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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

THE EAR-RING.

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT.

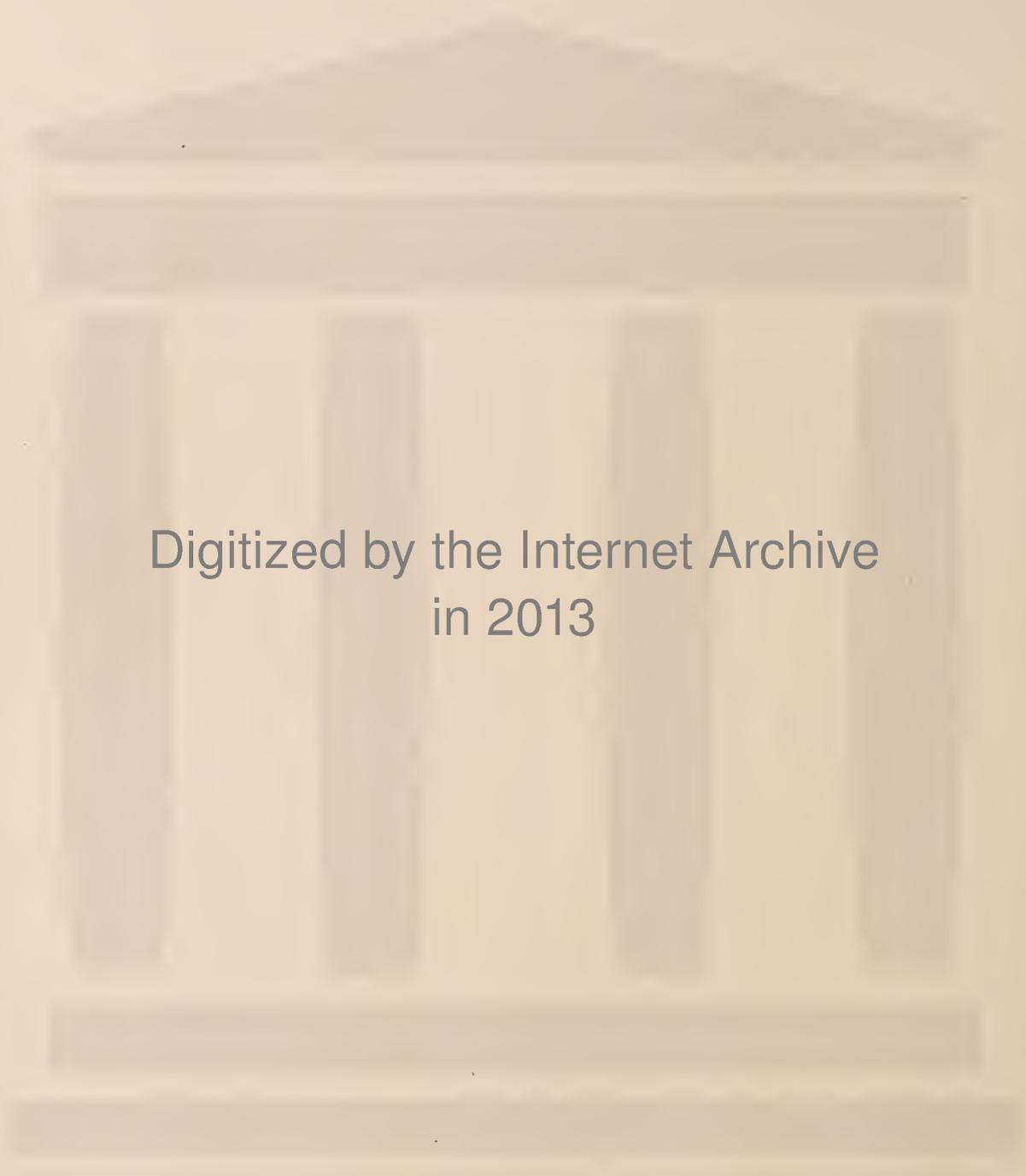
THE MUSIC BY

F. SCHIRA.

PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

LONDON:
C. JEFFERYS, 57, BERNERS STREET, W.

*The Harmonium Accompaniment may be had separately, price 2s.;
when this is used the parts marked "Harmonium Solo" in the Pianoforte Score must be omitted.*



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THE EAR-RING.

An Opera in one Act.

Music by F. SCHIRA.

ALFRED Tenor.
COUNTESS BELLEVILLE Soprano.
LUCY, her Maid Contralto.
JEAN, Groom Bass.

[Scene lies in Paris, in the Countess's house. Drawing-room. Principal door in C. opening to ante-room. Door R. and L. door. L. opens into small room, with window into street. L., bureau and table. R., chimney and fire; clock, &c., and an agate cup, holding jewels, canseuse, &c. L., a piano (rather forward). Portrait of gent. Room tastefully furnished.]

SCENE I.

LUCY discovered, with drawing materials in her hand.

LUCY. Ah! ah! ah! ah! what a scrape—I cannot draw.

Though I can't make a sketch, yet I
On painters all do dote;
On singers too, yet though I try,
I cannot sing a note.
I love him who from marble cold
A life-like form can raise;
To me so dear no crown of gold
As coronet of bays.
An artist's life is dear to me,
An artist's wife I fain would be!

A painter I could love, but though
Another came before,
To put the question, "Yes or No?"
A sculptor I'd adore.
A true Bohemian I'd wed,
But as my fancies wing,
By music all my thoughts are led—
A singer is the thing!
An artist's life is dear to me,
An artist's wife I fain would be

Enter COUNTESS.

COUNTESS. Oh Lucy! on your favourite hobby-horse again?

LUCY. Yes, so please your ladyship.

COUNTESS. Lucy, how long have I been a widow?

LUCY. Just fifteen months, my lady.

COUNTESS. And what do you think of my guardian, Monsieur de Brissac?

LUCY. What? your ladyship's intended? Why, I think he has too much shirt-collar and not enough whisker. Oh! he is not at all like an artist.

COUNTESS. Lucy, you are always raving about artists. (*Sits.*)

LUCY. Yes, my lady, I adore artists. When I lived with Mde. de Coigny, there used to come sculptors and painters and musicians, and I was happy as the day was long.

COUNTESS. I know you have made up your mind that I shall never marry M. de Brissac. At what hour was he to call, and take me to the concert?

LUCY. At nine o'clock, my lady. But do you know you would like the society of artists very much, if you only knew them; and—excuse me for saying it—the proof is, that your ladyship is always thinking of the time you spent in Brittany before your marriage, five years ago. You remember, my lady, there were no fine gentlemen there, but plenty of artists, and you say it was the happiest time in your life.

COUNTESS (*rising*). It is true: I do regret Brittany, and something besides, Lucy; I regret my preserver, the young shepherd, who lived in the mountains of Cornouailles, and who used to sing so sweetly.

LUCY. Lor'! I never heard of him before!

DUET.

COUNTESS. In Brittany long years ago,
With wayward thoughts my heart was laden,
I to a village fête did go,
In costume of a village maiden.
When homewards o'er the mountain vale,
My steps at eventide were drafted,
The path I missed, till on the air
The sounds of a sweet voice were wafted!
Oh! ne'er shall I forget
The sounds of the sweet voice
Of that poor shepherd lad,
Which made my heart rejoice!

LUCY. Can you, my lady, those sweet sounds recall?
Oh! happy shepherd thine heart to enthral!

COUNTESS. "The livelong day by mountain side,
I tend my bleating, wand'ring flocks,
And homewards lead at eventide,
From herbage sweet among the rocks;
And when they rest in soft repose,
I lie 'mong flow'rs and fragrant thyme,
Inhaling scents of sweet wild rose
And creeping plants that near me climb.
Oh yes! a shepherd's life for me,
The breeze that's wafted through the dell
Is not more buoyant or more free,
A life it is, none can excel!"

LUCY. That song is pretty, many a one a worse is!

COUNTESS. Yes! and there were no less than twenty verses.
I followed the sound,
At length I found
Myself at a poor dwelling,

And seated there,
Him, to the air
Whose sorrows had been telling.
His mossy couch to me he gave,
Then gravely he departed,
Nor saw I his fair form again,
Since from his hut I started.

Ensemble. Oh! tender songs of heartfelt love,
My } heart was prison'd in their chain,
Her }
How bitter did the sequel prove—
To love, and not to meet again.

LUCY. Oh! then your ladyship really loved him?

COUNTESS (*laughing*). Well, perhaps I did. Yes, his wild nature and indifference pleased me. He appeared unconscious of my presence. I asked him to sing, and he sung—that was all. Once I met him far from his mountains, and he did not even remember me. I could not help feeling annoyed, but it was not his fault, for how could he recognize me in my fine clothes (*sighing*)? Ah! I really believe there was a moment when I wished I was a poor girl of Cornouailles; but I soon blushed at my folly.

LUCY. And you lost no time in becoming the Countess de Belleville.

COUNTESS. Was I wrong, think you, in that?

LUCY. Oh dear no! Your ladyship was fortunate enough to become a widow in a very short time. But suppose you were to return to Brittany, my lady?

COUNTESS. You silly child (*looks at clock*)! How very extraordinary! How is it that M. de Brissac does not come? He told me he was going to the races at Auteuil, and I think he said he was to ride one race himself. But he promised to return at nine o'clock.

LUCY. Then, no doubt, my lady, he is riding now; or—I mean—oh! if he could break his neck!

COUNTESS. Lucy! leave the room!

LUCY. Oh! forgive me, my lady!

COUNTESS. No more!—go! And when you see M. de Brissac's carriage arrive, let my aunt know, as she has promised to accompany us to the concert to-night. Go!

LUCY. Yes, my lady. (*Aside, going.*) All the same he may have broken his neck. (*Exit.*)

COUNTESS. The silly girl has quite frightened me (*humming*). How foolish I am! That stupid song always makes me feel inclined to cry; I will think of something else—something cheerful—M. de Brissac, for instance (*looks at portrait*). He should have been painted on horseback; his horse is so very handsome (*yawns*). I am bored to death: what shall I do while I am waiting for him? Shall I work? No (*looks at piano*); I will sing (*sits at piano*). Now then, black spirits and white! will you talk to me of Lizst or Thalberg, Weber or Mozart (*turning over music*)? What's this?—oh! "Studies of the Heart," by "Alfred." That's the composer I was reading about yesterday! What a strange history it was!—and so sad! They say he is only twenty-five years old, and he has already had so many misfortunes—so young—so talented! I should like to know him (*plays*): all his music is simple!

SONG.

I.

Say why, my heart, so wildly beating,
Dost thou such emotion prove?
Canst thou, when thy lover meeting,
Fear his truth, or doubt his love?
No, fondly, no!
My bosom sighs!
No, gently, no!
My heart replies!
Then, fond heart, be silent ever,
Be thy wild emotion o'er;
For with doubt and fearing never
Shall it throb! no, never more.

II.

Light of life, and life's best blessing,
Is the love that meets return,
Can I, that rich boon possessing,
E'er the matchless blessing spurn.
No, fondly, no! &c.

Enter LUCY, running.

LUCY (*laughing*). My lady! my lady!

COUNTESS. Well! what is it?

LUCY. Oh, I have had such a turn! As I was pulling down the blinds in the ante-room just now, I spied a man's hat under the window; I looked again, and saw a head under the hat; I looked a third time, and saw a man under the head, which was swearing frightfully, and making all kinds of grimaces. He was beating time with his cane, and every now and then said, "Dolce," "Espressivo," "Sacrebleu!"

COUNTESS. What?

LUCY. I burst out laughing, but he did not stir, and he said, "Not the least sentiment or feeling!—not a particle of ear!—no soul for music!"

COUNTESS. Oh! he said that, did he?

LUCY. Yes, and a great deal more. He said, "Who can the idiot be?"

COUNTESS. What insolence! so I sing out of tune, do I? and I have no ear? Am I not in my own house? and have I not a right to sing out of tune, if I like? and I will prove to this insolent intruder—

[*Sits at piano, and plays.*]

LUCY. You are quite right, my lady.

[*Goes to window of ante-room.*]

COUNTESS (*to LUCY, who has opened the window in the ante-room*). Well! what is he about now?

LUCY. He is rampaging about like a hungry lion—now he has broken his stick!

COUNTESS (*laughing immoderately, and playing wrong*). Ah! ah! ah! this is capital! (*Sings.*) Now he will hear something out of tune.

DUET.

COUNTESS. Who talks of music's dulcet joys?
All I care for is a noise,
Neither time, nor tune, nor measure,
Give to me the smallest pleasure!

Come and sing with me, Lucy.

A duo. I like sounds so quick and loud,
When we in a ball room crowd,
Trumpets, flutes, fiddles scraping, *(Imitating the instruments.)*
And dancers flying, jostling, leaping.

LUCY. Or in the tent at village fair,
When our sweetheart meets one there,
We dance to music, shrill and clear,
The sounds to country maiden dear.

[Something falls into the room.

COUNTESS. Good gracious! can it be possible?
he is throwing stones at us.

LUCY *(who has picked up paper and opened it)*. No,
my lady, it is two pennies.

COUNTESS. Two pennies?

ALFRED *(without, from the street)*. Aye! and it is
more than you deserve.

COUNTESS *(furious)*. Was there ever such imper-
tinance?—but I have no idea of being dictated to by
a stranger passing under my window.

[Bell heard.

LUCY. Oh, my lady! that's the door-bell—some-
one is ringing.

COUNTESS. I am glad he is come at last. If he
had been a little more punctual, this would not have
happened. It's all his fault! Of course it is M.
de Brissac, so go, Lucy, and tell my aunt I shall be
ready to accompany her to the concert in ten minutes.
(Exit LUCY.) There's what a poor widow is exposed
to; I cannot even play or sing in my own room, with-
out being insulted by some maniac who passes by my
window; but I won't stand it! No! I am deter-
mined. I'll marry, and leave this house.

[Sits before fire, and takes up a book.

*Enter ALFRED, preceded by LUCY. He runs forward,
looks round, and then rushes to piano.*

TRIO.

ALFRED. A piano!—yes, I must be right,
This is the place whence came that strain.

COUNTESS. What brings this stranger to my sight?
Your business sir! come state it plain!

LUCY. He looks just like an artist, quite,
And really he is far from plain!

ALFRED. Your pardon, Madame! Was it you
Whose singing pained my ear?

COUNTESS. Your pardon sir!—and was it you
Did at my singing jeer?

ALFRED. You played, "The Studies of the Heart?"

COUNTESS. I did!

ALFRED. The melody in B?

COUNTESS. Just so.

ALFRED. Then why did you depart
From these directions? here you see—

[Takes music off piano.

COUNTESS. Your pardon, sir! I think you dropped
your money ere the music stopped.

[Gives him pennies.

ALFRED. Excuse me, but I
Could not stand by,
Hear an Adagio played like a jig;
I could not bear
To hear that air
Sung with a jerk, like the squeak of a pig!

LUCY. Oh! with fire my heart is raging,
Which will ne'er know aught assuaging,
ALFRED. And my bosom's fire is guaging
COUNTESS. The fierce contest which I'm waging.

COUNTESS *(to LUCY)*. Give this good gentleman a
light, and show him to the door. *(Curtseys, and exit.)*

LUCY *(aside)*. I daresay this is Monsieur "Sacre-
bleu."

ALFRED. Ah *(takes his hat)*! It seems I have
tumbled on a Duchess. By Jove, so much the
worse, for those great ladies fancy they are privileged
to do anything—even to sing out of tune. What airs
she gave herself *(imitating COUNTESS)*! "Lucy, give
this gentleman a light, and then show him to the
door."

LUCY *(who is waiting at door with a lighted candle)*.
That's what I am waiting for, sir.

ALFRED. Go! you bore me! Perhaps I ought
to have told her she sang like an angel. To turn me
out—me—in such an unceremonious way, too. It's
true I did not tell her my name—however, if she were
to return, I could. No, I am too angry—let's see—
ah! not a bad idea. *(Aside.)* I don't hear her; I
suppose I must give it up. Good-bye, my good girl!

LUCY. I never saw such a man—he must be an
artist.

ALFRED *(sees a miniature of COUNTESS)*. Ah, a
miniature!

LUCY. It's the portrait of my mistress.

ALFRED. Really! she is very pretty. I did not
remark her before—what is her name?

LUCY. Bertha.

ALFRED. "Bertha?" it's a very pretty name.
(Looks at LUCY, then glares.) By Jove! Do you
know you are a very fine woman?

LUCY. Do you think so, sir?

ALFRED. Yes, I do *(looking her over)*; yes, and
very artistically put together.

LUCY *(aside)*. He's quite mad! *(Aloud.)* Shall
I light you down, sir?

ALFRED. What country do you come from?

LUCY. From Spain, sir.

ALFRED. Oh, really! From Spain, are you?
(Aside.) I must gain time. *(Aloud.)* Oh! then as
you are from Spain, you must sing me a song.

LUCY. With great pleasure.

SONG.

LUCY. I once knew an artist,
As fair as Apollo,
The art of a painter,
He vowed he would follow.
Ah! I remember him only too well,
For at love-making he was known to excel.

ALFRED. But it is a very pretty song *(looking
L.)*; sing louder.

LUCY. He painted my portrait,
I sat and admired him,
He made me believe
I with true love had fired him,
I gave him my heart,
But now he is gone,
And I am left mourning so sadly alone.

ALFRED. It's very pretty, indeed. (*Aside.*) Decidedly she won't come, so I must give it up. (*Aloud.*) Lucy, she's horribly proud, that mistress of yours, that Madame—Madame —?

LUCY. Countess de Belleville.

ALFRED. Oh! she's a Countess, is she?—then I am not surprised (*sees M. de Brissac's picture*); and I suppose that's the Count de Belleville?

LUCY. Oh, no! the Count de Belleville is dead.

ALFRED (*goes near the picture*). Oh! the Count is dead, is he? Well, I must say that gentleman looks as if he were dead, too.

LUCY. Far from it: he is going to marry the Countess. It's M. de Brissac.

ALFRED (*starts involuntarily*). Ah! he's going to—but what is it to me? Let her marry him, if she likes. M. de Brissac (*struck by an idea*)—yet stay!—M. de Brissac—that name!—surely I heard it mentioned just now?—ah! I remember; he was at the club this afternoon.

LUCY. No doubt; my lady is waiting for him to take her to the concert.

ALFRED. Then she will have to wait some time. I heard M. de Brissac make a bet that he would ride backwards all the way to Auteuil in half-an-hour.

LUCY. That is a good joke, when my lady is waiting for him.

ALFRED. He may get there by to-morrow morning. Good-bye. (*Going.*)

LUCY. I hope you are in earnest this time.

ALFRED. Eh? you hope? well, no: (*returning*) I am not going. I cannot go without having her forgiveness. (*Aside.*) I must see her—speak to her. One more attempt to bring her from her room.

[*Goes to piano, and sings.*]

SONG.

ALFRED. Oh! my life is weary, weary,
All alone the live-long day,
It's confounded dreary, dreary,
Slow the hours pass away.

ALFRED. She won't come—oh, this is obstinacy, but I'll be obstinate, too!

[*Plays and sings very loudly.*]

Oh for woman's smiles to bless me,
Oh for woman's voice to cheer,
Woman's hand, too, to caress me,
When no other soul is near.

During the symphony, the COUNTESS opens the door, and comes down smiling; a purse in her hand, between piano and table.

ALFRED (*aside*). I have succeeded.

COUNTESS (*to ALFRED, giving purse*). Will you accept?

ALFRED (*rising*). A purse (*laughs*)!

COUNTESS. It contains twenty-five louis—the sum I usually give artists who sing for me.

ALFRED. Madame, this is ungenerous!

COUNTESS. Name your own price, then.

ALFRED. Your forgiveness!

COUNTESS. That is too much to ask.

[*She puts purse on piano, and passes to R.*]

ALFRED (*aside*). Again! ah! (*Aloud.*) I accept, Madame (*writes on paper from bureau*), for the poor. I am to sing to-night for their benefit. Here is my receipt. (*Puts paper on table.*)

COUNTESS (*slightly embarrassed*). Sir!

ALFRED. You have had your revenge, Madame: you are right. (*COUNTESS coughs.*) I deserve your anger, and also the reproach conveyed by that little cough (*bows*). (*COUNTESS curtseys.*) Madame—(*Aside.*) How icy cold! I like her picture best (*bows*). (*Aloud.*) Believe me, Madame—that is—do not believe—I mean, be so kind as— (*Aside.*) Confound it! I do not know what I do mean. (*Aloud.*) Madame, adieu!

[*Turns to exit, R.*]

LUCY. Not that way, sir.

[*Shows him out; exit brusquely.*]

COUNTESS. I never saw such a man (*laughs and sighs*). He sings very well; he has such a sympathetic voice, and so sweet! (*Re-enter Lucy.*) Lucy, what did that gentleman say to you?

LUCY. Oh, he told me I was a very fine woman. He said, too, that M. de Brissac started from the club about an hour ago to ride to Auteuil, backwards!

COUNTESS. What do you mean?

LUCY. It was a bet, my lady.

COUNTESS. I like that, indeed, when he knows I am waiting for him (*gets angry*). Really, M. de Brissac seems to care very little. I should not have been surprised if that strange man had been guilty of such rudeness. But, talking of him, he is very good-looking. I wonder what his name is (*taking up paper on which ALFRED had written*)—but, now I think of it, this receipt—oh, what hieroglyphics! Good gracious!

LUCY. What's the matter, my lady?

COUNTESS. (*Reads.*) "Jules Alfred, composer." I cannot help thinking that I have seen his face before. I fancy I have heard his voice, too: but I am sure he is not entirely unknown to me. Here, Lucy, help me to dress.

[*Takes off shawl, jacket, and gloves.*]

LUCY. What hands! I think even M. Alfred would be satisfied with these.

Door L. opens suddenly; enter ALFRED. LUCY and COUNTESS scream. Ah!

ALFRED. I entreat your pardon, Madame. It seems fated that I am not to leave this house. I don't complain, but—

COUNTESS. But I do, sir!

ALFRED. It is not my fault, Madame. I had every intention of flying from one who, alas! has treated me so cruelly, but—

COUNTESS. I see—I must provide you with a guide.

ALFRED (*aside*). "A light," I suppose she means (*trying to make an excuse for stopping*). Pardon me, Madame, but I put a few notes together that I should be so proud if I might sing to you. Let us try together.

DUET.

When music's charms fall on my ears,
Then sweet enchantment calms my fears,
When tuneful voices sing a lay,
And drive sad spirits far away;
They with each strain of harmony,
Bring peace and joy to you and me.

ALFRED. You smile—you have forgiven me?

COUNTESS. Well, yes! Monsieur Alfred, I forgive the scatterbrained man for the sake of the clever artist. I don't say, "Adieu!" but "Au revoir!"

ALFRED. Oh, Madame!

COUNTESS. We part friends, but we must part.

LUCY. Oh, my lady, do you hear the rain?

ALFRED (*aside*). Bravo! (*Aloud*.) I can't possibly go out: I catch cold so easily.

COUNTESS (*aside*). It's not my fault if he is obliged to remain a little longer. (*Aloud*.) Lucy, order the carriage for M. Alfred.

LUCY. Yes, my lady. (*Aside*.) M. de Brissac is going "backwards:" there is no doubt about that. (*Exit*.)

Servant brings tea on a tray, and sets it on table.

COUNTESS makes tea. *Servant retires.*

COUNTESS. Sit down, M. Alfred.

ALFRED. A thousand thanks, Madame! (*Aside*.) Now then, courage, Alfred!

[*Goes to chimney.*]

COUNTESS. You are going to sing at Herz's concert to-night, I believe?

ALFRED (*standing by fire*). No; I cannot sing to-night.

COUNTESS. Why not?

ALFRED. I should sing out of tune—I should be thinking of you.

COUNTESS. Thank you.

ALFRED. Oh, Madame! I did not mean that. I made a mistake. I meant— (*Aside*.) That's a bad beginning.

COUNTESS. Will you have a cup of tea? (*He sits*.)

ALFRED. A thousand thanks! (*Smiling*.)

COUNTESS (*beginning to feel slightly embarrassed*). The rain is not so heavy, I think?

ALFRED (*absently*). Yes, it rains harder than ever. Good gracious! they say every man once in his life has his destiny in his own hands, and—

COUNTESS. Have you no friends?

ALFRED. None, Madame, I swear to you!

COUNTESS. Will you accept my friendship?

ALFRED (*with passion*). Your friendship only?

COUNTESS (*severely*). M. Alfred!

ALFRED. My dear Madame! you don't know what you are doing. You are not aware that if you marry M. de Brissac you will die of the "blue devils." He will spend his days in the stables, and his nights at the gambling-table.

COUNTESS. Leave me, sir! I implore you!

ALFRED. Madame de Belleville, I have offended you. Forgive me, I beseech—I know you will—for—I love you!

COUNTESS (*rises, touched, and moves away*). Monsieur Alfred!

ALFRED. Bertha!

COUNTESS. What presumption! Never dare to address me by that name again! do you hear? I am not my own mistress; I am betrothed to—

ALFRED. Do not utter his name. Oh, Bertha!

COUNTESS. You must forget me—forget this evening—forget that we ever met.

ALFRED. Forget you, Bertha! it is too late! Scenes long past are brought to my memory; it is her voice—her figure—it is herself,—and yet—it is you!

COUNTESS. And where did this vision appear to you?

ALFRED. In the mountains of La Cornouaille.

COUNTESS (*aside*). Merciful powers!

ALFRED. One night, I was watching the clouds, and singing, as was my custom, when my song attracted a young girl who had lost her way in the mountains. She asked me for shelter, and I persuaded her to accept what I could offer. It was happiness to see her under my humble roof, while I kept watch outside.

COUNTESS (*agitated*). And the girl you so kindly sheltered; what became of her?

ALFRED. When daylight came, she returned to the village, and I never beheld her more ; but, thank goodness, I have something belonging to her—something which fell from her as she lay on my couch.

COUNTESS. What is it ?

ALFRED. A jewel : this little ear-ring !

COUNTESS (*aside*). Then it is indeed he !

ALFRED (*gaily pointing to the ear-ring*). Poor little ear-ring ! we have never parted, and yet I had to beg my bread on foot all the way to Paris. Providence gave me some little musical talent, and after cultivating it for five years, I became a fashionable composer (*laughing*). I must confess, however, that my publisher has always declined printing my favourite romance of the mountains of Cornouaille.

SONG.

The livelong day by mountain side,
I tend my bleating, wand'ring flocks,
And homewards lead at eventide,
From herbage sweet among the rocks.
Oh yes ! a shepherd's life for me,
The breeze that's wafted through the dell
Is not more buoyant or more free,
A life it is, none can excel !

ALFRED. And now, have it, Madame. Is it so very ugly ? (*Wipes away a tear, and tries to laugh.*) Forgive me ! what a fool I am (*seeing that the COUNTESS has also tears in her eyes*) ! But you, Madame, you have also tears in your eyes !

COUNTESS. Oh, it is nothing (*with an effort*) ! Adieu ! M. Alfred.

ALFRED. Madame !

COUNTESS (*much affected*). Adieu !

[*She moves towards her room, when LUCY enters.*]

LUCY. Oh, my lady ! the Count's groom, Jean, has just come, and insists upon seeing you. He has brought a letter which he will deliver to no one but your ladyship.

COUNTESS. Let him come in, Lucy (*agitated*). (*Exit LUCY.*) Merciful Heaven ! if some accident should have befallen M. de Brissac !

Re-enter LUCY, showing in JEAN.

FINALE.

COUNTESS. Ho ! Jean ! what brings you here ?

JEAN (*whimpering*). My master sends you greeting,
An accident he's met with,
His life may e'en be fleeting,
So to your ladyship
He sends this billet doux,
To keep him in your mind.
Till he can come and sue !

COUNTESS (*taking it*). What does this mean,
This is to "Madlle. Angeline."

ALFRED and LUCY. What can it mean,
A note for "Madlle. Angeline !"

JEAN. Rage and shame my senses fetter,
I've been and given the wrong letter.

COUNTESS (*reads*). "My adored Angeline ! I shall be with you this evening." 'Tis enough !

(*To JEAN.*) Go you, sir, unto your master,
Tell him now that he is free,
Free to seek another mistress,
But never more to come to me.

(*To ALFRED.*) And since you so well have pleaded,
You shall sing to me again,
That song cherished in my memory—
The peasant's plaintive strain.

ALF. (*Impassioned*). You, then, know it ! oh what rapture
Fills my heart at that sweet thought,
My bright vision of the mountain,
Back to me again is brought—
For mercy speak—are you, then, she ?

COUNTESS (*going to casket*).
I have the other ear-ring here you see !

BERTHA. Bertha ! dearest Bertha ! oh, my love !

[*Falls upon his knees.*]

LUCY. Hurrah ! what weight
My wisdom carries—
My lady now
An artist marries.

JEAN (*to LUCY*). Let's make a match,
Of grooms I'm smartest.

LUCY. A groom, tho' fine,
Is not an artist.

Ensemble. Oh ! the radiant moments winging,
On their flight to happy hours,
Brightest happiness are bringing,
While Fortune's favour showers.
Heart, in heart, together twining,
They'll }
We'll } to sorrow bid adieu,
Never more to be repining,
But with love, life to renew.

FINE.

1
THE EAR RING

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

Music by

F. SCHIRA.

PRELUDIO.

HARMON: SOLO.

Andante
Mosso.

p

PIANOFORTE.

p *p* *ff*

f Ped:

Allegro giusto.

p *f* *f*

The piano accompaniment consists of five systems of grand staff notation. The first system features a complex texture with many sixteenth notes in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. The second system includes dynamic markings of *pp* and *pp* HARM SOLO. The third system contains markings for *ff* Ped., *PIANO FORTE.*, *HARM: SOLO.*, *cres.*, and *p poco più animato.*. The fourth system begins with a *cres.* marking. The fifth system continues the intricate accompaniment.

Lucy.

Ah! ah! ah! ah! what a scratch . I cannot draw . . . I cannot

The sixth system shows the vocal line for Lucy, with lyrics: "Ah! ah! ah! ah! what a scratch . I cannot draw . . . I cannot". The piano accompaniment below features a *dim.* marking and a *p* dynamic. The system concludes with a *dim:* marking and a fermata over the final notes.

THOUGH I CANT MAKE A SKETCH.

No. 1.

SONG.

Words by
DESMOND L. RYAN.

Music by
F. SCHIRA.

Moderato.

VOICE. draw!

PIANO. *Leggiero.* *Ped.* *p*

Lucy.

Though I cant make a

sketch, yet I, yet I On painters all do dote; On

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The piano part begins with a 'Leggiero' marking and a 'Ped.' (pedal) instruction. The voice part starts with the word 'draw!' and is followed by the lyrics: 'Though I cant make a sketch, yet I, yet I On painters all do dote; On'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a 'p' (piano) dynamic marking in the second system.

singers too, yet though I try, I cannot sing I cannot sing a

note. I love him who from mar-ble cold A

life-like form can raise; To me so dear no

crown of gold, no crown of gold, As cor-net of

colla voce.

f. *p dolce.*

bays—An art_ist's life, is dear to me. An art_list's wife I fain would

colla voce.

be! yes, An art_ist's wife, yes I fain would be! An artist's wife I

colla voce.

con grazia. *p*

fain, oh yes I fain would be! yes, I fain would be ah

p colla voce. *f*

f. *dim.* *rall?* *f.*

yes, yes An art_ist's wife an art_ist's wife I fain would

be!

Leggiero.

Ped.

p

A paint_er I could

love, but though, but though A_noth_er came be__fore, To

put the ques_ _tion, "Yes or No"? A sculp_tor

yes a sculptor I'd a_dore.... A true Bo_he_mian I would

wed... But as but as my fan_cies wing..... A

true Bo_he_mian I would wed, a sin_ger, yes, a singer is the

thing! An art_ist's life is dear to me An art_ist's wife, I fain would

f *p* *dolce.*
colla voce.

be! yes, An artist's wife, yes I fain would be! An artist's wife I

colla voce. f

fain oh yes I fain would be, yes, I fain would

p colla voce.

be ah! yes! An art_ist's life is dear to

Presto.

ff

me An art_ist's wife I fain would be!

ff stretto.

Ped ff

IN BRITANNY LONG YEARS AGO.

No. 2.

Words by

DUET.

Music by

DESMOND L. RYAN.

F. SCHIRA.

COUNTESS.

VOICE.

Moderato. In Britan-ny long years a - -go. With

The first system of music features a voice line and a piano accompaniment. The voice line begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics 'In Britan-ny long years a - -go. With'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand providing harmonic support with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato'.

way-ward thoughts my heart was la-den I to a vil-lage fête did go In

The second system continues the musical piece. The voice line has the lyrics 'way-ward thoughts my heart was la-den I to a vil-lage fête did go In'. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *tr*, *f*, *p*, and *p*. The piano part continues with its characteristic rhythmic accompaniment.

costume of a vil-lage maiden... When homewards o'er the mountain

The third system of music shows the voice line with the lyrics 'costume of a vil-lage maiden... When homewards o'er the mountain'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet in the right hand and continues with its rhythmic accompaniment.

vale, My steps, my steps at e-ven - - tide were

The final system on the page shows the voice line with the lyrics 'vale, My steps, my steps at e-ven - - tide were'. The piano accompaniment concludes with its rhythmic accompaniment.

drafted, The path I miss'd 'till on the air The sounds of a sweet

cres.

voice a sweet voice were wafted Oh ne'er shall I for-get The sounds of the sweet

con sentimento.

HARM: SOLO.

voice, Of that poor shepherd lad, Which made my heart re-joice! Oh happy

a piacere.

LUCY.

PIANO FORTE.

f

Ped

shepherd thine heart to en- thrall! Can you, my la- dy those sweet sounds re-

Recit.

ff

f Ped.

- call? . . .

Mod^{to}

HARM: SOLO.

f

pp

11
COUNTESS.

The live long day by moun-tain's side I

tend my bleating wand'ring flocks, my flocks my wand'ring

flocks, And homeward lead at e-ven-tide, From herbage sweet a-mong the

rocks, And when they rest in soft re- pose I lie'mong flow'rs and frag- rant

thyme, In- hal- ing scents of sweet wild rose, wild rose

..... wild rose, wild rose, And creep - ing, creep - ing plants that

f *pp* *dim.*

PIANO FORTE. *p*

near me, near me climb, ... Oh! yes a shep - herds life for

dim. *f* *dim.*

f Ped. *

me oh yes for me The breeze that's waf - ted through the

dim. *f* *dim.*

p *f* Ped. *

dell, yes through the dell oh! Is not more buoyant or more

dim. *tenuta.*

HARM: SOLO. *dim.*

free A life it is, a life it is, none can ex -

con dolcezza.

PIANO FORTE. *p* *ppp* *colla voce.*

Ped.

f *ppp* *sotto voce.* *morendo.*

cel! non can ex - - cel! none can ex - - cel!

f *pp* HARM: SOLO.

Recit.
Lucy.

That song is pretty, many a one a worse is!
lento. a piacere.

rall.

COUNTESS. *a piacere.*

Yes! and there were no less than twenty ver- ses! *TEMPO DI WALTZ.*

PIANO FORTE. *colla voce.*

I fol - - low'd the

sound . . . At length I found My - self

pp

at a poor dwelling, And sea - - ted there, Him, to the

air, Whose sorrows had been tell - ing. His mos - sy couch to me he gave, Then

lento. grave - - ly he de - - parted, *Poco meno.* Nor saw I his fair form a - *a piacere.*

rall. *lento. colla voce.* *HARM. SOLO.* *p colla voce.*

Ped.

- gain, Since from his hut I parted. *Lucy. a piacere.* Oh tender songs of heartfelt

PIANO FORTE. *f*

COUNT. *a piacere.*

Oh ten - der songs of heart - felt love

love Oh ten - der songs of heart - felt love

COUNTESS.

leggiero.

Allegretto.

LUCY.

Oh! tender songs of heart-felt love, My heart was

Oh! tender songs of heart-felt love, Her heart was

PIANO FORTE. *p*

pris-on'd in their chain, How bit-ter bit-ter did the se-quel

pris-on'd in their chain, How bit-ter

prove the se-quel prove; To love and not to meet a- gain! ah! . . .

did the se-quel prove; To love and not to meet a- gain! ah! . . .

p *f*

cres.

lunga. *ff* *Meno mosso.*

.... To love and not to meet a-gain, To love and not to

.... To love and not to meet a-gain, To love and not to

ff *colla voce.*

Ped

meet a-gain, Oh ten-der songs of heartfelt love, Oh songs of heartfelt

meet a-gain, Oh ten-der songs of heartfelt love, Oh songs of heartfelt

f

Tempo 1^o

love! To love and not to meet a -

p

love! To love and not to meet a - gain,

Tempo 1^o *p*

*

- gain To love and not to meet . . . a -
 To love to love, and not to meet, and not to meet . . . a -

- - gain, To love and not to meet a -
 - - gain, To love and not to meet a - gain . . .

- gain a - gain . . . to love . . . ah! And not to meet a -
 And not to meet to meet a - gain . . . to love . . . ah! And not to meet a -

presto.
f

Ped *

Lo stesso tempo.

- - gain, Ah to love to love, and not meet a - gain, Ah to love and
 - - gain, Ah to love to love, and not meet a - gain, Ah to love and

cres.

Sotto voce.

not meet a - gain . . . To love and not to meet a - gain
 not meet a - gain . . . To love and not to meet a - gain

. . . . oh! love!
 oh! love!

p *Allegro vivo.*
Ped.

SAY WHY MY HEART SO WILDLY BEATING.

現 3.

SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

Maestoso. *f* *HARM: SOLO.* *p.* *f* **PIANO FORTE.**

COUNTESS. *Mod^{to} Agitato.*

Say why my heart so wild - ly beat - ing? say why?

Dost thou dost thou such e - mo - tion, ah! such e - mo - tion prove

Canst thou when thy lov - er meet - ing . . . canst thou?

a piacere. sotto voce.

f

Fear his truth or doubt his love no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no..

HARM: SOLO.

Andante.

Con abbandono, quasi a piacere, e con grazia.

No, no, no, no fondly no! No, no,

PIANO FORTE.

pp

no, my bosom sighs no, no, No, no gently no, no, no,

rall.

Poco più mosso.

No, my heart replies! no, fondly no my bosom sighs!

rall. colla voce.

p

tenuta.

a tempo.

ah no, no, my heart re - plies! no, no, no,

colla voce.

no, my heart re - plies no, no, no, no

leggiere. a piacere.

no no no my heart my heart re -

f ppp f a piacere.

- plies.

ff *p* *ff*

HARM: SOLO. *PIANO FORTE.*

Ped. *

Moderato Agitato.

Ah! Then fond heart be si - lent ev - er . . . ev - er . . .

HARM: SOLO. *p*

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato Agitato'. The lyrics are 'Ah! Then fond heart be si - lent ev - er . . . ev - er . . .'. The piano part includes a 'HARM: SOLO.' instruction and a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

Oh! be thy wild, thy wild e - mo - tion, thy wild e - mo - tion o'er

HARM: SOLO.

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Oh! be thy wild, thy wild e - mo - tion, thy wild e - mo - tion o'er'. The piano part includes a 'HARM: SOLO.' instruction.

For with doubt and fear - ing nev - er nev - er

HARM:

The third system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'For with doubt and fear - ing nev - er nev - er'. The piano part includes a 'HARM:' instruction.

Shall it throb? no nev - er more! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no . . .

f *a piacere, sotto voce.* *p*

HARM: SOLO. *f*

The fourth system of the musical score. The lyrics are 'Shall it throb? no nev - er more! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no . . .'. The piano part includes a 'HARM: SOLO.' instruction and dynamic markings of *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The tempo marking *a piacere, sotto voce.* is present above the vocal line.

Andante. *Con abbandono, quasi a piacere, e con grazia.*

No, no, no, no fondly no! No, no, no, my bosom sighs

PIANO FORTE.

no, no, No, no gently no, no, no, No my heart replies!

rall.

p colla voce.

Poco più mosso.

No, fondly no my bosom sighs ah

no, no, my heart replies! no, no, no, no, my heart re-

colla voce.

leggiero, a piacere.

- plies no, no, no, no,

ff no *pp* no

h. *a piacere.* *f* *con grazia.*
ah no no my heart my heart re -

- plies!

ff *HARM: SOLO.* *p* *PIANO FORTE.* *ff*

Ped. * *Ped.* *ff*

WHO TALKS OF MUSIC'S DULCET JOYS.

No. 4.

DUET.

F. SCHIRA.

Allegro Moderato.

COUNTESS. (ALL THE DUET TO BE SUNG PURPOSELY IN A COARSE MANNER)

VOICE.

PIANO

Who talks of music's dul - cet joys?

All I care for is a noise, a noise, a noise! All I care

for is a noise! Neith - er time, nor tune, nor measure, Give to

me the small - est pleasure! no, no, no, Give to me the smallest pleasure! All I

ff *f* *p* *f* *f* *p*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

tr *ff*

là là là là

LUCY.

I like sounds so quick and loud, When we in a ball room crowd I like I like,

là là là I like sounds so quick and loud

sounds so quick and loud and loud, When we

When we in a ball room crowd Trumpets, fiddles,

in a ball room crowd Trumpets, fiddles, scraping, trumpets, flutes, fiddles,

imitando gl'istromenti; *ff* TRUMPETS.

scraping fid_dles scraping scraping yes, eeh! eeh! tar-a-ta

scraping yes . . . scrap - ing . . . eeh! HARM. PIANO FORTE. eeh! HARM. PIANO FORTE. tara-ta HARM.

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *p*

VIOLINI.

And dancers fly-ing, jost-ling, leap-ing yes yes eeh! eeh

And dancers fly-ing, jost-ling, leap-ing yes yes eeh! eeh

PIANO FORTE. HARM: PIANO FORTE. HARM:

f *f* *f* *f* *p* *f* *p*

Ped. Ped. * Ped. *

ta-ra-ta And dan-cers fly-ing jost-ling leap-ing I like I...

ta-ra-ta And dan-cers fly-ing jost-ling leap-ing I like I...

HARM: PIANO FORTE.

f *p* *f* *f* *f* *f*

Ped. * Ped. Ped.

like sounds quick and loud . . . and loud

like sounds quick and loud . . . and loud

ff

. and loud

. and loud

ff

LUCY.

Or in the tent at vil - lage fair, When our „sweetheart meets one

p staccato.

there, We dance to mu - sic, shrill and clear, The sound to coun - try maid - ens dear. We dance to

mu - sic, shrill and clear, The sound to coun - try maidens dear - maid - ens . . . dear, dear, . . .

ff
Ped.

COUNTESS.

I like sounds so quick and loud, yes When we in a ball room crowd, I like

LUCY.

. I like sounds, so, quick and loud, yes When we in a ball room crowd, I

p *f*

*

I like I like sounds so quick and loud When we in a ball room

like, I like I like sounds so quick and loud...

crowd... Trumpets flutes, dancers

When we in a ball room crowd... Fiddles scraping

fly_ing and fid_dles scraping scraping yes eeh! eeh

jostling leap_ing yes leap_ing eeh! HARM: eeh HARM:

ff *p* PIANO FORTE *f* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* VIOLINI.

TRUMPETS.

tara - ta And dan_cers fly_ing, jost_ling leap_ing yes yes, eeh!

tara - ta And dan_cers fly_ing, jost_ling leap_ing yes yes, eeh! HARM:

PIANO FORTE. HARM: PIANO FORTE.

f *f* *f* *p*

Ped. * *Ped.* *ff* *Ped.*

The Ear-ring. F. Schira.

TRUMPETS.

eeh! tara-ta And dan-cers fly-ing jostling leap-ing I

eeh! tara-ta And dan-cers fly-ing jostling leap-ing I

PIANO FORTE. HARM: PIANO FORTE. HARM: PIANO FORTE.

f *p* *f* *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *ff* *gridando*

like I like sounds quick and loud and loud

like I like sounds quick and loud and loud

f

Ped. *stunando.*

and

and

fff

stringendo.

loud

loud

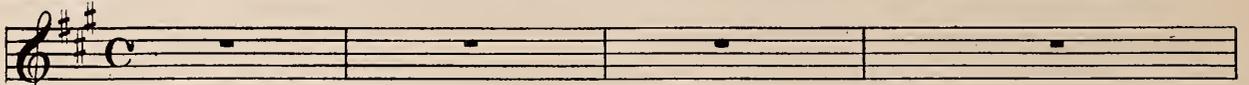
stringendo.

A PIANO YES, I MUST BE RIGHT!

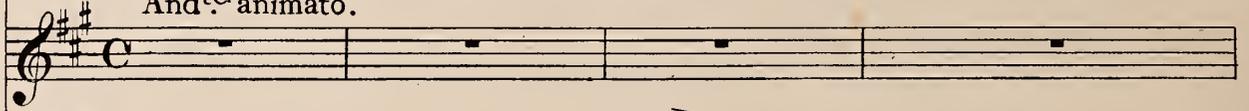
No. 5.

Words by DESMOND L. RYAN.TRIO.Music by F. SCHIRA.

COUNTESS.



LUCY.



ALFRED



PIANO.

And^{te} animato.

stac.

p

p

What brings this stranger,

to my sight?

What brings this

He looks just like an artist,

quite,

and really he is

right!

This is the place yes,

whence came that strain!

f *p*

Ped *

stranger, what . . . brings what brings this stran - ger to my sight! what brings this stranger to my

far from plain far from plain, is far from plain; he looks just like an 'artist

whence came that strain, whence came that strain; I must be right I must be

p

legato.

sight, to my sight, what brings this stranger to my sight, to my
 quite, yes, yes, he looks, he looks just like an art-ist, yes, he
 right, I must be right, this is the place whence came that strain, that

a piacere. All^o Moderato.

sight! Your business sir! come state it plain! sir
 looks.
 strain. All^o Moderato. Your par-don,

Ped *

Your pardon sir. And
 madam, your par-don, Was it you whose sing-ing pain'd my ear?

was it you Did at my sing-ing jeer?

You play'd "the studies of the

I did! just so! just so, I

heart" The melo-dy in B in B did you....

did! . Your pardon

Then why did you de-part From these di-rec-tions; here, you see...

sir! I think you dropp'd your mon - ey 'ere the music stopp'd! the music

stopp'd....
 Ex - cuse me, ex - cuse me, but I could not stand by, Hear an A -

- da - gio play'd like a jig: I could not bear To hear that air Sang with a

Oh! with fire my heart is ra-ging with
 Oh! with fire my heart is ra-ging with
 jerk like the squeak of a pig!
ff Ped.
 fire my heart is ra-ging!
 fire my heart is ra-ging!
 like the squeak of a pig!
 All?
 Oh with fire my heart is ra-ging
 Oh with fire my heart is ra-ging
 Oh with fire my heart is ra-ging is

Which will ne'er know aught as -
 my heart . . . is raging,
 ra - ging, is ra - - - ging, Which will ne'er

- - suag - - ing . . . Which will ne'er know;
 Which will ne'er know will ne'er know aught as - suaging!
 know aught as - suag - ing! Which will ne'er know;

legato.
 And my bo - - som's fire is guaging, The fierce con - test
 And my bo - - som's fire is guaging, The fierce con - test
 And my ho - - som's fire is guaging, The fierce con - test
 HARM. SOLO.
p legato:

which I'm wa-ging, I'm wa-ging, yes, the . . . fierce contest . . .

which I'm wa-ging, I'm wa-ging, yes, yes, the fierce

which I'm wa-ging, I'm wa-ging, yes, which I'm wa-ging,

PIANO FORTE.

which I'm wa-ging, I'm wa-ging, Which I'm waging,

con - - test, which I'm wa-ging I'm waging,

which I'm waging, yes which I'm wa-ging, waging, my

And my bosom's fire . . . And my bo-som, my

And my bo-som's fire, my

bo - som's fire, is guag- ing the fierce con - - test, which I'm

p *res: a poco.*

bo - som's fire is guaging, The fierce con - test which I'm waging!

bo - som's fire . . . is guaging, The fierce con - test which I'm waging!

wa - ging, yes, the fierce con - test, The fierce con - test which I'm waging! The

The fierce con - test which I'm wa - - ging

The fierce con - test

fierce con - - test, which I'm wa - - ging, The fierce con - - test

which I'm wa - - - - - ging, the con - test the con - test I'm wa - ging, The

which I'm wa - ging, wa - ging, the con - test I'm wa - ging, I'm wa - ging, The

which I'm wa - ging, yes, wa - ging, the con - test I'm wa - ging, I'm wa - ging, The

HARM: SOLO.

I ONCE KNEW AN ARTIST.

No. 6.

SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

Allegro
Moderato.

f
Ped.

Lucy.

HARM: SOLO.
poco meno mosso.

p
leg.

painter He vow'd he would fol - low. Ah! ah! I re -

colla voce.

sotto voce.

- mem_ber him . . . on_ly too well, For at love making he was knownto ex-

PIANO FORTE, *p* *colla voce.*

- cell I re_ member him . . . on_ly too well, At love

a tempo. *poco più animato.*

p *colla voce.* *p*

making he was known to ex_ cel; yes, to ex_

- cel to ex_ cel to ex_

colla voce.

un poco meno.

... cel I re-mem-ber him too well

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a rest followed by the lyrics "... cel I re-mem-ber him too well". The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of two flats. It features a flowing sixteenth-note melody in the right hand and a steady bass line in the left hand. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo) and *sotto voce* (softly). Pedal markings (*Ped.*) are placed below the bass staff.

pp sotto voce.

Poco più mosso.

dim.

I re-mem-ber him too well too well too

The second system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics "I re-mem-ber him too well too well too". The piano accompaniment features a change in tempo to *Poco più mosso* and dynamics of *pp*, *f* (forte), and *dim.* (diminuendo). An *animato* (lively) marking is present. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) are used throughout.

dim.

f

dim.

well too well too well

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line has lyrics "well too well too well". The piano accompaniment includes markings for *p* (piano), *rall. un poco.* (ritardando a little), *pp*, *tempo.* (return to tempo), and *affrettando.* (accelerando). Pedal markings (*Ped.*) are present.

pp rall.

f

tempo.

affrettando.

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. It features a *pp* *rall.* section, followed by a section with *f* (forte) dynamics and triplets. A *8va* (octave) marking is present. Pedal markings (*Ped.*) are used.

Ped. >

The piano introduction consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a whole rest and a bass clef staff with a whole rest. The second system features a grand staff with a treble clef staff containing a melodic line with triplets and accents, and a bass clef staff with a supporting accompaniment.

1^o tempo.

He painted my portrait, I sat and ad - mir'd him, He made me be -

HARM: SOLO.
poco meno mosso.

p

leg:

The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* and a performance instruction of *leg:*.

_lieve I with true love had fir'd him! Ah! ah! I gave

colla voce.

The vocal line continues with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The piano part includes a performance instruction of *colla voce.*

him my heart...but now he is gone; And I am

pp

PIANO FORTE.

p colla voce.

The vocal line continues with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with a treble clef and a bass clef. The piano part includes dynamic markings of *pp* and *p*, and performance instructions of *PIANO FORTE.* and *colla voce.*

left mourn - ing sad - ly a - lone I gave

sf

him my heart but he is gone And I

più animato.

poco più animato.

colla voce. p

gave him my heart, yes, my heart, now he is

cres.

gone, I am left a - lone a -

colla voce.

p

un poco meno.

— lone I am left a - lone, a - lone,

pp sotto voce. *pp* *pp*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

sotto voce.

Poco più mosso.

mourn_ing sad - ly yes a - lone a -

p *pp* *f*

Ped. *Ped.*

animato.

dim. p

— lone a - lone a - lone a

p *dim.* *rall un poco.* *pp* *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

più mosso.

dim.

— lone

f *pp* *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

affrettando.

8va

OH MY LIFE IS WEARY.

No. 7.

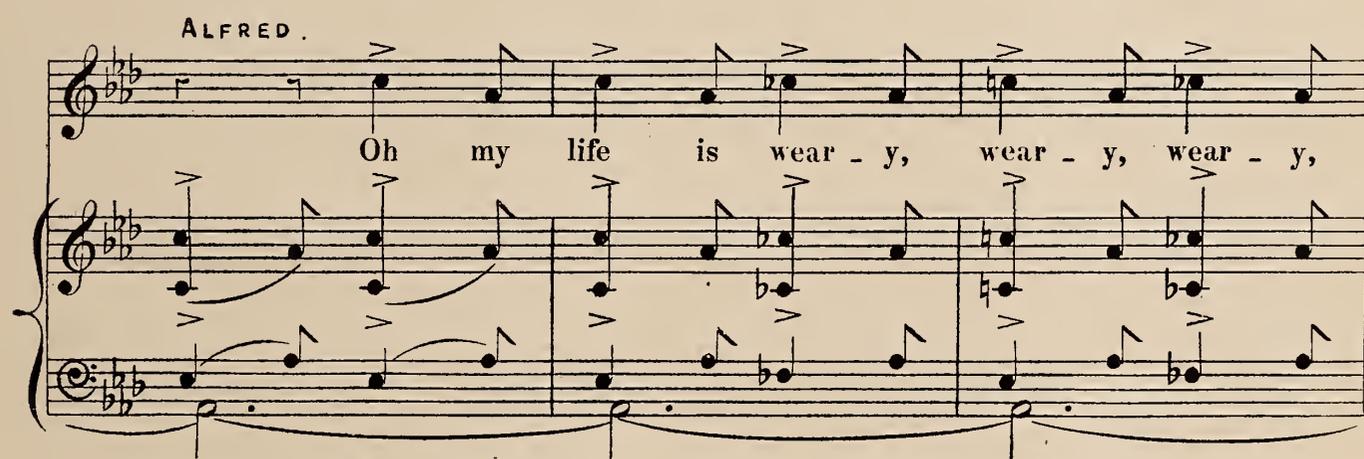
SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

VOICE. 

Moderato Pastorale.

PIANO. 

ALFRED. 

Oh my life is wear - y, wear - y, wear - y,



wear - y, oh! my life! All a - lone the live long

f Ped.

day . . . All a - lone the live long day! Its con -

HARM: SOLO. *pp*

PIANO FORTE. *f* Ped.

- foun - ded drear - y drear - y drear - y drear - y oh! my

f

life! . . . Slow the hours . . . pass a - way, Slow the

HARM: SOLO.

lento. *rall.* *in tempo.*

hours, yes, pass . . . a - way! Oh my life is wear - y,

colla voce. PIANO FORTE. *p*

rall. *dim...e...*

wear - y, How the hours, pass a - way!

colla voce.

... sempre

pp *p* *p* *8va*

Ped pp *

Recit. *a piacere.*

She wont come . . . oh this is ob - sti - na - cy!

f

1^o tempo.

but I'll be obstinate too

f *Ped.*

Oh for wo...man's smiles to

* *f*

bless me, yes, for wo - man's wo - man's smile, Oh for

f
Ped. *ff*

wo - man's voice to cheer, Oh for wo - man's voice to

pp
HARM: SOLO. *pp*
* *pp*

cheer, Wo - man's hands too to ca - ress me, wo - man's

PIANO FORTE. *f*
Ped

hands, oh wo - man's hands . . . When no o - _ther soul is

f HARM: SOLO. *pp* *pp*

near . . . When no o - _ther soul is near . . . Wo - man's

lento. *rall.* *in tempo.*
colla voce. PIANO FORTE.

hands too to ca - ress me, When no o - _ther soul is

rall. *rall.*
colla voce. *colla voce.*

near !

dim e sempre. *pp* *pp* 8va

WHEN MUSIC'S CHARMS FALL ON MY EARS.

No. 8.

DUET.

F. SCHIRA.

Larghetto
Cantabile.

ff
ff Ped.

*

ALFRED. *dolce.*

When mu - sic's

charms fall on my ears, . . . fall on my ears

dolce rall.
 Their sweet en-chant-ment calm my fears, calm my

colla voce.

COUNTESS. *dolce.*
 When mu-sic's charms fall on my

fears! . . .

dim.

ears, fall on my ears Their sweet en-

Yes, calm my fears, . . calm my fears . . .

dolce rall un poco.

- chant - ment calm my fears, calm my

Their sweet en - chant - _ment calm my

colla voce.

sotto voce.

fears ! When tune - _ _ _ _ _ ful voi - _ _ ces

fears, yes, When tune - _ _ _ _ _ ful voi - _ _ ces

p

sing, sing a lay, And drive sad spir - its

sing a lay, And drive sad spir - its

dim.

far a-way, far a-way, yes, They with each strain of

far a-way . . .

har-mony, Bring peace and joy to you and me, ah!

They . . . with each strain of har-mony, . . . Bring peace and

. . . . yes

joy, to you, and me, yes

rall: un poco in tempo.

joy, oh! yes, peace and joy! They . . . with each strain of

joy, oh! yes, peace and joy! .

in tempo.

colla voce.

har - mo - ny, Bring peace and joy to you and

They . . . with each strain of har - mo - ny, . . .

me, ah! yes,

Bring peace and joy, to you, and me, yes,

rall.

un poco meno sotto voce.

joy, and peace and joy! . . to you, and
 joy, and peace and joy! . . to you, and

pp *colla voce.* *pp*

Ped. *

dolcissimo, e sotto voce.

me, to you, and me . . Yes, joy
 me, to you, and me yes, peace and

ppp *pp*

2 PEDALI.

morendo.

. to you, . . . and me!
 joy to you, and me!

ppp *rall. morendo.* *ppp*

rall. *ppp*

THE LIVE LONG DAY BY MOUNTAINS SIDE.

No. 9.

SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

Moderato.

HARM. SOLO.

f *p*

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and then softens to piano (*p*). The piece is marked 'Moderato' and 'HARM. SOLO.'.

ALFRED.

The live long day by moun-tains

HARM. SOLO.

p

The first line of the song features a vocal line for Alfred and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'The live long day by moun-tains'. The piano accompaniment is marked 'HARM. SOLO.' and 'p'.

side, I tend my bleat-ing wand-ring flocks, my flock,

The second line of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'side, I tend my bleat-ing wand-ring flocks, my flock,'.

lunga.

f *p*

my wand'ring flock, And

The third line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'my wand'ring flock, And'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'lunga.' (long) marking and dynamic markings of *f* and *p*.

p *dim.* *dim.*

homeward lead at e-ven-tide, From herb-age sweet a-mong the

PIANO FORTE.

pp

rocks; And when they rest in soft re-*pose*,... I lie 'mong

cres. *pp* *dim.*

flow'rs, and frag-rant thyme : In-hal-ing scents of sweet wild

pp *HARM: SOLO.* *p*

rose, wild rose wild rose, wild rose And

lunga. *f* *p* *PIANO FORTE.*

dim. *dim.*

creep - ing, creeping plants, that near me, near me

PIANO FORTE. *pp*

climb, Oh yes, a shep - herds life for

f *f*

Ped *

dim. *f* *dim.*

me, oh yes for me, The breeze . . . that's

p *f*

Ped

p

waft - ed through the dell, yes, through the dell

dim. *pp*

HARM: SOLO.

*

dim. oh! Is not more buoyant or more free! *dolce.* A

p *stentate.* *p* **PIANO FORTE.** *Ped.* *pp*

life it is, a life it is, none can ex -

pp

- cell! none can ex - - cell; none can ex - -

f *pp* *pp*

- - cell!

morendo. *HARM: SOLO.* *morendo.* *pp* *pp*

HO! JEAN, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE.

No. 10.

FINALE.Words by DESMOND L. RYAN.F. SCHIRA.

COUNTRESS. *All.^o Mod^{to}* Ho! Jean, what brings you here?

JEAN. My master sends you

ALLEGRO MODERATO. *p*

greeting, yes, sends you greeting; An ac-ci-dent he's met with, His life may'een be

fleeting, So to your La-dy-ship, He sends this bil-let-doux. To keep him in your

a piacere.

What does this mean, what does this mean? This is to Mademoiselle Ange-

mind, Till he can come and sue!

The Ear-ring. F. Schira. *f* Ped.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'All.^o Mod^{to}' for the vocal parts and 'ALLEGRO MODERATO' for the piano accompaniment. The piano part starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The score is divided into systems, each containing vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines. The piece concludes with a piano accompaniment section marked 'The Ear-ring. F. Schira.' and 'f Ped.'.

in tempo.

_line!

What can it mean, A note for Mademoiselle An_ge__line!

What can it mean, A note for Mademoiselle An_ge__line! what can it

Rage and shanemy sen__ses

what can it mean? what can it mean? *(Reading the letter.)*

mean? what can it mean? what can it mean?

fet__ter, I've been and gi_ven her the wrong let__ter!

f a piacere.

Moderato.

"I SHALL BE WITH YOU THIS EVENING" 'Tis e_nough, 'tis e____nough! Go you Sir un__to your

master, Tell him now that he is free, Free to seek a no - ther

p

mistress, But ne - ver more, to come to me, no never more, to come to

me, no, no, no, no, no never more, no! ne - ver more to come to

f *p*
Ped *

me! go, go, you Sir un - to your
 what can it mean? what can it mean? a note for An - - - ge -
 what can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - ge -
 rage and shame, rage and shame, rage and shame my senses

p

master, go, go, tell him that now is
 - line, what can it mean? what can it mean? a note for An - - - - ge -
 line, what can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? a note for An - ge -
 fetter, rage and shame, rage and shame, rage and shame, my sen - ses
 free, and ne - - - - ver more to come to
 - line, what can it mean? what can, what can it
 - line what can it mean what can, what can it
 fetter, I've been and gi - - - - ven her the wrong
 me! go! go! you Sir un - - to your
 mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - - - - ge -
 mean what can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - - ge -
 letter! rage and shame, rage and shame, rage and shame, my sen - ses

master, go! go! Tell him that now he's
 - line, What can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - - - - ge -
 - line, What can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - ge -
 fetter, Rage and shame, rage and shame, Rage and shame, my sen - ses
 free! And ne - - - ver more to come . . . to
 - line! What can it mean, what can, what can it
 - line! What can it mean what can what can it
 fetter, I've been and gi - - - ven her the wrong
 me! no, no, ne - - - ver more, no, no, never more, no never
 mean? what can it mean? A note for An_geline What can it
 mean? what can it mean? A note for An_geline What can it
 letter rage and shamemy senses fetter yes I've been and given her and given her yes the wrong

f *cres.* *f* *ff*
 Ped

more!

mean? can it mean, can it mean?

mean?

letter, rage and shame, rage and shame!

ff *HARM: SOLO. lento.* *p rall?*

ff *Ped*

Andante Moderato.

HARM: SOLO. And since you so well have plead_ed, You shall sing to me a - -

p legato.

-gain, to me a - - gain... That song... cherish'd in my mem'ry, The

leg: *p*

peasant's plaintive strain, the plaintive strain, Oh! sing to me, oh! sing to

dim. *rall un poco. dolce.* *colla voce.*

dim. *pp stargando* *pp*

me! *a piacere.*

You then know it? speak . . . oh! speak, you know it?

pp in tempo. *stargando.*

All^o Mod^{to}

oh! what rapture Fills my heart, at that sweet thought! My bright

tremolo

PIANO FORTE *f* *dim.* *ff*

ff Ped.

stentate. *Presto.*

vis_ion of the mountain, Back to me a_ gain is brought! For mercy

dim. *colla voce.* *cres.*

Lento. a piacere.

in calzando. I have the o_ther ear_ring here, you

speak . . . speak . . . are you then she?

Presto. *HARM: SOLO.* *ff* *colla voce.*

Allegro.

see! **PIANO FORTE.** Ber - - - tha! Dearest Bertha, oh my

LUCY. **ALFRED.** Hurrah! what weight My wis - - dom car - ries, My la - - dy now, An ar - tist
love!

JEAN.

All? Hurrah! Hurrah!

marries! *a piacere.*

hurrah! hur - - rah! Let's make a

fff

a piacere.
A groom, tho' fine, . . . Is not an ar - tist!

match, Of grooms I'm smartest!

lento. > colla voce.

Allegro Moderato.

sotto voce.

Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 Oh! the ra - - diant, the

f Allegro Moderato.

ra - diant moments wing - - ing, On their flight to hap - - py
 ra - diant moments wing - - ing, On their flight to hap - - py
 ra - diant moments wing - - ing, On their flight to hap - - py
 ra - diant moments wing - - ing, On their flight to hap - - py

cres. *pp* *dim.*

hours Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 hours Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 hours Oh! the ra - - diant, the
 hours Oh! the radiant,

pes. *pp* *leggiro.*

ra - - - diant mo - - - ments winging, On their flight, on their flight, . . . to
 ra - - - diant moments winging, On their flight, their flight, to
 ra - - - diant mo - - - ments winging, On their flight, their flight, . . . to
 oh the radiant moments moments winging, On their flight, to hap - py hours, yes, on their

hap - - - py hours, Brightest hap - - pi - ness are bringing, Yes, while
 hap - py hours, Brightest hap - pi - ness are bringing, Yes, while
 hap - py hours, Brightest hap - pi - ness are bringing, Yes, while
 flight to hap - py hours, Brightest hap - pi - ness are bringing, Yes, while

For - tune's fa - vour show'rs; oh! hap - py, hap - py hours, oh hap - - py
 Fortune's fa - vour show'rs; oh! hap - py, hap - py hours, oh hap - - py
 Fortune's fa - vour show'rs; oh! hap - py, hap - py hours, oh hap - - py
 Fortune's fa - vour show'rs; yes, oh! hap - py, hap - py hours, oh hap - - py

p *tr.* *sotto voce.* *cres.* *ff*

hours happy hours,
 hours, happy hours, hap-py hours, hap-py hours, hap-py hours, happy hours,
 hours, Oh ra-diant moments, hap-py hours, happy hours,
 hours, Oh ra-diant moments, hap-py hours, happy hours,

p *leggiero.*

Là là
 hap-py hours, Là là
 Heart in heart to- geth- er, to-
 happy hours, Heart in heart to- gether twining,

là
 là
 - geth- er twining, We'll to sor- row, to sor- row, yes,
 They'll to sor- row bid a- dieu yes, ne- ver, ne- ver more to be re-

la... la... la...
 la... la... la... la...
 bid a - dieu! Ne - ver more to be re - - pin - ing, But with
 pin - ing, be re - - pin - ing yes, But with love, But with love
 la... la... Heart in heart, yes, to - - geth - - er, to -
 yes Heart in heart, yes, to - - geth - - er, to -
 love, life to re - - new. Heart in heart, yes, to - - geth - - er, to -
 life to re - - new. Heart in heart, yes, to - - geth - - er, to -
 - geth - - er yes twin - - ing oh yes we'll to sor - - row yes, bid a -
 - geth - - er yes twin - - ing oh yes theyll to sor - - row oh yes, bid a -
 - geth - - er yes twin - - ing oh yes we'll to sor - - row oh yes, bid a -
 - geth - - er yes twin - - ing oh yes theyll to sor - - row oh yes, bid a -

All^o vivo.

-dieu, . . . a - - dieu . . . to sor - - row a - - dieu. yes! *pppp* ne - - ver,

-dieu, a - - - dieu, to sor - - row a - - dieu. yes! *pppp* ne - - ver,

-dieu, a - - - dieu, to sor - - row a - - dieu. yes! *pppp* ne - - ver,

-dieu, a - - - dieu, to sor - - row a - - dieu. yes! *pppp* ne - - ver,

ne - - ver, never to be re - - pin - - ing, ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ne - - ver, never to be re - - pin - - ing, ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ne - - ver, *pppp* never to be re - - pin - - ing, ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ne - - ver, never to be re - - pin - - ing, ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ppp *legato.* But with love, life to re - new. . . *ff* ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

But with love, life to re - new. . . *ff* ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ppp But with love, life to re - new. . . *ff* ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ppp But with love, life to re - new. . . *ff* ne - - ver, ne - - ver,

ff Ped

ff never to be re-pin- ing, *ff* life . . . to re- new with love

never to be re-pin- ing, *ff* life . . . to re- new with love

never to be re-pin- ing, life . . . to re- new with love

never to be re-pin- ing, yes life but with love

The first system of the score features four vocal staves and a grand staff for piano accompaniment. The vocal lines are marked with a forte (*ff*) dynamic and include lyrics such as "never to be re-pin- ing, life . . . to re- new with love". The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a "Ped" (pedal) marking indicating a sustained sound.

Oh! love! . . .

Oh! love! . . .

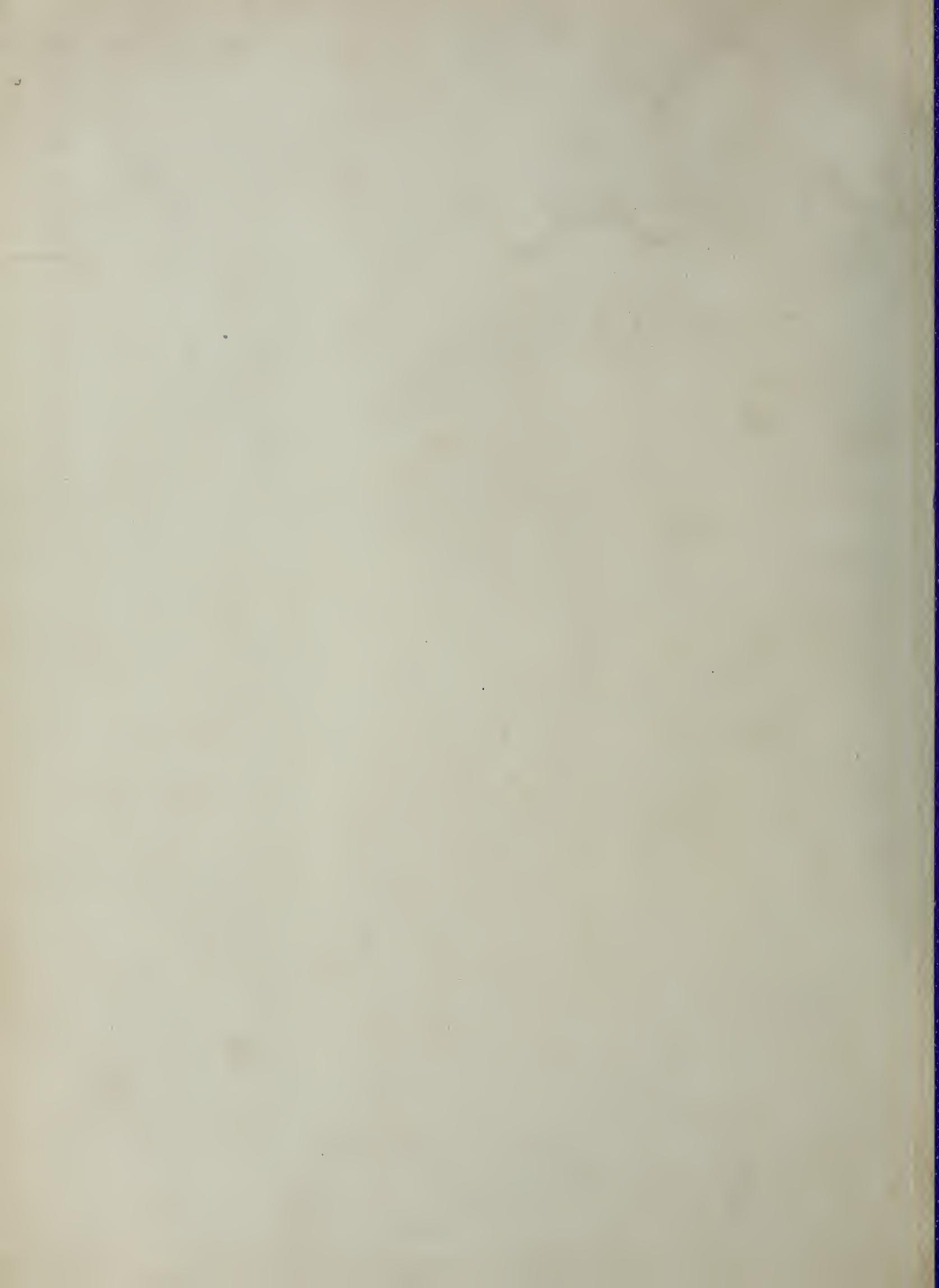
Oh! love! . . .

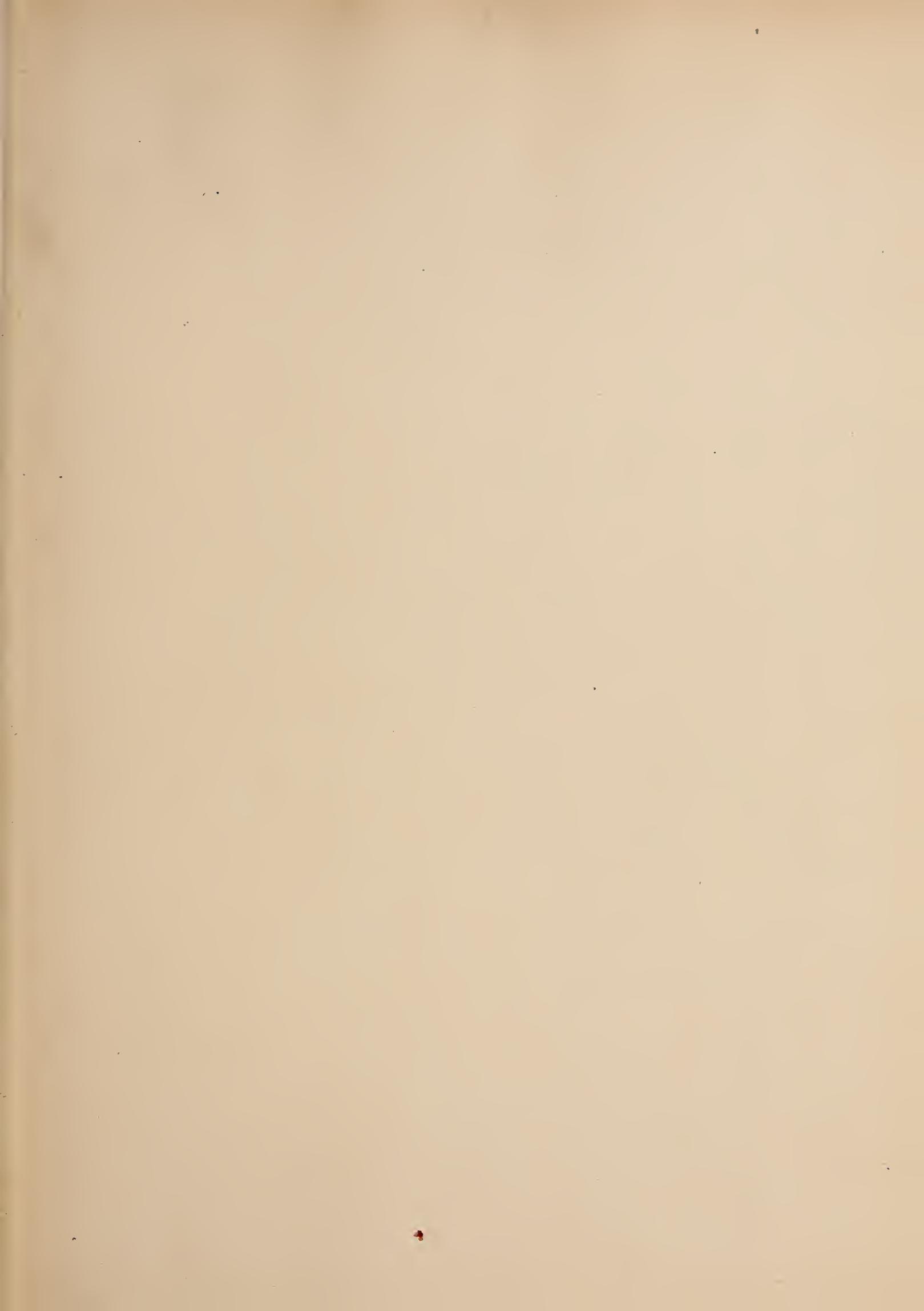
Oh! love! . . . *Mod^{to}*

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. It features four vocal staves with the lyrics "Oh! love! . . ." and a piano accompaniment that includes a section marked "Mod^{to}" (Moderato). The piano part has a "Ped" marking and shows a change in tempo and dynamics.

8ve *affrettando.*

The third system shows the piano accompaniment for the final part of the piece. It begins with an "8ve" (octave) marking and a "ped" (pedal) marking. The tempo is marked "affrettando." (rushing), and the music features rapid sixteenth-note passages in both hands.







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