EVA

A Comic Opera

IN THREE ACTS

English Book and Lyrics by
GLEN MACDONOUGH

MUSIC BY
FRANZ LEHÁR

American Arrangement by
ANTON HEINDL

VOCAL SCORE
$2.00 net

NEW YORK: G. SCHIRMER
BOSTON: THE BOSTON MUSIC CO.

Copyright, 1911, by LUDWIG DUBLINGER (BERNHARD HERZMANSKY). Leipzig
Copyright, 1912, by G. SCHIRMER
EVA
Comic Opera in Three Acts

Act I
Overture

Allegretto moderato

Piano

Franz Lehár
American arrangement by
Anton Heindl

Copyright, 1911, by Ludwig Doblinger (Bernhard Herzmanasy), Leipzig
Copyright, 1912, by G. Schirmer
Valse moderato non troppo

(In these 16 measures please omit, with full orchestra, Horns and Harp)

Strict Waltz-tempo

Prestissimo
Opening Chorus

"We'll the new master greet"

Vivace

SOPRANO & ALTO

From far a-way

TENOR

We'll the new mas-ter greet, wel-come him here!

BASS

Cur-i-ous

Comes he to-day.

We'll ask for a

With song and cheer,

Ah!

we

Are him to see!
hol i day. Ah!

We're keen for a fête!

A chance to celebrate
Now we all a-

The decorations are beautiful, very! Ah!

Ah! Of toil we're weary, we wait.

Of toil we're weary, we

long to make merr - ry. Should the new own - er a hol - i - day grant.

long to make merr - ry.
Work for the day, we've put away, we're all for play!

There is waiting at our cabaret of red wine a big cask; bravely drinking its last drop away. Today shall be our task. The music that's for our dance.
Three fiddlers shall play, If our new-found master grants To us a free day.

We from him await Word now to start our fête.

Allegro vivace
TENORS

Allegro moderato

Good fortune to the new master! Good luck and long, long life to him! Good

BASSES

fortune to the new master! Good luck and long, long life to him!

forte

Good fortune to the new master! Good luck and long, long life to him!
Vivace
SOPRANO & ALTO

Tenor From far away Comes he to-day:
Well the new master greet, welcome him here With song and

Vivace Curious we

We'll ask for a holiday. Ah!

cheer! Ah! We're

Are him to see! A chance to celebrate

The decorations are beautiful, very!

keen for a fete. Ah!

Now we all await,
Ah!

Of toil we're weary, We long to make merry, Should the new owner a holiday.

Of toil we're weary, We long to make merry.

Larousse

Larousse is here, To him give ear, Round him draw near.

grant.

f sempre

23860
Duet

The Voice of Paris

Pipei and Dagobert

Tempo di Mazurka

Pipeli

1. A country mouse mine'er could be,

I'm for the city yearning, My fancy is incessantly

Unto the city turning! In village life and village
ways I nothing find romantic, To live here half a dozen days Would drive me nearly frantic. I'll fret until my self I see far from here for ever, And to me speaking soft and clear A mystic voice I hear!
Refrain
Valse moderato

E'er to me is Paris calling, And her voice so well I know! She calls to me in

work and play-time. In the night and in the day-time, And unto her message I

Long to make a quick reply, For 'tis like a spell by a wizard cast, It holds me

a tempo

fast.

a tempo
know: Oh, come and take of life full mea-sure Serv-ing me, the queen of

plea - sure! Ev - 'ry-thing that life can hold, Joy and beau-ty,

art and gold, Fame and fol-ly, too, Come! they here a-wait you!
Dagobert

2. A city mouse in me you see, Already am I pin-ing

Again to be where merrily The city lights are shin-ing! Tho'

Rich- es, health, and such de-lights Pervade this grace- ful val-ley,

I'd ra-ther starve up sev-en flights In some Pa-ri-sian al-ley! I

To that earth-ly Pa-ra-dise Can-not re-turn too quick-ly, For to me
speaking soft and clear A mystic voice I hear!

Valse moderato

E'er to me is Paris calling, Her voice so well I know; And to the tuneshe

sings entrancing I am yearning to be dancing! Therefore very

much I fear, Long I shall not linger here, And led by a lure I cannot de-

ny, To town I'll fly!

28800
Pipsi

Ev'rything that life can hold, Joy and beauty,

Dagobert

Ev'rything that life can hold, Joy and beauty,

art and gold, Fame and folly, too, Come! they here await you!

art and gold, Fame and folly, too, Come! they here await you!
Vision Song
Eva

Moderato non troppo

Listesso tempo

Eva

The night winds were sighing, The embers were dying.

When out of the shadows she came to me, So royal and
slender, So sweet and so tender, An

old - en - time princess proud seemed she. Like the

stars of the twilight her soft eyes were glowing, And her

hair of spun gold o'er her shoulders was flowing,
And her cheeks were like twin roses blowing:

Of this earth was such beauty as hers. Twas thus my mother came to me.

Her robes so light and silken around her form did float, Rich jewels
deek'd her fin-gers and clasped her lil-y throat.

Nev-er was seen a pic-ture as love-ly as

she, Ev-ver-more shall my soul by it haunt-ed

Allegro non troppo

And then the dear
vi-sion un-to me drew near, Above the winds mean-ing I seemed to
hear. Her gen-tle voice sing-ing a sweet mel-o-dy: And this was the
message it bore to me! Love is a pil-grim who comes un-
known.— With features hooded Love walks a-lone, At thy heart wait-ing he may stand to-
day, - Has-ten to an-swer, nor turn him a-way! Love is a beg-gar who

knows not gold, Yet bears a treasure of worth un-told, Mo-ments and

mem-ories whose sweet-ness shall live Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty; If Love a

shel-ter in thy heart thou give, These will be bring to thee.
Trio

Joy and Glass

Octave, Voisin and Dagobert

Allegretto moderato

1. Glass like this can be love-ly as a dream, With rich tints like a
rain-bow glow and gleam, Shapely, graceful, fair to see, Yet one touch will turn it to débris!
break as eas-i-ly: Love's as fra-gile, tho' they say, Love may live for ev-er and a day!

2. Glass and joy are quite brit-tle, you'll a-gree, One thing more you may
Joy al-so is a treasure ra-ther rare, Joy with glass one may ver-y well com-pare,
just one word will the dam-age do a-lone, Just one glance in the wrong di-rection thrown,
Just one little blow, my friend, And it is a ruin none can mend.
In your heart he ends his stay, Then love on his crutches limps away.

Allegro vivace

1. Of joy and glass be-ware, Have of the pair a care, For neither
2. Of glass and love be-ware, Have of the pair a care, For neither

Voisin and Dagobert

Allegro vivace

Be-ware! a care!
Be-ware! a care!

of them ever lasts, my boy! A tiny crack or break
of them ever lasts, my friend! A tiny crack or break

For neither ever lasts: A tiny
For neither ever lasts: A tiny
The glass will use-less make:  But lit-tle more it needs to shat-ter
The glass will use-less make:  But lit-tle more will bring love to an
break  will use-less make
break  will use-less make

to shat-ter joy, of joy and glass be-ware!  They are a fra-gile pair,
love to an end, of glass and love be-ware!  They are a fra-gile pair,

pair, And tho’ the great-est care Of them you take,
pair, And tho’ the great-est care Of them you take,
when they break!

Hi! hi! hi! hi! hi!

Hi! hi! hi! hi! hi!

Love, yes, be-ware!

Love, yes, be-ware!
Moderato

Octave (turns carelessly to Larousse)

You are the foster-father of this girl,

Eva,

If I correctly have been told.

Larousse

Yes, all her life Eva I've cared for,

(indicating Eva)

Then you'll be

And no real father more love could give her.
pleased to hear That for her I am planning

advancement to a station worthy of the girl.

The

Quasi Marcla (Maestoso)

(With a suspicious glance at Octave)

work she's doing is well suited to her, There let her stay.

Quasi Marcla (Maestoso)

better time she'll have.

No right has she of better times to be thinking;
In the world her place is fixed, Fine dress and pleasure are not for her;

For always she shall be a working-girl.

Quite so, your view I understand.

Thank you! Eva, now let us go.
(With serious business air)

One moment, please! Some questions I would ask her; So let the

Allegro (Tempo rubato)

girl remain. (spoken) (Exit, glancing sharply at them)

Then I have nothing more to say.

Allegro (Tempo rubato)

Presto

tempo rit.
Eva

Oh, what do you want? What are your questions?

Allegro moderato

Why am I kept here, Sir? What am I to you, Sir?

Octave (aside) animato

O-ho! the little vix-en! To use her claws she's more than ready!

Violin animato

Allegro (tempo rubato) (defiantly)

What do you want to ask of me? Why do you bid me to wait here? Why do you
give a single thought to me? Will you please tell me? (quietly)

It is my

Allegrato

interest, nothing more, A little honest sympathy,

That

Allegrato

Of course, there's nothing more!

(embarassed) (with sudden change of mood and manner)

only.

You are quite right - it's only that.
Allegretto moderato
Octave

A maiden so fair, A beauty so rare, Should

not be content in a factory to stay! Your

life here is wasted While pleasures untasted Are

(tries to take Eva's hands. She puts them behind her back)

yours if the word you would say! A day bright and new, dear, Is
waiting for you, dear, From this world a far, far a-

Eva

Quasi Marcia (Maestoso)

No right have I of better times to be thinking!

way!

Quasi Marcia (Maestoso)

poco менo

In the world my place is fixed, Fine dress and pleasure are not for me,

poco менo

a tempo

For always shall I be a working girl!
Octave

Your hands so tender Should glimmer with rich jewels, Pearls and diamonds grace your throat so slender And costly gowns of fabrics rare you should wear, And furs of sable and priceless lace Those garments humble should soon replace.
Allegretto
Eva

Her robes so light and silken Around her form did float,
Rich jewels deck'd her fingers, and clasped her lily throat!
Never was seen a picture as lovely as she; Evermore shall my
soul by it haunted be!

Octave

is love to you,

Moderato non troppo
dear-est, no more than a word? To you love is call-ing, in vain, un-

Valse moderato

Eva

Love is a pil-grim who comes un-known,

heard!

Valse moderato

With features hood-ed, Love walks a-lone, At thy heart wait-ing he may stand to-

23800
day, Hasten to answer, nor turn him away! Love is a beggar who knows not gold, Yet bears a treasure of worth untold; Moments and memories whose sweetness shall live Thro' all eternity! If love a shelter in
Moderato

Octave  Eva! listen to me!

I mean you no harm;

You surely do not fear me?

Eva  Fear you? no!

Allegretto

Octave  You shall listen to me!  Eva  No!
Allegro

Octave

Look at me! tell the truth: of me are you sure you've no fear?
Allegro

like you I have never known, Yet of fear I have none!

Give me, dear, your

Let me go, I must!

trust!

Yes!

Do you care for me?
Prestissimo

(exit Eva)

yes!

(Octave lights cigarette and goes to desk)

Octave It will be easier to forget Paris than I thought!

Allegretto
A Voice: A cheer for the new Master!

Workers: Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Octave: Master, eh? We shall see!

Allegro moderato
Act II

Opening Chorus

“Let us whirl, swirl, twirl”
SOPRANO & ALTO

TENOR

BASS

Let us whirl, swirl,

let us whirl, swirl,

Let us whirl, swirl,

Let us whirl, swirl,

DOLORE

Twirl, soulfully sway,

We'll dance like the stars

orul, soulfully sway, We'll dance like the stars

orul, soulfully sway, We'll dance like the stars

above us till pale as they,

We'll waltz until our

We'll waltz until our

above us till pale as they,

We'll waltz until our

above us till pale as they,

We'll waltz until our

Cresc.
care not what the morrow to us may bring;
care not what the morrow to us may bring;
care not what the morrow to us may bring;

We all this night shall long re-
We all this night shall long re-
We all this night shall long re-

member, For we care not what the morrow may bring to us!
member, For we care not what the morrow may bring to us!
member, For we care not what the morrow may bring to us!
We'll side by side dream-ly glide,
Yes, till the dawn
breaks all dance!

Presto
March Octette

The Starlight Guards

Pipsi, Octave, and Double-Octette

Tempo di Marcia

Octave

We Star-light Guards on duty go as soon as day is done, Our night-ly tour of ser-vice ends when risen the sun; Our uni-forms are evening dress, no char-gers we be-

stride, But all in Ar-ab tax-i-cabs up-on our rounds we
Throughout the long, dark night we're always rolling, Where'er the

lights burn bright we go patrolling.

One, Father Time is, and one, Dull Care.

We seek two foes—a craven pair

lights burn bright we go patrolling.

We always
kill old Time, and show no quarter!

And, like good soldiers, a battle-song

Care—but not in water!

The day-time is a

We sing as bravely we ride along.

We sing as bravely we ride along.
grey time, And only fit for sleep, The night-time is the right time Your eyes to o-pen

A tempo

keep; 'Tis then that Plea-sure plays All her most al-lur-ing cards, No use the sun and

sun-light Are to the Star-light Guards.

A tempo

8 Men

The A tempo
day-time is a grey time, And

The A tempo
day-time is a grey time, And

rit.

on-ly fit for sleep, The night-time is the right time Your eyes to o-pen keep; 'Tis

on-ly fit for sleep, The night-time is the right time Your eyes to o-pen keep; 'Tis
No use the sun and
molto rit.

then that Plea-
sure plays All her most al-
luring cards,
No use the sun and
molto rit.

sun-
light Are to the Star-
light Guards!

ff

a tempo

p
Of danger on our battle-fields We have no dread at all. Th' shot by pop-ping champagne corks So many of us fall; For ev'ry peril that we face De-
ligh-ful wo-man shares, We car-ry thro' our gay campaign, A corps of vi-van-
dières!

Pipsi and 8 Girls

Throughout the long, hard fight We're there beside you,
Throughout the long, hard fight We're there beside you,
And we will share your plight, What-e'er be-tide you, To cafés

And we will share your plight, What-e'er be-tide you, To cafés

count-less well with you ride, At sup-pers end-less
count-less well with you ride, At sup-pers end-less

Octave

So with our hearts in-spired by beauty peer-less,

we will pre-side.

we will pre-side.
We can our foes men face, serene and fearless; Although in volleys the corks may fly,

Octave and 8 Men

With brimming glasses we will re-

Pipsi and 8 Girls

The daytime is a grey time, and only fit for sleep; The The daytime is a grey time, and only fit for sleep; The
night-time is the right time Your eyes to open keep. 'Tis then that Pleasure plays All her

night-time is the right time Your eyes to open keep.

'Tis then that Pleasure plays All her

Octave

mollo rit. a tempo

No use the sun and sunlight Are to the Star-light Guards!

mollo rit. a tempo

most alluring cards, No use the sun and sunlight Are to the Star-light Guards!

mollo rit. a tempo

most alluring cards, No use the sun and sunlight Are to the Star-light Guards!

mollo rit. a tempo

most alluring cards, No use the sun and sunlight Are to the Star-light Guards!
Throughout the long, dark night We're always rolling, Where'er the
lights burn bright, We go patrolling.

Pipsi and B Girls
One, Father Time is, and one, Dull Care.
We always kill old Time, and show no quarter. We always drown Dull Care, but not in water!

We sing, as bravely we ride along.
Trio

Life is a Masquerade

Eva, Dagobert and Antoine

I should go, Not a soul there I would know, So, my fine feathers aiding, I'd

venture masquerading. For changing with my dress each day, I'd

with each day a new part play, Inspiring speculation As to my rank and

Tempo di Polka

Eva
(Promenades with grand manner, using imaginary lorgnette. Antoine and Dagobert assume the air of two heavy swells and stare at Eva through their monocles.)

Animato

Dagobert (to Antoine)

Thus I at Long-champs would station.

Antoine (to Dagobert)

She's unknown to me.

Who can this girl be?

Animato

To play well that part would not be hard.

promenade!

May-be roy-al-ty!

Some great heir-ess she!

a tempo

poco meno

Life

Prin-cess, heir-ess, which is she?

Dain-ty, charm-ing mys-ter-y!

Pp poco meno
is, after all, A masque-rade ball, A gay game of mak-ing be-lieve.

No mask need you wear, Your man-ner and air Com-bine with your
dress to de-ceive. So you to the end May pose and pre-
tend, The truth they will nev-er de-tect. In play-ing your
part There's small need of art, If you wear a cos-tume cor-rect!

23809
Tempo di Polka

If in Paris

you, my friend, Should the opera attend, It would not much surprise me If

there you'd recognize me. I to my loge in queenly state Would

enter late, a stir create, And all, their glasses raising; Would soon at me be
(Eva enters imaginary opera-box. Dagobert and Antoine produce opera-glasses and give imitation of two Frenchmen at an opening night.)

Animato

Eva (to Antoine)

Gazing.

Dagobert (to Antoine)

Thus I at Long-champs would

Antoine (to Dagobert)

She's unknown to me.

Who can this girl be?

Animato

Promenade!

To play well that part would not be hard.

May be royalty!

Some great heiress she!

A tempo

Princess, heiress, which is she?

Dainty, charming mystery!

Poco meno

Life

Poco meno

Dainty, charming mystery!
is, after all, A masque-rade ball, A gay game of mak-ing be-lieve.

No mask need you wear, Your man-ner and air Com-bine with your
dress to de-ceive. So you to the end May pose and pre-

tend, The truth they will nev-er de-tect. In play-ing your

part There's small need of art, If you wear a cos-tume cor-rect!
"So unreal does this seem"

Eva and Octave

So un-real does this seem, It might be a dream, A fairy tale new, That cannot be true!

Ah! beautiful! 'Twill be true for you!

Would the dream might for ever last!
Allegro

whom do I now to you re-call?

I'm Cinder-ella, I'm

at the ball!

You mean?

To act that le-gend o'er a-gain,

One thing we need.

Octave poco meno

You're not at-tir-ed for 'the Court,

Be-cause you wear no jew-els;

Like Cinder-

p poco meno

I know!

el-la for them pray,

And they your throat shall soon ar-ray!

We'll now the
Moderato

spell recite,
Its magic we'll invoke to.

night.

Allegro (curiously)

And then?

The spell we'll cast, That brought the gems in
gua...

pp

days. long past!
Andante non troppo

Little tree, oh, little tree, Now a gift we ask of thee! From thy boughs

Presto

pray cast down a pearly necklace for this girl!
Valse Moderato

Eva, you are my Cinderella sweet, The legend

again to-night we shall repeat. So dear one, come, let us now be

going; As Princess of the fête they for you wait!

Eva, you are my Cinderella true! The story

we here shall live anew! Ah, hear me! I like the Prince am sighing,
I love but you, my own, Dear heart, you alone!

Love is a pilgrim who comes unknown, With features hooded, Love walks alone; At thy heart waiting he may stand today, Hasten to answer, nor turn him away! Love is a beggar who knows not gold,
Yet bears a treasure of worth untold; Moments and mem'ries whose sweet-ness shall live Thro' all eternity. If love a shelter in thy heart thou give, These will he bring to thee!
tave, I love you so!

Not jew-els on-ly I bring to you,

Love is a pil-grim who comes un-

to you, dear!

known, With fea-tures hood-ed, Love walks a-

tone; At thy heart wait-ing he

known, With fea-tures hood-ed, Love walks a-

tone; At thy heart wait-ing he
Finale

“To what I say, attention pay”

Dagobert, Octave, Eva, Pipe, Soloists and Chorus

Tempo di Valse

2890d
Dagobert (takes glass of wine from the tray carried by one of the waiters)

Tempo di Polka

To what I say, attention pay! I now propose a toast!

Soprano & Alto

Tenor

Chorus

Bass

Tempo di Polka

near! Friend Dagobert we'll hear! What e'er his toast may be, To drink it we'll agree! So
Poco meno

let the champagne circulate, Another glass we'll elevate!

let the champagne circulate, Another glass we'll elevate!

let the champagne circulate, Another glass we'll elevate!

Poco meno

(Extending empty glass to waiter, who fills it)

mine you may fill, if you will, And take care not a drop of it spill.
feel-ing ra-ther gay, We won-der what he'll say; His pat-ter does-n't mat-ter, Let him
feel-ing ra-ther gay, We won-der what he'll say; His pat-ter does-n't mat-ter, Let him
feel-ing ra-ther gay, We won-der what he'll say; His pat-ter does-n't mat-ter, Let him

Dear

chat-ter, chat-ter, chat-ter, For we don't care what he says!
chat-ter, chat-ter, chat-ter, For we don't care what he says!
chat-ter, chat-ter, chat-ter, For we don't care what he says!
Poco meno

Ok-ki, a road you have found this evening That leads straight to a new Paradise, And the

Eve is charming and fair to see, Like the fruit forbidden on the

tree; So I now propose that you to her drink with me A

glass of good wine To beauty divine, To a Princess of dreams, Who
really seems Like an Angel from Heaven descended.

Then with your leave We'll drink to your latter day

Eve! To the Queen of the fair, By your side standing there, Bumpers high we will

raise In her praise! Amen! Ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Allegro vivace

Octave

Never again shall we younger be! Come, now

empty your glass with me! Drink to this hour of perfect bliss,

And then your glass shatter to pieces—like this!

It came with that toast to a glorious end, So

smash it to fragments that nothing can mend!
Glass like this can be love-ly as a dream, With rich tints like a
rain-bow glow and gleam, Shape-ly, grace-ful, fair to see, Yet
one touch will turn it to dé-bris! Joy al-so is a
trea-sure ra-ther rare, Joy with glass one may ver-y well com-pare;

(Throws down glass and smashes it)

Just one lit-tle blow, my friend. And it is a ru-in.
agitated

Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!

Oh! To go through life with you near! It came with that toast to a
glorious end. So smash it to fragments that nothing can mend!
boy! A tiny crack or break The glass will useless make: But little

neither ever lasts! A tiny break will useless make:

more it needs to shatter joy! Of joy and glass beware. They are a

to shatter joy! Of joy and glass beware, They are a
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are
fragile pair, And tho' the greatest care of them you take, They both are

far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-
far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-
far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-
far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-
far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-
far from strong, Their life is not for long, So be not disappointed when they-

They're far from strong. Their life is not long, So be not disappointed when they-
Larousse. *(off stage; spoken loudly)*
"Open the gate!"

Crowd. "Open the gate!"

Allegro moderato

Matthew. "Monsieur Flaubert, your work-people are outside and

want to come in!"

Octave. "Is the gate locked?"

Matthew. "Yes!" Crowd. *(louder)*. "Open! Open!" Octave. "Never! Go away!"
(pointing to house) "In there, if you please!"

Eva. "I'll stay here with you!"

Octave. "Go, I insist!" (To Teddy) "Take her with you!"

(Gate is broken open by crowd, Maestoso

who rush in)

(Picture)

Larousse. "I told you the last word had not been said;

they are ready to speak it!

You know what it's all about: Give Eva back to us!"
Larousse.
"What can she do here? We love her too well to sink to this!"

Octave.
"I am the master of this place and none shall enter without my permission!"

Larousse (angrily). "Well, if you will have it, we'll find the girl ourselves!"

(Larousse and Workmen advance)

(Octave steps in front and motions them back)

(Eva, running from the house, throws herself between Octave and Work-people)
Eva. "Do not touch him!"

Larousse (with disgust):
"See, she clings to him!"

Octave. "Since you force me to speak, would you part me from Eva, my affianced wife?"

Larousse (amazed). "Your wife to be?"

Octave. "Must I say more?"
Larousse. "If this is so, we have made a mistake. We apologize."

Octave. "Very well, you can go!"

(Excunt Workmen)
Moderato
Octave

My dar-ling, all dan-ger has gone by, I fooled them

Quasi marcia
Octave

com-plete-ly with that lie! Octave! Just a lit-tle trick like that

no harm can do, But you know my words were false and untrue!

And now, my Eva, to this place you shall for ev-er say a-dieu!
To toil a-dieu! to care a-dieu! By morn

you and I in Paris shall be, Leave, my darling,

Allegretto moderato

all to me! A maiden so fair, A

beauty so rare, Should not be content in a factory to stay; Your
life here is wasted While pleasures untasted Are yours if the word you would say!  
A day bright and new, dear, Is waiting for you, dear, From this world afar, far a-

Eva (spoken): “Oh! now I see what you mean! It was all untrue!”
Eva. "Go that way with you? A thousand times no!"

Moderato

Octave. "Do you know where the road leads?" Eva. "It leads away from here!"

(Eva lays necklace on table and goes out)

Allegretto non troppo
Act III

Entr'acte

Tempo di Valse

Wood
Tpts.
Horns

Tutti

Tempo rigoroso di Valse

Viol.
Chorus

dolce

Viol.

pp Clar.

Horns

cresc.

Bassoon

dim.
The Unrepentant Butterfly

Dagobert and Chorus

Vivace

1. In
2. The
gold and in pur-ple the but-ter-fly flaunts From dawn till the sum-mer day
ros-es are fade-d, the sum-mer is done, Far south-ward the swal-low is
clos-es, The sweet-scent-ed cups of the lil-ies she haunts, And
fly-ing, And the but-ter-fly longs all in vain for the sun: 'Mid the
dreams in the hearts of the ros-es. She looks down in pit-y where
frost-with-er'd flow-ers she's dy-ing. "Tis time you were learn-ing a
bravely the ant is toiling the whole day long, and fluttering o'er her with new tune to sing! The ant to the idler cries: But, flaunting the snow from her
courtesy scant, the butterfly sings her this song:
near frozen wing, the butterfly gayly replies:
Refrain
1-2. Let who will for the morrow plan and slave, That is
not the life for me; Let who will for the future
work and save, Use for that I can not see.

Dance, play, while shines the summer sun, Its

days are all too quickly run, But in work do not waste a

precious one, Do not waste a precious one! (Chorus repeats Refrain)
Duet

The Imp of Montmartre

Pipsi and Octave

Allegretto

Octave (1) When comes the time of night When proper persons yawn, And
Pipsi (2) None can that imp elude; If man or maid you be, When

Plan upon their pillows white To drowse and dream till dawn, For you your little bed Is
By his mystic music moved, You follow instantly! Tho' pink the eastern sky With

Just the place, no doubt, But by a mystic force you're led And you go
day's first dawning glow, The Imp of Montmartre dances by, And out you
out! When Paris is a light, There roams abroad a sprite Who
go! You hear his music glad, And be you lass or lad, You

all unseen prowls thro' the night, Giving no warning! A magic
rise and follow him like mad, His will obeying! As in the

vi - o - lin He tucks beneath his chin, And those who hear its witching
tale we're told A long the Rhine of old, The Piper did the children

tones. Stay out till morning! You follow when that Imp comes
lead Slaves to his playing! You follow when that Imp comes

Thro' thickest walls his music you can plainly
Thro' thickest walls his music you can plainly
To Tabarin or Ab-baye, Or to the gay Red
lu-tions! Good-bye to thoughts of sleep! To Ta-ba-rin or Ab-baye, Or to the gay Red
lu-tions! Good-bye to thoughts of sleep! To Ta-ba-rin or Ab-baye, Or to the gay Red
lu-tions! Good-bye to thoughts of sleep! To Ta-ba-rin or Ab-baye, Or to the gay Red

a tempo
Mill, The Imp of Mont-marte drives you To do his imp-ish will. None will.
a tempo
Mill, The Imp of Mont-marte drives you To do his imp-ish will. will.
a tempo
Mill, The Imp of Mont-marte drives you To do his imp-ish will. will.
a tempo
Mill, The Imp of Mont-marte drives you To do his imp-ish will. will.
a tempo

DANCE
Waltz-Song

Love is a Pilgrim

Eva

Allegro

Eva

Meno mosso

more we'll meet you and I, Never more will return days gone by,

Far away our paths have led From the place where the past lies dead:

Yet is my heart fill'd with shadows to -
Wistful ghosts of vain dreams of delight; Soft they come, swift they go. To my soul whispering low!

Close thro' my heart crowd the shadows to-night. And I hear, as they pass in their flight, Rising o'er the phantom throng; Love's old
Valse moderato

song!

Love is a pilgrim who comes unknown,
With features hooded Love walks alone,

At thy heart waiting he may stand today:
Has ten to

answer, nor turn him away!
Love is a beggar who
knows not gold, Yet bears a treasure of worth untold,

Mo-ments and mem-ries whose sweet-ness shall live Thro' all e-

ter-ni-ty. If Love a shel-ter in thy heart thou give, These will be bring to thee.
Quarrel Duet
Pipsi, Dagobert

Allegretto

1. Pipsi
Do you

2. Dagobert
Do you

really dare to face me, When a thing like that you say? Dag. If my

truly think you saw me Kiss of dam-sels a quartette? Pip. Both my

chair with back to Pipsi)

(Sits in chair, back to Pipsi)

(countenance annoys you, I will turn the other way! P. You'll ad-

eyes at you were looking: They have never failed me yet! D. If I

mit it's not the first time That your head's been turn'd to-

night! D. Since the

solemnly denied it, Would you trust your sight, or me? P. As I've

(Sits down again)
moment that I met you, For the first time you are right! P. I sup-
known them all my life-time, With my eyes I must a-gree! D. It is
pose you've twenty rea-sons To ex-plain why you have
well that now we're part-ing, For I find, with pained sur-
erred? Tell them to the evening breezes, They are ut-ter-ly ab-
prise, That when called to choose be-tween us You would still be-lieve your
surd! I'll not hear a sin-gle word! D. O what care
eyes! Please ex-cuse those sobs and sighs! P. O what care
(Rising and taking hands away from ears)

I! P. From your acts I've so inferred!

II! D. Here's where Love lies down and dies!

P. Let's say good-

Viol. Solé

Clar.

Allegro non troppo

Pips!

Dagobert

1-2. That remark is my cue to say

Allegro non troppo

Wood

Eury

(String players strike the strings)

farewell to you, We will part without kiss or ca-

farewell to you, We will part without kiss or ca-
ress, Tho' for e'er and for aye we are ress, Tho' for e'er and for aye we are

say - ing good - bye, Don't for - get to leave me your ad -

say - ing good - bye, Don't for - get to leave me your ad -

dress! (They exchange cards)

dress!

Dance

Picc. I II.
Finale

Eva and Octave

Allegretto

Eva

Octave, I love you so!

Octave

Not jewels only I bring to you,

My love I offer

Eva

Love is a pilgrim who comes unknown,

to you, dear!

Love is a pilgrim who comes unknown,
With features hooded, Love walks alone; At thy heart waiting he may stand to-

day, Hasten to answer, nor turn him away!

Prestissimo