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1893.

STUYVESANT PRESS, 154 & 156 W. 27th St., N. Y.

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LA CIGALE.

ACT I.

No. 1.—A VILLAGER'S CHORUS.

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

The wedding's done, these two are one,
A merry fortune mates them,
A happy life as man and wife
Verily now awaits them.
For them is stored a future fair,
Ne'er yet was better suited pair,
Who trusts the gifts the years may
yield them,
From harm will shield them.
At last the deed is done,

At length these two are one,
Wish them joy!
Let merry fortune mate them,
Sure long life and joyous days await them.
At their feet there lies a future
Bright and fair,
Ne'er a better suited pair.
See stretching out before this man and
wife,
A future fair.

No. 2.—CHORUS.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN & IVAN CARYLL.

DUTCH BOYS AND GIRLS.

Hey boys! gay boys, shout hurrah!
Wedding day, boys, Hip! hurrah!
Bless the wedding days we sing,
That lollipops and sweeties bring,
Softly every other bar
Now then louder, Hip hurrah!
Softly every other bar
Little voices carry far.
Sound on bells a wedding ring,
Wed sing, ding dong! ding, dong ding!
Ringing, singing—Hip hurrah!
Come fill this mug with good October
drink,
For the sober the best I know.

Tenors.

Come drain this mug of good October
drink,
For the sober the best we know.

(*Enter* WILLIAM and CHARLOTTE.)

WILL. Thee, mine at length I hold,
My sweet, my bride!
CHAR. The chain shall be of gold
By which we may be tied.
WILL. For thee my own sweet wife,
I'll heaven and earth be moving.
CHAR. And I too, of thy home
Fit mistress will I be proving.

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No. 3.—"THE ANT."

Words by GILBERT À BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

CHARLOTTE.

In days of yore the insect world had speech,
 The story's true, though you may not believe it,
 And every golden word the world to teach
 Each age has cherished eager to believe it.
 The little ant creeps by upon her honest way,
 And trotting gently on thus chants her simple lay;
 Work, work, a brave heart keeping,
 'Tis thus gold harvest you'll be reaping.
 And this is why I think, my husband dear,
 I see bright days that seem with joy to greet us;
 Our little bark together we will steer,
 Whatever storms, or winds, or waves, may meet us.
 For as the ant creeps by upon her honest way,
 So follow her shall I, and chant her simple lay.
 Work, work, etc.

WILL.
 And I will chant it too,
 I am not afraid of working
 With so sweet a help as you,
 Never any labour shrinking.

I, in storm and strife,
 Would no better wife,
 And a golden life
 Stretches out before us,
 - *Chorus. (repeat)* The wedding's done, etc.

No. 4.—"THE MERRY CRICKET."

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

MARTON (*sings off*).
 O! listen to the Summer song,
 With new life all is thrilling,
 Summer entrancing
 Sets nature dancing,
 While every little winged thing
 In chorus is trilling,
 Sweet Summer-time,
 Delightful Summer-time,
 The Summer-time for me!
 Hark! hark! the voice of the bird and the
 bee
 Singing and humming in flower and in
 tree,
 Joyous and clear,
 Summer is here,
 Summer-time! delightful Summer-
 time,
 The lovely Summer-time for me!
 But they say "think of to-morrow
 Ere the day's done,
 For to-morrow may bring sorrow

Ere rise of sun."
 Think upon the winter season,
 And of the sad and rainy day;
 To-morrow!
 Sorrow!
 When Summer-time has passed away
 I laugh, dance, and sing.
 The grasshopper's merry lay,
 With whirling wings.
 All the sunny day!
 Without a care I dance along.
 My hours like theirs as fleeting,
 Thus I will live, like them repeating,
 "Let's fling all care away."
 Say, hear'st thou not strains of sweet
 Summer song
 On zephyrs light o'er the mead borne
 along?
 Fair Summer day so sweetly fleeting,
 Then let me live for aye repeating,
 "Let's fling all care away."

DUET.—No. 5.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by

DRAN.

MARTON.

Why not begin at the beginning,
That is the way I recommend;
If you would win what is worth winning,
Start! and you may get to the end.

VINCENT. (*aside.*)

How to begin? I feel like stuttering,
What can I say, yet not offend?
Stupid to grin, worse to keep muttering.
Say what I may, will she attend?

MARTON.

Commence! Commence!

VINCENT. (*aside.*)

It must be now or never,

MARTON.

You have some sense,
To speak pray do endeavour,
Oh, yes, oh no,
'Tis like this,—so—
(*Ensemble.*)

Why not begin, &c.

No. 6.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND,

Music by E. AUDRAN.

VINCENT.

I.

In chorus joined all the birds from the glade,
The hill and the woodland filling,
With bright and merry trilling;
I hear them sing
The glad hymn of Spring,
From heaven above,
Sweet song of love.

Refrain.

Thus a bird sang sweetly to his mate,
As he winged his way o'er the wild heather
“Dearie say, will you upon this tree,
Your nest, love, build with me?
Can future brighter be
Than this we face together?”

II.

Thus having heard the sweet song of the bird,
Our Charlotte is our William's bride,
So happy they what e'er betide,
As did these two let us now do,
And loving ever, naught us shall sever!

Refrain.

Thus a bird, &c.

MART. In truth my friend for you
I feel a friendship true;
Should ever your way
Some tender thoughts stray,
Why then I'll see what I can do.
But—
No, I will wait, I am in no hurry to marry.
VINC. You bid me wait?
MART. I do.
VIN. Ah, cruel fate!
MART. No, e'er I mate,
I'd rather some time tarry.
Both. So a bird sang chirping to his mate
As they winged their way o'er the wild heather,
"Not to-day will I 'neath this tree
And build my nest with thee,
Let us be friends, but free,
And not chained together."
VIN. Thus a bird, &c.

No. 7.—SONG.

Words by GILBERT & BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

Uncle! I pray do not doubt me,
From my heart these words I mean;
Surely the stage cannot do without me,
I mean to be of Opera—the Queen.
Melpomene would not inspire me,
In that line I wish to shine;
But let a comic scene require me
In a new way, the part you'll see me
play.
See here's something very tragic,
If a specimen you'd like;
Dido am I, the famous Queen of Afric,
An attitude see me strike.
Oh, Minerva! oh, Juno!
Come to me and help the Queen,
The wretched Dido I mean,
Of Carthage, of Carthage, the proud
Queen.
Hark! the drum, the flute, the trumpet's
sound,
At her name awake around,
Upon thy strength I lean

Oh, Juno! poor Dido!
Your faithful client I have been! I have
been,
Minerva! oh, Juno! oh, Minerva!
But in a lighter vein,
I'll give my fancy rein,
Amaryllys am I, the shepherd Corydon,
Would rob me of a flower
I would wish to keep,
To show my power;
That rose must be mine love!
In vain you plead.
He snatches it gaily;
She feigns not to heed.
He'll sing and she'll dance
In brightest day dreams,
Each time they advance
A fresh joy it seems.
The rose must be mine, love! &c.
Uncle mine, do not doubt me, &c.
(as before.)

No. 8.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by IVAN CARVLL.

FRANZ.
 Better for her and me,
 Oh, had we met never,
 Than severed be
 Now and for ever.
 Dare I a falsehood tell,
 Would she believe me!
 Ah, no!
 Too greatly would it grieve me
 Did I bid thee farewell!
 All in vain
 Will reckless swain
 With love trifle,
 Ah!
 Or conscience we must stifle.
 Love cries "Stay! while you may!"

"Better with fire play,"
 Ah, tempt not fate!
 How Cupid's torch can burn
 The giddy fool will learn
 Too late!
 Bid me deceive thee?
 That can I never!
 Though I must leave thee,
 Leave thee for ever!
 Far better had it been
 Thee had I never seen,
 Than false to play thee,
 Or now betray thee!
 Again I'd not deceive thee,
 'Twould break my heart to leave thee!

No. 9.—CHORUS.—"PICNIC."

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

At a picnic
 We are so jolly!
 Jestng,
 Restng,
 In shade or sun;
 We can rollick,
 Enjoyng folly,
 Gambol, frolic,
 No end of fun!
 And there are happy couples hiding
 Down in cool grot and leafy dell;
 We never search, we're so confiding,
 While singing "Vive la Bagatelle!"
 Bagatelle!
 And so our glasses we'll chink,
 And merrily drink
 A bottle of the gay champagne,
 Call on our host,
 Give us a toast,
 Our noble selves we'll pledge again!
 And so our glasses, &c.

Pif! Paf! Open the champagne!
 Pif! Paf! Drink it once again,
 Pif! Paf! Open the champagne.
 Dance while we sing,
 Care off we fling!
 La, la, la! Ah!
 Dance while we're singing
 Merrily,
 Cheerily,
 Dancing lightly,
 Sun to-day,
 As in May,
 Shining brightly!
 Ah!
 Dance so sprightly,
 Stepping lightly,
 Dancing sprightly
 As in May,
 Merrily, cheerily,
 We'll be gay!
 We will play
 As in May!

No. 10.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

MARTON.

One day Margot
Went for a row,
She fell right into the river.
Oh, oh, oh, oh!
Poor dear Margot
River, river, oh!
Such a cruel river, oh!
Oh!
Three nice young men passed by,
So she called out, "Hi! hi! hi!"
"Come and use your best endeavor
I am drowning in the river."
"We will try"
So they cry,
"We shall succeed no doubt;
What will you pay
To be pulled out?
Eh, eh, eh, eh,
Pretty maiden say,
Eh, eh, eh, eh,
Pretty maiden say,
If you're pulled out
What will you pay?"
Chorus. Eh, eh, eh, eh, &c.

II.

Pay will Margot,
Price, high or low,
But save me from the river!"
Oh, oh, oh, oh! &c.
Then cried the young men three
"We will never grasping be;
You shall be a willing giver
If we save you from the river,
You shall pay, pretty Miss!"

Music by E. AUDRAN.

"How much?"—"we say a kiss
A simple kiss!
A little kiss."
Eh, eh, eh, eh."
"Ah, must I pay?"
Eh, eh, eh, eh?
"Yes, you must pay,
O, pretty maiden, thus we say
If you're pulled out a kiss you'll pay!"
Chorus. (repeat.) Eh, eh, eh, &c.

III.

Ah, poor Margot
Sin-king low,
How this reply made her shiver,
"Oh, oh, oh, oh!"
Cried poor Margot,
"I will do so,
I will do so,"
Oh!
With a pull the young men three,
Made her safe as safe could be;
"We have saved you from the river,
So a kiss to each deliver."
"You a kiss asked of me,
Here's one that you'll divide
Between the three!
Between the three!"
"Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss!"
A right good kiss,
Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss!
You asked of me,
So let it be
Between the three."
Then with "good-day" she ran away
Chorus.—Kiss! kiss! kiss! kiss! &c.

No. 11.—FINALE (FIRST ACT).

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN & IVAN CARYLL.

All. Farewell! Farewell!
CHAR. As I see you are bent on the stage,
Every hope to dissuade you I feel would be vain;
You will fly like a bird from the cage,
And we *may* never see you again.
VINC. Yes! I see you are bent on the stage, etc.
Ensem. Yes! $\left. \begin{matrix} I \\ we \\ you \end{matrix} \right\}$ see you are bent on the stage,

Every hope to dissuade {me I } feel
 would be vain. {you we }
 You will } fly like a bird from the cage,
 I shall }
 Do not } say never see } me { again.
 And we } you {

MATT.

She'll astonish the whole Flemish nation
 With her wonderful vocalization.
 Family talent there must be,
 Which she, of course, inherits from me.

The others

Art ready?

MATT.

Ready I be.

CHAR. VINC. WILL.

You're for Bruges leaving,
 We all are grieving,
 No use in grieving.

MATT.

No use, however you
 May sermonize, 'tis very slow.
 My advice is clever, you
 Where'er her heart is, let her go.

CHAR. VINC. WILL. MART.
 Your advice is clever, you
 Where'er {me } heart is, let {her } go,
 {her } {me }
 Leaving!

As upon {my } showing
 {your }

I {am bent on going.
 You {

Grieving!

There's no use in grieving
 Now she's bent on leaving,
 Leaving!

As upon my showing
 I am bent on going.
 It may not be for long.

So } Good bye, Marton.
 Say }

MART.

Hark to Nature's song—chant note of bee
 They sing to me "we are free,
 Gay and free."

"Like a grasshopper skipping on flower and
 tree,

Merry, merry, merry we'll be,
 But only liberty for me!"

No use, however we may sermonize, etc., (*as before.*)

No. 12

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

FRAN

Ah! let's drink to La Gloria!
 Success to the rising star!

MART.

I thank you both one and all,
 Let us drink to her health.

Long life and wealth!

So merrily, merrily, hip hurrah!
 Gloria!

Here's a health to La Gloria!
 With a will let us cheer
 To her brilliant career,
 Let's drink to La Gloria!
 Success to the rising star.

To La Gloria!

To her first campaign!
 There's nothing like champagne!
 Pledge her once again!

Ah La Gloria!

We no address to La Gloria!

To her success.

And greater may it be each day.
 So our glasses we'll chink.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

For the name which you me call.

All.

Viva! Viva!

Thus do we christen La Gloria!
 See her eyes glisten! Gloria!
 And we'll merrily drink
 A bottle of the dry champagne,
 To her success!
 Drink nothing less,
 And we will drink it once again!
 Pif, Paf! Open the champagne,
 Pif, Paf! Open more champagne,
 Pif, Paf! Drink to her campaign!
 Pif, Paf! Open more champagne.

Yes!

Drink again

To her campaign!

Pif, paf! Nothing like champagne
 Pif, paf! To her first campaign,
 We drink no less

Than 'great success!'

To her first campaign!

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ACT II.

No. 13.—MARKET CHORUS.

Words by GILBERT À BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

Bells for our fete are ringing,
Gaily in steeples swinging,
In the belfry hear them weave a chime.
Dull care behind us flinging
As the bells are all singing
To mark this festive time.
Listen now! how they're ringing!
We hear the joyous time
As the bells are a swinging
To mark the festive time.
Listen, boys—what a noise!
The bells in steeples swinging,
Merry sound! gaily ringing;
We hear the joyous chime
All around, gaily ringing
To mark the festive time.

Girls.

Fine wares we sell you,
Come and buy;
See bargains in a heap—
The truth we tell you,
Do but buy—
Ne'er yet were goods so cheap.
If something please you, don't delay,
Make haste to claim your prize,
For fear your treasure fly away
Under your very eyes.

Tenors.
Hi! hi! see! walk up!
Just a going to begin!
Hi! hi! walk up! walk up!
We wait your coming in.

Basses.

Here's the beer for lads and lasses—
Light and bubbling—strong and clear;
Foaming, frothing in your glasses,
Try a bumper! have no fear.

Tenors.

See! see! a mermaid fresh caught and
hardly dry.
Walk up! ho! a giant ten feet high.

Repeat.

Fine wares we sell you,
See bargains in a heap,
The truth we tell you;
Test and try,
Ne'er yet were goods so cheap, &c.

Basses.

Here's the beer, etc.
Walk up, and see our show, sir,
A giantess superb, sir,
Come, we'll merrily weave a crown;
The air is full of gladness,
Joy bells clanging loud.

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No. 15.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

FRANZ.

Trifle not with love,
 For love that's born of heaven
 Descends from realms above
 To mortals freely given !
 Dare not profane the shrine,
 The shrine of love divine,
 A word can chill,
 A look can kill,
 In twain a heart is riven !
 Ah ! trifle not with love !
 Ah ! tempt not fate !
 Or learn the cost
 Of love once lost,
 Too late !
 Too late !
 Trifle not with love !

Trifle not with love !
 Its jealous nature scorning,
 Beware the garb of dove
 The serpent form adorning.
 When love's spell most enthalls
 Its deadly vengeance falls.
 Sky soaring mirth
 Drops dead to earth
 Without a sign of warning.
 Ah !
 Trifle not with love !
 Ah tempt not fate !
 Or learn the cost
 Of love once lost,
 Too late !
 Ah me !
 Too late !

No. 16.—CONCERTED PIECE.

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

Hearts are full of joy and gladness,
 Joy-bells ringing loud ;
 Drive far off all sadness
 From the noisy happy crowd.
 O, day set free from toil and stress.
 MEN. Come all, hearken as I go along,
 For a rare old Gavotte is my song,
 La, la, la !
 Come all, hearken to my rare old song.
 Chorus. Mirlitons who rule the fair,
 Going everywhere ;
 Court the fairest of the fair.
 Make way for the Mirlitons.
 MAR. I am their Queen, by me they're led,
 I have a court that flits about me,
 'Tis their crown they place upon my head,
 Ah, they could not exist without me,
 On your way Mirlitons, come up and on your way.
 MEN. These people seem of the right kind,
 To try I've half a mind,
 La, la, la, la.
 MAR. Ah, this old man indeed,
 Some kind help seems to need.
 Your labour is in vain,
 Your notes should be much stronger.
 MED. Ah ! my poor voice is no use any longer.

MAR. If your voice is no use
 I'll see what I can do ;
 I at least can try mine, (*all surprised*)
 And sing a song for you. ("*What?*")

FAY. What, you mean that you would ?

MAR. Yes, altho' you may smile,
 For this old man I'll sing in my best style.

Chorus. La Gloria we all would hear,
 And she will sing a song delightful,
 Come all of you, come all draw near,
 La Gloria we all would hear.

DUKE. But just consider my fair Queen
 Where you are—in the Square.

MAR. Of that I'm quite aware,
 But charity my friend has entree everywhere ;
 Your fiddle take old man—we'll trot along,
 Strike up and I will sing,
 Known to me is your song.

No. 17.—GAVOTTE.

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

MARTON.

I.

Mother dear, the violin I hear,
 Now to dance the gavotte—us inviting,
 (*falsetto*) No, my child no ! 'tis the minuet
 I know well—time and tune so exciting.
 You have not quite caught the air aright,
 Prithee, hearken once more just to please me ;
 (*falsetto*) No, my child ; I'm certain I am right,
 To insist further would much displease me.
 Well, I would not thus you defy
 Mother dear, and one can but try,
 Keeping tune and time with precision ;
 Perhaps one might a minuet, I don't see why !
 Dance to the gavottes gay and sparkling measure ?
 At least one might try,
 Mother, dear Mother,
 At least one might try.

II.

Mother dear, if I must married be,
 Of my spouse I should like the refusing !
 (*falsetto*) No, my daughter, leave it all to me ;
 Trust to me the right man to be choosing.
 Mother dear, you may not choose aright ;
 You might your own taste be consulting.
 (*falsetto*) Child your tone too flippant is, and light !
 I might very well call it insulting.
 Well I would not, &c.
 Keeping time and tune.

III.

- Mother dear, a spouse I've chosen now,
 But I fear that his brain's somewhat airy !
 (*falsetto*) My child to this truth you'll have to bow,
 Married life often proves most contrary.
 Mother dear, they tell me in this fix
 I should start an admirer ! 'tis the fashion.
 (*falsetto*) Child, take care ; lest when you play with tricks
 You should find yourself captive to passion.
 Well I would not, &c.
- Chorus.* Bravo, bravo, la Diva.
 MAR. When aid is sought by your own bright star
 Give open hand to La Gloria !
Chorus. Give all, give all to La Gloria !
 MAR. Old man this purse behold,
 See silver here, and gold !
 MAR. Bless you my dear, you have been my good angel.

No. 18.—DUET.—“PETIT NOEL.”

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

- CHAR. Good Santa Claus, our needs discerning,
 Choicest gifts to us you bring ;
 Children we, best thanks returning,
 Hail you this night our chosen king.
 Gladly to-day we haste to greet you,
 Crying what gifts, what joy, what cheer !
 Well do we know when thus we meet you,
 Blessed Christmas tide is here ;
 Christmas to all, great and small,
 Bringeth blessing,
 Tho' splendor reign, or ill fortune is pressing.
- MART. Light with your smiles the dark gloom of December,
 Good Santa Claus, he can naught you refuse ;
 Mind that to-night you the chimney remember,
 And see you place there the smart little shoes.

No. 19.—QUARTETTE.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

- CHAR. Too little foresight you are showing,
 Pray put by for a rainy day.
- MAR. (*rehearsing her part*) What is it ! What have you to say ?
 Tra, la, la ! Tra, la, la !
- WILL. I fear 'tis true that you are throwing
 Your gold with reckless haste away.
- MART. (*rehearsing*) It will come back another day.
 Tra, la, la ! Tra, la, la !
- WILL. Excuse u this remonstrance making
 Lest there should come a bitter waking.
- CHAR. 'Tis your affair, but pray take care.
- MAR. Oh now ! hav caught the air.

- CHAR. O, Marton! to our counsel take heed.
 MAR. (*rehearsing*) Ah! now I have it, yes 'tis there,
 Ah! what a charming, lovely air.
- CHAR. Dame Fortune oft is mischief brewing,
 To-day upon your path her flowers she's strewing;
 Ah, trust her not, the fickle jade,
 To-morrow's moon may see them fade.
 The little ant creeps by upon her honest way,
 And as she trots along she chants her simple lay,
 Work, work, a brave heart keeping.
 'Tis thus gold harvest you'll be reaping.
- MART. (*still rehearsing*) Tra, la, la, etc.
 Ah, now I have caught the air, etc.
- CHAR. Oh, Marton! to our counsel, etc.
- VINC. I something yet graver must say,
 You will not as flippantly treat,
 The truth I must tell you to-day,
 Though anger and scorn I may meet.
- MART. (*listening earnestly*) Ah, me! What is this information?
 Come, speak, I wait for your narration.
- VINC. It is a secret, a chance quite unexpected
 Revealed to us this morn
- MART. Tell it quick!
 What a nice bit of news.
- VINC. The chevalier deceives you.
- MART. Oh, heaven! What are you saying?
 VINC. Yes, this is the game he is playing.
 And wherefore and how you shall know;
 His orders are from a great lady
 Who thinks thus to save her fair name;
 For you he pretends a devotion,
 A pretence but to make and cover her shame.
- MART. No, no, I'll not believe it—he loves me!
 VINC. He is false—his love a deception.
- MART. Ah, in vain you've woven this plot,
 Yes, 'tis plain—you're jealous—I know it.
- VINC. Marton, my dear Marton, I pray you harken—
 Trust him not.
- MART. Scorning your base falsehood, I trust you not.
- CHAR. Oh, Marton!
 MART. He is false! he is false!
 Out of my sight, leave me! be gone!
 Yes, begone! with scorn your counsel I repelling,
 From my house you expelling
 From her house us expelling.
- CHAR. With anger hot I burn,
 MART. Our friendship we must sever,
 You'll quit my roof for ever,
 Yes, never to return,
 Her folly she will learn.
- CHAR. Our friendship we must sever,
 WILL. We quit, etc.
 VINC. You } must begone!
 We }

No. 20.—DUET.

Words by GILBERT À BECKETT. *Music by* E. AUDRAN & IVAN CARYLL.

MART. Ah what were life without thee?
Oh, speak! I will not doubt thee.

'Tis said that you have played me false,
Nay, listen first to me and then you can
reply.
Sweet hope would fly my heart,
Light shine no more above me,
Joys one by one depart,
If thou should'st cease to love me.
Ah, tell me yet again,
Have I no cause to doubt thee?
Speak and ease my heart's dull pain,

FRAN.
Why doubt, when thee I claim,
My chosen one, my dearest!
When I thus bless thy name,
Say what is it thou fearest?
Thy own sweet speech be mine,
What would life be without thee?
Oh, darling, I am thine!
You will no longer doubt me.

No. 21.—TRIO.

Words by F. C. BURNAND. *Music by* IVAN CARYLL.

DUKE. Excuse me, La Diva, I pray,
For taking this soldier away.

MART. (*indignant*) You take him away!

FRAN. (*distressed*) He takes me away!

DUKE. (*apologetically*) I take him away!

MART. Franz, Franz, you're leaving me,
O, say you're not deceiving me.
Deceiving me! what can you say?

FRAN. Deceiving me! (*aside*) what can I say?

DUKE. Deceiving you! (*aside*) what will he say?

FRAN. This letter summons me away!

MART. That letter! ah! who sent it? let me see!

FRAN. I cannot!

DUKE. He cannot! (*politely but firmly*.)

MART. (*astonished*) Cannot!

DUKE. (*with firm politeness*) No! 'twas brought by me.

MART. By you? From whom? (*Suddenly*.)

DUKE. (*Between MARTON and FRANZ*) This mandate was sent
By the Colonel of his regiment.

All. (*In different tones*) The Colonel of $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{his} \\ \text{my} \end{array} \right\}$ regiment.

DUKE. His instructions must to none be known,
Save to the Chevalier and to him alone.

All. To $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{him} \\ \text{me} \end{array} \right\}$ alone!

DUKE. (*gaily*) He summoned away,
Must quit, no delay;
And even fascinating beauty,
Perfore must yield,
When the soldier to the field
Is summoned for military duty.

All. $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{He's} \\ \text{I'm} \end{array} \right\}$ summoned for military duty!

DUKE. A soldier bold, a soldier blunt.

To love and beauty must be blind:
When commanded to the front,
He cannot lag behind!
So away!

MART. (*apart*) He gives no sign, no token,
As promises are broken;
So brakes my heart.
(*With sudden change of manner.*)
Let him depart,
And not a word be spoken!
So away!

TRIO.

MART. (*as above.*)
FRAN. (*aside, distractedly*)
I'll give no sign nor token,
She thinks my promise broken,
Thus to depart,
Nigh breaks my heart,
Yet must no word be spoken.
(*aloud*) So away!

DUKE. (*aside, uncommonly pleased with himself.*)
I'll give no sign or token,
His promise shall be broken;
Let him depart
I'll win her heart,
When I the word have spoken.
(*aloud*) So away!

No. 22.—FINALE.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Mus'c by IVAN CARYLL.

Chorus. Early the fete, the children wait,
Again we are girls and boys,
With dolls and toys, and plenty of noise,
Which every child enjoys,
With trumpets, fifes and drums,
The eve of St. Nicholas comes.
Early the fete, etc.
Carnival! Carnival!
Just as in Carnival time.

MAR. Gentlemen and ladies, where are you bound for?
Fete or fair?

Chorus. At the Ducal Palace we, ere Curfew sounds,
Are bound to be.

CAV. And like a queen at the Court of France,
The Duchess gay will lead the dance.

CHAR. The Duchess and duke we understand;
CAV. No! the Chevalier takes her hand.
MAR. Chevalier Franz?
CAV. Yes, he alone,
Chorus. He is the favourite—
MAR. Ah! so 'tis known.

CHAR. Marton, I pray, for what they say,
 Oh, do not care;
Tenors. May we escort you on the way,
 MART. No! no! no! I will be there.
Chorus. Early the fete, etc.
 MART. There before her spouse and lover,
 I'll confront her face to face;
 Her infamy disclosing,
 All her treachery exposing,
 Never more shall she recover
 From the well deserved disgrace.
 I'll denounce her, make her worthless,
 Grovel at my feet!

CHAR. What of your lover, Franz?
 MAR. Oh, Franz, my heart!
 CHAR. She loves him still.
 MART. Oh, Franz, 'tis hard to live,
 Would we had never met,
 Thy crime I may forgive
 But ne'er can I forget.
 But all heart burning at once will cease,
 To home returning, seek rest and peace;
 Our dear old home so sweet
 Our dear old home of bygone years,
 At home we'll meet and dry your tears.

Chorus. }
 WILL. }
 VINC. } Our }
 MATT. } Her } dear old home, etc.
 CHAR. }
 MAR. My dear old home of bygone years,
 Shall I at home forget my tears;
 My home so sweet, my dear old home,
 Shall I at home forget my tears.

Chorus. Shall fade away,
 All grief and sorrow
 Of sad to-day,
 Ah, bright the morrow, come home, come home,
 Your } dear old home of bygone years.
 Our } Curfew,

Watch. For the fete of Santa Claus,
 Keep open every house
 Till then, two hours after curfew sounds
 The city watch will go their rounds,
 And then "good-night."

<i>Chorus.</i> (repeat)	For the fete, etc.	Every part for pay.
<i>Players.</i>	See we,	See we,
	Merry men be,	Merry men be,
	Ready to act a play,	Ready to act a play,
	Laughing, frowning,	Suffered by State,
	Ranting, clowning,	Pets of the great,
	Slaves or Kings,	Trolling,
	Or sprites with wings,	Strolling,

Slaves or kings,
Or sprites with wings,
Every part we play!
Bohemians we
As you may see,
Fortune may flout,
We skip about.

MART. (*wildly*) 'Tis true, 'tis true,
I'm one of you.

Chorus. La Gloria! La Gloria!
We've seen her on the stage.
We bow!

MART. As Duchess, Prince or Page,
I vow

'Tis all the same,
A part we play
'Tis all for pay!
Grasshopper of the summer.
Fortune may flout,

Skip we about,
Nobody weeps for the mummer!

All. Largesse, Largesse!
To feed the Kermesse!
'Tis true, 'tis true, I'm one
of you,
"I'm one of you" she says,
'tis true;

Largesse, Largesse! to feed the
Kermesse.

We'll } Drink to her success!
They'll }

MART. 'Tis true, 'tis true
I'm one of you,

To the Palace with a merry
heart;

I'll make them pay

To see { me } play,
 { her }

A fearfully tragic part!

Chorus. Make way! La Gloria!
She'll make them pay

To see me play.

Shouting,

Flouting,

Banging,

Clanging,

Tearing,

Swearing,

Push and press!

Cheerily, merrily,

Cheerily, merrily,

Keep our grand Kermesse

Make way!

Make way!

CURTAIN. END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

No. 23.—OPENING CHORUS.

Words by GILBERT à BECKETT.

Music by J. AN CARYLL.

Enchanting hour of perfect bliss,
When joy and hope so fitly dwell,
'Tis the hour for love's most tender kiss,
The hour when lovers, secrets tell.
What pleasure with dance,

What so sweet and charming,
With love and delight we all feel inspired.
To fun and frolic, we all are fired,
Ah!
Oh, night of joy!

No. 24.—GAVOTTE by Miss LILA CLAY.

No. 25.—WALTZ.

Dance and let all in these halls be gay,
Night we'll turn into day,
Let us be gay,
Vanish all darkness and sorrow,
Hark to the tune, and the time obey,
Dance till dawn shall be grey,
Banish all care till to-morrow,

Splendour and lustre are all around,
Music, laughter resound
Let us be gay!
Draw we the goblets of pleasure,
Every sense shall the joy enhance
With mirth enliven the dance,
Trippingly trip we the measure.

No. 26.—SONG.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

FRANZ.

List to me, the truth forgive
My heart is speaking,
'Tis so unruly
La Gloria I love fondly and truly.
Losing her love,
I cannot, cannot live
Without her love,
I cannot, cannot live.
My wound there is no healing,
While I from her am far away,
Yes, her I'll find to-day;
And then before her kneeling,
I will for pardon pray,
To her I'll pray.

Let not thy slave appeal in vain,
Happiness restore to us,
Ah, I implore you!
For one that you surrender
Many will adore you.
Bid me be free, or shall I break the chain
My wound there is no healing,
While I from her am far away,
Yes, her I'll find to-day;
And then before her kneeling,
I will for pardon pray,
To her I'll pray.

BARTHOLDI CAFE, TABLE D'HOTE FROM 5 TO 8 P. M. ONE DOLLAR.

No. 27.—CONCERTED PIECE.

Words by GILBERT À BECKETT.*Music by* E. AUDRAN.

DUKE. My good friends, I had hoped with a surprise to greet you,
I had trusted our great songstress would come and meet you here,
But now your Grace I crave, forgive me I entreat you,
I was so much afraid that she could not appear.

Chorus. La Gloria!

DUCH. La Gloria! La Gloria!

DUKE. She 'tis surely! this is surprising!

Chorus. Yes, she 'tis surely! she is here.

FRAN. She comes here!

'Tis quite paralysing.

DUCH. Close to me, take your place just here.

DUKE. You come my dear, our joy provider,
What gladsome message do you bring?

MAR. (*aside*) Franz there beside her! (*aloud*)

Yes, my dear Duke, I've come to sing.

DUKE. To some well known air you will treat us?

MAR. No, a new song of my own.

DUKE. New, and of your own,
Handsomely you greet us.

New, and your own, 'tis quite a treat.

FRAN. (*aside*) With fear she my soul is inspiring.

DUCH. (*aside*) About me is she now enquiring.

DUKE. Come listen all, her song is sweet.

MARTON.

Thus whispered low.

'Tis a poor little grasshopper's story,

Lest scandal's tongue awake,

Of a rose and a butterfly's guile;

'Twere wiser

It is a tale that will touch you,

For that day to prepare

And an idle moment beguile.

Go, seek the grasshopper;

The grasshopper, gayly and brightly,

Surprise her!

Sings her merry song sweet and clear;

Her young heart ensnare!

Her voice tells in measure sprightly,

And thus the poor thing all believing,

That summer days are here.

Gives her heart, nor counts the cost,

'Take good care of thy heart, O, dearest,

And wakes from her dream deceiving,

Sighed the heavens in softest tone,

To find it lost.

'Take heed no other voice thou hearest—

Of this fine plot so base and shameless,

But this alone.

See the hero—mark his fear—

A rose who—as fancy might seize her,

And this lady, who'd fain be nameless,

Took up her loves or let them go

She stands revealed

'To a butterfly that chanced to please her—

And she is here!—

Chorus. Ah! what a dreadful scandal!

FRANZ. Marton.

MART. Farewell! you will ne'er see my face again.

Here will be presented MARTON'S DREAM (*Music by* IVAN CARVLL)

realizing the celebrated picture of "La Cigale et La Fourmi."

No. 28.—SANTA CLAUS.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

CHILDREN'S CHORUS.

Santa Claus—
To the house
Rewarding girls and boys—
Ever brings,
Lovely things,
Delightful dolls and toys!
Santa Claus
In the house
Remaining but a day.
We'd delay him,
We would stay him,
We would beg him,

We would pray him
Not to go away!
And we will deck each fairy dolly
With kissing mistletoe and holly;
Joyful band
Side by side!
Hand in hand!
Seek and hide!
To Father Christmas praise him, singing,
Good Santa Claus with him for bringing,
Christmas, welcome, Christmas-tide!

No. 29.—FINALE. (ACT III.)

MART.

Oh, day of joy—of summer bloom,
Roses around flinging perfume,
Singing a lay, sorrow has flown;
Dreams of bliss are now our own.
Brightness our future illumines,
Swiftly away flies all past love,
Despair has vanished from my heart,
And bliss all other joys above.

Life should be for ever bright and gay,
No sigh or tears—never ending day,
Your voices rouse in rapturous glee,
And sing aloud with ecstasy,
Piff paff, &c.

All.

(repeat) Life should, &c.
Piff paff, open the champagne, &c.

END OF OPERA.

CURTAIN.



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HAVANA FILLER.

Lillian Russell's Gowns—Where They Were Made.

It is pretty generally understood the costumes in the forthcoming opera of "La Cigale" are entirely new, that they were created especially for it; and it goes without saying that when the curtain rolls up at the Garden Theatre Monday night Lillian Russell will face hundreds of women almost as intent on studying her gowns as in criticising the plot or the music.

Added interest is felt in that, while the play is of French origin, La Belle France can claim no share in the handiwork of the creations worn by the star. A French opera will be interpereted by an American woman clad in American-made gowns. Miss Russell is by no means the only professional who has utilized the inventive acumen of artists on this side of the water; but the fact of her doing so is specially noteworthy, taken in connection with such an important occasion in her public career.

A private view of the gowns when complete d, and just before they left the workrooms of B. Altman & Co., where they were evolved, proved that the custom order department of that house had achieved a feat worthy of being heralded. It might be possible by description to convey an idea of materials, colors, trimmings, and, to some extent, of the design of these confections, but it is utterly useless to attempt a pen picture which would give the least conception of the *chic*, piquant air, the gracefulness, the indefinable charm of each of the three gowns. Many would declare the *piece de resistance*, both from an artistic and spectacular standpoint, to be the long flowing gown of yellow *crêpe de chine*, the entire garment of accordion pleats hung from a yoke of yellow satin—a mass of jewels. Each pleat is

studded the entire length with fine gold spangles; enormous epaulets of jewels tower above each shoulder, terminating in a point at the waist line both back and front, and a wide gold girdle which falls to the feet in front is crossed at short intervals with bands of jewels, and terminates in long tassels made almost entirely of jewels. Angel sleeves complete the gown. An enchanting little steeple crown, capote of yellow satin and jewels, with an aigrette and pompon poised on the side, is to be worn with this costume.

A symphony in pink is the dancing dress. Embroidered *crêpe de chine* is the material, bordered with fine chiffon ruffles, caught here and there with shaded pink roses and headed with jewelled open-work passementerie over black velvet. The *décolleté corsage* is confined with a jewelled belt. The broad-brim hat for this gown is of shirred chiffon, the crown entirely of roses, encircled with a band of black velvet, finished in turn with a bow or diamond buckle. The third costume is *pompadour* in style, magnificent in effect. The petticoat is of white *moiré antique*, embroidered in gold and jewels, festooned with real point de Gene lace, fastened to the skirt with clusters of scarlet poppies. The bodice and court train are of striped green and white satin brocade, the white stripe embroidered with miniature poppies. Very *décolleté* is the *corsage*, bordered either side with immense standing collar epaulets of pointed gold. Full paniers are attached to the lower edge.

A white ostrich feather boa and muff accompany this gown, also a very large hat of point de Gene lace, the brim faced with gold and jewels, and trimmed outside with four green clusters, the stem caught to the crown with a bunch of poppies.



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Very truly yours,
LILLIAN RUSSELL.

SOPRANO SOLO.

GAVOTTE. SONG—"MOTHER DEAR."

Sung by Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL.

Words by GILBERT A-BECKETT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

MARTON.

1. Moth-er dear, the vi-o-lin I hear, Now to dance the Gavotte— us in-
(falsetto.)
 vit-ing. No, my child, no! 'Tis the Min-u-et I know well—time and
 tune so ex-cit-ing. You have not quite caught the air a-right, Prithee,
(falsetto.)
 heark-en once more, just to please me; No, my child; I'm cer-tain I am
 right, To in-sist fur-ther would much dis-please me. Well I would not
rall. *a tempo.*
 thus you de-fy, Mother dear, and one can but try, Keep-ing time and

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tune with pre-cision; P'rhaps one might a Min - u - et, I don't see why!



Dance to the Gavotte's gay and sparkling measure? At least one might



try, Dear Mother, dear Mother; At least one might try, one might try.

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TENOR SOLO.

ROMANCE.—"LIST TO ME."

Sung by CARL. STREITMANN.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.

Music by E. AUDRAN.

FRANZ.

1. List to me, the truth for-give, My heart is speak-ing.

'Tis so un-ru-ly, La Glo-ri-a I love... fond-ly and

tru-ly. Los-ing her love, I can-not, can-not live; Without her love, I

rall. can-not, can-not live... *a tempo.* My wound, there is no heal-ing, While *espress.*

rall. I from her am far a-way; Yes, her I'll find to-day;... *a tempo.* And *f*

p then, be-fore her kneeling, I will for par-don pray, To her I'll pray. *rall.*

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PURSELL'S CHOICE CANDIES. TABLE D'HOTE, 6 to 8 P. M.

916 BROADWAY.

BARITONE SOLO.

SONG.—"BIRD VOICES."

Sung by G. TAGLIAPIETRA.

Words by F. C. BURNAND.
VINCENT.

Music by E. AUDRAN.



1. In cho - rus join'd all the birds from the glade, The hill and the wood-
a tempo.



land fill - ing, With bright and mer-ry trill - ing; I hear them sing The glad
a tempo.



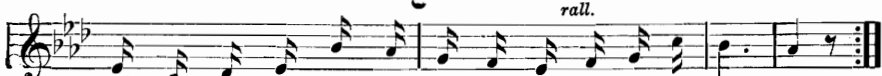
hymn of sweet Spring, From Heav'n a-bove, sweet song of ho - ly love. Thus a



bird sang sweet-ly to his mate, As he wing'd his way o'er the wild



heath - er: "Dear-ie, say, Say, will you 'neath this tree, Your nest, love, build with



me? Can fu - ture bright-er be Than this 'we face to - geth - er?"

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