CAPTAIN COOK

A ROMANTIC HISTORICAL

OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

LIBRETTO BY

SANDS W. FORMAN

MUSIC BY

NOAH BRANDT

VOCAL SCORE

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KALANOPUU, King of the Hawaiian Islands, - - - Bass

IA IA, his Daughter, - - - - - - Soprano

CAPTAIN COOK, of the British Ship "Discovery," - - Baritone

OPONUI, Prince and Sub-Chief of a neighboring island, - Tenor

KOKO BOLA, a Priest, - - - - - - Bass

CUPPLES, the Surgeon, - - - - - Tenor

MAIRLEY, Boatswain, - - - - - - Bass

LIKE-LIKE (pronounced "Lee-kee-Lee-kee") Maid to Ia Ia, - - Contralto

The Ship's Crew, Natives of Kalanopuu's Kingdom, and Followers of Oponui.

Music
Library

ARGUMENT.

The Romantic Historical Opera entitled CAPTAIN COOK, by SANDS W. FORMAN and NOAH BRANDT, tells the story of the landing of Captain COOK on the Island of Hawaii, 1778. The bold mariner is in command of a large body of sailors and marines from the exploring ships "Resolute" and "Discovery." The opening scene exhibits the landing upon the coral strand of a company of sailors and marines in charge of a Lieutenant and minor officers, and accompanied by the ship's surgeon, CUPPLES. They have come ashore in search of wood, water, and whatever fruits and provisions are to be had. Overjoyed at their release from the confinement of a long and tedious voyage, they make the place resound with their songs and laughter. The echoes of their merriment being heard on board the two ships in the offing, it is not long before Captain COOK, his staff of officers and the entire ship's company, also come ashore. He then commands the earlier comers to go upon their errand, leaving him and the surgeon alone. In the meantime a procession of natives—male and female, including many little children—appear, bearing articles of sacrifice. Long before this, it had been foretold by the native soothsayers and priests that some day a white God would come among them from across the ocean, and that he was to be obeyed even to the sharing of the nation's throne and the giving up to the white God and his followers of their fairest daughters. The procession, which is on its way to the fiery mountain to sacrifice to the Goddess PELE, immediately stop in their march and fall down, worshipping the great Captain. Amicable arrangements are made and the fair Princess IA IA, daughter of the King, is at once offered Captain COOK for a bride, the other maidens pairing with the officers and crew. The first act ends in general rejoicing.

The Second Act opens with preparations for the wedding of COOK and the Princess. Large stone idols are about on every side, and the natives and seamen are dressed in their gala attire. In the midst of the merry making there comes upon the scene OPONUI—a sub-chief from a neighboring island—to whom the Princess had been betrothed in her childhood. Finding out the cause of all the feasting and rejoicing, he turns upon KOKO BOLA and excitedly questions him. He becomes furious at the impending loss of his promised bride and sings indignantly of the wrong that has been done him. In the meantime the Princess comes upon the scene, meets OPONUI, her old lover, and renews her vows. While they are singing COOK approaches and overhears their song. He, too, becomes furious and would make an onslaught on the sub-chief. Enter all the Natives and Sailors, and when the entire assemblage are about to join in bloody combat, a sudden eruption of Mauna Loa illumes the heavens, the mountains topple and sway, great streams of fiery lava rushing down their sides. The stone idols and the temple are crumbled into dust, and the natives, believing that the Goddess PELE of the volcano is angered at their treachery, throw down their weapons and prostrate themselves to the ground. This tableau ends the second act.

In the Third Act Captain COOK and his sailors have become tired of their idle life and begin to think of sailing away. The natives being greatly subdued and no longer dangerous, COOK begins to think of his wife and babies at home, and the sailors of the Nancies and Pollies "in Plymouth Town hard by the shore."

The King, OPONUI and COOK have reconciled all their differences and great preparations are being made for the nuptials of the Princess and her lover.

The last scene represents the wedding of OPONUI and IA IA on the beach, with COOK and his followers in their boats making for the ships in the distance, singing a long farewell, which is responded to by the natives.

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CAPTAIN COOK.

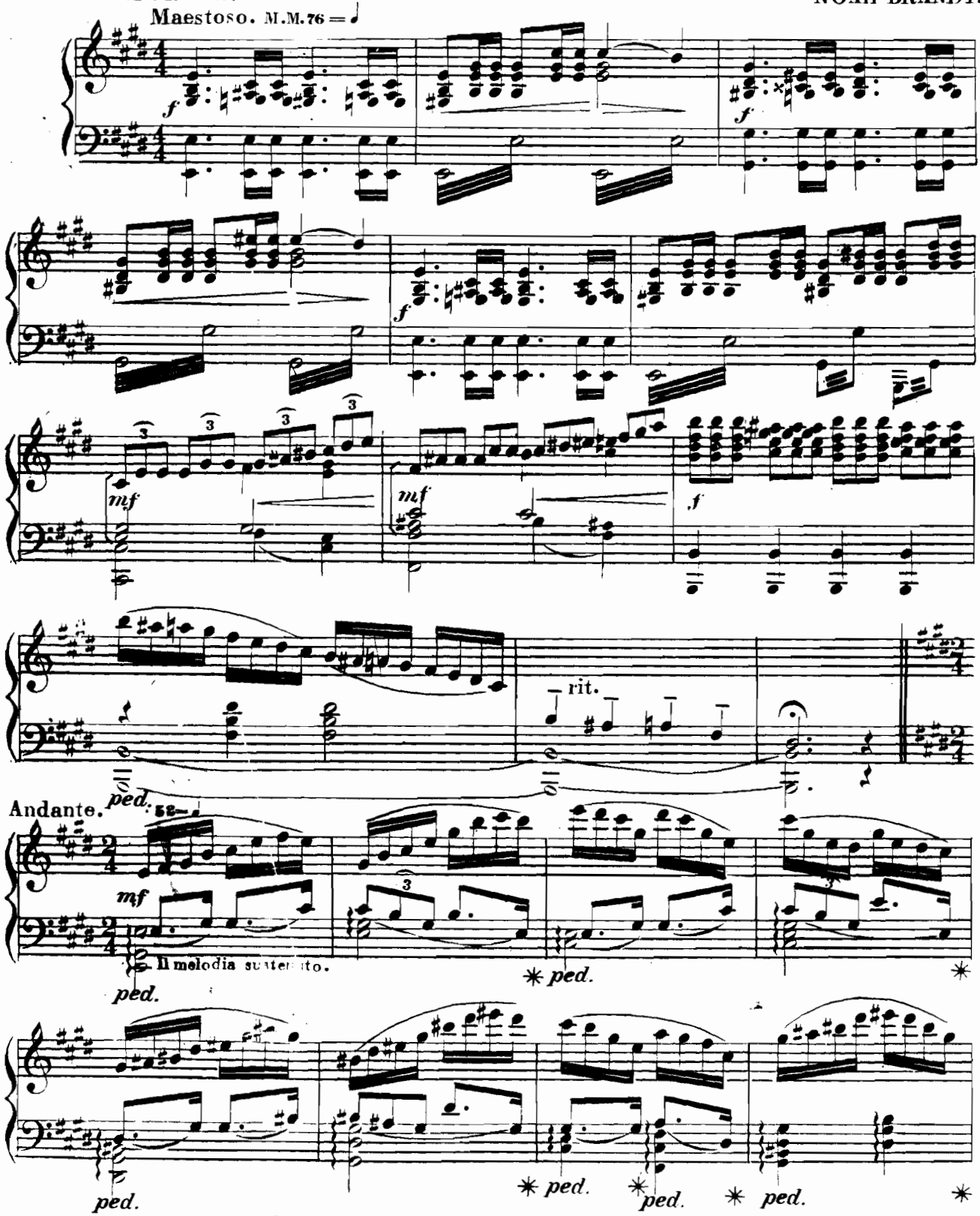
A

ROMANTIC HISTORICAL OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

Libretto by
SANDS W. FORMAN.

OVERTURE.

Music by
NOAH BRANDT.



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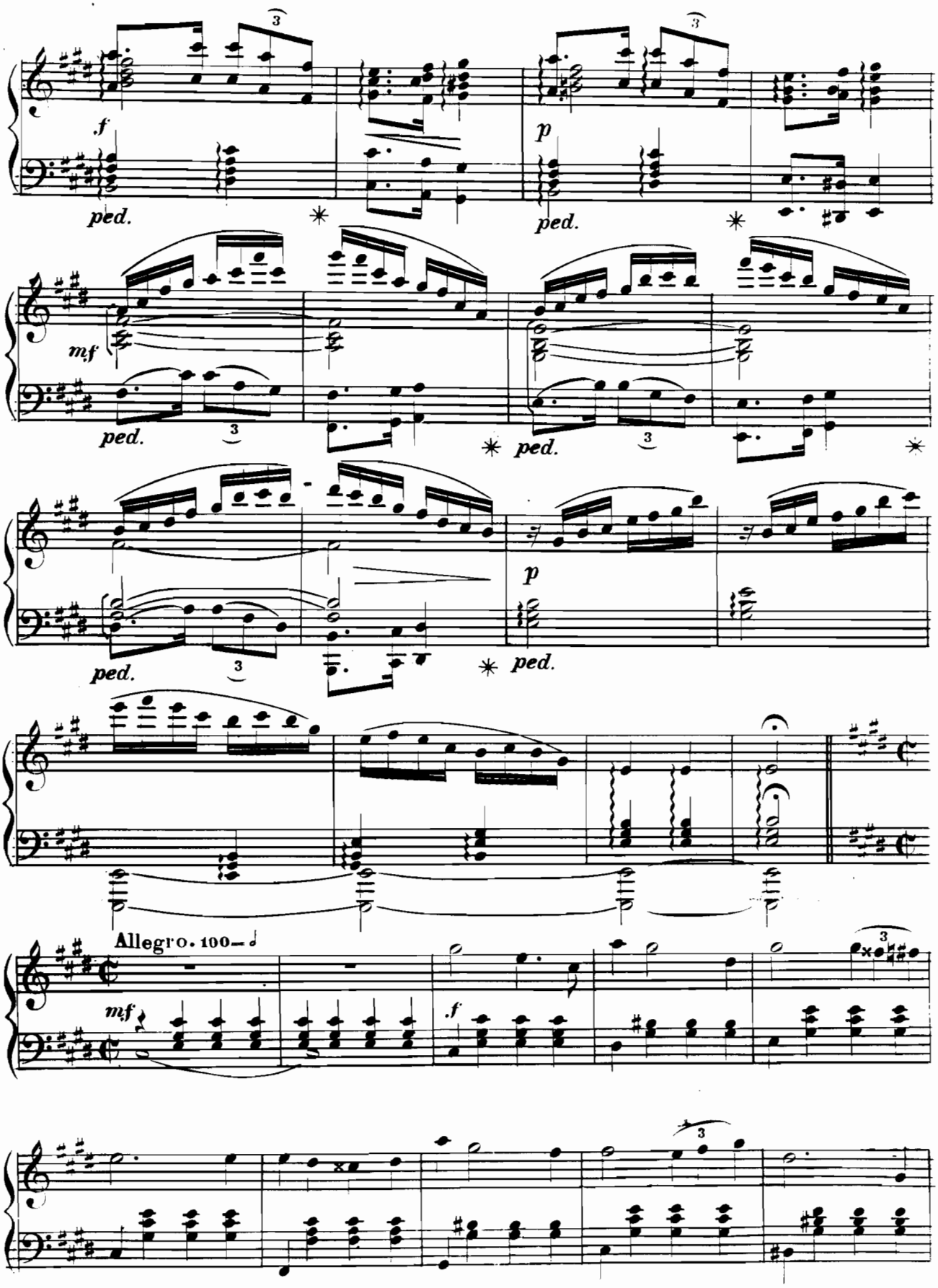
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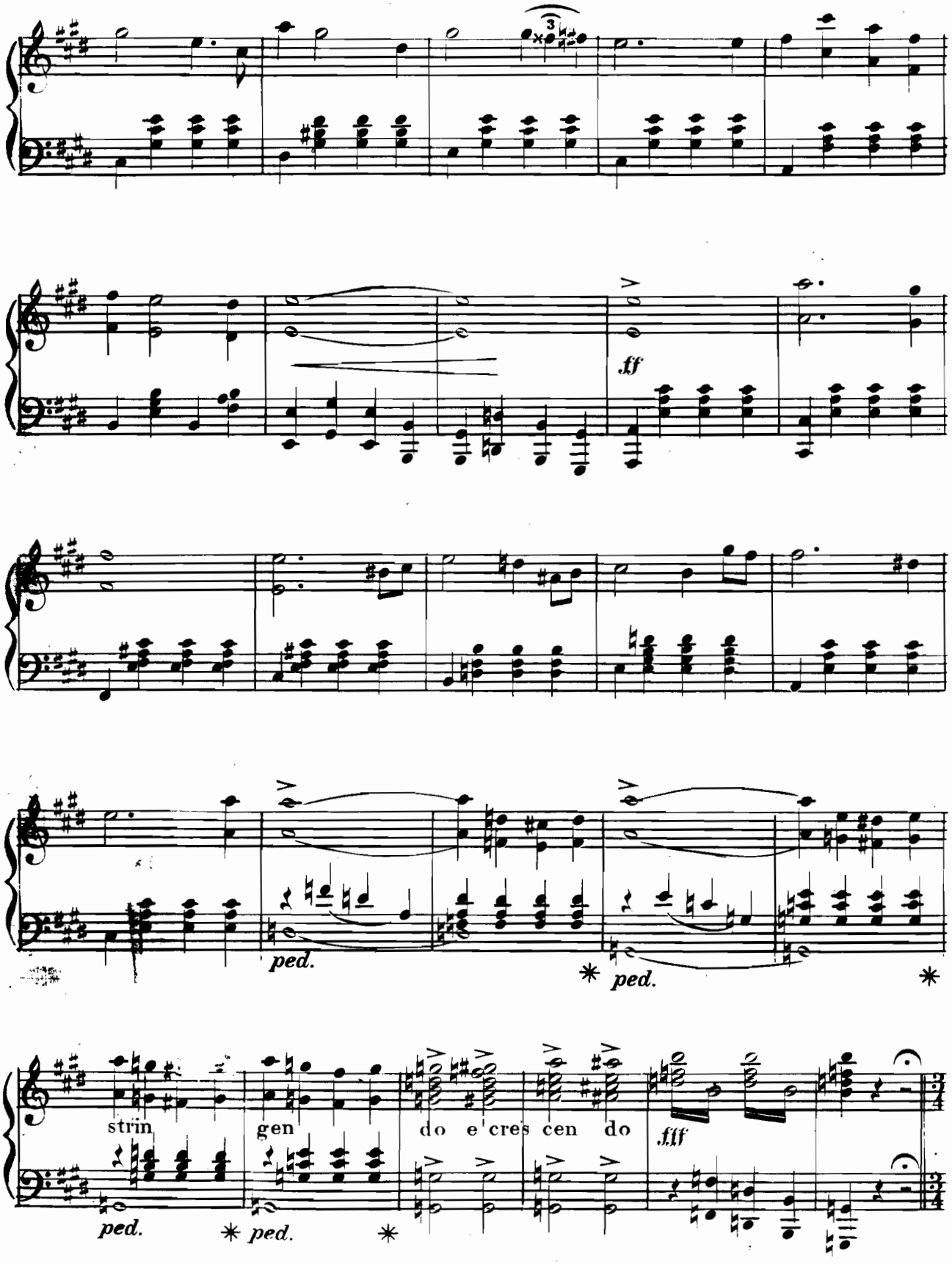
mf
f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* ped.
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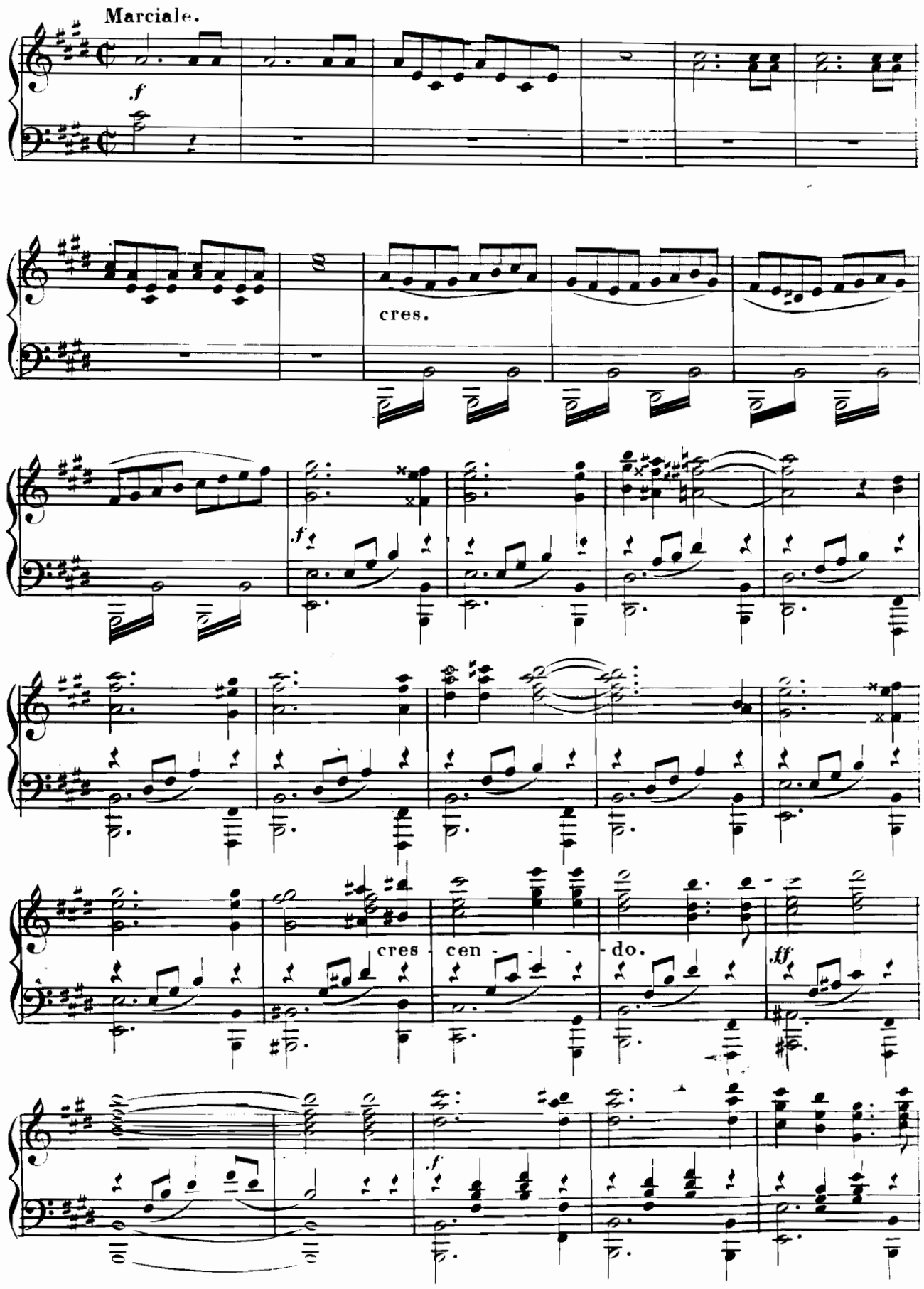
* ped.
*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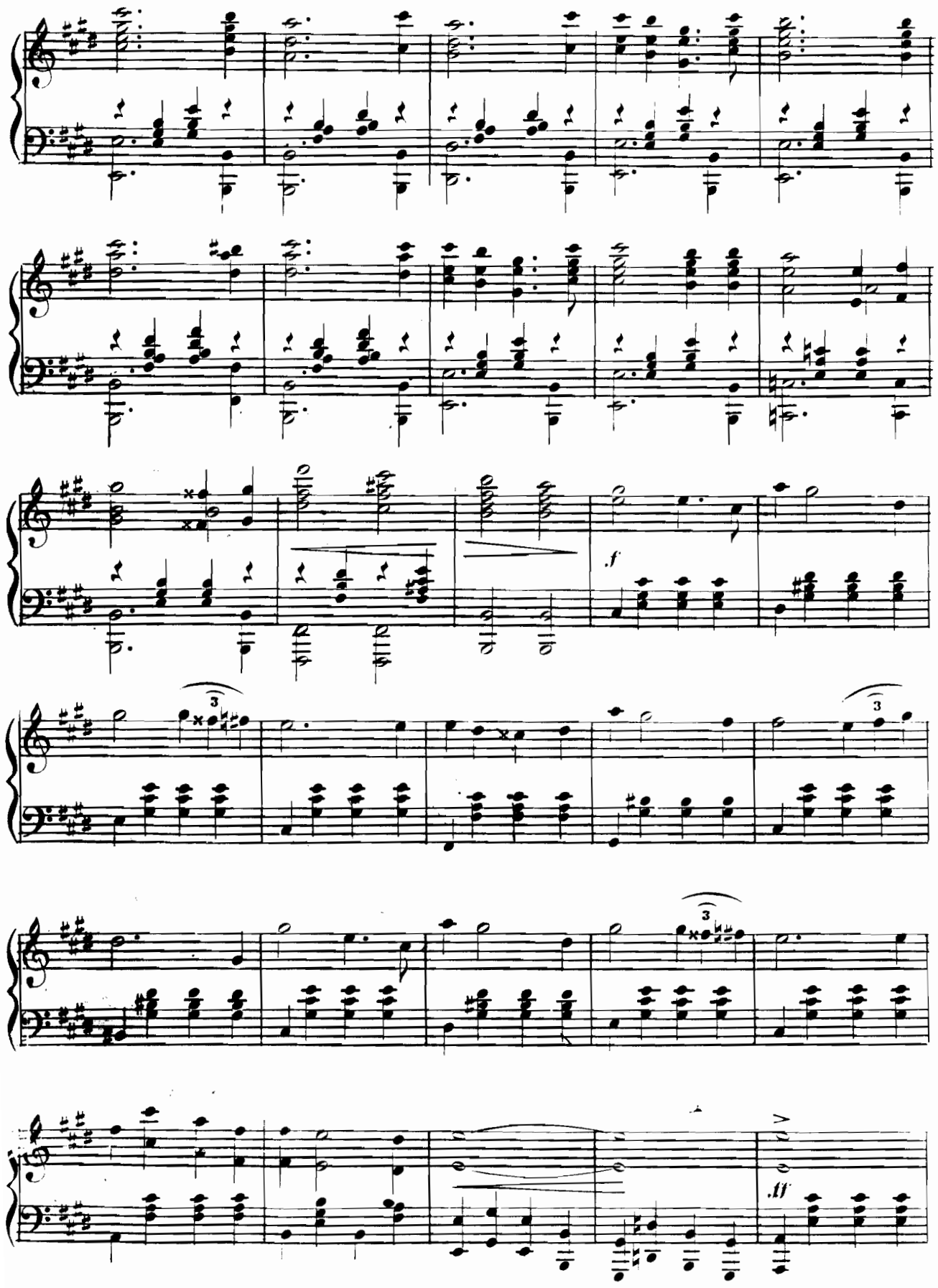
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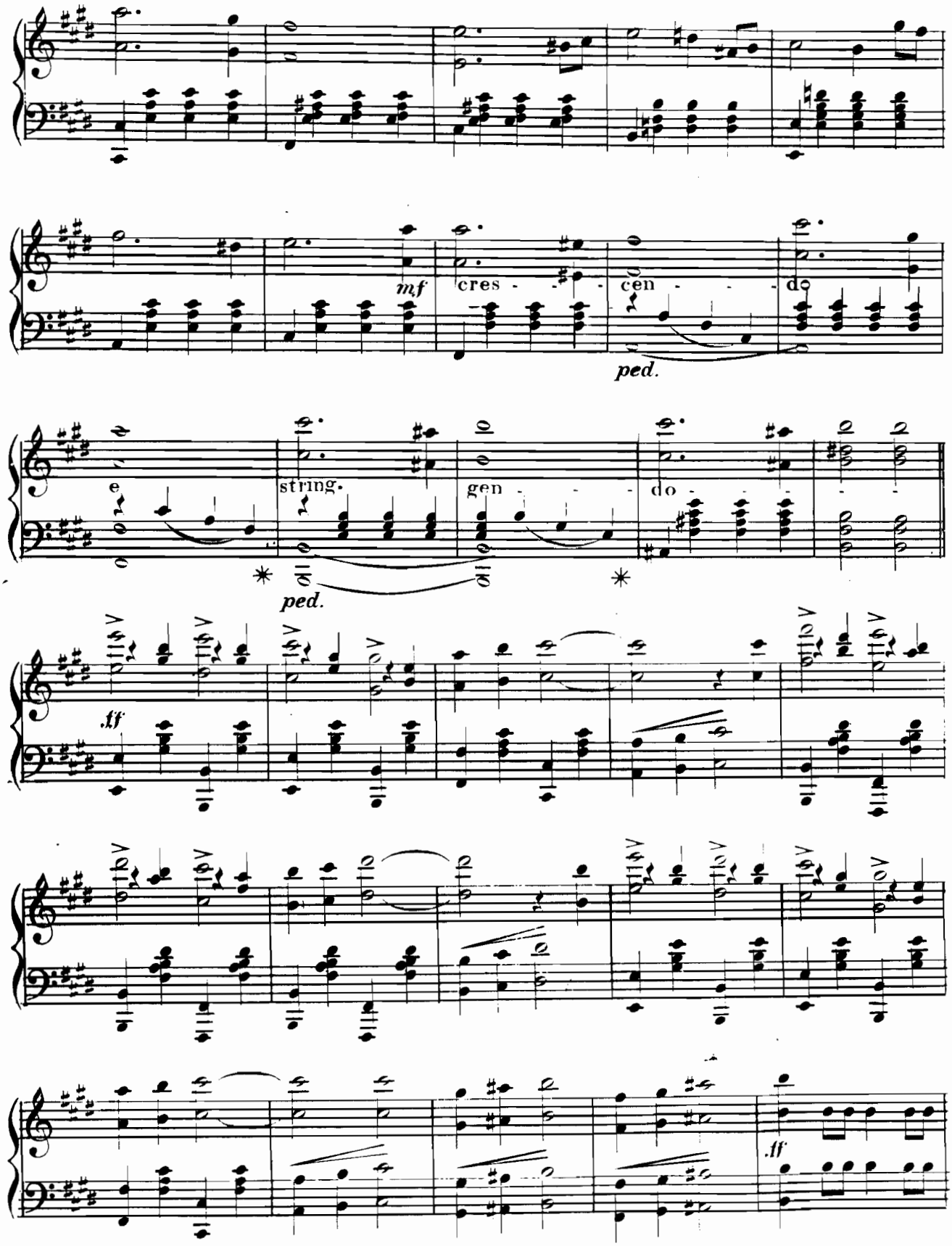
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e
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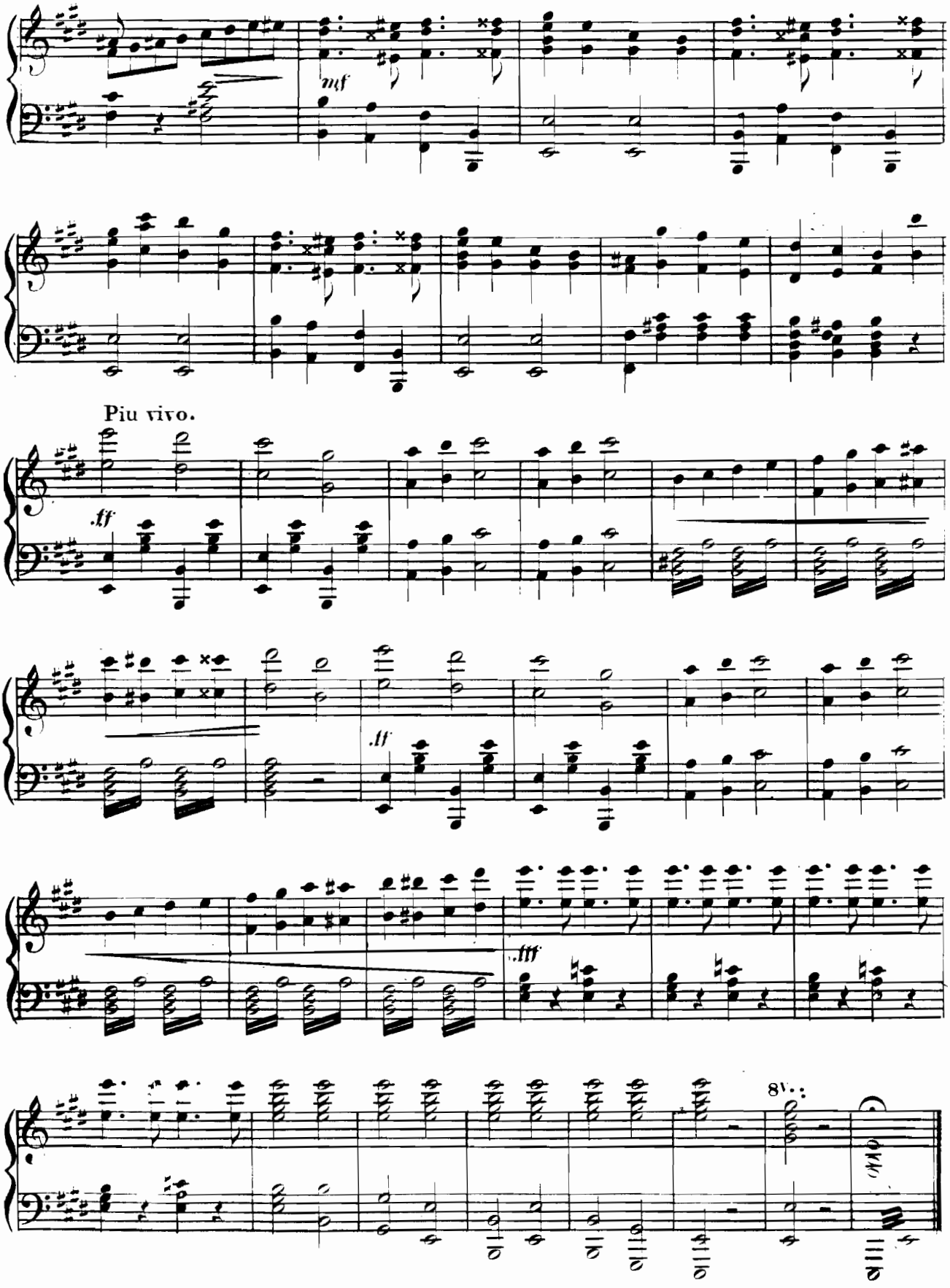
mf
Piu vivo.
ff
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fff
8va

CAPTAIN COOK.

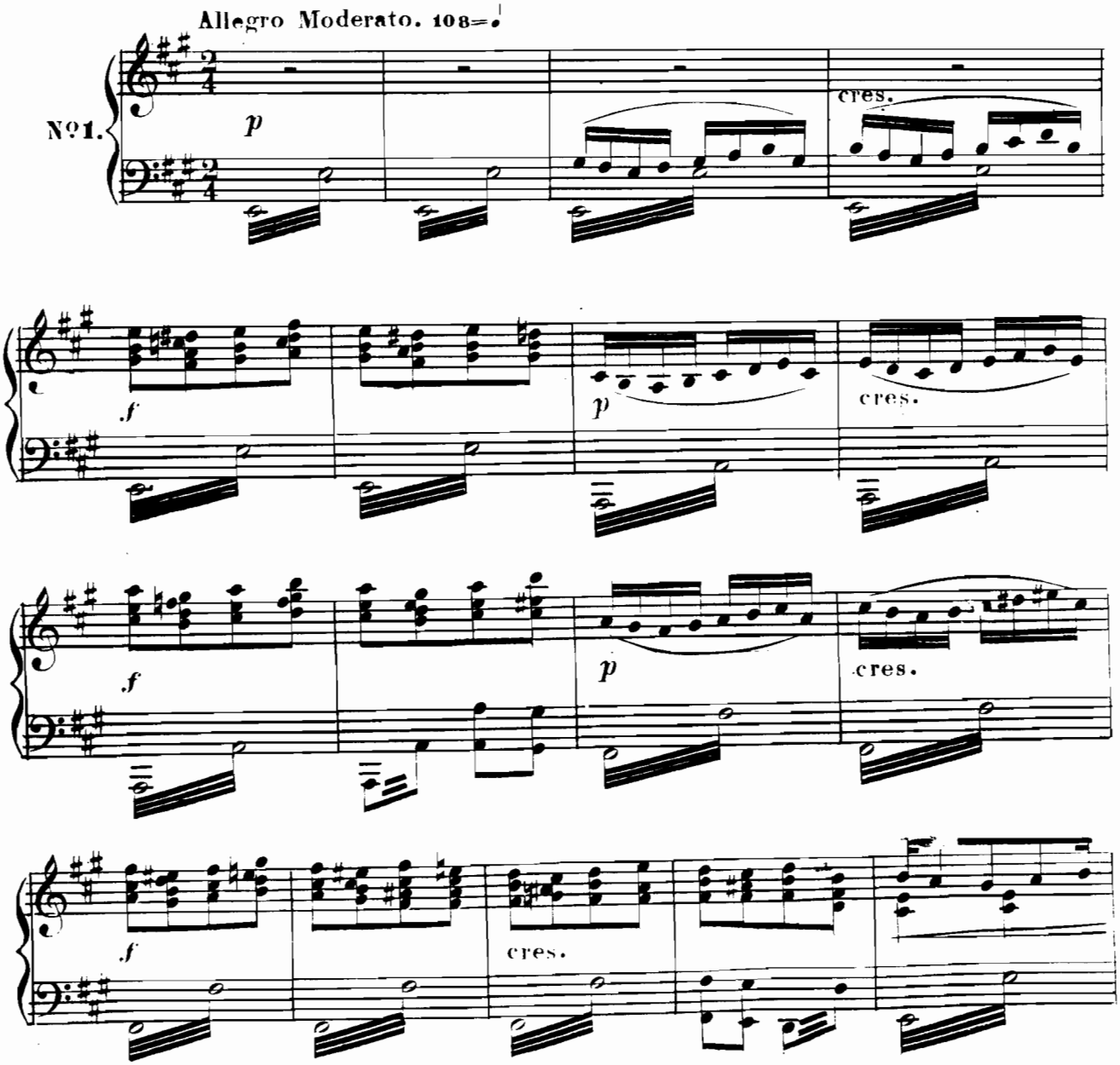
ACT I.

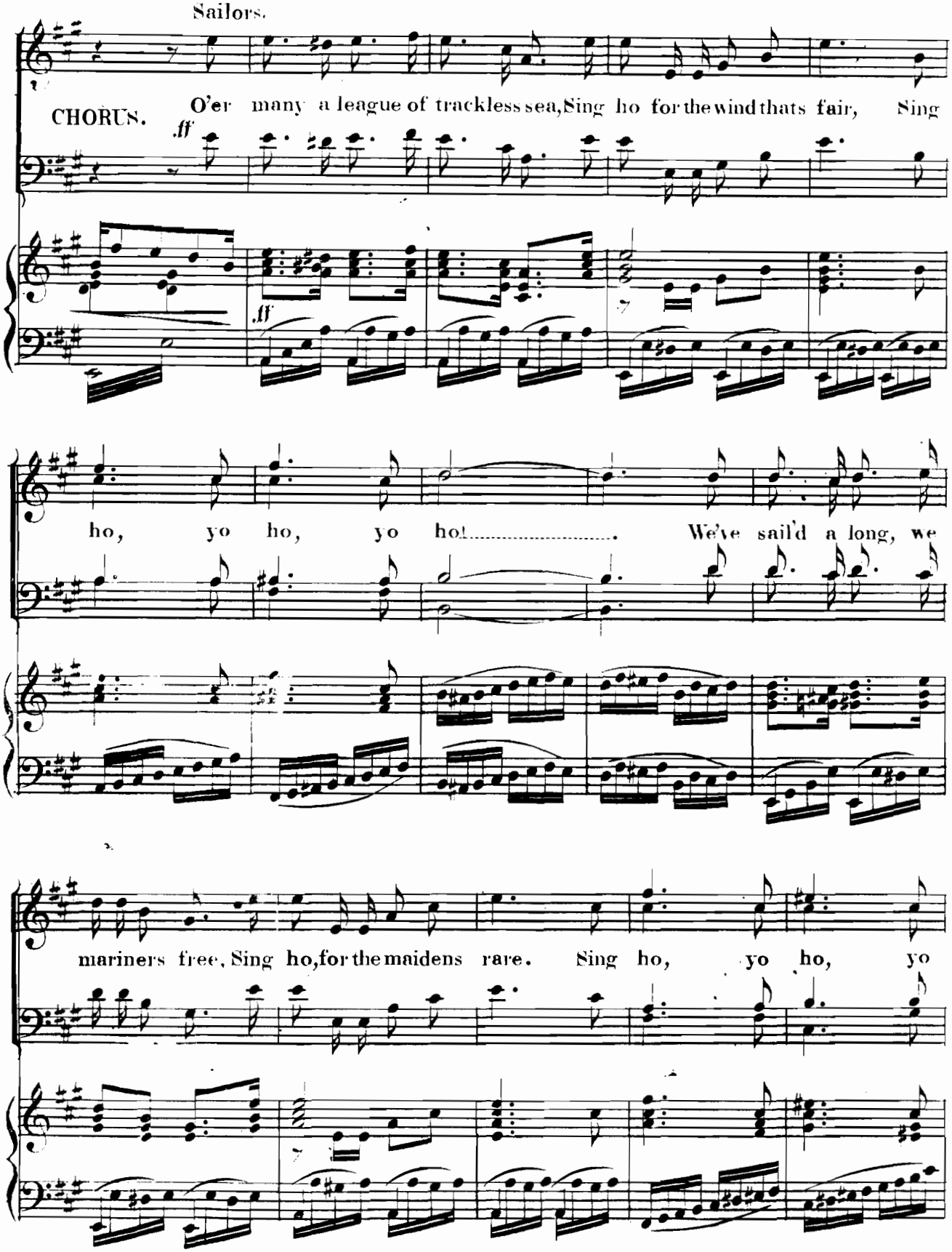
Libretto by
Sands W Forman.

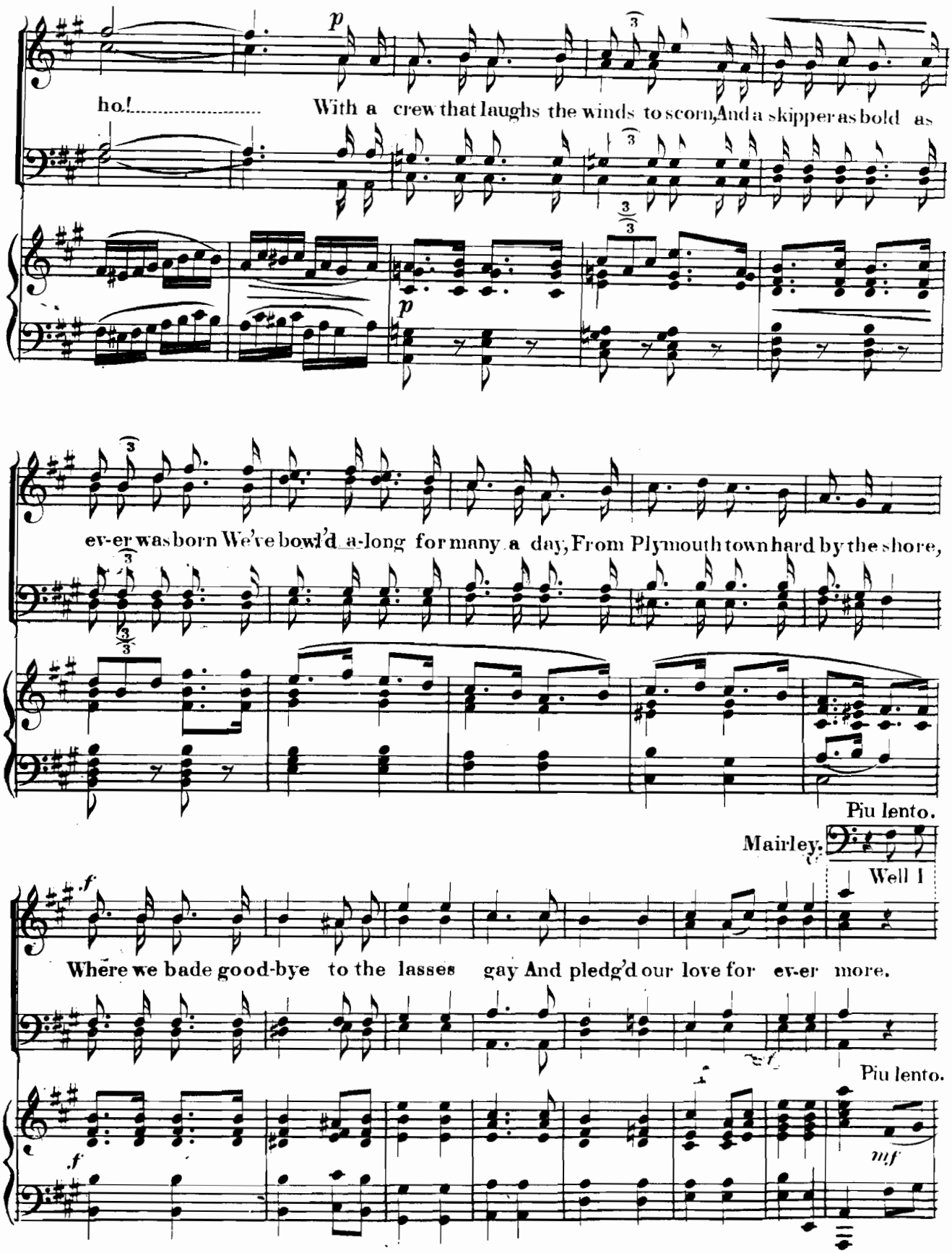
Music by
Noah Brandt.

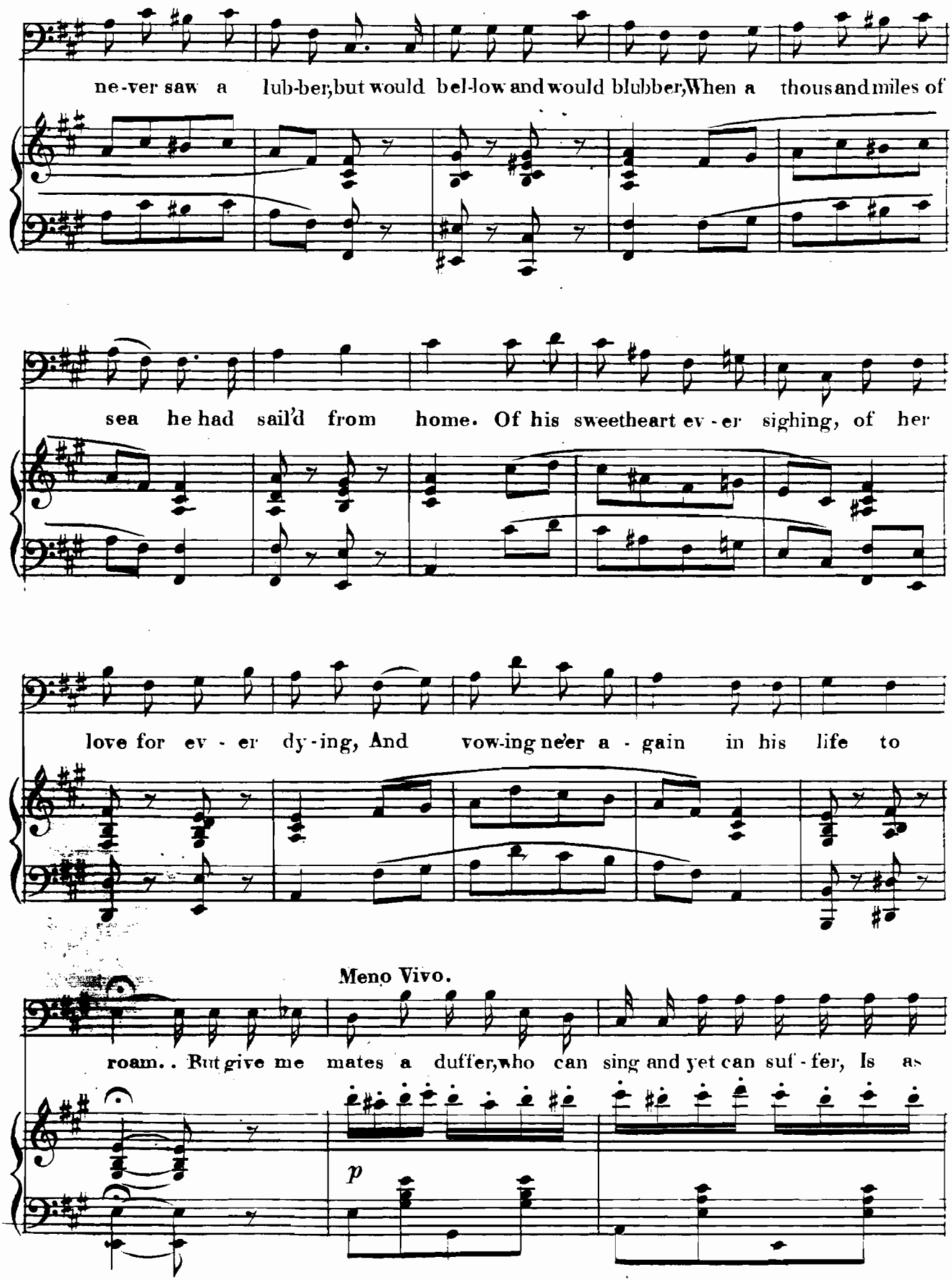
A sandy beach and coral strand in the foreground — in the back, a stretch of water and the two ships of Capt. Cook —— The Resolute and Discovery at anchor — High sterns, and with rows of small windows aft, according to the manner of ships built in 1776. The extreme background, a drop — showing the volcano Mauna Loa in the far distance with puffs of smoke ascending from same at regular intervals On the same Drop nearer down towards beach, great Palms and Cocoa trees and other tropical verdure.

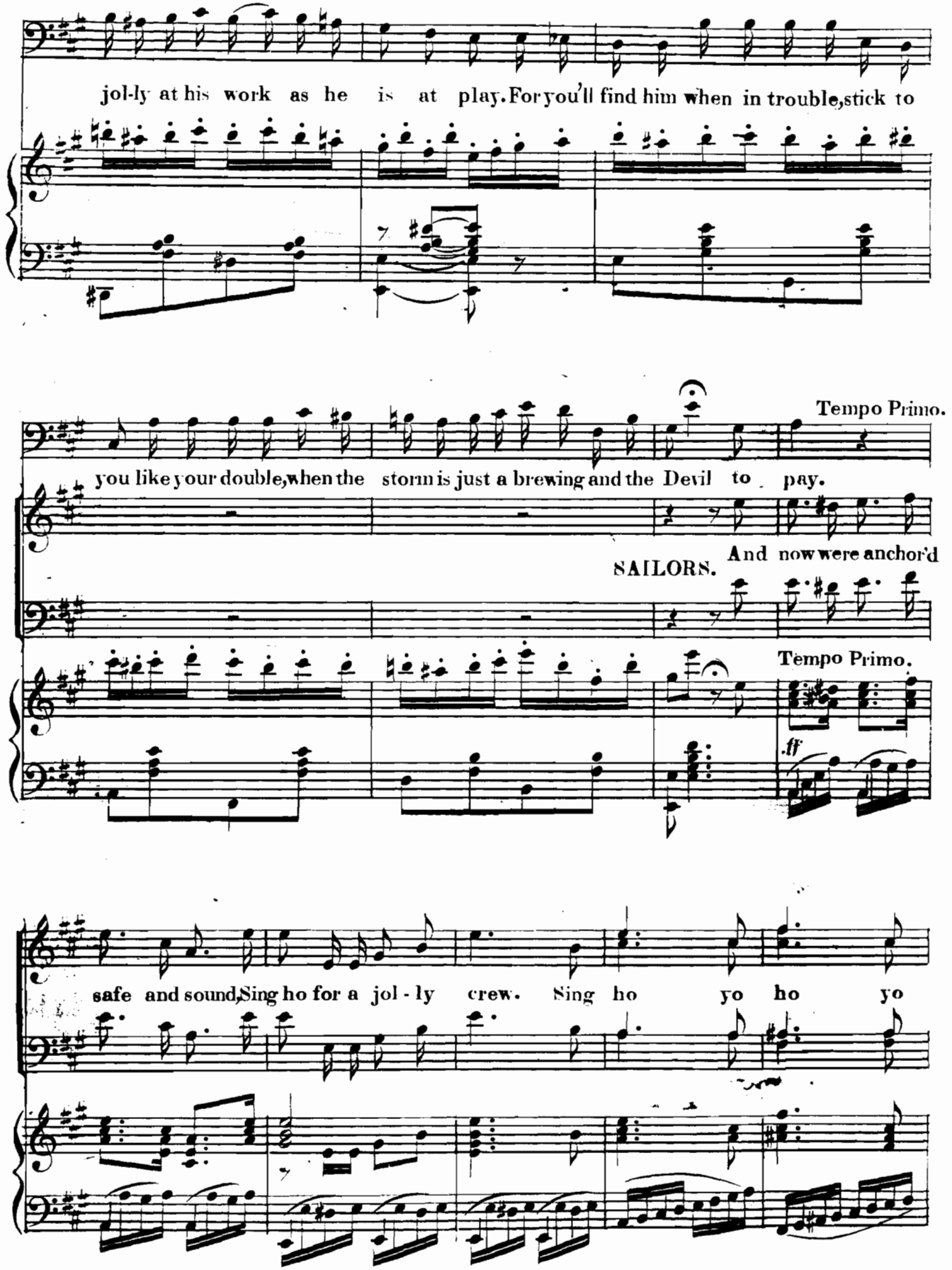
The Boatswain — The Ships-Surgeon — A Lieutenant of Marines and Seamen in old costumes, and also a squad of marines (grotesque).

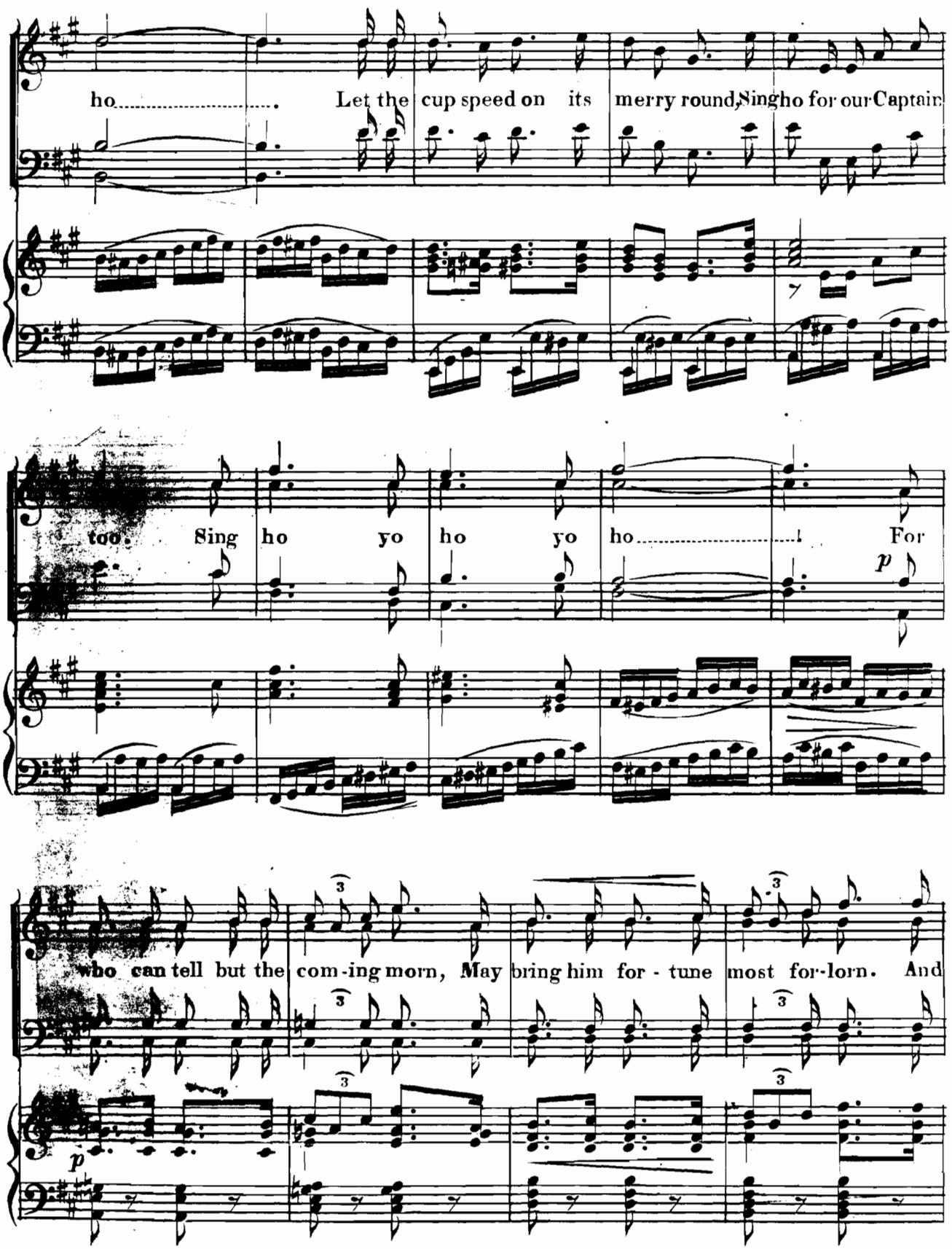


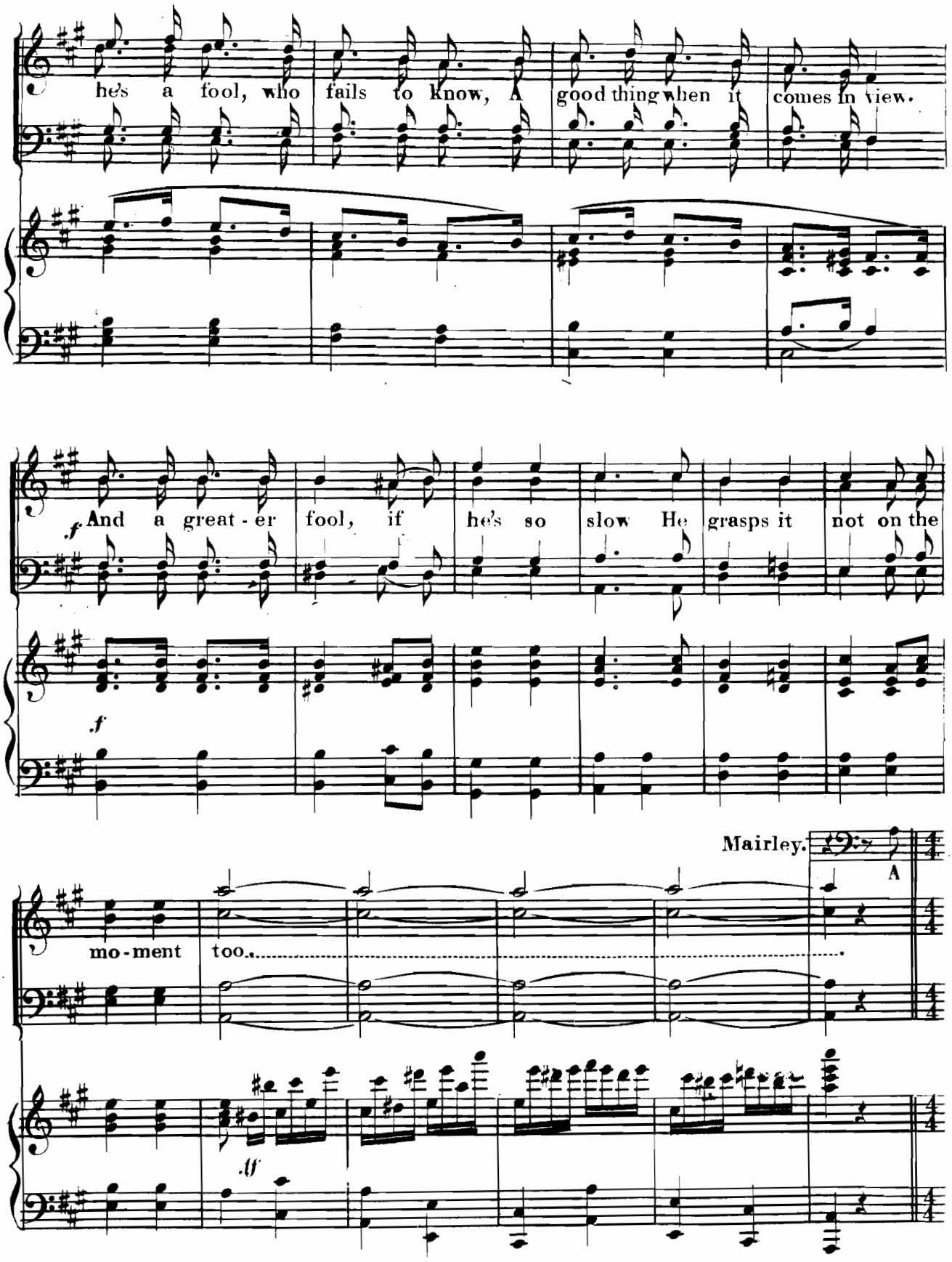

Sailors.
CHORUS.
O'er many a league of trackless sea, Sing ho for the wind thats fair, Sing
ff
ff
ho, yo ho, yo ho! We've sail'd a long, we
mariners free, Sing ho, for the maidens rare. Sing ho, yo ho, yo

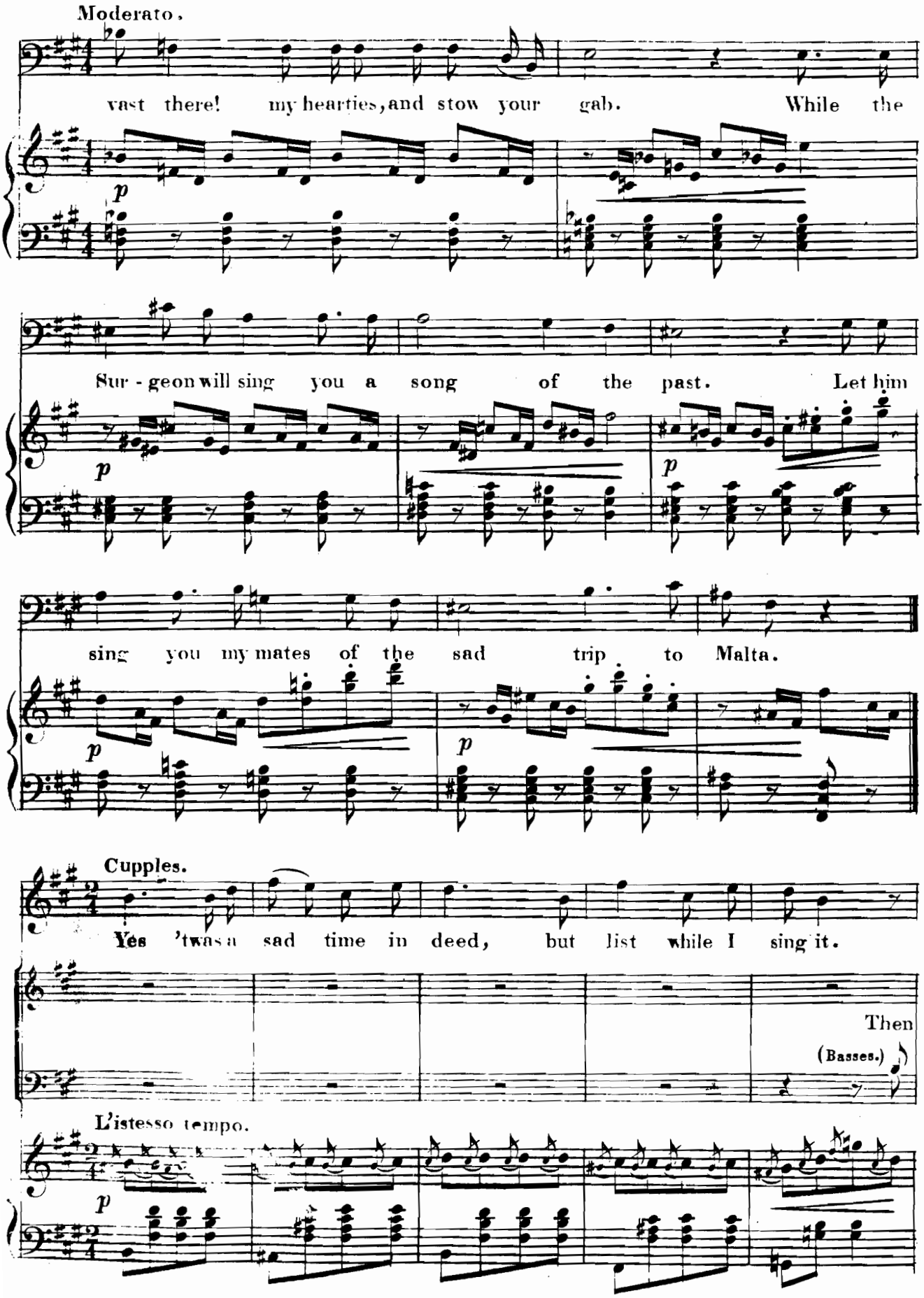

p
ho! With a crew that laughs the winds to scorn, And a skipper as bold as
p
ev-er was born We've bowl'd a-long for many a day, From Plymouth town hard by the shore,
Piu lento.
Mairley.
Well I
f
Where we bade good-bye to the lasses gay And pledg'd our love for ev-er more.
f
Piu lento.
mf

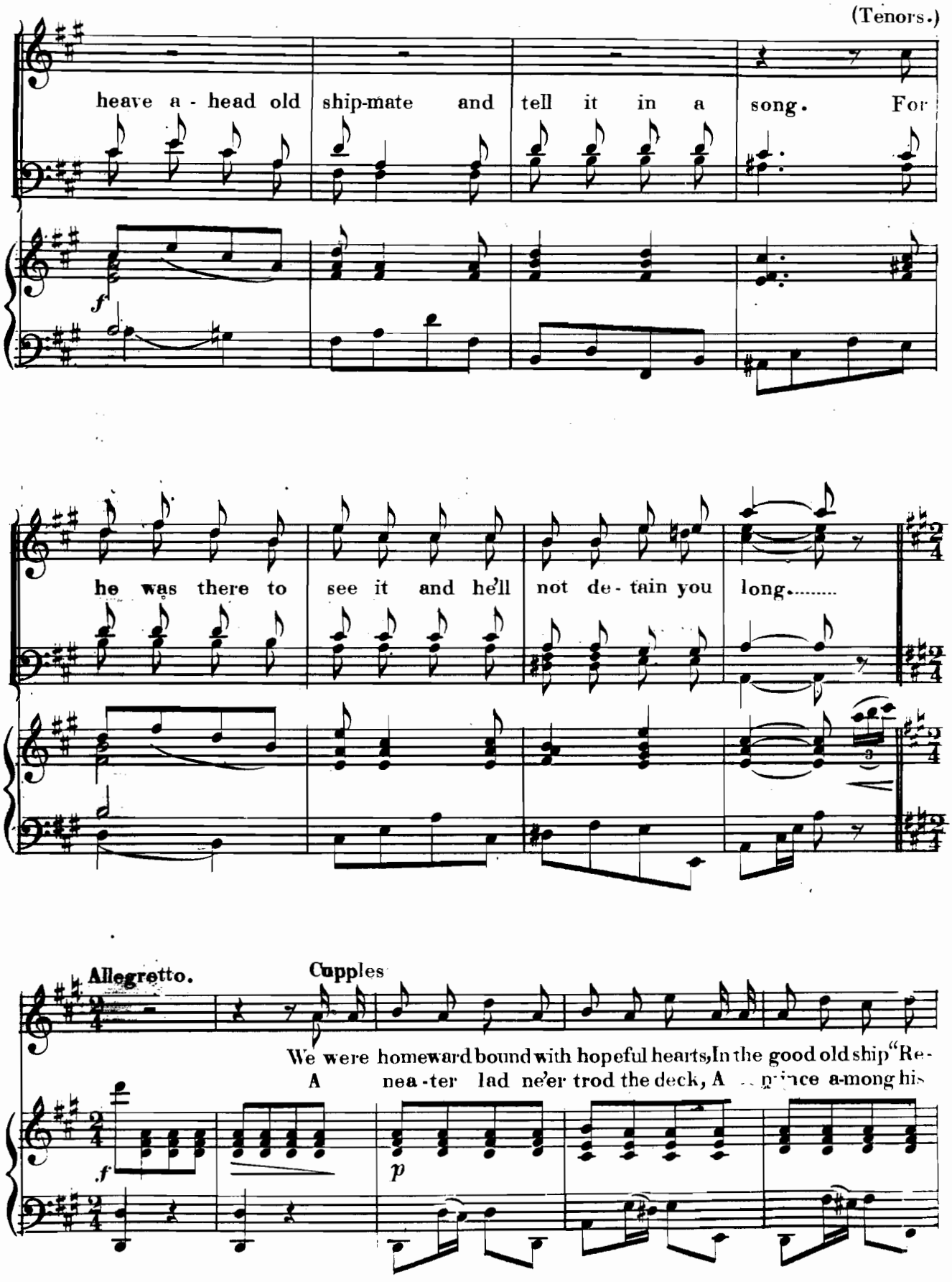

ne-ver saw a lub-ber, but would bel-low and would blubber, When a thousand miles of
sea he had sail'd from home. Of his sweetheart ev-er sighing, of her
love for ev-er dy-ing, And vow-ing ne'er a-gain in his life to
Meno Vivo.
roam.. But give me mates a duffer, who can sing and yet can suf-fer, Is as
p

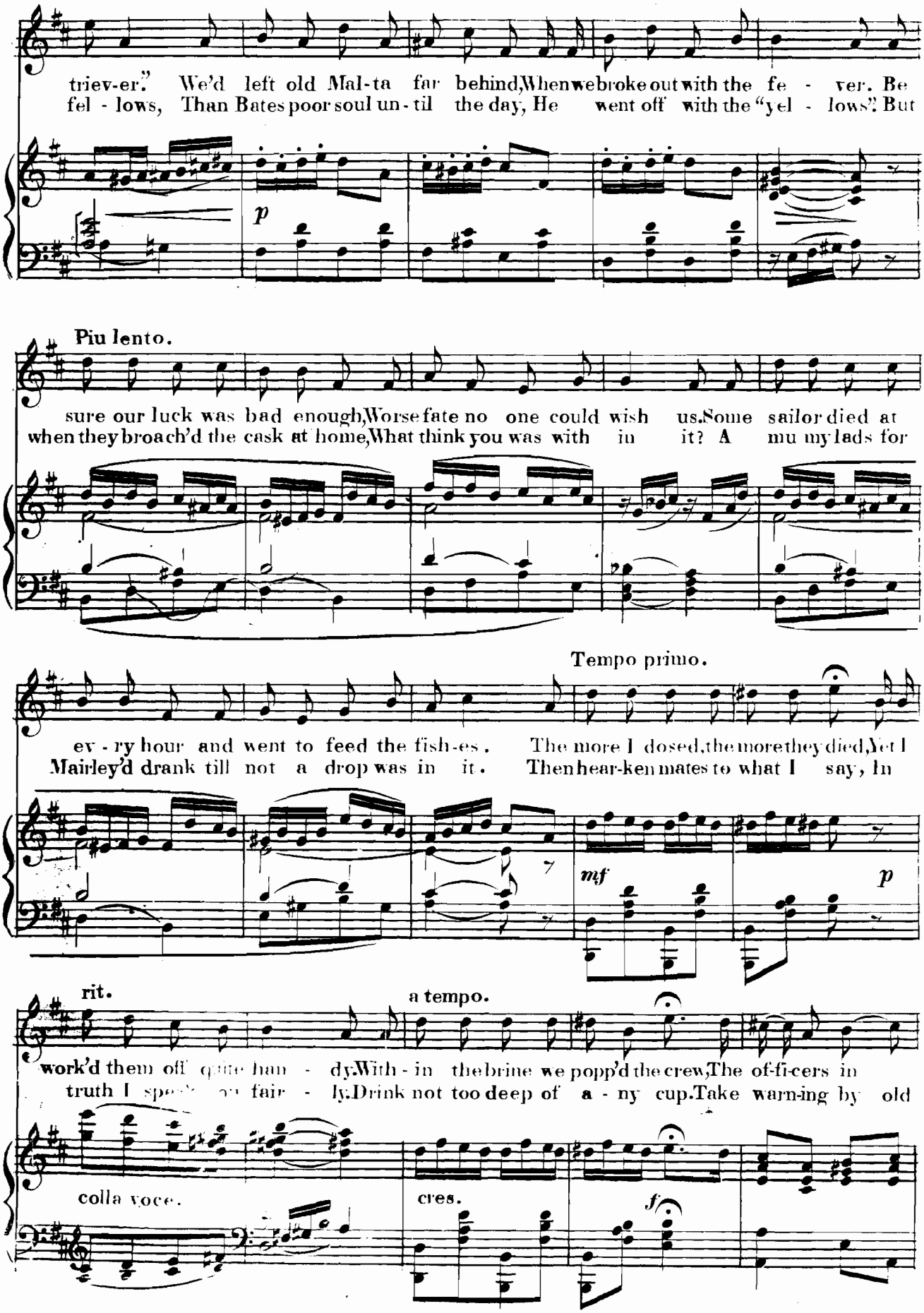

jol-ly at his work as he is at play. For you'll find him when in trouble, stick to
Tempo Primo.
you like your double, when the storm is just a brewing and the Devil to pay.
SAILORS. And now were anchor'd
Tempo Primo.
ff
safe and sound, Sing ho for a jol - ly crew. Sing ho yo ho yo

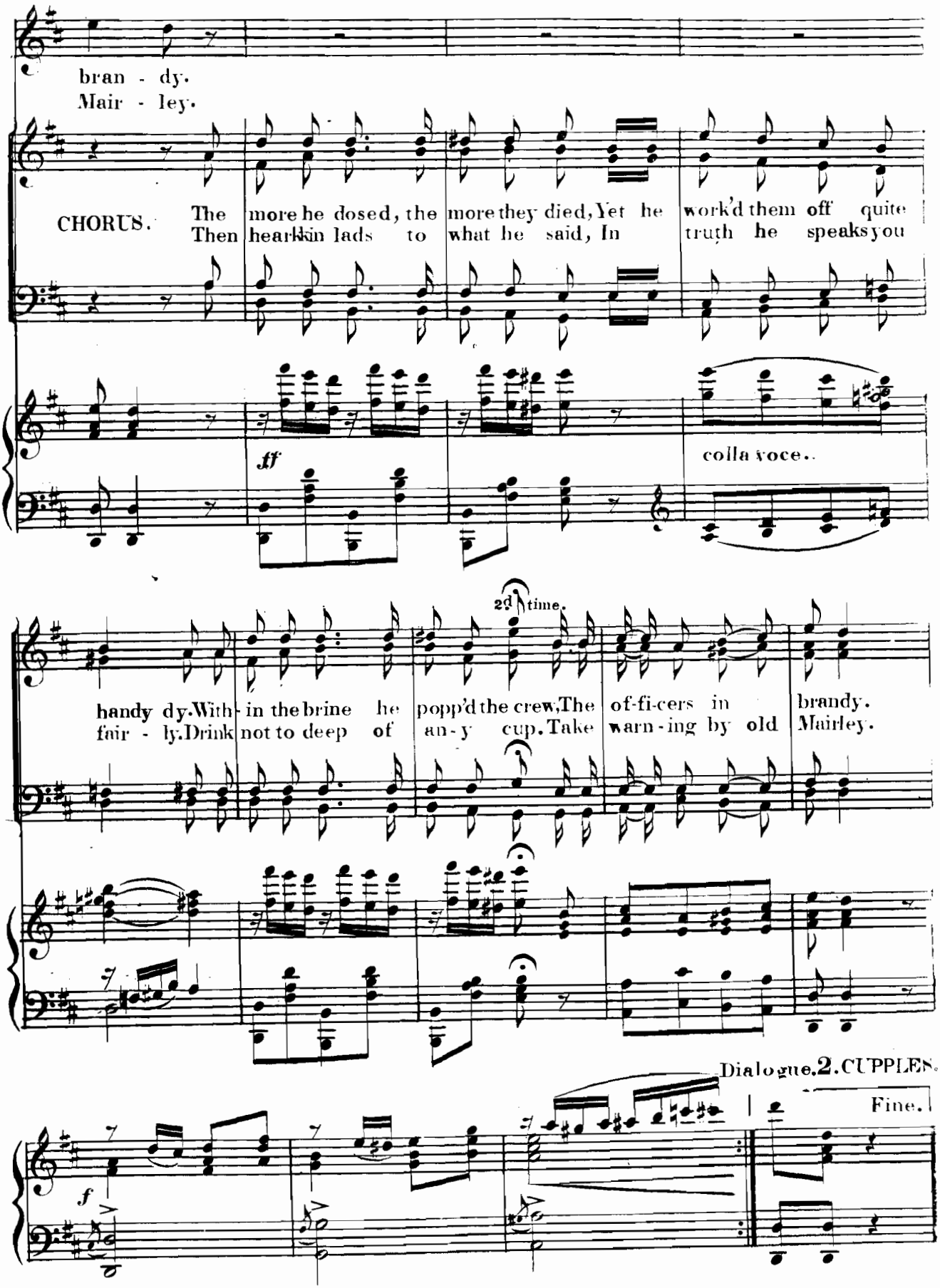

ho. Let the cup speed on its merry round, Sing ho for our Captain
too. Sing ho yo ho yo ho. For
who can tell but the com-ing morn, May bring him for-tune most for-lorn. And


he's a fool, who fails to know, A good thing when it comes in view.
f And a great - er fool, if he's so slow He grasps it not on the
f
Mairley.
A
mo - ment too.
ff


Moderato.
vast there! my hearties, and stow your gab. While the
p
Sur - geon will sing you a song of the past. Let him
p
p
sing you my mates of the sad trip to Malta.
p
p
Cupples.
Yes 'twas a sad time in deed, but list while I sing it.
Then
(Basses.)
L'istesso tempo.
p

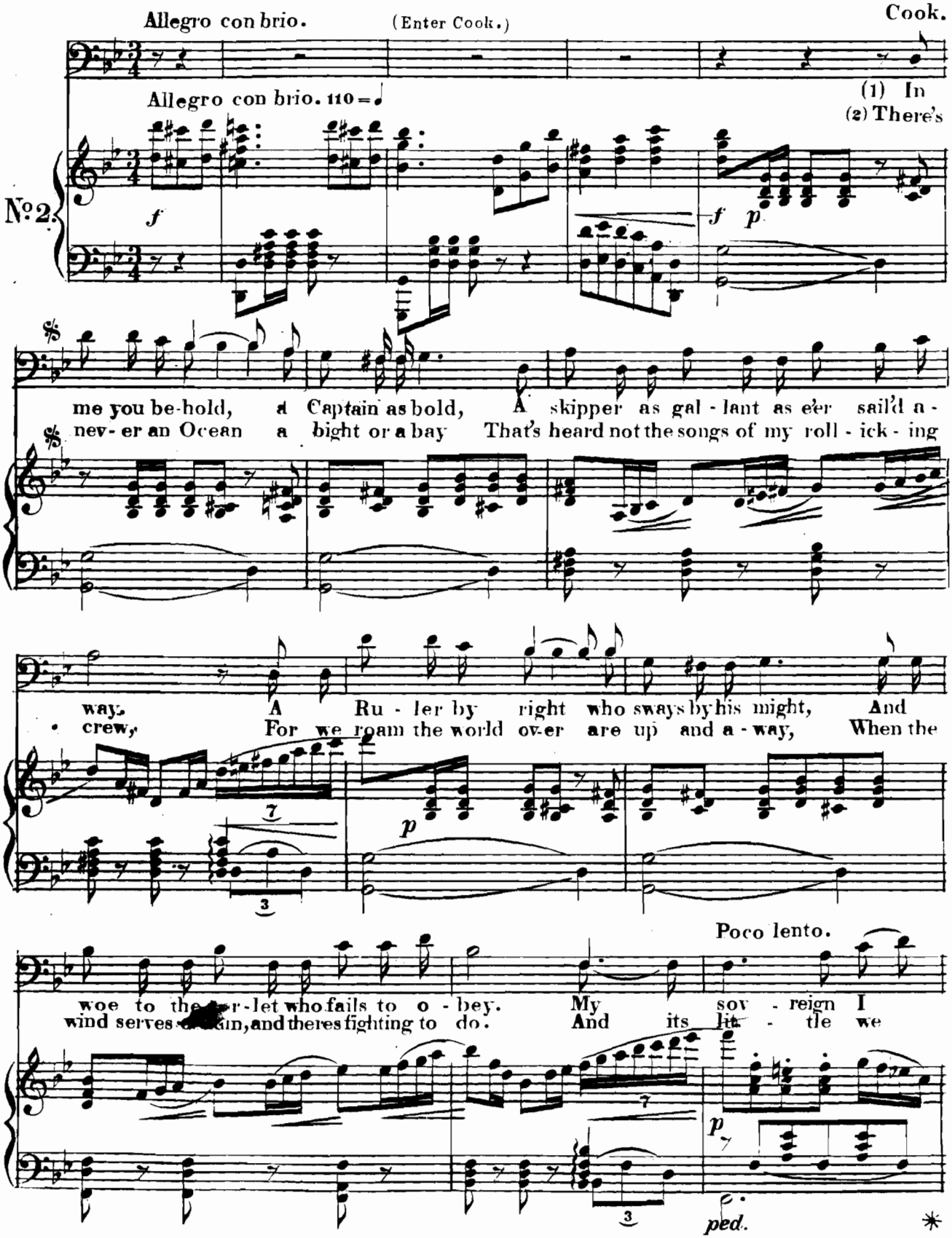

(Tenors.)
heave a - head old ship-mate and tell it in a song. For
f
he was there to see it and he'll not de - tain you long.....
Allegretto.
Cupples
We were homeward bound with hopeful hearts, In the good old ship "Re-
A nea - ter lad ne'er trod the deck, A prince a-mong his
f
p


triev-er." We'd left old Mal-ta far behind, When we broke out with the fe - ver. Be
fel - lows, Than Bates poor soul un - til the day, He went off with the "yel - lows". But
p
Piu lento.
sure our luck was bad enough, Worse fate no one could wish us. Some sailor died at
when they broach'd the cask at home, What think you was with in it? A mu my lads for
Tempo primo.
ev - ry hour and went to feed the fish-es. The more I dosed, the more they died, Yet I
Mairley'd drank till not a drop was in it. Then hear-ken mates to what I say, In
mf
p
rit.
a tempo.
work'd them off quite han - dy. With - in the brine we popp'd the crew, The of-fi-cers in
truth I spe[illegible] ar fair - ly. Drink not too deep of a - ny cup. Take warn-ing by old
colla voce.
cres.
f


bran - dy.
Mair - ley.
CHORUS. The more he dosed, the more they died, Yet he work'd them off quite
Then hearkkin lads to what he said, In truth he speaks you
ff
colla voce.
2d time.
handy dy. With - in the brine he popp'd the crew, The of-fi-cers in brandy.
fair - ly. Drink not to deep of an - y cup. Take warn - ing by old Mairley.
Dialogue. 2. CUPPLES.
Fine.
f

IN ME YOU BEHOLD.

CAPTAIN COOK'S SOLO.



hon-or my flag I up-hold, In what ev-er land per-
cane..... what the land-folk may say, While were true to the flag... and

ped. ped.

Tempo 1

chance I may stray. But like an y skipper, I do as I please, When the
the old country too, Nor what does it matter if pirates they call us, Or

mf

bark bowls a-long with a fine spanking breeze. But woe to the lub-ber whose
bold Buc-ca-neers the scourge of the main, No dan-ger or dev-il can

deaf to my call, When the winds roar and howl in the midst of a squall.....
ev-er appall us, We've met them not once, but time and a-gain.....

f

1 2

(2) There's

Dialogue.

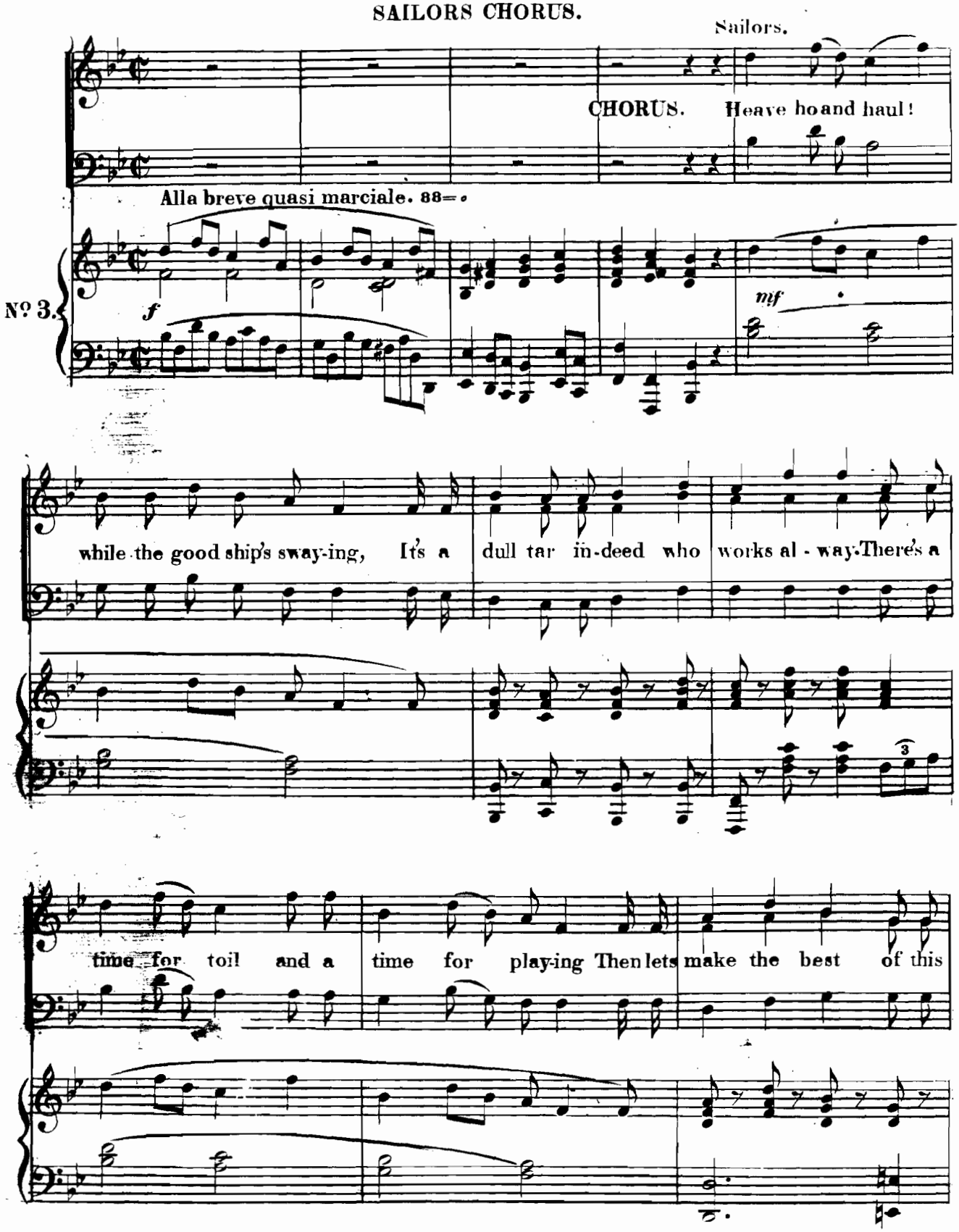
1.

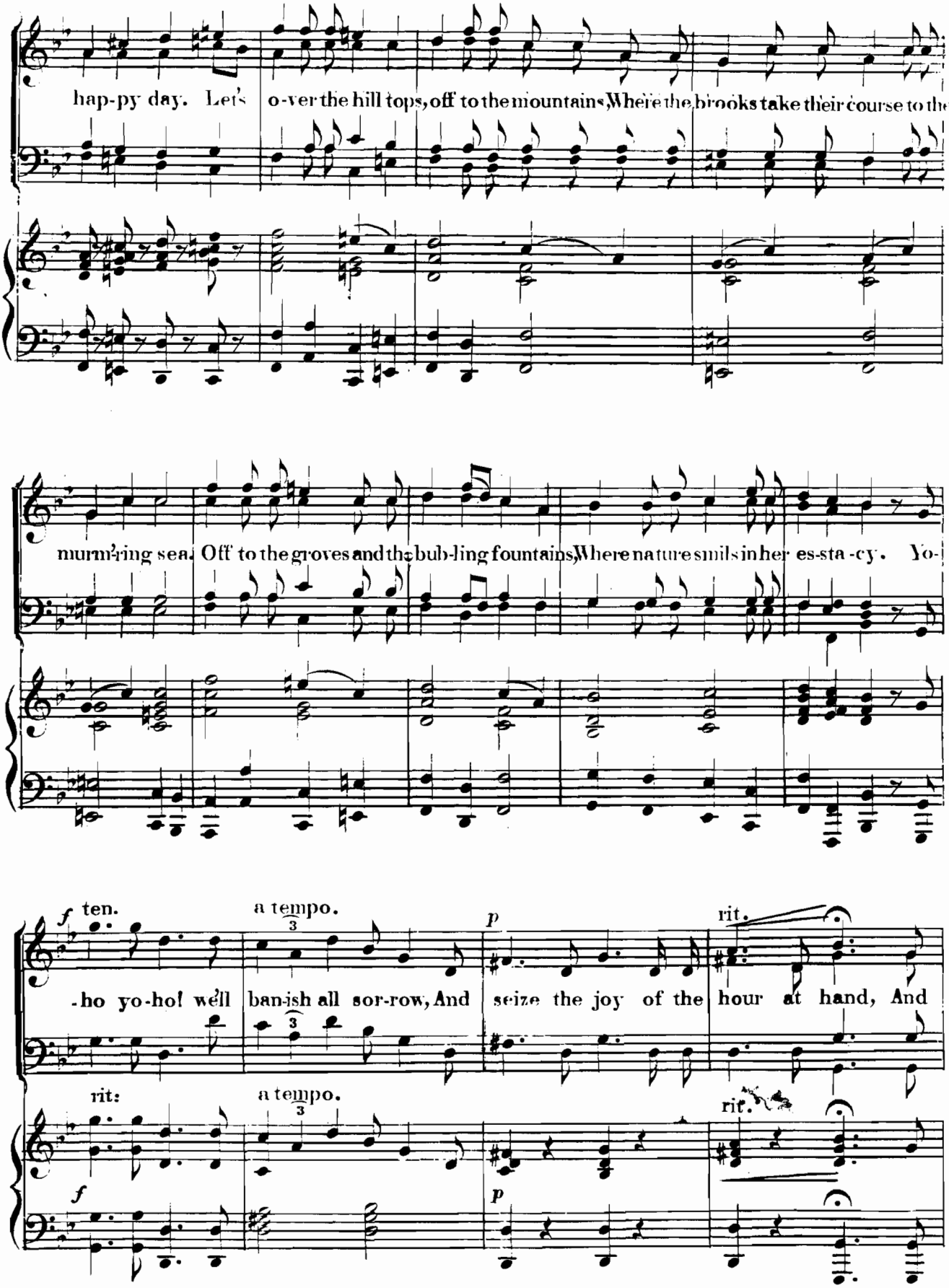
Cook.
Cupples.
Mairley.

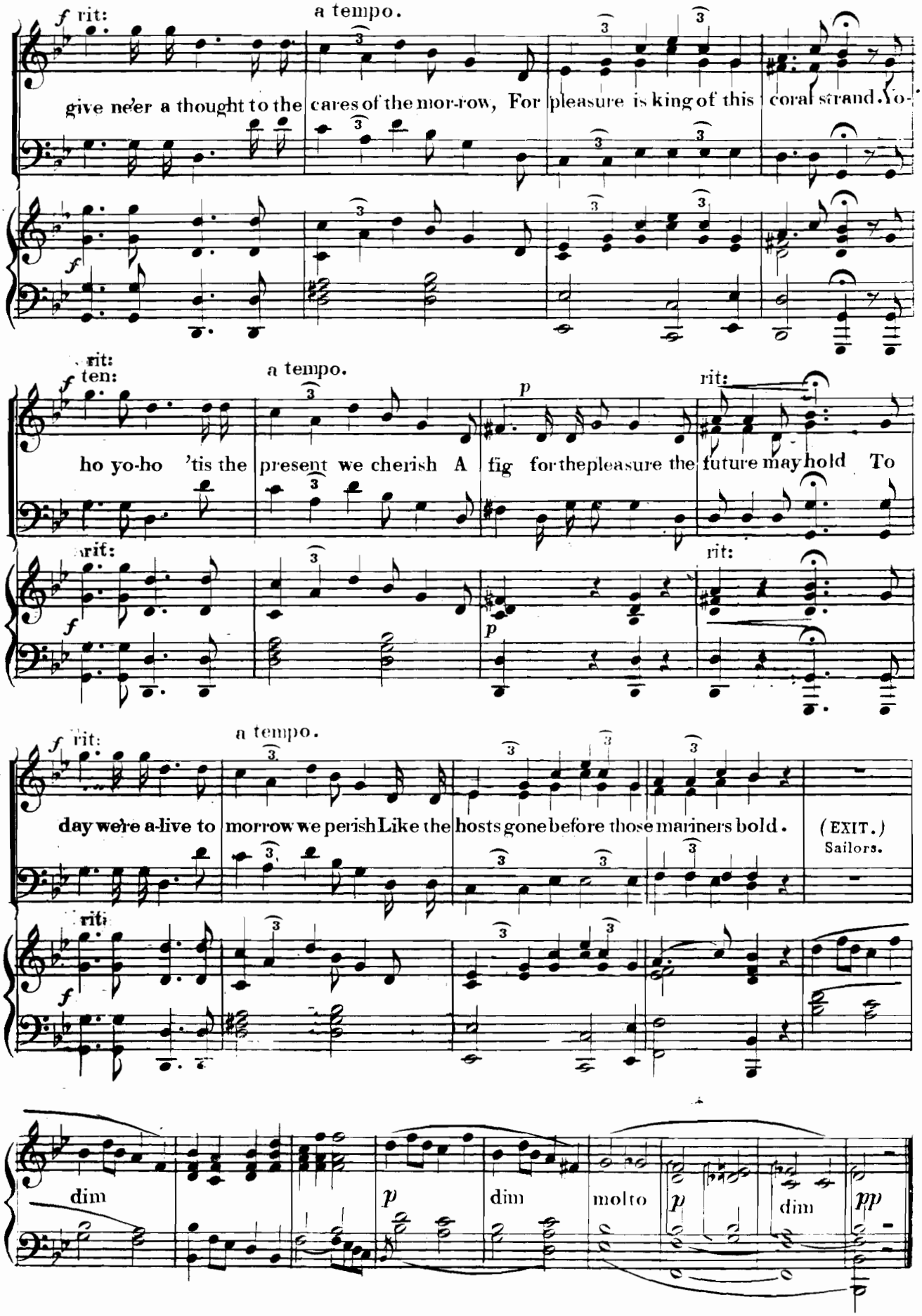
f p

HEAVE HO AND HAUL!

SAILORS CHORUS.




hap-py day. Let's o-ver the hill tops, off to the mountains, Where the brooks take their course to the
murm'ring sea. Off to the groves and the bub-bling fountains, Where na ture smils in her es-sta-cy. Yo-
f ten.
a tempo.
p
rit.
-ho yo-ho! we'll ban-ish all sor-row, And seize the joy of the hour at hand, And
rit:
a tempo.
rit.
f
p

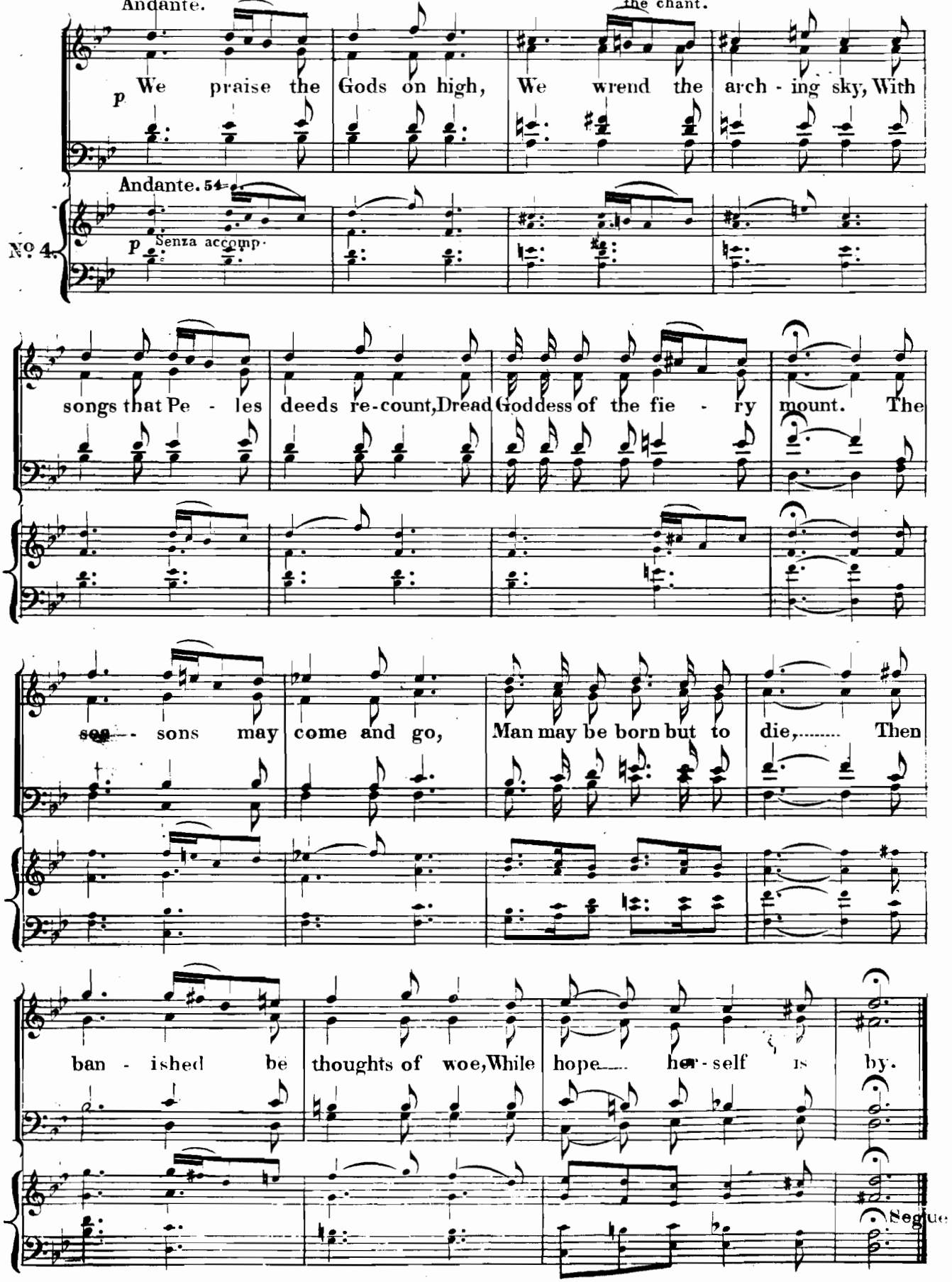

f rit:
a tempo.
give ne'er a thought to the cares of the mor-row, For pleasure is king of this coral strand. Yo-
f
rit:
ten:
a tempo.
p
rit:
ho yo-ho 'tis the present we cherish A fig for the pleasure the future may hold To
rit:
f
p
f rit:
a tempo.
day we're a-live to morrow we perish Like the hosts gone before those mariners bold.
(EXIT.)
Sailors.
rit:
f
dim
p
dim
molto
p
dim
pp

WE PRAISE THE GODS ON HIGH.

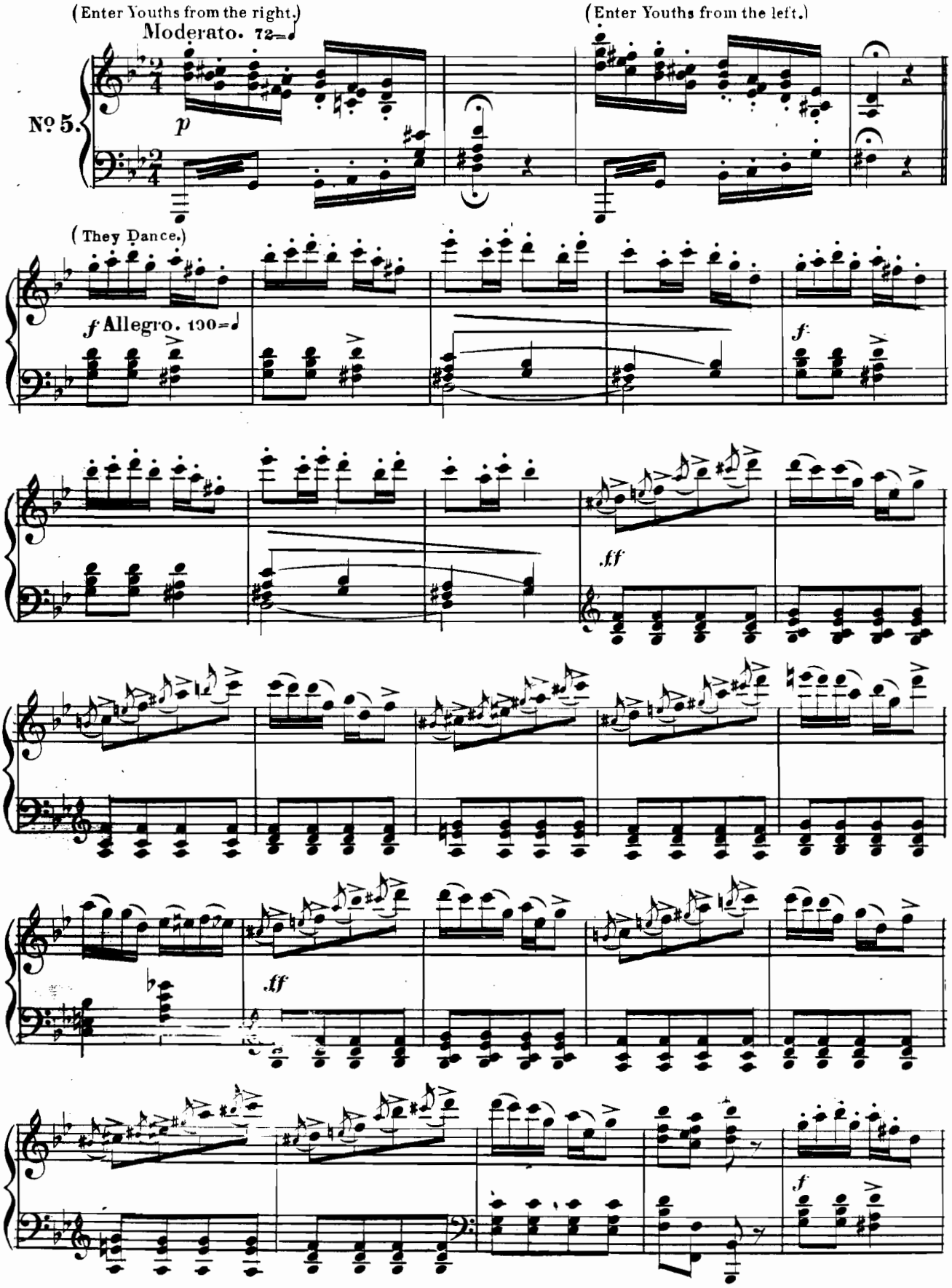
Who are heard from afar. And are approching the place where Cook's crew landed.

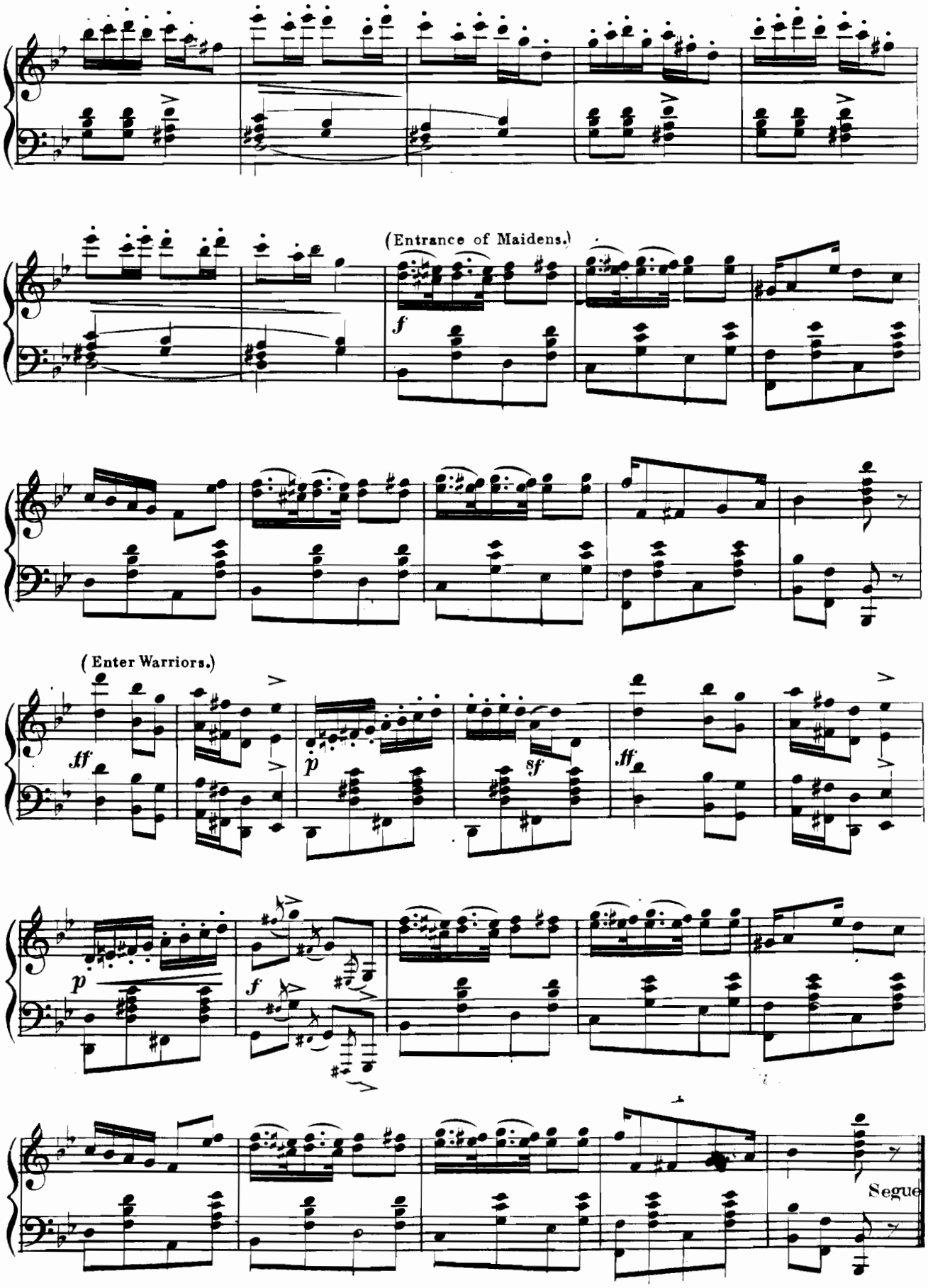
CHANT BY THE NATIVES.

Cook and Lieutenant in Dialogue during the chant.



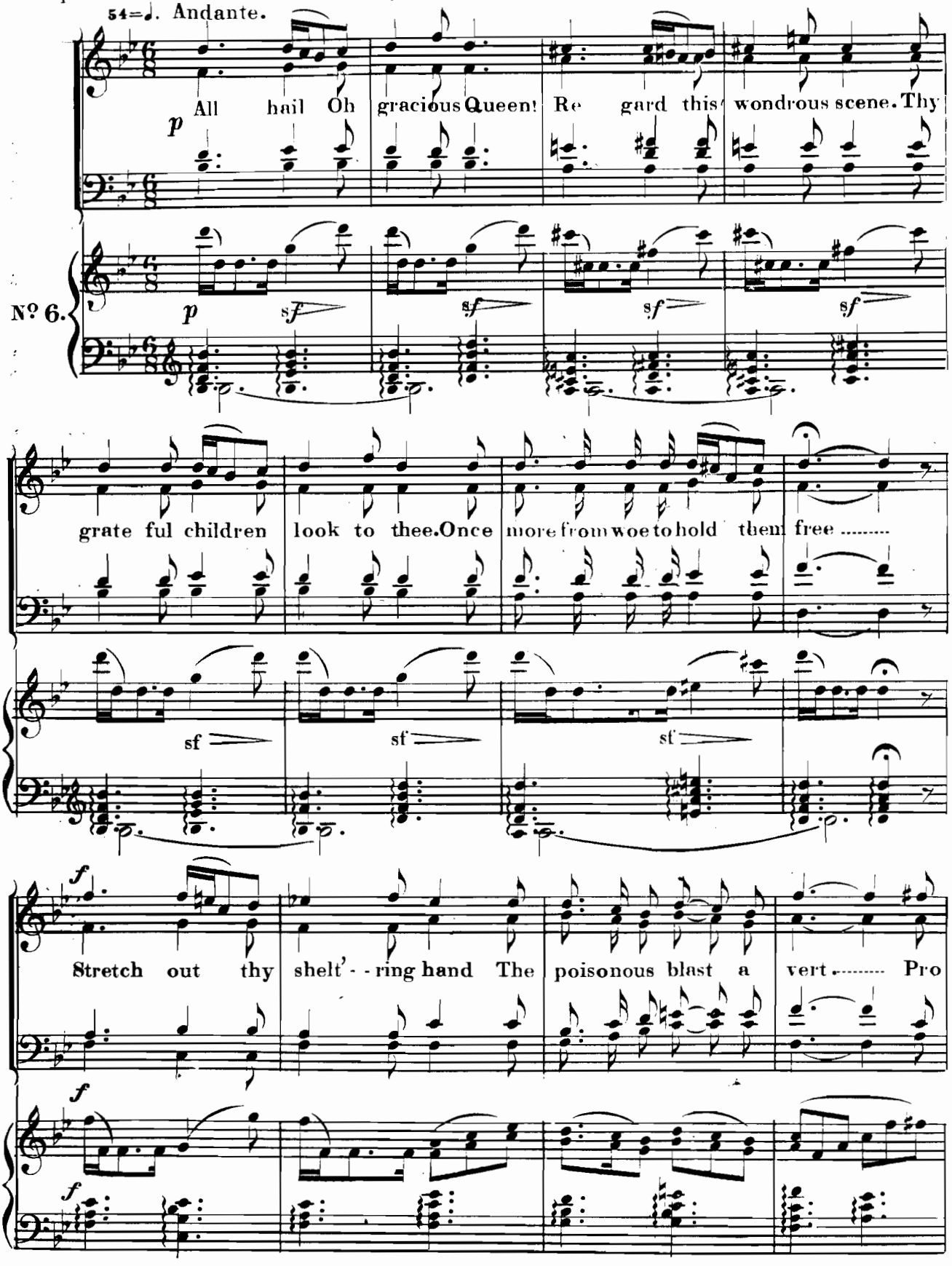
DANCE AND PROCESSION.

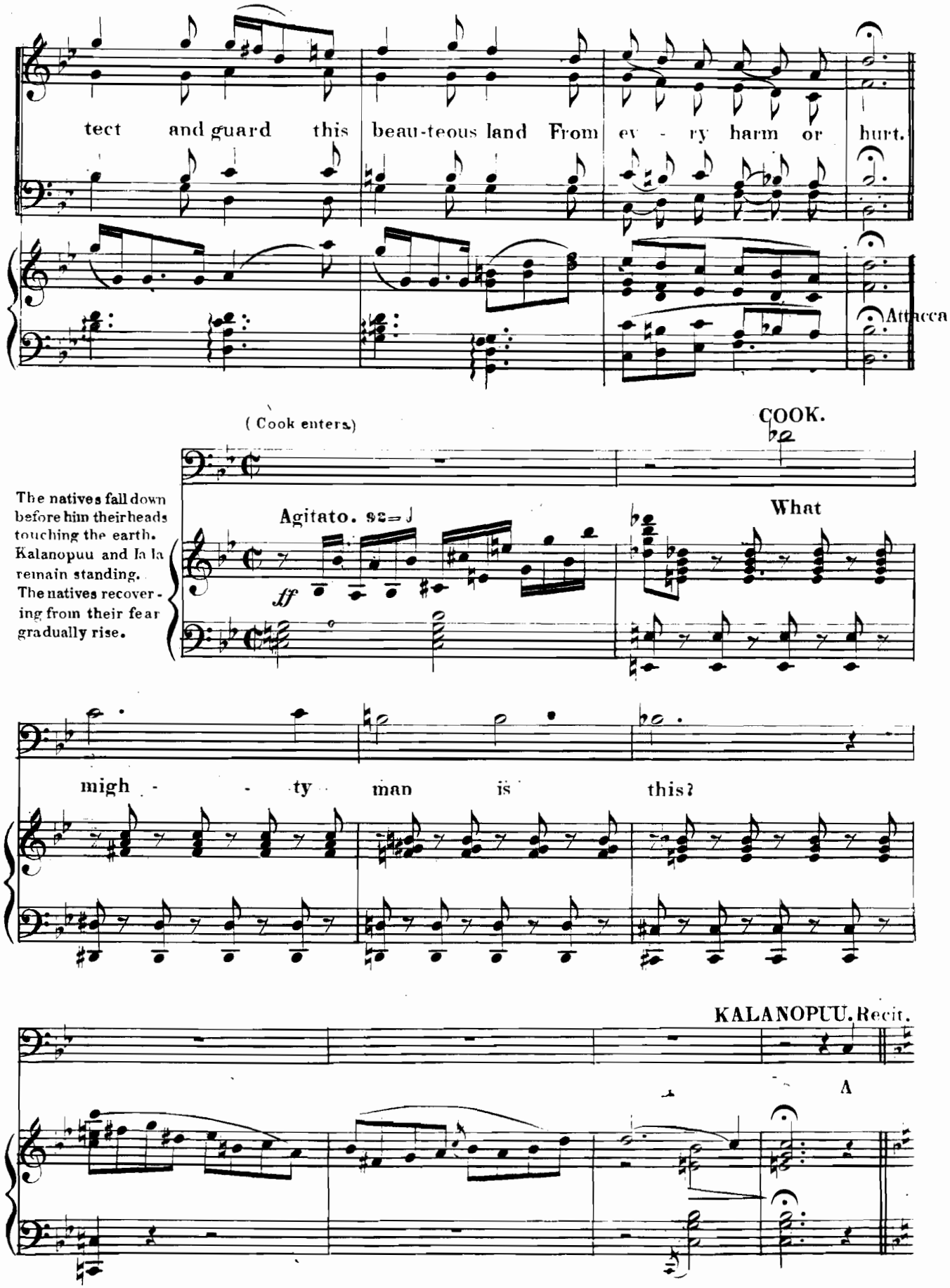


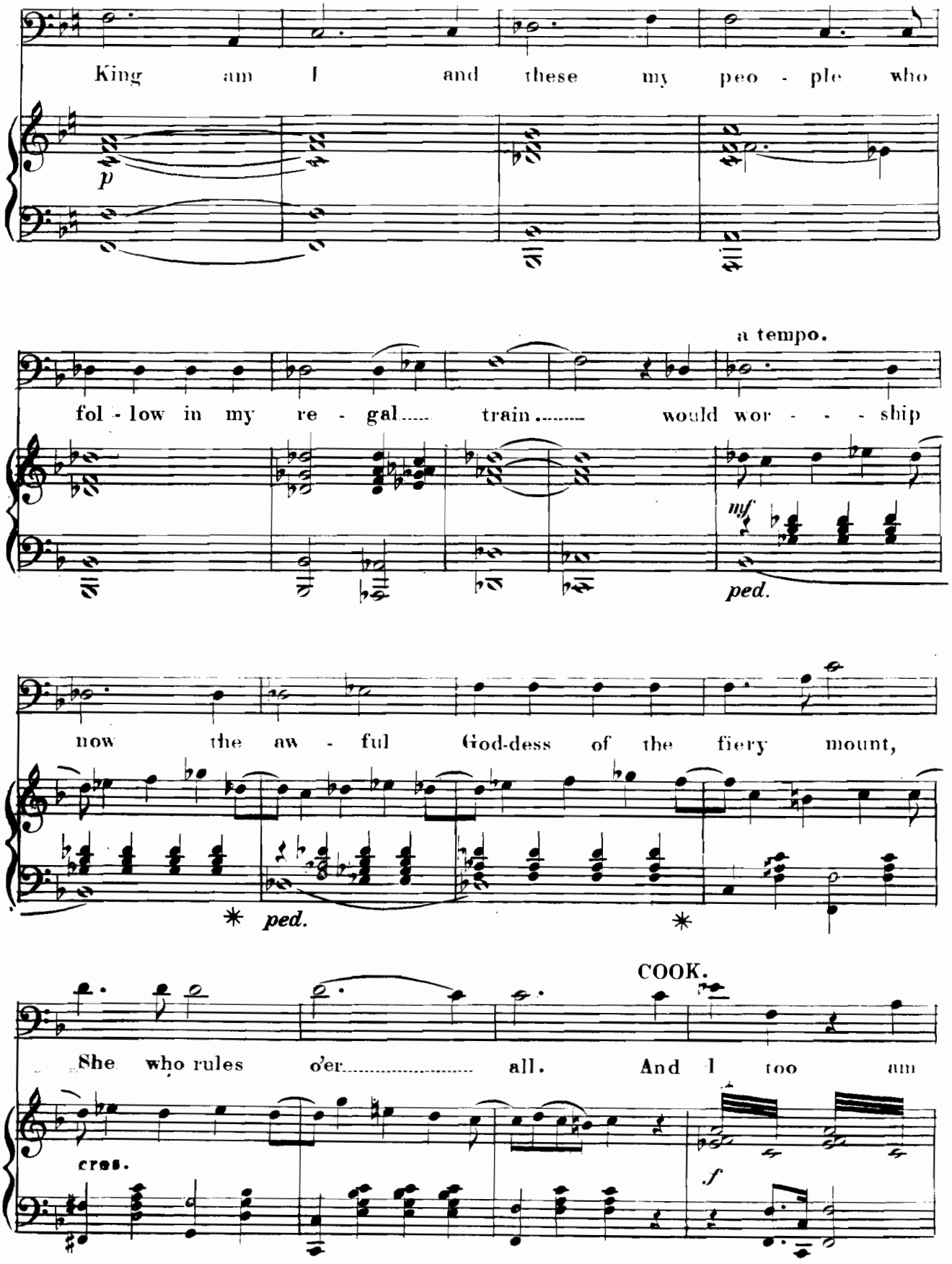

(Entrance of Maidens.)
f
(Enter Warriors.)
ff
p
sf
ff
p
f
Segue

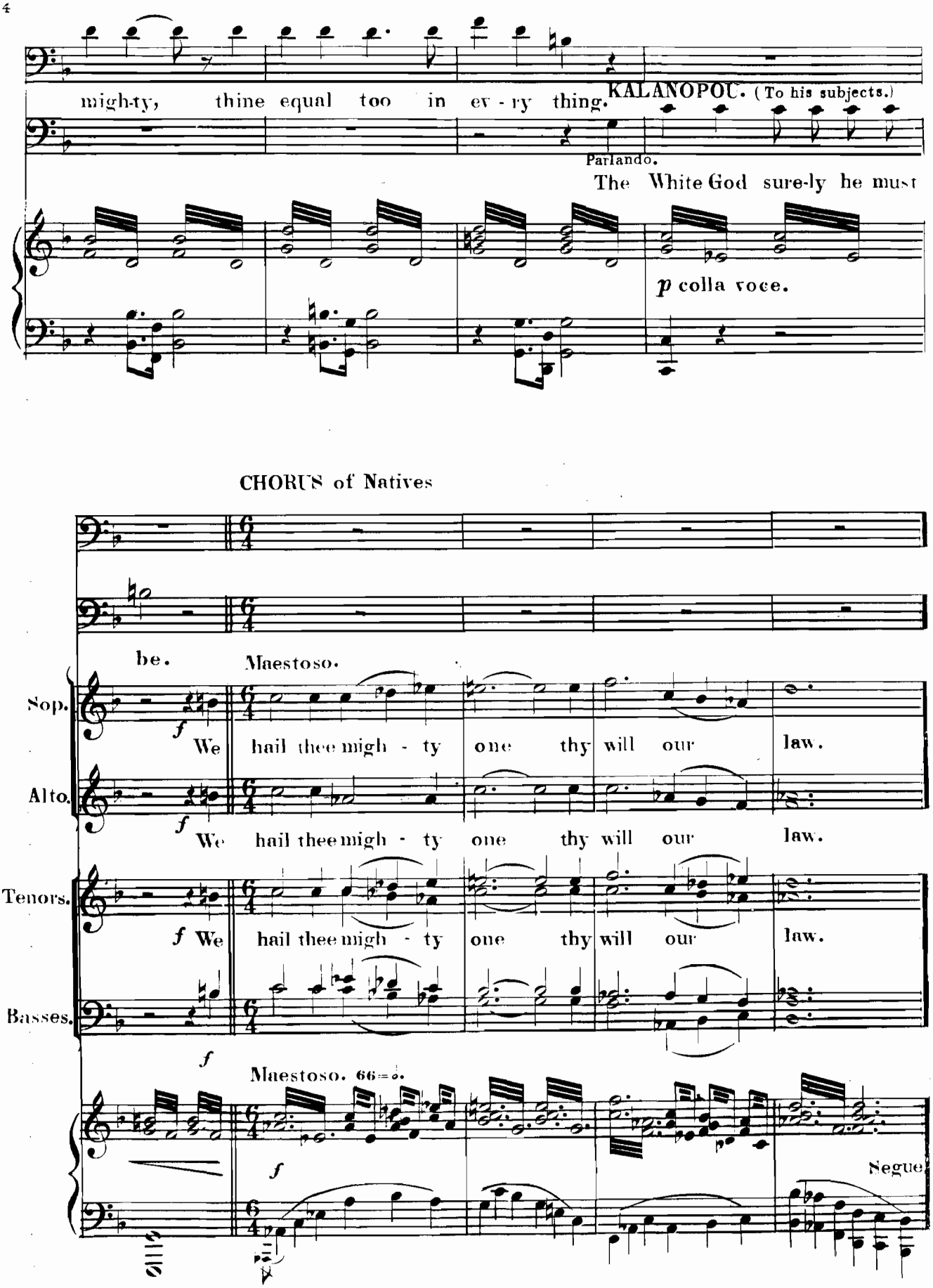
CHANT BY THE NATIVES.

Who proceed to the base of the volcano to worship the Goddess Pela. Kalanopuu and the Princes Iala bring up the rear.



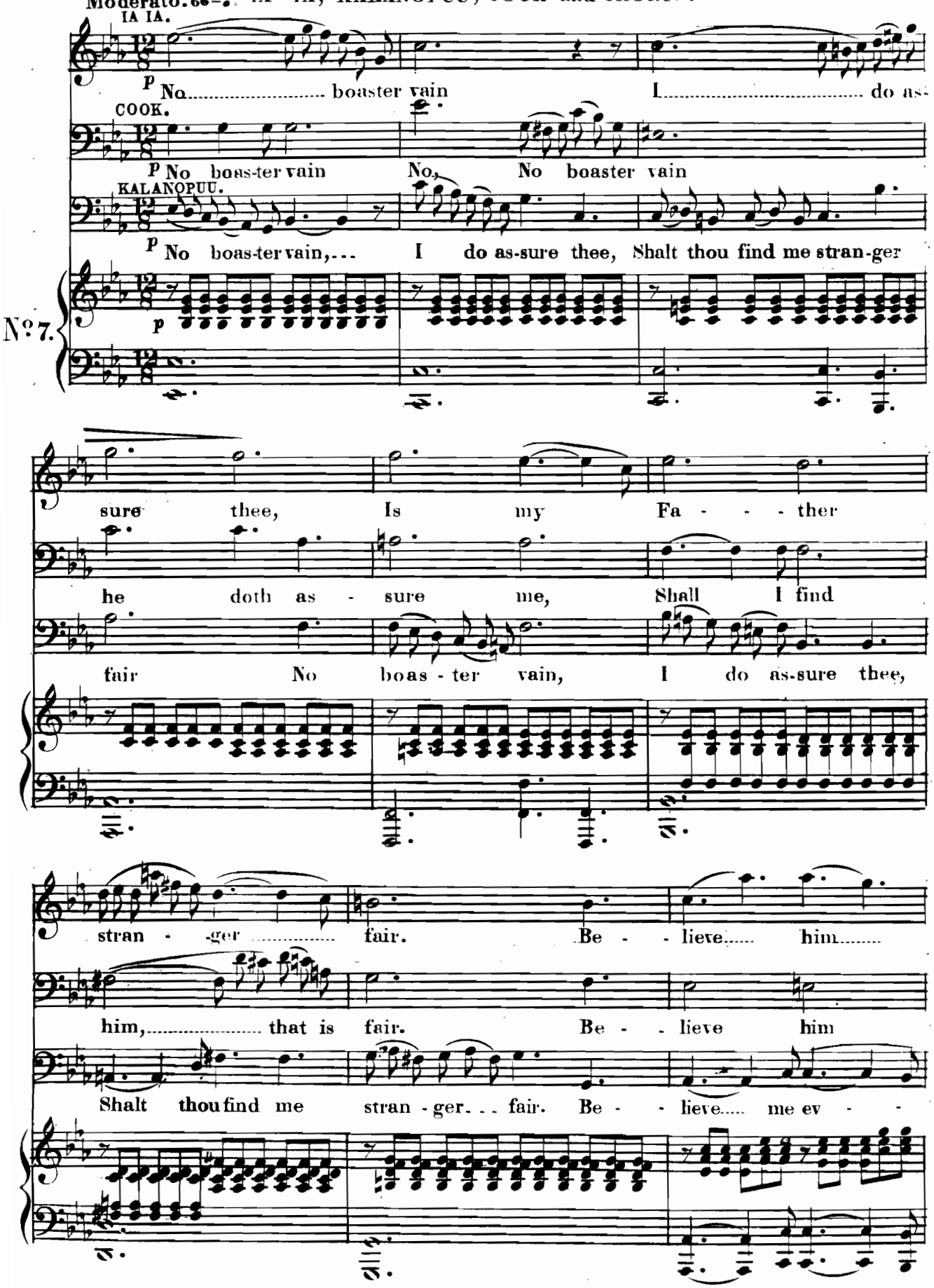

tect and guard this beau-teous land From ev - ry harm or hurt.
Attacca
(Cook enters)
COOK.
The natives fall down before him their heads touching the earth. Kalanopuu and Ia la remain standing. The natives recovering from their fear gradually rise.
Agitato. 92=♩
ff
What
migh - - ty man is this?
KALANOPUU. Recit.
A

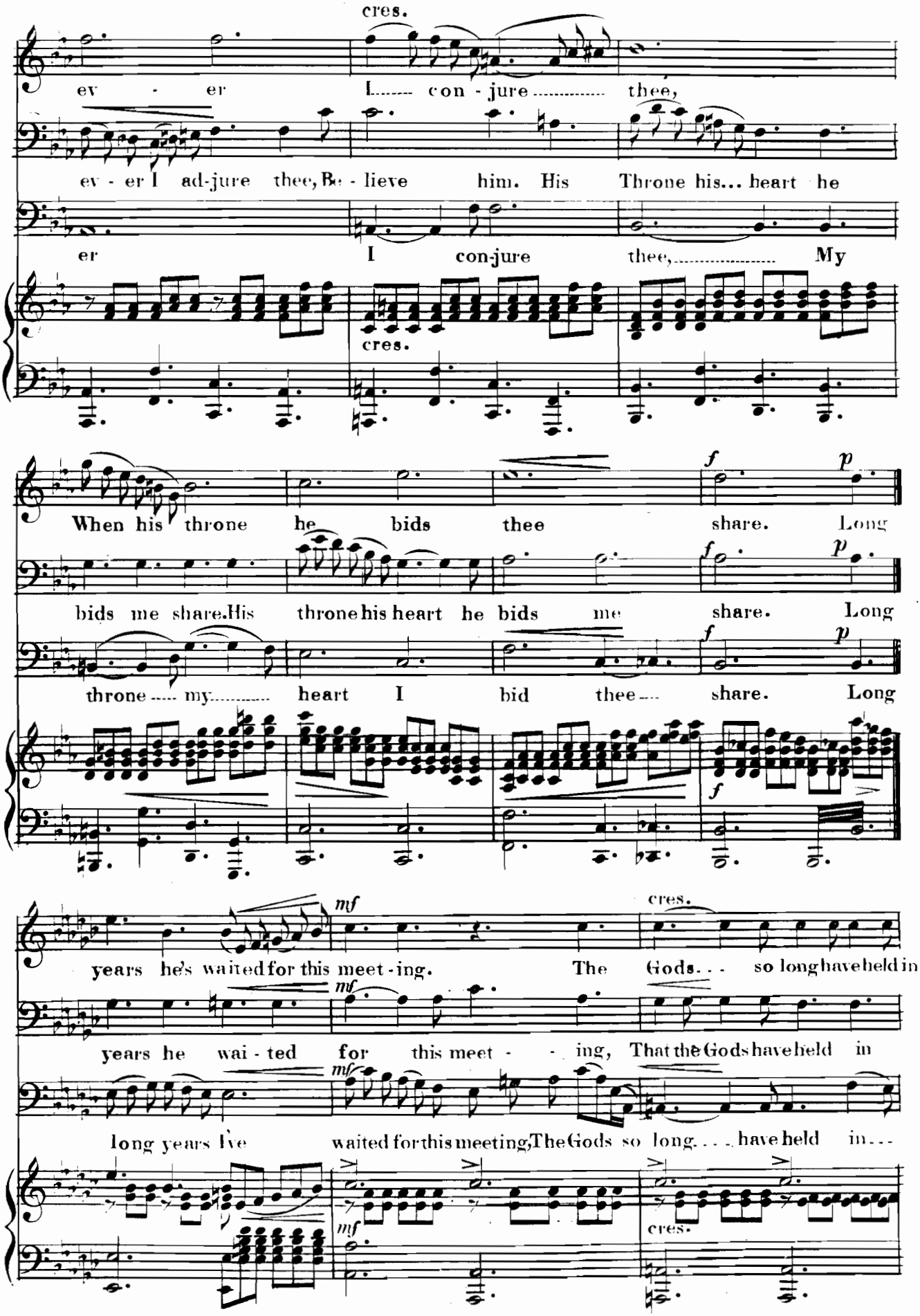

King am I and these my peo - ple who
p
a tempo.
fol - low in my re - gal train would wor - - - ship
mf
ped.
now the aw - ful God-dess of the fiery mount,
* ped.
*
COOK.
She who rules o'er all. And I too am
cres.
f

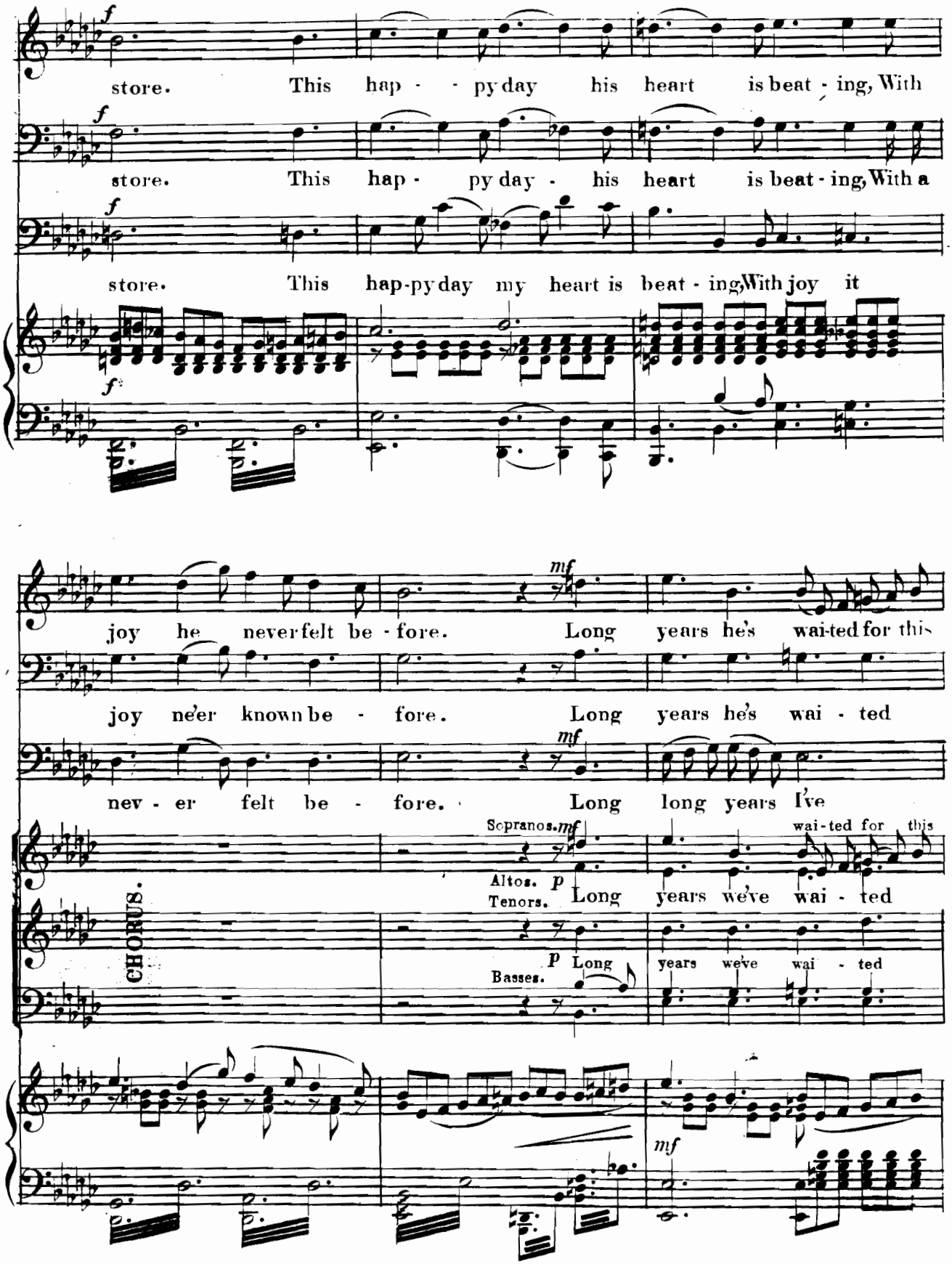

mighty, thine equal too in ev - ry thing.
KALANOPOU. (To his subjects.)
Parlando.
The White God sure-ly he must
p colla voce.
CHORUS of Natives
be.
Maestoso.
Sop.
f We hail thee migh - ty one thy will our law.
Alto.
f We hail thee migh - ty one thy will our law.
Tenors.
f We hail thee migh - ty one thy will our law.
Basses.
f
Maestoso. 66=o.
f
Segue

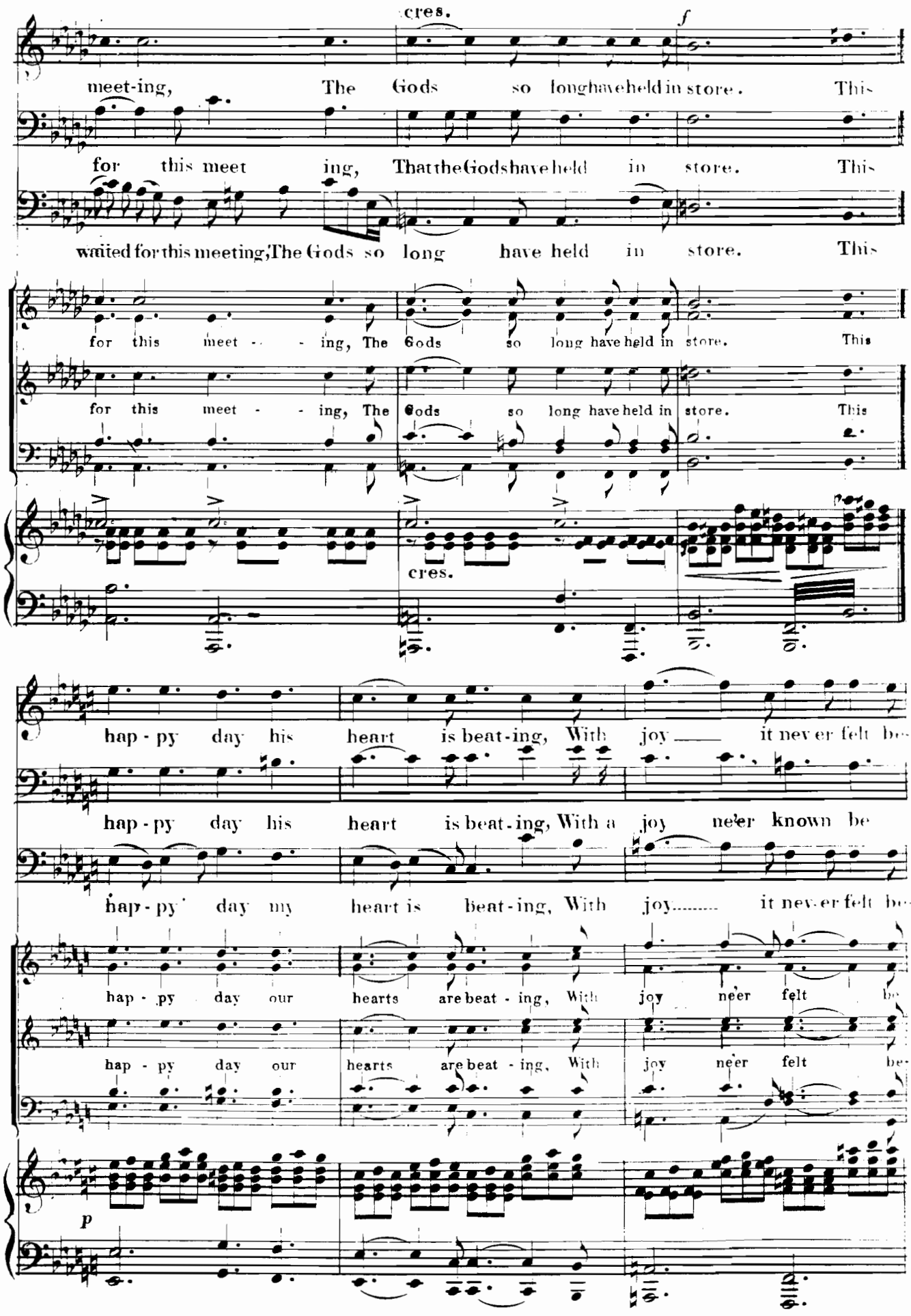
NO BOASTER VAIN.

Moderato. 66=♩. IA IA, KALANOPUU, COOK and CHORUS.




cres.
ev - er I con - jure thee,
ev - er I ad-jure thee, Be - lieve him. His Throne his... heart he
er I con-jure thee,..... My
cres.
When his throne he bids thee share. Long
bids me share. His throne his heart he bids me share. Long
throne ..... my..... heart I bid thee ..... share. Long
mf
cres.
years he's waited for this meet - ing. The Gods... so long have held in
years he wai - ted for this meet - - ing, That the Gods have held in
long years I've waited for this meeting, The Gods so long.... have held in...
mf
cres.


f
store. This hap - - py day his heart is beat - ing, With
f
store. This hap - py day - his heart is beat - ing, With a
f
store. This hap-py day my heart is beat - ing, With joy it
f
mf
joy he never felt be - fore. Long years he's wai-ted for this
joy ne'er known be - fore. Long years he's wai - ted
mf
nev - er felt be - fore. Long long years I've
Sopranos. mf
wai-ted for this
Altos. p
Tenors. Long years we've wai - ted
CHORUS.
p Long years we've wai - ted
Basses.
mf


cres.
f
meet-ing, The Gods so long have held in store. This
for this meet ing, That the Gods have held in store. This
waited for this meeting; The Gods so long have held in store. This
for this meet - - ing, The Gods so long have held in store. This
for this meet - - ing, The Gods so long have held in store. This
cres.
hap - py day his heart is beat-ing, With joy it nev er felt be
hap - py day his heart is beat-ing, With a joy ne'er known be
hap - py day my heart is beat-ing, With joy..... it nev-er felt be
hap - py day our hearts are beat - ing, With joy ne'er felt be
hap - py day our hearts are beat - ing, With joy ne'er felt be
p

f piu animato sempre stringendo.

fore. This hap - py day his heart is is beat - ing, With

fore. This hap - py day his heart is beat - ing,With a

fore. This hap - py day my heart is beat - ing, With

fore. This hap - py day our hearts are beat - ing, With

fore. This hap - py day our hearts are beat - ing, With

piu animato sempre stringendo.

f

rit:

joy it ne'er felt be - fore.

joy ne'er known be - fore.

joy it ne'er felt be - fore.

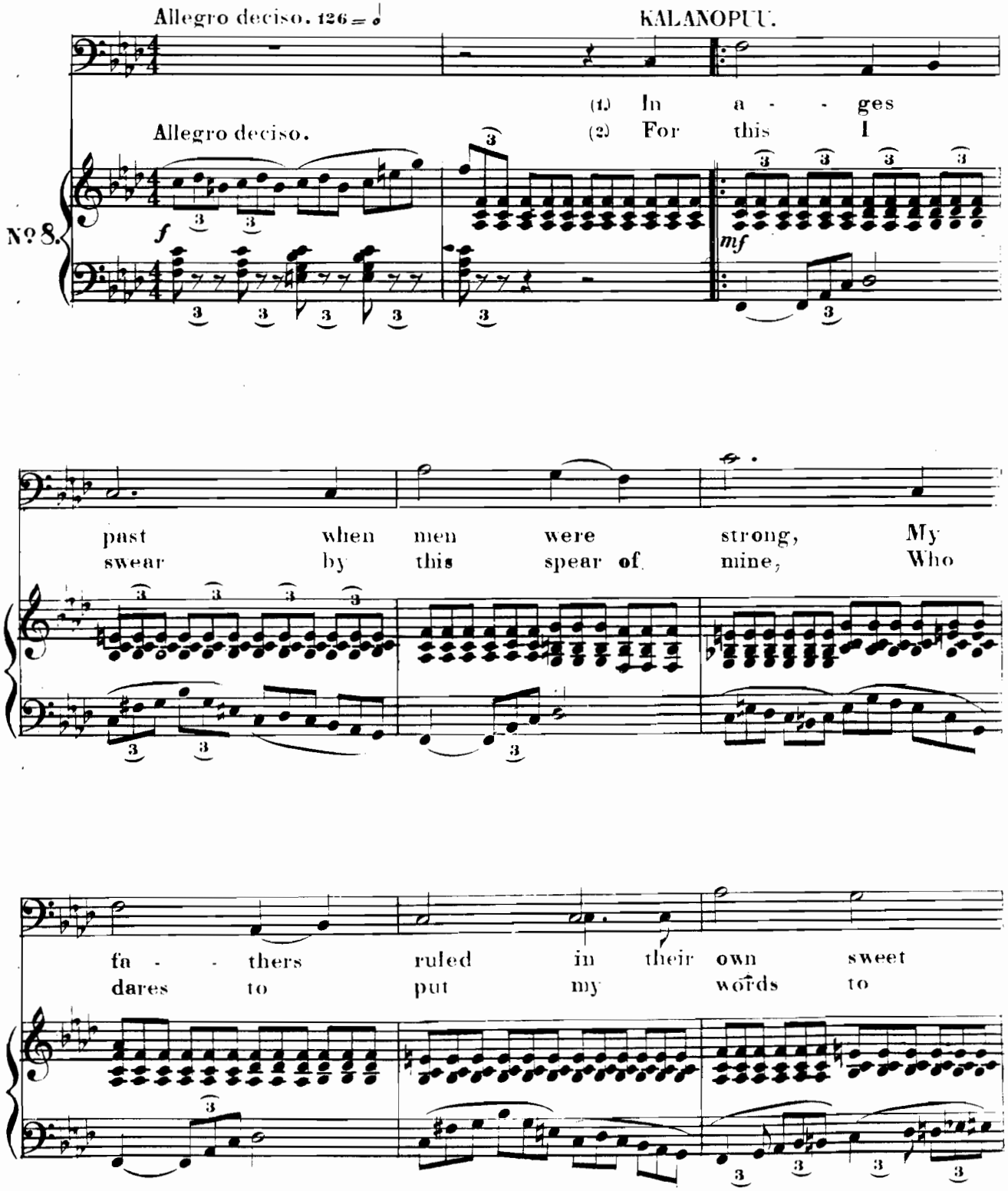
joy we ne'er felt be - fore.

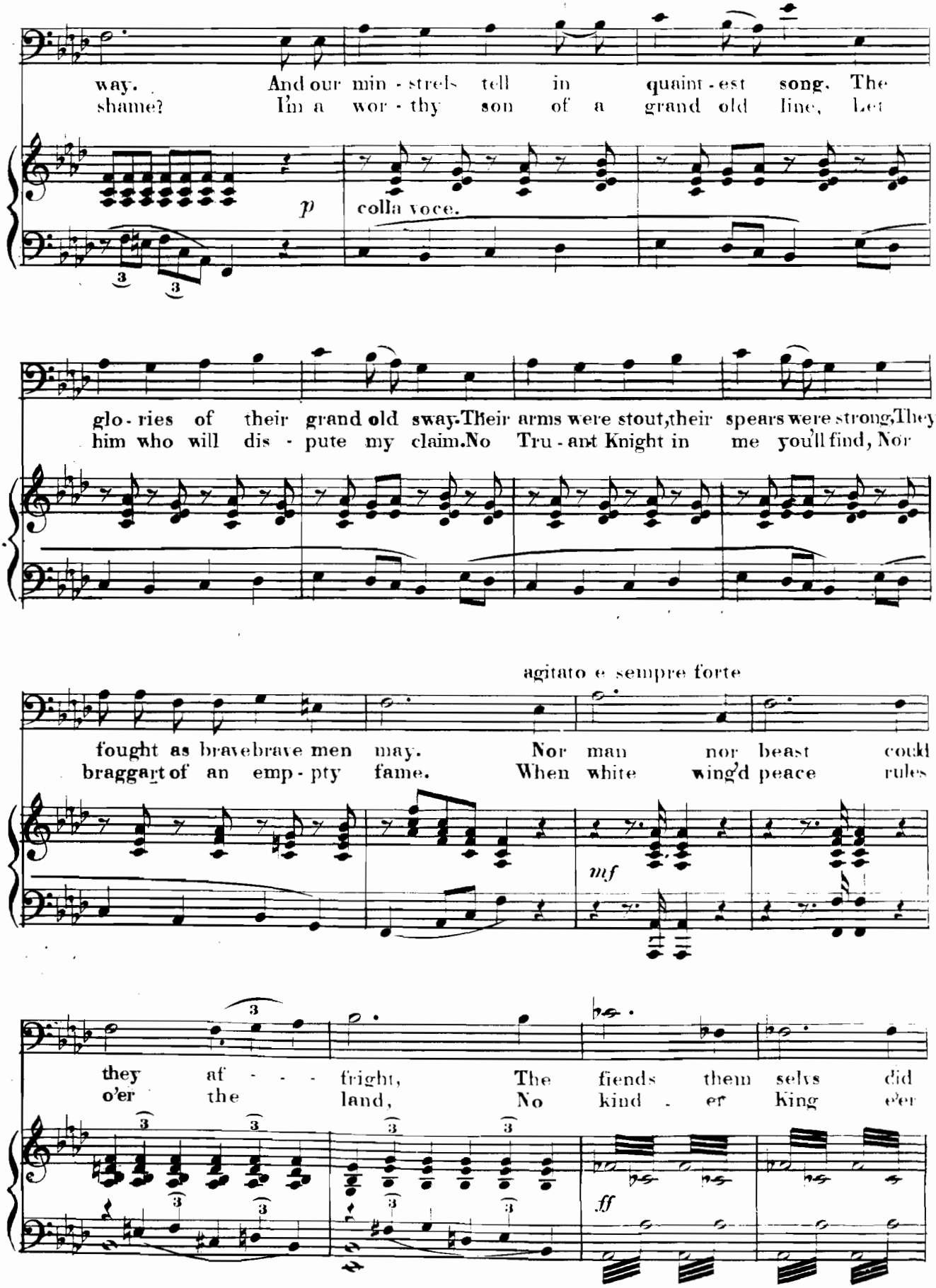
joy we - ne'er felt be - fore.

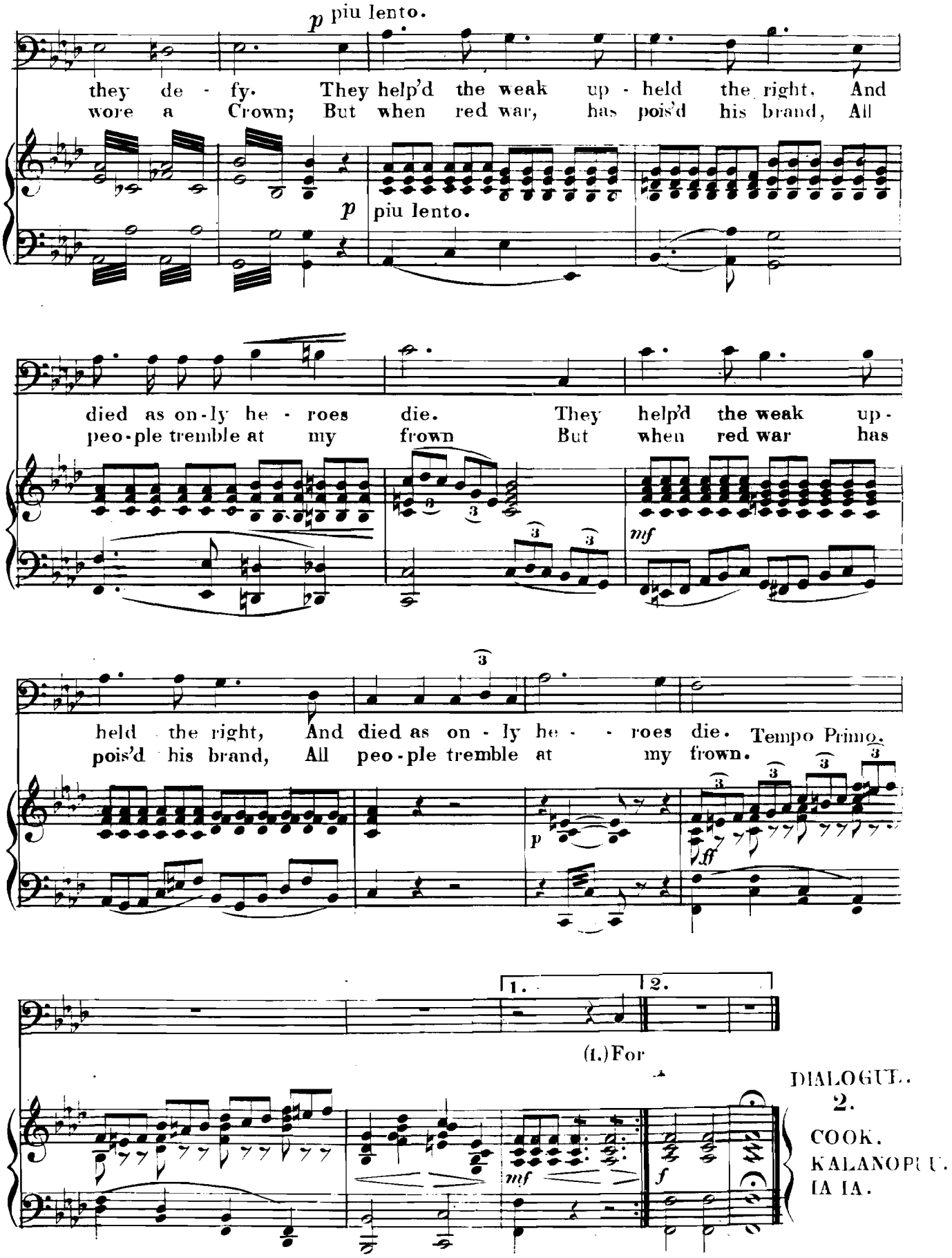
rit:

cres. *ff*

IN AGES PAST.


Allegro deciso. 126 = ♩
KALANOPUU.
(1.) In a - - ges
(2.) For this I
Allegro deciso.
No 8.
f
mf
past when men were strong, My
swear by this spear of mine, Who
fa - - thers ruled in their own sweet
dares to put my words to


way. And our min - strels tell in quaint - est song. The
shame? I'm a wor - thy son of a grand old line, Let
p
colla voce.
glo - ries of their grand old sway. Their arms were stout, their spears were strong, They
him who will dis - pute my claim. No Tru - ant Knight in me you'll find, Nor
agitato e sempre forte
fought as bravebrave men may. Nor man nor beast could
braggart of an emp - pty fame. When white wing'd peace rules
mf
they af - - - fright, The fiends them selvs did
o'er the land, No kind - er king e'er
ff


p piu lento.
they de - fy. They help'd the weak up - held the right. And
wore a Crown; But when red war, has pois'd his brand, All
p piu lento.
died as on-ly he - roes die. They help'd the weak up-
peo-ple tremble at my frown But when red war has
mf
held the right, And died as on - ly he - - roes die. Tempo Primo.
pois'd his brand, All peo-ple tremble at my frown.
p
ff
1.
2.
(1.) For
DIALOGUE.
2.
COOK.
KALANOPU.
IA IA.
mf
f

A FERN LEAF.

IA IA'S SOLO.

Andante con espress. ♩=72

No 9.

p *f*

ped. ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳

IA IA.

(1) A fern leaf grew in a for-est
(2) Now how could this ti-ny leaf a-

dim. *p*

ped. ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳

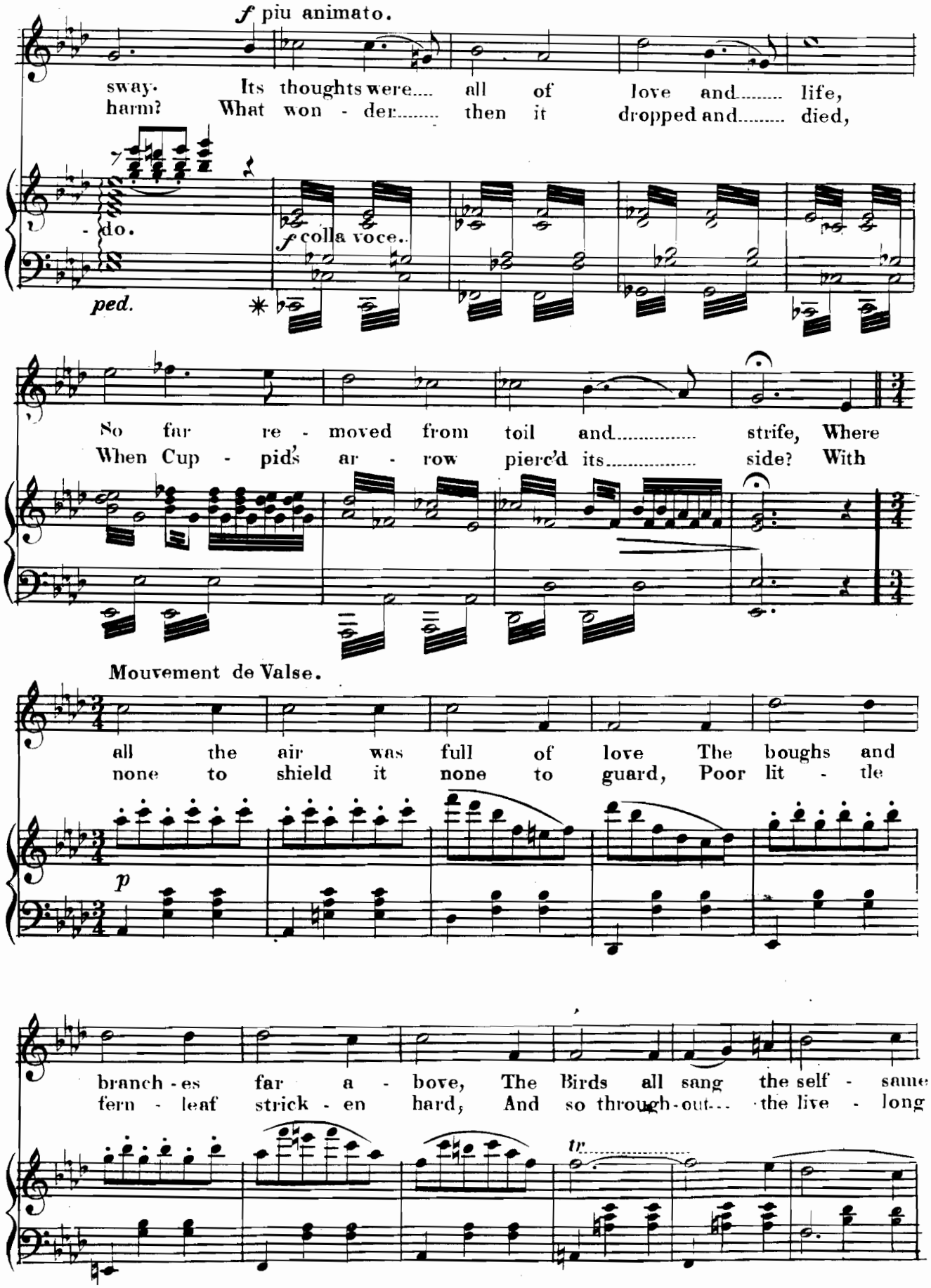
glade, Where the sunbeam peep'd in its coy-est way. Where am'rous
part, In an at-mos-phere so fond and warm, Its heart pre-

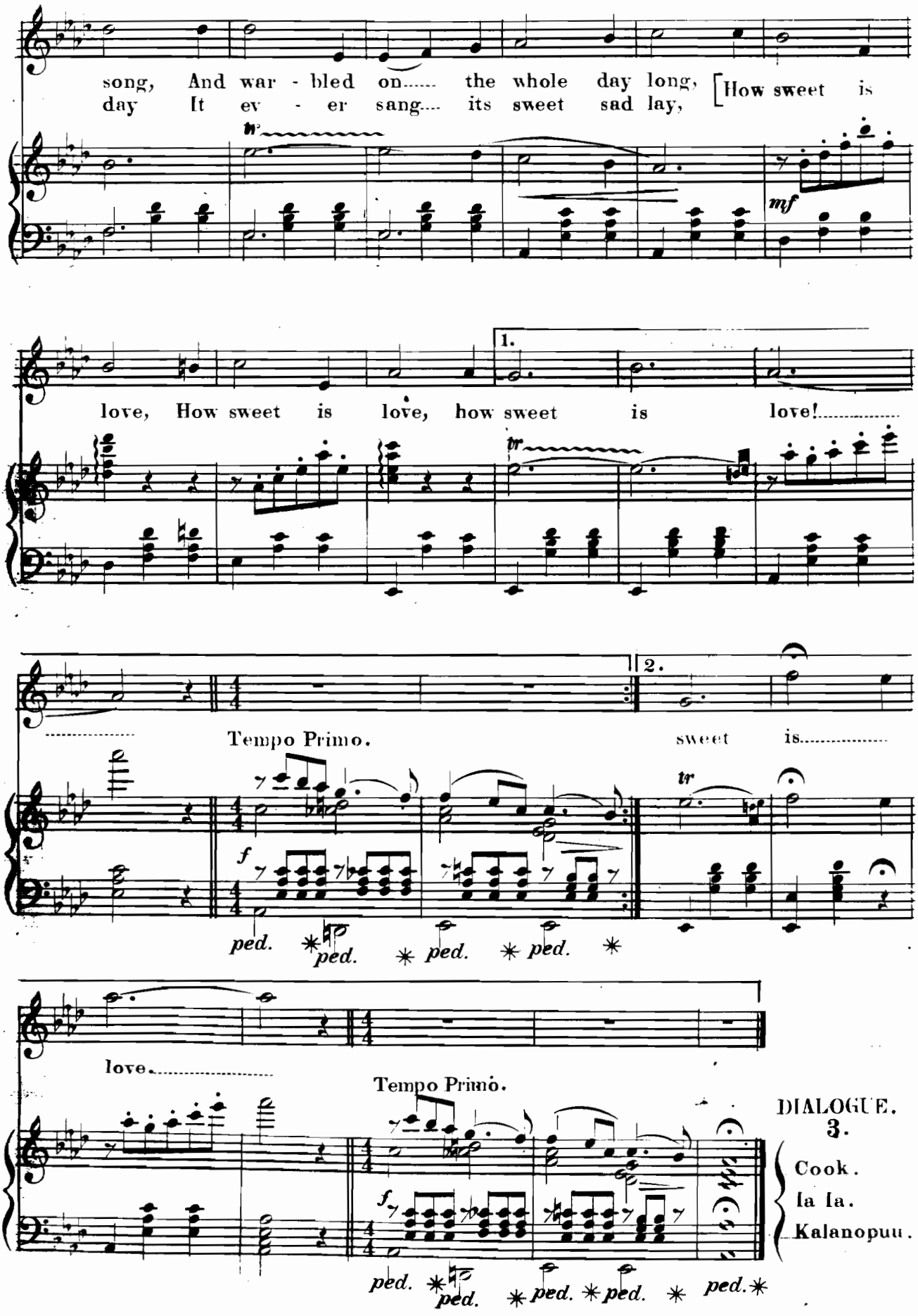
ped. ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳

youth and beauty stray'd and Cu-pid King held re-gal
serve from the lov-ers dart? Whose the fault if it came to

cres - - - cen - - -

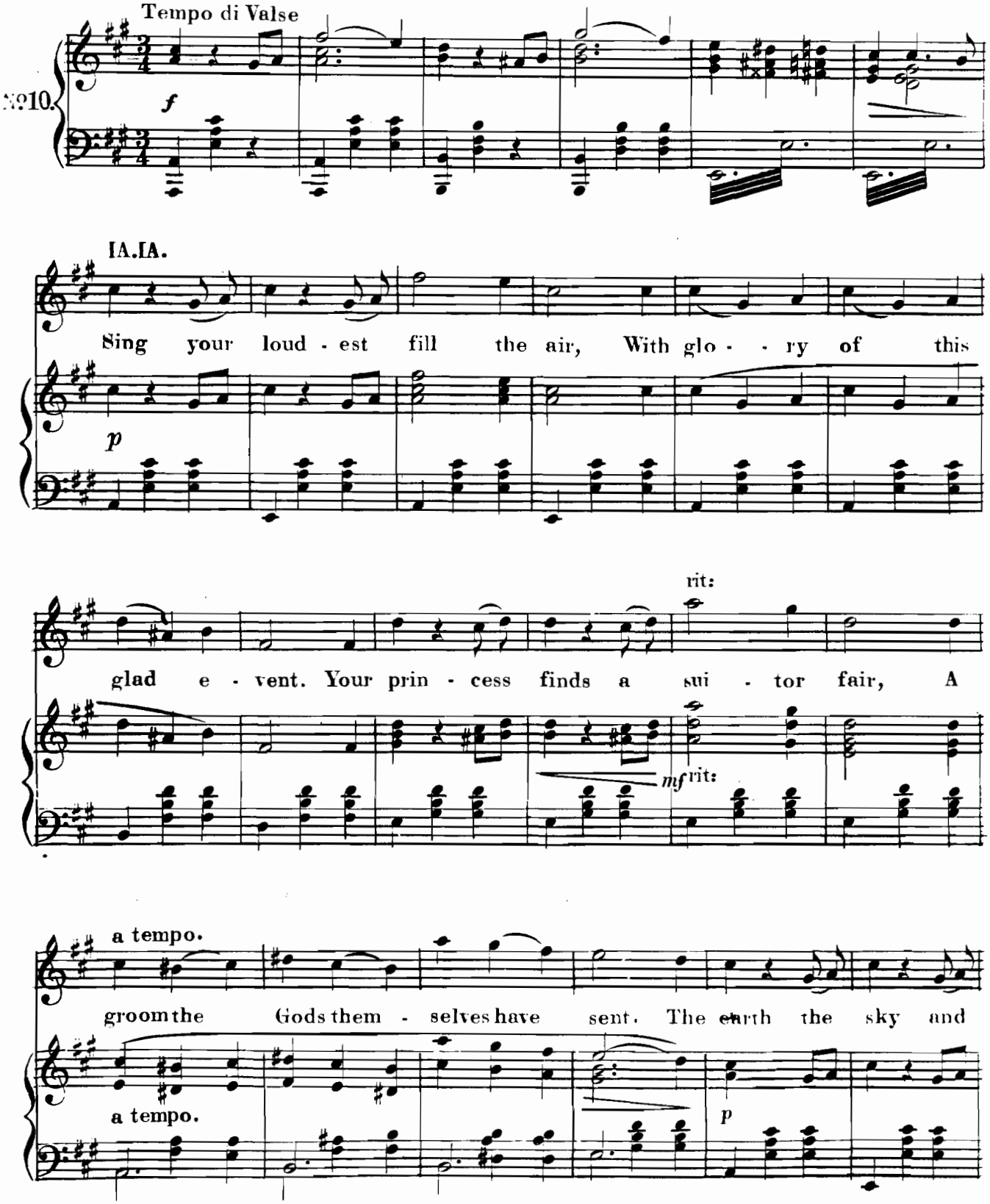
ped. ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳ *ped.* ✳

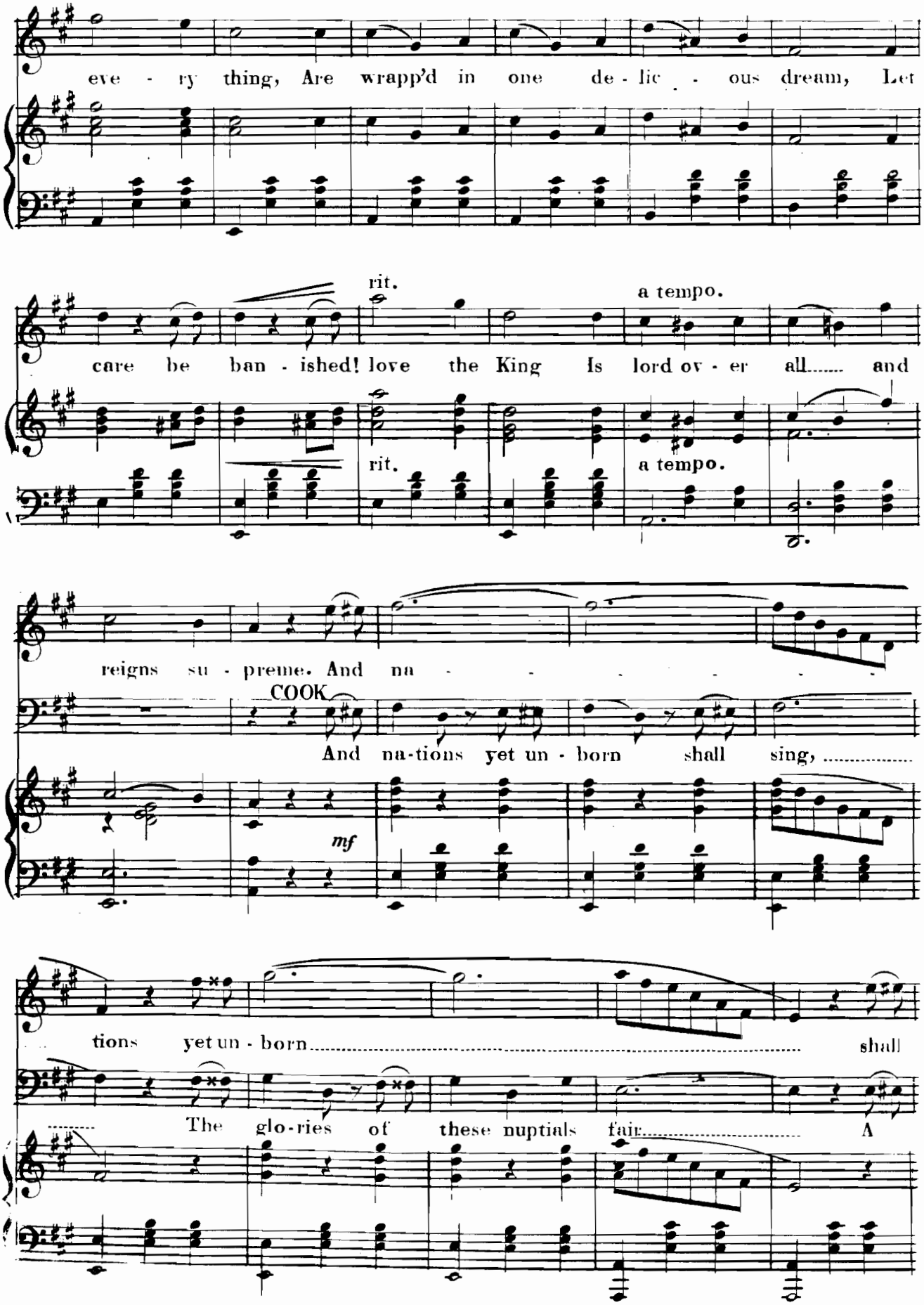

f piu animato.
sway. Its thoughts were.... all of love and..... life,
harm? What won - der..... then it dropped and..... died,
- do.
f colla voce.
ped.
No far re - moved from toil and..... strife, Where
When Cup - pid's ar - row pierc'd its..... side? With
Mouvement de Valse.
all the air was full of love The boughs and
none to shield it none to guard, Poor lit - tle
p
branch - es far a - bove, The Birds all sang the self - same
fern - leaf strick - en hard, And so through-out... the live - long
tr.

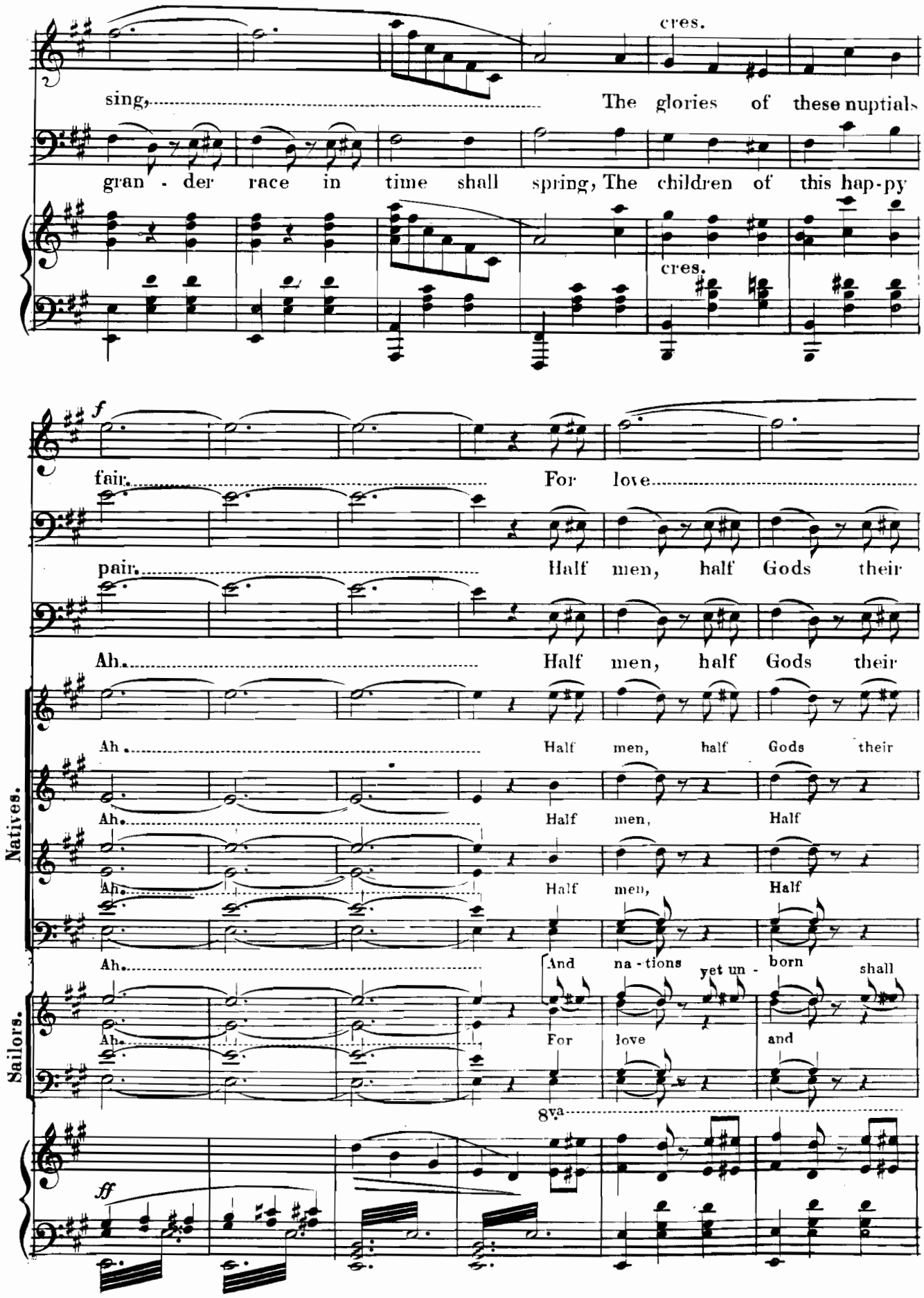

song, And war - bled on..... the whole day long, [How sweet is
day It ev - er sang.... its sweet sad lay,
tr
mf
1.
love, How sweet is love, how sweet is love!.....
tr
2.
.....
Tempo Primo.
sweet is.....
tr
f
ped. * ped. * ped. * ped. *
love.....
Tempo Primo.
DIALOGUE.
3.
Cook.
la la.
Kalanopuu.
f
ped. * ped. * ped. * ped. * ped. *

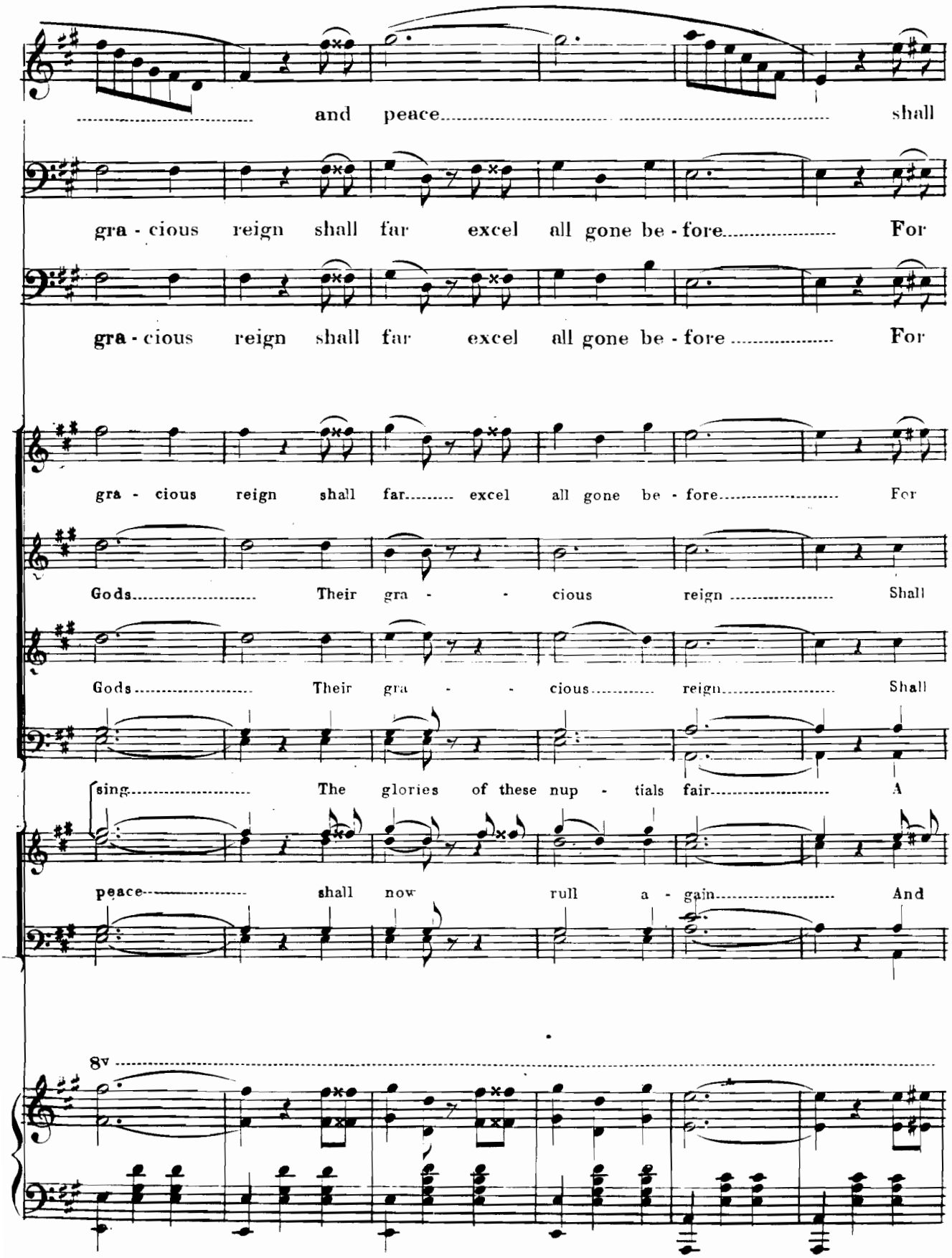
FINALE
SING YOUR LOUDEST.

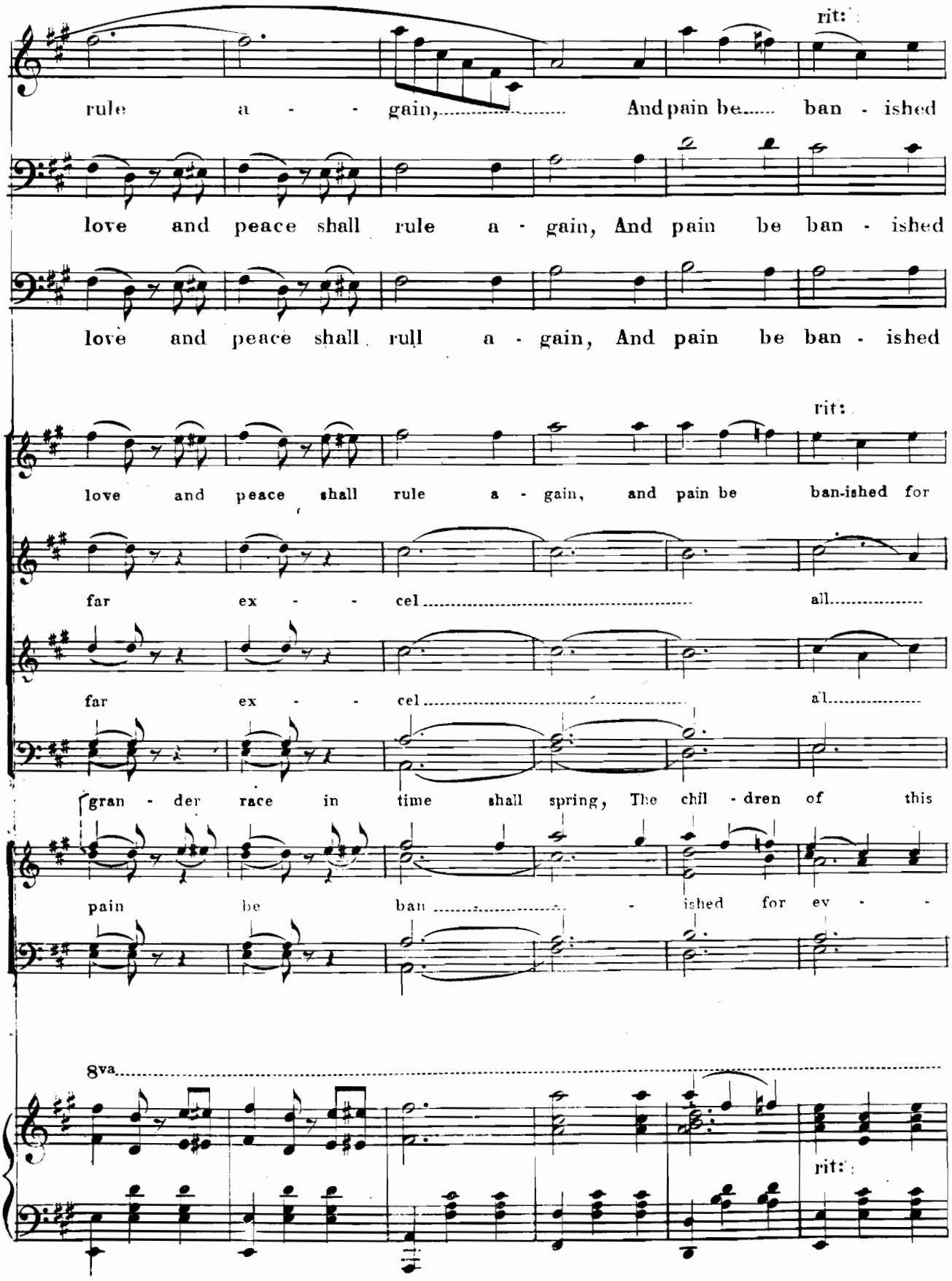
IA IA, COOK, KALANOPUU, CHORUS of NATIVES and SAILORS.

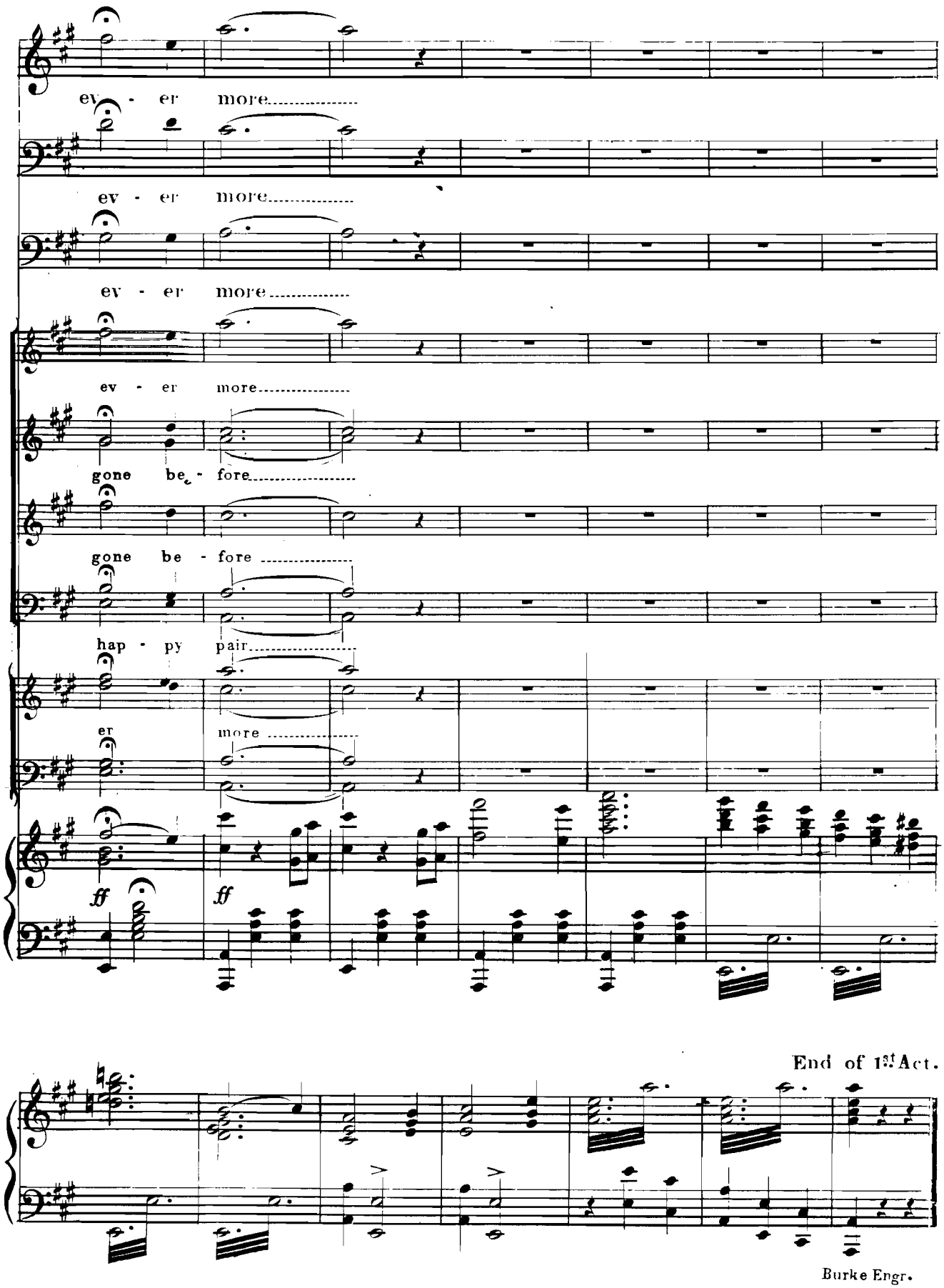



eve - ry thing, Are wrapp'd in one de - lic - ous dream, Let
rit.
a tempo.
care be ban - ished! love the King Is lord ov - er all..... and
rit.
a tempo.
reigns su - preme. And na - - - - - - - -
COOK
And na-tions yet un - born shall sing, ...
mf
tions yet un - born ..... shall
..... The glo-ries of these nuptials fair..... A


cres.
sing, The glories of these nuptials
gran - der race in time shall spring, The children of this hap-py
cres.
f
fair. For love
pair. Half men, half Gods their
Ah. Half men, half Gods their
Natives.
Ah. Half men, half Gods their
Ah. Half men, Half
Ah. Half men, Half
Sailors.
Ah. And na - tions yet un - born shall
Ah. For love and
8va
ff


and peace shall
gra - cious reign shall far excel all gone be - fore For
gra - cious reign shall far excel all gone be - fore For
gra - cious reign shall far excel all gone be - fore For
Gods Their gra - - cious reign Shall
Gods Their gra - - cious reign Shall
sing The glories of these nup - tials fair A
peace shall now rull a - gain And
8v


rit:
rule a - - gain, And pain be ban - ished
love and peace shall rule a - gain, And pain be ban - ished
love and peace shall rull a - gain, And pain be ban - ished
rit:
love and peace shall rule a - gain, and pain be ban-ished for
far ex - - cel all
far ex - - cel al
gran - der race in time shall spring, The chil - dren of this
pain be ban - ished for ev - -
8va
rit:

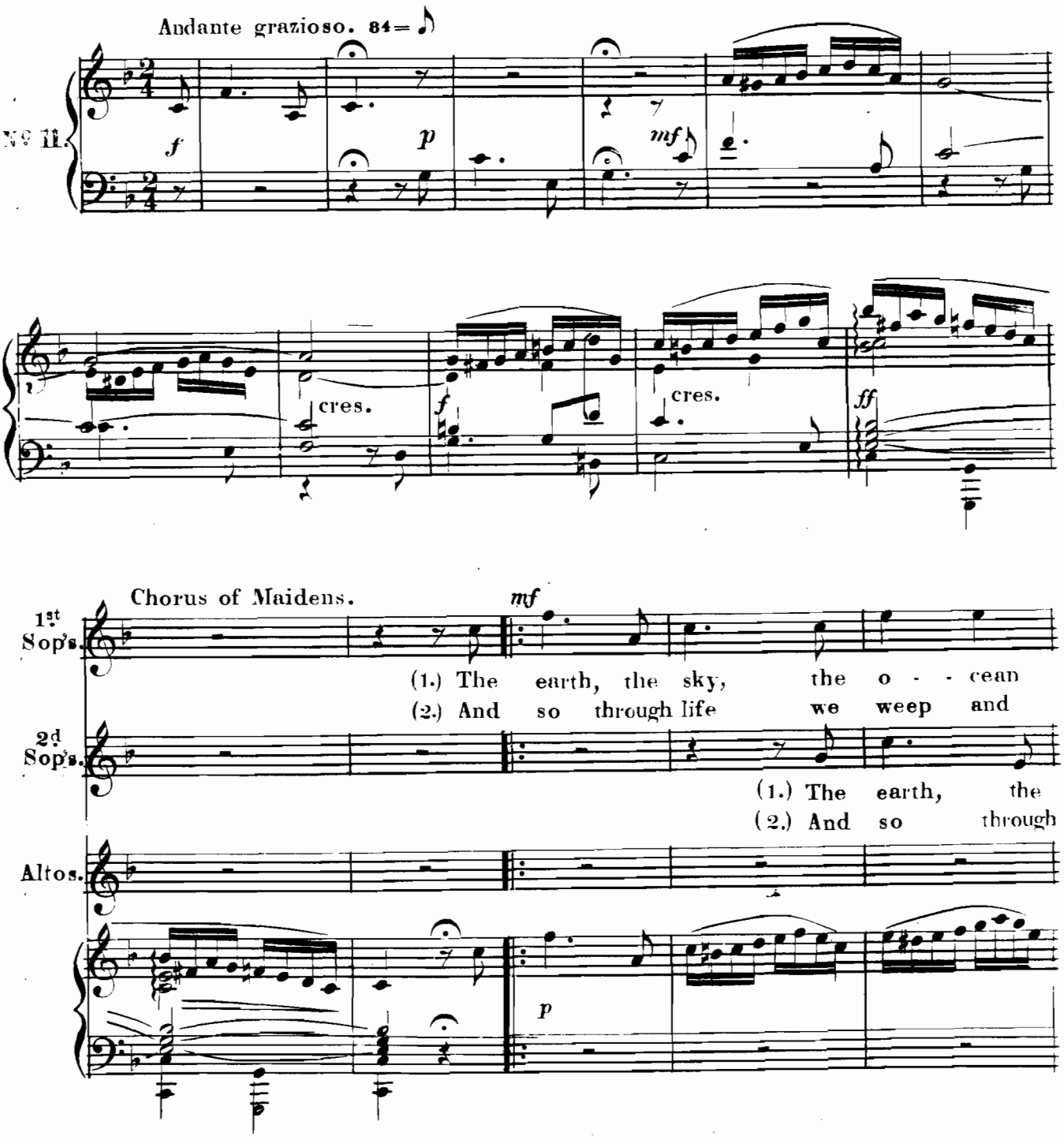


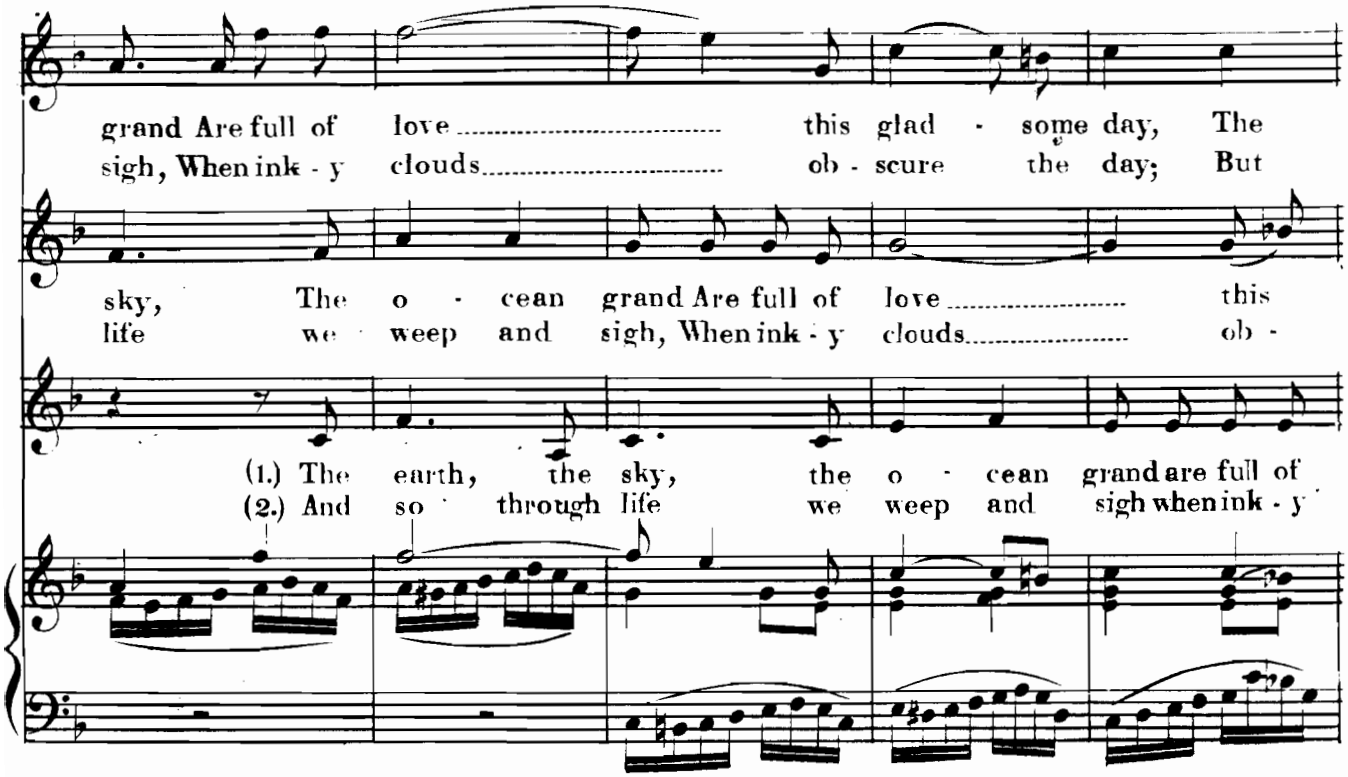
End of 1st Act.

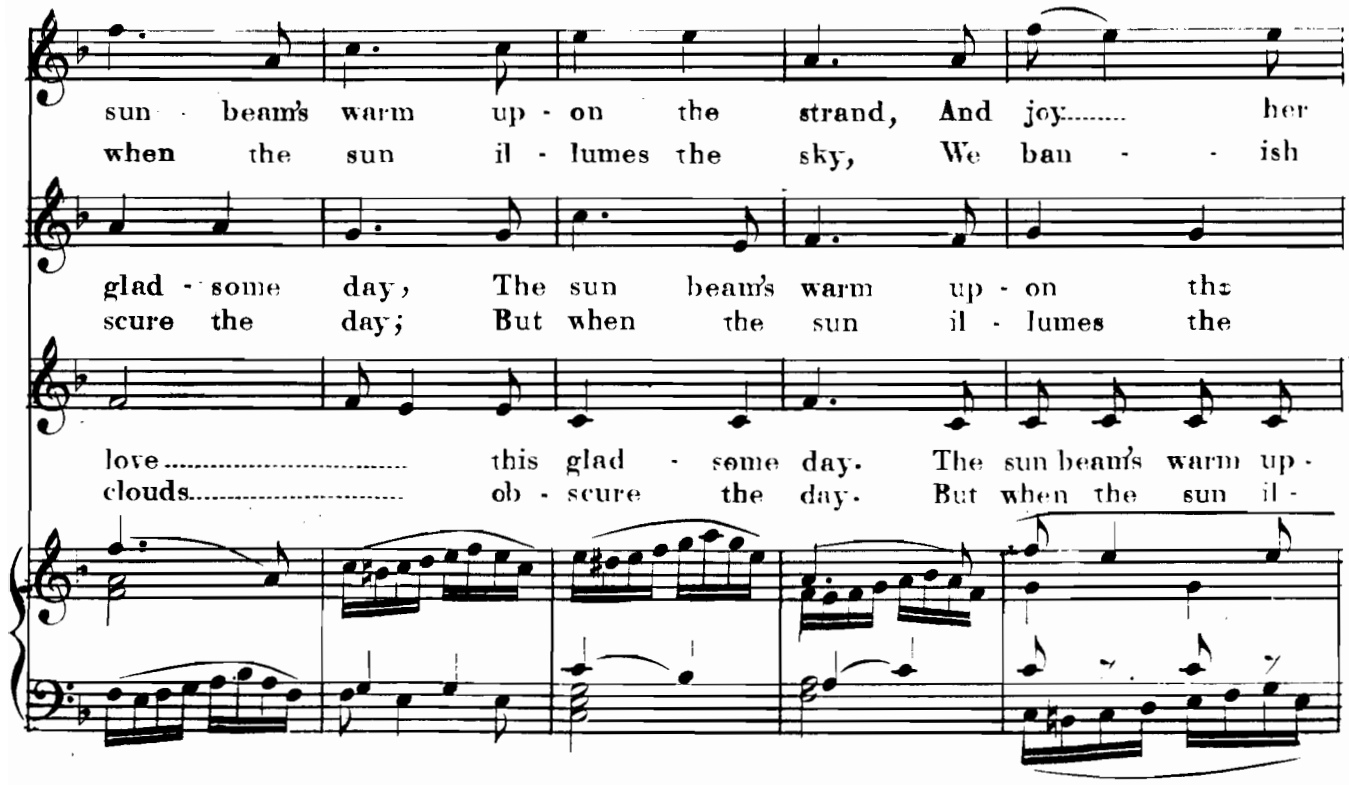
Burke Engr.

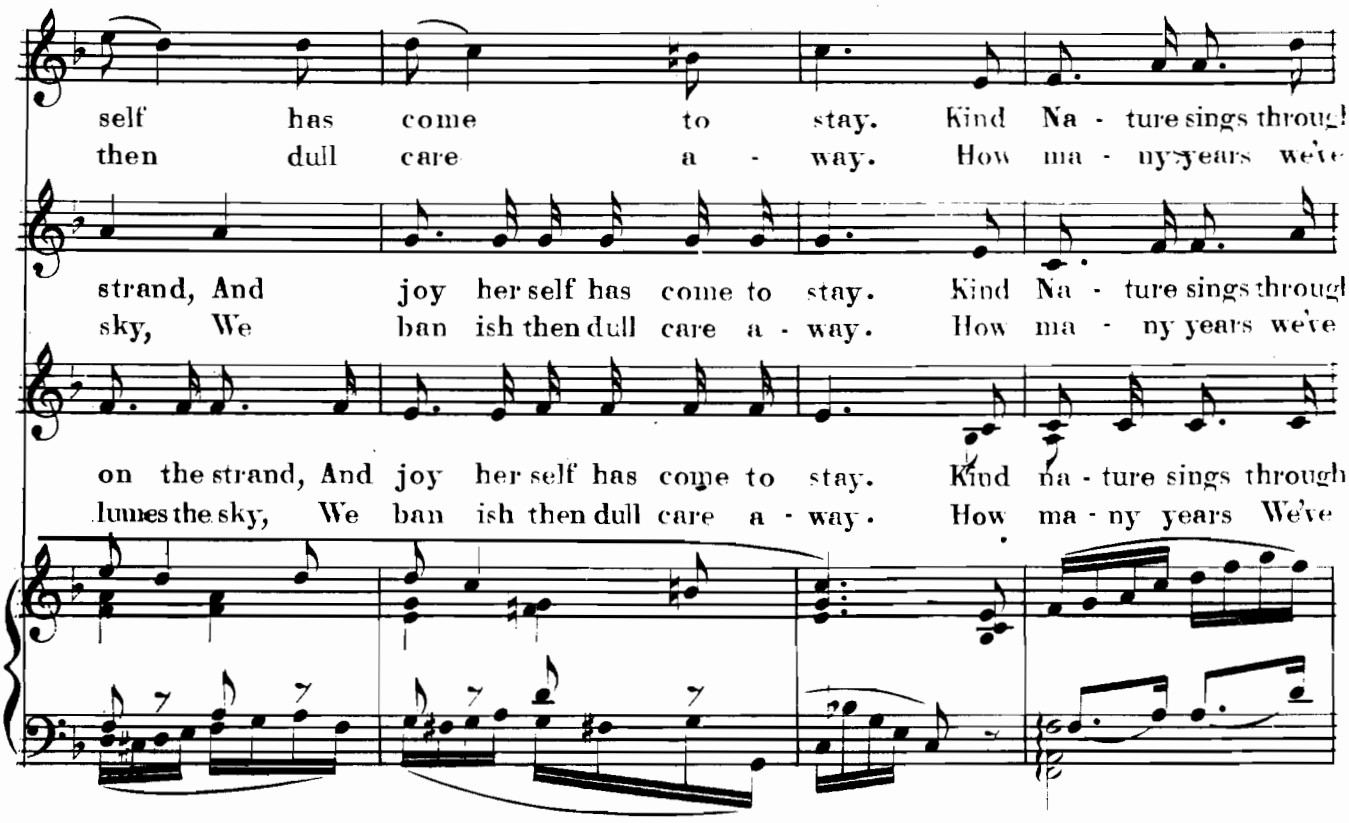
ACT II.

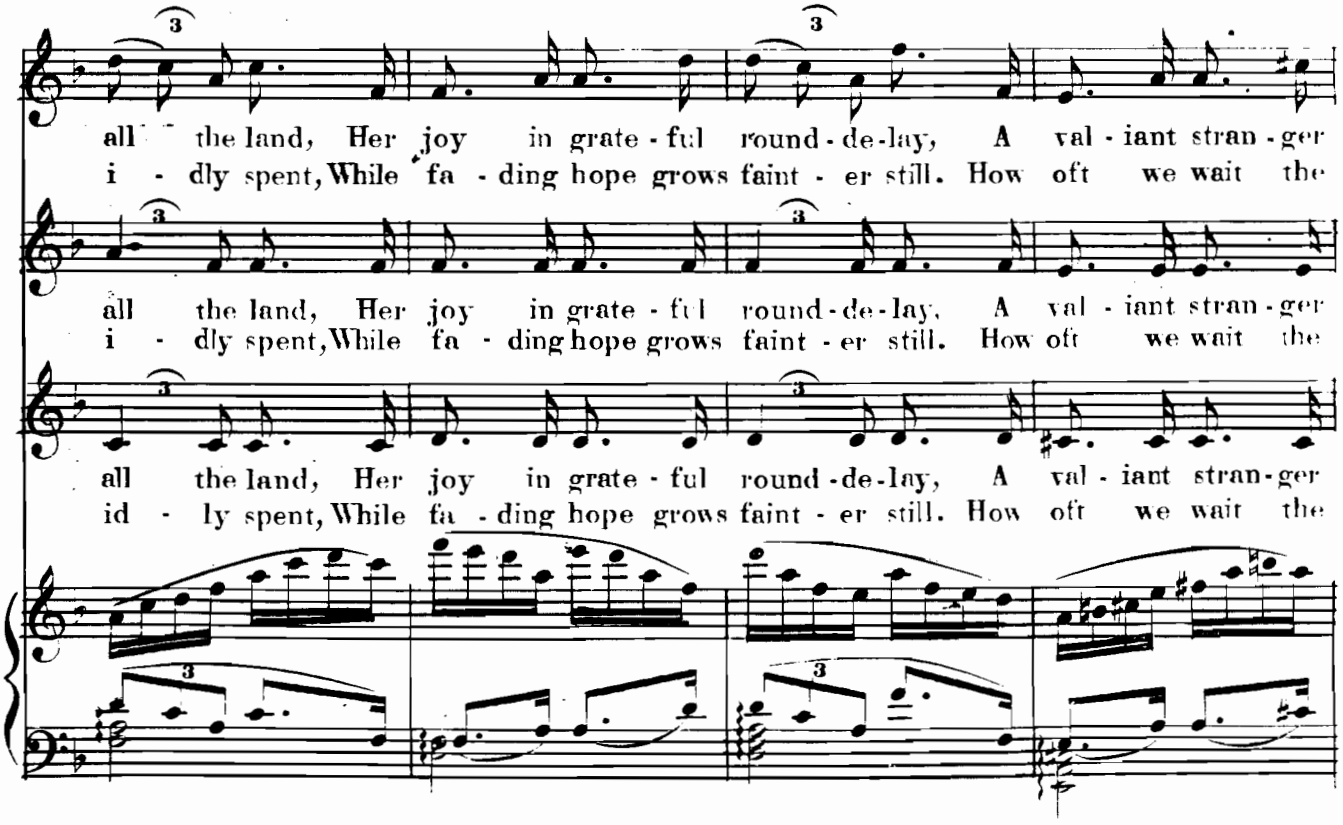
A stone temple in the foreground Large stone idols placed about, and to the rear tropical verdure, palms, cocoa trees etc; under the shade of which native maidens are seated, weavings garlands for the coming nuptials of Capt Cook and the Princess. Farther back are waterfalls, and in the back ground the volcano of Mauna Loa from the apex of which puffs of smoke arise at regular intervals.

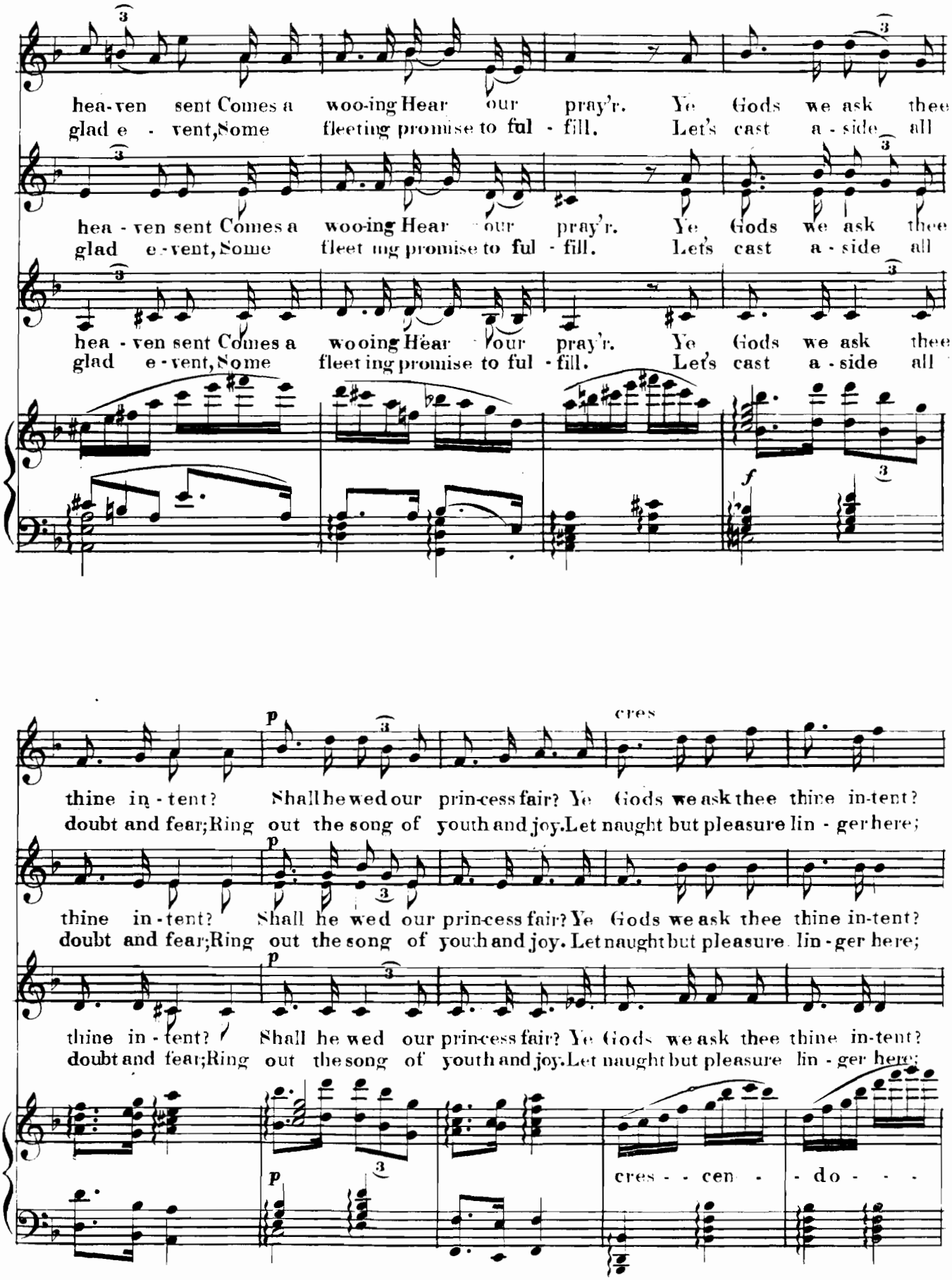


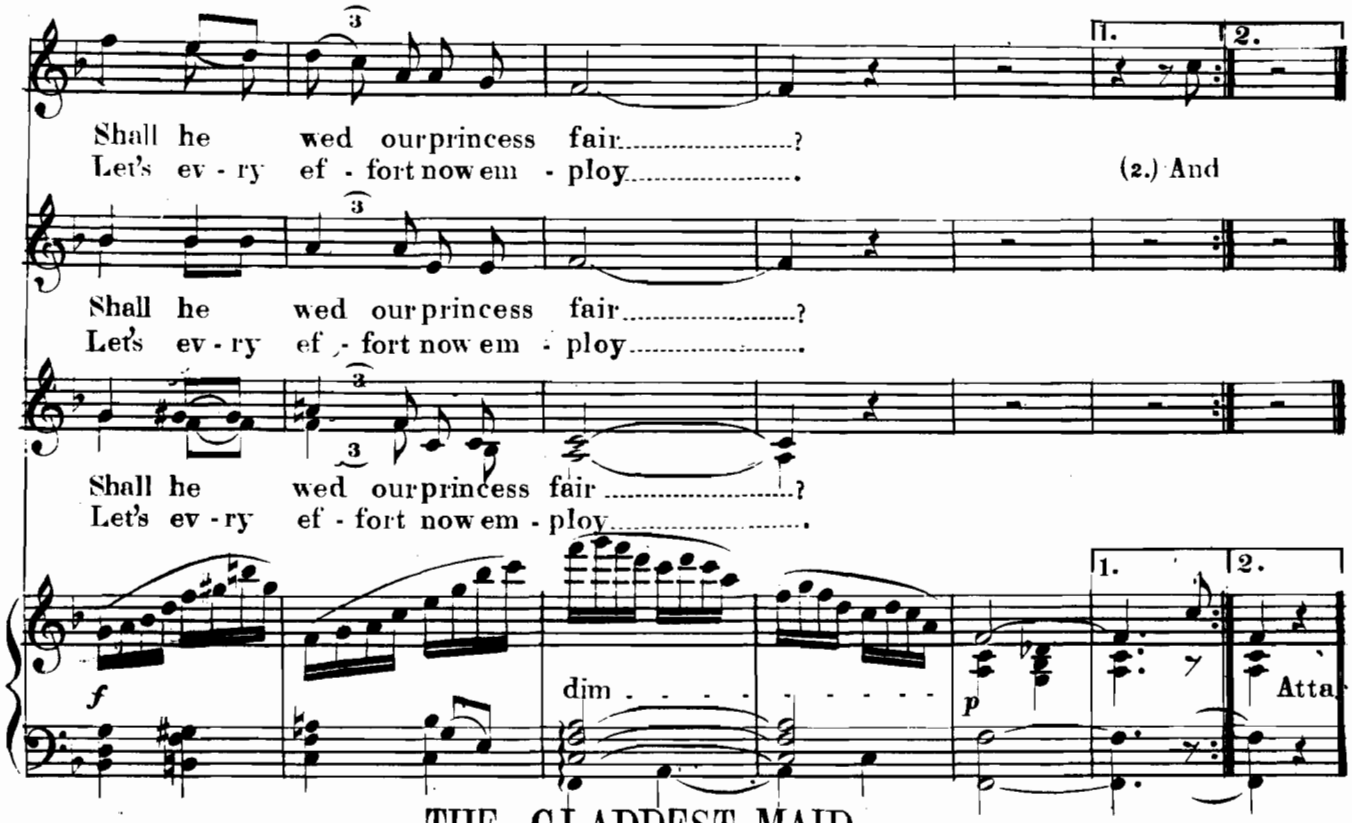

grand Are full of love this glad - some day, The
sigh, When ink - y clouds ob - scure the day; But
sky, The o - cean grand Are full of love this
life we weep and sigh, When ink - y clouds ob -
(1.) The earth, the sky, the o - cean grand are full of
(2.) And so through life we weep and sigh when ink - y


sun - beam's warm up - on the strand, And joy her
when the sun il - lumes the sky, We ban - ish
glad - some day, The sun beam's warm up - on the
scure the day; But when the sun il - lumes the
love this glad - some day. The sun beam's warm up -
clouds ob - scure the day. But when the sun il -


self has come to stay. Kind Na - ture sings through
then dull care a - way. How ma - ny years we've
strand, And joy her self has come to stay. Kind Na - ture sings through
sky, We ban ish then dull care a - way. How ma - ny years we've
on the strand, And joy her self has come to stay. Kind na - ture sings through
lumes the sky, We ban ish then dull care a - way. How ma - ny years We've

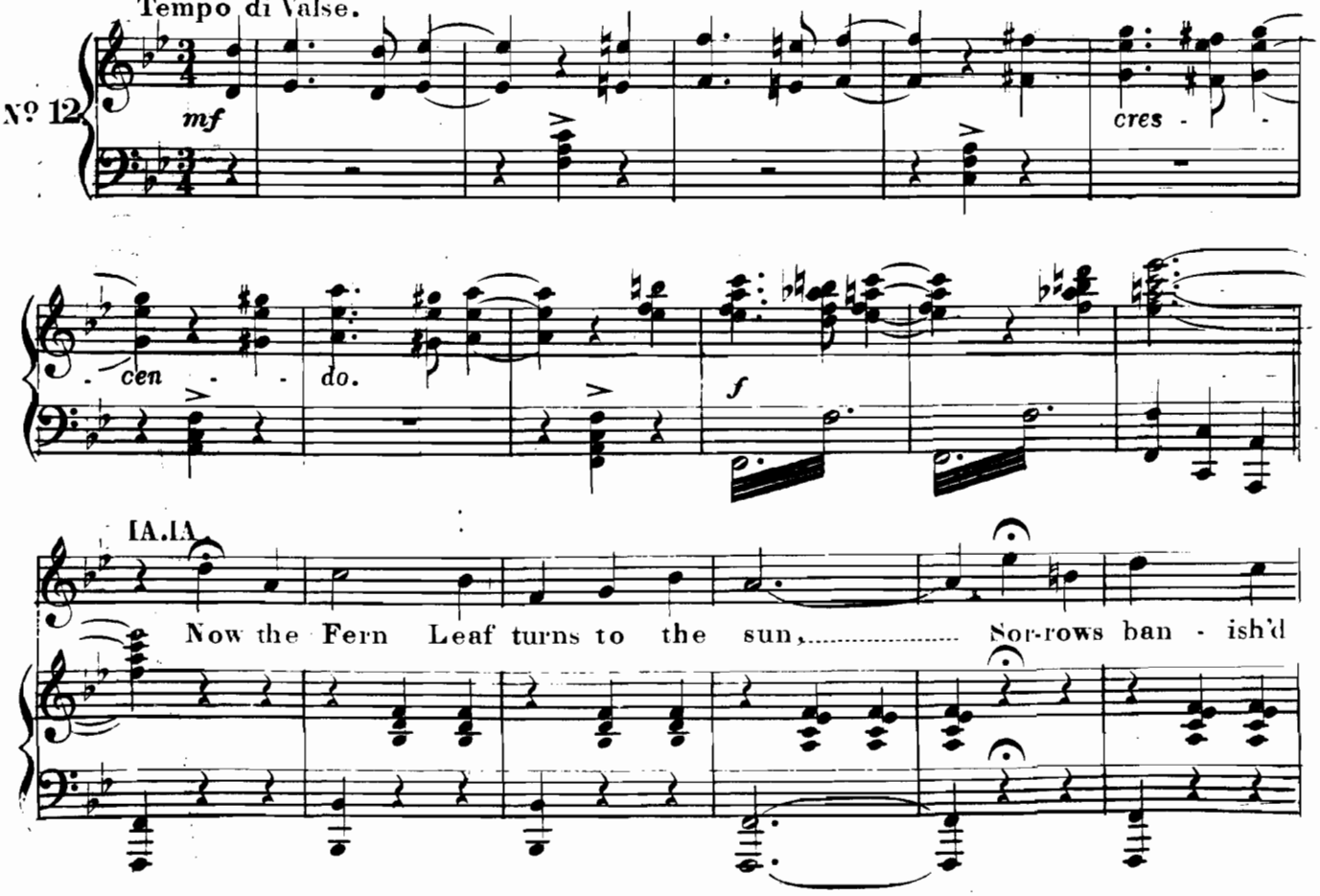

all the land, Her joy in grate - ful round - de - lay, A val - iant stran - ger
i - dly spent, While fa - ding hope grows faint - er still. How oft we wait the
all the land, Her joy in grate - ful round - de - lay, A val - iant stran - ger
i - dly spent, While fa - ding hope grows faint - er still. How oft we wait the
all the land, Her joy in grate - ful round - de - lay, A val - iant stran - ger
id - ly spent, While fa - ding hope grows faint - er still. How oft we wait the

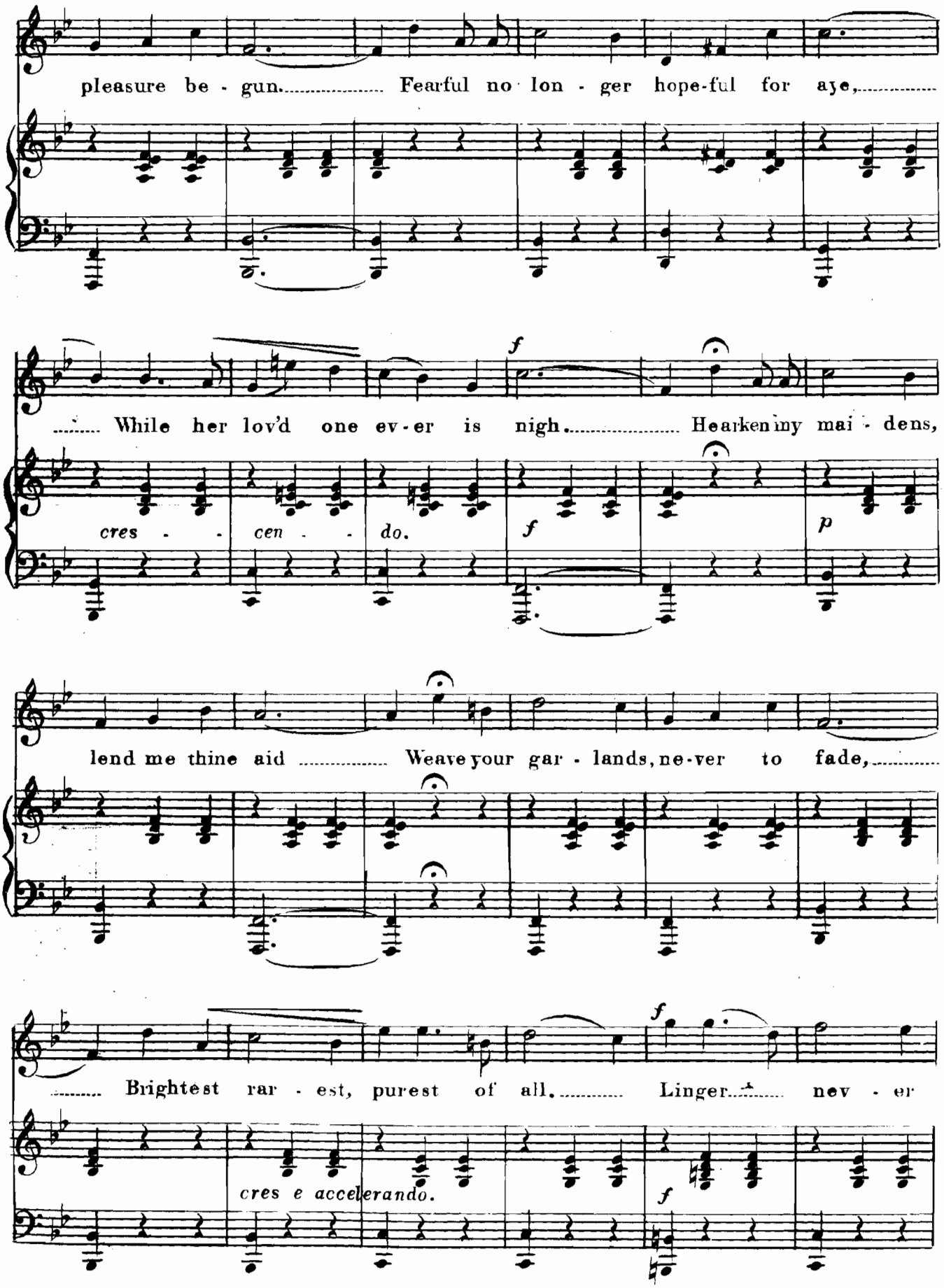

hea-ven sent Comes a woo-ing Hear our pray'r. Ye Gods we ask thee
glad e - vent, Some fleeting promise to ful - fill. Let's cast a - side all
hea - ven sent Comes a woo-ing Hear our pray'r. Ye Gods we ask thee
glad e - vent, Some fleet ing promise to ful - fill. Let's cast a - side all
hea - ven sent Comes a woo ing Hear our pray'r. Ye Gods we ask thee
glad e - vent, Some fleet ing promise to ful - fill. Let's cast a - side all
f
cres
thine in - tent? Shall he wed our prin-cess fair? Ye Gods we ask thee thine in-tent?
doubt and fear; Ring out the song of youth and joy. Let naught but pleasure lin - ger here;
thine in - tent? Shall he wed our prin-cess fair? Ye Gods we ask thee thine in-tent?
doubt and fear; Ring out the song of youth and joy. Let naught but pleasure lin - ger here;
thine in - tent? Shall he wed our prin-cess fair? Ye Gods we ask thee thine in-tent?
doubt and fear; Ring out the song of youth and joy. Let naught but pleasure lin - ger here;
cres - - cen - - do - - -

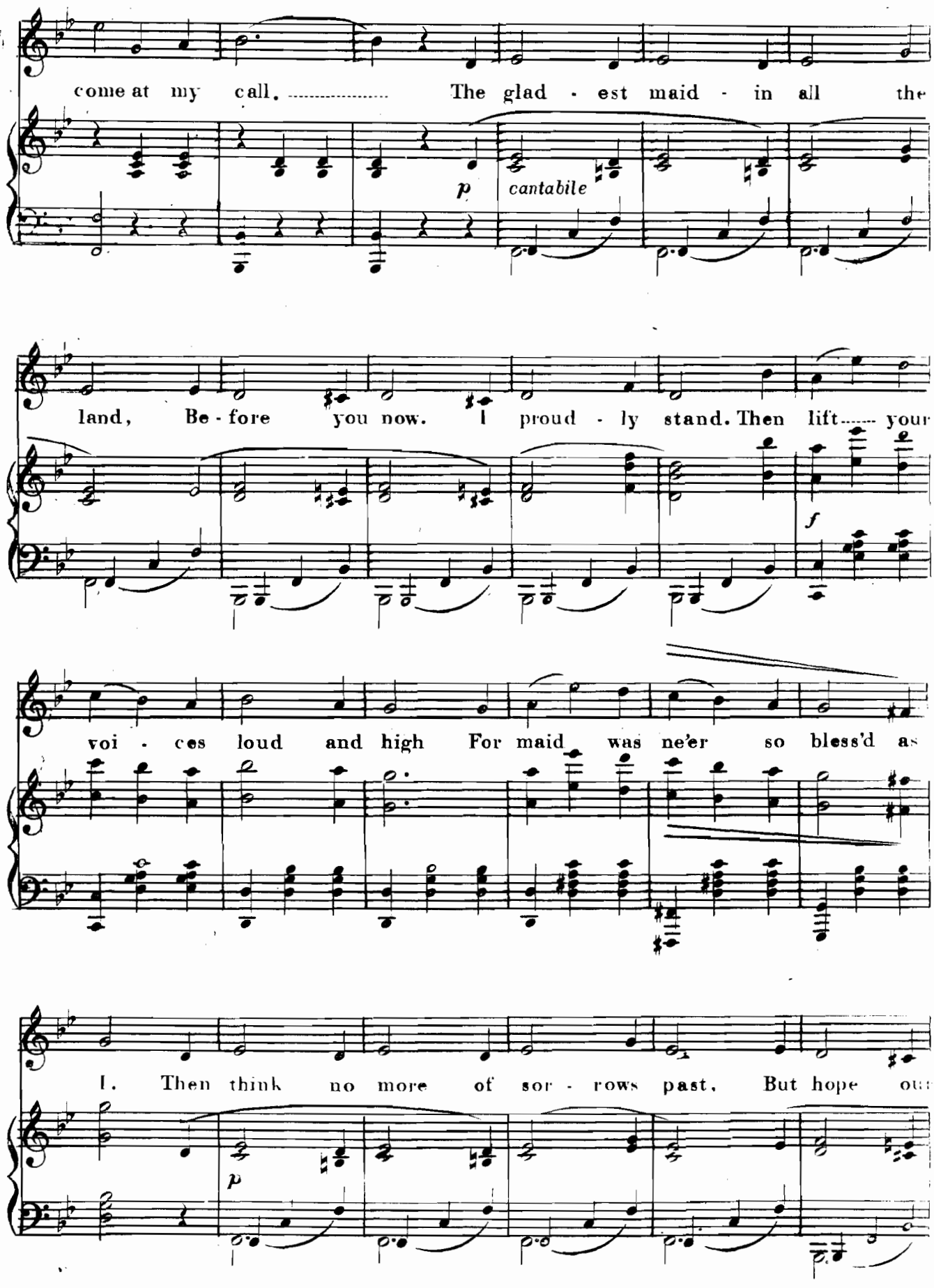


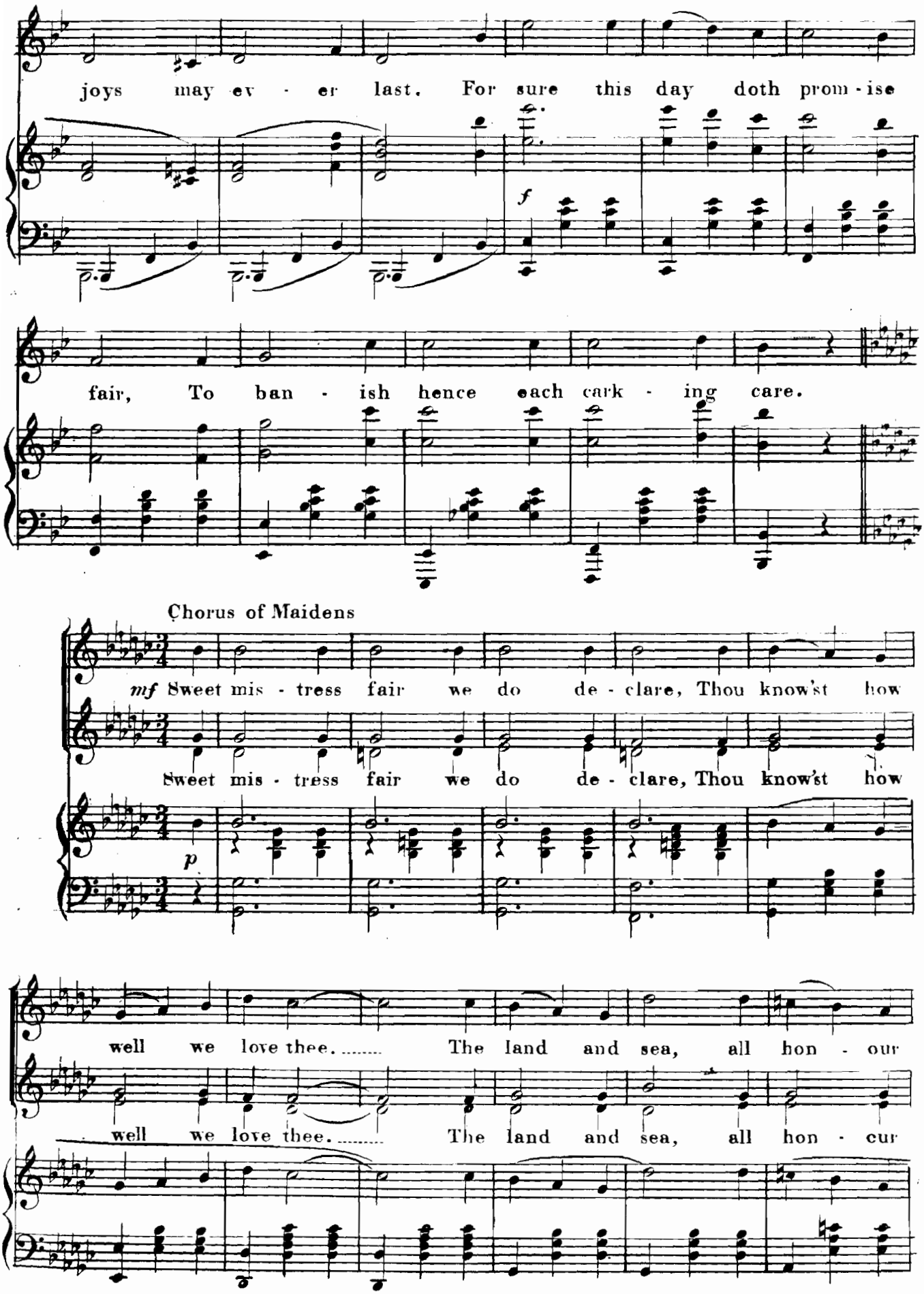
THE GLADDEST MAID.

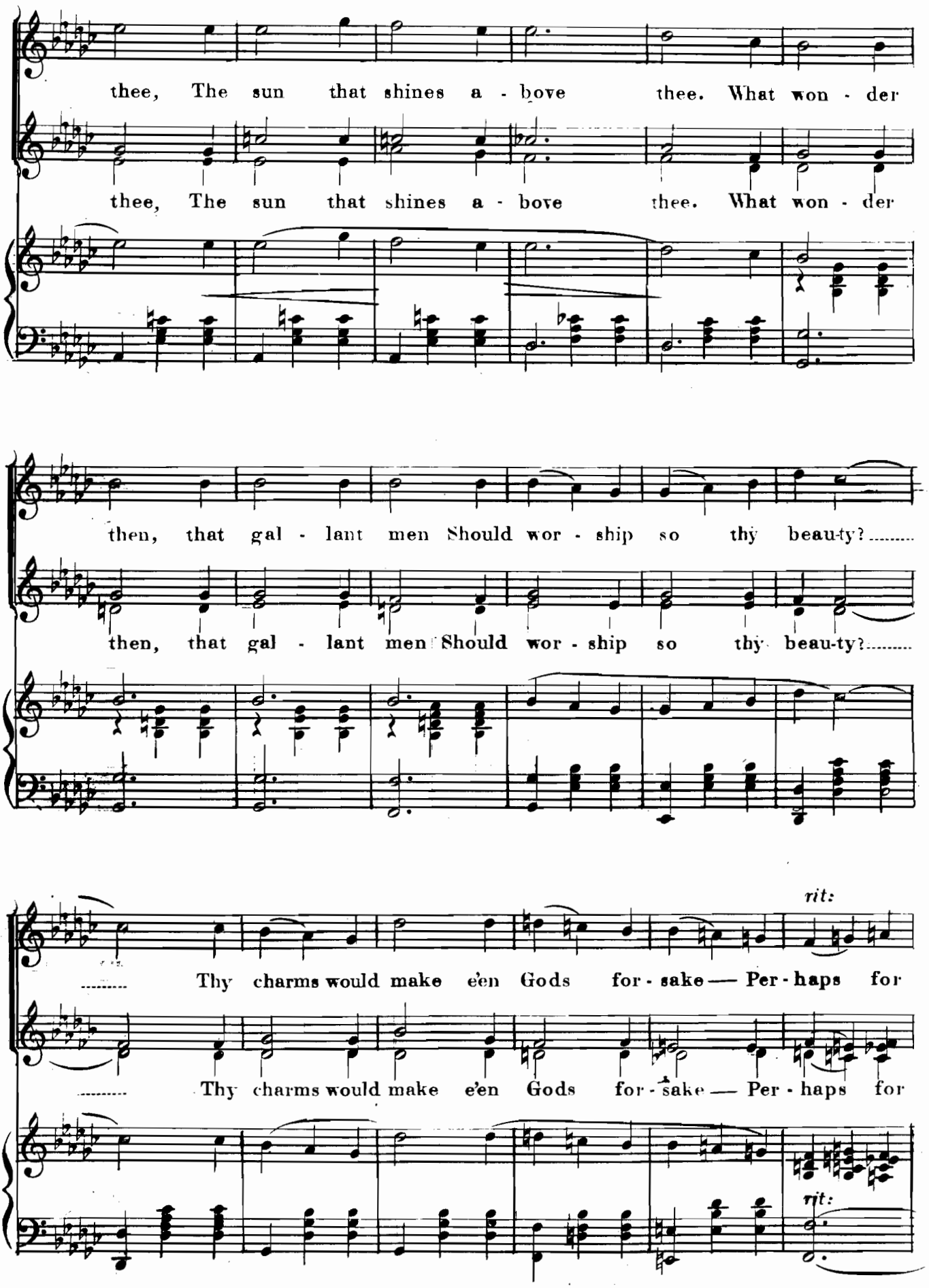
IA IA'S Solo and Chorus of Maidens.

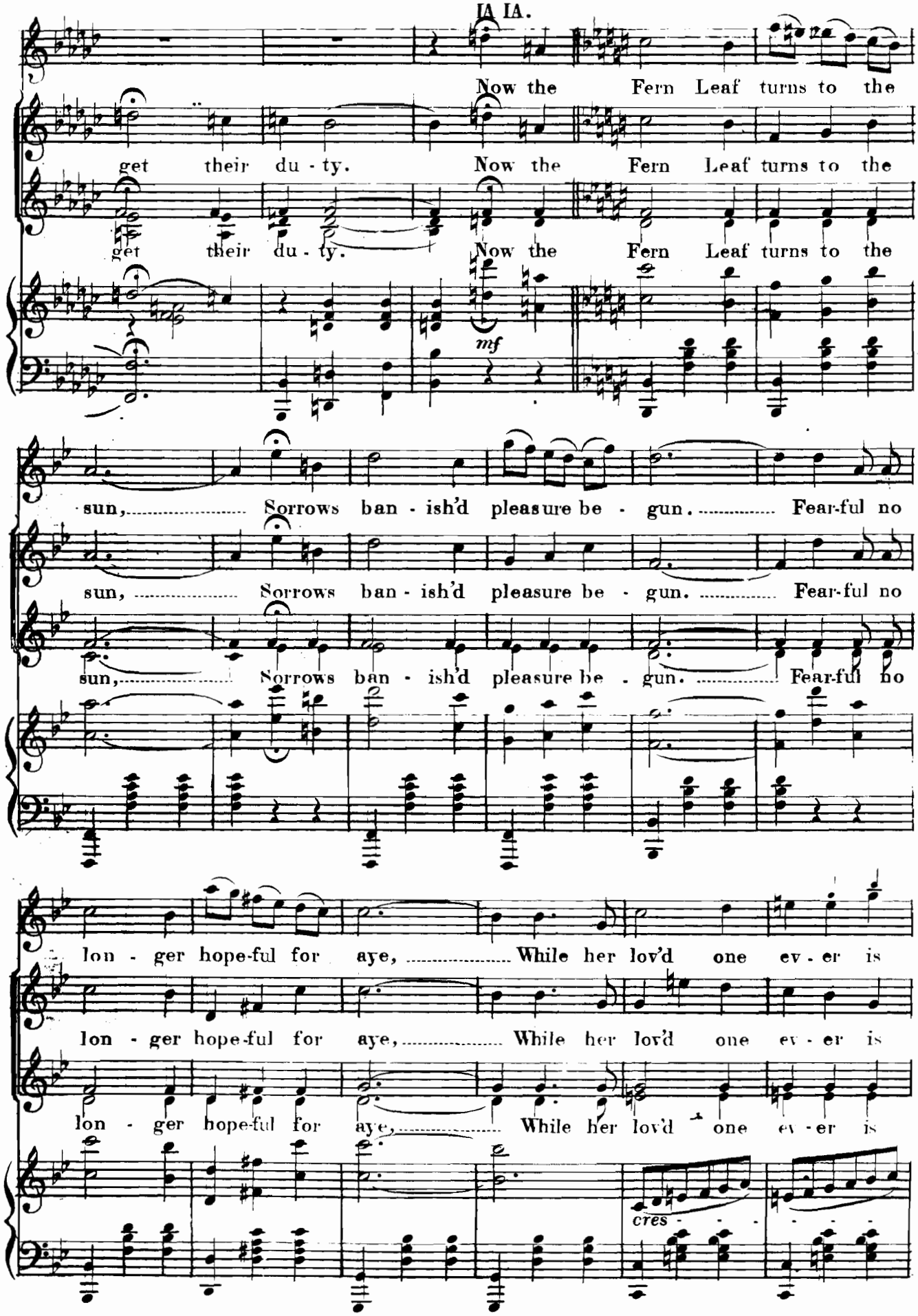


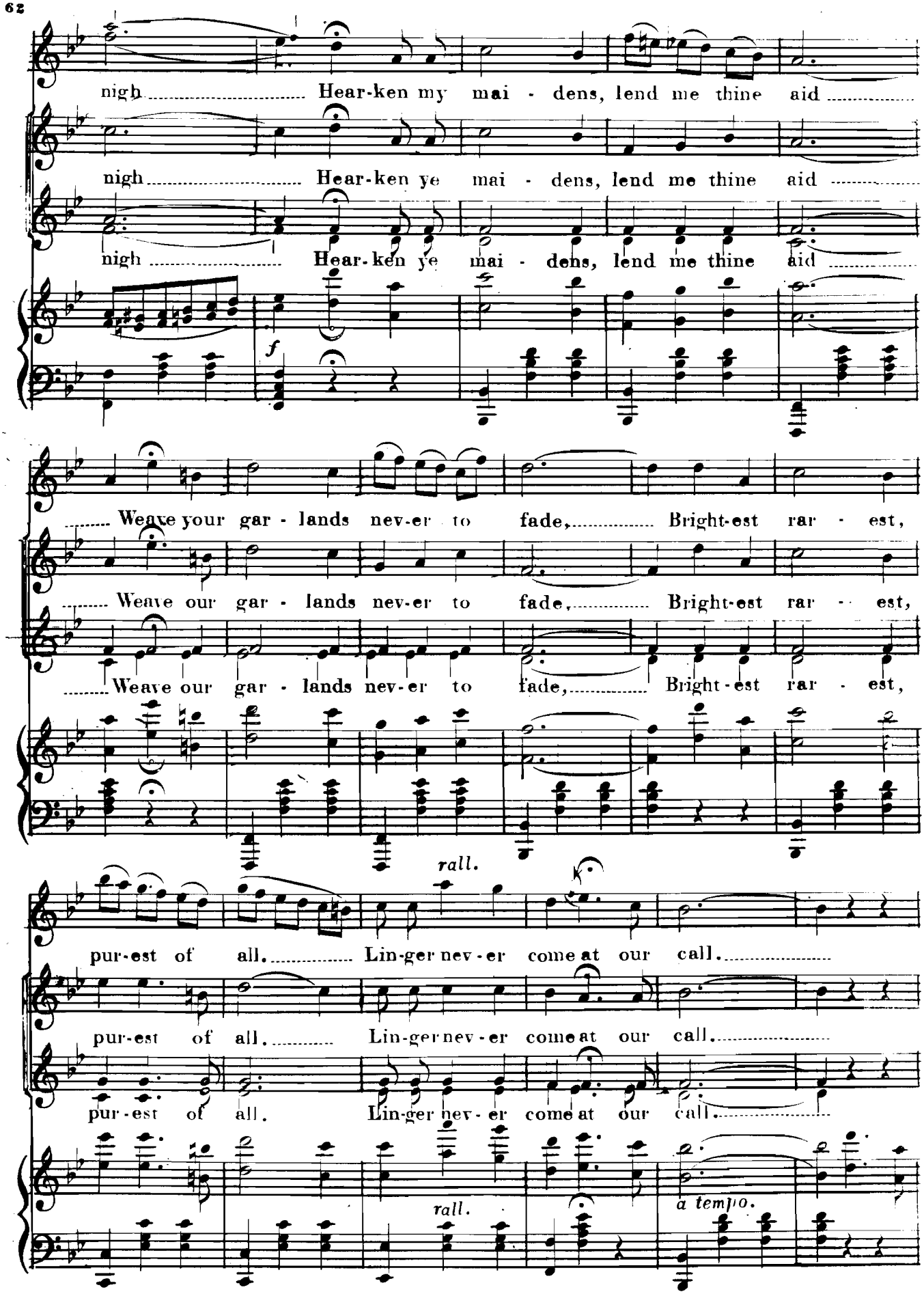

pleasure be - gun..... Fearful no lon - ger hope-ful for aye,.....
..... While her lov'd one ev-er is nigh..... Hearken my mai - dens,
cres - - cen - - do.
f
p
lend me thine aid ..... Weave your gar - lands, ne-ver to fade,.....
..... Brightest rar - est, purest of all..... Linger..... nev - er
cres e accelerando.
f
f


come at my call. The glad - est maid - in all the
p cantabile
land, Be - fore you now. I proud - ly stand. Then lift your
f
voi - ces loud and high For maid was ne'er so bless'd as
I. Then think no more of sor - rows past, But hope our
p

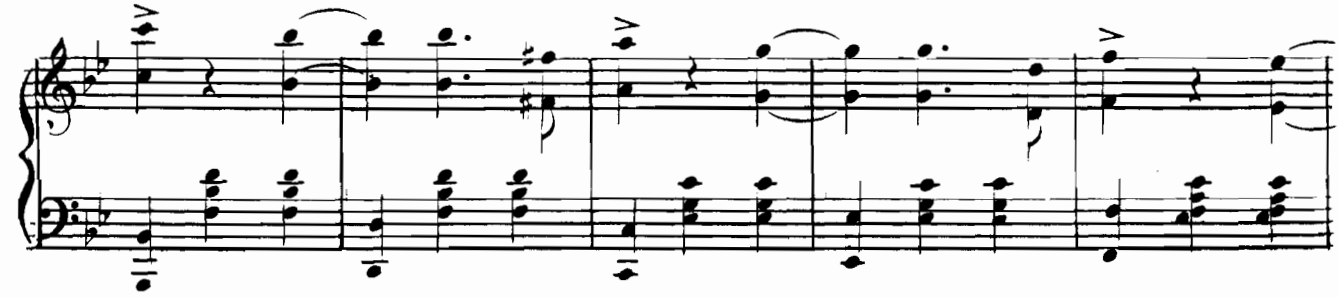

joys may ev - er last. For sure this day doth prom - ise
f
fair, To ban - ish hence each cark - ing care.
Chorus of Maidens
mf Sweet mis - tress fair we do de - clare, Thou know'st how
Sweet mis - tress fair we do de - clare, Thou know'st how
p
well we love thee. ..... The land and sea, all hon - our
well we love thee. ..... The land and sea, all hon - cur


thee, The sun that shines a - bove thee. What won - der
thee, The sun that shines a - bove thee. What won - der
then, that gal - lant men Should wor - ship so thy beau-ty? .....
then, that gal - lant men Should wor - ship so thy beau-ty? .....
rit:
..... Thy charms would make e'en Gods for - sake — Per - haps for
..... Thy charms would make e'en Gods for - sake — Per - haps for
rit:


Now the Fern Leaf turns to the
get their du - ty. Now the Fern Leaf turns to the
get their du - ty. Now the Fern Leaf turns to the
mf
sun, Sorrows ban - ish'd pleasure be - gun. Fear-ful no
sun, Sorrows ban - ish'd pleasure be - gun. Fear-ful no
sun, Sorrows ban - ish'd pleasure be - gun. Fear-ful no
lon - ger hope-ful for aye, While her lov'd one ev - er is
lon - ger hope-ful for aye, While her lov'd one ev - er is
lon - ger hope-ful for aye, While her lov'd one ev - er is
cres - - - - - -

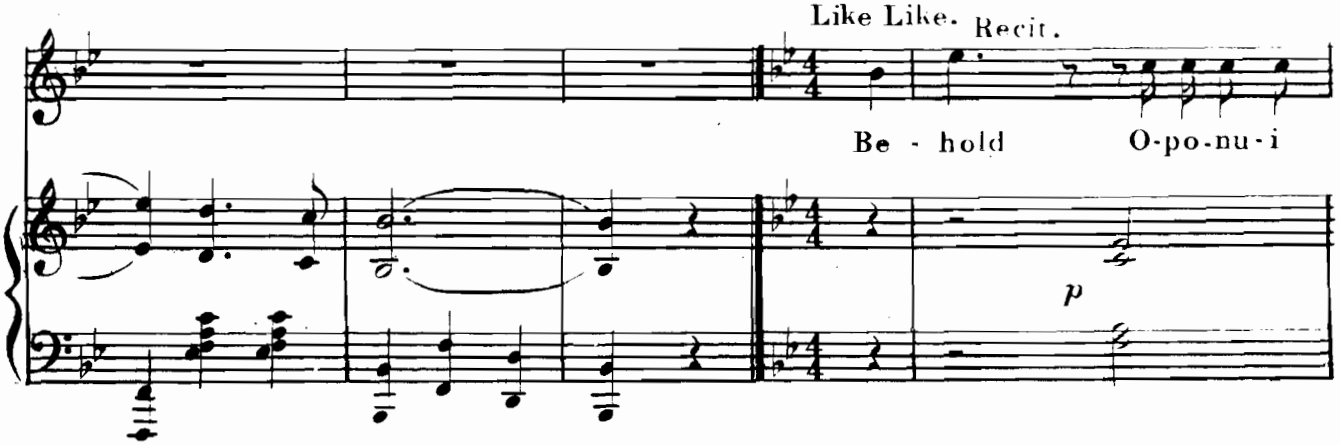

nigh Hear-ken my mai - dens, lend me thine aid
nigh Hear-ken ye mai - dens, lend me thine aid
nigh Hear-ken ye mai - dens, lend me thine aid
f
Weave your gar - lands nev-er to fade, Bright-est rar - est,
Weave our gar - lands nev-er to fade, Bright-est rar - est,
Weave our gar - lands nev-er to fade, Bright-est rar - est,
rall.
pur-est of all. Lin-ger nev-er come at our call.
pur-est of all. Lin-ger nev-er come at our call.
pur-est of all. Lin-ger nev-er come at our call.
rall.
a tempo.

(Exit Ia Ia.)

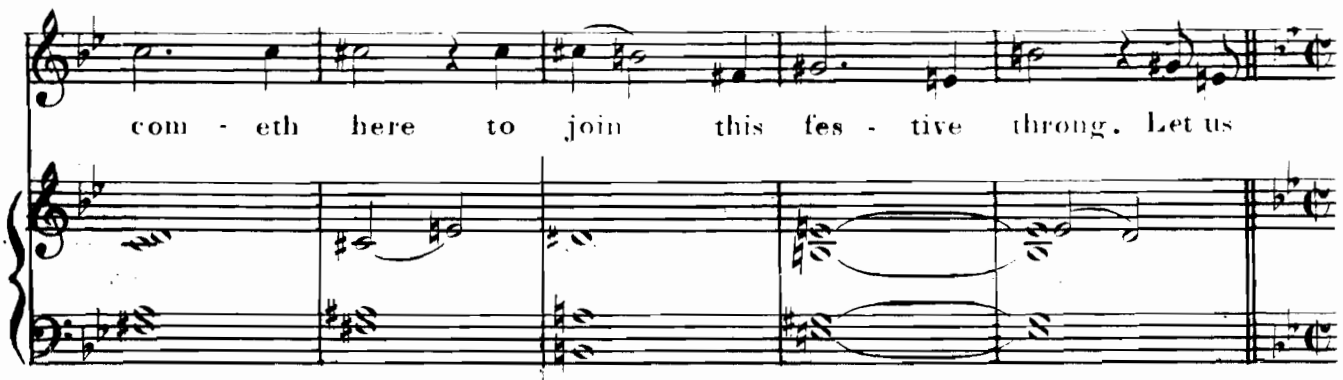


Like Like. Recit.

Be - hold O-po-nu-i

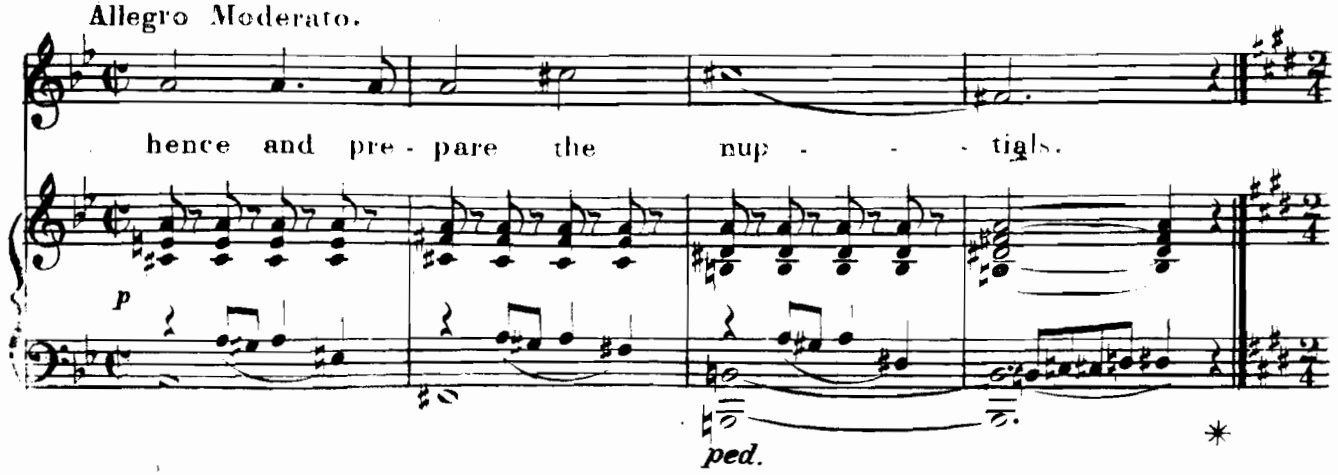


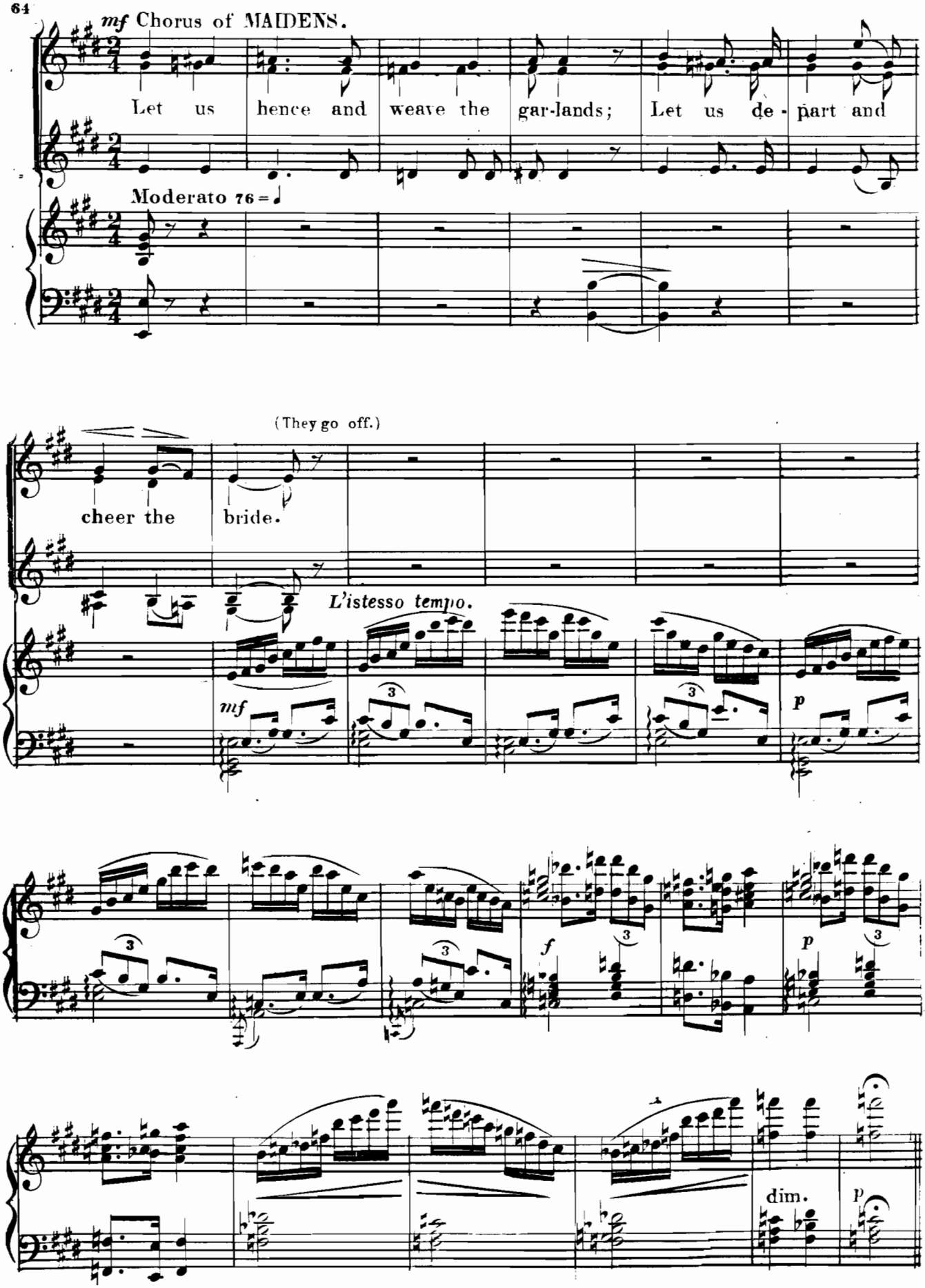
com - eth here to join this fes - tive throng. Let us



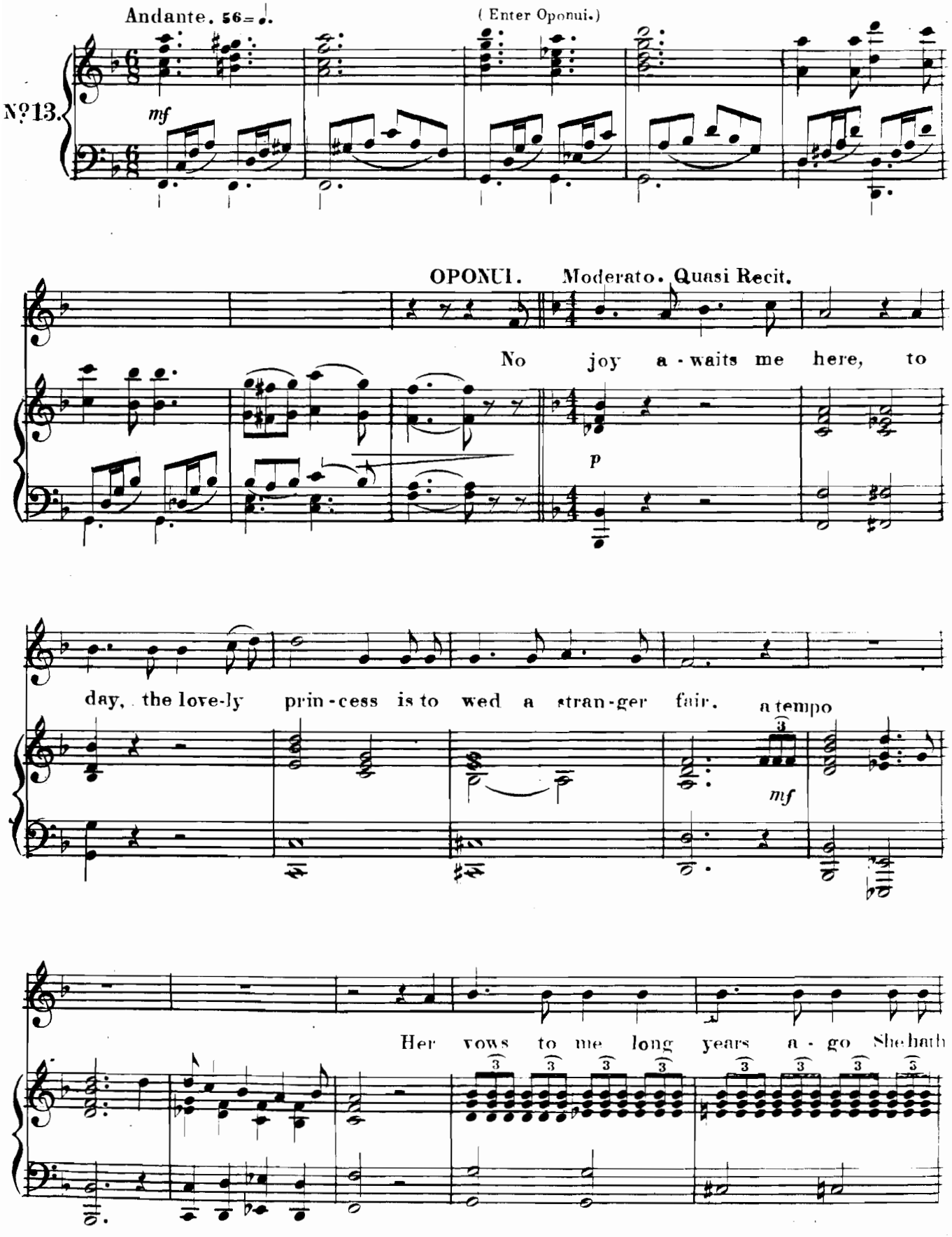
Allegro Moderato.

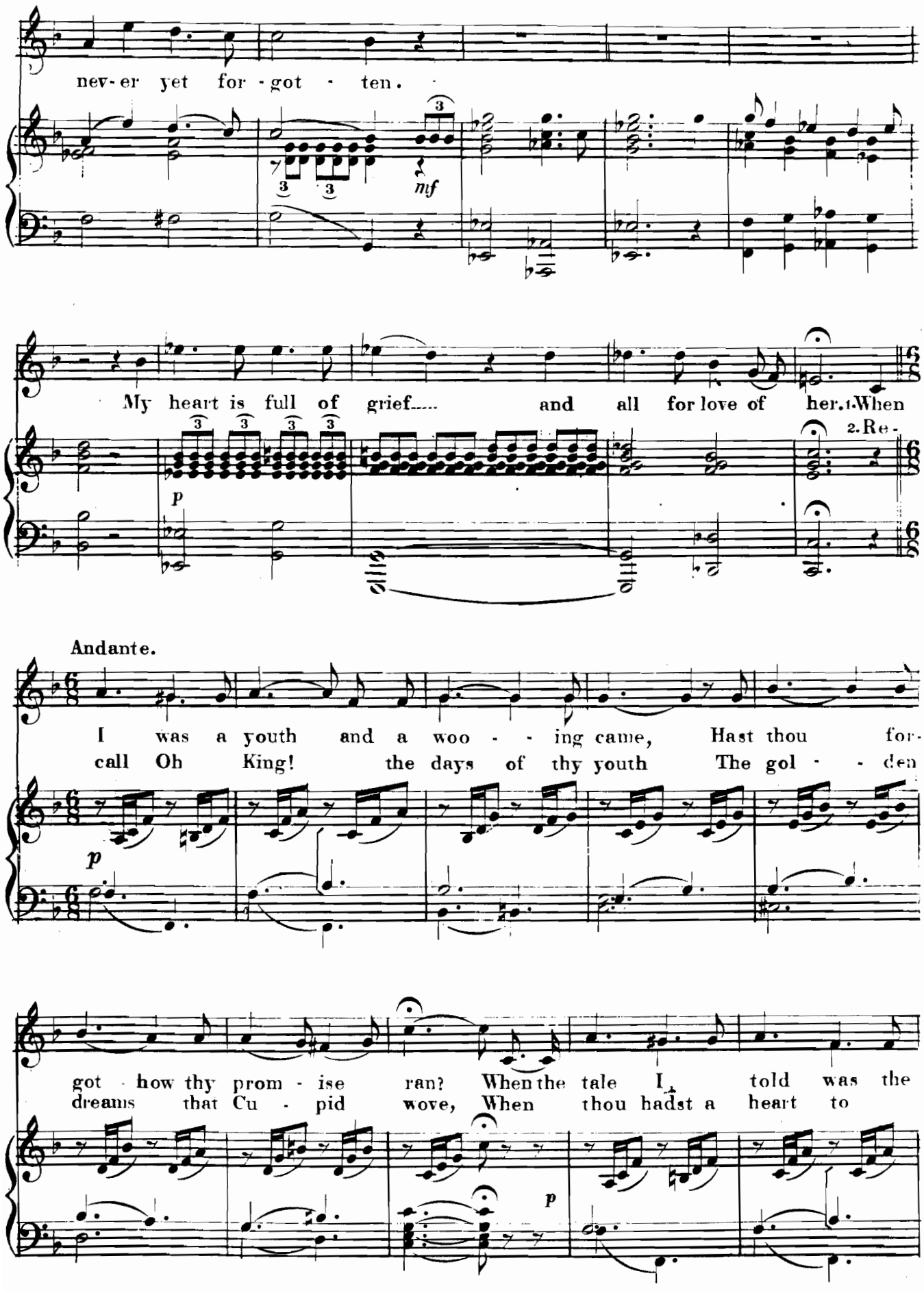
hence and pre - pare the nup - - - tials.

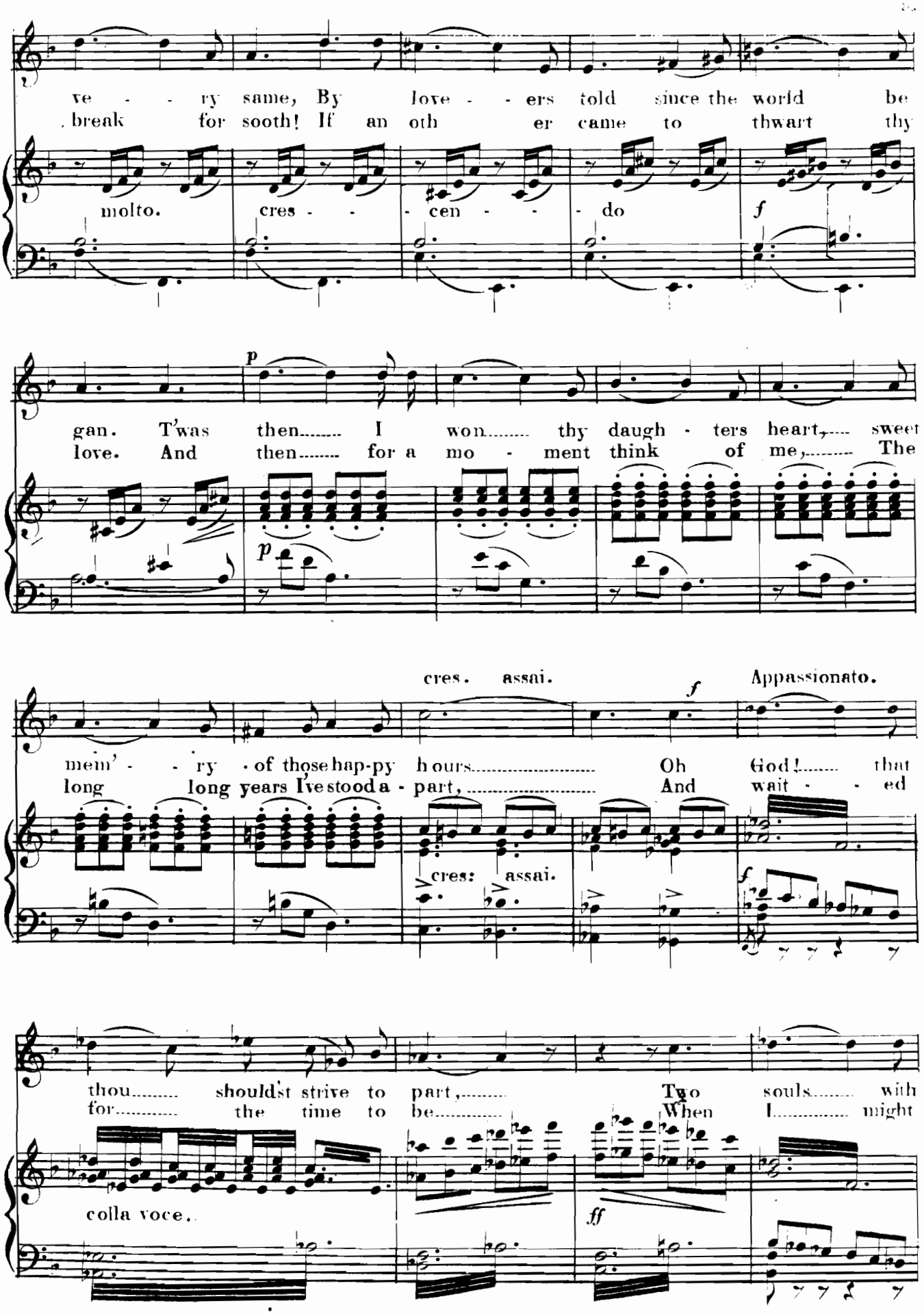


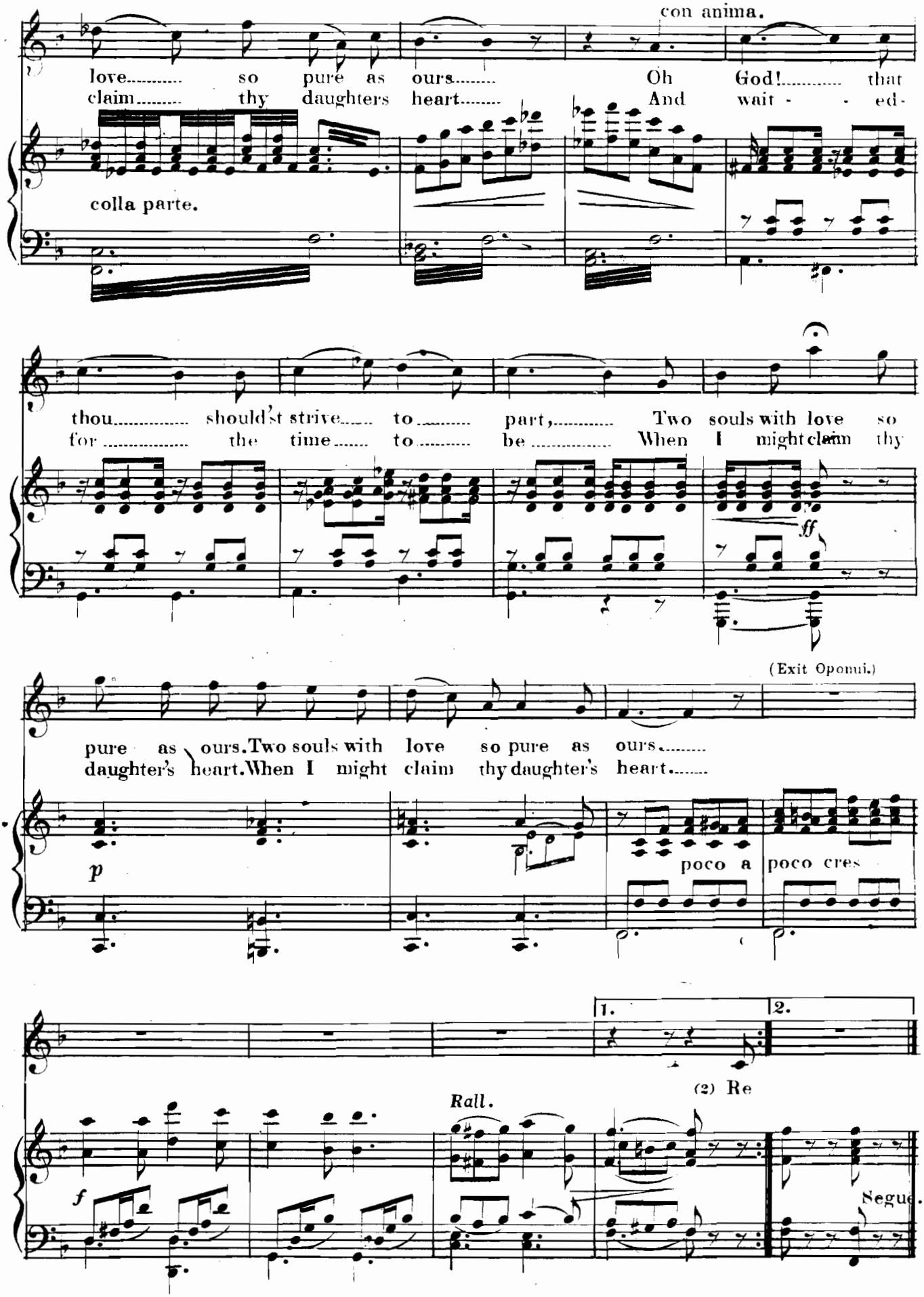

mf Chorus of MAIDENS.
Let us hence and weave the gar-lands; Let us de - part and
Moderato 76
(They go off.)
cheer the bride.
L'istesso tempo.
mf
p
f
p
dim.
p

WHEN I WAS A YOUTH.

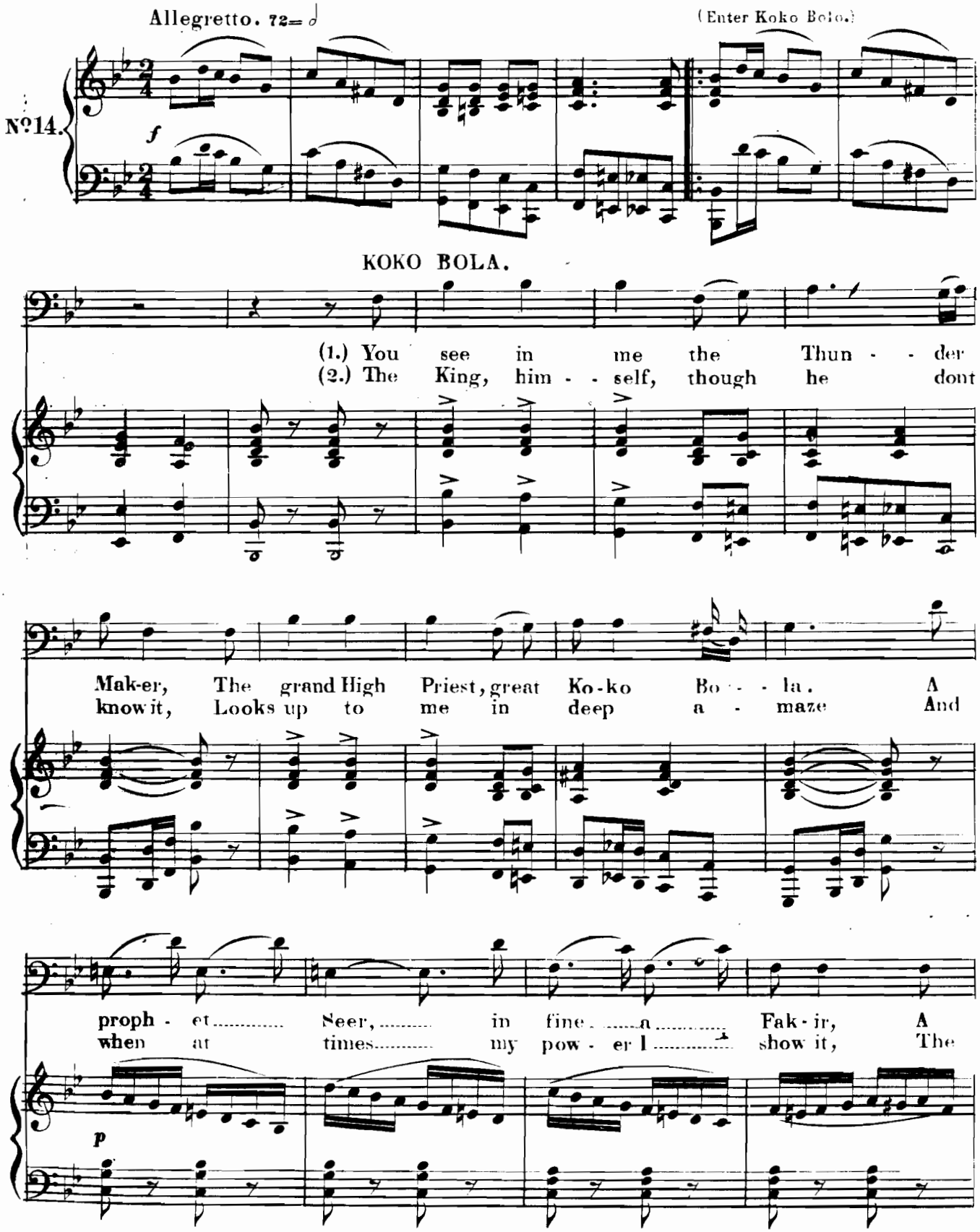



nev-er yet for-got-ten.
mf
My heart is full of grief..... and all for love of her. 1. When
2. Re-
p
Andante.
I was a youth and a woo--ing came, Hast thou for-
call Oh King! the days of thy youth The gol--den
p
got how thy prom-ise ran? When the tale I told was the
dreams that Cu-pid wove, When thou hadst a heart to
p


ve - - - ry same, By love - - - ers told since the world be
break for sooth! If an oth er came to thwart thy
molto. cres - - - cen - - - do
f
p
gan. T'was then..... I won..... thy daugh - ters heart,..... sweet
love. And then..... for a mo - ment think of me,..... The
p
cres. assai.
f
Appassionato.
mem' - - - ry of those hap-py hours..... Oh God!..... that
long long years I've stood a - part,..... And wait - - - ed
cres: assai.
f
thou..... should'st strive to part,..... Two souls..... with
for..... the time to be..... When I..... might
colla voce.
ff


con anima.
love so pure as ours Oh God! that
claim thy daughters heart And wait - ed -
colla parte.
thou should'st strive to part, Two souls with love so
for the time to be When I might claim thy
ff
(Exit Oponui.)
pure as ours. Two souls with love so pure as ours
daughter's heart. When I might claim thy daughter's heart
p
poco a poco cres
1.
2.
(2) Re
Rall.
f
Segue.

YOU SEE IN ME.


Allegretto. 72=
(Enter Koko Bola.)
No14.
f
KOKO BOLA.
(1.) You see in me the Thun - - der
(2.) The King, him - - self, though he dont
Mak-er, The grand High Priest, great Ko-ko Bo - - la. A
know it, Looks up to me in deep a - maze And
proph - et..... Seer,..... in fine.....a..... Fak - ir, A
when at times..... my pow - er I..... show it, The
p

poco accel e crès - cen - - do.

boss o'er all and big—— High—— Roll - - - er, The
peo - ple trem-ble while—— they—— gaze ——. Why

poco accel e cres cen - - do.

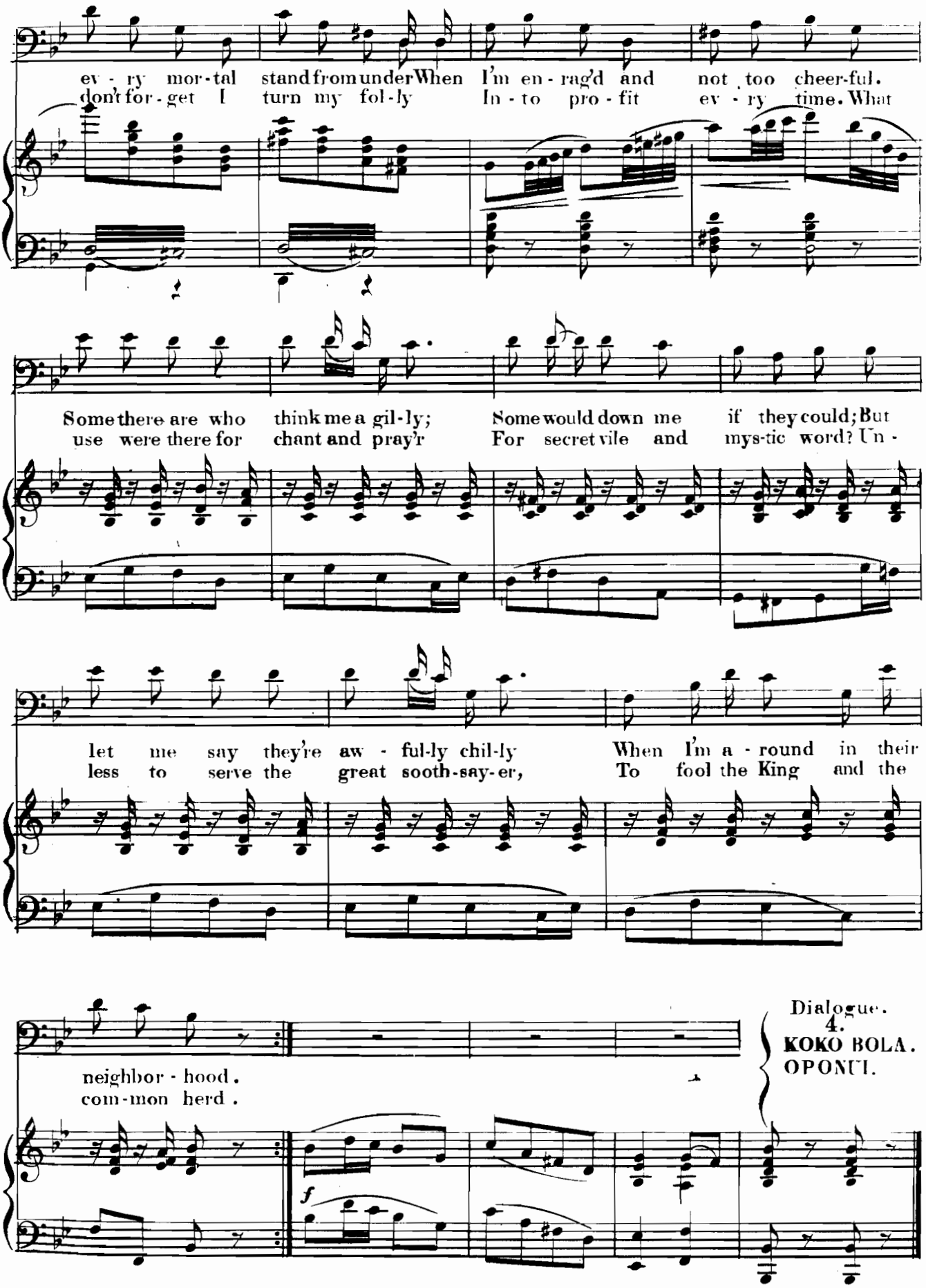
mean-ing of the stars I pon-der. I tell the com - ing of dis - as - ter. The
when the land with want's ac - curs'd When fam - ine doth his front up - rear, Be——

mf

world is wrapt in si - lent won-der, And bows to me its migh - ty mas - ter. Tis
sure I'm hous'd and du - ly nurs'd, Why oth - er wise am I a seer? For I'm

Marcato un poco meno vivo.

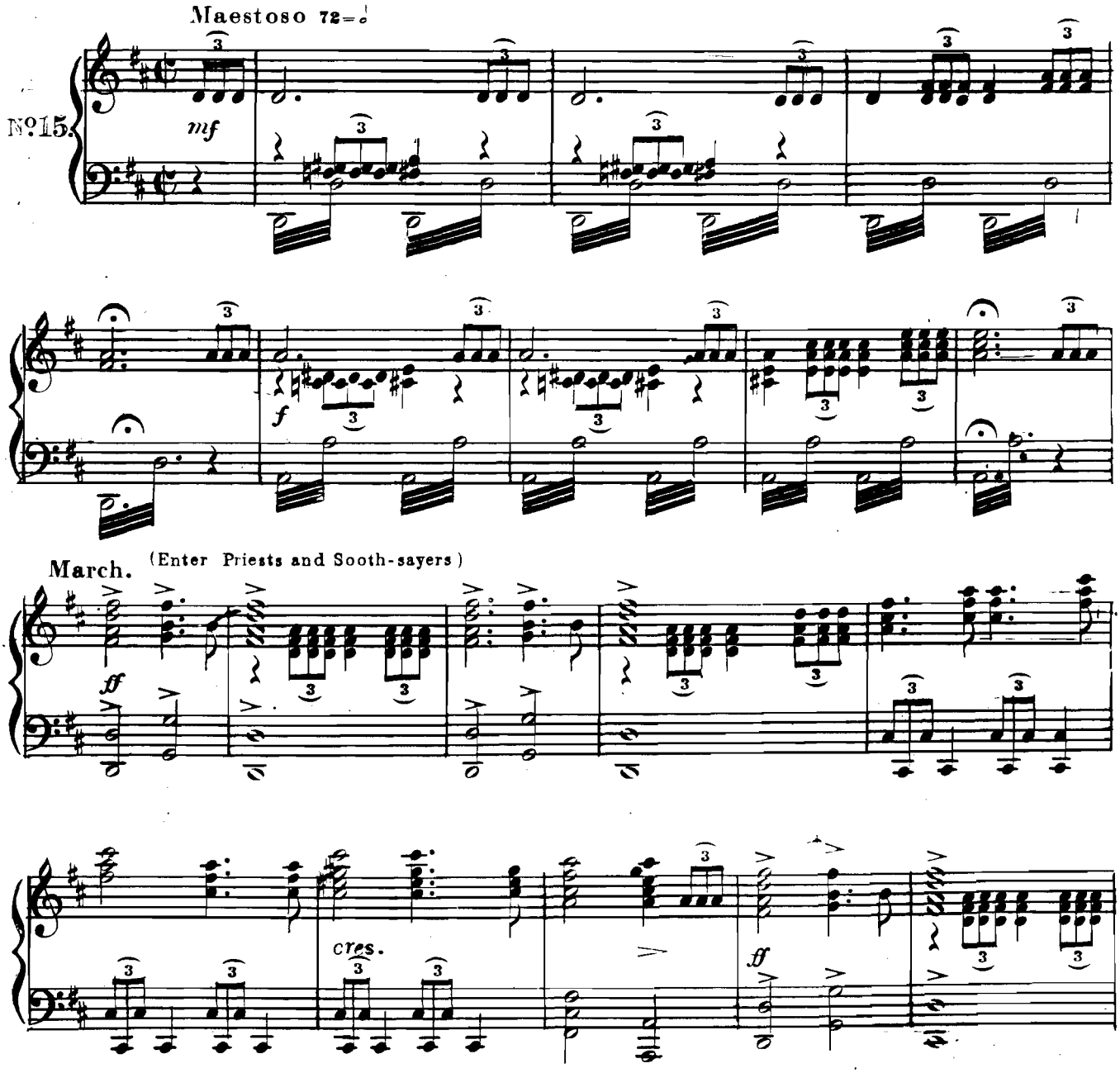
I who make the heav - ens thunder, The skies to flash with lightning fear-ful Let
full of tricks, its just to jol - ly To change the fool-ish to sub - lime. But——

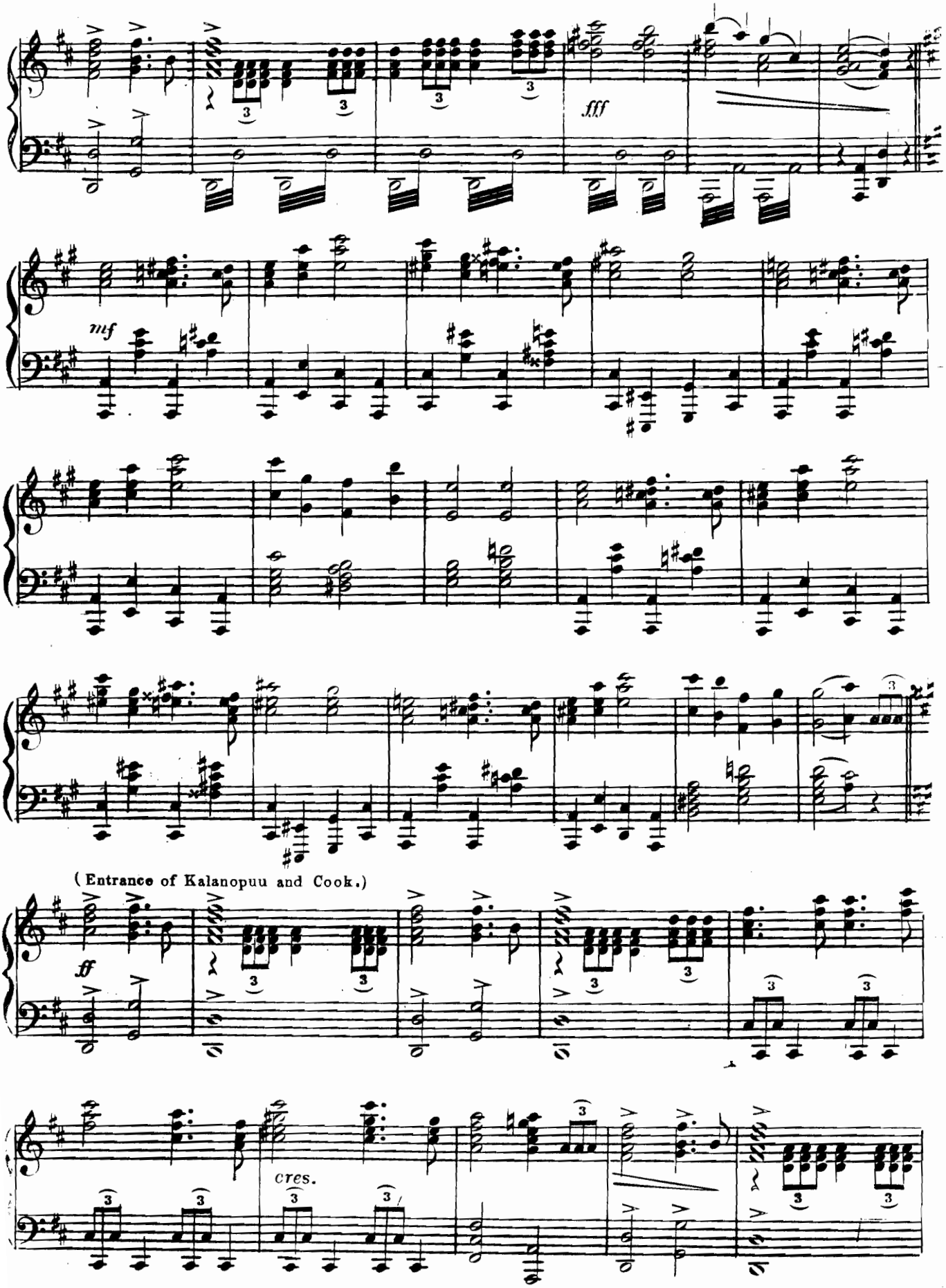

ev - ry mor-tal stand from under When I'm en - rag'd and not too cheer-ful.
don't for - get I turn my fol-ly In - to pro - fit ev - ry time. What
Some there are who think me a gil-ly; Some would down me if they could; But
use were there for chant and pray'r For secret vile and mys-tic word? Un -
let me say they're aw - ful-ly chil-ly When I'm a - round in their
less to serve the great sooth-say-er, To fool the King and the
neighbor - hood.
com-mon herd.
Dialogue.
4.
KOKO BOLA.
OPONUI.
f

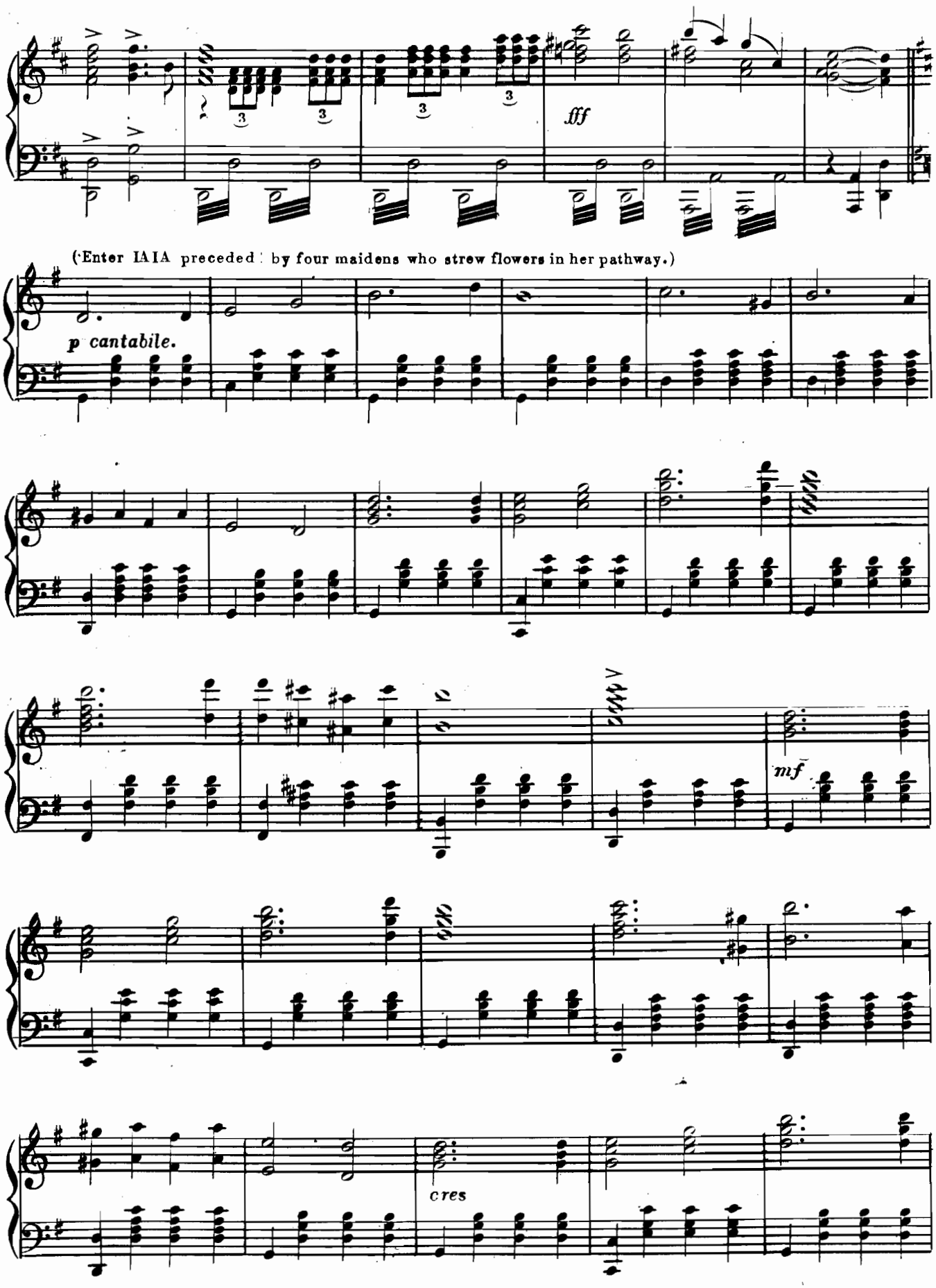
WEDDING MARCH.

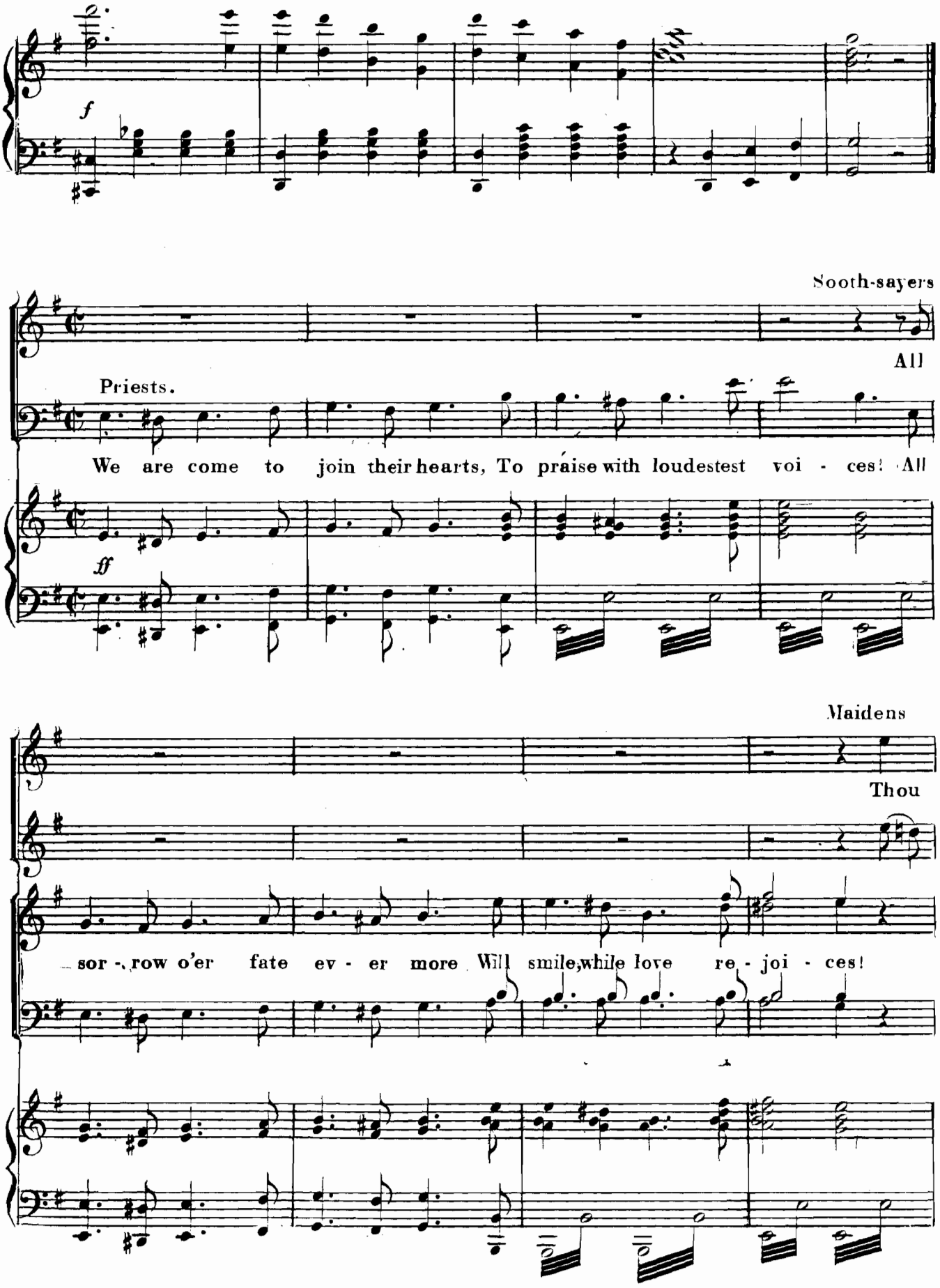
At the beginning of the march a procession of Priests and Sooth-sayers enter bearing gifts for Cook and the Princess, and articles of sacrifice for the Gods. They are followed by a company of Warriors and Marines,. in the center of which march, hand in hand, the King Kalanopuu and Capt. Cook. They are followed by the Princess attended by her tire women and hand maidens, the entire cortege followed by the native women and children.

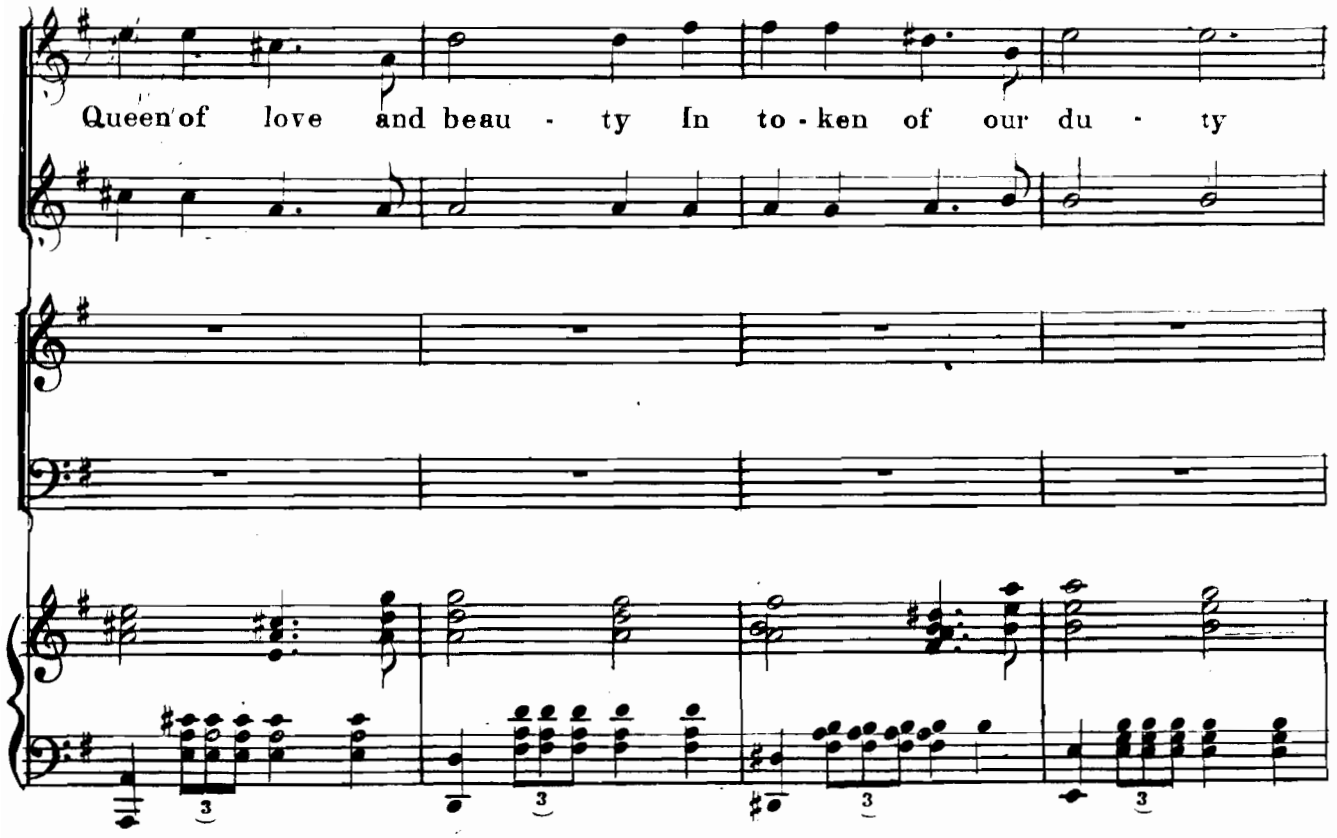
Cook and the King proceed to the front of the stage and ascend to the seats arranged for them to the left of the entrance of the temple, the warriors and Cook's followers and the natives ranging themselves on either side.

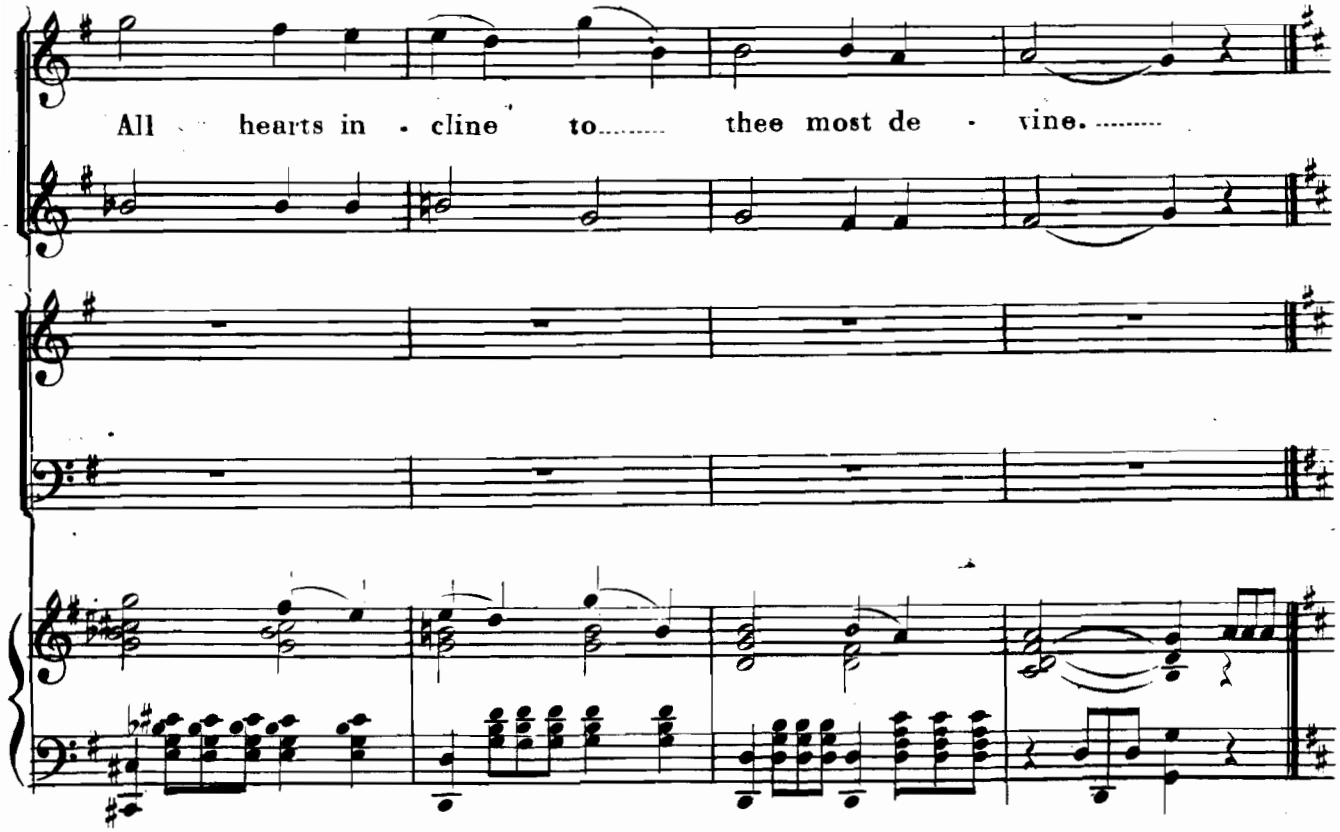


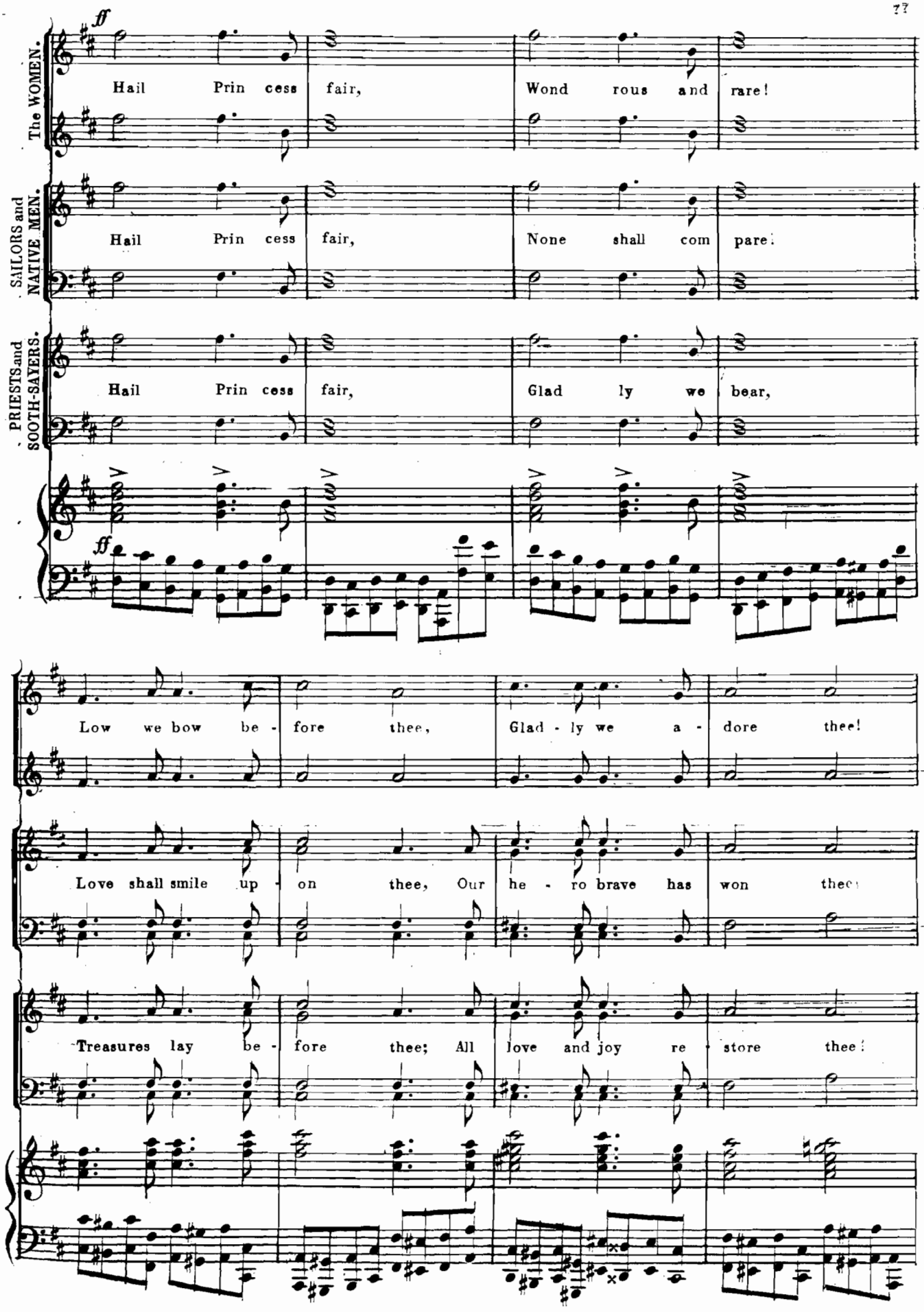

fff
mf
(Entrance of Kalanopuu and Cook.)
ff
cres.

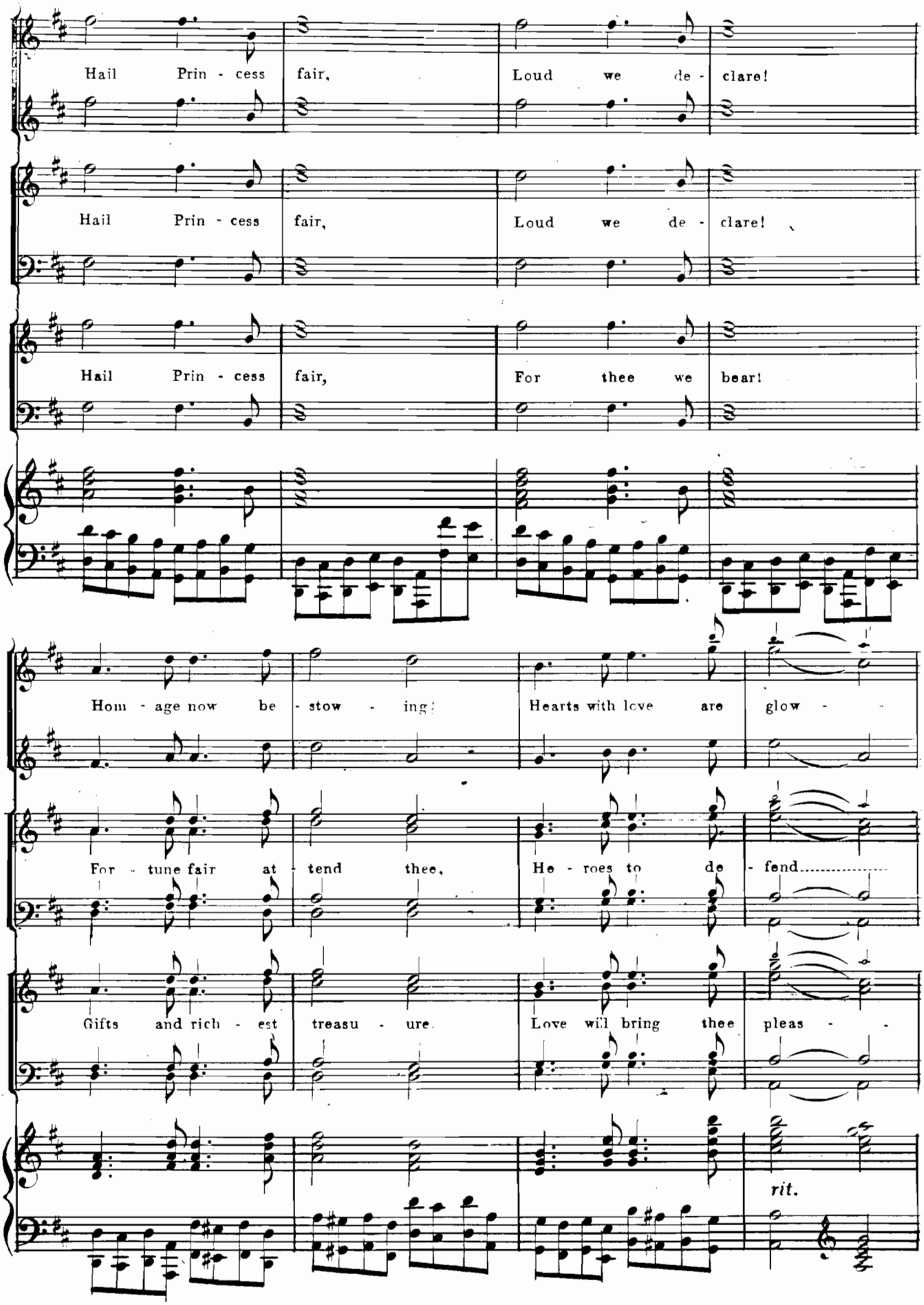

fff
(Enter IAIA preceded by four maidens who strew flowers in her pathway.)
p cantabile.
mf
cres

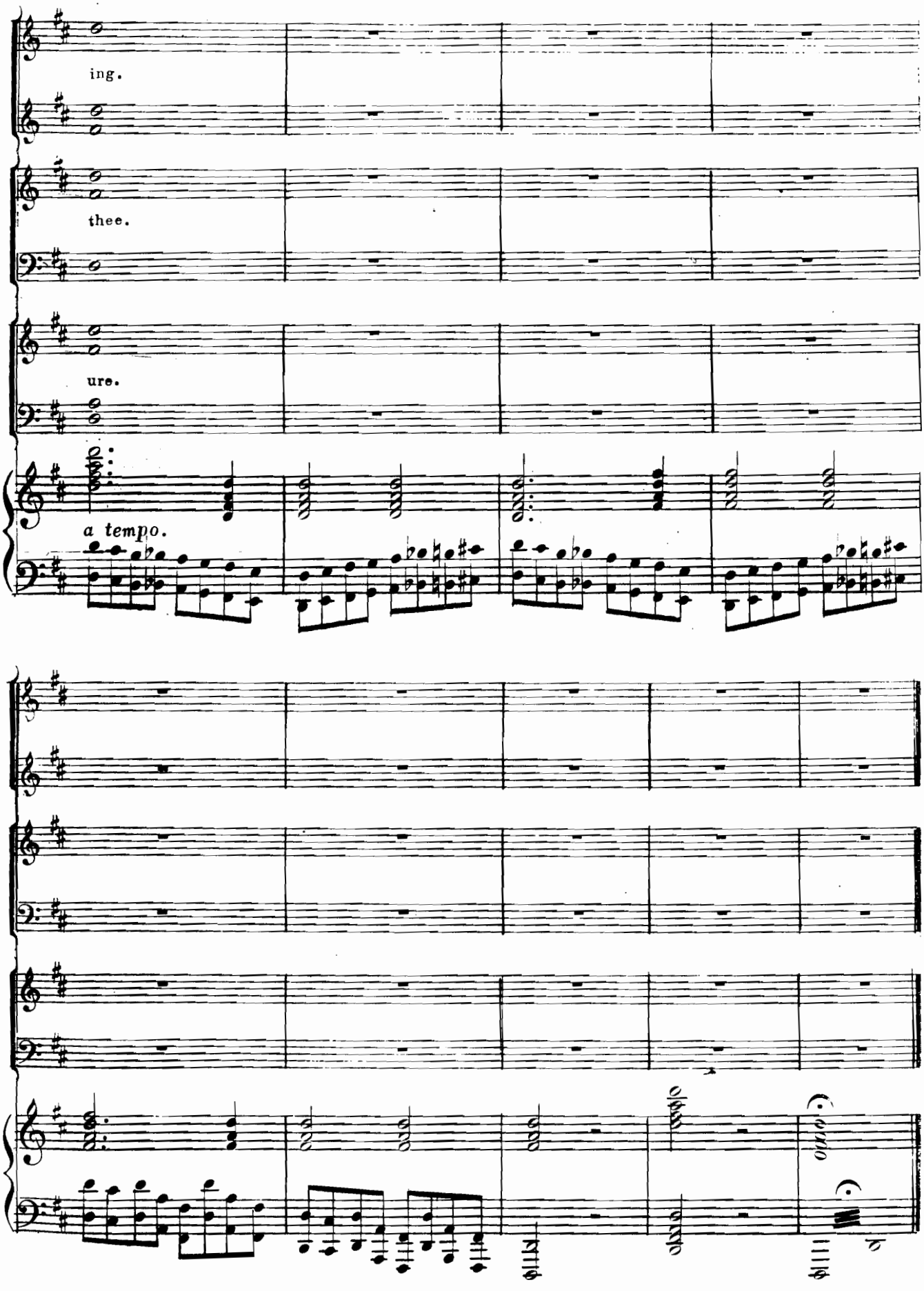

f
Sooth-sayers
All
Priests.
We are come to join their hearts, To praise with loudestest voi - ces! All
ff
Maidens
Thou
sor - row o'er fate ev - er more Will smile, while love re - joi - ces!


Queen of love and beau - ty In to - ken of our du - ty


All hearts in - cline to..... thee most de - vine.....


ff
The WOMEN.
Hail Prin cess fair, Wond rous and rare!
SAILORS and NATIVE MEN.
Hail Prin cess fair, None shall com pare!
PRIESTS and SOOTH-SAYERS.
Hail Prin cess fair, Glad ly we bear,
ff
Low we bow be - fore thee, Glad - ly we a - dore thee!
Love shall smile up - on thee, Our he - ro brave has won thee!
Treasures lay be - fore thee; All love and joy re - store thee!

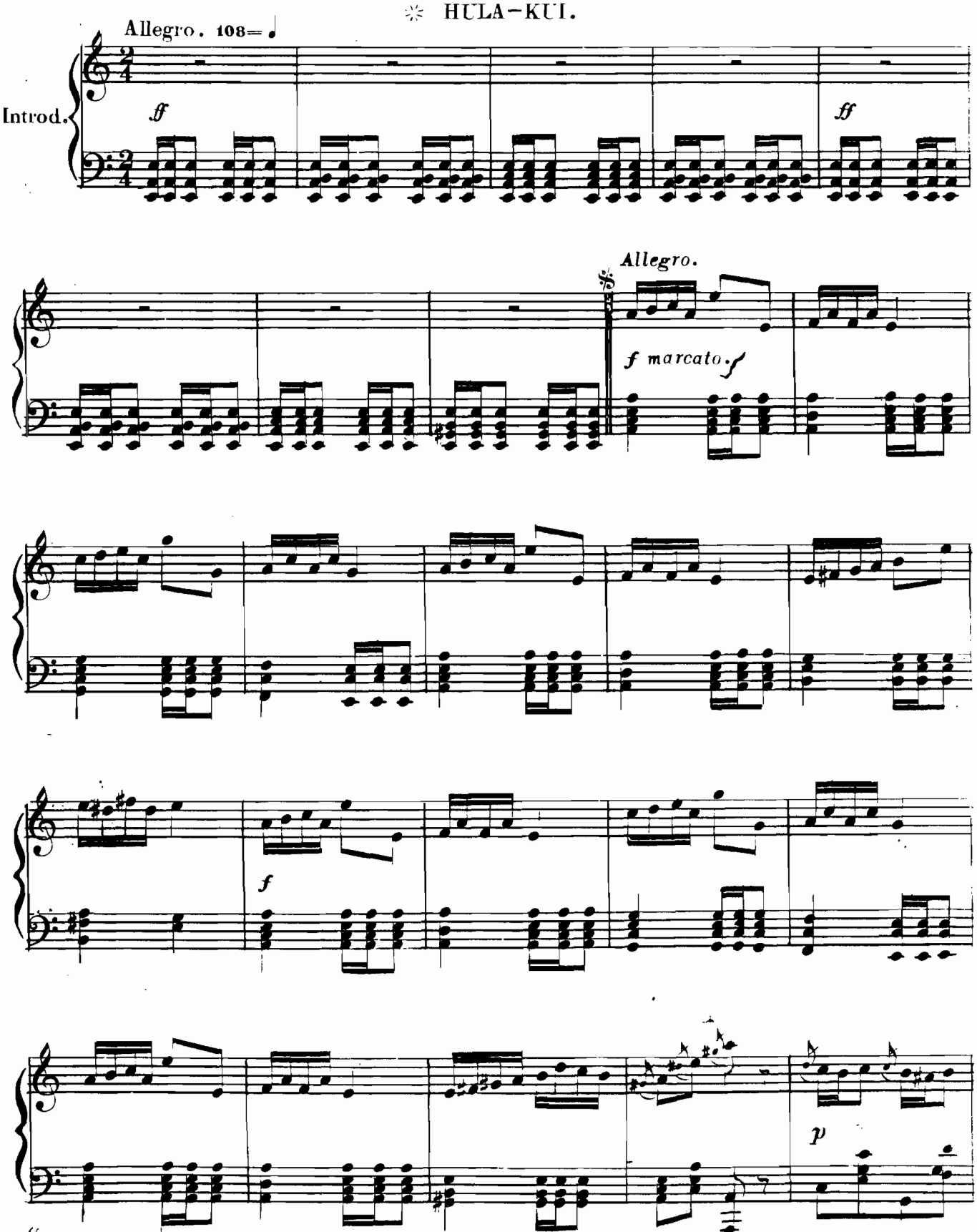

Hail Prin - cess fair, Loud we de - clare!
Hail Prin - cess fair, Loud we de - clare!
Hail Prin - cess fair, For thee we bear!
Hom - age now be - stow - ing! Hearts with love are glow -
For - tune fair at - tend thee, He - roes to de - fend.....
Gifts and rich - est treasu - ure. Love will bring thee pleas -
rit.


ing.
thee.
ure.
a tempo.

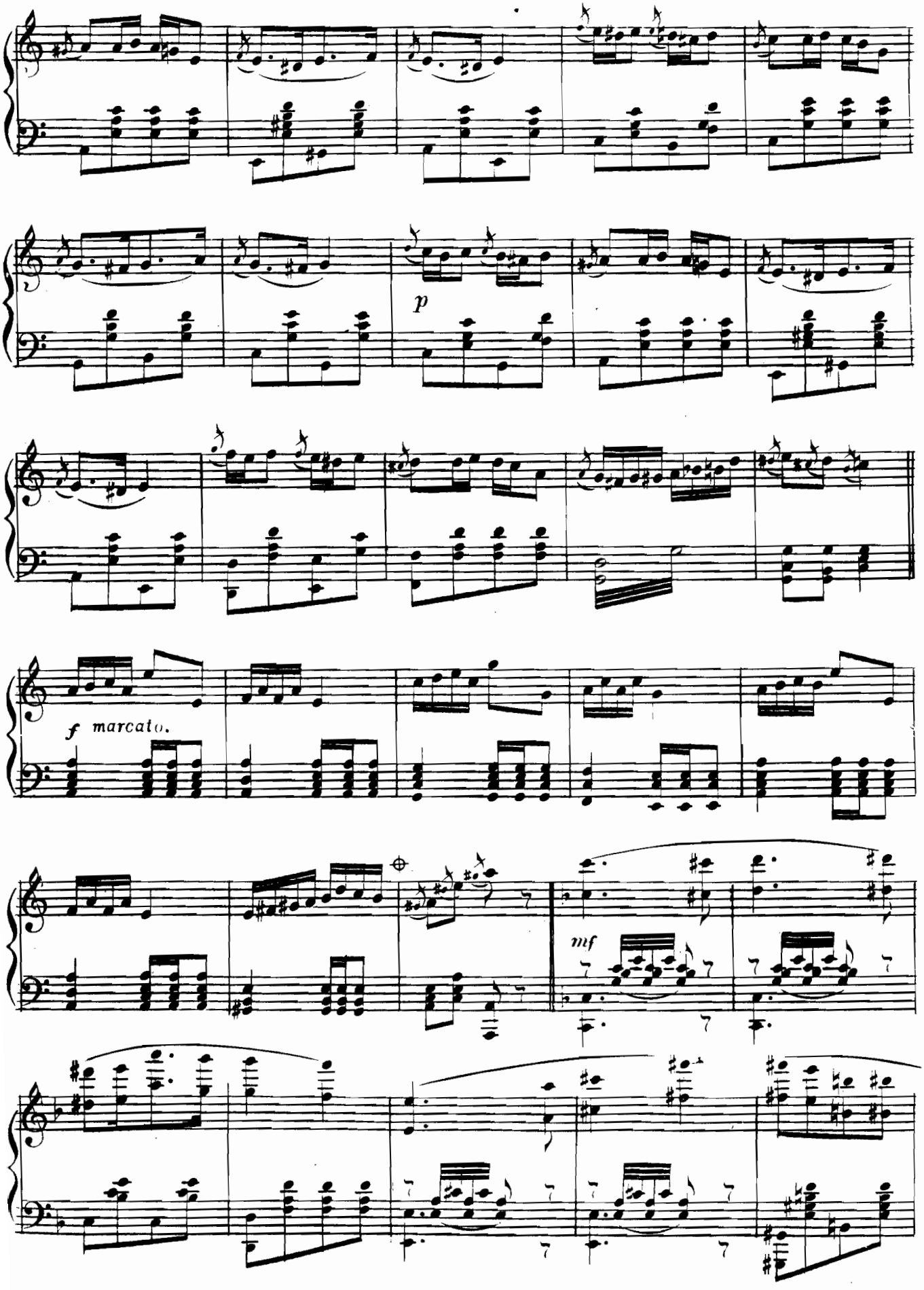
BALLET.

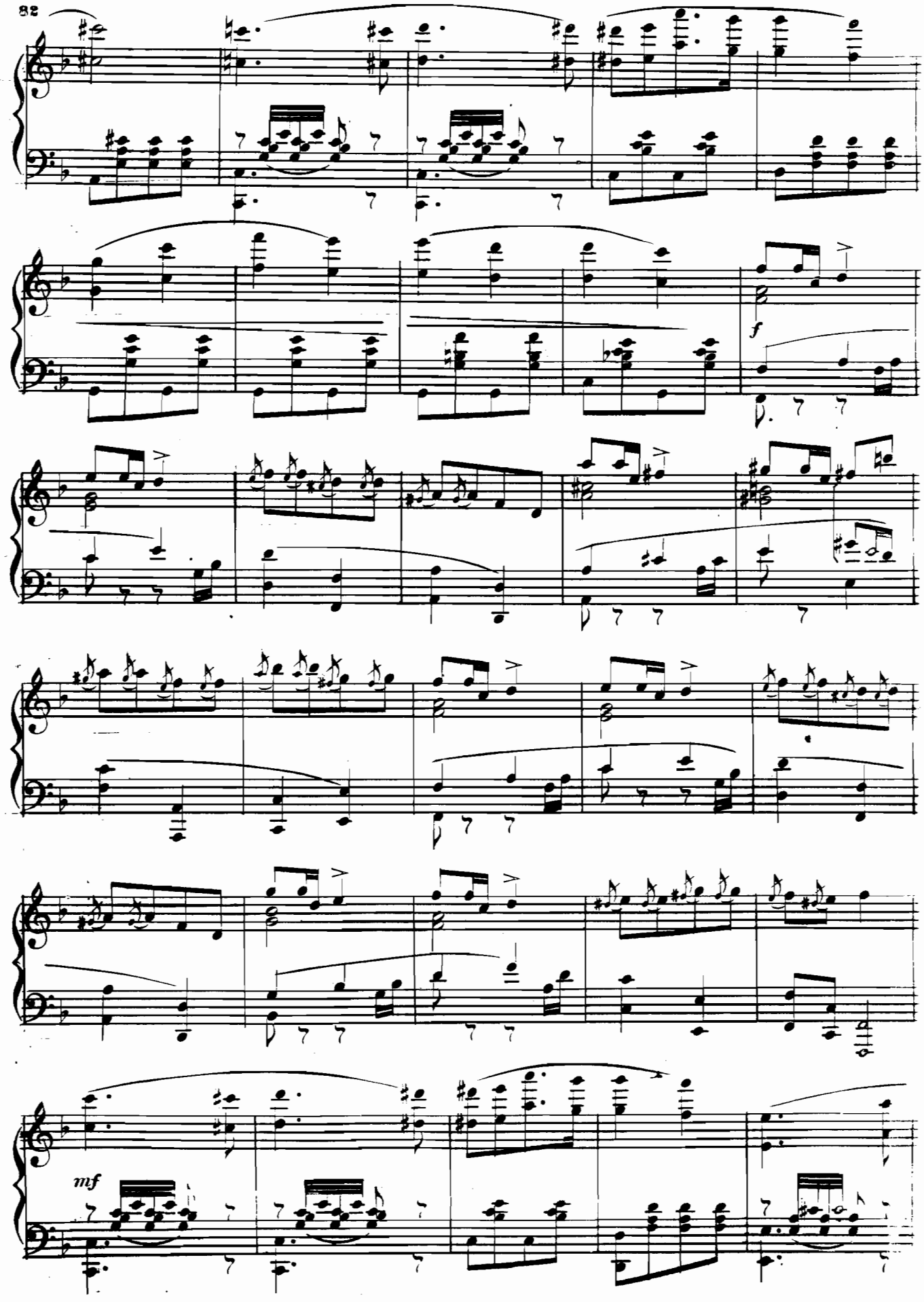
I

✲ HULA-KUI.



✲ "A very ancient dance, in which the participance rival one another in vigorous posturing and graceful and expressive gesticulation."


p
f marcato.
mf


f
mf

D.C. 𝄋 or Coda.

Piu presto.

CODA.

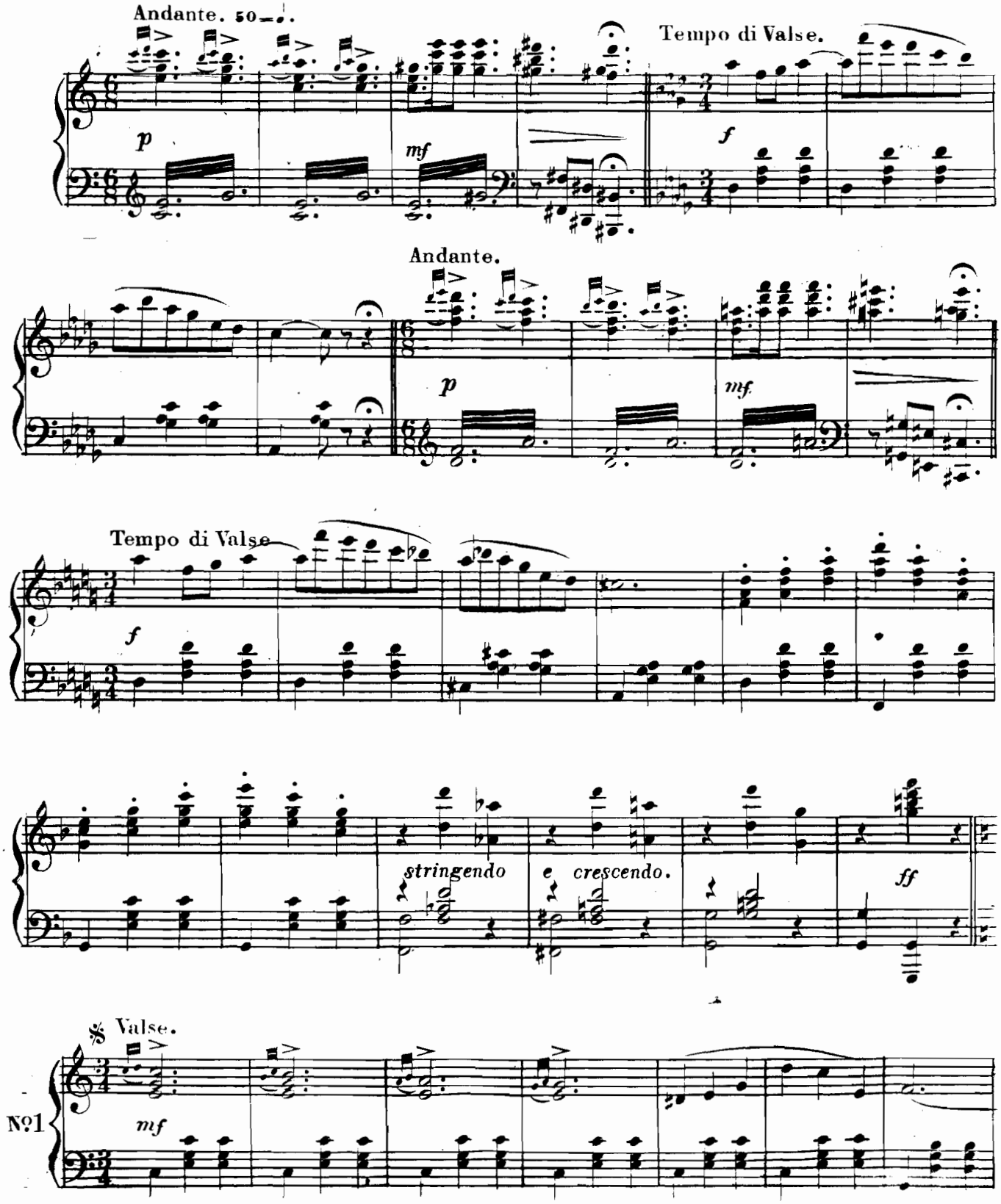
f

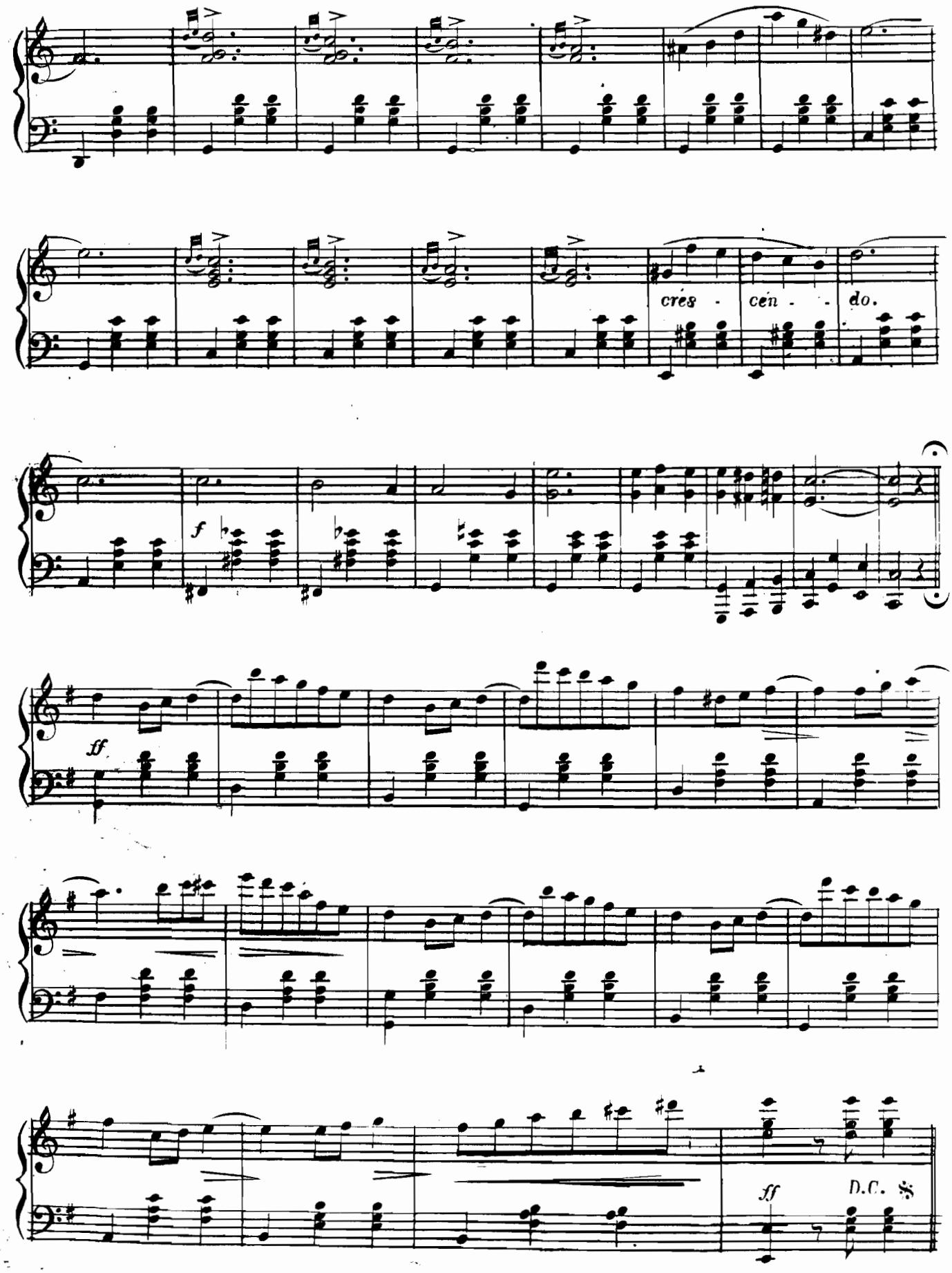
p

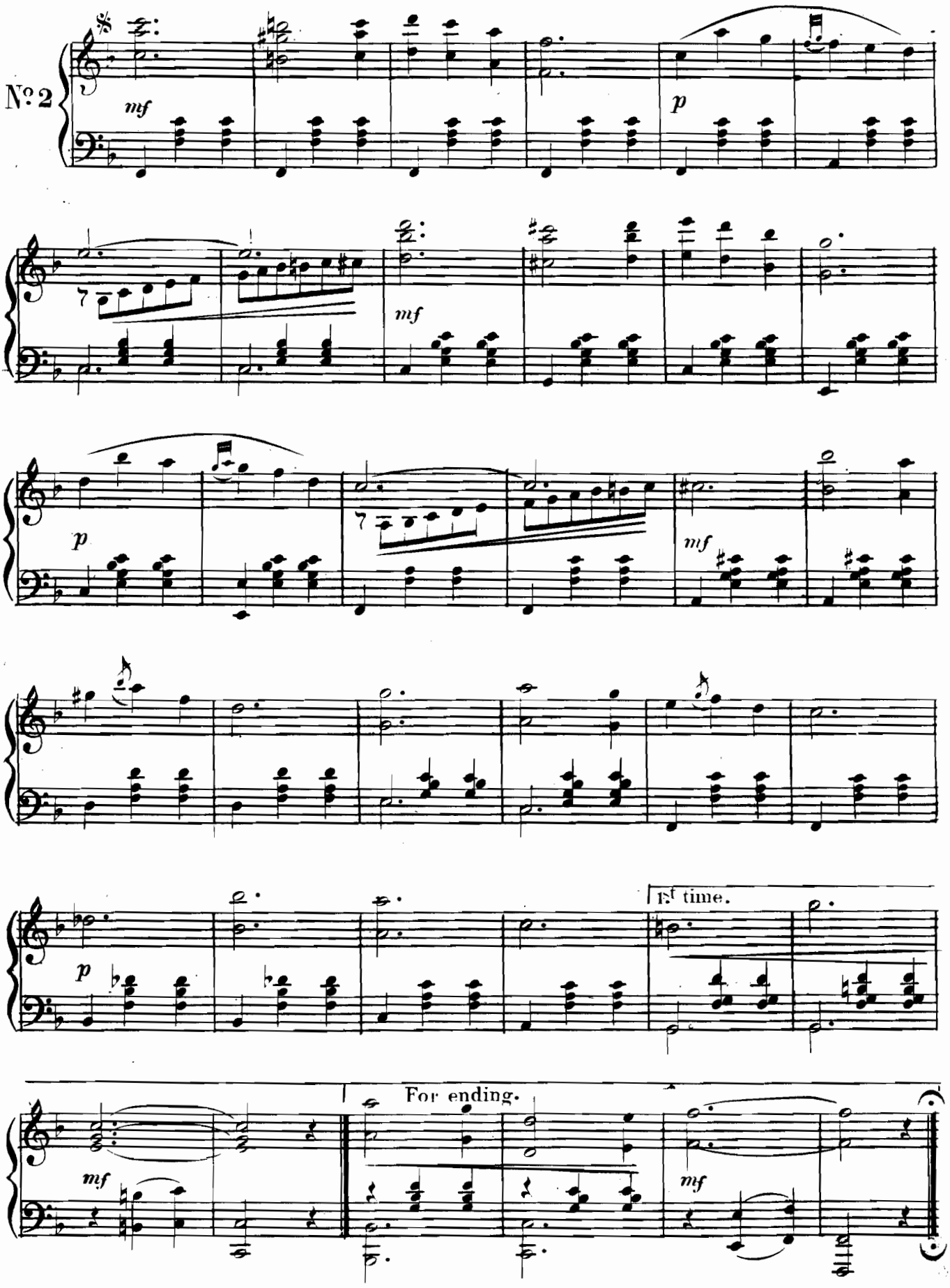
cres e stringendo.

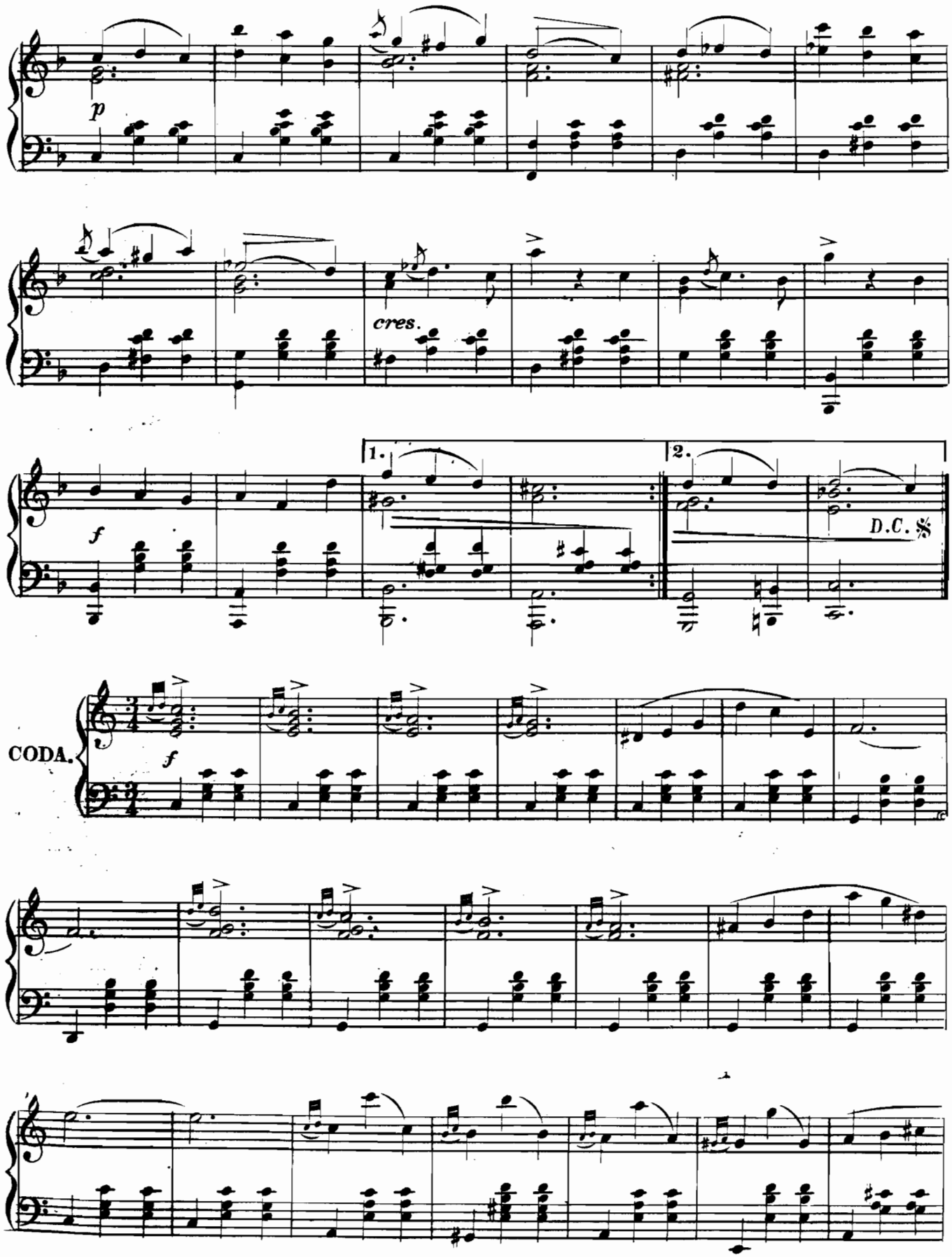
ff

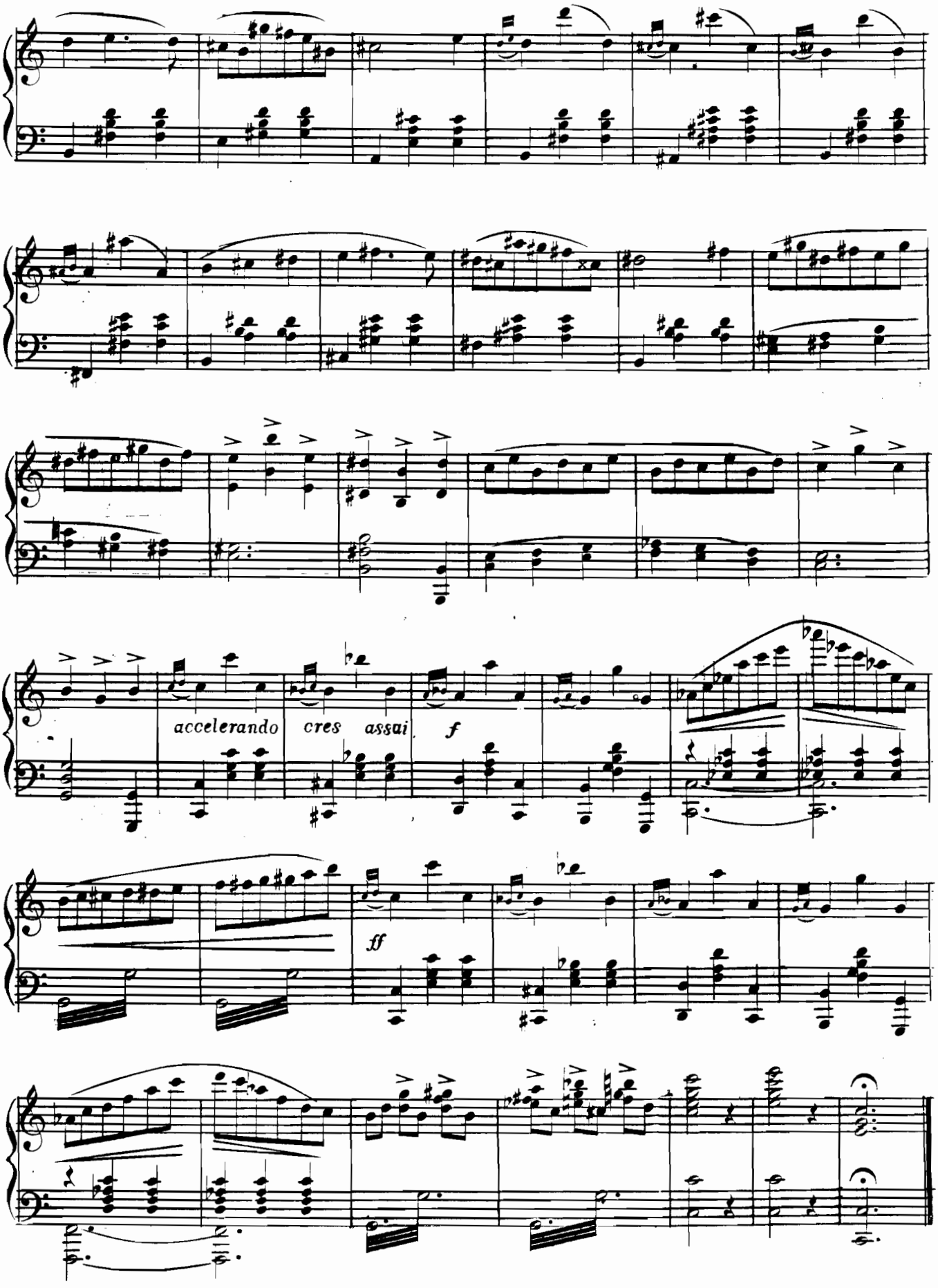
II.


Andante. 50 ♩.
Tempo di Valse.
p
mf
f
Andante.
p
mf.
Tempo di Valse
f
stringendo
e crescendo.
ff
𝄋 Valse.
mf
№1

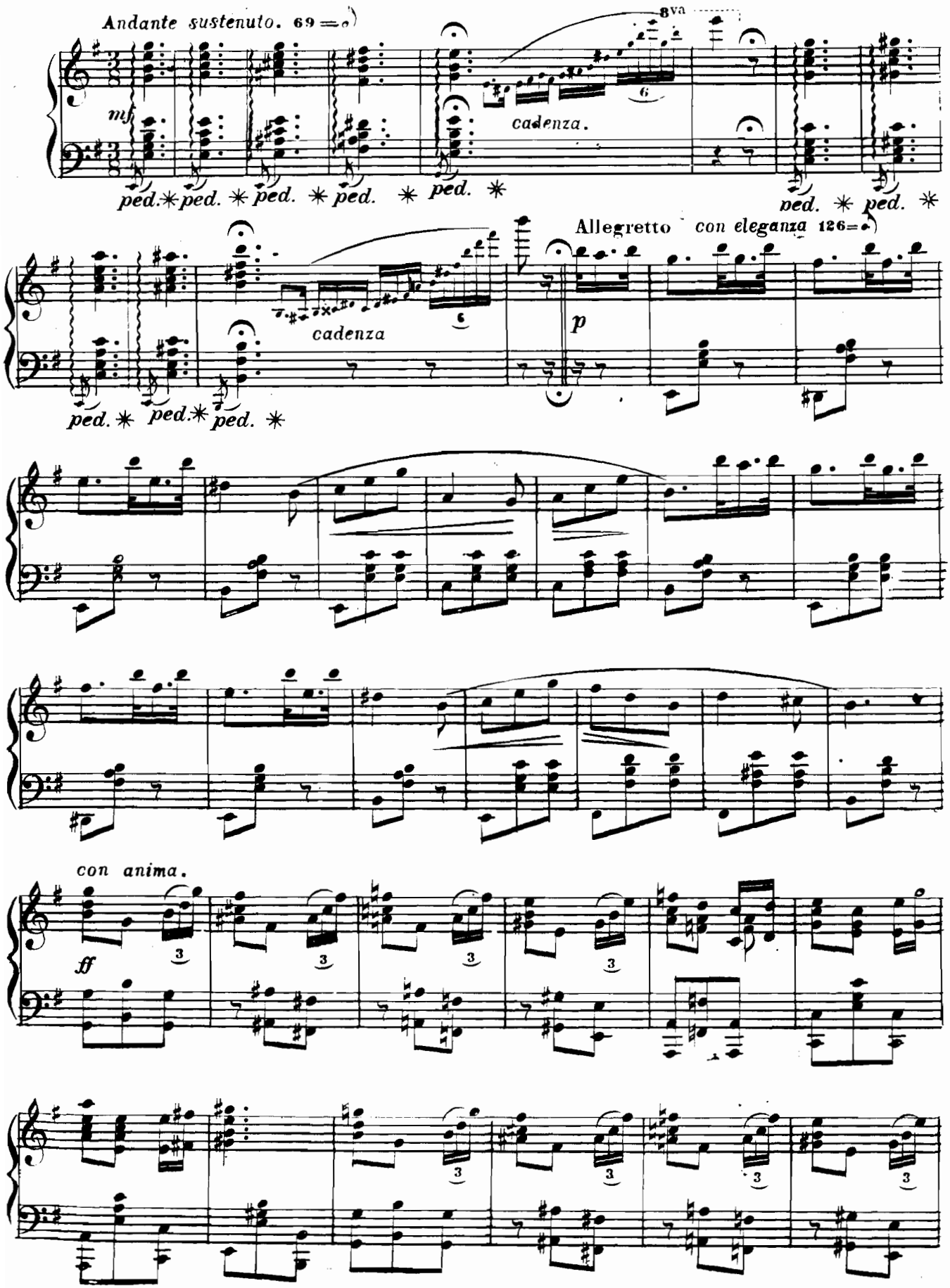

cres - cen - - do.
f
ff
ff
D.C. 𝄋

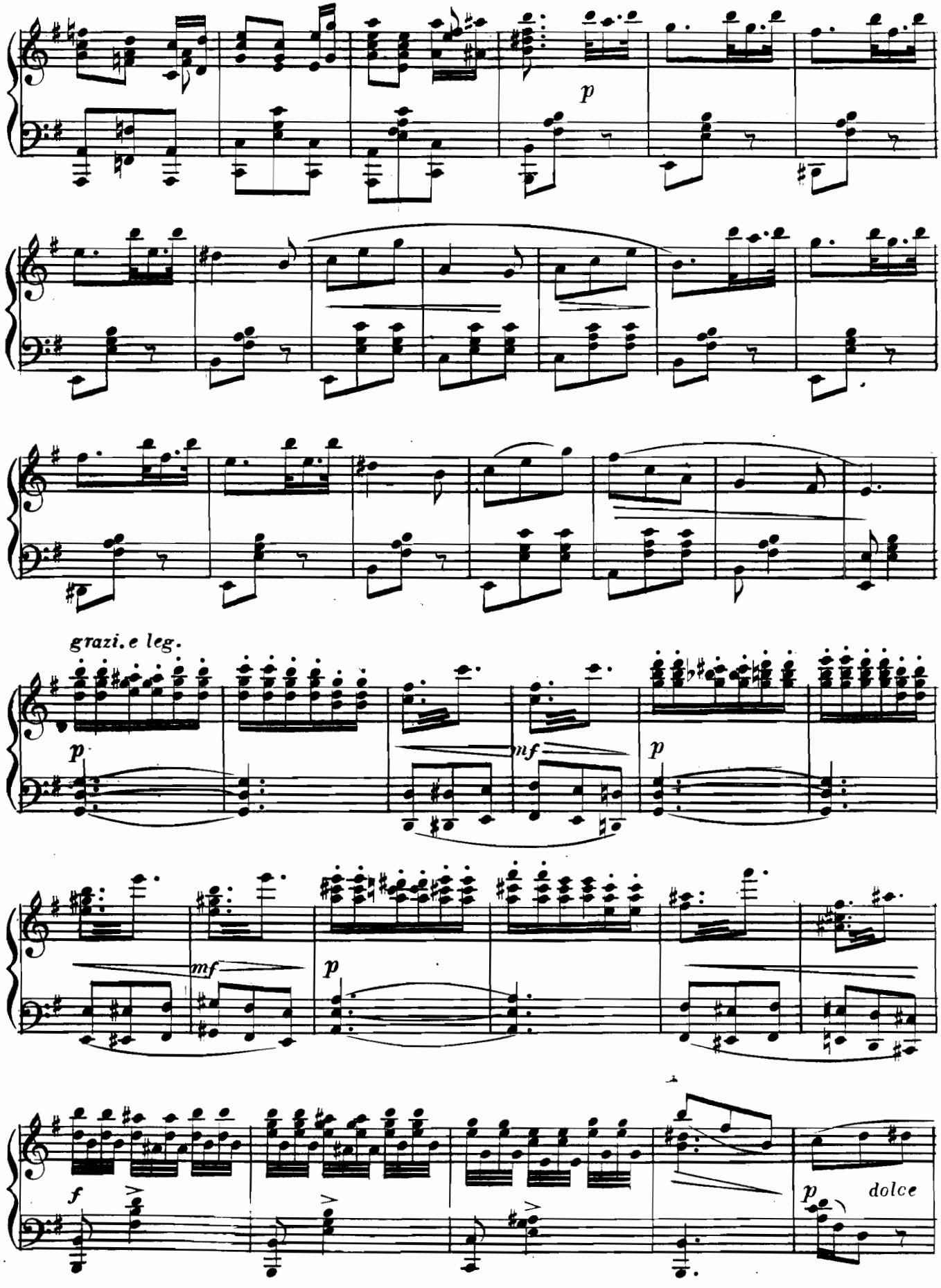

No. 2
mf
p
mf
p
mf
p
1st time.
For ending.
mf
mf

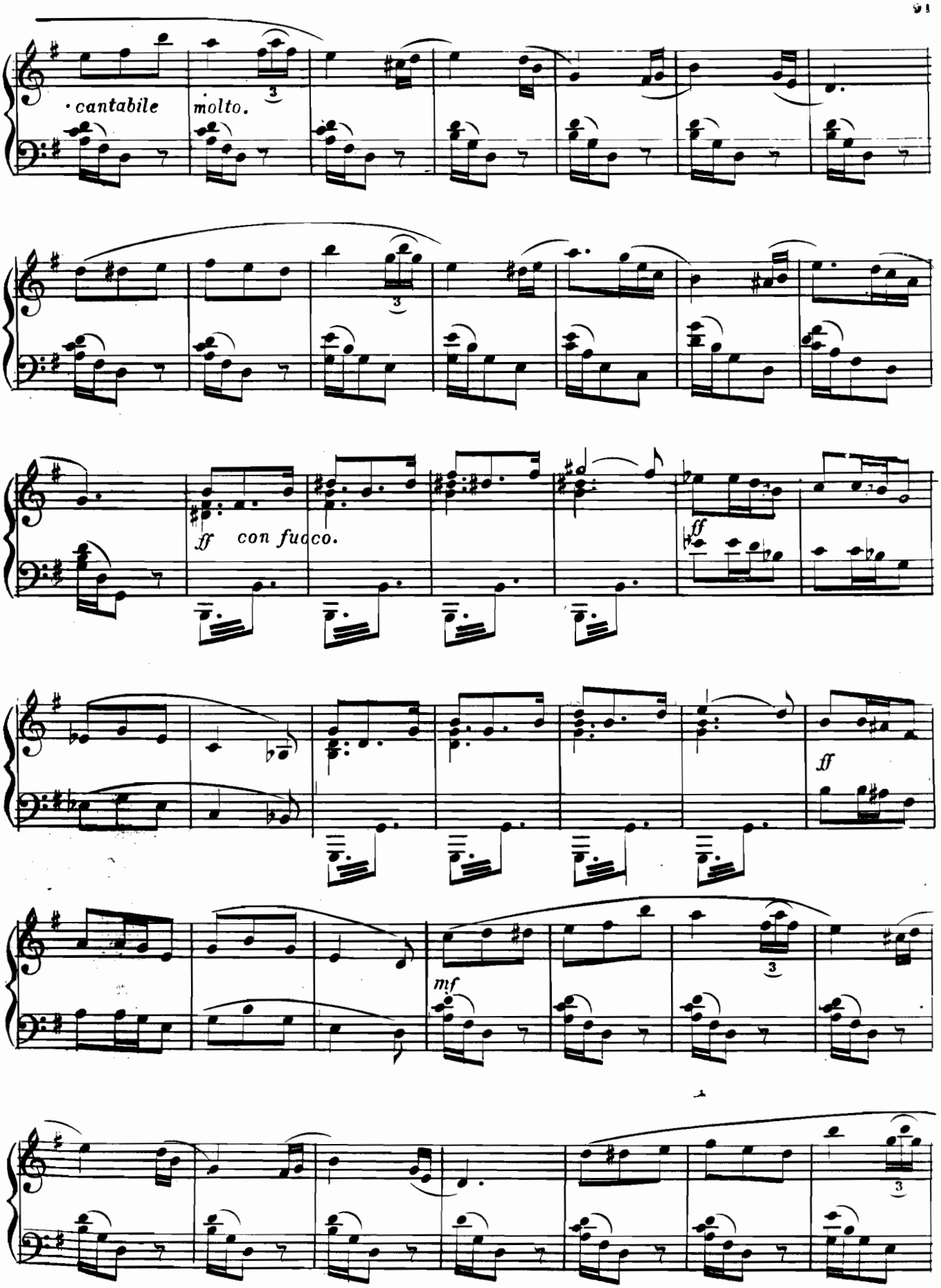

p
cres.
1.
2.
D.C. %
f
CODA.
f


accelerando
cres assai
f
ff

III


Andante sustenuto. 69
mf
8va
cadenza.
ped. ✳ ped. ✳ ped. ✳ ped. ✳ ped. ✳
ped. ✳ ped. ✳
Allegretto con eleganza 126
cadenza
p
ped. ✳ ped. ✳ ped. ✳
con anima.
ff


p
grazi. e leg.
p
mf
p
mf
p
f
p
dolce


cantabile molto.
3
3
ff con fuoco.
ff
ff
mf
3
3

p

mf

p

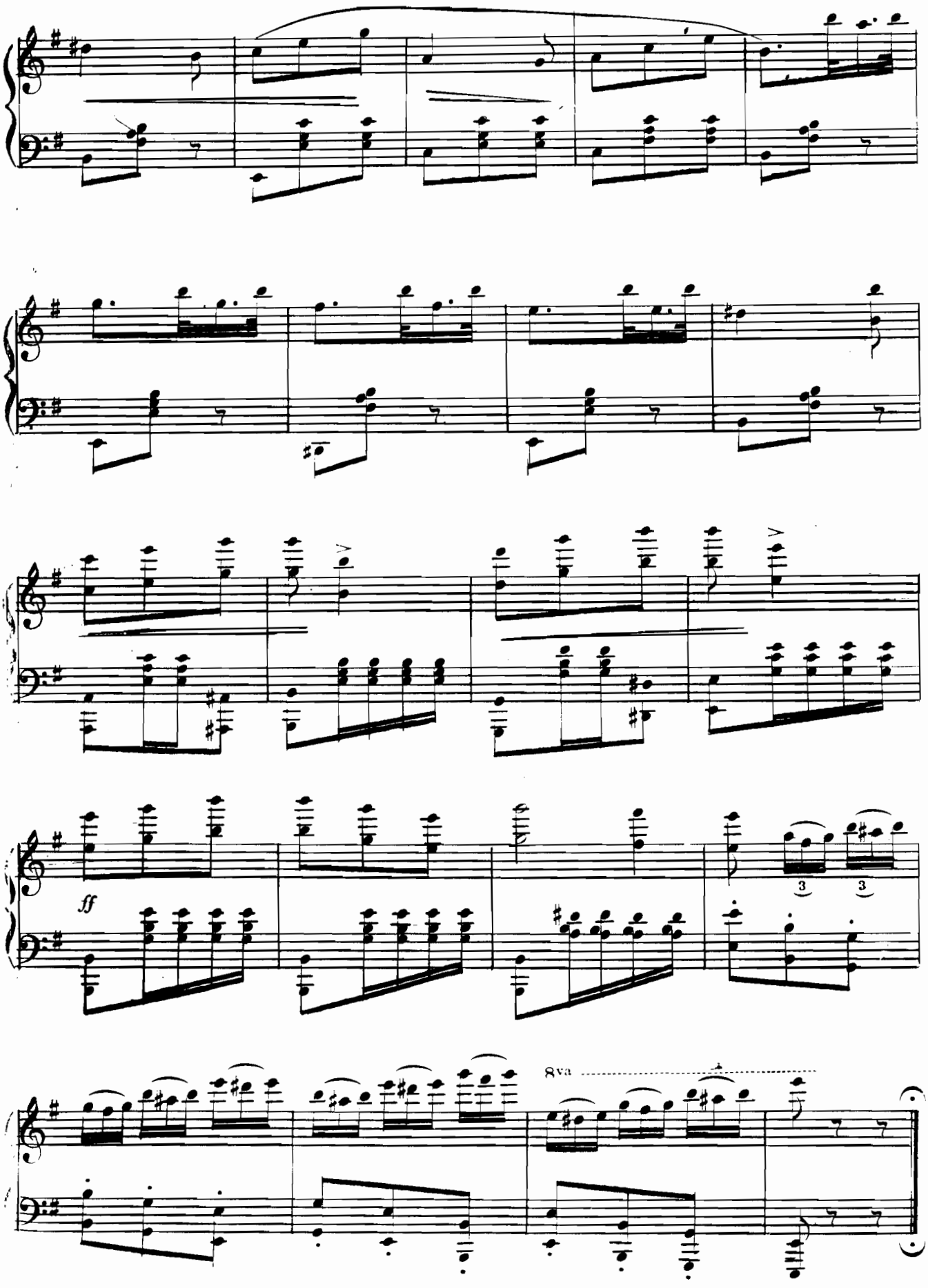
mf

p

f

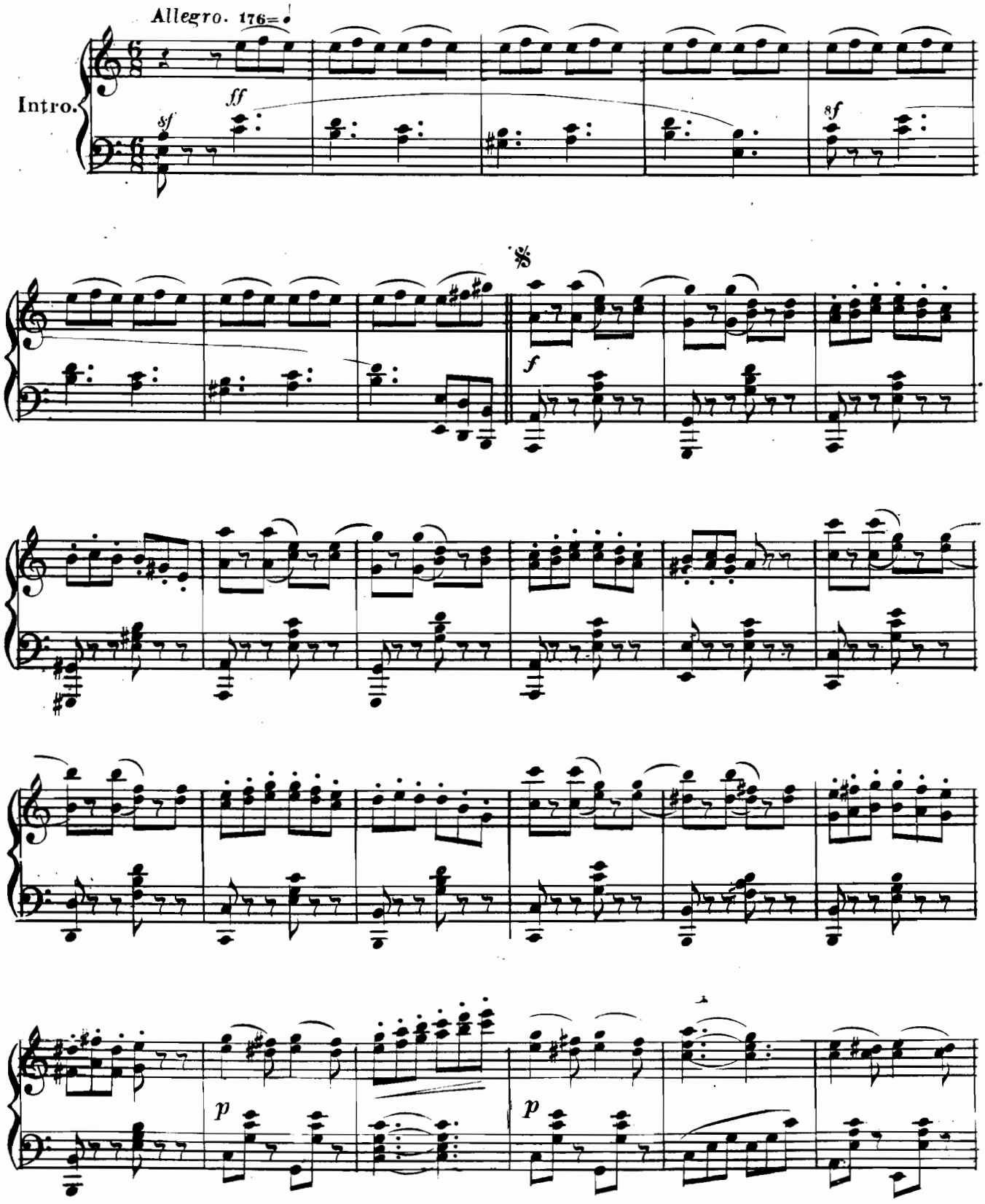
sempre più stretto.

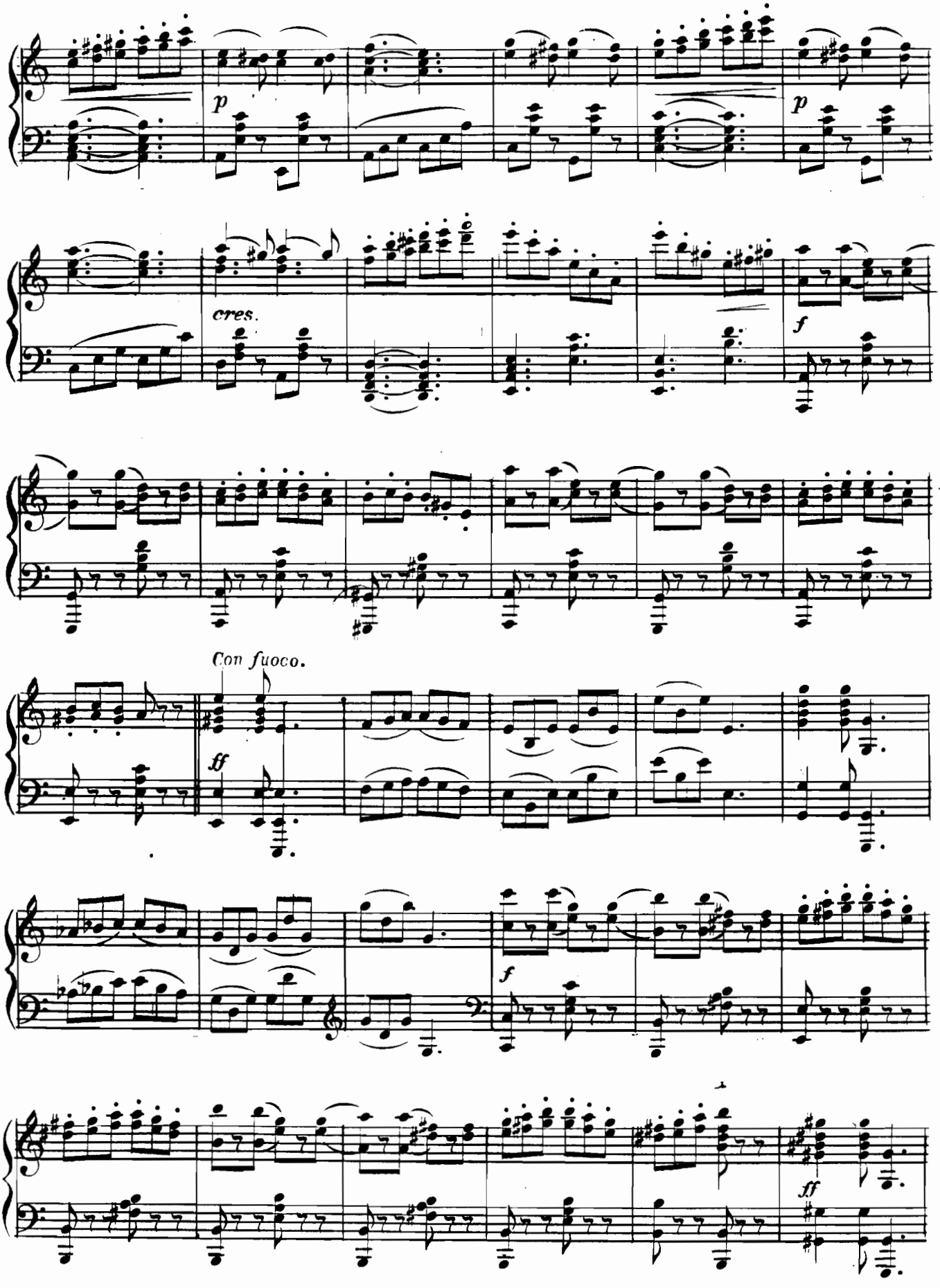
f

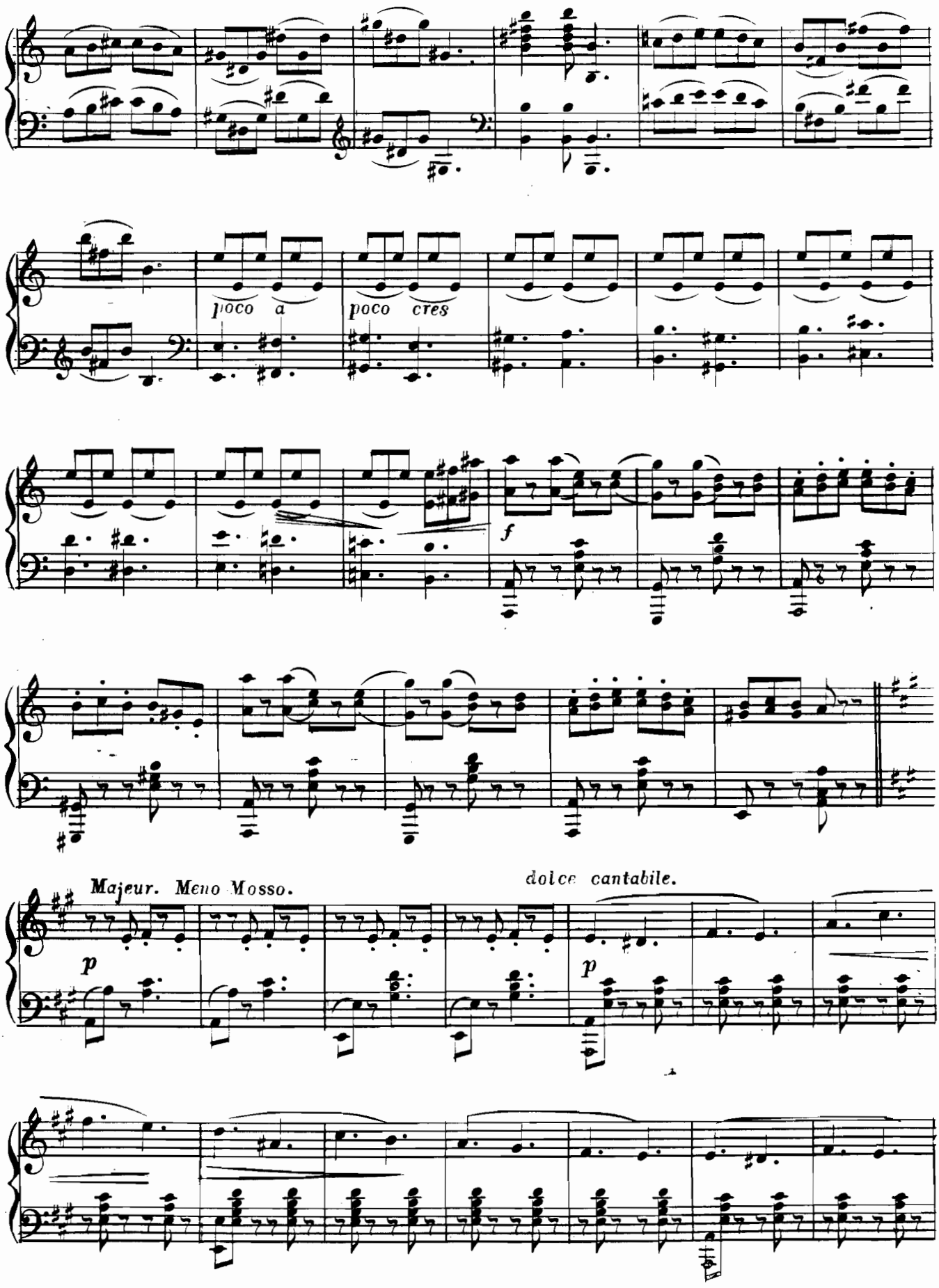

ff
3
3
8va

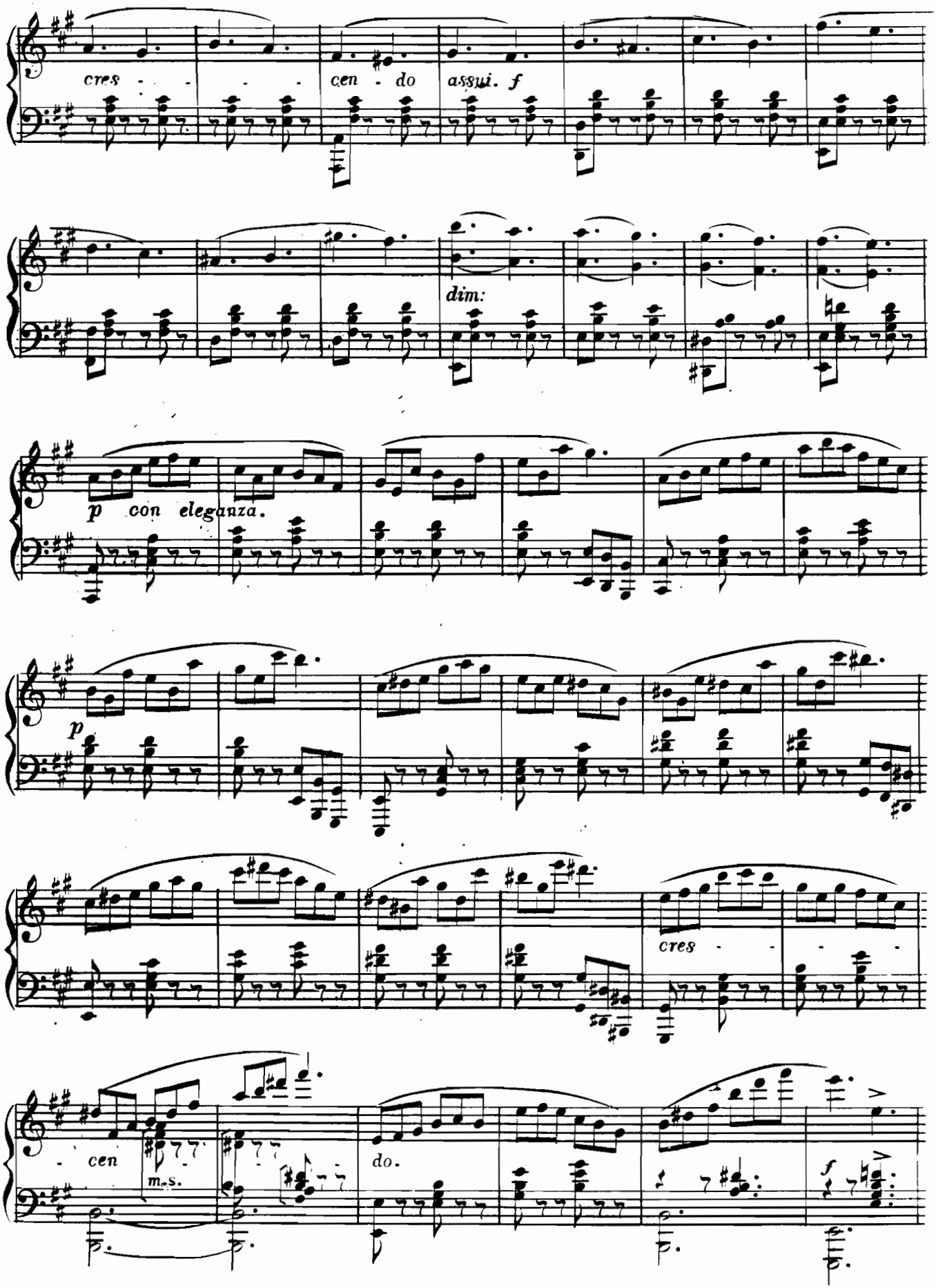
IV

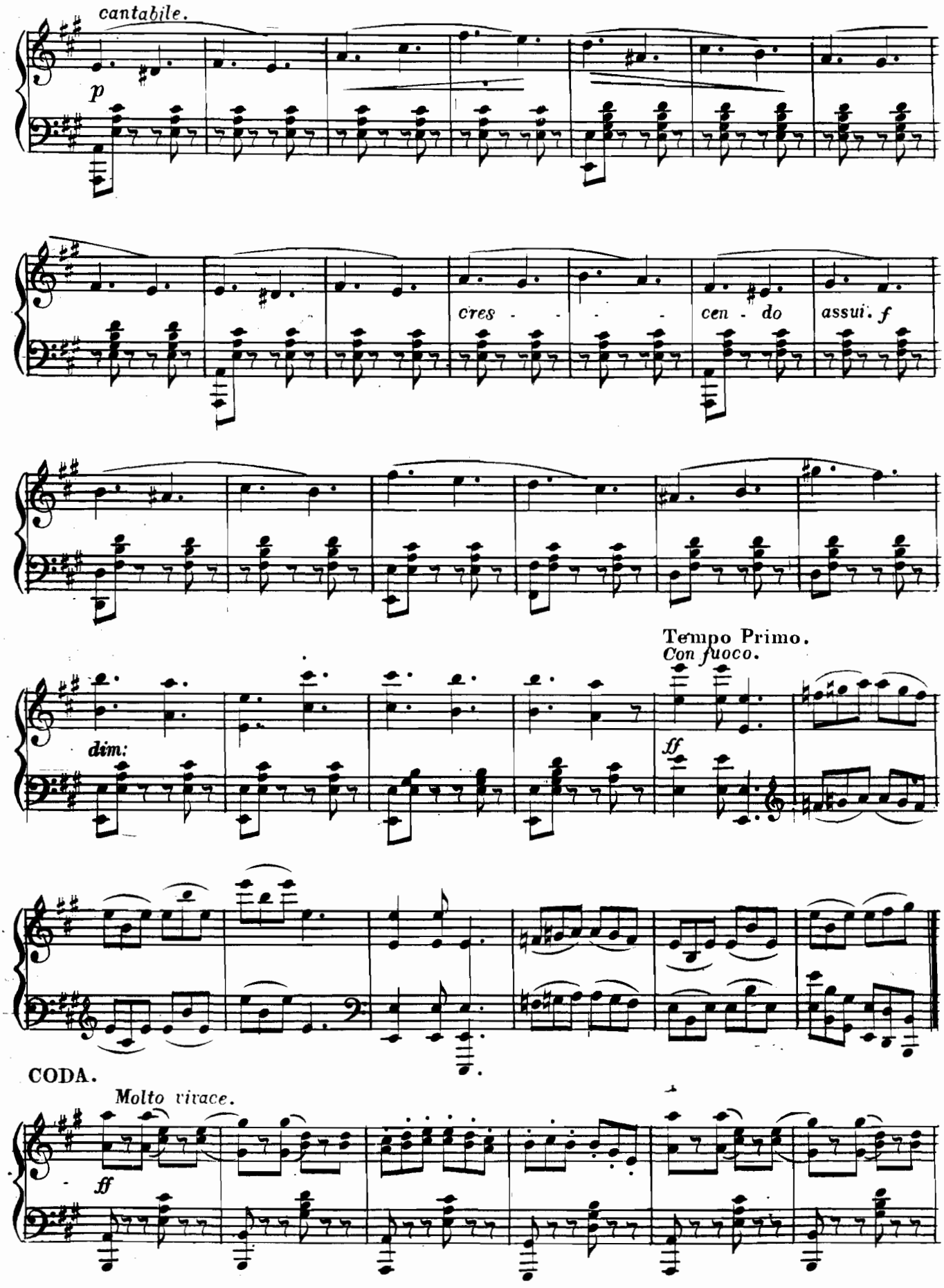
TARANTELLA.

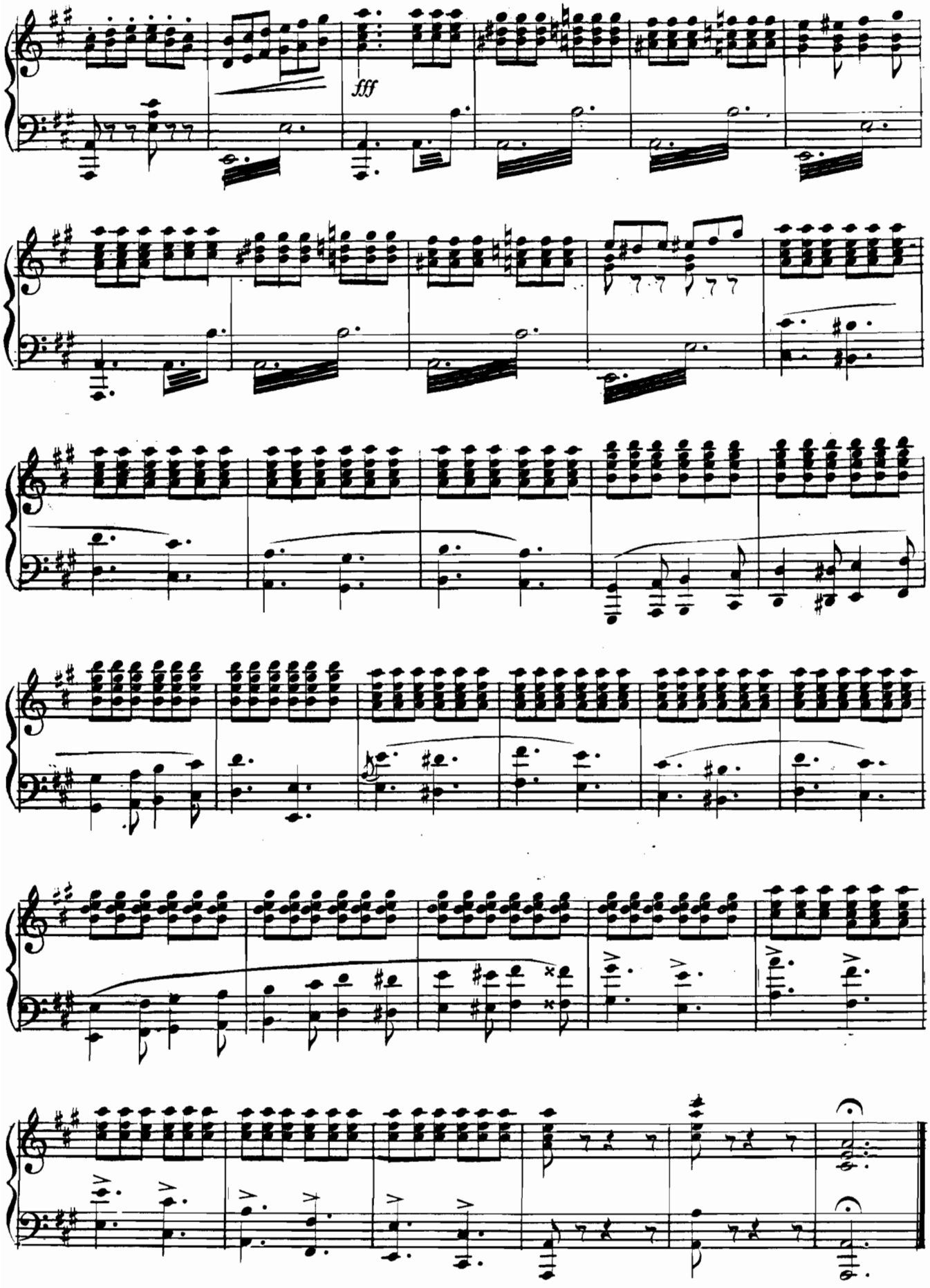


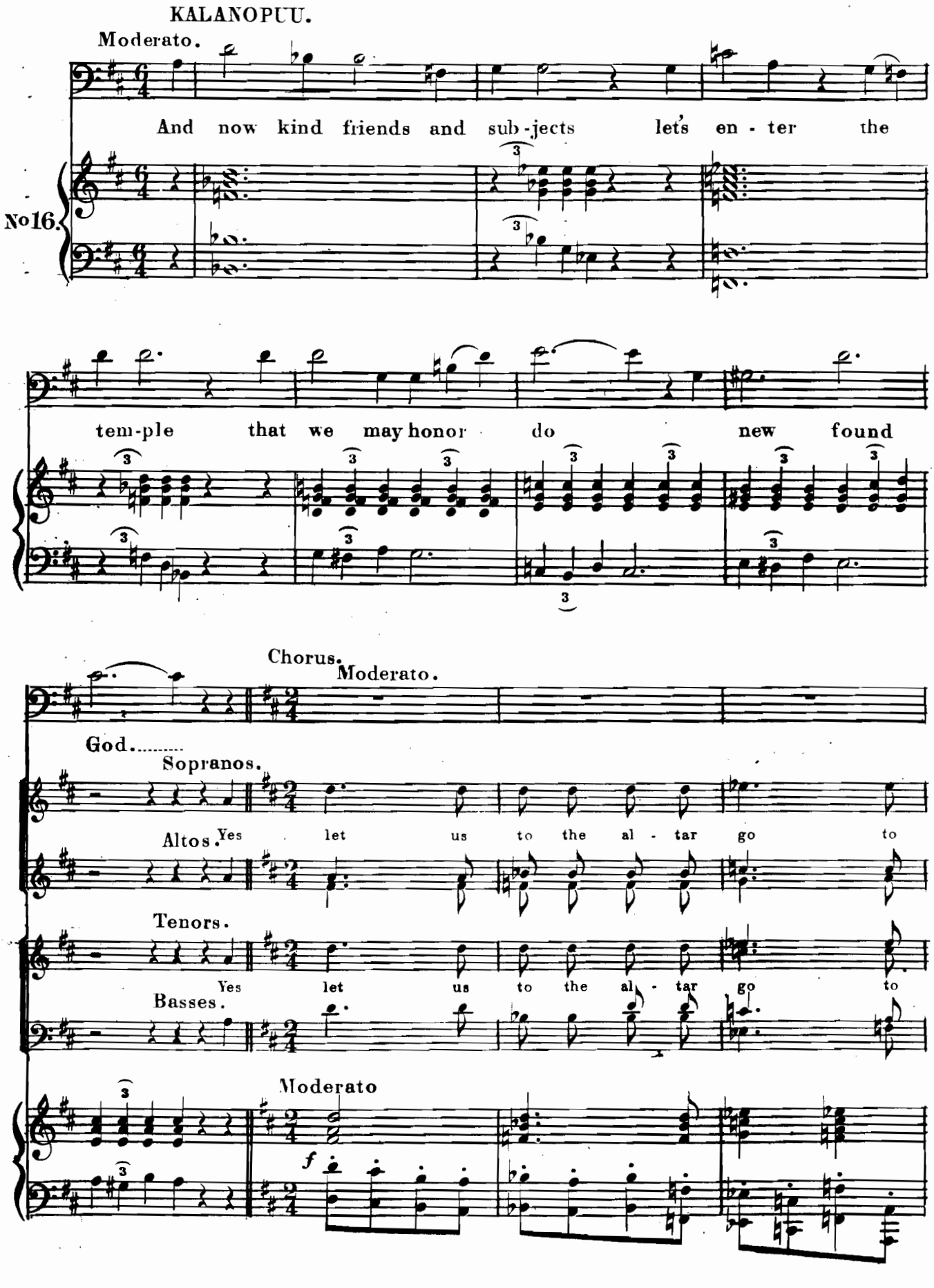

p
p
cres.
f
Con fuoco.
ff
f
ff

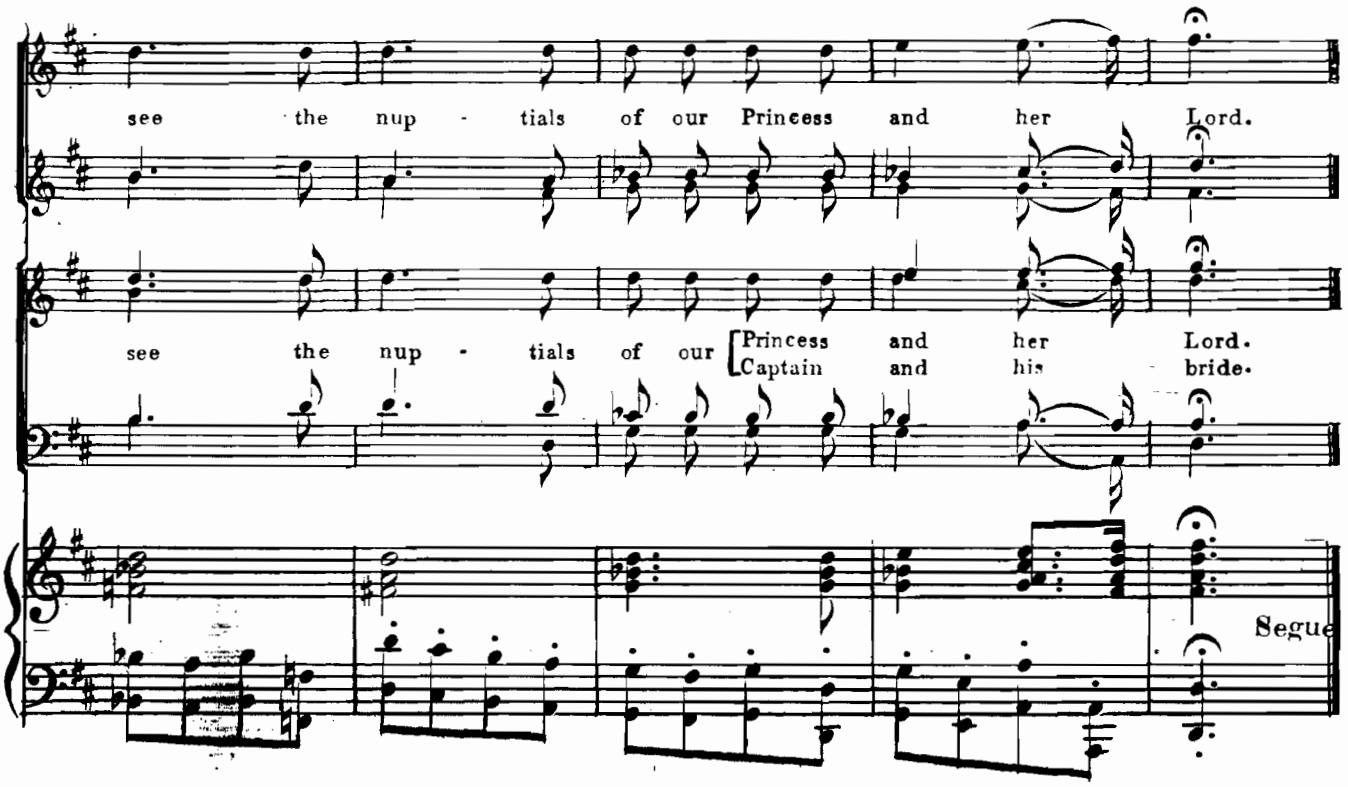

poco a
poco cres
f
Majeur. Meno Mosso.
dolce cantabile.
p
p


cres - - - - cen - do assai. f
dim:
p con eleganza.
p
cres - - -
cen
m.s.
do.
f

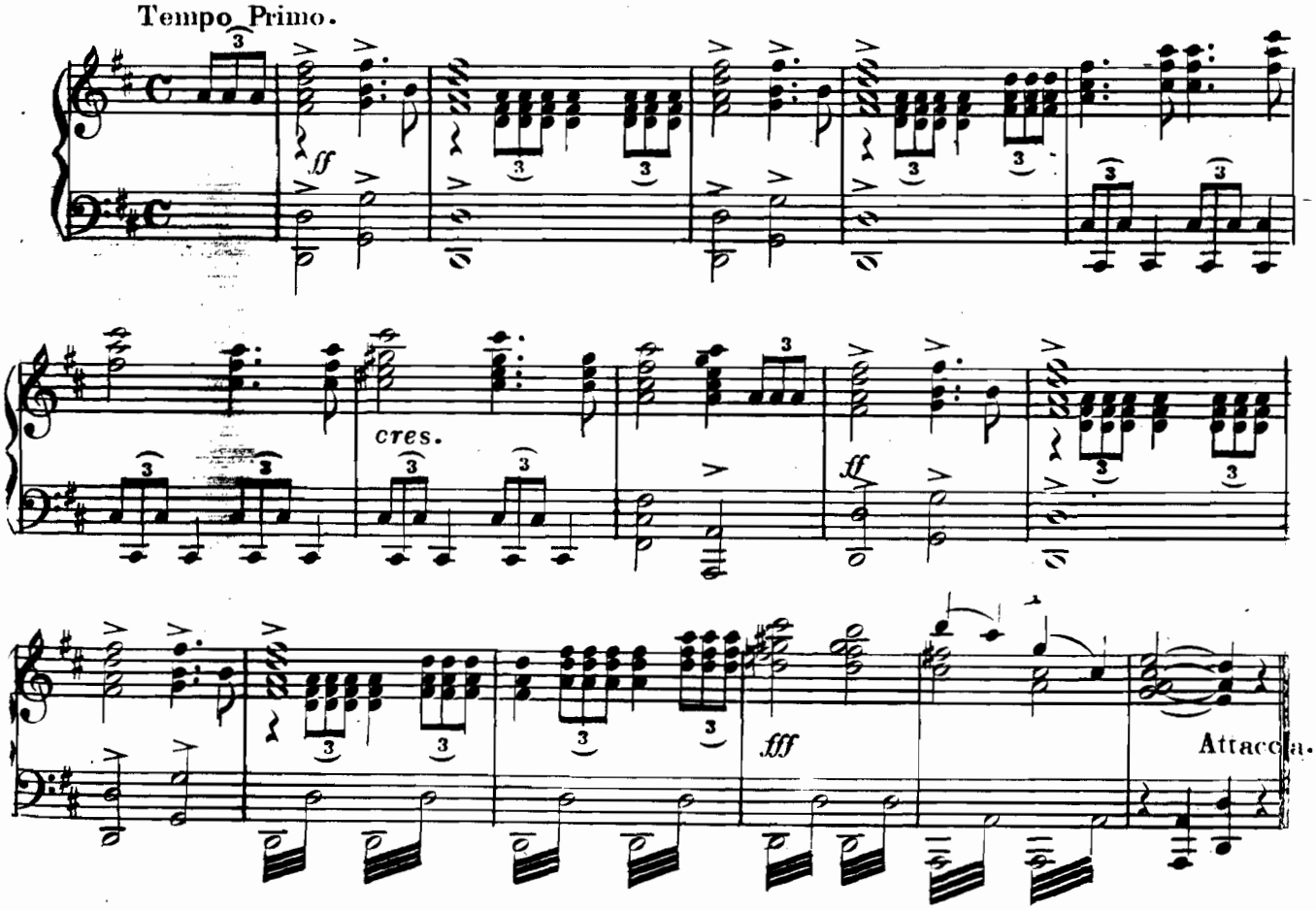

cantabile.
p
cres - - - - cen - do assai. f
dim:
Tempo Primo.
Con fuoco.
ff
CODA.
Molto vivace.
ff


fff


KALANOPUU.
Moderato.
And now kind friends and sub-jects let's en-ter the
No16.
tem-ple that we may honor do new found
Chorus.
Moderato.
God.....
Sopranos.
Altos.
Yes let us to the al-tar go to
Tenors.
Yes let us to the al-tar go to
Basses.
Moderato
f



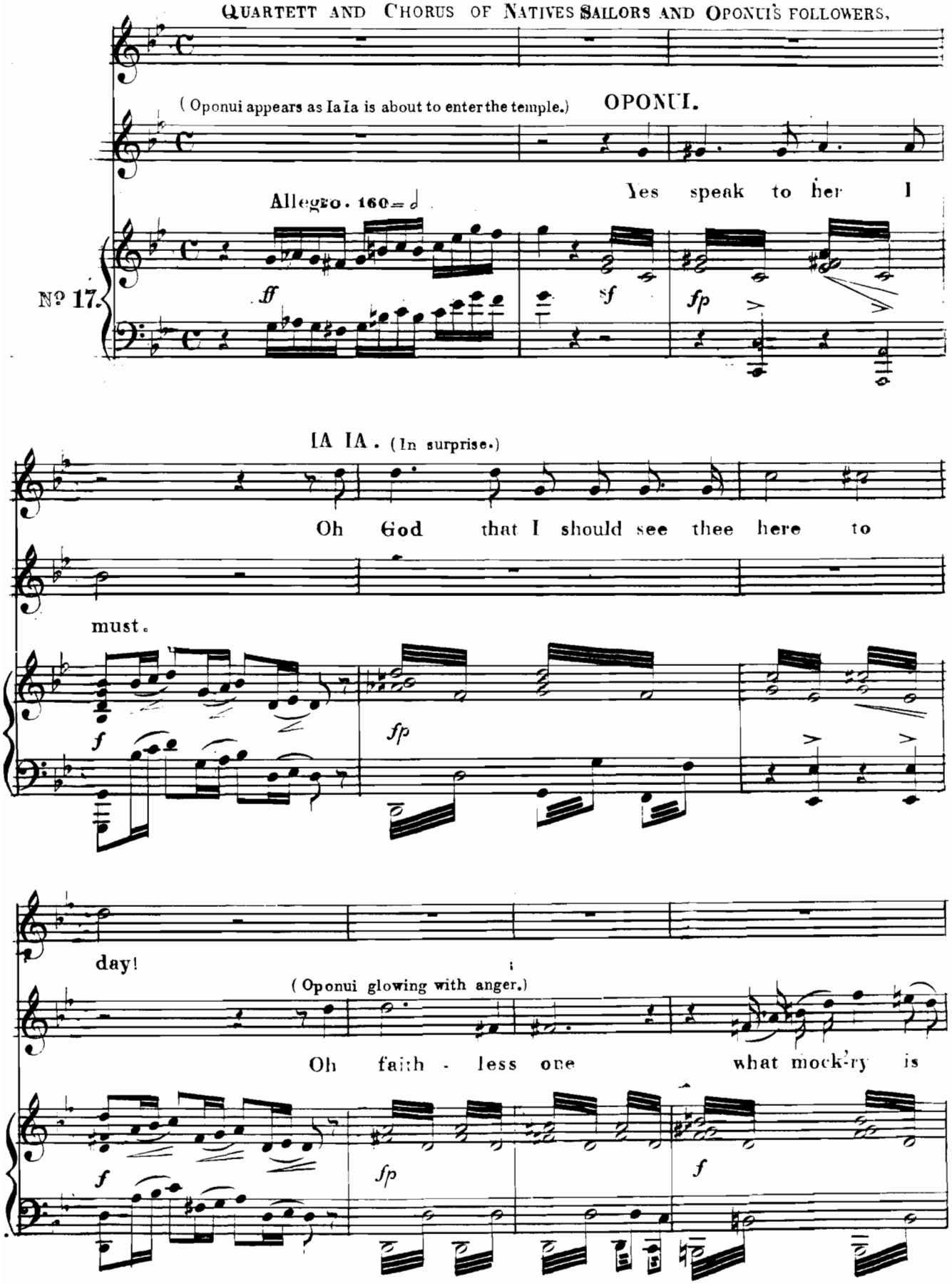
They proceed to enter the temple, the King, Cook, the Warriors, and Sailors in the lead, IA IA and her women bringing up the rear.

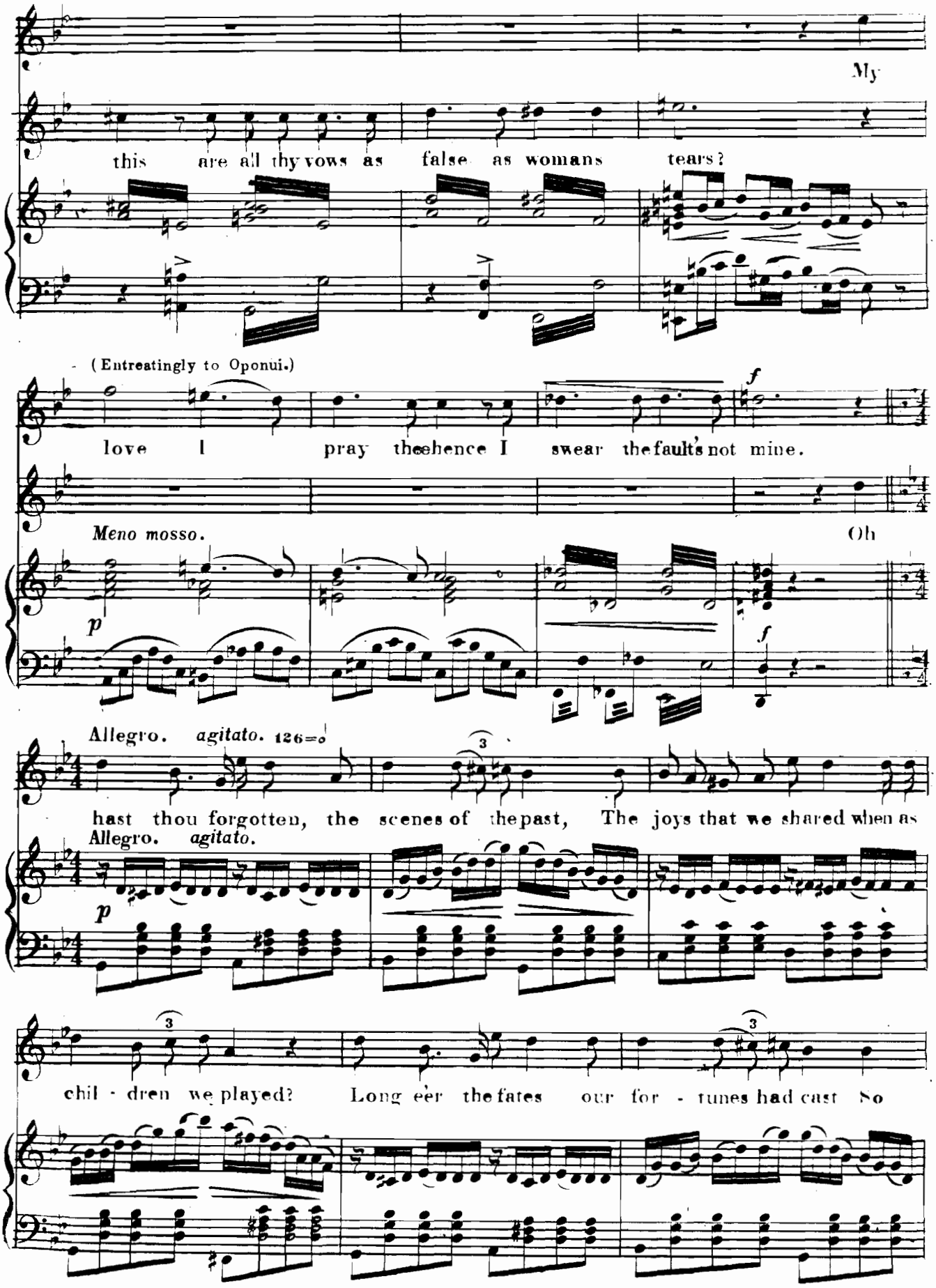


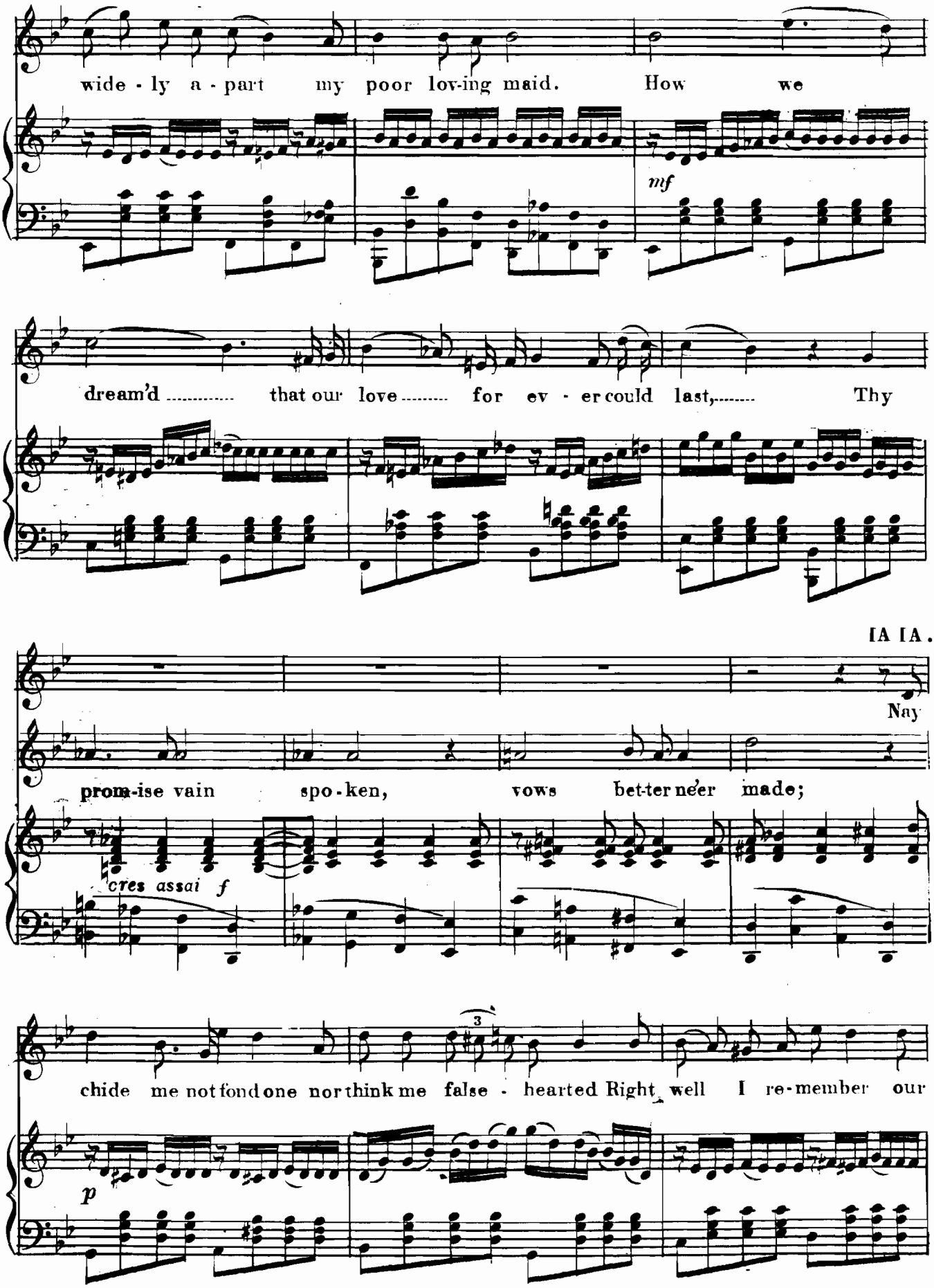
FINALE.

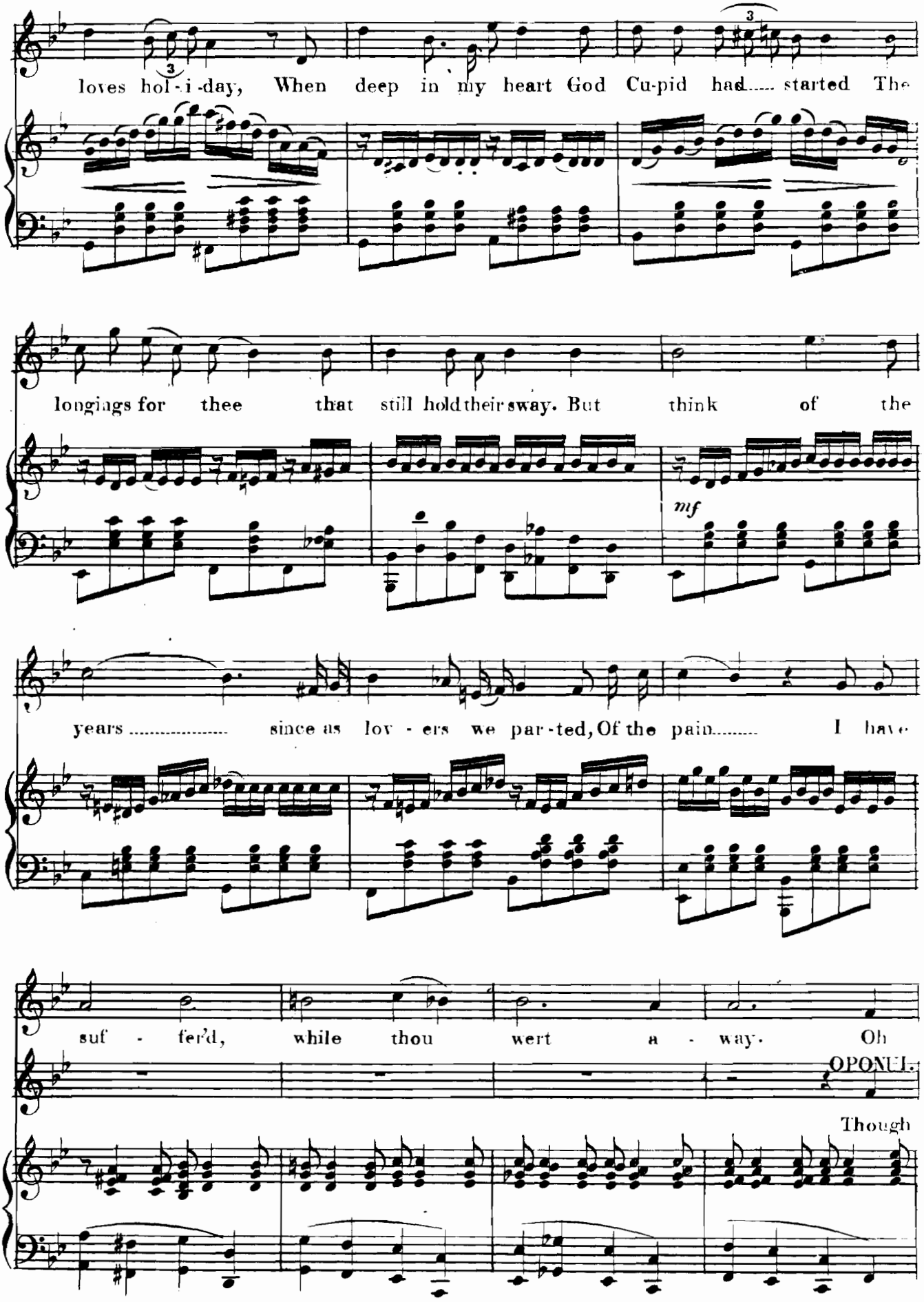
DUET OPONUI AND IA IA.

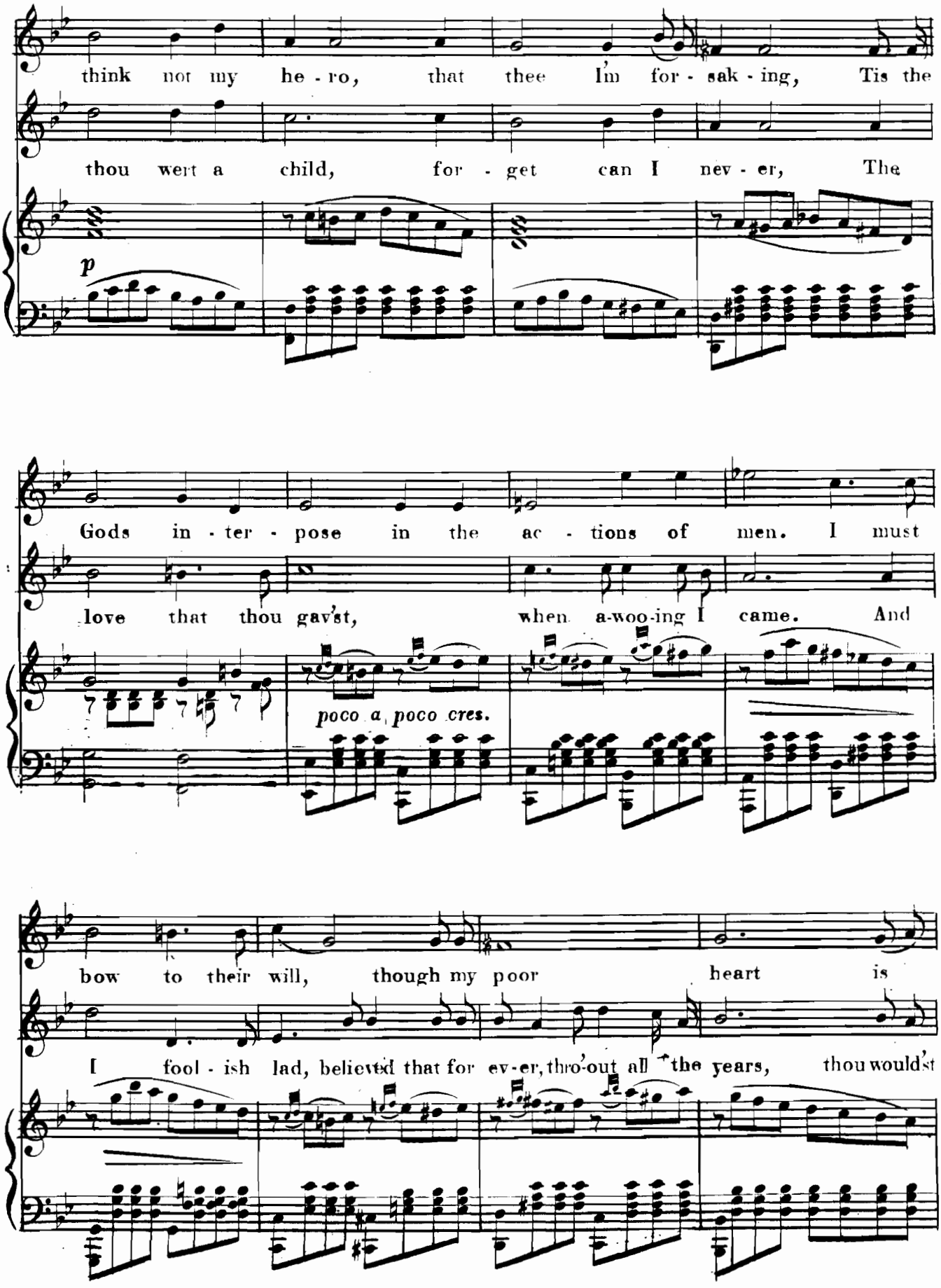
QUARTETT AND CHORUS OF NATIVES SAILORS AND OPONUI'S FOLLOWERS.

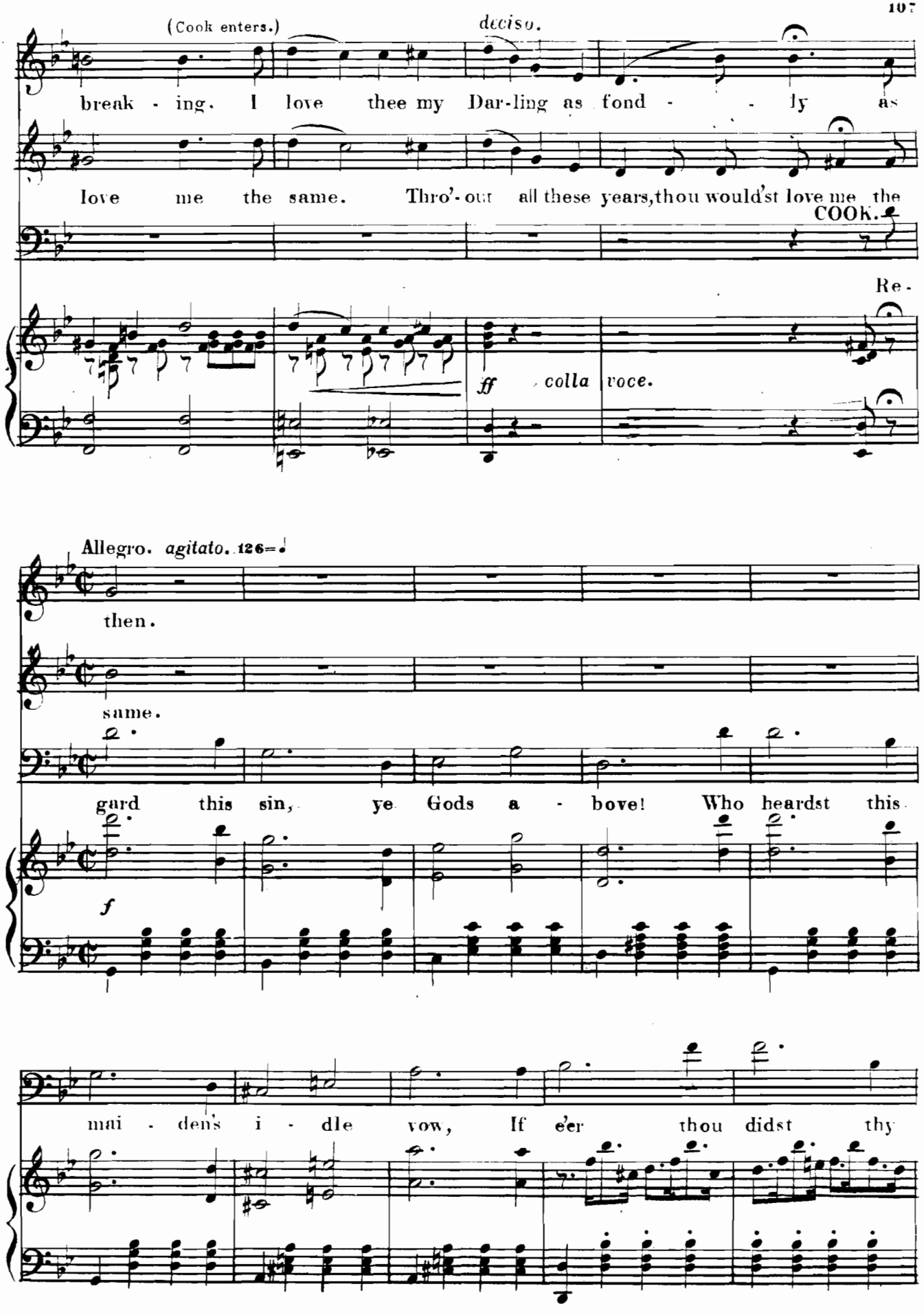


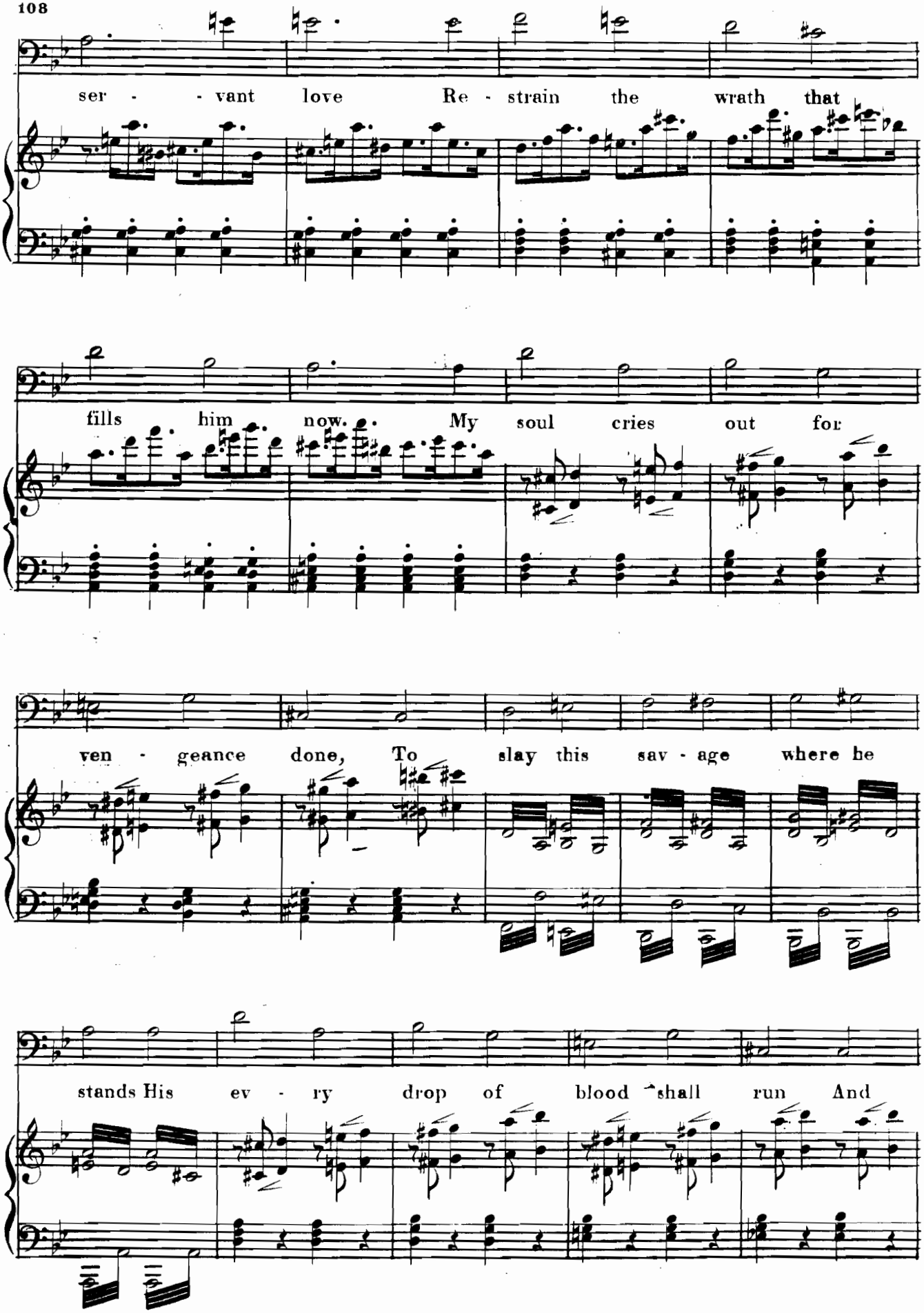

My
this are all thy vows as false as womans tears?
(Entreatingly to Oponui.)
f
love I pray thee hence I swear the fault's not mine.
Meno mosso.
Oh
p
f
Allegro. agitato. 126=o
hast thou forgotten, the scenes of the past, The joys that we shared when as
Allegro. agitato.
p
chil - dren we played? Long eer the fates our for - tunes had cast So


wide - ly a - part my poor lov-ing maid. How we
mf
dream'd ..... that our love ..... for ev - er could last,..... Thy
IA IA.
Nay
prom-ise vain spo-ken, vows bet-ter ne'er made;
cres assai f
chide me not fond one nor think me false - hearted Right well I re-member our
p

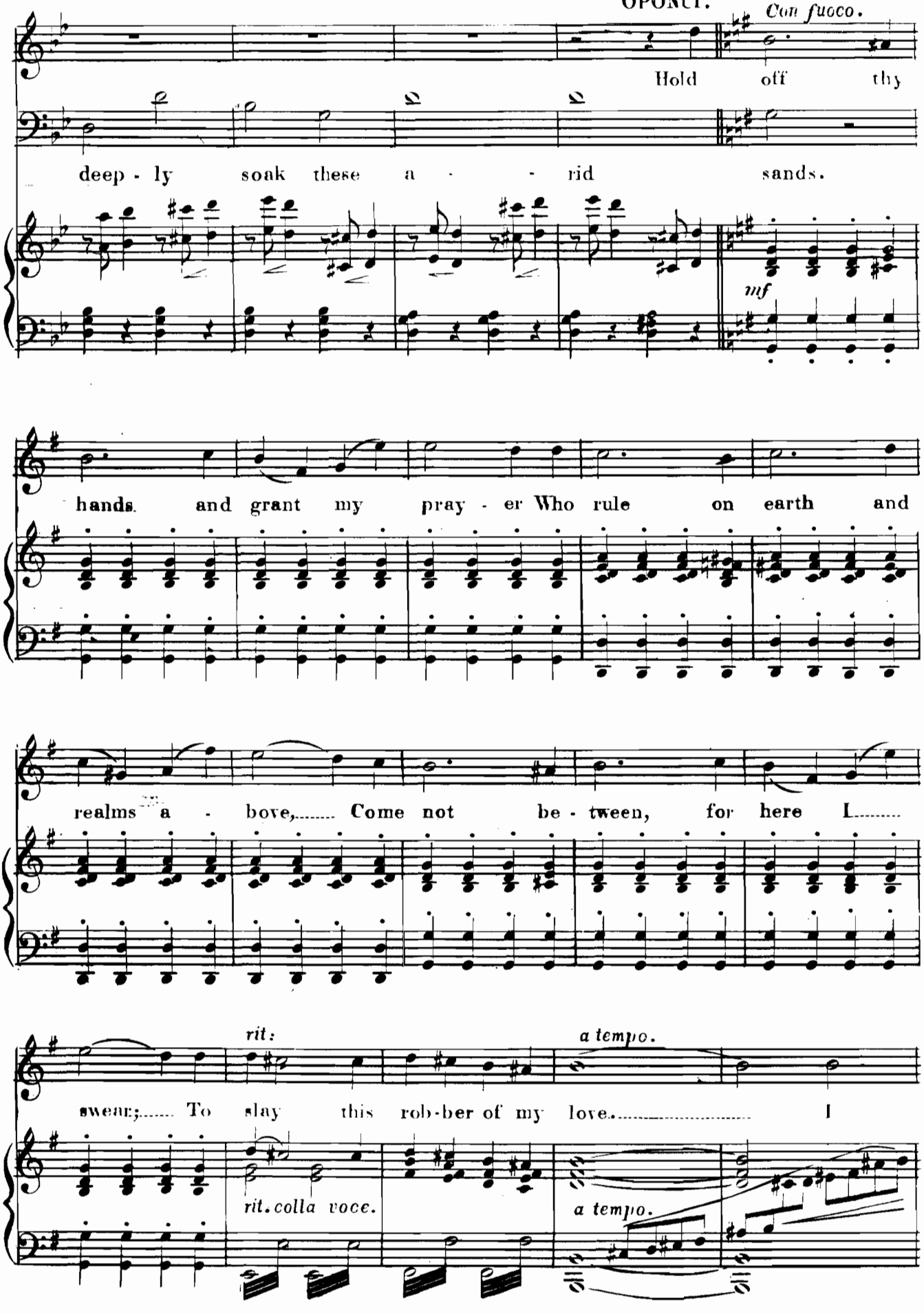

loves hol-i-day, When deep in my heart God Cu-pid had started The
longings for thee that still hold their sway. But think of the
mf
years since as lov-ers we par-ted, Of the pain I have
suf-fer'd, while thou wert a-way. Oh
OPONU.
Though

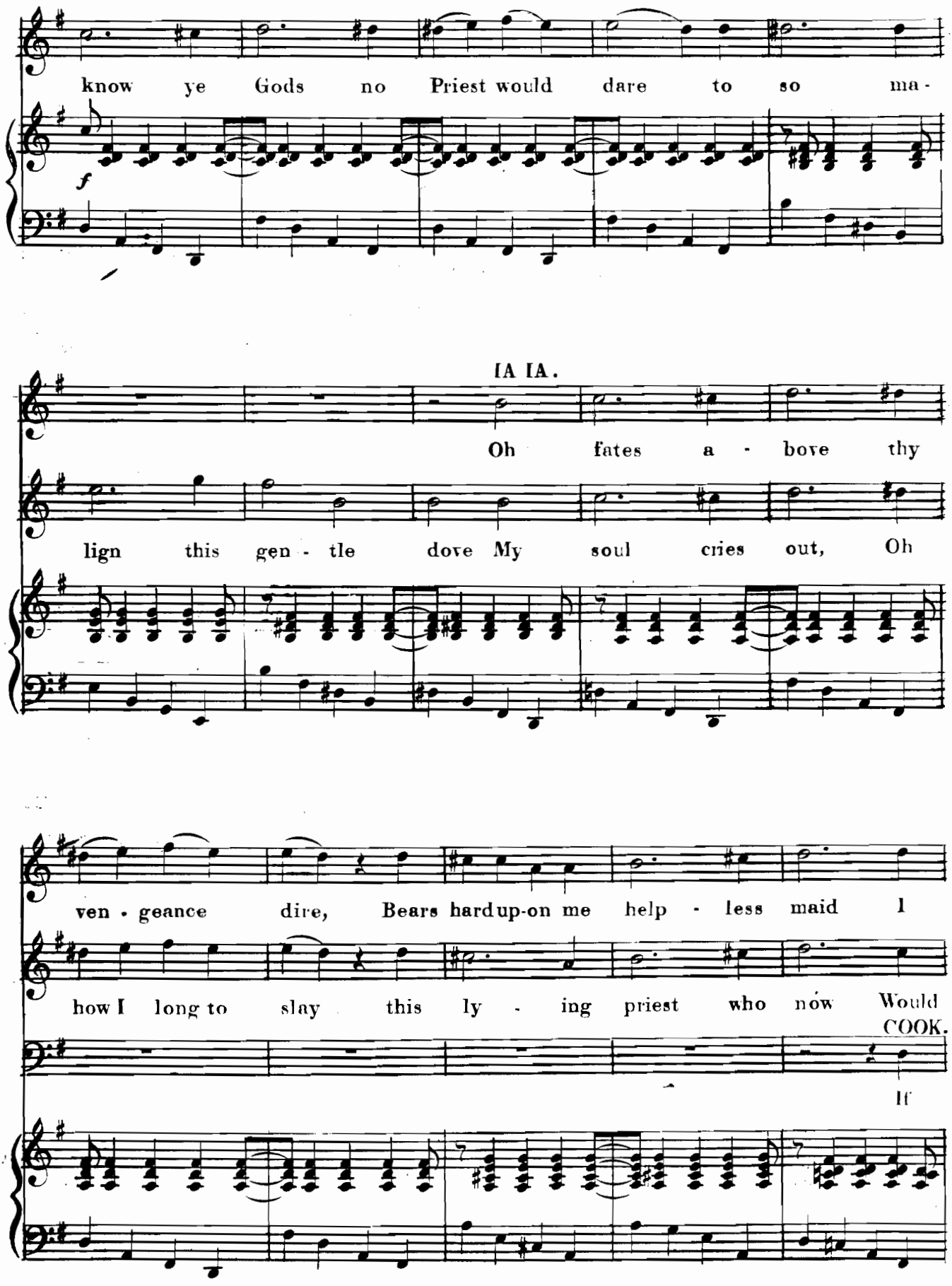

think not my he - ro, that thee I'm for - sak - ing, Tis the
thou wert a child, for - get can I nev - er, The
p
Gods in - ter - pose in the ac - tions of men. I must
love that thou gav'st, when a-woo-ing I came. And
poco a poco cres.
bow to their will, though my poor heart is
I fool - ish lad, believed that for ev-er, thro'-out all the years, thou would'st

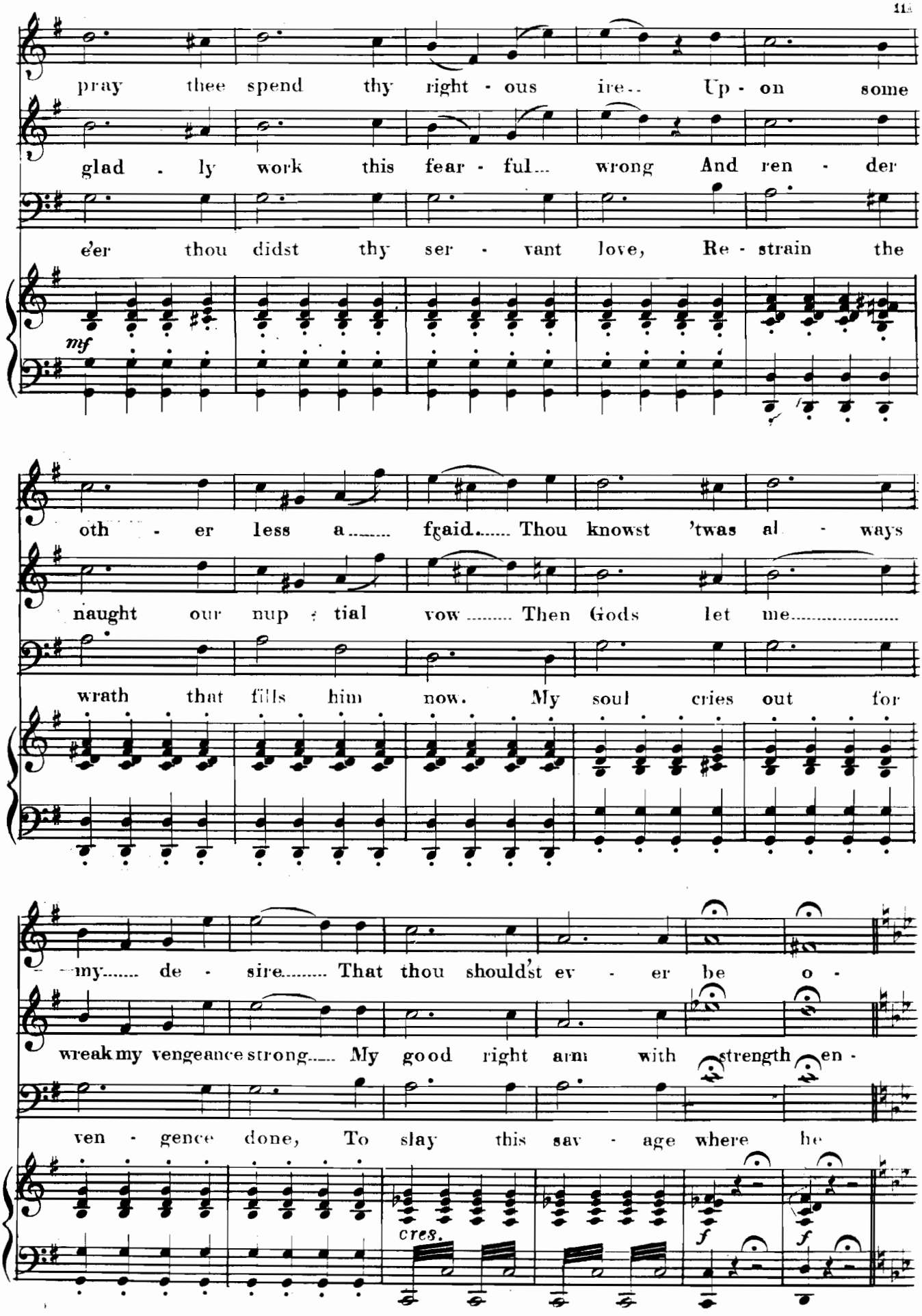

(Cook enters.)
decisо.
break - ing. I love thee my Dar-ling as fond - - ly as
love me the same. Thro'-out all these years, thou would'st love me the
COOK.
Re-
ff colla voce.
Allegro. agitato. 126=♩
then.
same.
gard this sin, ye Gods a - bove! Who heardst this
f
mai - den's i - dle vow, If e'er thou didst thy

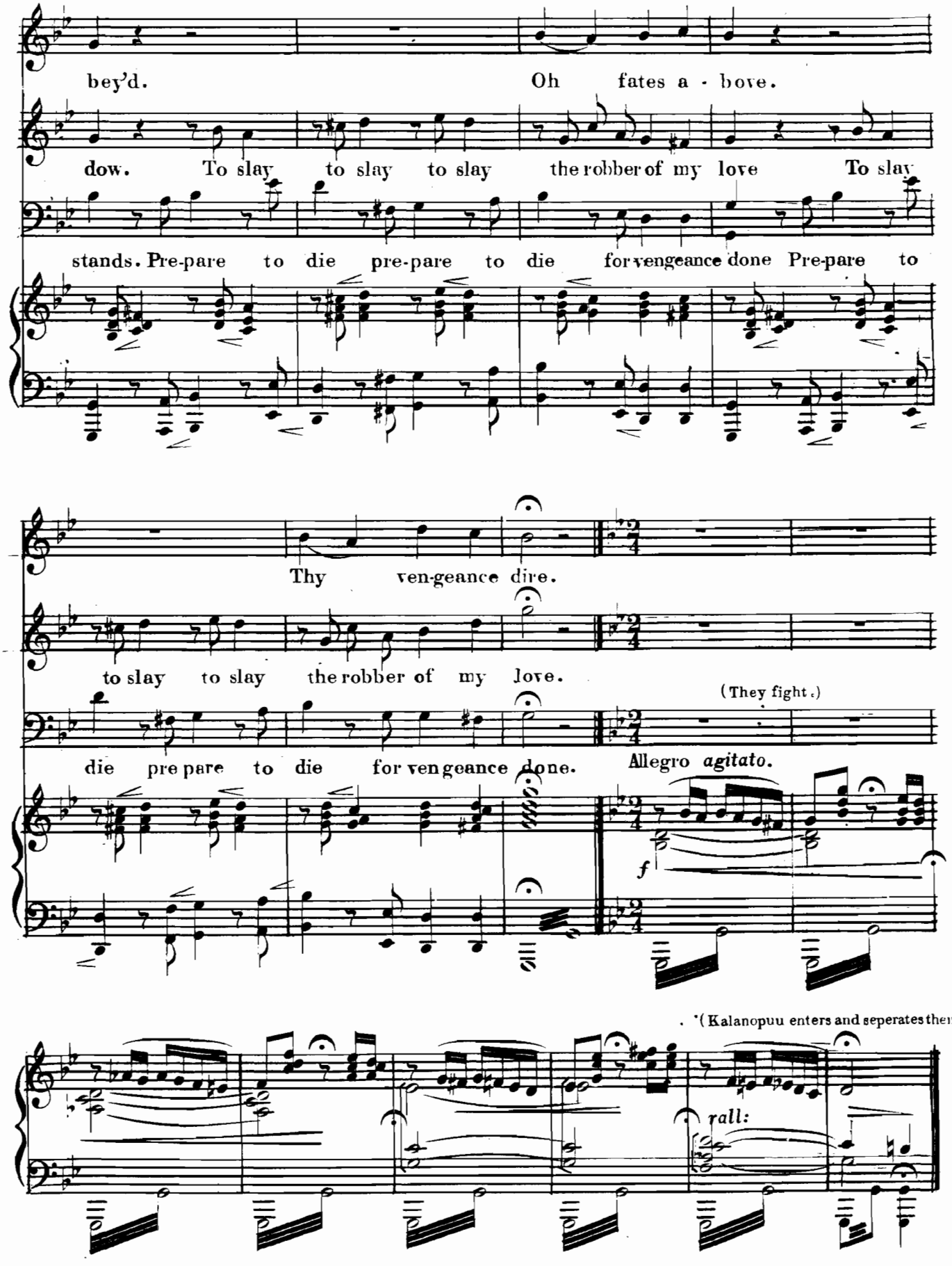

ser - - vant love Re - strain the wrath that
fills him now. My soul cries out for
ven - geance done, To slay this sav - age where he
stands His ev - ry drop of blood shall run And

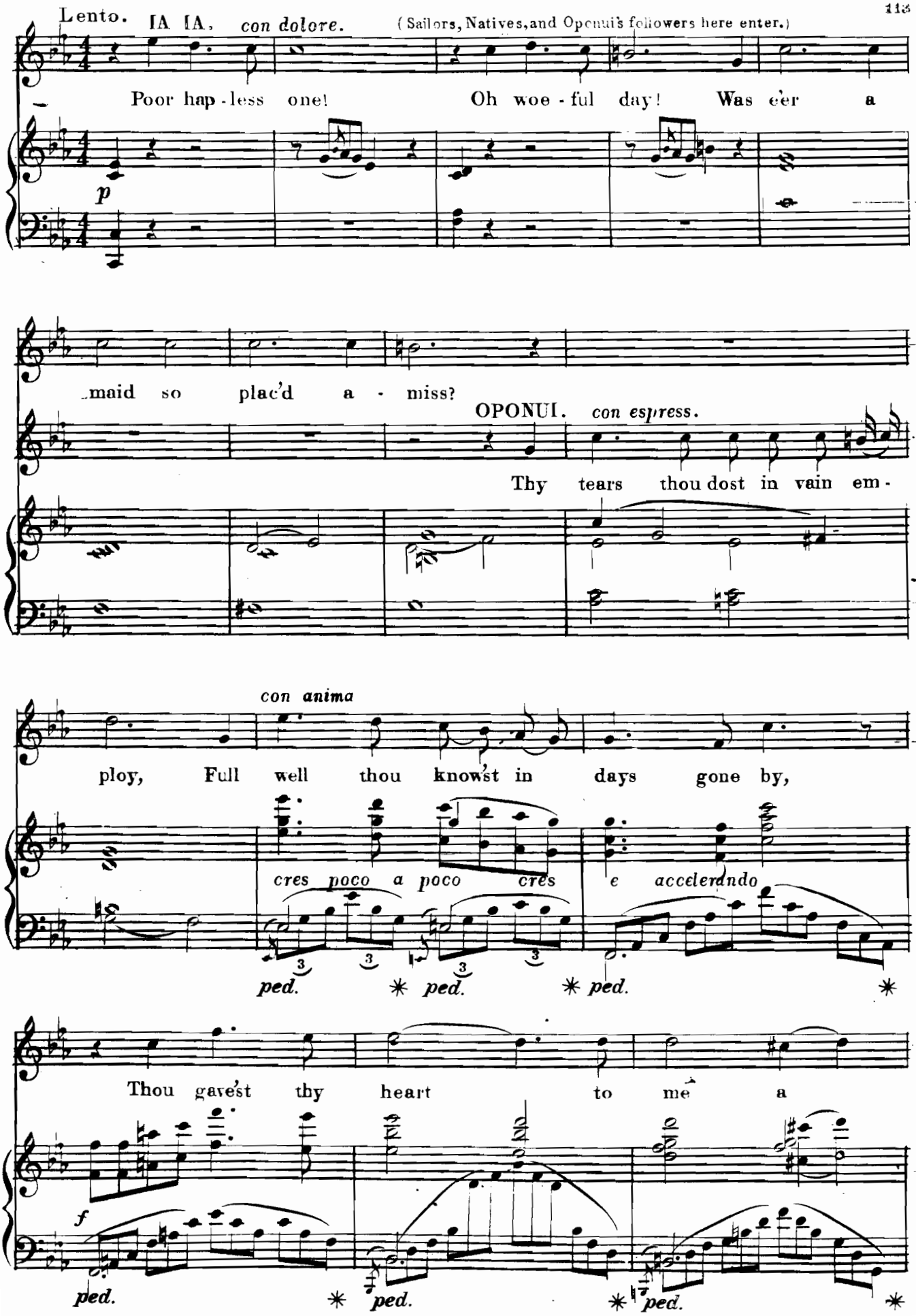
OPONUI.

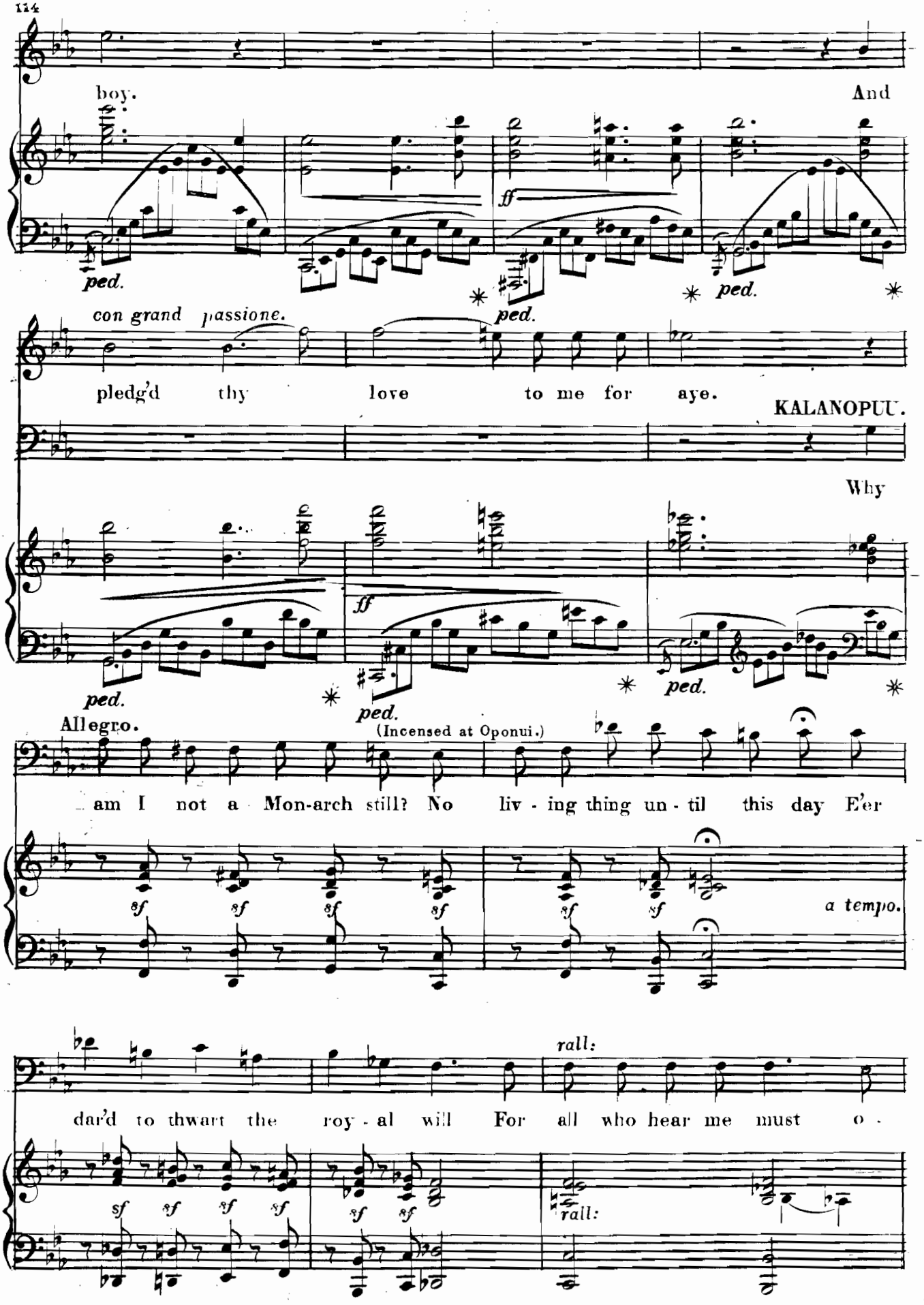

Con fuoco.
Hold off thy
deep - ly soak these a - - rid sands.
mf
hands and grant my pray - er Who rule on earth and
realms a - bove,..... Come not be - tween, for here I.....
rit:
a tempo.
swear;..... To slay this rob-ber of my love..... I
rit. colla voce.
a tempo.

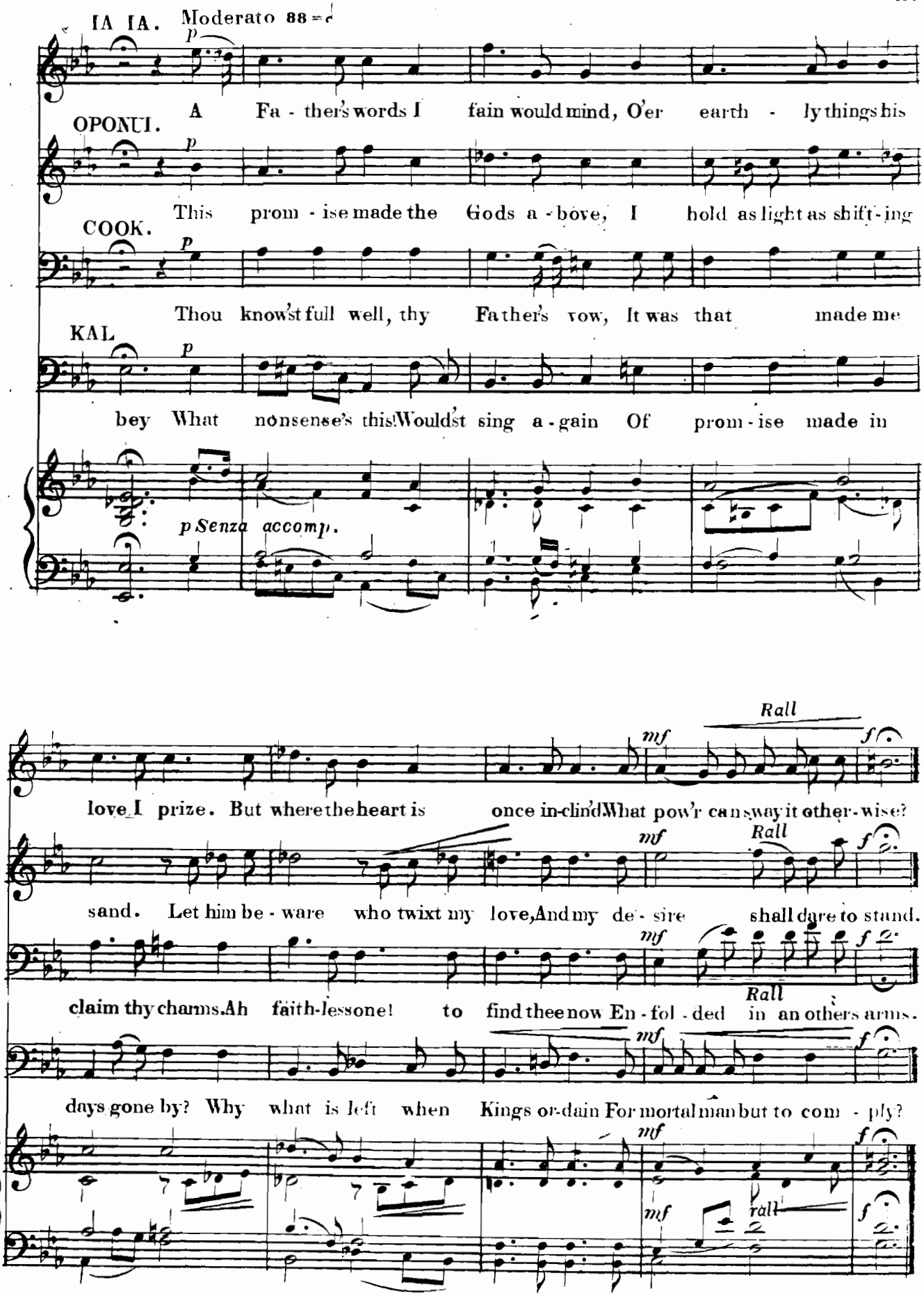

know ye Gods no Priest would dare to so ma-
f
IA IA.
Oh fates a - bove thy
lign this gen - tle dove My soul cries out, Oh
ven - geance dire, Bears hardup-on me help - less maid I
how I long to slay this ly - ing priest who now Would
COOK.
If


pray thee spend thy right - ous ire.. Up - on some
glad - ly work this fear - ful... wrong And ren - der
e'er thou didst thy ser - vant love, Re - strain the
mf
oth - er less a..... fraid..... Thou knowst 'twas al - ways
naught our nup - tial vow ..... Then Gods let me.....
wrath that fills him now. My soul cries out for
my..... de - sire..... That thou shouldst ev - er be o -
wreak my vengeance strong..... My good right arm with strength en -
ven - gence done, To slay this sav - age where he
cres.
f
f


bey'd.
Oh fates a - bove.
dow. To slay to slay to slay the robber of my love To slay
stands. Pre-pare to die pre-pare to die for vengeance done Pre-pare to
Thy ven-geance dire.
to slay to slay the robber of my love.
(They fight.)
die pre pare to die for ven geance done.
Allegro agitato.
f
(Kalanopuu enters and seperates them.)
rall:

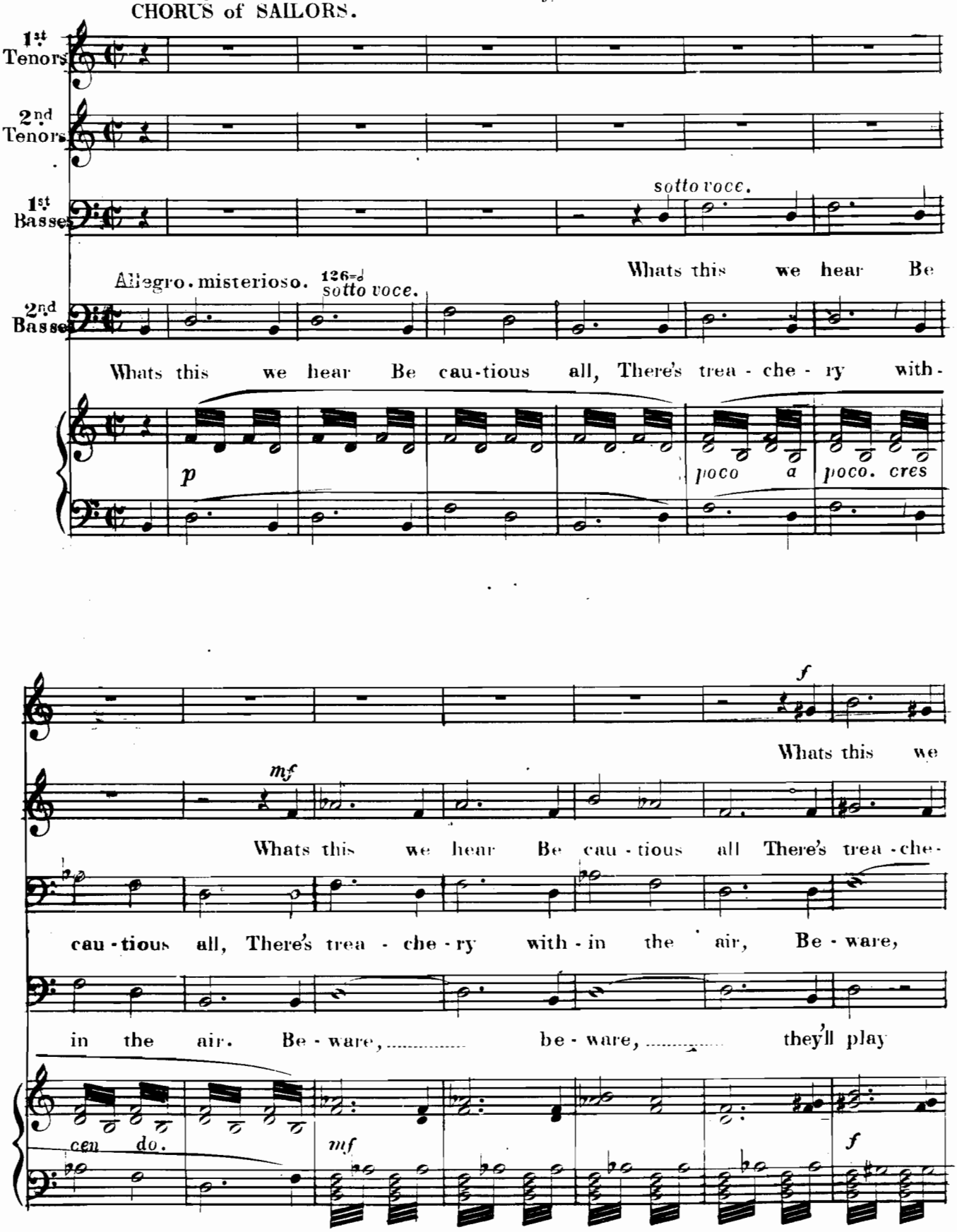

Lento.
IA IA, con dolore.
(Sailors, Natives, and Oponui's followers here enter.)
Poor hap - less one! Oh woe - ful day! Was e'er a
p
maid so plac'd a - miss?
OPONUI. con espress.
Thy tears thou dost in vain em -
con anima
ploy, Full well thou know'st in days gone by,
cres poco a poco cres e accelerando
ped. * ped. * ped. *
Thou gave'st thy heart to me a
f
ped. * ped. * ped. *

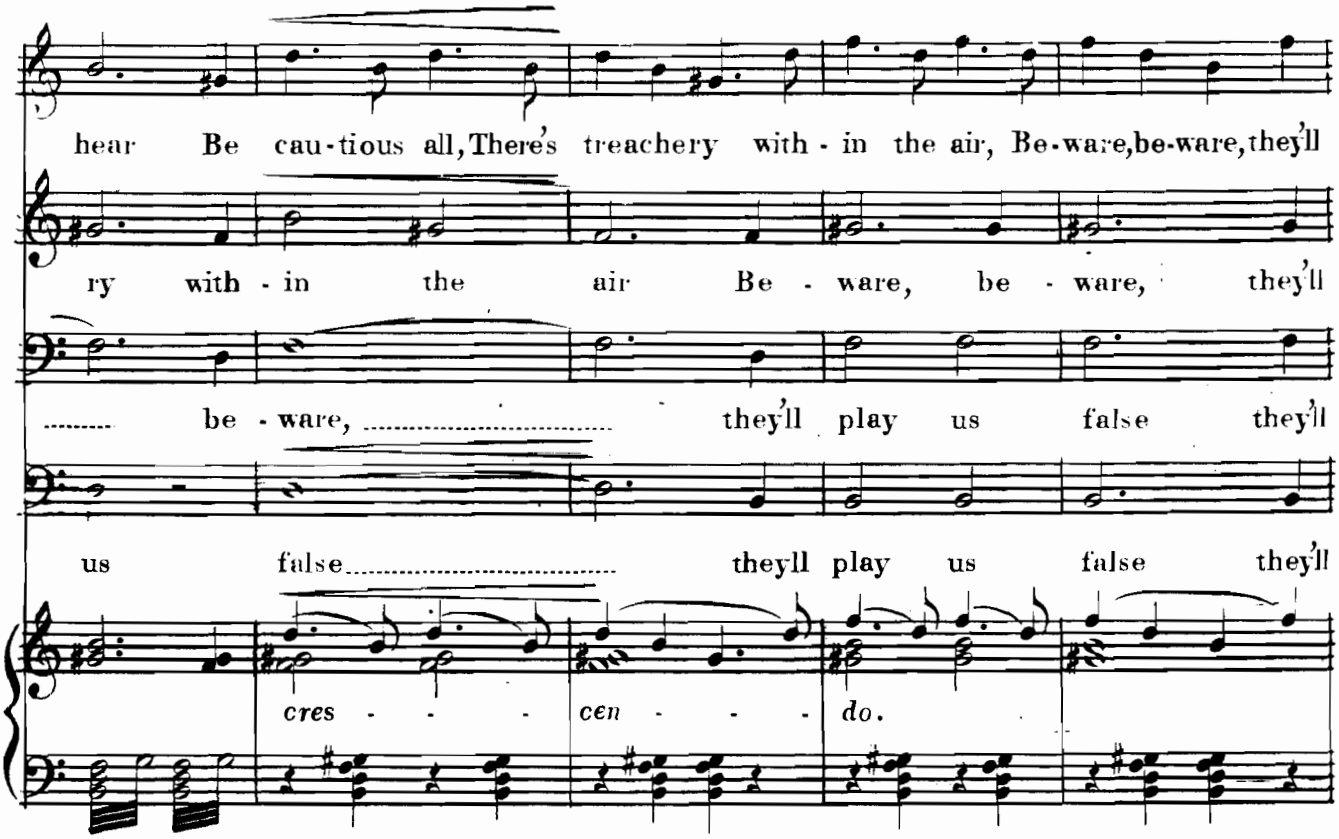

boy.
And
ff
ped.
ped.
ped.
con grand passione.
pledg'd thy love to me for aye.
KALANOPUU.
Why
ff
ped.
ped.
ped.
Allegro.
(Incensed at Oponui.)
am I not a Mon-arch still? No liv - ing thing un - til this day E'er
sf
a tempo.
rall:
dar'd to thwart the roy - al will For all who hear me must o -
rall:

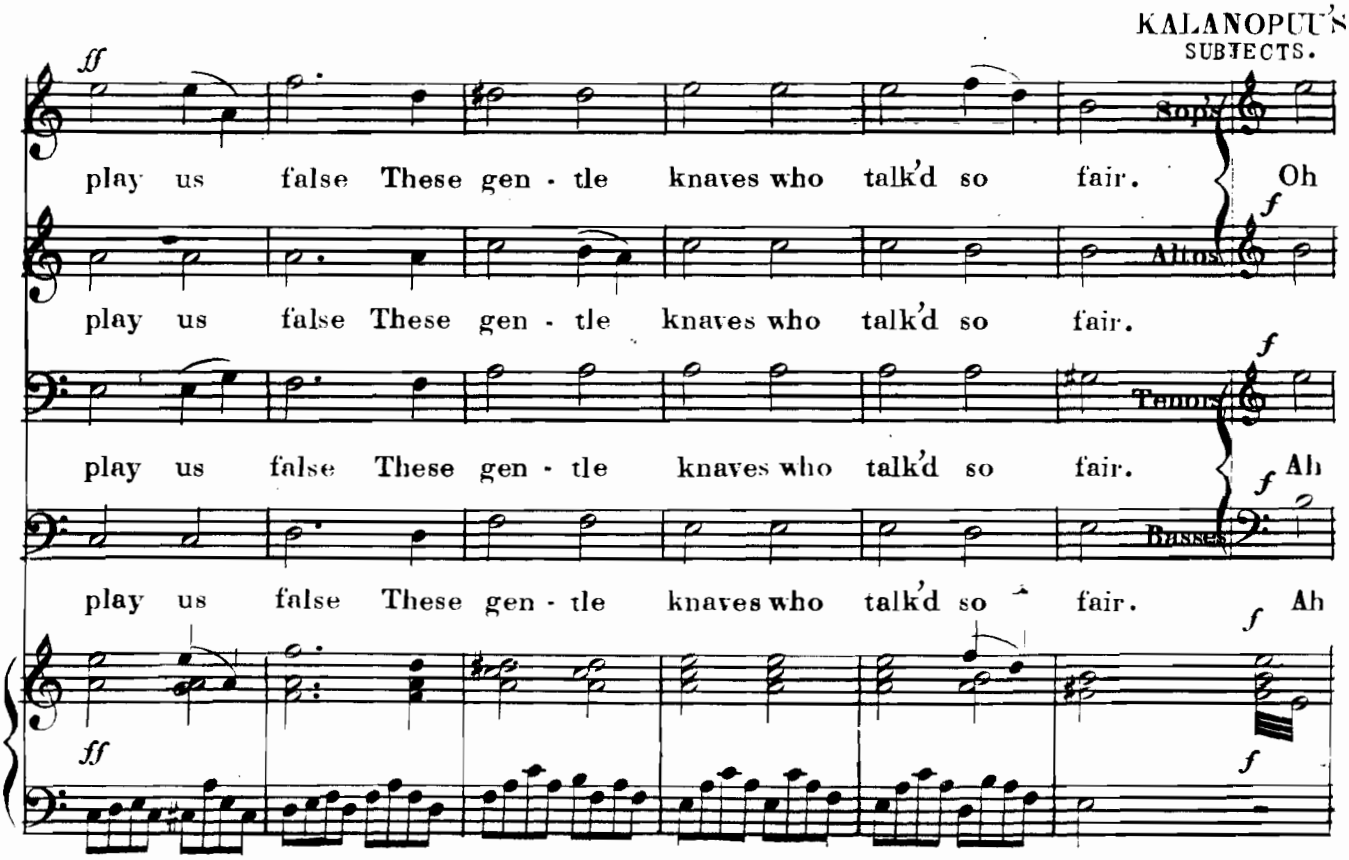

IA IA.
Moderato 88
p
A Fa - ther's words I fain would mind, O'er earth - ly things his
OPONUI.
p
This prom - ise made the Gods a - bove, I hold as light as shift - ing
COOK.
p
Thou know'st full well, thy Fa ther's vow, It was that made me
KAL
p
bey What nonsense's this! Would'st sing a - gain Of prom - ise made in
p Senza accomp.
Rall
mf
f
love I prize. But where the heart is once in-clin'd What pow'r can sway it other - wise?
sand. Let him be - ware who twixt my love, And my de - sire shall dare to stand.
claim thy charms. Ah faith-less one! to find thee now En - fol - ded in an others arms.
days gone by? Why what is left when Kings or-dain For mortal man but to com - ply?
rall

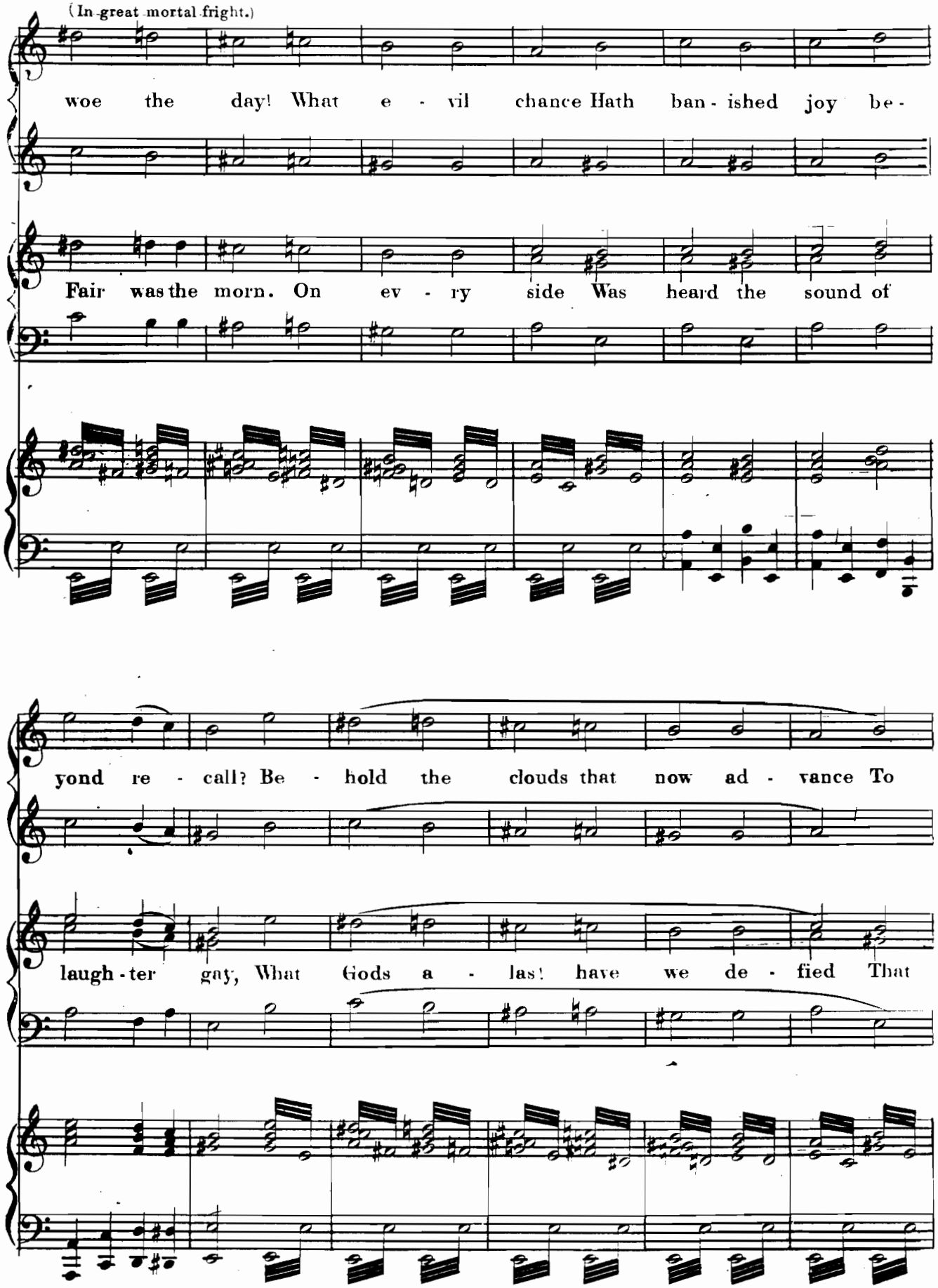
Cook and Sailors take to the right of the stage. Oponui and followers to the left. Kalanopuu, Ia Ia, and Subjects fill out the rear center. When the entire company is about to become engaged in mortal combat, the volcano in the back-ground begins to belch forth lava and fiery rain. The mountain is rent asunder——the temples and idols fall to the ground, and the natives crouch down in abject fear.

CHORUS of SAILORS.




hear Be cau-tious all, There's treachery with-in the air, Be-ware, be-ware, they'll
ry with-in the air Be-ware, be-ware, they'll
be-ware, they'll play us false they'll
us false theyll play us false they'll
cres - - - cen - - - do.


KALANOPUU'S
SUBJECTS.
ff
play us false These gen-tle knaves who talk'd so fair. Oh
Sops.
f
play us false These gen-tle knaves who talk'd so fair.
Altos.
f
play us false These gen-tle knaves who talk'd so fair. Ah
Tenors.
f
play us false These gen-tle knaves who talk'd so fair. Ah
Basses.
ff
f


(In great mortal fright.)
woe the day! What e - vil chance Hath ban - ished joy be -
Fair was the morn. On ev - ry side Was heard the sound of
yond re - call? Be - hold the clouds that now ad - vance To
laugh - ter gay, What Gods a - las! have we de - fied That

hide the sun that smil'd o'er all.

cru - el fate should now hold ..... sway?

SAILORS. Your ven geance for a

Piu Mosso.

ff

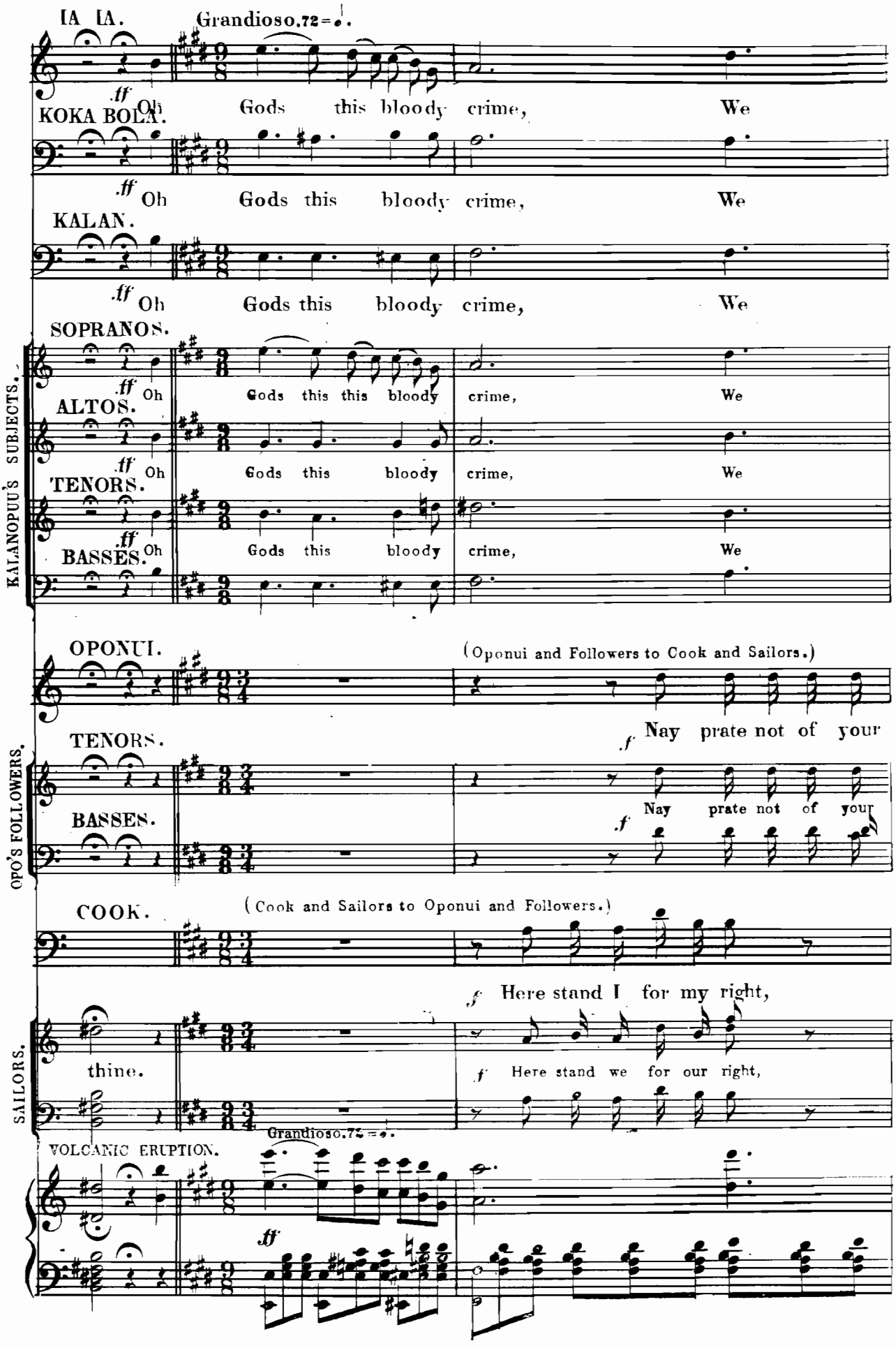
mo - ment stay, Your rea - son for a time in - cline We come not here to

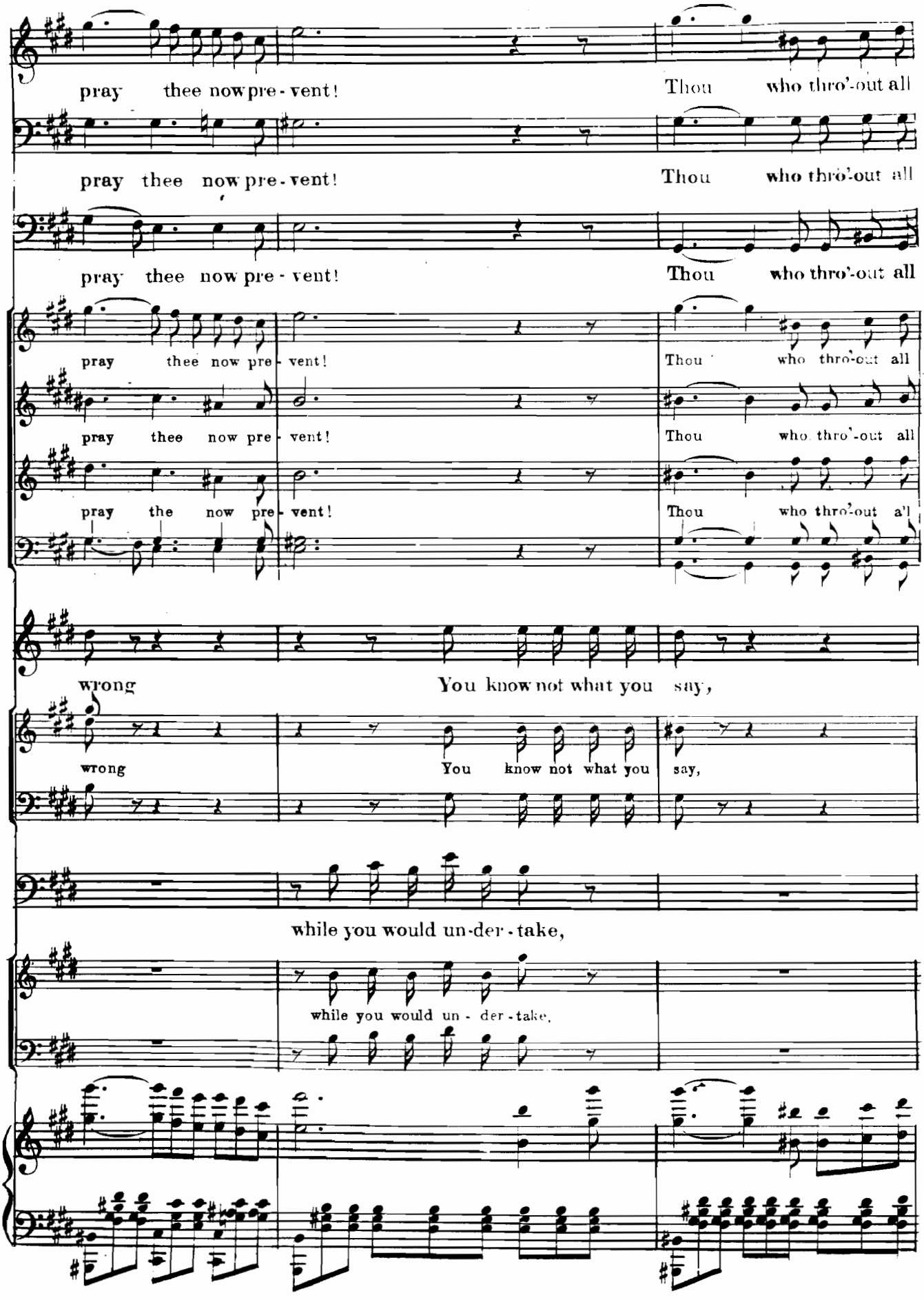
cres molto

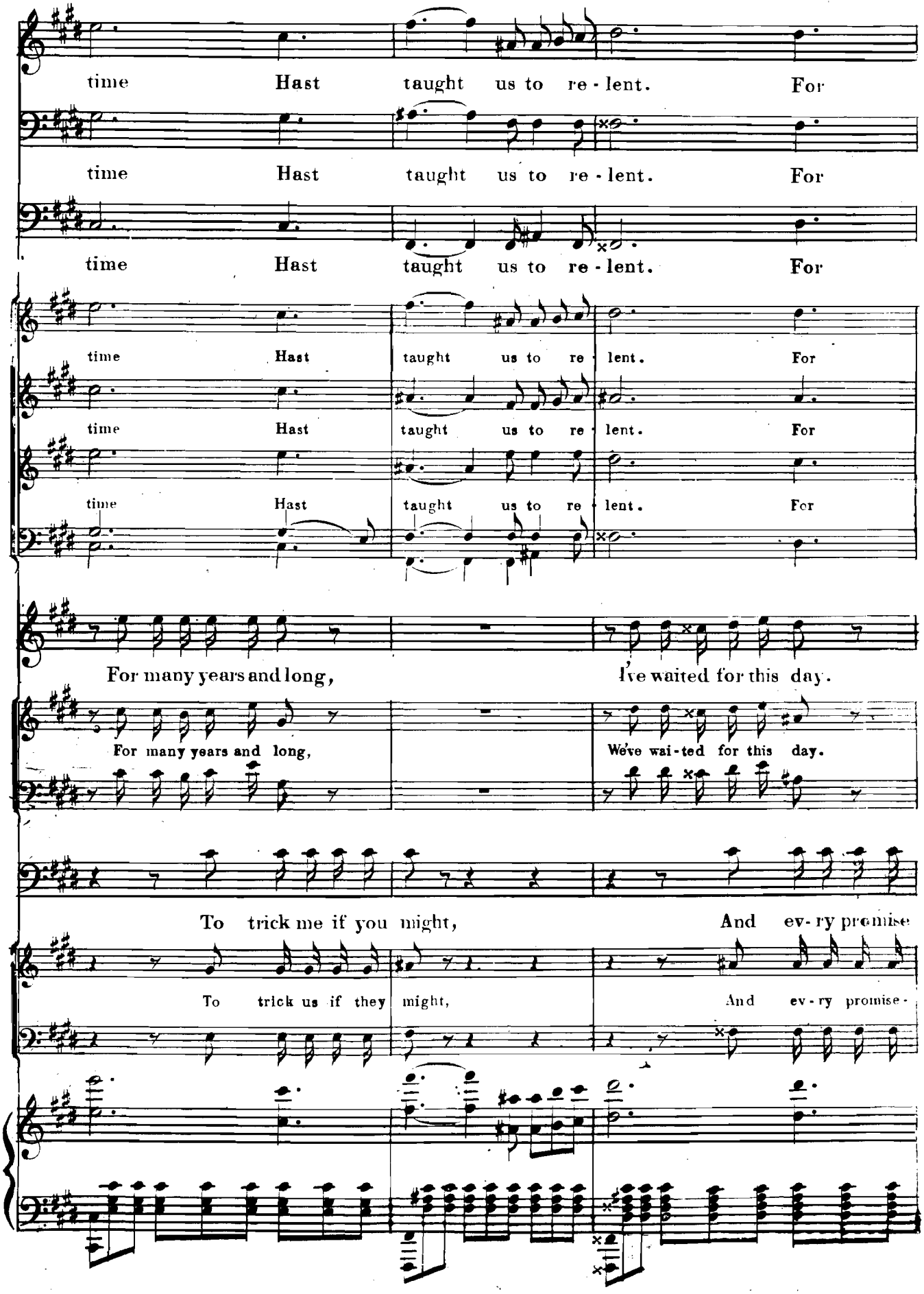
smite or slay But if we should the fault be

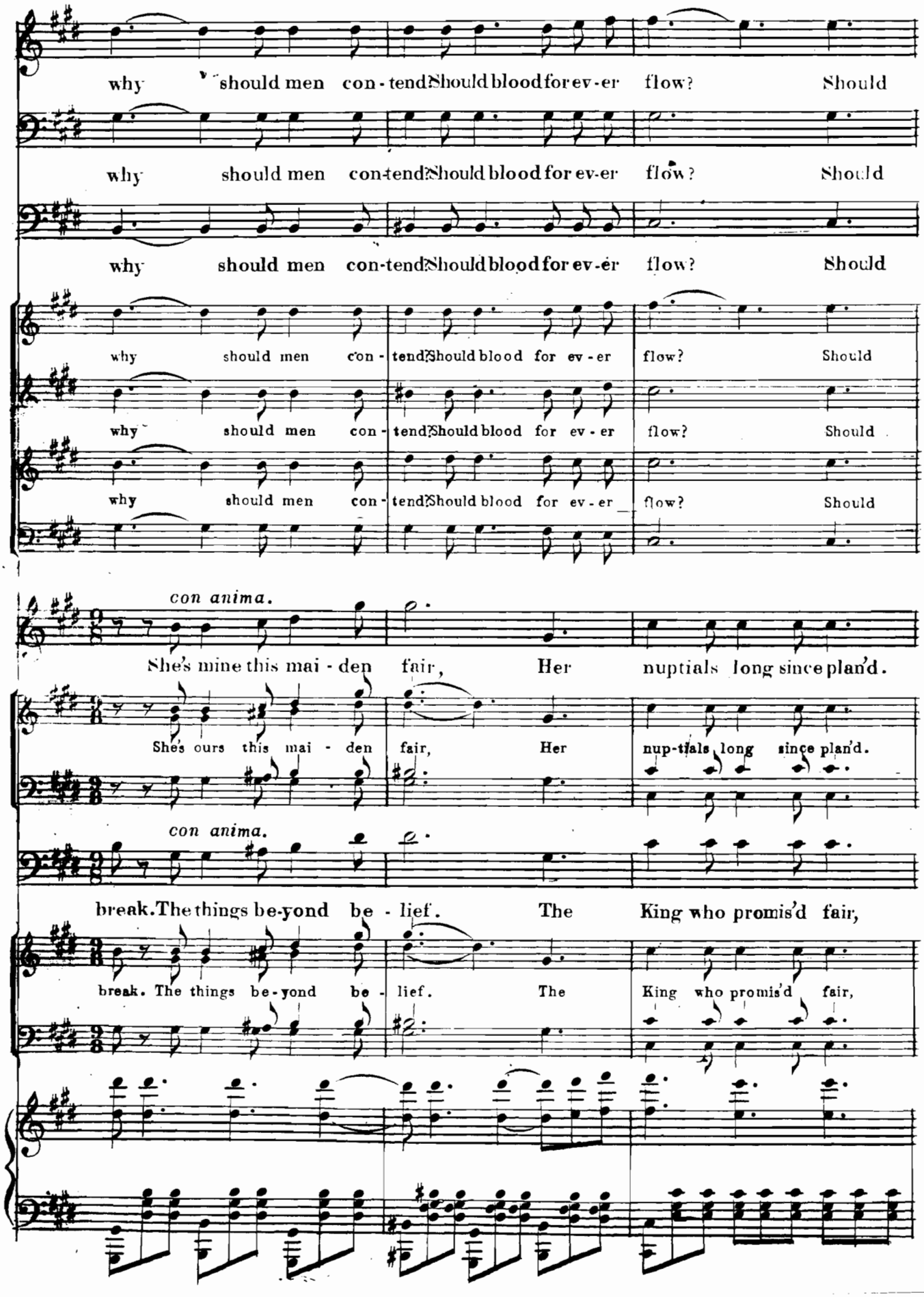
8va

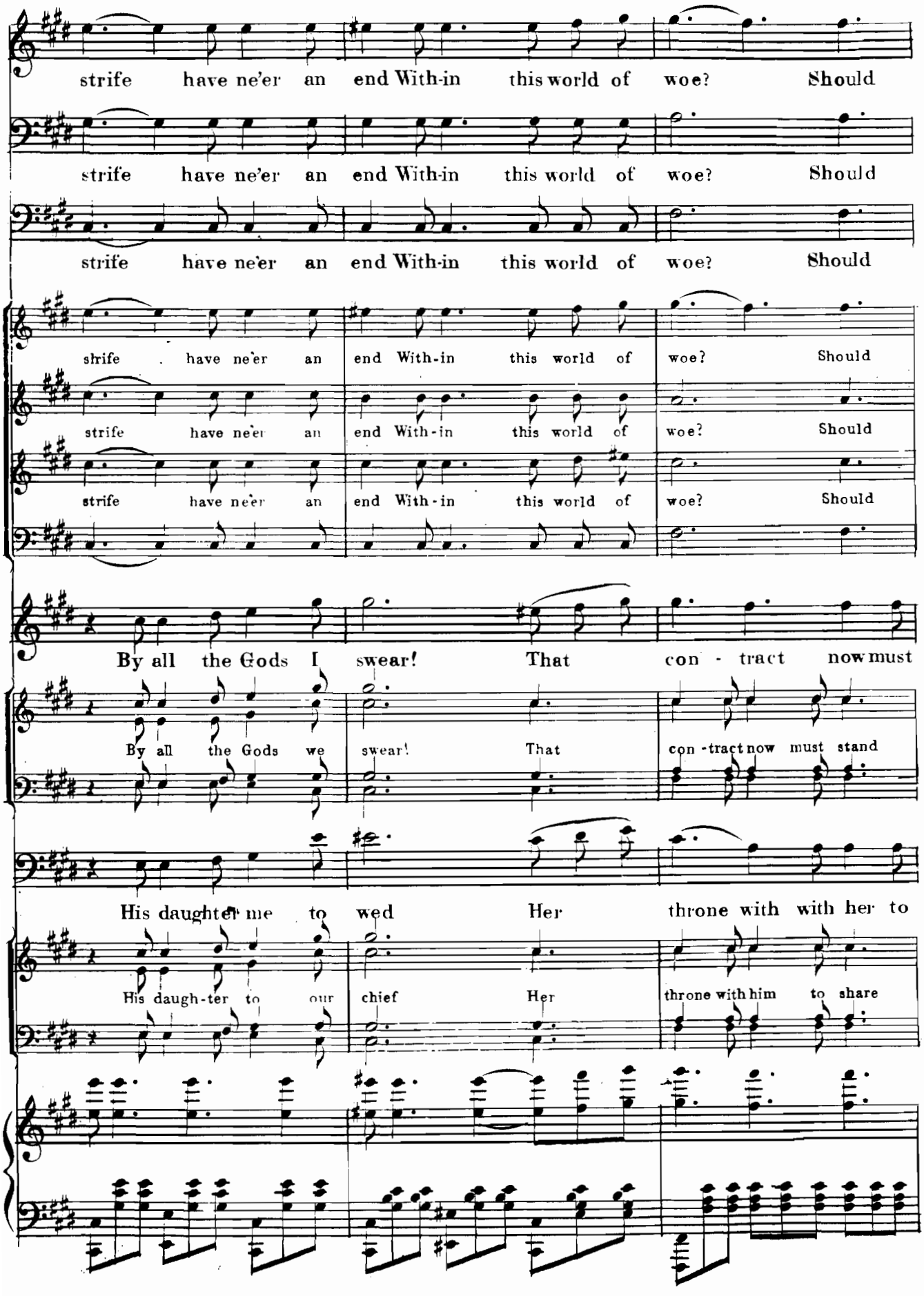
fff

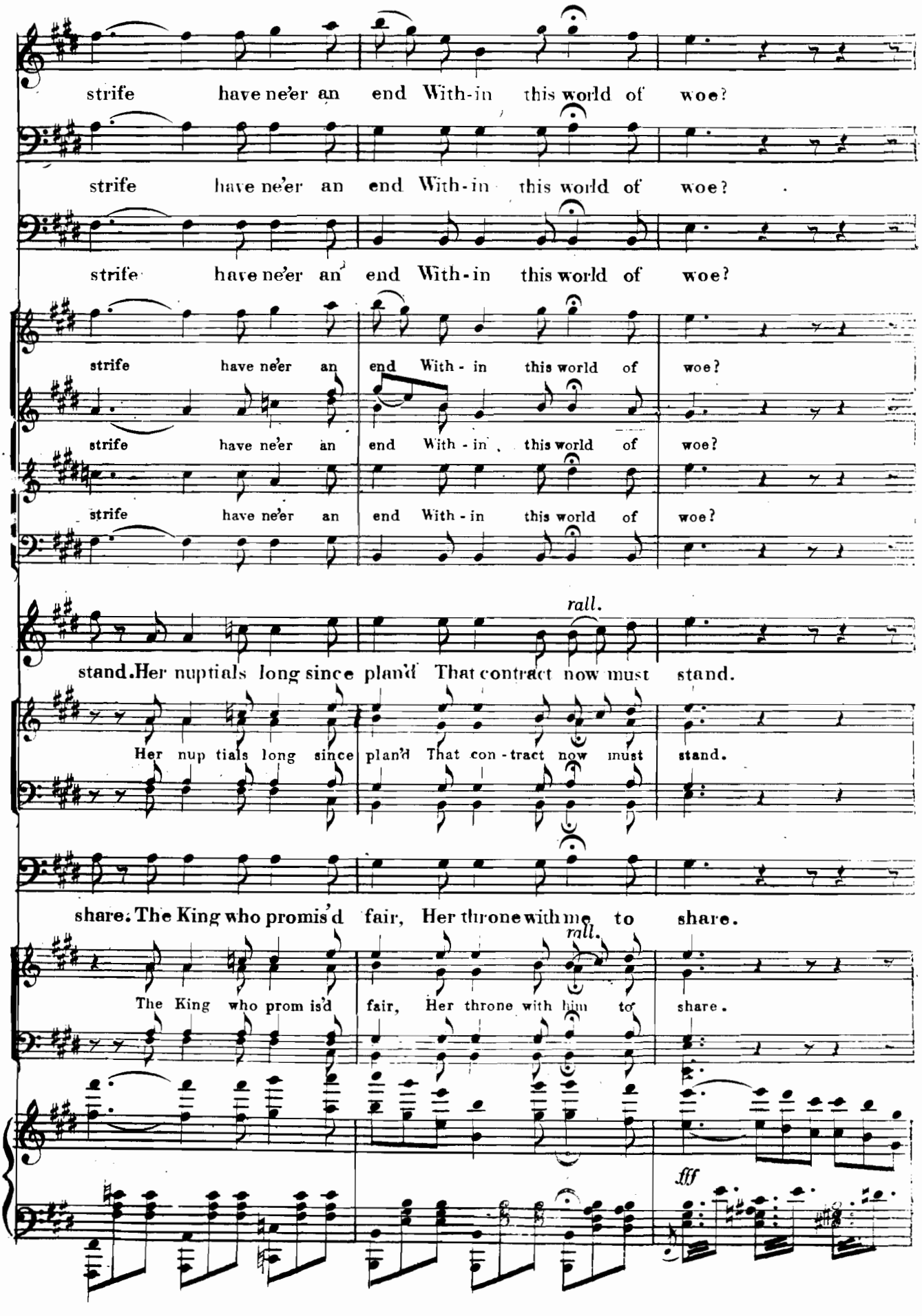

IA IA.
Grandioso. 72 = ♩.
ff Oh Gods this bloody crime, We
KOKA BOLA.
ff Oh Gods this bloody crime, We
KALAN.
ff Oh Gods this bloody crime, We
SOPRANOS.
ff Oh Gods this this bloody crime, We
ALTOS.
ff Oh Gods this bloody crime, We
TENORS.
ff Oh Gods this bloody crime, We
BASSES.
KALANOPUU'S SUBJECTS.
OPONUI.
(Oponui and Followers to Cook and Sailors.)
TENORS.
f Nay prate not of your
BASSES.
f Nay prate not of your
OPO'S FOLLOWERS.
COOK.
(Cook and Sailors to Oponui and Followers.)
f Here stand I for my right,
thine.
f Here stand we for our right,
SAILORS.
Grandioso. 72 = ♩.
VOLCANIC ERUPTION.
ff

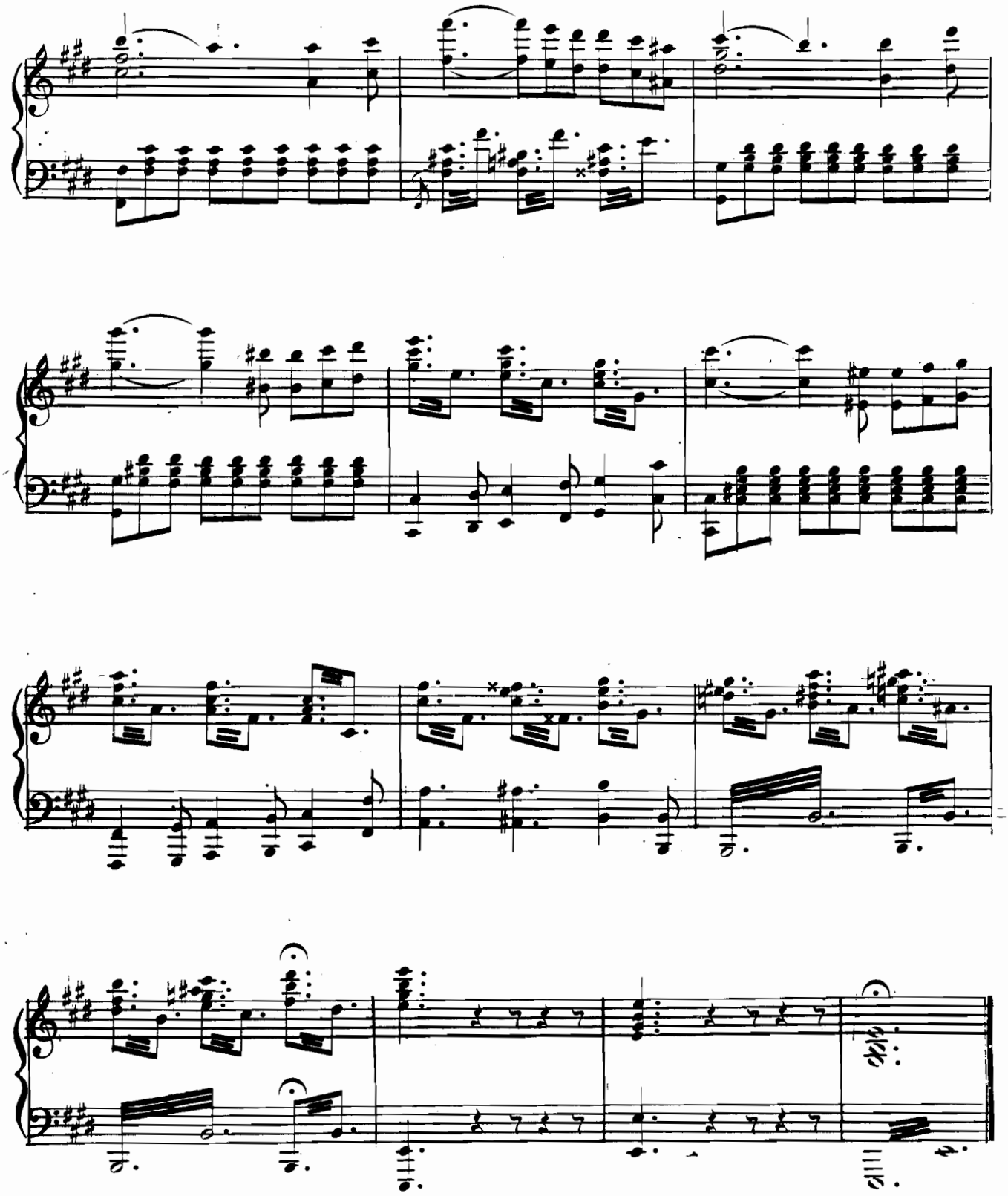

pray thee now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out all
pray thee now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out all
pray thee now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out all
pray thee now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out all
pray thee now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out all
pray the now pre - vent!
Thou who thro'-out a'l
wrong
You know not what you say,
wrong
You know not what you say,
while you would un-der - take,
while you would un - der - take,


time Hast taught us to re - lent. For
time Hast taught us to re - lent. For
time Hast taught us to re - lent. For
time Hast taught us to re lent. For
time Hast taught us to re lent. For
time Hast taught us to re lent. For
For many years and long, I've waited for this day.
For many years and long, We've wai - ted for this day.
To trick me if you might, And ev - ry promise
To trick us if they might, And ev - ry promise -


why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
why should men con-tend? Should blood for ev-er flow? Should
con anima.
She's mine this mai-den fair, Her nuptials long since plan'd.
She's ours this mai-den fair, Her nup-tials long since plan'd.
con anima.
break. The things be-yond be-lief. The King who promis'd fair,
break. The things be-yond be-lief. The King who promis'd fair,


strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe? Should
By all the Gods I swear! That con - tract now must
By all the Gods we swear! That con - tract now must stand
His daughter me to wed Her throne with with her to
His daugh-ter to our chief Her throne with him to share

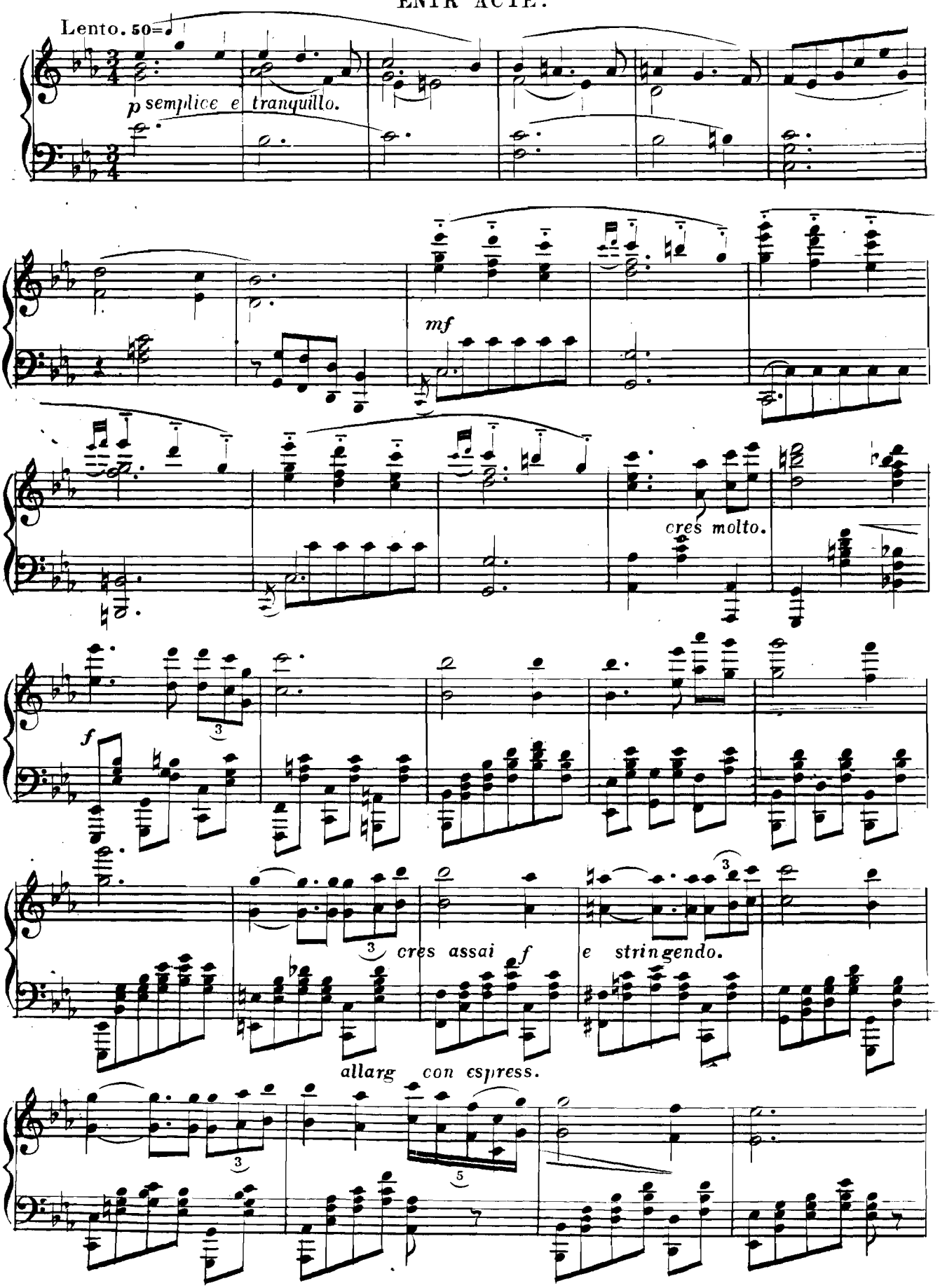

strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe?
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe?
strife have ne'er an end With-in this world of woe?
strife have ne'er an end With - in this world of woe?
strife have ne'er an end With - in this world of woe?
strife have ne'er an end With - in this world of woe?
rall.
stand. Her nuptials long since plan'd That contract now must stand.
Her nup tials long since plan'd That con - tract now must stand.
share. The King who promis'd fair, Her throne with me to share.
rall.
The King who prom is'd fair, Her throne with him to share.
fff

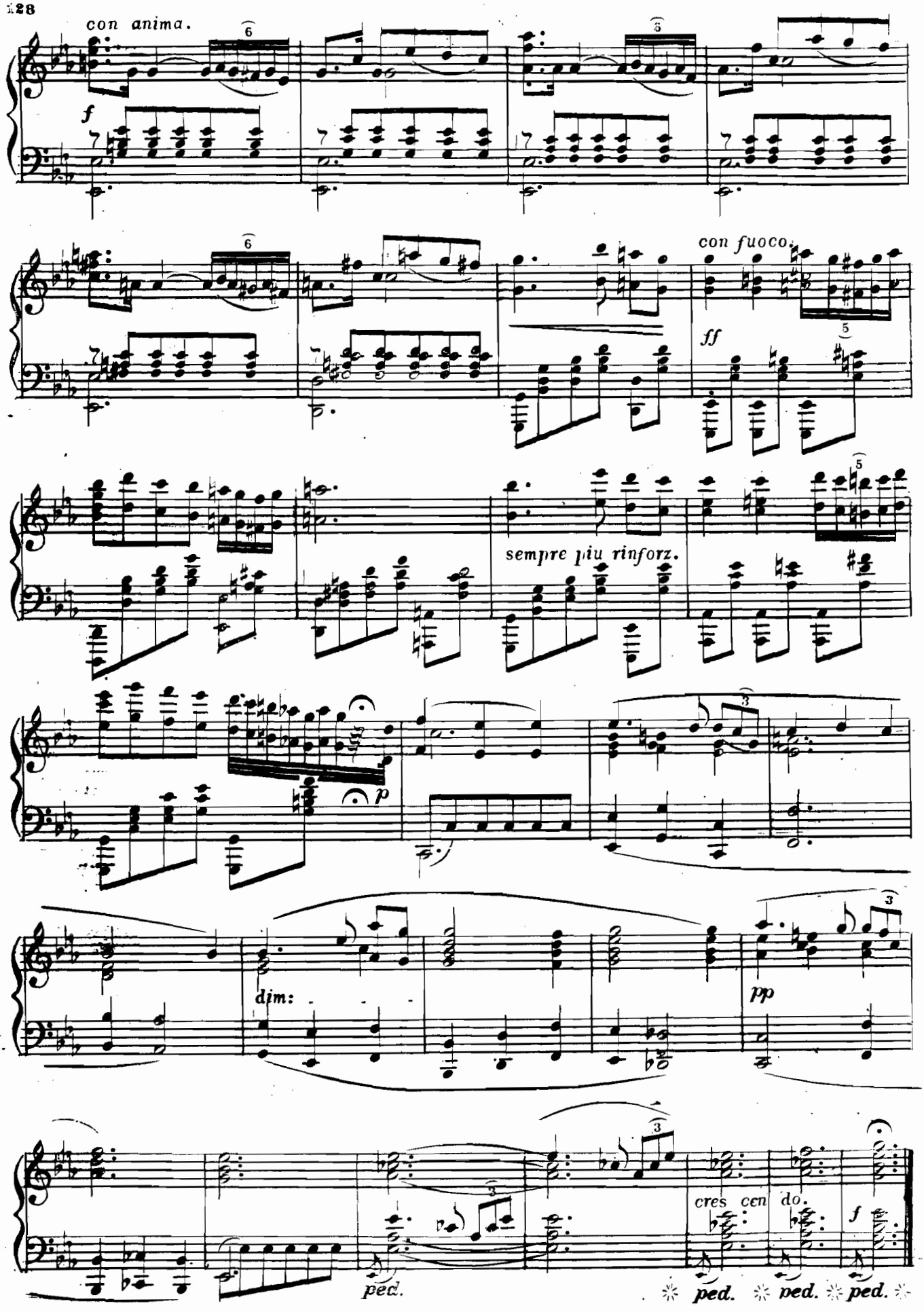


END OF SECOND ACT.

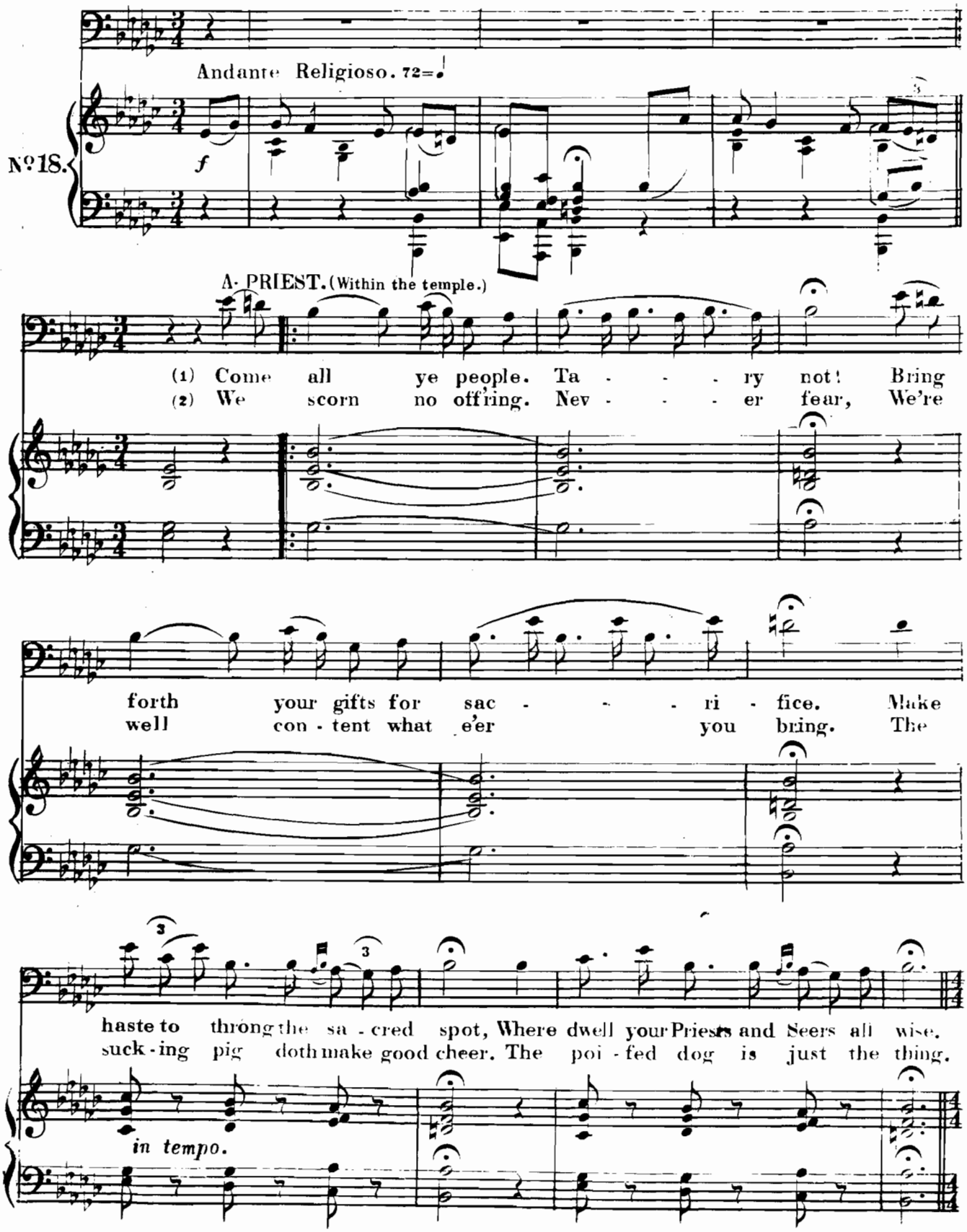
ACT III.

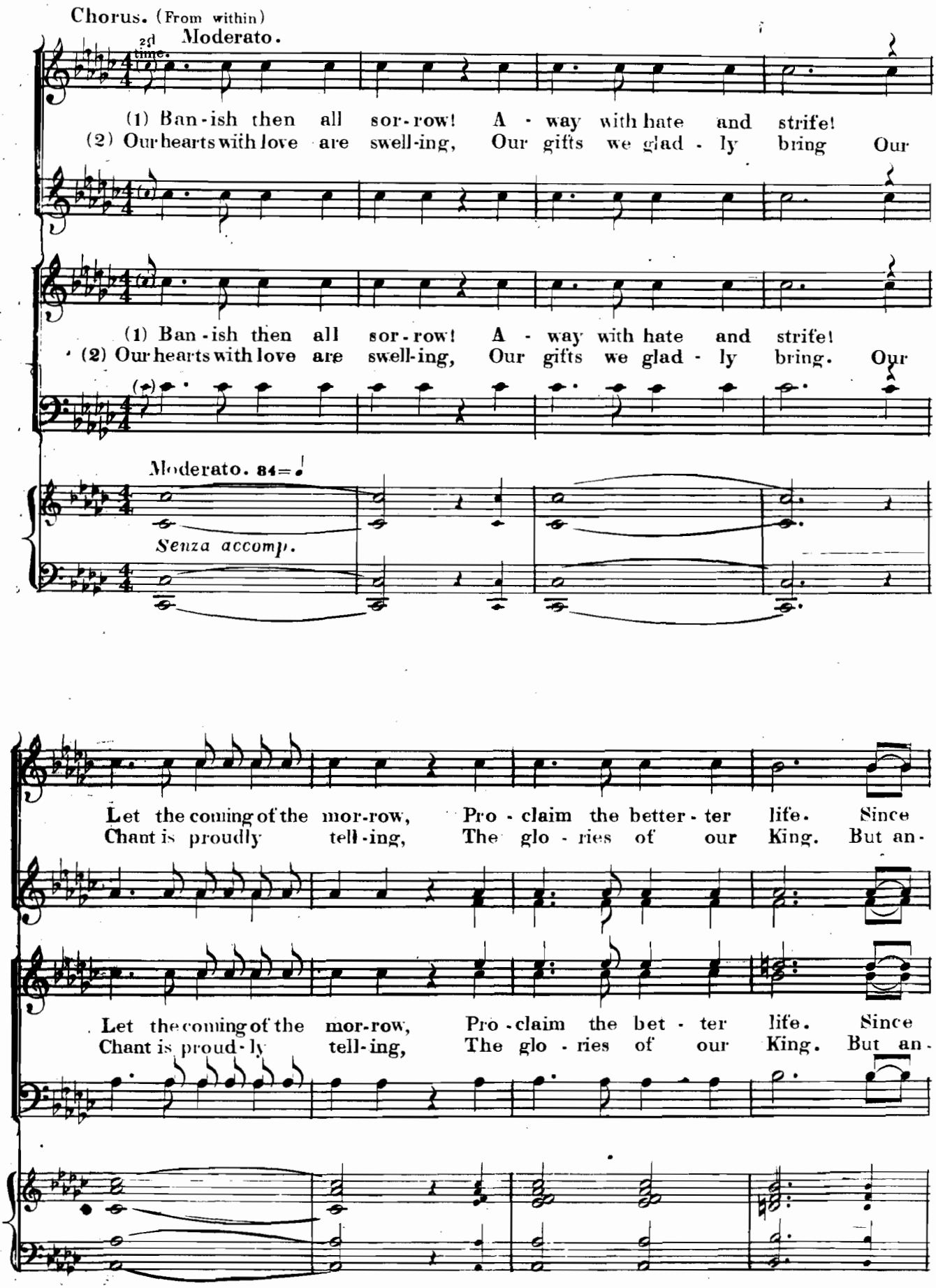
ENTR 'ACTE.




con anima.
f
con fuoco.
ff
sempre più rinforz.
p
dim:
pp
cres cen do.
f
ped.
ped.
ped.
ped.

COME ALL YE PEOPLE.




Chorus. (From within)
2d time.
Moderato.
(1) Ban-ish then all sor-row! A-way with hate and strife!
(2) Our hearts with love are swell-ing, Our gifts we glad-ly bring Our
(1) Ban-ish then all sor-row! A-way with hate and strife!
(2) Our hearts with love are swell-ing, Our gifts we glad-ly bring. Our
Moderato. 84=♩
Senza accomp.
Let the coming of the mor-row, Pro-claim the better-ter life. Since
Chant is proudly tell-ing, The glo-ries of our King. But an-
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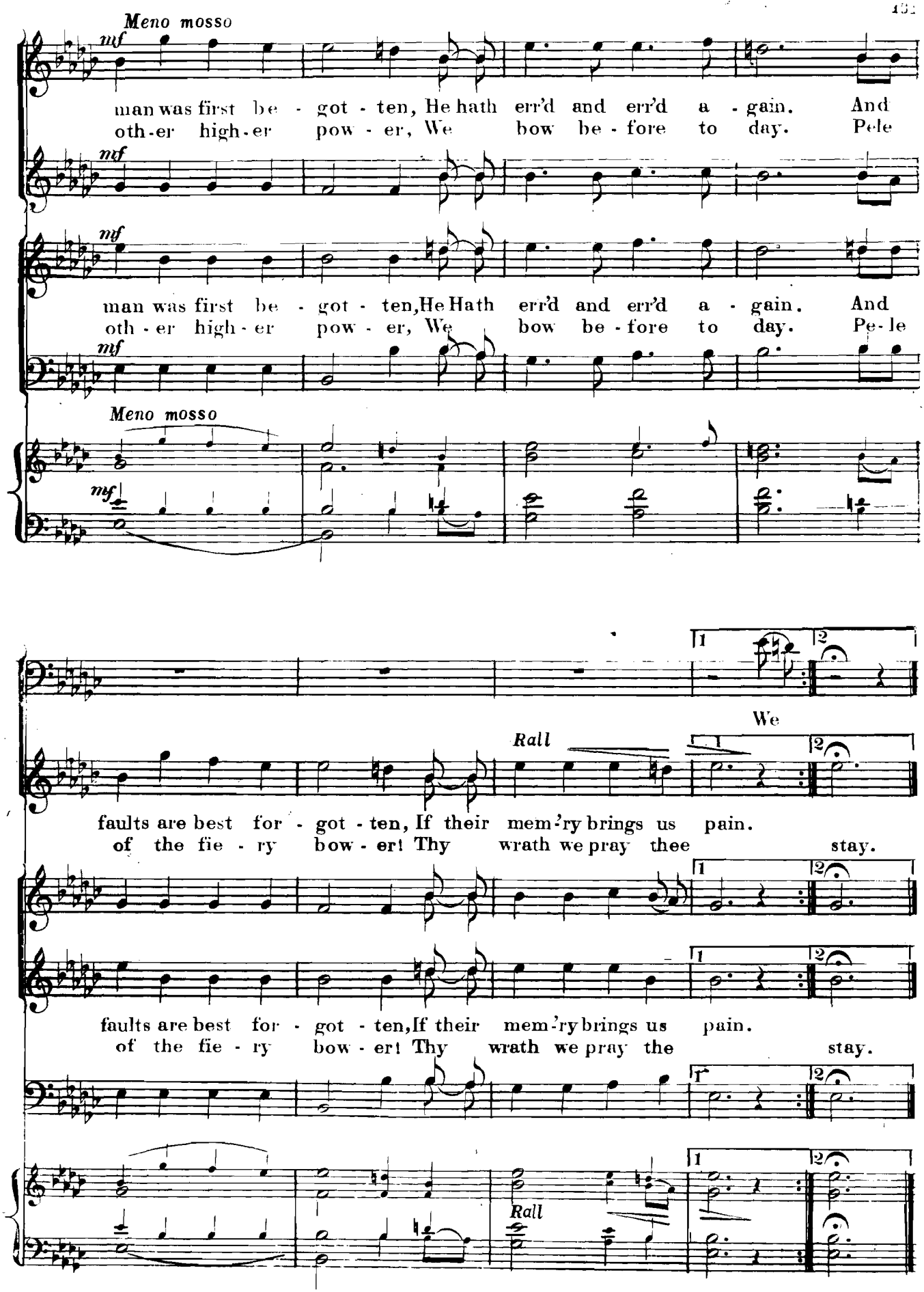
Chant is proud-ly tell-ing, The glo-ries of our King. But an-


Meno mosso
mf
man was first be - got - ten, He hath err'd and err'd a - gain. And
oth-er high-er pow - er, We bow be - fore to day. Pele
mf
man was first be - got - ten, He Hath err'd and err'd a - gain. And
oth - er high - er pow - er, We bow be - fore to day. Pe-le
mf
Meno mosso
mf
1
2
We
Rall
faults are best for - got - ten, If their mem'ry brings us pain.
of the fie - ry bow - er! Thy wrath we pray thee stay.
faults are best for - got - ten, If their mem'ry brings us pain.
of the fie - ry bow - er! Thy wrath we pray the stay.
Rall

WHAT A PRETTY MESS IVE MADE.

Allegretto. 80=♩

No 19.

f

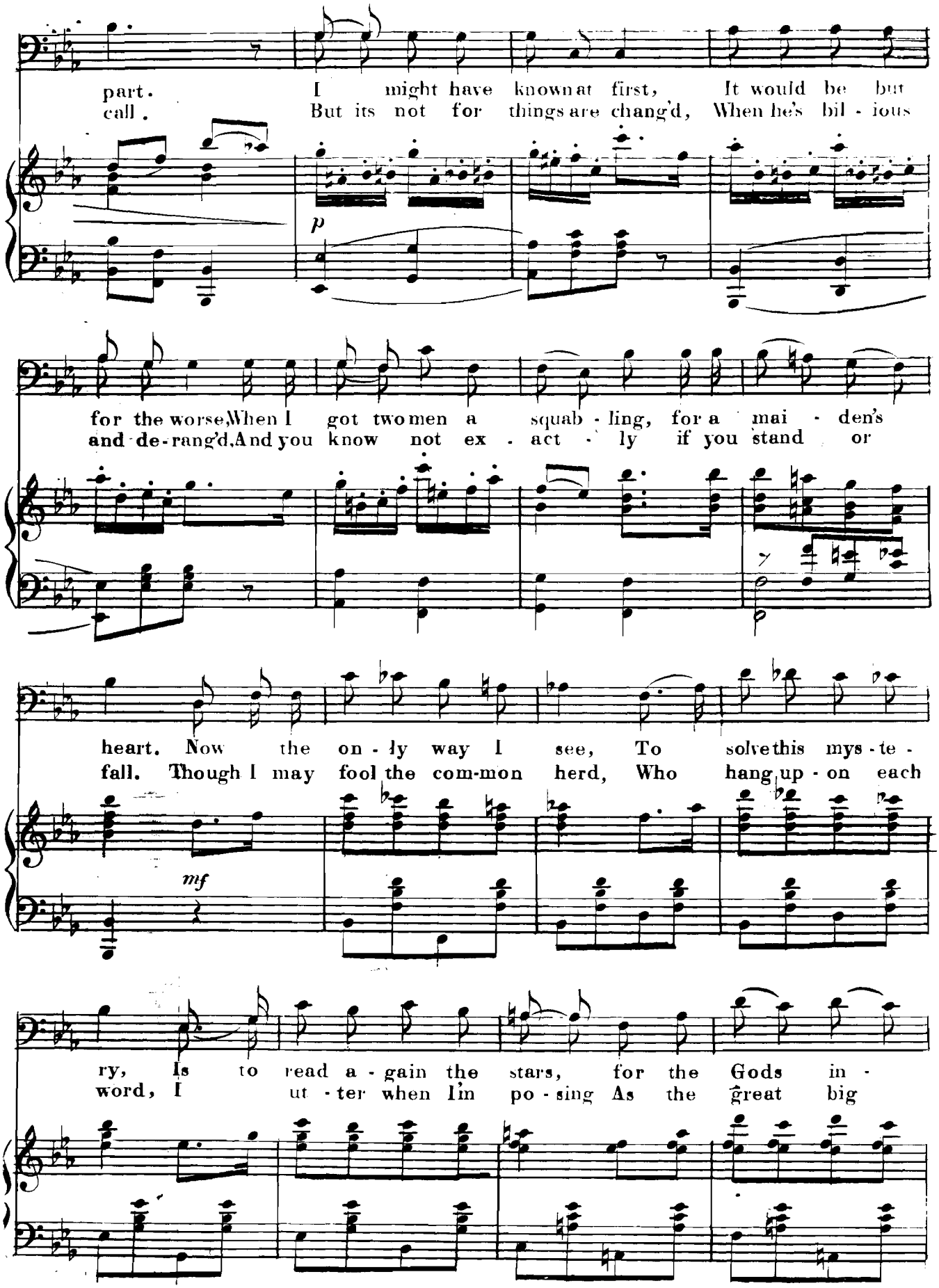
(Enter Koko Bola)

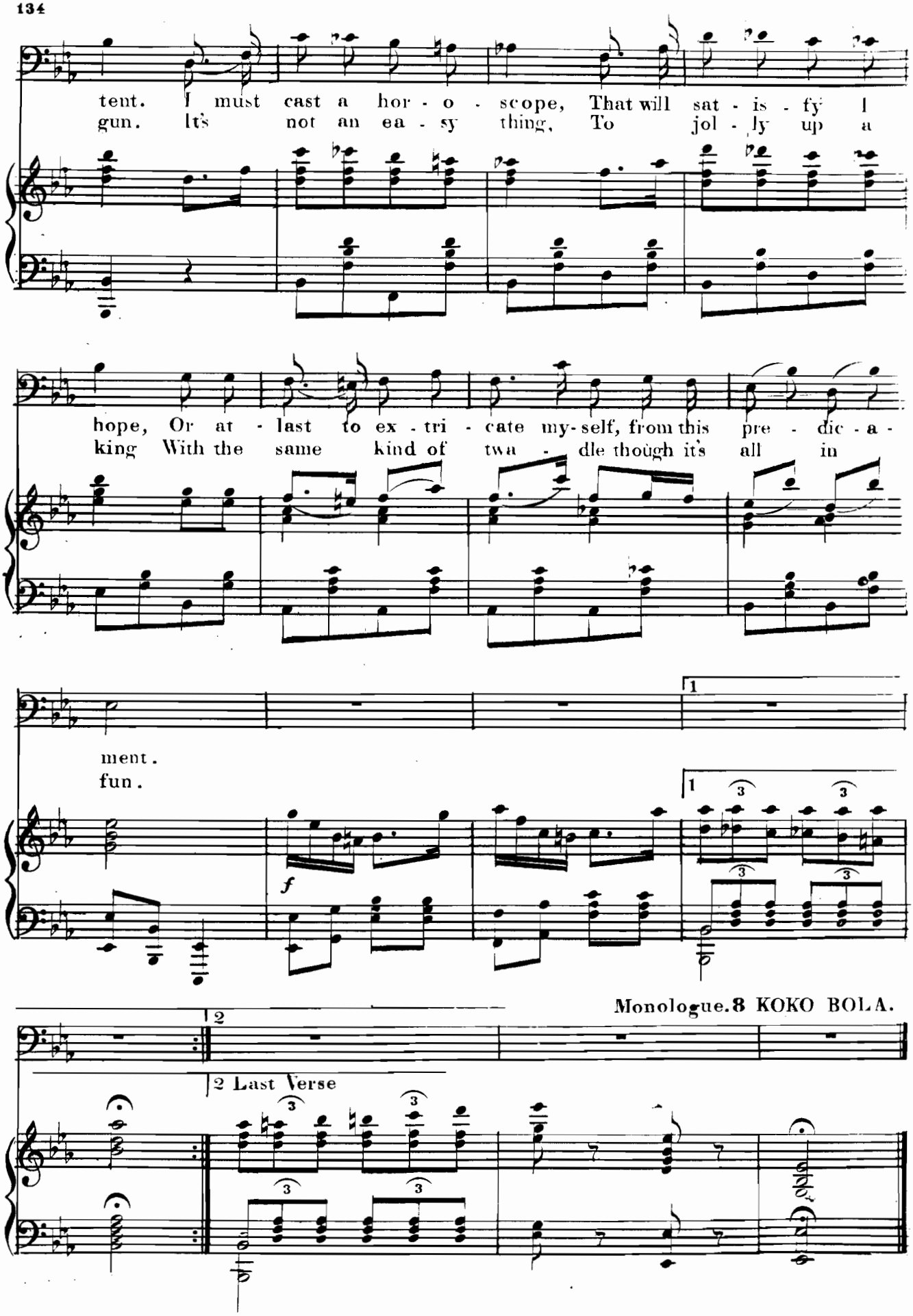
KOKO BOLA.

(1) What a pret - ty mess I've made, What a sil - ly
(2) You may think it quite se - cure, To hold a

p

game I've played, By the things of earth and heav'n, not keep - ing a -
sin - e - cure, To wait up - on a king be rea-dy at his

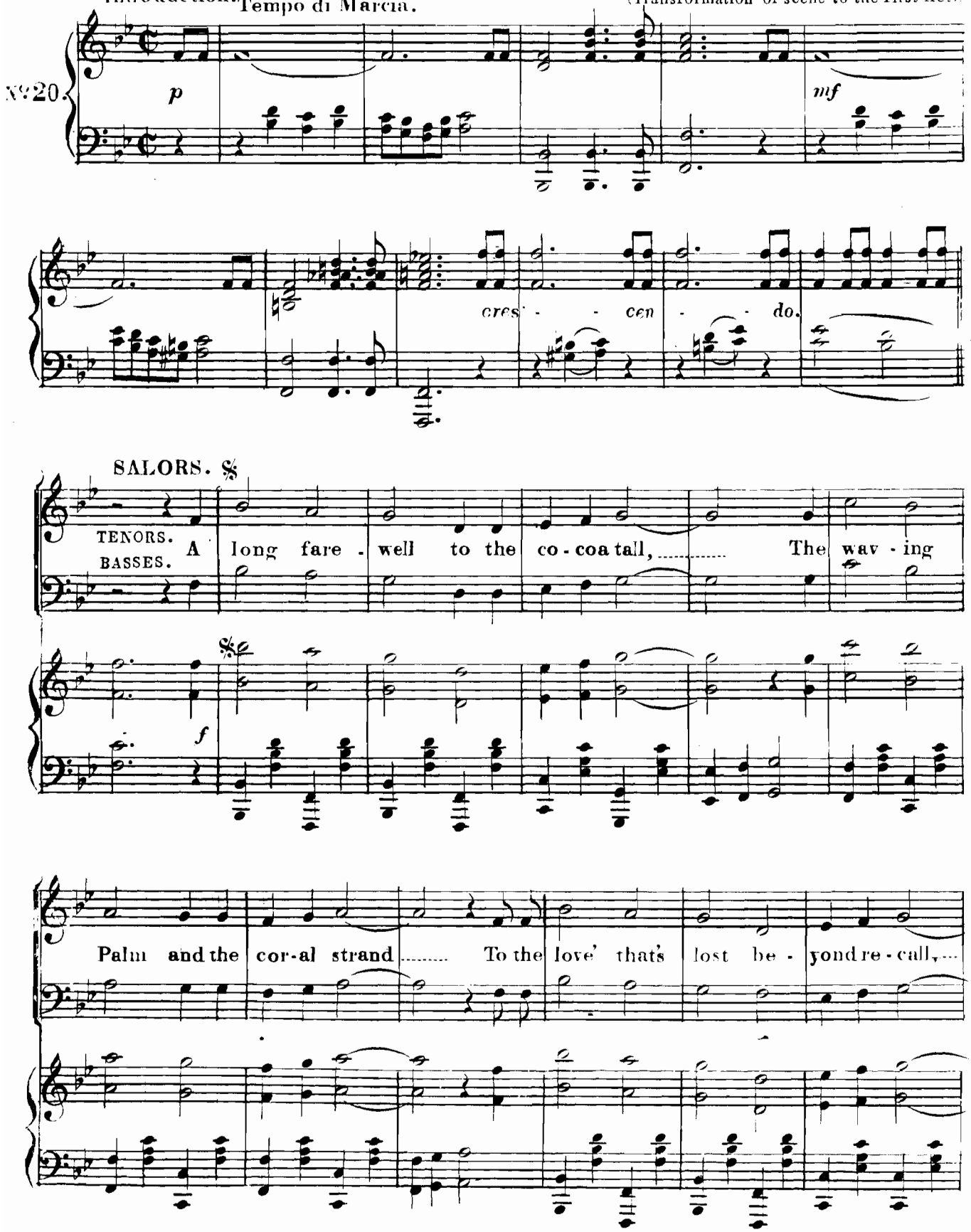

part. I might have known at first, It would be but
call. But its not for things are chang'd, When he's bil - ious
p
for the worse, When I got two men a squab - ling, for a mai - den's
and de-rang'd, And you know not ex - act - ly if you stand or
heart. Now the on - ly way I see, To solve this mys - te -
fall. Though I may fool the com-mon herd, Who hang up - on each
mf
ry, Is to read a - gain the stars, for the Gods in -
word, I ut - ter when I'm po - sing As the great big

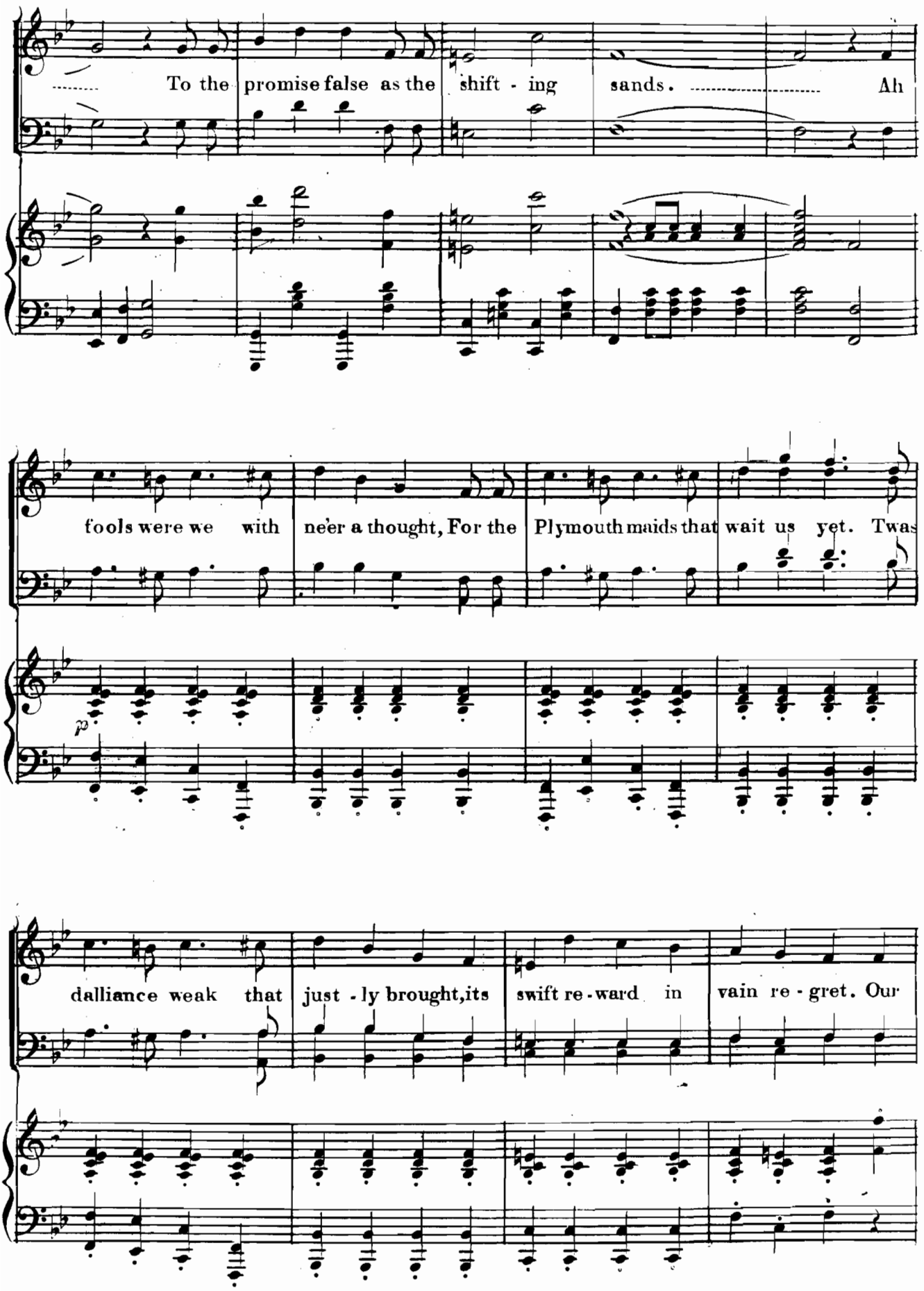

tent. I must cast a hor - o - scope, That will sat - is - fy I
gun. It's not an ea - sy thing, To jol - ly up a
hope, Or at - last to ex - tri - cate my-self, from this pre - dic - a -
king With the same kind of twa - dle though it's all in
ment.
fun.
1
2
2 Last Verse
Monologue. 8 KOKO BOLA.

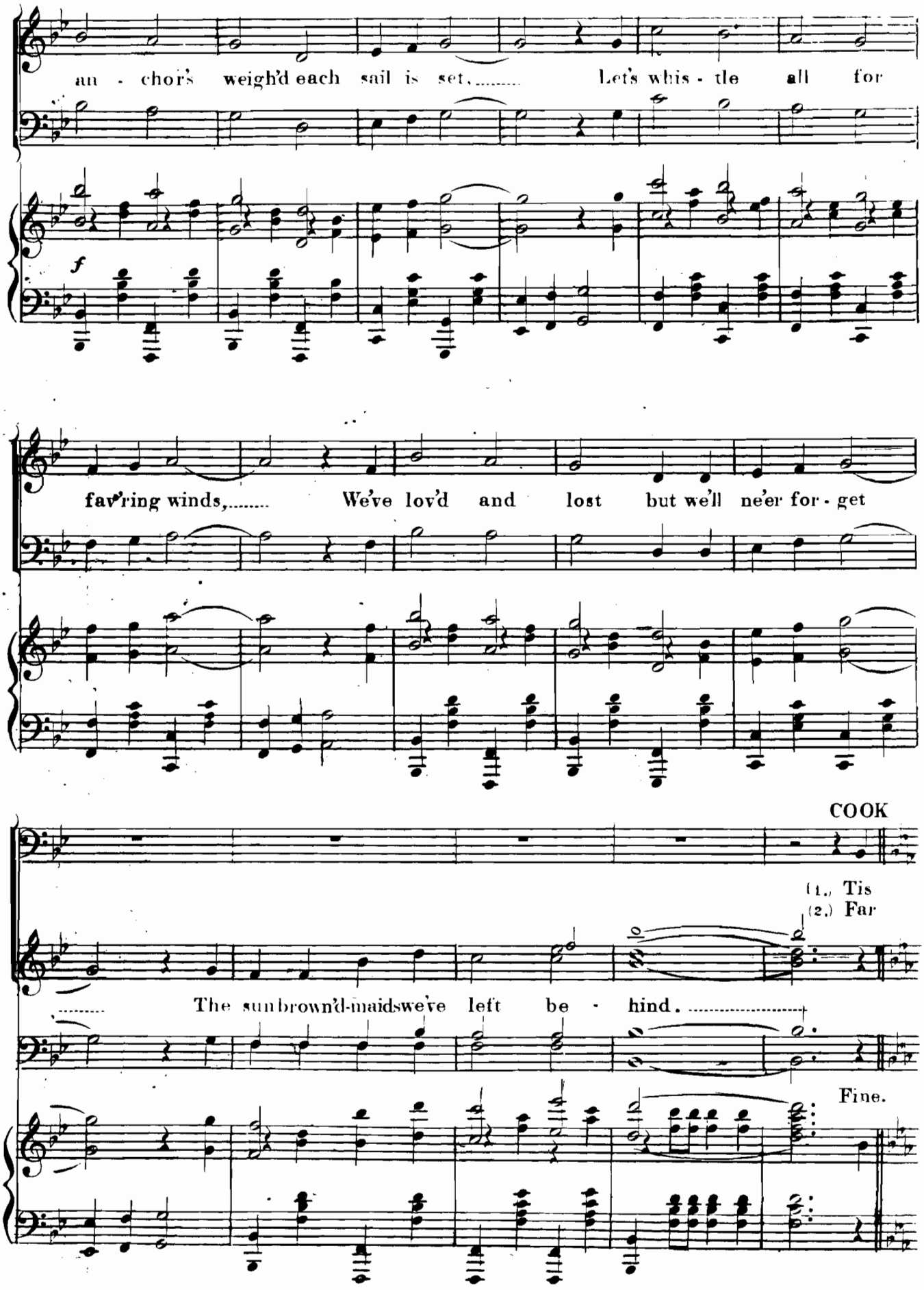
A LONG FAREWELL.

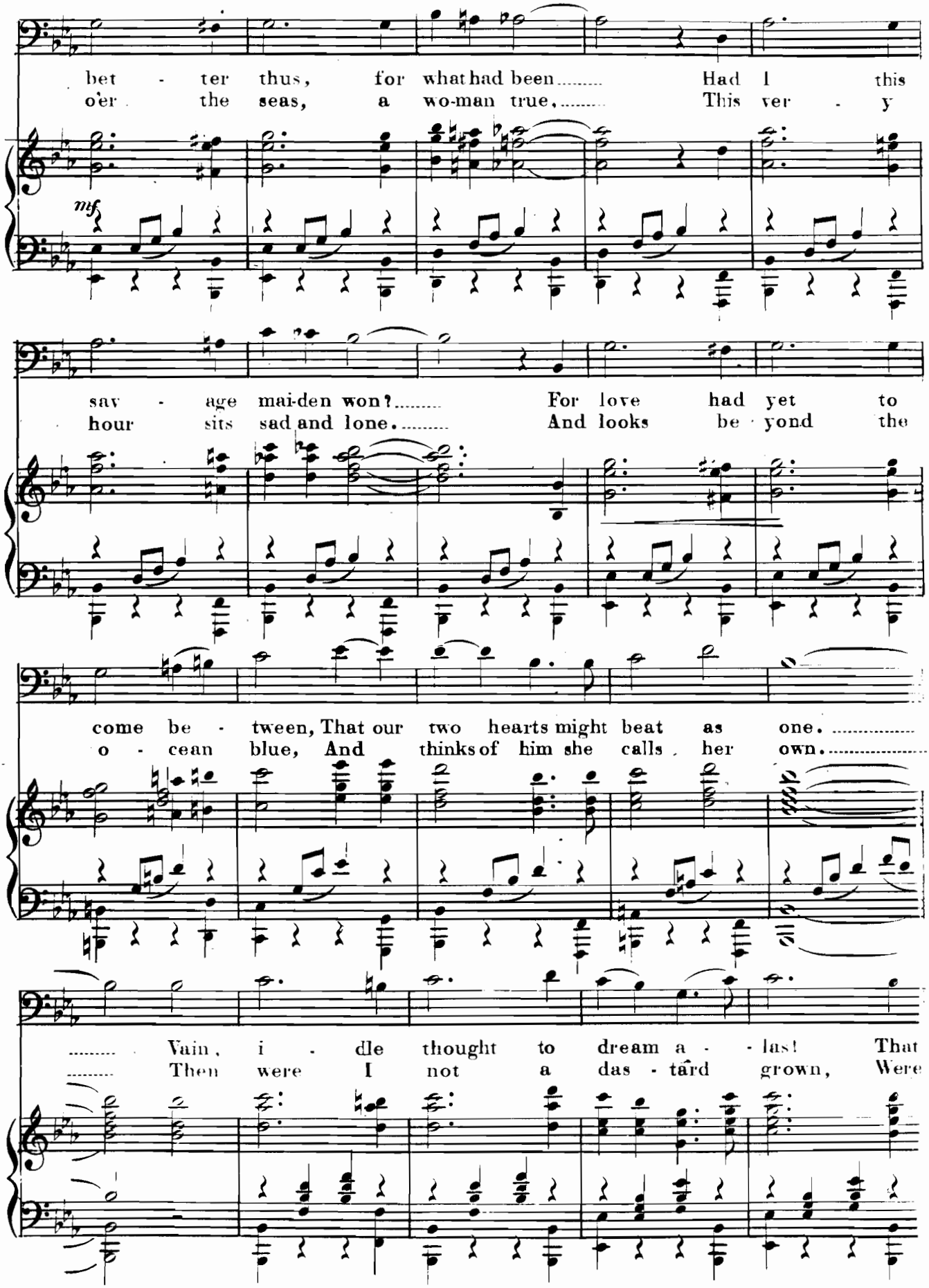
Chorus of SAILORS and COOKS Solo.

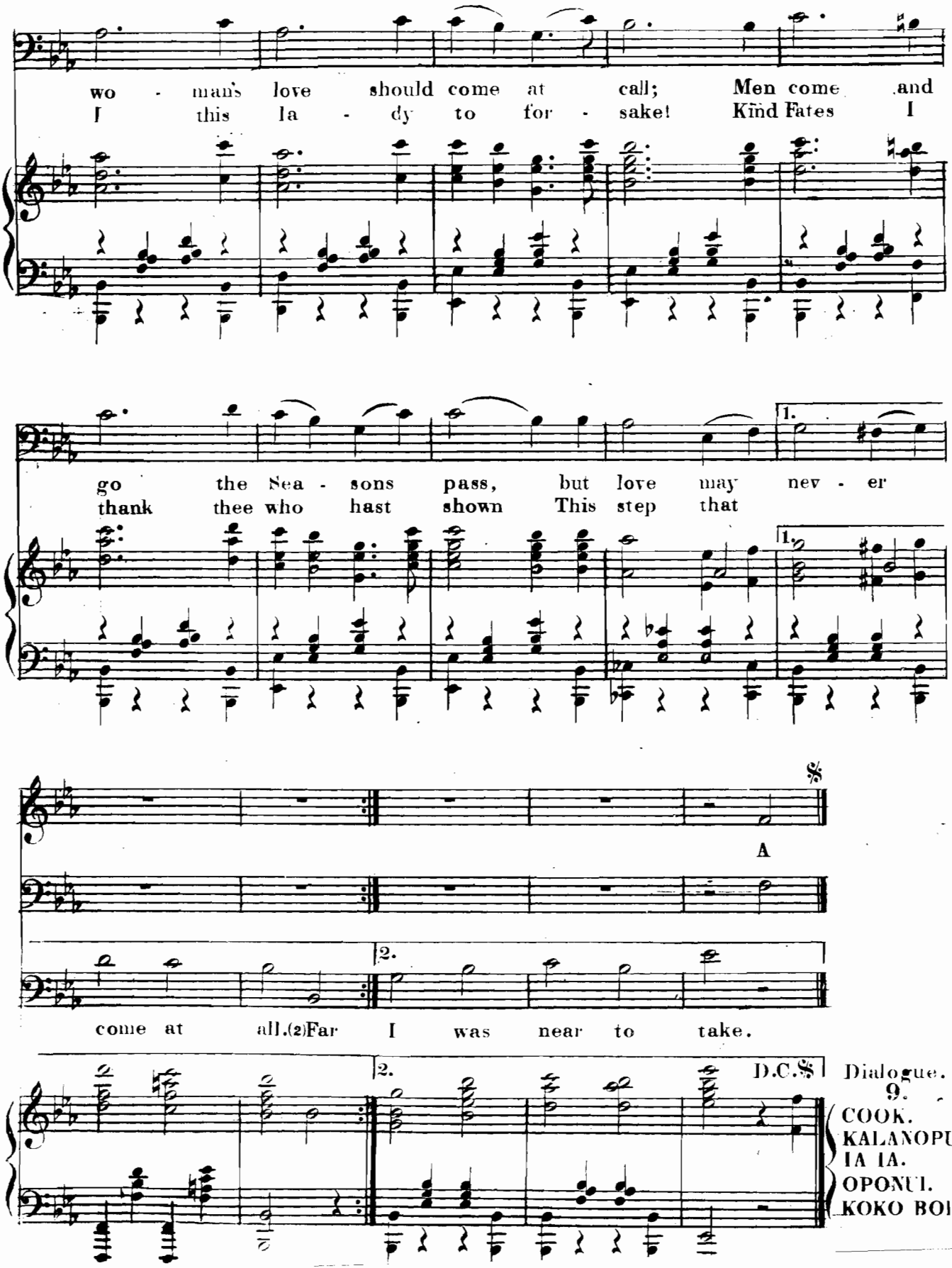
Introduction. Tempo di Marcia. (Transformation of scene to the First Act.)




To the promise false as the shift - ing sands. Ah
fools were we with ne'er a thought, For the Plymouth maids that wait us yet. Twas
p
dalliance weak that just - ly brought, its swift re - ward in vain re - gret. Our


an - chor's weigh'd each sail is set, Let's whis - tle all for
f
fav'ring winds, We've lov'd and lost but we'll ne'er for - get
COOK
(1.) Tis
(2.) Far
The sunbrown'd-maids we've left be - hind.
Fine.

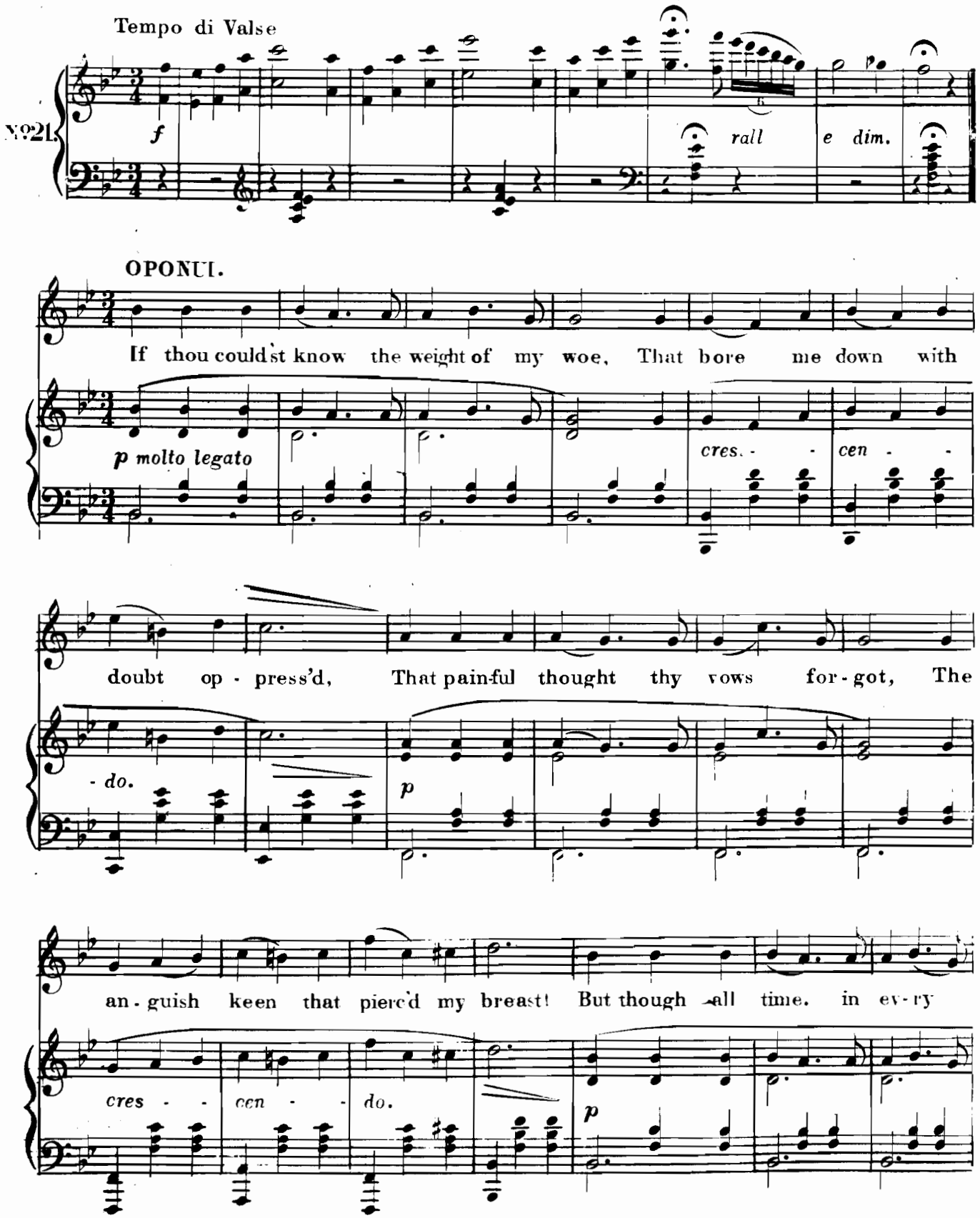

bet - ter thus, for what had been..... Had I this
o'er the seas, a wo-man true,..... This ver - y
mf
sav - age mai-den won?..... For love had yet to
hour sits sad and lone..... And looks be yond the
come be - tween, That our two hearts might beat as one.....
o - cean blue, And thinks of him she calls her own.....
..... Vain, i - dle thought to dream a - - last! That
..... Then were I not a das - tard grown, Were

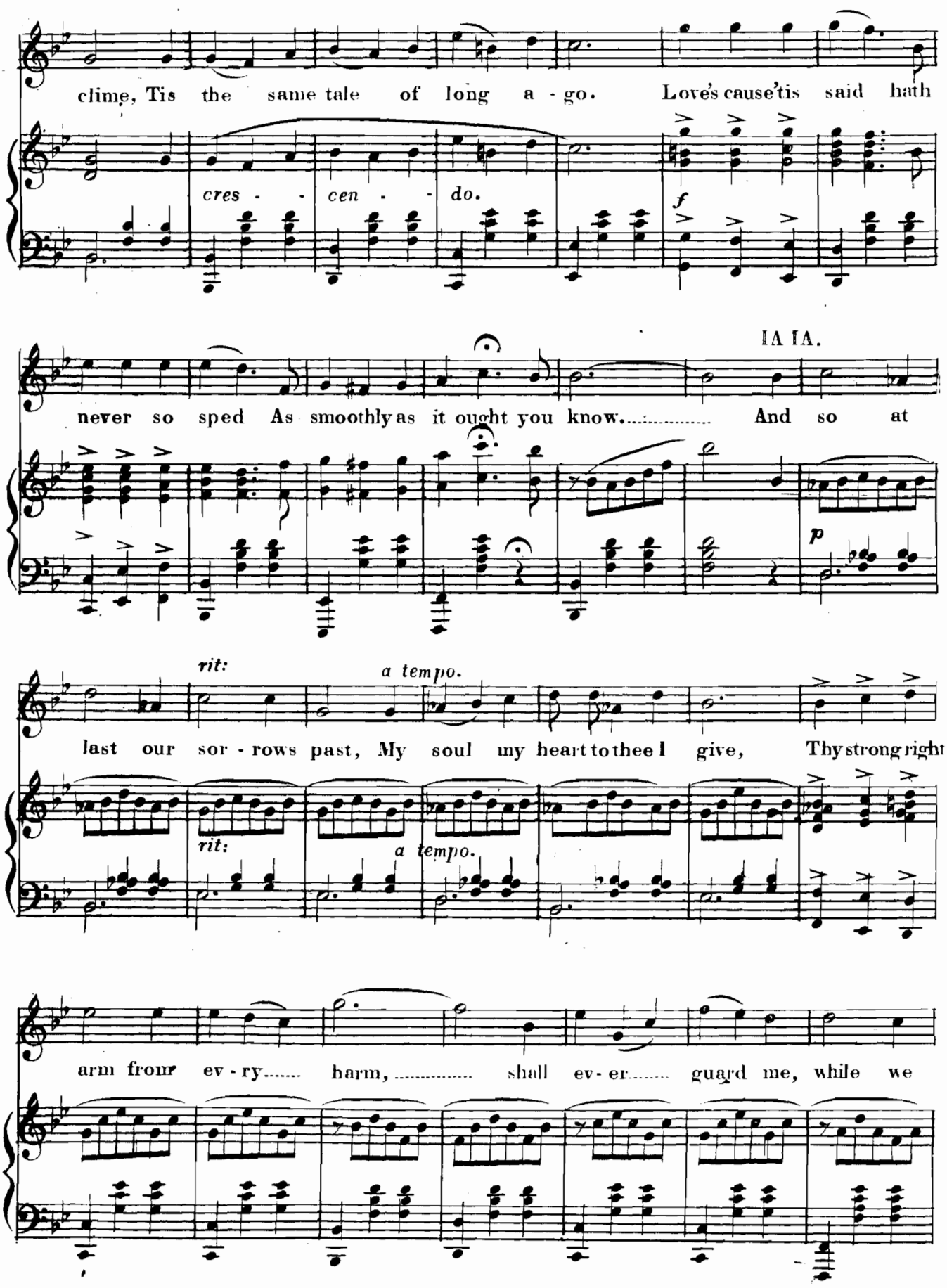

wo - man's love should come at call; Men come and
I this la - dy to for - sake! Kind Fates I
go the Sea - sons pass, but love may nev - er
thank thee who hast shown This step that
1.
A
come at all.(2)Far I was near to take.
2.
D.C.$
Dialogue.
9.
COOK.
KALANOPUU.
IA IA.
OPONUI.
KOKO BOLA.

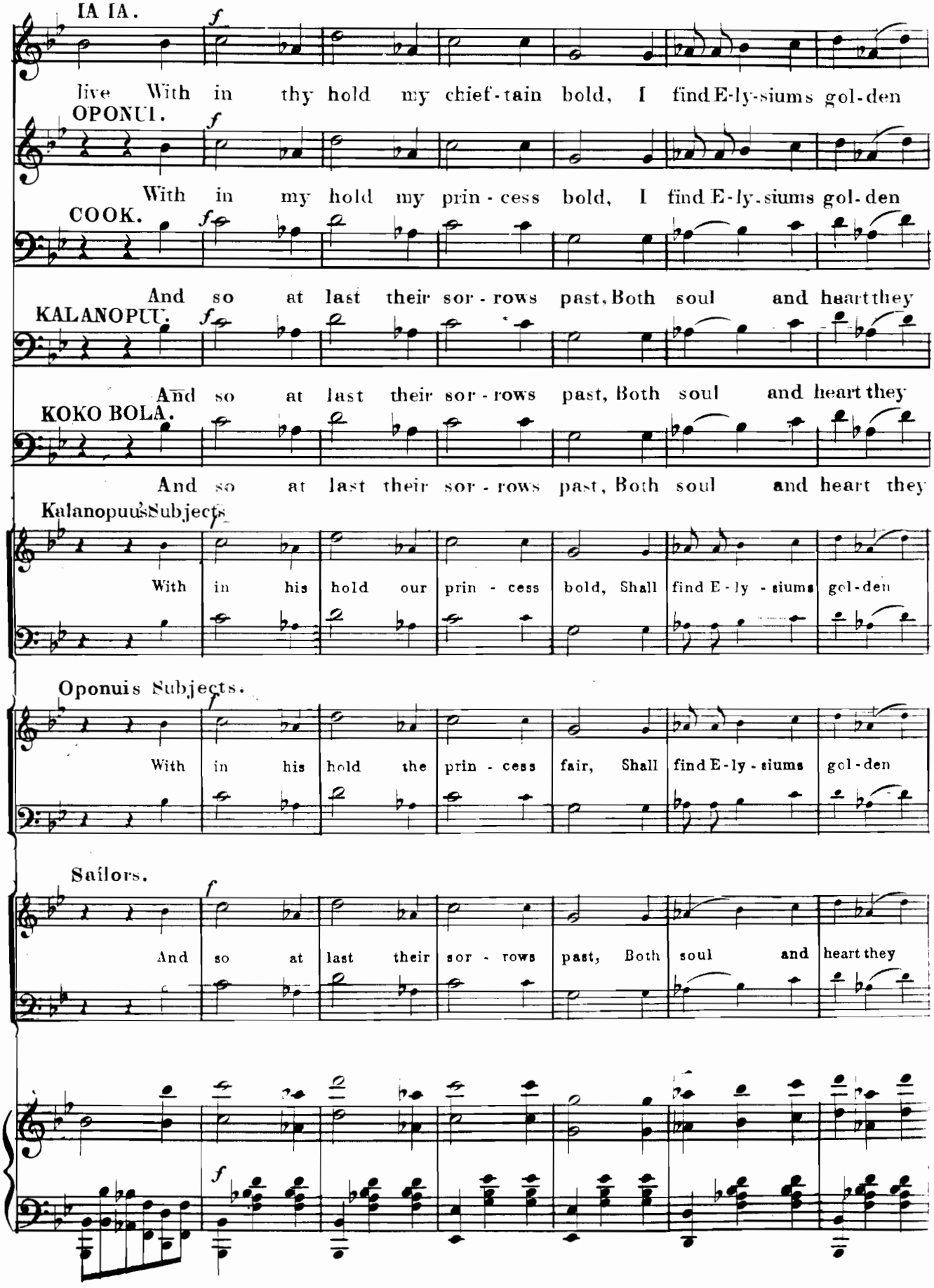
FINALE.

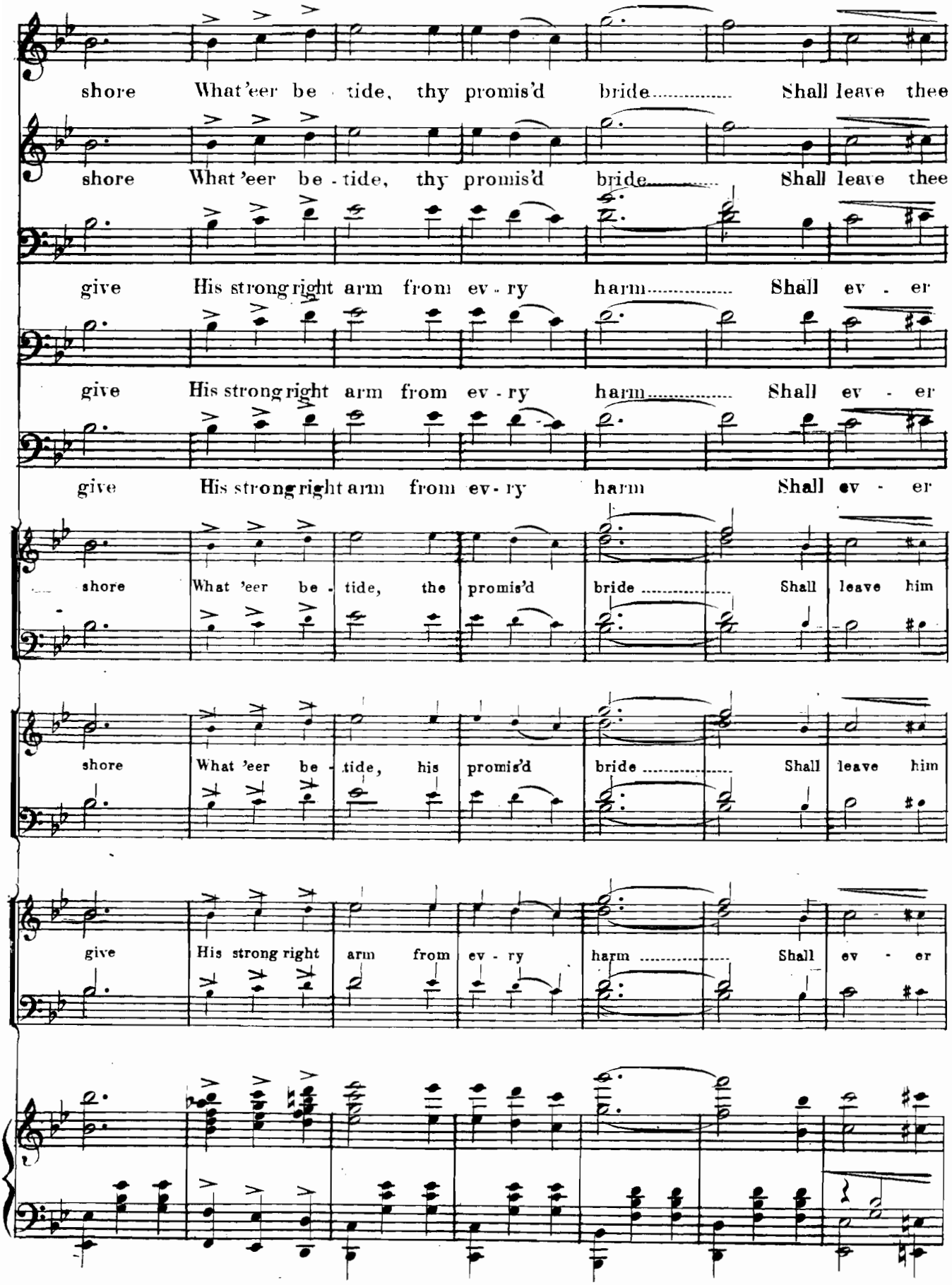
IF THOU COULD'ST KNOW.

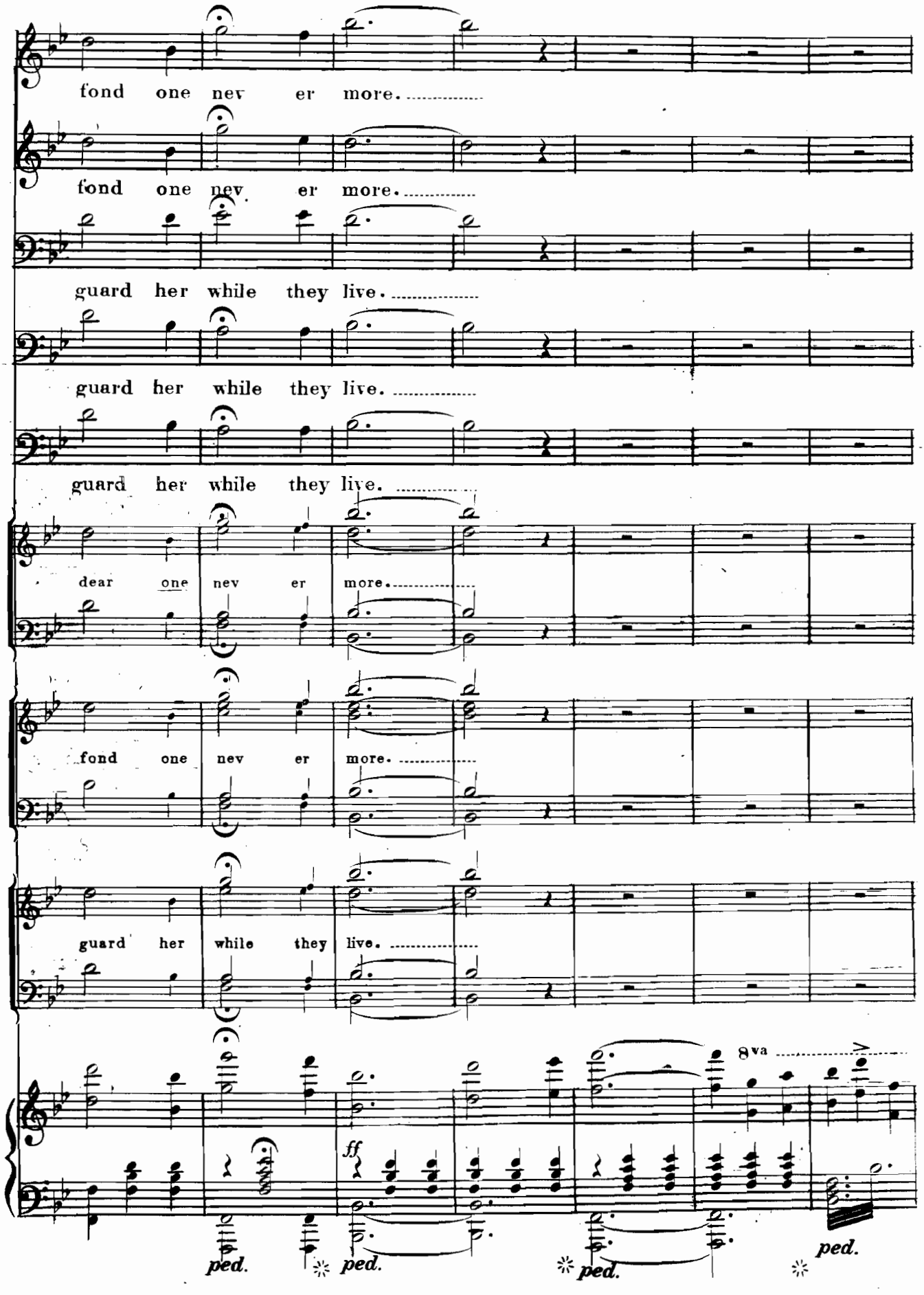
OPONUI, IA IA, KALANOPUU and Subjects, COOK and Sailors, and OPONUI Followers.

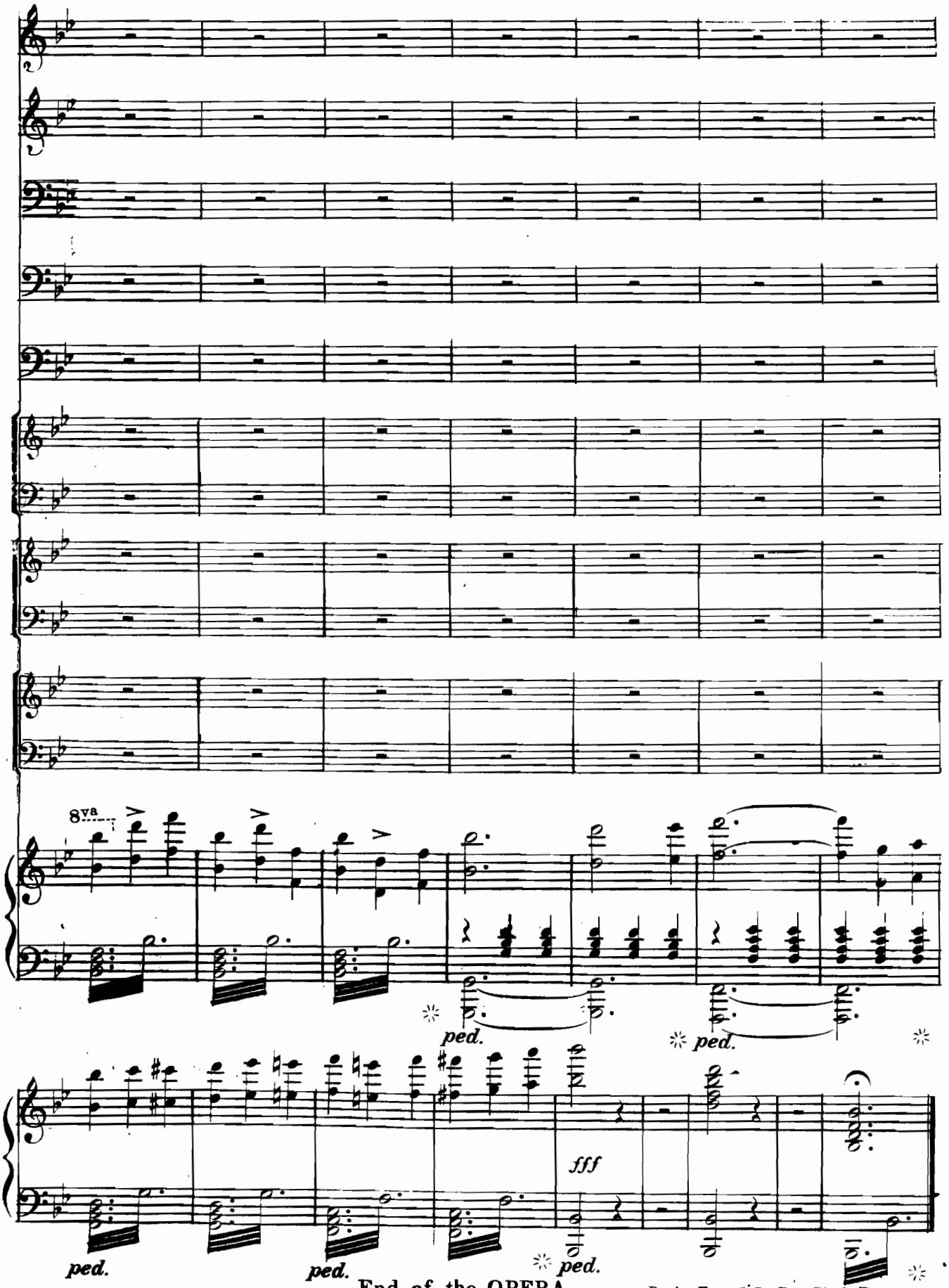



clime, Tis the same tale of long a - go. Love's cause 'tis said hath
cres - - cen - - do.
f
IA IA.
never so sped As smoothly as it ought you know..... And so at
p
rit:
a tempo.
last our sor - rows past, My soul my heart to thee I give, Thy strong right
rit:
a tempo.
arm from ev - ry..... harm, ... shall ev - er..... guard me, while we


IA IA.
f
live With in thy hold my chief-tain bold, I find E-ly-siums gol-den
OPONUI.
f
With in my hold my prin-cess bold, I find E-ly-siums gol-den
COOK.
f
And so at last their sor-rows past, Both soul and heart they
KALANOPUU.
f
And so at last their sor-rows past, Both soul and heart they
KOKO BOLA.
And so at last their sor-rows past, Both soul and heart they
Kalanopuu's Subjects.
f
With in his hold our prin-cess bold, Shall find E-ly-siums gol-den
Oponui's Subjects.
f
With in his hold the prin-cess fair, Shall find E-ly-siums gol-den
Sailors.
f
And so at last their sor-rows past, Both soul and heart they
f


shore What 'eer be - tide, thy promis'd bride Shall leave thee
shore What 'eer be - tide, thy promis'd bride Shall leave thee
give His strong right arm from ev - ry harm Shall ev - er
give His strong right arm from ev - ry harm Shall ev - er
give His strong right arm from ev - ry harm Shall ev - er
shore What 'eer be - tide, the promis'd bride Shall leave him
shore What 'eer be - tide, his promis'd bride Shall leave him
give His strong right arm from ev - ry harm Shall ev - er


fond one nev er more.
fond one nev er more.
guard her while they live.
guard her while they live.
guard her while they live.
dear one nev er more.
fond one nev er more.
guard her while they live.
8va
ff
ped.
ped.
ped.
ped.



End of the OPERA

Burke Engr 5 Le Roy Pl. S.F. Calif.

DIALOGUE

— OF THE —

ROMANTIC HISTORICAL OPERA

Captain Cook

LIBRETTO BY SANDS W. FORMAN — MUSIC BY NOAH BRANDT

ACT I—SCENE 1.

A sandy beach and coral strand in the foreground; in the back, a stretch of water and the two ships of CAPT. COOK—the Resolute and Discovery—at anchor; high sterns, and with rows of small windows aft, according to the manner of ships of the time. The extreme background, a drop, showing the volcano Mauna Loa in the far distance with puffs of smoke ascending from same at regular intervals. On the same drop, nearer down towards beach, great palms and cocoa trees, and other tropical verdure.

The Boatswain, the Ship's Surgeon, a Lieutenant of Marines, and Seamen; also, a squad of Marines.

Dialogue 1.

MAIRLEY. So ho, so ho, there shipmates. Its bawling again the same old song, is it? Always the winds and storms, and the lasses left behind. Why, brace up, my hearties—brace up and belay. The storms are bound to come, the winds to blow, and the lassies to play you false.

[All turn to him murmuring words of dissent.]

THE LIEUTENANT OF MARINES. Not so Not so, you old croaker. What lassie anyway could ever be true to you, you rusty old marlinspike?

MAIRLEY. To me, is it? To me, the once handsome Mairley? Aye, mark ye lads. I've had my day among 'em, and I found 'em all alike. Fond enough, indeed, when you're in port and your wallet well filled; but false, aye false and forgetful, when you're away and afloat. And yet, you lubbers, you would bellow and would blubber about these frail but false syrens.

[He sings, "Well, I never saw a lubber," etc.]

Dialogue 2

[Entrance of CAPT. COOK.]

CUPPLES. Look alive there, my lads, for as I live the gallant Captain comes sailing shoreward in his gig with the ship's company following. Stand ready to salute.

[They all fall in and stand ready to receive him. He comes ashore and says:]

Dialogue 3.

CAPT. COOK. Well, by all that's good, friend Cupples, you have indeed picked out a pleasant landing. All nature smiles in this sweet spot, and after the many months of our rude buffeting, I feel as though I could linger here for many a day to come.

CUPPLES. It is indeed, my Captain, a most gracious haven, and if the signs belie not themselves, we may find here an abundant supply of wood and water, and methinks me too of fruit and the other products of the soil to which we have too long been comparative strangers.

CAPT. COOK. Pray you, good Cupples, your guess be not amiss, for right sore need have we of the supplies of which you speak. Let's you and I then tarry here awhile, and in the meantime have the men go forward in search of what we need.

[To Mairley.] Ho there, Master Mairley. You and your men advance into the forest, fill your casks, gather what provender you can, and return to this spot when you have done your work, or before, if the signal gun should call you. Be wary, Master Mairley, for you know not what dangers may lurk in unknown places.

MAIRLEY. Aye, aye, Captain. I'll keep an eye to every quarter, and if old Mairley's caught napping, it will be the first time in all his forty years of cruising. Take up your casks, mates, and forward.

[Exit all but COOK and the Surgeon, the crew singing as they go, "Heave ho and Haul."]

Dialogue 4.

CAPT. COOK and CUPPLES.

CAPT. COOK. And now, friend Cupples, that we are left for a time to ourselves, let's cast us down and drink in the pleasure of this gorgeous scene.

[They seat themselves upon the sward.]

COOK (continuing). How grand indeed is all about us. How blue the skies, how pure the air, and the lofty, heaven-piercing mountains seem to stand like mighty monitors o'er all about us. Why, look you there [pointing to the volcano], if

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Dialogue 4.

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[They seat themselves upon the sward.]

COOK (continuing). How grand indeed is all about us. How blue the skies, how pure the air, and the lofty, heaven-piercing mountains seem to stand like mighty monitors o'er all about us. Why, look you there [pointing to the volcano], if

mine eyes deceive me not, that one must be a chimney for the inward fires, for as I live it belches smoke at every throb.

[They pause for a time and gaze amazed. The sounds of a chant are heard in the distance, the natives not yet appearing.]

CUPPLES. Why, as I live, methinks I hear the echo of some strange chant coming from yonder wood. Why, what can it be?

CAPT. COOK. And I too, good Cupples, doth hear it now. 'Tis not our people, for no British sailor e'er sang such song as that.

CUPPLES. No, 'tis rather the song of some savage race—some weird and melancholy chant of sacrifice—and if I mistake me not it comes nearer to us now. Let us withdraw a pace and see what follows.

[They stand aside as the sacrificial procession of natives enters on the stage.]

Dialogue 5.

[CAPTAIN COOK to KALANOPUU.]

CAPT. COOK. Right well and fair dost thou address me, Great King, and I believe full well that thou dost speak the truth. But why would'st thou that I should share thy throne? Thou surely canst rule as well alone?

THE KING. Aye, fair stranger, and so I can; but what the gods have ordered that must we obey, and long since, speaking out of the mouths of their soothsayers, aye, even from the lips of the wise and pious Koko Bola here, our friend—

[Koko Bola here bows low, and grimaces aside.]

have they foretold thy coming, and ordained the sharing of my throne.

CAPT. COOK. But, my good brother and mighty King, this is too much. Your friendship doth o'erpower me.

THE KING. Too much, too much! Nay, how could too much be done the chosen of the gods? But more there is in store for thee and thine. Seest thou there the lovely Ia Ia, the royal Princess, daughter mine. She, too, shall be thy bride.

[IA IA blushing and striving to hide her confusion by retiring partially amid the maidens about her.]

Yes, the most graceful Fern Leaf in all the land I give to thee to be thy Queen.

[COOK gazes eagerly at IA IA, who, becoming emboldened, returns his glances.]

MAIRLEY (in an aside to his fellows). Well, my mates, what do you think of it all? Surely if the Captain is going to be a god, what are we, his followers? Why arn't we angels as well? Why, I can feel the wings sprouting between my shoulders already. Let's make acquaintance amid this heavenly company.

[The sailors laugh loudly and begin to mingle with the native maidens, who take to their advances kindly.]

THE KING. And thy followers, too, may choose among this beauteous company for their mates, for have not the gods ordained that thee and thine should share of all we have?

CAPT. COOK. But how know'st thou that I may find favor with the lovely Princess; and how may I know if her heart be not given to another?

CUPPLES (aside). Mark ye now, but the skipper's coming on. 'Tis a lucky thing indeed for him he's so many leagues from Plymouth and the lovely Mistress Cook.

MAIRLEY (aside). And it's a lucky thing for you, too, old Sawbones,

[Cupples, too, has been making up to a dusky maiden.]

that you, too, are just as far away.

[Looking about he sees that all the crew have singled out a maiden, save himself.]

Well, on my soul, if I'm not the only bachelor among them.

[He sidles up to the oldest and homeliest of the nat

As the angels are pairing off, I'll make one of the heavenly crew myself. Come hither, pretty maiden, for I too have a pretty tale to pour into thine ears.

[They retire evidently much pleased with the strang

CAPT. COOK (advancing to IA IA). Thou hast heard the words of the mighty King, thy father, sweet Princess, and not for all the world—for the glory of sharing the [illegible] would I do aught to lacerate thy young heart. But [illegible] now, thou gracious Princess, that I am much taken with [illegible] charms, but if thou lik'st me not, I pray thee [illegible] will importune thee no more.

IA IA. Right kindly spoken are thy words, fair stranger, and right well I honor thee for them, but thou know'st that what the gods have willed, that must we all obey.

CAPT. COOK. In sooth 'tis so, fair Princess, but if thy heart's engaged elsewhere, far be it from me, a true Briton, to compel thee to that thou wouldst not.

IA IA. Nay, press me not farther, for have I not told thee that what the gods and my royal father doth command, that must I obey?

CAPT. COOK. And dost thou think then, my dusky goddess, that thou couldst love me—dost think thy young heart could beat responsive to mine own? Bethink thee, my peerless Ia Ia. I am but a stranger, an acquaintance of an hour.

[Becoming more animated and tender.]

Why who, my darling Fern Leaf, has taught thee now to love? Why, tell me what thou know'st of love

[IA IA sings, "A Fern Leaf grew," etc.]

DIALOGUE.

Dialogue 6.

CAPTAIN COOK. (To Kalanopuu.) Most gracious king, I know not what to say. Right well I learn from the plaintive pleading of thy daughter fair, that already her young heart hath been touched by cupid's dart, and yet e'en now, although I've known her scarce an hour, my soul goes out to her, and right glad were I to call her mine.

KALANOPUU. And so thou shalt—and so thou shalt, my royal brother. What wouldst thou have of me? that I should hearken to the ravings of a love-sick maid. 'Tis but the memory of some girlish meeting that doth vex her youthful mind.

(To IA IA.) Why, daughter mine, art thou not the same obedient child that I have cherished all these years, and wouldst thou not honor the wishes of the gods as well as of thy poor old father?

IA IA. Thy will thou knowest has ever been my law, and what the gods would have, to that must I submit.

CAPT. COOK. Nay, nay, sweet maid. If thy heart be not inclined, think not that I will force thee 'gainst thy will.

KALANOPUU. Tut, tut, I say! Let's have no more of this. My royal word is pledged, and here do I command that if my fair brother so wills, he shall have the Princess for his bride.

CAPT. COOK. If I so will? Why! by all the gods above, I swear me now, that mine every desire cries out for the possession of this beauteous maid.

(To IA IA.) If thou canst bear with me, gracious Princess, right gladly will I link my fate with thine.

IA IA. What the gods have willed and what my sire doth wish, to that I yield. If thou wouldst take me as I am, then I am thine forevermore.

CAPT. COOK. If I would take thee? My precious maid, e'en now I love as ne'er I loved before. Thy sweet humility and submission hath so charmed my heart, that already art thou its mistress and ruler of my every thought. And now, I pray thee, announce to thy maidens and the women of thy train, the pleasing news, that they make for the coming nuptials the proper preparation.

IA IA (turning to her suit.) Know ye then, my sisters—companions of my youth—that I, the Princess Ia Ia, hath chosen for my husband and the guardian of my love, the fair god and stranger who stands beside me.

[She sings, "Sing Your Loudest, etc."]

(End of Act I.)

ACT II—SCENE I.

Dialogue 7.

[Oponui reappears and encounters the soothsayer Koko Bola, who has just finished his song.]

OPONUI. (To Koko Bola.) And so 'tis to you—you hoary-headed trickster; you charlatan; you pious knave—that I owe the loss of my long promised bride; 'tis you, then, who have fooled this weak old man, her father.

KOKO BOLA. (Retreating and protesting by his cringing attitude.) Nay, nay, friend Oponui; I pray thee hold thy temper for awhile and listen.

OPONUI. Hold my temper! dost thou say, thou prating hypocrite? Nay, and if I hold my hand and slay thee not where thou standest, indeed thou hast much to be thankful for.

[Koko Bola falls groveling to the ground, exhibiting every sign of abject fear.]

OPONUI. Now tell me by what hellish art hast thou so far perverted the mind of the fair Princess Ia Ia, that she has consented to become the bride of this pale-faced wanderer? Or hast thou been bought by the presents of this mysterious stranger to do his bidding? Tell me, tell me! thou false-hearted priest, and quickly, too, or by the gods thou dost profane by thy mock homage, I will pierce thy fat paunch with this, my goodly spear, and leave thee here, a fitting banquet for the carrion birds.

KOKO BOLA. (In abject terror.) I pray thee, gallant Prince, bear with me but a while and I will tell thee all. Thou knowst how oft I cast the horoscope and how the gods have favored me—thine humble servant—with their countenance. Well—

OPONUI. Now, by all the powers, if thou dost not cease thy babbling, I know not if I may hold my hand. Talk not to me as thou dost prate to those who know thee not. Come to the point, and let me know why thou hast done this thing.

KOKO BOLA. Well, then, most gracious Prince, the times were dull and dismal and the sacrificial offerings slowly coming in. Then what had I to do? Each day this hitherto well-rounded paunch grew smaller yet. Some festal function I knew was only left to bring the people back to their duty. The strangers came—the ancient prophecy of the coming of the white-faced god was well-remembered by me, and then I saw my opportunity. I knew full well that if I could arrange these nuptials, again the larder of the Priestly temples would be replenished, and again the stomach of the holy Koko Bola would take on its old-time proportions. And, in the midst of all, most gracious Prince, I forgot that she and thou had lovers been in the long ago.

OPONUI. Thou canting priest, 'tis alone thy well told tale that holds my hand; but mark me now, if thou canst so well this treachery arrange, so surely too must thou be able to undo the same. Now listen and make note. Undo this thing; re-

turn to me my promised bride and send away this stranger, who would thwart me, or by all the gods I'll slay thee ere the sun goes down.

KOKO BOLA. Thy will shall be my law, and if the cunning of my tongue hath not left me, I promise thee that all shall be made aright, and quickly too. But hark! I heard the tramp of many feet, and if I mistake not 'tis the wedding party and their guests coming to the temple. Withdraw for a time, most noble Prince, and if I may, I'll strive to mend this unfortunate mischance.

[They both retire. Enter, a Ballet, at the conclusion of which the procession takes its way to the entrance of the Temple, IA IA and her tire women bringing up the rear. OPONUI comes forward at this moment, and the Princess, seeing him, halts when he approaches nearer. OPONUI (Recit., etc.), "Yes, speak to her I must," etc.]

ACT III—SCENE 1.

The ruins of the overthrown Temples and Idols are strewn about, but to the left has been erected an altar decked with flowers, in preparation for the coming nuptials. The scene, one of tropical beauty, same as first, with coral strand and COOK's ships in the offing.

Monologue 8.

KOKO BOLA. Oh, it's all very well to be the Grand High Priest and Keeper of His Majesty's Conscience, but let me tell you I've had about enough of it. What with trying to marry off the lovely Princess, to propitiate the gods, to keep this well rounded stomach from shrinking, and to stop this fiery Oponui from spitting me with his long handled spear, I assure you I'm about distraught. But still it might be worse. This white God, or Devil, is not such a bad fellow after all, and when I told him what a pretty mess I'd made, and that the Princess didn't love him after all, but was only complying with her father's wishes, he gracefully resigned and agreed to clear out in good order.

SCENE 2.

Transformation of scene to the first Act.

Dialogue 9.

[CAPTAIN COOK to CUPPLES and his followers, about to embark for the ships.]

CAPT. COOK. Look lively now, my lads, for the wind serves amain, the tide's in our favor, and in an hour we'll have the anchor weighed and be speeding homeward to good old Plymouth by the Shore.

CUPPLES. And though we've loved and lost, my Captain, yet we know full well there are fairer faces and more loyal hearts awaiting our home coming. Is it not so?

CAPT. COOK. In sooth 'tis so, and let us when we set our foot on shore, look back upon this pleasant meeting with these simple islanders as to some beautiful dream, never to be forgotten. But let it be a dream—only a dream, good Cupples—for what would those fond ones say at home if they only knew the truth? (aside) and yet God knows I could have loved that gentle, shrinking maiden. (He sighs.) 'Tis past and gone, however, and now let's up and away.

CUPPLES. And without one word of parting to the dear ones left behind?

CAPT. COOK. Well said, my dear old friend, well said indeed; and here do I protest that no man in all the world doth wish these gentle heathens greater good than Captain Cook. And to the fairest maid in all the land and her gallant lord, the noble Oponui, do I make my *devoir* and wish many long life and happiness.

[The ship's company join in cheers for the bride and groom.]

MAIRLEY. And I, too, most gallant Captain, would add a word to thine, and with your leave. I too have loved and lost, but so oft I've done the thing before I'm sure I'll stand it till I've met my Polly in old Plymouth. 'Twas not all a dream with me. No, by my soul 'twas not, but I hope you'll call it so, each and every one, and bear me out, for as the old song goeth, "My Polly hath a heavy hand." You know the rest.

CAPT. COOK. E'en now I heard the sound of merriment, and through the bending boughs I see the wedding company approaching. Let it not be said that a British sailor e'er drew breath who honored not the host who did him well. Let us now to the ships, and while the lovely Princess renews her vows before the altar there, we'll wish her love and happiness, and pledge it in a hearty one, two, three. (They cheer.)

[Fanfare. Enter the King and the wedding party coming down to altar.]

Dialogue 10.

THE KING. Right well, my royal brother that was to be, do I appreciate thine homage and thy kindly disposition, and, speaking for my people, I proclaim it here that I do wish thee, too, a pleasant voyage and a hearty welcome home.

IA IA. And I, too, most gallant captain, would wish thee well, and though 'tis said "The saddest words of tongue or pen, are only these, It might have been," I know thou wilt forgive me, and in the days to come, when thou art far away, sometime thy memory incline to the little Fern Leaf whom thou wert pleased to look upon with other than a passing eye.

CAPT. COOK. Aye, that in truth I will, thou sweet daughter of the tropics; and when the little dusky brood shall cluster about thy knee, and the gallant, stalwart Oponui, their father, shall stand beside thee, proud and happy, I pray thee tell them, now and then, the story of the coming of Captain Cook.

OPONUI. Rest content, most gracious stranger, for Oponui shall ever cherish none but pleasant memories of thy unlooked for coming. So fare thee well, and may thy future be as full of happiness as is the present I enjoy.

[Oponui and Ia Ia sing their duet. Finale. Chorus, and etc.]

(Curtain.)

MYTHOLOGICAL

HAWAIIAN BALLET.

The FIRST NUMBER represents the Dance of the Athletes, the Spear Throwers, the Surf Riders, the Swimmers and Paddlers of the Canoe.

The SECOND NUMBER represents the attendants of the Goddess Pele; these are tall, straight-limbed Maidens, with torch in hand, and long flowing locks.

The THIRD NUMBER represents the Goddess Pele and the Native Champion Sled (Papa) Runner, Kahawale, who enter, coming down the mountain side on swift runners, Pele in advance. Kahawale makes love to the Goddess, who scorns his addresses.

The FOURTH NUMBER represents the defeat of Kahawale in his love-making, the attendants, athletes and all coming to the support of Pele, Kahawale making his exit, humiliated and in disgrace.