335676

JUPITER

OR

The Cobbler and the King.

COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

WORDS BY

HARRY B. SMITH,

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS.

THE JOHN CHURCH COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, ⊹ NEW YORK, ⊹ CHICAGO.

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JUPITER.

OR,

The Cobbler and the King.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JUPITER, King of the heathen gods. SPURIUS-CASSIUS, a shoemaker.	BARITONE.
SERGIUS, a dashing young charioteer.	SOPRANO.
DENTATUS, a patrician.	BARITONE.
PANDORA, a cook.	CONTRALTO.
CLAUDIA, a Roman damsel.	SOPRANO.
OCTOPUS, a centurion.	BASS.
GRAMPUS, an auctioneer.	BASS.
JUNO, Queen of Jupiter.	SOPRANO.
LUCILLA, a slave.	SOPRANO.
NARCISSUS, Messengers from Olympus.	SOPRANO.
GANYMEDE, Messengers from Olympus.	CONTRALTO.
CAIUS MARCUS COONIUS, a black slave.	
PYRRHUS, Clerk of Grampus.	TENOR.
DIANA, VENUS, THALIA.	

Roman amazons, vestals, gladiators, peddlers,
children, gods and goddesses, etc.

Scene.

Act I. The Appian way in Rome.
Act II. Mount Olympus.

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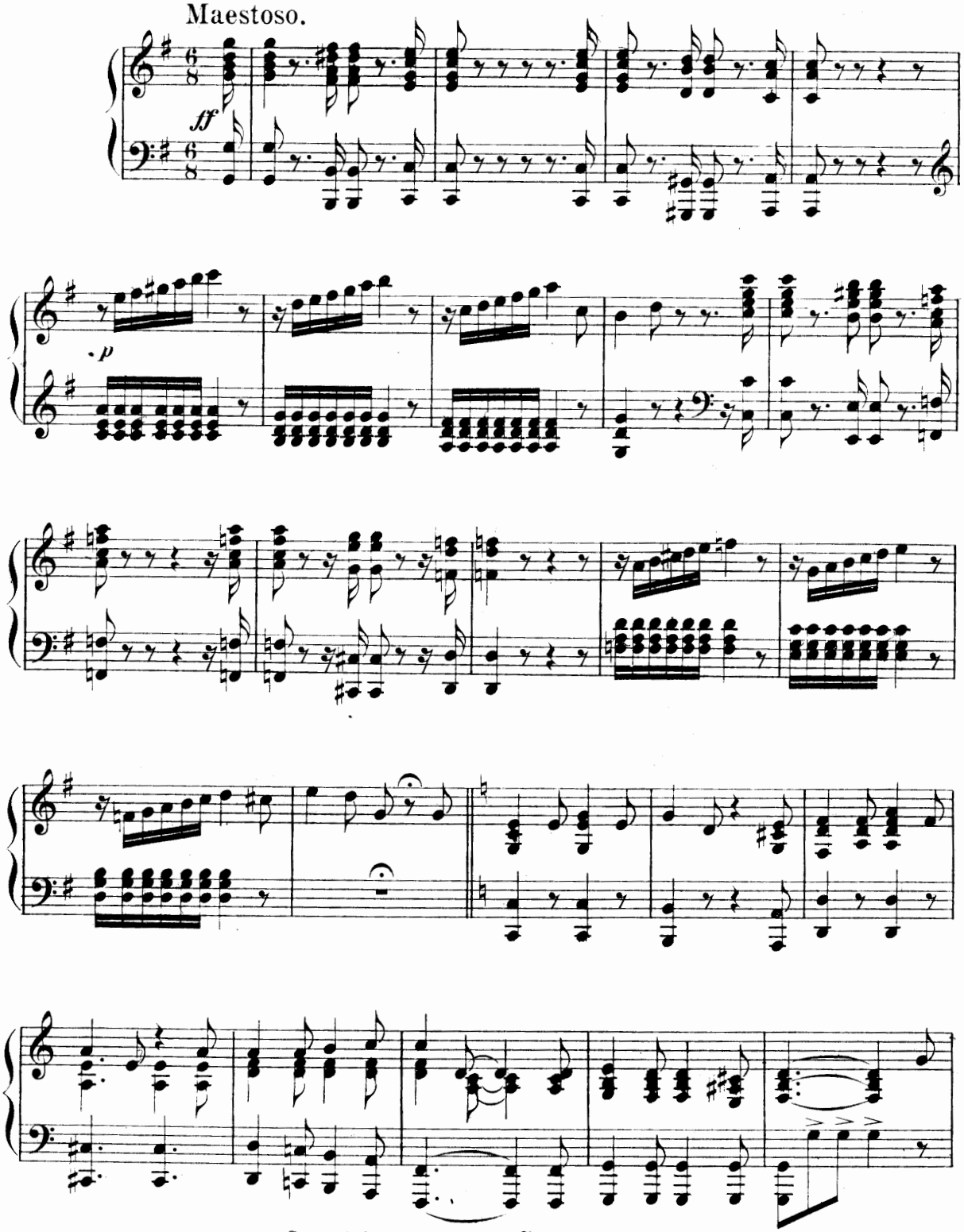
JUPITER.

Comic Opera in Two Acts.

OVERTURE.

Libretto by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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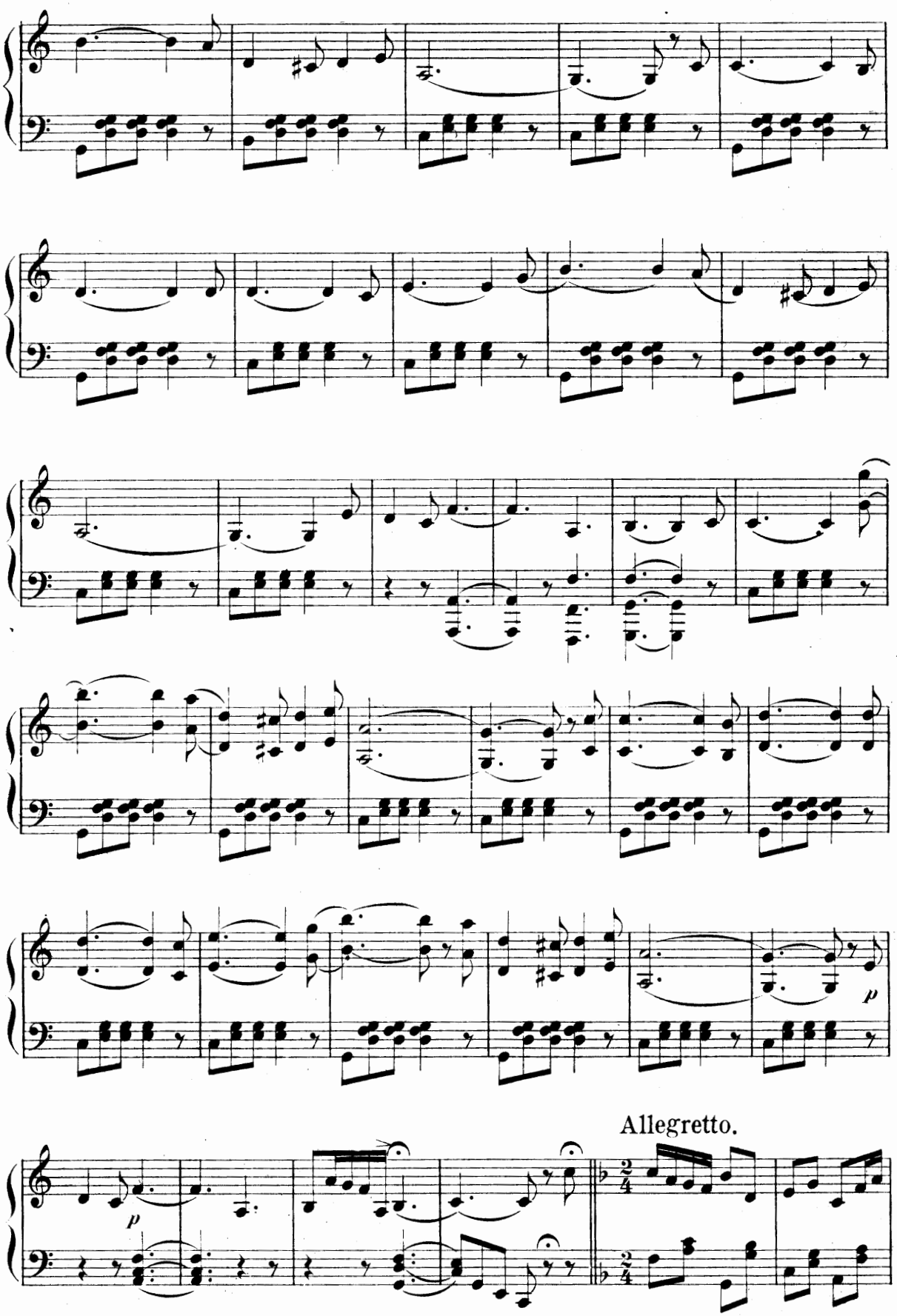
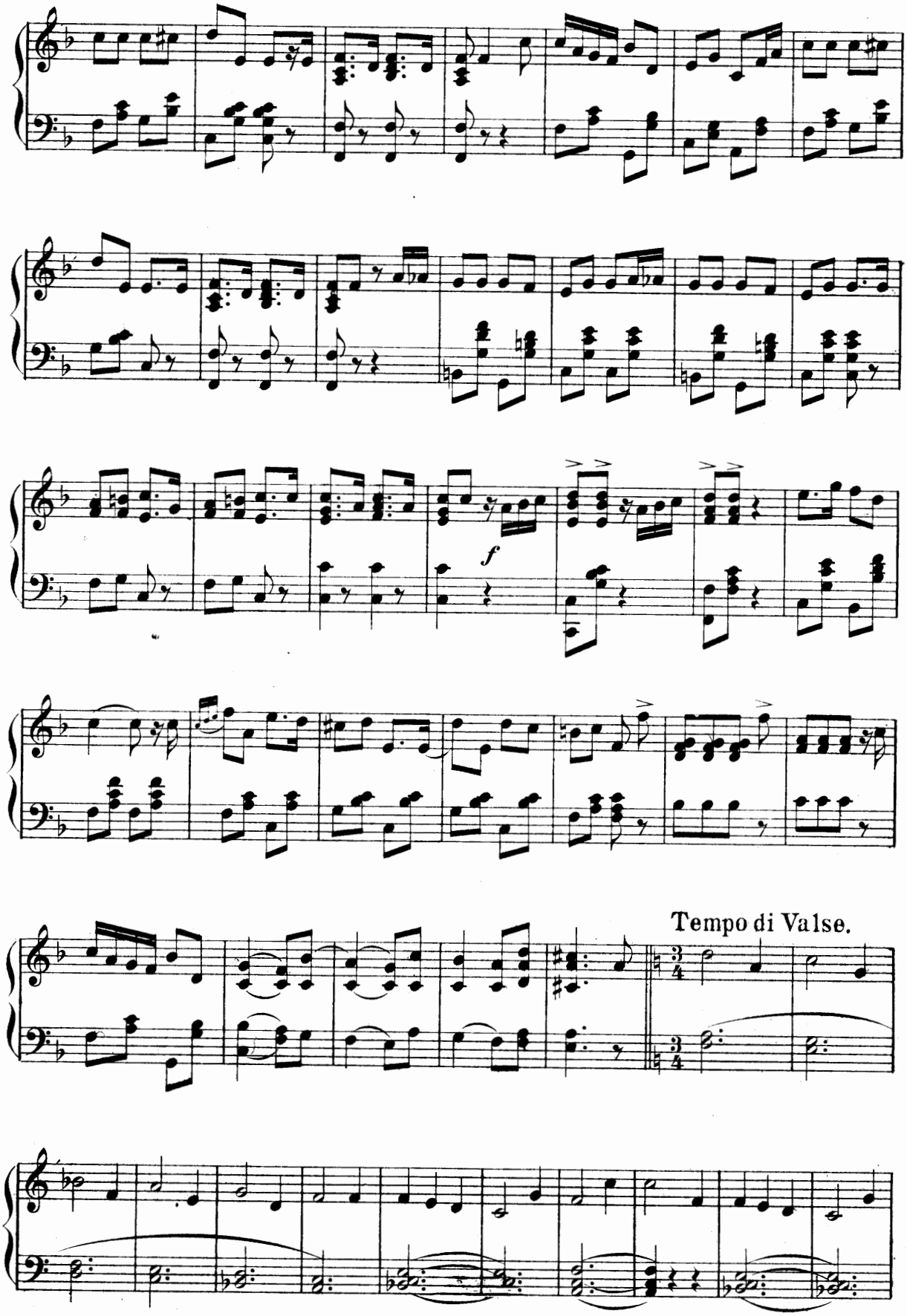
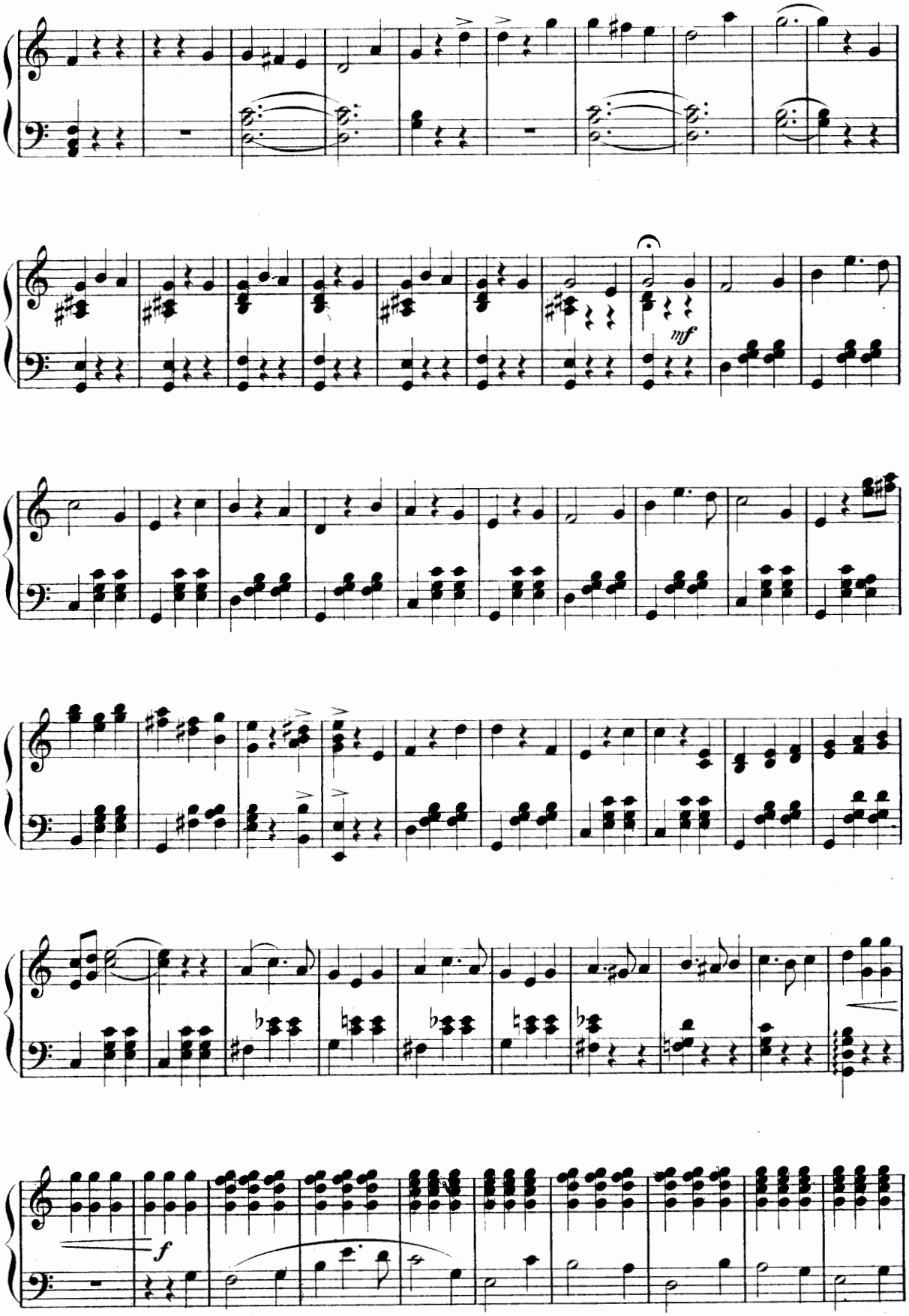
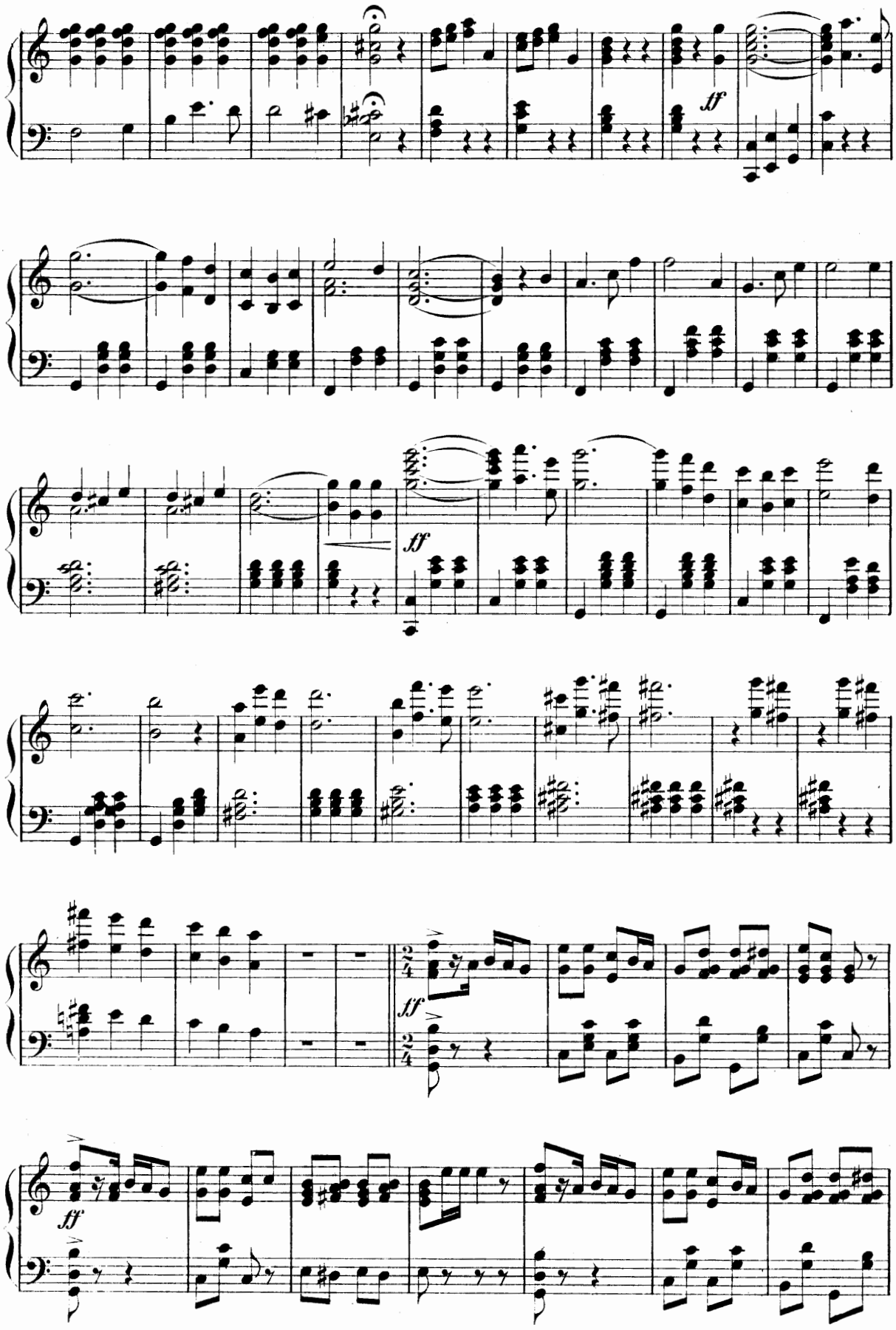

p
p
Allegretto.


f
Tempo di Valse.


mf
f


ff
ff
ff
ff
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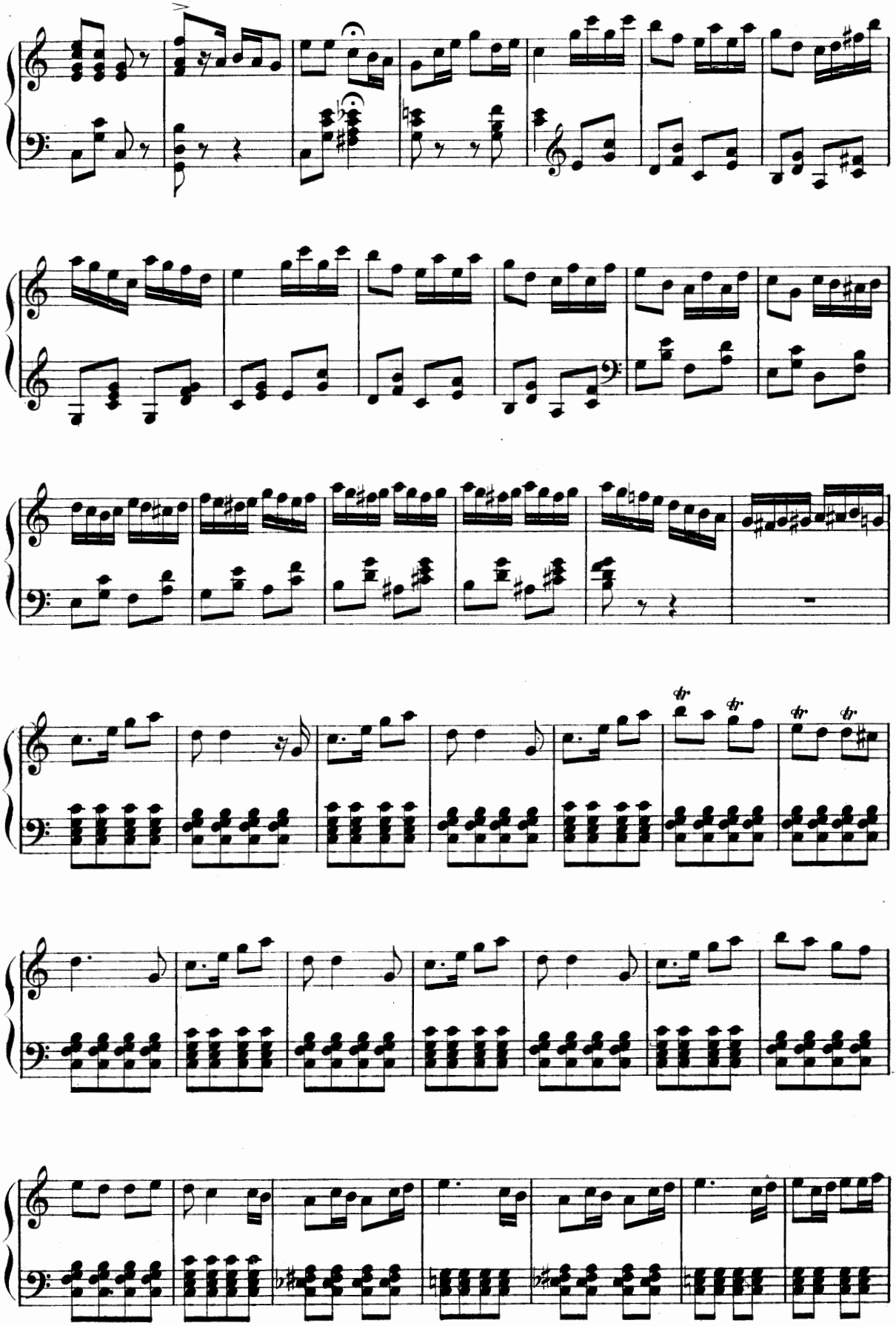

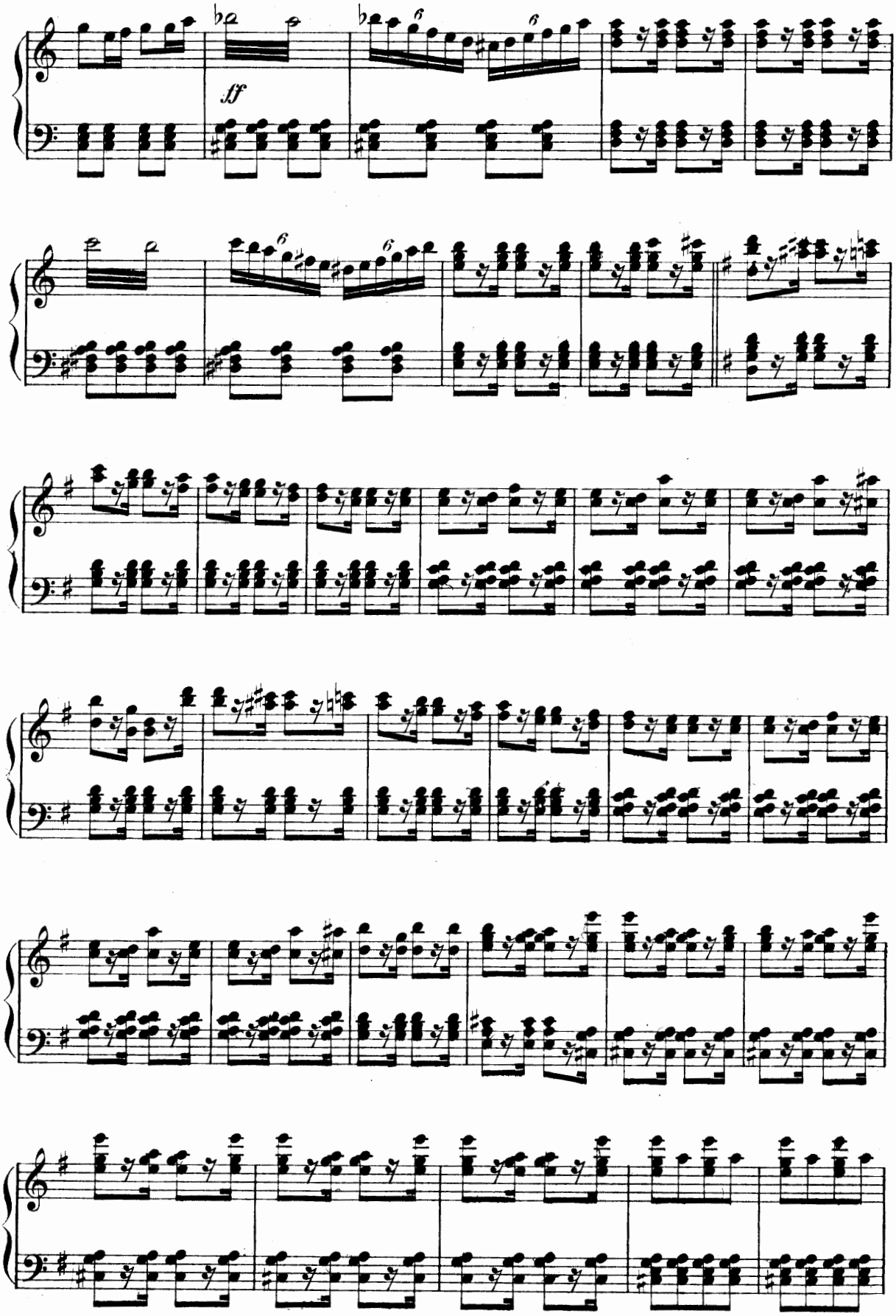
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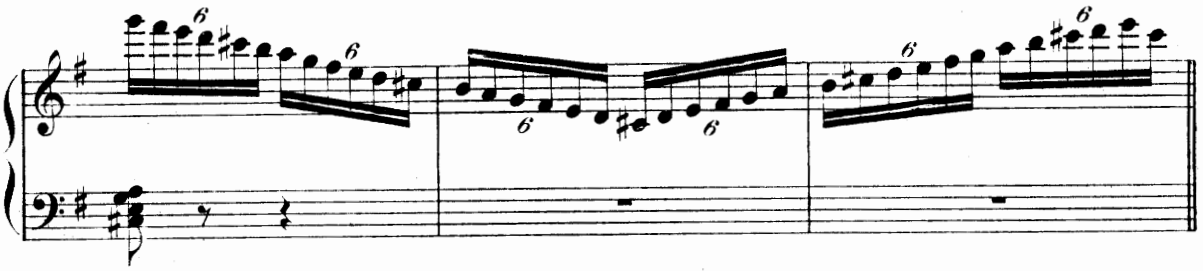
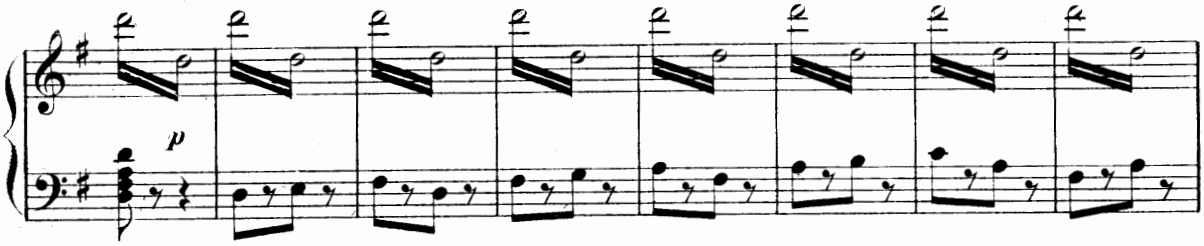
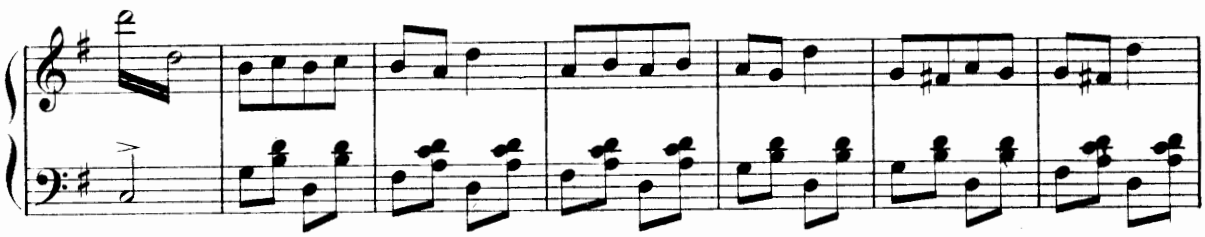
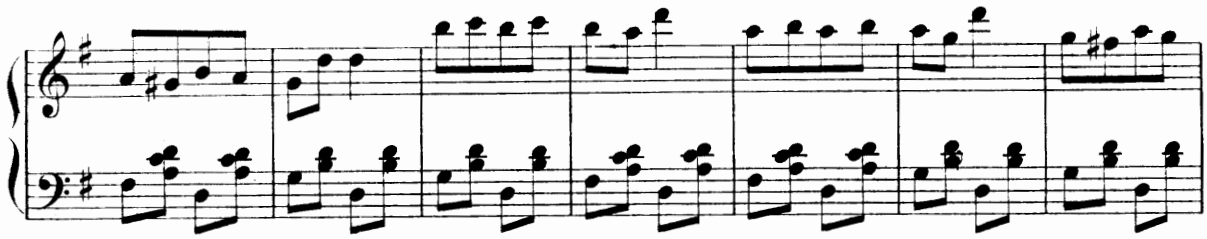
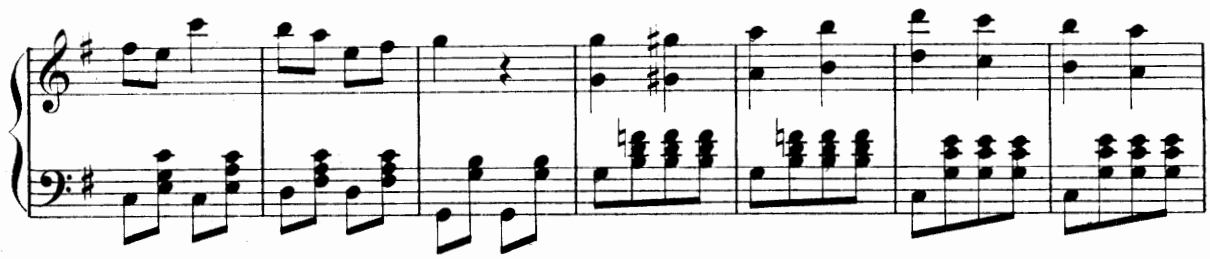


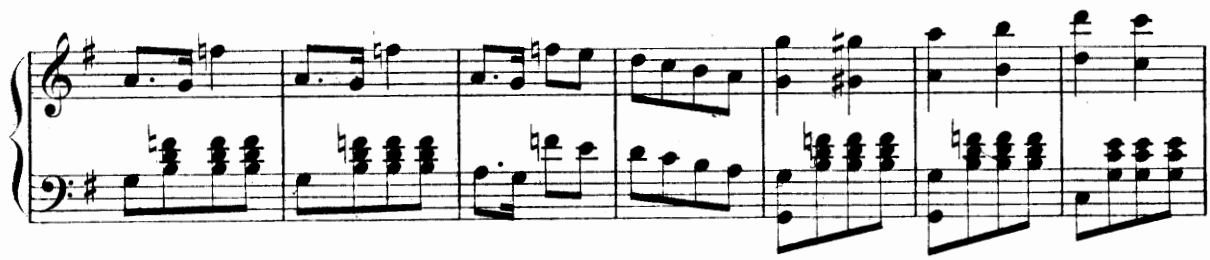
Presto.

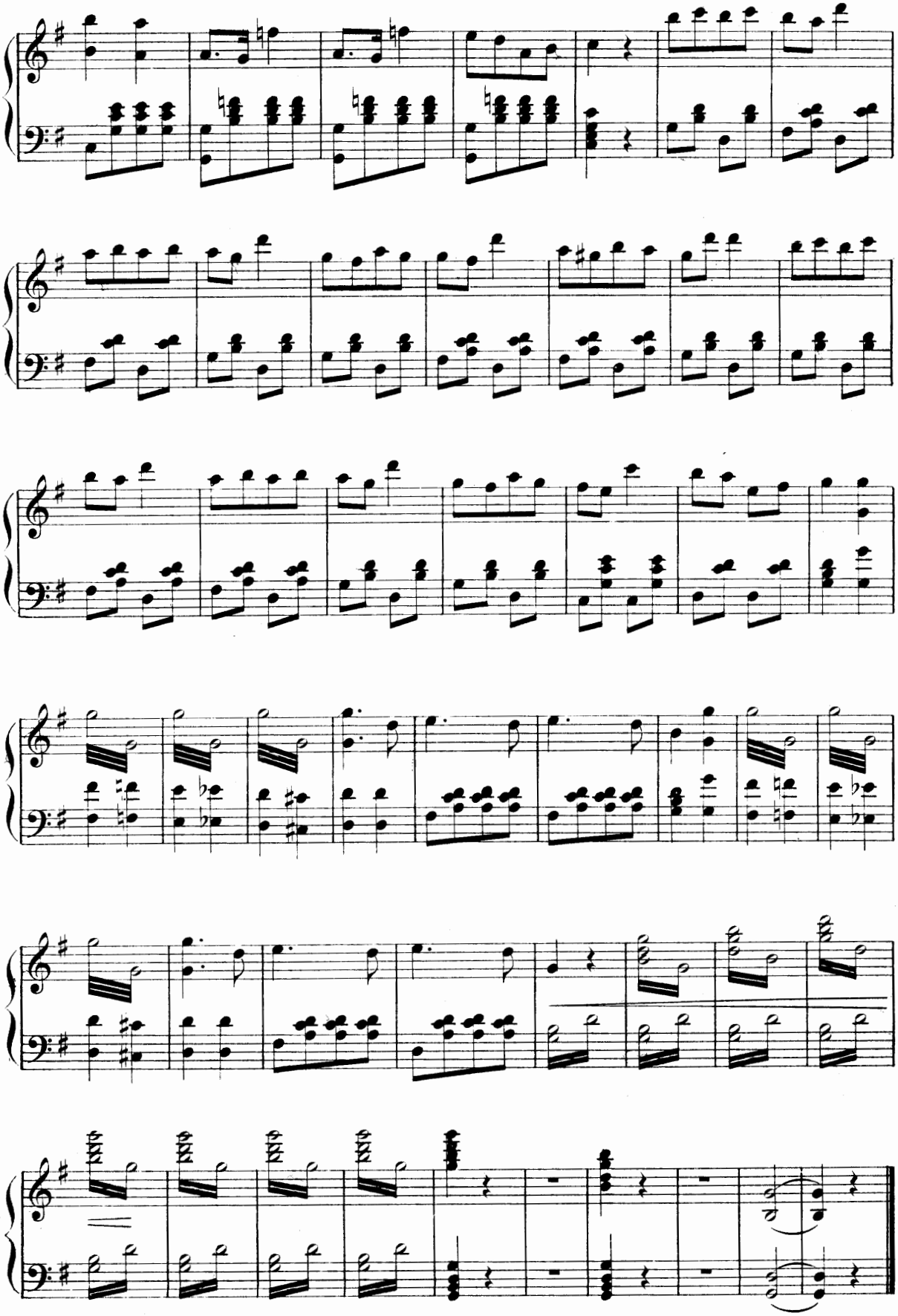




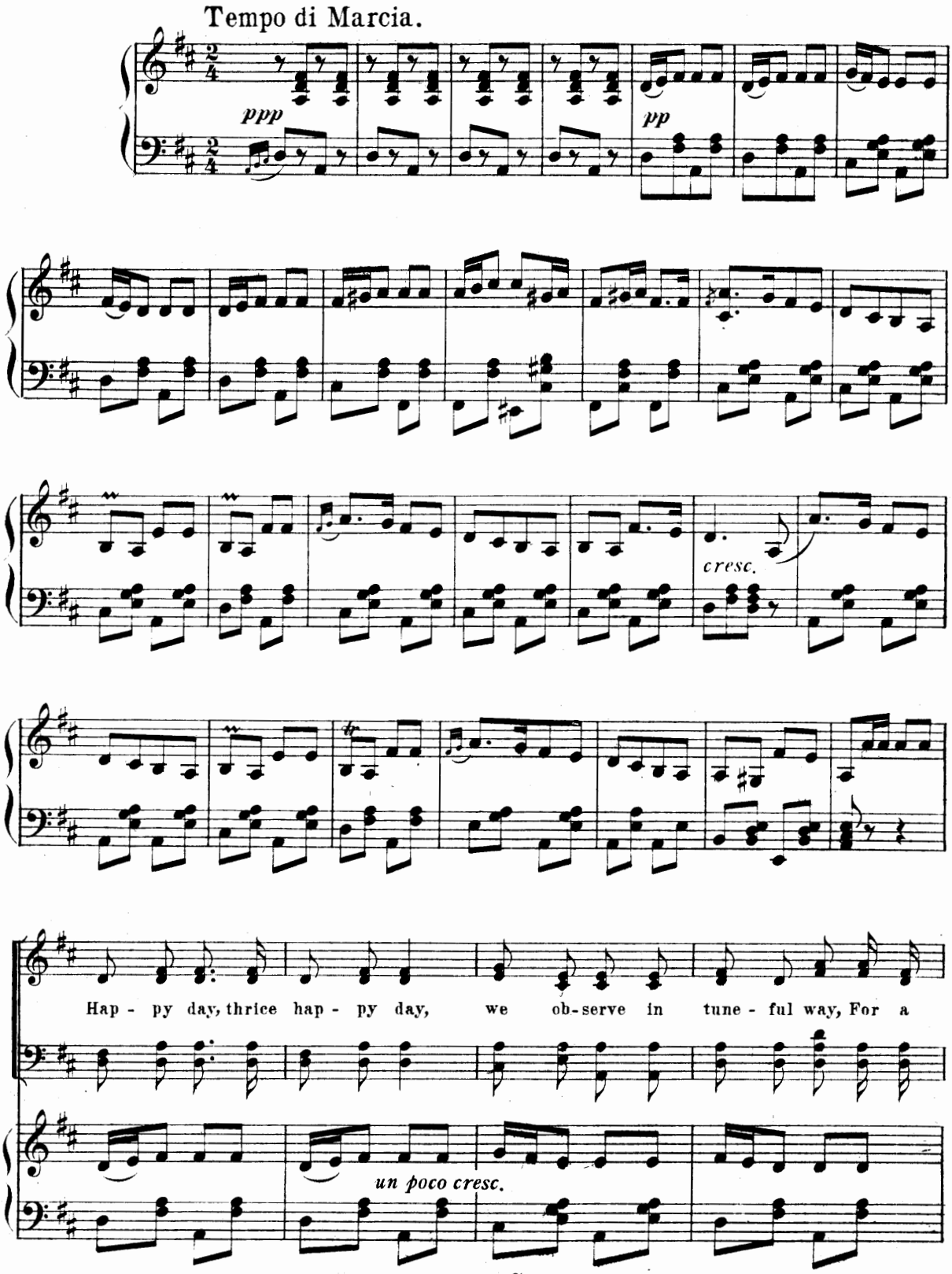








Act I.
Introduction.



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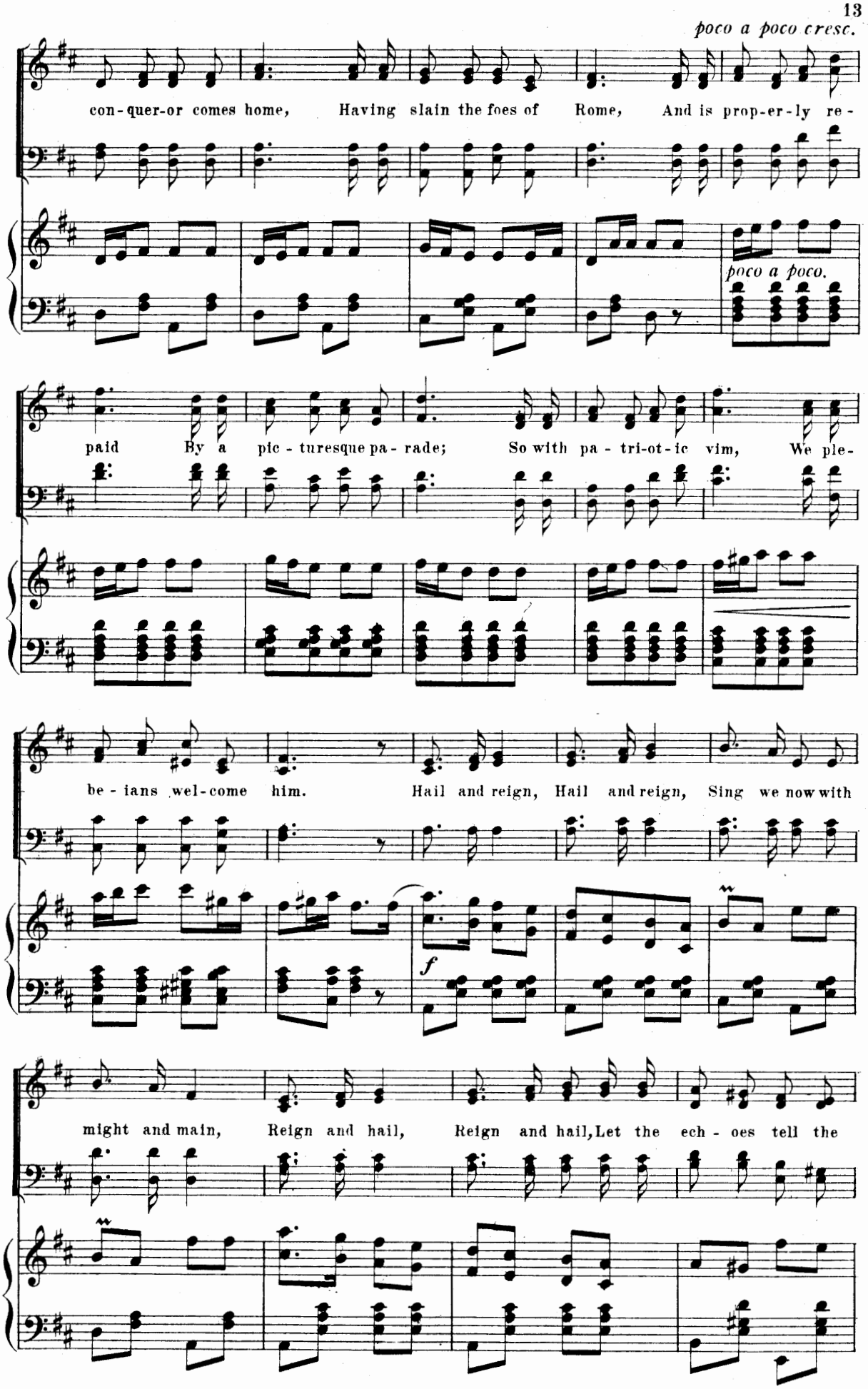
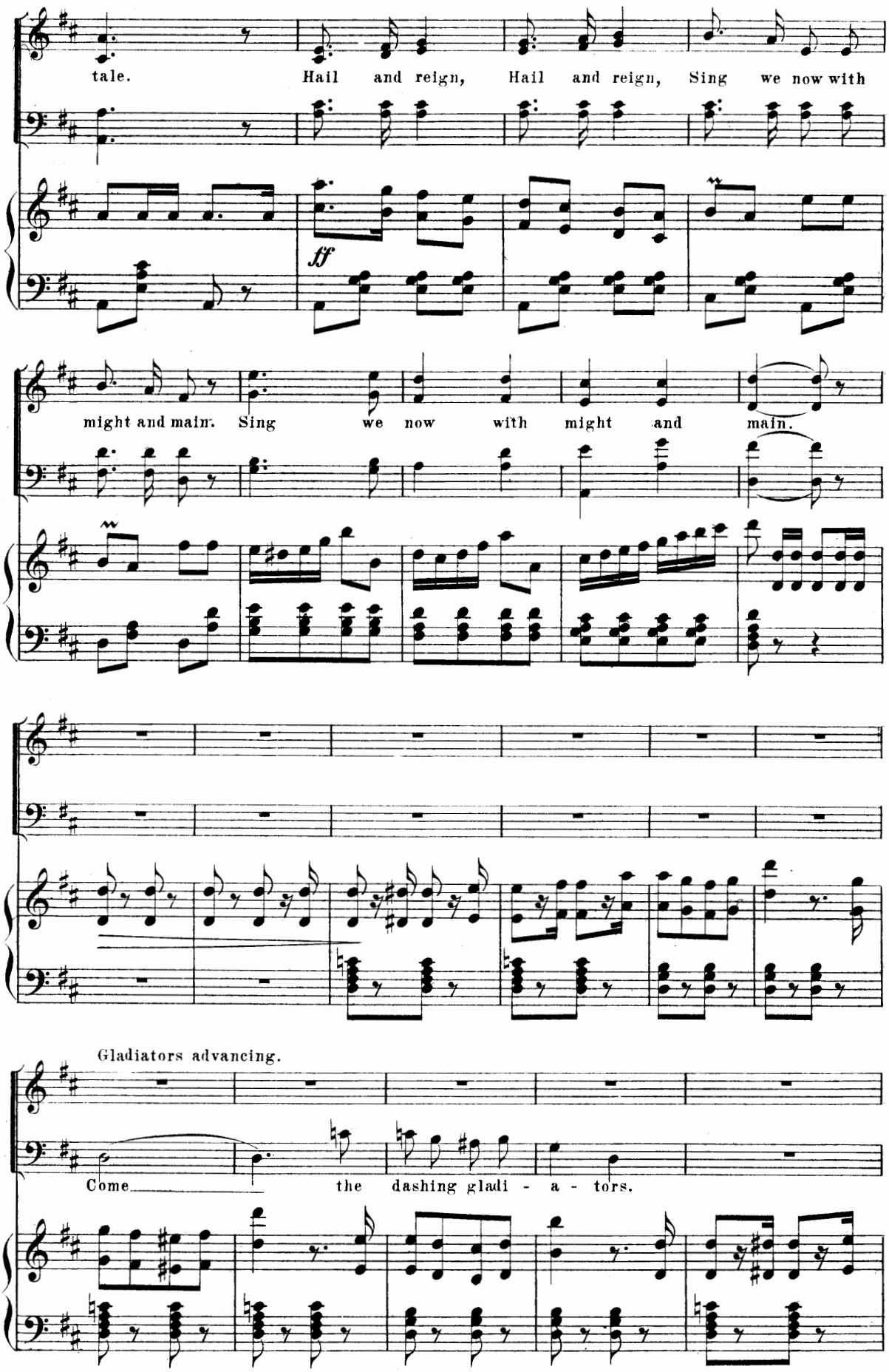
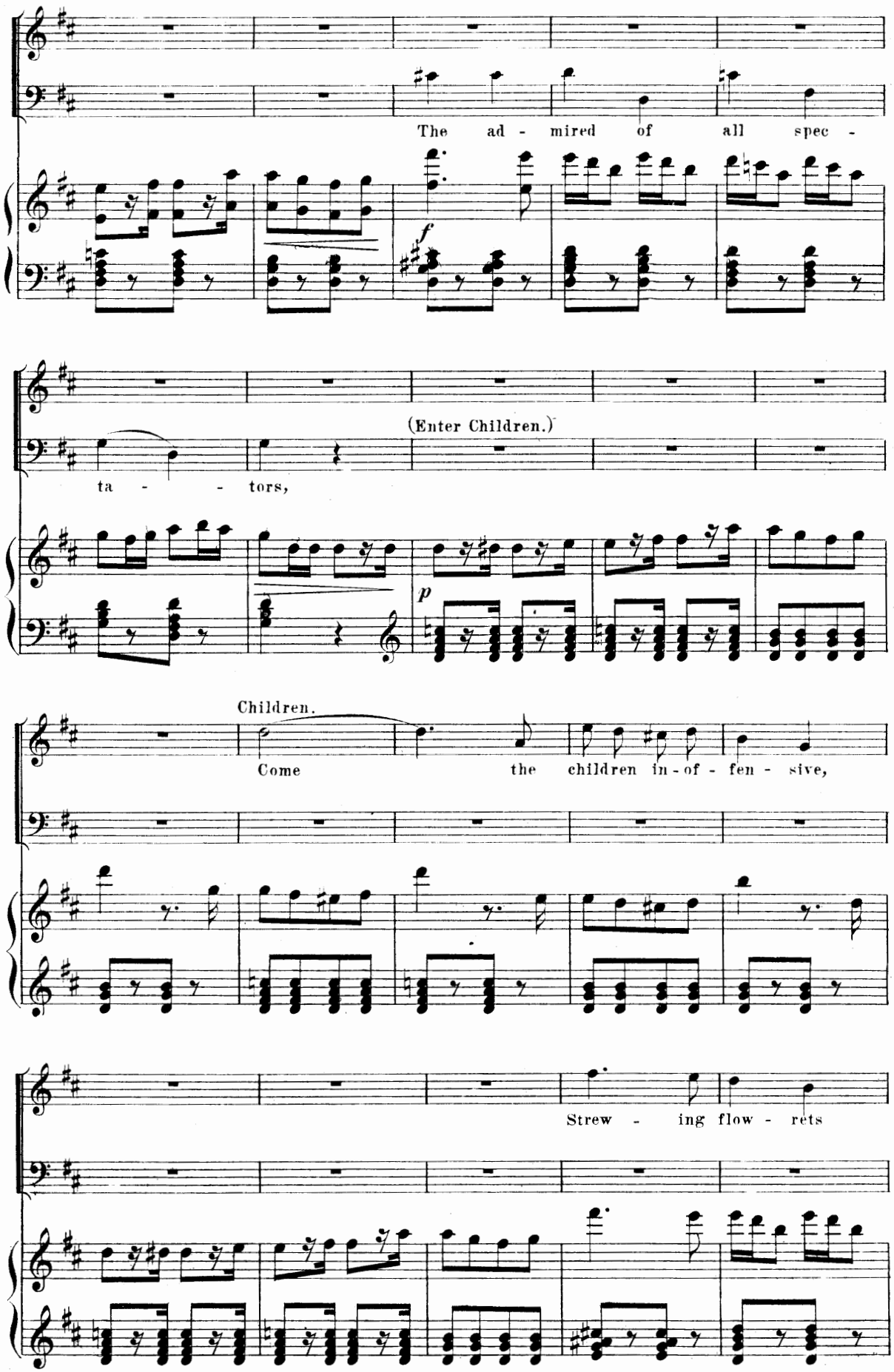
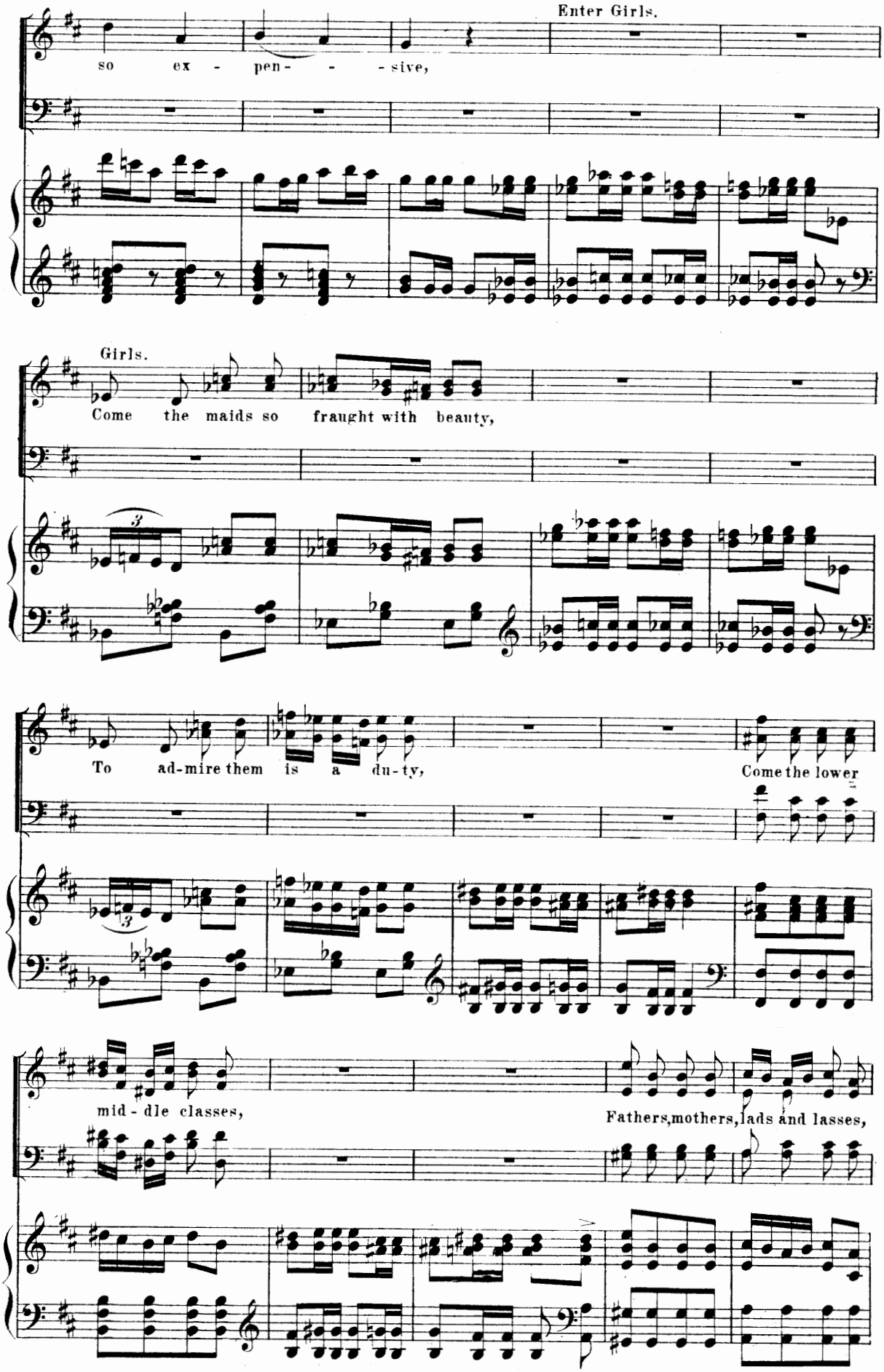
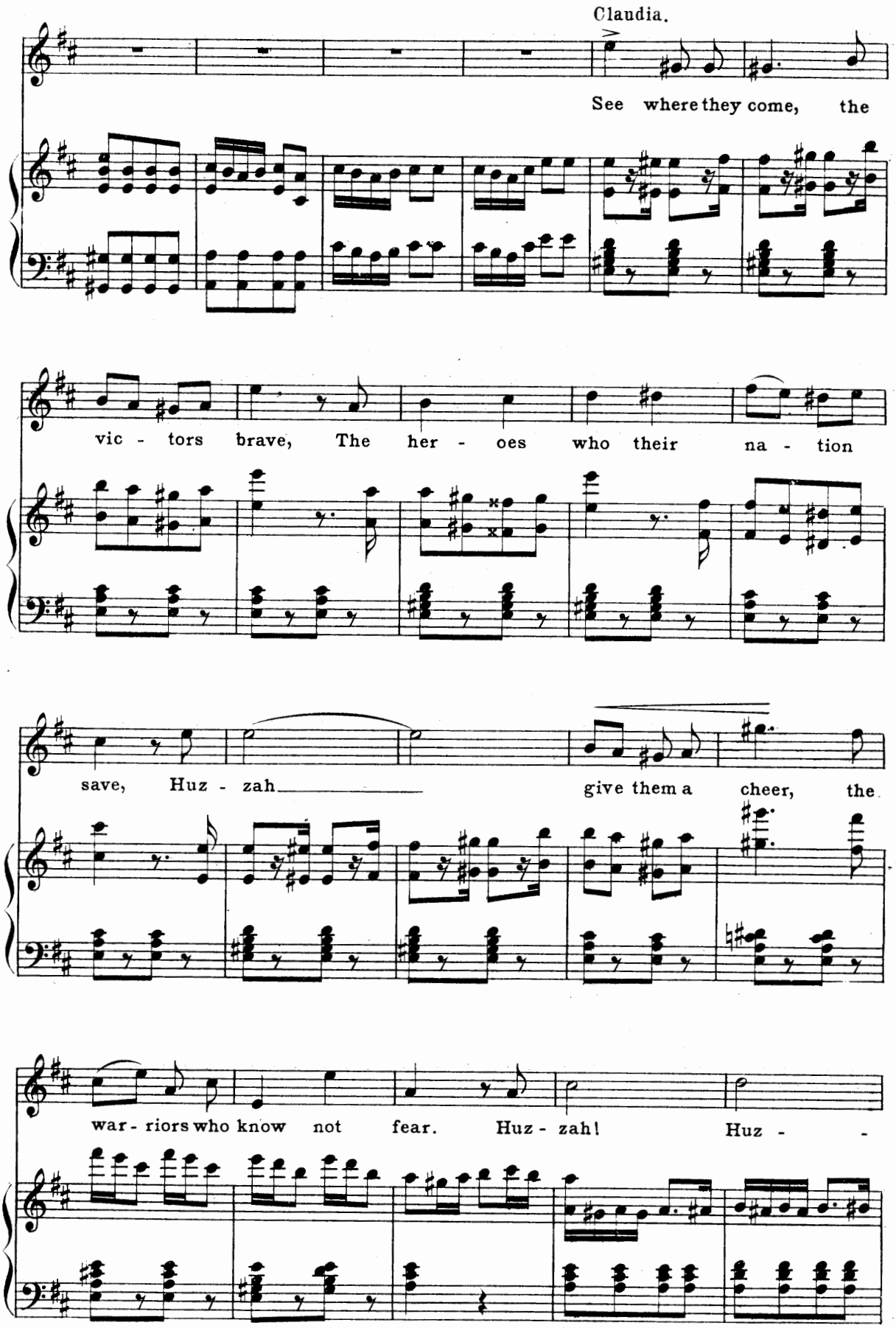
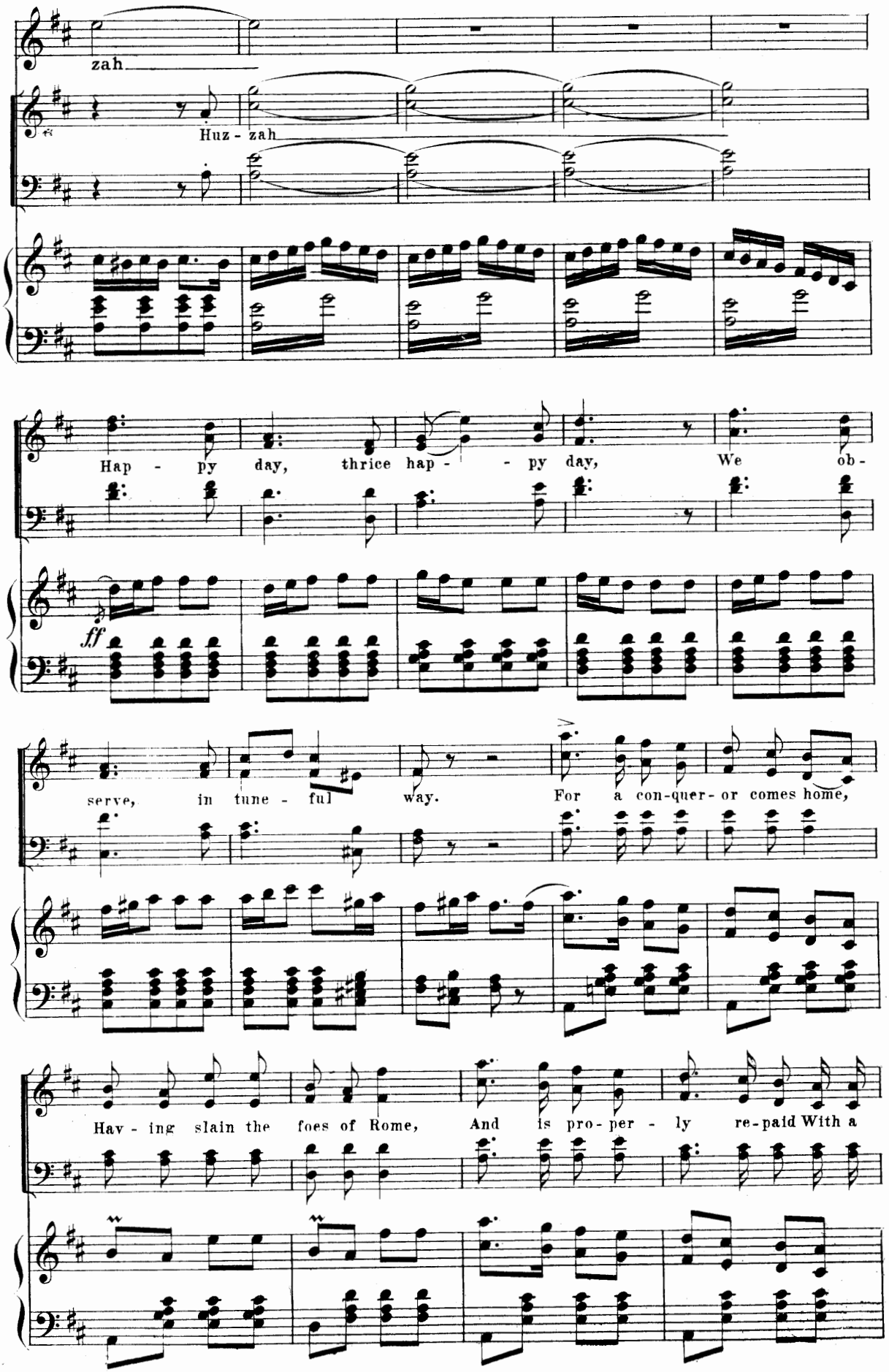

poco a poco cresc.
con-quer-or comes home, Having slain the foes of Rome, And is prop-er-ly re-
poco a poco.
paid By a pic-turesque pa-rade; So with pa-tri-ot-ic vim, We ple-
be-ians wel-come him. Hail and reign, Hail and reign, Sing we now with
f
might and main, Reign and hail, Reign and hail, Let the ech-oes tell the

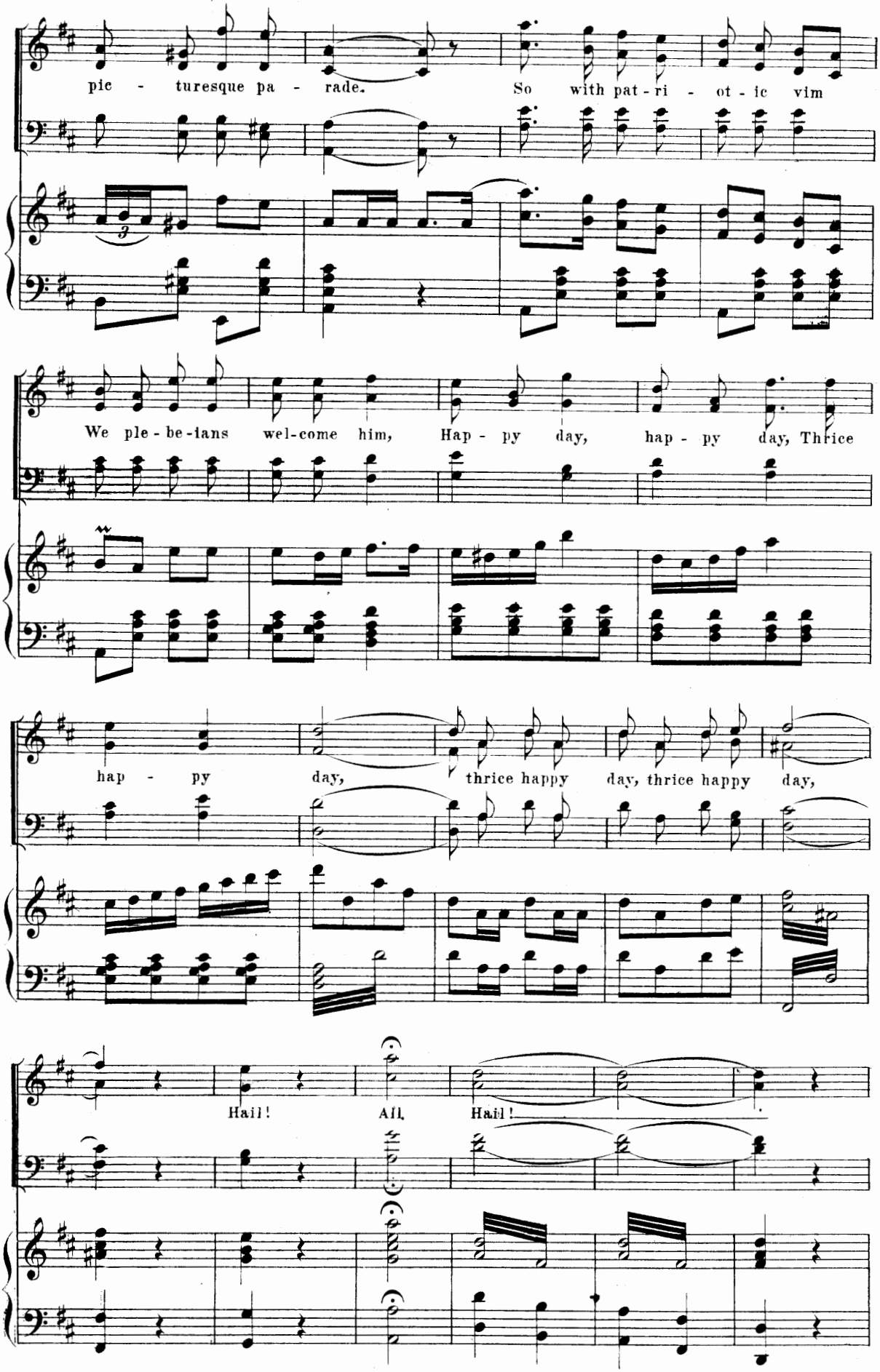

tale. Hail and reign, Hail and reign, Sing we now with
ff
might and main. Sing we now with might and main.
Gladiators advancing.
Come the dashing gladi - a - tors.

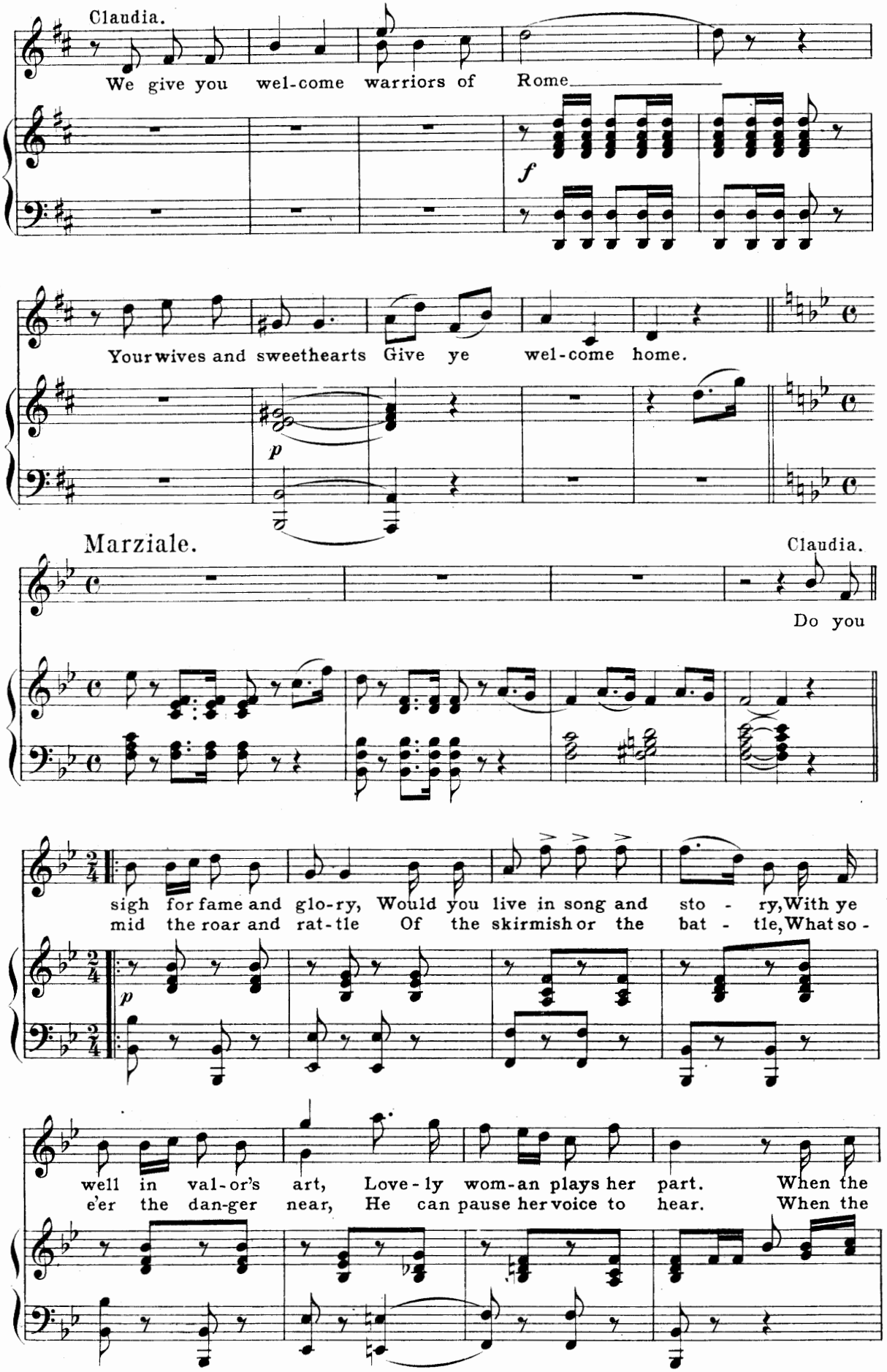

The ad - mired of all spec -
f
(Enter Children.)
ta - - - tors,
p
Children.
Come the children in - of - fen - sive,
Strew - ing flow - rets

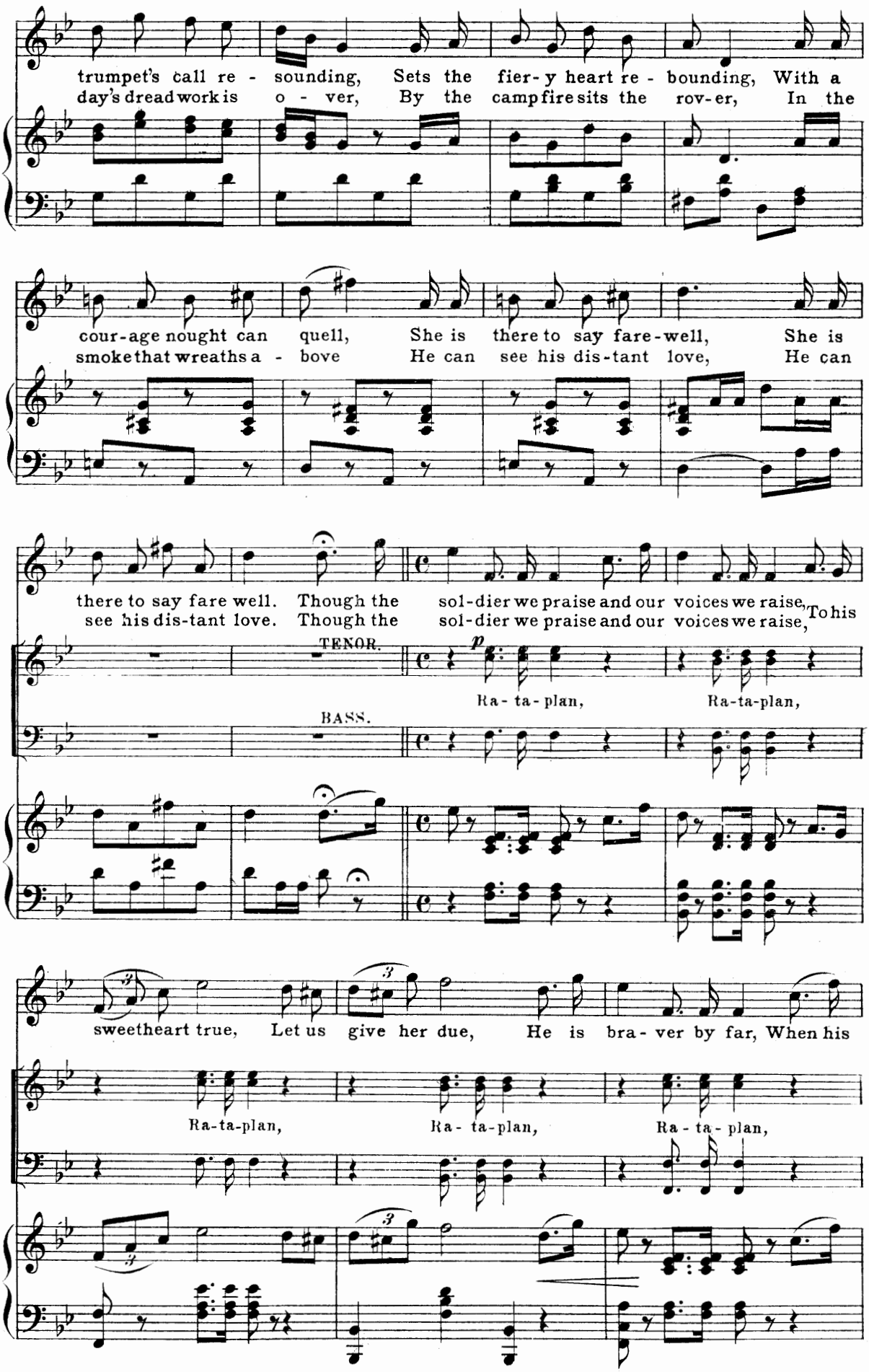

Enter Girls.
so ex - pen- - - sive,
Girls.
Come the maids so fraught with beauty,
To ad-mire them is a du-ty,
Come the lower
mid - dle classes,
Fathers, mothers, lads and lasses,

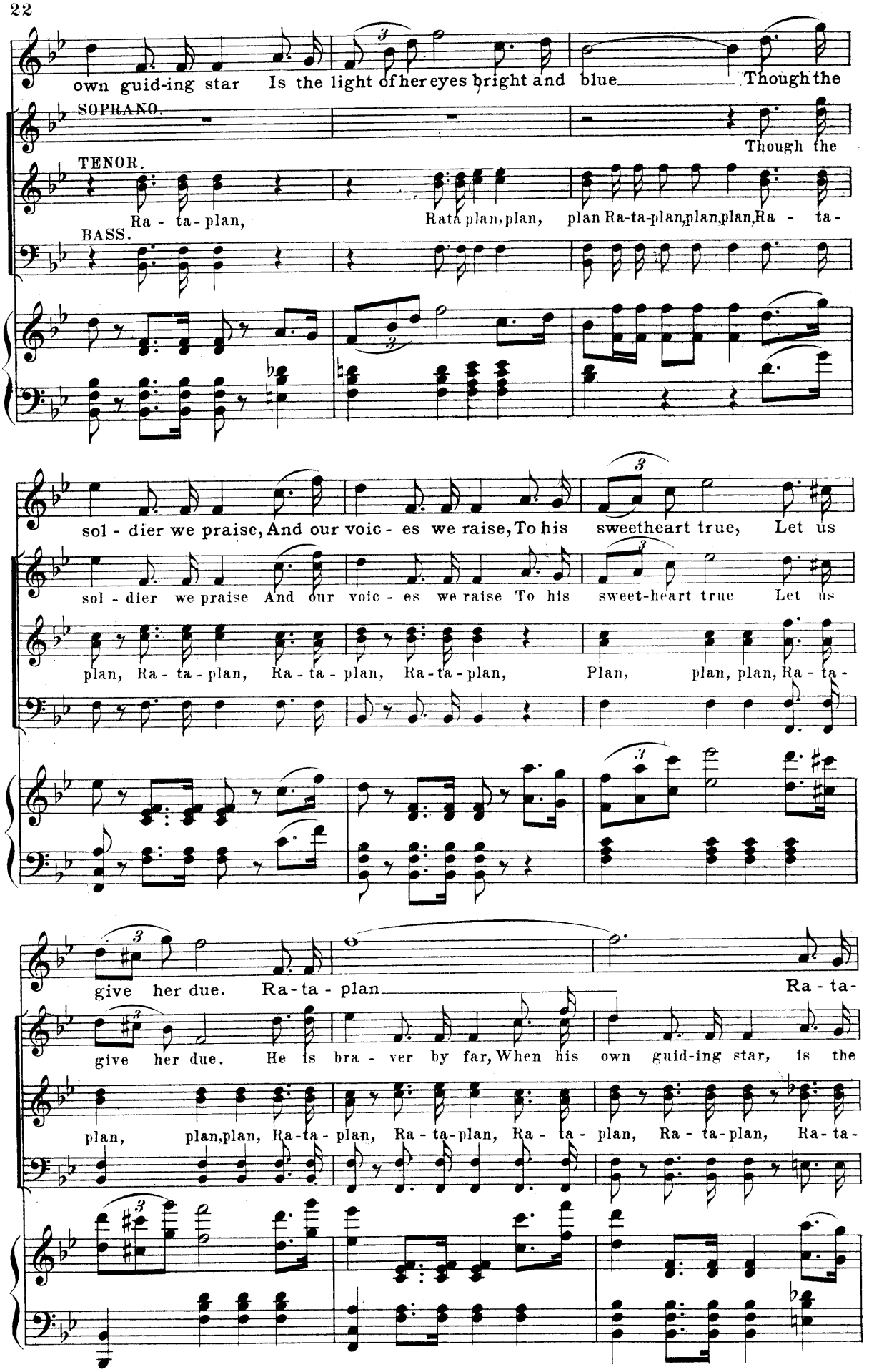

Claudia.
See where they come, the
vic - tors brave, The her - oes who their na - tion
save, Huz - zah give them a cheer, the
war - riors who know not fear. Huz - zah! Huz - -

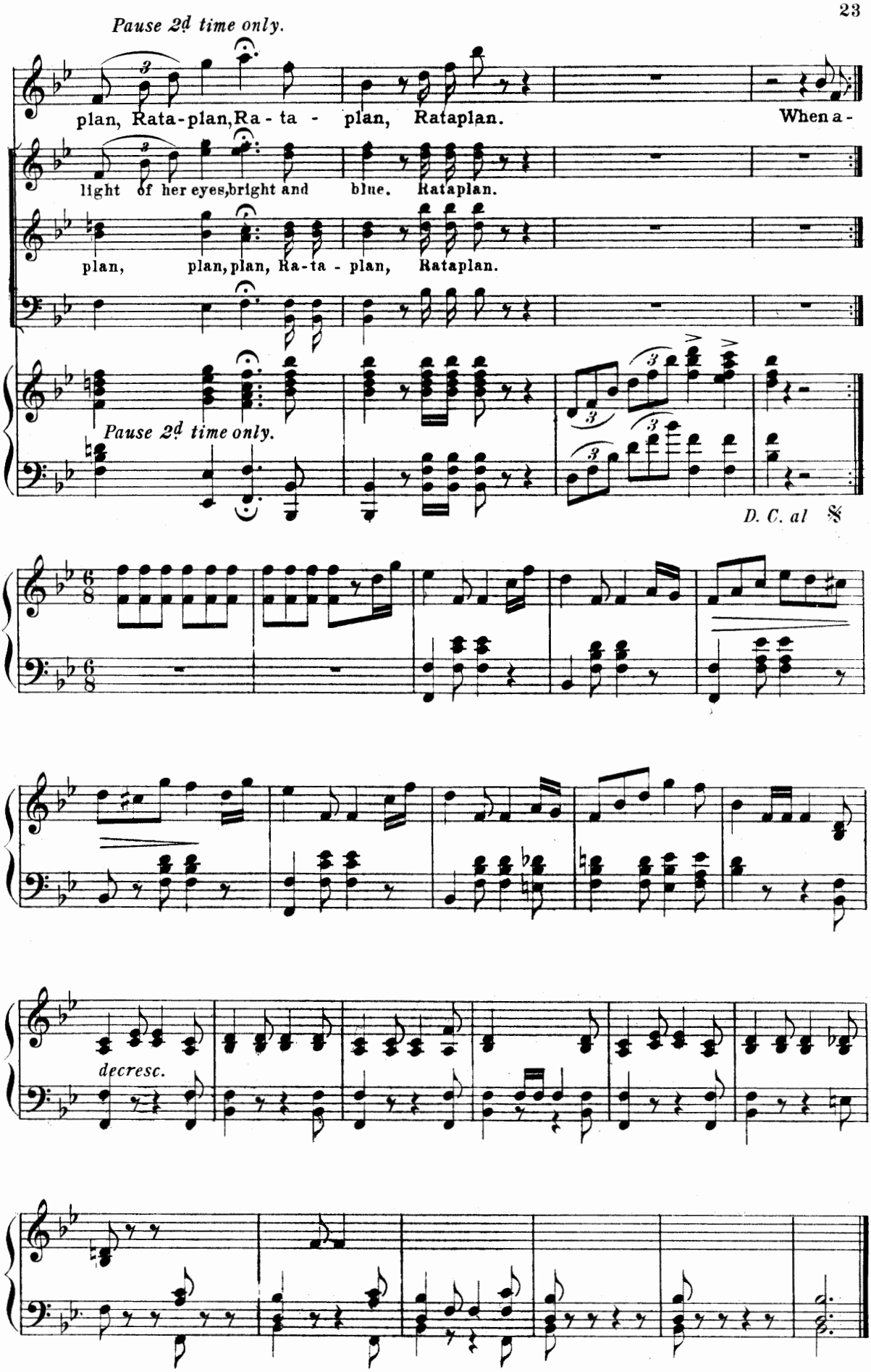

zah
Huz - zah
Hap - py day, thrice hap - - py day, We ob-
ff
serve, in tune - ful way. For a con-quer- or comes home,
Hav - ing slain the foes of Rome, And is pro- per - ly re-paid With a


pic - turesque pa - rade. So with pat - ri - ot - ic vim
We ple - be - ians wel-come him, Hap - py day, hap - py day, Thrice
hap - py day, thrice happy day, thrice happy day,
Hail! All Hail!

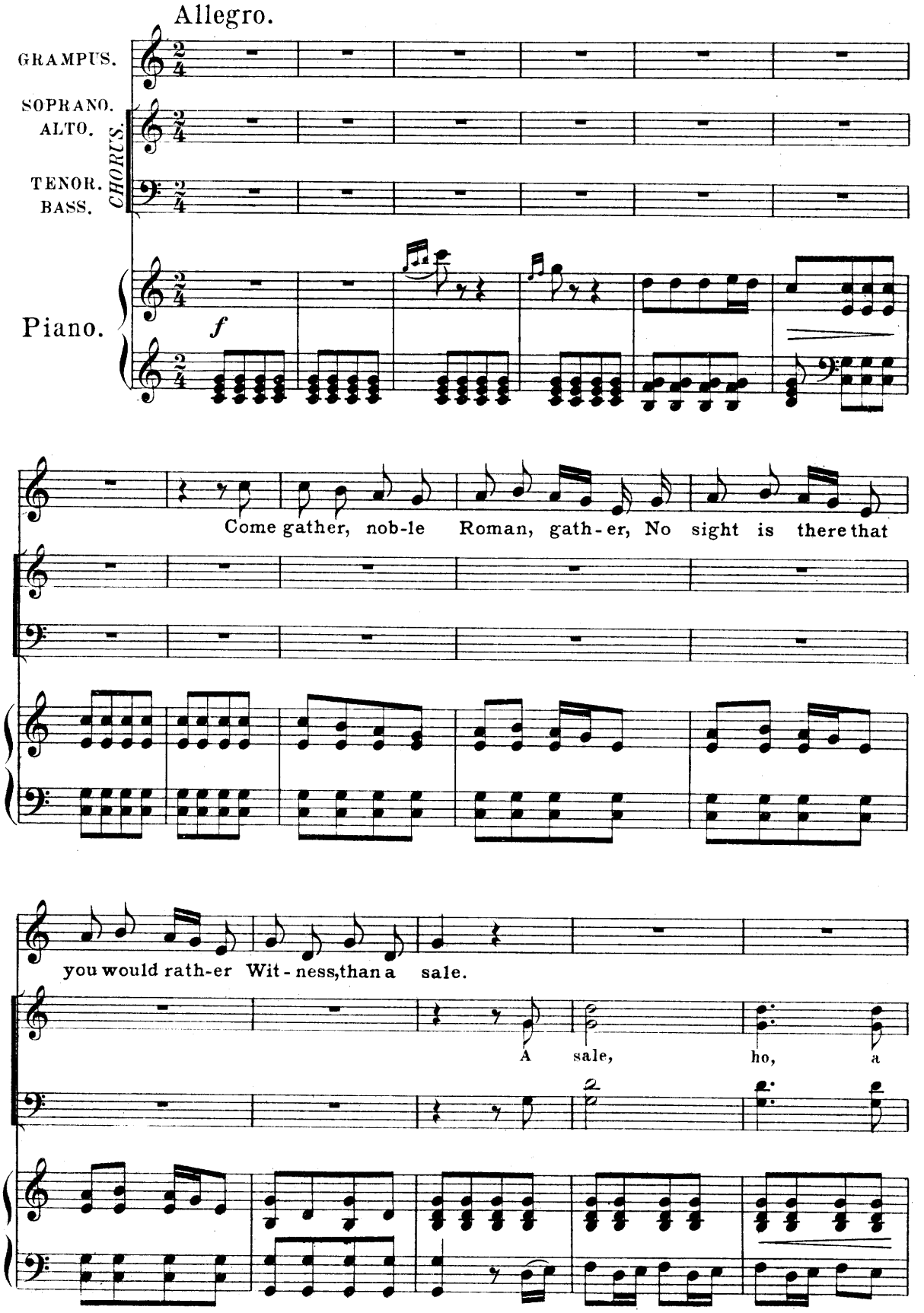

Claudia.
We give you wel-come warriors of Rome
f
Your wives and sweethearts Give ye wel-come home.
p
Marziale.
Claudia.
Do you
sigh for fame and glo-ry, Would you live in song and sto - ry, With ye
mid the roar and rat-tle Of the skirmish or the bat - tle, What so -
p
well in val-or's art, Love-ly wom-an plays her part. When the
e'er the dan-ger near, He can pause her voice to hear. When the


trumpet's call re - sounding, Sets the fier-y heart re - bounding, With a
day's dread work is o - ver, By the camp fire sits the rov-er, In the
cour-age nought can quell, She is there to say fare-well, She is
smoke that wreaths a - bove He can see his dis-tant love, He can
there to say fare well. Though the sol-dier we praise and our voices we raise, To his
see his dis-tant love. Though the sol-dier we praise and our voices we raise,
TENOR.
BASS.
p
Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta-plan,
sweetheart true, Let us give her due, He is bra - ver by far, When his
Ra-ta-plan, Ra - ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan,


own guid-ing star Is the light of her eyes bright and blue Though the
SOPRANO.
Though the
TENOR.
Ra - ta-plan, Rata plan, plan, plan Ra-ta-plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta-
BASS.
sol - dier we praise, And our voic - es we raise, To his sweetheart true, Let us
sol - dier we praise And our voic - es we raise To his sweet-heart true Let us
plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra-ta - plan, Plan, plan, plan, Ra - ta-
give her due. Ra-ta - plan Ra - ta-
give her due. He is bra - ver by far, When his own guid-ing star, is the
plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta - plan, Ra - ta-plan, Ra - ta - plan, Ra - ta-plan, Ra-ta-


Pause 2d time only.
plan, Rata-plan, Ra - ta - plan, Rataplan.
When a -
light of her eyes, bright and blue. Rataplan.
plan, plan, plan, Ra-ta - plan, Rataplan.
Pause 2d time only.
D. C. al 𝄋
decresc.

Nº 2. Slave Sale.



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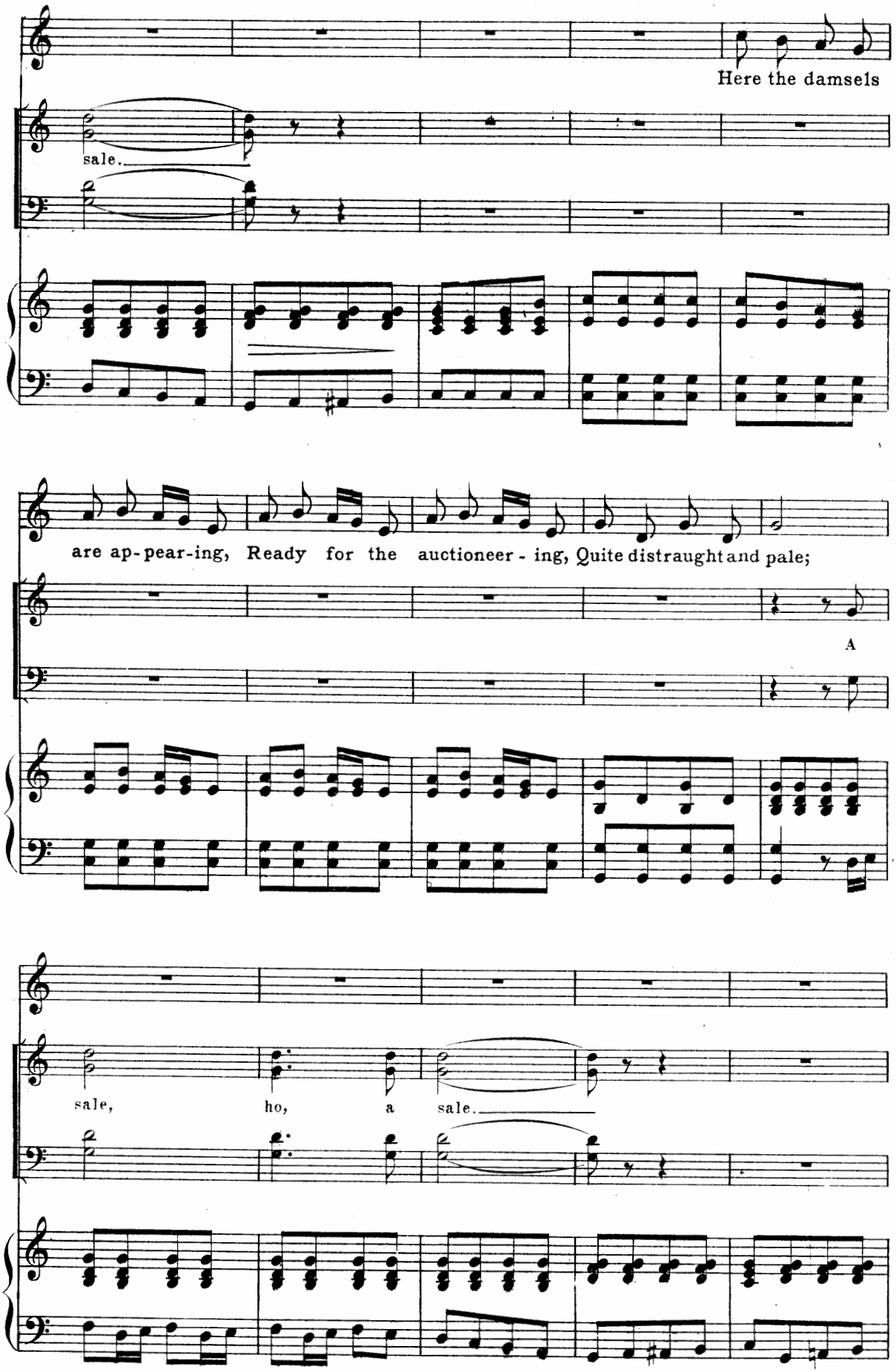
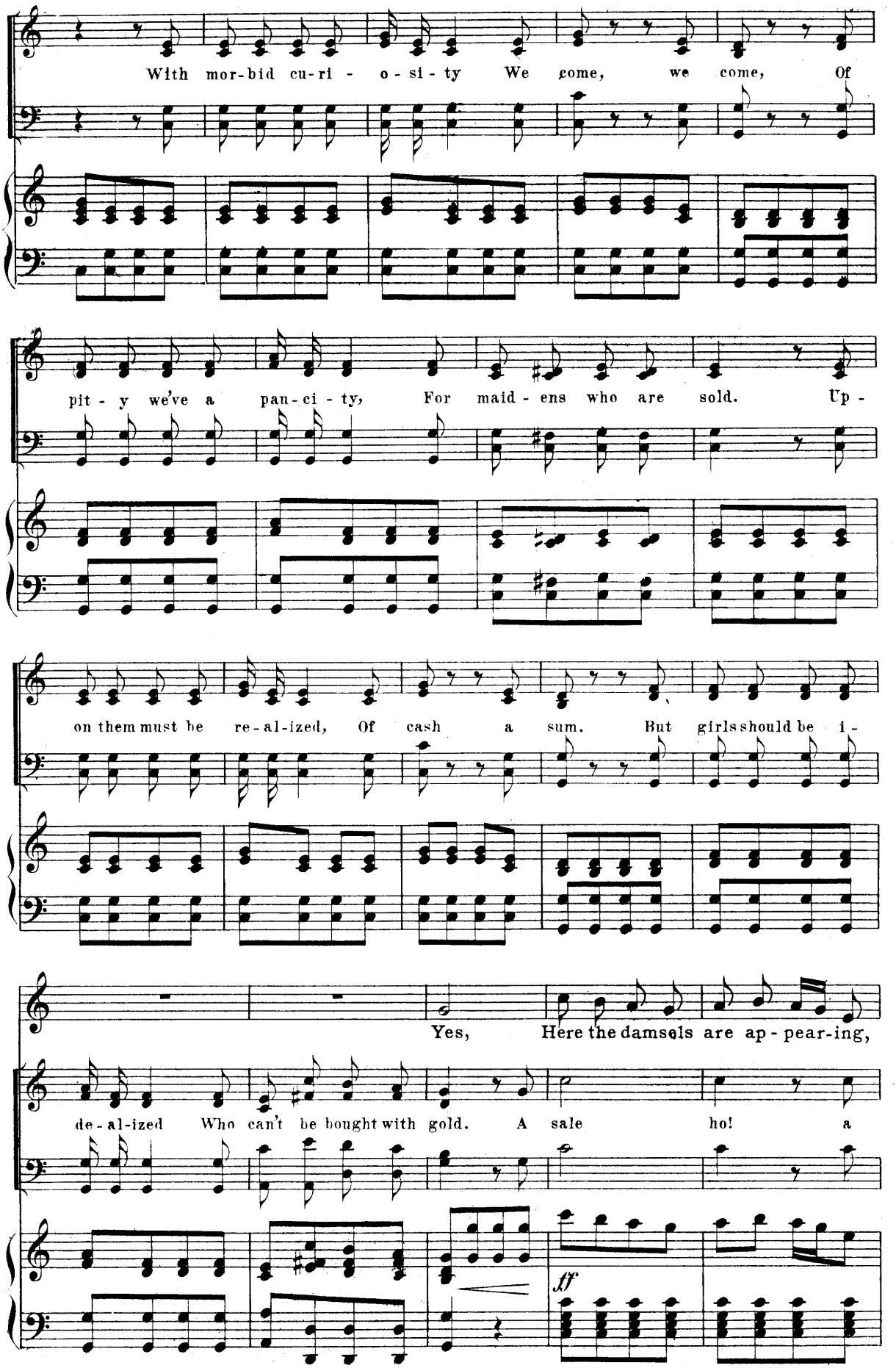
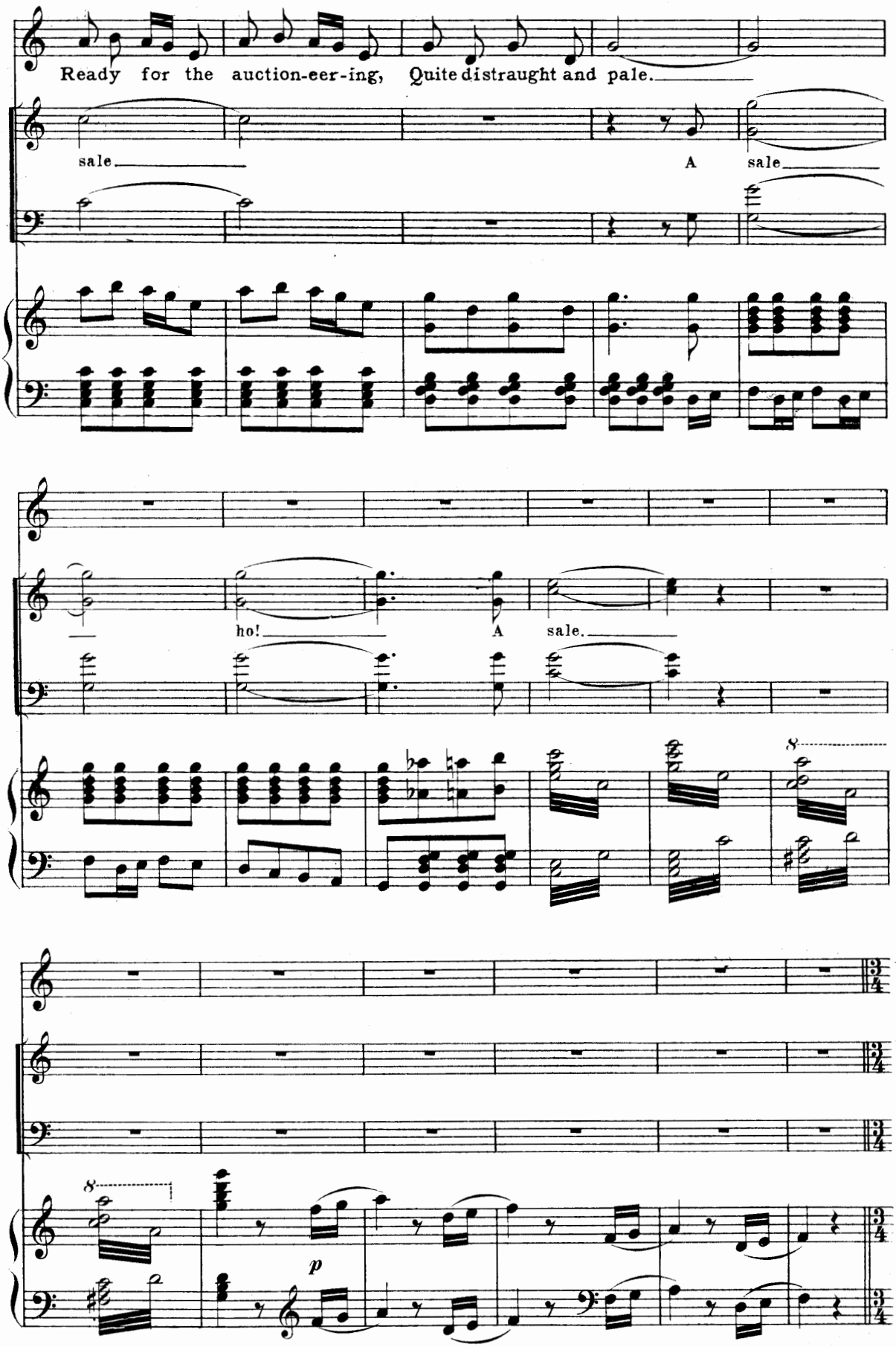
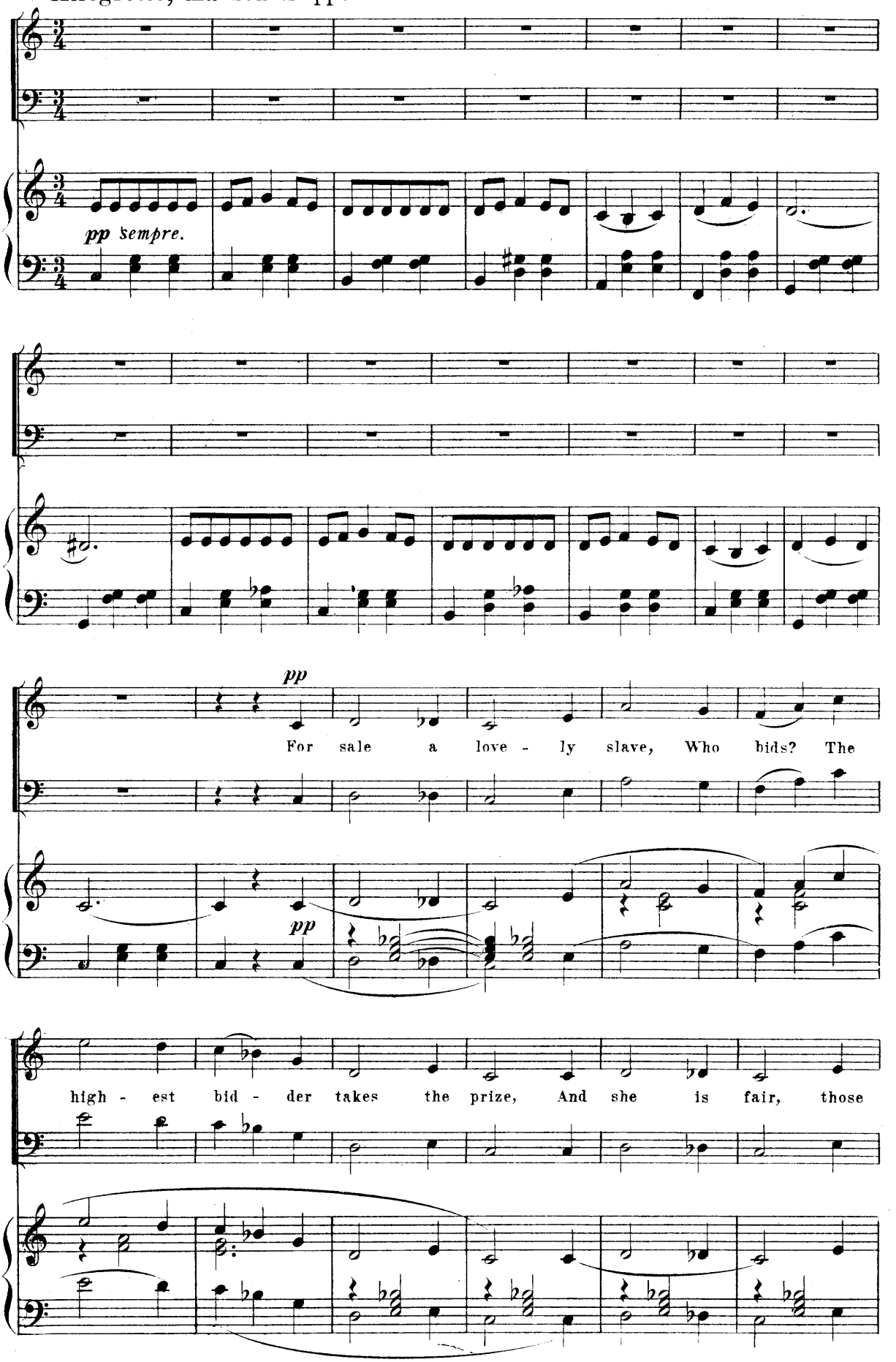
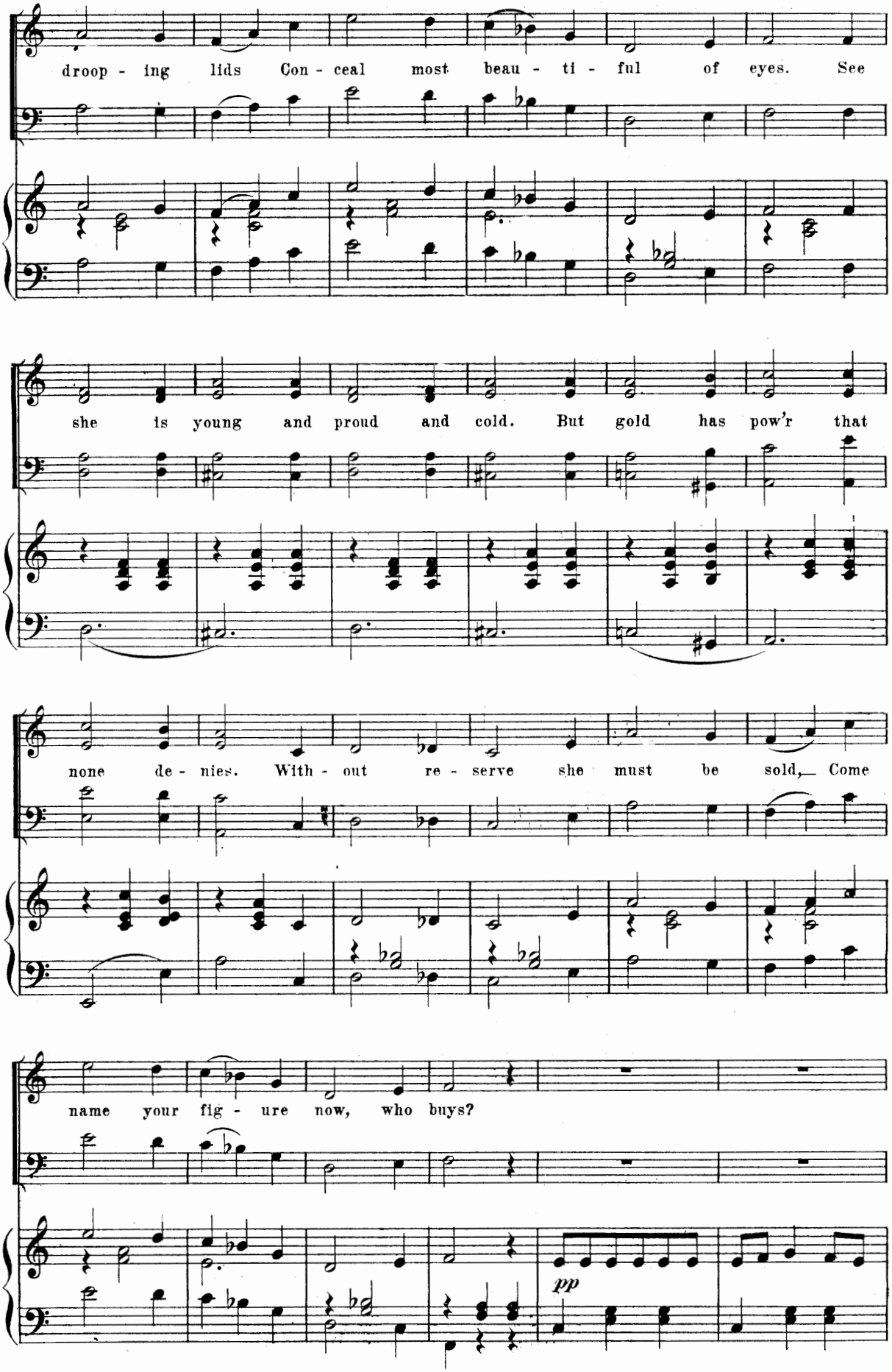

Here the damsels
sale.
are ap-pear-ing, Ready for the auctioneer - ing, Quite distraught and pale;
A
sale, ho, a sale.


With mor-bid cu-ri - o - si - ty We come, we come, Of
pit - y we've a pau-ci - ty, For maid - ens who are sold. Up -
on them must be re-al-ized, Of cash a sum. But girls should be i -
Yes, Here the damsels are ap - pear-ing,
de-al-ized Who can't be bought with gold. A sale ho! a
ff


Ready for the auction-eer-ing, Quite distraught and pale.
sale
A sale
ho!
A sale.
8
8
p
3/4

Allegretto, ma non troppo.




droop - ing lids Con - ceal most beau - ti - ful of eyes. See
she is young and proud and cold. But gold has pow'r that
none de - nies. With - out re - serve she must be sold, Come
name your fig - ure now, who buys?
pp

GRAMP.

What do I hear? What's to be done?

What am I of-fered for lot num-ber

GRAMP. *piu mosso.*

one

MARC.

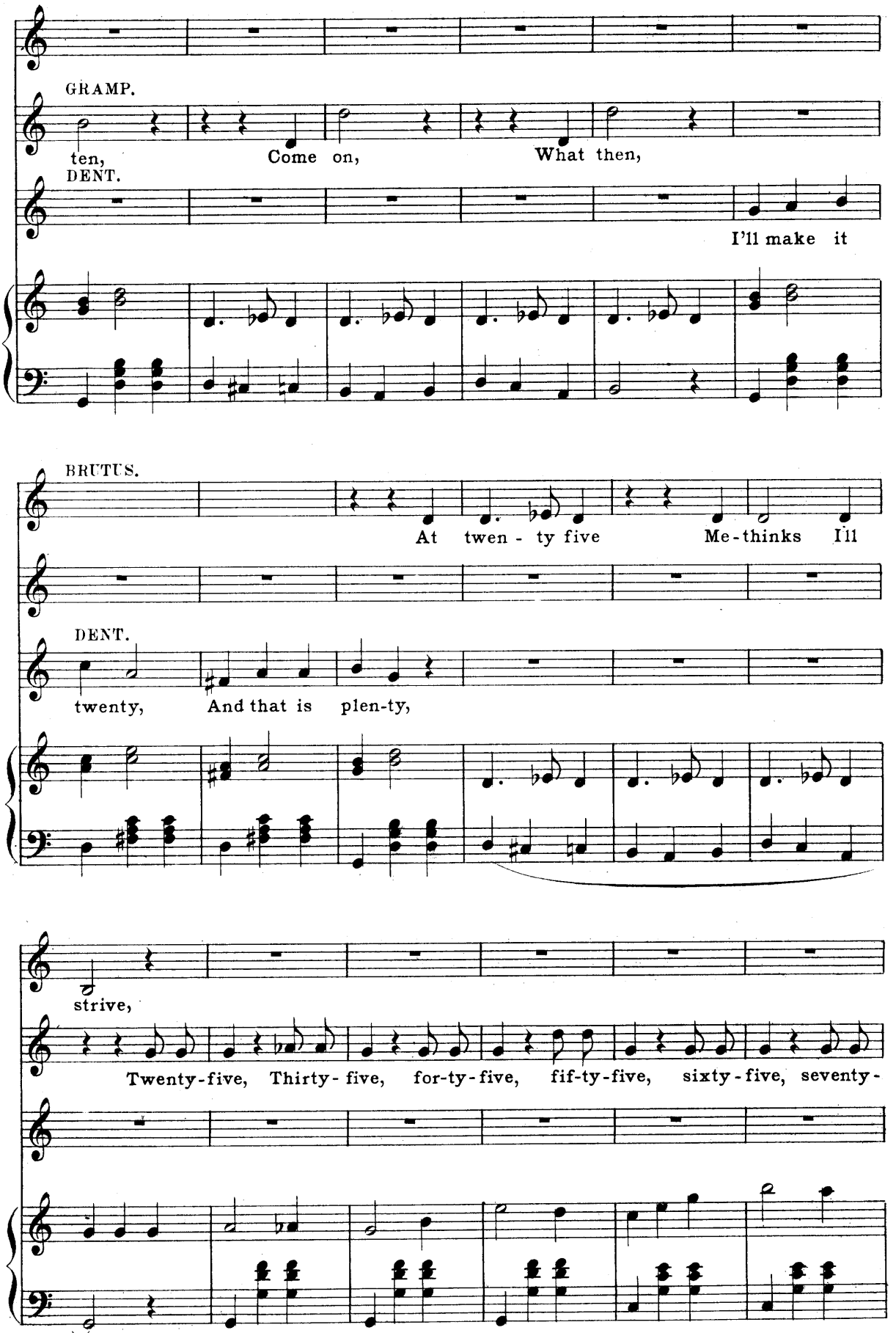
If you please, ten Ses - ter-ees,

Ha, ha,

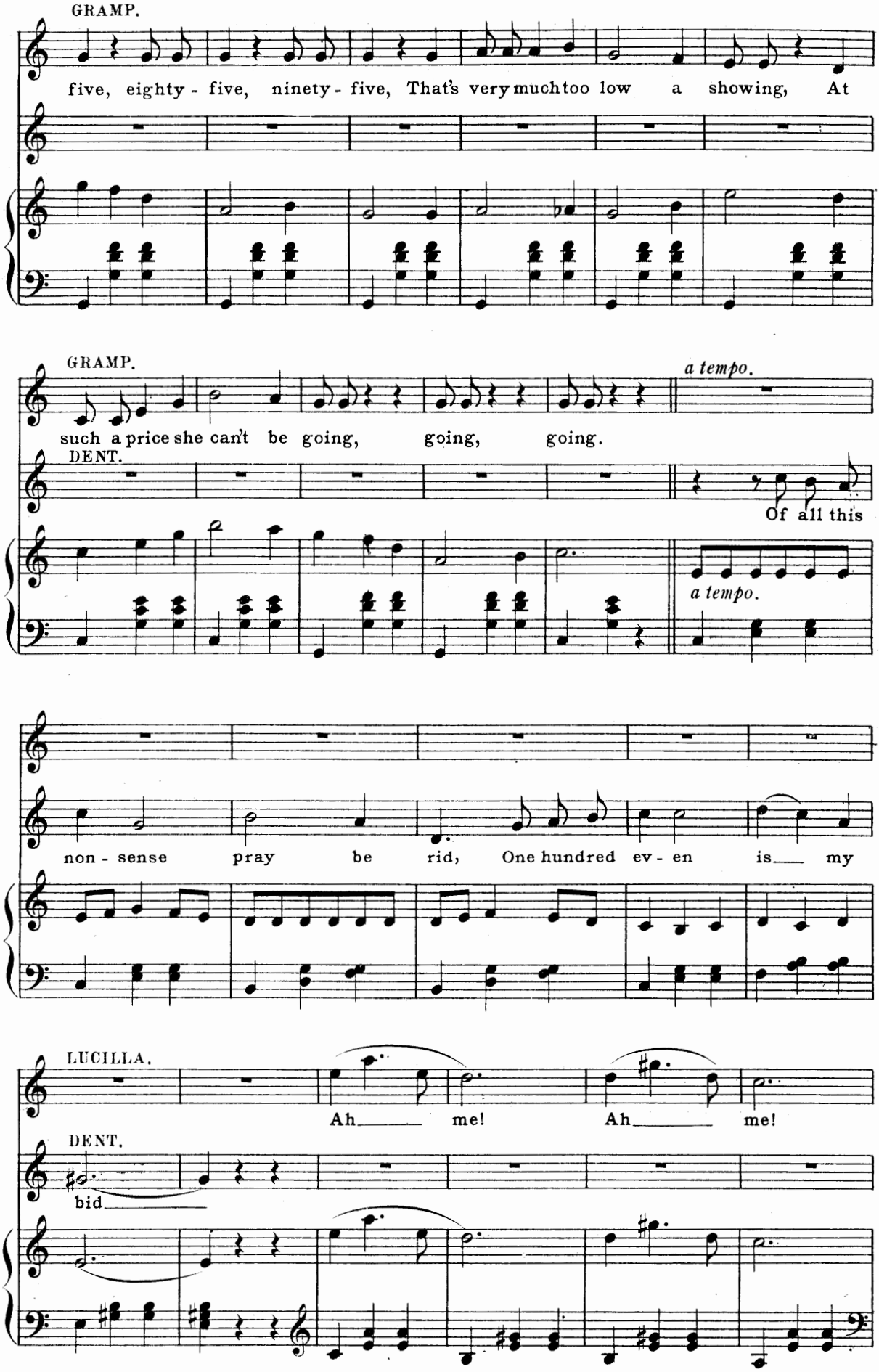
piu mosso.

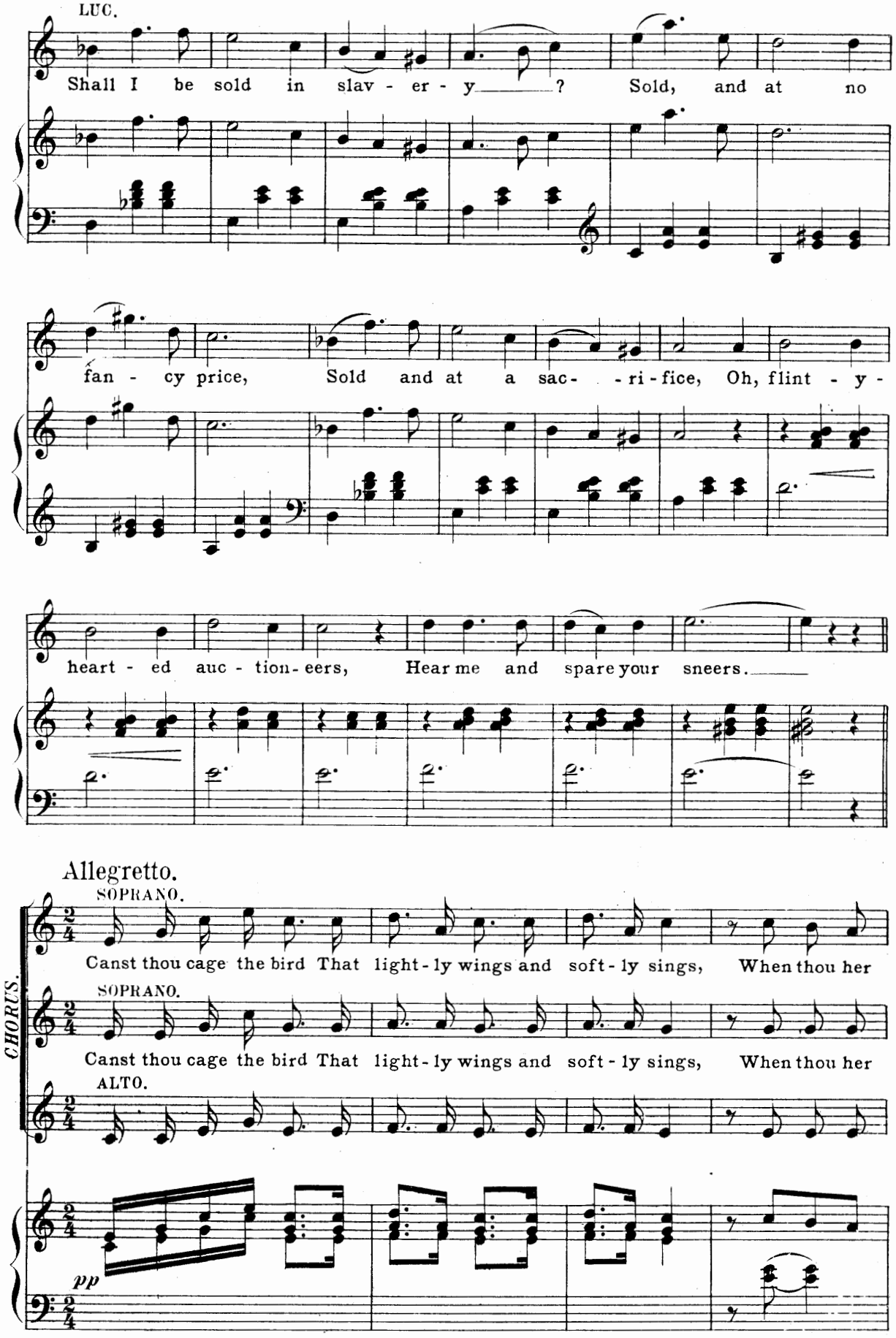
Started at

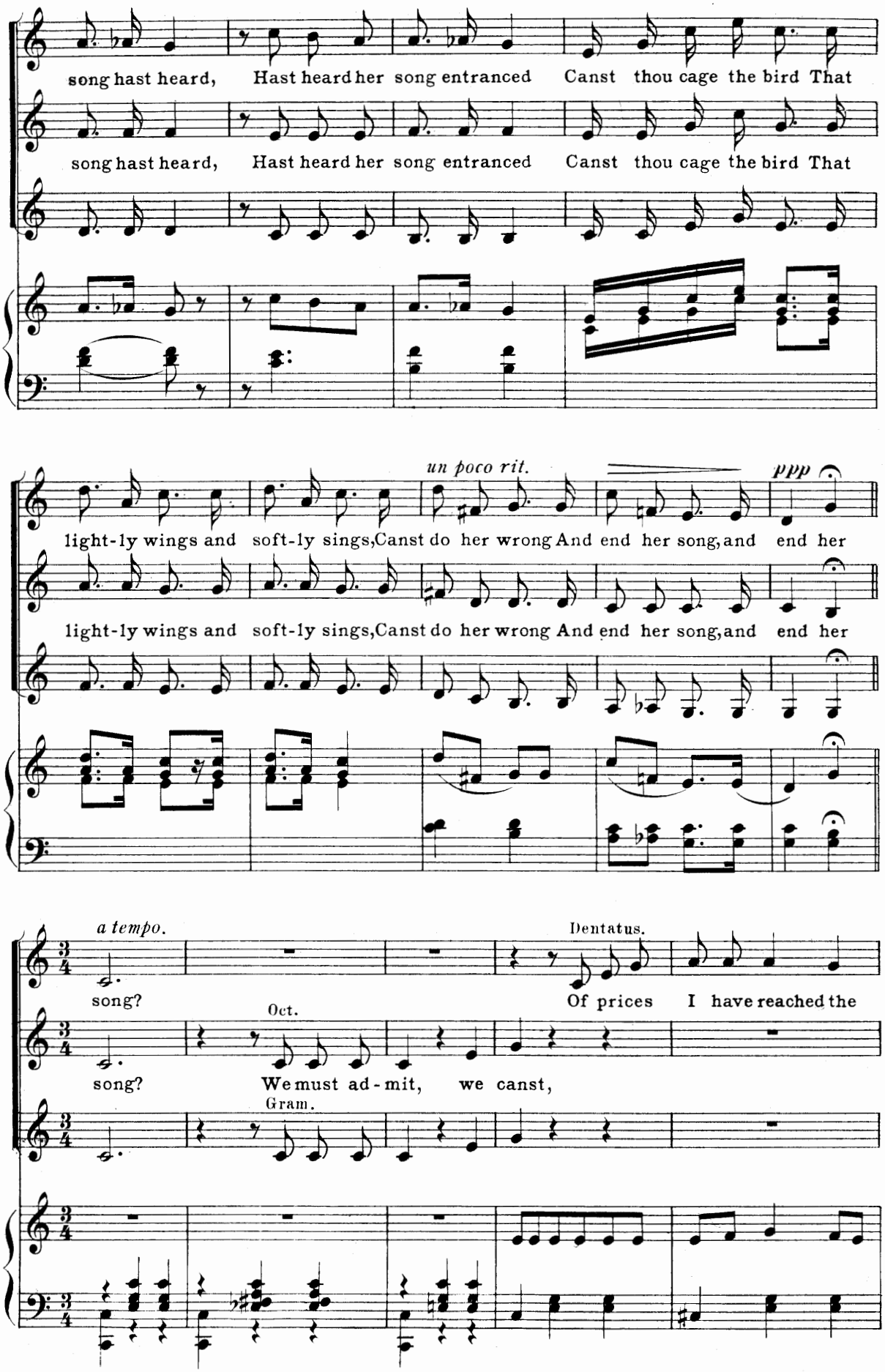
ha! Ten Ses - ter-ees,

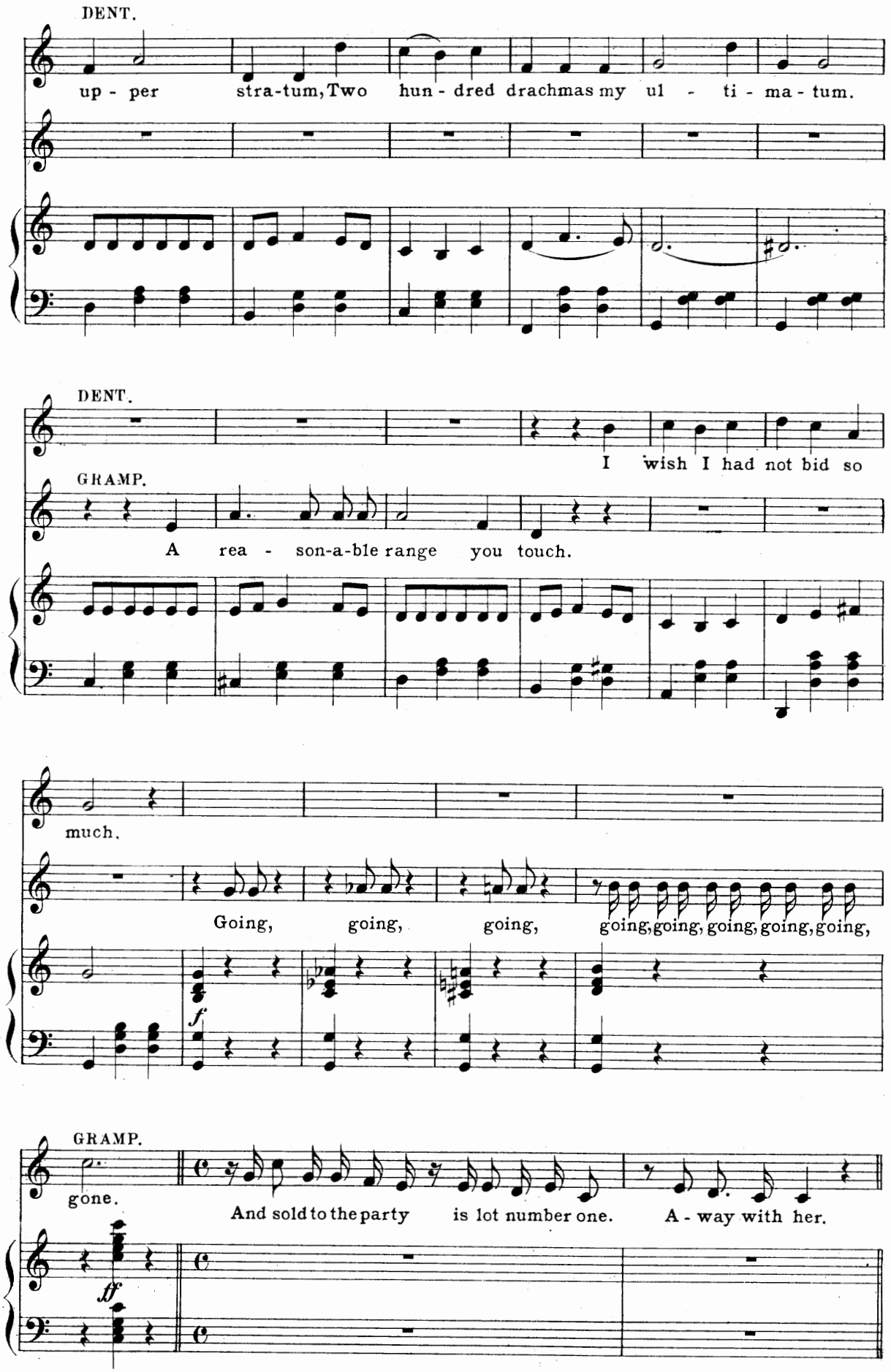

GRAMP.
ten,
Come on,
What then,
DENT.
I'll make it
BRUTUS.
At twen - ty five
Me-thinks I'll
DENT.
twenty,
And that is plen-ty,
strive,
Twenty-five, Thirty-five, for-ty-five, fif-ty-five, sixty-five, seventy-

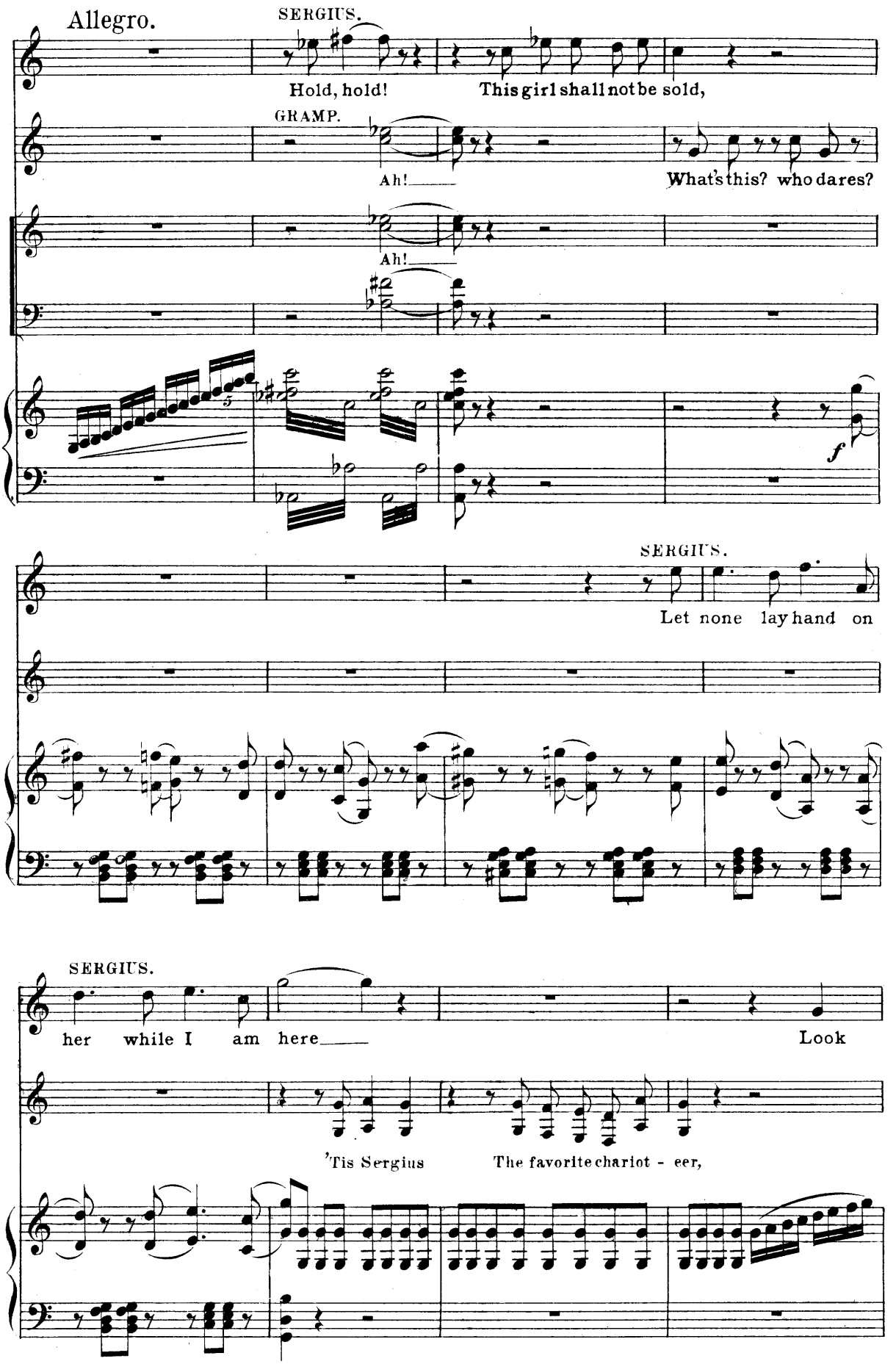
335676

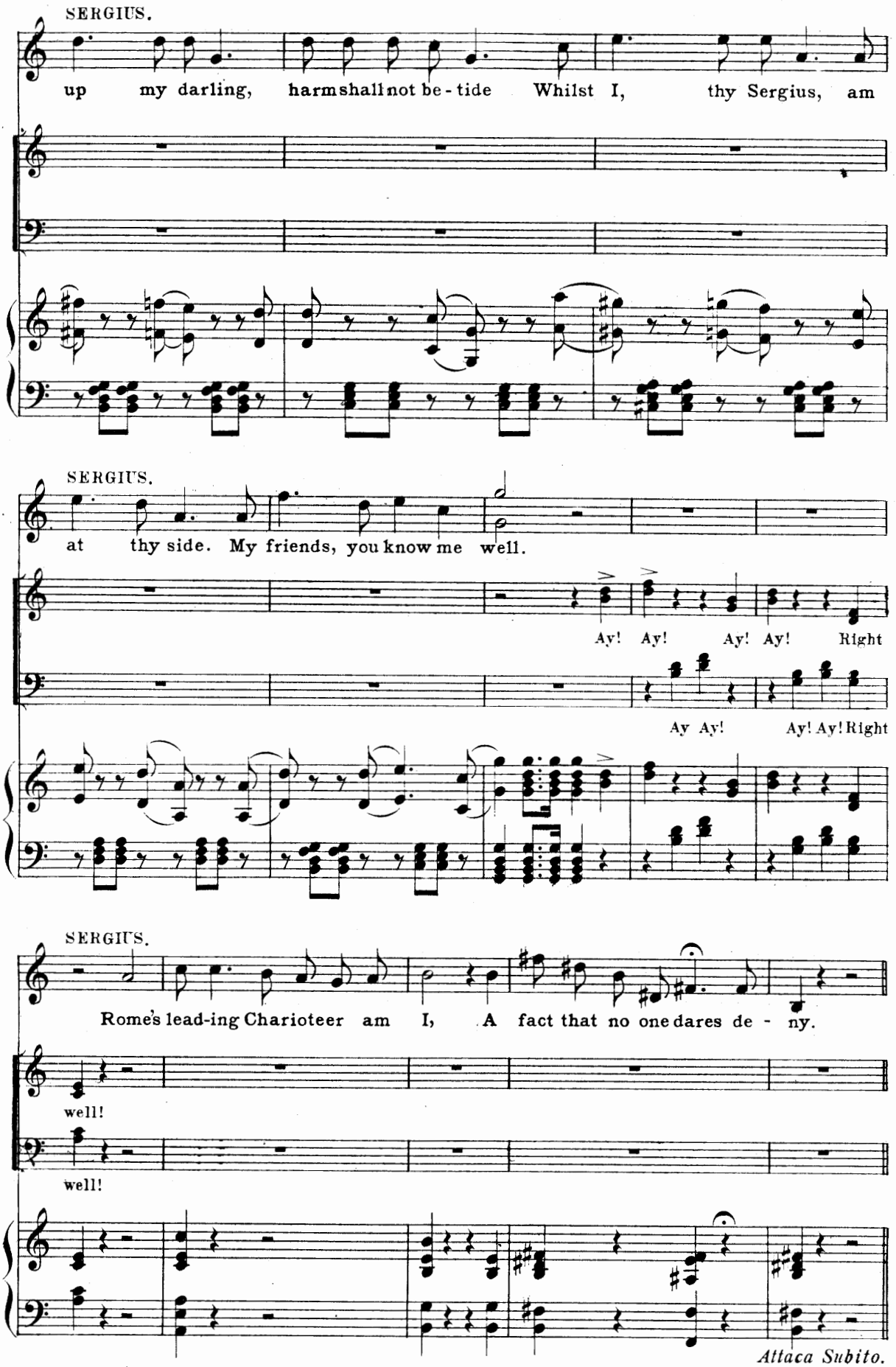

GRAMP.
five, eighty - five, ninety - five, That's very much too low a showing, At
GRAMP.
such a price she can't be going, going, going.
a tempo.
DENT.
Of all this
a tempo.
non - sense pray be rid, One hundred ev - en is my
LUCILLA.
Ah me! Ah me!
DENT.
bid


LUC.
Shall I be sold in slav - er - y ? Sold, and at no
fan - cy price, Sold and at a sac- - ri - fice, Oh, flint - y -
heart - ed auc - tion - eers, Hear me and spare your sneers.
Allegretto.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Canst thou cage the bird That light - ly wings and soft - ly sings, When thou her
SOPRANO.
Canst thou cage the bird That light - ly wings and soft - ly sings, When thou her
ALTO.
pp


song hast heard, Hast heard her song entranced Canst thou cage the bird That
song hast heard, Hast heard her song entranced Canst thou cage the bird That
un poco rit.
ppp
light-ly wings and soft-ly sings, Canst do her wrong And end her song, and end her
light-ly wings and soft-ly sings, Canst do her wrong And end her song, and end her
a tempo.
Dentatus.
song?
Of prices I have reached the
Oct.
song?
We must ad-mit, we canst,
Gram.

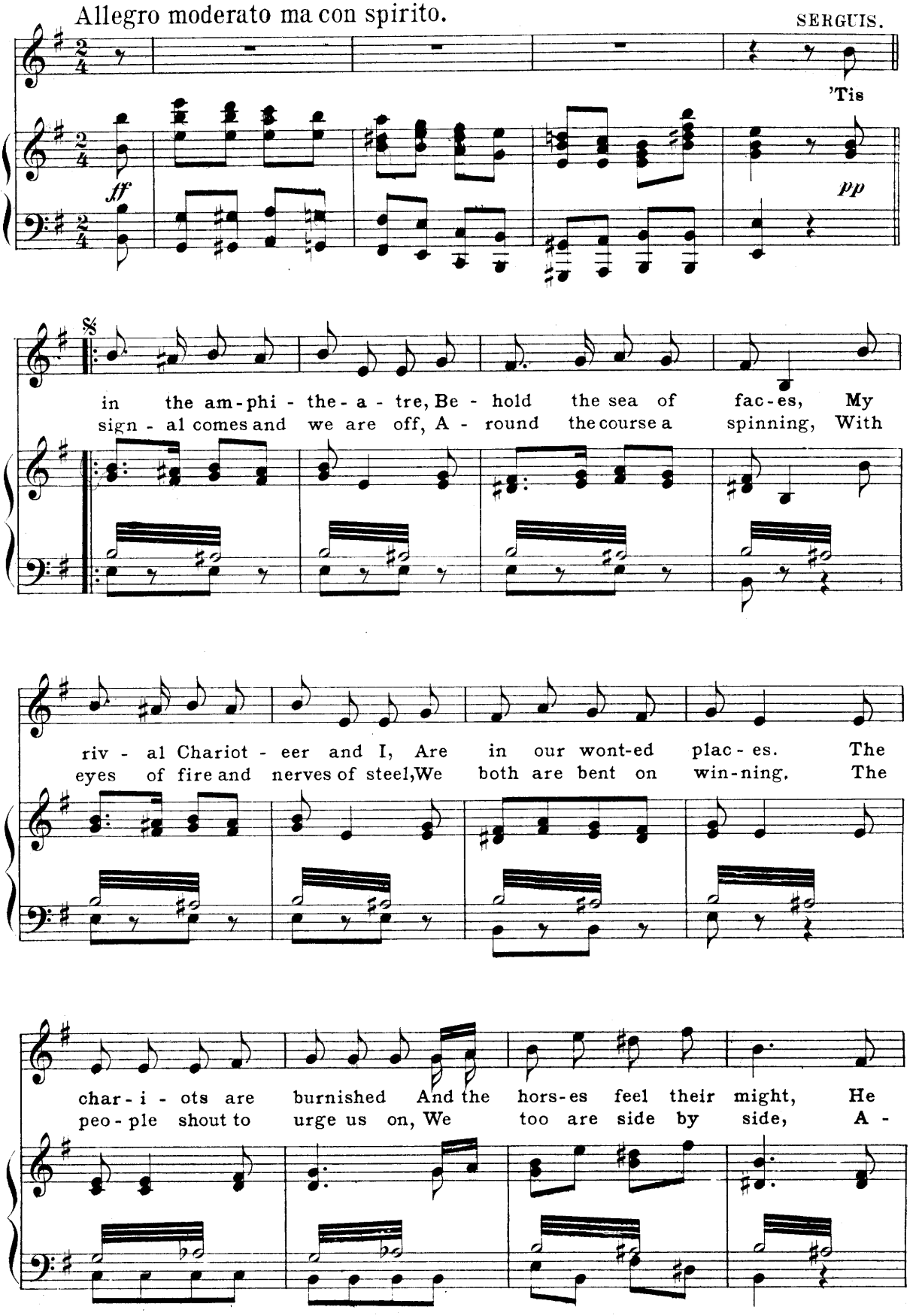

DENT.
up - per stra-tum, Two hun - dred drachmas my ul - ti - ma - tum.
DENT.
I wish I had not bid so
GRAMP.
A rea - son-a-ble range you touch.
much.
Going, going, going, going, going, going, going, going,
f
GRAMP.
gone.
And sold to the party is lot number one. A - way with her.
ff


Allegro.
SERGIUS.
Hold, hold!
This girl shall not be sold,
GRAMP.
Ah!
What's this? who dares?
Ah!
f
SERGIUS.
Let none lay hand on
SERGIUS.
her while I am here
Look
'Tis Sergius
The favorite chariot - eer,


SERGIUS.
up my darling, harm shall not be - tide Whilst I, thy Sergius, am
SERGIUS.
at thy side. My friends, you know me well.
Ay! Ay! Ay! Ay! Right
Ay Ay! Ay! Ay! Right
SERGIUS.
Rome's lead-ing Charioteer am I, A fact that no one dares de - ny.
well!
well!
Attaca Subito.

Chariot Race Song.

Sergius and Chorus.



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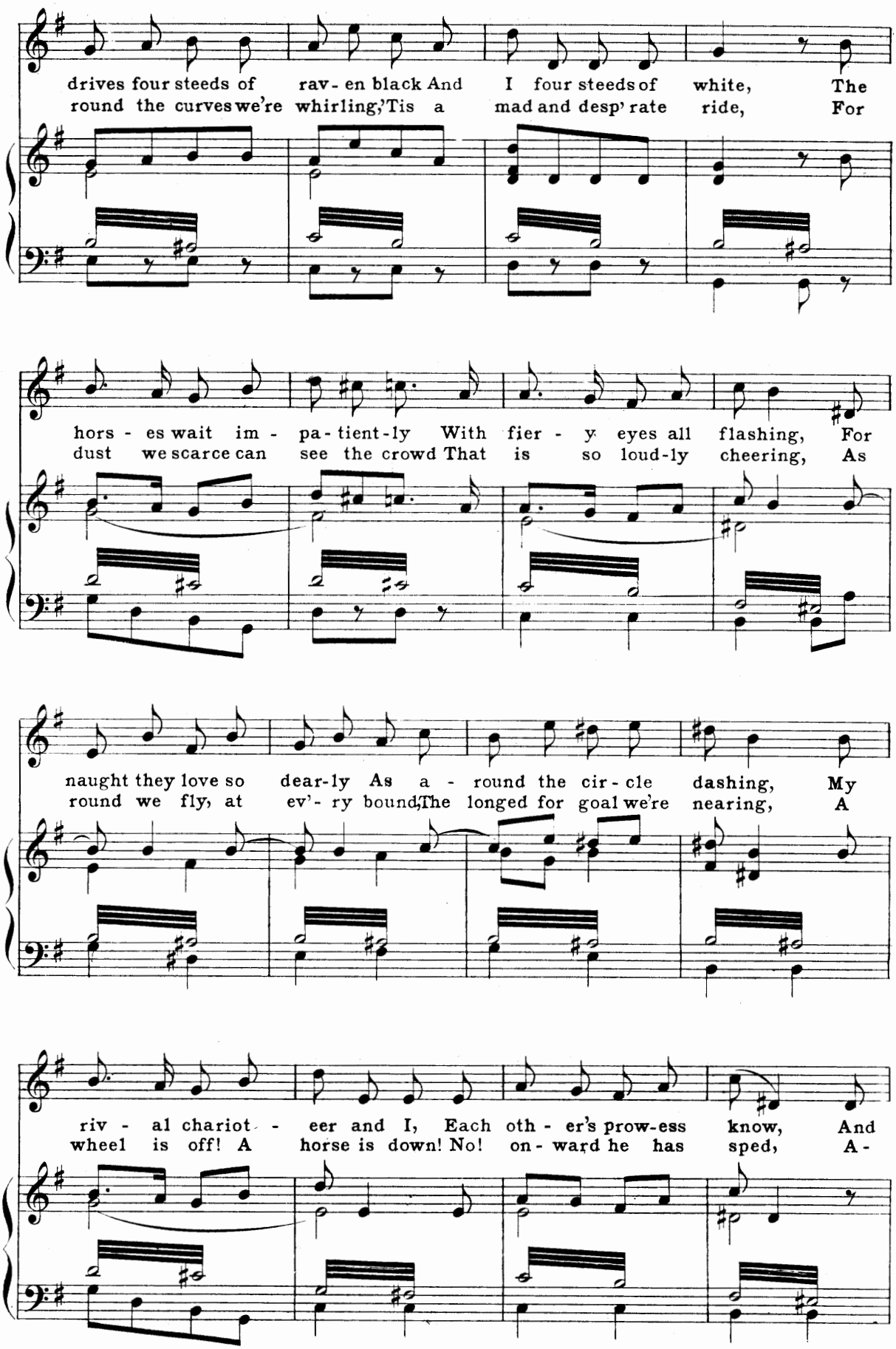
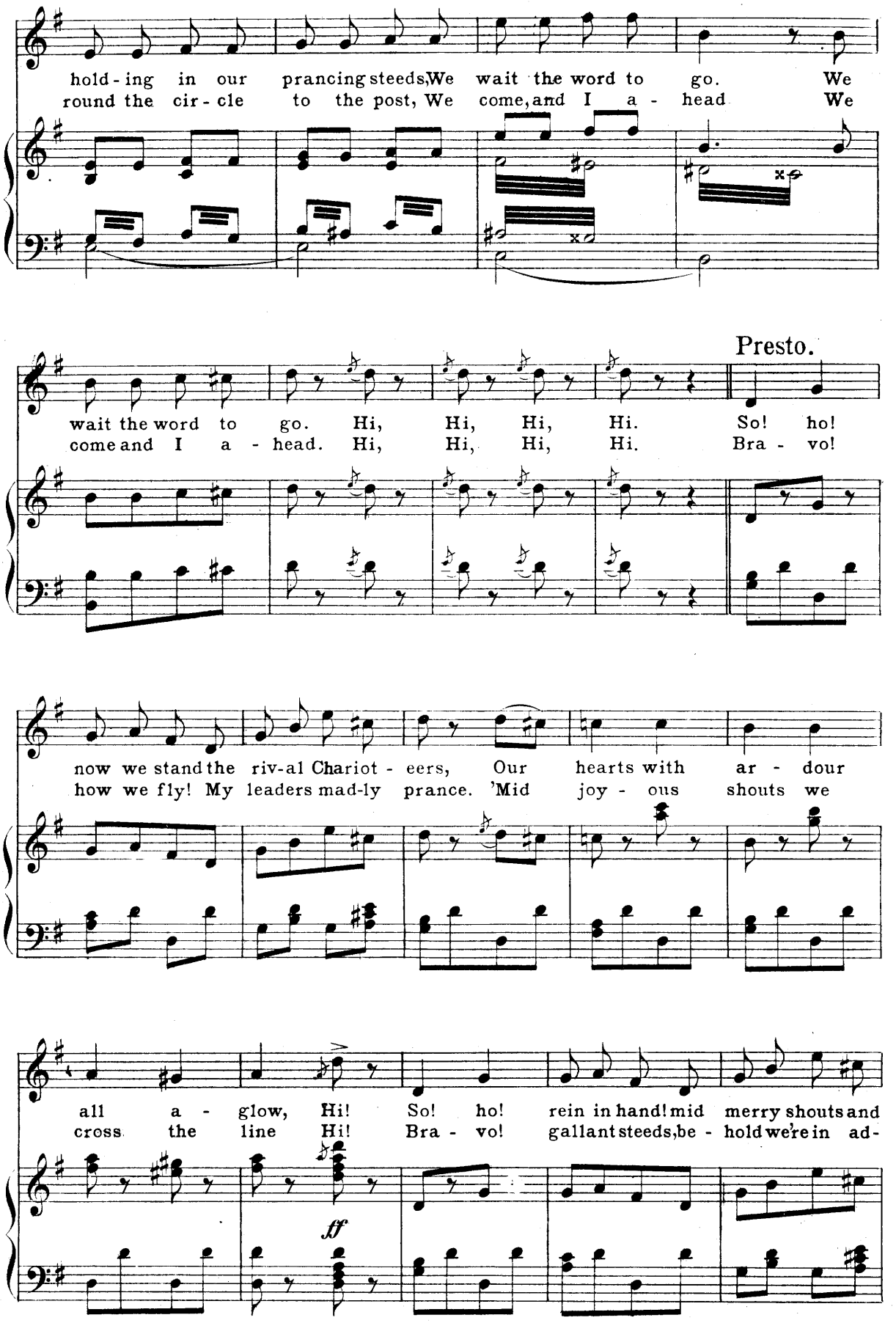
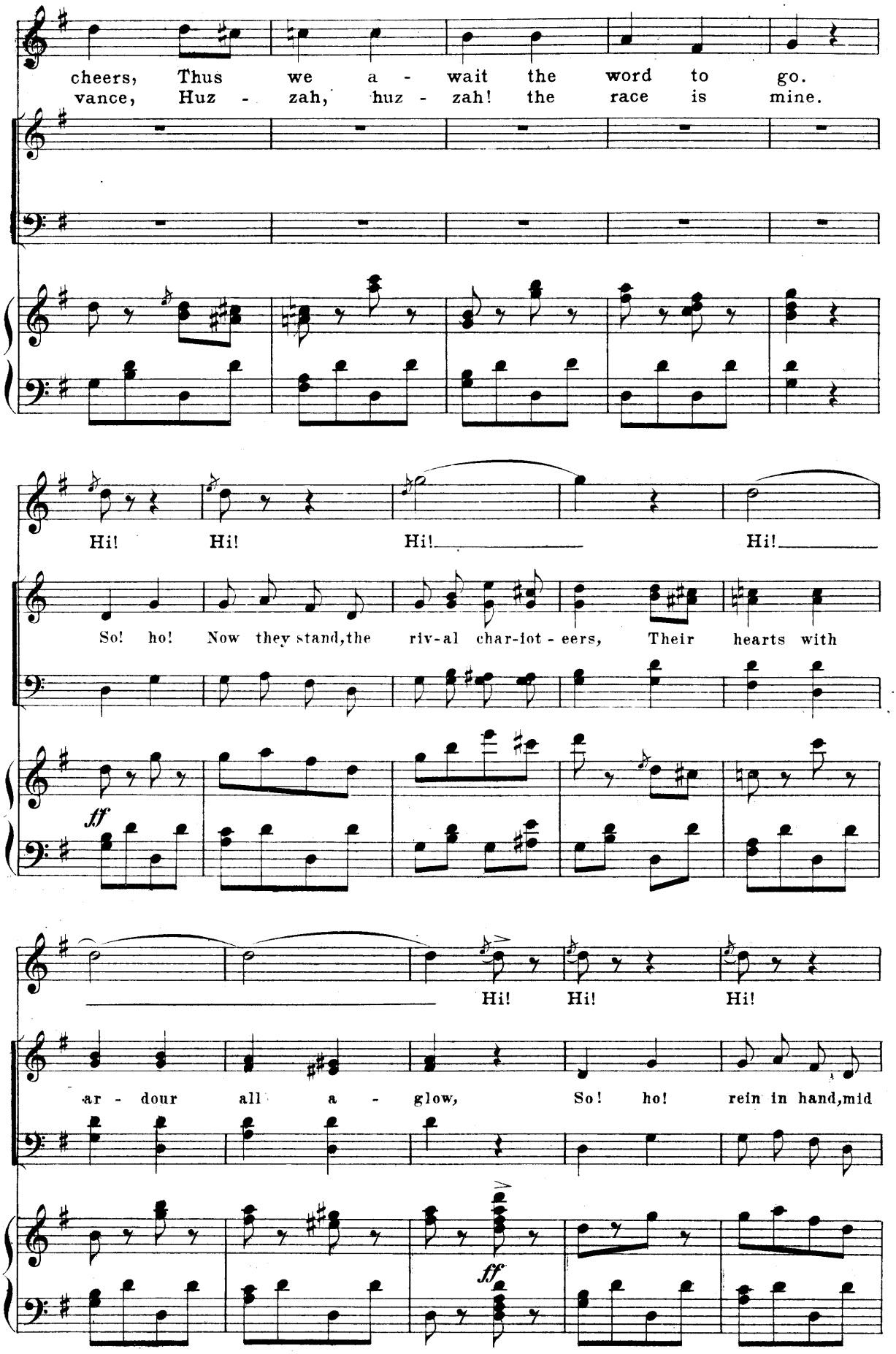
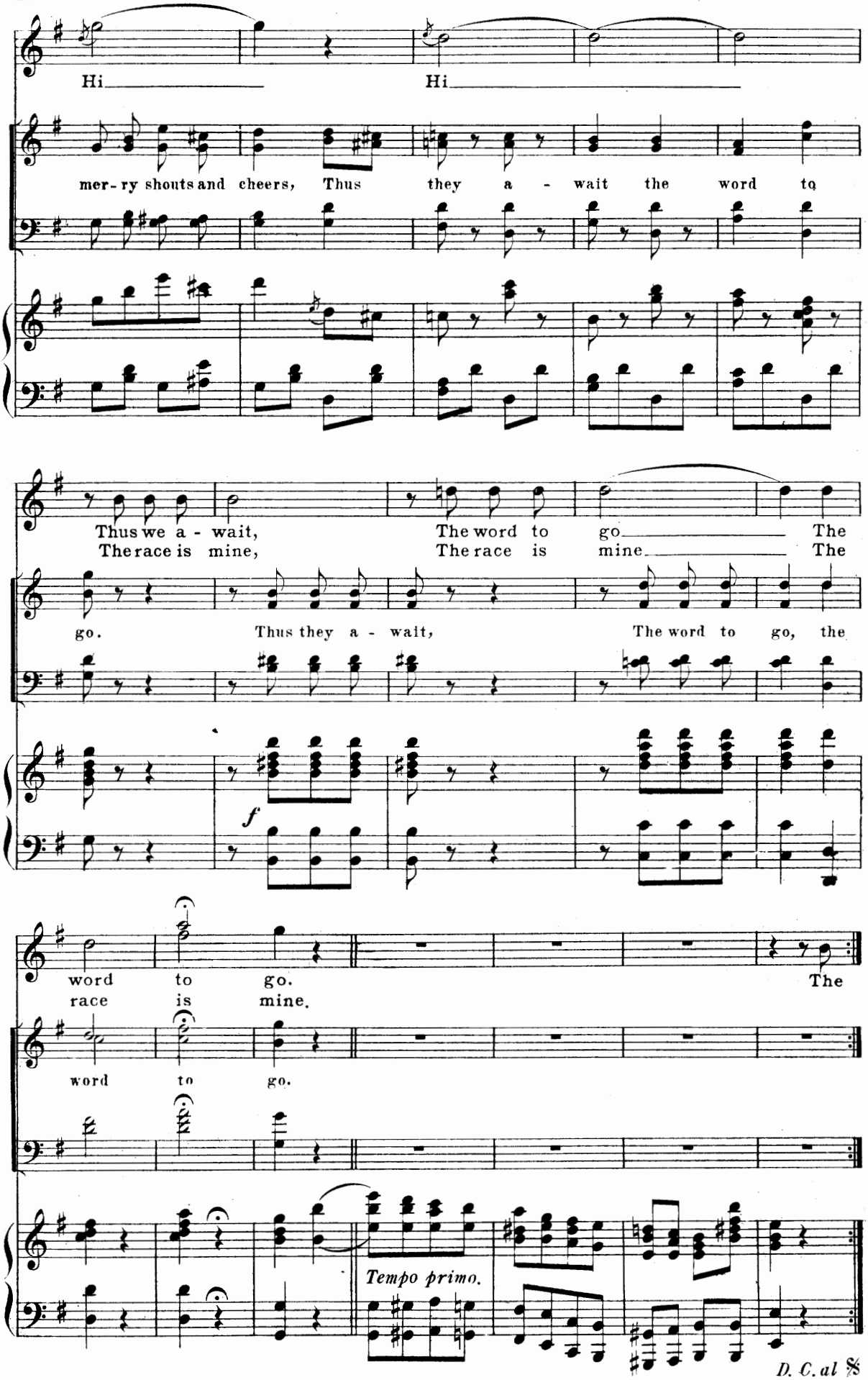

drives four steeds of rav- en black And I four steeds of white, The
round the curves we're whirling; 'Tis a mad and desp' rate ride, For
hors - es wait im - pa - tient - ly With fier - y eyes all flashing, For
dust we scarce can see the crowd That is so loud - ly cheering, As
naught they love so dear - ly As a - round the cir - cle dashing, My
round we fly, at ev' - ry bound, The longed for goal we're nearing, A
riv - al chariot - eer and I, Each oth - er's prow - ess know, And
wheel is off! A horse is down! No! on - ward he has sped, A -

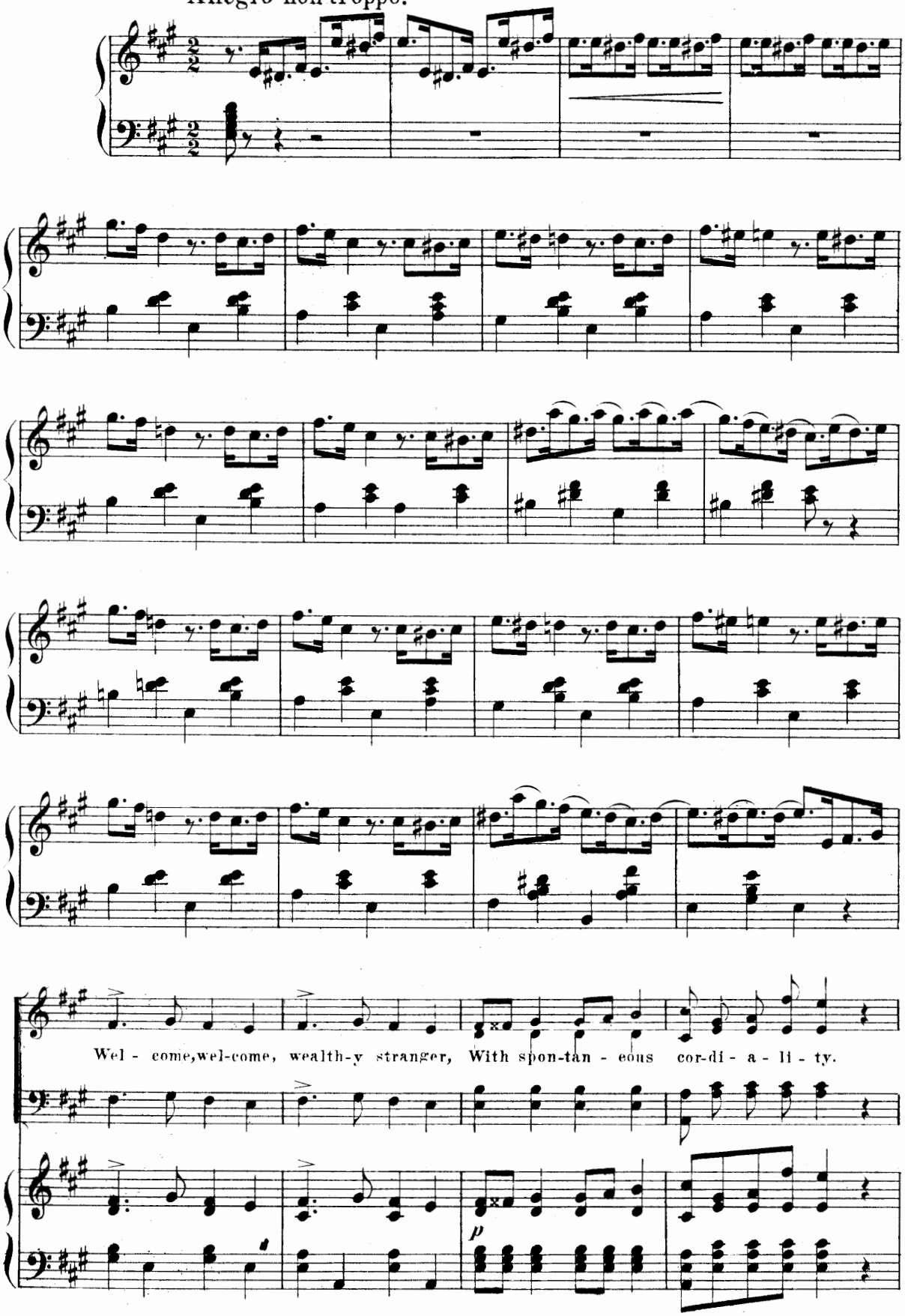

hold - ing in our prancing steeds, We wait the word to go. We
round the cir - cle to the post, We come, and I a - head We
Presto.
wait the word to go. Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi. So! ho!
come and I a - head. Hi, Hi, Hi, Hi. Bra - vo!
now we stand the riv-al Chariot - eers, Our hearts with ar - dour
how we fly! My leaders mad-ly prance. 'Mid joy - ous shouts we
all a - glow, Hi! So! ho! rein in hand! mid merry shouts and
cross the line Hi! Bra - vo! gallant steeds, be - hold we're in ad-
ff


cheers, Thus we a - wait the word to go.
vance, Huz - zah, huz - zah! the race is mine.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!
So! ho! Now they stand, the riv-al char-iot - eers, Their hearts with
ff
Hi! Hi! Hi!
ar - dour all a - glow, So! ho! rein in hand, mid
ff


Hi
Hi
mer-ry shouts and cheers, Thus they a - wait the word to
Thus we a - wait, The word to go The
The race is mine, The race is mine The
go. Thus they a - wait, The word to go, the
f
word to go. The
race is mine.
word to go.
Tempo primo.
D. C. al 𝄋

No 3. Entrance of Jupiter.

Allegro non troppo.



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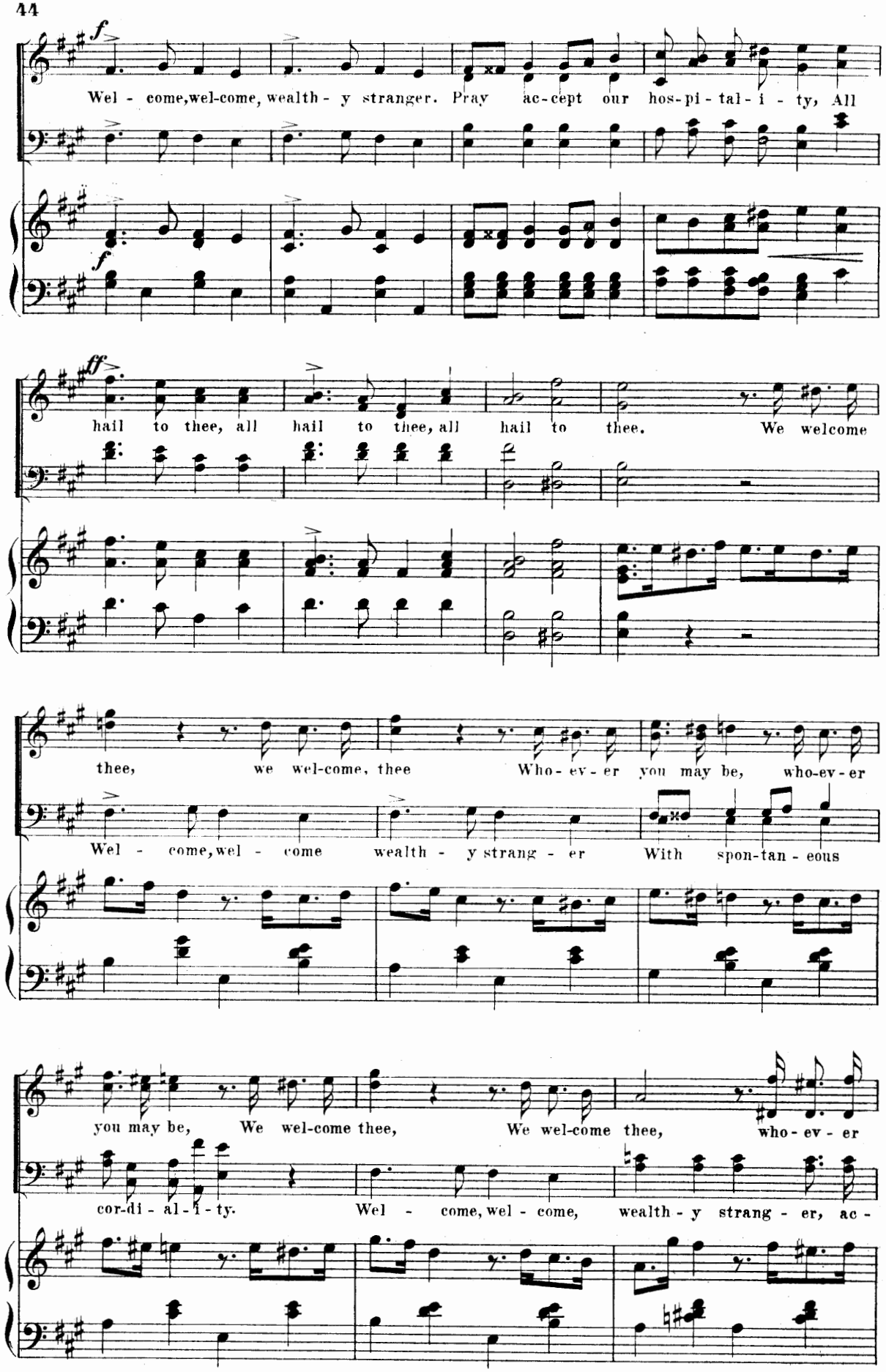
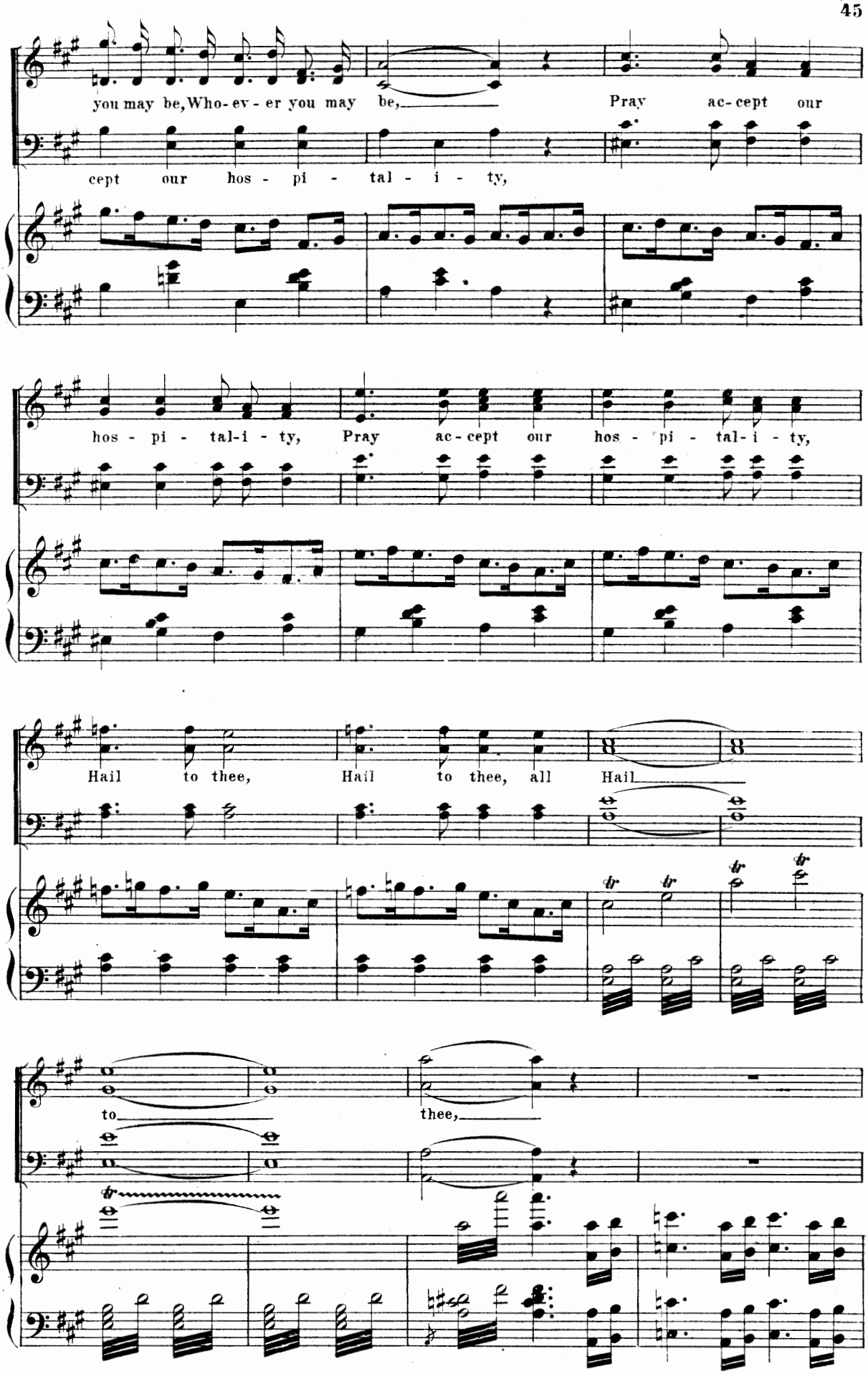
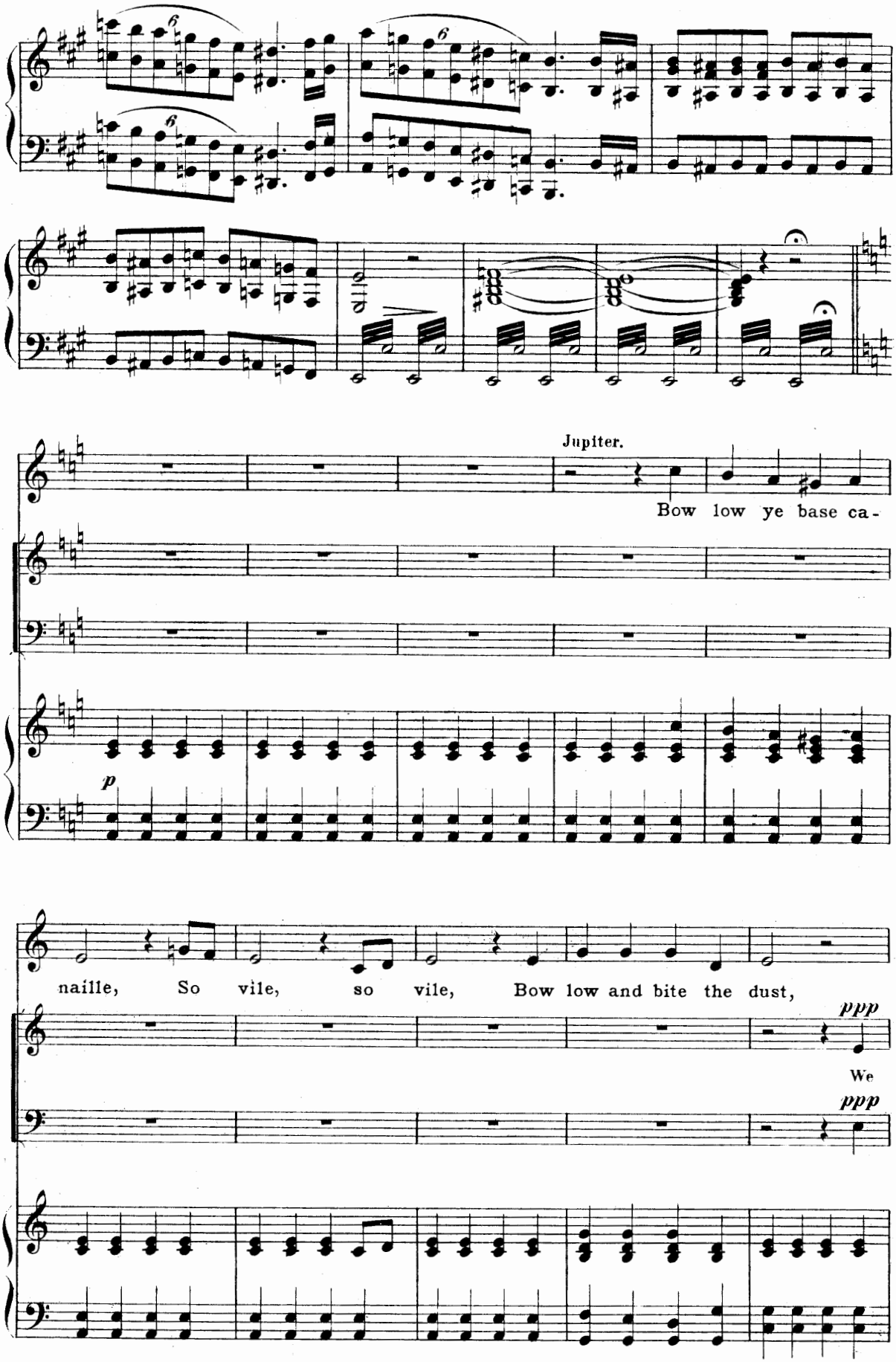
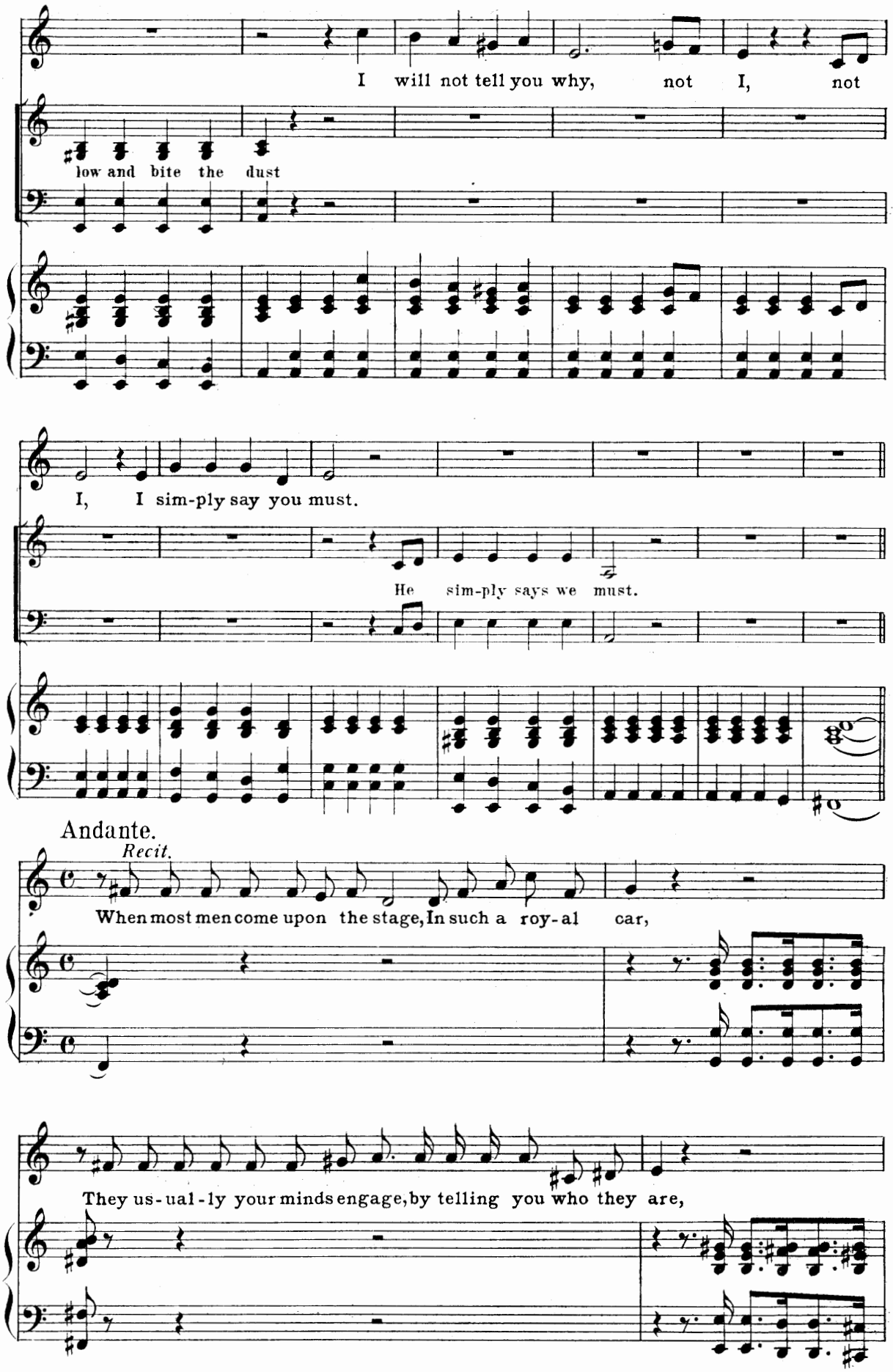
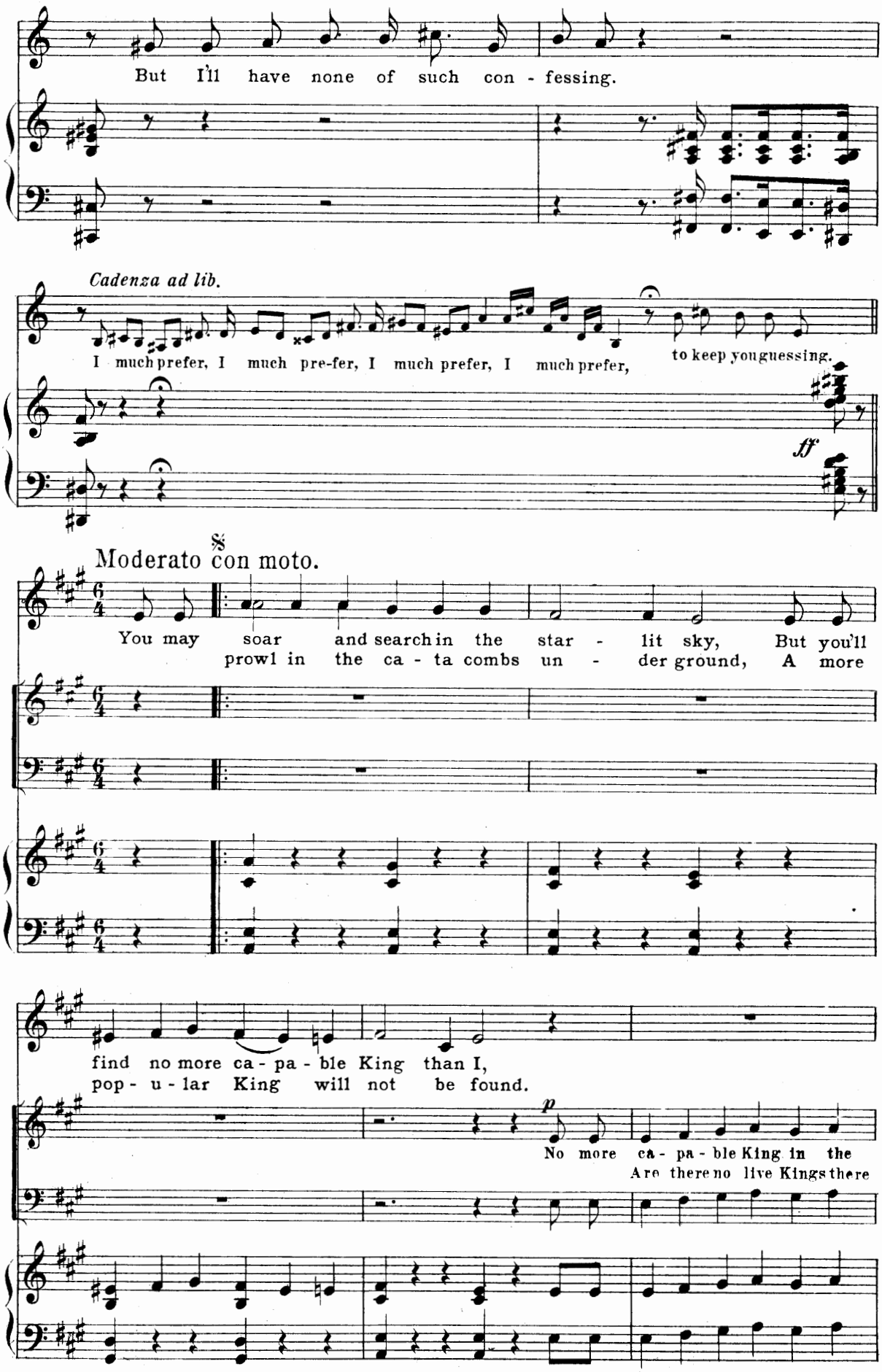
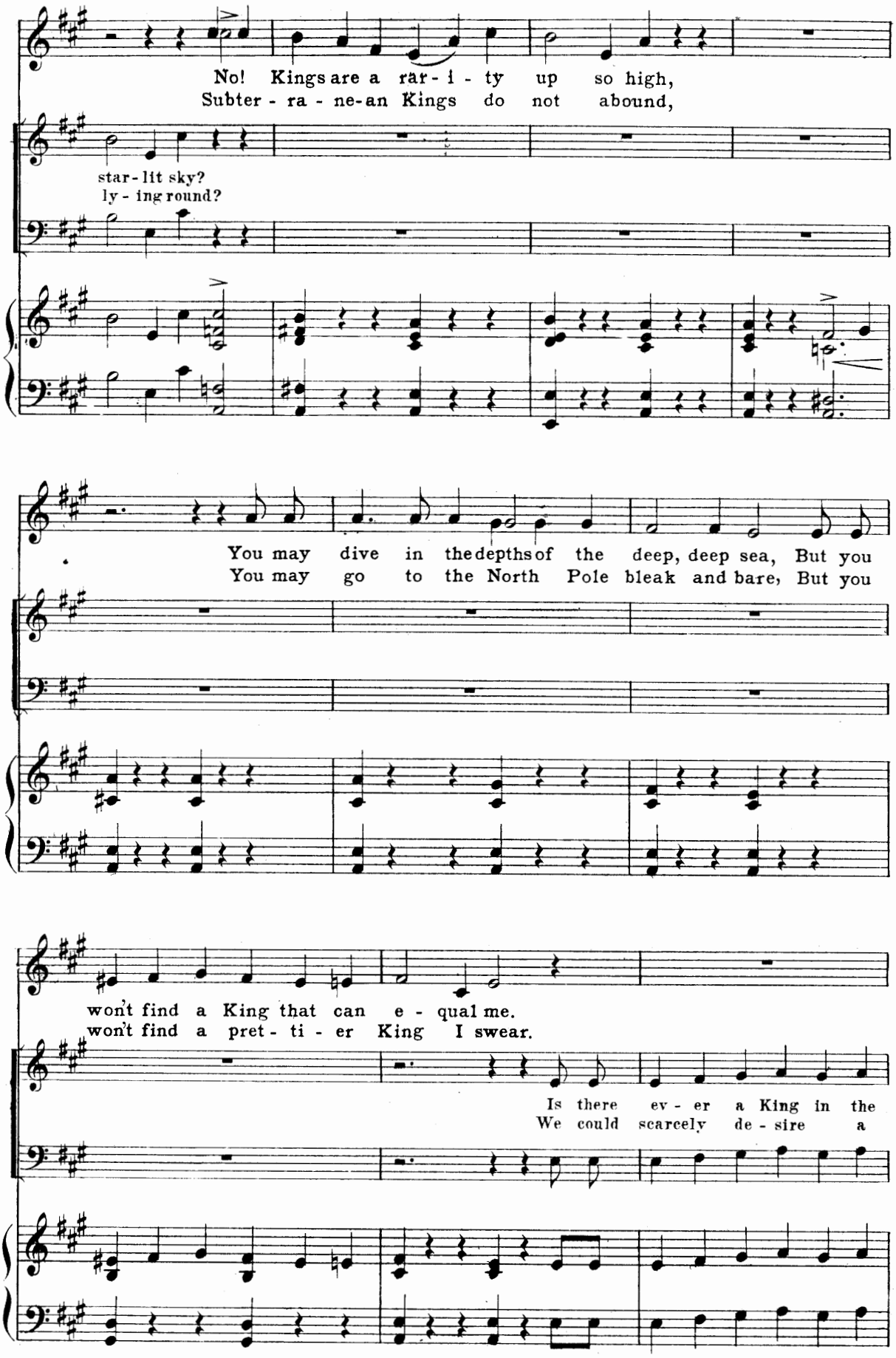

f
Wel - come,wel-come, wealth - y stranger. Pray ac-cept our hos-pi-tal-i - ty, All
ff
hail to thee, all hail to thee, all hail to thee. We welcome
thee, we wel-come, thee Who-ev-er you may be, who-ev-er
Wel - come,wel - come wealth - y strang - er With spon-tan - eous
you may be, We wel-come thee, We wel-come thee, who-ev-er
cor-di - al - i - ty. Wel - come, wel - come, wealth - y strang - er, ac -

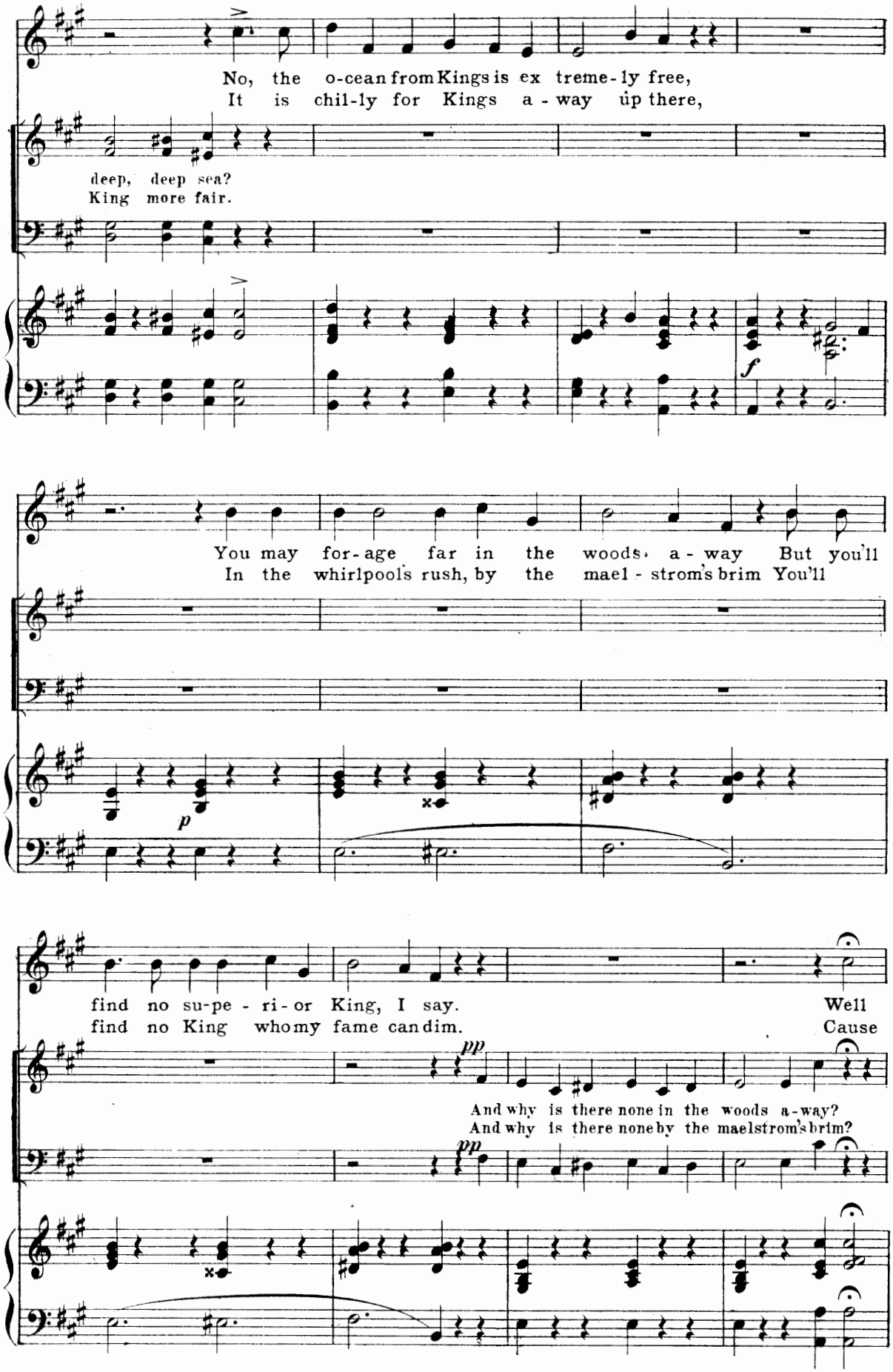

you may be, Who-ev-er you may be, Pray ac-cept our
cept our hos-pi-tal-i-ty,
hos-pi-tal-i-ty, Pray ac-cept our hos-pi-tal-i-ty,
Hail to thee, Hail to thee, all Hail
to thee,

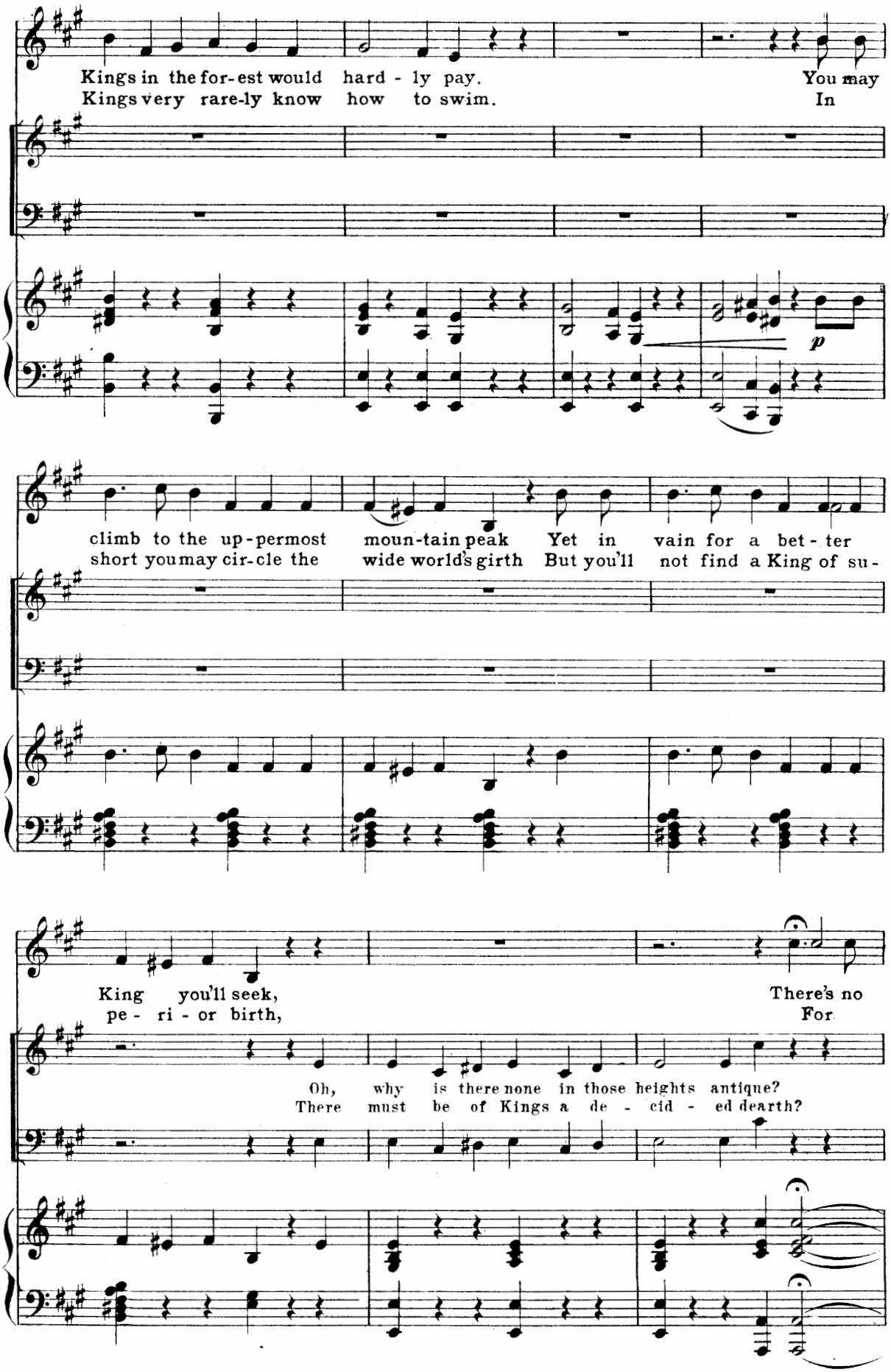

Jupiter.
Bow low ye base ca-
p
naille, So vile, so vile, Bow low and bite the dust,
ppp
We
ppp

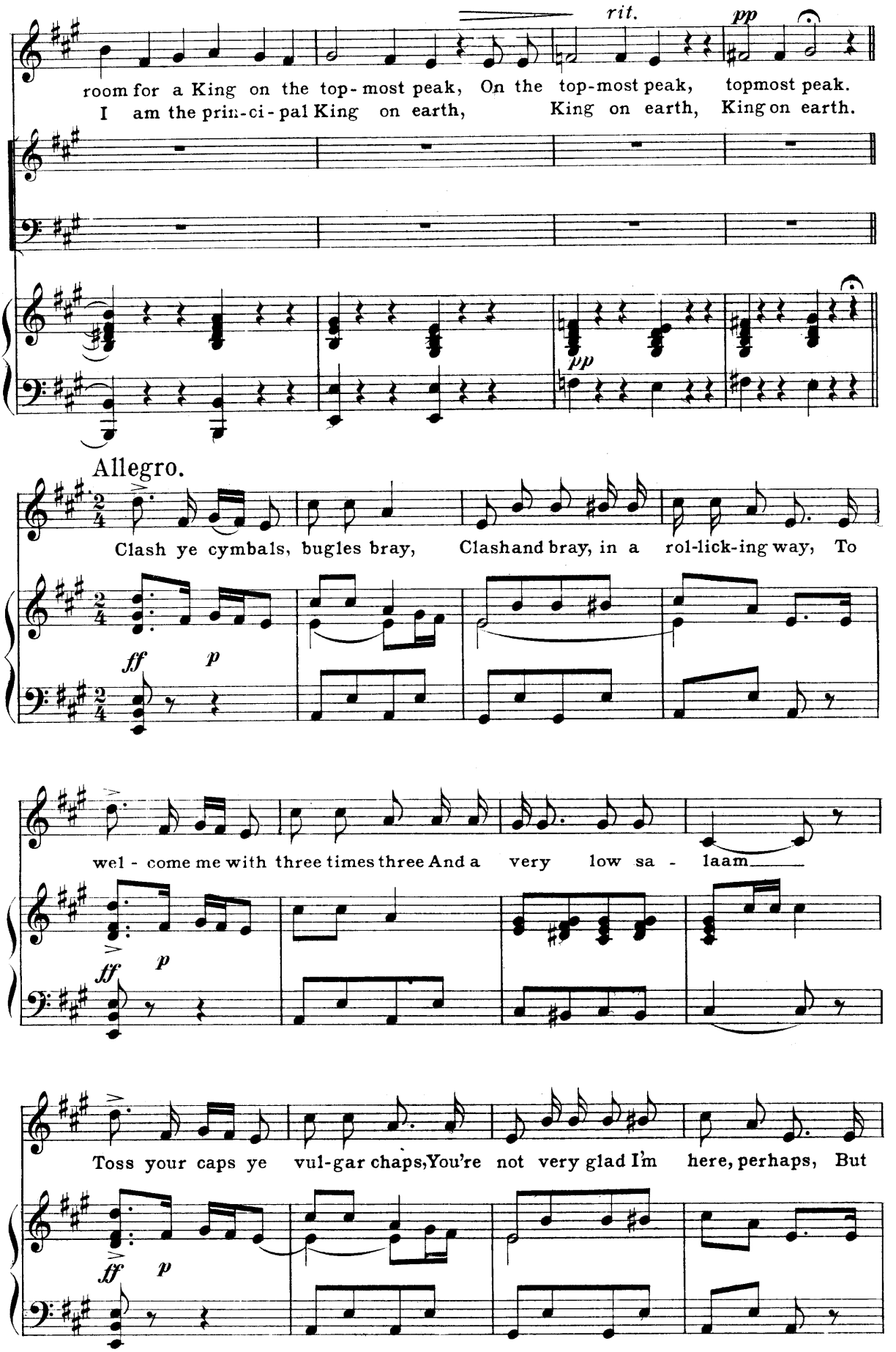

I will not tell you why, not I, not
low and bite the dust
I, I sim-ply say you must.
He sim-ply says we must.
Andante.
Recit.
When most men come upon the stage, In such a roy-al car,
They us-ual-ly your minds engage, by telling you who they are,

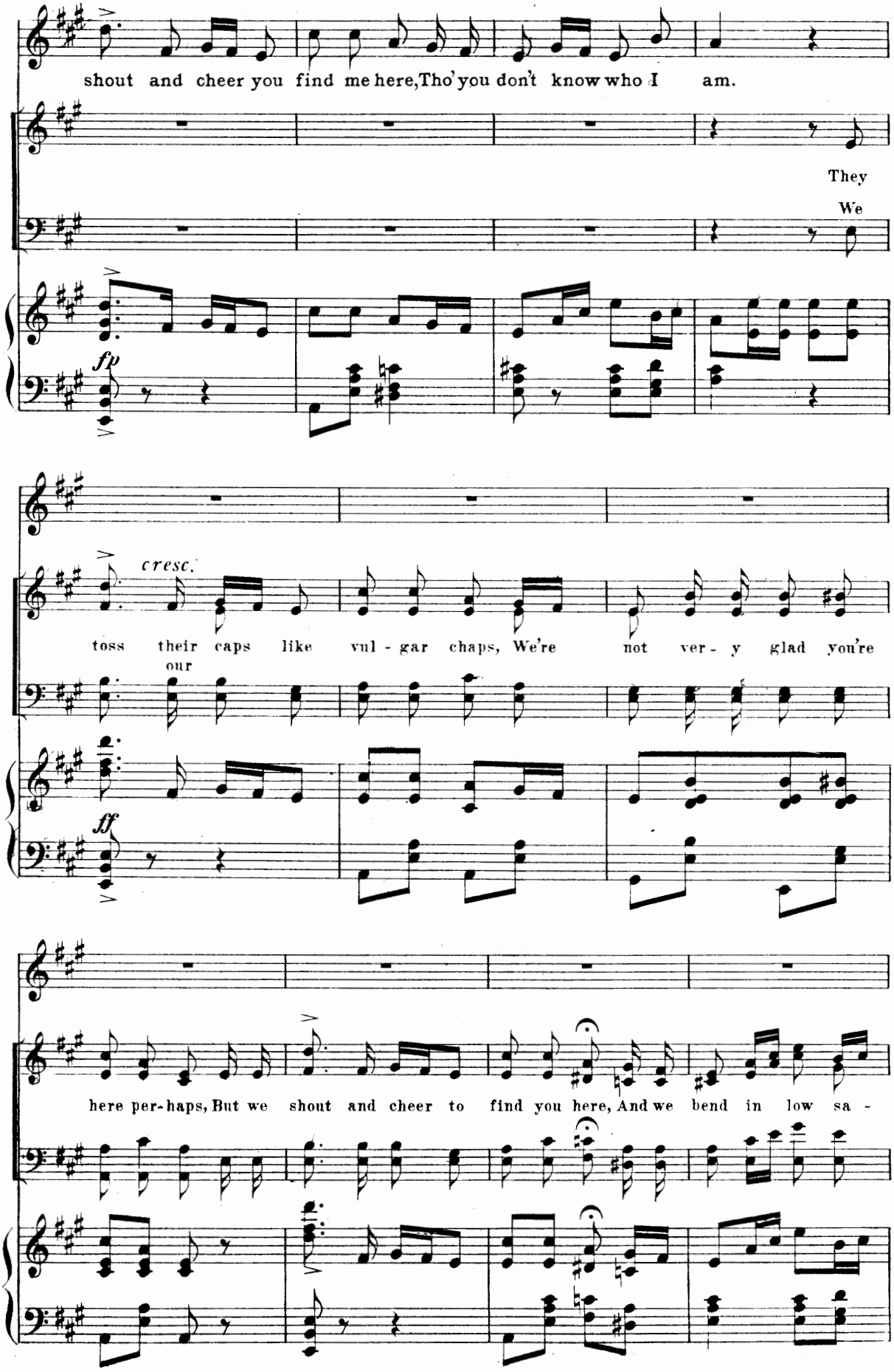

But I'll have none of such con - fessing.
Cadenza ad lib.
I much prefer, I much pre-fer, I much prefer, I much prefer,
to keep youguessing.
ff
Moderato con moto.
You may soar and searchin the star - lit sky, But you'll
prowl in the ca - ta combs un - der ground, A more
find no more ca - pa - ble King than I,
pop - u - lar King will not be found.
p
No more ca - pa - ble King in the
Are there no live Kings there

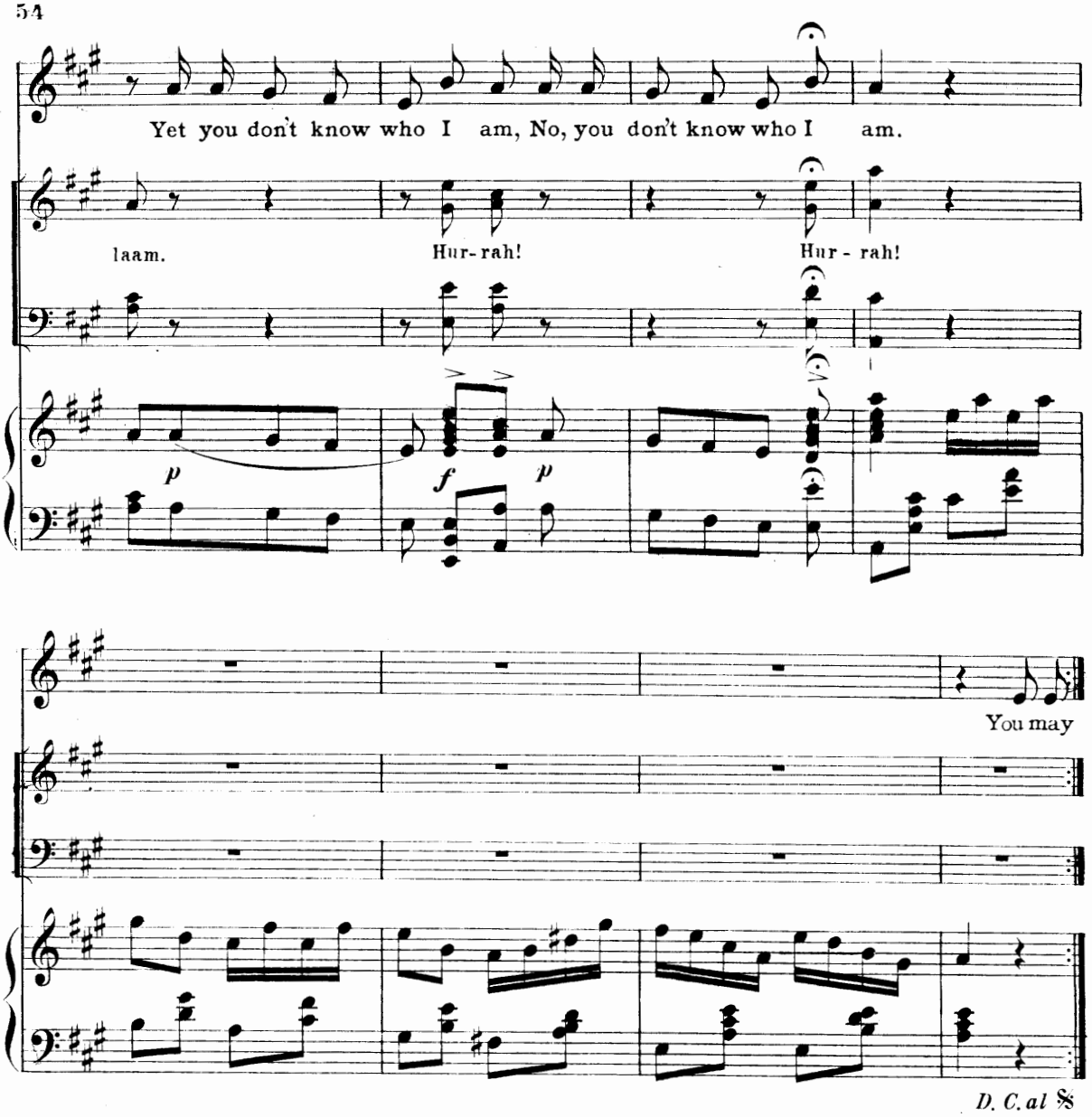

No! Kings are a rar - i - ty up so high,
Subter - ra - ne-an Kings do not abound,
star - lit sky?
ly - ing round?
You may dive in the depths of the deep, deep sea, But you
You may go to the North Pole bleak and bare, But you
won't find a King that can e - qual me.
won't find a pret - ti - er King I swear.
Is there ev - er a King in the
We could scarcely de - sire a


No, the o-cean from Kings is ex treme-ly free,
It is chil-ly for Kings a-way up there,
deep, deep sea?
King more fair.
f
You may for-age far in the woods a-way But you'll
In the whirlpool's rush, by the mael-strom's brim You'll
p
find no su-pe-ri-or King, I say.
find no King who my fame can dim.
Well
Cause
pp
And why is there none in the woods a-way?
And why is there none by the maelstrom's brim?
pp

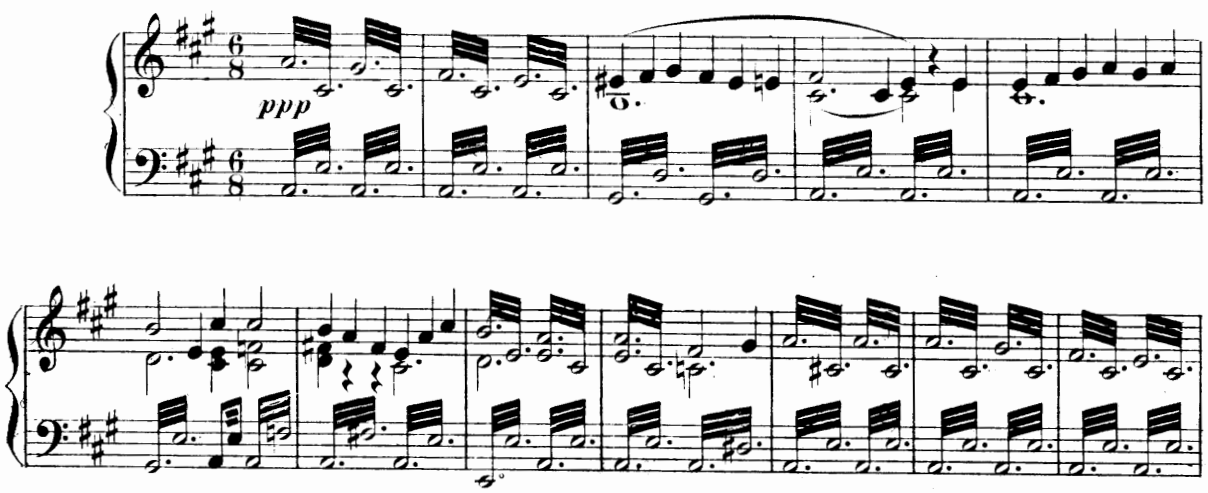

Kings in the for-est would hard - ly pay. You may
Kings very rare-ly know how to swim. In
p
climb to the up-permost moun-tain peak Yet in vain for a bet - ter
short you may cir-cle the wide world's girth But you'll not find a King of su-
King you'll seek, There's no
pe - ri - or birth, For
Oh, why is there none in those heights antique?
There must be of Kings a de - cid - ed dearth?

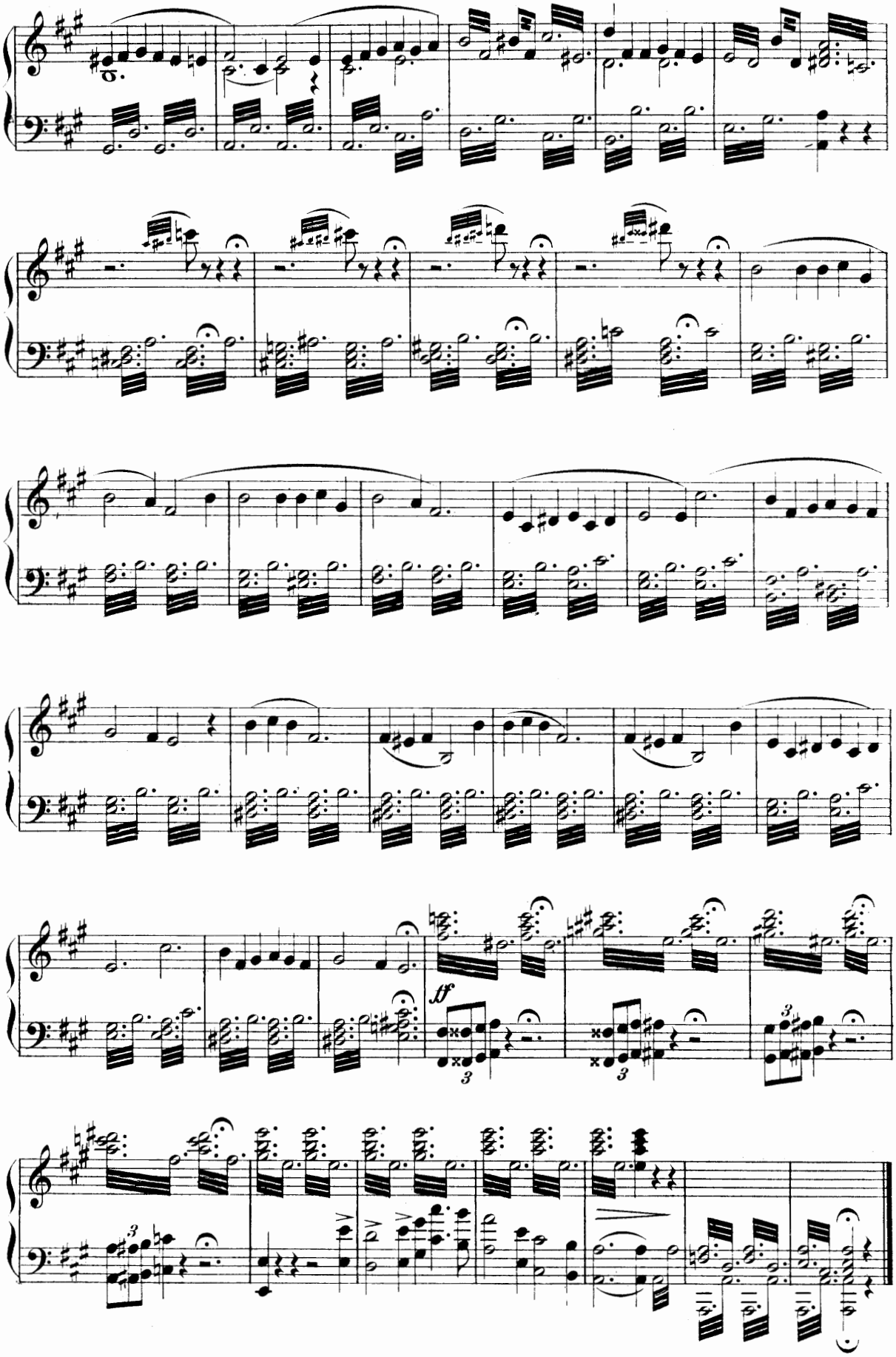

rit.
pp
room for a King on the top-most peak, On the top-most peak, topmost peak.
I am the prin-ci-pal King on earth, King on earth, King on earth.
Allegro.
Clash ye cymbals, bugles bray, Clashand bray, in a rol-lick-ing way, To
ff
p
wel - come me with three times three And a very low sa - laam
Toss your caps ye vul-gar chaps,You're not very glad I'm here, perhaps, But


shout and cheer you find me here, Tho' you don't know who I am.
They
We
fp
cresc.
toss their caps like vul - gar chaps, We're not ver - y glad you're
our
ff
here per-haps, But we shout and cheer to find you here, And we bend in low sa -



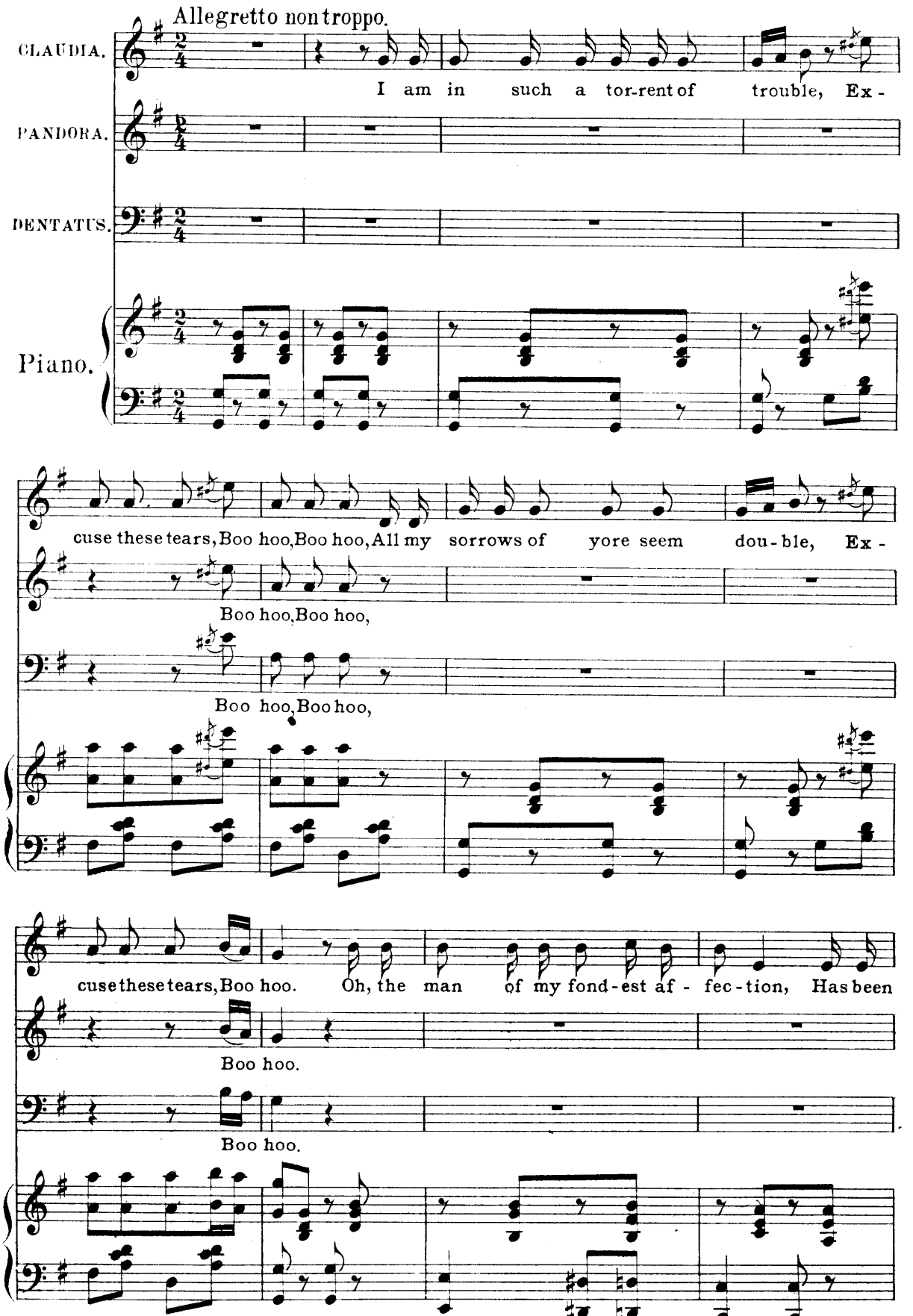
Nº 4. Melodrama.




ff

No. 5. Trio.

"Life is such a stupid bore."



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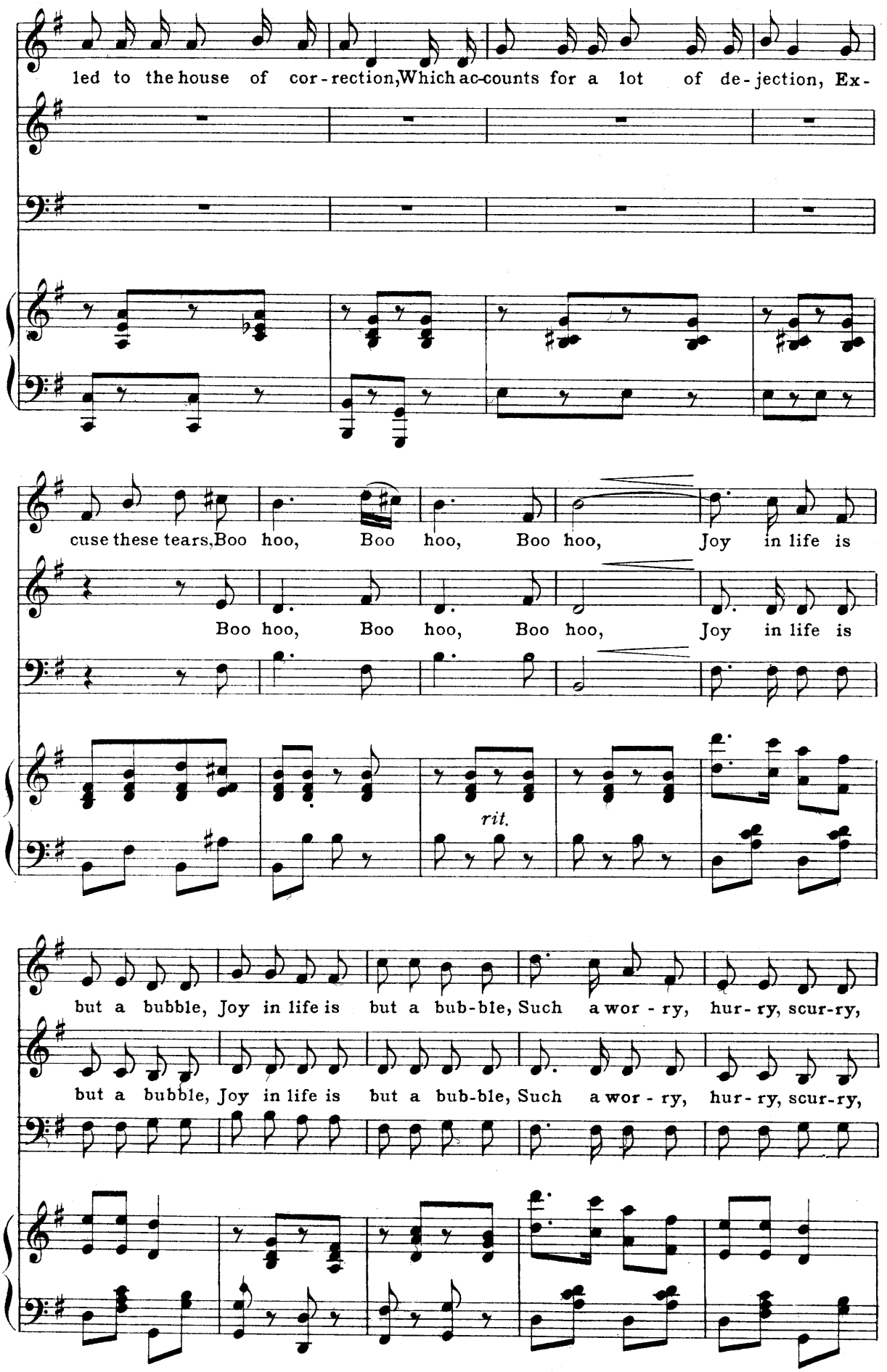
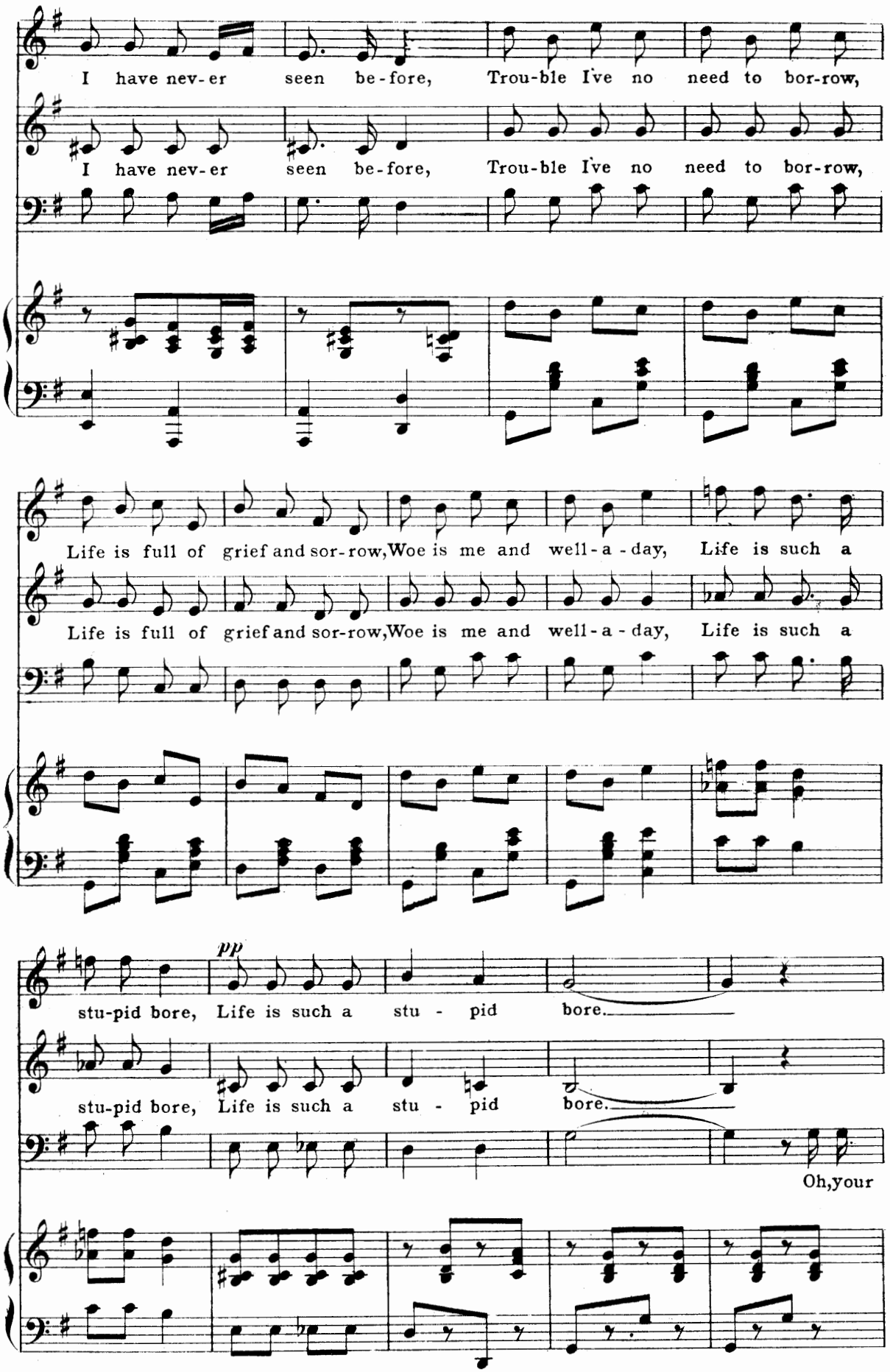
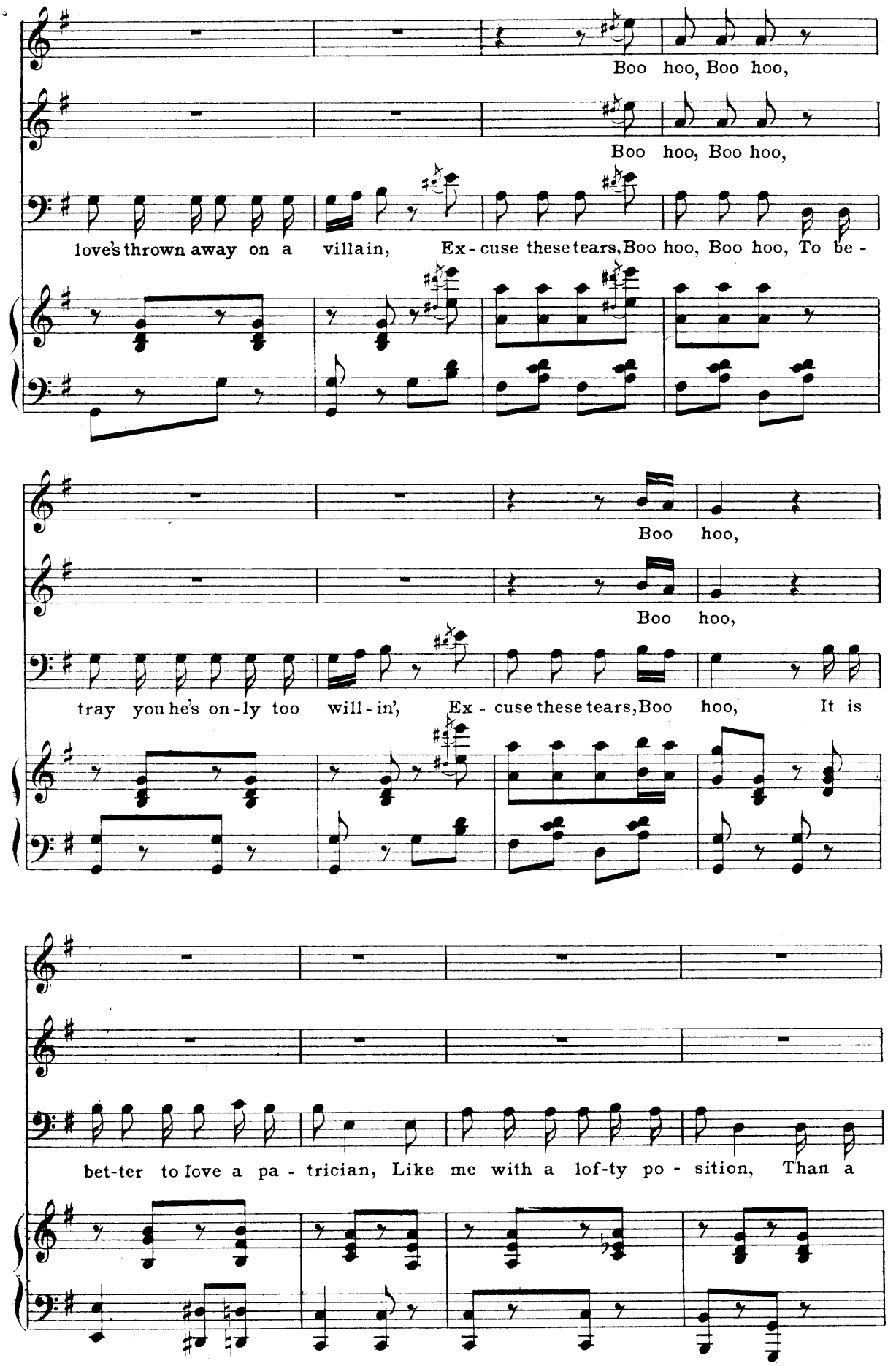
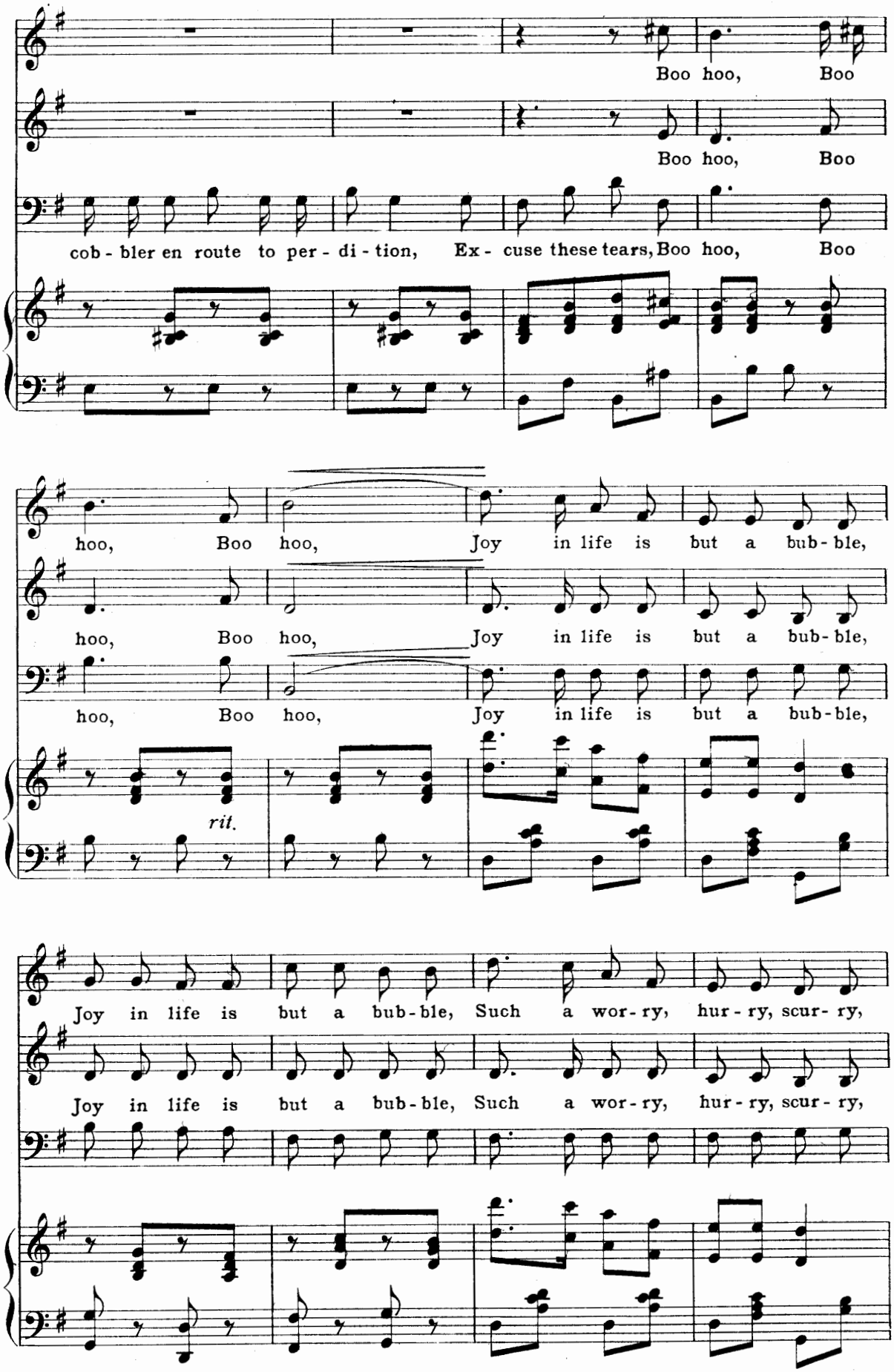
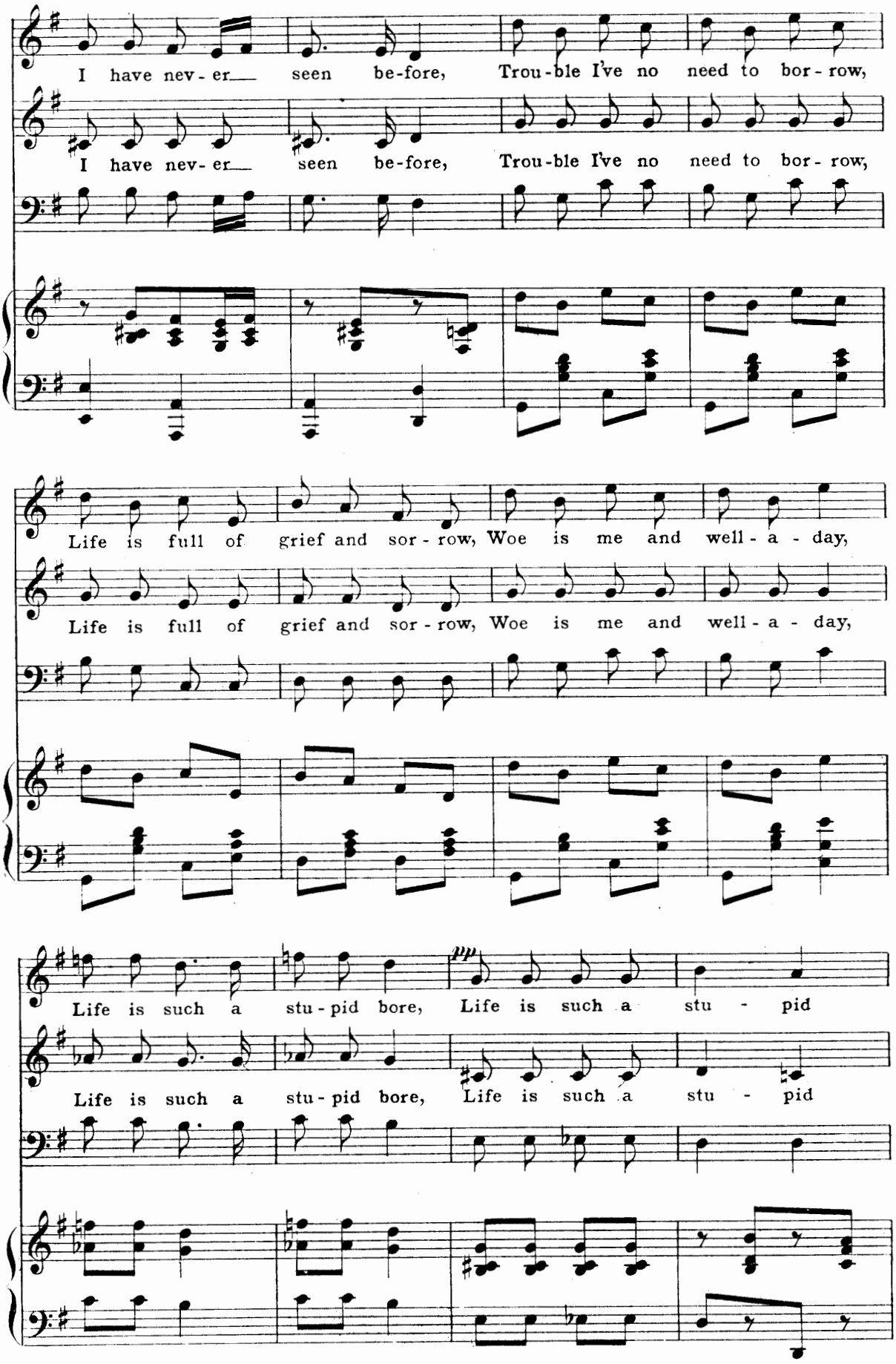
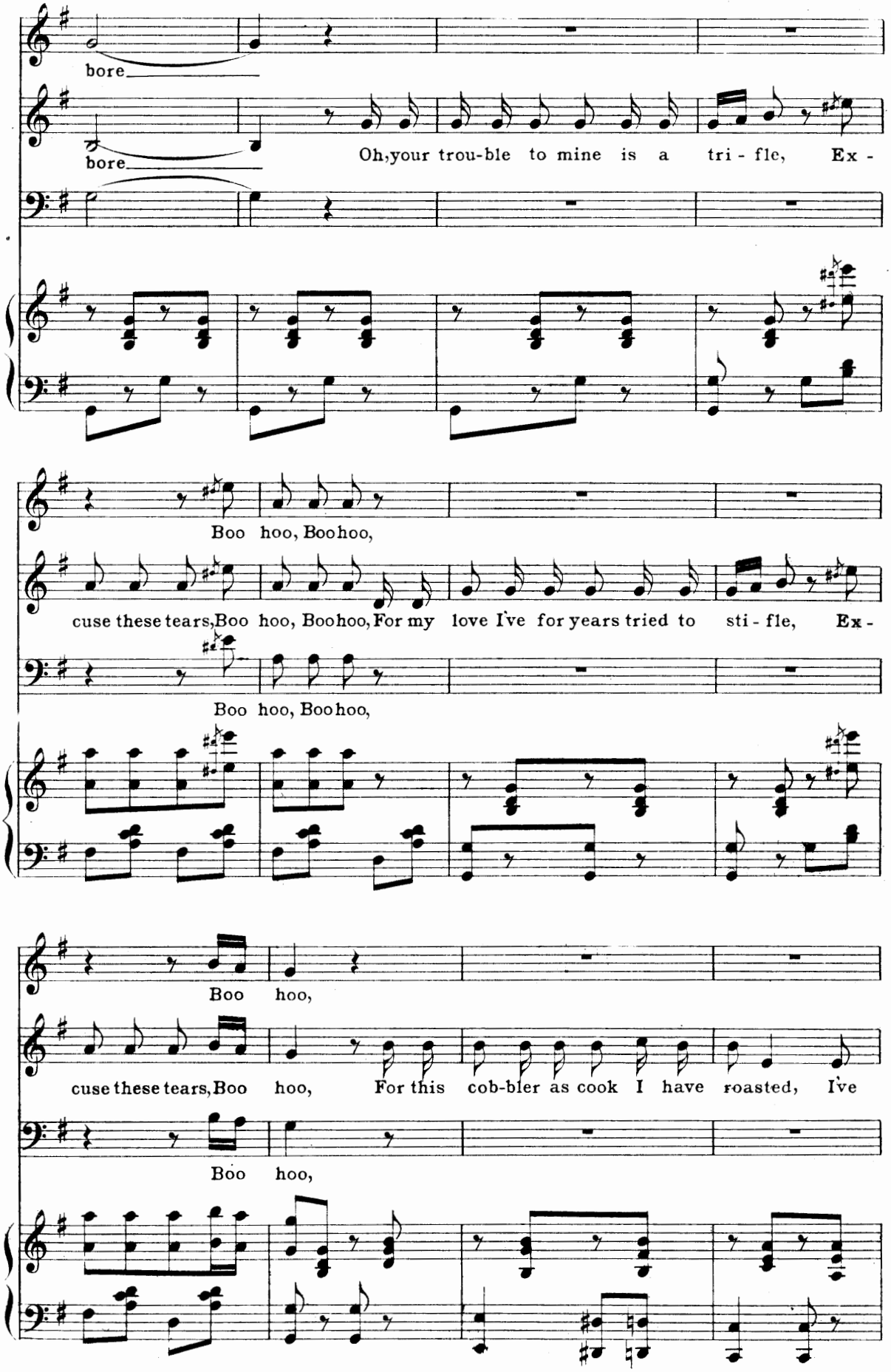

led to the house of cor-rection, Which ac-counts for a lot of de-jection, Ex-
cuse these tears, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is
Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is
rit.
but a bubble, Joy in life is but a bub-ble, Such a wor-ry, hur-ry, scur-ry,
but a bubble, Joy in life is but a bub-ble, Such a wor-ry, hur-ry, scur-ry,

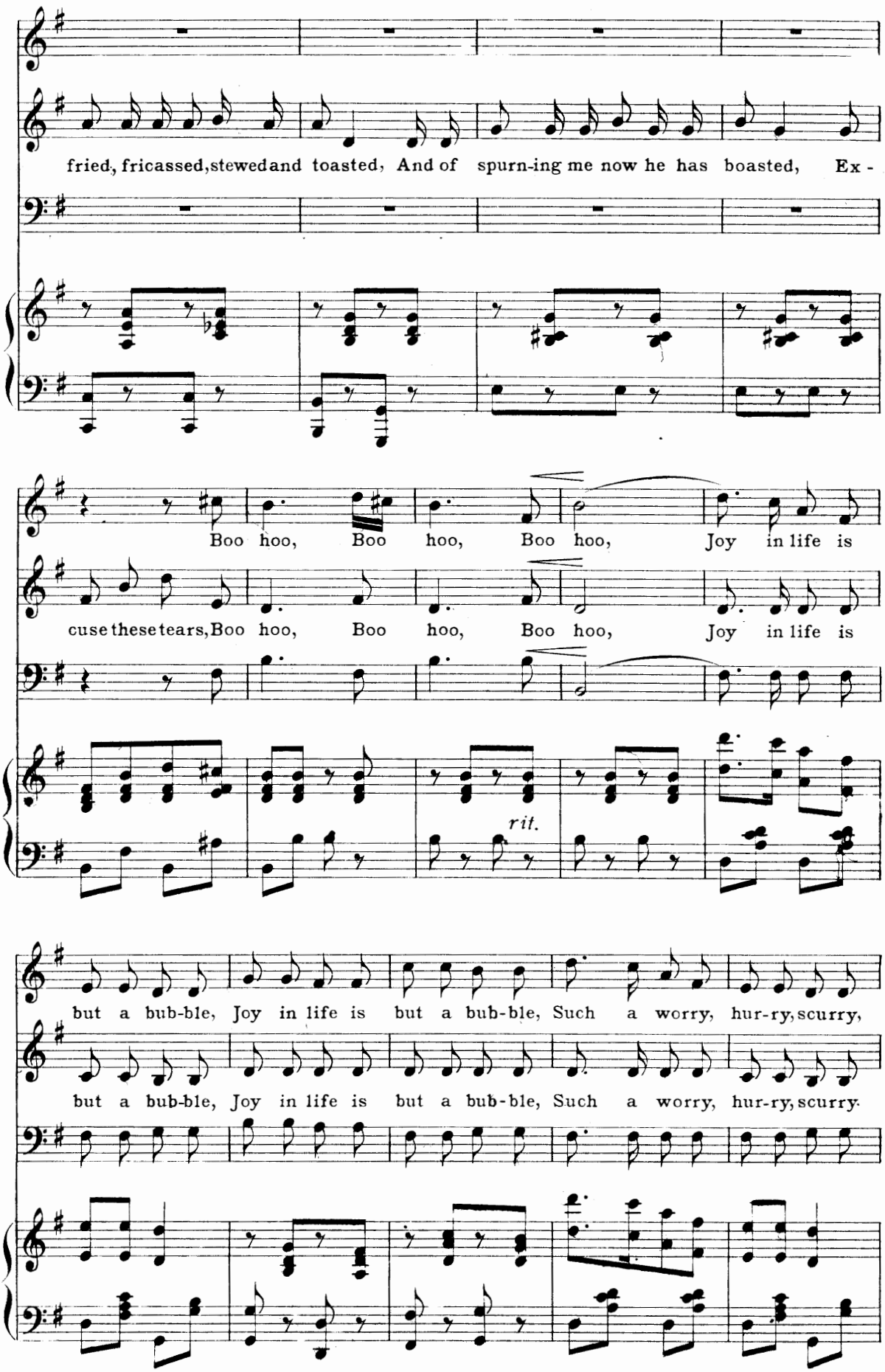

I have nev-er seen be-fore, Trou-ble I've no need to bor-row,
I have nev-er seen be-fore, Trou-ble I've no need to bor-row,
Life is full of grief and sor-row, Woe is me and well-a-day, Life is such a
Life is full of grief and sor-row, Woe is me and well-a-day, Life is such a
pp
stu-pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid bore.
stu-pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid bore.
Oh, your

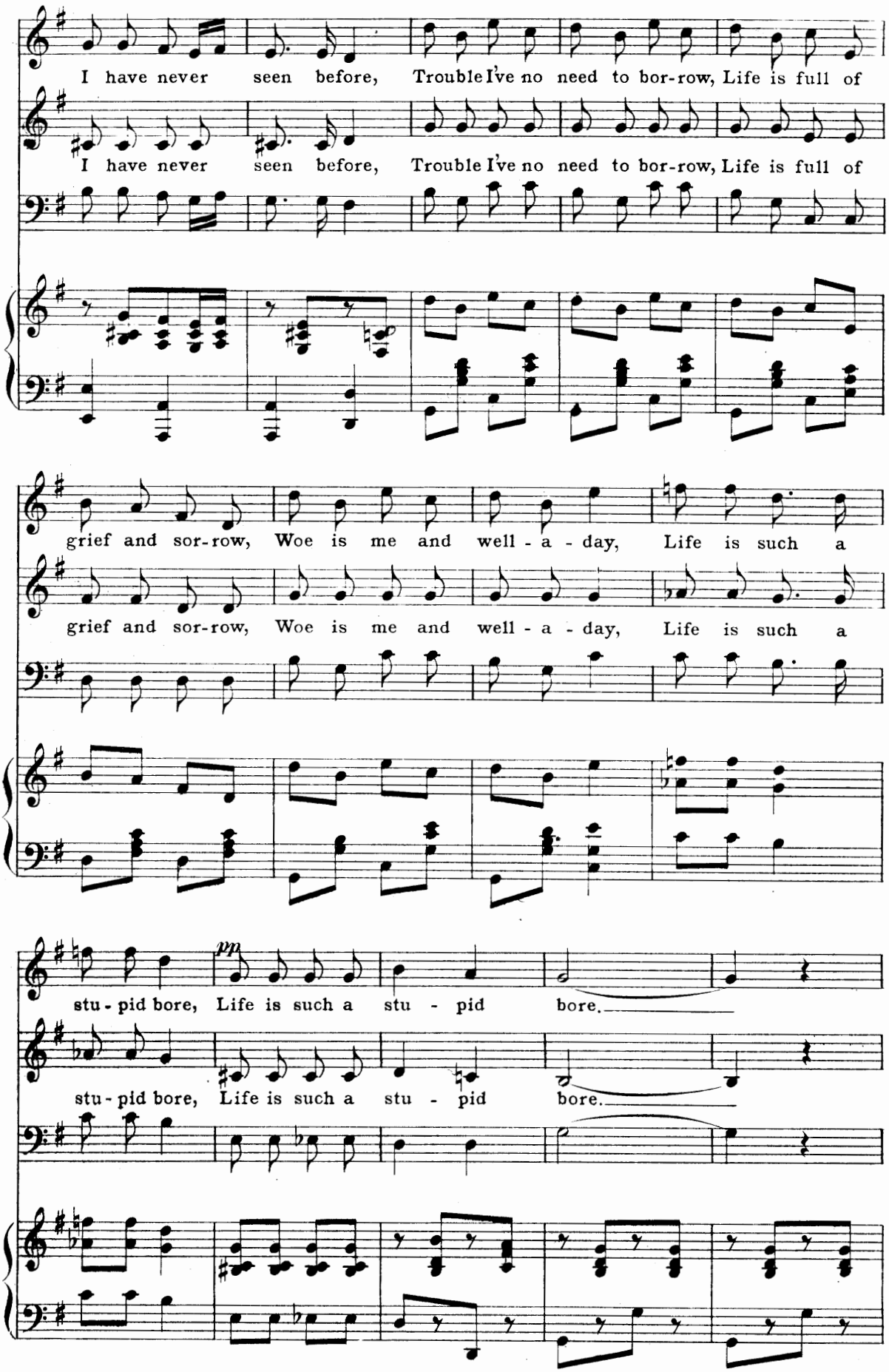

Boo hoo, Boo hoo,
Boo hoo, Boo hoo,
love's thrown away on a villain, Ex - cuse these tears, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, To be -
Boo hoo,
Boo hoo,
tray you he's on - ly too will - in', Ex - cuse these tears, Boo hoo, It is
bet-ter to love a pa - trician, Like me with a lof-ty po - sition, Than a

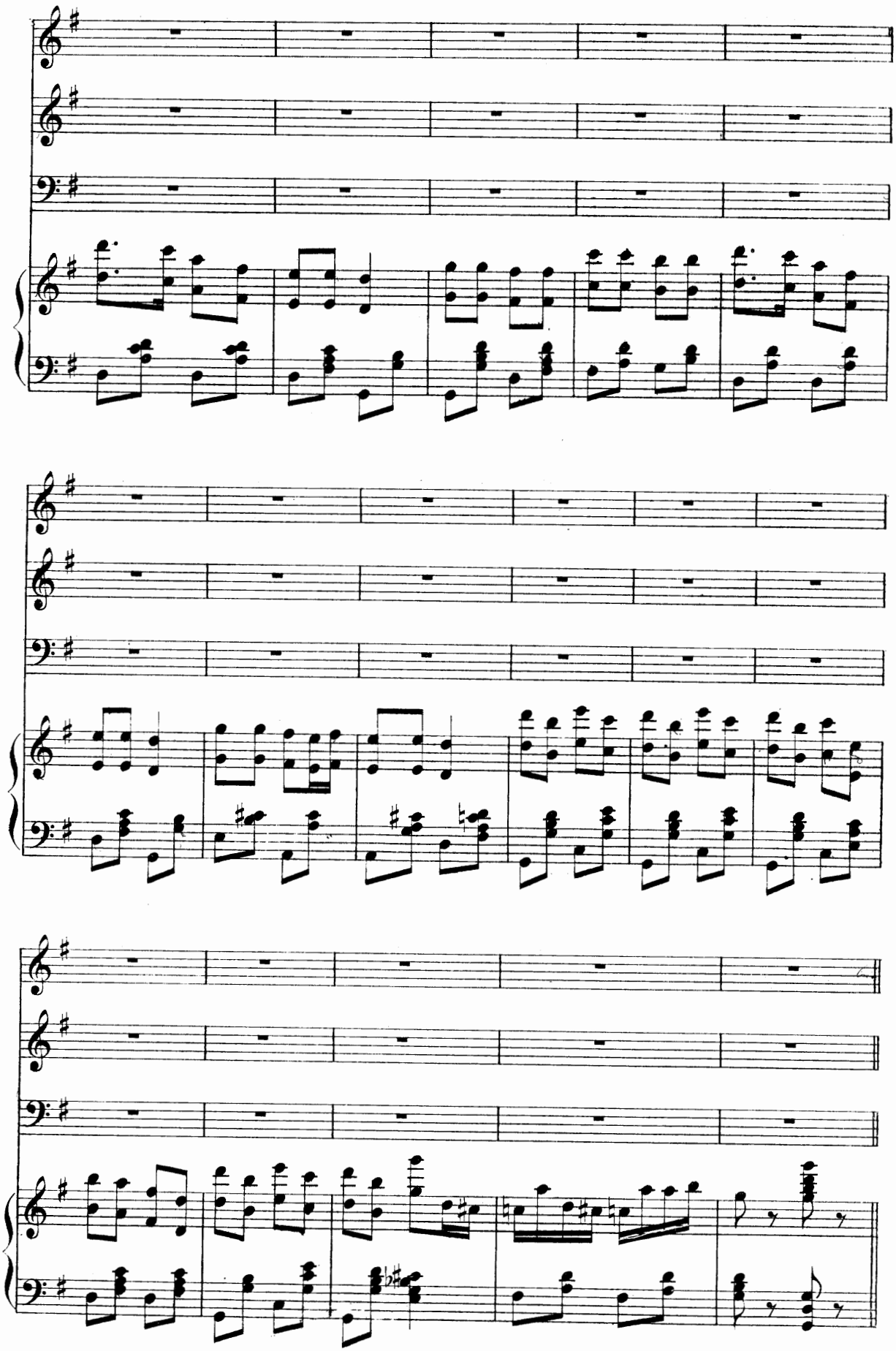

Boo hoo, Boo
Boo hoo, Boo
cob - bler en route to per - di - tion, Ex - cuse these tears, Boo hoo, Boo
hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is but a bub - ble,
hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is but a bub - ble,
hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is but a bub - ble,
rit.
Joy in life is but a bub - ble, Such a wor - ry, hur - ry, scur - ry,
Joy in life is but a bub - ble, Such a wor - ry, hur - ry, scur - ry,


I have nev - er seen be-fore, Trou-ble I've no need to bor - row,
I have nev - er seen be-fore, Trou-ble I've no need to bor - row,
Life is full of grief and sor - row, Woe is me and well - a - day,
Life is full of grief and sor - row, Woe is me and well - a - day,
Life is such a stu - pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid
Life is such a stu - pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid

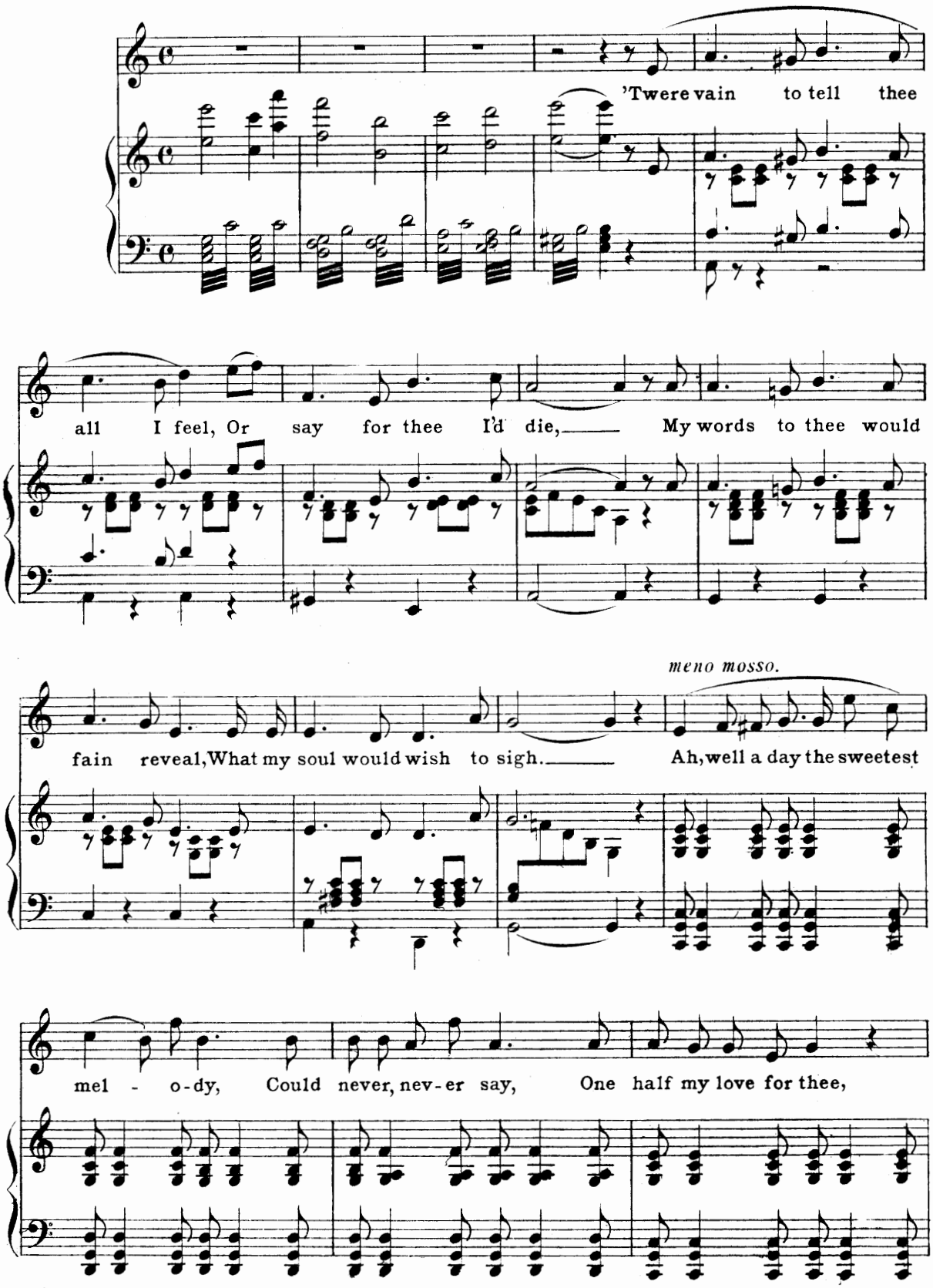

bore
bore
Oh, your trou-ble to mine is a tri - fle, Ex -
Boo hoo, Boo hoo,
cuse these tears, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, For my love I've for years tried to sti - fle, Ex -
Boo hoo, Boo hoo,
Boo hoo,
cuse these tears, Boo hoo, For this cob-bler as cook I have roasted, I've
Boo hoo,


fried, fricassed, stewed and toasted, And of spurn-ing me now he has boasted, Ex -
Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is
cuse these tears, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Boo hoo, Joy in life is
rit.
but a bub-ble, Joy in life is but a bub-ble, Such a worry, hur-ry, scurry,
but a bub-ble, Joy in life is but a bub-ble, Such a worry, hur-ry, scurry.


I have never seen before, Trouble I've no need to bor-row, Life is full of
I have never seen before, Trouble I've no need to bor-row, Life is full of
grief and sor-row, Woe is me and well - a - day, Life is such a
grief and sor-row, Woe is me and well - a - day, Life is such a
pp
stu - pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid bore.
stu - pid bore, Life is such a stu - pid bore.



No. 6. Twere Vain to Tell.



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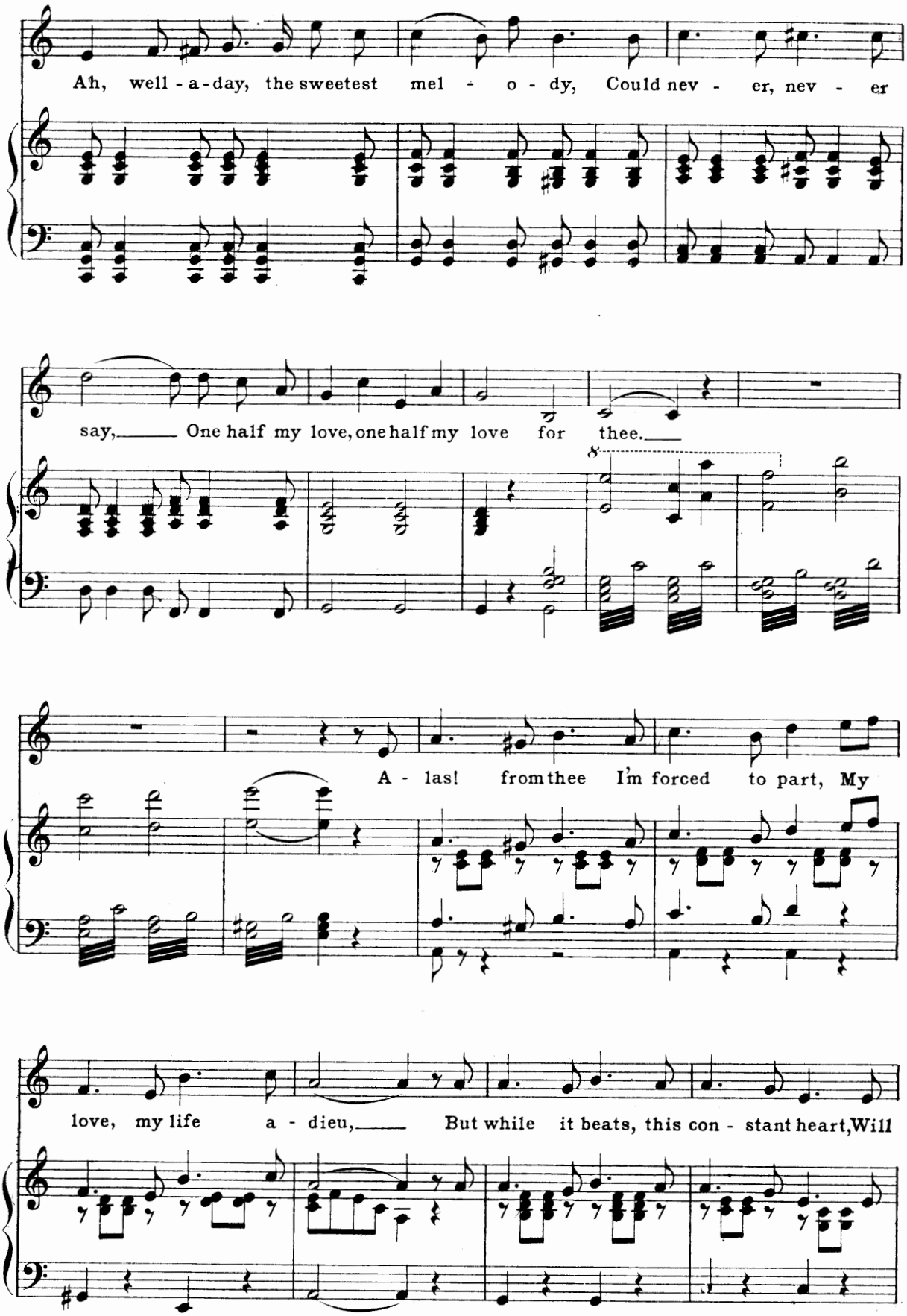
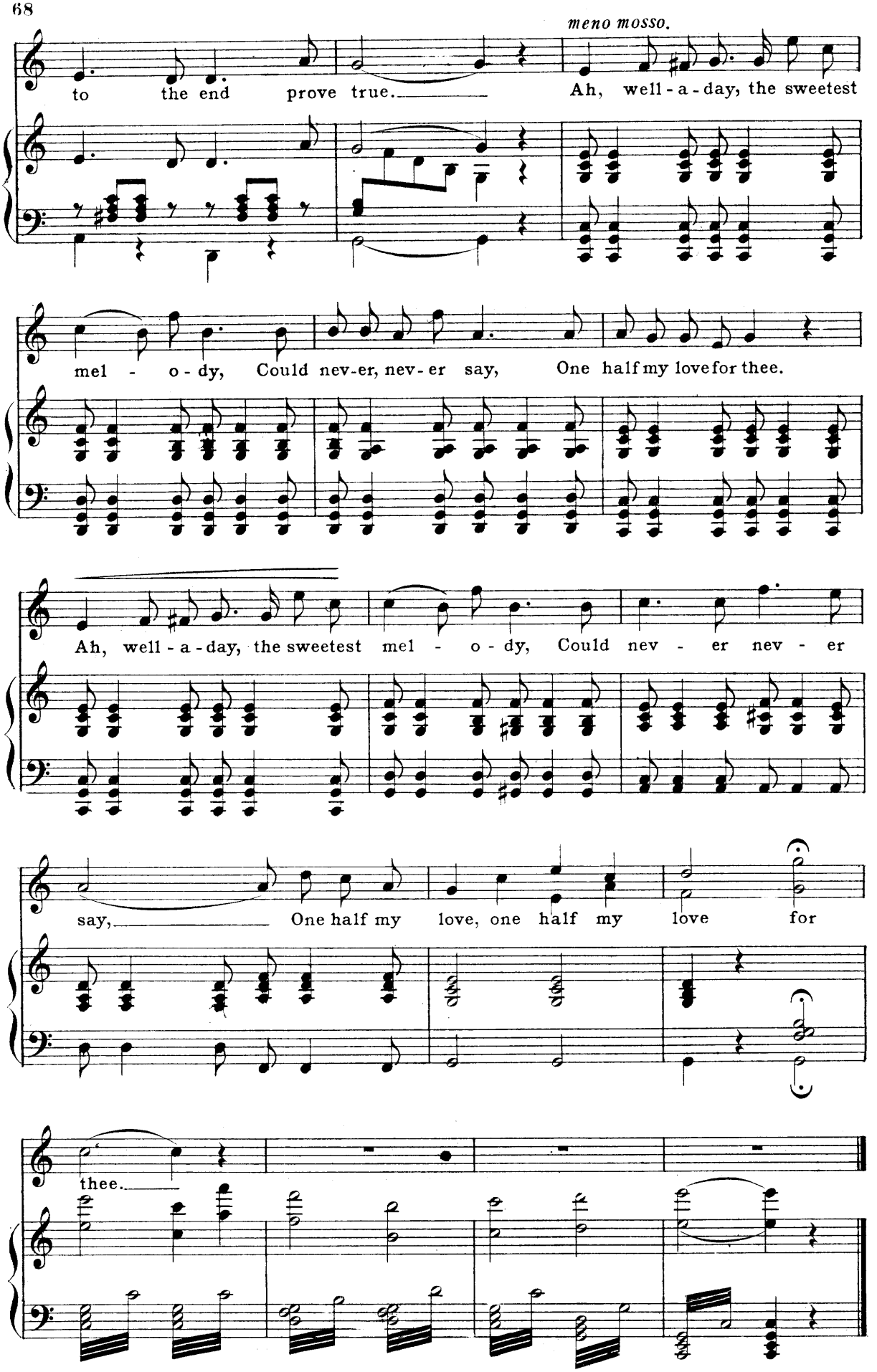
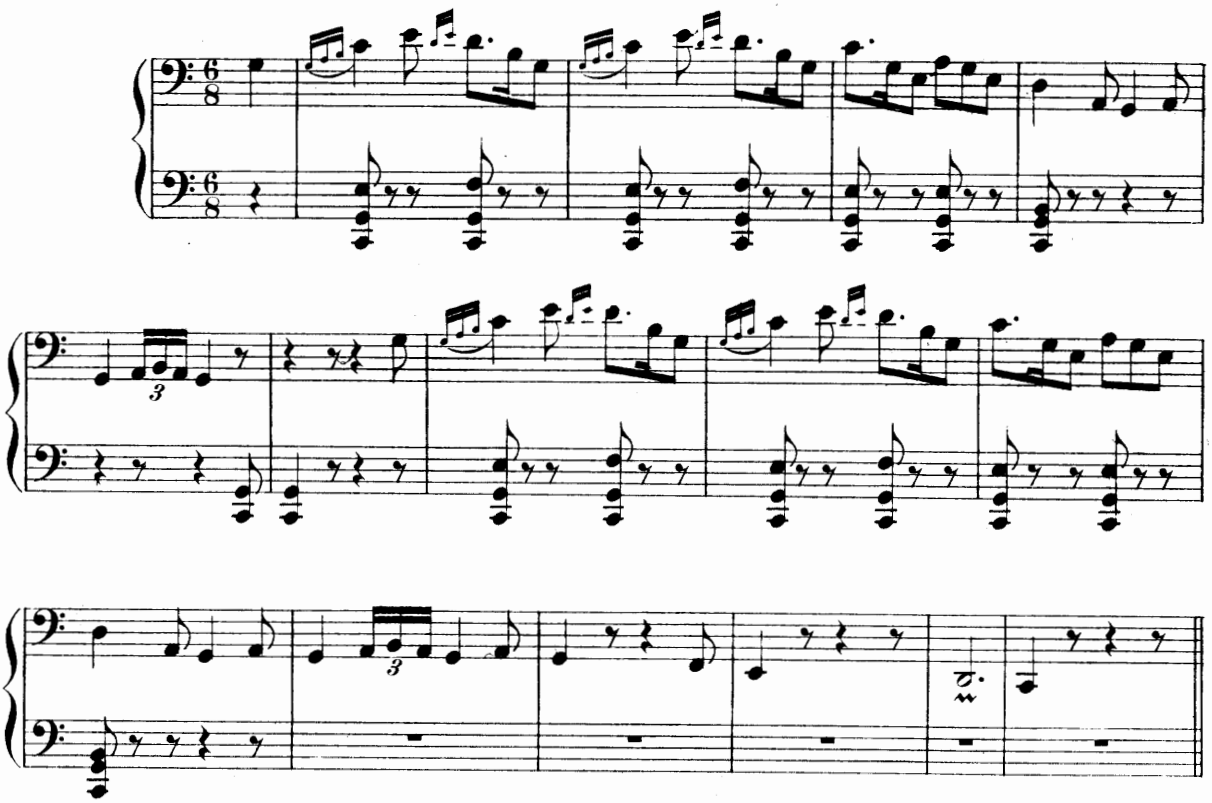
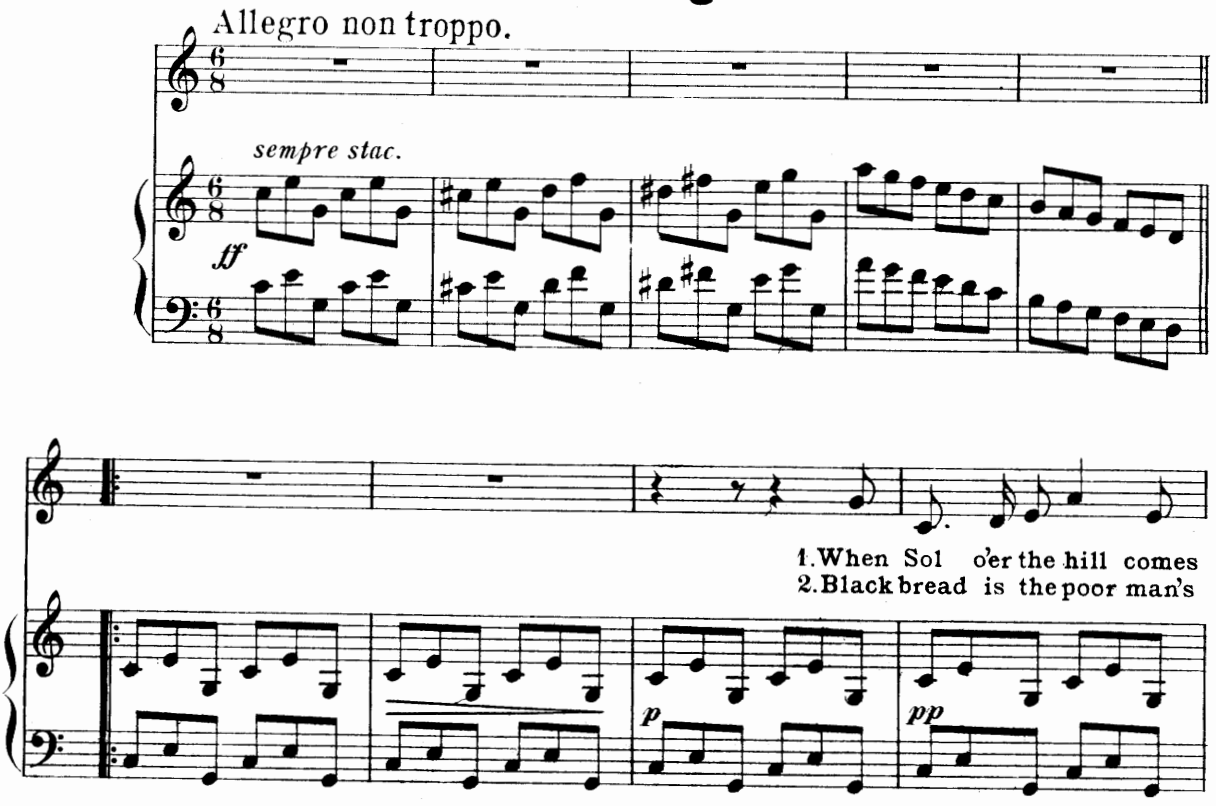

Ah, well - a - day, the sweetest mel - o - dy, Could nev - er, nev - er
say, One half my love, one half my love for thee.
A - las! from thee I'm forced to part, My
love, my life a - dieu, But while it beats, this con - stant heart, Will


meno mosso.
to the end prove true.
Ah, well-a-day, the sweetest
mel - o-dy, Could nev-er, nev-er say, One half my love for thee.
Ah, well-a-day, the sweetest mel - o-dy, Could nev - er nev - er
say, One half my love, one half my love for
thee.

Nº 7. Entrance of Spurius.



Nº 8. Cobbler's Song & Chorus.



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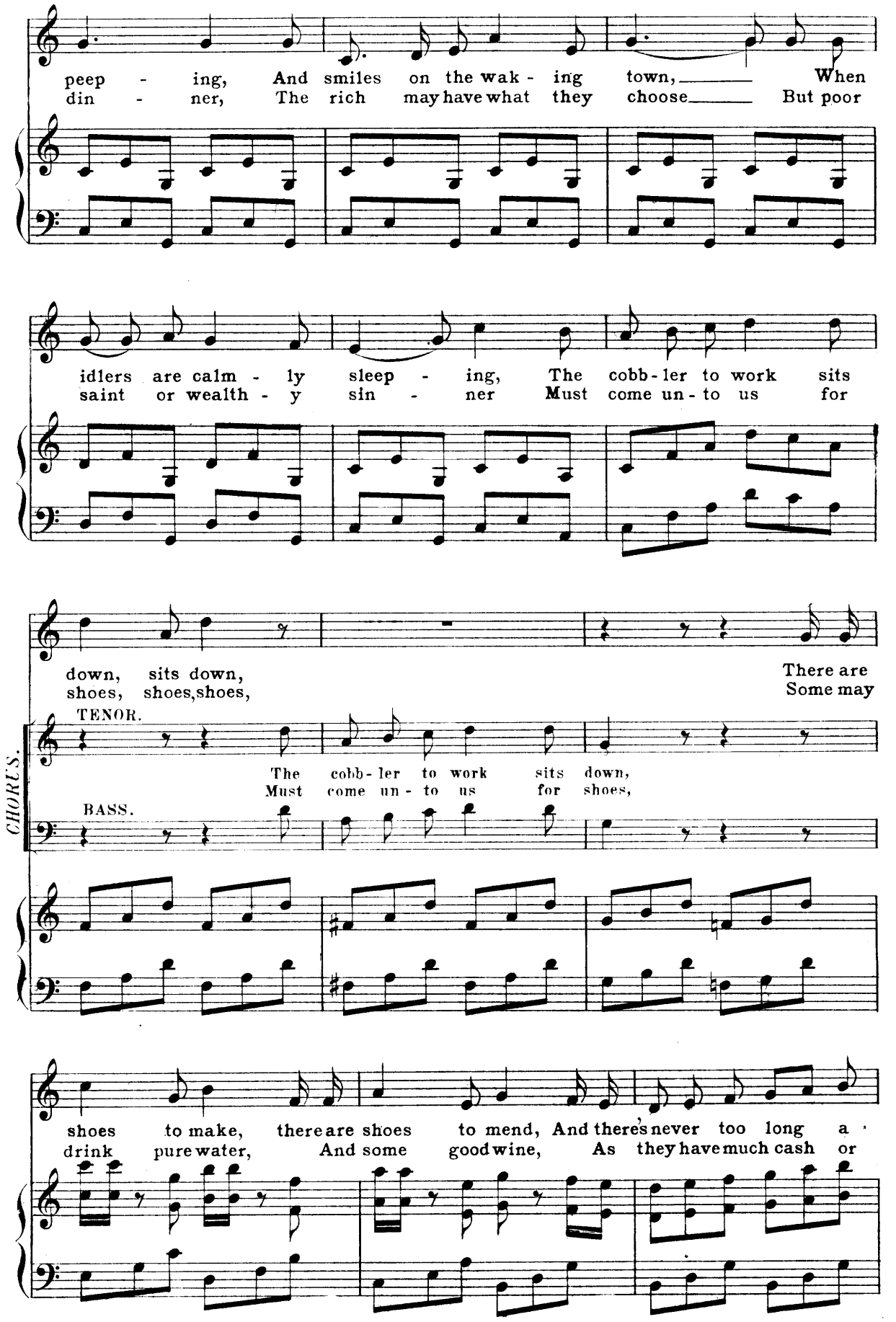
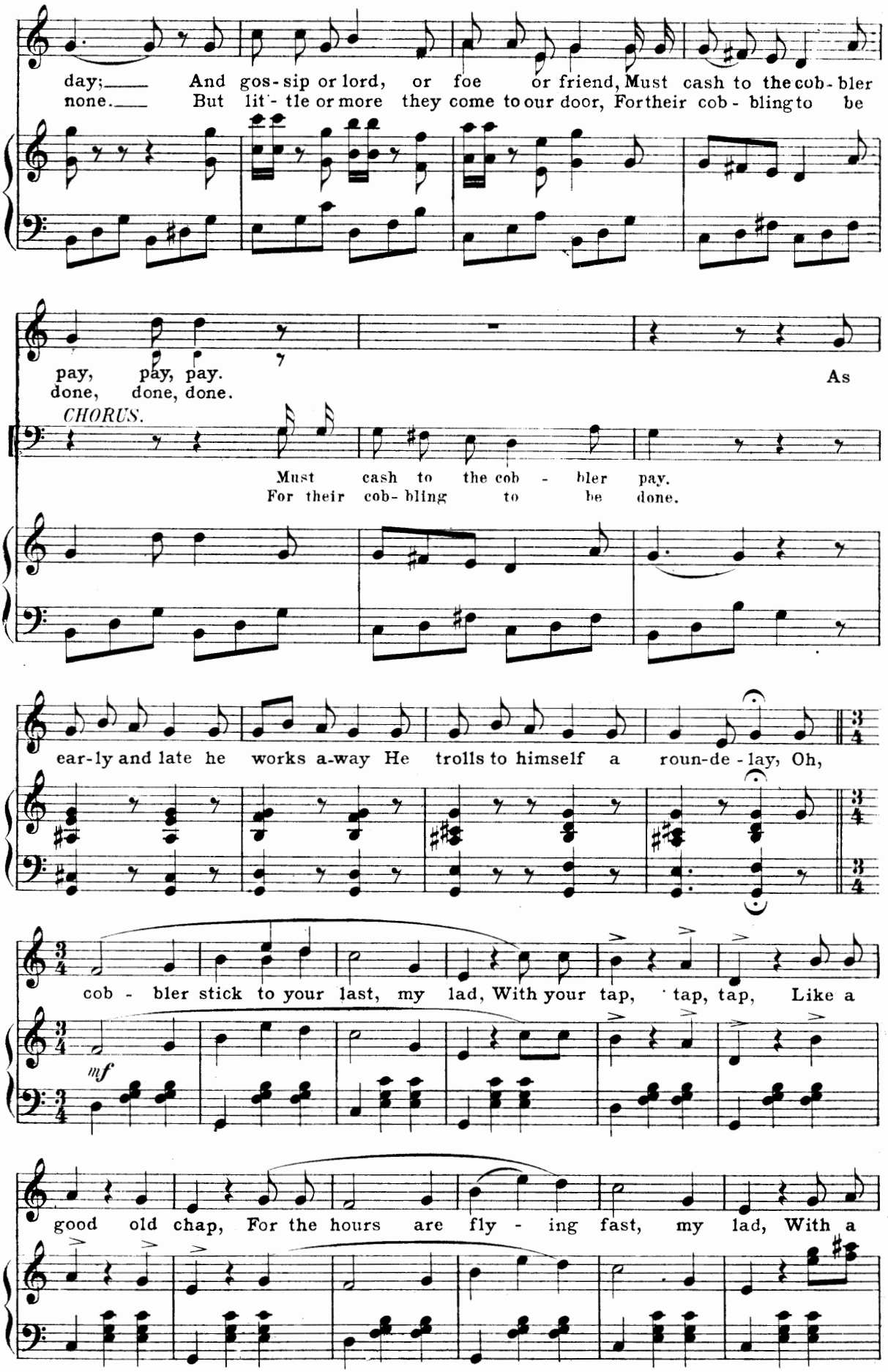
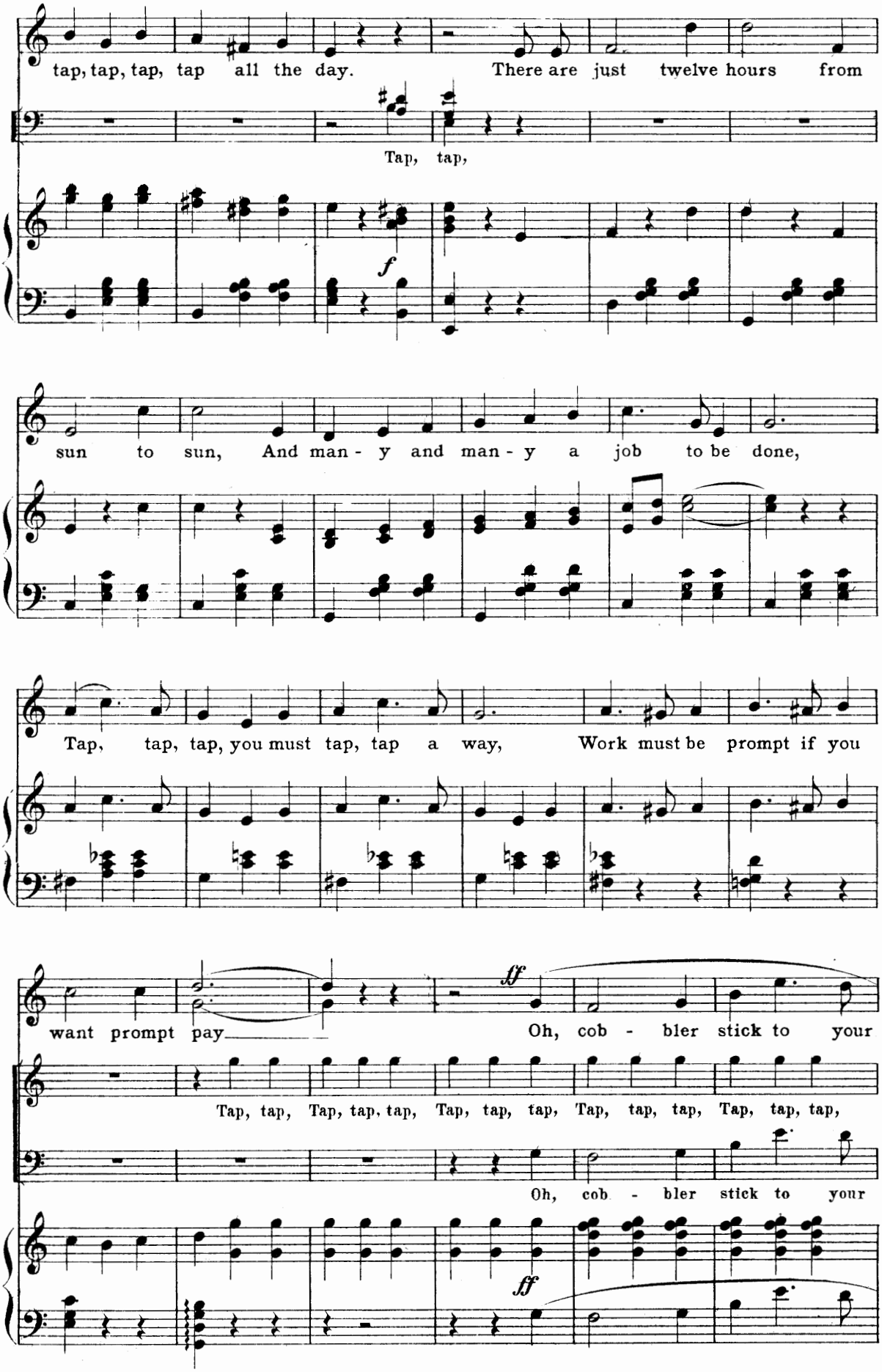
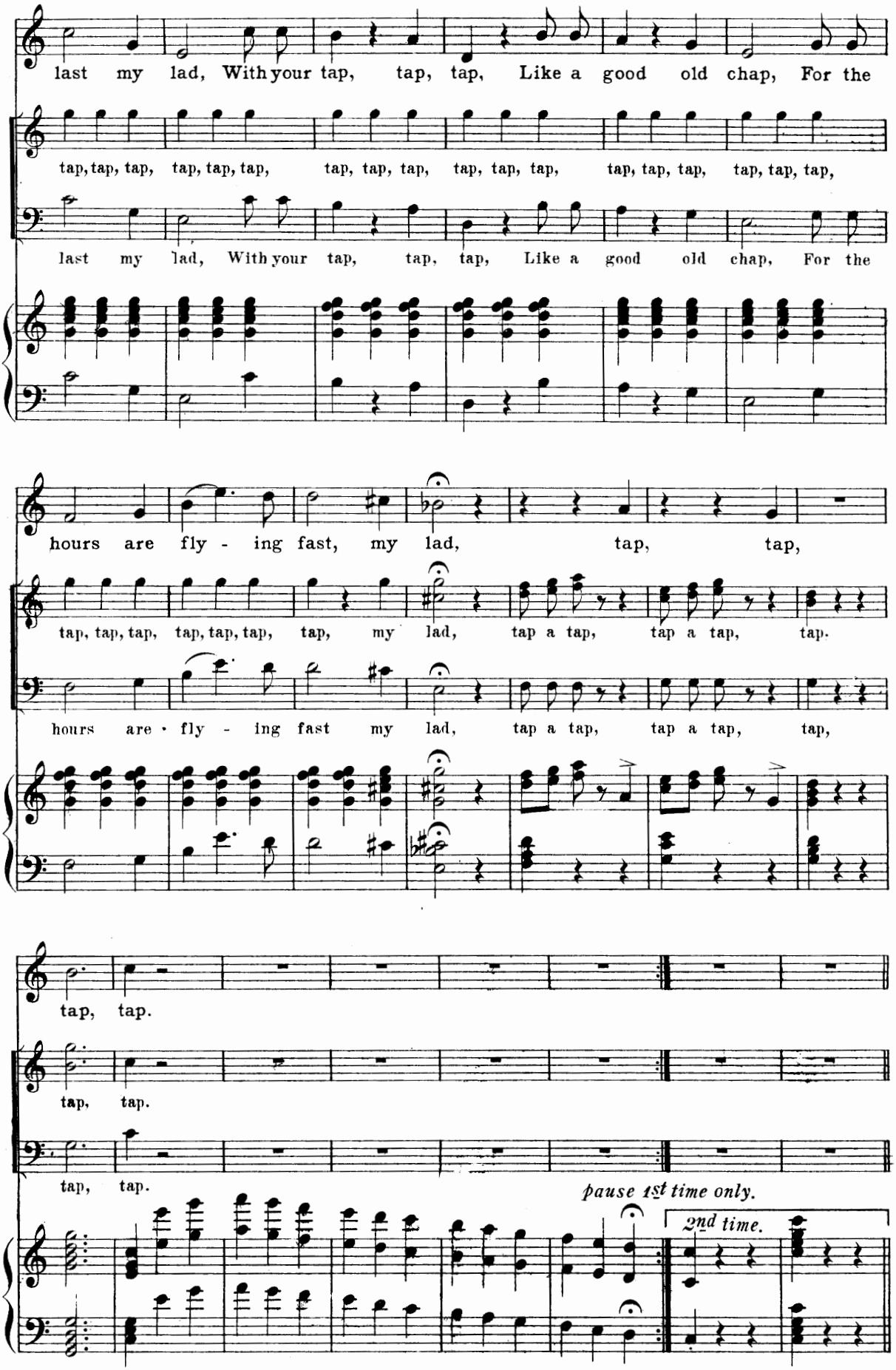
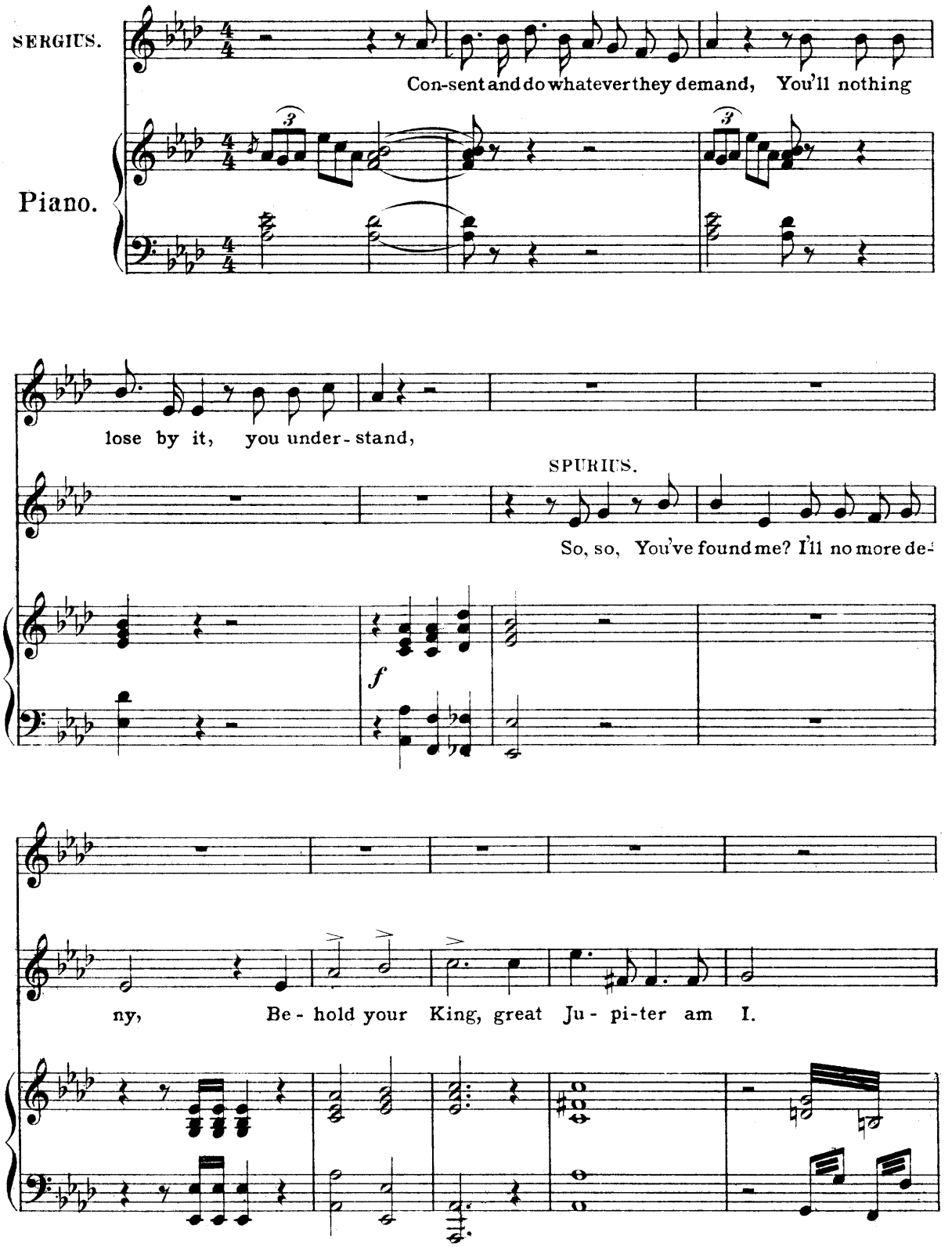

peep - ing, And smiles on the wak - ing town, When
din - ner, The rich may have what they choose But poor
idlers are calm - ly sleep - ing, The cobb - ler to work sits
saint or wealth - y sin - ner Must come un - to us for
down, sits down,
shoes, shoes, shoes,
There are
Some may
CHORUS.
TENOR.
The cobb - ler to work sits down,
Must come un - to us for shoes,
BASS.
shoes to make, there are shoes to mend, And there's never too long a
drink pure water, And some good wine, As they have much cash or


day;— And gos-sip or lord, or foe or friend, Must cash to the cob-bler
none.— But lit-tle or more they come to our door, For their cob-bling to be
pay, pay, pay.
done, done, done.
As
CHORUS.
Must cash to the cob - bler pay.
For their cob-bling to be done.
ear-ly and late he works a-way He trolls to himself a roun-de-lay, Oh,
cob - bler stick to your last, my lad, With your tap, tap, tap, Like a
mf
good old chap, For the hours are fly - ing fast, my lad, With a


tap, tap, tap, tap all the day. There are just twelve hours from
Tap, tap,
f
sun to sun, And man - y and man - y a job to be done,
Tap, tap, tap, you must tap, tap a way, Work must be prompt if you
want prompt pay
ff
Oh, cob - bler stick to your
Tap, tap, Tap, tap, tap, Tap, tap, tap, Tap, tap, tap, Tap, tap, tap,
Oh, cob - bler stick to your
ff


last my lad, With your tap, tap, tap, Like a good old chap, For the
tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap,
last my lad, With your tap, tap, tap, Like a good old chap, For the
hours are fly - ing fast, my lad, tap, tap,
tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap, my lad, tap a tap, tap a tap, tap.
hours are · fly - ing fast my lad, tap a tap, tap a tap, tap,
tap, tap.
tap, tap.
tap, tap.
pause 1st time only.
2nd time.

No 9. Finale.



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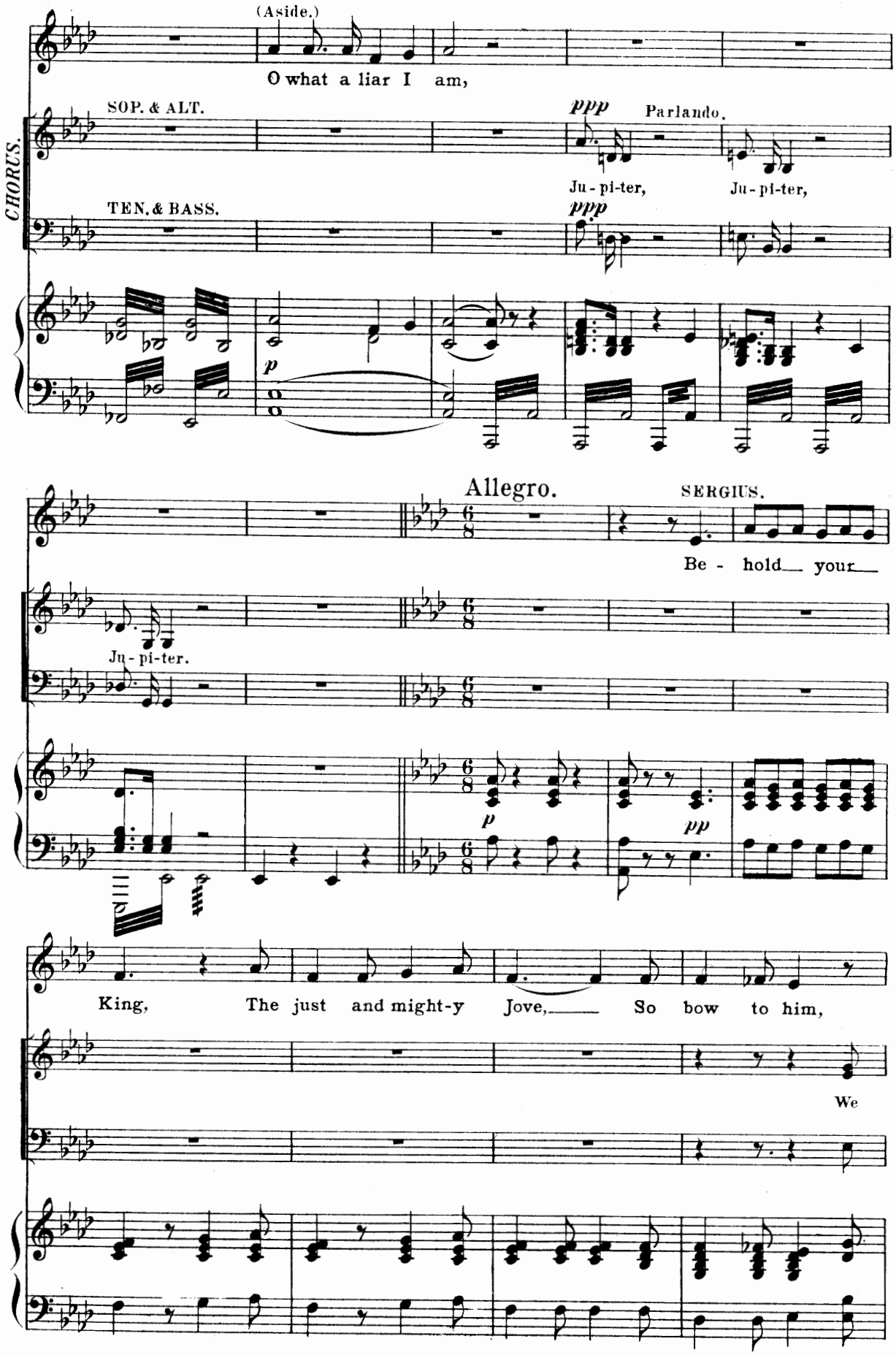
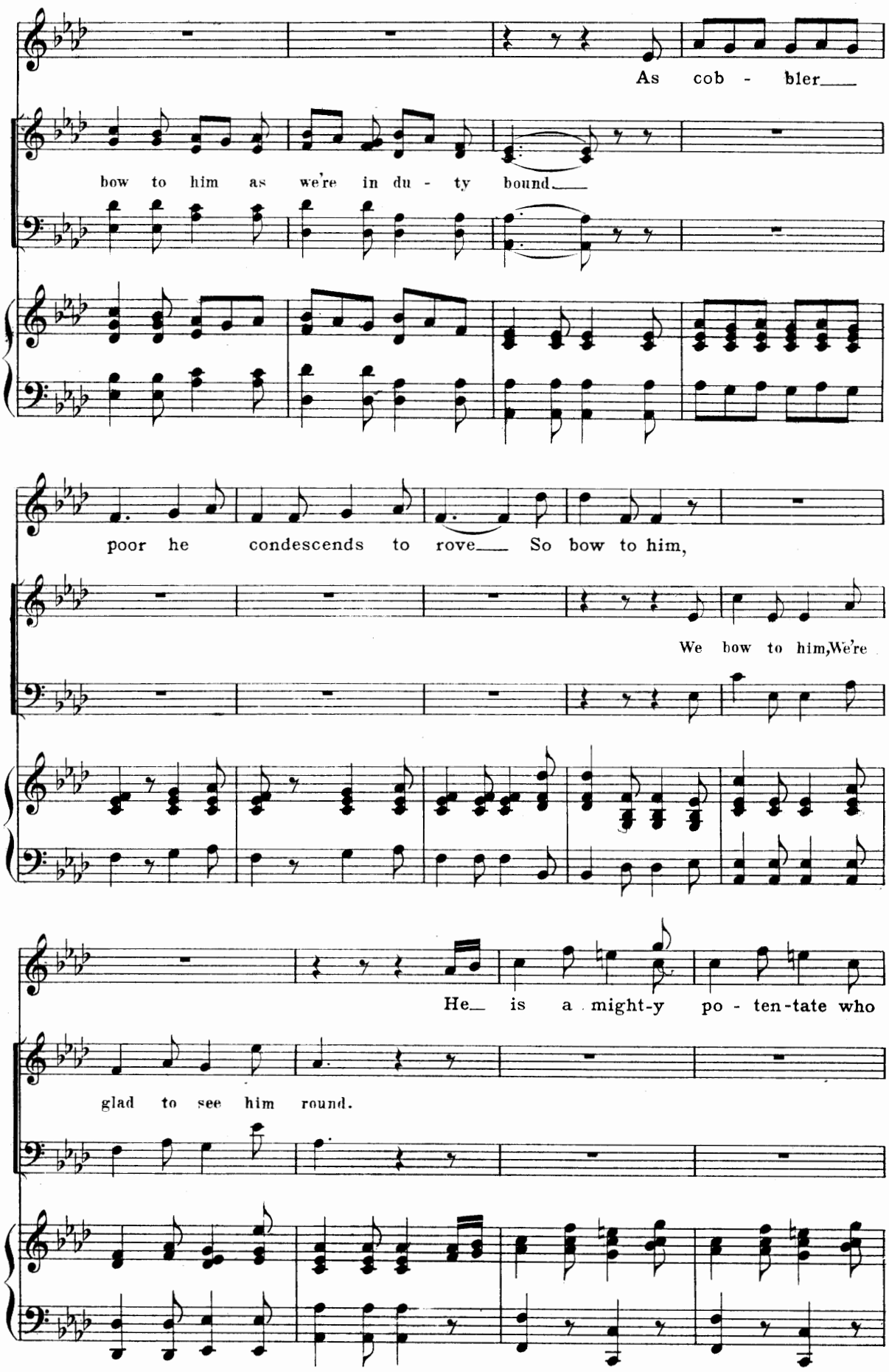
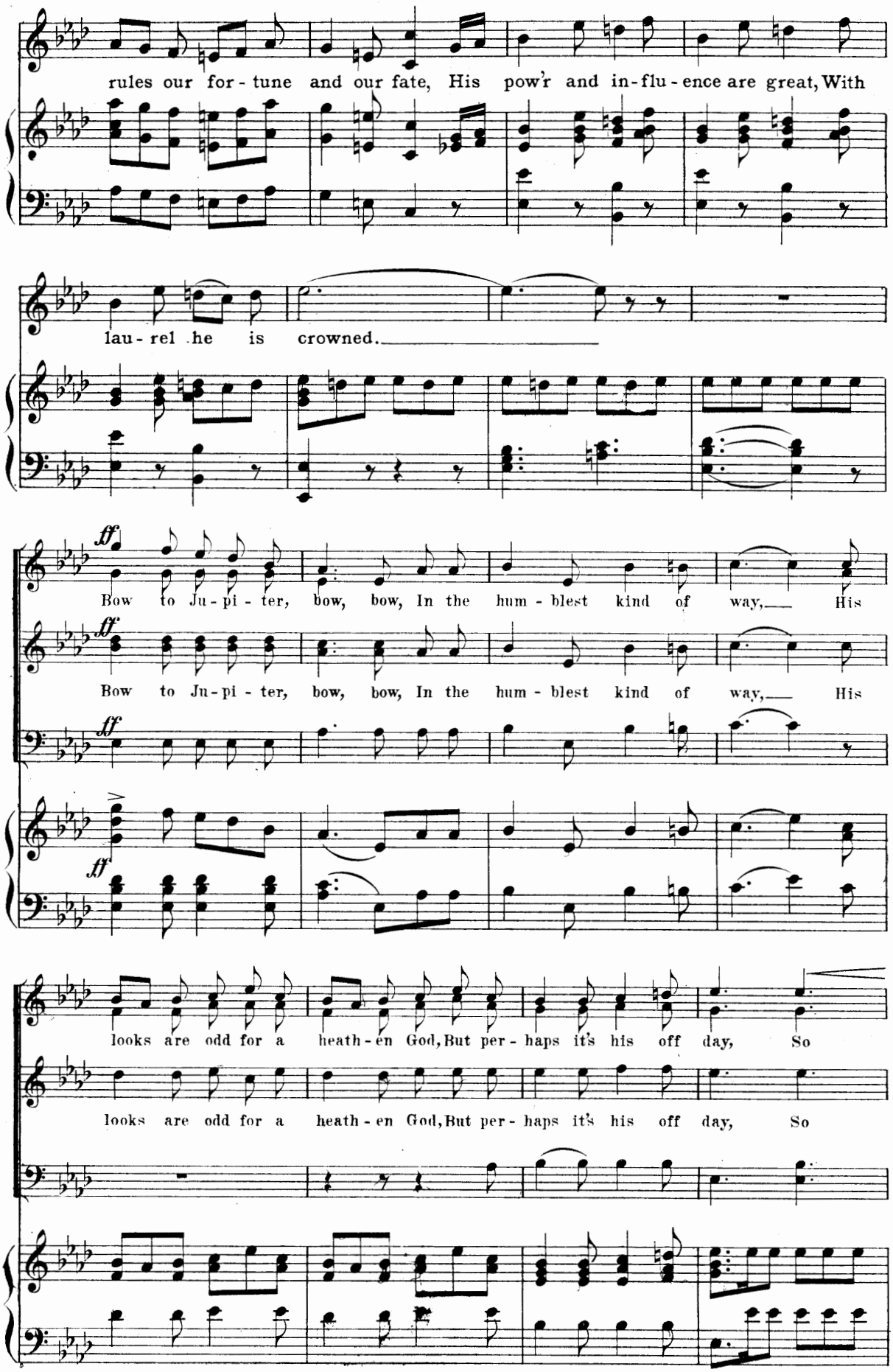
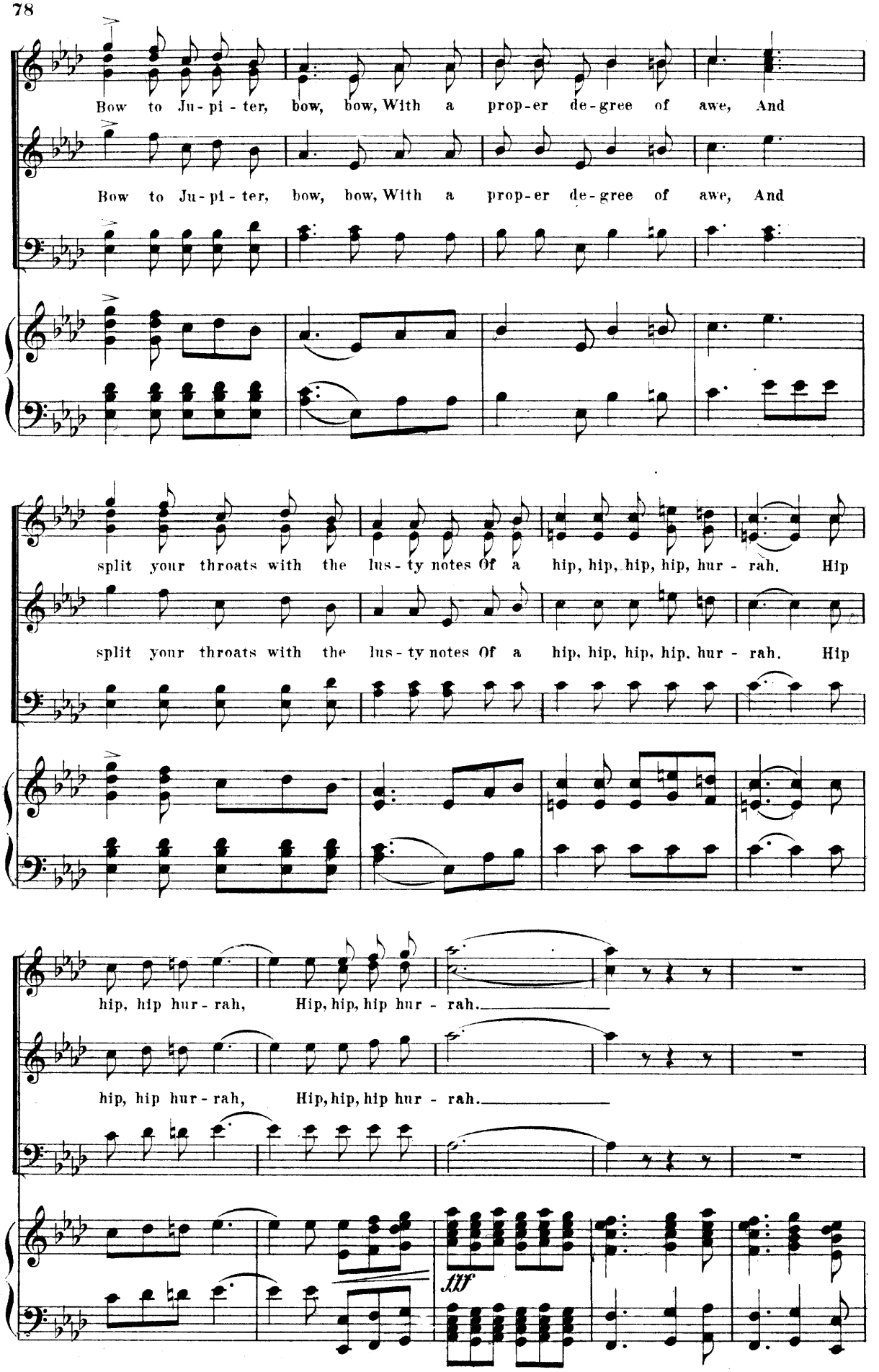
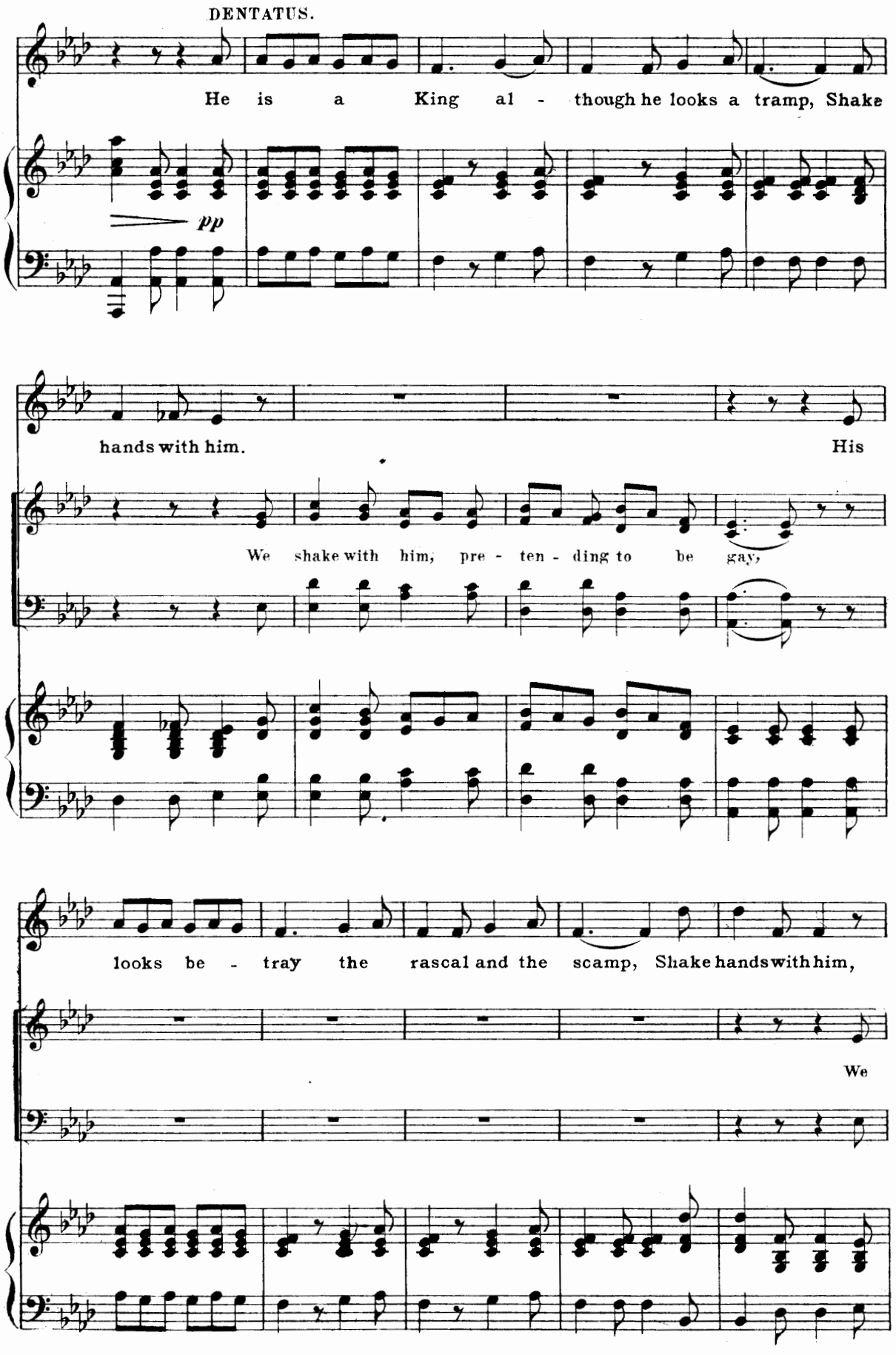
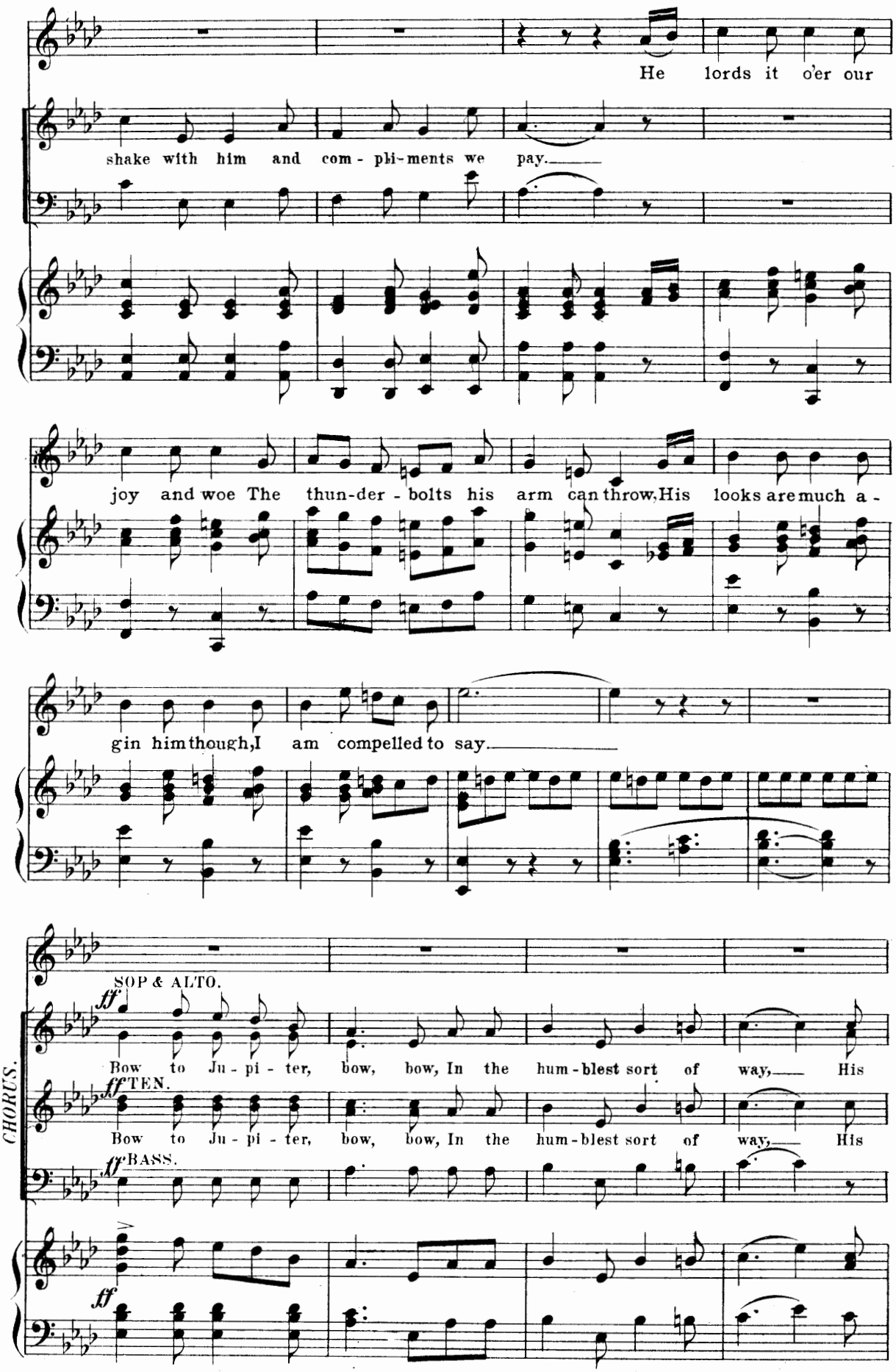

(Aside.)
O what a liar I am,
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALT.
TEN. & BASS.
ppp
Parlando.
Ju - pi-ter,
Ju - pi-ter,
ppp
p
Allegro.
SERGIUS.
Be - hold your
Ju - pi-ter.
p
pp
King, The just and might-y Jove, So bow to him,
We

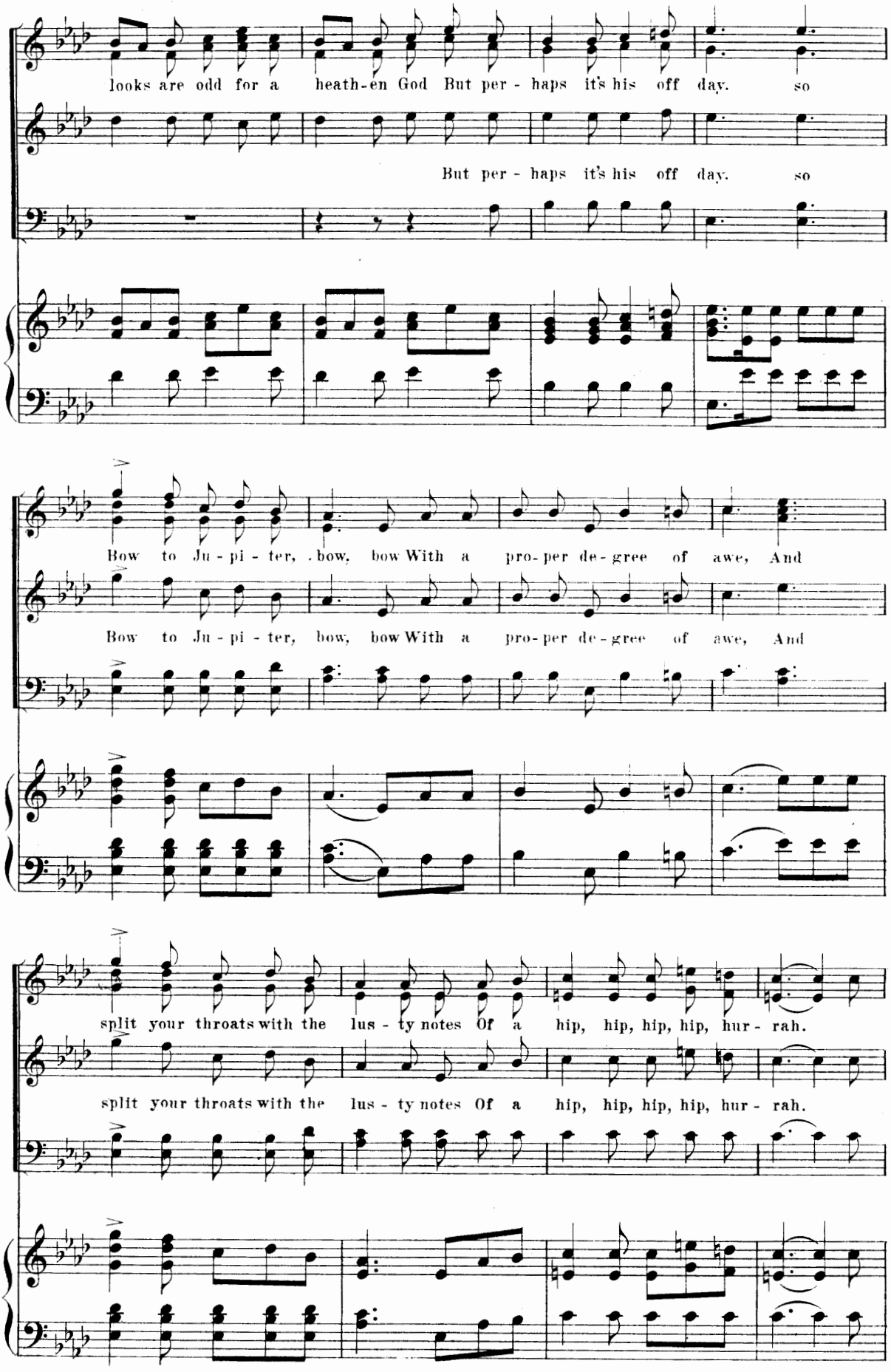

As cob - bler___
bow to him as we're in du - ty bound___
poor he condescends to rove___ So bow to him,
We bow to him, We're
He___ is a might-y po - ten-tate who
glad to see him round.

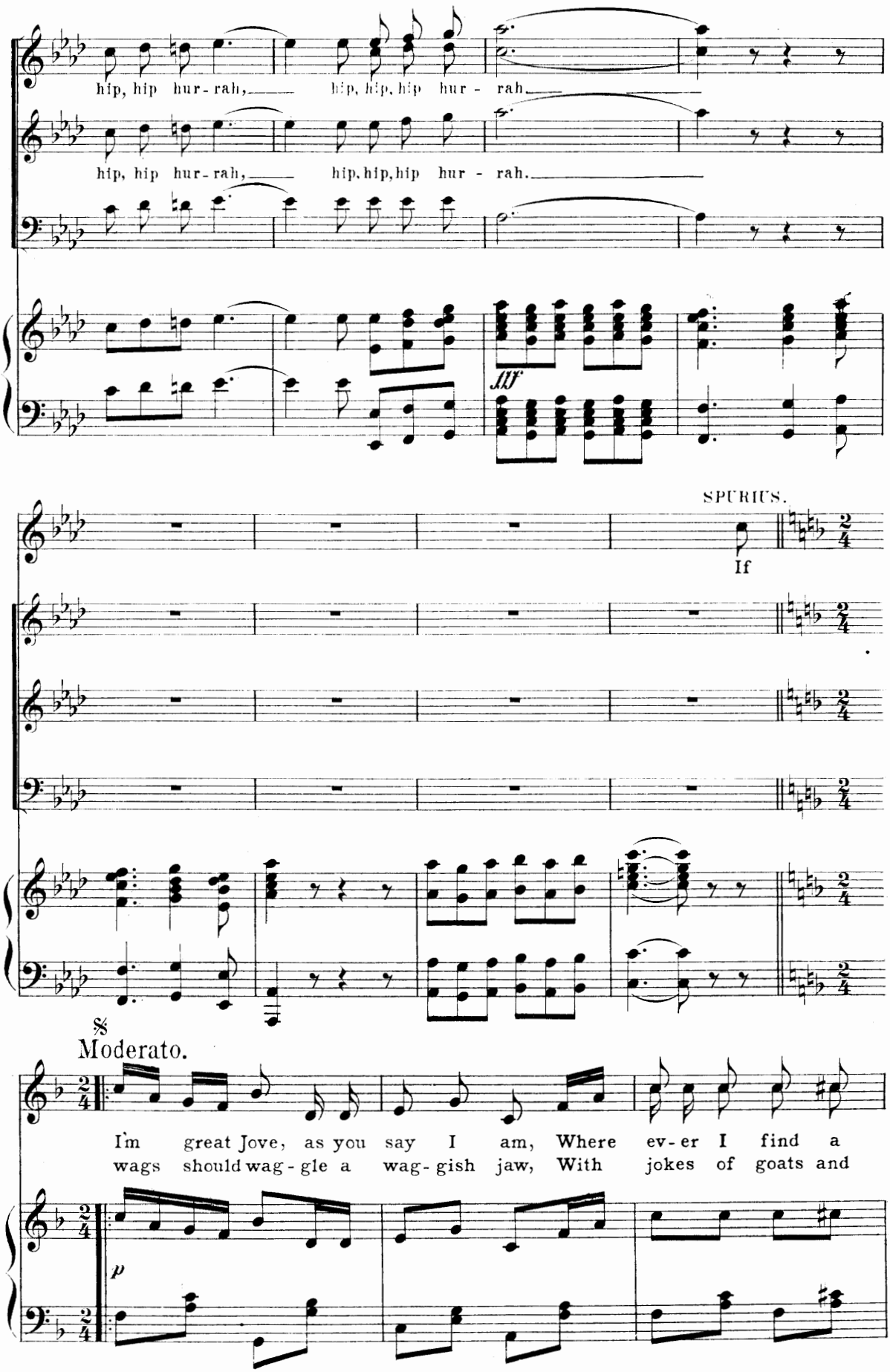

rules our for - tune and our fate, His pow'r and in-flu - ence are great, With
lau - rel he is crowned.
ff
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow, In the hum - blest kind of way, His
ff
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow, In the hum - blest kind of way, His
ff
looks are odd for a heath - en God, But per - haps it's his off day, So
looks are odd for a heath - en God, But per - haps it's his off day, So

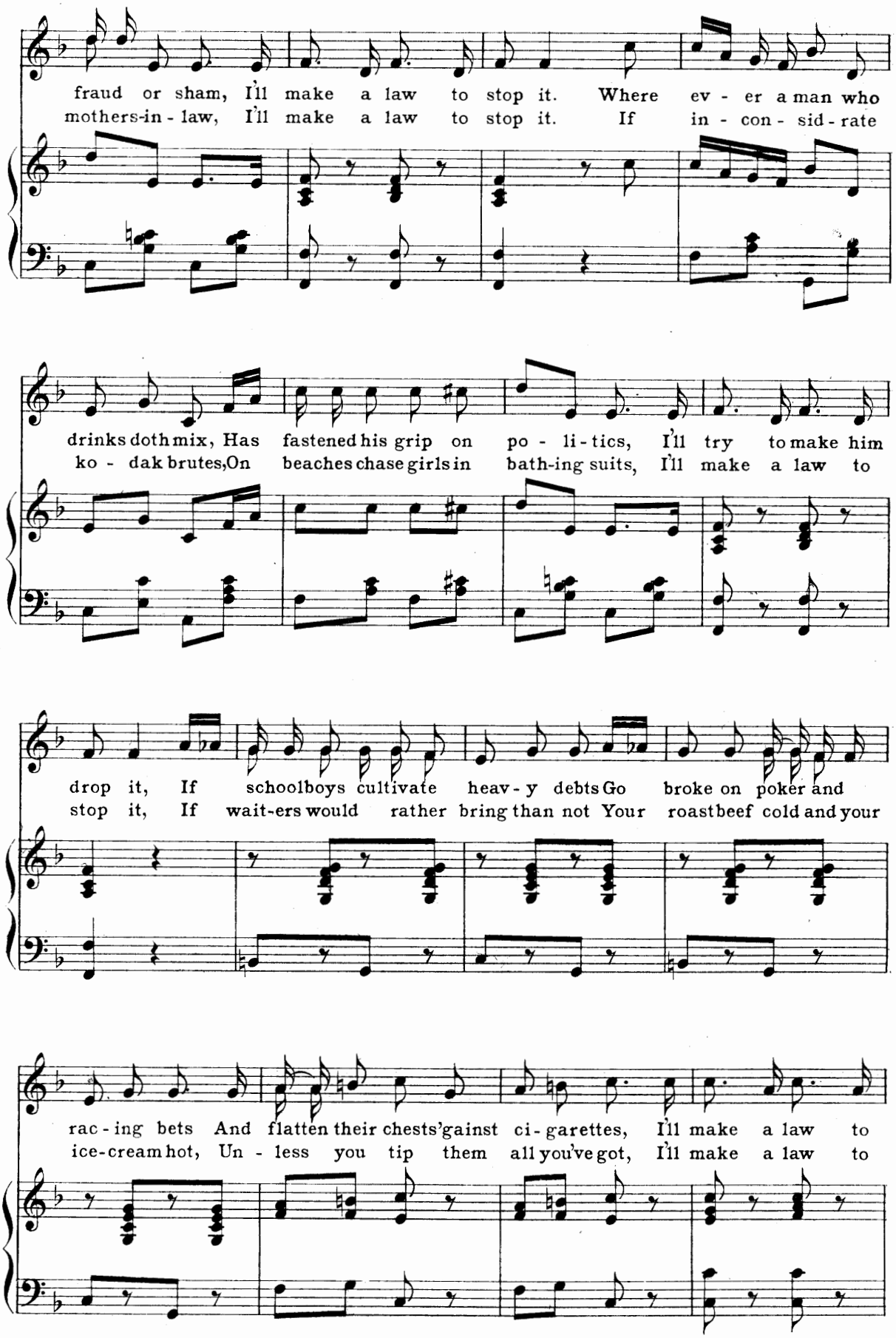

Bow to Ju-pi-ter, bow, bow, With a prop-er de-gree of awe, And
Bow to Ju-pi-ter, bow, bow, With a prop-er de-gree of awe, And
split your throats with the lus-ty notes Of a hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-rah. Hip
split your throats with the lus-ty notes Of a hip, hip, hip, hip, hur-rah. Hip
hip, hip hur-rah, Hip, hip, hip hur-rah.
hip, hip hur-rah, Hip, hip, hip hur-rah.
fff

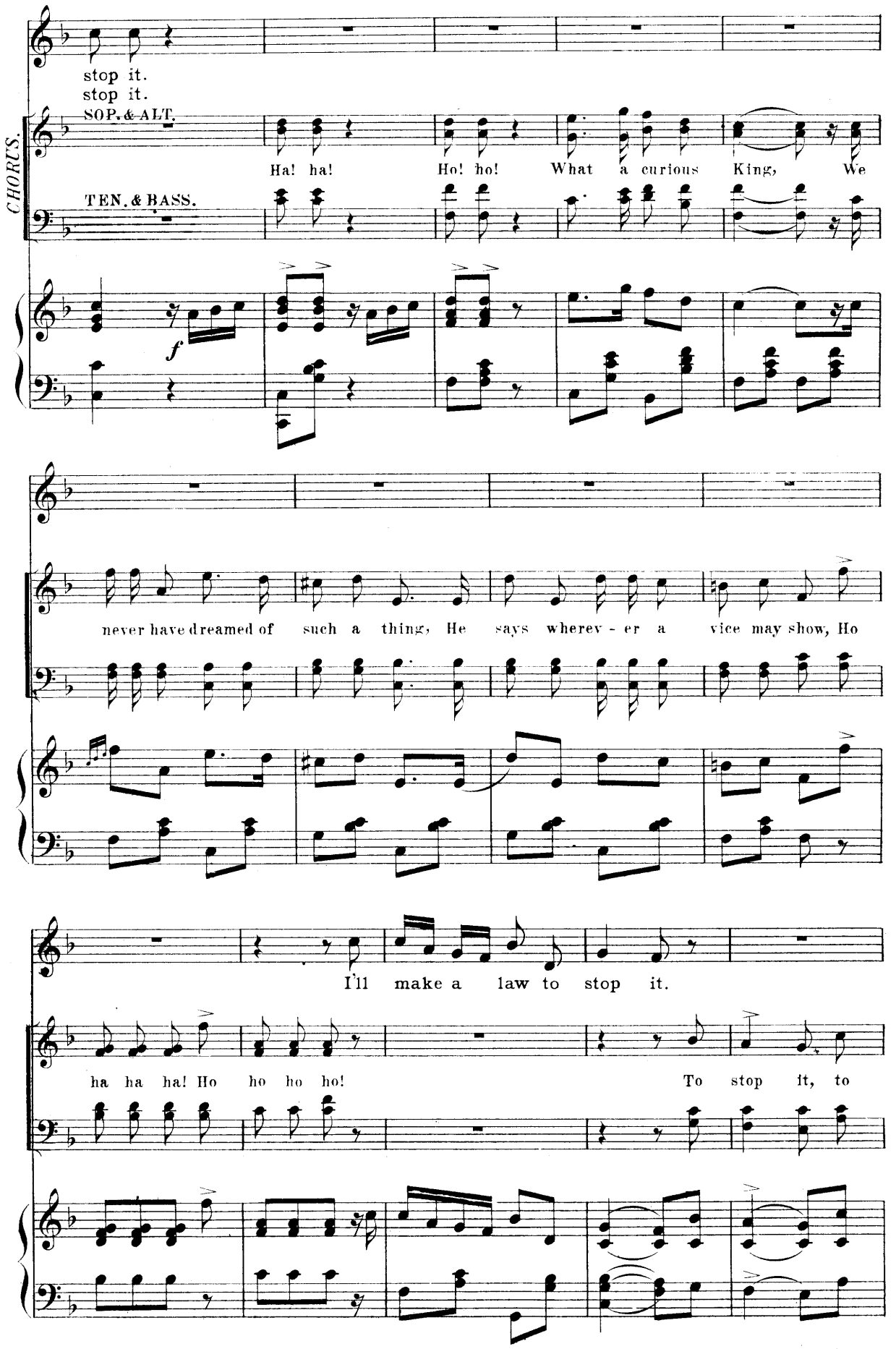

DENTATUS.
He is a King al - though he looks a tramp, Shake
pp
hands with him.
His
We shake with him, pre - ten - ding to be gay,
looks be - tray the rascal and the scamp, Shake hands with him,
We

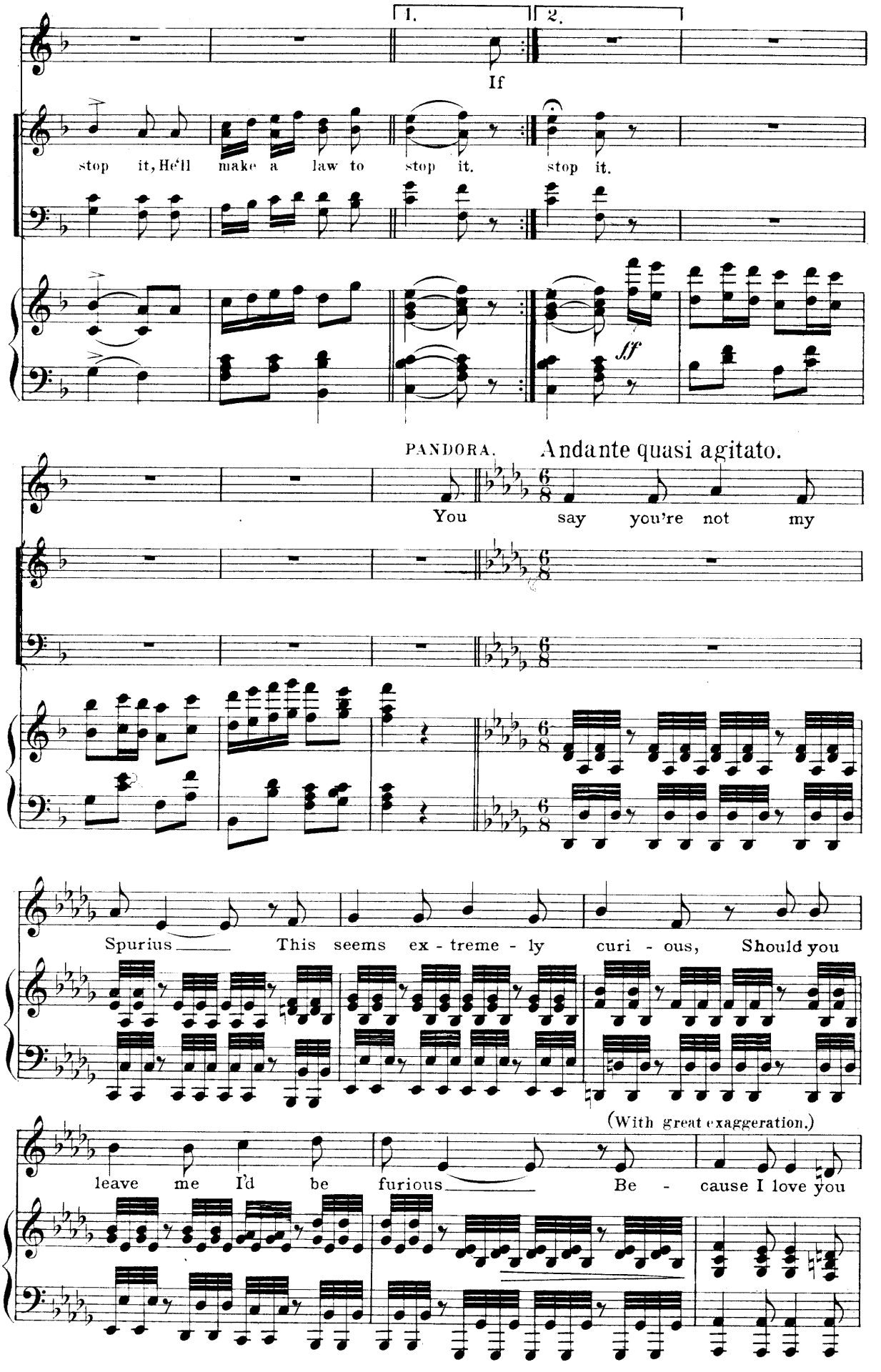

He lords it o'er our
shake with him and com - pli-ments we pay.
joy and woe The thun-der - bolts his arm can throw, His looks are much a -
gin him though, I am compelled to say.
CHORUS.
SOP & ALTO.
ff
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow, In the hum - blest sort of way, His
TEN.
ff
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow, In the hum - blest sort of way, His
BASS.
ff
ff

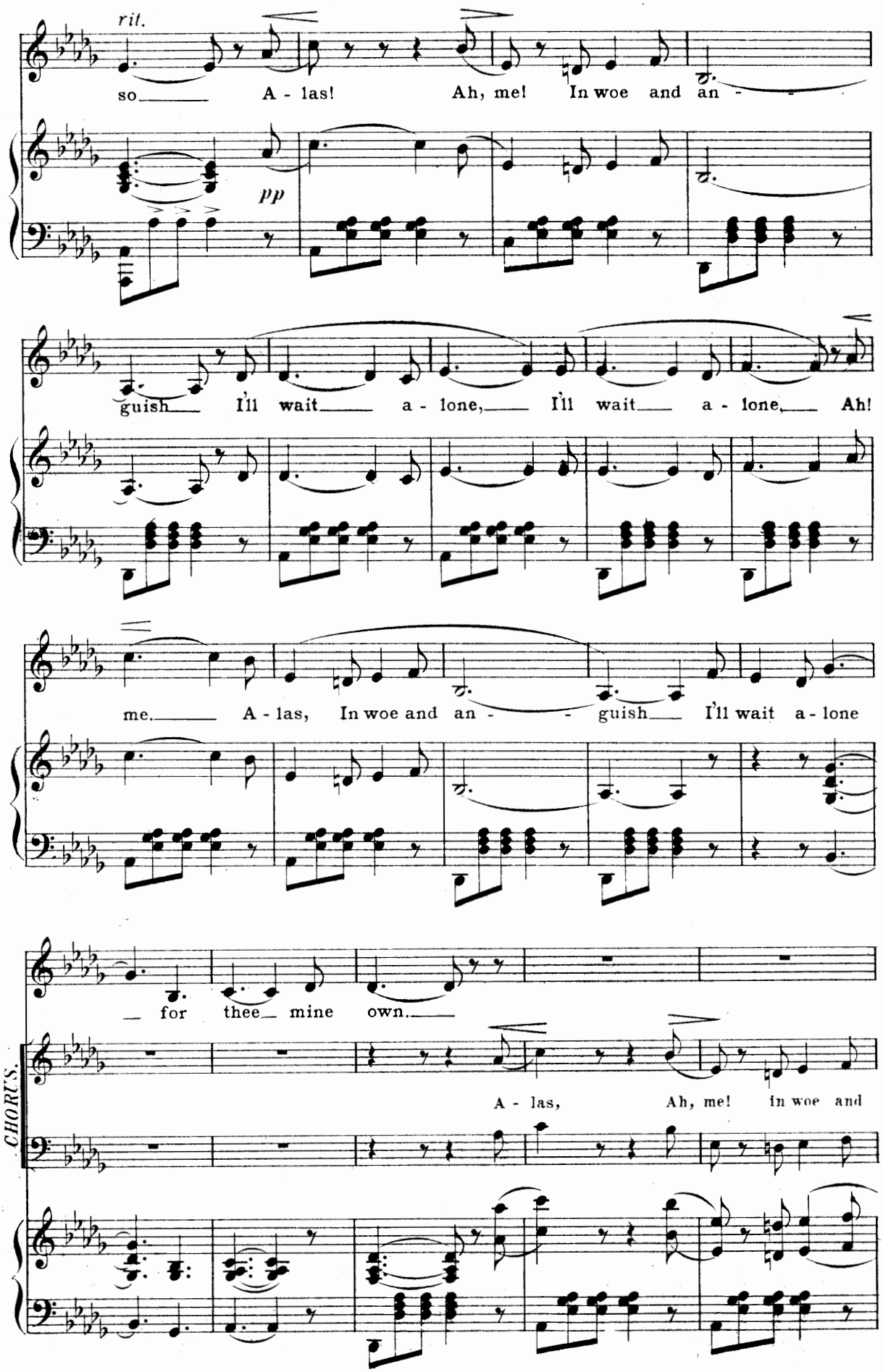

looks are odd for a heath-en God But per - haps it's his off day. so
But per - haps it's his off day. so
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow With a pro-per de-gree of awe, And
Bow to Ju - pi - ter, bow, bow With a pro-per de-gree of awe, And
split your throats with the lus - ty notes Of a hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah.
split your throats with the lus - ty notes Of a hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah.

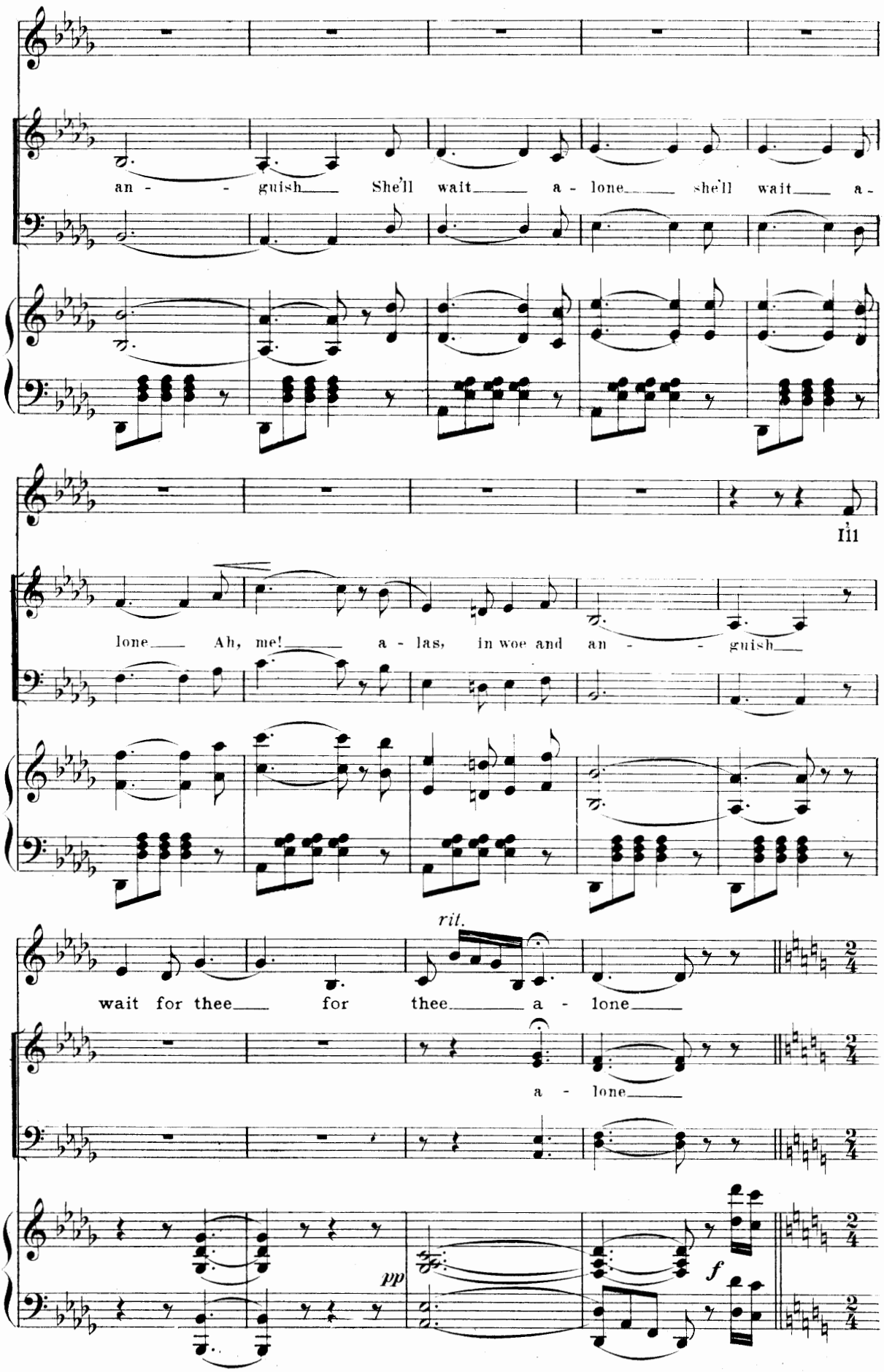

hip, hip hur-rah, hip, hip, hip hur - rah.
hip, hip hur-rah, hip, hip, hip hur - rah.
fff
SPURIUS.
If
Moderato.
I'm great Jove, as you say I am, Where ev-er I find a
wags should wag-gle a wag-gish jaw, With jokes of goats and
p

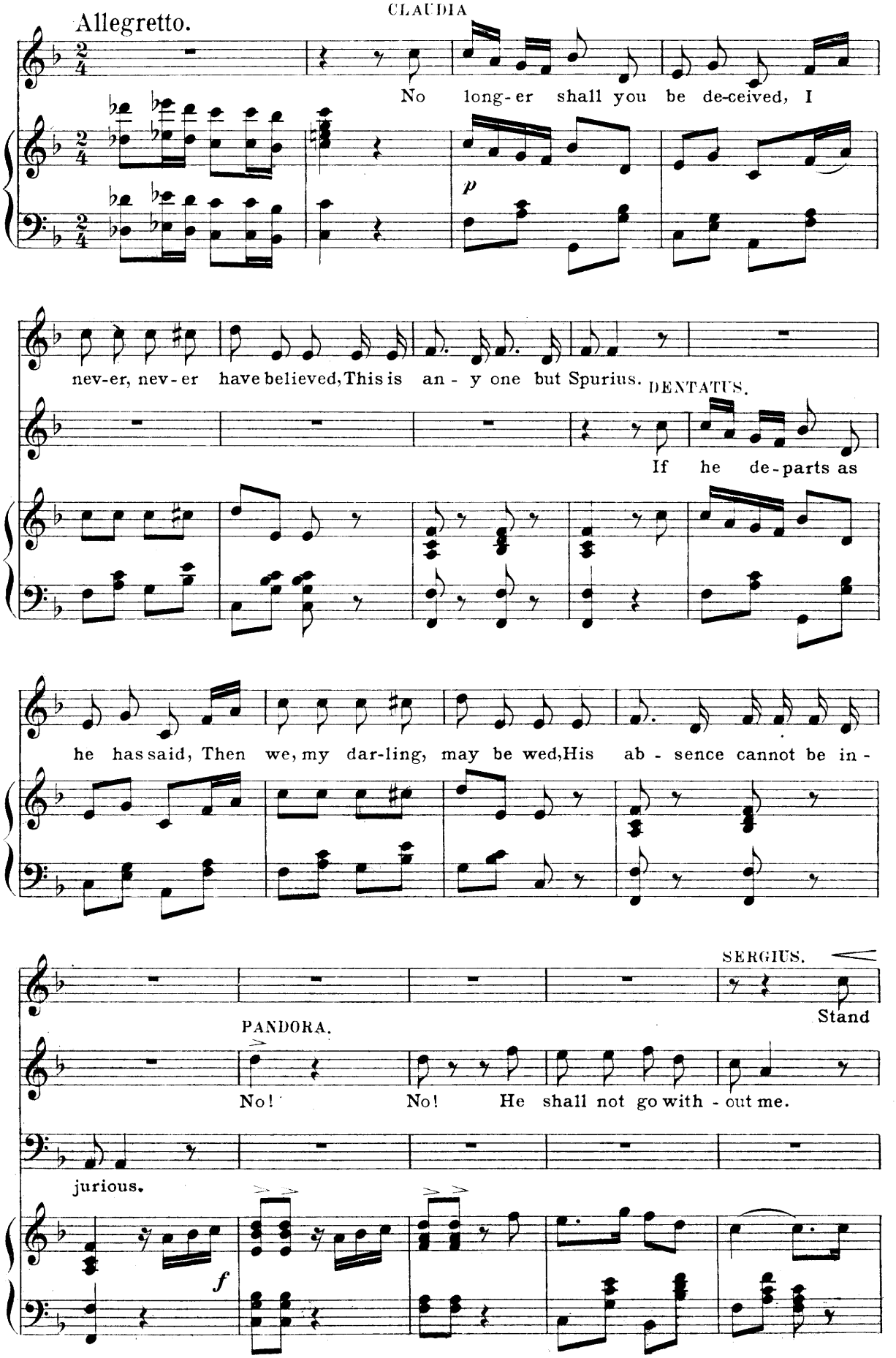

fraud or sham, I'll make a law to stop it. Where ev - er a man who
mothers-in - law, I'll make a law to stop it. If in - con - sid - rate
drinks doth mix, Has fastened his grip on po - li - tics, I'll try to make him
ko - dak brutes, On beaches chase girls in bath-ing suits, I'll make a law to
drop it, If schoolboys cultivate heav - y debts Go broke on poker and
stop it, If wait-ers would rather bring than not Your roastbeef cold and your
rac - ing bets And flatten their chests 'gainst ci - garettes, I'll make a law to
ice-cream hot, Un - less you tip them all you've got, I'll make a law to

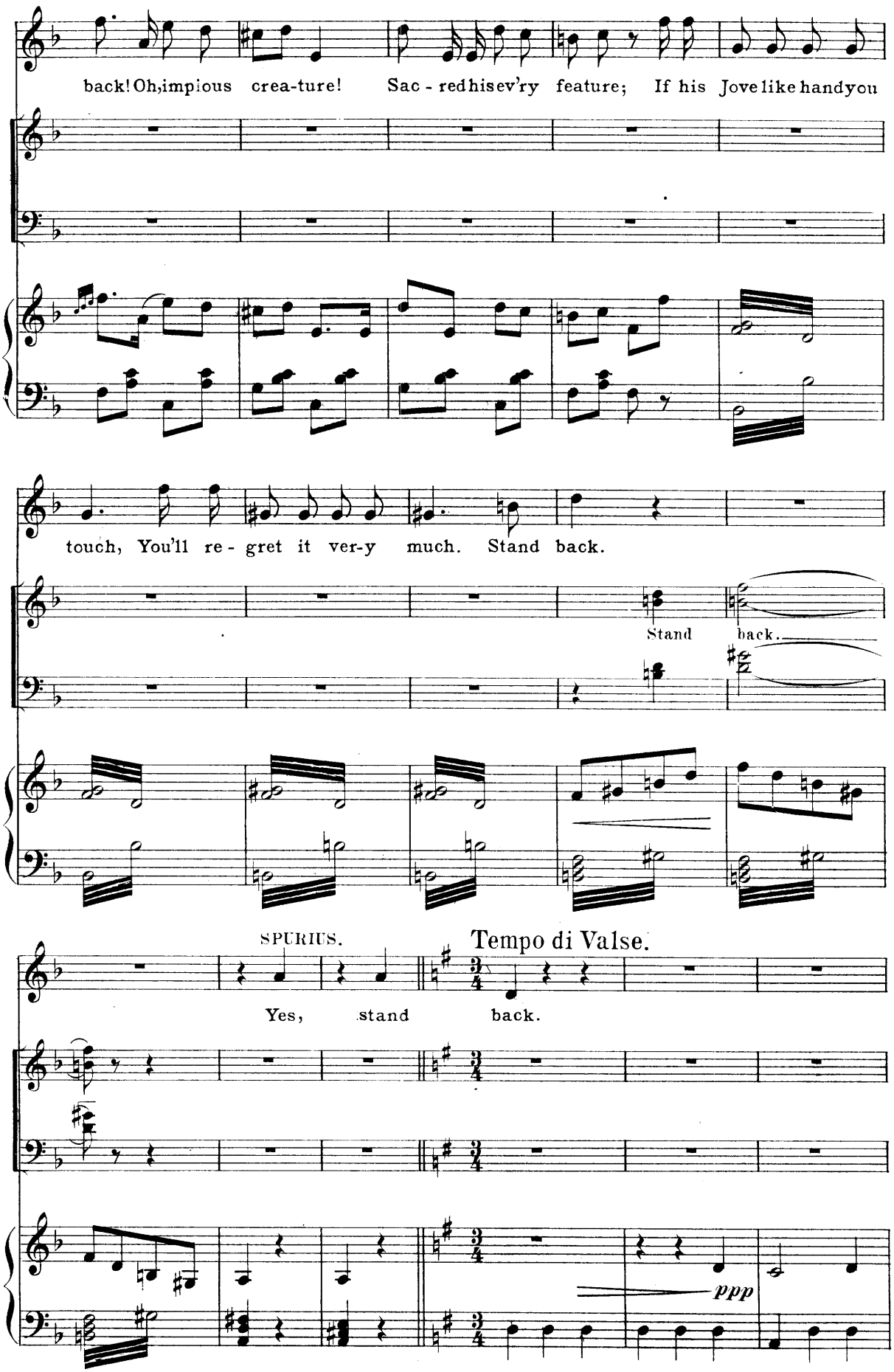

stop it.
stop it.
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALT.
TEN. & BASS.
Ha! ha! Ho! ho! What a curious King, We
f
never have dreamed of such a thing, He says wherev - er a vice may show, Ho
I'll make a law to stop it.
ha ha ha! Ho ho ho ho! To stop it, to

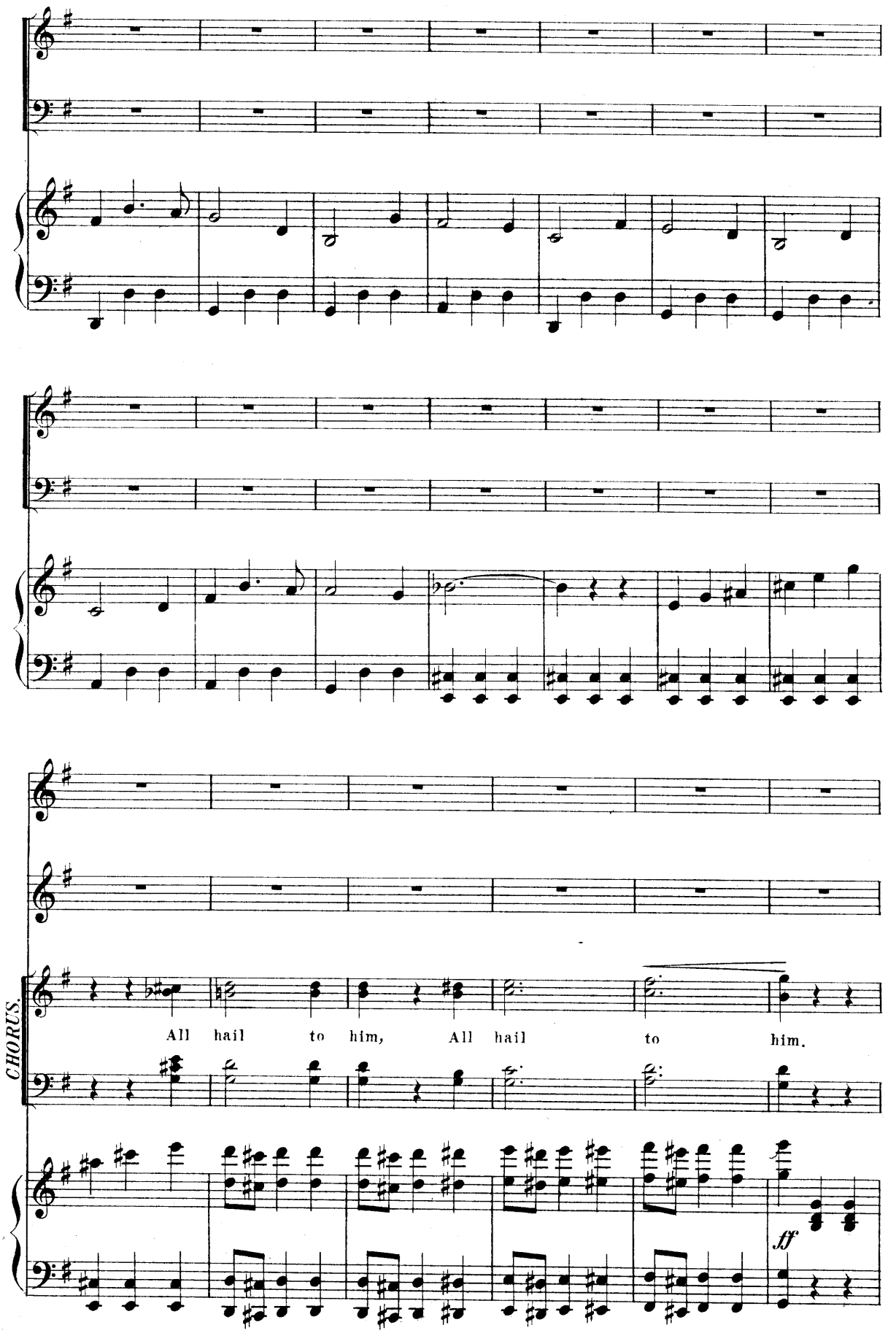

1.
2.
If
stop it, He'll make a law to stop it.
stop it.
ff
PANDORA.
Andante quasi agitato.
You say you're not my
Spurius This seems ex - treme - ly curi - ous, Should you
(With great exaggeration.)
leave me I'd be furious Be - cause I love you

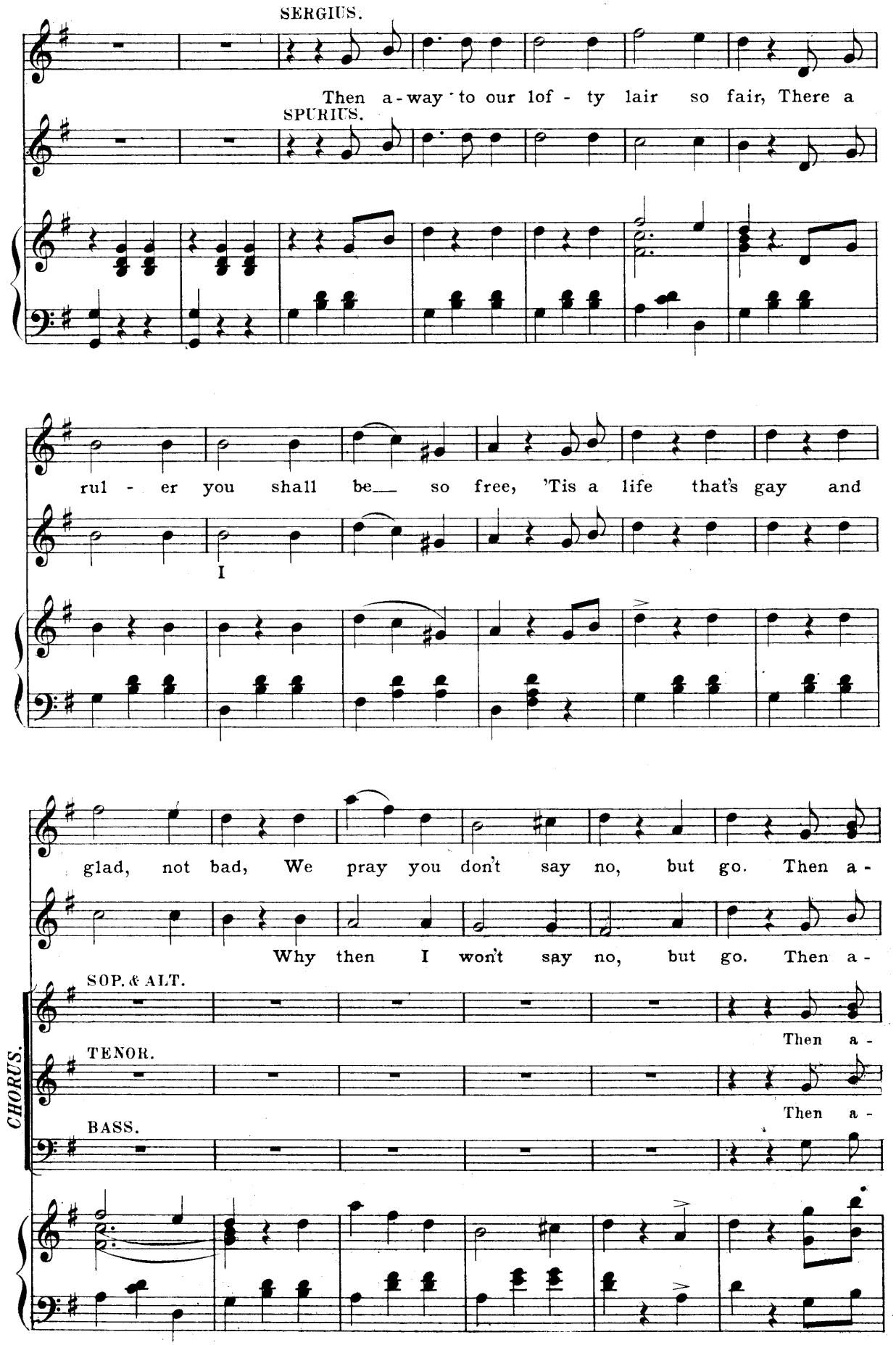

rit.
so
A - las!
Ah, me!
In woe and an -
pp
guish
I'll wait
a - lone,
I'll wait
a - lone,
Ah!
me.
A - las,
In woe and an -
guish
I'll wait a - lone
for thee
mine own.
CHORUS.
A - las,
Ah, me!
In woe and

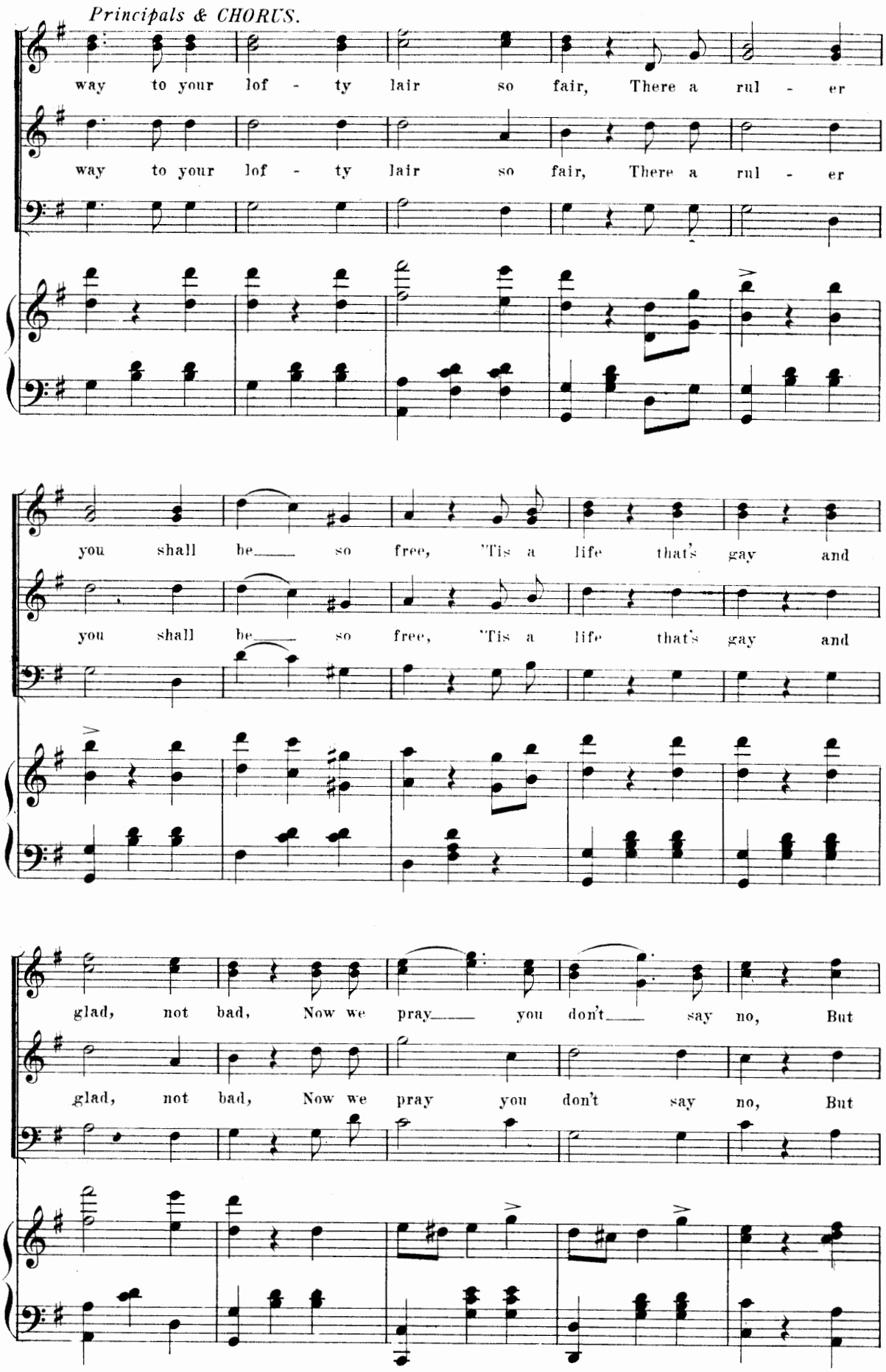

an - - guish She'll wait a - lone she'll wait a -
lone Ah, me! a - las, in woe and an - - guish
wait for thee for thee a - lone
rit.
a - lone
pp
f

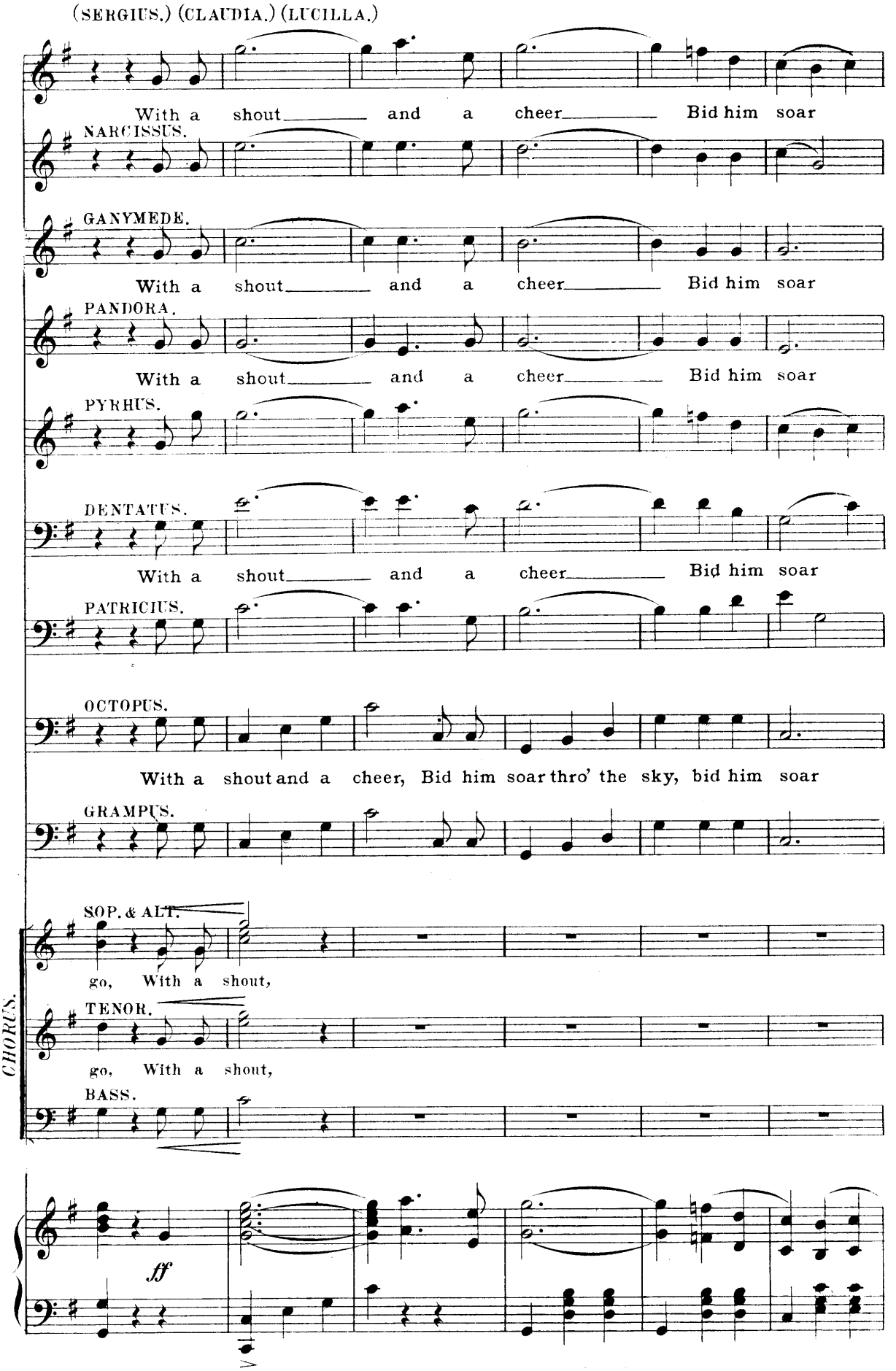

Allegretto.
CLAUDIA
No long-er shall you be de-ceived, I
p
nev-er, nev-er have believed, This is an-y one but Spurius.
DENTATUS.
If he de-parts as
he has said, Then we, my dar-ling, may be wed, His ab-sence cannot be in-
SERGIUS.
Stand
PANDORA.
No! No! He shall not go with-out me.
jurious.
f

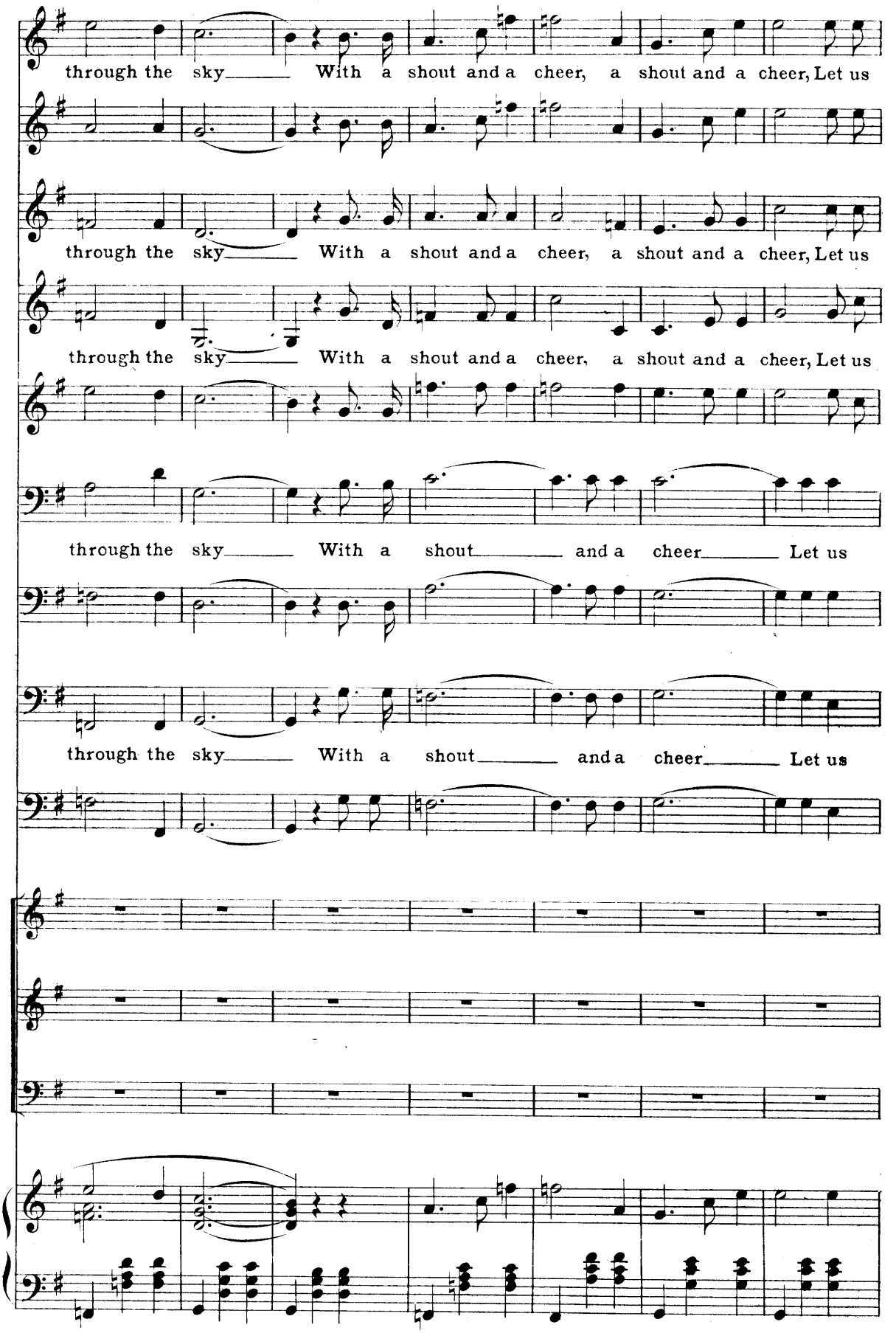

back! Oh, impious crea-ture! Sac - red his ev'ry feature; If his Jove like hand you
touch, You'll re - gret it ver-y much. Stand back.
Stand back.
SPURIUS.
Tempo di Valse.
Yes, stand back.
ppp

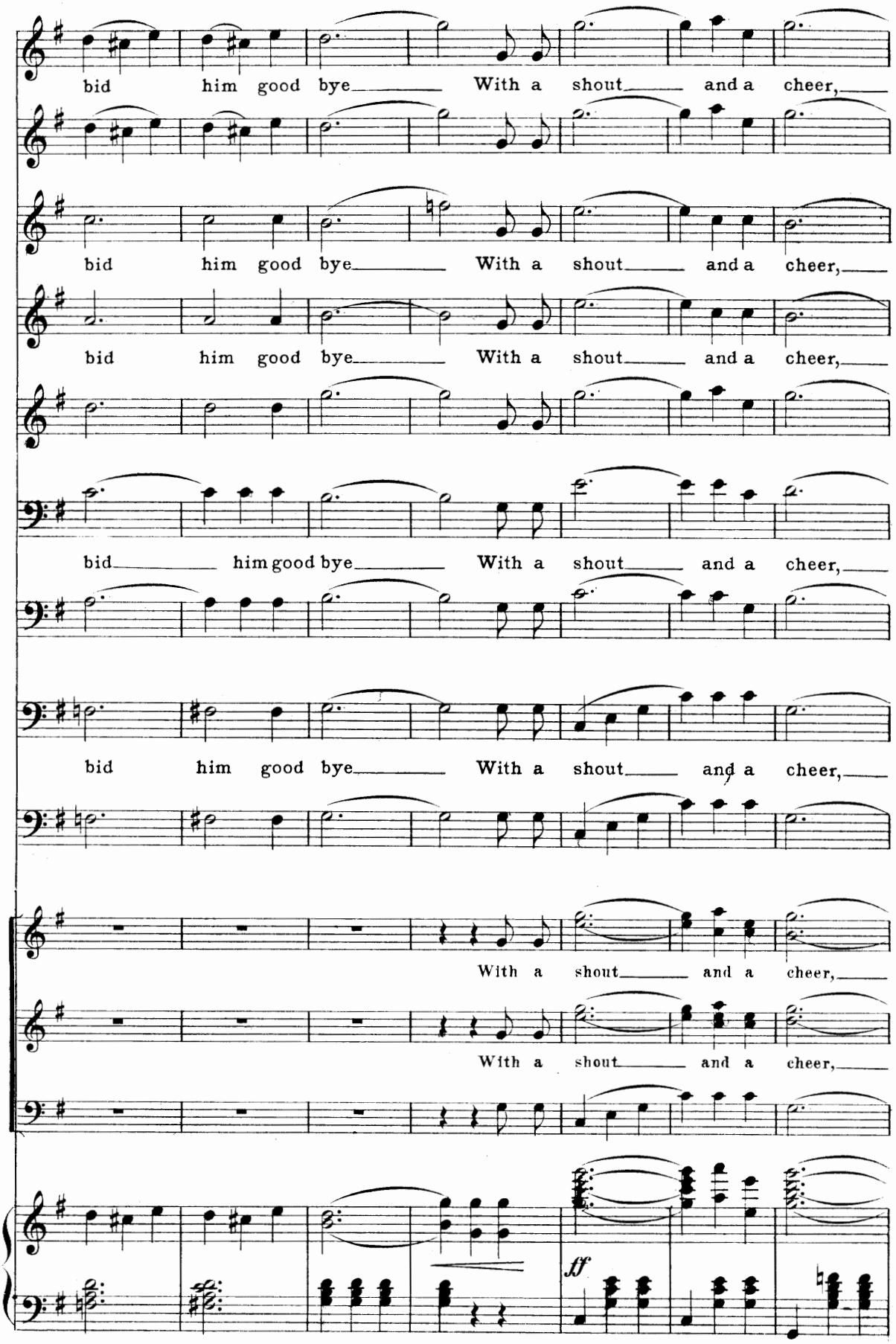

CHORUS.
All hail to him, All hail to him.
ff

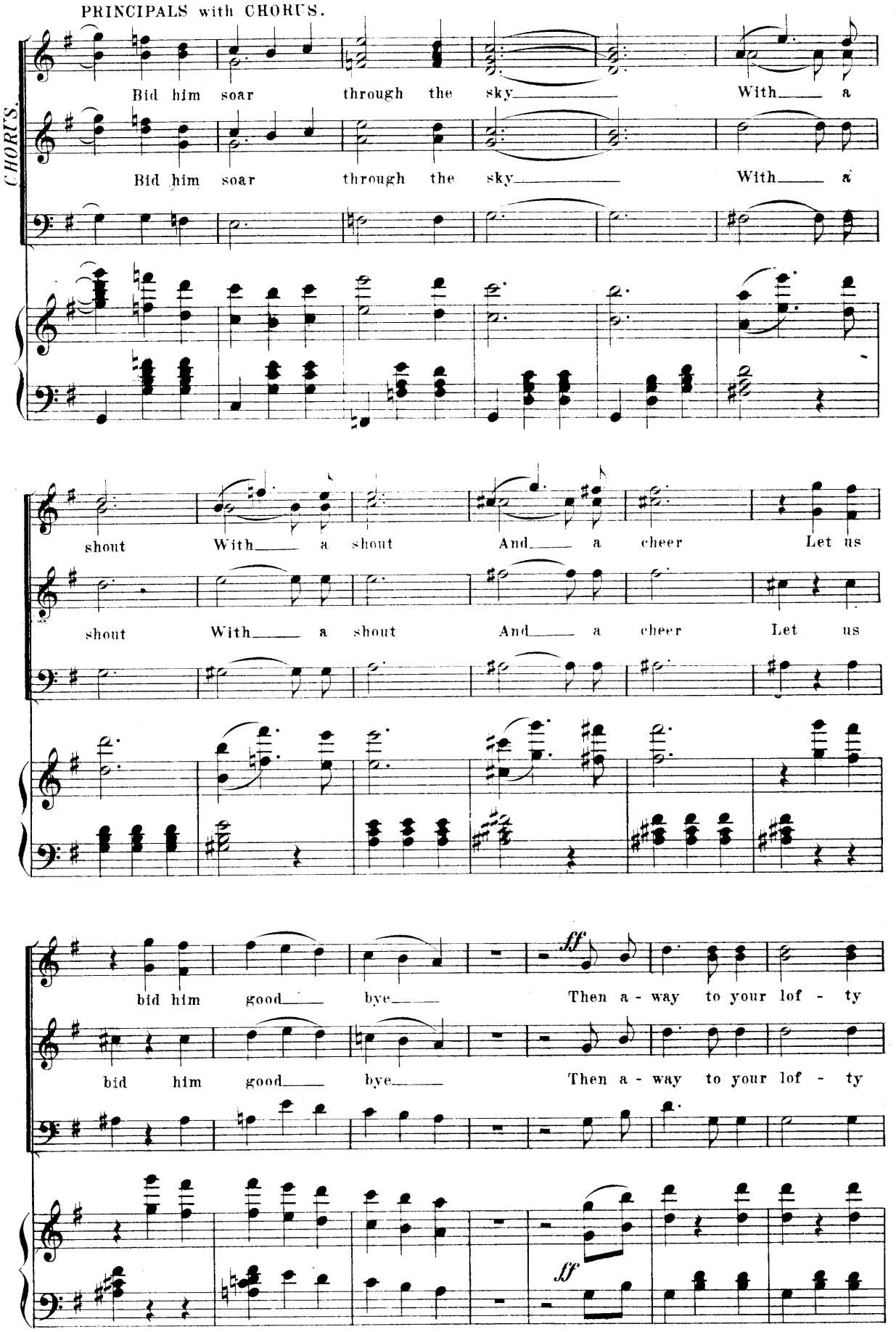

SERGIUS.
Then a-way to our lof - ty lair so fair, There a
SPURIUS.
rul - er you shall be so free, 'Tis a life that's gay and
I
glad, not bad, We pray you don't say no, but go. Then a-
Why then I won't say no, but go. Then a-
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALT.
Then a-
TENOR.
Then a-
BASS.

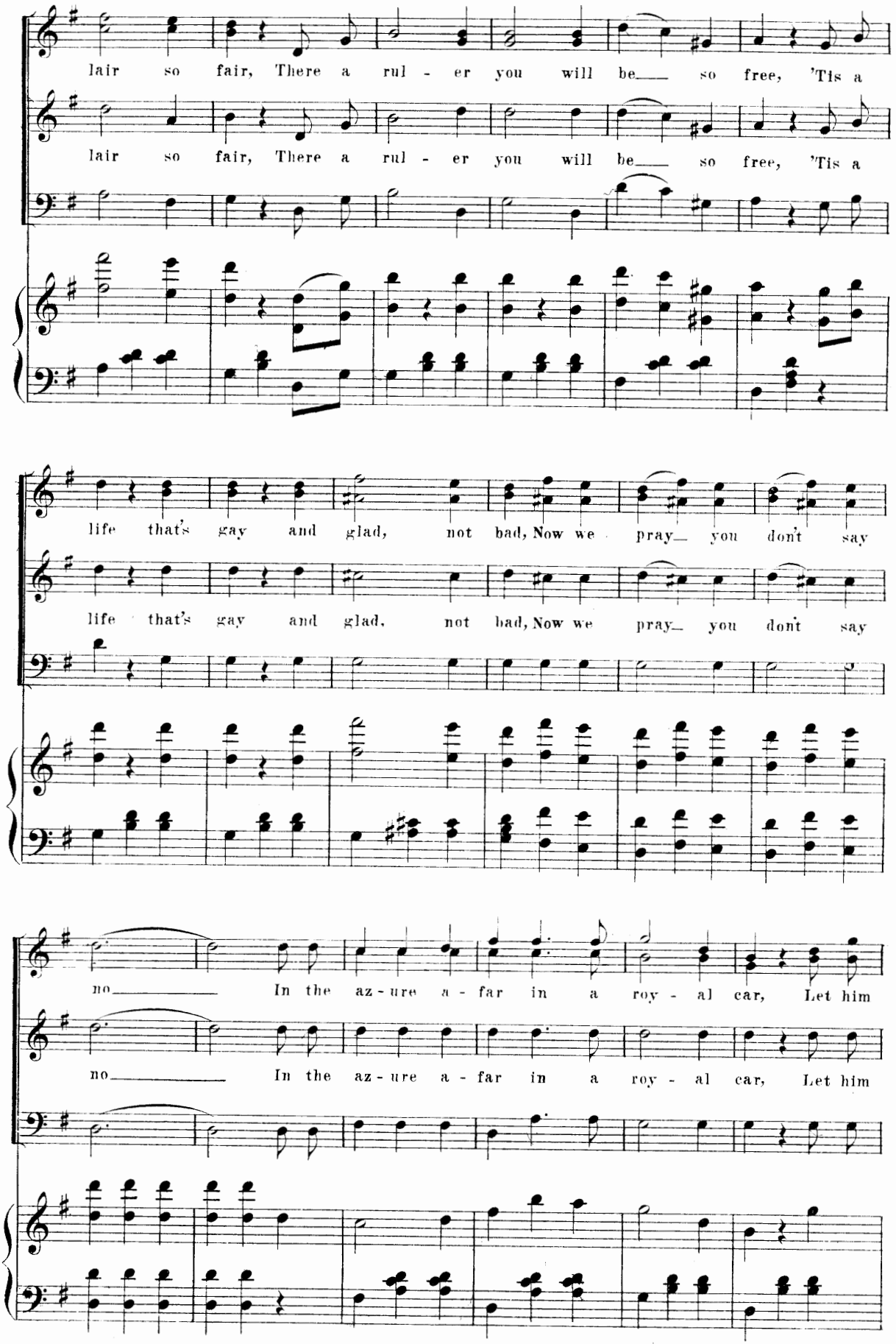

Principals & CHORUS.
way to your lof - ty lair so fair, There a rul - er
way to your lof - ty lair so fair, There a rul - er
you shall be so free, 'Tis a life that's gay and
you shall be so free, 'Tis a life that's gay and
glad, not bad, Now we pray you don't say no, But
glad, not bad, Now we pray you don't say no, But

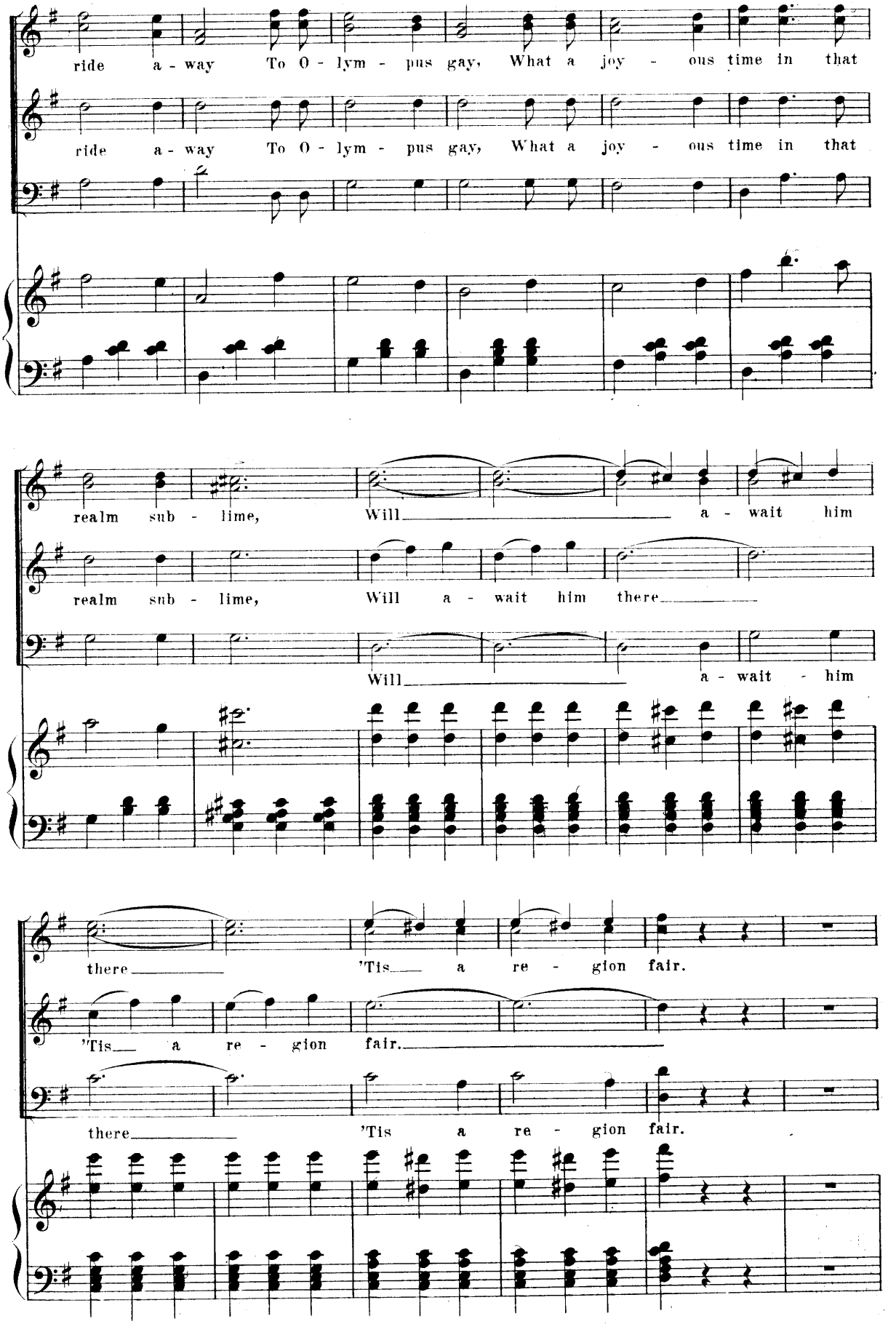

(SERGIUS.) (CLAUDIA.) (LUCILLA.)
With a shout and a cheer Bid him soar
NARCISSUS.
GANYMEDE.
With a shout and a cheer Bid him soar
PANDORA.
With a shout and a cheer Bid him soar
PYRHUS.
DENTATUS.
With a shout and a cheer Bid him soar
PATRICIUS.
OCTOPUS.
With a shout and a cheer, Bid him soar thro' the sky, bid him soar
GRAMPUS.
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALT.
go, With a shout,
TENOR.
go, With a shout,
BASS.
ff

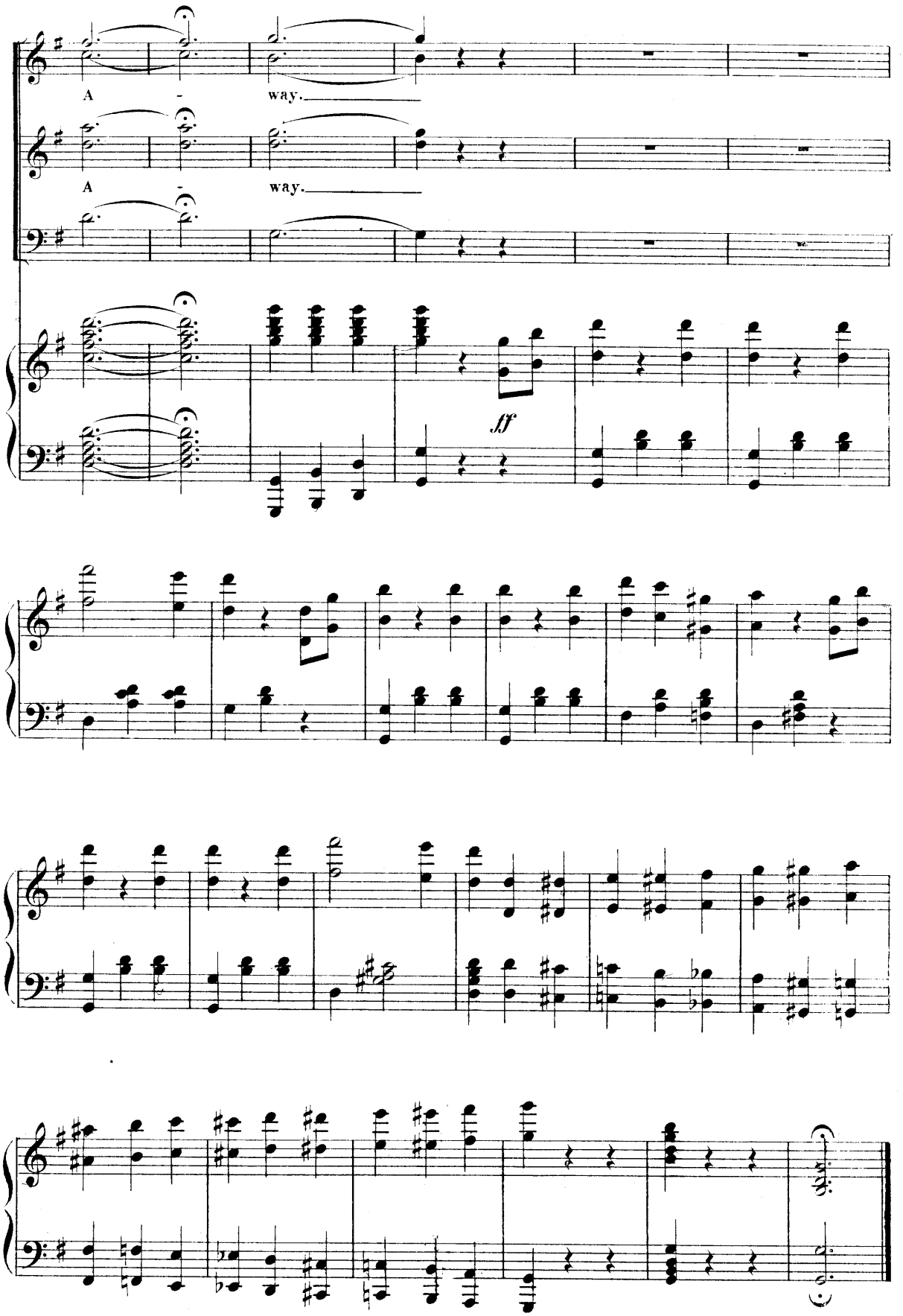

through the sky With a shout and a cheer, a shout and a cheer, Let us
through the sky With a shout and a cheer, a shout and a cheer, Let us
through the sky With a shout and a cheer, a shout and a cheer, Let us
through the sky With a shout and a cheer Let us
through the sky With a shout and a cheer Let us


bid him good bye With a shout and a cheer,
bid him good bye With a shout and a cheer,
bid him good bye With a shout and a cheer,
bid him good bye With a shout and a cheer,
bid him good bye With a shout and a cheer,
With a shout and a cheer,
With a shout and a cheer,
ff


PRINCIPALS with CHORUS.
CHORUS.
Bid him soar through the sky With a
Bid him soar through the sky With a
shout With a shout And a cheer Let us
shout With a shout And a cheer Let us
bid him good bye Then a - way to your lof - ty
bid him good bye Then a - way to your lof - ty
ff
ff


lair so fair, There a rul - er you will be so free, 'Tis a
lair so fair, There a rul - er you will be so free, 'Tis a
life that's gay and glad, not bad, Now we pray you don't say
life that's gay and glad, not bad, Now we pray you don't say
no In the az - ure a - far in a roy - al car, Let him
no In the az - ure a - far in a roy - al car, Let him

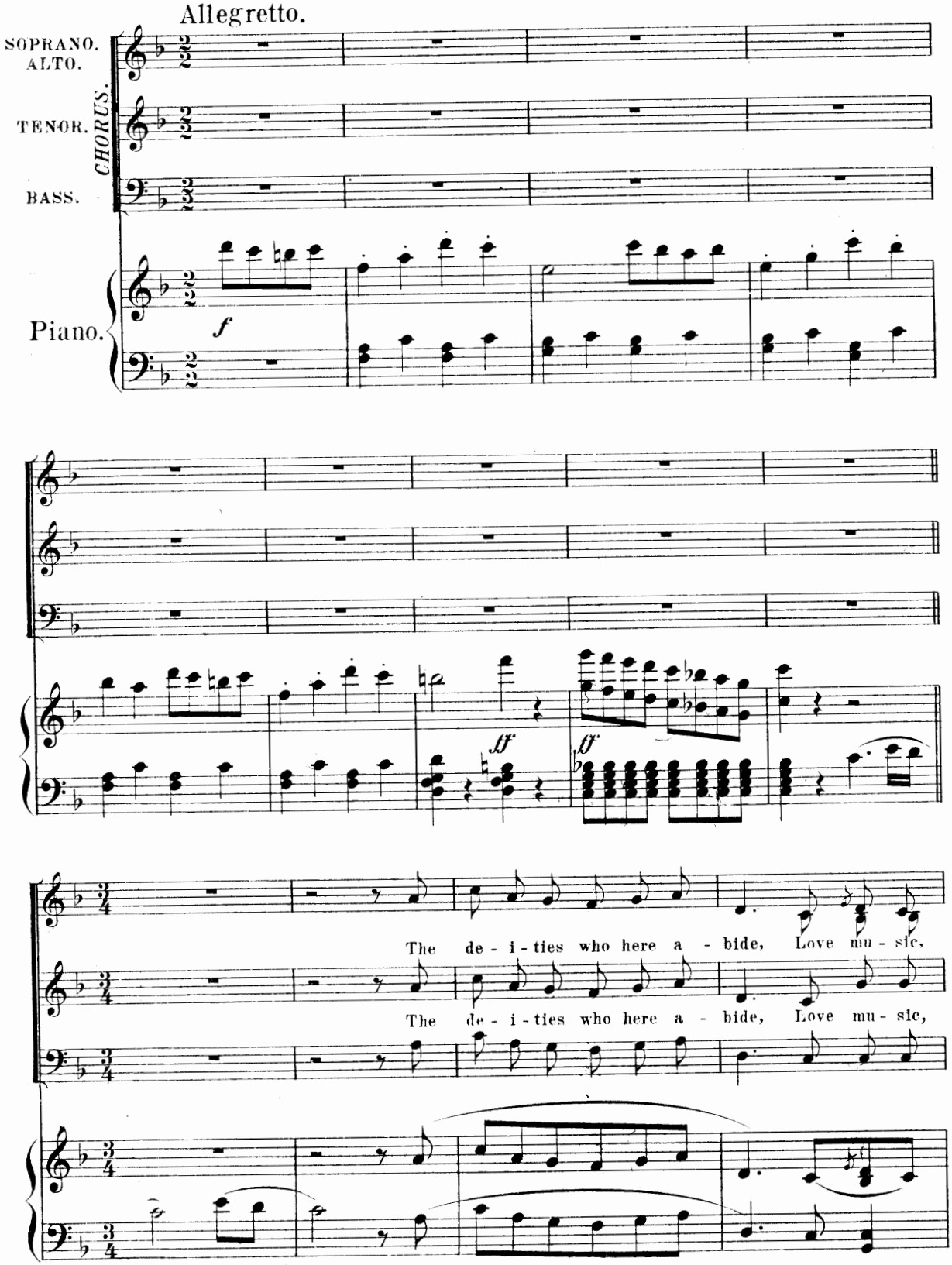

ride a - way To O - lym - pus gay, What a joy - ous time in that
ride a - way To O - lym - pus gay, What a joy - ous time in that
realm sub - lime, Will a - wait him
realm sub - lime, Will a - wait him there
Will a - wait - him
there 'Tis a re - gion fair.
'Tis a re - gion fair.
there 'Tis a re - gion fair.



End fo First Act.

Act II.

No 1. Chorus & Solo. Juno.



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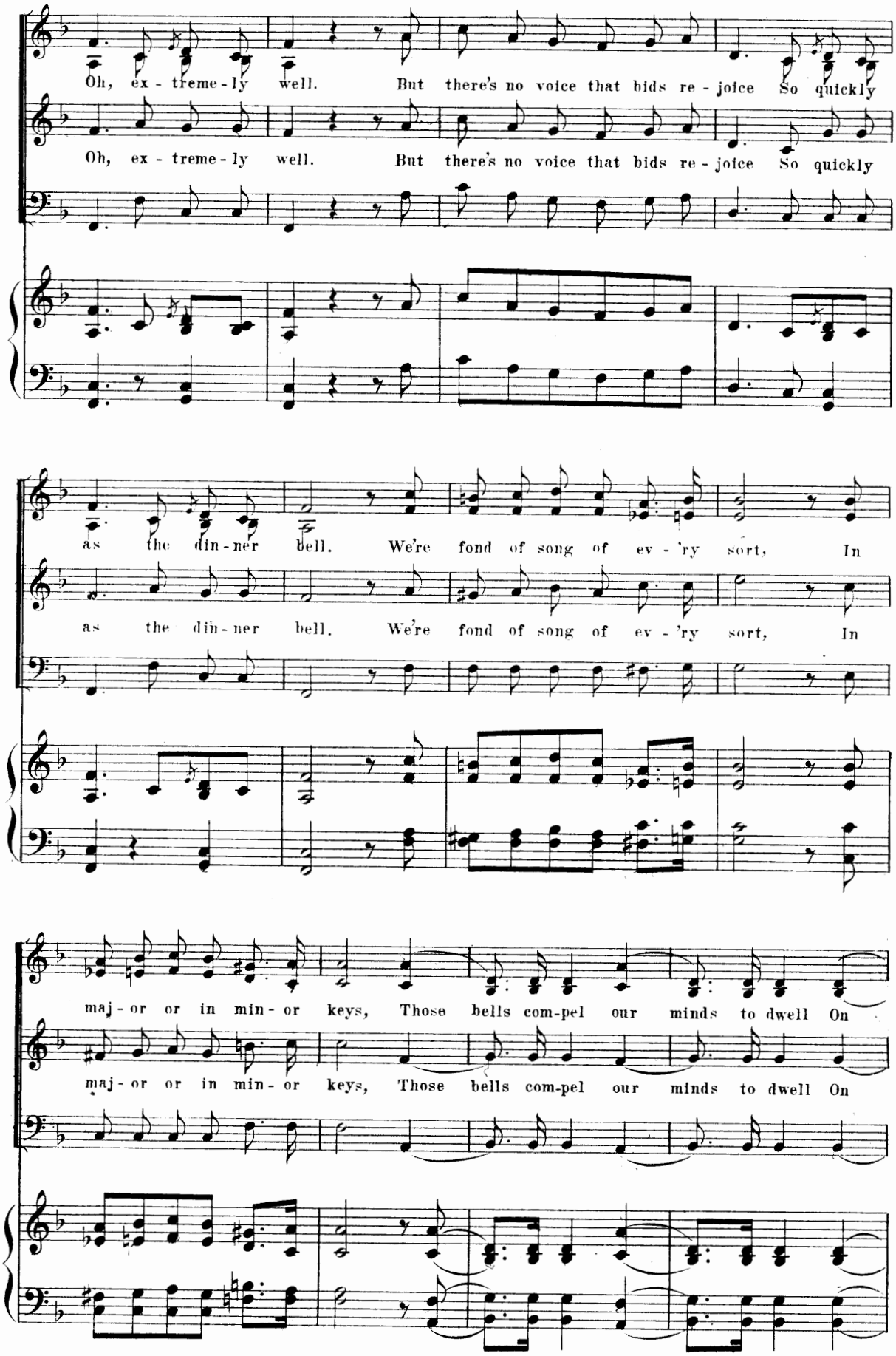
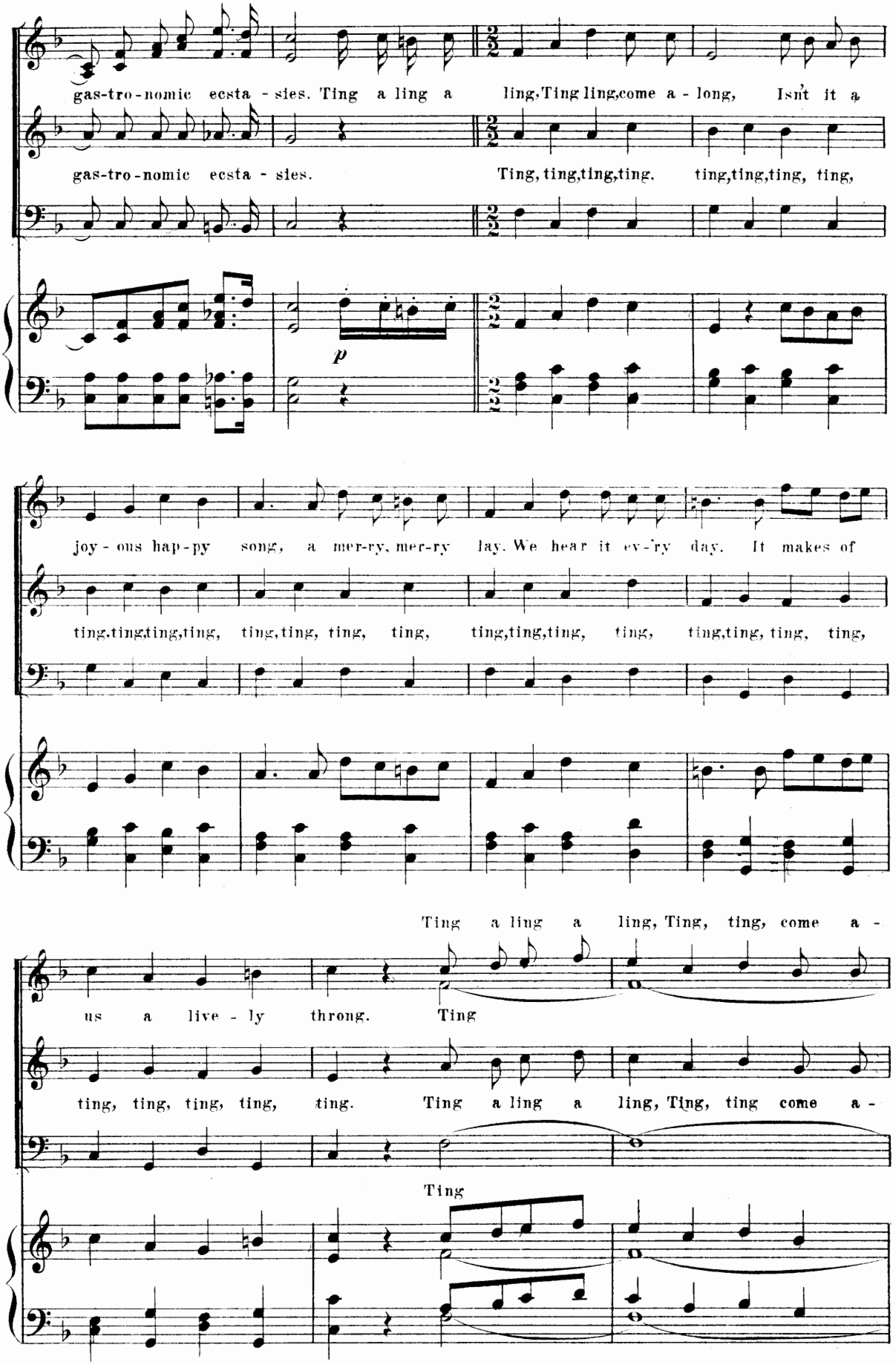
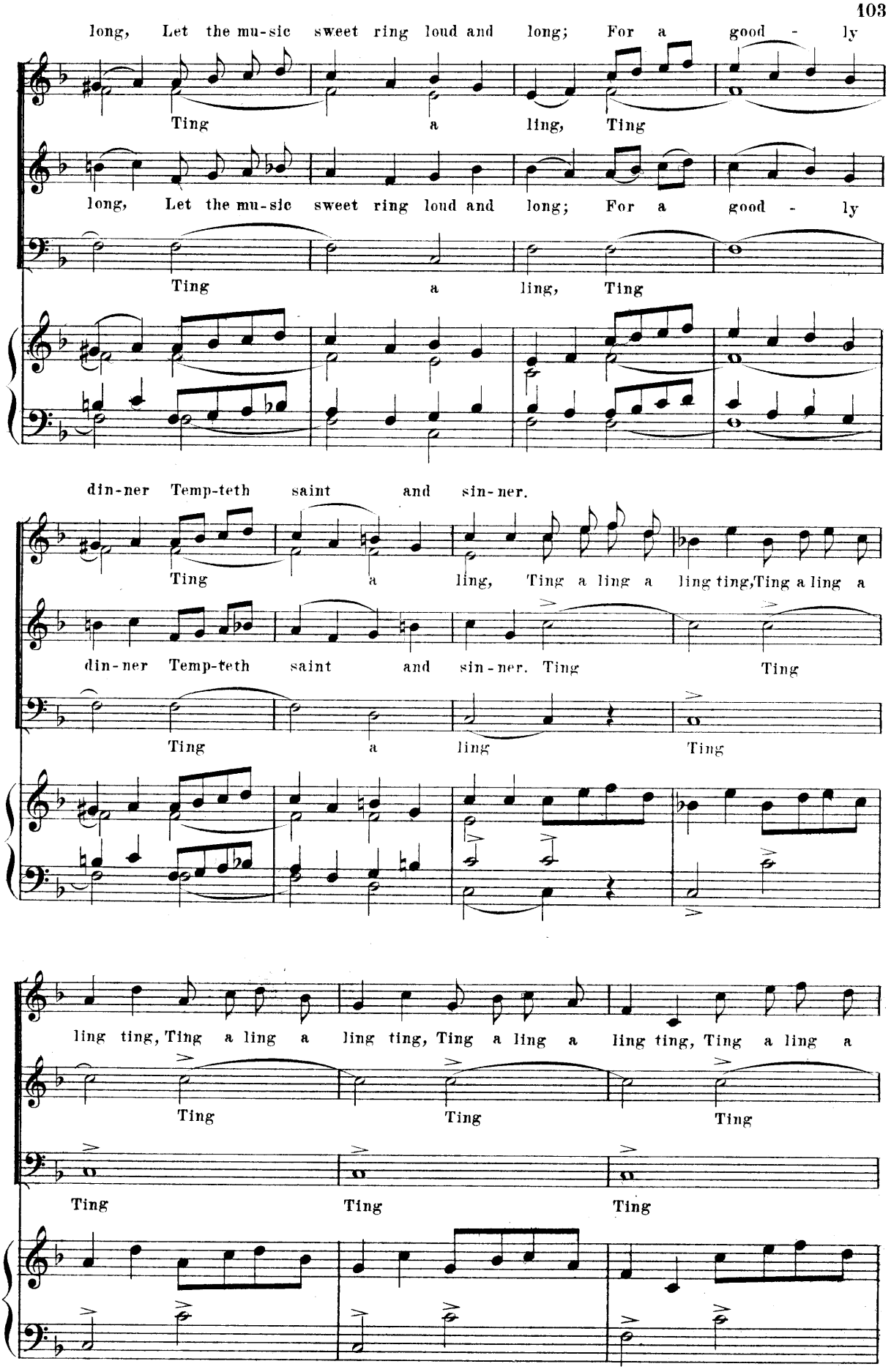
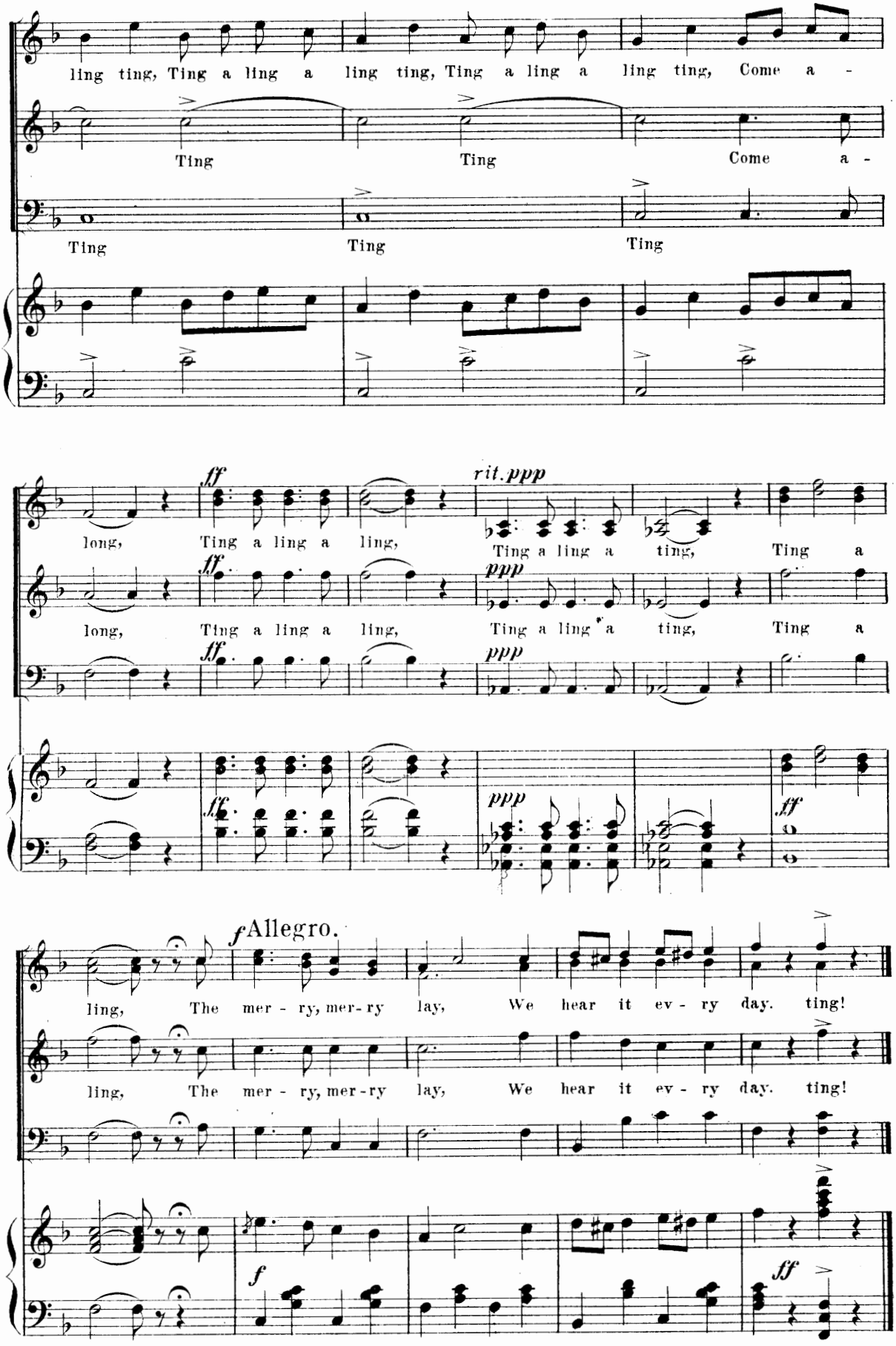
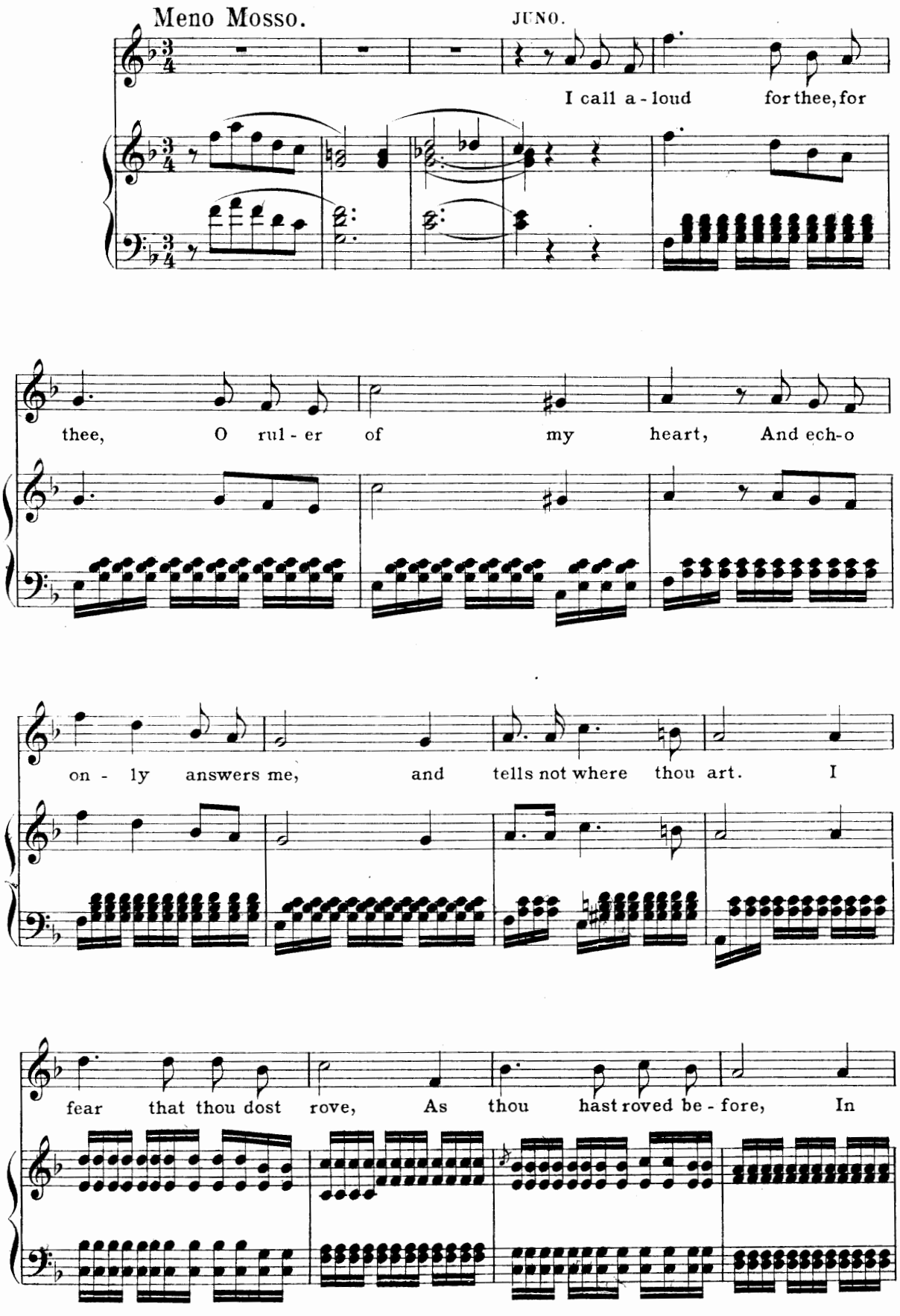
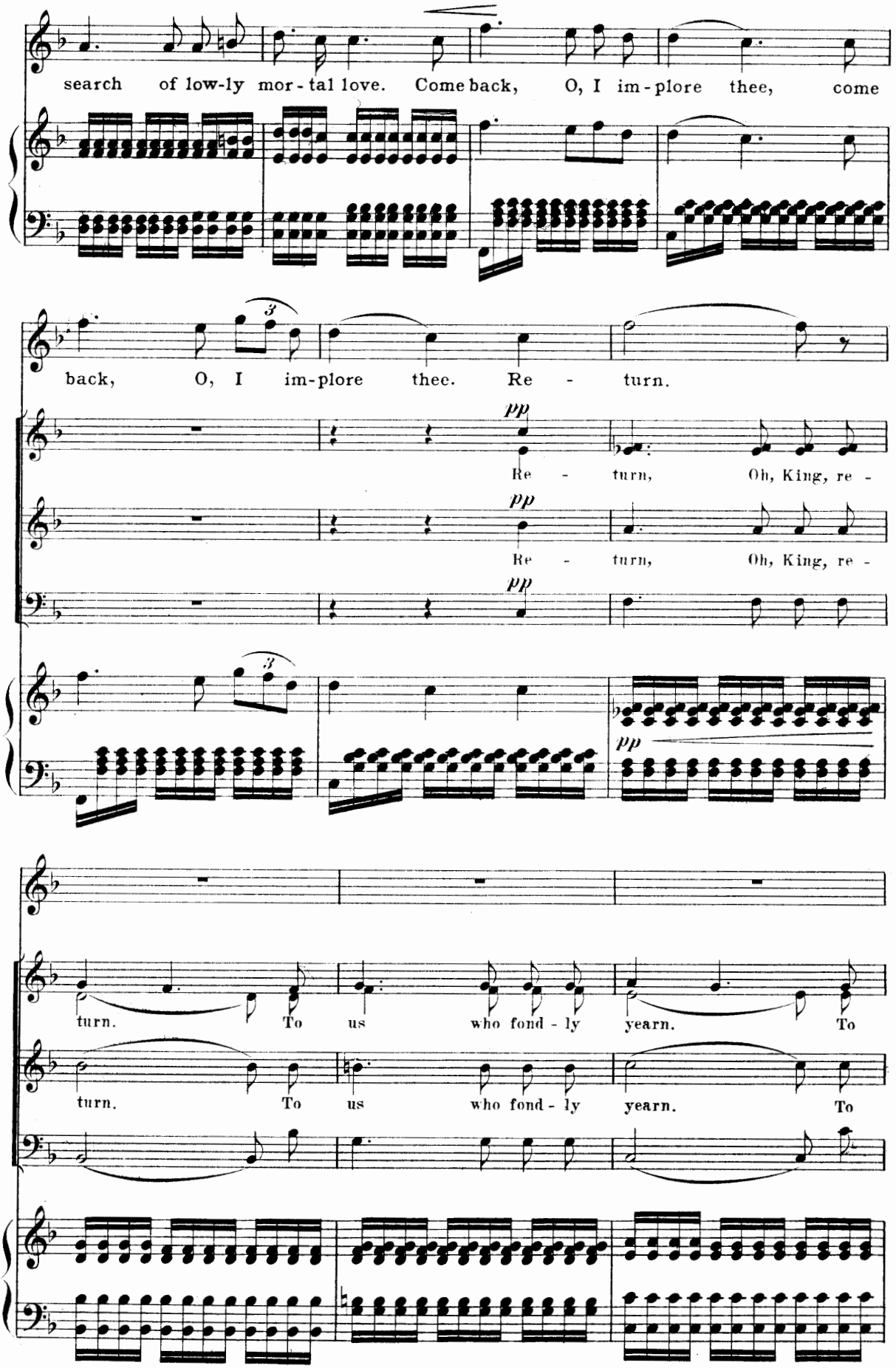

Oh, ex - treme - ly well. But there's no voice that bids re - joice So quickly
Oh, ex - treme - ly well. But there's no voice that bids re - joice So quickly
as the din - ner bell. We're fond of song of ev - 'ry sort, In
as the din - ner bell. We're fond of song of ev - 'ry sort, In
maj - or or in min - or keys, Those bells com-pel our minds to dwell On
maj - or or in min - or keys, Those bells com-pel our minds to dwell On

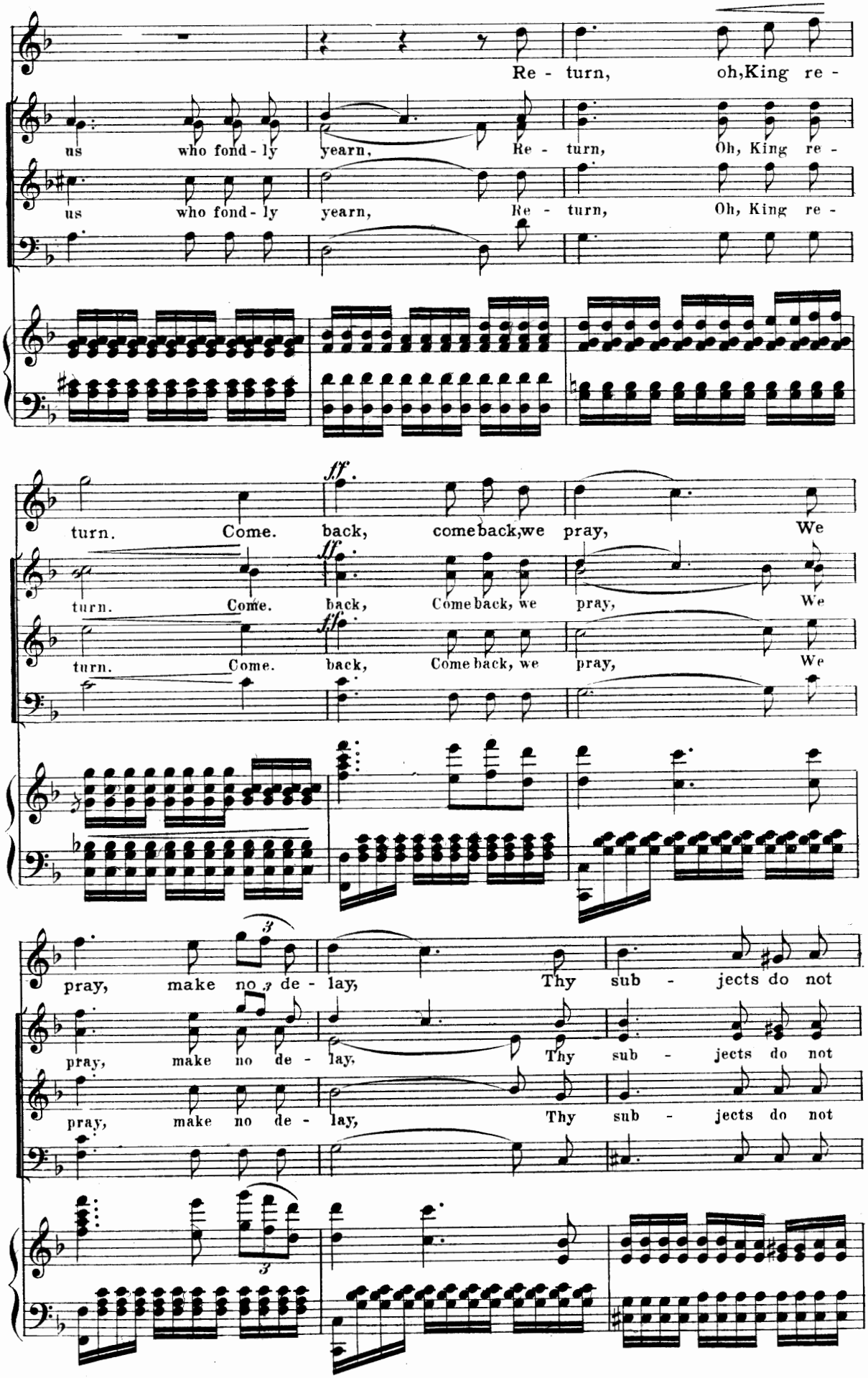

gas-tro-nomic ecsta - sies. Ting a ling a ling, Ting ling, come a - long, Isn't it a
gas-tro-nomic ecsta - sies. Ting, ting, ting, ting. ting, ting, ting, ting,
p
joy - ous hap-py song, a mer-ry, mer-ry lay. We hear it ev-'ry day. It makes of
ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting, ting,
Ting a ling a ling, Ting, ting, come a -
us a live - ly throng. Ting
ting, ting, ting, ting, ting. Ting a ling a ling, Ting, ting come a -
Ting

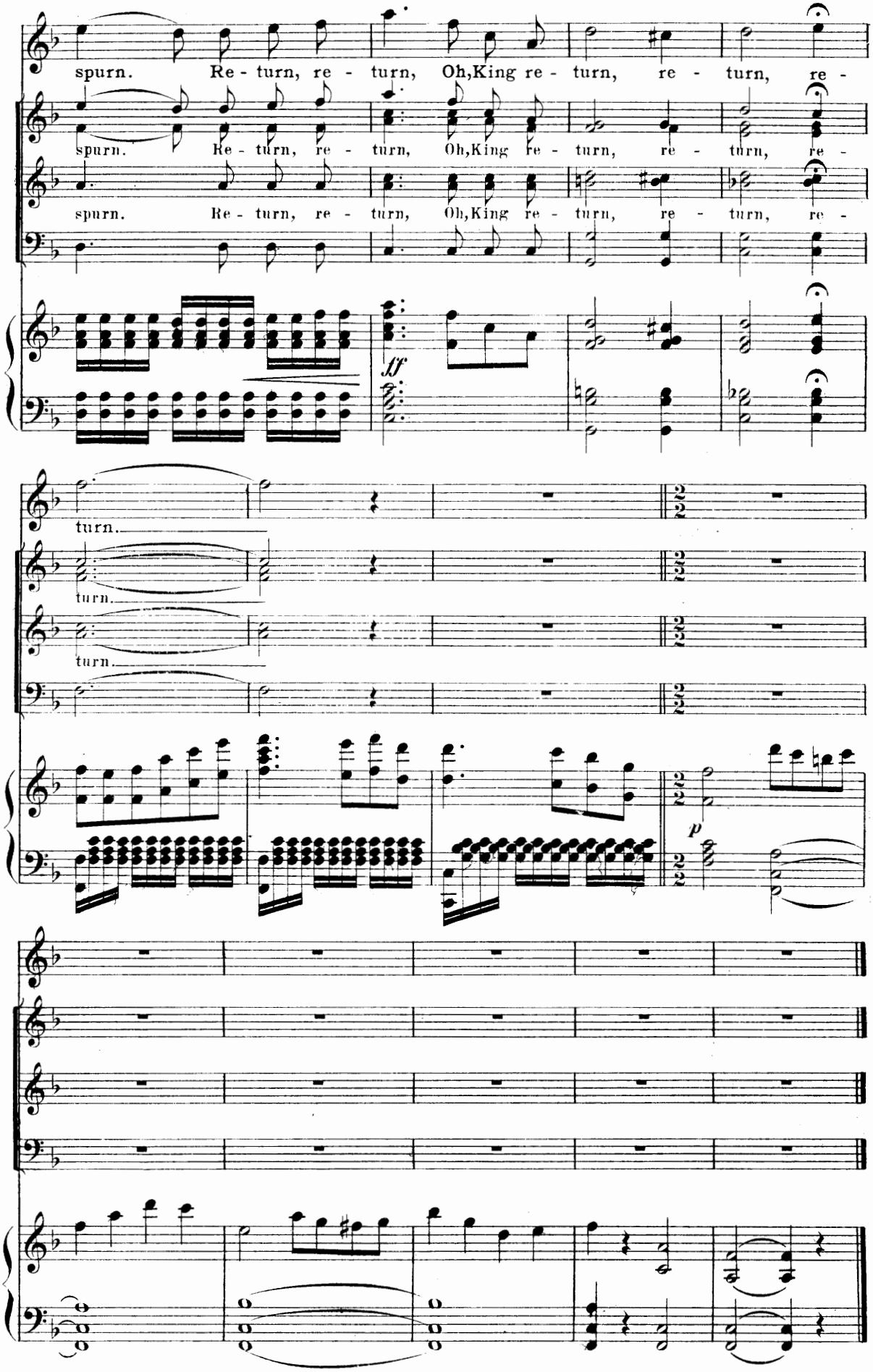

long, Let the mu-sic sweet ring loud and long; For a good - ly
Ting a ling, Ting
long, Let the mu-sic sweet ring loud and long; For a good - ly
Ting a ling, Ting
din-ner Temp-teth saint and sin-ner.
Ting a ling, Ting a ling a ling ting, Ting a ling a
din-ner Temp-teth saint and sin-ner. Ting Ting
Ting a ling Ting
ling ting, Ting a ling a ling ting, Ting a ling a ling ting, Ting a ling a
Ting Ting Ting
Ting Ting Ting


ling ting, Ting a ling a ling ting, Ting a ling a ling ting, Come a -
Ting Ting Come a -
Ting Ting Ting
ff
rit. ppp
long, Ting a ling a ling, Ting a ling a ting, Ting a
long, Ting a ling a ling, Ting a ling a ting, Ting a
ppp
ff
fAllegro.
ling, The mer - ry, mer-ry lay, We hear it ev - ry day. ting!
ling, The mer - ry, mer-ry lay, We hear it ev - ry day. ting!
f
ff

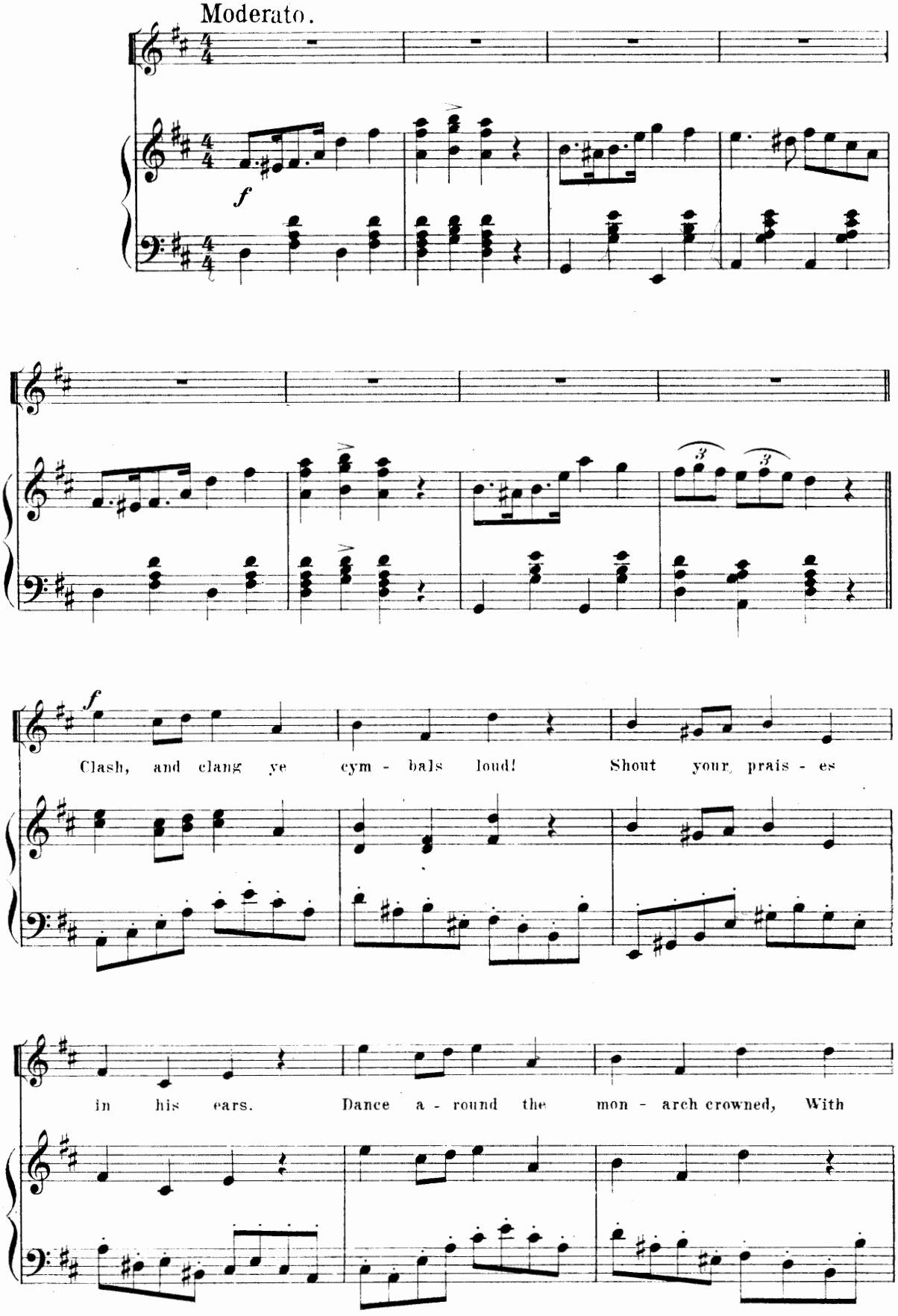

Meno Mosso.
JUNO.
I call a - loud for thee, for
thee, O rul - er of my heart, And ech-o
on - ly answers me, and tells not where thou art. I
fear that thou dost rove, As thou hast roved be - fore, In


search of low-ly mor - tal love. Come back, O, I im - plore thee, come
back, O, I im-plore thee. Re - turn.
pp
Re - turn, Oh, King, re -
pp
Re - turn, Oh, King, re -
pp
pp
turn. To us who fond - ly yearn. To
turn. To us who fond - ly yearn. To


Re - turn, oh, King re -
us who fond - ly yearn, Re - turn, Oh, King re -
us who fond - ly yearn, Re - turn, Oh, King re -
ff.
turn. Come. back, come back, we pray, We
turn. Come. back, Come back, we pray, We
turn. Come. back, Come back, we pray, We
pray, make no de - lay, Thy sub - jects do not
pray, make no de - lay, Thy sub - jects do not
pray, make no de - lay, Thy sub - jects do not


spurn. Re - turn, re - turn, Oh, King re - turn, re - turn, re -
spurn. Re - turn, re - turn, Oh, King re - turn, re - turn, re -
spurn. Re - turn, re - turn, Oh, King re - turn, re - turn, re -
ff
turn.
turn.
turn.
p

Nº 2. Chorus of Muses.



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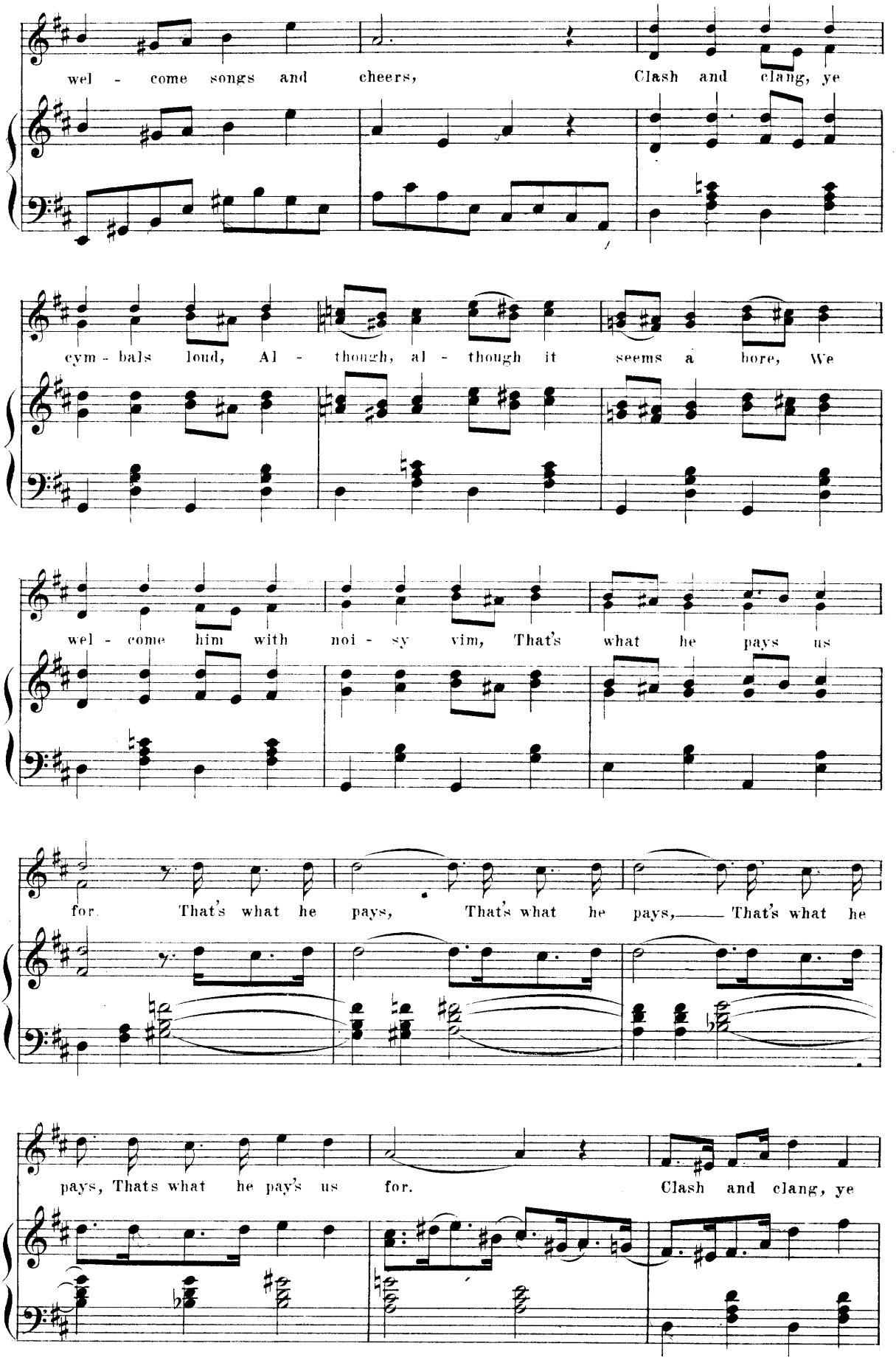
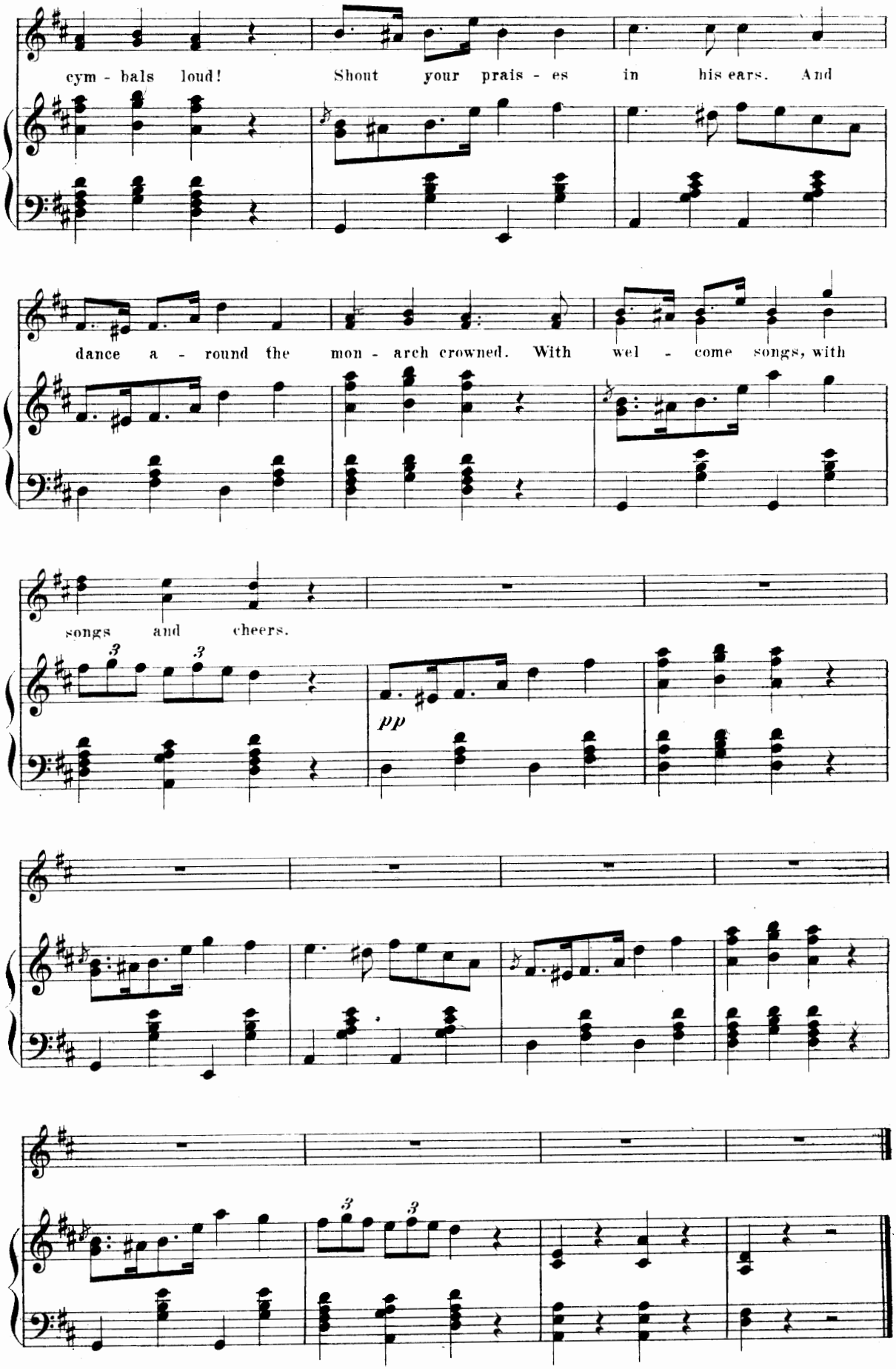
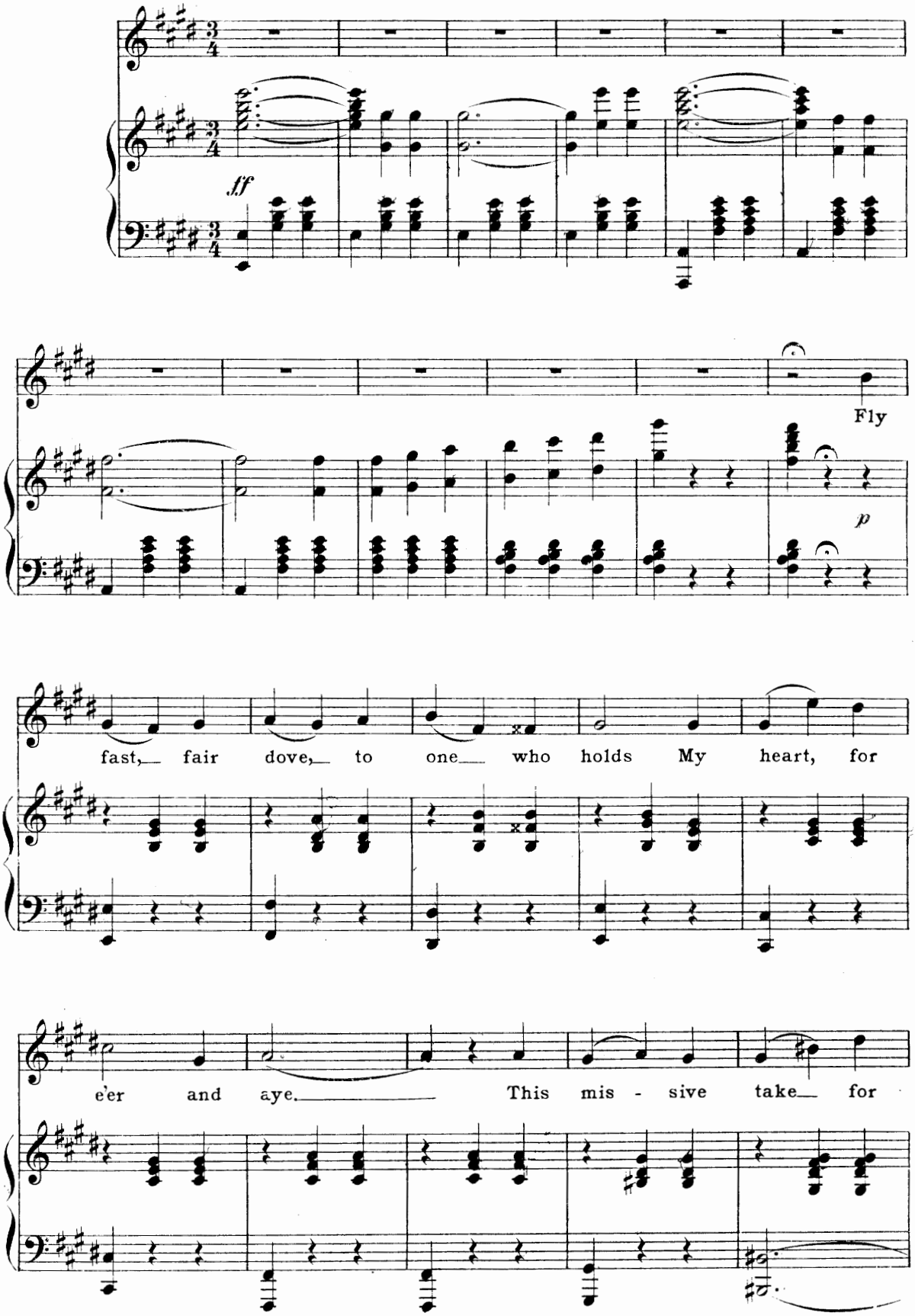

wel - come songs and cheers, Clash and clang, ye
cym - bals loud, Al - though, al - though it seems a bore, We
wel - come him with noi - sy vim, That's what he pays us
for. That's what he pays, That's what he pays, That's what he
pays, Thats what he pay's us for. Clash and clang, ye


cym - bals loud! Shout your prais - es in his ears. And
dance a - round the mon - arch crowned. With wel - come songs, with
songs and cheers.
3
3
pp
3
3

No 3. Song Sergius.



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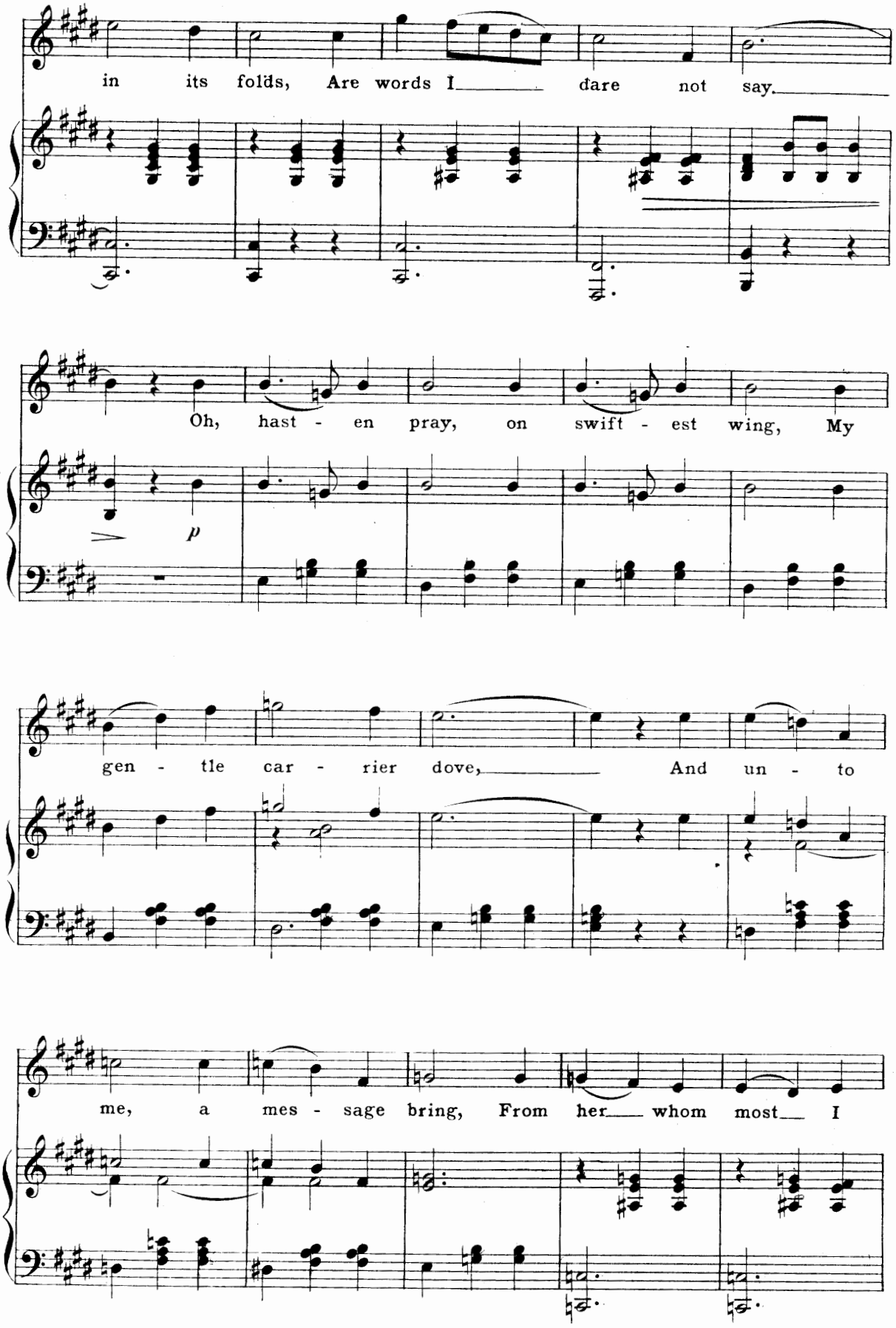
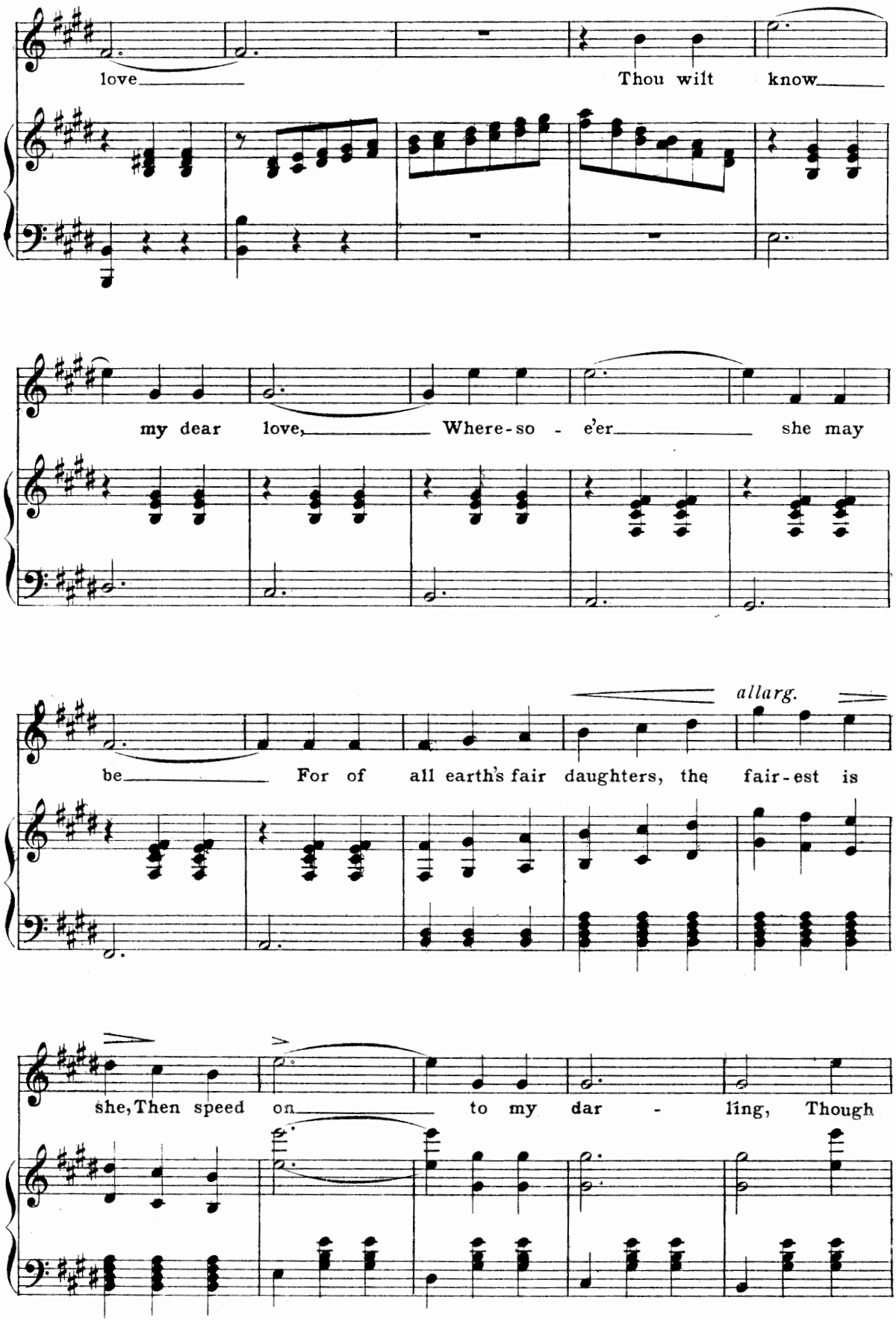
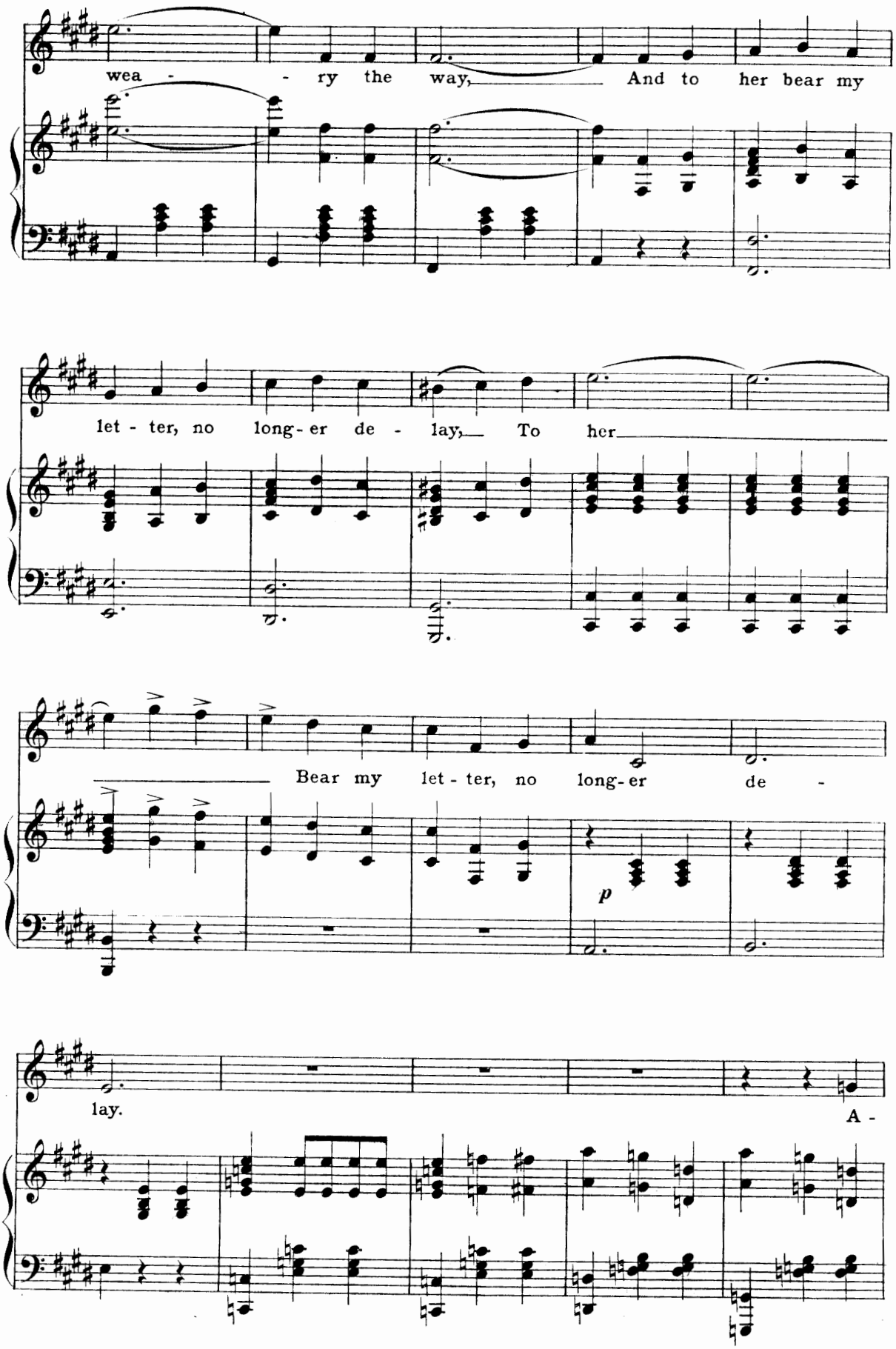
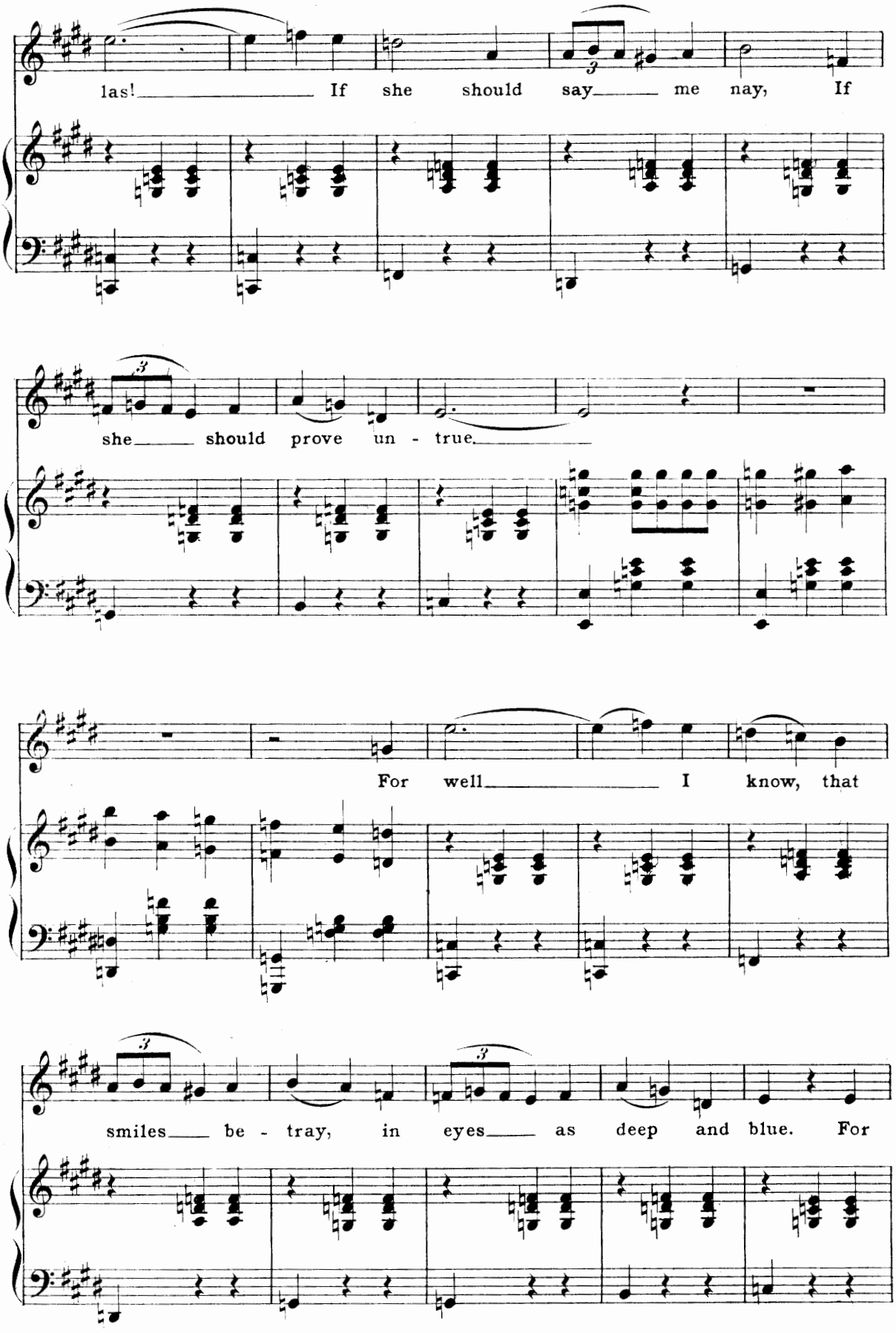
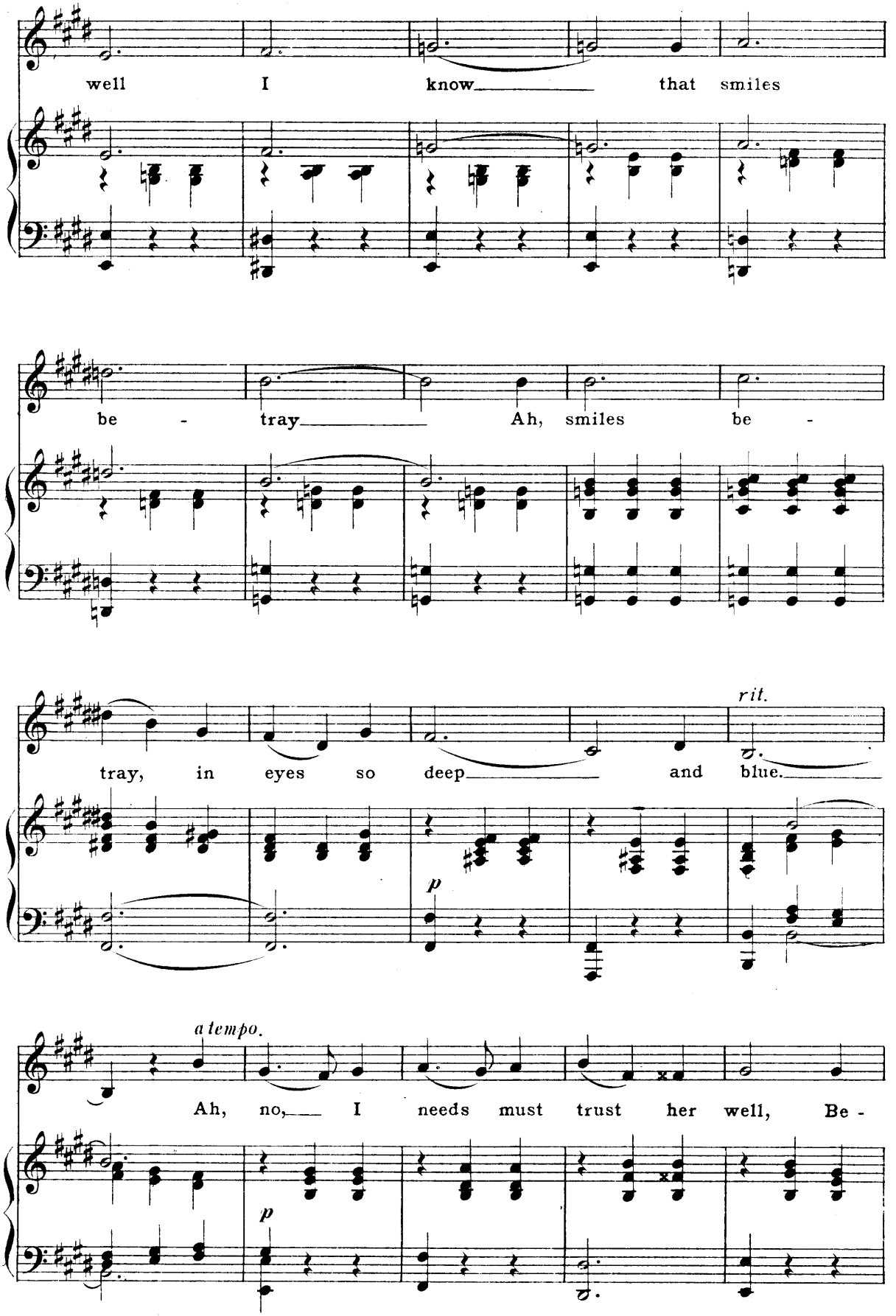
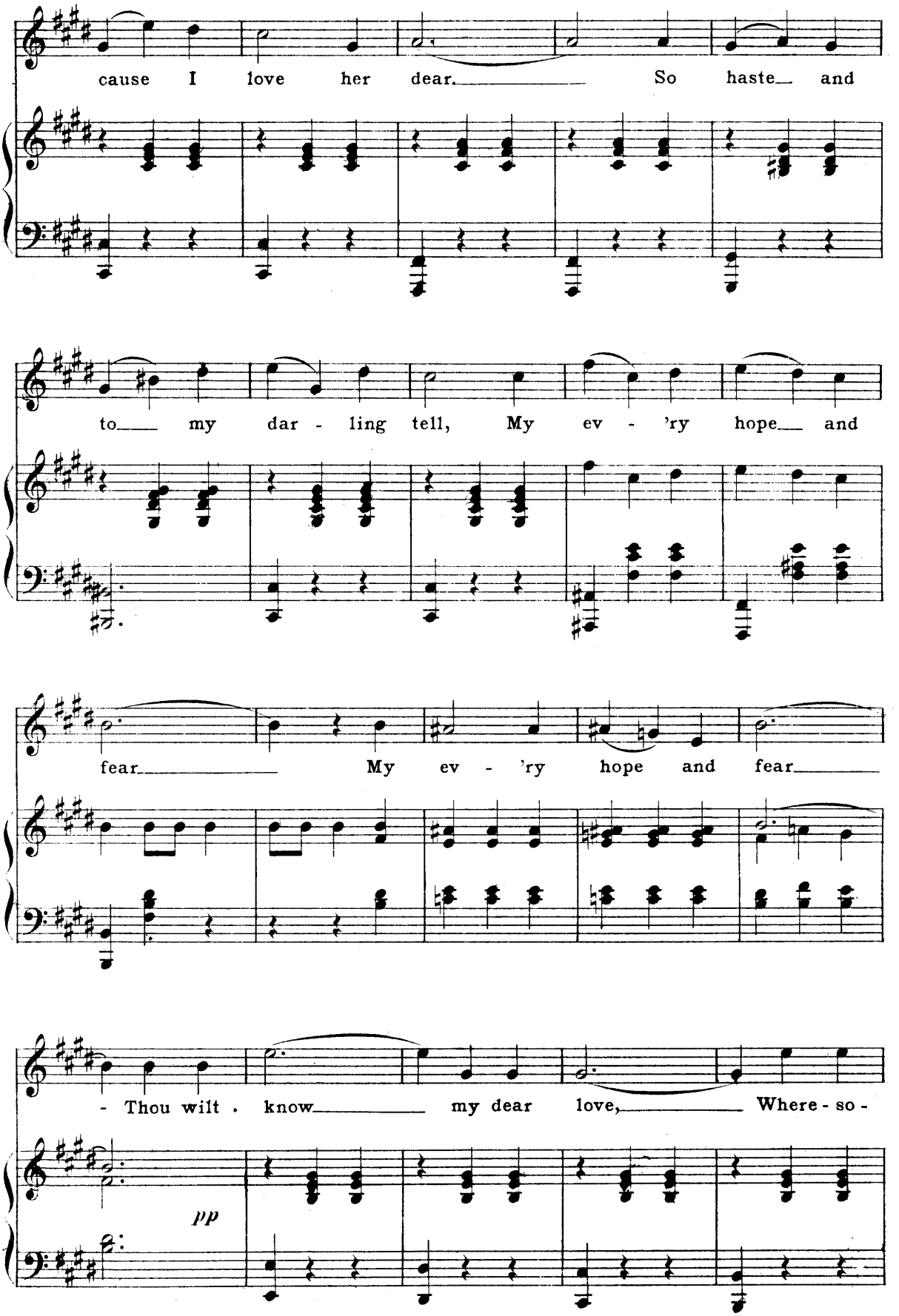

in its folds, Are words I dare not say.
Oh, hast - en pray, on swift - est wing, My
p
gen - tle car - rier dove, And un - to
me, a mes - sage bring, From her whom most I

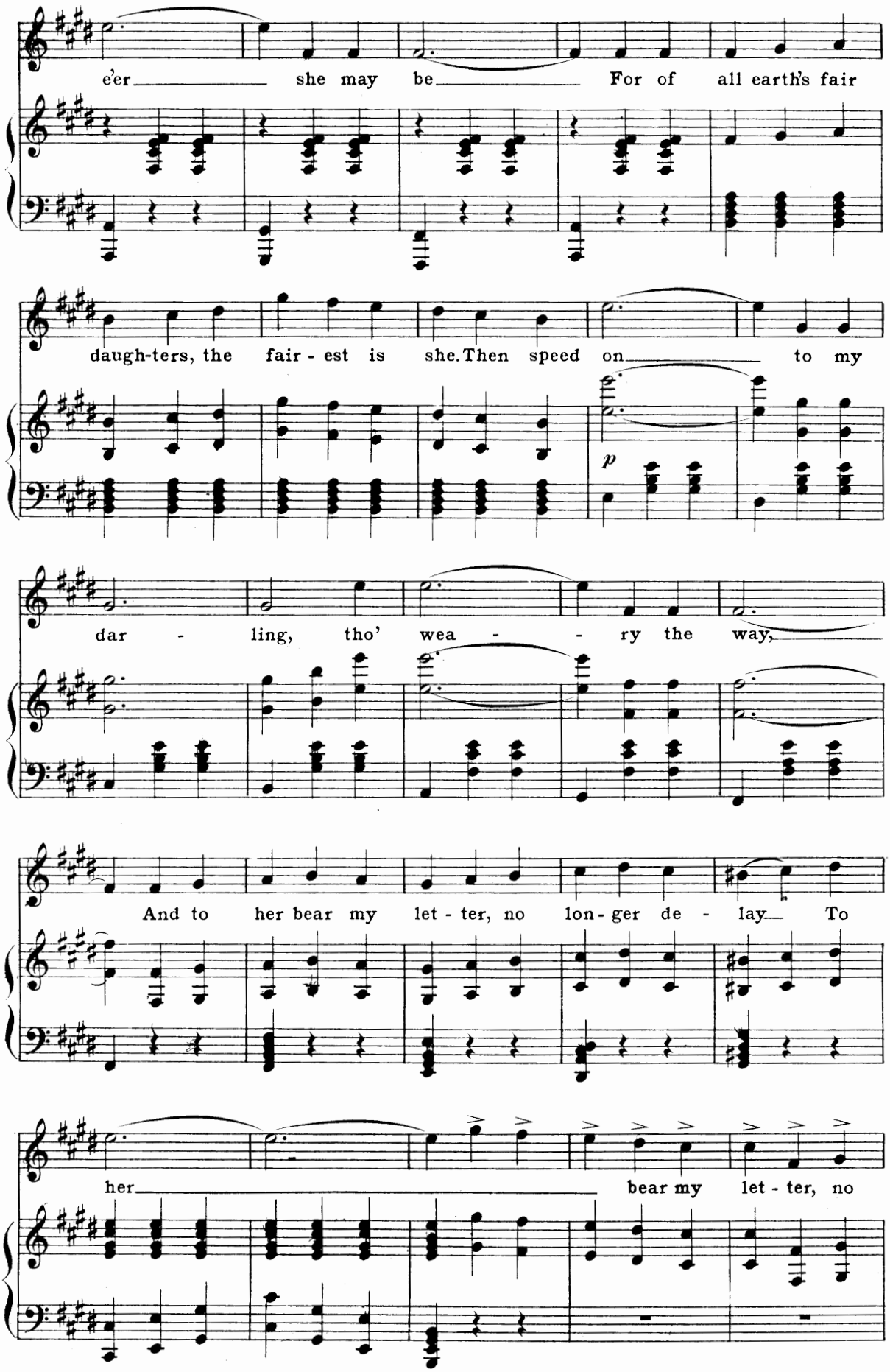

love
Thou wilt know
my dear love,
Where-so - e'er
she may
be
For of all earth's fair daughters, the fair-est is
allarg.
she, Then speed on
to my dar - ling, Though

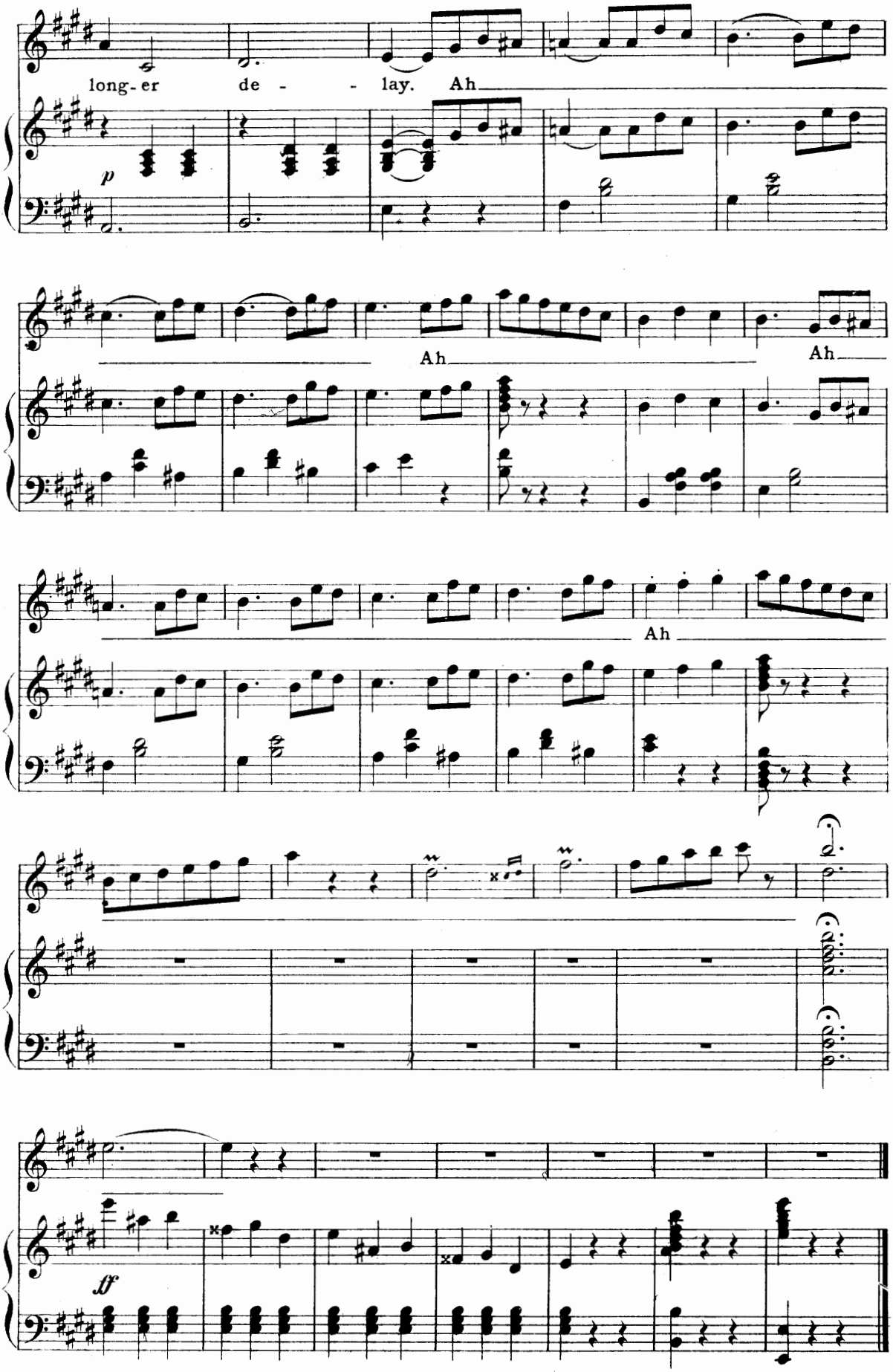

wea - - ry the way, And to her bear my
let - ter, no long - er de - lay, To her
Bear my let - ter, no long - er de -
p
lay.
A -


las! If she should say me nay, If
she should prove un - true.
For well I know, that
smiles be - tray, in eyes as deep and blue. For


well I know that smiles
be - tray Ah, smiles be -
tray, in eyes so deep and blue.
rit.
p
a tempo.
Ah, no, I needs must trust her well, Be -
p

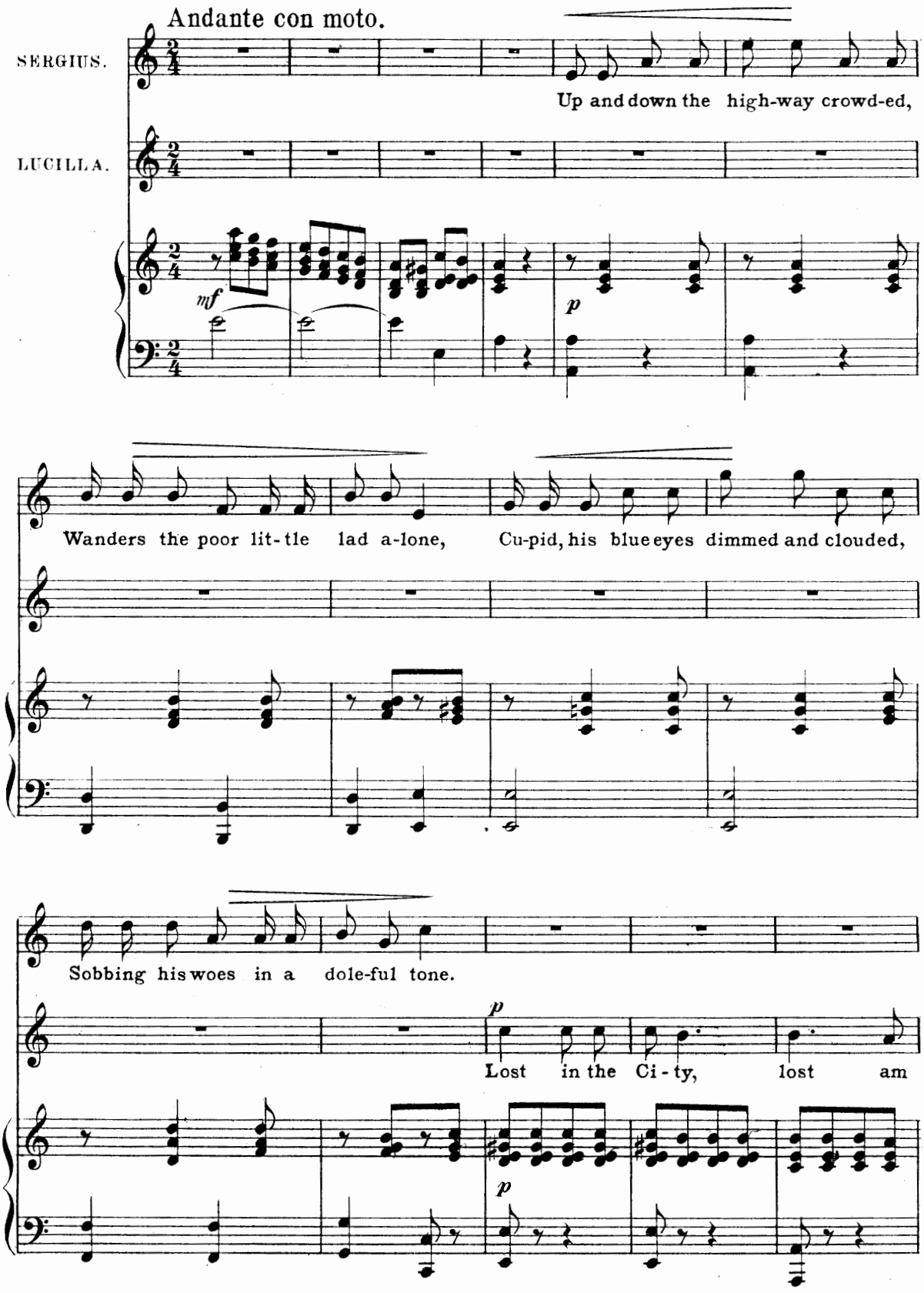

cause I love her dear. So haste and
to my dar - ling tell, My ev - 'ry hope and
fear. My ev - 'ry hope and fear.
- Thou wilt . know my dear love, Where - so -
pp


e'er she may be For of all earth's fair
daugh-ters, the fair - est is she. Then speed on to my
p
dar - ling, tho' wea - - ry the way,
And to her bear my let - ter, no lon - ger de - lay To
her bear my let - ter, no


long-er de - - lay. Ah
p
Ah
Ah
Ah
ff

No 4. Love is Lost.

DUETT.



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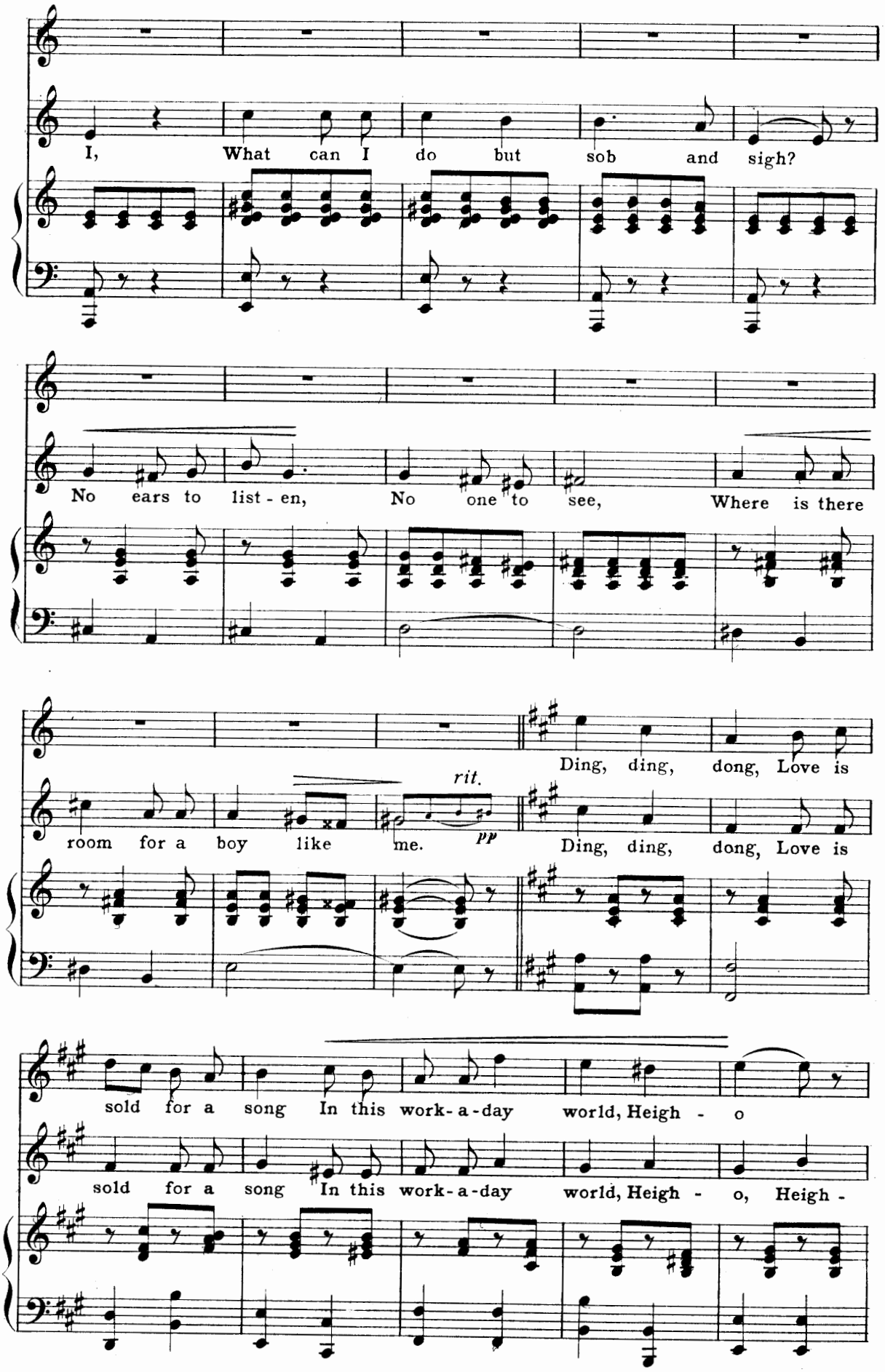
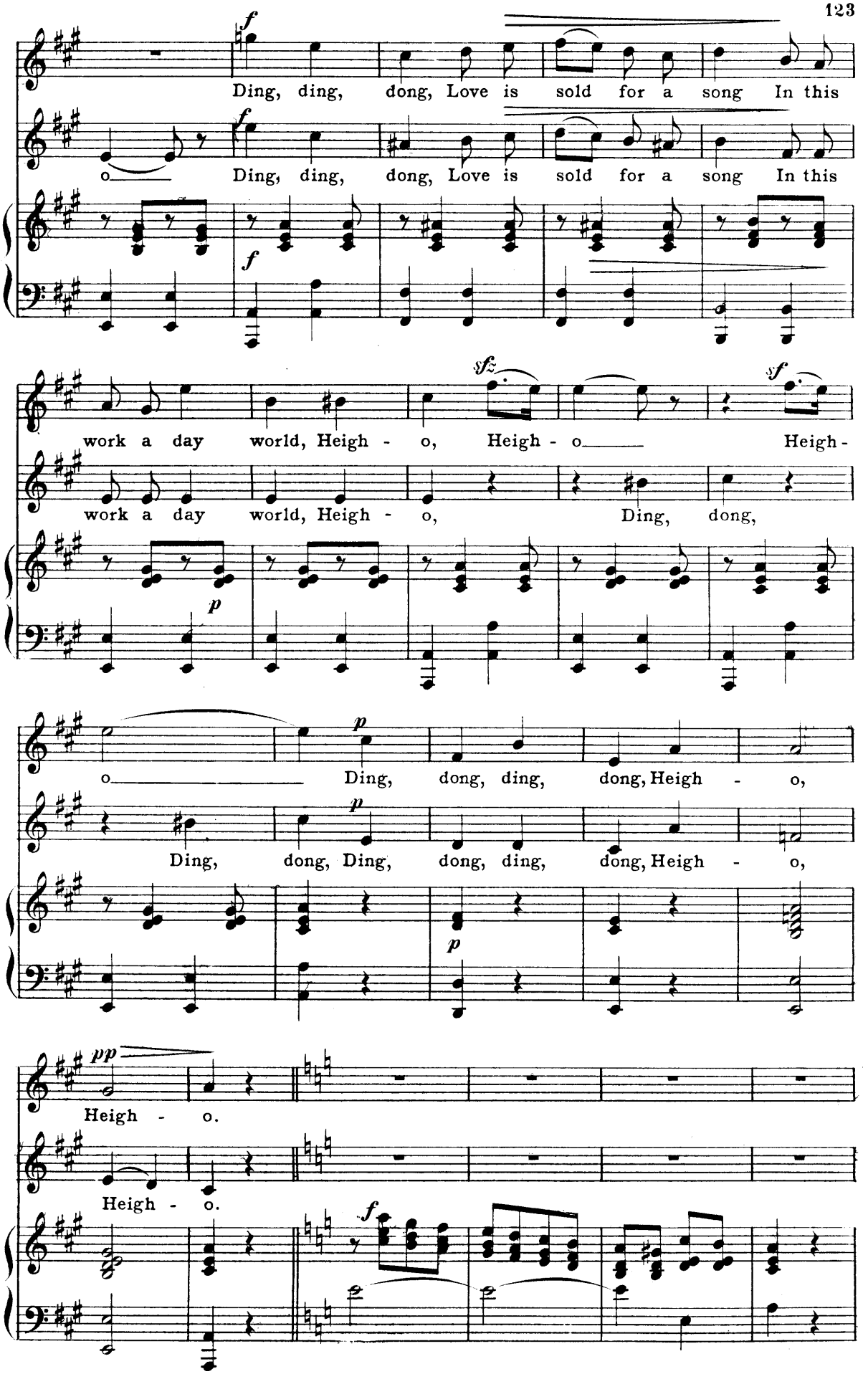
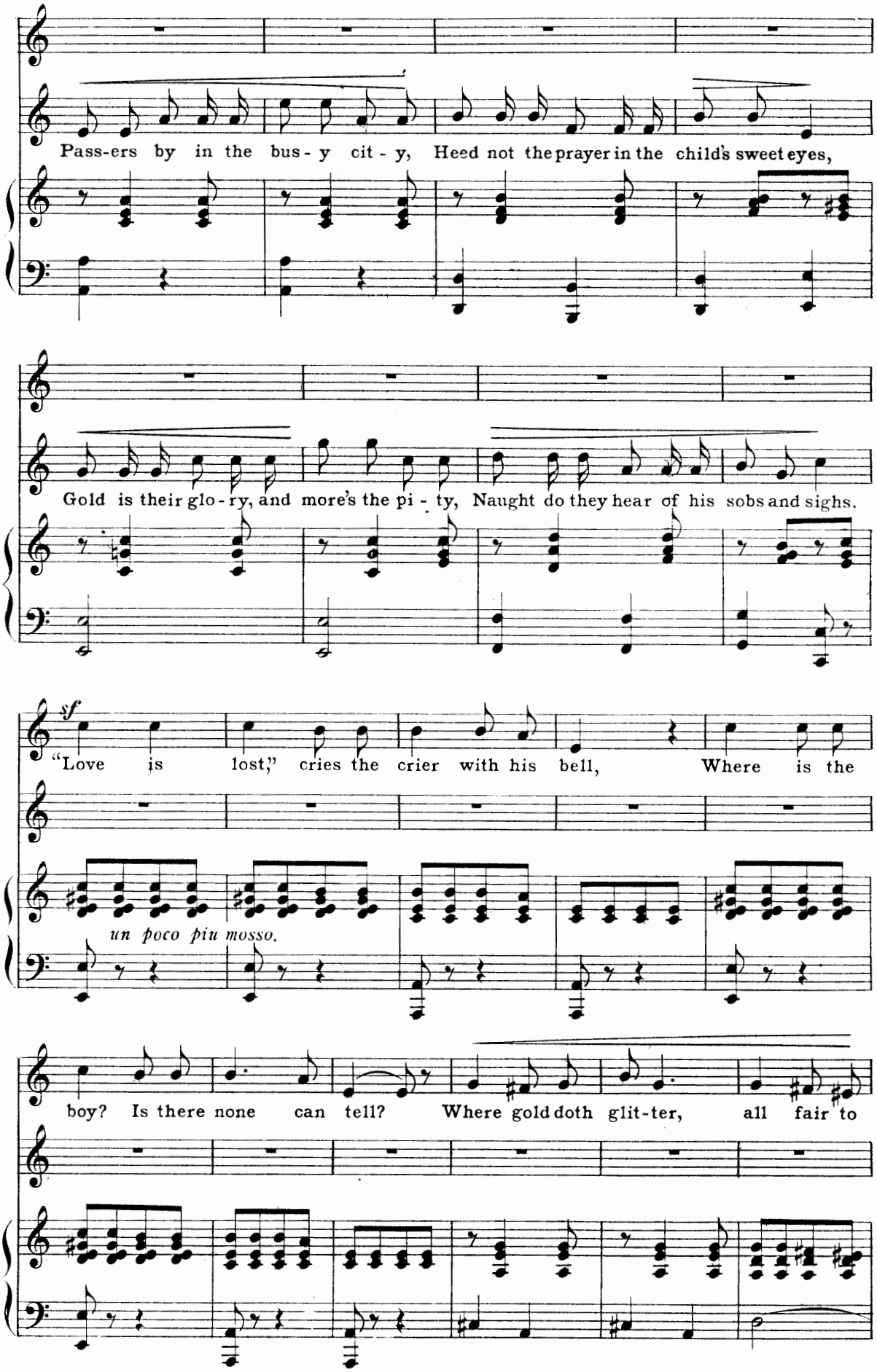
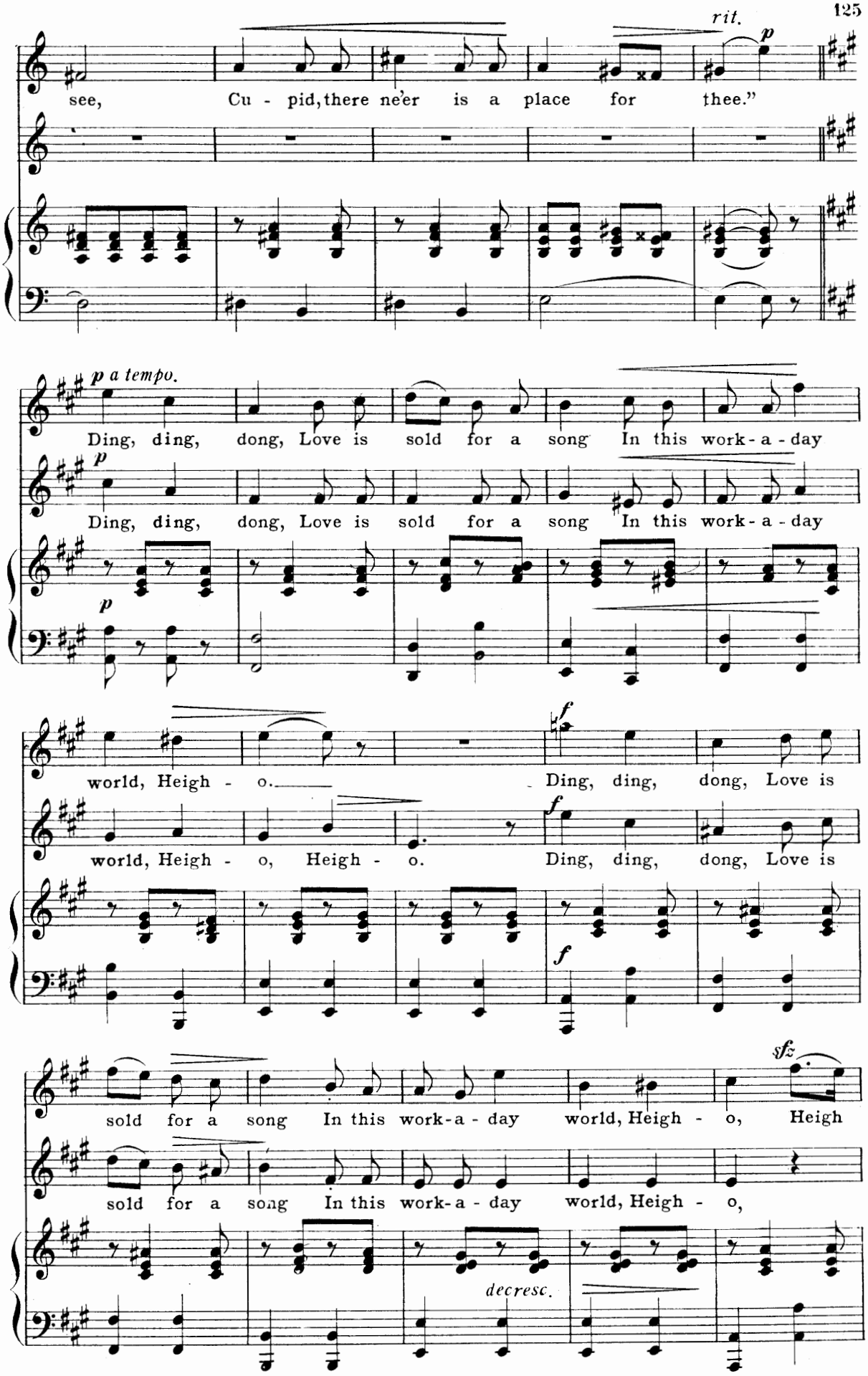
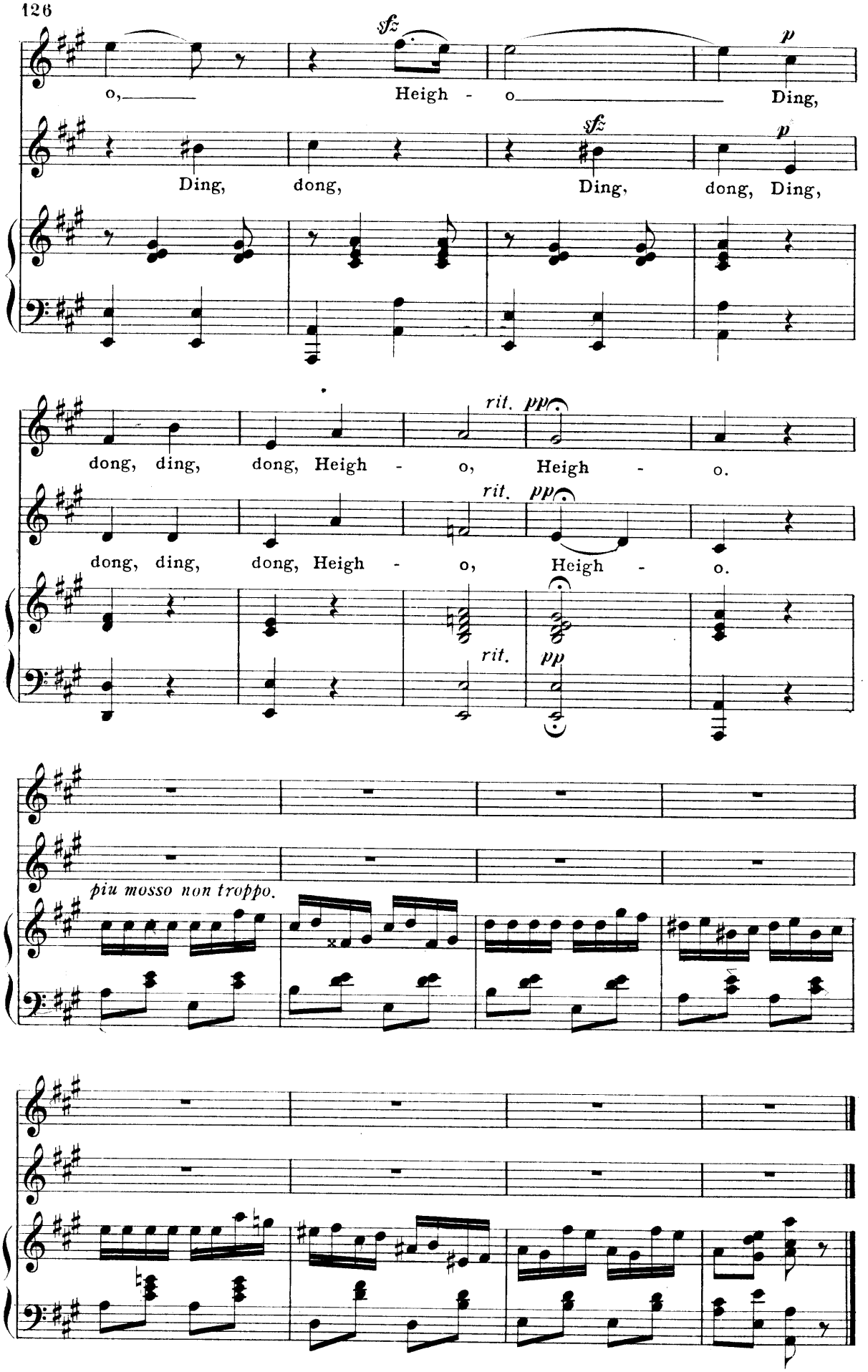

I, What can I do but sob and sigh?
No ears to list - en, No one to see, Where is there
room for a boy like me.
rit.
pp
Ding, ding, dong, Love is
Ding, ding, dong, Love is
sold for a song In this work-a-day world, Heigh - o
sold for a song In this work-a-day world, Heigh - o, Heigh -


Ding, ding, dong, Love is sold for a song In this
o Ding, ding, dong, Love is sold for a song In this
work a day world, Heigh - o, Heigh - o Heigh -
work a day world, Heigh - o, Ding, dong,
o Ding, dong, ding, dong, Heigh - o,
Ding, dong, Ding, dong, ding, dong, Heigh - o,
Heigh - o.
Heigh - o.

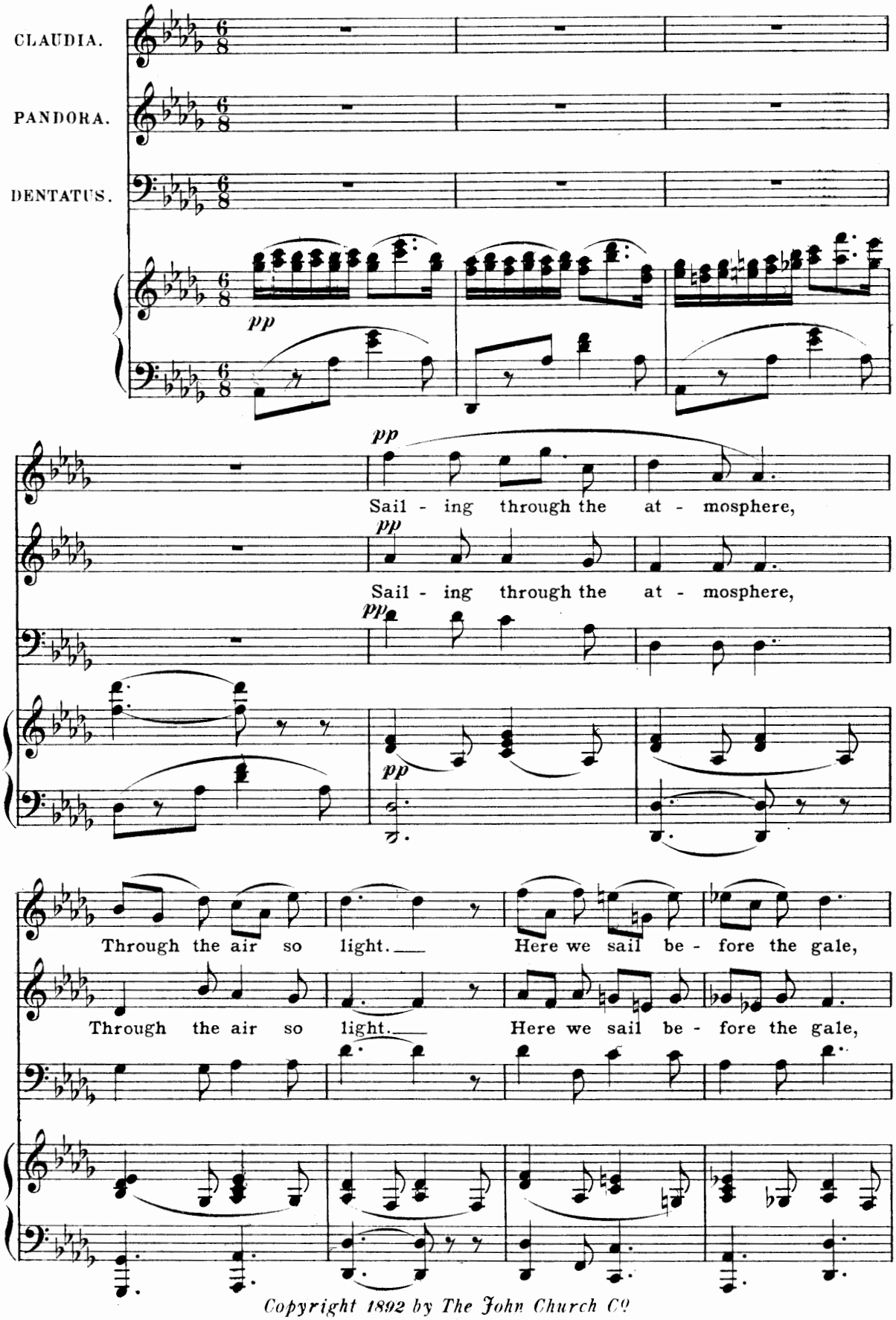

Pass-ers by in the bus - y cit - y, Heed not the prayer in the child's sweet eyes,
Gold is their glo - ry, and more's the pi - ty, Naught do they hear of his sobs and sighs.
sf
"Love is lost," cries the crier with his bell, Where is the
un poco piu mosso.
boy? Is there none can tell? Where gold doth glit-ter, all fair to


rit.
p
see, Cu - pid, there ne'er is a place for thee."
p a tempo.
Ding, ding, dong, Love is sold for a song In this work-a-day
p
Ding, ding, dong, Love is sold for a song In this work-a-day
p
world, Heigh - o.
f
Ding, ding, dong, Love is
world, Heigh - o, Heigh - o.
f
Ding, ding, dong, Love is
f
sfz
sold for a song In this work-a-day world, Heigh - o, Heigh
sold for a song In this work-a-day world, Heigh - o,
decresc.


sfz
p
o, Heigh - o Ding,
sfz
p
Ding, dong, Ding, dong, Ding,
rit. pp
dong, ding, dong, Heigh - o, Heigh - o.
rit. pp
dong, ding, dong, Heigh - o, Heigh - o.
rit.
pp
piu mosso non troppo.

No 5. Trio.

Sailing to the Moon.



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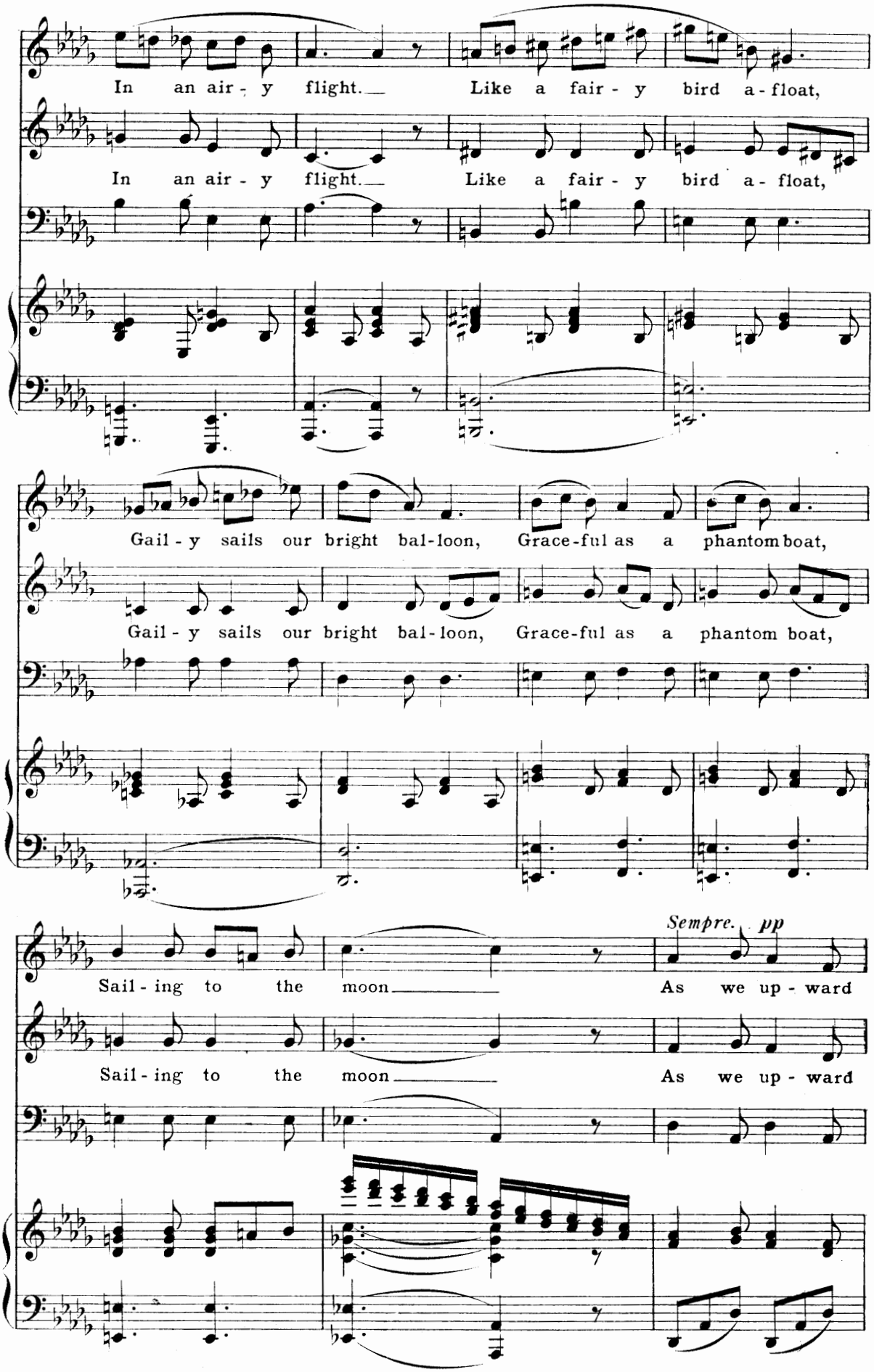
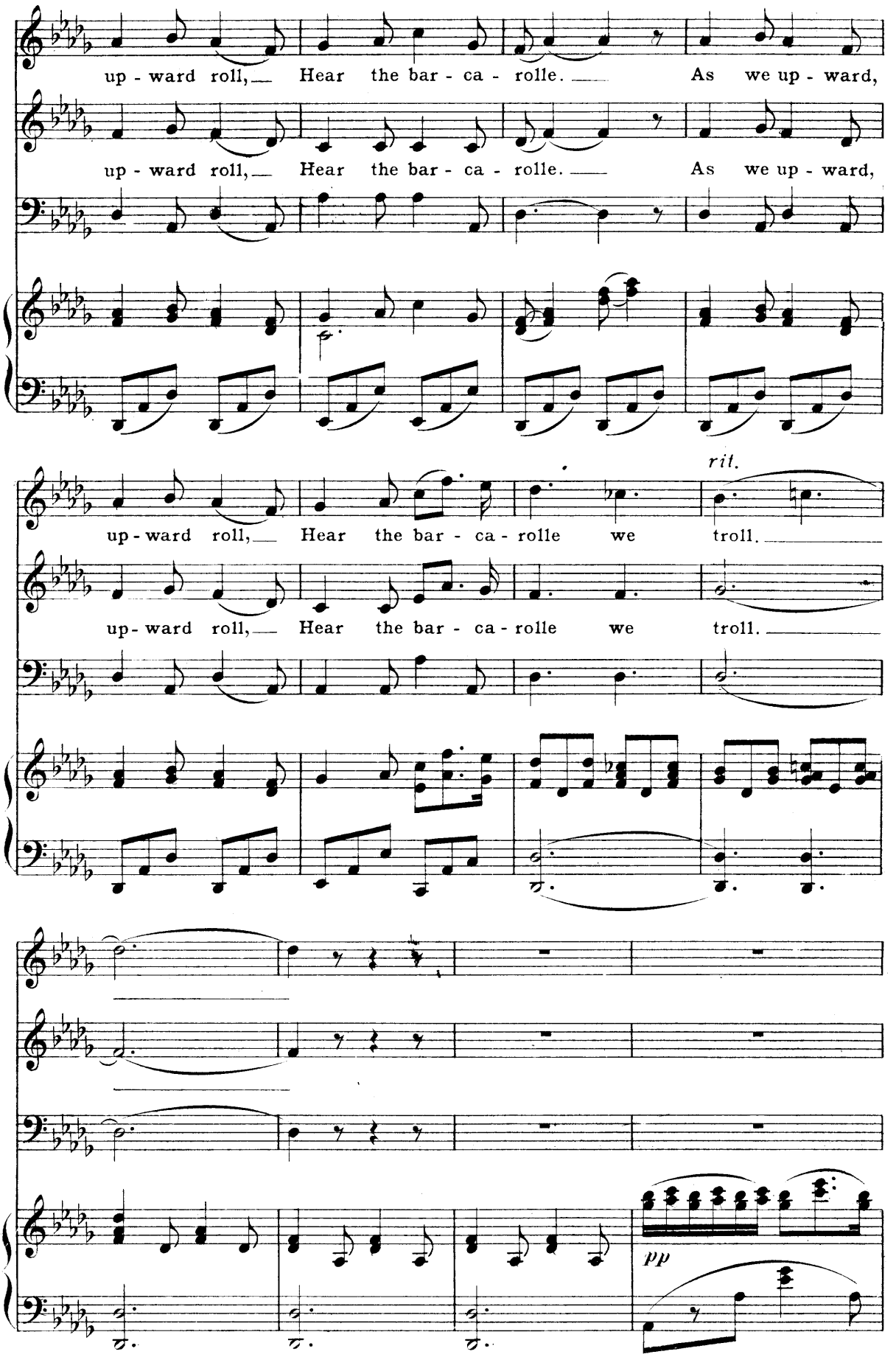
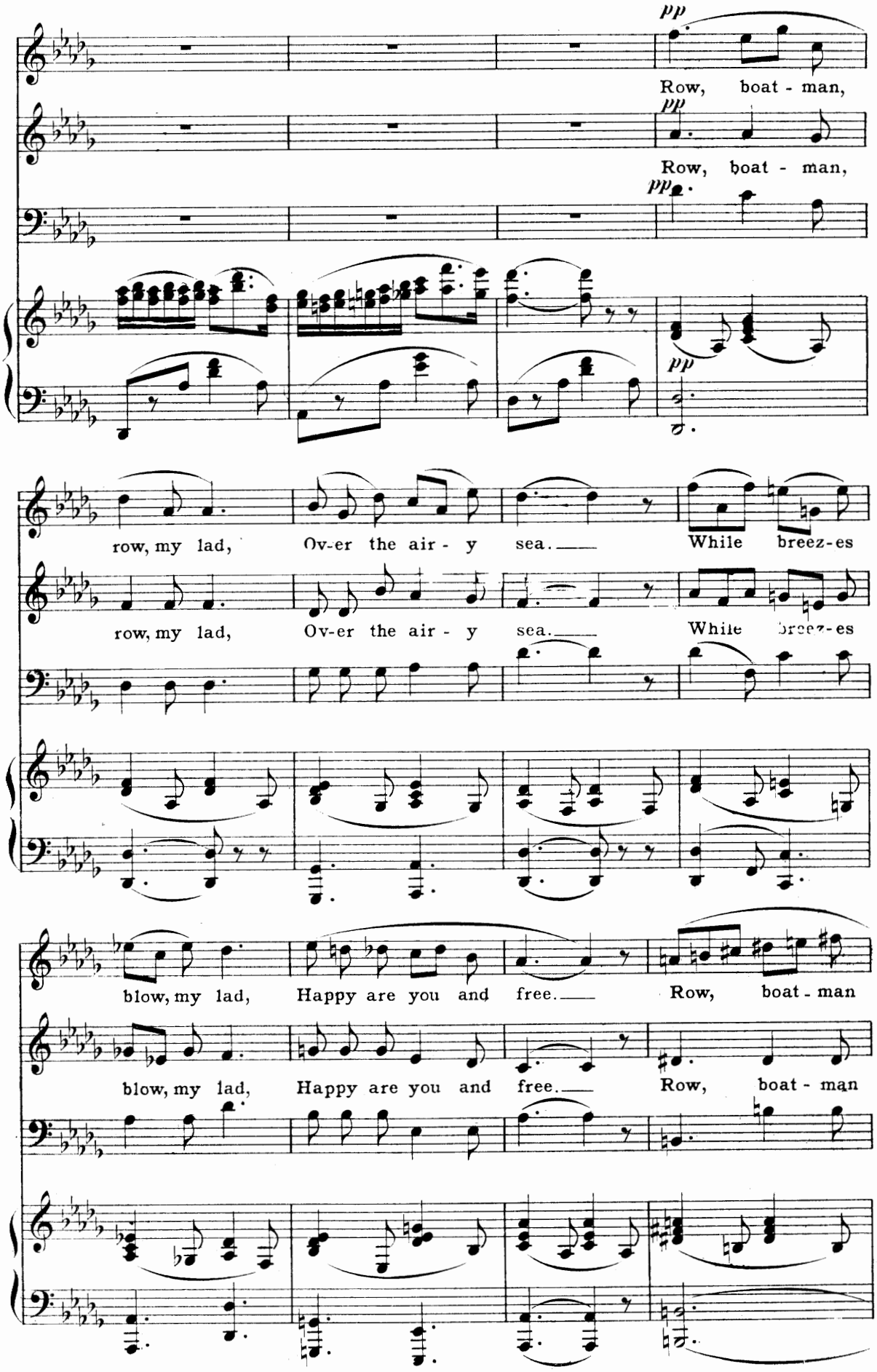
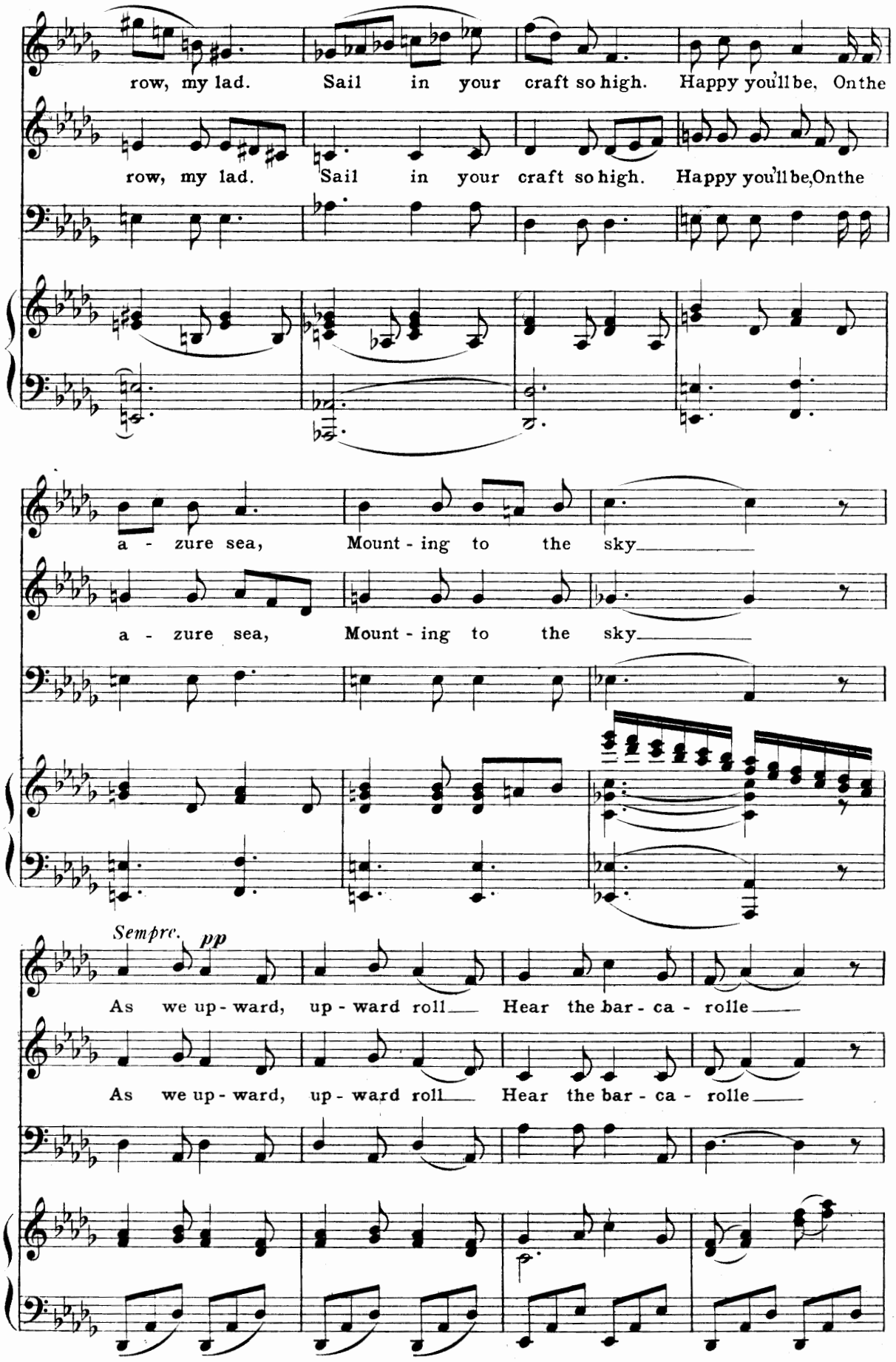
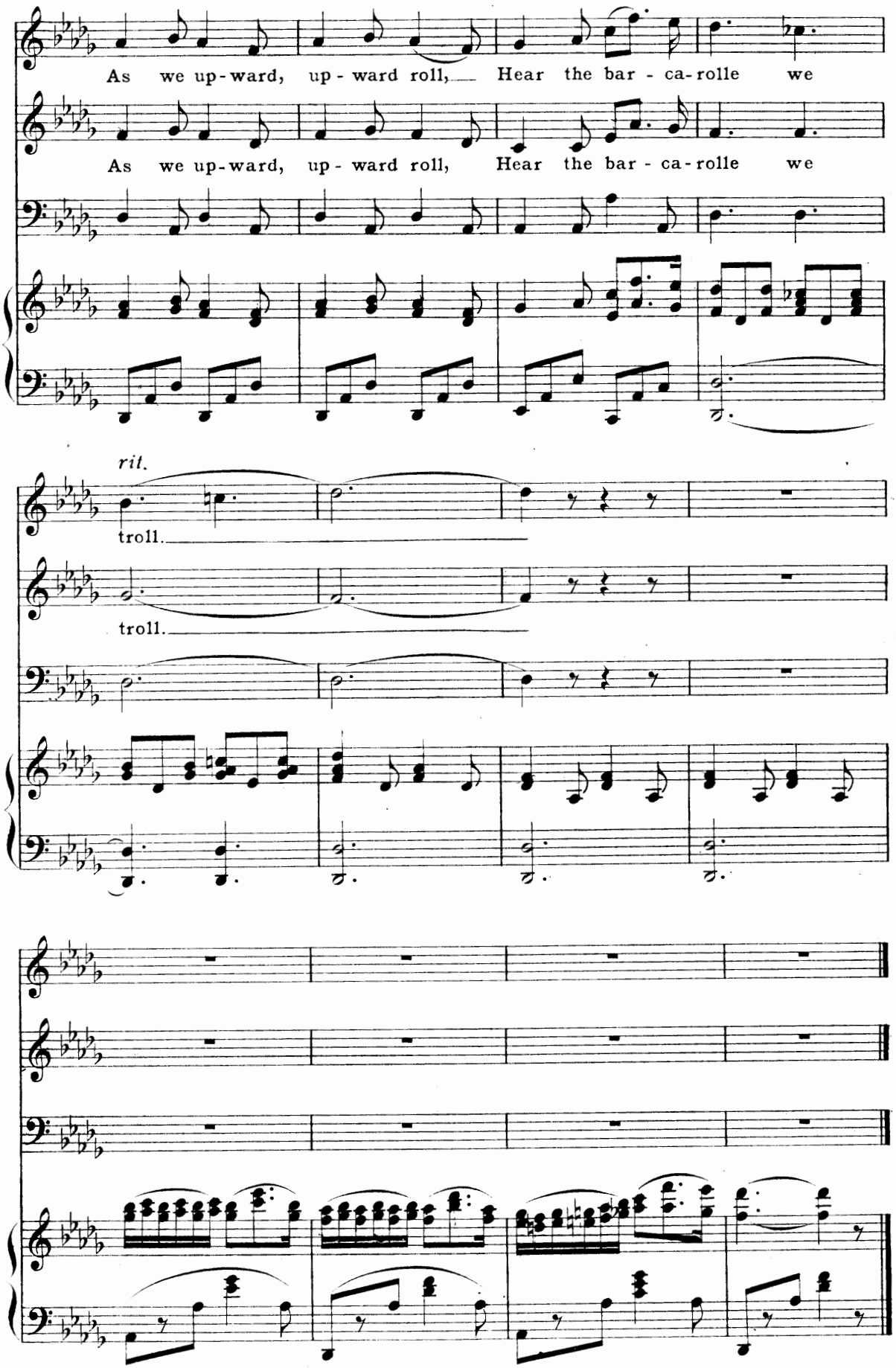

In an air - y flight. Like a fair - y bird a - float,
In an air - y flight. Like a fair - y bird a - float,
Gail - y sails our bright bal - loon, Grace - ful as a phantom boat,
Gail - y sails our bright bal - loon, Grace - ful as a phantom boat,
Sempre. pp
Sail - ing to the moon As we up - ward
Sail - ing to the moon As we up - ward

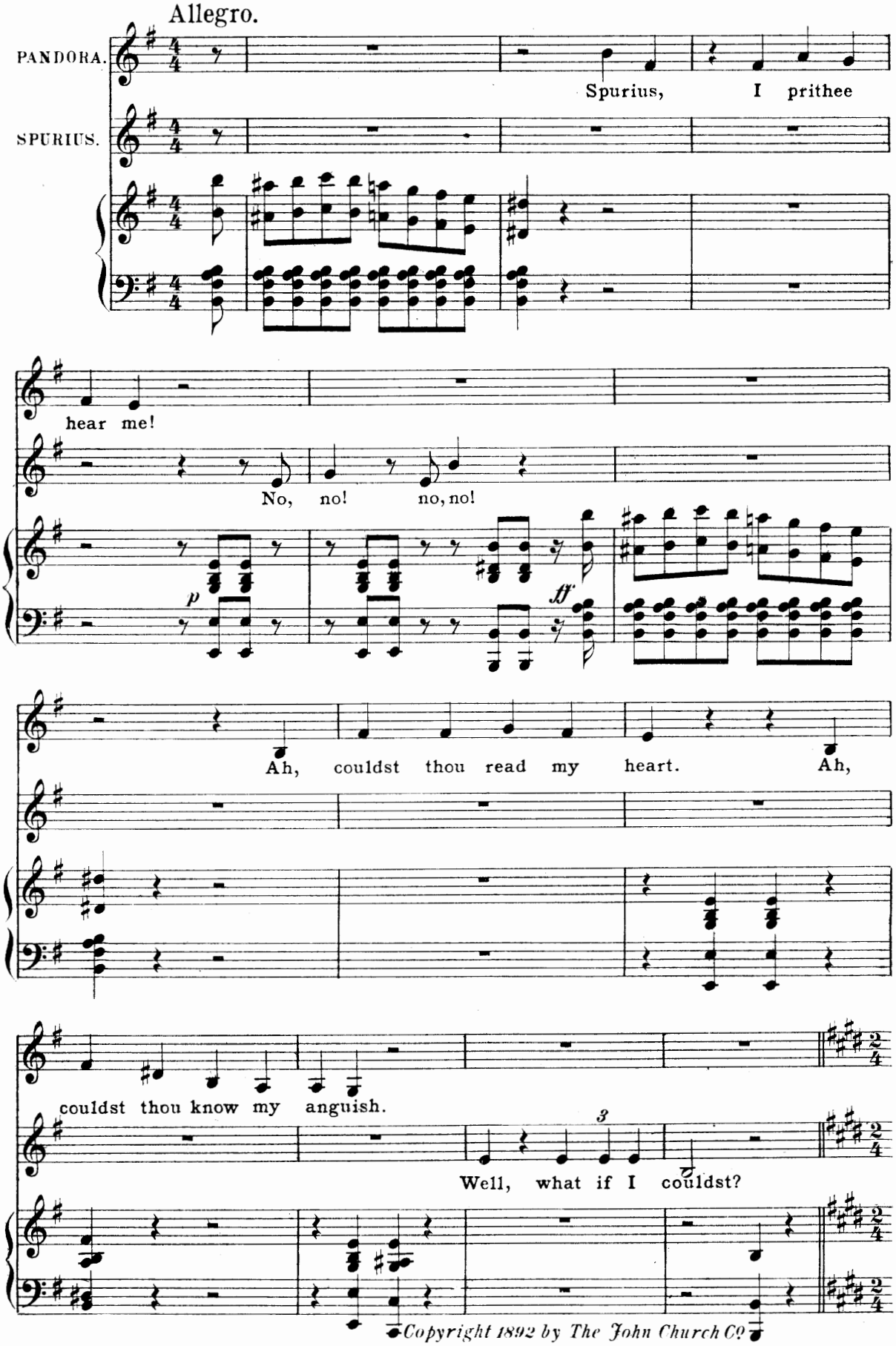

up - ward roll, Hear the bar - ca - rolle. As we up - ward,
up - ward roll, Hear the bar - ca - rolle. As we up - ward,
rit.
up - ward roll, Hear the bar - ca - rolle we troll.
up - ward roll, Hear the bar - ca - rolle we troll.
pp


pp
Row, boat - man,
pp
Row, boat - man,
pp
pp
row, my lad, Ov-er the air - y sea. While breez-es
row, my lad, Ov-er the air - y sea. While breez-es
blow, my lad, Happy are you and free. Row, boat - man
blow, my lad, Happy are you and free. Row, boat - man


row, my lad. Sail in your craft so high. Happy you'll be, On the
row, my lad. Sail in your craft so high. Happy you'll be, On the
a - zure sea, Mount - ing to the sky
a - zure sea, Mount - ing to the sky
Sempre. pp
As we up - ward, up - ward roll Hear the bar - ca - rolle
As we up - ward, up - ward roll Hear the bar - ca - rolle


As we up-ward, up-ward roll, Hear the bar-ca-rolle we
As we up-ward, up-ward roll, Hear the bar-ca-rolle we
rit.
troll.
troll.

No. 6. Duet. Spurius & Pandora.



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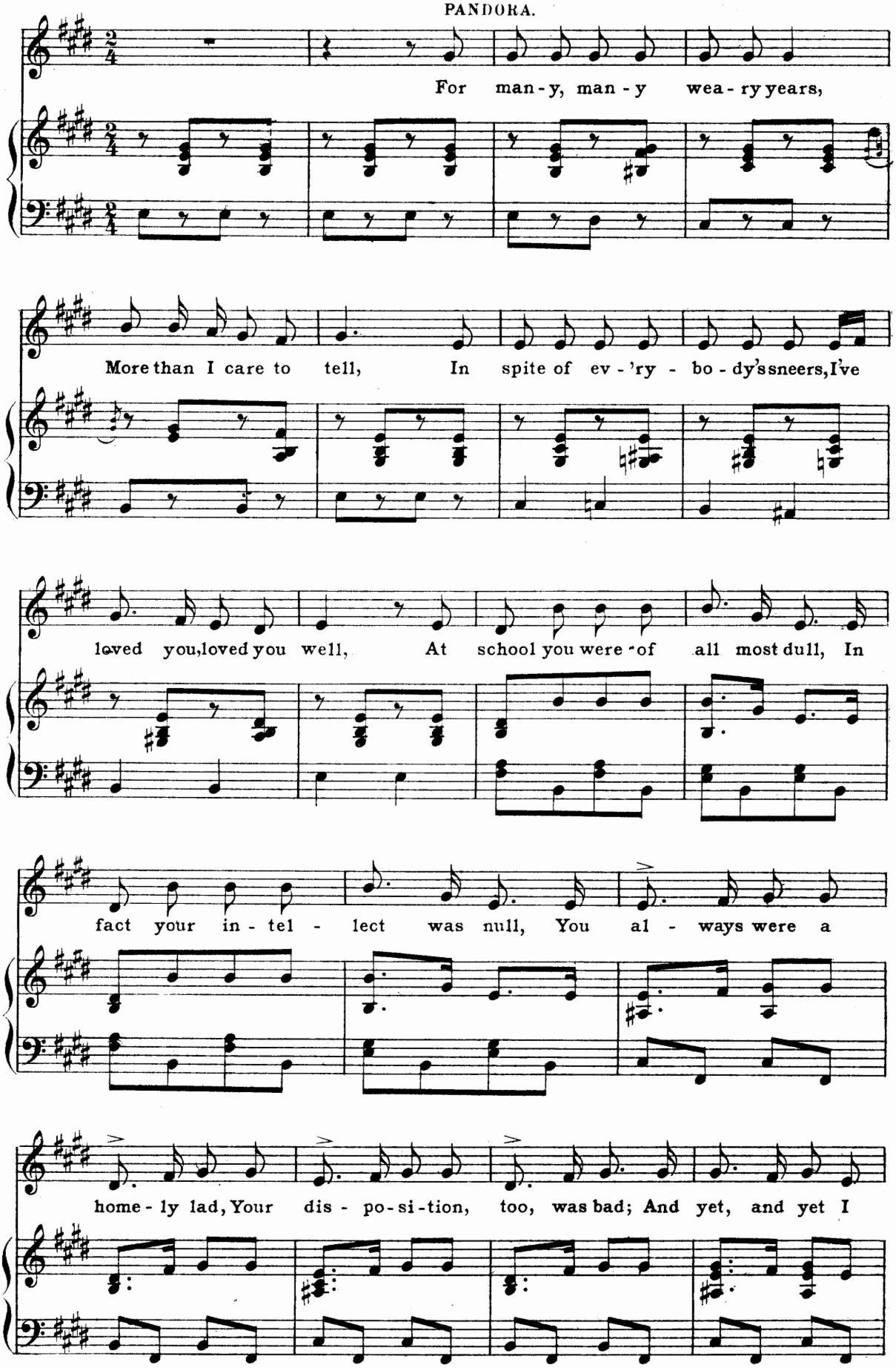
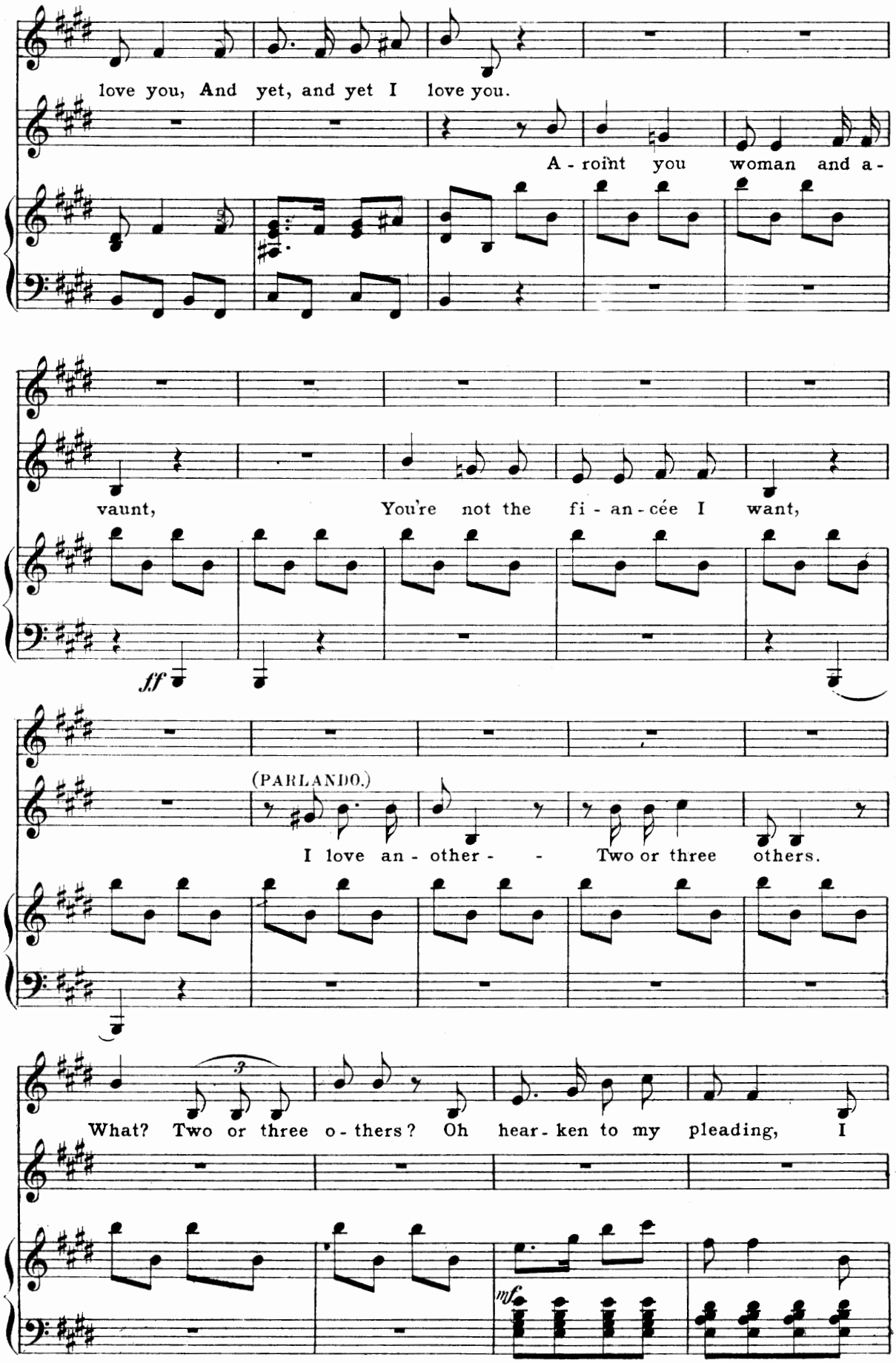
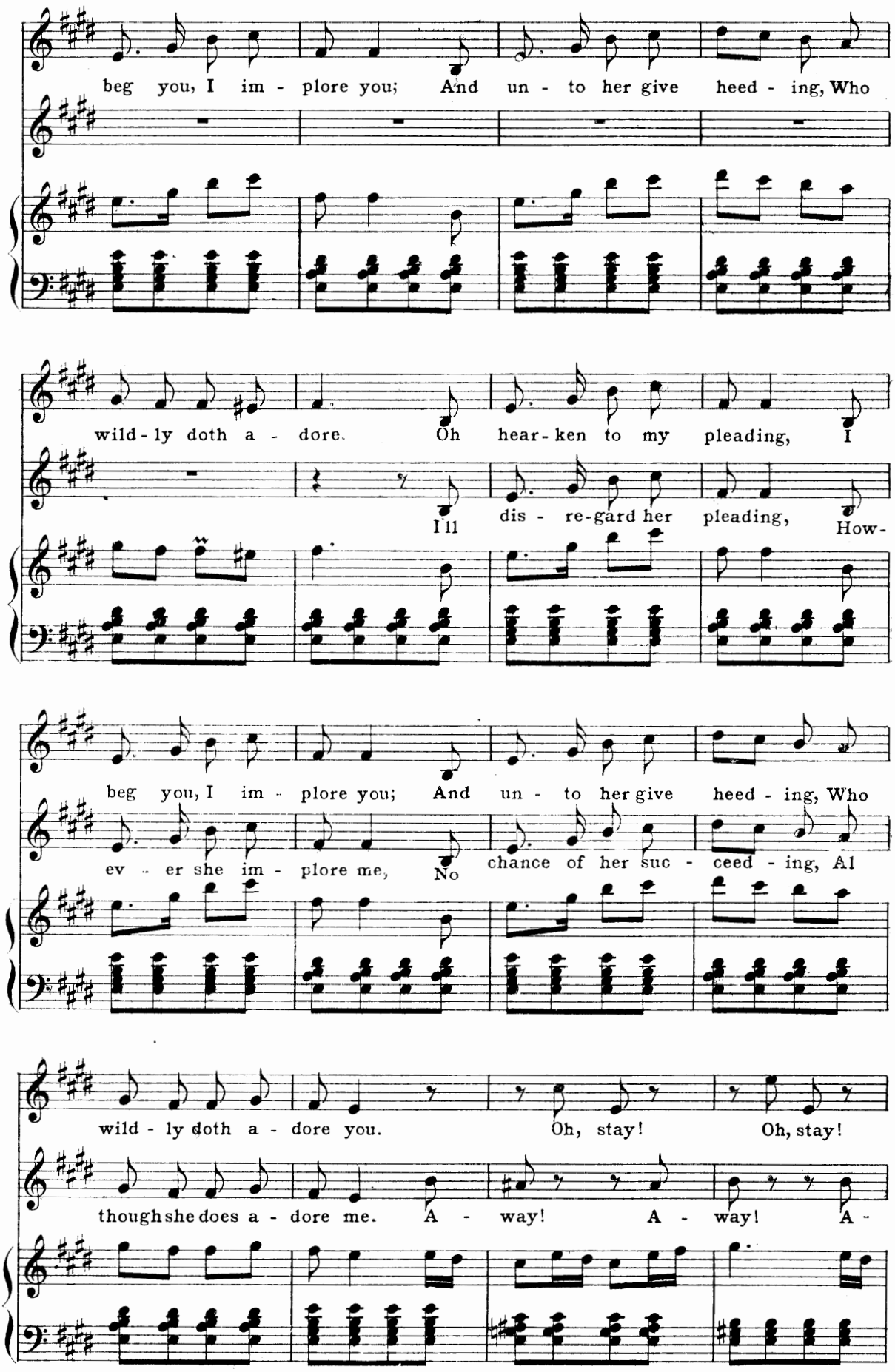
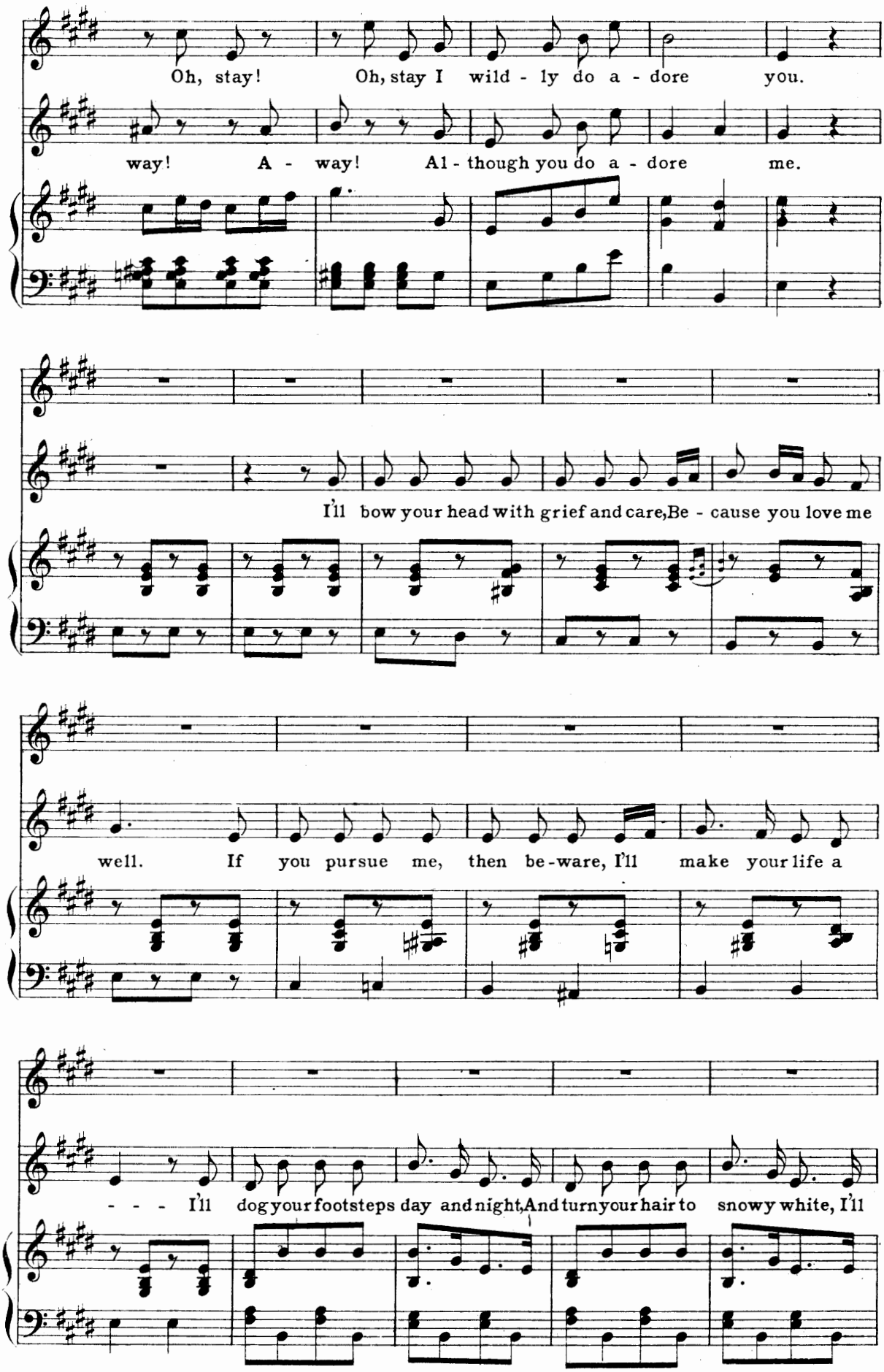
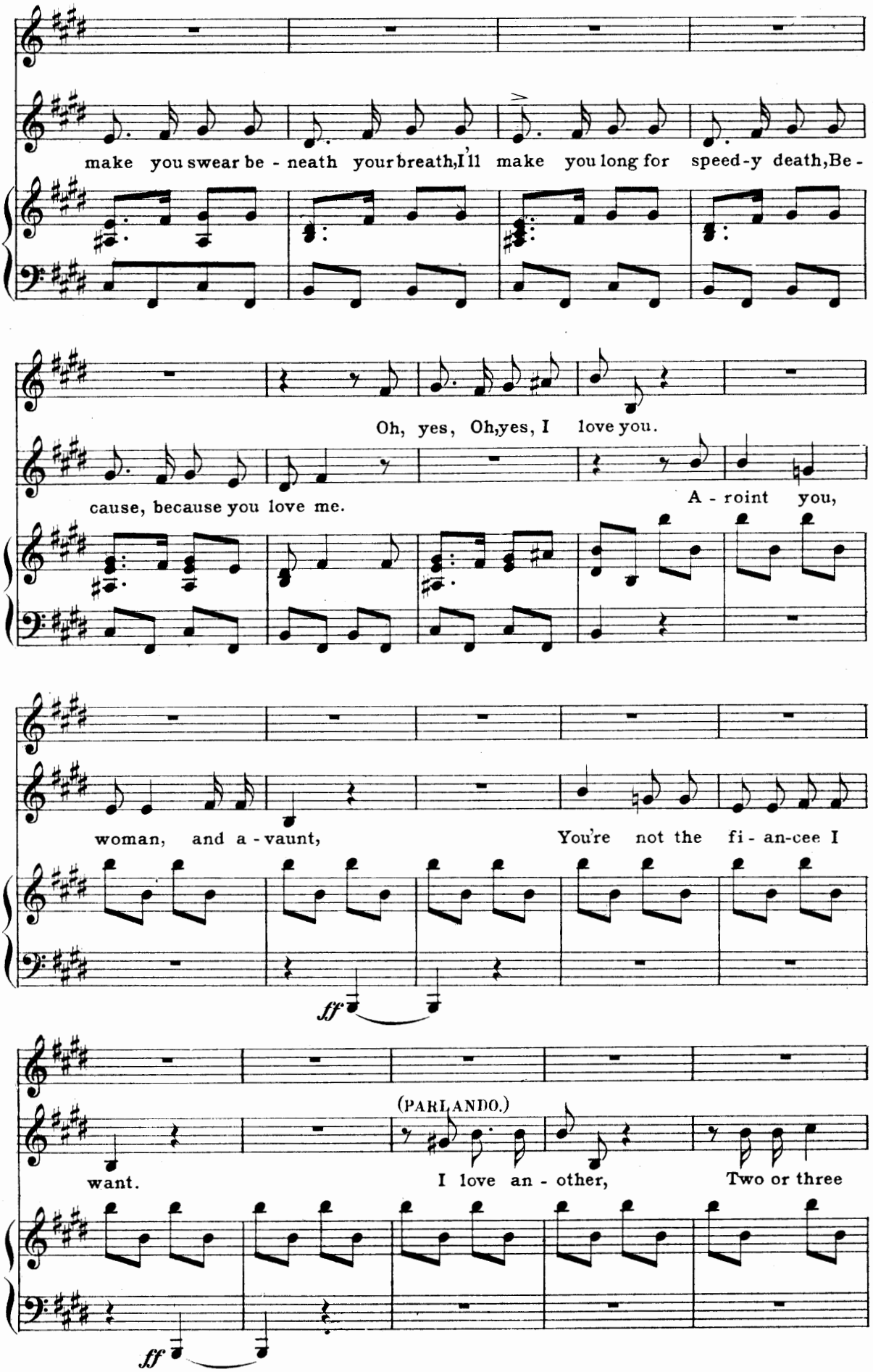
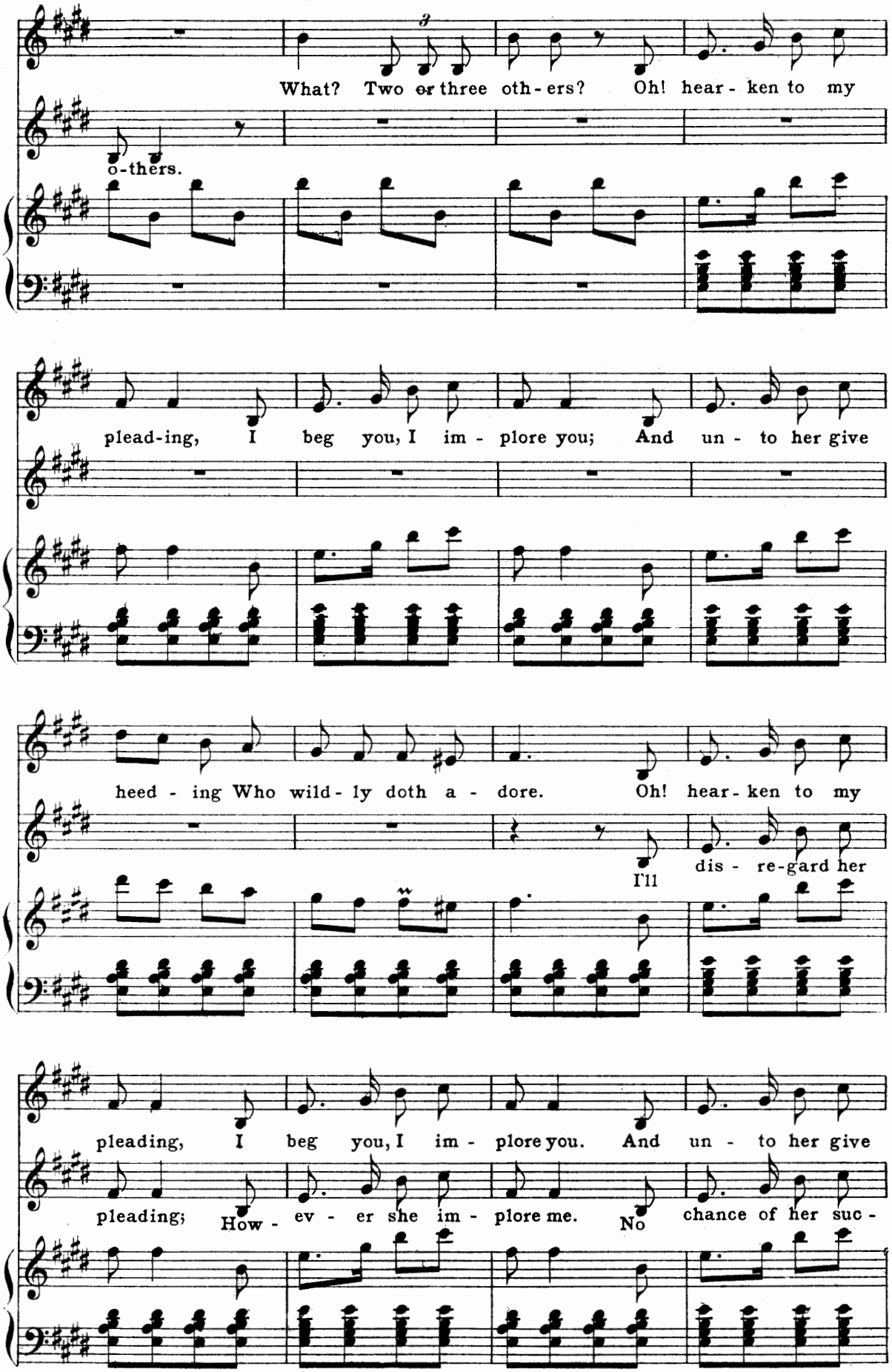

For man-y, man-y wea-ry years,
More than I care to tell, In spite of ev-'ry-bo-dy's sneers, I've
loved you, loved you well, At school you were of all most dull, In
fact your in-tel-lect was null, You al-ways were a
home-ly lad, Your dis-po-si-tion, too, was bad; And yet, and yet I

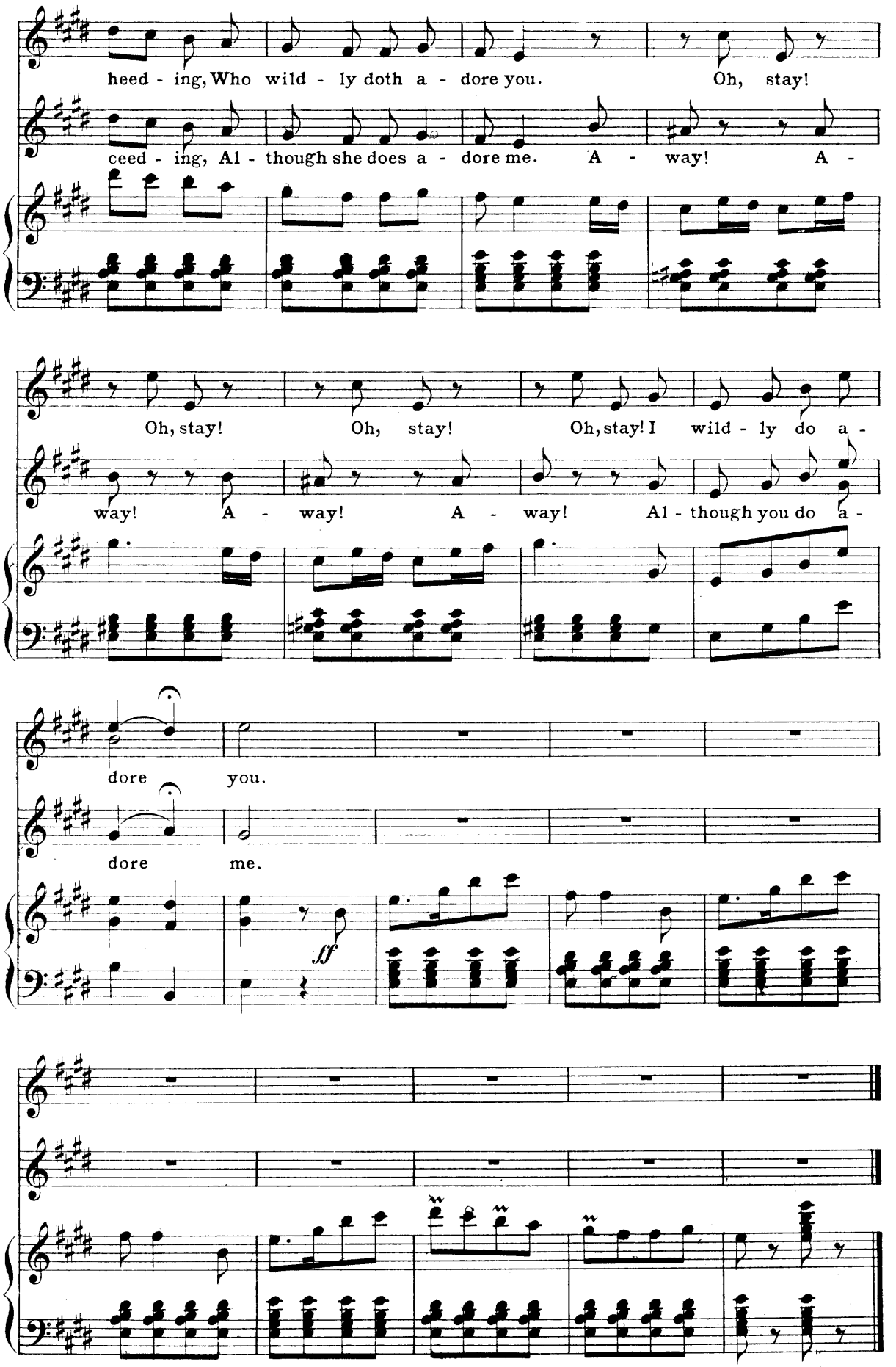

love you, And yet, and yet I love you.
A - roint you woman and a -
vaunt, You're not the fi - an - cée I want,
ff
(PARLANDO.)
I love an - other - - Two or three others.
What? Two or three o - thers? Oh hear - ken to my pleading, I
mf


beg you, I im - plore you; And un - to her give heed - ing, Who
wild - ly doth a - dore. Oh hear - ken to my pleading, I
I'll dis - re-gard her pleading, How-
beg you, I im - plore you; And un - to her give heed - ing, Who
ev - er she im - plore me, No chance of her suc - ceed - ing, Al
wild - ly doth a - dore you. Oh, stay! Oh, stay!
though she does a - dore me. A - way! A - way! A -


Oh, stay! Oh, stay I wild - ly do a - dore you.
way! A - way! Al - though you do a - dore me.
I'll bow your head with grief and care, Be - cause you love me
well. If you pursue me, then be-ware, I'll make your life a
- - - I'll dog your footsteps day and night, And turn your hair to snowy white, I'll

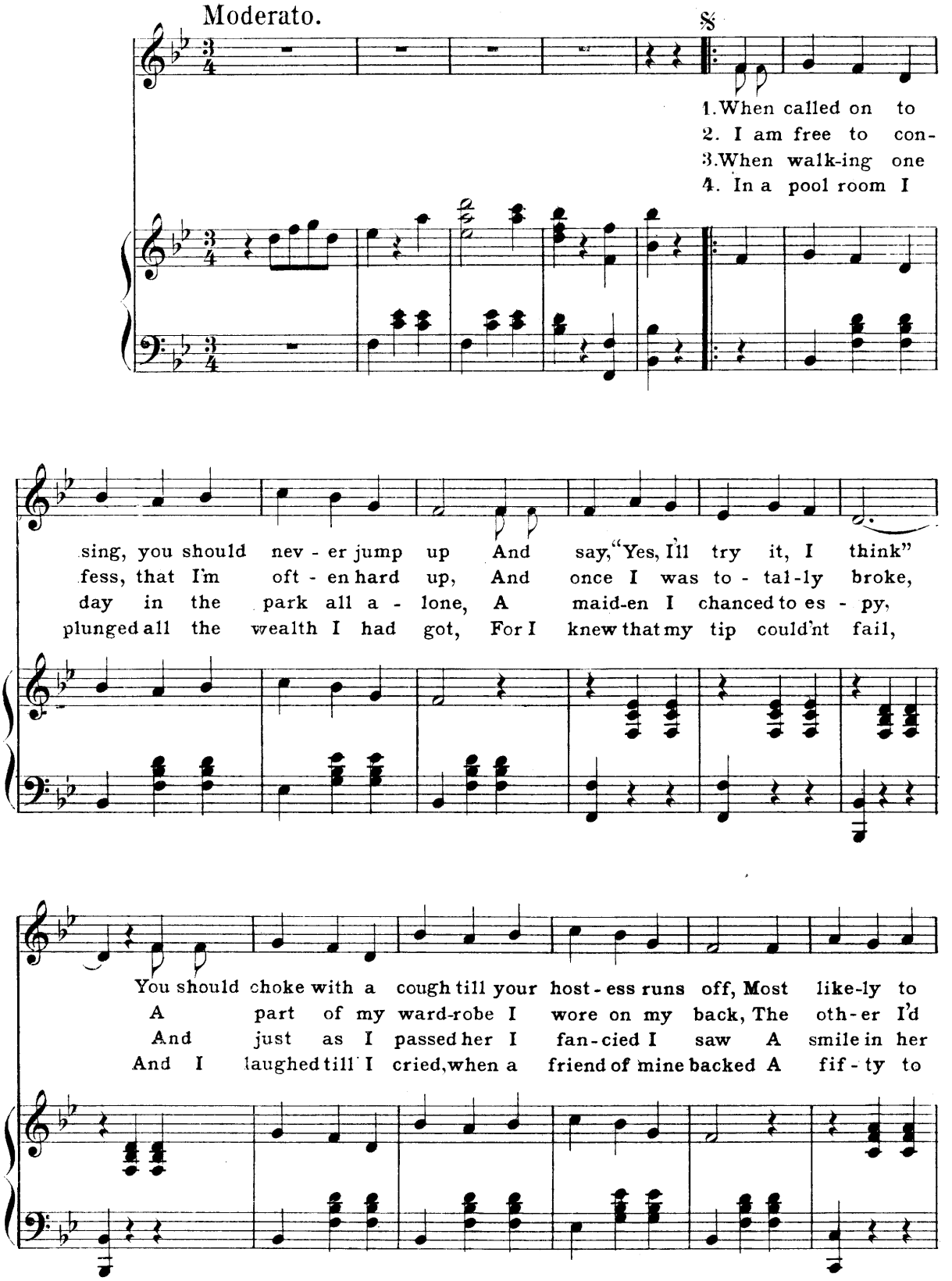

make you swear be - neath your breath, I'll make you long for speed-y death, Be -
Oh, yes, Oh, yes, I love you.
cause, because you love me.
A - roint you,
woman, and a - vaunt,
You're not the fi - an-cee I
ff
(PARLANDO.)
want.
I love an - other,
Two or three
ff


What? Two or three oth-ers? Oh! hear-ken to my
o-thers.
plead-ing, I beg you, I im-plore you; And un-to her give
heed-ing Who wild-ly doth a-dore. Oh! hear-ken to my
I'll dis-re-gard her
pleading, I beg you, I im-plore you. And un-to her give
pleading; How-ev-er she im-plore me. No chance of her suc-


heed - ing, Who wild - ly doth a - dore you. Oh, stay!
ceed - ing, Al - though she does a - dore me. A - way! A -
Oh, stay! Oh, stay! Oh, stay! I wild - ly do a -
way! A - way! A - way! Al - though you do a -
dore you.
dore me.
ff

No 7. A Very Old Gag, But It Went.

Song-Spurius.



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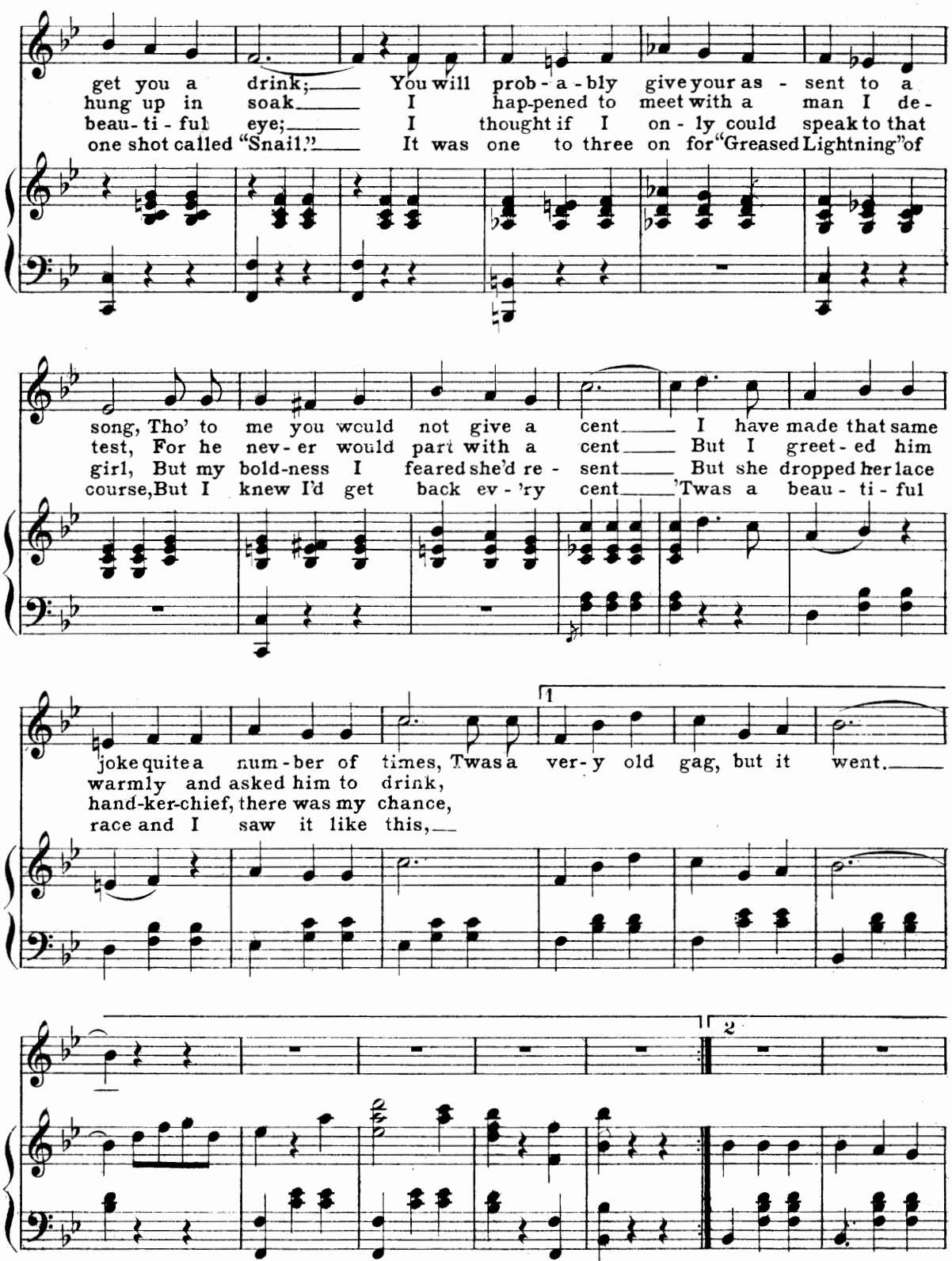
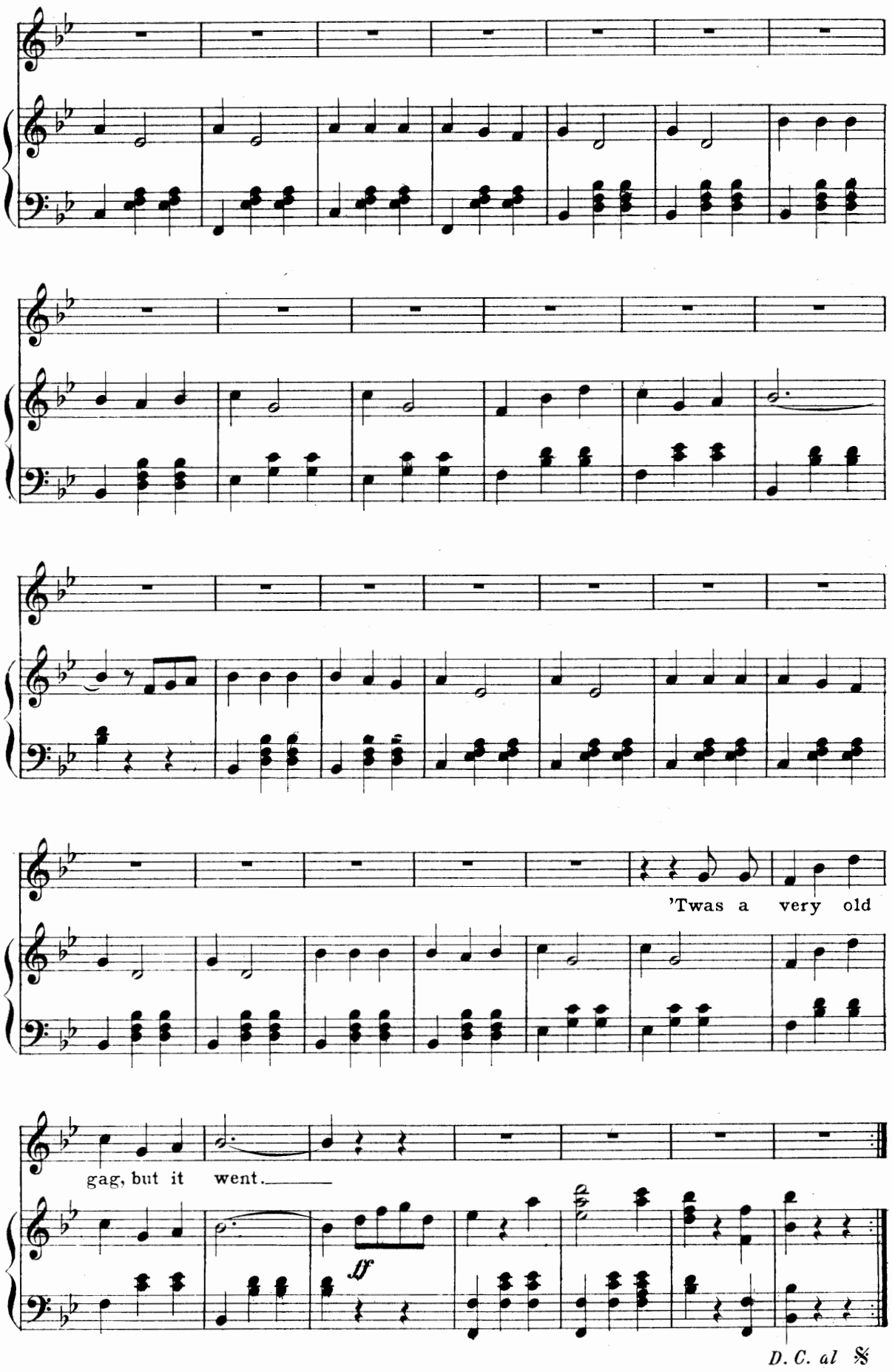


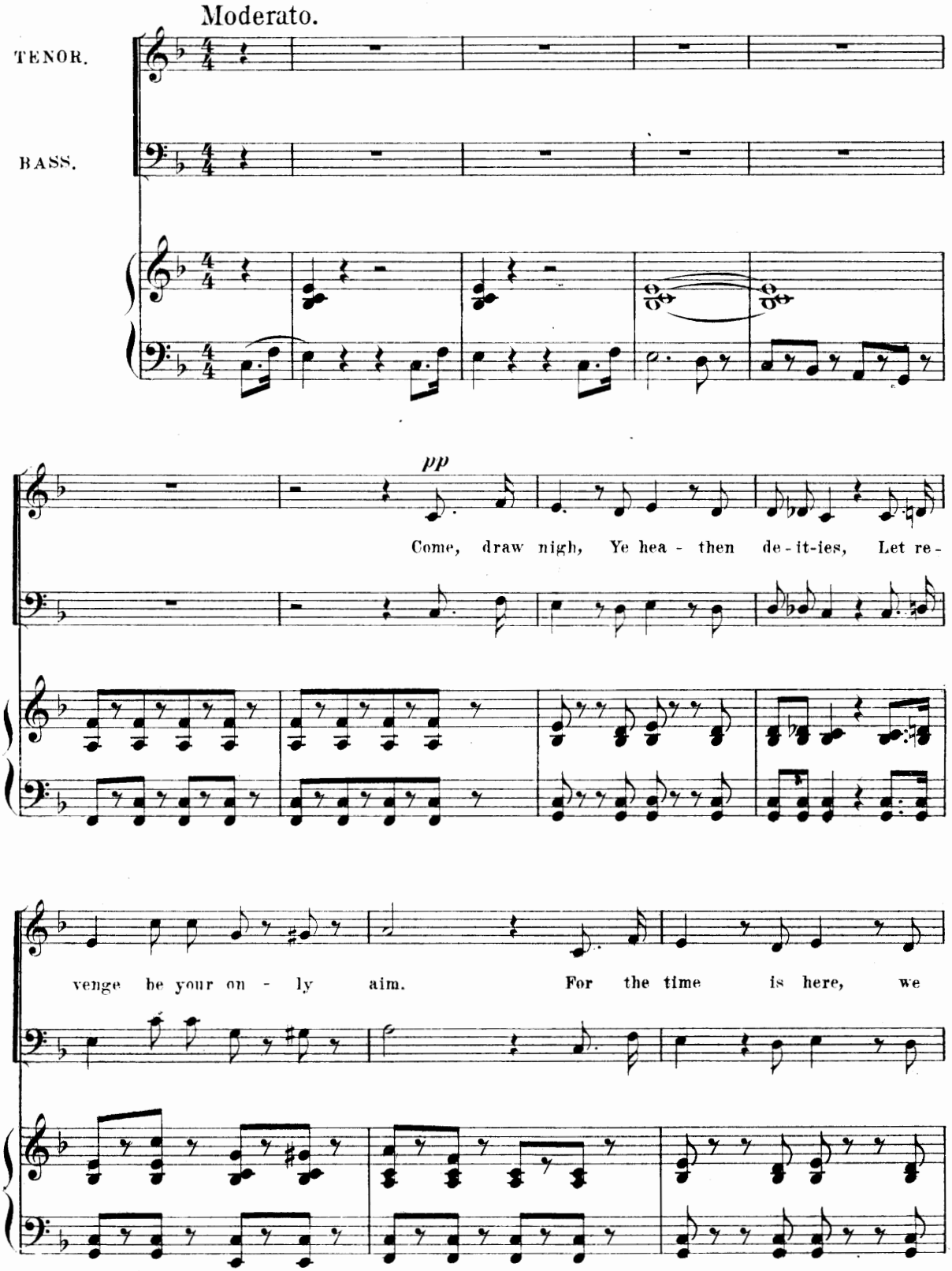
For Second Verse.—During the music marked "2nd time" the singer in *pantomime* shakes hands with a friend whom he invites to take a drink; orders two beers; blows off the foam; drinks; feels in all his pockets without finding any money; turns to friend saying, "Will you lend me a Dollar?" smiles with satisfaction on receiving it, and then sings, "Twas a very old gag, but it went."

For Third Verse.— In *pantomime* the singer rushes forward, picks up the handkerchief, offers it to the young lady, enters into conversation, motions that it is a fine day, offers his arm, which is accepted, steps along triumphantly and sings—

For Fourth Verse.—The singer here makes a ticker click in imitation of a telegraphic instrument and calls, *"They're off, all in a bunch;"* clicks and calls, *"Same at the quarter;"* continues clicking and calls, *"At the half, 'Greased Lightning' in the lead;"* clicks again, then calls *"At the stretch 'Greased Lightning' in the lead by ten lengths;"* expresses satisfaction and pleasure, then clicks for a little while and calls, *"Snail wins;"* shows intense disgust and sings—


'Twas a very old
gag, but it went.
ff
D. C. al 𝄋

No 8. Chorus of Conspirators.



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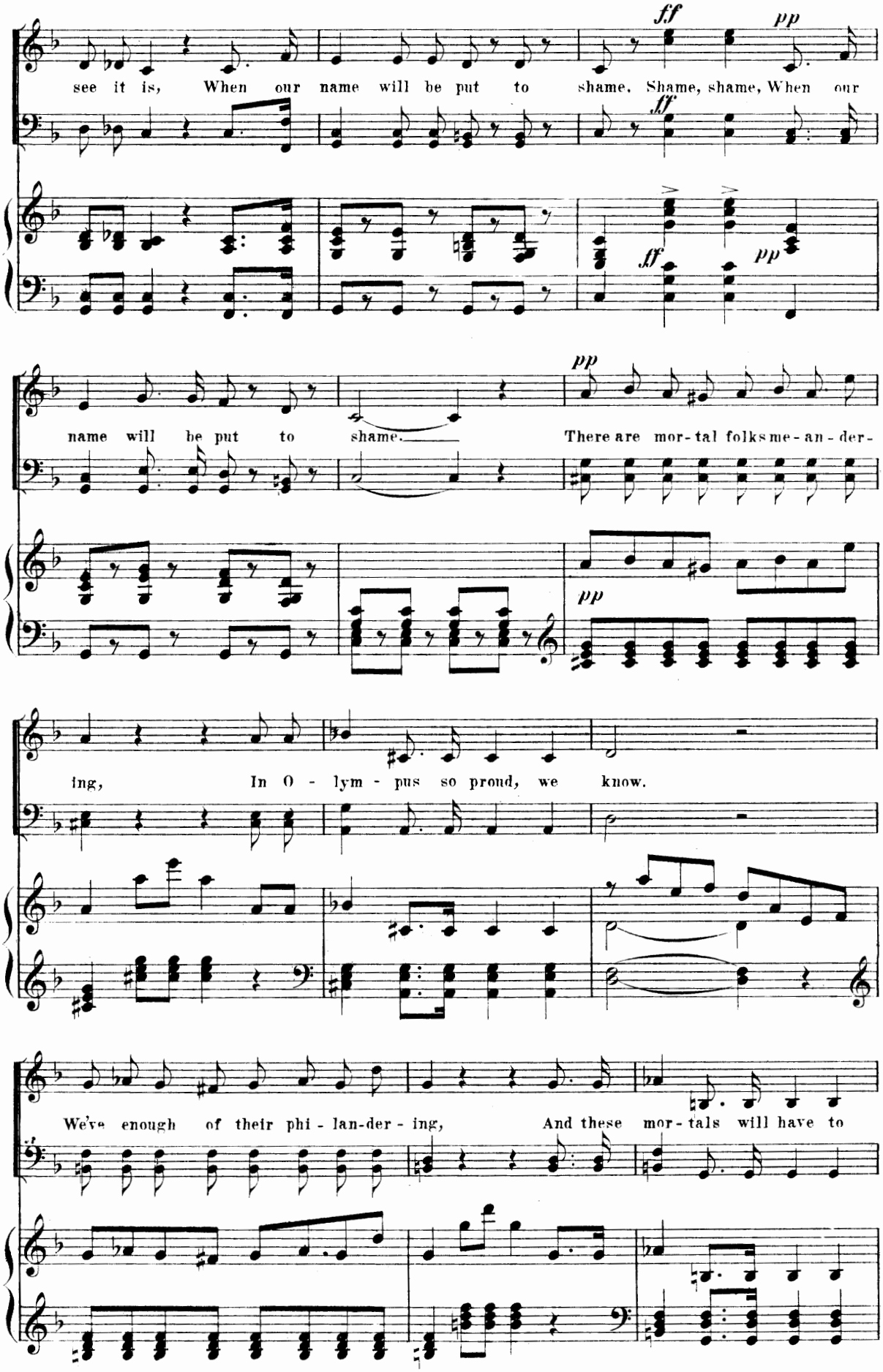
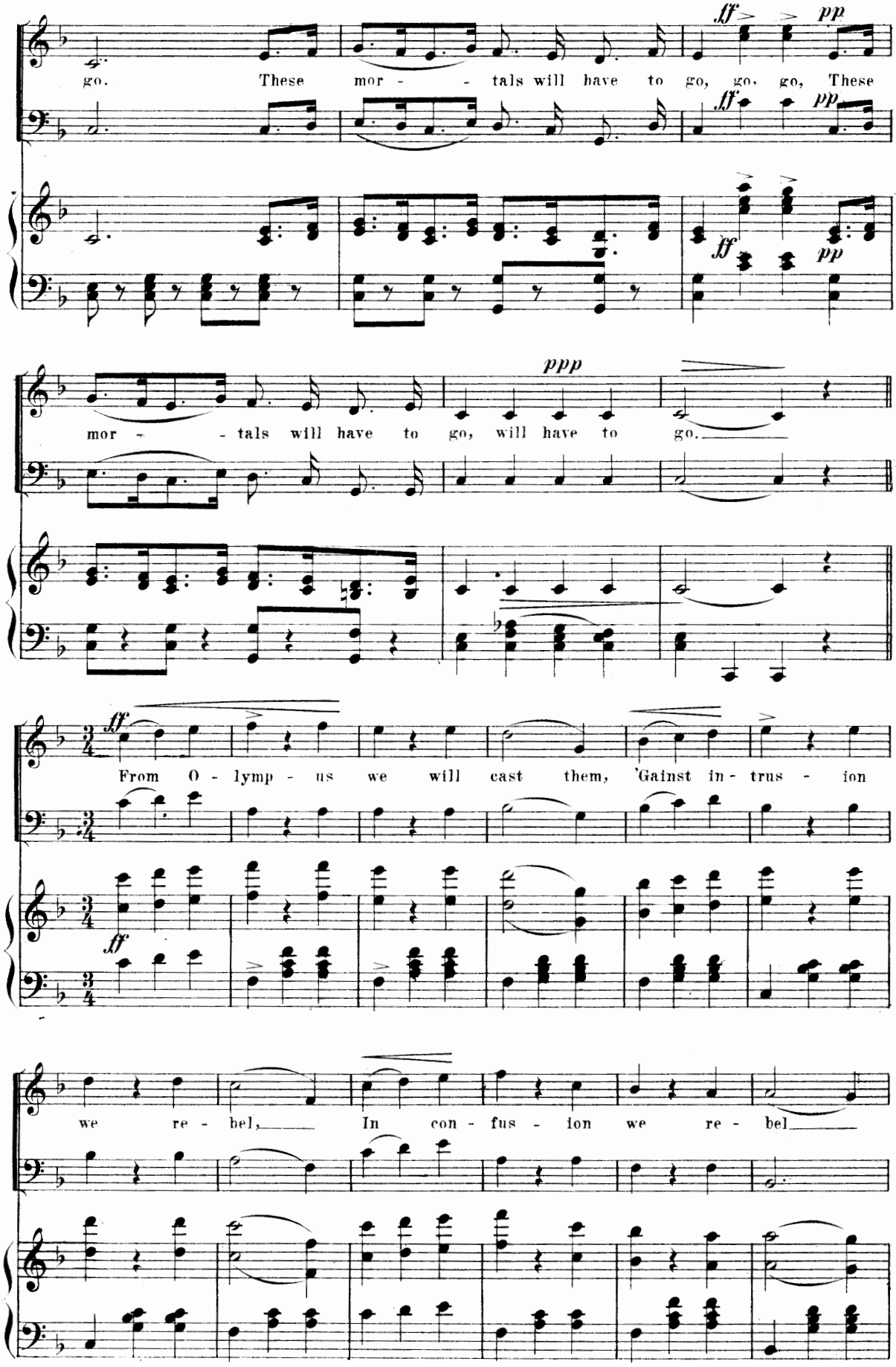
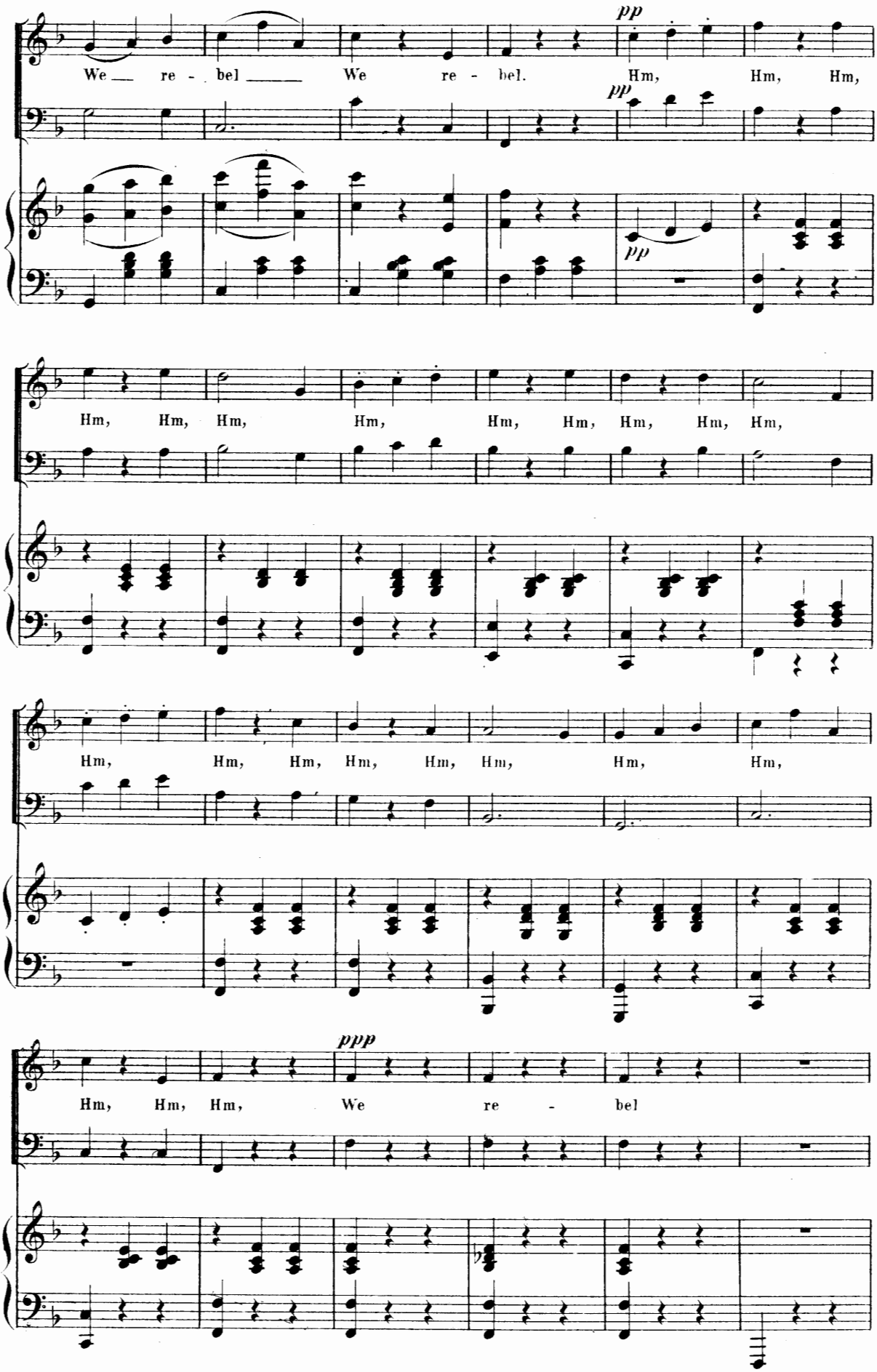
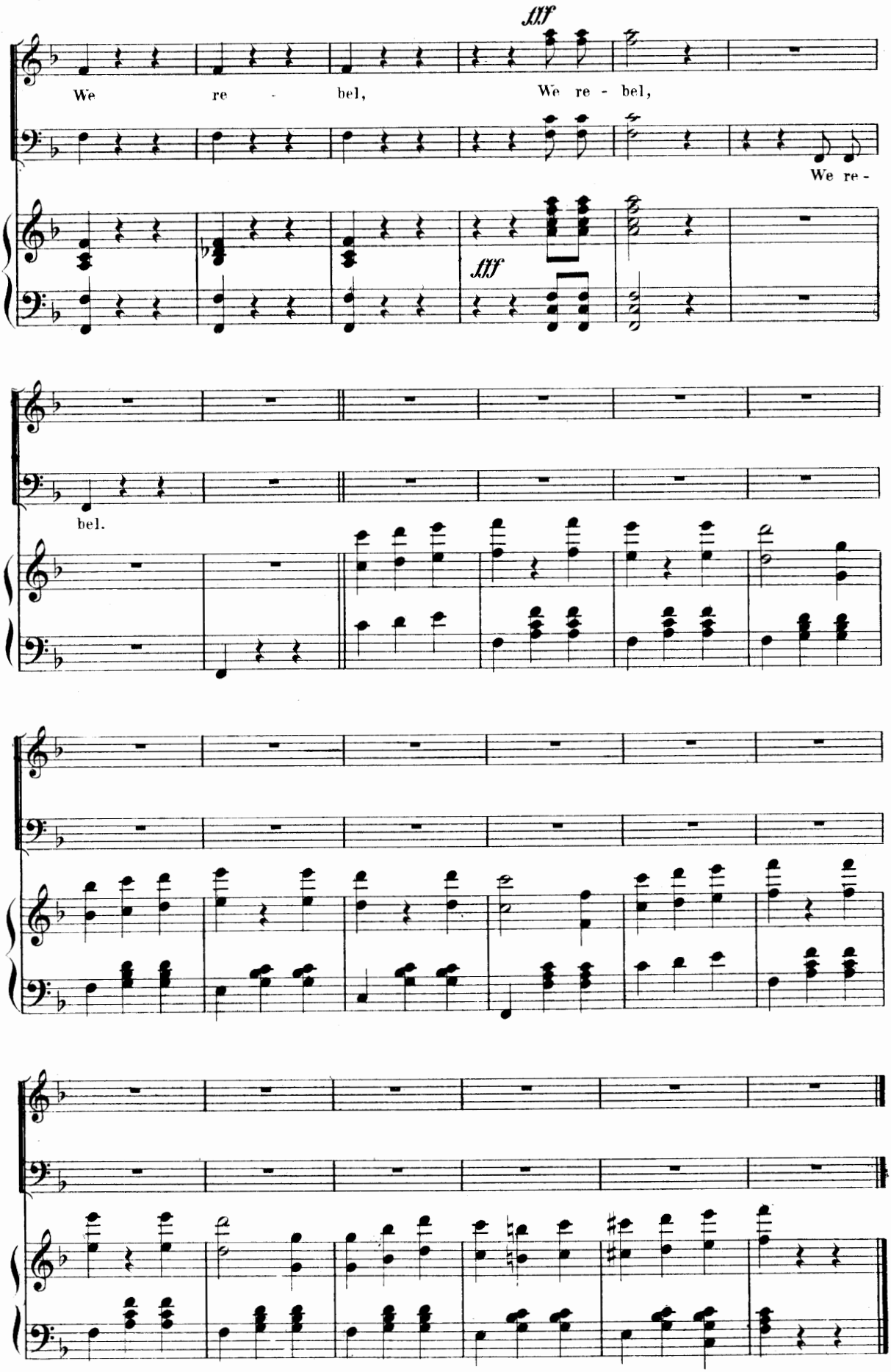
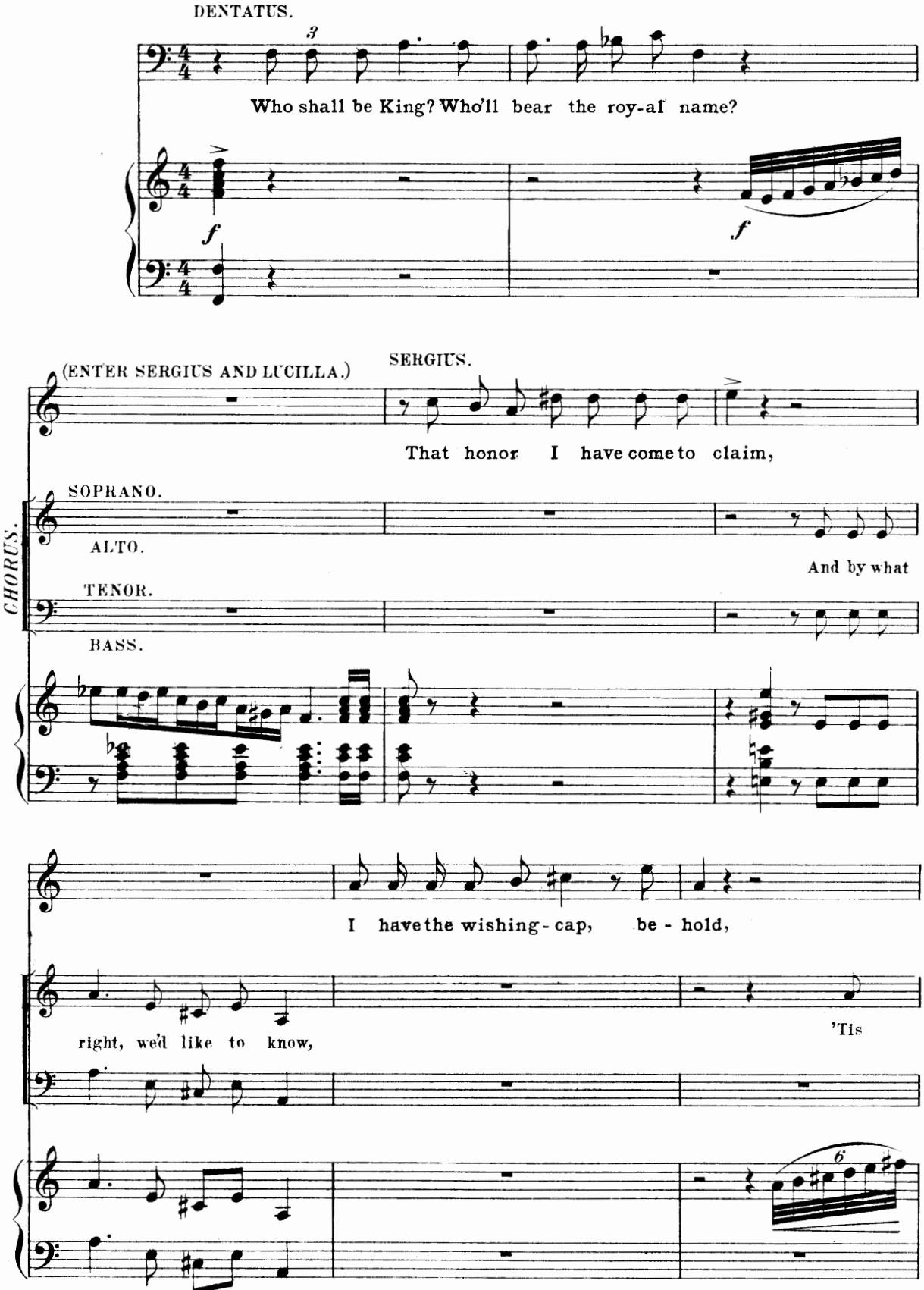

ff
pp
see it is, When our name will be put to shame. Shame, shame, When our
ff
ff
pp
name will be put to shame.
pp
There are mor-tal folks me-an-der-
pp
ing, In O - lym - pus so proud, we know.
We've enough of their phi - lan-der - ing, And these mor-tals will have to


go. These mor - - tals will have to go, go, go, These
mor - - tals will have to go, will have to go.
From O - lymp - us we will cast them, 'Gainst in - trus - ion
we re - bel, In con - fus - ion we re - bel


We re - bel We re - bel. Hm, Hm, Hm,
pp
pp
pp
Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm,
Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm, Hm,
ppp
Hm, Hm, Hm, We re - bel


fff
We re - bel,
We re - bel,
We re -
fff
bel.

Nº 9. Ensemble.



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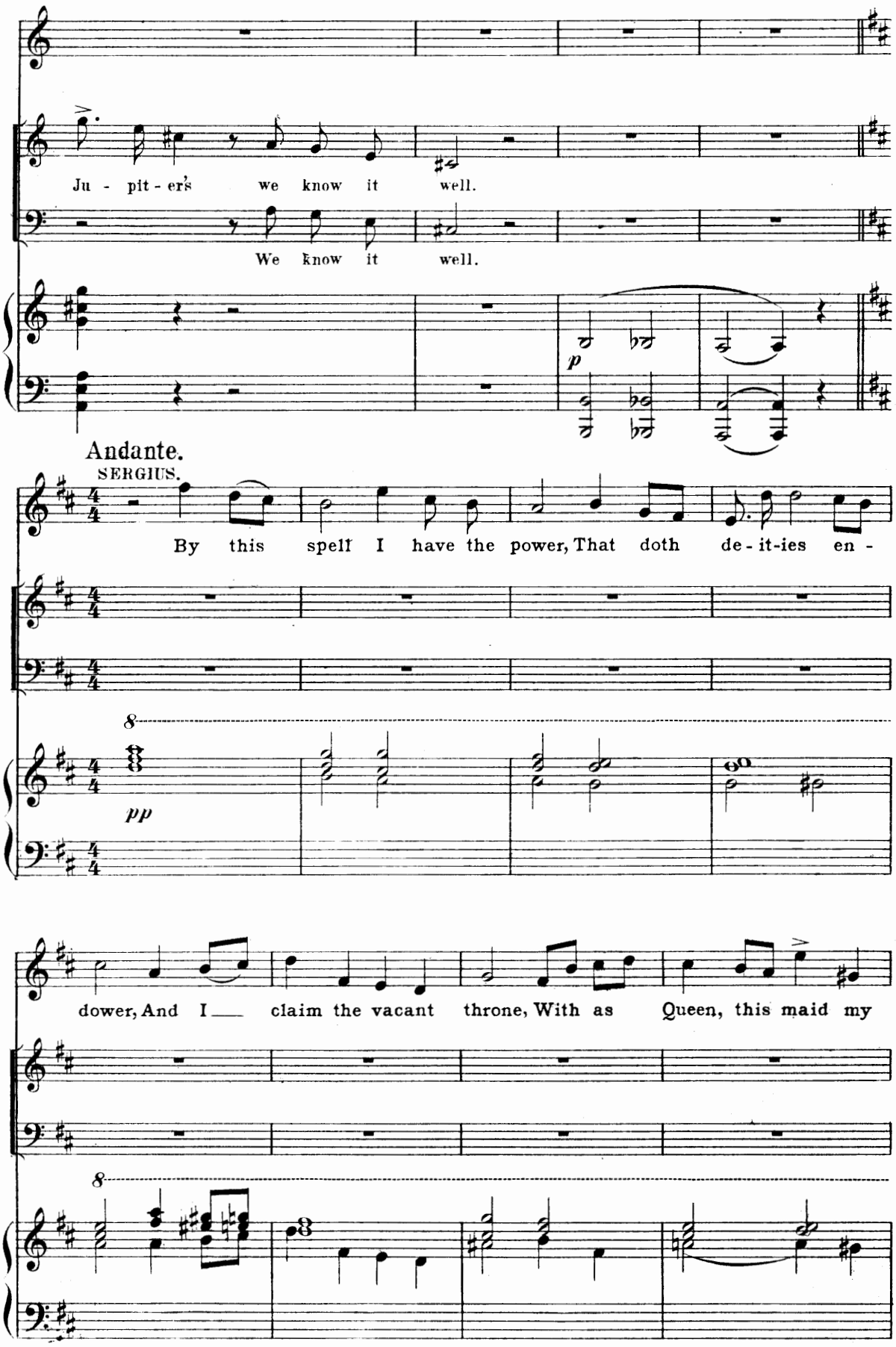
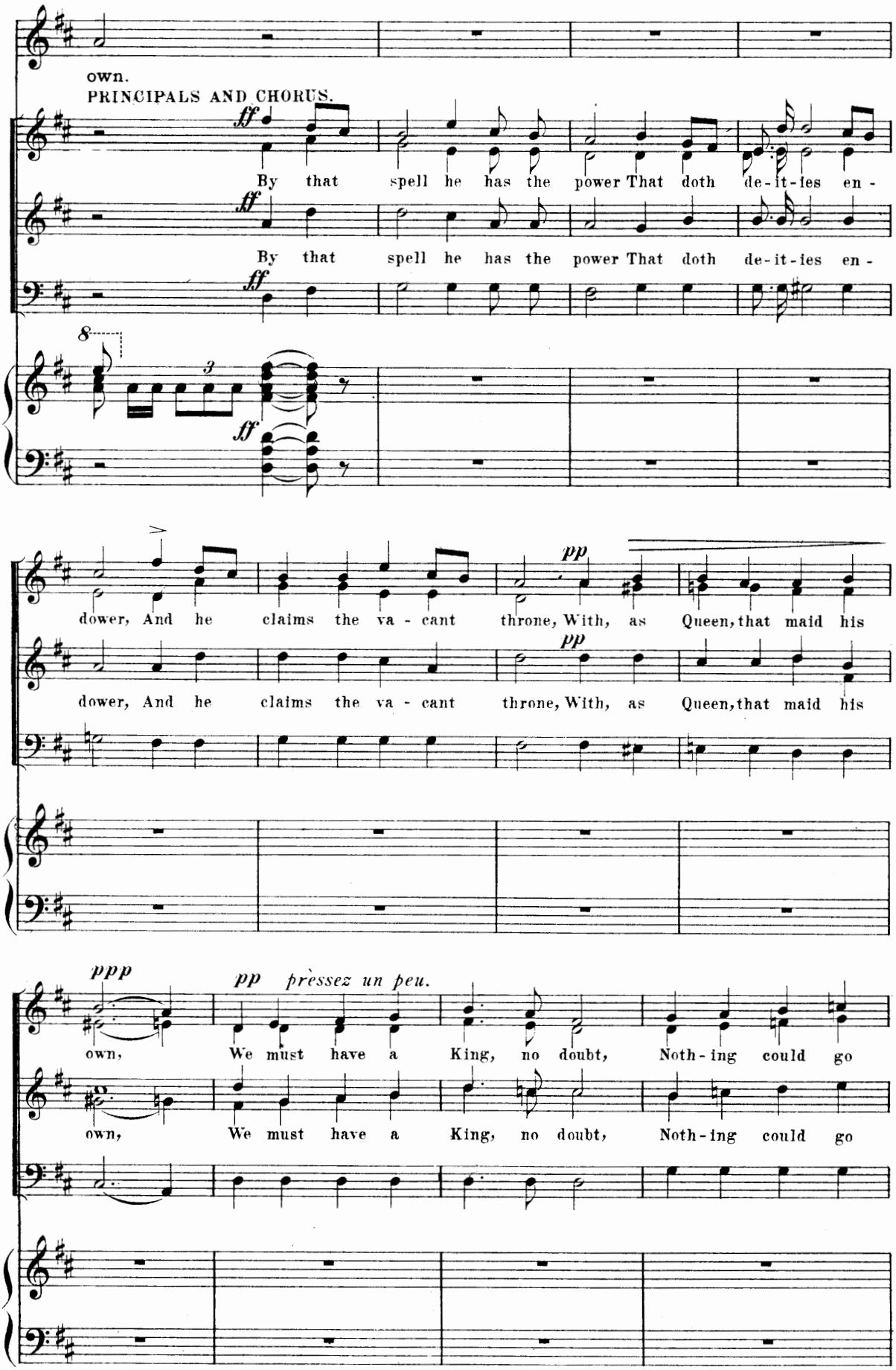
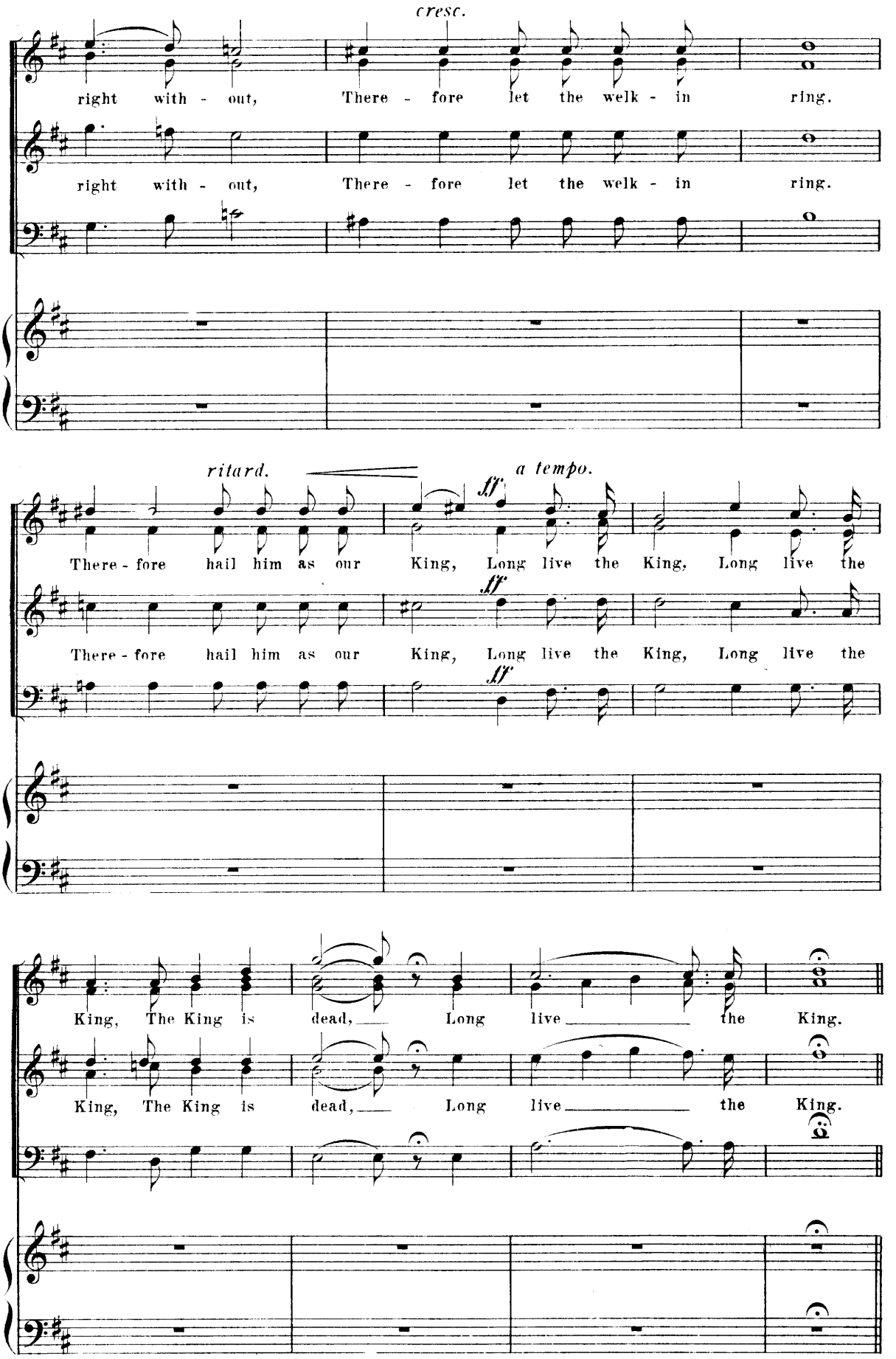
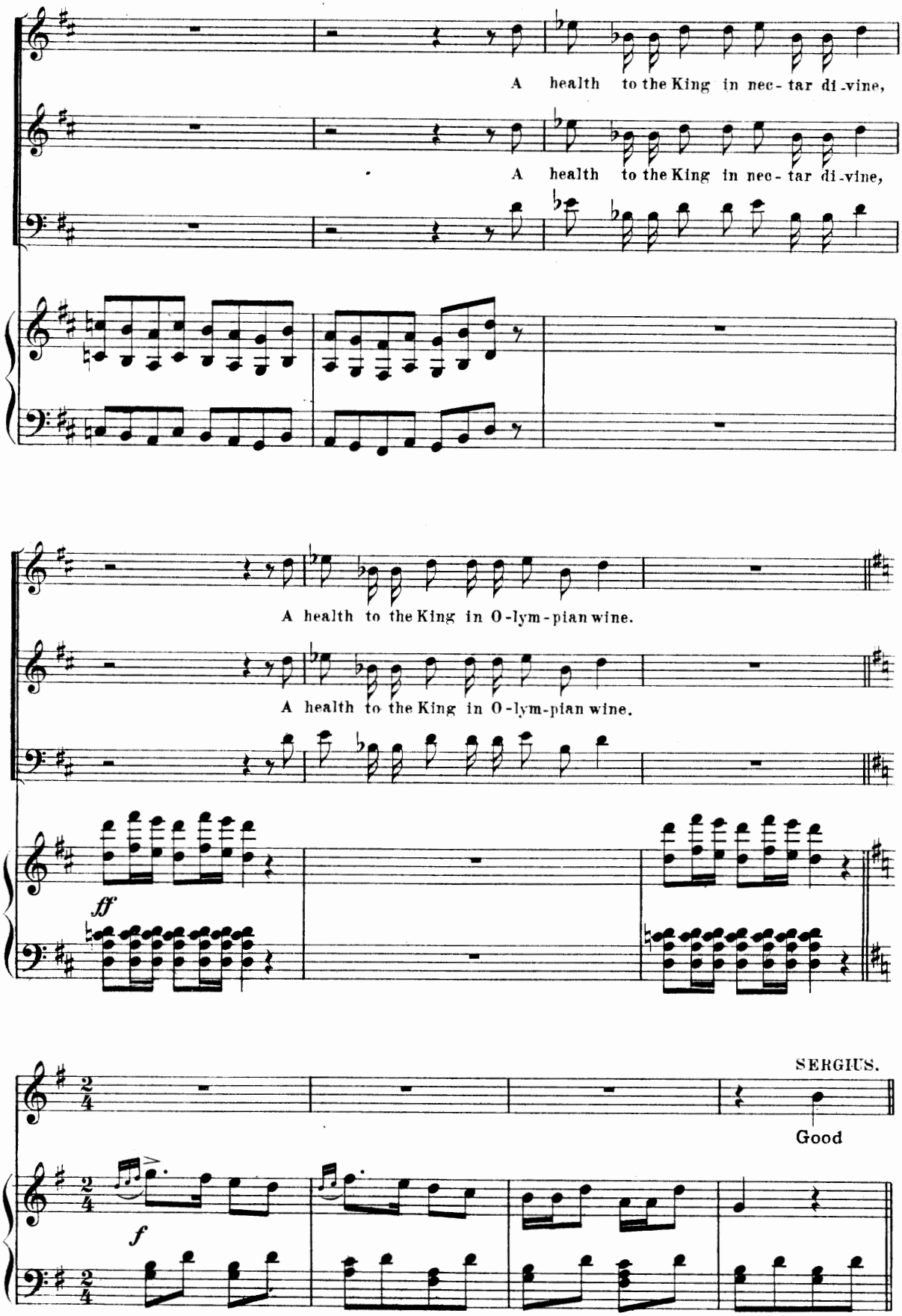
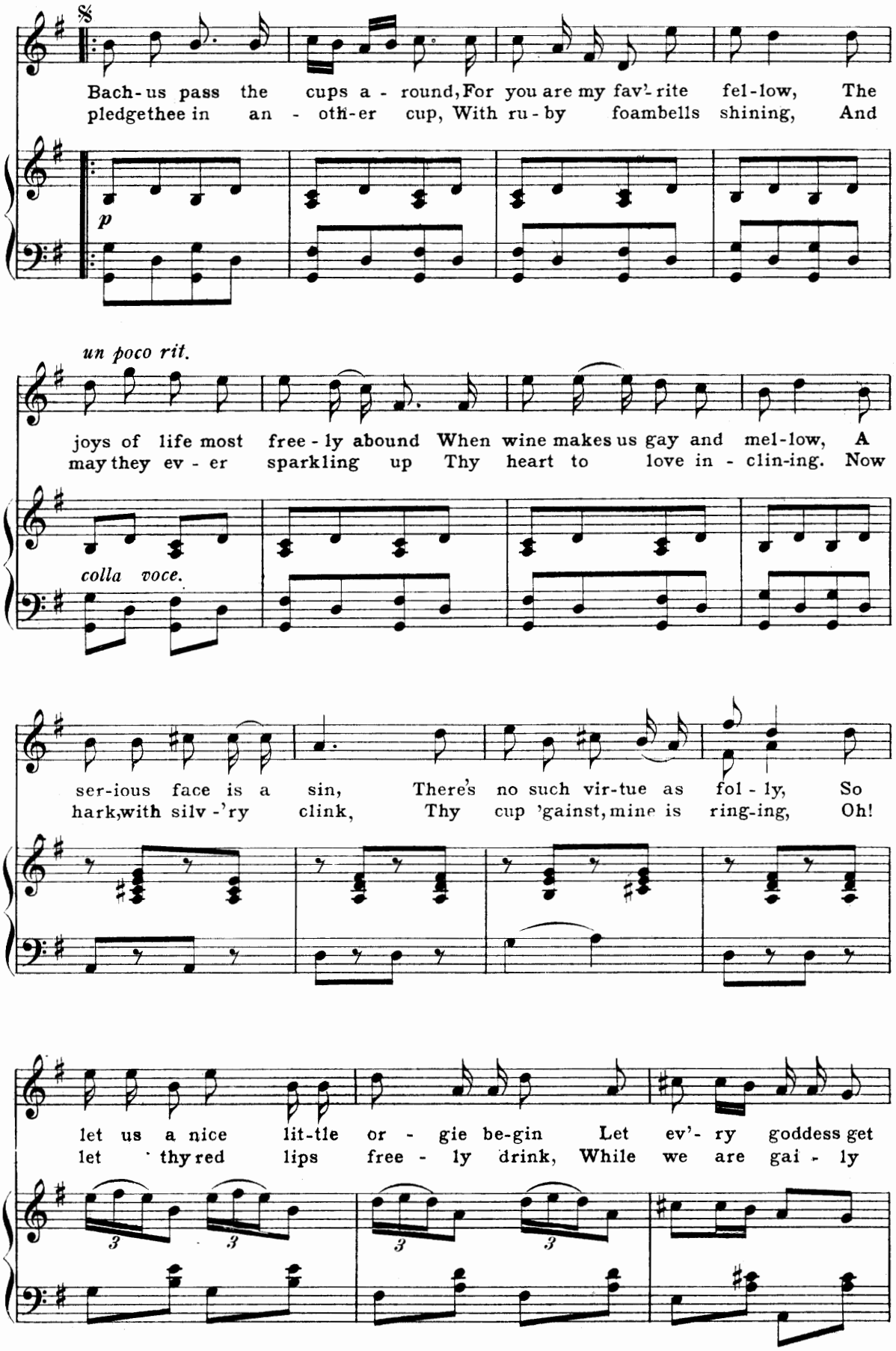
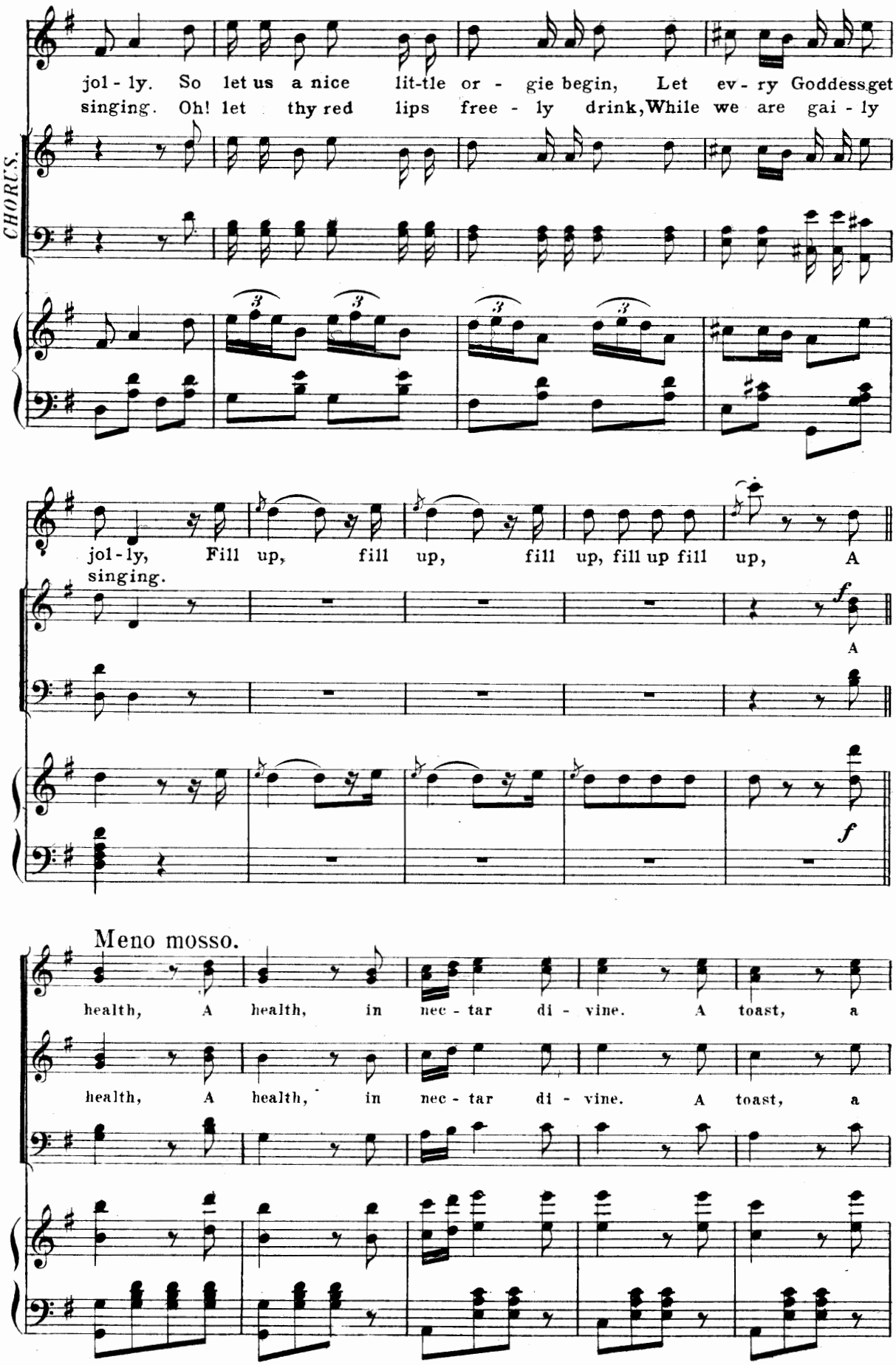

Ju - pit - er's we know it well.
We know it well.
p
Andante.
SERGIUS.
By this spell I have the power, That doth de - it-ies en -
8
pp
dower, And I claim the vacant throne, With as Queen, this maid my
8

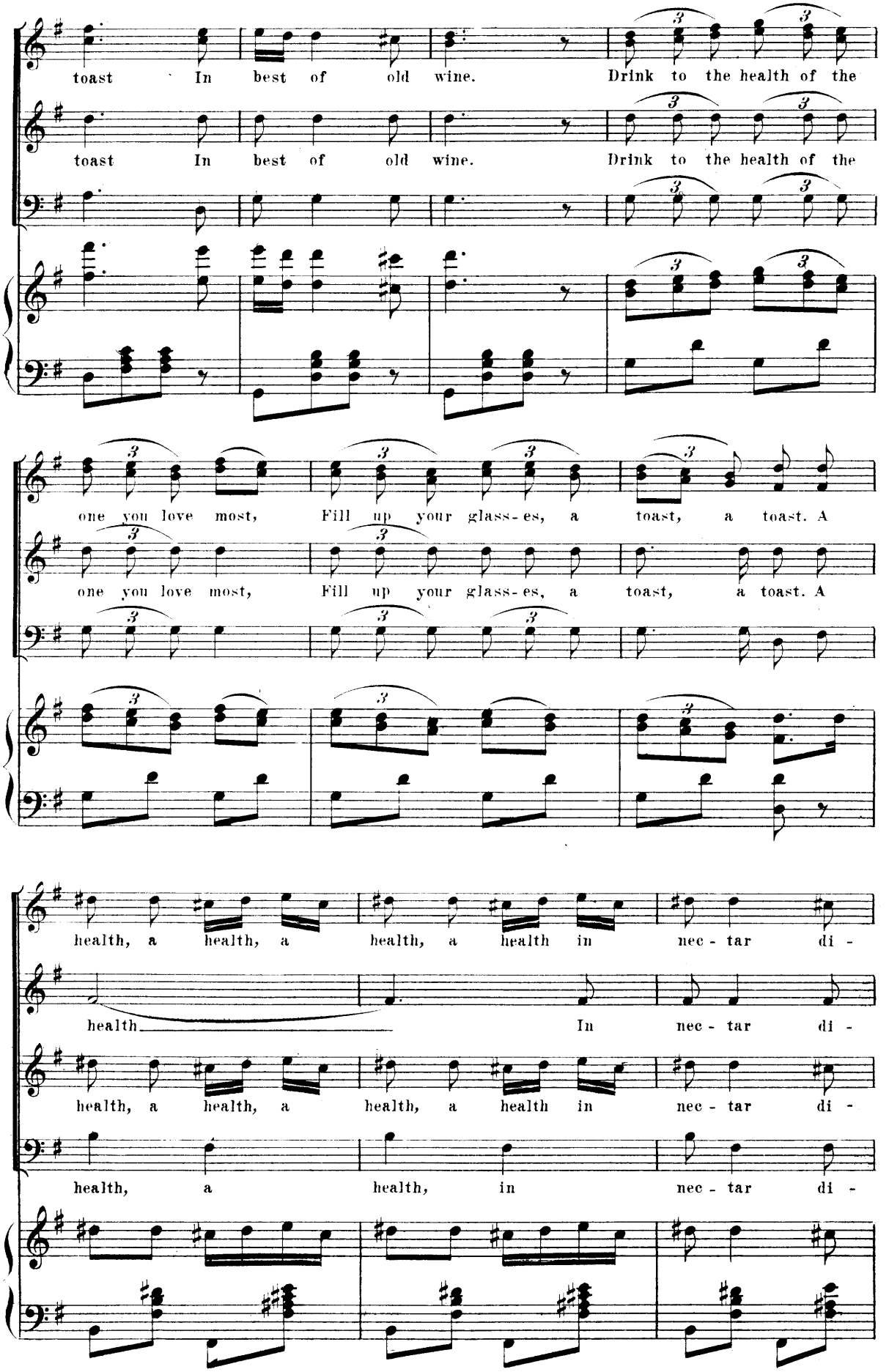

own.
PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.
ff
By that spell he has the power That doth de-it-ies en-
ff
By that spell he has the power That doth de-it-ies en-
ff
dower, And he claims the va-cant throne, With, as Queen, that maid his
pp
dower, And he claims the va-cant throne, With, as Queen, that maid his
pp
ppp
own, We must have a King, no doubt, Noth-ing could go
pp pressez un peu.
own, We must have a King, no doubt, Noth-ing could go

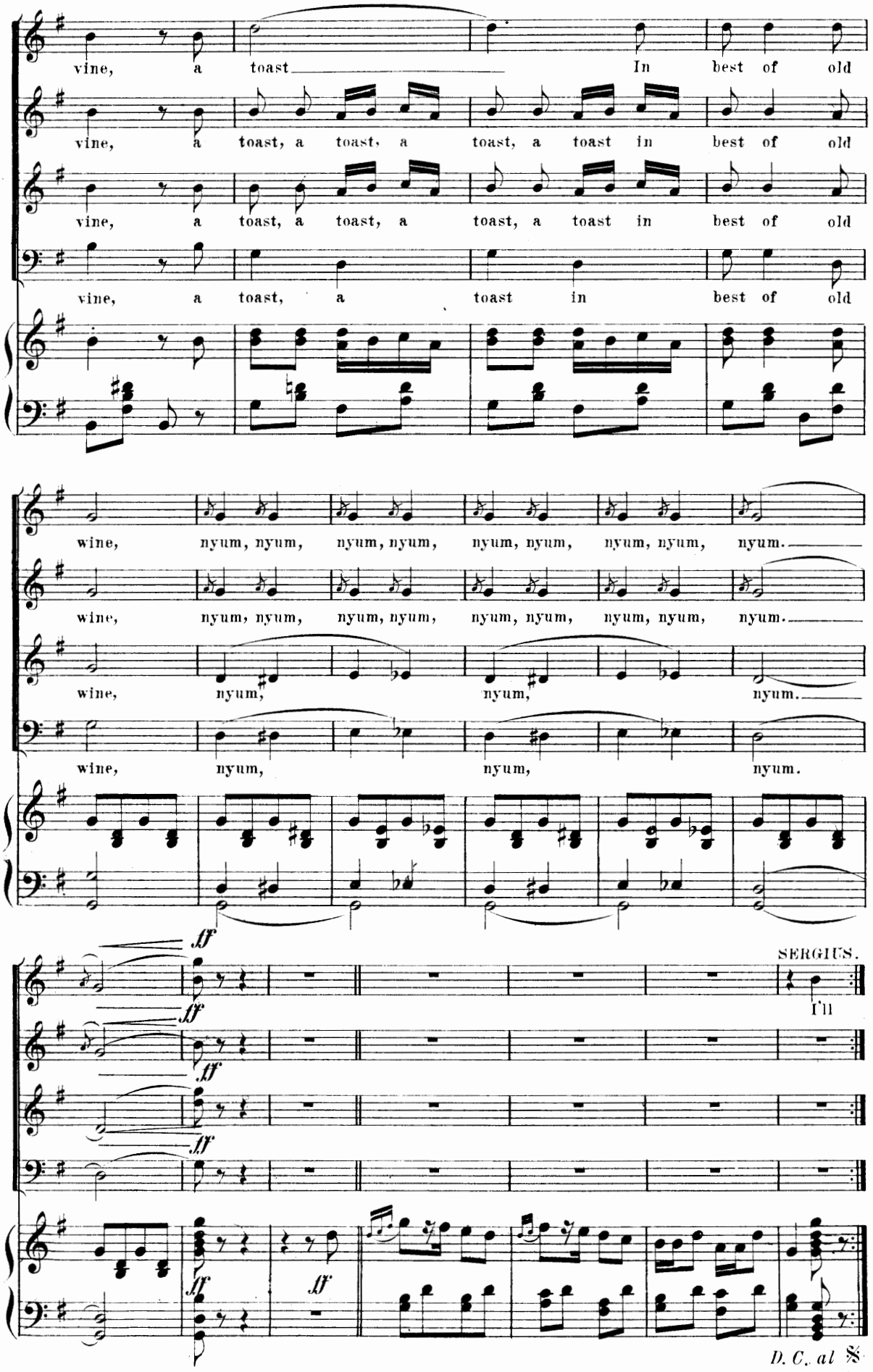

cresc.
right with - out, There - fore let the welk - in ring.
right with - out, There - fore let the welk - in ring.
ritard.
a tempo.
ff
There - fore hail him as our King, Long live the King, Long live the
There - fore hail him as our King, Long live the King, Long live the
King, The King is dead, Long live the King.
King, The King is dead, Long live the King.


A health to the King in nec-tar di-vine,
A health to the King in nec-tar di-vine,
A health to the King in O-lym-pian wine.
A health to the King in O-lym-pian wine.
ff
SERGIUS.
Good
f

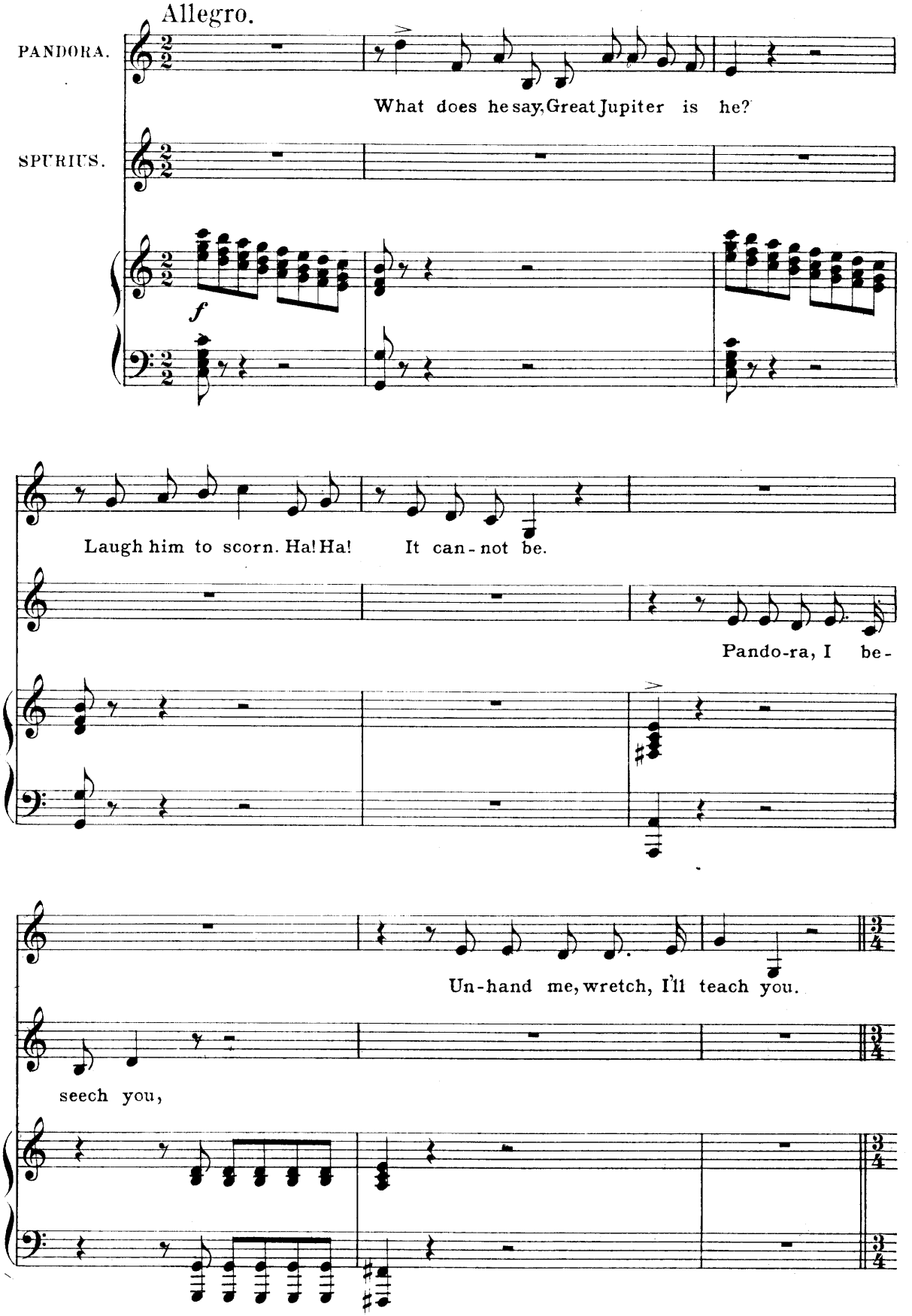

Bach-us pass the cups a - round, For you are my fav'- rite fel-low, The
pledge thee in an - oth-er cup, With ru - by foambells shining, And
p
un poco rit.
joys of life most free - ly abound When wine makes us gay and mel-low, A
may they ev - er sparkling up Thy heart to love in - clin-ing. Now
colla voce.
ser-ious face is a sin, There's no such vir-tue as fol - ly, So
hark, with silv -'ry clink, Thy cup 'gainst, mine is ring-ing, Oh!
let us a nice lit-tle or - gie be-gin Let ev'- ry goddess get
let thy red lips free - ly drink, While we are gai - ly
3
3
3
3


jol - ly. So let us a nice lit-tle or - gie begin, Let ev - ry Goddess get
singing. Oh! let thy red lips free - ly drink, While we are gai - ly
CHORUS.
jol - ly, Fill up, fill up, fill up, fill up fill up, A
singing.
A
f
f
Meno mosso.
health, A health, in nec - tar di - vine. A toast, a
health, A health, in nec - tar di - vine. A toast, a


toast In best of old wine. Drink to the health of the
toast In best of old wine. Drink to the health of the
one you love most, Fill up your glass-es, a toast, a toast. A
one you love most, Fill up your glass-es, a toast, a toast. A
health, a health, a health, a health in nec-tar di-
health In nec-tar di-
health, a health, a health, a health in nec-tar di-
health, a health, in nec-tar di-


vine, a toast In best of old
vine, a toast, a toast, a toast, a toast in best of old
vine, a toast, a toast, a toast, a toast in best of old
vine, a toast, a toast in best of old
wine, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum.
wine, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum, nyum.
wine, nyum, nyum, nyum.
wine, nyum, nyum, nyum.
ff
SERGIUS.
I'll
D. C. al 𝄋

Nº 10. Ensemble.



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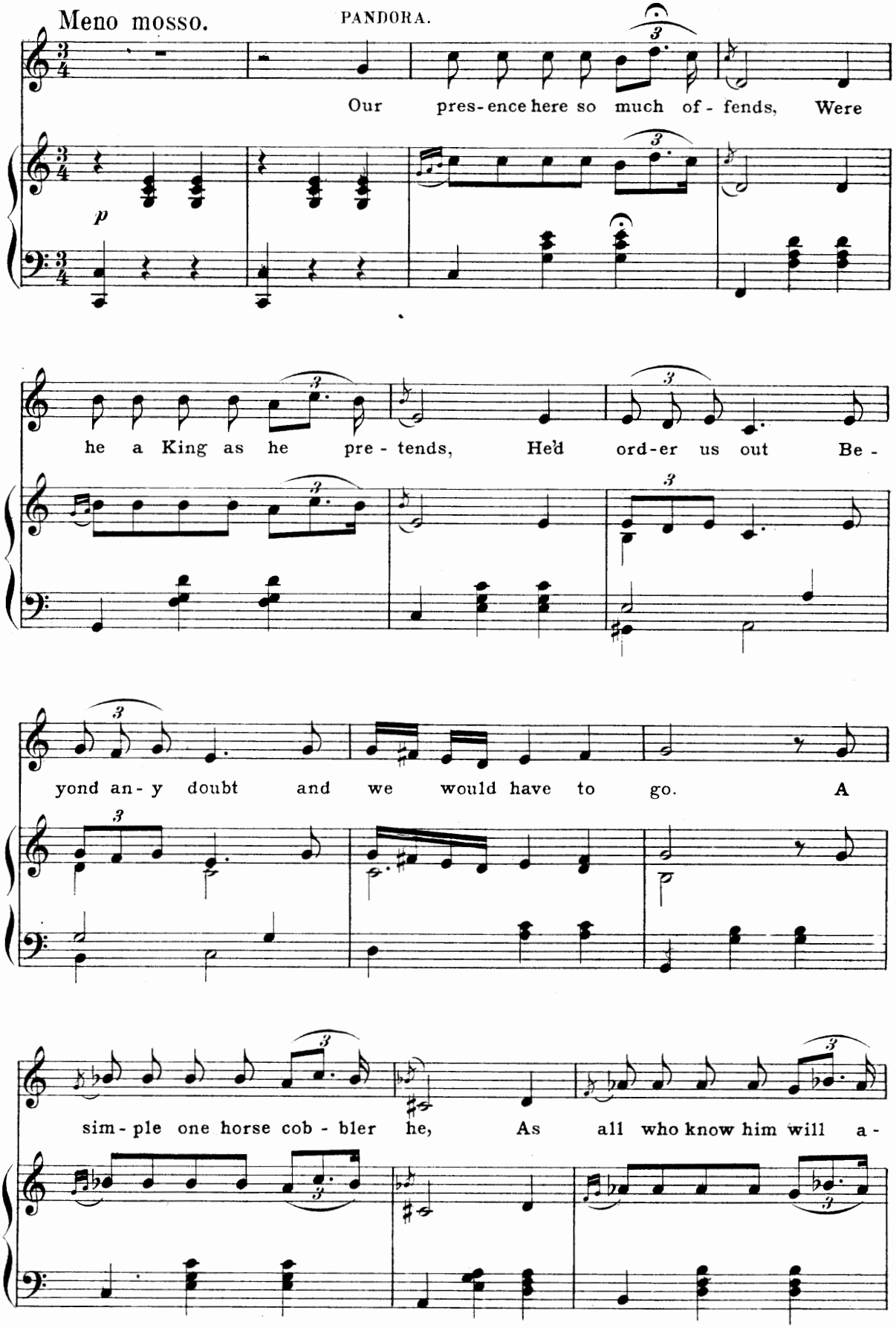
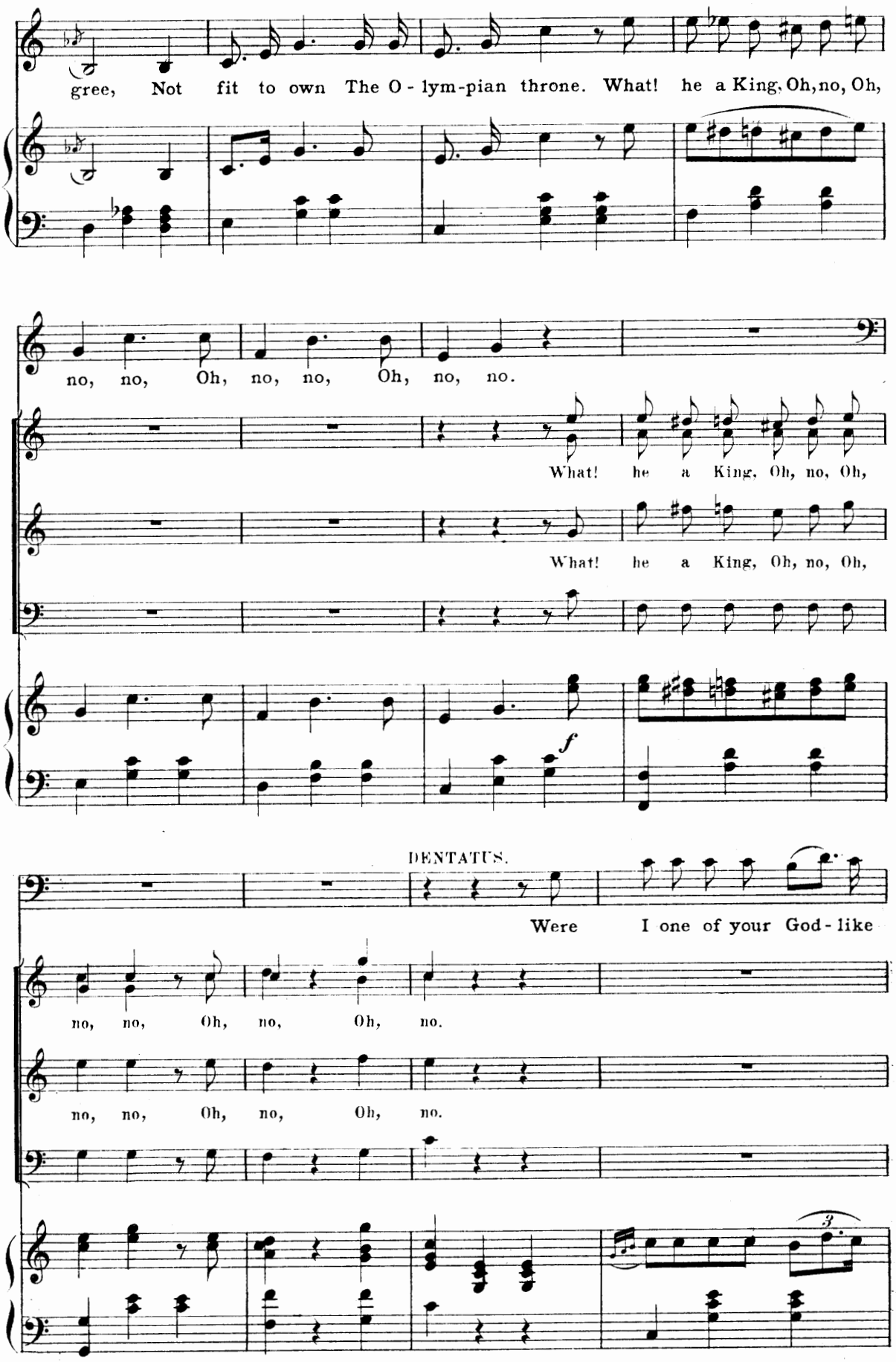
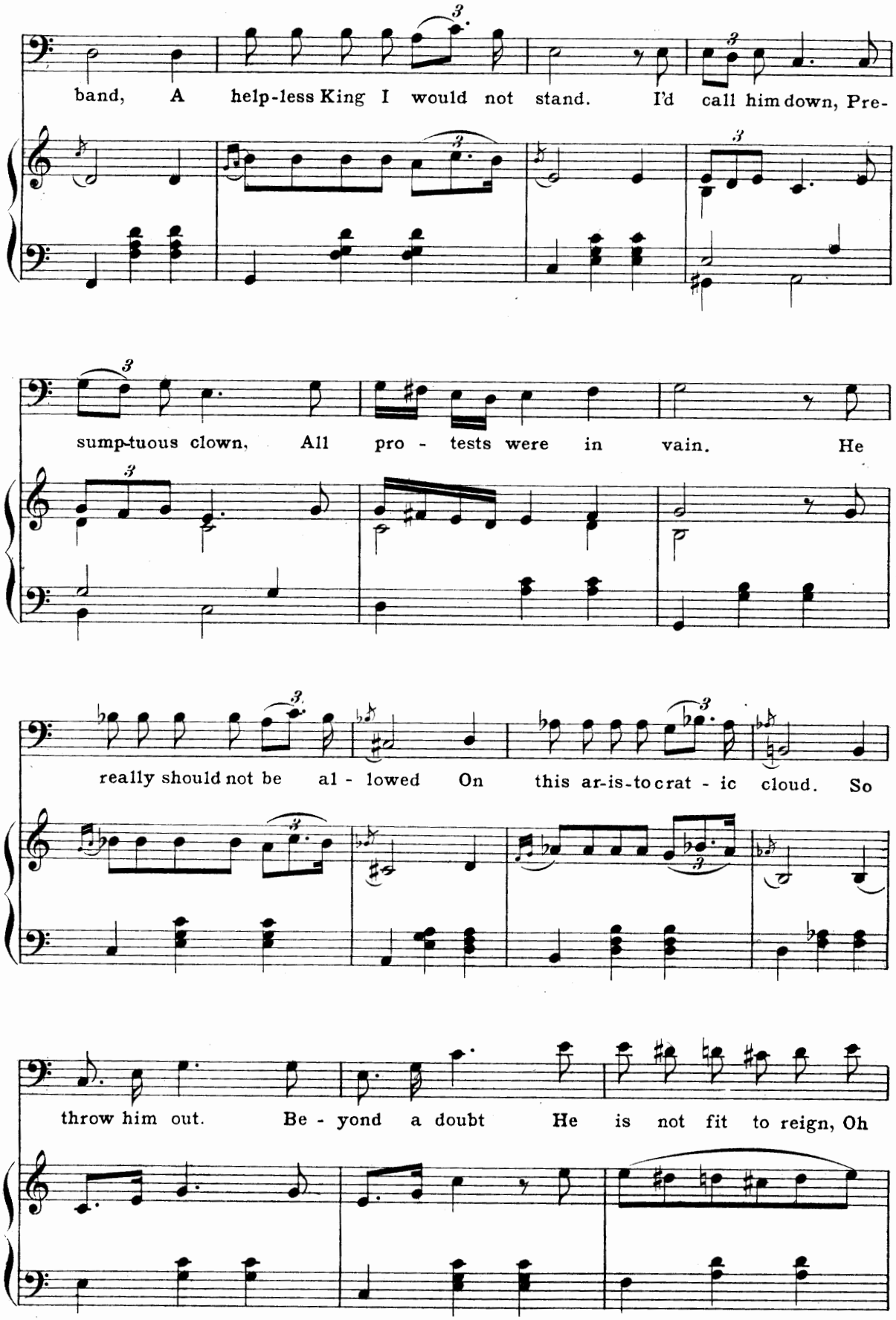
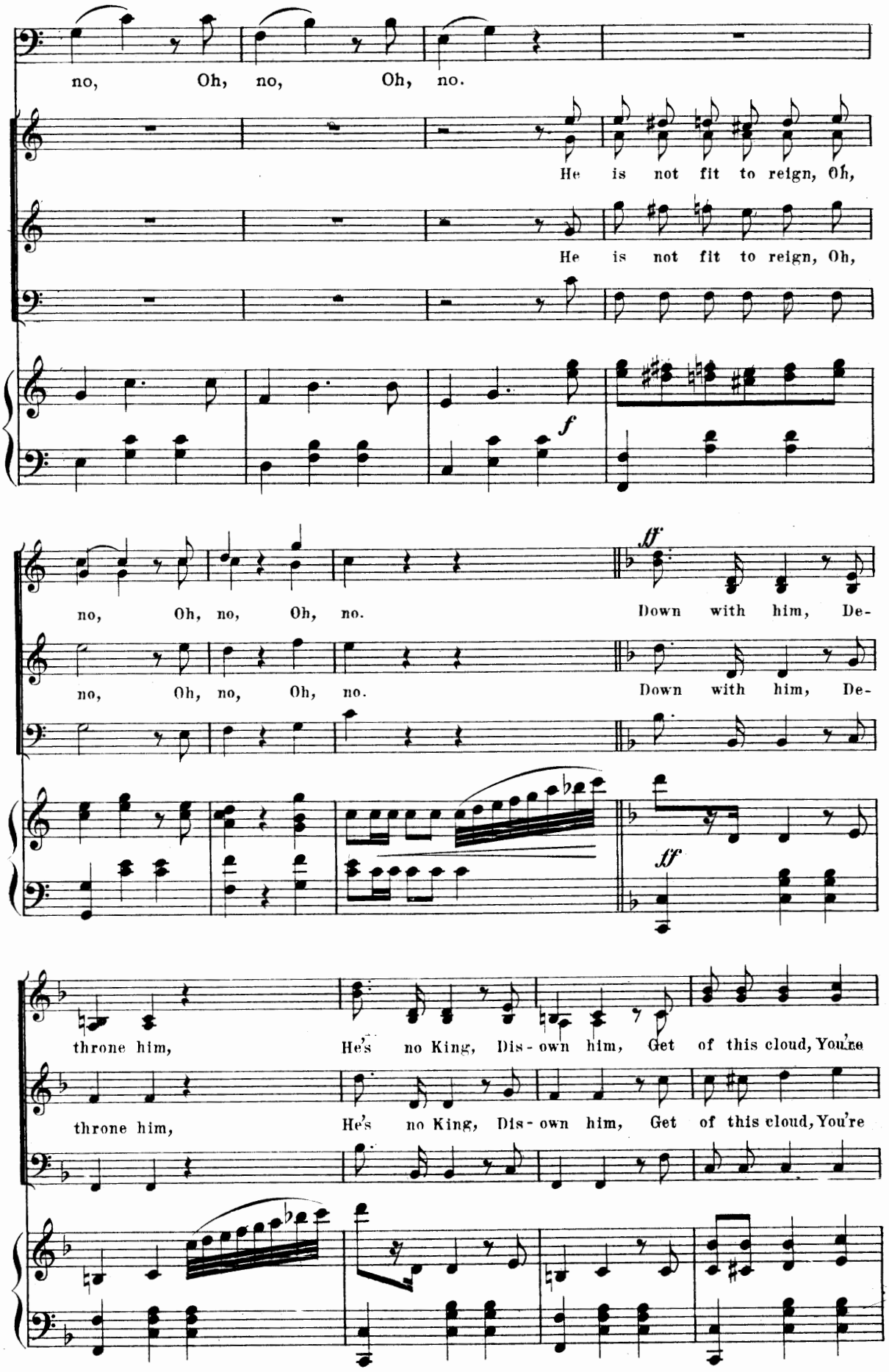
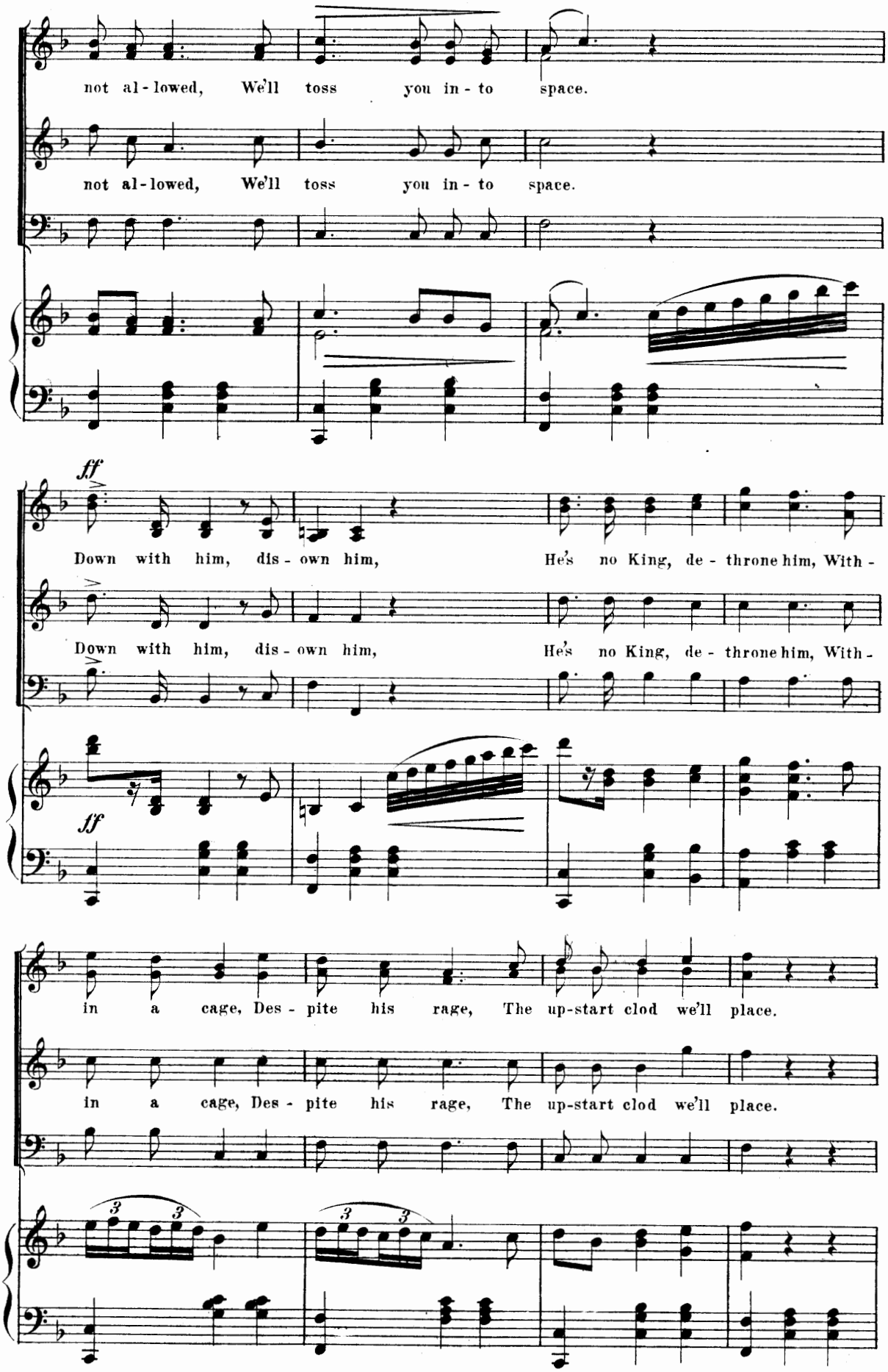
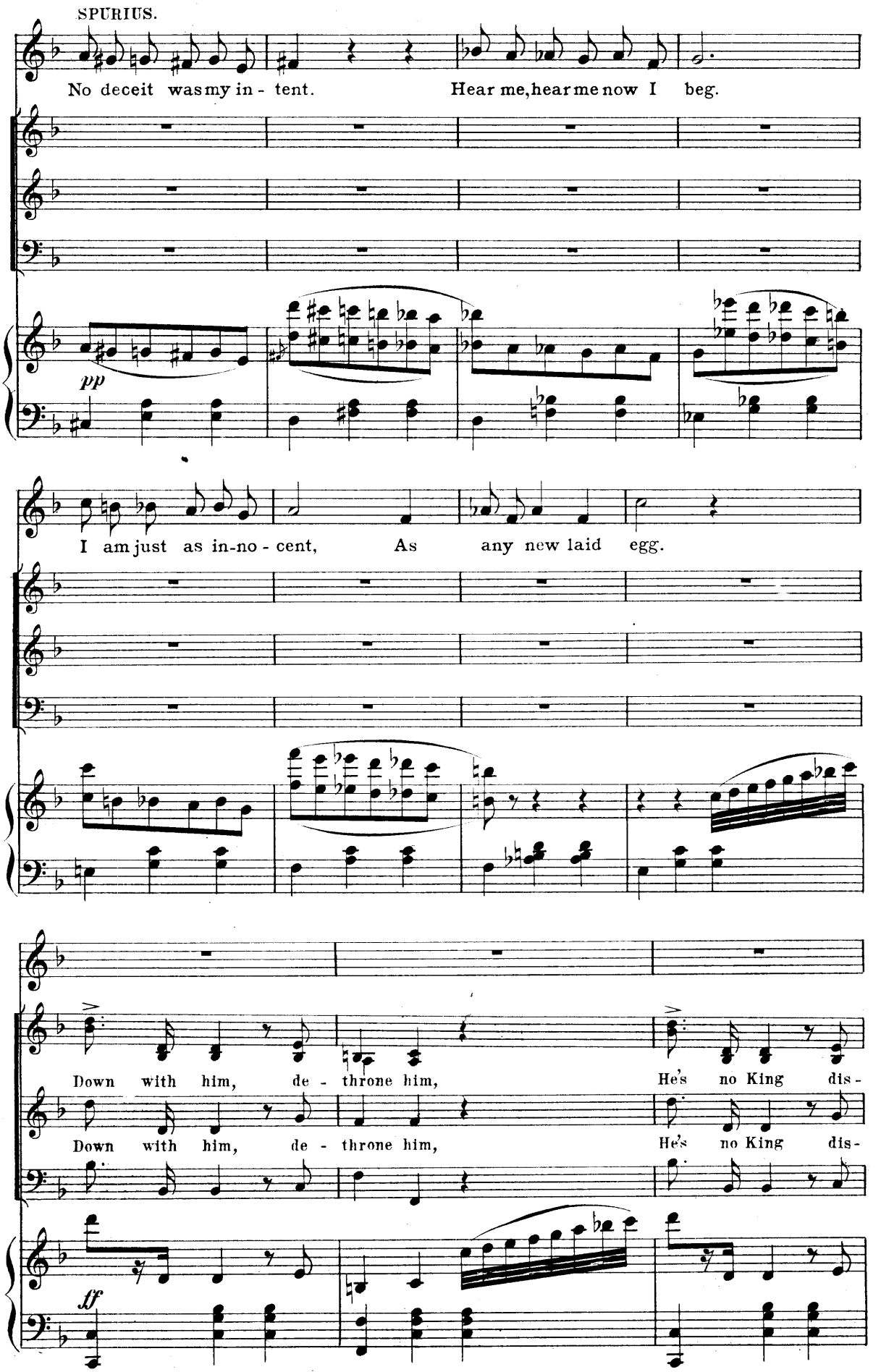

Meno mosso.
PANDORA.
Our pres-ence here so much of-fends, Were
p
he a King as he pre-tends, He'd ord-er us out Be-
yond an-y doubt and we would have to go. A
sim-ple one horse cob-bler he, As all who know him will a-

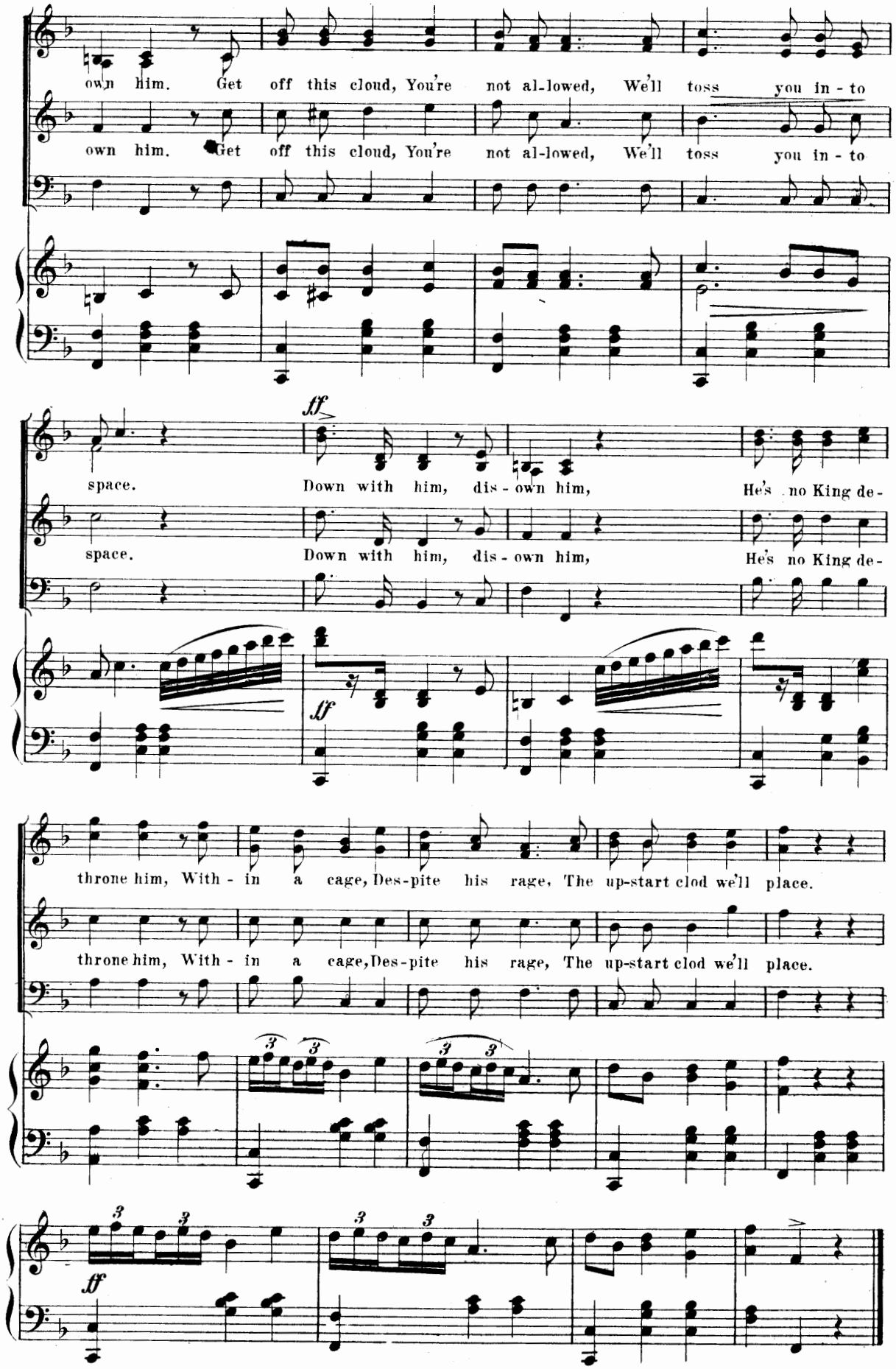

gree, Not fit to own The O - lym-pian throne. What! he a King, Oh, no, Oh,
no, no, Oh, no, no, Oh, no, no.
What! he a King, Oh, no, Oh,
What! he a King, Oh, no, Oh,
f
DENTATUS.
Were I one of your God - like
no, no, Oh, no, Oh, no.
no, no, Oh, no, Oh, no.
3


band, A help-less King I would not stand. I'd call him down, Pre-
sump-tuous clown, All pro - tests were in vain. He
really should not be al - lowed On this ar-is-to crat - ic cloud. So
throw him out. Be - yond a doubt He is not fit to reign, Oh

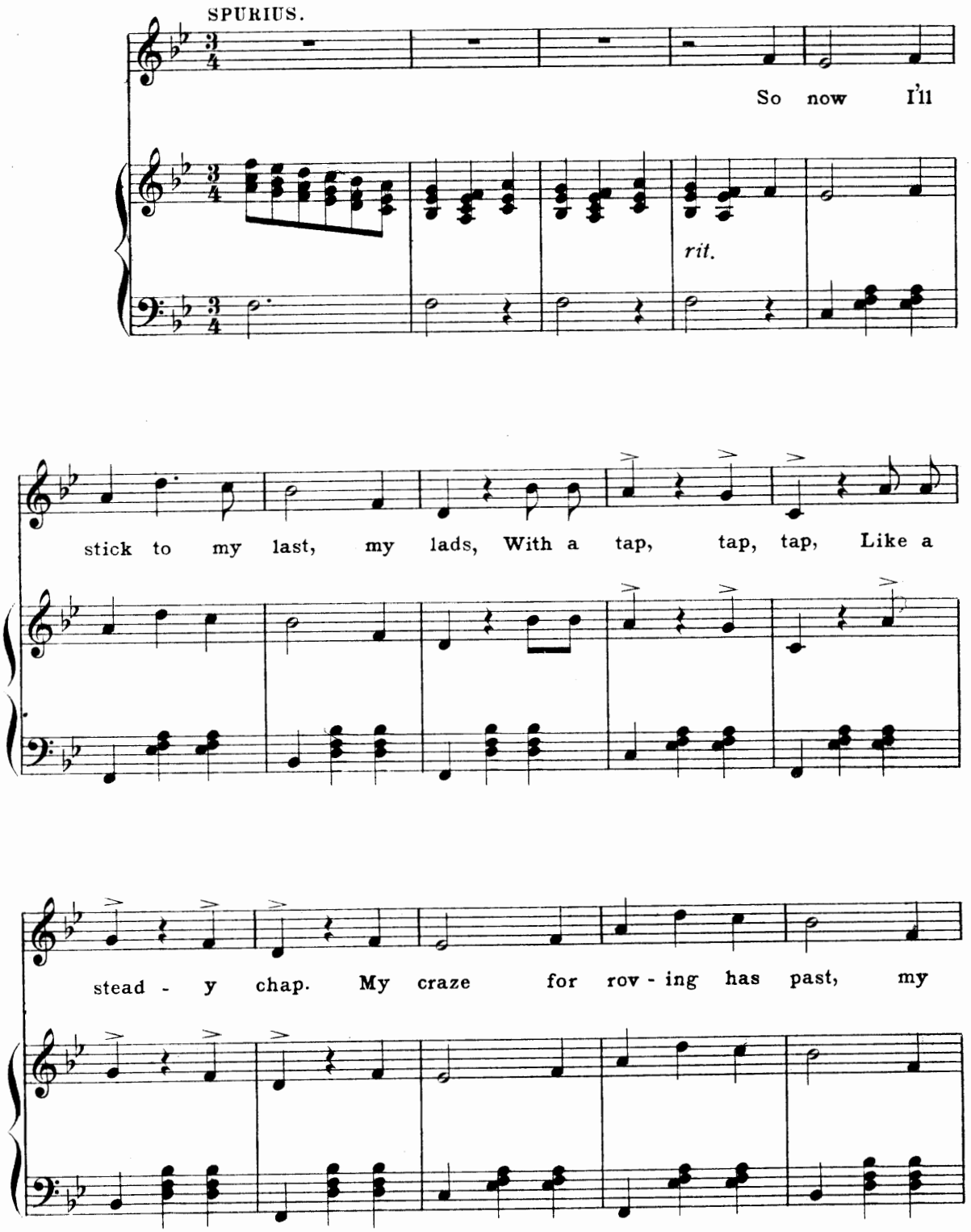

no, Oh, no, Oh, no.
He is not fit to reign, Oh,
He is not fit to reign, Oh,
f
no, Oh, no, Oh, no.
Down with him, De-
no, Oh, no, Oh, no.
Down with him, De-
ff
ff
throne him, He's no King, Dis-own him, Get of this cloud, You're
throne him, He's no King, Dis-own him, Get of this cloud, You're


not al - lowed, We'll toss you in - to space.
not al - lowed, We'll toss you in - to space.
ff
Down with him, dis - own him, He's no King, de - throne him, With -
Down with him, dis - own him, He's no King, de - throne him, With -
ff
in a cage, Des - pite his rage, The up-start clod we'll place.
in a cage, Des - pite his rage, The up-start clod we'll place.


SPURIUS.
No deceit was my in - tent. Hear me, hear me now I beg.
pp
I am just as in-no - cent, As any new laid egg.
Down with him, de - throne him, He's no King dis-
Down with him, de - throne him, He's no King dis-
ff


own him. Get off this cloud, You're not al-lowed, We'll toss you in - to
own him. Get off this cloud, You're not al-lowed, We'll toss you in - to
space. Down with him, dis - own him, He's no King de-
space. Down with him, dis - own him, He's no King de-
throne him, With - in a cage, Des-pite his rage, The up-start clod we'll place.
throne him, With - in a cage, Des-pite his rage, The up-start clod we'll place.
ff
ff
ff

No 11. Finale.



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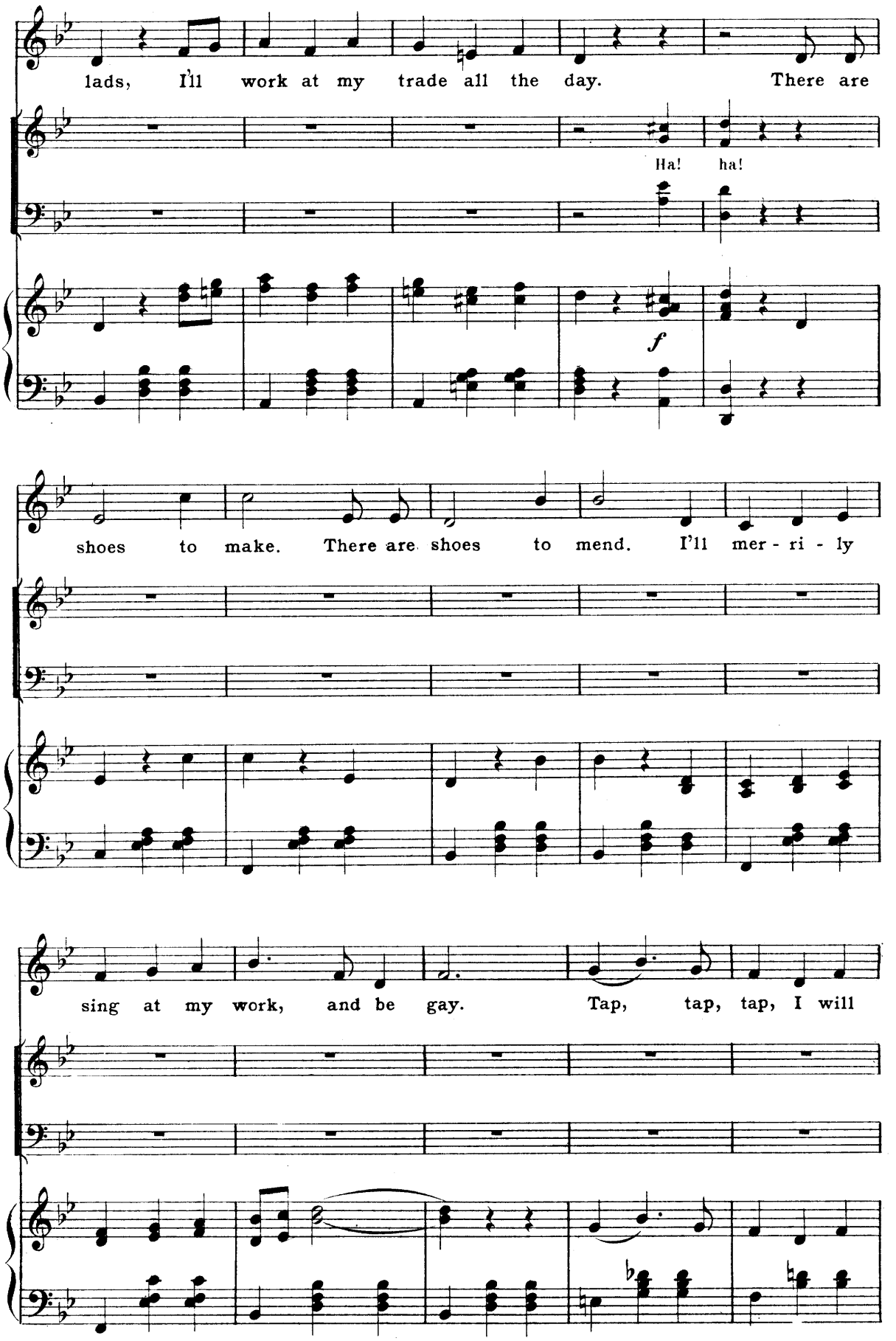
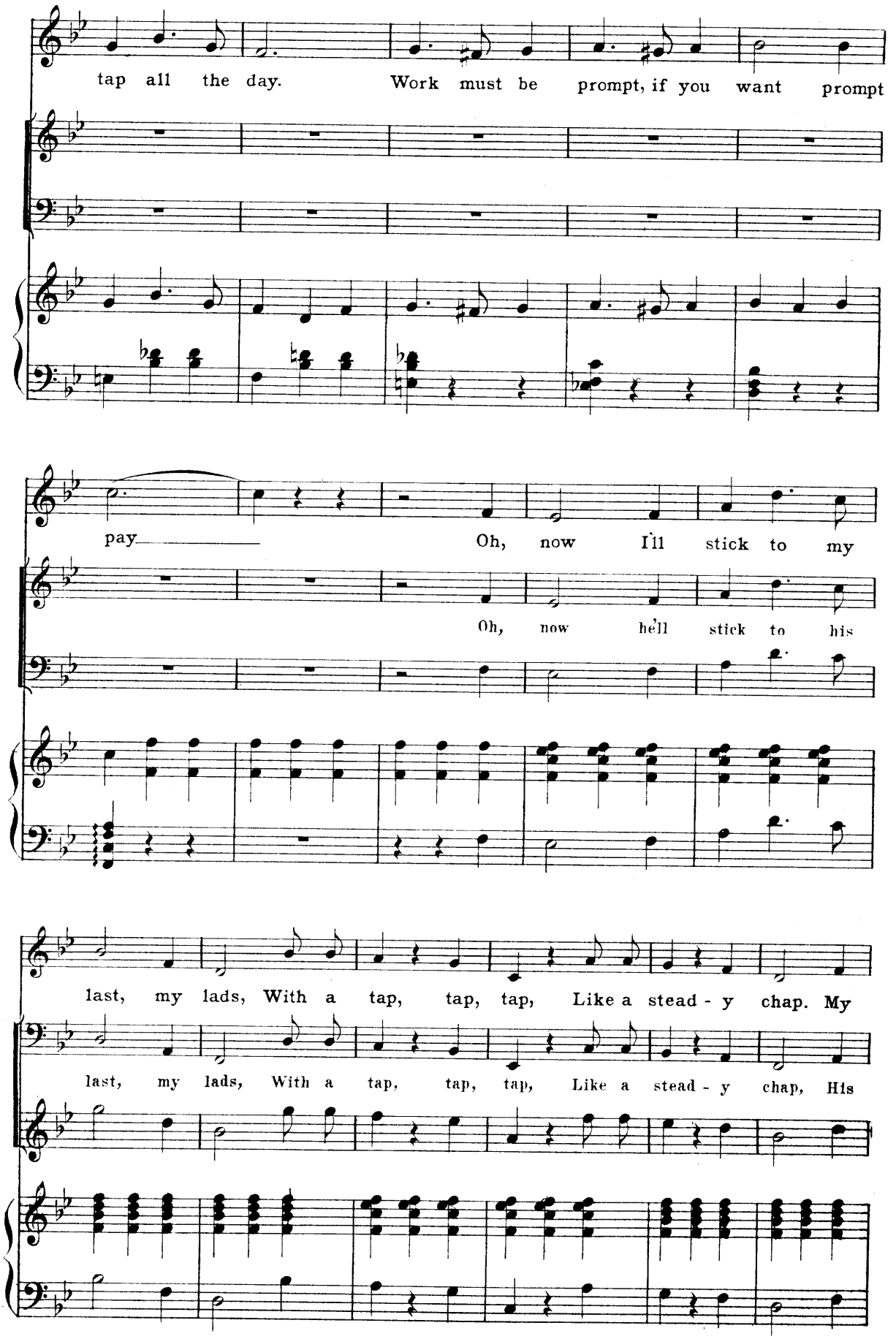
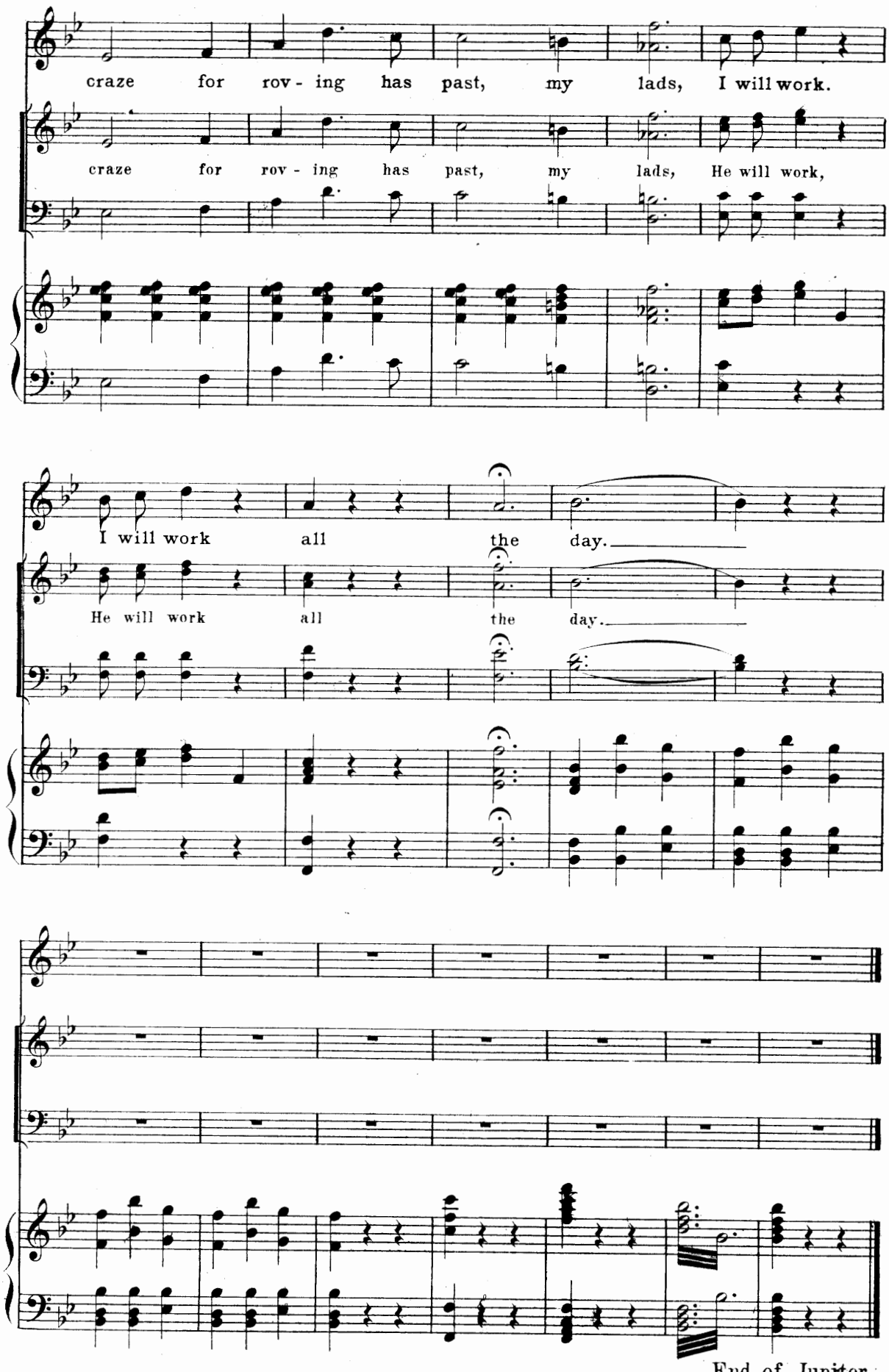

lads, I'll work at my trade all the day. There are
Ha! ha!
f
shoes to make. There are shoes to mend. I'll mer - ri - ly
sing at my work, and be gay. Tap, tap, tap, I will


tap all the day. Work must be prompt, if you want prompt
pay Oh, now I'll stick to my
Oh, now he'll stick to his
last, my lads, With a tap, tap, tap, Like a stead - y chap. My
last, my lads, With a tap, tap, tap, Like a stead - y chap, His



End of Jupiter.