

**THE LITTLE  
CORPORAL: A COMIC  
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**

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The little corporal: a comic opera in three acts by Harry B. Smith

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**HARRY B. SMITH**

**THE LITTLE  
CORPORAL: A COMIC  
OPERA IN THREE ACTS**



THE  
LITTLE CORPORAL.

A COMIC OPERA

IN THREE ACTS.



LIBRETTO BY HARRY B. SMITH.

MUSIC BY LUDWIG ENGLANDER.



AS PRESENTED BY THE

FRANCIS WILSON OPERA CO.

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**THE LITTLE CORPORAL.**

## CHARACTERS.



THE MARQUIS DE ST. ANDRÉ, a proscribed nobleman acting as a leader of the uprising of Breton peasants against the French Republic.

PIERRE PETITPAS, servant of the Marquis de St. André.

JACQUES GROGNARD, sergeant of grenadiers.

AMULET BEY, a Mameluke chieftain.

GILET, a regimental tailor.

JEAN NIGAUD, a village cobbler.

URBAN, the village blacksmith.

ROGER NICOLE, a tavern keeper.

CORPORAL VIGNON.

CORPORAL RENARD.

JEAN FALCON, a Chouan leader.

JACQUELINE, the belle of a Breton village.

ADELE DE TOURVILLE, foster sister of Jacqueline.

SULFANETTA,	} wives of Amulet Bey.
NEPHTALI,	
GOULCHADE,	
KASSIME,	

AGNOR,	} drummer boys.
MUSARON,	

BABETTE, a village girl.

GENERAL MURAT.

" KLEBER.

" LANNES.

" JUNOT.

EUGENE DE BRAUHAENNAH

ISHMAEL, an old Arab.



# THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

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## ACT I.

*A fishing village on the coast of Brittany. The right side of the stage is occupied by the Château de St. André, building of the sixteenth century architecture. The walls are partly covered by moss and vines. The Château has an appearance romantic and mysterious, as if it had been deserted for some time. At left is the cottage of the village blacksmith with a forge. Further down stage is the cottage of the village tailor. At the back of the stage are rocks and a strip of beach, beyond which the sea is seen.*

*Two Breton peasants, an old man and a boy, are caulking an old boat. Four peasants, two men and two boys, are hauling in a seine. On the highest point of the rocks at back, two peasant girls are looking out upon the sea, shading their eyes and talking together as if watching a ship in the distance. In front of the cabaret NIGAUD, GILET, URBAN and ROGER are drinking.*

*At left sits a man carving wooden shoes. Two peasant girls are mending nets.*

### No. I.—BRETON FISHERMAN'S SONG.

SOLO.	St. Simon was a fisher-man,
CHORUS.	(Sing ho yo! and a heave-a-ho!)
SOLO.	Into his net the fishes ran.
CHORUS.	(Sing ho yo! and a heave-a-ho!)
SOLO.	He only had to pray to get A ton of herring in his net.
SEMI-CHORUS.	Such luck as his we never met, (Sing cheerily, merrily heave-a-ho!)

*(The distant chiming of the Angelus is heard. The peasants all stop their work; the men take off their caps; all bow their heads for a moment, while the bells are heard through orches-*

*tral symphony. Then all resume work and take up the second stanza of the song. During this second stanza the bells are heard in the distance.)*

SOLO. St. Simon was so good a man  
SEMI-CHORUS. (Sing ho yo! and a heave-a-ho!)  
SOLO. He never used a frying-pan,  
SEMI-CHORUS. (Sing ho yo! and a heave-a-ho!)  
FULL CHORUS. He said a pray'r upon the spot,  
Then hauled his net and found a lot  
Of fine fried fish all piping hot.  
(Sing marry good masters, such luck is rare.)

(URBAN at table, rapping with tankard.)

Rap—rap—rap—rap! Babette come here!  
Our cups are low. Fill up my dear!  
GILET. And when we drink, a toast's the thing!  
I'll give you one! My friends—the king!

ALL (loudly). The king!  
AN OLD PEASANT. Hush! Not so loud!  
ALL (softly). The king!

(All having tankards drink. The cry of an owl is heard in the distance. All listen. The owl cry is heard nearer.)

CHORUS (sotto voce).  
'Tis the cry of the Chouans! Some danger is near.  
Hush! Hush! Hush!

BABETTE (up stage). 'Tis a friend who's drawing near.  
There's nothing to fear.

ALL (gladly). Friends! Friends!

(JEAN FALCON, a Chouan leader, appears over the rocks. He is wounded, and has a bandage around his head. He carries a musket.)

JEAN FALCON. None of the Blues about? No spies?

CHORUS. None! None!

(A party of Chouans enter. They are all rough peasants, bronzed, their hair unkempt. Their garments are partly of coarse linen, partly of goat-skin. Some wear cowhide boots, some wooden shoes. Some wear a Breton hat; some wear caps; some have handkerchiefs tied around their heads. They are greeted by the peasants.)

JEAN FALCON. Speak, is the coast quite clear?

CHOUANS. Ay, ay!

JEAN FALCON. Someone, my friends, is here?

ALL. Someone? Then say who can this someone be?

JEAN. Hist! 'Tis a guest I dare not name;

The lord of the château!

CHORUS. The Marquis?

JEAN. The same!

CHORUS (*with enthusiasm*). The Marquis hail!

(THE MARQUIS DE ST. ANDRÉ *rushes in. He is dressed as a Chouan leader. All surround him.*)

MARQUIS. Friends! Comrades! Once again we meet.  
With joy your faithful hearts I greet.  
Loyal souls, let us advance,  
And give once more a King to France!

ROYALIST WAR SONG.—ST. ANDRÉ AND CHORUS.

I.

Do you hear the voice that's calling you in ev'ry breeze that  
blows ?

It is throbbing like a bugle through the air,  
'Tis whispering of treachery; 'tis muttering of foes  
Who have brought our land to terror and despair.  
The voice is like a rolling drum heard faintly from afar,  
A distant trumpet sounding the advance;  
And at even in the southward there's a red and flaming star,  
'Tis a signal to the loyal sons of France.

Sons of France, awake, arise!  
For sabres your plowshares bring.  
Loyalty your watchword! Victory your prize!  
Fight for the right and the King!  
Sons of France, your hour is nigh.  
To the faith of your fathers cling.  
Rise in your might! Conquer or die  
For the King, sons of France! For the King!

II.

They have robbed us of the lilies on the banner white and  
gold,

They have given us a standard red as flame,  
And the sons that gave our nation all its glories manifold,  
They have given unto death and unto shame.  
The worship of our fathers they have banished from the  
land,

And Death awaits to serve the tyrant's voice.  
For the sceptre they have given us the bayonet and the  
brand,

Let us fight them with the weapons of their choice.