

STATE LIBRARY OF N.S.W.  
MITCHELL LIBRARY

DSM/  
782.7/  
F



David Scott Mitchell.





The Opera Libretto.

LECOQ'S

OPERA BOUFFE

LA FILLE

DE

MADAME ANGÔT.

AS PERFORMED BY THE

GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

*Translated from the original French by* FRED. LYSTER.

Melbourne

AZZOPPARDI, HILDRETH AND CO., PRINTERS,  
POST-OFFICE PLACE.

69579

TYRRELL'S BOOKSHOP,  
22 CASTLEREAGH ST., SYDNEY,  
And at 128 Gawler Place, Adelaide

The Opera House

1850

OPERA HOUSE

J. A. KILPATRICK

MADAME ANGOT

GRAND OPERA COMPANY

GRAND OPERA COMPANY

The Opera Libretto.

LECOQCQ'S  
OPERA BOUFFE,

LA FILLE

DE

MADAME ANGÔT.

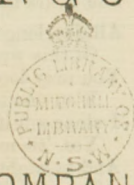
AS PERFORMED BY THE

GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

*Translated from the original French by FRED. LYSTER.*

Melbourne

AZZOPPARDI, HILDRETH AND CO., PRINTERS,  
POST-OFFICE PLACE.





# LA FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT.

## ACT I.—*A Street in Old Paris.*

Cho Hand in hand, gaily greeting,  
Hand in hand, here we're meeting,  
Blessings rare we wish the happy pair.  
Hallo! Pomponnet!

Pom Here I am.

Cho The bridegroom, Pomponnet.

Pom Thanks, good friends.

Cho Oh! ain't he gay,  
Fine at both ends, Clairette!

Bab Mademoiselle's not ready yet.

Cho Indeed! What, still at her toilet?

Bab Of orange flowers a wreath so gay  
A bride must wear on her wedding day.

*Enter Pomponnet.*

Pom Of orange flowers d'ye say  
'Tis for me, Pomponnet,  
She wears this wreath so gay.

Pom All day long must I be careful  
Of this wreath so sweet and fair;  
You may look, but must not dare pull,  
E'en one leaf or blossom there  
I alone am its sole owner,  
Yes, 'tis mine, you understand,  
And to-night I'll have the honor  
To undo it with this hand.  
Ah! When I think on't, when I think on't,  
How I shake from top to toe,  
My wedding day I'm on the brink on't,  
What I feel you ne'er can know.

Bab Behold the lovely Bride!

Pom 'Tis my darling!

Cho Keep silence.

*Clairette enters from house in bridal costume.*

Cho Beauty without pretence,  
Model of innocence,  
See her there!  
Beauty e'en unadorned  
By no means should be scorned,  
But by such splendour warned

We hail her, doubly fair.

Come, kiss me for your mother  
Come, hug me for your brother !

Pom Soon in rags her dress would be,  
You'd better kiss no one but me.

Clair I think I'll kiss none of the three.

Cad Well said, Clairette.

Jav Clairette, my darling !

What think you of your wedding morning ?

Clair What do I think ?

Cho Take courage, pray make no delay.

Clair I cannot say.

I owe you all, I, Child of the Market,  
And when you tell me that wed I must be,  
Bright be my future fortune, or dark ;  
Rests with you now, I'm obedient you see.  
Still, I don't know what I am vowing and swearing,  
No more than a salmon, or basket of greens,  
For what wedlock is.

I don't know—on my word—in the least what it means.

Cho What modesty ! What innocence !

Pom She's green as grass, what happiness !

Clair Left all alone, a poor orphan, deserted,  
You have been parents and guardians to me ;  
And I've believed what you've always asserted  
That parents should order and children obey.  
Marriage is pleasant, you always are saying,  
To all young girls who are out of their teens ;  
And I'd content be, since now 'tis past praying,  
If I but knew, only knew, what it means.

But Come, let's be off. This is no time for waiting.

Cad It is too soon to see the mayor ;  
Indeed you know, the truth I'm stating,  
For an hour he'll not be there.

Pom Oh ! how I chafe at this delay,  
So let us haste, and have it o'er,  
My trembling heart can bear no more.

Cho Yes, let us go and have it o'er,  
His trembling heart can bear no more.  
Hand-in-hand, here we're meeting.  
Blessings rare we wish the happy pair.

*Enter Amaranthe.*

Amar Stop !

Pom Hallo ! What's up now ?

Amar A serious obstacle presents itself to your marriage  
with Clairette.

Pom The devil it does. What is it ? Tell me quickly,  
I'm all of a cold perspiration.

Amar Don't be a fool. I can't tell you before Clairette.  
Go into the house, Child, but keep yourself in readiness ; it will  
be all right bye and bye.

*Clairette and Babet go into house.*

Pom Now then, speak out, my heart's in my mouth.

Amar Well, neighbours, here's a pretty kettle of fish! When the late lamented Madame Angot left this world for better, or worse, she left nothing behind her but a little girl born in the Seraglio of Constantinople.

Pom Well, well, drive on.

Amar Fair and softly goes far in a day! if you keep picking me up afore I'm down, I shant get through this twelve-month; let me tell my story my own way.

Pom Go on and be hanged to you.

Amar Well then, we, the ladies of the market, and you, the gentlemen of ditto, synonymously adopted the baby, and you gentlemen became her fathers, and we ladies became her mothers.

Cho Well, we all know that.

Amar Yes, yes; but in so doing we put our foot in it. Off we went to the Town Council, and entered the young un's name as the child of Monsieur and Madame Angot.

Cho Well!

Cad "Who's been here since I'se been gone?"

Amar Shut up.

Pom So, my future wife is not her father's daughter?

Amar Of course not. Well, neighbours, you see, the Mayor has found this out, and positively refuses to allow Clairette to marry until we find her a *bona fide* father, unless her husband is satisfied to take him on trust.

Pom Me! What do I care? I'm going to marry Clairette, and not her father, and Clairette is an angel.

Amar You can bet on that. She's been brought up like a duchess, and she's good, innocent, and modest.

Pom Inconveniently modest.

Jav Ah! how unlike her poor, dear mother!

Pom Ah! By the way, what kind of a woman was the late Madame Angot.

Amar Like a book:

A fishwife bold and trusty,  
 For reasons big as plums  
 'Gainst her none e'er ran rusty  
 In market, street, or slums.  
 When she got in a passion,  
 And whether right or wrong,  
 With fist on hip, so fashion—  
 Her arguments were strong.  
 Plump and pretty, rough and ready,  
 Lots of spirit she could show;  
 Joking, smiling, sport ne'er spiling,  
 A rare good sort was Ma'am Angot.  
 Once up in a balloon, boys,  
 She sailed upon the breeze,  
 Got safely down, and soon, boys,  
 She dared the raging seas;  
 Ta'en captive in far Malabar,  
 Fat, fair, and forty she,

They took her for a widow there,  
And got up a "Suttee."

Fair and forty, stout and hearty,  
Tempest, faggot, friend or foe ;  
Rude waves dashing, light'ning flashing,  
Nothing daunted Ma'am Angôt.

Through all her life a rover,  
Of sweetheart's she'd a score ;  
But Turkey gave a lover  
Was worth them all, and more.  
The Sultan, who'd five hundred wives  
In sere and yellow leaf,  
Cut off their whole five hundred lives,  
And flung her his handkerchief.

Pom What ! the Sultan has five hundred wives, and I have a difficulty in getting one only. Quick, my friends, to the Mayor's office.

But What's all that row.

Amar Oh ! it's only that scamp, Ange Pitou, out of gaol again.

Cad I don't know how he manages it ; but every week he is arrested, and three days afterwards you'll find him in the street again, singing away as if nothing had happened.

Amar Yes ; and singing such songs too, all full of treason against the Government.

Pom If it was only against the Government I wouldn't mind so much, although I am hairdresser and perfumer in ordinary to Mdlle. Lange, the *quasi*-Queen of the day ; but this vagabond cocks his impudent eye at my sweetheart.

But Oh ! never mind him, you know we're all there when we're wanted.

Pom One comfort ; when a girl has so many fathers and mothers she's well taken care of.

Guil Here he comes.

But Let's be off.

Cad No ! no ! We must tell him that Clairette is going to be married.

Ange All right, my boy. I'll sing, and such songs, they'll make your ears tingle. What ! All the market in Sunday clothes.

But So you're out of gaol again, eh ?

Guil They haven't hanged you yet ?

Ange Not a bit of it. I'm out again, as you see ; and this just makes my fifteenth incarceration. Most likely I shall be arrested again this evening ; but, bless your hearts, they'll let me out again to-morrow ; it saves lodgings.

Cad What the deuce are you ?

Ange Ah ! now you've got me, that's something no fellow can find out, least of all myself. But what are all these nose-gays for ?

Amar For a wedding ; and here is the bridegroom.

Ange What, Pomponnet ! Good luck, old fellow !

Pom Many thanks—same to you.

Ange And the lovely bride ; who may she be ?

Amar Our daughter, the child of the market.

Ange Clairette !

But And allow me to remark, in the most delicate manner in the world, that if any infernal scoundrel comes skulking about Madame Pomponnet he had better look out for squalls.

Ange What are you squalling at me for ?

Cad Just for that.

Ange For what ?

But A nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse. Come, neighbours, let's be off.

Ange Go to the devil if you like. "Frailty, thy name is woman." Clairette is false, spite of all our vows and my threats. Well, be it so ; luckily there are more women than one in the world ; and some who think this humble person not unworthy of regard. Witness this pretty little note slipped into my hand by a woman on leaving the petit Chatelet :— "At four o'clock ! be opposite Saint Germain Auxerrois. Follow the person, who will whisper—' I come from one who watches over you.' "

Yes ; certainly I love Clairetta ;

But should I therefore die of grief,  
When some other girl, both young and pretty,  
Unto my heart may bring relief.

This little note so sweet and pressing,  
In style quite worthy of a queen,  
A passion most sincere expressing,  
Perfume breathes its folds between.

Yes ; certainly I loved Clairetta,

'Tis she, not I, forgets her vows ;  
And though at first I may regret her,  
I'll find myself another spouse.

T'other was lovely, there's no denying,  
For without beauty there's no power,  
So I conclude 'tis worth the trying ;  
I burn to meet this beauteous flower.

Yes ; certainly I loved Clairetta,

But she may wedded be to-day,  
And so 'tis easy to forget her

Since she herself has led the way ;  
Besides, the unknown, the uncertain  
Has for me a charm divine,  
So to my first intent reverting,  
This unknown fair one shall be mine.

But, still I think I love Clairetta,  
Although she's false to me to day,  
And we shall see who'll get the better  
When she is Madame Pomponnet.

Who's here, I wonder ?

*Enter CLAIRETTE and BABET.*

Clair Here he is ! Go and keep guard, and if the people come back let me know.

Bab And on her wedding day too ; well, it's no business of mine.

Clair Well! why don't you admire my toilet !

Ange Confound her impudence.

Clair By the way, I have learned your song by heart.

Ange My song?

Clair Yes, the last one ; the one you gave me three days ago. Oh ! isn't it wicked ?

Ange Slightly sarcastic, I flatter myself. But tell me,

Clairette—How is it I find you dressed like a bride ?

Clair Ah! ha! I understand, you don't like it, eh?

Ange To tell you the truth, I'll be hanged if I do.

Clair The fact is that I ought to be married at this very moment.

Ange Married?

Clair But I found out a way to delay the ceremony.

Ange Good.

Clair But unfortunately my plan only half succeeded, so I must hit on another.

Ange I know a stunning plan.

Clair Have you? Out with it then.

Ange The simplest thing in the world ; tell him that we love each other.

Clair But that's just what you told me not to do.

Ange Yes! yes! I know I am only a poor devil who am nothing, who have nothing ; but at least you can refuse such a cad as that Pomponnet.

Clair He's not a cad ; he's a very nice little fellow is Pomponnet.

Ange You think so, do you ?

Clair And besides, I have already refused nineteen offers of marriage, and my fathers and mothers have all made it a point that I should accept this one ; so what can I do ; you know I owe everything to these good people ?

Ange So you are going to marry for gratitude?

Clair Oh! I don't know. My family says it will break its heart if I don't marry, and you say that you will kill yourself if I do ; and so between two stools you know—

Ange If you marry that barber—Hear me swear.

Clair Don't swear—I believe you—What can I do? Oh, dear! if my mother had only been in my place she'd have made short work of it.

Ange What would she have done?

Clair That's just what I don't know.

Ange Neither do I.

Clair I am trying to find out.

Ange Let's try together.

Ange and Clair

Union is strength, I've often heard so,

Together let us seek the way—

Your mother, dear, would have preferred to—

We'll find it out this very day.

Clair Suppose some illness I pretend?

- Ange No, no; they'd for a doctor send.  
 Clair Ah! no; I fear that is no go.  
 Ange You look too healthy, dear, you know.  
 Madam Angot would never have done so.  
 Ange Another plan I will propose;  
 Suppose I kill your future spouse.  
 Clair Let me see.  
 Ange 'Tis the very thing, it seems to me.  
 Clair No; 'tis no go.  
 Madame Angot would never have done so.  
 Ange Suppose you say—to Pomponnet—  
 Renounce my hand this very day!  
 Or you may find that with my true Love  
 I might perchance prove false to you, Love!  
 Clair Such things are sometimes done,  
 But talked about by none.  
 Ange Oh! dear! Oh! dear!  
 We're done for I fear.  
 Clair Take courage, Love. Leave all to me,  
 If nought turn up to set me free;  
 When the Mayor makes the demand  
 "Say, will you give this man your hand?"  
 Instead of "Yes" I'll answer "No."  
 Ange You don't say so.  
 Clair I'll answer "No."  
 Ange Such good sense, and so pretty,  
 One sweet kiss, just for pity.  
 Clair No, indeed, don't touch my face,  
 My bridal wreath you might displace.  
 Ange That bridal wreath I hate to see,  
 I ask you now, on bended knee,  
 Clairette, grant me this favor sweet,  
 Or I die—here at your feet.  
 Clair No! no! sir, you must not kiss me,  
 I must go, or else they'll miss me.  
 Oh; you'll be my ruin now.  
 Ah! what are you doing now?  
 Ange No; no! you must let me kiss you,  
 Never fear, no one will miss you;  
 Quite wrong you are construing now  
 What I would be doing now.  
 One sweet kiss I pray you grant.  
 Clair Kiss you! No, indeed I sha'nt.  
 Ange Clairette, grant one little kiss,  
 One sweet foretaste of our bliss, Clairette!  
 Clair No, no. You will be my ruin now.  
 Ah! what are you doing now?  
 Ange At your feet I'm suing now.  
 Don't blame what I am doing now.  
*Enter Larivaudiere and Louchard at back.*  
 Lar Ah! we've flushed a pair of turtle doves.  
 Lou Hallo! that's he!  
 Lar What's he?

Lou That he! he of whom we were just talking, Ange Pitou.

Lar So he's out of gaol again. Well, so much the better. You see, I'm rather afraid of him just now. If he were to take it into his head to put me into one of his confounded songs it would play the very devil with me. He's quite capable of showing up my little flirtation with Mdlle. Lange, the "Soiled Dove," whom Barras is so sweet upon. If I could only persuade him to put my rival Lavaujon into the song instead of me, eh! how would that do?

Lou Well; you have a good chance to try it, for here he comes.

Lar Just step aside for a moment and I'll tackle him. Should he prove impracticable——

Lou We'll put him in gaol again.

Lar Good.

*Enter Ange Pitou.*

Ange I wonder if this old chap is going to stay here for ever.

Lar How shall I approach the subject, it's very delicate. I suppose I must gild the pill as usual. Have I not the honour of addressing the celebrated vocalist and satirist, Ange Pitou?

Ange You have that felicity, old gentleman.

Lar Curse his impudence. Sir, I respect and admire your talent and boldness. To satirise abuses; to hold up to public ridicule the idols of the day, and to strip the tinselled coverings off the corruptions of the Body Politic is a noble avocation. As the English Bard expresses it: "To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image," *et cetera et cetera*. Yes, yes, 'tis labouring in a good cause; and as a virtuous and patriotic citizen I would fain assist in the great work! Have you heard of the state of things between Mdlle. Lange, the divinity at whose somewhat tarnished shrine the great Barras at present worships; and that idiot, Lavaujon, the banker—there's a subject for a song now. I know all the particulars, and if you like—

Ange Bless your heart, the song's already made. But you accuse the wrong man, it's not "that idiot Lavaujon, the banker," but that scoundrel Larivaudiere, the speculator.

Lar How dare you!——

Ange Oh! I know all about it. Mdlle. Lange, the actress of the *Feydeau* Theatre is at present the favourite—you know—of Barras the minister, and, really, it's rather a delicate subject: the *protégé*, that's rather neat, I flatter myself, of Larivaudiere the swindler.

Lar Sir-r-r-r-r!

Ange Why! it was through her influence that Larivaudiere, the rascal, got hold of those Government contracts that were promised to Lavaujon the jackass.

Lariv Do you know who you are speaking to sir?

Ange I don't know, and what's more, I don't care.

Lariv I, sir, am Larivaudiere.

Ange The devil you are.—The duce! You're Larivaudiere!

- Lariv Yes, I am Larivaudiere.  
 Ange Well, 'tis really rather queer  
 That you in person should be here  
 Lariv You did not think to see me here,  
 Don't you feel it rather queer?  
 Ange Ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 Lariv What the devil makes you sneer?  
 Ange 'Tis the great Larivaudiere.  
 Lariv Yes, 'tis I, Larivaudiere.  
 Ange Egad, I did'nt know you.  
 Lariv Oh! no offence indeed sir,  
 Will you help me at my need sir,  
 And just change in your clever song  
 Larivaudiere to Lavaujon.  
 Ange No; that would spoil the rhyme.  
 Lariv We'll make that right in time,  
 A thousand crowns I'll freely spend.  
 Ange I'm not for sale, sir—there's an end.  
 Lariv Five thousand; will that do?  
 Ange No, not for Ange Pitou.  
 Lariv Well, then, I'll give you ten!  
 Ange Ten thousand!  
 Lariv Ten thousand, net!  
 Ange Ten thousand, net!—'Tis a fortune for Clairette!  
 Why, Pomponnet she'd quite forget.  
 Lariv He hesitates—he's lost.  
 Come, come, don't count the cost.—Ten thousand.  
 Ange No!  
 Lariv Fifteen I proffer.  
 Ange I scorn your offer.  
 Lariv Well then here's twenty thousand for your coffer.  
 Ange Honour's more than gold.  
 Lariv More argument to shun, say thirty thousand told,  
 Come, d'ye say "Done!"  
 Ange Thirty thousand!  
 Lariv In gold!  
 Ange At thirty thousand I am sold.  
 Lariv And you yourself will sing the song?  
 Ange I know I'm doing very wrong.  
 Lariv You'll sing the song!  
 Ange I'll sing it without fail,  
 But you must pay me on the nail.  
 Lariv Correct I'm sure you'll find the tale.  
 Ange So at last the bargain's ended,  
 For in Paris all's for sale,  
 If you can pay down on the nail;  
 Easy way to end all bother,  
 Swap one surname for another,  
 And just change in my little song  
 Larivaudiere to Lavaujon.  
 Lariv So at last the bargain's ended,  
 He may gaily go and spend it,  
 For in Paris all's for sale

If you can pay down on the nail.  
 Easy way my fault to smother,  
 Swap one surname for another,  
 And just change in a little song,  
 Larivaudiere to Lavaujon.

Ange Well, Master Poet, you have sold your pen. Aye, basely sold it; but where's the harm. To be sure Larivaudiere is a scoundrel, but Lavanjon is one too, so it's six of one and half a dozen of the other.

Babet Here's the wedding! but where is the bride?

Ange Go and look for her, and tell her that I have hit on the plan we were talking about.

Babet I fly.

Ange Here they come. Now then, to the point.

*Enter Pomponnet and wedding party.*

Ange I was waiting for you. See here, in marrying Pomponnet, Clairette but obeys the dictates of her faithful heart, which tells her that you have a right to her filial obedience; but we love each other dearly—devotedly. I have hid my passion from you all because I was poor; but now—now—I am rich, and I ask you for her hand.

Pom Why, you're only a miserable poet.

Ange I have thirty thousand crowns, so you see, good people, that I am a better match than Pomponnet, and the best thing you can do is send him away, and give Clairette to me.

Pom Hallo! I say, draw it mild.

Amar Even supposing that Clairette loves you, still the question is—where did the money come from.

Ange I got it for a song.

Amar Gammon! you can't pull the wool over our eyes like that. Besides, Clairette was not put up to auction like a bankrupt's stock, so I just tell you what, young man, if you've been trifling with her virgin affections and making her fond of you, I will break your neck for you, d'ye hear!

Javotte And if she isn't fond of you we'll break your neck all the same for telling lies about her. Put that in your pipe and smoke it.

Pom Yes, if you've been trifling with her virgin affections, we'll——

Ange Go to the devil! Refused, and deservedly. Why should I purchase happiness when it is offered to me gratis? Ah! my generous unknown! you would not refuse me! No! Larivaudiere! I will leave the verses as they are. I will sing no more.

Cho Here he is! The song! The song!

Ange I have no song, friends. Othello's occupation's gone.

Cho You said you'd sing a song—Hot and fierce, and strong  
 Come, begin at once, or dread our anger;

Come now, don't be long—We'll have it right or wrong.

You promised us a song, you did,

So come, begin, do as you're bid.

Sing us the song—Don't be so long.

Market People Just see what a riotous crowd!

What's this rout? What's it about?

Citizens Ange Pitou from singing has backed out.

Market People Pitou! he is a lout.

Citiz No! he's merely a poltroon.

He fears that if he sings he'll get in quod too soon.

Clair A happy thought—I'll work it out,

For singing treason they'll nab one, no doubt.

Citizens He promised us a song.—So let him sing it quick.

Come, don't be long—Or we will break your neck.

Sing the song—Don't be long.

Clair Stop, I say.

Pom Shut up, I pray.

Clair This very song that he has lost to-day

I picked up as it in the gutter lay;

I can sing it every line,

Indeed it's monstrous fine.

Cho What! singing in the streets!

Pom And when the Mayor now for us waits.

Cad Our child to be singing,

Her voice all through the dirty gutters ringing;

Yet I'd like to hear the song.

Ange I tremble.

Clair Here goes—hurrah!

In the days of yore, when kings had power,

They presents gave both rich and rare

To all their fav'rites of the hour,

Both male and female, dark and fair,

Republics now are all the go,

Yet things are better as they are,

For Ma'amselle Lange, as we all know,

Is the fav'rite Sultana of Barras.

He is our King, and she is our Queen,

And I don't think we've altered our case at all,

For no better off the people's been,

The Rich still push us to the wall.

To tax the people is not fair,

Our kings they did it ev'ry day,

And Barras lets Larivaudière

Our pockets pick his debts to pay;

Thus you see things are the same,

Whether Royalty be up or down,

Nought is changed except the name,

Our Monarch reigns without his crown.

Lou Arrest that girl!

Cho Ah!

Ange Arrest her if you dare,

You do it at your peril,

The song I say is mine.

Cho Let go the girl, or else we swear

We'll murder you as you stand there.

Pom Have mercy, pray.

Ange The song is mine I say.

Pom Ah! 'tis too bad I say

- I' arrest her on our wedding day.  
 Cho No ! our child shall not be taken  
 Pris'ner on her wedding day ;  
 Clairette shall not be forsaken,  
 Nor a captive made, we say.  
 Clair Oh ! I'd rather far be taken  
 Than remain here free to-day,  
 For while in prison I am quaking,  
 I can't wed little Pomponnet.  
 Cho She shan't be ta'en away,  
 She must wed Pomponnet.
- 

ACT II.—*Saloon in the house of MDLLE. LANGE.*

MDLLES. DELAUNAY, CYDALISE, MADAME HERBELIN, and  
 LARIVAUDIÈRE.

- Cho No ! we really cannot believe it,  
 Our minds will not receive it,  
 This story you tell is so strange ;  
 Though we read it in the papers—  
 Such scandal, such dreadful capers,  
 Sure the world must be going to change.  
 Lariv Yes, ladies, only fancy it, in the open street too,  
 a young and pretty girl with a bridal wreath of orange flowers  
 on her head. Shocking ! positively shocking !  
*Enter Mdlle. Lange and Herslie.*

Ladies Shocking.

Cydalise Disgusting.

Lange For goodness sake don't talk any more about it. I'm  
 sick of the subject ; besides, Barras is going to bring her here  
 this evening.

Lariv What, out of the gaol ?

Lange Certainly. I want to hear from herself why she is  
 attacking me so bitterly. They tell me there was a riot at the  
 Opera last night.

Delaunay Oh, terrible ! and all about raising the prices. The  
 people expect to have Grand Opera for small prices.

Lange In fact, for a song ! eh ?

Lariv But why should they increase the prices ?

Delaunay Because everything else has gone up. Why the  
 old prices would'nt pay for lighting the house.

Lange True. The Republic, like the sun, sheds the light of  
 liberty over all the world, free gratis, for nothing ; but lamps  
 and candles must be paid for.

Herbelin Yes, that's very true. Living is so very dear  
 now-a-days, and servants' wages are perfectly awful.

Lange I wonder where my hairdresser can be. Hersilie, see  
 if Pomponnet has arrived yet. And now that I have got rid of  
 our spy, tell us about our grand project, is it all right ? Do we  
 meet here this evening ? There will be less danger of being  
 suspected here, because everyone knows that you are a friend of  
 Barras', and they will think I have lit up the house for a ball.

Lariv A good idea. The soldiers of Augereau have discovered, by what means I do not know, that our friends are to wear a distinguishing mark—blond wigs and black cravats—and ever since yesterday they are watching them like cats watching mice.

Herb They threaten to arrest everybody, and all sorts of horrors.

Lange Oh, they're wonderful fellows, these sons of Mars, who live on the country as some men do on their mistresses; but we are a match for them, never fear.

Men were made but for woman's diverting,  
And for flirting.

And though we are weak and they are strong  
We by the nose lead them along.

For we can coax and charm them still,  
And make them do just as we will.

A soldier is just like a stupid bird—

All fuss and feathers, trained and spurred;

He thinks he knows a thing or two,

We'll show him that we do.

In woman's weakness lies her power,

The weapons that we prize

They flash from out our eyes;

And 'neath that fiery shower

The strong man faints and dies.

At the glance of our eyes

He faints and dies.

Cho. Men were made, &c.

Lange Our enemy, though great he be,

The conqueror of Barbary,

He shall not make us fear

Tho' he took Aboukir;

We, without danger vict'ry gaining,

Our conquests have secured

By smile and glance and word;

Much greater ends obtaining

Than he does by the sword.

Cho. Men are made, &c.

[Enter Trenitz

Tre Good mawning ladies—alway mowa adowable than evah

—I'm shaw! Ma'amselle Lange, you look pahfectly chawmin!

you do, on my honnah! Ah, Lawivaudie, how do! how do!—

I'm weally wawished to meet you.

Lariv Oh!

What grace!

Cyd With what agility he rises.

Herb And with what *aplomb* he drops.

Lariv Oh! my toe.

Lange Oh! Good gracious!

Cho What's the matter?

Lange Look at his black cravat.

Delau And his blond wig—what imprudence.

Cyd Why did you venture out like that?

Herb Don't you know that the soldiers are on the look out?

Tren Yas! yas! the soldiaaws of Angeweaw, I've just met

some of the demned wascals, and walked wight through the middle of 'em with my bwond wig and bwack cwavat.

Cho Through the middle!

'Tren Yas! yas! wooking at 'em wike that.

Lariv And you were all alone?

Tren Me and my twiend heah.

Delau As brave as he is disagreeable.

Herb And so active and light.

Tren Oh! as far wight—

Lariv We'll take your word for that.

'Tren Talking of wightness, have you heard the news? They've dawnced the valse of Catufo at Madame Wecamiè with all the chowus of the opewa conducted by Gossec. 'StwaowidinaWy success—fact—pon homnaw!

Hers Oh! Here Pomponnet.

Pom Ah! Madame. I beg pardon, Citizens, I fear I am late; but if you only knew what has happened to me. I've ran as fast as I could, and—

Lange How strange his manner is!

Lariv He's crazy!

'Tren His hai-ah is quite disbevevwed.

Oyd And his eyes bloodshot.

Cho Speak! speak!

Pom If my hair is bloodshot, and my eyes dishevelled—no, I mean if my eyes are dishevelled, and my hair bloodshot—no, I mean—I don't know what I mean.

Lange Compose yourself, and speak plainly.

Pom Oh! such a misfortune—such a terrible blow.

Lange Well!

Pom I was going to be married to an angel, whom I adored.

Lange And she deceived you?

Pom No! not yet! But at the very time we ought to have been getting married—Ah! when I think of it I—

Lange Go—on!

Pom My wife—no—my intended wife, I mean, possessed by some madness—

Lange Oh! go on!

Pom Set up her throat in the public street, and began to sing—

Lariv Ah! ha! I begin to suspect this is the girl with the orange flowers.

Lange Who's telling this story, you or he?

Lariv I will if you wish me to.

Lange But I don't wish you to. Go on, Pomponnet.

Pom Oh! I dare not tell you, and yet you alone can save her.

Lange Listen to me. This girl with the orange flowers who has been arrested in the public streets is your betrothed.

Pom How did you find that out. Mercy—mercy—not for her—for me.

Lange And your betrothed amuses herself by attacking the Government, and abusing me.

Pom Ah! if you only knew what a fool she is. Why, she really believed she dared tell the truth under a democratic government.

Pom To worldly craft she's such a stranger  
That she scarce knows what she should say,  
And in her childish simple play  
She's ignorant of ev'ry danger.  
In this our Land of Liberty  
She told the truth, and so you see  
How very simple she must be;  
Yes, she's to Liberty a stranger.

She is so innocent of evil,  
That e'en the powerful she would chaff,  
And meaning not to be uncivil,  
'Gainst e'en the highest raise a laugh.  
And with a song so light and gay  
She'd sing our characters away,  
And all in simple childish play  
She's to society a stranger.

Lange I should like to know that song.

Pom Quite right; it's the song should be punished; it's all the fault of the song, or rather of the writer.

Lange Do you know him?

Pom Of course I do. A Bohemian—a vagabond, called Ange Pitou.

Lange Ange Pitou!

Lariv Always he, confound him! I pay him not to sing about me, and he puts his infernal verses into the mouths of young girls.

Pom Oh! no! my intended bride picked up the song in the gutter.

Lariv The proper place for it.

Lange Have you got this song?

Pom Yes; after the arrest I found it in her room.

Lange And where is it?

Pom Safely stowed away, I promise you.

Lange Go and fetch it—quick!—do you hear?

Pom Bring—it—to—you?

Lange No more words—be off.

Pom But you will forgive the singer?

Lange We shall see—the song first—quick.

Pom Yes, yes; I'm off—but I implore you—

Lange Will you be off?

Pom I fly! Oh! Go to the devil!

Tren Get out, you wagged wascal.

Lange Poor devil!

Lariv I hope, my dear girl, that you will be firm, and that—

Lange I'll be just what I choose, and do just what I like. This is my own affair, and not yours. By the way, it is here that we meet to-night?

Tren Yas! Yas! our fwiends will arrive by the wicket-gate in the pwark. I have the honnaw to conduct them heah!

Lange Make haste, then, it is nearly ten o'clock.

Tren I fly on the wings of Zephyr, and return on the pinions of love.

Lange And you dears, just go and take a turn in the garden. I will let you know when the gentlemen arrive.

Delau Don't fail; we're bound to be present.

Herb For the consulation.

Cyd And the fun. I like conspiring, it's so exciting.

Lariv I wonder what she sent them away for!

Lange Well! what are you waiting for?

Lariv Nothing—but—

Lange Go and see that the rooms are lit up properly.

Lariv No hurry.

Lange Yes; I'm in a hurry to be alone.

Lariv Ah! if I were a jealous man.

Lange Well; be jealous, but be off.

Lariv Oh! very well, very well! I'll go, but I'll watch you, my lady.

Lange Midnight is the hour of meeting, and he will be here at eleven. Ah! I should not have invited him here, Larivaudiere has all the police in his pay, and a scandal might cost me dear, especially at this moment. What do I care—I care but for Ange Pitou. But why is he my enemy? why? because I am in the camp of the Montagues, and he in that of the Capulets. Ah! would we could be enemies like Romeo and Juliet!

Hers Citizeness, an agent of police and a young girl in bridal costume ask to see you.

Lange Ah! true—let the girl come in.

Hers Come in, young woman.

Clair A beautiful lady. A palace. This is a queer sort of gaol.

Lange Come hither, child.

Clair Here I am. What's your will?

Lange So 'tis you who—Heavens! can it be.

Clair Hallo!

Lange Clairette!

Clair Is it you?

Lange Yes, it's she!

Clair Well, here's a jolly lark.

Lange So it is you who sings scandalous songs about me in the streets?

Clair Me?

Lange Yes, you. Is it not for singing you have been arrested?

Clair Yes; but the song was'nt about you.

Lange Didn't it speak of Mademoiselle Lange?

Clair Are you Lange? Why at school you were Henriette Jolivar.

Lange Lange is my professional name; but never mind that. Tell me, Clairette, why do you go about in bridal costume singing seditious songs in the public streets?

Clair Ah! "Thereby hangs a tale." You see they wanted

to marry me against my will.

Lange To Pomponnet ?

Clair \* Do you know him ?

Lange Why he's my hairdresser !

Clair Ah ! Bah !

Lange Go on.

Clair Well, I could neither take him nor leave him.

Lange Why not ?

Clair First of all, because a handsome young man, whom I think I like better—

Lange Whom you think ?

Clair Well, whom I know I like better.

Lange Yes ; that's more like it.

Clair Well, this young man swore that he would kill himself if I got married.

Lange And you believed him, you baby ?

Clair Oh, if you only knew him—he's so brave, he's afraid of nothing ; but that's not the worst of it. This marriage has been settled by the good market people, who brought me up.

Lange Ah ! I remember. How are your fathers and mothers—I hope they are all well ?

Clair Pretty well, I thank you. So you see there was but one thing to do, and I did it—I got myself arrested.

Lange What an idea.

Clair Just like we used to do at boarding school.

Lange Ah, then we were happy, gay, and innocent : at least I was.

Clair Oh ! dear old school.

Clair & Lange Oh ! happy, happy days of childhood,

When we sweetly lisped "Mamma" "Papa ;"

When all our cares our mother mild would

Soothe, and teach us our B A, ba.

Those days have vanished far away,

Ah, why could they no longer stay ?

Lange Do you remember when one summer's day

You told me all your life's strange story ;

And, on the sly, we turned it to a play,

And acted it in solitary glory ?

Clair And all the fishwives' polished talk

We pattered long ere we could walk,

And innocently swore and cursed,

And of market slang we used the worst.

Lange That catechism I surely durst

Safely assert we learned the first.

But now that I am rich and pretty,

What things they write and sing of me.

Clair Alas ! 'twas I who sang that ditty ;

'Twas I who said such things of thee.

Lange I don't mind it now, my darling,

But in old times long ago

I'd have done a little snarling,

In the style of Ma'am Angot.

Let me alone, Ma'am'selle Suzon,

If you address me in that tone  
I'll make you groan, and sigh, and moan,  
For I'll demolish your chignon.

Clair And I, on my part, would have said—  
See this pink of virtue rare,  
With her arms and legs all bare;  
Sure it must be Venus fair,  
Dressed in nothing but her hair,  
Come from ocean's ebb and flow,  
Just to make a good scare-crow.

Lange Yes, that's the way we'd have our say.

Clair Yes, bet you may; that was our way.

Lange That's worth all formal stiff propriety,  
And the tone of your so-called best society.

Duett Ah! at school we lasses learnt a lot  
Of curious things each day;  
But whether from our books or not  
I'd hardly dare to say.

And indeed no girls are fools  
Who have studied in good schools.

For our school days—hurrah;

*Enter Hersilie.*

Hers There's a middle-aged woman down stairs with a  
young man.

Lange Good gracious; I had quite forgot my appointment.

Clair I'm afraid I'm in the way.

Lange No—not at all; but—

Louch Pardon me, Citizeness; but I come for my prisoner  
—it is time to be going.

Lange You can go by yourself then—the young lady  
remains here.

Louch Here?

Lange Here. I will be responsible for her.

Louch I leave her in your charge; and in the next room is  
Ange Pitou, the singer. I'll find out what brings him here.

Lange Clairette, dear, just go into my dressingroom. I'll  
join you in a moment. Now, then, the young man may  
come in. *Enter Ange Pitou.*

Ange Now, then, Ange Pitou, remember you are here only  
to save Clairette, so none of your nonsense.

Lange Come here.

Ange Gemini! ain't she pretty!

Lange Don't you know me?

Ange I have heard this moment that I have the honour to  
be received by Mdlle Lange.

Lange You have a good voice.

Ange That is not for me to say.

Lange You're rather good looking.

Ange If I only dared to answer—

Lange Well, what would you answer?

Ange That I am lost in admiration. That never beauty so  
resplendent—What am I saying?—and Clairette—for shame,  
Ange Pitou, for shame.

Lange You have plenty of wit ; and besides, our names are alike. We are both called Agne, and Ange means Angel.

Ange Fallen angels then.

Lange Then why does Ange call Lange a devil ?

Ange Because he is a fool, and doesn't know what he is talking about.

Lange You always be sure before you judge. Now, I have been your guardian angel for a long time, ever since I first knew you.

Ange You knew me ?

Lange Yes ; havn't I seen and heard you on the Square of St. Germain Auxerrois ?

Ange 'Tis the only place I have, and no thanks to Government for that.

Lange People say that Government has given you a good many places that you never asked for ?

Ange Yes ! that's so. Since the country has been free I am always in gaol.

Lange. But you don't stay there long ?

Ange Thanks to you.

Lange But my influence has limits. Come here, sit down beside me, and let us talk.

Ange Sit beside her. Oh, Lord ! I'll forget Clairette to a certainty.

Lange The Government sometimes is wrong,

It's very best friends must allow it ;

But you may find out before long

That you blame it because you don't know it.

The Republic may not have an air

So soft, so alluring as mine.

Ange Sure no manner on earth can compare

With the grace that distinguishes thine.

Lange There is nothing impossible here,

Not even to recognise merit ;

And tho' you will not own it, I fear,

The Republic admires your spirit.

The Government loves a brave man

Who points out its faults without shrinking.

Ange No more words, strive no longer I can, I'm of *you*, not of politics, thinking.

*Enter Hersilie.*

Hers Oh ! Ma'amselle ! Ma'amselle !

Lange What's the matter ; and why do you come in without knocking ?

Hers The police officer who brought the young girl here spoke to the old woman who brought that man here, and then ran off to tell Citizen Larivaudière ; and they're both coming here now, and Citizen Larivaudière's in such a passion.

Lange Too bad to send him away now he is here. Clairette ! Clairette !

Ange Clairette

Lange Come, come, quickly.

Clair Here I am.

Ange Can it be.

Clair Ah!

Lange You know each other then?

Hers Ma'amselle—they are here.

Lange For heaven's sake whatever I say you two swear to, or I am lost!

Clair Lost!

Lange Hush!

*Enter Larivaudiere and Louchard.*

Lariv Guard all the doors, let no one pass in or out.

Lange What does all this mean, pray?

Lariv It means, Madam, that I know all.

Lange Know all what?

Lariv You have the audacity to ask when I find here—  
Hullo! what's this!

Lange Well! when you find——

Lariv Will you have the goodness to explain?

Lange I will explain nothing. It is for you to explain, and to apologise for such an outrage.

Lariv Oh, you'll brave it out will you. Very well. Learn then, Madame, that I know *all*.

Lange Ah!

Lariv I know that you have written to this gentleman.

Lange Well!

Lariv To this man, whom

Clair and Ange Pitou Eh!

Lariv That you have had had him brought hither. That you have got rid of us in order to receive him at your ease.

Lange And then?

Lariv What do you mean by "And then?"

Lange What more do you know?

Clair She doesn't deny it.

Lariv You'll find that I know quite enough.

Lange You're an ass!

Lariv An ass.

Lange An A double S, ass! And if it were only to you that I should justify myself—but time presses, and the importance of the affair overcomes my anger—Yes, sir, it is true that I wrote to this gentleman; 'tis true that I had him brought to this house, where this young lady, my dear friend and schoolfellow, had found a refuge. And since I must condescend to explain, know that M. Pitou loves Mlle. Clairette, Mlle. Clairette loves M. Pitou.

Clair and Pitou Ah!

Lariv Eh!

Louch Eh!

Lariv How!

Lange

Now you know it all,

'Twas for her

This gentleman did on us call.

Ugh! you horrid bear,

How you stare,

For ladies' nerves you little care.

Lange Heavens! Pomponnet's voice.

Clair My bridegroom's voice!

Lange It will never do for him to see you here.

Go into that gallery and keep quiet.

Lariv. I thought I was humbugged; and it was only that confounded barber after all.

Lange. Oh! what a bore. This Pomponnet might compromise us dreadfully.

Lariv Pomponnet!

Lange So we must get rid of him at once.

Lariv But how?

Lange I'll manage it. Come in everybody.

Pom. Announce my name—I insist on my name being announced.

Lange Well, what's the matter?

Pom 'Tis I 'Tis I—Pomponnet! I am expected, and they won't let me in.

Lariv Come in! Come in!

Pom There, I told you I was expected. Madame, I bring you a——

Lange One moment—Are you not the intended husband of Clairette?

Pom Yes; we adore each other. And it is on that account that——

Lange Were you not a pupil of the great artist in hair—Leonard?

Pom Yes! yes! indeed it is to his instructions that I owe the skill which has procured me the honor of——

Lange Were you not also hairdresser to the ladies of Breteuil and Conde?

Pom Yes, before the Revolution—when the ladies wore their hair like ships, mail coaches, and haystacks.

Lange Search this man.

Pom Eh!

Lange He may have some treasonable songs about his person.

Pom Certainly I have. Don't you tickle me. Of course I have, because—— Let me be, will you! Why, I came on purpose to——

Lange The song, I say, take him to prison!

Pom Eh! the duce!

Lariv Yes; take him to prison. Louchard, you shall answer for him. I wont, but that don't matter.

Pom See! here!

Lariv May I ask why you have made me arrest the poor devil?

Lange Wait a moment. Come, good folk, come in.

Clair We have heard and seen everything.

Ange Why did you have him arrested instead of me?

Lange You take his place, and he takes yours; a fair exchange is no robbery.

Clair That's what they call justice.

Lariv Well, will you inform me——

Lange That it is nearly twelve o'clock.  
 Lariv Twelve o'clock—Good heavens! I had forgotten.  
 Lange Hush! I forget nothing. My dear Clairette, follow  
 my maid. Hersilie, this young lady will sleep in my room to-  
 night.

Clair Is that my prison?

Lange Go to bed, and sleep like a top. To-morrow we will  
 talk. Now we are alone, and time presses. You regret the  
 old regime?

Ange Yes, Mademoiselle.

Lange Well, what you regret we regret also.

Ange You!

Lange Yes; the very people whom you attack so bitterly  
 are your best friends.

Ange What! you the friend of Barras!

Lange Barras himself is one of us.

Ange Is it possible!

Lariv Hark! the signal.

Lange Whatever may happen, whatever you may hear,  
 mind that you keep the most profound silence.

*Enter Trenitz and Conspirators.*

Cho When we Conspirators would be,  
 And turn the world topsy-turvie,  
 Each one must wear beneath his hat  
 A fair-haired wig and black cravat.

Lange As brother traitors, pray accept our greeting.

Tren We, ah heah, and in this place,  
 We ah not afwaid of meeting  
 A wegiment—we would not feah to face.

Ange Oh! bravo.

Lange Pray calm these trembling fears;  
 I but present you a recruit,  
 The singer whom you've heard about!  
 Who, in the street, does every day  
 'Gainst wealth and power still raise his lay.

Tren But he don't wear, beneath his hat,  
 A fair-haiwed wig and bwack cwavat.

Clair Ah! you are here.

Lange What on earth brings you back here?

Clair Oh! I fear—From my casement clear  
 Fierce soldiers do appear.  
 They're coming near—

Augereau's soldiers now are here.

Cho. The soldiers fierce are near;  
 Fly from here, fly from here!  
 The house is quite surrounded,  
 And we are all impounded.

Tren We're lost, I say.

Lange To save us, there's one way;  
 To surprise these soldiers, rough and hearty  
 We'll improvise a wedding party.  
 Here's the bridegroom and the fair bride—  
 But all these wigs of yellow hair

- And black cravats that you all wear—  
**Tren** Bah! Theah goes wig and yellow haiah,  
 My black cwavat will follow—theah!
- Lange** Open all the doors. Now, gentlemen, choose your partners.  
**Lange** Dancing, glancing,—All delight enhancing,  
 Oh! what pleasure—Beyond measure  
 Sweeter far than power or treasure.  
 What would you have? Come, speak; what means this riot?
- Officer** We seek these traitors who are here.  
**Lange** In my own humble home I wish for peace and quiet.  
 The traitors you fear shall appear.  
 They are here.  
 A wedding party is here assembled,  
 And though not invited, still welcome you'll be.  
 But tho' at your valor Egyptians have trembled,  
 You'll not find Parisians so weak in the knee.  
 Stay then, stay—we heartily pray,  
 Mirth, feasting and pleasure's the order of the day.  
 Happy we'll be—for pleasure is free;  
 And you, Mister officer, shall dance with me.  
 Around we'll spin—say who'll win—yes!
- Clair** Sure, in this world there's no pleasure like dancing.  
**Ange** Oh, how I wish you for ever were mine.  
**Clair** Ah! do not doubt, seize this moment entrancing,  
 I swear that my hand shall be thine, only thine.
- Lange** "Only thine." Clairette!  
**Officer** Pray don't stop yet.  
**Lange** Ah, no!  
**Officer** Are you ill? One word, and I go.  
**Lange** No, no, 'tis nothing—a slight vertigo.  
 Traitors to me—but avenged I will be.

---

ACT III.—*Gardens of Calypso.*

- Keeper** Well, this is a rum idea, dancing out here. Why don't you dance in the ballroom?  
**Cho** All right.  
**Babet** Well; shan't we go too?  
**Amar** I do so love dancing.  
**Cadet** How can you have the heart to dance when our poor Clairette—  
**Babet** Oh! she's all right; we know that she's got out of gaol, because she has sent us word to meet her here.  
**Cadet** I can't make out this letter of hers at all—"Meet me to-night at the Calypso Gardens, and you shall know all."  
**Amar** Well, since we are to know all, why need we bother!  
**Cho** What's that?  
**Cadet** 'Tis herself.  
**Cho** Clairette!  
**Cho** Room there, room there, lads and lasses,

Pleasure now is all the go,  
For we can see whene'er she passes,  
'Tis Mademoiselle Angot.

Cadet Is't yourself?

Amar Whence come you now?

Cadet Where did you get such stunning clothes?

Amar You wont refuse to tell, I s'pose  
Who gave these gaudy things to you.

Clair For me you've spent your money freely,  
And brought me up nice and genteely,  
And taught me still the truth to tell,  
And I've obeyed you pretty well.  
Whene'er I walked in square or street,  
With eyes cast down each man I'd meet;  
But, though I seem demure and quiet,  
My nature impels me to noise and riot;  
Yes! of Ma'am Angot I'm the true daughter,  
My blood can't run slow like cold water.  
Look at me, and you'll know  
That I'm Ma'amselle Angot.

Cho Of Ma'am Angot she's the true daughter, &c.

Clair You chose, I own it, with dejection,  
A husband worthy of affection.  
But, ah! I loved another man.  
I can't help that. Can you? Who can?  
So, as my love I could not smother,  
And I could not wed the other,  
I thought it much the better way  
To go to gaol on my wedding day.

For of Ma'am Angot I'm the true daughter, &c.

Cho Yes! of Ma'am Angot, &c.

Cadet And how did you get out of gaol?

Clair Ah! that would take too long to tell. All that I  
can say now is that I have been betrayed.

Cho Betrayed!

Clair Yes, by the man I loved.

Amar Ange Pitou; and if my suspicions are verified, I'll  
see him hanged before I'll marry him—there now.

Cadet Right.

Clair And I'll die an old maid.

Babet Wrong.

Amar But Pomponnet?

Clair Pomponnet!

Amar Yes; what will you do with him all this time?

Clair Oh, never mind him; I left him in gaol in my place.

Cho In gaol!

Clair Yes; but I've no time to tell you that now. Please  
don't stay near this gate, because the people I sent for don't  
know that I am here, and I want to surprise them a bit—  
"What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh," and I'll  
show them that I'm my mother's own daughter—see if I don't.

Cadet Why I hardly know you again.

Clair Don't bother. Well! I've written two letters, one

from Pitou to Lange, and the other from Lange to Pitou, giving each an appointment here at nine o'clock. If they come, as I am sure they will, I'll expose them before the whole crowd, and especially before old Larivaudiere, to whom I've written to be on the spot. My word! I'll show them what it is to humbug Madame Angot's daughter!

*Enter Larivaudiere.*

Lariv Well, here I am, in obedience to this letter from Clairette. If I could take advantage of this disguise to speak to her, I might learn something about Lange. I don't see her, but then I am half an hour too soon.

*Enter Pomponnet, running.*

Pom I have escaped them. Where am I? At a ball I do declare. Oh! mockery! what an unlucky barber am I. My bride is taken to prison on our wedding day; next day I am arrested, and they shove me into a cell where old Father Gerome, one of my customers, is groaning already for having thrashed a scoundrel whom he caught making love to his wife. We spent the night in mutual condolence; I wept into his waistcoat—that delicate attention melted him likewise—and he wept into mine. And as he was to leave the prison at eight this evening, and was not over anxious to see his wife, we exchanged clothes, and I slipped out in his place; but before I had gone thirty paces they found out the cheat, and I had to run for it; and here I am at a ball, while my bride is weeping in chains. I won't stay here.

Lariv She is not here; I shall be off. Look where you're going, stupid ass!

Pom You fool. What have I said?

Lariv He's a rough.

Pom He's a rough.

Oh, dear! I fear that I am done for,

He'll surely find me out I fear;

Oh, dear! how queer—'twould be fun, for

He's certainly a market rough.

Lariv I'd like to know if you've bad sight, sir,

Pom 'Tis said soft answers turn away wrath. I don't see very well by night, sir.

Lariv I believe he's frightened, by my troth. Look here, young man, I'm Bill the Bruiser!

Pom If I should tremble I am lost.

Old man, my name is Jim the Cruiser;

Of fistic science I can boast.

Don't keep me here all night.

If you want a bellyful, put up your dukes and perform.

Lariv 'Tis far too public here.

Pom I think the old un 'gins to fear. Come and take your cruel hot.

Lariv No, thanks! my own's at home now in the pot.

Pom Why! what's the matter with his hair!

Lariv Mercy, pray! don't kill me quite.

Pom Why, surely 'tis Larivaudiere!

Lariv Alas, good sir, you are quite right.

Pom I'm the barber Pomponnet.

Lariv Pomponnet!

Pom Larivaudière!

Clair There they are, and it is nearly nine o'clock!

Lariv No one!

Pom No one!

Lariv Does not my costume astonish you? Well, it was your bride who advised me to make this figure of myself.

Pom Clairette!

Clair My name!

Lariv She wrote to say that she could prove that Mdlle. Lange was betraying me.

Clair 'Tis Larivaudière!

Pom Do you mean to tell me that Clairette, who is in gaol, wrote to you?

Clair That's Pomponnet! So he's got out of prison!

Lariv Oh! no. Bless you, Clairette is not in prison. She managed to put you in the hole, and creep out of it herself. You were in the way, my friend. Between you and I and the post, I don't think much of this Clairette.

Pom Now, look here. You may call me anything you like—it is all the same to me; but don't abuse Clairette, for I won't stand it. I tell you she's so good, so gentle, so pretty, and I love her so much.

Lariv See here. Let us go and take a walk through the garden; but if we meet her, I don't want her to recognise me at first. I want to watch her proceedings a while, to find out why she wrote to me.

Clair Ah! you don't want to be recognised, you old sinner.

Pom. I think I must be losing my senses. How can Clairette, whom I saw taken to prison with my own eyes, be here now.

Lariv A woman's voice!

Pom 'Tis she; 'tis herself!

Lariv She! We will let her pass, and then follow her.

Clair Ah! what a fool I am. Why, you frightened me nearly me to death.

Pom Why, it can't be.

Lariv. Be quiet, will you!

Clair Oh, I really beg your pardon; but I took you for Father Guillaume, when I first saw you. But now you come nearer, I see that you are somebody else. I suppose you are here for the grand affair.

Lariv Yes, yes; for the grand affair.

Clair Only fancy that they wanted me to marry, oh! such a nice young man; a handsome man—I can't deny it. I don't believe he has his equal for goodness and honesty in the whole world.

Pom Ah! how sweet to hear such sentiments.

Clair I own my future spouse is handsome,  
And charming I declare;  
And as a friend I like him well,  
But as a husband I do not care.

- Pom Oh, dear! what is that I hear?  
 Lariv 'Tis very clear.  
 Clair Besides, I tell you plainly, I love another better far.  
 Pom Another!  
 Clair Another, handsomer, more manly.  
 Lariv 'Tis very clear. That's the bar.  
 Pom Oh! Great Heaven, how I tremble.  
     I'm going to faint away.  
 Clair But he's beginning to dissemble,  
     And my true love to betray  
     This is the matter so mysterious  
     Which must be brought to light.  
     The affair so grave and serious  
     Which calls us here to-night.  
     This is the matter, &c.  
 Clair You must have heard of a woman called Lange,  
     An actress. young, clever, and fair—  
 Pom Yes, I—  
 Lariv A little.  
 Clair Have you heard the story strange,  
     Which they're telling everywhere?  
     For Barras she made believe to care;  
     But was not true,  
     She tricked him too  
     For that old ass Larivaudiere.  
 Lariv Old ass!  
 Pom Turn about is fair play.  
 Clair To hear the rest I prithee stay,  
     This lady fair did not stop there;  
     But for a third gallant so gay,  
     She humbugged old Larivaudiere.  
 Lariv Oh, dear! what is this I hear?  
 Pom 'Tis very clear.  
 Clair At her own house she now receives him,  
     And for the youthful lover here  
     She hoodwinks and deceives him.  
 Pom 'Tis very clear.  
 Clair Ah! Great Heaven! how I tremble,  
     I am going to faint away.  
 Lariv And to my face does she dissemble,  
     And my false love tempts away.  
     This is a matter so mysterious, &c.  
 Lariv By Jose, I am Larivaudiere.  
 Clair You need not say.  
 Lariv The deuce you say.  
 Pom That's gay  
 Clair My bridegroom, Pomponnet.  
 Pom Look here, I say.  
 Clair Only my way!  
 Lariv Revenge! Revenge, I cry.  
 Clair Be prudent, sharp and sly, and very soon the quarry  
 will fl. Ah! there below, can it be? Sure 'tis he!  
 Pom 'Tis he.

Lariv What he ?

Clair Revenge! No apology will do,  
For to punish such a lover,  
And my deep disgrace to cover,  
I declare over and over  
I could almost marry you.  
Come with me,  
You shall see  
That I mean what I am saying,  
And perhaps,  
My brave chaps,  
Into your hands I may be playing.  
I desire  
Vengeance dire,

All our blood is now on fire (*enter Ange Pitou*)

Ange Pitou Ah, the ball of Calypso. Well here I am—  
how my heart beats. Mdlle. Lange writes that she will be here  
at nine; I suppose she has not arrived yet. It seems like a  
dream—yet, yesterday she dragged me into that shady walk in  
the garden, and, " 'Tis true, then, you love Clairette; and I,  
fool that I was, thought I was speaking falsely when I said so."  
How her eyes looked into mine. How sweet her voice was;  
and how hard she squeezed my hand—Ha, ha, ha! and she  
pretended that we were only talking politics—I wonder if  
Clairette believed her. Poor dear Clairette; I'm sorry for her,  
but I really can't help it. The lovely Lange loves me, and I  
must return her affection. Look at this note, breathing of love  
and lavender water; I have read it a hundred times.

*Enter Lange.*

Lange Oh, I'm so glad to meet you, I was afraid I should be  
all alone here.

Ange Pitou Could you doubt me ?

Lange But as I did not meet you on the way, and your  
handwriting is strange to me—

Ange Pitou My handwriting!

Lange But now that you are here, I am happy. You see  
I have obeyed your instructions—how do you like my costume.

Ange Pitou Perfectly charming—but I don't understand.

Lange You don't understand. When you yourself wrote to  
me to tell me to come and meet you here in this very dress.

Ange Pitou I wrote!

Lange I was a little surprised at the place you chose for  
our meeting, but—

Ange Pitou I didn't choose any place—it was you who  
chose it.

Lange Me! Don't be a fool.

Ange Pitou Yes, in this letter.

Lange What letter? Read it.

Ange Pitou I will.

"Dear enemy whom I ought to detest,  
To punish whom I ought to do my best.  
I must confess—since there's no use in feigning,  
My yielding heart, forgetting its disdain,

Now humbly prays, to Belleville you will go  
At nine to-night, at the Ball of Calypso ;  
There a fond and faithful damsel you will meet  
Who treads all former quarrels 'neath her feet."

Lange And it is signed ?

Ange Pitou The name is thine.

Lange Then 'tis forged—I'm betrayed.

Ange Pitou May be so. But the letter and its messages  
are mine.

Lange But hear the other.

" I know I'm silly in yielding to passion  
Without e'en hope or joy to cheer me on ;  
But then I love you with such adoration  
That for me, without you, pleasure life has really none.  
There is a place close by your gates, quite free from  
noise of city riot,  
A little ball, select and quiet ; there you can go,  
Incognito,—Dressed like a woman of the market,  
And we'll meet in groves so dark it  
'Twill ne'er be known that we did so.  
You whom this heart doth fondly cherish,  
Yes ; you alone decide my fate.  
If you delay I'll surely perish,  
And when you come 'twill be too late."

Ange This really is enough to drive one mad. It is too bad.

Lange 'Tis signed " Ange Pitou !"

What shall we do no ?

This meeting we shall rue now.

Let's fly ; there's time to say no more.

Ange Fly ! oh ! say why ?

See you not 'tis I ?

Who love, nay, who adore but thee,  
And woe to him who shall my rival be.

Cho Ha ! ha ! ha !

Your secret's known,  
To all the winds of Heaven 'tis blown.

Ange The one who stays me shall repent  
That e'er he stand——

Clair I am that one.

Cho Clairette !

Clair So then 'tis you, fine Madame Bubble,

Who makes all this toil and trouble ;

Tho' of lovers you have two,

One very old and one not new ;

But if you had of beaux a score

I do believe you'd cry for more.

This one you're welcome to hug

Since you are so taken with his mug,

Although he did belong to me,

Yet you may have him, do you see.

I make you a present of this chap,

For I don't value him a rap.

One old, one middleged, and one a boy makes three,

So with your triple lover may you happy be.

Cho Hurrah! she and no other—Could give it to her so;  
True daughter of her mother,  
Pitch in Ma'am'selle Angot.

Lange Oh! what a gentle simple maid;  
I'm really very much afraid  
That for a lady, fine as she,—We are not fit society.  
Such choice and pretty flowers of speech  
Are not in ev'rybody's reach.  
So, in accomplishments so rare,  
I'm sure with you I can't compare.  
But, next time, if you'd keep your sweetheart,  
Don't let him my features see;  
Or you'll find 'twill be indeed hard  
To keep him off from spooning me.  
A nod's as good's a wink—To a blink horse, so they say;  
So go home, and be wiser for another day.

Lariv Ah! 'tis too much. To brave me thus you dare.

Lange Good gracious me; 'tis he!

Lariv Yes; 'tis Larivaudiere!

Lange Ha! ha! ha!

Lariv Rage and anger chokes me quite;

Faithless woman, I know all;

But be sure, this very night

Vengeance on your heads shall fall.

Ange You keep quiet.

All this riot

Will not mend affairs one bit.

Dry up talking,

Off be walking,

Or your head I'll surely split.

Clair Yes, my dear, you

Need not fear to

Of my lover me deprive;

For I tell you

Such a fellow

Will lead you an awful life.

Lange Oh! my dear, I

Really fear I

Of your lover you deprive;

Such a fellow,

I must tell you,

Is not often met in life.

Pom Let them go it,

For I know it,

All their anger will have died

In a minute;

All this din it

Into silence will subside.

Lariv 'Tis past joking,

I am choking;

Tremble! for I all do know.

Vengeance dread now

On your head now

My great rage will surely flow.

- Clair We've had enough of all this scandal.  
Lange! here's my hand!
- Lange After such a fight?
- Clair Don't give our enemies a handle,  
We've had it out, so don't keep spite.
- Lange All right!
- Lariv But this aint right.
- Clair Be quiet! If to speak you dare  
I'll split on that little affair  
Which I found out last night.
- Lange Come then, your sister now be greeting,  
I here propose a merry meeting;  
What say you, my dear friends?
- Pom What's this? Surely she is weeping.
- Clair I! No.
- Pom Yes! yes, indeed 'tis so.
- Clair No! 'tis nothing.
- Ange If one, repenting, could but show you,  
If to your side I dared to creep.
- Clair Ah! no, indeed you do not know,  
'Tis not for such as you I'd weep.  
Oh! yes indeed I'm sorry,  
And weep to think it true  
That I e'er thought to marry  
A nincompoop like you.  
If I my hand should offer now  
To worthy Pomponnet,  
He would refuse the proffer now  
And turn from me away.
- Pom Only try me,  
Don't deny me,  
I know when I'm well off;  
I will take you,  
And will make you  
One at whom no tongue dare scoff.  
Don't delay now,  
But to-day now,  
Trust me, it is better so.  
That the padlock  
Firm, of wedlock  
Should make fast Ma'amselle Angot.
- Ange It has not ended  
As I intended,  
But perhaps 'tis better so;  
Time will show.
- Lange So now all troubles over,  
Each take partners for the dance.
- Pom Yes, let us have a wedding,  
To show how we do in France.
- Lange But where's the bride?
- Clair Where? Here!

Yes! of Ma'am Angot  
I'm the true daughter ;  
My blood can't run slow  
Like cold water.

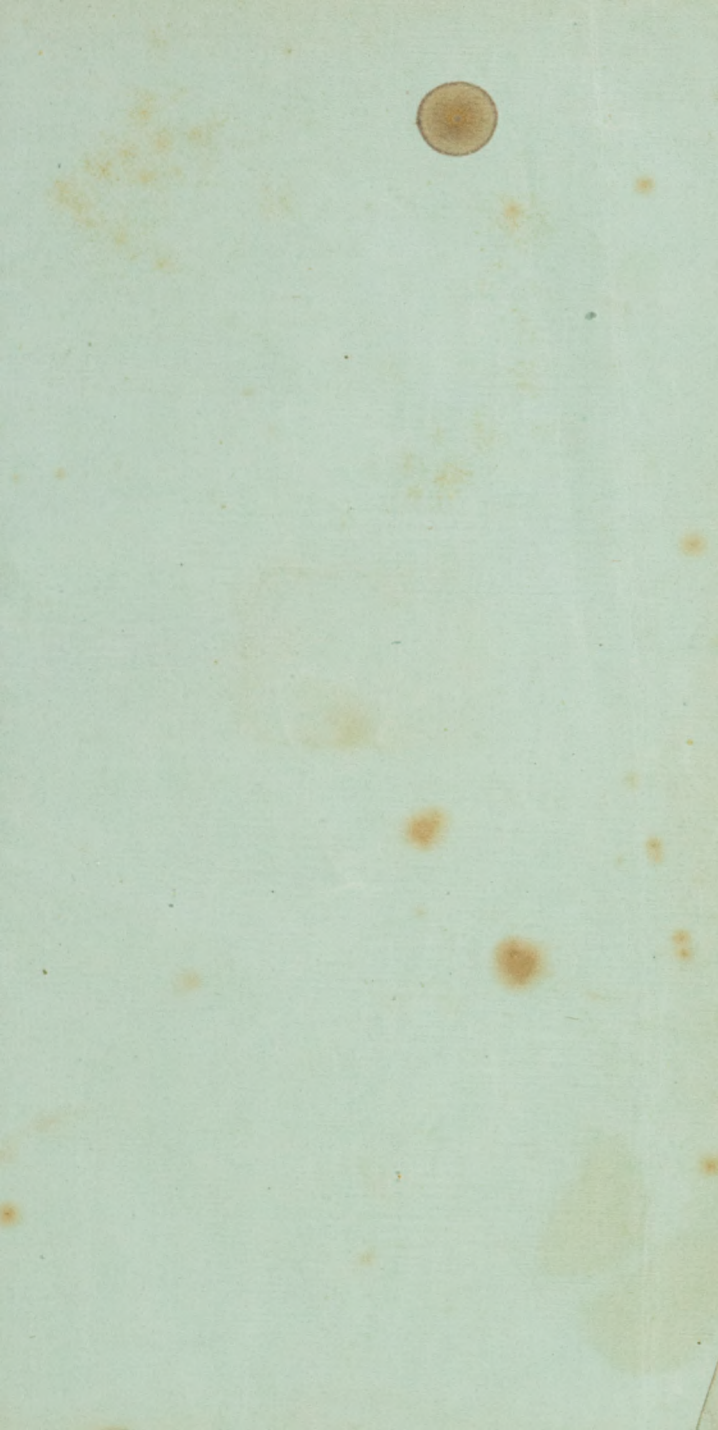
Look at me you'll know  
That I'm Ma'amselle Angot.

Cho and Char Yes, of Ma'am Angot  
She's the true daughter,  
Her blood can't run slow  
Like cold water.

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!  
Hurrah for Ma'amselle Angot!









782.7  
F





AN 3408812



782.7  
F

DSM/ 782.7/ F  
Lecocq's opera bouffe, La  
fille de Madame Angot, as  
performed by the Grand Opera  
Company

**STATE LIBRARY  
OF N.S.W.**



N2031045

