Madame Pompadour

A MUSICAL PLAY IN THREE ACTS.

Adapted by

FREDERICK LONSDALE and HARRY GRAHAM

From the Book by

RUDOLPH SCHANZER and ERNEST WELISCH

Lyrics by

HARRY GRAHAM

Music by

LEO FALL

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The George Edwardes Production

Madame Pompadour

Dramatis Personae:

King Louis XV ... ... ... ... ... ... BERTRAM WALLIS
René, Comte D'Estrades ... ... ... ... ... ... DEREK OLDHAM
Maurepas (Minister of Police) ... ... ... ... ... ... LEONARD MACKAY
Poulard (his Assistant) ... ... ... ... ... ... LEONARD RUSSELL
Prunier (Landlord of the “Nine Muses”) ... ... ... ... ... NOEL COLNE
Collin (Pompadour's Chamberlain) ... ... ... ... ... EDMUND D. LA TOUCHE
Austrian Ambassador ... ... ... ... ... ... LOUIS HARRISON
Lieut. Corneille (In Command of the Guard) ... ... ... ... DONALD MATHER
Boucher (Court Painter) ... ... ... ... ... ... FRED PEDGRIFT
Tourelle (Porcelain Manufacturer) ... ... ... ... ... DESMOND ROBERTS
Jacques ... ... ... ... ... ... STANLEY RENDALL
Joseph Calicot ... ... ... ... ... ... HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Madeleine (Comtesse D'Estrades) ... ... ... ... ... ... MAISIE BELL
Mariette (Maid to Madame Pompadour) ... ... ... ... ... ELSIE RANDOLPH
Madame Pompadour ... ... ... ... ... ... EVELYN LAYE

Synopsis of Scenery:

ACT I ... ... ... The Tavern of “The Nine Muses” ... Alfred Terraine
ACT II ... ... ... The Pompadour's Apartments at Versailles ... Joseph & Phil Harker
ACT III ... ... ... King Louis XV'S Apartments at Versailles ... Alfred Terraine

Produced by ... ... ... FRED J. BLACKMAN
Musical Director ... ... ... ARTHUR WOOD
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MADAME POMPADOIUR.

ACT I.

No. 1. Introduction and Ensemble

(CALICOT & CHORUS)

Music by

LEO FALL

Lyrics by

HARRY GRAHAM

Allegro.

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CALICOT. (finishing his song)

The Pom-pom-Pompadour! The Pom-pom-Pom-pa-

Vivace.

-dour!

SOPRANO.

Bra-vo, Ca-li-cot! He's a wit, we ad-mit!

TENOR.

Bra-vo, bra-vo, Ca-li-cot!

BASS. 

Bra-vo, Ca-li-cot! Bra-vo, Ca-li-cot!
Well the words and music fit!
What a skit! Bouz, we knew, to make a hit!
Yes, that's it! What a skit! Bouz! to make a hit!

En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! We must learn your song by heart! Sing it over
En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core! En-core!

CALICOT
You peacocks and poodles! You from the start!
When we've heard it once again! We'll join in the refrain!
'core! 'core! Cal-i-cot! Just once again!

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nin-nies and noo-dles! It's too ap-pal-ling
When you start squall-ing And bark-ing and baw-l-ing!

It seems a pit-y To spoil a dit-ty Whose tune is so pret-ty Whose words are so wit-ty!

JACQUES

Ca-li-cot! Ca-li-cot! I'll

CHOR

Ca-li-cot! Ca-li-cot! Don't say no! Ah, don't say no!
Ca-li-cot! Ca-li-cot! Ah, don't say so!

Don't, Ah, don't say so!

CALICOT

stand you a flask of rare Bor.deaux! Bor.deaux? O-ho! If so, I can't say
no!
The Pom-pom-Pom-pa-dour, the Pom-pom-Pom-pa-dour She's such a famous—Ha! Ha! Ha! She's such a famous lady! Her reputation—Ha! Ha! Ha! Well, anything but shady! The Pom-pom-Pom-pa-dour! The Pom-pom-Pom-pa-dour! The Pom-pa-dour! When reduced to starvation by taxation, To provide pomp and playthings for our Kings,
It's a great consolation to the nation To be spared the expense of wedding rings! And the pomp we adore, both rich and poor, Is the pomp that surrounds as the Pompadour!

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The Pom— The Pom— The Pom—

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

Pom.the Pom.the Pom—pom—pom.Pom.pa.dour! The Pom—pom—pom Pom.pa.dour She's

such a fam.ous—Ha! Ha! Ha! She's such a fam.ous la—dy! Her rep.u.ta.tion's.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Well any thing but shady! The Pom-pom Pom-padour, the Pom-pom Pom-padour!

She's such a famous lady! Her reputation's Ha! Ha! Ha! Well any thing but shady! The Pom-pom Pom-padour!
Carnival Time
Quintet.

(RENÉ & GIRLS)

Allegro Moderato

La.rí.di, la.ríдон! At carnivals The world must have a gay time! Put care to flight, And take de.light In turn.ing night to day. time! La.ri.di, la.ri.don, la.ri.dal la.la.ral! — All love to
night is free! And there is - n't a maid That I could n't persuade That hers was made for me!

May

May

RENÉ.

It's merely this: I enquire just what you desire? Such airs we can't compete with!

we enquire just what you desire? Such airs we can't compete with!

long for a kiss From ev'ry girl I meet with! I find you all enthralling! I've heard the Spring a...

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
calling! Lari-di, lari-don, lari-da!
Lari-ci lari-don lari-da!
Lari-ci lari-don lari-da!
Lari-da!
Lari-da!
Lari-da!
Lari-da!
Lari-da!
Lari-da!
For in the Spring our hearts beat
don!
Lari-da!
don!
Lari-da!
don!
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faster, And our pas-sions none can mas-ter, And we light-ly court dis-as-ter, With a

joy that naught can mar! And so to Love we go a-turn-ing, And our wings well soon be

burn-ing, Like the moth that's vain-ly yearn-ing For some dis-tant star!

Tra la la

When in the Spring we hear Love

la! La la la! Tra la la! La la la la

la! La la la la! Tra la la la! La la la la
calling us to lands afar! 'Tis Carnival, Tra-la! For oh, 'tis Carnival!

La-ri-di, la-ri-don, the

Spring is here! It's magic spell has bound you! And now 'tis clear, you've naught to fear From

many arms around you! La-ri-di, la-ri-don la-ri-dal la-la-la! Your love I
mean to win! Won't you give me the keys of your heart if you please, and let me walk right in?

I'm almost sure my

You go too fast! Such passion won't last! You're just a bee in clover!

You go too fast! Such passion won't last! You're just a bee in clover!

love will endure until the Spring is over! So don't, I pray, refuse me, or
else perchance you'll lose me! La-ri-di, la-ri-don, la-ri-da! La-ri-

La-ri-da!

La-ri-da!


La-ri-da! La-ri-di! La-ri-da! For in the

La-ri-di! La-ri-don! La-ri-da! Tra-la Tra-

La-ri-di! La-ri-don! La-ri-dal! Tra-la Tra-

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Spring our hearts beat faster, And our passions none can master, And we lightly court disaster!

As we go a-turning, Our hearts beat faster, With a joy that naught can mar! And so to Love we go a-turning, And our hearts beat faster.

Wings well soon be burning, Like the moth that vainly yearns For some distant star!

Tra-la la la! Tra-la la la! Tra-la la

Tra-la la la! Tra-la la la! Tra-la la

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Love me now
Duet.

(POMPADOW & MARIETTE)

POMPADOW

I feel so excited, I won't deny, Though I hardly know why!

I'm just in the mood, so I must declare, For a love affair!

To

MARIETTE

night twould be sweet If I chanced to discover A none too discreet But most passionate lover! Ah,

P

POMPADOW

yes, there's no time like today! If he came my way now, He'd hear me
Tempo di Valse Moderato.

say now: Ah! Ah! Ah! Love me now while my heart, wildly beating,

Dreams of the joys Love be stows! Love me now; for the night is so fleeting,

And with the mor row who knows? Time's so short you must court while you can!

That's been my plan, Since life began! Love, be sure, may endure but a
day! Enjoy it while you may. For that's the only way, Ah, that's the only way!
MARIETTE

Ma.dame! In there, see how they are dancing away! They seem very gay!

POMPADOUR

Why shouldn't we go and dance with them just look at that man! I'd love to

dance with him I know! His arms, I'm sure, would hold me tightly, His eyes in

mine would shine so brightly, Revealing All the depths of love's tenderest
Accelerando

feeling! He would win me,

Stir my heart within me,

Kindling Desires

Passionate fires!

Then I'd obey,

If he'd but say to me:

pp Tempo I.

Love me now while my heart, wildly beating,

Dreams of the joy love bestows!

Kiss me now, for the night is so fleeting,

And with the morrow, who knows?
All too soon, for a man or a maid, 
Passion-flow'rs fade, 
Sun turns to shade!
Ah! 'twere folly for either to miss 
The chance of perfect bliss 
That lurks in ev'ry kiss, In ev'ry little kiss!

Rhythm well marked.
POMPADOUR, a tempo

All too soon for a man and a maid
Passion-flow'r's fade,

MARIETTE

Man or maid, Too soon will passion-flow'r's

Sun turns to shade! Ah, 'twere folly for either to

P

fade, Sun turn to shade!

miss The chance of perfect bliss That lurks in ev'-ry kiss, In ev'-ry lit-tle kiss.
No. 4.

By the light of the moon!
Duet

(POMPADOUR & RENÉ)

Moderato grazioso.

RENÉ

rit.

a tempo

Grant this favour! In that arbour your heart will grow braver! There your kisses you'll not be denying,

POMPADOUR

Ah, beware, sir! Lonely arbourslike that are a snare, sir!

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And perhaps we might stray beyond pardon, If we flirted

In a garden So deserted! In a grot, dark and lonely, That's made for two only! Mmm!

With a moon softly gleaming Where lovers lie dreaming! Mmm!

All alone at last!
While our hearts beat fast! When Love calls the tune. We may learn all too
soon What pitfalls of passion about us are strewn, Who love by the light of the
moon!

Now, I pray you; If I'm foolish enough to obey you; If I

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yield to your will so completely, You must vow to behave very

sweetly, most discreetly! I would swear to, But I

don't somehow feel I should dare to! For how vainly such vows would re-

mind me—Of my duty! Naught could bind me But your beauty! In a

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grot, dark and lonely, That's made for two only! M-m m m m!

With a moon softly gleaming Where lovers lie dreaming! M-m m m m!

All alone at last! While our hearts beat fast! When

Love calls the tune we shall learn, none too soon, The raptures that passion about us has strewn, Who

Andante.

love by the light of the moon!
POMPADOUR.

Poco animato

Maiden, who are you?

Jeanne!

Love-ly maiden, who are you? Who are you? Jeanne! Wont you

You must wait till we meet! By the light of the grant one boon? Very soon! By the light of the

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Tempo I.

moon!

Poco animato.
If I Were King
Duet

(CALICOT & MARIETTE)

Though I'd feel a trifle strange If

I were King, I'd arrange to make a change In every thing! Fountains full of

wine would run Down every street; There'd be lots for everyone To eat! Fatted

calves I'd daily slaughter In each public Avenue! Costly wines would flow like water! Yes, and


MARIETTE

taste just like it too! Both great and small

CALICOT

Your praise would sing! I'd take them

BOTH.

all Beneath my wing. If I were King!

Refrain When I walked abroad, of a Sunday, if you

MARIETTE

Crowds would cheer with pride! When you sat at home, on a Monday, they'd collect outside!

CALICOT

everywhere I'd go Folks would stare—just so! Standing there in one long row,
Waiting for King Calicot! How they'd gaze tip toe! Huge bouquets they'd throw Smiles the girls would all bestow On the great King Calicot!

Every King who sits all day Upon his throne Finds it dullish, I dare say, To reign alone!
If his life seems tame and flat, A wife he'll choose; And it really doesn't matter

whose! Would you pick the pale and wan sort Or some stout and home-ly cook? Were I

seeking for a consort, I should not have far to look! Why, I declare! He must mean

me! If you would share My throne, you'd see How proud I'd be!
When we walked abroad, of a Sunday, King and Queen of France! Ev'ry week I'd spend at least one day Teaching you to dance! You and I would show Folks both high-

and low How they dance the fan-dan-go At the Court of Cal. i. cot!

MARIETTE                 BOTH{There's the good Queen So and So
Ev'ry day, I know, They would say Hello!

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Dancing with King Calicot!

Dancing with King Calicot!

MARIETTE

CALICOT

Ev'ry day, we know, They would say—

Ev'ry day, we know, They would say—

"Hullo!" There's the good Queen So and So Dancing with King Calicot!

"Hullo!" There's the good Queen So and So Dancing with King Calicot!

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Finale.

Allegretto.

SOPRANO

ALT

TENOR

CHOR

BASS

(Behind the scenes)

La, ri.

La, ri.

La, ri.

La, ri.

La! Tis Carni.val! Hoo-ray!

La! Tis Carni.val! Hoo-ray!

And so mer.ry we'll make As our
di. la. ri. don. La, ri. dal.le.ra.

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RENÉ  POMPADOUR  RENÉ  POMP

You've sworn to come? I have; 'tis true! Say it again! I

partners we take, And dance till the break of day!

partners we take, And dance till the break of day!

P

swear to! Come now! I can't! Not now with you! That wouldn't do! Think how the folks would

stare, too! Pray be wise, Or prying eyes may criticise!

Who cares what they do?
Ah, why should we be heeding What others say or do?

When this is all I'm needing To be alone with you!

Ah, listen to my pleading And come, yes, come away!

If really you cared If my feelings you shared I'm sure you'd no longer delay, But do as I

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POMPADOUR (aside)

say!
He's stubborn, But still I

a tempo

(aloud)

like it! You must go! Time is short!

RENÉ

POMPADOUR

RENÉ POMP

Go! No! Why? Do you doubt me? Yes! Then you must do with

mf cresc

-out my love! Love's a shadow that flies if you follow,
Yet, if you fly, it pursues!

Soon, we'll meet at the shrine of Apollo!

I'll go! I'll do just whatever you choose!

But grant my boon! Come soon! Yes,

I'll come soon! Quite soon! We'll talk of love beneath the moon!
Tempo di Valse.

Love's a shadow that flies when you follow, Yet, if you fly, it pursues!

Life without love were empty and hollow! There's not a moment to lose.

(She gives René a kiss and pushes him out of the street door.)

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Poco animato.

JACQUES

Ca-li-cot! Ho! The King of Fol-ly!

SOPRANO

ALT

Cal-i-cot! Ho! The King of Fol-ly!

TENOR

Cal-i-cot! Ho! The King of Fol-ly!

BASS

Poco animato.

POMPADOURE.

ter-ri-ble things they are singing in the old heaven knows! Cal-i-cot's making fun of the King!

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POMPADOURE

France today! Make way for the king and his Court! Make way!
That's a game that two can play!

(Enter CHORUS - parodying a Royal Procession. CALICOT is carried in on the shoulders of others, crowned with a saucepan - a red tablecloth as a mantle, a feather-brush as sceptre, and an apple as orb.)
Tempo di Marcia

CHORUS Soprano.

ALT. Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! We're

ff

ALT. soldiers of the crown! Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! We swagger through the town! To serve our royal

TEN.

Rata-plan! Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan! We swagger through the town!

BASS.

To serve our royal

JACQUES

Here

mas-ter makes ev'-ry heart re-joice! And, better still, to guard from ill! The la-dy of his choice!

mas-ter

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comes each state official, Both civil and judicial! And now the King himself appears, His

crown well down about his ears! With sceptre and with star! There's no one half so pop-

lar!

CALICOT (pompously)

People of

SOP.

ALT.

TEN. The nation's prop! He is so pop-

So pop-pop-pop-

lar!

BASS. The nation's prop! He is so pop-

So pop-pop-pop-

lar!
France! What can I say? My thanks are all that I can pay!

My revenue, you may be sure, is needed for the

a tempo

POMPADOUR (to Mariette)

Keep still!

MARIETTE (to Calicot)

Silence!

Pom-pom-pom-Pompadour The Pom-pompadour is an expensive—Ha! Ha! Ha!
She's an expensive lady! Her morals are so--Ha! Ha! Ha!

SOP.
ALTHa! Ha! Ha!

TEN.
Ha! Ha! Ha!

BASS.

morals are so shady! The Pom-pom-pom-pom-pa-dour The Pom, the Pom-pa-

The Pom-pom-pom Pom Pom Pom Pom-pa-

The Pom-pom-pom Pom Pom Pom Pom-pa-

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Vivo.

- dour!

- dour! Hail the King of Fools! We his praises sing!

- dour! Hail the King of Fools!

- dour! Hail the King of Fools! We his praises sing!

He so wisely rules! Fond and foolish King! Well content to

He so wisely rules! Fond and foolish King! Well content to

be Loy-al sub-jects we! So pop-u-lar is he!

be Loy-al sub-jects we! So pop-u-lar is he!

(A trumpet


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(listening)  
\( \text{It's nothing at all!} \)

\[ \text{Hark! What was that?} \]

\[ \text{What was that?} \]

\[ \text{What was that?} \]

\[ \text{Sounds in the street outside)\]

\[ \text{(Maupas and a military guard appear at the door)} \]

\[ \text{Maurepas.} \]

\[ \text{Revelers back from a carnival ball! No need to be nervous! Stop! No one may leave this} \]

\[ \text{hall!} \]

\[ \text{SOP.} \]

\[ \text{ALT.} \]

\[ \text{TENOR} \]

\[ \text{Soldiers!} \]

\[ \text{Soldiers!} \]

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In time

Madame, your body-guard is

And what are soldiers doing here?

Marcia

(An Officer hands them to her and she puts them on)

here! My hat and cloak!

Take care!

- plan! Rata-plan! Rata-plan! We're soldiers of the Crown! Rata-plan! Rata-plan! Rata-plan! Men

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tremble when we frown!
The carnival is ended!

And you'll regret, I'm sure, the wealth you've expended on Madame de Pompadour!

I am indeed the Pompadour!
The Pompadour!

(Ester Poulard from the Street)

Ma...
Poulard

-dour!

Poulard

-dame! My men have dis-cov-erd one more! He hid in the shadows be-hind the back door!

Poulard

Oh dear!

RENE (brought in between two soldiers)

What's all this? What? Not you? You!

Poulard

He's here! Best ask the Pom-pa-dour!

CALICOT

Vivace

Yes!

Vivace

You!

So 'twas a trick you played me! Those
Keep silent, I request!

Words were falsely spoken. And all the vows you

Ah, no! I promised, were made but to be broken! A cruel jest!

I'm guiltless, I confess, of causing your arrest!

The love that you professed. 'Twas but a means to my arrest! The
Allegro. (Côtîcot with him)

Pom-pom pom Pom-pa-dour! The Pom-pom pom Pom-pa-

dour! She's such a fa-mous Ha! Ha! Ha! She's such a fa-mous la-dy! Her

Vivace

POMPADOUR.

re-pu-ta-tion's Ha! Ha! Ha!

Vivace

Moderato.

MAUREPAS.

Ah, no! A stern ex-am-ple we must

To the Ba-stille now with them both! Moderato.
(points to Calicot)

make!

This rogue is sentenced.

Furioso

To the stake?

POMPA DOUR.

CALICOT. (kneeling in agony)

No! But to write me a play for my birthday! No! Not if I know it! For I'm a great poet! We

POMPA DOUR.

You'll

C.

grate men of letters Can't write Operettas Where foolery mingles With meaningless jingles!

P.

(throws him a purse)

have to carry out my plan? And here's your fee!

MAUREPAS. (pointing to Rene)

And this
Tempo di Marcia

RENE

Enroll him in my body-guard!

MADAME!

MADAME, I am—

man?

Tempo di Marcia

What? Still not content—To serve in my own regiment? If

that's a thing you won't do, then I've nothing further to say to you!

RENE (delighted)

Jeanne! You mean! It can't be true!
POMPADOUR

Tempo di Valse

Love's a prize one may find any minute;

At your service, indeed, if my love you should need!

Take, then, what Fortune bestows!

Seize your chance, if today you can

I your loyal defender will be!

Foe-men shall flee when they see me!

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That's a part that I proudly shall play!
Your orders I'll obey, And close beside you stay, By night as well as day!

The Pompadour has won, there's not a doubt!

She's had the best of the bout!
She's so sly that,

She's had the best of the bout!
She's so sly that,
She gets her way in the end!

You may depend,

You may depend,

She gets her way in the end!

POMPADOUR

When her royal defender is he.

MARIETTE

Fear-less and

RENÉ

Fear-less and

Hail! All Hail! She shall be mine!

CALICOT

Fear-less and

molto rit.

a tempo

Bow the knee!

Hail! all Hail! Bow the knee!

molto rit.

a tempo

Hail! all Hail! Bow the knee!

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P.

free! Brave as can be! Night and day, she'll be kept secure!

M.

free! Brave as can be! Night and day, she'll be kept secure!

R.

My very own! And by night and day, she'll be kept secure!

C.

free! Brave as can be! And by night and day, she'll be kept secure!

M.

Wise is she! As can be! Night and day, she'll be kept secure!

Pout.

Wise is she! As can be! Night and day, she'll be kept secure!
Slower.

Madame de Pompadour! Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour!

Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour.

Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour, Madame de Pompadour!
Tempo di Marcia

P. - dour!

Ma - dour!  All hail!

R. - dour!  All hail!

C. - dour!  All hail!

M. - dour!  All hail!

Psal. - dour!  All hail!

Tempo di Marcia

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ACT II.

No 7.

Introduction and Ensemble

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COLLIN.  

So patiently, the whole day thro', we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

BOUCHER.  

So patiently, the whole day thro', we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

TOURELLE.  

So patiently, the whole day thro', we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

MAUREPAS.  

So patiently, the whole day thro', we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

SOPRANO.  

ALT.  

So patiently, the whole day through, we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

TENOR.  

BASS.  

So patiently, the whole day through, we must wait! Our lives we spend Standing

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
-pear!

Madame de Pompadour -- has not quite finished dressing!

-pear!

-pear!

(with great interest)

-pear!

Ah!

(disappointed)

-pear!

Ah!

Oh!

-pear!

Ah!

Oh!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
BOUCHER

Monsieur Boucher! Painter, please! I’m wanted to paint another portrait of Madame! You’re wanted anyhow, sir! She wishes you to paint her eyebrows now, sir!

Soprano.

Ah!

Alt.

(interested) Ah!

Tenor.

Bass.

COLLIN

Madame de Pompadour;

Ah!
though not feeling very strong to-day -- Madame de Pompadour --

(sadly)

Ah!

has now quite recovered, thank you to say!

(f)

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
COLLIN.

Madame de Pompadour

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
No. 8.

Love's Sentry
Duet

Tempo di Marcia

POMPADOURL RENÉ

Sentry, shun; you're on parade now! My commands must be obeyed now!

Shoulders square and chest well out! Eyes front! Don't let me see you look about!

All your orders I'm obeying; Still my eyes to yours go straying!

Till my passion you appease, This heart of mine can never stand at ease!
"As you were!" A soldier's feelings must be hidden! Don't despair; for if you do as you are bidden,

You'll soon be free, I'll guarantee! So just take the word of command from

me! To win a word of love from you I'd serve you all my whole life through! I'd be your

slave, your heart's defender! And none so brave, so true or

tender! For you I'd play a soldier's part, And where he's

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
vic-to-ry lay, First in the fray, I'd win my way to your heart! You'd
be my tried and true de-fend-er! To
me your hom-age you would rend-er! For
me you'd play a sol-dier's part, And where love's vic-to-ry lay,
Just for a day, Win my wayward heart!

Ah, forgive me, do, I pray you,
If for once I dis obey you!

It's high time I got my pay! You must admit I've earned a kiss to-

day,- I've earned a kiss to-day!

You've so recently enlisted, Your demands must
be resisted! If your Colonel you'd salute You'll have to show you're not a raw recruit!

That will I, Who serve because of love and beauty! Let me try And prove that I can do my duty! Dear Musketeer, You've naught to fear;

For be sure that payday draws near!

With service true your love I'd
win! I'd follow you thro' thick and thin! I'd be your true and tried de-

fender! My life for you would I sur-

cresc.

render! For you I'd play a sol-dier's part,

And where love's vic-to-ry lay, First in the fray, I'd win my way to your
POMPADOUR

heart! You'd be my tried and true defend-
er! For me your life you would surrend-
er! For me you'd play a soldier's part, And where love's

Prall

Tempo

victory lay, Just for a day, Win my wayward heart!
RENE.

POMPADOR.

RENE.

p Jeanne! Jeanne! Ah, no you must wait! An hour at most! f Jeanne! Jeanne! Re-

POMPADOR.

POMPADOR.

rall.

- turn at once now to your post! You bid me go? Un. til the coast is clear don't leave your

POMPADOR.

rall.

Tempo

post! Still do 'sentry go'! For an hour or so!

RENE.

Still do 'sentry go'? All the longnightthrough? I shall go quite mad, I

Tempo

know!

FOMPADOR.

let me stay with you! Ah no!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,869
(strict tempo)

Sentry, "Shun!"

Stiff as starch!

Shoulder arms! To your post under the arch, quick march!

Ah, you shall take what you may, And for a day Win my wayward heart!
Tell me what your eyes were made for

No. 9.

(POMPADOUR, MARIETTE, MADELEINE & THREE MAIDS)

Moderato.

POMPADOUR.

MADELEINE.

MARIETTE

Tell me what your eyes are made for? Just to see with, I suppose! Then they're

useless, I'm afraid, for looking farther than your nose! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

POMPADOUR.

MARIETTE.

MADELEINE.

love-ly eyes were fashioned To inspire some manly breast,

And let To kindle thoughts impassioned, And let

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
Nature do the rest! Why d'you think you've got that dimple?

Nature do the rest!

Nature do the rest!

I've not given it a thought!

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! That

dame, you're very simple, there's a lot you must be taught! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Dimple's a temptation That no man can well resist!

A constant provocation; It's just

A constant provocation; It's just

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10, 802
I'll try to show you, if I can, The way to captivate a

waiting to be kissed!

waiting to be kissed!

REFRAIN.

man!

Lift your eyes, so! Tra-la-la! La-la-la! La-la! Have a

sigh, so! Tra-la-la! La-la-la! La-la! Blushing shyly, With your gaze on the

ground like this! As you slyly Seem to crave a kiss! You'll dis-
Tempo

When you've made ev'ry plan complete, There's a lover To be found in each man you meet! All enraptured, He'll be captured And tumble

(Three maids enter carrying a smart frock, flowers, slap into your neat little trap!)

jewels etc, with which they adorn Madeleine, under the supervision of Pompadour and Mariette)
POMPADOUR

You've a neck too fair to cover, so don't hide it from our view!

MARIEETTE

It will make some ardent lover want to

MAIDS

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha! A little bunch of roses there, another at the waist!

MADELEINE

see much more of you! Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha!

THREE MAIDS

Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha!

Just
Just a touch of rouge and powder, and a patch upon her cheek!

where the bodice closes! In the very best of taste!

Try to

where the bodice closes! In the very best of taste!

Ha, Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha! Her

wear an air that's prouder! Yes, you mustn't look so meek! Ha, Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha! Ha, Ha, Ha!
kerchief must be scented, And her hair with ribbons decked!

Tempo

And

And

And

Tempo

Now

now we're quite contented With the general effect!

now we're quite contented With the general effect!

now we're quite contented With the general effect!
watch! I'll show you how it's done,
And how the hearts of men are
won!
Swing your skirt, so!
If you can! Tra-la-
-la! La-la!
As you flirt, so,
With your fan! Tra-la-la! La-la!
Hands on
hips, so,
With a proud little air like this!
Pout your lips so sweetly

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
rit. — - ppp — Tempo

for a kiss! You'll dis- cov- er, — When you've made ev'ry plan com- plete, — There's a

lov- er — To be found in each man you meet! — All en- rap- tured, — He'll be

cap- tured, And tum- ble slap In-to your smart lit- tle lap!

MARIBETTE

Swing your

MADELEINE.

Swing your

3 MAID.

Swing your

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la!

hips, so! With a proud little air, like this! Pout your
hips, so! With a proud little air, like this! Pout your
hips, so! With a proud little air, like this! Pout your

You'll dis-
lips so sweetly for a kiss!
lips so sweetly for a kiss!
lips so sweetly for a kiss!
cover
When you've made ev'ry plan complete,
There's a

lover
To be found in each man you meet!
All enraptured, He'll be

captured
And tumble slap into your smart little lap!
Valse lente.

**RENÉ:** (legato)

Ma-dame _Pom-pa-dour,_ Fair-est

flow'r! _Star di-vine!_ All love's pangs _I en-dure_ Till the

hour _When I shall make you mine!_ Safe and sure _I shall hold you se-

-cure; For there's no frus-tra-ting True lov-ers' mat-ing! _I'm wait-ing,
My beautiful Pompadour!

Soon in my arms I'll en-

- rie! Blue-eyed Marie! You're such a flirt, All must a-

- gree! Marie,

Ah, then, how close-ly I'll

-fold you!

- rie, Care-less and free! Kilt-ing your skirt Up to the knee!

Though
hold you!

naught could be smarter Than your dear little garter, We'd

all love to see More of Marie!

We can never see Too much of Marie!
-dame Pom-pa-dour, When I kneel At your shrine,

All the pangs I endure You can heal, If you will but be mine! Safe and sure, I shall hold you secure, For

there's no frustrating true lovers, mating! I'm waiting,
My beautiful Pompadour!

Tenor

O Marie! Your

Earth must grow brighter wherever you are!

lovers we would bel Marie! Ma

rall.

Tempo

Shinethrough the night like a wonderful star!
Joseph Duet.

(POMPADOIR & CALICOT)

Moderato.

POMPADOIR.

Mine's a mad infatuation! You've a fatal fascination!

P

There's a quite absurd attraction in your every word and action; Thrills my soul and stirs my pulses,

CALICOT (aside)

All my being it convulses! Oh! What a crisis for a poet!

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A.H. & C.Ltd. 10,809
I shall lose my head, I know it! If your heart's in that condition, Do call in the Court Physician!

No, alas! the ailment's chronic; You alone can be my tonic! Oh!

If you really sigh for male affection, Please don't cast your eye in my direction!

Though my looks entice you, I'm a block of ice, you know!
POMPADOOR.

Jo-seph! Oh, Jo-seph! Why are you so coy? Do have a dash at me, you bashful boy! Oh, Jo-jo-jo-Joseph! You strong and si-lent man! How much you miss of earth-ly bliss If you wont kiss me while you can! Joseph, Oh, Tempo.

Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart, and warm you so!
CALICOT.

Please a-vert your ard-ent glan-ces! I'm not tak-ing a-ny chan-ces!

Though I boil like a vol-ca-no, I've suf-fi-cient strength to say "No!" For, if once you got me go-ing,

Where I'll end up there's no knowing, Oh!
When I gaze upon your features, So unlike all other creatures, I'm a prey to wild emotion,

Thrilling with such deep devotion! All my love for you redoubles, And my blood it bub-bub-bubbles,

Oh! If you're fill'd with vague disquiet, Try a veg-e-tarian diet!

If your pulse keeps beating quicker, Pray consult your lo-cal Vi-car! No, my soul is your pos-session;

Tis to you I'd make con-fes-sion, Ohl Won't you let me treat you as a

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
brother? Do regard me as a second mother! Won't you call me 'Aunt-ie'?

That is all I want, heigh-ho! Joseph, Oh, Joseph, why are you so coy? A

kiss or two's a thing that you'd enjoy! Oh! Jo-jo-jo-jo-Joseph, you

cold and cruel man! For your sweet sake, my heart must ache. Unless you take me while you can! Joseph! Oh,

Joseph! Long ages ago Your name-sake did As he was bid, you know!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10809
CALICOT.

What'll happen? Goodness knows, if I become a second Joseph! Once before a king went raving

At his spouse's misbehaving; If to-day he finds I've got yer Potiphar will go far pot-tier;

ritardando

oh:

A.H.& C.Ltd. 10,869
POMPADOURL

Oh, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.

Ah, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.

Ah, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.

Ah, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.

Ah, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.

Ah, Joseph! You're cold as the snow! But I could storm your heart and warm you.
Madame Pompadour
Reminiscence

Valse lente.

RENE

Ma - dame________ Pom - pa - dour!________ Fair - est flow'r!________ Star di -

- vine!________ All love's pangs________ I en - dure________ Till the hour——

POMPADOEUR

Safe and sure,________ You shall hold me se - cure!________ When

—When I shall make you mine!——

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,609
no one is near, I'll come to you here! This frail heart of

Come near me! Ah, hear me! I

mine To you I'll re - sign!

love you, My beau - ti - ful Pom - pa - dour!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
Tempo di Gavotta.

KING

Where is Madame?

Well? Why this hesitating! We're not used to be kept waiting! Where is Madame? Sire, Madame is going for a ride! What? When we're expected? Pray tell Madame we wish to see her! Quite so, Sire! Yes, that's so! That is so! What she means we'd like to know!

That's a thing we'd like to know.

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
KING: My lady, you are late! Yes, I know, sire! Your pardon pray be-

POMPADOUR: -stow! Is that so?

KING: We sent word of our return, hours ago!

POMP.

COLLIN: Why you were not close at hand! That's a thing we wish to know!
KING (suspiciously) And why this costume at this hour of the night?

POMPADOUR I was about to meet your Majesty!

KING Is that so! Is that so! And you chose this hour to go!

Can that be so?

Yes, that's so! That is so! That is so! What she meant he'd like to

Yes, that's so! That is so! That is so! What she meant he'd like to

A.H. & C.Ltd. 10,809
Andante con moto.

KING: I am honoured that you should meet me at this time of the night; it is unusual, if I may so, Madame. — — —

know!

know!

Andante con moto.

POMPADOUR:— You mean, Sire, to meet any other but yourself would be unusual. KING (Takes her hand and kisses it) Must we also

flatter ourselves that the reason Madame's hand trembles so is due to the excitement at seeing us again? POMPADOUR:— Entirely, Sire!
KING: - Pleasurable excitement, Madame? POMP: - What else could it be, Sire? KING: - Fear has caused it sometimes, Madame! --- POMP: - What is Your Majesty suggesting? KING: - Only that Madame looks more divine than usual! POMP: - If I do, Sire, it is to please you that I do! KING (raising glass) To the fairest flower in Nature's garland! To the most beautiful lady in France —

and the most faithful!

Allegretto moderato.

Fortunate in deed are we — As you must have noted, Possessing one as fair as she. So faithful and so devoted!

A.H. & C.Ltd. 10,809
SOPRAN

ALT.

For.tu.nate in.deed is he, As we've du.ly no.ted!

TENOR

For.tu.nate in.deed is he, As we've du.ly no.ted!

BASS.

For.tu.nate in.deed is he, As we've du.ly no.ted!

POMPADOUR.

You will ex.cuse me, Sire, I know! Sire! I'm

What do you ask for?

Sure.ly we must all a.gree, So faith.ful and so de.vo.ted!

no.ted True, so true is she! Faithful and de.vo.ted!

Sure.ly we must all a.gree, Faithful and de.vo.ted!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
KING.  

POMPADOUR.

Tired, I own, And I would fain be left a lone! A lone! Affairs of State, Sire,

(Pointing to chest)

I must deal with now! This chest is full of them! There let them

stay! But, Sire, I pray— It's much too late! The business of the State can wait!

Wait till morning light now! We must say "good night" now!
(ad lib.)

(Spoken) Adieu!


Agitato. (KING goes to door of POMPADOUR’s room)

POMP:— Ah! not in there! KING:— What does this mean? Why this strange behaviour? (KING enters room)

Allegro.

POMPADOUR (spoken) This is the parting of the ways for him and me!

Mistress in my own house I still shall be!
Agitato. (Enter KING and RENÉ)

POMPADOUR

KING

Sire!

A man! Explain his presence; if you can!

ENOUGH! The

SOP

ALT

A man!

TEN

A man!

BASS

A man!

A man!

Agitato.

Moderato.

RENE

truth I should prefer! Who are you, sir?

I am--- I

POMP

am--- His Majesty, forsooth, Asks for the truth! Tell him the truth!
Say who you are! I am your loyal, true defender!

My life for you I would surrender!

There's none so faithful or so smart!

Though if the truth must be told, 'Tis not for gold I play my soldierly
'Tis true! he is our brave defender!

I am, now, and shall

He says that he is our defender!

Ah, he is not the first of

'Tis so,

He is in...
-der! For you his life he would sur-

be, For e-ver and e-

not a first of-fen-der!

His free-dom

'Tis so,

-fen-der! His hopes of par-don are but

we know.

-deed no first of-fen-der!

His hopes of
-der! There's none so faithful or so smart! He's played a

- ver, Content to play a soldier's part! If

he must now sur-ren-der! No more he'll play a part. To

But now no more he'll play a part. To

we know

slen-der! For now no more he'll play a part, To

That he no more will play a part, To

par-don are but slen-der! No more he'll play a part, To
soldierly part, Right from the start!

once again I may start storming your heart!

win her heart!

win her heart! No more will he start trying to win her

win her heart! No more will he win her to storm her

win her heart! No more will he start to storm her

crescendo —

dotto

Ah, for you alone, with all my heart I'd play a soldier's

heart now!

heart now!

heart now!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
Meno mosso.

KING

part! Enough! Lieutenant! You will re-move this man at once to prison!

(to Pompadour)

POMPADOUR

Tomor-row we'll talk of what has just a-risen! I'm at your ser-vice,

Moderato. (to Collin)

KING

Sire! You'll take this chest full of papers in-to the study of His Majesty at once! What

POMPADOUR

for? This se-cret-arial work of mine I am de-light-ed to re-sign! We'll talk of

POMPADOUR (interrupting)

KING (puzzled)

that we'll talk, in fact, to-morrow; But to-night I act! Tut-tut! Tut-tut!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
'Fon my word! It's absurd! Such a tale we never heard!

It's absurd! Quite absurd! Such a tale we never heard!

It's absurd! Quite absurd! Such a tale we never heard!
POMPADOUR. (spoken)
Ah! you think you can do without me?

Tomorrow you'll be at my feet once more!

POMPADOUR (listening)
RENÉ (Singing outside)
Tempo di Valse

Though you ne'er can be mine, yet what-e'er I en-

Madeleine! Madeleine! If only you weren't my sister!

Of despair I lay it at your shrine!

(LIEUTENANT enters)
POMPADOUR: "Lieutenant!"

LIEUTENANT: "Madame!"

POMP: "Treat your prisoner well!"

LIEUT: "Madame! In an hour’s time..... against the wall.....!

POMP: (crying out) "No! No! I must go to the King!"

LIEUTENANT (barring the way)

His Ma-jes-ty for-bids it!

P.

And I com-mand! The Pom-pa-

Maestoso.

CURTAIN (Exit POMPADOUR)

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,809
Two little Birds
Duet

(CALICOT & MARIETTE)

Tempo di Valse.

though you're a girl that I've simply gone
night I shall probably still go a-

mad about, You're a gad-a-bout!
about a bit, Just to scout a bit!

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no, right, If you'll let other birds take me out a bit!

That I'm glad about! I've already forgotten the
That I doubt a bit! Every day we shall practise our

rest, And I really do love you the best!
- scales, And we'll warble like two nightingales!

Then I'd like to suggest we start building a nest Where we'll
- Why, you know I've a voice like a quail! Heaven knows where I'd

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
weather Life's troubles together! Just like get, oh, If I sang falsetto! Just like

a tempo

two little birds in a tree-heel/Fancy
two little birds in a tree-heel/Fancy

be-hee! You and me-heel/And I'll
free-heel/Full of glee-heel/And I shall

bring you a worm for your tea-heel/Two may-
sing Han-del's Largo in G-heel/Or in

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10, 809
be-hee!  CAL  Perhaps three-hee!  MAR  If you
C-hee,  That suits me-hee!  CAL  In Ju-
perch other birds on your knee-hee,  I'll ob-
lly it's a hundred to three-hee.  That our
-tain a judicial decree-heel  CAL  That won't
voi ces go right off the key-heel  MAR  Then I'll
be-hee,  For, you see-hee,  We are
flee-hee,  Off with thee-hee,  To a

A.H. & C.Ltd. 10, 809
### Madame Pompadour

**A Musical Play in Three Acts**

Adapted from the Book of Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch by Frederick Lonsdale and Harry Graham. Lyrics by Harry Graham.

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