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LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

(THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.)

OPERA COMIQUE IN THREE ACTS,

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE;

ENGLISH VERSION BY

H. B. FARNIE & R. REECE.

WORDS OF THE SONGS.

MELBOURNE:
G. MARSHALL, PRINTER, "LORGNETTE" OFFICE, MELBOURNE
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LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

(THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.)

———o———

ACT I.

No. 1. CHORUS.

Chorus.—All who for servants are inquiring,
Just look at us if you'd be hiring ;
The Fair's to day—we're on our way—
And there you'll find what's to your mind.
We teamsters have the knack
Our sounding whips to crack.
And for a strapping lass,
You will not by us pass.
Yes, there you'll find what's to your mind ;
The Fair's to-day ; we're on our way.
All who for servants, &c.
Gertrude.—Some reputation's let us stain.
Jeanne.—They say the Bailie ask'd Germaine,
And that she answered "no."
Paysannes.—We've heard of that before, and thus it must be so.
Nanette.—Of course, she did ; and wherefore not !
Another sweetheart she has got.
Pays.—Who is it ; who ?
Suzanne.— Jean Grenicheux.
Pays.—Can that be true ? Jean Grenicheux !
With Serpolette we thought that he
Always was keeping company.
Serpolette.—Ah ! who gossip so free of Serpolette ?
Pays.—She here !
Serp.—Tell it out.
Jeanne.—We were saying that they said——
Nanette.—That they heard others saying that Jean Grenicheux——
Serp.—Come, out with it now ; do ?
Nan.—Well, thus the gossip ran :—That he is——
Serp.—Is what ?
Nan.—Why, your young man.
Serp.—O, well ; since gossip is the village fashion,
Why put one's self into a passion ?

Rather, like you, I'll gossip too.
They say that Jean, sheep tending,
Leaves them browsing in the vale;
Then, towards the up-land wending,
Lists a certain shepherd's tale.
And the little lambs go straying—
What is that to am'rous pair?
Not a little do they care.
That is what the folks are saying.
They say two forms are seen
At night, by eyes so keen;
One form is call'd Suzanne,
The other is a man.
What they say, or what they do,
Ladies, I'll leave that to you.
Ah, why don't they court in open day?
That's what folks say.

Cho.—They say two forms, &c.

Cho.—Enough, Miss, of your venom, enough.
No more, now, of this lying stuff;
Scandal-monger, gossip-gadder,
With the biting tongue of adder.
Her, there's nothing so much cheers
As setting people by the ears.
Positively, she does revel
In her ill-work, little devil.
Like a clapper in a bell
Her tongue goes wagging on pell-mell.

Serp.—No, I never will keep silence;
What care I for all your vi'lence?
Shake your head, and shriek and call,
My saucy queens, I know you all.
That! my gabblers, for your cackle,
All the lot of you I'll tackle.
Here, I face you, all alone,
But still I say "come on." I'm quite alone,
But still I say "come on."
For I never will keep silence;
What care I for all your vi'lence.

Chorus.—Scandal-monger, &c.

Men.—Now, we'll see the girls, perhaps,
Scratch their eyes, and pull their caps.

Le Sabellion.—Now, order!
What means this noisy bawling,
And most unseemly brawling?
It cannot be; you are aware
This is the morning of the Fair.

Cho.—O yes, we know; and thither go
As servants. We are well aware
This is the morning of the Fair.
All who for servants, &c.

No. 2. RONDEAU.—"I may be princess."

SERPOLETTE.

I may be princess; least ways, madame,
That from my style at once is seen.
My father I don't know from Adam,
But prince or duke he must have been.
Old Gaspard, going out one morn,
Discovered me in his wheat,—
A little baby all forlorn,
Both wanting care and wanting meat.
And first he'd take me, then he'd not—
That miser's struggle was right sore—
But little viands in his cot,
And I would furnish one mouth more.
And fain he was to learn my his'try,
But baby language is not clear;
And so I'm still involved in mys'try,
And who I am don't quite appear.
And thus I've got to tend the chicken,
Bed the cow, and cure the ham.
But, oh! my heart will beat and quicken
When I think of who I am.
And when the butter I am churning,
Or the cow I milk at eve,
I feel my cheek with anger burning,
And my menial work I leave.
For you can fancy what my rage is,
To work afield with sabot shod,
Who ought to have my maids and pages,
And lackies trembling at my nod.
My parents must be great of name,
Because they never were found out;
And had a poor man tried the same,
He'd have been caught, beyond a doubt.
I may be princess, &c.

No. 3. BARCAROLLE.—"On billow rocking."

GRENICHEUX.

On billow rocking, at tempest mocking,
Gallant sailor boy, ocean's thy home;
Calmly thou'rt sleeping, tho' gale be sweeping,
All the blue desert of waters to foam;
And tho' rude be thy pillow,
Vision fair hovers near,
From afar o'er the billow
Come the lov'd ones, and dear.
Ah, ah; my fav'ring gale;
Ah, ah; still waft thy sail;
Float on, float on.
On billow, &c.

No. 4. DUET.—'Twas but impulse."

GERMAINE AND GRENICHEUX.

Ger.—'Twas but an impulse, that I own,
And wrong, perhaps, the truth when spoken ;
Yet, still that vow I'll ever keep unbroken,
To be his bride who saved me alone.
The binding word pronounced that day
With equal fervour now I say.

Ger. {I vow / Gren. {She vows} to keep the faith then spoken,
Although {my / her} heart was silent then {I'll / she'll} own ;
And never shall that vow be broken ;
{His / Mine} who saved {me / her} I am alone.

Gren.—I had rather one loving sigh,
Than this language with duty laden ;
Say dost thou love ?

Ger.— Nay, then what more can I ;
Would'st have more than troth from a maiden ?
O, press me not so, nor speak so unkindly ;
Remember the promise I gave thee that day.
I know that I gave it rashly and blindly,
But I will keep it, come what may.

Gren. How, now ; "come what may!" These are words above me ;
That's not quite the style I had hoped from you.
Calmly, I could wait ; hopefully, could woo ;
Had you only murmured, "My own, I love thee."

Ger.—Would that such a vow I might murmur low,
But love is a secret my heart does not know.
Would that such a vow, &c.

Ger.—What love signifies is not in my knowledge,
Because they ne'er taught it in convent or school.

Gren.—It mayn't be a branch in school or in college,
Yet girls do pick it up quick, as a rule.

Ger.—Ah, but then I am very far from clever.

Gren.—Still you met with other maidens of your age ;
Sure they talked of love—that I will engage.
Love, and love alone, girls at school talk over.

Ger.—Would I might agree, but it is not so ;
Not one of my comrades of love did know.

Ger. / Gren. { Would I might agree, &c.

Ger. {Yes, I will keep my troth,
And I will try more love to show him,
But all the more I get to know him.

Gren. {So does my heart my promise loathe ;
Yes, I think she will keep her troth ;
Only would she still more love show me.
She does not know me, &c.

No. 5. "Legend of the bells."

GERMAINE AND CHORUS.

Ger.—Yes, that castle old by wizard is enchanted,
For the knight and baron slumber on their bier;
By their ghosts in mail the corridor is haunted,
And by night were seen their awful shades appear.
For their last descendant's coming watch their keeping,
In the placid moonlight, or when thunders roll
In the ivied belfry when the world is sleeping,
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll.

Cho.—There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.
So the legend runneth; so the old men tell.
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong bell.
When the heir returneth, will clang the bell—
Ding dong, &c.

Ger.—Round about the belfry, rook and lark are winging;
Fearless are the birds, for mute the iron tongue.
Nevermore we hear its solemn voice out ringing,
Warning for the old; or, welcome for the young.
Lonely is the tower; and, oh, we maidens fear it
Lest some spirit-hand should rock the bell again.
For they do say we now living yet shall hear it
Ringing out a message to the startled plain.

Cho.—Ringing out a message to the startled plain;
Ding dong, &c.

No. 6. VALSE RONDO.—"With joy my heart."

HENRI.

With joy my heart has often bounded,
When one plank parted Death and me;
By threat'ning sky and wave surrounded,
Oh, yet I love the inconstant sea.
With joy, &c.
To me no stranger, hardship, or danger;
Batt'ling the gale that sweeps o'er the main;
But peril over, who like the rover
Finds life so sweet after the pain?
Sweet lips have bless'd me, soft hands caress'd me,
In ev'ry clime where Fate made me roam;
And woman's greeting—bliss all too fleeting—
Made of the far land almost a home.
And gentle the maiden, beauty array'd in,
More than once told her love in a sigh;
Heart wildly beating, mute glance entreating,
All have been mine, yet put coldly by.
Yes, I am lonely; one woman only
Thro' all my being reigns in my heart;
Tho' now for ever, Fate may us sever,
Lovely unknown, my soul's queen thou art.
Ah, yes, for ever, lovely unknown, my queen thou art. Ah!

O fairest maiden, one moment laid in
These empty arms, now longing for thee.
Why art thou gone now, why art thou flown now,
From yon dark rock that hangs o'er the sea ?
Dost thou remember ('twas in September),
Here is the rock, and there is the wave.
O come, again, love ; solace my pain, love ;
Tell me not vain is the hope you gave.

No. 7. FINALE TO FIRST TABLEAUX.

ENSEMBLE.

Cho.—Such conduct is quite sad ;
And in one about to marry,
Such conduct is quite sad.
Yes, indeed, it is sad,
With a lover on to carry ;
This is really very bad.
Gaspard.—I'd like to wring your neck.
Serp.—Quite so, quite so ;
For of my hopes he's made a wreck.
Gren.—Ah, don't condemn me yet.
Gasp.—If only at you I could get !
Le B.—What, now ?
Gasp.—Your pardon !
Le B.—D'ye know you struck me, sir ?
Gasp.—I do ; but then, the blow was meant for her.
Serp.—'Twas I, sir, if you please,
Who saw them 'mong the trees.
Germaine and Grenicheux, the pair,
Where having a nice time down there.
Le B.—With my bride ; courting her ! Oh, ho !
For that jest you shall to prison go.
Gren.—What, I in jail. I'll give you bail—
Leg bail, you know.
Cho.—Ne'er did we such a rascal see
At justice mocking, in manner shocking ;
The wretched lad.
First, he courts the bride of the Bailie,
Then at him his fingers he snaps ;
And lastly, runs away quite gaily ;
But he will be caught, perhaps.
'Tis bad, very sad.

No. 8. SONG.

GRENICHEUX.

That night I'll ne'er forget.
In the late sun ray glowing—
In fancy hear I yet
The long billow ebbing, flowing ;
Whom should I seeking under the tide,
But a fair and innocent maiden.

'Twas but a moment I was by her side,
And for shore I made, beauty ladened.
Ah, she, as still she lay
On my arm as on a pillow,
More lovely seem'd than fay
Or sea nympth, gleaming beneath the billow.
Then, thought I, ah, if thou
Wert always mine as now,
Life then were sweet unto me;
But if the heart I save from this cold, cruel wave
May not be mine, let me die with thee.
Then, sure, a spirit hand,
With a gentle touch and tender,
Brought safe unto the strand
That fair maiden, young and slender.
Life came back as she sighed,
Her waking glance met mine;
And grateful then she cried,
"I and my life are thine;
Deliverer from the sea,
For thy courage I'll love but thee."

No. 9. FINALE.

Cho. (*a*)—Come farmer, small or with big rental,
If first-class servants you would find,
We're useful, ay, and ornamental,
Exactly what you have in mind.
Yes, first-class servants, you will find.
Men Servants.—Than us you will not find better,
If you groom or footman need.
We ne'er open master's letter,
For we don't one of us read;
Language bad you'll ne'er hear spoken—
Our morals to us are dear.
We prefer our vittles broken,
And drink but the smallest beer.
Language bad, &c.
Coachmen.—Who are drivers lacking,
Such a chance don't loose;
Come along and choose.
By the way our whips we're smacking,
You may tell we can drive well.
We know all about oats, hay, clipping, doctoring, and firing;
We're the sort of men for hiring.
We know all, &c.
Just hear how our whips we crack.
Serp.—Who are wanting maidens able
To keep house and wait at table,
Such here you'll find.
Of dark and fair you see there's plenty,
And some are old, and some not twenty;
So you may have your mind.

Just look at that, just look at this,
Don't you think we're not amiss ?
A glance give there, a glance give here,
Tell us if you think us dear.
Cho.—A glance give there, &c.
Serp.—Tho' our cheek be fresh and glowing,
You will find us rather knowing—
Most girls are so.
And tho', of course, we are all steady,
To pick up more we are quite ready ;
You will not find us slow.
Just look at that, &c.
Coachmen.—Who are drivers, &c.
Men Servants.—Than us you will, &c.
Ladies.—Just look at that, &c.

(Finale continued.)

Henri—Tell me, girl, what may be your name ?
Serp.—My name ? Serpolette, sir.
Henri.—Ah, good ; you I engage.
Serp.—Oh, sir, I'm in your debt, sir.
Henri.—A forward minx, that, for her age.
Serp.—I don't care now, if Gaspard rage.
Henri.—Before I've done, I want a coachman.
Ah, here is one. Your name ?
Gren.—Jean Grenicheux.
Serp.—What, my Jean! In service, we two, we two ?
Lucky, lucky ! Now in vain
Your arts, my fine Miss Germaine.
Gren.—Thanks, sir. For six months now I
Mr. Bailie can at ease defy.
Cho.—An old man, in a fury shocking,
Every one about is knocking.
Gasp.—My Germaine, when naught would suit her
But to run and gad about,
In her chamber there I put her ;
But the hussy has got out.
If you're any of you hiding
Germaine, take care what you do ;
For my wrath you'll be abiding,
I will have the law of you.
Tell me, therefore, if you've seen her ?—
Oh, if I but had her here ;—
Better not attempt to screen her ;
Such an act will cost you dear.
Henri.—A pleasant person, truly.
Serp.—I'm glad he's in a passion.
Gren.—If he'd have seen me, I'd have caught it duly.
Germ.—He's gone at last ; some courage let me gather.
To think that I the Bailie had to wed !
No, no ; I'll be a servant much rather.
Henceforth, my name and place be dead.

To seek a master now is my duty.—
Keep still, my heart.
Henri.—Here's a rustic beauty!
Germ.—That stranger here! He will know me,
Much I fear.
Henri.—What need is there for concealing
So much grace and so much feeling?
Germ.—What shall I say?
Henri.— Come near, I pray.
What you can do I'd fain be knowing;
Your qualities, fair maid, be showing?
If you with me would go.
Germ.—Yes, yes; I must, I know.
Just look at that, &c.
Henri.—What, Germaine here? good heaven!
From home I have been driven.
Fear nothing now, the law is plain;
From thy master they will claim thee, but claim thee in vain.
Gasp.—No traces leaves she behind her;
High and low have I hunted alone
Vainly, nowhere can I find her.
Germaine gone; yes, the bird is flown.
Serp.—What do I see? 'Tis Germaine as a servant!
Gasp.—At last; come hither, girl.
Henri.—Back monster, inhuman.
Germaine is my bond woman.
Gasp.—Come, neice, with me withdraw.
Le B.—Not so; she is his by law.
All.—Yes, old Gaspard, you are wrong;
That is the law known far and wide,
To the master doth the maid belong,
Whatever may betide.
Who would take her from her master
Only meets with sad disaster;
We never yet the person saw
Who dared to break our ancient law.
Honour then the law;
Down with him who tries
To break our ancient law.

ACT II.

No. 10. CONCERTED NUMBER.

Cho.—Let our torches light up the gloom ;
We're not frightened like simple yeomen.
And ye ghosts rise out of your tombs,
Now ye have sailors for your foemen.
Henri.—'Tis said our ghosts do much affect this hall ;
But unless I am much mistaken,
They are not ghosts at all.
In this old room all seems unchanged still——
Ah ! Germaine, you are ill.
Germ.—I am a timid girl, I know ;
But where you venture I will go.
Henri.—Nay courage, now, am I not here ;
By my side you've naught to fear.
Let now our torches, &c.

No. 10 *(Bis)*. AIR.

Germ.—From pallid cheek you may be telling,
With fear, not courage, now I thrill.
My timid heart, 'gainst me rebelling,
Is throbbing fast, do what I will.
And tho' my coward heart fain would not,
In vain to stay away I tried.
Let you come alone,
Ah, I could not ;
And I'm by your side.
When I was homeless, tearful, lonely,
Home, friend, all, all, you were to me ;
In all the world I have you only,
Then where but near you should I be,
And tho' my, &c.

TRIO.—"I'll shut my eyes."

SERPOLETTE, GRENICHEUX AND LE BAILIE.

I'll shut my eyes ;
Oh, I titti, titti, tremble.
I'll shut, oh yes, I'll shut my eyes.
Serp.—This poor girl, may Heaven protect her,
Oh, if I look'd and saw a spectre.
No, 'tis wise to shut well the eyes.
All.—Should there be a spectre ?
Gren.—In that case, 'twould be wise
Still to keep shut my eyes.
Gren.—Sight apalling !
Le B.—Of the spectres, a host.
Serp.—What a terrible wonder ;
It is Grenicheux's ghost !
Le B.—Serpolette's ghost from under——
Gren.—The Bailie's ghost, oh, how I fear.

Le B.—What, three of us ghosts, and all here,
We three spirits all here ?
Serp.—No, I for one, with my flesh am not done.
Le B.—No more am I.
Gren.—No more am I.
All.—I breathe again ; no ghosts are nigh.
Serp.—Not a ghost at all ! well, I really never,
Let us breathe again, and not die of fright.
Not a bit of use getting in a quiver,
Fancying we see spirit, ghost, or sprite.
You have often seen on the village green,
When we tease in sport, fellows come to court,
Never one was yet match for Serpolette.
And so, if a man don't get over me,
I don't think a ghost can do more than he.
All.—And so if a man, &c.
Serp.—I have always heard, if a ghost don't like you,
All it can do is to float in air ;
For it cannot kill you, or hit, or strike you,
And if that is all, why I do not care.
Here, the other day, soldiers on their way,
Halting for a glass, kiss'd each village lass,
But they didn't get one from Serpolette ;
And so if I can keep a troop at bay,
I do not think a ghost will do more than they.
All.—And so if I can, &c.

No. 11. SONG.

Le Bailie.

Oh dear, oh dear, that riot and that rabble ;
Never was Bailie so beset before ;
I could not make myself heard for their gabble.
And from my head it's wig some villian tore ;
They laughed and jeer'd—ill-manner'd rout.
Upon my flying periwig they bet,
And when I chased it, oh, the shout ;
Loud in my ears 'tis ringing yet.
" Oh, this is fun ; just see him run ;"—
The lasses cried, with rapture gigging—
" To-morrow he will married be,
And then from his wife he will get a wigging."
Then I pretended not to hear the chaffing ;
And, as chas'd my wig, look'd dignified.
But worse and worse, my very clerks got laughing ;
Sure so severely ne'er was Bailie tried.
The villiage Fair I could not face—
Of redicule, I own I'm rather shy—
And, so to save me from disgrace,
Hither for quiet did I fly.
Oh, this is fun, &c.

No. 12. RECIT., AIR, & CHORUS.

HENRI.

Nay, no phantom they ; knights of old,
My ancestors their leal watch keeping ;
So that the prowlers, hither by night creeping,
Felt that to touch them were too bold.
And see their good brands notch'd in battle,
Their armour dimm'd by many a field ;
On each hauberk, and on each shield ;
Methinks I hear the iron rattle.
Fadeless laurel will be your due,
By hist'ry's muse your praise be spoken,
For when in fight your mail was broken,
Foes found your heart was iron too.
All.—Silent heroes, from out the mighty past,
Still over your line keeping watch and ward.
Lo, here your child, sole of his line and last—
Last of the line they own as lord.
Henri.—Your good swords rust, your spears are shiver'd,
'Tis other times with us to-day,
Than when Paymius in disarray
Before your onset bent and quiver'd.
Tho' we fight not for love or fame,
And chilvalry be now departed,
Oh, trust me, father's lion-hearted,
Your spirit lives in us the same.
Silent heroes, &c.

No. 14. DUO.

Henri.—'Tis she ; a happy fate hath brought her
To me, who all in vain had sought her.
Germ.—Then he who sav'd my life, if I must tell,
Told me that he'd love me well.
Yes, he sav'd my life, and lov'd me well.
Henri.—The fellow's impudence is hateful,
But yet I must not tell the truth.
Germ.—To him who saved me, I was grateful,
And so I vow'd to wed the youth.
Henri.—Yes, altho' awful was my danger,
On slipp'ry rock, o'erwhelming wave,
To true love still I am a stranger,
And half repent the vow I gave,
She has promised in hour of danger,
When rescu'd from the 'whelming wave.
To my presence she was a stranger.
And now repents the vow she gave.
(Repeat.)
Germ.—I should have answer'd to his passion,
Exactly in the Norman fashion,

Henri.—No, maiden, prythee, to tell me
What may a Norman answer be ?
Germ.—When he bargains at at a Fair,
The Norman puts his chin in air.
Doesn't say "off," doesn't say "done,"
But it is thus bargains are begun : —
"Well, we shall see how things may go."
That isn't "yes," nor is it "no."
And a girl of our country side,
When she's mov'd, should but answer so.
When he asks, "Wilt thou be my bride ?"
Let her reply nor "yes," nor "no."
It is the Norman custom good,
And well approv'd, the sages say.
Girls never should be understood,
Nor tell their lovers "yea" or "nay."—
Girls should never say "yea" or "nay,"—
I must sure have lost my head,
Or else to Grenicheux I'd have said,
Not as I did, "My life is thine,"
But words less easy to divine—
"Well, we shall see how things may go."
That isn't "yes," nor is it "no."
And if I wed him, I confess,
That my heart with my hand will not go.
If my lips trembling must say "yes,"
Still my poor heart will murmur "no."
Had I follow'd the customs good,
And well approv'd, as the sages say,
I'd ne'er have been misunderstood,
Nor even given him "yea" or "nay."
Girls should never say "yea" or "nay."
Henri.—Oh, lucky chance ; oh, meeting fateful ;
And by and by her heart will know
That it can be sincerely grateful,
And at the same time with love glow.
Yes, altho' awful, &c.

No. 15. CHORUS & QUINTETTE.

As he's looking somewhat pale,
Put, oh, put him into mail.
Strong is the steel, and once inside
All the ghosts, and phantoms too, he may deride.
Put him into mail,
As he's pale.
Gren.—May Heav'n pity take ; how I shake.
All.—Cold sweat is on my brow,
Terror reigneth o'er me now.
By iron walls thus girt about,
Come what may, I cannot get out.

Do not turn so pale,
You are quite safe within your mail.
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear,
What to do ?
Wretched Grenicheux. Ah, ah.

No. 16. FINALE.

Gasp.—Love, honour, happiness, moon of honey,
What are they all compar'd with gold.
Come let me clutch thee, beautiful money !
Earth's one bright thing that never grows old.
Gren.—Gaspard, I swear ; what does he there ?
Gasp.—That ancient cabinet's best of all banks,
And there lie my money bags in ranks ;
All honest coin, all solid ore ;
And better still, I'll bring some more.
Gren.—His secret's out, 'tis very clear ;
His money, old Gaspard keeps here.
Gasp.—There have I purple linen, fine,
Viands of price, and rarest wine ;
Wit, learning, mind, for all of these,
Money can give, if so I please.
Gren.—Money can give, if so he please.
Both.—No minstrel ever sang or told
A strain so sweet as clink of gold.
No minstrel, &c.
Gasp.—Want I love, plenty of it there—
None but the rich deserve the fair.
Only let me woo with gold.
Gren.—Only let him woo with gold.
No minstrel, &c.
All.—Silent heroes, &c.
Cho.—Yes, we are ghosts Vengeance is sped,
And 'lights now on your wicked head.
So tremble, old man, we are thy doom,
Rising from field, and from sea and tomb.
We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
We will hunt thee down.
Whither thou may'st fare,
We'll be there to scare ;
All the day you will us see ;
And if you dream, there too we'll be.
Ah, yes we are ghosts.
Germ.—Good, my lord, pity that old man ;
See how he stares ; his brain is reeling,
Henri.—For you, I lift the curse and the ban ;
Tho' not for his sake, who for others had no feeling.
Ding dong, &c.

ACT III.

No. 17. "Song of the Beggars."

Gasp.—Aye, aye, aye, the good old times
Have come back again, I'm thinking.
When I heard the castle chimes,
Hundreds of years returned like winking.
Oh, the brave days will come back,
And my band of beggars lusty;
With a wallet for our pack,
And our coats and throats, aye, dusty.
Come, tramp, each merry loon,
And travel beneath the moon.
Tooral, tooral, lay.
And it's we the maids who charm—
Never mind how old our dress is—
All the lasses at the farm
For the beggars have caresses.
And tho' rich our yeoman host,
'Tis the vagrant rules the roost.
Tooral, tooral, lay.

No. 18. CHORUS & SONG.

Cho.—There she goes, with horses prancing,
Well may the folks chuckle and stare;
Satins shining, feathers dancing,
And her nose well in the air.
What, back again?
Serp.—I've come you see.
How are you, trumpery?
Cho.—Trumpery!
Serp.—At a countess you are gaping,
So let nothing you be 'scaping,
Your amaze don't conceal;
For everthing is costly, and everything is real.
Just look at that, just look at this,
I do not think that I'm amiss.
Just look up here, just look down there,
I rather like to see you stare.
Gren.—And me, and me, at me, too, please be staring,
Observe my noble bearing.
Serp.—Shut up, shut up, factotum, do;
Be silent, for I can speak for two.
Now, ere I go away, I've something got to say,
So listen, pray.

'Tho' no more plain Serpolette,
And dress'd up in grand toilet,
By ev'ry one it is allowed
That I'm not the least bit proud.
For still my mem'ry will recall
The time I had no dress at all.
'Tho' I've riches quite unending,
You will find me condescending.
Call me then, just as before,
Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more.
Cho.—We will call her, as before,
Serpolette, Serpolette, nothing more.
Serp.—Silk is very fine, no doubt,
But in silk I can't kick about;
And grand food, too, I thought divine—
Ah, my friends, I was mistaken—
Nicer, far, your eggs and bacon;
Cider's better, too, than wine.
Of my grandeur I am weary,
And I find my town house dreary.
Call me, &c.

No. 19. SONG & CHORUS.

Serp.—Normandy pipkin's good all over;
Where is the girl wont have a slice?
'Twas mother Eve did first discover
How good it was in Paradise.
Grapes, they say, hung round her in plenty,
Other fruits a hundred and twenty.
But she, I've heard, an apple prefer'd.
A juicy one Eve, ate the first,
Or else traditions belied her,
And as it slacked the lady's thirst,
She said "What a good thing is cider."
Live, good cider, drink divine,
'Tis better, far, than all your wine;
'Tis good for maiden, man, and boy,
And good in grief as well as joy.
Cho.—Live, good cider, &c.
Serp.—If Eve did wrong, she has my pity,
For she was only one year old;
And in our times, each maiden pretty
Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold.
O, the flirting laughter and singing
Through the orchard merrily ringing.
Apples are toss'd, and hearts are lost,
And if a girl be won this day,
I wish good luck may betide her;
And that both, in their moments gay,
May bless the invention of cider.
Live, good cider, &c.

No. 20. DUET.

Germ.—My lord, my lord, my silly heart is beating;
For, oh, I feel I am your thrall,
And that to you I owe life, fortune;
All my debt I cannot help repeating.
Henri.—You told me that a vow you gave
To him who sav'd you from the wave.
I claim thy hand, with thy plighted vow.
Germ.—Your bride, a servant? oh, my lord.
Henri.—And shall I at thy lot be railing?
Who all these years have round the globe been sailing.
Sometimes simple tar 'fore the mast,
With biscuit hard for sole repast.
Oft, poverty has been my neighbour;
But if I've suffer'd, I've had my reward.
I learnt that e'en the proudest lord
May give the hand to honest labour;
Without a blush, the proudest lord
May mate with honest labour.
Germ.—'Tis not that I am servant lowly,
That I break vow holy.
Good, my lord, to your lightest wish I'd bend me low,
For love to the poor is a dower,
But Gaspard's niece hath cause to cower.
Wed you, whom he wrong'd; no, no.
Henri.—Thy last word, then, is "no."
Germ. } 'Tis not that I'm servant, &c.
Henri. } For me thou art not servant lowly,
Why, then, break vow holy?
Thou art to me my queen, to whom I bend me low,
Thy pure love's noblest dower.
And ne'er shalt thou have cause to cower;
Say not to my pleading, then, "no."

No. 21. FINALE.

Henri.—Old man, I pardon thee with greatest pleasure.
If thou didst finger and hoard up my gold,
Here I have it back twenty fold;
Germaine's my wealth, my hoard, my treasure.
Serp.—Well, my fate's very shady,
Not maquise, nor simple lady!
What pursuit to follow now?
Le B.—Please, your grace, come and milk the cow?
Ger.—Nay, come with me, 'till your fortune shall mend.
Serp.—As a servant, eh?
Ger.—As my girlhood's friend.
Gren.—One thing I plainly see,
No one asks me.
Cho.—Ah, the bells ring!
Gasp.—I am glad; they are my friends, nor drive me mad.

Henri.—Dost thou understand, my Germaine,
Why floats that chime now o'er the dells?
Gladness in that voice rings again,
For 'tis a sound, love, of marriage bells.
Cho.—Ring out far and wide,
For our lord and for his bride.
Germ.—Dear friends of my youth
Think not we are parted;
Here where I have lived
I ever hope to dwell.
Noble I may be,
Yet not more true-hearted
Than the little Germaine whom you
Lov'd so well. Hark! the happy bell
Ever gently chiming
Like an olden friend
That bids the wanderer home.
For me, legend sweet, of love and friendship rhyming,
Saying "Never from the old place roam."
Cho.—(Repeat.)

END OF OPERA.

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Les cloches de Corneville =
the bells of Corneville,
opera comique in three acts

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