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GENERAL MANAGER.

LIBRETTO

THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN,
FRENCH OR GERMAN
LIBRETTO WITH A
CORRECT ENGLISH
TRANSLATION.

MADELEINE

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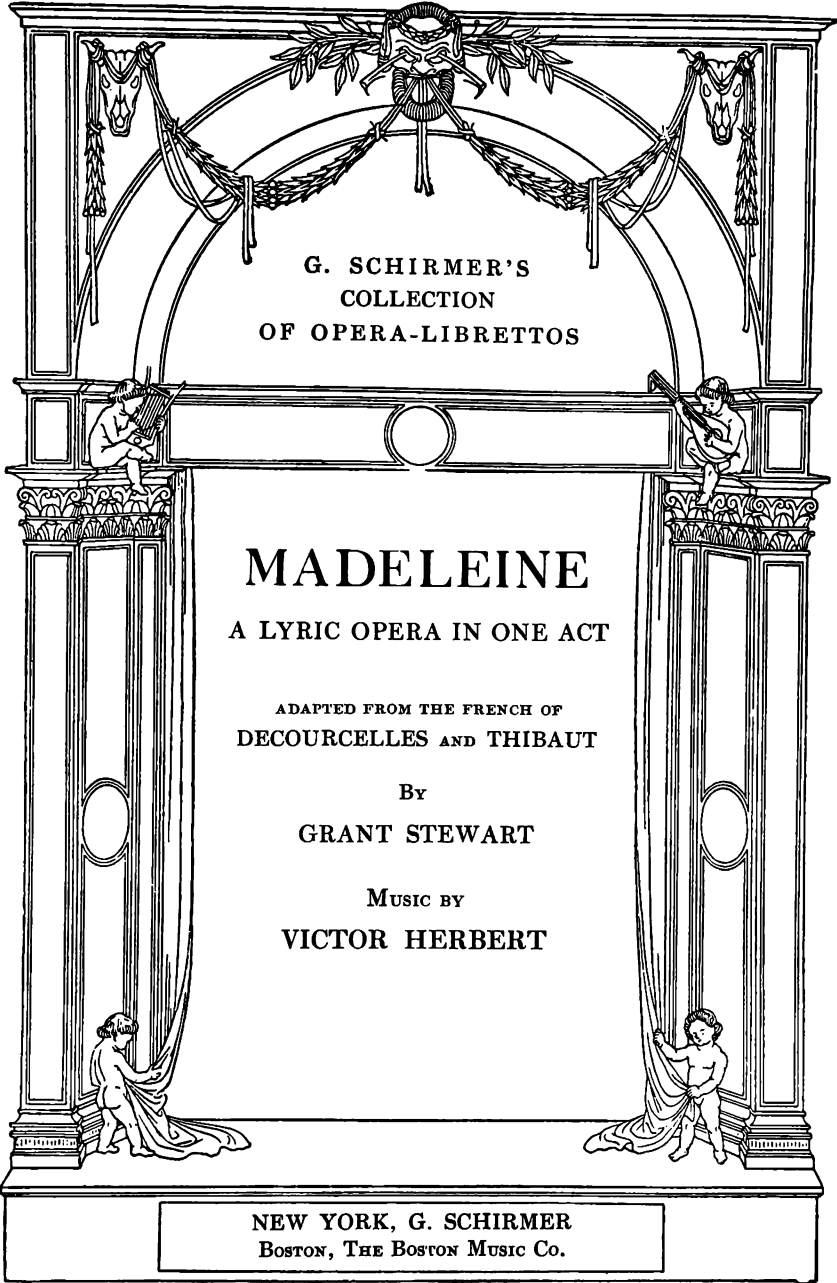
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MADELEINE



G. SCHIRMER'S
COLLECTION
OF OPERA-LIBRETTOS

MADELEINE
A LYRIC OPERA IN ONE ACT

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF
DECOURCELLES AND THIBAUT

By
GRANT STEWART

MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT

NEW YORK, G. SCHIRMER
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G. S. 24675

MADELEINE

A LYRIC OPERA IN ONE ACT

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MADELEINE FLEURY Of the Opéra.

NICHETTE Her maid.

CHEVALIER DE MAUPRAT

FRANÇOIS, duc d'Esterre.

DIDIER A painter.

A STEWARD

GERMAIN A servant.

Lackeys, Retainers, etc., etc.

Scene: Salon of Madeleine's house in Paris.

Period: 1770.

Time: New Year's day, late afternoon.

MADELEINE

At the rise of the curtain, Nichette is discovered arranging the New Year's presents of flowers, jewelry, etc., assisted by two or three lackeys in the somewhat gaudy livery of Madeleine. An archway at the back with heavy curtains leads to the inner room of Madeleine's suite. A lackey stands by the doors L. ushering in, one after another, servants in different liveries, bringing in other presents from their various masters. The time is late afternoon on Jan. 1st, 1770.

NICHETTE

And still more gifts that every moment come
To swell the sum of those already here:
Jewels and flowers! The New Year's greetings of
My lady's friends. Ah! to have a golden voice
That brings the world enraptured to her feet!

Enter 1st servant.

1ST SERVANT

Presenting a gorgeous bouquet.

The Lord of Champdivers has bid me bring
These blossoms sweet with every New Year's wish
To Mlle. Madeleine.

NICHETTE

Take her kindest thanks.

1st servant retires.

NICHETTE

Arranging flowers.

Sweet buds, lie here among your companions.

2d servant advances.

2D SERVANT

Proffering jewel-case.

A New Year's greeting from the Baron d'Ornay.

NICHETTE

We are charmed.

*2d servant retires.**Opening case.*

Ah, ravishing!

Would in this shower of pearls and diamonds

A drop or two might fall on me.

3d servant advances.

3D SERVANT

Offering box.

Best wishes from the Comte Lebeau.

NICHETTE

Accept our thanks.

3d servant retires.

From the Vicomte Lebeau—and I had thought

Him ruined long ago. (*Opens box.*) Bonbons! (*Scornfully.*)

I find

My thought was right.

*Madeleine's voice is heard off C. singing.**To Lackeys.*

Madame herself! Pack off!

Exit Nichette, driving the lackeys before her, as Madeleine and the Chevalier enter, the latter in officer's uniform. Madeleine is admiring a bracelet which the Chevalier has evidently just given to her.

MADELEINE

Ah, Chevalier, this bracelet!

'Twas so sweet of you to bring it to me.

CHEVALIER

Madame! (*deprecatingly*).

MADELEINE

'Tis so unique.

CHEVALIER

Unique's the word, Madame.

I stood beside the jeweller who wrought it,

And bade him break the mould.

MADELEINE

Triumphantly.

So none can copy it!

I'm tired of setting all the modes of town,

Of seeing everything I choose to wear

Rise up a thousand fold on other folk.

But this my high court ladies cannot reproduce:

'Twill make them green with envy.

CHEVALIER

Bowing gracefully.

Their usual state, Madame, whene'er they look at you.

Madeleine courtesies.

Nichette enters.

NICHETTE

At what hour will Madame please to dine?

MADELEINE

What have we for to-day?

NICHETTE

Madame's own choice:

Checking off on her fingers.

Soup à la Reine, woodcock and new asparagus—

MADELEINE

Stopping her with a gesture.

You'll stay, Chevalier?

CHEVALIER

Ah, tempt me not, fair lady!

Alas, my time's bespoken.

MADELEINE

With mock deprecation.

Of course, I cannot offer very much—

Only myself for company—

CHEVALIER

Laughing gaily.

I'd do my utmost to put up with it,

But not to-day!

MADELEINE

Teasing him, not minding his defection in the least.

A quail with truffles—fresh asparagus—

CHEVALIER

With mock despair.

I am dining with my mother! No more, I pray!

I always find it hard to do my duty,

This makes it doubly so.

MADELEINE

Then you will stay?

CHEVALIER

No, really no. I'll tear myself away.
And when I think of all I've missed,
I'll bask in the glow of conscious rectitude,
And quote to-day's stupendous sacrifice
To hold me immune for all the year to come.
*Going to the door, he sighs, kisses her hand, remains
standing at door.*

MADELEINE

What is it?

CHEVALIER

Sighs.

Nothing!

*Exit.**Enter Nichette.*

NICHETTE

Courtesying.

My lady!

MADELEINE

Come here, child.

*She sinks into a luxurious seat, while Nichette stands
demurely beside her.*

Has M. Didier called to-day
To bring the portrait of my mother?
The one I asked him to restore?

NICHETTE

Not yet, Madame, and when he calls
He will be apt to walk in unannounced—
These artists act so strangely.

MADELEINE

Smiling.

Art claims its privilege, Nichette,
And Didier is privileg'd indeed.
As children we sat side by side in school,
He was my champion in everything.
I called him my big brother.
He would draw heads of me upon his slate
And vow some day he'd paint my portrait.
He'd draw and I would sing;
We'd tell each other that some fine day our art
Would grow and burgeon till some glorious day
We'd strike high Heav'n with our heads sublime.
His art is not yet recognized, as mine,
But he deserves your very great respect.

NICHETTE

I'm civil to them all—artists as well.

MADELEINE

Wise child! Look down on nobody.
And, by the way, move forward, little one,
And let me look at you.
Nichette moves forward, drops a demure little courtesy and stands.
Hast ever thought of going on the stage?

NICHETTE

A thousand times, Madame! But then, my parents:
They'd never, never hear of such a thing.

MADELEINE

Laughing, amused and not at all angry.
Your parents! That is droll.
Your father drives a cab, I think you said,
While at a fish-stand your mother plies her trade:
And they despise the stage!
She rises and crosses, speaking now in a new tone.

The stage! See what it has done for me!
Look at these rooms! jewels and flowers!
They mean not empty wealth; they're prizes! won
By me upon the stage! Could I ask more?
Courtèd, envied, loved—
Another year of triumphs dawns on me.
On such a day all should be gay,
I want the whole world to rejoice with me.
Nichette, tell all the servants of my household
Their wages are doubled.

NICHETTE

Mine as well?

MADELEINE

Of course!

NICHETTE

*Kissing her hand.*My gracious mistress! (*going*) I'll tell them all at once!*Exit Nichette.*

MADELEINE

When I am happy, all must be so, too,
Not one discordant note shall mar my day.
Loud noise and shoutings heard outside the window.
Laughter, cries of fright, galloping of horses, etc.

MADELEINE

Going to the window.

What can it be? Why shouts? What's happening?
There is no one hurt, or why this laughter?

As she opens the window the noise is more pronounced.

It seems to me that livery I know.

Closes window and turns as Nichette enters.

NICHETTE

His Highness, the Duc d'Esterre.

*Nichette places chair near sofa.
Enter Duc d'Esterre, laughing heartily.
He throws himself into chair.*

MADELEINE

Welcome, my Duke, what is the matter?

DUKE

Ha! ha! ha! ha!

MADELEINE

What is it, pray?

DUKE

Ha! ha! ha! ha!
You'd laugh yourself,
Indeed, ha, ha!
Had you but seen the fun.

MADELEINE

That noise outside?

DUKE

Right, I am to blame for that!
'Twas when I turned
Your horses out.

MADELEINE

Amazed.

You turned my horses out?

DUKE

Indeed, I did! All four,
And turned four others in,
Staunch English thoroughbreds.

MADELEINE

Murmuring her thanks.

Why, Duke!

DUKE

Waving them airily away.

No thanks—

A little New Year's gift. But had you seen
The chasten'd mien of your late steeds!
They hung their heads, I vow, as who should say:
"Am I no more to draw fair Madeleine?"
And off they went! Pell-mell thro' all the crowd!

MADELEINE

And you?

DUKE

Pitied their fate, of course, and brought them back.
Could I deprive even dumb animals
O' the sunshine of your smile?

MADELEINE

Courtesying.

You're amiability itself.

*Enter Steward with two servants who bring in a table with
cloth, etc., laid. They place it C. and exeunt.*

DUKE

So late?

Surprised, looks at watch.

Dinner already? Madame, I kiss your hand.

About to leave.

MADELEINE

No! No! remain.

DUKE

Impossible!

MADELEINE

But I insist!

You dine with me!

DUKE

Shrugging his shoulders.

So sorry, but I repeat, impossible.

MADELEINE

Why not?

DUKE

To-day I'm dining with my mother.

MADELEINE

Put her off. Tell her you dine with me.

I wish it, Duke!

DUKE

Good-humoredly, but firmly, sitting beside her.

Listen, dear Madeleine.

I'm not, I must admit, the best of sons,

But New Year's day's a sacred festival.

Year in, year out, on New Year's day

My mother looks for me to dine with her.

MADELEINE

Write her a line. Excuse yourself this once.

DUKE

Not for the wealth of India!

This is the one day I never miss.

MADELEINE

Suppose that you were ill?

DUKE

Rising.

But I am not.

MADELEINE

Rising and detaining him.

This once, suppose you are. Stay here to-day.

Your mother will not mind for once.

DUKE

Laughingly protesting.

My child—

MADELEINE

Catching at the word.

Child—yes, call it a childish whim,
And grant it as you do my others.
I pray you make me happy and remain.

DUKE

Still laughing.

No, no, no, no!

MADELEINE

Indignantly.

And I believed you loved me.

DUKE

So I do.

MADELEINE

Pouting.

You dine with me to-day, or not at all.

DUKE

You think I love you not? Why, child, I've fought
For you and shall do so again. Last night,
De Fontanges claimed that you sang off the key,
And, *bella mia*, *foi de gentilhomme*!
That one high C was just a little—well,
I love you, so, of course, I said he lied.
We meet to-morrow. Does not that spell love?

The clock strikes three.

By heavens, 'tis three! I must be gone.

MADELEINE

Stamping her foot.

You'll not go. I forbid it! I forbid it!

DUKE

Wait! Here is a way:

You dine alone now, then I will return

And we will sup together.

Getting his hat and cane.

MADELEINE

If you go now

That door is barred to you forever.

DUKE

Hey, what's this?

MADELEINE

Passionately.

Am I to have no pride!

Am I to be your plaything?

To be used when time hangs heavy on your hands?

DUKE

Why, Madeleine—

MADELEINE

I in your heart must hold first place!

If I'm to step aside for others, I'll—

DUKE

Now speaking seriously.

One other, yes.

My love for you I've proved a thousand ways,

All I have is at your feet.

But if my mother's trembling hand

Gives me the slightest sign, I must obey.

Farewell.

MADELEINE

Farewell; I shall not dine alone.

DUKE

At door.

The lucky man will be?—

MADELEINE

The first that comes.

DUKE

Smiling.

Good appetite!

MADELEINE

No, the Baron de Fontanges.

DUKE

Violently.

Not de Fontanges!

You'd not do that!

MADELEINE

Vehemently.

I'll dine with de Fontanges

And wish him luck when he meets you at dawn!

DUKE

After a short inward struggle, speaks sadly but courteously.

You must do as you will.

Exit Duke.

MADELEINE

Thoroughly chagrined and vexed.

I will!

Rises and goes to desk at which she sits to write a letter.

He calls this love.

A pretty love, forsooth! I'm glad he's gone.
Now a little note to Baron de Fontanges!

Writing.

"Dear Baron——" No!

Takes fresh sheet of paper.

Writes.

"My dear Maurice."

Speaks while she is writing. She uses a quill pen which she jabs viciously into the ink when she is speaking of the Duke. When she is writing to the Baron, she writes and speaks gently and tenderly, the music carrying out this idea of her conflicting emotions.

Writes.

"I'm here, next door to you, and all alone."

Speaks violently, apostrophizing the absent Duke.

(Yes, all alone, my friend, but not for long!)

Writes.

"Won't you take pity on my loneliness,
And dine with me . . ."

She thinks a second or two, trying to make her letter as unpleasant as she can to the Duke; then resumes.

Writes.

"tête-à-tête? . . .

While jabbing viciously for ink and looking angrily at the door where the Duke went out, she repeats, mockingly:
(Tête-à-tête!)

Writes.

"Just you and I" (you and I!).

Smiles triumphantly and maliciously at door.

Writes.

"Do come at once.

Your——"

Speaks to door.

(Yes, his!)

Writes.

"Your Madeleine."

Underscores her signature heavily. Then shakes powder, used in those days in lieu of blotting paper, over the letter, dusts it off, rings bell, twists letter up and addresses it.

"Monsieur le baron de Fontanges."

To herself, with vibrant scorn.

I! dine alone! on New Year's day!

Enter Germain.

Germain, this letter, quick!

To Baron de Fontanges—next door.

Germain bows and exit with letter.

Madeleine rises and throws out her arms with an exclamation of relief.

Ah! now we shall see!

Kisses her hand scornfully towards door.

Good-bye! my good Duke!

Since you will have it so.

She paces up and down.

Love! Love! (*Scornfully*).

And then refuse the simplest thing!

It makes me laugh.

Who is the duke to refuse to dine with me

When there are thousands who, for such a chance,

Would grovel at my feet?

Well then, the duke's loss is the baron's gain—

That's all.

She has opened the window and again looks out.

Crowds, crowds. Still crowds,

Tricked in their Sunday best to greet the year.

Babble and laugh, poor vacant souls, enjoy

Yourselves. Be happy. Heaven knows I grudge
It not to you, for I'll be happy, too.

She turns from window.

How glad Fontanges will be.

She listens.

I hear him on the stair.

Sits, turning her shoulder to the door.

I'll not be overkind at first.

Knock.

Come in! (*Languidly.*)

Enter Germain, with letter.

Surprised.

You! a letter? quick!

Takes letter and reads with mounting indignation.

"Distressed and grieved—

"Impossible to come—

"I'm dining with my moth—"

Leave the room!

Imperiously to Germain, who bows and exit.

The brute!

Tears the letter up and throws it down;—rising.

How could I think of asking him!

I will not dine alone!

Where's Didier?

He said he'd call!

And he at least has always been my friend!

Plaintively.

I'm hungry.

Enter Nichette.

Ah, Nichette!

NICHETTE

Courtesying.

Madame.

MADELEINE

How nice you look.

NICHETTE

Demurely.

Thank you, Madame!

MADELEINE

I'm pleased with you.

Nichette courtesies.

NICHETTE

Thank you, Madame!

MADELEINE

You're a good girl, Nichette.

You shall sit down and dine with me.

NICHETTE

My lady—

MADELEINE

Graciously.

Sit down.

NICHETTE

My lady, but you promised

This afternoon and evening I'd be free.

MADELEINE

Why, what have you to do?

NICHETTE

My lady knows.

MADELEINE

How should I?

NICHETTE

On New Year's day I always dine at home.

MADELEINE

With a movement of impatience.

You too? Absurd! To-day you dine with me.

NICHETTE

Madame, my mother would be so distressed!
Did I not dine at home on New Year's day,
'Twould bring ill-luck.

MADELEINE

Sternly.

And if I order you to dine with me?

NICHETTE

Madame, there'd be but one thing I could do.

MADELEINE

And that?

NICHETTE

Hesitatingly.

Resign, Madame.

MADELEINE

Enough! You are discharged!

NICHETTE

Distressed.

Madame! You don't mean it?

MADELEINE

Is this your gratitude?
You, whom from sheer pity I employed—
You to refuse to dine with me?
Begone!

NICHETTE

Imploringly.

Madame, one word—

MADELEINE

Well, shall I summon lackeys here

To throw you out?

Mon Dieu! this air is stifling!

She is so angry she is almost gasping for breath.

'Tis those flowers.

Out with them all!

NICHETTE

At once, Madame.

MADELEINE

Pealing the bell, violently.

With half a hundred lazy rogues

Whose wage I pay, not one to wait on me!

Steward, Germain and other servants rush in.

MADELEINE

Fiercely indicating window.

Out in the street with all these flowers. At once!

Servants open window, throw flowers out.

Now leave the window open,

So that I catch my death of cold!

Steward shuts window hastily.

Oh, I am served disgracefully!

NICHETTE

Madame—

MADELEINE

Silence! How dare you interrupt!

She is now in a violent passion.

I'll rid my house of all the lazy crew!

The servants stand around awkward and embarrassed while she rages up and down the room.

You!

Stopping suddenly before coachman.

You call yourself my coachman, I believe!

Coachman bows, knuckling his forehead sheepishly.

A pretty one indeed! There's not a moment
I'm not in fear of death!

COACHMAN

In fear of death?

MADELEINE

Answer me not! Begone! you are discharged!
You're all discharged! begone!

Exeunt servants, leaving Madeleine alone.

MADELEINE

Flings herself on the sofa.

The world's against me! (*hysterically*) all conspire!
Why was I ever born!

Enter Didier, bearing picture under his arm.

DIDIER

Enter the painter, Didier, unannounced.
Good-morrow, Madeleine, my dear.

At his first words, Madeleine turns aside and tries to dry her tears and otherwise conceal her emotion. Didier at first is too occupied with the picture to take very much notice of her.

I've brought your mother's picture, as you wished.

Uncovering picture.

Without unduly flattering myself
I think I have restored it pretty well.

Looks admiringly at picture.

A good, true face, kind, sweet and womanly—
Ah, Madeleine, 'tis easy seen
How honestly you come by your good looks.
Your mother was a dear.

*Puts picture on small table, not on dining-table, then takes
an orange out of his pocket.*

Apropos: (*approaches Madeleine with a low bow*) By the
way,

Conforming to the custom of the day;
This little gift, with every New Year's wish.

With a complete change of tone as he sees her face.

What, crying, Madeleine!

MADELEINE

No, no!

DIDIER

No, no! Tut, tut! Yes, yes!

His attitude towards her is that of a big brother.

Tears, on New Year's day!

Why, this won't do. What is it, Madeleine?

MADELEINE

Nothing at all.

DIDIER

Imitating.

Nothing at all?

Why, little girls don't cry for that;

Come and confess to me.

MADELEINE

I do assure you, M. Didier—

DIDIER

Astonished.

"Monsieur Didier?"

Has it come to that?
Why, Madeleine, have you forgotten our old shabby
house
There, on the first floor (counting from the roof),
The two bare attics?
In one of them, a young girl
Sang her scales, accompanying herself
On an old piano lacking several teeth;
In the other room, a hungry lad
Daubed at a battered easel all day long.
The two became fast friends. True friends
United by the common bonds of hunger and ambition.
No costly presents could they exchange,
But as critics comparing their works
The girl would say, "Your sky lacks depth,"
The painter would reply, "Your C's too high."
Then both would laugh and each convince the other,
And whispering, sure of sympathy, of high ambition,
Together build their castles in the air.
The shabby little house is standing still—
Has it outlasted then our friendship?

MADELEINE

O my friend!

DIDIER

There, there, confide in your big brother, will you not?

MADELEINE

I am ashamed. It is so silly, childish—

DIDIER

Soothingly.

Come, come, come.

MADELEINE

Well then, all morning gifts have rained on me—

DIDIER

Solemnly.

Too bad! Go on.

MADELEINE

I felt as though I were a queen indeed—

DIDIER

As before.

No sympathy so far.

MADELEINE

But no one wished to dine with me—not one;
Even my maid refused.
From one and all the very same excuse,
They had to dine at home,
Their family expected them.
While I am all alone,
Heart-weary with my lonesomeness.

DIDIER

Poor Madeleine!

MADELEINE

Points to table.

Dear Didier, I hardly dare invite—

DIDIER

I'd not have waited to be asked, but—

MADELEINE

I see!

DIDIER

I dine with—

MADELEINE

Laughing mournfully.

Hush! I know what you would say!
I'll not detain you here: Farewell, my friend.

DIDIER

Oh, come, I can't leave you like this—(*Hesitates*).
I *must* go—yet—I have it!
Why, of course, the very thing:
You dine with us.

MADELEINE

I—with your family?

DIDIER

Poor fare, but you'll forgive.
So come along.

MADELEINE

You mean it?

DIDIER

Certainly! But wait—
That dress will never do.

MADELEINE

Too plain?

DIDIER

No, no, not plain enough.
Borrow from your maid a simple dress,
'Twill fit much better in our little home.
I'll tell my mother you're a sewing-girl
Who earns—twelve sous a day.
Your welcome there is sure.

MADELEINE

I accept. Nichette! (*Rings*) Nichette!—
O, I forgot: I bid her leave.

DIDIER

Nichette?

Discharged? and why?

MADELEINE

Pointing to table.

Because—

DIDIER

Laughs.

I understand.

Enter Nichette. Her eyes show traces of tears. A basket is under her arm.

NICHETTE

My lady, I have come to say good-bye.

DIDIER

Madame relents, Nichette. You're not discharged.

NICHETTE

Dropping basket and clasping her hands.

My lady, is this true?

MADELEINE

It is, Nichette. Continue as my maid.

NICHETTE

Kisses Madeleine's hand.

Madame, could I but prove my gratitude—

MADELEINE

You can, by lending me a frock.

NICHETTE

Of mine? A frock of mine? the very best!

MADELEINE

Nay, nay, the very simplest.

NICHETTE

They're in this basket,
Every frock that I own.
Choose for yourself.

MADELEINE

To Nichette.

Then come and help me dress.

(To Didier). Just a few minutes, Didier,

I'll not let you wait long.

DIDIER

There, run along. I will amuse myself.

Exeunt Madeleine and Nichette with basket.

DIDIER

Alone.

Poor child!—for child she is and ever will be—

Courtied, caressed, envied by all, and yet

A crumpled rose-leaf causes this to-do.

How old it makes me feel, and how big-brotherly,

To find, with all her wonderful success,

So small a thing will stir her to the depths.

“Success,” the mocking phantom we pursue:

“Come, faint heart, come, for I am Happiness!”

And when we grasp it, lo, we find

Too oft the joy has lain in the pursuit,

And happiness is just as far away.

The clock strikes four.

So late? I hope she'll not be long.

I wonder if my asking her were wise?

*He moves about, not so much restlessly, but thoughtfully
as each idea strikes him.*

How will she like our humble little home

And simple ways? *(He ponders)**With an expressive gesture.*

Well, 'tis too late now. I've acted for the best—

I will warn Madeleine, for, after all,

Her heart is gold—she's loyal to the core.

Ah! here she comes!

Madeleine and Nichette reënter, Madeleine now in a simple white frock.

MADELEINE

Courtesying.

You see, I was not long.

NICHETTE

In real admiration.

Madame looks beautiful.

DIDIER

She does, indeed.

MADELEINE

Smiling, to Nichette.

There, run along!

Go to your family and, by the way, (*as Nichette is going*)

Tell all the servants they are *not* discharged!

NICHETTE

Delighted.

Madame! and—the double salary?

MADELEINE

Double for all, commencing with to-day.

NICHETTE

Courtesies and exit.

MADELEINE

Well, Didier, dost think that I shall pass?

DIDIER

It takes me back to childhood, but to look
At you.

MADELEINE

We'll walk. 'Twill be a change for me.

DIDIER

No novelty for me. But ere we go, one word—

MADELEINE

Sitting.

Go on.

Didier is half-laughing, half-confused, as he begins, but loses all self-consciousness as he warms up to his subject. Madeleine eyes him steadily throughout, with a perfect understanding.

DIDIER

One word of—'caution', shall we say?

My parents both are old
And sadly overfond, I fear, of me.
Deep-devoted in their hearts the one idea
That I'm a model to all other sons.
You will hear more of me,
My talents and my fame—such fame—
I pray you, bear with it.
They are but simple peasants and live
The simplest kind of life.
The dinner you will have
Is plain as plain can be, and yet
'Twould grieve them much did not your appetite
Keep pace with their desire to please. Our ways
Are laughable, perhaps, and yet I know
You will not laugh—till afterwards.—I have
Prepared you for the worst, so let us go.

MADELEINE

Not moving.

You are in earnest, then? You really mean
To take me to your home?

DIDIER

Most certainly,

Of course.

MADELEINE

Rises, takes his hand.

I thank you, dear old friend. I am
Quite satisfied. (*Sits again.*)

DIDIER

Why—what—? You'll surely come?

MADELEINE

No, Didier, 'twould not be fair to them.
I could not selfishly intrude on them.
Still less could I consent
That you deceive them as to who I am.
But none the less, I'm grateful from my heart,
You've proved to me I'm not forsaken quite.
Good-bye, big brother, I'll dine at home.

Rises and holds out her hand.

DIDIER

You have a heart of gold! (*embraces her*)
I know you are right—Why, see—
When I came in, 'twas you who wept, while now
I scarcely know how to keep back my tears.

*Wipes eyes with sleeve.**Struggling with his emotion.*

And when I weep—I do not look my best.
Good-bye!

Exit Didier hastily.

MADELEINE

Dear Didier! The brave, true soul!
He makes me feel ashamed that I could find
It in my heart to treat poor François so.
But François will come back—he loves me, too.
*She moves to table where her mother's portrait is, picks it
up and looks at it.*

On New Year's day—

(*To portrait*) Mother! dear Mother!

Kisses it, then takes it to dining-table, puts it there and sits opposite.

Enter Nichette hurriedly.

NICHETTE

Madame!

MADELEINE

Nichette! What brings you here?

NICHETTE

I've told my mother everything, and she

Permits me to come back and dine with you.

MADELEINE

Thank you, my child! I will not spoil your fête:

Return and dine at home.

NICHETTE

And leave you here alone?

MADELEINE

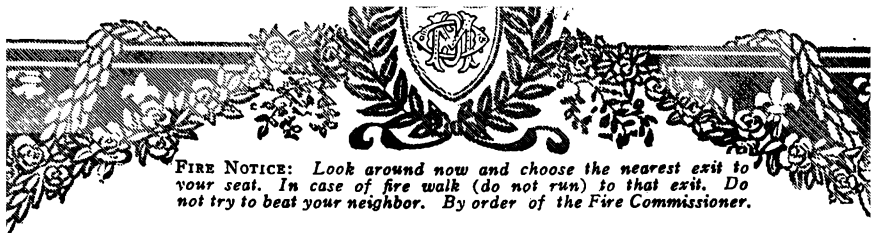
I'm not alone. Go, child!

Exit Nichette reluctantly.

No, not alone. I too dine with my Mother!

A ray of the setting sun strikes through the window and lights up the face of the portrait.

CURTAIN



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FRANCOIS, DUC D'ESTERRE	PAUL ALTHOUSE
DIDIER, A PAINTER	ANDREA DE SEGUROLA
A COACHMAN	MARCEL REINER
THREE SERVANTS	{ ARMIN LAUFER
	{ STEPHAN BUCKREUS
	{ ALFRED SAPPJO
CONDUCTOR.	GIORGIO POLACCO

SCENE:

SALON OF MADELEINE'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

PERIOD: 1770.—TIME: NEW YEAR'S DAY, LATE AFTERNOON.

FOLLOWED BY DON PASQUALE

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