SONG WORDS OF THE LION TAMER: COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS DERIVED FROM THE FRENCH

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Song Words of The Lion Tamer: Comic Opera in Two Acts Derived from the French by Richard Stahl & J. Cheever Goodwin

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RICHARD STAHL & J. CHEEVER GOODWIN

SONG WORDS OF THE LION TAMER: COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS DERIVED FROM THE FRENCH

Trieste

THE LION TAMER,

COMIC OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS. Derived from the French,

MUSIC BY RICHARD STAHL.

(Orchestration by John Philip Sousa.)

TEXT AND LYRICS BY

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

AS PRESENTED BY

FRANCIS WILSON

AND COMPANY,

AT THE

Broadway Theatre, - - New York.

1891.

NEW YORK.

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THE LION TAMER.

CBaracters.

CASIMIR, the Lion Tamer
SOTHERMANN, Juggler and Equilibrist
THE GRAND DUKE, Angelina's Admirer
GOBSON, Ringmaster
COUNT DI VERDIGEIS, Corsican Conspirator
PICASSO, {Lieutenant of Dragoons }
In Love with Lucia
MARQUIS DI CHIANTI, Nephew of Count di Verdigris
JOSEPH, Casimir's Valet,
PIETRO, Conspirator
BAPTISTA, A Waiter
SELIM,)
SELIM. HASSAN, "Bounding Brothers of Barbary."
LUCIA, Daughter of Count di Verdigris
NINA, Her Waiting Maid
PETRONILLA,)
SERAPHINA,
LyDIA, Bridesmaids to Lucia
COLOMBA,
ANGELINA, Casimir's Wife
Clowns, Acrobats, Riders, Dragoons, Conspirators, Peasants, etc., etc., etc.,

the Scenes.

 ACT I.—MARSEILLES, DRESSING TENT, OF CIRCUS. Painted by J. II. Young.
ACT II., SCENE 1.—CHAPEL OF COUNT DI VERDIGRIS, CORSICA. Painted by Richard Marston,
SCENE 2.—PUBLIC SQUARE, BASTIA, CORSICA. Painted by Richard Marston.

First produced under the stage direction of Mr. Richard Barker at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y., December 30, 1891.

THE LION TAMER.

No. I.

OPENING CHORUS.

What can be the explanation Of our hasty summons here? Tell us without hesitation,

What have we to hope or fear 1 For our cardiac region 's troubled, Are our salaries to be doubled? Or, to our extreme regret, Made, though low now, lower yet? This suspense is simply killing, And the seats are quickly filling. Have we cause for jubilation? Have we grounds for lamentation? End at once procrastination, And your message let us hear !

GOBSON.

1.

If you'll cease your idle chatter, And attend to what I say, I'll explain the simple matter, In a most pellucid way. On your zeal to-night, my friends, More than can be told depends. 'Tis essential that you hustle. Strain each nerve and every muscle, Even more than is your wont. Because — CHORUS.

Because ?

GOBSON.

Because ----

CHORUS.

Because ?

GOBSON.

Because the Grand Duke is in front.

CHORUS.

Really ?

GOBSON.

Really.

CHORUS.

Truly?

GORSON.

Truly.

The Grand Duke is in front.

CHORUS.

This is news indeed 1 There's not any need Us to warn to do our best, And perform with added zest. Former efforts we'll outdo, For we know a thing or two:--And that Ducal praise Goes a very long ways, Is indubitably true,

GOBSON.

п.

Ride like demons over hurdles ! Triple somersaults essay ! Till the blood, Grand Ducal, curdles At the daring you display. Ladies, don your sunniest smiles ! And your winningest of wiles ! Show of tremor not a token ! Evex though your necks be broken, Let your pride your suffering blunt !

Because ----

CHORUS. Because?

GOBSON.

Because -----

CHORUS.

Because?

GOBSON. Because the Grand Duke is in front.

> CHORUS. Really?

Gobson, Really,

meanity,

CHORUS. Truly?

GOBSON.

Truly.

1

The Grand Duke is in front,

CHORUS.

By ambition fired, We shall be admired, Or we'll know the reason why. On us all you may rely. We'll at once prepare Entertainment rare ; So that Ducal eyes, In extreme surprise, From the Ducal head shall stare.





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No. II.

BALLAD.

"LOVE'S ROSY DREAM."

SOTHERMANN.

I.

Hast ever felt the passion tender?

Hast ever dreamt Love's rosy dream?

Hast ever made complete surrender

To one thou dost an angel deem ?

If not, go to ! The gulf of sorrow,

Thy mental plummet cannot sound,

In which, sans hope of a to-morrow,

I dwell in misery profound.

7

I love her so ! I love her so ! But, lackaday! all vainly. My weight of woe, my weight of woe She scorns, and says so plainly. In vain I deftly juggle ! In vain I strive and struggle ! She spurns my suit, and Dead Sea fruit Less bitter is than she. In vain my skill and cunning ! I am not in the running ; The which is why I moan and sigh, In this weird, sad, minor key.

11.

There was a time, than lion bolder, I dared my passion to avow ! She turned on me so cold a shoulder, It makes me shiver even now. Heartless and stern as any Nero, She said me nay, with such disdain, My spirits fell at once to zero, And never have gone up again. I love her so ! I love her so ! My passion will undo me, No Romeo, no Romeo Can hold a candle to me. But in vain I deftly juggle ! In vain I strive and struggle ! She spurns my suit, and Dead Sea fruit, Less bitter is than she. In vain my skill and cunning ! I am not in the running ; The which is why I moan and sigh, In this weird, sad, minor key.