THE

# "MASCOT."

(LA MASCOTTE.)

COMIC OPERA

IN 3 ACTS.

MUSIC BY

# EDMOND AUDRAN.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION: AND ADAPTATION OF WORDS TO MUSIC BY

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DIALOGUE AND STAGE DIRECTIONS BY

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#### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

BETTINA, the Mascot	FREDERIC, Prince of Pisa			
LORFNZO XVII., Prince of Piombino				

#### ARGUMENT.

THE scene of the opera is laid in Piombino, Italy, in the 15th century. The stage represents a farm, when the peasants are celebrating the vintage festival Rocco, the farmer, instead of joining the pleasures, sits moodily apart. In reply to the peasants, who ask the reason, he declares that it is on account of his ill-luck, which turns all his efforts to disadvantage. PIPPO, his shepherd, whom he had sent to his brother for aid in his misfortunes, returns, bringing only a basket of eggs, and a letter, to the disgust of Rocco, with the information that his brother has sent, also, his turkey-keeper, Bet-TINA, who will bring good fortune to his house, she being a Mascot, or hearth-angel, whose presence makes a home happy and prosperous. Pippo gives a glowing decription of Bettina's charms and accomplishments, which Rocco laughs at; and when Bettina arrives, shortly afterwards, she meets with a cold welcome from him, and an order to return whence she came. While she is preparing to leave, the scene is interrupted by the arrival of a hunting party, consisting of Prince LORENZO, his daughter, Prince FREDERIC, and members of the court, who stop at the farm for rest and refreshment after the chase. The Prince who deems himself one of the unlucky ones, takes notice of Bettina, and by accident learns that she is the possesser of pecuiar virtues, and determines to take her to his court, and make use of her gifts for his own advantage. Rocco appeals from his decision; but the prince pacifies him with the promise to make him Court Chamberlain, with large powers and emoluments. He then ennobles Bettina, as Countess of Panada, and with these added to the party, turns gaily homeward, learning Pippo behind, to his great disgust, and the sorrow of Bettina.

In the Second Act, we find the characters at the grand-ducal palace at Piombino. A grand fête is to be given in honor of the marriage of FIAMETTA, the Prince's daughter, to Frederic, the crown-prince of Pisa. Bettina is in great favor at the court, and is believed to be the

king's favorite. While she, weary of the splendor that surrounds her, pines for her free peasant life, and for her absent lover, Pippo Among the other wedding entertainments, is to be a display given by a company of actors and dancers, the principal one of which, under the name of Saltarelle, turns out to be Pippo in disguise. The lovers meet, and plan an escape, which fails, however, through Rocco, who announces the presence of Pippo to the Prince, and his arrest Meanwhile, Fiametta has taken a great fancy to Pippo, and turns her back upon Frederic. She acknowledges her passion to the former, and tells him that Bettina is false to him, and about to marry her father, the Prince Lorenzo. At the last moment, Pippo and Bettina come together again, and explain matters. In a moment of general confusion, resulting from the cross-purposes of all parties—they escape by leaping through a window into the river below, to the horror of all present.

In the Third Act, the scene lies in the large hail of an Italian inn, in the duchy of Pisa. Soldiers of the Pisan army are carousing in honor of their recent victories, gained under the lead of Frederic, over the armies of Lorenzo. Pippo appears as a captain and friend of Frederic, and Bettina, as a young trooper, in which disguise she has fought through the war, as the companion of Pippo. They reveal their real names and persons to Frederic, and Pippo declares his in tention to leave the army and marry Bettina at once. While the preparations are making for the wedding, Lorenzo, Fiametta and Rocco disguised as strolling minstrels, and wandering through the country to gain a living in their altered condition, resulting from the reverses of the war—meet the bridal party at the inn—make tlem selves known to each other, and after proper explanations on all sides, Fiametta goes back to her old lover, Frederic, and the wedding of Bettina and Pippo is celebrated with general rejoicing.

### INDEX.

	ACT I.			168
	PA	GE	19. AH, LET ME BE! (Couplets.)	105
	OVERTURE	2	L20 NOW OF MV VILLAGE	102
	INTRODUCTION AND OPENING CHORUS	11	(WHAT A CHARMING, BRIGHT DISPLAY	111
2.	DRINKING SONG	15	21. (AIR OF SALTARELLE	111
3.	LEGEND OF THE MASCOT. (Ballad.)	21	22. EXIT	110
4.	NOW THE VINTAG TIME	20	23. KNOW'ST THOU THOSE ROBES? (Duet.)	120
5.	COME, NOW, MY BEAUTY. (Song and Chorus.)	31	24. FROM COURTIERS AS THEY PASS	130
6.	DON'T COME TOO NEAR. (Song.)	33	25. TO HUNT THE STAG. (Couplets.)	135
7.	CHORUS AND PRESAGE SONG	37	(FINALE	138
8.	WISE MEN IN ALL AGES. (Song.)	46	26. FINALE	140
9.	WHEN THE GAY SPORT	52		"
10.	THIS COUNTRY LAD. (Couplet)	54	ACT III.	
11.	THAT PECULIAR CHARM. (Song.)	56	ENTR' ACT	160
12.	WHEN F BEHOLD. (Duet.)	59	27. CHORUS OF SOLDIERS	170
13.	SCENIC MUSIC	63	CETDANCE OF THE DRINGE	177
14.	FINALE. (Chorus.)	65	28. SONG OF THE DRUM	178
15	COACHING CHORUS	84	29. ENTRANCE OF THE REFUGEES	. 7∽ 186
	A C/M T T		30. ORANG-OUTANG SONG	
	ACT II.	ĺ	ENTRANCE OF WEDDING PARTY 2	20G
	ENTR' ACT	94	131.11 NEAR THE COAL (Song)	201
16.	O, WHAT BEAUTY! (Chorus.)	95		206
17.	EXCUSE MY BOLDNESS. (Couplet.)		32. AH, WITH WRATH. (Eusemble.)	
	FROM THY PRESENCE	QQ	AH, WIII WRAIH. (Eusemble.)	213

# OVERTURE.





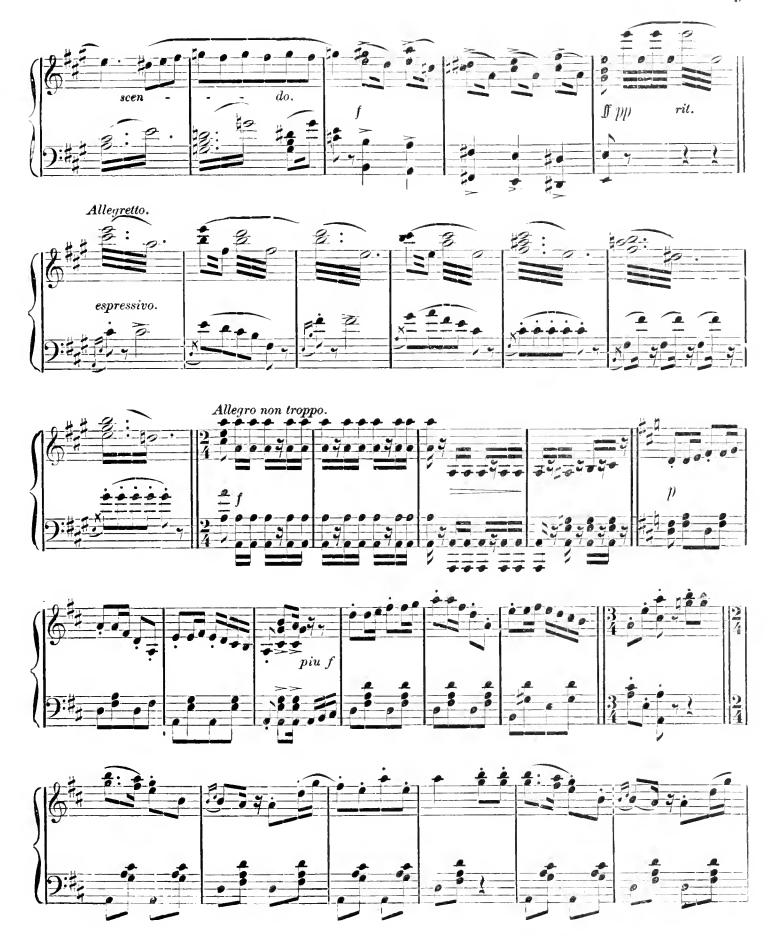












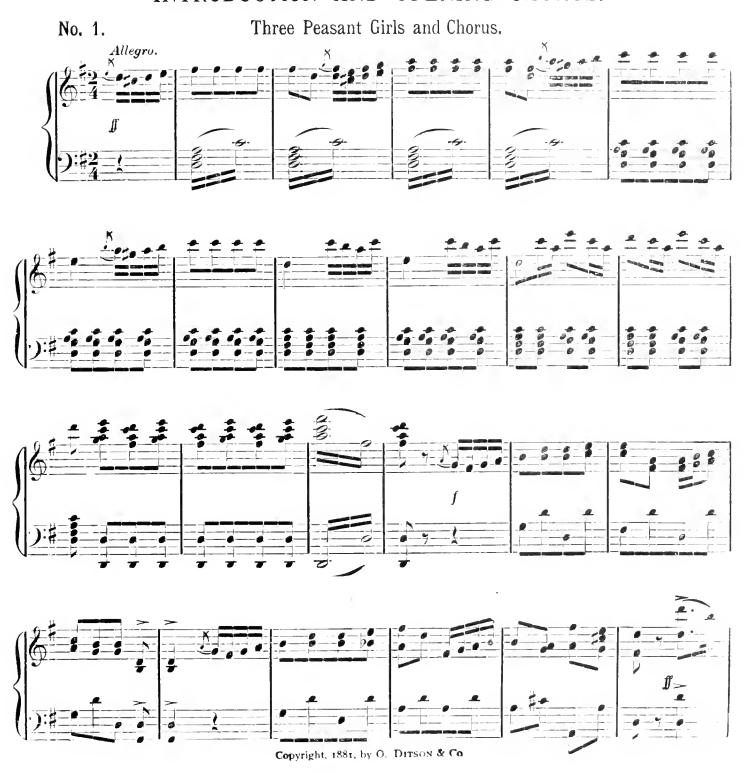


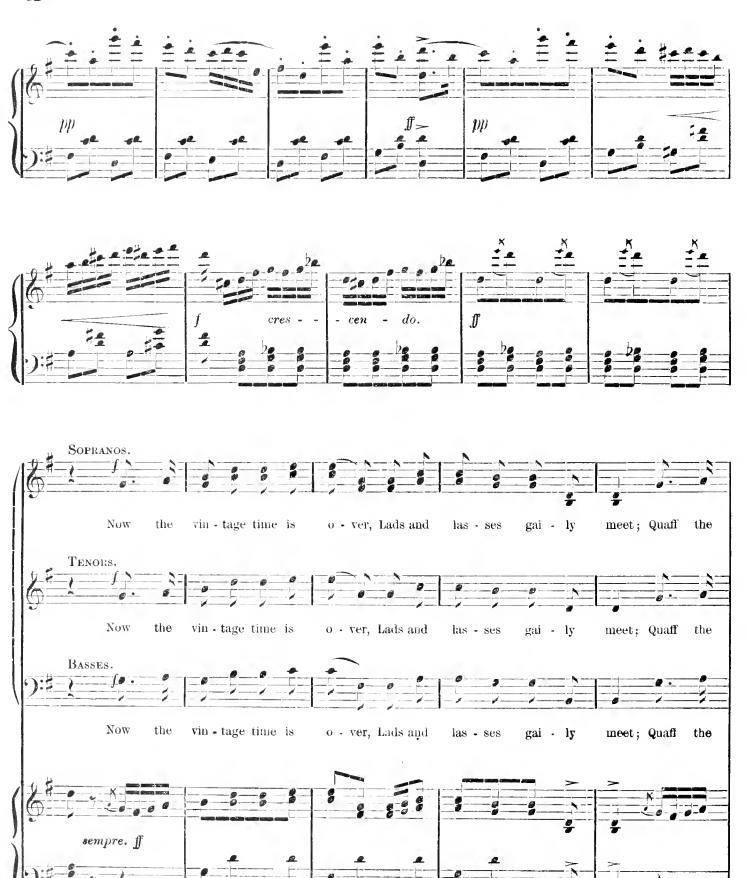


#### ACT I.

The scene represents a farm yard in Italy. At the right a farm house; it the left i shed—at i. v., back, a post with large bell at top, and rope attached. At the back, a fence across stage w to i. with irched gateway, v., and picturesque country beyond. Tables and rustic chairs w and i. At the rising of curtain the vintage feast has just begun. They are drinking new wine. Boys and girls are filling jugs from a large barrel placed i., under the shed. They fill glasses, which they pass around.

# INTRODUCTION AND OPENING CHORUS.







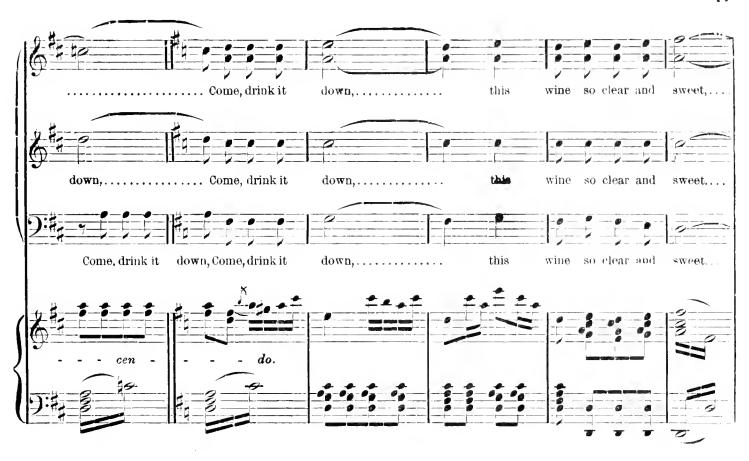


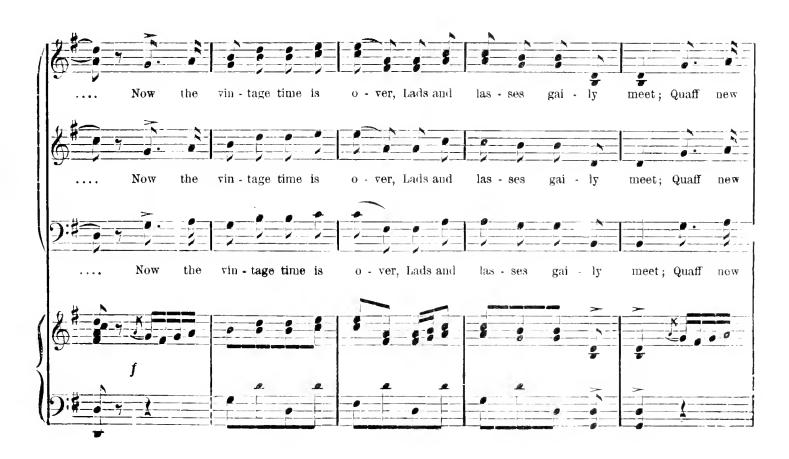
## DRINKING SUNG.

#### No. 2.

















(ROCCO is seated, R. PAOLA, FRANCESC, A ANTONIA, Peasants, men and women, servants, etc., R. & L.)

PEASANT. Ah, boys, that is delicious! It makes a fellow feel so gay.

ANTONIA. (Pointing to ROCCO, who is seated, R., with his head burted in his hands.) It doesn't appear to have the same effect on Farmer Rocco. Look at him. How sad he looks!

PAOLA. True. For the past hour he has scarcely opened his lips.

FRANCESCA. What can be the matter? I'll ask him. (Approaching him.) Master Rocco—

Rocco. (Raising his head.) What!

FRAN. You are sad, and you do not drink with us.

Roc. Well?

PAO. Is it because you are in trouble, Master Rocco.

Roc. Yes

ANTON. And pray, Master Rocco, what is it grieves you so much?

Roc. Ill luck.
ALL. Ill luck?

Roc. (Rises.) Yes; ill luck, which pursues me everywhere! Nothing succeeds with me! Last year, my barn was burnt. For six months past, my sheep have been dying, one by one. Then my gamekeeper has entered a lawsuit against me, and, last of all, my tailor refuses me a new coat, because I haven't the money to pay him.

PEASANT. Poor Master Rocco!

PAO. What a pity!

FRAN. It is provoking.

Roc. Yes; and the more provoking when 1 think of my brother who has all the good luck,—all the chances, all the success. His corn ripens first; his flocks and herds fatten daily. Gold fills his coffers. He is Jack who laughs; 1 am Jack who weeps.

Anton. And why does he not assist you?

PAO. Ah, yes! why, indeed? It isn't because I haven't asked him often enough. Every time I apply to him, do you know what he sends me?

ALL No-what?

Roc. He invariably sends me a basket of fresh eggs. Think of it!

A basket full of fresh eggs! A most eggs-traordinay fact!

ALL Ha! ha! (Laughing.)

Roc. Yes; and accompanied by the usual subscription—a letter full of good advice.

PAO. Such meanness!

FRAN. The heartless man!

Roc. Even to-day I have sent my shepherd, Pippo to him with a letter which would soften a rock. I made one last appeal to him brotherly feelings; you will see what answer he will send me.

PAO. Here is Pippo coming. (Pointing off, R. U. E.)

(Enter PIPPO, hastily, R. U. E.)

Roc. (Anxiously.) Have you seen Antonio?

PIPPO. Yes. He is quite well.

Roc. Zounds l

PIP. He is fresh and rosy.

Roc. Of course he is. You delivered my letter to him?

PIP. Yes

Roc. And what answer did he make?

PIP. He spoke like this. (Imitating ANTONIO.) "Oh, my poer brother!"—

Roc. Well?

PIP. "This time he shall not ask in vain!"

Roc. & Others. Ah!

PIP. "I would even rob myself for him. I shall make him a royal present. Go tell him I shall send him Bettina."

ALL. Bettina!

PIP. Yes-Bettina.

Roc And who is Bettina?

PIP. You do not know Bettina? Bettina, the rosebud—the keeper of his turkies.

Roc. What? He sends me his turkey-keeper! He must be crazy.
Instead of reducing my expences, he adds to them, and when he knows I am in want—oh, this devilish ill luck!

PIP. Very true. Do you know what you should do master? You should have a Mascot.

ALL. A Mascot?

PIP. Yes, a Mascot. Don't you know what a Mascot is?

ALL. No-no. What is it?

PIP. Well then, I will tell you.

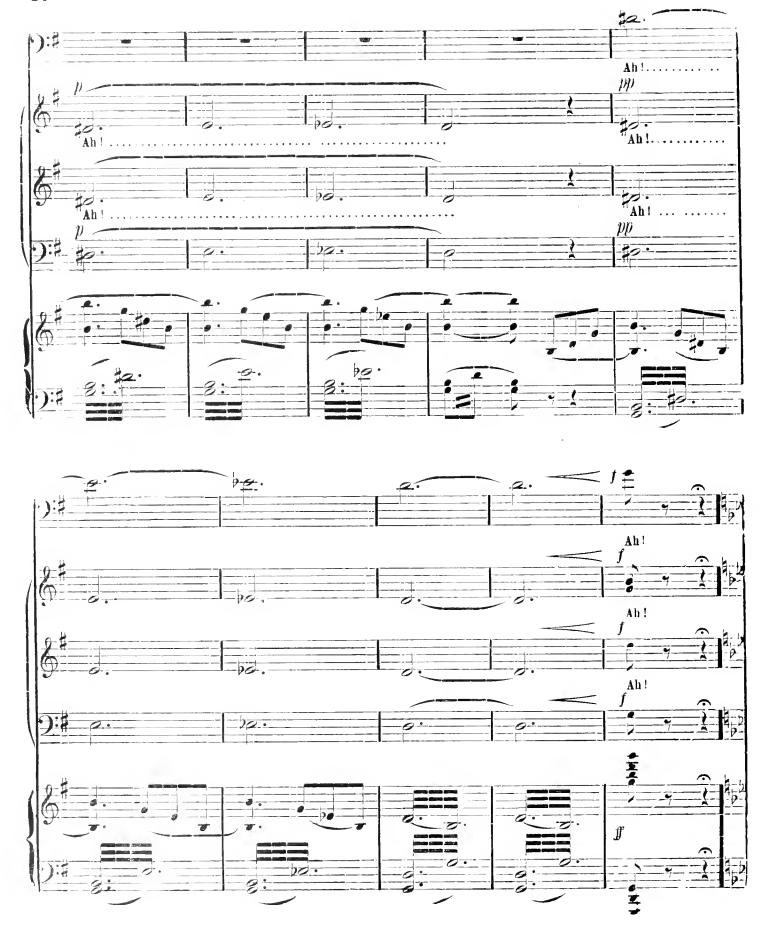
# LEGEND OF THE MASCOTS.

Pippo & Chorus.





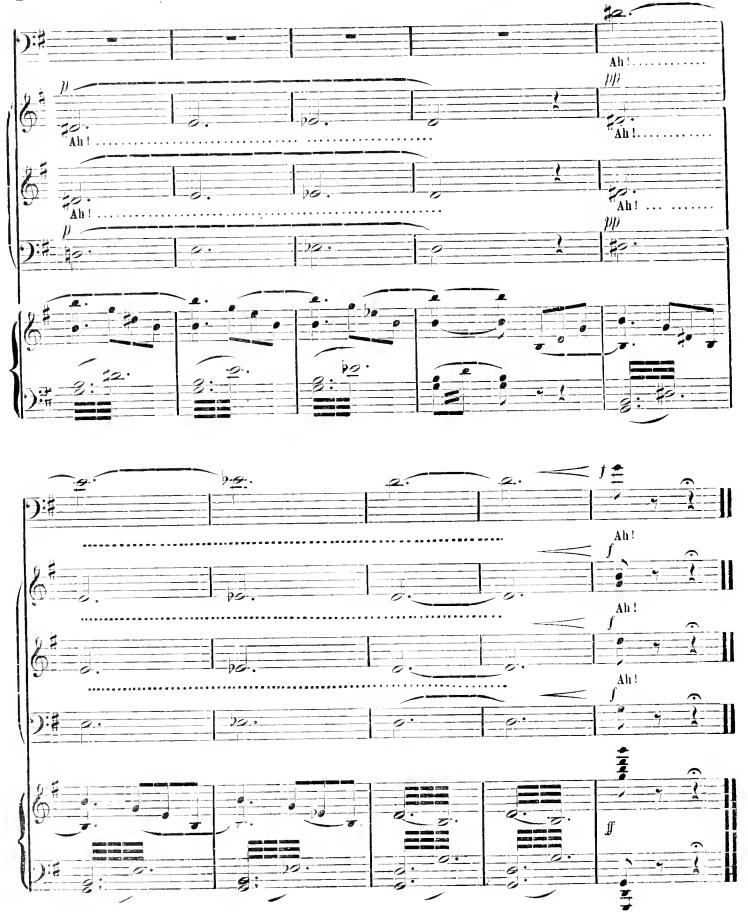












Rocco. Bah! idle tales all this. (Sarugging shoulders.)

PIPPO. idle tales? You may laugh, master Rocco, but there are famous examples in all the country.

Rocco. Quit, fool! They are laughing at you.

Francesca. Look, girls. (Pointing R.) There is old Carlo, the fid dler. They are going to have a dance in the square. Let's join them.

ALL. The dance ' The dance '

#### THE VINTAGE TIME. NOW

No. 4. EXIT.







(All the peasants go off singing, R. U. E., through gateway.)

PIPPO. Come, master, we mustn't always be sad.

Rocco. And what would you have me do, when I see my last hope vanish like all the rest? When I count upon my brother for assistance, and 1 receive from him—what? The keeper of his turkeys.

PIP. But you do not know her. You do not know Bettina's worth.

Roc. How so?

PIP. Well then, I love her!

Roc. You?

PIP. Aye, and dearly too! Each time you have sent me to Antonio's, I have met and courted her. We have sat lovingly together, and told our tales of love. We have quarrelled and and kissed over the same differences. My body is fairly black and blue from her little love-pats. Even the thought of her makes my heart jump like a kid goat of six weeks. I'm badly affected. Feel of my pulse. (Holds out his hand.)

Roc. Nonsense! She cares nothing for you.

Php. On the contrary, she adores me. She is always glad to see me, and then, you should see us dance together!

Roc. Ah, yes; dancing is your great accomplishment.

PIP. (Turning a piroutte) Our mutual accomplishment, Master Rocco. (Turns another.) How glad I am that she is coming here!

Roc. Yes, another mouth to feed.

PIP. But such a pretty mouth, master! and then, such eyes! such arms! and such a foot!

Roc. Come, come, no more of this! Go to your sheep, sir, where you belong, and, remember, you can't serve your master and your love at the same time.

PIP. I go, Master Rocco. (Takes a running jump with staff, off L. U. E.)

Roc. As for n.yself, I will go and water my cattle. (Extt)

(Scarcely has Rocco disappeared when BETTINA enters, R. U. E. Runs down and across the stage to L. and back to R., followed by seven or eight village boys who surround her, and teace her. She carries a bag.)

BETTINA. Will you let me alone!

(She pushes them from her, and darts to C. The boys follow and sur round her again.)

# COME NOW, MY BEAUTY!

Bettina, Tenors and Basses.

No. 5. ENTERING CHORUS AND SONG BY BETTINA.





# "DON'T COME TOO NEAR."

No. 6. SONG.











At conclusion of song, ROCCO enters L., from under shed with bucket of water, as boys continue to tease BETTINA. She siezes the bucket of water from Farmer Rocco, and throws contents in their faces. They run off, R U.E..)

BETTINA. Take that, then! Rocco. (Astonished) Well, well!

BET. (Laughing at them, then curtseying to Farmer Rocco.) Plenty of good things to you, sir!

Roc. (Admiringly.) What a jolly girl!

BET. Who ever saw such boobies? What do they take me for, I wonder? Do they think, perchance, my heart is an artichoke, and they can divide its leaves among themselves? These country chaps are very droll. They no sooner see a young girl coming than they set themselves upon her, and want to kiss her. (Going up stage, and calling to them.) I say, lads (laughing), come back here.

They won't be likely to return before they dry themselves. But, tell me, are you not from Farmer Antonio's?

BET. In straight line, sir-looking for Master Rocco's farm. (Strikes attitude.)

Roc. I am Rocco. So you are Bettina, eh?

BET. Bettina, the rosebud, so-called, and keeper of turkeys. Maidof-all-work, and I can boast of it. So you are my new master? Roc. Alas! BET. Do I not please you, sir?

No-yes-that is. But my brother, did he not give you any-Roc. thing for me?

BET. Oh, yes; I have it in my bag. (Fumbling in her bag) It's quite at the bottom.

Roc. (Rubbing his hands) The royal present at last!

BET. (Drawing from her bag a little basket of eggs and a letter in it.) There it is, sir-a basket of eggs and a letter.

Roc. (Despondently.) Always the basket of fresh eggs, and (taking out letter and putting it in his pocket) the usual contribution. (Putting eggs on table.) May heaven bless him and his eggs!

BET. You do not look happy, master?

Foc. True, I am not happy. Everything goes against me. and my brother makes game of me!

BET. Master Antonio told me you would receive me with open arms; that I should be fêted, and petted, and made much of, as I have always been with him. How is it? Do I not please you?

Roc. No; it is not that; you look like a good girl.

BET. I am called a very good girl-good character. I like to laugh.

I'm merry by nature. Roc. So much the better.

Then why do I not please you? Where there is work to be done, you will always find me there. I will split your wood for

you, do your washing, make your butter. I will do everything for you, so that you will say, "This girl is a treasure!"

Roc. (Aside.) A treasure? Perhaps that is why my brother sends her. (Aloud.) 'Tis well; here is my house. (Approaching house.)

BET. Then you won't have the send of the content of the co BET. Then you won't turn me away, sir? (Shouts and hunting horns

heard off, R.UE) Ah! what is that?

Roc. Horns! 'Tis the royal hunt! (Goes up stage a few steps.)
BET. (Excited and running to back of stage.) Oh! Oh! see them! A heap of fine ladies and gentlemen-and coming this way too! (Running about stage. Two pages, Angelo and Luigi, enter hw riedly, from R.U.E., through gateway, C., and stop at centre of stage; they salute. They are both dressed in rich costumes of the chase.)

Angelo. (Officiously.) We come before his highness, Lorenzo XVII., Prince of Piombino.

Roc. (Taking off his hat quickly.) Lorenzo XVII!

Our sovereign!

Ang. Yes; and accompanied by his august daughter, Princess Fiametta, her future husband, Prince Frederic, and all their suite.

LUIGI. Their serene highnesses are tired, and wish to rest themselves at your farm, good man. Therefore, prepare ye to receive them (ANGELO and LUIGI exit in same order through gateway, C, and off, R.U.E.)

The Prince Lorenzo at my house! What an honor! I an Roc. not fit to be seen in this dress of sackcloth!

BET. And I with my hair all hanging about. (She puts up her hair And my dress all tumbled! (She smooths down her dress.) Andoh, heavens!

What is it? Roc.

BET. My stocking has got a hole in it!

Where? Roc.

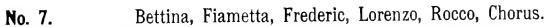
BET. At the toe.

That is toe thin! I don't take stock in' that! (Horns heard Roc. near by)

BET. (Running up stage, then down, R.) Here they are!

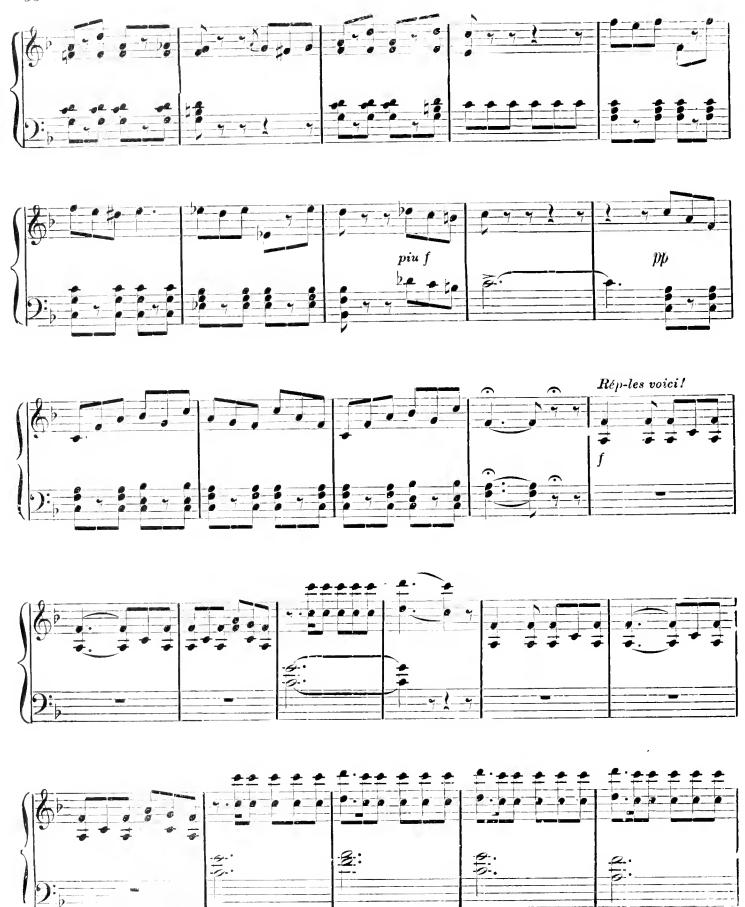
(Enter pages, followed by lords and ladies. They are all dressed in the costume of the chase, and take positions, 3. and L.)

## ENTERING CHORUS AND PRESAGE SONG.





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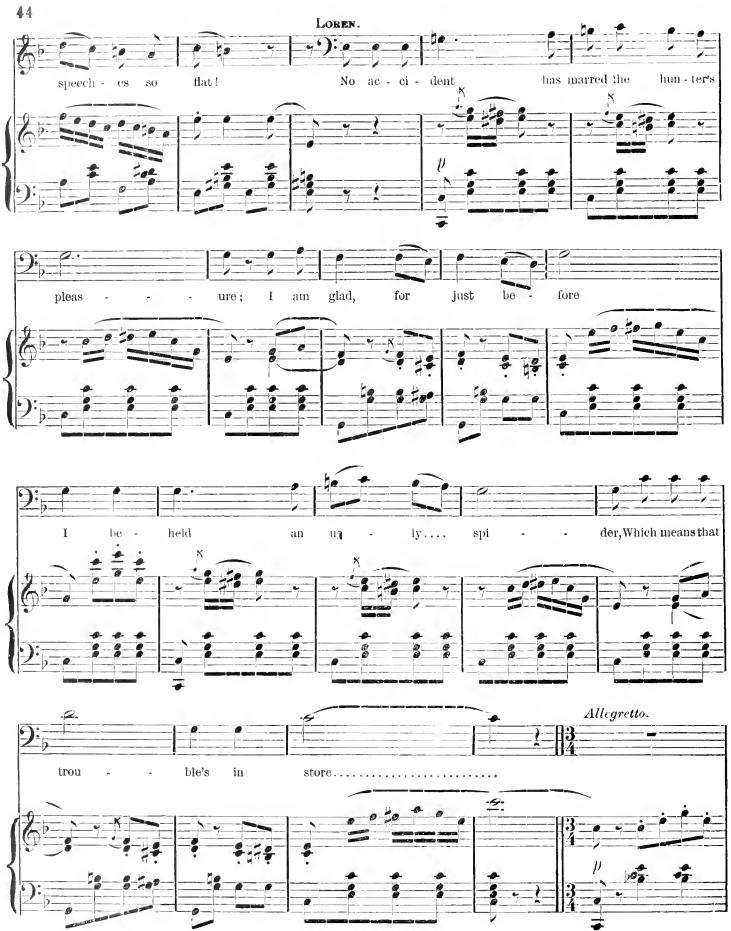














### "WISE MEN IN ALL AGES."

No. 8. PRESAGE SONG













## WHEN THE GAY SPORT.

No. 9. EXIT.





(At conclusion of Chorus, enter LOR., followed by FIAM. and FRED.)
FIAM Come, papa, let us forget all this, now that we are in this temple of agriculture.

Lor. A temple?

FIAM. Yes, a rustic temple. For my part, I prefer it to all your magnificent palaces.

Very singular taste, Princess, it seems to me.

FIAM. Be quiet, sir! (To Roc.) My good man, I long for a glass of pure, fresh milk.

With pleasure, madame. Bettina shall milk the cow at once. BFT. (Curtseying.) Yes, madame. I'll not be long. (To the lords and ladies.) And if the ladies and gentlemen will follow me, they will see how it is done. (BETTINA exits L. under shed, followed by lords and

ladies. LOR., FIAM., FRED. and Roc. remain.)
. 'Tis well, farmer. 1 am satisfied with your reception. (Coming down. FIAM, and FRED retire up. LOR. holds out his hand.) permit you to kiss my hand.

Roc. Oh. Prince, this is too much honor! (Kisses hand.)

Lor. It is a great deal, I confess. Still, I am a monarch without ceremony-not formal, and a jolly good fellow! I breathe gayety—Ha, ha, ha! (Stopping suddenly, and changing his tone.) Or, rather, I have the air of breathing gayety. I am merry, but it does not come from the heart; for under this happy exterior I hide a poignant care!

But what can trouble the existence of my prince?

Lor What is the trouble? Ill luck! I am doomed to misfortune!

Ah, just like me! Roc.

If I go to battle, I am generally beaten along the whole line. If I play at throwing dice, I invariably lose; and if I aim at a deer, I kill a rabbit—that is, when I kill anything!

Absolutely like me!

LOR. Yet I am merry—ha, ha, ha!

FIAM. Calm yourself, papa!

Lor. Yes, I will be calm-very calm; even placid, if you wish it. A chair, if you please—I am very tired!

Roc. Your Highness has only to mention it. (Quickly bringing chair.)

Thank you! (Seats himself in chair, which breaks down. He falls to the floor.)

FIAM. Heavens—papa!

Roc. (At same time.) Oh, sire!

Have you broken any bones, father-in-law? (Helping him up. LOR. (Holding on to his side.) Only thirteen of my ribs! How many of them are there

FRED. Ribs?

Lor. No-chairs

Roc. Only this one, your Highness

LOR. Of course, it was for me! It does not surprise me. My usual ill luck, my misfortune! (Enter BET. with three cups of milk on a tray.) BET. (Curtscying.) Here is the new milk for your Highnesses.

FIAM. (Taking glass, which she gives to LOR.) Drink, papa; it will do you good. (He takes it and prepares to drink. FIAMETTA and FREDERIC taking the other two and doing thesame; LOR. drinks last.)

FIAM. (After drinking.) It is delicious l

FRED. (Same.) Excellent!

LOR. (Uttering a cry, and throwing cup from him after tasting it.) Oh!

FIAM. (Running to him.) What is the matter, papa?

LOR. Ah! (Making a wry face.) My milk has soured!

BET. (Aside.) Heaven! I took the vinegar-cup! What will be come of me?

Whoever heard of the like?

. Nothing remarkable, my friends, I assure you! Everything sours with me—I am prepared for it! (Enter PIPPO, hurriedly. Lor. L.U.E., coming down to Roc.)

PIPPO. Oh, master, what a lot of fine people!

Roc. (Aside to PIP.) It is Prince Lorenzo and his daughter.

PIP. (Removing his hat.) The Prince! FIAM. (Aside, admiring PIP.) What a handsome youth!

Roc. ( To Lor.) If your Highness pleases, I will show you my farm —it may amuse you.

Lor. 'Tis well; lead on; but there is misfortune in the air-I scent it. (To FIAM.) Follow me, my daughter. (He exits L. with Roc.) FRED. (Offering his arm to FIAM.) Allow me, beloved one!

FIAM. (Not noticing, and passing by him to L., then throwing a last look upon PIPIO. How handsome—how noble he looks! (She exits quickly, L, sighing; BETTINA notices this, and starts; PIP exits R.)

BET. What! again?

(Following FIAM.) Wait for me-wait for me, I say! (He Fred.

follows her; PIPPO exits R.)

BET. Now what does she mean by looking at my Pippo? Does she want to take him from me? Oh, never, while the rosebud is here! (FIAM. re-enters quickly, L., BET. sees her.) Ah, she is back again!

FIAM. Gone? (Goes up stage, looking R. and L.)
BET. She is looking for him! Oh, if she dares!—(Raises her arm.) No; (Drawing back.) I must not slap a Princess!

FIAM. (Perceiving BET.) Ah! Perhaps this girl can tell me. (To BET A word with you.

BET. (Curtseying.) What does your Highness desire?

FIAM. (Indifferently.) A simple favor. When we arrived nere, I saw a youth-a farmer's son, probably-

The shepherd, your Highness. (Aside.) That will take her BET. down a peg!

FIAM. A simple shepherd? (Aside.) Rustic simplicity, how I adore thee! (Aloud) He appeared to me very handsome! (BET. starts, but recovers herself.)

BET. You-you think so, Princess?

FIAM. Yes; but do not be surprised. I love everything that is beautiful in nature. I detest this court wherein I live, and regret being born on the steps of a throne. Oh, how I long for the simple country life! I wish to be clothed in a dress of coarse cloth; walk barefoot without a hat, and make hay; and have for a companion (passionate y) the simple country lad!

## THIS COUNTRY LAD.





FIAM. I must coaress that I am interested in this young shepherd. A face free and open, sweet and generous in his manners.

BET. (Aside.) She loves my Pippo: I am sure of it! I know what I'll do. I'll give her a certificate of his character that will cool her a little. (Aloud) Oh, Princess, you shouldn't trust to appearances; they are very deceitful.

FIAM. What do you mean?

BET. He looks simple, but he is very bad-tempered. BET. He is always spoiling for a fight. It was only the other day he quarrelled with three of our boys, and whipped them badly.

M. Afl three? BET. Yes, all three of them.

FIAM. Aft three?

FIAM. (Admiringly, aside) What a brave fellow! What valor! BET. And then he is such a glutton He is always eating and drink-

ing. He will swallow six plates of sonp in the twinkling of an eye. Fiam. Six plates! (Aside.) Why not? The is the perfect picture of

health. (To BET) Thank you. I shall know how to receive him (Aside.) Just my ideal!

BET. (Curtseying.) I am always at your highness' service. I fee much easier now, (Exit R, into house. Enter FRFD, hurriedly, L. FRED. Ah, Princess, here you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. When I am not with you, I no longer exist. I merely

vegetate. FIAM. Really, you are quite a plant! FRED. Exactly; one that can exist only in the sunlight of your smiles FIAM. How sentimental! Ah, but you did not vanquish three men It was not you who swallowed six plates of soup.

FRED. (Making a grimace.) I should hope not '

FIAM. Oh, these great lords! - no blood, no biceps, no muscle, pe anything!

FRED. Allow me, my sweet one. I shine with other qualities

#### " 7 PECULIAR CHARM."

#### No. 11. SONG.

Fiametta, Frederic,















(Enter Pip. and Bet., L.U.E, through gateway, C.)

Pir. Your pardon, Princess, if I interrupt you; but your father, the Prince Lorenzo, is asking for you.

FiAM. (Sweetly.) Papa wishes to see me? 'Tis well I am going, my friend.

Ber. (Aside.) Her friend!

FRED. (Aside.) Her friend!

FIAM. (Admiringly to PIF.) So then, you are not afraid of three men.

Pip. (I sughing loudly.) No, nor three women, either!

FIAM. (Aside.) What a nature. One only finds it here? (Sighing.) Ah! (Dryly.) Follow me, Frederic. (She goes L.)

FRED. Yes, my sweet one!

FIAM. (Pushes FRED. before her.) Pass on before. (Admiring PIPPO.)
He is decidly handsome; yes, very handsome! Ah! (Exit, L.)

PIP. (Laughing, and looking after the Princess.) She is very funny, this Princess!

BET. (Sulking.) Do you think so, Mister Pippo? Perhaps you would like to follow her?

PIP. Come, come; don't be foolish. (Laughing.)

BET. Did I not see you devouring her with your eyes?

PIP. Me, a shepherd, cast an eye at the daughter of Prince Lorenzo! (Going up to her, and putting arm about her waist.) Ah, Bettina! if you only knew how I love you!

BET. And I, Pippo, have loved you from the first time I saw - ah, Pippo, Pippo!

### "WHENIBEHOLD."

## Bettina, Pippo.

No. 12. DUET.









(At the conclusion of Duet, PIPPO embraces BETTINA. Enter ROCCO C., from L.U E.) Roc. Well, well, upon my word!

BET. (Confused, and drawing away from Pippo.) Oh!

Pip. I told you so, master!

Be quiet, you lazy fellow! Here I find you kissing and hugging, and you should be driving your sheep to the fold. Pip. But-Roc. (Furiously) No buts about it—go at once, I tell you!

All right, master, I'll go. (He goes out C., off L.U.E., throwing PIP. kisses to BET.)

3ET. 'Aside, looking at Roc.) Old sour milk!

Roc. As for you my beauty I'll stand none of this! You may pack up your bundle and go.

BET. (With emotion) What! You send me away?
Roc. Immediately! You can go back to my brother.

(Crying.) You are very hard, sir. (Crying.) All for one un-

fortunate little kiss! (Crying bitterly.)

Come, come, no snivelling; but pack up your bundle, and go. BET. (Still crying.) Very well, sir, I will go. Is there any answer to the letter, sir?

Roc. Ah, yes. (Drawing letter from his pocket.) The same old story, no doubt. However, I will read it. (He unfolds letter, while BET. on the right, is arranging her things to go. The orchestra plays softly the legend of the Mascot as Roc. reads.)

"If I have succeeded in all I have undertaken, if I have made a fortune, and have always had good luck, it is because I possessed a Mascot.' (Interrupting.) A what? (Continuing "But now that I am rich, happy, and have nothing to wish for, in proof of my friendship for you, I send you her who has brought me all my happiness. My 'Mascot' is Bettina. I give her to you." (Looking at BET.) She—a Mascot!

Roc. (Not noticing her, and continuing to read.) "And as soon as she will be with you, bad luck will disappear, and good fortune will make you smile." (Enter PIPPO, C. from L.U E., running with coat on his arm.)

PIP. Master, master!—good news! Good news! Roc. (Putting letters in his pocket.) What then?

PIP. Your cow has been found! Roc. Is it true? PIP. Yes; and I have just met the gamekeeper. You have won your lawsuit! Roc. Is it possible?

Yes; and here is your coat, which the tailor says you can have without the money.

Roc. My cow-my lawsuit-my coat-all at once! (Looking at BET.) And she has been here but a short time.

BET. I am going away, Pippo. Master Rocco drives me out. PIP. You?

Roc. (Running quickly to Bet.) Who says that? (Taking her hundle from her.) You go away? Never!

BET. (Dazed.) How he has changed!

Roc. (Earnestly.) You shall never leave me! I will give you the best room in the house. You can fix your own wages. You shall have everything you wish for; but promise me that you will never leave me.

BET. Willingly. (Aside.) Old sour milk has actually turned into cream. FRED. (Enters hurriedly.) Help! Help! Roc., Pip., Bet. What! What is the matter?

FRED. Prince Lorenzo-(Roc. and others.) Well?

FRED. His highness, thinking it was a good omen, insisted upon picking lilies in the frog pond. He leaned too far, and over he went head first! (Roc. and others.) Heavens!

FPED. Happily I was there. I caught hold of the royal flap of his royal coat-tail, and pulled him out. He is wet through to the

waist, and must have a dry coat.

Roc. Wait a moment; I will give him mine. (Takes off coat and gives it to FRED. saying, aside.) 'Twill give me a chance to wear my new one!

FRED. (Drawing PIP. with him, Come with me; you can assist me in changing his clothes. (They exit L.)

Roc. (Putting on new coat.) And to think it is she to whom I owe all this. (Earnestly.) Ah, yes, Bettina—you are, indeed, a treasure! Br.t. (Aside.) He'll turn into butter next!

Roc. But I feel anxious about you Tell me, are you not hungry?

BET. Yes; I do feel a goneness:
Roc. What! You feel a goneness, and you do not tell me! Go to the larder at once, and take the best of everything-I command you! BET. Yes, master! Roc, And you will never leave me?

BEI. Never! (Aside.) I believe he has gone crazy. [Exit into house, R. Roc., (Rubbing his hands, and walking about.) A Mascot! At last I possess a Mascot! Everything will succeed with me now! I shall buy lands and vineyards and stock. I shall become the richest farmer in the kingdom! (Enter LOR. L., holding a letter in his hand, reading.) Ah! I must read that happy letter again. (Fumbling in his pockets.) What have I done with it?

LOR. (With Rocco's coat on, coming forward and showing letter.)
Here it is. Roc. What! You have it, my Prince?

Lor. It was in your pocket. So, my good man, you possess a Mascot? Roc. (Rubbing his kands.) Yes, your Highness.

LOR. (With authority.) 'Tis well: I am going to take her!

Roc. (Stupified.) Eh—what! You are going to take her from me? Oh, Prince. have mercy! (Falling upon his knees.) I have had too much ill luck already!

Lor. Oh, well-think of mine! But should not your petty, mean ill luck give way before my royal ill luck? Think what you owe to your sovereign! Resist me, and I will have you thrown into a dungeon! Give her to me and I will load you with favors and honors. Roc. Well, of the two, I choose the favors and honors

Lor. Wisely done. I shall give you plenty. Now, let us read the

treatise on Mascots. Roc. The treatise?

Lor. Yes: the treatise mentioned in the postscript. (Showing Roc and reading.) "You will find in the basket of eggs a complete treatise on Mascots, which you must observe strictly.

Roc. Here is the basket of eggs. (He takes it from table.) Thavn't op ened it. (He opens and draws out a book.) A musty, worm-eaten

book. I declare!

LOR. Quick! Let us read. (Takes book from Roc.) Listen. (Reading.) "Article 1st: One is born a Mascot; one cannot become one otherwise. (Interrupting) Very true; I've learned that from experience Roc. It is a gift.

LOR. (Continuing.) "Article 2d: "The Mascot is hereditary in

families, but sometimes the child is superior to the father and

mother. Roc. Curious enough. Lor. (Reading.) "Article 3d: The most important"-Oh, oh! it fairly

Roc. (Approaching anxiously.) Yes, yes! read on. blinds me! Lor. (Reading.) "A Mascot should never marry other than a Mas cot; for should a Mascot marry otherwise, all good influences will absolutely cease with the first bridal kiss, only to reappear a generation hence in the offspring of the union, and then in a lesser degree. Roc. The first bridal kiss!

Think of it-delicate enough, indeed! We must watch her closely. No elopements or secret marriages in this case. Eternal vigilance will be the price of our future welfare! But I am impatient to see her, Bettina, as she is called. Who is she, and what does she do? Roc. She is the keeper of my turkeys.

Lor. A keeper of turkeys? Hem! Has she any relatives?

None that I know of.

LOR. So much the better. I will make her believe she is descended om a noble family. Roc. And you will reward me liberally? I will take you both to my court; I will from a noble family. make you my lord chamberlain, and she-well, you will see what I have in store for her. Bring her immediately!

Wait a moment. (He goes to the bell and rings loudly. Everybody appears upon the scene, including lords and ladies of the

court, pages, peasants, etc.)

### No. 13.

#### SCENIC MUSIC.





# FINALE.

No. 14. Bettina, Fiametta, Frederic, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco, Chorus.



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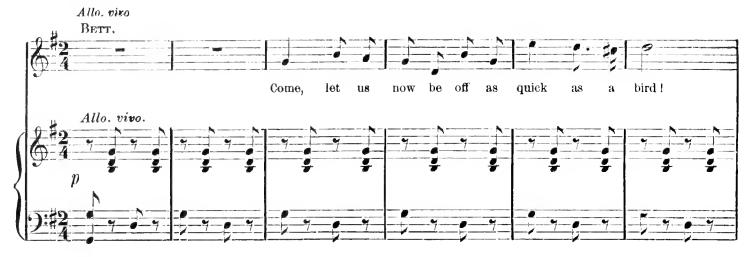


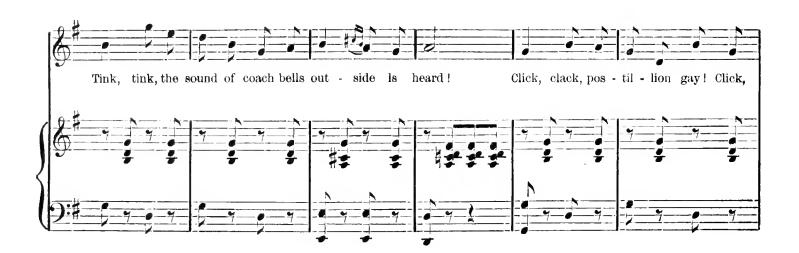




# COACHING CHORUS.

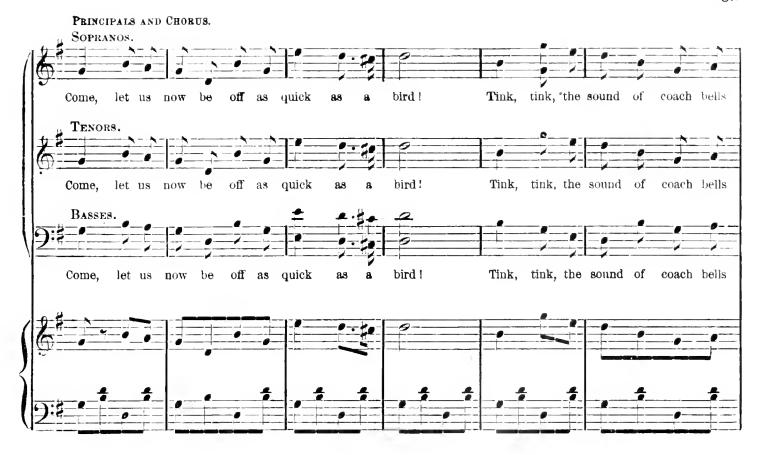


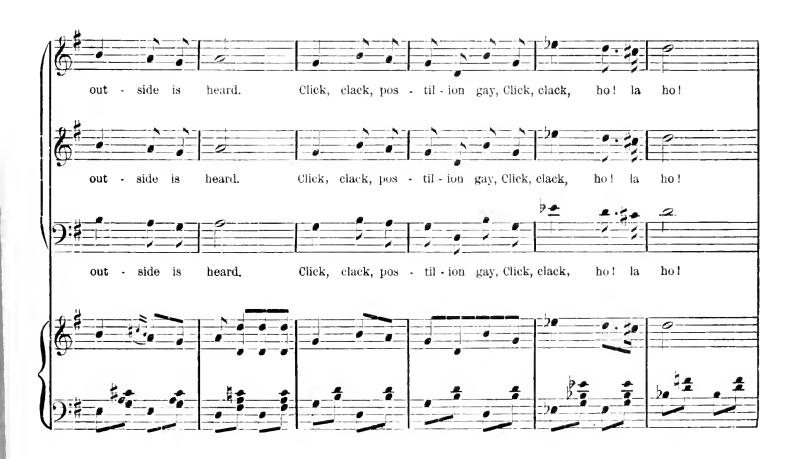




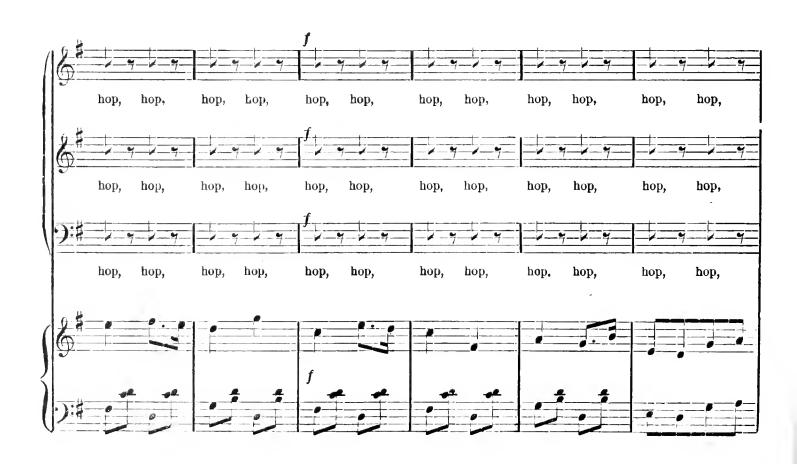


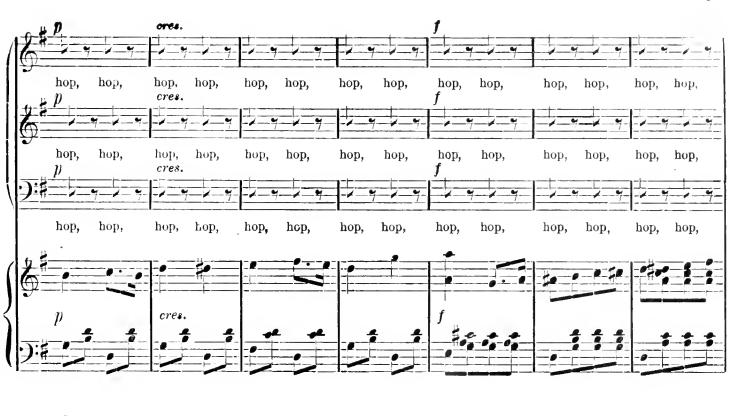
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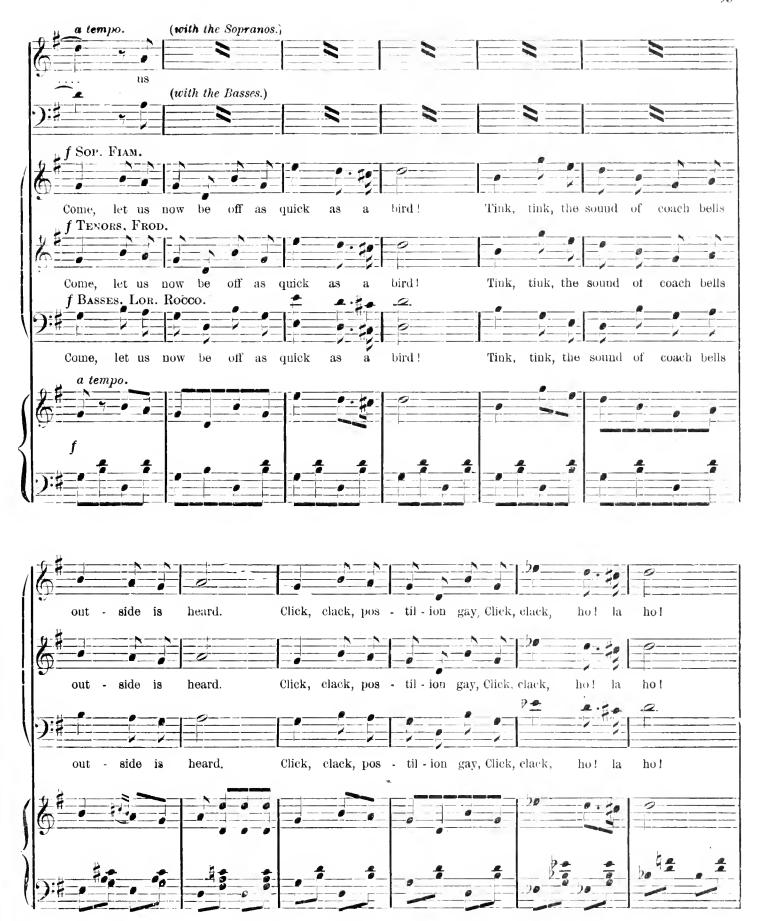




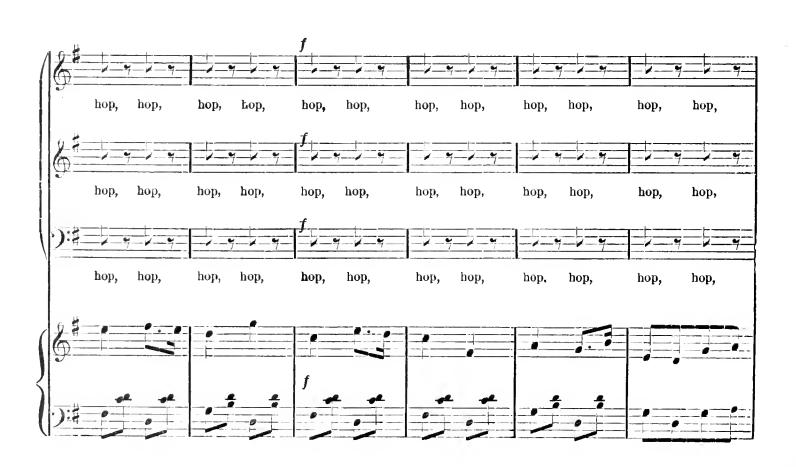






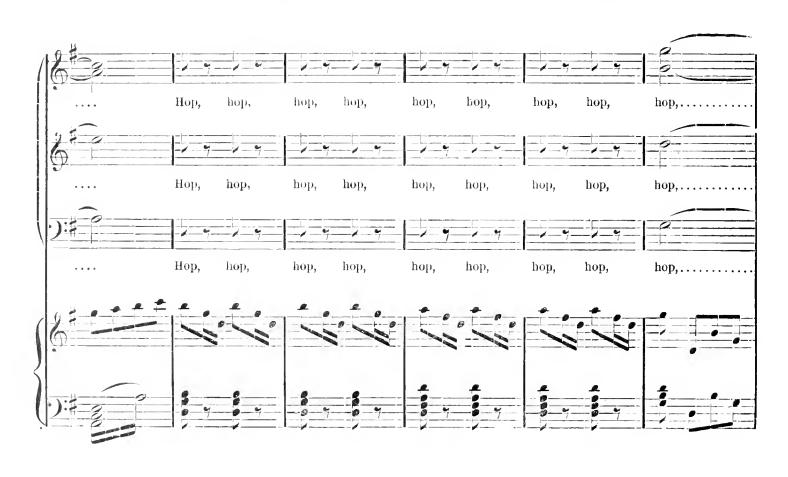














#### ACT II.

# ENTR' ACT.



SCENE—Hall in the Palace of the Grand Duke of Piombino—A large opening upon a gallery or corridor at back of staye—Door R. window 3 E. Two doors L. Arm-chairs, divans, chairs, &c. R. & L. At rise of curtain, Carlo, Marco, Angelo, Luigi, Beppo and other Pages discovered.

# O WHAT BEAUTY.

#### No. 16. CHORUS, and COUPLETS OF THE PAGES.

Carlo, Paolo, Angelo, Luigi, Marco. 1st and 2d Sopranos.









## EXCUSE MY BOLDNESS.









At the conclusion, Rocco and Lorenzo enter L. 3. E. LORENZO Approaches pages, on tip-toe, and takes notes from them.

PAGES. (frightened.) The Prince! We are caught!

LOR. Love letters to the Countess, eh?

Roc. A pleasant occupation.

LOR. (angered) 'Tis monstrous!

PAGES. Your highness—

LOR. Hold your tongues! If you ever dare to cast your eyes upon her, or breathe the smallest word of love to ner, that moment you will answer with your lives.

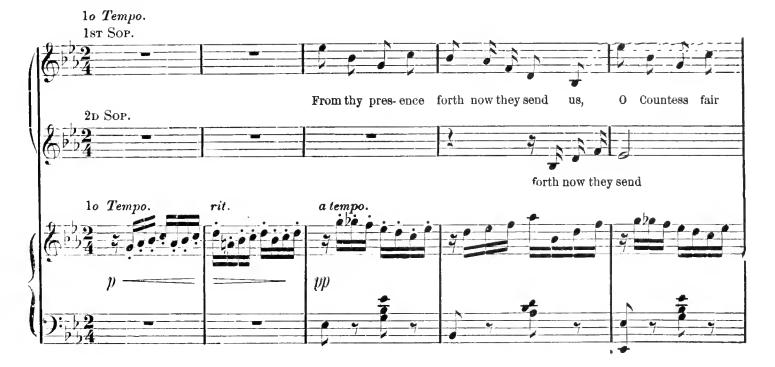
ALL THE PAGES. Pardon, pardon, Sire!

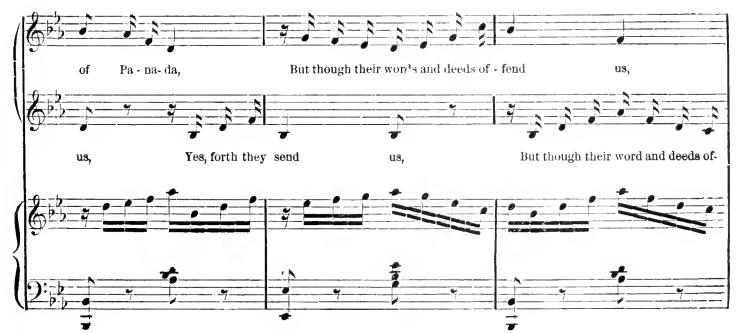
Lor. You have heard me .- (pointing to back.) Go !

Chorus of Pages as they exit back.

## FROM THY PRESENCE.

#### No. 18. SORTIE.





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You a e rather severe with these young .nen ROC.

Not half severe enough. Do you not remember the third LOR article on the treatise of the Mascots - the kiss?

Koc. True; but she must marry first.

But, supposing she marries on the sly, as young girls often OR. take it in their heads to do. Now there's that irrepressible Pippo, who makes his appearance every now and then.

Roc. Never fear. He'll not forget his last reception very soon.

Lor. I hope not. Think of the good fortune Bettina has brought to me. Ever since I have had her, everything succeeds. I have no more bad colds. I digest my food well. I win at dominoes, a thing I never did before. Indeed, thanks to her, I have become the most fortunate of men.

Roc. And to think, all this should have been mine.

LOR. But have I not rewarded you liberally? Have I not made you my grand chamberlain? What more could you wish for?

Roc. (Sighing) I should like Bettina better.

Ah! you'll never be content. Lor.

Roc. Here, I have taken 1125 tickets in the Sicillian lottery, and what have I drawn—a tooth-brush, and a pair of penny gold sleeve buttons. Now if I had had a Mascot—

You could have done as 1 did-taken one ticket, and drawn the first prize—a fortune!

Roc. You see, you rob me. Then, again, everybody is asking who is this stranger the Prince has brought to court. Already they leer at her suspiciously as she passes by.

Let them leer-let them ask! My conscience is clear.

Roc. Conscience? A trifling thing, now-a-days!

Lor. We'll change the subject. How about my daughter's wed-

ding, which takes place to-day?

Everything is prepared, your Highness. After the ceremony, Roc. will come the ball, then the concert and a grand pantomine, for which I have engaged Salterelle and his troupe, and whom I expect at any moment.

LOR. Good! A very judicious arrangement. FIAM. (Outside.) I tell you, you bore me!

Roc. I leave you. (Enter FIAM. and FRED., L., as Roc. exits R.)

FRED. (Expostulating.) But, my dear Fiametta-

Enough. Let me alone!

LOR. Come, come, my children, you are altogether too premature! These little accompaniments should follow marriage, not come before!

FIAM. Oh, this is unbearable! He follows me like a shadow. 1 can't move without finding him at my heels!

FRED. It is all for love, my dear! FIAM. (sharply.) Rather say, jealousy. LOR. There you are! Beginning again!

FRED. Why does she fly from me? Why does she shu for hours alone in her room?

FIAM. Well, if you must know-to draw.

LOR. & FRED. To draw? FIAM Yes. Hove drawing: it amuses me Lor. (In a conciliating tone.) One is not forbidden to cultivate the fine arts, you know,

Fred. You think so. (To Fiam.) And what do you draw?

FIAM. (Coldly.) Animals or flowers, monsieur.

FRED (Bringing forward a paper, which he had hidden behind him. Flowers indeed! And this, I suppose, is one of them!

FIAM. (Aside.) Ah!

LOR. (Looking at drawing, which represents PIPPO.) What is it?

FRED. Yes-a species! It is the portrait of that young shepherd we met at the farm, some three months ago.

Lor. (Vexed.) Pippo! That animal again!

FIAM. What! The idol of my love—my noble Pippo—an animali

Such depravity! And in a parent too!

D. She owns it Lor. My daughter, you do wrong.

FRED. She owns it

FIAM. (Not listening.) There is yet time to break off this hatetu marriage!

Lor. But it shall not be broken off! This marriage must take place, because we all desire it.

FIAM. 1 understand. You wish to get rid of me! Ever since this

so-called Countess of Panada has been in the house, I am nothing here!

FRED. (To LOR.) True! You have eyes only for her.

FIAM. (Same time.) She has eight servants to wait upon her FRED. To say nothing of the two who look after her poodle.

FIAM. Two maids of honor and a physician are attached to her person. And when that poodle smells a rat, you should see her go into a fit!

LOR. (Anxiously.) Who? Bettina? FRED. No, the poodle! Lor. But it is a long time since I have seen Bettina, I am really getting anxious about her. Some accident may have befallen her

FIAM. (Bitterly) Re-assure yourself, papa, here is the Countess.

With her physician and maids of honor. FRED.

FIAM. (Dryly.) We give place to her. Lor. But my daughter?

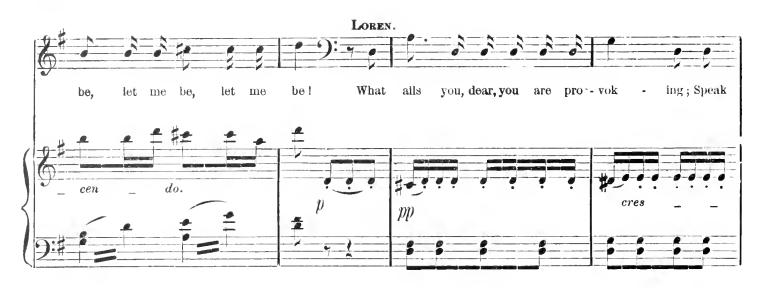
FRED

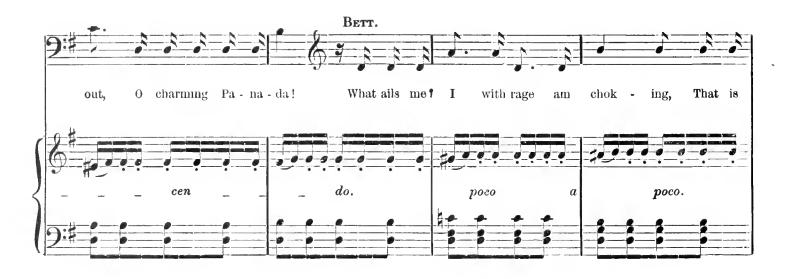
No apology is necessary — we give place to her. Follow me, Frederic! (She exits, R, followed by FREDERIC.) Dear me, these perturbative minds they quite unsettle me (Turning, sees BET entering, L) Ah! Bettina, why this agitation:

(BETTINA is in court dress, a maid of honor carries the train of her dress, two other maids of honor and a physician attend her. She enters quickly; they all follow her running, the physician in a a small trot.

#### BE!" AH! LET ΜE

Bettina and Lorenzo. No. 19. ENTRANCE AND COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS. Allegro.Ah! let me be ! ah! let me Let me be, be! You set my poor brain beat ing, Tho' I am e'er re - peat mg, let me cres







## HOW OF MY VILLAGE.

### No. 20. COUPLETS OF THE COUNTESS.









Calm yourself, Bettina (Io the matids of Honor.) Leave us (To the Physician.) Have you obeyed my instructions?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, sire.

Lor. Any indications of disease as yet?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. No symptoms of insanity?

PHYS. No, sire.

Lor. Hydrophobia? PHYS. No, sire. Lor. (Softly.) Love?

Phys. (Hesitates.) Well, sire, I couldn't say as to that!

Lor. What do you mean?

Phys. You see, sire, love is an affection upon which we doctors agree to disagree.

Lor. (Thinking a moment.) Exactly; I understand you. But what

treatment have you given her?

PHVS. The most thorough, sire. I have examined her pulse twice a minute-when she would allow me; her tongue every five minutes-when she would show it: administered a pellet of aconite in a quart of water, every half hour-when she would drink, and Turkish baths every hour-when she would take them.

LOR. (Grasping him suddenly.) Great heavens! You did all this?

LOR. (Looking at BET., who has retired up R., and is looking out of window.) And she still lives! (To PHYS.) For the future, use a little more discretion. Do not make her show her tongue so often, and be milder in your treatment. You can leave me.

PHYS. (Bowing.) Yes, sire. (Exits L., in a small trot.) Lor. (Anxiously.) Well, Bettina, how do you feel?

BET. (Coming down.) I feel-I feel-

Lor. Yes, yes; you feel-

BET. (Emphatically.) I feel as though I could never stand this life another day. You confine me in a room from morning till night, and guard me as you would a prisoner!

LOR. But, my dear, you can have anything and everything You have only to ask for it.

BET. I wish to be free. I long to ride horseback—to gallop over hedges and jump ditches. Oh, for a little excitement!

Lor. (Harrified.) Gallop? Yes, and break the reins-I mean your neck! Oh, no; ask for anything but a horse!

Then, a little swimming! (Goes to window and points out.) The deep blue river flows by this window. I swim like a fish.

l love the water! (Loctates swimming.) One, two, one two, and then down! (Makes motion of diving through window.)

Lor. (Alarmed) BetSina T.ink a moment. (Imitating.) One, two, one, two, and down you go like a fish—I mean like a stone -to the bottom. (Aside.) I must get her away from that window. (Takes her arm, and leads her down as he speaks.) Now, Bettina, why not play at shuttlecock, skip-rope-something that will give you an appetite, you know

BET. (Indignantly.) 1-a Countess-skip rope? Never!

I confess, it is a little out of the general order of things. Still I must do somet, ing for you.

Вет. Well, if you mus. lo something for me, give me Pippo.

Lor. Pippo!-that monster, Pippo! Oh, no, oh, no!

BET. I want my Pippo!

LOR. (Expostulating.) But my dear Bettina, think a moment!

BET. I won't! I want my Pippo!

LOR. (As before) You think you do, but you don't, Now, Pippe cares nothing for you. You never hear anything from him.

BET. (Sadly.) That is true!

LOR. He has forgotten you. Why, no longer ago than yesterday. we caught him kissing one of the maids. (Asiae) That'll do for a small one!

BET. He? Ah, the wretch-the ungrateful fellow! Well, I shali never marry!

Lor. Good, good-that's right! Never marry-never think of marrying. (To himself.) I feel easier now. (Noise at back.) Enter Roc, Lu.E.

Roc. Your Highness, Salterelle and his troupe have arrived, and await your pleasure.

Lor. Show them in at once, and summon all the court. (Rocco eaits L.U.E. To BET.) Here is amusement for you (Music.)

(Enter FIAM, FRED., Roc., and all the court; then Pir., in Salter-ELLE'S dress, with a half mask over his face followed by players of the Italian Comedy—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, etc.: then pages, who place themselves at back, R. and L.)

# "WHAT A CHARMING, BRIGHT DISPLAY?"

Pippo & Chorus

CHORUS & AIR OF SALTARELLE.











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Lor. Bravo! Simply perfect! (turning to the lords.) Such grace! such dexterity! He is truly wonderful, this merry-andrew. (He continues speaking to lords and others.)

PIP. (Turns a pirouette, which brings him near BET.) Bettina, it is I

—Pippo.

Bet. (Starts.) My Pippo—ah!

Pir. (Aside to Bet.) Come back directly; I will wait for you here.

Bet. Yes; (seeing Lor about to turn.) away, at once! (Pip. turns a second pirouette which takes him away from her.)

Lor. (To players, and pointing to the R.) This side of the hall, my friends, is reserved for you. (To the lords and others) Come, gentlemen, let us retire, and prepare for the wedding. (moves up centre.) Countess, will you accompany us?

FRED. (aside to FIAM.) Observe; he will not separate from her. FIAM. It is scandalous.

LOR. Well—Countess.

BET. (as waking from a dream.) Here I am, Prince -here I am. Chorus to exit.

EXIT.



LORENZO and all his court go up stage and retire, L. The players go

off, R, leaving PIPPO alone.)

Pip. (Watches everybody off, then comes forward joyously.) At last, I have seen her, spoken to her! (Takes off his mask.) I had begun to despair ever meeting her again, when kind fortune threw me among these players, - and learning that they were to give an entertainment during certain wedding festivities at the palace, I immediately seized the opportunity to reach Bettina. (Seeing BETTINA enter.) Ah, here she is!
BET. (Enters, L.U.E., and runs to PIPPO, into whose arms she throws herself.) Pippo!
PIP. Bettina!

BFD. Is it really you, Pippo?
PIP. As sure as eggs are eggs it is.

BET. And do you still love me, Plppo ?

PIP. More than ever!

Bet. And you have come to take me away?

Yes, if you will go.

BET. Indeed, I will; but how am I to get away? I am continually watched and spied upon.

PIP. Leave that to me — It is very simple. I will bring you the dress of one of our players, which you can put on, and then, not known or seen, we can decamp together.

BET. Good; and then we will be married.

PIP. As soon as possible; — but now let me look at you. What a fine lady you make!

BET. And you, Pippo, how handsome you look!

### KNOW'ST THOU THOSE ROBES.

Bettina, Pippo.





















(During the dance Roc. enters, LUE., stops at C., exclaims Pippo!) BET. Now, Pippo, let us haste! We must not be found here together. I will wait for you in my room. I long to fly away. (Exits L.)

Pip. And I too. I will get the dress at once. (Exits R)

Pippo here! If the Prince knew the danger which threatens Roc. his Mascot! I must warn him. (Seeing Lor.) Here he comes. (Enter Lor. Rule Roc. goes to him.)

Roc. Oh, Prince! I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it!

Roc. Pippo. Lor. What?

Lor. Roc. Yes, 'tis he-Saltarelle! That monster again?

Lor. The devil!

Roc. Precisely; he has come to carry off Bettina!

What carry off Bettina, my Mascot! Fil put a stopper on this gay Lothario. Let us seek him at once! (They start to go; enter FRED, R.U.E.)

FRED. (With letter in his hand) Ah, father-in-law! I was looking looking for you. I've something important to tell you.

The devil you have! (To Roc. aside.) Look after Pippo, and stop him at any price. (Roc. exits R.) I'm all attention. the matter?

FRED. It is a letter from papa which a messenger has just brought. Lor. Your papa?

FRED. No, the letter. I'll read it to you. (Reading.)

"My Dear Cousin: - 1 should like very much to embrace my daughter."

LOR. (Following his thought.) Embrace her? But perhaps some one is embracing her now!

FRED. Some one embracing her? LOR. A mere clown; nothing more.

FRED. My beloved one?

Lor. Heh! I beg pardon; go on

FRED. I continue. (Reading.) "I should like very much to embrace my daughter and kiss her." (Noise of kissing outside.)

LOR. A kiss! I heard one! (He run: out L. quickly.)

FRED. He's got 'em. I am sure of it!

LOP. (Re-entering, aside.) It was only a page kissing a maid of Honor. (To FRED.) I've had a fright. Where were we? Proceed. FRED. (Reading.) "But this morning I was seized with an attack of the gout, and shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony." Her marriage? Never! But, my friend, you do not know.

Perhaps at this very moment she may be marrying some one else.

Lor. (Louder.) Her! er! Lor. (Screaming.) He! FRED. Who? (Louder.) What her! FRED. FRED. (Screaming.) What he?

Lor. (Furious.) You can't understand anything! While we are here, he is probably pressing her to his heart! Fred. He! Who? What?

Lor. Oh, no! What am I talking about? Go on. I am a little excited, that's all.

FRED. So am I, for that matter. I will continue. (Reading.) " I shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony. I send you by this messenger"—(Noise of kisses outside.)

this messenger — (Notice of Misses outside.)

Lor. Another kiss! I've got him this time, sure! (Runs off L.)

Fred. (Continues reading.) "By this messenger my blessit g. and some wedding presents." (Looking up discovers Lor. gone)

Gone again! He's got 'em about as bad as they generally have em. (He walks up Enter PIPPO, hurriedly, from R.; they meet. Pippo! You here? Pip. In heav PIP. In heaven's name. silence!

PIP. Yes; but say nothing. I beg of you!

FRED Have no fears. In me you see a friend. If I can assist you I am your service.

PIP. Oh, thank you! Tell me, where is her room!

FRED. Close at hand. Come, quickly, or you will be seized.

PIP. I follow you. (They turn to go up. LOR. appears at back with guards.) LOR. Hold there, Mr. Pippo! Fred. Dished! guards.) Done for!

LOR. (To guards.) Look well after that man. He has dared to come

in here; he does not go out again.

PIP. (Gayly.) Then you give me a position at court?

Lor. Yes, an elevated one. You will be hanged! FRED. Hung! PIP. Allow me-

Lor. I'll allow nothing! (To the guards.) Guard him well. You will answer for him with your heads! (To PIP.) Stay where you are. I am going to regulate you a little. (Exits quickly guards place themselves at back.

PIP. Hanged! So I am to be hanged? There's food for reflection

FRED. But why have you been so indiscreet? Why have you dared to approach the Prince's favorite

PIP. What? The Prince's favorite? 'Tis talse'

FRED. False, is it? Reflect a moment. Why has the Prince brough' her to court? Why has he made her a Countess?

PIP. (Staggered.) 'Tis true; but I cannot believe it!

FRED. Why is he the slave of her caprices? Why doer are watch over her like the most jealous of lovers?

PIP. (Sorrowfully.) Ino true!

FRED. Besides, no one is ignorant of it. You have only be ask, to be told.

# "FROM COURTIERS AS THEY PASS."

#### No. 24. COUPLETS.











FRED. My dear fellow, I sympathize with you. Speaking trankly, you are too simple; but pardon me, if I leave you. I go to my wedding; you go to the gallows. Yes, my dear fellow, I sympathize with you deeply! (Au revoir. He exits L)

Bettina false! And I was ready to marry her! He is right. 1 am very simple, and she is making game of me. But 1'll be revenged-yes, sufficiently revenged. Alas, how? I am a pris-(He throws himself into a chair, his head in his hands. FIAM-ETTA enters softly from R., sees PIPPO. She goes to the guards, speaks softly to them, they go out. She comes down where PIPPO can see her.)

FIAM. Ahem! PIP. (Turning round.) The Princess!

Ah, at last, I see you again!

PIP. (To himself.) At last she sees me! There is nothing strange in that. (Aloud.) You are interested in me, then!

FIAM. Why do you ask? Can't you see that I am?-that I have eyes for no one but you?

(Aside.) Upon my word, she takes my breath away. (Aloud.) But you forget, my lady-

I forget nothing, noble Pippo. I love you-I confess it! FIAM. (Throws herself on his breast.)

PIP. Splendid! Delicious! I had no idea she was so nice!

FIAM. (Drawing back a little.) But tell me, Pippo—is it true that you love Bettina?

Pip. Bettina? No! She has played me false. I hate her! (Aside.) Oh, how sweet is revenge!

Then there is nothing to prevent your loving me?

PIP. No. (Aside.) I'm in for it!

FIAM. (Taking his arm and putting it around her waist.) We shall be very happy-eh, Pippo? (Impatiently.) Say something sweet to me!

PIP. You are charming. (Aside.) No nonsense about her!

FIAM. Say more! PIP. You are delicious!

PIP. You are delicious! PIP. Well then, I adore you! More yet! FIAM.

PIP. I idolize you! FIAM. Yes!

FIAM. Yes 1

PIP. 1 worship you! (Stops suddenly.) Shall 1 kiss you.

FIAM. Oh, no; not now! Presently, when papa is here.

PIP. (Thunderstruck.) What! I have asked papa to come here with two witnesses. FIAM.

PIP. You did that?

FIAM. Yes; I wish to be compromised. Then, papa will be obliged to let us marry. Do you understand?

FIP. Yes, yes; I understand. (Aside.) What a lark!

FIAM. (Looking off, L.) Here is papa! Quick! Quick! Press me
to your heart. Kiss me, and speak words burning with love!

PIP. Burning with love? We'll have a conflagration here directly. F1AM

Yes, yes! Go on! (With fervor.) Fiametta, here upon this breast 1 clasp thee! Oh, my angel! My idol!

M. That's right—keep it up! (PIP. presses her to his heart, and kisses her several times. In the meantime, Lor, has appeared FLAM. at the back of stage, with two lords. He is dumbfounded.)

LOR. Heaven! What do 1 see? My daugater in that monster's

arms! (To Fiam.) And is it for this you have summoned me hence? Fiam. Yes, papa.

Leave us gentleman! Remember, you have seen nothing. (The lords go out. To Pip.) As for you, you scoundre!!— FIAM. (Putting her arms around PIP.) Tear him from my arms, if you will!

Yes, tear me from her arms, if you will! (To Fiam.) Hold me ight! Lor. 'Tis useless. PIP. tight!

FIAM. I love him! The witnesses you have brought can vertify it. All the court will know it. You have only one course to takelet us marry.

Lor. (To himself.) Just like Bettina! Ah-an idea! If I should marry my daughter to Pippo, Bettina cannot marry him. It will be a terrible mesalliance, but I shall keep my Mascot. Shall I hesitate? No! (To PIP.) Come here From this day forth, you are Duke of Villa Rosa! Prp. 12

Lor. You possess an in income of 50,000 crowns, which you will draw from my treasury

PIP. (Kneeling.) But Prince—

LOR. Rise. I shall not feel it; for I can increase the taxes! Now that you have become a desirable person, I give you my daughter in marriage.

PIP. (Stupissed.) Am 1 dreaming? (To FIAM.) Pinch me! LOR. (Meaningly.) Later, my friend!

Thank you, papa-you are very good-very kind!

LOR. Duke, you must hasten and dress as befits your rank for the ceremony. I am going to give orders. (He rings bell, page appears at back Lon. whispers to him; BET. enters and runs to Pirro.

BET. Ah, Pippo! why have you not come? I have been waiting for you.

PIP. (Stepping from her with a haughty gesture.) Pardon me, ma dame: I am engaged.

Lor. Come along, Duke Villa Rosa. BET. (Surprised.) Villa Rosa PIP. Yes, father-in-law, I'll hasten and dress myself.

LOR. Make haste, son-in-law! PIPPO exits, L.U.E., with pages, after having cast a look of disdain upon BETTINA.)
BET. (At left of LOR.) Father-in-law! He calls you father-in-awi

Lor

Yes, he is going to marry my daughter ! FIAM. (At right of LOR.) He adores me!

BET. And you would steal my PIPPO from me? Oh, no! This marriage will never take place!

FIAM. And what's to prevent it, my little one?

BET. Me-her little one! Oh!-

FIAM. (Sneeringly.) Why not, dear Countess? BET. (Threatning her.) Don't you dear Countess me!

Come, come young ladies, this will never do! FIAM. She only knows farm yard language!

BET. (Furious. Snatches glove from Lor's right hand, and throws it at FIAM.) There! Take that! I defy you!

FIAM. (Snatches, glove from LOR'S left hand, and throws it at BET.) As for me, there's my answer!

LOR. (Bewildered.) Bettina! My daughter!

BET. (Snatches hat from Lor's head, and throws it at FIAM.) There ! There!

FIAM. (Snatching sceptre, or staff, from LOR, and throwing it at BET.) Very well—there!

LOR. (Calling loudly.) Rocco, Rocco! Help, help! (Roc. enters at

back.) Roc. What is the matter!

LOR. Look after Bettina. (To FIAM.) And you go dress yourself. FIAM. 1 obey, papa. (Starts to go off R., stops at wing.) Very soon, dear Countess!

BET. (Exasperated.) Oh!——(She goes to throw herself on FIAM. Roc. attempts to hold her back and is thrown against Lor., who nearly falls. FIAM. goes out, laughing loudly.)

Lor. Come, my dear Bettina-calm yourself.

BET. Never; so long as you give your daughter to Mr. Pippo!

What do I hear?

Lor. Why not, since they love each other? Put yourself in my place.

BET. They love each other? That is why he repulsed me, just now I understand it all. He prefers a Princess to me. Ah, the

Lor. Why shouldn't he—I mean, why should he? Now, stop, and

think a moment. He cares nothing for you.

BET. You are right. He will think, perhaps, that I mourn for him, and that, in despair, I shall wear the willow. (Laughs nervously.) Oh, no / 1 shall not want in getting married.

Roc. You!

Lor. But, Bettina, can't you see that it would be best to remain single?

BET. No, no, no! I tell you! I will be married. I will marry anybody—everybody!

Lor. Heavens! And she cooly contemplates bigamy. Roc. (Aside to Lor.) I have an idea! Give her to me; I will Lor. You?

marry her! Roc. Yes; as a matter of form only. Your Mascot will still be

preserved LOR. You will? But, no. On second thoughts, I will marry her, as a matter of form, myself. (To BET.) Bettina, I have found you a husband! BET. A husband?

LOR. Yes; it will be a magnificent match. He is a man of a certain BET. Who is the he? BET. You? age, but he is well preserved.

LOR. In me you see the he. BET. You?

LOR. Yes; think of it! You will be Princess Piombina—you will be all-powerful.

More powerful than Pippo and Fiametta? I should just like Bet. to be able to bulldoze them a little!

Lor. You can, perfectly!

BET. I accept you; but, I warn you, I shall not love you!

LOR. Suits me exactly. I don't want to be loved! Under the circumstances, it would be wholly out of the proper order of things. (Aside.) Now she will be safe for all time to come! (Aloud) We will have the two weddings to-gether.

BET. Just what I should like!

Very well. Now, run and put on your best white dress. Lor.

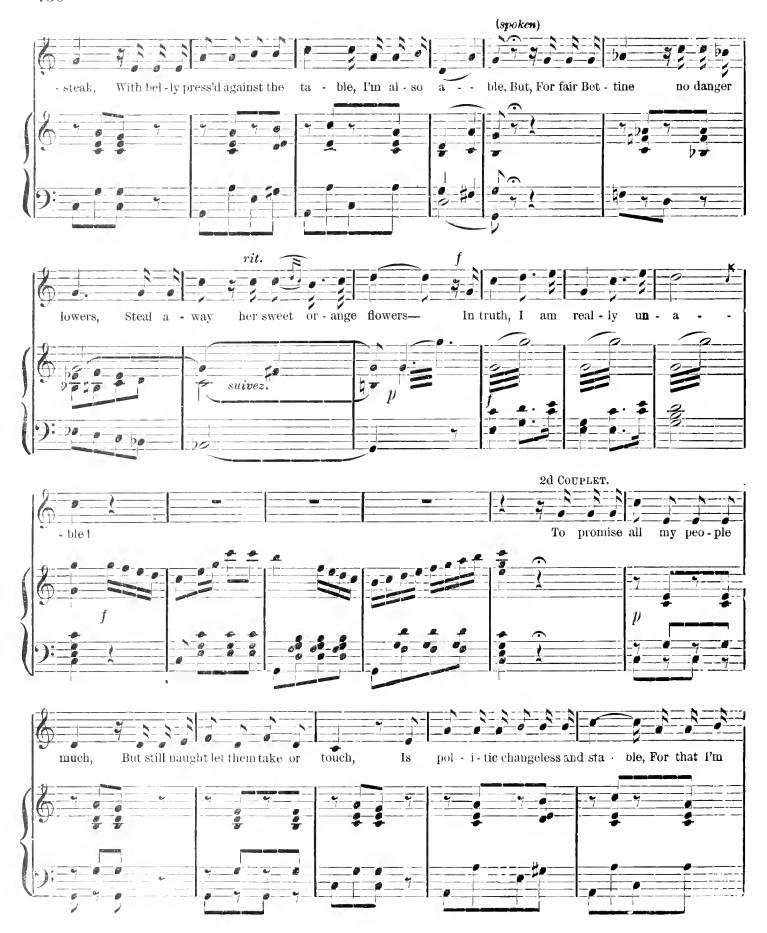
Вет. I go; it won't take long. (Exits L. hurriedly.) LOR. And above all, don't forget the orange blossoms!

She is worthy of it! Roc. LOR. She shall always be worthy of it!

## TO HUNT THE STAG.



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(Enter FRED. in wedding dress, L.U.E.)

FRED. Here I am, father-in-law; here I am. I hope I am not late.

LOR. (Aside to Roc.) Frederic! Hang it all, I had torgotten him.

Roc. What are you going to say to him?

Lor. Ask me an easier one.

FRED. Well, father-in-law, where is my lovely bride?

LOR. Your bride? (Bursting into a loud laugh.) Ha, ha, ha!

Foc. (Likewise.) Ho, ho, ho!

FRED. (Astonished.) Hey? What?

OR. (Nudging Roc.) Let me alone for a racket (To FRED.) Prince. (Laughing again.) 11a. ha, ha!

Roc. (Same business.) Ho, ho, ho!

FRED. Father-in-law has evidently taken a drop too much.

LOR. (Still laughing.) The fact is, my friend, another husband has turned up.

FRED. Another husband! Such an insult. Do not forget, Prince, that papa is an old warrior.

LOR. (Snapping fingers in FREDERIC'S face. He jumps one side.)
That for your old warrior.

Roc. (Same business. FRED. jumps back again.) That for your old warrior.

LOR. (Aside.) With my Mascot, I shall win all the battles.

FRED. 1s that your last word?

LOR. The last.

FRED. Very well, I leave you; but before I go, who has taken my place?

LOR. (Pointing to PIPPO, who enters, L.) He will tell you. FRED. Pippo!

PIP. Yes, it is I. Pippo. I've changed my mind. Instead of going to the gallows, I have taken your place at the wedding. My deal fellow, you are too simple, I sympathize with you deeply. I de upon my word. (Turns back upon him).

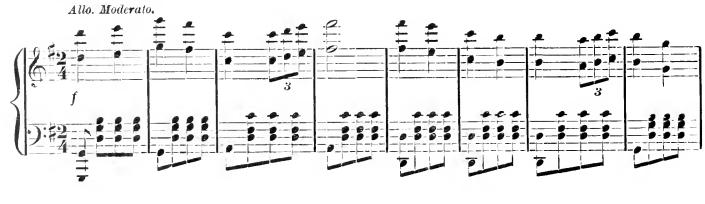
FRED. Maledictions! I'll be revenged!

(Enter FIAMETTA, R.)

(During chorus, "I'm ready now," PIPPO advances bowing, and gives his hand to FIAMETTA. "My bride intended all may view." LORENZO points to BETTINA, who appear at back, C., in wedding dress. She comes down and sings "Why, yes, 'Tis my own self. etc." During chorus "Yes, we've had too much talk, etc," LORENZO goes to BETTINA, on the L., gives her his hand and advances up stage, escorted by maids of honor and pages. PIPPO goes to FIAMETTA on the R., gives her his hand, and advances up stage, equally escorted by maids and pages. The two parties meet up c. With a spontaneous movement, BETTINA drops LORENZO'S hand, and PIPPO that of FIAMETTA, they throw themselves towards one another, and quickly come down front together. General commotion follows. "How will he bear to be mistaken." BETTINA and PIPPO leap through window, R. Every one screams "Oh!" LORENZO faints in Rocco's arms, FIAMETTA in the arms of her maids of honor. Tableau.

### FINALE.

No. 26. All the Characters and Chorus.

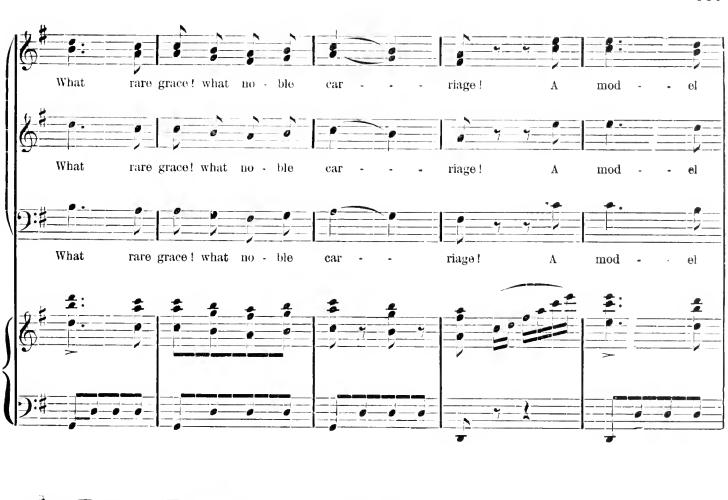




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# ONE DAY A CAPTAIN BOLD.







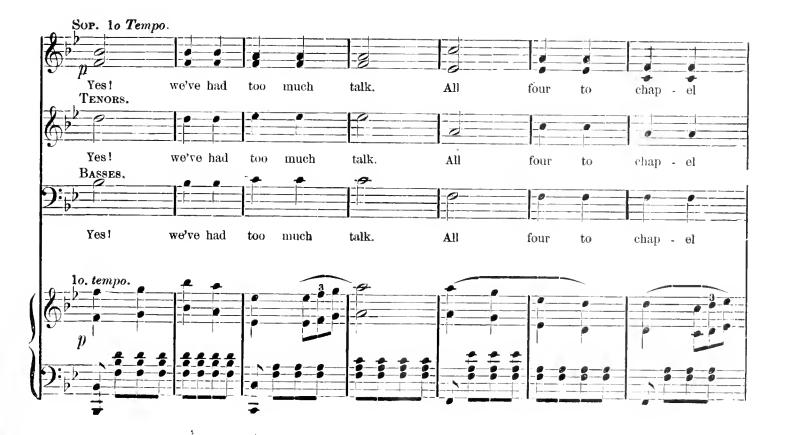


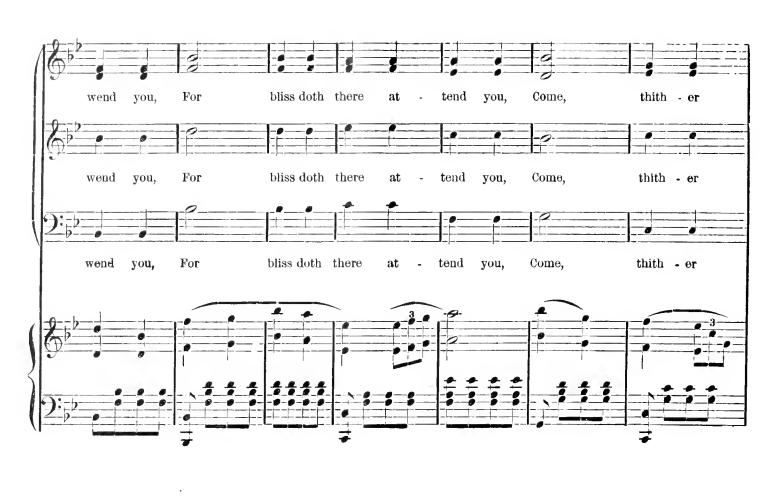


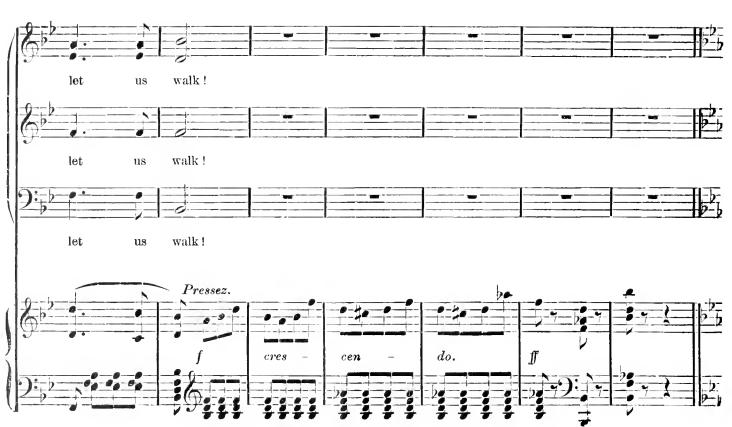














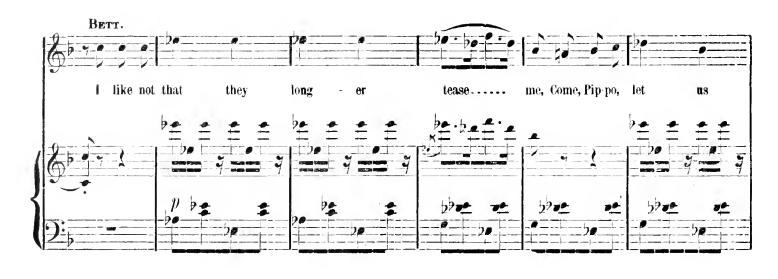


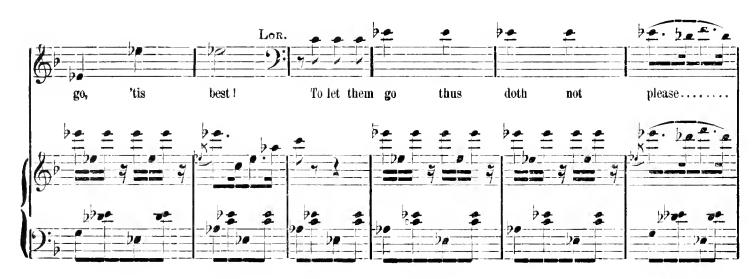


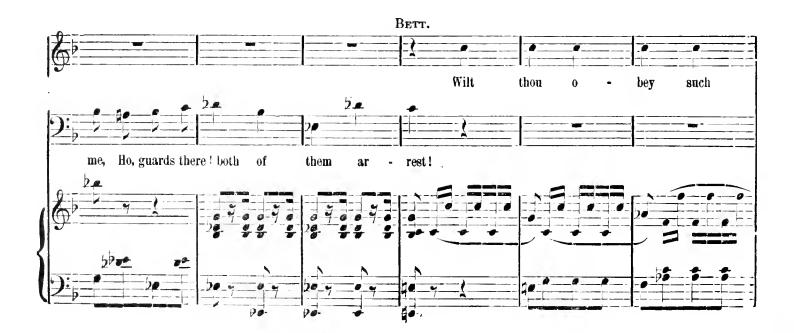
























# ACT III. ENTR' ACT.

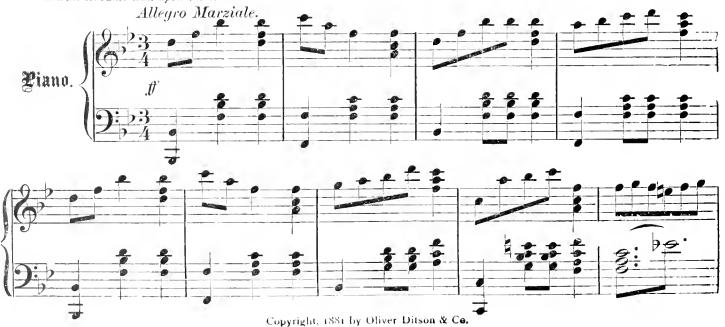




## CHORUS OF SOLDIERS OF PISAN ARMY.

#### No. 27. The Sergeant, Matheo, Tenors and Basses.

ACT III.—Scene.—The great hall of an Italian Inn, in the Duchy of Pisa. The back is open, and shows the country, with sun shining beyond. Doors R. and L. At R., 2d Grooves, nuptial chamber. Chairs and rustic tables, R. and L. At the rising of the curtain, Sergeant Parafante and soldiers of the Duke of Pisa's army are discovered seated at the tables, drinking. Matheo and the servants wait upon them.















MAT. (Aside.) I wish my wine would choke you, you lazy hussars.

SER. What did you say?
MAT. Nothing. So, Sergeant, you have again beaten the Prince Lorenzo?

SER. On all sides; during the past month, since our sovereign, the Duke of Pisa, declared war against that old imbecile, Lorenzo XVII, we have given him a whipping every day.

ST SOLDIER. It is Prince Frederic who commands.

2D Sol. And you ought to feel honored that he has deigned to make your inn his head-quarters.

MAT. 1 am greatly honored. (Aside.) I'd like to see them all to the devil.

JER. He is well seconded by our brave Captain Pippo; eh, boys? IST SOL. A regular dare-devil!
2D SOL. That's true. But where did he come from, this Captain

Pippo?

SER. Nobody knows. Two months ago, two peasants, one tall and the other short, presented themselves at the camp and asked to be enrolled. The tall one was called Pippo. He performed great deeds of valor, and soon won the rank of Czptain. The little one, who never leaves his side, is his orderly.

IST SOL. 'Tis very strange, all the same. 2D Sol. Comrades, our Prince approaches!

SER. (Commanding.) Attention! Comrades, the Prince! Drummers to your places! (Every one rises, and puts himself in military position, in columns, R. and L. Two little drummers place themselves at the head, R. and L., and bear the tottoo. Enter FRED. C. from R., comes down; they salute.

FRED. Greeting to you, my good soldiers! Greeting to the sound

of the drum.

### ENTRANCE OF THE PRINCE AND SONG OF THE DRUM.

No. 28.

Frederic, Tenors and Basses.

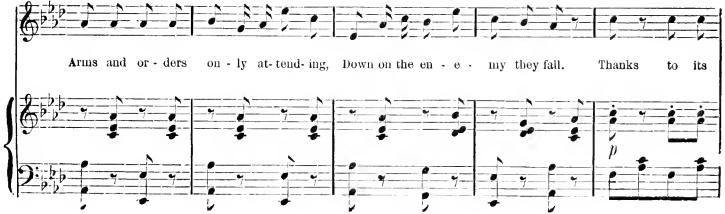


















FRED. Break ranks! (They scatter about.) But where is Captain Pip. The third day I took--- (Aside.) Now what the devil did I Pippo? He asked me for a moment's audience and I am here to meet him.

(Enter Pip., c. from L. in Captain's uniform.)

Ph. Here I am, General.

FRED. Your hand, Captain. Soldiers, I declare before you that our success is all owing to the valor of our brave Captain Pippo!

PIP. Oh, Prince! I may have valor, but you confuse me.

FRED. All heroes are modest; but let us change the subject. You wished to speak with me.

PIP. Yes, your highness; I have a favor to ask of you.

FRED. It is already granted.

PIP. It is very stupid; but then, it must come sooner or later. I wish to get married.

FRED. You marry, and with whom?

PIP. (Pointing to BET., who enters C. from L., dressed as a little trooper.) With my orderly.

ALL. With his orderly. What does he mean!

BET. (Saluting FRED.) If your goodness will allow it, General.

FRED. Good, very good. I understand. Granted.

SERGEANT and SOLDIERS. How? Granted?

FRED. Certainly. Listen, soldiers: this little trooper is a woman. (Exclamations of surprise on all sides.)

BET. Yes, comrade, a woman who became a soldier for love — all for this big goose. (Taps PIP. on the cheek.)

PIP. My little duck.

FRED. (Coughing.) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (Suddenly taking military position.) Right about face!

BET. (Doing same.) Your pardon, General.

PIP. In two words, comrades, she is my sweetheart. We escaped together from the castle of the Prince Lorenzo. The old duffer intended to make her his wife, and we gave him the slip by jumping through the castle window into the river below.

SOLDIERS. Bravo! bravo!

FRED. Yes, and they jumped bravely, too. I was there.

BET. We swam like ducks, eh, Pippo?

PIP. Yes, and was soon out of their reach. Soon after, we learned from a fisherwoman hard by, that the Duke of Pisa had declared war against the Prince Lorenzo. I said to Bettina, let us go to Prince Frederic. Then we shall not fear pursuit. We forthwith presented ourselves.

FRED. And I enrolled them immediately.

PIP. We went to battle, Bettina was by my side. I became a lion,

BET. The first day he took a flag.

FRED. 1 made him Corporal.

BET. The second day he took a cannon.

FRED. I made him Sergeant.

take the third day? I have taken so many things, -- Ah, yes I took a drop - I mean a cold, nevertheless, all goes well, and I want to be married this very day; yes, this very hour.

FRED. A marriage at a moment's notice. (Pointing to BET.) But this dress?

BET. Never fear, your highness. We have taken our little precau tions in advance.

PIP. Yes, Prince; I have even gone so far as to have the nuptia chamber prepared. (Pointing to the door on the L.) Hang, it ! forget this is not a palace.

BET. No matter. When at war, do as warriors do.

Ptp. She is charming. In love as in war, everything goes well with us, eh, birdie?

BET. (Tapping him on his cheek.) Yes, my old chicken.

FRED. (Coughing.) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (Assuming military position.) Right about face!

BET. (As if carrying arms.) Your pardon, General. (Salutes and marches back to C.) I go to dress myself.

PIP. (Commanding.) March! (She exits L.U.E., in military order.)

FRED. Ah! Pippo, you are indeed happy. You are beloved, while as for me, Fiametta disdains me.

PIP. Bah! Don't think about it; seek excitement on the field.

FRED. That is what I have done, I have defeated her imbecile old father.

PIP. Yes, and badly too, they say he is flying and that his army has deserted him.

MAT. (Aside.) Poor old man.

PIP. All the army are amused. They have even made songs about him. They call him the great orang-outang.

MAT. (With a gesture.) Scoundrels!

PIP. and FRED. (Turning to MAT.) Eh?

MAT. Nothing

FRED. Yes, the Prince is flying with his daughter, whom I still love and who knows but what Fiametta may be sad and unhappy (Great noise outside.) What's all that?

MAT. (Looking out at back.) They look like peasants. One would say they were wandering musicians. The soldiers surround them -they come this way.

FRED. Wandering musicians, no doubt. Let us retire where we shall not be annoyed. Come Captain I

PIP. I follow, Prince. (They exit by a side door, L.)

MAT. (Up stage.) Here they are.

(Enter LOR., Roc. and FIAM., surrounded by a crowd of peasant and soldiers, the two men are dressed as peasants. Lon. with large red whiskers. Roc. with large black whiskers. FIAM. is dressed as a peasant woman, with her hair all rough over her face. Lor holds a bagpipe, Roc. a flageolet, and FIAM a tam bourine).

## ENTRANCE OF THE REFUGES.

AND THE ORANG-OUTANG SONG.



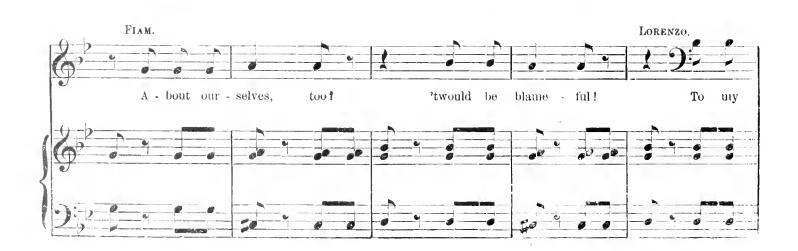
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## SONG OF THE ORANG-OUTANG.

No. 30.



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All the soldiers exit singing the refrain of the chorus of the Orangoutang. LOR, ROC. FIAM, and MAT, remain.)

LOR. (To FIAM., who is counting the money.) How much?

FIAM. Thirty-nine sous.

LOR. Keep them. We have no longer reason to be proud.

MAT. (Roughly to LOR.) Come, now, move on !

LOR. (Angrily.) Move on. (Softer and more amiable.) Oh, Matheo!

Matheo!

MAT. What now?

LOR. You remember your old master, Prince Lorenzo?

MAT. Feelingly.) Ah, yes, indeed I do remember him. He was not very powerful, but he was a good man.

Lor. (With effusion, and shaking him by the hand.) Thank you, thank you You, at least have a kind word for him, while others treat him as an orang-outang.) Thanks, good friend, thanks.

MAT. (Astonished.) Who are you?

Lor. Matheo. (Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket.)
Look!

MAT. The Prince!

Lor. No, - 1 am nothing now.

MAT. Is it true, then

Lor. Yes, my old luck has returned. Defeated by the Duke of Pisa in every quarter, my faithful subjects revolted and invaded my paiace.

FIAM. Our lives were threatened.

Lor. 1 am no coward, but 1 saw that the only way to get out honorably, was to get out quickly.

Roc. Which we did manfully.

FIAM. And thoughtlessly forgot -

Roc. Our cash-box.

Lor. One always forgets something. Then (Pointing to FIAM.) my darling child, my grand chamberlain.

Roc. (Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket) Your exchamberlain.

LOR. Quite right, quite right; my ex chamberlain and myself borrowed these make ups, I should say disguises, and after enduring a thousand fatigues, find ourselves safe ——

MAT. In the enemy's camp.

Lor. Quite right As safe here as anywhere. Do you know what my faithful subjects have done.

MAT. No, what?

Lor. They have set a price on my head; they have offered a reward of 497 francs.

MAT. Why this fraction? Why not a round sum?

LOR. Perhaps it is because my head is not worth 500 francs. All this would not have happened to me a month ago.

MAT. Why?

Lor. Because I had --- (Noise of Music and bells ringing outside,

FIAM. What's all this noise?

MAT. Don't heed it; it is only a wedding.

FIAM And who is to be married?

MAT. A beautiful girl, named Bettina.

Lor. (Jumping up.) Bettina!

FIAM. and Roc. Bettina!

Lor. With whom?

MAT. A brave officer, captain Pippo!

FIAM. Pippo!

Lor. Pippo!

FIAM. He marries her? Ah, papa, my nerves! I faint! (MAT comes quickly with a chair.)

Lor. Some vinegar, Matheo, some vinegar!

MAT. Directly. (Goes out.)

Roc. (On right of FIAM.) We must chafe her hands.

Lor. (On left.) Yes.

Roc. (Rubbing FIAM'S hand.) So Bettina is to be married?

Lor. (With energy.) So much the better!

Roc. (Same business.) How so much the better? You well know, if this marriage takes place, Bettina ceases to be a Mascot.

LOR. Precisely—that pleases me. Since I no longer possess her my self, no one else shall have her. You understand?

LOR. (Walking up L.) Matheo-the vinegar!

Roc. (Mechanically rubbing FIAM'S hand.) I have nothing to gain from Lorenzo, while if I preserve the Mascot to Frederic, I can hope for everything from his gratitude. (Leaving FIAM'S hand.) Matheo—the vinegar! (He walks up stage.)

LOR. (Comes back, takes FIAM'S hand, which he rubs mechanically.) Frederic, no longer having the Mascot, the chances become equal. I will begin the war again, and conquer him

Roc. (Coming back, and speaking to himself.) After reflecting, I shall go and warn the Prince.

LOR. (Same time) After thinking it over, I shall let this marriage go on.

FIAM. (Opening her eyes.) Where am I? (Gets up.)

Roc. She is recovering!

MAT. (Coming back.) Here is the vinegar.

Lor. We no longer want it; you have been too quick about it Keep it for the salad. (Noise outside, and joyous acclamations.,

FIAM. (With a cry.) Ah, I remember—a wedding!

MAT. (Up stage.) Here are the bride and bridegroom and their friends coming from the chapel.

Lor. (To Fiam.) Courage, my child, courage! (To Roc.) Our beards—let us put them on and keep one side. (They hide in a room, or cupboard, on the left. Enter PIP. and FRED., at back, in grand dress; Bet. as a bride, accompanied by friends and soldiers.)













(All the assistants go out on tip-toe at back, during which BET. is made to enter the nuptial chamber. FIAM. gives FRED. a last look as he goes off at back. PIP. remains alone.)

Au revoir. my friends, au revoir! (Coming to the front.) Here I am, alone; nothing to do, but think of my little wife, my dear Bettina How my heart palpitates! so does hers, no doubt. A kiss—I must have a kiss from those ruby lips! (Goes towards nuptial chamber. Roc. in the meantime steals across stage on tip-toe. As PIPPO is about to enter, Roc. taps him on the shoulder. PIP. turns quickly.)

PIP, What?

Roc. Pardon, captain—a word.

PIP. Who are you?

Roc. (Taking off beard.) Look! PIP. (Surprised.) My old master! Hang it, what brings you here?

Roc. I must speak with you.

PIP. Not now—I am engaged. I will see you to-morrow.

Roc. Oh, no; to-morrow will be too late—it is about your future welfare.

PIP My future welfare? Speak quickly, then, for I have no time w lose.

Roc. (Looking around, and then speaking in a marked tone.) Listen. For the past month, you have done great deeds; defeated great armies, and have been overwhelmed with gifts and favors from the Prince. To what do you think you owe this unlooked-for good fortune?

PIP. (Nobly) To my valor!
LOR. (Looking out of door, L.) What do I see—Rocco and Pippo

together! Now, don't deceive yourself! You know you are a chicken-hearted fellow. No, no-you owe all to a woman -to Bettina; because Bettina is a Mascot.

PIP. (With a cry.) A Mascot!

LOR. (Aside from door.) Ah! He's splitting!

PIP. A Mascot? Are you sure of that?

Roc. Absolutely sure; and the proof is, that all this good fortune has come to you since she has not quitted your side.

PIP. True. What luck! What chance! So I have married a Mascot! Roc. (Stopping him, as he is about to enter chamber.) Unfortunate man, don't go there!

PIP. Why not?

Roc. Why not? Because if you go in that room, if you take from Bettina the orange blossoms she wears in her bosom, if you even kiss her, that moment she cease to be a Mascot!

PIP. But, hang it all. I love her! She is my wife.

(Inside.) Pippo! Pippo! BET.

PIP. She calls me—you hear her? Lor. (Aside from doo., Go in, you donkey?

Roc. Don't enter. One step further-good by, fortune, good by, honors, good by, happiness! You will become a poor shepherd

PIP. (Determinedly.) Never!

Roc. (Suddenly. An idea—make her your sister, and the future is yours!

LOR. Wretch!

BET. (Inside.) Pippo-my little Pippo!

Pip. I hear her. There-she is coming!

Roc. Courage! Be firm; be cool!

LOR. (Aside, from door.) Yes; damned cool!

Ptp. I must and will; but how can I trust myself? Oh, if I only had some one to help me!

Roc. Listen I go in there. (Pointing to door R.) If you begin to fail, I will call you to order by playing upon this (Pointing to clarionet.) the Legend of the Mascots.

PIP. Very well. That will do, for 1 am determined.

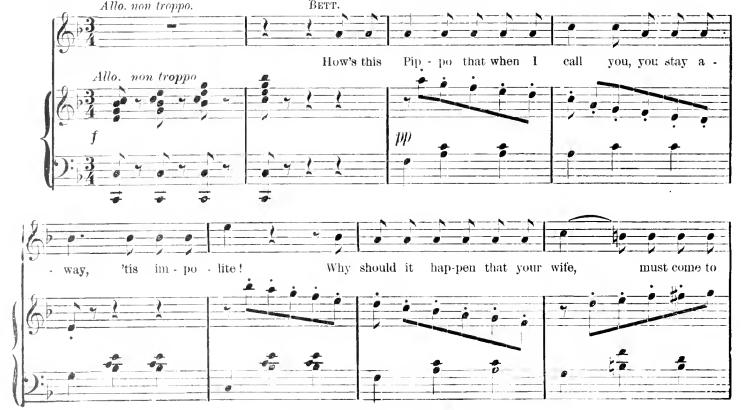
LOR. (Aside, from door.) Happily, I have my bagpipe. We shall see!

Bet. (Coming out in night attire, her orange blossoms at her side, and a lamp in her hand.) Pippo! Ah, there you are. (Places lamp on table; Lor. is hidden on one side, Roc. on the other.)

PIP. It is she!

## HOW'S THIS PIPPO?

Bettina, Pippo, Lorenzo, Rocco. No. 32. QUARTETTE.





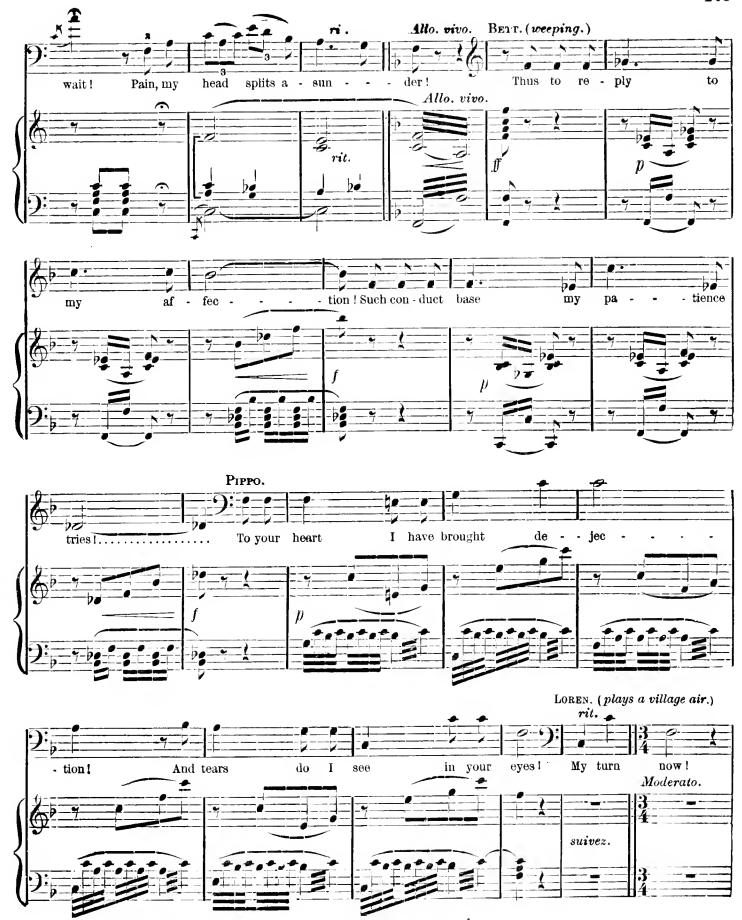










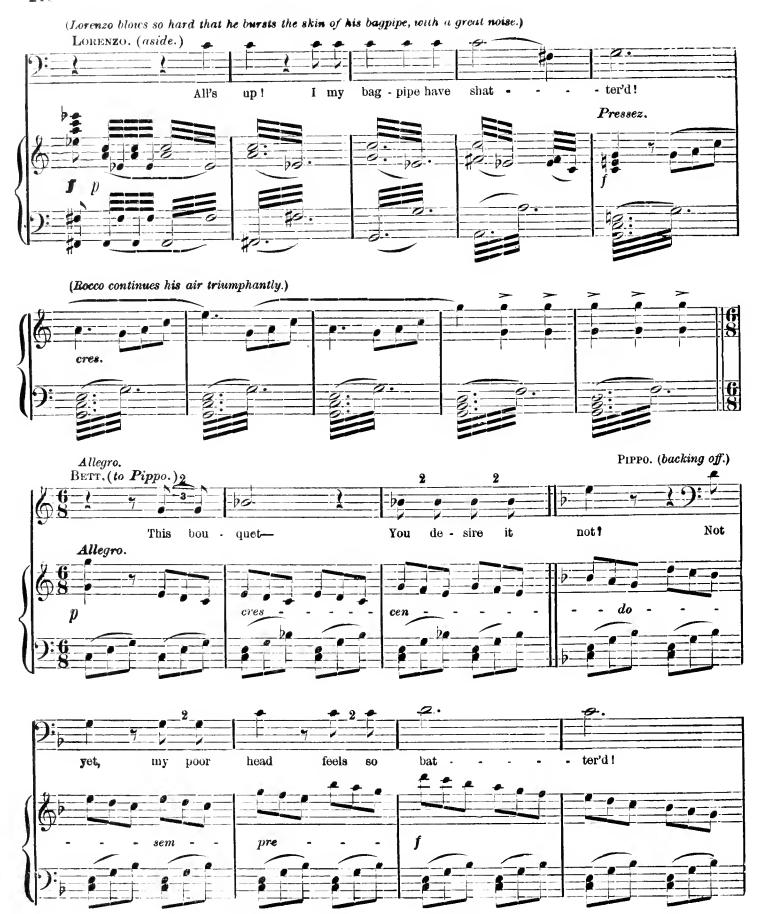


















At the end of quartette, BET. walks angrily away. PIP. wishes to rush after her.)

PIP. Bettina!

BET. (Furious.) There, thats what you deserve. (She boxes his ears,

then runs into her room and locks the door.)

PIP. (Throwing himself against the door and knocking.) Bettina! Bettina! (Noise of key being turned twice.) She has double locked the door. (Knocking again.) Bettina! Open, I beg of you. Roc. (Who has come out of hiding.) Come, come, - no weakness.

PIP. (Angrily.) Let me alone — you bore me. (Knocking again.) Bettina! I ask pardon. I give up fortune, honors, everything. I

want only you!

Roc. Ah, I will go and warn Prince Frederic. (Goes out quickly at back.) PIP. (Calling at door.) Bettina, I am on my knees, I implore you.

LOR. (Coming out of his hiding place.) She will not open it.

PIP. (Turning around.) Who speaks?

Lor. I!

PIP. And who are you?

LOR. No matter. You have wronged her. You have trampied upon her heart.

PIP. (In despair) What shall I do, then?

LOR. (Seizing his arm.) Come with me! (Drawing him of, R.I.E.) Come!

PIP. (Resisting a little.) But who are you? Lor. Your good angel. (Still urging him.)

Roc. (Outside.) This way, Prince, this way!

LOR. Ah, some one comes. Follow me! (Draws him off. R I.E. Enter FRED., ROC., SERG., PARAFANTE and Soldiers at C., back quickly.)

FRED. Sergeant, guard this door with two sentinels. (Points to door of chamber, R.) A Mascot! A Mascot! and she is mine. My friend, you can count upon my gratitude.

Roc. I shall do so, your highness.

FRED. But where is Pippo? Sergeant, tell Captain Pappol wish to see him.

LOR. (Enters at back, and comes down rubbing his hand.) He won't he likely to find him very soon.

What does this peasant say?

I say that he won't be likely to find him very soon. Captain Pippo is engaged, very much engaged. (Laughing.) Ha, ha, ha!

FRED. This fellow's making game of us. Roc. (Aside.) I smell something wrong.

Who are you? FRED.

Roc. (Pulling off his beard.) It is Lorenzo.

FRED. Lorenzo! And you dare to brave me here. Soldiers, sw round him!

FIAM. (Enters from left and throws herself at FRED's feet.) Pardon

Pardon, for my father's sake, pardon!
FRED. (Astonished.) Fiametta! (Looking at her. Aside) How levely

she is. (Aloud.) I pardon you, - rise.

FIAM. (Putting her hand to her heart. Aside.) llow my heart beats. (Looking at him.) How handsome he looks (Aloud.) Prince, 1 find you swift to forgive, while I am slow to love. Do not turn from me.

FRED. (Transported.) What! You love me at last. You -

Roc. (Pulling him by the sleeve.) You forget Pippo.

True; where can he be? FRED

Lor. (Pointing to chamber, R.) He is there!

What? Roc.

How do you know?

LOR. (Imitating.) I gave him a back up by the window.

FRED. I must make sure of that. Soldiers, break open the door!

SERG. 'Tis useless, he is opening it. (BET. and Fip. appear upon the threshold of the door. Pip. holding victoriously, the boque of orange blossoms.)

## FINALE.

## No. 33.

## All the Characters and Chorus.

Rocco and PIPPO on the sill of the door. PIPPO holding the bouquet of flowers.



















