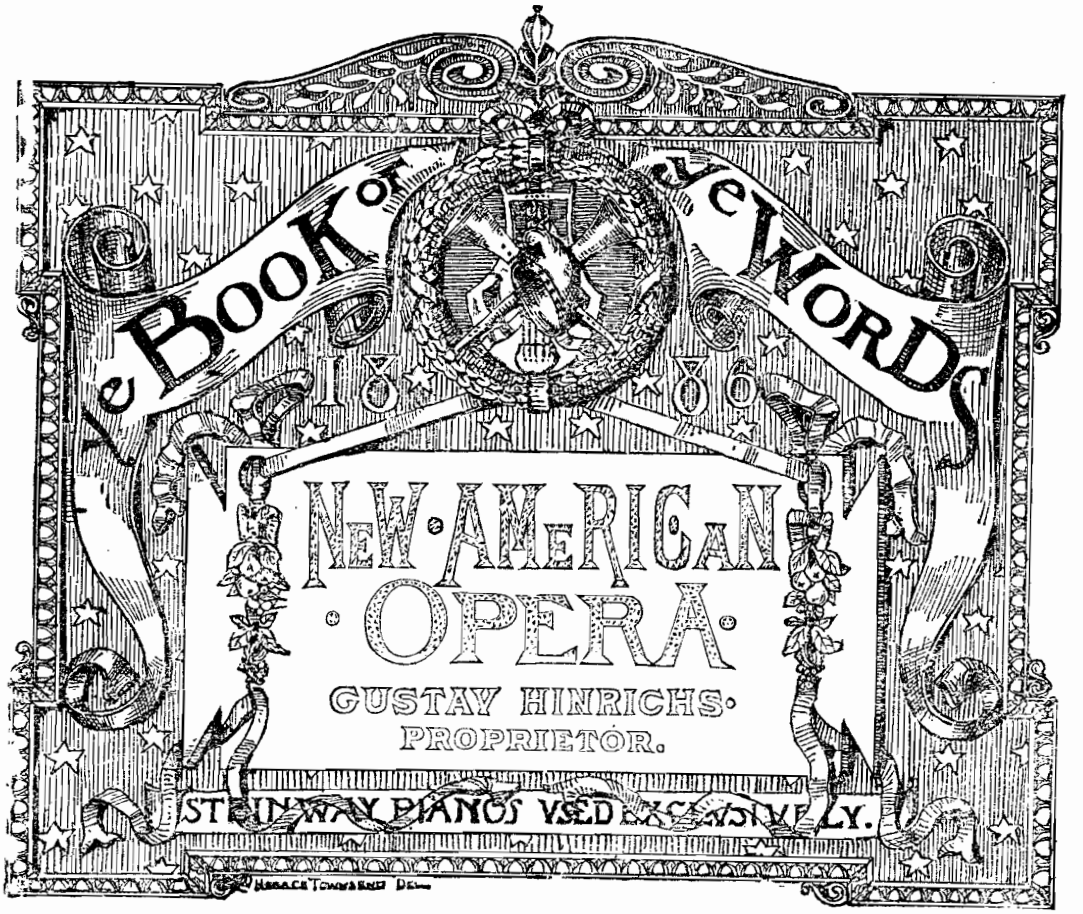


THE

BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

CHARLES F. TRETBAR, Publisher, Steinway Hall,
NEW YORK.

STEINWAY & SONS

BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN AWARDED A



GRAND GOLD MEDAL

AT THE

International Inventions Exhibition,

1885—LONDON—1885

"FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE OF THEIR PIANOS, AND FOR SEVERAL MERITORIOUS AND USEFUL INVENTIONS;" AND ALSO A



SPECIAL GOLD MEDAL

FROM

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS,

1885—LONDON—1885.

TWO SPECIAL DIPLOMAS OF MERIT,

Sydney International Exhibition, 1879.

TWO HIGHEST AWARDS,

International Exhibition, Philadelphia, 1876.

GRAND NATIONAL GOLD MEDAL,

WITH CROWN AND RIBBON,

From His Majesty, King Charles XV., of Sweden, 1868.

FIRST GRAND GOLD MEDAL,

Exposition Universelle, Paris, 1867.

GRAND TESTIMONIAL MEDAL AND MEMBERSHIP,

From Société des Beaux Arts, Paris, 1867.

FIRST PRIZE MEDAL,

International Exhibition, London, 1862.

Also more than thirty-five First Premiums at American Exhibitions, and testimonials from the most eminent Musicians, Composers and Artists in the world, who all unite in the unanimous verdict of the

SUPERIORITY OF THE STEINWAY PIANO OVER ALL OTHERS.

EVERY PIANO FULLY WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

☞ **Illustrated Catalogues mailed free upon application.**

STEINWAY & SONS,

WAREROOMS, - - - - - - - STEINWAY HALL,

Nos. 107, 109 and 111 East 14th Street,

NEW YORK.

THE

BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

ROBERT PLANQUETTE.

CHARLES F. TRETBAR, Publisher, Steinway Hall,
NEW YORK.

ML
50
P7128

ARGUMENT.

HENRI, MARQUIS OF CORNEVILLE, who has been since childhood, owing to civil war, an exile, returns to his ancestral home, on the occasion of the great annual fair, which is being celebrated in the village that received its name from his chateau. It is one of the old-fashioned Norman villages of the seventeenth century.

In the First Act the curtain rises on an assemblage of village gossips, discussing scandal and small talk; SERPOLETTE, a cross between Fanchon and Boulette, is the topic of conversation among the belles of Corneville. She comes in, just in time to turn the tables on the others, and changes their taunts into expressions of rage. GASPARD, an old miser, wishes to marry his niece, GERMAINE, to the principal magistrate of the district, the BAILLI. This arrangement does not suit Germaine, nor a young fisherman named JEAN GRENICHEUX, who pretends that he has saved her life from drowning on a certain occasion. To escape from the power of old Gaspard, Germaine takes advantage of the privileges of the fair (a similar scene to that in the first act of "Martha"), and becomes the servant of the Marquis. Her example is followed by Grenicheux and Serpolette.

The Second Act is taken up with the supernatural visitors who have made the Castle of Corneville so long an object of dread. Henri determines to find out the real character of these ghostly appearances, and discovers that it is all the work of the old miser, who has concealed his treasures in the chateau. The discovery drives Gaspard crazy, especially when he hears the bells of the chateau ringing for the first time since the flight of the old Marquis.

The Third Act represents the grand fete given in honor of the return of Henri to his ancestral home. Serpolette arrives as a marchioness, as some papers, found in the chateau, indicate that she is the lost heiress. The miser, however, recovers his reason, and shows that Germaine is the true Marchioness. A love duet between her and Henri, and the reconciliation of all the parties, brings the romantic story to a close.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SERPOLETTE, the Good-for-Nothing.

GERMAINE, the lost Marchioness.

GERTRUDE, JEANNE, MANETTE, SUZANNE, } Village Maidens.

HENRI, Marquis of Corneville.

JEAN GRENICHEUX, a Fisherman.

GASPARD, a Miser.

THE BAILLI.

REGISTRAR (Greffier).

ASSESSOR (L'Assesseur).

NOTARY (Le Tabellion).

Villagers, Attendants of the Marquis.

THE BELLS OF CORNEVILLE.

ACT I.

The stage represents a Forest scene near the Village of Corneville. At the middle of the scene is a fountain, somewhat to the right of the spectator. At the first entrance, left, is a tall post, bearing a bill on which is inscribed in large letters, "Corneville Market Grand Hiring of Maid-servants, Coachmen and Domestics."

[*Enter Peasants and Village Maidens.*]

Chorus.

All who for servants are inquiring
Just look at us if you'd be hiring!
The fair's to-day; we're on our way,
And there you'll find what's to your mind.

Men.

We teamsters have the knack
Our sounding whips to crack;

Girls.

And for a strapping lass
You will not by us pass!

Gertrude.

Some reputations let us stain!

Jeanne.

They say the Bailli asked Germaine,
And that she answer'd "No!"

Girls.

We heard of that before,
And thus it must be so!

Manette.

Of course she did—and wherefore not?
Another sweetheart she has got.

Girls.

Who is it—who?

Suzanne.

Jean Grenicheux!

Girls.

Can that be true?
With Serpolette we thought that he
Always was keeping company.

[*Enter Serpolette.*]

Serpolette.

Ah! who gossips so free of Serpolette?

Girls.

She here?

Serpolette.

Tell it out!

Jeanne.

We were saying . . . that they said . .

Manette.

That they heard . . . others saying—
That Jean Grenicheux—

Serpolette.

Come out with it now, do!

Manette.

Well, thus the gossip ran,
That he is—

Serpolette.

Is what?

Manette.

Why, your young man!

Serpolette.

Since gossip is the village fashion,
Why put one's self into a passion?
Rather, like you, I'll gossip too.
They say—

Girls.

They say?

Serpolette.

They say that Jeanne, sheep-tending,
Leaves them browsing in the vale;
Then, towards the upland wending,
Lists a certain shepherd's tale.
And the little lambs go straying,
What is that to am'rous pair?
Not a little do *they* care:
That is what the folks are saying!

They say two forms are seen,
O' nights by eyes so keen;
One form is called Suzanne,
The other is . . . . . a man!
What they say or what they do,
Ladies, I will leave to you!

Girls.

Of your venom, miss, enough!
No more of this lying stuff.
Scandal-monger, gossip gadder,
With the biting tongue of adder!
Her there's nothing so much cheers,
As setting people by the ears.
Positively, she does revel
In her ill-work—little devil!
Like a clapper in a bell,
Her tongue goes wagging on pell-mell.

Serpolette.

No, I never will keep silence;
What care I for all your vi'lence?
Shake your heads and shriek and bawl!
My saucy queens, I know you all!
That, my gabblers, for your cackle!
All the lot of you I'll tackle.
Here I face you all alone:
But still I say—Come on!

Men.

(Now, we'll see the girls, perhaps,
Scratch their eyes, and pull their caps!)

[*Enter Notary.*]

Notary.

What means this noisy bawling?
And this most unseemly brawling?
It cannot be you are aware
This is the morning of the fair?

All.

All who for servants, &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes except Serpolette, who hides herself. She then comes forward and signs to the other peasant girls to join. They advance with hesitation, and form a circle around her.*]

Serpolette.

Oh, come now! you must not take a little sharp talk too much to heart, girls. You know you began it. But it's all over, and I'm not the one to bear malice. Well, I admit I was foolish enough at one time to allow this miserable, good-for-nothing fellow, Jean Grenicheux, who couldn't speak the truth, if he tried, to keep company with me. Of course, when that horrid old miser, Gaspard, brought his chalky-faced, simpering niece, Germaine, into the house, Grenicheux found it more profitable to dance attendance on an heiress than to be true to a poor, friendless girl. But, let me tell you he's wasting his time there.

Gertrude.

You do not seem to have a particularly good opinion of Father Gaspard.

Serpolette.

Good opinion? Why, bless your silly heart! he is such a repulsive creature, that I often wished he had never found me in the fields when I was a baby!

Manette.

Where did Germaine spring from?

Serpolette.

Oh, some vulgar stock, I suppose! Now as for me, do you know, girls, that I often dream that royal blood flows in these veins, and that princely parents are hunting all over the world for me!

All.

Royal blood! A princess! Ha, ha, ha!

Serpolette.

You will see, some time or other! Listen:

I may be Princess, leastways, Madam—
That from my style at once is seen;
My father I don't know from Adam,
But Prince or Duke he must have been.

Old Gaspard, going out one morn,
Discovered me among his wheat—
A little babe all forlorn,
Both wanting care and wanting meat.

And first he'd take me, then he'd not,
That miser's struggle was right sore;
But little viands in his cot,
And I would furnish one mouth more!

And fain he was to learn my hist'ry,
But baby language is not clear;
And so I'm still involved in myst'ry,
For who I am don't quite appear!

And thus I've got to tend the chickens,
Bed the cow, and cure the ham,
But ah! my heart beats so and quickens,
When I think of whom I am!

And when the butter I am churning,
Or the cow I milk at eve,
I feel my cheek with anger burning,
And my menial work I leave!

For you can fancy what my rage is,
To work a-field with sabot shod,
Who ought to have my maids and pages,
And lackeys trembling at my nod!

My parents must be great of name,
Because they never were found out;
And had a poor man tried the same,
He'd have been caught beyond a doubt!
I may be Princess, &c., &c.

[*Enter Gaspard and the Bailli.*]

Serpolette.

What do you think of the grand wedding that is to come off soon? Little Germaine, hardly out of her pinafores, and that precious old booby of a Bailli, who is as old as Methusaleh and looks like a scarecrow.

Bailli. [*To Gaspard.*]

Well, truly, such impertinence!

Gaspard.

You wretched foundling and good-for-nothing girl! I'll make you feel the weight of my cane!

Serpolette.

I know you would if you could catch me, but you shall not have the chance. Now for a race, go as you please.

[*Exit, pursued by Gaspard.*]

Bailli.

Don't excite yourself, Gaspard; I care not what envious tongues may say, as long as the fair Germaine is to be my bride.

Gertrude.

His bride? January and May! Listen, girls, to the venerable lover, with one foot in the grave.

Gaspard. [*Re-entering.*]

Silence, you pack of scandal mongers. Be off at once, or beware the consequence!

[*Exeunt village girls, laughing.*]

Bailli.

They are not to blame, after all, as long as your niece, Germaine, encourages them.

Gaspard.

Why, you must be mistaken! My niece would not associate with such hussies.

Bailli.

Well, I know one thing, and that is, she never loses an opportunity to encourage the attentions of that wretched fisherman, Grenicheux.

Gaspard.

Pshaw! You should give her credit for more taste. Why, he serves as a butt of ridicule for the village.

Bailli.

You forget that he rescued her from drowning once, and gratitude, you know—

Gaspard.

That counts for nothing! He was fishing, my niece fell off the rocks into the sea, and he could not help catching something. Any one might have done the same.

Bailli.

At all events, don't forget your promise, Gaspard. Germaine is to be mine or a gentle hint to the authorities about certain goings on of yours.

Gaspard. [*Aside.*]

Heavens! can he guess? No, no; it cannot be! [*Aloud.*] Your language is quite an enigma to me, I assure you.

Bailli.

Indeed! For instance, your administration of the affairs of the former Marquis of Corneville, who has been an exile for so many years.

Gaspard.

My administration defies investigation. I am ready to meet the Marquis or his son if ever they return, and render a strict account.

Bailli.

You are very confident, and I am glad of it. Now, these phantoms that haunt the castle?

Gaspard.

I am not the guardian of spirits. If they wish to roam around nightly, how can I help it?

Bailli.

Well, I shall see about it and shall search the chateau.

Gaspard.

Don't, I beg of you. Leave the ghosts in their own quarters, and do not set them loose on the village. What is the use, now, in being over zealous? Germaine shall be yours, and I'll make preparations for a hasty wedding.

Bailli.

That just suits me. [*Grenicheux heard within.*] Ah, here comes that miserable fisherman.

Gaspard.

Leave me to settle his pretentions with this cane.

Bailli.

No, no; we must have no scandal here. Come! [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Grenicheux, with fishing nets, &c.*]

Grenicheux.

On billow rocking, at tempest mocking,
Oh! gallant sailor boy, ocean's thy home!
Calmly thou'rt sleeping, tho' gale be sweeping
All the blue desert of waters to foam!
And tho' rude be thy pillow,
Vision fair hovers near,
From afar o'er the billow
Come the loved ones and dear!

May fav'ring gale
Still waft thy sail!
Float on! Float on!
On billow, &c.

[*Enter Germaine listening, Grenicheux hides.*]

Germaine.

Surely the voice came from this direction. Oh!

Grenicheux. [*Advancing.*]

You heard me, Mademoiselle.

Germaine.

Perhaps so! But I was looking for my uncle, and not you.

Grenicheux.

Indeed! the first I ever knew the old skinflint could sing. I thought that the chink of gold was the only music he favored.

Germaine.

No matter what he likes, he is my guardian.

Grenicheux.

To be exchanged for another soon, I hear!

Germaine.

Well, that is news for me.

Grenicheux.

They say you are going to marry that old Bailli?

Germaine.

I cannot help what they say, nor you for believing all you hear.

Grenicheux.

Of course, in presence of such a wealthy suitor, poor Grenicheux will be soon forgotten.

Germaine.

And if so, I am at perfect liberty to make a choice.

Grenicheux.

Don't forget that you owe your life to me!

Germaine.

You take good care not to let me forget!

Grenicheux.

I have the best right to you.

Germaine.

I cannot admit your reasoning. I wish to be my own mistress.

Grenicheux.

Until old Gaspard brings you up to the altar to marry a Bailli old enough to be your grandfather!

Germaine.

You are talking nonsense!

'Twas but an impulse, that I own,
(And wrong perhaps the truth then spoken,)
Yet still that vow, I'll keep unbroken:
To be his bride who saved me—his alone!
The binding word pronounced that day,
With equal fervor now I say!

Germaine and Grenicheux.

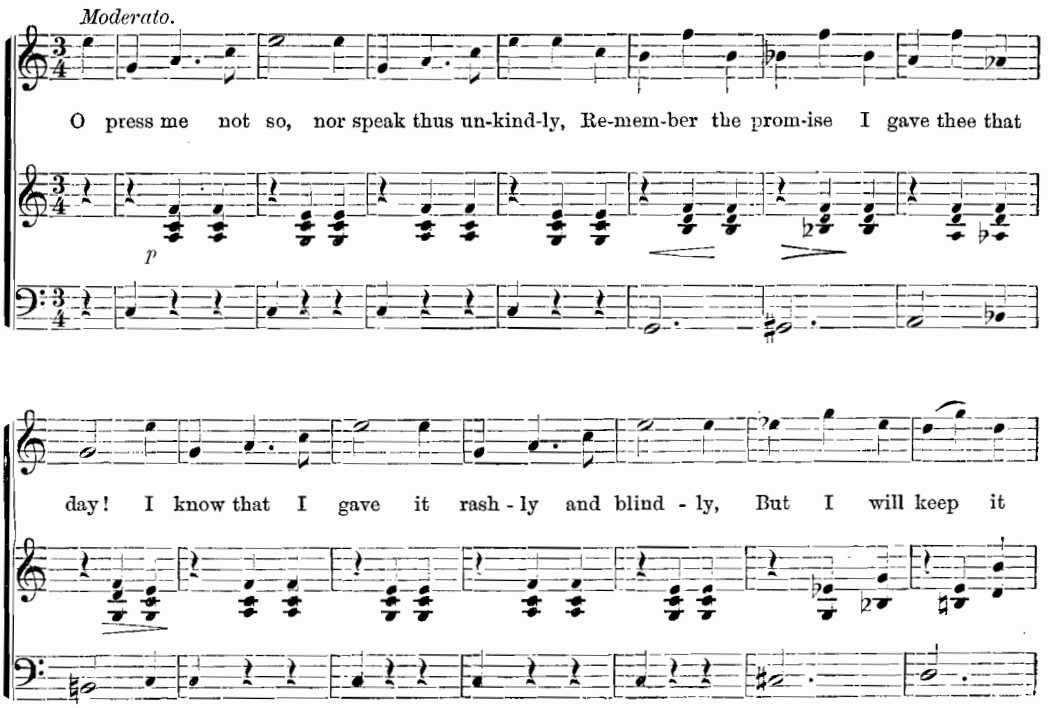
I vow to keep the faith then spoken,
(Although heart-silent then, I own!)
And never shall that vow be broken:
His, who saved me, I shall be alone.
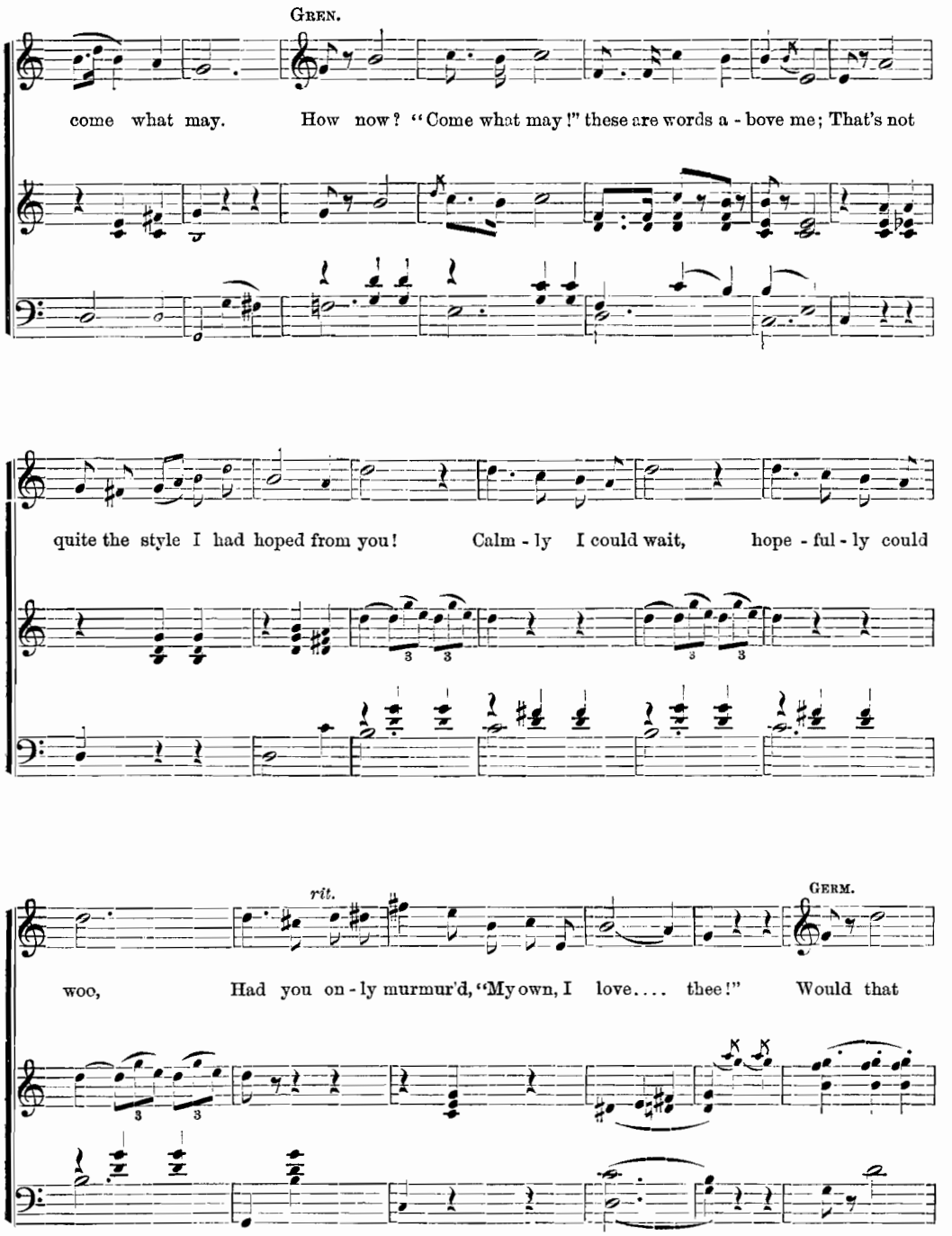
Grenicheux.

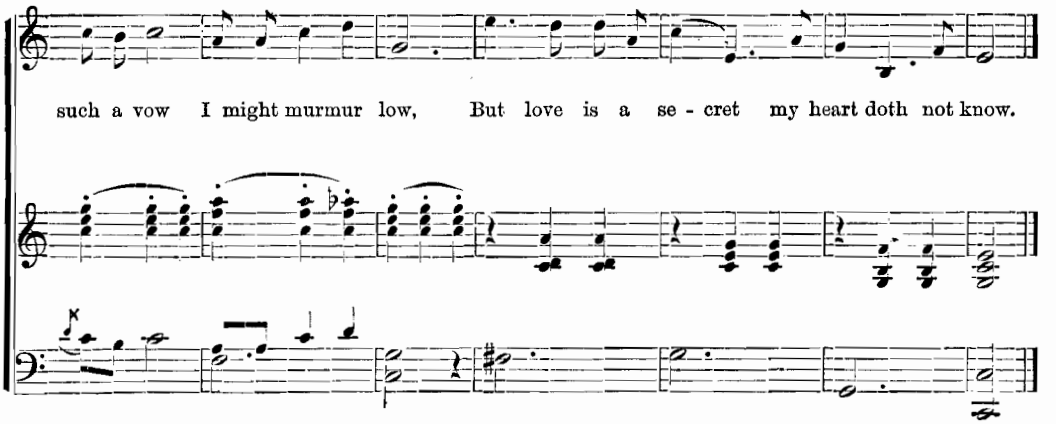
I'd rather have one loving sigh,
Than language all with duty laden:
Say thou dost love me?

Germaine.

Nay, what more can I?
Would'st then have more than troth from maiden?




GREN.
come what may. How now? "Come what may!" these are words a - bove me; That's not
quite the style I had hoped from you! Calm - ly I could wait, hope - ful - ly could
rit.
GERM.
woo, Had you on - ly murmur'd, "My own, I love.... thee!" Would that



Germaine.

What love signifies is not in my knowledge,
Because they ne'er taught it in convent or school!

Grenicheux.

It mayn't be a branch, dear, in school or in college,
Yet girls do pick it up quick, as a rule.

Germaine.

Ah! but then am I very far from clever!

Grenicheux.

Still, you met with other maidens of your age,
Sure they talked of love, that I will engage;
Love, and love alone, girls at school talk ever!

Germaine.

Would I might agree, but it is not so;
Not one of my comrades of this love did know.

Germaine and Grenicheux.

Yes, I strive to keep my troth,
And still shall try more love to show him;
But all the more I get to know him.
So does my heart my promise loathe.

[*Cries of people within.*]

Grenicheux. [*Going to back.*]

What is all this commotion about?

Germaine. [*Going to back.*]

Why, what a strange-looking man, and a queer-looking dress. No wonder he has a crowd after him!

[*Enter Henri, in Mexican costume, followed by villagers.*]

Henri.

Well, such inquisitive people, I declare! Please, moderate your curiosity. It may be a rather strange costume in your eyes, but, you must admit, a highly picturesque one. Just the thing for a figure like this. Well, to satisfy your curiosity, pretty maidens, permit me to introduce myself as one from the other world.

Village Girls. [*Screaming.*]

A ghost! A ghost!

Henri.

Well, no; rather too substantial for that. The other world is America, where I lived among the savages.

Germaine.

Do all the savages dress like you?

Henri.

Bless your pretty face, no! The savages paint as the great ladies do in France, and have the same affections for other peoples' hair.

Gertrude.

Please, tell us all about them.

Henri.

My little beauty, you must really excuse me now.

All.

We must hear the story now!

[*All crowd around.*]

Henri.

Really, young people, you will spoil this costume. Please, permit me to suffer Messieurs, the savages, to rest for the present, as I wish to do.

Germaine.

You are a stranger here, Monsieur?

Henri.

Yes, a wandering seaman. I left my bark at Honfleur, and intend to return immediately to my gallant crew. I trust your curiosity being now satisfied, you will answer my questions. What do you call that chateau, whose towers I saw rising above the tree tops as I came along?

Germaine.

The chateau of Corneville, which has been closed against the world for twenty years. It is haunted by ghosts.

Henri.

How romantic! A hounted chateau! I have heard of such things, but this is the first opportunity I have had to form the acquaintance of a genuine ghost. I shall start at once for the chateau.

Germaine. [*Detaining him.*]

Oh, sir, you know not what a terrible danger you would encounter! Do not, I beg of you, brave the anger of demons.

Henri.

Sweet lady, have I not braved danger before? Have I not seen—

All. [*Crowding.*]

Oh! tell us. You have seen—

Henri.

Nothing. Why, some living beings are worse than spirits. Bah! your ghosts are masquerading knaves.

Germaine.

Oh, sir, if you had seen the windows of the chateau lighted up by unearthly hands, and phantoms flitting across the illuminated halls! No one has ever unlocked the doors of the chateau.

Henri.

Hence this ghostly legend.

Germaine.

There is another legend about the chateau.
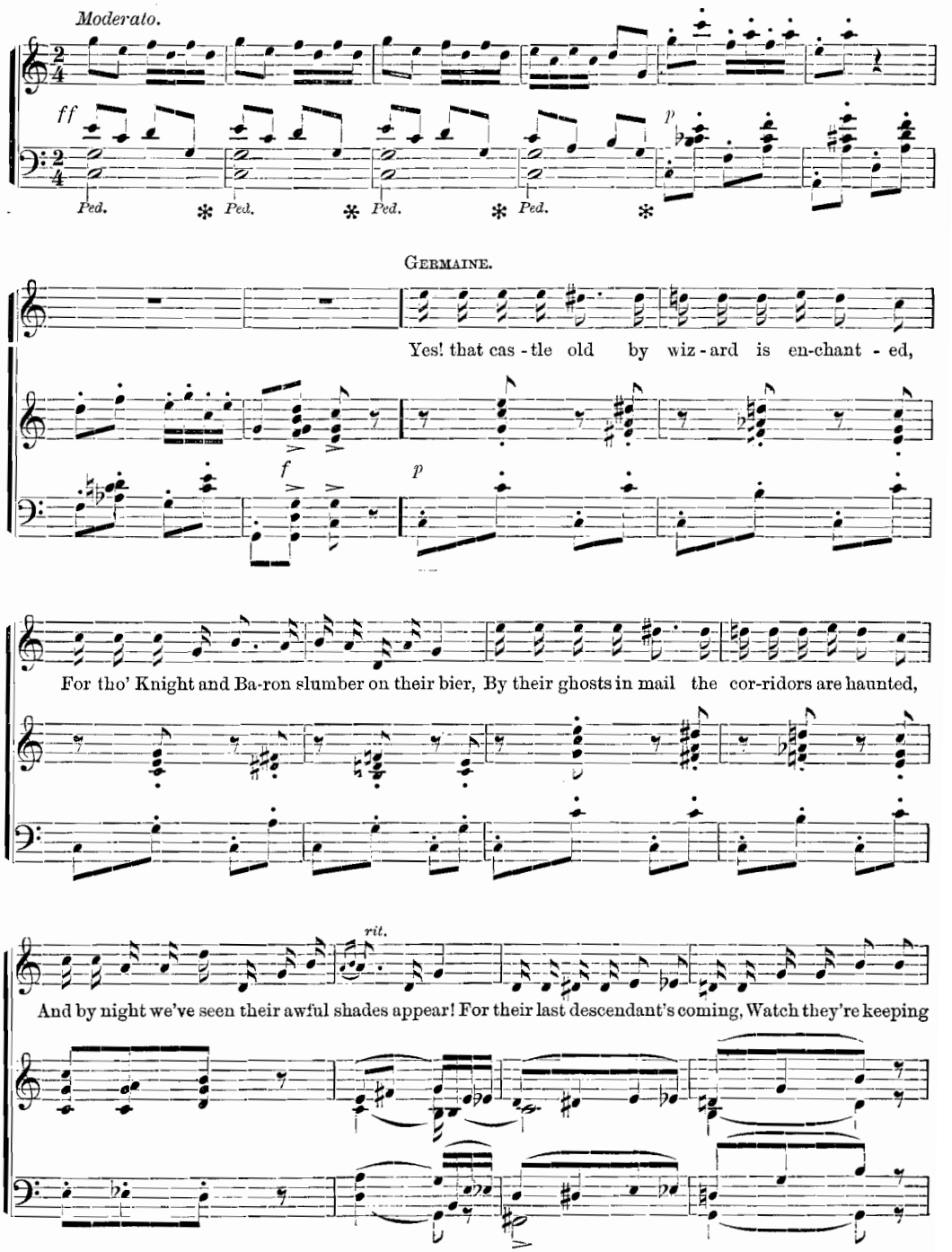
Henri.
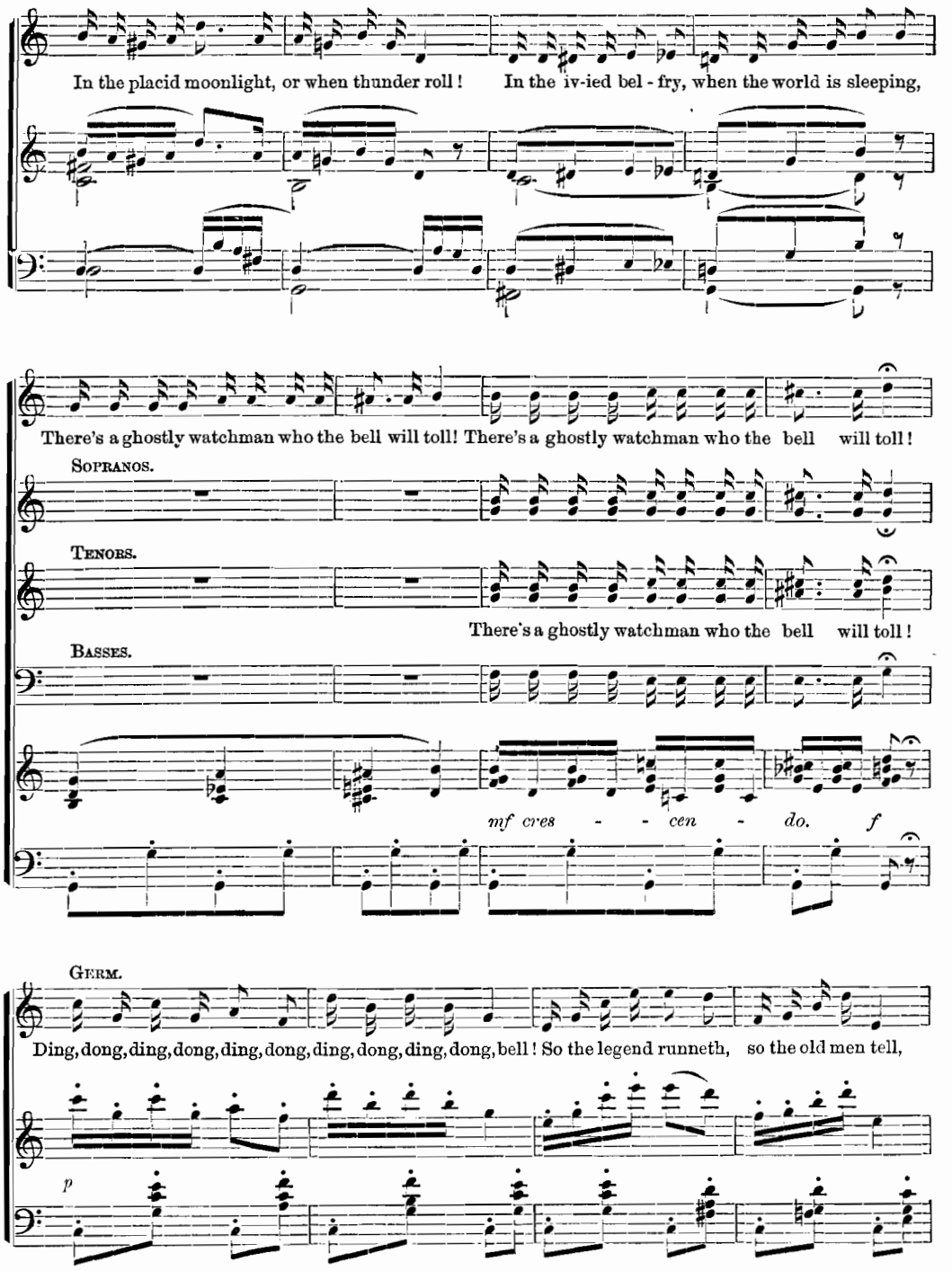
Tell me of it, I pray. I am very fond of legends.

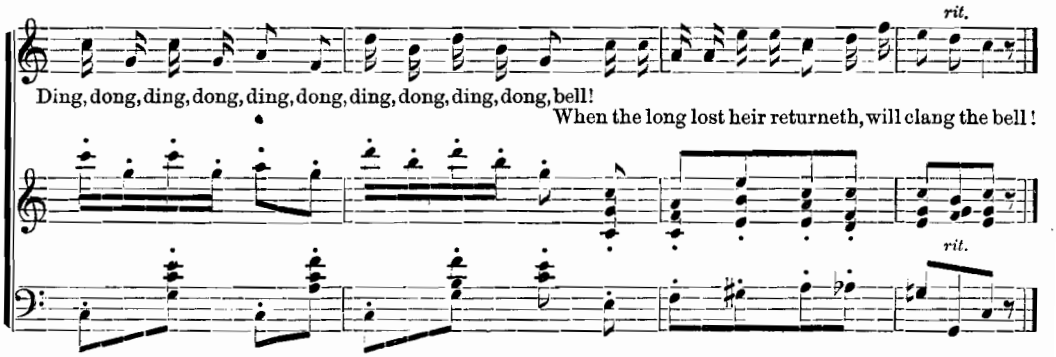
Germaine.

It says that when one of the old family of nobles, that formerly dwelt in Corneville, returns to claim his ancestral home, the chimes of the chateau, which have been so long silent, shall sound once more. Listen to the legend.

LEGEND OF THE BELLS.—*Germaine and Chorus.*




In the placid moonlight, or when thunder roll! In the iv-ied bel - fry, when the world is sleeping,
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll! There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll!
Sopranos.
Tenors.
There's a ghostly watchman who the bell will toll!
Basses.
mf cres - - cen - do. f
Germ.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, bell! So the legend runneth, so the old men tell,
p



Germaine.

Round about that belfry, rook and owl are winging,
Fearless are the birds, for mute the iron-tongue;
Never more we hear its solemn voice out-ringing,
Warning for the old or welcome for the young!
Lonely is the tower, and oh! we maidens fear it,
Lest some spirit-hand should rock the bell again!
For they do say we now living yet shall hear it,
Ringing out a message to the startled plain

Chorus.

Ding Dong! &c.

[*Exeunt Omnes, except Henri.*]

Henri.

Quite a romantic legend, and a lovely girl besides! So, Monsieur Henri de Corneville, here we are home again, or rather within sight of it. I wonder why the chimes do not welcome the long lost Marquis, or rather his son, home. What a life of adventure has been mine, and yet I love the sea.

With joy my heart has often bounded,
When one plank parted death and me,
By threat'ning sky and wave surrounded,
Oh! yet I love th'inconstant sea.

To me no stranger, hardship or danger,
Battling the gale that sweeps o'er the main,
But peril over, who like the rover,
Finds life so sweet, after the pain?

Sweet lips have blessed me, soft hands caressed me,
In every clime where fate made me roam;
And woman's greeting, (bliss all too fleeting,)
Made of the far land almost a home!

And gentle maiden, beauty arrayed in,
More than once told me her love in a sigh!
Heart wildly beating, mute glance entreating,
All have been mine, yet put coldly by!

Yes! I am lonely; one woman only,
Thro' all my being reigns in my heart!
Tho' now for ever, fate may us sever,
Lovely unknown! my soul's queen thou art.

O fairest maiden, one moment laid in
These empty arms now longing for thee,
Why art thou gone now? Why art thou flown now
From yon dark rock that hangs o'er the sea?

Dost thou remember, ('twas in September)
There is the rock and there is the wave;

O come again, love, solace my pain, love,
Tell me not vain is the hope that you gave!

[*Great outcry within.*]

Well, I declare, quite a riot in Corneville, even on the day of the great fair. I shall retire for the present. [*Exit Henri.*]

[*Enter Serpolette, Gaspard dragging Grenicheux by the collar. Germaine in an imploring attitude, Bailli and Peasants. General commotion.*]

All.

Such conduct is quite sad,
In one about to marry,
With a lover on to carry,
Is really very bad. [*Enter Gaspard.*]

Gaspard.

I'd like to wring your neck!

Serpolette.

Quite so! quite so!
For of hope she's made a wreck!

Germaine.

Ah! don't condemn me yet!

Gaspard.

If only at you I could get!

[*Enter Bailli.*]

Gaspard.

Your pardon!

Bailli.

What now? D'ye know you struck me, sir?

Gaspard.

I do; but then the blow was meant for her!

Serpolette.

'Twas I, sir, if you please,
Who saw them 'mong the trees,
Germaine and Grenicheux, the pair
Were having a nice time down there!

Bailli.

With my bride? courting her! Oh! ho!
For that jest you'll to prison go!

Grenicheux.

What! I in jail? I'll give you bail—
Leg bail, you know!

All.

Ne'er did we such a rascal see,
At justice mocking, in manner shocking!
Ne'er did we such a rascal see,
At justice mocking, in a manner that is bad,
The wretched lad!

First he courts the bride of the Bailli,
Then his fingers at him snaps;
And lastly, runs away quite gaily,
But he will be caught—perhaps!

SCENE II.—*The Fair of Corneville.*

[*Enter Grenicheux, frightened and out of breath.*]

Grenicheux.

Was there ever a more unfortunate wretch than poor Grenicheux? A fugitive from justice, what shall I do? I have made the Bailli and Gaspard my enemies for life. I must now give up all thoughts of Germaine, and seek service of some master at the Fair to-day. That is the only chance left for me to escape the clutches of the Bailli and the law.

Tho' they may not pursue me,
This quarrel will undo me,
The Bailli and Gaspard
My enemies now are—
Away with such misgiving;
I've got to get a living!
I must give up the sea,
So I'll a coachman be!
No more Germaine and courting,
In love's sunshine disporting,
To be hard working peasant,
'Tis a bitter cup!
But even that's more pleasant
Than getting now locked up.

I'll go and seek a master,
The better if the faster;
(The hiring fair, they say,
Is held this very day!)
Once in a situation,
No warrant in the nation
Can touch me; and so I,
The Bailli will defy!
No more Germaine and courting,
In love's sunshine disporting! &c., &c.

[*Enter Peasant Girls. Grenicheux hides.*]

Germaine.

That old Gaspard ought to be ashamed of himself to treat poor Germaine in such a brutal manner!

All.

Shame! Shame!

Grenicheux.

[*Coming forward.*]

Is there anything the matter, my dear?

Germaine.

Yes; you'll find out, if the Bailli or Gaspard lay hands on you!

Grenicheux.

Oh, save me! Save me! What shall I do?

Germaine.

You have got Germaine into a nice pickle. Old Gaspard swears he'll lock her up.

Grenicheux.

Oh, I promise never to meet her again!

[*Cries within.*]

Here they are after me! Help! Help!

[*Exit Grenicheux.*]

[*Enter Notary, Registrar, Assessor, and Attendants.*]

Notary.

Come, girls, do not loiter here; but go and join the other villagers in the grand procession. Hasten, or you will be too late.

[*Exeunt Village Girls.*]

The timid little dears! Be still, my fluttering heart! Now, gentlemen, I wish you to bear in mind that, in consequence of the unaccountable disappearance of the Bailli, on me rests the responsibility of opening the Fair of Corneville. I wish, therefore, that all due respect be paid to the dignity of my office.

All. [*Bowing.*]

Yes, noble sir.

Notary.

A little lower, gentlemen—bend your backs more! There, my dignity is duly honored. Now, to your places. Do not run in that manner,—like untrained schoolboys,—but in this manner, with becoming gravity and respect. Now, hand me my wand of office. Compose your looks with proper solemnity. Admit the servants, and let us hear what they have to say.

[*Enter procession of Villagers.*]

Chorus.

Come, farmer small, or with big rental,
If first-class servants you would find;
We're useful, aye, or ornamental,
Exactly what you have in mind!

Men Servants.

Than us you will not find a better,
If you groom or footman need,
We never open masters' letter,
For we don't one of us read!
Language bad you'll ne'er hear spoken,
Our morals are to us so dear;
We much prefer our victuals broken,
And drink with gusto smallest beer!

Coachmen.

Who are drivers lacking?
Such a chance don't lose,
Come along and choose,
By the way our whips we're cracking,
You may tell
We can drive well!
We know oats and hay in rack;
Clipping, doctoring and firing,
We're the sort of men for hiring!
Just hear us how our whips we crack!

Serpolette.

Who are wanting maidens, able
To keep house and wait at table?

Maids.

Such here you'll find!

Serpolette.

Of dark and fair, you see there's plenty,
And some are old, and some not twenty.

Maids.

So you may have your mind!

Serpolette.

Just look at that, just look at this,
Don't you think we're not amiss?
A glance give there, a glance give here,
Tell us if you think us dear!

Maids.

Just look at this, &c.

Serpolette.

Though our cheeks be fresh and glowing,
You will find us rather knowing—

Maids.

Most girls are so!

Serpolette.

And though, of course, we all are steady,
To pick up more we are quite ready.

Maids.

You will not find us slow.

Serpolette.

Just look at that, &c.

Men Servants, Coachmen, and Maids.

Than us you will not, &c.
Who are drivers lacking, &c.
Just look at that, &c.

Notary.

Fellow citizens!—I don't mean that!—fellow subjects of his glorious Majesty, King Louis of France, I, his humble representative, am called upon to perform the great and solemn duty of opening the Fair of Corneville. Be it understood, that whoever registers in these lists as a servant, must adhere to the contract for the period of six months. The law permits of no breach of contract signed here, under any circumstances, without the consent of both parties subscribing to it. [*Enter Henri.*]

Henri.

Tell me, girl, what may be your name?

Serpolette.

My name? Serpolette, sir.

Henri.

Ah, good! You I engage.

Serpolette.

Oh, sir! I am in your debt, sir.

Henri.

(A forward minx, that, for her age.)

Serpolette.

I don't care now if Gaspard rage.

Henri.

Before I've done, I want a coachman.
Ah, here is one! Your name?

Grenicheux.

Jean Grenicheux.

Serpolette. [*Aside.*]

With my Jean in service, we two!
Lucky! lucky! Now, in vain
Your arts, my superfine Germaine!

Grenicheux.

Thanks, sir! (For six months now I
The Bailli can at ease defy!)

Chorus.

An old man in a fury shocking
Ev'ry one about is knocking!
[*Enter Gaspard.*]

Gaspard.

My Germaine, when nought would suit her,
But to gad and run about;
In her chamber then I put her,
But the hussy has got out!
If you're any of you hiding
Germaine, take care what you do;
For my wrath you'll be abiding—
I will have the law of you!
Tell me, therefore, if you've seen her;
Oh! if I but had her here!
Better not attempt to screen her;
Such an act will cost you dear! [*Exit.*]

Henri.

A pleasant person, truly!

Serpolette.

I'm glad he's in a passion;
If he had seen me,

Grenicheux.

I'd have caught it duly!

[*Enter Germaine as a servant.*]

Germaine.

He's gone at last! Some courage let me gather!
To think that I the Bailli had to wed!
No, no! I will a servant be much rather;
Henceforth my name and place shall both be dead,
To seek a master now it is my duty:
Keep still, my heart!

Henri.

Here is a rustic beauty!

Germaine.

That stranger here;
He will know me, much I fear!

Henri.

What need is there concealing
So much grace and so much feeling?

Germaine.

What shall I say?

Henri.

Come near, I pray!
What you can do I'd fain be knowing;
Your qualities, fair maid, be showing,
If you with me would go.

Germaine.

Yes, yes—I must, I know!
Just look at that, &c., &c.

[*Shows her face.*]

Henri.

What! Germaine here? Good heavens!

Germaine.

From home I have been driven!

Henri.

Fear nothing now! the law is plain,
From thy master they'll claim thee,
But claim thee in vain!

[*Enter Gaspard.*]

Gaspard.

No traces leaves she behind her;
High and low have I hunted alone;
Vainly—nowhere can I find her;
Germaine gone? Yes the bird is flown!

Serpolette.

What do I see?
'Tis Germaine as a servant!

Gaspard.

At last. Come hither, girl!

Henri.

Back! monster inhuman!
Germaine is my bondwoman.

Gaspard.

Come, niece, with me withdraw.

Bailli.

Not so; she is his by the law!

All.

Yes, old Gaspard, you are wrong,
That is the law, both far and wide:
To the master doth the maid belong,
Whatever may betide.
Who would take her from her master,
Only meets with sad disaster,
We never yet the person saw,
Who dared to break this ancient law.

ACT II.

[*A hall in the chateau of Corneville. In the front of the stage, at the left of the spectator, two large windows, concealed by tapestry curtains. Opposite, on the right side, at front, a little practical door in the wainscoting. On each side are chandeliers, in which are six candles nearly consumed. Further up, two large windows open at the right on a gallery which leads outside to the river, and at the left, on another conducting to the other parts of the chateau. Near the windows and the gallery on the left, at the back, is the figure of a warrior in iron armor, mounted on a rolling chariot. A table and chairs, of the period, are on the stage. There is also a piece of tapestry, representing a hunt in the time of Henry II. When the tapestry is drawn aside, a second hall is seen which is covered with dust and cobwebs. In this apartment, which extends to the very back of the stage, stand four pedestals surmounted with warriors in iron uniform. The first pedestal at the left has lost its figure, which is that to be found in the first apartment, mounted on a chariot.*]

[*Enter Henri, and Chorus on tip-toe, bearing torches.*]

Chorus.

Let our torches light up the gloom,
We're not frightened like simple yeomen;
And ye ghosts, rise out of your tomb,
Now ye have sailors for your foemen.

Henri.

'Tis said our ghosts do much affect this hall,
But, unless I'm much mistaken, they are not ghosts at all.

[*Enter Germaine.*]

In this old room, all seems unchanged still:
Ah, Germaine, you are ill!

Germaine.

I am a timid girl, I know;
But where you venture I will go.

Henri.
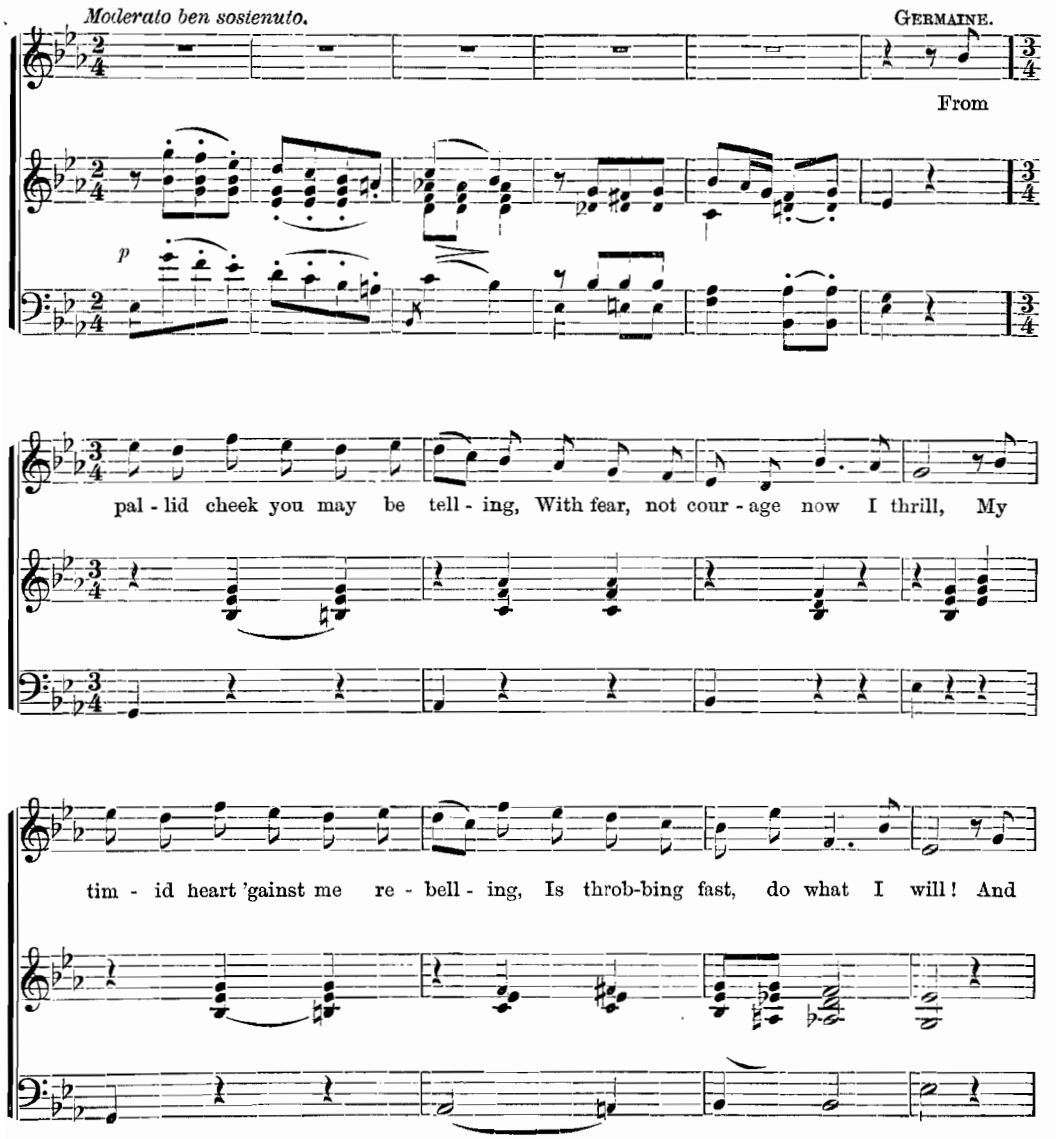
Nay, courage, now! Am I not near?
By my side you have nought to fear!
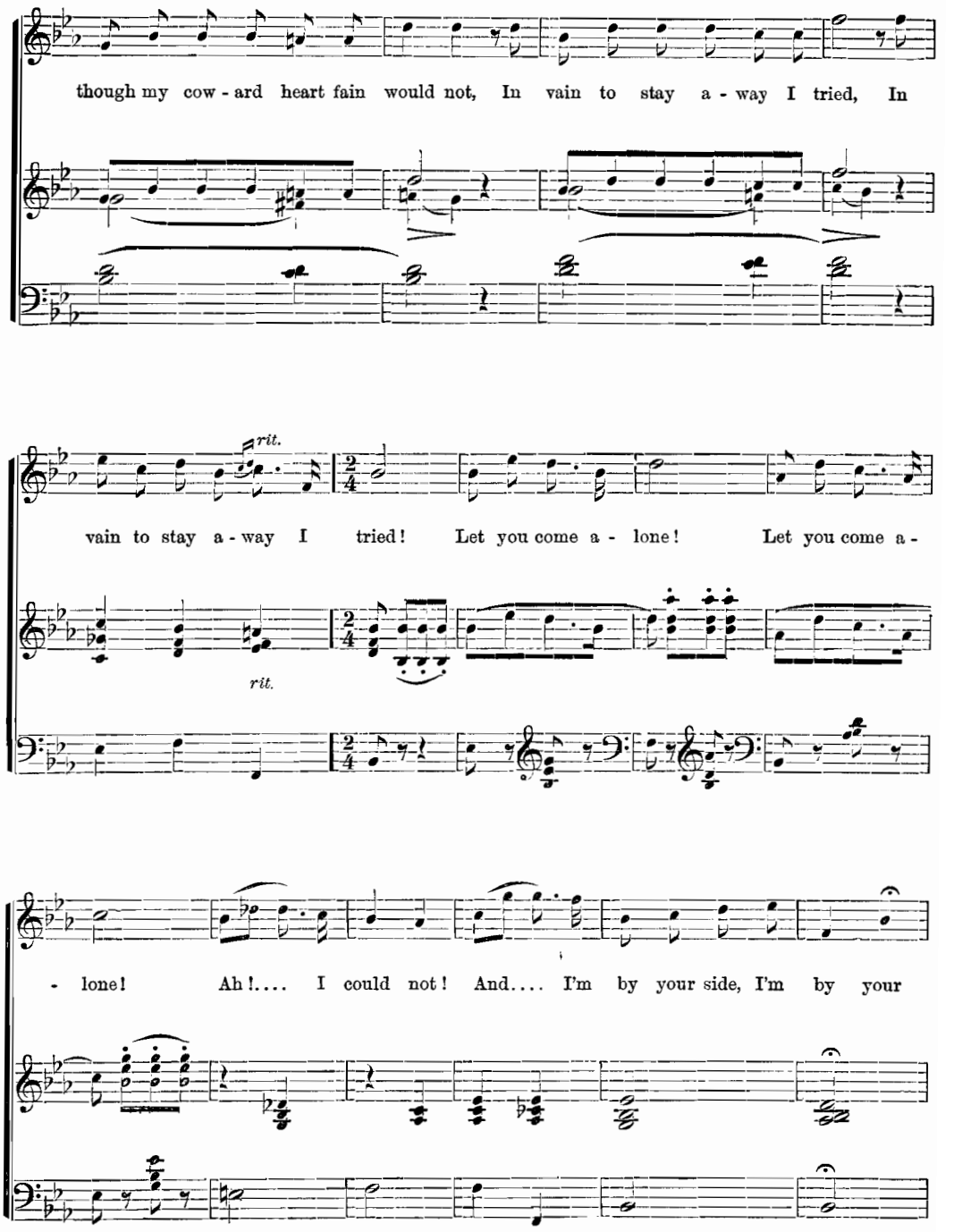
Chorus.
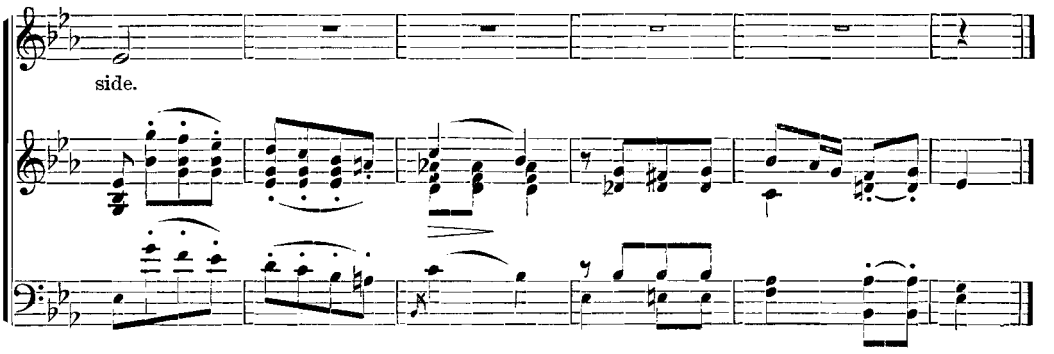
Let our torches, &c.

Henri.

Now, my lads, leave not a hall unsearched. Don't forget the door that opens on the river. We'll soon unmask the rogues that disgrace my ancestral home with their knavish tricks. [*Exeunt omnes, except Germaine.*]




though my cow - ard heart fain would not, In vain to stay a - way I tried, In
rit.
vain to stay a - way I tried! Let you come a - lone! Let you come a -
rit.
- lone! Ah!.... I could not! And.... I'm by your side, I'm by your



Germaine.

When I was homeless, tearful, lonely,
Home, friend, and all you were to me;
In all the world I have you only,
Then where but near you should I be?
And though my coward heart would not,
&c.

[*Exit Germaine.*]

[*Enter Serpolette, Grenicheux, and Bailli, groping in the dark. They touch each other and recoil with a cry.*]

All.

I shut my eyes—
Oh, I tremble!

Serpolette.

This poor girl, may heaven protect her,
(Oh! if I looked and saw a spectre!)—
No; 'tis wise
To shut well the eyes!
Should there be a spectre—

Grenicheux.

In that case, 'twould be wise
Still to shut my eyes.
Sight appalling!

Bailli.

Of the spectres a host!

Serpolette.

What a terrible wonder!
It is Grenicheux's ghost!

Bailli.

Serpolette's ghost from under!

Grenicheux.

The Bailli's ghost—oh, how I fear!

Bailli.

What! three of us ghosts and all here?
We three spirits all here?

Serpolette.

No! I, for one, with my flesh am not done!

Bailli.

No more am I!

Grenicheux.

No more am I!
I breathe again—no ghosts are nigh!

Serpolette.

Not a ghost at all! Well, I really never!
Let us breathe again, and not die of fright,
Not a bit of use getting in a quiver,
Fancying a spectre, or a ghost, or sprite!
You have often seen
On the village green,
When we tease, in sport
Fellows come to court,
Never one was yet,
Match for Serpolette;
And so if a man can't get over me,
I do not think a ghost will do more than he!

I have always heard, if a ghost don't like you,
All that it can do is to float in air;

For it cannot kill you, or harm, or strike you,
And if that is all, why I do not care!
Here the other day,
Soldiers on their way,
Halting for a glass,
Kissed each village lass.
But they didn't get
One from Serpolette!
And so if I can keep a troop at bay,
I do not think a ghost will do more than they.

Henri. [*Within.*]

Guard the door, my men; we'll have them soon.

Serpolette, Grenicheux, and Bailli.

[*Falling on their knees.*]

We're lost! We're lost! Mercy! Mercy!

[*Enter Henri and his men. Two of them are covered with dust.*]

Henri.

Hallo! you have some of the dust of ages on you. Don't mind, my lads; you shall have something to wash it down. Can any one have penetrated beyond this hall from the river?

Germaine.

Here are three. Who can they be?

Henri.

Some of your ghosts. My men have turned the tables on them, and have thoroughly frightened them.

Grenicheux.

Please, good ghosts, spare us this time!

Serpolette. [*Looking up.*]

As I live, there is Germaine!

Germaine.

Why, Serpolette—how came you here?

Bailli.

Little Germaine in the chateau!

Henri.

Yes; she is a brave girl, and one not afraid of ghosts.

Germaine.

Don't be too sure of that, my lord; I have been trembling like an aspen leaf ever since I entered here; and my heart goes pit-a-pat as if it was going to jump out of my mouth any moment.

Henri.

So Monsieur le Bailli, this is the care you take of my chateau during my absence?

Bailli.

Your chateau?

Henri.

Yes; mine. Henri de Corneville, returned to claim his own.

Bailli.

Most wonderful! I am delighted to hear it!

Serpolette.

The Captain a Marquis—can it be?

Henri.

Come, sir—is this the way you attend to your duties? Allowing these venerable walls to be made the sport of graceless mountebanks?

Bailli.

My lord, I assure you—

Henri.

What have you to say for yourself, sir?

Bailli.

Those scandal-loving villagers have driven me almost crazy.

Oh dear! oh dear! that riot and that rabble,
Never was Bailli so beset before:
I could not make myself heard for their gabble,
And from my head its wig some villain tore!
They laughed and jeered (ill-mannered rout),
Upon my flying periwig they bet;
And when I chased it,—oh! the shout!
Loud in my ears 'tis ringing yet!
"Oh! this is fun,
Just see him run!
(The lassies cried with rapture jigging)

To-morrow he,
Will married be,
And then from his wife he will get a wigging!"
Still I pretend not to hear the chaffing,
And as I chased my wig, looked dignified;
But worse and worse, my very clerks got laughing,
Surely so severely ne'er was Bailli tried!
The village fair I could not face,
Of ridicule, I own, I'm rather shy,
And so to save me from disgrace,
Hither for quiet did I fly!

All.

Oh this is fun," &c.

Henri.

You should think of something else at your age besides marriage with such a young girl.

Bailli.

My lord, if you will permit me—

Henri.

Silence, sir! Have you anything to say about these so-called ghosts?

Bailli.

They do not come within the scope of my official duties.

Germaine.

Here's one on rollers.

[*Pushes armed figure forward.*]

Henri.

There's nothing unreal about this one.

Serpolette.

Here are candles that have been lighted recently.

Henri.

We are coming at the truth. Now who attends to these candles?

Grenicheux.

His Satanic Majesty, of course.

Henri.

It is all knavery, we shall see. Come, to work. Here is a curtain, perhaps something may be concealed behind it.

[*Raises arras hangings and discovers hall with armed statues.*]

Grenicheux.

[*Falling on his knees.*]

There they are! Save me! Save me!

Henri.

Peace, fool! they are the arms of my noble ancestors.

Nay, no phantom they—knights of old,
My ancestors, their last watch silent keeping,
So that the prowlers hither by night creeping,
Felt that to touch them were too bold!
Oh! see their good brands notched in battle,
Their armor dimmed by many a field,
On each hauberk and on each shield,
Methinks I hear the iron rattle!
Fadeless laurel still be your due;
By hist'ry's muse your praise be spoken;
For when in fight your mail was broken,
Foes found your heart was iron too!

All.

Silent heroes, from out the mighty past,
Still over your line keeping watch and ward!
Lo! hear your child, sole of his race—and last!
Last of the line they own as lord!

Henri.

Your good swords rust, your spears are shiver'd,
'Tis other times with us to-day,
Than when Paynims in disarray
Before your onset bent and quiver'd!
Tho' we fight not for love of fame,
And chivalry be now departed,
Oh! trust me, father, lion-hearted,
Your spirit lives, in us the same!

All.

Silent heroes, &c.

Henri.

Pshaw! here is the explanation of this mystery. There can be only one entrance for these so-called ghosts to my chateau. They come from the river side. No one can know anything about our coming here. We arrived when the moon was hidden behind a cloud. Now, let a guard be placed at every door.

Germaine.

Excuse me, my lord, but here is a door we have not seen before. There is a key in it.

Henri.

Thanks, my dear, let me investigate the mystery. [*Exit Henri.*]

Serpolette.

I wonder what kind of ghosts are in there?

Bailli.

I don't believe in ghosts. Where are they?

Grenicheux.

Look there! Save me! Save me!

[*Enter Henri, covered with a sheet.*]

Henri.

Well, what nonsense. Here is some of your ghostly trumpery. By the way, I found this tin box which may contain some important document. By jove, what is this? An official document. Please, Monsieur le Bailli, read it.

Bailli. [*Reading.*]

"My dear Gaspard,"—

Serpolette and Grenicheux.

What! the old miser?

Bailli. [*Reading.*]

"I am obliged to fly from France. My infant daughter I confide to your care. Bring her up as a simple peasant girl, as I very much fear that my enemies, were they to know that she was my child, would kill her. My dear Gaspard, do all for her you can, and when I return I shall repay you an hundred fold.

(*Signed.*) HENRI, Marquis de Lucenay.
May the 16th, 1667."

Serpolette.

One moment! I am convinced I am his child! I was found by Gaspard, and the only child he ever found on the date mentioned. I am the long lost child! I am the Marchioness! Look at the date!

Ensemble.

What's she saying?

Serpolette.

'Twas I! 'Twas I!
These papers cannot lie!
Yes! dated sixteenth May!
They found me on that day!
What curious feeling
O'er me's stealing!

Henri.

My good girl, do not faint, now don't!

[*Aside.*]

A marchioness! that silly creature?
With peasant writ on ev'ry feature?
I can never believe it, and won't!

Serpolette.

Marchioness! how astounding!
How my heart is wildly bounding!
Ever a voice kept saying so,
That it said truth, now I know!

Now I'll wear a satin gown,
And as I sail along the town,
The girls with envy will expire;
Who is she? all will enquire!
Marchioness! &c.

Now I'm rich, I will be gay,
I'll dine on meat now ev'ry day!
And when my old friends speak to me—
Shut my eyes so's not to see!
Marchioness! &c.

I will buy an education,
Manners fine, too, I will get,
So not a lady in the nation
Will compare with Serpolette!

Henri.

Well, we'll admit all you say, Serpolette, but your claims must yet be decided upon. There is the evidence of the old miser, Gaspard, to be given.

Serpolette.

Why, how can there be any doubt about the matter? Gaspard never had a baby besides your humble servant.

Grenicheux.

For heaven's sake, your highness, let me go home. I see a ghost in every wave of the curtains.

Henri.

You miserable effigy of a man! Listen, my gallant fellows, take care of this wretched poltroon, and if he utters one cry, pitch him into the river.

Grenicheux.

Oh! what a fate is mine.

Henri.

Now, Serpolette!

[*Sailors hustle Grenicheux about and carry him away.*]

Serpolette.

"Serpolette," my lord? such undue familiarity! The Marchioness, probably, you meant to say.

Henri.

Mademoiselle, I stand corrected. The "Marchioness," of course. Now would you be so kind as to retire to yonder tapestried room for a few minutes and look over the records of your family.

Serpolette.

Certainly, my lord, with you as company.

Henri.

I have other business to attend to.

Serpolette.

But a Marchioness all alone in a haunted room.

Henri.

Armed with the records of your noble birth.

Serpolette.

True, very true. But suppose, some ghost should make love to me?

Henri.

Ask him his pedigree. He will soon vanish.

Serpolette.

Well then, my lord, I shall retire for the present to read over the records of my noble family. I shall leave you here with this young person. I believe, they call her Germaine. "Serpolette," indeed. "Marchioness," I say, and don't you forget it.

[*Exit Serpolette.*]

Germaine.

Why, my lord, all are gone and we are all alone.

Henri.

Well, suppose so, a brave little heart like yours fears nothing. Come, tell me about this marriage of yours with that old, broken-down Bailli.

Germaine.

It was a false report. Such a marriage could never take place. Besides, there was Jean Grenicheux.

Henri.

What! that booby! For goodness' sake what right had he to interfere?

Germaine.

My lord, he has an influence over me on the score of gratitude. He saved my life once, by rescuing me from the sea, after I fell from the rocks, a mile or so from the village. Although I do not love him, I must be grateful.

Henri. [*Aside.*]

The unconscionable rascal! to claim the credit of what I have done. [*Aloud.*]

Well, I had no idea that I had engaged a coachman who is in the knight-errant business. But your face reminds me of days when as a youth I dreamed of such a beautiful being.

'Tis she, a happy fate has brought her
To me, who all in vain had sought her!

Germaine.

Then he who saved my life,—if I must tell,
Told me that he loved—aye, loved me well?
Yes! he saved my life and loved me well.

Henri. [*Aside.*]

The fellow's impudence is hateful,
But yet I must not tell the truth!

Germaine.

To him who saved me, I was grateful,
And so I vowed to wed the youth.

Yet although awful was my danger,
On slippery rock, o'er whelming wave,
To true love still I am a stranger,
And half repent the vow I gave!

Henri.
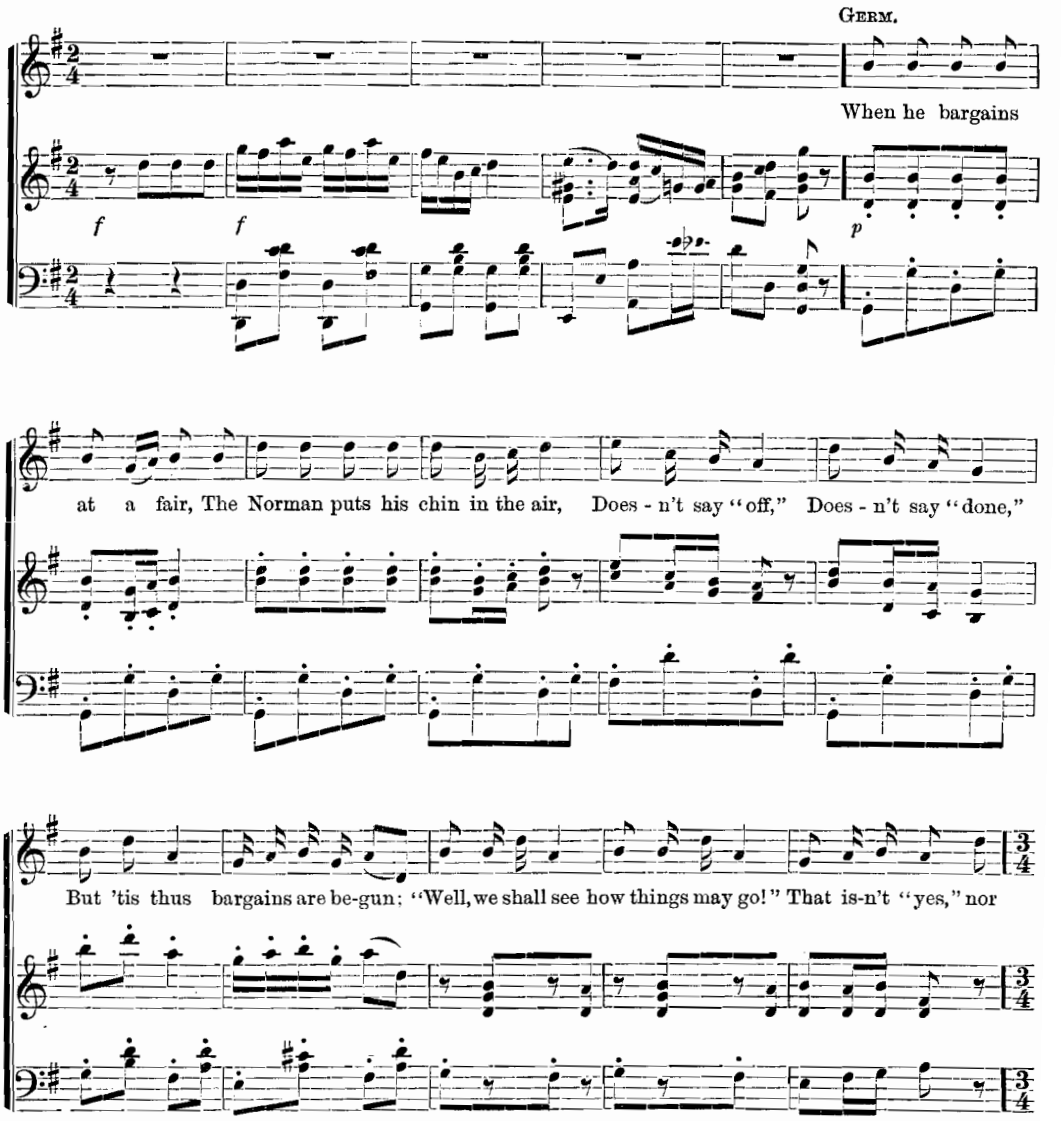
She promised in an hour of danger,
When rescued from the whelming wave,
To my presence she was a stranger,
And now repents the vow she gave.
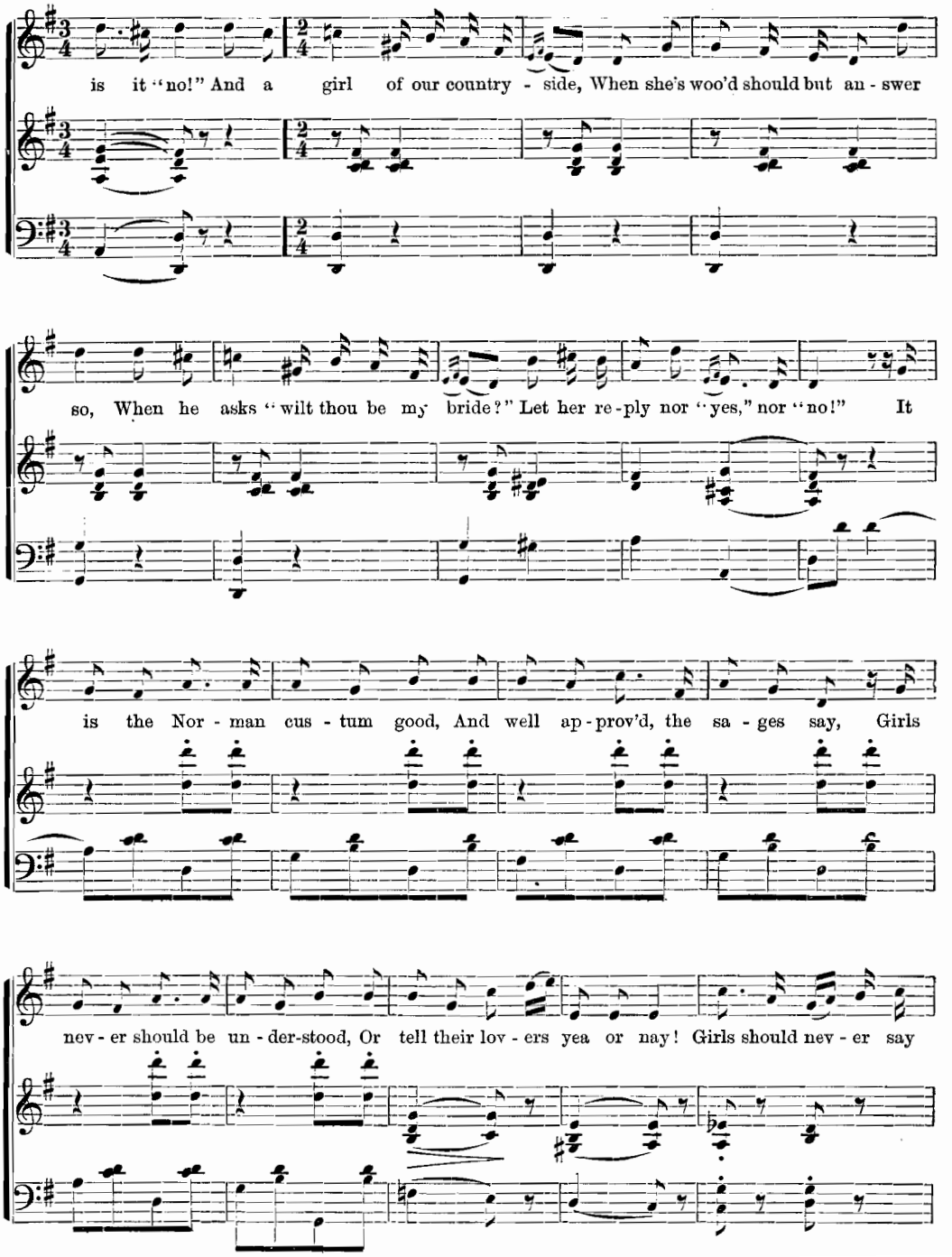
Germaine.
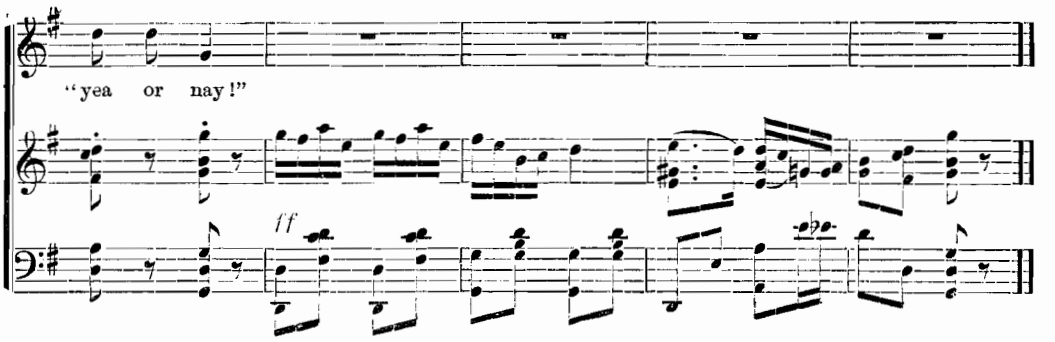
I should have answered to his passion
Exactly in the Norman fashion!

Henri.

Now, maiden, prithee tell to me
What may a Norman answer be?




is it "no!" And a girl of our country - side, When she's woo'd should but an - swer
so, When he asks "wilt thou be my bride?" Let her re - ply nor "yes," nor "no!" It
is the Nor - man cus - tum good, And well ap - prov'd, the sa - ges say, Girls
nev - er should be un - der-stood, Or tell their lov - ers yea or nay! Girls should nev - er say



I must, sure, have lost my head,
Or else to Grenicheux I'd have said,
Not as I did, "My life is thine!"
But words less easy to divine—
"Well, we shall see how things may go!"
That isn't yes, nor is it no.

And if I wed him, I confess,
That my heart with my hand will not go;
If my lips, trembling, must say "Yes,"
Still my poor heart will murmur "No."
Had I followed the custom good,
And well approved, as sages say,
I'd ne'er have been misunderstood,
Nor ever giv'n him "yea," nor "nay."

Henri.

Oh, lucky chance—oh, meeting fateful!
And by-and-by her heart will know
That it can be sincerely grateful,
And, at the same time, with love glow.

Germaine and Henri.

Yes, although awful, &c.

[*Knocking heard within.*]

Henri.

Ah, the signal! Now for an interview with the ghosts. They won't like it, I am sure. Serpolette! Serpolette! Oh, pardon me—Marchioness! Marchioness!

[*Enter Serpolette.*]

Serpolette.

That name—Marchioness—my lord, must meet a ready response!

Henri.

I merely wished to advise your ladyship that our expected visitors, the ghosts, are about to put in an appearance.

Serpolette.

Oh, save me, my lord! I don't want to meet them.

Henri.

Fear in the breast of the Marchioness de Lucenay? Why, I am surprised!

Serpolette.

Right, my lord, I am once more on my dignity! Marchioness, if you please—don't forget it! But then, is there nothing more substantial for a Marchioness than ghosts?

[*Cries within.*]

Here they come! Here they come!

Serpolette.

Oh, save me! Help! The Marchioness is going to faint!

Henri.

Why, you silly creature! these are only my men. Look at this staunch little craft here, Germaine, who fears no man!

Germaine.

My lord, a ghost and a man are very different things.

[*Enter Grenicheux, Bailli and Sailors.*]

Henri.

Now, Monsieur le Bailli, we shall very soon have an opportunity of interviewing those precious ghosts of yours.

Bailli.

Your Excellency, one of your crew informs me there is a boat on the river approaching the chateau, and that one man alone is in it.

Grenicheux.

Help! Help! Look at that phantom!

Serpolette.

You donkey! It is only the curtain which I was pulling back.

Grenicheux.

A pull back? Oh, that is a very different thing.

Henri. [*Aside.*]

That miserable liar, Grenicheux!—Won't I make him smart for his intolerable falsehoods! [*Aloud.*]

My men, this hall will be the first place where the ghosts will come. We must hide, so as to intercept them. Now, some one must remain here on guard. Who shall it be? [*A very small sailor steps forward.*]

I, captain!

Henri.

Oh, no. You wouldn't be a mouthful for a ghost. Let me see—I want the bravest man in the crew. Who is he? Ah, here he is! [*Claps Grenicheux on the back.*]

Come, boys, put him in yonder armor.

Grenicheux.

Oh! please your highness, I am scared out of my wits.

Henri.

So much the better. They are not of much use to you. Put him in the armor on wheels.

Grenicheux.

I shall die of fright!

Henri.

So much the better for the ghosts, and the worse for you!

Grenicheux.

Let me go this time, my lord, and I promise never to come here again!

Henri.

Nonsense! You are just the man for the situation. Clap him in the armor!

[*The sailors place Grenicheux in the armor.*]

Chorus.

As he's looking somewhat pale,
Put him, oh put him into mail!
Strong is the steel, and once inside,
All ghosts and phantoms he'll deride!

Henri. [*Spoken.*]

Stir, and you are a dead man!

Grenicheux.

May heaven pity take! How I shake!

Cold sweat is on my brow,
Terror reigneth o'er me now,
By iron wall thus girt about,
Come what may, I can't get out!
Oh dear, oh dear, now what to do?
Wretched, wretched Grenicheux!

All.

Do not turn so pale;
You are quite safe within your mail,
Now, adieu! poor Grenicheux!

Grenicheux.

Well, this is a nice fix—mailed, and waiting for a ghost to put a postage stamp on me! What shall I do? I'd sink down if this confounded armor would only permit me. What is that? A light, and coming this way! Who is it, or, rather, what is it? I must shut my eyes, and pray, if I can, for protection.

[*Enter Gaspard, carrying a lantern.*]

Gaspard.

I wonder what has come over me tonight! I feel as if something was going to happen. What can it be? Pshaw! Gaspard, courage! courage, man! Leave such idle fears to the boobies of yonder village.

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

I am afraid to look at it, whatever it is!

Gaspard.

Idle fears! Why, Gaspard, old man, you are a fool. No one dare venture in this neighborhood after dark.

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

Here is one poor devil who has gone and done it!

Gaspard.

And that old Bailli—what did he mean by his hints to-day? can he suspect? No, no! And yet he seemed so positive. Bah! Cheer up, Gaspard! No one knows where you keep your savings bank. The old chateau of Corneville. What a hiding place! No absconding cashier, no speculative president!

[*Rolls armor with Grenicheux up and down.*]

Grenicheux.

Mercy! Mercy!

Gaspard.

What's the matter with you? Did you speak? Pshaw! An old armor that has rusted here for ages. Gaspard, if you go on like this, you will soon be as big a fool as any of the bumpkins of yonder village.

[*Places lantern and money bags on table.*]

Grenicheux.

What a narrow escape! Now I'm only an old rusty armor.

Gaspard.

What did that old fool of a Bailli mean by his questions about the former Marquis and my administration of his affairs?

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

I think, upon my word, that I am going to faint!

Gaspard. [*Lighting candles.*]

And, only think of it! Germaine gone off with that foreign captain, when I had everything arranged for her wedding with the Bailli. But I shall have her back! I shall have her back! There is law in this country, even if it is Normandy, and the Bailli shall have his bride, and I shall be then rid of him and her. She has been such a charge! Little did her father, the Marquis de Lucenay, think what a responsibility he placed on my shoulders, when he committed this child to my care. But I shall make a good thing of it.

[*Lights candle.*]

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

It is lightening up. Now, I am gone!

Gaspard.

My plans are too well laid to be discovered. Unless one Marquis should come back to claim his inheritance, and the other to claim his daughter.

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

Why does it light so many candles?

Gaspard.

What an ugly dream I have had! I thought that the Marquis de Lucenay came back and claimed his daughter from me.

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

What an ugly face this ghost has!

Gaspard.

[*Unlocks door and entering small room.*]

And now for my precious gold—my darling treasure! Let me see it once again, and add to it. My darling gold! my mistress that ever smiles on me!

Grenicheux.

Why, as I live, it is old Gaspard, that wretch of a miser! Heavens! he would kill me, if he should recognize me. Now I must be wary in dealing with such an old scoundrel.

Gaspard.

[*Entering with bags of gold.*]

Oh my darling gold! my darling gold! mistress of my heart! [*Wrapping himself in a sheet.*] By the way, I must not forget my ghost business. Here is a spiritual medium of the first water—terms moderate. Now then to perplex the boors of the village. Oh, confound this old armor!

[*Pushes Grenicheux before him.*]

Grenicheux.

Help! Help!

Gaspard.

What did you say? Gaspard, you are an ass! Only a piece of rusty armor! Do you wish to be afraid of your own ghosts? [*Goes to window and waves sheet.*] There now, if any country bumbkin sees me, he will rush home and tell his folks that the devils are holding high carnival in the chateau of Corneville. By the way, if ever I catch that miserable fisherman, Grenicheux, I'll kill him! [*Runs armor up and down.*]

Grenicheux.

Police! police!

Gaspard.

What's that you say? Pshaw! Only imagination. Now, only think of it—the Bailli, Germaine, the Marquis and the accounts! Ah, here is something to console me! My gold! my darling gold!

[*Sits down to table, opens bags of gold, and counts his money.*]

Love, honor, happiness, moon of honey,
What are they all compared with gold?
Come, let me clutch thee, beautiful money,
Earth's one bright thing that never grows old.

Grenicheux.

(Gaspard, I swear,
What does he there?)

Gaspard.

That ancient cabinet's best of all banks,
And there lie my money bags in ranks,
All solid coin—all yellow ore,
And, better still, I bring some more!

Grenicheux.

(His secret's out! it is very clear,
His money old Gaspard keeps here!)

Gaspard.

There have I purple linen fine,
Viands of price and rarest wine!
Wit, learning, mind, for all of these
Money can give if so he please.

Gaspard and Grenicheux.

No minstrel ever sang, or told
A strain so sweet as chink of gold.

Gaspard.

Want I love? plenty of it there!
None but the rich deserve the fair!
I may be ugly, bald, and old,
Only let me woo with gold.

Gaspard and Grenicheux.

No minstrel ever sang, or told, &c.

[*After duet the bells are heard. Gaspard pauses in dismay. He recognizes Robin, and rushing to the place where his gold is concealed, he throws himself on it as it were to protect it. The curtain at back rises and all enter. A guard unbinds Robin, and he also confronts Gaspard. Terror struck, Gaspard's first impulse is to collect his money bags on the table and put them away, but his trembling limbs scarce bear him across the room.*]

Henri, Serpolette, Germaine, Grenicheux, and Bailli.

Silent heroes, from out the mighty past,
Still over your line keeping watch and ward;
Lo! here your child, sole of his race—and last!
Last of the line they own as lord!

Gaspard.

"The Ghosts! The Ghosts!"

All.

Yes, we are ghosts! vengeance is sped,
And lights now on your wicked head;
So tremble, old man, we are thy doom!
Rising from field and from sea and tomb!
We will haunt thee, we will scare thee,
We will hunt thee down!
Never leave thee, ne'er release thee,
Here or in the town!
Whither thou may'st fare,
We'll be there to scare;
All the day you will us see,
And if you dream, there, too, we'll be.

[*Again the bells chime, and old Gaspard, believing the legend to be true, and that his hour of doom is come, loses his head.*]

Germaine.

Good, my lord, pity the old man;
See how he stares, his brain is reeling.

Henri.

For you I lift the curse and the ban,
Tho' not for his sake, who had no feeling.

[*Gaspard staggers to the table and falls senseless on his gold.—Tableau.*]

ACT III.

[*The stage, to its full extent, represents a park, with statues and shrubbery. This scene is as gay and brilliant as possible. Grand Tableau of Dancing. Gaspard wanders about insane. All make fun of him.*]

Gertrude.

Poor old Gaspard! He is insane beyond all hope.

All the Girls.

A madman! he may injure us!

Gertrude.

Don't be afraid. He cannot do any harm. He is simply an imbecile ever since he heard the bells of Corneville, which astonished him. Let him alone!

Gaspard.

Aye! aye! aye! the good old times
Have come back again, I am thinking;
When I heard the castle chimes,
Hundred of years returned like winking!

Oh! the brave days will come back
And my band of beggars lusty,
With a wallet for our pack,
And our coats and throat aye dusty.
Come! tramp each merry loon,
And troll beneath the moon,
Tooral looral lay!

And it's we the maids who charm,
Never mind how old our dress is;
All the lasses at the farm
For the beggars have caresses!
And tho' rich our yoemen host,
'Tis the vagrant rules the roast,
Tooral looral lay! [*Enter Bailli.*]

Peasant Girls.

[*Surrounding him.*]

My dear Bailli? Why, how well you look! Where have you been? You seem worried, what has become of the bride? How about the honeymoon? Have you brought her back, or has she given you the slip?

Bailli.

Be quiet, for goodness' sake. Never in my life have I had such a succession of queer adventures. Bells, ghosts, the return of the Marquis, Crazy Gaspard, and the transformation of everything, have well nigh turned my head. Then, only think of little Serpolette and that fisherman, Grenicheux!

All.

Please tell us about them.

Bailli.

Well, the court has examined into the question of Serpolette's claim. They found that the page was removed from the register at the date of the 16th of May, 1667. But the proofs are in favor of Serpolette, and show that she is the daughter of the Marquis de Lucenay; therefore the court decides in her favor.

Grenicheux. [*Within.*]

Here comes her serene Highness, the Marchioness de Lucenay and her noble factotum, the Honorable Jean Grenicheux.

Bailli.

Only listen to that scoundrel!

All.

Oh! what a magnificent turnout! What a grand lady!

Gertrude.

Why, girls, it is our Serpolette!

[*Enter Serpolette and Grenicheux.*]

Chorus.

There she goes with horses prancing,
Well may folk chuckle and stare,
Satins shining, feathers dancing,
And her nose well in the air.
What back again? What back again?

Serpolette.

I've come, you see,
How are you, Trumpery?

Chorus.

Trumpery! Trumpery!

Serpolette.

At a Countess you are gaping,
So let nothing you be 'scaping,
Your amazement don't conceal,
For ev'rything is costly, ev'rything is real!

Just look at that, just look at this,
I do not think that I'm amiss;
Just look up here, just look down there;
I rather like to see you stare.

Grenicheux.

And me! and me!
At me, too, please, be staring,
Observe my noble bearing.

Serpolette.

Shut up, factotum, do!
Be silent, for I can speak for two

Now, ere I go away,
I something have to say;
So listen, pray.

Though no more plain Serpolette,
And though dressed up in grand toilette,
By every one it is allowed
That I am not the least bit proud!
For still my memory will recall
The time I had no dress at all;
Though I have riches quite unending,
You will find me condescending;
Call me then, just as before—
Serpolette, Serpolette—nothing more.

All.

Call her, &c.

Serpolette.

Silk is very fine, no doubt,
But in silk I can't kick about;
And grand food, too, I thought divine.
Ah, my friends, I was mistaken,
Nicer far your eggs and bacon,
Cider's better, too, than wine!

Of my grandeur I am weary,
And I find my town house dreary,
Yes, I find my town house dreary.
Call me, then, &c.

All.

Call her, then, &c.

Gertrude.

So, Serpolette, you have returned to us once more?

Grenicheux.

Yes, good people, her highness—

Serpolette.

Shut up about my highness! Well, I have condescended to see you once more. By the way, young person, there is some festival in progress here.

Gertrude.

Oh, yes; the Marquis celebrates his return from exile.

Grenicheux.

As we shall, when we open our chateau.

Serpolette.

Will you be still? Ah, there was a person named Germaine.

Gertrude.

Oh, she is a particular friend of the Marquis, they say.

Serpolette.

It looks bad! I am astonished she should be so indiscreet.

Grenicheux.

It's scandalous!

Serpolette.

Hold your tongue, sir! Go and attend to my carriage.

Grenicheux. [*Aside.*]

She is an absolute tyrant. I shall not submit much longer to her intolerant airs. [*Aloud.*] Your highness' orders shall be obeyed. [*Exit Grenicheux.*]

Bailli.

Excuse me, my lady, but I cannot listen to any charge against such a good girl as Germaine.

Serpolette.

[*Elevating eye glass.*]

Ah, I recollect. The elderly person who wished to marry this Germaine.

Bailli.

I acknowledge that I made a fool of myself in trying to win one young enough to be my grand-daughter. But, I maintain, Germaine is a good girl.

Serpolette.

Well, old gentleman, the subject is beneath the notice of the noble Marchioness and Countess de Lucenay. Can any of you tell me about a certain miser named Gaspard?

All.

He is crazy, my lady.

[*Gaspard dances insanely.*]

Serpolette.

What a horrible creature! I shall speak to him, however. Perhaps the dignity of my presence may restore him to reason. Gaspard, I say, approach me.

Gaspard.

Why it's little Serpolette?

Serpolette.

No, sir, you address the Countess de Lucenay.

Gaspard.

Ah! now I remember. The Count de Lucenay, committed his daughter to my care.

Serpolette.

Behold that daughter.

Gaspard.

You? Why, you must be crazy!

Serpolette.

You horrible creature, it is you who are crazy!

Gaspard.

Serpolette—the daughter of the Count de Lucenay! Why, it is the best joke I have heard for a long time.

Serpolette.

Begone, old man! Try and recover your senses.

[*Gaspard dances and sings.*]

Bailli.

Excuse the old fool, my lady. He is not responsible for what he says.

Serpolette.

He is beneath the notice of the Countess de Lucenay. Ah, the music! the dance! Just the thing for me!

Bailli.

Surely, your ladyship would not condescend—

Serpolette.

Just the very thing my ladyship will! Old man, I shall select you as a partner, but first let me sing you one of our old Norman songs.

Normandy pippin's good all over,
Where is the girl won't have a slice?
'Twas mother Eve did first discover
How good it was in Paradise.
Grapes, they say, hung round her in plenty,
Other fruits—a hundred and twenty:
But she, I've heard, an apple preferred.
A juicy one Eve ate the first,
Or else tradition's belied her,
And as it slaked the lady's thirst,
She said, "What a good thing is cider!"

Live, good cider, drink divine!
'Tis better far than all your wine,
Good for maiden, man, and boy,
And good in grief and joy.

All.

Live, good cider, &c.

Serpolette.

If Eve did wrong she has my pity,
For she was only one year old;
And in our times each maiden pretty
Still likes to pluck the fruit of gold.
Oh, the flirting, laughter, and singing,
Through the orchard merrily ringing!
Apples are tossed, and hearts are lost;
And if a girl be won this day,
I wish good luck may betide her,
And that both in their moments gay,
May bless the invention of cider.

All.

Live, good cider, &c.

[*Enter Henri.*]

Henri. [*Clapping his hands.*]

Bravo! Bravo! Excellent!

Serpolette.

Good gracious! the Marquis to find me, a Countess, dancing the Cancan!

Bailli.

My lord, I was just remarking to the noble Countess de Lucenay—

Henri.

Yes, so I perceived—with your toes. Let me not interrupt you. So, my dear Countess, you have come back to us again?

Serpolette.

Well, yes, Marquis. My first idea was to be presented at the Court of Versailles, and the royal palace just suited me!

Henri.

Did you wish to purchase it?

Serpolette.

Yes, but I changed my mind. I grew tired of having all the great lords of the court at my feet.

Henri.

Imploring one kind word.

Serpolette.

Dukes, Marquises, Barons, all suppliants for my favor.

Henri.

Begging a smile—

Serpolette.

Yet, I could not bring myself to forsake you all. I said, if I must buy a castle or palace somewhere, why not give Normandy the first show? Now, there's yours, Marquis. What will you take for your castle?

Henri.,

Well, really, it's not yet in the market.

Serpolette.

If it should be, consider me a bidder—with all its former terrors, it is dear to me as having been so long the repository of the records of my birth and station.

Henri.

Now, my friends, make yourself at home. Monsieur Bailli, will you act as escort for Mademoiselle to the castle, and also show all the other guests what is to be seen.

Bailli.

Ah! such honor,—with the most profound pleasure!

Serpolette.

Oh, monsieur, you are too kind!

[*Takes his arm.*]

Bailli.

Happiness excessive! Follow me, friends.

[*Exeunt omnes, except Henri.*]

Henri.

Poor little Serpolette! What a disappointment it will be to her when the truth becomes known. And sweet Germaine—how I have learned to love her! I must disabuse her mind, sometime, of her fancied obligations to that lying scoundrel, Grenicheux. Ah! here comes the rascal, looking like a popinjay.

[*Retires up stage, enter Grenicheux.*]

Grenicheux.

I cannot stand this any longer! Suppose she has become a titled lady? That is no reason why she should treat me like a dog. Give me Germaine, any day, before her. I'll give up the Marchioness for Gaspard's niece. She thinks that I saved her life by rescuing her from drowning.

Henri. [*Coming forward.*]

Indeed! So my coachman saves young ladies from drowning?

Grenicheux.

Yes, my lord; it was a most daring and successful effort on my part.

Henri.

Pray, tell me all about this wonderful adventure.

Grenicheux.

That night, I'll ne'er forget,
In the late sun-ray glowing,
In fancy I hear yet,
The long billow ebbing, flowing.

Whom should I see, sinking under the tide,
But a fair and innocent maiden,
'Twas but a moment—I was by her side—
And for shore then, I made, beauty laden.

Ah! she, as still she lay,
On my arm, as on a pillow,
More lovely seemed than fay,
Or sea-nymph under the billow.

Then, thought I, "Ah! if thou
Wert always mine, as now,
Life then were sweet, sweet unto me!
But if the heart I save
From this cold, cruel wave,
May not be mine, let me die with thee!

Then, sure a spirit hand,
With a gentle touch and tender,
Brought safe unto the strand
That maiden young and slender.

Life came back as she sighed,
Her waking glance met mine;
And grateful then, she cried—
And grateful then, she cried:
"I and my life are thine!
Deliverer from the sea,
For thy courage I'll love but thee!"

[*Enter Germaine unperceived.*]

Henri.

You unconscionable liar! So you claim the credit of rescuing Germaine from a watery grave. Now, here is my answer.

[*Strikes him.*]

Grenicheux.

Oh! my lord, pardon! pardon! I didn't do it.

Henri.

You rascal! Don't you recollect that I was the captain of a certain vessel which was off the coast at the time, and that I rescued the lady in question from a watery grave, and afterwards confided her to your care. Now you claim all the credit of having rescued her.

Grenicheux.

My lord! I acknowledge all.

Henri.

Now then, you rascal! go to Germaine and acknowledge the truth, only, don't mention my name. If you fail, I shall hang you from the battlements of the castle!

Germaine. [*Rushes forward.*]

Enough, my lord, then you are the preserver of my life, not this cowardly claimant?

Henri.

My dear Germaine—

Germaine.

I have heard all! My life is yours! Begone, miserable deceiver!

Grenicheux.

Oh! I'm off. It was not an agreeable secret after all. [*Exit Grenicheux.*]

Germaine.

My lord, my lord, my silly heart is beating,
For, oh, I feel I am your thrall,
And that to you I owe life, fortune all—
My debt I cannot help repeating.

Henri.

You told me that a vow you gave
To him who saved you from the wave;
I claim thy hand with thy plighted vow.

Germaine.

Your bride? A servant? Oh, no, my lord!

Henri.

And shall I at thy lot be railing,
Who years have round the globe been sailing,
Sometimes tar before the mast,
With biscuit hard for sole repast?

Oft poverty has been my neighbor,
But I suffered, I have had my reward,
I learned that e'en the proudest lord
May give his hand to honest labor!

Germaine.

'Tis not that I am servant lowly
That I break vow holy,
To your lightest wish I bend me low,
For love to the poor is a dower,
But Gaspard's niece hath cause to cower,
Wed you whom he wronged? Ah, no!

Henri.

Thy last word then; is "no?"

Germaine and Henri.

'Tis not that I, &c.
For me thou art not, &c.

[*Cries within. Enter Serpolette, dragging Grenicheux by the ear. Bailli, Peasants, etc.*]

Grenicheux.

You may say what you please—I am sick of the service!

Serpolette.

What a cowardly wretch! Look here! I am your mistress, and you must obey me!

Grenicheux.

I shan't do it!

Serpolette. [*Boxing his ears.*]

There! take that, you wretch!

Henri.

Noble countess, there is some trouble here.

Serpolette.

I should say so. This fellow says you want to hang him.

Grenicheux.

From the battlements.

Serpolette.

Hold your tongue! I don't want a servant of mine at the tight end of a rope.

Grenicheux.

With his neck broken.

Serpolette.

Will you ever be quiet? Now, my lord, it is a very disagreeable thing for me, a marchioness, to have a servant at the end of a rope!

Henri.

Well, I acknowledge, it is rather derogatory to your dignity, therefore, I forgive him this time, for your sake; but allow me to present an old friend of yours, Germaine—you, surely, cannot have forgotten her.

Serpolette.

Oh, yes, I believe there was a young person of that name whom I once honored with my acquaintance; but, then, Marquis, since I have become Marchioness and Countess de Lucenay, I move in quite another sphere. [*Enter Gaspard, crazy.*]

Grenicheux.

Crazy Gaspard! I want to go home!

Gaspard.

Ah, everybody thinks that old Gaspard is crazy, but he knows better. He knows all about the haunted chateau and its secrets. Ah, here is the paper that can tell all about the Count de Lucenay's daughter. [*Shows paper.*]

Henri. [*Snatching paper.*]

What do I read! Germaine is the long lost Marchioness?

Gaspard.

Help! Help! They rob me of my papers!

Henri.

Gaspard, look at me! I am the son of your old master, Henri de Corneville. Come, acknowledge your fault, and declare the truth. Germaine is the real daughter of the Marquis de Lucenay.

Gaspard.

My lord! my lord! Where have I been? My head still whirls. Ah! yes, yes; now I recognize you. You are my old master's living picture! Please, forgive a poor old man! [*Falls on his knees.*] A poor, poor old man! And she, Germaine, is the child intrusted to my care.

Serpolette.

You horrid old miser—who then, am I?

Gaspard.

Why, only Serpolette, the mischief-maker of the village—a peasant's daughter, that is all!

Henri.

Well, Gaspard, I'll forgive you for all, as long as you have such a sweet petitioner here.

Serpolette.

But what is to become of me.

Grenicheux.

Please, take compassion on your humble servant!

Serpolette.

Well, I suppose that is all left to me now.

Henri.

Old man, I pardon thee with pleasure,
If thou didst finger and hoard up my gold,
I have it back again—aye! twenty fold.
Germaine's my wealth, my hoard, my treasure!

Serpolette.

Well, my fate's very shady,
Not Marquise, nor simple lady,
What pursuit to follow now?

Bailli.

Please, your grace, come, milk the cow!

Germaine.

Nay, come with me till fortune mend.

Serpolette.

As servant, eh?

Germaine.

As my girlhood's friend!

Grenicheux.

One thing I see—No one asks me.

Chorus.

Ah, the bells ring!

Gaspard.

I am glad,
They are my friends, nor drive me mad!

Henri.

Dost thou understand, Germaine,
Why floats that chime now o'er the dells?
Gladness in that voice rings again,
For 'tis a sound, love, of marriage bells!

Chorus.

Ring, ring out! far and wide!
For our lord and for his bride.

Germaine.

Dear friends of my youth, think not we are parted,
Here, where I have lived, I ever hope to dwell;
Noble I may be, yet not more true-hearted,
Than the little Germaine whom you loved so well.
Hark! the happy bell—ever gently chiming,
Like an olden friend that bids the wand'rer home,
For me legend sweet of love and friendship rhyming,
Saying, "Nevermore from the old place roam!"

Chorus.

"Saying," &c.
Ding, dong, &c.

Song and Chorus.

I.

There's magic music in my bosom beating,
But whence the music comes I cannot tell;
Yet sweet the wordless song it keeps repeating,
Until I seem to know its meaning well!
No softer lullaby will hush the flowers,

By zephyr blown at close of day;
No gentler strain ere woke the sleeping bowers,
When love-birds warble on the spray!

Ah, Love, the minstrel thou!
I know the singer now:
And love is yet Love's song—
Love me dearly, love me long!

Chorus.

Ah, yes! Love, the minstrel thou, &c.

II.

I fear not now, the leaden hand of sorrow,
'Twill pass as lightly as the summer's night;
For love's diviner song brings on the morrow,
As surely as the dawn leads on the light!
The tender song that hope is ever singing,
The rudest wind can never still,
And sure the comfort that strain aye is bringing,
With joy the heart to cheer and thrill!

For Love, the minstrel thou!
I know the singer now;
And love is yet Love's song—
Love me dearly, love me long!

Chorus.

Ah, yes! Love, the minstrel thou!

END OF THE OPERA.

FRANZ LISZT.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTS: The magnificent STEINWAY Grand Piano now stands in my music room, and presents a *harmonic totality of admirable qualities*, a detailed enumeration of which is the more superfluous as this instrument fully justifies the world-wide reputation that for years you have everywhere enjoyed.

After so much well-deserved praise, permit me also to add my homage, and the expression of my undisguised admiration, with which I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

FRANZ LISZT.

ANTON RUBINSTEIN.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1873.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: On the eve of returning to Europe, I deem it my pleasant duty to express to you my most heartfelt thanks for all the kindness and courtesy you have shown me during my stay in the United States; but also, and above all, for your unrivaled Piano-Fortes, which once more have done full justice to their world-wide reputation, both for excellence and capacity of enduring the severest trials. For during all my long and difficult journeys all over America, in a very inclement season, I used and have been enabled to use, your Pianos exclusively in my Two Hundred and Fifteen Concerts. and also in private, with the most eminent satisfaction and effect.

Yours very truly,

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

THEODORE THOMAS.

CINCINNATI, July 19th, 1879.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS:

GENTLEMEN: I consider the Steinway Piano the best Piano at present made, and that is the reason why I use it in private and also in all my public concerts.

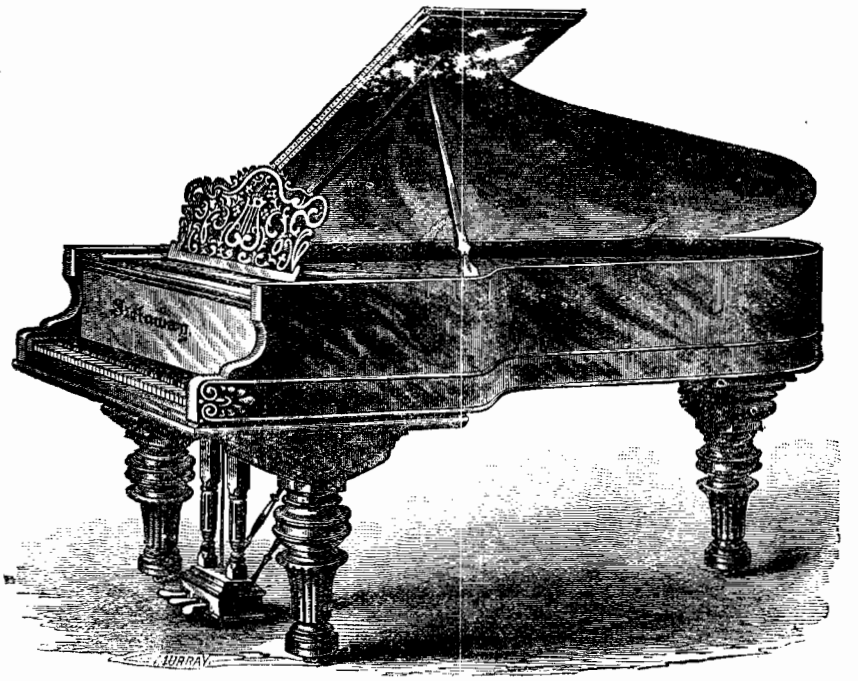
As long as the Pianos of Messrs. Steinway & Sons retain that high degree of excellence of manufacture, and those admirable qualities which have always distinguished them, I shall continue to use them in preference to all other Pianos.

Respectfully Yours.

THEODORE THOMAS.

STEINWAY & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF



GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT
PIANO-FORTES.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES MAILED FREE UPON APPLICATION.

Warerooms, - - - - - - STEINWAY HALL,

107, 109 & 111 EAST 14TH STREET,

NEW YORK.

European Depots:

STEINWAY HALL,
15 Lower Seymour St., Portman Sq., W.,
LONDON, ENGLAND.

STEINWAY'S PIANOFABRIK,
St. Pauli, Neue Rosen-Strasse, 20-24,
HAMBURG, GERMANY.

H. A. ROST, PRINTER, 14 FRANKFORT ST., NEW YORK.