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THE LYRICS
OF
PEPITA;
OR,
THE QUEEN'S MATE.

Comic Opera.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF CHIVOT AND DURU BY

MOSTYN TEDDE.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

CH. LECOCQ.

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PEPITA.

Comic Opera in Three Acts.

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Capital, excellent, heart-warming wine !
Bouquet superb as we raise up our glasses,
Where will you find such a liquor divine,
Where is the juice that such nectar surpasses.

Drink to me, drink,
Let no man shrink ;

Nor let him dare his draughts to stop
Till he has drained the bottom drop,
When flushing cheek and empty glass
Shall show how well he toasts his lass.

PEASANT.

But see, the liquor has run out,
What can Pedrillo be about.

Hulloa ! Pedrillo !
Mine host, hulloa !

PEDRILLO.

Your servant, ladies ; I am here.

WOMEN.

Handsome as ever,
Charming and clever,
Sure there was never
A man so dear.

PEDRILLO.

I've kept you waiting long I fear.

SONG.

1.

Never a moment left for leisure,
 Never a second for repose,
 Ever a slave to other's pleasure
 From dawn of day until its close.

Whips smack,
 Click, clack.

A newly married couple flying,
 The father of the fair appears,
 He swears great oaths, she talks of dying,
 Then pardon, peace, and happy tears.
 Hilloa ! hilloa ! hilloa ! hilloa !

PEDRILLO.

My good Pedrillo, prithee put your pots on.

CHORUS.

The best, the best is good enough for me ;
 For we must dine,
 And taste your wine,
 Champagne on ice,
 Anything nice,
 In a trice.

2.

Every day brings forth new faces,
 Every night some fresh surprise ;
 But then a prudent landlord's place is—
 To tell no tales, and to have no eyes.

Whips smack,
 Click, clack.

Another couple, not relations,
 The husband suddenly turns up,
 Reclaims her, spite of protestations,
 And number one alone must sup.

Repeat CHORUS as before.)

CHORUS OF THE PEASANT WOMEN.

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend,
 The coat you have cut you must wear it !

He who has trouble he cannot mend,
Must bear it, must bear it, must bear it !

INIGO.

I don't know what you mean
By thus making a scene.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, innocent child !

INIGO.

Now explain it I pray,
And in some clearer way.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, who was beguiled.

INIGO.

Will you keep quiet ?
Really this riot
Bothers my life.

CHORUS.

Oh, what a man,
And how he can
Stand such a wife ?

INIGO.

Will you explain it, explain it !

CHORUS (*repeat*).

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend, &c.

INIGO.

This is past all bearing,
I have had quite enough.

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, where is your wife ?

INIGO.

She's above all comparing
With such foolish stuff ;

CHORUS.

Ha, ha, poor little man !

INIGO.

This is past bearing,
Save me from swearing.

CHORUS.

Those of his kind
Are ever blind :

INIGO.

Will you explain it, explain it, explain it !

CHORUS (*repeat*).

Ha, ha, ha, my poor young friend, &c.

ENTER PEASANTS, MEN AND WOMEN.

CHORUS.

Here they are, here they come ! To their village returning,
To answer to the call of their husbands' fond yearning,
To answer to the call of their husbands' fond yearning,
Here they come, here they are,
Here they come, here they are.

INEZ.

Dear Pedrillo, behold me once more.

PEPITA.

Inigo, you're the man I adore.

INEZ.

I'll never leave you more, love, never.

PEPITA.

Here at your side I'll stay for ever,
Far away from house and home,
All my thoughts have been of you, dear.

INEZ.

And my heart, where'er I roam,
With fond longing beats, 'tis true, dear.

PEPITA.

Nothing can relieve the pain
When I'm absent from your side, dear.

INEZ.

Oh, what joy, I'm home again,
Kiss your happy little bride, dear.

PEPITA AND INEZ.

Ever at home to stay,
Never to be away,
Never, never, never!
Would in the shortest time,
Lovers of love sublime,
Sever, sever, sever!
And where would be the fond yearning,
As you anxiously, patiently wait
For the loved one's returning?

2.

PEPITA.

Think how grateful you should be,
For the chance that brings this meeting ;

INEZ.

And if always tied to me,
You'd not oft get such a greeting.

PEPITA.

Always at a woman's feet,
Means a wretched sort of life, dear ;

INEZ.

And your joy's made more complete,
By the absence of your wife, dear.

PEPITA AND INEZ.

Ever at home to stay, &c., &c.

PEDRILLO.

Dearest and blest.

INIGO.

Oh, how happy I feel ;

BOMBARDOS.

Embrace your uncle, Pedro, my boy
Embrace your uncle Inigo too,
Oh ! what words can I employ
To show my joy ?

CHORUS.

What are the words he can employ
To show his joy ?

BOMBARDOS.

A feast we have in contemplation ;
It is Pepita's natal day.

PEDRILLO.

A festive celebration
From which no friend can stop away ;
And you all know it is our custom
Your presence at it to entreat.
I think that you may safely trust 'em
When there's anything to eat.

CHORUS.

Quite right you are,
Who would refuse ?
This chance is far
Too good to lose.

PEPITA.

Bring the brightest of faces,
The best of appetite ;
And lasses mind your laces
For we will dance to-night.
Dance to the gay guitars,
Under the twinkling stars,

Happily tripping,
Merrily sipping,
Gibing and quipping
'Till morning light.

INEZ.

Ev'ry moment must we give to pleasure,
I shall enjoy myself for one.

PEPITA.

To enjoyment let there be no measure,
By break of day we must be gone.

INIGO (*to PEDRILLO*).

No sooner come, they go.

PEDRILLO (*to INIGO*).

The reason we will know.

PEDRILLO (*to Peasants*).

Then in an hour, we meet again ?

CHORUS.

Yes, in an hour, yes, in an hour
We meet again, we meet again,
Yes, in an hour we meet again.

All repeat.

Bring the brightest of faces, etc., etc.

[*Exeunt Chorus.*]

SONG.

BOMBARDOS.

Who glory's blazoned shrine would seek
Must tenderness disclaim,
Not for the sensitive and weak
The laurel wreath of fame.
And still the stream doth onward roll
Unceasing in its flow,
Of those who battle for the goal
Decreed for overthrow.

The triumph bards in song extol,
 They dying never know.
 Oh glory ! oh glory !
 Who glory's blazoned shrine would seek
 Must tenderness disclaim,
 Not for the sensitive and weak
 The laurel wreath of fame,
 The laurel wreath of fame.
 Ah ! happy he, though glory smile
 With wanton wile to lure,
 From peaceful blessings to beguile,
 In sweet content secure.
 The victor proud may blood deride,
 But bitterness will cling ;
 For glory's mantle cannot hide
 The pangs its horrors bring,
 Can never, never hide
 The pangs its horrors bring.

ROMANCE.

INEZ.

1.

Of my heart, you are truly the master
 It beats in response to your sway,
 At your rage, pit a patting the faster,
 Desiring to love and obey.
 And a tender submission that's owing
 The duty myself I would choose,
 But my tongue its perversity showing
 To answer your plaint doth refuse.

Refrain.—Do not, my own, be prying,
 Do not impatience show,
 Though now I am denying.
 'Tis not for long love so.
 My confiding Pedrillo,
 Doubt deriding Pedrillo,
 Do not impatience show,
 Do not bother me so,
 For its all you will know.

2.

Why my silence should fill you with sadness
 Is certainly strange, why in grief
 To most men 't would mean only gladness,
 From clatter of woman, relief.

I'm not deaf to your earnest appealing,
 But thrilled with an answering glow,
 And the myst'ry I'll soon be revealing,
 Be sure, when 'tis fit you should know.

Refrain.—Do not my own, &c.

TRIO.

BOMBARDOS.

The breeze is fresh as, in the offing,
 The pirate schooner spies her prey,
 And out to sea, all danger scoffing,
 Through crested billow ploughs her way.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

His story fills us with dismay.

BOMBARDOS.

See on the deck two dapper figures
 With eager gaze they scan the foe,
 The handspikes ready, cock'd each trigger,
 Prepare to send them down below.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

Prepare to send them down below.

BOMBARDOS.

Now deadly weapons, without number,
 The ladies for the fight prepare ;
 While knives and guns their forms encumber,
 A cutlass here, a dagger there.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

A cutlass here, a dagger there.

BOMBARDOS.

The crew await their captain's orders,
 Prepared for murder to a man,
 The word is given : " Away there, boarders !"
 The pirate ladies lead the van.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

The pirate ladies lead the van.

BOMBARDOS, PEDRILLO, AND INIGO.

Bing, bang, boom, lots of blood and thunder,
Smish, smash, clish, clash, how the weapons clank ;
Cut, thrust, clish, clash, how the weapons clank.
Cut, thrust, guns bust, massacre and plunder,
Crash, splash, now they walk the plank,
Clish, clash, how the weapons clank.
Bing, bang, &c.

PEDRILLO.

This now is really most annoying,
To kiss my wife I ne'er shall dare.

INIGO.

Alas, no knives ! no more toying,
To hug a pirate who would care.

BOMBARDOS.

You're right ; be very careful of your wives,
They carry guns, and cutlasses, and knives ;
If you are humble, well and good ; if not,
I think that you will get it hot.

PEDRILLO.

The little pluck I had I'm losing ;
Here's a mess.

INIGO.

I feel my courage outwards oozing,
I confess.

BOMBARDOS.

Any lady interviewing,
Bing, bang, bullet in your brain ;
Any little doubtful meaning,
Cut, thrust, dagger will explain.

BOMBARDOS, PEDRILLO, AND INIGO.

Bing, bang, &c. (repeat).

SONG.

"I ALWAYS TAKE MY MOTHER'S WORD."

PEPITA.

If there is one thing more than others
Well regulated girls should do,
It is confiding in their mothers,
Who will consult their int'rests true. .
If a man should make proposal
Upon his knees, altho' he's nice,
And you love—don't then disclose all,
Wait till you hear mamma's advice.

Refrain.—I always take my mother's word,
Than mine, her wisdom's more ;
For she has, as from her I've heard,
Been through it all before.

But if my heart beats when he tells me
That I am all in all to him,
And if propriety compels me
To draw away my waist so slim,
The secret's mine, and not another's,
He tries to whisper in my ear ;
It most surely's not my mother's,
Nor was it meant for her to hear.

Refrain.—I always take, &c.

FINALE.

Perfect punctuality,
A virtue rare,
In a guest.
When his friend
Is only fair.
And when hospitality
Sets one good fare,
Eat with zest,
Drink your best,
Do not spare.
Eat with zest,
Drink your best,
And do not spare.

Enter PEPITA and INEZ.

PEDRILLO.

Inez, the fete you will grace.

INIGO.

Pepita, here at my side your place.

INEZ.

I hasten to obey.

PEPITA.

I came without delay.

PEDRILLO (*aside*).In that gentle smile
Treason has no place.INIGO (*aside*).Who could think that guile
Lurked behind that face.

PEPITA.

Dear friends, dear friends, you're welcome, now come tell us
 How we can here your joys increase,
 Your store of fun come now release,
 And let the jollity ne'er cease.

CHORUS.

We'll sing when we from dancing cease,
 A chorus ! a chorus ! a song ! a song !

PEPITA.

The one will please, the words if I forget,
 (*Continue humming.*)
 A Spanish strain, with chink of castagnette,
 Guitar strum, strumming.

THE BOLERO.

PEPITA.

In a village once lived a maiden,
 Famous far and wide as the belle ;

She with gifts was heavily laden,
As her many admirers could tell.

Gomez tried hardest to win her,
Nor in this was he alone,
For Sancho and Juan would din her,
Vowing love such as never was known.

But Perdita could not choose her hero ;
And she vowed she'd not trust it to chance,
So she'd marry who in the Bolero
Should the others, his rivals out-dance.

Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! Ah !

So they started the dance in the morning,
When the sun was first giving his light ;
And the heat and their weariness scorning,
They kept dancing far into the night—

(Repeat Chorus.)

Gomez was a corpulent farmer
Weighing just upon sixteen stone,
He the first to give up the charmer,
As he sank on the turf with a groan.

Sancho, the handsome young miller.
Leisure had not for the dance ;
Although he outlasted the tiller,
It was clear he'd not much of a chance.

Little Dromez was unlike a hero,
But was wiry and managed to stand,
Till the others fell in the bolero ;
And he thus took Perdita's fair hand.
For he started the dance in the morning, &c.

JUAN enters as miller's man.

JUAN.

For Pepita and Inez at their relation's command,
I have hastened to deliver this letter by hand.

INEZ.

My surprise is unbounded,
I really must say.

PEPITA.

Our uncle, whose orders we daren't disobey,

INEZ.

Insists on our instantly coming away.

PEPITA.

It sounds very hard, but we really can't stay.

CHORUS.

They must depart, they must depart.

PEPITA AND INEZ.

We're bound to obey.

PEPITA.

Where's my cloak ? for we must go.

INIGO.

The letter from Uncle Rodrigo received,
From the pocket of Inez I've deftly retrieved.

(After reading password.)

PEDRILLO.

Discretion or death !

INIGO.

Discretion or death !

PEDRILLO.

It takes away my breath.

INIGO.

Oh, terrible scare,
For trouble prepare.

PEPITA AND INEZ.

Fare thee well, my darling boy,
I must leave you all alone,
When we meet again what joy,
One little kiss and I am gone.

Turn to the right, turn to the left,
 Of independent sense bereft,
 Turn to the right, turn to the left,
 And pray keep step.

GOMEZ. .

No talking in the ranks—no movement,
 No laughing ! silence number two ;
 There's room, I must say, for improvement.
 Somehow I'll drill it into you.

CHORUS.

Let no one move,
 That we may prove
 Our discipline surprising ;
 Now to mark time,
 Movement sublime,
 Our reputation's rising :

Repeat Chorus—Shoulder to shoulder, &c.

BOMBARDOS.

Bravo ! a marked improvement ;
 I, commanding you in chief,
 Do pronounce my firm belief
 That no men could better do—
 I am really proud of you.
 But I hope you understand,
 Every soldier in the land
 Must obey the word of command.

SONG.

BOMBARDOS.

1.

In time of peace a man engages
 In combat of another sort,
 Makes love—no matter what his age is.
 He does—I do not say he ought,
 Until the regiment preparing
 For further service in the field,
 He leaves his lady, fealty swearing
 With wounds that are most quickly healed.

CHORUS.

In his arms he'll no more enfold her,
 For his duty is quite clear.
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Where's the craven, where's the craven that feels fear ?

2.

If some fine day a battle rages,
 And in the midst of clouds and smoke
 Your corps the enemy engages,
 The slaughter getting past a joke,
 That gun before you must be taken,
 No sooner said than it is done ;
 Three cheers, the battery's forsaken,
 Brave hearts ! Good lads ! We've got the gun.

CHORUS.

And the best of men get bolder
 When they feel a comrade near,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Where's the craven, where's the craven that feels fear ?

QUINTET.

INEZ.

Your orders have been obeyed, sir.

PEDRILLO.

Great heavens ! what do I see ?

PEPITA.

All the arrangements are made, sir.

INEZ AND PEPITA.

What ! both our husbands here !

BOMBARDOS.

Be silent ! Keep quiet !

PEDRILLO.

But your two nieces—there they stand.

BOMBARDOS.

How dare you ! Silence ! I command.

PEDRILLO.

That is my wife !

INIGO.

And that is mine.

INEZ.

Ha ! ha ! ha !

I your wife, you must be mad ;
You come it rather strong, you know.
Poor man ! it really is too bad ;
My name, good sir, is Diego.

PEDRILLO.

Manuel !

INIGO.

And Diego !

PEDRILLO.

Then they are men !

PEPITA,

Yes, we are men ;
Well, and what then ?
Do you doubt it, pray ?
Who are you any way ?
Now, young man, I'm going to begin
To swear by every sort of thing
That swearing to these lips can bring.

ENSEMBLE.

PEPITA, INEZ, AND BOMBARDOS.

Disguise defies
A husband's eyes ;

It really is too bad
 To grieve so good a lad ;
 I think it wise
 To show surprise,
 Lest danger should be near,
 Or enemies to fear.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

In this disguise
 I doubt my eyes ;
 It really is quite sad
 To see deceit so bad,
 While each denies
 We recognize
 Our wives to us so dear—
 Identity is clear.

BOMBARDOS.

I must get rid of them at any cost.

PEDRILLO.

You take us for two fools.

INIGO.

Your senses you have lost.

BOMBARDOS.

Your impudence is such I blush with shame
 But I know who you are and what's your game ;
 You follow a vile calling,
 To all honest men appalling,
 And disgraceful in all eyes,
 You are nothing else than spies.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

What ! you call us spies !
 Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 You must excuse us if we laugh.

BOMBARDOS.

Discipline divided,
 Learn I have decided—
 What shall be your lot.

General court martial,
 Trial most impartial,
 After which both shot.

PEDRILLO AND INIGO.

Both shot!

INEZ AND PEPITA.

Oh, please not!

BOMBARDOS.

Fear nothing, it was but to frighten them.
 Have you a dungeon deeper than another?
 In it confine this person and his brother.
 You'll be alone then, take your oaths,
 When in the wardrobe with the clothes.

INEZ.

Pedrillo makes my heart feel sore.

PEPITA.

Poor Inigo! I daren't say more.

PEDRILLO.

We're out of luck, I must confess.

INIGO.

Was ever such a horrid mess.

(Ensemble repeated.)

Disguise defies, &c.

CHORUS.

The news is most surprising,
 And fills us all with fear,
 Against our loyal rising
 The other side appear.
 With forces most tremendous,
 Pataques is on his way,
 And what is more stupendous,
 Pataques may win the day.

DUET.

BOMBARDOS AND PATAQUES.

PATAQUES.

My excellent friend, Bombardos.

BOMBARDOS.

My dearest and best Pataques.

PATAQUES.

If I could only get a chance!

BOMBARDOS.

Wait till I lead you such a dance!

PATAQUES.

I know, my friend, that you'll excuse
The liberty I take in thus appearing.

BOMBARDOS.

Oh, how could any man refuse
To welcome one who's so endearing?

PATAQUES.

I really thought it very hard,
To find that I was not invited.

BOMBARDOS.

I'm glad you've come without a card,
I'm charmed—I'm perfectly delighted.
If I could only, &c.

VIVANDIERE'S DUET.

INEZ.

We are not demure or shy.
Are we, dearest?

Refrain

PEPITA.

No, not we.
We are best described as sly,
Pert and pretty, all agree.

INEZ.

Soldiers we are not afraid of,
They are more afraid of us ;
Chic and go is what we're made of,
Though so much is made of us.

PEPITA.

Rank and file all persecute us
With their praises of our charms,
And the officers salute us,
Or to us present their arms.

Refrain.—Oh ! 'tis a pleasant and romantic task,
With a glug, glug, glug, from a brimming flask,
Thus to pour the liquid sweet
Down the throats that like it neat,
Glug, glug, glug, come pledge the fair ;
Allons ! vivent les vivandières.

PEPITA.

We have both stood under fire,
We're like seasoned vet'rans tough ;
Puffs o' powder but inspire
Yearning for the powder puff.

INEZ.

Bullets carried on by us are,
Will be till we're carried off
By a bullet or a Hussar—
Shot, that is, or married off.

PEPITA.

Sieges we've so often been in,
If experience can teach,
We shall sure, when wedlock seen in,
Garments wear to knee that reach.
Refrain.—Oh 'tis a pleasant, &c.

SONG.—“I DO NOT DARE.”

PEPITA.

How like a babe, he's calmly sleeping,
 No wrinkle mars his handsome face,
 His beauty sleep, unchecked I'm keeping ;
 What noble pose ! what manly grace !
 Now a smile is extending,
 In his dreams no alarm ;
 A kiss would p'raps be lending
 To love a charm.

Refrain.—Though bosom is swelling
 With loving care,
 Stern fate is repelling ;
 No ! No ! No ! No ! No ! No ! I do not dare.
 His sleep shall be by me unbroken,
 From sudden noise his nerves I'll save,
 No waking word shall here be spoken,
 No draught of air a lock shall wave.
 I a kiss might be stealing,
 'Tis my own I but take ;
 No, so acute his feeling,
 He'd p'raps awake.

Refrain.—Though bosom, &c.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Far away from hostile spying,
 Safe from all unfriendly eying,
 Now no longer danger fearing,
 To her faithful friends appearing,
 We at last shall surely see,
 She who soon our Queen shall be,
 We at last shall surely see,
 She who shall our Sovereign be.

BOMBARDOS.

At last, nothing can defeat my plan,
 The throne and sovereign in my hand I see,
 And to their queen within the shortest span,
 A grateful nation soon shall bend the knee,
 But listen ! It is midnight !

My
 A s
 She
 To

CHORUS.

In the night,
 None in sight,
 No one near ;
 Not a light,
 Stars shine bright,
 Sky clear ;
 None in sight,
 No one near ;
 Sky is clear, no one near :
 Midnight sounds,
 Midnight sounds,
 The Queen ! The Queen !
 Here comes our gracious Queen.

INIGO.

What's this ? Pepita !
 As king, then, I'm prepared to meet her.

PEDRILLO.

Your cheek is surprising.

BOMBARDOS.

Pepita ! This disguise !

PEPITA.

At any cost
 Keep perfect silence, or we are lost.
 My friends, before your sovereign mounts her throne,
 A step which she intends to take alone,
 She thinks it's only due to all of you,
 To tell you plainly what she means to do.

SONG.

When as sovereign here I reign,
 Every measure
 Shall be passed : I will spare no pain
 To give you pleasure.
 For the evils we see around,
 As life progressing,
 Modes of cure will have to be found,
 They want suppressing.

CHORUS.

Then life will seem
 The brightest dream,

Fitting only for happiest fairies,
 With the joys I've planned,
 You will undertand,
 In the land of the Grand Canaries.

2.

There is a pitiful lack of work,
 Though men are willing,
 Agitators incite to shirk,
 Thus labor killing ;
 Our Capitalists engage,
 A truth distressing,
 German clerks, for starvation wage,
 Who want suppressing.

CHORUS.

Then life would seem, &c.

3.

There are Anarchists who delight,
 With little reason,
 In tall talk about dynamite,
 To work their treason.
 We have P'lice who are full of tact,
 So they're professing ;
 They're away when they ought to act,
 They want suppressing.

CHORUS.

Then life would seem, &c.

CHORUS.

Good gracious, what does all this mean ?

PATAQUES.

It means that I forwarned have been.

CHORUS,

Pataques, Pataques is here !

PATAQUES.

I think well planned ;
 At last you're caught.

BOMBARDOS.

Ah ! now I understand.

PATAQUES.

Young lady, you have lost the trick.

INIGO.

To lose a throne, there's no disguising,
So suddenly is most surprising.

PATAQUES.

At once arrest this base imposter.

INIGO.

And now it's clear that I have lost her.

PATAQUES.

What say you now, my worthy friend ?

BOMBARDOS.

A game well played up to the end.

PATAQUES.

My excellent friend Bombardos. .

BOMBARDOS.

My dearest and best Pataques.

PATAQUES.

I thought, my friend, I'd make you dance.

BOMBARDOS.

Oh, if I only could get a chance.

CHORUS.

What a shocking come-down
For a newly-made queen,
Such a fall from a throne
Surely never was seen.

PEPITA.

Though the victory's yours to-day,
You'll still be learning,

That the lane is long Pataques,
 That has no turning.
 Should I reign, of all things the worst,
 You're doubtless guessing,
 For you, you're the very first
 We'll start suppressing.

Act drop.

ACT III.

CHORUS.

We hasten to the rendezvous,
 Your plans by frankly stating,
 You'll show us what we ought to do,
 For orders we are waiting.

BICKERSMAN.

I can't tell all, I'll tell you some,
 (*Without*) Then no more hesitation ;
 The time eventually has come
 To save the Queen and nation.

CHORUS.

Then who's afraid to relegate
 Usurpers to the shelf ;
 To help his sovereign and her mate,
 And then to help himself ?

SONG.—"MY PEASANT HOME."

PEPITA.

'Mid scenes of rustic peace
 The mind is roving e'er,
 To find a brief release
 From weight of queenly care.
 The joys of pomp and state
 Are fleeting as the hour,
 Ah me ! ah me !
 As transient as the show'r.
 Not long such empty joys as these
 A simple maiden's heart could please,
 The pleasure of the great
 Once sighed for soon she'd learn to hate.

Refrain.—Ah ! rather would I spend my days
 In poor content than I would roam

The world, whose changeful ways
 Would make more dear my peasant home.
 Ah! ah! no wish have I the world to roam,
 Its changeful ways
 Would call back happy days,
 Would make more dear my peasant home.

The marble palace fair
 With massive sculptured grace,
 The smiling mask of care
 Could ne'er such joys efface,
 A cottage set within
 A garden, which outvied.
 Ah me! ah me!
 The verdant country side,
 The shady walk, the rippling stream,
 By which of wealth and rank I'd dream,
 Of bustling city's din,
 Attained--then vain regrets begin.

(Refrain as before.)

DUET.

INIGO.

Buy my nuts! they're all hot,
 Chestnuts roasted hot and nice!

PEDRILLO.

Now then, see what I have got!
 Lemonade as cool as ice.

INIGO.

Taste 'em.

PEDRILLO.

Try it.

INIGO.

Hot! all hot!
 Who says not?
 Glowing with a heat so nice.

PEDRILLO.

Just as cold,
 As we're told,
 Are the Arctic Seas and ice.

1.

INIGO.

How the couple honeymooning
 For a life-long joy prepare,

Linked together, from the spooning
 Not a moment can they spare.
 "Hot! all hot!" &c.

PEDRILLO.

But when babies, duns, and duty
 Have appeared upon the scene,
 Life appears to lose its beauty;
 Love is not what it has been.
 "Just as cold," &c.
Repeat Refrain.—Buy my nuts, &c.

2.

INIGO.

Much the same the politician,
 When he's waiting for his turn
 To attain some high position,
 How with zeal he'll chafe and burn.
 "Hot! all hot," &c.

PEDRILLO.

But to whatever they aspire,
 Politicians as a rule,
 When they've got their hearts' desire,
 Generally begin to cool.
 "Just as cold," &c.

CHORUS OF FLOWER GIRLS.

Fairest of earth's attire,
 Flowers we bring;
 Roses with scent of briar,
 And thorns that cling. (*Giving flower.*)
 See on the blossom gleams
 The morning dew,
 Less lovely, though it seems
 Fairer than you.

INEZ.

Permit me, gracious lady,
 This bouquet to present,
 For you the flowers were gathered,
 For you alone 'tis meant.

TOREADOR MARCH AND SONG.

Marching along, loved by the throng,
 Cheering our song,
 Lusty plaudits raising;
 Our garb who denies, feasting the eyes
 Of all on us now gazing.

Little dangers we
 In our calling see,
 Fearing no bovine foe.
 Though we seem to fly,
 Fear no reason why,
 For with courage we glow,
 We glow, we glow, we glow ; yes, glow.

PEPITA.

Toreadors, I see you're ready
 With courage, or what for it serves,
 Be every athlete cool and steady.
 And test his muscles, brace his nerves.

CHORUS.

Let ev'ry athlete, &c.

PEPITA.

To raise your spirits even more,
 When fearful lest the bull should gore,
 Call to mind, if you find
 Courage go at sight of foe,
 The song of the Toreador.

OMNES.

Yes, sing to us the fight before
 The song of the Toreador.

PEPITA.

How the heart with pride is beating,
 As in the ring he bounds,
 And people give a greeting
 That through the town resounds.
 The breaths of all are bated,
 With quick excitement rare,
 The old rejuvenated,
 And heedless of their care. Oila ! oila ! oila !
 The dark eyes of beauty abound,
 Give pleasure to duty profound.

REFRAIN.

Viva ! viva ! viva !
 Caramba ! caramba !

Now the darts are flying—flying !
 Forward, well done, picador !
 Goad on, goad the brute still more, picador !
 Picador, ah ! take care,
 All eyes are straining,

For the bull is coming fast
 Bravo ! he is safe at last !
 Toreador, beware, forbear, forbear,
 Let comrade danger share, take care, take care !

OMNES.

Forward, well done, picador !
 Goad, yes, goad the bull still more !
 Toreador, beware, forbear, forbear,
 Let comrade danger share, take care, take care !

PEPITA.

See the bull is madly running
 With fiercely lowered head !
 Steady, use your utmost cunning,
 And he'll toss the sand instead.
 With weakness now he's kneeling,
 He staggers to his feet,
 The horseman round is wheeling,
 Your triumph make complete
 Oila ! oila ! oila !
 No more skilful flying ! instead,
 Attack ! the bull's dying ! he's dead.

FINALE.

CHORUS.

Loud your voices raise,
 Great the joys forseen ;
 Loyal song of praises,
 Live, long live the queen !
 Live, long live the queen !

PEPITA.

And the reign of our Queen secure,
 All fears removing,
 If with gracious indulgence you're
 Kindly approving ;
 To our merits pray be not blind,
 Doubts now expressing ;
 And the roar of your plaudits kind
 Don't be suppressing.
 Then life will seem, &c.