

FOR STAGE OR DRAWING ROOM.

FRENCH'S
AMATEUR
OPERAS.

MY NEW
M A I D.

STANDARD & SON, 1895

The Libretto, Stage Directions, & Music Complete.

NEW YORK:
Samuel French & Son,
PUBLISHERS,
No. 122 Nassau Street.

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
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No. 4. "My New Maid."	Composed by Charles Lecocq. 1 Act.	0	2	
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This is very amusing and very pretty. There are five Males, as well as twelve Jurymen, the Chorus, and one Female Character, and eight Bridesmaids, also the Chorus. If these numbers are not convenient, any will do.

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MY NEW MAID.

Operetta.

WRITTEN BY

H. B. FARNIE.

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES LECOCQ.



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D R A M A T I S P E R S O N A E.

LADY LUCY L'ESTRANGE..... A YOUNG WIDOW.

COUNTESS GRASMERE DISGUISED AS A LADY'S MAID.

Costumes.

LADY LUCY.—Elegant deshabille; shoes.

COUNTESS.—Plain French grey costume, high; plain collar and cuffs; smart apron; no jewellery or other ornaments. On entering, she wears shawl and plain black straw hat, afterwards replaced by soubrette's cap.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES.

MY NEW MAID.

OVERTURE.

PIANO.

Andante.

Tutti ff *sf* *p p*

pizz. *pizz.*

tr *tr* *tr* *tr*

pizz. *pizz.*

Allegro vivo.

cres

f

ff

B 2

A page of musical notation for two staves, treble and bass, in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of six staves of notes, with dynamics like 'mf' and 'f' indicated.

The notation includes:

- Staff 1 (Treble): Starts with eighth-note chords, followed by sixteenth-note patterns, then eighth-note chords again.
- Staff 2 (Bass): Features continuous eighth-note patterns throughout the page.
- Staff 3 (Treble): Continues the eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns established in Staff 1.
- Staff 4 (Bass): Continues the eighth-note patterns established in Staff 2.
- Staff 5 (Treble): Shows eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns.
- Staff 6 (Bass): Shows eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns.

Dynamics and other markings include:

- 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the bass staff of the fifth measure.
- 'f' (forte) in the bass staff of the eighth measure.

piu f

f

ff

[SCENE—*Boudoir of LADY LUCY in Half-moon Street.* R., table with lamp lit, and writing materials. Small taper and matches. L., a Piano open. At back Escritoire with papers, &c., in drawers. Canterbury with music. Two ladies' trunks open, with dresses hanging over, as if in course of being unpacked. Chairs ranged.—Small fauteuil L., c., stool.—Doors c. at back and R. Time, evening.

N.B.—This set is easily arrangeable in any drawing-room.
[Extra properties.—Box with high heeled ball shoes.
—a sealed letter—a feather duster.

[Immediately the Curtain rises, Enter LADY LUCY, R., speaking as she comes on.

LADY. Oh, the little miseries of this world! No sooner do I return to London after an absence of two years, than my maid leaves me (*sits at table, R.*), and without the slightest warning—and here am I—that most melancholy sight—a helpless woman who can't dress herself by herself. However, I have been recommended another by Mrs. Armytage—and I hope she will be here at once—or I shall run to rags incontinently. (*Smiling.*) And that would be a pretty sort of toilette in which to receive my betrothed husband, Lord Hurlingham, after all his kindness to me in Italy, when I was left a widow amongst strangers. (*Rising.*) So I do wish my new maid would come. (*Tap at door back.*) Come in!

Enter the Countess, c. back.

COUN. Lady Lucy L'Estrange?

LADY. Yes.

COUN. (*coming down jauntily, R., c.*) I come from Mrs. Armytage.

LADY. (*sitting in fauteuil, L., c.*) Ah! the new maid?

COUN. Precisely,

LADY. Mrs. Armytage recommended you highly to me.

COUN. Yes—and she recommended *you* highly to me.

LADY. (*after a stare.*) That was considerate!

COUN. (*calmly seating herself at table.*) Wasn't it?

LADY. (*aside.*) This is an odd style of ladies' maid!

COUN. You have rather a pretty room here?

LADY. (*stiffly.*) You are very good. Why did you leave your last place?

COUN. Why? Oh—because my mistress so far forgot herself as to make her own dresses.

LADY. (*smiling.*) The reason is satisfactory.

COUN. Why did your maid leave *you*?

LADY. Because she's going to be married.

COUN. The reason is satisfactory.

LADY. (*rising and curtseying.*) I am so glad!

COUN. (*rising and curtseying.*) Don't mention it.

LADY. (*aside.*) Well! I have been sometime out of England, and I suppose this is the latest style. But what an odd ladies' maid!

COUN. I think you will suit me.

LADY. I hope so—the other contingency of *your* suiting me is not worth considering. You are called—

COUN. Fanny.

LADY. And you are ready to begin—?

COUN. Now.

LADY. So much the better. They will show you your room, and then you can return.

[COUNTESS bows ceremoniously—walks off at back, and bangs door.

LADY. (*laughing heartily.*) Well! that is the oddest maid I ever had. The girl is wonderfully good style though, and I daresay I shall be able to break her in to my paces, which are not quite so fast as her own. There is only one being more difficult to manage than a husband, and that is a *femme de chambre*. Yet one must have both; one must love, and one must dress.

No. 1.—SONG, "YES! LOVE HAS TURN'D QUITE MOODISH."

(LADY LUCY L'ESTRANGE.)

Allegro vivo.

VOICE. 

PIANO. 

1. Yes!
2. With

Fine.

love has turn'd quite moodish in these days of ours, And dress is more ex - ten - sive than pri -
shop - ping, call - ing, and with driv - ing in the park, With din - ing and with danc - ing till the

p

mæ - val flow'rs;..... Whit - est hand can't be lov'd If not by Jou - vin glov'd, If
morn - ing lark ;..... Call it fun? 'Pon my word, No - tion quite too ab - surd, A

not by Jou - vin glov'd,..... If not by Jou - vin glov'd,.....
no - tion quite ab - surd,..... A no - tion quite ab - surd,.....

Now when men plead their suit, They cri - ti cise one's boot.....
No slave e'er work'd so well As Lon - don's pet - ted belle.....

S

[Upon last symphony, enter at back the COUNTESS.
with her cap and apron, and bearing a feather-
duster. LADY LUCY sits at table, R., and
begins to write letter.]

LADY. Fanny.

COUN. My lady?

LADY. Dust the pictures, and put the furniture a little
order, whilst I write this note.

COUN. Yes, my lady.

LADY. (still writing.) What are you particularly good
at, Fanny.

COUN. All that a lady shouldn't know. [ranging chairs.]

LADY. Ah! in a servant that is well. And your
character?—

COUN. Have none. Adopt that of my mistress.

LADY. (smiling—aside.) This is the oddest maid I ever

had! (COUNTESS brushes pictures, and makes a noise.) What are you doing?

COUN. Dusting the pictures. [L.

LADY. I thought you were playing wall dominoes.

[Writes.

COUN. (aside.) She has intellect—I rather think she'll do.

LADY. Light the taper.

COUN. Where are the matches? [crosses R.

LADY. That is for you to find out.

COUN. (taking box from chimney.) Ah! here they are. (Striking them roughly on the wall.) Bad.

(Another.) Won't go. (Another.) Ridiculous.

LADY. Good gracious, Fanny, don't strike lights in that manner.

COUN. Then, why don't you have better vestas? (Lights candle on table.) There!

"Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile."

LADY. (surprised) What is that?

COUN. Shakespeare. "Love's Labour Lost."

LADY. (sealing letter.) Ah! (Aside.) She quotes Shakespeare now! (Aloud.) Where is my seal?

COUN. (tossing things about on table.) Don't see it.

LADY. Provoking.

COUN. Take my ring. [Gives it.

LADY. (sealing with it.) Thanks — a pretty ring.

(Suddenly.) Ha! The cipher of the Hurlinghams!

COUN. Yes.

LADY. Where did you get this ring?

COUN. Oh—oh—from a lady—my last mistress.

LADY. (trying to laugh it off.) Of course. Yes. I see. (Aside.) If he gave it! No, no, absurd.

COUN. (aside.) Jealous. I don't think she'll suit.

LADY. (rising.) Finish arranging the room. (COUNTESS curtseys.) I will return presently. (Going R.)

COUN. And my ring?

LADY. I had forgotten. (Gives it.) (Aside.) What a very odd ladies' maid. [Exit R.

COUN. (setting in fauteuil, L., c.) Well! if Mrs. Armytag could see me now, I think she would severely repent of recommending Lady Grasmere as maid to my brother's intended! My brother's intended. Dear Hurlingham! my pet brother—with as little notion of women as he has of Confucius. But I have always looked after him—the number of serious flirtations I have knocked over—the number of aspiring damsels whom I have blighted—all in his interest (laughs), and so he's single still. But this time it is serious, he even refused to let me meet this Lady Lucy L'Estrange, saying, "Dear Flora, I know your talents for spoiling a match, and this one is bound to come off." (rising.) Is it? Not unless she satisfies me, and to that end I am here, a model maid.

No. 2.—ARIA, "THE MODEL MAID."

(COUNTESS.)

Piano. *Allegro.*

A mo - del maid, a ve - ry mo-del maid am I..... For no life guards-man or po -

- lice-men do I sigh ! I do not fuss a - bout, I don't want to go out, My
 grammar is cor - rect, And of my H - 's I've no doubt. Ah!..... ah!..... ah!
 ah!..... ah!..... ah! Oh, I'm the mo-del maid,..... Yes, I'm the mo-del maid,..... I'll
 not dis-grace a - ny va - cant place. For I'm the mo-del maid.

8va.....

sf

sf

sf

dolce.

Thus my er - rors veil - ing, Self I would ex - alt, Yet still I have one fault, A woman's cher - ish'd

p

fail - ing, One fault, one fault, Please to bear in mind, And to that one fail-ing be a

f

lit - - tle kind! In - quis - i - tive am I, And dear - ly love to pry, And

tr

tr

watch my la - dy on the sly! If she rage and fume, Then the cause I'll know; If she

sulk and gloom, Then I'll coax her so, O don't! Pray don't! You won't! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

(laugh.)

A mo - del maid, A ve - ry mo - del maid am I!..... For no life - guardsman, nor 'po -

8va.....

- Mc- man do I sigh. I do not fuss a - bout, I don't want to go out, My

8va.....

grammar is cor - rect, And of my H - 's I've no doubt. Ah!..... ah!..... ah!

ah!..... ah!..... ah! Oh, I'm the mo-del maid,..... Yes, I'm the mo-del maid,..... I'll

p sf

not dis-grace a-ny va - cant place, For I'm the mo-del maid. Oh, I'm the mo-del maid!..... Yes,

f

I'm the mo-del maid!..... I'll not dis-grace a-ny va - cant place, For I'm the mo-del maid!

8va.....

sf sf sf

COUN. If my husband only knew I was on this expedition. Oh! But he doesn't—and I think I can trust Mrs. Armytage not to tell. (*goes to piano and turns over music.*) What taste has she in music? Songs without words—Book second—Mattei's Valse—Heller—not a bad selection—and of course the irrepressible Angot thing. [*Tucks duster in below arm, and begins playing piano standing—“Tournez” Valse.*

Enter LADY LUCY, r., in astonishment.

LADY. (*aside.*) This is the oddest ladies' maid! (*ALOUD.*) Fanny!

COUN. (*With a wild chord—and beginning to dust piano.*) My lady?

LADY. (*advancing, c.*) You were playing.

COUN. No—dusting. (*Makes notes sound.*)

LADY. Because if you wish to practice your piano, I would make arrangements to be out.

[*Sits at table.*]

COUN. Not at all, my lady. (*Aside.*) Sarcastic—I don't thinkshe'll do. [Bell off.]

LADY. See who that is.

COUN. Yes, my lady. [*Exits at back.*]

LADY. (*rising.*) She was distinctly playing the piano—she quotes Shakespeare—and wears a ring with armorial bearings. The oddest—ah, here she is.

Enter COUNTESS at back with letter—which she looks at furtively as she comes down.

COUN. (*aside.*) My husband's writing—I'll swear it is my husband's writing—I know his pothooks!

LADY. Well?

COUN. A letter, my lady—in a great hurry.

LADY. In a great hurry?

COUN. Yes. [*Looks at it aside.*]

LADY. Then give it me.

COUN. Presently.

LADY. What!

COUN. Take it then—

LADY. (*taking it aside.*) A white hand that for a servant. And what an odd manner! [pause.]

COUN. (*impatient.*) Well?

LADY. I beg your pardon?

COUN. You don't open it?

LADY. I will—immediately—

COUN. Ah! [*Joyously.*]

LADY. You are gone.

COUN. Oh! [*Disappointed.*]

LADY. Leave the room.

COUN. I have not finished the furniture.

LADY. Leave the room.

COUN. (*going up a step.*) Perhaps there is an answer?

LADY. Possibly.

COUN. (*going up another step.*) So I had better—

LADY. (*severely.*) Leave the room!

COUN. (*sharply.*) I'm going. (*Aside at doorback.*) My husband knows that woman. Oh! I will—
[LADY LUCY turns and stamps foot. *Exit COUNTESS at back.*]

LADY. (*laughing and subsiding into arm chair.*) Ha! ha! ha! that is the strangest girl. (*Looking at letter.*) I do not know the hand writing. (*Opens it and turns to signature.*) Grasmere! From Lord Grasmere—brother in law of my future husband. (*Rises.*) Strange. What can he have to say to me. (*Reads.*) “Madame—I have just learned to my extreme displeasure and annoyance that my wife, Lord Hurlingham's sister, has seen fit to play a little masquerade in your establishment, disguised as a ladies' maid. What her motive can be I know not, but I trust to your good nature to overlook this silly freak, and bring it to an end as quickly as possible.” Ah! no wonder I thought my maid a little strange. Very well—my Countess Grasmere—meanwhile I will play the game out. You would be my servant? You shall be it! You wish to find out my character, no doubt! You shall find, at least, that I can make you jealous! Ah! now I think of it—she recognised her husband's writing. She would give her diamonds for the letter—so I must keep it well. (*Put it in bosom.*) There! (*Crossing r.*) Now, my new maid, enjoy a little suspense. [*Exit r.*]

Enter cautiously at back the COUNTESS.

COUN. She's gone to her room! Now for that letter. I will have that letter. It must be somewhere! [*Looks over tables—piano—escritoire—pulls drawers out, scatters papers, books, etc., over stage, finally drags everything out of trunks and litters them out.*]

Enter LADY LUCY, r. She speaks at door.

LADY. Heaven's! What are you doing.

COUN. (*panting.*) Tidying up!

LADY. (*advancing.*) Tidying up, eh?

COUN. Yes.

LADY. Well. I think you had better not tidy up any more. (*Aside.*) She's been looking for the letter. [*Sits at table.*]

COUN. (*coming down.*) Any answer to that letter?

LADY. What letter?

COUN. Lord Grasmere's?

LADY. How do you know it was from Lord Grasmere?

COUN. The postman said so—

LADY. The postman?—

COUN. I mean the footman.

LADY. Oh!

COUN. Well?

LADY. (*cooly.*) Give me my fan.

[COUNTESS takes it from side table, marches down with it, and thrusts it into LADY Lucy's hand.]

COUN. There!

LADY. (*aside.*) She's beginning to be exasperated.
(*A loud.*) Stand away from me, please.

COUN. Why? [Moving off.]

LADY. Well—it is very bad style for a servant to ask the why of anything—but I don't mind

telling you. Fact is you're warm, and a little oppressive.

COUN. My lady. (*Aside.*) Oh! If I only knew about that letter.

LADY. In short, Fanny, the sooner you leave your position the better. (*Rises.*) I don't mind teaching you—see that you obey.

COUN. You are too good. (*Aside.*) I will have that letter.

No. 3.—DUETT, "YOU ARE AWKWARD AND RUDE."

(LADY LUCY and COUNTESS.)

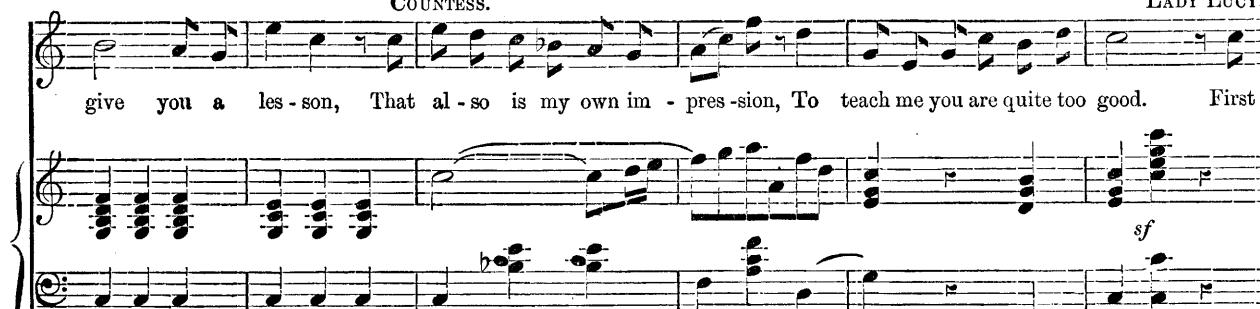
Moderato.

VOICE. 

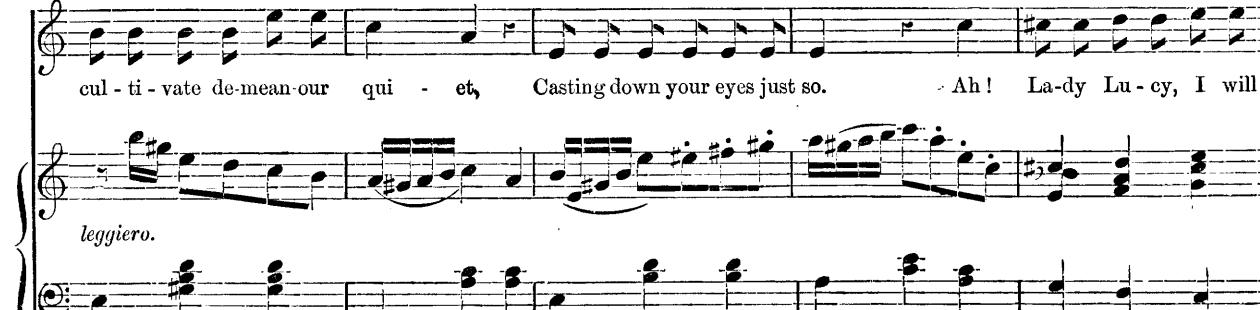
LADY LUCY.
You are awk-ward and rude, I must

PIANO. 

COUNTESS.

LADY LUCY.
give you a les-son, That al-so is my own im-pres-sion, To teach me you are quite too good. First


COUNTESS.

cul - ti - vate de-mean-our qui - et, Casting down your eyes just so. Ah! La-dy Lu - cy, I will


(aside.)

LADY LUCY.

try it, But I'll not succeed, I know. If my foot - stool you'd bring right-ly, You must not fetch it with a

ad lib.

haugh-ty air, But bear it noise-less-ly, And put it down lightly; I'll show how; just take that chair!

sostenuto.

f

(Gravely motions COUNTESS to arm chair, L.C., then takes stool, R., and carries it deferentially across, L., and places it, kneeling at COUNTESS's feet, during next music.)

LADY LUCY. *tr*

So I gent - ly pace it,..... *tr*

p

tr

(COUNTESS rises and takes stool LADY LUCY sits, L. COUNTESS crosses immediately, R.)

So I soft - ly place it; And now, Miss Fan-ny, try your hand,..... My les-son do you un - der-
tr

COUNTESS.

- stand? Thus I gent - ly pace it,..... And if I must place it, I

f

p

(COUNTESS throws stool to LADY LUCY, who immediately rises and pretends to be in a passion.)
LADY LUCY (rising.)

don't think I can bend the knee,.... And so ac-cept it thus from me! This is in - so-lence that I

f

can - not bear, can - not bear,..... Your call-ing, miss, is to o - bey here, Or

else you need not long-er stay here, For such a stu - pid maid I really do..... not

tr

rall.

c

legato.

COUNTESS (*aside*).

care! I boil! I burn! But shall not yet re - turn.....

sf cres.

f

No! not un - til I shall my che-ri-sh'd end at - tain; But af - ter that a

LADY LUCY.

la-dies'-maid I'll ne - ver play a - gain. Ha, ha! my mas - que - rad - ing friend, You do not know how this will

cres.

COUNTESS.

To this state de - scend - ing. To a ser - vant

end..... To this state de - scend - ing, To a ser - vant

ff



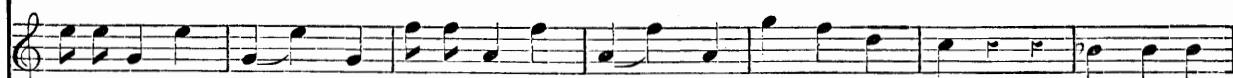
bend - ing, How will I be end - ing this mas - que - rade? To this state de - scend - ing,



bend - ing, How will she be end - ing this mas - que - rade?..... To this state de - scend - ing,



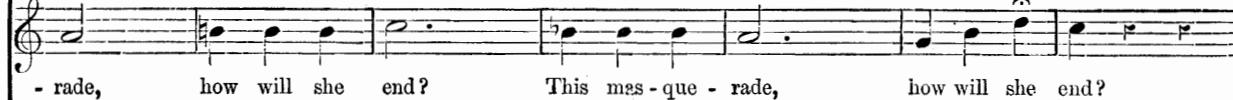
To a ser - vant bend - ing, How will I be end - ing this mas - que - rade? Ah!.....



To a ser - vant bend - ing, How will she be end - ing this mas - que - rade? This mas - que -



..... how will I end? Ah!..... how will I end?



- rade, how will she end? This mas - que - rade, how will she end?



(LADY LUCY seats herself, laughing, in arm chair, l.c. COUNTESS turns angrily up stage, and stands with her back to audience.)

LADY LUCY.

COUNTESS.

Now, my new shoes

I fain would try!

Fit on your shoes!

LADY LUCY.

Oh no! not I!

Your in - so - lence makes me quite ner-vous, Just bring them, miss,

(COUNTESS, sulkily, brings box with shoes.)

LADY LUCY.

or quit my ser - - vice!

Now take po-

- si - tion that's meet—That is, kneel down at my feet.

(LADY LUCY makes her kneel. COUNTESS takes off lady's shoes and flings them away, then fits on new ones. Bangs heel down. Comic business. Then getting exasperated she starts up and rushes down front.)

tr

p

Allegro.

piu f

COUNTESS.

I boil! I burn! But shall not yet re - turn.....

cres.

ff

..... No! not un - til I shall my che-ri-sh'd end at - tain; But af - ter that a

LADY LUCY.

la-dies'-maid I'll ne - ver play a - gain. Ha, ha! my mas- que - rad-ing friend, You do not know how this will

cres.

COUNTESS.

To this state de - scand - ing. To a ser - vant
end..... To this state de - scand - ing, To a ser - vant

ff

bend - ing, How will I be end - ing this mas-que - rade? To this state de - scand - ing,
bend - ing, How will she be end - ing this mas-que - rade?..... To this state de - scand - ing,

To a ser - vant bend - ing, How will I be end - ing this mas - que - rade? Ah!.....

To a ser - vant bend - ing, How will she be end - ing this mas - que - rade? This mas - que -

..... how will I end? Ah!... how will I end?

- rade, how will she end? This mas - que - rade, how will she end?

LADY. (L.) Leave my house at once! (Giving letter.)

There is your character!

COUN. (R., taking letter.) At last! The letter!

[Reads and shows astonishment in face.]

COUN. She knew me!

[They look at each other, then burst into laughter.]

Can you forgive me?

LADY. With all my heart!

No. 4.—DUETT, "FINALE."

(LADY LUCY and COUNTESS.)

TESS.

LADY LUCY.

PIANO.

f cres.

To - - night I give a

dance, So you'll let me have the chance Of show-ing to your bro-ther That his fam - i - ly ap-

Yes, sis-ter, at your dance, Be you sure I'll take the chance Of showing to my

- proves!

bro - ther I ap - prove!

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,

Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,

ff tutti.

(They dance a few steps together.)

Tra la la la la,

Tra la la la la,

tra la la la la.

(A few more steps.)

tra la la la la.

Yes, sis - ter, at your dance, Be you sure I'll take the chance Of show - ing to my
 To - - night I give a dance, So you'll let me have the chance Of show - ing to my

brother I ap - prove! Yes! I ap - prove! Yes! I ap - prove! Ah!.....
 brother that his fa - mi - ly ap - proves! Then you ap - prove? Ah!.....

I ap - prove! In
 you ap - prove?

love and war All is fair, and so it may, But ne - ver more I'll be-

- lieve what pro - verbs say, And if I'd find (whe-ther wo - man, whe-ther

LADY LUCY.
man,) If they're suit - ed to my mind I think I'll try an - o - ther plan. In

love and war All is fair, and so it may, But ne - ver more she'll be-

- lieve what pro - verbs say, And if she'd find (whe - ther wo - man, whe - ther

man), If they're suit - ed to her mind, I think she'll try an - o - ther plan.

f p
Yes, sis - ter, at your dance, Be you sure I'll take the chance Of show - ing to my
f p
To - - night I give a dance, So you'll let me have the chance Of show - ing to my

brother I ap - prove!
Yes! I ap - prove!
Yes! I ap - prove! Ah!.....

brother that his fa - mi - ly ap - proves!
Then you ap - prove?
Ah!.....

I ap - prove!

you ap - prove!

(Curtain.)

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