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Prompt book (no. 1, act 3). no. 1, act 3 c1884

von Suppé, Franz et al.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], c1884

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«PROMPT BOOK»

No. 1.

Act 3

OF THE OPERA

A Trip to Africa

From ARTHUR W. TAMS' Musical Library,

NEW YORK.

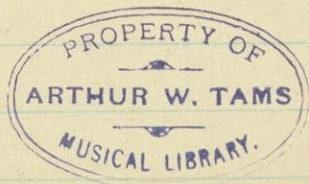


A Trip to Africa.

Comic Opera

in Three Acts

Act 3.



Act 3.

Scene. — An Oasis in the Interior of Africa, with a view of the Sahara

No. 14. — Chorus and Romulus.

(Chorus exit noiselessly. Tit. Antarsis goes to tent Tit. and lifts curtain.)

Ant.:

Titania! The day has dawned!

Titania.

(Pisusq. enters and embraces him.) The day of happiness!

Ant.

My own sweet love!

Tessa.

(Following Titania from tent) I don't see much fun in coming into the Desert to watch you two squaw.

Titau.

Have you forgotten that Mercidillo is with us.

Tessa.

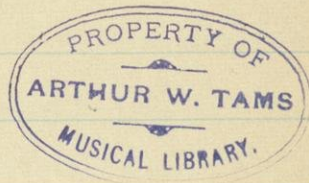
(Discontentedly) No, but you've got such a lot of pretty slaves, too. How do I know he won't be flirting with them instead of talking to me.

Aut.

Let us seek his love.

Tessa.

How?



Titania.

I know. I hide yourself, and will tell him that Faufani Pasha stole you in the night. (mer's voice heard inside tent.)

Aut.

Quick! That is his voice. Hide yourself.

Jessa.

Oh, Miradillo! my beloved Miradillo!
(exit into Tent I.)

Mir.

(Looking out of Tent.) I thought I heard
Jessa's voice. (Enters, fastening neck-
tie, as if in act of dressing. He is followed
by Hosh, who carries comb, brush and
mirror.)

Aut.

(To Tit.) Now let us tell him some plausi-
ble story and see what happens.

Mir.

(To Titaw.) Ah, dearest spouse, good
morning. Pardon my unfinished
toilet, and smile graciously upon me.
(To Aut.) Bonjour, Prince. What is
your programme for the day?

Aut.

First I shall marry Titania.

Mir.

You seem to forget the lady is my wife.

Aut.

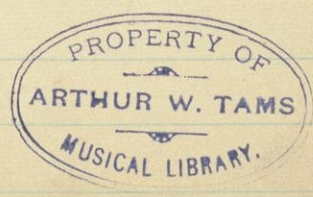
And you seem to forget our compact of last night. But dont look so nonplussed my friend. I know all, and there is no longer any necessity for you to assume a role which must be as obnoxious to you as it is to ~~me~~ us.

Tit.

(X C., laughing) Yes Signor Miradillo I disengage you from all obligations your assistance can now be dispensed with.

Mir.

Who dismissed them?



Aut.

unquestionably. within an hour, Titania will be my wife. Fast horses are awaiting us, and in a short time we can reach a Coptic Settlement. The Copts, like ourselves are Christians, and once in their little chapel there will be no obstacle to our getting married.

mev.

(Uneasily) But as regards myself — Did I understand you to name a bank?

Titaw.

Don't be afraid. Your recompense is deposited at the Italian Consulate at Cairo.

mev.

(Delighted) Let me congratulate you, Signora, and you more, Prince. I will bid you a speedy adieu, as I have a little business to transact in Cairo.

Tilán.

At the Consulate! Oh by the way, I forgot to tell you, the money is deposited in Lessa's name.

Mir.

(Grestfallen) Oh!

Tilán.

Yes, I thought it would be a nice little wedding portion for her, and as you have been so long engaged, I felt it was quite safe to submit it to her keeping. Besides you know, Señor Miradillo, in this hot climate, money melts so quickly.

Mir.

(Sighing) Bachelor days, good bye - Good bye to my dreams of greatness! Great explorer in embryo, bid a long farewell to the world's untrodden fields, and launch your little bark on the troubled sea of matrimony. Where's Lessa?

Ant. and Lit.

(Feigning Confusion.) Tessa?

mir.

Yes. I'll look for her without delay.

Aut.

Let me send some of my men with you, and if you wait a moment I'll give you a letter of recommendation to the Sultan of Timbuctoo.

mir.

What for?

Lit.

Alas, poor Miradilla!

mir.

Why, what the matter?

Lit.

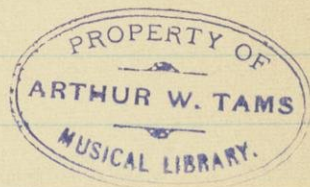
Is it possible you don't know?

Aut.

Break the news gently to him, Titania.

mir.

(Anxiously) What is it?



No. 18. — Tessa

Naked. (twice)

Fanfani for the Act

Bedouins.

Tit.

Compose yourself, Miradello, Lessa -
Lessa - is - - - - - lost! (Bus. - pantomimes)

Aut.

She has been abducted during the night
by Janfani Pasha.

Mer.

(Indespair.) Villain! Villain! Where
has he taken her! Tell me that I may
follow.

Aut.

Into the Interior.

Mer.

(Collapsing) Into the Interior? Then I'll
have to explore this dashed country
after all. Just my luck. With the
whole world to choose from, he must
go and hit upon the one spot I most
particularly dislike. Suppose I should
die there, and all that good money be

wasted! Oh Africa! I immolate my-
self upon Thy altar. Take another
victim unto Thy sandy bosom.

"On Stanley on" were the last
words of Miradillo. (Exit T. I. E.)

No. 15. - Terzett.

After Terzett - all exit T. Enter Tessa
followed by Nakiel from tent T.

Nakiel.

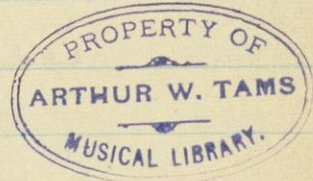
What did I tell you? You see how
faithful he is. He loves you so much
that he will follow you into the interior

(Enter Merv. T., he crosses stage
to tent R., without perceiving Tessa.)

Merv.

They are hastening to the chapel while
I have to go into the interior. (Appears
very dejected) Well, I'll make my prep-
arations with a view to safety rather

than speed; and in the meanwhile, my
Tessa may be found by somebody else -
(About to enter tent.)



Tessa

miradillo!

mir.

Tessa! you here! not carried off! my
dearest, I was hurrying after you.

Tessa

I saved myself through cunning and
strategy, hurried back, and here I am -

mir.

(aside) How glad I am I didn't hurry -
I might have been in the interior by
this time. Ugh!

.Enter Naked, running, excited.

nak.

Sure, sir, the devil fly away wid me if
here isn't the ould Pasha riding like
ould milk with a crowd of howling Redoubts
both him. Och sure, wero all dead men.

no. 19. Jessa

Hosch

Miradillo. For the Act

Jessa

Nakid. For the Act.

Mir.

Fanfani Pasha! Lessa, you must hide in the tent, and we must delay the Pasha here until Talaña and the Prince have reached the Chapel - Come into my tent quick, while we make our plans - (Exit into tent R.)

No. 16 - Bedouin Chorus

(After Chorus Bedouins Exit)

Fan.

Now to search the tents (Raises curtain of tent R, starts back in surprise.) Ah! one of them already.

Enter Mir. from tent, R. 2. E.

Mir.

Why, by Jove, Fanfani Pasha, why this is agreeable of you. First you have us carried off, and then follow to see how we are getting on.

Fan.

(Angry) It was you, you scoundrel, who

was to be kidnaped. I didn't anticipate the Prince's taking half Cairo with him.

Mir.

Antaraid does things in steps, I can't tell you. He thought it was a shame to break up such a nice little family party, so he brought us all along.

Faw.

How dare he take my Lissa from me? -
(Furiously producing dagger.)

Mir.

(Afraid of weapon) Oh, you'd better settle that with him when you see him.

Faw.

Where is he - where the thief?

Mir.

Out shooting wild donkeys. Don't spring yourself too suddenly on him or you'll get shot.

Faw.

Idiot, where is Lissa? Produce her or -

stantly, or I'll strangle you.

Enter Tessa from behind R., carry-
ing tray of food. Hush follows with
two bottles, and a slave brings on
chair & table, on which Tessa puts tray.

Tessa-

Your wife sends you your breakfast, Sig-
nor, She will be with you presently. (No-
tices Faufani) Ah, my dear Pasha, what
a delightful surprise!

Fau.

(Relinquishes her., and takes Tessa's hand.)
At last I see you again, lovely gazelle,
but in what company!

Tessa.

(Tragically) Hush! Pity him! His days
are numbered! I shall kill him.

Fau.

The deuce! Why?

Tessa

(Gloomily) I loved him, and he deceived

me. I am a Sicilian. We never forgive
a wrong. The bottle which Hesk has just
uncorked, contains a poisoned wine.
He will drink it, (X.L.) and —

Fau-

(Anxiously) But the other bottle, sweet
love. Does that also contain a deco-
ction for the abbreviation of lives.

Levar.

Oh no — that is all right. But, Faufau is
watch him, and when his eyes roll and
his teeth chatter, and his frame is con-
vulsed with the agony of Death, whis-
per in his ear "Such is the revenge of a
Sicilian". (Exit into tent I.)

Fau-

A girl fit for the gods! She makes my
flesh creep — Methinks she could make
things warm for me!

Mir.

(Who is eating) Well, uncle, would you

No. 20. — Buccanetta
Sitaniæ.
Antarsis
Everybody } For
the Act

would drink with me? Let me fill a glass for you. (reaches for bottle)

Fau.

(Quickly) No, no, much obliged; you keep that bottle. I'll drink from this. (aside)
I'm too young to die yet

Mir.

Just as you please, dear uncle. I'll keep my own bottle, then. (Drinks.)

Fau.

(aside) He'll drop dead in a minute. Well, nephew, how do you feel?

Mir.

Never was better in my life. Here to your good health.

Fau.

(Drinking) Same to you. (aside) He'll keel over in two seconds - (notices Mir. rubbing forehead) Were a little heady, dear boy?

Mir.

Not at all. Never drank better. Uncle, you

and I have been enemies long enough.
Let us be friends.

Fan.

(aside) He's getting affectionate. That's a
very bad sign. Well, I'll humor him.
It's his last request. (Aloud) All right.
Here we go! (They embrace) I hope he
won't stiffen round my neck!

Tessa enters from tent.

Tessa.

You gentlemen seem quite jolly,
mer.



Yes, we are so happy, we are reconciled

Fan.

(To Tessa) He doesn't die for a cent!

Tessa

I don't understand it. It's Naki's best
chance. (As if struck by a terrible thought.)
Can it be possible! (X C) (Hurries to
table, and returns to Fan.) He has changed
the bottles!

Fanfani

(Annihilated.) Ch-ch-changed the bottles!
Sacred El Mah di. I'm a mummy.
(Regress to Stagger.)

Jessa.

Whats the matter.

Fau.

I'm poisoned. I drank from the other
bottle. The antidote, quick. Naked, Naked
Help! Naked! Naked!

Nak.

(Running in from tent.) Whats the matter.
Who calls for help?

Fau.

(Clinging to him.) Oh! Naked, an antidote
for heavens sake!

Nak.

Have you taken poison?

Fau.

A whole bottle full!

Natikid.

Wait a moment till I analyse it.

Faw.

No; cure me first: then analyse it.

Natikid.

That is quite impossible.

Faw.

Oh! is there no one who can help me in my distress?

[Buccametta enters from tent Tr.]

Bucc.

Yes, dear Pasha, I can.

Faw.

The red head! Oh mahommed!

Tessa.

Mamma! Buccametta.

Mör.

My future mother in law! Say, Natikid, haven't you got an antidote for mothers in law?

naked.

my poisons are very effective ab-

Law.

Hear him! Can no one preserve my life!

Bucca.

Will you marry me if I cure you?

Law.

Save my life and I'll commit any crime.

no. 17 - Melodramatic Music.

Bucca.

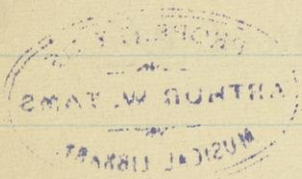
Then rise my love and live! You have swallowed a small quantity of diluted Apple Jack, and you are mine!

Law.

(Rising crestfallen.) Under these circumstances, I'll consider the marriage question.

music.

Care for everybody.



Enter Antares & Titania, embracing.

Chor.

(Behind Scenes.) Mira! Mira! Fata
Morgana!

Jaw.

What does this mean?

Ant:

Come present you to my bride.

Jaw.

And Miradillo?

Bucca:

Oh — that was —

Jaw.

(Groaning) More apple Jack! Bang goes
two millions!

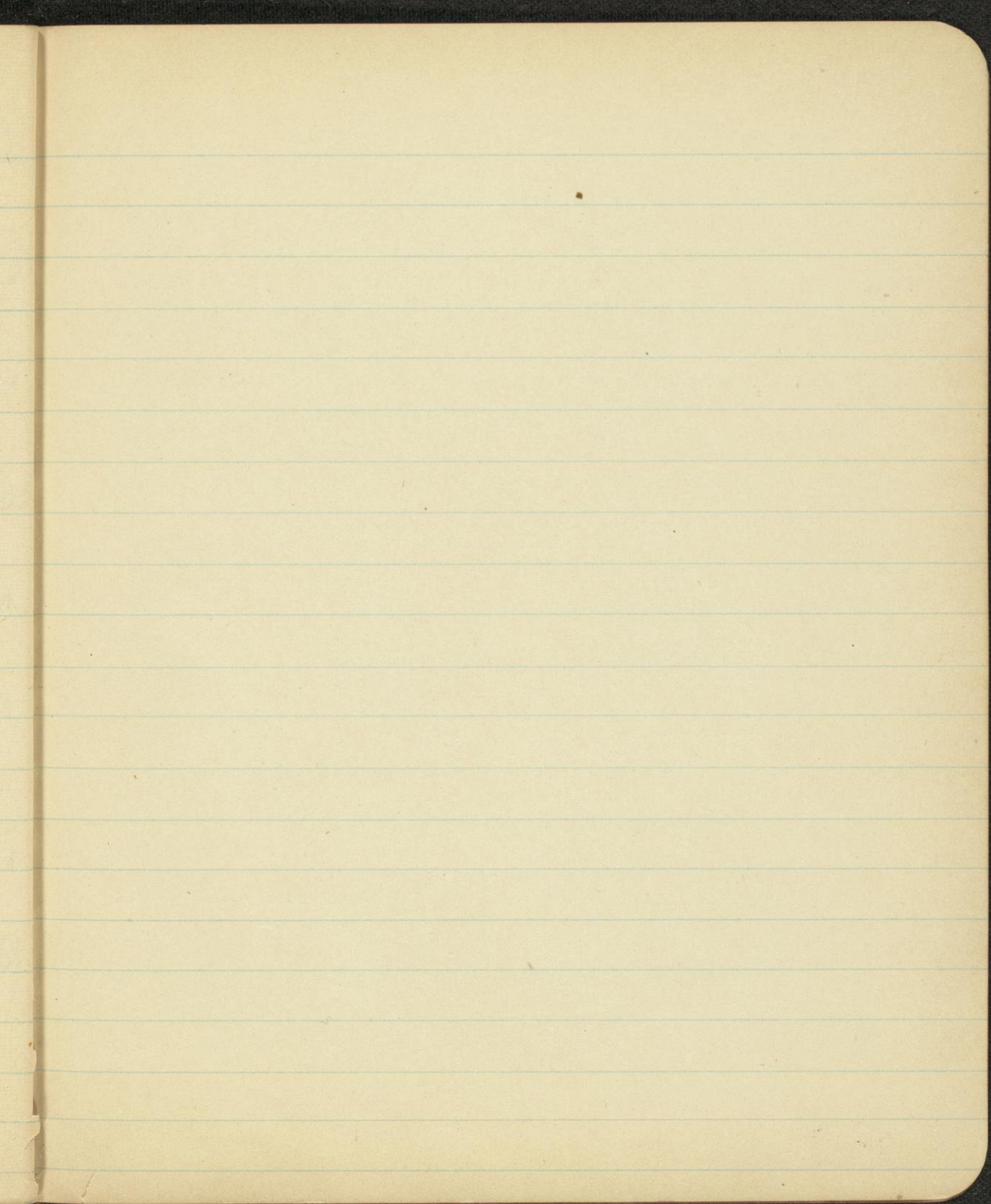
Bucca:

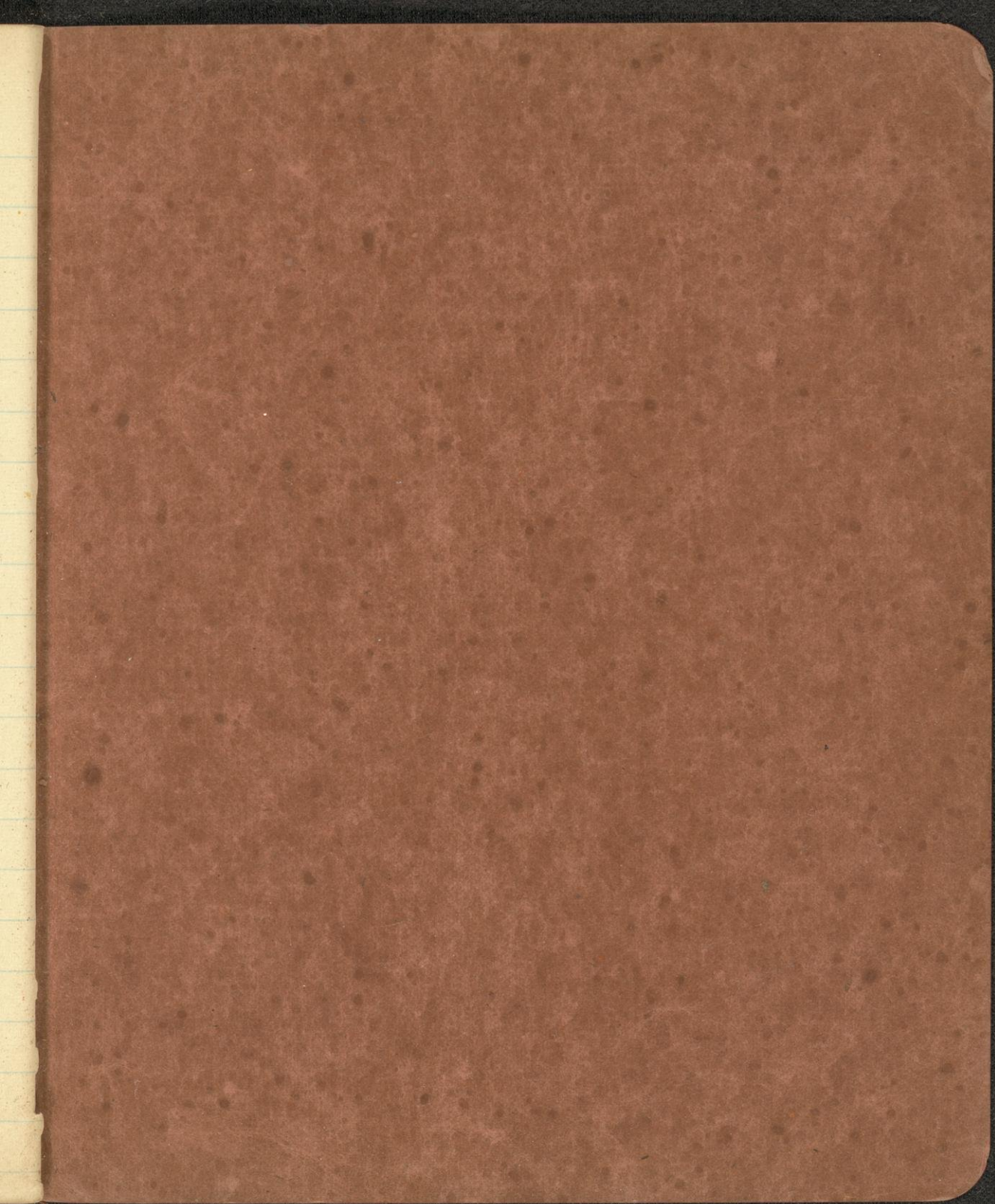
Put Seacrest, you have me instead!

Titania and Antaresid come forwards.

Finale.







1850