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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DOWNSHIRE.

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# THE EAR-RING.

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT.

THE MUSIC BY

F. SCHIRA.

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PRICE FIVE SHILLINGS.

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LONDON:

C. JEFFERYS, 57, BERNERS STREET, W.

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





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# THE EAR-RING.

## An Opera in one Act.

Music by F. SCHIRA.

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

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

### SCENE I.

LUCY discovered, with drawing materials in her hand.

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

Though I can't make a sketch, yet I  
On painters all do dote;  
On singers too, yet though I try,  
I cannot sing a note.  
I love him who from marble cold  
A life-like form can raise;  
To me so dear no crown of gold  
As coronet of bays.  
An artist's life is dear to me,  
An artist's wife I fain would be!  
  
A painter I could love, but though  
Another came before,  
To put the question, "Yes or No?"  
A sculptor I'd adore.  
A true Bohemian I'd wed,  
But as my fancies wing,  
By music all my thoughts are led—  
A singer is the thing!  
An artist's life is dear to me,  
An artist's wife I fain would be

*Enter* COUNTESS.

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

LUCY. Yes, so please your ladyship.

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

LUCY. Just fifteen months, my lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### DUET.

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

LUCY. Oh! then your ladyship really loved him?

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

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

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

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

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

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

COUNTESS. Lucy! leave the room!

LUCY. Oh! forgive me, my lady!

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

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

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

## SONG.

### I.

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

### II.

Light of life, and life's best blessing,  
Is the love that meets return,  
Can I, that rich boon possessing,  
E'er the matchless blessing spurn.

No, fondly, no! &c.

*Enter LUCY, running.*

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

COUNTESS. Well! what is it?

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

COUNTESS. What?

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

COUNTESS. Oh! he said that, did he?

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

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

[*Sits at piano, and plays.*]

LUCY. You are quite right, my lady.

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

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

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

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

## DUET.

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

Come and sing with me, Lucy.



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

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

*[Something falls into the room.]*

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

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

COUNTESS. Two pennies?

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

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

*[Bell heard.]*

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

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

*[Sits before fire, and takes up a book.]*

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

### TRIO.

ALFRED.	A piano!—yes, I must be right, This is the place whence came that strain.	}
COUNTESS.	What brings this stranger to my sight? Your business sir! come state it plain!	
LUCY.	He looks just like an artist, quite, And really he is far from plain!	
ALFRED.	Your pardon, Madame! Was it you Whose singing pained my ear?	
COUNTESS.	Your pardon sir!—and was it you Did at my singing jeer?	
ALFRED.	You played, "The Studies of the Heart?"	
COUNTESS.	I did!	
ALFRED.	The melody in B?	
COUNTESS.	Just so.	
ALFRED.	Then why did you depart From these directions? here you see—	

*[Takes music off piano.]*

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

*[Gives him pennies.]*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY. It's the portrait of my mistress.

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

LUCY. Bertha.

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

LUCY. Do you think so, sir?

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

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

ALFRED. What country do you come from?

LUCY. From Spain, sir.

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

LUCY. With great pleasure.

### SONG.

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

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



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

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

LUCY. Countess de Belleville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUCY. I hope you are in earnest this time.

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

[*Goes to piano, and sings.*

#### SONG.

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

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

[*Plays and sings very loudly.*

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

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

ALFRED (*aside*). I have succeeded.

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

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

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

ALFRED. Madame, this is ungenerous!

COUNTESS. Name your own price, then.

ALFRED. Your forgiveness!

COUNTESS. That is too much to ask.

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

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

COUNTESS (*slightly embarrassed*). Sir!

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

[*Turns to exit, R.*

LUCY. Not that way, sir.

[*Shows him out; exit brusquely.*

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

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

COUNTESS. What do you mean?

LUCY. It was a bet, my lady.

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

LUCY. What's the matter, my lady?

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

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



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

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

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

COUNTESS. But I do, sir!

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

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

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

#### DUET.

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

ALFRED. You smile—you have forgiven me?

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

ALFRED. Oh, Madame!

COUNTESS. We part friends, but we must part.

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

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

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

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

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

COUNTESS makes tea. *Servant retires.*

COUNTESS. Sit down, M. Alfred.

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

[*Goes to chimney.*]

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

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

COUNTESS. Why not?

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

COUNTESS. Thank you.

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

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

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

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

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

COUNTESS. Have you no friends?

ALFRED. None, Madame, I swear to you!

COUNTESS. Will you accept my friendship?

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

COUNTESS (*severely*). M. Alfred!

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

COUNTESS. Leave me, sir! I implore you!

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

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

ALFRED. Bertha!

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

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

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

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

COUNTESS. And where did this vision appear to you?

ALFRED. In the mountains of La Cornouaille.

COUNTESS (*aside*). Merciful powers!

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

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



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

COUNTESS. What is it ?

ALFRED. A jewel : this little ear-ring !

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

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

#### SONG.

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

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

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

ALFRED. Madame !

COUNTESS (*much affected*). Adieu !

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

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

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

*Re-enter LUCY, showing in JEAN.*

#### FINALE.

COUNTESS. Ho ! Jean ! what brings you here ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Falls upon his knees.*]

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

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

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

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

FINE.



1

# THE EAR RING

AN OPERA IN ONE ACT

Music by

F. SCHIRA.

## PRELUDIO.

HARMON: SOLO.

Andante  
Mosso.

*p*

PIANOFORTE.

*p* *p* *ff*

Ped:

Allegro giusto.

*p* *f* *f*







# THOUGH I CANT MAKE A SKETCH.

No. 1.

## SONG.

Words by  
DESMOND L. RYAN.

Music by  
F. SCHIRA.

*Moderato.*

VOICE. draw!

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

Lucy.

Though I cant make a

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



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

note. I love him who from marble cold A

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

crown of gold, no crown of gold, As coronet of



*f.* *p dolce.*

bays—An art\_ist's life, is dear to me. An art\_ist's wife I fain would

*colla voce.*

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

*colla voce.*

*con grazia.* *p*

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

*p colla voce.* *f*

*dim.* *rall?* *f*

yes, yes An art\_ist's wife an art\_ist's wife I fain would



be!

*Leggiero.*

*Ped.*

*p*

A paint\_er I could

love, but though, but though A\_noth\_er came be\_-\_fore, To

put the ques-\_tion, "Yes or No"? A sculp\_tor



yes a sculptor I'd a\_dore.... A true Bo\_he\_mian I would

wed... But as but as my fan\_cies wing..... A

true Bo\_he\_mian I would wed, a sin\_ger, yes, a singer is the

thing! An art\_ist's life is dear to me An art\_ist's wife, I fain would

*p* *f* *p* *dolce.* *colla voce.*



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

*colla voce. f*

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

*p colla voce.*

be ah! . . . . . yes! An art\_ist's life is dear to

*Presto.*

*ff*

me An art\_ist's wife I fain would be! . . . . .

*ff stretto.*

*Ped ff*



# IN BRITANNY LONG YEARS AGO.

No. 2.

Words by

**DUET.**

Music by

DESMOND L. RYAN.F. SCHIRA.

COUNTRESS.

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

PIANO.

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

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

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



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

*cres.*

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

*con sentimento.*

HARM: SOLO.

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

*a piacere.*

LUCY.

PIANO FORTE. *f*

Ped

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

*Recit.*

*ff*

*f Ped.*

- call? . . .

*Mod<sup>to</sup>*

HARM: SOLO.

*f*

*pp*



11  
COUNTESS.

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

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

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

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

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



*tenuta.*

12

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

*f* *pp* *dim.* *3*

PIANO FORTE. *p*

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

*dim.* *3* *f* *dim.*

*f* Ped. \*

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

*dim.* *3* *f* *dim.*

*p* *f* Ped. \*

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

*dim.* *tenuta.*

HARM: SOLO. *dim.*

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

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

Ped.

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

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

*f* *pp* HARM: SOLO.

*Recit.*

*Lucy.*

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

*lento. a piacere.*

*rall.*

COUNTRESS. *a piacere.*

Yes! and there were no less than twenty ver-ses!

PIANO FORTE. *colla voce.* TEMPO DI WALTZ.

I fol - low'd the

*p*

sound . . . At length I found My - self

*pp*



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

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

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

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

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

*PIANO FORTE.* *f*

*COUNT.* *a piacere.* Oh ten - der songs of heart - felt love . . . . .

love Oh ten - der songs of heart - felt love . . . . .

COUNTESS.

15

*leggiero.*

*Allegretto.*

LUCY.

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

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

*PIANO FORTE.*

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

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

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

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

*cres.*



*lunga.**ff* *Meno mosso.*

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

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

*ff* *colla voce.*

Ped

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

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

*f*

*Tempo 1º*

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

*p*

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

*Tempo 1º* *p*

\*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*presto.* *f*

*f*

Ped \*



Lo stesso tempo.

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

*cres.*

Sotto voce.

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

*f*

*p*

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

*p* *Allegro vivo.*

*Ped.*

# SAY WHY MY HEART SO WILDLY BEATING.

No. 3.

SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

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

COUNTRESS. Mod<sup>to</sup> Agitato.

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

*HARM: SOLO.* *p.*

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

*HARM: SOLO.*

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

*HARM: SOLO.*



*f* *a piacere. sotto voce.*

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

HARM : SOLO.

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

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the performance style is 'Con abbandono, quasi a piacere, e con grazia.' The lyrics are 'No, no, no, no fondly no! No, no,'. The piano part includes a 'PIANO FORTE' marking and a 'pp' (pianissimo) marking. The score features various musical notations including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

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

PIANO FORTE.

*pp*

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

*rall.* Poco più mosso.

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

*rall. p*

*pcolla voce.*

The Ear-ring. F. Schira.

21

*tenuta.**a tempo.*

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

*colla voce.*

*leggiere. a piacere.*

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

*a piacere.*

no . . . . . no . . . . . no my heart my heart re-

-plies.

*HARM: SOLO.*

*PIANO FORTE.*

*Ped.*



Moderato Agitato.

22

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

HARM: SOLO.

*p*

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

HARM: SOLO.

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

HARM:

*a piacere, sotto voce.*

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

HARM: SOLO.

*f*

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

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

PIANO FORTE.

*p*

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

*rall.*

*p colla voce.*

Poco più mosso.

No, fondly no my bosom sighs ah . . . . .

*p*

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

*colla voce.*



*leggiere, a piacere.*

- plies no, no, no, no, . . . . .

*ff* no . . . . . *pp* no . . . . .

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

- plies!

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

*3* *3* *\**

# WHO TALKS OF MUSIC'S DULCET JOYS.

No. 4.

## DUET.

F. SCHIRA.

**Allegro Moderato.** **COUNTRESS.** (ALL THE DUET TO BE SUNG PURPOSELY IN A COARSE MANNER)

**VOICE.**

Who talks of music's dul - cet joys?

**PIANO**

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

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

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

for is a noise! . . . . . Neither time, nor tune, nor measure, Give to

*ff* *p* *\**

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

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



care for is a noise all I care for is a noise Neither time,nor tune,nor measure,Give to

*con sgarbo.*

no Give to me the smallest pleasure! no, no, no, no, no, no,

PIANO FORTE.

*ff*

*affrettando.*

Ped.

*accel*

Poco

*affrettando.*

Ped.

*accel.*

Poco  
meno.

the smallest pleasure! no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! Lu\_cy

*stringendo.* *accel.*

\*

*stringendo.*

*accel.*

*1<sup>o</sup> tempo.*

come, and sing with me, come, sing with me; là, là, la,

*p*

27

*tr*  
*ff*

là . . . . . là là là

LUCY.

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

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

sounds so quick and loud and loud, When we

When we in a ball room crowd Trumpets, fiddles,

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

*imitando gl'istromenti;*

*ff*

scraping fid\_dles scraping scraping yes, eeh! eeh! tar\_a - ta

scraping yes . . . scrap - ing . . . . eeh! eeh! tara - ta

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

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



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

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

PIANO FORTE. HARM. HARM.

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

Ped. Ped. \*

TRUMPETS.

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

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

HARM: PIANO FORTE.

f PIANO FORTE. p f f f f

Ped. \* Ped. Ped.

[illegible]

The Ear-ring. F. Schirmer

LUCY.

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

*p staccato.*

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

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

*ff*  
Ped.

COUNTESS.

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

LUCY.

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

*p* *f*

\*



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

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

crowd... Trumpets flutes, dancers

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

fly\_ing and fid\_dles scraping scraping yes eeh! eeh

jostling leap\_ing yes leap\_ing eeh! HARM: eeh HARM:

VIOLINI. con sgarbo. *ff*

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

Ped. \* Ped. VIOLINI. \*

TRUMPETS.

tara - ta And dan\_cers fly\_ing, jost\_ling leap\_ing yes yes, eeh!

tara - ta And dan\_cers fly\_ing, jost\_ling leap\_ing yes yes, eeh! HARM:

PIANO FORTE. > HARM: PIANO FORTE.

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

Ped. \* Ped. Ped. Ped.

The Ear-ring. F. Schira.



TRUMPETS.

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

PIANO FORTE. eeh! HARM: PIANO FORTE. tara-ta HARM: PIANO FORTE. And dan-cers fly-ing jostling leap-ing I

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

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped.

like I like sounds quick and loud . . . . and loud . . . . .

like I like sounds quick and loud . . . . and loud . . . . .

*f* *stuenando.*

and . . . . . and . . . . .

*fff* *stringendo.*

loud . . . . .

loud . . . . .

*stringendo.*



# A PIANO YES, I MUST BE RIGHT!

No. 5.

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

COUNTESS.

LUCY.

ALFRED

PIANO.

*And<sup>te</sup> animato.*

A piano? yes, I must be right! yes, I must be

*stac.**p**p*

What brings this stranger,

to my sight?

What brings this

He looks just like an artist,

quite,

and really he is

right!

This is the place yes,

whence came that strain!

Ped

\*

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

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

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

*legato.*

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

*a piacere.* All<sup>o</sup> Moderato.

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

*ff* *p*

Ped \*

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



was it you Did at my sing-ing jeer?

You play'd "the studies of the

I did! just so! just so, I

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

did! . Your pardon

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

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

stopp'd ....

Ex - cuse me, ex - cuse me, but I could not stand by, Hear an A -

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



Oh! with fire my heart is ra-ging with

Oh! with fire my heart is ra-ging with

jerk like the squeak of a pig!

*ff* Ped.

fire my heart is ra - - - - -ging!

fire my heart is ra - - - - -ging!

like the squeak of a pig! . . . .

All?

Oh with fire my heart is ra- ging

Oh with fire my heart is ra - ging

Oh with fire my heart is ra - ging is

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

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

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



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

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

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

PIANO FORTE.

*f* *p*

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

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

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

*f*

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

And my bo-som's fire, my

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

*p* *cres: a poco.*

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

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

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

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

The fierce con - test

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

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

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

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

HARM: SOLO.



The Ear-ring. F. Schira.

# I ONCE KNEW AN ARTIST.

No 6.

## SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

Allegro  
Moderato.

*f*

*Ped.*

*Ped.*

*Lucy.*

*HARM: SOLO.*

*poco meno mosso.*

*p*

*leg.*

*colla voce.*

I once knew an Artist, As fair as A - pol - lo, The art of a  
painter He vow'd he would fol - low. Ah! ah! I re -



*sotto voce.*

- mem\_ber him . . . on\_ly too well, For at love making he was knownto ex\_

PIANO FORTE, *p* *colla voce.*

- cell . . . . . I re\_ member him . . . on\_ly too well, At love

*a tempo.* *poco più animato.*

*colla voce.* *p*

making he was known to ex\_ cel; yes, to ex\_

- cel . . . . . to ex\_ cel . . . . . to ex\_

*colla voce.* *p*

*un poco meno.*

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

*pp sotto voce.* *pp* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*pp sotto voce.* *Poco più mosso.* *f* *dim.*

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

*pp* *animato.* *f* *dim.* *Ped.*

*p* *dim.* *pp* *f* *dim.*

well . . . . . too well . . . . . too well . . . . .

*p* *rall. un poco.* *pp* *tempo.* *f* *affrettando.* *Ped.*

*pp rall.* *8va* *f* *f* *Ped.*



1<sup>o</sup> tempo.

HARM: SOLO.

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

*poco meno mosso.*

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

*colla voce.*

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

PIANO FORTE.

*p colla voce.*

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

*sf*

him my heart but he is gone And I

*più animato.*  
*poco più animato.*

*colla voce. p*

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

*cres.*

gone, . . . I am left a - lone . . . a -

*colla voce.*



*un poco meno.*

- lone . . . . I am left a - lone, a - lone, . . . .

*pp sotto voce.*

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*p sotto voce.* *Poco più mosso.* *f*

mourn\_ing sad - ly yes a - lone . . . . a -

*pp* *animato.* *f*

*Ped.* *Ped.*

*dim. p* *pp* *f*

- lone . . . . a - lone . . . . a - lone . . . . a

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

*Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*più mosso.*

*dim.*

- lone . . . . .

*affrettando.* *8va.*

*f* *pp* *f*

*Ped.* *\* Ped. \**

# OH MY LIFE IS WEARY.

No. 7.

SONG.F. SCHIRA.

VOICE.

Moderato Pastorale.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score. It consists of a voice staff and a piano accompaniment. The piano part is written in 6/8 time and includes dynamic markings such as *ff* and *Ped.* (Pedal). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

ALFRED.

The second system of the musical score. It features a voice part with the lyrics "Oh my life is wear - y, wear - y, wear - y," and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same 6/8 time signature and key signature.

The third system of the musical score. It features a voice part with the lyrics "wear - y, oh! my life! All a - lone the live long" and a piano accompaniment. The piano part continues with the same 6/8 time signature and key signature.

*f* Ped.

The Ear-ring. F. Schira.



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

HARM: SOLO. *pp*

PIANO FORTE. *f* Ped.

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

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

HARM: SOLO.

*lento.* *rall.* *in tempo.*

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

*colla voce.* PIANO FORTE. *p*

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

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

*colla voce.*

*... sempre*

*pp*

*p* *8va*

*Ped pp* \*

*Recit. a piacere.*

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

*f*

*1<sup>o</sup> tempo.*

but I'll be obstinate too . . . . .

*f* *Ped.*



Oh for wo...man's smiles to

\*

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

*f* *Ped. ff*

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

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

\*

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

*PIANO FORTE.* *f*

\*

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

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

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

*lento.* *rall.* *in tempo.*

*colla voce.* *PIANO FORTE.*

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

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

*colla voce.*

near ! . . . . .

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

*tempo.*



# WHEN MUSIC'S CHARMS FALL ON MY EARS.

No. 8.

## DUET.

F. SCHIRA.

Larghetto  
Cantabile.

*ff* *Ped.*

ALFRED. *dolce.*

When . . . . mu - sic's

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

*dolce rall.*

*p*

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

*colla voce.*

COUNTLESS. *dolce.*

When mu - sic's charms fall on my

fears ! . . . .

*dim.*

ears, fall on my ears . . . . . Their sweet en -

*p*

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

*A*



*dolce rall un poco.*

- \_ chant - ment . . . . . calm my fears, calm my

^ Their sweet en - chant - \_ ment calm my

*colla voce.**sotto voce.*

fears ! . .

When tune - \_ \_ \_ \_ \_ ful voi - \_ \_ ces

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

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

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

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

far a-way . .

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

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

joy, to you, and me, yes

dim.



*rall: un poco in tempo.*

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

joy, . . . . . oh! yes, peace and joy! .

*colla voce.*

*in tempo.*

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

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

me, ah! . . . . . yes,

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

*rall.*

*un poce meno sotto voce.*

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

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

*pp* *colla voce.* *pp*

Ped. \*

*dolcissimo, e sotto voce.*

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

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

*ppp* *pp*

v

2 PEDALI.

*morendo.*

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

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

*ppp* *rall. morendo.* *ppp* *rall.*



# THE LIVE LONG DAY BY MOUNTAINS SIDE.

No. 9.

SONG.

F. SCHIRA.

*Moderato.*

HARM. SOLO.

*f* *p*

ALFRED.

The live long day by moun-tains

HARM. SOLO.

*p*

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

*lunga.*

*f* *p*

my wand'ring flock, And

homeward lead at e - ven - tide, From herb - age sweet a - mong the  
rocks; And when they rest in soft re - pose, . . . I lie 'mong  
flow'rs, and frag - rant thyme : . . . . In - hal - ing scents of sweet wild  
rose, wild rose . . . . . wild rose, wild rose And



*dim.* *dim.*

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

PIANO FORTE. *pp*

climb, . . . . Oh yes, a shep - herds life . . . . . for

*f* *f*

Ped \*

*dim.* *f* *dim.*

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

*p* *f*

Ped

*p*

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

*dim.* *pp*

HARM: SOLO.

\*

oh! Is not more buoyant or more free! A . . . .

*dim.* *p* *dolce.*

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

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

*pp*

*p* *pp* *pp*

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

*f* *pp* *pp*

*morendo.*

- - cell! . . . . .

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

*pp*



# HO! JEAN, WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE.

No. 10.

## FINALE.

Words by DESMOND L. RYAN.

F. SCHIRA.

COUNTRESS. *All. Mod<sup>to</sup>* Ho! Jean, what brings you here?

JEAN. My master sends you

ALLEGRO MODERATO. *p*

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

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

*a piacere.*

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

mind, Till he can come and sue!

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

*in tempo.*

\_line!

What can it mean, A note for Mademoiselle An\_ge \_line!

What can it mean, A note for Mademoiselle An\_ge \_line!

what can it

Rage and shanemy sen \_ ses

Ped.

what can it mean?

what can it mean?

*(Reading the letter.)*

"MY DEAR ANGELINE,

mean?

what can it mean?

what can it mean?

fet \_ \_ter,

I've been and gi \_ ven her

the wrong let \_ \_ter!

*f a piacere.**Moderato.*I SHALL BE WITH YOU  
THIS EVENING"

'Tis e \_ nough, 'tis e \_ \_ \_ \_ nough!

Go you Sir un \_ to your



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

*p*

mistress, But ne \_ ver more, to come to me, no never more, to come to

me, no, no, no, no, no never more, no! ne \_ ver more to come to

*f* *p*

Ped \*

me! go, go, . . . . . you Sir un \_ to your

what can it mean? what can it mean? a note for An \_ \_ \_ \_ ge \_

what can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An \_ ge \_

rage and shame, rage and shame, rage and shame my senses

*p*

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



master, go! go! . . . . . Tell him that now he's

\_line, What can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - - - - ge -

\_line, What can it mean? what can it mean? what can it mean? A note for An - ge -

fetter, Rage and shame, rage and shame, Rage and shame, my sen - ses

free! And . . . . . ne - - - ver . . . . more to come . . . to

\_line! What can it mean, what can, what can it

\_line! What can it mean what can what can it

fetter, I've been and gi - - - ven her the wrong

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

mean? what can it mean? A note for An\_geline What can it

mean? what can it mean? A note for An\_geline What can it

letterage and shamemy senses fetter yes I've been and given her and given her yes the wrong

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

Ped

more! . . . . .

mean? can it mean, can it mean?

mean? . . . . .

letter, rage and shame, rage and shame!

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

*Ped.*

*Andante Moderato.*

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

*p legato.*

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

*leg:* *p*

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

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

*dim.* *pp stargando* *pp*



me! *a piacere.*

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

*pp in tempo.* *slargando.*

*Allo Mod<sup>to</sup>.*

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

*tremolo*

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

*stentate.* *Presto.*

vis\_ion of the mountain, Back to me a\_ gain is brought! For mercy

*dim.* *colla voce.* *cres.*

*Lento. a piacere.*

*in calzando.* I have the o\_ther ear\_ring here, you

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

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

Allegro.

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

*ff* *Ped. ff*

LUCY.

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

love! . . . .

JEAN.

*All?* Hurrah! Hurrah!

*f* *Ped. ff*

marries!

*a piacere.*

hurrah! hur - - rah!

Let's make a

*fff*

*a piacere.*

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

match, Of grooms I'm smartest!

*lento.* *colla voce.*



## Allegro Moderato.

*sotto voce.*

Oh! the ra - - diant, the

Oh! the ra - - diant, the

Oh! the ra - - diant, the

Oh! the ra - - diant, the

*f* Allegro Moderato.

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

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

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

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

*cres.* *pp* *dim.*

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

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

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

hours. . . . . Oh! the radiant,

*p* *cres.* *pp* *leggiro.*

ra - - - diant mo - - - ments winging, On their flight, on their flight, . . . to

ra - - - diant moments winging, On their flight, their flight, to

ra - - - diant mo - - - ments winging, On their flight, their flight, . . . to

oh the radiant moments moments winging, On their flight, to hap - py hours, yes, on their

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



*h. sotto voce.* *p* *cres.* *ff*

hours . . . . . happy hours,

hours, happy hours, hap-py hours, hap-py hours, hap-py hours, happy hours,

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

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

*p* *leggiere.*

Là . . . . . là . . . . .

hap-py hours, Là . . . . . là . . . . .

Heart in heart . . . . . to- geth- er, to-

happy hours, Heart in heart to- gether twining,

là . . . . . là . . . . . là . . . . . là . . . . . là . . . . .

to- geth- er twining, We'll to sor- row, to sor- row, yes,

They'll to sor- row bid a- dieu yes, ne- ver, ne- ver more to be re-

la. .... la. .... la. ....

la. .... la. .... la. .... la. ....

bid a - dieu! Ne - ver more to be re - pin - ing, But with  
pin - ing, be re - pin - ing yes, But with love, But with love

la. .... la. Heart in heart, yes, to - geth - er, to -  
yes Heart in heart, yes, to - geth - er, to -  
love, life to re - new. Heart in heart, yes, to - geth - er, to -  
life to re - new. Heart in heart, yes, to - geth - er, to -

- geth - er yes twin - ing oh yes we'll to sor - row yes, bid a -  
- geth - er yes twin - ing oh yes they'll to sor - row oh yes, bid a -  
- geth - er yes twin - ing oh yes we'll to sor - row oh yes, bid a -  
- geth - er yes twin - ing oh yes they'll to sor - row oh yes, bid a -



All<sup>o</sup> vivo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Ped*

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

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

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

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

*ff* Ped

Oh! ..... love! ..

Oh! ..... love! ..

Oh! ..... love! ..

Oh! ..... love! .. Mod.to

*ff* Ped

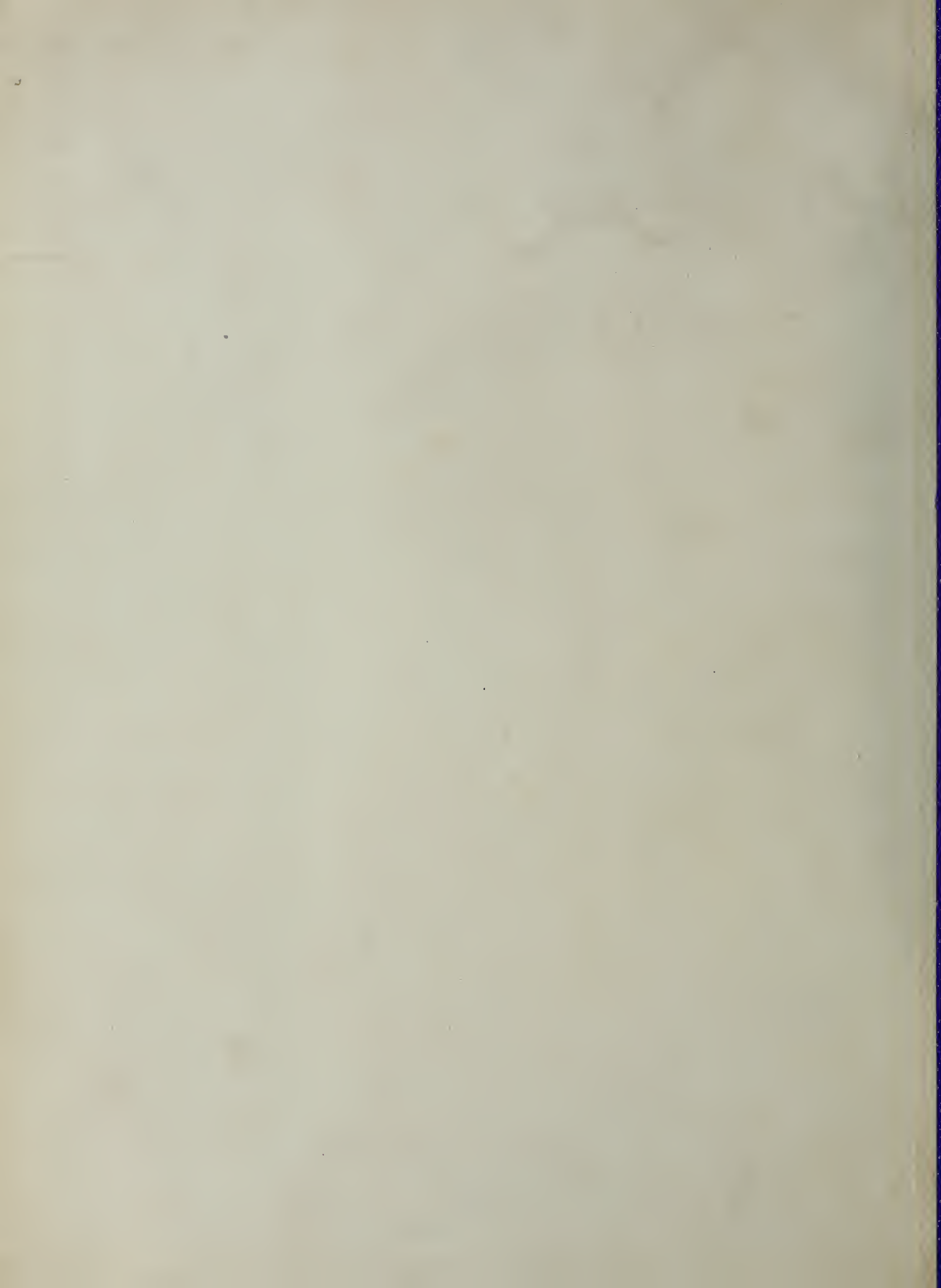
*8ve* *affrettando.*































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