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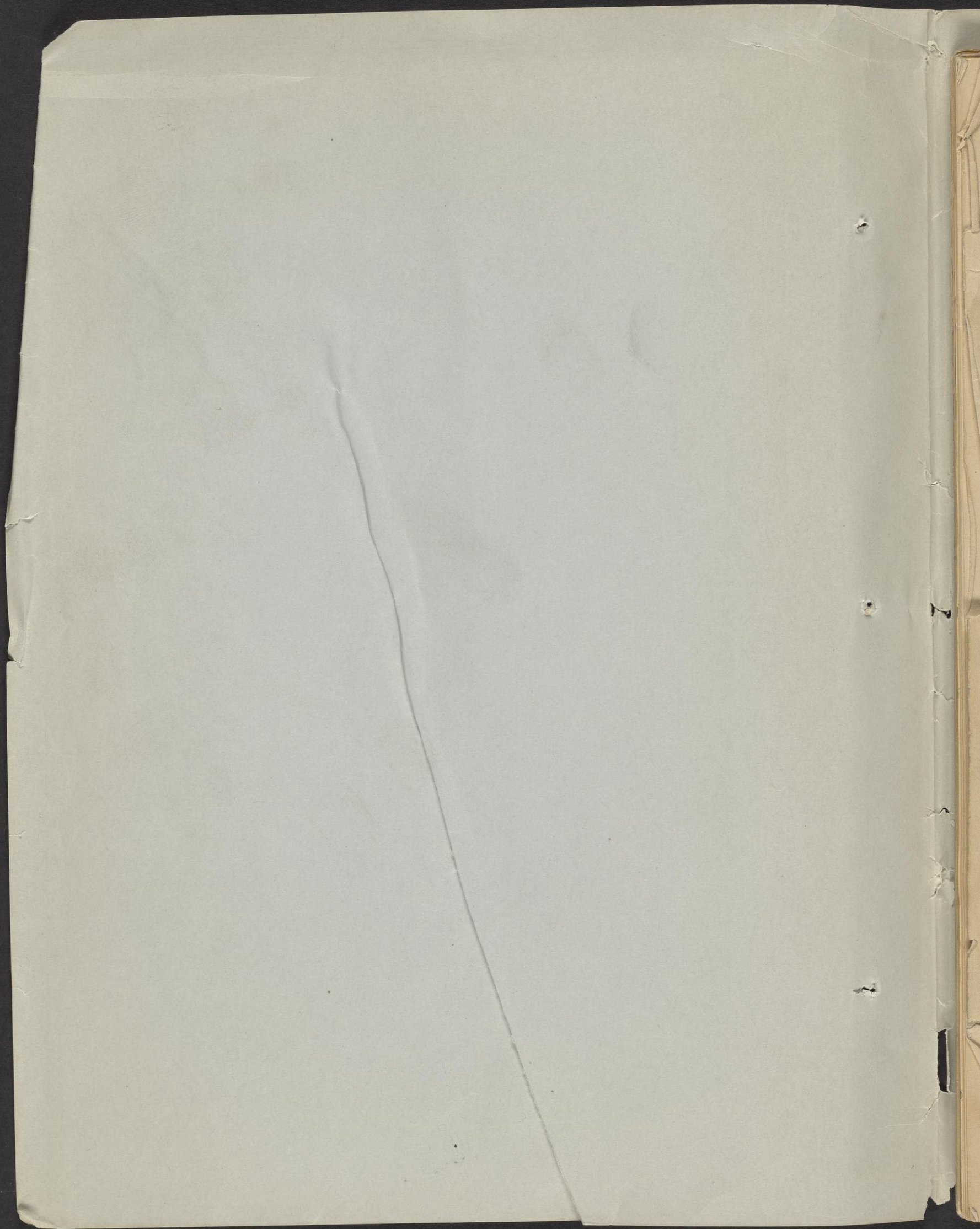
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Themidor  
by  
LA TOUCHE



THE WITMARK MUSIC LIBRARY AND AGENCY



CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Vicomte Themidor de Pire, - young, elegant, Captain of the Conde Cadet-Regiment,

Laverdure - his servant ( Comedian)

Prince Conde - a cousin of the Regent - age, about 40 - very elegant.

Le Duc - Prefect of Police in Paris.

Crozier an elderly cavalier, Major Domo of Denise; he wears the costume of an  
Abbe.

Baron Calembourg a cavalier.

Andre - a gardener.

Joseph - servant of Denise

Pierre - " "

Madame Denise - a great lady with a peculiar code of morals; her house is a gathering  
place for the world of fashion; very elegant - of doubtful age.

Madame de Fleuron. elderly, noble lady from the provinces.

Rosette her daughter - 17 years

Blanche, Lisette, Annette, maids to Denise.

A cadet.

Coachman and servant of Conde.

A policeman, a guard, the land-lady, cavaliers, officers, ladies, soldiers, peasants,  
servants, citizens, cadets.

Scene:

1. act - Treuilly, a small place south of Paris, country residence of Madame Denise,  
with grounds; adjoining is the residence of Mad. de Fleuron.
2. act - Palace of Mad. Denise at Paris, larger ball-room with gaming tables, etc.
3. act - Before the town-gate of Paris.

TIME: - Eighteenth Century (1710)

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Scenarium of Act I.

Castle of Mad. Denise, in French style of 1700. Right and left from audience, the extreme corners of the two residences of Mme. Denise and Mme. de Fleuron are visible; they are similar in architecture and connected by a gallery running over three arches - which is practicable. From the gallery, right, a running staircase cuts through the arch, right, and leads to the terrace. Beyond the arches the road can be seen and in the background a landscape on the Seine. In front of the arches, left and right, are closely clipped hedges; beside the stairs a bit of wall over which the branches of a cherry-tree in a neighboring garden are seen. In front of the hedges are small breakfast tables with chairs or benches. Over the road at the back a coach must be driven.

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The stage represents the grounds about Mme. Denise's residence. Neat paths, early morning, bright sunshine. Andre, the gardener is raking in the path and hums softly; distant church-bells are ringing.

1. Scene.

(Andre, Joseph, Lisette, Jean, Annette, Joseph is busy at the table)

(Lisette, a young, coquettishly dressed maid servant comes from the castle and turns to go to the gate. Joseph playfully chucks her under the chin and kisses her while she is setting the table. She whispers something in his ear and Andre makes a gesture of anger. Joseph goes on talking softly with Lisette who listens with gestures of astonishment while old Andre grumbles and goes on weeding. Annette, a young maid servant enters with a table cloth and calls toward rear of stage)

People going to church pass the gateway and stop occasionally. From the church in the distance is heard the sound of a hymn and churchbells.)

Andre. Children, stop your quarrels and noise - it is Sunday - and disputing does not go with sound of Glorias, all the week you have for scrapping - (he folds his hands over his rake) Sunday is the Lord's own day!

Laverd. (enters and is greeted by Jos.Pierre and Lis. with "Good morning, Laverdure" - "Come here quick!")

Joseph whistles loudly and waves his hand. Laverdure takes Lis. by the chin and nods to the others.)

Scene 2

Nr.3. Enter Laverdure.

Lyric No. II

( All laugh)

Lis. Just you wait!

Annette What's the news?

Laverd. Nothing for little children.

Joseph How are things going with you, Laverdure?

Laverd. As they go with an old soldier when we have peace. We clean boots from hand to mouth and teeth from mouth to hand.

Jos. And grow fat doing it.

Laverd. O well, my master is an officer. We have a mortgaged country-seat, a pair of shoes with buckles, something in vests and three or four sashes.

Jos. Why then you have no trouble in taking care of your master's wardrobe.

Laverd. O but think of the creditors! We live in the third story and have a winding stair and the baggage simply clings to the bannister.

Jos. Ah!

Laverd. Yes, but that will all be changed now.

Jos., Lis. etc. Howso - Why?

Laverd. (warding them off ) That's a secret - a State secret!

Lis. A secret? Then tell us!

Laverd. That would never do! It would be treason! But when we turn out, you'll see. - We'll fix them! We'll clean things up!

Lis. What will we see?

Jos. What will you clean up?

Laverd. Yes, - indeed we'll clean things - - -

Andre. Is something doing? Where? - - -

Laverd. Everywhere! Trouble is brewing - - the rascals are growing bold. There was an uprising at Nancy - another at Dijon, revolution at Lyons, mobs at Meidling and riots at Grenoble.

Lis. Andre - But why? What for?

Laverd. Because the taxes have been raised - because the common people are hungry - because the meat prices have gone up - the eggs won't lay chickens and the cows drink all the milk themselves - and although everybody has a goat, it doesn't give milk - because the wet-nurses are on strike - because - well some has got to be done. <sup>thing</sup> - Now I haven't given it away - It's a State secret - Remember!

Andre Jos. Why of course - it is safe with us.

Laverd. Where is your lovely mistress Denise? I suppose she is saying her prayers at the top of her lungs and cussing under her breath?

Jos. Have you a message for Madame Denise?

Laverd. A very brief message - I am to tell her that there is no answer to her letter.

Jos. You will certainly have to give that message yourself.

Laverd. You calculate that there will be no tip? You're not much of a servant anyway! In my time the mistresses did not send little



pink notes to their neighbors. They feared my jealous rage. ( He takes Lisette and Annette by the chin and turns to go, pointing to Joseph) Well, my dears, good-by - and remember me occasionally - My feelings are not frappé - like those of the chaste - or careful Joseph! (exit into house)

Jos. (calling after him) I didn't choose my name - did I Lisette?

Lis. (laughs)

Andre. (growling) What makes you laugh, you silly thing? You are desecrating the Sabbath?

Lis. So Mad. Denise writes notes to the Vicomte. She writes to him and meanwhile he is running after Mademoiselle Rosette! That's certainly amusing!

Andre. (crossly) Mind your own business! Run along - tend to your work!

Lis. Now, now old grouchy, - don't be cross. We are getting out as fast as we can. Come! (all exit - Andre slowly limping after them. They go off in different directions.)

### Scene 3.

(Denise comes from house, followed by Crozier, who remains at a little distance, and by Laverd. who bows humbly and turns to left but as soon as Denise is turned away from him, he makes her a grimace.)

Denise (to (angrily to Laverd.) He may go!

Laverd. May he? (to Crozier) He may go!

Crozier (elderly, somewhat shaky gentleman in the costume of an Abbe) He may go!

Denise Halt! He may stay! He has much influence with the Vicomte. I must speak to him.

Laverd. (impertinently to Crozier) Get out of here - she must speak to me!

(to Denise) You mean me?

Denise No - Themidore!

Laverd. It's all the same. That is to say that I and my master are just the same as my master and I, that is to say, - I and my master are one heart and one soul.

Denise (interrupting him) Yes, yes - very well! I want him to arrange me an interview with the Vicomte. He shall not regret it (gives him a purse)

Laverd. Very well, Madame, one of us will come. Either he comes, or I come. If I should be prevented .....

Denise (nervously) He may go!

Laverd. (in leaving slaps Crozier on the shoulder) He is going, he is going right away! But he is coming - this one or that one! (exit)

Denise (interrupting) Crozier!

Croz. (starting) Ah - I am quite innocent, Madame!

Denise And this is the man I loved!

Croz. I ruined myself for you, Madame!

Denise I am not talking about you!

Croz. Why then, of whom else?

Den. Of Vicomte Themidore!

Croz. Aha - Themidor!

Den. Did you hear his message to me? : "There is no reply to my letter!"

Croz. The young men of today are no longer as courteous as they were. If Madame will recall the exquisite delicacy with which I paid my court to you in days gone by ....

Den. You idiot!

Croz. Aha, and for my reward you now let me clean the silver and treat me like a maid of all work. I ruined myself for you, Madame.

Den. (paying no attention to him, goes up and down nervously, seating herself for a moment and rising again, etc.) This Themidor! This Themidor!

Croz. (following Den. about) Yes indeed - ruined, Madame! And you force me to stay in your presence and let the endless line of my successors pass in review before me. Consider the pain it must cause me to see you flit from one arm into the next? I recall the names of all your

lovers. Phillip, Robert, Jean, Marcell, Hugo, Alexander, Felix, Edward, Paul, Michel  
 Madame - I have a regular registry book for them! (as Denise quickens  
 her steps, breathlessly) I ruined myself for you, Madame!

Den. (taking no notice of Crozier) But I will have my revenge! I will  
 separate Rosette and him! (turns to the castle)

Croz. Here Prince Conde has made you a gift of this beautiful castle, - why?  
 Because his cadets are right next door and he can visit you without undue  
 attention. I had hoped you would be faithful to Conde, the numerous  
 rivals would dwindle down to one and finally you would return to me - to  
 your most constant, your most devoted adorer. Instead, you turn to this  
 Themidor. I ruined myself for you, Madame!

(Bells in the distance - the church choir can be heard singing in the  
 distance. Lisette brings a stack of plates which she tries to place on  
 the table. Jos. tries to take them from her, gesticulating violently.)  
 They do not see Denise.)

Den. (followed by Crozier, scolding the servants)

THE 3rd MUSICAL NUMBER IS HERE INSERTED, in the course of which

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a posthorn is heard, clatter of horses hoofs, etc. A coach enters at the  
 castle gate, servants run out; they busy themselves with the baggage and  
 help Prince Conde out.)

(At the end of this number Denise goes to greet Conde) Mad.Fleuron also  
 goes to the gate to see who the guest may be and does not return before the  
 end of the 2nd verse of Conde's number. Conde appears with two servant, one  
 of whom takes his hat and ~~coat~~ after the first verse and the other his top-coat.  
 The servants then go off.)

Scene 4.

Entrance song of Conde. (4th musical number)

Scene 5.

( warm embrace and greeting, - the coach drives off, Den. introduces)

Madame de Fleuron ..... Prince Conde.

Fleur. (curtsying) My Prince!

Conde Madame! (bows)

Den. (motioning to table) May I offer you a cup of chocolate?

Conde. With pleasure!

Den. (Going to table) Well, my dear Prince, how was the trip?

Conde. My dear, if the pleasure of seeing you had not awaited me, I would certainly not have taken this tiresome trip, - especially now during manoeuvre times. The goal makes up for the hardships of the trip!

Den. You are very amiable, Prince!

Conde (they bow slightly to each other- both seated on bench) (To Fleur.)

Madame is spending the summer here?

Fleur. No, Treuilly is my dowager residence.

Conde. It must be rather lonely here in the winter?

Fleur. I am not all alone, my daughter keeps me company.

Conde (casts a questioning glance at Denise when the word "daughter" is mentioned to which she replies with a slight nod.)

Den. And what a daughter!

Conde. Ah, Madame has a daughter? So young and already a daughter?

Fleur. O, my daughter is already 17 years old.

Conde. How? Seventeen? Charming! Shall I have the pleasure of meeting the young lady?

Fleur. Certainly, Prince. Rosette will deem it an honor to be presented to your Highness. (exit right.)

Conde. Well, Denise?

Den. (straightening up) Here I am MADAME Denise!

Conde. Madame Denise! Well, how do we like it in Treuilly?

Den. About as well as can be expected, in solitary confinement after the round of gaiety of a Parisian winter! One sleeps the winter-sleep in summer!

Conde. Who is this Mad. Fleuron?

Den. Nobody. But her daughter! (curtsies) Your Highness is already harboring the thought to betray me with Rosette. But this time (curtsies) Your Highness' devoted servant has anticipated your desire. Rosette is worth the exertion of making the trip!

Conde. That is just like you, Denise! The country air has not changed you.

Den. O - I beg your pardon! In Paris I am simply "Denise", - here I am Madame Denise! In Paris the protectress of gaming, gambling and love - and here the pious mistress of the estate. That is pleasing in the sight of the Lord and very healthful!

Conde Pious mistress? Yet you would have me meet a country beauty?

Den. My lord and master shall execute his little side-steps under my care and then return thankfully and repentantly to my arms.

Conde. I fear you are thinking of side-stepping yourself because you so unselfishly consider me.

Den. One intermezzo is worth another. Or are we jealous?

Conde. (laughing) O no - I shall keep to our contract!

Den. (embraces and kisses him)

(Mad.Fleuron returns)

Den. Hush - here comes Mad. de Fleuron! (to Fleur.) Well where is Rosette!

Fleur. O this is unbearable, my dear Denise!

Den. You are too lenient, my dear. (to Conde) Your Captain, Count Themidor, has done a nice piece of mischief here. The little girl is quite crazy about him.

Conde. So he continues his pranks even here? I had to transfer him from Paris because of his adventures.

Den. He must be incorrigible!

Conde. A splendid officer! A dangerous opponent and a dangerous lover.

Fleur. For mercy's sake!

Den. You must separate the two and therefore I repeat: "Let me take Rosette with me to Paris! The girl is young, the girl is pretty and in four weeks she will have forgotten him.

Fleur. Yes, with you she would be in good hands!

Den. (sanctimoniously) Ah well, one does what one can!

Conde. What a dear soul!

Den. So it is settled! I shall take Rosette away in a few days.

Conde. Why could you not accompany me today! My coach is waiting; why not take the opportunity?

Den. As your Highness commands!

Fleur. Your Highness is too kind! Such an honor for my child! I shall hurry to find Rosette and begin to pack. (Fleur. exit)

(Denise imitating her, trips after her, laughing. Conde looks critically at his apparel)

Den. Does my lord and master wish to free himself from the dust of the road? I shall personally escort him to his rooms.

Conde. Personally? How charming!

Den. Am I not always so?

Conde (gallantly) Always fascinating, always charming. The greatest Circe of our century.

Den. And you the greatest Don Juan of the time.

5th musical number. (Grisette's Song)

( About the middle of the second verse Laverdure appears; he hides from Conde behind a hedge; he throws the box-wood leaves at Denise to attract her attention and kisses his hand to her. She sees him, laughs happily and waves

her hand to him. He motions her to send Conde away.)

Denise To Conde, who goes off, half pushing him out) I shall follow at once.

Conde. Don't let me wait too long.

Den. (turns to Laverdure, who comes forward, - looks after Conde again to make certain that he has gone, thereupon - DANCE. (During the dance Denise says: Well Laverdure, well? Will he come?

Lav. He will come. He is already here! He will be here directly.

( she draws Laverdure into the dance, which is to express her joy. They dance up the stairs, through the gallery, beating time with their hands on the bannister. Crozier appears under the middle arch, looks about searchingly and goes to the gallery. The introduction of the Laridon song is heard (6th number) and he goes off, his eyes on his prayer book, occasionally sniffing a rose which he has fastened in the snuff-box attached to his cane. He crosses stage, stumbling several times, and as he goes off left front, Rosette appears on the stairs.

Scene 6.

( The stage is empty for a moment. Introduction - Beside the garden wall is a ladder. The branches of a cherry-tree <sup>hang</sup> reach over the wall. Ros. comes from the garden with a small basket, places the ladder and mounts to the wall where she begins to pick cherries.)

6th musical number.

( Them. enters during the last lines of the 2nd verse, approaches the wall unseen by Rosette, removes the ladder and takes Rosette about the waist when he begins his song. She gives a few little shrieks and says "Themidor don't! " while the music goes on.)

(At the end of this number Rosette jumps from the wall into Themidor's arms; he kisses her.)

Ros. Let me go Themidor! What if any one should see?

Them. Don't be nervous - there is no-one here.

Ros. You know how watchful my mother is.

Them. To my sorrow.

Ros. She does not leave me alone for a moment and does not think well of you at all.

Them. Someone must have blackened my character.

Ros. Yes indeed and Mad.Denise confirms her in her prejudice.

Them. Denise? (aside) This snake in the grass! The very sight of her makes my blood boil.

Ros. Formerly you seemed to like her very much.

Them. Like her? - O no.

Ros. O yes - far too much; I saw it all.

Them. Child, at that time we did not know each other!

Ros. You did not know me, but I knew you.

Them. It seems my little girl was jealous!

Ros. Jealous? O no - not of that animated prayer-book!

Them. (laughing) Now, now!

Ros. O you silly boy! (She frees herself, runs to the bench opposite where she seats herself and swings her feet.)

Them. (hurrying after her) See here, child, that will not do! You are a regular little devil! Can't you sit still?

Ros. I don't have to until I am your wife; now YOU have to keep still!

Them. Wait - I'll show you who is the lord and master here! Sit up straight! Don't stir - hands on the bench - (he lays her arms on the back of the bench) Feet down! Look straight at me! ( he approaches slowly and kisses her long and hard) ( Window opens at right and Mad.Fleuron 1 looks out; beside herself with anger)



Scene 7.

- Fleur. Ah! Rosette! (the two separate, Fleur. hurries out of the house toward the pair, scolding as she comes)
- Ros. O dear!
- Them. Now we are in for it!
- Ros. For Mercy's sake - what shall we do?
- Them. Never mind, I shall ask for your hand and your mother will give us her blessing.
- Fleur. Rosette!!!!
- Ros. (abashed) Mama!
- Fleur. You will hear from me later - upstairs! (to Them.) As for you! Have you no vestige of honor in you that you entice a young girl to compromise herself? You with YOUR past!
- Them. But Madame, - I.....
- Fleur. Silence! I know you well! (more violently) What are YOU? What can you do? What do you do? What have you got? What do you intend to do? What..
- Them. ( interrupting with decision) I love your daughter!
- Fleur. Air! Water!
- Them. (calling into the wings) Air! Water! Quick!
- Ros. (timidly) But mama, won't you listen?
- Fleur. Silence! Not a word, you disobedient child! Just wait, - you shall leave here this very day; I am sick of this!
- Ros. How?
- Them. What? Away from here?
- Fleur. Yes, my dear Vicomte, - you will have to look for another Queen of Hearts!
- Them. But Madame.....
- Fleur. I will let you both know right now - you Sir Don Juan and you - YOU...

This very day you shall leave with Mad. Denise for Paris. With her you will be safe from insults by such (disdainfully) gentlemen. From her you will learn proper and moral behaviour!

Them. But Madame.....

Fleur. Go into the house at once!

Ros. But mama.....

Flar. We will pack immediately - (she takes Ros. by the hand and draws her into the house; in going, with mocking friendliness)  
Adieu, Vicomte! It is all over! May we never meet again! (exit)  
(Rosette, in leaving throws Themidor a rose).

Scene 8.

Them. (beside himself) Madame! Madame! This can not be serious! (he runs up and down excitedly. Denise watches him maliciously from above as he violently gesticulates with his arms.

Den. Captain, you are fighting wind-mills!

Them. (turns on his heel, sees Denise, furious) No Madama, I am fighting serpents, dragons! (pointing first to Den. then to Fleur.) Against vipers! (points upward) Against monsters! (points right)

Den. (laughing) If you only knew how becoming anger is to you!

Them. Madame - if you only knew how serious I am!

Den. Then it might be still more amusing to me. I love romantic young men.

Them. (emphasizing) MEN?

Den. Yes my friend - MEN, and possibly I might love you too if you were not so foolish as to go mad about this little foolish girl.

Them. Madame, what do you know of love!

Den. A great deal, my friend - A GREAT deal!

Them. Too much, for my taste..

Den. Not near enough for mine.

Them. (turns away - Denise laughing exit right).

Them. (picks up rose, sits on bench at right and sings dreamily)

7th musical number.

Laverdure (appears at corner and beckons) Vicomte!

Them. Laverdure!

Scene 9.

Them. (comes forward very much excited)

Laverd. (with him)

Them. Mademoiselle Rosette is going to Paris today!

Laverd. My congratulations, Master! It is a rare piece of luck to get rid of  
 your sweetheart.

Them. Can't you talk sense.

Laverd. No - you hired me to clean your boots.

Them. Listen, I love Rosette. We must prevent the trip or else I go along.

Laverd. You want to go along? Madame Denise is jealous. She will do a wholesale  
 suicide act.

Them. We will leave today. You must find out where Rosette is to be taken.  
 You must.....

Lav. What a lot of "musts" I must! Come, we will try to find out particulars  
 from the servants. (Lav. takes Them. arm and in going off continues to  
 argue with him) ( Ere they reach the gate, Rosette comes from the house.  
 She runs along the garden path as though searching and calls "Themidor"

Scene 10.

Ros. O dear, - now he has gone!

( Ros. sits on bench. Conde, who came out of the house after her, follows  
 stealthily. She sits still, dreamily. Conde has stolen behind the bench,  
 covers her eyes with his hands and kisses her. Ros. taking him for Them.  
 delighted) Themidor.... you....

Conde ( a little mockery in his tone) Delicious!

(Ros. starts at the sound of his voice; she stares at Conde as though distraught)

"Good Heavens! Who... who are you? What has happened? .... What...

Conde. Don't get excited, my child; I am no stranger - I am the friend of your friend Mad. Denise - your courier on the trip to Paris.... Your devoted admirer and...

Ros. For pity's sake - what must you think of me?

Conde Only the very loveliest things, my dear.

Ros. You dared to kiss me!

Conde And you did not object.

Ros. I thought it was Themidore.

Conde. It is evident that my kisses are exactly like Themidore's.

Ros. I love Themidore.

Conde. I don't mind that - as long as you return my kisses.

Ros. You ought to be ashamed Sir - you are perfectly horrid!

Conde. You sweet, little girl! (takes her hand) This dear little hand.... It seems made to pet and caress... I wonder if it will ever give me a little love-pat - this soft, gentle hand?

Ros. Please don't... Prince - -I beg...

Scene 11.

(Denise comes quietly from the house, sees Ros. and Conde, rubs her hands. Conde, noticing her, and wanting to prove his conquest, kisses Ros. on the shoulder. Ros. startled by the touch, jumps up and sees Denise, whereupon she cries:

"Madame, what will you think of me?"

and rushes off into the house, hiding her face in her hands.)

Conde (triumphantly to Denise) Well Denise, what do you say? What do you think of that? How now, Denise?.....

Den. (smiling) My congratulations, Prince, but you had better not be too sure

of victory; there is a rival!

Conde. Themidor? His duty keeps him here with his cadets. I shall see to it that he can not come to Paris. Le Duc will watch him. Out of sight - out of mind. Ros. will forget him. I am impatient to make the trip to Paris with my newest conquest.

Fleur. (calling) Denise; Denise; Denise! (comes from house right)

Den. Yes, Marie, - come right out here!

Fleur: (coming from the castle) Dear Denise, everything is packed and ready! When will you start?

Conde (quickly) At once, Madame, we will leave now.... My coach is ready.

Den. I must have a wrap. (calling) Annette!

Conde (calling) Francois! Francois!

Servant (enters) Your Highness!

Conde Have the coach driven up.

Fleur. I shall be very, very nervous!

Finale.

(The coach draws up; servants, maids, employees with baggage come from the castle, cooks with lunch, etc; business of putting baggage in place and stowing away the things; lively action around the coach.)

Here follows the 8th musical number - in the course of which Rosette comes out in travelling costume. The remainder of the act is sung; Denise and Mad.Fleur. give Rosette a great deal of good advice on how to behave. Themidor comes and tries to prevent the departure but Rosette is triumphantly borne away by Denise and Conde. As the coach drives off, the chorus follows, leaving Themidor and Laverdure gazing after it. The sound of the post-horn is heard dying away. Themidor sings the refrain of the love duet in the Finale and then breaks down in sorrow on the stone bench in foreground. Slow curtain to orchestrs music.

ACT II.

A wide terrace, right and left foreground two pillars, - at back a round balustrade beyond which is a park and night sky. On the balustrade are laurel trees with lanterns. In front of these is a small estrade with two stone benches and a short stairs leading into the hall. On the gaming tables are candelabra, there is clinking of coin, laughter and sounds of revelry. Men and women are seated at round tables, some of the men on the knees of the women in an orgiastic spirit. Right and left doors lead from the hall to adjoining rooms which are lighted. Right and left in the background are plants and a fountain (a sort of fernery); on side, among the plants is a music box with moving figures, which, however, are only once put in motion. In the other group of plants is a beautiful mirror. Against the pillars, standing attention, are black servants in rich oriental costume. The main entrance is through the park. The servant who announces appears at back, beside the balustrade. The motions of men and women should breathe the full grandezza of the gallant century. Denise appears in these surroundings as a great lady, before whom all bow. She carries a gold staff decorated with roses. The hall is lighted by yellow lanterns and moonlight night effect outside.)

Scene I

Introduction.

Chorus - 9th musical number.

Scene 2.

Same as above. Den. and Croz. who follows her sheepishly. Later a servant.)

Den. (going from group to group and speaking to them)

10th musical number.

( Denise and chorus. )

Servant (announcing) Monsieur Le Duc - Prefect of Paris! ( stands in folding door)

Scene 3.

The same - Le Duc.

Le Duc. (Enters. He is a very nervous gentleman, continually giving instructions, shoving everybody out of the way unnecessarily, but very politely, - very important, lively movements- his glances searching every corner.)

11th musical number. (Le Duc and Chorus)

Servant (announcing) Prince Condé.

Scene 4.

All in lively action - Conde enters, saluting.

12th musical number (Conde and chorus)

(After this number Le Duc begins to drive the chorus off stage, Conde remaining alone with 3 ladies. Le Duc takes all 3 by the arm and hurries off with them.)

Conde, Den. and Croz. remain)

Conde. Well, Madame, how is Rosette, my country rose?

Den. She is still a bud.

Conde. And closes up at night, like all buds?

Den. She fears the sun rays of princely favor.

Croz. Ah, she is no bud, Prince - - - she is a deer. <sup>doe?</sup> A deer that closes up night and day. (Literal trans.)

Den. motions to Croz. impatiently to keep quiet) Go and get Rosette!

Croz. O, a young lady of such delicacy, such quality, naiveté, sensibility, morality....

Den. Shut up and call Rosette!

Croz. Such a rose, a touch-me-not - a wonderfull creature.

Den. (impatiently stamps her foot)

Croz. Aha - I go - but I ruined myself for you Madame. (exit)

Conde Does she still think of Themidor?

Den. I have deployed all my srts of persuasion in vain. (curtsies) You must try your luck yourself, Prince.) exit Den.)

Conde (nervously walking up and down - stands still listening occasionally)  
Aha - there she comes!

(ev. the chorus may be grouped at back and join in the menuett. The door is opened and Ros. enters, sees Conde, is startled and turns to withdraw.)

Conde Stay, my child!

Ros. Your Highness - I did not know....

Conde That I am here? Still so shy? (Ros. is silent)

Conde Come a little nearer, my dear!

Ros. (is silent and does not move. Conde goes toward her and draws her gently forward.)

13th musical number. (Menuett.)

(exit Rosette at end of song)

Conde (looking after her) Such a stubborn little head.  
(Den. Croz. and Le Duc enter)

Den. Well, your Highness, is the ice broken, has she come to her senses at last?

Conde Unfortunately no - and she is so pretty! - -

Croz. And so cold! Her heart is like a glacier. It melts and has thorns (literal)

Den. (annoyed) O she does not want to forget her Themidor!

Conde. She is waiting for him in vain. His regiment is ordered to the front. (going)  
He can not stir away from Treuilly and moreover he is being watched.

Servant (announcing) Your Highness, a Courier from Nancy has just arrived.

Conde I shall come directly. Madame, excuse me for a few moments. (he kisses Denise's hand and goes, followed by Le Duc and the servant.)

Denise (turns to go - Crozier intercepts her.)

Croz. Madame, lend me your shell-like ear for a moment.

Den. O let my shell-like ears alone - what do you want?



Croz. I have matters of a purely financial nature to discuss with you.

Den. You know that financial affairs do not interest me.

Croz. O Lord - You have ruined me Madame, but now you are ruining yourself.

Den. How so?

Croz. (excitedly) As your manager - Major Domo, or whatever you may be pleased to call me, I know that many a night more go in here than come out but in the treasury more goes out than comes in.

Den. Don't you dare to be impertinent - but explain yourself!

Croz. Madame - during the last month for jewels alone 12000 francs - when there are such good imitations made. For rouge and powder 1000 francs. - and lingerie, Madame! Why I don't spend as much in a year for - - Hm - er - - garments - - as you do in a day, Madame.

Den. No intimacies, if you please; no more of that.

Croz. I shall be silent but figures talk. Look for yourself. (taking book from his pocket. Denise takes it, glancing over the pages, - starts and laughs)

Den. Ah - Crozier - you are a poet! You write verses in your ledger - it is too funny!

Croz. (embarrassed, tries to seize the book) Madame - -

Den. (laughing) Love - stars above - bliss - kiss - -

Croz. Pardon me, Madame - please don't read it - Please give it to me - it contains my most secret thoughts in moments when you deceived me.

Den. (runs off laughing) I must read that to my guests. (turns to the park)

Croz. (crushed - half sobbing) Madame!

Den. (still laughing as she goes) Crozier, kissed by the Muse!

Croz. (leaning against a pillar, a picture of misery. Stares blankly into space makes a sign over his head:) Aha - kissed by the Muse!

(he sings only the first and last line of the 3rd verse. He is interrupted by Denise and Conde, who come on arm in arm, laughing, she pointing to the open book which she holds and mocking him as they pass him. In going off Denise throws him the book. He accompanies the music with silent action and the strange modulations in the orchestra with unchanging spasmodic motions. As the song ends, Le Duc enters who has meanwhile entered, steps toward him and intercepts him.

Le Duc. (holding Crozier by the arm) Where are you going, Chevalier?

Croz. I must follow Madame.

Le Duc. With what right?

Croz. I ruined myself for her.

Le Duc. Nonsense! Leave Madame alone.

Croz. Madame may have commands for me.

Le Duc. Chevalier - you stay here.

Croz. Aha - I am the Major Domo of Madame.

Le Duc. And I the Prefect of the Police of Paris. It is my chief duty to see to it that the Prince remains undisturbed when he sees a lady -

Croz. Aha!

Le Duc. - alone.

Croz. O Lord!

Le Duc. ~~My~~ chief duty of my office, Chevalier! And I assure you that His Highness Prince Conde has often given me opportunity to fulfill my duty. Do you see my gray hairs, Chevalier? I got them in the service of the Prince.

Croz. I hope you are in the Accident Insurance, my poor friend. You too have ruined yourself in your employer's service.

Le Duc. For weeks I have been guarding Mademoiselle Rosette here, so that she may have no communication with her former lover.

Croz. Aha - Themidor?

Le Duc. With Themidor. He is in Treuilly under my most careful and discreet observation. The watchfulness of my agents even includes Themidor's servant.

Croz. Aha!

Le Duc If either one of them should take it into his head to leave Treuilly, I would know it 48 hours in advance.

(The servant announces Count Coeurbrise - General Labordure. )

(Coeurbrise means "broken-heart;" Labordure - an edging<sup>an</sup>)

Croz. Who is that?

Le Duc. What is this? Did you ever hear the names before?

Croz. No - probably they are crooks.

Le Duc (taking book from his pocket) I will look up the record.

Den. (enters)

Croz. Madame - do you know a Count - what-his-name?

Le Duc Coeurbrise.

Croz And a General with an edging?

Den. Who can that be? (she goes toward the entrance)

Le Duc I hear those names for the first time.

Den. Come, gentlemen.

Croz. and Le Duc (follow, each giving precedence to the other.)

Croz. After you.

Le Duc No - I beg you to go first.

Croz. Pardon me, you take the lead.

Le Duc. By no means - after you.

Croz. I beg of you - Age before beauty!

Den. (turns angrily) Will you kindly move on, gentlemen.

Croz. and Le Duc ( go toward the entrance, still trying to give each other precedence.

In the wings they meet Themidor and Laverd. Brief silent introduction and conversation - each one endeavoring to let the other enter first.)

Them. disguised as an Abbe, wears a blonde wig, powdered white instead of

the reddish brown hair of the first act. Laverd. is disguised as a General, with an enormous white wig (Allongeestyle) and a dragging sabre; he wears the large-flowered vest of the first act. He endeavors to hide his face in a large cravat, or stock.)

15th musical number

Themidor, Laverd. Denise, Le Duc, Crozier.

This number is followed by a dance. Themidor between Crozier and Le Duc; Denise dances with Laverd. - the latter is comically grotesque.)

Le Duc (introducing) Count Coeurbrise - (looks at Laverdure)

Them. ( in a bored, haughty tone) No - I am Count Coeurbrise. This is General Labordure (points to Laverd)

Them. ' Laverd. bow before Denise.)

Den. Gentlemen, my house is at your disposal.

Them. Pardon our intrusion, Madame.

Den. ( haughtily) It is my ambition to make my house a gathering place for all interesting and noted personalities.

Laverd. Only a woman of profound mind can be such a magnet. ( half-turning to Them) The Duke - - er - I mean .... the Abbee... Count Coeurbiree and my unworthy self are most happy to meet the lovely mistress of this lovely house and everybody in it.

Den. (amiably) I am delighted to meet you both and appreciate the honor of your visit. Permit me to introduce the worthy father Crozier, my friend, advisor and protector. He will do the honors until I too can devote myself to you.  
(bows and exit)

Croz. (offers Laverd snuff) Aha!

Laverd. (very arrogantly - motioning him away) Keep your distance!

Croz. Aha - of course, distance, certainly, pardon me! (stumbles over Le Duc - exit)

(Translator's NOTE.) The librettist has here indulged in some word-play regarding various kinds of cheese - which can not be done in English. I would suggest substituting - for Baron Calembourg's introduction - something on this order:

Calembourg (introducing himself) Baron Calembourg, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double-Eagle and Knight of the Golden Fleece.

Laverd. My name is General Labordure, night before last, night before that, last night, to-night and every other night in the year. (to Themidor) Your Highness, allow me to present to you Baron Camembert -

Them. ( haughtily) Pleased to meet you.

Calembourg (bows low)

Le Duc Count Coeurbrise, permit me to welcome you to this house, in my official capacity.

Them. General, what does this man want?

Le Duc (stands, bowing low, so that his face remains out of view under the wig)

Laverd. Man -? Where? That's a feather-duster or a poodle.

Le Duc General!

Laverd. ( rapping floor with his sabre) What business have you with His Highness

Le Duc I am Prefect of the Paris police.

Laverd. He is defect -

Le Duc Pre-fect!

Laverd. Prospect, - Insect -

Le Duc. (incredulously) I always understand you to say Prefect of police.

Le Duc. Quite right.

Laverd. (sternly) Ah - and you dare to address His Highness direct?

Le Duc. Pardon me - I thought - -

Laverd. What - you indulge in thinking? As a Prefect of Police? You ought to KNOW that you must speak to him through me.

Le Duc (abashed) Pardon me, I had not the honor to hear your name before.

Calembourg (enters - introducing himself) Baron Calembourg!

Laverd. Aha - Camambert! Glad to meet you. You have property in Emmenthal?  
Sister married Count Chevais.

Calembourg (bows)

Laverd. Very glad indeed. How is your son-in-law.

Calembourg (bows again)

Laverd. (softly to Them.) Your Highness might as well meet him - old Swiss cheese  
I meant to say old nobility, dating from the crusades.

Them. (haughtily) Pleased to meet you.

Calembourg (bows low)

Le Duc Count Coeurbrise, permit me to welcome you to this house, in my official capacity.

Them. General, what does this man want?

Le Duc (stands, bowing low, so that his face remains out of view under the wig)

Laverd. Man -? Where? That's a feather-duster or a poodle.

Le Duc General!

Laverd. (rapping floor with his sabre) What business have you with His Highness

Le Duc I am Prefect of the Paris police.

Laverd. He is defect -

Le Duc Pre-fect!

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Laverd. (sternly) Ah - and you dare to address His Highness direct?

Le Duc. Pardon me - I thought - -

Laverd. What - you indulge in thinking? As a Prefect of Police? You ought to KNOW that you must speak to him through me.

Le Duc (abashed) Pardon me, I had not the honor to hear your name before.

- Laverd. I understand - you are confused. (graciously) Naturally, when you find yourself suddenly face to face with so distinguished a person ....  
(changing his tone suddenly) Well, since we meet in surroundings devoted to social enjoyment - - (amiably) How-do-you-do, my dear Prefect.
- Le Duc (humbly) General, your servant! (they go off arm in arm to background.  
Laverd, in going, recognizes Calembourg and takes him along)
- Them. (to Laverd) Do not forget to attend to the letter.
- Laverd. Don't worry; you will meet Rosette this very day.  
(Clarisse and some other ladies enter and group about Themidor.)
- Clarisse Why so serious, Your Highness?
- Them. For pity's sake, don't be formal - I came here to enjoy myself.
- Exclamations  
in chorus Really? How sweet! The little prince wants to have a good time.  
Isn't he good-looking?
- Clarisse Well - shall we begin with a kiss? Yes?
- Them. Little devil! (he kisses her)
- Chorus Me too.... me too.... me too.
- Them. Go slow, my dears! Turn about. (kisses several)
- Clarisse My turn again, you cunning Abbé Bèbè (literally - Baby Abbé)
- Chorus My turn, my turn next! He certainly knows how - seems to be experienced  
a Don Juan!
- Den. (advancing) Hold - where does the privilege of the hostess come in?  
(looks hard at Themidor, who tries to avoid her eyes)
- Them. (embarrassed, kisses her hand) - - This is a tribute of the guest to  
beauty.
- Den. Not much of a tribute!
- Them. Not much?
- Den. Too little for me. I look for more.
- Them. (aside) I am in for it.

Den. Are you so timid?

Them. I am dazzled by so much beauty.

Den. Come, come - are they not all pretty here?

Them. Madame, you are so different from the others.

Den. Really - - But you are just like someone I know.

Them. (avoiding her eye) I dare say it is the dress?

Den. No - he is an officer. A goodfor-nothing, a false, faithless, bad man.

Them. The wretch!

Den. (slyly) No pious man like you, whose occupation is prayer.

Them. Not exclusively.

Den. But chiefly?

Them. O no!

Den. Well - it isn't my occupation exclusively either.

16th musical number (Denise's song)

( A group of cavaliers have entered, while the ladies withdraw to the background. Le Duc and Calembourg also enter. The gentlemen form a half-circle around Denise. Them. stand in right wing. She keeps her eye on him but flirts with the others; during the refrain she dances from one arm into the other, the men crowding about her, kissing her hands and arms and trying to steal a kiss. At the end of the song she dances off, followed by the men's chorus; Calembourg and Le Duc remain.)

Them. Well - modesty does not seem to be the greatest virtue of the lady.

Calem. It is the conscious superiority of the beautiful woman.

Croz. (rushing in) Where is Denise? (sees Themidor) Ah - you are here - then it's allright.

Them. What do you mean?

Croz. O nothing, nothing. I merely wanted you to register. (hands book and



pen to Them. and then follows Them. and Calembourg who go off.)

(Le Duc and Laverd. enter in conversation)

Le Duc. Yes, we have our troubles in protecting people of rank against annoyance. You can fancy what I have on my hands now, general, in the person of Prince Conde.

Laverd. What? Conde? The gallant Price? Is he here?

Le Duc. Certainly - by night and day under my watchful eye, and my protection.

Laverd. Protection? Against what?

Le Duc. He has a rival - a certain Themidore de Pire.

Laverd. And his servant.

Le Duc. (starts) You are already informed, general? Your loyal spirit is alarmed? Fear nothing. This Themidor and his servant are at Treully under my rigid observation.

Laverd. Suppose one of them should take it into his head to go away from there....

Le Duc. (quickly, with animation) I would know it 48 hours in advance. How is it that you do not worry about your (ironically) Count Coeurbrise, general? Confidentially, - who is he anyway?

Laverd. Confidentially: He is Arthur V of Palermo, of ancient papal descent.

Le Duc. Ah - a prince?

Laverd. Prince is perhaps saying too little. He is a Duke - Duke Arthur XVI of Palermo, Sadagora and Iglau.

Le Duc. Duke of Palermo - you don't say?

Laverd. Yes indeed, Palermo - as true as I'm a general. Tomorrow we are going to appear at Court.

Le Duc. Ah - Ah..... tomorrow you are going to Court? Then permit me to take His Highness Count (ironically) Coeurbrise under my especial care. I feel it my duty to see to it that he finds amusement. (exit)

Scene 8.

(The above - Them. Clarisse, later Le Duc)

(The following dialogue should be held softly but quickly)

Them. (impatiently to Laverd. - standing well forward on stage) Where can Rosette be?

Laverd. I sent the note. You can rely on me, Vicomte. I shall entice this crowd away from here.

Them. Shall I wait here?

Laverd. No - that would attract attention. Come along and then return alone. In one of these rooms you will find here

Them. (Thankfully) Laverdure, what would I be without you?

Laverd. Shot.

(Meanwhile a group has formed on other side of stage, in the foreground)

Calem. (to a lady, who is holding her hands out to him) Your life-line is long, you will attain a good old age.

Several ladies Tell me too - tell mine!

Laverd. (hurrying over to the group) You tell fortunes from the hand? That is my business; I know all about it.

Clarisse You are a chiromancer? How delightful!

Laverd. No - I am an Esperantist.

Them. He is a regular old witch; he tells fortunes from the cards, from the stars, from the lines of the hand, and lies as they lie.

Laverd. Well, I know enough about ~~it~~ to keep all the maids of honor at Court amused.

All (hold out their hands) O tell me, please! My turn first! No I'm first!

Laverd. Not so many at a time, a dozen at the most; 13 is an unlucky number. (he takes Clarisse's hand) speaks very fast) You are in love, but born to higher things. If you had the money, you could put on as much style as the next one; besides you are very sensual.

All Ah - - - splendid - its all true.

Laverd. (to the next lady - quickly) You have had a lover and he left you. What

ever, he may have told you turned out to be a lie. You are in love but born to higher things. Besides, - you are very sensual.

All Great! It is wonderful!

Laverd. (quickly to elderly lady) You are in your prime - between five and seventy-five years of age.

Lady (indignantly) Ah!

Laverd. You might prove dangerous to a man between seven and ninety-seven.

Lady This is too much.

Laverd. Your hair is dyed.

Lady An outrage!

Laverd. You take snuff!

Lady (turns away indignantly) Enough of this! (exit)

All (laugh at her)

Laverd. (to a gentleman) You are human - you were born - and you will die. You are very sensual.

All (loud laughter) Bravo, bravo - really wonderful.

Laverd. (to another lady) - very quickly) You sleep by day and wake by night - had a husband - deceived and deserted - you'll get a letter - rosy future - very sensual.

Le Duc (has sneaked in and joined the row, holds out his hand)

Laverd. (continuing) You are Prefect of Police of Paris - you watch over the little flirtations of people of rank - France trembles before you - you are knowing - but if you knew what I know, you'd be more knowing still - besides you are very sensual.

(to a very stout lady) From the lines of your hand I can tell that you you will have a baby this month.

Chorus For shame (all giggle)

(the ladies have formed a line and hold out their hands)

Laverd. (always rapidly - looking down the row) Attention! Right about face! You, Miss, on the other wing, stand straight, throw out your chest. (he goes quickly from hand to hand)

Very clever... nice girl.... a great flirt.... babies, lots of babies... very nervous..... irritable.... Varicose veins.... too matter-of-fact.... gone to the dogs.... O for shame..... Is your life insured? ...Charming. I can't tell this aloud about you.... Now... now... O how shocking.. Be careful - very careful.. (turning away) Collectively and in general: No alcohol, no spices for you are without exception very sensual.

Laverd. (quickly to Them.) Now watch! (to the guests in the tone of a barker) Walk right in ladies and gentlemen! You will see the wonder of the age! I will show you the Vicomte La Bordure as a prestidigitator, juggler, wizzard, trainer, .... greatest living magician.... walk right in! Children and soldiers at half price!

All Why what's the matter? Where is he taking us? Why should we go away from here.

Laverd. (Continuing) I will inculcate the spirit of the occult sciences. We will repair to the Lower Regions - I mean to the floor above. Scene of action, the blue room, time - the present - high time!

17th musical number. (Laverdure's song)

(to be sung in the manner of a "barker")

(exit Laverdure - all follow him) (Croz. and Le Duc remain and advance slowly)

Croz. If I only had an inkling who these strangers might be.

Le Duc. I know everything but betray nothing.

Croz. Aha! Pardon me, I do not wish to be indiscreet.

Servant approaches Le Duc.

Servant. A telegram for the Prefect.

Le Duc. What - another?

Croz. What's the matter? What is it about?

Le Duc. I betray nothing. (opens telegram) After all!

Croz. Who would have thought it?

Le Duc. (reading, aside) (to the servant) It is well.

Servant (bows - exit)

Croz. War?

Le Duc. Everything is all right at Treully. (goes off quickly)

Croz. Then I feel easy. (goes off opposite direction)

(The stage is empty for a moment. The doors are closed. Pause - silence)

Scene 9.

(A clock is heard striking 12. With the last stroke a music-box begins to play a menuet-like measure. Ros. appears in the portiere, left, and advances timidly. She wears a dainty morning dress, and rubs her eyes, shivering :

Ros. "Midnight - he must be here soon." (she holds a note in her hand - goes to center of stage - looks around her; the music box dies off; Ros. turns to audience. Stops in front of looking-glass at right, in which she is reflected and visible to the audience.

18th Musical number. (Rosette's Song)

Scene 10.

Ros., Them. later Denise.

Them. (appears in doorway)

Ros. (sees him in the glass - starts and turns in joyous surprise. The music has played on. Ros. & Them. rush into ~~the~~ each others arms as the music rises; the music stops suddenly.

Them. Rosette.

Ros. Themidor! My own dearest! O, how I have longed for you.

Them. What have they done to you, Rosette?

Ros. (timidly) Take me away from here, Themidor. I beg of you take me away!

(breathless with fear) Tell me, who is this Denise? What is she? They gamble and drink all night, Themidore....

Them. My poor darling!

Ros. They wanted to have me play with them and laugh - but I could not - I would not, Themidore. I always saw your picture before my eyes, Themidore; tell me - tell me where am I?

Them. Do not ask me, little one. You must come away from here as soon as possible. No-one shall know - least of all Conde. He is having me watched.

Ros. For Heaven's sake - Themidor - you are in danger?

Them. Fear nothing, my love. When I drop this handkerchief, hurry out of that door into the street; the carriage will await you; my servants are on guard; we must elope.

Ros. O yes, - let us elope - - but where to?

Them. With you to the land of happiness.

Ros. Where will we find it?

18th Musical number. (Love Duet)

( Denise appears at back - sees Them. and Ros. in each others arms; starts back exclaiming: "Themidore after all". Them. hears her rapid retreat and warns Rosette: " Be careful - we are being watched." Denise immediately re-appears at the head of her guests. Rosette shrinks against the wall. Them. acts unconscious while Denise approaches the pair and the chorus group on stage.)

(Denise with her guests)

Chorus We're free from ev'ry sordid care. ( same as opening chorus of Act II)

Den. (advances slowly toward the lovers.)

Den. If I disturb a tete-a-tete, it is with deep regret.

Them. O not at all, t'is time to leave; the hour your guests forget, Madame!

Den. Ah, do not hurry so I pray. (all three go on talking softly while the chorus goes up and down and forms groups.)

Chorus

Chorus. Ladies fair and gentlemen!

(Conde comes with Crozier)

Conde Where is Denise Monseigneur?

Croz. Who ever knows (calling) Madame Denise!

Chorus Faites votre jeu.

Conde Madame Denise!

Denise I come at once. (she draws him forward in left corner front,  
speaks hastily and half whispering) The Abbe is Themidore, in disguise.

Conde You see ghosts.

Denise I heard him talking to Rosette - they will elope - at once, when he drops  
his handkerchief as signal.

Conde He shall suffer for this. (calling) Le Duc! (Le Duc, who stood near  
listening, hastens forward)

Conde Here - take this ring to the officer of the watch! (talks softly to  
Le Duc. Denise goes to Themidore.

Den. (leaving Conde) I'll join the game.

Den. Vicomte - I fancy to dine alone  
With me tonight would amuse you.

Them. Alas - my appetite has flown -  
I fear I must refuse you.

Ros. (Has advanced with Them. in silent action. Them. kisses her hand  
and goes left while Laverdure approaches Rosette and speaks with her  
withdrawing at once when Conde approaches Rosette.)

Ros. The hour of happiness is near for which I've hoped and yearned so long.

Conde Ah little lady, how I regret  
That we are parted by fate even now.

Ros. (coldly) ~~The~~ I know not the meaning your words convey  
And care not to know your intentions.

(Conde bows - silent action, passing into the theme of the menuett.

Them.

Them. (has withdrawn while other gentlemen approach Denise and stands half hidden by a column)

Galembourg Ah - the music begins. (Denise turns around)

Den. Dear general - will you dance with me?

Laverd. The ground is getting somewhat shaky! (bows with much ceremony)

Laverd. Fairest of ladies, your humor's not rosy

Den. Not that I know of - I think you are nosy.

Striking resemblances I can't ignore.

Laverd. (embarrassed) I'd better stop - I can't dance any more. (tries to escape)

Den. (holding him fast) Where have I looked on those features deceiving?

Laverd. (squirring) Fairest of ladies, I'd better be leaving.

Den. (persistently) Is this a riddle? If so, I have hit it.

Laverd. (aside) She's found us out - I had better admit it.

Den. (mockingly) Who is your double? I wish that I knew!

Laverd. (takes champagne from servant and drains a glass - to Crozier:)  
Here's to you.

(LeDuc and Conde approach Denise while Them. and Ros. each stand in a corner, looking at each other; silent business.)

Le Duc. Your Highness' orders are obeyed.

Conde Madame - your little dream of love has gone to pieces.

Den. (who frequently takes champagne, laughing) Dear Prince, I'll look for consolation.)

Conde And I?

Den. I'll see.

Conde (kisses her hand)

Den. I'm versed in the art of flirtation,

Of conversationa and fascination,

The queen of creation am I -

As none will deny.



( Note by translator: The foregoing page and a-half is doubtless sung, although the book does not indicate this (19th musical number.) A.M.

Finale of Act II. (20th number)

(Denise in centre, Conde goes to Rosette, the guests move about, the scene is lively - some dance - others in conversation. Denise surrounded by cavaliers)

Chorus (part of opening chorus repeated)

Conde (seems to urge Rosette who wards him off and tries to break away)

Laverd. (to Them. It is the highest time for us to go!

Them. Is the carriage at hand?

Laverd. You take care of Rosette - I'll cover your retreat. (Them. holds his handkerchief ready.)

Conde (to Ros.) When will you listen to my pleading?

My tender passion you're unheeding.

Ros. (Excitedly to Conde) Such degradation I ne'er have known -

But I have strength to defy you -

Prince - I forbid you - -

(she breaks away from Conde, who takes her about the waist and holds her, forcing her into a waltz with him. Denise has observed them - she laughs aloud and drains another glass of champagne)

Den. The hour approaches.

Chorus - (as above - lively dance - some kiss each other - Conde holds Rosette in an iron grasp and kisses her.)

Them. (has stood opposite with clenched hands - draws his sword, drops the handkerchief and dashes toward Conde. Conde liberates Rosette, starts back and calls in sharp command: "Officer of the watch!" Rattle of drums. Le Duc advances - breathless silence. Them drops his sword and staggers back.)

Them. What have I done!

Den. (going close to Them) (She sings to him, looking hard at him)  
I'm versed in the art of flirtation, of fascination - -

Them. (mockingly) And ruination!

Tumult among the guests. The guard takes Them. away. Chorus hides his exit from audience. )

Ros. Heaven help us!

Laverd. (goes to her quickly and draws her with him through the door. In going off she cries: "Themidore" Rosette is half faint -

Laverd. Come away!

Den. (stands as though turned to stone - puts her hand to her forehead - laughs hysterically and throws her glass to the floor.)

Den. Laughter - music - I want to dance!

(She throws herself into Conde's arms - wild dance - curtain. )

End of Act II.

Act III.

( Before the City gate of Paris. A sentry-house right, an inn left, with tables and chairs in front of it. Early dawn. The street lanterns still burning.)

Scene 1.

(People going to market, a sentry, later Ros. and Laverd. a sergeant, citizens, the inn-keeper, a policeman, a "bum", an officer, making his rounds. Market people with carts pass the gate, patrols go in and out, are challenged by the sentry and pass on. The sentry makes the rounds.)

( Ros. and Laverd. appear, wrapped in great coats, they are shivering)

Ros. Hush - did you hear nothing? Someone was here just now!

Laverd. Probably the sentry.

Ros. What if he should not let us pass?

Laverd. Leave that to me. My general's uniform has dazzled more than one sentry tonight.

Ros. But how about me?

Laverd. You will act as my Adjutant. They pass everywhere.

(a horn-signal in the distance, beginning of March - 1st part.)

Ros. What is that.

Laverd. The Reveille - they are waking the soldiers. ( That's a kind of alarm-clock for soldiers)

Ros. I am so nervous.

Laverd. You must be brave.

Ros. What will happen to Themidor?

Laverd. (pointing to corner-tower) He is locked up in there.

Ros. Here - are you sure?

Laverd. I know it from Le Duc's own men. The cadet regiment have orders to come here and get him.

Ros. To get him?

Laverd. And take him to the prison at Treuilly.

Ros. That shall never happen.

Laverd. We will try to prevent it. But you, Mademoiselle, must take a little rest. Step into this inn here.

Ros. Stay with me, Laverdure.

Laverd. I want to get my bearings a little and then I will follow you.

Ros. (exit. It grows lighter. A sergeant appears; addressing the sentry:  
"What's up?")

Sentry (pointing to Laverdure) Drunken bums.

Sergeant Who is the fellow?

Sergeant. Halt! Who goes there?

Laverd. A friend.

Sergeant Friend advance.

Laverd. (advances three steps)

Sergeant Halt! Give the watchword!

Laverd. The watchword is Bourbon - if not today, then always.

Sergeant You are a queer patriot, - such a good royalist at this early hour.  
(March music in the distance. It approaches - shouting and whistling,  
sleepy people with night-caps look from the windows)

Inn-keeper (at window) What is up? Who is coming?

Sergeant Conde's Cadets.

A woman Mercy on us. us!

A citizen And drunk at that!

Innkeep. Lord preserve us! (the noise grows louder)

Cadets Good friend, is today this morning?

Laverd. No - it is still last night.

Shouts - - - Bravo - he is one of us.

Policeman Silence - no noise here.

Cadets (drive him off stage with shouts and jeers)

Laverd. (calls them to order, giving military commands)

Cadets. (to Laverd.) Bravo! Come and have a drink with us! Hey - innkeeper!  
What is keeping you - Wine here!

Laverd. We are thirsty! Hurry or we'll drink ~~up~~ the Seine dry.

Innkeep. wife - - (in a night-cap puts her head out of window) What is all that noise?

Cadets O my - look at the old scratch!

Laverd. We want something to drink!

Innkeep. w. What? At this hour? Get out of here, you night birds. (exit - closing window)

Cadets (shout and jeer) HUUUUH!

Laverd. We won't stand for that! On to the attack!

Cadets. Hurrah! We'll take the place by storm - Forward - do or die! (they break in the door and window and exit - some through the door and some through window noisily.)

( Sounds of laughter outside. Denise with a number of ladies and gentlemen from Act II appear.)

Croz. Madame - you must prevent it.

Den. O let me alone!

Croz. Consider - Madame Fleuron. It might bring on complications. Let the Captain go!

Den. (excited and feeling the champagne a little) Yes, yes, yes! Besides it is all off. The man suddenly leaves me quite cold.

Croz. O Lord!

Den. I never wanted it to come to this.

Le Duc. How about the Prince? Themidore drew his sword against him.

Call. And he is furious that Rosette refused him.

Den. Nonsense - not a bit. That is not his way! Our motto is:

Equal rights for everybody. We take what comes our way and look for more.

Le Duc. But the military law and the Prince? The matter is not so simple as you think.

Den. O hang the military law! Am I not ME? If I command, even a prince must obey!

Croz. Then it is high time to command.

Den. I have already sent for him. Lisette just took my message to him. I wonder what is keeping her. Well, she is pretty and Conde is rather susceptible. He is probably putting his seal on the reply! (all laugh)

Den. Prefect - I wish you would see if you can reach the Prince.

Le Duc I hasten, Madame! Will you accompany me, dear Baron?

Call. Very willingly, dear Prefect!

Croz. (runs up and down excitedly) (Exit Le Duc and Call. followed by ladies and gentlemen) - ~~Den. and Croz. follow off stage.~~ The stage is empty.

Den. (walks up and down restlessly - Croz. follows her like a shadow)

Den. (turns sharply) Why do you run after me like a poodle?

Croz. Madame!

Den. I know all about it! "I ruined myself for you"

Croz. Wrong, Madame! You are mistaken - I for you!

Den. (sharply) Well - what about it? What about it?

Croz. Permit me to say, Madame....

Den. I permit nothing! I permitted you to hang around me! I permitted you to adore me - to kiss my hand (Croz. wants to kiss her hand) Stop that! And the thanks I get? (mimicking him) I ruined myself for you, Madame, I ruined myself for you! I hate this eternal whine! More men have ruined themselves for me than you ever converted, - and they never had to regret it.

Croz. I regret nothing, but....

Den. O shut up.... Life is short and men are cheap (easy?)

If it's not this one, is that one - the only difference is the name.

COUPLIET. - Denise and Crozier.

21st musical number.

( Both dance off. There is loud noise in the inn, steadily growing, the door opens, the cadets throw out the inn-keeper and swarm out with wine glasses, shouting and laughing; they seat themselves at the tables while the innkeeper hobbles back into the house. )

Laverd. Another battle won!

Cadet. How many does this make.

Laverd. One battle per day.

Cadet But no bloody ones.

Laverd. Oho, - a dozen wars will not cover it.

(the war-story is to be interrupted by various interpolations.)

Laverd. I was in one war twice - once before the the battle and once after the battle. Those were great times, Ah yes, great times! Reminds me of strategic moments from my youthful past. Ah, yes in the year 38! ( Hezz, hear! Tell us about it) Very well - Hm! (coughs) It was at Belonne, in the campaign against England. My father, Marquis de Labordure commanded the left - no the right - stop - the left wing. However, that is immaterial! Hurrah for France!

Cadets Hurrah for France!

Laverd. The right wing was held by Prince Conde, the prince's deceased father. At that time I was a simple lieutenant. The English were in front of us in their trenches. We were just having black coffee, when my father said: " I think we had better do a little fighting." The Prince said: "I quite agree with you, my dear colleague; kindly take the lead!" Suddenly - BANG! I hear a terrible crash and immediately realize the seriousness of the situation, - stare death in the face and issue the command not to dispense

any more black coffee. ( remarks by the cadets) Hereupon the officers began a terrible row and left their cups. Suddenly there was a movement of the right wing - no the left - stop - the right; however, that is immaterial - Hurrah for France!

Gadets Hurrah for France!

Laverd. Onward! Ominous silence! St - a bang! BOOM - Smash! The regiment wiped out. Murderous fight. The enemy flee - we flee after them. There - an ambush! The deceased Prince and six of us surrounded by the enemy. With this leg (lift first left and then right foot) - no this - however, that is immaterial - Hurrah for France!

Gadets Hurrah for France!

Laverd. I caught the blow which would have split his head. The Prince shakes hands with me: " Young hero, I make you a Captain." At that moment (cannon ball) a bullet came whizzing toward us (frightened exclamations by the cadets) (It was a carved ball)that yes indeed - whizzing - bang! The bullet/missed the Marshall and landed in my left lung - no in the right. Hurrah for France!

Gadets Hurrah for France!

Laverd. (hoarsely whispering) Since then I can only whisper with the left lung. (roaring) but with the right! Where did I stop? O yes - We assemble - peek out of the ambush and find we are cut off - enemies right and left on top of us. No provisions - no charts in our knapsacks - only a Baedeker of upper Bavaria (Trans. Note: Baedeker is a well-known tourists handbook) and an old edition at that. Good advice was at a premium and we had no money. Cut off by the enemy right and left, I peek out of the ambush once again and behold - in front of us - no back of us - no in front - Hurrah for France! the coast was clear. Saved! That is how I became a General. Join me in three cheers for France!

Gadets (with enthusiasm) Hurrah for France!

Laverd. Thank you, my friends.



Cadet 1. (begins to sing) A soldier's life is the life for me!

Laverd. Stop, stop! We must not talk shop. Don't let's be sentimental boys!  
Always merry - that is our watchword!

(he steps on the bench while the cadets crowd around him and drink to him)

22nd Musical number (Cadets' March)

(Chorus repeats the refrain. The cadets cheer Laverdure.)

1. Cadet. My friend, I like you - you are no kill-joy.

2. cadet You are one of us.

Laverd. Indeed I am. ( he throws off his cloak, showing generals uniform. Some of the cadets start back and stand attention:

" A general after all!"

Laverd. ( motions to them condescendingly) No excitement, my young heroes! Your deference will all be at an end when you recognize me.

1. Cadet. Laverdure?

Laverd. Yes sir - Laverdure, General and bootblack in one.

Cadet. How did you get into that coat?

Laverd. This is a queer world. Young ladies are locked up because they are too viruous and officers are locked up when they defend their honor with the sword - - therefore it is not surprising if bootblacks become generals.

Cadet. You are crazy; what officer has been locked up?

Laverd. If you will be patient, you will see some of the queerness in this world with your own eyes: Policemen escorting a handcuffed commander.

Cadets. Our commander?

Laverd. You have said it, my friend - it is Vicomte Themidor.

Cadet. What - Themidor is a prisoner? (he shouts) Treason! To arms! (tumult)  
(more shouts) Treason! To arms! ( the tumult grows)

3rd or 4th Cadet      What has happened? What's up? What is it all about?

1. Cadet.              Our Captain is a prisoner! To arms!

The other 3            A prisoner? Themidore a prisoner? To arms!

The noise increases. Trumpets sound the alarm. The cadets quickly form ranks.)

1. Cadet              (draws sword, commands) "Tention Company! (sudden silence)

(exit Laverdure and cadets.)

(Conde enters with Le Duc)

Conde                  Has everything been attended to?

Le Duc                Yes your Highness!

Conde                These women, 6 these women!

Le Duc                Yes your Highness!

Conde                First they want a man arrested and then set free - you see this note?

Le Duc                Yes your Highness!

Conde                Does she want to make a monkey of me?

Le Duc                Yes your Highness!

Conde                What? - If you say that again, I'll have you arrested. You hear me?

Le Duc                Yes your Highness!

Conde                Have Themidore brought before me.

Le Duc                Yes your Highness.

Conde                ( going off, furious, mutters under his breath) Yes your Highness - the devil take you.

Le Duc                ( calls the guard and motions to them to follow him; all exit in step)

Scene 2.

Laverd.              (Comes toward Le Duc through the gate.)

Le Duc              (sees Laverd. and starts) Ah! This beats everything! Look at this bird! Say, do you know who you are?

Laverd.              I am anxious for an introduction!

Le Duc. (threateningly) I will tell you. You think you are a General! Well you are mistaken! You have a swelled head. You are a bootblack!

Laverd. I?

Le Duc. Yes you! You are only an ordinary bootblack! A crazy bootblack!

Laverd. You should have told me that yesterday.

Le Duc. Yesterday I did not know it myself. I took you for a General! The idea! The fellow dares to tell me he would appear at court!  
(threateningly) You probably believed that yourself?

Laverd. Not I!

Le Duc. (furious) But I did - I believed you.

Laverd. Then you must be crazy.

Le Duc. Take off that coat this minute.

Laverd. Don't you dare to touch that coat.

(policemen and others shouting) Rebellion, Treason, Revolt! The cadets have set their Captain free!

Le Duc. This is too much!

Them. (rushes on the stage through the gate with the other cadets.) (the cadets lower their swords)

Conde. (after a pause, with dignity) Who has dared to set the prisoner free? Who threatened the Prefect?

1 Cadet. We set our Captain free.

Conde. My Cadets! ? This is mutiny! You shall all suffer for this. (the cadets move uneasily) - unless you turn the ring leader over to me!

Croz. I feel so nervous.

Den. (aside to Croz.) Shut up.

Ros. (steps forward from the ranks of the cadets) The ringleader stands before you.

Conde. (in a changed voice) You? Rosette?

Ros. Yes - I, a soldier's daughter. My father fell before the enemy and I hope he will have no reason to be ashamed of his daughter.

Last musical number follows.

Curtain.

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