

Richard Genée's  
*The Royal Middy*  
(*Der Seekadett*)



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Compiled and Researched by

Dario Salvi

Cambridge  
Scholars  
Publishing



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Illustration 1: Richard Genée



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## FOREWORD

DR. ROBERT IGNATIUS LETELLIER

### **Franz Friedrich Richard Genée: Master Lyricist and Mellifluous Maestro**

Richard Genée is famous as the principal librettist of the most famous of Viennese operettas, *Die Fledermaus*, but was in fact a multi-talented artist, conductor, librettist and musician. He was born in East Prussia, in Danzig, on 7 February 1823, the son of a theatre director, and initially studied medicine in Berlin, but then turned to music. He studied in Berlin with A. Stahlknecht, and became a theatre director and composer himself. In the 20 years between 1847 and 1867, he served as Kapellmeister at theatres in Danzig, Reval (Tallinn), Riga, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Schwerin and Prague. His first operetta appeared in 1857 while he was conductor of the Philharmonic Orchestra in Mainz. He was increasingly involved in the literary as well musical side of the works he produced. In 1868, he became conductor at the Theater an der Wien in Vienna, where he was at first concerned with adapting foreign works for production. He supplied the text for a work by Friedrich von Flotow (the composer of the famous *Martha*, 1847), and subsequently found himself in demand as a skilled operetta librettist. This aspect of his artistic talents was developed especially through his association with Johann Strauss, who turned to writing operettas in 1871. Genée was asked to rewrite Carl Haffner's translation of a French play by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, *Le Réveillon* (1872). He discarded the translation in favour of his own text, and the result was *Die Fledermaus*. As Strauss was not familiar with writing for the theatre, he found invaluable help from Genée, not only as a lyricist, but in the working out of his melodic ideas. Genée's handwriting is in fact extensively evident in the score of *Die Fledermaus*, this was Strauss's second stage work and became the enduringly definitive work of its genre.

Genée's fame as a librettist was developed through his association with Camillo Walzel (who used the pseudonym Friedrich Zell). Zell, like Genée, was a Prussian. He was born in Magdeburg, but his family moved

to Austria when he was young, and Zell, after working as a captain in a Danube steamboat, joined the Austrian War Ministry. He retired from this position in 1873 to establish a working relationship with Richard Genée. They became a celebrated literary partnership, the Viennese equivalent of the playwrights and doyens of the Parisian operetta, Meilhac and Halévy. Together they provided libretti for some of the most famous and enduring works of the Viennese Golden Age, including Strauss' *Die Fledermaus* (1874) and *Eine Nacht in Venedig* (1883); Suppé's *Fatinitza* (1876) and *Boccaccio* (1879); and Millöcker's *der Bettelstudent* (1882) and *Gasparone* (1884). Zell concerned himself with the plots (like Meilhac) while Genée concentrated on the lyrics (as did Halévy in the French collaboration). They also wrote the texts for Genée's own compositions, and especially favoured sources from the French theatre. With Zell, Genée also made fine German translations of French and British operetta classics, including works by Offenbach, Lecocq and Sullivan. His brother Rudolf Genée (1824-1914) also wrote libretti.

In 1876 Genée was able to retire from conducting, and retreated to his villa at Pressbaum near Vienna. He died in Baden bei Wien on 15 June 1895. Genée was also a highly professional musician, and composed two works that achieved remarkable popularity, even reaching the New York stage. These were *Der Seekadett* (1876) and *Nanon, die Wirtin vom goldenen Lamm* (1877). Zell is attributed as librettist, but Genée almost certainly wrote the lyrics as he usually did. The list of their productions from the *Annals of Opera* is attestation to Genée's very considerable accomplishment as a composer.

Genée reveals a forceful, sometimes even torrential character in his scores. His skill in orchestration was admired in the Viennese press (*Neues Wiener Tageblatt*, 1885). His accompaniments are surprisingly imaginative, full and sustained, and the vocal line confident and strongly delineated lyrically. The various musical sub-genres that operetta so consistently features are all present, but there is never a sense of anything overplayed being purveyed. His best scores were seen to exhibit unique talents, coupled as these were with his extraordinary literary prowess. Given their unknown status to the modern listener, these works provide a fresh and invigorating perspective on a well-known terrain, and provide excellent variation on the usual and sometimes hackneyed operetta repertoire.

*Der Seekadet* (Vienna, Theater an der Wien, 24 October 1876)

In German:

Berlin, Friedrich Wilhelmstatisches Theater 3 March 1877  
 Laibach 1877  
 Brünn 3 May 1878  
 Czernowitz 1878  
 Riga 13 December 1878  
 Basle 21 April 1879  
 Posen 16 July 1879  
 New York 27 October 1879  
 Rome 9 March 1882  
 Sofia Summer 1893  
 Helsinki Summer 1899

In Hungarian:

Budapest February 1877

In Swedish (trans. E.A. Wallmark):

Stockholm 31 Jan 1879

In Italian (as *Lo Scacchiere della Regina*, adapted by A Scalvini):

Naples, Circo Nazionale 5 August 1879

In French (trans. G. Lagye):

Brussels 28 January 1880

Rouen 19 April 1881

In English (trans. H.B. Farnie as *The Royal Middy*):

London, Globe 27 March 1880

New York 7 June 1880

In Polish: Lemberg 20 June 1880

In Danish: Copenhagen 1883

In Croatian (trans. G. Prejac): Zagreb 2 May 1909

*Nanon* (Vienna, Theater an der Wien 10 March 1877)

The text was derived from a French comedy by E.G.M. Théaulon & V.A. d'Artois.

In German:

Berlin, Walhalla Theater 30 October 1883 (with the 300<sup>th</sup> performance on 11 September 1884)  
 Budapest 29 January 1884  
 St Petersburg 16 February 1884  
 Brünn 30 September 1884

Riga 20 December 1884

New York 2 January 1885

Basle 23 January 1885

Reval 14 February 1885

Prague 23 August 1885

Strasbourg 8 Nov. 1885

Brussels 5 January 1886

Copenhagen May 1897

With frequent revivals (a new arrangement by A. Treumann-Mette):

Lübeck 6 Feb 1938.

In English (trans. L.C. Elson):

New York 29 June 1885

Birmingham 16 September 1889

In Croatian (trans. L. Trnski): Zagreb 16 March 1886

In Swedish (trans. E.W. Wallmark): Stockholm 24 March 1886

In Polish: 26 March 1886

In Italian: Rome 23 October 1888

—Cambridge, England, May 2017

# INTRODUCTION

## DARIO SALVI

New operas are hard to come by these days—at least that is what I have always been told. Finding an opera house or an opera company willing to take a chance in producing a new title or reviving an old work is said to be almost impossible. Everywhere you go the operas belonging to the standard canon are performed. You could travel the world for a year and see a different production of one of these standard operas every day. But how many operettas could you find and where? Well, if you are lucky enough to live in Central Europe you might bump into some productions of works by Millocker, Suppè, Johann Strauss Jr., Oscar Straus, Kalman, Lehár and a few others. If you are in the United Kingdom you are more or less limited to the works by Gilbert & Sullivan. Elsewhere *Die Fledermaus* and the *Merry Widow* are the queens of operetta, with Offenbach as king; but if you are lucky you might bump into *The Dollar Princess* in Philadelphia, *Countess Maritza* in Sicily or even *Die Afrikareise* in Norfolk, UK. On a lighter note, there definitely is a revival for operetta. We have to thank all the operetta lovers out there that spend their time and money to try and bring back this often neglected artform. As for me, I want to be a driving force in this revival. I want to show that we cannot afford to let this music and poetry be forgotten any longer.

The work of reviving an old musical masterpiece surely is gigantic. One must think about finding all the music, the conductor's score, vocal scores for the singers and choir, promptbooks and scripts, stage directions, costume plot, scenery etc.—and most of the time without knowing if the final result will be worth all of that energy, time and money. In my experience, it certainly always is.

I have had the pleasure of restoring, researching and reviving more works in the last two years than I could have possibly predicted. It all started with Suppè's comic opera *Die Afrikareise (A Trip to Africa)*. Years of research and hard work paid off. The music is exciting, beautiful, and Viennese with a subtle nudge to the Arab world. The plot is layered, exotic, sensual and over the top—which is, after all, part of the draw of operetta. Performing the work on stage with a chorus, singers and an

orchestra was the climax of it all, and having been able to record it and save it for future generations was a sheer pleasure. The moment I closed the last chord of the Finale I was hooked for life. I had to bring back more and more of this amazing music and these impossible plots.

Suppé and Genée were my first loves in the world of operetta—the former for his music, the latter for his stories. When I discovered that Genée was also a composer of note (and notes) I wanted to find out more about him. While working on other projects (Meyerbeer's *Romilda e Costanza* and *Brandenburger Tor*, Suppé's *Mozart*, Rumshinsky's *The Broken Violin* and Genée's *Freund Felix*) I found my attention often shifting to two recordings by the Hamburger Rundfunkorchester of two of Genée's Operas, *Nanon* and *Der Seekadett*. I was already familiar with the music from *Nanon*, having conducted *Anna's Song*, the *Quartett* and the *Overture* (after having restored it from the manuscript) in concerts before. I did not know anything about *Der Seekadett*, but I liked what I heard. Sadly, these recordings are only excerpts from the operas at only 25 minutes long, and heavily arranged as medleys of songs. I wanted to find out more about what was not there. Luckily enough I found some selections, quadrilles, marches and vocal numbers in the Library of Congress (USA) and even Eduard Strauss composed (or compiled) a quadrille on melodies from *Der Seekadett*.

Before deciding if I really wanted to dedicate all this time into working on *Der Seekadett* I had to know more. I concentrated on the libretto, by F. Zell (aka Camillo Welzel) but I could not find it anywhere. Giving up is not part of my nature and so after a month of thorough research I managed to obtain everything I needed. I sourced the English libretto from the American version of the opera, called *The Royal Middy* (please look at the Historical Reviews and Performances section of the book to find out more about why this name was adopted) as well as the Italian libretto of *Lo Scacchiere della Regina* (*The Queen's Chessboard*), as it was known in Italy. I loved what I read and heard in the recording and wanted to rescue the work.

Through this work of passion, I discovered why the opera had a lifespan of 68 years. The plot is quite simple, easy to follow, full of funny lines and great moments (including a duel between a navy officer and our hero, Fanchette, a lovely lady disguised as a Naval Cadet). It includes a cast of ladies dressed as cadets, children in the role of chess pieces, soldiers, sailors, politicians, monarchy, priests, a millionaire and an insubordinate slave—and if this wasn't enough, the second act finishes with a human chess game.

Underneath all of this, the music is nothing short of sublime. Do not be fooled by the Hamburg recording—what you hear is a mutilated version of the opera, with shortened songs, questionable interpretations of tempi and a modified orchestration. Despite these drawbacks, it is a real pleasure to be able to listen to it, even in that form (there is a full bootleg recording from an Austrian 1994 production of the opera featuring Peter Thunhart as Dom Januario, which is sadly not commercially available). Great brass lines give us the pomp of the court, tambourines and castagnets give us the rhythm of a Brazilian bolero, there are waltzes, there are marches (we are after all in a Naval academy), and there are mellow melodies. The music is never boring or stagnant, unlike many of the canonic operas. The attention of the listener is shifted constantly between arias, choral numbers, changes of rhythm and interesting harmonies. It surely is, in my opinion, a very good comic opera. There is no reason why *Der Seekadett* should not become part of the operatic (or operetta) canon.

At the time of writing, the orchestral score and parts are completed, the libretto, dialogues and all the material needed for a production is ready and a date is set for a concert performance at the Concert Operetta Theatre in Philadelphia in the autumn of 2017.

While reading this book you will immerse yourself in a world populated by lovable and sometimes improbable characters, lovely poetry and interesting facts. Just a note of caution: the names of the characters change throughout the different versions and languages, for example Fanchette becomes Cerisette in England (in the highly criticised British adaptation called *The Naval Cadets*) and Norberto becomes Robert in *Le Cadet de Marine* in France and *Lamberto* in *Lo Scacchiere della Regina* in Italy—even though *Lamberto* is the name of another character in *The Royal Middy*. Confused? That's the beauty of it all!

DARIO SALVI  
Norwich, England, May 2017



# THE ROYAL MIDDY<sup>1</sup>

an  
Operetta,  
In Three Acts.  
By  
F. Zell.

MUSIC by  
RICHARD GENÉE

Libretto from the Original Promptbook  
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1897, by

**GOLDMARK & CONREID,**

In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Property of  
ARTHUS W. TAMS MUSIC LIBRARY  
109 W. 28<sup>th</sup> Street  
NEW YORK

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<sup>1</sup> *Two American libretti were published for different productions. As they are almost the same they are included here in the same libretto. Both front covers are reported. The first one is by the A.W. Tams Music Library.*

# THE ROYAL MIDDY<sup>2</sup>

Libretto from the  
Original Promptbook  
Property of  
THE WITMARK MUSIC LIBRARY  
8 West 29<sup>th</sup> Street,  
Near Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK

## THE ROYAL MIDDY (*Der Seekadett*) by Richard Genée

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<sup>2</sup> Two American libretti were published for different productions. As they are almost the same they are included here in the same libretto. Both front covers are reported. The second one is by the Witmark Music Library.

\*\*\*\*\*

FANCHETTE MICHEL, a Parisian Actress

MARIA FRANCISCA, Queen of Portugal

DONNA ANTONIA, her Confidante, wife to Dom Domingos

\*\*\*\*\*

DIEGO

JOSE

ANTONIO

GOMEZ

Royal Midshipmen

CARGOS

BERNARDO

HENRIQUEZ

FREDERICO

\*\*\*\*\*

LAMBERTO de SAINT GUERLONDE, secretly married to the Queen

DOM JANUARIO de PERNAMBUCO, a rich Brazilian

DOM DOMINGOS BORGOS, Master of Ceremonies

NORBERTO, Fencing Master at the Royal Academy

MUNGO, JANUARIO'S negro servant

RODRIGUEZ, servant to DOM LAMBERTO

\*\*\*\*\*

FRANCESCO

JOAQUINO

Officers

BONIFACIO

## The Argument

*(the following argument has been transcribed in its original form. It sometimes has grammatical mistakes and sentences that are hard to understand. The editor decided not to alter any of the content)*

The scene is laid in Lisbon. Dom Lamberto, who has hardly been in the Portuguese service twelve months, has become, to the great surprise of the Court, Colonel, Rear Admiral and Governor of the Royal Naval Academy, Officer of Dragoons, Confidential Adviser of the Marines, and a pluralist in every sense of office holding. There was a time once in Paris when Lamberto was only a Lieutenant of the Thirty-First Infantry, when he and Fanchette, a versatile actress and charming little *Soubrette*, foregathered together and of which they were very fond. Dom Lamberto being a man of parts, has found favour with his Royal Mistress, Maria Francesca, Queen of Portugal, and is secretly married to her. The Queen is an adorable woman and an intensely affectionate wife, and she is therefore inclined to jealousy and suspicion in the highest degree. At the time when the play begins Dom Lamberto is receiving the envious banter of his companions with the complacency proper to his assured position, when he gets a letter from Fanchette announcing her arrival in Lisbon, and the situation becomes embarrassing. The Queen surprises Lamberto in the perusal of the letter and is put off with an excuse about contracts for regimental uniforms. Dom Domingos Borgos de Barras, the Chamberlain—an egregious old ass and short sighted at that—enters to announce receipt of despatches and the Queen masks herself because the marriage is secret and Portuguese ladies, when they like it, wear these as a fashion. The despatch announces that the Ambassador at Rio de Janeiro begs her Majesty to send his nephew, Don Mauricio—a young seaman—so that the reprobate may be cured of his evil propensities. Dom Mauricio is to be enrolled amongst the Midshipmen, in the Naval Industrial School. Dom Domingos pokes fun at Lamberto about the charming *incognita* with the mask on and in a generally fatuous manner invents a delusion for himself and hugs it. Fanchette, following up her letter, here enters on the scene and, to avoid and bailie the curiosity of Domingos, assumes her mask according to the fashion of the country, and the purblind old Chamberlain gets his ears boxed for the pains he takes to identify her with the other masked lady, the Queen. Lamberto and Fanchette meet, and the little actress tells her old flame of the spirited adventures she has met with and the cause of her flight from Paris and her presence in Lisbon. Lamberto, the married man, is confounded and alarmed and entreats Fanchette to quit the place, when Dom Januario Paraguasso Calabrio is announced. This remarkable person

is one of five brothers owning simply fabulous wealth, and he is the richest of them all. His heart is peculiarly sensitive to the tender passion but his experiences teach him that, amongst the better half of creation, he is more valued for his money than for himself. He sighs, therefore, for an earnest-minded woman who would box his ears when he makes love to her; and such a woman he finds in Fanchette, with whom he is immensely struck.

Lamberto has sought the assistance of Donna Antonia to take Fanchette away from the palace, but that young lady makes up her mind to stay. She palms off Januario upon Donna Antonia, and imposes herself upon Lamberto, just as a cosy supper is prepared for himself and his wife, the Queen, and she is only hidden away just in time to prevent an explosion. When Fanchette next appears, it is in the garb of the Royal Middies, amongst whom she takes the personage of Dom Mauritio, the scapegrace; but Januario, struck by his/her likeness to Fanchette, pesters him/her with attention, and gets his ears boxed for his pains. Infuriated at the insult, Januario challenges the supposed Dom Mauritio to fight, but this course by no means agrees with Fanchette's humour. The wrathful Lamberto induces Captain Norberto to take up the quarrel, and (with the promise of promotion in the service), to allow himself to be wounded by Fanchette. This is done, and Fanchette's new fame as a man killer induces a more pacific frame of mind on the part of Januario. The Queen enters and receives the account of Dom Mauritio's (Fanchette's) prowess most graciously, and the Royal Chess Tournament is played in the assembled Court. The young Dom Mauritio grows in high favour with the Queen, but terrible accounts of the real Dom Mauritio's pranks reach the palace, and just at this time Fanchette, attending her Majesty on horseback, is so fortunate as to save her life, and is therefore in gratitude ennobled and made a Knight of the Golden Fleece. The Queen and Dom Januario ply her with honours and presents worth millions of pistoles. These extraordinary favours serve Lamberto as an excuse for an attitude of mock jealousy towards his wife and Queen, a bit of play into which Fanchette in her disguise enters with great gusto; but she accepts, nevertheless, Dom Januario and his millions. The Royal marriage is proclaimed before the court, and all ends well.



Illustration 2: Isabelle Everson as “The Royal Middy”

**THE ROYAL MIDDY**  
**or**  
**THE CHESS TOURNAMENT**

**ACT 1**

No.1 CHORUS, DOMINGOS and LAMBERTO

*(2 Pages about C. Arch.)*

Hail, our new Governor! All hail!  
Fill to the brim! Now, drink to him;  
Fill up to drink the toast.  
Hail, our new Governor! All hail!  
Fill up, fill up, to drink the toast.  
Our Governor, all hail!

MARIA

Though he advances over all, he  
Still remains our comrade true.

JOA.

I wish him joy from all my heart,  
And so, Norbert, I'm sure do you.

CHORUS

Hail our new Governor  
Hail our new Governor, &c.

DOM.

How ready they all are to sing his praise,  
His fortune advances in peculiar ways,  
As many other men of note,  
Have risen by the petticoat;  
That I with talent and with years,  
Have scarcely won,  
This stripling, whom faith I could spank  
Has gained almost in fun,  
And then one must wish him joy.

2.

With friendly smile lust quiet him,  
Why, he is but the merest toy!  
Oh, I should like to beat him!  
Yes, his new rising star seems now to have its day  
Well, gentlemen, what do you think, what do you say?

## CHORUS

We do say, Hail to our new Governor, &c.

*(Enter Lamberto C from L.)*

## LAMBERTO

My friends, I thank you all for what  
Your kindly words pretend,  
For I am changed in naught,  
Am still your comrade, and your friend.

## CHORUS

He is our comrade, and our friend.

## LAMBERTO

Ah! What an honour to see you here.

*(Page comes down with golden battle-axe on cushion.)*

## DOM.

If I were not on duty, you would hardly see me here.  
It is a naval regulation  
That each new Admiral from me,  
Who represent the nation,  
This trophy shall receive, it is the regulation.  
Swinging this battle-axe for Portugal,  
That in your hand I solemnly now place,  
Yow are sure to keep it clean.

## LAMB.

To her who rules this happy land,  
We give our blood and life.  
Our every breath she may command,  
To her we give our life!  
To her who rules&c.

## LAMBERTO.

Though roses strew my pathway, and fortune smile on me,  
I pray that my old comrades' true friends will ever be  
I know my deserts are still too poor, I feel it ev'ry day,  
Of only one thing I am sure, I am your friend always.

## CHORUS

To Her, &c.

*(Enter ROD, from L.4.E.)*

ROD. *(L)*

Your Excellency! Your Excellency!



LAMB. (*R*)

Well, Rodrigues, what's up?

ROD.

Your Excellency. A most important letter.

LAMB.

Let me have it. (*Opens it*) Fanchette in Lisbon! What the deuce brings her here? Who gave you the letter?

ROD.

A charming young lady. She's waiting at the little garden gate.

LAMB.

Get down there as quick as you can, and tell her I'm out of town, sick, dead, anything you like, but get rid of her at once. (*Exit ROD. L.U.E.*)

NORB. (*Sarcastically*)

Pleasant news?

LAMB.

Thank you, not so bad. It's excellent news. I may say a little unexpected- - but— but—it requires—

FRAN.

Our absence? Well then, gentlemen, let us leave him.

CHORUS

To Her, &c.

LAMB.

And so Fanchette is in Lisbon? Fanchette, the brightest little hoydon of a soubrette in all Paris; my Fanchette, of the gay old time. If the Queen, my wife, should get the least suspicious of this business—Heavens! What shall I do with Fanchette? There's Donna Antonia, the Queen's first lady, she might help me out. Or—no, the Minister of Police is my man, he can manage it. I must be prompt—I must.

(*Sits at table R, and writes*)

MARIA (*enters from panel L. of C.*)

No.2 DUET LAMB. & MARIA

What joy to meet thus once more,  
I'm happy now as ne'er before.

QUEEN (*L.*)

Tho' let the crown and sceptre go,  
In thee I but my true love know.

LAMB. (*R*)

Yes, both thy crown and sceptre go,

In thee I but my true love know.  
*(Both)* What joy, &c.

LAMB.

At last darling Queen and wife, you have come! I have so eagerly awaited you.

MAR. *(Xs R;)*

And been writing letters to kill time, eh? May I read? "A most delicate affair for the exercise of the nicest discretion." and the heading, "My dear friend and master," Pray what is this delicate affair, and who may this master be?

LAMB.

Oh, it's only a master tailor.

MAR.

Oh—ho! A master tailor whom you call your "dear friend."

LAMB.

Yes, I used to run in debt with him, when I was a poor lieutenant.

MAR.

And the delicate commission?

LAMB.

Well, as you force me to disclose it, that's about the new uniform of the Royal Middies.

MARIA.

Uniforms? Well, that is a delicate affair—*(Aside)* perhaps. *(Xs L)*

LAMB.

My good master, Ravigot has sent me a sample uniform, and a bid, according to my drawings, it is in there. *(points R.2.E)*

MAR.

Pardon me, dear Lamberto. I love you so fondly, so passionately; since we have been blessed by the Holy Church, I have known happiness, forgive me, dearest.

LAMB.

My wife!

MAR.

One more kiss, and then my mask.

LAMB.

What an ugly fashion; I don't see how the Portuguese can endure it. For me, I hate it, because it conceals your beautiful face from me.

## No.3 RONDO — MARIA

Now darling, list I pray,  
 To what I have to say,  
 Let the mask have its place,  
 Though it covers the face;  
 Eyes and ears are free,  
 One can see,  
 Can peep out, and detect,  
 And the world not suspect;  
 The mask is a cover, hiding, protecting  
 To every fond lover.  
 From eyes suspecting, it hides, conceals  
 What each of us feels,  
 Ah! Our poor paces betray us, and  
 Cover—who can a woman's heart discover?  
     Let the mask have its place &c.  
 You men don't need them, that is true,  
 There's nothing to conceal in you,  
 You pledge your faith in the brunette, while  
 With the blonde you're flirting, yet we  
 Women only wear the mask to  
 Hide a doubting smile,  
 When with sweet words our love you ask,  
 Deceiving us all the while.  
 Let the mask have its place tho' it covers  
 The face, eyes and ears free  
 Let the mask have its place, so it  
 Hides no disgrace, &c.

DOM. (*Off B.4.E.*)

In the name of the Queen!

MAR. (*Puts on mask*) *L*

Great Heavens!

(*Enter DOM.*)

LAMB. (*R.*)

And pray, Sir Chamberlain, what means this sudden intrusion?

DOM. (*RC.*)

I come, your Excellency, in the name of the Queen, before whose august name all doors are opened. Ah! A lady! My wife, perhaps? What an old stupid I am to be sure. Donna Antonia is much taller than this, quite a different figure. Ah, I see a little tete—a—tete. I beg ten thousand pardons,

my dear sir, I understand. A señora—charming figure, egad, charming figure, precisely my taste, sir, precisely, you sly dog; the charmer has got a lovely dimple in her chin. Precisely my taste, precisely! dimple in chin, pretty figure, who the deuce can it be?

*(Exits unobserved through panel)*

LAMB.

Well, Sir Chamberlain, Her Majesty?

*(Queen Xs up L)*

DOM.

Her Majesty directs that your excellency should send for Dom Mauritio, and after hauling him over the coals in a proper and lively manner, give him a berth among the Midshipmen. Ha! Ha! The Naval Industrial School, under the direction of—ha! ha! Some of her Majesty's notions are not so bad, eh?

LAMB.

You will be good enough, Sir Chamberlain, to announce to her majesty that her wishes shall be fulfilled.

MAR. to LAMB. *(Aside)*

This evening.

*(Queen Exits L.U.E.)*

LAMB.

You will excuse me while I go to execute the commands of her Majesty.

*(Exit C. to*

*L.)*

DOM.

There's a puffed-up beggar on horseback. I beg your pardon.

*(Bus, with statue. Exit R.I.E.)*

*(ENTER FANCHETTE L. 4. E. driving on ROD, with whip.)*

No.4 ARIETTE FANCHETTE

Go right along and announce me here,

So, do you understand,

I am Fanchette—Fanchette of Paris,

First Soubrette, you understand.

They praise me—adore me—

with compliments, they bore me.

In Paris, my friend, I have full sway.

You stupid Portuguese, or goose *(sic.)* will you stand aside?

Listen, or I will turn myself loose—Will you stand aside?

When I give the word, and when I command,

All obey—all obey!  
I know how to make them understand  
What I say—what I say.  
When I give the word, none dare say no,  
Or, as you will find, I can show my hand.  
So—so—ah, so!

DOM. (*Re-enters R.I.E*)  
I can't find her anywhere. Ah, here she is.  
FANCHETTE. (*Puts on mask*)

Ah!

DOM.  
Señora! She seems smaller this time. It isn't possible that my wife could have changed so much as that in ten minutes. Pray don't be in the least alarmed, Señora I am the most discreet mortal in the world.

FANCH. (*aside*)  
What in the world is the old stupid talking about?

DOM.  
Why, it's another dress too! I must try to get at the bottom of this. Señora, if you are awaiting Dom Lamberto, I fear he will not return very soon.

FANCH.  
Ah!

DOM.  
He rests in the embrace of true love.

FANCH.  
Ah!

DOM.  
I believe she is blushing. It can't be my wife. Only one of his many little affairs—you understand?

FANCH. (*lifting a handkerchief*)  
Ah!

DOM.  
The charming creature weeps. Probably one of the maids of honour. Let me dry those pretty eyes.

FANCH.  
Down with your paws, old snuff-box, or—

DOM.  
Paws? Old snuff-box, eh? Well, that's no maid of honour, that's flat. Probably from a very different sort of court. Let's have the mask off, eh, dear?

FANCH.

You had better keep off, you impudent old orangutan Will you keep your hands to yourself, or would you like a taste of mine? (*Slaps his face*)

DOM.

I shouldn't wonder if that was my wife after all. (*goes R*)

LAMB. (*Enters C. on box on ear*) (*L*)

What's this?

FANCHETTE (*L*)

Oh, Lamberto! Lamberto! At last.

LAMB.

We are not alone. What! Your Excellency still here?

DOM. (*R.*)

Do not let me detain your Excellency. Probably a little laundress, or something of that style. I will not intrude any longer. (*Xs C*)

LAMB. (*R*)

Don't let me detain your Excellency. Ha! ha!

DOM.

You laugh away my boy, I'll get even for this. Señora (*he rushes after her*)—Your Excellency! (*Exits L.4.E.*)

FANCH. (*unmasks*)

At last, at last, dear Lamberto. At last I am with you again. Ah, darling, darling.

LAMB.

For goodness sake—if anyone were to see us. Consider Mademoiselle—

FANCH.

Mademoiselle, is it Mademoiselle! It's Lisbon fashion, I suppose, to call one's beloved Mademoiselle? Or have we grown so grand and mighty that we forget old Paris friends?

LAMB. (*Sits L. of table*)

No, no. Don't think that of me, Fanchette.

FANCHETTE.

There, thank goodness, that sounds like you again. Come, come, now, and let me tell you how I got all the way to Portugal from dear old Paris, (*goes to sit on his knee*) Ah, truly, we are at Court, and I suppose we must be on our good behaviour. All right. Well, my dear boy, the thing is right here in a nutshell. There's been a row at the theatre; and such a one; you should have been there. It was just a fortnight ago today, and I was playing in an opera called "*La Dame's de Paris*". Oh, I forget that you don't know it. It's a new thing full of pretty songs, and just suited me. Well, as I say, I was playing in an opera called "*La Dame's de Paris*", and I had just sung the first verse of my second song, which touches rather sharply on certain