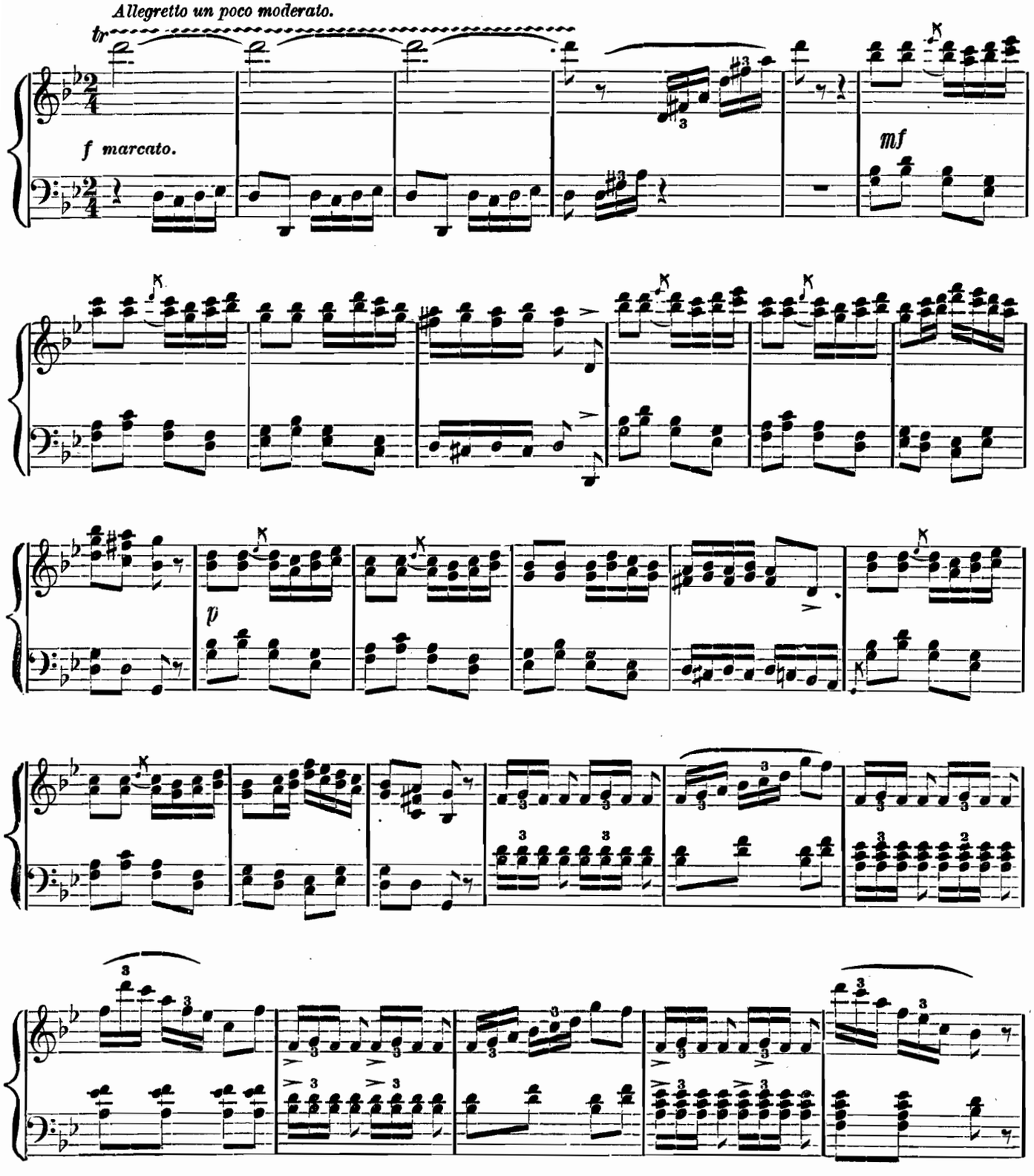
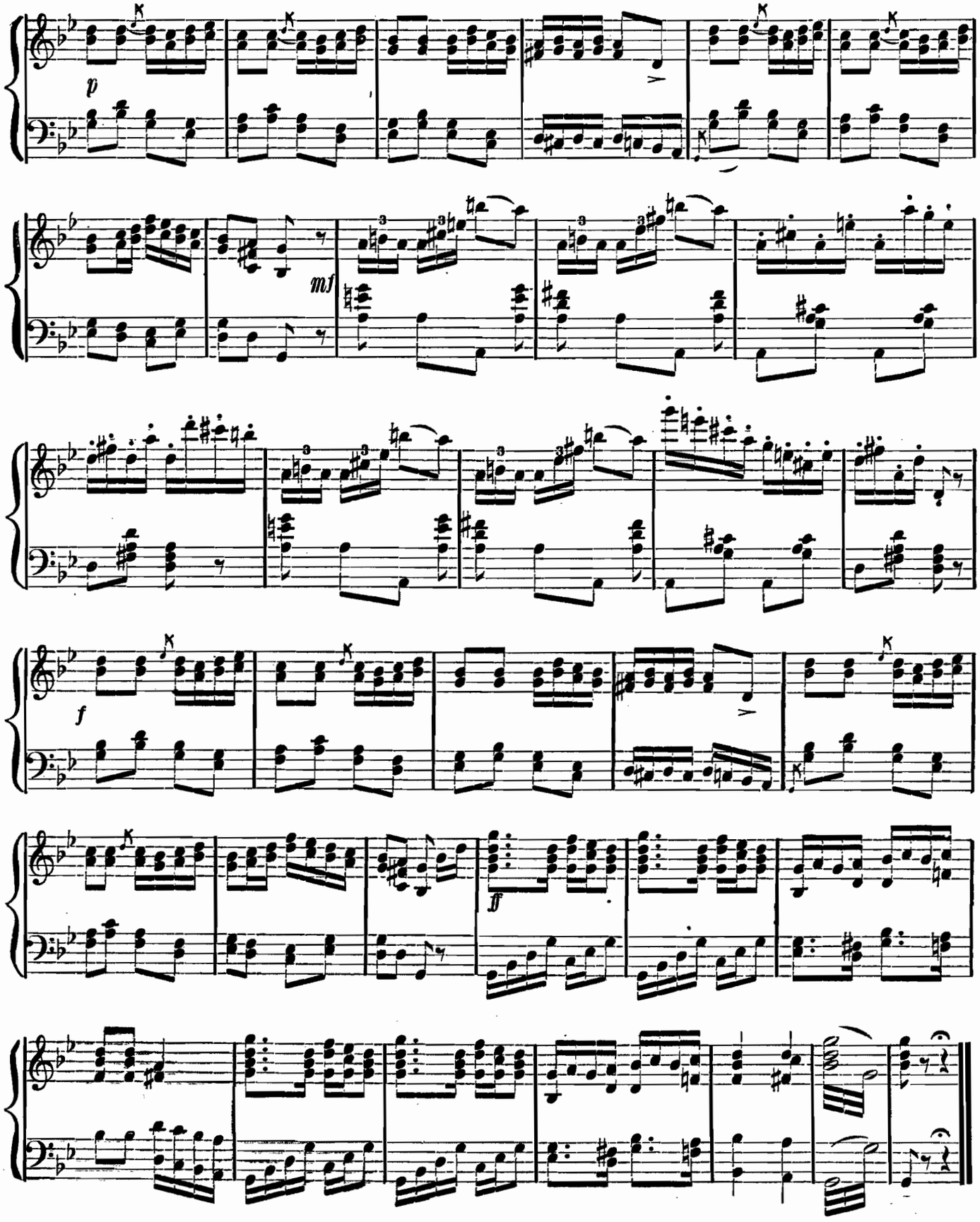
# ACT III.

## ENTR'ACTE.




p
mf
f
ff

# ACT III.

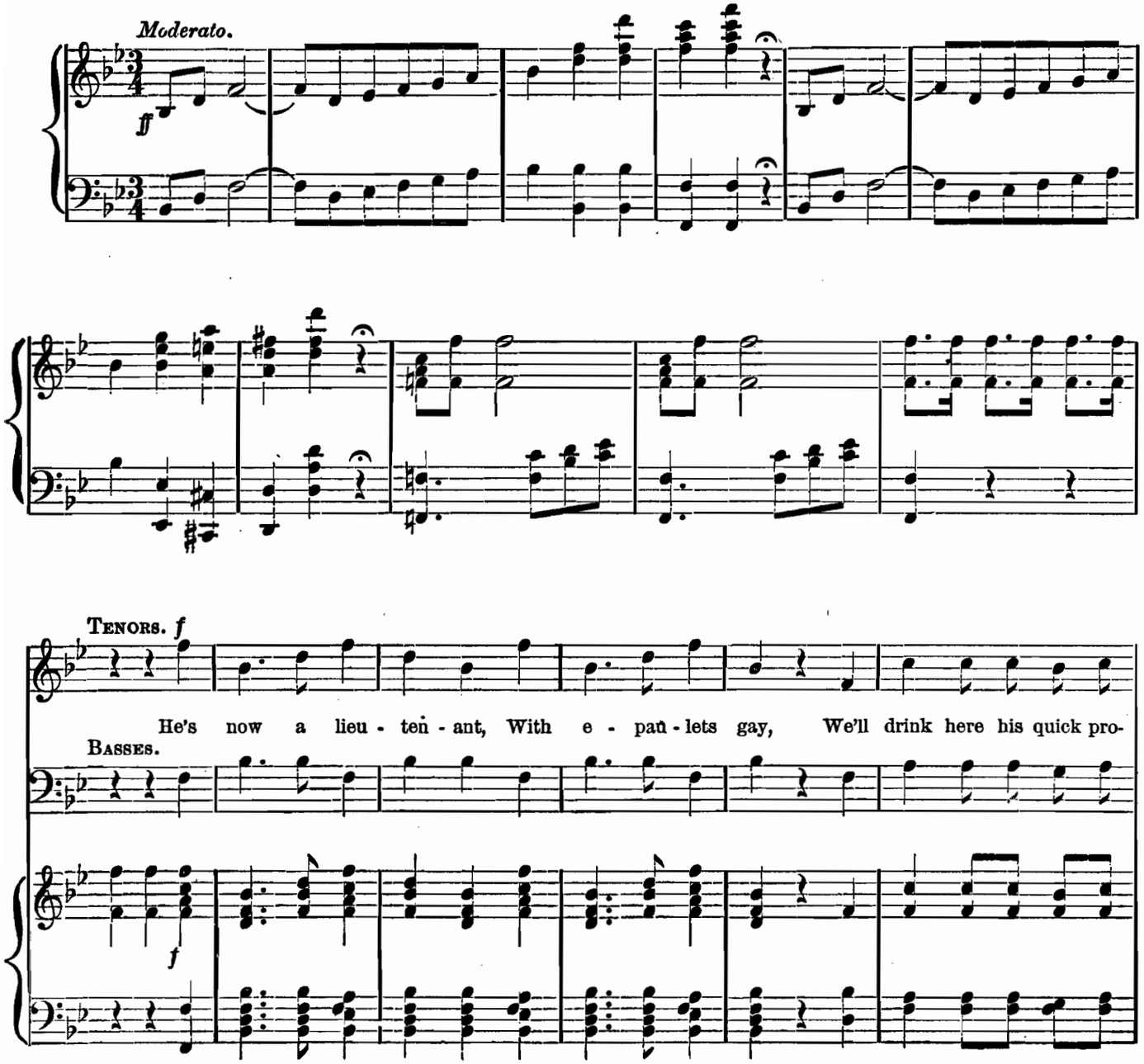
*A Camp. Headquarters. General's tent at the right. At the left, in the back, a mill. In the foreground, a green arbor, a bench.*

SCENE I.—MORALES, *Officers, Soldiers.*

## HE'S NOW A LIEUTENANT.

### No. 17. Introduction and Chorus.

*Officers and Soldiers drinking.*

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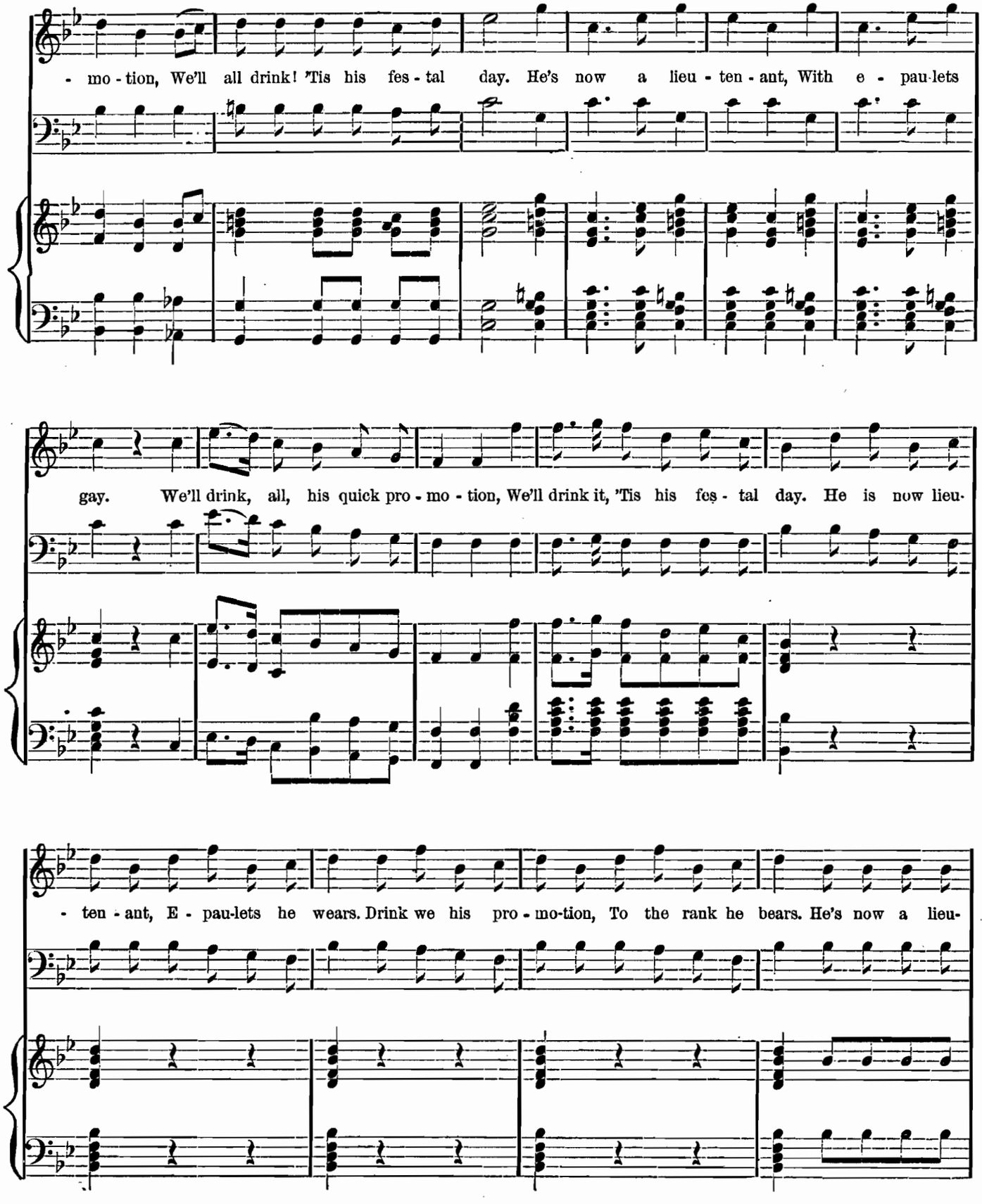
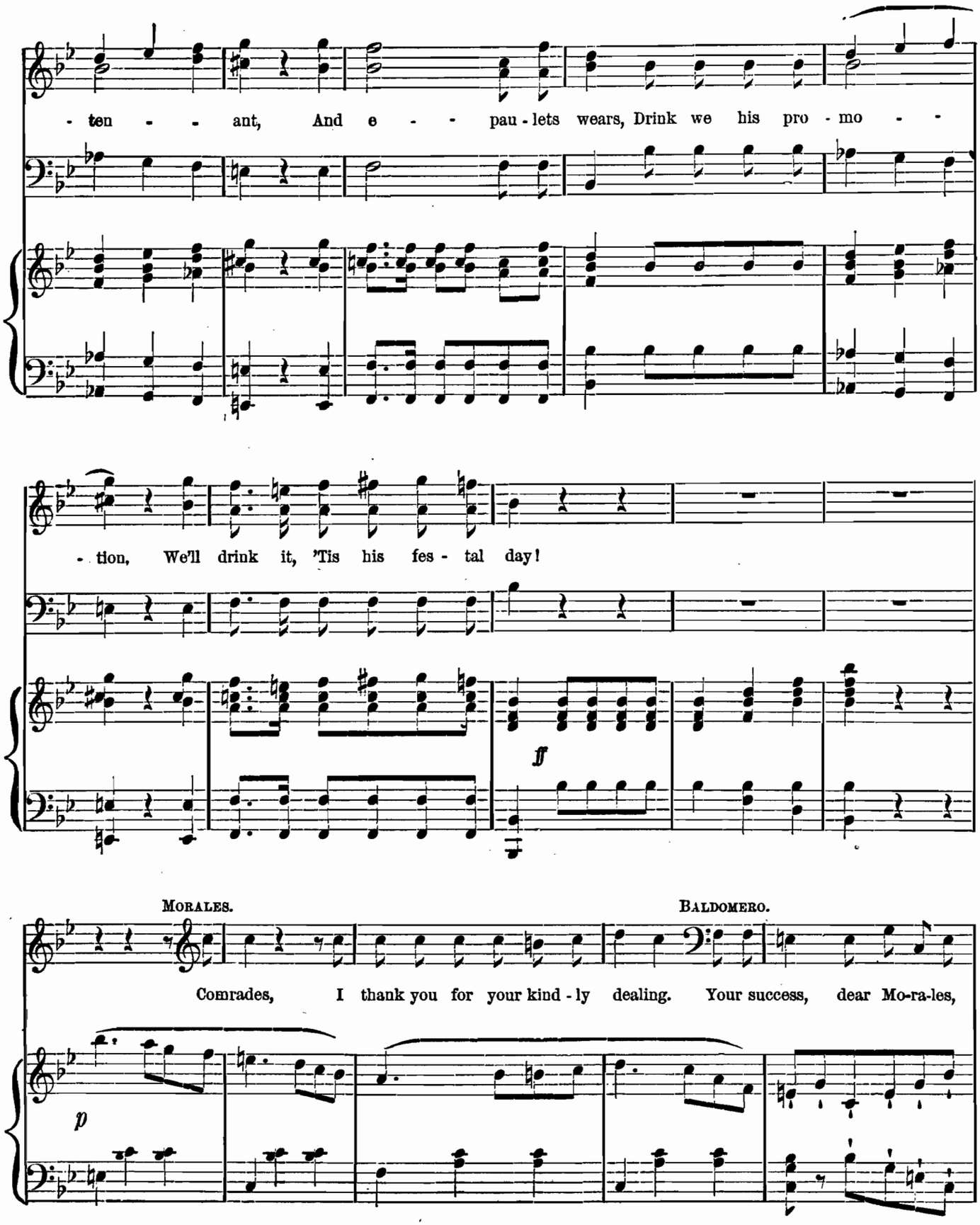
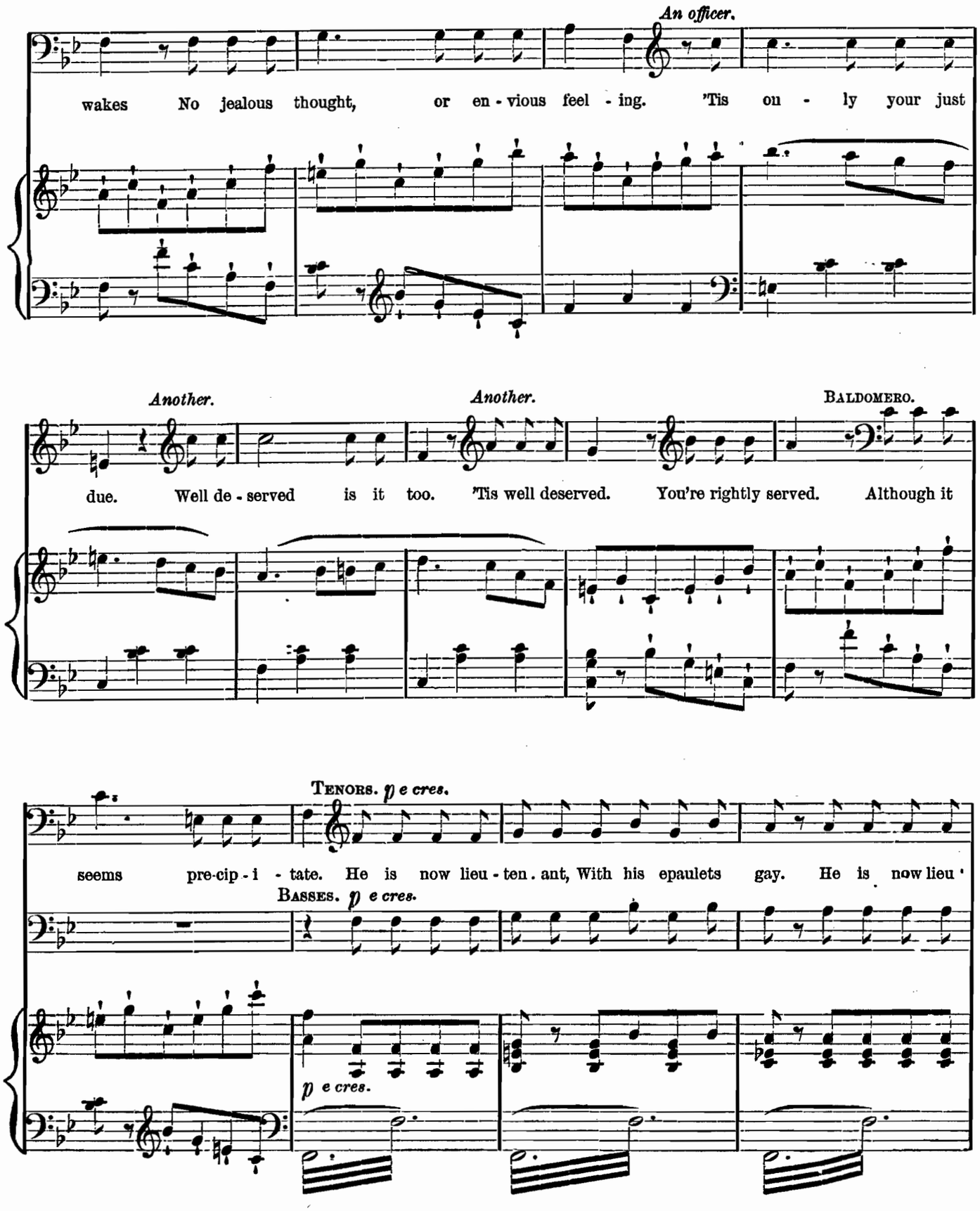
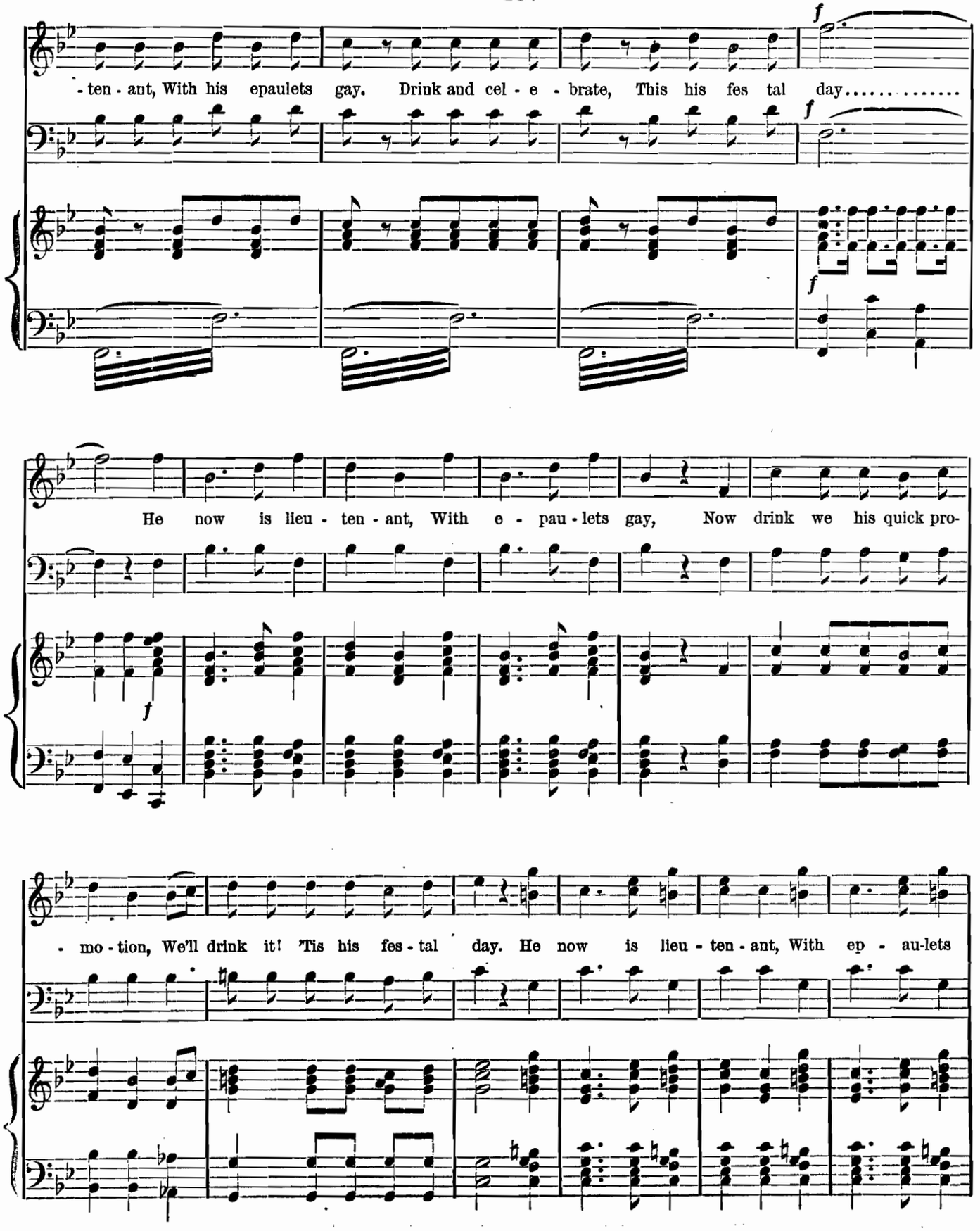
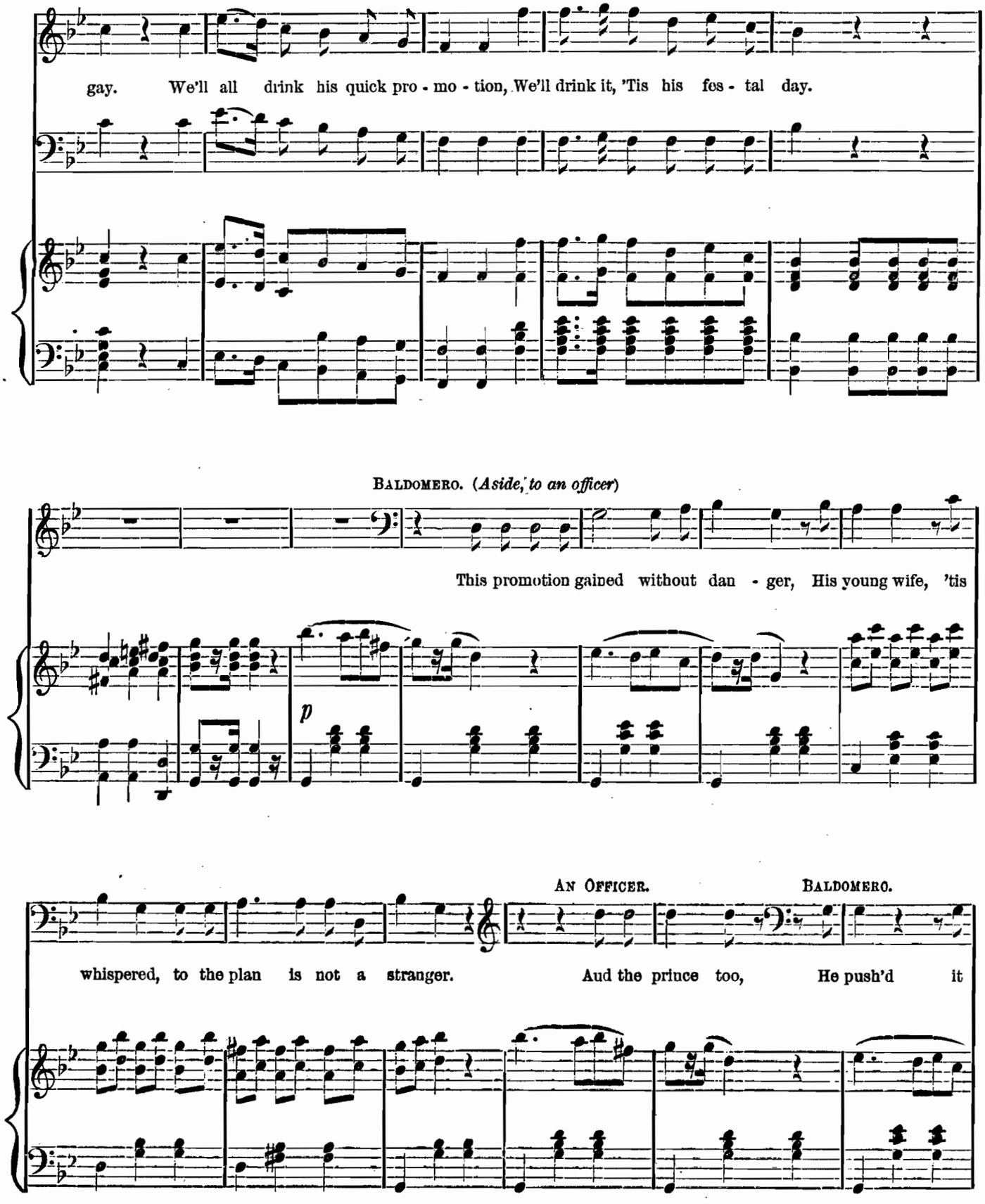
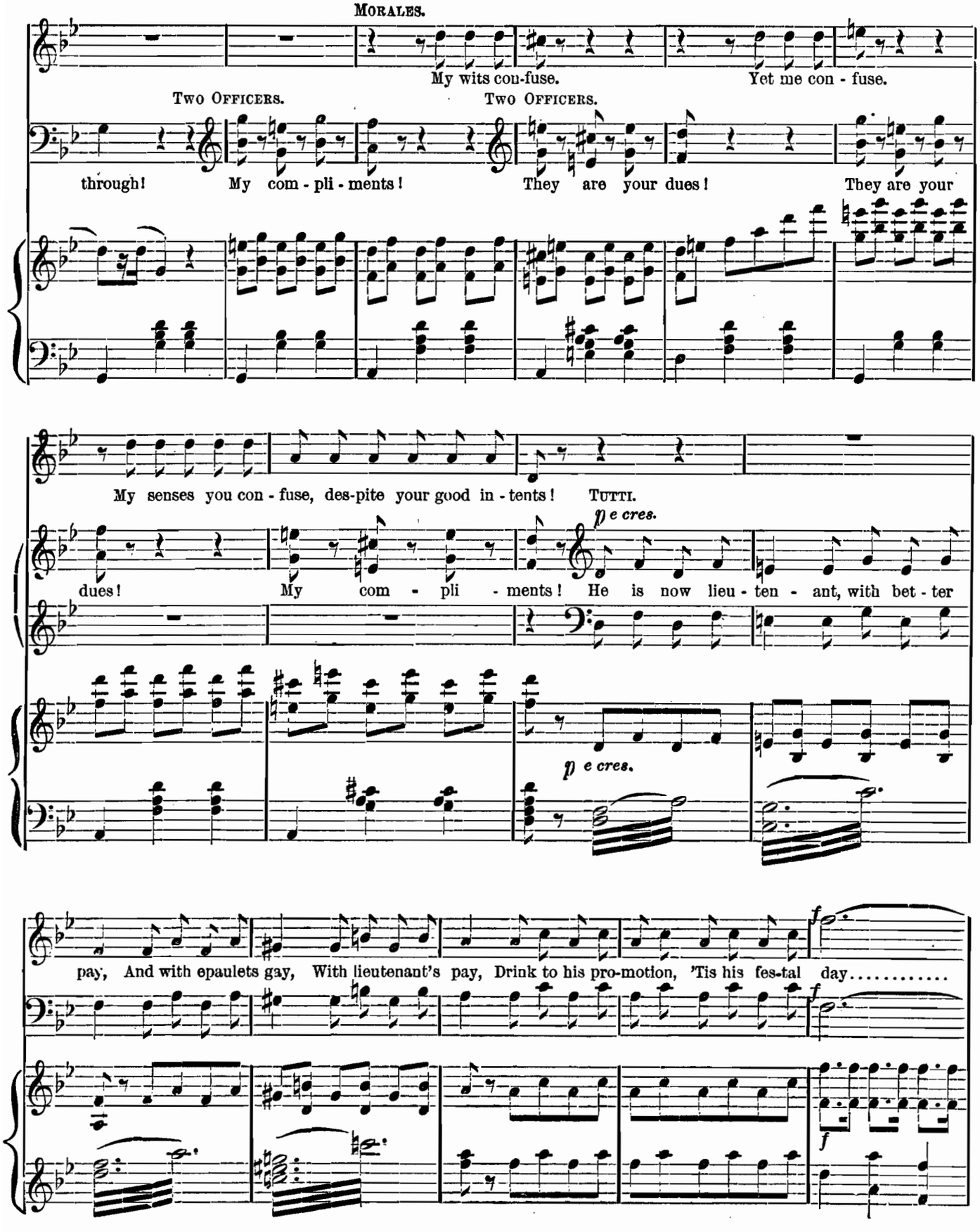

- mo - tion, We'll all drink! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He's now a lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau-lets
gay. We'll drink, all, his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-
- ten - ant, E - pau-lets he wears. Drink we his pro - mo-tion, To the rank he bears. He's now a lieu-

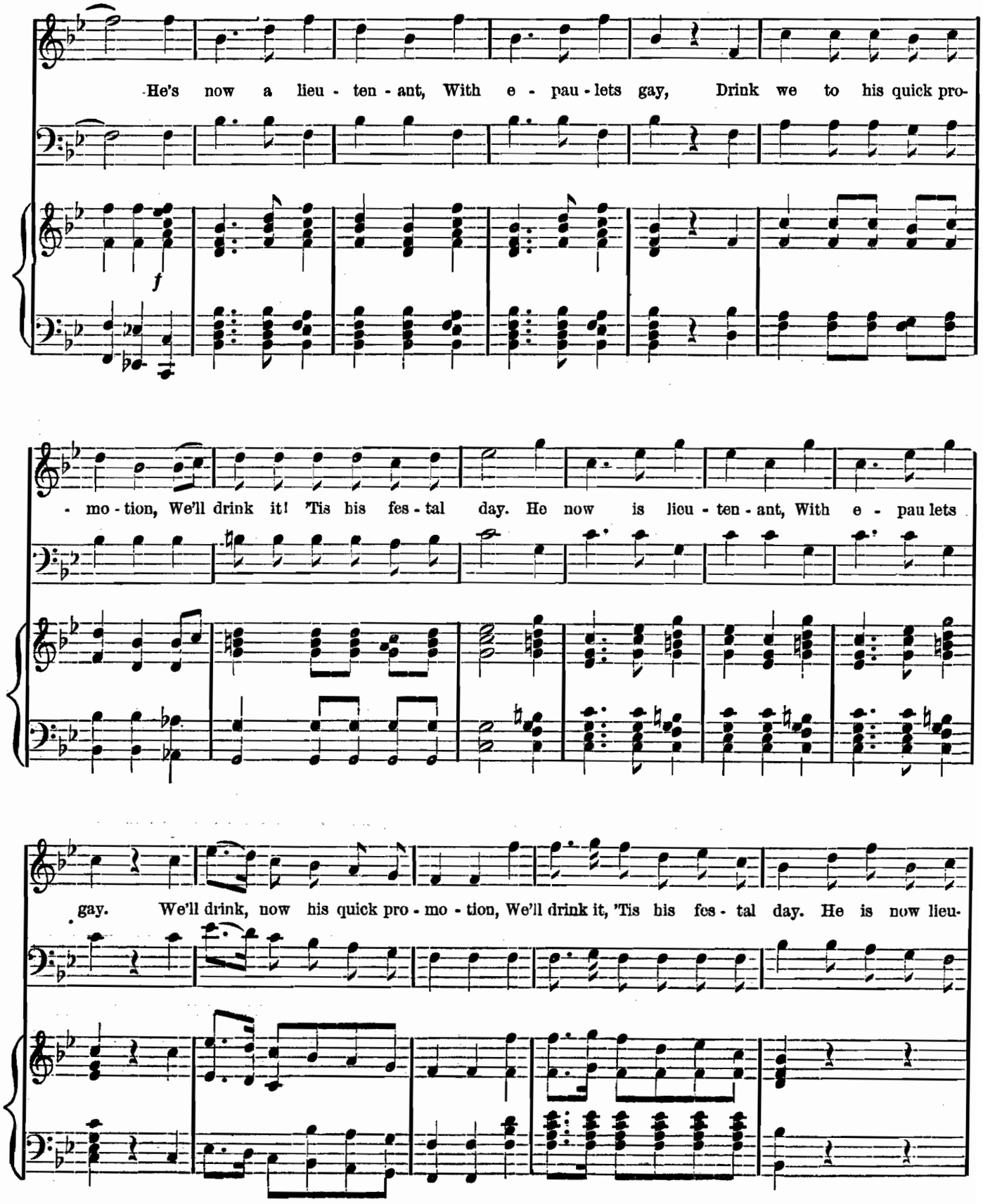

- ten - - ant, And e - - pau - lets wears, Drink we his pro - mo - -
- tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day!
ff
MORALES.
BALDOMERO.
Comrades, I thank you for your kind - ly dealing. Your success, dear Mo-ra-les,
p

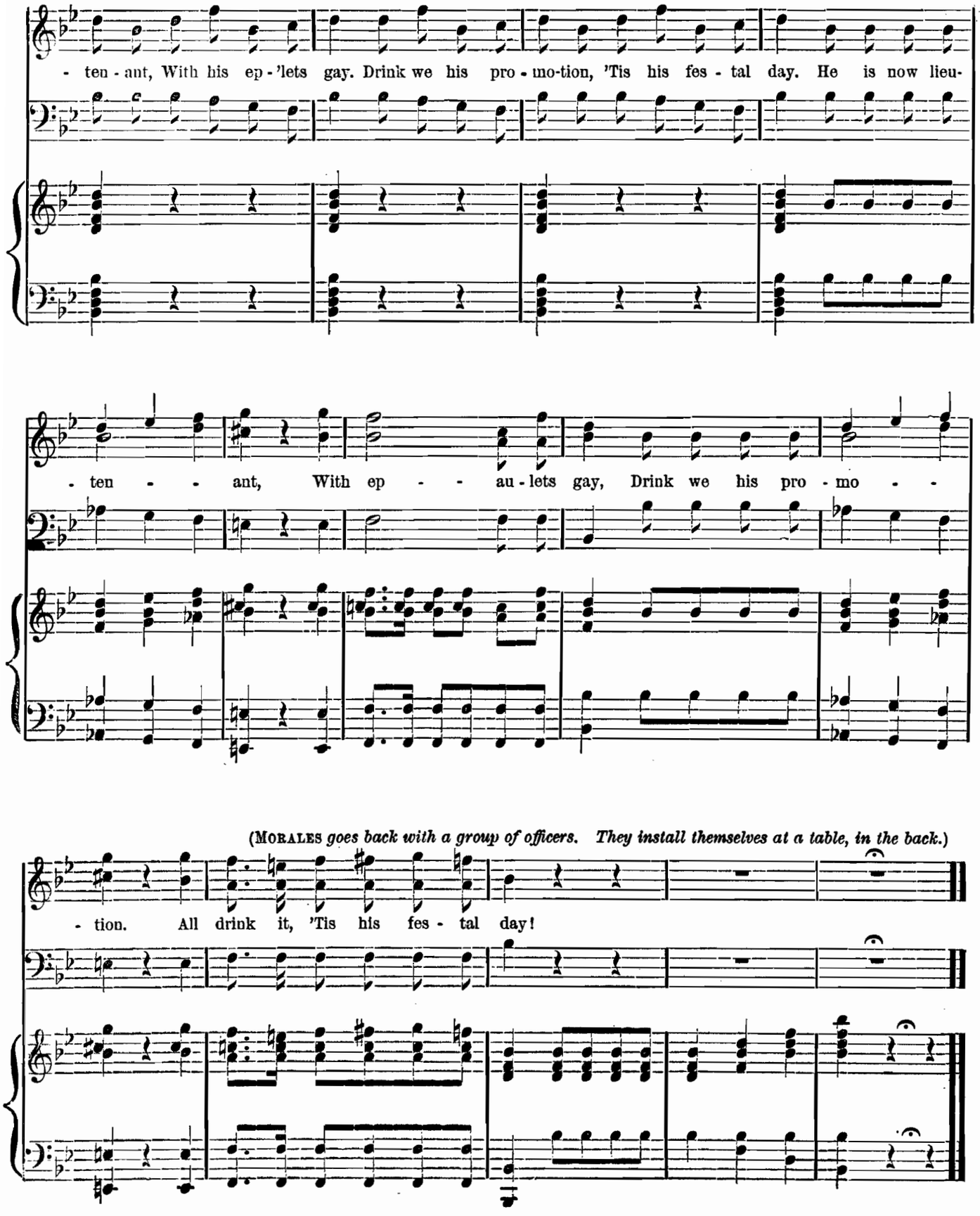

An officer.
wakes No jealous thought, or en - vious feel - ing. 'Tis ou - ly your just
Another.
Another.
BALDOMERO.
due. Well de - served is it too. 'Tis well deserved. You're rightly served. Although it
TENORS. p e cres.
seems pre-cip - i - tate. He is now lieu - ten . ant, With his epaulets gay. He is now lieu -
BASSES. p e cres.
p e cres.


-ten - ant, With his epaulets gay. Drink and cel - e - brate, This his fes tal day.....
He now is lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau - lets gay, Now drink we his quick pro-
- mo - tion, We'll drink it! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He now is lieu - ten - ant, With ep - au-lets


gay. We'll all drink his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day.
BALDOMERO. (*Aside, to an officer*)
This promotion gained without dan - ger, His young wife, 'tis
p
AN OFFICER.
BALDOMERO.
whispered, to the plan is not a stranger. Aud the prince too, He push'd it


MORALES.
My wits con-fuse.
Yet me con - fuse.
TWO OFFICERS.
TWO OFFICERS.
through!
My com - pli - ments!
They are your dues!
They are your
My senses you con - fuse, des-pite your good in - tents!
TUTTI.
p e cres.
dues!
My com - pli - ments! He is now lieu - ten - ant, with bet - ter
p e cres.
pay, And with epaulets gay, With lieutenant's pay, Drink to his pro-motion, 'Tis his fes-tal day.....
f
f
f


He's now a lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau - lets gay, Drink we to his quick pro-
f
- mo - tion, We'll drink it! 'Tis his fes - tal day. He now is lieu - ten - ant, With e - pau lets
gay. We'll drink, now his quick pro - mo - tion, We'll drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-


- ten - ant, With his ep - 'lets gay. Drink we his pro - mo-tion, 'Tis his fes - tal day. He is now lieu-
- ten - - ant, With ep - - au - lets gay, Drink we his pro - mo - -
(MORALES goes back with a group of officers. They install themselves at a table, in the back.)
- tion. All drink it, 'Tis his fes - tal day!

FIRST OFFICER (*in subdued voice, taking* BALDOMÉRO *aside*). Tell me, now, you who know so many things, is it serious, what they are whispering about, — Morales and his wife?

BAL. Serious! serious! All I know about it is that he has had a very rapid promotion; and (*twisting his mustache*) there are soldiers who, after twenty-six years, three months, and seventeen days of service, still wait for the epaulet. I do not say that of myself.

FIRST OFFICER. I think so! Yet, as to the lieutenant there is a scandal running.

BAL. I cannot prevent its running.

FIRST OFFICER. On that score the prince must have taken a mistress the day after his marriage.

SECOND OFFICER. That would be a little rough!

BAL. Perhaps 't is false.

FIRST OFFICER. Where could they meet? The prisoner has not left the camp, and women never come here.

SECOND OFFICER. That is very true!

BAL. What matters it? Have you not seen a little fellow who often introduces himself under one costume or another, and is mysteriously received by the prince?

SECOND OFFICER. Certainly, I have observed him.

FIRST OFFICER. That might be a woman disguised?

BAL. Possibly! And, see here; it would be very convenient! The prince has attached Morales to his staff, and allows him not a moment of liberty to visit his wife, who holds service near the princess.

FIRST OFFICER. That is true!

SECOND OFFICER. Yes; he has not had an hour's leave.

BAL. And when the presence of the husband might be troublesome, — when the supposed little fellow might come, for example, — the prince has only a word to say to Morales, giving him some mission that sends him off on the run.

SECOND OFFICER. Well, it is not badly planned!

FIRST OFFICER (*laughing*). 'T is convenient, anyway!

## SCENE II.

*The same;* DON MOSQUITOS.

(*At the entrance of* MOSQUITOS *all rise up.*)

MOS. Good morning, gentlemen, good morning! Ah! you are celebrating the promotion? That is well; very well! Lieut. Morales, — I am happy to give you that title. Lieut. Morales, you have been ordered to draw up a history of the grand autumn manœuvres; have you acquitted yourself of the task?

MOR. I have commenced it, colonel, as soon as I received the order.

MOS. Very well; read it!

MOR. (*takes a manuscript from the pocket of his uniform and reads*). The grand manœuvres of autumn commenced on the 15th of September. It was decided that they should take place under the form of a sham fight —

MOS. (*interrupting*). Hold on! You go too fast. We must not confine ourse ves to the relation of purely military facts. You will call to mind that, from the morning of his marriage, the Prince of Madeira has torn himself away from the delights of Hymen to give himself up to the rude labors of war, and has left his young wife at the Convent of Saint Angelos, to direct in person his corps of the army.

MOR. (*taking notes*). Very well, colonel.

MOS. You will add that the king, touched by this warlike zeal, has deigned on his side to put himself in person at the head of the other army corps.

MOR. Very well, colonel.

MOS. These p litical considerations give relief to the technical and strategic d tails. Continue!

MOR. The two corps of the army have accomplished a combined multiple of operations.

MOS. (*interrupting*). That is true! For two months there have been marches, sudden countermarches, — unexpected, inexplicable. They have approached the convent and have retreated from it. The prince has received reports from mysterious emissaries. It is quite the semblance of war, with its fatigues and surprises. (*To* MORALES.) Continue!

MOR. Yes, colonel.

MOS. No! do not continue. I perceive the prince coming this way! (*All take the position of a military salute.*)

## SCENE III.

*The same;* GAÉTAN.

GAÉ. (*much agitated*). Good morning, gentlemen! (*With a gesture he bids all to resume their places.*) (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel, has there come hither any messenger during my absence?

MOS. No, Prince.

GAÉ. 'T is well.

BAL. (*to an officer, observing* GAÉTAN). He has a preoccupied air.

GAÉ. (*aside*). What can keep her back? Still nothing to-day! Eight days without sight of her! I have tramped over the convent route. Could she have taken another road? (*Wipes his brow and moves about agitatedly.*)

BAL. He can't stay in one place.

GAÉ. (*softly*). Ah! I cannot stay here longer. I must get nearer to Saint Angelos! (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel! we shall move forward; we are off! break camp! in an hour everybody must be on the march. Follow me, colonel.

MOS. (*to the* SECOND OFFICER). Follow me, captain!

SECOND OFFICER (*starting off*). (*To* MORALES.) Follow me, lieutenant.

MOR. (*following*). (*To a brigadier.*) Stay here, brigadier!

## SCENE IV.

BALDOMÉRO, *officers, soldiers,* MICAÉLA (*as a novice*); *the soldiers remount and disperse.*

BAL. Come, now! We were so well off here.

FIRST OFFICER. What a bore!

BAL. There is something in the wind, I don't know what; but the prince has not a contented air!

SECOND OFFICER. We must buckle the traps.

BAL. Buckle the traps! Stay! there are no orders as yet; there is time enough yet for taking that trouble! (*A noise is heard.*) What is that?

FIRST OFFICER (*in the back, to a young novice*). Why, no. No one comes into camp in that fashion! What do you want?

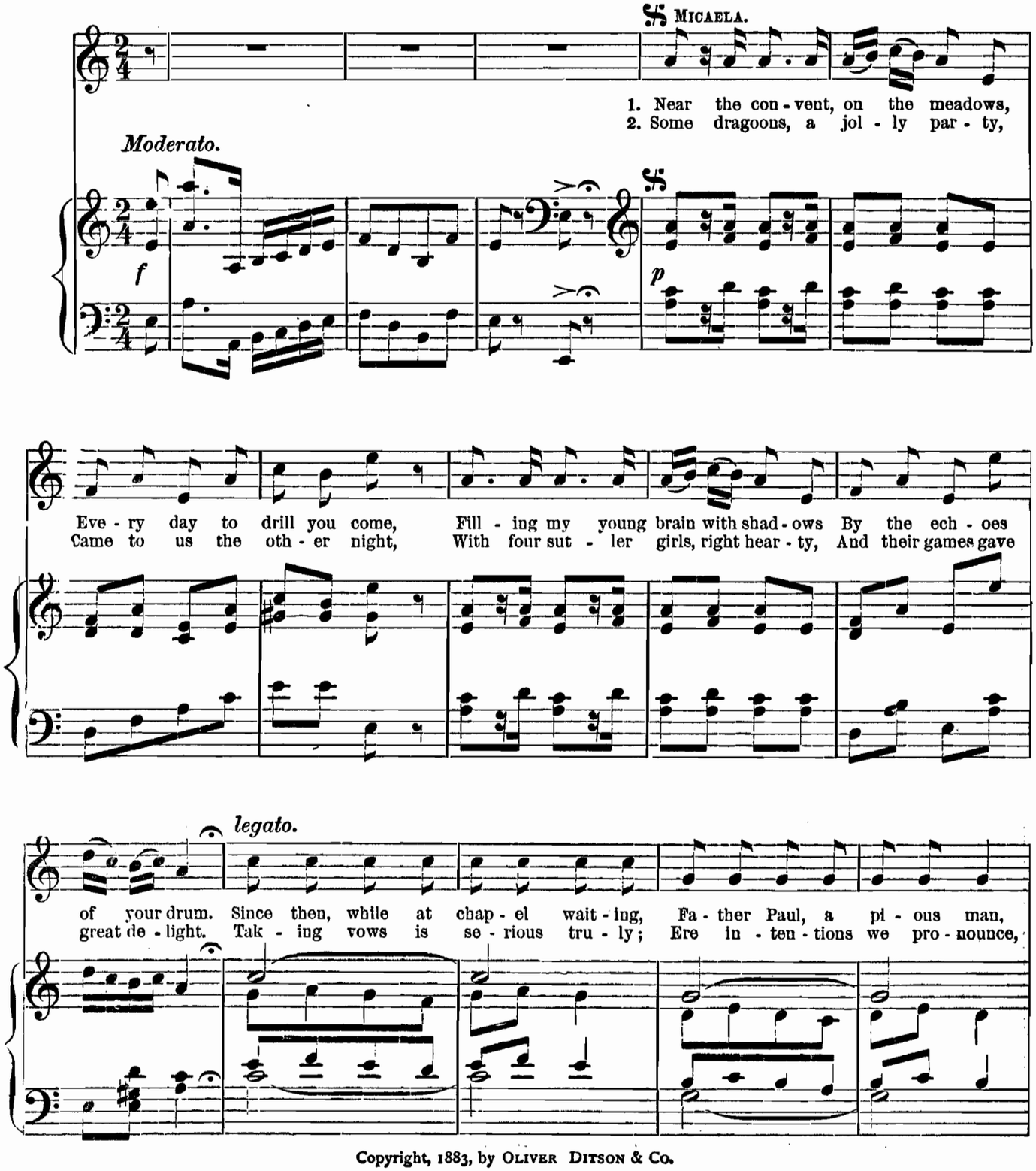
MICA. (*umbly*). To speak with your commander.

FIRST OFFICER. Nothing but that! But what do you want of the commander?

MICA. I will tell you.

# NEAR THE CONVENT.

## No 18. Song of the Novice.

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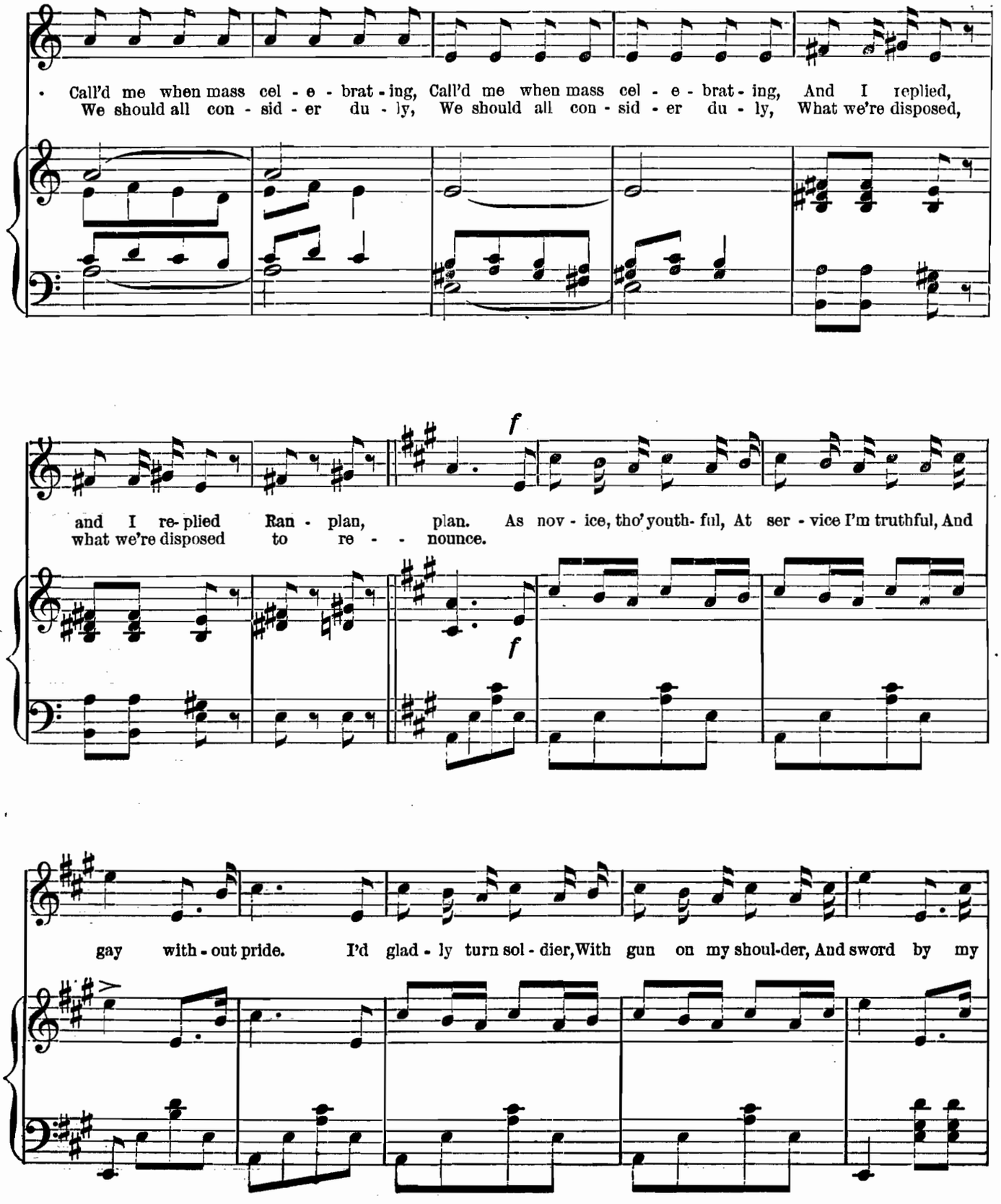
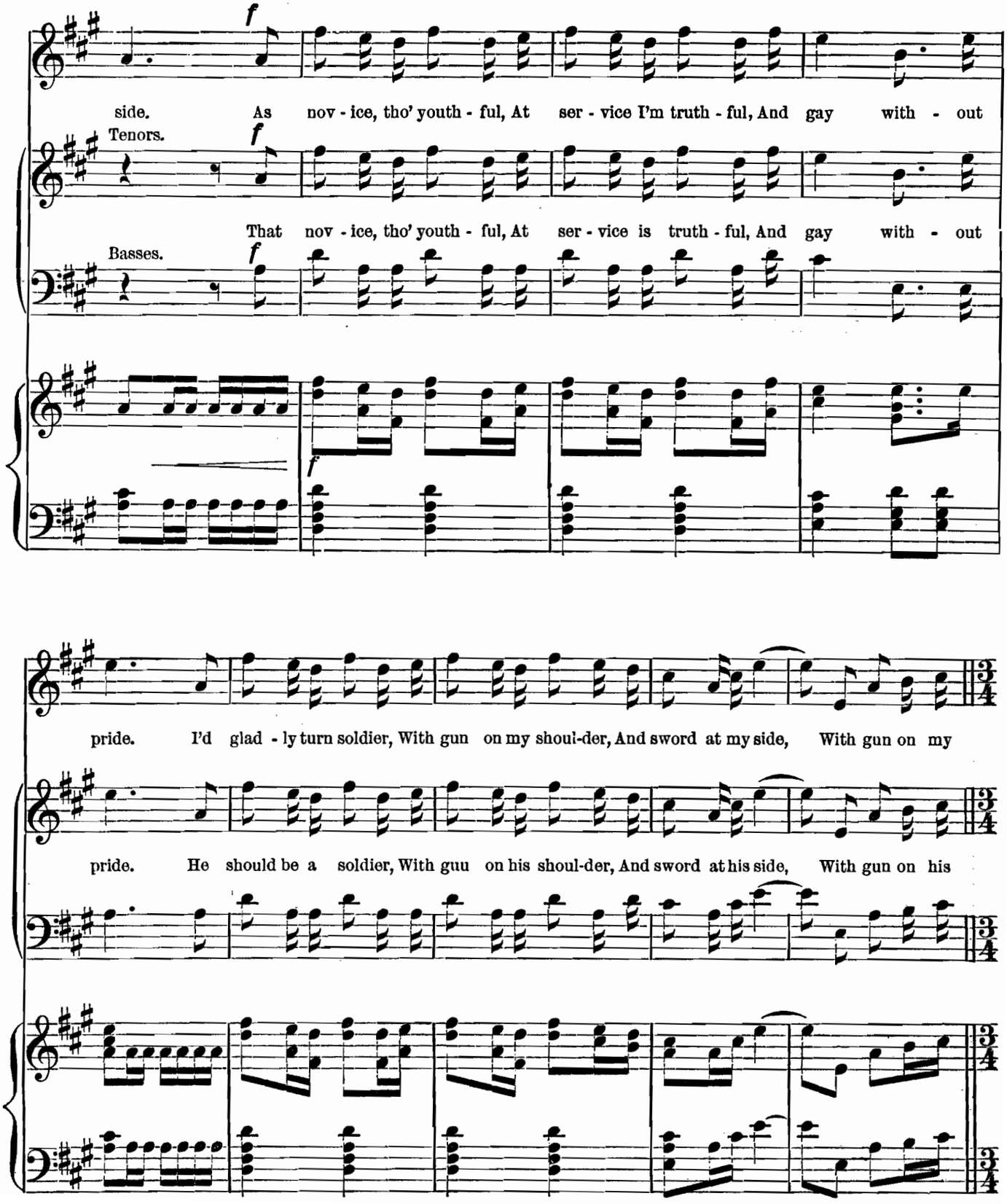
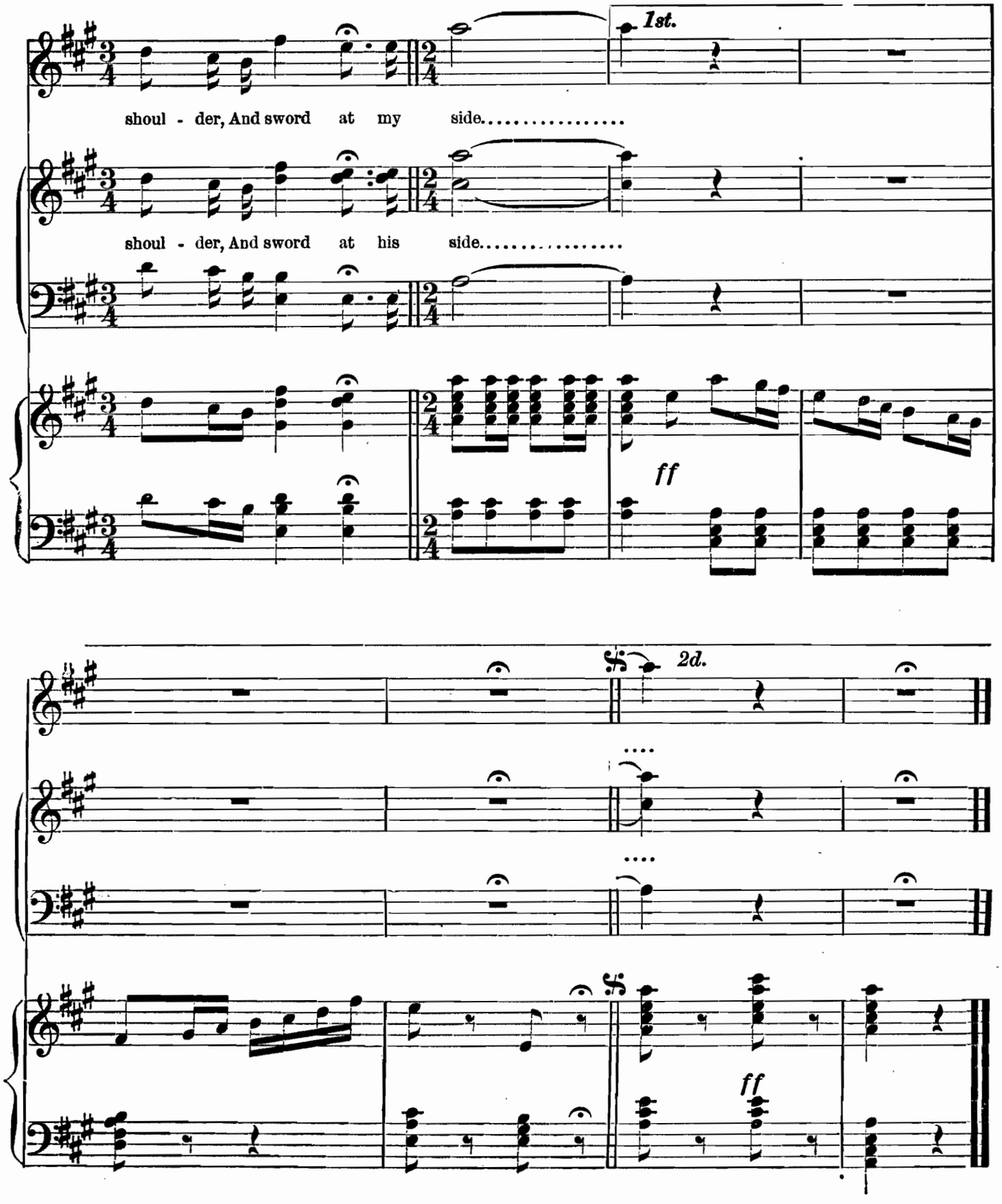

Call'd me when mass cel - e - brat - ing, Call'd me when mass cel - e - brat - ing, And I replied,
We should all con - sid - er du - ly, We should all con - sid - er du - ly, What we're disposed,
f
and I re- plied Ran - plan, plan. As nov - ice, tho' youth- ful, At ser - vice I'm truthful, And
what we're disposed to re - - nounce.
f
gay with - out pride. I'd glad - ly turn sol - dier, With gun on my shoul-der, And sword by my


f
side. As nov - ice, tho' youth - ful, At ser - vice I'm truth - ful, And gay with - out
Tenors.
f
That nov - ice, tho' youth - ful, At ser - vice is truth - ful, And gay with - out
Basses.
f
f
pride. I'd glad - ly turn soldier, With gun on my shoul-der, And sword at my side, With gun on my
pride. He should be a soldier, With guu on his shoul-der, And sword at his side, With gun on his


1st.
shoul - der, And sword at my side.....
shoul - der, And sword at his side.....
ff
2d.
ff

1st OFFICER. Stay! You want to speak with our commander—here he is.

SCENE V. *The same.* GAETAN. *Then* DON MOSQUITOS.

GAE. Well, gentleman, all is ready for our departure. (*Perceiving* MIC.) Ah! (*Aside*) 'Tis she at last!

MOSQ. (*Arriving from the other side, wiping his brow.*) Prince, your staff is in the saddle.

GAE. Very well! Let it dismount, then. We shall (*Seeing* MIC.) not go!

BALD. (*Aside.*) I would have bet on that!

MOSQ. Capital! As Vauban says: "It is by continual quick movements that a soldier is hardened to warfare."

GAE. Go. I am going to think over a new plan of campaign; let no one disturb me! (*To the* 1st OFFICER.) Place the sentinels on duty. (*To* MOSQ.) Colonel, one word more! (*In low voice.*) Lieuteuant Morales, will immediately mount on horseback, and with six men, he will search through the little orange grove. (MOSQ. *departs. The prince and* MIC. *gaze at each other with emotion.*)

SCENE VI. GAETAN. MICAELA.

GAE. It is you! At last, it is you! (*He kisses her.*) Eight days without meeting—without news of you! I was in mortal unrest! I was about to move up the whole army corps to get nearer to you. (*He makes her sit down beside him upon a bench. She unfastens her robe of the novice, and appears in a costume of a garden maid.*)

MIC. It is not my fault, as I will explain to you. (*While she speaks,* GAE. *devours her with his eyes, he kisses her brow, her hand, and her arms, relishing every caress.*) You know I am at the convent attached to the princess; I had found means to slip out by a little private gate. When last week you moved up your camp, the king, who takes infinite pleasure in these martial movements, has caused the construction, everywhere, of intrenchments, palisades bastions, and angles. Oh! I may easily recall the terms. Every evening he related to me—that is to say, he related to the princess all that he had done during the day. And he worked so well, that, one morning at the moment of my projected escape, I found the little garden gate effectually stopped up by a mass of earth more than ten feet high! I must seek out some other mode of egress—some other disguise. Well, that took a long time; and it is only to-day, that, thanks to this costume, I have been able to arrive here.

GAE. (*Kisses her again, and gazing at her with infinite tenderness.*) I have not listened to one word you have said!

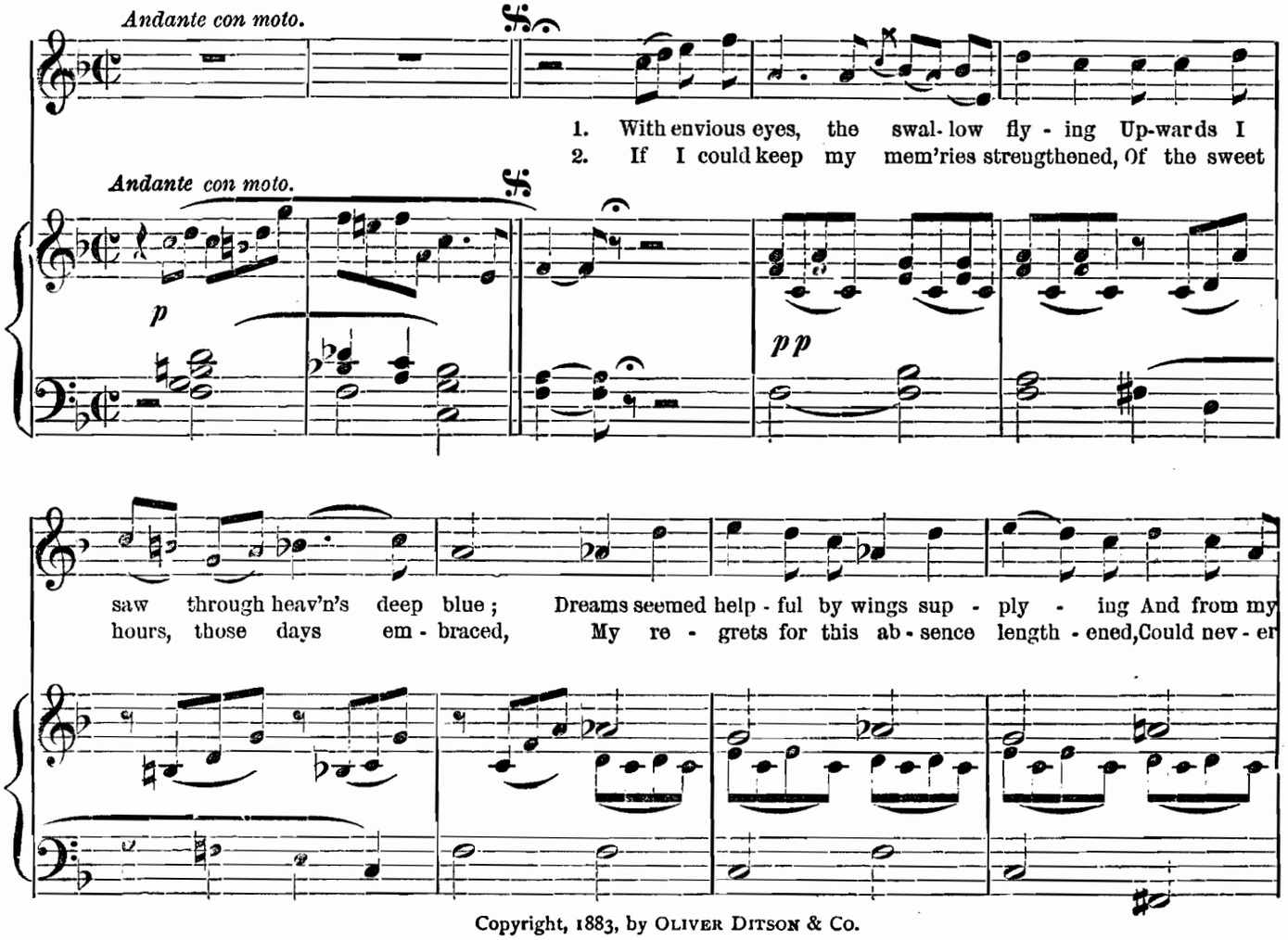
MIC. I was explaining to you, that it was the king's fault

GAE. The king is a blockhead, and you—you are an angel.

MIC. Oh! I was very sorry when I found I could not pass out!

# WITH ENVIOUS EYES.

## No 19. Romance.

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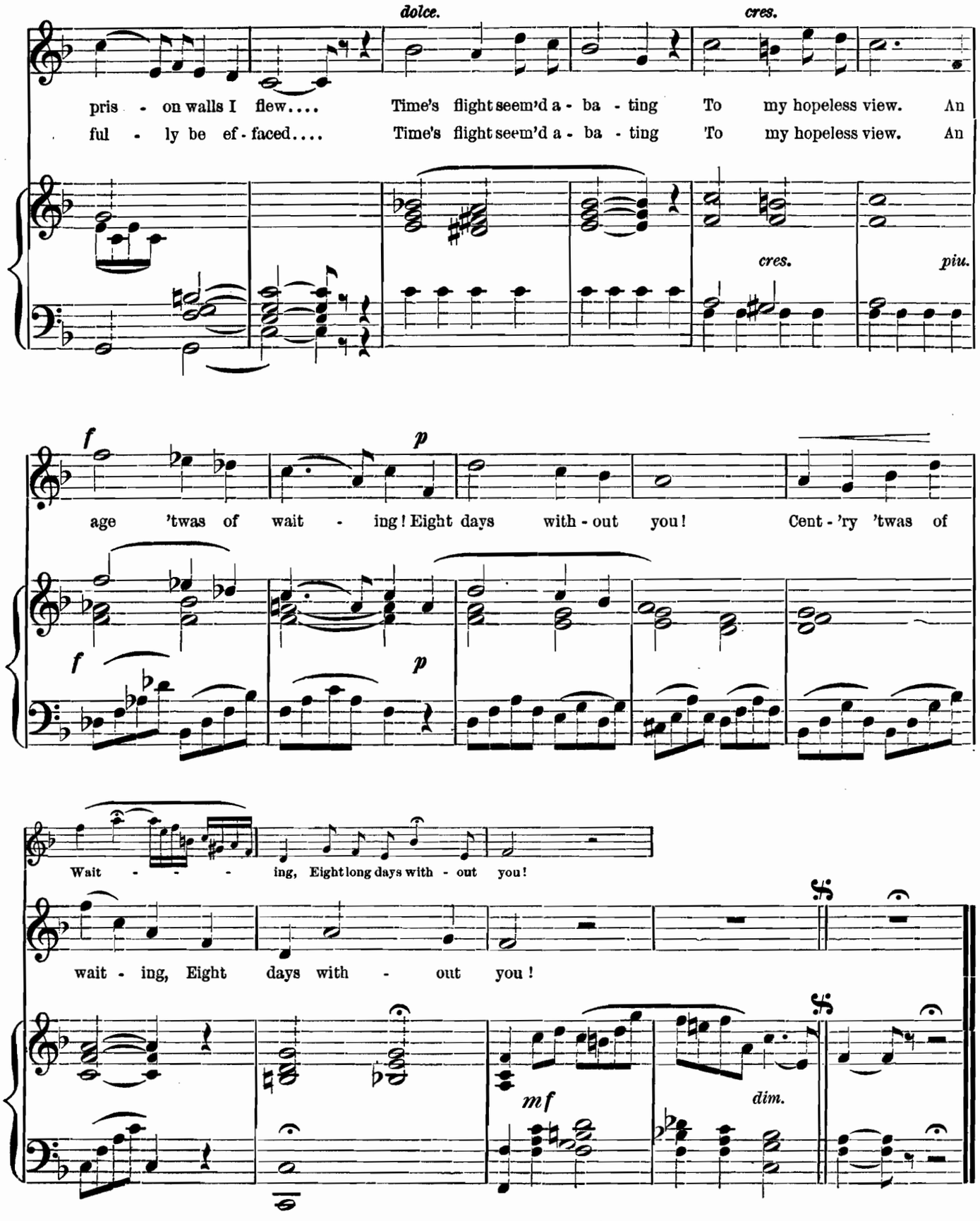

dolce.
cres.
pris - on walls I flew.... Time's flight seem'd a - ba - ting To my hopeless view. An
ful - ly be ef - faced.... Time's flight seem'd a - ba - ting To my hopeless view. An
cres.
piu.
f
p
age 'twas of wait - ing! Eight days with - out you! Cent - 'ry 'twas of
f
p
Wait - - - ing, Eight long days with - out you!
wait - ing, Eight days with - out you!
mf
dim.

GAE. From the moment of your arrival, everything else is forgotten but it must not occur again; you promise me, don't you?
MIC. I will do my best. Can we be sure of anything under such circumstances? We must be prudent.
GAE. We will be. Nobody has a suspicion?
MIC. Nobody, except that young girl, of whom I have spoken to you, my cousin. Without her aid, I should accomplish nothing. But I answer for her, as for myself.
GAE. Then I bless your cousin!
MIC. Only—there is the princess.
GAE. Do you think she suspects you?
MIC. No! She has confidence in me; but yet, a husband who, without saying a word to his wife, shuts her up in a convent—that may give reason for thought. The princess is no fool!
GAE. And what matter, if she should discover anything? I feel myself strong enough to defend you, and brave everything. (*Noise outside.*)
MIC. (*Slipping away from him.*) Some one comes.
GAE. What is that?

SCENE VII. *The same.* BALDOMERO. JOSEFA.

JOS. (*Contesting.*) I will pass, I tell you!
MIC. (*Aside.*) She here!
GAE. What is wanted of me? I had formally forbidden—
BALD. Prince, it is this young girl, who wanted absolutely to speak with you—I tried to prevent her—Oh! a man would not have passed—(*Lays his hand on his sword.*) But with a woman, we cannot always do what we wish to.
MIC. (*Softly to* GAETAN.) It is—it is my cousin.
GAE. (*To* BALDOMERO.) Leave us.
BALD. (*Makes a half turn, with a military salute, aside.*) In the midst of grand manœuvers! (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VIII. GAETAN. JOSEFA. MICAELA.

GAE. Well, what is it?
JOS. (*Recovering her breath.*) It is—that the king is coming here in a moment.
GAE. What matters that to me?
JOS. He wishes to bring the princess here, and is about to send to the convent for her.
GAE. The princess!
JOS. (*Embarrassed.*) You understand, monseigneur, the princess will need the help of my cousin. If she is not on hand, she will lose her place.
GAE. What an awkward business! (*He goes up back a moment.*)
JOS. (*Quickly, softly to* MIC.) I have a carryall, and a good horse. Be off! (MIC. *escapes quickly, without a word said.*)
GAE. Well, she has escaped!
JOS. Ah! do not retain her, monseigneur. Just think, if she should be seen—not a moment is to be lost!
GAE. Well, go. (JOS. *goes off towards the mill.*)

SCENE IX. GAETAN. MOSQUITOS.

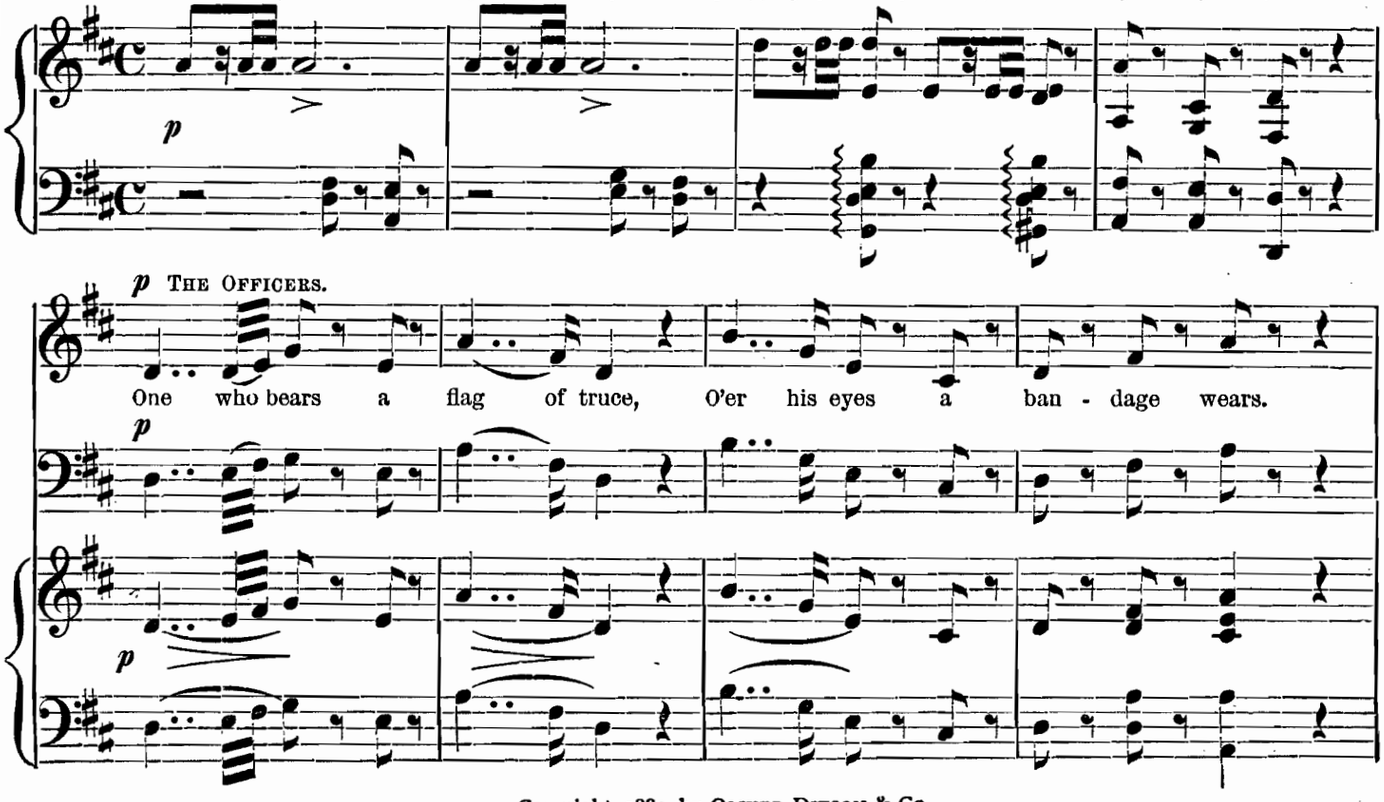
MOSQ. Prince, the king, my master, commander-in-chief of the second army corps, asks to be introduced to your presence.
GAE. Very well! (*Makes a gesture of assent, aside.*) The sooner he comes, the sooner he will—
MOSQ. The king, always faithful to the usages of war, insists upon being introduced hither under a flag of truce.
GAE. That's all the same to me! (*Aside.*) If she might only arrive in time! (*He goes up back, and looks off over the road by which* MIC. *has gone.*)
MOSQ. He is here. Prince!

SCENE X. GAETAN. DON MOSQUITOS. *The* KING. BALDOMERO. *Officers. Soldiers. Peasant woman.*

# ONE WHO BEARS A FLAG OF TRUCE.

## No 20. Ensemble. Petition of Peasant woman. Couplets of the King.

*Moderato.* (*The* KING, *is brought in, with eyes bandaged, flag of truce fashion, conducted by two officers.*)

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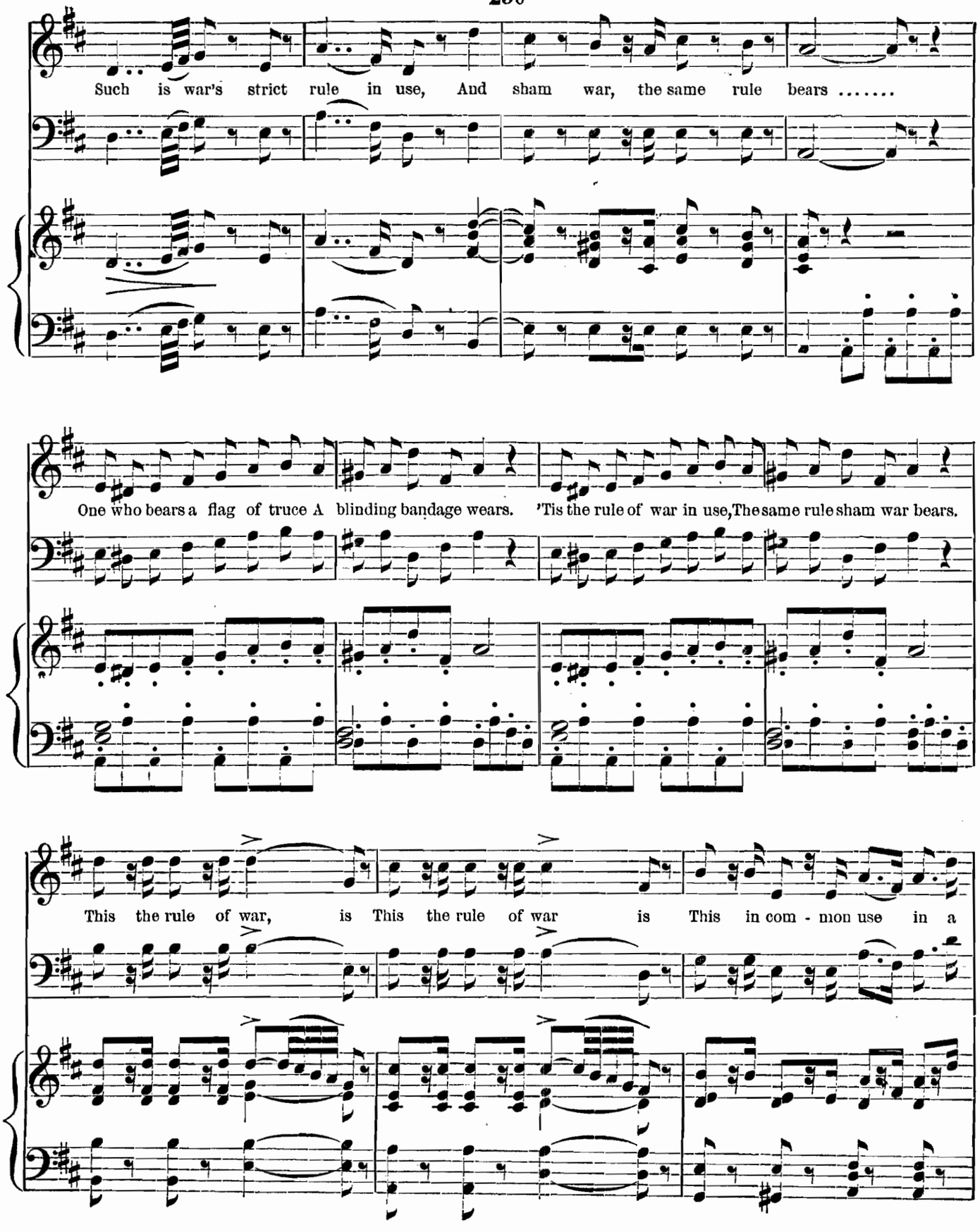
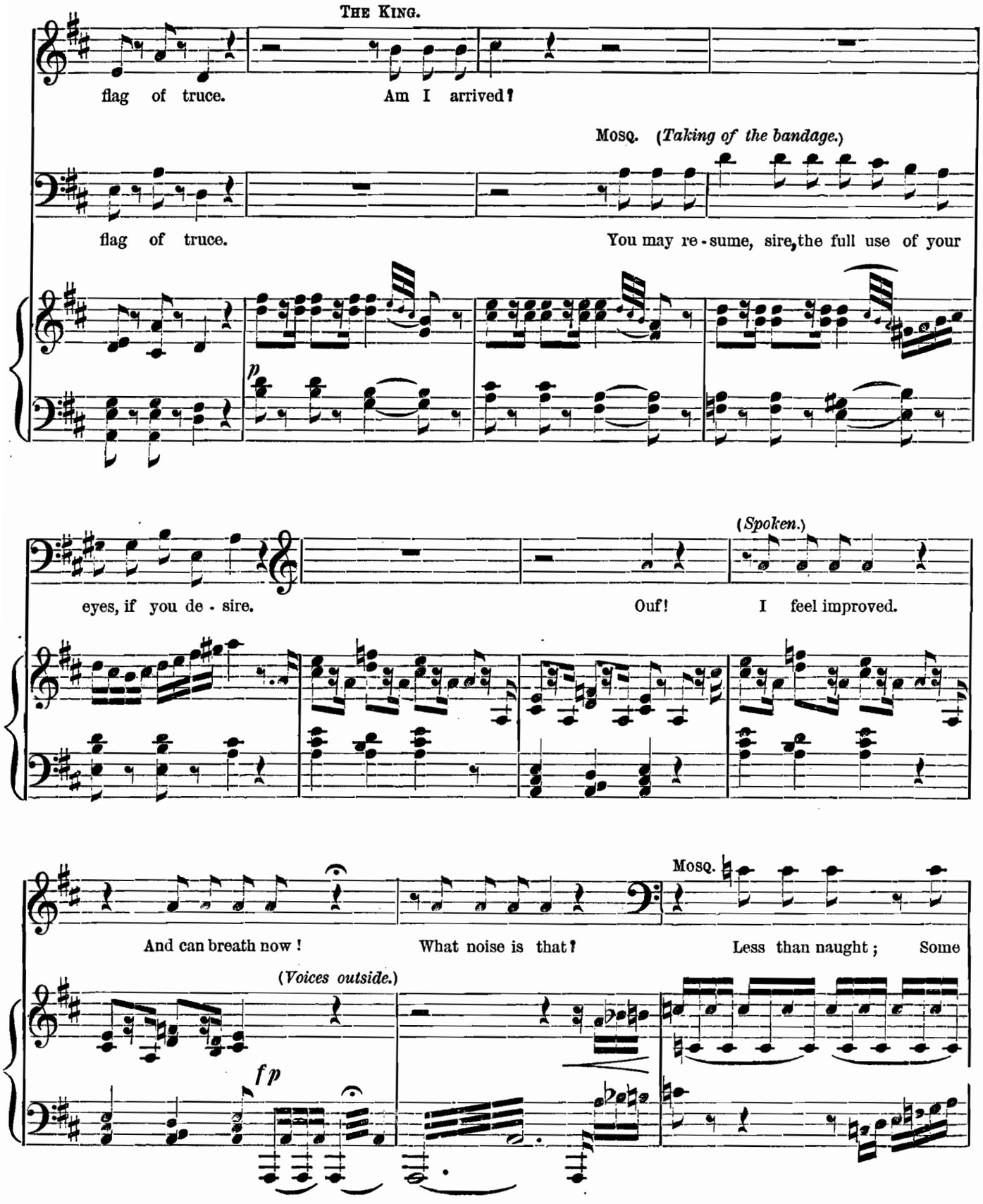
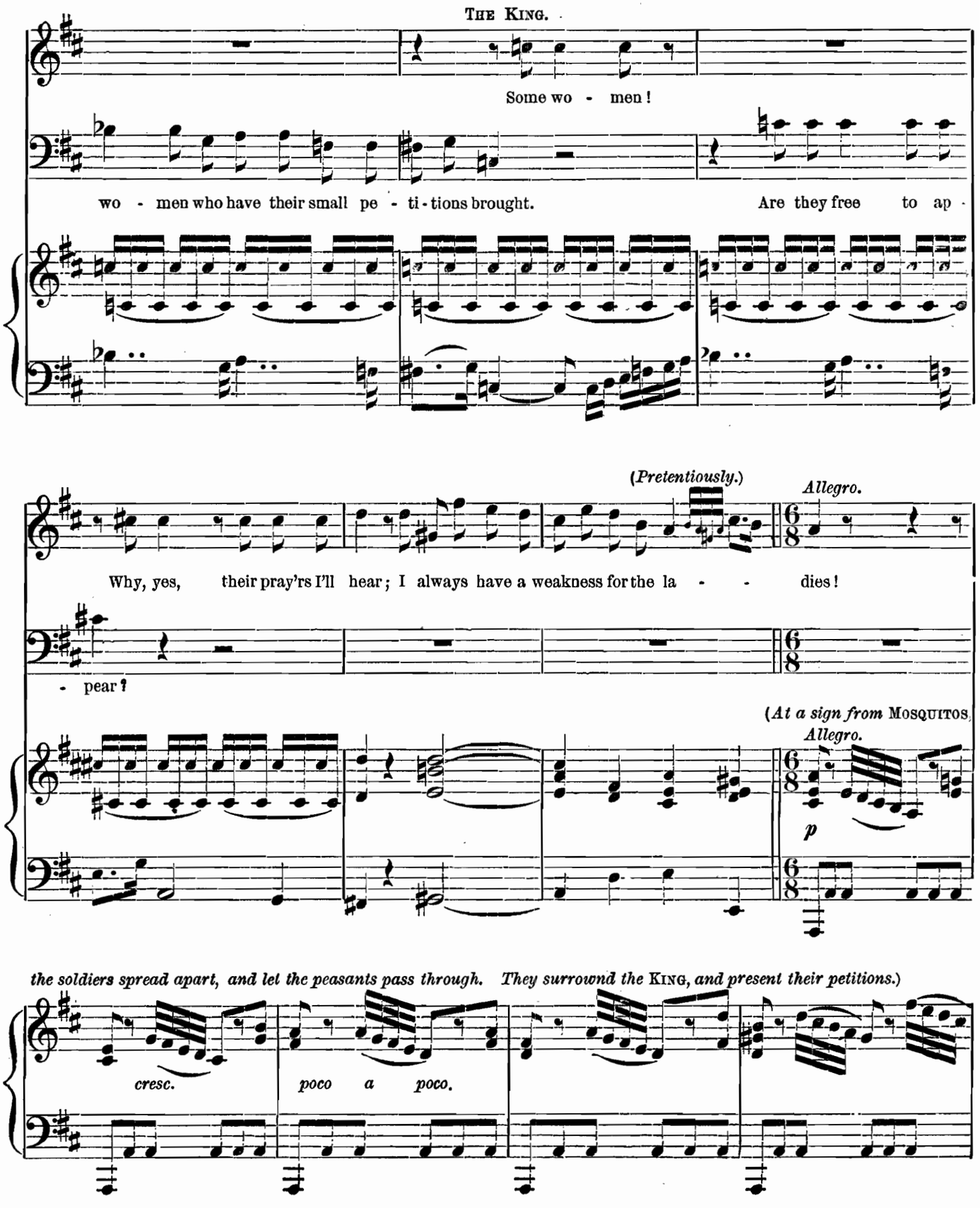
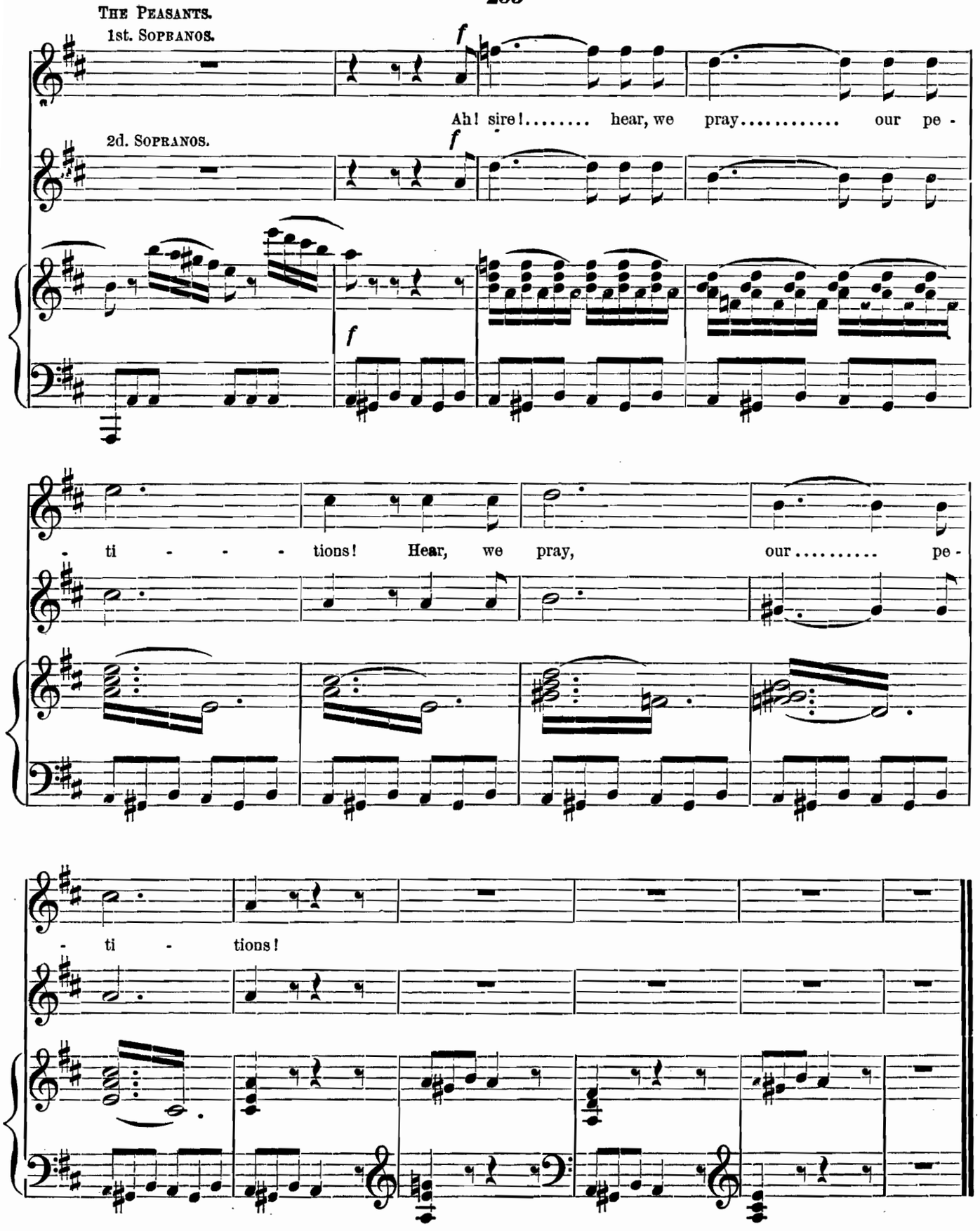

Such is war's strict rule in use, And sham war, the same rule bears .....
One who bears a flag of truce A blinding bandage wears. 'Tis the rule of war in use, The same rule sham war bears.
This the rule of war, is This the rule of war is This in com - mon use in a


THE KING.
flag of truce. Am I arrived?
MOSQ. (Taking of the bandage.)
flag of truce. You may re-sume, sire, the full use of your
p
eyes, if you de-sire. Ouf! I feel improved.
(Spoken.)
And can breath now! What noise is that?
MOSQ.
Less than naught; Some
(Voices outside.)
f p


THE KING.
Some wo - men!
wo - men who have their small pe - ti - tions brought.
Are they free to ap -
(Pretentiously.)
Allegro.
Why, yes, their pray'rs I'll hear; I always have a weakness for the la - - dies!
- pear?
(At a sign from MOSQUITOS.
Allegro.
p
the soldiers spread apart, and let the peasants pass through. They surround the KING, and present their petitions.)
cresc.
poco a poco.


THE PEASANTS.
1st. SOPRANOS.
2d. SOPRANOS.
Ah! sire!..... hear, we pray..... our pe -
- ti - - - - tions! Hear, we pray, our..... pe -
- ti - tions!

# PETITIONS OF THE PEASANTS.

PEASANT WOMEN *in* 3 *groups.*

*1st group.* Ah! sire, our small pe - ti - tions hear, Your troops have spoil'd us far and near; They've trampled
*2d group.* Ah! sire, we had up - on our green, Six pret - ty calves as e'er were seen, For which we
*3d group.* Ah! sire, your troops in mer - ry mood, Told us some jokes, both bad and good; 'Tis not that

*mf*

crops, as all may see.... ..... The bummer 'swell as soldiers train'd, Have stol'n our eggs, our
hoped to get good price;..... But yes - ter - day, a squadron light Of cav - a - liers came
we offence did take,..... ..... But that our lov - ers were enraged, And broke the vows that

*8va.*

*piu f* *p*

*1st. & 2d.*

wine-casks drain'd, We ask of you in - dem ni - ty, We ask of you in - dem-ni - ty!
just at night, And veal they supp'd on in a trice, They made them veal for supper, nice!
us engaged, For which, in - dem - ni - ty, pray make, For which, in - dem - ni - ty pray make.

*f*

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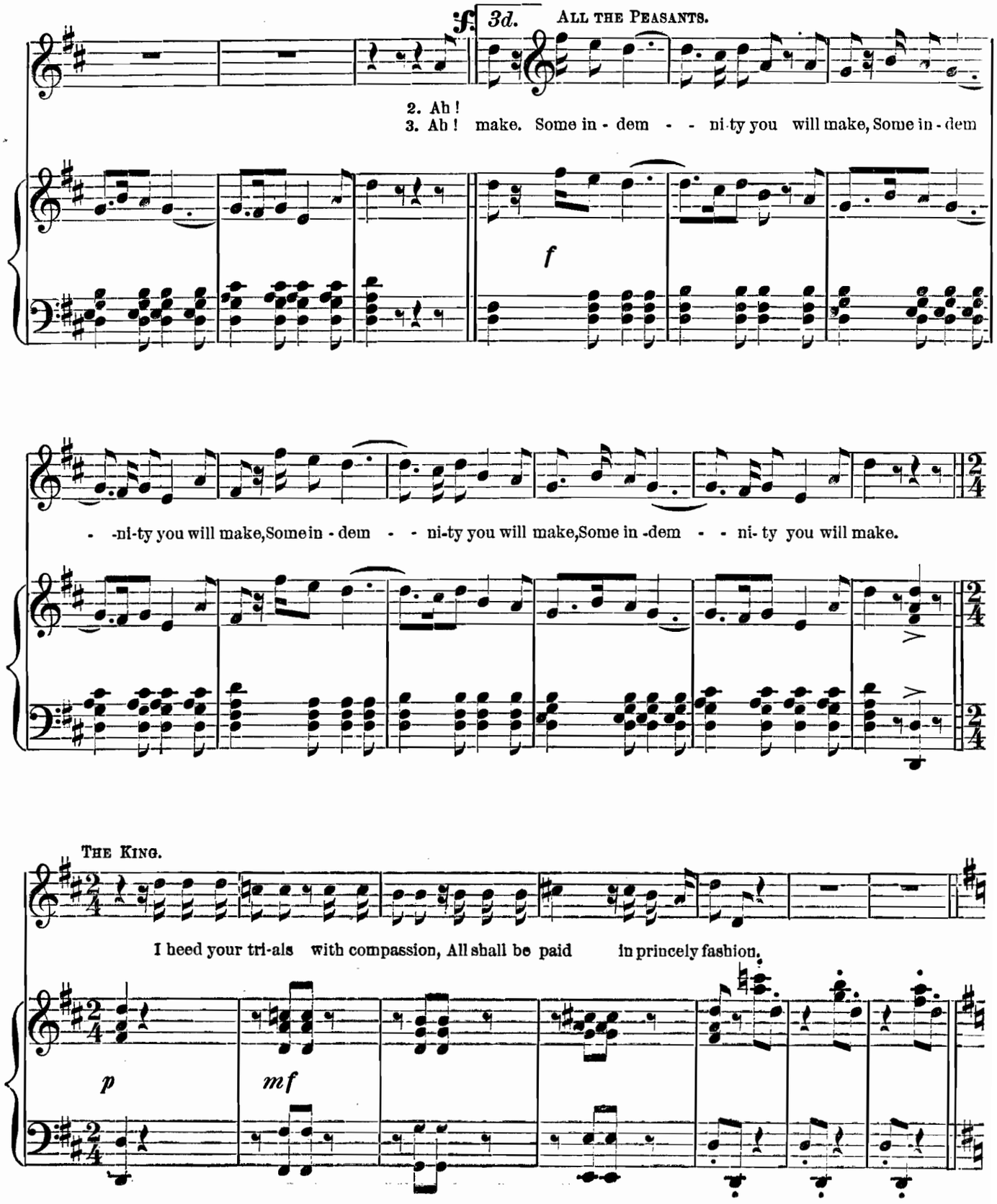
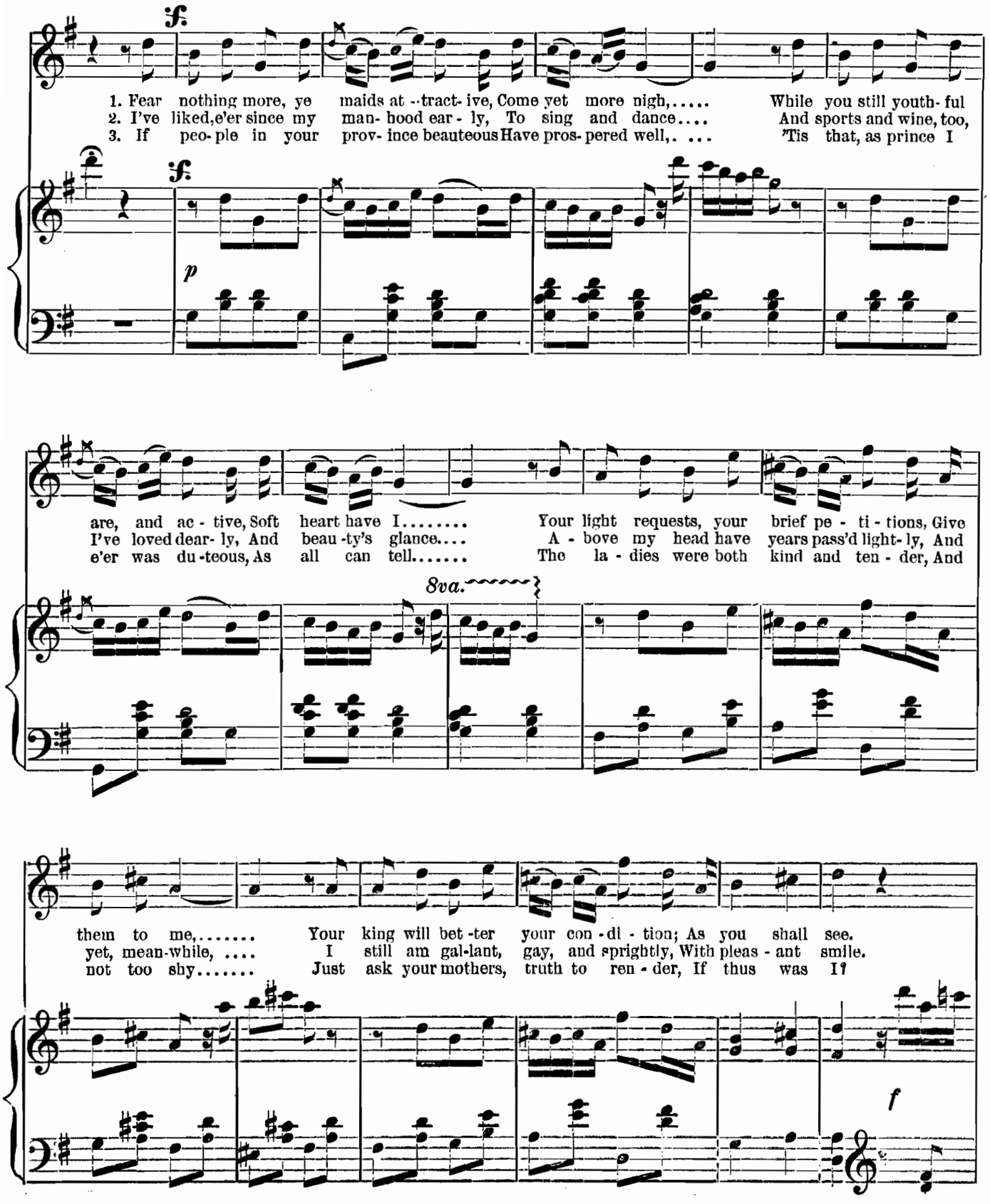
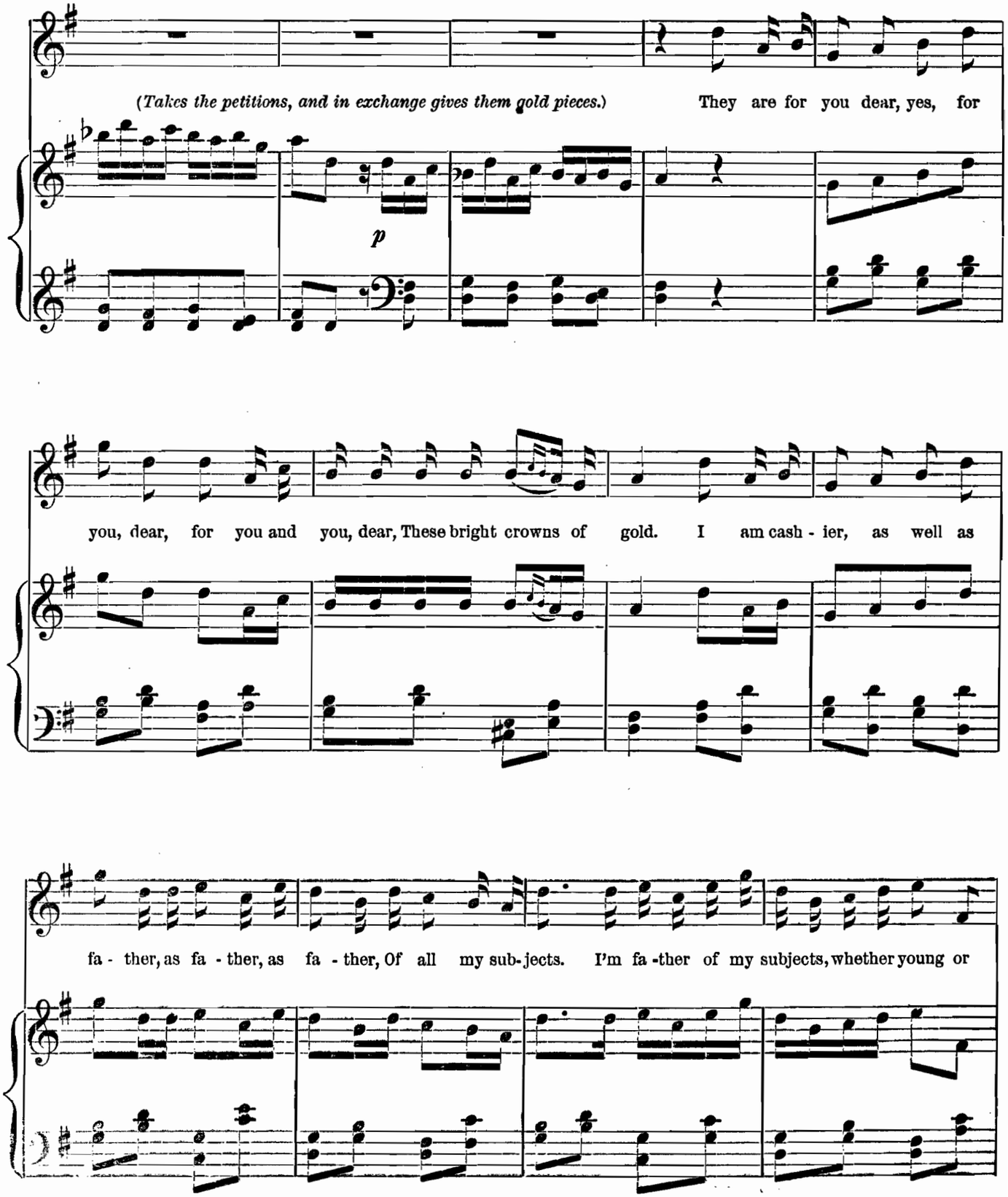
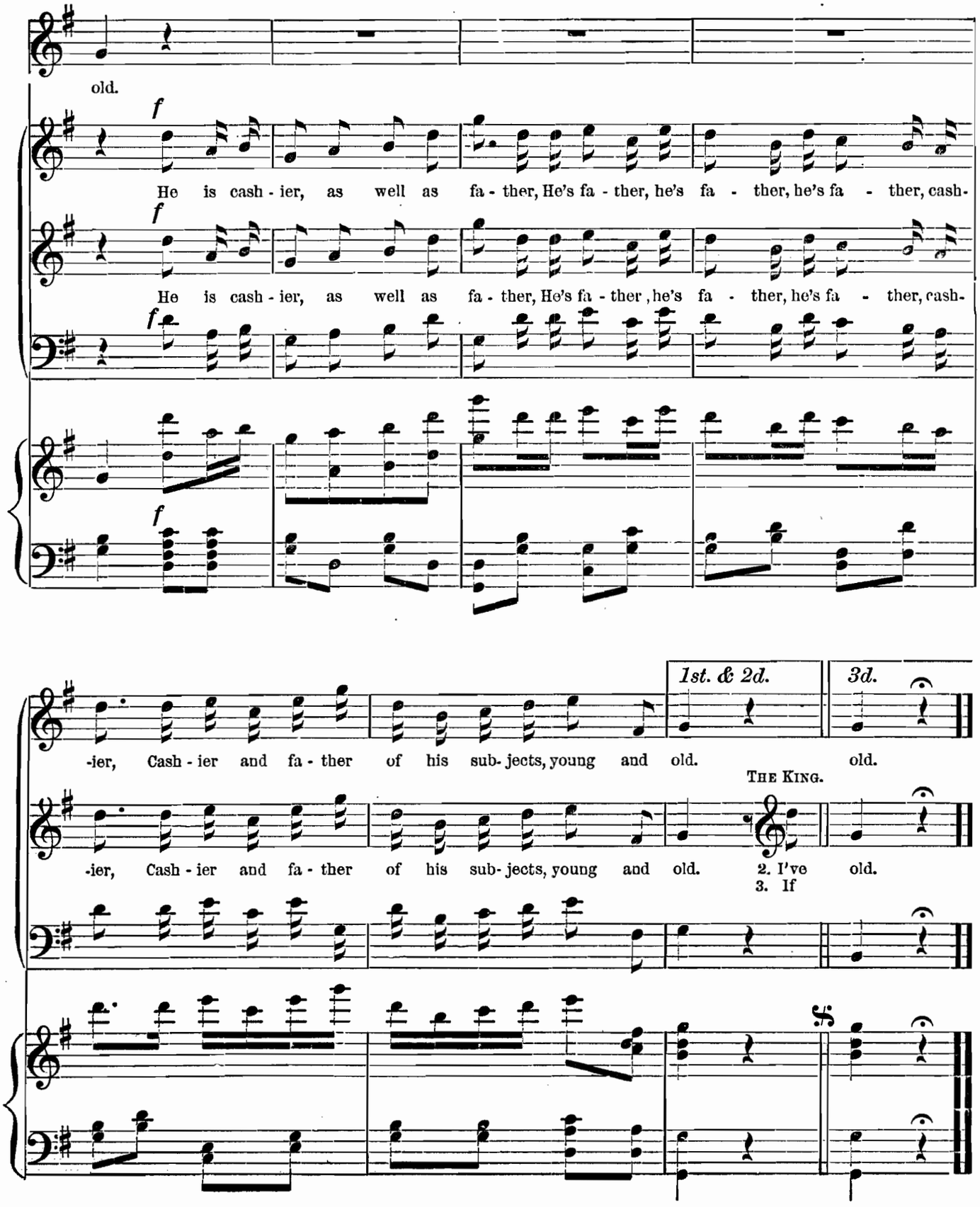

3d.
ALL THE PEASANTS.
2. Ah !
3. Ah ! make. Some in - dem - - ni-ty you will make, Some in - dem
- -ni-ty you will make, Some in - dem - - ni- ty you will make, Some in -dem - - ni- ty you will make.
THE KING.
I heed your tri-als with compassion, All shall be paid in princely fashion.

# COUPLETS OF THE KING.




(Takes the petitions, and in exchange gives them gold pieces.)
They are for you dear, yes, for
p
you, dear, for you and you, dear, These bright crowns of gold. I am cash - ier, as well as
fa - ther, as fa - ther, as fa - ther, Of all my sub-jects. I'm fa -ther of my subjects, whether young or


old.
f
He is cash - ier, as well as fa - ther, He's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, cash-
He is cash - ier, as well as fa - ther, He's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, he's fa - ther, cash-
-ier, Cash - ier and fa - ther of his sub - jects, young and old.
1st. & 2d.
3d.
old.
THE KING.
-ier, Cash - ier and fa - ther of his sub - jects, young and old.
2. I've old.
3. If

KING. Well, but I don't see my son-in-law?
MOSQ. He is here, sire.

SCENE XI. *The* KING. GAETAN. DON MOSQUITOS.

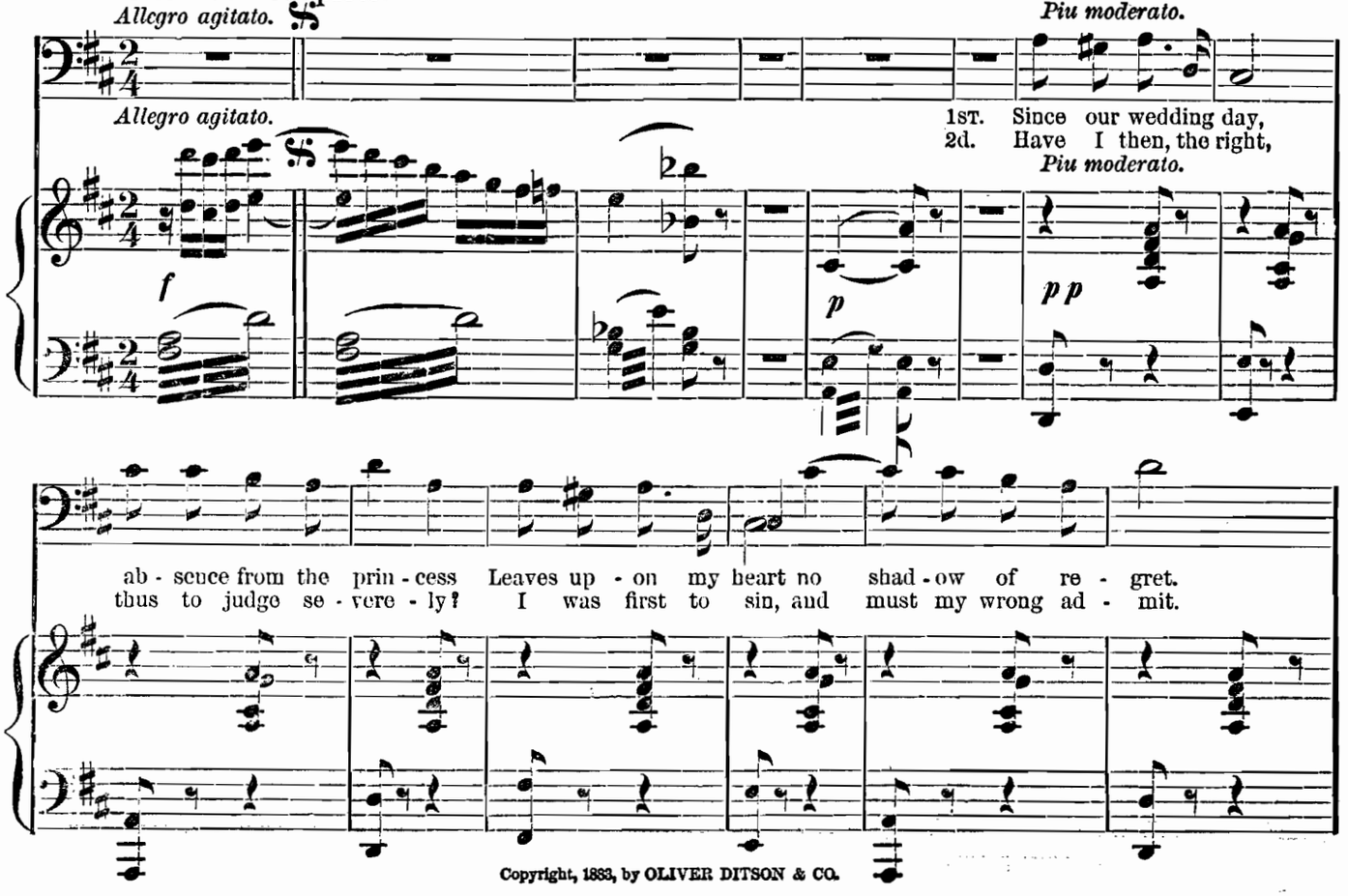
KING. Ah, son in-law! I bring you joyful tidings! (*To* MOSQUITOS.) Colonel, go and get ready. No, wait! (*To* GAETAN.) I am so happy! The princess, my daughter, ought to be here already, with the Camérera.
GAE. Let us see! What is it all about?
KING. Son-in-law, I have sent despatches to the great powers.
GAE. Apropos of what?
KING I have ordered illuminations, torches, colored lamps, and Venetian lanterns! Colonel, get ready. No, wait—I am so happy!
GAE (*Aside.*) Oh! patience!
KING. Then there will be fireworks, petards, fusées, Roman candles, and your portrait with that of the princess in the middle of a sun, before the bouquet— pim, pam, pataboum! Colonel! Ah! there you are! Get a battery ready in front of the parade, and hold yourself in readiness to fire a salute of fifty guns.
MOSQ. Yes, sire! (*He goes out.*)
GAE. But, will you tell me, finally—
KING. What! have I not told you? 'Pon honor, I am so happy! Well, where is the paper, Colonel? (*He finds it again.*) Ah! Ah! I was sure I had given it to you! Son-in-law, 'tis no longer a father whom you address, 'tis almost a grandfather!
GAE. (*Taking the paper*) But what is it about?
KING The bulletin of the principal court doctor! There it is! There can be no deception. Happy presages for the dynasty!
GAE. Ah! bosh!
KING What do you say of the surprise? After all, you ought to expect it, my jolly young cock.
GAE. But allow me.
KING. Will it be a prince? Will it be a princess? Any way; so long as it resembles me! I have insisted upon sharing with my people these earliest hopes. (*Gazing at him.*) Well? You have a very droll air.
GAE. It seems to me you are in a devil of a hurry, and I have good reasons for believing that the principal court doctor is mistaken.
KING. Come, now!
GAE. I dislike to recall to you that there were some rather painful moments in our early interviews.
KING. Gracious! I remember them well! You gave me much anxiety with your escapades. But all that is forgotten; you have attended to the duties of a husband.
GAE. That is to say.—
KING. There is no "that is to say" about it! On the morrow of your marriage, you have insisted upon leaving the princess at the convent, to attend to your camp duties. That just suited me. I adore manœuvres, and have lost six pounds of flesh in two months. That is all right; and from the moment that the dynasty—
GAE. At last—that is too much! Your doctor is a fool!
KING. There is no fool in the case!
GAE. I know what to stick to.
KING. I, too, know what to stick to.
GAE. Better than I?
KING. Well, 'tis enough.
GAE. 'Tis not possible; it would be inexplicable.
KING. How inexplicable! Was there ever such a pig-headed fellow seen? At least, you will talk about it with the princess!
GAE. I count upon doing so.
KING. She ought to be here now, with the Camérera!—Twenty minutes late! I'll wait no longer! I'll go to meet her! I have an itching in my royal legs. I am so happy! Won't you come with me? No? Well, wait for us here! (*He goes out singing the national anthem.*)

SCENE XII. GAETAN.

GAE. No; 'tis not possible! There is some mistake. I do wrong to alarm myself. 'Tis not that it might wound me through my affections—I scarcely remember that I have a wife—but, spite of all—

# SINCE OUR WEDDING DAY.

## No. 21. Couplets.

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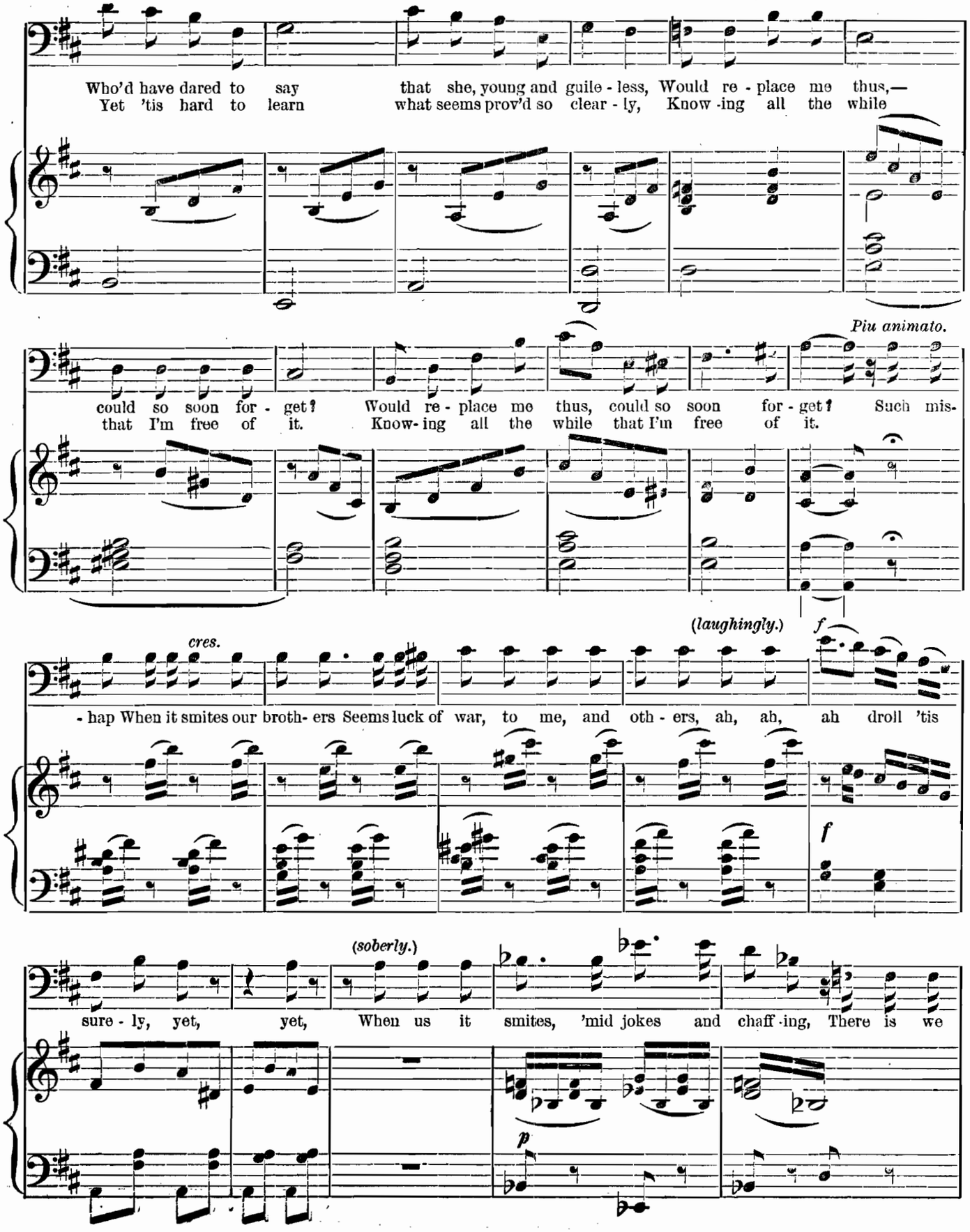
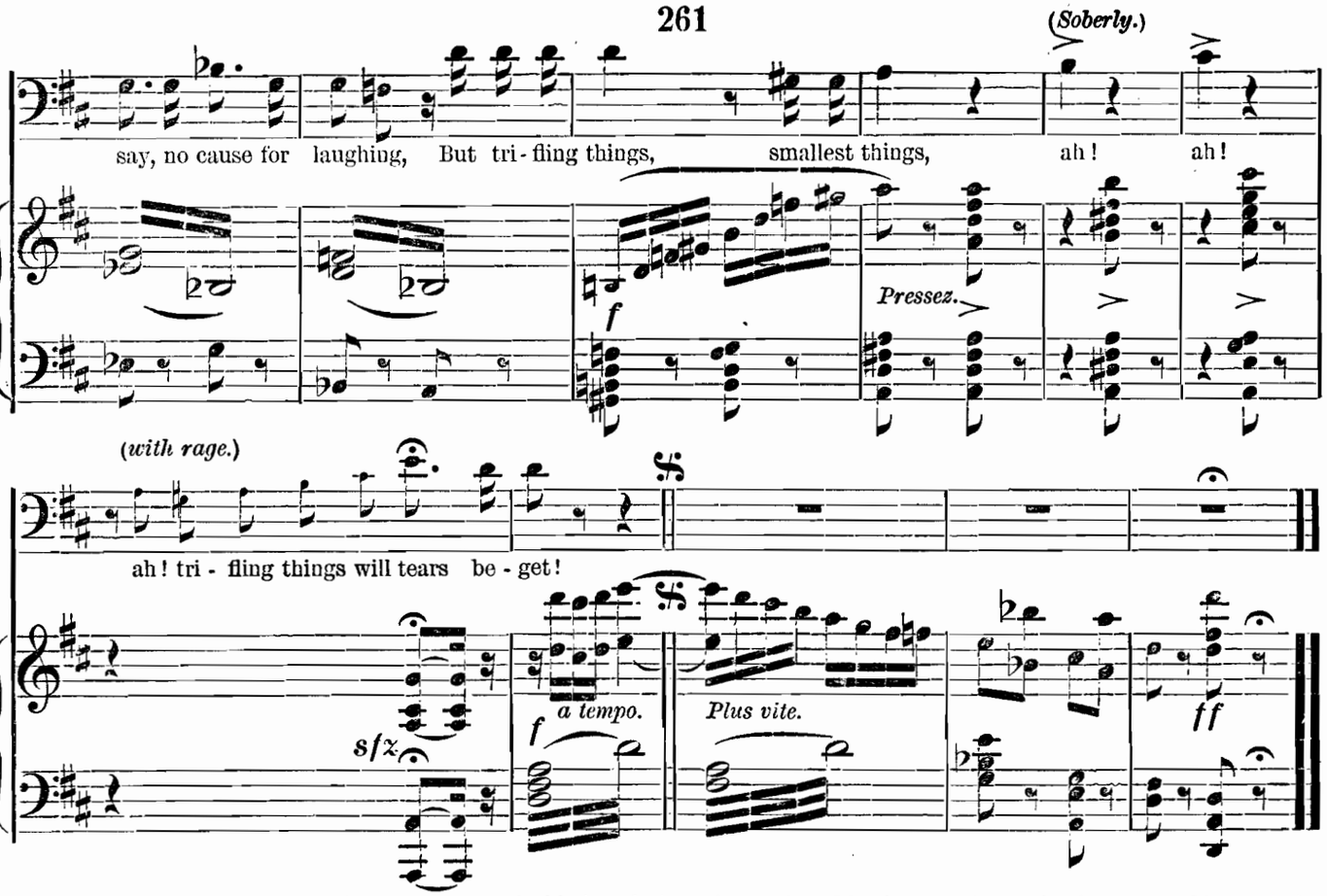

Who'd have dared to say that she, young and guile - less, Would re - place me thus,—
Yet 'tis hard to learn what seems prov'd so clear - ly, Know - ing all the while
Piu animato.
could so soon for - get? Would re - place me thus, could so soon for - get? Such mis-
that I'm free of it. Know - ing all the while that I'm free of it.
(laughingly.)
f
cres.
- hap When it smites our broth- ers Seems luck of war, to me, and oth - ers, ah, ah, ah droll 'tis
f
(soberly.)
sure - ly, yet, yet, When us it smites, 'mid jokes and chaff - ing, There is we
p




GAE. Oh! all will be explained! But I am vexed with them for having troubled me. I was so happy near my little Josefa.

SCENE XIII. GAETAN. MORALES.

GAE. (*Noticing* MORALES, *aside.*) Ah! there is the other one! The husband — he — poor fellow! (*Aloud.*) What is it, lieutenant?

MOR. I come to give account to your highness of the mission confided to me.

GAE. 'Tis well! (*Observing* MORALES *more closely. Apart.*) He is all in a sweat! I have made him trot in the sun while—Lieutenant Morales—I am quite satisfied with you. You are now captain! (*Aside*) I owe him that, at least!

MOR. Your highness overwhelms me with bounties. In truth, I do not deserve—

GAE. Yes, yes! You are very deserving.

MOR. I am confused by this new favor, and since by chance I find myself alone with your highness, I ask permission to speak freely—with open heart.

GAE. I will hear you.

MOR. I ought to have done so sooner.

GAE. (*Aside.*) What has he to say to me?

MOR. Well, monseigneur, I have a remorse that weighs upon my conscience.

GAE. You! Morales?

MOR. Yes, monseigneur. The night of your marriage, thinking no harm, I have penetrated into the bridal chamber.

GAE. How! In the chamber!

MOR. I yielded to a sentiment of curiosity.

GAE. (*Aside.*) He calls it curiosity.

MOR. I wished to go out again, and return to my post. I don't know how it happened, but I found myself locked in! Oh! this is really true, monseigneur.

GAE. (*Aside.*) Locked in!—by me—but then it would then be he!

MOR. Your highness will understand the situation of a poor fellow, who, married in the morning, has not had time to embrace his legitimate wife. We are young, and there are impulses.—

GAE. Enough! Not another word!—And I who—Oh! if I stay here, I don't know what I might do. (*He moves off, then returns.*) Captain Morales, you are lieutenant. (*Gets out.*)

SCENE XIV. MORALES *alone.*

He has gone off furious! I like that better at times. I don't know why. That favor has been a burden to me. I have caught words from my comrades—looks interchanged. Just now, even, when I returned, I don't know what Baldomero wanted to tell me, nor of what mysterious visit he spoke. Oh! 'tis jealousy that has caused them to invent all that! First, 'tis impossible, since Josefa is shut up in that devilish convent with the princess—since I, her husband, have not found means to see her since the night when somebody locked us up, by good luck! Oh! I am crazy to torment myself thus!

SCENE XV. MORALES. JOSEPH.

(JOSEFA *opens the door of the mill, and appears upon the steps at the top of the little path that leads thither.*)

JOS. Everybody has gone. (*The door makes a noise in opening.* MORALES *turns his eyes in that direction.*)

MOR. (*Stupefied.*) Oh! (*He rises and conceals himself behind a tree, thus, he sees all without being seen.* JOSEFA *closes the door with precaution, looks to see if anyone observes her, and descends, turning her head like one who is afraid of being surprised; just when she is about to disappear,* MORALES *without having lost sight of her, rushes upon her, and seizes her by the arm.*) Whence come you?

JOS. Morales!

MOR. (*Threateningly.*) Whence come you?

JOS. Oh! you hurt me. I come,—I come—from the mill.

MOR. Whom were you with there?

JOS. With nobody.

MOR. How do you happen to be here? Why have you left the convent?

JOS. (*Aside.*) Impossible to tell him! (*Aloud.*) That is what I am about to tell you.

MOR. I listen. Well? Answer me. Have you seen the prince?

JOS. (*Hesitating.*) No—

MOR. (*Showing his wedding ring.*) Swear it upon that ring!

JOS. That is to say—a moment only.

MOR. Ah? you see—Ah! ah! the others had good reason for laughing at me! It was true, then!

JOS. What was true? Morales, I pray you, tell me! (*She tries to take his hand.*)

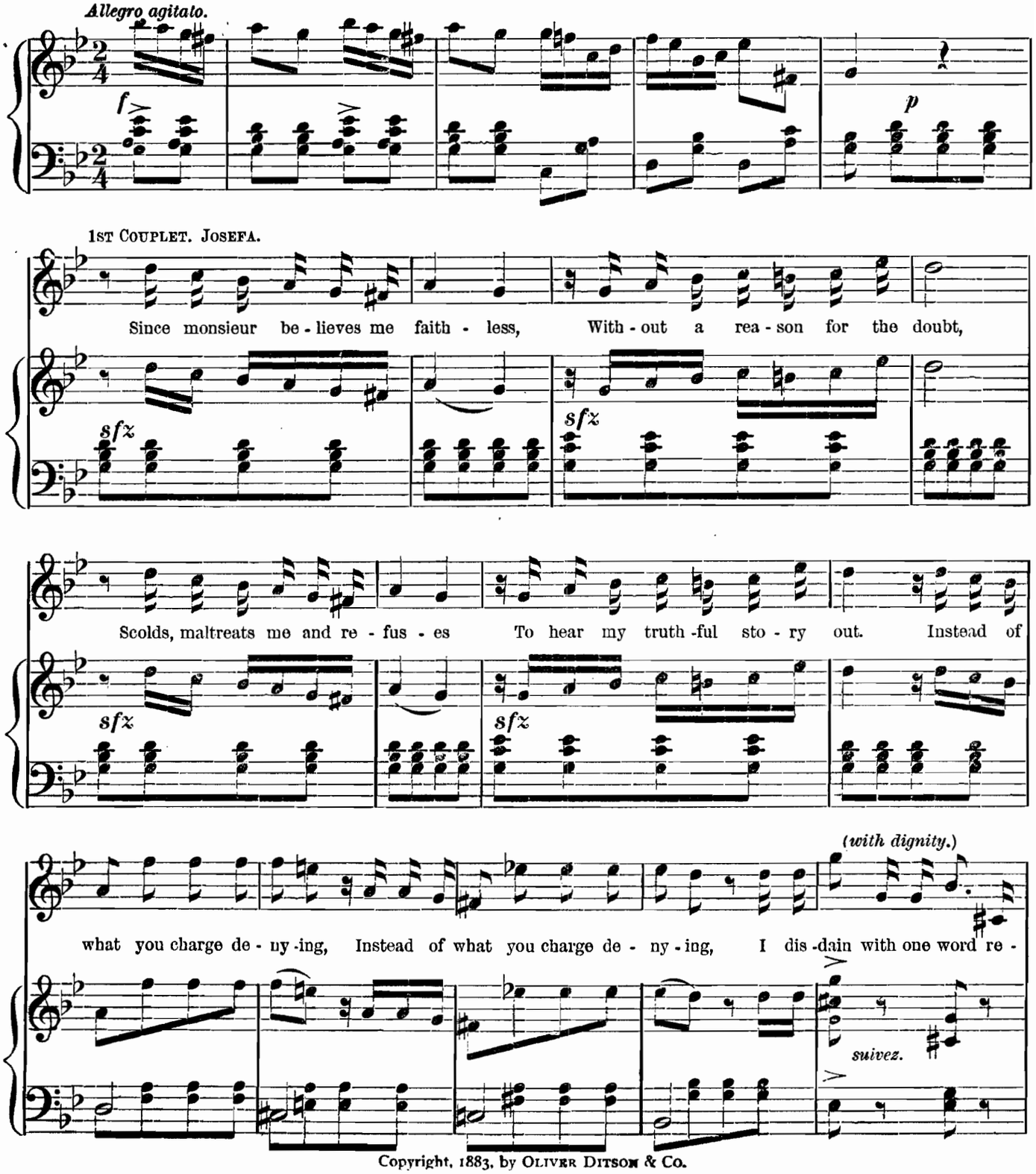
MOR. (*Pushing her off.*) Don't touch me.

JOS. Ah! is that it? I understand now!

# SINCE MONSIEUR BELIEVES ME FAITHLESS.

## SONG ABOUT HUSBANDS.

No. 22.

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MORALES. *(speaks.)* Look here, now, my little JOSEFA.

*a tempo.* *sf* *(angrily.)*

- ply - ing. Hus-bands all a - like, jeal - ous monsters are: Fret - ful,

*sfz*

*sfz*

peev - ish, cross and un - fair, Such are husbands all, Both the great, and small. Hur - ry and wed,

*sfz*

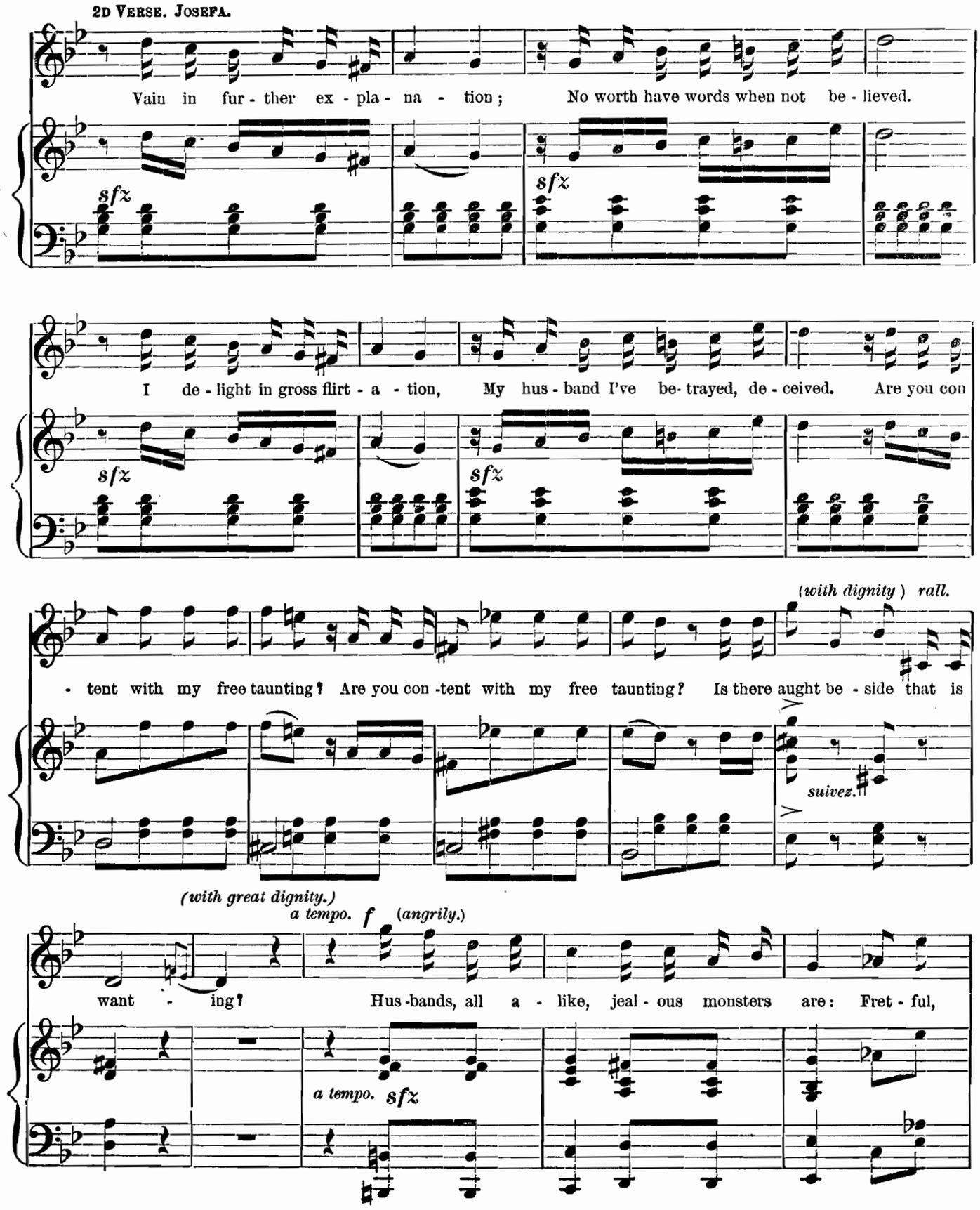
*cres.*

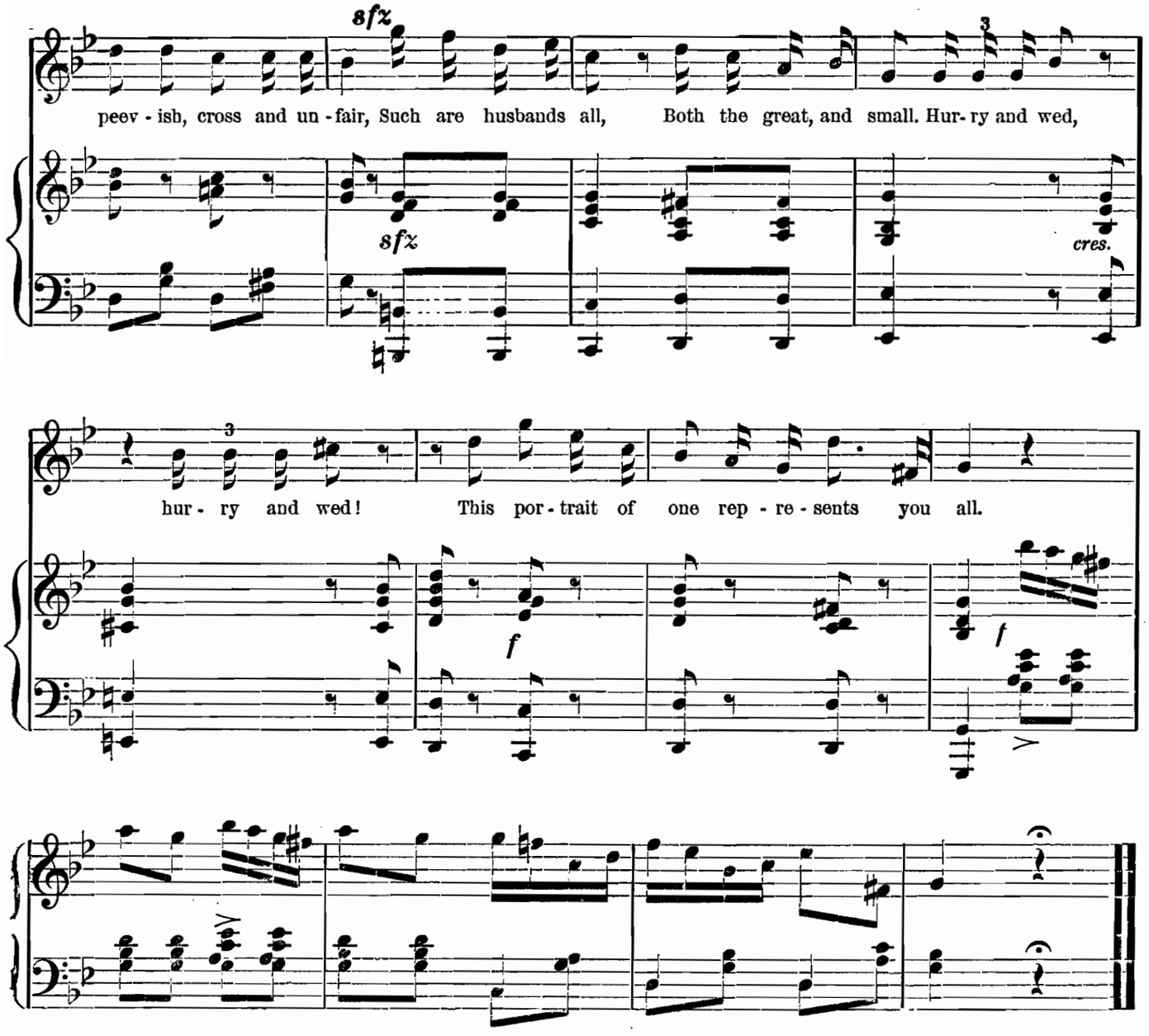
3

hur - ry and wed! This por - trait of one rep - re - sents you all.

*f*

*p*


2D VERSE. JOSEFA.
Vain in fur - ther ex - pla - na - tion; No worth have words when not be - lieved.
sfz
sfz
I de - light in gross flirt - a - tion, My hus - band I've be- trayed, de - ceived. Are you con
sfz
sfz
(with dignity) rall.
- tent with my free taunting? Are you con -tent with my free taunting? Is there aught be - side that is
suivez.
(with great dignity.)
a tempo. f (angrily.)
want - ing? Hus -bands, all a - like, jeal - ous monsters are: Fret - ful,
a tempo. sfz




MOR. My little Josefa!
JOS. Farewell!
MOR. You will not go off in that way!
JOS. Yes, yes! I shall go away! Release me, sir, release me. (*Struggling.*)

SCENE XVI. *The same.* MOSQUITOS.

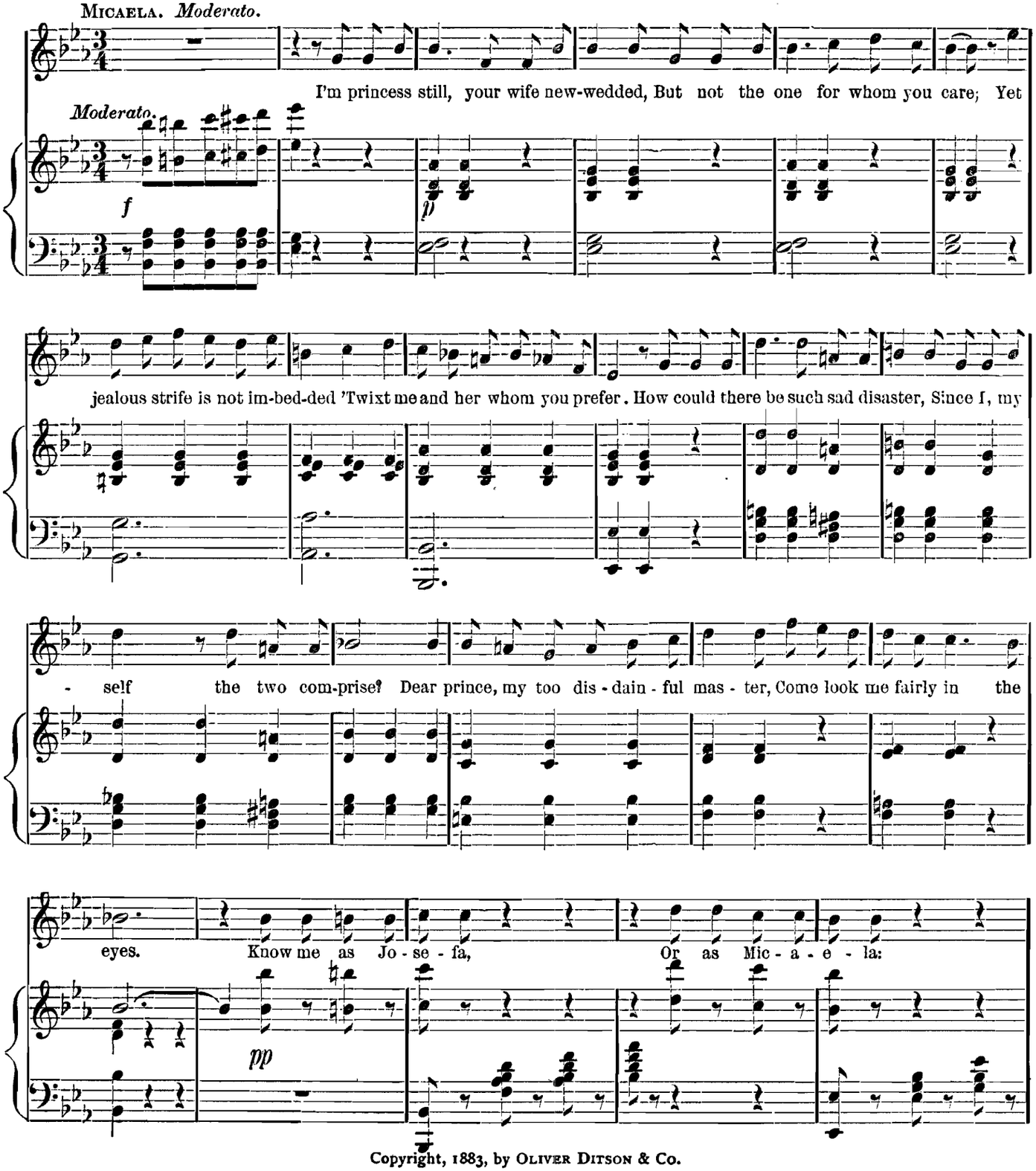
MOSQ. Well, well, what is going on here?
MOR. It is— it is— that woman who introduced herself into the camp, and who sought to conceal herself.
MOSQ. Admirable! All spies will be passed upon by court-martial. It is the rule of war; but, lieutenant, do not forget that we are only having sham war. This poor child had the air of the matter seriously. (*A salute is heard in the field from the drums.*) Here is the king, arrived with the princess.
JOS. The princess! She was in time, then happily.

SCENE XVII. THE KING. SCOLASTICA. MICAELA. (*These in riding habits.*) DON MOSQUITOS. GAETAN. *Then* MORALES. JOSEFA. *Soldiers, Peasants, &c.*

GAE. Ah! here they are at last!
KING. Well, well! beat no more! We can hear nothing else. (*To* MICAELA.) Behold, my daughter, the head-quarters of your husband, and behold your husband himself. (MICAELA *and the prince salute each other coldly, and at a distance.*)
MOSQ. Sire, the pieces are ready. Shall we fire?
KING. Without doubt.
GAE. Wait a moment, I pray you.
KING. Why wait?
GAE. (*Taking the golden key from his pocket*) Because an explanation between us is necessary. (*To* SCOLASTICA.) Do you recognise this?
SCOL. The gold key!
KING. Ah! yes.
GAE. Well, the princess is here to tell you that I made no use of it.
KING. Come now!
MIC. 'Tis correct!
KING. Ah! bah! she agrees to it.
SCOL. What do I hear!
MIC. (*Gaily.*) Only, that proves nothing, and 'tis I, who should have the right to complain.

# I'M PRINCESS STILL.

## No. 23. FINALE.

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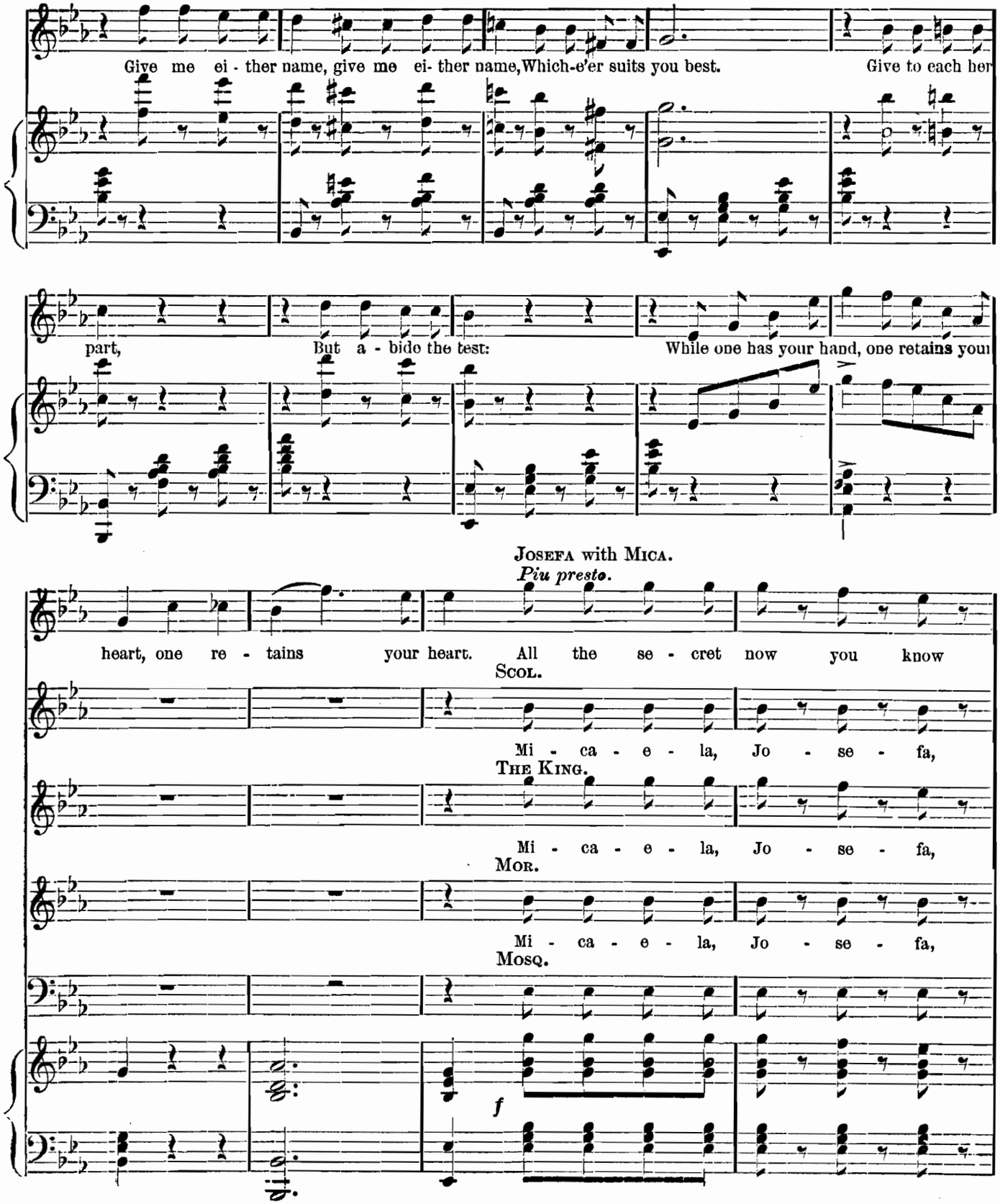
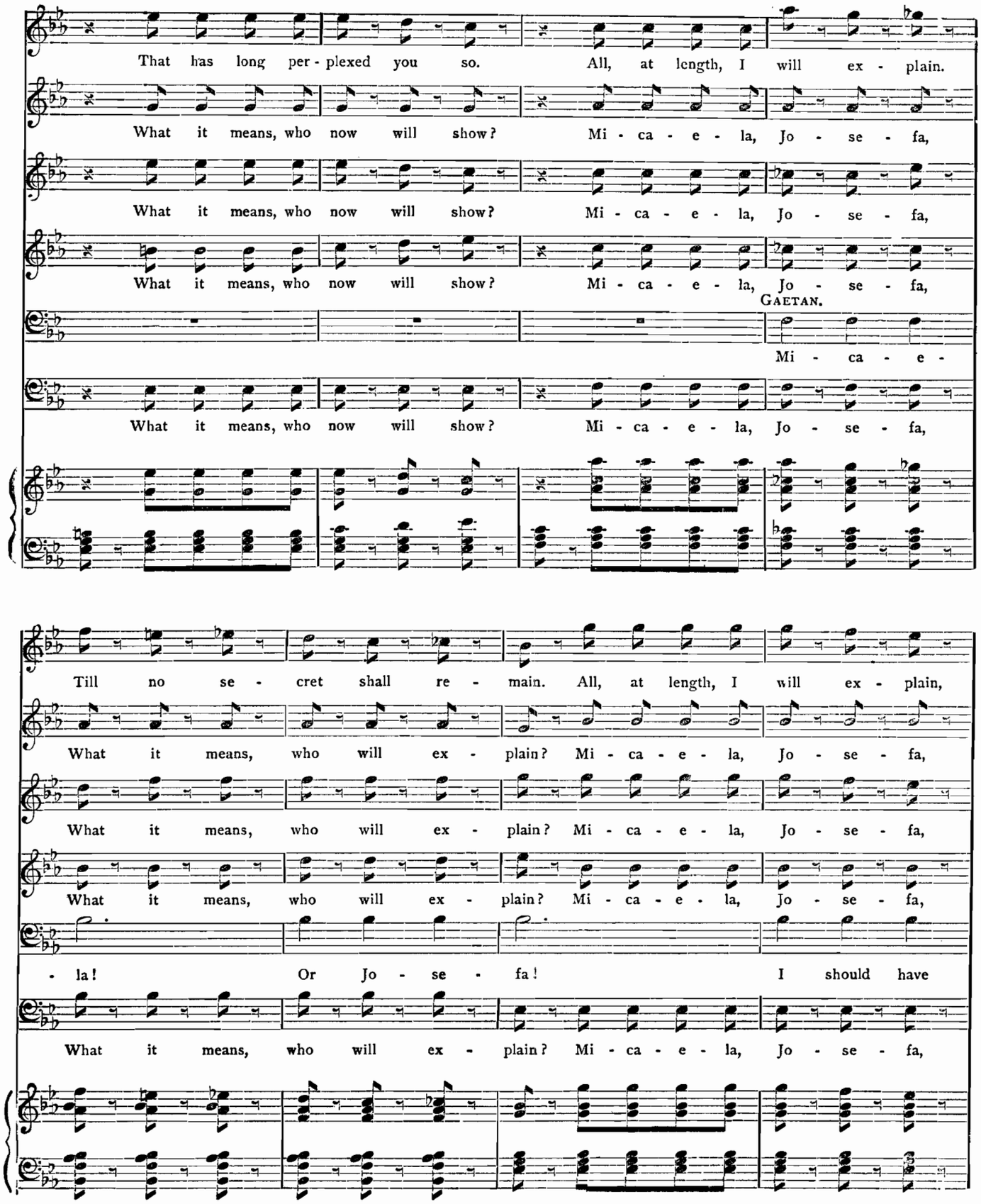
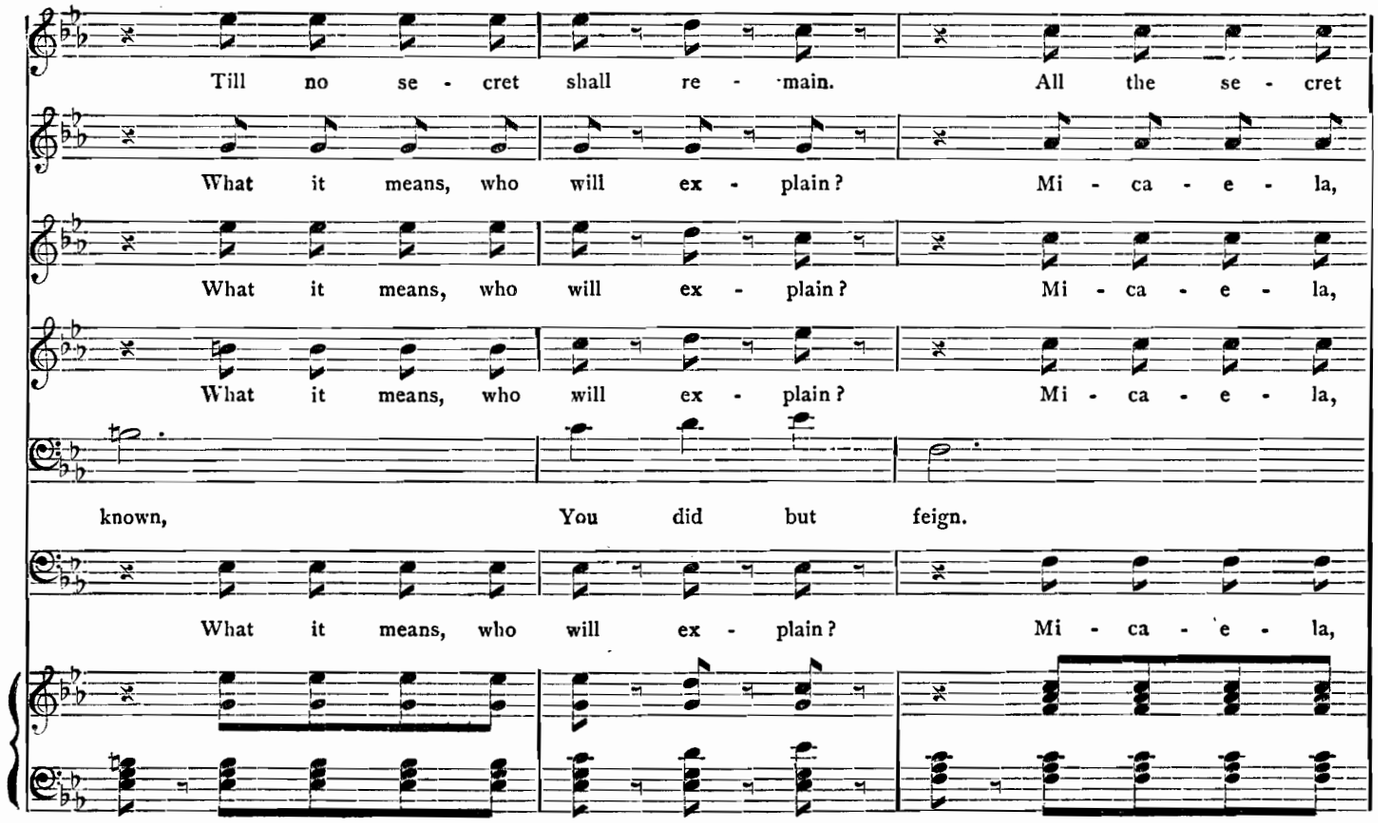
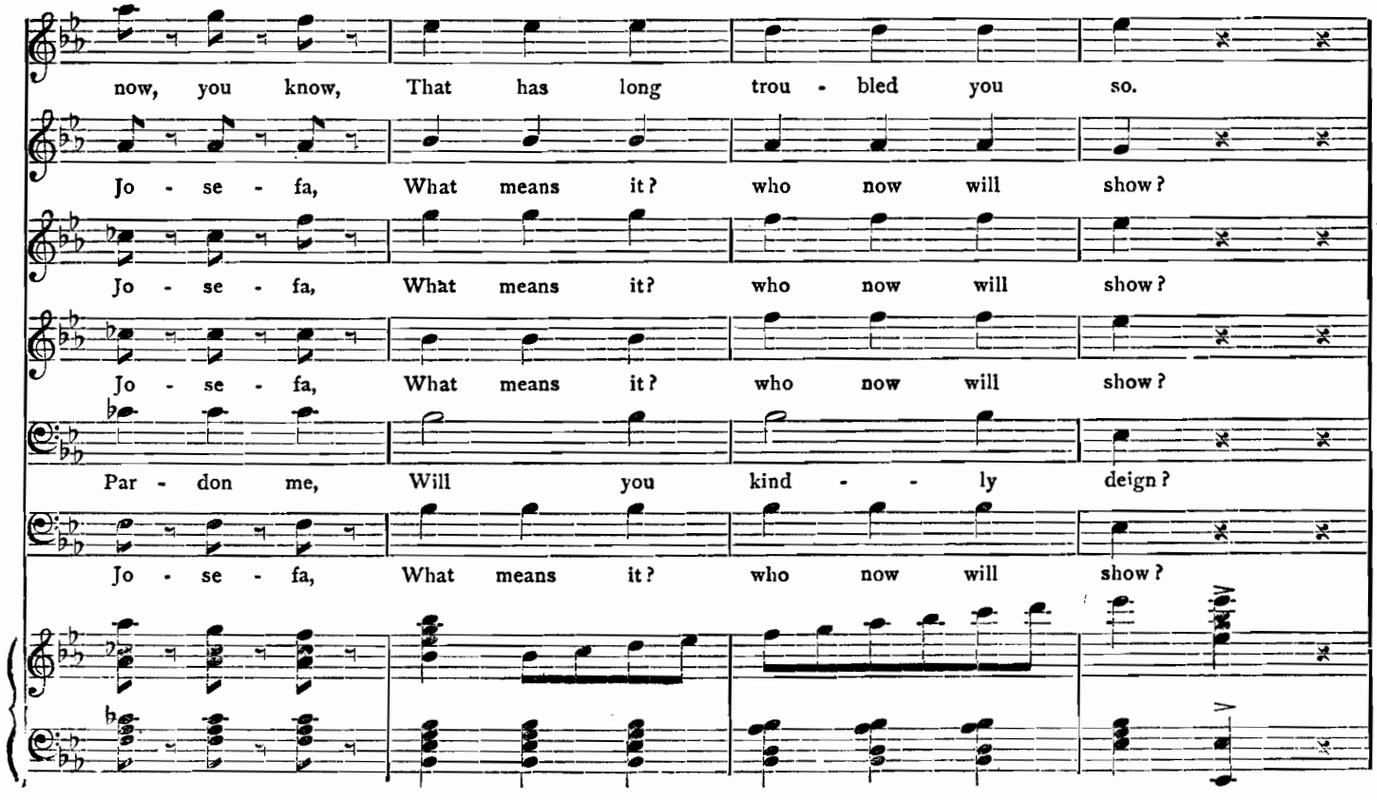
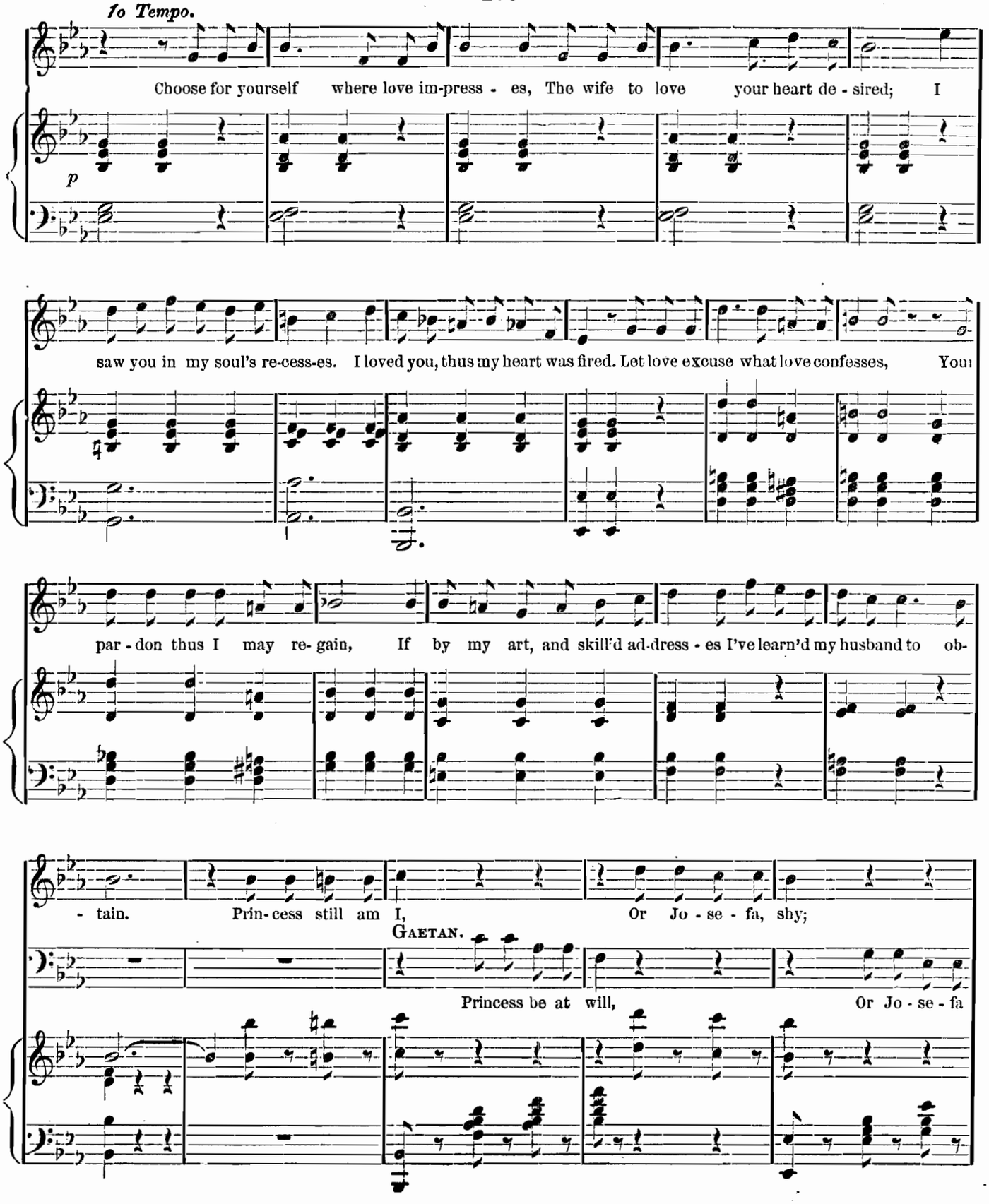
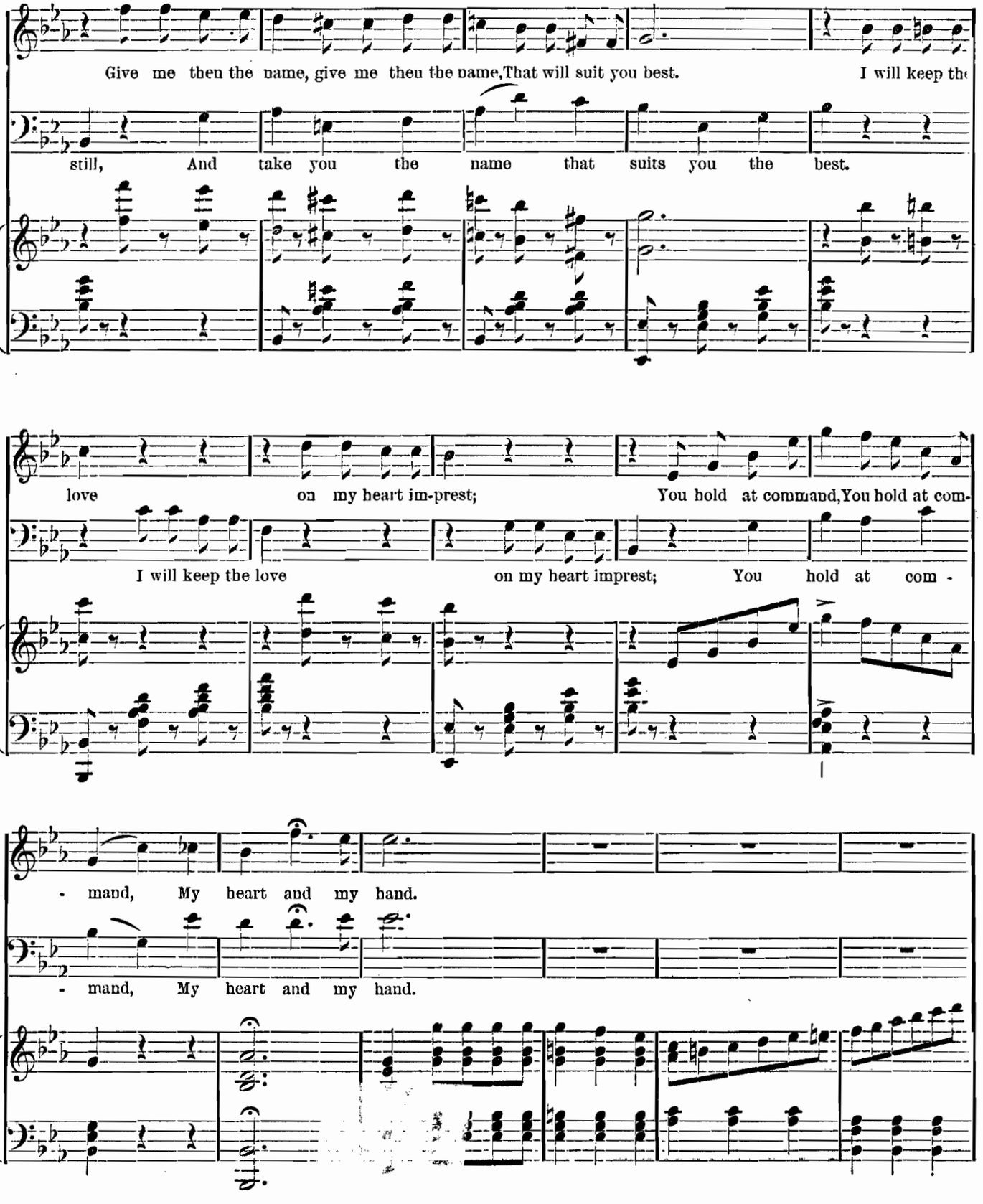

Give me ei - ther name, give me ei- ther name, Which-e'er suits you best. Give to each her
part, But a - bide the test: While one has your hand, one retains your
JOSEFA with MICA.
Piu presto.
heart, one re - tains your heart. All the se - cret now you know
SCOL.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
THE KING.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
MOR.
Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
MOSQ.
f

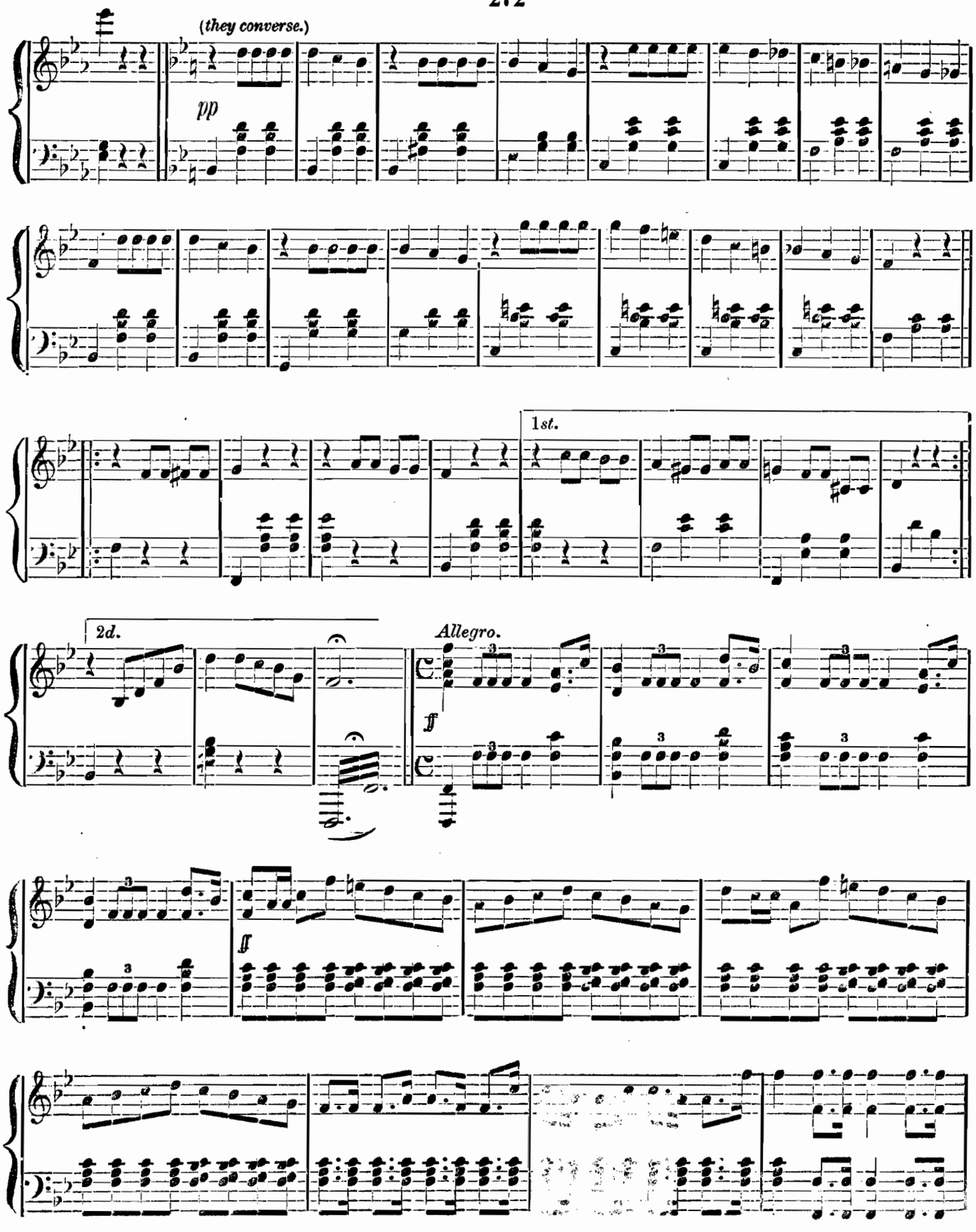

That has long per - plexed you so. All, at length, I will ex - plain.
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
GAETAN.
Mi - ca - e -
What it means, who now will show? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
Till no se - cret shall re - main. All, at length, I will ex - plain,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,
- la! Or Jo - se - fa! I should have
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la, Jo - se - fa,

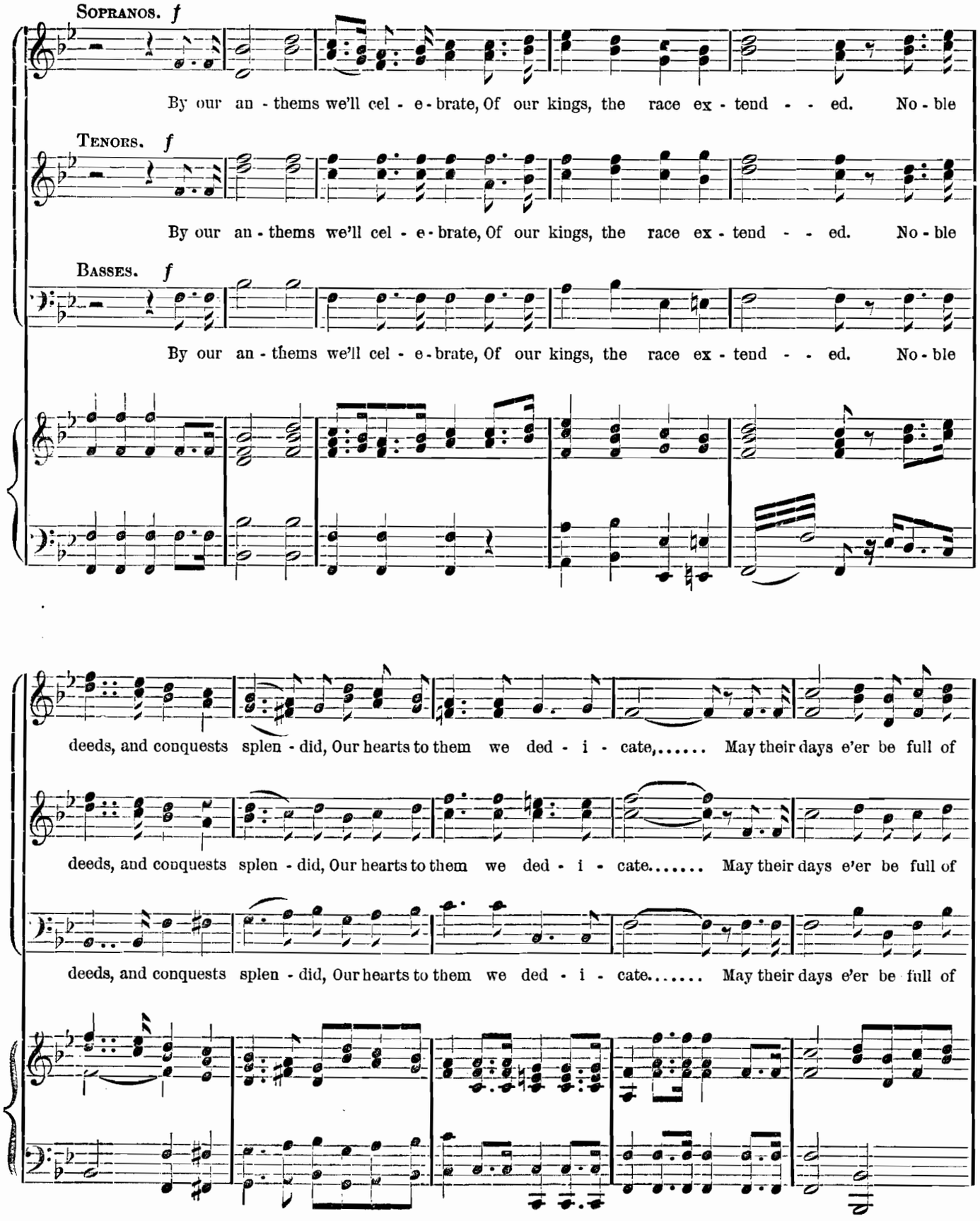

Till no se - cret shall re - main. All the se - cret
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,
known, You did but feign.
What it means, who will ex - plain? Mi - ca - e - la,

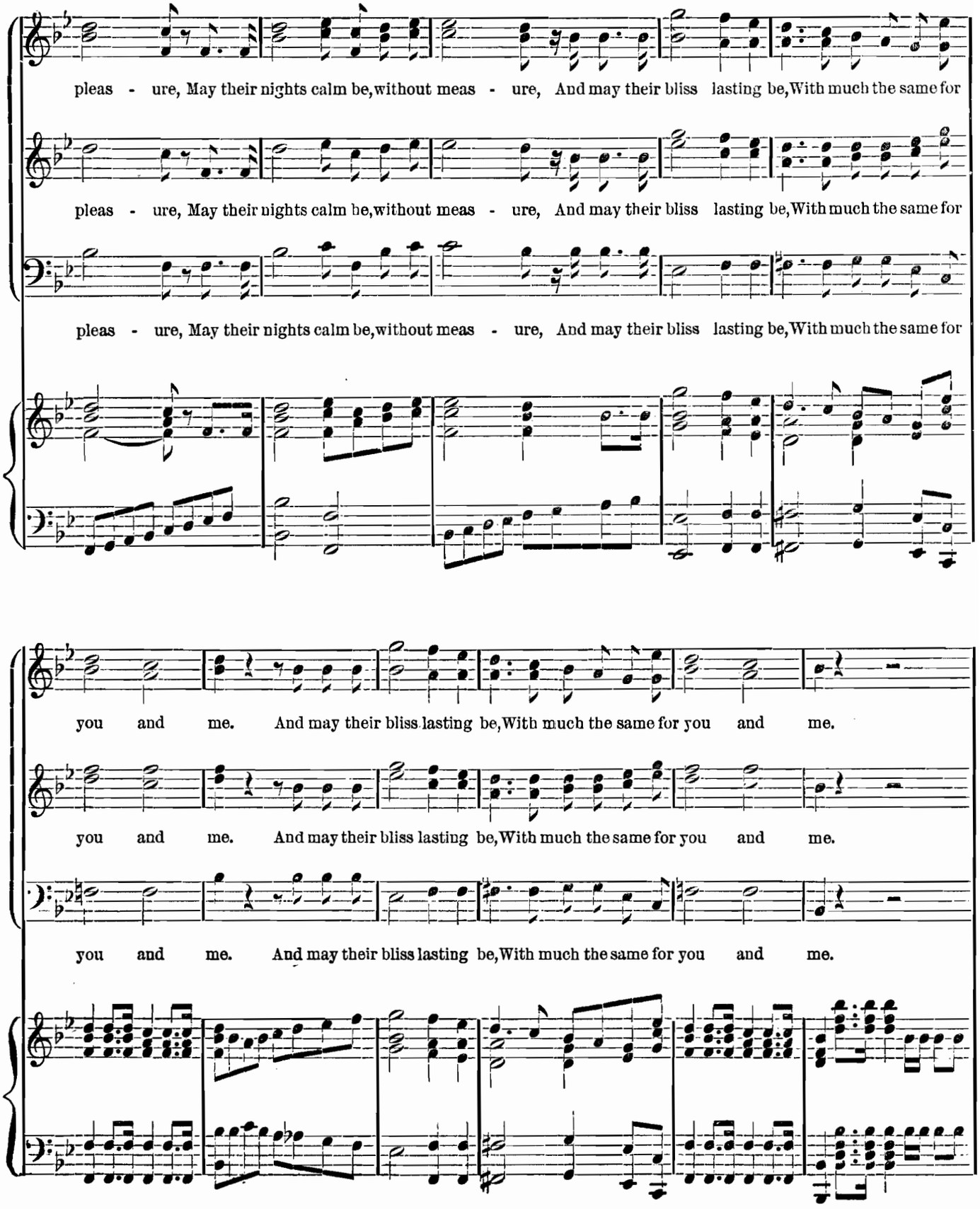

now, you know, That has long trou - bled you so.
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?
Par - don me, Will you kind - - ly deign?
Jo - se - fa, What means it? who now will show?

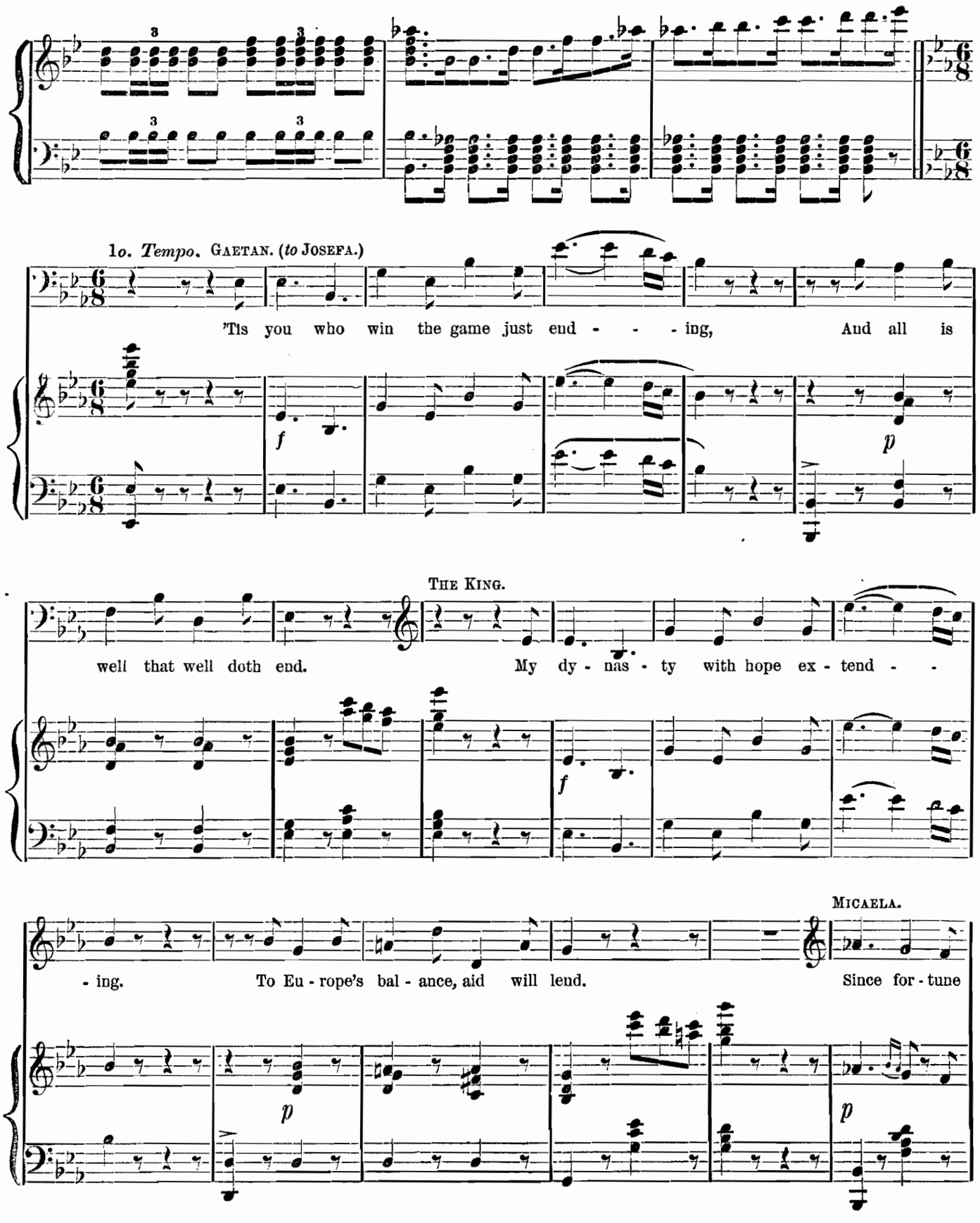

1o Tempo.
Choose for yourself where love im-press - es, The wife to love your heart de - sired; I
p
saw you in my soul's re-cess-es. I loved you, thus my heart was fired. Let love excuse what love confesses, You
par - don thus I may re- gain, If by my art, and skill'd ad-dress - es I've learn'd my husband to ob-
- tain. Prin- cess still am I, Or Jo - se - fa, shy;
GAETAN.
Princess be at will, Or Jo - se - fa

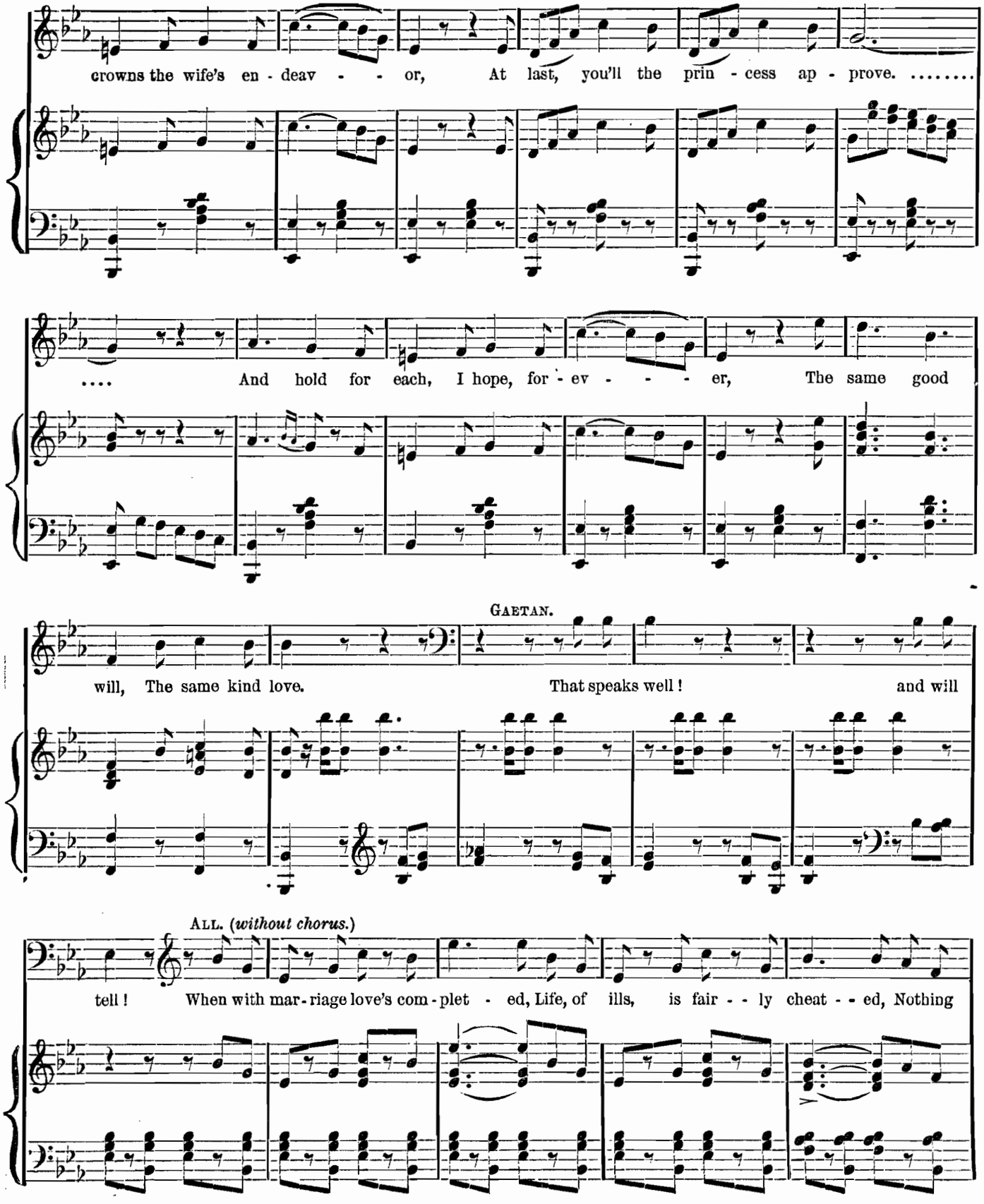

Give me then the name, give me then the name, That will suit you best. I will keep th
still, And take you the name that suits you the best.
love on my heart im-prest; You hold at command, You hold at com-
I will keep the love on my heart imprest; You hold at com -
- mand, My heart and my hand.
- mand, My heart and my hand.

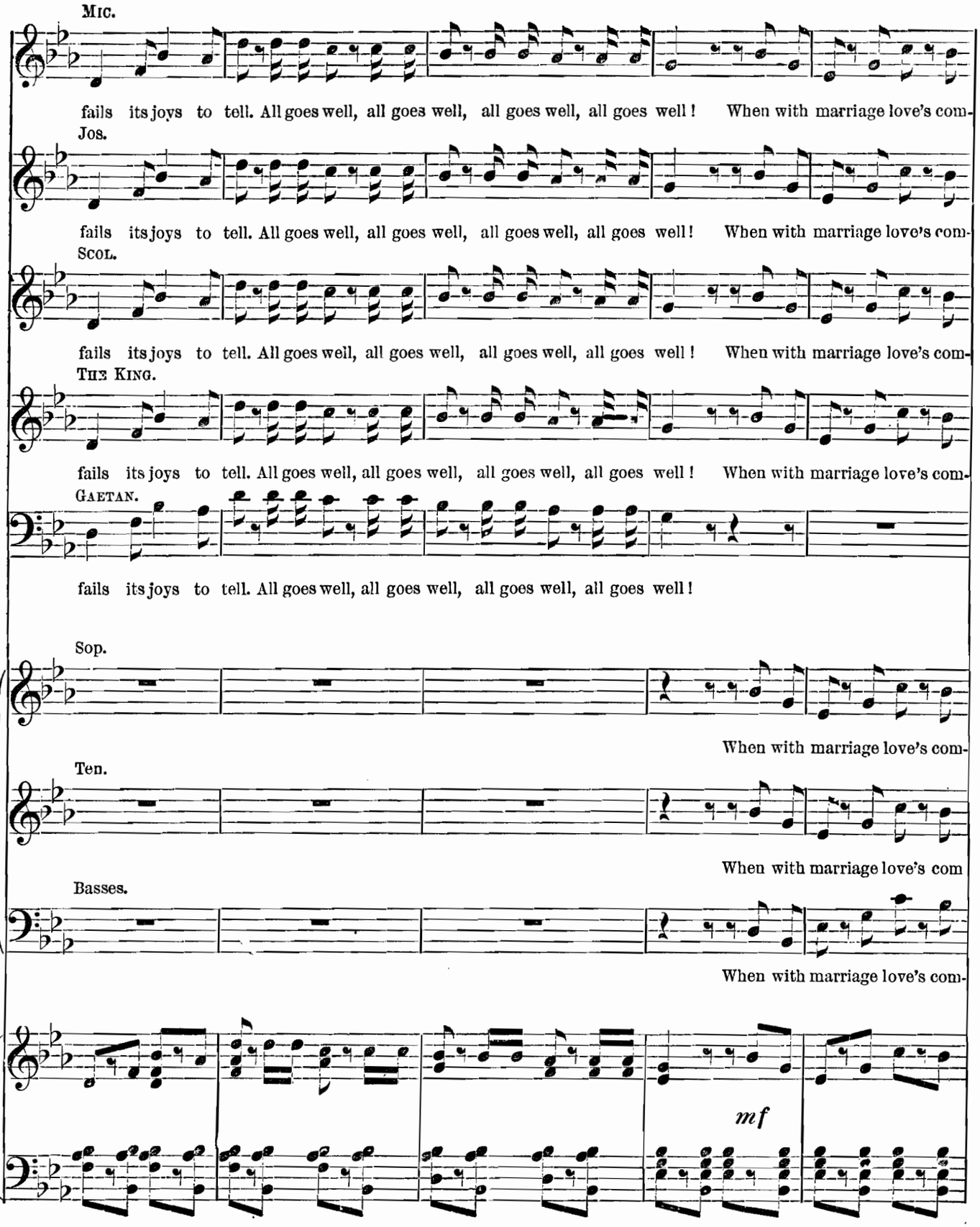

(they converse.)
pp
1st.
2d.
Allegro.
ff
ff

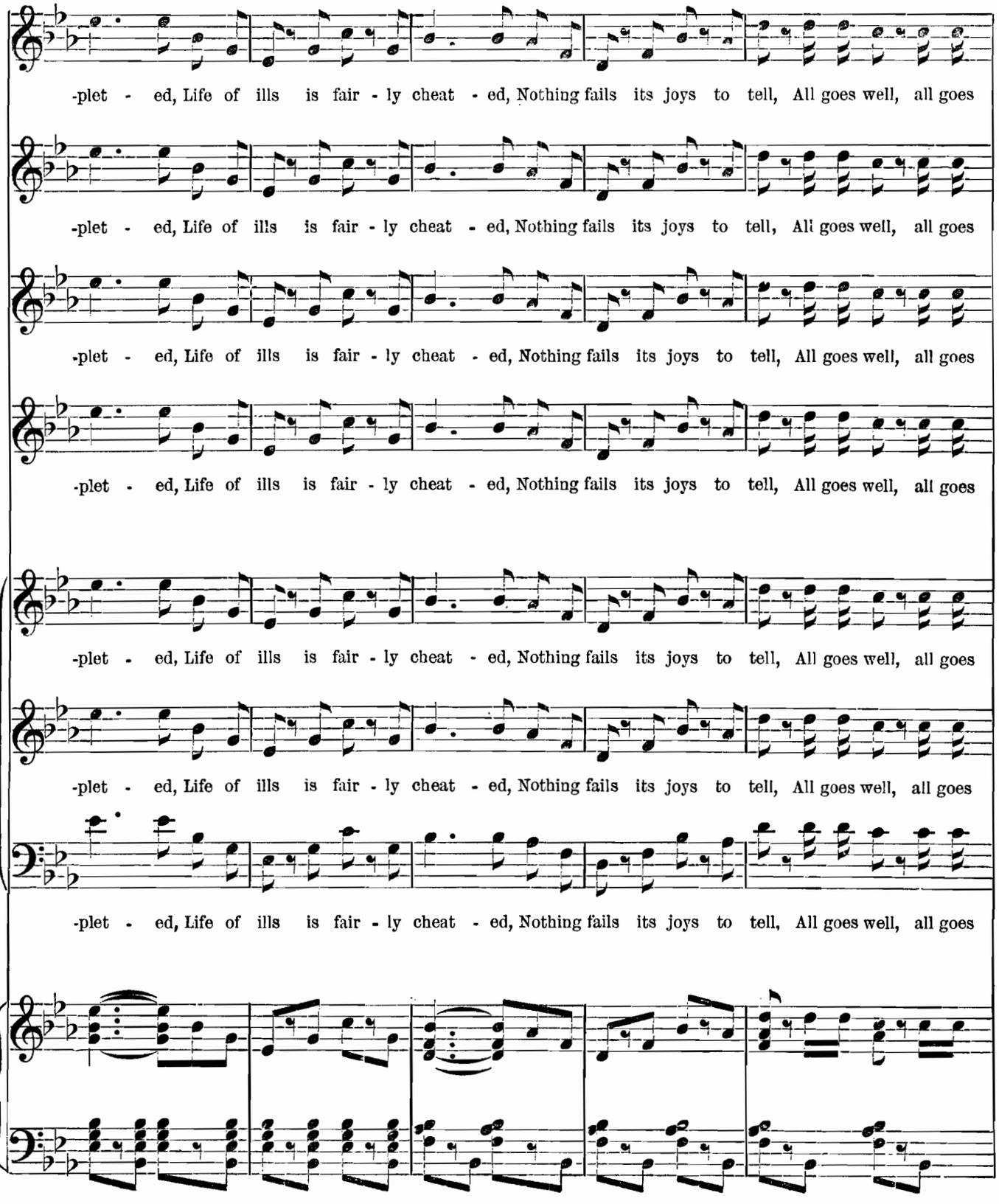

Sopranos. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
Tenors. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
Basses. f
By our an - thems we'll cel - e - brate, Of our kings, the race ex - tend - - ed. No - ble
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate,..... May their days e'er be full of
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate..... May their days e'er be full of
deeds, and conquests splen - did, Our hearts to them we ded - i - cate..... May their days e'er be full of


pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
pleas - ure, May their nights calm be, without meas - ure, And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.
you and me. And may their bliss lasting be, With much the same for you and me.


1o. Tempo. GAETAN. (to JOSEFA.)
'Tis you who win the game just end - - - ing, And all is
well that well doth end.
THE KING.
My dy - nas - ty with hope ex - tend - -
- ing.
To Eu - rope's bal - ance, aid will lend.
MICAELA.
Since for - tune


crowns the wife's en - deav - - or, At last, you'll the prin - cess ap - prove. .....
.... And hold for each, I hope, for - ev - - - er, The same good
GAETAN.
will, The same kind love. That speaks well! and will
ALL. (without chorus.)
tell! When with mar - riage love's com - plet - ed, Life, of ills, is fair - - ly cheat - - ed, Nothing


Mic.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Jos.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Scol.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
The King.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well! When with marriage love's com-
Gaetan.
fails its joys to tell. All goes well, all goes well, all goes well, all goes well!
Sop.
When with marriage love's com-
Ten.
When with marriage love's com
Basses.
When with marriage love's com-
mf


-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
-plet - ed, Life of ills is fair - ly cheat - ed, Nothing fails its joys to tell, All goes well, all goes
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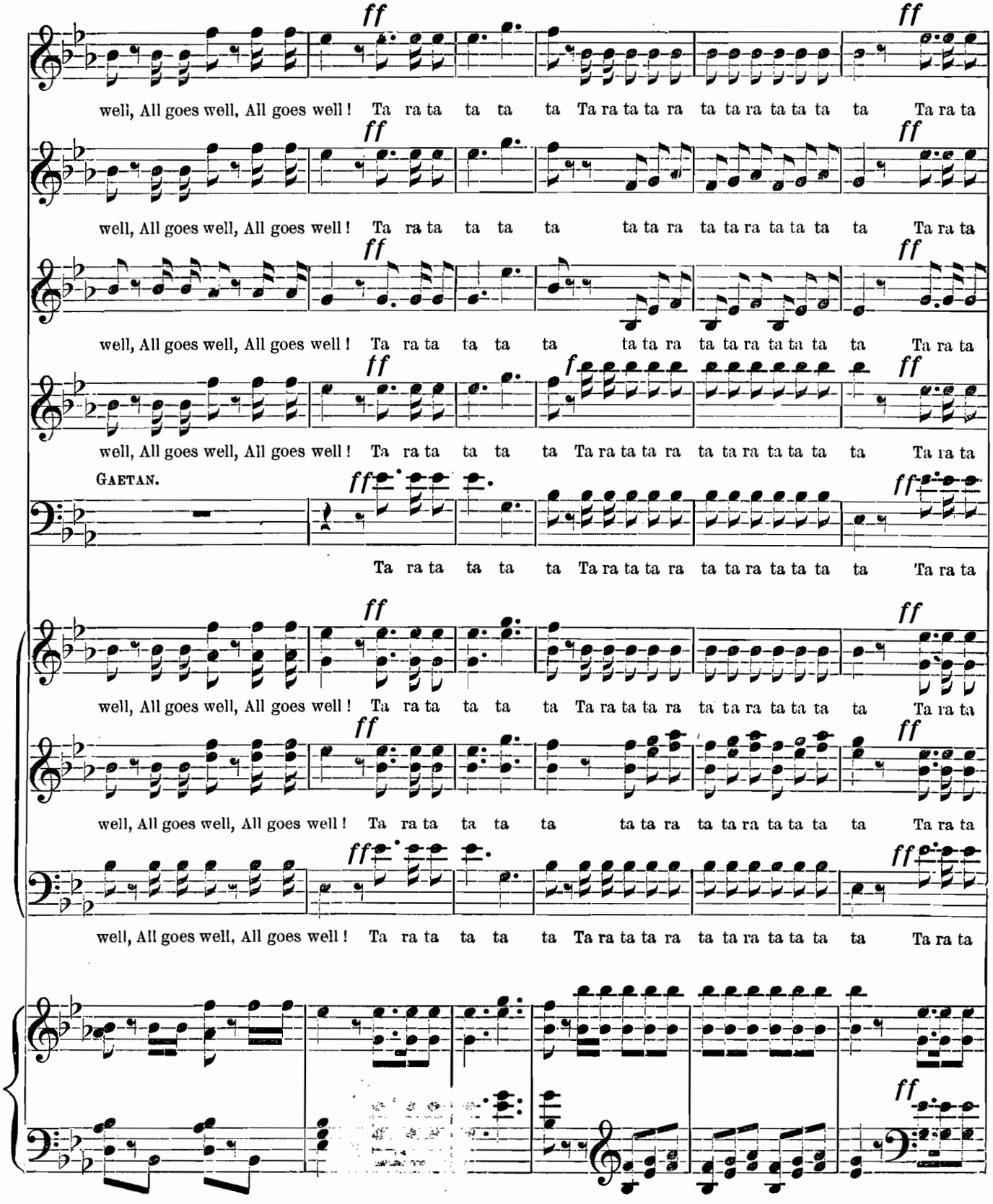
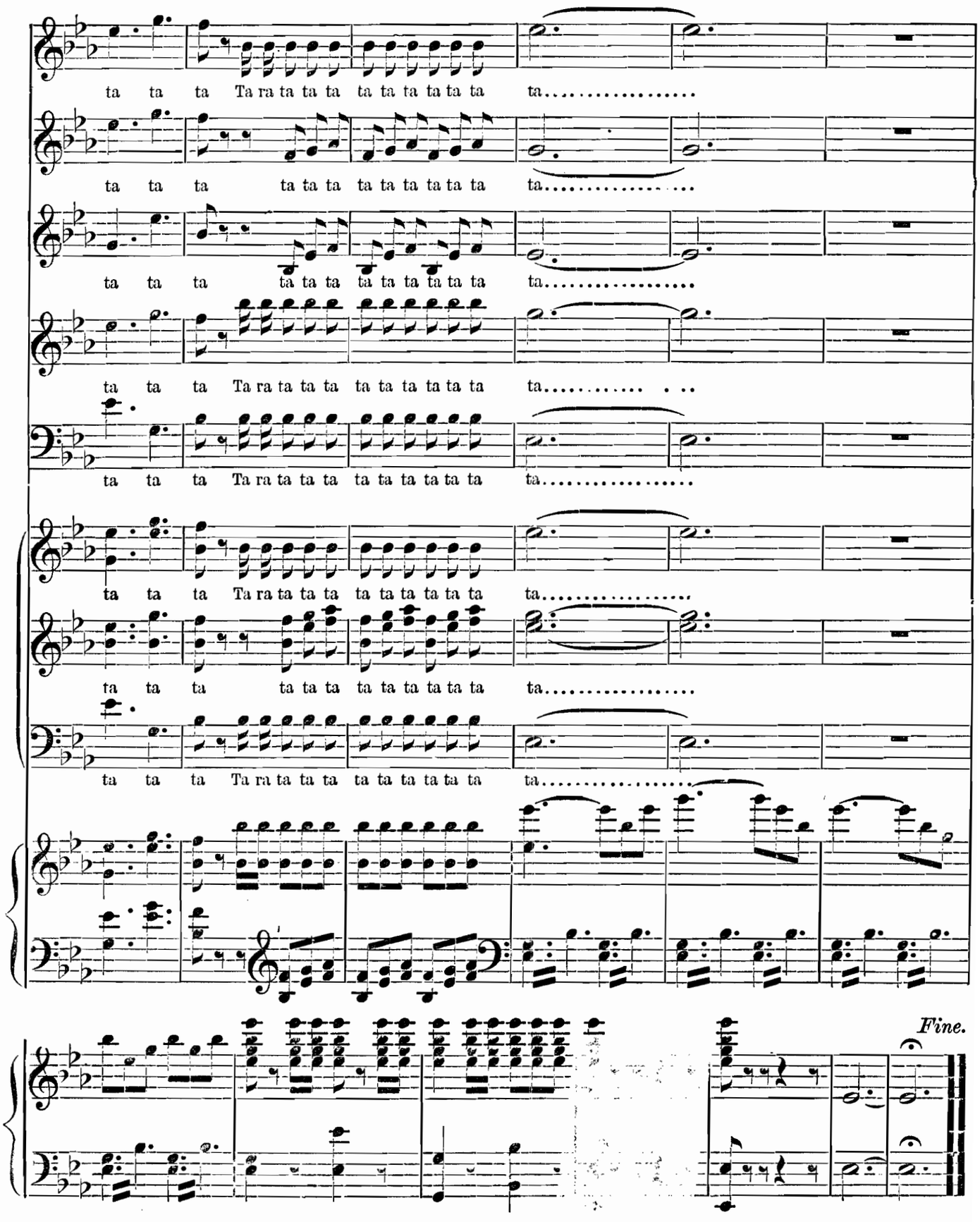

ff
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
f
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
GAETAN.
Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta
well, All goes well, All goes well ! Ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ta ta Ta ra ta


ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
ta ta ta Ta ra ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta ta.....
Fine.