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FAUVETTE.

A COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

BY

ANDRÉ MESSAGER.



TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH BY

B. E. WOOLF AND R. M. FIELD.

(AS FIRST PRODUCED IN AMERICA AT THE BOSTON MUSEUM.)



ORCHESTRATION BY MR. GEO. PURDY.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SAINT-ANGENOR.

JOSEPH ABRIAL.

PIERRE AUBERTIN.

AHMED.

TRECOURT.

CRANSAC.

BOU MALEK.

FAUVETTE.

ZELIE.

ALL.

TARATA.

ROSETTE.

CONSCRIPTS, ZOUAVES, ARABS, GRISETTES, AND WORKING-PEOPLE.

The first Act passes in Paris in the Rotunda of the Temple (1840). The second and third Acts pass in Algiers (1842).



F. Scott Smith

FAUVETTE.

ACT I.

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SCENE: *The Rotunda of the Temple. Houses R. & L. L. I. E. shop of FAUVETTE, the flower-girl. R. wine-shop. At back the Rotunda of the Temple with shops of old-clothes dealers, second-hand furniture, etc.*

Tradespeople, friends, neighbors, and idlers discovered going and coming; the men rubbing their hands joyously, and pointing to the conscripts who are drinking at ZELIE'S shop as she is pinning ribbons on their hats.

CHORUS. Closed are all the shops to-day;
There's no buying and no selling.
Customers, without more telling,
Need not here, to purchase, stay,
The day we all of us, give up
To idleness, and song, and dance;
So, Temple conscripts, fill the cup,
And drink unto the god of chance.
Of mirth set us the first example;
To-day, the lots are drawn;
And so the brave lads of the Temple
Their fate will know this morn.

(ZELIE, quitting the door of the flower-shop, at which she has installed herself, with her ribbons, and where the conscripts have surrounded her, brings her table to the centre of the stage.)

ZELIE. Let's see! Here my shop will I station;
For of trade, there is such an inflation
That my wares I can scarcely vend,—
They hustle and push without end.

(To conscripts.) This way; stand in line, and attend.
On cap or breast should be displayed
A pretty knot, or a cockade,
Or ribbons floating from a bow.
The glory you have won, to show
You know that on each holiday
We are obliged to celebrate,
In flags and standards we array
The public buildings of the State:
And therefore, if you'll but reflect,
You will, I'm certain, all agree
That very similarly decked,
You, on this public fête, should be.

CHORUS. On cap, or breast, should be displayed,
etc., etc.

ZELIE. The conscript, to beribbon, 't is
The custom, as you all well know;
'T will even on an ugly pliz
A sort of dignity bestow.
The sight, how gratefully it greets
To view him thus with ribbons graced!
Like salad, dressed with eggs and beats,
It glads the eye and tempts the taste.

CHORUS. On cap, or breast, etc.

ZELIE. Who next? pray.
Come, no debating.
For, on this day, [ing.
For lack of cash, there's no need wait-
And so step up, without delay.
Who next? pray.

TRECOURT. 'T is I!

JOSEPH (stopping him). No, no!
It is not so,
For I am late,
And cannot wait.

TRECOURT (sarcastically). Oh, indeed!

JOSEPH. Yes, I have now in my shop,
Chins to shave and wigs to curl,
And long h-rr I cannot stop,
With my brain in such a whirl.

TRECOURT. It is my turn, as you shall see, sir!

JOSEPH. But I was first to draw the lot.

TRECOURT. That fact is naught at all to me, sir!
And so you to the foot must trot.

CHORUS (deriding Joseph). Ha, ha, ha! Barber, go!
To the foot, you must trot.

ZELIE (interposing angrily).
Listen to a word from me,
And don't be so energetic.
By the order alphabetic,
Abrial, sure, first should be.

TRECOURT (laughing). To the foot, Abrial.
(Prevents JOSEPH from advancing.)

CHORUS (jeering). To the foot, Abrial.
Ho, ho, ho!
Barber, go!

ZELIE (angrily). Since then you act so very blindly,
I'll sell my wares where I desire.
Toward Abrial I feel quite kindly,
And I serve first, him I admire!

CHORUS (jeeringly). What loving fire!
(Imitating.) I serve him first whom I admire!

TRECOURT (obstinately).
That's well enough; but, after all, sir,
Too many ribbons to you fall, sir;
And or by foul means, or by fair,
The half of them shall be my share,
Or else I'll strike! (Threatens.)

JOSEPH (with fear). Your blow withhold, sir,
For no one here needs to be told, sir,
That brave as you I cannot be,
Because you're twice as strong as me.

TRECOURT. Those ribbons, then, at once divide me,
That yonder angry shrew denied me!

JOSEPH (boldly). Such words of her you shall not say!
So change your tune without delay,
Or else I'll strike!

TRECOURT (laughs). Whence this uprising
In you of valor, so surprising?

JOSEPH (between fear and courage).
Respect my Zelig, or we'll try
Who is the stronger — you or I!

TRECOURT. She must give me, I insist,
Half your ribbons!

JOSEPH. No, no, no!
She shall not.

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TRECOURT. Ah! say you so?
Then we shall see.

ZELIE (*putting herself before JOSEPH*).
You coward! Desist!
Do no harm, you shall,
To my Abrial.

CHORUS (*mockingly*). Do no harm, you shall,
To this poor Abrial.

TRECOURT (*breaking from ZELIE*).
Oppose me not. He needs a drilling.

JOSEPH (*aside with terror*).
Within me all my blood is chilling.

TRECOURT (*to conscript*). Here, take my coat.

JOSEPH. And here is mine.
(*Aside and looking about.*)
How I fear me!
Friend of my youth, if you were near me,—
Pierre, who for me will ever fight.

TRECOURT (*ready to fight*). I wait!

JOSEPH (*aside*).
If I could only make him hear me,
But he, alas, is not in sight.

TRECOURT (*advancing threateningly*). You debate!

JOSEPH (*advancing*). I'm prepared, so stop your row.

TRECOURT. Very good.

JOSEPH (*recoiling*). Not just now!

TRECOURT. We shall see.

JOSEPH. Go away. Help!
(*Enter PIERRE.*)

PIERRE (*to Joseph*).
Hallo! What now? What do you fear?
(*PIERRE stops TRECOURT with a gesture.*)

OMNES. 'Tis Pierre!

TRECOURT. 'Tis well, Pierre Aubertin. Again you
The offence of your friend. [*defend*]

PIERRE (*places JOSEPH behind him*). As you see!
And right or wrong, I care no jot.
Touch him, you shall not.

TRECOURT. Indeed? That rests with me!
(*Rushes on JOSEPH, but PIERRE puts forward his
foot and trips TRECOURT.*)

PIERRE. I am through:—
Pray, are you?

CHORUS (*jeering at TRECOURT*). Ah, ah, ah!

TRECOURT (*rising, with rage*).
My friend, never fear.
This shall cost you dear.

(*Rushes towards PIERRE. The chorus restrains him.*)

PIERRE (*to TRECOURT*).
If you desire to try again,
I, at your service, will remain.

JOSEPH (*to TRECOURT*).
And so, 'tis ribbons you desire.
(*To PIERRE*) Friend Pierre, for these he was on fire.
His rage they fed
Until he wished to break my head.

ZELIE. 'Tis really so. Be friends.
(*Joins their hands*). I these on you bestow.

TRECOURT gives his hand to PIERRE. JOSEPH gives
his hand to both, while the rest surround ZELIE, who
decorates them with ribbons.
On cap, breast, etc, etc.

JOSEPH (*again shaking hands with PIERRE and
TRECOURT*). Ah! this is the way the lads of the
Temple always settle their quarrels.

TRECOURT. Lads of the Temple? If it comes to
that, I am more one than you are, for I was
born in the Rotunda.

ZELIE. All of us were born here.

TRECOURT. Yes, but I have always worked there,
while you, Joseph Abrial, are hair-dresser at
the Opéra Comique, and you, Pierre Aubertin,
are a typesetter in the royal printing-establish-
ment. As for me, I have remained loyal to the
traditions of my ancestors, and am a *déaler* in
old clothes.

OMNES. Bravo, Trecourt.

JOSEPH (*giving him a cane which one of the neigh-
bors has carried*). And that is why our friends
and I have not forgotten you. Take this cane.
(*A cane with a large gold head.*)

PIERRE (*taking a bunch of feathers from another
neighbor*). And this badge of honor.

TRECOURT (*moved*). This cane and plume for
me? Ah, friends, this touches me to the heart.
If ever I become a soldier, it is my ambition to
be a drum-major.

ZELIE. It has its advantages—in battle, you go to
the rear.

JOSEPH. Zelig, I object to your observing the
advantages, personal or otherwise, of anybody
but myself.

ZELIE. And why not?

JOSEPH. Suppose I am drawn as a soldier, and he is
not. I go,—and he remains at home.

ZELIE. Draw a lucky number, then.

JOSEPH. I mean to do so if I can. Nothing forbids
my doing so but bad luck. In the first place, I
am not desperately in love with soldiering.

TRECOURT. What, a coward?

JOSEPH. You are wrong, Trecourt. Not a coward,
but one who has a peaceful distaste for fight-
ing. It is merely a matter of preference.
Some people like fighting. It happens that I
don't. That is all. A man may have his likes and
dislikes. I suppose, even about the way in which
he thinks it most agreeable to go to the next
world. Besides, the Parisian does not care for
the military trade. He is not a coward for that
— See!

OMNES (*advancing*). It is true.

JOSEPH. True? I should say so. It's more than
true. It's an actual fact.

JOSEPH. People of Paris do not like

The military;
The thought they soldiers must become,
Makes them quite scary;
'T is all the time in camp, in file;—
Eyes right, eyes left, now toe the line
Cannot the dreary day beguile,

But make them for their freedom pine.
Fighting, be it understood,
Is not in the Parisian blood.
And that is why old sons of battle,
Used to the musket's stormy rattle,
Say, "No, no, no! he will not suit;
Your Paris man 's a bad recruit!"

CHORUS. And that is why, etc.

TRECOURT. In uniform your Paris man
No more is cynical,
And in marauding town or farm
Is never finical.

In camp or field he is at home,
From duty has no wish to roam,
Sings merry songs, and makes no moan,
And thinks the world is all his own.
Fighting, be it understood,
Is in the true Parisian blood.
And that is why old sons of battle,

Used to the musket's stormy rattle,
Say, "Ho, ho, ho! who will dispute
Your Paris man's a gay recruit?"

CHORUS. And that is why, etc.

PIERRE. But lads of Paris are not slow

When war is thundering,
And in the presence of the foe
Set them all wondering.

Then do they march before us all,
Eager to triumph or to fall;
Heedless of bullet or of sword,
Causing e'en foemen to applaud.
Fighting, be it understood,
Stirs all true Parisian blood.

And seeing them, old sons of battle
Used to the musket's stormy rattle,
Say, "Ha, ha, ha! who can dispute
Your Paris man's a grand recruit?"

CHORUS. And seeing them, etc.

JOSEPH. It is true that at present there is fighting
in Africa; but they don't need us there. In fact,
they are better without us, while here at home
there is no end of tender little hearts that only
palpitate because we are near them.

ZELIE. Yes; and mine palpitates more than you
deserve.

JOSEPH. Really? What devotion!

PIERRE. 'Tis true, Joseph, soldiering is not a profit-
able business. There is much glory for the
generals; but the rank and file who really win it
do not share its advantages.

ZELIE. To say nothing of being parted from the
adored of one's heart for seven years, and left a
prey to all the torments of absence.

JOSEPH. Yes, and possibly the pains of a sword-cut
or a bullet in the back.

PIERRE. In the back.

OMNES (*reproachfully*). Oh!

JOSEPH (*apologetically*). In case one should turn his
back on the foe,—(*aside*) which I should do,
decidedly. (*Aloud*) To be exposed to sun and
rain and fatigue, perhaps hunger, where one is
as devoted to his regular meals at their regular
hour as I am; to be continually bobbing your
head to prevent bullets, maybe cannon-balls,
from making a wrong parting in your hair,—is
that a business for an artistic and aspiring barber
to follow? No!

TRECOURT. Bah! Who hints at such things?

JOSEPH. I do!

TRECOURT. We are not yet soldiers. Perhaps we
may not be drawn. Come, let us go and wet my
presents, and drink to our reconciliation.

JOSEPH AND OMNES. Ah, yes! Let us drink.

(*Music and exeunt, except PIERRE and ZELIE.*)

PIERRE (*delaying and to ZELIE*). I wish to see Fau-
vette.

ZELIE. She is not yet in her shop. She is beautify-
ing herself for you. You'll see her presently.

JOSEPH (*at back*). Well, Pierre, are you never com-
ing?

PIERRE. I am with you. (*Hustens to JOSEPH and
exits with him.*)

ZELIE (*gazing after the conscripts*). Poor Joseph!
He is so awkward and so unlucky. He is quite
capable of drawing a bad number. Ah! a coun-
rier. He is tying his horse at the door of the
tavern.

(*Enter CRANSAC.*)

CRANSAC (*to ZELIE*). The Rotunda of the Temple,
mademoiselle?

ZELIE. You are in it.

CRANSAC. Number Nineteen?

ZELIE (*pointing to a door*). There!

CRANSAC (*taking out a despatch*). Then you proba-
bly know also a person answering to the name of
Saint Angenor, said to be a first-rate tenor in
every branch of his art, and a professor of sing-
ing.

ZELIE. Ah! yes. He took up his lodgings here the
day before yesterday. He lives there (*points to
wine-shop*), on the second floor back.

CRANSAC (*goes to door and calls*). Hallo! some one!
(*Enter POLYTE from wine-shop*). My lad, will
you go and tell your superfluous edger that some
one wishes to see him? (*POLYTE bows and dis-
appears*.) The Minister of Instruction has sent
him a letter post-haste.

ZELIE. A letter post-haste from the Minister to him!
The deuce! I never dreamed that such an ab-
surd fellow had relations with the Government.
Well, that is his affair. Au revoir, Mr. Courier.
(*Exit.*)

(*Enter POLYTE.*)

POLYTE. Here is Monsieur Angenor. (*Exit.*)

ANGENOR (*outside*). Some one wants me. Who can
it be? And for what? (*Enters from tavern*.)

CRANSAC. Ah! you are the man, then?

ANGENOR. My very self.

CRANSAC. Great tenor?

ANGENOR. Yes!—that is, I was— But, alas! one
day I tried to sing a high D, and I broke my C-
string.

CRANSAC (*dumbfounded*). Broke your C-string!

ANGENOR. In a crack! Tra-la-la, and it was gone.

CRANSAC. Then you can't be the great tenor I was—

ANGENOR. What, do you doubt me?

ST. ANGENOR.

I am known as St. Angenor,
A glorious tenor, all adored.

Would you hear in brief my story?

In a word, "Success!" 't is told!

All the world knows of my glory,

I've won fame, and I've won gold.

A mere boy, full of ambition,

When on my career I start,

I at once win recognition

As a master of my art.

How they applaud!

How I'm adored!

The women love me as a duty,

The men are jealous of my beauty.

Ho, ho, ho!

Who does not know

The Postillon of Lonjumeau?

Would you hear in brief my story?

In a word, "Success!" 't is told!

All the world knows of my glory,

I've won fame, and I've won gold.

Brunette or blonde, or old or pretty,

All at my feet their presents poured.

Happy, if for their reward,

I gave a smile by way of pity.

They showered on me jewels, lockets,

Letters saying things so sweet;—

All Europe: I had at my feet,

And had her sovereigns in my pockets.

Fortune, though thou art capricious,

Come! I'll join my fate to thine.

Fate is unto me propitious,
And all happiness is mine.
I can tell in brief my story,
In a word, "Success!" etc. etc.

ANGENOR. Just think of my engagements. Spain, Russia, and, above all, America, with its elephantine salaries for a high C. I had a phenomenal C, not only in my chest voice, but in my stomach as well. It was thrilling, overwhelming, appalling. They waited breathlessly to hear it come out. The men were transported, the women bursted their gloves applauding me. Bravo, brava, bravi! (*He bows as if acknowledging a recall.*) Alas, after my accident—

CRANSAC. When you broke your C in reaching for your D

ANGENOR. Exactly. I was forced to leave the operatic stage. Nations went into mourning. Fortunately, I had accumulated a fortune with my C before I split it all to pieces in going for the D. I no longer sing myself; but I teach others to sing. I have proposed to the Conservatory a method of singing, or the art of tone production on gymnastic principles.

CRANSAC (*making gestures*). Gymnastics. I understand that.

ANGENOR. Not the gymnastics of the legs and arms, but of the voice. All animals sing in nature: the jackass as well as the nightingale.

CRANSAC. But you could not make me sing like the nightingale.

ANGENOR. Perhaps! I am going to make you emit a sound by my method. Stand with your chest well forward, your head up, your eyes at ease, and your stomach unconstrained, so that your diaphragm can work freely. Now, do as I do. (*Poses.*) La, lay, lee, lo, loo!

CRANSAC (*imitating him awkwardly*). La, lay, lee, lo, loo!

ANGENOR (*taking another pose*). Lay, lay, lay! your tongue in spoon-shape. Lay, lay!

CRANSAC (*as before*). Lay, lay, lay!

ANGENOR (*another pose*). Lee, lee, lee! Swallow your tongue. Lee!

CRANSAC (*as before*). Lee, lee! (*Angenor, in striking another pose, gives him a blow in the face.*) Oh!

ANGENOR. I beg pardon! My friend, you will never sing like a nightingale. The jackass is more in your way.

CRANSAC. How thirsty your method makes a fellow!

ANGENOR. Well, then, go and refresh yourself. But it is not for this that you have come.

CRANSAC. Ah! I had forgotten. It was about a letter from the Minister of Instruction.

ANGENOR. Ah, give it. His Excellency has at last condescended to answer my proposition. What a man! What a minister! What a great minister! Go and refresh yourself.

CRANSAC. I will! How dry, though, it does make one. La, lay, lee! (*Stretches out leg, and kicks Angenor, who pushes him into the tavern.*)

ANGENOR (*opening letter*). Let us see what this great and glorious minister has written me. (*Reads with complacency.*) "His Excellency, after having examined your method of singing entitled 'the gymnastics of the voice,' has decided"—I was sure of it—"that he has not the right to authorize its trial by the Conservatory before the results obtained by this method

have been proved efficacious."—What an incurable idiot of a great minister. How are results to be obtained without experiment? Ah! the newspapers are right in demanding an examination into the capacity of public officers. Here is a minister who is incapable of—of— Why, I'll wager he can't sound an A-natural to save his life,—and yet he assists in governing France. I will write him a letter in good black ink that will not trouble his eyesight to read. (*Going toward tavern*) And these are your incorruptible politicians. Bah! (*Exit into tavern.*)

(*ENTER TRECOURT, JOSEPH AND PIERRE.*)

TRECOURT. The reconciliation has been signed, sealed, delivered and—swallowed.

JOSEPH. Yes, in twelve glasses of claret at four sous a glass.

(*ENTER ZELIE.*)

PIERRE (*to ZELIE*). Fauvette has not yet come down to her shop.

ZELIE. No, she is much troubled about something.

TRECOURT. So it seems, for she who has always begun her day's work with a song has not been heard to-day.

JOSEPH. It is an evil omen when the singing-bird of the Temple does not sing.

TRECOURT. I believe you. Why, she is the very life of the Rotunda!

JOSEPH. Ah! if my Zelie had such a treasure in her throat, how quickly I would start her into business with it!

ZELIE. Perhaps I have, fool, after all.

JOSEPH. No! You've nothing in your throat but the root of your tongue, and you keep that too busy talking, to sing.

ZELIE. Indeed! Well, it is true, Fauvette has a diamond, a veritable diamond of a voice. (*At this moment FAUVETTE sings a roudale in her shop.*) Ah! Speak of the—of Fauvette, and you hear her song.

JOSEPH (*stopping ZELIE*). Hold! She does not see us. Listen, and do not show ourselves.

OMNES. Yes, listen. (*They conceal themselves.*) (*FAUVETTE enters and arranges flowers on the stand before her shop.*)

FAUVETTE. A little linnet chanted
Within a grove near by,
With such its bosom panted
And echo madly reply.

Ah!

But this echo, heard above,
Was another tiny bird,
Whose soft note, in answer heard,
Trilled the same sweet song of love:—
Spring to life awakes;
Bud to leaflet passes,
And of moss and grasses,
Its nest the linnet makes.

ANGENOR (*appearing at window of tavern*).
What do I hear?

FAUVETTE. This pretty twain, together,
On one branch sat, in love;
Beak to beak in sunny weather,
They their song piped in the grove.

Ah!

Both now chant the self-same strain,
Not in echo as before:
Loving ever more and more
As they warble their refrain;
Spring to life awakes,
Bud to leaflet passes,

And of moss and grasses
Its nest the linnet makes.

OMNES (*coming from their places of concealment*).
Bravo! Bravo!

ANGENOR (*aside at window*). A diva; a real diva!
I must speak to her. (*Disappears.*)

FAUVETTE (*smiles and shakes her finger reproach-
ingly*). And so you listened?

PIERRE (*taking her hand and kissing it*). Ah, dear
Fauvette!

JOSEPH. Ah, if the manager of the Opéra Comique
could only hear you!

PIERRE (*resentfully*). Joseph!

JOSEPH. Yes, I know all about that. You object to
the stage; but I am not an operative wig-maker
and hair-dresser for nothing. I have dressed
M. Aubert's top-knot, and know a fine voice when
I hear one.

(*Enter ANGENOR.*)

ANGENOR. Ah, you dress the hair of the composer
of "Fra Diavolo,"—a comrade of mine. My
congratulations, young man. As to mademoi-
selle, you are right. She would make her fortune
on the stage.

PIERRE (*angrily*). Why do you interfere?

TRECOURT (*aside to PIERRE*). Shall I sit on his
head?

ZELIE (*in a low voice*). Hsh! He is a government
official.

PIERRE. I do not want the woman I love to be an
actress.

ANGENOR (*aside*). So, so! A lover! (*Aloud to
PIERRE*) That is a very silly idea; but many
people share it. You are wrong, however, to
stand in the way of such a voice.

FAUVETTE. You are perhaps right, sir, but I am not
ambitious. I wish to remain a simple work-girl
and aspire no higher than to be a happy wife.

(*PIERRE takes her hand.*)

ANGENOR (*disappointed*). Ah! (*Aside*) Foiled! I
hoped to have in her a pupil. I'll soothe my dis-
appointment by writing a stinging reply to that
idiotic Minister of Instruction. (*Exit into
tavern.*)

TRECOURT. Well, the moment is near at hand for
drawing lots and seeing whose luck it is to be-
come a soldier. I'll go and say a word to papa
Trecourt and return.

JOSEPH. And meet here again in a quarter of an
hour.

TRECOURT. In a quarter of an hour. (*Exit.*)

ZELIE (*to JOSEPH, pointing to ANGENOR and FAUVETTE*).
They want to bill and coo. Come!

JOSEPH. No! You want to tease me again. I'll not
be bullied before marriage.

ZELIE. Both before and after. Come! (*Pushes
him off and follows him.*)

PIERRE. In a few moments, Fauvette, our fate will
be decided, and I fear the result. Think of it, I
may be parted from you for seven years.

FAUVETTE. And then, love? Shall I not wait for
you until you return to me?

PIERRE. Seven years without a protector, without a
defender,—surrounded by dangers.

FAUVETTE (*smiling*). What dangers?

PIERRE. Even now, yonder man was unable to con-
ceal the admiration with which you inspired
him.

FAUVETTE. He discovered that I had a pleasant
voice;—that was all.

PIERRE. But he discovered it in an offensive man-
ner; he chatted to you about the stage to turn
your head—to destroy you. He has evil in his
heart toward you.

FAUVETTE. Nonsense, he is a fool. (*Gaily*) Why
think of him? Speak rather of ourselves, of
our marriage.

PIERRE (*sadly*). Our marriage!

FAUVETTE. Why not? If the drawing leaves you
still free, the wedding is to take place in a
month. Is n't it understood?

PIERRE. Ah, dear Fauvette!

FAUVETTE. One month, and then the orange-flowers,
And simple robe, all snowy white,
And girls in pretty garbments bright,
Will welcome in our happy hours.

PIERRE. And music at the break of day
Will come to wake us to our bliss;
And friends will quickly flock this way
To wish us happiness, and kiss!

FAUVETTE (*imitating old woman's voice*).

"Good luck and joy!"

Says a grandame old and lowly.

"Good luck and joy!"

While fall the tear-drops slowly.

PIERRE. And weeping parents sobbing say,
"May blessings on you e'er be raining!"

FAUVETTE. And the neighbors, joy unfeigning,
Will say, "How manly is the groom!"

PIERRE. "How sweet and charming is the bride!"

BOTH. To say, they also can presume:

"Each is the other's bliss and pride.

In true love's way

We can say,

"How happy is this day!"

For I love you and you love me,

And full of bliss our life will be.

Love fills my soul with ecstasy,

For I love you and you love me."

FAUVETTE (*acting the scene*).

We are there, before the Mayor.

To look at him I scarcely dare.

(*Mimics voice and manner.*)

"Pierre Aubertin, will you for life
Take Mademoiselle Fauvette to wife?"

PIERRE (*energetically*).

And I reply,

"That will I!"

To you, says he:

"Ma'mselle Fauvette, do you accept
This man your lawful spouse to be?"

FAUVETTE. And then I blush, and murmuring "Yes!"

And then the priest, us both addressing,

Gives us, in Latin, this sweet blessing:

"In pace and love go hence!"

And we both vow obedience.

BOTH. In true love's way

We can say, etc.

FAUVETTE. Then come the dining

And the wining,

Music playing sweetly between;

You king, I queen:

How my heart with joy will thrill

When we dance the first quadrille!

PIERRE. I with my arm about your waist, like this,

Will sing and dance and kiss.

Ah me! what bliss! (*They dance.*)

Then midnight tolls, and all is o'er.
And then— (*Embraces her.*)

FAUVETTE (*laughing and disengaging herself*).
Enough, sir! Say no more.

PIERRE. It is the time, ere daylight creep,
For all to homeward trot,
To go to bed and sleep.

BOTH. In true love's way,
We can say, etc.

PIERRE (*with joy*). Ah! Fauvette, how happy we
shall be! Your trust and hope have restored my
lightness of heart. Yes, I believe that fate will
be favorable to me. (*The roll of a side drum
heard in the distance.*)

FAUVETTE. There is the signal for the drawing.
Come, and I will fasten your ribbons on your
hat. (*The conscripts appear accompanied by their
friends and girls, with TRECOURT as drum-major,
and a drummer at the head. JOSEPH, ZELIE and
POLYTE also enter.*)

CONSCRIPTS. Keep step, and mark the time,
Keep step, the soldiers' rhyme;
The step military.
We soon shall see who'll draw a lot,—
Some soldiers shall be, and some not.
Come, ye conscripts gay,
Let us on our way!
With the foe to cope,
Be our fondest hope.
Each true Frenchman knows,
What to France he owes,
And dies at the command
Of his native land.

JOSEPH (*to ZELIE and FAUVETTE*). Pierre and I are
to draw first. We will return and tell you what
luck we have had. Good-bye. (*Exit.*)

ZELIE (*following him with her eyes*). My heart is
heavy just the same. Joseph is so clumsy in
everything he does that I fear he will be awk-
ward enough to take a wrong number just to
keep up his reputation.

FAUVETTE (*gazing after PIERRE*). If Pierre should
be unlucky! I did not dare to let him see how
anxious I am.

ZELIE. I always did hate a lottery. Poor Joseph!

FAUVETTE. Poor Pierre!

ZELIE. I am so sad! And I am so hungry too, for
I have not yet had breakfast. Come, Fauvette.
Let us eat to kill time.

FAUVETTE. I am not hungry.

ZELIE. But we must eat something to give us
strength to bear our grief in case Pierre has bad
luck.

FAUVETTE. Don't even hint such a thing. He will
be so wretched away from me,— particularly as
I have discovered that he is— jealous.

ZELIE. Jealous! Of you? Ridiculous!

FAUVETTE. If not of me, then of that man who told
me I had a fine voice.

ZELIE. Tell him, then, that it is for me he is haunting
this spot. That will soothe him.

FAUVETTE. Ah! Here he is again. (*Pulling ZELIE
toward shop.*)

(*Enter ANGENOR*)

ZELIE. Jealous of that! Ha, ha, ha! (*Exit into
shop.*)

ANGENOR. My letter is written. Let his Excellency
digest it at his leisure. (*Sees FAUVETTE.*) Ah!
The nightingale. If I could secure her, what an
answer I could give that imbecile of a Minister;

— how I could say to him: "You're another."
(*Approaches FAUVETTE, who is arranging flowers
on her flower-stand.*) Ah, mademoiselle, if you
would only—

FAUVETTE (*startled*). Oh! How you frightened me!

ANGENOR. I say it is a crime to let such a treasure
remain concealed in a garret.

FAUVETTE. Again!

ANGENOR. And always! Have you no ambition?
On the stage you would be fêted, applauded,
showered with gold, jewels, canes, snuff-boxes.
I say so, and I know, for I have received them.
Ah, mademoiselle, assist me to give a lesson to
the Minister of Instruction.

FAUVETTE. Are you mad?

ANGENOR. No, I am a genius. The Minister will
not believe it. I must show him results. Will
you paralyze him by proving him an ass?

FAUVETTE (*aside*). He is surely insane!

ANGENOR. I am rich. I can make your fortune.
You are pretty; but that is nothing, though it is
not a drawback. You are honest, and that is
good, for my method includes that. Virtue is
the throne of a pure voice; in fact, a pure voice
can sit firmly on virtue. Be my pupil?

FAUVETTE. Your pupil?

ANGENOR. Yes, for three years. I will take charge
of everything. I am rich. Afterward, to you,
glory, success, and wealth; to me— (*Points to
the place for a decoration in his buttonhole.*)

FAUVETTE. You are very kind, I'm sure; but I have
purchased another future for myself. In a month,
I shall marry the man of my heart.

ANGENOR. Marry! Don't, I beg. My method is
opposed to marriage.

FAUVETTE. The man I love does not wish me to
sing.

ANGENOR. I knew it. He is a fool! An unappre-
ciative Goth. A destroying Vandal. (*Drum
rolls outside.*)

FAUVETTE. They return. Oh, leave me, sir, I en-
treat!

ANGENOR (*bowing low*). Mademoiselle, your most
obedient, despairing servant. But, think of
what I have said. In three years, fortune, glory,
snuff-boxes.— I mean diamonds, everything,—
except a husband. (*Exit into tavern.*)

(*Enter PIERRE, JOSEPH, TRECOURT, ZELIE and
CONSCRIPTS.*)

ZELIE and FAUVETTE (*eagerly*). Well, speak!

JOSEPH, PIERRE, TRECOURT.

Ah! luck has gone against us,

And we must soldiers be.

We've drawn the fatal numbers,

And must away,— all three.

ZELIE. You, Joseph?

FAUVETTE. You, Pierre?

JOSEPH. Yes, all of us, my dear.

FAUVETTE. Farewell to all our dreaming!

PIERRE. To all our happy scheming!

ZELIE (*pouting*). To wait for seven years!

JOSEPH. 'T is doubtless long,— and wakes my fears.

OMNES. I must conceal my sorrow!

TRECOURT. Why do you trouble borrow?

They'll return, so have no fears.

JOSEPH (*gloomily*). Yes, return, in seven years

TRECOURT. So laugh, friends; no repining,

- Your hearts let no grief blight.
Though to-day no sun is shining,
To-morrow will be bright.
- FAUVETTE. Tre-court is right:—so banish sorrow,
And fear and grieving spurn,
For our loved ones will return
All loving on the morrow.
- JOSEPH. Two thousand francs could I secure,
A substitute I would procure.
- FAUVETTE. Yes, it would buy a man to go
And take your place to fight the foe.
- TRE-COURT. Indeed! Two thousand francs! Ah me!
To think I worth so much can be,
I'm proud I'm worth so large a fee.
- OMNES. Ah, let us banish sorrow, etc.
- PIERRE (*with a sigh*). Well,—we are soldiers!
- JOSEPH. But I object. They did not shake the bag.
It should be done over again.
- ZELIE. What do you mean?
- JOSEPH (*pointing to the No. 1 on his hat*). What do I mean? My name is Abrial. Naturally I was alphabetically compelled to draw first. I drew No. 1.
- ZELIE. Butter-fingers! I knew it.
- PIERRE (*pointing to hat*). And I,—No. 7.
- TRE-COURT (*same*). And I, thirteen to the dozen.
- JOSEPH (*to ZELIE*). And will you wait for me and be true to me?
- ZELIE. Seven years of constancy! I am afraid it will tax my patience too much.
- TRE-COURT. Come, come. No snivelling, young people. After all, what is seven years? They will pass quickly. They are only 2,555 days.
- JOSEPH. Excuse me, 2,556.
- TRE-COURT. Excuse me, 2,555.
- JOSEPH. And leap-year,—eh? 2,556 days.
- TRE-COURT. True! But come, we must set a good example to our comrades.
- JOSEPH. Yes. It will not do, to appear downcast. They will think we are cowards. Let us rejoice them. I want to be cheered up,—desperately. Come, Pierre.
- FAUVETTE. Joseph is right. You must not appear discouraged. Go, Pierre.
- PIERRE. What! Do you wish it?
- FAUVETTE. I have but one word to say to you, dearest. I love you, and I will never love but you.
- PIERRE. Fauvette, dear Fauvette! You restore all my courage. Come, at once.
- JOSEPH (*weeping*). Yes, come! I *must* be amused.
(*Execunt JOSEPH, PIERRE, TRE-COURT.*)
- FAUVETTE. If I had two thousand francs, Pierre need not go. Oh! how to obtain that sum.
(*Enter ANGENOR from tavern, supporting CRANSAC, who is tipsy.*)
- ANGENOR. You can never keep on horseback, I repeat.
- FAUVETTE. The professor! If I dared!
- CRANSAC (*thickly*). H-H-orsh back. I'll l-leap on to er sh-sn-shaddle.
- ANGENOR (*aside*). I was wrong to give him that parting drink. He'll never carry that letter safely.
- FAUVETTE (*approaching ANGENOR*). Sir! Sir! (*Timidly*) I— I wish to speak to you about—about your proposal—
- ANGENOR. Ah! you have changed your mind, then. Good. (*Pushes CRANSAC toward tavern.*) Go, go, and drink all you want at my expense. (*Exit CRANSAC staggering.*) (*The noise of a fall and of broken glasses heard.*) He has misplaced the soles of his feet. (*Aloud to FAUVETTE*) Mademoiselle, I am at your service.
- FAUVETTE (*differently*). My lover has drawn an unlucky number.
- ANGENOR. All the better—I mean, so much the worse.
- FAUVETTE. I do not wish him to go.
- ANGENOR. Naturally.
- FAUVETTE (*with hesitation*). You are rich. Advance me two thousand francs.
- ANGENOR (*jumps*). What!
- FAUVETTE (*shrinking*). I mean two thousand francs* of the fortune you have promised me if I follow your advice.
- ANGENOR. And you will follow it?
- FAUVETTE. For three years, as you have asked.
(*ZELIE has appeared at back and heard the last part of this conversation.*)
- ZELIE. What do I hear?
- ANGENOR (*oerjoyed*). You accept! At last I shall give Jack-in-office a lesson.
- FAUVETTE (*anxiously*). Well, sir?
- ANGENOR. I agree but on one condition.
- FAUVETTE (*alarmed*). And that is?
- ANGENOR. That we quit Paris to-day—this hour.
- FAUVETTE. This hour?
- ANGENOR. This moment! Women and waves are changeable.
- FAUVETTE. But I wish to explain to Pierre.
- ANGENOR. You can write to him. Avoid the emotion of parting. It is bad for the voice.
- FAUVETTE (*sadly*). Perhaps—you are right. If I saw him again, my courage might fail me. And the two thousand francs—
- ANGENOR. I will give them to the young man myself.
- FAUVETTE (*troubled*). You will give them—yes!
(*Sighs*) It will be better.
- ANGENOR. And now, for the diligence.
- ZELIE (*advancing*). And what is to be done with me?
- FAUVETTE. Do you wish to follow me?
- ZELIE. I'll never part from you.
- ANGENOR. Bravo! My *prima-donna* must have a companion,—an attendant.
- ZELIE. A waiting-maid, you mean. I'll go and pack up.
- ANGENOR. Unnecessary. I will take charge of everything.
- FAUVETTE. Give me at least time to notify my employer.
- ANGENOR. Of course. Go, and meet me at the coaching-office. We will take flight. I will give a few orders and will rejoin you there.
- FAUVETTE (*aside*). Pierre will not be a soldier, and in three years I shall be free, and we shall see each other again. (*Sound of drum outside. Ad three go up and look off.*)
- ANGENOR. The conscripts. Come.
- FAUVETTE (*kissing her hand*). *Au revoir*, Pierre!
- ZELIE (*same*). *Au revoir*, Joseph!

FAUVETTE (*tearfully*). I would so like to see Pierre again.

ANGENOR (*pushing them toward FAUVETTE'S shop*). No! Impossible! You will depart by the rear door. Do not let them see you. I will rejoin you at the diligence. (*Pushes them into shop*.) At last I have a pupil—by sheer strength. (*Exit into tavern.*)

(*Enter PIERRE, JOSEPH, TRECOURT, CONSCRIPTS and their friends, etc.*)

CONSCRIPTS. Come, conscripts, drink, the wine pour down,

'T will banish care
And chase despair,
Make brave the heart, and sorrow drown,
And cheer the soul to glory.

WOMEN. We'll think of you both night and day,
The seven years you are away.
Go, conscripts, go, your valor prove,
And we for you will keep our love.

CONSCRIPTS. Dear one, unto me
Will you faithful be?

WOMEN. Yes, unto you
We will be true

ENSEMBLE.

(*Women aside.*) (*Men.*)

To promise this we are And will they really faith-
quite free; ful be?
When they are gone, then When we are gone we
we shall see. then shall see.

OMNES. Come, drink, the wine pour down, etc.

PIERRE (*looking about for FAUVETTE*).

Fauvette, I do not see.
Where can she be?
Why is she straying?
Perhaps with Zèlie she is praying.

(*Exit into FAUVETTE'S shop.*)

JOSEPH. Come, friends, 't is time we should depart.

Let us, at least, seem bold at heart.
If choice I of my regiment could make,
I surely know which one I'd take.
I'd like to be a voltigeur,
A grenadier or a chasseur.

At them the girls cast glances arch.

Attention! Forward! March!

The grenadier goes stately past,

Plan, plan rat-a-plan!

The voltigeur, somewhat more fast,

Plan, plan, rat-a-plan!

The chasseur, though, would be my pick,

For he goes at the double-quick,

Rat-a-plan!

OMNES. The grenadier goes stately past, etc.

JOSEPH. Lancer, dragoon and cuirassier

Scorn, one and all, the thought of fear.

Mounted and ranged in battle line,

Say,—do they not look fine?

The cuirassier he slowly starts,

Ta-ta-ta;

But the dragoon, more quick, departs,

Ta-ta-ta;

The lancer, though, is to my mind,

For he leaves all the rest behind,

Ta-ta-ta.

OMNES. The cuirassier he slowly starts, etc.

(*PIERRE re-enters from shop, disturbed.*)

PIERRE. I've sought her, high and low,

Fauvette is nowhere near me,

Ah! I begin to fear me!

My heart foretells some woe.

JOSEPH. And has my Zèlie vanished too?

(*Exit into shop.*)

(*St. ANGENOR enters from tavern and advances to PIERRE.*)

St. ANGENOR. May I have a word with you?

Two thousand francs have I,

A substitute to buy.

PIERRE (*astonished*). Monsieur!

St. ANGENOR. From Fauvette does it come.

PIERRE. Fauvette? Where got she such a sum?

St. ANGENOR. From me. Ere we leave France,
She did ask it in advance.

PIERRE (*euraged*). You?

St. ANGENOR. Yes, her charge I take,

And her fortune I will make.

We are just about to go.

PIERRE. I will not believe 't is so!

St. ANGENOR. This money take, I pray.

PIERRE (*astounded*).

What! And can Fauvette betray?

(*Indignantly.*)

Ah, then! go, and say to her,

Who can your gold to me prefer,

That I've torn her from my heart.

(*Returns money angrily.*)

To seek death I now depart.

ANGENOR (*smiles satisfied*). (*Aside*) Now for Italy!

(*Enters tavern and returns presently, with porter bearing his luggage.*)

PIERRE (*to JOSEPH and TRECOURT*).

Come, we three to fight will go.

JOSEPH. Yes. (*Aside*) My fear they must not know.

PIERRE, JOSEPH and TRECOURT.

Our love is gone, our faith is lost,

We'll choose the corps that fights the most.

Where'er a chance to face the foe,

There will we boldly go!

At first we will move slowly past.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan.

PIERRE, JOSEPH and TRECOURT.

And then we'll take a pace more fast.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan.

PIERRE, JOSEPH and TRECOURT.

And when we're in the battle's thick,

We'll charge the foe at double-quick.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan.

(*Conscripts wave their hats. PIERRE, JOSEPH and TRECOURT about to depart. Spirited action. At back, St. ANGENOR is seen going with porter bearing his luggage.*)

ACT II.

SCENE:—*The defile of Chareb, in Algiers. The edge of an oasis. Rocks, palm-trees, African vegetation.* At Back: *Passes and ravines, and mountain paths.* L. A rock.

JOSEPH, TARATA, ROSETTE and *soldiers discovered.*

At the rising of the curtain the Zouaves are grouped about ROSETTE, who has her canteen near rock, L. Two or three Zouaves are seated on their knapsacks. JOSEPH is shaving the foremost one. He carries his trumpet slung across his shoulder.

CHORUS. Come, fill our glasses to the brim,
To put our dust-dry throats in trim!
Come, no delay;
Pour, pour away.

OTHER SOLDIERS. Shave, shave away;
Come, no delay!
And barber, make us all look prim,
Our faces with your razor trim.

JOSEPH. 'Tis done! You're shaved now one and all.
And so you can, if you find meet,
Give him reward by standing treat,
Whom they the Zouaves' hairdresser call.

OMNES. 'Tis so! But tell us one and all
Why you the Zouaves' hairdresser call?

JOSEPH. Why? I'll tell you!
A week I'd been here very jolly,
When I found that my comrades bold,
Were plunged into melancholy,
And were troubled by woe untold.
Of one I demanded the reason,
He showed me his beardless chin,
And said with a grin: "This is treason!
I've no beard:—'t is a sin!
With no beard upon his face,
A man is surely in disgrace;
Ah! if one could only know
How to make it grow!"

To me came a thought gigantic:—
A barber I'd be for a time.
I had a means necromantic,
By which I to wealth could climb.
A Zouave without beard I selected,
My plan on his chin I tried,—
Like grass on a spot neglected,
Grew a beard in its pride.
'T was not long, when in the place,
There was not one beardless face;
Every one full soon did know,
How to make it grow.

OMNES (*laughing*). Bravo, Joseph, bravo!

TARATA. They all had beards then?

ROSETTE. But how did you do it?

JOSEPH. A theatre trick. I blued them first.

OMNES. Blued them?

JOSEPH. Rubbed blue on their chins and jaws to imitate a grubby beard in its first growth. The blue-period lasted for a week. I then stuck on a little down. A week later I increased it, and by degrees changed it until it reached full pro-

portions, like this— (*Takes beard from mouth of his trumpet*) which I am to deliver this evening.

OMNES. Oh! The splendid beard!

JOSEPH. I believe you! Thanks to me, half of the Zouaves have as fine specimens in their knapsacks.

OMNES (*laughing*). Bravo!

VOICE (*outside*). Who goes there?

TRECOURT (*outside*). France!

VOICE. Pass!

JOSEPH. Ah, it is Trecourt. (*Enter TRECOURT tired as a sergeant of Zouaves.*) Well?

TRECOURT. Nothing new. We have searched everywhere without finding a trace of a Bedouin.

JOSEPH (*going up*). I have no confidence in this unnatural security. With these Arabs, one should have eyes all over him, and then he would not have a sufficient number of optics. This is the land of "Arabian Nights" and the very rocks open at a cabalistic word.

TRECOURT. Soldiering has not made you less of a coward.

JOSEPH. I confess it. I am a coward. At the same time, I have followed Pierre because he was desperate, and enlisted in the Zouaves because they were in every fight and in every danger. For two years I have poltrooned it in Africa in ten battles, in the front rank, terrified out of my life, but unwilling to desert my friend who has a perfect mania to get killed.

TRECOURT. Yes, and who has won a lieutenant's epaulettes.

JOSEPH. I have won nothing but an increased weakness in the knees whenever I hear a shot,—and I'm glad of it. When I see danger, I shut my teeth so close that if there was a grain of wheat between them, it would become the finest flour. But when the lieutenant shouts: "Charge!" it is over. I no longer shiver. I see him advance and I advance, sounding the charge on my trumpet. He rushes at the Arabs and I rush. I am only frightened before,—or after,—but during the fight, I do as everybody else does in order not to appear singular. (*All laugh.*)

TARATA. You're a queer coward, after all.

TRECOURT. By the way, the dream of my life is realized. I am drum-major of the Zouaves. The general saw me at a review. He stopped and admired my manly proportions. I stood up as straight as a palm-tree. "Sacrebleu! What a fine soldier," says he. "Make him a drum-major!" "Thanks, general!" And that is how it happened. When we return to Paris, what a figure I shall cut! (*Strutting.*) And the girls in the Rotunda of the Temple? Oh! How they will stare. But that reminds me. Is there no news from home,—from the Temple? No word from Zelle?

JOSEPH. Bah, the little traitress! I have banished her, not only from my heart, but from my memory. (11)

TRECOURT. But you were going to marry her.

JOSEPH. One speaks of marriage as one does of a house he wishes to rent. The front of it is attractive, the locality is good. He says: "I shall live comfortably here." Well, he marries, goes into housekeeping, and it is not long before he finds out faults in construction, and naturally wants to change. But the lease is signed, and he can't.

TRECOURT. Ah! Has Zélie, then, faults in construction?

JOSEPH (*resentfully*). I don't know;—but I am morally sure that she went off with that donkey of a professor who carried off Fauvette.

TRECOURT. And does no one know what has become of Fauvette?

JOSEPH. No! In the first place, Pierre does not longer trouble himself about her, and in the next, she—she has not even sent him a letter,—in two years, mind you!

TRECOURT. It is very strange. But Pierre loved her to madness.

JOSEPH. Yes, and has done nothing else since but try to meet a friendly cannon-ball on its way.

TRECOURT. And so, he thinks no more of her?

JOSEPH. Hm!—Sometimes, as I do of Zélie; but no one must speak of her to him.

TRECOURT. Ah! The lieutenant! (*The soldiers fall into line and stand in order.*)

(*Enter PIERRE.*)

(*He is attired as a lieutenant of Zouaves, and several soldiers are with him.*)

PIERRE. I have explored the mountain in vain. There is not even the trace of an Arab camp. There is nothing to fear, comrades. You may return to our advance-posts.

JOSEPH. And you, lieutenant?

PIERRE. I shall remain, and obey the general's orders to make a last reconnoissance—

JOSEPH (*satisfied*). Ah!

PIERRE. With you!

JOSEPH (*with fear*). With me? All alone?

PIERRE. What is there to fear?

JOSEPH. The Arabs are so tricky.

PIERRE. And then? We are soldiers. Duty must be done.

PIERRE. A soldier I,
Prepared to die
Whene'er my country calls me,
O glorious state,
Mor: glorious fate,

Whose peril quite enthralls me,
Four simple words the text supply
By which we all may live and die,
And these, at which no man will lag,
Ar: duty, honor, country, flag.
A soldier's state,
That is my fate,

I say so, boasting loud of it,
No rank more grand:—
'T is honor's stand,
When we fight for our fatherland,
We may be proud of it.

OMNES. No rank more grand, etc.

PIERRE. Each stay at home,
Who fears to roam
And for our fate deride us,
'T were better far,

To be where we are,

And to fight like men beside us.
Faintest hearts with courage dance,
'Neath this uniform of France,
Prepared to die at command,
For honor, flag and native land.
A soldier's state, etc.

JOSEPH. Then we do not go with the detachment?

PIERRE. That is the order and it must be obeyed. (*To soldiers*) As for you, you will return to the camp. (*To TRECOURT*) Sergeant Trecourt, take command of the detachment.

TRECOURT. Yes, lieutenant. (*To soldiers*) Attention! Arm on the right shoulder. File right, forward, march.

(*Music, exeunt soldiers.*)

PIERRE. Now to execute the orders of the general. This way!

JOSEPH (*gliding toward ravine*). Look out for the ravine. The deuce! A little more, and it would have been all up,—or rather, all down!

(*While the soldiers are departing, a block of stone in the rock opens quietly, and Bow MALEK steps softly after the soldiers and plants the green flag in a rock. Then, assisted by other Arabs who enter, he displaces a huge rock which opens and shows the entrance of a deep grotto. Arabs, warriors, slaves and women enter.*)

CHORUS. Allah, O, protect us!
Of our trap, the foe
Does not yet suspect us,—
Let him not know!
In a song of praise
Let us our voices raise
Unto Allah!
"Allah is great
And Mahomet is his prophet."

AHMED (*appearing at entrance of grotto*). Well, companions, our plot has succeeded. The French have not even suspected our presence. Now prepare the encampment. The army of the infidels must remain with confidence in this defile, —and then we shall crush them.

OMNES (*with an Arab cry*). Ahia!!

AHMED (*to ALI*). Are the hundred barrels of powder placed?

ALI. Yes, master; but in blowing up the Frenchmen, we shall destroy ourselves.

AHMED. No! The mine is prepared so as to give us time to fly, even after the match is lighted. But some devoted men must suffer. Bou Malek has my instructions. You will obey him.

ALI. But he is dumb. How can he tell us?

AHMED. It will suffice for you to follow him.

ALI. 'T is said, master.

AHMED (*to an Arab*). Selim, hasten to the neighboring oasis, and bring hither the horses already saddled and prepared to depart. My wives and servants will precede us to Mascara. (*Exit SELIM.*)

ALI. And the prisoners?

AHMED. They will go with me,—but first, bring them hither. (*Aside*) I would see the fair Frenchwoman again.

ALI. Yes, master. (*Exit in grotto.*)

AHMED (*to the others*) Come!

(*Music. Exeunt OMNES. ALI appears at grotto and ushers in ST. ANGENOR, FAUVETTE and ZELIE, attired in travelling-costume.*)

ALI. This way.

ANGENOR. Ah! then we are permitted to breathe a little fresh air at last.

FAUVETTE. It is fortunate.

ZELIE. Yes. I was stifling.

ALI. Wait here. The master will come.

ANGENOR. These Arabs are by no means ceremonious.

FAUVETTE. We must see the chief, and speak to him.

ZELIE. What! that statue from whom you must positively drag words?

FAUVETTE. Yes, it is true. When we were captured and taken before him he looked at us for a long time without speaking.

ZELIE. At you, particularly.

FAUVETTE. And with a glance that made me shudder.

ZELIE. He has the evil eye.

ANGENOR. He has two! He made a gesture, and such a gesture,—like that,—and they pushed us into this hole that is full of barrels (*To ALI*) By the way, I thought that Mussulmans never drink wine.

ALI (*coldly*). It is not wine, but gunpowder.

ANGENOR (*terrified*). What! And your Arab chief confined us in his powder-magazine! But he is a savage, and knows no better. Will you be kind enough to inform him that I do not wish to lodge there again? It is not good for the voice.

ALI. He will be here presently. You can tell him yourself. (*Exit.*)

ANGENOR. Thanks! You're very kind. Ah, why did we leave Italy? Beautiful Italy! It is true that it also has mountains, and bandits, but I like it better than this. Why did we leave it?

FAUVETTE. I had a very serious reason for coming here.

ANGENOR. And I, fool that I was, thought you wanted only to see and admire the scenery. There is too much of it.

ZELIE. And too many rocks.

ANGENOR (*fawning himself*). And too much sun.

FAUVETTE. It was not for these. Do you recall the young man whom I wished to save from the drawing, two years ago?

ANGENOR. Your betrothed? He refused the two thousand francs I offered him on your part. I told you so.

ZELIE. You did—three months later.

FAUVETTE. When we were in Italy.

ANGENOR. If I had told you sooner, you would have refused to go,—you would not have been a great artist.

FAUVETTE. I have forgiven you. You meant well. However, two months after that I learned that Pierre was with the Zouaves in Africa.

ANGENOR. Ah, I see it all, now. And it was for this that you wanted to admire the scenery. And I brought you hither. I wonder that my ears have not grown longer. Ass that I am!

FAUVETTE. Yesterday I learned that Pierre was a lieutenant and was reconnoitering in these mountain-passes.

ANGENOR. And as soon as the concert was over, you wanted to visit these wild rocks to see Pierre again. Quadruple ass that I am!

FAUVETTE. I wished to ask him why he had not answered my letters.

ANGENOR. There was no need to come to Africa for that. I could have told you.

FAUVETTE. You?

ANGENOR. Yes! He did not answer your letters because he had not received them. They were intercepted by me.

ZELIE. By you! I suspected as much.

FAUVETTE. You had no right to do so.

ANGENOR. It was in the interests of art. It was a part of my vocal method. Love-letters are very bad for the voice. They are full of burning words that disturb the mind and make the heart beat faster, and then the larynx becomes dry, the vocal cords relaxed, and the diaphragm rigid. Farewell, then, to proper tone-production, to *sostenuto* singing! When a singer is in love, she quivers, and is *tremolo* all over. To save you from tremoloing I suppressed the letters, but I did not read them. They would have been bad for my voice. I will return them to you.

FAUVETTE. And accused him of forgetting me!

ANGENOR. Then you love him still?

FAUVETTE. I shall always love him.

ANGENOR. How strange! You love him and you have no *tremolo* in your voice. Ah, my method has done that.

ALI (*reappearing*). The chief! (*All start.*)

ANGENOR. The chief! Now to give him a piece of my mind.

AHMED (*appears. Gazes at FAUVETTE.*) 'Tis she.

ANGENOR (*going to him*). My dear sir, I wish to see you in order to observe—

AHMED (*repelling him with gesture.*) Not you!

ZELIE. Perhaps then 'tis me, Mr. Bedouin.

AHMED. No.

ANGENOR. How curiously this happens! You don't want to see us after all. Very well, we have admired the scenery as much as we desire, and we'll depart.

AHMED. No.

ANGENOR. What do you mean by "no"? You have no right to detain us. We are not soldiers; that is clear to the dullest understanding,—the ladies, above all. Where can be found in this miserable country a police-inspector or a justice of the peace? I believe they call him a myth; where can I find a myth?

AHMED. Enough, fool!

ANGENOR. Fool! Excuse me. I am a great tenor.

AHMED. Not you, I say! (*To Fauvette*) It is you that I would hear. (*To the others*) Leave us.

ANGENOR (*pointing to Fauvette*). Pardon me, but I cannot leave her.

AHMED. Are you her father?

ANGENOR (*stammering*). Her father? No. I am her daughter— I mean she is my father,— No, that is to say, I am her master.

AHMED. Her master? (*To FAUVETTE.*) Are you then his slave?

FAUVETTE. I am his pupil.

AHMED (*puzzled*). His pupil?

ANGENOR. How stupid these savages are! I am her professor. (*Sings.*) Tra-la-la! (*To ZELIE and FAUVETTE*) He does not understand. (*To*

- AHMED. I am — Tra-la-la, do you see? (*Sings.*)
La-lé-li-lo-lu! to her. Do-ré-mi-fa! music! (*Imitates birds.*) Cui-cui-cui-trrrrr! (*In the fervor of his explanation he ends by yelping like a young puppy in pain.*)
- AHMED (*to FAUVETTE.*) You are a singer. I understand. And he is a professor of the art.
- ANGENOR. At last!
- AHMED (*calling.*) Bou Malek! (*Enter BOU MALEK from grotto.*) This man is a great teacher of singing.
- ANGENOR (*aside.*) He is going to present me with a snuff-box.
- AHMED (*to BOU MALEK.*) He shall teach the wives in my harem how to sing.
- ANGENOR. What!
- ZELIE. He is going to found an Arab singing-school.
- ANGENOR. But — Permit me to —
- AHMED. Obey, or I shall send your head to your French friends.
- ANGENOR. My head without me! That would be bad for my voice. (*To FAUVETTE*) But to leave you alone with this brute —
- FAUVETTE (*To ANGENOR.*) I remember the fable of the lion in love, and am not afraid.
- AHMED (*to ZELIE.*) Go with the professor.
- ZELIE. I cannot resist. (*Aside*) Let me see if I can't set fire to this tinder also. (*To BOU MALEK*) And are you the guardian of his wives? (*BOU MALEK evades her.*)
- AHMED. He will not reply. He is dumb.
- ZELIE. B'ar!
- AHMED. Go! At once.
- ANGENOR. Come. I will teach his harem to sing in a way that will make his life miserable. (*BOU MALEK makes a gesture, and ZELIE and ANGENOR exeunt hastily with fear, followed by BOU MALEK.*)
- AHMED. At last we are alone.
- FAUVETTE (*naively.*) I know what you are about to say. You love me.
- AHMED. I do.
- FAUVETTE (*coquettishly.*) But you have scarcely seen me, scarcely spoken to me. You do not even know if my heart be free.
- AHMED. I do not wish to know.
- AHMED. The soldier chieftain of my tribe,
I've been from childhood's hour,
Warfare was my only pride,
To it I gave my life as dower.
I lived but for the bitter fray,
Strife was to me enchanting,
And my heart alone was panting
For revenge that there held sway.
You on my life have chanced to dawn,
And in my heart is love now born.
Life all seems new
When near to you;
And all my soul
You now control.
With love I burn:
That love return.
Beauty never moved my heart,
Women ne'er for me had charms;
All that of my life made part
Were my horse, my trusty arms.
Love ne'er warmed this heart of ice.
More I craved the muskets' rattle,
- Yearned more for the roar of battle,
Than all the joys of paradise.
But on my life you chance to dawn,
And in my heart is love now born, etc.
- FAUVETTE. You love me. So be it. But we are not of the same race. We have not the same beliefs. What would you do with me?
- AHMED. Make you the queen of my tribe.
- FAUVETTE. It is a great honor, but I do not aspire so high. Besides, I love another.
- AHMED. Another?
- FAUVETTE. And I have come hither to rejoin him.
- AHMED. Is he a soldier?
- FAUVETTE. He is.
- AHMED. Well, then, you will never see him again.
- FAUVETTE. Never! That is a word they do not understand in my country.
- ALI (*enters.*) Master! A trumpeter, preceding an officer, comes under a flag of truce.
- AHMED. Frenchmen! All, place this woman among the wives of my tribe.
- FAUVETTE. A French officer! If I could see him, speak to him,— we might be saved. (*Exit with ALI.*)
- (*Enter BOU MALEK, Arabs, PIERRE and JOSEPH.*)
JOSEPH (*with a handkerchief at the end of his gun.*) Why, here we are, back again. Good-day, Arabs. In finding one safe road I have nearly broken my neck ten times.
- AHMED. What do you want?
- JOSEPH. My lieutenant will tell you.
- PIERRE (*looking about.*) This grotto — What does it mean?
- AHMED. Speak.
- PIERRE. Here are the instructions of my general. (*Reads*) "I learn that a Frenchwoman, a great artist, called Frasquita, who gave a concert yesterday before the division, has been arrested with her manager and servant by the Arabs, in the defiles that you are reconnoitering. On receipt of this order, discover the retreat of these Arabs and propose an exchange of prisoners."
- AHMED. We have made no prisoners.
- JOSEPH (*aside.*) Delightful oriental liar!
- PIERRE. Those that I come to reclaim, and that it is presumed have fallen into your hands, are not soldiers, and should be set free.
- JOSEPH. There are two women, it seems, and the sex is so rare in this country that housekeeping is unknown.
- AHMED. Do you know these women?
- PIERRE. No! My officer has charged me to propose an exchange for these two women and their companion, whatever number of Arab prisoners you may be pleased to claim. I await your answer.
- AHMED. I refuse the exchange.
- PIERRE. In that case hear the ultimatum of my general. If, in an hour, you have not obeyed his orders —
- AHMED (*starting*). His orders?— the orders of an infidel dog?— I? — By Mahomet, you will await mine!
- PIERRE. I am under a flag of truce.
- JOSEPH. Which is sacred,— (*aside*) at least I hope so.
- AHMED. Our camp is well defended. If you attempt to escape you will be fired at. (*Makes a sign to the Arabs to go.*)

PIERRE. We shall not attempt to fly. The laws of war protect us. (AHMED and Arabs going. JOSEPH follows them.)

JOSEPH (boldly). If you touch a hair of our heads, you will all be fricasseed—(an Arab turns, JOSEPH recoils terrified)—fr-fr-fricasseed. (AHMED and Arabs exeunt.)

JOSEPH. Well! This settles it!

PIERRE. We have nothing to fear.

JOSEPH. I'm not so sure of that. In fact, I'm jellied with fear already.

PIERRE. Bah! This savage will think twice.

JOSEPH. Perhaps; but I have a presentiment of the road I am to travel. We must get away from here. We are left alone, let us profit by it to look about. Where does this cave go to? I'll see.

PIERRE (smiling). Yes, but don't go too far.

JOSEPH (disappearing in grotto). All right, lieutenant. The devil! How dark it is! If there is any danger, call me; that is to say, I'll call you.

PIERRE (near grotto). Poor Joseph. He is uneasy in his mind. I know these Arabs care little for the usages of war; but they know that our deaths would be fearfully avenged. (He peers into grotto.) (Enter FAUVETTE.)

FAUVETTE. 'T is here this officer should be, If him a moment I could see.

PIERRE (speaks off, to JOSEPH). Be prudent, Joseph,— else will the foe perceive you.

FAUVETTE. That voice! Pierre?

PIERRE. Fauvette?

FAUVETTE. 'T is I.

PIERRE. You!

FAUVETTE. Dearest love!
Ah! joy supreme!
Yes! 't is a dream!
Shall I awake and find it you?
No! 't is a dream,
A cruel dream!
Or is it Pierre, my lover true?

PIERRE. Can you be here?
I'm mad, I fear!
Oh, speak, and say 't is really you!

FAUVETTE. Hope my bosom cheers.
Farewell to tears!
Love from its grave reappears.

PIERRE. False hope my bosom cheers;
Fate at me jeers;
Love from its grave ne'er reappears.

FAUVETTE. Yes, 't is you, Fauvette so dear.

PIERRE. What! among these Arabs cursed?

FAUVETTE. Yes; a captive I am here.
But no longer do I fear,
For, through the gloom, the sun has burst.

PIERRE. You, a captive? Then you are
She whom they call Frasquita!

FAUVETTE. Yes, 't is I, Pierre.

PIERRE. You, a singer!

FAUVETTE. Ay, but hear:
You love me, and your love I treasure,—
My love for you I cannot measure;
That love I bless.
'T is happiness!
Sorrow is past,
Joy now will last.
Peace in my heart will forever reign.

Oh, bliss complete!
Once more we meet;
Nothing shall part us e'er again.

BOTH. Sorrow is past, etc.

PIERRE. I love you, I adore you:
And thus 't will never cease to be.

FAUVETTE. Once more I stand before you:
Earth is a paradise to me.

BOTH. Sorrow is past, etc.
(They embrace. Enter AHMED, who starts on seeing them.)

AHMED (to FAUVETTE). You in his arms! Then it is he you love. (Threatens.)

PIERRE (facing AHMED). Take care.

FAUVETTE (in despair). Lost!

AHMED (calling to his men). This way! (Arabs appear.) Take hence this infidel dog.

PIERRE. I am under a flag of truce.

AHMED. Drag him hence. (Two seize PIERRE.)

JOSEPH (appearing at grotto). The deuce! The lieutenant in danger.

FAUVETTE. Pierre! Pierre!

PIERRE. Courage, Fauvette, courage! (Two Arabs drag him off.)

JOSEPH (in grotto). Fauvette! Am I awake?

FAUVETTE (to AHMED). One word.

AHMED (to ALI). Go! This woman belongs to my tribe. Execute my orders.

FAUVETTE (as she is led off by ALI). How to save him! How to save him!

JOSEPH (trembling in grotto). We must see—they must be saved.

AHMED (looking about). The trumpeter has doubtless escaped. He will warn the French. They will hasten hither, and then— (With fierce joy) In that grotto are one hundred barrels of powder to welcome them with a salute.

ARABS (shouting). Ahia! Ahia!

JOSEPH (in horror). One hundred! Oh (Disappears.)

AHMED (on the ravine, threateningly). Come, come!
I await you, Frenchmen.
At last, friends, the hour is at hand,
The foe to drive forth from the land.
'T is war to the latest breath—
"Down with the foe! To the infidel, death!"

OMNES. Down with the foe! To the infidel, death!

AHMED. In the name of the Prophet on high:
From the hearts of our people daring,
Vengeance cries loud and despairing—
"Gainst the foes who our power defy!
Rise, 'gainst the tyrant who would us enslave,
His might destroy, or find a warrior's grave!"
Islam's bold sons no foe man fearing!
See! on our tents, against the sky,
Mahomet's standard proud doth fly!
Allah wills! our day of joy is nearing.

OMNES. Islam's bold sons, etc.

AHMED. Warriors true, we will conquer or die,
As victors gain the palm of glory,
Heroes become in song and story:
'T is promised us from on high.
If 't is our fate in death to close our eyes,
To bliss eternal we shall rise,
In Paradise!
Islam's bold sons, etc.

AHMED. Six of you will remain to set fire to the powder. (*Six Arabs set their guns against the grotto.*) Ah, are the horses saddled?

ALI. They are, master.

AHMED. I will see for myself. Bou Malek shall watch here. (*Bou Malek sits near the grotto.*)

So! (*To the other Arabs remaining by grotto.*)
Come, and hear my last orders. (*Exeunt all but Bou Malek and Joseph.*)

(*Music. Joseph appears at the entrance of the grotto. He sees Bou Malek.*)

JOSEPH. Oh! the chimpanzees have forgotten one of their brothers. [*Levels gun at him.*] No! the noise will betray me. Ah! it is the dumb fellow of whom they spoke, no doubt. Dumb! An idea! He cannot call for assistance. I must have his burnons. But how?—He is praying. All the better. He is all the more prepared to go and meet his friend Mahomet—No! he is sleeping. Better still. Here goes. (*Steals toward Bou Malek, leaps on him with a shout, and pushes him into the ravine.*) Ah! that is over! A pleasant journey, and many kind remembrances to Mahomet! (*Rises*) Oh, how I tremble! What a coward I am! I have the burnons; I will put it on, gain our lines, and return for the lieutenant. Hallo! I've forgotten my trumpet. It gives me a hunchback. Never mind. This is the land of dromedaries. (*Stops.*) The dence! I have no beard, and this dumb fellow had a noble one. I shall be discovered. What a fool I am! (*Takes beard from trumpet and puts it on.*) Now I am complete. A perfect Arab! I go without any compunctions. Ah! a woman!—An Arab woman, too. I must not be seen.

(*Enter ZELIE in Arab costume.*)

ZELIE. They have dressed both Fauvette and me in this bad-fitting costume. M. Angenor has disappeared. Oh, if I could only find some way to escape! But how?

JOSEPH. Is she going to stay here forever?

ZELIE (*seeing him*). Oh, the dumb man! He is all powerful here. If I could, with a little flattering, coax him to let us escape! He cannot speak though, and therefore is not able to say what he will do. I'll try. (*Approaches Joseph*) Well, poor, dumb fellow! How sorry I am for you!

JOSEPH (*aside*). It is true;—I'm dumb.

ZELIE. Are you always going to be distant with me?

JOSEPH (*aside*). It's the other fellow's lady-love, I suppose,—and he is dead!

ZELIE. I don't think I'm ugly.

JOSEPH (*aside*). If I am the other fellow, I suppose I must take all the other fellow has left behind. (*Makes gestures of admiration and kisses her hand.*)

ZELIE. Ah, I am humanizing him. (*With fervor*) I love Africa,—a land of fire; I love the Arabs,—men of fire; for I also have a spirit of fire.

JOSEPH (*aside*). I believe her. She is a perfect furnace. (*Takes her by the waist.*) Hé, hé!

ZELIE. Ah! he is falling into the snare. I shall yet make an ally of him.

You're of a race that's not amiss,—
A race, they say, both strong and glad.

JOSEPH. Ah, ah, ah, ah!

ZELIE. And it is true, when one does kiss,
A strong man is by no means bad.

JOSEPH. Eh, eh, eh, eh!

ZELIE. Your Koran says, it is not right
To love one not your faith or kin.

JOSEPH. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

ZELIE. But of her foot to gain a sight,
Or press her hand, cannot be sin.

JOSEPH. Hi, hi, hi, hi!

(*Aside*) She is attempting me to charm:
Well, if she be, where is the harm?

ZELIE (*aside*). I can seem free, love to bestow;
'T is easy after, to say No.
(*Ensemble.*)

ZELIE. Mussulman, pray gaze your fill,
I care no jot;
All I ask is, that you will
Touch me not.

JOSEPH (*aside*). If I longer look, I will —
I know not what.
It grows hard, and harder still
To touch her not.

ZELIE. I with you would gladly fly
From this spot;
But with my request comply,
And touch me not.

JOSEPH (*aside*). I were wise if I did fly
From this spot.
By the glances of her eye
I'm surely shot.

ZELIE. When one a service does, I know
He looks for some reward to gain.

JOSEPH. Hé, hé, hé, hé!

ZELIE. Hence let us on the instant go.
And I'll your debtor not remain.

JOSEPH. Eh, eh, eh, eh!

ZELIE. In time, you'll win my love, no doubt;
E'en now I feel I'm drawn to you.

JOSEPH. Hi, hi, hi, hi!

ZELIE. But you must aid to carry out
A little plan I have in view.

JOSEPH. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

She is attempting me to charm, etc.

JOSEPH (*aside*). She is mine. I have captured,
magnetized her, and she will show me how to
escape.

ZELIE (*aside*). I suppose I shall have to let the ugly
brute kiss and adore me, in order to trick him
into letting me escape. But first to tell the profes-
sor that I have found an ally.

JOSEPH (*passionately*). Oh, oh!

ZELIE (*the same*). Ah, ah! Wait for me here. I'll
return. (*Going and then returning.*) Now, don't
go far! Stay here. (*Exit.*)

JOSEPH (*collapsing*). What I have had to endure!
But she'll return and show me the road to safety,
and then I'll give her the slip. What dread-
fully bold creatures these Arab women are!
(*Looks off.*) Another Arab! Not a word. (*Sits
cross-legged, imitating Bou Malek.*)

(*Enter St. ANGENOR attired in grotesque Arab
costume.*)

ANGENOR. I am in despair. I cannot find Zelie,
and Fauvette is disconsolate. It is very bad for
the voice. But I have made a resolution. I
have promised her that I will try to reach the
French camp and bring the soldiers to the res-
cue.

JOSEPH. Will the idiot never go?

ANGENOR. But how to escape observation? (*Sees
Joseph.*) Oh! The dumb fellow. To be dumb is

very bad for the voice. He is the chief's second. Every one obeys him. An idea. With his burnous I could perhaps escape.

JOSEPH (*aside*). He is resolved not to go.

ANGENOR (*aside*). Let us make friends. (*Approaching.*)

JOSEPH (*aside*). He approaches. If he should discover.

ANGENOR. Good-day, poor mute.

JOSEPH (*aside*). True. I'm always dumb. That is lucky.

ANGENOR. I'll speak Arab. That will flatter him. Barboucha bitter bock, alhambra, alkali rue d'A-boukir. I'll propose a cigar. Alsmoko! (JOSEPH sneezes.) That is the dumb for "yes," I suppose. (*Gives cigar.*) Now for a light. (*Takes match and rubs it on grotto.* JOSEPH, in terror, points to powder.) What's the matter? Has he swallowed a snake? Ah! I remember, the powder! The deuce! (*Retires from grotto.*) I was about to do a clever thing. I must not lose time, and I must have that burnous. He cannot cry for help. Here goes! (*Struggles for burnous.*) He holds on to it. (*Takes him by the throat.*) I want that burnous.

(*Struggle.* JOSEPH throws ANGENOR and then recedes.)

JOSEPH (*holding him in fear*). Well, what do you say to that?

ANGENOR (*staggered*). A speaking mute!

JOSEPH. Yes, I can speak. It is for you to be dumb, or I'll send you to join the real mute whom I have thrown into the ravine.

ANGENOR (*seeing the uniform under the half-opened burnous*). Ah! that uniform! A fellow-countryman! (*Tries to embrace him, but is repelled.*)

JOSEPH. What do you mean by fellow-countryman?

ANGENOR. Prisoner. Professor. Snuff-box.

JOSEPH (*recognizing him*). Ah! the professor! And I am the hairdresser of the Opéra.

ANGENOR. The hairdresser! The Rotunda of the Temple! Ah! (*They embrace.*)

JOSEPH. Was it you we tried to exchange?

ANGENOR. The same. We are in danger. I want to escape and bring assistance.

JOSEPH. I,—the same.

ANGENOR. And to escape recognition, I wanted that red burnous of the mute.

JOSEPH. So did I,—and I got it. Wait. With a beard you will not be recognized. (*Puts a beard on him.*) There, go!

ANGENOR. Wait. (*Goes to guns standing by grotto.*)

JOSEPH. What are you doing?

ANGENOR (*emptying his gourd of water in gun barrels*). Drowning the powder.

JOSEPH. Bravo! They may pursue us, but they can't fire on us. Now let us part.

ANGENOR. But I don't know the road, and there are no names to the streets.

JOSEPH. I'm as badly off. We must trust to luck. (*Sees that they have changed hats after the struggle*) One moment, you have my turban.

ANGENOR. And you, my fez. (*They exchange.*) Now, each go his way, for life or death. I'll save Fauvette. (*Exit L.*)

JOSEPH. And I'll save Pierre. But the over-affectionate Arab lady who was to show me the way.

ZELIE. (*Entering. Aside.*) I can't find that miserable Angenor.

JOSEPH. Ah, ah! (*Makes a noise with his voice.*)

ZELIE (*addressing JOSEPH R.*) Come! I want to tell you—that I am waiting for you.

JOSEPH. Ah, Joseph! Carried off,—and by a woman! (*Exit with ZELIE.*)

(*Enter AHMED, ANGENOR, in custody of two Arabs, and ALL.*)

AHMED. All is ready. We depart at once. Ali, go and bring the Frenchwoman and my wives. (*Exit ALL.*) And you! (*To ANGENOR*) So you tried to escape?

ANGENOR. Escape? When I am so comfortable here, and have been appointed a professor in your conservatory? I have already given a lesson to your wives. They have beaten me. In fact, one of them bit me. I resign. There is too much biting and too little *soffeggio*.

AHMED. Enough! My wives and companions are coming hither. I have prepared a fine entertainment for them.

ANGENOR. An entertainment! So much the better. I am happy to be invited. (*Aside*) Because I can't help myself.

AHMED. Ah, here is another guest! (*FAUVETTE is brought in by ALL. ANGENOR goes to her.*) The death of an enemy is a pleasure to everybody. I am going to have the head of an insolent officer.

FAUVETTE (*overwhelmed*). Ah! (*Almost fainting.*)

ANGENOR (*supporting her, and looking at AHMED*). Devil!

OMNRS. Allah! Allah!
It is with joy at heart
We hear the signal to depart.
Warriors! Up, away!
Seek the glorious fray!
Mount the prancing steed,
And, like the whirlwind, speed
To the field of death!
Onward, onward dashing,
With our swords and spears,
In the sunlight flashing.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Martial music clashing,
Allah! Allah!

(*Enter ZELIE.*)

ZELIE. We can now fly. (*Sees Arabs, and shrieks.*) Too late!

AHMED. That I can dare to do the right,
I now will make clear, in your sight.
(*To ALL*) The prisoner bring forth!

FAUVETTE (*to AHMED*) One word!
Oh, mercy cherish!
Let not the loved one perish;
Spare him, and set him free,
And yours I'll be.
Here at your feet
I mercy entreat.
Let him go free,
And take me!

AHMED. Ah, now I know
You love this man, my foe;
And yourself you give
That he may live.

FAUVETTE. Yield your cruel pride,
Free this soldier darling,
Life and honor sparing,
And I am your bride.

AHMED. Her tears for him cannot assuage
My stern resolve, nor calm my rage.

FAUVETTE and ZELIE (*ensemble*).

Let $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ tears for him

And $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{my} \\ \text{her} \end{array} \right\}$ prayers assuage

Your stern and harsh resolve,
And calm your rage.

AHMED. No, your tears for him cannot assuage, etc.

OMNES. No, her tears for him cannot assuage, etc.

AHMED (*gently*). I cannot, will not promise.

(*Aside to ALI.*)

Now take away the maiden on my swiftest
steed.

FAUVETTE (*to ZELIE and ST. ANGENOR*).

Ah, joy! he melts. Can it be so!

AHMED (*to ALI*).

We meet at Mascara. Now quickly go!

FAUVETTE, ANGENOR and ZELIE are escorted off by ALI,
after some ludicrous bowing by ZELIE and ST.
ANGENOR before AHMED. AHMED watches their
departure as JOSEPH enters from grotto.

JOSEPH. 'T is Pierre that I am seeking,

To save him from his fate;

We both must off be sneaking,

Or soon 't will be too late.

AHMED (*to JOSEPH*).

Ah, Bou Malek!

This falchion keen-controlling!

We place in you the trust,

To send you man's head rolling,

And make it bite the dust.

JOSEPH (*taking sword with terror*).

(*Aside*) Ah! what did he then say?

AHMED. Quick end it, and away!

Upon us time is pressing.

Now let this Frenchman feel

An Arab's blessing.

OMNES. This falchion keen-controlling, etc.

AHMED. Now, Frenchman, meet your fate.

(PIERRE is brought in by Arabs.)

PIERRE. Death comes to all, or soon or late,

Arab, born of slavery,

Learn now that I

Your threats defy.

I'm of France, that land of glory

Whose proud sons are famed in story

For honor and for bravery.

To plead for life I scorn.

Take it, if 't is Fate's decree;

But heed me when I warn

That before another morn

Well avenged my death shall be!

AHMED (*savagely*). No more!

(*Two Arabs are about to conduct PIERRE to a slope
in the rocks. He stops them with a gesture.*)

AHMED, the Arabs and the woman make room.
JOSEPH is by the slope.)

AHMED (*to JOSEPH, whom he still mistakes for BOU
MALEK*). Bou Malek, go!

(*JOSEPH hesitates and trembles. Suddenly he tears
off his beard and burnous.*)

JOSEPH. The end has come. 'T is I!

PIERRE. What! you?

(*JOSEPH gives PIERRE his sword.*)

There! Who's afraid?

We'll die together. Hope is gone!

OMNES. Ah, a spy! We're betrayed!

JOSEPH. And now the song of the swan.

(*The Arabs go for their guns. JOSEPH leaps on
the slope, protected by PIERRE, who holds the foe
at a distance with the sword, and then blows his
trumpet.*)

AHMED. To arms! Quickly! Fire!

(*The Arabs present their guns; but they do not
explode, the powder being wet. Trumpets heard
in distance.*)

OMNES. Ah, fly!

(*Exeunt hastily all the Arabs.*)

AHMED (*aside and lighting slow match*).

For revenge 't is the hour.

(*To PIERRE*) She is still in my power. (*Exit hastily.*)

PIERRE. Indeed! (*Follows him eagerly.*)

(*French soldiers appear coming up ravine. JOSEPH
sounds the charge.*)

OMNES. Vive la France! (*Exeunt in pursuit.*)

(*JOSEPH seizes flag, and is about to follow the Zouaves,
when he sees, with horror, the slow match. He
becomes terrified and unable to fly.*)

JOSEPH. Ah! the match! There! We shall all be
blown up. I'm a jelly. We are lost. (*Staggers
down slope and falls, seated on slow match.*) Vive
la France!

(*Soldiers return and are about to pick JOSEPH up.*)

OMNES. Oh, see! with fear he is quite overcome;
Poor coward! with terror, stricken dumb.

JOSEPH (*faintly*). We're saved! Tons of powder
are in there.

OMNES (*recoiling*). Tons of powder there?

JOSEPH (*pointing, overcome, to the extinct match on
which he is sitting*). And the slow match is
here!

OMNES (*joyously lifting JOSEPH on their shoulders*).

Ah! our preserver is here.

(*Trumpets sound and drums beat, as JOSEPH is carried
around on their shoulders.*)

OMNES. Unto his courage let us honor pay,
On him rest fame and glory from to-day.

PIERRE (*returning in disorder*).

My Fauvette they have taken;

But we know where they are;

Forward, friends, follow quickly

To Mascara!

OMNES. To Mascara!

(*The French ready to depart. TRECOURT has planted
the French flag on the rock. An Arab leaps in
concealment, upon him. TRECOURT picks the
Arab up, and throws him into the ravine.*)

PICTURE.— AND CURTAIN DROPS.

ACT III.

SCENE.—A square in Mascara. On one side, an Arab bazaar. On the other, the ruins of a palace. At the back, the city. At the rise of the curtain: Arabs, merchants, men and women excitedly moving about in fear. Some rush in terrified from without.

CHORUS.

The enemy!
Ah, let us flee.
The city is taken,
And we're forsaken.
Our goods away,
From plunder carry.
'T is death to stay,
No longer tarry.

(The ARABS are about to fly, when the FRENCH SOLDIERS appear.)

SOLDIERS (presenting bayonets). Not so far!

ARABS. 'T is the foe.

Spare us, by Allah! oh, spare!

SOLDIERS. For that do we come, you must know.

TRECOURT. These orders mind, or else beware.

Be quiet and let us rule at ease,
No questions ask, but rest contented.
To do exactly as we please,

By you we must not be prevented.
We'll hear whate'er complaints you make,
Right wrongs where'er you find them,
But you must no objection take
If we should not mind them.
Soldiers, Bedouins, hear the law,
And take care that you obey.
Nothing say, and ask not why.
Do what you're told;—make no reply.

SOLDIERS. Soldiers, Bedouins, etc.

TRECOURT. And furthermore: if from us you

Expect to have protection,
Whate'er we say, whate'er we do,
You must make no objection.
Gallant unto the fair we'll be;—

We are a gallant nation,
And unto them we'll guarantee
Our best consideration.
Soldiers, Bedouins, etc.

SOLDIERS. Soldiers, Bedouins, etc.

TRECOURT. Yes. The city is taken, and the campaign is over. You are no longer our enemies, but our protégés. Open the bazaars. Buy, sell, and cheat as usual.

CRANSAC. The only restriction is that nobody shall leave Mascara without a passport from the general; for we suspect the Arab chief, who outraged a flag of truce is still here.

TRECOURT. Yes; and if they find him, he will no longer conduct business at his old stand with promptitude and despatch.

CRANSAC. For the rest of you, go and come as you please.

TRECOURT. And civilize yourselves.

OMNES. Long live the French! (Ereunt.)

TRECOURT (looking off). Ah! Our comrades!

(Enter PIERRE, JOSEPH, and SOLDIERS marching,
JOSEPH at the head sounding his trumpet.)

PIERRE. Halt! Front face! Break ranks!

TRECOURT. Ah, lieutenant! You are mentioned in the general's despatches, and so is Joseph. They will be proud of you in the Temple Rotunda.

PIERRE. Thanks, Trecourt.

JOSEPH. It is true, we were the first to enter Mascara.

PIERRE (to JOSEPH and TRECOURT). I wished to free Fauvette. I was mad to hope it.

TRECOURT. Oh lieutenant, we shall find her, never fear.

PIERRE (with a sigh). I trust we may. (To JOSEPH.) Go to the general, and tell him, I beg, I pray him to see me.

JOSEPH. Yes, lieutenant. (Salutes and exit.)

TRECOURT (aside to soldiers). He is sad. We must not trouble him. (They go up stage.)

PIERRE. Fauvette,—dear Fauvette! Dare I still hope? No! It is folly.

Loved one,—and must we sever?

Must I forever

Mourn thee with tears and sighs?

And shall I never more behold thee,

No more enfold thee

Or gaze into thine eyes?

Ah! if from thee I must be parted,

To peace I'm lost for evermore,

Absent from thee I'm broken-hearted.

Alas! my dream of life is o'er.

Dearest, thy hand in mine, love,

Mine pressing thine, love,

Shall never be again.

Ne'er shall the music of thy voice, love,

Make me rejoice, love,

And soothe from life all pain.

Ah! if from thee I must be parted,

To peace, etc.

(Enter JOSEPH.)

JOSEPH. The general expects you.

PIERRE. I go. And if he will consent— Ah, friends, we will hunt this demon Ahmed to the centre of the earth, but we will find him.

OMNES. Ay, ay!

JOSEPH. And I'll go with you. The general's reply also interests me. I want Zelie.

PIERRE (to JOSEPH). Come! (To the others.) Till we meet again. (Exit with JOSEPH.)

TRECOURT. We will await you.

(Enter ANGONOR in Arab costume.)

ANGONOR. What a situation! (Sees soldiers.) Ah! Frenchmen! Soldiers! Oh, I am faint with emotion! My legs fail me! Friends! Preservers!

TRECOURT (surprised). Ah!

OMNES (threateningly). What!

CRANSAC. That face!

TRECOURT. This burnous! 'Tis he! Ahmed!

ANGONOR. Yes, friends, it is I. (They all surround him angrily.)

TRECOURT. Scoundrel! Demon!

CRANSAC. Bandit! Fiend!

ANGENOR (*alarmed*). What now?

TRECOURT. He shall be shot like a dog.

OMNES. Yes, yes! (*Rushing at him again.*)

ANGENOR! Mercy, mercy! I'm a dead man! Let me speak!

TRECOURT (*stopping the others*). Will you confess where the woman is whom you have carried off?

ANGENOR. Carried off? A woman? I never did such a thing in my life. Do you not recognize me?

TRECOURT. Yes. You are Ahmed.

ANGENOR. Ahmed? No. Angenor! (*Pulling off his wig and beard.*)

TRECOURT. The singing professor!

OMNES (*laughing*). Ha! ha! ha!

CRANSAC. There is a letter for you at headquarters.

ANGENOR. A letter?

TRECOURT. Where is Fauvette? She was with you.

ANGENOR. Yes; but an hour ago Ahmed put me into this ridiculous costume, opened the door, and said "Get out!" I got out,—and rapidly, believe me. He has doubtless disguised my pupil also.

TRECOURT. He must still be in the city, for no one can depart without a safe-conduct from the general himself.

ANGENOR. So much the better. But I can't remain in these monkey clothes. They are too dangerous.

TRECOURT. We'll find you something else. But you must first see the lieutenant.

(*Enter JOSEPH.*)

JOSEPH. He is with the general. We are to meet him here in an hour.

ANGENOR (*going to him*). The mute,—the hair-dresser.

JOSEPH (*recoiling*). Go away. (*Recognizes him.*) The professor! What has happened to you since we parted?

(*Enter TARATA.*)

TARATA. Sound the trumpet! Beat the drum! Glorious news! The woman that you believed to be lost—

JOSEPH. Yes?

TARATA. Is found.

ANGENOR. Fauvette?

TARATA. No, Zélie.

JOSEPH. Zélie?

TARATA. She is here.

(*Enter ZÉLIE as a vivandière.*)

ZÉLIE. My Joseph! (*Embraces JOSEPH.*)

ANGENOR. What, a vivandière?

ZÉLIE. Tarata loaned me one of her uniforms.

ANGENOR. And Fauvette?

ZÉLIE. I know not. An hour ago Ahmed made me dress as an odalisque. Then he opened the door and said—

ANGENOR. "Get out!" I know.

ZÉLIE. I went. But the streets were full of soldiers who all wished to kiss or embrace me. Happily I met with the Zouaves.

JOSEPH (*dubiously*). And were they more reserved?

ZÉLIE. No, on the contrary. But when I told them that I was the beloved of the trumpeter Joseph, they took me to Tarata,—and here I am, clothes and all.

JOSEPH. Never mind,—clothes or no clothes,—I have found you again and am satisfied.

TRECOURT (*aside to the others*). Leave them to their outpourings of love. They have much lost time to make up.

ANGENOR (*to TRECOURT*). And take me to your lieutenant.

TRECOURT. Follow me, great tenor. (*Sings effusively*) Tra-la-la!

ANGENOR. What a voice he has! I must teach him my method. (*All exeunt, except ZÉLIE and JOSEPH.*)

JOSEPH. And is it really you? I can't realize it yet. What experiences we have had! But all is over now. We are soon to return to France. Once there,—I'll do you the honor to marry you.

ZÉLIE (*uneasily*). Marry me! I—I—

JOSEPH. What now?

ZÉLIE (*aside*). If he should ever hear of my kissing that dumb fellow! (*Aloud*) When one marries, there should be nothing with which to reproach oneself.

JOSEPH (*aside*). She has heard of my gallivanting with that woman. (*Aloud*) Oh, you mean the Arab girl!

ZÉLIE (*embarrassed*). With the mute? Yes.

JOSEPH (*aside*). The gabblers! (*Aloud*) Oh, it was a matter of no importance whatever.

ZÉLIE (*astonished*). Then you do not think it was wrong?

JOSEPH. Such trifles do not count. I know I have not been exactly faithful, but—

ZÉLIE (*angrily*). What! You too?

JOSEPH (*alarmed*). What do you mean by me too?

ZÉLIE. Oh, nothing! I was about to say—I— And so you have been unfaithful to me?

JOSEPH. Not in my heart. It was in a good cause.

ZÉLIE. A good cause! Monster!

JOSEPH. I wished to escape, and it was necessary I should win over somebody who knew the locality.

JOSEPH. My fault, if so you take it,
In aim was good,
For friendship did I make it,
As friendship should,
If wrong was my affection,
Away from thee,
I was in deep dejection
For Pierre, you see.
I played with my affection,—
For Pierre, you see!
And to tell you true—
In serving Pierre I found pleasure, too.

ZÉLIE. Ah! I see now, and I also—

JOSEPH. What, unfaithful? Oh, woman! False?

ZÉLIE. Not in my heart. It was in a good cause.

JOSEPH. A good cause? Oh, fickle gentleness!

ZÉLIE. I wished to escape, and I had to cajole somebody who knew the locality.

ZÉLIE. I wished to save his loved one,
Her life protect,—
I flirted with another;
You can't object.
In me the act was noble,
Was good,—sublime.
To serve a friend, you surely
Don't think a crime.
Though it displease you,
I must admit 't is true,
In serving poor Fauvette,
I found a pleasure, too.

JOSEPH. Ah! both of us! But it is different in your case. I'm a man! How can I marry you, and

have somebody else say he kissed you after we were engaged?

ZELIE. But he will not say it, he is dumb.

JOSEPH. Dumb! What, are there two of them?

ZELIE. Two? No, only one. The fellow that I met at the grotto.

JOSEPH (*with hope*). At the grotto? Give me the particulars, and be particular yourself.

ZELIE. Ah, I dare not, I was so bold.

JOSEPH. Firstly, you made advances to him: told him that he was beautiful.

ZELIE. Gross flattery, I admit.

JOSEPH. And you told him —

“But of her foot to gain a sight,
Or press her hand, is not a sin.”

ZELIE (*puzzled*). Exactly.

JOSEPH. And he replied to you, “Hi, hi, hi, hi!”

ZELIE. Yes, well?

JOSEPH. It was I.

ZELIE. Ah, Joseph!

JOSEPH. Ah, Zelig! (*They embrace.*)

BOTH. Perhaps to be sincere

And to tell you true,

In serving poor { Fauvette
 { Pierre

Was to me a pleasure, too.

(*Trumpet in distance outside. The Zouaves cross the stage running.*)

JOSEPH. Hullo! What now? Is it a call to arms? I must go.

ZELIE. And I'll go with you. You don't quit my sight again before I have married you beyond recall. (*They exeunt singing and dancing refrain of the last duet*)

(*ALL enters from the ruins with another Arab.*)

ALL. The soldiers have gone! (*To Arab*) Go, and tell the master that the Frenchman is here. Go! (*Exit Arab. Speaking at the door of the ruins*) Come! We will await the chief here.

(*FAUVETTE enters from ruins, attired as a camel-driver.*)

FAUVETTE. I will wait.

ALL. And I will watch. (*Exit cautiously.*)

FAUVETTE (*looking off*). Something unusual is taking place. Scarcely had we reached this place when we were obliged to leave the dwelling the Arab chief had chosen for us. They separated me from Zelig and Angenor, then made me don this costume and hide in these ruins. What can have happened? But why disturb myself? Pierre is safe, for the chief has sworn it. As for me, what have I to fear? I am no longer afraid of this terrible Ahmed. He is in love,— and is now only a man.

FAUVETTE. Yes, he is saved; hope is returning. And night has changed to smiling morn;
Within my heart is joy reborn,
With love, regret and tender yearning.
And this chief so fierce and brave,
A savage dreaded far and near:
Like a child,
Meek and mild,
There at my feet he kneels a slave.
He loves, is but a man! no more I fear.
Ah! poor women that we are,
Weaker than proud man by far;
But when we would have our way,
Who shall say us Nay?
For in our hands, as clay,
Since the world began,
Is man.

This son of warfare, wild and daring,
Spared, in his pride, a rival's life,
Against him can I wage no strife;
And still am I not yet despairing.
This noble lion, in his heart
A rankling wound doth bear
That costs him dear.

'T is I alone can cure the smart.

My master is my slave.

His power I brave.

He loves, is but a man! no more I fear.
Ah! poor women that we are, etc.

(*Enter AHMED as a camel-driver, and ALL.*)

AHMED. Thus attired we are safe. Come, you must follow me.

FAUVETTE. I am ready. But answer me. Pierre is safe?

AHMED. Have I not sworn it? The man you love has no more to fear from me.

FAUVETTE. Then I shall follow you where you will.

AHMED. Listen. The French still occupy the city.

FAUVETTE (*with a cry of hope*). Ah!

AHMED. A cry, a word, a gesture from you, and we are lost. Remember, the life of the man you love shall answer for your silence. Betray me, and were he surrounded by soldiers, I would find out a means to reach him and to stab him to the heart.

FAUVETTE (*with fear*). I will not betray you.

(*Enter TRECOURT and CRANSAC.*)

FAUVETTE (*aside*). Trecourt!

AHMED (*quickly to FAUVETTE*). Silence or your lover is lost to you forever. (*To TRECOURT*) Is it true that no one can leave Mascara without a safe-conduct?

TRECOURT. It is. We wish to capture a scoundrel named Ahmed. Do you know him?

AHMED. Perhaps.

CRANSAC. He appears to be a very estimable dog.

TRECOURT (*slapping AHMED on shoulder*). If I only once lay my hand on him.

AHMED (*disengaging himself*). They say he is very cunning. He will escape you.

CRANSAC. That is why we guard every gate.

AHMED. But these gates will open for us, whose business is on the desert.

TRECOURT (*looking at AHMED and FAUVETTE*). What do you do there?

AHMED. We are camel-drivers.

TRECOURT. Camel-drivers? What do you drive them for?

AHMED (*aside to FAUVETTE*). Echo me, so that they may not suspect who you are. (*Aloud*) Listen, Frenchman.

AHMED. O'er the desert vast and dreary,
Goes the camel-driver gay.

FAUVETTE. O'er the desert vast and dreary,
Goes the camel-driver gay.

AHMED. Singing, for aye,
As on his way,
Wanders he, ne'er growing weary.

FAUVETTE. Singing, for aye, etc.
Holla,— hé! Ah!

BOTH. He braves the sand-storm's deathly tide,
He braves the simoom's fiery heat;
His gay refrain serves as a guide
Unto the trembling traveller's feet.
Ah! Holla,— hé!

AHMED. Of the boundless desert, surely,
Do we know the trackless plan.

FAUVETTE. Of the boundless, etc.

AHMED. On its lordly way, securely,
Guide we, too, the caravan.

FAUVETTE. On its lordly way, securely,
Guide we, too, the caravan.
Holla—hé! Ah!

BOTH. Across the vast and dreary plain
A lover hastes, his fair to meet.
And as he hears our gay refrain,
It serves to speed his weary feet.
Ah! Holla—hé!

TRECOURT. I understand now. You are guides for
dromedaries and other humpback cavalry.

CRANSAC. Well, Bedouin, come with me. You
shall have your passport; but you must pay for
something to drink. I am parched with thirst.

AHMED. 'Tis well.

TRECOURT. I will go to the canteen and have some
punch made. (*Exit.*)

AHMED (*aside to FAUVETTE*). You understand. You
are to pass as the wife of a chief. Go, and
change your attire and await me here.

FAUVETTE. But—

AHMED. You have sworn. Take care. (*FAUVETTE
enters the ruins with ALI, who guards her.*)

CRANSAC. Well, Arab, I am ready.

AHMED. And I.

CRANSAC (*takes his arm*). Then we'll go. Perhaps
you can tell us something of this villain, Ahmed.
Now, if we can only lay hands— (*Exit, talking
with AHMED.*)

(*TRECOURT re-enters with Zouaves.*)

TRECOURT. All is ready, Cransac—eh? Why, where
is the hero of the festival?

(*Enter ANGENOR dressed as one of the musicians of a
military band.*)

ANGENOR. Here he is. (*All laugh.*)

TRECOURT. The professor! We are not waiting
for you. But what the deuce does this dress
mean?

ANGENOR. A musician's uniform I have borrowed.
The colonel gave his permission, induced by my
promise to play the bass-tuba. As I said to the
colonel— Well, hear what I said to the col-
onel:—

ST. ANGENOR.

I like the military band!

It marks step with a rat-a-plan.

At parade 't is in the van!

In fight it in the rear doth stand.

I really love the band. (*Marches.*)

The regimental music makes

The soldier's step elastic

And to his movements it implants

A freedom quite gymnastic.

And in the future, generals,

Thanks to their band, may know

How they in perfect time can hurl

Destruction on the foe.

ANGENOR. But where is the lieutenant?

TRECOURT. A moment ago something of importance
occurred, and the regiment is under arms again.

But attention, lads! *Vive Joseph!*

(*Enter JOSEPH decorated, arm in arm with ZELIE.*)

ANGENOR. Eh! The hairdresser,—and decorated!

TRECOURT. Hail to the hero of the powder-barrels!

OMNES. *Vive Joseph!*

ANGENOR. Then you are brave, after all.

JOSEPH. Yes, I have been a very fury of courage—
but it cost me a great deal of resolution. (*Show-
ing his trumpet.*) This is what saved you all, in
the moment of peril.

TRECOURT. That and your coat-tails, Joseph.

JOSEPH. Now, if Fauvette were only found.
(*Enter TARATA with barrel over her shoulder and a
cup in her hand.*)

TRECOURT. Ah! lads! Come, come.
(*They go up and surround TARATA.*)

AHMED (*re-enters with CRANSAC*). Then with this
safe-conduct there is nothing to fear.

CRANSAC. Absolutely nothing.

AHMED. Then we'll go. (*Goes to ruins and calls*)
Come!

(*Enter PIERRE from opposite side.*)

PIERRE. Hear the order, lads! (*AHMED turns at the
sound of the voice. PIERRE recognizing him.*)
Ahmed!

AHMED (*aside*). He!

(*FAUVETTE enters from ruins.*)

FAUVETTE (*sees PIERRE*). Pierre!

PIERRE (*opens his arms*). Ah, Fauvette! (*They
embrace.*)

AHMED. I must fly.

JOSEPH (*stops him at back*). Not just now.

AHMED (*runs to ruins*). You do not hold me yet.

TRECOURT (*who a moment before entered the ruins,
after FAUVETTE came from them*). The game is
blocked this way.

(*AHMED rushes to different entrances, but is met by
French soldiers with fixed bayonets.*)

SOLDIERS. Halt! Cease to fly!

No one goes this way.

Halt, without delay!

One more step, and you die.

AHMED (*resignedly*).

It was decreed. My fate is sealed.

Great is Allah! To you I yield.

FAUVETTE (*to PIERRE*).

Let no cloud mar this joyous day.

Set him at large.

PIERRE. I will obey. (*To AHMED*) Away!

TRECOURT. Go, and *Bon voyage!*

AHMED. Freed, and by you! My soul doth burn,

With deep humiliation!

Ere to the desert I return,

I bow before your nation.

(*Exit with ALI.*)

JOSEPH (*shouting after him*).

Thank you for nothing, my good friend.

ZELIE (*reproving*).

He meant well; and so let it end.

CRANSAC (*to ST. ANGENOR*). Master, a letter from
the Minister.

(*Hands him letter.*)

ST. ANGENOR (*reads*). Can it be true?

It comes at last, although belated.

(*With joy*) I have the post for which I've waited!
(*To FAUVETTE*) Your liberty I give to you.

FAUVETTE. Soon we for Paris will depart.

Where we all four will wedded be.

I will the signal give to start—

Attention, forward, march!

Our wedding-ring the priest will bless.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan!

FAUVETTE. And crown our lives with happiness.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan!

FAUVETTE (*to the public*).

Joy, full and perfect, shall we feel

If you our passports sign and seal.

OMNES. Rat-a-plan!

CURTAIN.



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