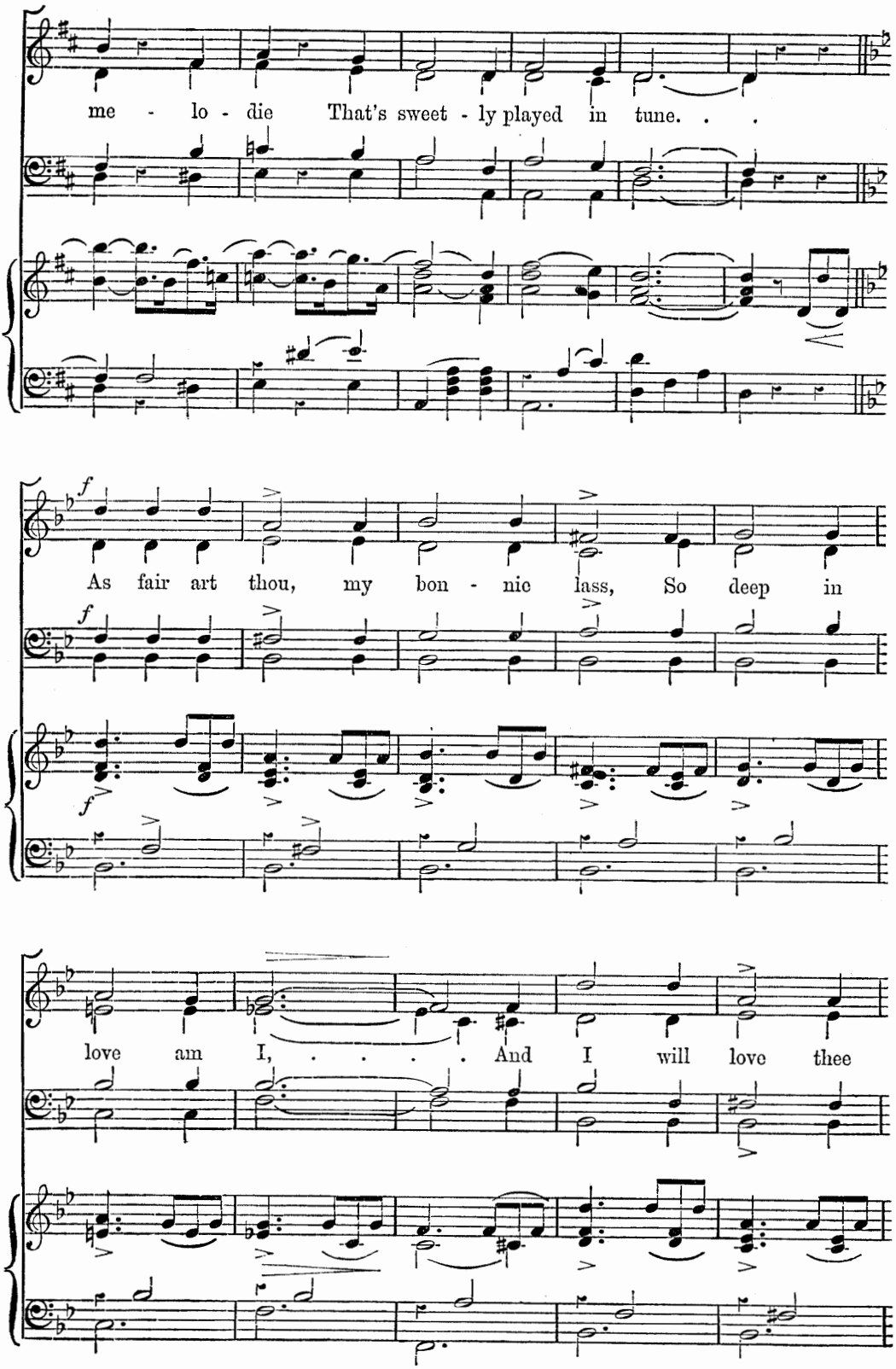
(*Goes up.*)

CHILDREN'S SINGING QUADRILLE.

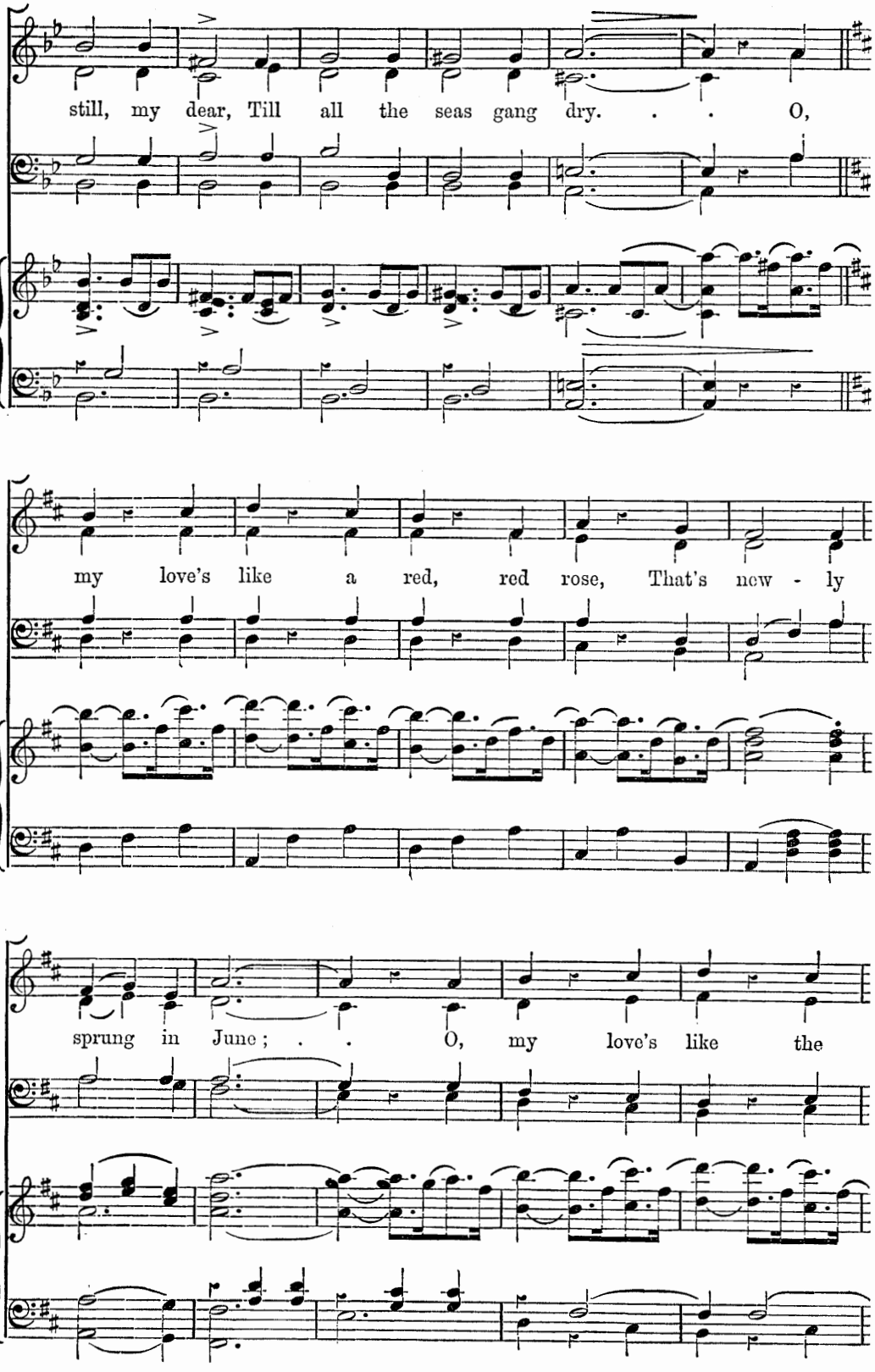
(Selections for these Quadrilles may be taken from the 1st, 2nd, or 4th set of *Nursery Rhyme Quadrilles*, by JOHN FARMER, published by J. Wilbee, Harrow, and Novello, Ewer, & Co., 1, Berners Street, London (W.)

No. 14.—LOVE WALTZ, WITH CHORUS.—"O, MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE."

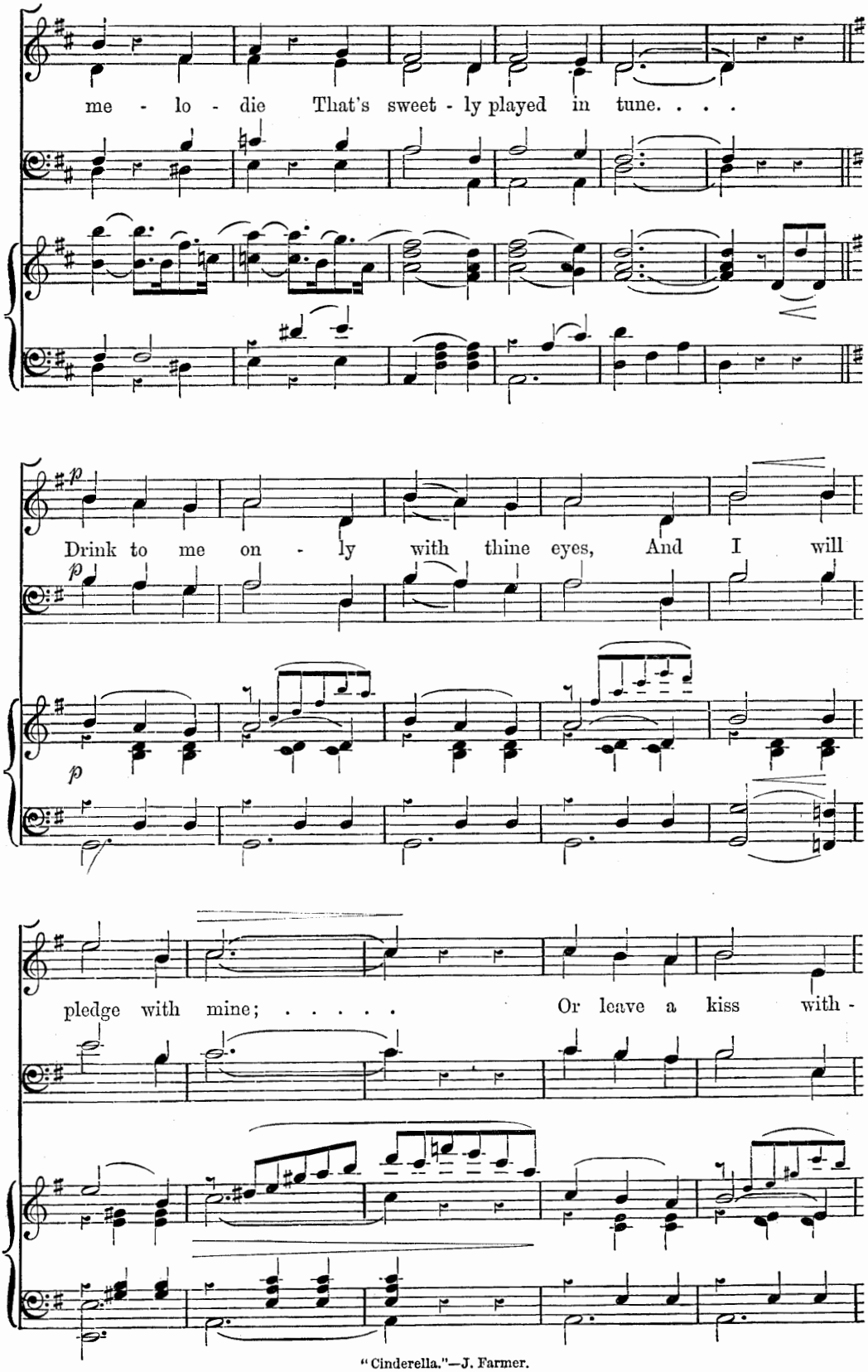


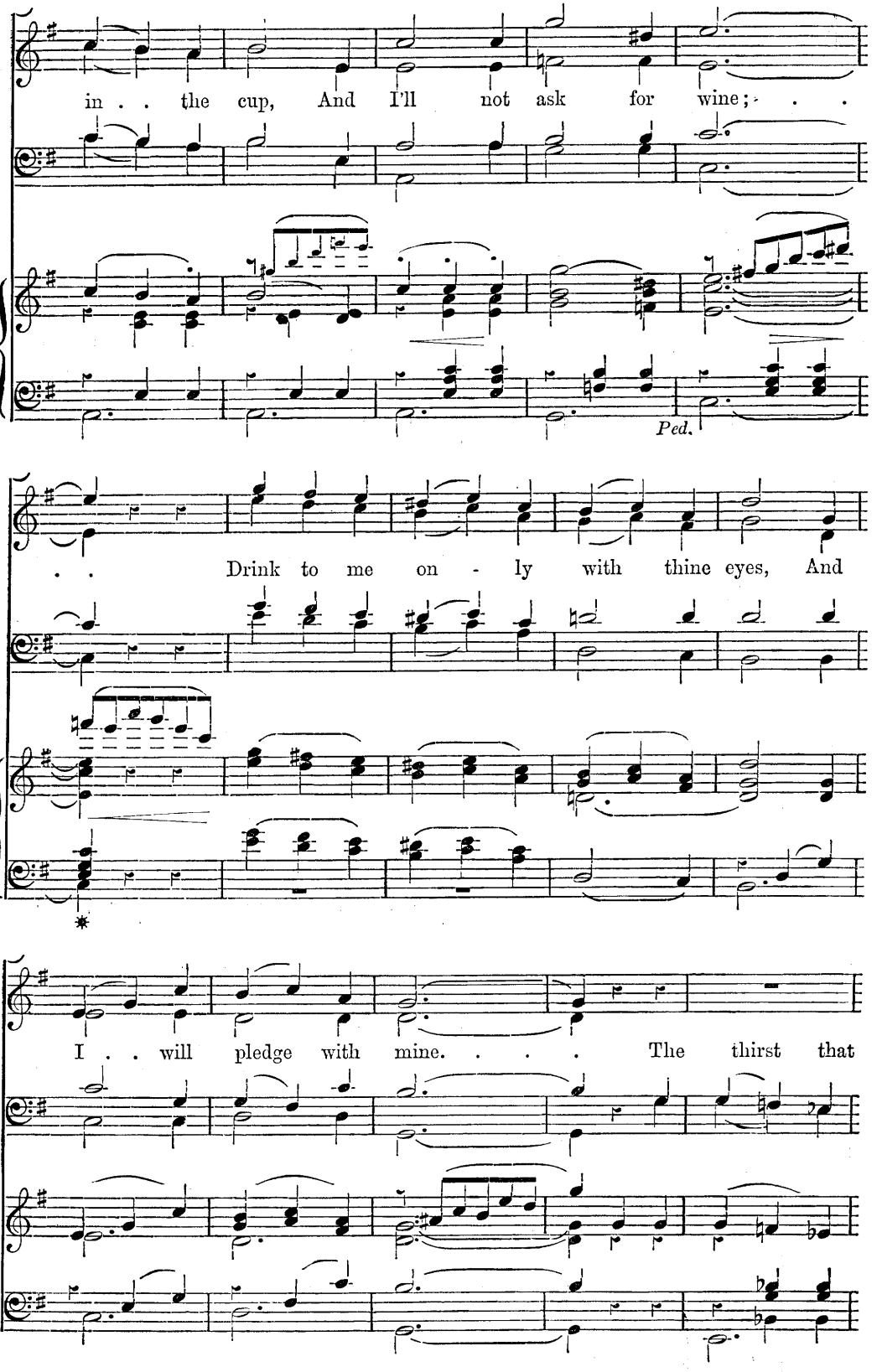


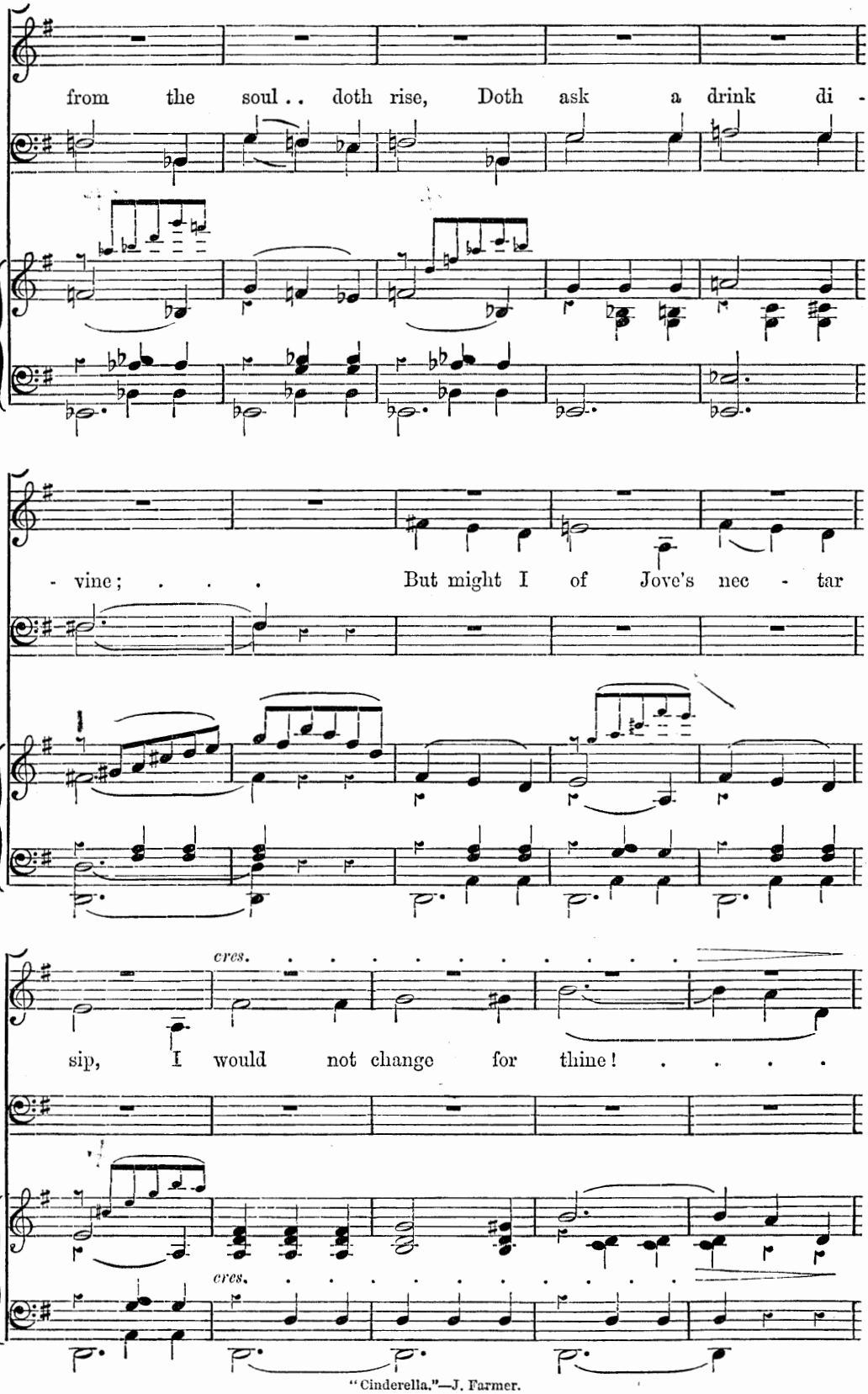
"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.

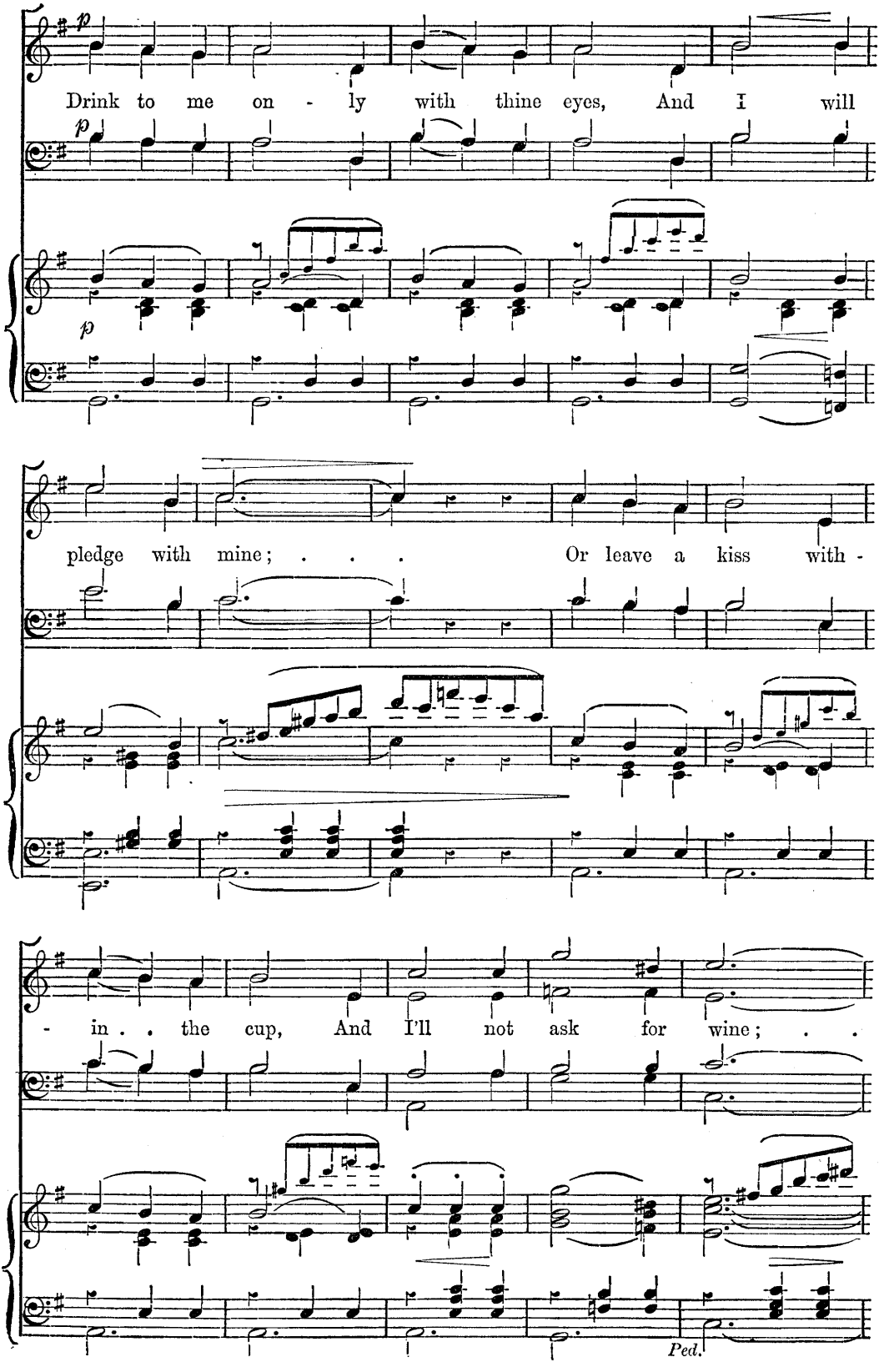


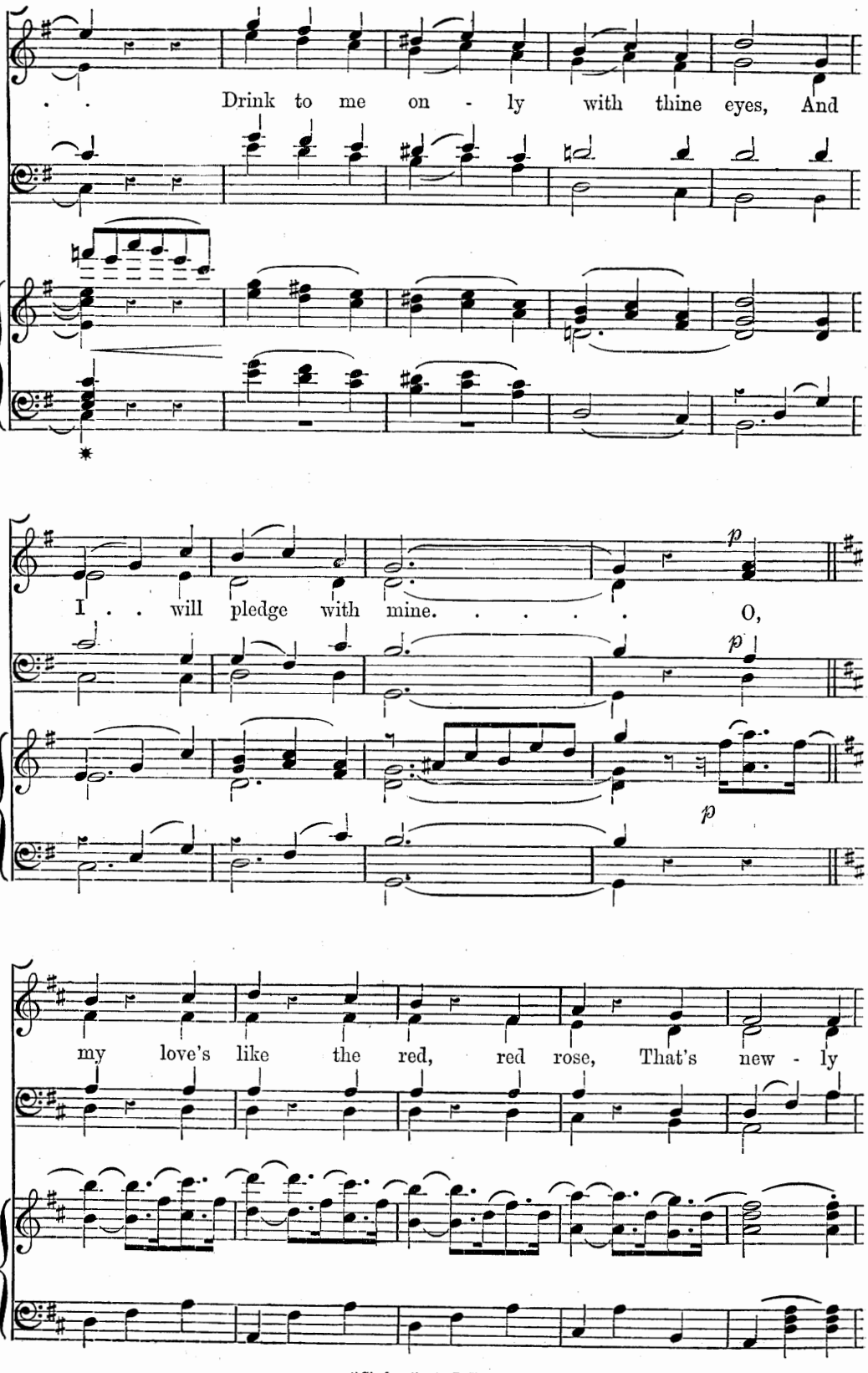
"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.

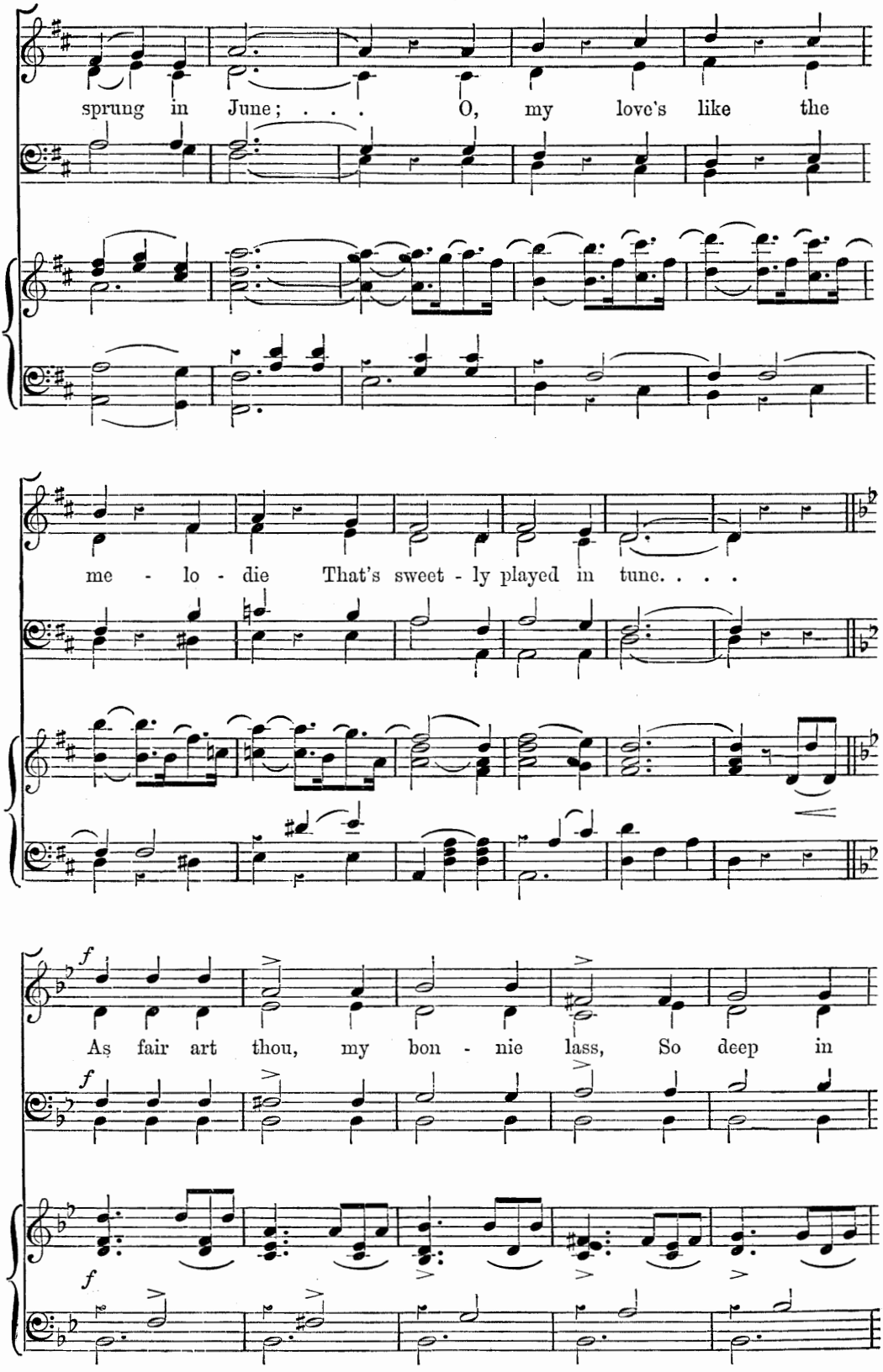

me - lo - die That's sweet - ly played in tune. . . .
p
Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will
p
pledge with mine; . . . . . Or leave a kiss with -

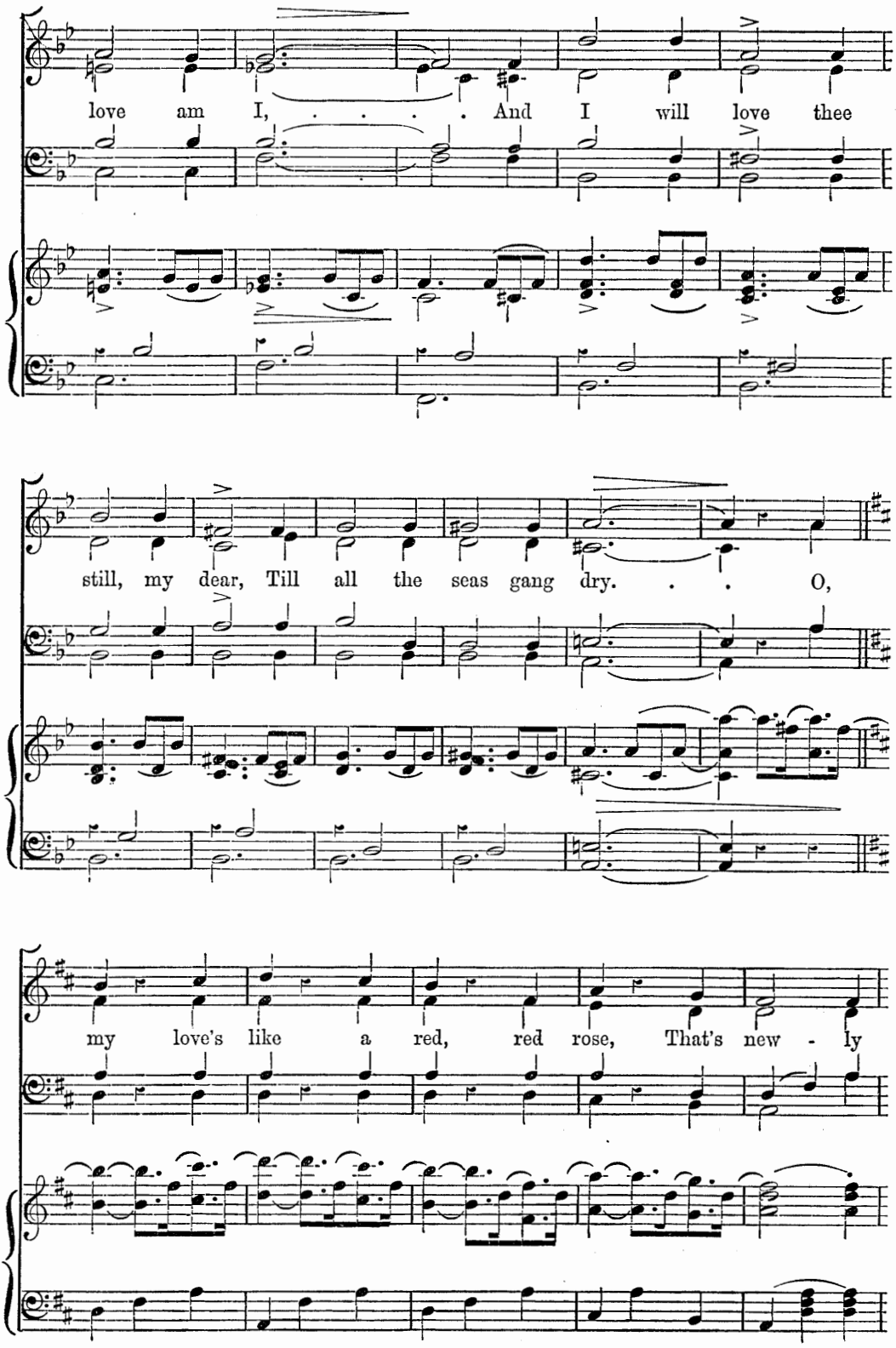

in . . the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; . . .
Ped.
. . Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And
I . . will pledge with mine. . . . The thirst that

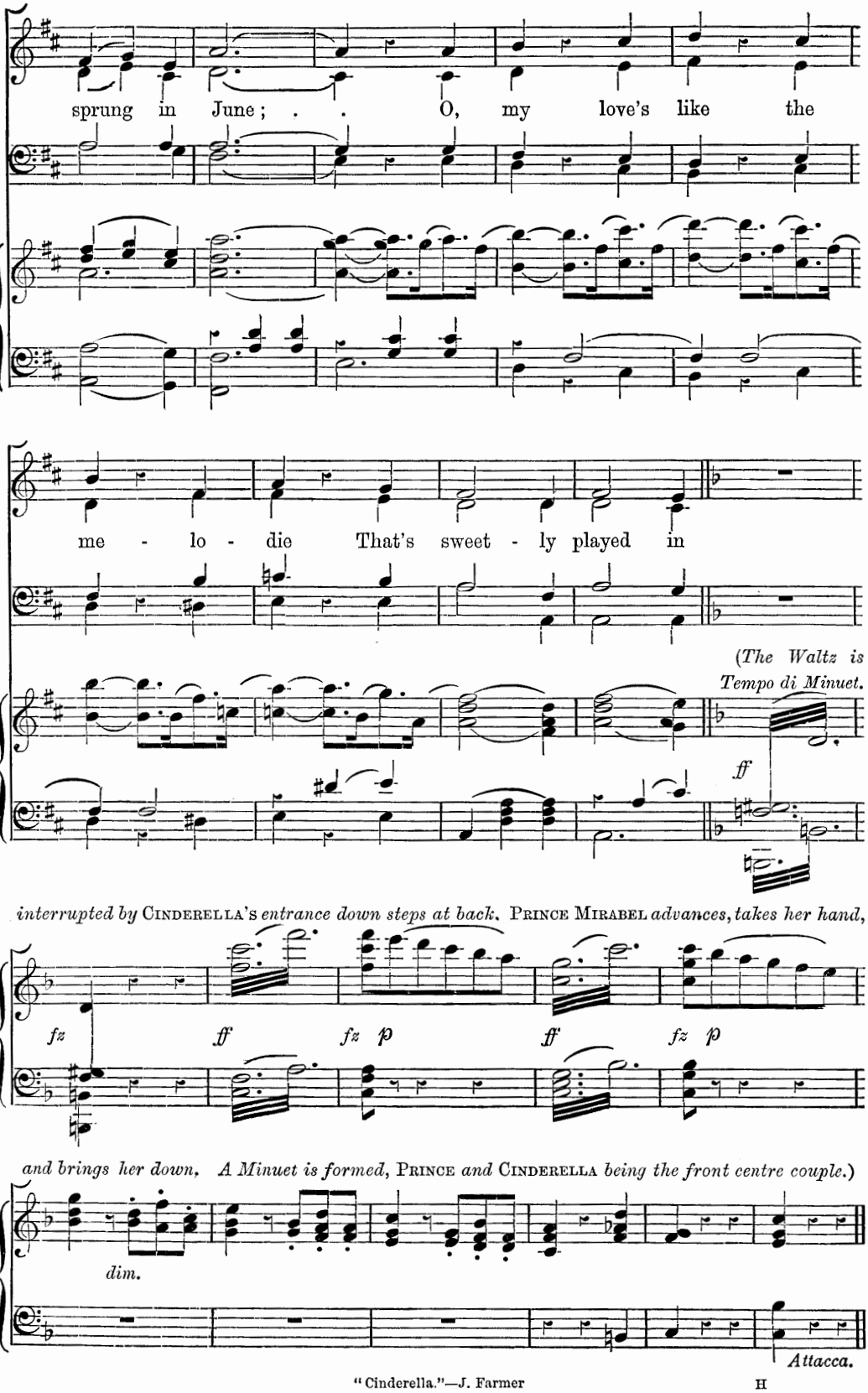

from the soul . . doth rise, Doth ask a drink di -
- vine; . . . But might I of Jove's nec - tar
cres.
sip, I would not change for thine! . . . .
cres.

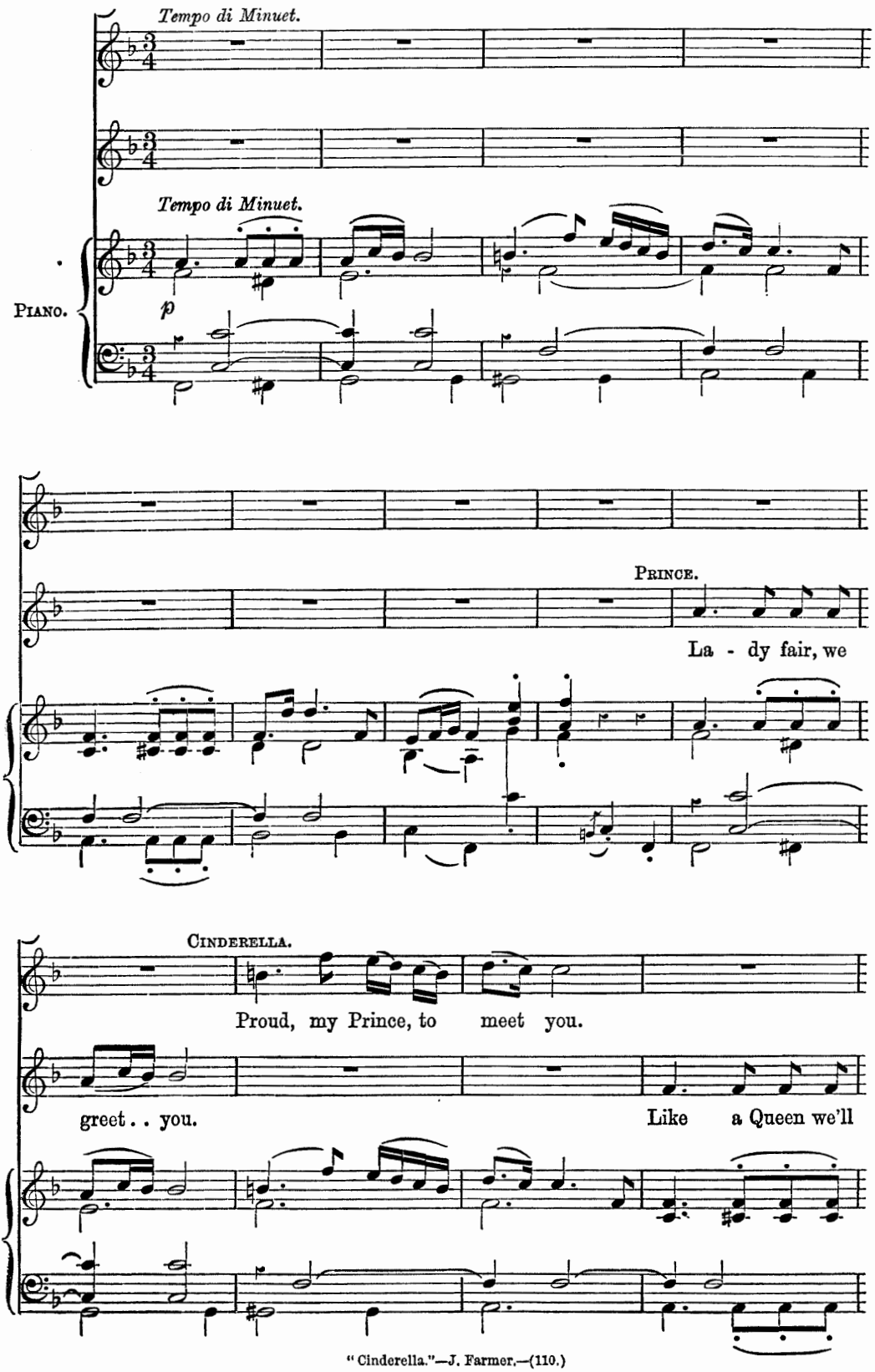

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will
pledge with mine; . . . Or leave a kiss with -
- in . . the cup, And I'll not ask for wine; . .
Ped.

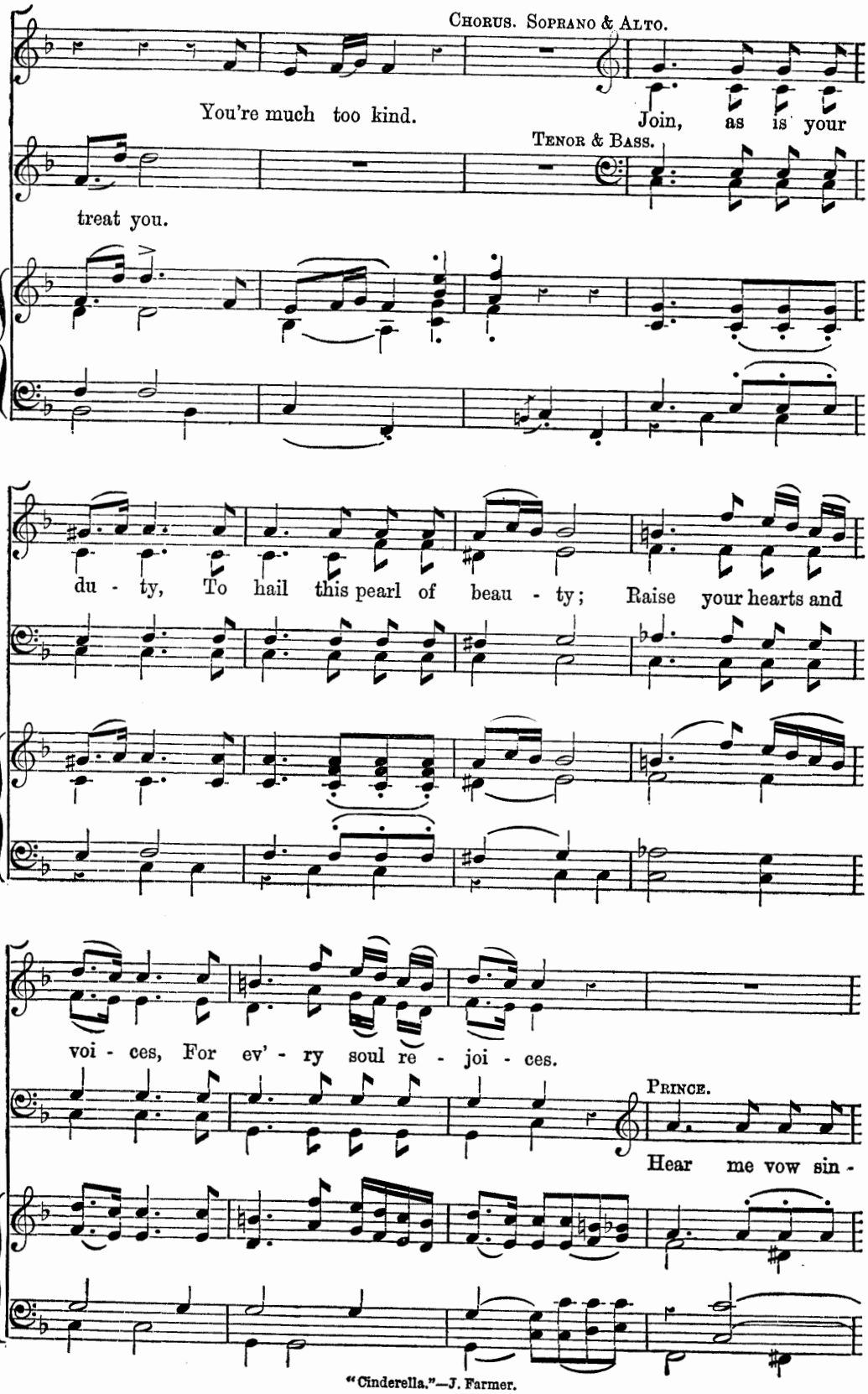

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And
I . . will pledge with mine. . . . . O,
p
p
p
my love's like the red, red rose, That's new - ly

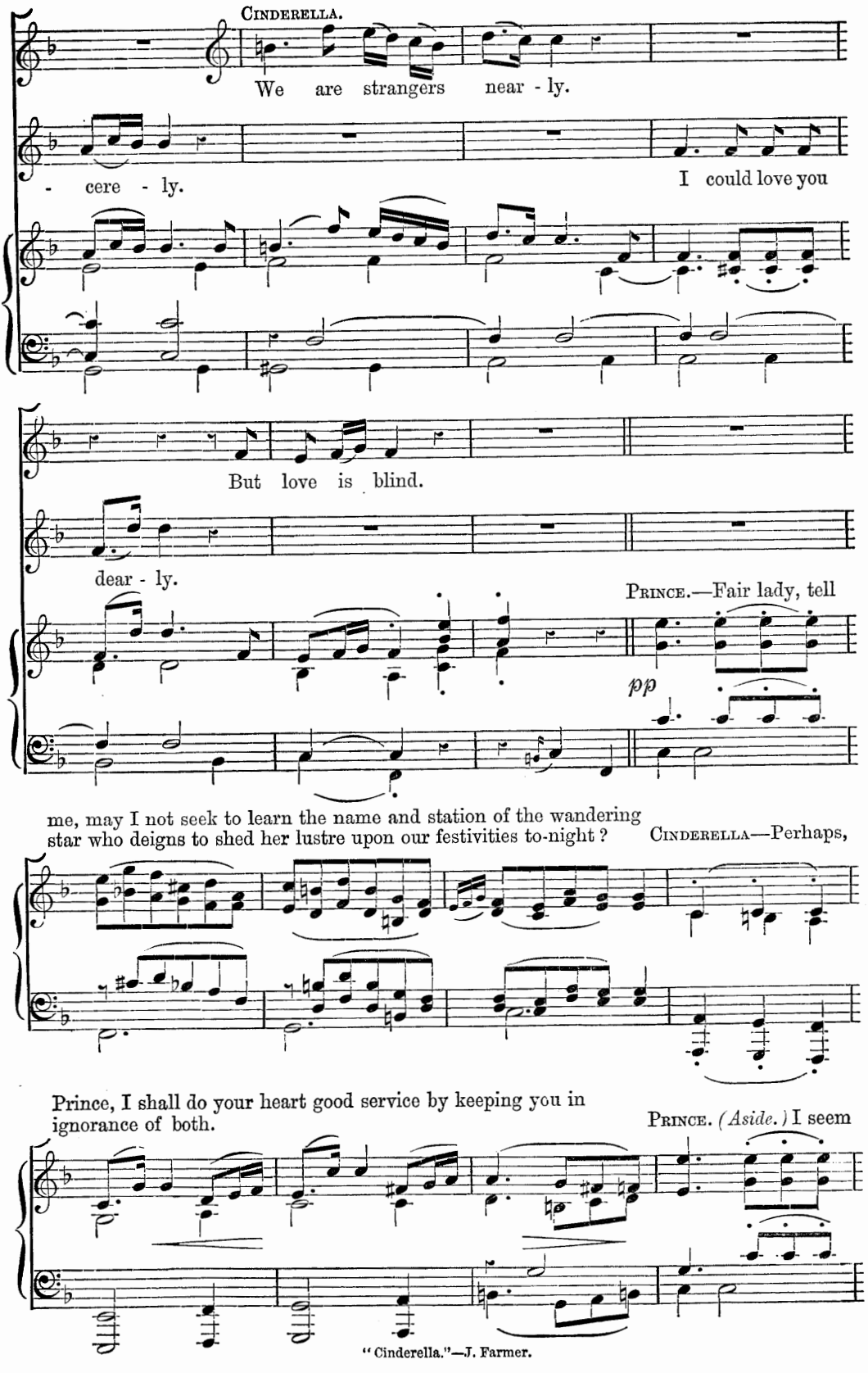

sprung in June; . . . O, my love's like the
me - lo - die That's sweet - ly played in tune. . . .
f
As fair art thou, my bon - nie lass, So deep in
f
f


love am I, ... And I will love thee
still, my dear, Till all the seas gang dry. . . O,
my love's like a red, red rose, That's new - ly

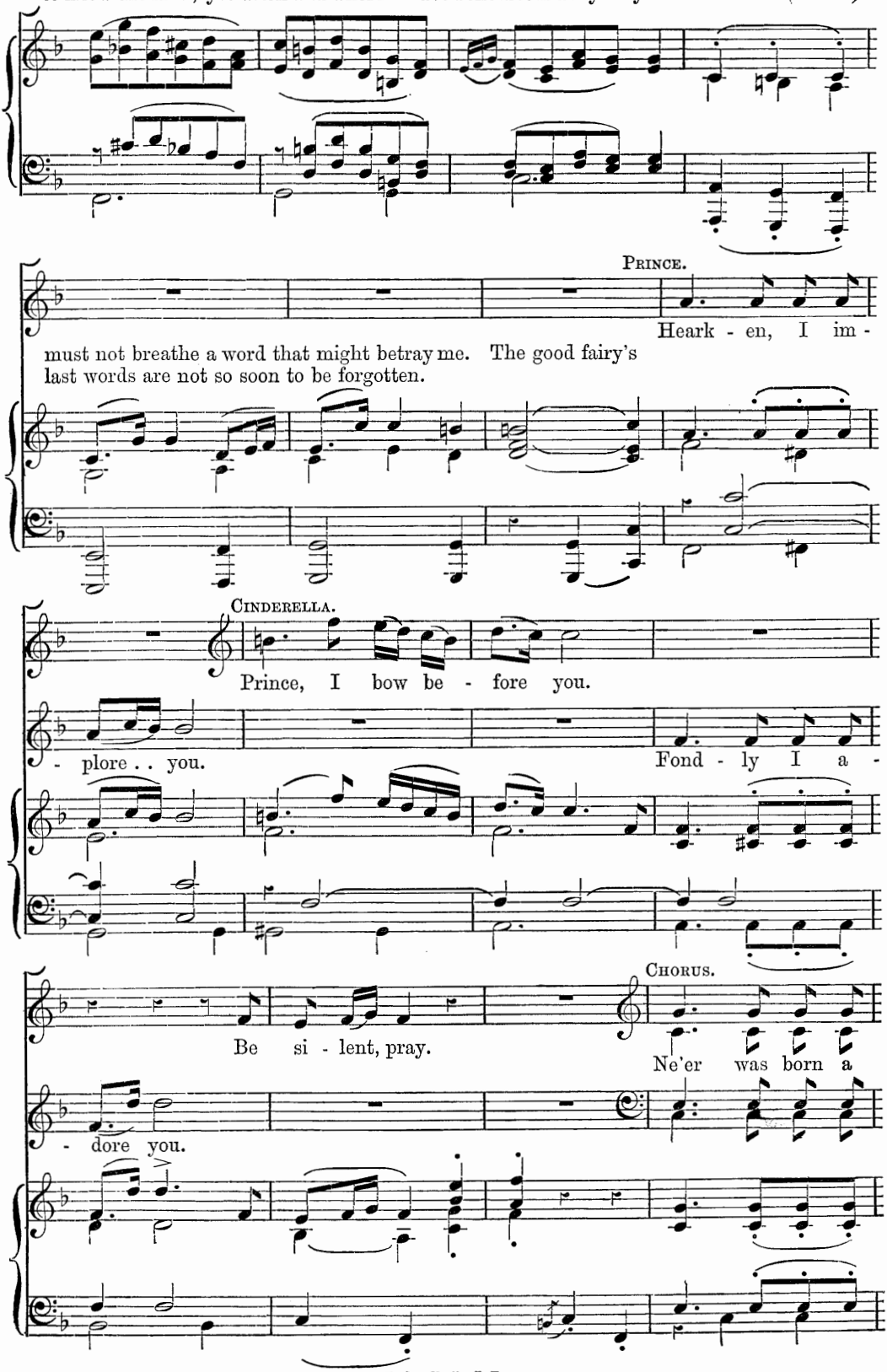

sprung in June; . . O, my love's like the
me - lo - die That's sweet - ly played in
(The Waltz is
Tempo di Minuet.
ff
interrupted by CINDERELLA'S entrance down steps at back. PRINCE MIRABEL advances, takes her hand,
fz
ff
fz p
ff
fz p
and brings her down. A Minuet is formed, PRINCE and CINDERELLA being the front centre couple.)
dim.
Attacca.

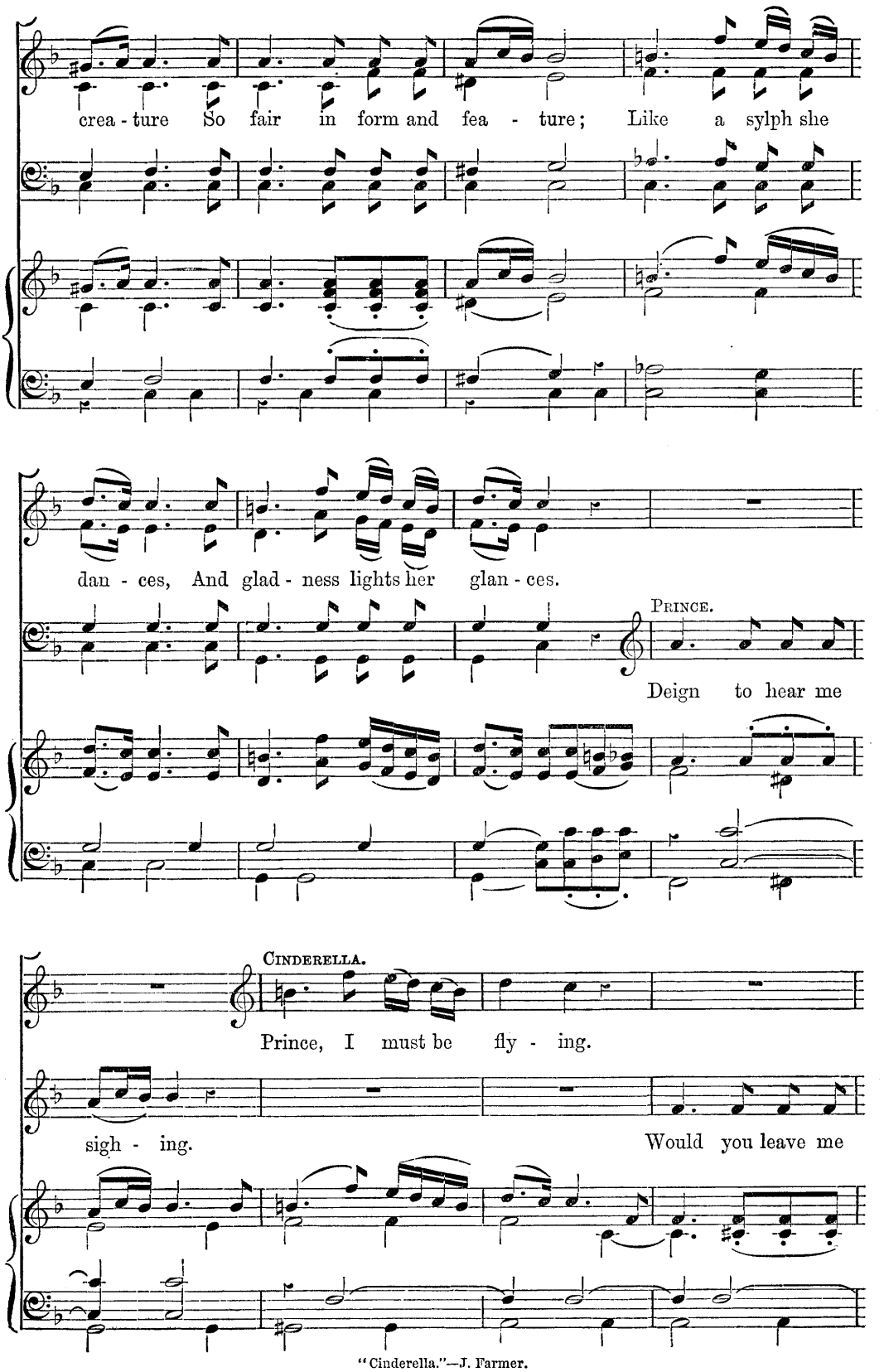

Tempo di Minuet.
Tempo di Minuet.
PIANO.
p
PRINCE.
La - dy fair, we
CINDERELLA.
Proud, my Prince, to meet you.
greet . . you.
Like a Queen we'll


Chorus. Soprano & Alto.
You're much too kind.
Join, as is your
Tenor & Bass.
treat you.
du - ty, To hail this pearl of beau - ty; Raise your hearts and
voi - ces, For ev' - ry soul re - joi - ces.
Prince.
Hear me vow sin -

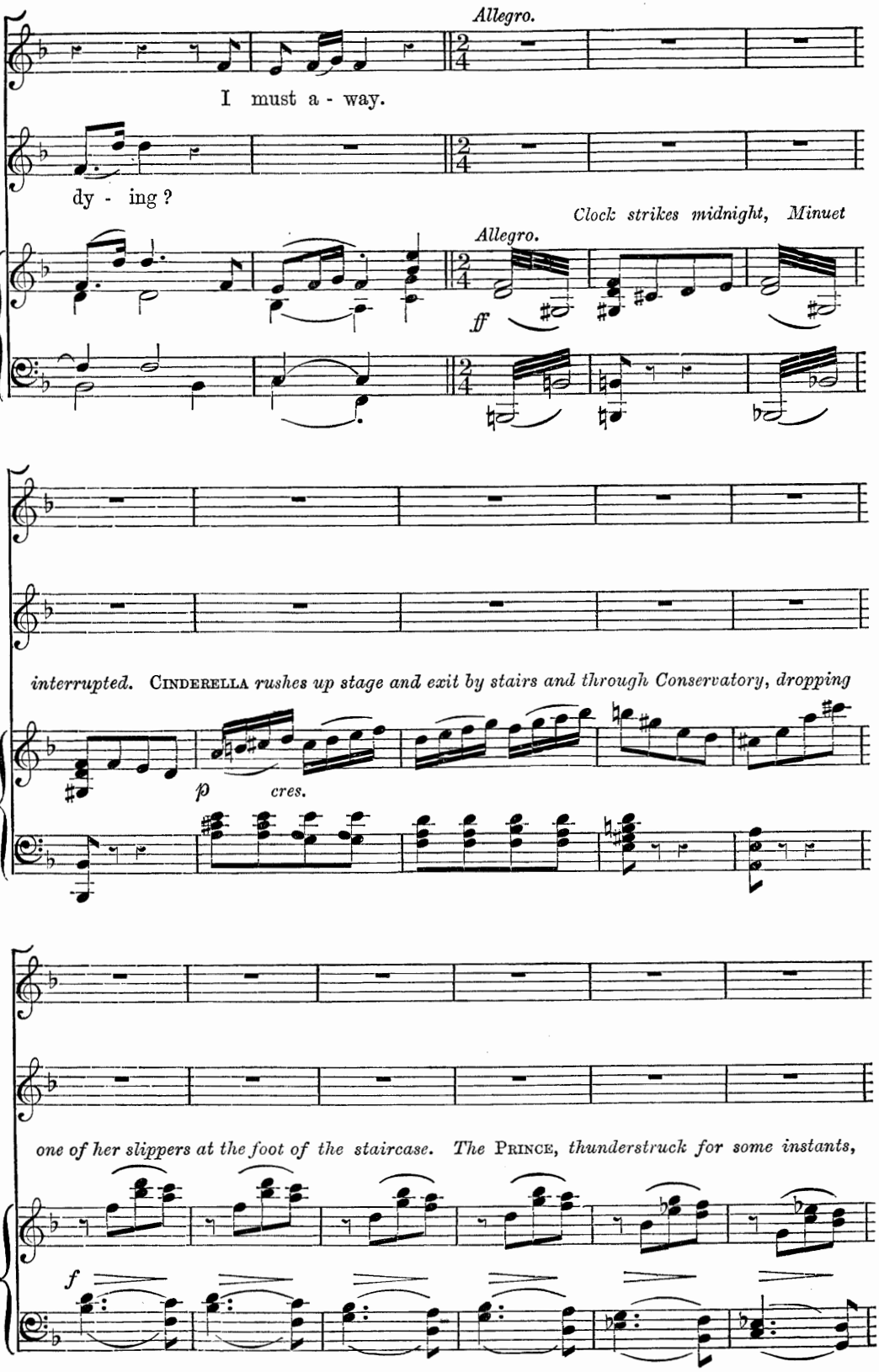

CINDERELLA.
We are strangers near - ly.
- cere - ly.
I could love you
But love is blind.
dear - ly.
PRINCE.—Fair lady, tell
pp
me, may I not seek to learn the name and station of the wandering star who deigns to shed her lustre upon our festivities to-night?
CINDERELLA—Perhaps,
Prince, I shall do your heart good service by keeping you in ignorance of both.
PRINCE. (Aside.) I seem

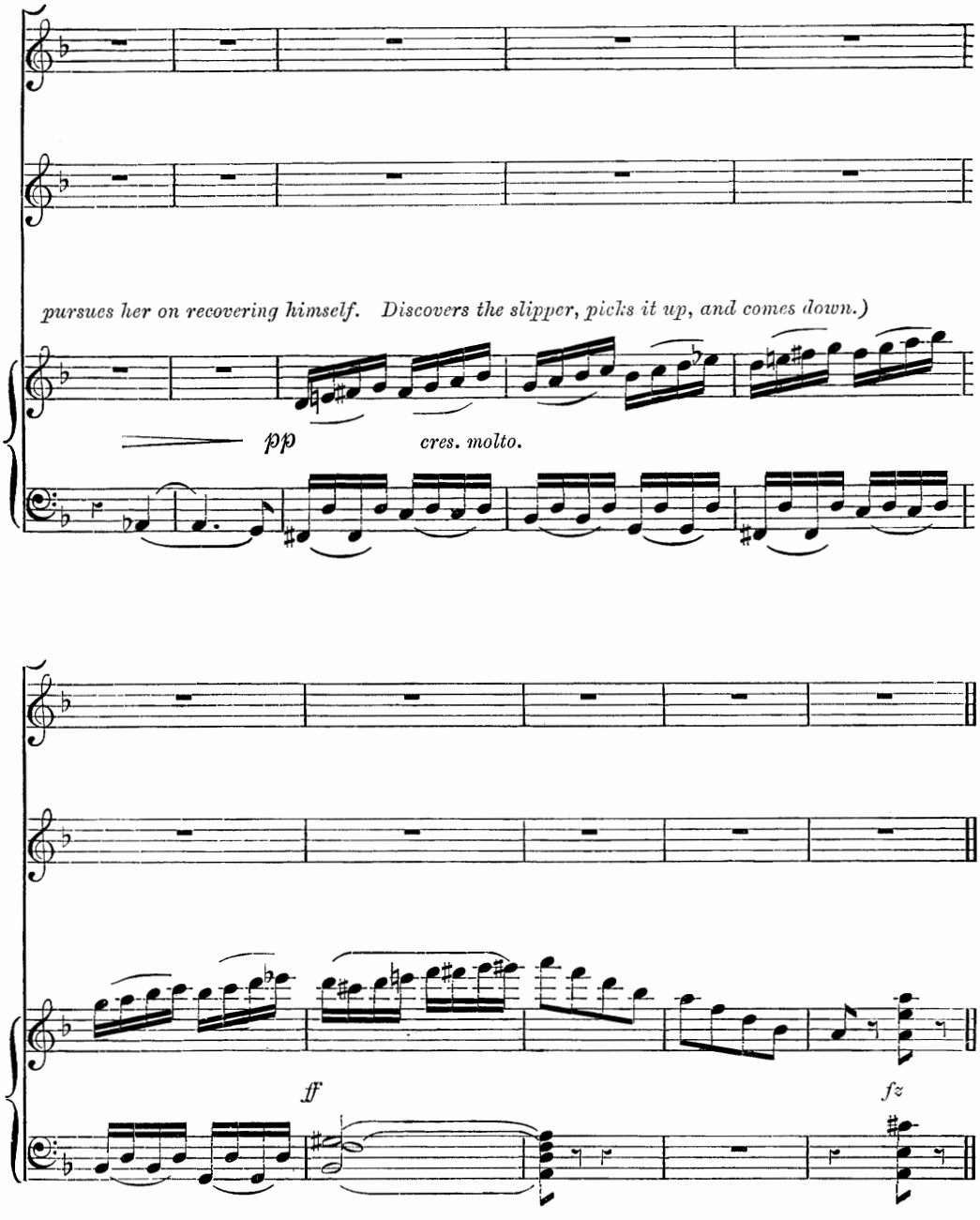
to know the face; yet when and where I have beheld it is a mystery. CINDERELLA. *(Aside.)* I



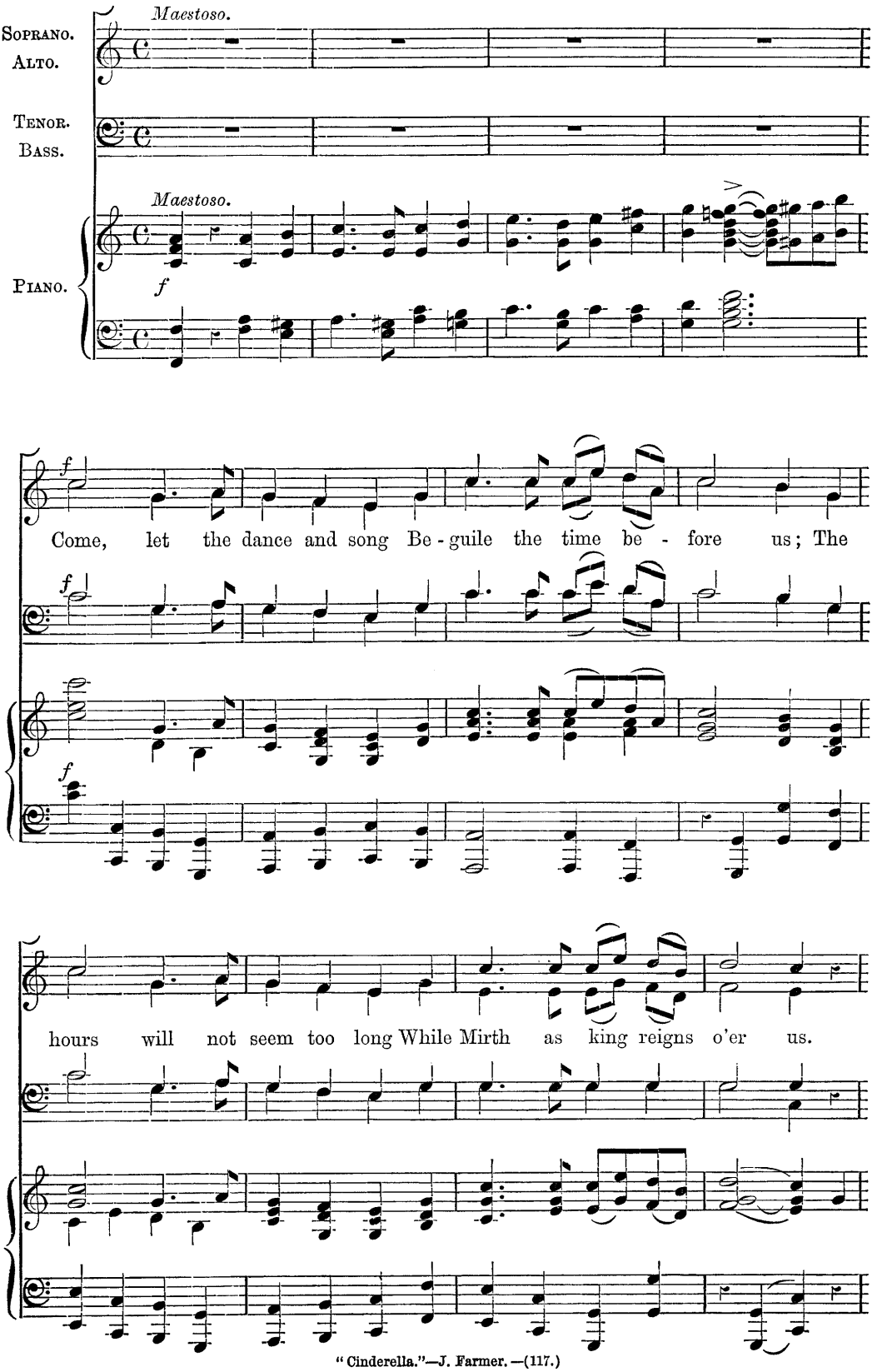


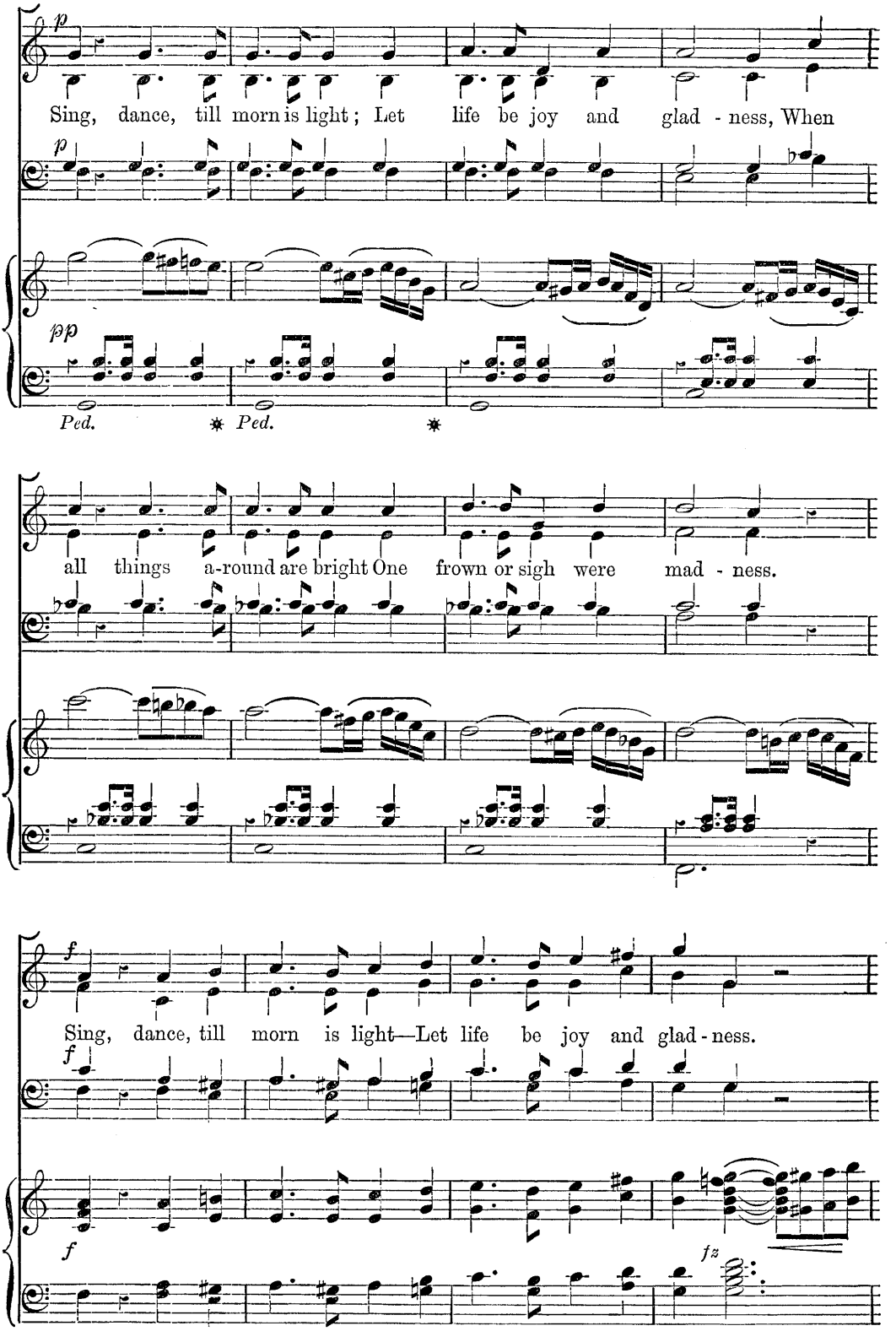
"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.

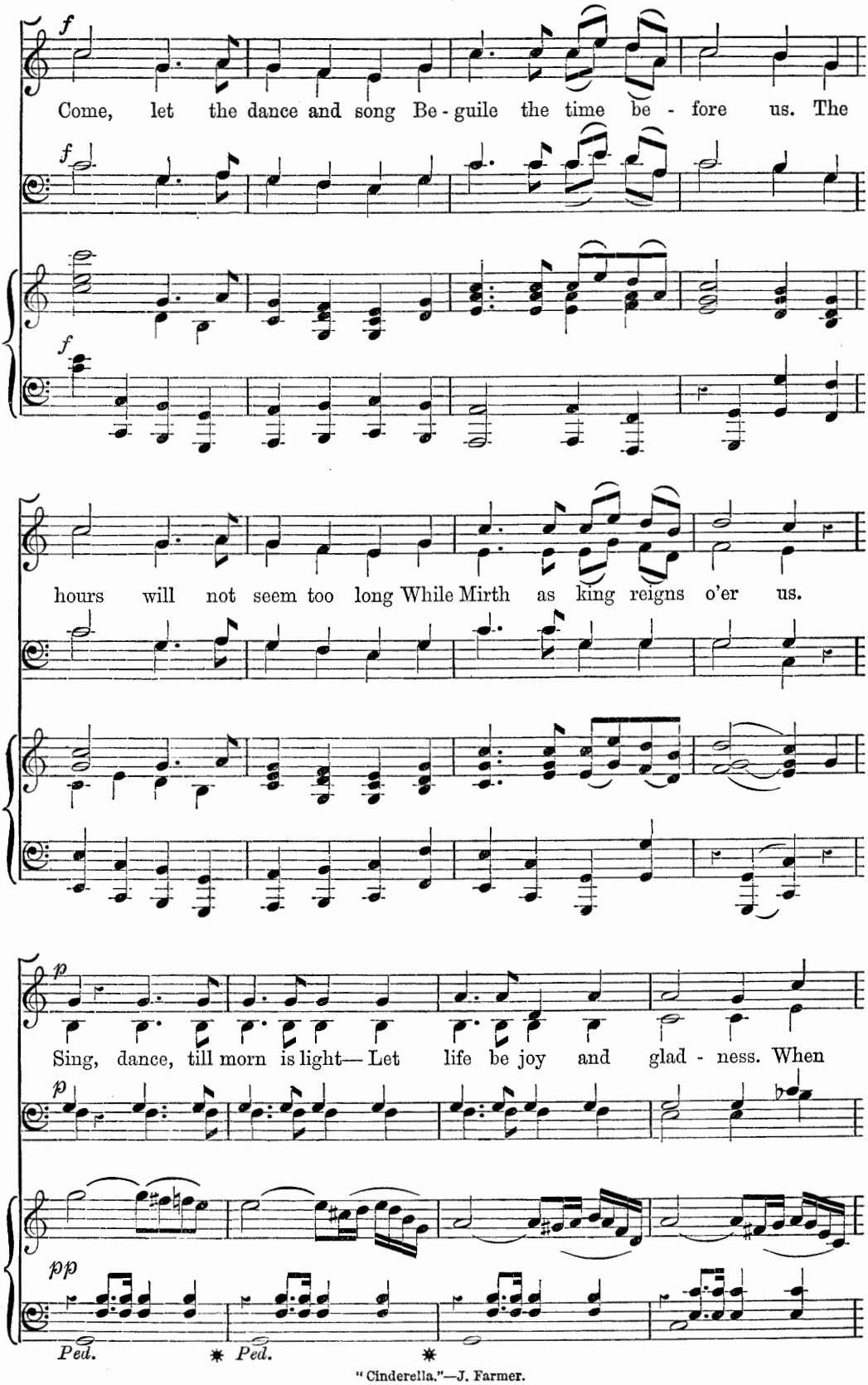

Allegro.
I must a - way.
dy - ing ?
Clock strikes midnight, Minuet
Allegro.
ff
interrupted. CINDERELLA rushes up stage and exit by stairs and through Conservatory, dropping
p
cres.
one of her slippers at the foot of the staircase. The PRINCE, thunderstruck for some instants,
f

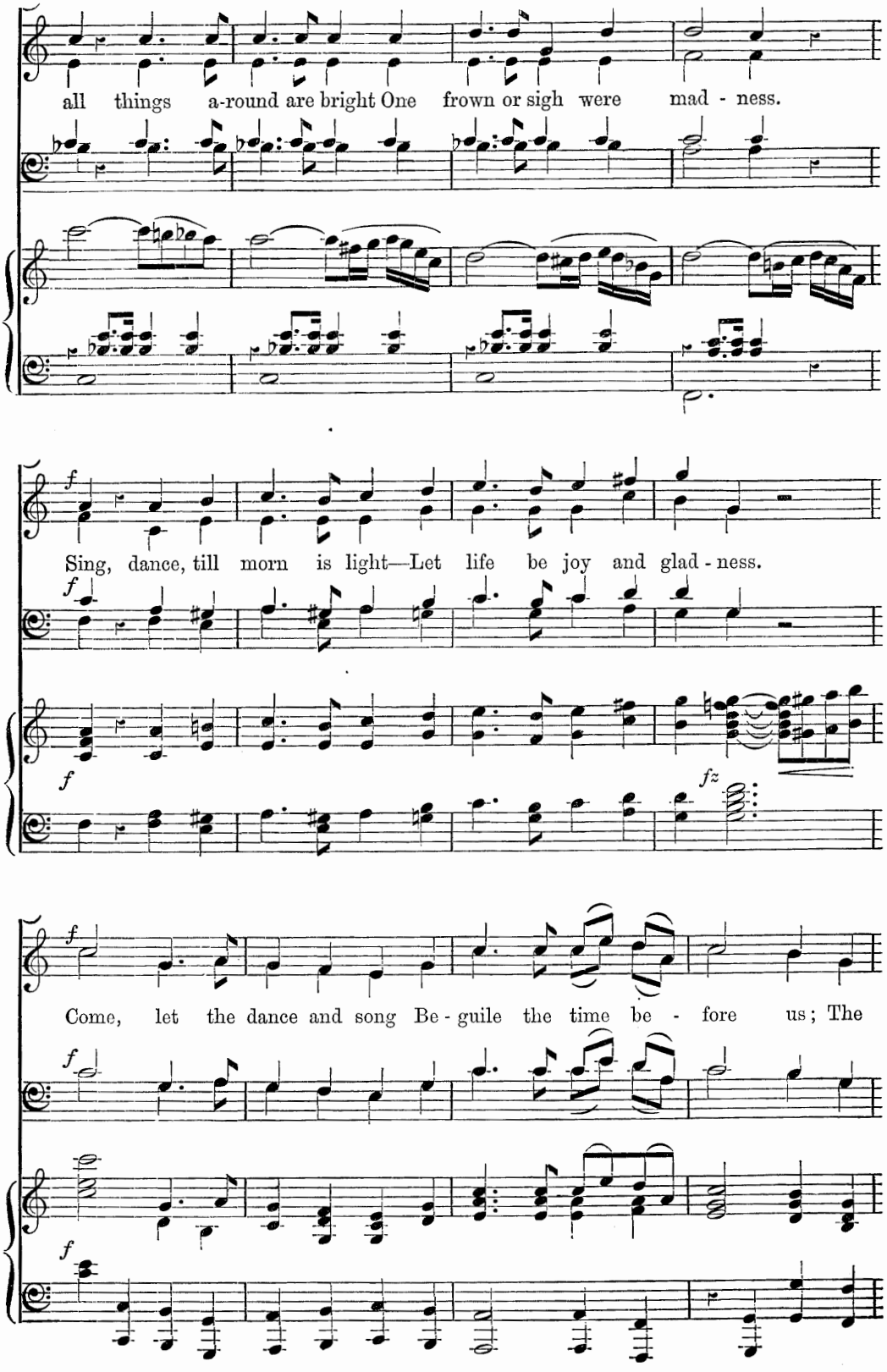


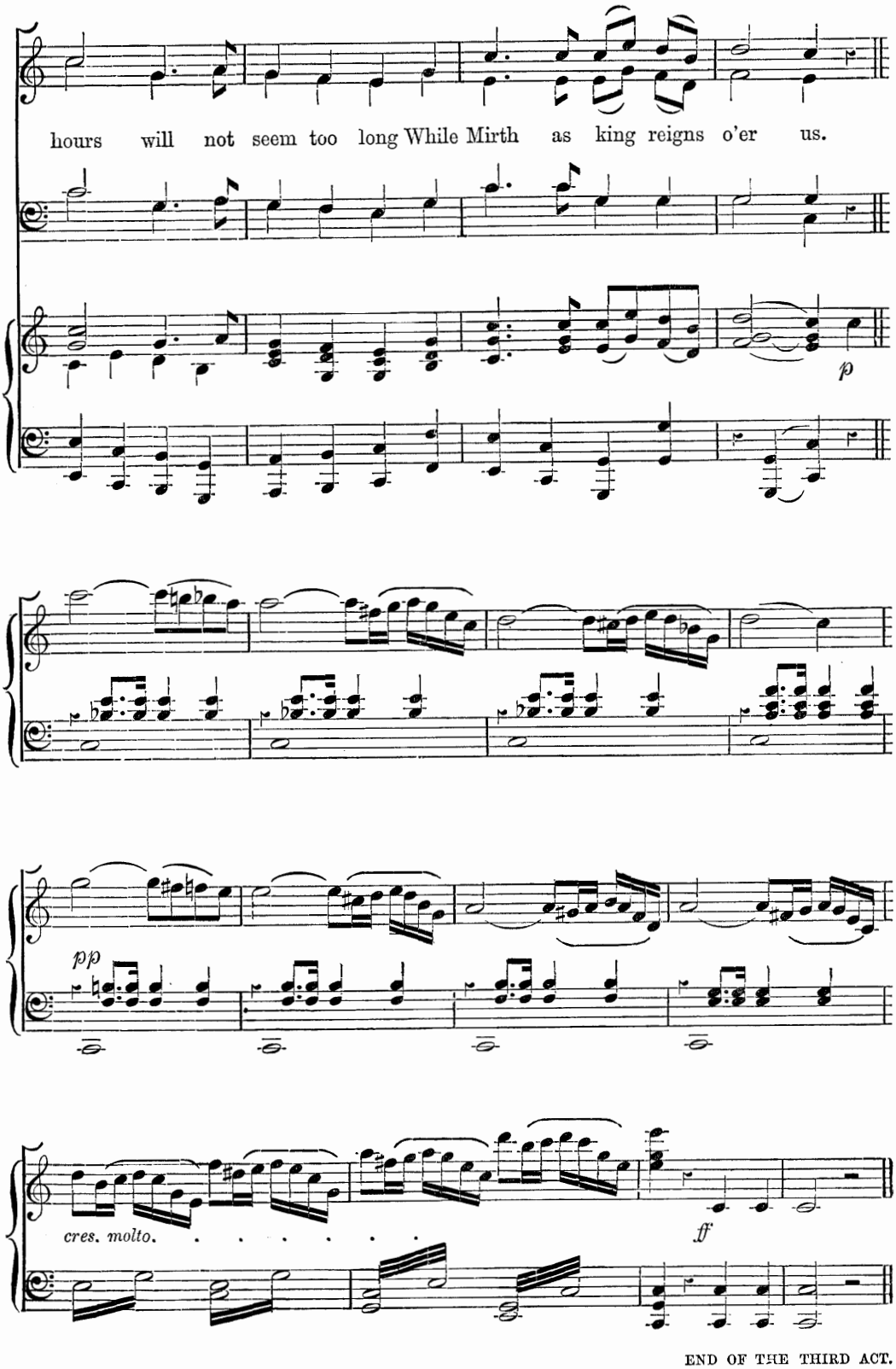
PRINCE.—Too late! The enchantress has escaped me. She flies as fleetly as the wind. But I will see her again, and before long, if it costs me half my princedom. Here, at least, is a clue, though but a small one. Now help me, Cupid, in my search. (*To Courtiers.*) Be merry, I beseech you, my lords and ladies. Let not the sudden disappearance of our beautiful runaway damp your ardour in the pursuit of pleasure. [*Exit by stairs.*


Maestoso.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
Maestoso.
PIANO.
f
Come, let the dance and song Be - guile the time be - fore us; The
hours will not seem too long While Mirth as king reigns o'er us.


p
Sing, dance, till morn is light; Let life be joy and glad - ness, When
p
pp
Ped.
Ped.
all things a-round are bright One frown or sigh were mad - ness.
f
Sing, dance, till morn is light—Let life be joy and glad - ness.
f
f
fz

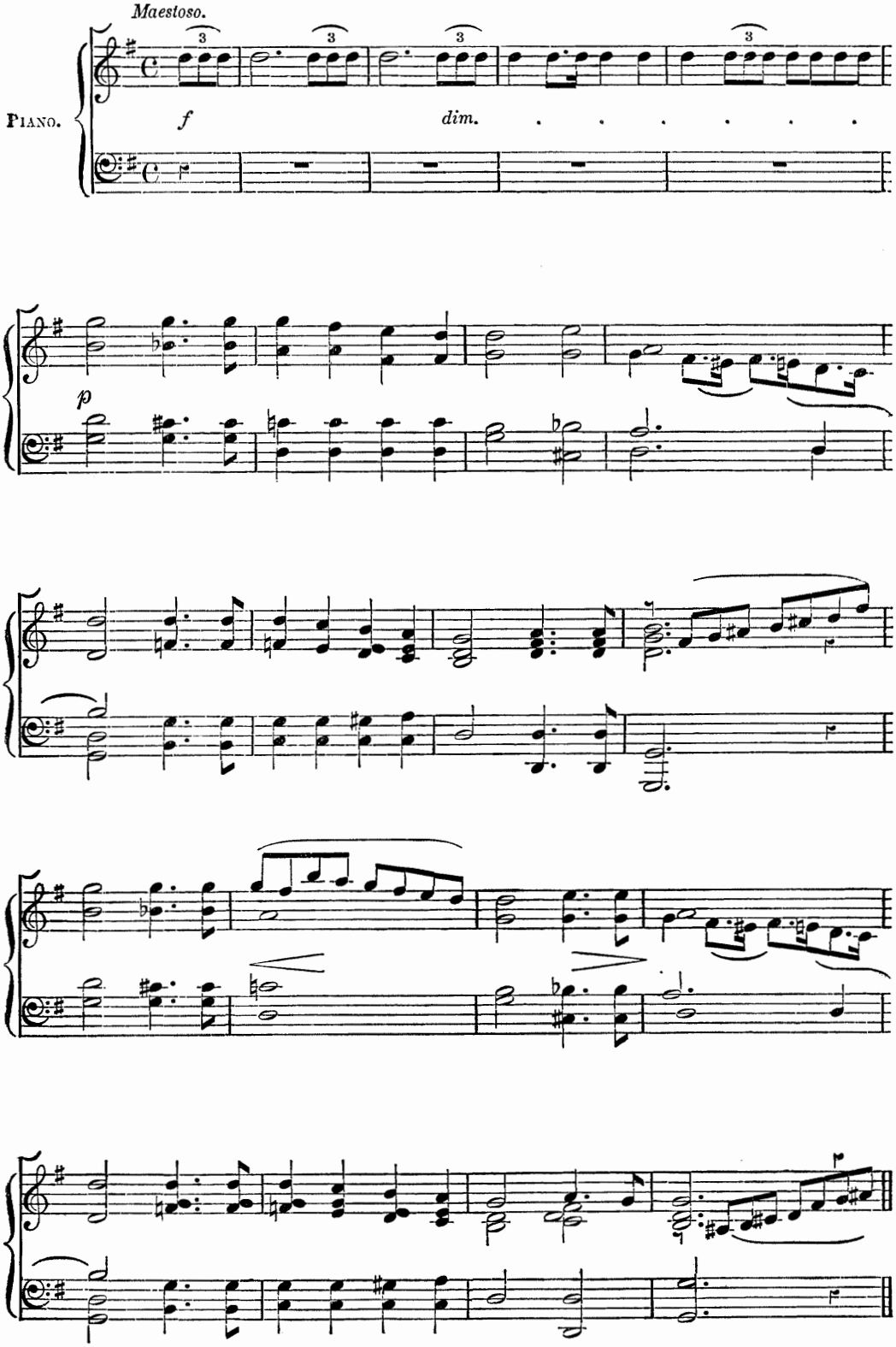

f
Come, let the dance and song Be - guile the time be - fore us. The
hours will not seem too long While Mirth as king reigns o'er us.
p
Sing, dance, till morn is light— Let life be joy and glad - ness. When
pp
Ped.
Ped.

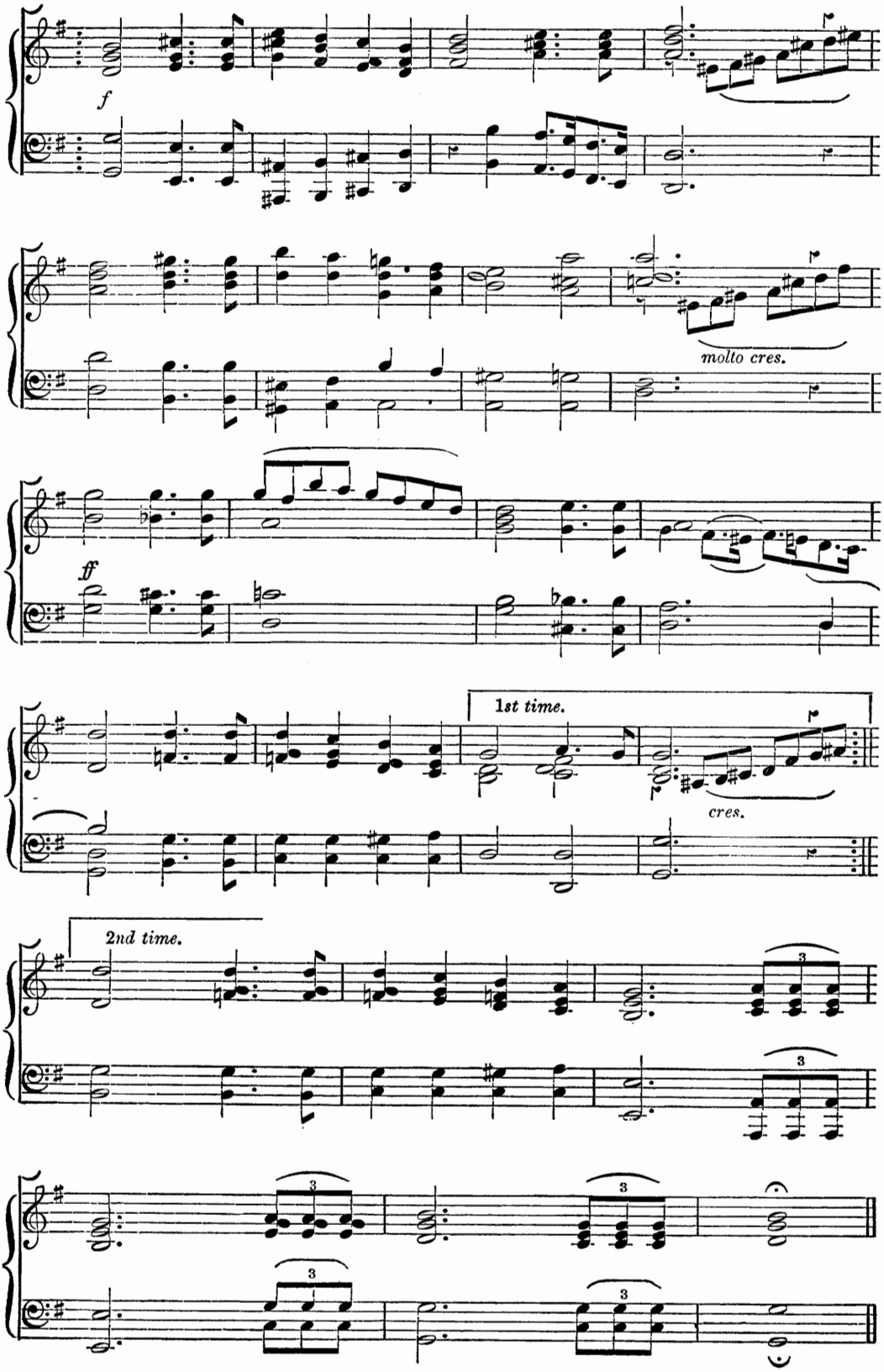

all things a-round are bright One frown or sigh were mad - ness.
Sing, dance, till morn is light—Let life be joy and glad - ness.
Come, let the dance and song Be - guile the time be - fore us; The



END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ENTR'ACTE.

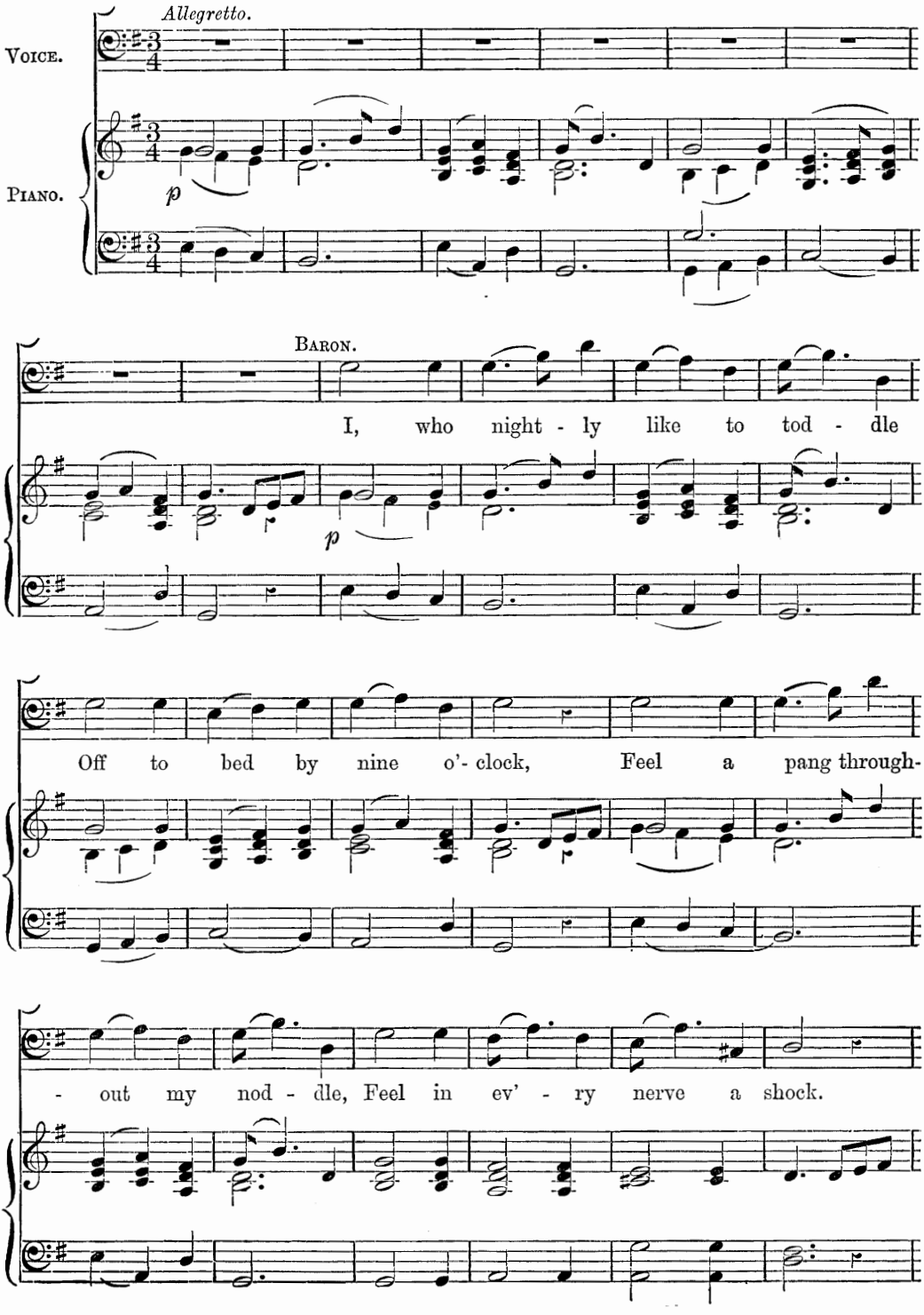


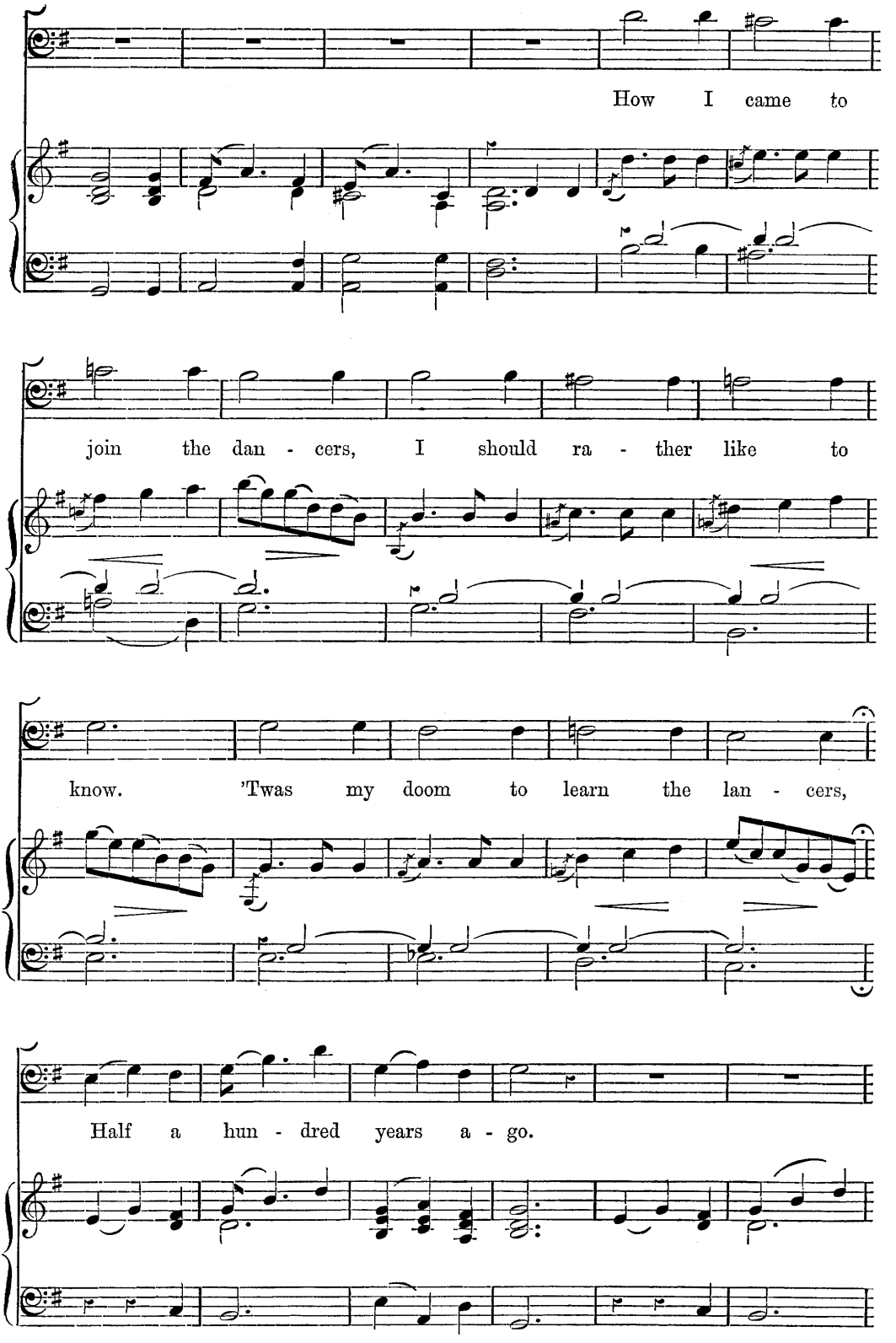

f
molto cres.
ff
1st time.
cres.
2nd time.
3
3
3
3
3
3

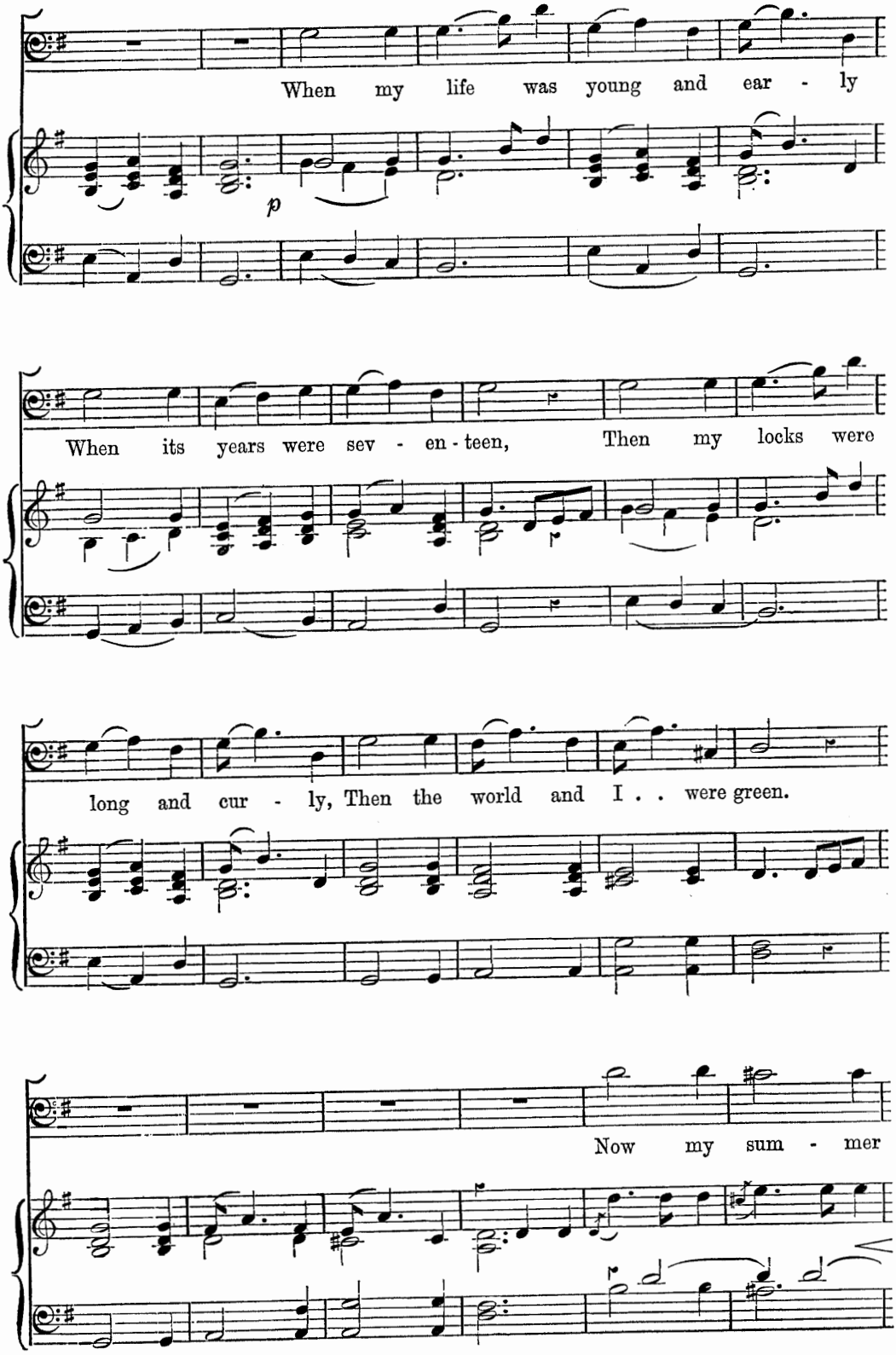
ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Hall in the Mansion. The* BARON *enters, yawning, with the two Sisters.*

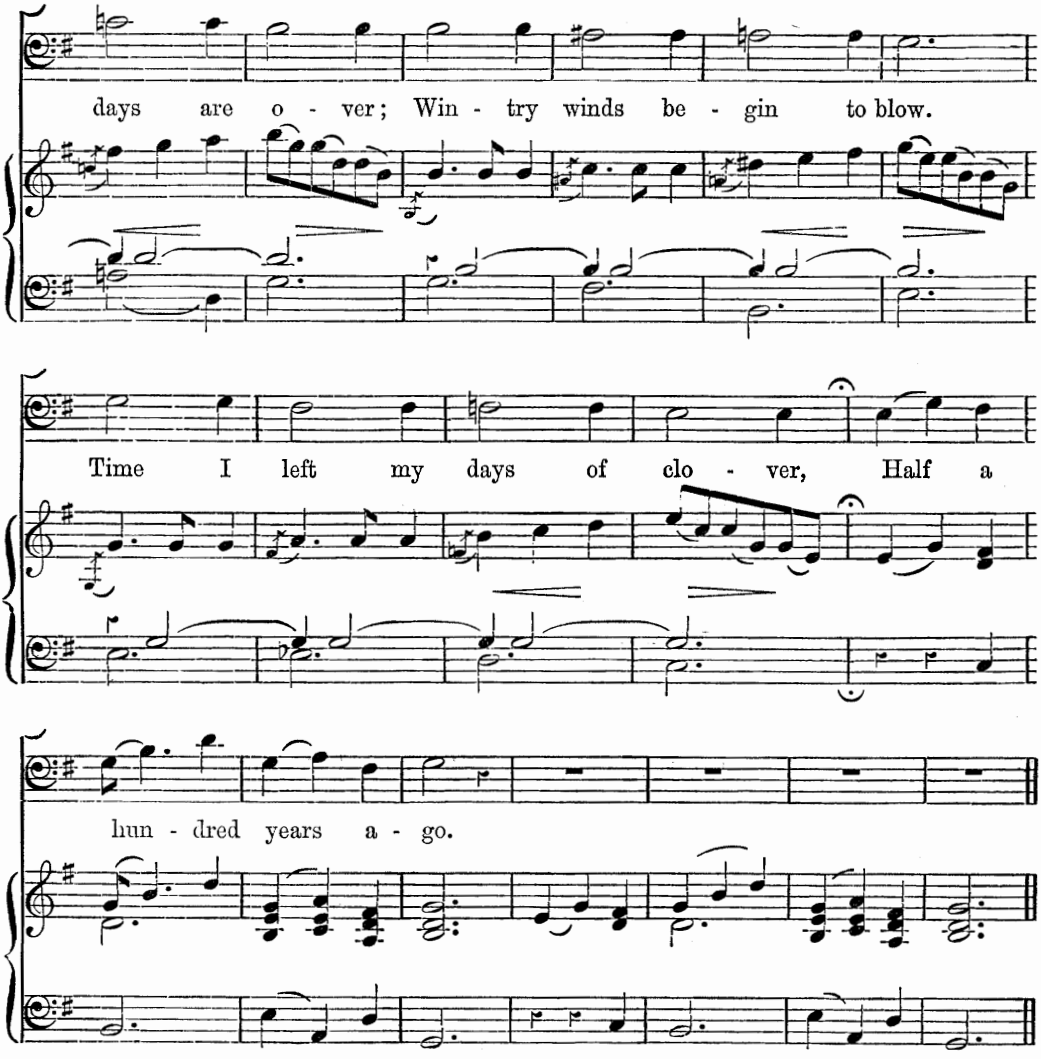
No. 16. SONG—"I, WHO NIGHTLY LIKE TO TODDLE."




How I came to
join the dan - cers, I should ra - ther like to
know. 'Twas my doom to learn the lan - cers,
Half a hun - dred years a - go.



"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.



Baron.—My darlings, don't you think it's nearly time we took our breakfasts? It must almost be our dinner hour.

Priscilla.—Considerably past noon, already, papa dear; yet I feel as though I wanted another waking.

Tabitha.—And I can scarcely believe that I am not still in one of those delightful dreams.

Baron.—By the way, girls, did either of you succeed in discovering anything about that lovely but eccentric stranger, who made her appearance first, and her disappearance afterwards, in such an extraordinary fashion last night?

Priscilla.—We are just as wise as yourself on the subject. The sentinels declare that not even the ghost of a grand lady left the palace at midnight.

Tabitha.—They are certain that nobody except one of the kitchenmaids passed them, scampering as though for dear life.

Baron.—Most mysterious, to be sure, but there *are* circumstances.—However, breakfast is decidedly the most important subject for our present consideration. [*Busttes off.*

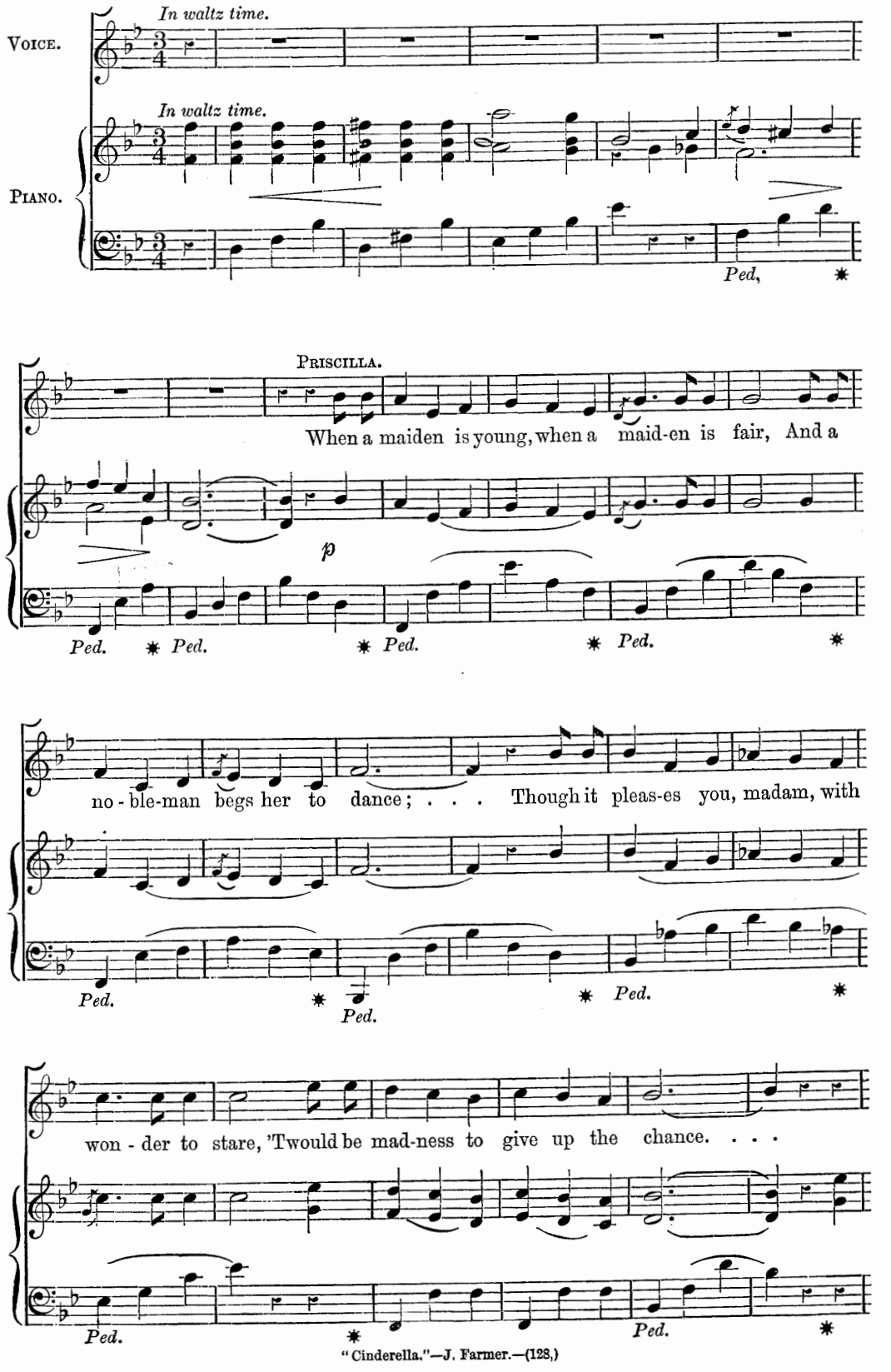
Priscilla (*snappishly*).—I am so happy to hear that your sleep has been a sound one, my love.

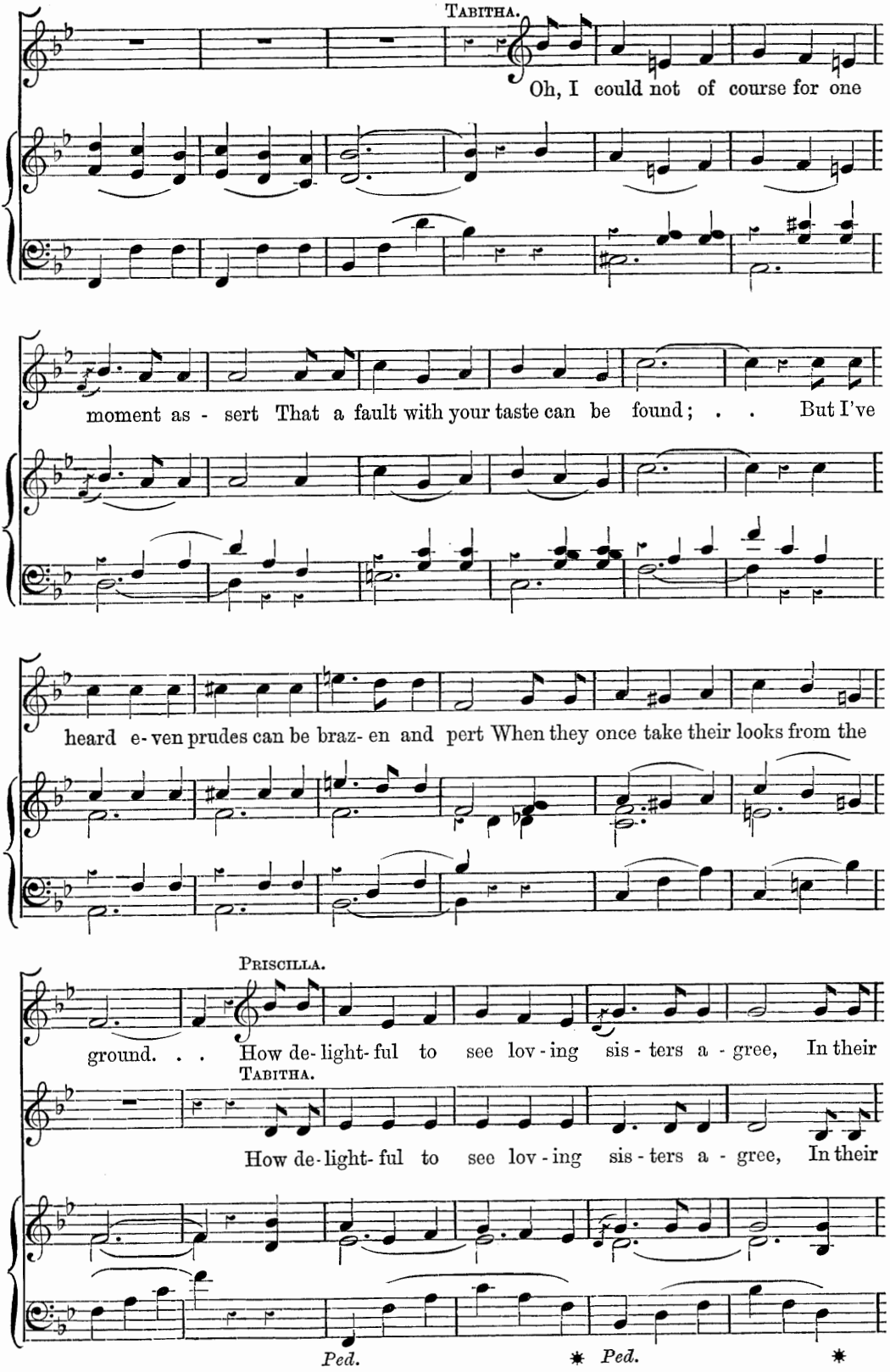
Tabitha (*snappishly*).—How pleased I am to find that your slumbers were so rosy, my pet.

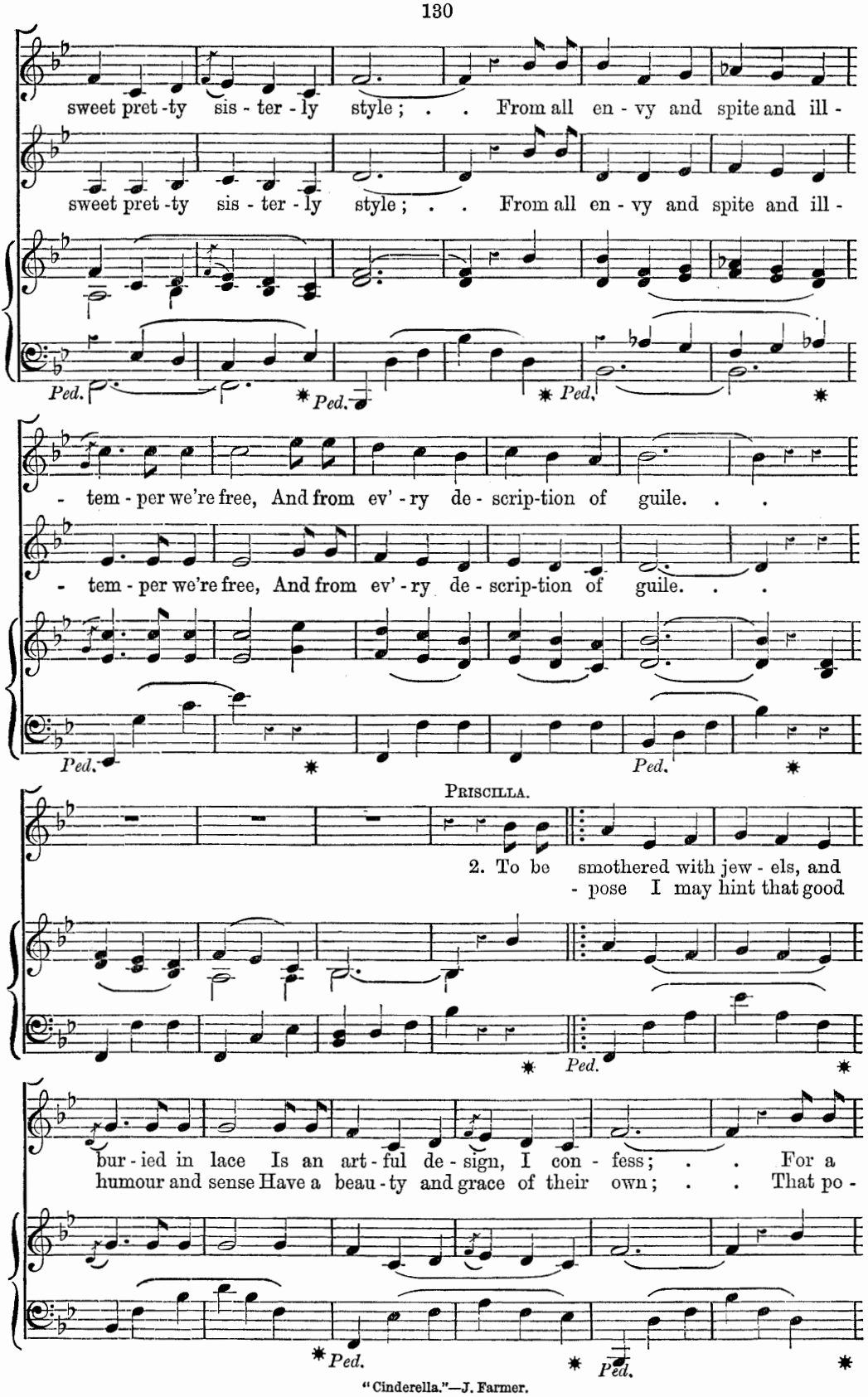
Priscilla.—Well, I only hope for *your* sweet sake that flirting is not counted a sin. (*Aside.*) Her conduct at the ball was perfectly scandalous!

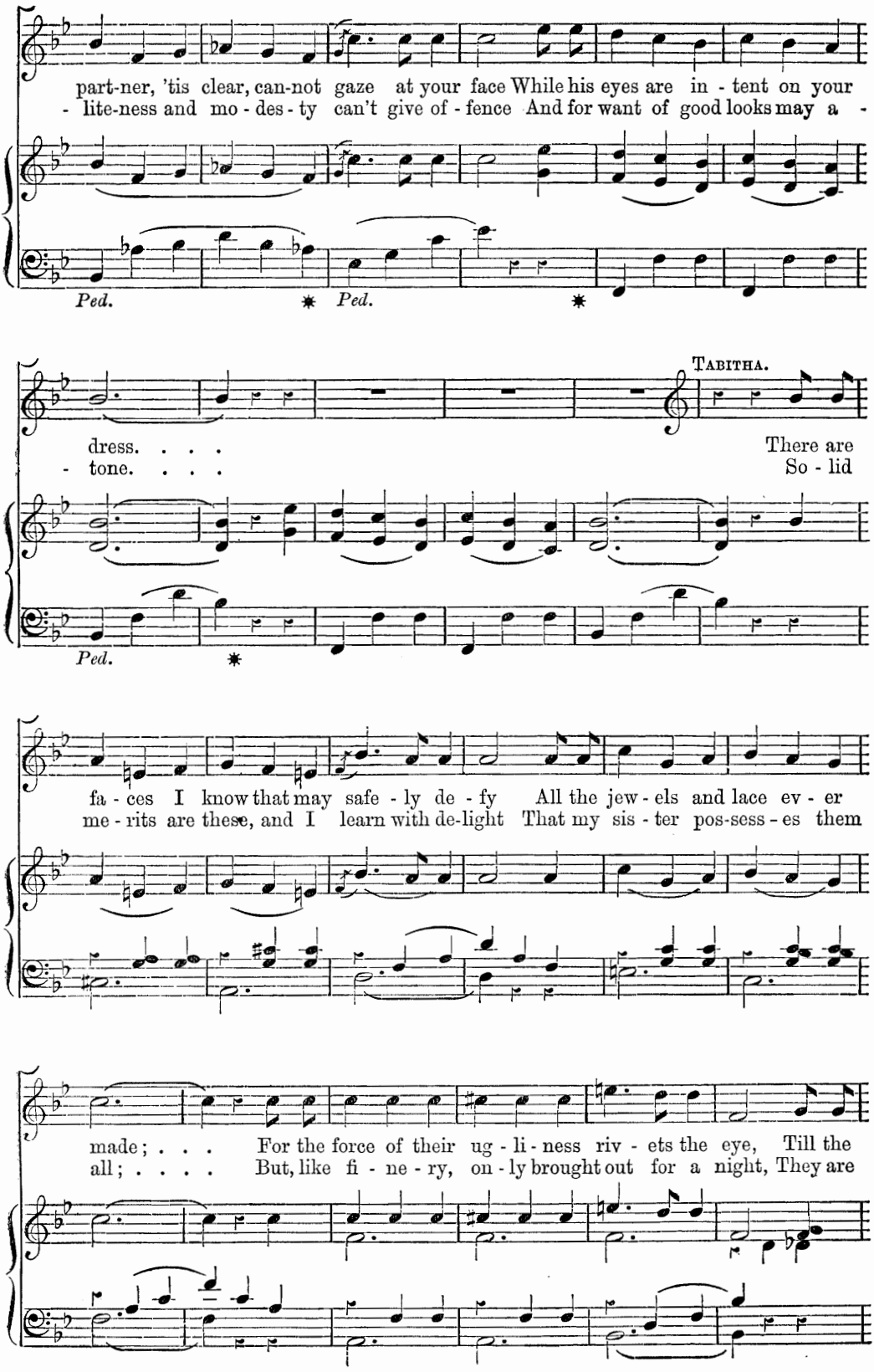
Tabitha.—No doubt you think that vanity is a virtue. Let me tell you that some virtues may be carried a little too far. (*Aside.*) The minx! I could scratch her eyes out.

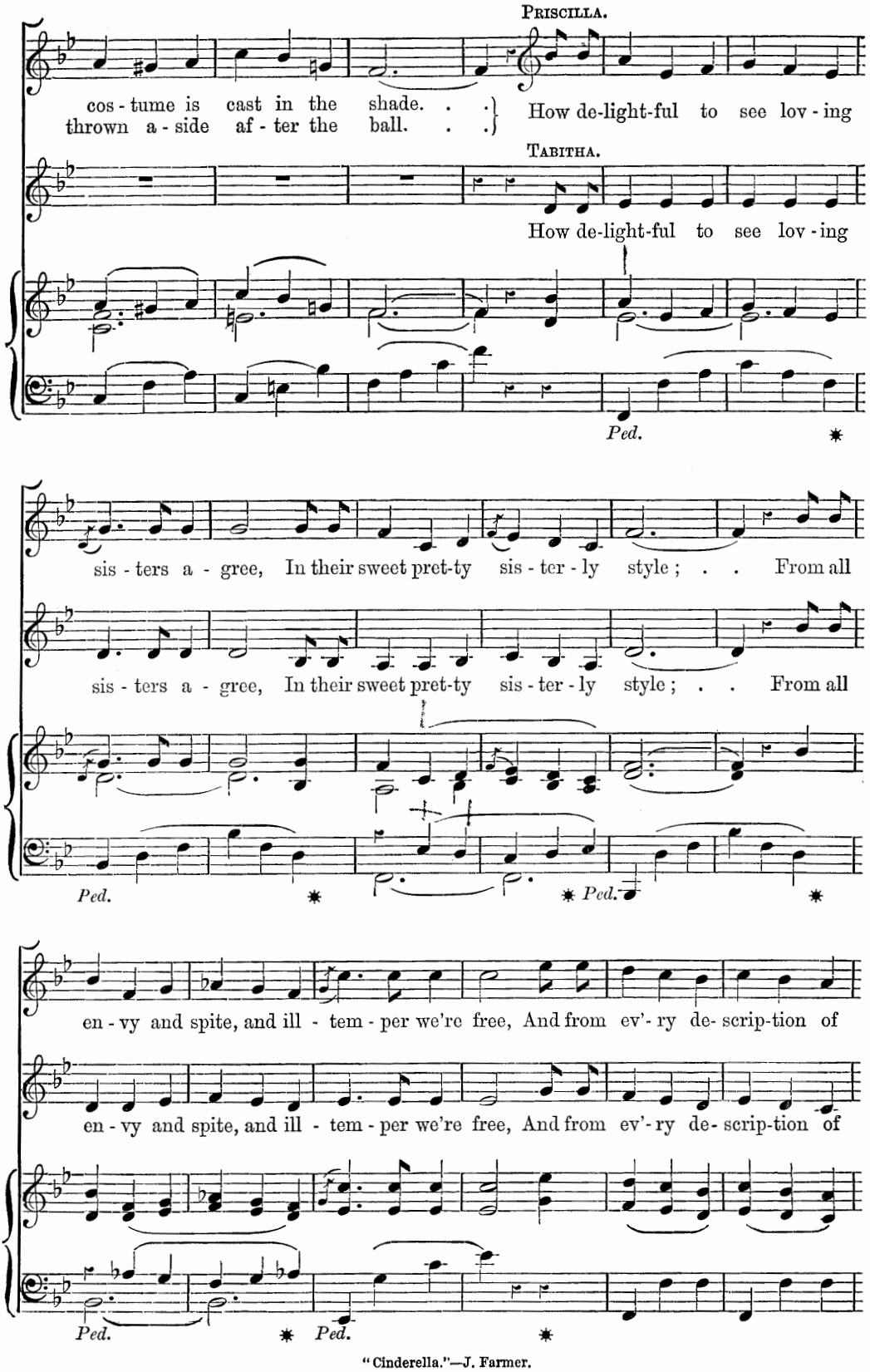
No. 18. SCOLDING DUET.—"WHEN A MAIDEN IS YOUNG."

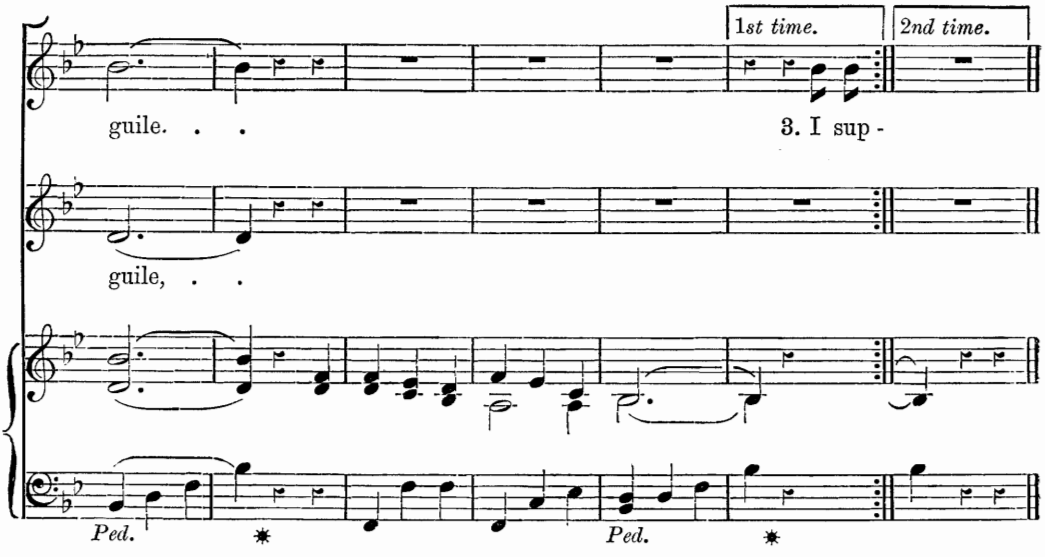



Tabitha.
Oh, I could not of course for one
moment as - sert That a fault with your taste can be found; . . But I've
heard e- ven prudes can be braz- en and pert When they once take their looks from the
Priscilla.
ground. . . How de- light- ful to see lov - ing sis - ters a - gree, In their
Tabitha.
How de- light- ful to see lov - ing sis - ters a - gree, In their
Ped.
Ped.


sweet pret-ty sis-ter-ly style; . . From all en-vy and spite and ill-
sweet pret-ty sis-ter-ly style; . . From all en-vy and spite and ill-
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
-tem-per we're free, And from ev'-ry de-scrip-tion of guile. . .
-tem-per we're free, And from ev'-ry de-scrip-tion of guile. . .
Ped. * Ped. *
PRISCILLA.
2. To be smothered with jew-els, and
-pose I may hint that good
* Ped. *
bur-ied in lace Is an art-ful de-sign, I con-fess; . . For a
humour and sense Have a beau-ty and grace of their own; . . That po-
* Ped. * Ped. *


part-ner, 'tis clear, can-not gaze at your face While his eyes are in - tent on your
- lite-ness and mo - des - ty can't give of - fence And for want of good looks may a -
Ped.
Ped.
TABITHA.
dress. . . .
- tone. . . .
There are
So - lid
fa - ces I know that may safe - ly de - fy All the jew - els and lace ev - er
me - rits are these, and I learn with de-light That my sis - ter pos-sess - es them
made; . . . For the force of their ug - li - ness riv - ets the eye, Till the
all; . . . . But, like fi - ne - ry, on - ly brought out for a night, They are


Priscilla.
cos - tume is cast in the shade. .
thrown a - side af - ter the ball. .
How de-light-ful to see lov - ing
Tabitha.
How de-light-ful to see lov - ing
Ped.
sis - ters a - gree, In their sweet pret-ty sis - ter - ly style; . . From all
sis - ters a - gree, In their sweet pret-ty sis - ter - ly style; . . From all
Ped.
Ped.
en - vy and spite, and ill - tem - per we're free, And from ev'- ry de- scrip-tion of
en - vy and spite, and ill - tem - per we're free, And from ev'- ry de- scrip-tion of
Ped.
Ped.



(*Flourish. Enter* HERALD *with Guards, and* MALATESTA. *The* BARON *rushes in.*)

HERALD (*reading*).—"Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! We hereby command all good citizens to remain at home and keep their wives and families within doors until such time as they have received our Royal visit. (Signed) MIRABEL."

BARON (*to* HERALD, *who turns to go*).—Here, stay a second. Is that all? Not a syllable of explanation?

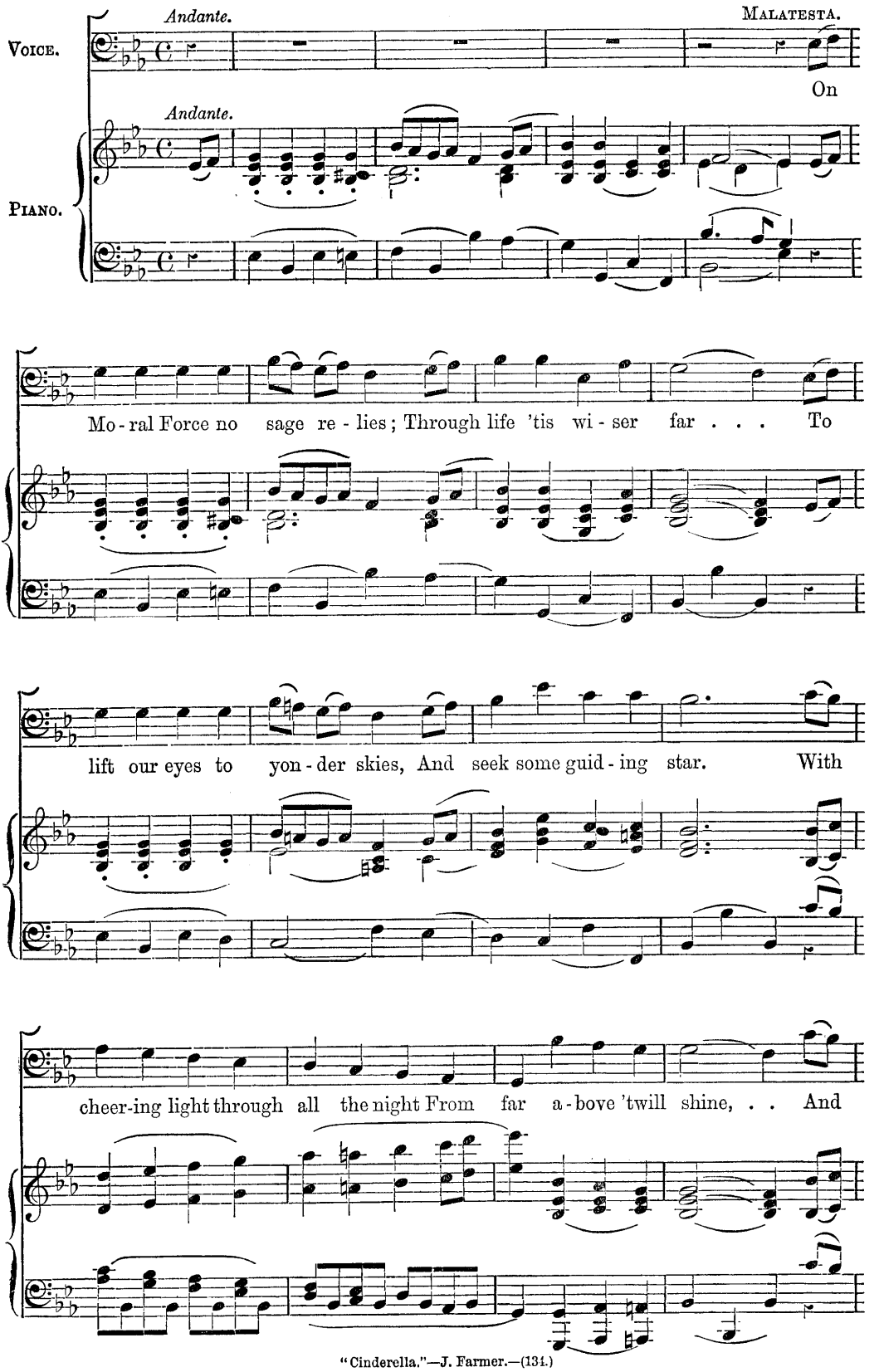
HERALD.—You have heard the orders of your Prince. Disobey them at your peril. *Au revoir*, Baron. [*Exit with the Guards.*

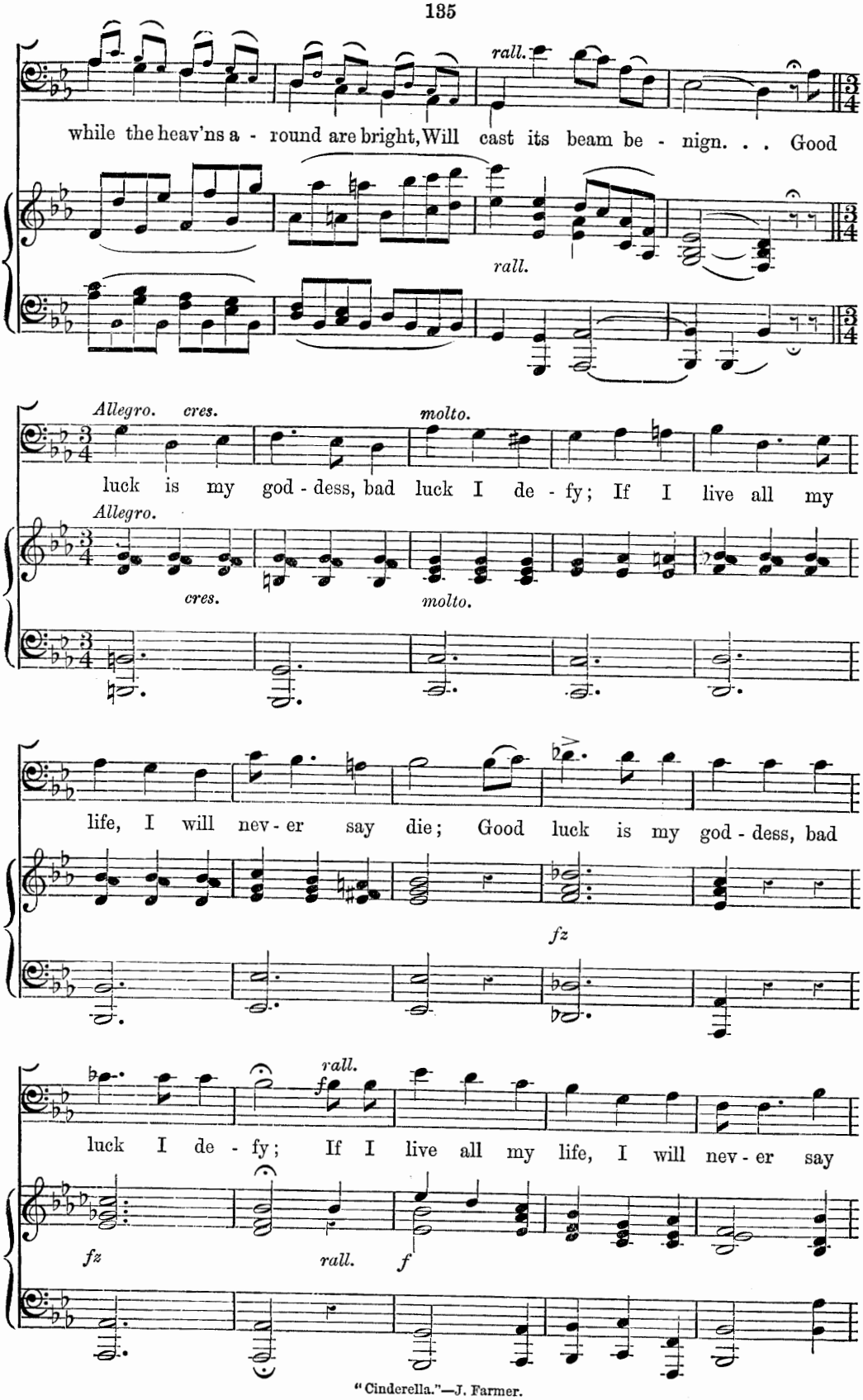
BARON.—Well, I suppose we shall know presently what it all means. Go, girls, and make yourselves look pretty enough to be visited by a Royal Highness. [*Exit.*

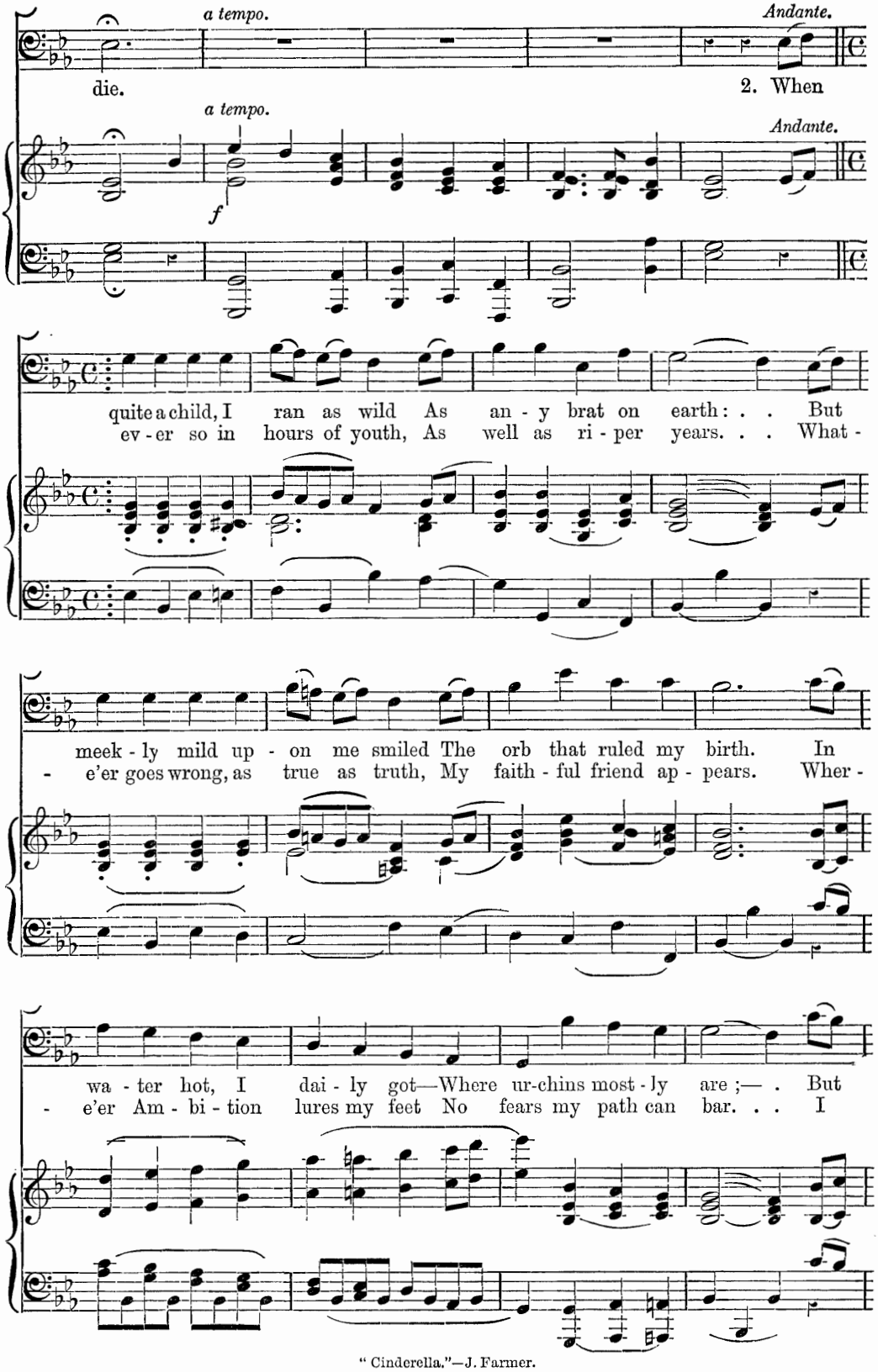
PRISCILLA.—Oh, Tabitha, who knows what may be in store for one of us?

TABITHA.—Don't be absurd, Priscilla dear. Am I blushing? [*Exeunt, embracing.*

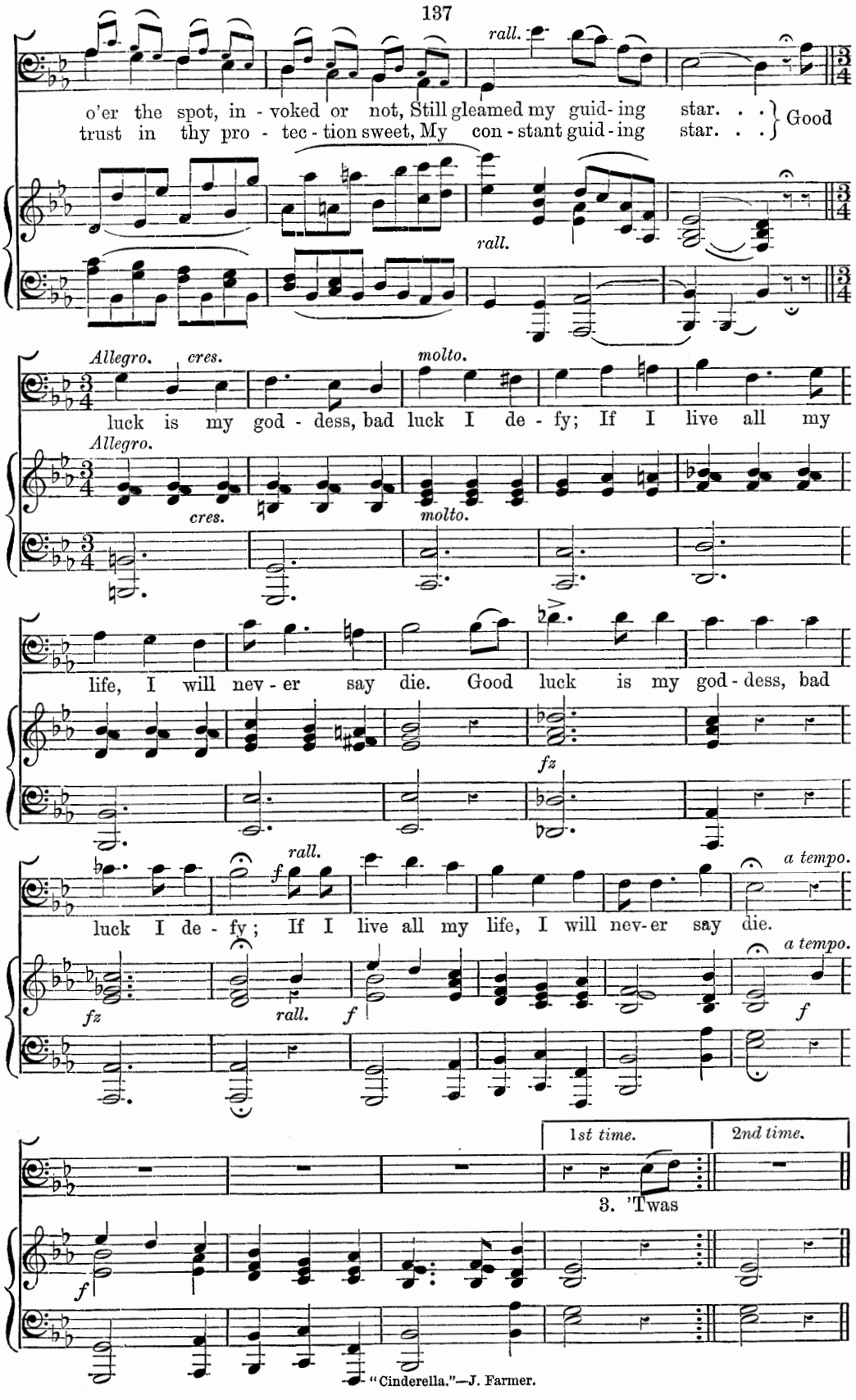
MALATESTA (*coming from back*).—Artless creatures! Yesterday their grotesque antics would have made me chuckle with a fiendish derision—but it is now no time for merriment. Scarcely can I dare to dream of the shame and humiliation that must await me if this incorrigible boy should thwart my dearest wishes. The worst I fear has happened, and he is more deeply fascinated than ever. Aye, and with a slipper too,—a little shiny slipper; for that is all that he shall ever see of his new charmer, if I can by fair means or foul so contrive matters. What a wild notion, to insist on seeking its lost owner in his own royal person, through the length and breadth of his realm, and with his own royal hand identifying her! Can such a wild-goose chase by any possibility prove successful. Forbid it, star of my ambition! You have never yet misled your trusting follower.


Andante.
MALATESTA.
VOICE.
On
Andante.
PIANO.
Mo - ral Force no sage re - lies; Through life 'tis wi - ser far . . . To
lift our eyes to yon - der skies, And seek some guid - ing star. With
cheer-ing light through all the night From far a - bove 'twill shine, . . And


rall.
while the heav'ns a - round are bright, Will cast its beam be - nign. . . Good
rall.
Allegro. cres.
molto.
luck is my god - dess, bad luck I de - fy; If I live all my
Allegro.
cres.
molto.
life, I will nev - er say die; Good luck is my god - dess, bad
fz
rall.
fz
luck I de - fy; If I live all my life, I will nev - er say
fz
rall.
f

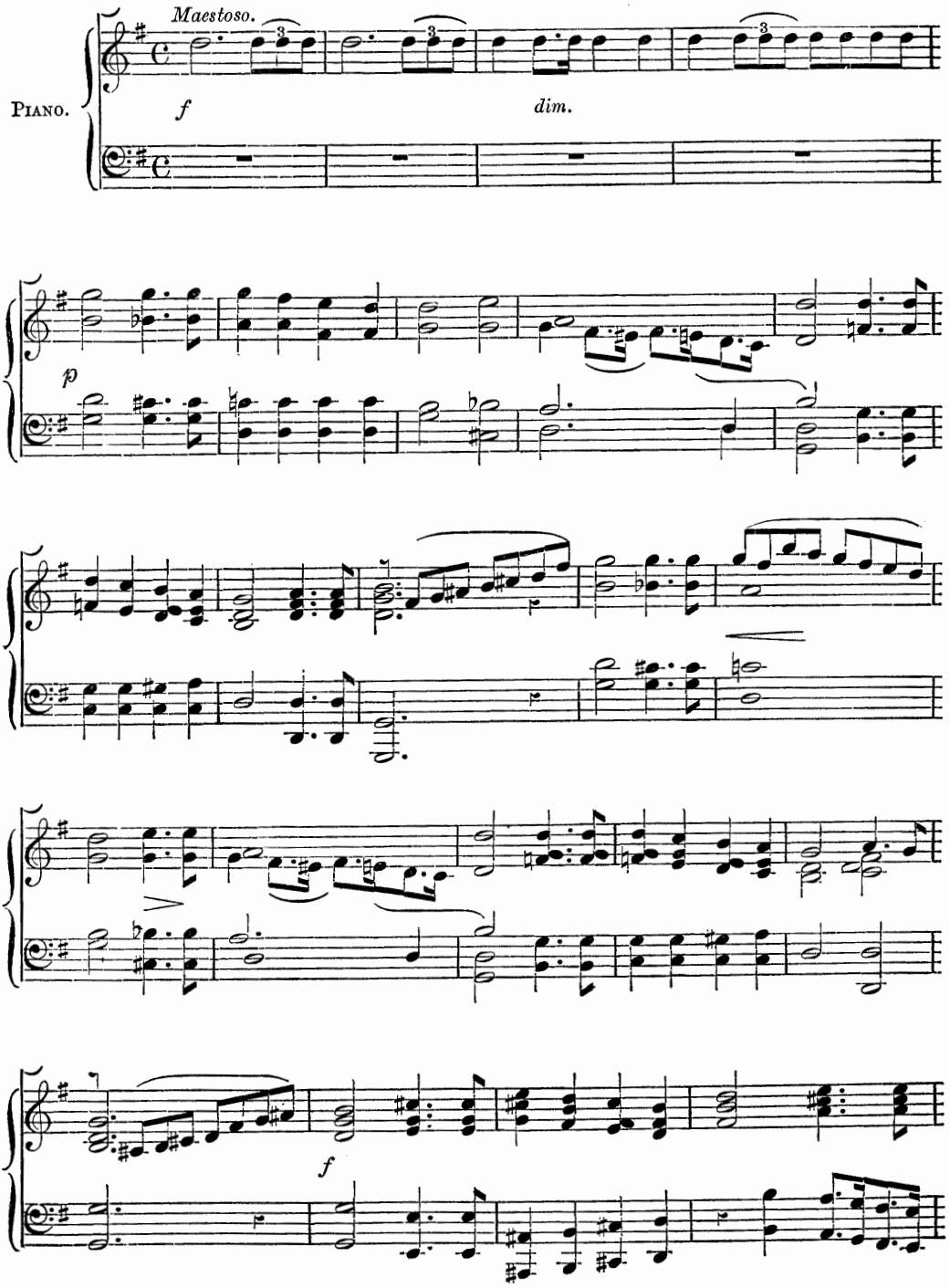


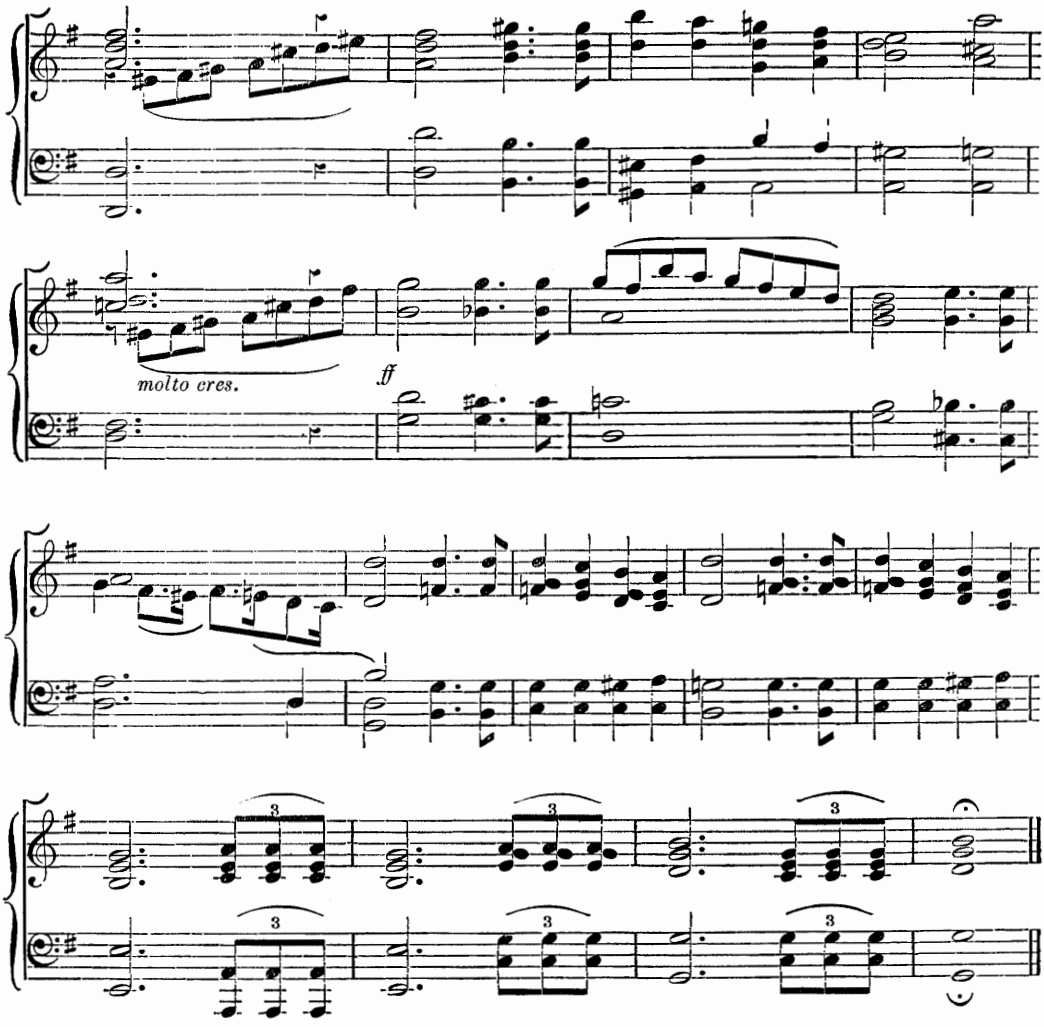
"Cinderella."—J. Farmer.


rall.
o'er the spot, in - voked or not, Still gleamed my guid- ing star. . .
trust in thy pro - tec - tion sweet, My con - stant guid - ing star. . .
Good
rall.
Allegro.
cres.
molto.
luck is my god - dess, bad luck I de - fy; If I live all my
Allegro.
cres.
molto.
life, I will nev - er say die. Good luck is my god - dess, bad
fz
rall.
f
a tempo.
luck I de - fy; If I live all my life, I will nev-er say die.
fz
rall.
f
a tempo.
f
1st time.
2nd time.
3. 'Twas

MALATESTA.—I will not cease to hope even yet, although I must confess matters begin to look a little desperate.

(*Trumpet. Enter Herald, followed by Courtiers and* PRINCE, *Guards, &c.* BARON, *with* PRISCILLA *and* TABITHA, *finely dressed, advance to meet him.*)





BARON (*bowing low*).—Prince, the honour that your august presence confers upon this humble and unworthy mansion will for ever be cherished by the offspring of the Pomposos. (*Aside.*) Not bad for an impromptu. Made it all up while I was putting my best clothes on.

PRINCE (*smiling*).—If all my subjects were anything like your equals in eloquence, Baron, I should receive enough gratitude in a day to last me a lifetime. These two fair ladies are, I believe,— (*Saluting them.*)

BARON.—My daughters, sire. Such devoted and affectionate beings! (*Aside, to them, savagely.*) Smile, can't you; and look as if you believed it. (*They try.*)

PRINCE.—Could I possibly fail to remember two such brilliant ornaments of last night's dance? (*Aside.*) I should think not, indeed. Faces like those are not to be forgotten in a hurry. (*To* BARON). Yet, much as I admired them both, I do not think that either of these charming damsels is connected with my visit of to-day. Tell me, Baron, are there no other ladies in your house?

BARON.—How could your Royal Highness fancy for a moment that I—that they—that anybody— (*Stops suddenly.*)

PRISCILLA (*aside to* BARON).—Hold your tongue, you old noodle.

TABITHA (*aside to* BARON).—You'll spoil everything if you say another word.

PRISCILLA (*to* PRINCE).—Our dear old father finds two of us quite enough to minister to his comforts. (*Curtseys.*)

TABITHA.—And we are always ready with his breakfast at the minute he requires it. (*Curtseys.*)

PRINCE.—Listen to me, Baron Pomposo, and mark my words. Time is precious; it shall not be longer trifled with. Your manner tells me that you have been equivocating. Bring hither at once the remaining inmate of your dwelling, or your dwelling shall be very quickly knocked about your disobedient old ears.

BARON (*crying*).—But she is not a lady, sire; nor fit for such company. Poor Cinderella!

PRISCILLA.—A mere common drudge.

TABITHA.—A vulgar, illiterate—

PRINCE (*stamping angrily*).—Silence, I say. Go, two of you (*to his Guards*), and help this wretched old rebel to do our bidding. [*Exeunt Guards, supporting* BARON.

MALATESTA (*aside*).—I feel that the crisis of my fate is approaching, and am trembling already like an aspen leaf.

PRISCILLA (*to* TABITHA, *aside*).—See what your stupidity has done for us all.

TABITHA (*to* PRISCILLA, *aside*).—With considerable help from your own impertinence.

(*Re-enter the two Guards, with* CINDERELLA *between them, followed by* BARON, *wringing his hands. Music.*)

PRINCE.—Approach, maiden, and fear nothing. (*She comes down and makes a profound obeisance.*) Can I believe my eyes? The very face, the very form! Sure there must be magic in it. Lady, one word in your ear. (*Aside, bringing her forward.*) Am I dreaming, or did we indeed meet and actually dance together last night at the Palace. Answer, I implore you. (*To himself.*) She little knows how my heart hangs on the reply.

CINDERELLA (*to herself*).—To confess would be disobeying my generous friends the fairies. I *must* resist the impulse, however hard it be. (*To him.*) Oh, sir, a poor forsaken creature like myself could never dare aspire to such an honour. Your Royal Highness no doubt mistakes me for another.

(*While they are talking a chair and footstool have been placed in the middle of the Stage.*)

PRINCE.—Mistaken you? Impossible. But since you deny what seems to me so certain, permit me to apply a test that will at once confirm or dissipate my doubts.

CINDERELLA (*to herself*).—Ah me! I guess his meaning. All will be discovered, and I am lost.

PRINCE (*taking her hand*).—Come, fair sorceress.

(*He leads her to the chair and she seats herself. The Herald then presents to the* PRINCE *a velvet cushion bearing the lost slipper. He takes it and puts it on. The* PRINCE'S *back and* CINDERELLA'S *face are to the audience during the pantomime. General start of surprise.*)

Friends, you behold the owner of the talismanic slipper and my lovely partner in last night's minuet.

(*Rises to his feet, while* CINDERELLA *places both hands to her face to hide her confusion.*)

MALATESTA (*wildly*).—Foiled again, and this time foiled for good!

PRISCILLA (*to* BARON, *who is half idiotic*).—And it was to this darling girl that you made us both behave so cruelly.

TABITHA.—And you knew that our hearts were bleeding for her all the time.

CINDERELLA (*coming down, led by the* PRINCE, *who has been whispering to her during the last three short speeches*).—And now, Prince, as you came so near to guessing my secret without a word of mine to guide you, let me make my confession quite complete. There is the sister talisman.

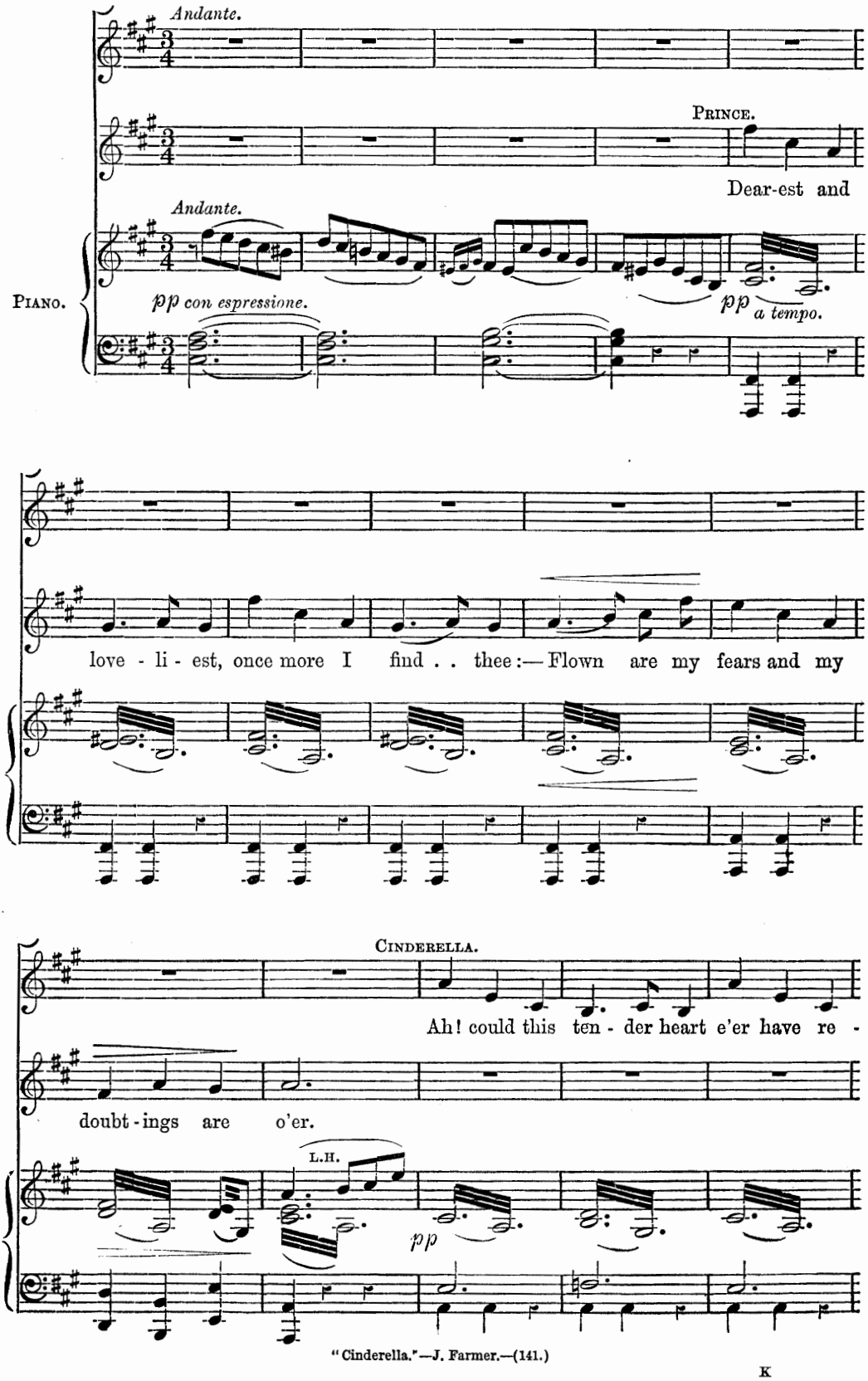
(*Pulls from her pocket and holds up the other slipper, then hands to Herald. General shout of admiration.*)

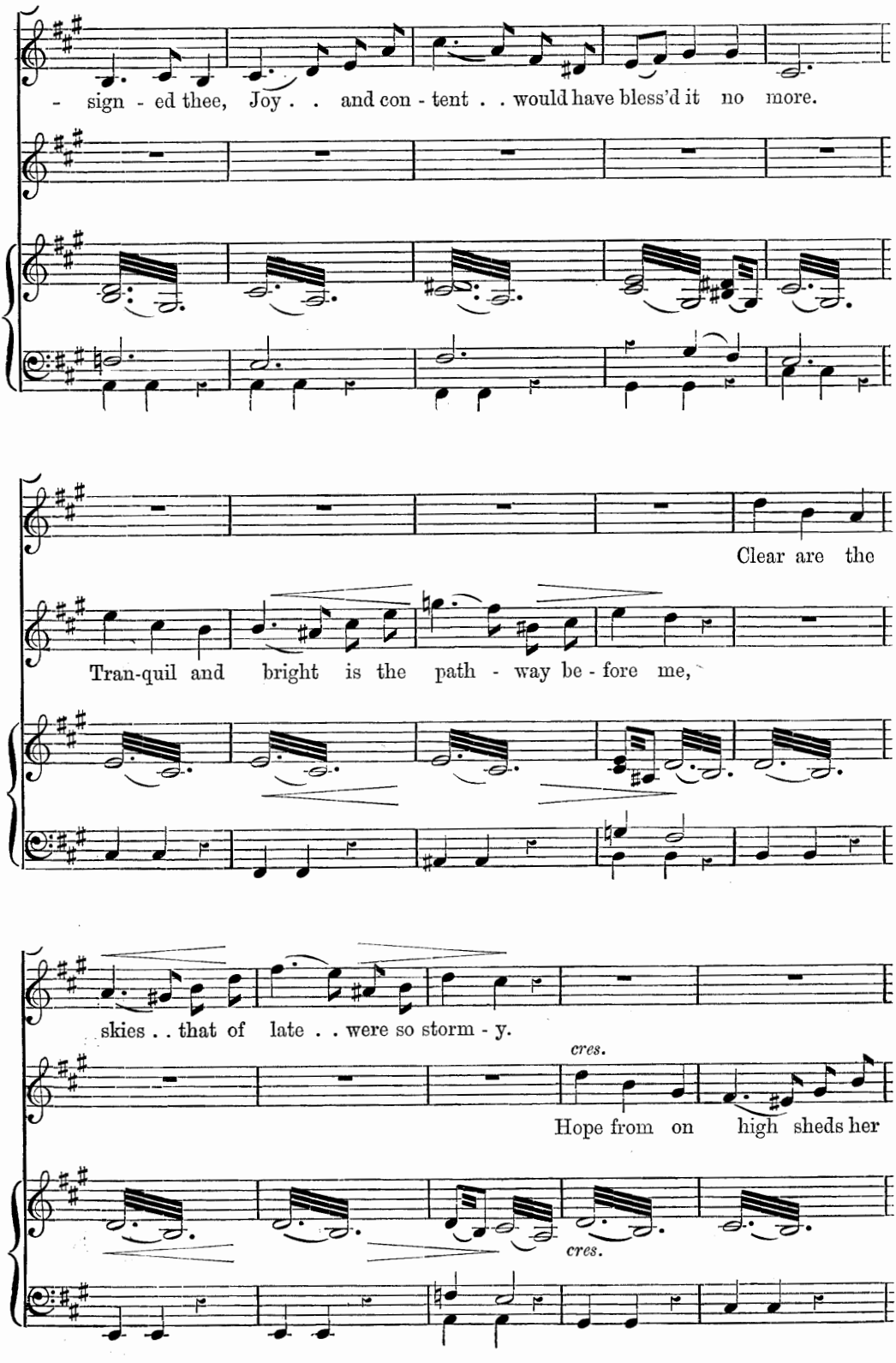
PRINCE (*to all*).—Leave us awhile, good people. After so long a search for a Princess—

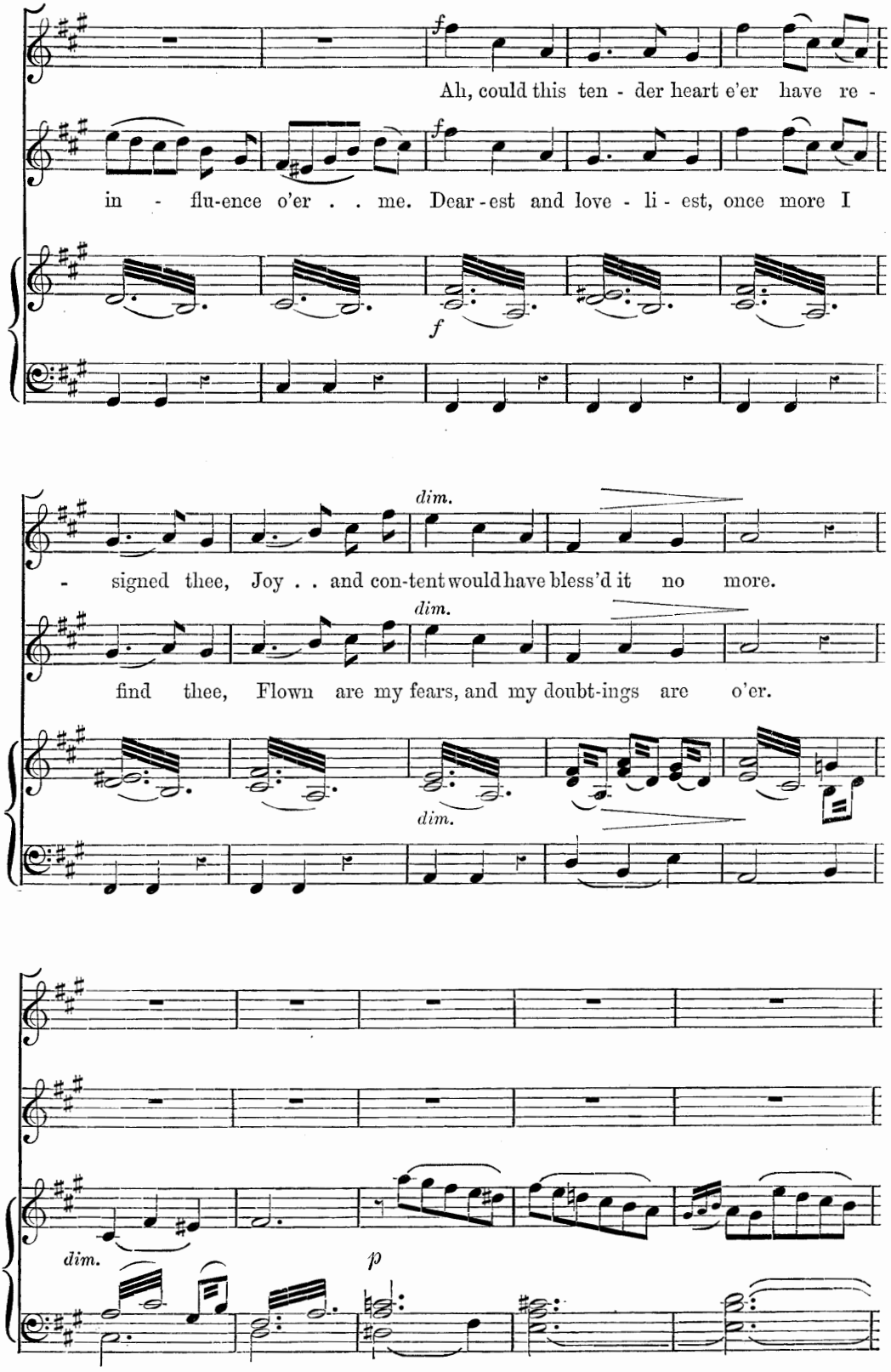
CINDERELLA (*fondly*).—A Princess? Ah Mirabel!

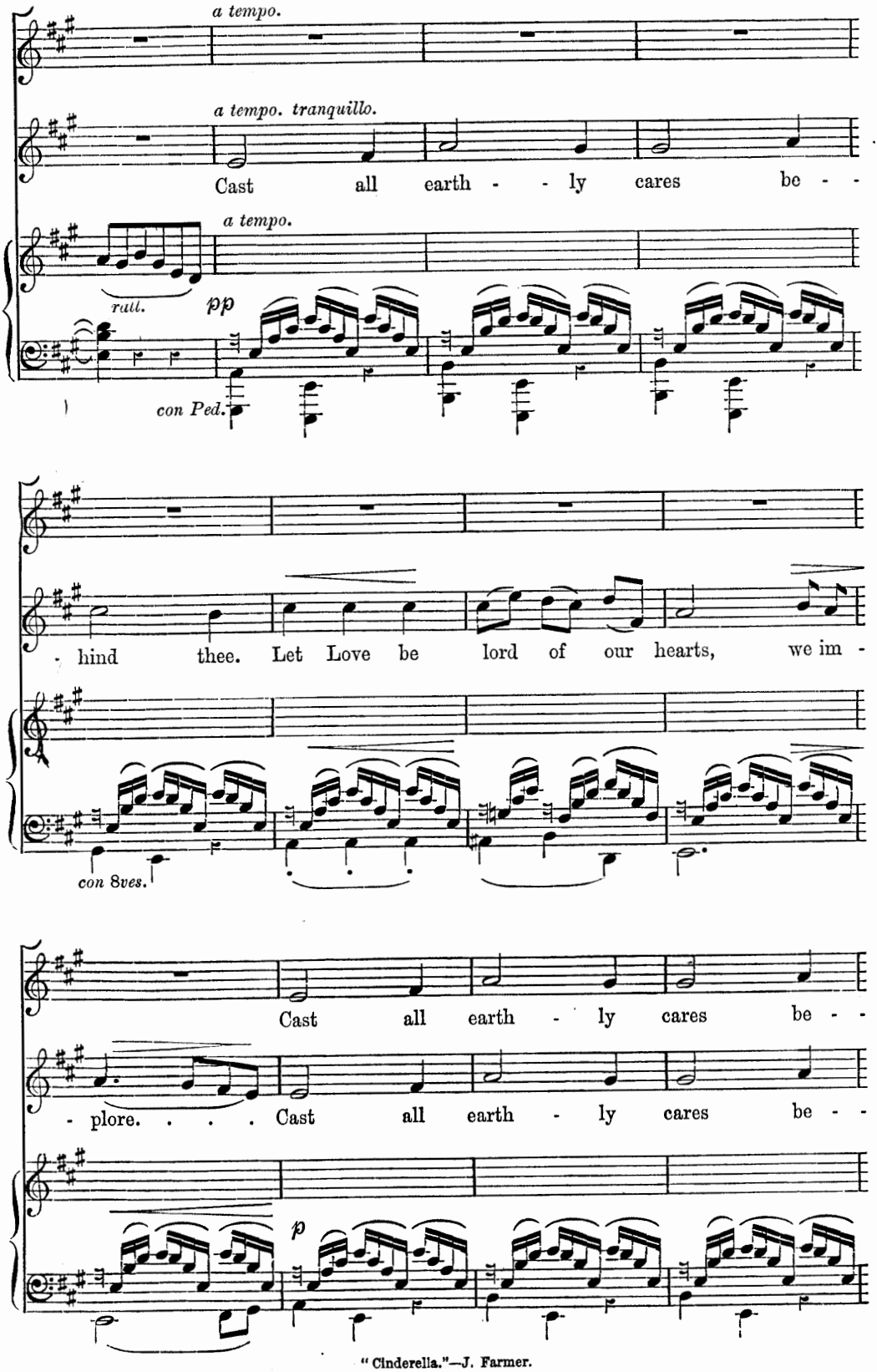
PRINCE.—Surely we may pass a few happy minutes in each other's company.

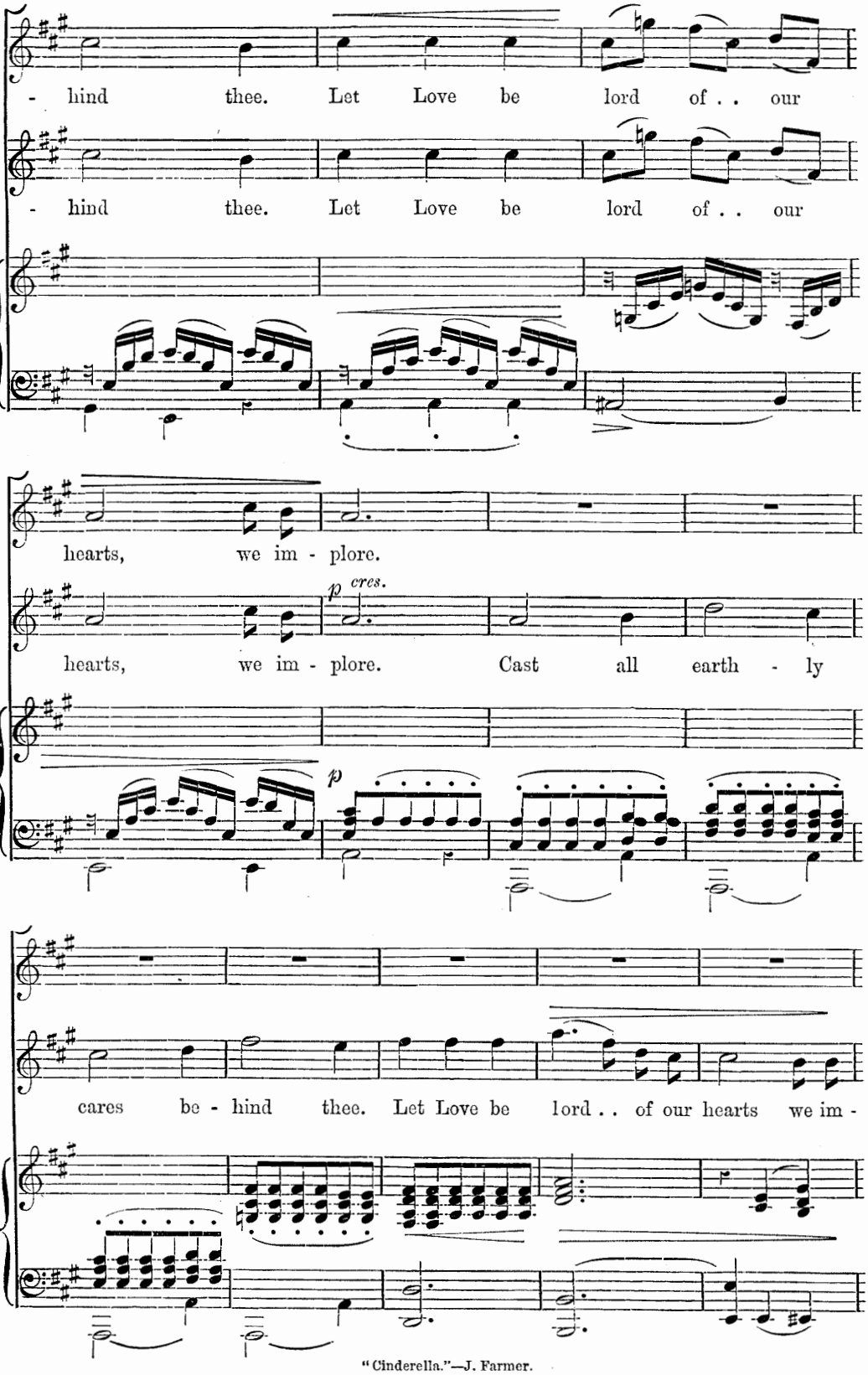
[*Exeunt omnes, shouting "Long live the Prince and Princess."*

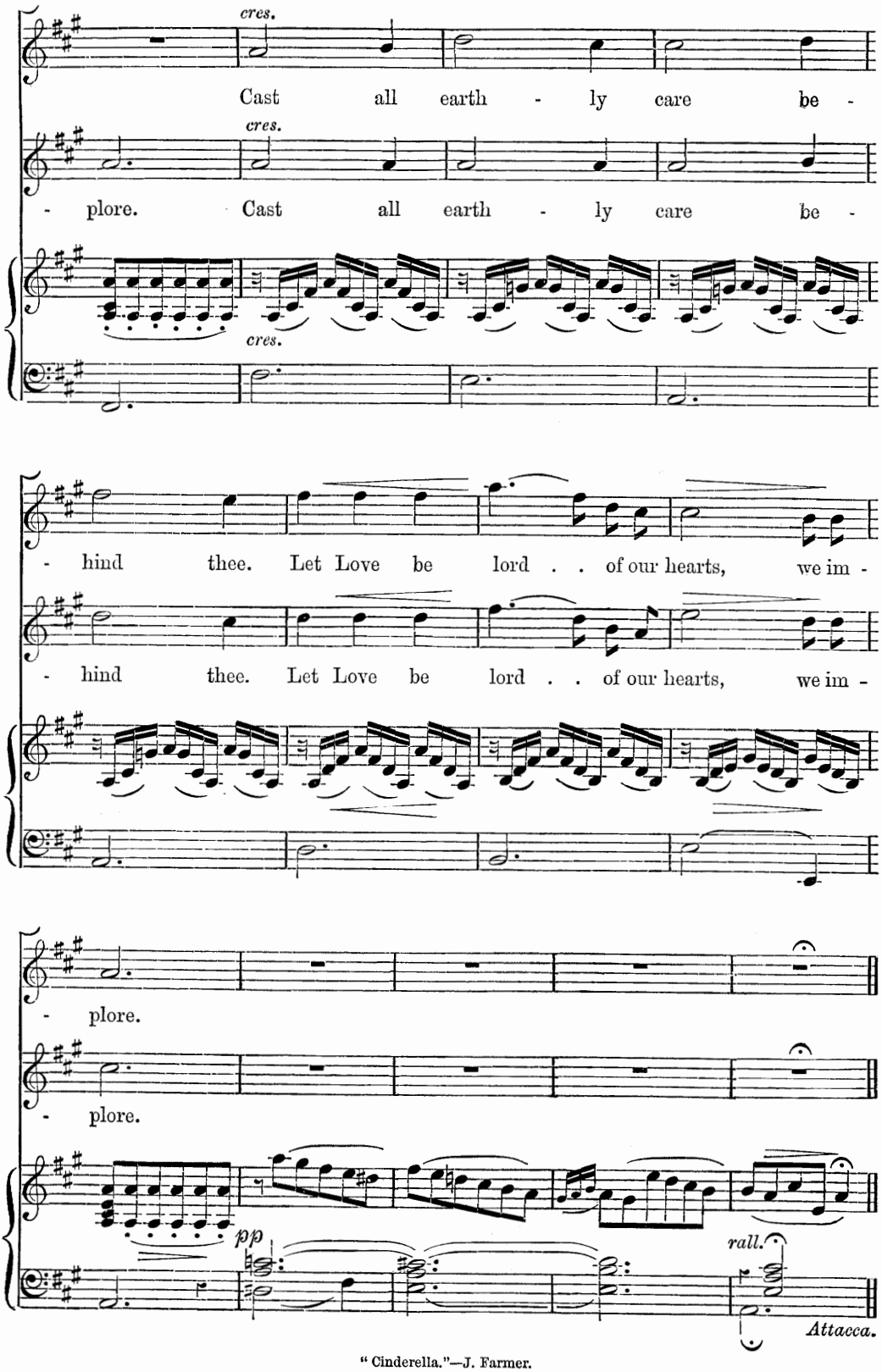

Andante.
PRINCE.
Dear-est and
Andante.
PIANO.
pp con espressione.
pp a tempo.
love - li - est, once more I find . . thee:—Flown are my fears and my
CINDERELLA.
Ah! could this ten - der heart e'er have re -
doubt - ings are o'er.
L.H.
pp


- sign - ed thee, Joy . . and con - tent . . would have bless'd it no more.
Clear are the
Tran-quil and bright is the path - way be - fore me,
skies . . that of late . . were so storm - y.
cres.
Hope from on high sheds her
cres.


Ah, could this ten - der heart e'er have re -
in - flu-ence o'er . . me. Dear-est and love - li - est, once more I
dim.
- signed thee, Joy . . and con-tent would have bless'd it no more.
find thee, Flown are my fears, and my doubt-ings are o'er.
dim.
dim.
p

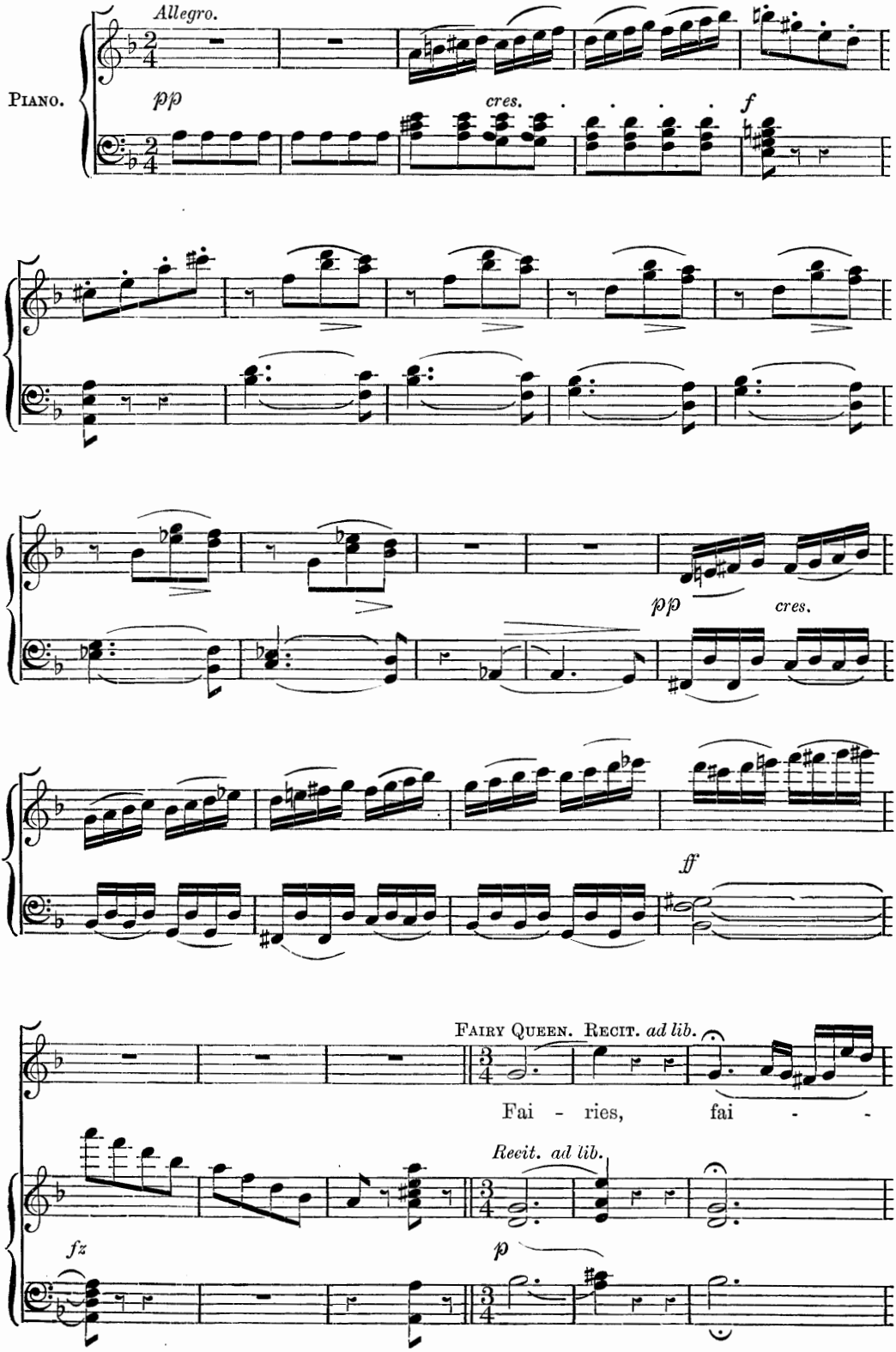

a tempo.
a tempo. tranquillo.
Cast all earth - - ly cares be - -
a tempo.
rall.
pp
con Ped.
- hind thee. Let Love be lord of our hearts, we im -
con 8ves.
Cast all earth - ly cares be - -
- plore. . . . Cast all earth - ly cares be - -
p

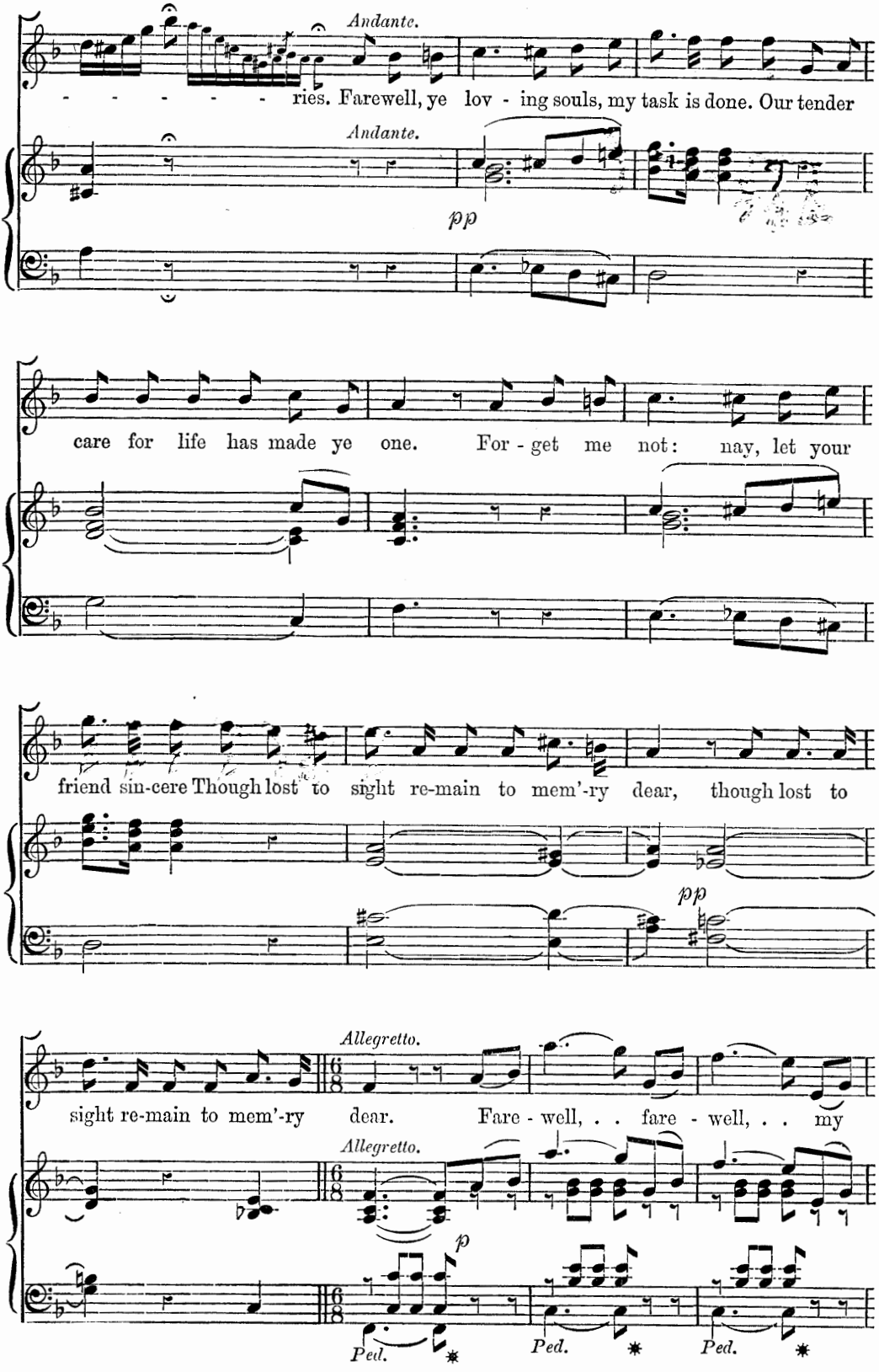

- hind thee. Let Love be lord of . . our
- hind thee. Let Love be lord of . . our
hearts, we im - plore.
p cres.
hearts, we im - plore. Cast all earth - ly
p
cares be - hind thee. Let Love be lord . . of our hearts we im -

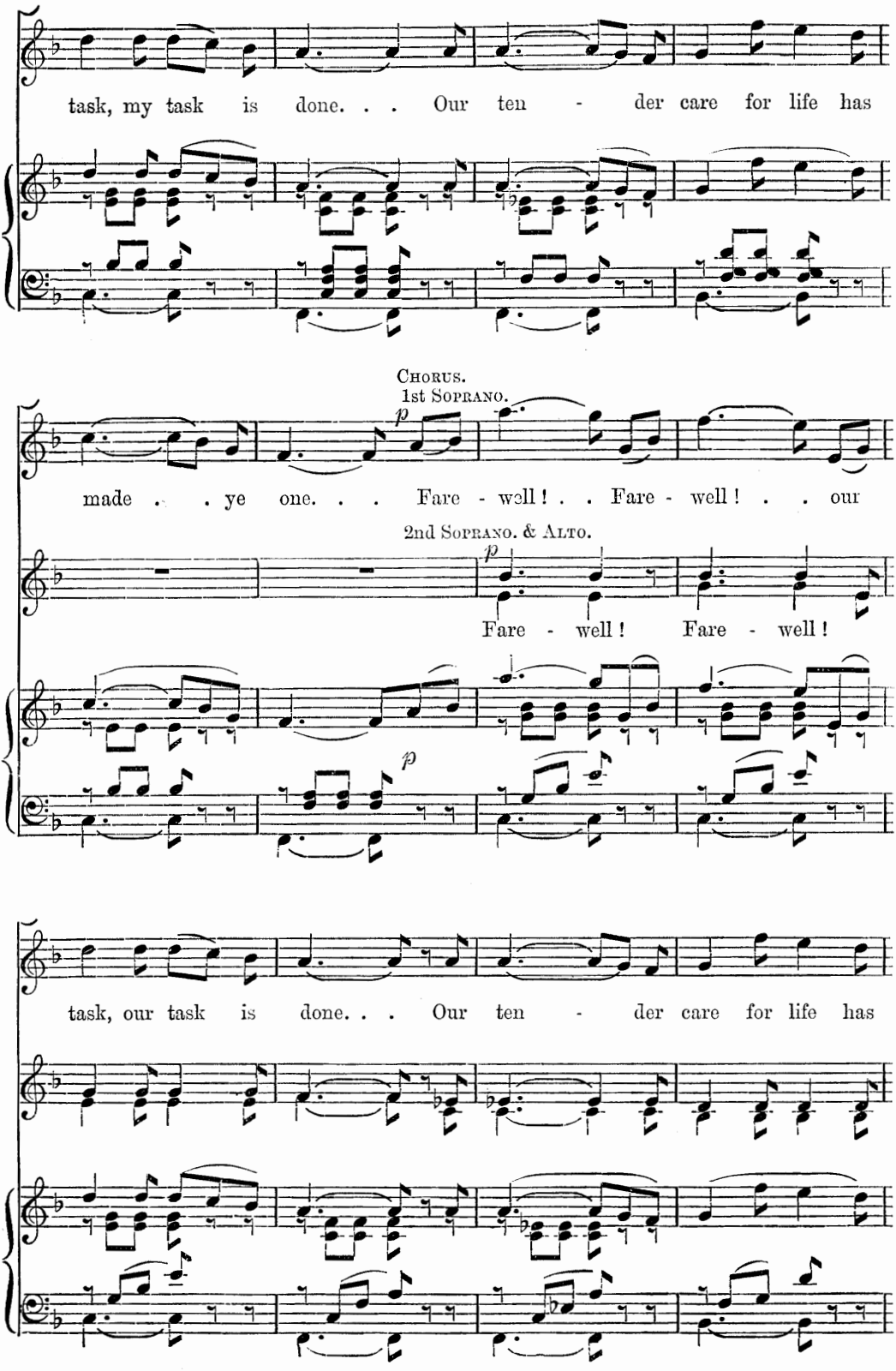

cres.
Cast all earth - ly care be -
cres.
- plore. Cast all earth - ly care be -
cres.
- hind thee. Let Love be lord . . of our hearts, we im -
- hind thee. Let Love be lord . . of our hearts, we im -
- plore.
- plore.
pp
rall.
Attacca.

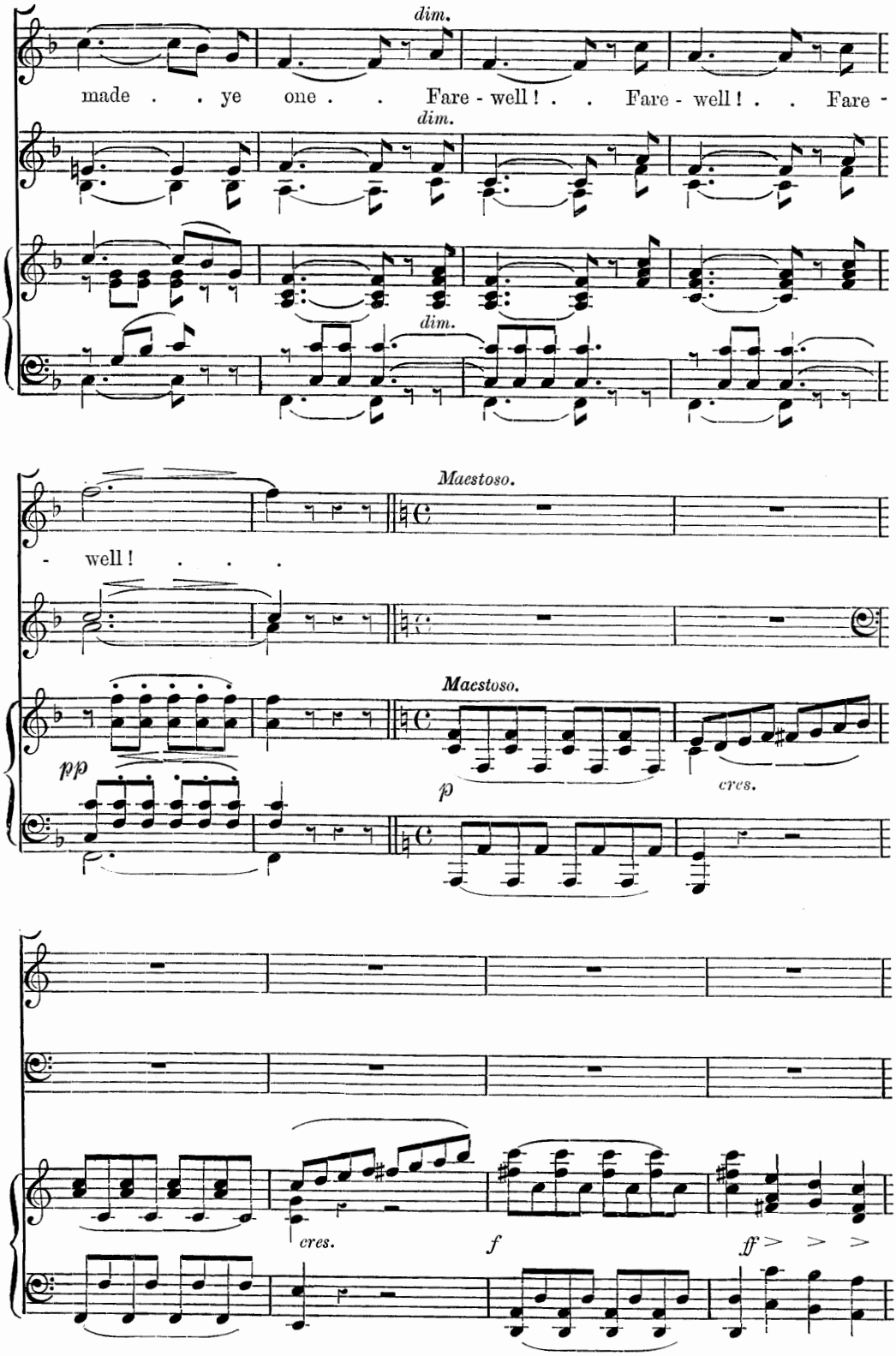
(Scene opens at back, discovering Fairies grouped, with QUEEN *in centre.)*

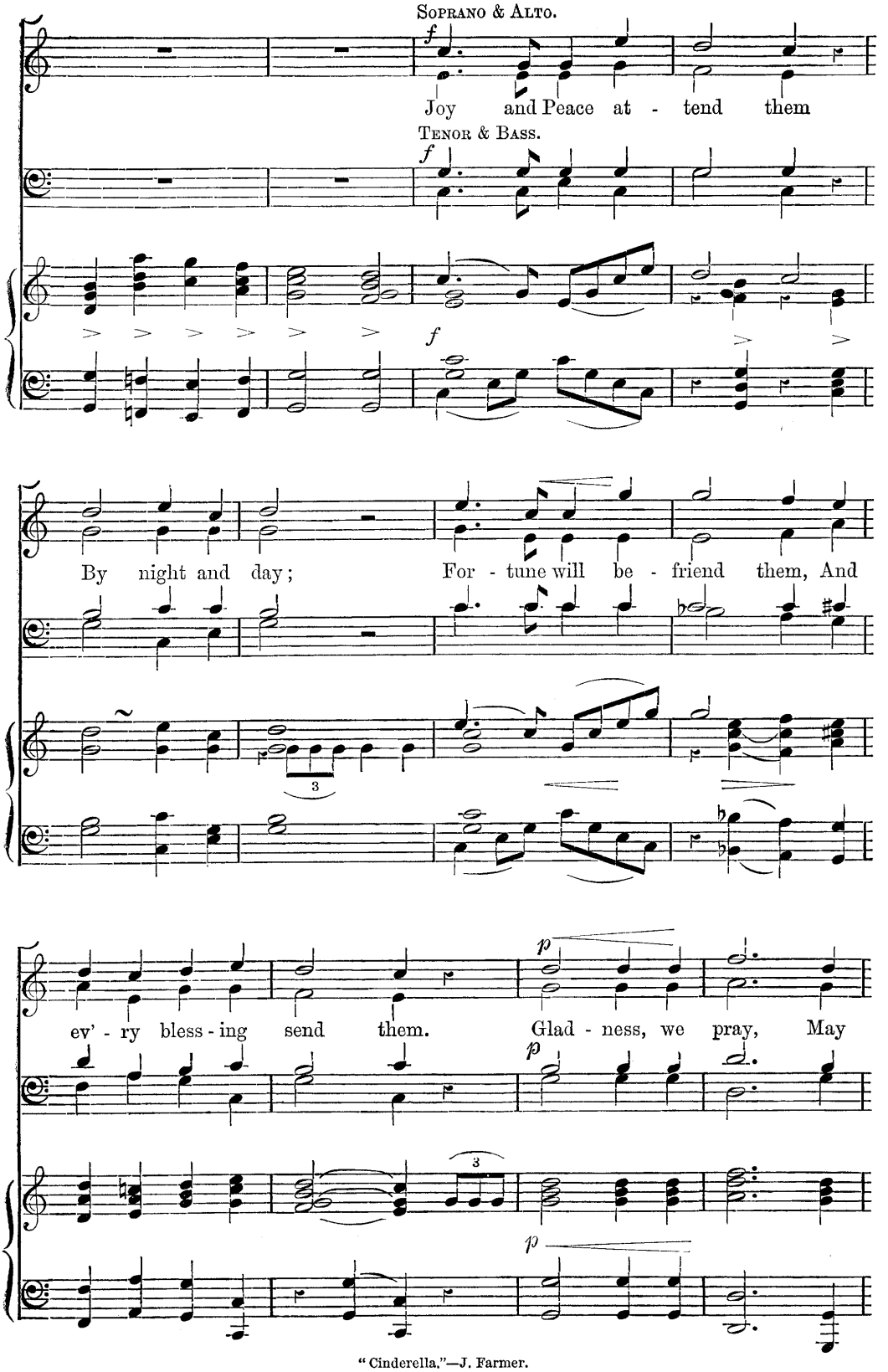
No. 21. FINALE.—RECIT. AND CHORUS.—"FAREWELL, YE LOVING SOULS."

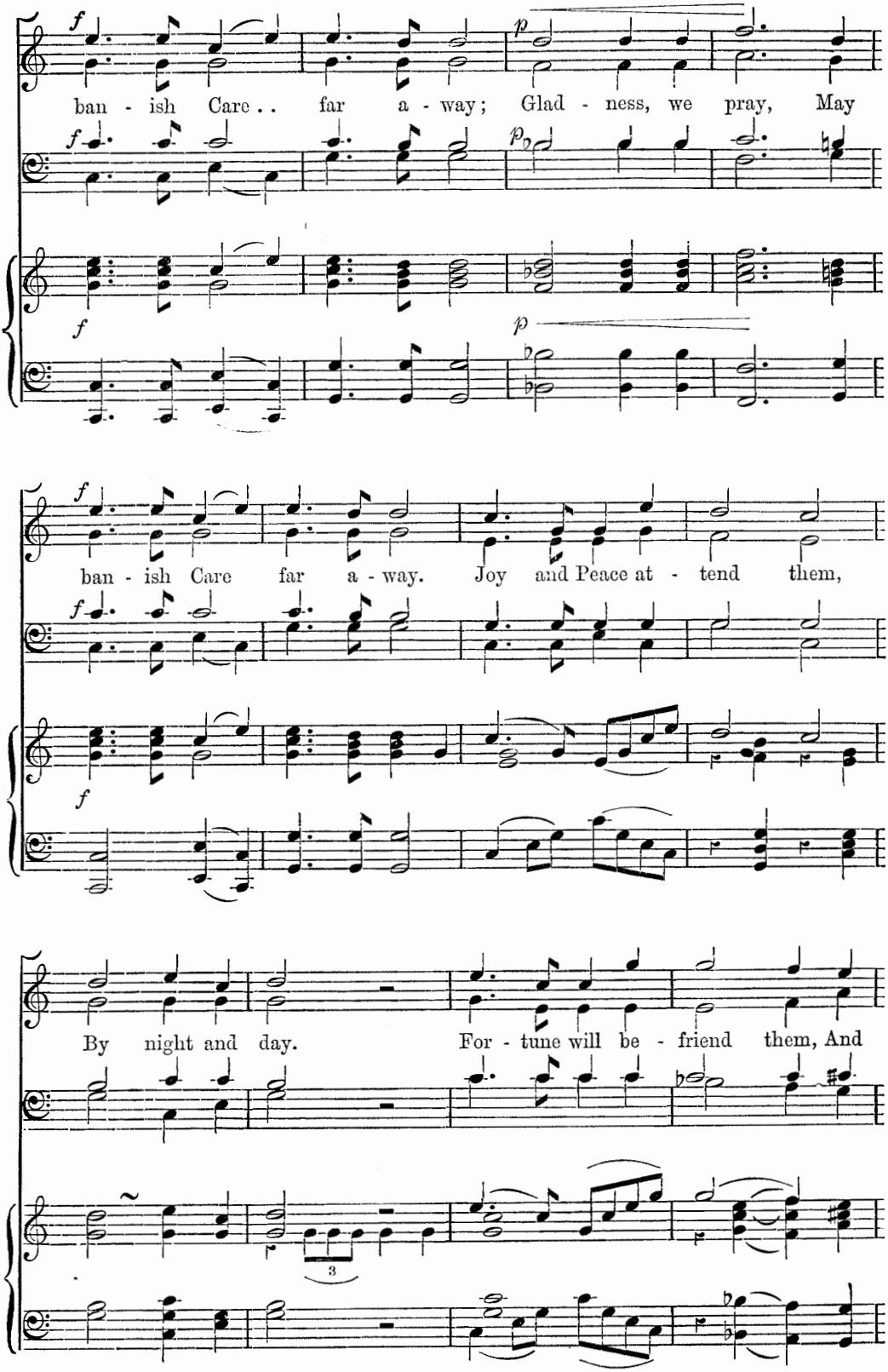


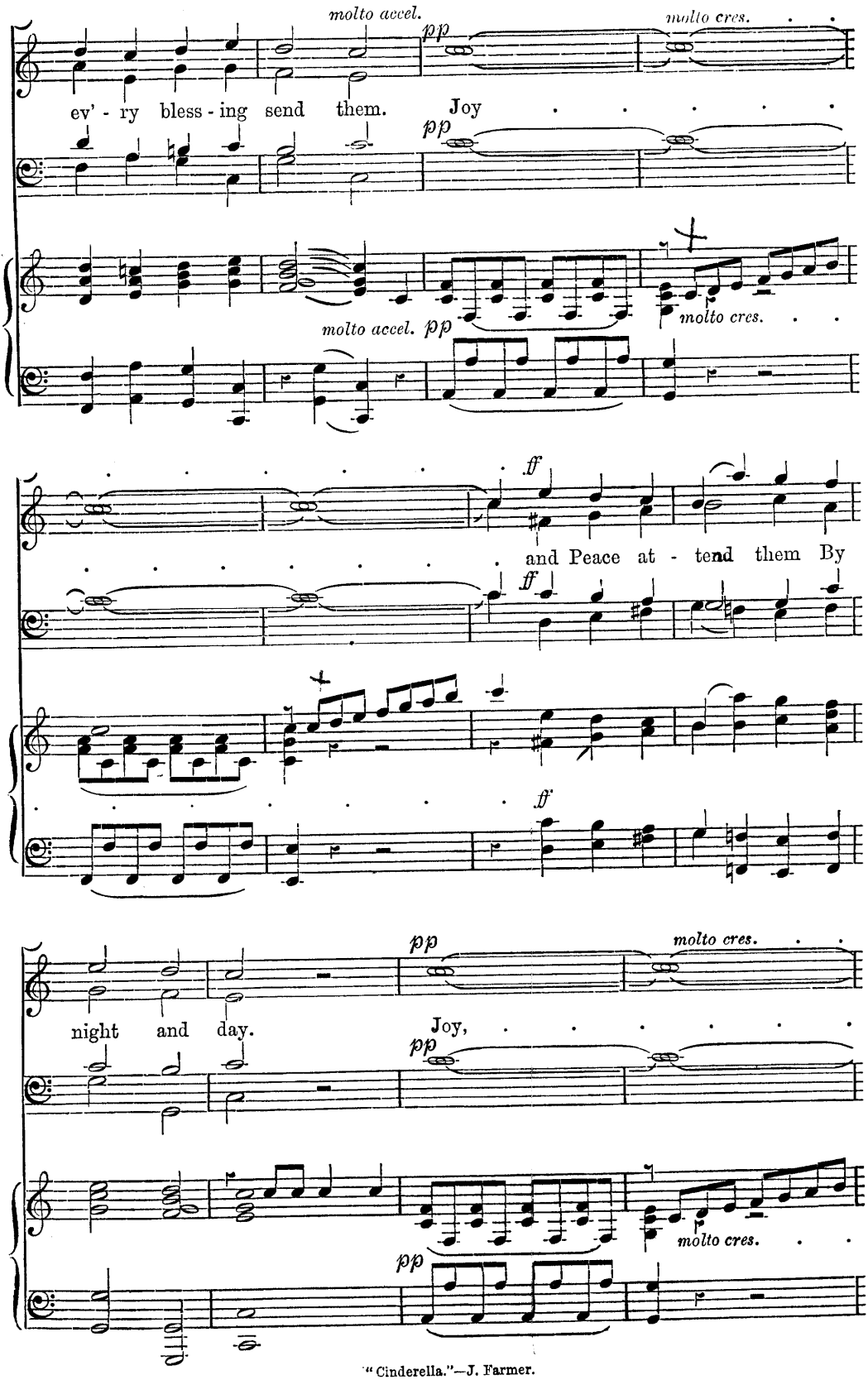

Andante.
ries. Farewell, ye lov - ing souls, my task is done. Our tender
Andante.
pp
care for life has made ye one. For - get me not: nay, let your
friend sin-cere Though lost to sight re-main to mem'-ry dear, though lost to
pp
Allegretto.
sight re-main to mem'-ry dear. Fare - well, . . fare - well, . . my
Allegretto.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

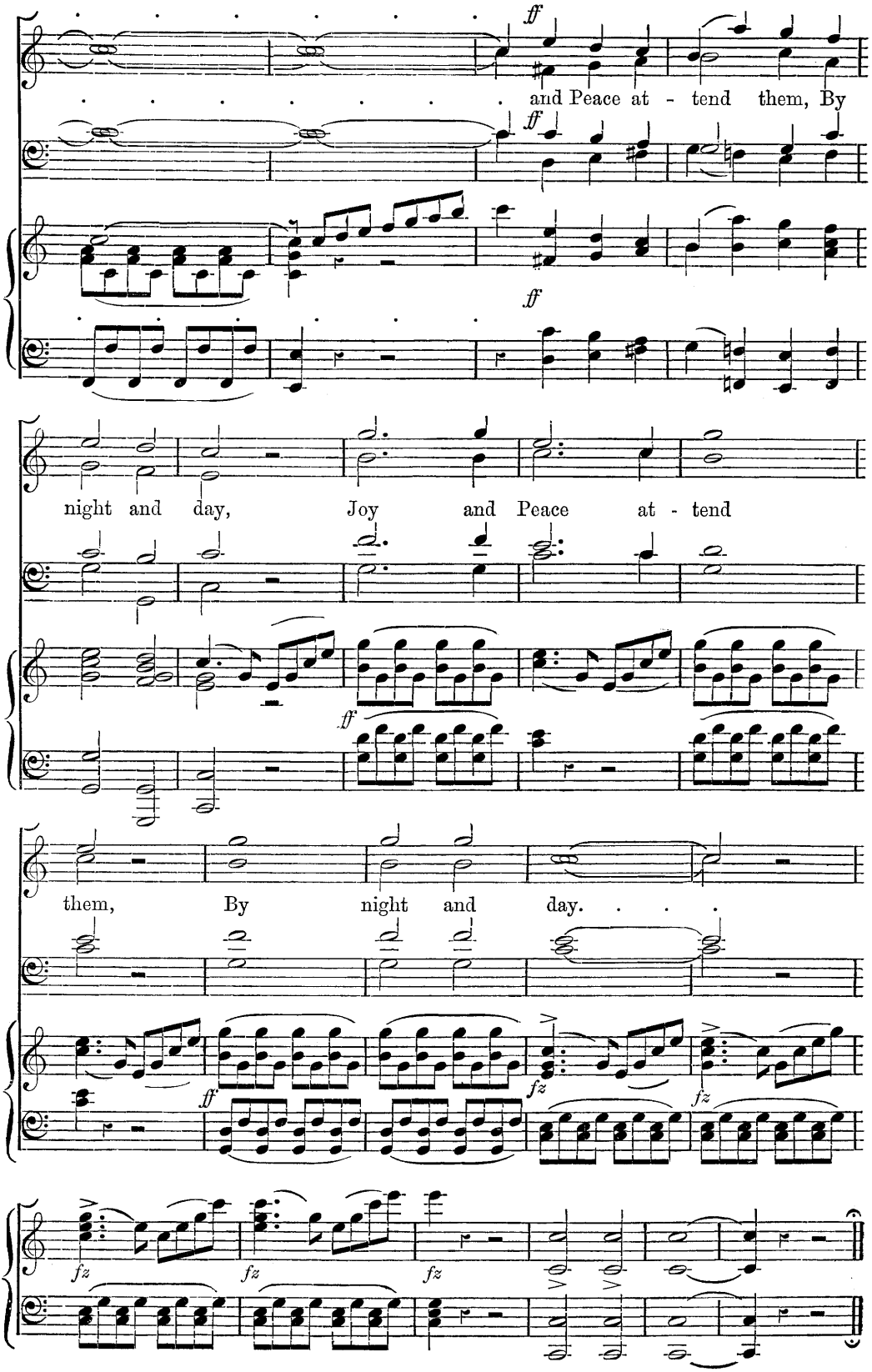

task, my task is done. . . Our ten - der care for life has
Chorus.
1st Soprano.
p
made . . ye one. . . Fare - well! . . Fare - well! . . our
2nd Soprano. & Alto.
p
Fare - well! Fare - well!
p
task, our task is done. . . Our ten - der care for life has


dim.
made . . ye one . . Fare - well ! . . Fare - well ! . . Fare -
dim.
dim.
Maestoso.
- well ! . . .
Maestoso.
pp
p
cres.
cres.
f
ff


Soprano & Alto.
Joy and Peace at - tend them
Tenor & Bass.
By night and day; For - tune will be - friend them, And
ev' - ry bless - ing send them. Glad - ness, we pray, May


ban - ish Care . . far a - way; Glad - ness, we pray, May
ban - ish Care far a - way. Joy and Peace at - tend them,
By night and day. For - tune will be - friend them, And


molto accel.
pp
molto cres.
ev' - ry bless - ing send them.
Joy
pp
molto accel. pp
molto cres.
ff
and Peace at - tend them By
ff
ff
pp
molto cres.
night and day.
Joy,
pp
molto cres.
pp


ff
and Peace at - tend them, By
night and day, Joy and Peace at - tend
them, By night and day. . . .
fz

OVELLO
ANDY
JAVIER