AN ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS, ENTITLED: PRINCE ANANIAS

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An Original Comic Opera in Two Acts, Entitled: Prince Ananias by Victor Herbert & Francis Neilson

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VICTOR HERBERT & FRANCIS NEILSON

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Trieste

First Performed at the Broadway Theatre, New York City.
20th November, 1894.

PRINCE ANANIAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BONIFACE, *King of Navarre*, ...
CERDIC, *Duc d'Angers*, ...
KILLJOY, *Chamberlain to the King*, ...
LOUIS BIRON, *A Vagabond Poet and Adventurer*, ...
GEORGE LE GRABBE, *An Outlaw*, ...
LA FONTAINE, *Manager of a Band of Strolling Players*, . .
EUGENE, *An Obscured Dramatist*, ...
JACQUES, *An Inn-keeper*, ...
IVON, *A Villager*, ...
FELICIE, *Countess of Pyrennes, Sister to Killjoy*, ...
MIRABEL, *Daughter to Killjoy*, ...
NINETTE, *A Village Belle*, ...
IDALIA, *La Fontaine's Leading Lady*, ...

Lords, Ladies, Players, Halberdiers, Heralds, Pages, Pipers, Villagers, Attendants, etc., etc.

ACT I. EXTERIOR OF AN INN IN THE PYRENNES.
ACT II. A GLADE NEAR THE KING'S PALACE.

Musical Director, . . . , *Mr. S. L. STUDLEY*
Stage Director, . . . *Mr. JEROME. SYKES*

Scenery by MR. ERNEST ALBERT. Costumes designed by MRS. SIEDLE and executed by DAZIAN. Shoes by AZZIMONTI. Wigs by MEYER. Properties by HENRY. Dances arranged by SIGNOR ROMEO.

THE OPERA PRODUCED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AUTHOR AND COMPOSER.

PRINCE ANANIAS.

ACT I.

DISCOVERED: VILLAGERS, MEN *drinking at table. Others heralding the last of the harvest.*

NO. 1a—OPENING CHORUS AND SCENE.

ALL. The glorious robe of autumn spread
O'er hillsides and a thousand dales,
With tints of gold and flaming red,
In brightest glow the earth regales.
The vintage praise with thankful voice—
Hail! mirth and love, let all rejoice.

Enter rustic cart, drawn by PEASANTS, *filled with harvest fruits.* WOMEN *from the fields.*

ALL. Hail! Hail! the vine. Hail! Hail! the vine.

MEN. Come sound the pipe,
The dance begin,
Fruit bursting ripe,
The harvest in:
Each lover weaves,
With autumn leaves,
For sweetheart's hair
A garland fair.

Enter JACQUES.

JACQUES. My friends for startling news prepare!
To-morrow weds a maiden fair
To Valentine, the rich and rare—

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
To wed is his proclivity

JACQUES. The maiden's name who soon allies
With Valentine will cause surprise;
She's jilted swains of every size—
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

ALL. We fear some incivility!

JACQUES. It is Ninette!

WOMEN. The vixen sly—the butterfly!

JACQUES. The village pet!

MEN. So meek and shy!

JACQUES. To Valentine!

WOMEN. The dotard bold—the miser cold!

JACQUES. The old gold mine!

MEN. Her youth has sold!
To-morrow weds Ninette, the fair,

WOMEN. To Valentine, the rich and rare;

MEN. We did in turn our love declare—

WOMEN. She each one then rejected!

MEN. Oh! bachelors we will remain,
All sighs and smiles will be in vain—
A married lot we all disdain,
'Gainst love we are protected!

WOMEN. We all believe you'll change your tune,
And as before be importune;
Ere we shall see another moon
By love you'll be affected!

Enter NINETTE.

No. 1b—RECITATIVE.

NINETTE. What means this congregation?
What's the news?
My lack of information
Please excuse.

JACQUES. This smiling deputation
Offers congratulation—

NINETTE. That I wed?

JACQUES. For we think it very funny
That you marry age and money;
For it's not all gold and honey.

WOMEN. That is true!

NINETTE. I quail before the goal in view,
For what you state I fear is true !

NO. 1c—SONG AND CHORUS—NINETTE.

A dutious wife I soon shall be,
For to-morrow, at the altar,
The priest will give a man to me,
With him to live, with him agree,
And promise make to be his slave—
I almost quake, no power to save.
What shall I do? Oh! dear, dear me,
Now I think I'm goin' to falter!

ALL. Now she thinks she's goin' to falter!
Come, cheer up, do, Ninette, dear friend,
Now fortune doth a husband send;
We think you'll make a happy pair—
Come, don't upset the whole affair!

NINETTE. A maid is rash, a fool is she,
Once it's done she cannot alter;
The priest can't give you back the youth,
You once did live, it is the truth;
Henceforth you weep and mend and bake,
And vigils keep—for mercy's sake
What shall I do? Oh, dear, dear me,
Now I'm sure I'm goin' to falter.

ALL. Now she's sure she's goin' to falter!
Come, cheer up, do, Ninette, dear friend, etc.

(*Exeunt all but* JACQUES *and* IVON.)

JACQUES. Well, to think of that confounded old miser setting his eyes on the prettiest girl in the whole world, when he has buried four lovely creatures, makes me feel like strangling every blessed bit of breath out of his tottering old carcass.

IVON. Ah, she's fickle, though.

JACQUES. Of course she is. So would I be, so would you be; that's her charm. But think of the feast the old fool's ordered.

IVON. Yes, there's some consolation in that. I hope she'll not change her mind. She seems timid. Hullo!

Enter a MUSKETEER. *Hangs a bill on portico.*

JACQUES. What is it?

IVON (*reading over* MUSKETEER'S *shoulder*). "Two hundred louis for the head of George le Grabbe."

JACQUES. Ha, ha, so George has been up to his tricks again, eh? (*Exit* MUSKETEER.) Well, the King might as well try to catch a lion with a mouse trap.

IVON. Did you ever see him?

JACQUES. Bless your heart, no. But I hear he's a mighty jolly fellow.

Enter GEORGE, *disguised as a palmer.*

He'll entertain any one but a noble, and right royally, too. He's the plague of the court. (GEORGE *starts.*) Holds the road between France and Navarre, and gets his toll from every courtier who passes through what he terms his domain.

(*Turns, eyes* GEORGE, *draws* IVON'S *attention to him, beckons.*)

A palmer! (*Both bow.*) (*Exeunt* JACQUES *and* IVON.)

GEORGE. So the King is after my head again? (*Reads bill.*) Bah! Fool that I am to be ensnared by love. I'll go no further, and yet I must find her. I will, too, though I have to seek her at the court and risk my head. Ah! what a turn in fortune's wheel for me.

NO. 2—SONG—GEORGE.

Under an oak, one fine June morn,
Unostentatiously was born
A babe destined for fickle fate
To play with far from lightly.
Now thrived and grew this babe apace,
In stature high, with added grace—
The forest broad for his estate
At manhood bound him tightly.

By law an outlaw termed,
The epithet I've earned,
For all who stray
Through paths my way
Must pay the toll I claim—
Who dares my power disdain?

The law has not ensnared me yet,
Though on my head a price is set;
A good round sum, for so the King
My head doth value highly.
Although we are in trade the same,
We differ but in heart and name,
The poor he robs, the rich I wing—
Such game is mine entirely.
By law an outlaw termed, etc.

A noble lord was asked for toll,
Who in fine equipage did roll,
With daughter fair as summer skies—
I kissed her hand politely.
O! tiny hand, O! cruel theft.
Of much this outlaw she bereft;
Though untold wealth lay in her eyes,
She stole my heart completely.

Into a palmer turned,
For love this outlaw yearned—
Her heart I'll win,
And count no sin
To worship at her shrine,
And dare to call her mine. (*Exit.*)

Enter JACQUES, IVON *and* VILLAGERS.

No. 3a SCENE—CHORUS AND LOUIS' ENTRANCE.

MEN. Ninette has taken heart—

WOMEN. Cheerily, cheerily.

MEN. She will perform her part—

WOMEN. Merrily, merrily.

Enter NINETTE.

ALL. Fast the fun and rare the jokes,
Rich the food for best of folks;
Old the wine, let mirth prevail,
She will wear the bridal veil. (*Dance.*)

(*Dance is interrupted by* LOUIS *heard singing off. As he enters he laughs heartily.*)