NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

L'ETOILE DU NORD

AN OPERA

IN THREE ACTS

COMPOSED BY

GIACOMO MEYERBEER

EDITED, AND THE PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT REVISED, BY

BERTHOLD TOURS.

THE ENGLISH VERSION BY

HENRY F. CHORLEY.

Note.—The English translation of the Opera having been left unfinished by Mr. CHORLEY, it has been completed for this Edition by the Rev. J. TROUTBECK.

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BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA: DITSON & CO.
L'ETOILE DU NORD.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

PRASOVNIKA (Niece of Reinhold) ... ... ... Soprano.
NAZALIE (a Vivandière) ... ... ... Soprano.
EKIMOSA (a Vivandière) ... ... ... Mezzo-Soprano.
Catherine (Sister of George Skavronski) ... ... ... Mezzo-Soprano.
GEORGE SKAVRONSKI (a Teacher of Music) ... ... ... Tenor.
DAELOVINITS (a Pastrycook, afterwards a Colonel) ... ... ... Tenor.
ISSIMOFF (a Cossack Officer) ... ... ... Tenor.
A WORKMAN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenor.
A CORNER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Tenor.
PETER THE Czar (a Carpenter) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
GRITZENKO (a Corporal of Grenadiers) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
SCHEREMETIEFF (a Russian General) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
YERMOLOFF (a Russian Colonel) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
REINHOLD (a Tavern-keeper) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
A SENTINEL ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Bass.
CHORUS OF WOMEN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... S.
' Village Girls ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.A.
' WORKMEN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.T.T.B.B.
' RECRUITS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... S.S.T.T.B.B.
' MUSICIANS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... T.B.
' SOLDIERS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... T.T.B.
' KALMUCKS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... T.T.B.B.

In the First Act the scene is laid in Finland; in the Second Act in the Russian camp; the Third Act in the palace of the Czar at St. Peters bury.

ARGUMENT.

The opera opens with a village scene. Some carpenters are discovered resting during their dinner hour. Peter alone continuing at work. To them, as they sing in praise of leisure, appears Danilowitz, the pastrycook, and offers them his wares. Danilowitz asks after Catherine, who is usually to be found at this hour selling liquor to the workmen. They tell him she is staying at home to-day, and provoke Peter by their banter about his lover's grief at her absence. A drinking chorus in praise of Finland follows, whereupon Danilowitz drinks to the Czar, and raises a quarrel between himself and the workmen. Peter takes his side in it. The quarrel is ended by the sound of the bell recalling them to labour. Danilowitz then asks Peter how he, a Russian, comes to be in Finland. Peter tells him, and asks him in return about himself. Danilowitz saws he purposes to return to Russia, and offer his services to the Czar. They agree to travel to Russia together, and Peter prophesies his companion's coming advancement. After the exit of Danilowitz Peter goes to the house of George Skavronski to have a lesson on the flute, and there learns that Catherine is gone to plead her brother's cause with Reinhold, the tavern-keeper, uncle of Prasovnia, to whom George Skavronski is affianced. While George is telling Peter the story, Catherine returns with the news of the success of her mission. Peter listens to Catherine, and hears her go on to speak of the brilliant destiny her dying mother foretold for her. To them appears Prasovnia, breathless, having run to escape a body of Kalmucks and Cossacks, by whom the village has been invested. Catherine, however, sees in them fellow-countrymen and deliverers, and goes out to greet them. While they are singing a wild chorus, descriptive of their deeds, Catherine, in the name of her mother, once their Priestess, warns them to retire. She succeeds in checking them by promising to Gritzenko, their leader, promotion from the Czar, and good-fortune to all. A duet between Catherine and Peter follows, in the
course of which she tells him he must rise to distinction before he can successfully claim her hand, and gives him a ring as a token of her promise to be his. In the next scene Prascovia brings a letter to Catherine, who on reading it finds that the Cossacks have impressed her brother, and that if he cannot find a substitute he will have to march that very night. Catherine comforts Prascovia by assuring her that her marriage with George will not be delayed, and that a substitute for fifteen days will certainly be found, only that George must come to the end of fifteen days to relieve his substitute. The marriage then takes place, Catherine passing through the crowd enveloped in a cloak, and singing a farewell to those whom she is about to leave.

The second act opens with a dancing scene in the Russian camp, Natalie, Ekimon, and other sutlers moving about, or dancing with the soldiers. Catherine appears, dressed as a recruit; Ismaloff, the Cossack, at Gritzenko’s invitation, sings. Gritzenko himself sings afterwards in praise of the Russian Grenadiers, of which regiment he has now become corporal, and which he thinks has been slighted in Ismaloff’s song. Gritzenko looks at Catherine intently, remarking that her face reminds him of a pretty singer he once knew in Finland. Catherine says it was her sister. They talk of the imperious commands of the Czar, and Gritzenko speaks of a mutinous conspiracy which is afoot in the army, Yermoloff, his colonel, being concerned in it. Meanwhile Peter arrives at the camp in the capacity of a captain. He tells General Scheremetieff he has heard of the mutinous spirit abroad in the army, but knows how to repress it; and, pending the arrival of a Tartar regiment on which he can rely, he holds a revel with Danilowicz, who is now a Russian colonel, and Natalie and Ekimon. Catherine and two other soldiers are appointed sentries over his tent. Catherine, peeping into the tent, recognises Danilowitz and Peter. With joy she hears her name toasted by Peter, but afterwards, with indignation, witnesses him in his drunkenness caressing the two vivandières. Gritzenko comes to relieve guard, and, finding Catherine spying upon the officers’ privacy, orders her to quarters in confinement. She refuses to go, and strikes Gritzenko when he tries to force her away. On this Gritzenko drags her before Peter, who says she must be shot. As she is being removed she appeals with loud cries to Peter, who at length recognises her voice, and orders Gritzenko to bring her back. He returns, saying she has escaped by swimming the river near to which she was being conducted, and (aside) that he shot her in the water. He brings a paper with a farewell written upon it, and containing the ring Peter had given her, as well as the names of the chief mutineers, and she bids him use the information to advance himself with the Czar. A grand scene follows, in which Peter, confessing himself to be the Czar, quells the mutiny, revives the loyalty of the soldiers, and urges them on to victory.

The third act opens with a scene in which Peter appears, having taken up against carpenter’s work, in order to try and forget Catherine. Danilowitz enters, and afterwards Gritzenko, the latter to ask for promotion, grounding his claim on his having received the blow from Catherine, without having had it atoned for. Peter is greatly enraged at the story, and seizes a hatchet to kill him for having fired at Catherine, but is prevented by Danilowitz. Gritzenko is ordered, on pain of death, to produce before the next day the soldier he fired at. Prascovia and George appear, and are arrested. At the moment Peter enters hurriedly, saying he has heard Catherine singing the song she and he alone know. Danilowitz allows that she is in the palace, having been brought there the day before by a peasant woman who had given her an asylum, but that he had foreborne to tell the Czar, since, from the hardships she had undergone and her lover’s desertion, her reason had left her. The chorus with which the opera opens is then sung in her hearing, and Danilowitz, dressed as a pastrycook, sings his song again. Then appear George, Prascovia, and Reinhold, dressed as in Act I, and the chorus of girls that sang at Prascovia’s wedding, singing the same words they sang then. Last of all the air Peter used to play on the flute is heard, and she joins in, and sings it. Her reason gradually returns, she falls into Peter’s arms, and the opera closes with her being saluted empress.
OVERTURE.

Piccolo, Flute, Oboe, Clarinets in E flat, Bassoons, 4 Horns, 2 Trumpets, 3 Trombones, Kettle Drums in E flat & E flat, Drums, Cymbals, Triangle, 2 Harps, Strings.

Tempo di marcia, maestoso.

Piano.

Cello, d, B ass.


No. 3.

Solo AND CHORUS.—"HERE ARE WE, ALIVE AND WELL."

Here are we, alive and well, you see, My sweets and I to gether:

Come and buy, and try how crisp they be, And light as any feather.

Rare macaroons today, As fresh as flowers in May; Compfits that poison not, Tarts that are smoking hot, On-ly look, and taste 'em too, For one and
O, yes! a cake is a relish To a bottle of wine, As a lady to a
Le past te e le ciam bel le Fu as por dan no al vin Come o nor fou le

Dinner With her beauty divine. You who work in the heat Shall to
Bel le Fan le bel le al festin. Breaus gen te sta ne, Son do

— day have a treat! You may pay me to-morrow, you may pay me to-morrow, to-morrow, to-
— mon do da mar Vi do tempo a pa gar, Vi do tempo a pa gar, e, vi do

— morrow you may pay Here are we alive and well, you see, My
— tem po a pa gar. Chi ne voui? sen qui, sen qui, son qui, Chi

sweets and I to ger: Come and buy, and try how crisp they be, And
swol do tor led let te? Chi ne voui? sen qui guar da te son gus
light as any feather. Only look, and taste 'em too, All of


them to-day are new! Come and buy, come and buy, come and buy, come and buy!


lovers warmly loving,


glowing like an oven, glowing like an oven, Only keep a light A


quarter of an hour; I for ever telling, Baking, glazing, boiling,


Keep my furnace hot, my furnace from morn till night, and find the flour.

Chi vuol co mei no no, no no, gloriosi no-ri, no no, gloriosi mori.

This way, this way, they turn to ice—ther,

Chi vuol, chi vuol, le tor-tel-le?

Make haste! for ev'ry minute makes me cool!

Ve-de-te, ve-de-te, fresche son, per-fet-te.

Girls, this very hungry weather, this very hungry weather.

Pl. O. de Rossa.

Allegro giocoso.

grow cold, grow cold. Ah! Here are we, a-live and
an - cor. an - cor. Ah! Chi ne vuoi? son qui, son

cold, grow cold. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
son an - cor. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

cold, grow cold. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
son an - cor. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

cold, grow cold. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
son an - cor. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!

well, you see, My sweet and I to - ge - ther. Come and buy, and see how
you, son gui, Chi vuol le tor - tel - let - te? Chi ne vuoi? son qui guar.

risoluto.
piu animato.

crisp they be, And light as a - ny fea - ther. Come here and
- da - te son gua - to - ve son per - fet - te.

Who would not be tempted with such a per-su-a-sion!

Tenors

Who would not be tempted with such a per-su-a-sion!

Basses

Who would not be tempted with such a per-su-a-sion!

Più animato.  \( \text{Soprani} \)

Più animato.  \( \text{Tenori} \)

Più animato.  \( \text{Bassi} \)

Più animato, \( \text{Str. & Wind} \)

Come here and taste 'em too!

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No. 4.  
SOLI AND CHORUS.—“COME, AND TAKE FOR THY PAY.”

RECIT. TENEDE.  
(A workman to Danilowicz.)  

Come, and take for thy pay A glass to warm thy heart.  
Go on, go on, I  
Da qui, ma va por- sar Con un bic-chier-ti schenk.  
Va ben, va ben, va

DANILOWITZ.  
(workmen pouring out spirit.)

Allegretto molto moderato.

But where is pretty Catherine this morning? She should not thus be absent without warning. The

Tour de Cello, poco.  
P Fl. & Cello, arco.

Allegretto molto moderato.  

p

Come:

Less:

Ma qua non v'è il bel la com - ti-

Fl.

morn-ing? She should not thus be ab-sent with-out warn-ing,

The

Nie-ra  
Vo dir co - lei chi d'or di na-rino

Qui

Str.

Bass.

No. 5.

**CHORUS.—"DRINK WE TO FINLAND."**

**Soprano**

*Allegretto ben moderato.*

Drink we to Fin-

- land a-main,

Da beniam,

Ai

Tenor

(see lower.)

Drink we to Fin-

- land a-main,

Da beniam,

Ai

Bass.

*Allegretto ben moderato.*

Drink we to Fin-

- land a-main,

Da beniam,

Ai

**Piano.**

\( \text{f Tutti,} \) 

\( \text{p} \)

Long may her King live and reign:

May reign, may reign:

All good Swedes from jolly beak-er,

All good Swedes from

May reign, may reign:

All good Swedes from jolly beak-er,

All good Swedes from

May reign, may reign:

All good Swedes from jolly beak-er,

All good Swedes from

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(27.)
Long may her king live and reign, may reign, may reign:
Al nostro pren ce Se-viam, be-viam, be-viam:

Long may her king live and reign, may reign, may reign, may reign:
Al nostro pren ce be-viam, be-viam, be-viam, be-viam:

Here's to King Charles, the man for me:
A Carlo il gran de si be-viam:


Our Charles the Twelfth... beloved is he:
A Cor-lo il gran de nostro re:


Both sea and land are in his hand. Tra la la la la la, in his hand.
Al sommo al gran Cons qui sta tor. Tra la la la la la, be-viam.

Both sea and land are in his hand. Tra la la la la la la la, in his hand. The
Al sommo al gran Cons qui sta tor. Tra la la la la la la la, be-viam. E

Pledge him. Sea and land are in his hand. The
Al re nostro al gran Cons qui sta tor. E

Pledge their monarch in good liquor; To his glory fill a gain! Again! Again! Again!
A, aon fel tis, a sua gloria; Si per lui verum, be viam! be viam! be viam!

Drink we to Finlandia, a main, a main, Long may her King
Al la Finlandia be viamo, be viamo, Al nostro pren-

live and reign, 
may reign, may reign.
Hear!

live and reign, 
may reign, may reign.
Hear!

live and reign, 
may reign, may reign.
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Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!

Hear!
Guard your Sweden! Send death, Send death on ev'ry ste
from di ta Swe-zia! L'oo-ste

molto cres. dim.  Tempo lento.

dolce.

foe!... The Mus-co-vite had bet-ter fly When-e-ver he is
der?... Er tre moar di Russa in-ste-vin, Al suo pie gli e

dolce.

foe!... The Mus-co-vite had bet-ter fly When-e-ver he is
diec!... Er tre moar di Russa in-ste-vin, Al suo pie gli e

molto cres. dim.

*dolce.

p Forte
Str.  Tosti.

For him we live, for him we die! For him we live, for him we die!
Fin che vi-crem, lai ser-vi-rem! Fin che vi-crem, lai ser-vi-rem!

ser-vi-rem!

con-ing Ngh:

for him we die! For him we live, for him we die!

con-ing Ngh:

for him we die! For him we live, for him we die!

Meyerbeer's "L'Etolfe du Nord"—Novello, Ewe and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
All good Swedes from jolly beaker,
A sua be - ria - mo,
All good Swedes from jolly beaker,
A sua be - ria - mo,
All good Swedes from jolly beaker,
A sua be - ria - mo,

Pledge their monarch in good liquor;
A suoi a sua glo - ria;
To has glo - ry fill a -

Pledge their monarch in good liquor;
A suoi a sua glo - ria;

Pledge their monarch in good liquor;
A suoi a sua glo - ria;

Pledge their monarch in good liquor;
A suoi a sua glo - ria;

-gain, a - gain, a - gain!
Ver - sian! be - vian!

-gain, a - gain, a - gain!
Ver - sian! be - vian!

-gain, a - gain, a - gain!
Ver - sian! be - vian!

Drink we to Finland, a main, a main, So
Alba Finland, be vian, be vian, Be
Drink we to Finland, a main, a main, a main, a main, So
Alba Finland, be vian, be vian, be vian, be vian, Be
Drink we to Finland, a main, a main, a main, a main, a main, So
Alba Finland, be vian, be vian, be vian, be vian, be vian, Be

Piu cioso.
fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so
vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, be vian,
fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so
vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, be vian,
fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so fill again, so
vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, me-sciam, be vian, be vian,

Piu espress.
fill again, a gain!
vian, be vian, be vian!
fill again, a gain!
vian, be vian, be vian!
fill again, a gain!
vian, be vian, be vian!

Solo and Chorus—"I DRINK TO THE CZAR."

Czar, Peter the First!

No! no! I am a true Russian.

Drink as we do!

Meyerbeer's "L'Etude du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(6.)
How dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how
dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how
strangers, Who on-ly are two!

strangers, Who on-ly are two!

strangers, Who on-ly are two!

strangers, Who on-ly are two!

Sext... p. & c.

How dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how

How dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how

How dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how

How dare...ye, how dare...ye, how dare ye, how dare ye, how

D" Tuttii.

Ah! Come on, come on, Ah! Come on, come on, Ah! Come on, come on, Ah! Come on, come on,

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-tol-gie di me-ni-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-tol-gie di me-ni-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye! how dare ye! You
vi-tol-gie di me-ni-te, La guer-ra, la guer-ra, Che

Dare in-sult us, And you shall rue.
Jo vi-ge-do La guer-ra, la

Dare in-sult us, And you shall rue.
Jo vi-ge-do La guer-ra, la

mi-se-ra-ble mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-mo a voi ri-ma-ne, voi ri-ma-ne La guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-mo a voi ri-ma-ne, voi ri-ma-ne La guer-ra, Che

mi-se-ra-ble mi-se-ra-ble stran-gers, How dare ye, you
spe-mo a voi ri-ma-ne, voi ri-ma-ne La guer-ra, Che

See...

Audante.

Tis the bell... we must obey!

E la squill la del cuartier!

Audante. D. 112.

Bell (in the street.)

Hush & D. Base.

Wind curtain.

The bell that to his labour the

La squill la che rie che rie che rie...
Recit. and Scene.—"Now come, what is the story?"

Danilowitz.

Now come, what is the story thou hast to tell us, Russian? How does it come a-

Danilowitz.

about thou art in Finland? One day, in this very village, when from an

illness I had suddenly fainted, I met with succour, brought by a gentle

Danilowitz. Allegro moderato.

girl who close at hand has her dwelling. And people call their lover. May be it

Eber po-

is so. And that thou hast come to this ar
d

DANILOWITZ.

tri-a. E che in questo ar-

Danilowitz.

Seva no che fa-

Danilowitz.

Meyerbeer's "L'Escole du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(45.)
oft-en she com-eth li-ther to bring and sell her li-
ques to the work-
ten-te ei-la qui vie-ne a cen-de-re li-quo-re agli o-pe-ra-

Peter.

Danielewitz, sempre a tempo.

men. In-deed! ex-cel-lent, tru-ly! They al-so say, in or-
der to be-
i. Dev-er! so-so ex-cel-len-ci. Di-con di più per es-
ser-le ei-

dolce.
dolce.

near her, thou goest night and mor-
no-ni- ing up to her bro-
ther's, George Sa-

Vron-
ski's, an air up-on the flute to learn to play, which thou 
know est is 

Vron-

skik l'aria ad im-

par-re sul flau-

to, che tu sai pre-di-

Peter. Recit.

ples-

ing to his sis-
tet ta al-to so-rel-
ter! And if I should do so, pray what does it

Thou, that all this while art asking so many questions!

I am Danilowitz, I am a Russian, As thou too

art, a pastrycook beside. D'habitting nothing here to work or hope for, I would be turning

homeward, turning homeward, and my service offering to Peter the Czar, and my service

Peter, Rect.

Offering to Peter the Czar. A brutal man! May be, but yet con-

vi-gi of fri-re a. Pie-tro il Czar. Un som bru-tal! Sa-ri'la ma e un som di-

ra-gion; and all his sol-diers would for him be rea-
dy life to sur-ren-der, if it were on-ly for to
cuo-re, e i suoi sol-da-ti a dar per lui la vi-
ta son tut-ti pron-ti, fos-se sol-tan-to per u-

Allegro moderato.

DANILOWITZ.

Peter.

hear that march, so sa-cred.

E qua-le è dun-que que sta mar-
cia

Allegro moderato. Ob.

ben marcatto.

Ob.

DANILOWITZ.

speak-est?

Tis that which at Pul-ta-ta was sung by the sol-
diers of his

Ob.

ar-my, and which, as all men fan-
cy, was com-
post'd by him. To reach his

Sinf.

"Allegro con spirito." Peter.

Ser - vic is the thing I hope for.

To Rus - sia turn I

In Rus - sia for - ne an -

Allegro con spirito.

Daniłowicz.

al - so. Let us make the journey to - ge - ther.

Wilt thou come on be - hind me?

Yes, whereas ever thou

ch'i - o. Fa - rem tu stre - da in - sie - me.

Tu die - tro a me ver - ra - i?

Pos - se al - ta fin del

Peters.

Allegro vivace.

Peters.

lead - est. Ani af - ter that I

Let come what will.

A sol - dier, and then an

mon - do. E chi es man?

Sia per co - si.

Sol - da - to, in - di - suf - fi - ci - en - cy

Allegro vivace.

Daniłowicz.

off - i - cer, and then a gen - e - ral, then a count, then a prince, and pray why

Pri Ge - ne - ra - le, E Con - te, E Pre - nce, e per - ché

not I. Does not cour - age con - quer all things?

No! Il co - rug - gis - po tut - to ot - tie - ne?
No. 8. Polonaise.—"He whose Heart to Fear Has Never Yielded."

He whose heart to fear has never yield-ed, Shall be still in bat-tle safe-ly shielded;
Chill co- re was ha da te-mas of-fe-so, Dal Cam- po d'o-nor vi-va sem-pre il be-so;

He shall be in life and deeth re-nowned, And with gar-lands then by fate, by
e la sor-te. We'll - he knows how to re-

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(6d.)
Sist the power of love.
Si re-sist the power of love.

molto dolce.

love, vain are sighs and moanings, In vain

vain is an embrace, From love he ever flies,

vain with tears to cry, with tears to cry, Ah! leave me not, leave me not,

He whose heart to fear has never yielded,

Shall be still in battle safely shielded; He shall be in

Dai Clam-po d'on-nor vlen sem-pre il-le-so Lo-da-to ci sa-

life and death re-nova-ed, And with gar-
lands then by fate, by fate be crown-ed.

-rà in vi-ta in mor-te. Ch'un ser-
to d'al lor giù dà, giù dà la sor-te.

cres. 

p Str.

f Tutu. Str. P

Ah! if I per-chance es-cape from dy-ing, And one day a vic-
tor home am hie-ing,

Ah! s'e-gli av-ver-rà el'io poi non mo-ra Ch'un di vin-
ci tor io tor-ni ma-co-ra,

Hea. sus-tain.

O what crowds will hur-ry forth to meet me, And with shouts that re-
ach to heaven, to

O quan-ti ve-dro d'in-to no star-ma Con gri-di d'ev-vi va al cie-
cres.

oheaven, will greet me. 

And the foolish, who-
e'er, who-e'er they be,
-tan, ta-tan pur té, 

Who of me made a
molt dolce.

joke, 

Will far off behold, and won-
me

Da los-tan con ste-por mi guar-
ea...

un poco cres.

murmur as I pass, 

If I trium-

in

come, 

To those who then be-

Chi lo cre-de va al-

doi 

to.

bowed and kindly.

Scene and Recit.—"He is ambitious."

Recit. Peter.

He is am-bi-tious, and may be use-ful. But this love which de-
Am-bi-tioso-gli, po-tran ser-vir-mi. Ha l’a-mor che mi

Piano.

-ights me? Must I in-deed be gone, and love-ly Cath-er-ine be-hold no more?
Duo-que con-nin par-ter, E Ca-te-ri-na son ve-dro più?

Andante.

Now let me be go-
Eh-bon si va-

(The flute is played in the house.)

Ah! there is the Pro-fes-sor! He plays the air that Ca-
Ah! en-to il Pro-fes-sor che va-ria mo-
di-let-ta a Ca-te-ri-na, Re-

Allegro.

(A George plays the flute.)

(Peter plays the flute.)

Meyerbeer's "L'Ecole du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(55.)
Bravo, bravo!
I pray you enter, my sister is absent.
It is a lover's story.
So very early.

Bravo, bravo!
I have come to practise.
A studiar venia.

(Mysteriously.)
absente.
- scienta.

It is a lover's story.
Un' amaro sa storia.

"Tu ve ry ear ly."
Si buon' ora.

It is a lover's story.
Un' amoro sa

What would you hear it?
You would then listen, to thee I can reveal it.

La vuoi sapere?
Eh ben os colta a te pare so avv.

story!
story!

Yes, tell me.
Si parla.

Allegro moderato.

My sister and myself were born in U

Ambo mia sorelle ed io fummo in Ucrania

Meyerbeer's "L'Iola du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition
--kra-ni-a. We had not one pos- ses-sion, Nor lands, nor goods were left us; Our mo- ther on- ly
na-ti, né be-ni, né po-de-ri, a noi non fur la sci-a-ti la ma-dre a noi sol

gave us her songs, so sweet and love-ly, And taught us to un- ra-vel the se-crets of the
die-de le sue can-son più bel-le e c i - stre - i nel' ar-te di leg-ger nei-te

Peter. (with impatience.)

GEORGE

stars. And then, and then, but go on, on to the end. A-las! be-reft of

E poi? e poi ma par-le, par-le ol-fi-ne. Oi-ne! men - ca for-

for-tune, of fate the wretched vic-tims, at length we reach'd this vil-
lage, by sing-ing as we

jour-ney'd; and I by teach-ing mu-sic since then have made my liv-
ing; my sis-ter lives by

Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
Feter. (impatiently.)

George.

saying. Well, it is this, that Rinald, master of wonder

hostel, is uncle of a maid-cru, of all I know the

fair-cru, Priscia they call her, and since the day I

saw her, for love I have been pineing, and near have lost my

reason, for love. I have been pin-
ning, and now have lost.

\[\text{reason, d'amor. si an-dei ha-gono}
\]
\[\text{do, che ho la ra-gion.}\]

Peter.

near have lost my rea-
son. How then, art thou the lover I why didst thou not con-

\[\text{la ra-gion. per da-ca. Es me, si ta fa-nos-te i che no'l di-va-sti.}\]

George.

fess it! I did not dare to tell; on ly my sis-
ter is gone this very moment to ask for me the

to-to? Io non a-ver ar-dir ma mai so-reddà e an-do-la in quest' i stan-te a far per me l'in-

Peter.

question, but lingering on the way. And meanwhile on the flute I pro-
pose to have a

ci-e-sto, ma tar-da a ri-cor-nar. Io pren-de ro fre-tan-to la mia lec-tion di

George

lesson. For my part I would have much ra-ther a glass of spir-
ita. To leave off

flaut-o, A me an-re piu ac-ce-to un be-rach-in di qui ri-to. Di ri-nun-

Peter.

drinking I but now decided, but here I drink to Catherine in all her
carve je-ri a-rea de-ci-so, ma il fo per Cate-rine al suo be-
a tempo. Moderato.

George. Catherine.
In all her beauty. Bravo, what a loved! 
Amo bel viso. Bra- vi, as sai bene!

beauty, in all her beauty

Recit.
A lover thinking but of liquor, while I am absent asking for him the
un a-ma-n-te che sol pen-sa a be-re men-tri la bel- la vo a do-man-dar gli in

Allegretto moderato.

fair one.

George.
Now say, what has the tavern-keeper told thee?

Allegretto moderato.

No. 10.

Solo and Trio.—"You shall hear."

Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons, Horns, & Strings.

Allegro scherzando.

You shall hear! You shall hear!
At - ten - sion! At - ten - sion!

Pum! Pum! Pum! Pum! Pum! Pum! With his old cap to crown him, and his old pipe to cheer him, Like a

loggiare.

staccato.

p, sordini.

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(63.)
king on his throne, on his throne, at his coun-
ter sat he.
dai co-
man-
dor, co-
mander, ce-
do to qual co-
zen.

(making a low curtsey.)

"Sire!" did I say.
"Si-re," dis-si allor,

brother hopes that you will hear him, He hopes that you will hear him; The

tel ah't seu - di Far - di - men - to, Ah! seu - di Far - di - men - to; Per

hand of your most love-ly niece he asks of you by me." . . .

Wind sustain.

On this the king, look-ing kind, kind - er than I care to men-
tion,

Su - ma - stà schiuso al - lor va, gen - til bel sor - ri - so,

From his mouth remov'd the pipe, and replied with conceit.

La sci'll fur mar e co dè dis se con è to vi.

(In a deep voice.)

The kingsman who did

No, no,

send you here need not despair; Our niece shall be his heir.

del a me, O nor mai fia; Mia ni po te è sua.

consort dear, And he, and he our royal

mo glie, Ed so, so son avr ser vi.

tempo Imo. (In her natural voice.)

De clar! De clar! De clar! Am I not fit to manage an af-

hor, Eh ben! Eh ben! Eh ben son son un dè ro am-ba se-

2nd Verse.

peace is the clear-est, the bat-tle is near-est, He would

give not a great, but a large dow-ry get,

And with the gold we bring, Re-build his mould-y inn, in

Meyerbeer's "L'Irlanda."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
ru: ready, in ruins half already; And

like a royal despot, so knowledge no debt.

All that he asked I promised, with a mental reservation.

The monarch then did reply, proudly as befits his station:

"To him for whom you
"Co lui che v'ha man -

Tis a woman's pleasing duty,
When a lover's in distress,
By her wit or by her beauty,
Bis ambasadress!

Long may woman do her duty,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,

Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Vien un spirito sa-gace,
Whether by her wit or beauty, 'Tis a woman's pleasing duty, Whether by her wit or
E la femi-nna che piac-er, Vi-ra un spi-ri-to sa-ga-ce, E la femi-nna che
By her wit or by her beauty, Long may a woman do her duty, By her wit or by her
E la femi-nna che piac-er, Vi-ra un spi-ri-to sa-ga-ce, E la femi-nna che
By her wit or by her beauty, Long may a woman do her duty, By her wit or by her
E la femi-nna che piac-er, Vi-ra un spi-ri-to sa-ga-ce, E la femi-nna che

p cit. de Bon.

p wind.

beauty, When a lover's in distress, To be his fair am-bas-sad-ress, To be
piac-er, No, non v'e sul-la mia fe, No, non v'e le-gua-le a me.
beauty, When a lover's in distress, To be his fair am-bas-sad-ress, Re his
piac-er, No, non v'e sul-la mia fe, No, non v'e le-gua-le a te,
beauty, When a lover's in distress, To be his fair am-bas-sad-ress, To be his fair, his
piac-er, No, non v'e sul-la mia fe, No, non v'e le-gua-le a me.

Ah!
Ah!

fair am-bas-sad-ress, to be, to be his fair am-

fair am-bas-sad-ress, to be, to be his fair am-

SCENE AND RECIT.—"BUT THE MONEY."

RECI. GEORGE.

But the mon-esy, what asks he?
Ma il des-es-so, che chiedi?

Catherine.

Ev-ry farthing that I possess of earn-ing, tow-ar-ds thy wed-ding I
Tut-to quel che fi-so-ra ho guad-a - gua-to per am-mo-gliar-ti to

PIAN.

Str. f

GEORGE.

give thee. No first be thinking of thy self, I thank thee, I know thee will he soon taking a hus-band.
No pre-cen-ven che pen-si a te, non so-glio, bi-so-glio che tu
par pre-da ma-ci - to.

Catherine.

I have no wish for mar-rigae, Thou know est, know est there is one that
Io non ho vuol sta tra-ma. Tu ne-so ti, nei che v'e qua-l'un che

Peter.

lov es thee. That loves! Be si-lent; when his time he pas ses in drink-ing and dis-
la-

Catherine.

Amor, ch' ta-ci, quamdo vi pas-sa si sem po a be' re a con-tra

Allegro moderato. = 108.

RECI. CATHERINE.

po-see. How un-hap-

pares. Ric-a gu-ra

Allegro mos-tro-ta.

Meyerbeer’s “L’École du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(70.)
...her what were the words of my mother, spoken the night in which she died; now, fixing her eyes upon the...
one of a loftier rank than our own. Didst thou believe it?

Stai del la schiera volger densi nevi. T'ho credo, il vo-glio.


bid--that is a word of things which I must say too often escapes thee, and far too boldly dost thou bid me recall: que-si doggiorna è una meta ch'el sfugge troppo so-ver-te, e troppo ardili so-no il tuo vo.

speak Thy temper is persistent. O, be silent.

Perché tu sia so-ver-ni-te. Ta-ci, ò ci, cru.

cruel fate, how freezing, how careless is thy manner! It

de-te, è il tuo ge-fa-te, sa dif-fe-ren-te a nept-te? O
always irri... Dost
son pro m'or... 
ve di, ve di. Mi

threat... An... thyself my

Pats... For... a defat which ne... 

Catherine. Peter.
conquer'd. Who cannot rule him-... is no less so... a hus... than a master. Ah! this is

pos... Chi non si sa dom... non è men... ri... che pad... Ah! questo è

Recit.

too much! Then shalt not... you, I... 

Allegro vivace.

Recit., Catherine, Peter.

Away! Thou dost not... leave me, leave me, thou hast promise'd. Ah! well, I leave thee.

Fare ben! Ma tu non esili. Van-ne, van-ne, hai promessi. Eb'en, io parto.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.—"AH! I SHALL DIE!"

(Enter Prasovia running.)

GEORGE. Allegro con spirito.

O heaven! my be-loved one! O wherefore such a spirit?

PRASOVIA. (trembling.)

Ah!... I shall die! I shall die! I shall die!... I shall die! I shall die! I shall die! So fast ran I...

GEORGE. Allegro con spirito.

Tell me, what is it? 'Tis well.

Catherine.

Parli, che avvenne? Eben.

Ah!... Son di gel! Son di gel!... Son di gel! Son di gel!... Son di gel dal terrore! Qui veneti vol. Io mi sostien... apting.

GEORGE. Allegro con spirito.

You hear how I am panting, if this be true, you have saved me.

Catherine.

Ah!... Quel veneti vol. Mi manca o Dio la tena... Non... so più...
Ah! I shall die, I shall die, I shall die, . . . . . .
Ah! Son di gel, son di gel, son di gel, . . . . Più non so quel che fo, piú non

I shall die! I shall die! I shall die!
più non so quel che fo!

What is this?
Che è questo?
Quel del ro

Andauvino. dolce con portamento.

fear! I recov-er, calm-ly breath-ing; I am safe, and

- ro-ror? Io ri-na-sc-o, io ve-spi-ro; Or che a voi son prens an-

Andauvino. 96.

poco ritm.

you are here, I recov-er, calm-ly breathing; I am safe, and you are

cor, sono an-cor, Io ri-na-sc-o, io ve-spi-ro; Or che a voi a voi son prens an-

L'intenso tempo.

here, you are here. There is no cause for ter-ro, There is

cor, son an-cor. It gen-ti-ly vos tro a-sper-to Ha sco-

Catherine.

There is no cause for ter-ro, There is

George.

It gen-ti-ly vos tro a-sper-to Ha sco-

We are here! There is no cause for ter-ro, There is

Peter.

It gen-ti-ly vos tro a-sper-to Ha sco-

There is no cause for ter-ro, There is

L'intenso tempo.

VI. & Fl.

nought to a-larm; You are all close be-side me, To keep me from harm. There is

cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-

nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To keep thee from harm. There is

cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-

nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To keep thee from harm. There is

cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-ma-to il mio cor. Il gen-

no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; You are all close be-side me, To

til vo-stro a-spe-to Ha sece-cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-

no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To

til vo-stro a-spe-to Ha sece-cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-

no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To

til vo-stro a-spe-to Ha sece-cia-to il ti-mor; Ha ri-mos-so il so-spe-to, Ha cal-

no cause for ter-ror, There is nought to a-larm; We are all close be-side thee, To

calmly breathing; I am safe, and you are here.

I recover, 

to re-qui-re Press a voi... Presso voi sussan-cor... Io ri-sa-so... 

over Of passing fear, Now smile once more, Thy friends are near, Then smile once

Piu non te-mer, Piu non te-mer, Noi ti as-prem Soc-cor-so... 

over Of passing fear, Now smile once more, Thy friends are near, Then smile once

Piu non te-mer, Piu non te-mer, Noi ti as-prem Soc-cor-so... 

over Of passing fear, Now smile once more, Thy friends are near, Then smile once

Piu non te-mer, Piu non te-mer, Noi ti as-prem Soc-cor-so... 

(a sudden roll of drums is heard.)

try To tell what caus'd my ter-ror. You see, I thought—
dir "Qved che l'a-vea con-sa-to. Con-sien sa-per.

Allegro con spirito. dim.

No!— I shall die, I shall die, I shall die, ... I shall
tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor, ... tre-mo an-

Allegro con spirito. (d. = 92)

die, I shall die, I shall die, ... I shall
tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-cor, tre-mo an-

dim.

accel. su poco.

die! I can-not now! I do not dare! It com-es a-
Par-lar son so! Par-lar son so! To tre-mo an-

Catherine.

But tell us how? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us where? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us when? Che co-na hai tu?

George.

But tell us how? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us where? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us when? Che co-na hai tu?

Perrin.

But tell us how? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us where? Ti spie-ga al-fin!
But tell us when? Che co-na hai tu?

accel. su poco.

Recit.—"CONTENT THEE! TO GET THE NEWS."

George

Prasovil

Content thee! To get the news I now am going.
No, no, no, no, no, no, do not go, by the Cachniks and the
Cossacks, we are lost and unwelcome.

We are all of us lost, then.

Catherine

No, no, observe them. In them dost thou not
see our old and trusty friend of the Don and of Ucrania?
I go to save you. How save us?

Peter

A tempo molto moderato.

Leave the endeavour,
O maid-ensign and brave!
O there will o'er her watch unseen by any,
Farewell, se go-la-re, I so ro, regiar su lei qui vi ma scoza.
No. 14.  
Solo and Chorus.—"Tis our turn to destroy and burn."

Piccolo, Flutes, Oboes, Clarinets, Bassoons, Horns, Trumpets, Trombones, Kettle Drums in E and B, Side Drum, Cymbals, 
Bug Drums and Strings.

(Gritzenko enters at the head of a troop of Kalmucks, who steal in one by one.)

Allegretto moderato.  

There’s no one.

Four Basses.

Come in!

Four Tenors.

Here we are—

Tutti insiem!

Gritzenko.

"Tis our turn to destroy and to burn!

Tutti insiem, accocheggiata, tru-ci-diam!

Four Basses.

Here we are!

Tutti insiem, accocheggiata, tru-ci-diam!

Gritzenko.

"Tis our turn to destroy and to burn!

Tutti insiem, accocheggiata, tru-ci-diam!

Tenors.

Joins.

"Tis our turn to destroy and to burn!

Tutti insiem, accocheggiata, tru-ci-diam!

Here we are—

Tutti insiem, accocheggiata, tru-ci-diam!

Meyerbeer's "L'Elisir du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(34.)
From tent in the desert,

Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,
Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,
Where we had birth,
Qui gian-ti siam,

Storm and gloom, Drear and doom, Follow where we come!
Ravage the earth. gian-ti qui siam.
Ravage the earth. gian-ti qui siam.
brand and the sword are the toys we love best; In cities on fire is our
fuse all the pole scia till's the pen-sier; Ne ris chi tro-vo no il ve-
couch of rest; We lead the wild dance where the palace hath stood, And our
pro pia-ter, Pa-la-gi ta-ga-ri a ter-va spia-niam, E nel
torches we quench in a lake of blood, And our torches we quench in a
sac que che co-la far-dor spe-guam, Si nel sac que che co-la tar-
lake of blood! 'Tis easy toll To take for spoil, The ab-hay hoards, The barrack swords, The cel-
dor spe-guam, N'pall all ne-ciar Di con tre-star, N'pall all ne ciar Di con tre-star, A noi tro-

gold of gold of gold of gold of gold of gold
vin a noi dell' or, dell' or, dell' or, dell' or,

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Rich is the
Ur-vu! o-la! ur-vu! o-la! A' noi deel'

gold, and gold, and gold, and gold, and gold, and gold,

Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! Rich is the
Ur-vu! o-la! ur-vu! o-la! A' noi deel'

spoil of wine and gold, and gold, and gold, and gold.

spoil of wine and gold, and gold, and gold, and gold.

REITT. AND CHORUS.—"RETIRE, RETIRE."

Catherine.  

Maestoso.

Retire! retire! 
In die tro! In ... tro!

Tis I, your sis-ter, bid you 
Tre-ma-te tu-ti-al-la mis

Piano.

Rette.

turn, Nor brave my wrath, 
Al mio vo~ler, 
For I hold the se-ciets of Con-tra-sta no ne-sa-cco at

fpp

Pol.

Andante.

Vlas-ta the Aw-ful, By your tribe loved and saint-ed!
Vlas-ta la San-te, Che l'Eura-nies o-no-ra!

Choruses.

Vlas-ta the Priestess! Her daughter here!
Di no-stra stir-pe! Del no-stra sool!

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octave Edition.—(60.)
No. 16. Bohemian Rondo and Chorus.—“IT RINGS LIKE A CHIME.”

Allegretto con spirito.

Catherine (accompanying herself on the tambourine).

It rings like a chime at wedding time, la la la la la la
la la la, The song of your queen with tambourine, La la la la la
la la, Hither, my brothers, Hither,
la la, Amon, poso ad animam, Amon,
la la, Hitherto, I have tidings Of
la la, Si animam! La la la la la

Meyerbeer’s “L’Etude du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(95.)
(The soldiers begin to dance.)
Allegretto molto moderato. \( \frac{3}{4} \) Allegretto molto moderato. 190. (To Grimesko, taking his hand and reading the lines in it.)

Catherine.

Thou, a peasant's lowly son,
Tu poët an si con ta din,
Vi. a Ten.

moltò stac. e marcato.

has a promise in thy star,
Hast la sor... sul... com-ma,
Sur... un al... tre ven... sti... Si

in the army of the Czar!

sot... quel... lo del Czar!
O for- ta na sem... e-gual,
Di... ven... te-rail on-po...
ad lib. tempo I

Si, Si, bal-liam, cou-tiern, es-vi-va la

la la la la la la la, The song of your queen with tambourine, la

la la la la la la, Hi-ther, my brothers,

Hi-ther, at my call; Hi-ther, I have

ti-dings of for-tune for all! la la la la la

dolce.
I have the tidings of fortune

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

for - tune for all, She has the tidings of

No. 17.  

RAY.—"THE MEN BELIEVE HER."

GEORGE.

The men believe her, and follow! Thou hast to thy uncle.

Lu qua se guen-do, evi va! Tu corsi da tuo zio.

Piano.

I to church must be running, there to see that for our marriage all things are duly ready. Be

Lo mio fretto al sa chiesa vo a far che per lo nozze sia tut to pront to les too.

Allegro moderato.

Praskovia.

wary of the Cossacks, be wary, I tell thee. Better by far be taken by the

Era da i Co ascchi bada beno ti all co. Meglio al fretto poco solo del me-

Allegro moderato.

Str. pizz.

Allegro con spirito.

Cossacks.

—co.

Allegro con spirito.

Catherine.

At last they vanish. Now I can breathe with

Al fin sua lungi. Or respi rare posa!

Meyerbeer's "L'Iteile du Nord."—Novello, Kew and Co's Octavo Edition.—(96.)
I have therefore in thee more satisfactions.

**KROPP.** Peter. (aside.)

(to Catherine.)

Astonishing coldness! what a courage! thy orders I have follow'd.

Qual amore freddo! qual ar-dir! seguilo to t'oi co-man-di.

fac-tion, I wouldst thou hast be-side thee ever some one who might pre-vent the doing of thy

fata, e se te-nere al-far og-nor qual ca-no che l'en-pi di sec far del le pris-

follies.

Be not sur-pris'd.

si e non ti sur-pir.

Now no-thing can sur-prise me.

Di mal-ha o mi sta-pi - sco.

This is as -

Que-sto sol mi

cept thy-self, not one has ever wuld. to me such lan-guage

pris di te... ness'un mi vol-see-num... um tal lan-guajío.

Moderato.

Recit.

sures me thou hast not got a friend.

And I

As a

Cu me

Thou sayest well, I have not.

Tu di ci il rer, non u no.

Thou hast repuls'd me.

Tu hai re quie to.

hus-band, for I see thy de-fects, but still, friendship I give thee.

spo sa, ve da to i tui di set ti. Ma non co me un a mi co.

I thank thee, thank thee, my heart is un-

Ah gra cer, gra cer, son tuin fe-

My friend, re late to me thy trou bles!

Vog siam, rac con ca mai tuei ca si.

Yes, still;

Si tat ti.

hap py,

li co.

All?

Tat ti?

But it may be thou thinkest I can give thee no good coun sel!

Cre di for no che da re lo non li pos so un buon con si glo?

I would receive thy coun sel.

And a con tra rio cre do.

No. 18. Prelude—"Begin; Where were you born?"

Catherine. Peter.

Begin: where were you born? In Moscow, was fine
Di quel città sei tu? Fa Mosca la mia
cara. Str. & Wind.

Peter.

And your father, what may have been your father's trade? My father's
Di tuo padre, vuoi dir qual fosse il suo mestiere? Il suo me
un poco rall.

Catherine.

trade? 'Tis the one I am learning. Was he a carpenter too? All the
E 'va quel che feci no. Era dunque fu la guida:

Peter.

money he made. As his son I inherit, and his land—Ah! you
Che per te do di esser mio lo sciero—La sua
Peter.

do? And a house so old and worn, I know not how to
ca-sa? Un o-stel pres-so a ca-der L’che me-sier è

cresc. leggiero. Hs. sustain.

Catherine.

make it stand. Pull it down, the on-ly way, and build it, build it up en-tire-ly
ri-pa-rar. Moglio fa... gis-tar la al solo per tut-to far... di nuovo an-

Peter.

new. Tis my mean-ing to do it.

But, a

Tar. Ens.

Catherine.

devil! the de-vil! So you say, Who know not what you
poo so! non poo so! Che dis-s’io? Non sai dunque vo-

Str. & Wind.

Peter.  

Catherine.

Is to do!  This from you! To will is to

Peter.

Catherine.

To do! And this from you? You will ne'er by dream-

blindly A bore the station of a workman rise. A ve-ry awkward workman

cico Tu non sa- vai che un po- ver le-gna-vel.

Peter.

Catherine.  

Peter.  

Catherine.

Yet Fortune meant to use you kind-ly. You are too wise. Not wise, but only

true, And what I say, you shall obey.
For to will is to do!
How her tone so noble moves me,
Tis not to compel you, but only 
Like a clarion in the air.

Did fix his heart on thee, It is because the rover
At mio primo amore, Ed io dietro mio glorioso

Catherine.

thee! There is honour and gold where the battle is high, And my mother forever!
La fortuna per te nel la gloria sua, Che mia mamma è dure co

-told, That the man should rarey Would be warrior most renowned.
To dise a me lo spasso Un grand uomo eser due.

Peter.

knows! 'Tis for you to try! Yes, such a one am I! Yes, such a one am I!
Cres. molto.

Allegro con spirito.

Where trumpets, where trumpets, where trumpets are sounding And brave armies
Al suo del te trombe, al suo del te trombe, Dell armar al ru

meet, armies meet My lau
noir, al ru-nor Le pal-
calls thee and armies meet, armies meet,

Where the trumpet calls
Del le trom-be al

Go and gather laurels
From te son le pal-

I will gather laurels!

(Take a ring from her finger and gives it to Peter.)

Go and gather laurels Lay them at my feet!

me and armies meet, armies meet,
de l' ar-mai ru-nor, al ru

me and armies meet, Le pal-me son prono!

Scene and Recit.—"Now Listen."

Recit.
Prasovia (to Catherine.)

No. 10.

Allegro moderato.

Prasovia (reads.)
Catherine (taking the letter in her hand and finishing the reading of it.)

"If thou find not George a substitute."
"Se tu non trovi a Giorgio un cambio."

"That soldier must march this evening."
"E' quel soldato dovrà partire stasera."

Must
Par.

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(139.)
march? Is this not cruel, indeed atrocious? a bridegroom that would have to-day been

tir? QUEST' È UN' INFANZIA, UN CAVALIERE, UN GIOVINE NULL'atto di prendere.

Catherine. Prasovia.

married! Be silent! The wedding would to-day have been completed!

nozze! Ah! tac! Il matrimonio al men fosse gia finito!

No. 20.

Duet.—"AH! 'TIS CRUEL WORK."

Prasovia. (sobbing.)

Ah,

Ah,

Ah,

Ah,

Ah, Tis cruel work, I see, Ah,

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, a


"marriage is not for me!"

Catherine.

"Come, come, no need, Come, come, no need of shed or tear; Thou

shalt be married, never, never fear! Thou shalt be

Pian'ger, pian'ger, ti, ti mun-ri-te-rem! Non pian'ger

Frassovia.

How! how! can it be to-

married,... never, never fear! Aye!

L'istesso tempo.

Frassovia.

Wind.

O what delight, O delight! to be his wife, what a blessing! O what delight!
O qual gioia! Ma poi dover non scor- re 't e, Con-
(pauing.) p

But there to part, so soon as wed, At the
(sobbing.) p

Ve-r y height of joy! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

If so cruel they will be, Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!

Ah! I shall die, so will he! Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! di do-lo! morirò! Ah! ah! Dio! do for morirò!

Catherine.

Come, come, never give way! And per-chance he may

Ah, diam, non pianger pien! Oft-then, ve, spe-

Prassovia (gaily.)

stay at home with thee for a day! A day! Or, two!

Prassovia (sadly.)

Ah! what a little time! Well, then, suppose seven days were allow'd him!

Ah! con que gior ni sol? Eh-ben ni ve-deux se u na se li-mas-on?

Prassovia (gaily.) (crying.)

Seven days! but a week, 'tis nothing! Ah! ah! sister mine! What

Che? duve-ver u na se li me-a? Ah! ah! laa-su me! Che

Prassovia. riten.

now is grieving thee? Is grieving thee? Tis, Tis

when the Sunday morn will shine, a widow I must be, A-last! Ah!

if so cruel they be, Ah! ah! ah! I shall die, so will he! Ah! ah!

Catherine.

ah! ... I shall die, so will he! Suppose one week were

Praskovia (with canto.)

two! ... Ah! that were the blessing of

Heav'n! There would be hours enough Enough?

No. 21.

RECT.—“DO NOT FORGET.”

Catherine.

Do not for-get, but fi-fteen days are grant-ed. No more!

No, George must then be sure to come to re-lieve the sub-sti-tute who re-pre-

Phasovita.

sents him. How shall a sub-sti-tute be sub-si-

Catherine.

One that I know of, like to him in his

Phasovita.

gu-ra, who does not fear the cos-tume worn by sel-diers, him I will I speak to. But

Phasovita.

the mar-riage for the wed-ding. To church I soon will go-

Catherine. Moderato.

them not here. For the wed-ding. To church I soon will follow. See the pro-

Phasovita.

and I will say: ‘Go, spon-sa.’ I see the pro-

Meyerbeer’s “L’Etelie du Nord.”—Novello, Ewer and Co’s Octavo Edition.—(1st.)
Chorus.—"UP AND DON YOUR GARMENTS."

Allegretto ben moderato. (The procession enter.)

Piano.

Chorus of Girls. dolce e staccato.

Up and don your garments, neighbour, kept in store, kept for fair and holiday. For with violet and with taper, come your bridal guests this day.

Meyerbeer's "L'Etale du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.—(133.)
way.
qui.

CHORUS OF MUSICIANS.

TEenor. (playing roughly.)

Bass. Zon zon zon zon, Love is on the threshold stone, zon zon
Zon zon, zon zon, Al-la por-ta-armor bat-te, zon zon

Then let him in, So let him in,

Si let-te Fa-mor, A-priv con-vien,

So let him in,

A-priv con-vien,

zorn zon, Then let him in, So let him in,

zorn zon, Si bat-te Fa-mor, A-priv con-vien,

So let him in,

A-priv con-vien,

Up and don your garments,

Pree-di l'a-bi-to di

so let him in, So let him in, For love is on the threshold stone,

A-priv con-vien, A-priv con-vien, Si al-la por-ta-armor bat-te,

So let him

A-priv con-vien,

With zon zon zon,

Zon zon zon zon,

neigh-bour, kept in store, kept for fair and bo-ly day, For with
fe-sco, Del-mu-ro ti il più bel, il più bel, Del-ta
in, So let him in, So let him in, So let him
-vies, A-prir con-vien, A-prir con-vien, A-prir con-

with zon zon zon, with zon zon zon, with zon zon zon,

vi-col and with ta-bor, Come your bri-dal guests this
sun si-ca le e sco, Il cor leg-gio e qui
in, So let him in, So let him in, So let him
-vies, A-prir con-vien, A-prir con-vien, A-prir con-

with zon zon zon, with zon zon zon, with zon zon zon, For

way, your bri-dal guests, Come your bri-dal guests this way!
yoi, e qui, e qui, e Qui! Il cor-leg-go e qui, qui!
in, For love, for love, for love is on the thres-hold stone!
even, L'a-mor, L'a-mor, al-la por-ta a-mor bu-te-tè!

love, for love, for love is on the thres-hold stone!

SOLO AND CHORUS. — "ROBED THE PRIEST IS."

(During the girls dance round Prascovia.)
PRAGOV II.

Look! the crowd coming, Hark! to the humming
Such an idle fellow brings all to shame, And of his betrothed Seems to make game.
Of pipe and viol... beneath, beneath the lil-den tree;
Taking all at leisure Like any lord,
Be-nath, beneath the lin-den tree;
Girls who must tarry, 
Before they can marry, 

While she waits his pleasure, 
'Tis too absurd! 
In my day, the lover, 
Full of his joy,

Have each a partner, but none, but none has 
Come the first, and eagerly, 
A loud cry, Here, here, am

She. 
If she should choose some one not so idle

Here comes the man,

But none has she.

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s (sixth Edition.)
To dance with her, what could you say?

New vi far-ris mol-to pis cer!

Ready for the bridal.

Lo spo-so, lo spo-so è qui.

Ah! Ciel!

The bridegroom should not slip the bридle.

Up-on, up-on the very

Nou tar-dar, non tar-dar vi pre-go, Si guor du spo-so a-gir non

Here comes the bridegroom so gay.

Here comes the bridegroom.

Lo spo-so è qui, è qui è qui, The bridegroom.

He should not slip the bридle.

Deh l'af-fi-ta ti in-gria.

gay. qui.

Tis the lover gay.

Tis the lover gay.

On the very day,

On the very day,

Si lo spo-so è qui, Si lo spo-so è qui,

Si lo spo-so è qui, Si lo spo-so è qui,

Moderato.  **George.**

Here am I, my good friends,  
Son con te, son con te,  
Sol wa momen ta sa.

Moderato.

— join you!  
— e gli è sol che mi

shoulders,  
ve so  
Ed io son con te!  
Si, io son con te!

No. 24.

Chorus.—"COME, NOBLE HEARTS."

Allegro con spirito. (The recruit passes at the back of the stage in military order.)

Chorus of Soldiers.

TENORS, molto staccato.

Come, noble hearts, Ready and gay, To meet with glory By the way.
Sol-de-ti an-diam, Al pas-so an-diam, O nor che noi al-ten-de li.

Basses, molto staccato.

Come, noble hearts, Ready and gay, To meet with glory By the way.
Sol-de-ti an-diam, Al pas-so an-diam, O nor che noi al-ten-de li.

War is our game; And ev’ry foe, The best of friends That soldiers know.

Meyerbeer’s "L’Etoile du Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.’s Octavo Edition.—(145.)
Come, noble hearts,
Sol-dia-niam,

ready and gay, To meet with glory by the way. War is our game;

and ev'ry foe, The best of friends that soldiers know.

Prasovia.
Tic tac! tic tac! my heart in joy-ous glow, With
Tic tac! tic tac! il cor mi bat-te, Di

Tic tac! tic tac! my heart in joy-ous glow,
molto leggiro e staccato.

tic tac, tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
tic tac, tic tac, O qual de lir, tic tac,
tic tac, tic tac, My heart with hope, tic tac,
tic tac, tic tac, O qual de lir, tic tac,

nectar dew, glou glou glou glou, Young man and
dolce sson, glou glou glou glou, Beviam, be-
nectar dew, glou glou glou glou, Young man and
dolce sson, glou glou glou glou, Beviam, be-

germents, neighbour, Kept in store, Kept for fair and
to di feste, De' mariti tu il più bel

So let him in,

So let him in, with zon zon zon, So let him in,
Conviene a prir, e zon zon zon, Conviene a-

on the way,

ten de n,

Come, noble hearts, To meet with glory on the way,
Sol-da-ti andiam, Io nostri di gui dar do vò,

Come, noble hearts, To meet with glory on the way,
Sol-da-ti andiam, Io nostri di gui dar do vò,

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

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Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!

Ah! Ah! Ah!
With love and hope is beating so, tic tac,
A - mor i o cre - do in tine, tic tac,
Zon zon zon zon, For love is on the threshold stone, zon zon,
Zon zon zon zon, L' amore bat - te con - sien a - pri, zon zon,

In drop of nec - tar dew, glou
O qual di - let - to suon! glou
In drop of nec - tar dew, glou
O qual di - let - to suon! glou

Love's on the threshold stone,
A - pri - te ar - ri - va - mor,
Love's on the threshold stone,
A - pri - te ar - ri - va - mor,
Love's on the threshold stone,
A - pri - te ar - ri - va - mor,

With glo - ry by the way,
Sol - da - tial pas - so an - diam,
With glo - ry by the way,
Sol - da - tial pas - so an - diam,
tic tac, With love and hope it beating so, with love and hope! tic
tic tac, A mor io credo il tuo predir, mi bai il cor! tic
sonzon, For love is on the threshold stone, the threshold stone! tic.
sonzon, L'amor batte con viva a- priore, con viva a- priore! tic
tic tac, With love it beating so, with love and hope! tic
tic tac, A mor io credo in te, mi batte il cor! tic

glou glou glou, In drop of nee- tarr dew, with all our hearts in

glou glou glou, O qual di-let to so- vos, ah! qual di-let to

glou glou glou, In drop of nee-tarr dew, with all our hearts in

glou glou glou, O qual di-let to so- vos, ah! qual di-let to

Love's on the threshold stone!
A pri-te ar-ri - va - mor!

Love's on the threshold stone!
A pri-te ar-ri - va - mor!

Love's on the threshold stone!
A pri-te ar-ri - va - mor!

With glo-ry by the way!
Sol da-ti al pos-so an-diam!

With glo-ry by the way!
Sol da-ti al pos-so an-diam!

tac, tic tac, My heart, my heart in joy-ous glow, With love and hope is beat-ing so, My
tac, tic tac, O qual per noi dol-ce av-re-nir, A-mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, Ah!

tac, tic tac, For love is on the thres-hold stone, For love is on the thres-hold stone, So
tac, tic tac, O qual per lor dol-ce av-re-nir, A-mor io cre-do al tuo pre-dir, Ah!

ne-c tar-dew, Young man and maid, we drink to you, Young man and maid, we drink to you, In
sou gn glo, Be-vi-am ad o-nor di co-stor, Be-vi-am o-gnor, be-vi-am, be-vi-am Ad

ne-c tar-dew, Young man and maid, we drink to you, Young man and maid, we drink to you, In
sou gn glo, Be-vi-am ad o-nor di co-stor, Be-vi-am o-gnor, be-vi-am, be-vi-am Ad

zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is on
zon zon, zon zon zon, L'a-mor bat-te

zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is
zon zon, zon zon zon, Con-vien a-

zon zon, zon zon zon, For love is
zon zon, zon zon zon, Con-vien a-

heart is beating so, tic tac, tic tac.
Come bat-te il cor, tic tac, tic tac.

open, let him in.
Come bat-te il cor.

heart is beating so, tic tac, tic tac.
Come bat-te il cor, tic tac, tic tac.

drop of nectar dew!
Nor di co-stor!

Glu glu glu
Glu glu glu
Glu glu glu
Glu glu glu

the threshold stone!
Von von von von,

priir, con-vien a-priir!
von von von von,

on the threshold stone!
Von von von von,

priir, con-vien a-priir!
von von von von,

on the threshold stone!
Von von von von,

priir, con-vien a-priir!
von von von von,

Plan plan plan plan,

Plan plan plan plan,

My heart is beating so, tic tac, tic tac,

Love is on the threshold stone,

Youth and maid, we drink to you,

Love is on the threshold stone,

Meet with glory by the way,

Meyerbeer's "L'Etoile de Nord."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.
hope is beating so! With love is beating so!
place ar me qual de libr' Io credo al tuo
is on the three-fold stone, so let him
pacer io credo amor al tuo pre
and hope is beating so, is beating
pacer io credo amor al tuo pre

dew, young man and maid, we drink to you! glou glou glou glou, in nectar dew, Young man and
soun be vian ad o nor di co stor! glou glou glou glou, o dolce soun, Be vian ad

love is on the three-fold stone
prir con vian poi ch'è l'amor

love is on the three-fold stone
prir con vian poi ch'è l'amor

love is on, For love is on the three-fold stone, So let it
vien, si con vian a prir, si con vian a prir, Con vian a-

meet, to meet Come, no be hearts,
nor, de, sol Guis dar ci o

meet, to meet with glory by the way, To meet, to meet with
cliam, mar - ciam, l'ar mor che noi al ten - da Guis dar ci sol o

so, is beat ing so, beat ing so!
stone, the thers hold stone, let him in!
so, is beat ing so, is beat ing so!
you, gloo gloo gloo gloo gloo we drink to you!
stone, the thers hold stone, so let him in!
stone, the thers hold stone, so let him in!
stone, the thers hold stone, so let him in!
stone, the thers hold stone, so let him in!
way, come on! come on! plan plan plan plan!
way, come on! come on! plan plan plan plan!
way, come on! come on! plan plan plan plan!

REINHOLD.

All is res-y in the cha pel yonder, Go in, my children, the priest is wait-ing!


(All kneel. The bridesmaids place the bridal crown on Prascovia's head, and give her a nesbgay. Catherine, wrapped in a large cloak, passes through the crowd, pauses on the pier, and turns towards the bridal party.)

No. 25. Andante sostenuto.

Catherine (on the pier).

Allegro molto moderato.

Cantabile con molto portamento.

Guard those I leave to-day.
Ve plus dal ciel au lori.

Ma dre, madre miei primo amore!

Heed not how I stray, Then...
Ah! non v'è, Ma...

... with thy blessing son so...
Thou didst when near the gates of heav'n.
Men tro il vol tu scio gliet al ciel.

Tu, Leave him to me, my mother!
mi dico sti o madre!

Therefore, to aid to aid my brother.
"Con moto a te la guida del fratelli."

ther, Let my life be told.
I false lie to or

a tempo.

ad lib. ppp a tempo. (The bridal party enters the chapel.)
given, let my life be given! Ah! Guard those I
e, or lie to appien! Ah! Ve plus au

Wind sustain.

Leave to day, Saint of the lo-

dal cel, Ma-
dre miei pri-

a placere.

Poco più vivace.

Come where the o-
cean is heav-
ing. And if thy mis-
tress be griev-
ing,

Las cia-mai la tua tri-
stez-
na. A co-
lei che il cor ti spec-

Basses Solo.

Come where the o-
cean is heav-
ing. And if thy mis-
tress be griev-
ing,

Las cia-mai la tua tri-
stez-
na. A co-
lei che il cor ti spec-

Poco più vivace. — S4.

Typh. H. & Tromb.

(a boat with recruiits stops at the pier.)

1st Tenors.

Leave her the E-
cho to tell Thy gay fare-
Per gra-to ad-dio in-
tu en-cor La tua can-

2nd Tenors.

Leave her the E-
cho to tell Thy gay, thy gay fare-
Per gra-to ad-dio in-
tu en-cor La tua can-

In a Cello.

Leave her the E-
cho to tell Thy gay, thy gay fare-
Per gra-to ad-dio in-
tu en-cor La tua can-

Catharine.

The heavens is smiling e'er us, The ocean bright be-
well, thy gay fare - well! Come, come, the
son, con - son d'a - mor! An - dem non
- mor! An - dem non
son, con - son d'a - mor! An - dem non
- mor! An - dem non

fore us. To all I love. let E - cho tell, let E - cho tell. A
mis - tress be grieving. Let E - cho tell thy joy - ous fare - well, Let E - cho tell thy
mis - tress be grieving. Let E - cho tell thy joy - ous fare - well, Let E - cho tell thy
mis - tress be grieving. Let E - cho tell thy joy - ous fare - well, Let E - cho tell thy
