.25 GEMS FROM .25

VERY WAR

LODA-EDWARD ROZAŃSKI COLLECTION #53700

OPERA

in 3 Acts.



Translated & Adapted by

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Music by

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.25 .25

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LODA-EDWARD ROZANSKI COLLECTION #53700

No. 2 Couplet.

UMBERTO.

Allegretto Moderato.

Till
From

f *marcato.*

now no drop of blood is flowing in this our pleas - ant mer - ry war. The
such a war no fear need bar you We con - verse bold with shot and shell The

p

foe few shots on us bestowing Of can - non balls he has small store. One
first shot seems to ask How are you The sec - ond an - swers Pretty well" From

poco

meno.

sin - gle bombshell he sends fly - ing at twelve o-clock of ever - y day. We
these they shoot to us Good mor - row And we shoot back our heart-y thanks. And

send a sin - gle shot re - ply - ing Then for a day re - sume our play. It
not a soul has come for sor - row And not a wound-ed man in ranks. A

rit.

poco rit.

mf

rit.

a tempo

marks for us the hour of noon This fierce and boom - ing can - non sound. And
mer - ry war a jol - ly bout, which lets us grow fat in our tents. Since

mf a tempo

our shot an - swers ve - ry soon. ah - - - - - - - - - We
we know when we must look out. ah - - - - - - - - - There

mf

accel

fz

send it as in du - - - - - ty bound a flash a
is no chance for ac - - - - - ci - - dents

mf

f

bang, No more than this. We do our best to al - ways miss. Yet we the

mf

shot are ne'er o - mit - ting Such dis - respect from us would not be

mf

Soprano. rit.

f

fit - - - ting A flash, a bang, No more than this, We do our best to al - ways

Alto.

Tenor.

A flash, a bang, No more than this, We do our best to al - ways

Bass.

p

f

f

miss Yet we the shot are ne'er o - mit - ting Such dis-respect from us would

miss Yet we the shot are ne'er o - mit - ting Such dis - respect from us would

not be fit - - ting.

not be fit - - ting.

No. 2 3/4.

Allegretto. *MARCLASE.*

To sit down with my foes at eat - - ing

PIANO.

Cant be of crimes the very worst. And yet I hear a voice re-peat - ing

A patriot suffers hunger first. Then comes a voice of great-er power Which to my

stomach has ap - pealed, And so I'll go, but say much low -

Moderato.

er. The wis-er one will yield. The wis-er one will yield, duiu

du-l-i-ta-tia du-l-i-ta-tia du-l-i-ta-tia-ra. The wis-er one will yield. The

mf

rit.

wis-er one will yield, duiu du-l-i-ta-ria du-l-i-ta-ria du-l-i-ta-ria-

rit.

ra.

Allegretto.

f *fz*

Song.

Moderato **BALTHASAR**

From Hol-land to Flor-ence in
The pret-ti-est flow-ers that

PIANO

p *p*

peace we were go-ing; My wife and my tu-lip bulbs and
ev-er were blow-ing; The dark and the blue ones I had with

I, When all their fierce weapons these sol-diers were show-ing, And
me, The rar-est that ev-er were plant-ed, or grow-ing, Be-

took us as pris-ners I do not know why. My rar-est of
side the fair banks of the Zuy-der see. A black and a

f *p*

wives and my tu - lips yet rar - er They took from my arms In
blue one Those fel - lows have hooked them, They knew not their worth. The

vil - lain-ous way My wife that was fair and my tu - lips yet
stu - pid clowns, They thought they were on - ions, and so they have

poco rit.

fair - er, I say it is shame-ful, That's what I say.
cooked them. Just fan - cy, an on - ion worth near five hundred crowns

poco rit.

For wife and for tu - lips, I can - not help weep-ing, They
The coal-black, the snow-white, They stopped not to choose 'em, They

Half weeping

were the de - light and the joy of my life, And now these vile
ate them all up Now they blossom no more, And what they have

sol - dier's have them in keep-ing, The fair - est of tu - lips the
done with the wife of my bo - som, That fills me with an-guish and

rit. *Poco piu moto*

lov - li-est wife. Woe's me poor Bal-tha-sar, Bal - tha-sar
wrings my hearts' core.

rit.

Groot! Oh Mein Gott! mein Gott! Mein Gott! mein Gott! They ought all to be

shot. Oh Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott. They ought all to be shot.

(laughing)

Oh Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott, mein Gott. They ought all to be shot.

mf *f*

fz *fz*

No. 3½ Sorti.

PIANO. *f* *f*

No. 11. Walzer.

Moderato Waltztempo.

f *p*

p *MARCHESE*

Na - - - ture loved she - - fair to see - - - And so free - - She'd be

p

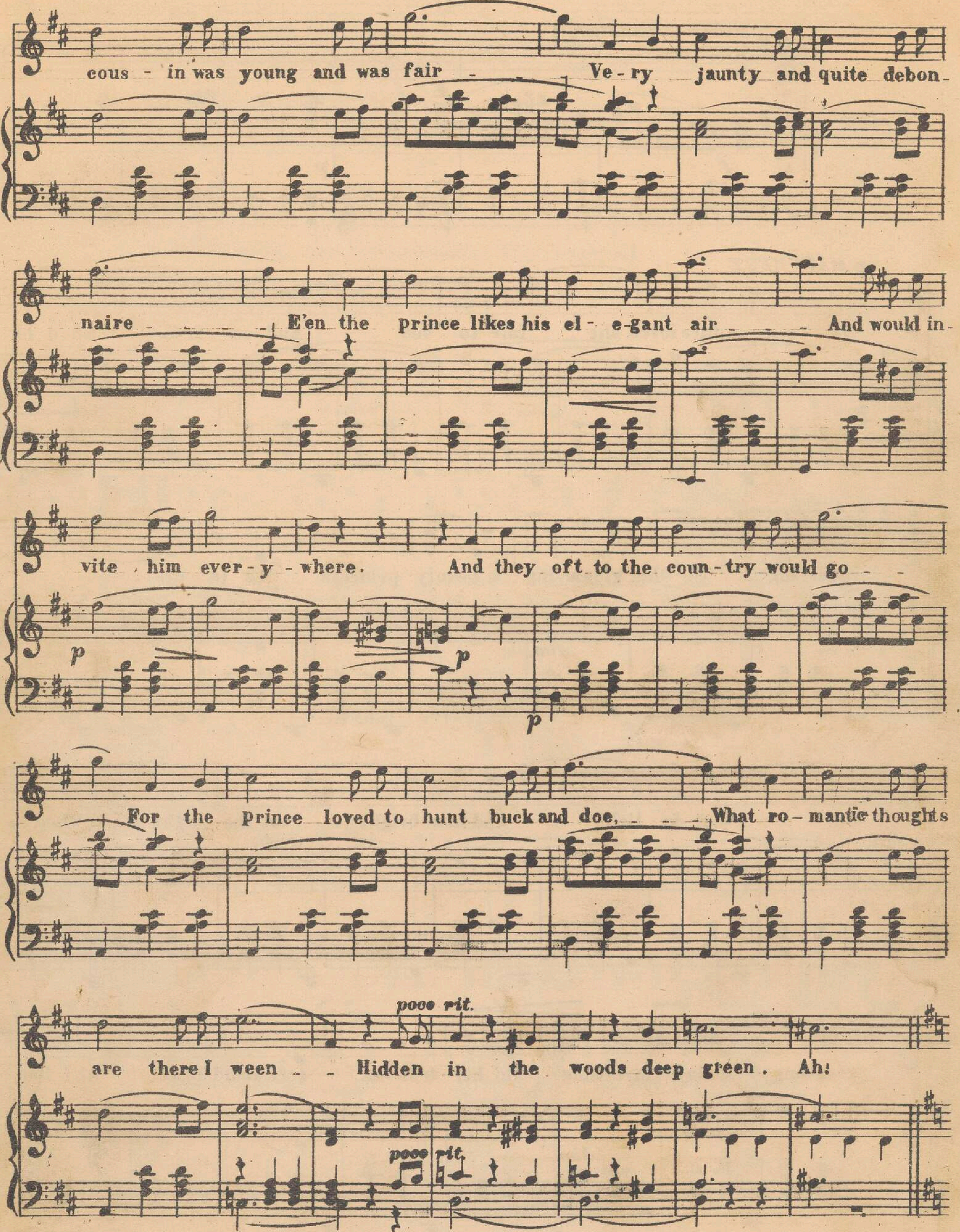
roam - ing - - In the gloam - ing - - Lovely princess Me - la - nie. - - -

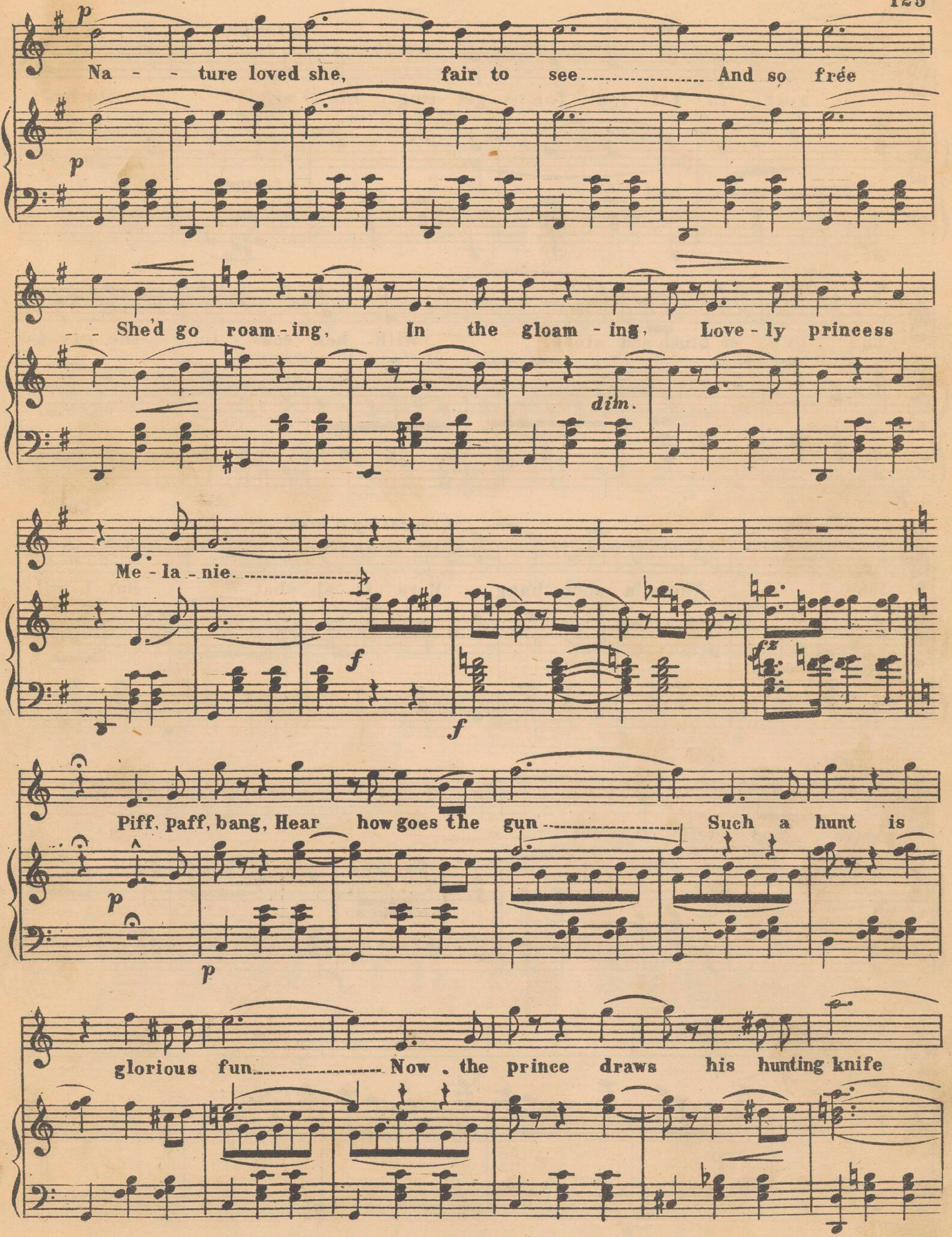
dim.

Oh - - - what de - light And how bright - - was the sight - - - When so

gleaming sunlight streaming On her tress - es soft would light And her

dim. *p*


cous - in was young and was fair - Ve - ry jaunty and quite debon -
naire - E'en the prince likes his el - e-gant air - And would in -
vite him ever - y - where. And they oft to the coun - try would go -
For the prince loved to hunt buck and doe, - What ro - mantic thoughts
are there I ween - Hidden in the woods deep green. Ah!
poco rit.
poco rit.


Na - ture loved she, fair to see - And so free
- She'd go roam - ing, In the gloam - ing, Love - ly princess
Me - la - nie.
dim.
Piff, paff, bang, Hear how goes the gun - Such a hunt is
glorious fun - Now the prince draws his hunting knife

poco rit. a tempo

rushes to fol - low, for - get - ting his wife. Rushes

poco rit. a tempo. p

on ov - er brush and stone. With her cous - in she is a -

p

(imitating a kiss)

lone There a shot bang Here is, ah what But I will

rit.

cease and tell it not.

rit. f a tempo

f

p

rit.

p

p

Na - - - - ture loved she - - - - fair to see - - - - And so free - -

p

- - In the gloaming She'd go roaming - - Lovely prin - cess Me - la -

dim.

nie. ..... Now - - - there lies low - - - Fal - len doe; - - -

- - As we know - - - Prince comes blindly - - Thinking kind - ly - - That the

rit.

cousin has guarded the prin - cess so.

rit.

f

fz

Nº 12½.

Piano.

f

f

f

fz

Nº 13 DUETT.

Allegro con fuoco.

Else.

Balthasar.

Dese are nice shtories Dat dey vas saying?

Piano.

f

p

E

f

What was this part then That you were playing?

B

Right by mein eyesight Takes she her kisses.

E

Oh what a traitor What a dolf this is

B

All of your promise are you for-get - ting?

E

Oh that I met you I am re-gret - ting You stupid you,

B

You wicked thing!

p

f

p

f

E

rit. *a tempo.*

What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh were we but at home a - gain,

B

What shall I do? What shall I do? Oh were we but at home a - gain,

p

rit. *a tempo.*

E

Then you would see I'd teach you then, Then I would give you your desert, In something

B

What should I see? I'd teach you then, Then I would give you your desert, In something

fz

E

that your back should hurt. You take good care, Be quiet do! My fin-gers itch to

B

that your back should hurt. You take good care, Be quiet do! My fin-gers itch to

E

get at you. I'd like to pound you on the spot. Look out! Look out!

get at you. I'd like to pound you on the spot Look out! Look

(sobbing.)

E

Mein Gott Mein Gott Mein ---------- Gott. Now tell me what means all this

out Mein Gott Mein Gott Mein Got Mein Gott Mein Gott.

f

p Balthasar.

E

comedy? How came you in such a suit? Oh Elsa how then could I help it, When some one

p

B

said he would shoot, If I had been with him disputing He would at me soon have been shooting.

Tempo I.

E: He plays the grand Duke And does not know why, And if he protests Then they swear he shall

B: I play the grand Duke And do not know why, And if I protest Then they swear I shall

p

E: die. Better to live, So I will for-give.

B: die. Ah..... But you, you stand here tak-ing

poco meno.

Else.

B: kis-ses, No good ex-cuse for this you had, I was com-pelled to,

a tempo.

p

Balthasar. Else. Balthasar.

E: Reason this is O no! O yes! That was too bad No

Else.

B: reason you had. It was too bad. Stop your wild noise, Small things like

cresc.

E: this Should scarce-ly serve to make you mad.

f

p Poco meno. *pp* Balthasar.

E: It was a ver-y lit-tle kiss, a kiss. *f* I

a tempo.

p

p

p

f

f **Poco lento.**

E

Don't let such small things make you mad.

B

saw it my_self, You no reason had. Don't make ex_cus_es, 'Twas too bad.

fz *fz* *pp*

Andantino moderato.

E

What pleasure can a kiss a_wak_en, That's taken 'gainst a woman's will,
A kiss' joy should be di_vided, And otherwise it is not right,

p

E

If there be joy in kisses tak_en, A kiss that's giv'n is better still.
A bargain that is all one_sid_ed, Can never, never give de_light.

E

A kiss that's taken without loving, That one endures with naught of bliss, That cannot joy to
Such kisses are not worth the flinging, No cause for jealous rage in this, But when it joy to

poco rit.

1.

E

each be proving, Such a kiss as that can't be call'd a kiss.
both is bringing, Then it on_ly counts as a thorough

poco rit. *p* *p*

2.

Allegro.

E

kiss. Yes such a kiss, That is true bliss. Yes such a kiss, ah, ah..... Yes

B

Yes such a kiss, That is true bliss.

fz *p* *f* *p*

E

such a kiss, That is ___ true bliss.

B

Yes such a kiss, That is ___ true bliss.

mf *f*

No. 14. Finale II.

Moderato. *UMBERTO.*

UMBERTO. The night begins to creep. Neath it's cloak there are dan - gers, Yet here amidst these stran - gers, O'er her my true watch I keep. I wait for her with longing And pain my heart doth stir And tender thoughts come thronging, Of her of her But what is that? A door is softly o-pened there. She comes and

PIANO. *p* *poco rit.* *poco rit.* *rit.* *pp*

VIOLETTA.

I will hide with care. The night begins to creep. And 'tis bear - ing some dan - ger, To him my handsome stran - ger And o'er him some watch I'll keep. My heart for him is longing. I My heart for her is longing, And feel a sor-row dim, Anx - i - e - ty is throng-ing, a-lone... for him. pain my breast doth stir, And tender thoughts come throng-ing, of her, of her.

poco rit. *a tempo* *rit.* *p rit.*

No. 17. Duett.

Moderato.

ELSE

BALTHASAR.

PIANO.

Two months have passed away Since we our

I wonder how my Gertrude is.

children last have seen.

fp

I hope Hans well has been!

p

Andantino.

And so is Gertrude too.

Hans is ve-ry knowing. No one ev-er saw such children As

And Gertrude's getting stout.

cunning as our two And Hans is al- ways growing.

The girls like me, a - bout.

Hans, his nose is like mine. But Hans is like his father, We

poco rit.

But Gertrude's like her mother Just to a sin- gle

make a pret-ty pair.

poco rit.

tempo

poco rit.

hair. Like his fath-er he, ha ha ha ha!

Like her mother she, ha ha ha ha!

tempo

poco rit.

Yes they're our treasure They give us much pleas- ure , tra la la la tra la la la!

Yes they're our treasure They give us much pleasure la la la la la la la la

rit.

rit.

rit. *Andante con espress.*

Ja! Yes! ---------- Sil - ver pealing

Piu mosso.

mf *p dol.*

children's laughter, Makes the true heart bound. Sorrows are for - got - ten after

once we hear it sound. When they play so wild at hiding , We look on, but

rit. *a tempo. string.*

nev - er chiding, As their tricks we view. We are laughing too, ha ha ha ha ha! Pa-

rit. *a tempo. string.*

pa Mam - ma, ha ha ha ha!

Pa-pa Mamma, ha ha ha ha!

Andantino.

And Gertrude is my darling. Ah it

But Hans the boy for me.

p

p

will not be much longer, Ere they will grown up be.

They both can read quite

And each much merit wins.

While

finely,

And Hans will be a student.

Gertrude cooks and spins.

And Gertrude lovers

Then Hans will take a sweetheart.

see.

poco rit.

a tempo

And when they both are married, Grand-parents we shall be.

poco rit.

a tempo

You a grand pa - pa!

poco rit.

Ha ha ha ha!

Ha ha ha ha! You'll be grand-mam-ma!

poco rit.

Oh what a pleasure Grandchildren to treasure, tra la la la! tra la la la Oh what a pleasure

rit.

Grandchildren to treasure, la la la la la la la la la la!

Piu mosso.

rit.

mf

Andante con espress.

Yes rit. Sil - ver pealing childrens laughter, Makes the true heart bound

p dol.

Sor - rows are for - got - ten after once we hear its sound.

When they play so wild at hid - ing, We gaze fondly nev - er chiding,

rit. *a tempo. string.* pp

As their tricks we view, We are laughing too. ha ha ha ha ha! Pa - pa, Mam -

As their tricks we view We are laughing too ha ha ha ha ha! Pa - pa,

rit. *a tempo. string.*

ma, ha ha ha ha!

Mamma, ha ha ha ha!

...EMS

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