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PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Having, on the occasion of his first essay [*Athen.* No. 1055], credited Signor Schira with power to improve, we were disappointed at finding his second opera, 'The Orphan of Geneva,' inferior to his 'Mina.' The new work contains little or no melody, as distinguished from phrases in bars which are every one's property,—no advance in its orchestral treatment;—and the only piece possessing a certain individuality is the effective unaccompanied *morceau* in the first *finale*, which, though very difficult, was well executed. In truth, the production is one to have been passed over in silence had not the audience resolved otherwise. More brilliantly received a new 'Barbiere' could not have been. So long as—and wherever—such welcomes are possible to such music, there is no chance for English—or for any—opera. Trash cannot be accepted as though it were treasure, without harm all round: and such pain as our open protest may give to Signor Schira is chargeable on his friends and the public,—not on any ill-will of ours. Of the *libretto*—an arrangement of an old melo-drama, 'Thérèse,' happily laid aside for many years past—we decline speaking. Miss Pyne sang with great steadiness, finish, and volubility. Her voice more than once sounded tired;—but how can it be otherwise after having sung six nights a week for four months? The other principal vocalists were Mr. Allen, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Latter. The last gentleman articulates so clearly as to make it worth his while to nourish his limited voice with a view to *buffo* occupation. Let us hope that he or any one else thus "plotting" comicality may find better occupation than the *aria* with which Mr. Wynn favoured us,—in which *Cremorne* familiarities were set to *fade* Italian phrases. Yet this, too, got its rapturous *encore*.

May 4, 1850

The Late Signor Schira.

(*London Musical Standard.*)

Readers will be sorry to learn that Signor Francesco Schira died at his London residence on Monday night. He had only recently returned from Milan, where he had completed a new comic opera. Signor Schira was born at Malta in 1815, and was educated at the Milan Conservatory. In 1842 he came to London, here teaching many artists of eminence. He was successively conductor of the English opera season at the Princess', under Maddox; at Drury Lane (in 1844), under Bunn, and at Covent Garden. Under his direction many of the operas of Balfe, Wallace, G. A. Macfarren and others were produced. For the Princess' Theatre, he wrote "Mina," in 1845, and "Theresa," in 1850, which were performed with Miss Lonisa Pyne in the chief parts. In 1863 his opera, "Niccolo di Lapi," was produced at Her Majesty's, with Titiens and Mme. Trebelli in the leading parts. His cantata, "The Lord of Burleigh," founded on Tennyson's poem, by Mr. Desmond Ryan, was written for the Birmingham Festival of 1873.

The lamented composer and teacher was a man of rare musical gifts. His devotion to teaching naturally led to his neglect of composition; this is, alas! a common story to tell of musical men. His rare faculty for impassioned melody; his admirable sense of proportion yet bold use of form; his intimate acquaintance with the voice, knowledge of the orchestral effects, and general sound judgment as a writer, would, had he given more time to musical composition, produced results which could only have been anticipated by those who knew his exceptional talents. As a teacher of singing Signor Schira had long held an honored position in England, and his many pupils and many admiring friends will not forget him now. He lives here only by the memory of his works, and in the tender regard of those who claimed his friendship and recognized his great talents.

E. H. TURPIN.

THERÈSE

THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA,

AN

Opera

Written by

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

The Music by

F. SCHIRA.

Composer of

"MINA."

Lat Sta Hall *Price 21/-*

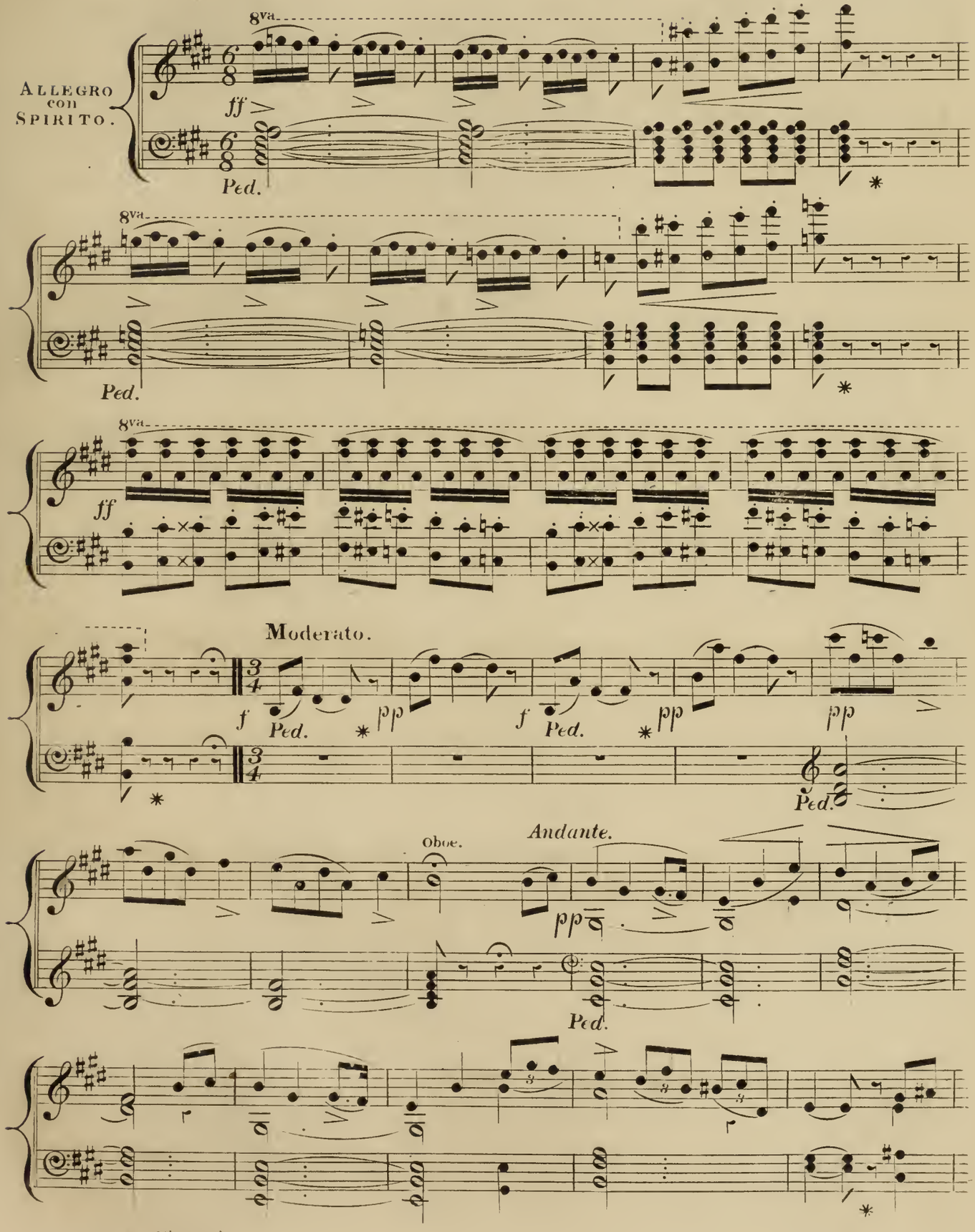
LONDON,
C. JEFFERYS, 21, SOHO SQUARE.

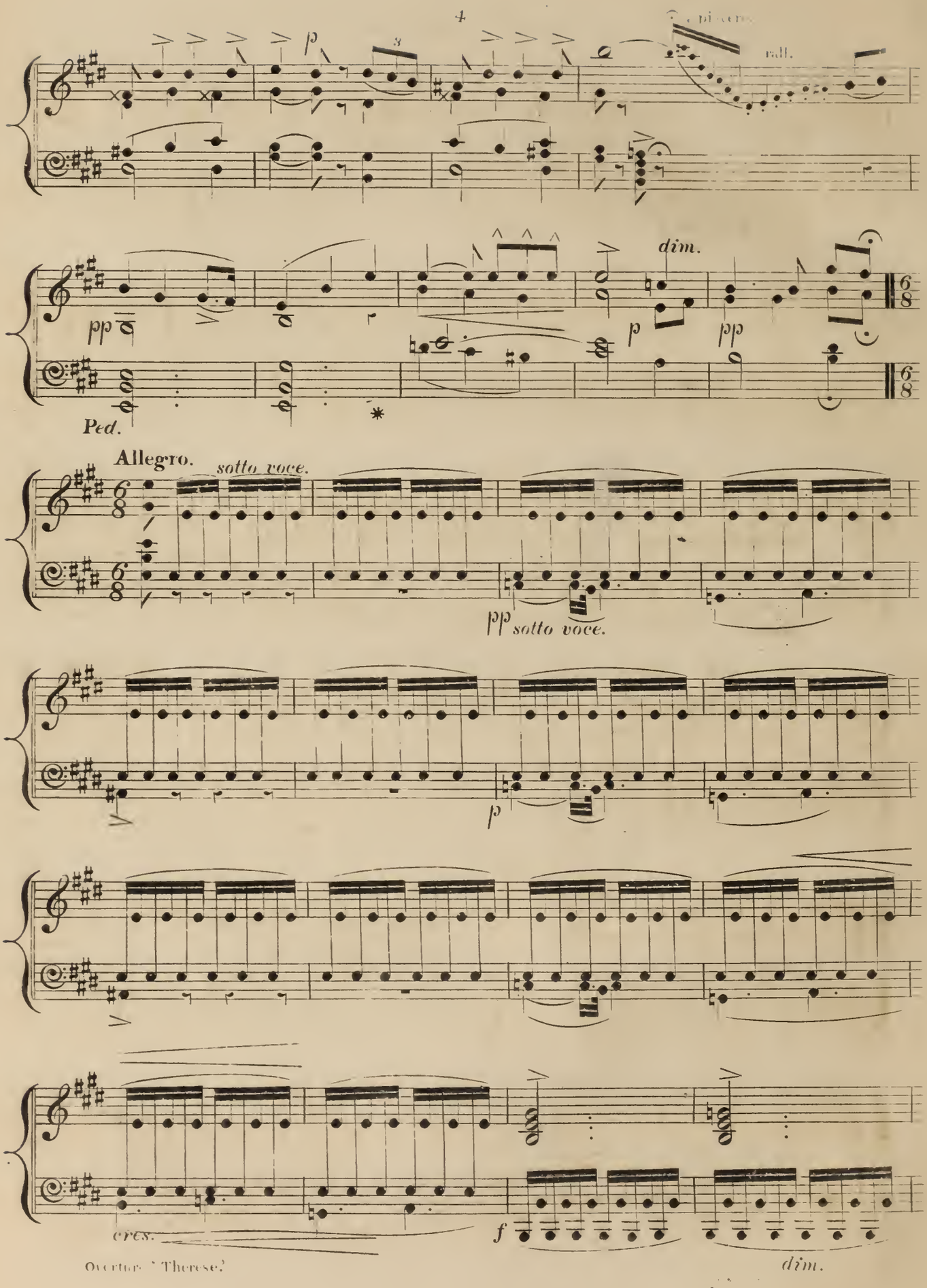
C

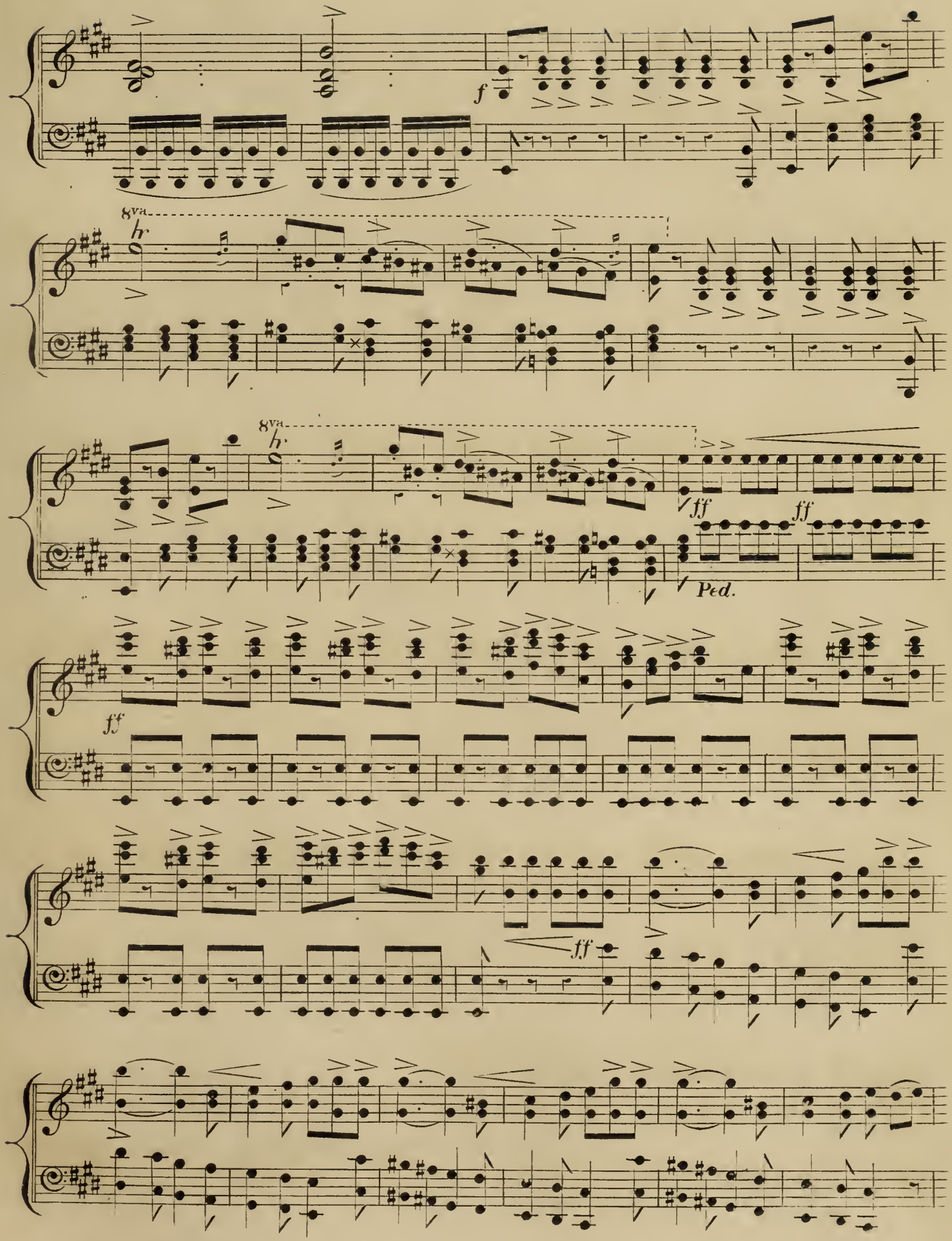
F m. 274.17
Allen A. Brown
Aug 14, 1894

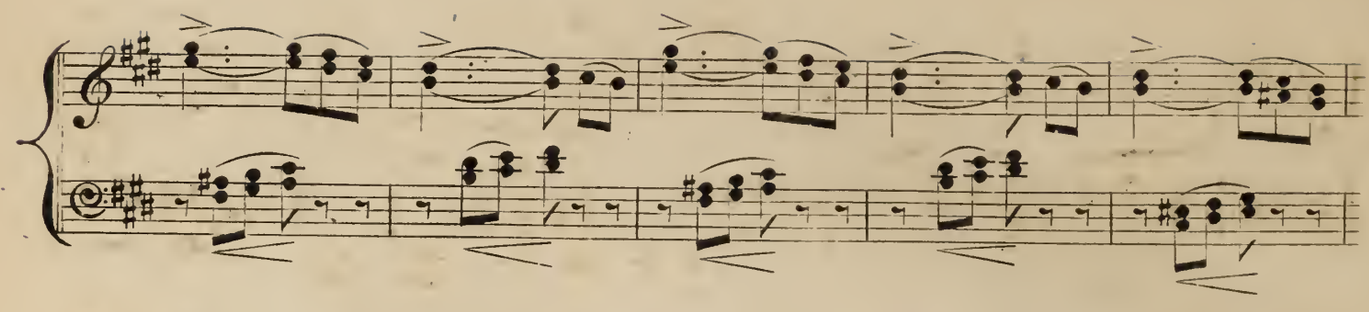
OVERTURE to "THE ORPHAN OF GENEVA."

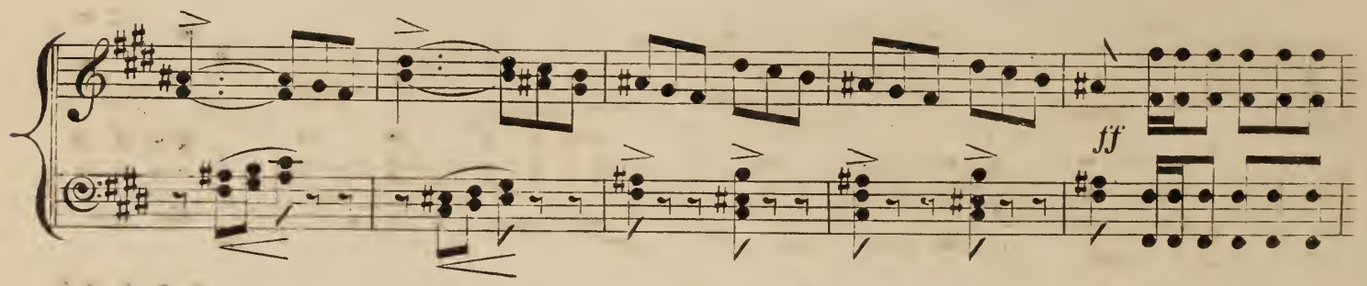
Composed by F. SCHIRA.

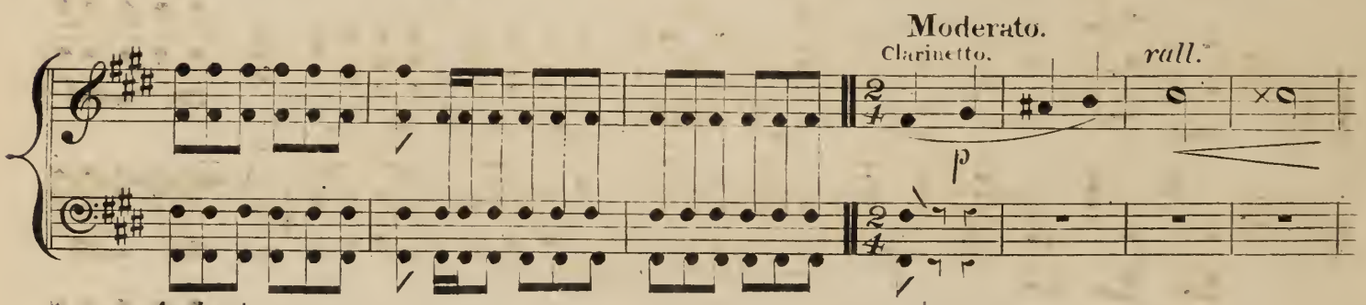


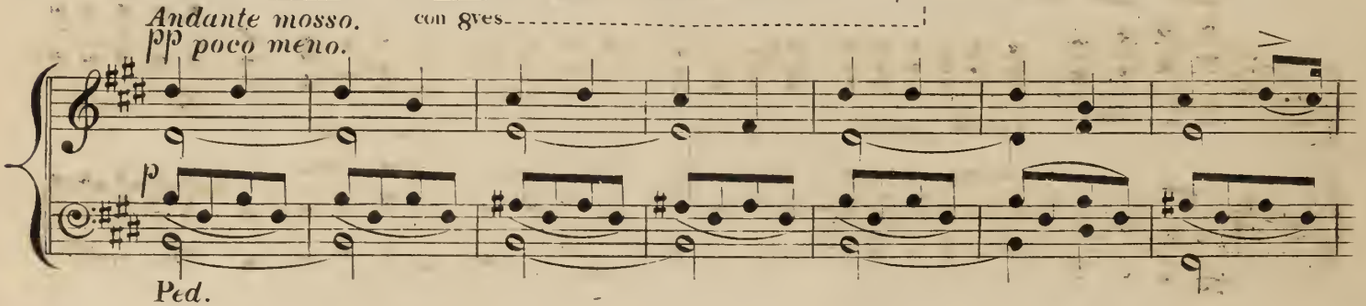

rall.
dim.
Ped.
Allegro.
sotto voce.
pp sotto voce.
cres.
f
dim.

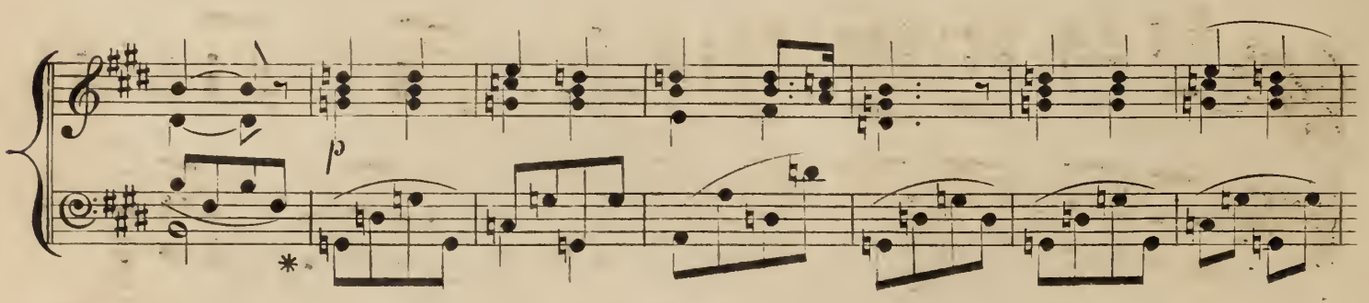

f
8va
8va
ff
ff
Ped.
ff
ff

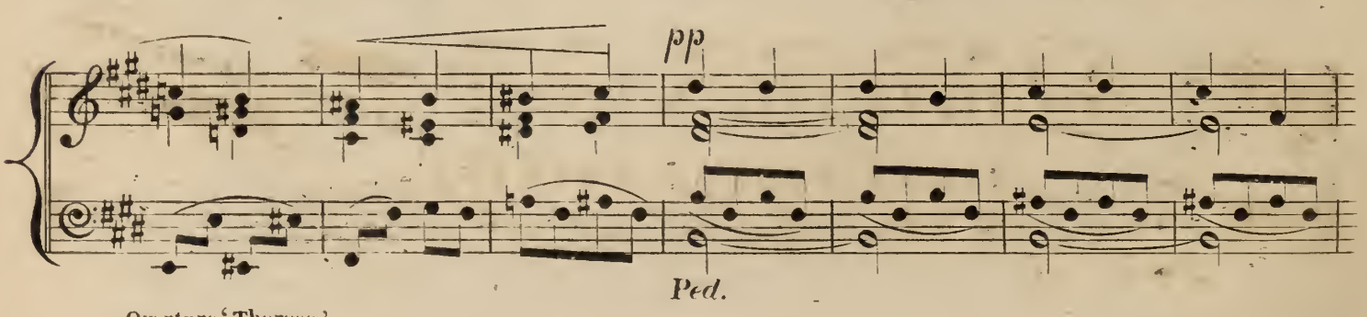


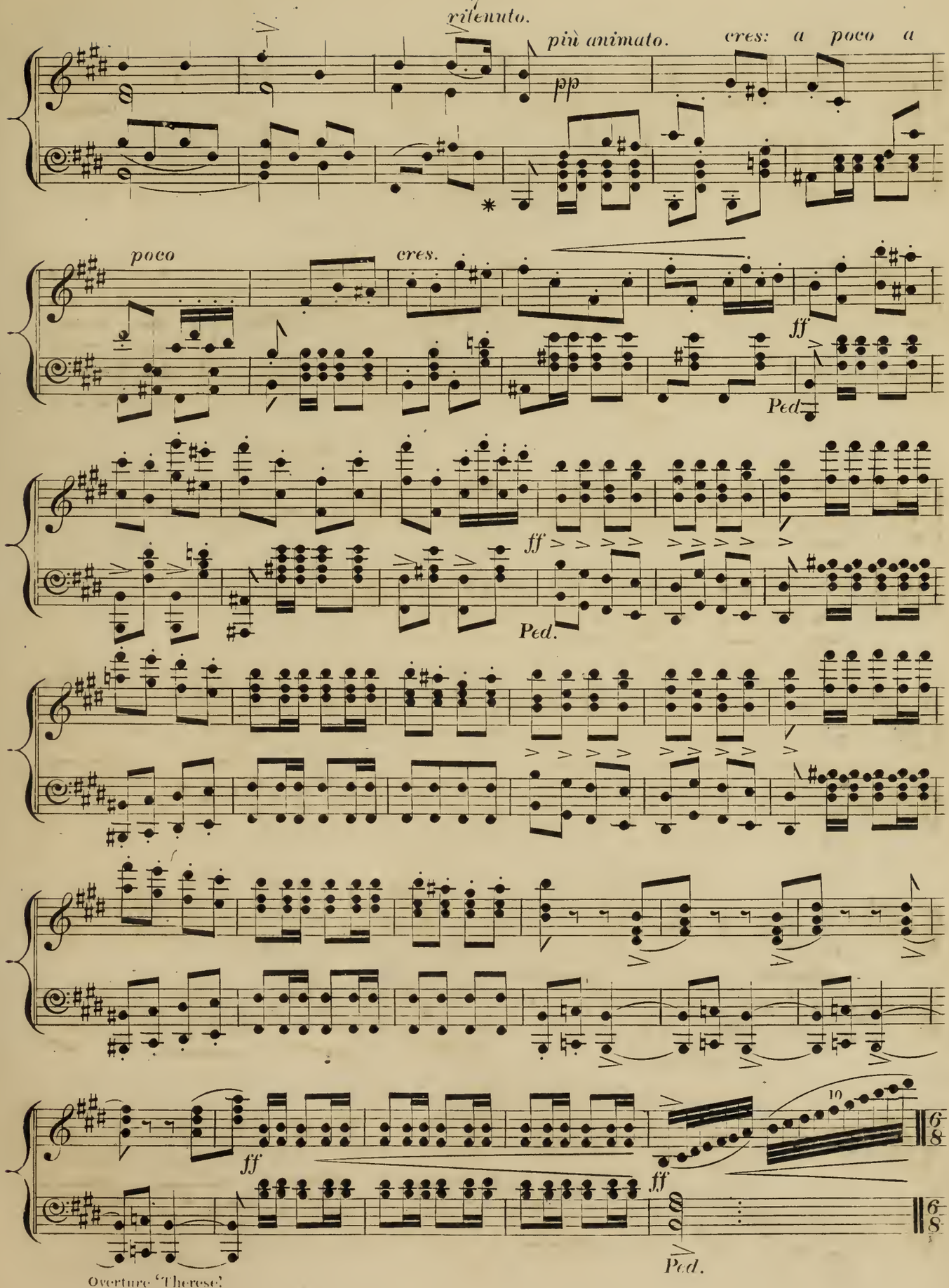

ff

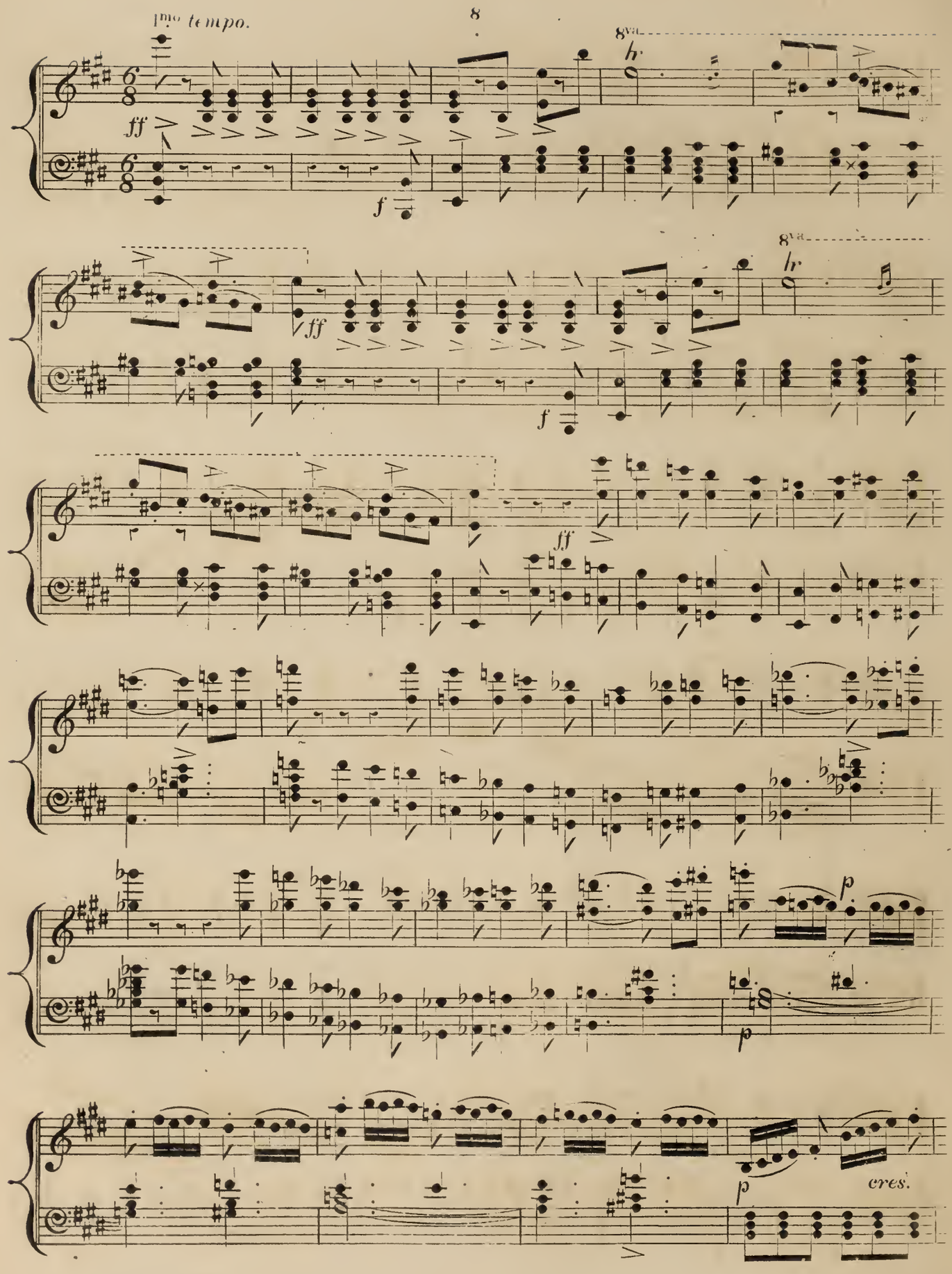

Moderato.
Clarinetto.
rall.
p

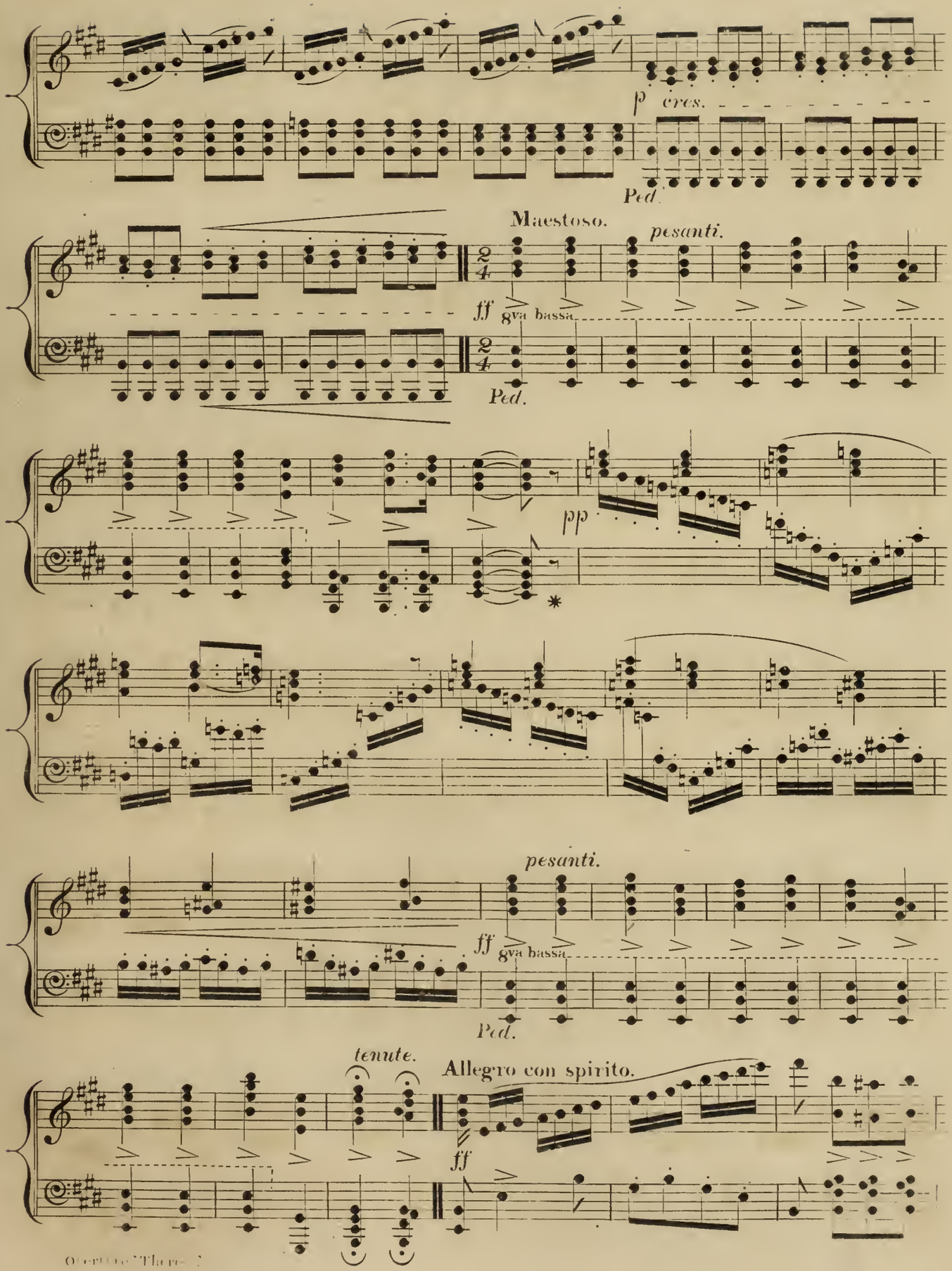

Andante mosso.
pp poco meno.
con gves
p
Ped.

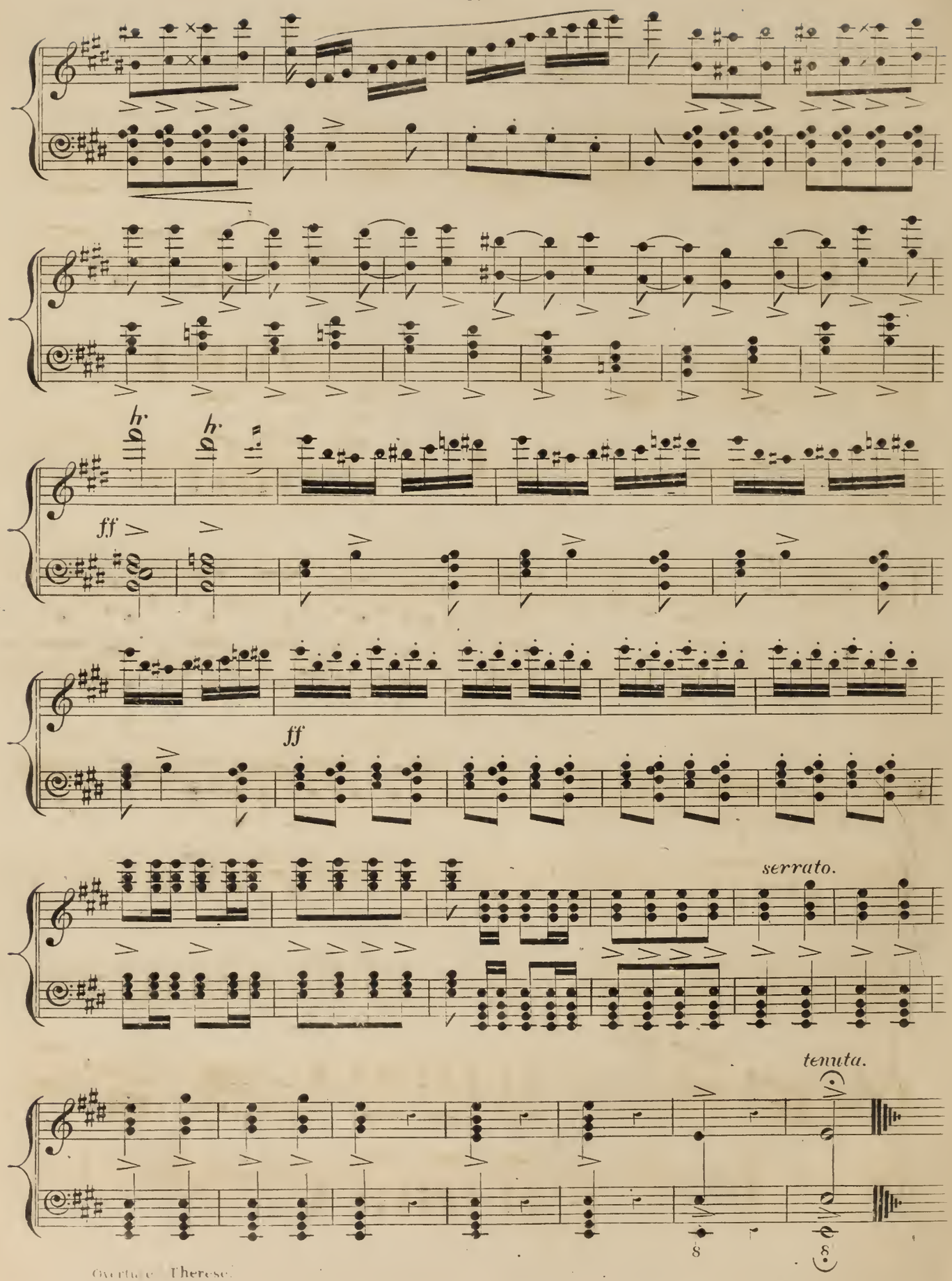

p


pp
Ped.


7
ritenuto.
più animato.
pp
cres: a poco a
poco
cres.
ff
Ped.
ff
Ped.
ff
ff
10
6/8
6/8
Ped.


1mo tempo.
8va
ff
f
hr
cres.

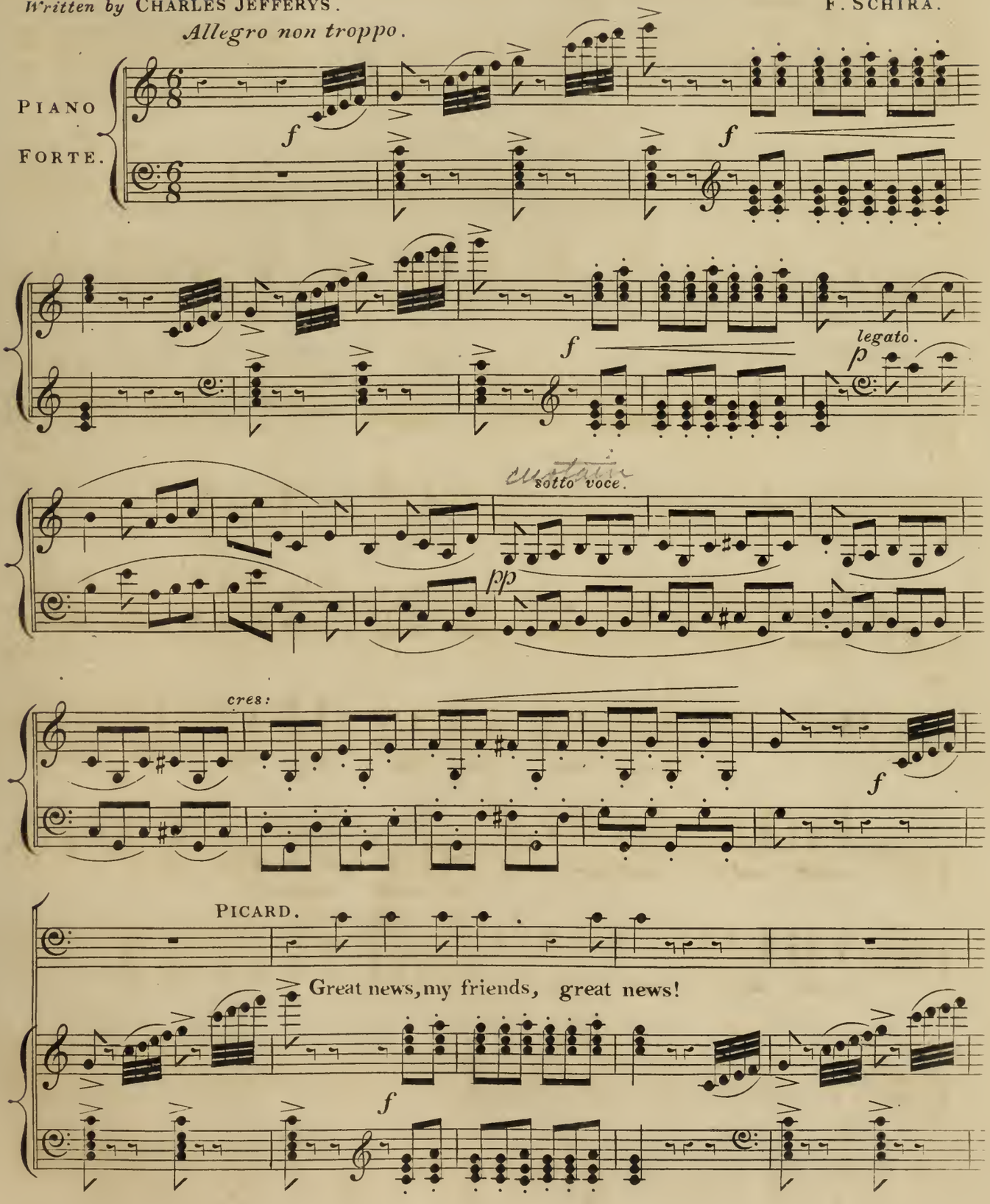

p cres.
Ped.
Maestoso.
pesanti.
ff
8va bassa
Ped.
pp
*
pesanti.
ff
8va bassa
Ped.
tenute.
Allegro con spirito.
ff

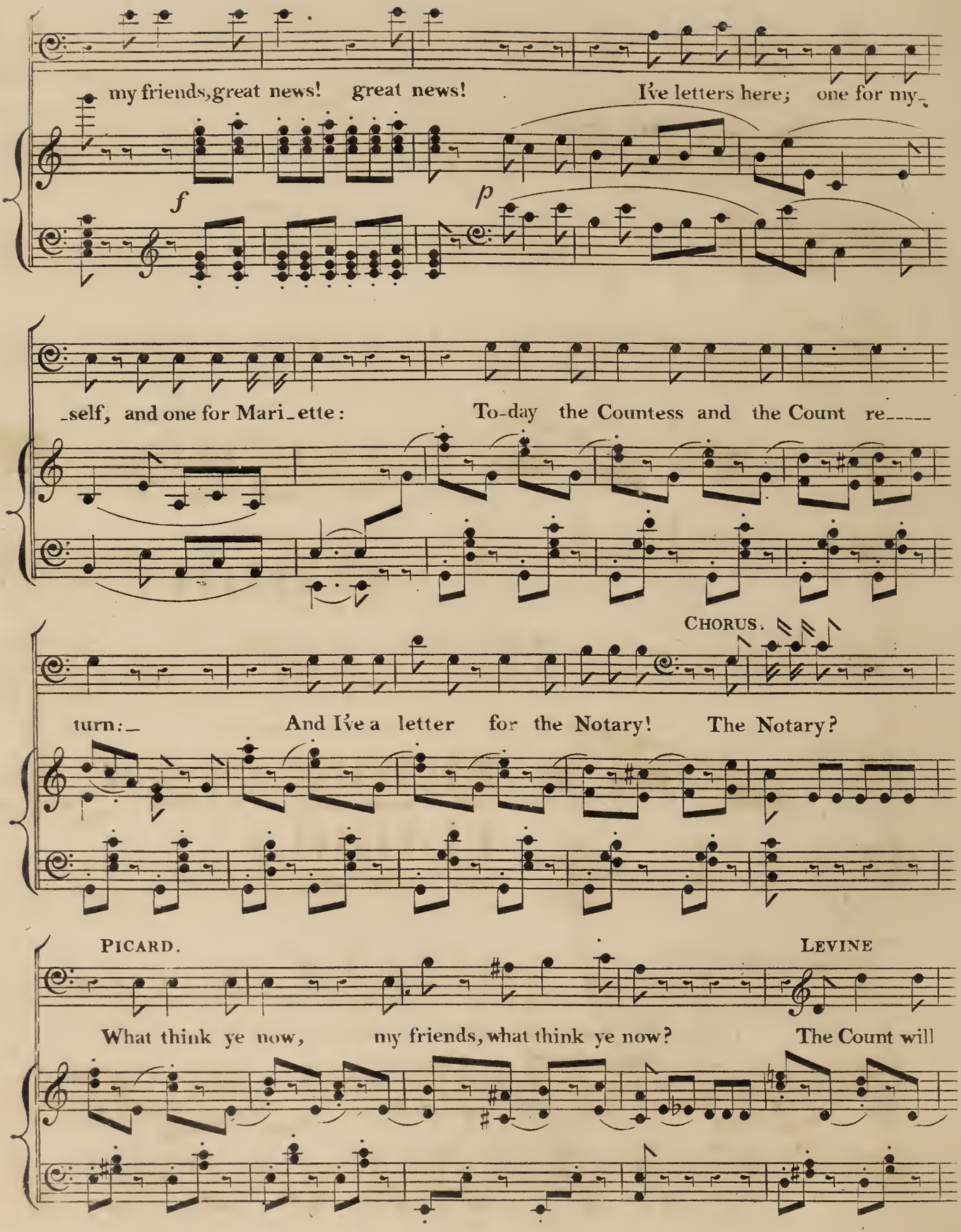

ff
ff
serrato.
tenuta.
8
8

OPENING CHORUS.—"THERESE."

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. F. SCHIRA.

Allegro non troppo.




my friends, great news! great news! I've letters here; one for my-
f
p
-self, and one for Mari-ette: To-day the Countess and the Count re-----
CHORUS.
turn:- And I've a letter for the Notary! The Notary?
PICARD.
LEVINE
What think ye now, my friends, what think ye now? The Count will

PICARD.

a piacere.

wed, perhaps, with Mari_ette. It may be so! but mark me, mark me well!

ff

colla parte.

a tempo.

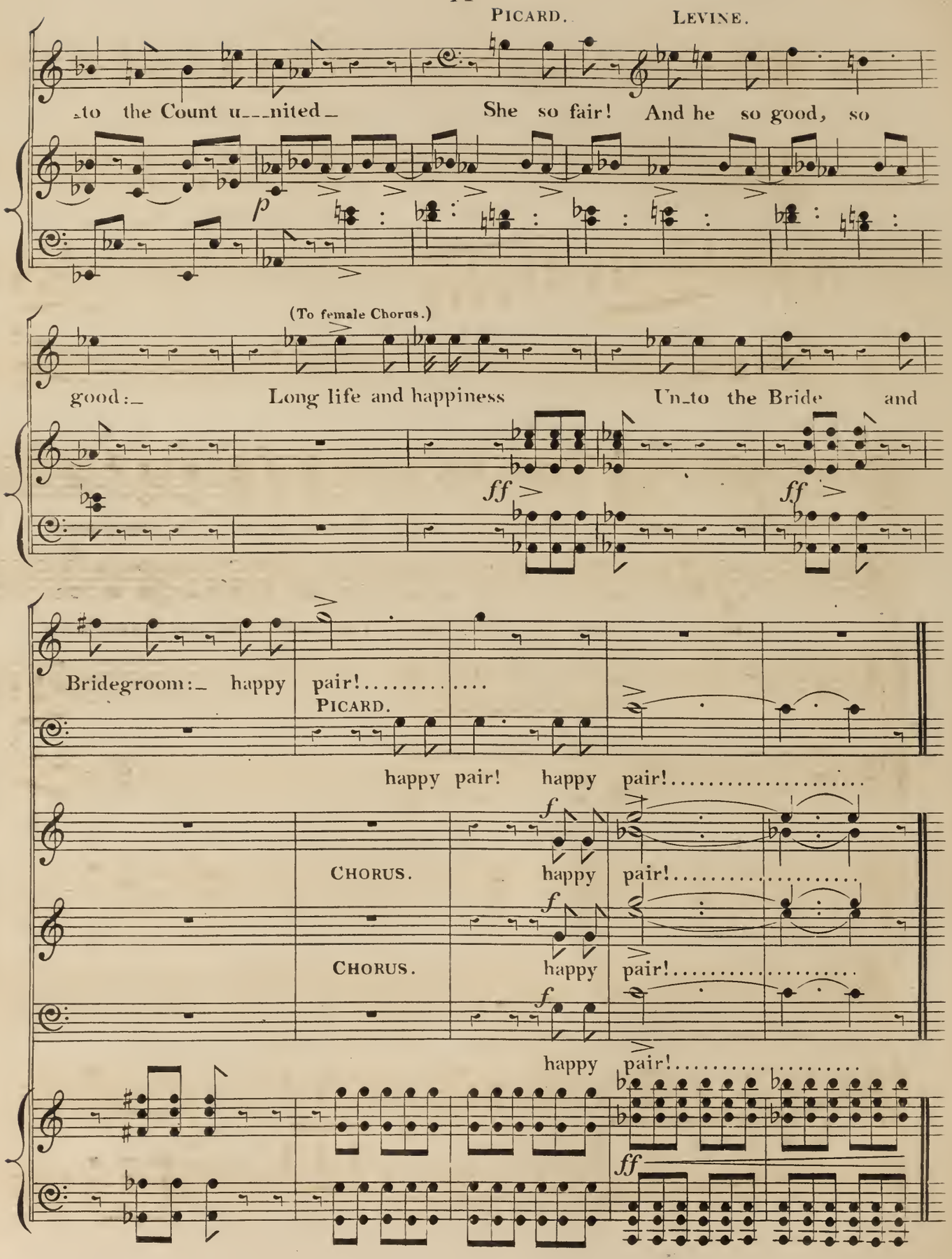
I say, great news! great news!

in tempo. *f* *f* *f*

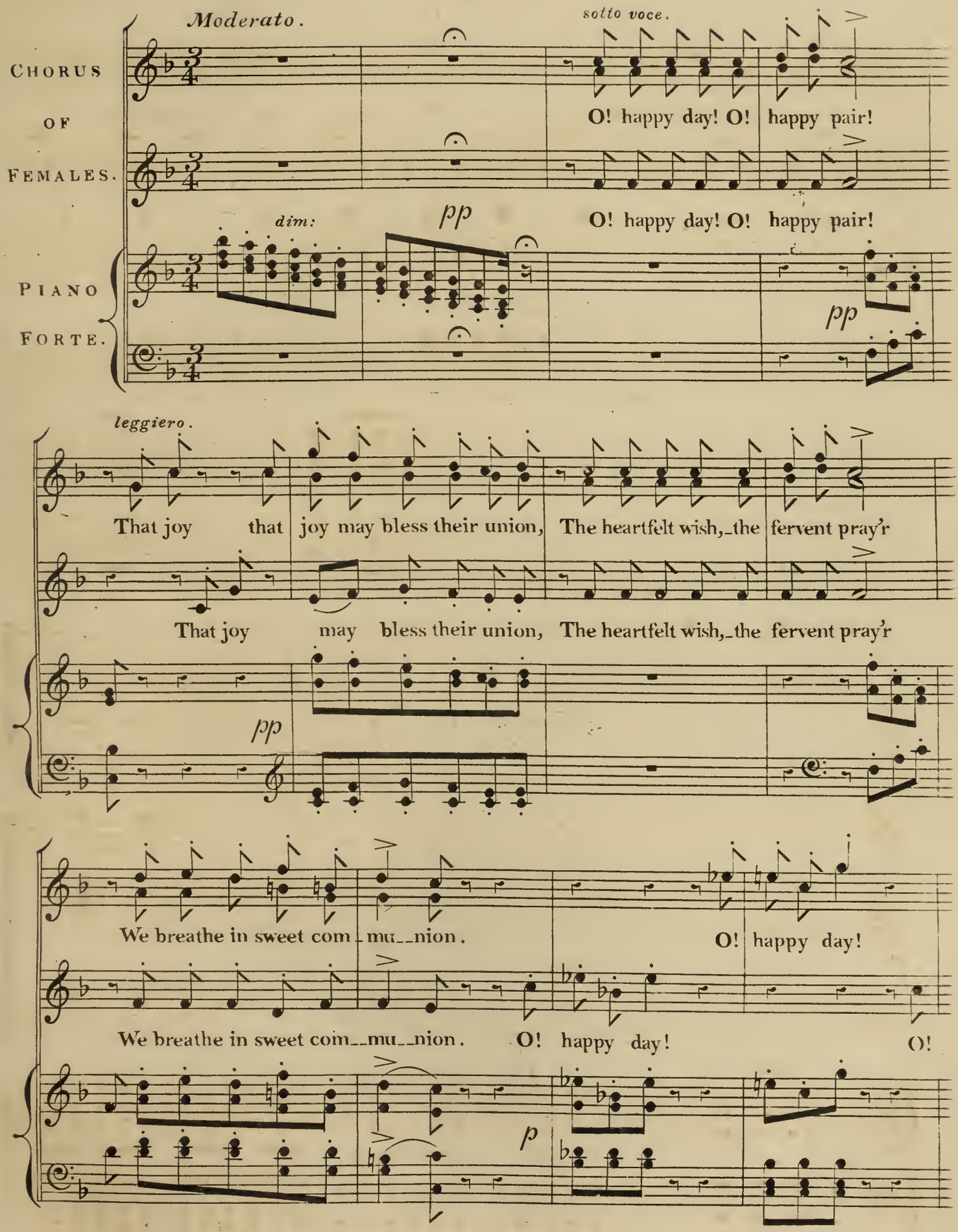
LEVINE.

I say, no more! no more! I'd give the world to see young Mari_ette Un__to the Count u__nited: Un_

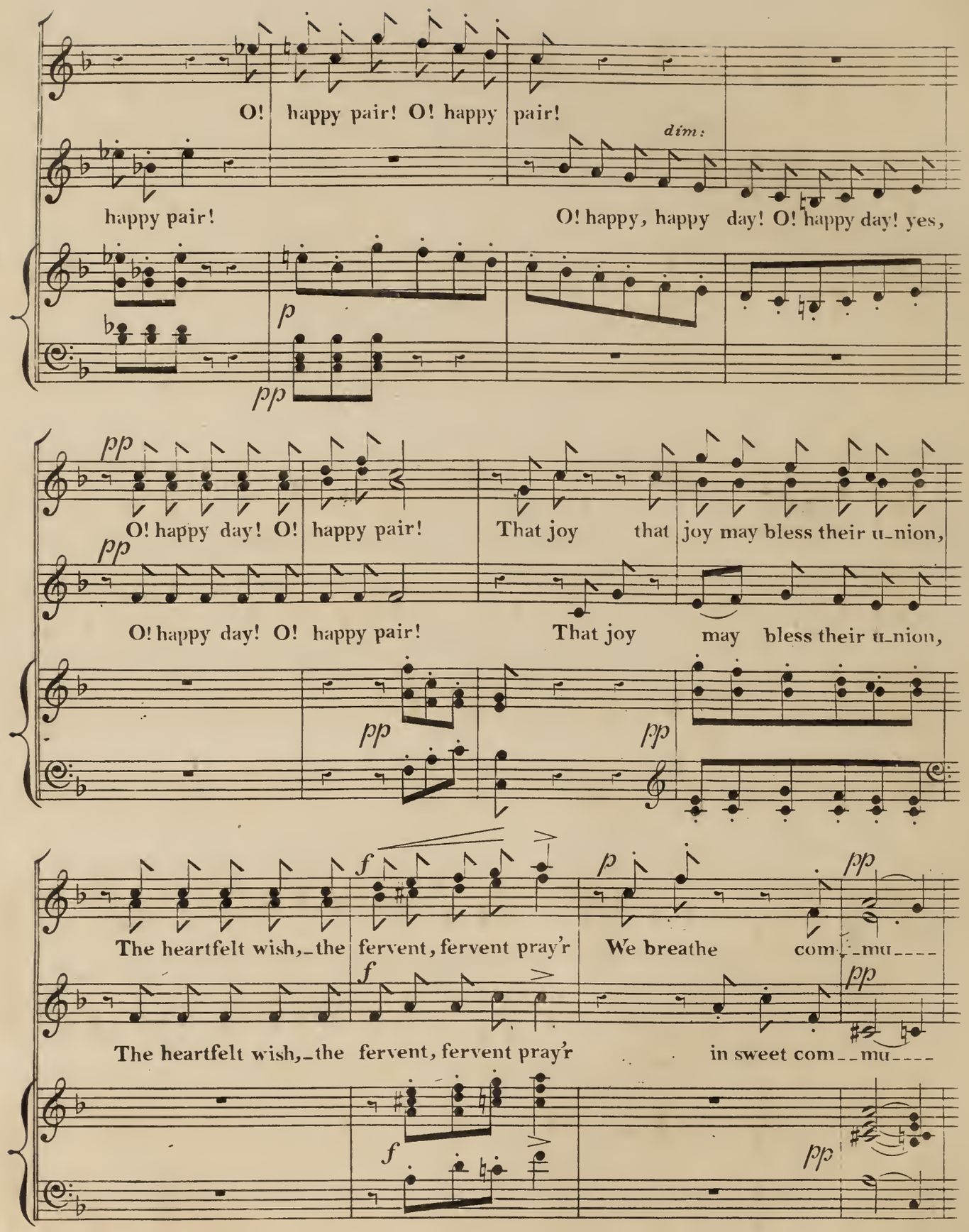
f *p*

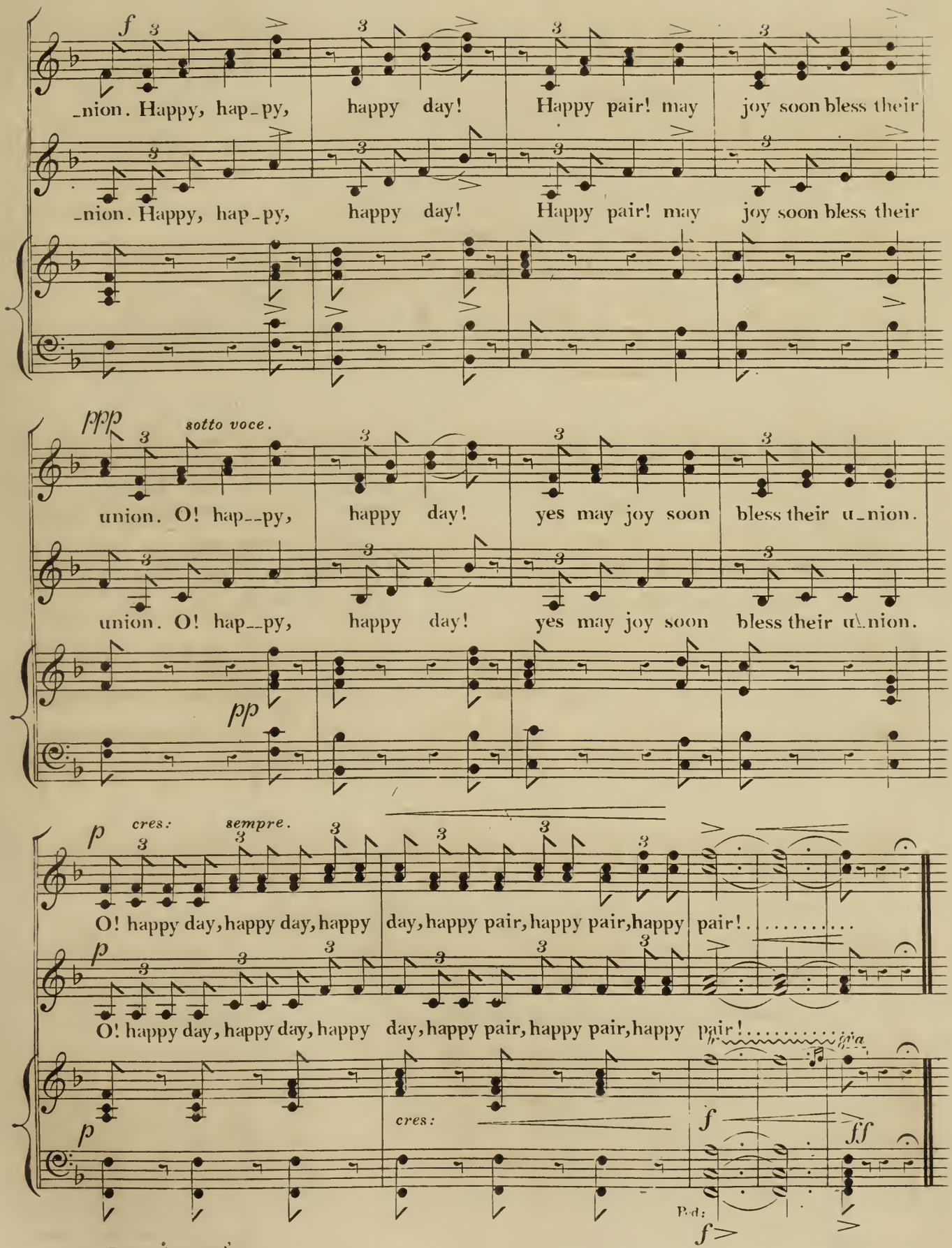


Opening Chorus. "Therese."

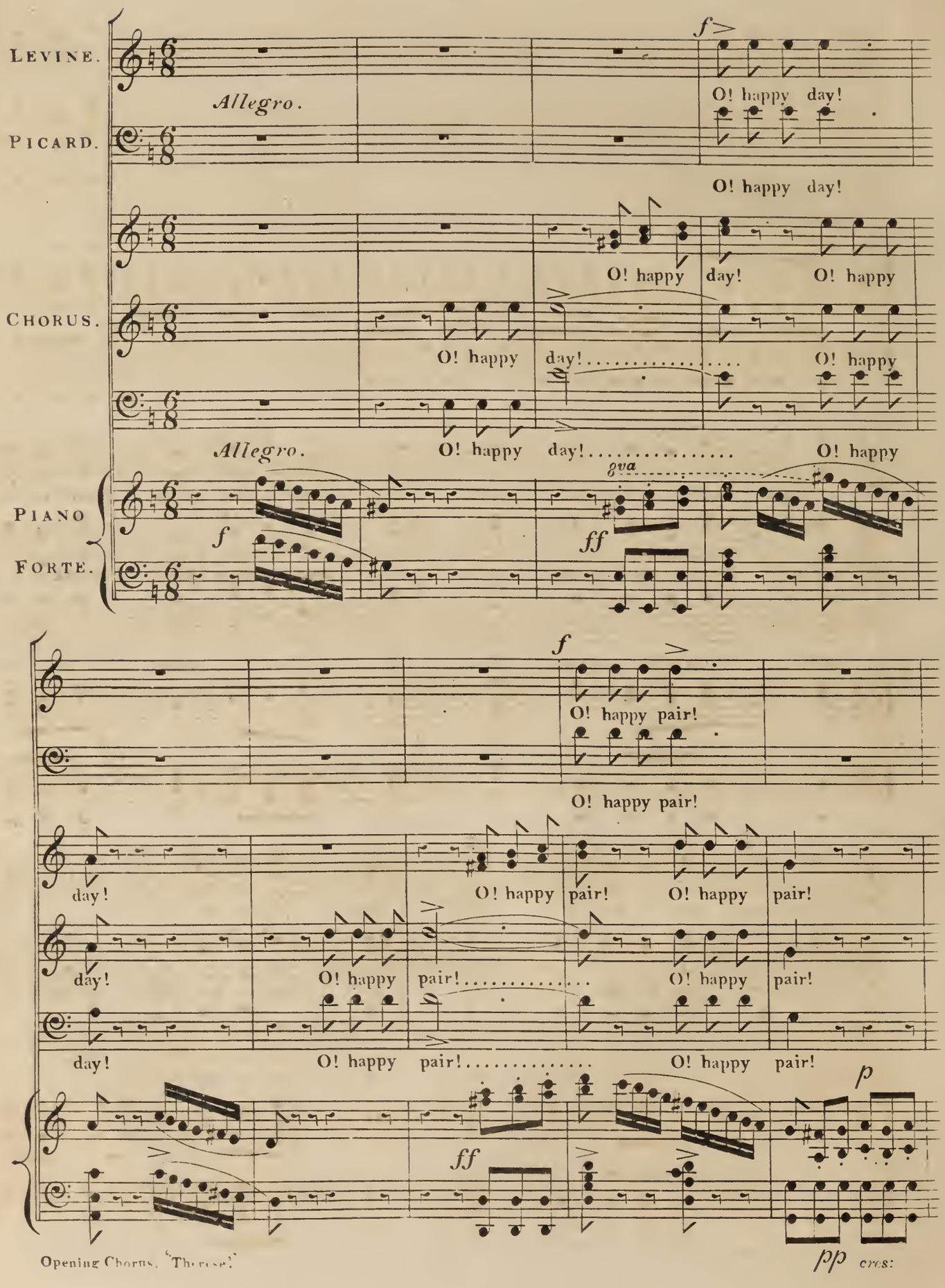


Opening Chorus. "Therese."

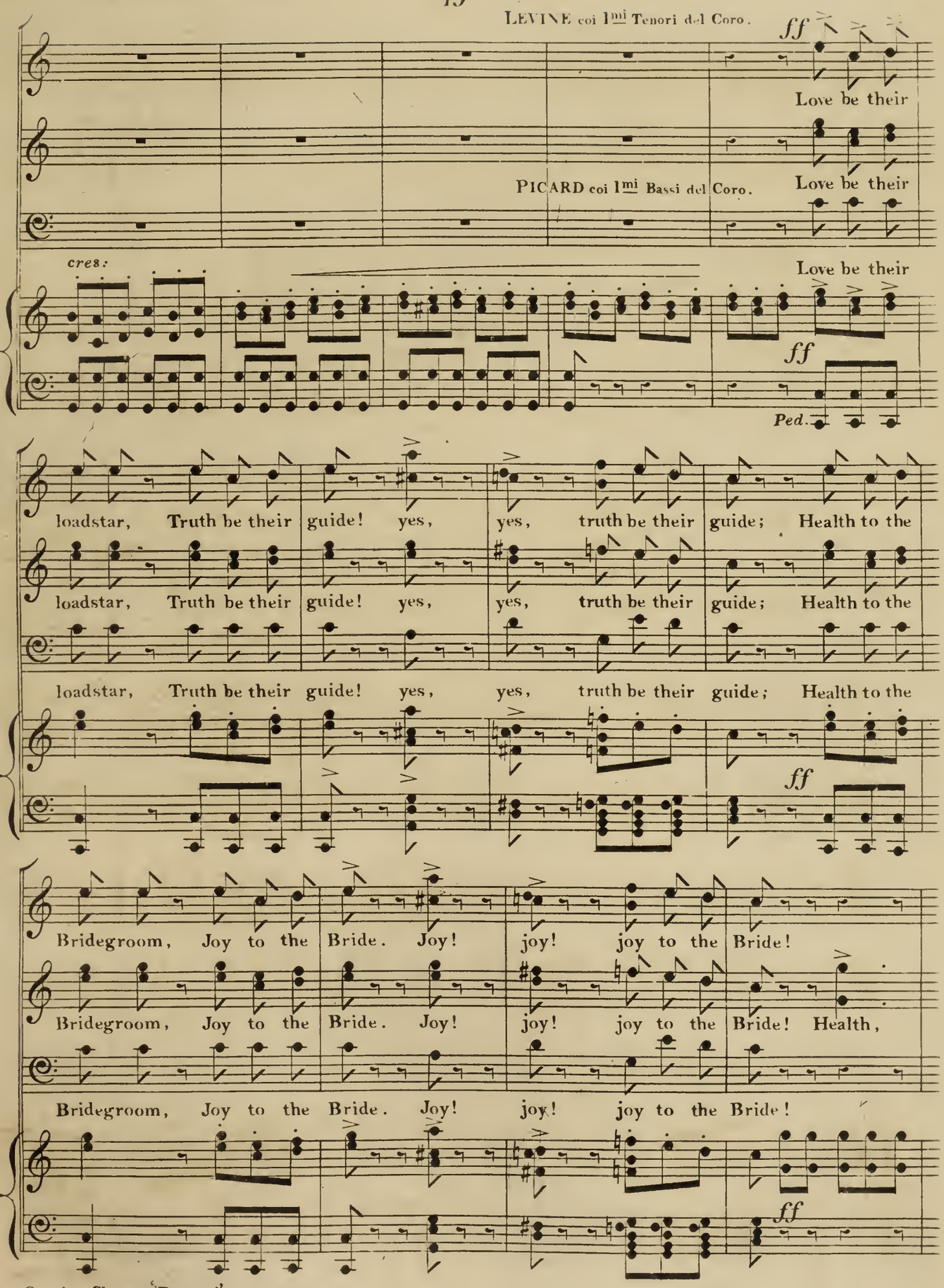

O! happy pair! O! happy pair!
dim:
happy pair!
O! happy, happy day! O! happy day! yes,
p
pp
pp
O! happy day! O! happy pair!
That joy that joy may bless their u-nion,
pp
O! happy day! O! happy pair!
That joy may bless their u-nion,
pp
pp
f
p
pp
The heartfelt wish,-the fervent, fervent pray'r
We breathe com--mu----
f
pp
The heartfelt wish,-the fervent, fervent pray'r
in sweet com--mu----
f
pp



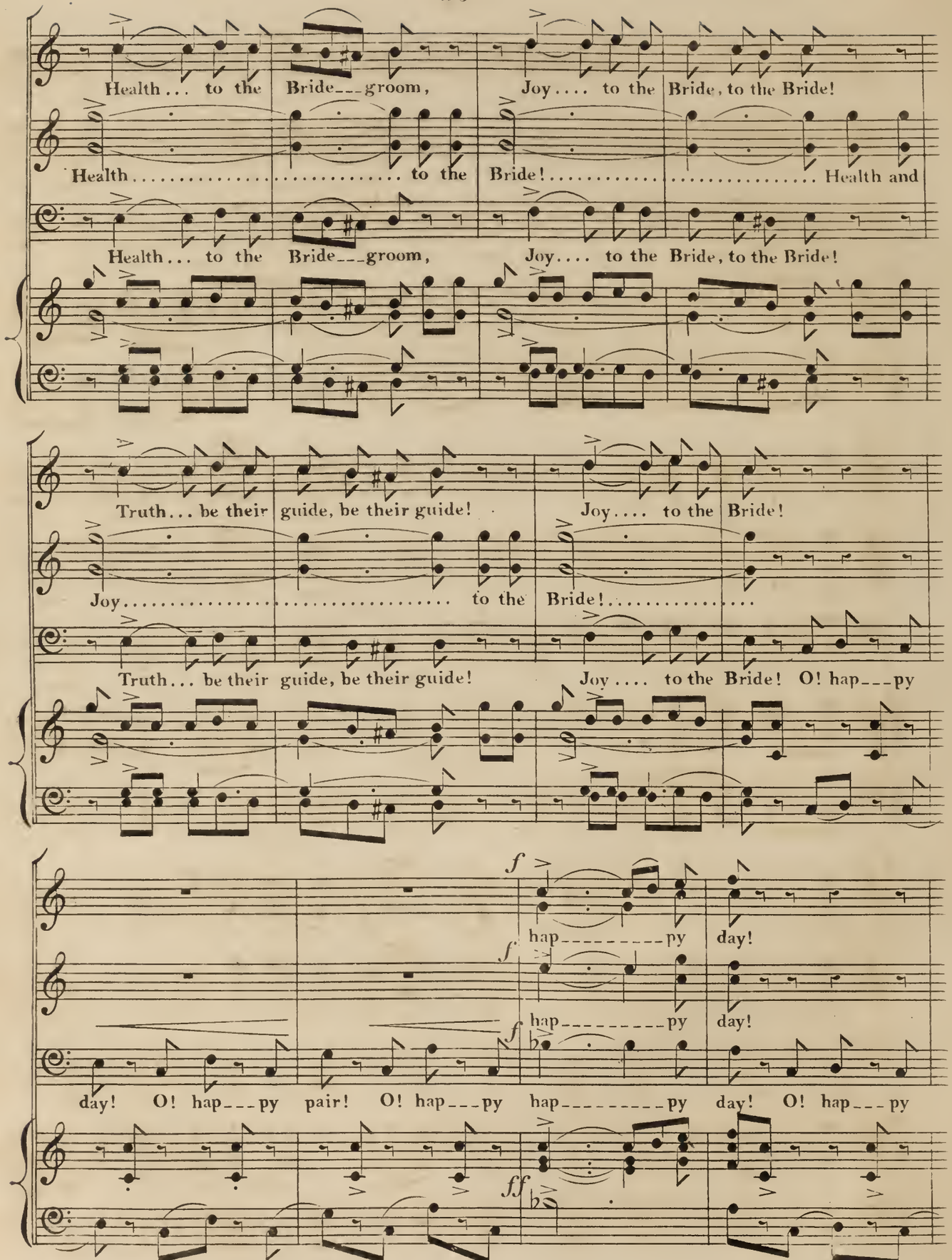
Opening Chorus. 'Therese.'



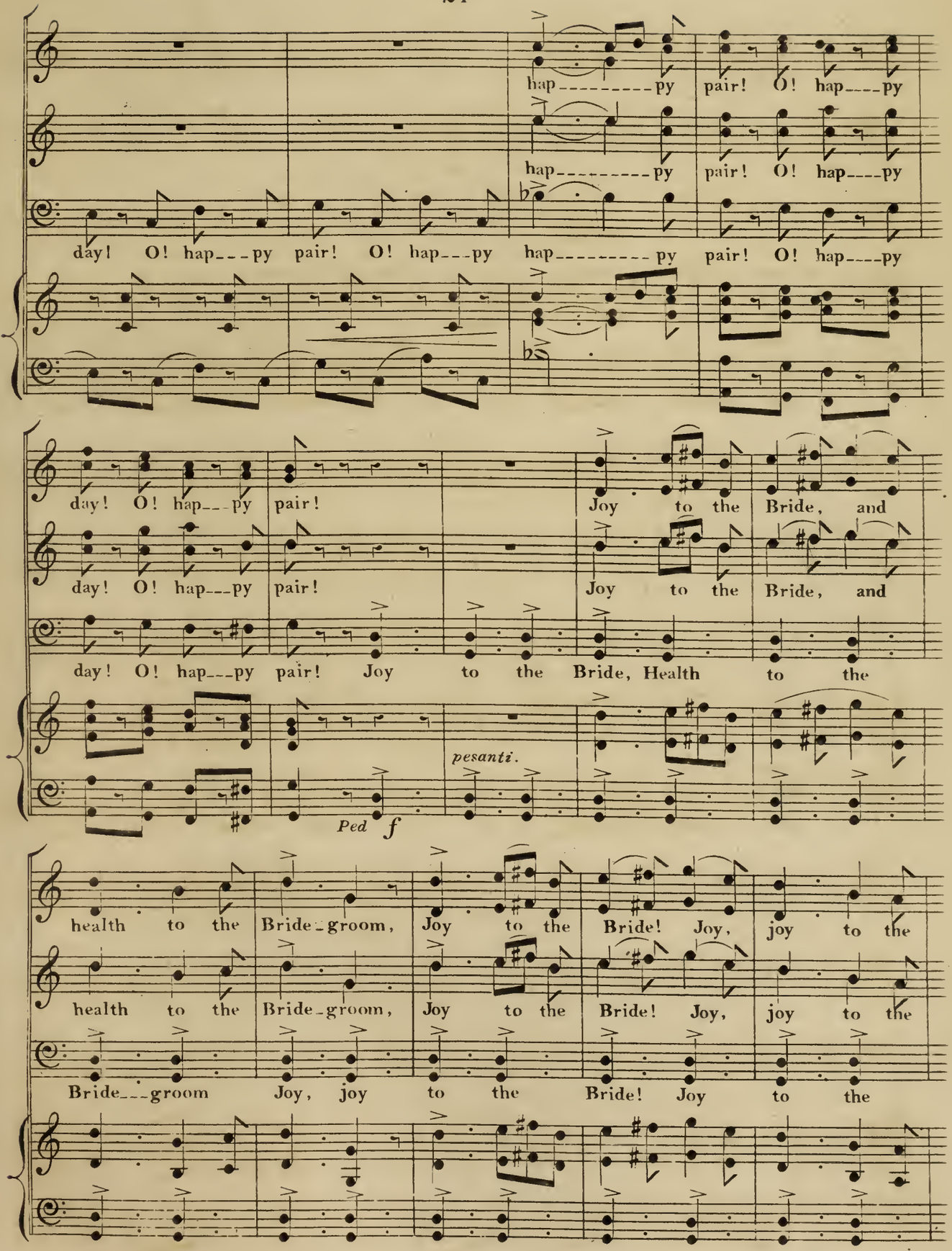
Opening Chorus. "Therese."

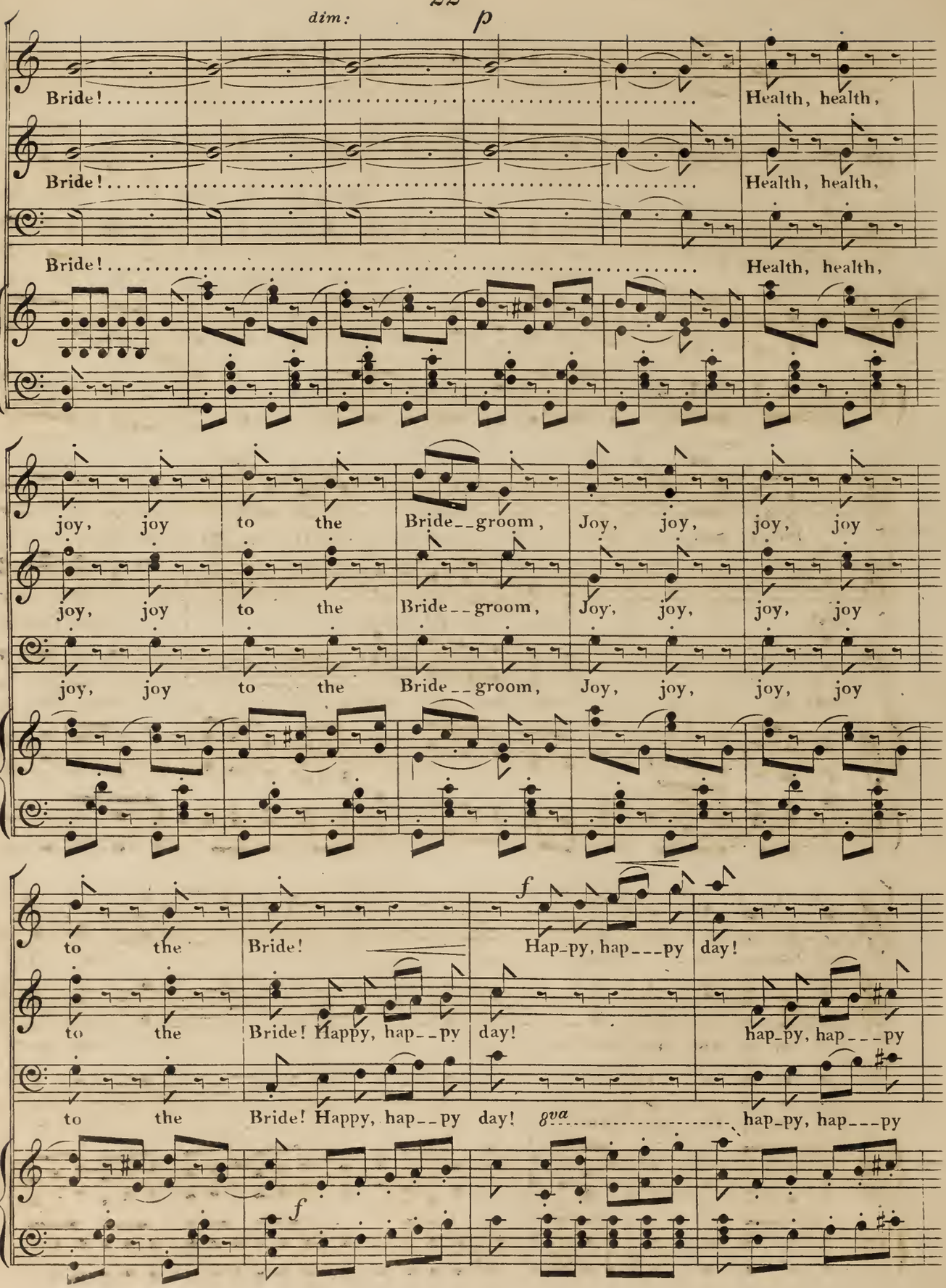


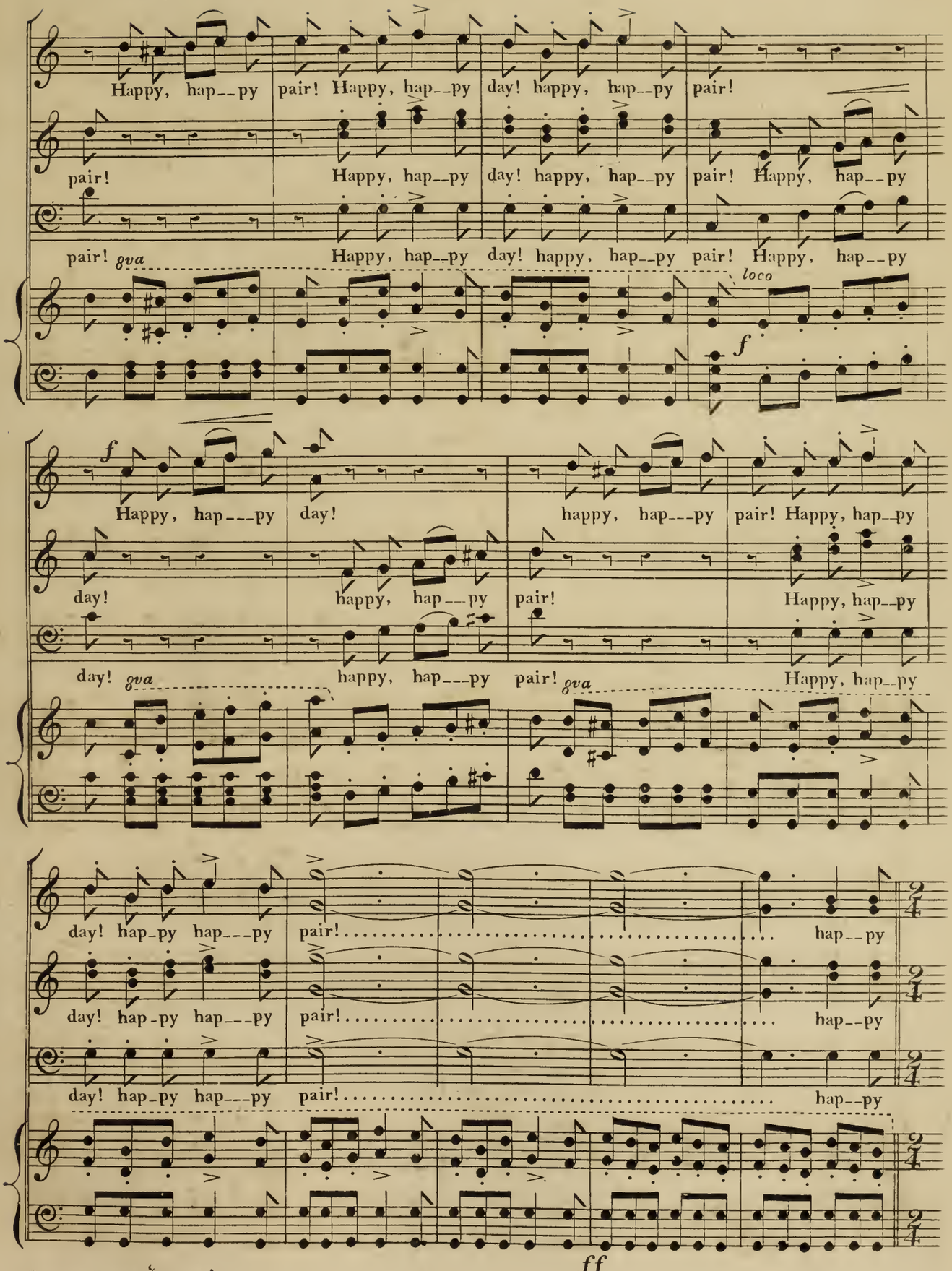
Opening Chorus. 'Therese.'



Opening Chorus. "Therese!"


hap---------py pair! O! hap----py
hap---------py pair! O! hap----py
day! O! hap---py pair! O! hap---py hap---------py pair! O! hap----py
day! O! hap---py pair!
Joy to the Bride, and
day! O! hap---py pair!
Joy to the Bride, and
day! O! hap---py pair! Joy to the Bride, Health to the
pesanti.
Ped
f
health to the Bride-groom, Joy to the Bride! Joy, joy to the
health to the Bride-groom, Joy to the Bride! Joy, joy to the
Bride---groom Joy, joy to the Bride! Joy to the


dim:
p
Bride!
Health, health,
Bride!
Health, health,
Bride!
Health, health,
joy, joy to the Bride__groom, Joy, joy, joy, joy
joy, joy to the Bride__groom, Joy, joy, joy, joy
joy, joy to the Bride__groom, Joy, joy, joy, joy
f
to the Bride! Hap_py, hap___py day!
to the Bride! Happy, hap__py day! hap_py, hap___py
to the Bride! Happy, hap__py day! 8va hap_py, hap___py
f



Opening Chorus. "Therese".

very fast

Allegro molto. *ff*

pair! Health, health to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Health,

pair! Health, health to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Health,

pair! Health, health to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Health

Allegro molto. *ff*

health. to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Joy..... to the

health to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Joy..... to the

health to the Bridegroom, Joy, joy to the Bride! Joy..... to the

Bride! Joy..... to the Bride! Joy..... to the

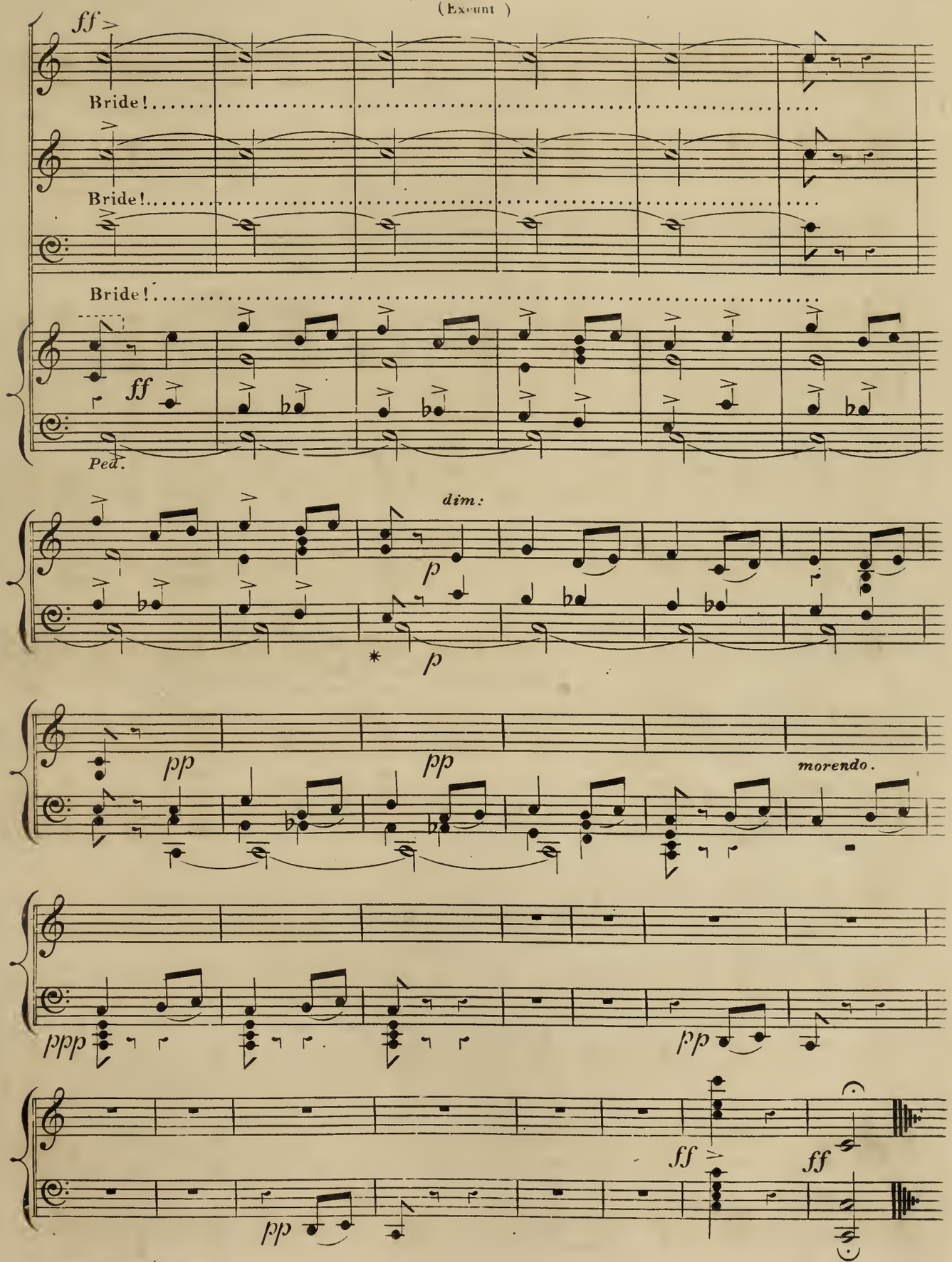
Bride! Joy..... to the Bride! Joy..... to the

Bride! Joy..... to the Bride! Joy..... to the

8va

fff

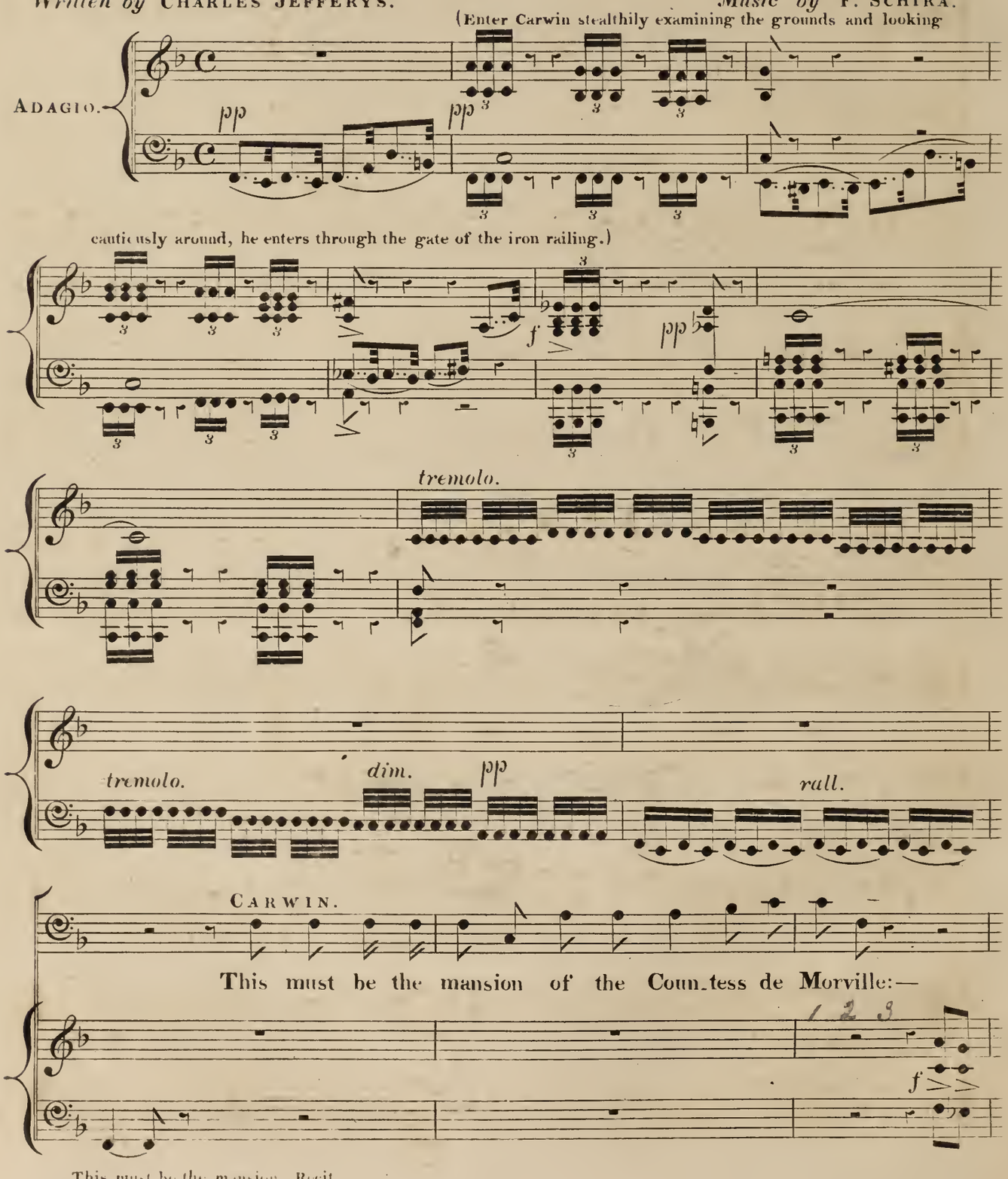
(Exeunt)

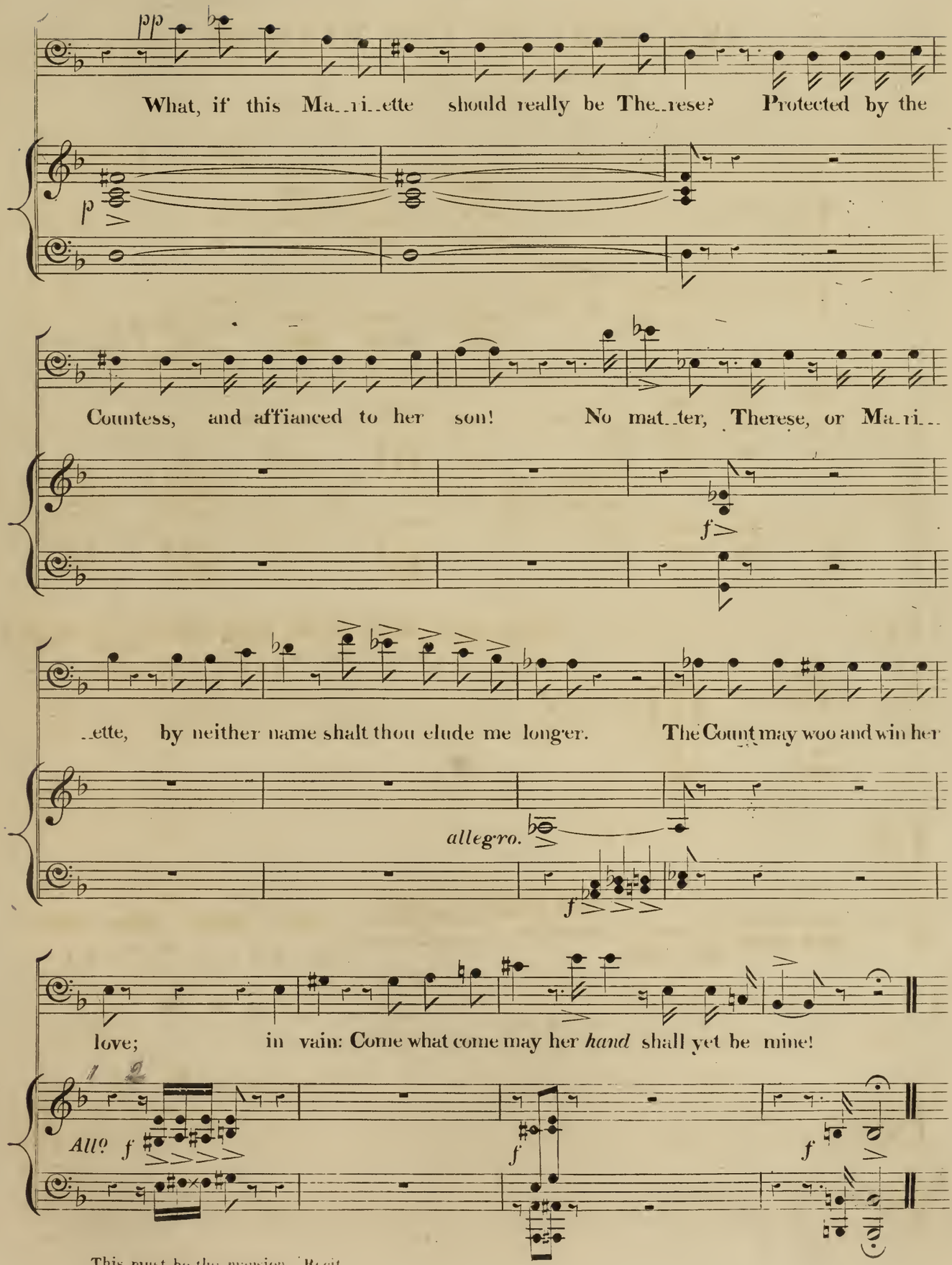


THIS MUST BE THE MANSION.

RECITATIVE AND SONG.

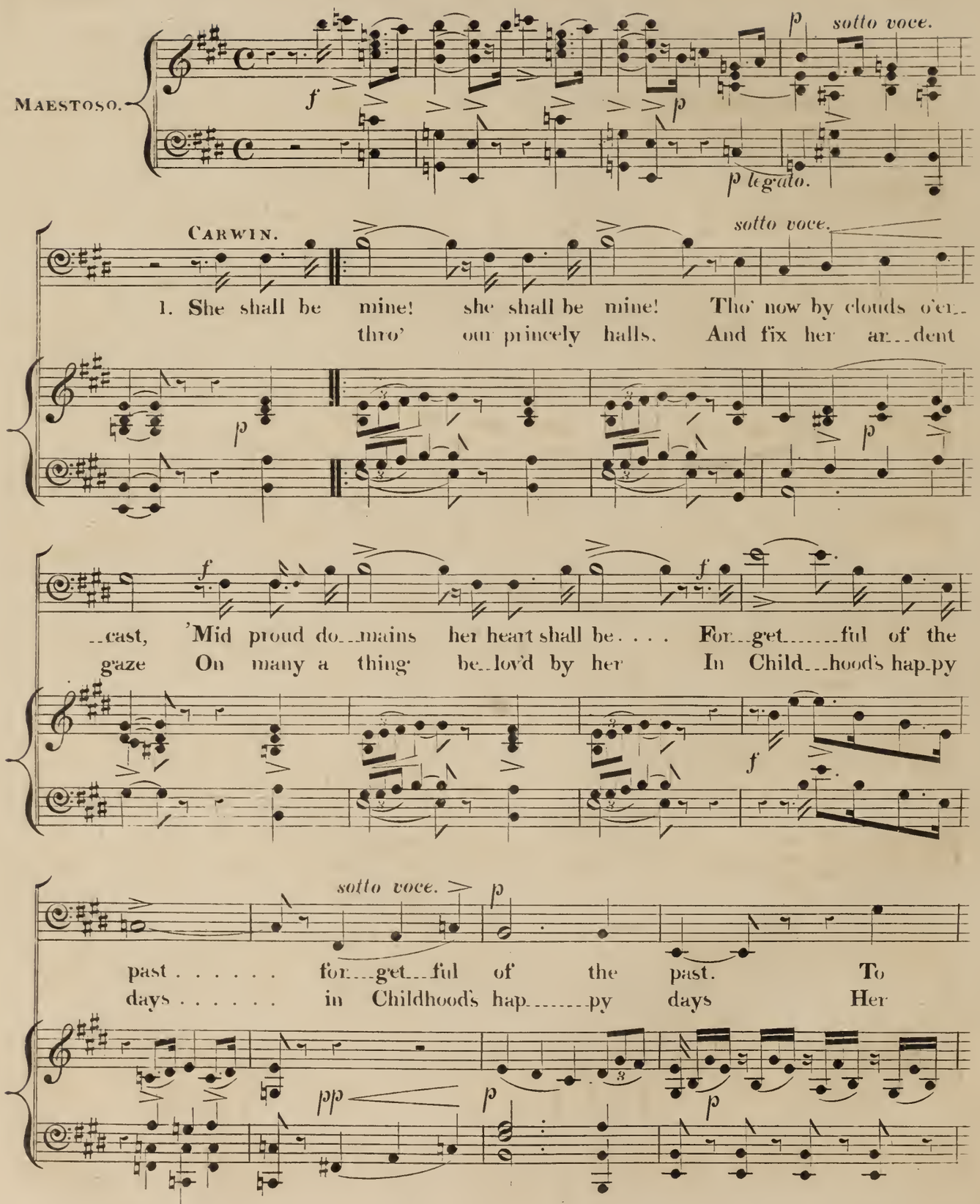
Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.

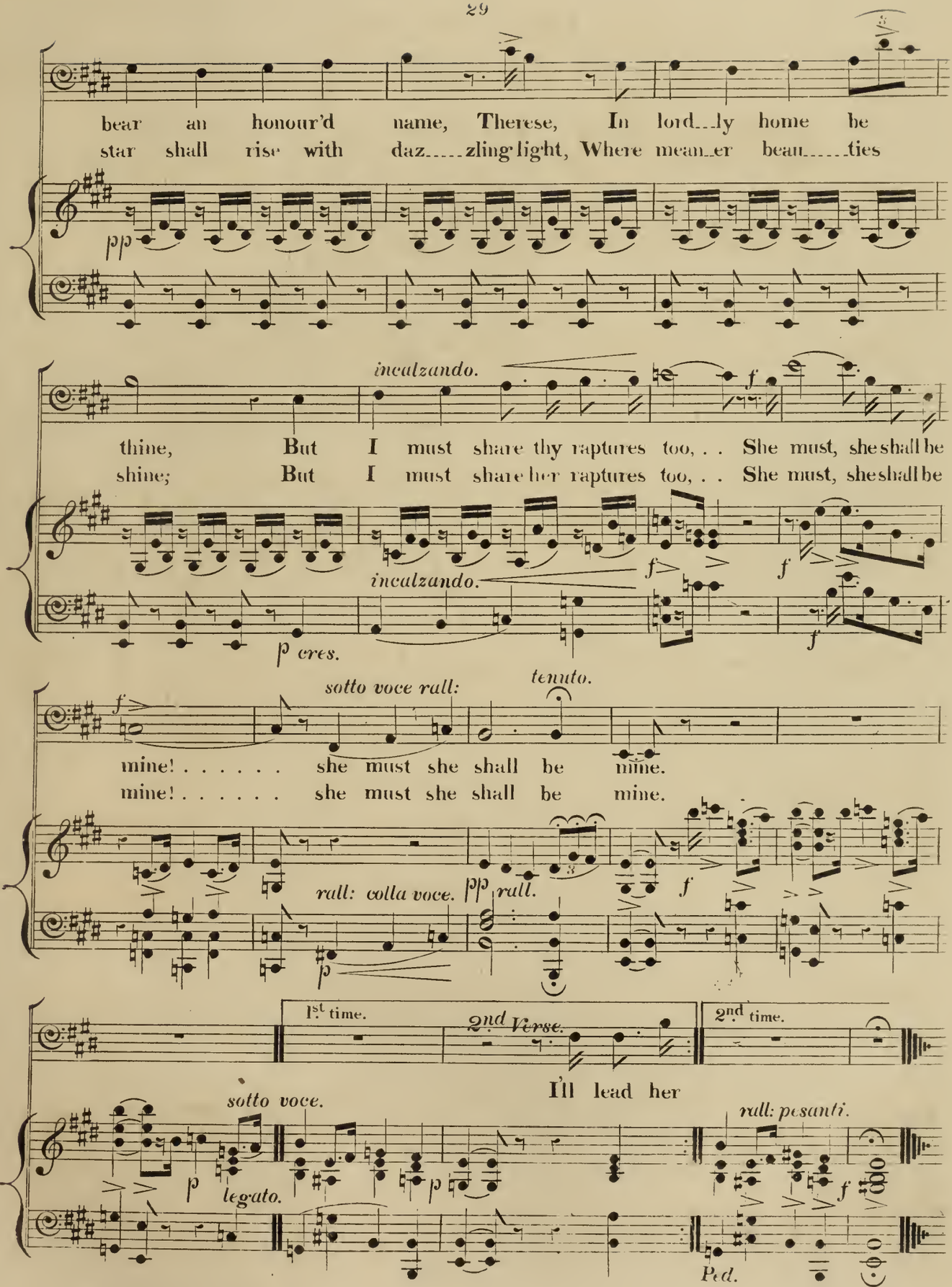



pp
What, if this Ma..ri..ette should really be The..rese? Protected by the
p
Countess, and affianced to her son! No mat..ter, Therese, or Ma..ri..
f
..ette, by neither name shalt thou elude me longer. The Count may woo and win her
allegro.
f
love; in vain: Come what come may her hand shall yet be mine!
All? f
f
f
This must be the mansion. Recit.

SHE SHALL BE MINE.

SONG.

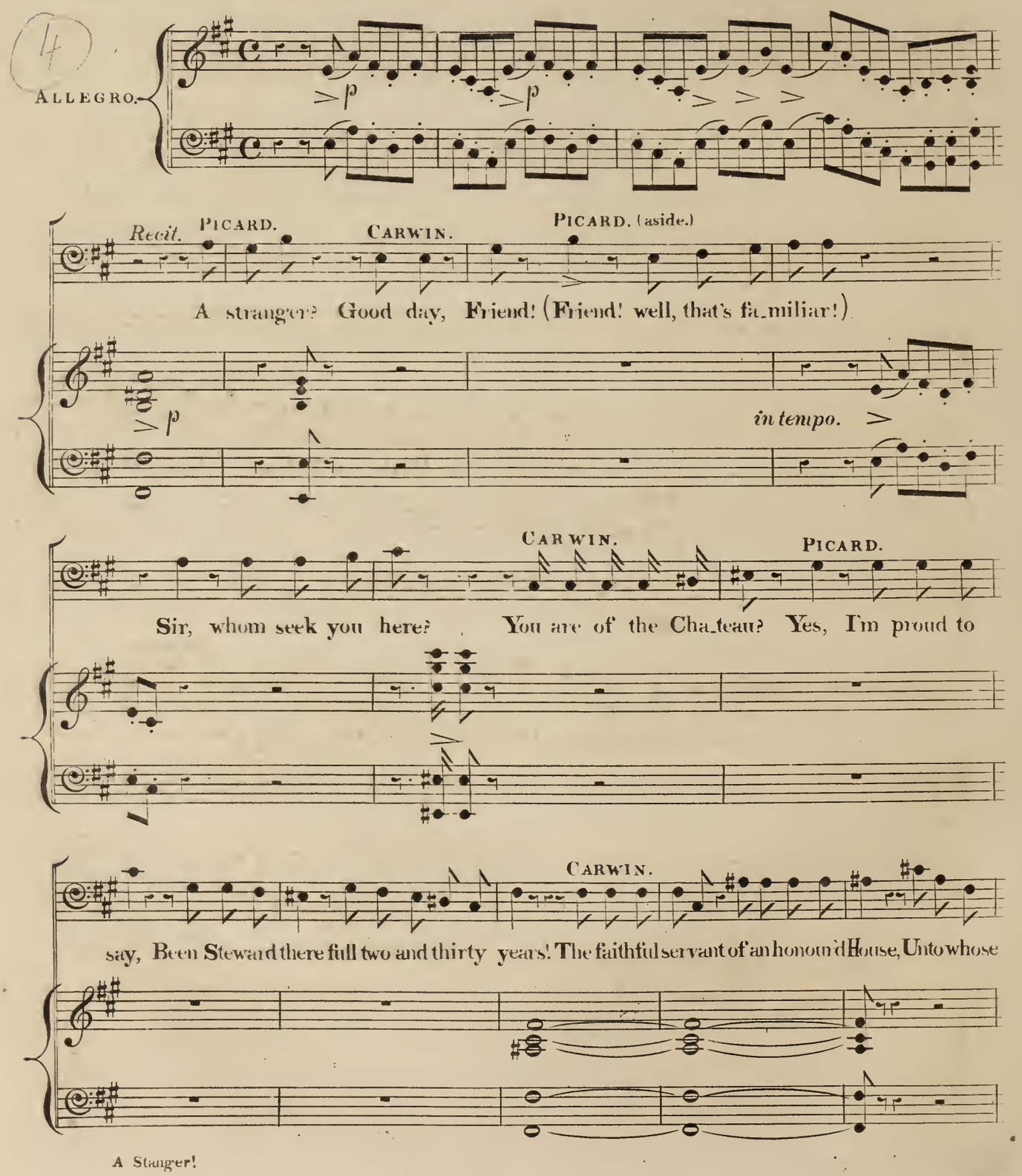



bear an honour'd name, Therese, In lord_ly home be
star shall rise with daz_____zling light, Where mean_er beau_____ties
pp
incalzando.
f
thine, But I must share thy raptures too, . . She must, she shall be
shine; But I must share her raptures too, . . She must, she shall be
f>
f
incalzando.
p cres.
f
sotto voce rall:
tenuto.
f
mine! . . . . . she must she shall be mine.
mine! . . . . . she must she shall be mine.
rall: colla voce.
pp
rall.
f
p
1st time.
2nd Verse.
2nd time.
I'll lead her
sotto voce.
rall: pesanti.
p
legato.
p
f
Ped.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

CARWIN AND PICARD.

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.



A Stanger!

PICARD. (aside.)

(to Carwin.)

Mistress, I would homage pay. (The Countess' Friend!) I crave your

p

(aside.)

(to Carwin.)

pardon, Sir! (Dear me! I never saw his face be_fore!) The Countess and her

f

CARWIN. (catching at the name.)

Son, to-day, re_turn:— But Ma'amselle Mariette will, Mariette! I've heard, sir, of this

f

PICARD.

CARWIN.

Lady is she young? Last Lammas day, the maid was just Nineteen! Nineteen on Lammas

1 2

f

PICARD.

day:— it is Therese! It must be she! Strange ques_tions these, but

p

A Stranger!

CARWIN.
(eagerly.)

he Is doubtless known to Mari_ette! Tell me! what know'st thou of this Maiden's

Allegro. f

PICARD. (aside.)

his_to_ry? By tel_ling *what* I know,— I may learn more!

f

BALLAD

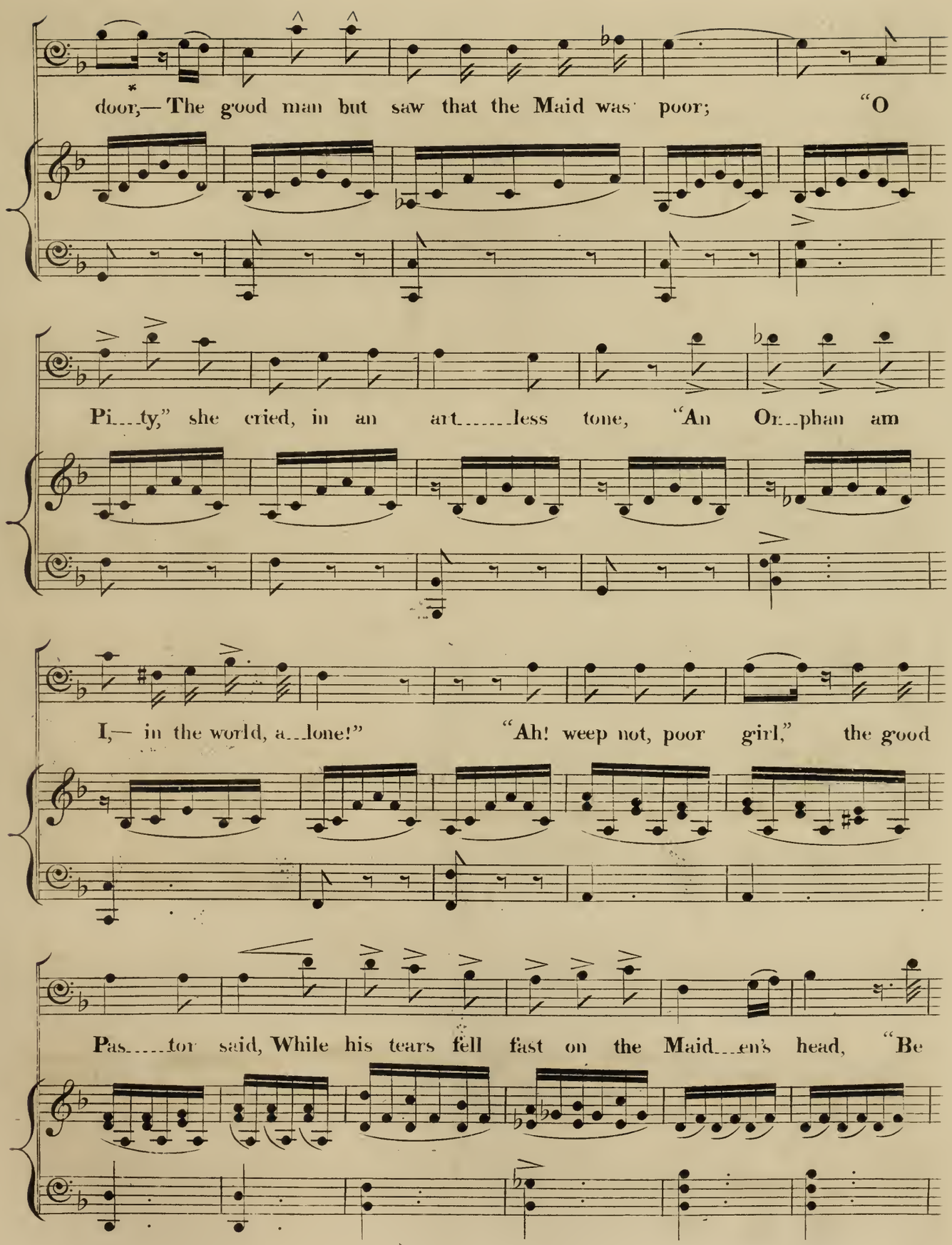
ANDANTINO.

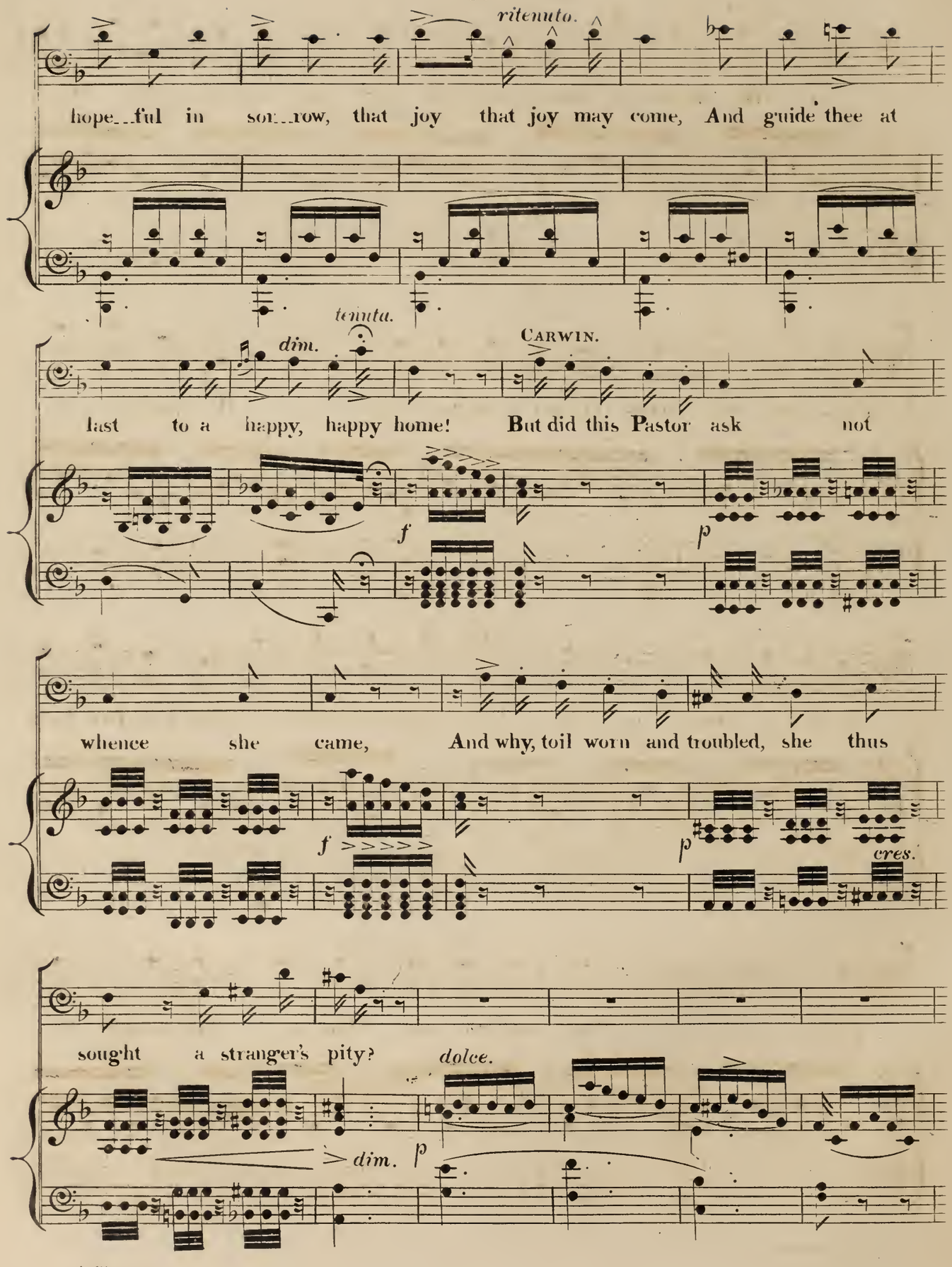
p

PICARD. *dolce.*

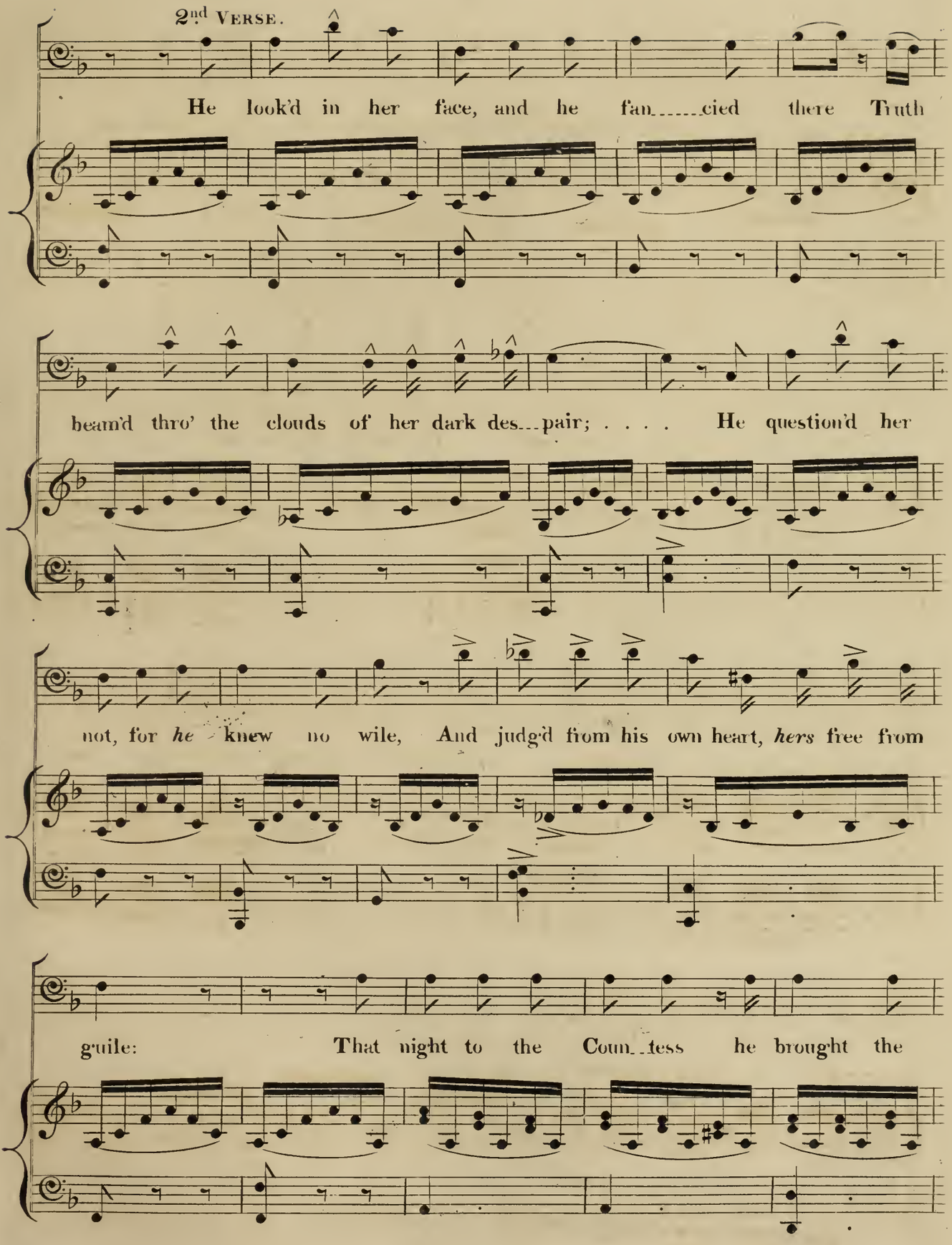
In sor_row she came to our Pas___tor's

p

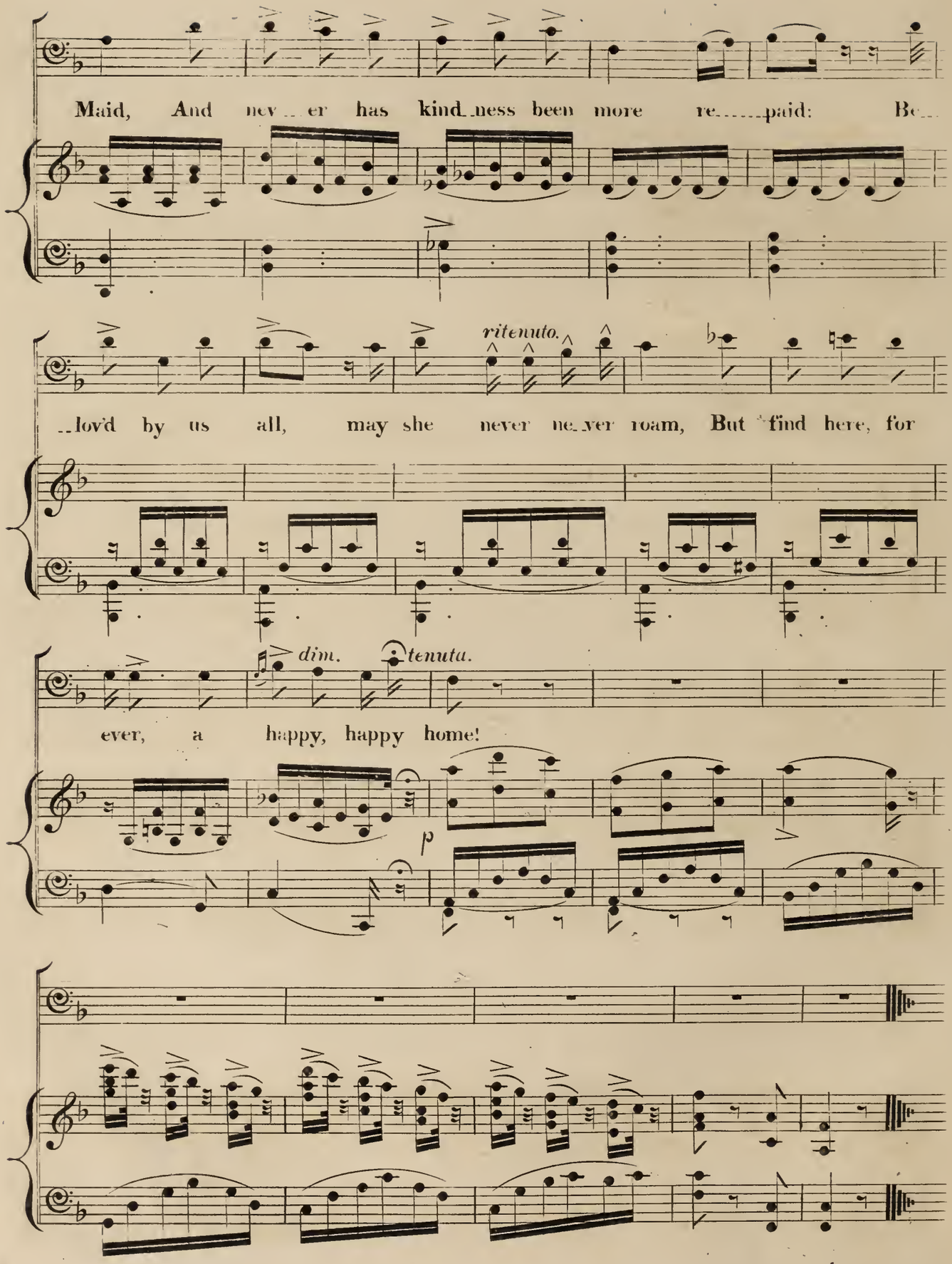

door,— The good man but saw that the Maid was poor; "O
Pi...ty," she cried, in an art.....less tone, "An Or...phan am
I,— in the world, a...lone!" "Ah! weep not, poor girl," the good
Pas.....tor said, While his tears fell fast on the Maid...en's head, "Be


ritenuto.
hope_ful in sor_row, that joy that joy may come, And guide thee at
tenuta.
dim.
CARWIN.
last to a happy, happy home! But did this Pastor ask not
f
p
whence she came, And why, toil worn and troubled, she thus
f
p
cres.
sought a stranger's pity?
dolce.
dim.
p

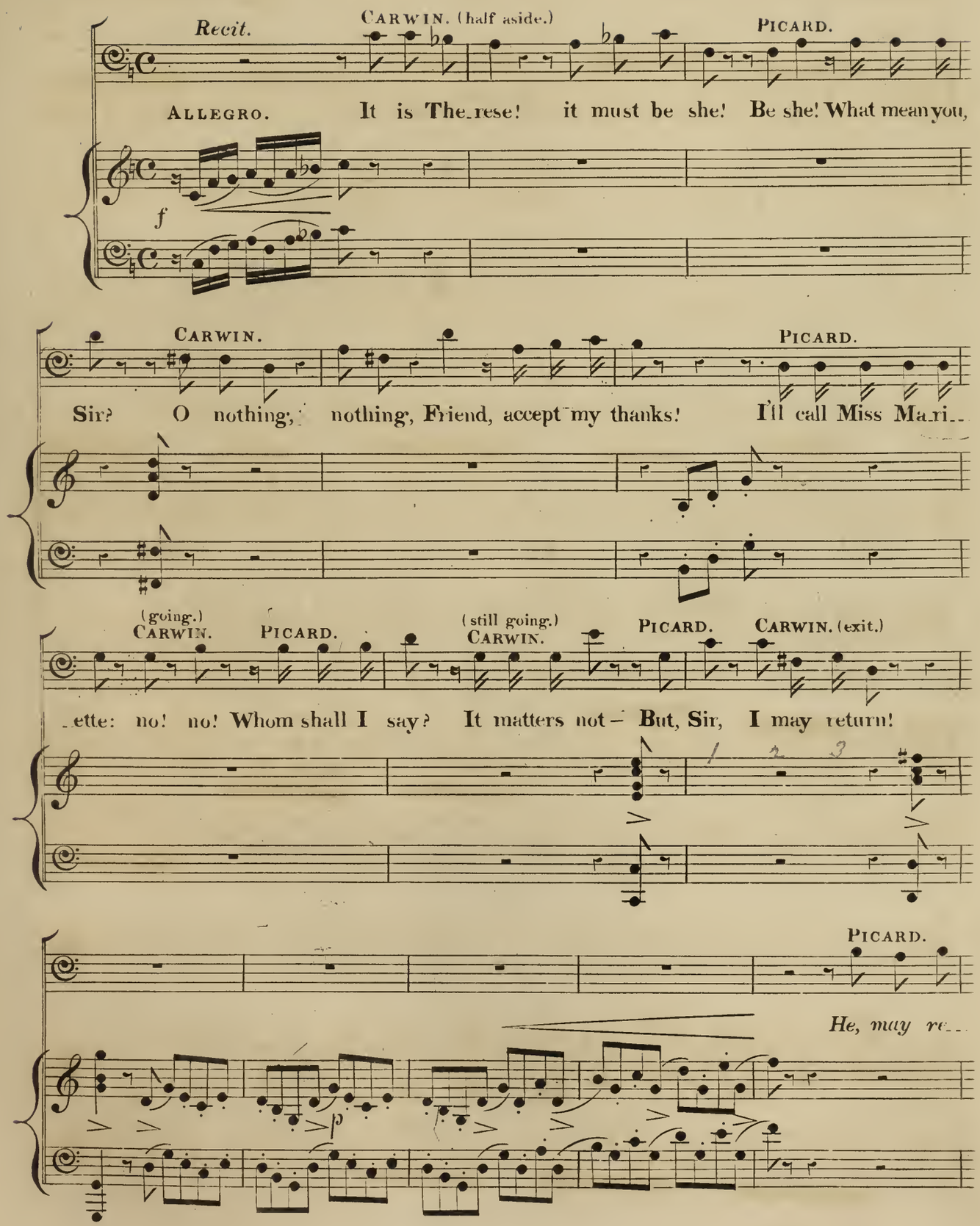
A Stranger.

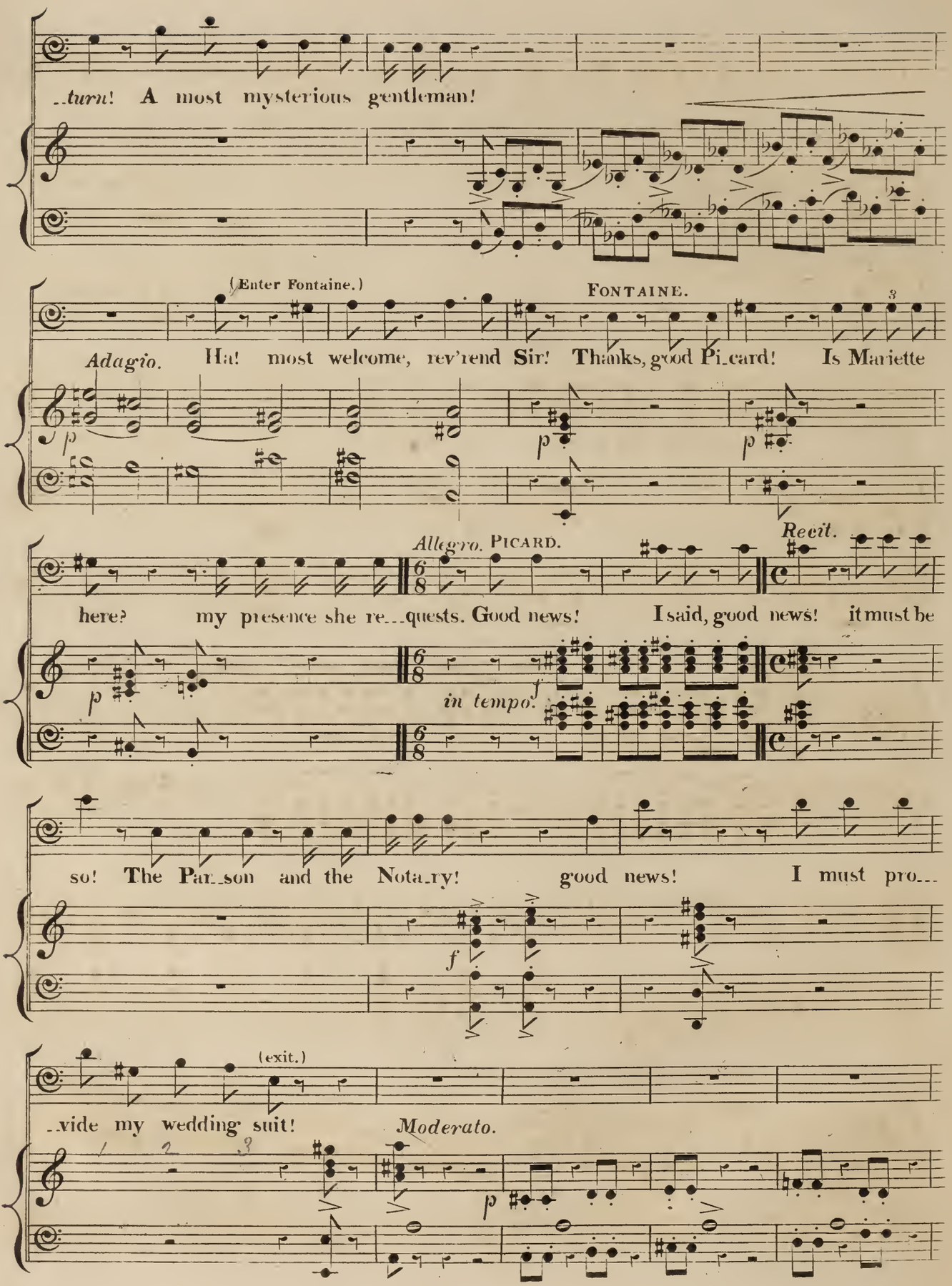


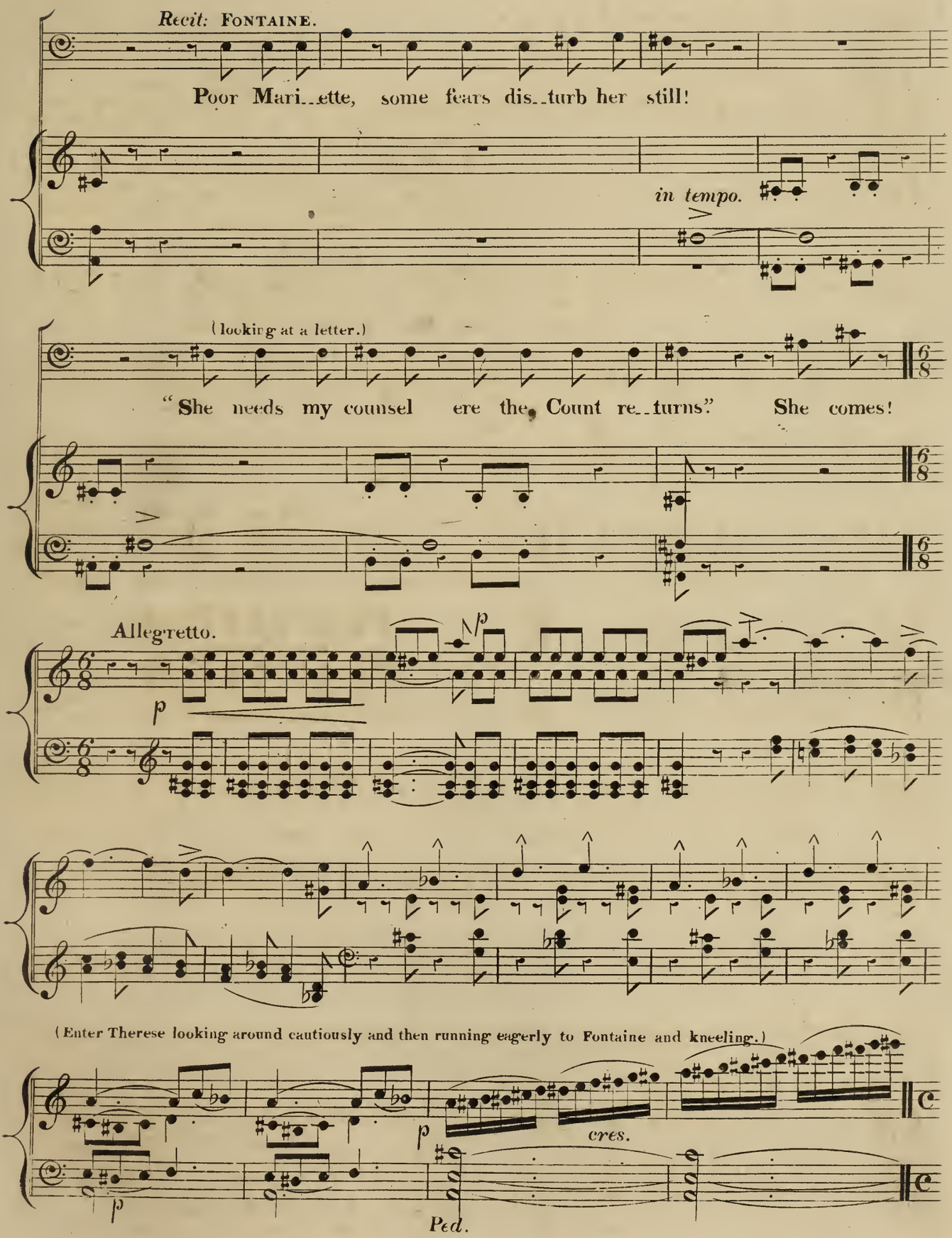
In sorrow she came.

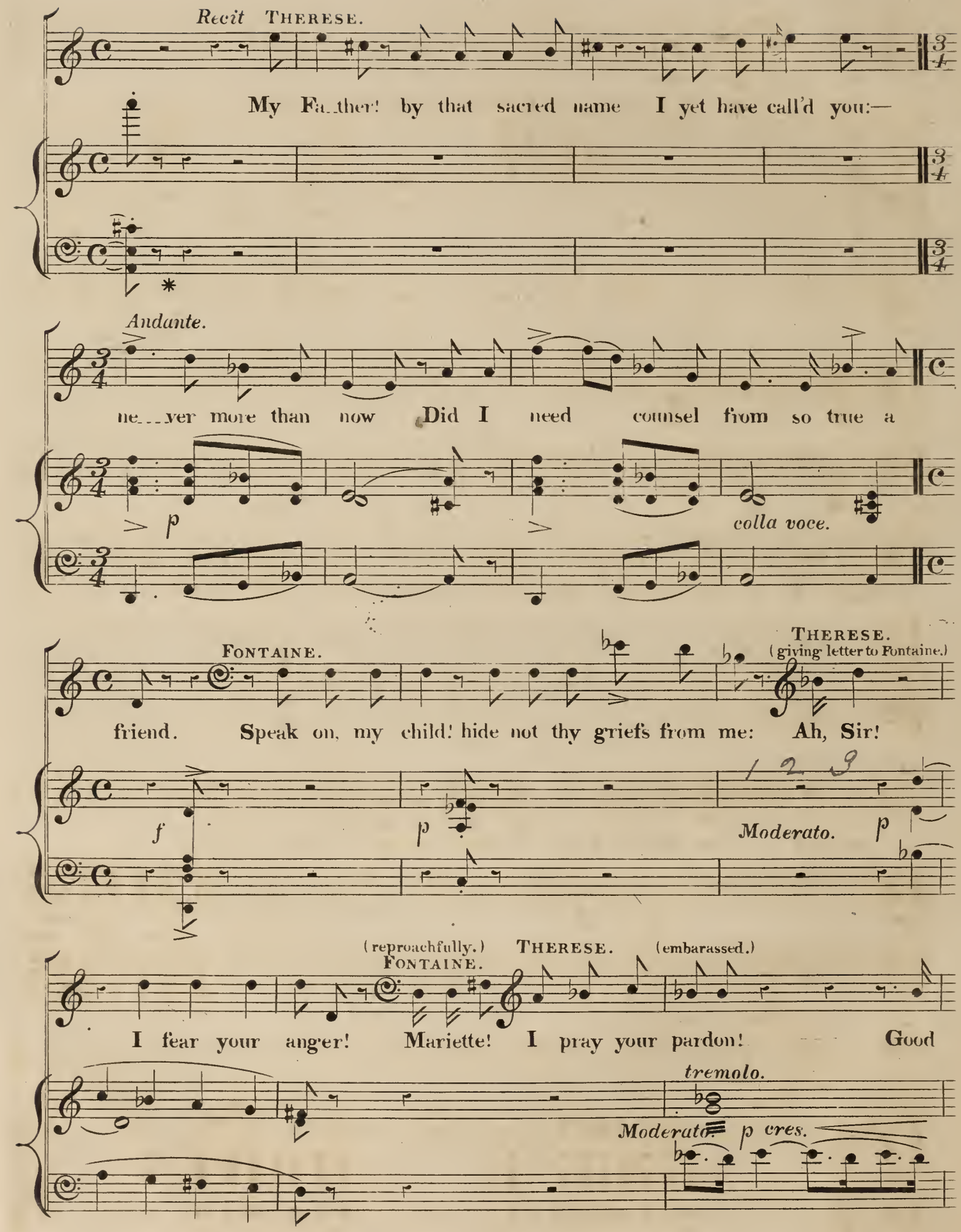


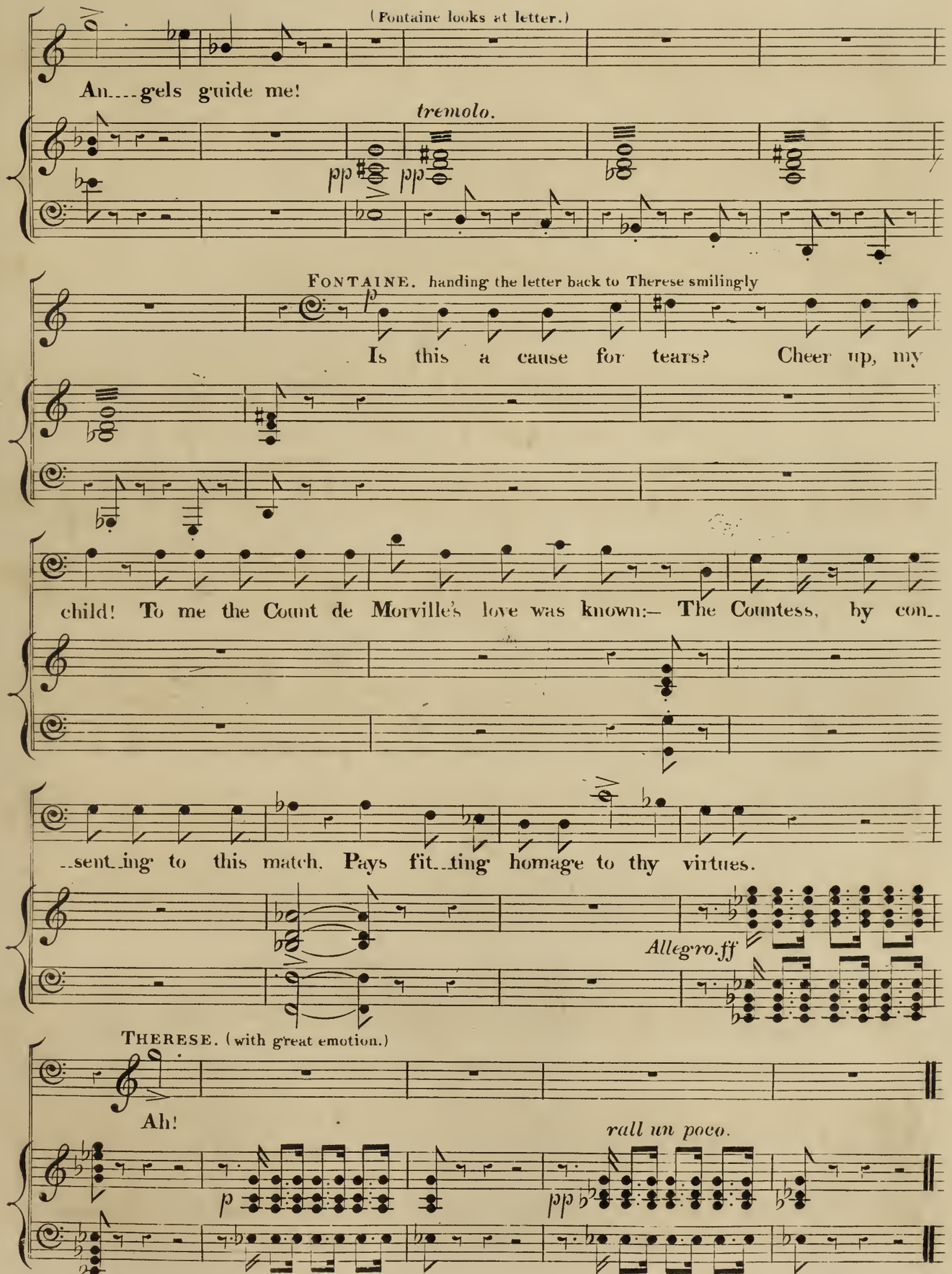
In sorrow she came.


Recit.
CARWIN. (half aside.)
PICARD.
ALLEGRO.
It is The_rese! it must be she! Be she! What mean you,
f
CARWIN.
PICARD.
Sir? O nothing; nothing, Friend, accept my thanks! I'll call Miss Ma_ri_
(going.)
CARWIN.
PICARD.
(still going.)
CARWIN.
PICARD.
CARWIN. (exit.)
_ette: no! no! Whom shall I say? It matters not – But, Sir, I may return!
1 2 3
PICARD.
He, may re_
p


..turn! A most mysterious gentleman!
(Enter Fontaine.)
FONTAINE.
Adagio.
Ha! most welcome, rev'rend Sir! Thanks, good Pi..card! Is Mariette
Allegro. PICARD.
Recit.
here? my presence she re...quests. Good news! I said, good news! it must be
in tempo.
so! The Par..son and the Nota..ry! good news! I must pro...
(exit.)
..vide my wedding suit!
Moderato.

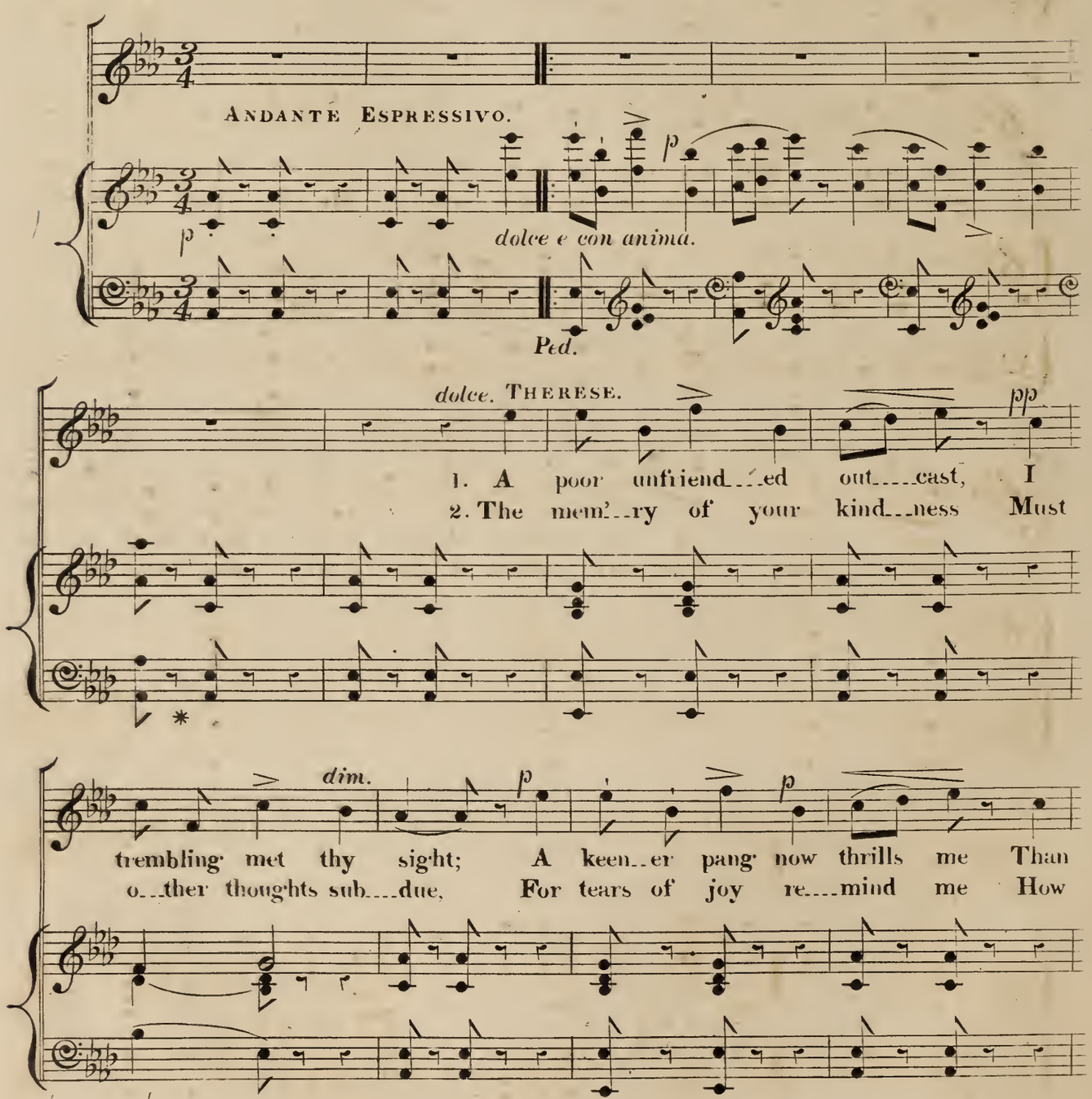

Recit: FONTAINE.
Poor Mari..ette, some fears dis..turb her still!
in tempo.
(looking at a letter.)
"She needs my counsel ere the Count re..turns." She comes!
Allegretto.
p
(Enter Therese looking around cautiously and then running eagerly to Fontaine and kneeling.)
cres.
Ped.


Recit THERESE.
My Fa..ther! by that sacred name I yet have call'd you:—
Andante.
ne...ver more than now Did I need counsel from so true a
p
colla voce.
FONTAINE.
THERESE.
(giving letter to Fontaine.)
friend. Speak on, my child! hide not thy griefs from me: Ah, Sir!
f
p
1 2 3
Moderato.
p
(reproachfully.)
FONTAINE.
THERESE.
(embarassed.)
I fear your anger! Mariette! I pray your pardon! Good
tremolo.
Moderato
p cres.

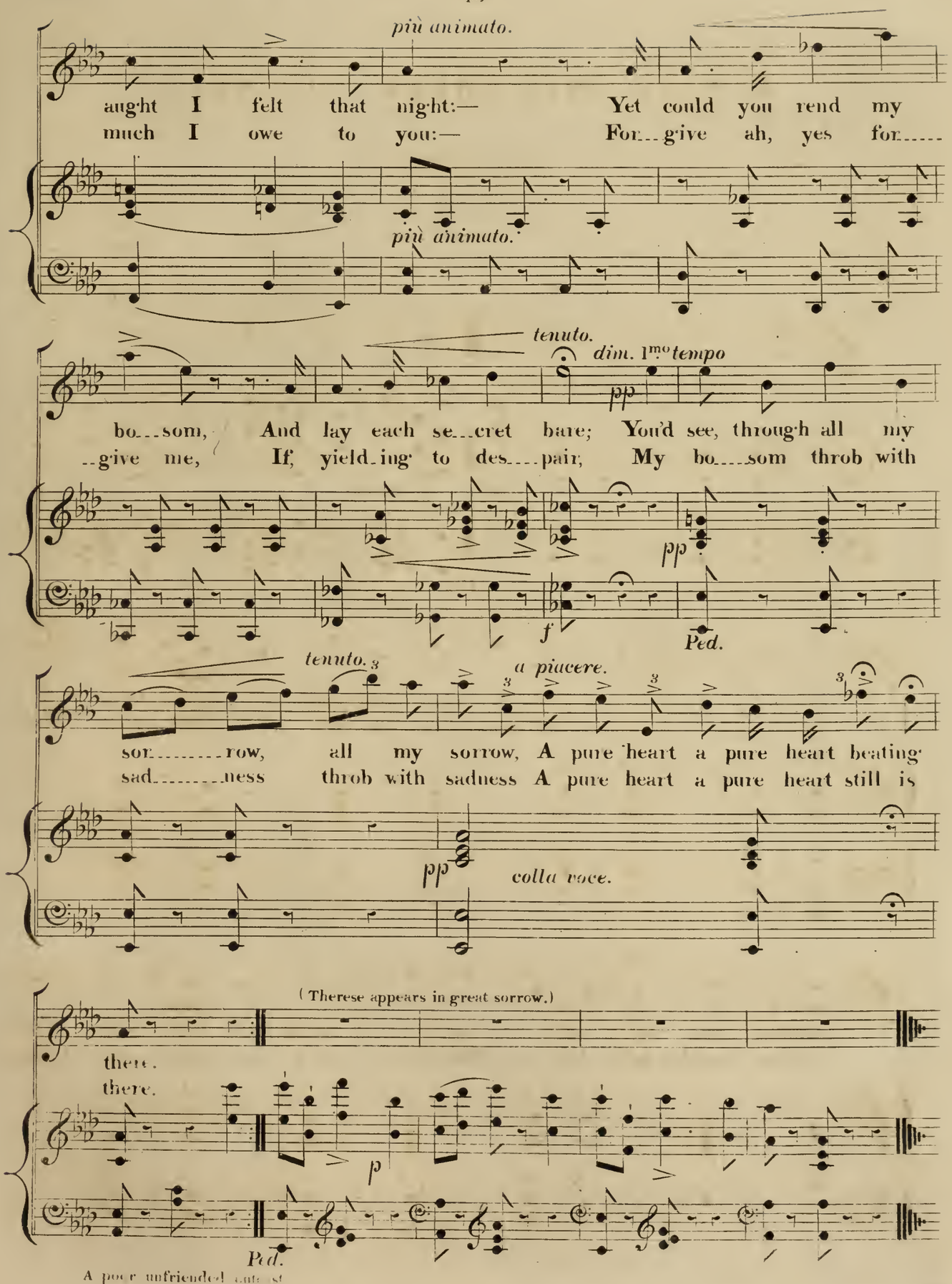

(Fontaine looks at letter.)
An....gels guide me!
tremolo.
FONTAINE. handing the letter back to Therese smilingly
Is this a cause for tears? Cheer up, my
child! To me the Count de Morville's love was known:— The Countess, by con..
..sent..ing to this match, Pays fit..ting homage to thy virtues.
Allegro.ff
THERESE. (with great emotion.)
Ah!
rall un poco.

A POOR UNFRIENDED OUTCAST.

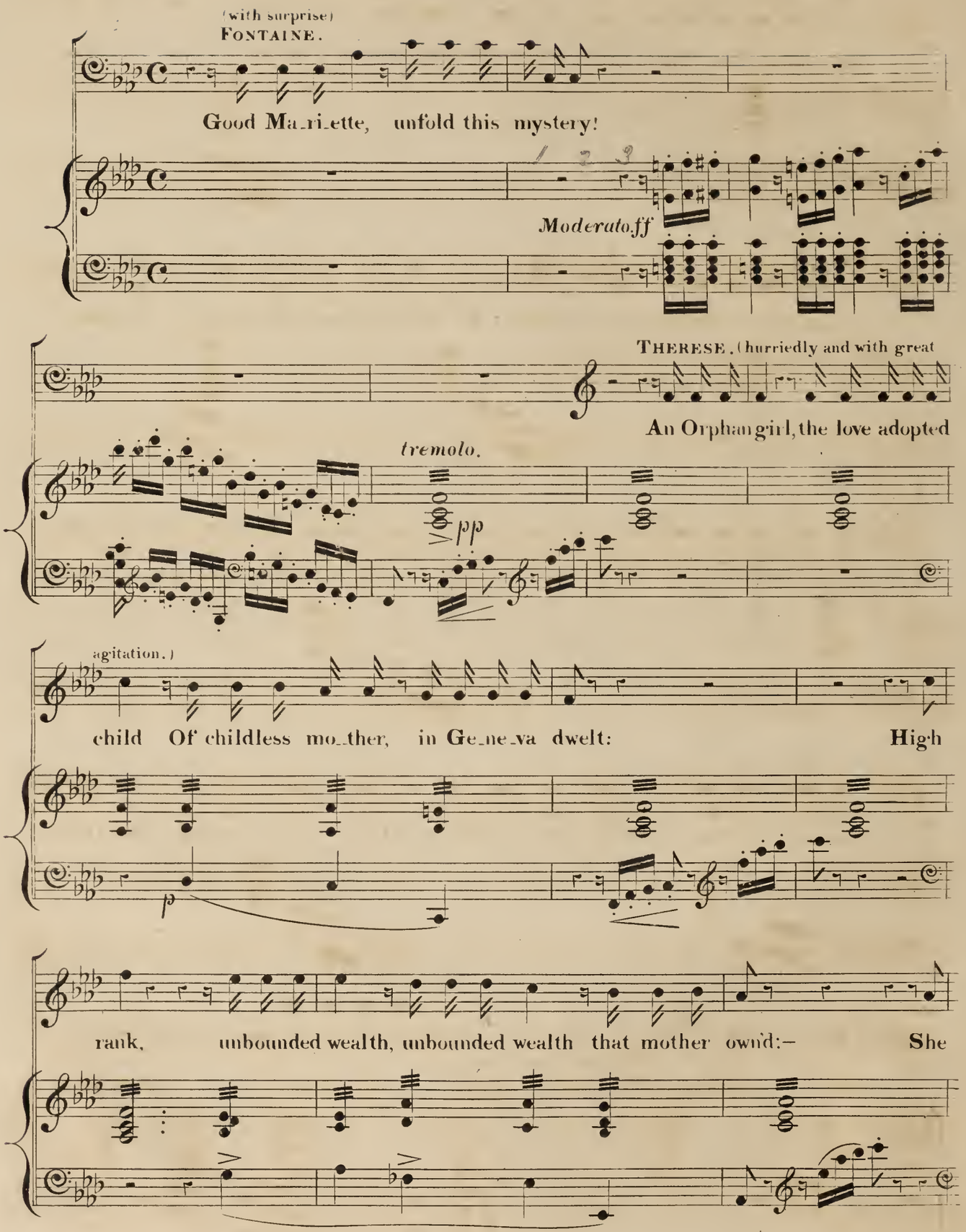
Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.

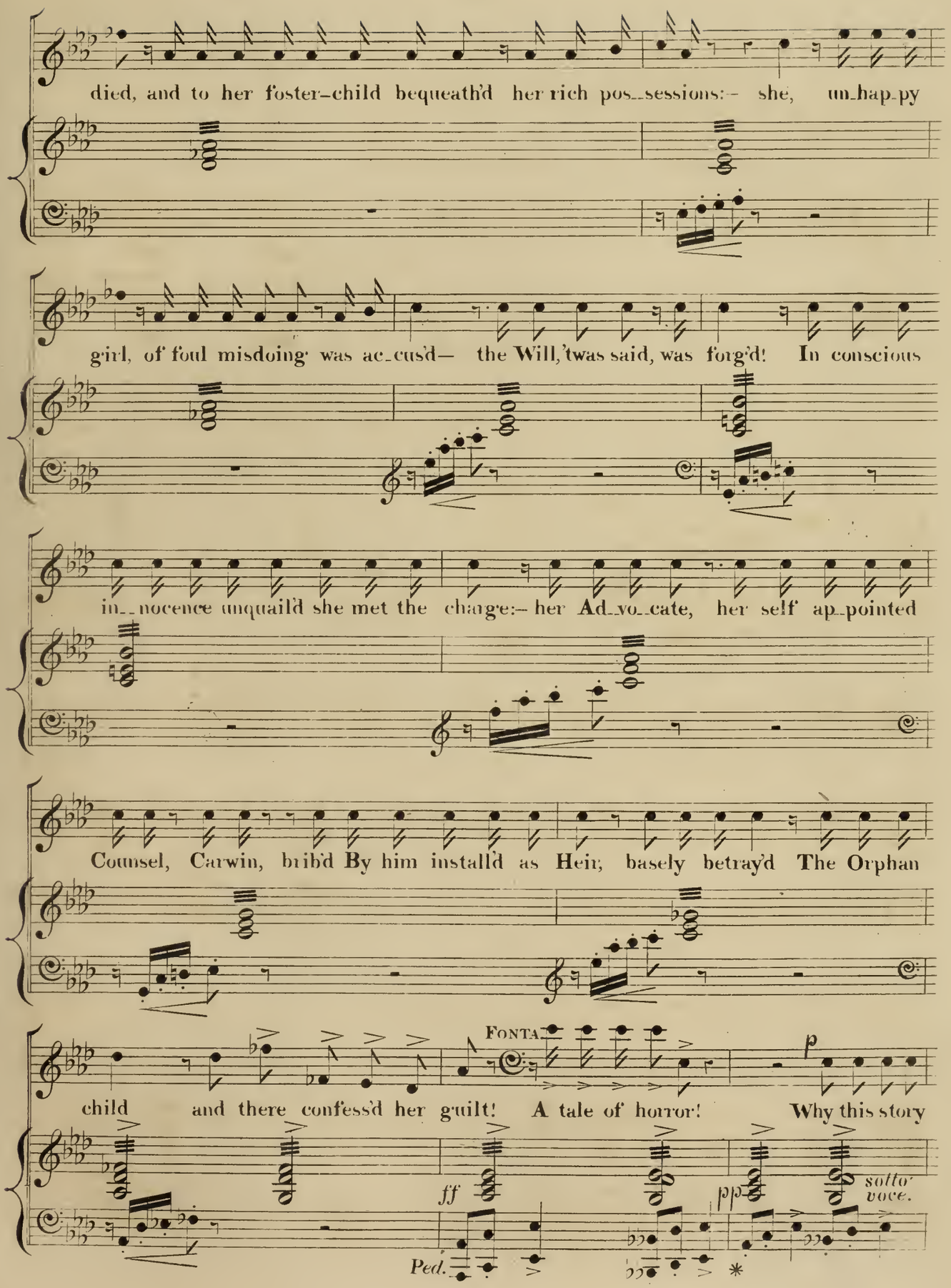


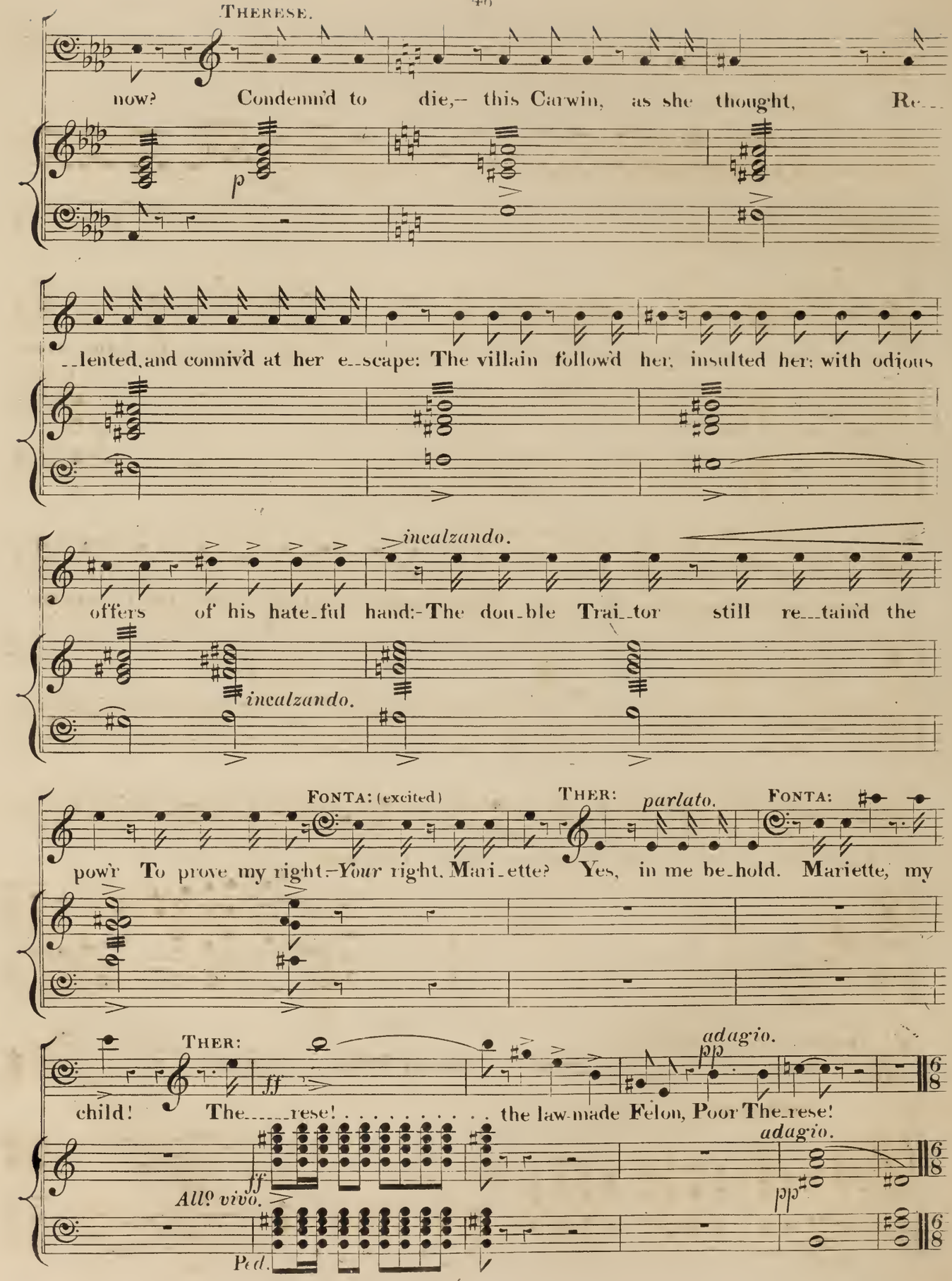
This ballad may be had in the key of F.

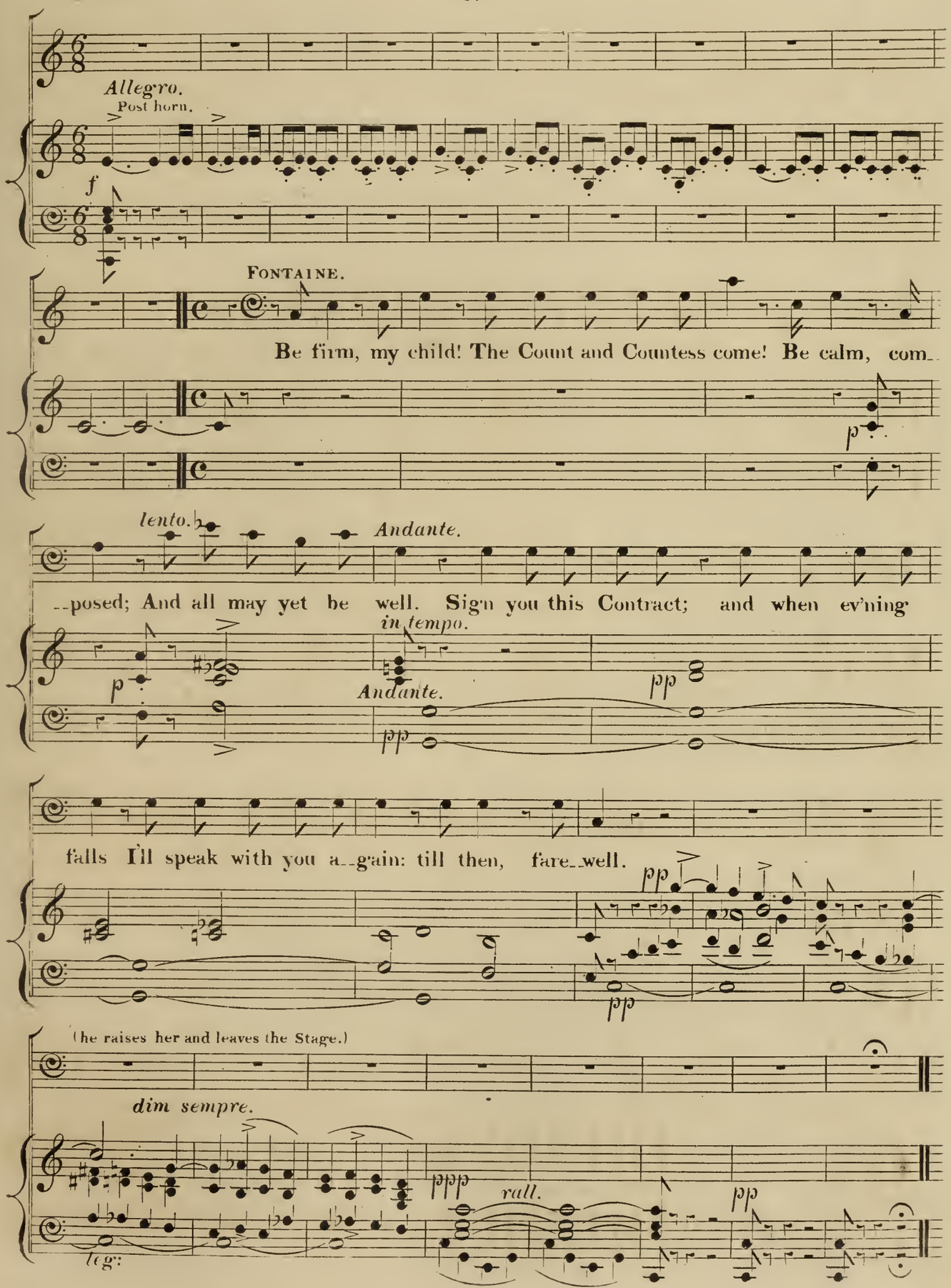


A poor unfriended outcast


(with surprise)
FONTAINE.
Good Ma_ri_ette, unfold this mystery!
Moderato ff
THERESE. (hurriedly and with great
An Orphan girl, the love adopted
tremolo.
pp
agitation.)
child Of childless mo_ther, in Ge_ne_va dwelt:
High
p
rank, unbounded wealth, unbounded wealth that mother own'd:—
She

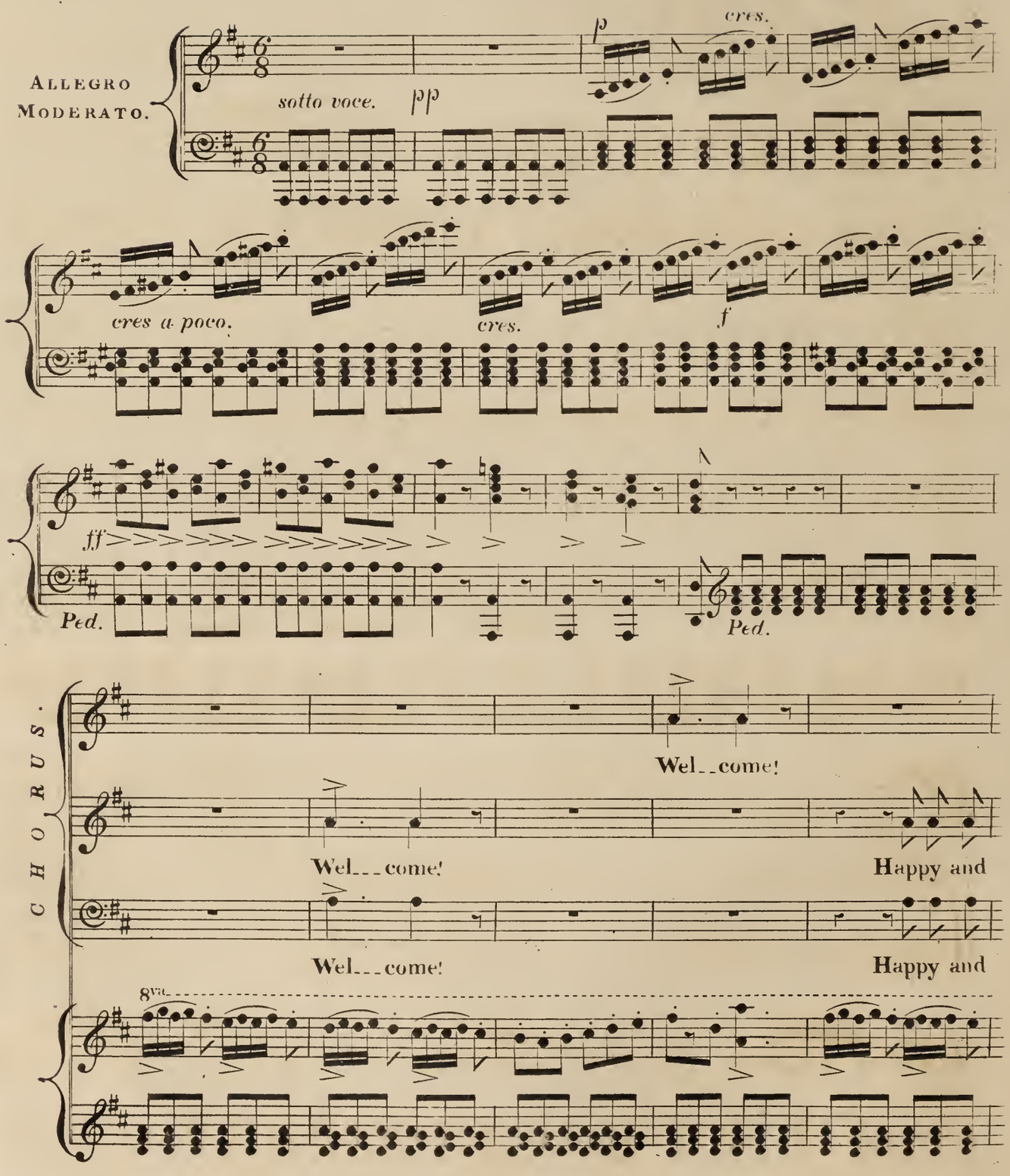

died, and to her foster-child bequeath'd her rich pos-sessions:- she, un-hap-py
girl, of foul misdoing was ac-cus'd— the Will, 'twas said, was forg'd! In conscious
in-nocence unquail'd she met the charge:- her Ad-vo-cate, her self ap-pointed
Counsel, Carwin, brib'd By him install'd as Heir, basely betray'd The Orphan
child and there confess'd her guilt! A tale of horror! Why this story
FONTA
ff
pp
sotto voce.
Ped.
*

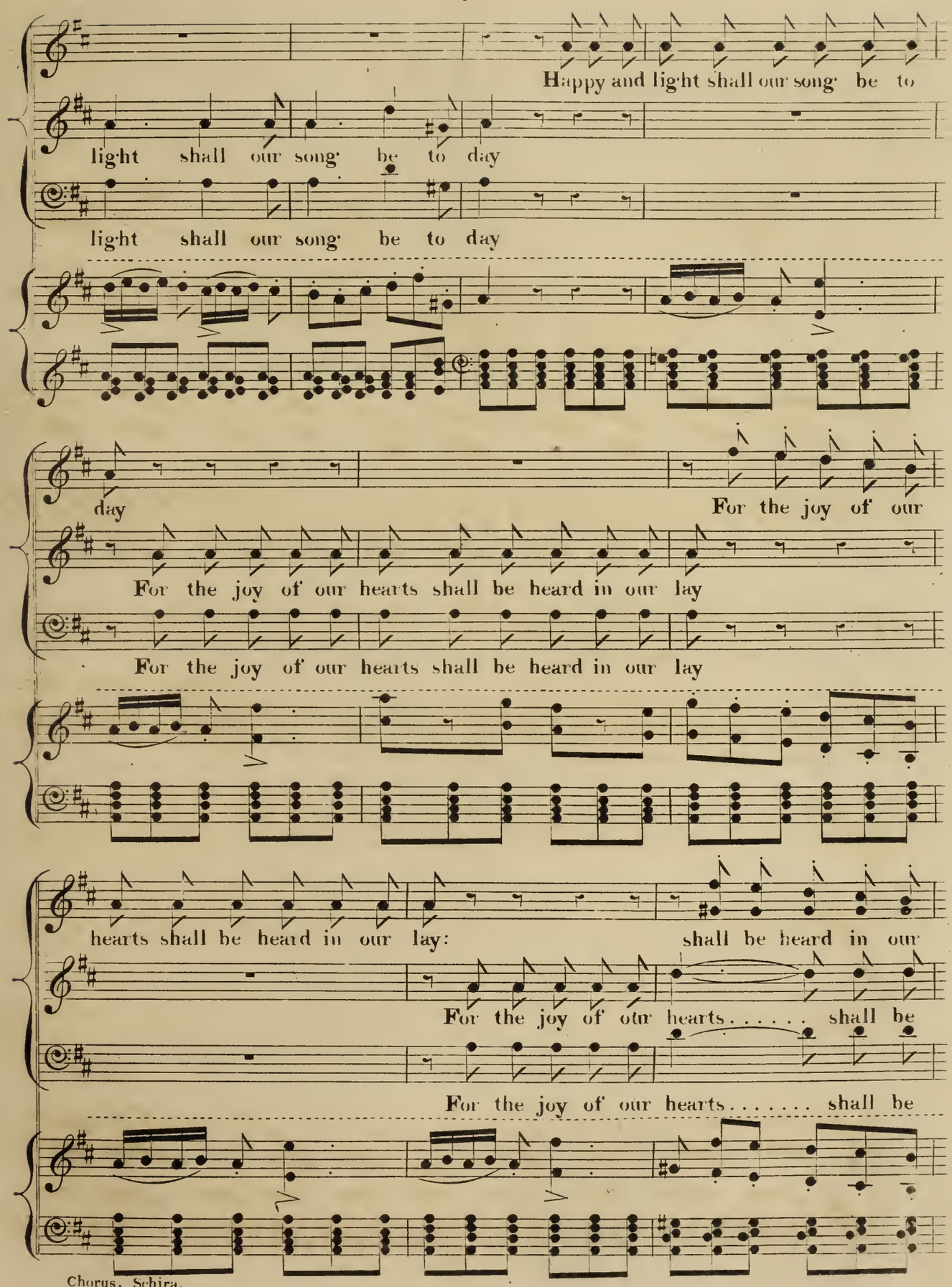

THERESE.
now? Condemn'd to die,– this Carwin, as she thought, Re-
p
--lented, and conniv'd at her e--scape: The villain follow'd her; insulted her; with odious
incalzando.
offers of his hate-ful hand:-The dou-ble Trai--tor still re--tain'd the
incalzando.
FONTA: (excited)
THER:
parlato.
FONTA:
pow'r To prove my right-Your right, Mari-ette? Yes, in me be-hold. Mariette, my
THER:
adagio.
pp
child! The-----rese! . . . . . the law-made Felon, Poor The-rese!
ff
adagio.
ff
All? vivo.
pp
Ped.


Allegro.
Post horn.
f
FONTAINE.
Be firm, my child! The Count and Countess come! Be calm, com-
p
lento.
Andante.
-posed; And all may yet be well. Sign you this Contract; and when ev'ning
in tempo.
p
Andante.
pp
pp
falls I'll speak with you a-gain: till then, fare-well.
pp
pp
(he raises her and leaves the Stage.)
dim sempre.
ppp
rall.
pp
leg:

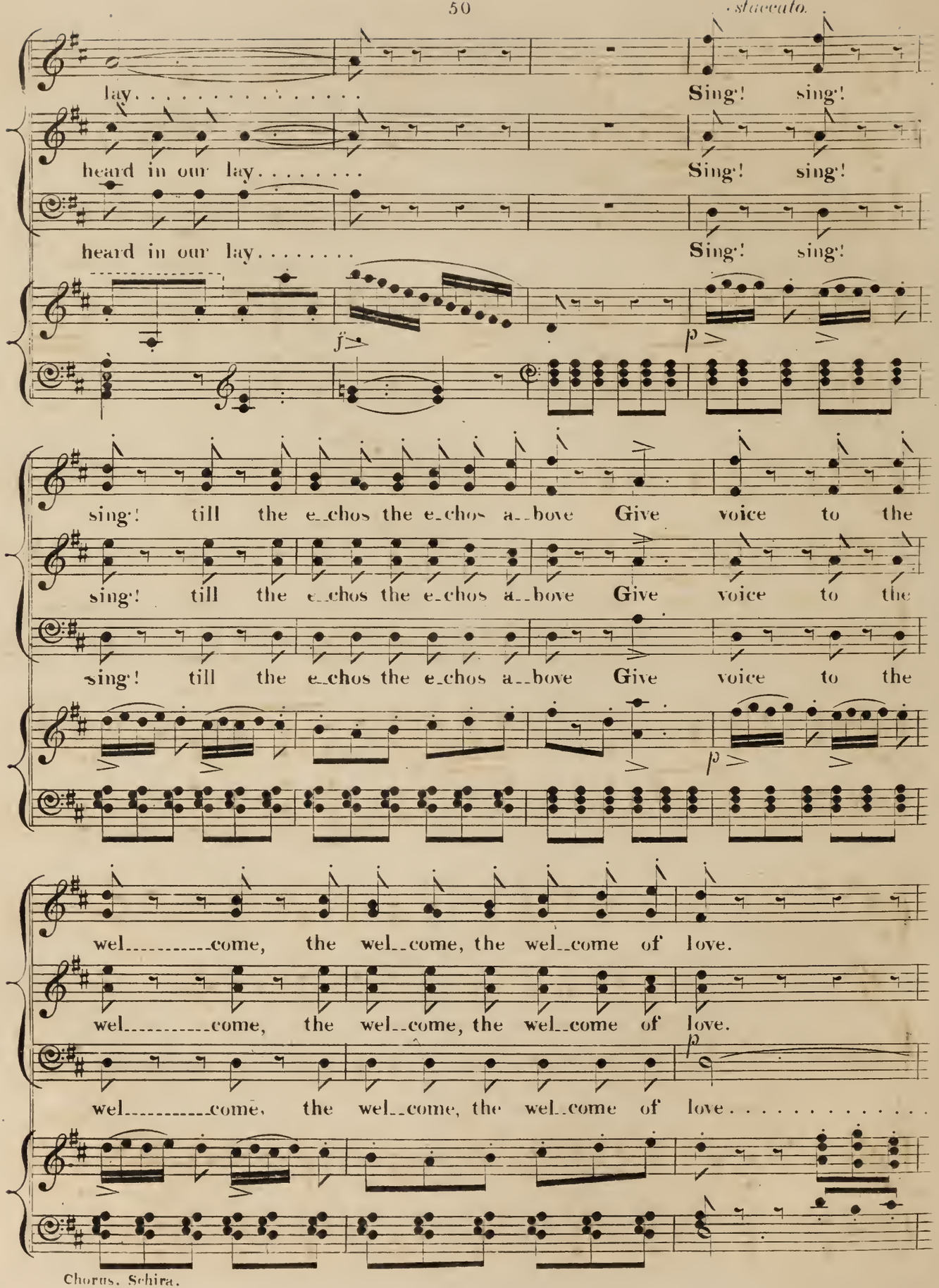
CHORUS.

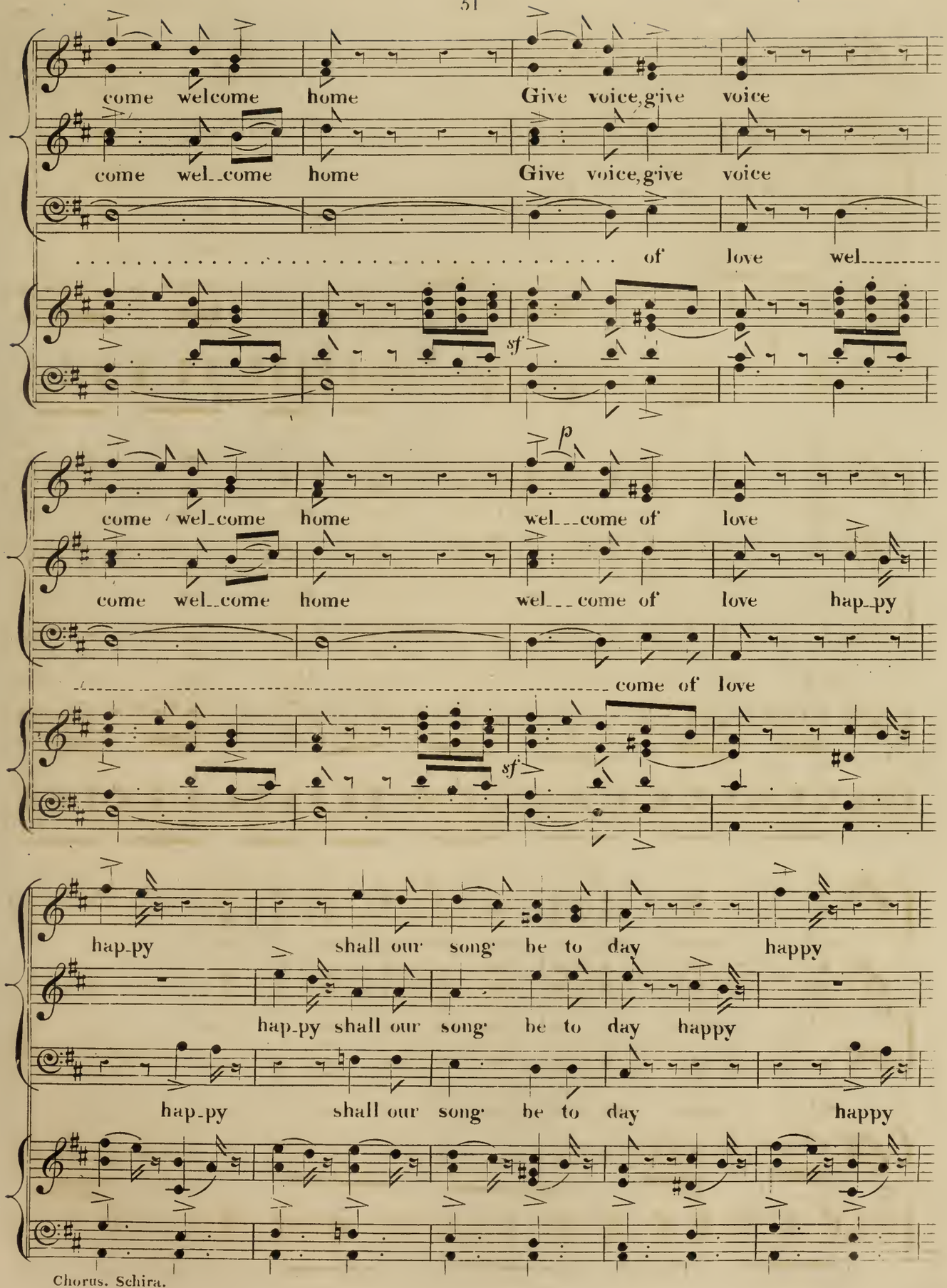
Music by F. SCHIRA.



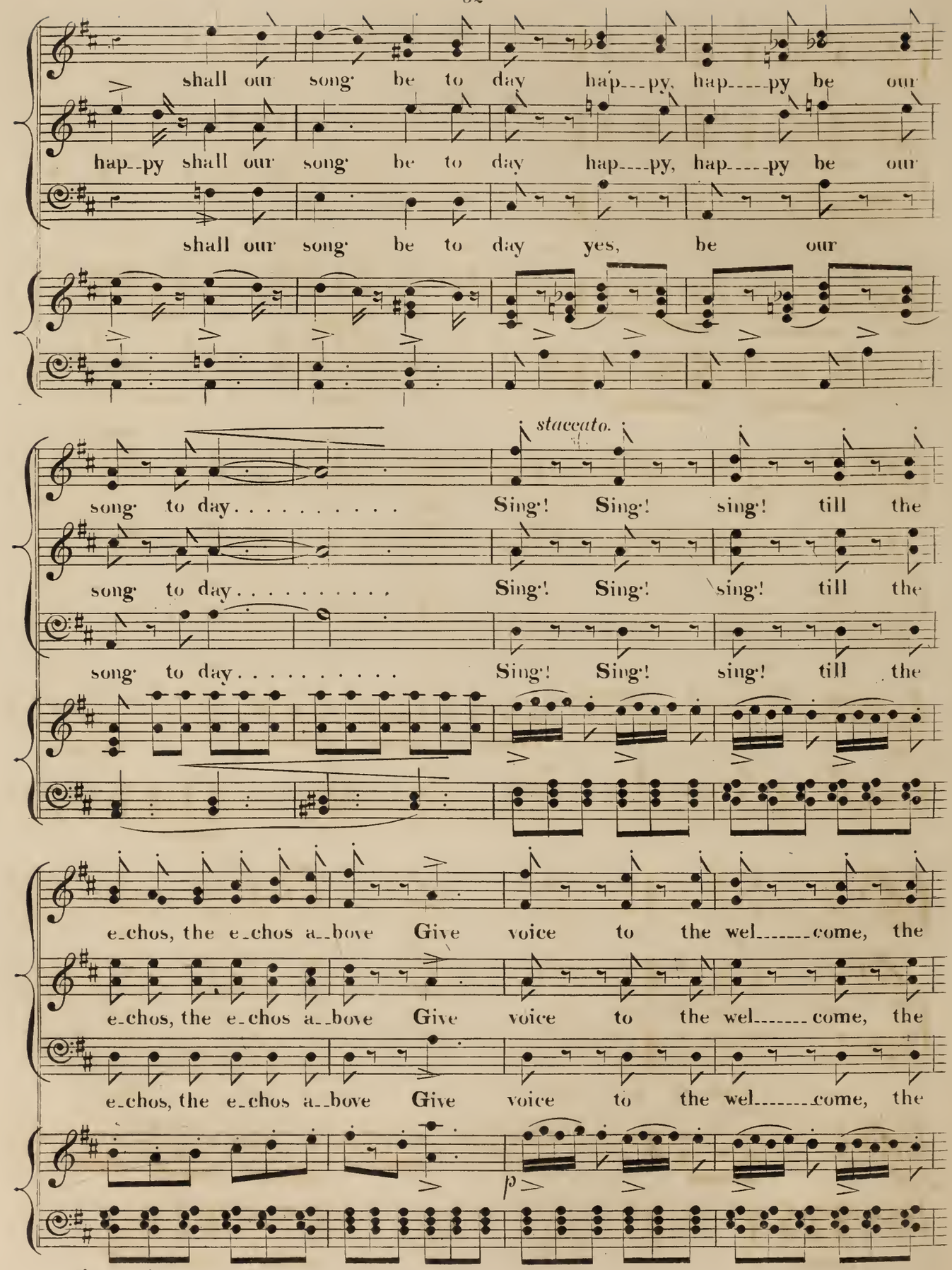


Chorus. Schira.

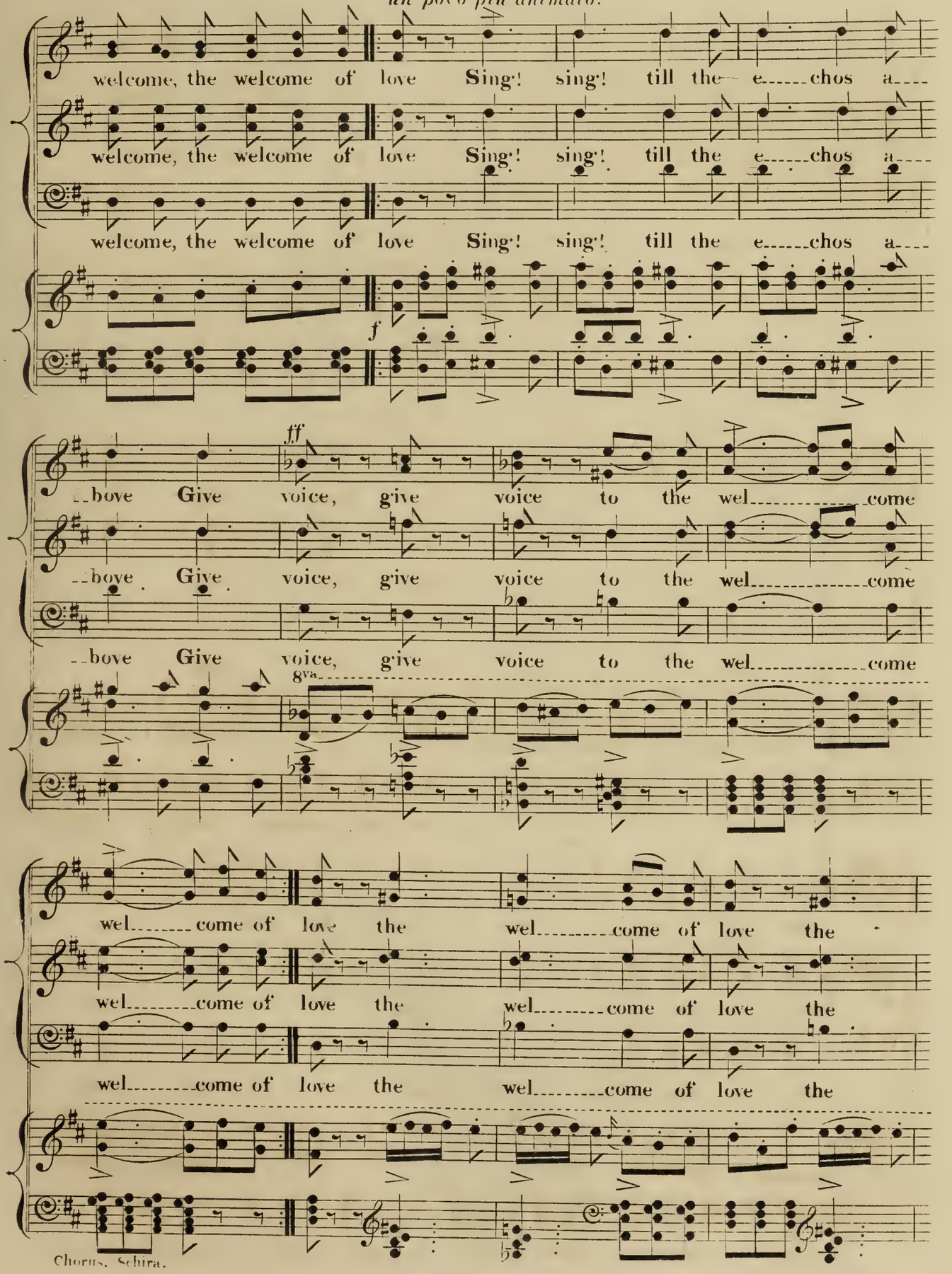

staccato.
lay. . . . . Sing! sing!
heard in our lay. . . . . Sing! sing!
heard in our lay. . . . . Sing! sing!
f
p
sing! till the e_chos the e_chos a_bove Give voice to the
sing! till the e_chos the e_chos a_bove Give voice to the
sing! till the e_chos the e_chos a_bove Give voice to the
p
wel_____come, the wel_come, the wel_come of love.
wel_____come, the wel_come, the wel_come of love.
wel_____come, the wel_come, the wel_come of love. . . . . .

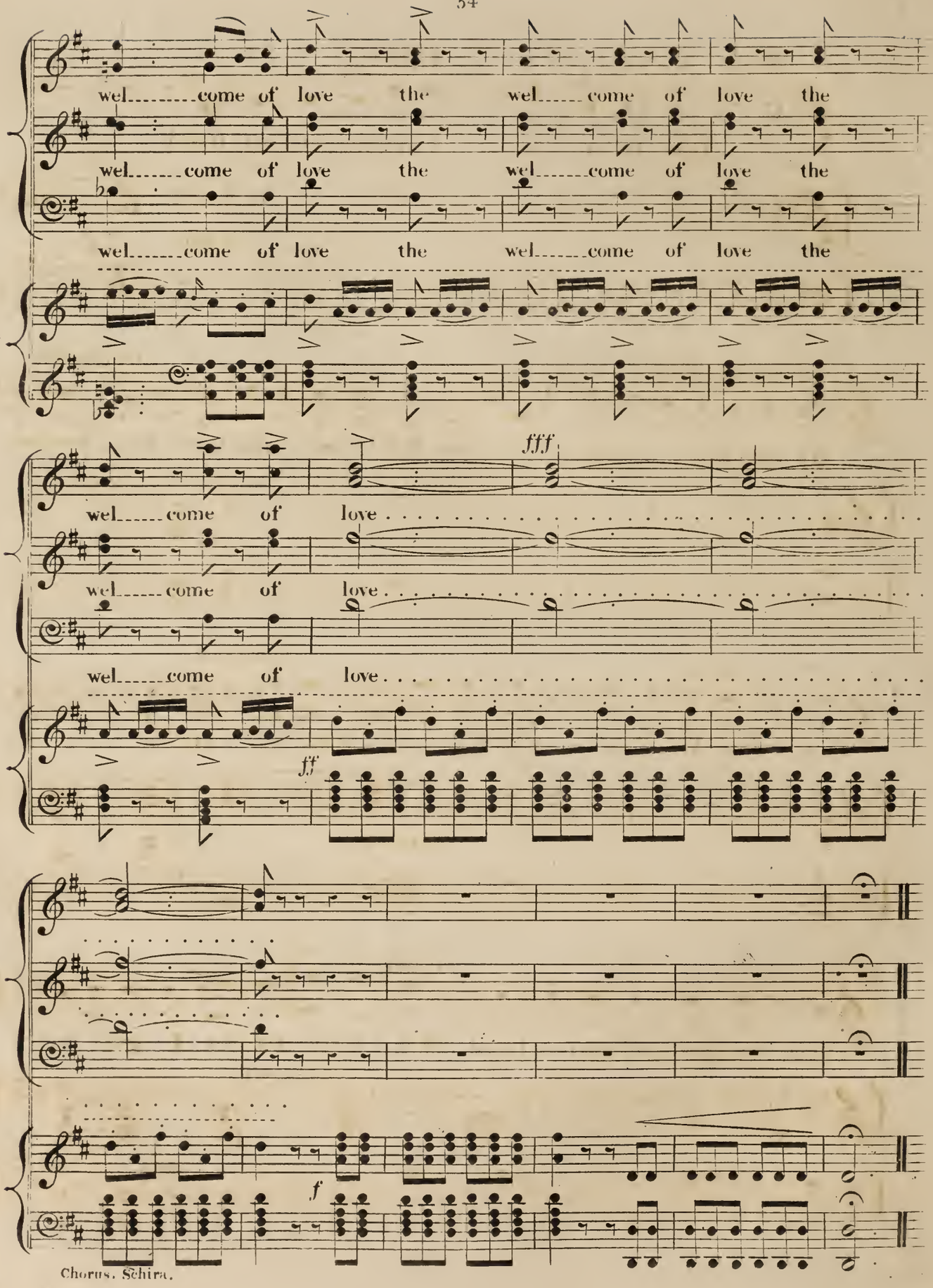


Chorus. Schira.

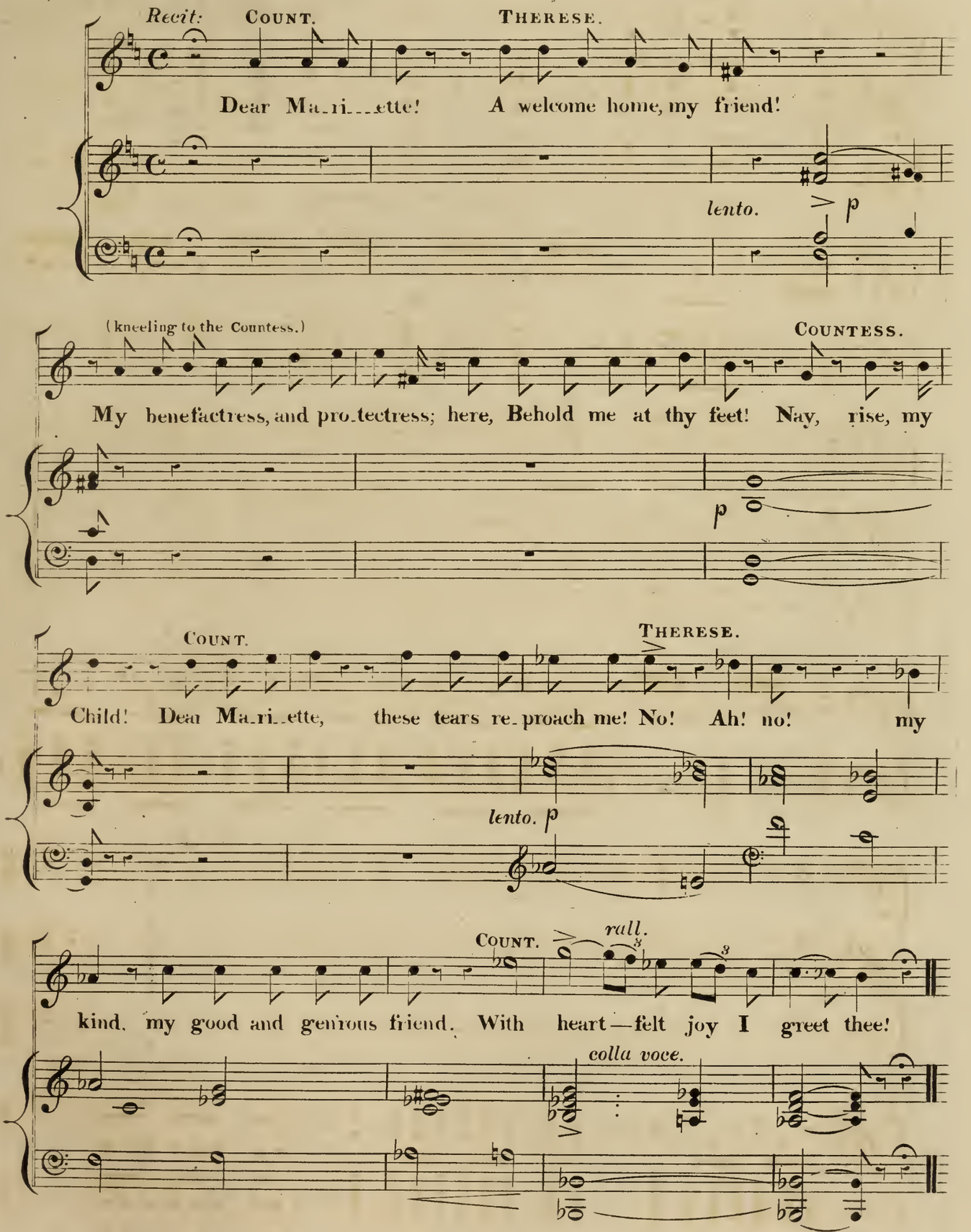

shall our song be to day hap---py, hap----py be our
hap--py shall our song be to day hap----py, hap----py be our
shall our song be to day yes, be our
staccato.
song to day. . . . . Sing! Sing! sing! till the
song to day. . . . . Sing! Sing! sing! till the
song to day. . . . . Sing! Sing! sing! till the
e-chos, the e-chos a--bove Give voice to the wel------come, the
e-chos, the e-chos a--bove Give voice to the wel------come, the
e-chos, the e-chos a--bove Give voice to the wel------come, the
p

un poco più animato.





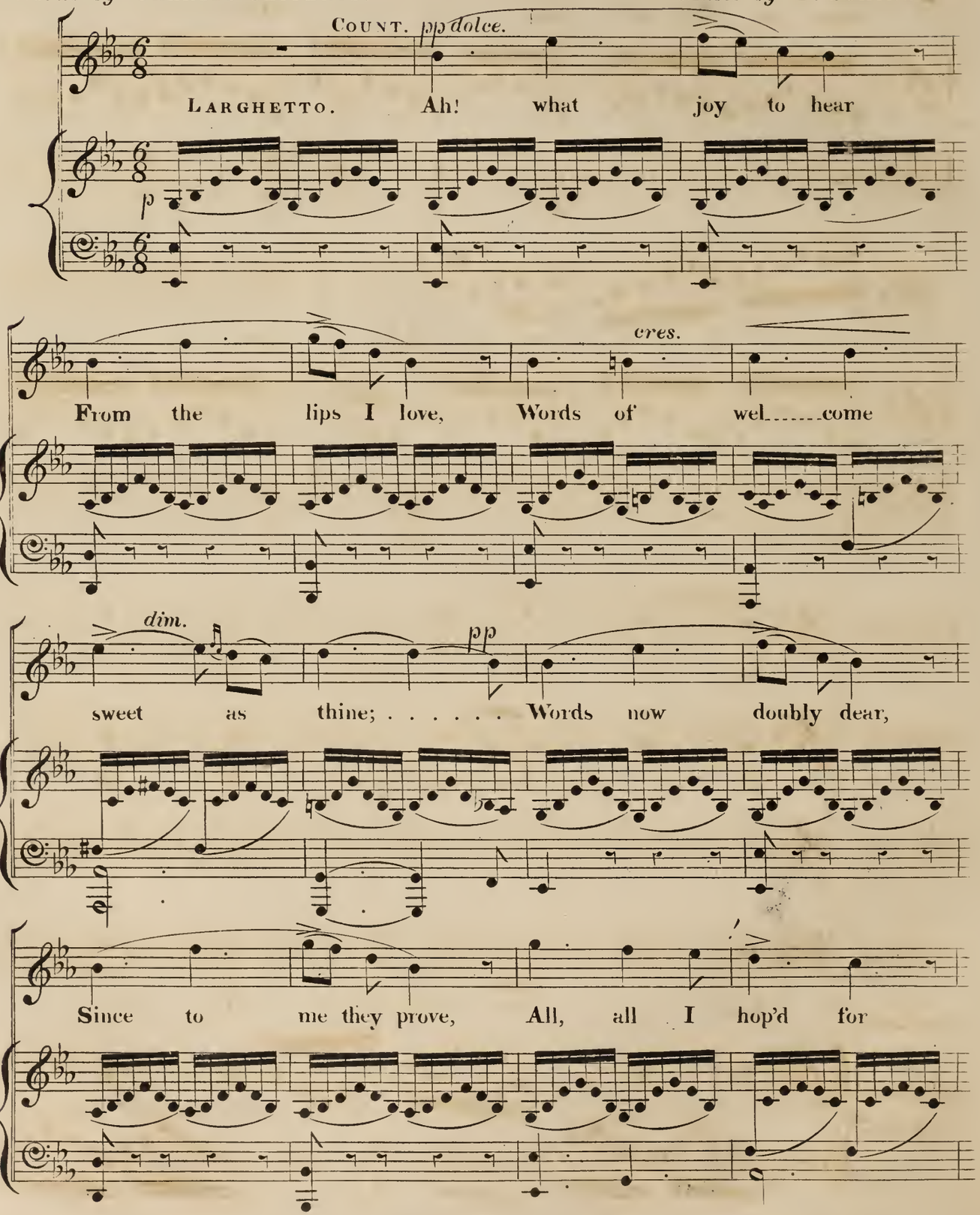
Chorus. Schira.

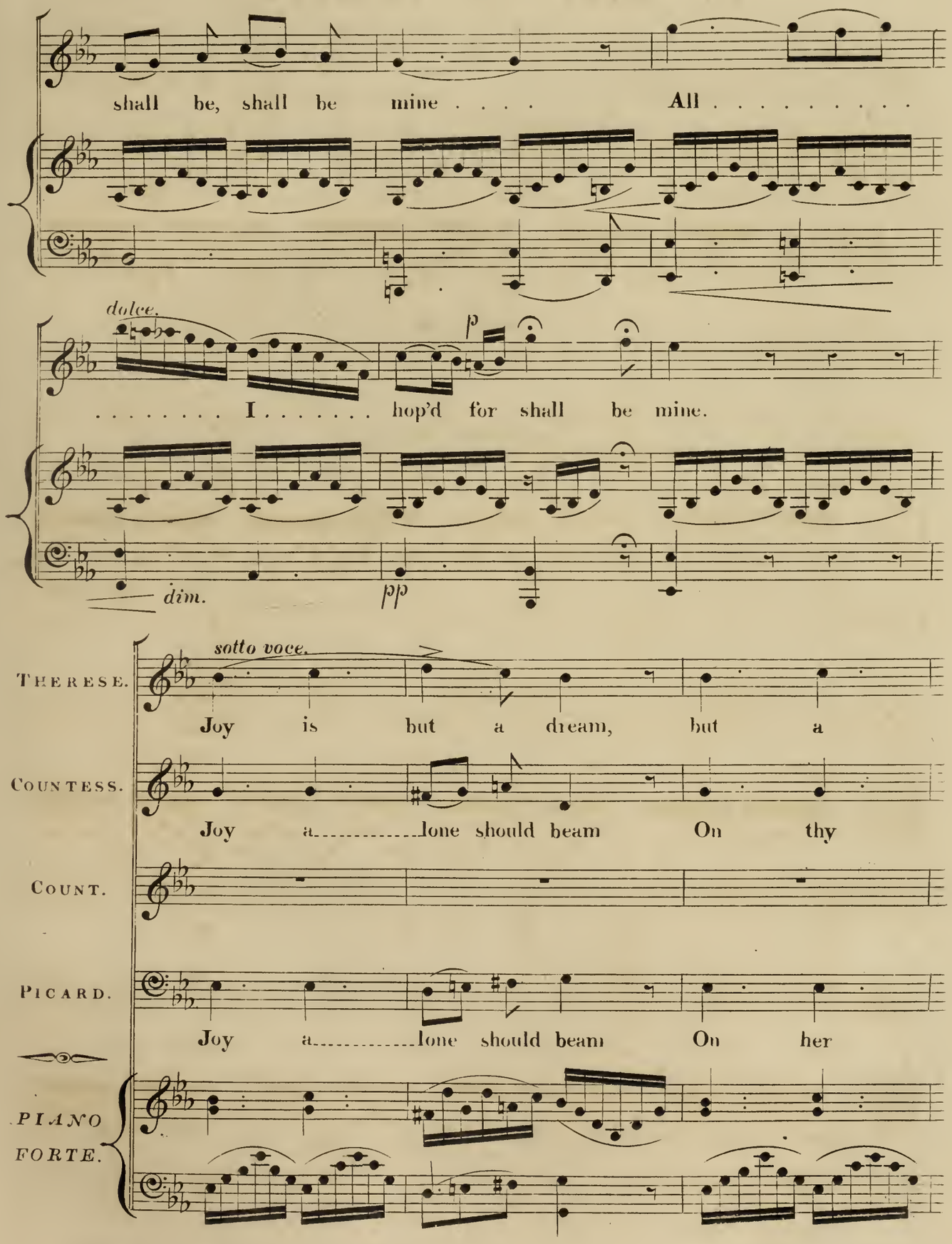

Recit:
COUNT.
THERESE.
Dear Ma_ri_ette! A welcome home, my friend!
lento.
p
(kneeling to the Countess.)
COUNTESS.
My benefactress, and pro_tectress; here, Behold me at thy feet! Nay, rise, my
p
COUNT.
THERESE.
Child! Dear Ma_ri_ette, these tears re_proach me! No! Ah! no! my
lento. p
COUNT.
rall.
kind, my good and generous friend. With heart—felt joy I greet thee!
colla voce.

AH! WHAT JOY TO HEAR.

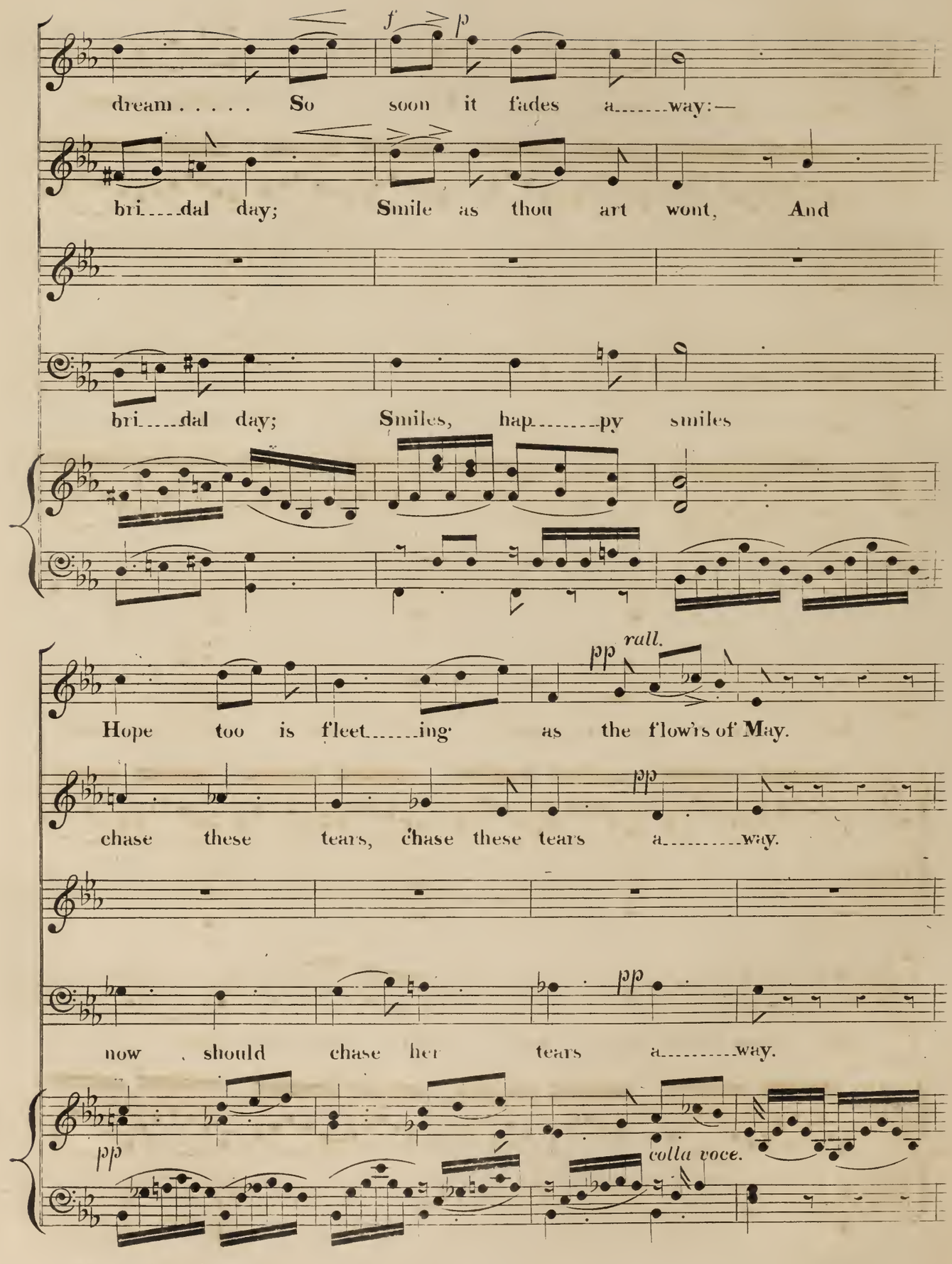
AIR AND QUARTETT.

Words by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.

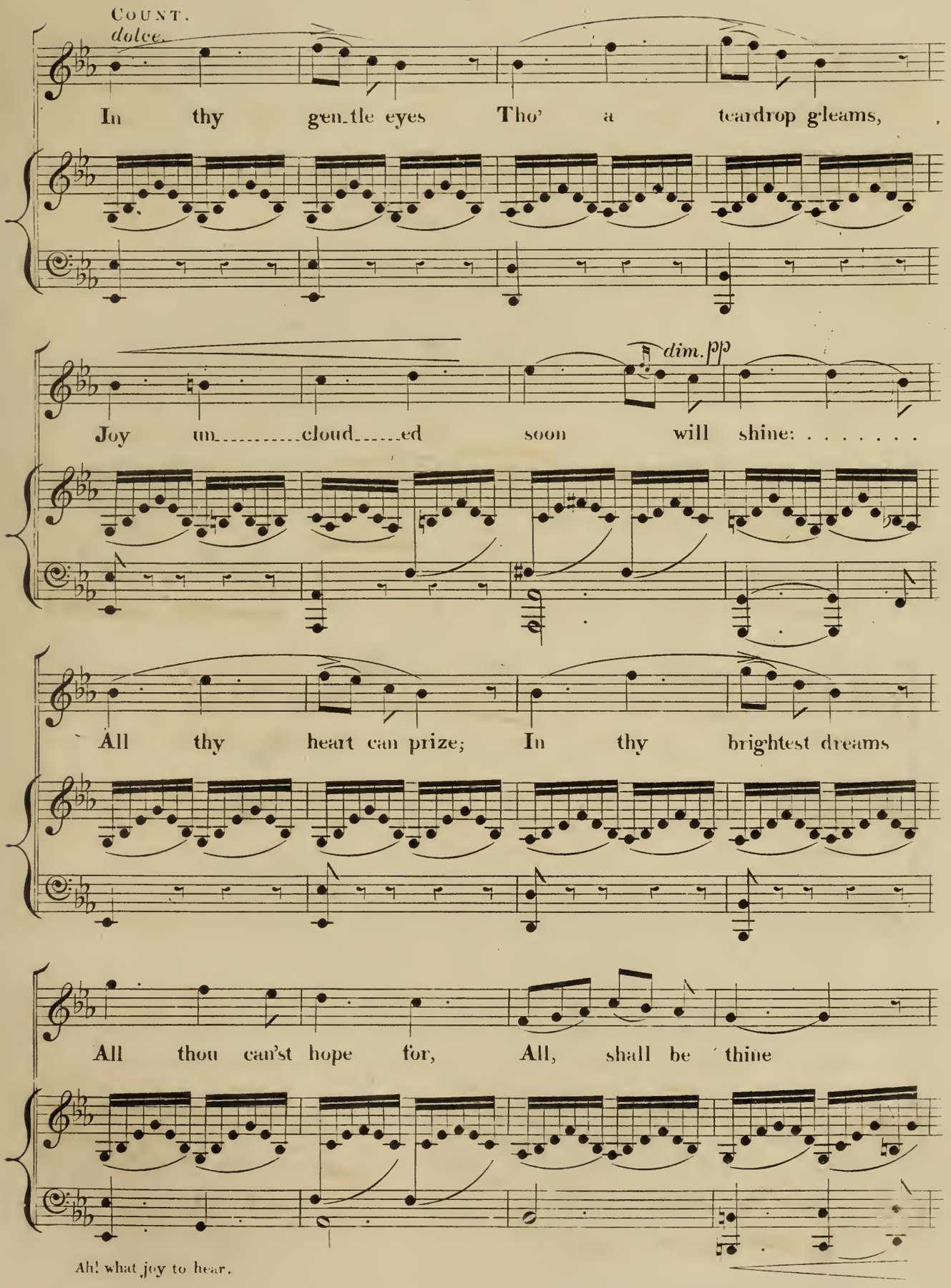


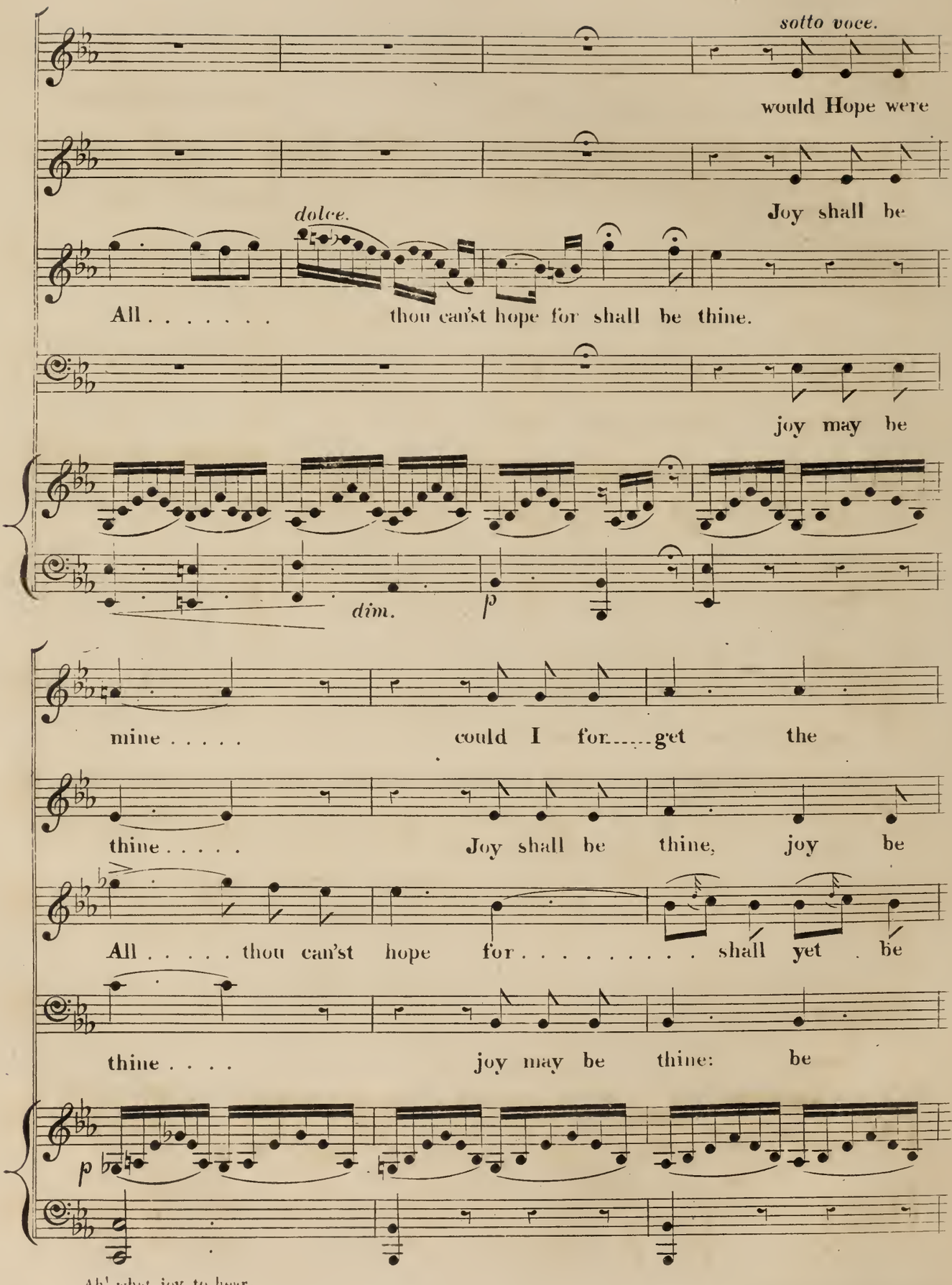


Ah! what joy to hear.

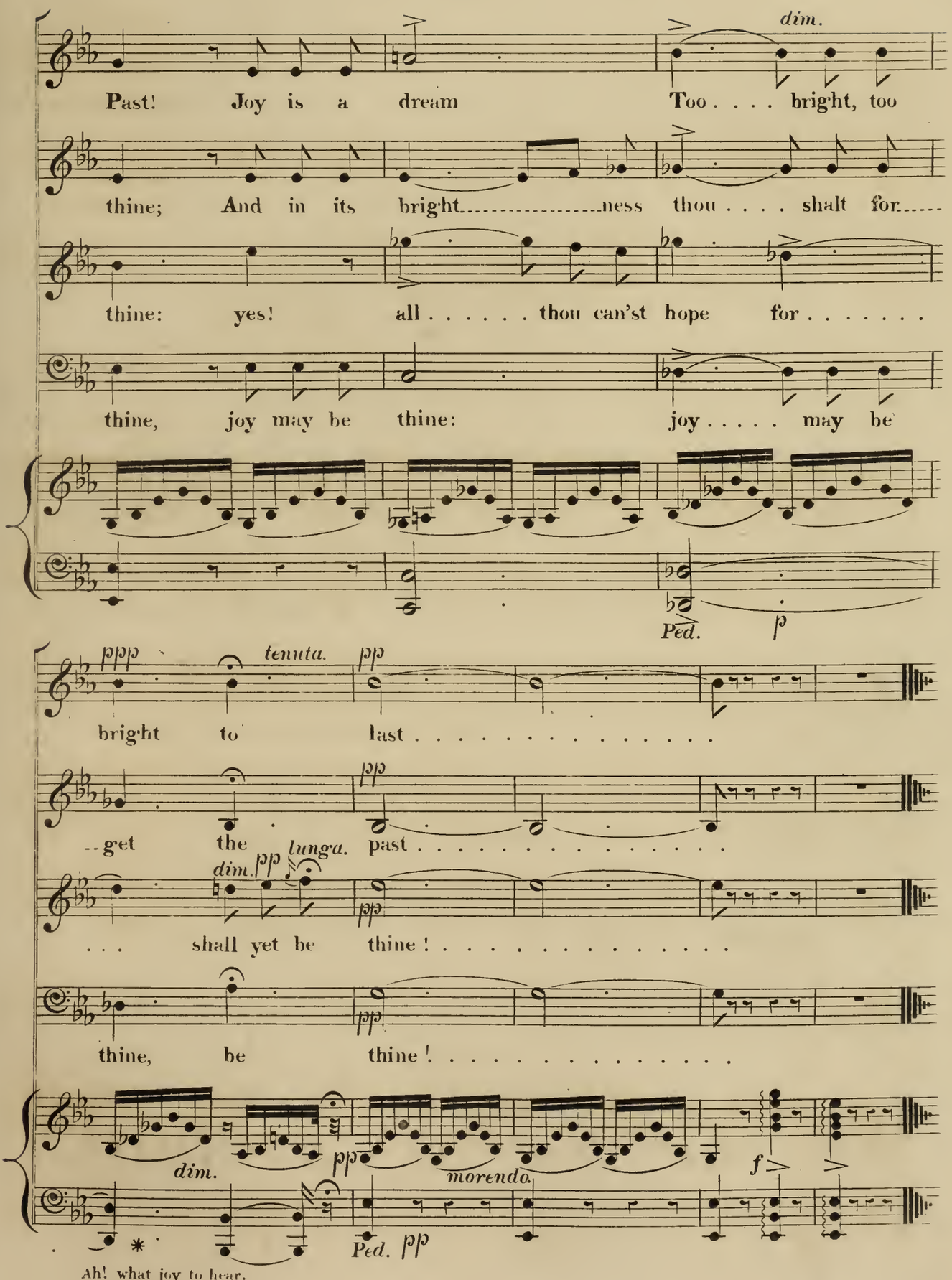


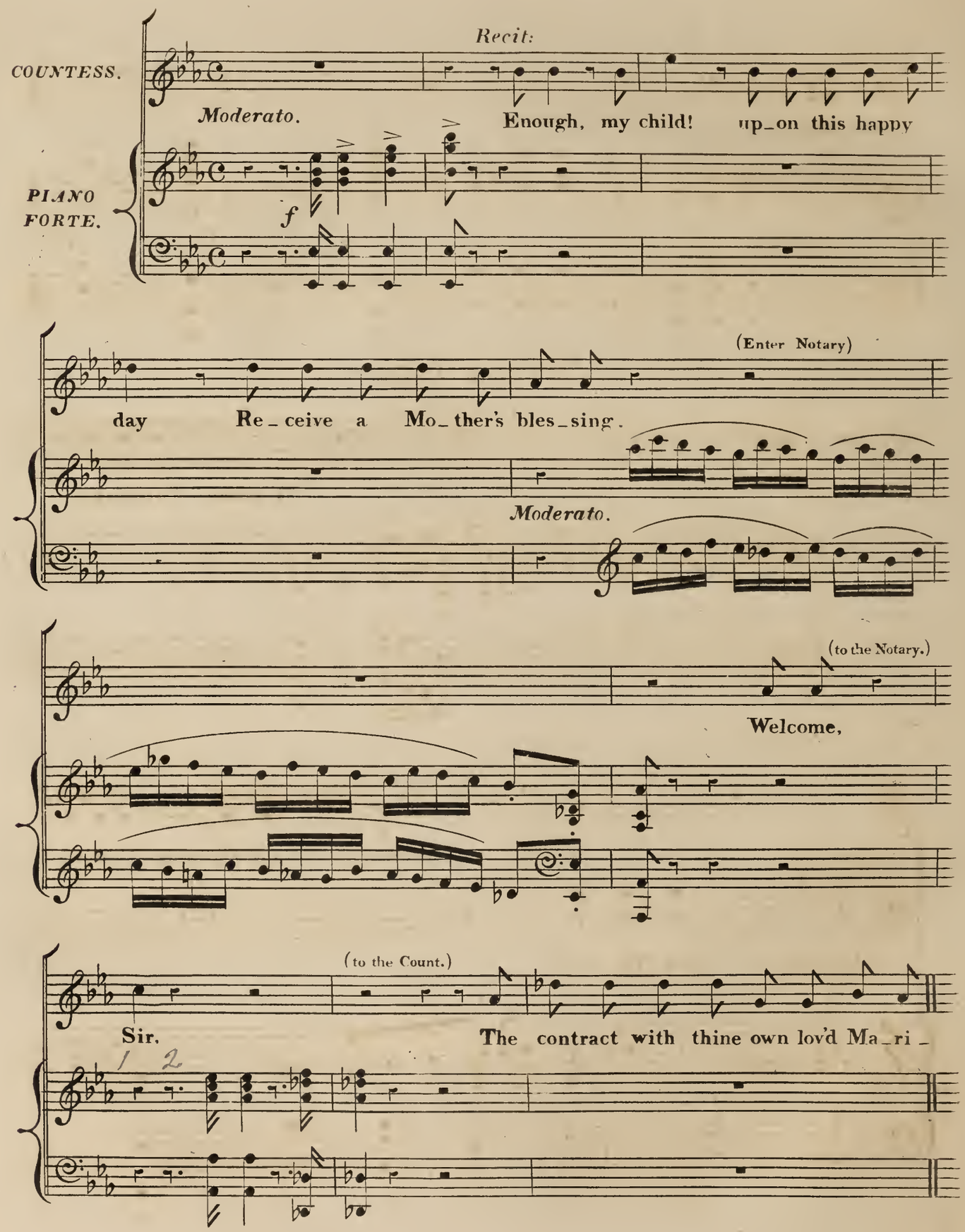
Ah! what joy to hear.

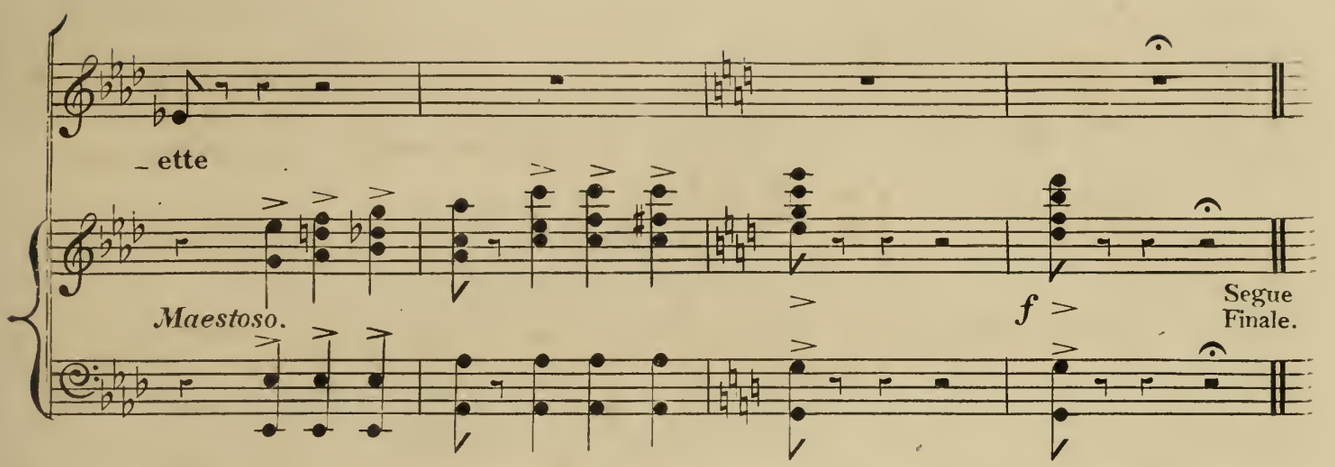

COUNT.
dolce.
In thy gen_tle eyes Tho' a teardrop gleams,
dim. pp
Joy un_____cloud_____ed soon will shine: . . . . . .
All thy heart can prize; In thy brightest dreams
All thou can'st hope for, All, shall be thine
Ah! what joy to hear.



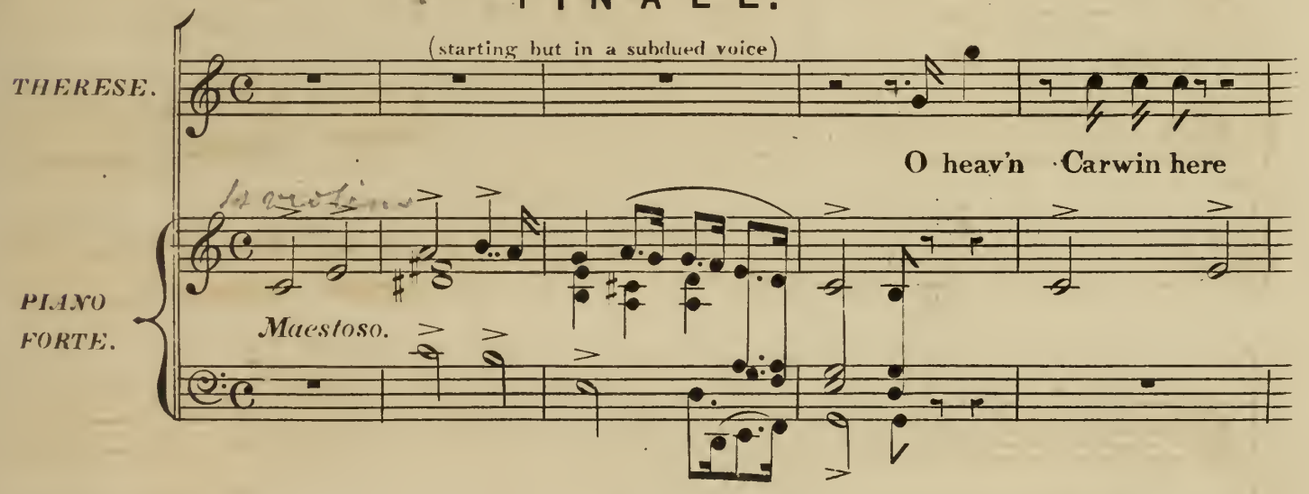
Ah! what joy to hear.

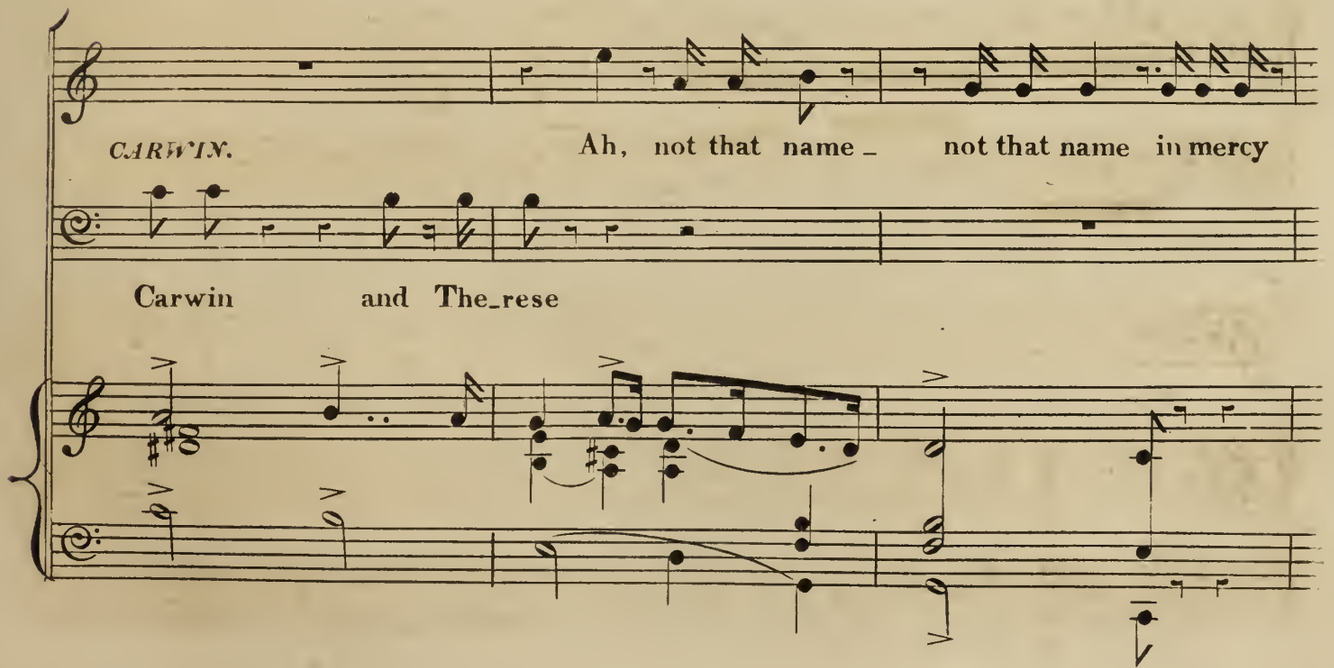

dim.
Past! Joy is a dream Too . . . . bright, too
thine; And in its bright.....ness thou . . . . shalt for.....
thine: yes! all . . . . . thou can'st hope for . . . . . .
thine, joy may be thine: joy . . . . . may be
Ped.
ppp tenuta. pp
bright to last . . . . . .
..get the pp lunga. past . . . . . .
dim.
. . . shall yet be thine ! . . . . . .
thine, be thine ! . . . . . .
dim. pp morendo. f
Ped. pp
Ah! what joy to hear.

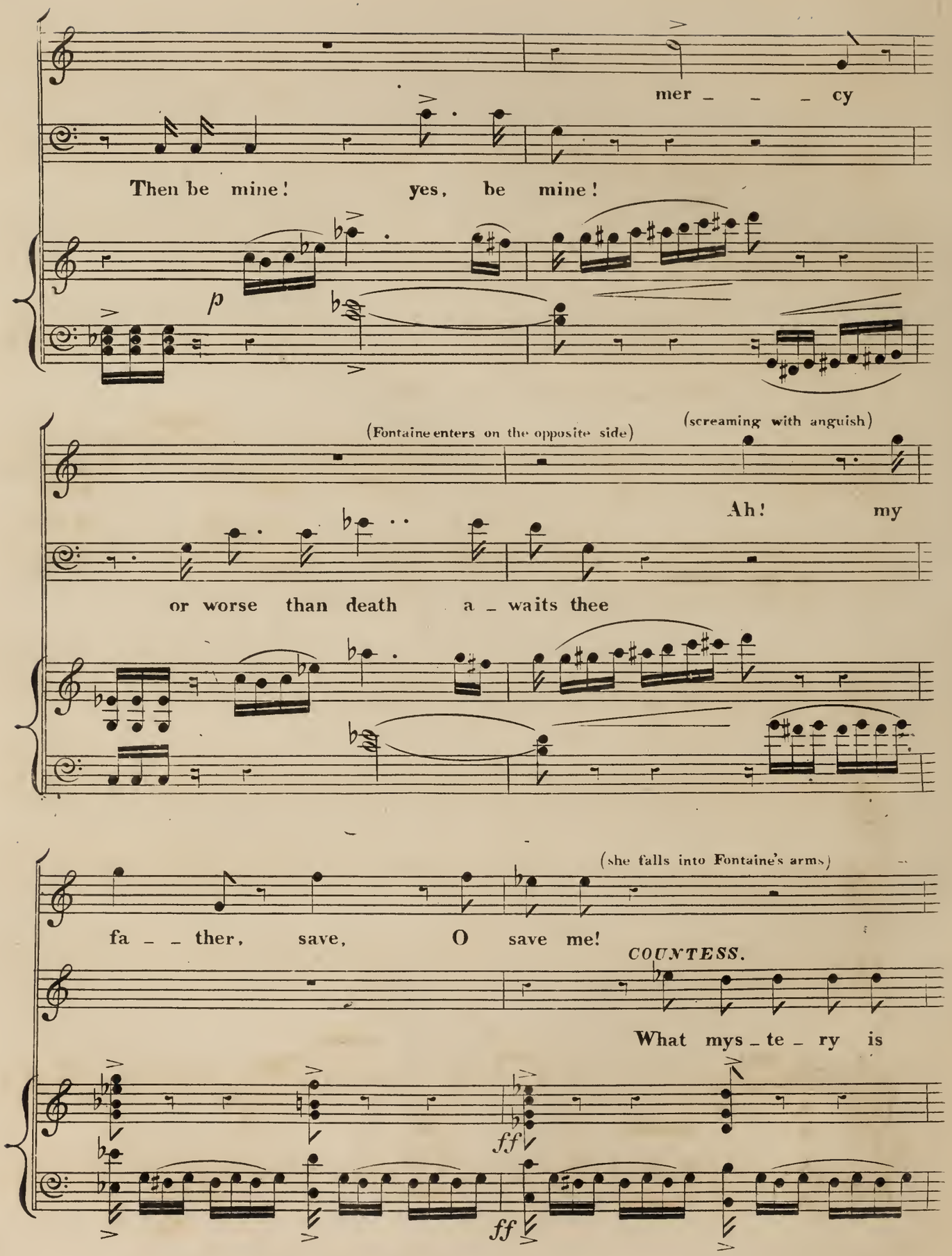

COUNTESS.
PIANO FORTE.
Recit:
Moderato.
Enough, my child! up_on this happy
f
day
Re_ceive a Mo_ther's bles_sing.
(Enter Notary)
Moderato.
(to the Notary.)
Welcome,
(to the Count.)
Sir.
The contract with thine own lov'd Ma_ri _
1 2

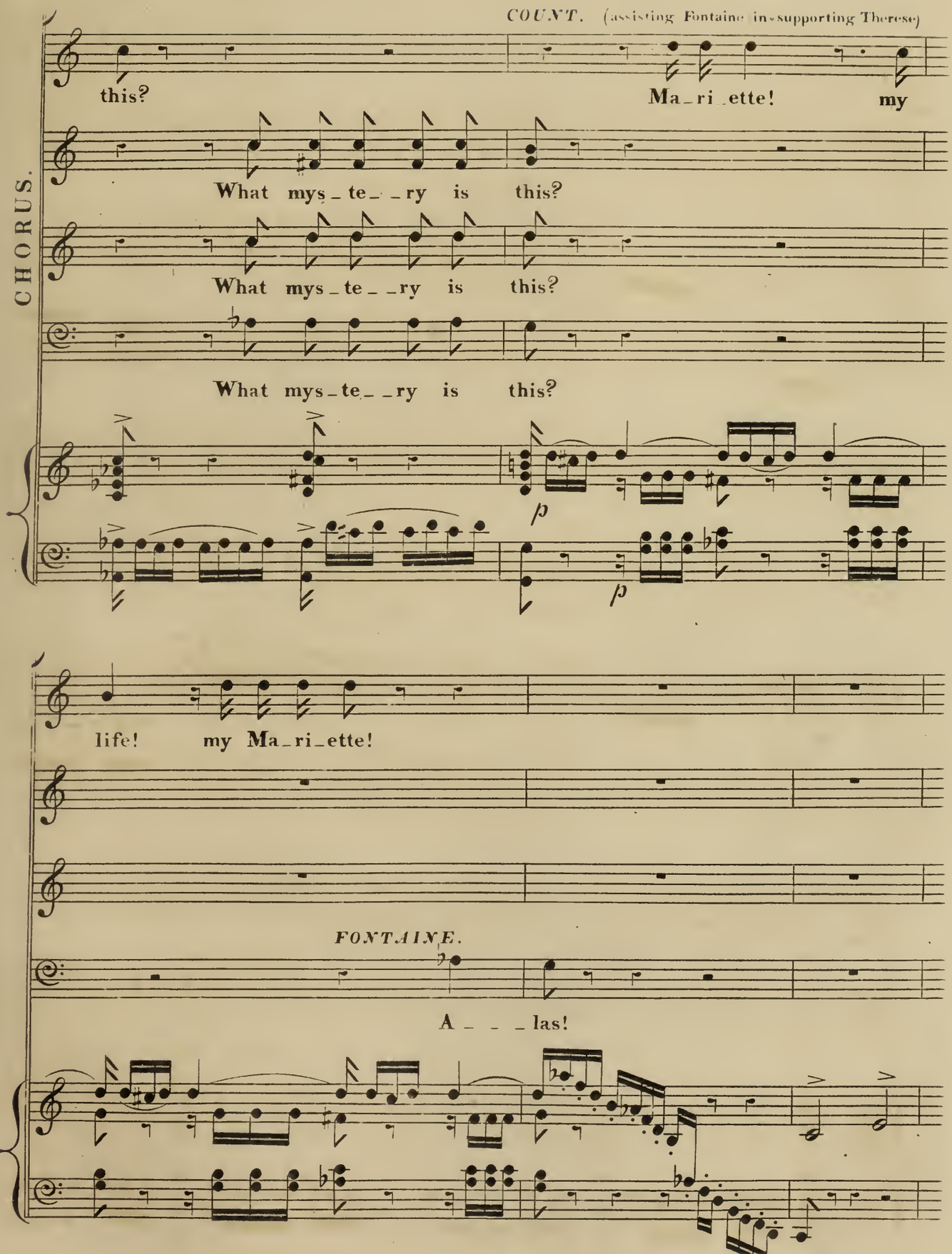

_ette
Maestoso.
f
Segue
Finale.

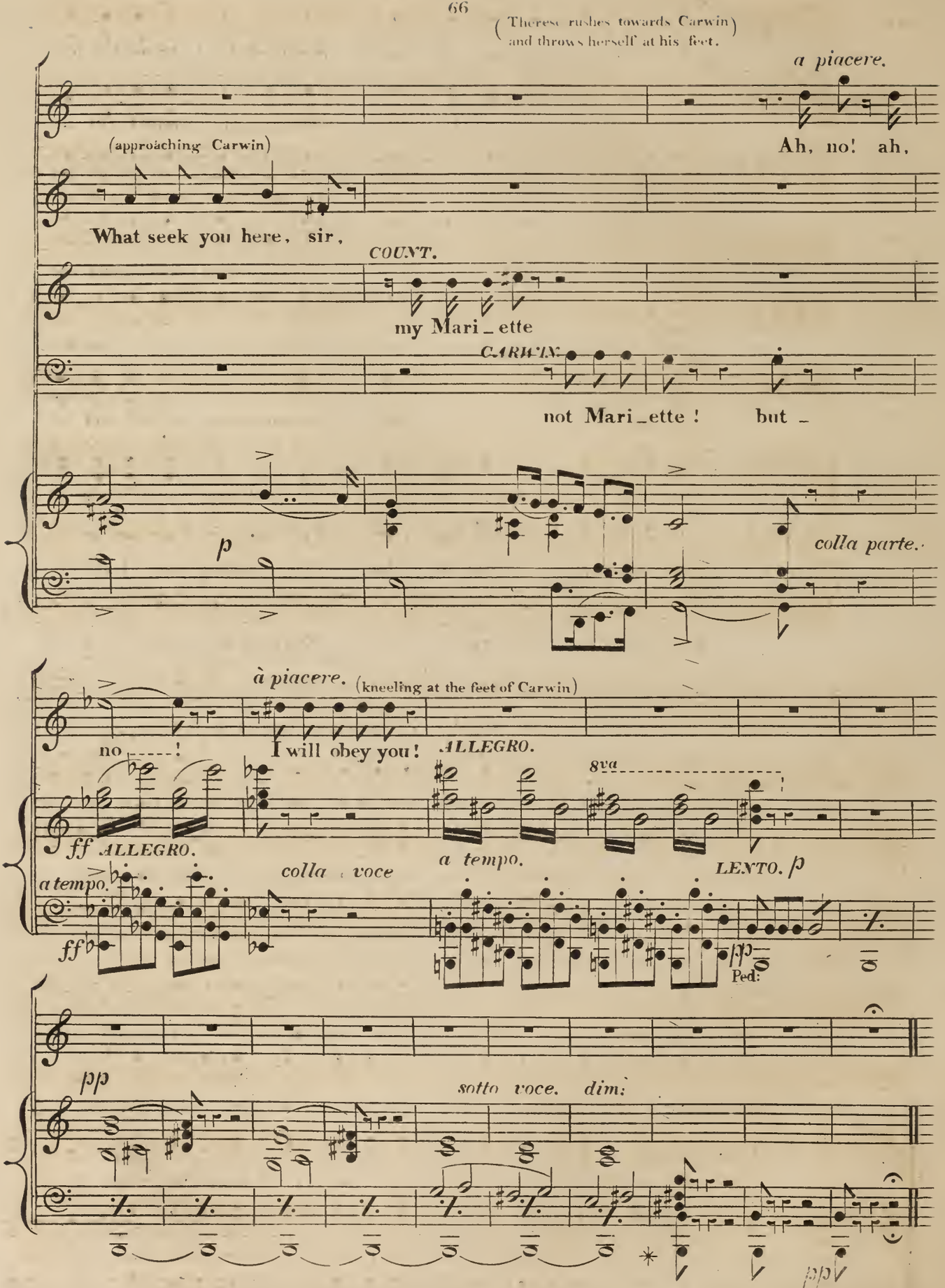
FINALE.


(starting but in a subdued voice)
THERESE.
O heav'n Carwin here
PIANO
FORTE.
Maestoso.


CARWIN.
Ah, not that name _ not that name in mercy
Carwin and The_rese


mer _ _ _ cy
Then be mine! yes, be mine!
p
(Fontaine enters on the opposite side)
(screaming with anguish)
Ah! my
or worse than death a _ waits thee
(she falls into Fontaine's arms)
fa _ _ ther, save, O save me!
COUNTESS.
What mys _ te _ ry is
ff
ff


COUNT. (assisting Fontaine in supporting Therese)
this?
Ma_ri_ette! my
CHORUS.
What mys_te_ry is this?
What mys_te_ry is this?
What mys_te_ry is this?
p
p
life! my Ma_ri_ette!
FONTAINE.
A_ _ _las!


(Therese rushes towards Carwin and throws herself at his feet.
a piacere.
(approaching Carwin)
Ah, no! ah,
What seek you here, sir,
COUNT.
my Mari_ette
CARWIN.
not Mari_ette! but _
p
colla parte.
à piacere.
(kneeling at the feet of Carwin)
no _____!
I will obey you!
ALLEGRO.
8va
ff ALLEGRO.
a tempo.
colla voce
a tempo.
LENTO. p
ff
pp
Ped:
pp
sotto voce. dim:

SESTETTE AND CHORUS. "THERESE."

F. SCHIRA.

Andante Sostenuto.

pp sotto voce. *sempre crescendo.*

THERESE. A fearful mys_te_ry sur_rounds, And binds me to his law_less

COUNTESS. What fearful mys_te_ry is this_ What mean those words "I will o_

COUNT. What fearful mys_te_ry is this_ What mean those words "I will o_

CARWIN. She feels my powr_ she knows my will_ i In vain would she dispute my

FONTAINE. A fearful mys_te_ry sur_rounds, And binds her to his law_less

PICARD. What fearful mys_te_ry is this_ What mean those words "I will o_

CHORUS. What fearful mys_te_ry is this_ What mean those words "I will o_

What fearful mys_te_ry is this_ What mean those words "I will o_

f

sway:_ Appall'd I stand, affrighted shrink, Yet his com_mands I must o_ bey.....

_bey"? Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway, unto his

_bey"? Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway, unto his

sway:_ Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, Yet my com_mands she must o_ bey, she must o_

sway:_ Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, Yet his com_mands she must o_ bey, she must o_

_bey"? Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway, unto his

_bey"? Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway, unto his

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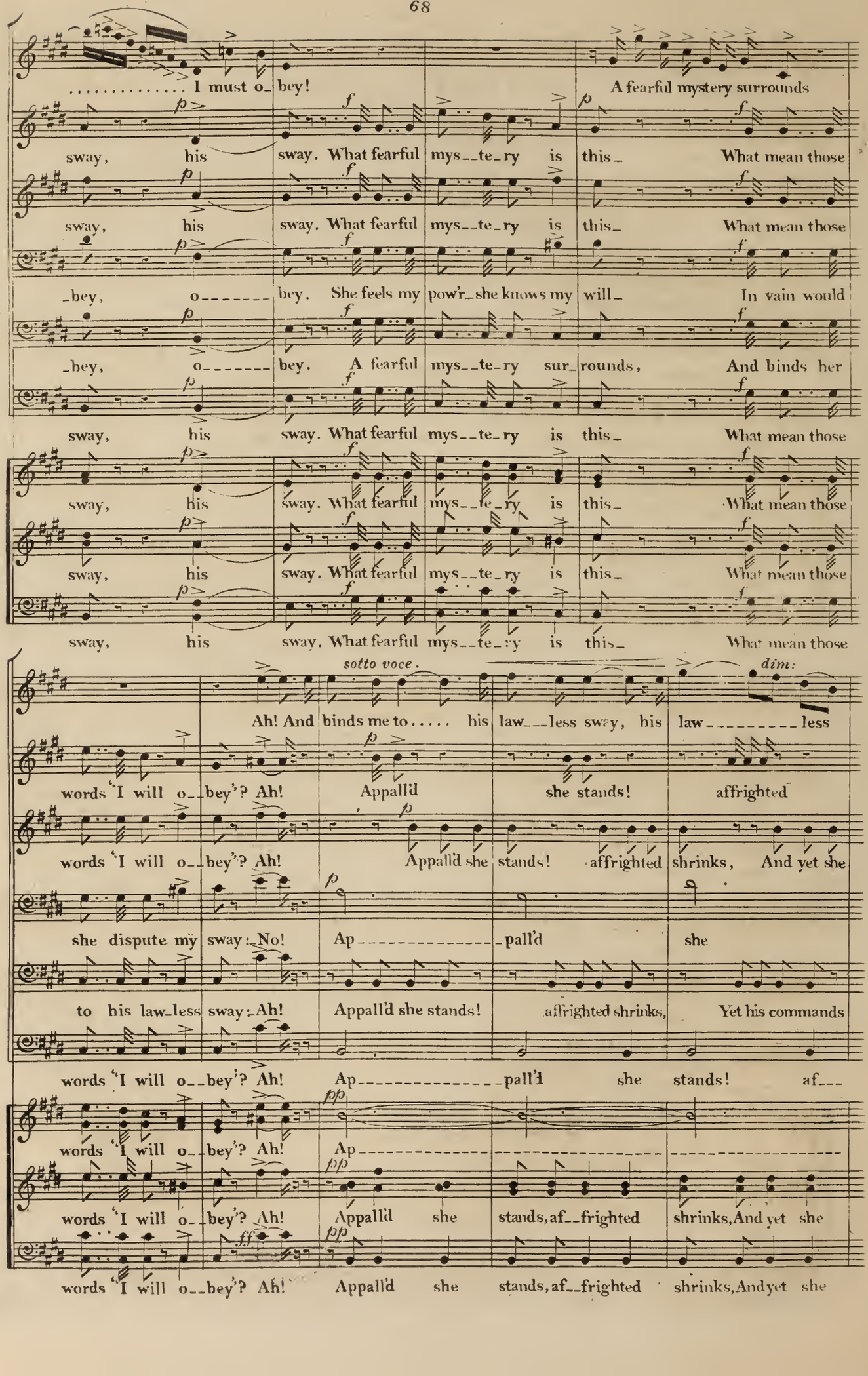
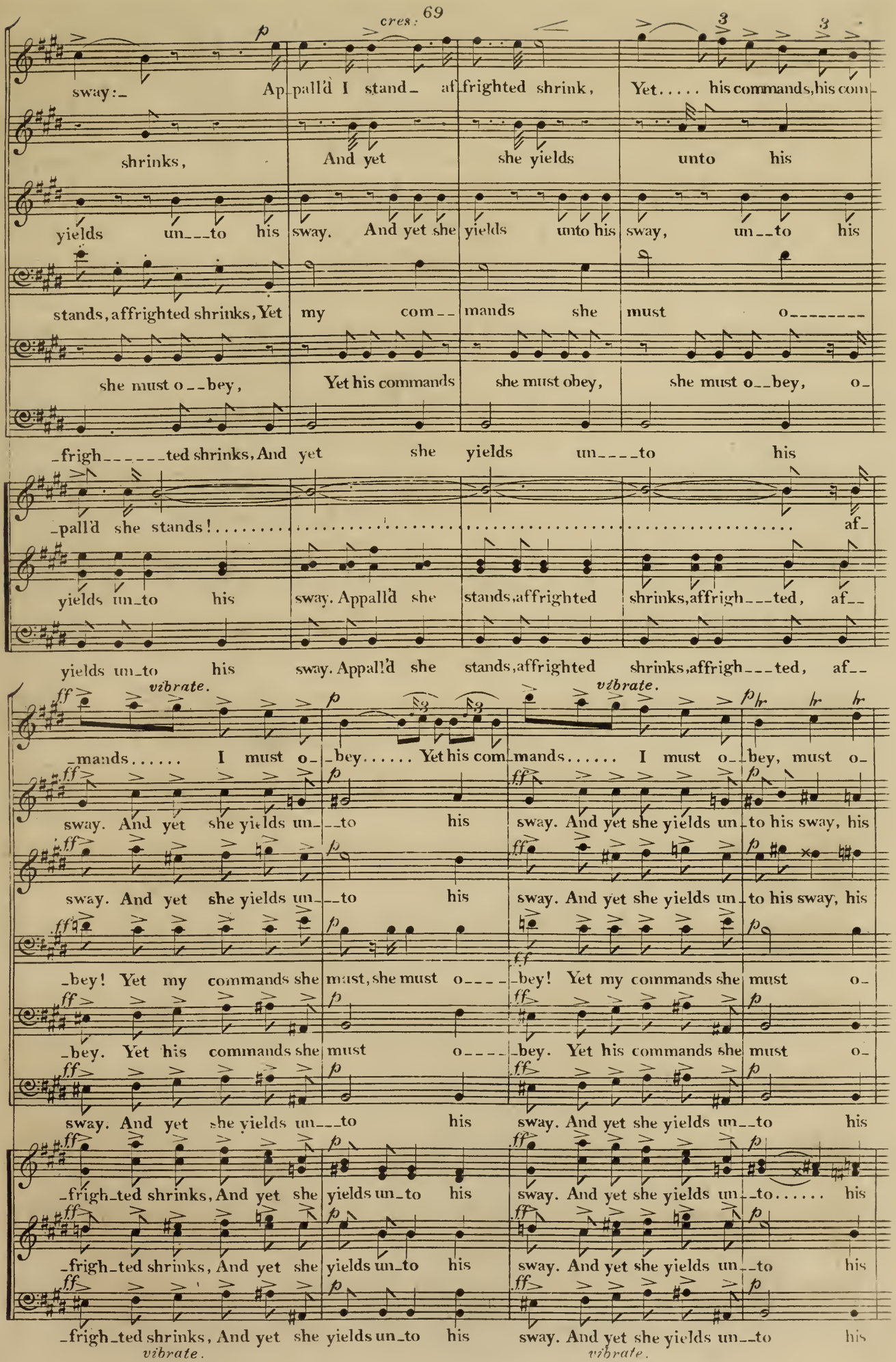
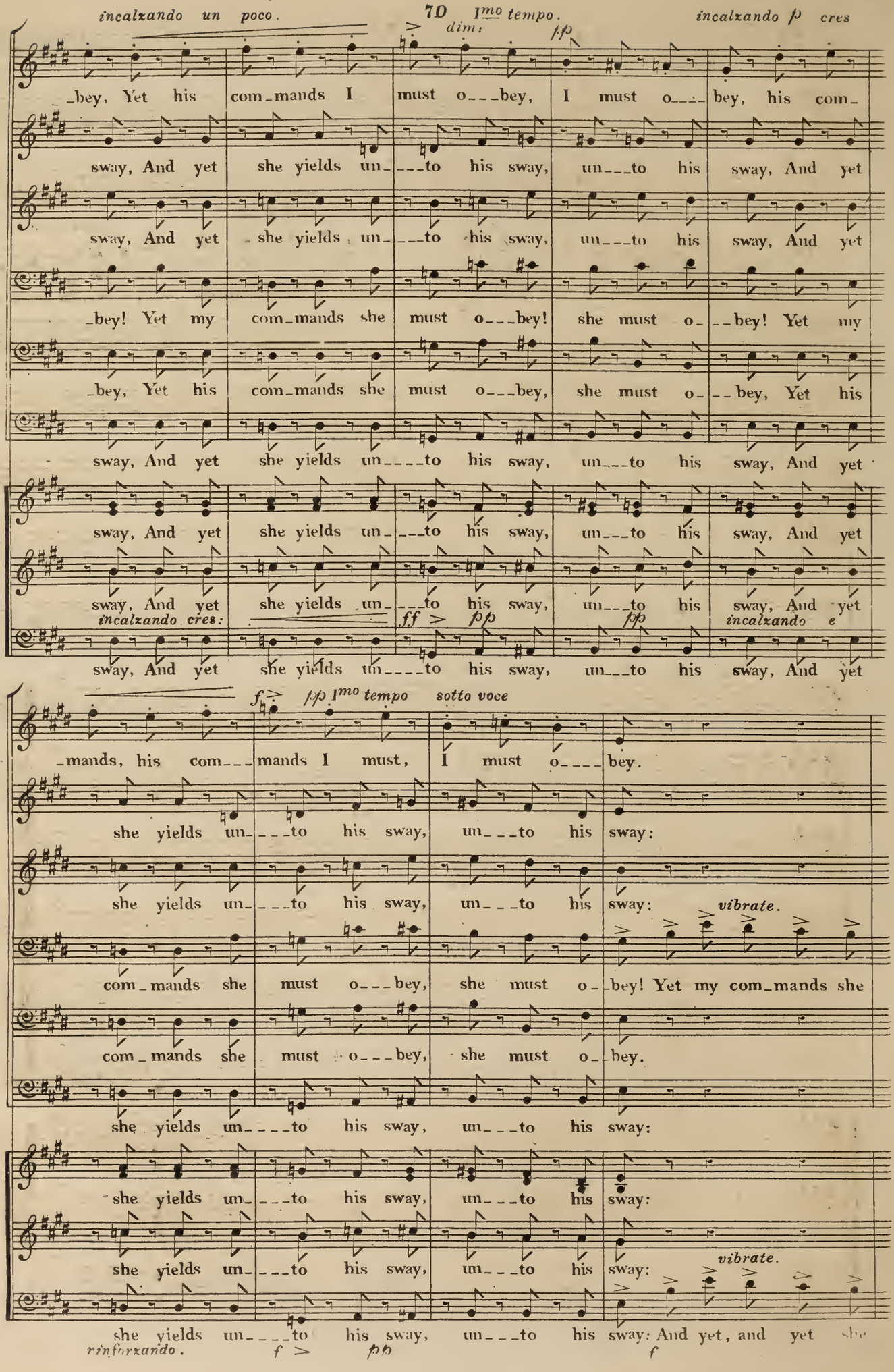
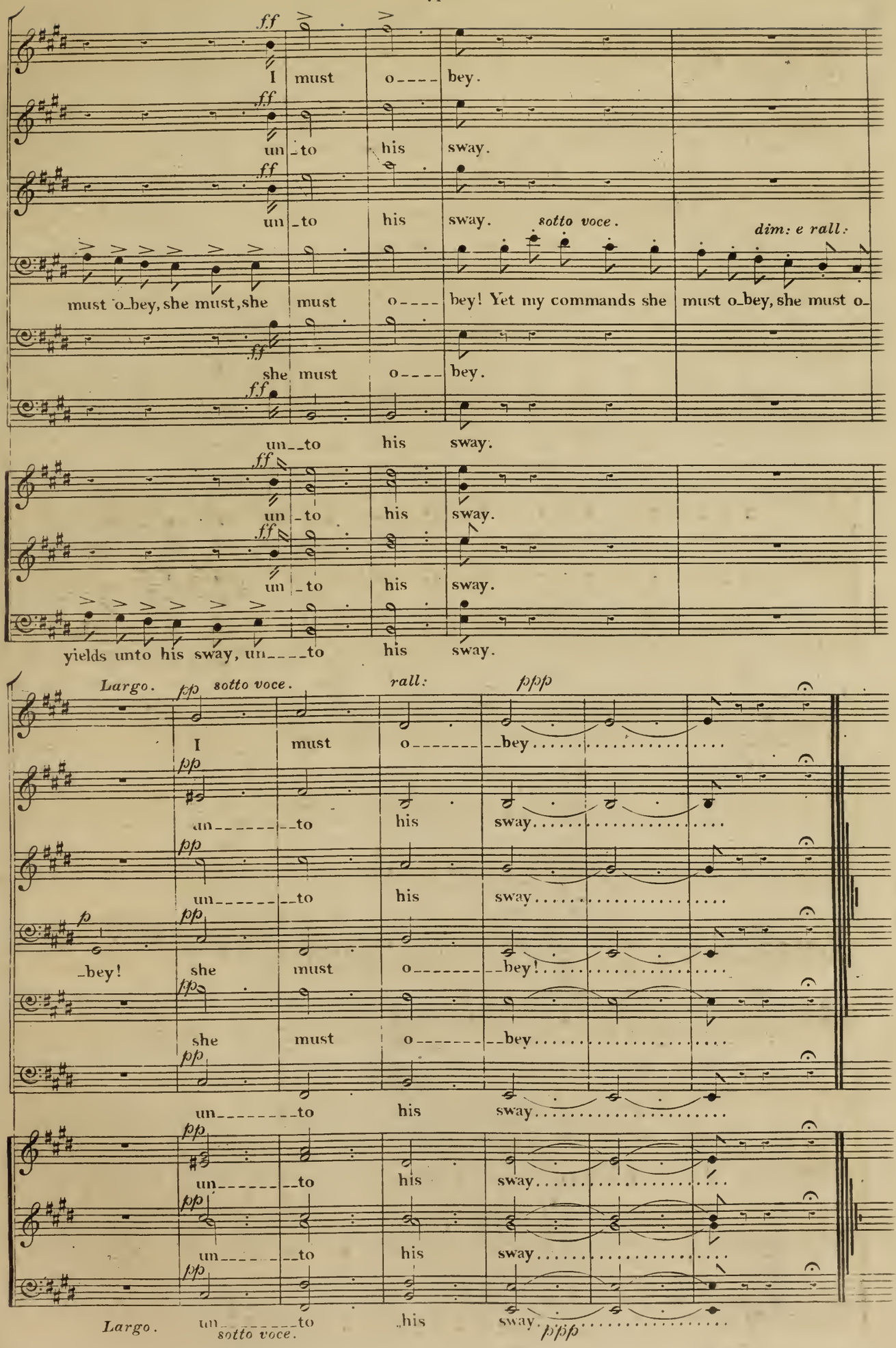
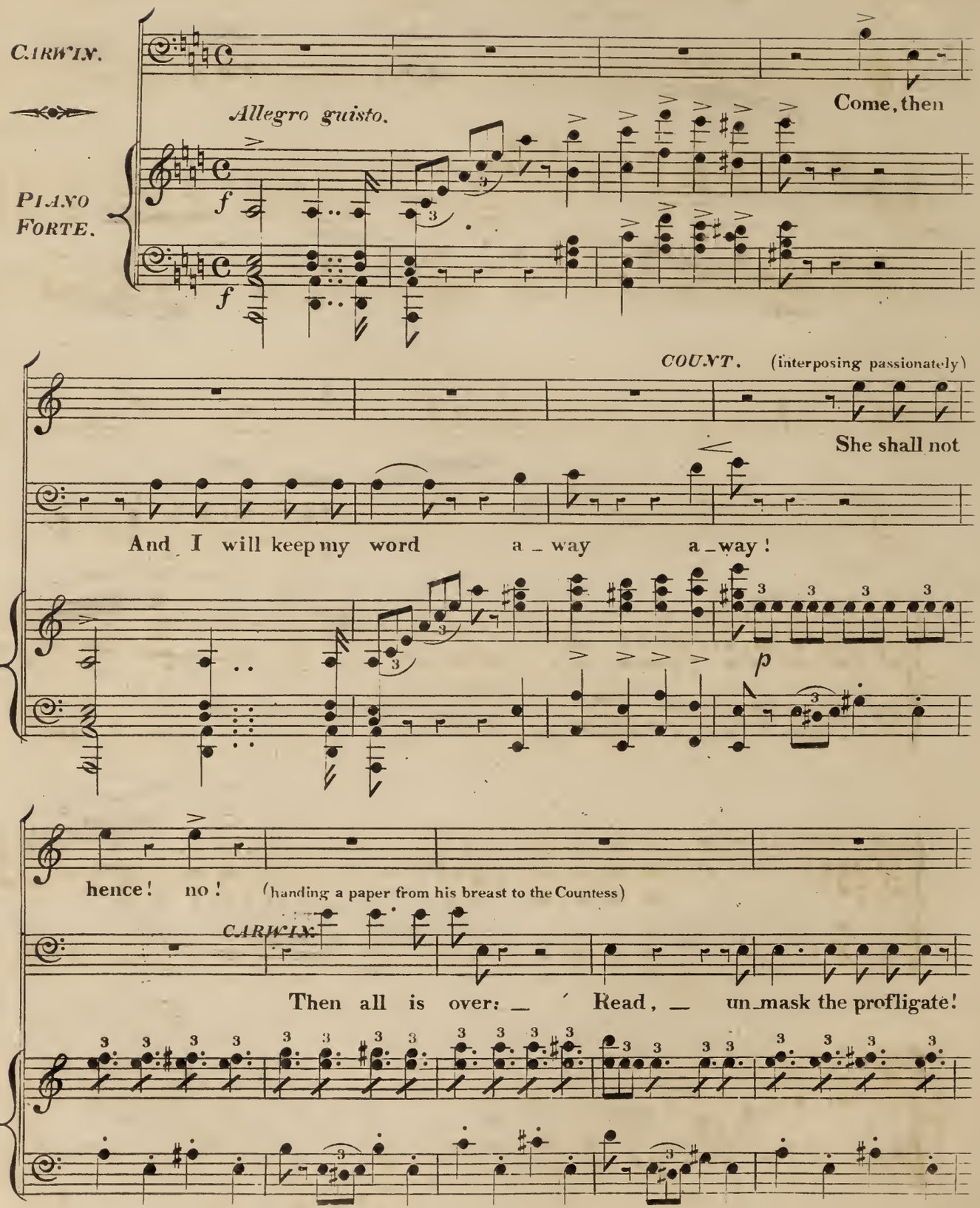
_bey"? Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway, unto his

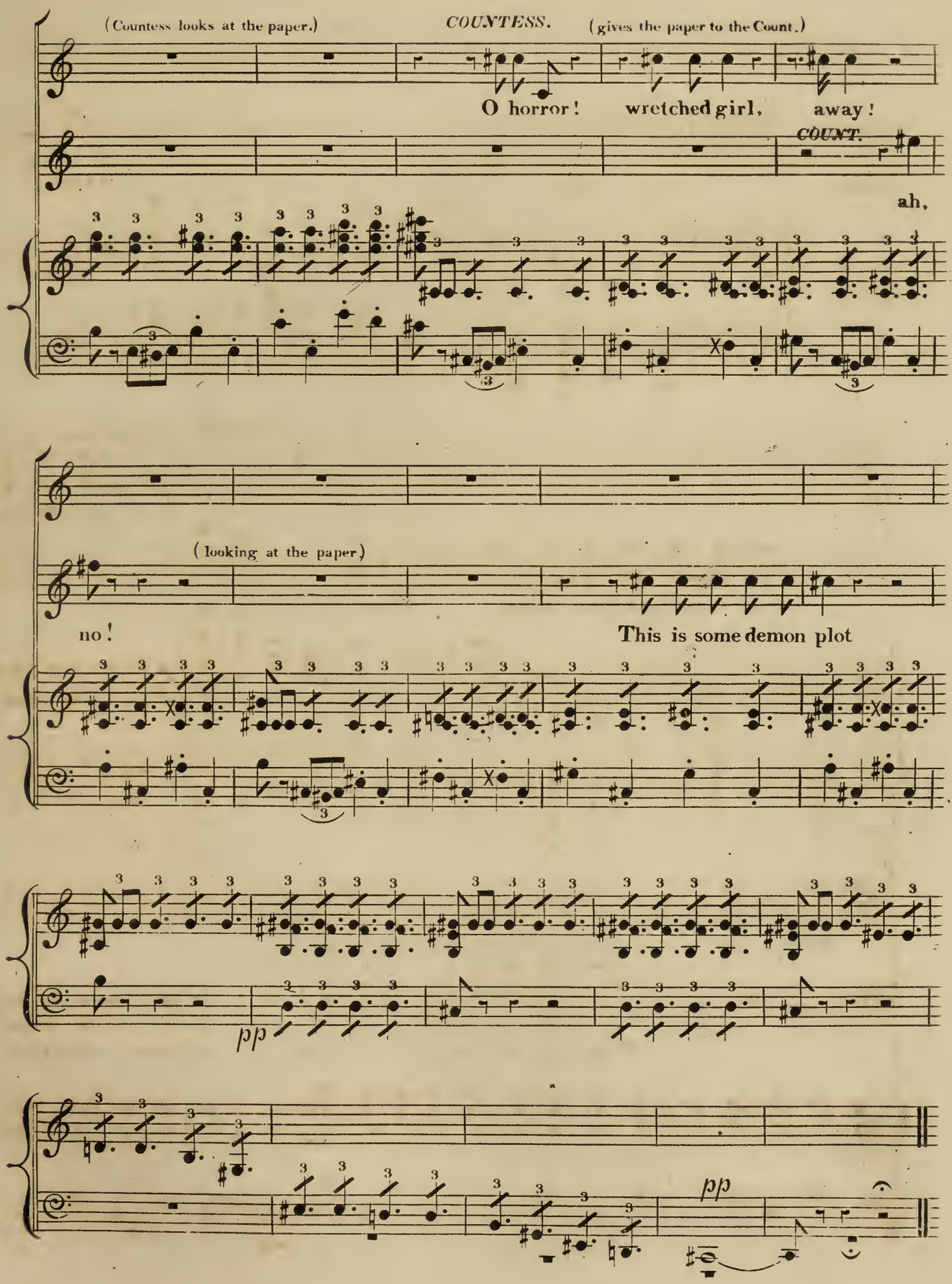

I must o_ bey!
A fearful mystery surrounds
sway, his sway. What fearful mys__te_ry is this_ What mean those
_bey, o_____ bey. She feels my pow'r_she knows my will_ In vain would
_bey, o_____ bey. A fearful mys__te_ry sur_rounds, And binds her
sotto voce.
dim:
Ah! And binds me to..... his law___less sway, his law_____less
words 'I will o__bey'? Ah! Appall'd she stands! affrighted
Appall'd she stands! affrighted shrinks, And yet she
she dispute my sway:_No! Ap_____pall'd she
to his law_less sway:_Ah! Appall'd she stands! affrighted shrinks, Yet his commands
Ap_____pall'd she stands! af___
Ap_____
Appall'd she stands, af__frighted shrinks, And yet she


cres:
sway:- Ap_pall'd I stand_ af_frighted shrink, Yet..... his commands, his com_
shrinks, And yet she yields unto his
yields un___to his sway. And yet she yields unto his sway, un__to his
stands, affrighted shrinks, Yet my com__ mands she must o_____
she must o__bey, Yet his commands she must obey, she must o__bey, o_
_frigh_____ted shrinks, And yet she yields un____to his
pall'd she stands!..... af
yields un_to his sway. Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, affrigh___ted, af__
yields un_to his sway. Appall'd she stands, affrighted shrinks, affrigh___ted, af__
vibrate.
_mands..... I must o__bey..... Yet his com_mands..... I must o__bey, must o_
sway. And yet she yields un__to his sway. And yet she yields un_to his sway, his
sway. And yet she yields un__to his sway. And yet she yields un_to his sway, his
_bey! Yet my commands she must, she must o____bey! Yet my commands she must o_
_bey. Yet his commands she must o____bey. Yet his commands she must o_
sway. And yet she yields un___to his sway. And yet she yields un__to his
_frigh_ted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway. And yet she yields un__to..... his
_frigh_ted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway. And yet she yields un__to his
_frigh_ted shrinks, And yet she yields un_to his sway. And yet she yields un__to his
vibrate.
vibrate.


incalzando un poco.
I^mo tempo.
dim:
pp
incalzando p cres
_bey, Yet his com_mands I must o___bey, I must o___ bey, his com_
sway, And yet she yields un___to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
sway, And yet she yields un___to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
_bey! Yet my com_mands she must o___bey! she must o___bey! Yet my
_bey, Yet his com_mands she must o___bey, she must o___bey, Yet his
sway, And yet she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
sway, And yet she yields un___to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
sway, And yet she yields un___to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
incalzando cres:
ff
pp
pp
incalzando e
sway, And yet she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway, And yet
f
pp
I^mo tempo
sotto voce
_mands, his com___mands I must, I must o____bey.
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway:
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway:
vibrate.
com_mands she must o___bey, she must o_bey! Yet my com_mands she
com_mands she must o___bey, she must o_bey.
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway:
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway:
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway:
vibrate.
she yields un____to his sway, un___to his sway: And yet, and yet she
rinforzando.
f
pp
f


ff
I must o bey.
un to his sway.
sotto voce.
dim: e rall:
must o bey, she must, she must o bey! Yet my commands she must o bey, she must o
she must o bey.
un to his sway.
yields unto his sway, un to his sway.
Largo.
pp
rall:
ppp
p
Largo.
sotto voce.

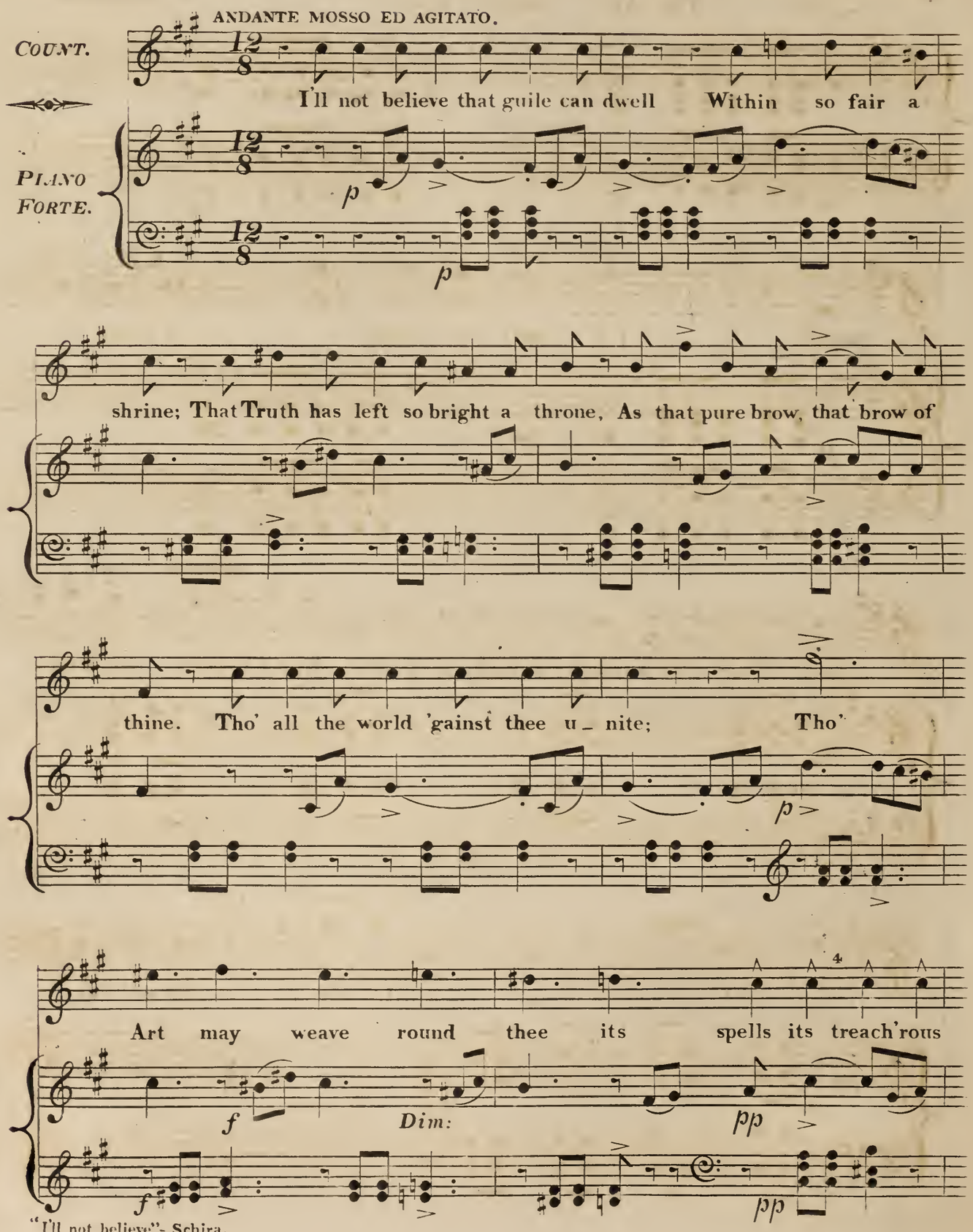

CARWIN.
Allegro guisto.
Come, then
PIANO FORTE.
f
f
COUNT. (interposing passionately)
She shall not
And I will keep my word a_way a_way!
p
hence! no! (handing a paper from his breast to the Countess)
CARWIN.
Then all is over: _ Read, _ un_mask the profligate!

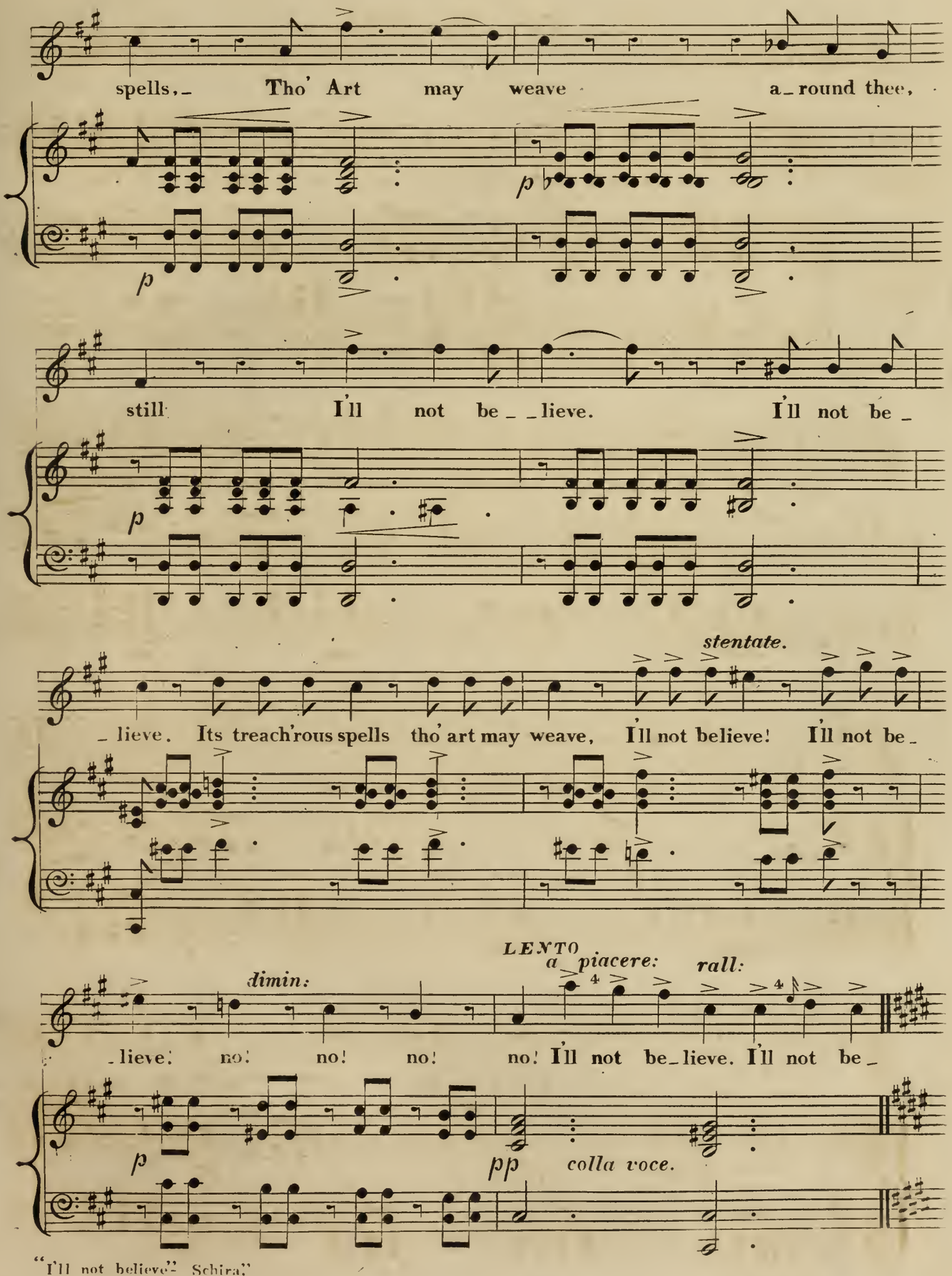

(Countess looks at the paper.)
COUNTESS.
(gives the paper to the Count.)
O horror!
wretched girl,
away!
COUNT.
ah,
(looking at the paper)
no!
This is some demon plot
pp
pp

DUET.

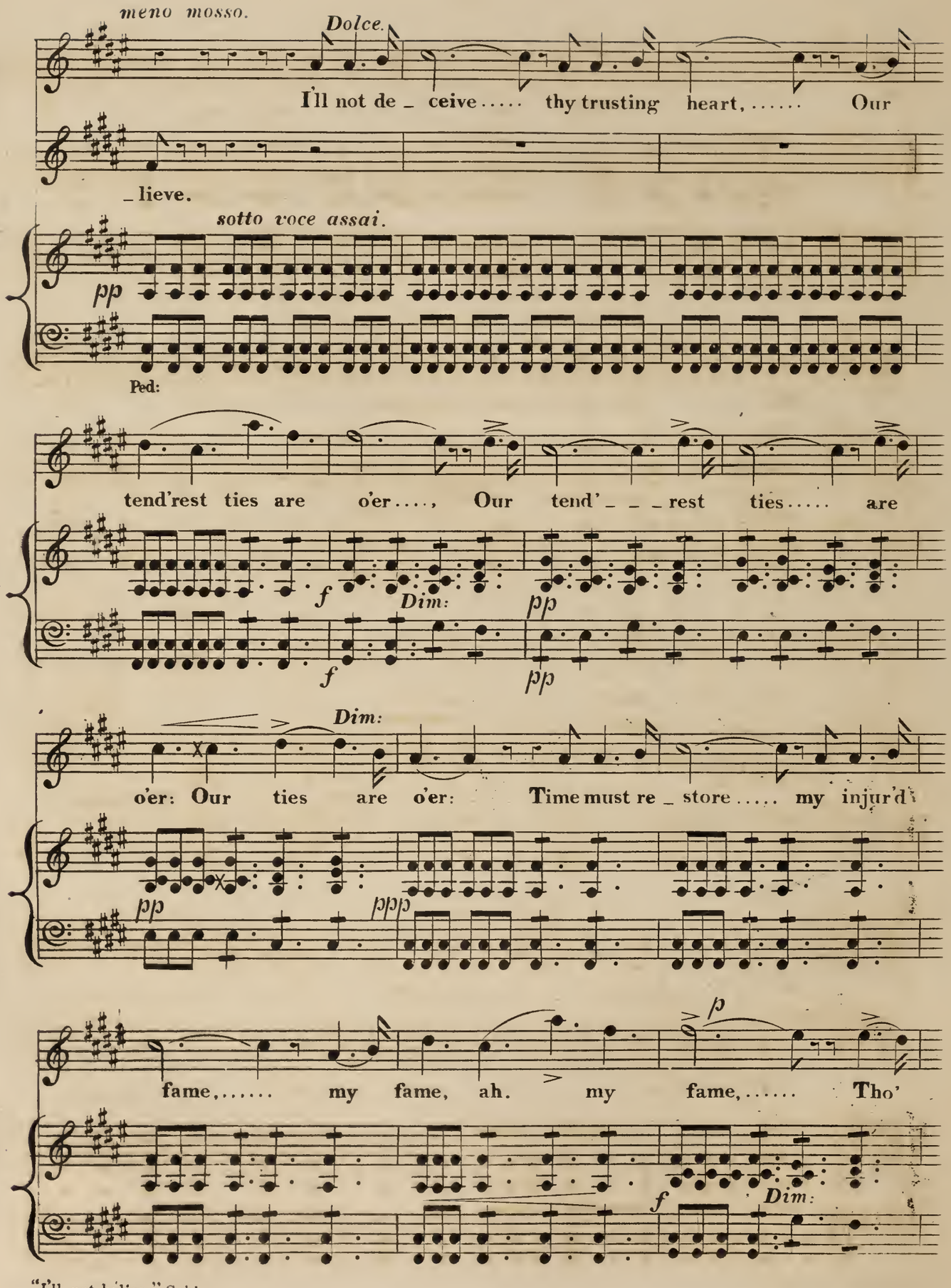
"I'LL NOT BELIEVE".

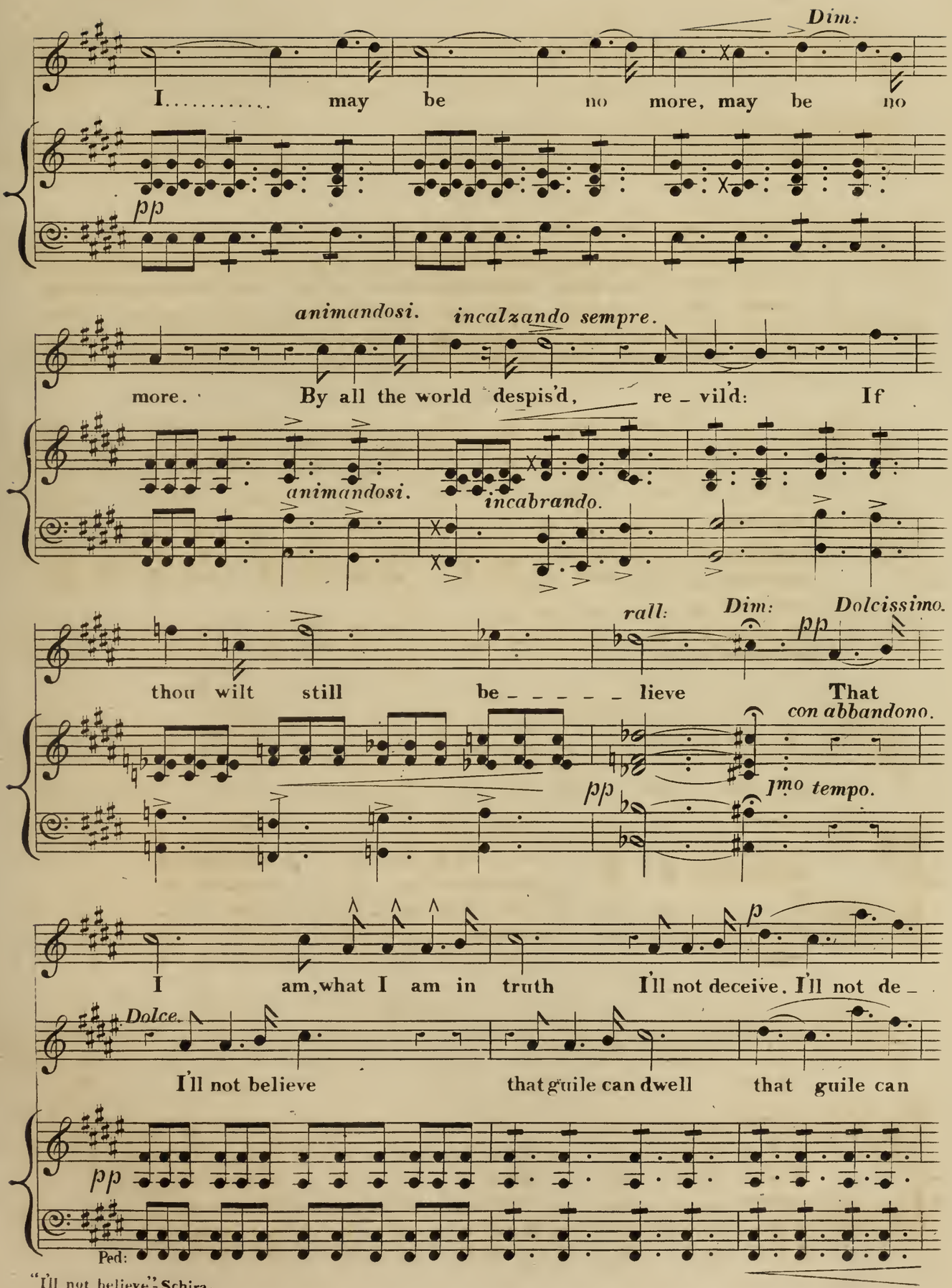
Words by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music composed by* F. SCHIRA.



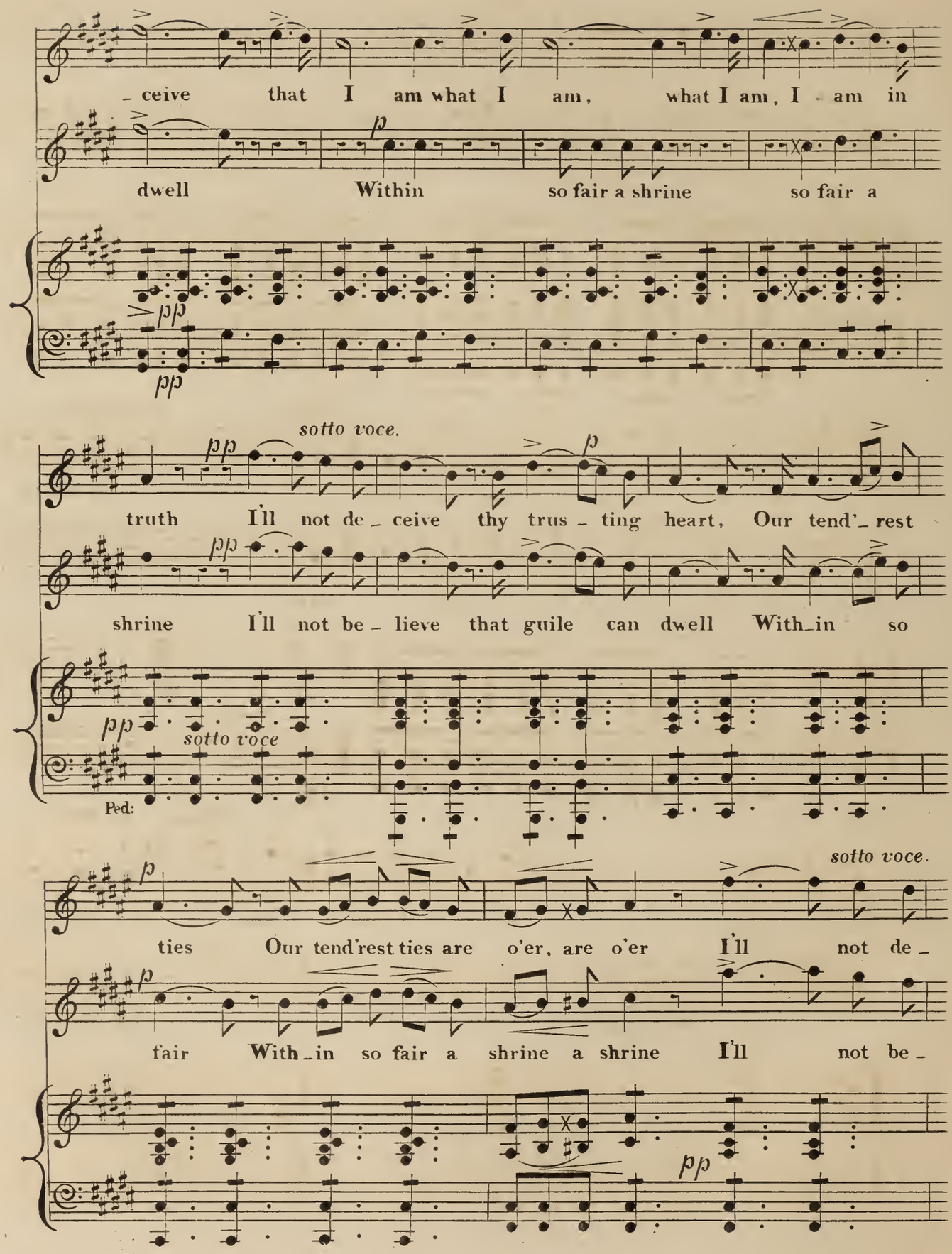


"I'll not believe" Schira"


meno mosso.
Dolce.
I'll not de _ ceive..... thy trusting heart,..... Our
_ lieve.
sotto voce assai.
pp
Ped:
tend'rest ties are o'er...., Our tend'_ _ _rest ties..... are
f
Dim:
pp
f
pp
Dim:
o'er: Our ties are o'er: Time must re _ store..... my injur'd
pp
ppp
fame,..... my fame, ah. my fame,..... Tho'
p
f
Dim:



"I'll not believe"-Schira.



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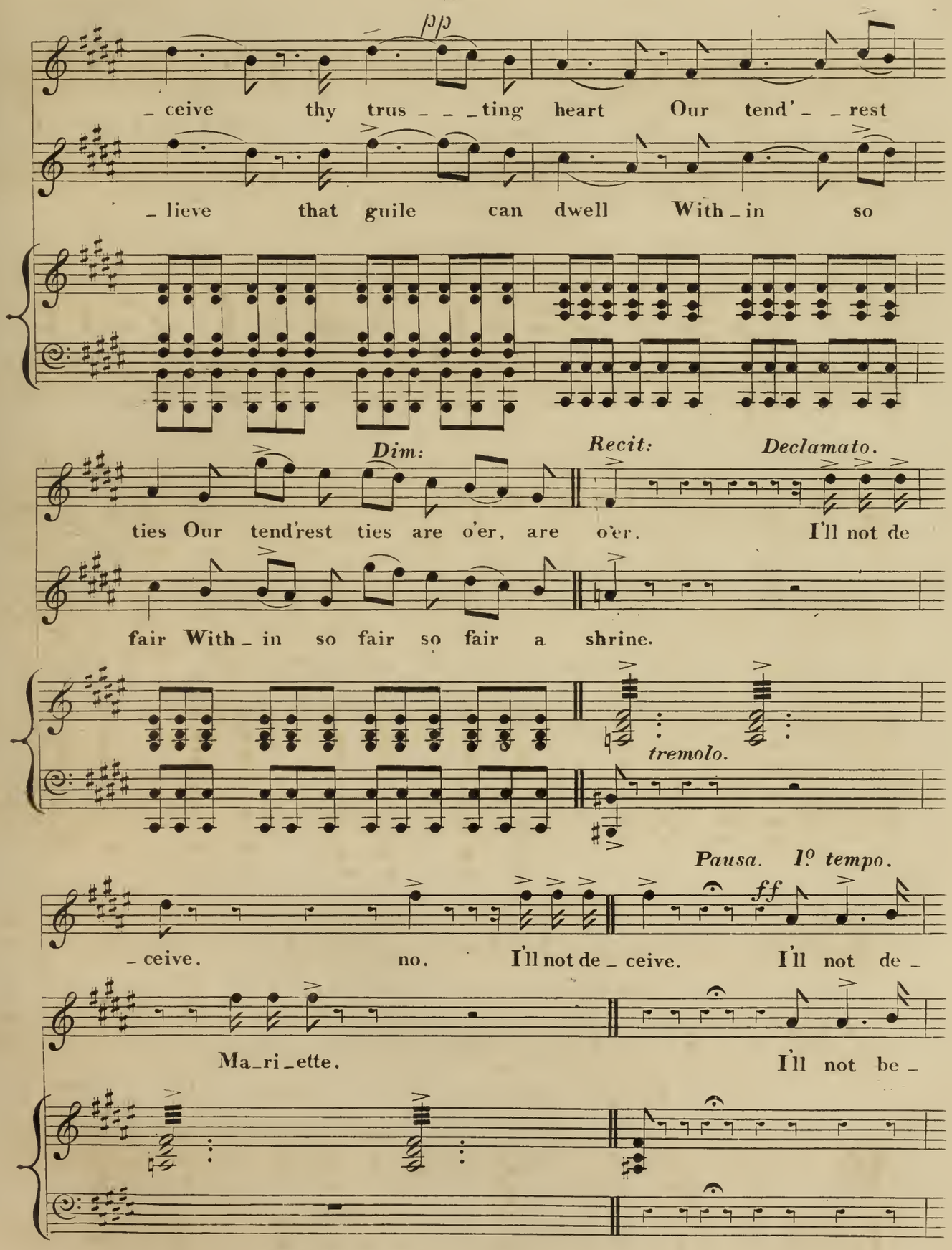
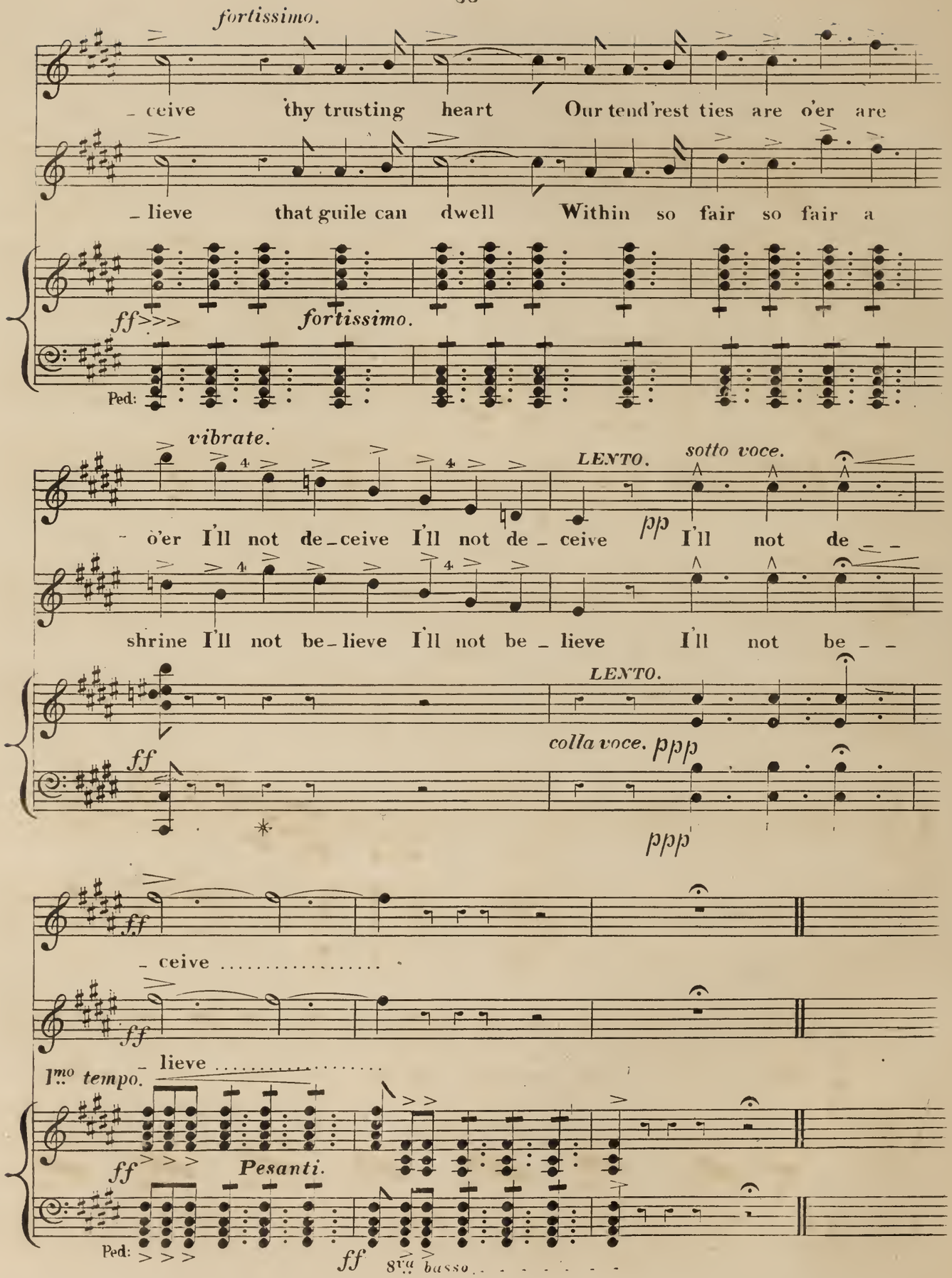
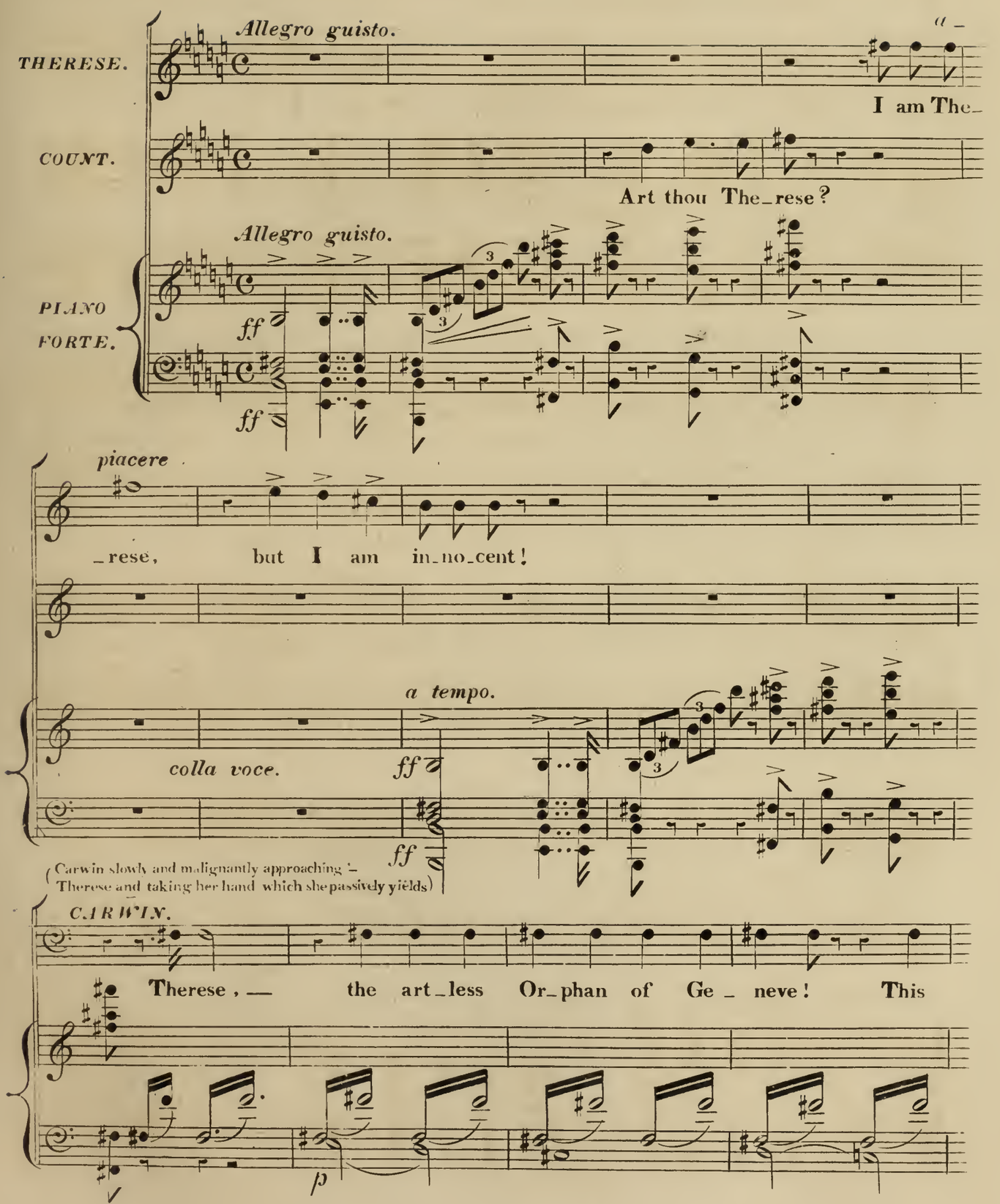
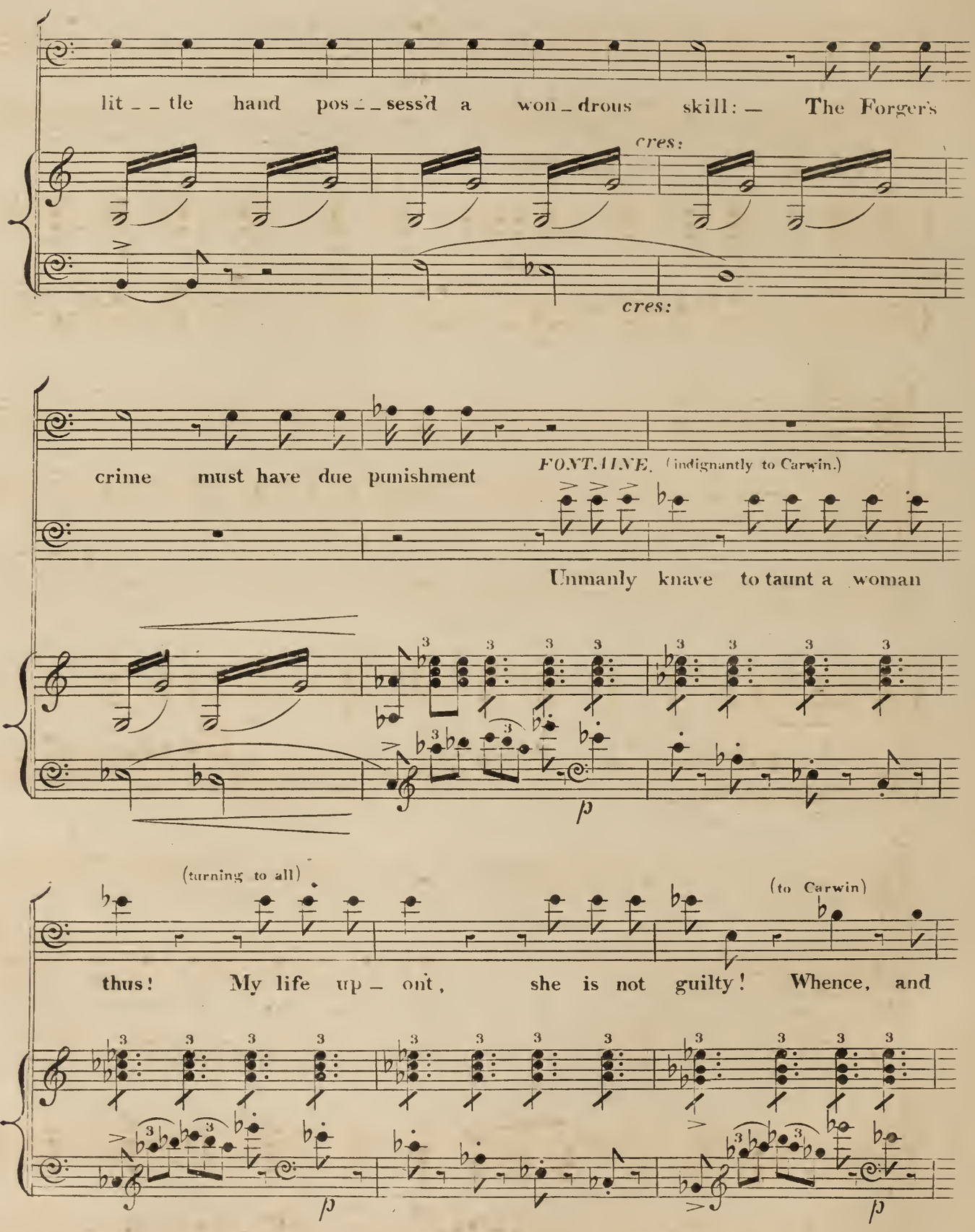


"I'll not believe" Schira.

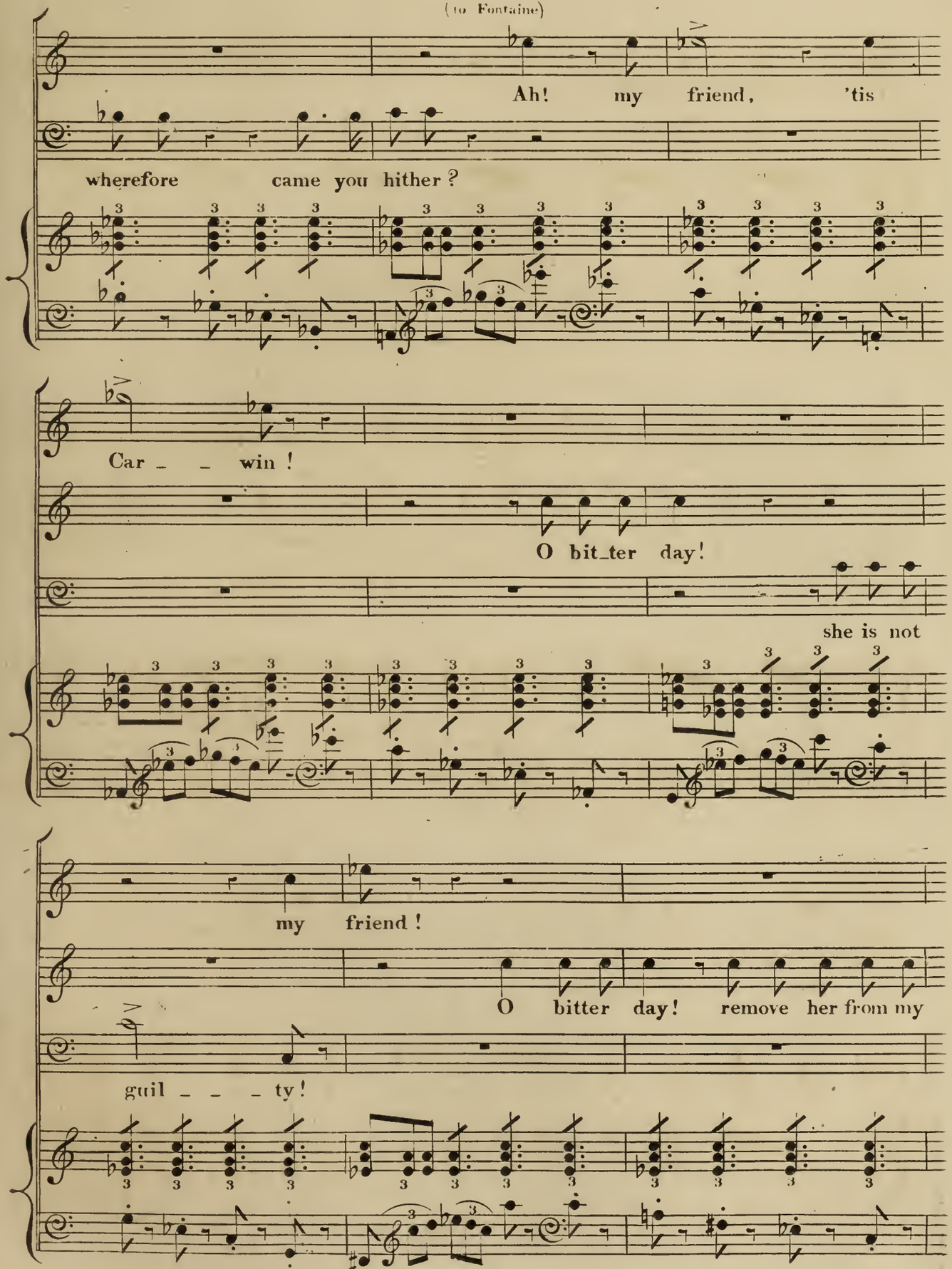


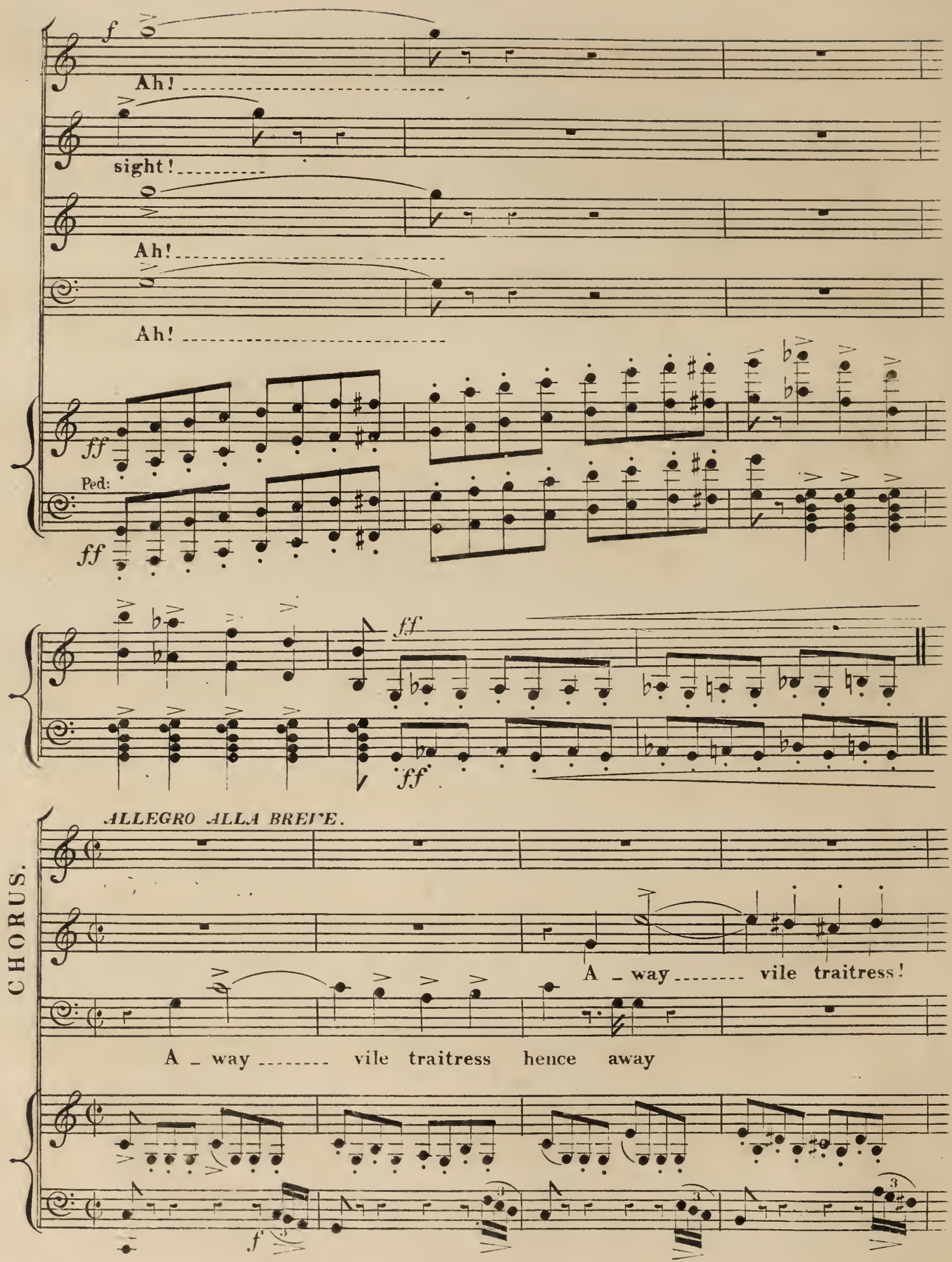
"I'll not believe"—Schira.

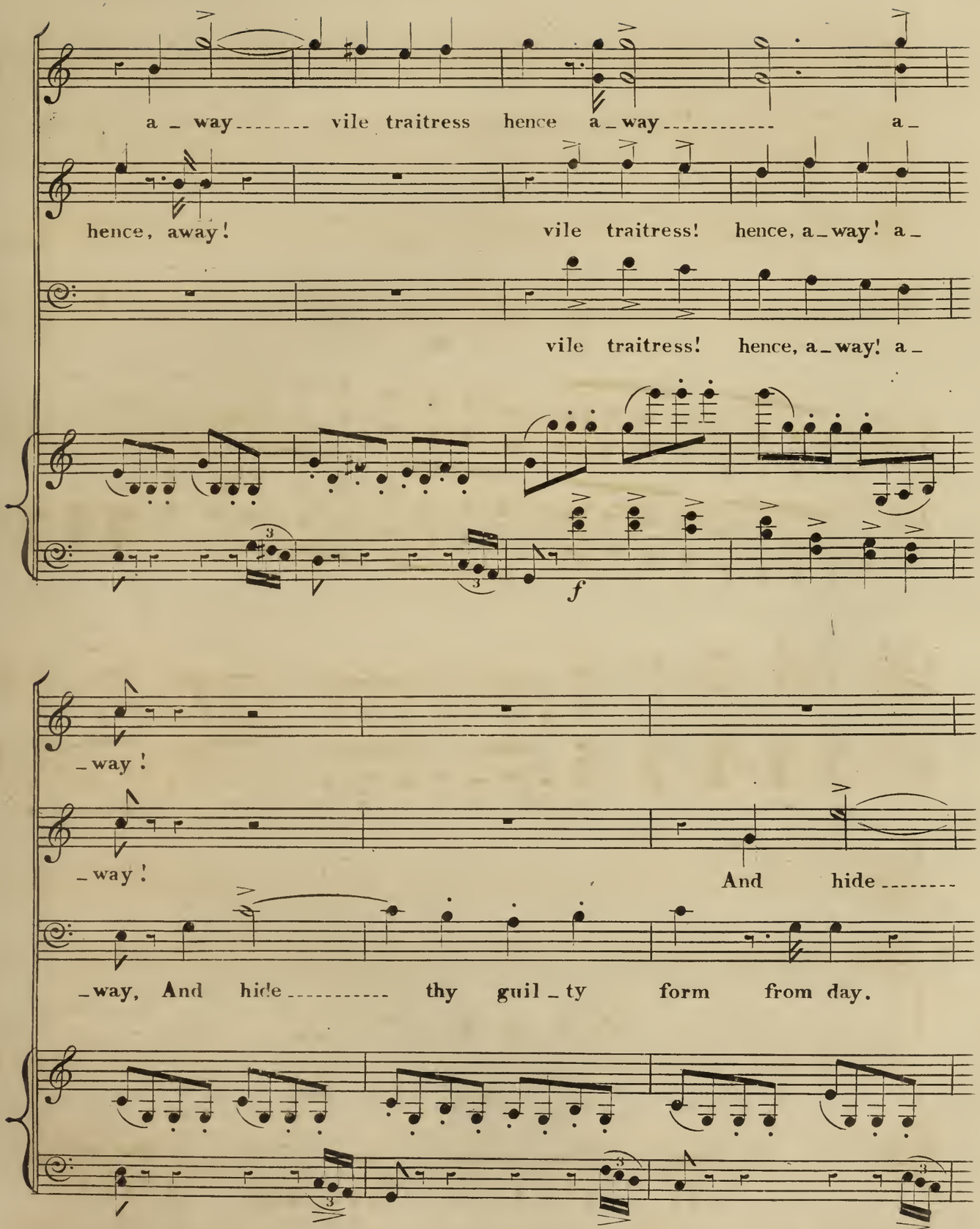

THERESE.
Allegro guisto.
I am The_
COUNT.
Art thou The_rese?
Allegro guisto.
PIANO FORTE.
ff
ff
piacere
_rese, but I am in_no_cent!
a tempo.
colla voce.
ff
ff
(Carwin slowly and malignantly approaching Therese and taking her hand which she passively yields)
CARWIN.
Therese, — the art_less Or_phan of Ge_neve! This
p

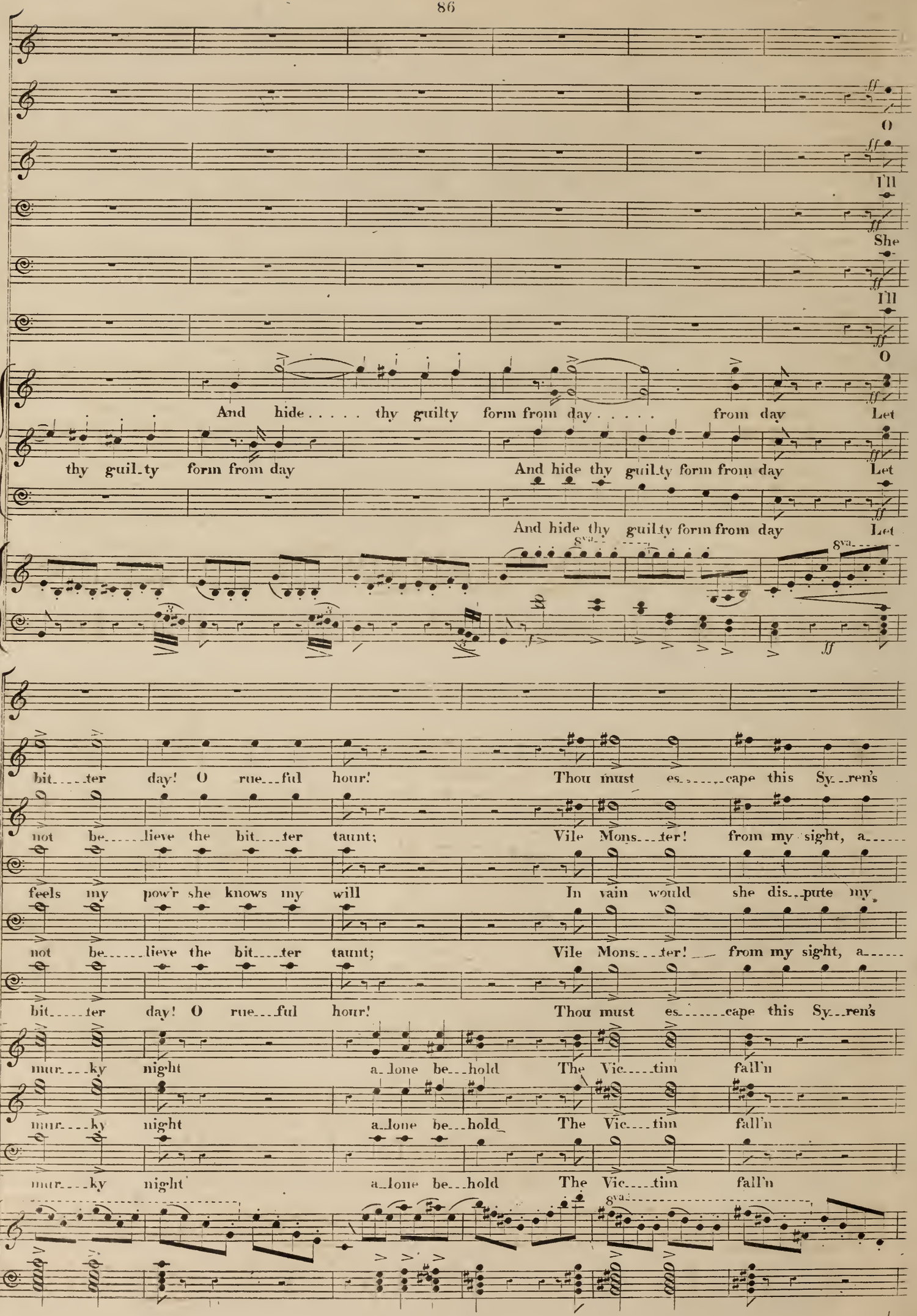

lit _ _ tle hand pos _ _ sess'd a won _ drous skill: — The Forger's
cres:
cres:
crime must have due punishment
FONTAINE. (indignantly to Carwin.)
Unmanly knave to taunt a woman
p
(turning to all)
(to Carwin)
thus! My life up _ on't, she is not guilty! Whence, and
p
p

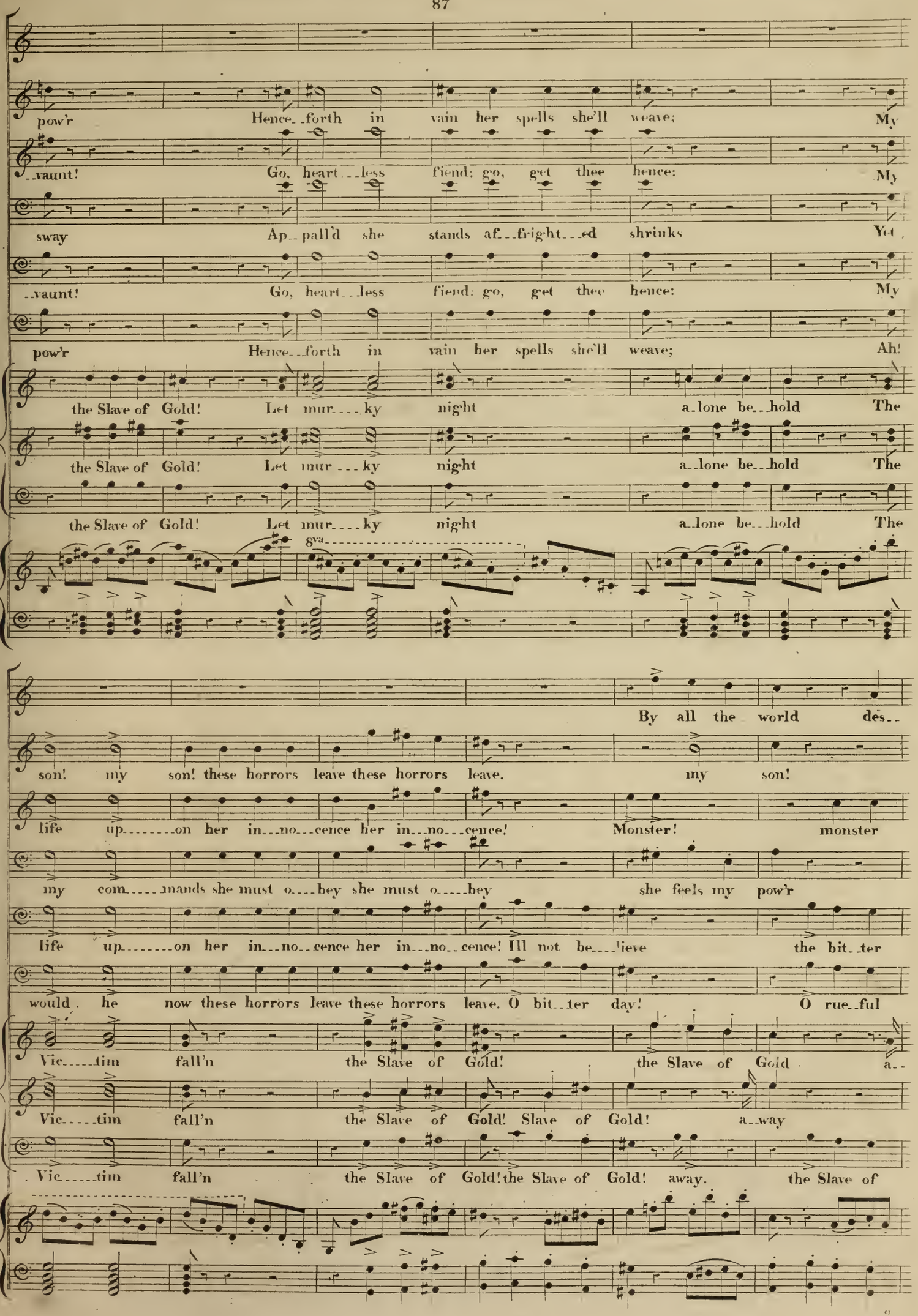
(to Fontaine)

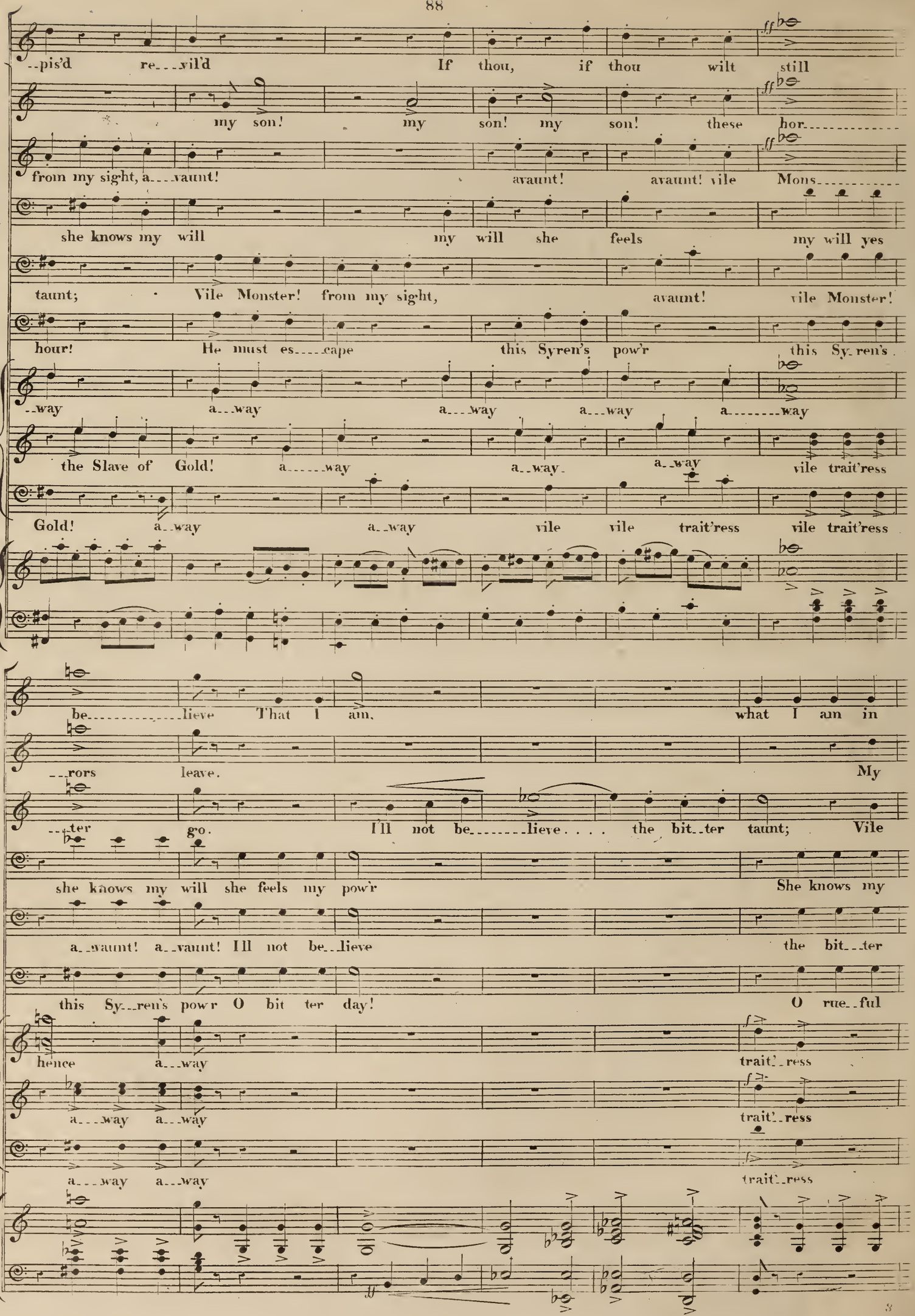

Ah! my friend, 'tis
wherefore came you hither?
Car _ _ win!
O bit_ter day!
she is not
my friend!
O bitter day! remove her from my
guil _ _ _ ty!

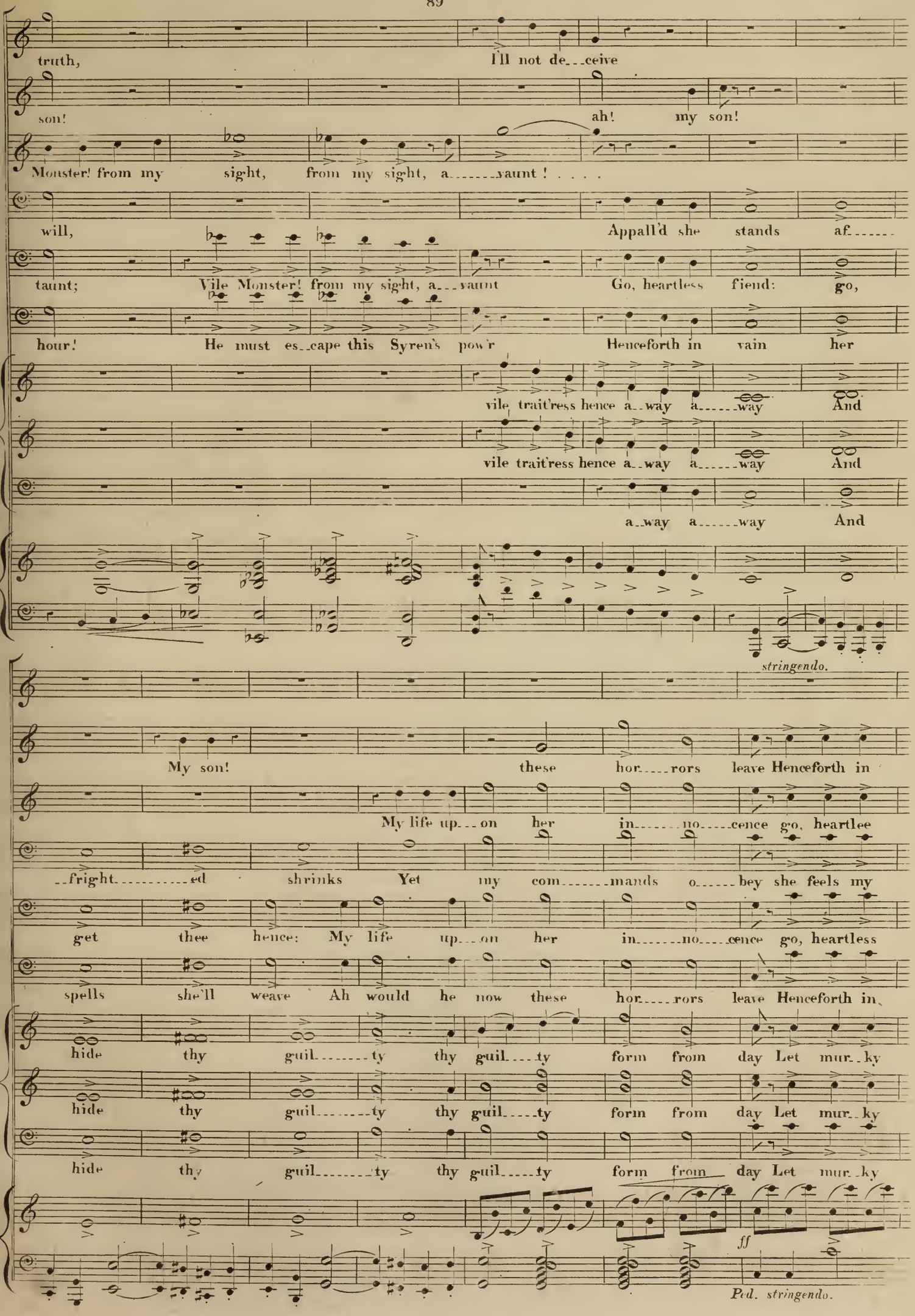

f
Ah!
sight!
Ah!
Ah!
ff
Ped:
ff
ff
ff
ALLEGRO ALLA BREVE.
CHORUS.
A _ way ..... vile traitress!
A _ way ..... vile traitress hence away
f


a _ way vile traitress hence a _ way a _
hence, away! vile traitress! hence, a _ way! a _
vile traitress! hence, a _ way! a _
f
_ way!
_ way!
And hide
_ way, And hide thy guil _ ty form from day.


O
I'll
She
I'll
O
And hide . . . . . thy guilty form from day . . . . . from day Let
thy guil_ty form from day
And hide thy guil_ty form from day Let
And hide thy guil_ty form from day Let
8va
8va
bit___ter day! O rue__ful hour! Thou must es_____cape this Sy__ren's
not be_____lieve the bit___ter taunt; Vile Mons__ter! from my sight, a_____
feels my pow'r she knows my will In vain would she dis__pute my
not be_____lieve the bit___ter taunt; Vile Mons__ter! from my sight, a_____
bit___ter day! O rue__ful hour! Thou must es_____cape this Sy__ren's
mur___ky night a_lone be__hold The Vic____tim fall'n
mur___ky night a_lone be__hold The Vic____tim fall'n
mur___ky night a_lone be__hold The Vic____tim fall'n
8va


pow'r Hence_forth in vain her spells she'll weave; My
_vaunt! Go, heart_less fiend: go, get thee hence: My
sway Ap_pall'd she stands af_fright_ed shrinks Yet
_vaunt! Go, heart_less fiend: go, get thee hence: My
pow'r Hence_forth in vain her spells she'll weave; Ah!
the Slave of Gold! Let mur_ky night a_lone be_hold The
the Slave of Gold! Let mur_ky night a_lone be_hold The
the Slave of Gold! Let mur_ky night a_lone be_hold The
8va
By all the world des_
son! my son! these horrors leave these horrors leave. my son!
life up_on her in_no_cence her in_no_cence! Monster! monster
my com_mands she must o_bey she must o_bey she feels my pow'r
life up_on her in_no_cence her in_no_cence! Ill not be_lieve the bit_ter
would he now these horrors leave these horrors leave. O bit_ter day! O rue_ful
Vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold! the Slave of Gold a_
Vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold! Slave of Gold! a_way
Vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold! the Slave of Gold! away. the Slave of


--pis'd re---vil'd If thou, if thou wilt still
my son! my son! my son! these hor----------
from my sight, a---vaunt! avaunt! avaunt! vile Mons----------
she knows my will my will she feels my will yes
taunt; Vile Monster! from my sight, avaunt! vile Monster!
hour! He must es----cape this Syren's pow'r this Sy-ren's
--way a---way a---way a---way a--------way
the Slave of Gold! a------way a--way. a--way vile trait'ress
Gold! a--way a--way vile vile trait'ress vile trait'ress
be----------lieve That I am, what I am in
---rors leave. My
--ter go. I'll not be--------lieve. . . . the bit--ter taunt; Vile
she knows my will she feels my pow'r She knows my
a--vaunt! a--vaunt! I'll not be--lieve the bit---ter
this Sy--ren's pow'r O bit ter day! O rue--ful
hence a---way trait'--ress
a---way a---way trait'--ress
a---way a---way trait'--ress


truth, I'll not de--ceive
son! ah! my son!
Monster! from my sight, from my sight, a------vaunt! . . . .
will, Appall'd she stands af------
taunt; Vile Monster! from my sight, a---vaunt Go, heartless fiend: go,
hour! He must es--cape this Syren's pow'r Henceforth in vain her
vile trait'ress hence a--way a------way And
vile trait'ress hence a--way a------way And
a--way a------way And
stringendo.
My son! these hor----rors leave Henceforth in
My life up---on her in-------no-----cence go, heartlee
--fright----------ed shrinks Yet my com-------mands o------bey she feels my
get thee hence: My life up---on her in-------no-----cence go, heartless
spells she'll weave Ah would he now these hor----rors leave Henceforth in
hide thy guil--------ty thy guil----ty form from day Let mur--ky
hide thy guil--------ty thy guil----ty form from day Let mur--ky
hide thy guil--------ty thy guil----ty form from day Let mur--ky
ff
Ped. stringendo.

I'll not de_ceive I'll not de_ceive Ah! no, no,

vain her spells she'll weave my son, my son these hor_ror leave

fiend Go get thee hence my life up_on her in_no_cence

pow'r she knows my will yet my com_mands she must o_bey

fiend Go get thee hence my life up_on her in_no_cence

vain her spells she'll weave ah would he now these horrors leave

night a_lone be_hold the vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold

night a_lone be_hold the vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold

night a_lone be_hold the vic_tim fall'n the Slave of Gold

8va

no! ah! . . . . . .

Ah! . . . . . .

Monster! go!

yet . . . . . my com_mands she . . . . . must o_bey she

go . . . . . heartless fiend; go, ... get thee hence go

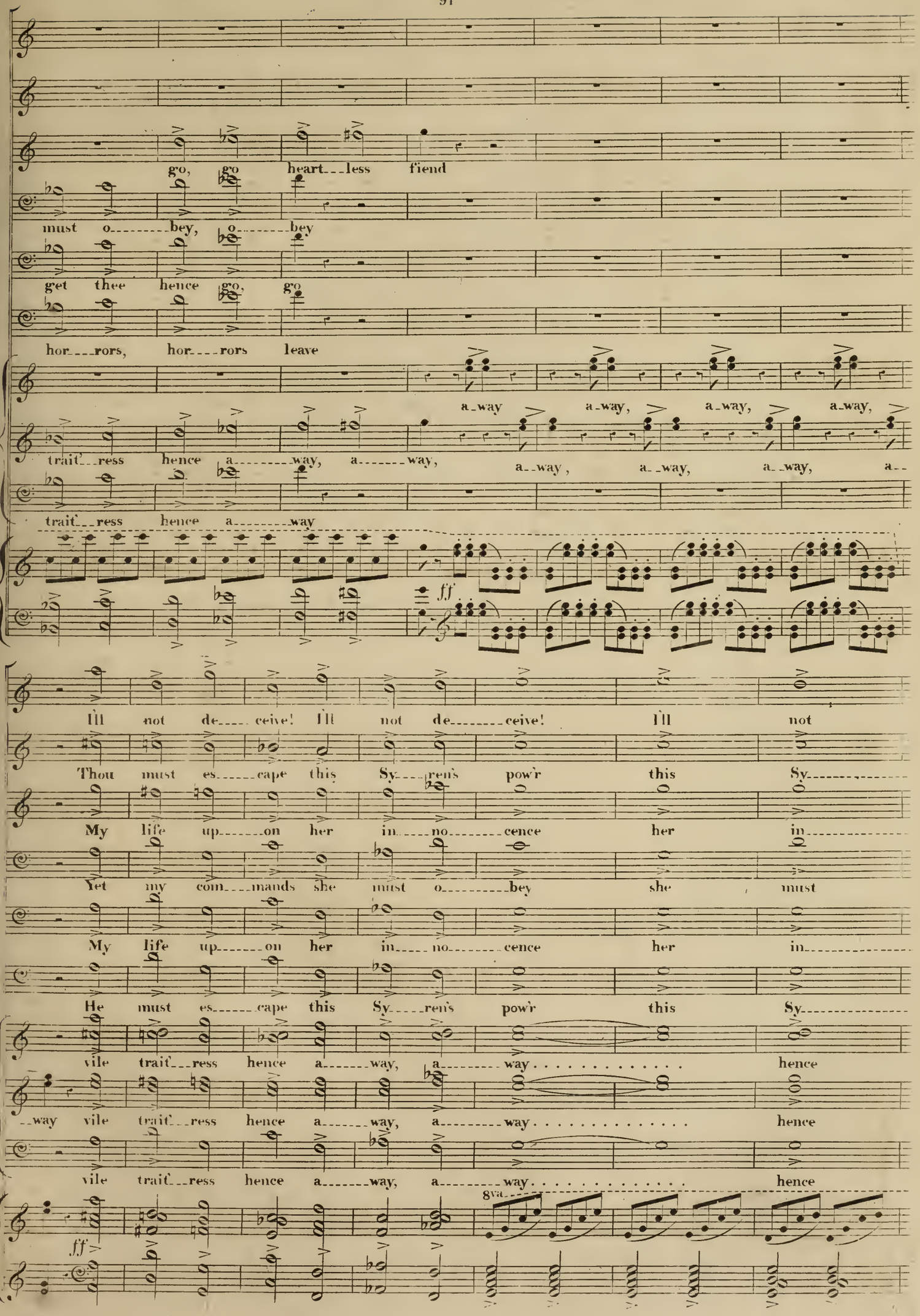
Ah . . . . . would he now these . . . . . hor_rors leave these

trait'ress! vile!

the . . . . . Slave of Gold the . . . . . Slave of Gold vile

the . . . . . Slave of Gold the . . . . . Slave of Gold vile

ff


go, go heart_less fiend
must o_____bey, o_____bey
get thee hence go, go
hor_rors, hor_rors leave
a_way a_way, a_way, a_way,
trait'_ress hence a_____way, a_____way,
a_way, a_way, a_way, a_
trait'_ress hence a_____way
ff
I'll not de_____ceive! I'll not de_____ceive! I'll not
Thou must es_____cape this Sy_____ren's pow'r this Sy_____
My life up_____on her in_____no_____cence her in_____
Yet my com_____mands she must o_____bey she must
My life up_____on her in_____no_____cence her in_____
He must es_____cape this Sy_____ren's pow'r this Sy_____
vile trait'_ress hence a_____way, a_____way . . . . . hence
_way vile trait'_ress hence a_____way, a_____way . . . . . hence
vile trait'_ress hence a_____way, a_____way . . . . . hence
ff
8va

stringendo.

de_____ceive!

_ren's pow'r O bit____ter, bit____ter day my son! my son! these

_no_____cence Go heart__less, heart__less fiend my life up____on her

o_____bey In____vain would she dis_____pute, dis___pute my sway, dis_____

_no_____cence Go heart__less, heart__less fiend my life up____on her

_ren's pow'r O bit____ter, bit____ter day! ah would h now these

a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way a_____way hence

a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way, a_____way hence

a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way, a_____way hence

ff

stringendo.

hor___rors leave O bit_____ter, bit_____ter day! my son! my

in_____no____cence Go heart__less, heart__less fiend my life up___

_pute my sway In vain would she dis_____pute, dis___pute my

in_____no____cence Go heart__less, heart__less fiend my life up___

hor___rors leave O bit_____ter, bit____ter day ah would

hence a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way, a___

hence a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way, a___

hence a_____way The Slave, the Slave of Gold a____way, a___

Andante. *supplichevole.* *a mezza voce.* *dim.*

Ill not de__ceive! Ill not de__ceive! ah! no! no! Ill

son these hor__rors leave.

__on her in____no_____cence.

sway, dis____pute my sway.

__on her in____no_____cence.

now these hor__rors leave.

__way hence, hence a_____way.

__way hence, hence a_____way.

__way hence, hence a_____way.

Andante. *pp* *ff* *pp*

(fainting in Fontaine's arms) *rall.* *Vivace.*

not de_____

Ah! . . . . . my son! my son!

Go! . . . . . vile Mons_ter! from

Yes! . . . . . yet my com____mands

Go! . . . . . vile Mons_ter! from

Ah! . . . . . ah! would he now

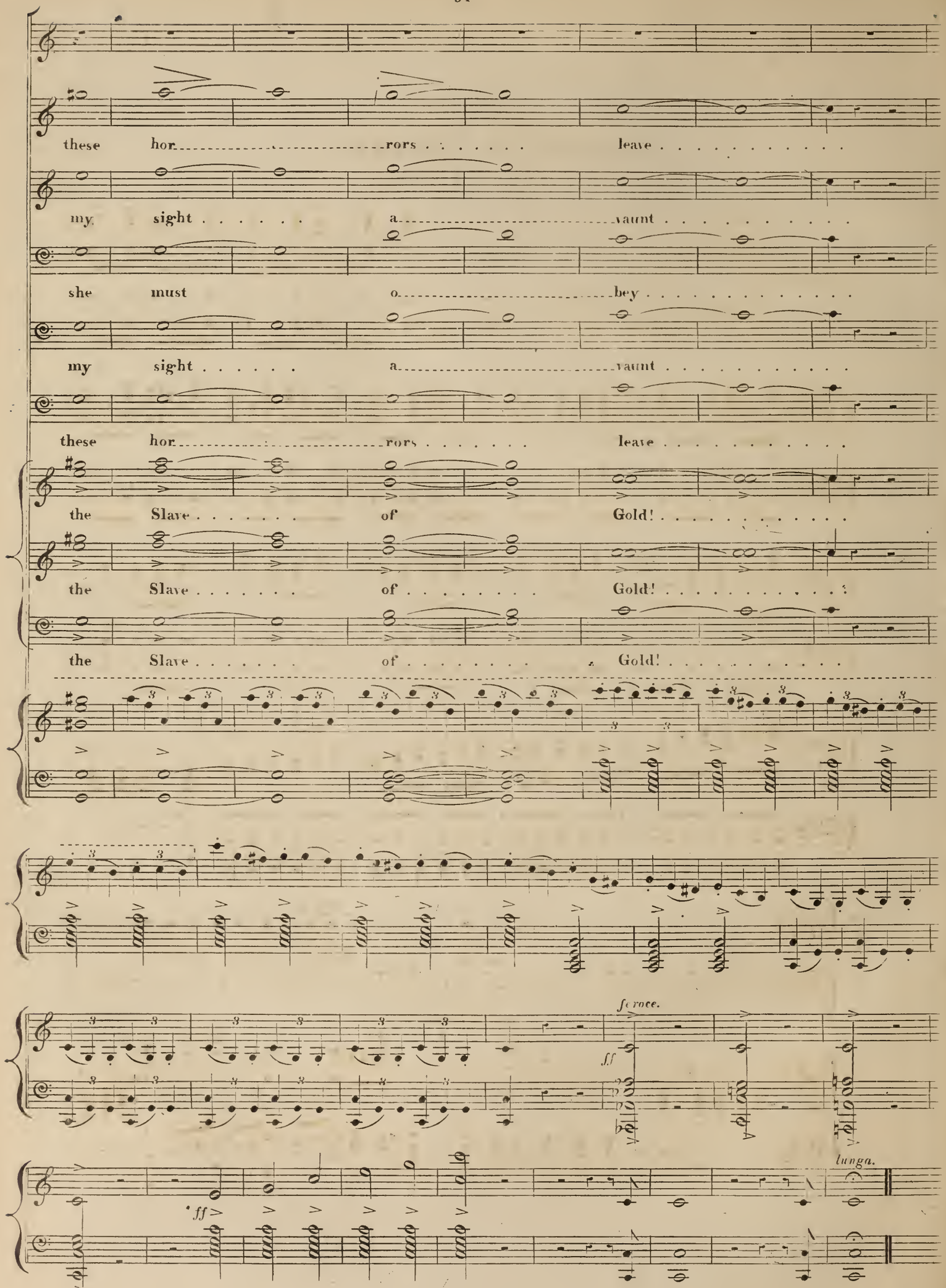
Vile . . . . . a_____way, a_____way

Vile . . . . . a_____way, a_____way

Vile . . . . . a_____way, a_____way

morendo. *rall.* *ff* *pp* 8va

Ped.

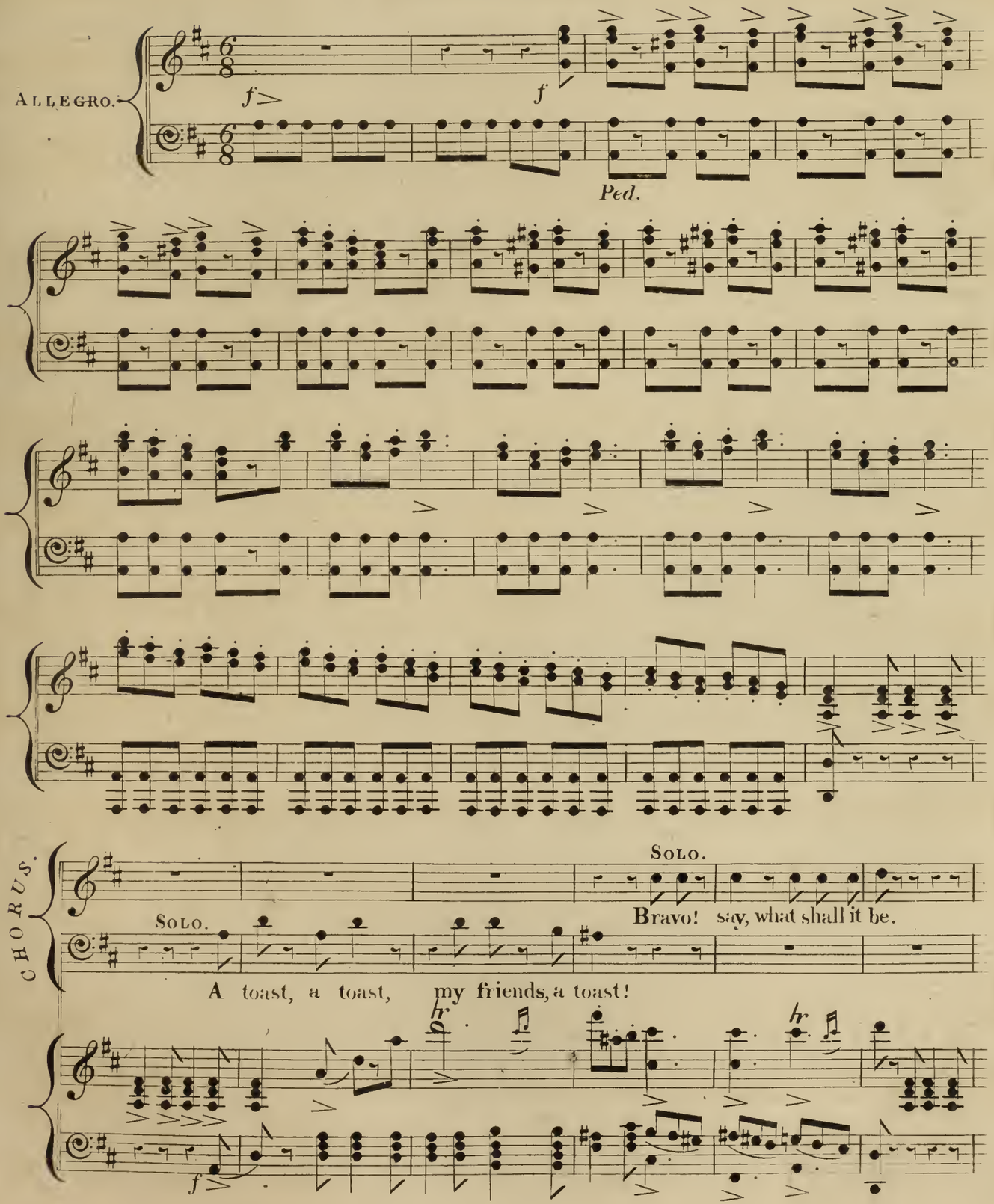


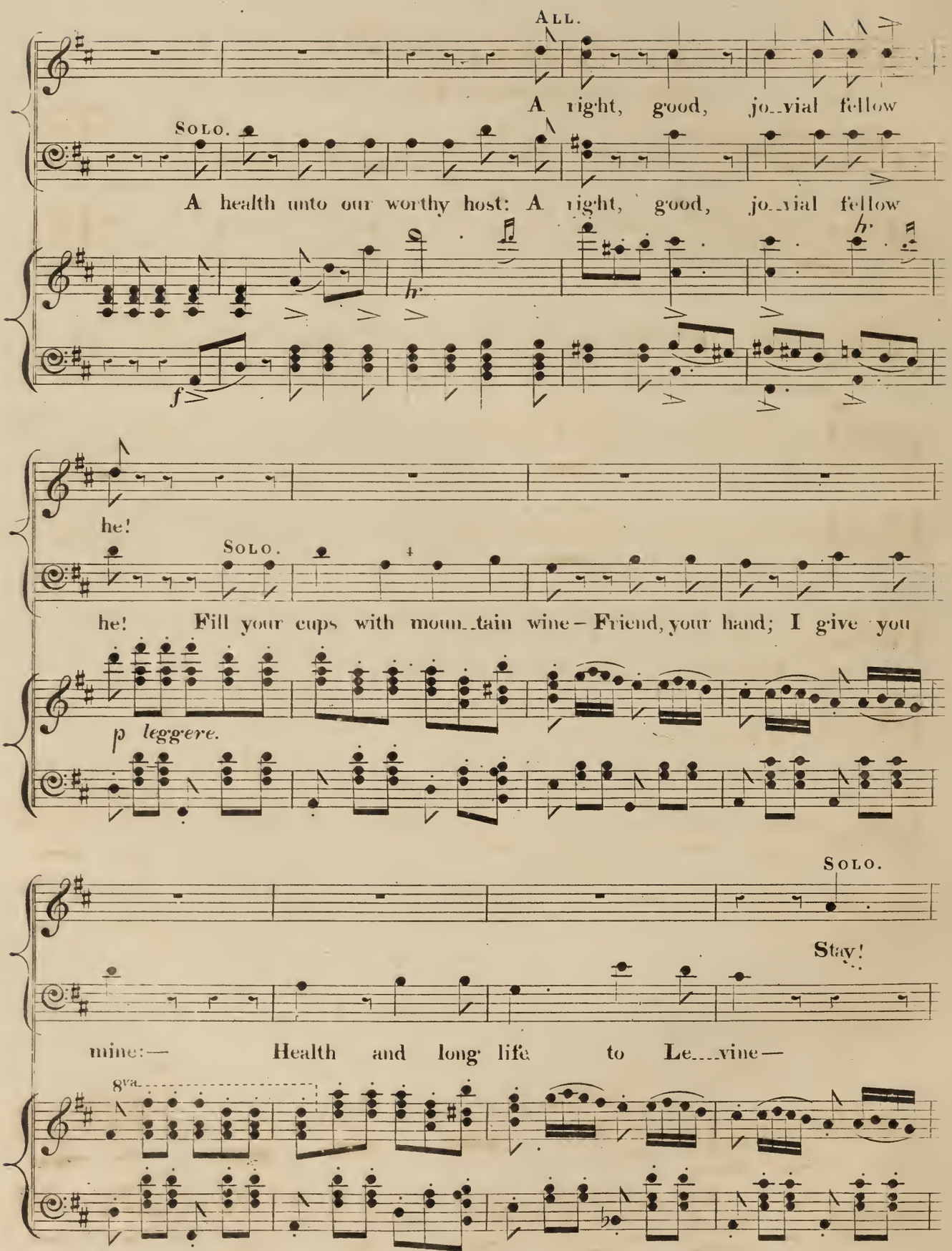
End of first Act.

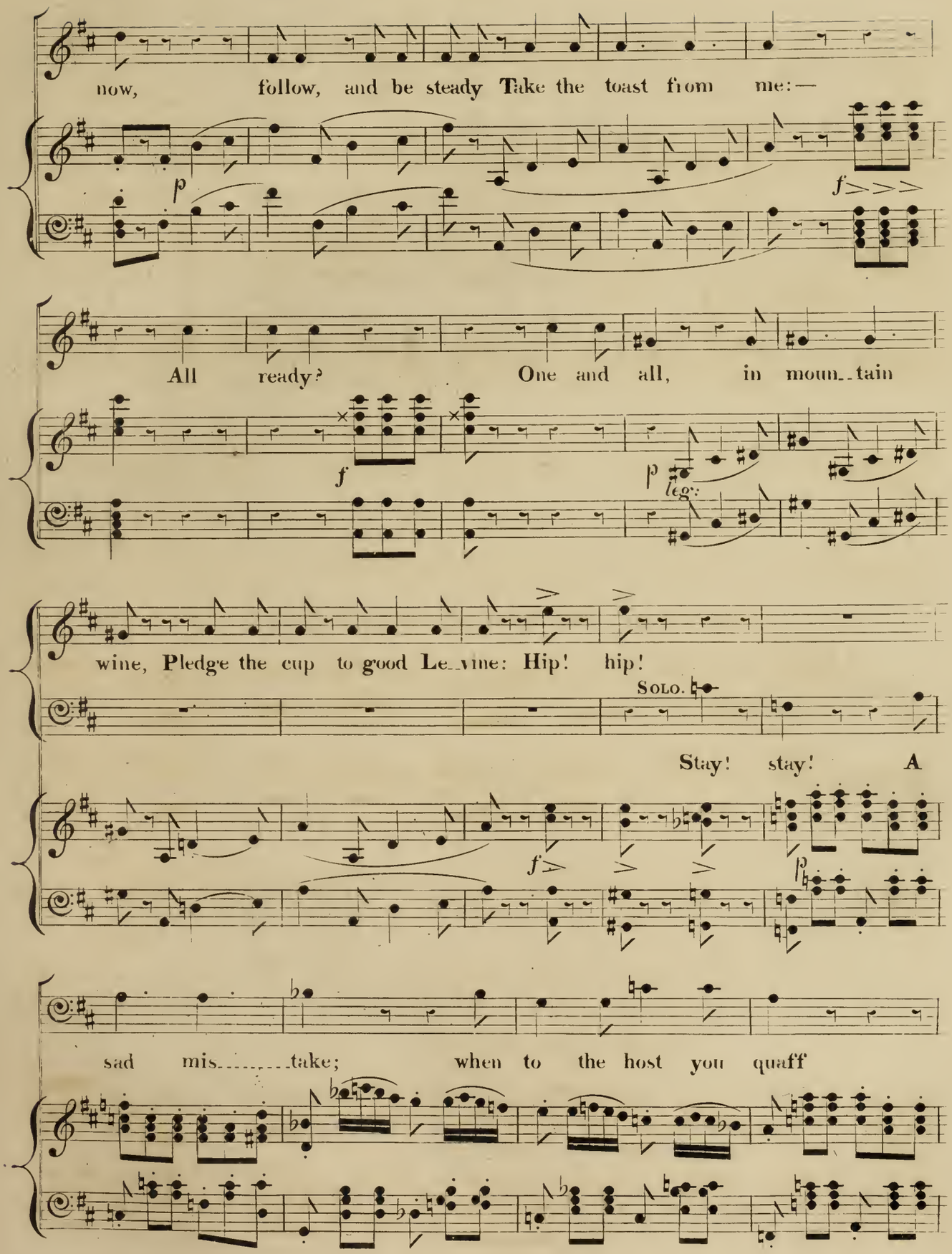
ACT 2nd

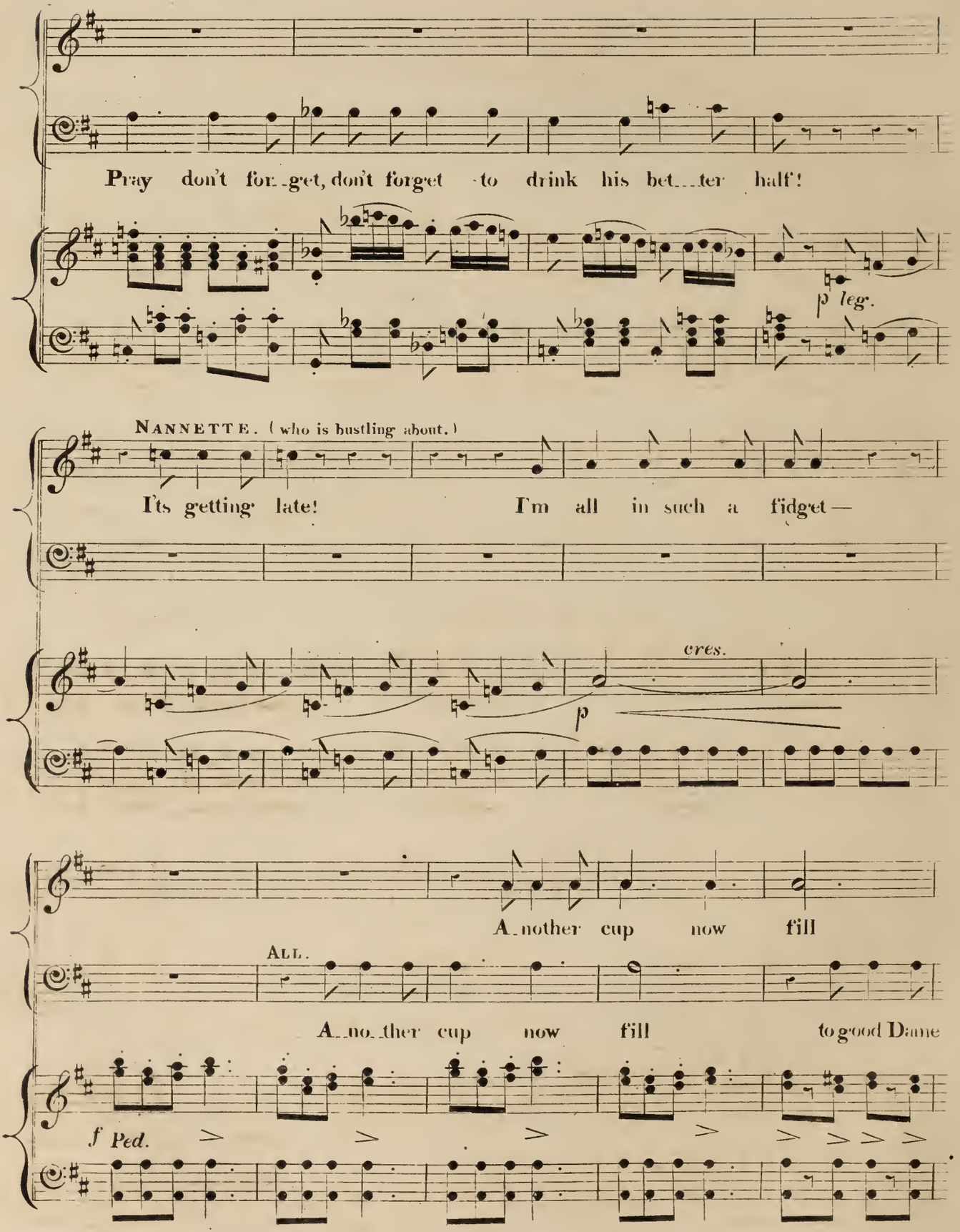
OPENING CHORUS.

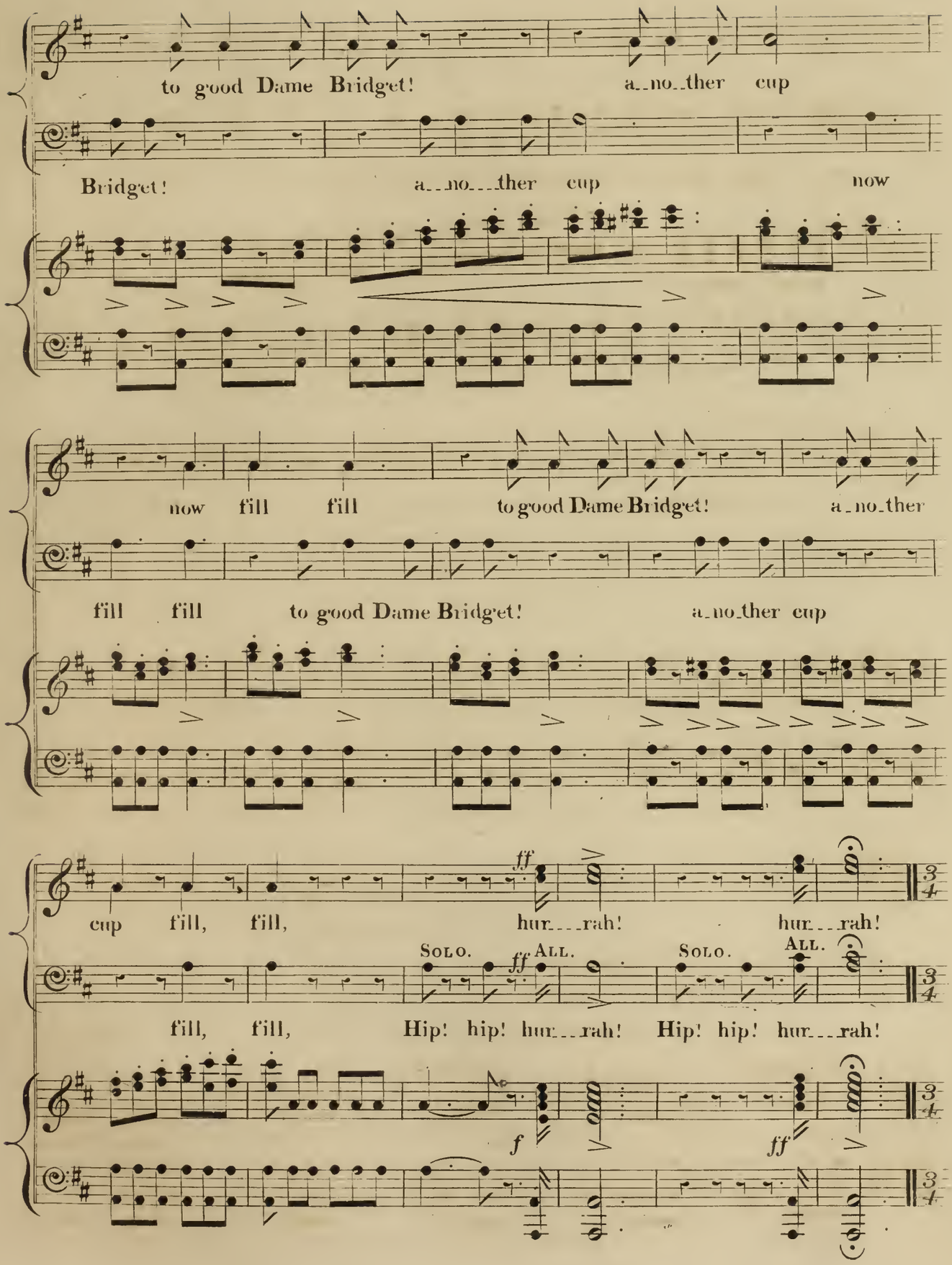
"A TOAST— A TOAST."



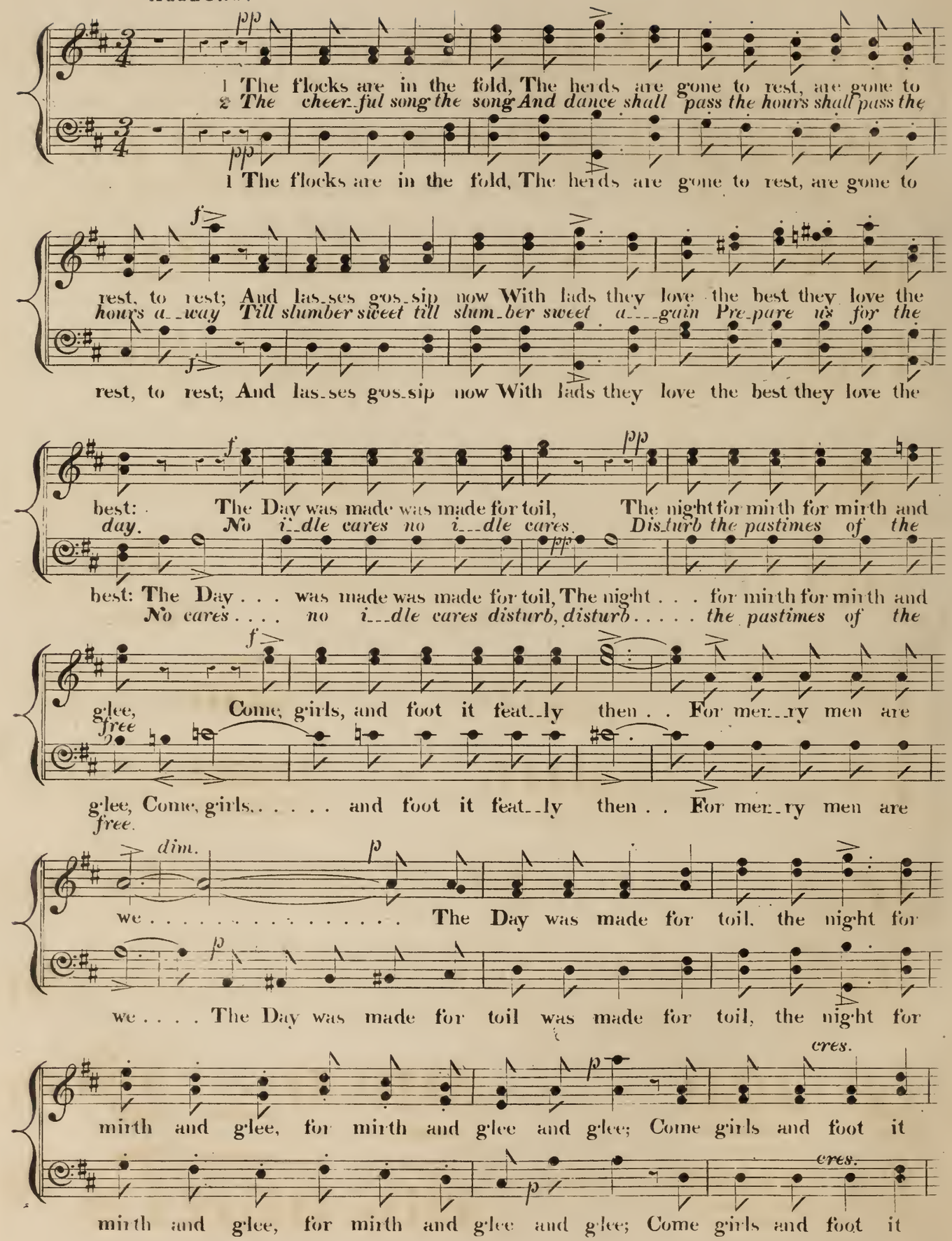

ALL.
A right, good, jo..vial fellow
SOLO.
A health unto our worthy host: A right, good, jo..vial fellow
f
he!
SOLO.
he! Fill your cups with moun..tain wine – Friend, your hand; I give you
p leggere.
SOLO.
Stay!
mine:— Health and long life to Le...vine—
8va

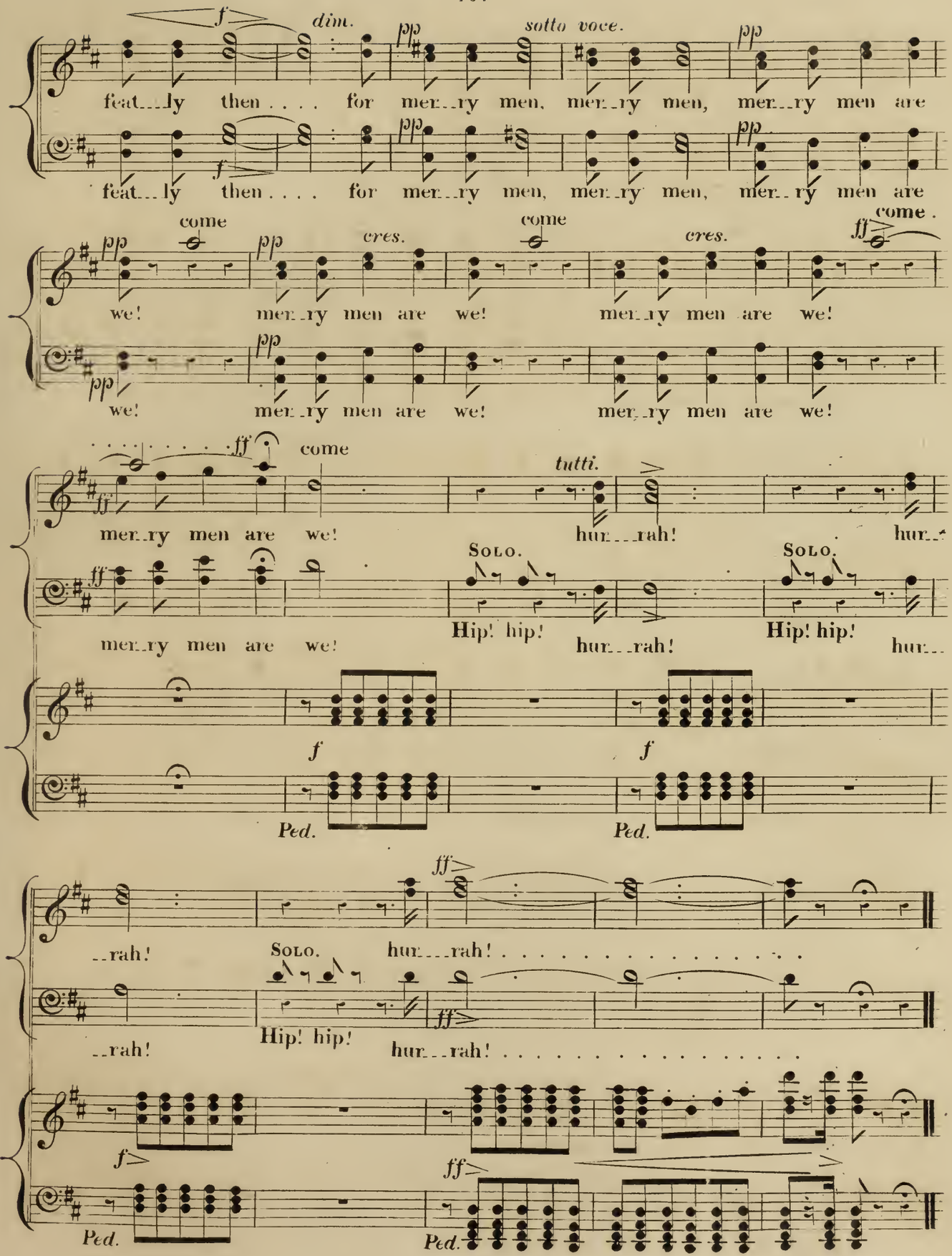

now, follow, and be steady Take the toast from me:—
All ready? One and all, in moun_tain
wine, Pledge the cup to good Le_vine: Hip! hip!
Solo.
Stay! stay! A
sad mis_____take; when to the host you quaff


Pray don't for_get, don't forget to drink his bet_ter half!
p leg.
NANNETTE. (who is bustling about.)
Its getting late! I'm all in such a fidget—
cres.
p
A_nother cup now fill
ALL.
A_no_ther cup now fill to good Dame
f Ped.


to good Dame Bridget! a_no_ther cup
Bridget! a_no_ther cup now
now fill fill to good Dame Bridget! a_no_ther
fill fill to good Dame Bridget! a_no_ther cup
cup fill, fill, hur_rah! hur_rah!
Solo. All. Solo. All.
fill, fill, Hip! hip! hur_rah! Hip! hip! hur_rah!

ALLEGRO.

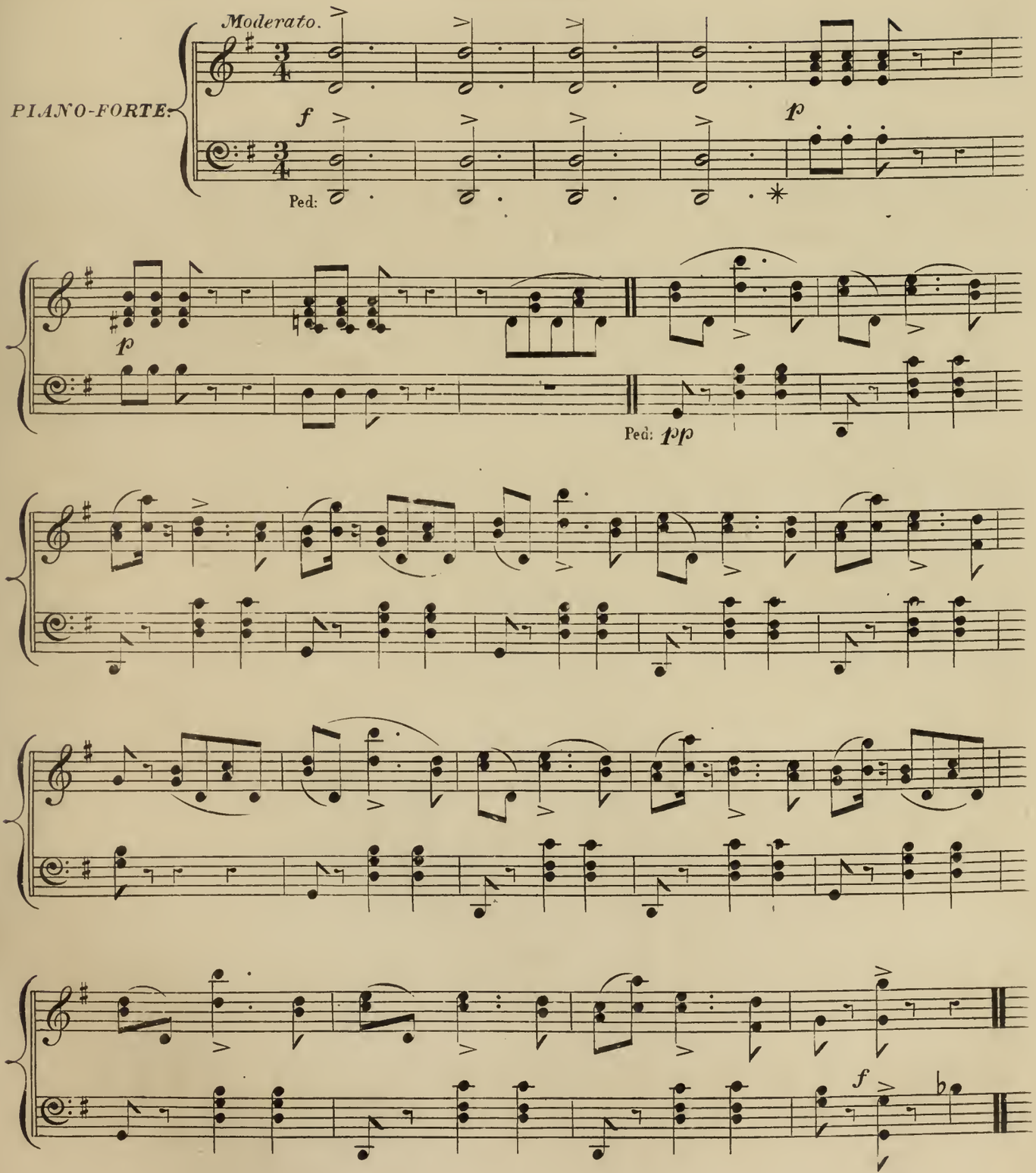

1 The flocks are in the fold, The herds are gone to rest, are gone to
2 The cheer_ful song the song And dance shall pass the hours shall pass the
1 The flocks are in the fold, The herds are gone to rest, are gone to
rest, to rest; And las_ses gos_sip now With lads they love the best they love the
hours a_way Till slumber sweet till slum_ber sweet a_gain Pre_pare us for the
rest, to rest; And las_ses gos_sip now With lads they love the best they love the
best: The Day was made was made for toil, The night for mirth for mirth and
day. No i_dle cares no i_dle cares. Dis_turb the pastimes of the
best: The Day . . . was made was made for toil, The night . . . for mirth for mirth and
No cares . . . . no i_dle cares disturb, disturb . . . . . the pastimes of the
glee, Come, girls, and foot it feat_ly then . . For mer_ry men are
free
glee, Come, girls, ... and foot it feat_ly then . . For mer_ry men are
free.
we . . . . . The Day was made for toil, the night for
we . . . . The Day was made for toil was made for toil, the night for
mirth and glee, for mirth and glee and glee; Come girls and foot it
mirth and glee, for mirth and glee and glee; Come girls and foot it

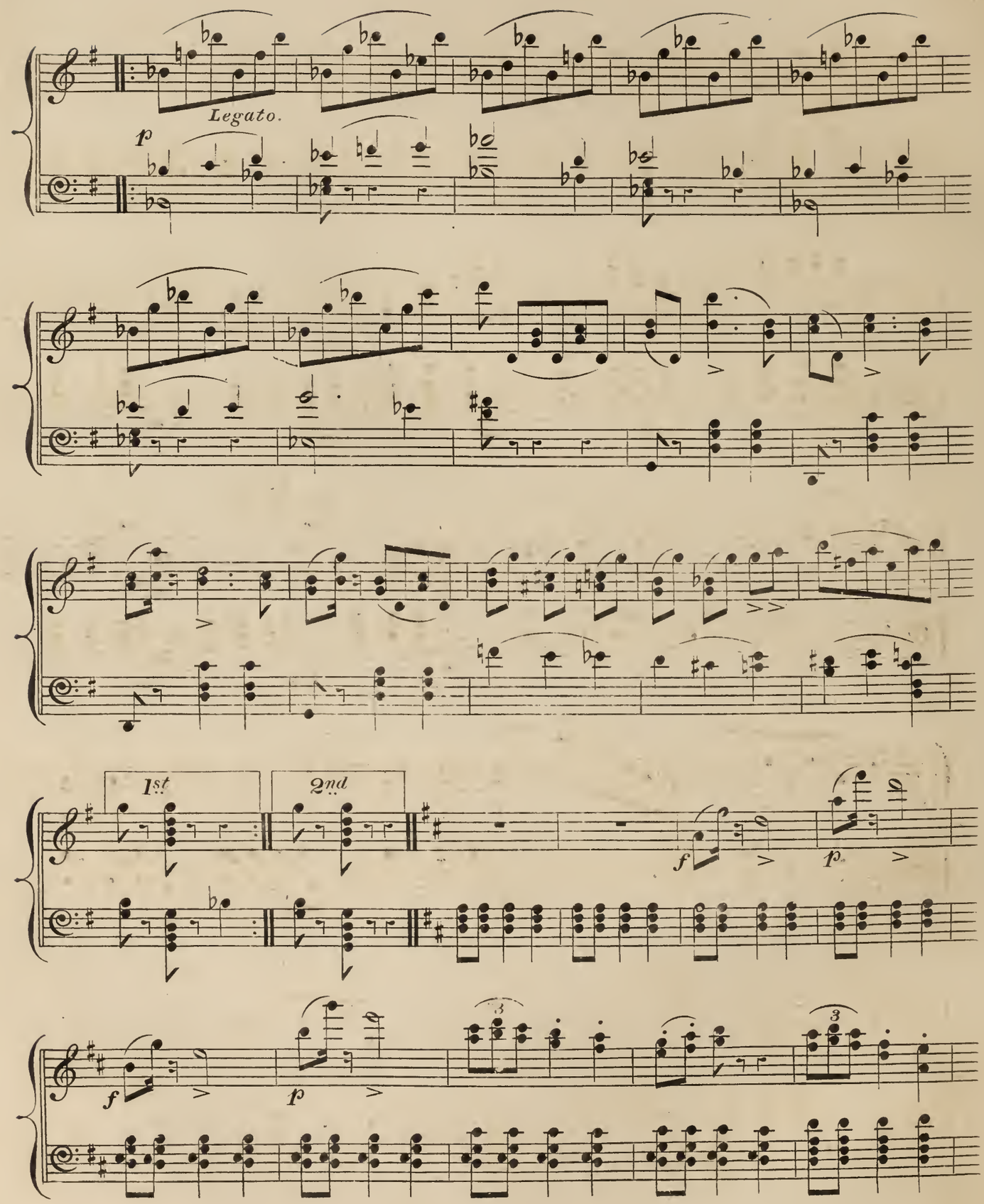

f
dim.
pp
sotto voce.
pp
feat...ly then . . . . for mer..ry men, mer..ry men, mer..ry men are
f
pp
pp
feat...ly then . . . . for mer..ry men, mer..ry men, mer..ry men are
come
pp
cres.
come
cres.
come.
ff
we! mer..ry men are we! mer..ry men are we!
pp
pp
we! mer..ry men are we! mer..ry men are we!
ff
come
tutti.
mer..ry men are we! hur...rah! hur...
ff
Solo.
Solo.
mer..ry men are we! Hip! hip! hur...rah! Hip! hip! hur...
f
f
Ped.
Ped.
ff
...rah! Solo. hur...rah!
Hip! hip!
...rah! hur...rah!
f
ff
Ped.
Ped.

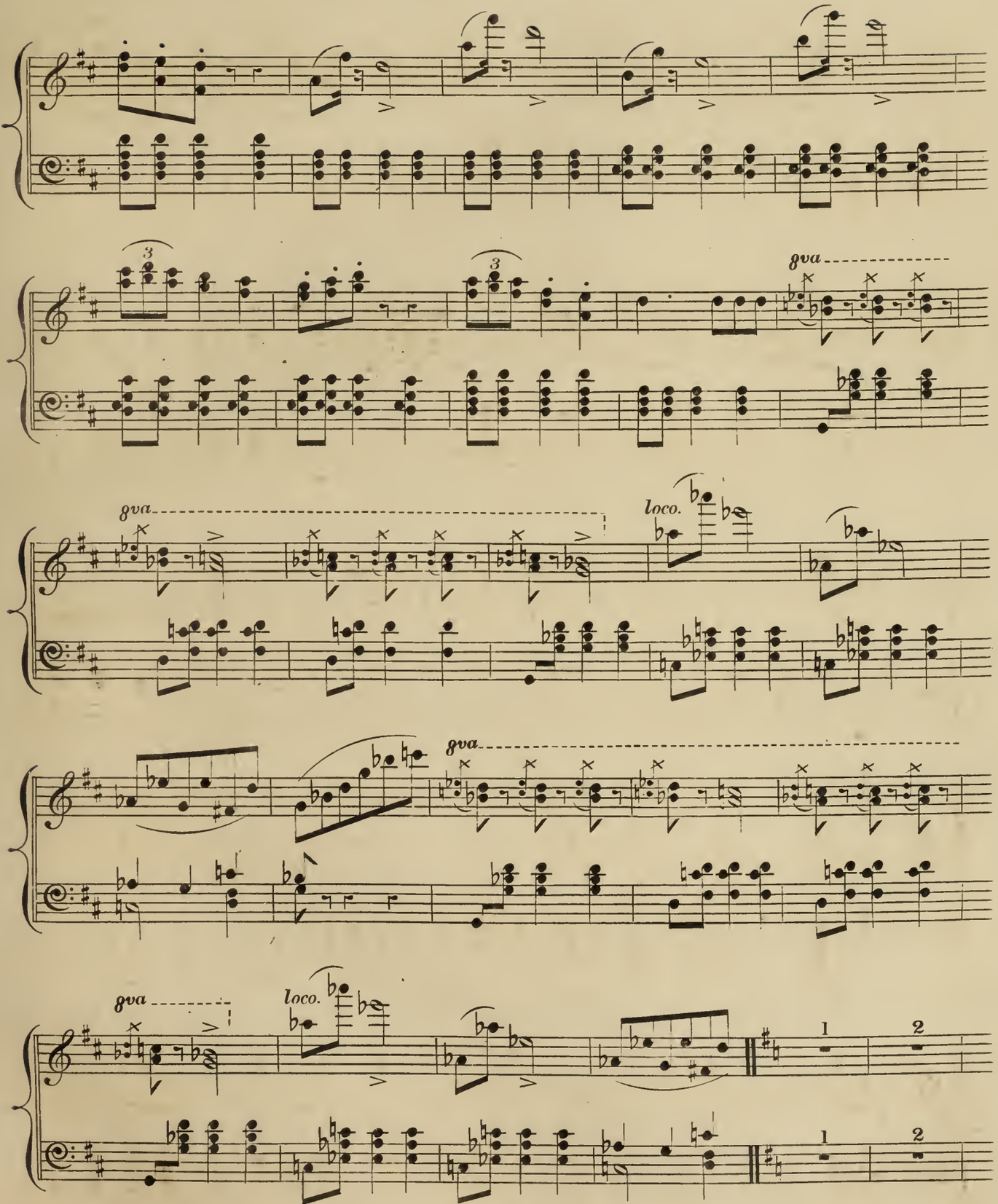
AIR DE BALLET

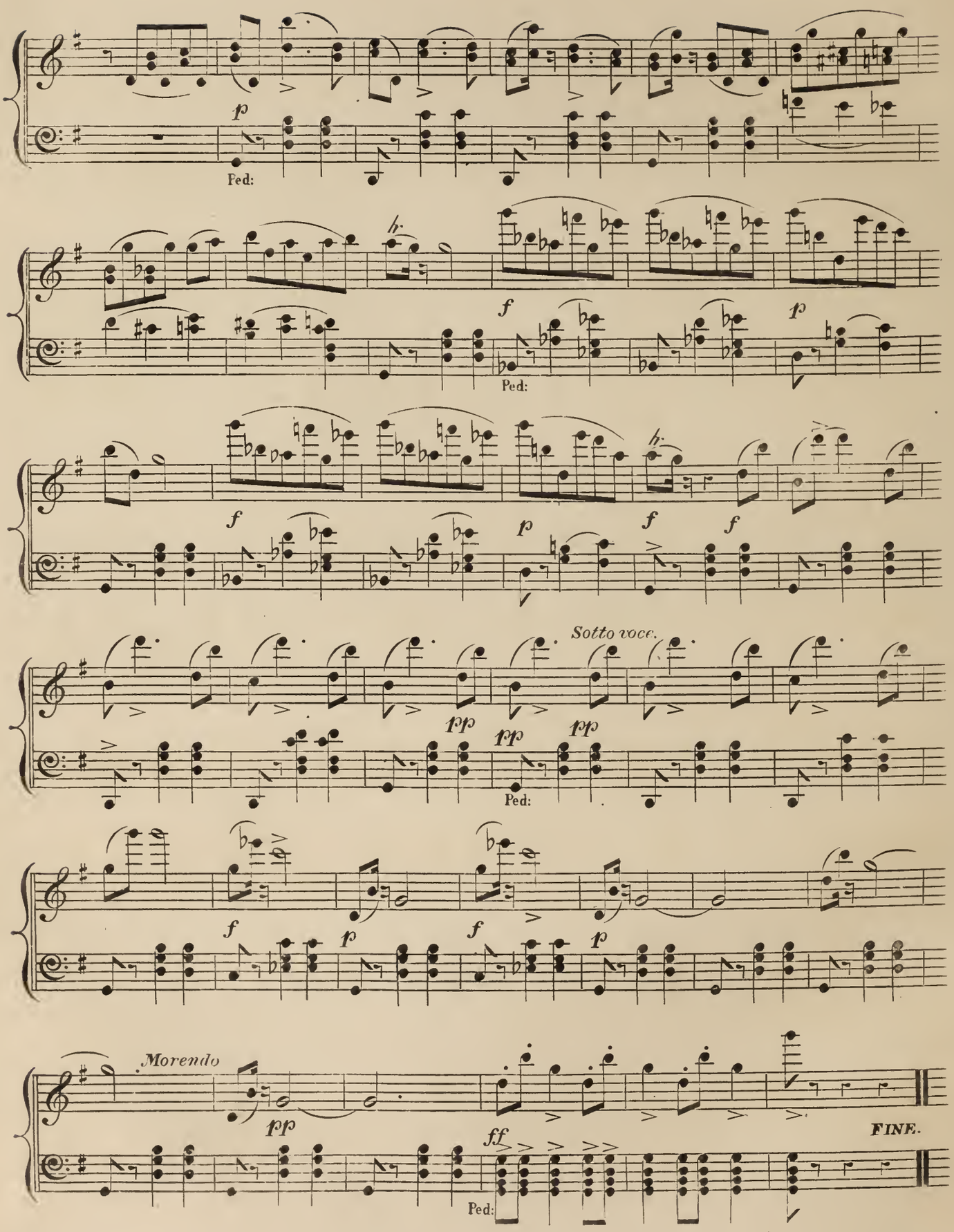
"ORPHAN OF GENEVA."

TYROLIENNE.




Legato.
p
1st
2nd
f
p
f
p
3
3


8va
loco.
8va
8va
loco.
8va
1
2
1
2

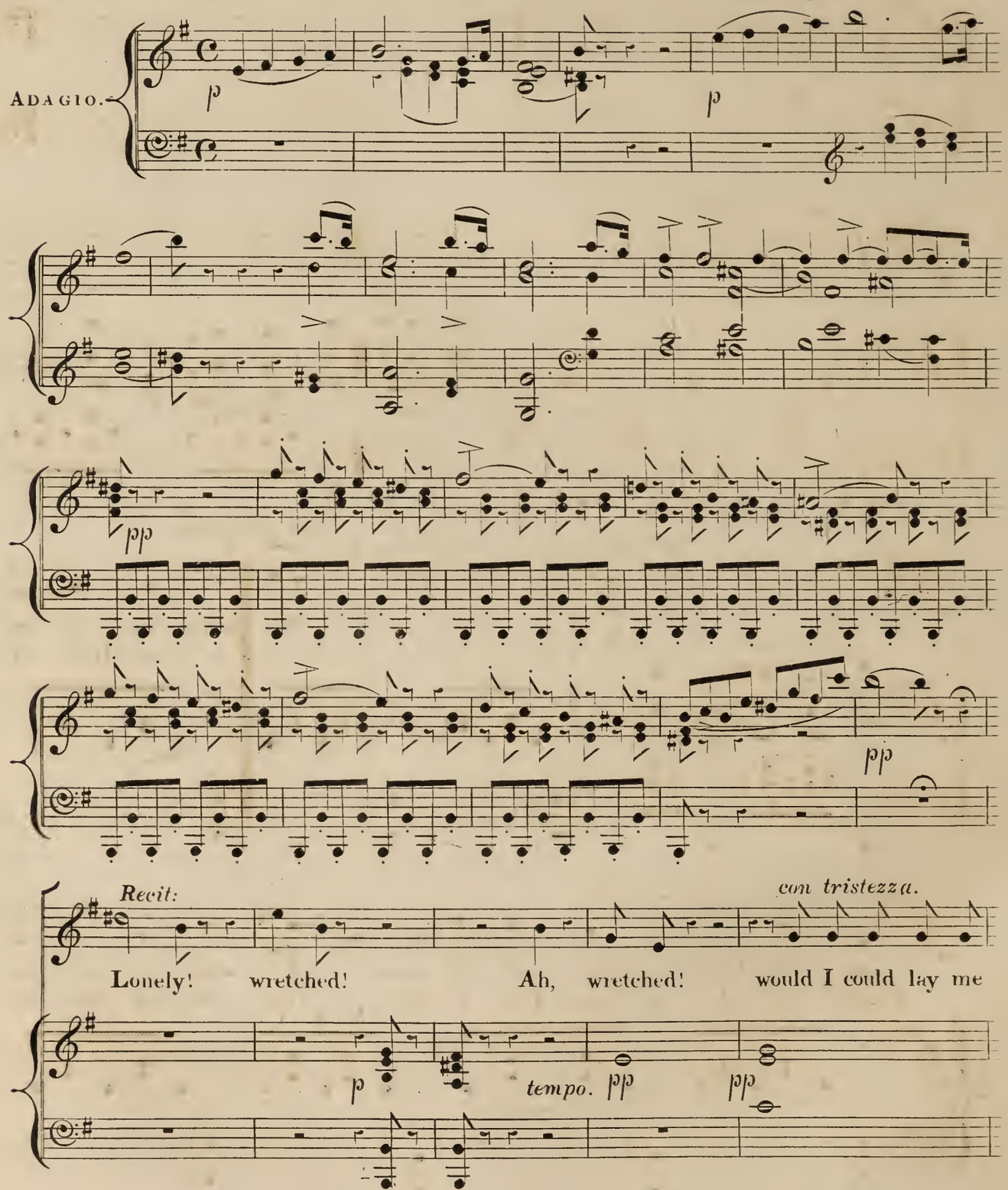

p
Ped:
h.
f
Ped:
p
f
p
f
f
Sotto voce.
pp
pp
pp
Ped:
f
p
f
p
Morendo
pp
ff
FINE.
Ped:

You're not a Conductor

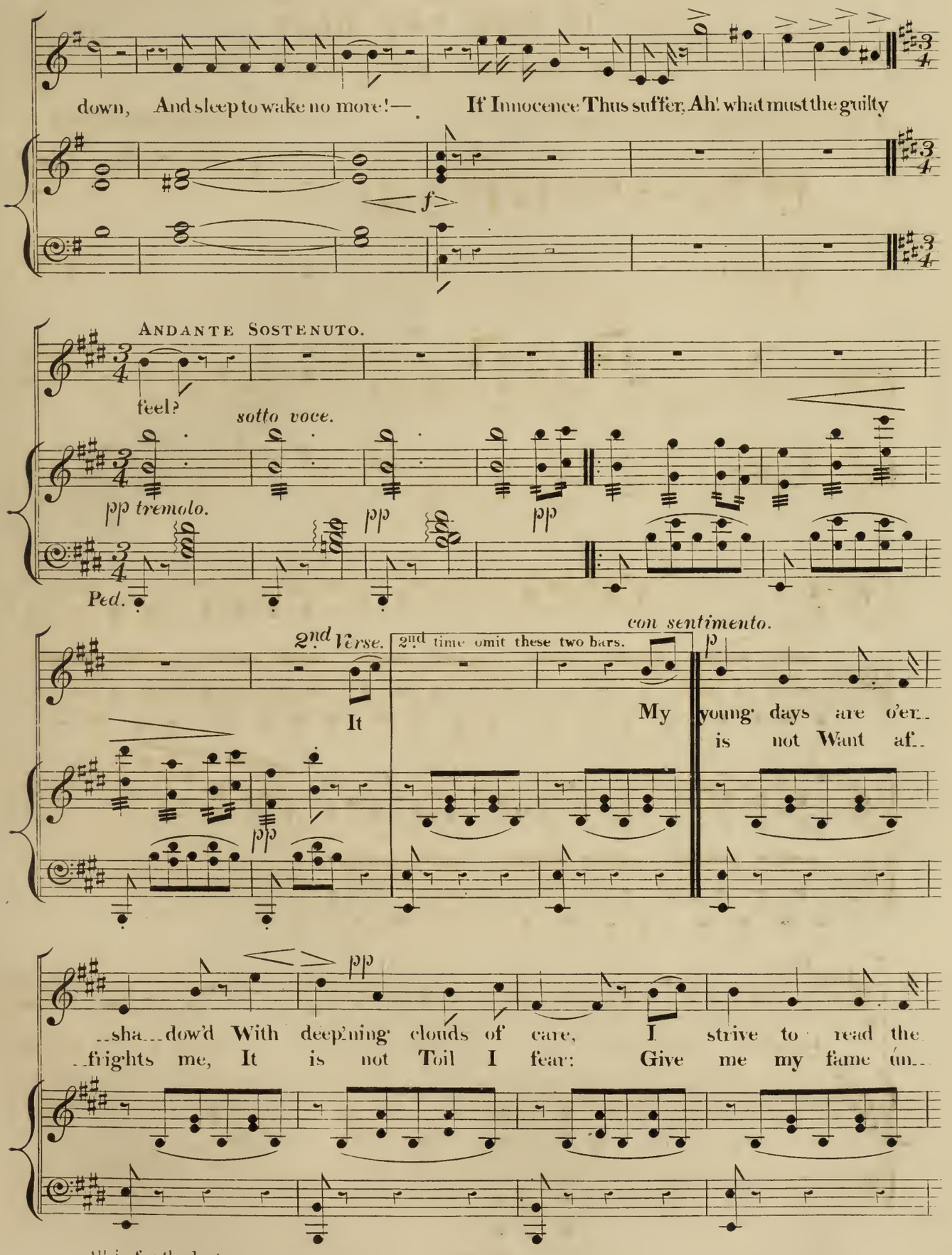
ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

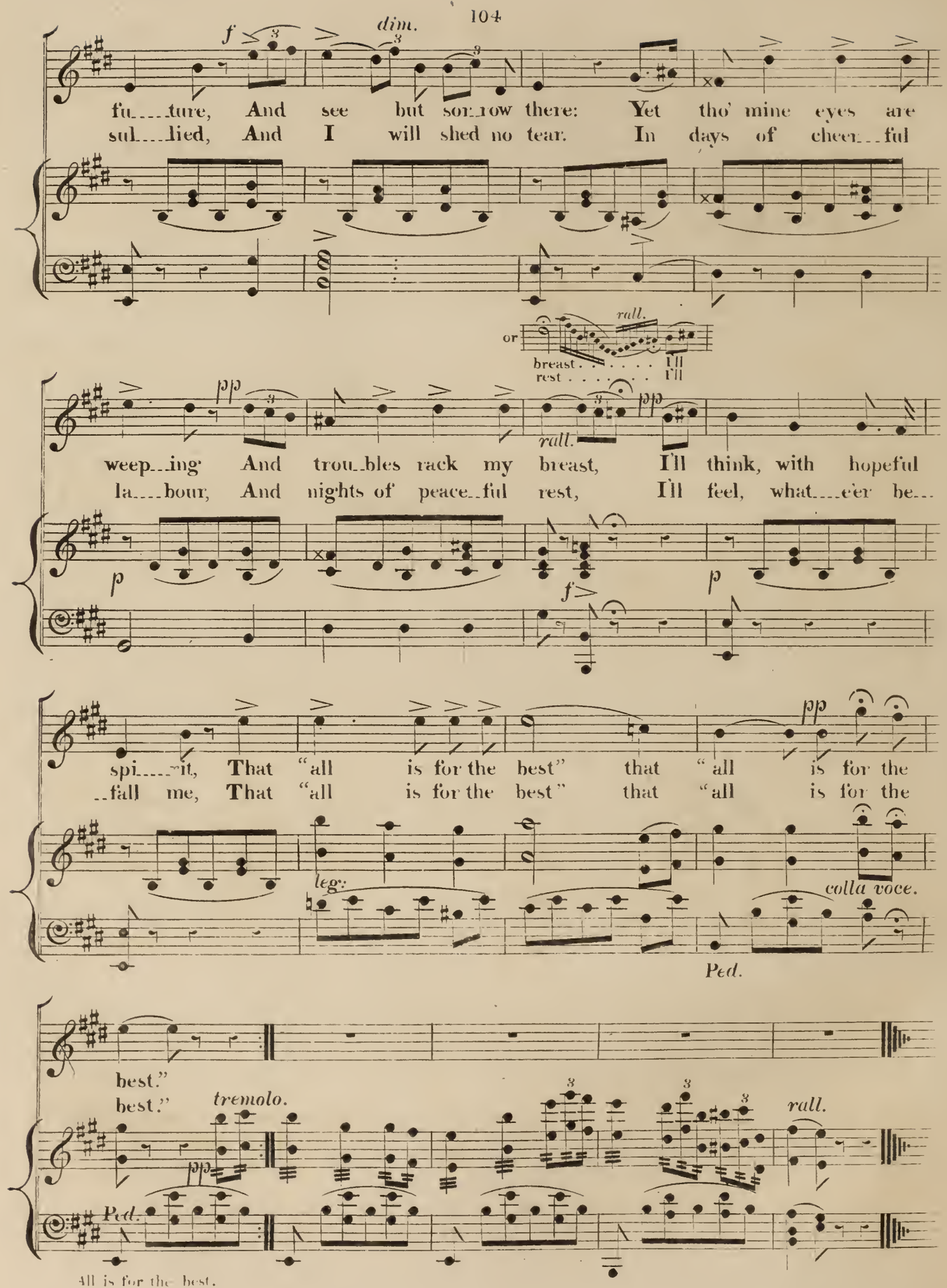
RECITATIVE AND SONG.

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.



All is for the best. Another edition may be had in the key of C.

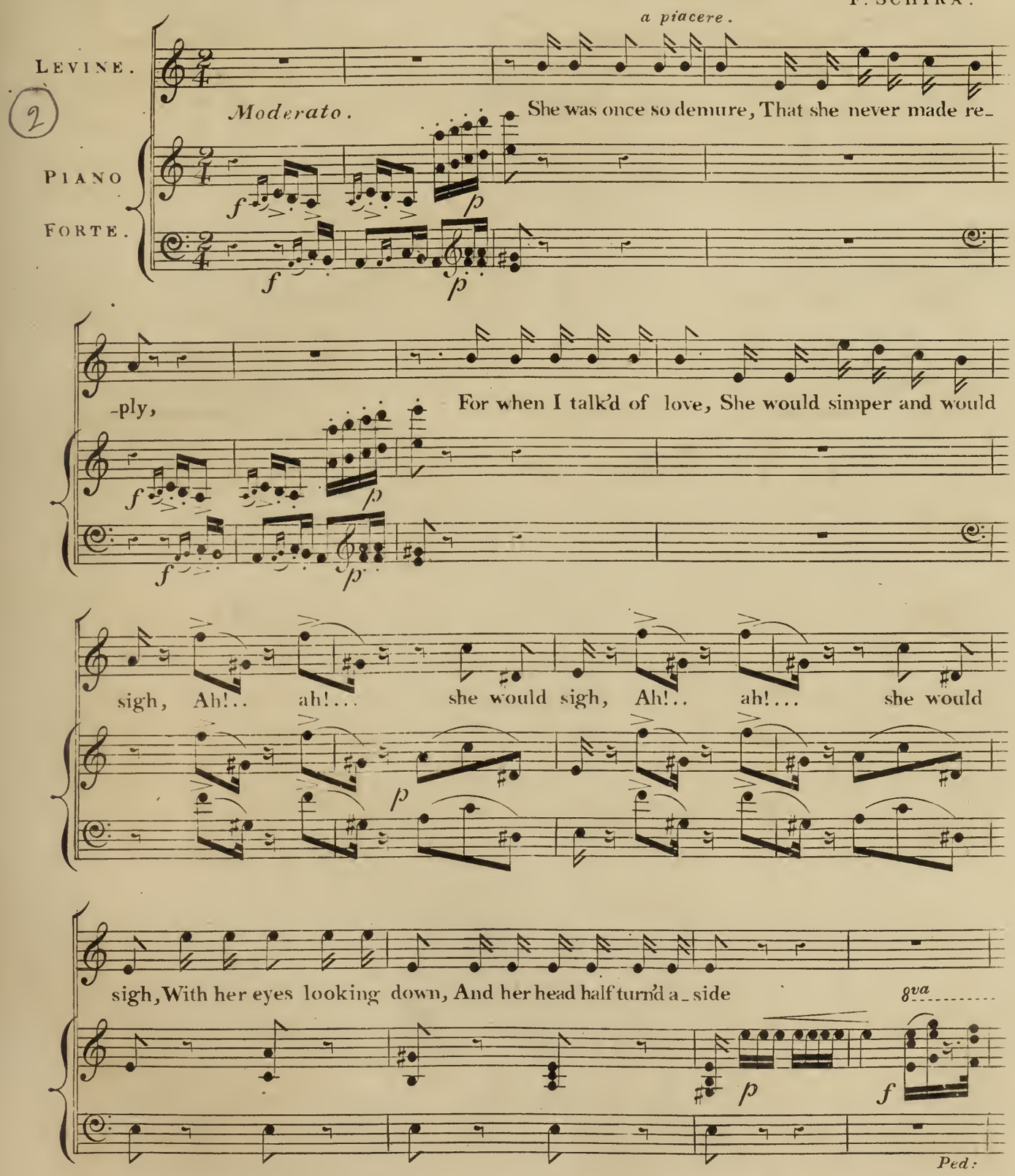

down, And sleep to wake no more!— If Innocence Thus suffer, Ah! what must the guilty
f
ANDANTE SOSTENUTO.
feel?
sotto voce.
pp tremolo.
pp
pp
Ped.
2nd Verse.
2nd time omit these two bars.
con sentimento.
p
It
My young days are o'er
is not Want af
pp
pp
sha dow'd With deep'ning clouds of care, I strive to read the
frights me, It is not Toil I fear: Give me my fame un
All is for the best.

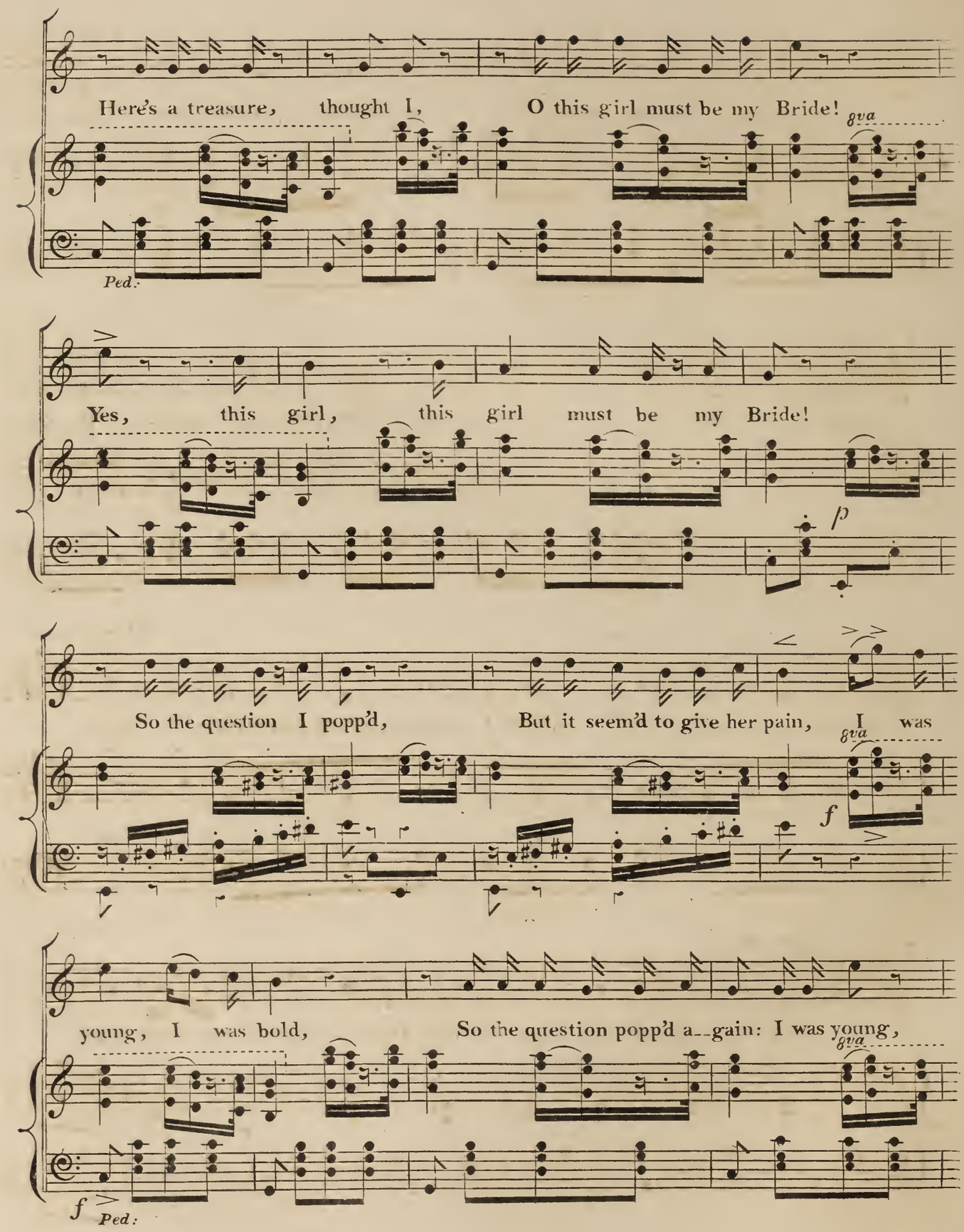


All is for the best.

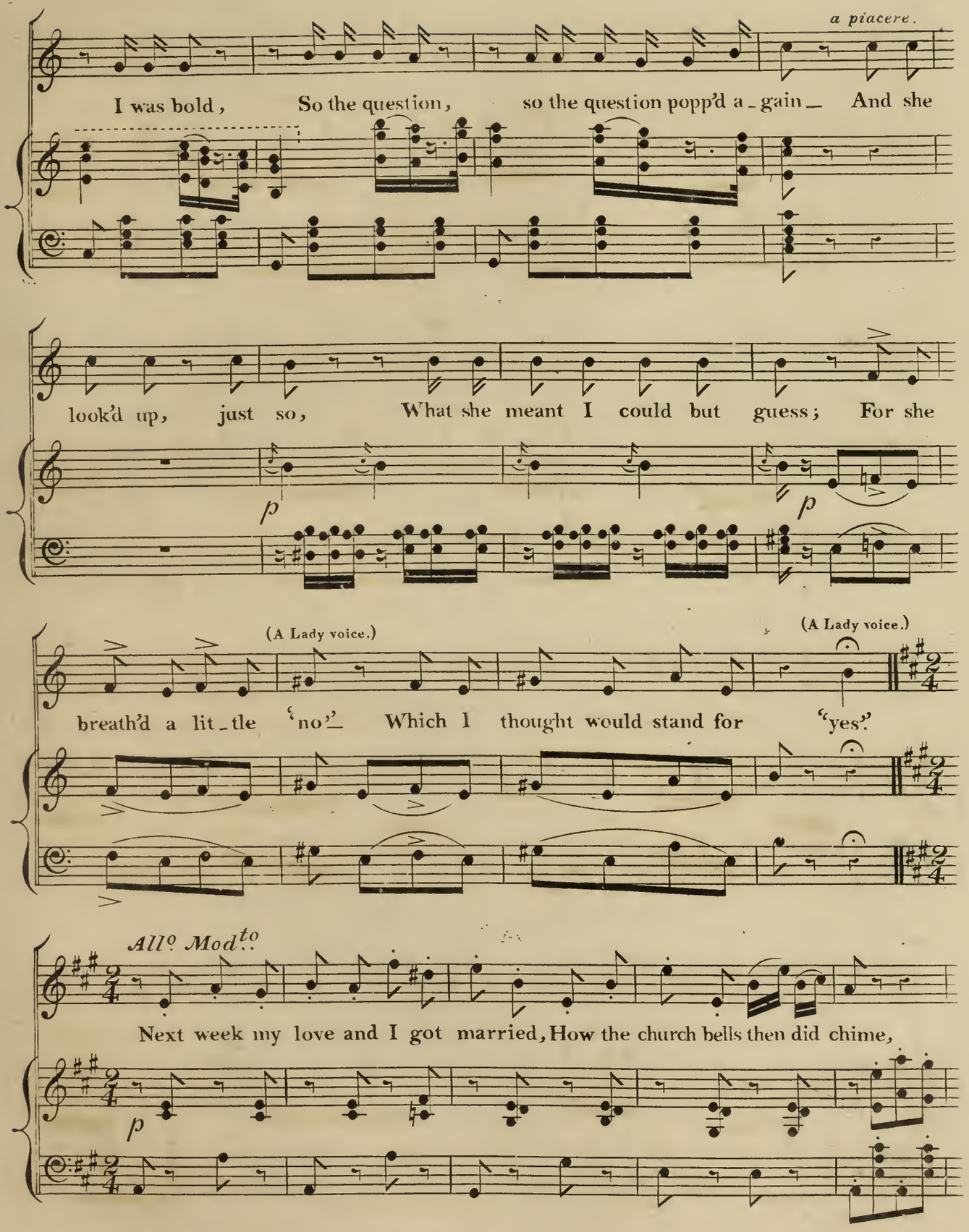
SHE WAS ONCE SO DEMURE.

F. SCHIRA.

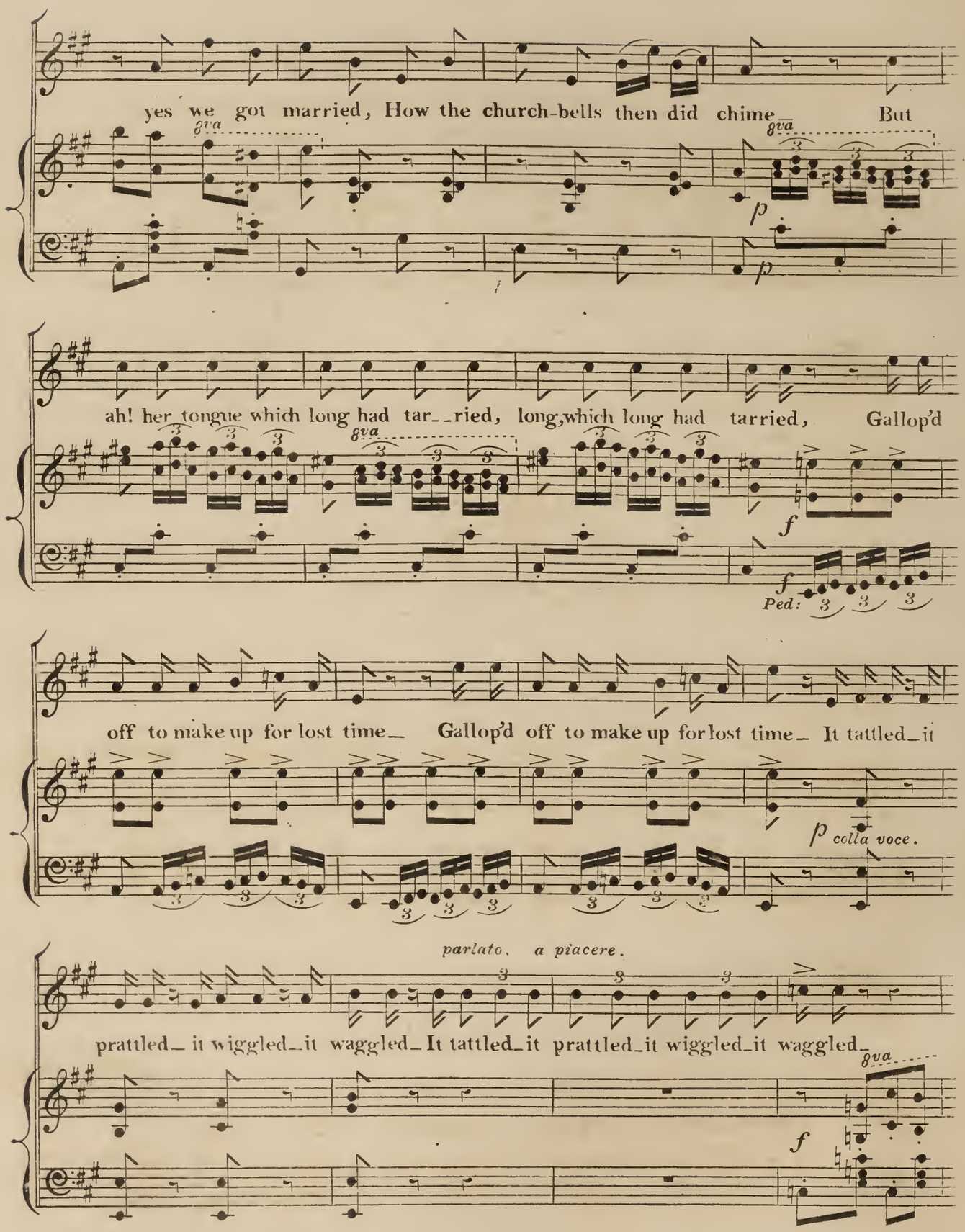




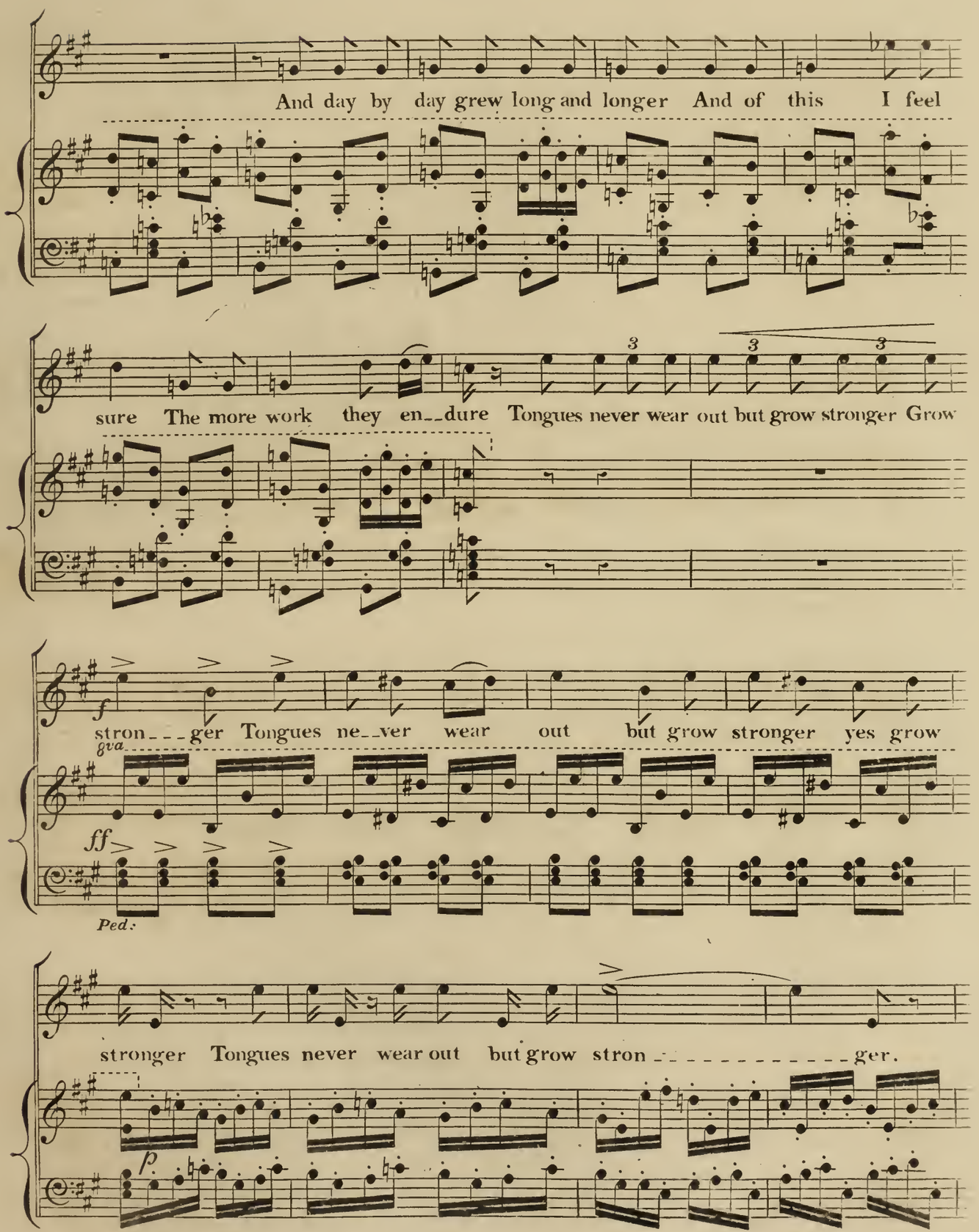
She was once so demure.



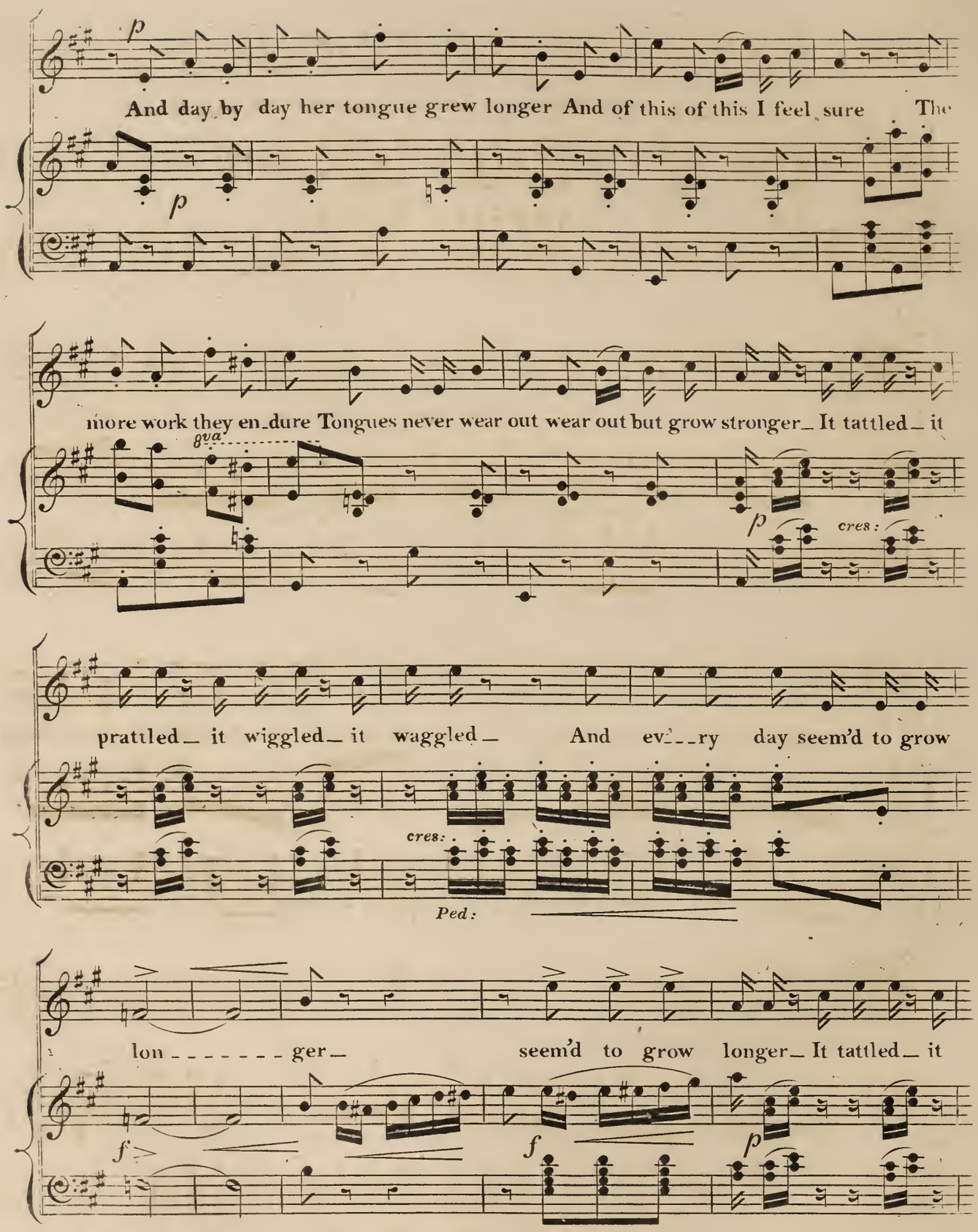
She was once so demure.

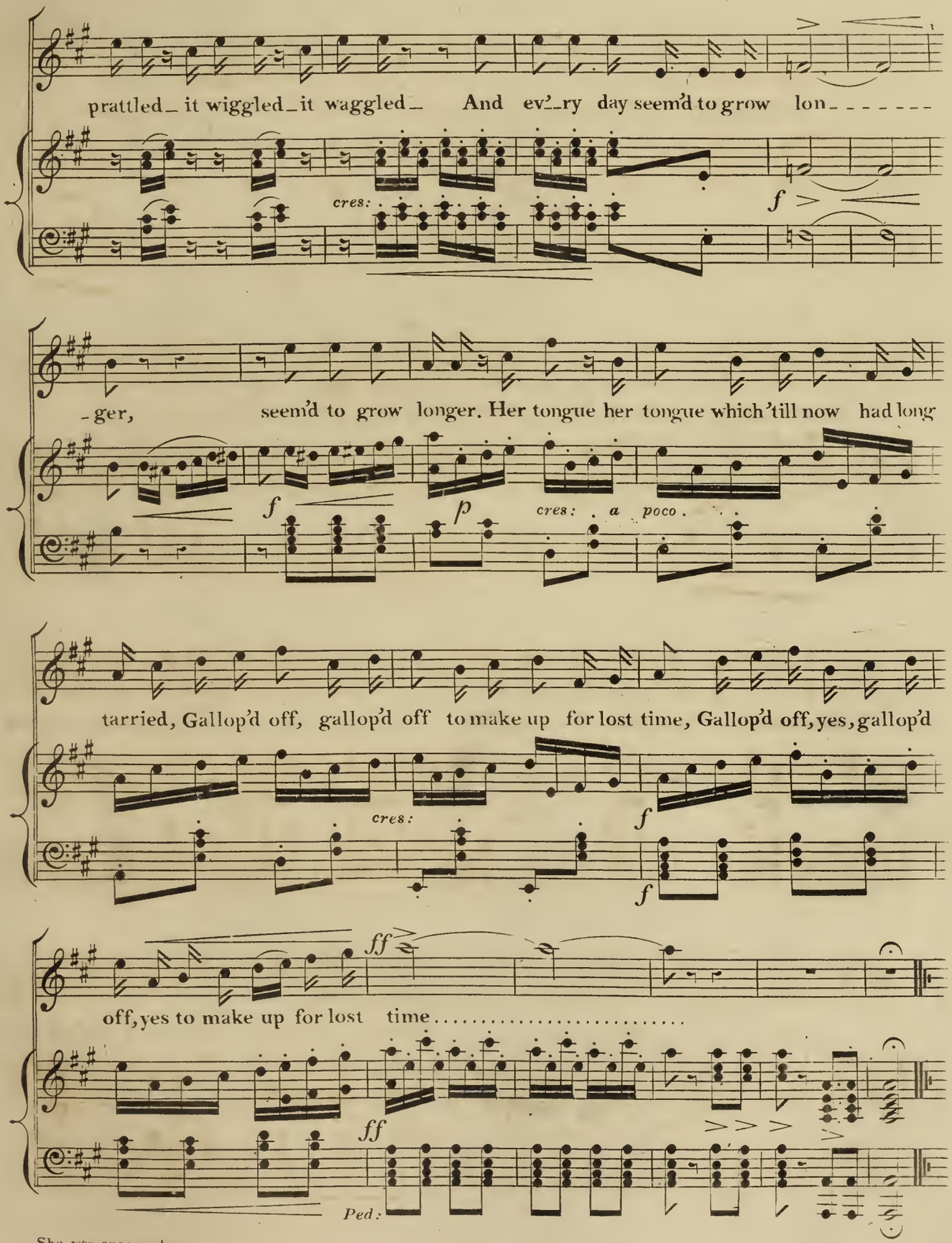


She was once so demure.



She was once so demure.


p
And day by day her tongue grew longer And of this of this I feel sure The
p
more work they en_dure Tongues never wear out wear out but grow stronger_ It tattled_ it
8va
p
cres:
prattled_ it wiggled_ it waggled_ And ev'_ry day seem'd to grow
cres:
Ped:
lon_ger_ seem'd to grow longer_ It tattled_ it
f
f
p

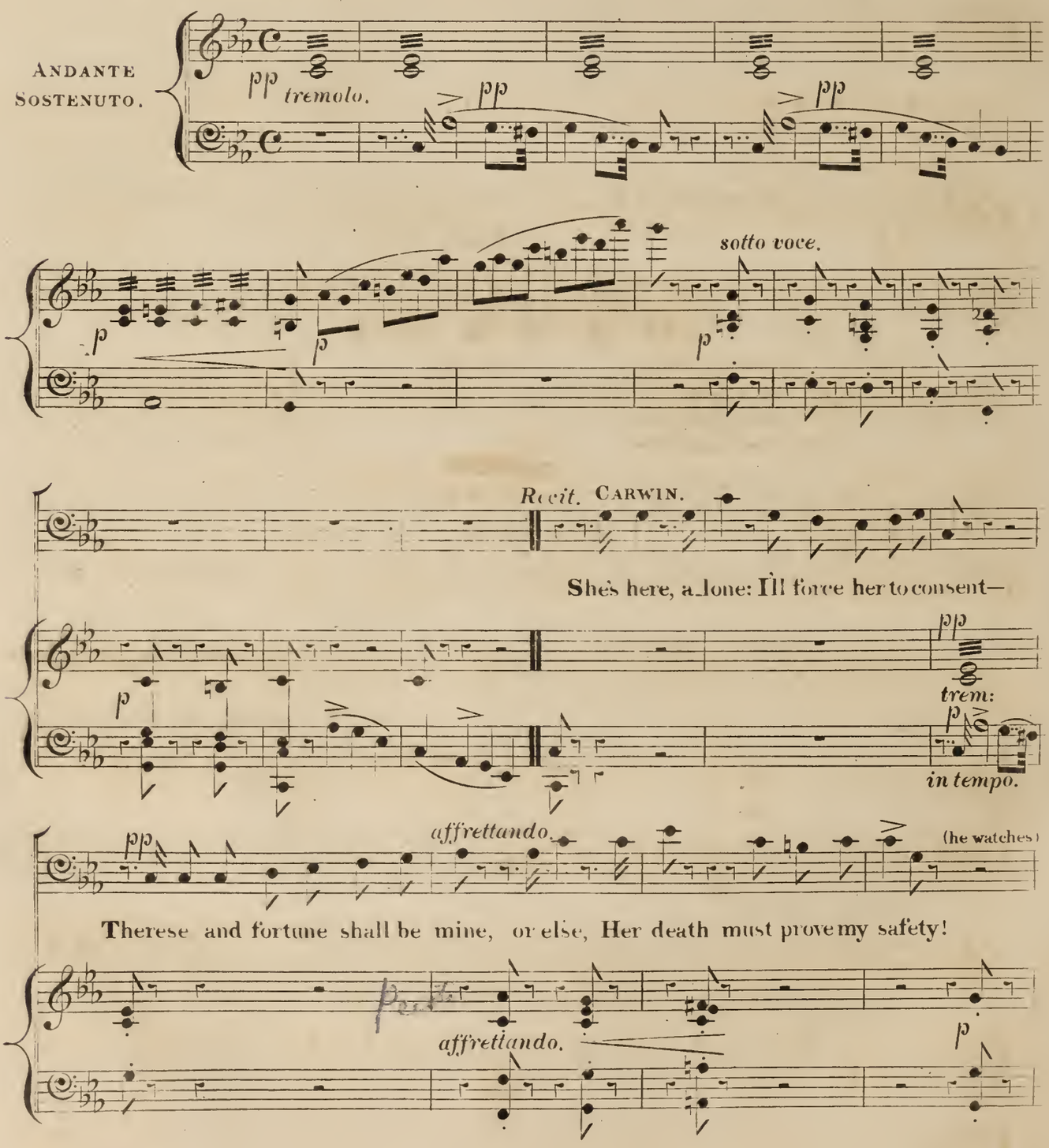

prattled_ it wiggled_it waggled_ And ev'_ry day seem'd to grow lon_ _ _ _ _ _ _
cres:
f
_ger, seem'd to grow longer. Her tongue her tongue which 'till now had long
f
p
cres: a poco.
tarried, Gallop'd off, gallop'd off to make up for lost time, Gallop'd off, yes, gallop'd
cres:
f
f
ff
off, yes to make up for lost time.....
ff
Ped:

for peace and quietness' sake

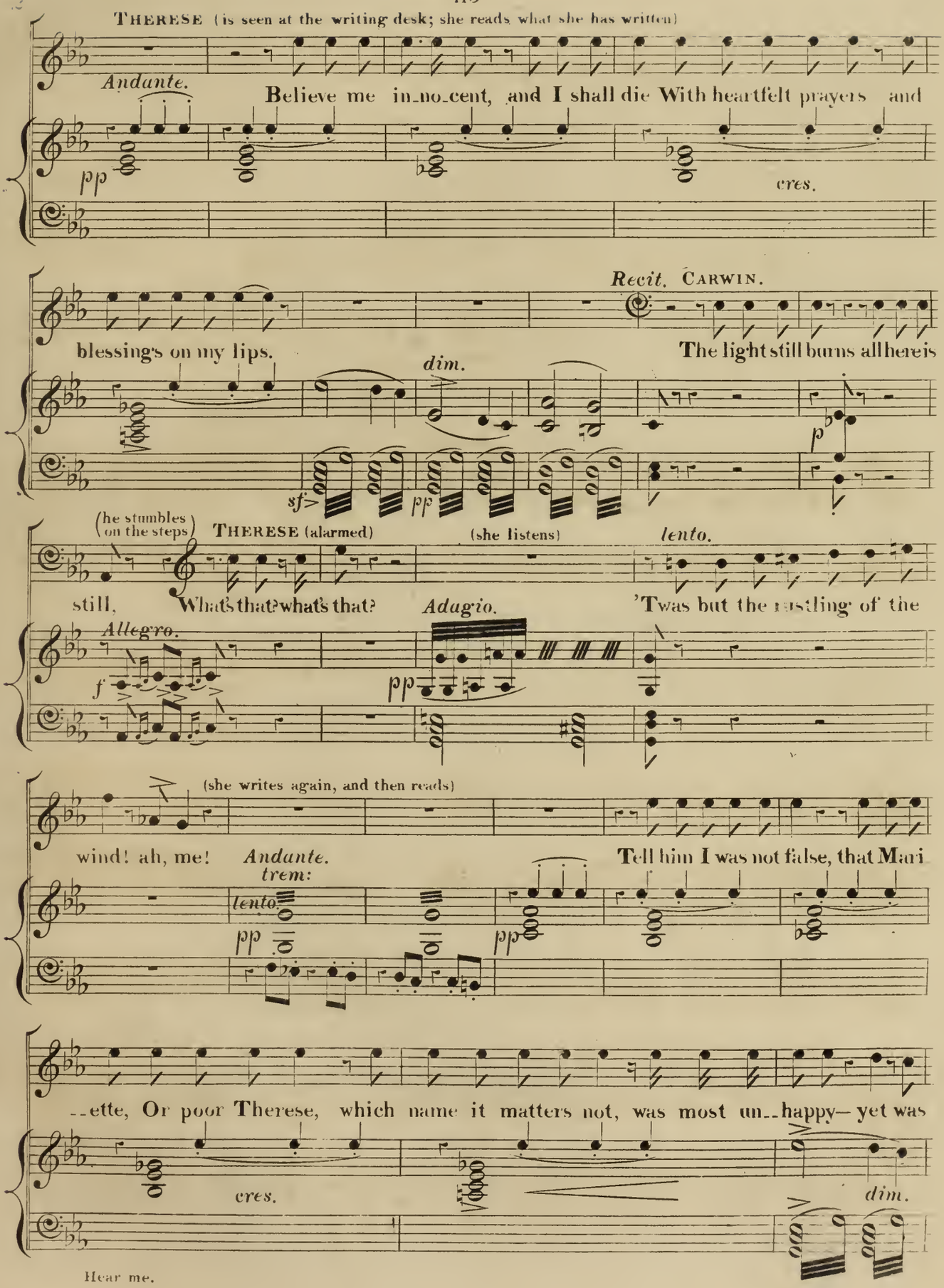
RECITATIVE & DUET.

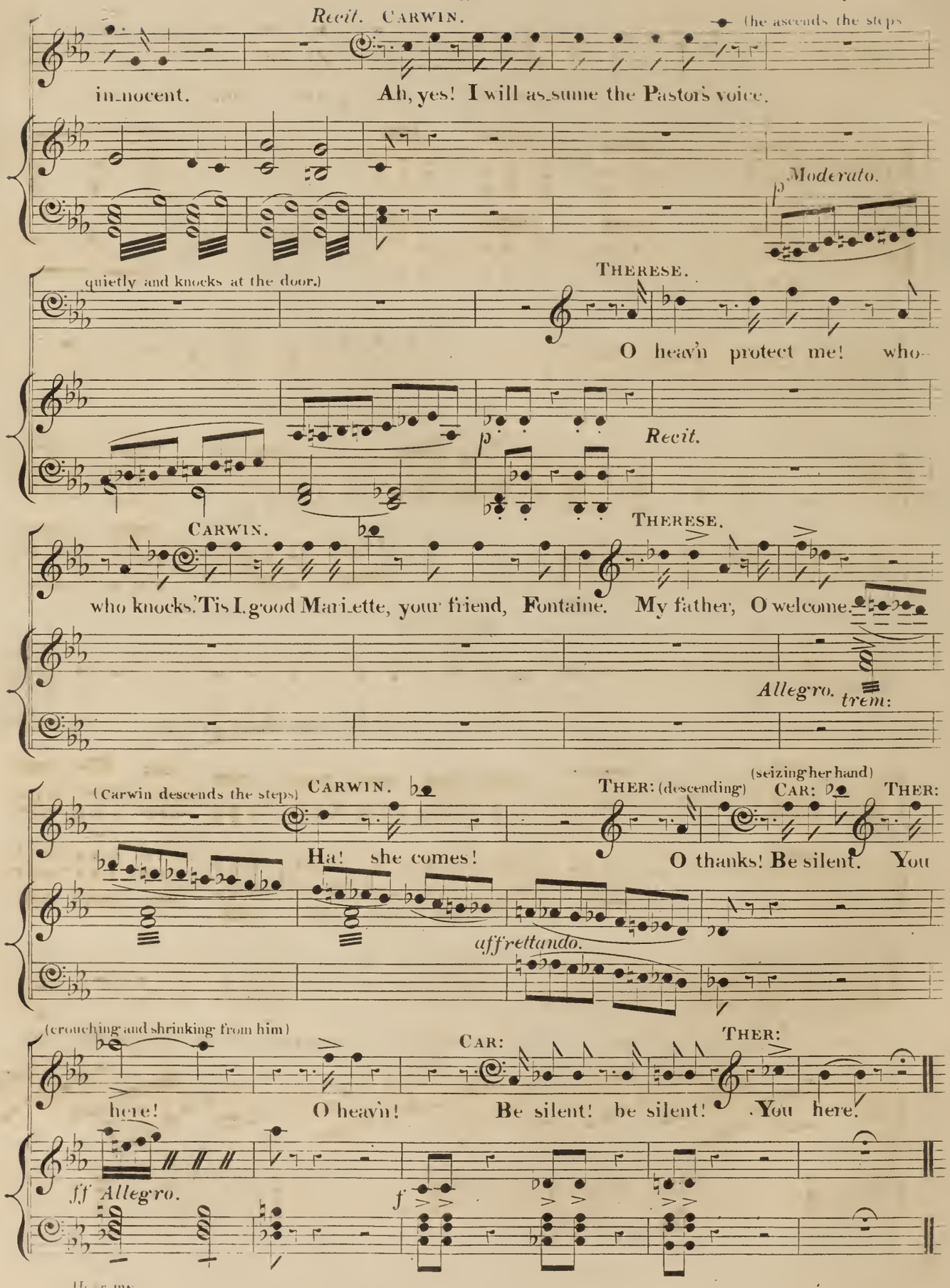
CARWIN AND *THERESE.*

Written by CHARLES JEFFERYS. *Music by* F. SCHIRA.

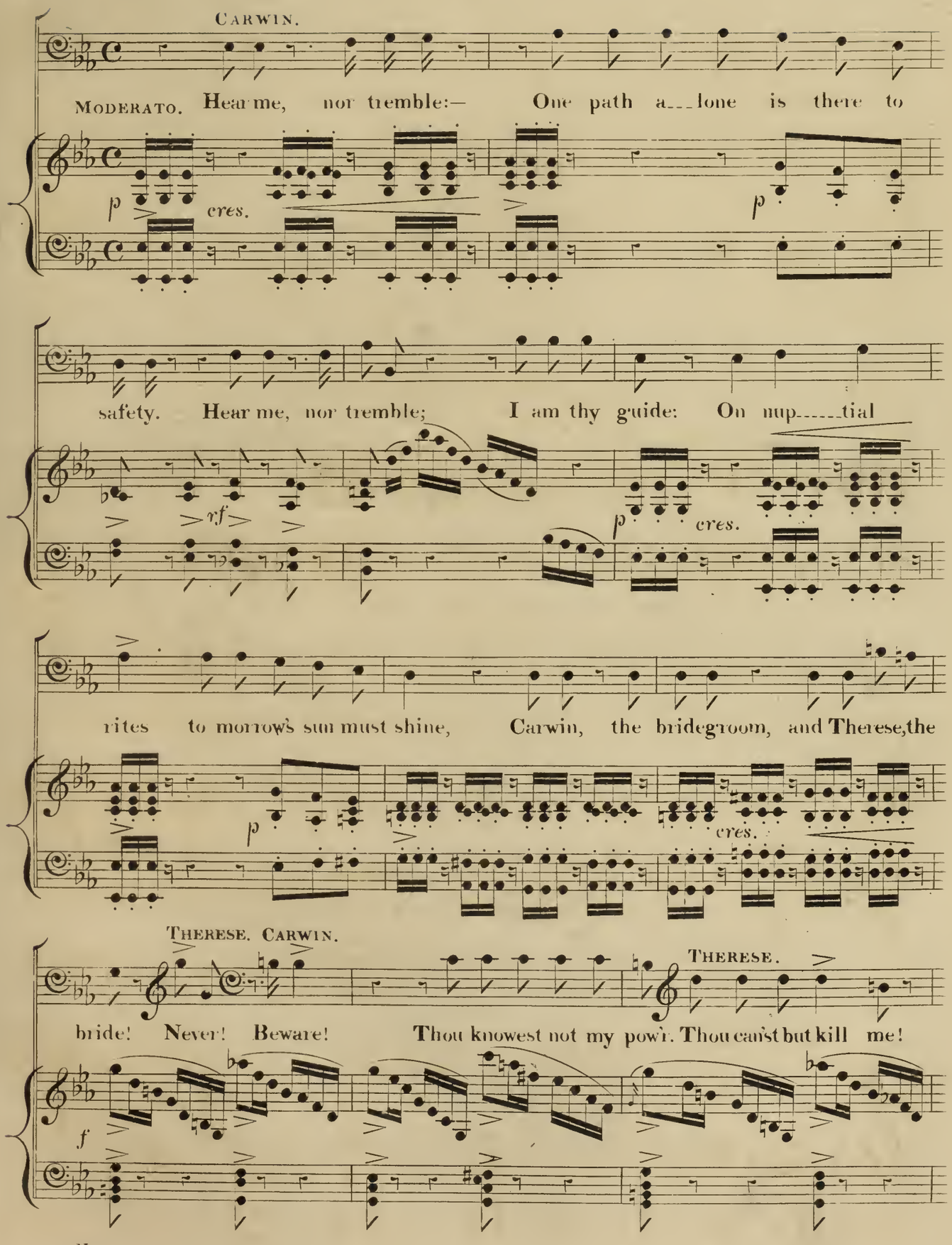


Hear me.

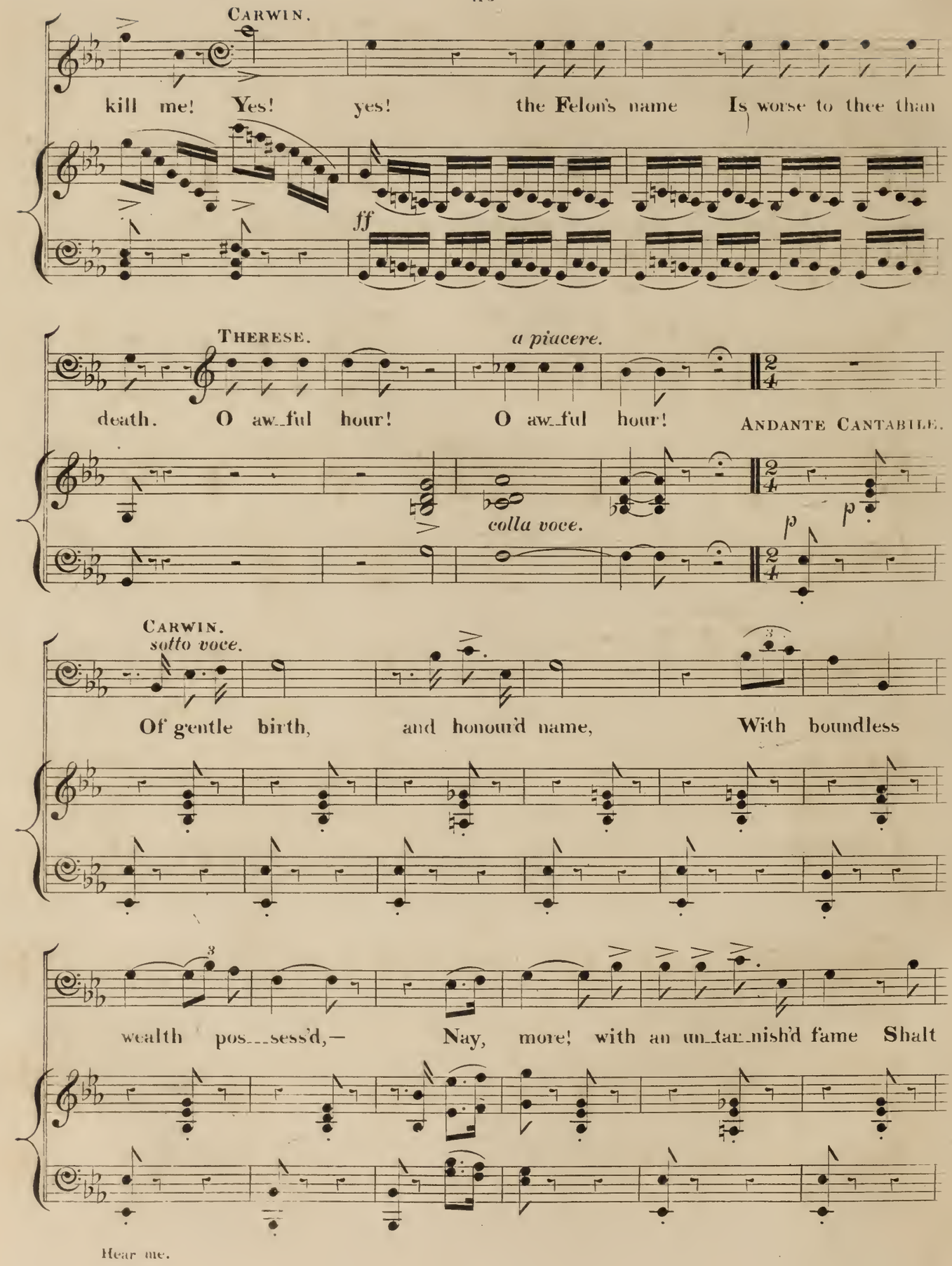

THERESE (is seen at the writing desk; she reads what she has written)
Andante.
Believe me in-no-cent, and I shall die With heartfelt prayers and
pp
cres.
Recit. CARWIN.
blessings on my lips.
The light still burns all here is
dim.
sf
pp
p
(he stumbles on the steps)
THERESE (alarmed)
(she listens)
lento.
still. What's that? what's that?
Adagio.
'Twas but the rustling of the
Allegro.
f
pp
(she writes again, and then reads)
wind! ah, me!
Andante.
trem:
lento.
Tell him I was not false, that Mari
pp
pp
--ette, Or poor Therese, which name it matters not, was most un--happy— yet was
cres.
dim.
Hear me.

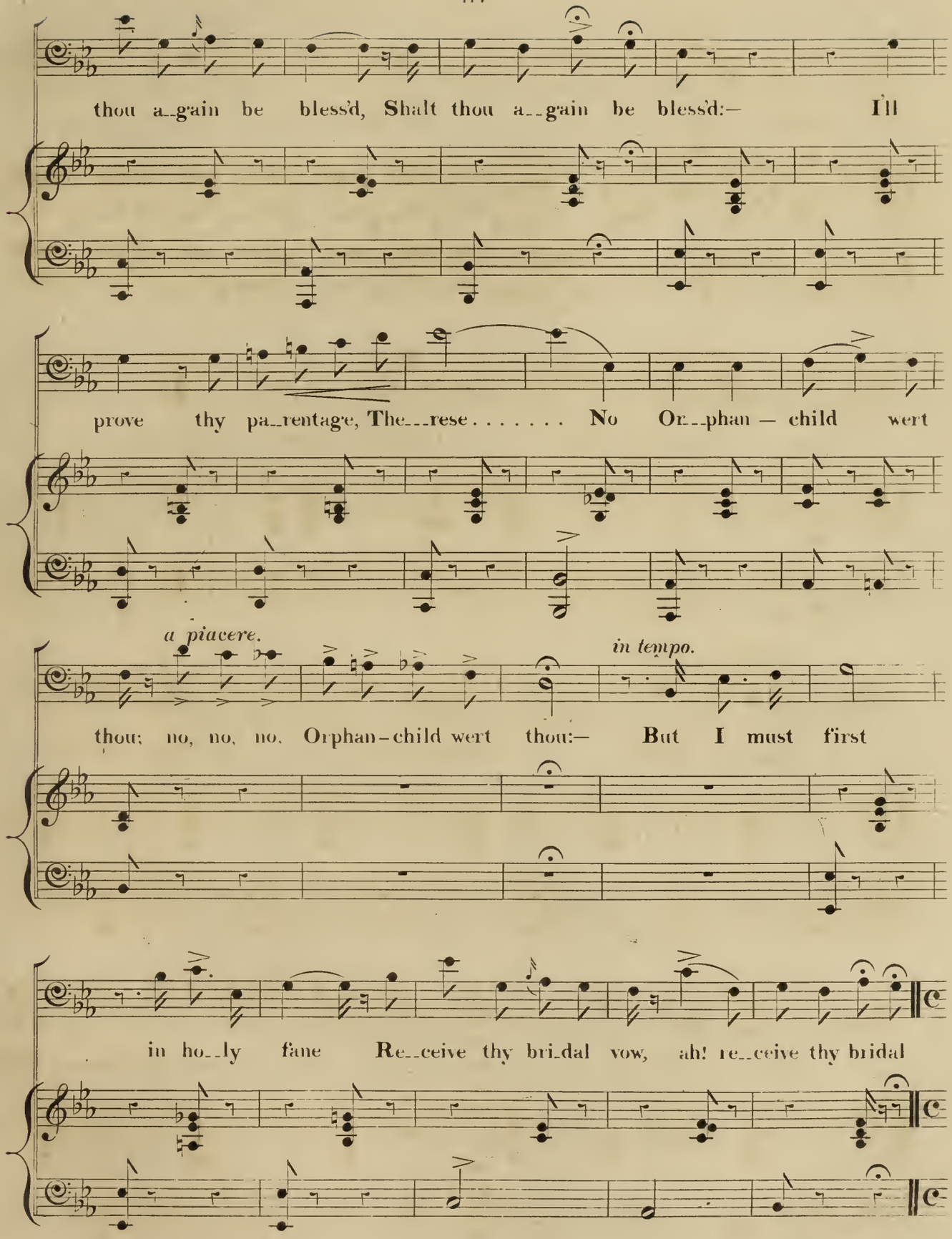

Recit. CARWIN.
(he ascends the steps
in_nocent.
Ah, yes! I will as_sume the Pastor's voice.
Moderato.
quietly and knocks at the door.)
THERESE.
O heav'n protect me! who-
Recit.
CARWIN.
THERESE.
who knocks. 'Tis I, good Mari_ette, your friend, Fontaine. My father, O welcome.
Allegro.
trem:
(Carwin descends the steps)
CARWIN.
THER: (descending)
(seizing her hand)
CAR:
THER:
Ha! she comes!
O thanks! Be silent. You
affrettando.
(crouching and shrinking from him)
CAR:
THER:
here!
O heav'n!
Be silent! be silent!
You here.
ff Allegro.
f

Hear me.


CARWIN.
MODERATO. Hear me, nor tremble:— One path a___lone is there to
p cres. p
safety. Hear me, nor tremble; I am thy guide: On nup_____tial
rf p cres.
rites to morrow's sun must shine, Carwin, the bridegroom, and Therese, the
p cres.
THERESE. CARWIN.
bride! Never! Beware!
THERESE.
Thou knowest not my pow'r. Thou can'st but kill me!
f

Hear me.


CARWIN.
kill me! Yes! yes! the Felon's name Is worse to thee than
ff
THERESE.
a piacere.
death. O aw_ful hour! O aw_ful hour!
ANDANTE CANTABILE.
colla voce.
p
p
CARWIN.
sotto voce.
Of gentle birth, and honour'd name, With boundless
wealth pos_sess'd,— Nay, more! with an un_tar_nish'd fame Shalt
Hear me.


thou a_gain be bless'd, Shalt thou a_gain be bless'd:— I'll
prove thy pa_rentage, The_rese . . . . . No Or_phan — child wert
a piacere.
in tempo.
thou; no, no, no, Orphan-child wert thou:— But I must first
in ho_ly fane Re_ceive thy bri_dal vow, ah! re_ceive thy bridal

Hear me.

stesso movimento. (eagerly.) THERESE. (aside joyfully.) CARWIN.

vow. My mother then (She relents!) . Thy mother was the Marchi?? de

p

Ligny,— thy father, Count de Belmour; a deadly feud between the fa_milies caus'd

them to conceal their u_nion:— in one month af_ter, he died upon the field of

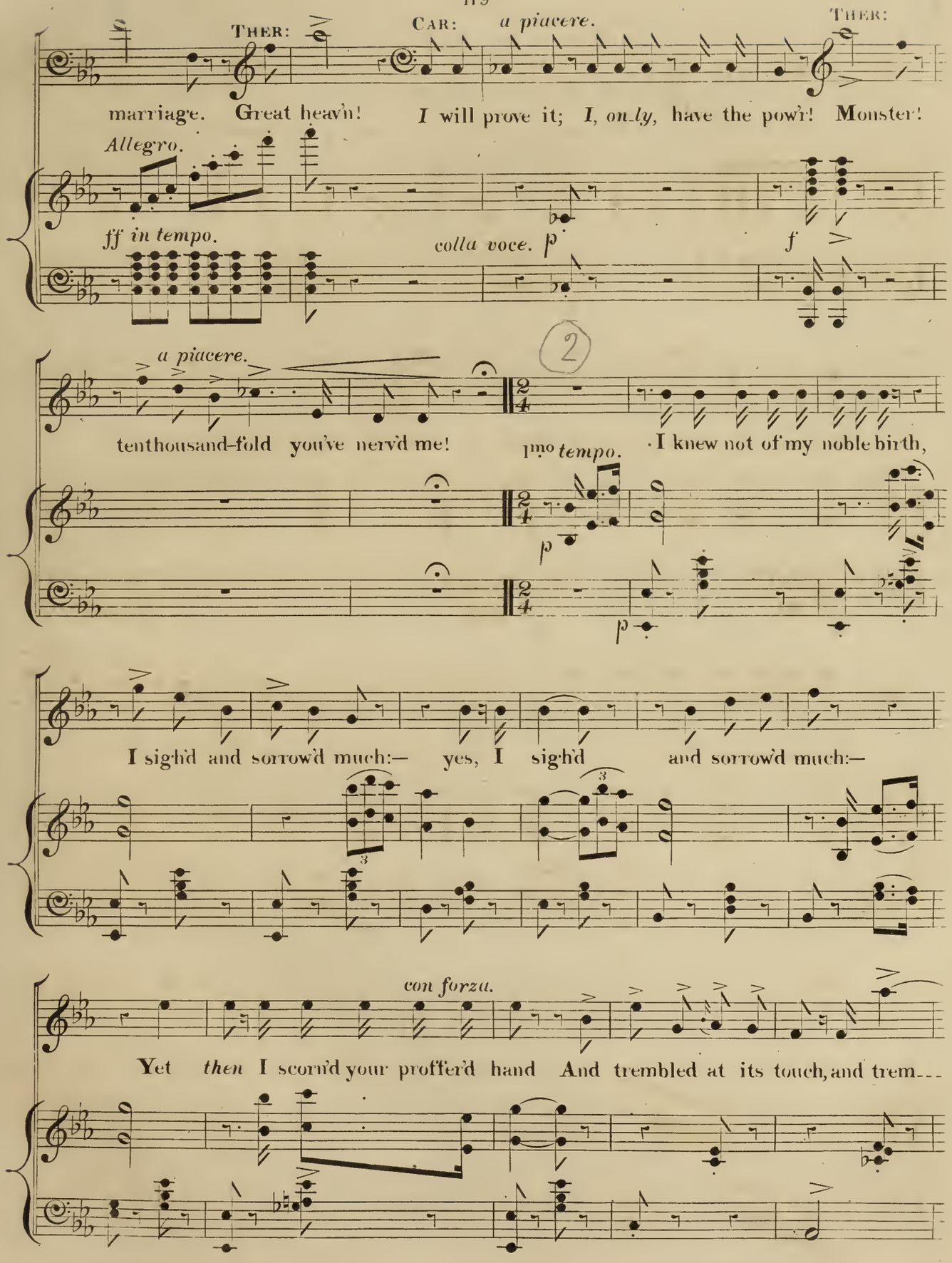
a piacere.

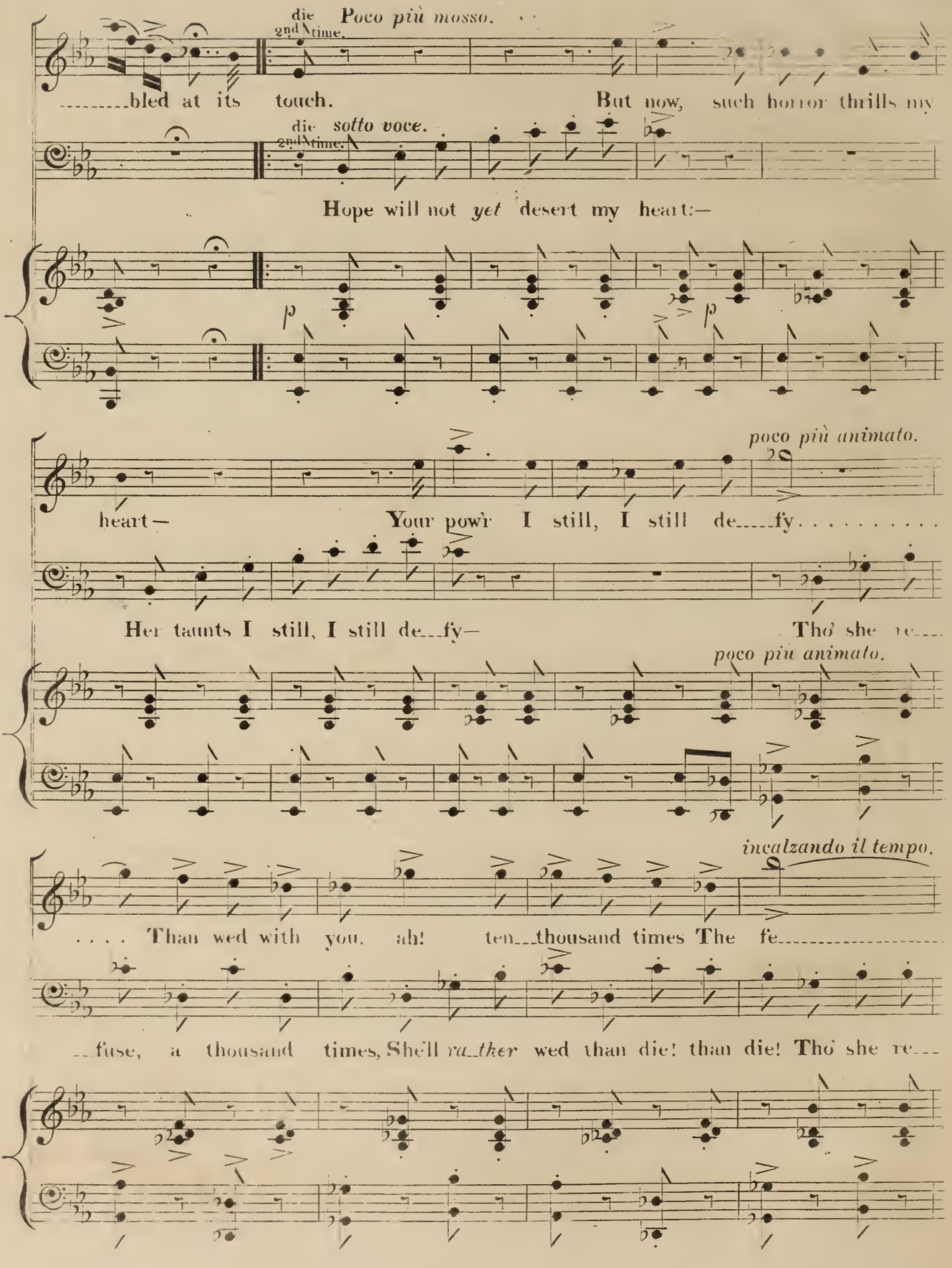
bat_tle;— you, the "adopted Orphan of Geneva," are the offspring of that unhappy

ff

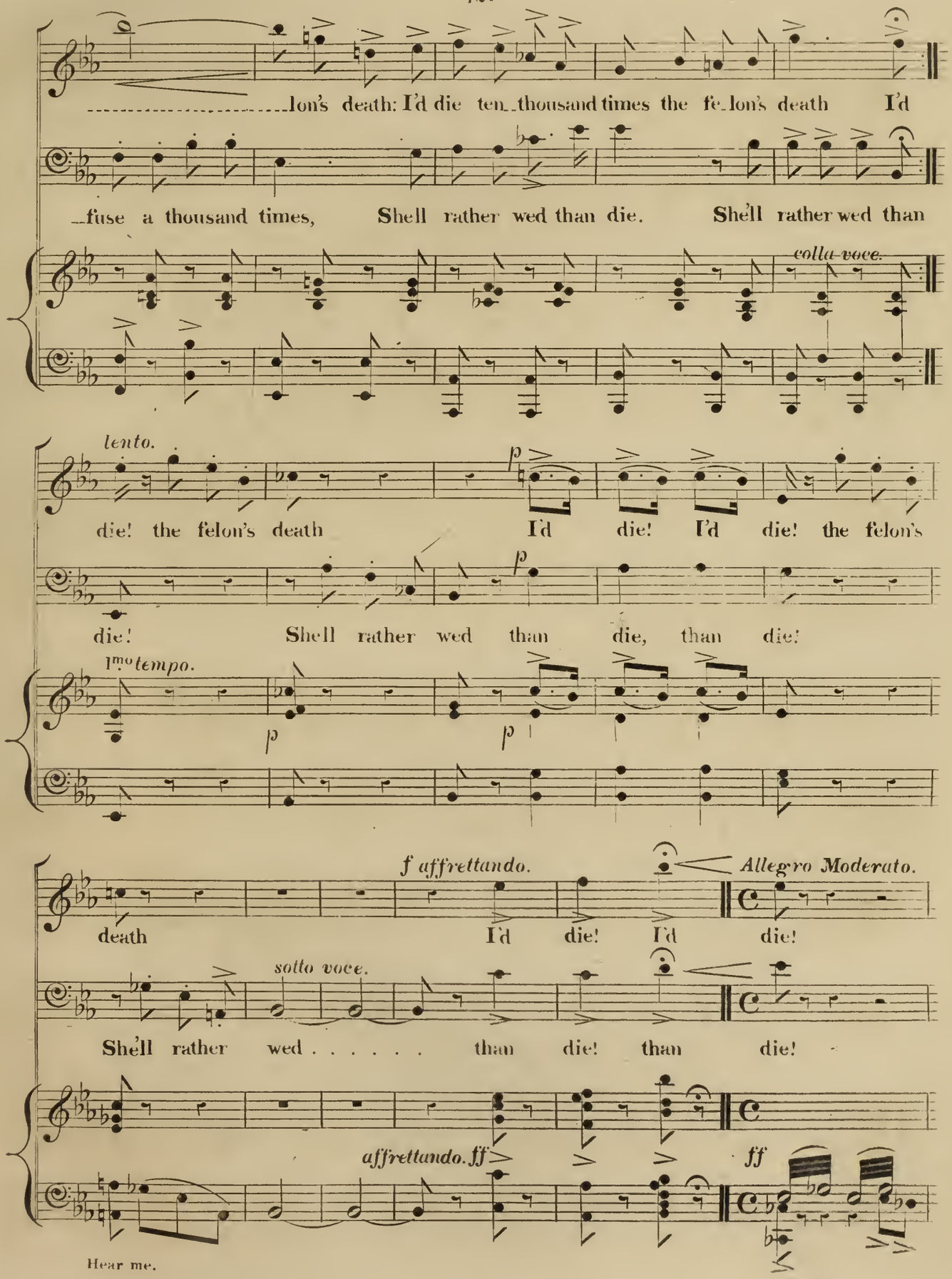
Ped.

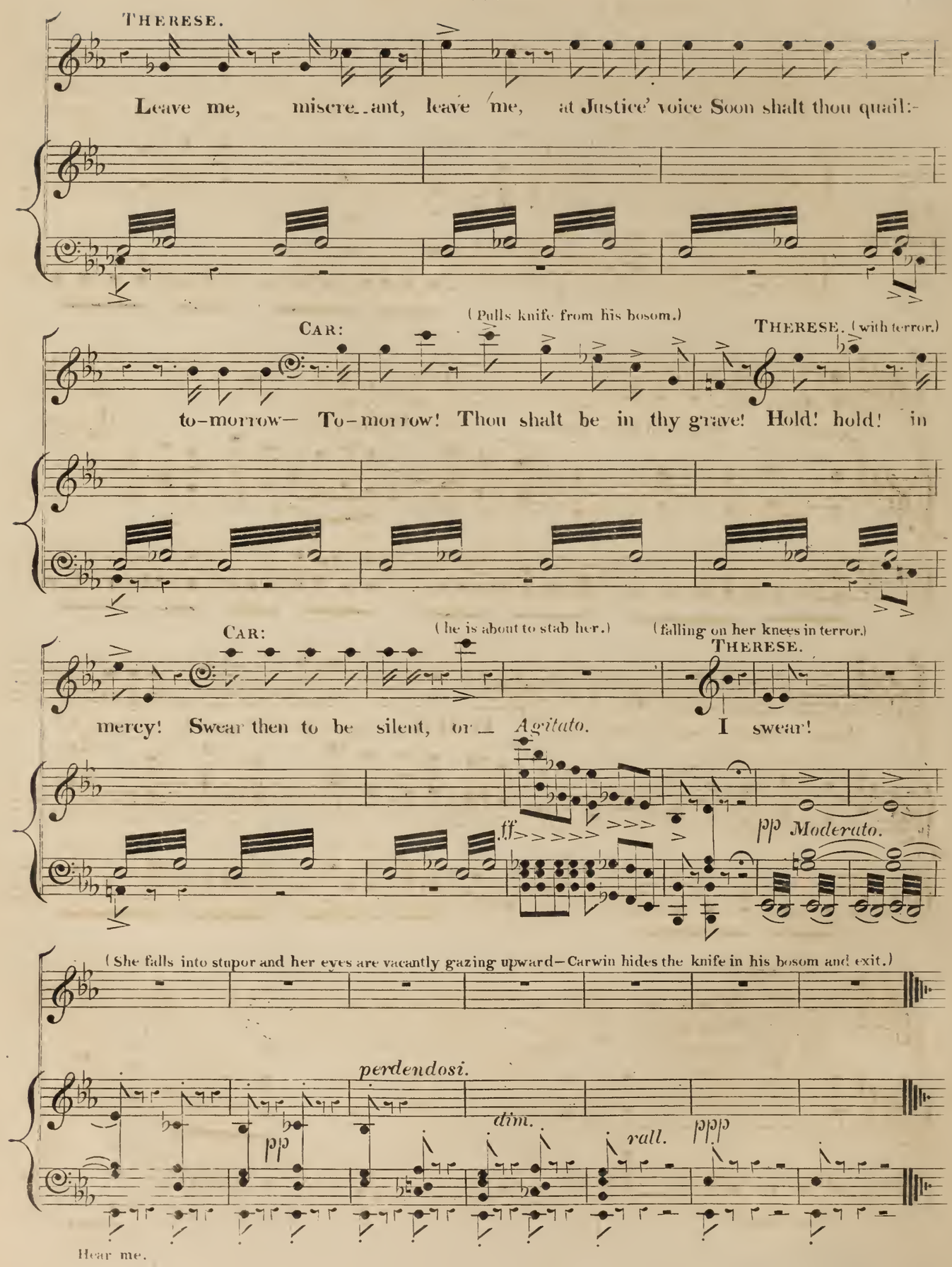
Hear me.


THER:
CAR:
a piacere.
THER:
marriage. Great heav'n! I will prove it; I, only, have the pow'r! Monster!
Allegro.
ff in tempo.
colla voce.
p
f
a piacere.
2
ten thousand-fold you've nerv'd me!
1mo tempo.
I knew not of my noble birth,
p
p
I sigh'd and sorrow'd much:— yes, I sigh'd and sorrow'd much:—
3
3
con forza.
Yet then I scorn'd your proffer'd hand And trembled at its touch, and trem---
Hear me.

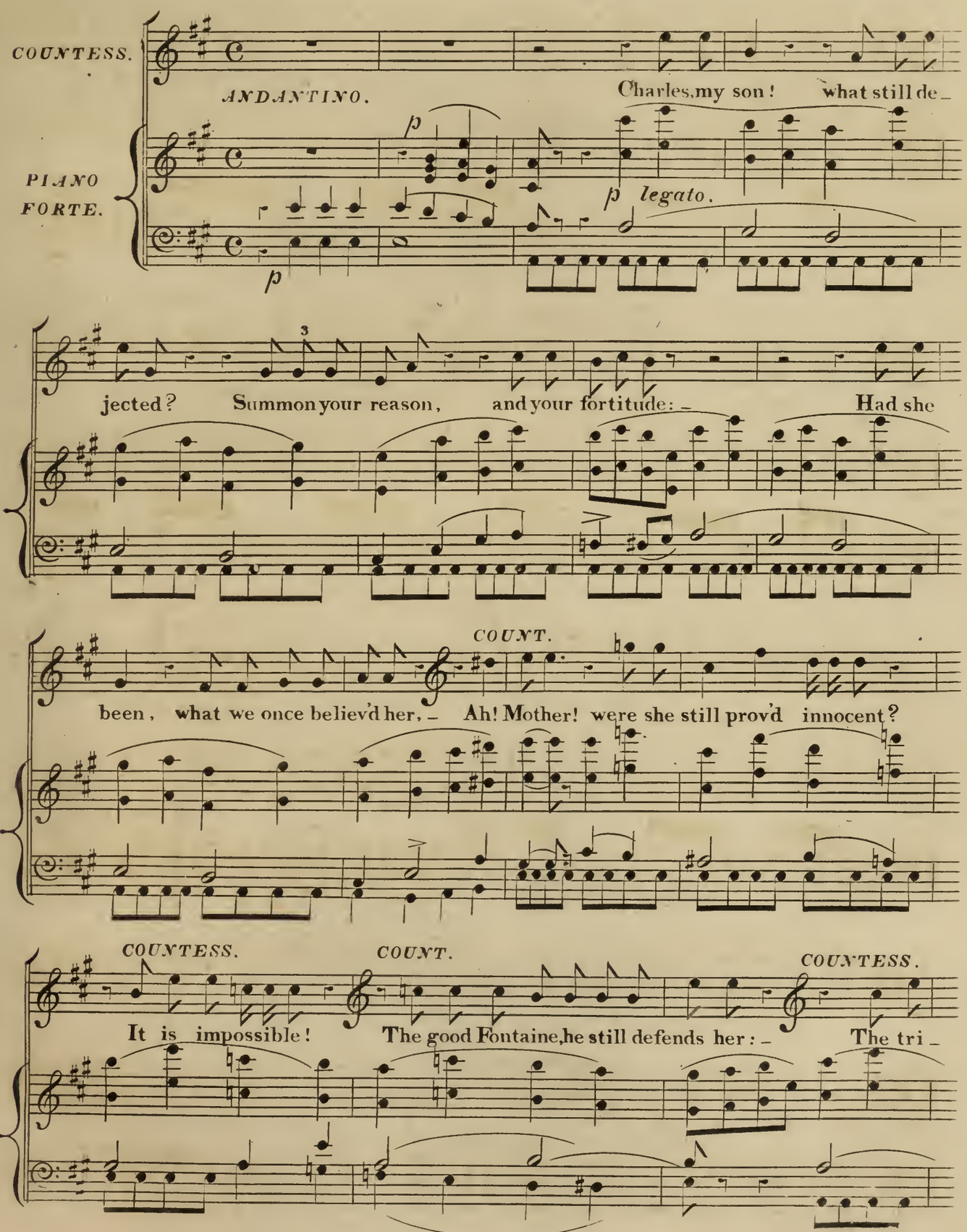

die 2nd time.
Poco più mosso.
bled at its touch. But now, such horror thrills my
die 2nd time.
sotto voce.
Hope will not yet desert my heart:—
p
p
poco più animato.
heart— Your pow'r I still, I still de_____fy.
Her taunts I still, I still de_fy— Tho' she re_____
poco più animato.
incalzando il tempo.
. . . . Than wed with you, ah! ten_thousand times The fe_____
_fuse, a thousand times, She'll ra_ther wed than die! than die! Tho' she re_____

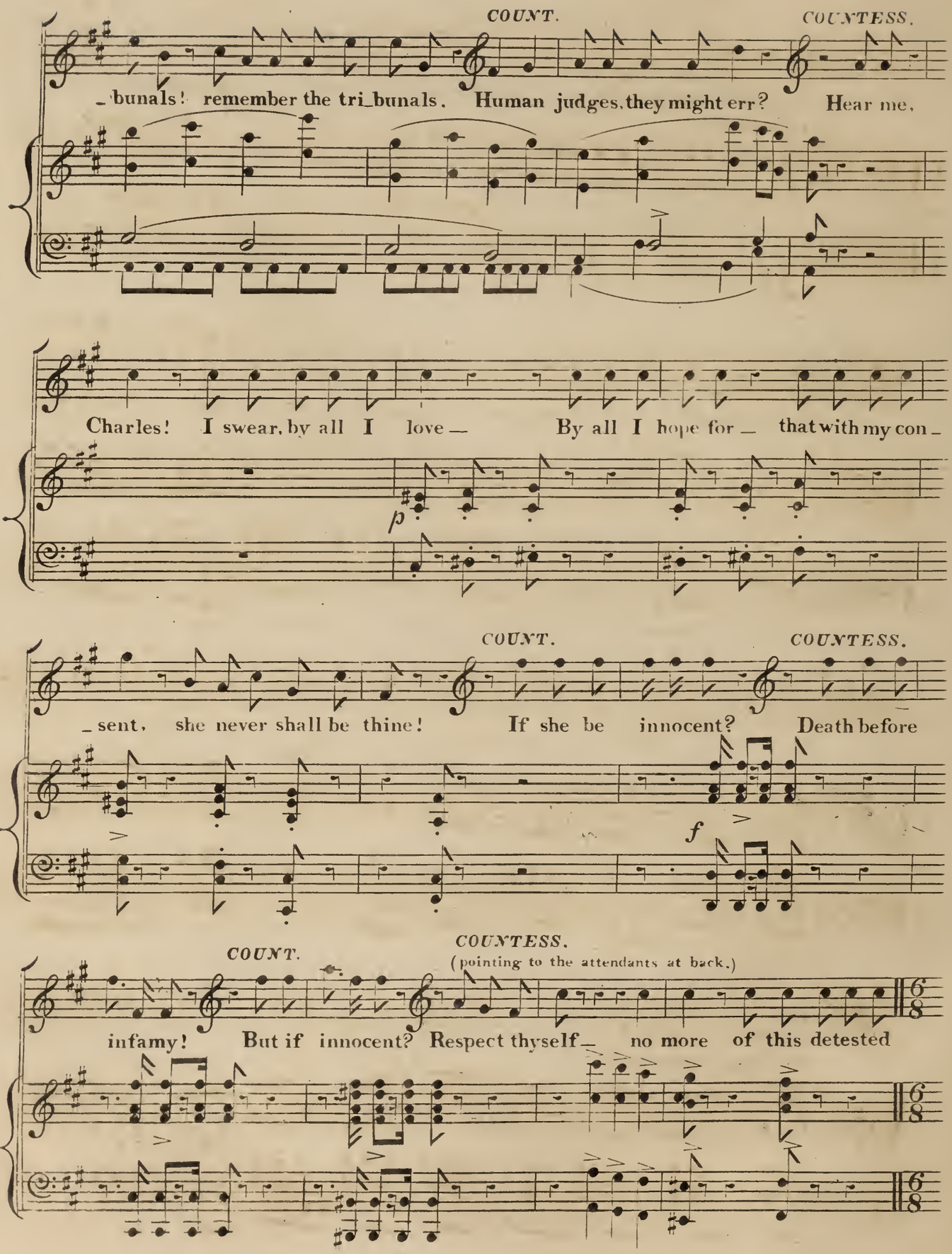
For me.

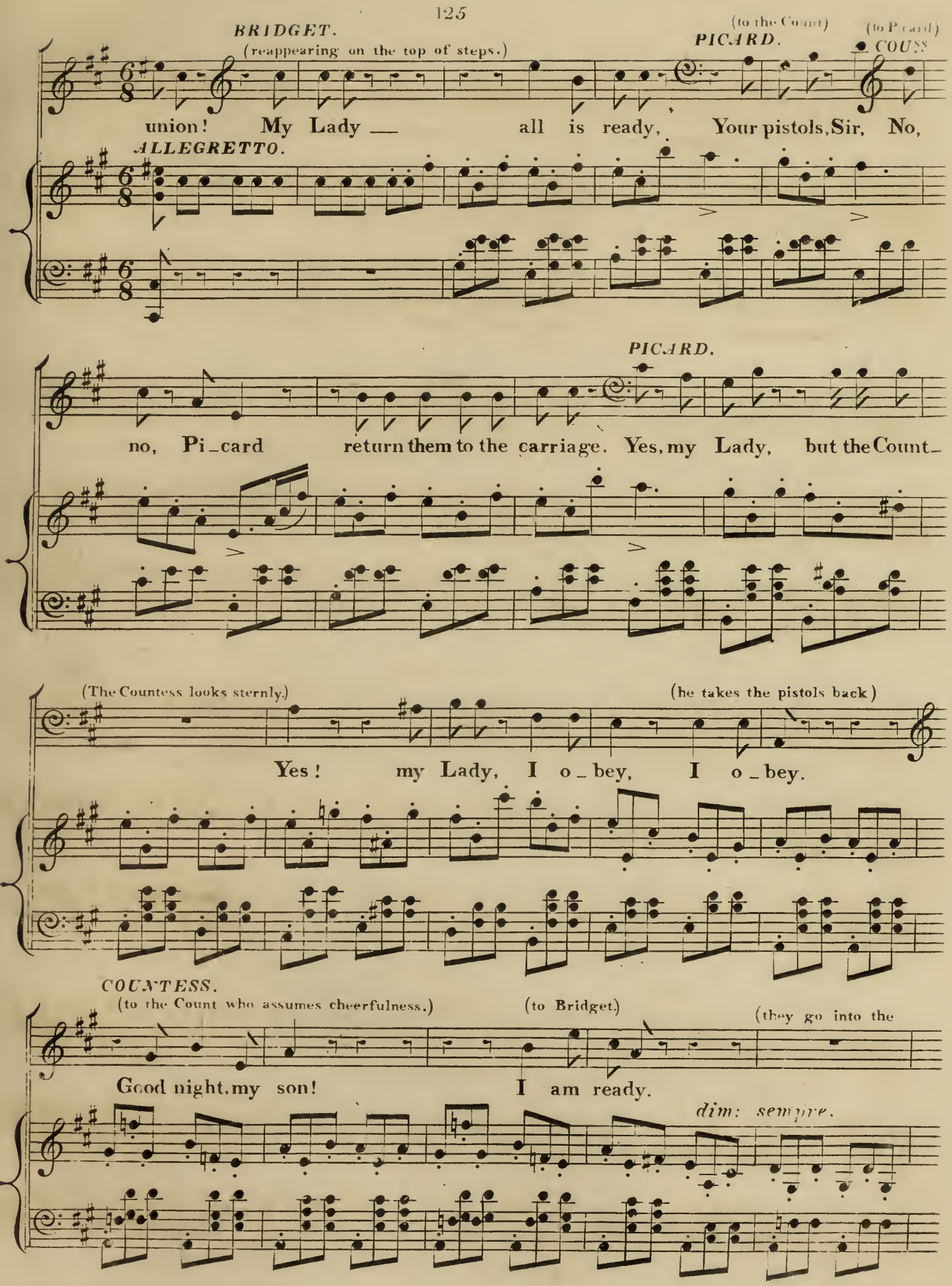

lon's death: I'd die ten_thousand times the fe_lon's death I'd
_fuse a thousand times, Shell rather wed than die. Shell rather wed than
colla voce.
lento.
die! the felon's death I'd die! I'd die! the felon's
die! Shell rather wed than die, than die!
Imo tempo.
f affrettando.
Allegro Moderato.
death I'd die! I'd die!
sotto voce.
Shell rather wed . . . . . than die! than die!
affrettando. ff
ff
Hear me.

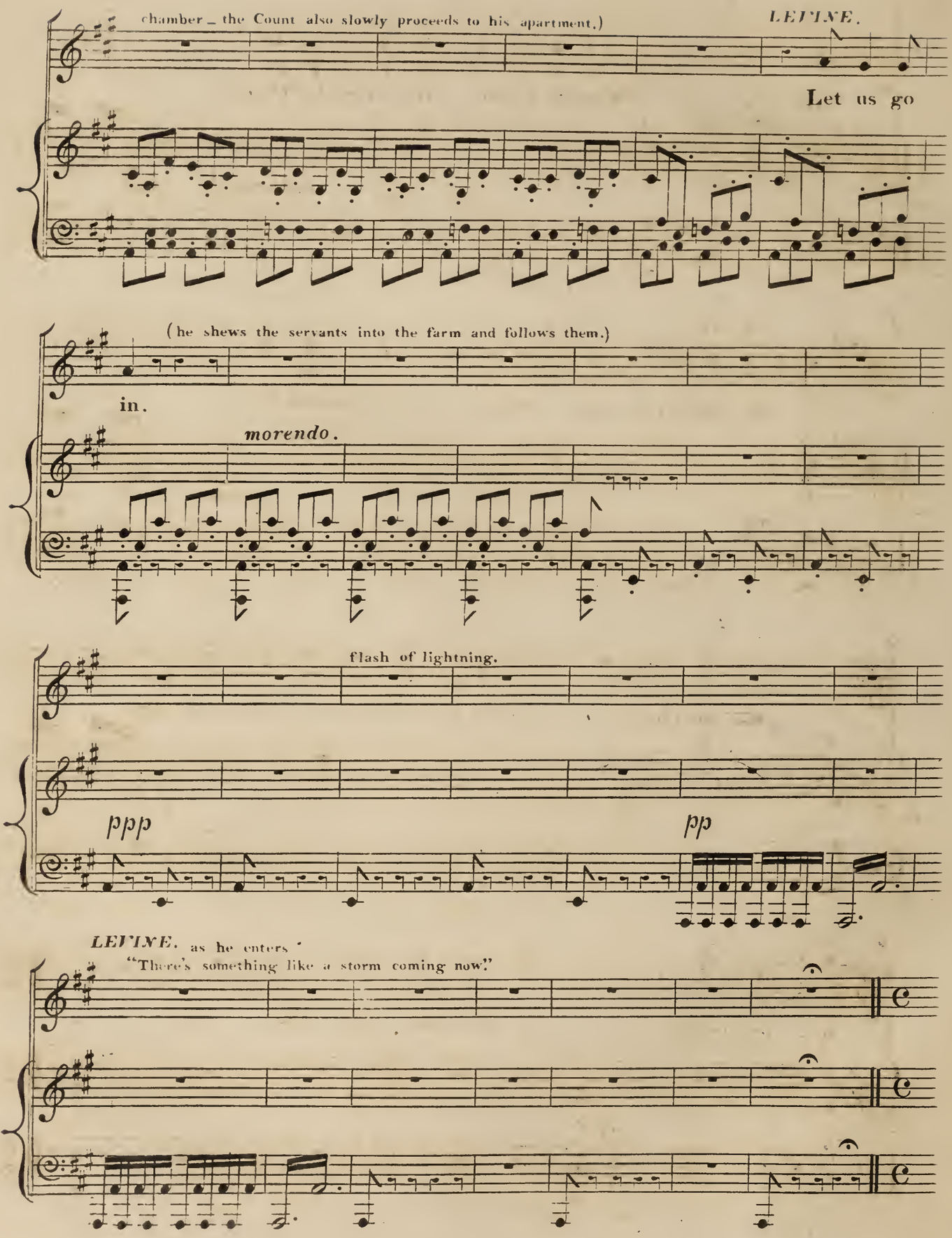

THERESE.
Leave me, miscre..ant, leave me, at Justice' voice Soon shalt thou quail:-
(Pulls knife from his bosom.)
CAR:
THERESE. (with terror.)
to-morrow— To-morrow! Thou shalt be in thy grave! Hold! hold! in
CAR:
(he is about to stab her.)
(falling on her knees in terror.)
THERESE.
mercy! Swear then to be silent, or— Agitato.
I swear!
ff
pp Moderato.
(She falls into stupor and her eyes are vacantly gazing upward—Carwin hides the knife in his bosom and exit.)
perdendosi.
pp
dim.
rall.
ppp
Hear me.

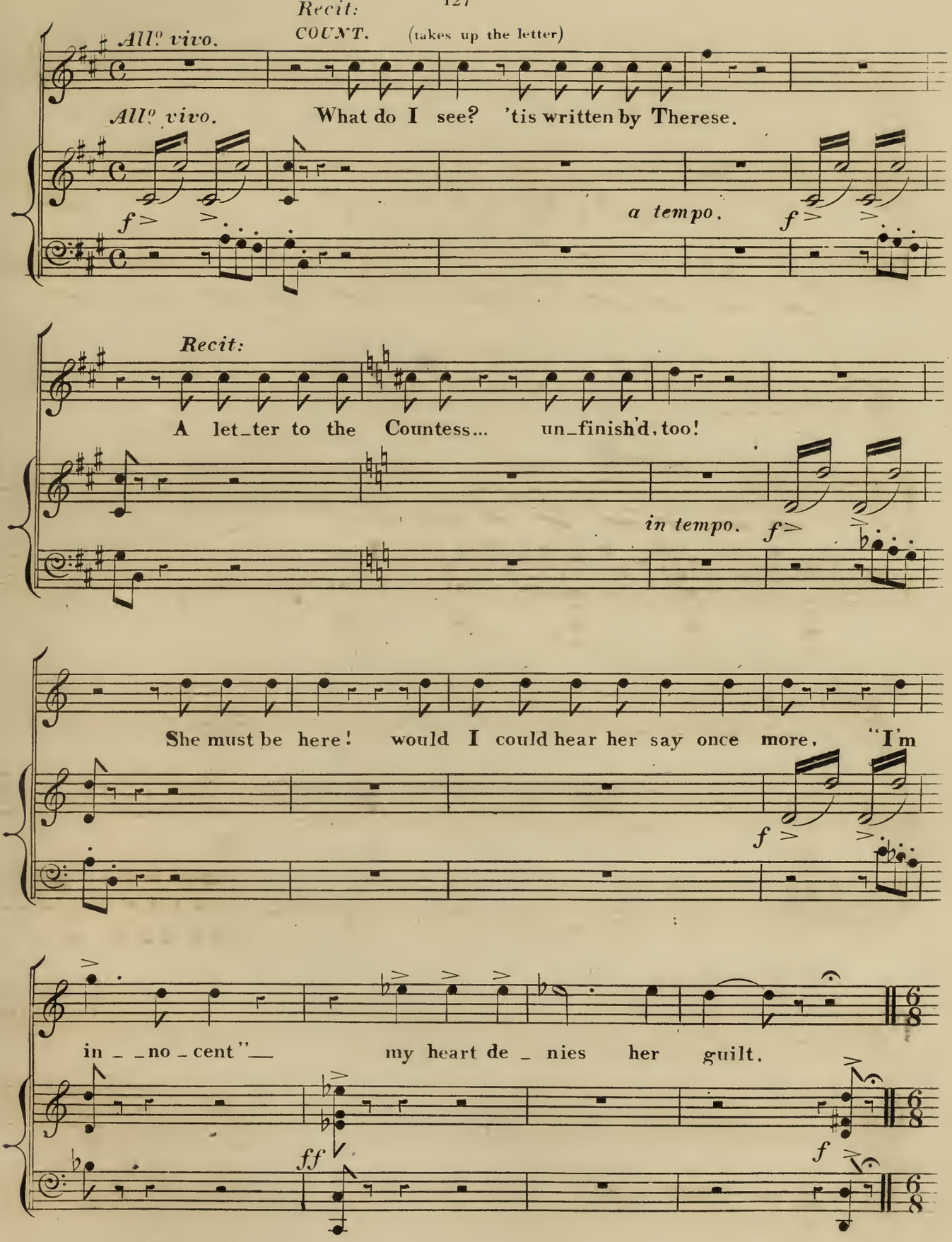
FINALE TO THE SECOND ACT.

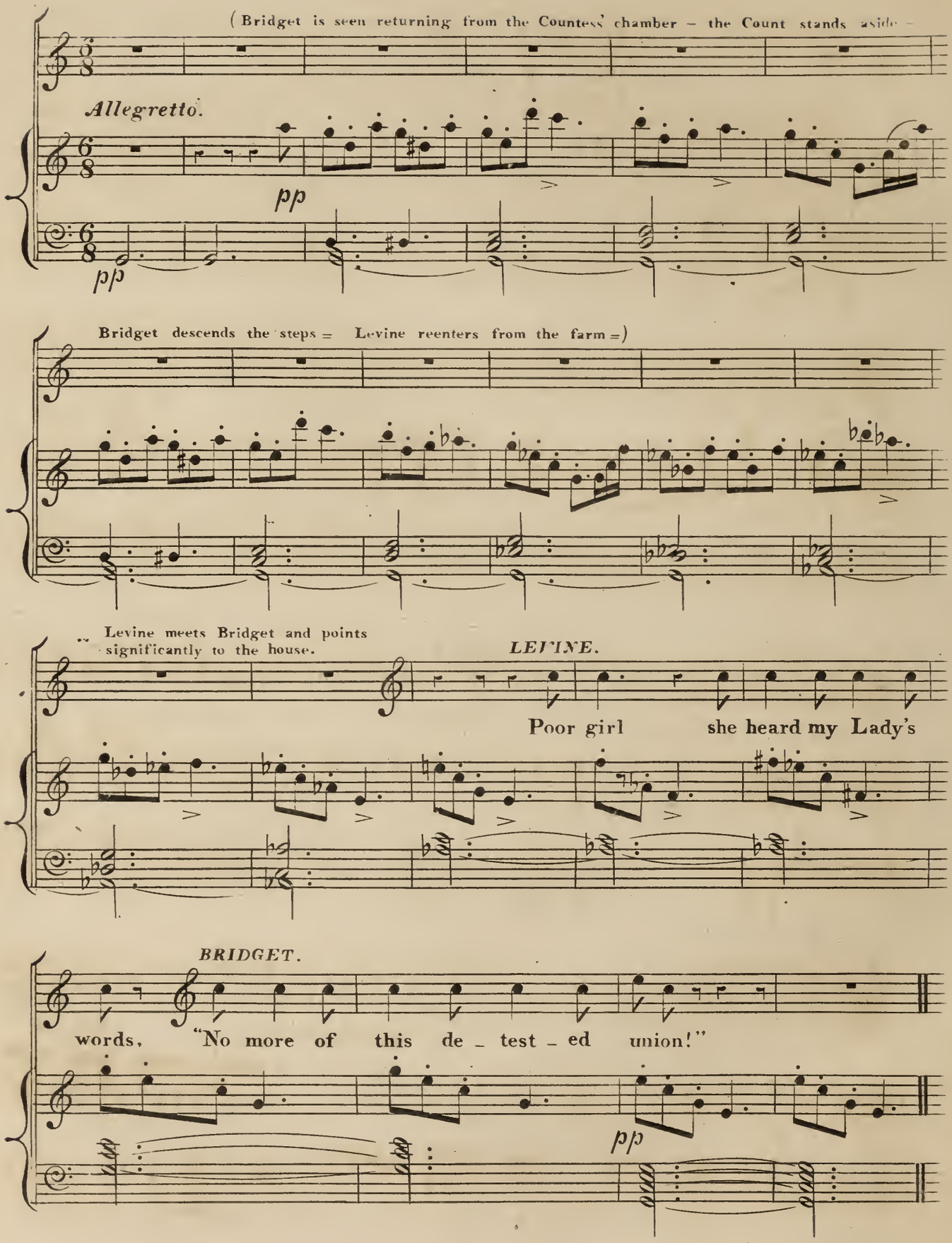


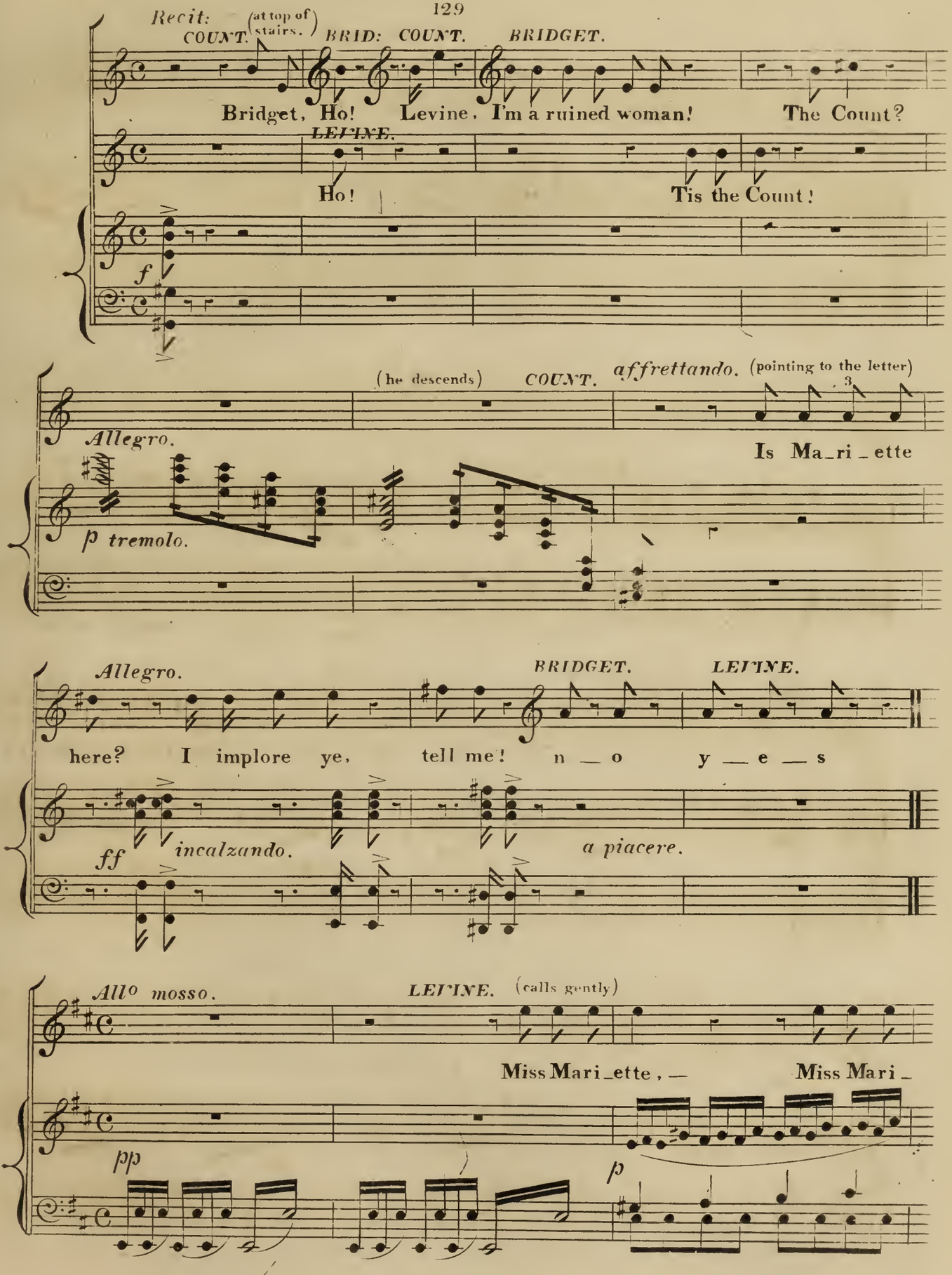

COUNT.
COUNTESS.
_bunals! remember the tri_bunals. Human judges, they might err? Hear me,
Charles! I swear, by all I love — By all I hope for — that with my con_
p
COUNT.
COUNTESS.
_sent, she never shall be thine! If she be innocent? Death before
f
COUNT.
COUNTESS.
(pointing to the attendants at back.)
infamy! But if innocent? Respect thyself — no more of this detested
6/8
6/8
6/8


BRIDGET.
(reappearing on the top of steps.)
union! My Lady — all is ready,
(to the Count)
PICARD.
(to Picard)
COUNT.
Your pistols, Sir, No,
ALLEGRETTO.
PICARD.
no, Pi_card return them to the carriage. Yes, my Lady, but the Count_
(The Countess looks sternly.)
(he takes the pistols back)
Yes! my Lady, I o_bey, I o_bey.
COUNTESS.
(to the Count who assumes cheerfulness.)
(to Bridget.)
(they go into the
Good night, my son!
I am ready.
dim: sempre.


chamber _ the Count also slowly proceeds to his apartment.)
LEVINE.
Let us go
(he shews the servants into the farm and follows them.)
in.
morendo.
flash of lightning.
ppp
pp
LEVINE. as he enters
"There's something like a storm coming now."


Recit:
COUNT. (takes up the letter)
All.o vivo.
All.o vivo.
What do I see? 'tis written by Therese.
a tempo.
f
Recit:
A let_ter to the Countess... un_finish'd, too!
in tempo.
She must be here! would I could hear her say once more, "I'm
in _ _no _ cent"__ my heart de _ nies her guilt.
ff
6/8


(Bridget is seen returning from the Countess' chamber – the Count stands aside –
Allegretto.
pp
pp
Bridget descends the steps = Levine reenters from the farm =)
Levine meets Bridget and points significantly to the house.
LEVINE.
Poor girl she heard my Lady's
BRIDGET.
words, "No more of this de – test – ed union!"
pp


Recit:
COUNT. (at top of stairs.)
BRID: COUNT.
BRIDGET.
Bridget, Ho! Levine, I'm a ruined woman! The Count?
LEVINE.
Ho! Tis the Count!
f
(he descends)
COUNT.
affrettando.
(pointing to the letter)
Allegro.
Is Ma_ri_ette
p tremolo.
Allegro.
BRIDGET.
LEVINE.
here? I implore ye, tell me! n _ o y _ e _ s
ff
incalzando.
a piacere.
All° mosso.
LEVINE. (calls gently)
Miss Mari_ette, — Miss Mari_
pp
p

(Bridget & Levine enter the Farm.)

_ ette.

Cres: Cres: f f

(Enter Therese.) THERESE. COUNT.

O heav'ns! the Count! Be not a_

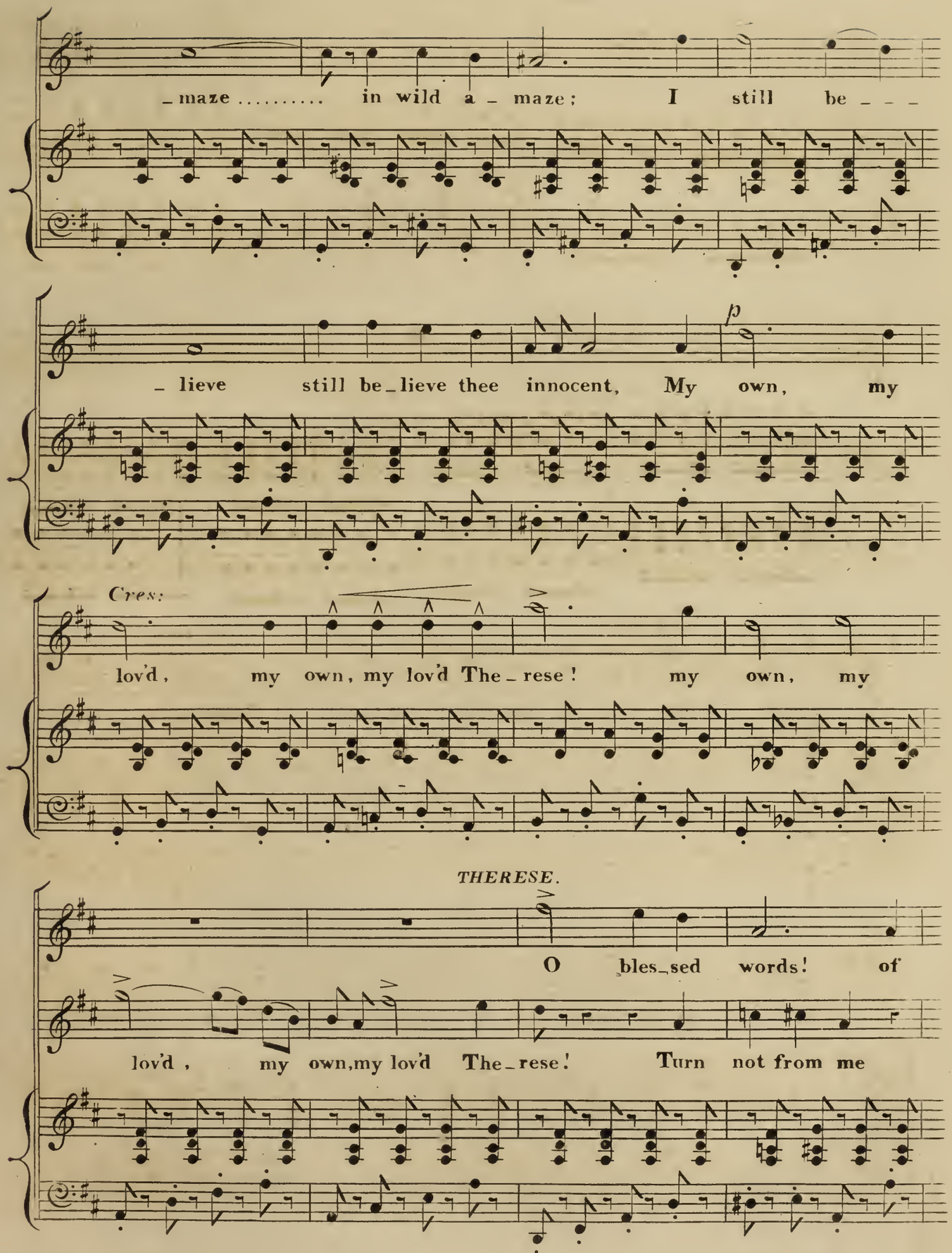
8va ff

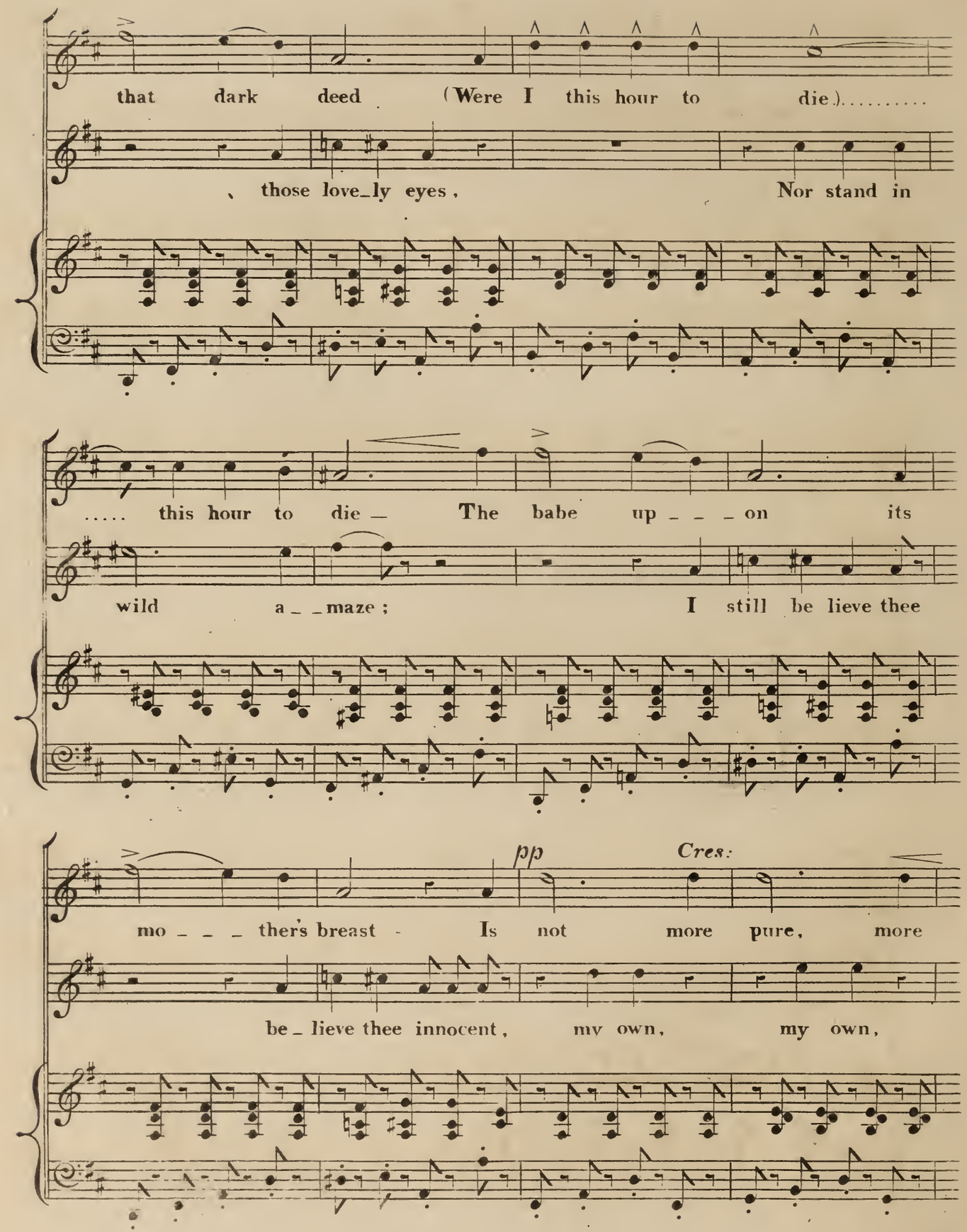
a piacere. in tempo.

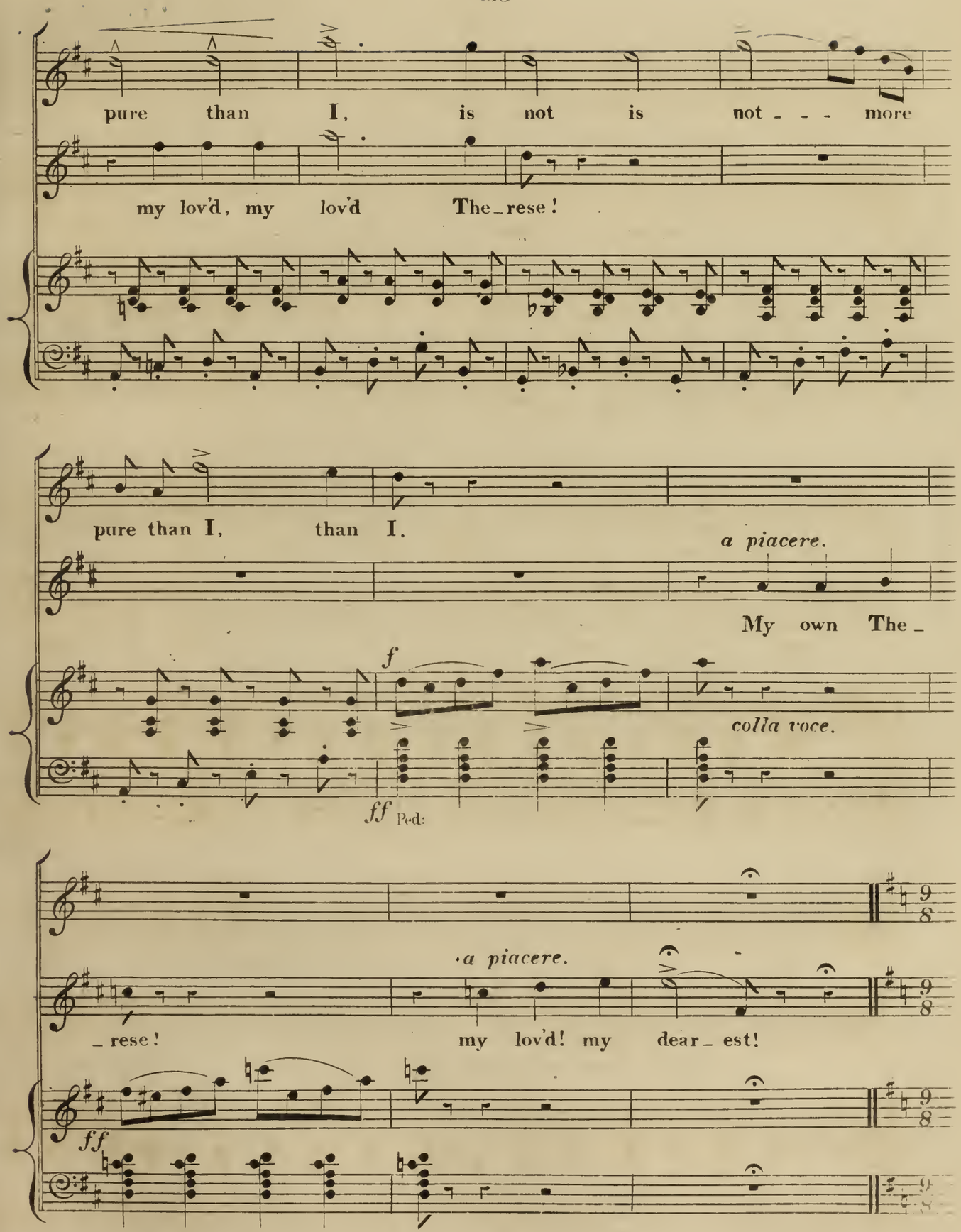
_larm'd, My own, my own, my dear_est! Turn not from

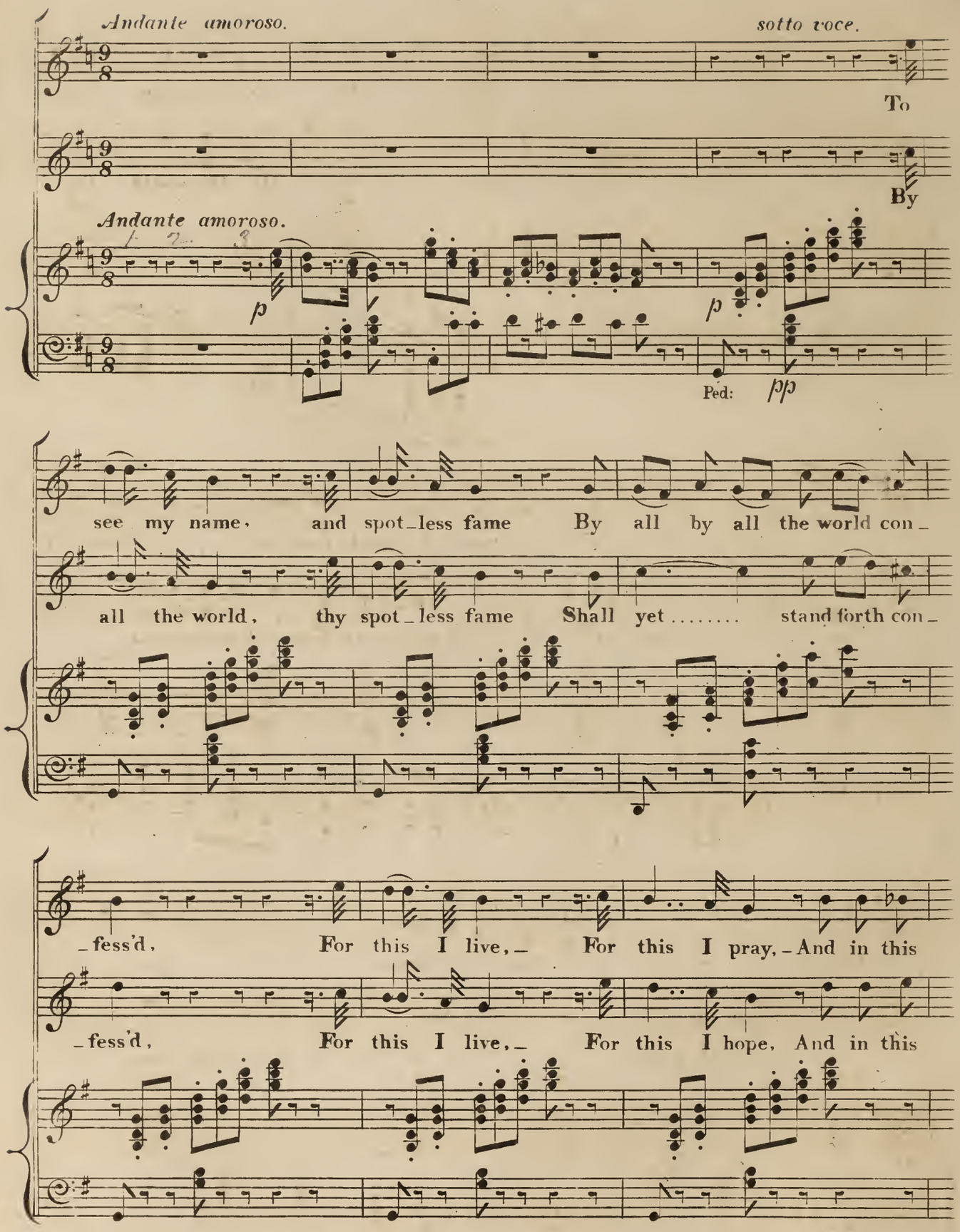
8va All° animato. p

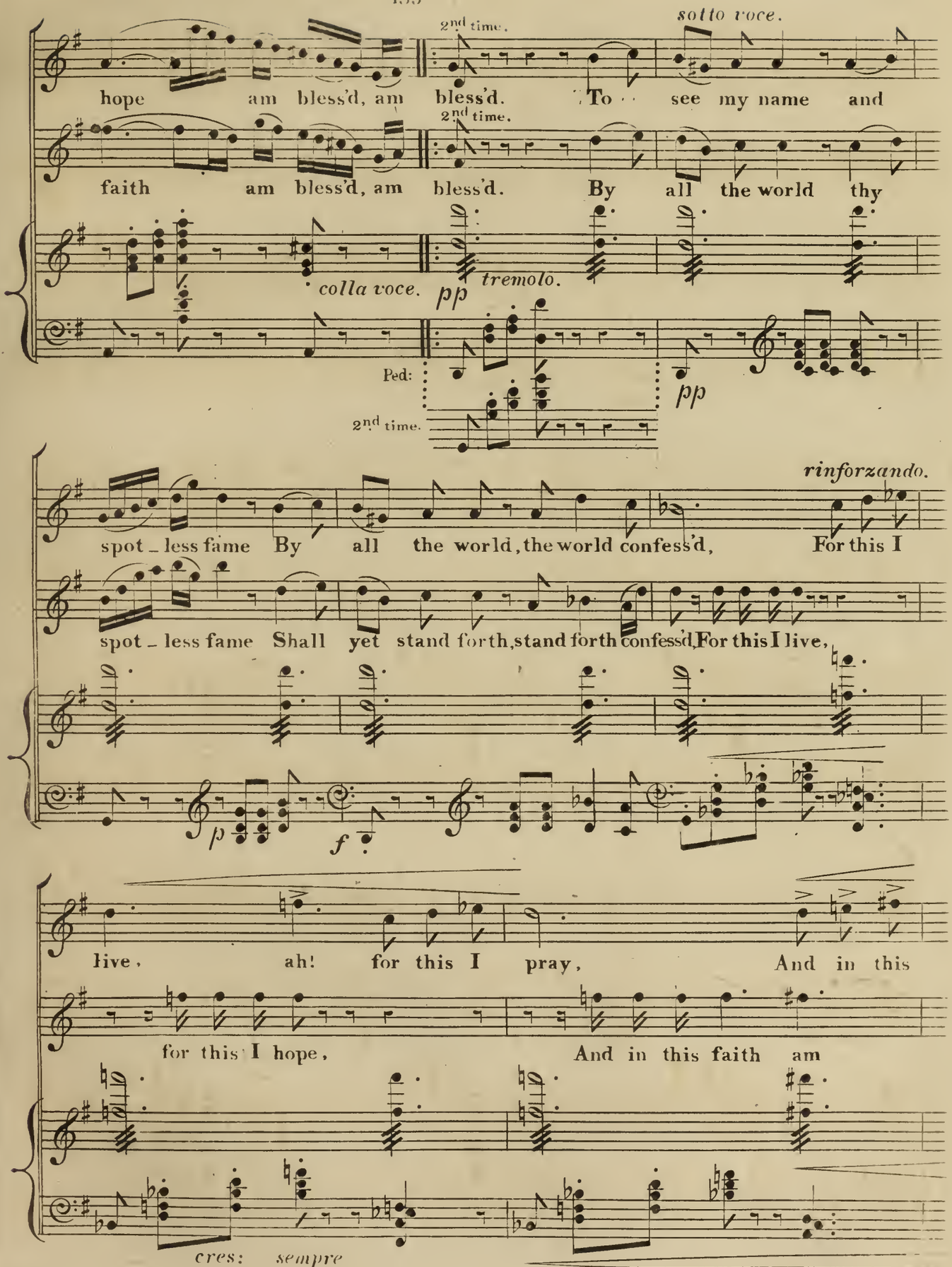
me those love _ ly eyes, Nor stand in wild a_

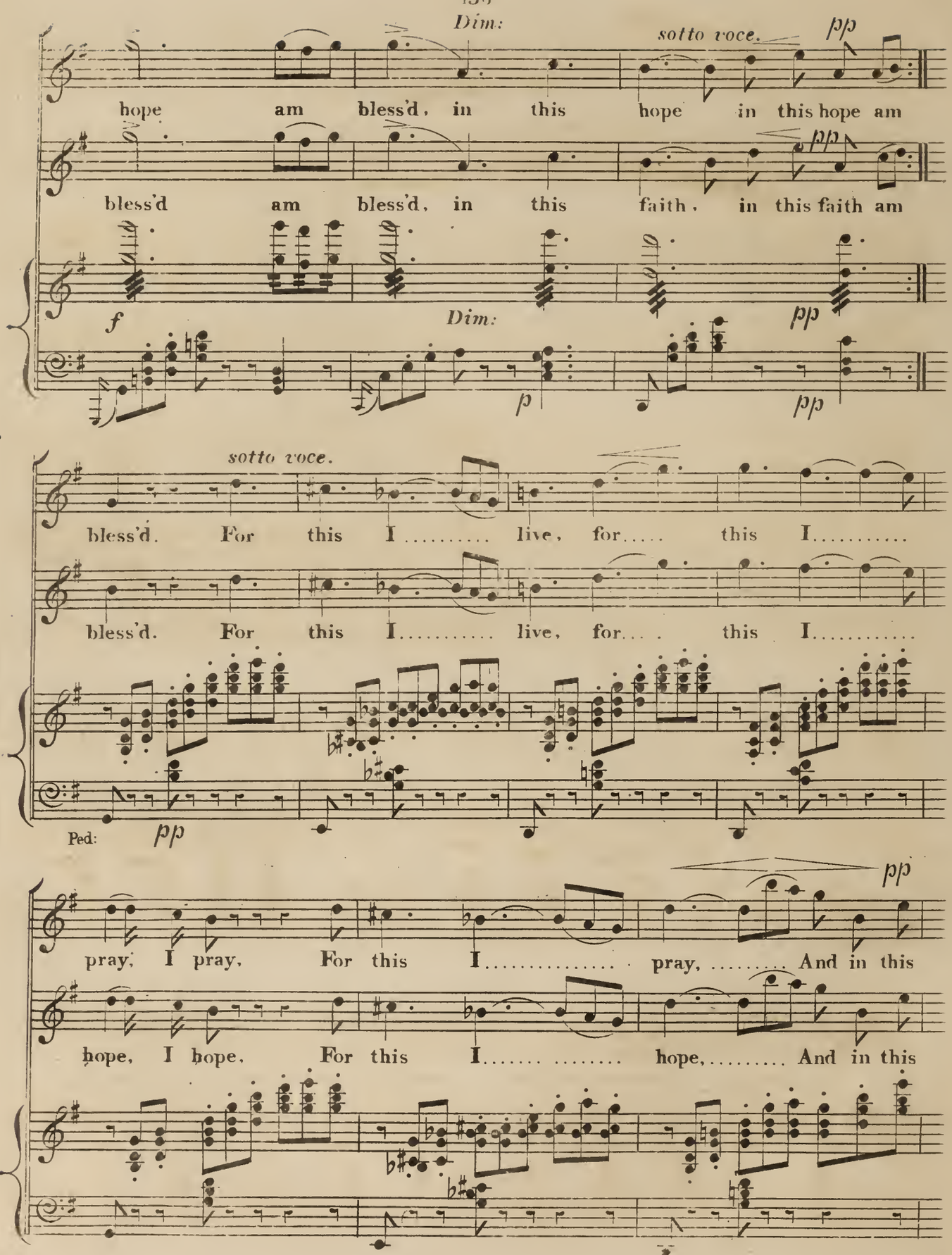

_maze ..... in wild a_maze; I still be___
_lieve still be_lieve thee innocent, My own, my
p
Cres:
lov'd, my own, my lov'd The_rese! my own, my
THERESE.
O bles_sed words! of
lov'd, my own, my lov'd The_rese! Turn not from me

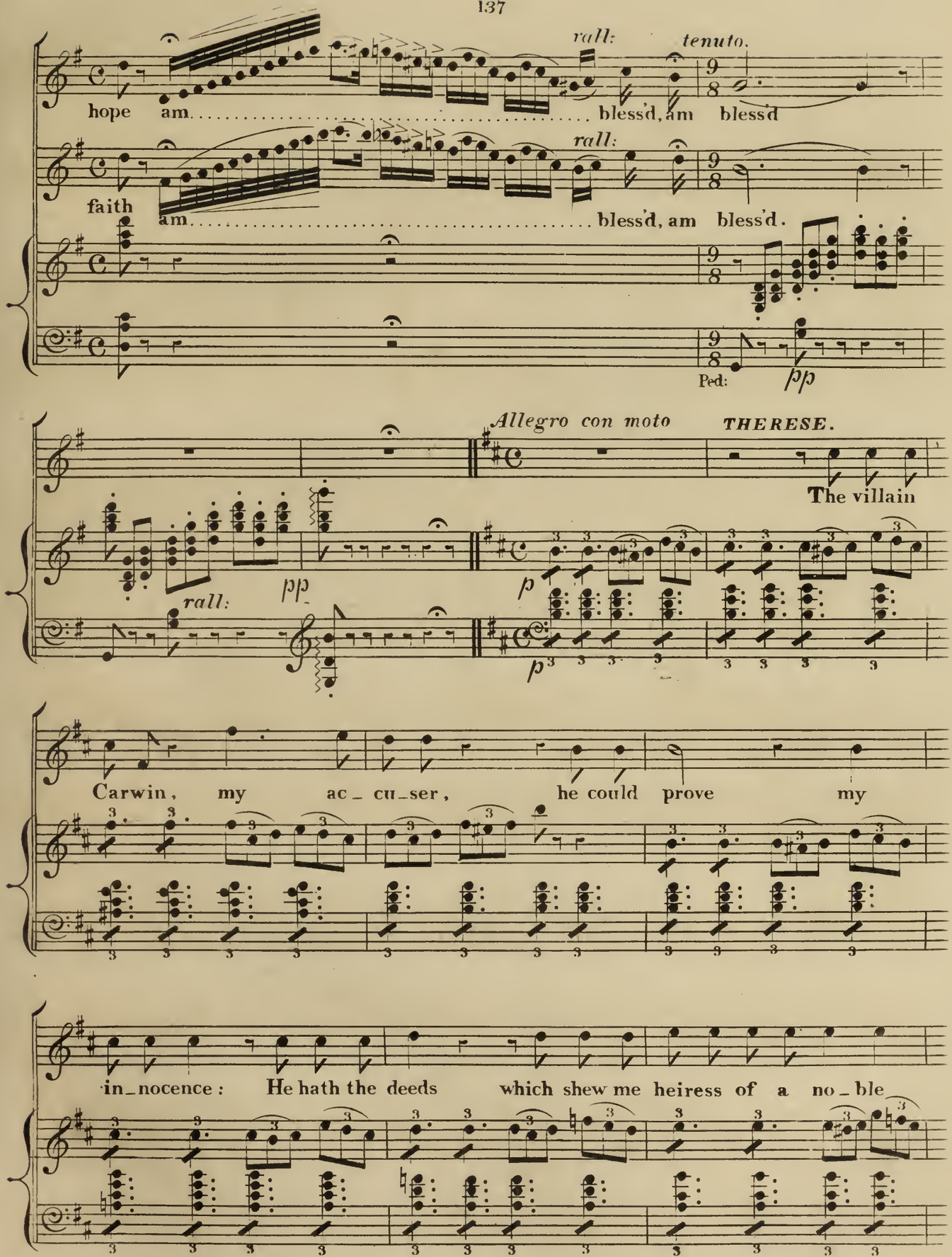

that dark deed (Were I this hour to die).....
, those love_ly eyes, Nor stand in
..... this hour to die _ The babe up _ _ _ on its
wild a _ _ maze; I still be lieve thee
pp
Cres:
mo _ _ _ thers breast - Is not more pure, more
be _ lieve thee innocent, my own, my own,

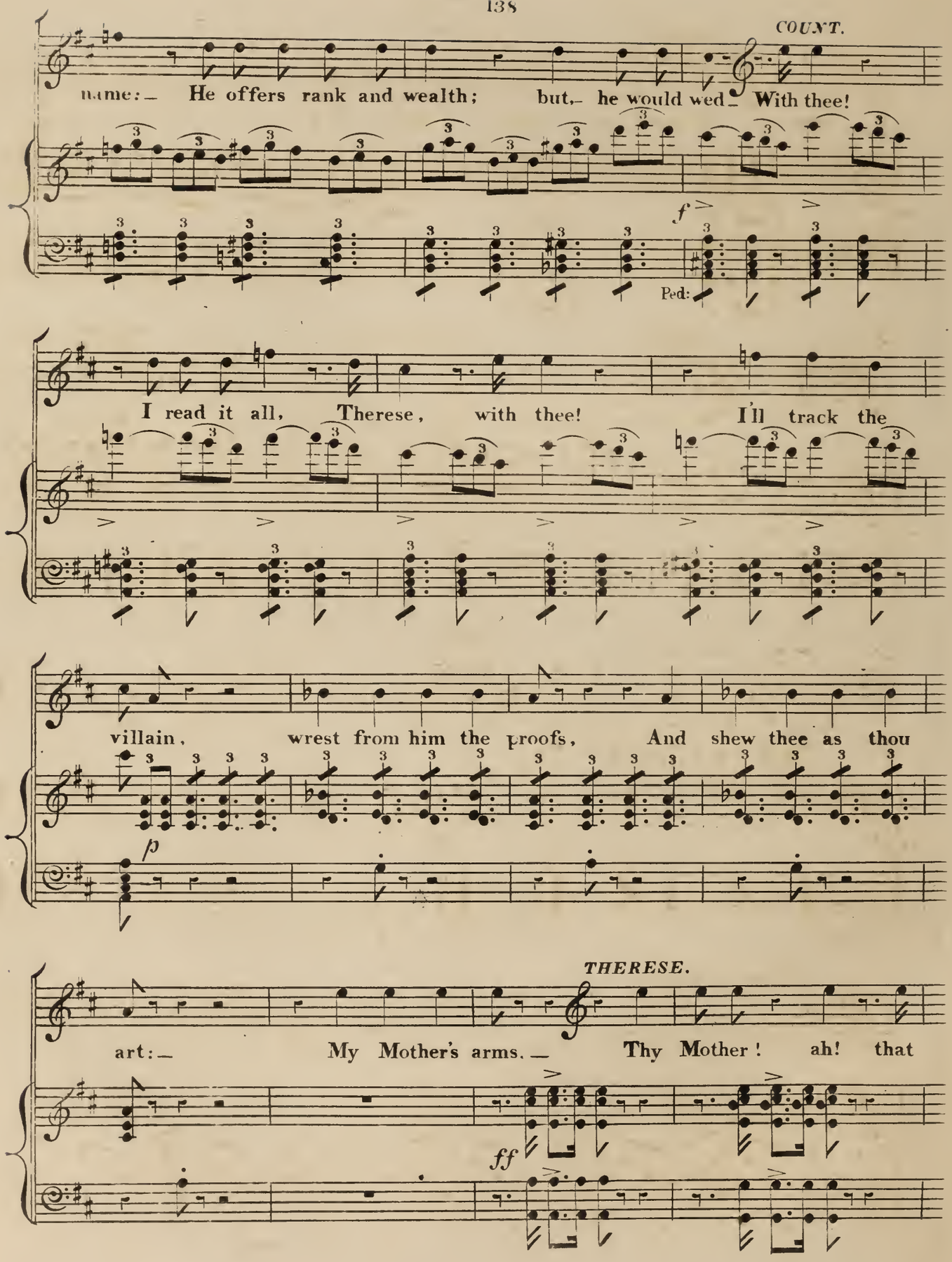

pure than I, is not is not - - - more
my lov'd, my lov'd The_rese!
pure than I, than I.
a piacere.
My own The_
f
colla voce.
ff Ped:
a piacere.
_rese!
my lov'd! my dear_est!
ff

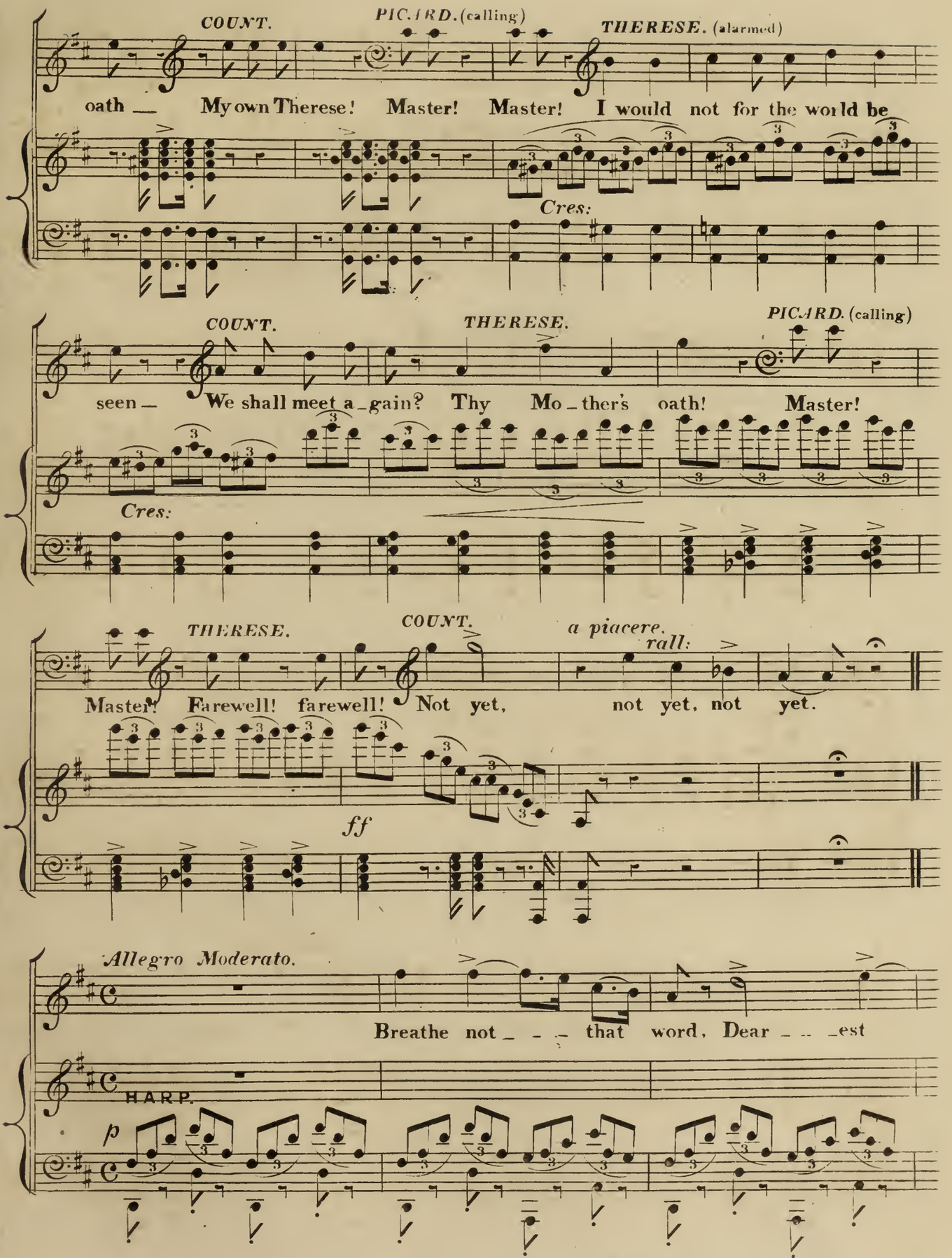

Andante amoroso.
sotto voce.
To
By
Andante amoroso.
p
p
Ped:
pp
see my name, and spot_less fame By all by all the world con_
all the world, thy spot_less fame Shall yet ..... stand forth con_
fess'd, For this I live, For this I pray,_And in this
fess'd, For this I live, For this I hope, And in this

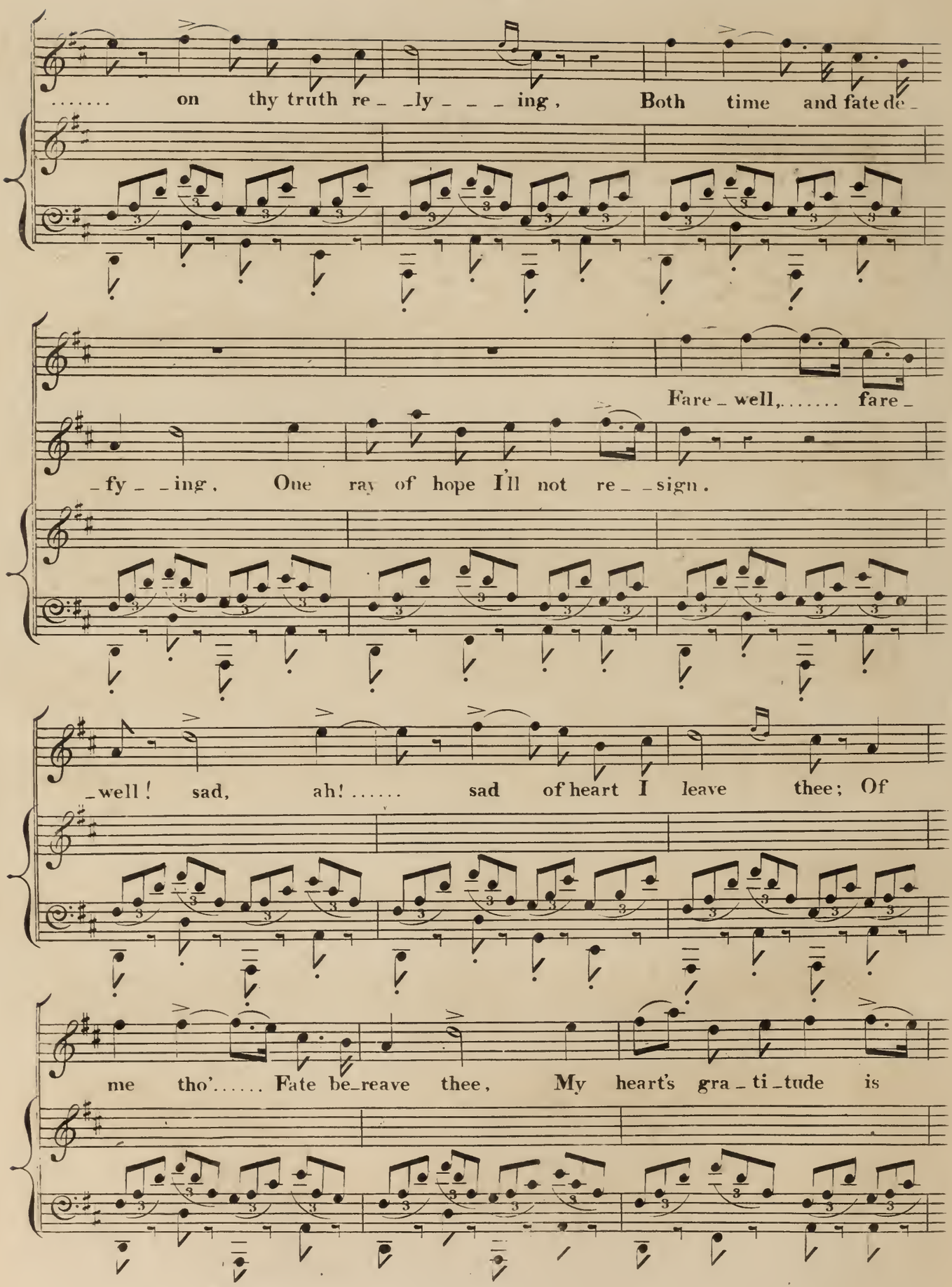

2nd time.
sotto voce.
hope am bless'd, am bless'd. To see my name and
2nd time.
faith am bless'd, am bless'd. By all the world thy
colla voce.
pp
tremolo.
Ped:
pp
2nd time.
rinforzando.
spot - less fame By all the world, the world confess'd, For this I
spot - less fame Shall yet stand forth, stand forth confess'd, For this I live,
p
f
live, ah! for this I pray, And in this
for this I hope, And in this faith am
cres: sempre

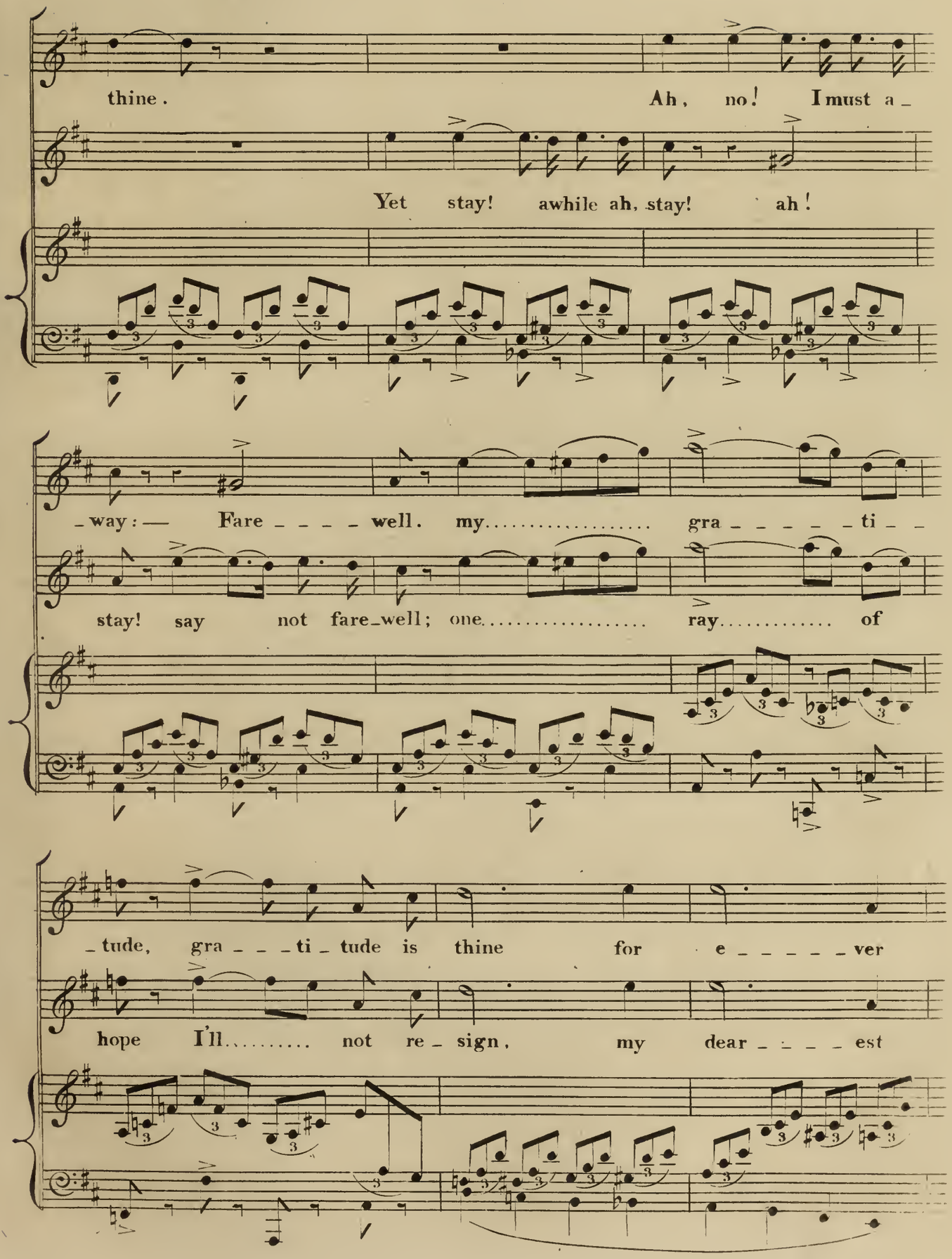

Dim:
sotto voce.
pp
hope am bless'd, in this hope in this hope am
bless'd am bless'd, in this faith, in this faith am
f
Dim:
p
pp
pp
sotto voce.
bless'd. For this I ..... live, for..... this I.....
bless'd. For this I ..... live, for..... this I.....
Ped:
pp
pp
pray, I pray, For this I ..... pray, ... And in this
hope, I hope, For this I ..... hope, ... And in this

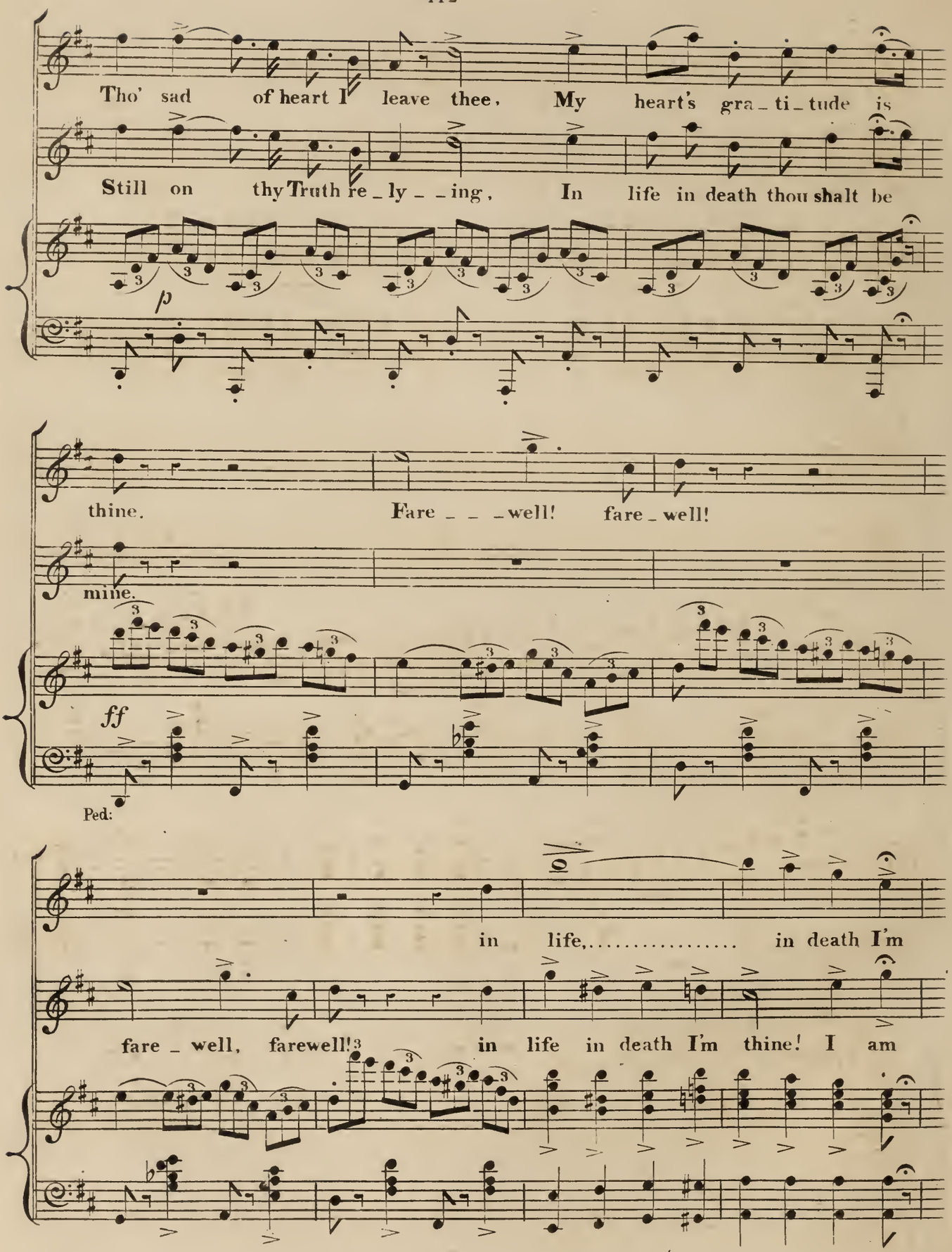

rall:
tenuto.
hope am
bless'd, am bless'd
rall:
faith am
bless'd, am bless'd.
Ped:
pp
Allegro con moto
THERESE.
The villain
rall:
pp
p
Carwin, my ac_cu_ser, he could prove my
in_nocence: He hath the deeds which shew me heiress of a no_ble

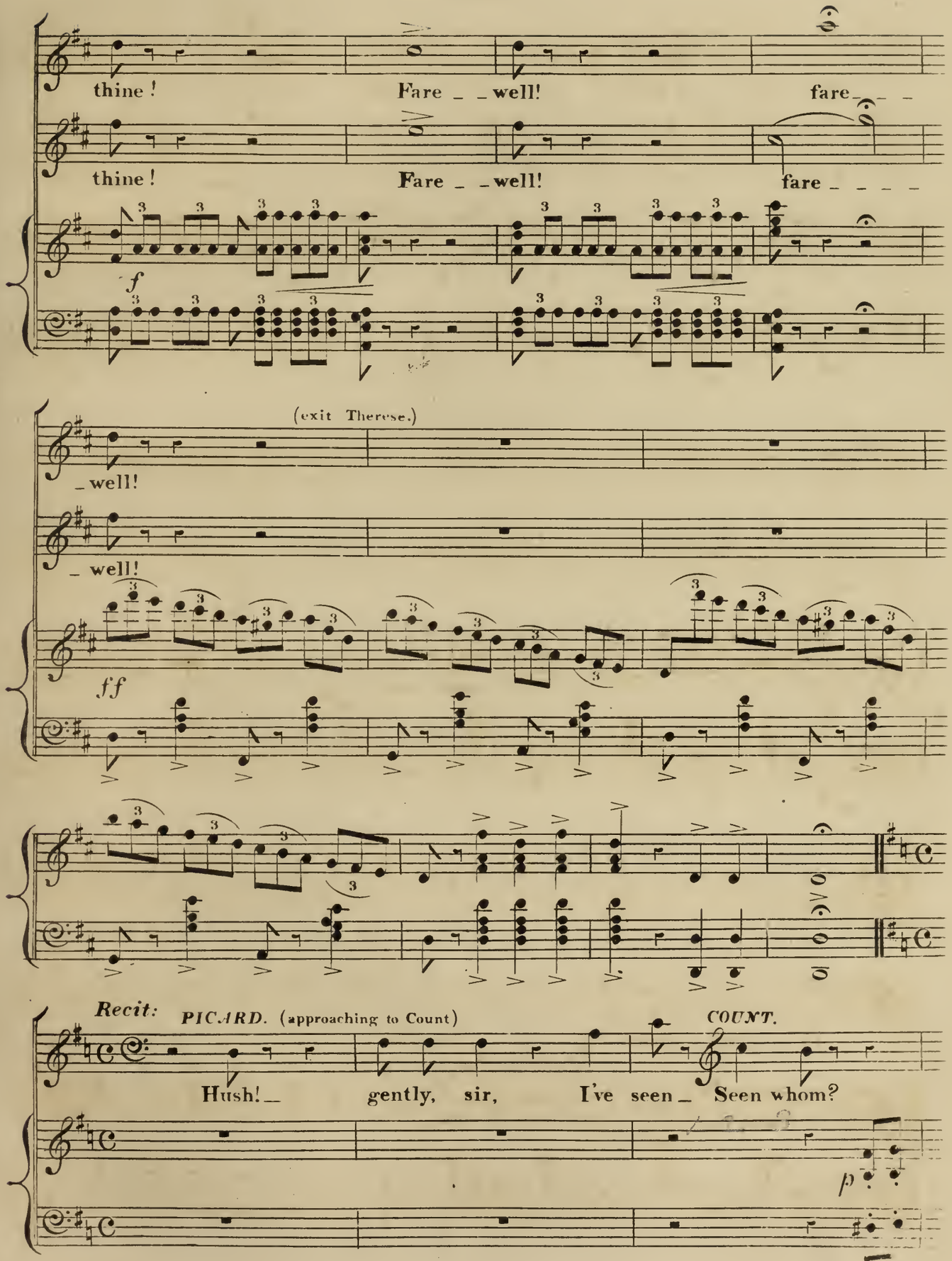

COUNT.
name:— He offers rank and wealth; but,— he would wed— With thee!
f
Ped:
I read it all, Therese, with thee! I'll track the
villain, wrest from him the proofs, And shew thee as thou
p
THERESE.
art:— My Mother's arms.— Thy Mother! ah! that
ff


COUNT.
PICARD. (calling)
THERESE. (alarmed)
oath — My own Therese! Master! Master! I would not for the world be
Cres:
COUNT.
THERESE.
PICARD. (calling)
seen — We shall meet a-gain? Thy Mo-ther's oath! Master!
Cres:
THERESE.
COUNT.
a piacere.
rall:
Master! Farewell! farewell! Not yet, not yet, not yet.
ff
Allegro Moderato.
Breathe not — — — that word, Dear — — — est
HARP.
p


..... on thy truth re_ _ly_ _ _ ing, Both time and fate de_
Fare_well,..... fare_
_fy_ _ing. One ray of hope I'll not re_ _sign.
_well! sad, ah!..... sad of heart I leave thee; Of
me tho'..... Fate be_reave thee, My heart's gra_ti_tude is


thine.
Ah, no! I must a_
Yet stay! awhile ah, stay! ah!
_way:— Fare_____well. my..... gra_____ti__
stay! say not fare_well; one..... ray..... of
_tude, gra___ti_tude is thine for e_____ver
hope I'll..... not re_sign, my dear____est


Tho' sad of heart I leave thee, My heart's gra_ti_tude is
Still on thy Truth re_ly_ _ing, In life in death thou shalt be
p
thine. Fare_ _ _well! fare_well!
mine.
ff
Ped:
in life,..... in death I'm
fare_well, farewell! in life in death I'm thine! I am


thine ! Fare _ _well! fare _ _ _
thine ! Fare _ _well! fare _ _ _ _ _
f
(exit Therese.)
_well!
_ well!
ff
Recit: PICARD. (approaching to Count)
COUNT.
Hush! _ gently, sir, I've seen _ Seen whom?
p

RECIT:

PICARD. COUNT. PICARD. COUNT.

That devil, you saw at the Chateau; Carwin? Yes! 'twas he: My

PICARD. COUNT.

pistols! good Picard, my pistols! They're in the carriage, sir! Follow me: be

(Exeunt)

silent.

pp perdendosi.

p

Moderato.

p

. Andante mosso.

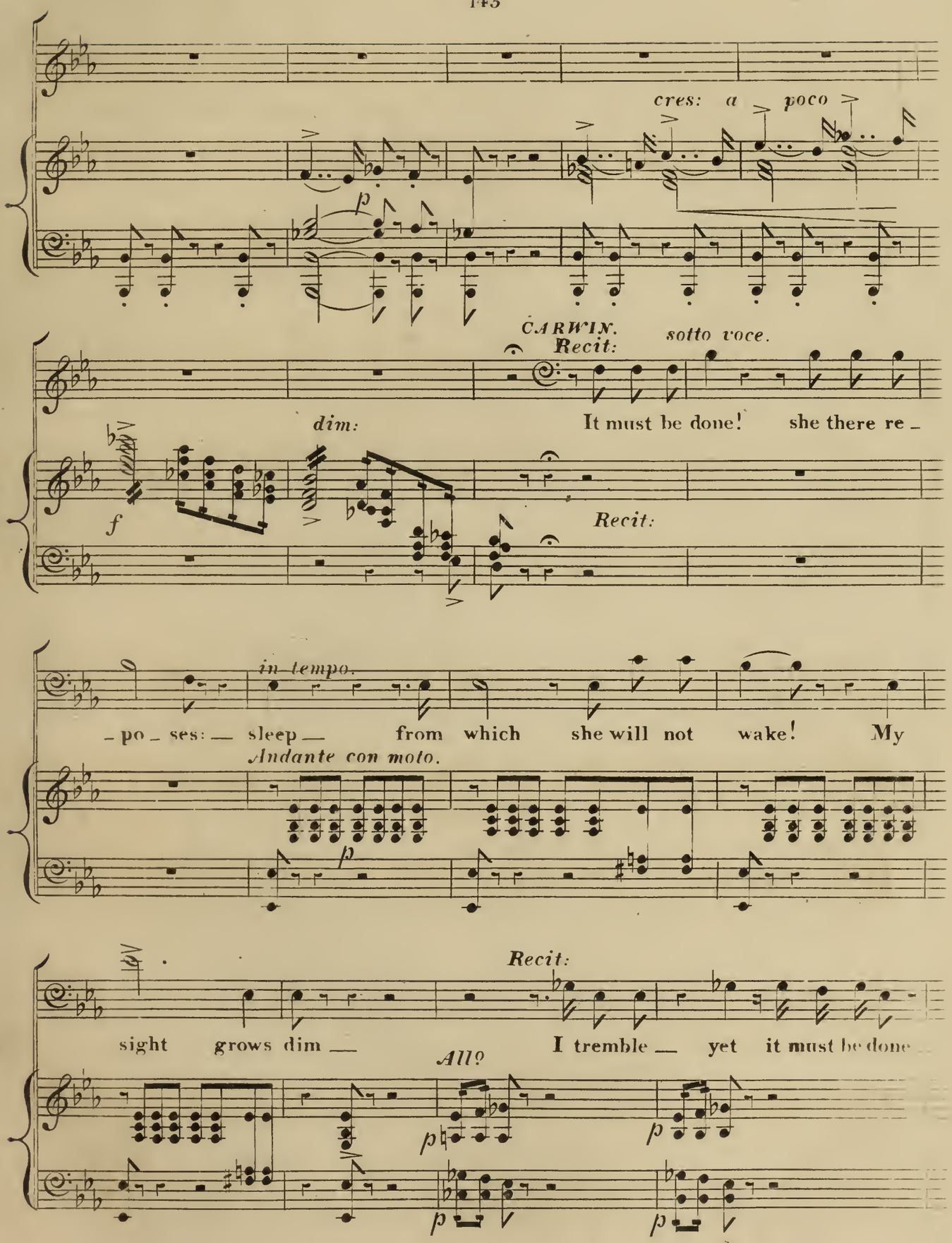
(re-enter Carwin stealthily from the back R.H.)

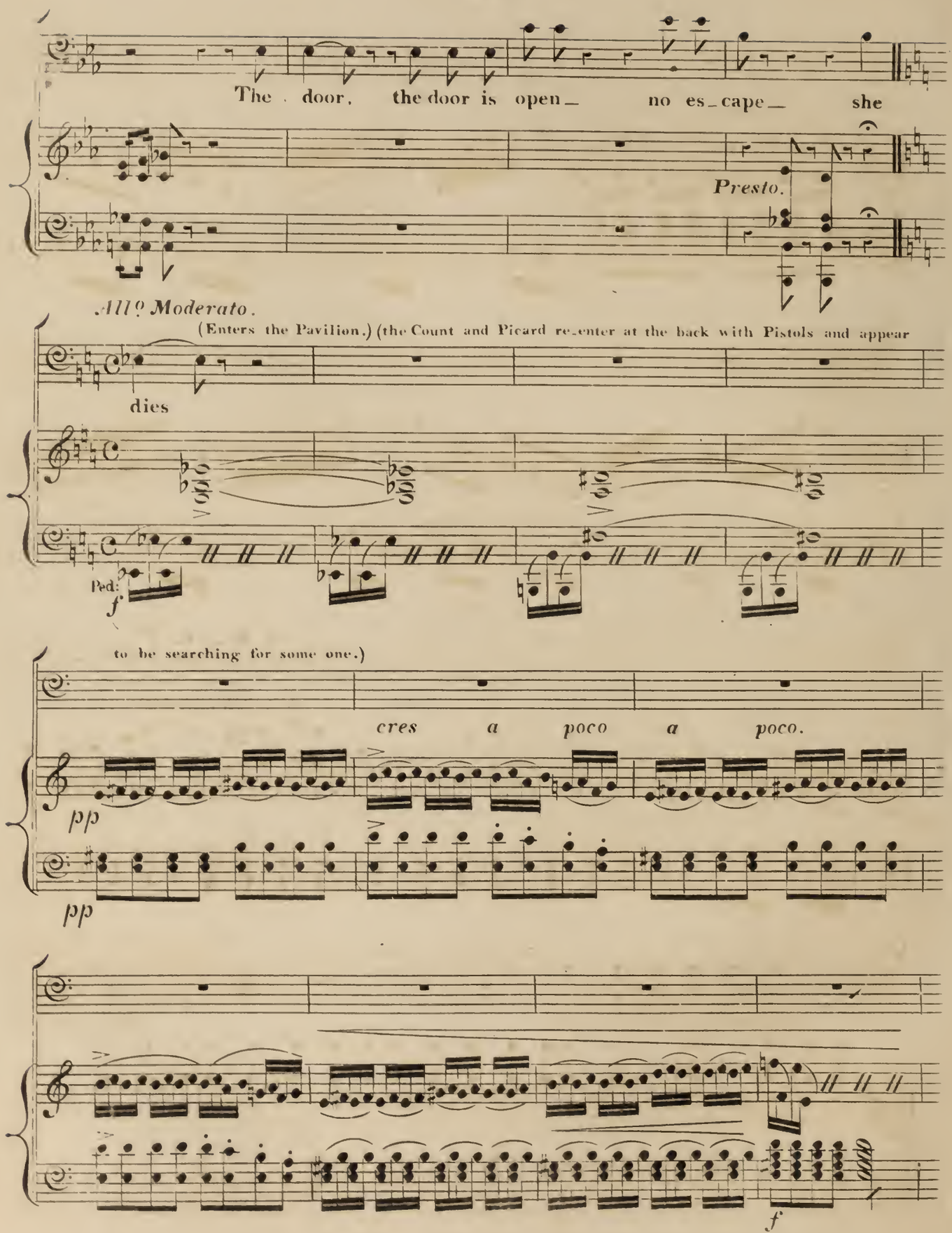
sotto voce.

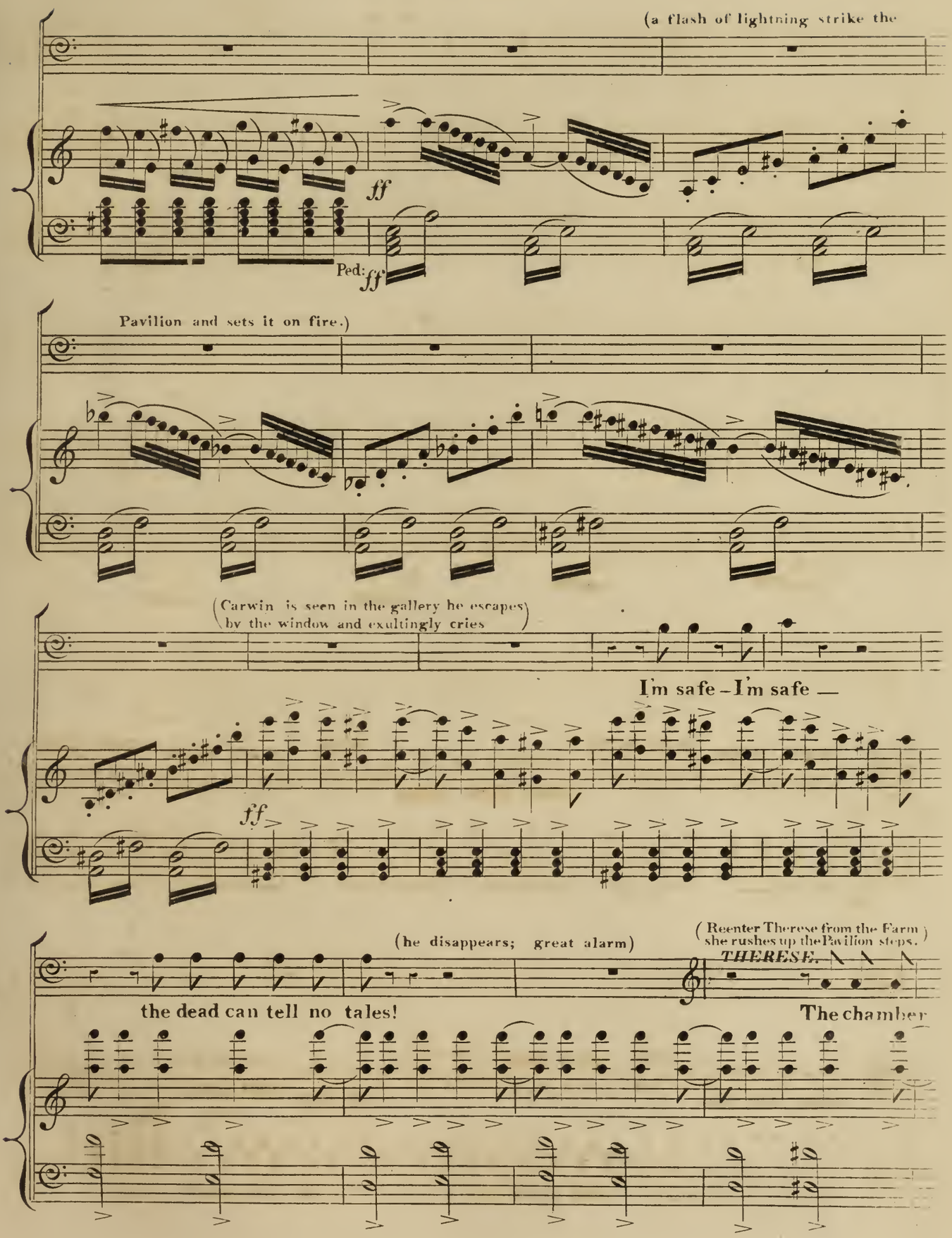
p

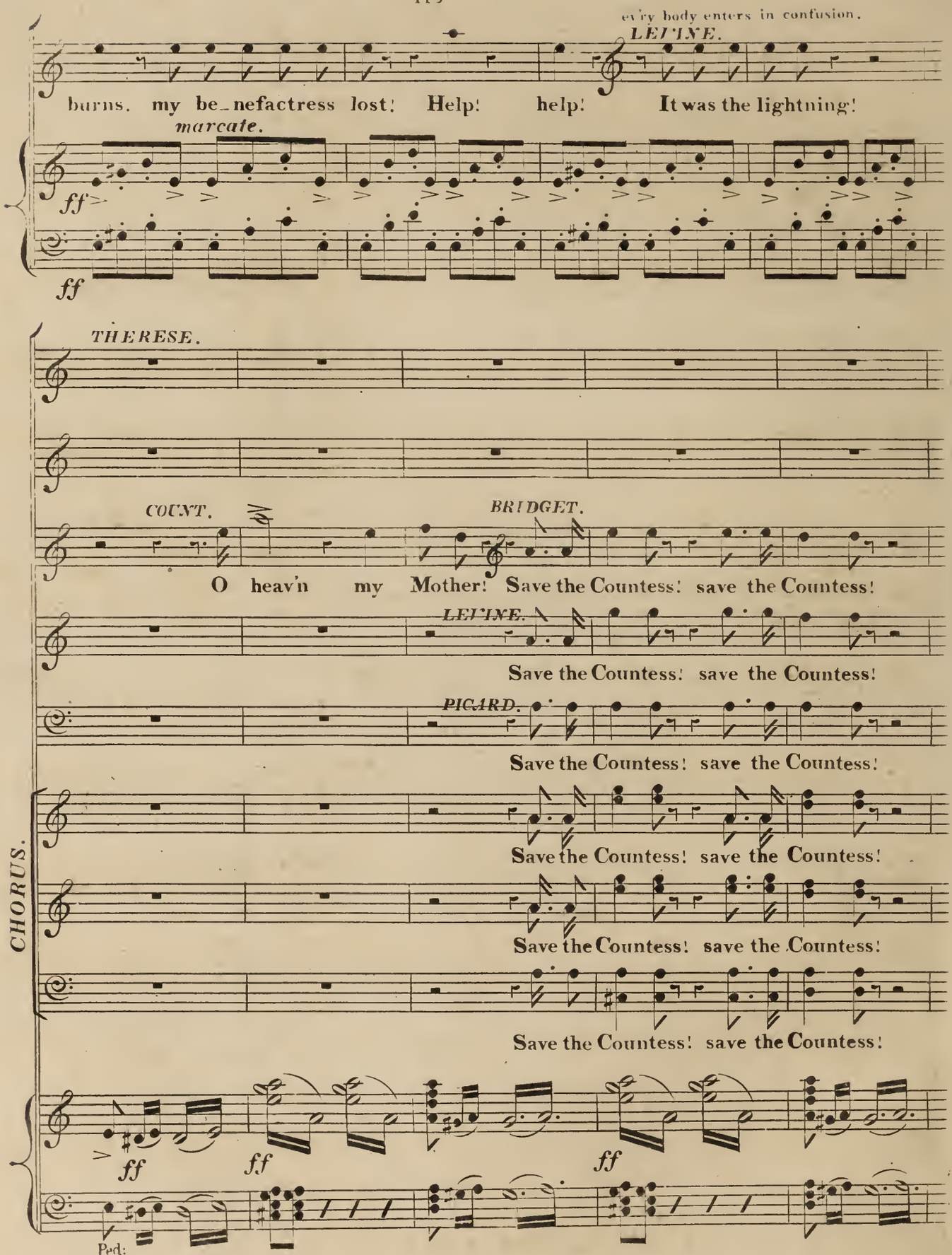
pp

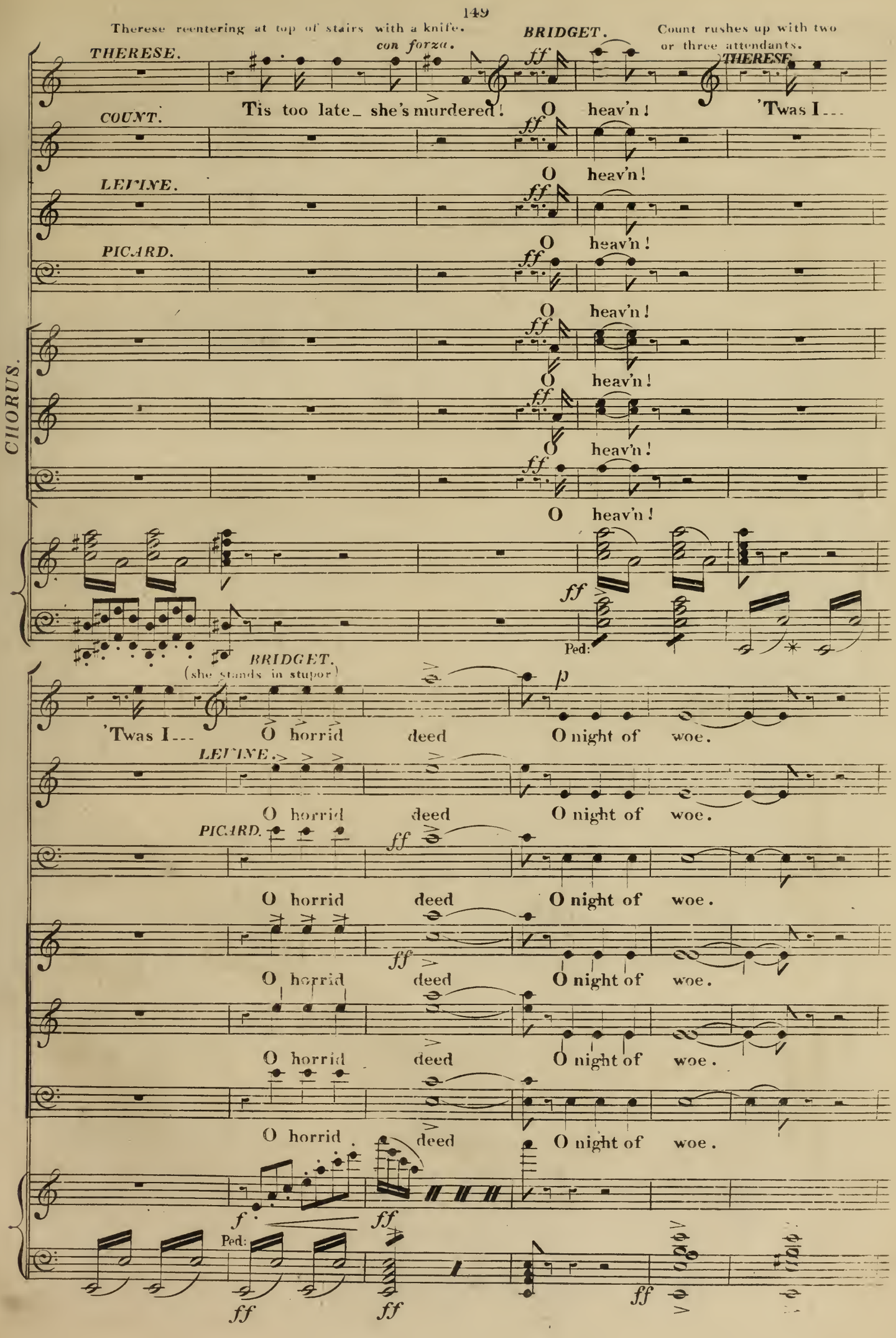
p

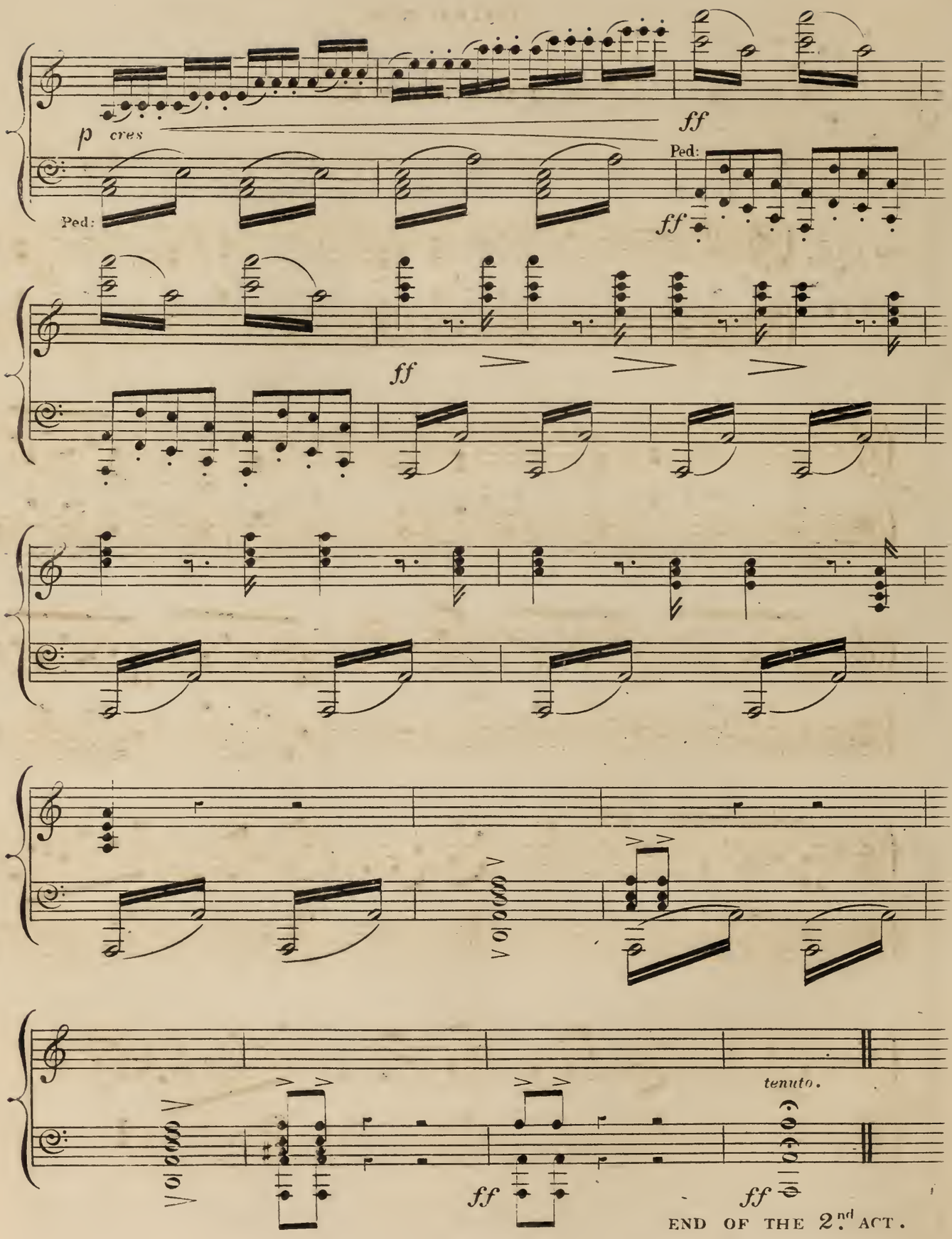

cres: a poco
p
CARWIN.
Recit:
sotto voce.
dim:
It must be done! she there re _
f
Recit:
in tempo.
_ po _ ses: _ sleep _ from which she will not wake! My
Andante con moto.
p
Recit:
sight grows dim _ I tremble _ yet it must be done _
All?
p
p
p
p


The door, the door is open— no es-cape— she
Presto.
All^o Moderato.
(Enters the Pavilion.) (the Count and Picard re-enter at the back with Pistols and appear
dies
Ped:
f
to be searching for some one.)
cres a poco a poco.
pp
pp
f


(a flash of lightning strike the
ff
Ped:
ff
Pavilion and sets it on fire.)
(Carwin is seen in the gallery he escapes by the window and exultingly cries)
I'm safe – I'm safe —
ff
(he disappears; great alarm)
(Reenter Therese from the Farm she rushes up the Pavilion steps.
THERESE.
the dead can tell no tales!
The chamber


ev'ry body enters in confusion.
LEI'INE.
burns. my be_nefactress lost! Help! help! It was the lightning!
marcate.
ff
ff
THERESE.
COUNT.
BRIDGET.
O heav'n my Mother! Save the Countess! save the Countess!
LEI'INE.
Save the Countess! save the Countess!
PICARD.
Save the Countess! save the Countess!
Save the Countess! save the Countess!
Save the Countess! save the Countess!
Save the Countess! save the Countess!
CHORUS.
ff
ff
ff
Ped:


Therese reentering at top of stairs with a knife.
con forza.
BRIDGET.
Count rushes up with two or three attendants.
THERESE.
COUNT.
LEVINE.
PICARD.
CHORUS.
Tis too late_ she's murdered!
O heav'n!
'Twas I...
BRIDGET.
(she stands in stupor)
O horrid deed
O night of woe.
Ped:

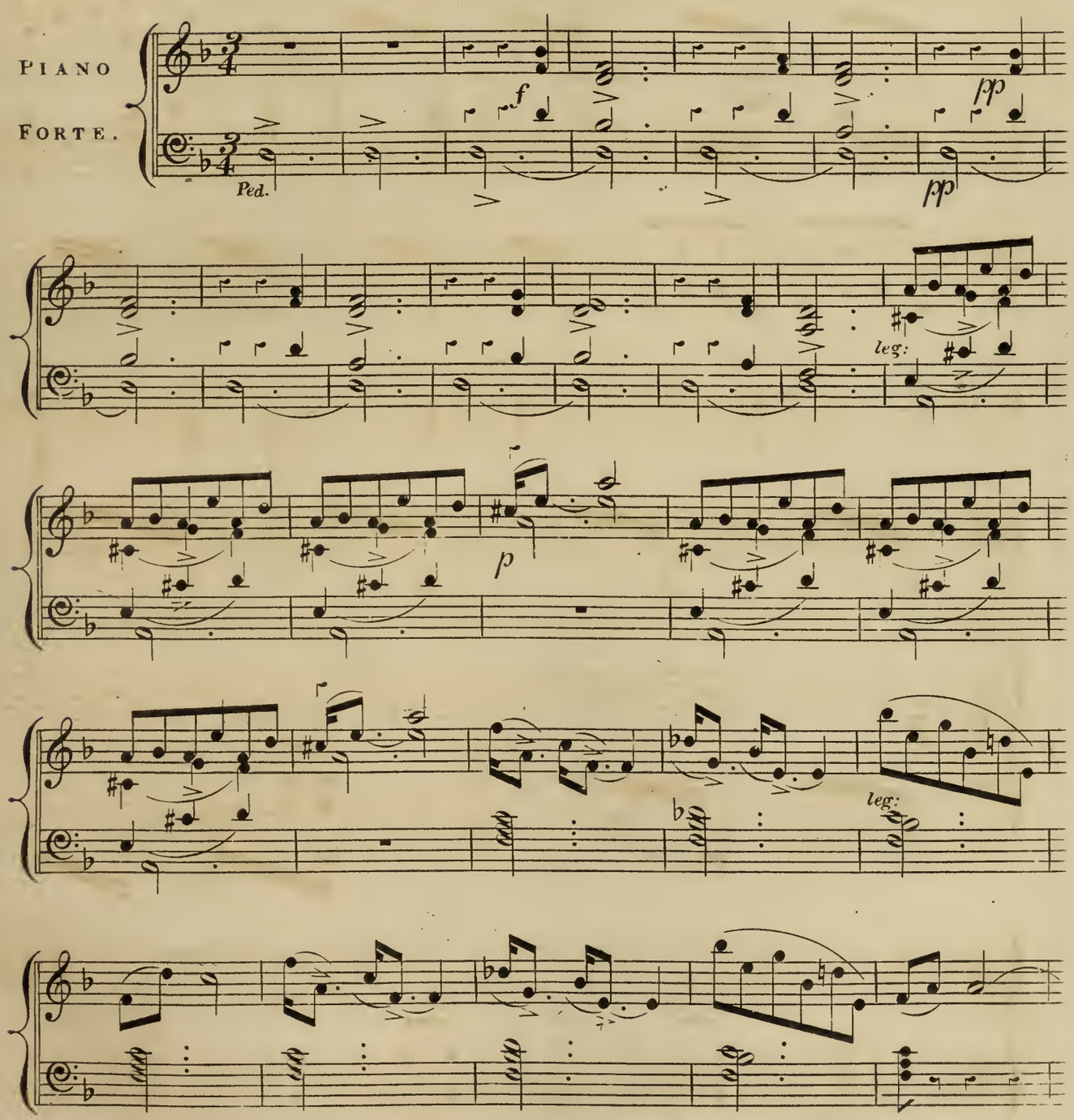


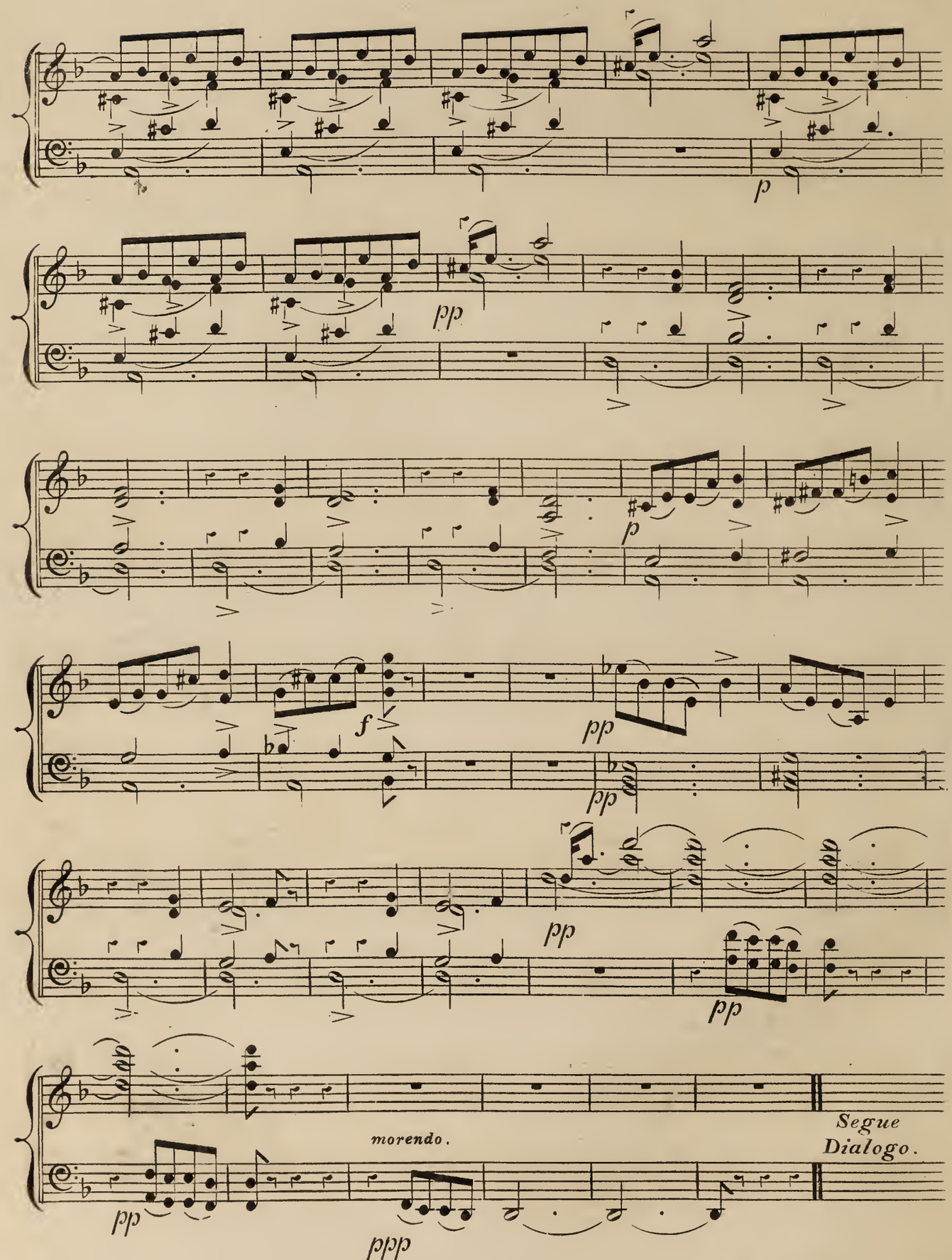
END OF THE 2.nd ACT.

THIRD ACT.

"THERESE."

F. SCHIRA.




p
pp
p
f
pp
pp
pp
pp
morendo.
Segue
Dialogo.
pp
ppp

After Dialogue. {The Count is seen in the court yard slowly leading Therese – Fontaine points and calls Bridget's attention thereto.}

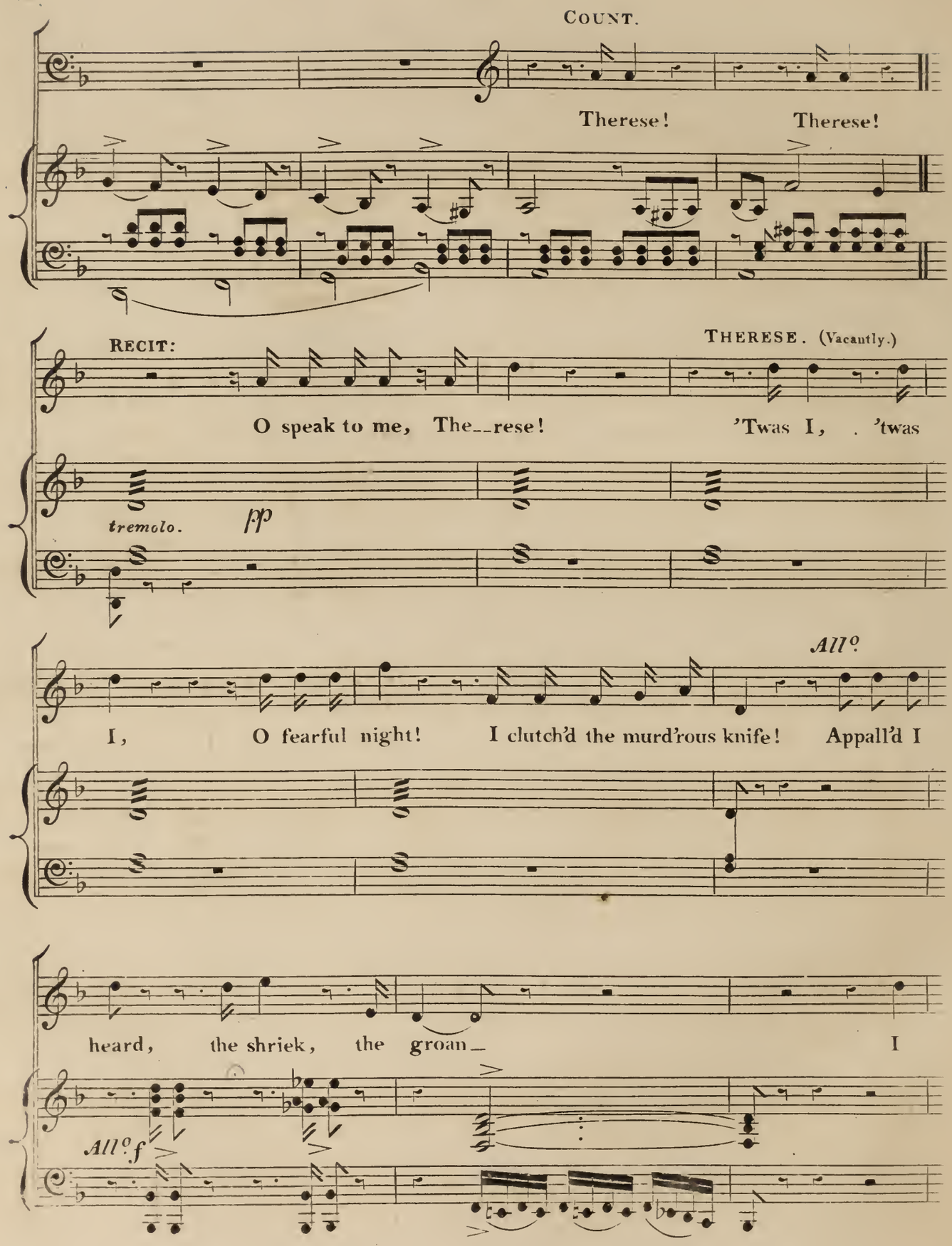
FONTAINE. *sotto voce.*

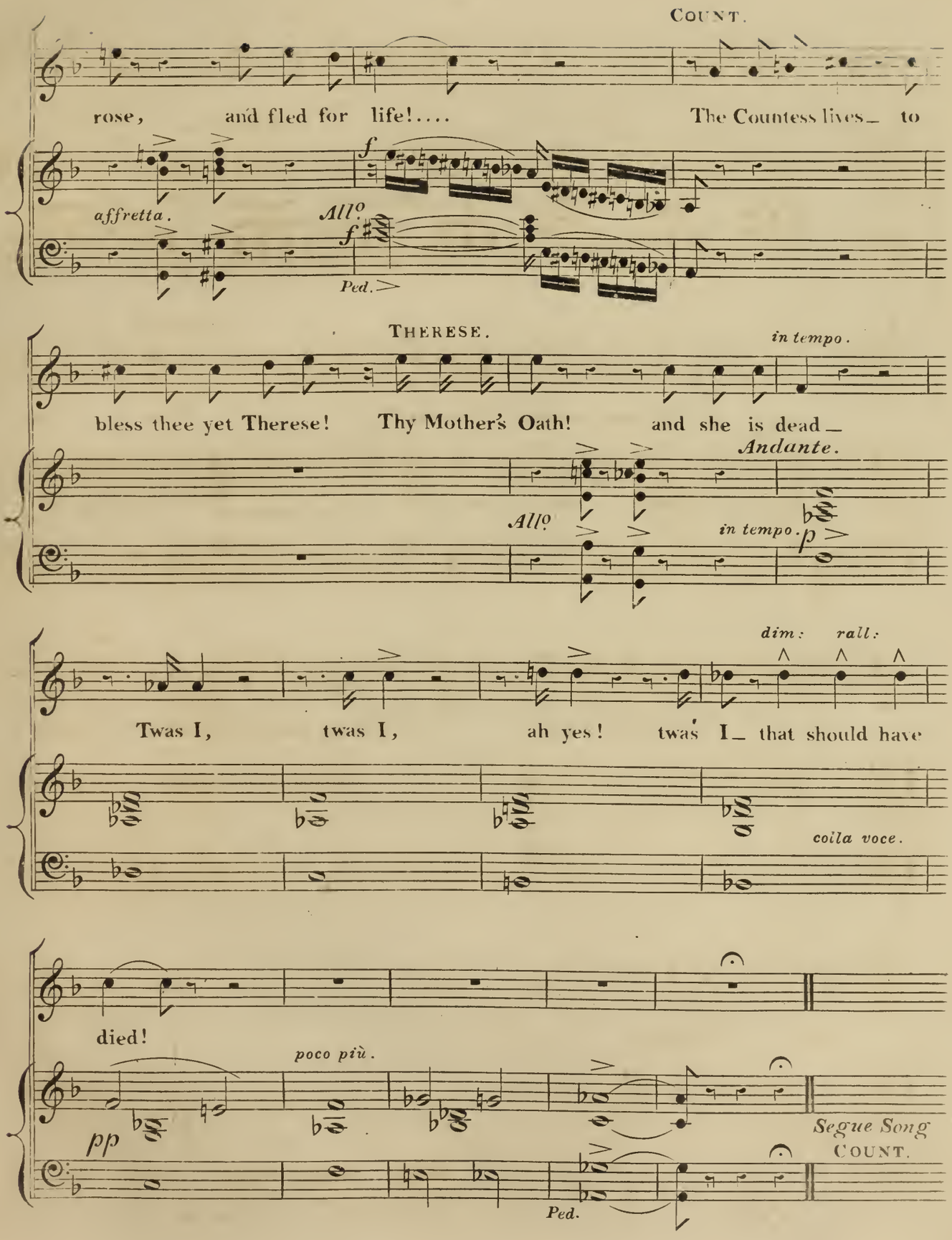
Adagio. Be silent – good Dame

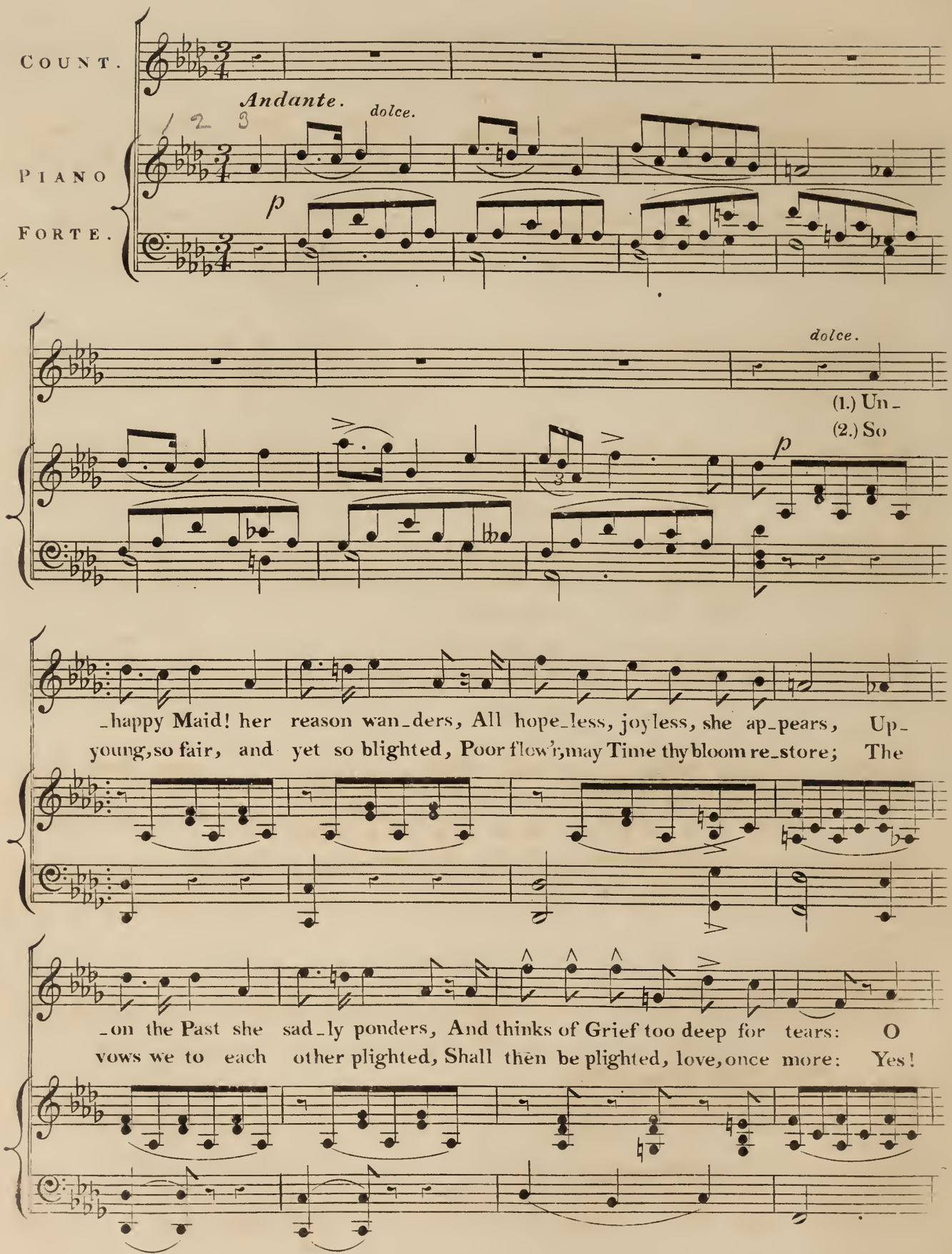
PIANO FORTE. *tremolo.* *pp* *pp*

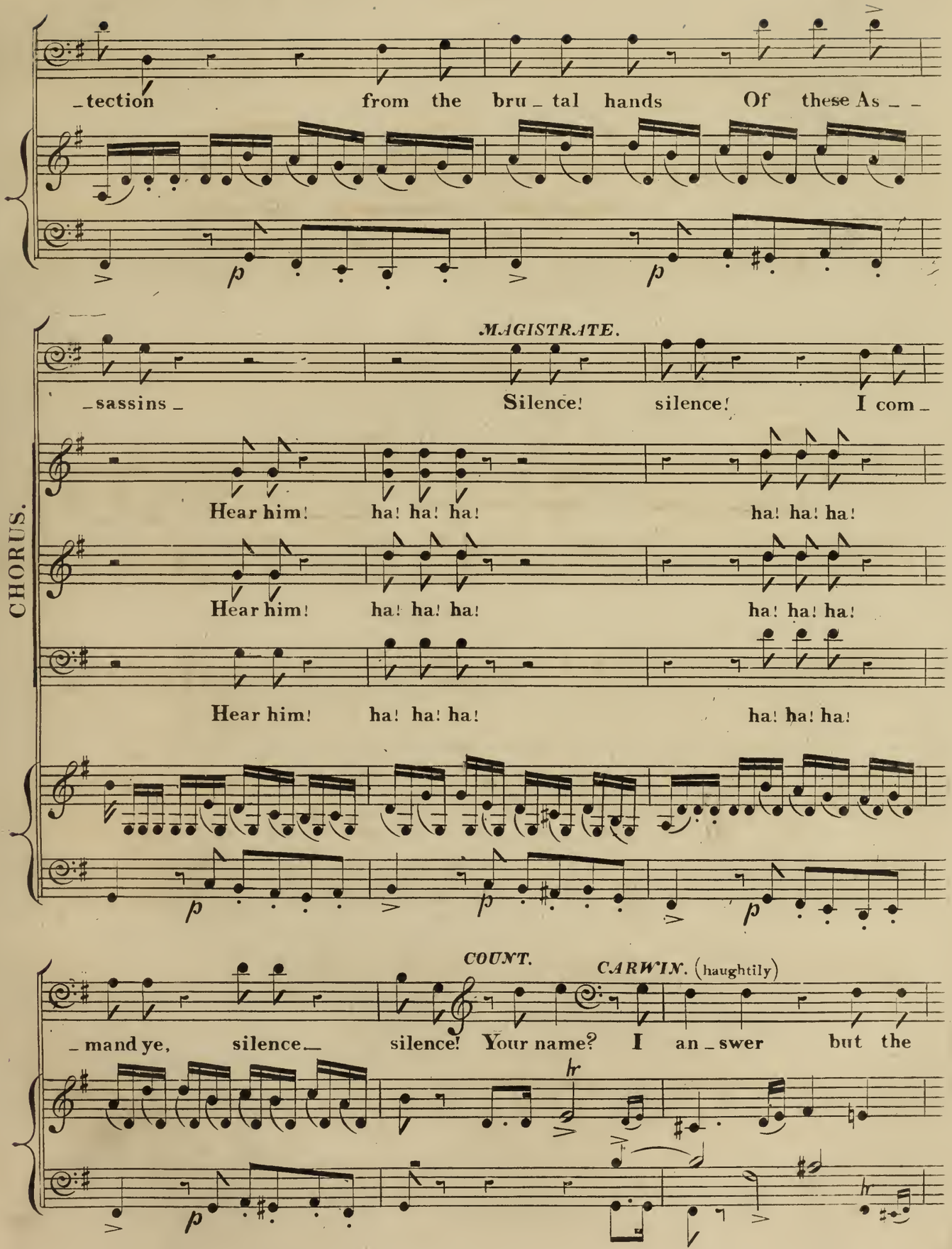
Bridget.

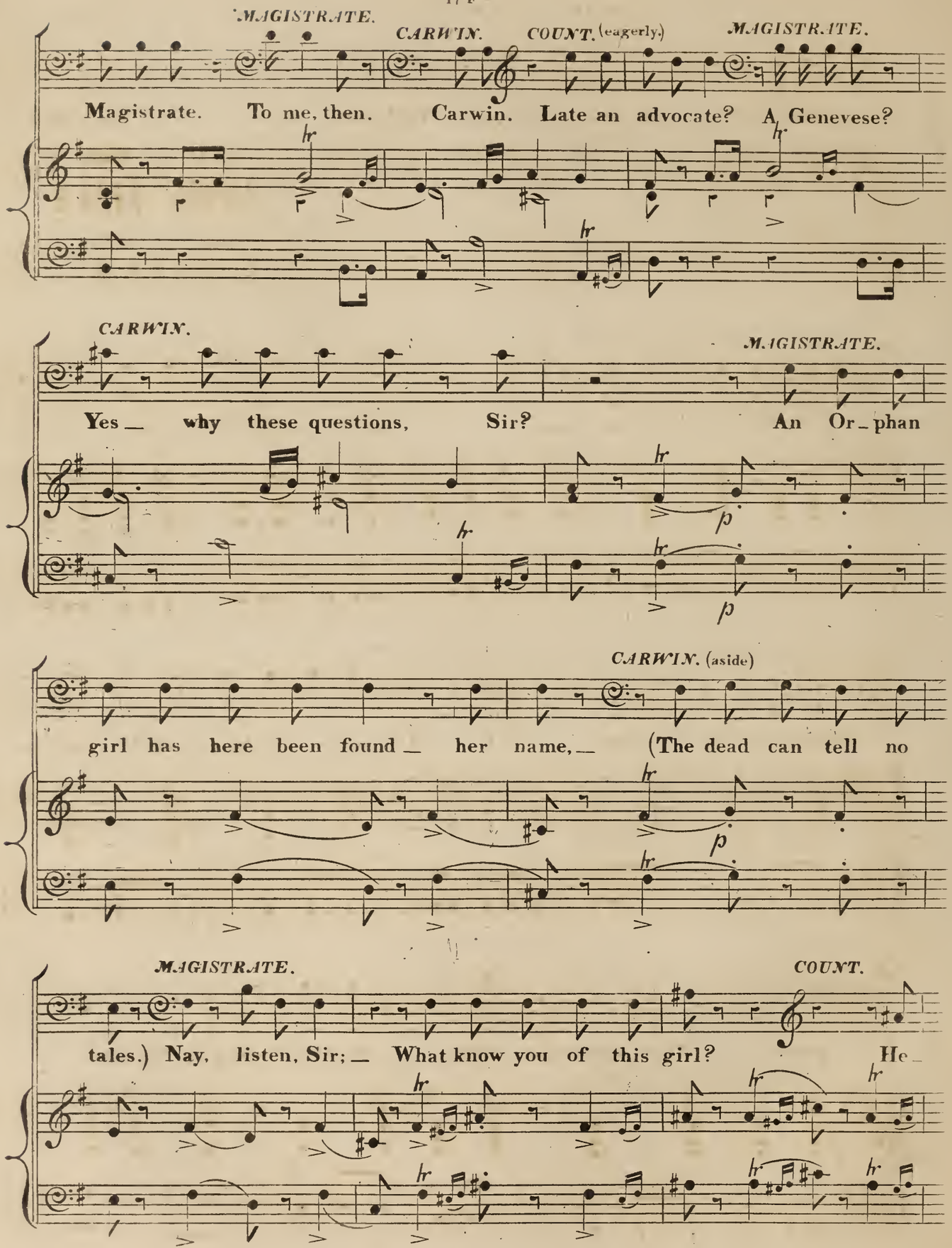
pp *cello:*

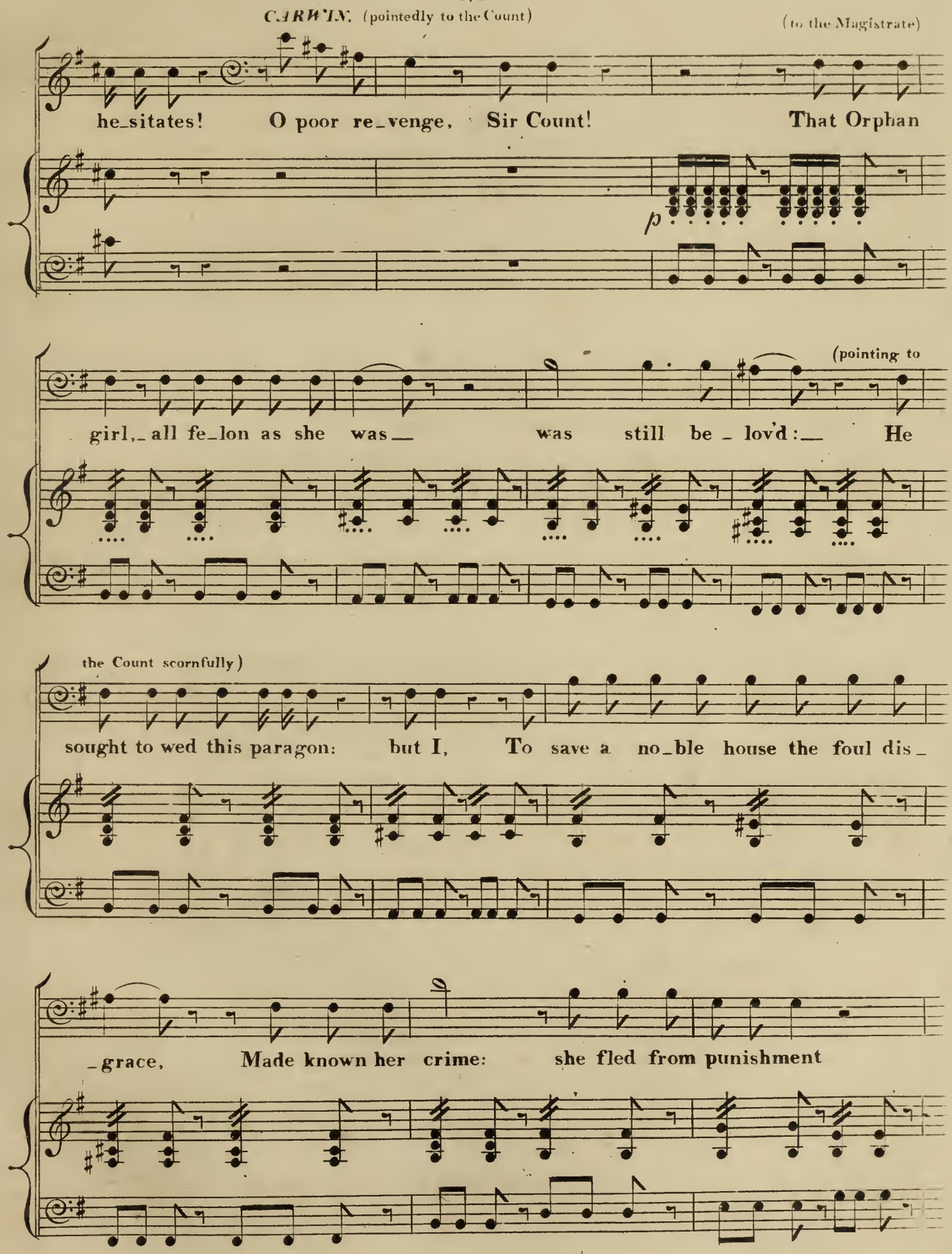

COUNT.
Therese! Therese!
RECIT:
THERESE. (Vacantly.)
O speak to me, The__rese! 'Twas I, . 'twas
tremolo.
pp
All°
I, O fearful night! I clutch'd the murd'rous knife! Appall'd I
heard, the shriek, the groan_ I
All° f

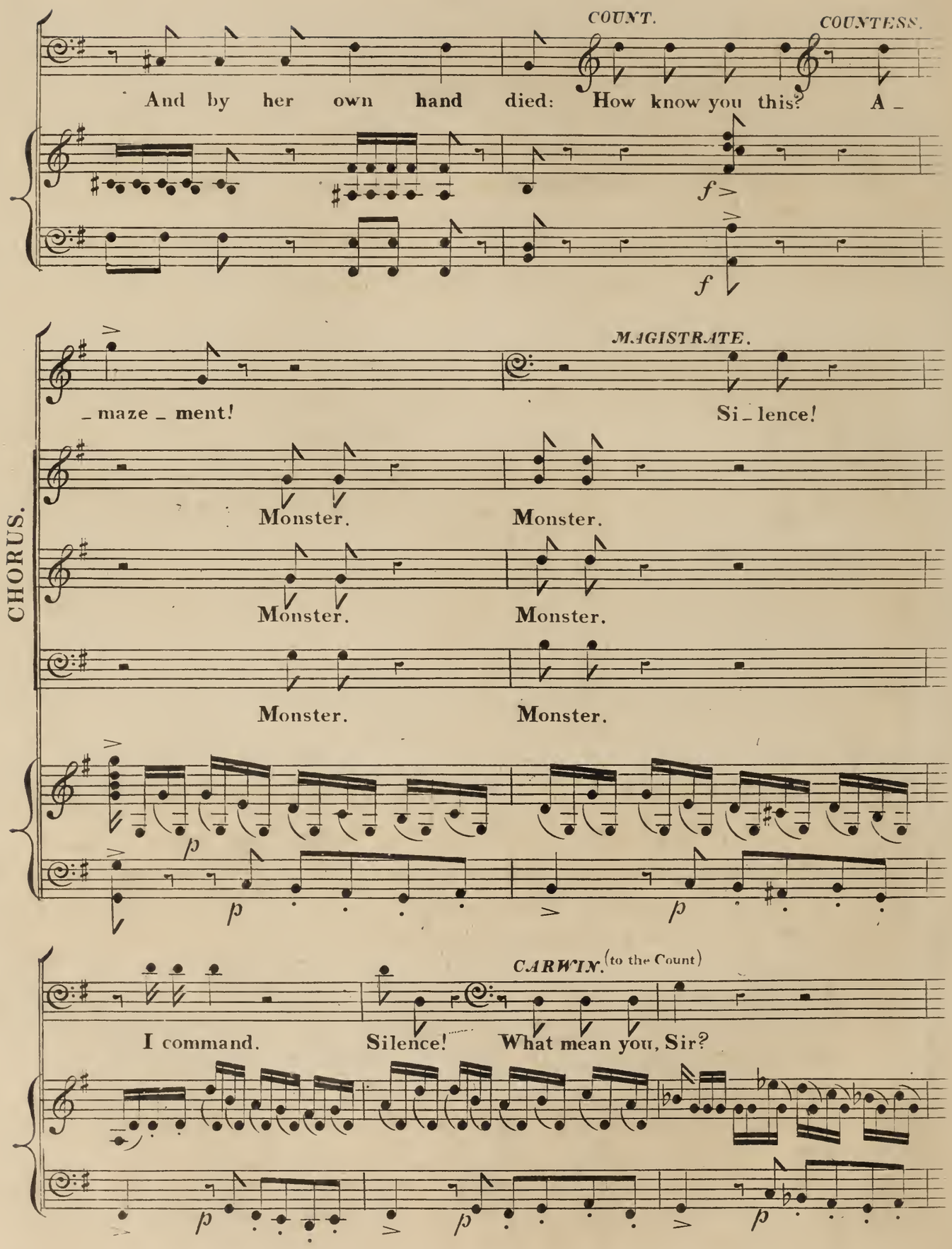

COUNT.
rose, and fled for life!.... The Countess lives_ to
affretta.
All°
Ped.
THERESE.
in tempo.
bless thee yet Therese! Thy Mother's Oath! and she is dead_
Andante.
All°
in tempo.
dim: rall:
Twas I, twas I, ah yes! twas I_ that should have
coila voce.
died!
poco più.
pp
Segue Song
COUNT.
Ped.

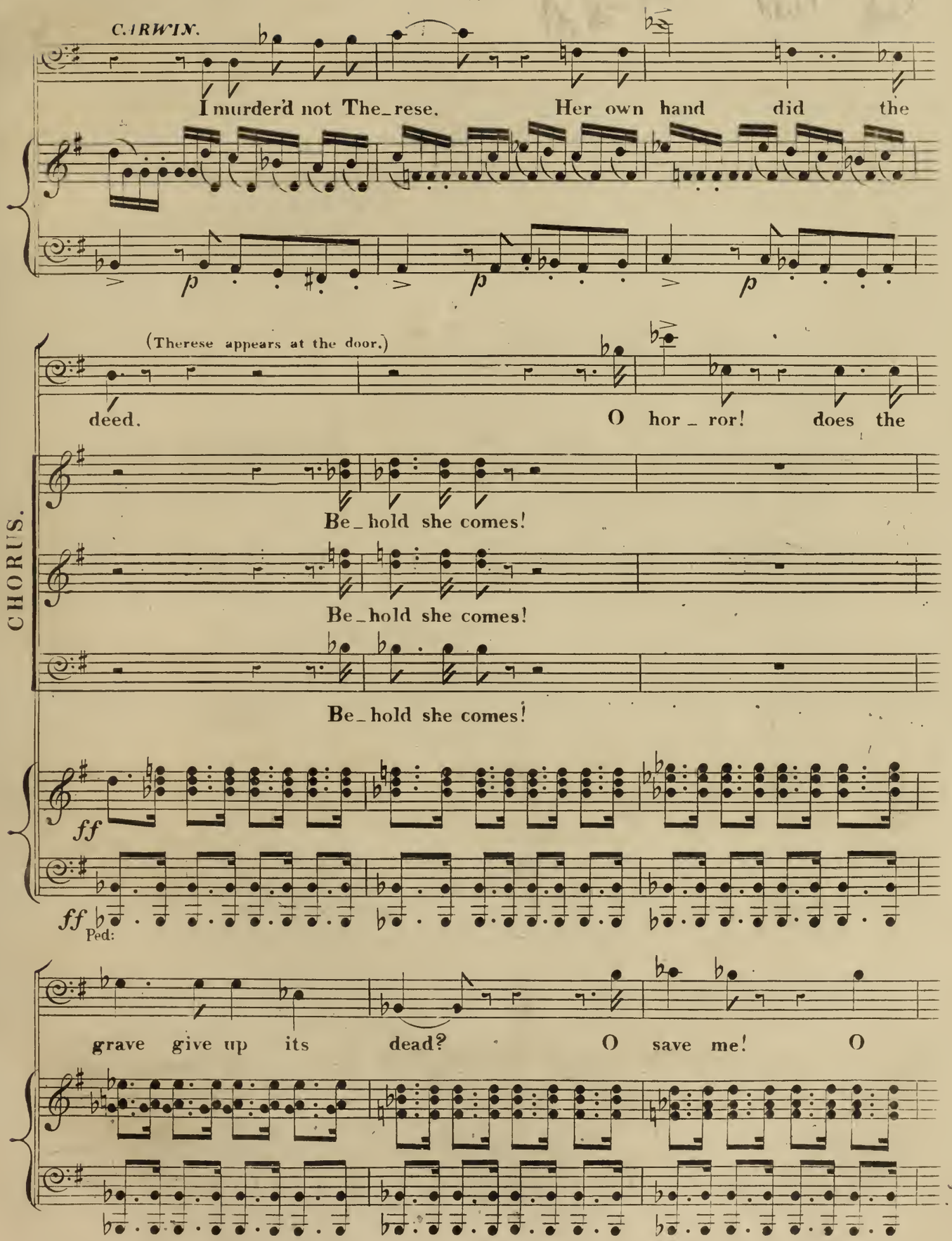

COUNT.
Andante.
dolce.
PIANO
FORTE.
p
dolce.
(1.) Un-
(2.) So
p
-happy Maid! her reason wan-ders, All hope-less, joy-less, she ap-pears, Up-
young, so fair, and yet so blighted, Poor flow'r, may Time thy bloom re-store; The
-on the Past she sad-ly ponders, And thinks of Grief too deep for tears: O
vows we to each other plighted, Shall then be plighted, love, once more: Yes!

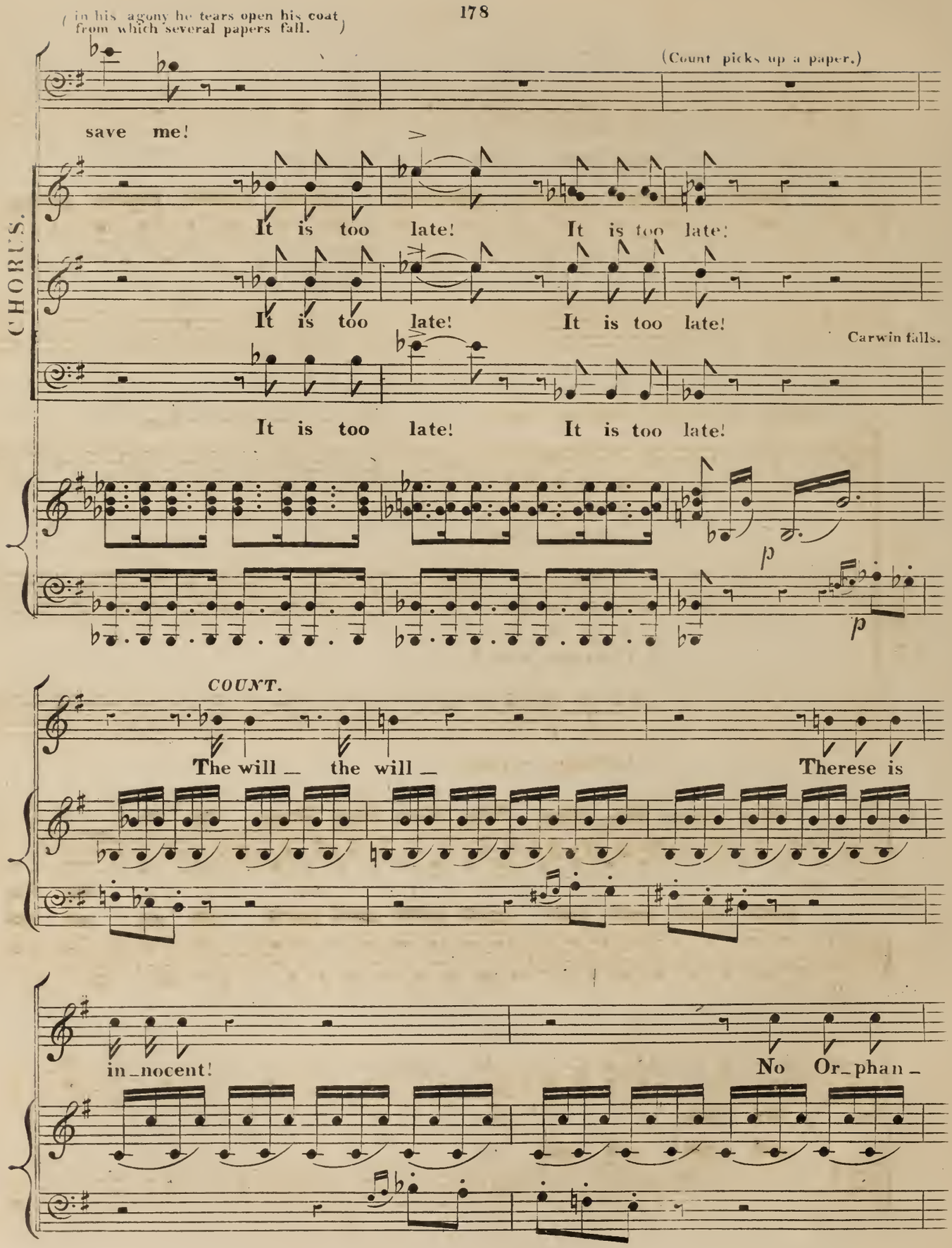

_tection from the bru_tal hands Of these As_ _
MAGISTRATE.
sassins Silence! silence! I com_
CHORUS.
Hear him! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hear him! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
Hear him! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
COUNT.
CARWIN. (haughtily)
mand ye, silence silence! Your name? I an_swer but the


MAGISTRATE.
CARWIN.
COUNT. (eagerly.)
MAGISTRATE.
Magistrate. To me, then. Carwin. Late an advocate? A Genevese?
CARWIN.
MAGISTRATE.
Yes — why these questions, Sir? An Or-phan
CARWIN. (aside)
girl has here been found — her name, — (The dead can tell no
MAGISTRATE.
COUNT.
tales.) Nay, listen, Sir; — What know you of this girl? He-

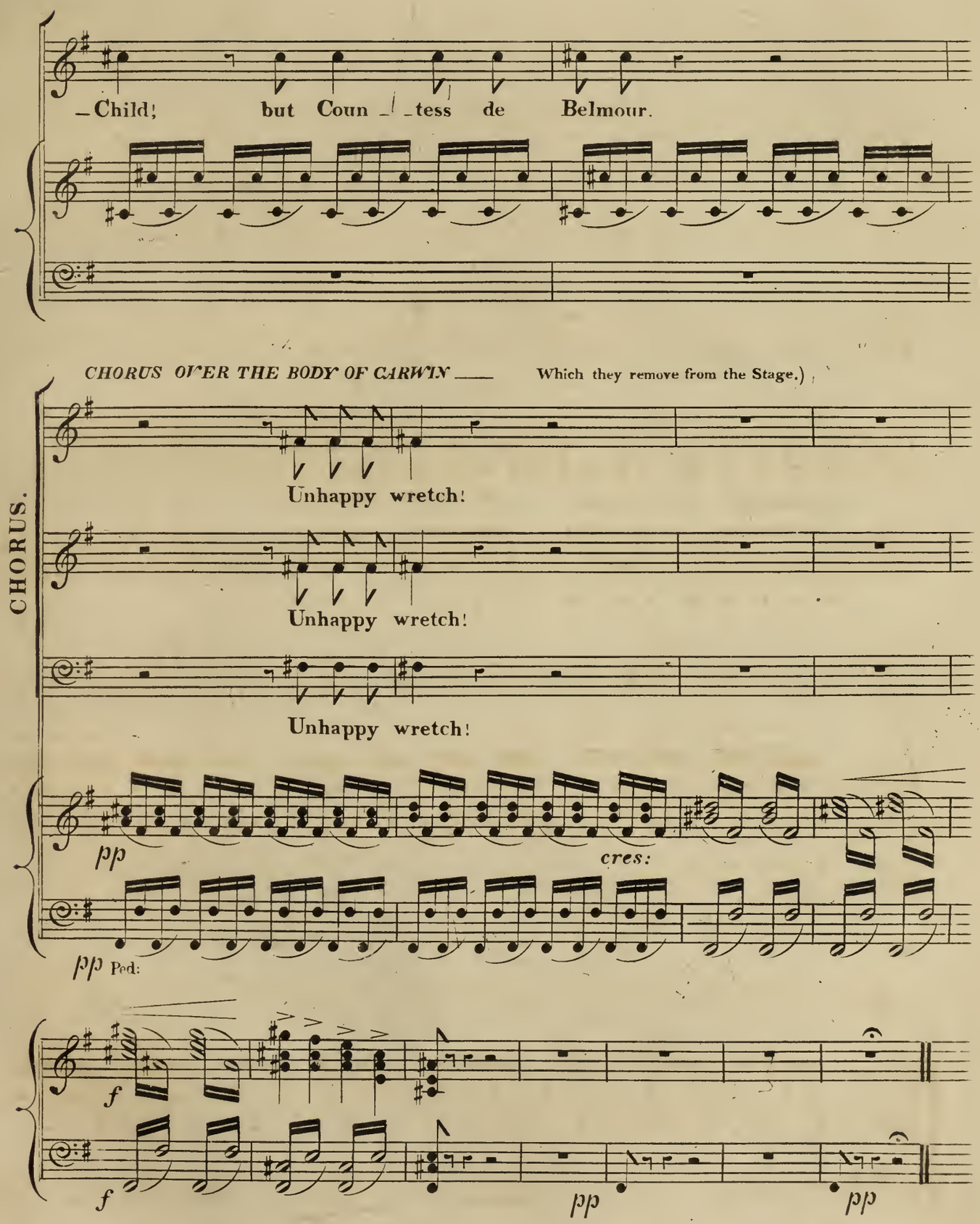

CARWIN. (pointedly to the Count)
(to the Magistrate)
he_sitates! O poor re_venge, Sir Count! That Orphan
p
girl,_ all fe_lon as she was__ was still be_lov'd:__ He
(pointing to
the Count scornfully)
sought to wed this paragon: but I, To save a no_ble house the foul dis_
_grace, Made known her crime: she fled from punishment

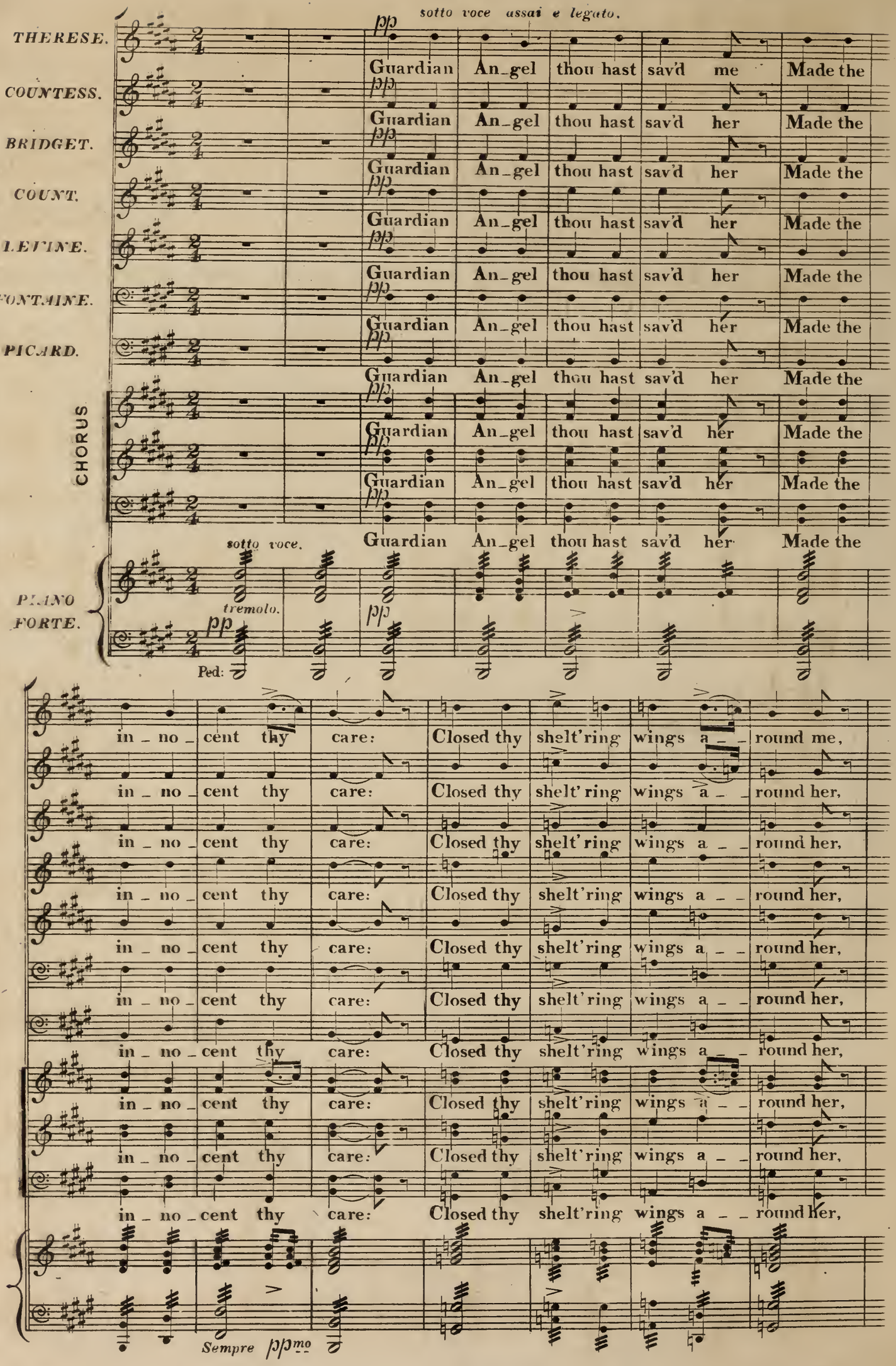

COUNT.
COUNTESS.
And by her own hand died: How know you this? A _
f
f
MAGISTRATE.
_ maze _ ment!
Si _ lence!
CHORUS.
Monster.
Monster.
Monster.
Monster.
Monster.
Monster.
p
p
p
CARWIN. (to the Count)
I command.
Silence!
What mean you, Sir?
p
p
p

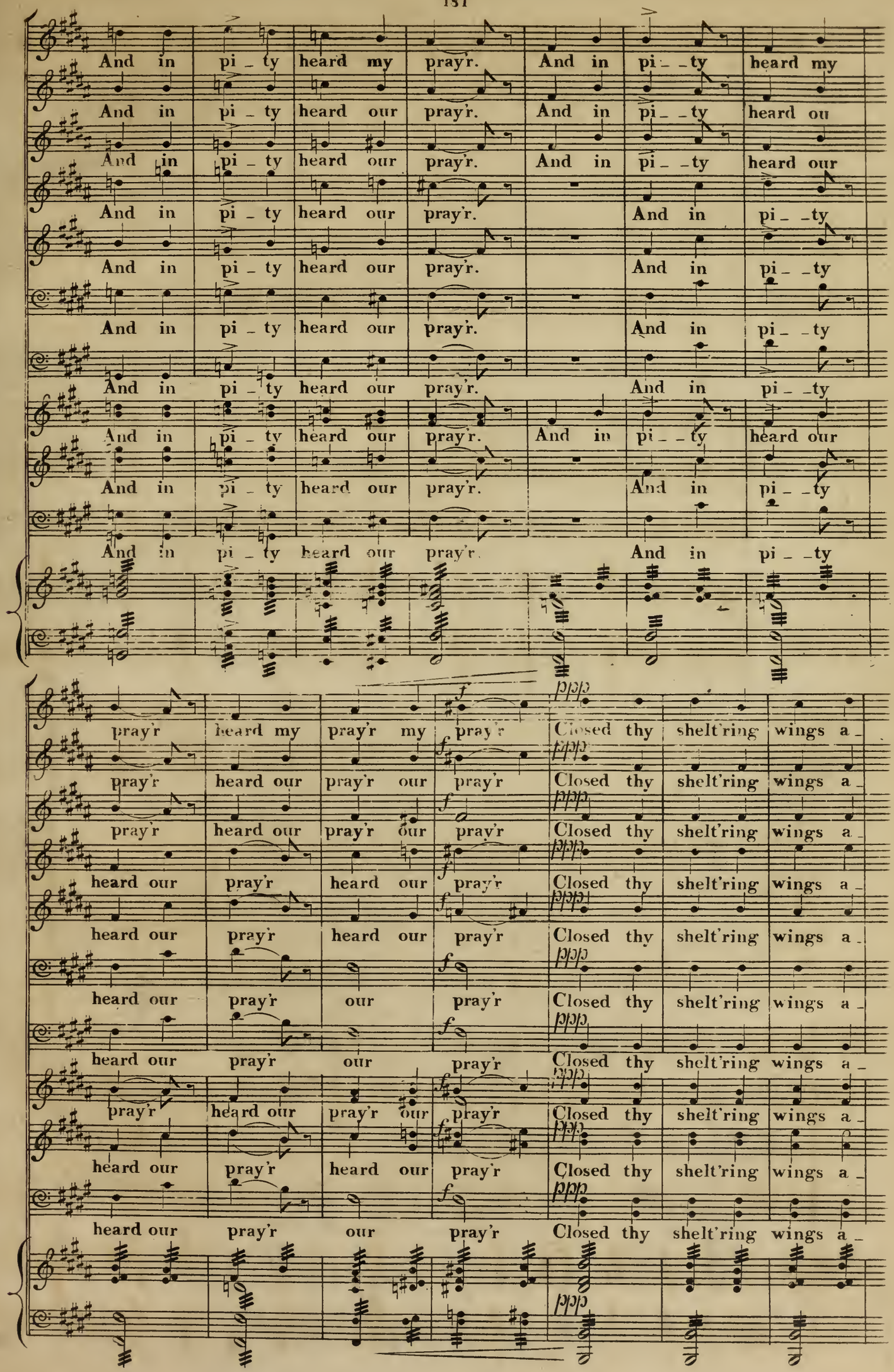

CARWIN.
I murder'd not The_rese. Her own hand did the
(Therese appears at the door.)
deed. O hor_ror! does the
CHORUS.
Be_hold she comes!
Be_hold she comes!
Be_hold she comes!
ff
ff
Ped:
grave give up its dead? O save me! O

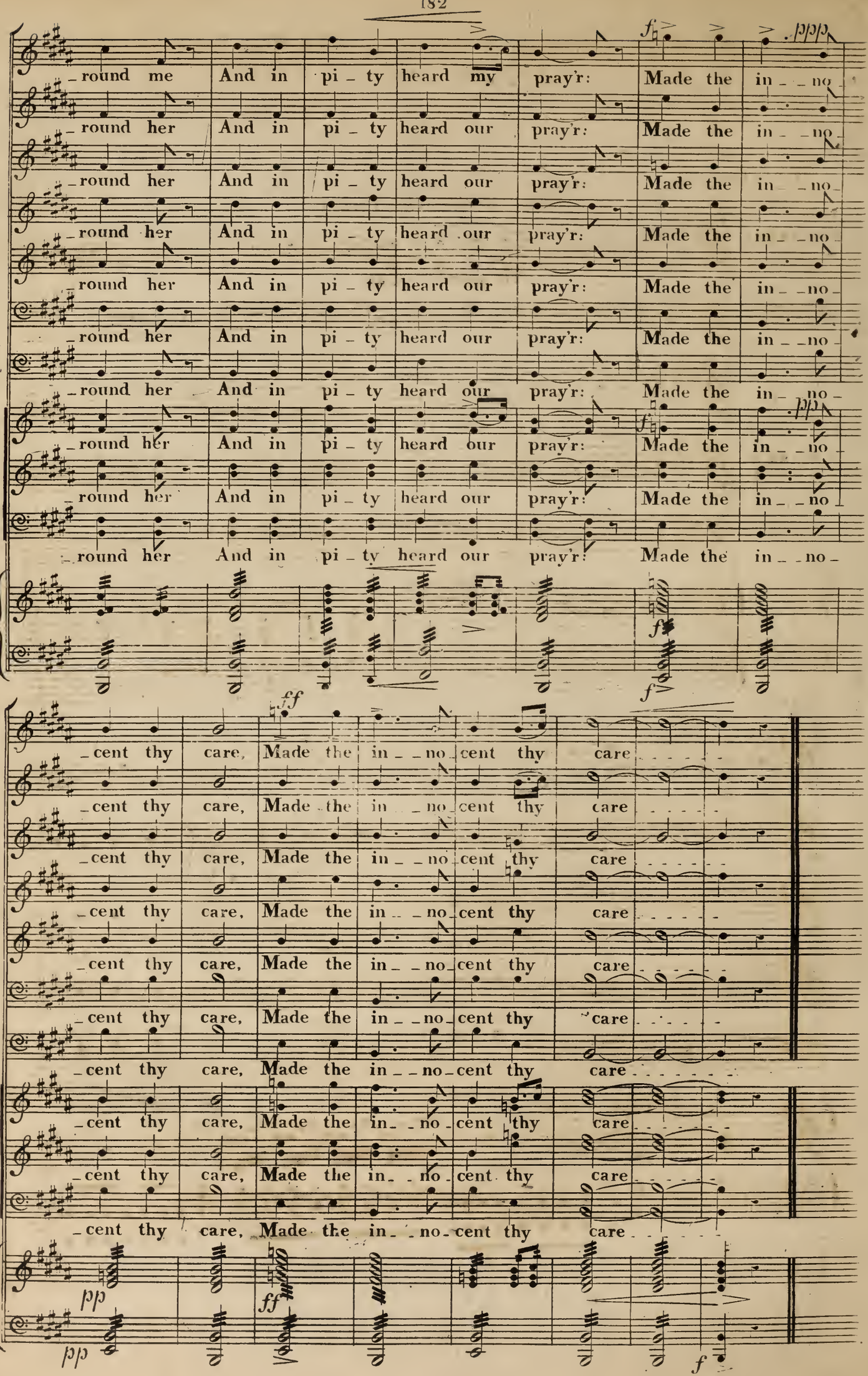

(in his agony he tears open his coat from which several papers fall.)
(Count picks up a paper.)
save me!
CHORUS.
It is too late! It is too late!
It is too late! It is too late!
Carwin falls.
It is too late! It is too late!
p
p
COUNT.
The will _ the will _
Therese is
in_nocent!
No Or_phan _

8


—Child; but Coun — tess de Belmour.
CHORUS OVER THE BODY OF CARWIN —— Which they remove from the Stage.)
CHORUS.
Unhappy wretch!
Unhappy wretch!
Unhappy wretch!
pp
cres:
pp Ped:
f
f
pp
pp


sotto voce assai e legato.
THERESE.
COUNTESS.
BRIDGET.
COUNT.
LEVINE.
FONTAINE.
PICARD.
CHORUS
PIANO FORTE.
pp
Guardian An_gel thou hast sav'd me Made the
Guardian An_gel thou hast sav'd her Made the
sotto voce.
tremolo.
Ped:
in_no_cent thy care: Closed thy shelt'ring wings a_ _ round me,
in_no_cent thy care: Closed thy shelt'ring wings a_ _ round her,
Sempre ppmo


And in pi _ ty heard my pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty heard my
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty heard ou
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty heard our
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty heard our
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty
And in pi _ ty heard our pray'r. And in pi _ _ ty
pray'r heard my pray'r my pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
pray'r heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
pray'r heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
heard our pray'r heard our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
pray'r heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
heard our pray'r heard our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _
heard our pray'r our pray'r Closed thy shelt'ring wings a _


_round me And in pi_ty heard my pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_round her And in pi_ty heard our pray'r: Made the in_no_
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
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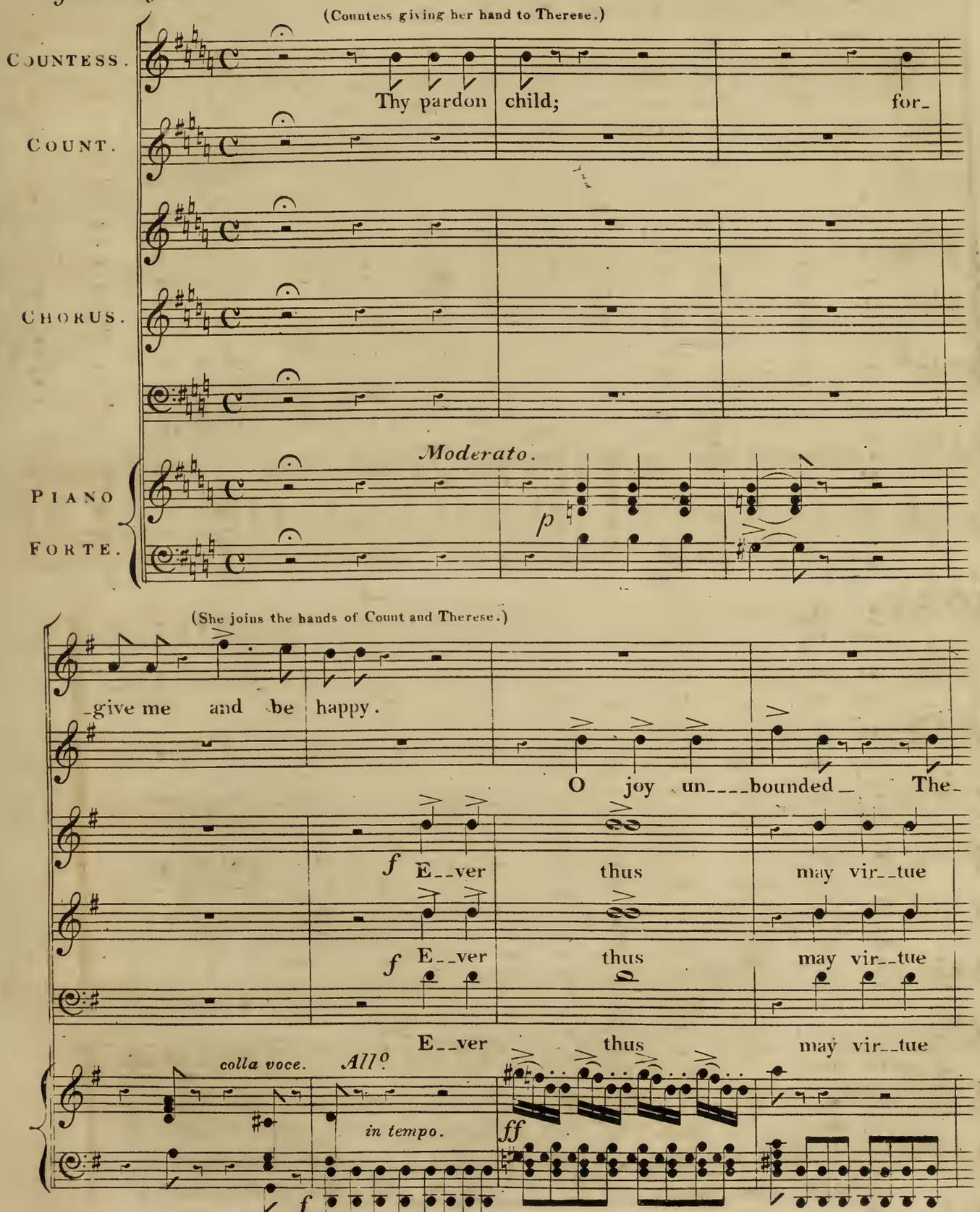
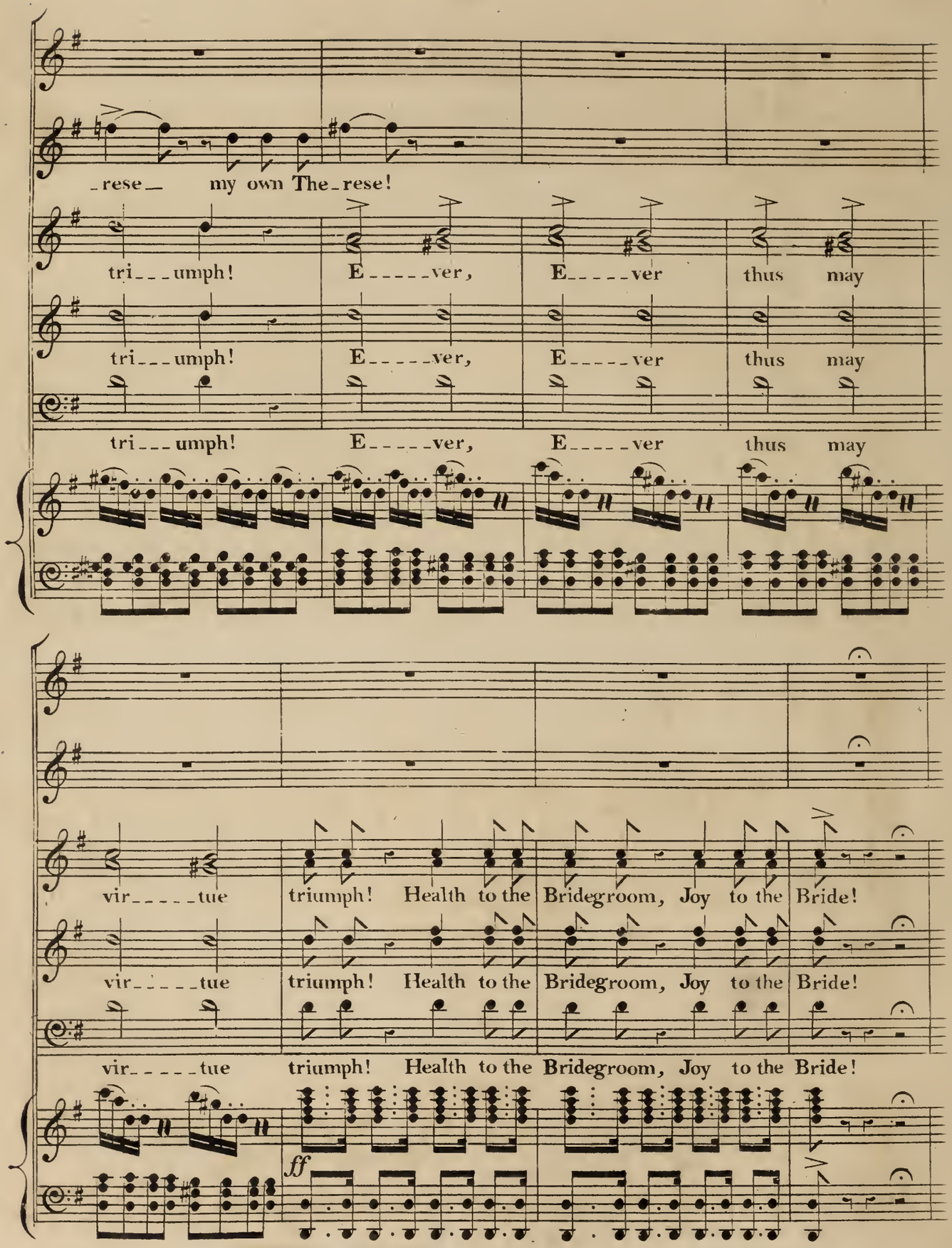
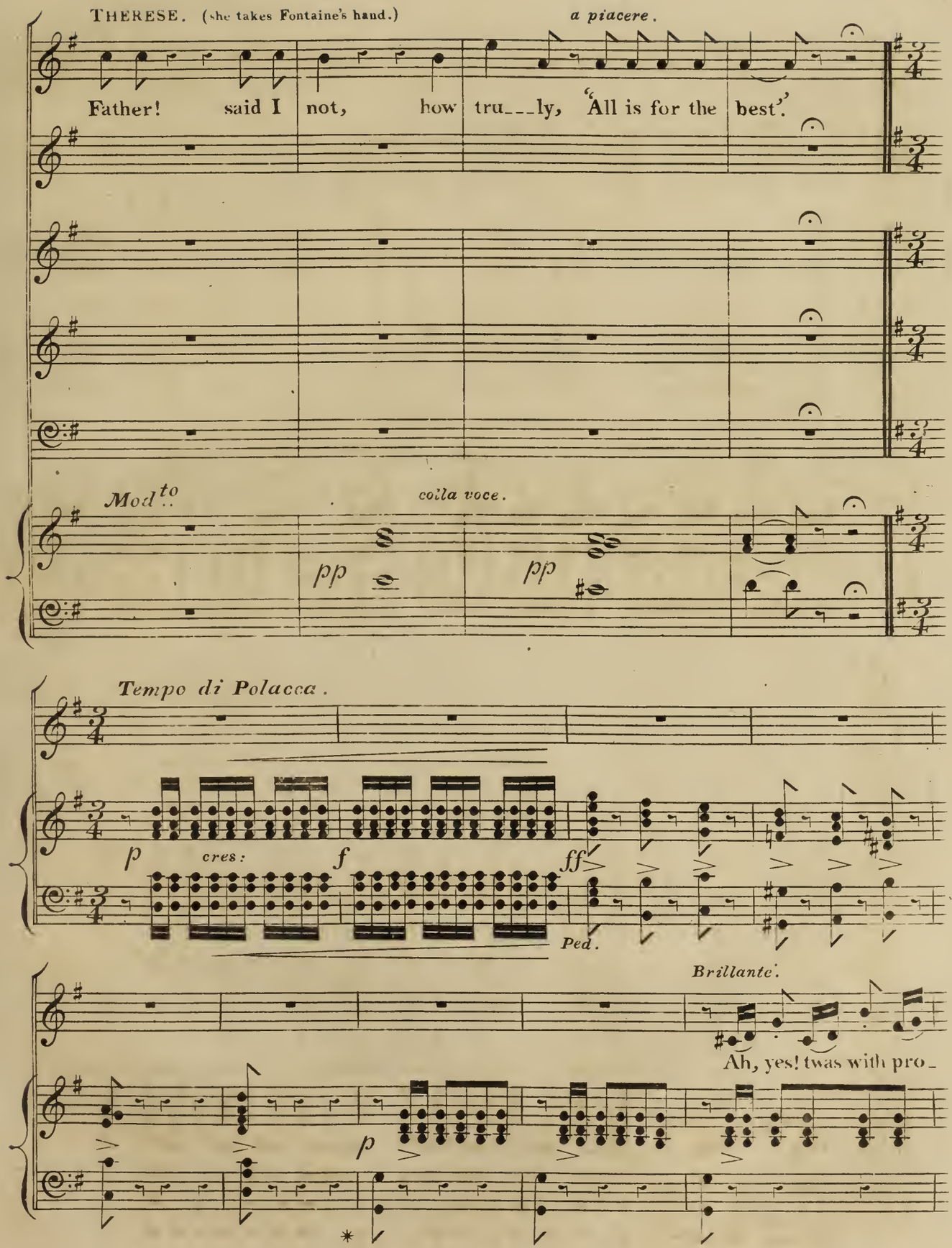
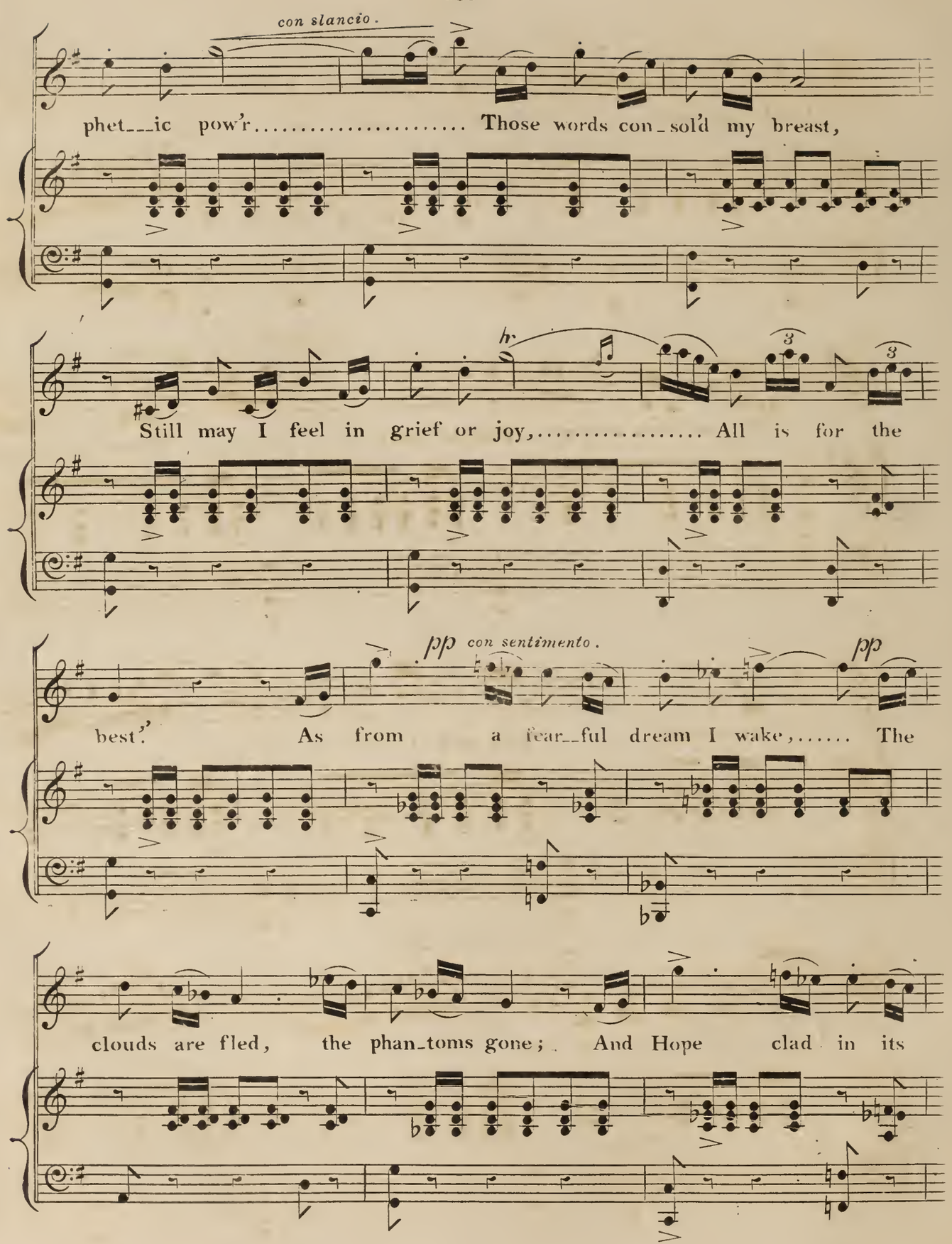
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care
_cent thy care, Made the in_no_cent thy care

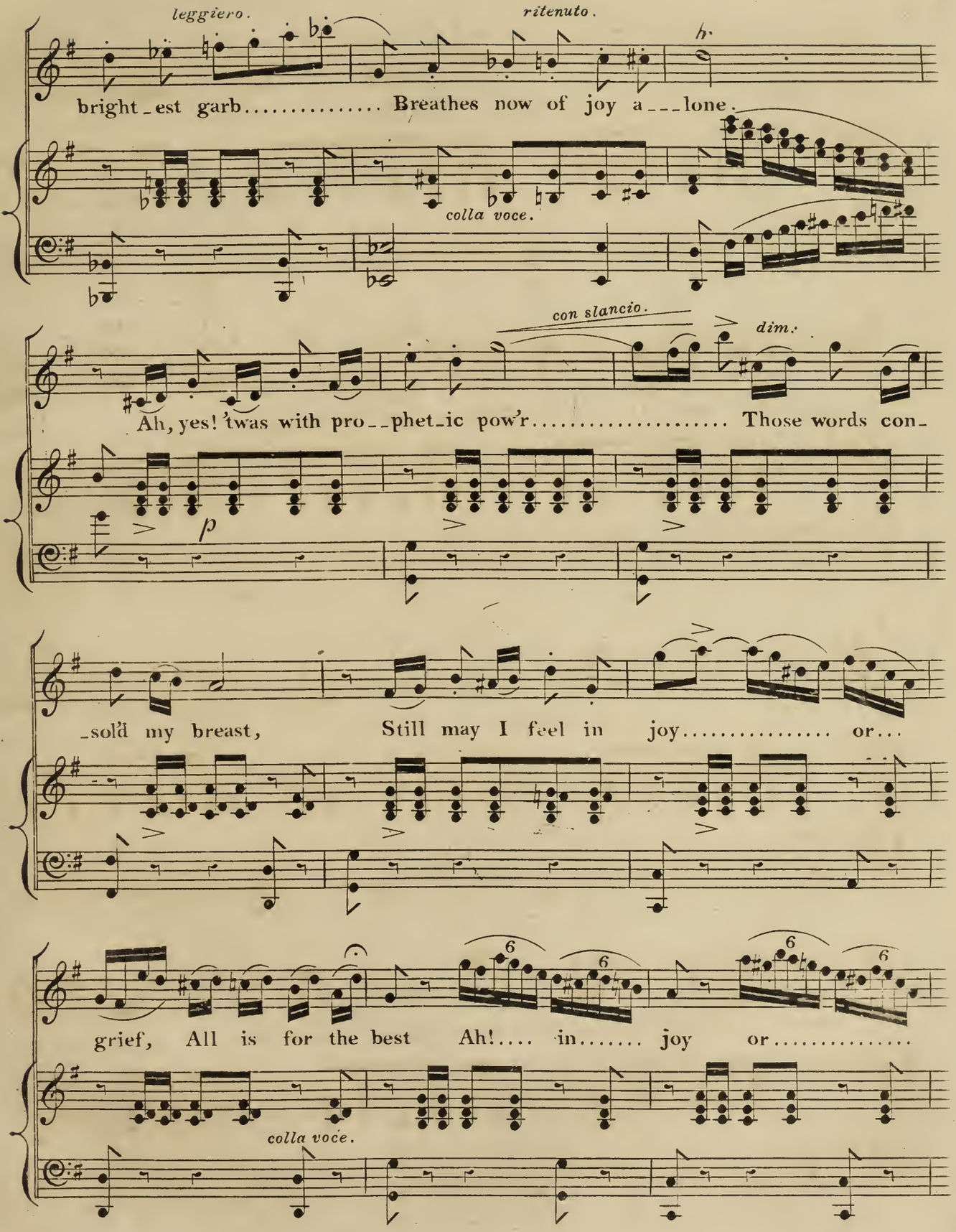
After Prayer.

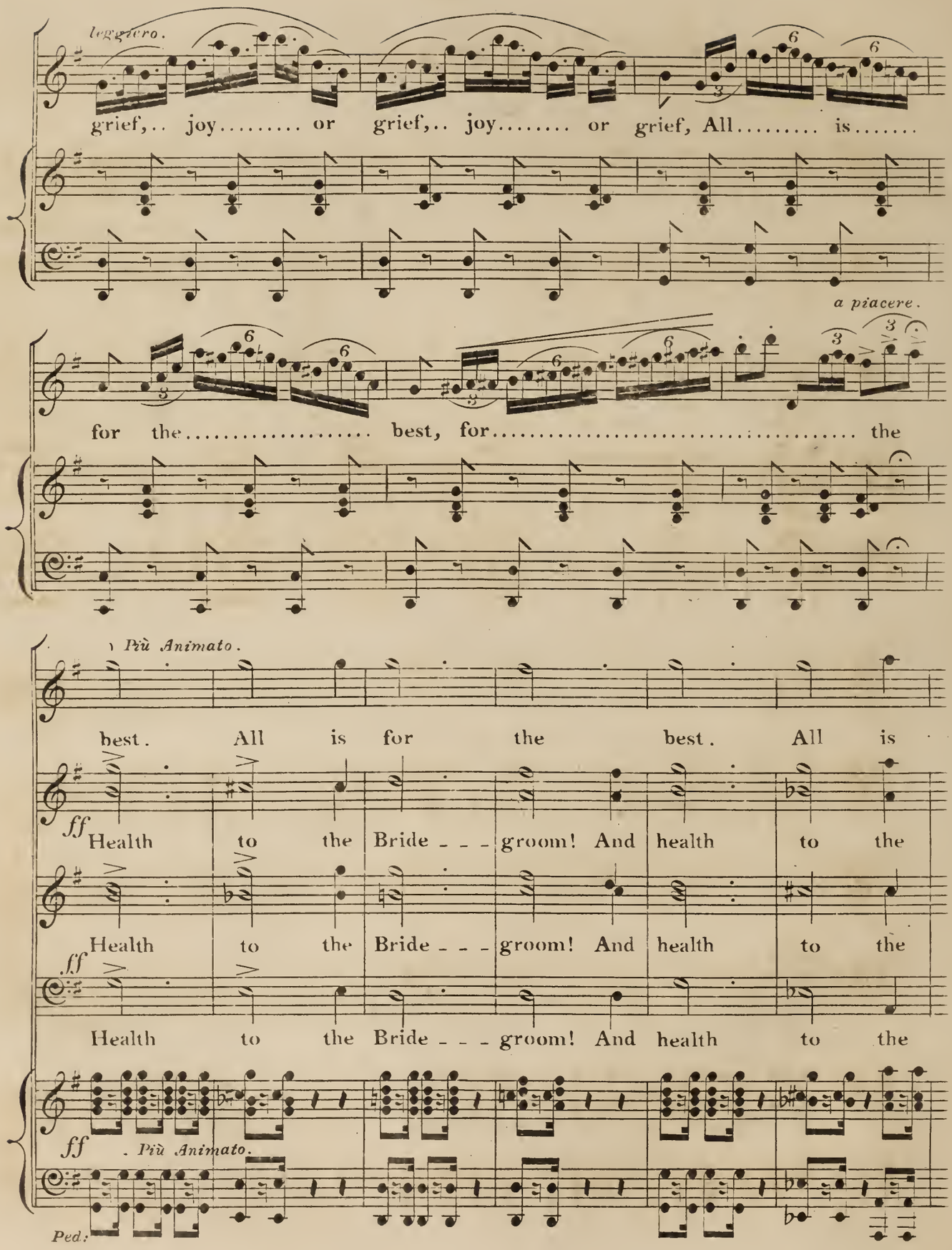


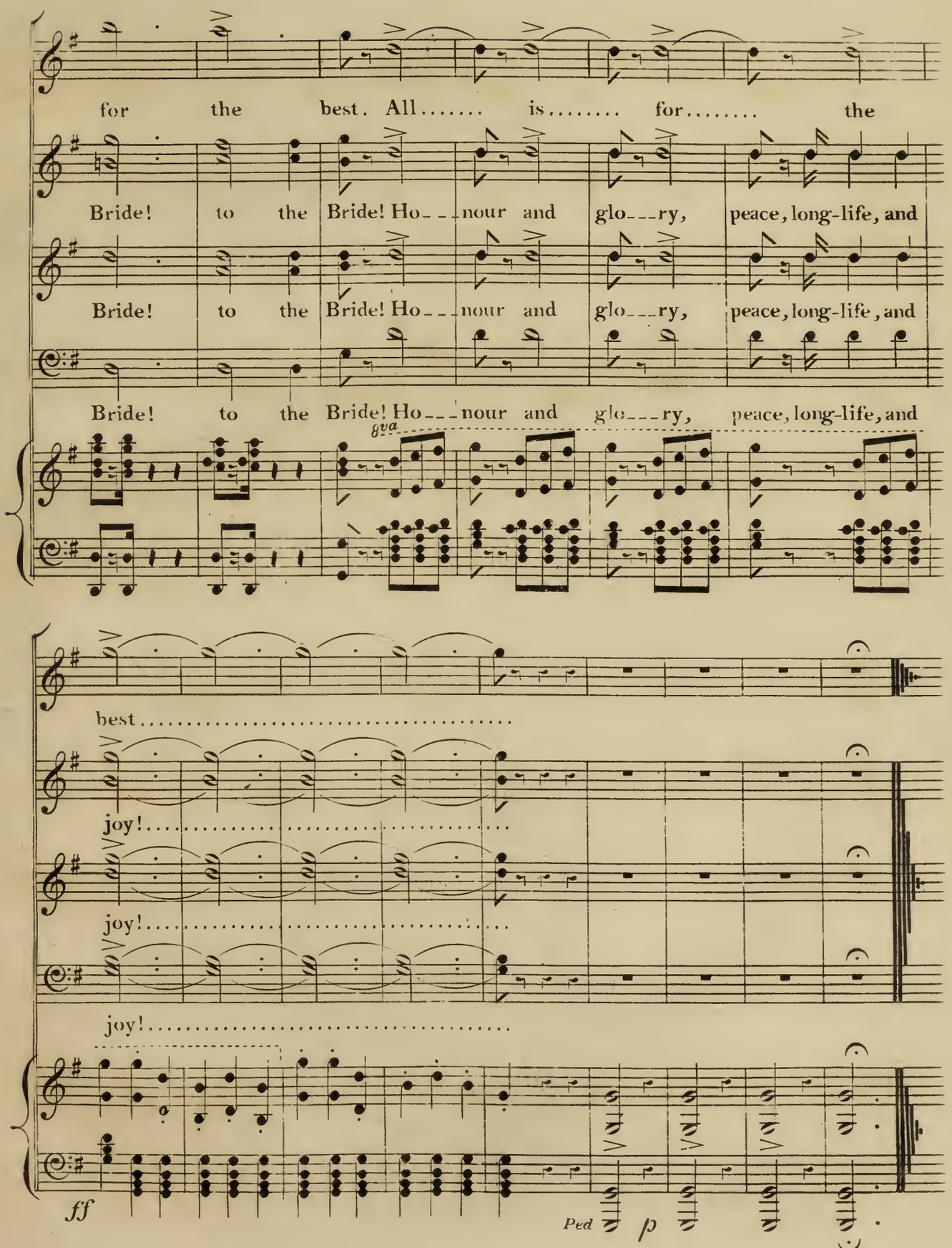

rese my own The_rese!
tri___umph! E_____ver, E_____ver thus may
tri___umph! E_____ver, E_____ver thus may
tri___umph! E_____ver, E_____ver thus may
vir_____tue triumph! Health to the Bridegroom, Joy to the Bride!
vir_____tue triumph! Health to the Bridegroom, Joy to the Bride!
vir_____tue triumph! Health to the Bridegroom, Joy to the Bride!
ff


THERESE. (she takes Fontaine's hand.)
a piacere.
Father! said I not, how tru___ly, "All is for the best".
Mod.to
colla voce.
pp
pp
Tempo di Polacca.
p
cres:
f
ff
Ped.
Brillante.
Ah, yes! twas with pro_
p


con slancio.
phet___ic pow'r..... Those words con_sol'd my breast,
Still may I feel in grief or joy,..... All is for the
pp con sentimento.
pp
best.' As from a fear_ful dream I wake,..... The
clouds are fled, the phan_toms gone; And Hope clad in its


leggiero.
ritenuto.
bright_est garb..... Breathes now of joy a___lone.
colla voce.
con slancio.
dim.
Ah, yes! 'twas with pro__phet_ic pow'r..... Those words con_
p
_sol'd my breast, Still may I feel in joy..... or...
grief, All is for the best Ah!.... in..... joy or.....
colla voce.


leggiero.
grief,.. joy..... or grief,.. joy..... or grief, All..... is.....
a piacere.
for the..... best, for..... the
Più Animato.
best. All is for the best. All is
ff Health to the Bride - - - groom! And health to the
Health to the Bride - - - groom! And health to the
ff
Health to the Bride - - - groom! And health to the
ff Più Animato.
Ped:



End of the Opera.