

# LA VIE PARISIENNE

MUSIC BY JACQUES OFFENBACH    ENGLISH LIBRETTO BY RONALD ORENSTEIN

## ABOUT THE SHOW

Here is the glorious music of Offenbach, not intended for operatic singers, but for a troupe of singing actors. Star turns exist for Gabrielle the glover, Metella the Courtesan, Raoul the gadfly and especially for the tenor or high baritone who might play The Brazilian, Fritz the Bootmaker and Prosper the Valet. Written for the Paris Exposition of 1867, La Vie is a situation comedy with opportunities for many in a company.

This version is unique in using the four-act score with an edited version of the five-act libretto, restoring the complete plot-line and three musical numbers. The bon vivant Raoul de Gardefeu tries to seduce a baroness by diverting her American husband with all sorts of characters who represent Parisian society, all of whom like to have fun.

## CAST REQUIREMENTS

GABRIELLE — SOPRANO	RAOUL DE GARDEFEU—TENOR
METELLA — SOPRANO	BOBINET — TENOR
BARONESS CHRISTINE— SOPRANO OR MEZZO	BRAZILIAN/ FRICK/PROSPER— BARITONE
PAULINE — SECOND SOPRANO	BARTON GANDERMACK — BARITONE
MME. DE QUIMPER-KARADEC— ACTRESS	URBAIN — ACTOR
JOSEPHINE — ACTRESS	ALPHONSE— ACTOR
MME. DE FOLLE-VERDURE— ACTRESS	GONTRAN — ACTOR
CHORUS of PARISIAN VISITORS, WORKERS, SERVANTS	

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

- OVERTURE — Orchestra
- 1. OPENING— Visitors from every nation
- 2. ENSEMBLE — Gardefeu, Metella, Gontran, Bobinet and Chorus
- 3. COUPLETS— Bobinet with Gardefeu
- 4. SONG — Gardefeu
- 5. TRIO — Gardefeu, Baroness, Gandermack
- 6. FINALE, ACT 1 —Brazilian, with Ensemble
- 7. DUET — Gabrielle, Frick
- 8. DUET— Gandermack and Gardefeu
- 9. LETTER SONG — Metella
- 10. SONG — Frick
- 11. FINALE ACT 2 — Gabrielle and Ensemble
- 12. ENTR'ACTE AND INTRODUCTION — Karadec servants
- 13. SEPTET— Bobinet and Servants
- 14. DUET — Pauline, Baron
- 15. SEXTET — Gabrielle, Gandermack and Servants
- 16. ENSEMBLE — Gandermack and Chorus
- 17. FINALE ACT 3 — Servants and Chorus
- 17A. SONG — Baroness
- 17B. SPINNING REPRISE — Gardefeu, Gandermack, Bobinet and Urbain
- 18. STYLISHLY DRESSED — Chorus of Waiters, and SOLO — Urbain
- 19. HERE WE ARE, MY FRIEND — Song, Metella
- 19.5 COUPLETS AND ENSEMBLE — Baroness, Quimper-Karadec, Folle-Verdure and Chorus
- 20. DUET — Gabrielle, Brazilian and Chorus
- 22. FINALE, ACT 4 — Ensemble

## ORCHESTRATION

Full orchestration available for rent

**RECORDING AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE**

1.

**ACT I Scene 1: The Great West Line railway station. Left Bank.**

**No. 1 INTRODUCTION      CHORUS**

*We work as employees on the great western line.  
Departing from Paris at a quarter to nine.  
Passing through Pavilly, Conflans, Triel, Poissy,  
stopping in San Malo, Vernon, Bolbec, Nointot,  
veering 'round Viroflay, Landerneau, Malavnavy,  
clattering throughout the countryside, far and wide.*

*There'll be trainloads of tourists who'll be panting to pay.  
Pay in cash in advance.  
For our post cards and pictures that are rather risqué.  
Souvenirs made in France.*

*We work as employees of the Great Western Line,  
departing from Paris at a quarter to nine.  
Passing through Pavilly, Conflans, Triel, Poissy,  
stopping in Saint Malo, Vernon, Bolbec, Nointot,  
veering round Viroflay, Landerneau, Malavnavy.  
Clattering throughout the countryside  
far and wide, far and wide.  
We work as employees on the Great Western Line.  
Departing from Paris at a quarter to nine.  
We work as employees on the Great Western Line!*

*At the end of the chorus (No. 1), A bell sounds from inside the station. The chorus disperses, leaving one employee on stage. Gardefeu and Bobinet enter during the confusion of the chorus exit, from opposite sides of the stage. They are not pleased to see each other, and it is a few moments before they approach the employee.*

BOBINET:      What time does the train arrive from Rambouillet?

EMPLOYEE:    In five minutes, monsieur.

BOBINET:      [Aside] If only Metella hasn't missed the train!

EMPLOYEE:    [To Gardefeu] Did you wish something, monsieur?

GARDEFEU:    No, nothing. I was just going to ask you the same question that this gentleman asked, [Aside] Metella will be here in five minutes!

2.

*[Exit Employee. During the following dialogue, Bobinet and Gardefeu pace up and down the platform, doing their best to avoid one another, and turning their backs angrily on each other when they do meet. All of this dialogue is delivered as asides to the audience]*

BOBINET: That is Monsieur Raoul de Gardefeu, we are not on speaking terms,

GARDEFEU: That is little Bobinet. He's been furious with me, ever since he had a trick played on him.,.

BOBINET: I was living with Blanche Taupier.

GARDEFEU: Blanche Taupier was in love with me.

BOBINET: One morning, Blanche said to me, "Little Bob, we simply must have your friend Gardefeu to dinner. Go fetch him this afternoon, and don't come back without him"

GARDEFEU: Blanche sent me a message: "Come this afternoon. He won't be here."

BOBINET: I arrive at Gardefeu's house; his valet tells me, "Please wait, monsieur; my master will be back at any moment."

GARDEFEU: I had left strict instructions.

BOBINET: So I wait for him - one hour, two hours, three hours..

GARDEFEU: What delightful hours they were!

BOBINET: Finally I give up and come home - and who do I find sitting there?

GARDEFEU: "My, my," I said to him- "While you've been at my house, I've been at yours. How very droll!"

BOBINET: I did not find it droll.

BOTH: And that is why we're not on speaking terms.

*[Re-enter Employee]*

EMPLOYEE: The train from Rambouillet, messieurs, the train from Rambouillet!

*[The chorus enters hurriedly, and runs out after singing. Metella appears on Gontran's arm.]*

3.

**[No. 2] ENSEMBLE**

**Chorus:** *We're going to get completely wet  
if we remain here at the station  
let's go before it starts to pour  
and try to find some transportation.  
Here comes the storm!*

**Gardefeu:** *Metalla!*

**Bobinet:** *Metalla!*

**Metella:** *Blast it, blast it! I've been found out!*

**Gontran:** *My dear, what is this all about?  
Madame, are you quite well! You're nervous I can tell*

**Gard & Bob:** *Our presence here, madame, so it seems, has upset you.*

**Gon:** *It seems to me, these gentlemen have met you. Do you know them?*

**Metella:** *These two men! Do I know them! Not at all.  
Let me look at you, if you would, sir, with my lorgnette.  
I'll place it here  
and now your friend, oh very good sir, full face, three quarters,  
that's a dear.  
It's no use, I'm afraid I owe you sincere regrets,  
but after all, I am really sure I don't know you.  
Not at all, no really, not at all, not at all.*

**Bob & Gon:** *Not at all! Not at all? Not at all!*

**Metella:** *No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, my friends, not at all!  
You'll meet many men, I can tell, dear,  
who'll say things that sound quite absurd.  
They'll insist that I have known them well, dear,  
Do not believe a single word.  
Perhaps I was presented to them,  
or took their arm once at a ball.  
But nothing more. I never knew them.  
Not at all. No, really, not at all, not at all.*

**Bob & Gon:** *Not at all, not at all, not at all?*

4.

**Metella:** *No, no, no, no, no, no, my pet, not at all.*

*[Metella exits with Gontran. Bobinet and Gardefeu look at each other for a few moments, then fall into each other's arms.]*

BOBINET: Gardefeu!

GARDEFEU: Bobinet!

BOBINET: The treachery of Blanche Taupier separated us.

GARDEFEU: Let the treachery of Metella bring us together.

BOBINET: She cheated me!

GARDEFEU: She's made fools of both of us.

BOBINET: Well, I've been suspicious of her for some time. I always say, if you want to know the truth about a woman, look her right between the eyes. Last week I looked right between Metella's eyes, and there I saw it, plain as day. She didn't love me.

GARDEFEU: You don't say.

BOBINET: Oh, I don't hold it against her. After all, what pleasure can a woman like that find with a man like me?

GARDEFEU: What, indeed?

BOBINET: Wait a minute! You don't know what I'm going to say. You know me... There are times when I just have to discuss philosophy, metaphysics, the meaning of life. I'm a very deep person.

GARDEFEU: I know, I know.

BOBINET: Metella, of course, thought all that was a bore. Oh, well, it's for the best. Her conduct has convinced me to change my ways.

GARDEFEU: Really?

BOBINET: Yes. I have decided that from now on I shall give up loose women like Metella, and devote myself exclusively to ladies of the upper classes. We young men have been neglecting them terribly of late.

GARDEFEU: So I've heard.

5.

BOBINET: The poor dears are so terribly lonely. That, my friend, is the price of virtue. They deserve me.

GARDEFEU: Noble fellow.

BOBINET: I intend to set an example for all the young men in my condition.

GARDEFEU Your condition?

BOBINET: Handsome, elegant, well-bred, and ...

GARDEFEU: Yes?

BOBINET: PENNILESS!

### NO. 3 COUPLETS: BOBINET

**Bobinet** *I hear that highborn ladies are saying,  
affairs come to a pretty pass,  
when all those handsome men started playing  
with ladies of the lower class.  
“Come back to us, you dashing devils,  
rejoin the aristocracy.  
Give up those boring mid-night revels,  
come in and have a cup of tea.”*

*Really, we must seem so unjust,  
ignoring all the ladies of the upper crust.  
Really, we must seem so unjust,  
ignoring all the ladies of the upper crust.*

*Yes, we must...*

**Gardefeu** *Seem unjust.*

**Bobinet** *Ignoring all the ladies of the upper crust.*

*And after all, on thinking it over,  
I find on checking my accounts,  
it cost too much to live as a rover.  
I can't afford such large amounts.*

6.

*I know a countess, not a cocotte'll  
provide a firm financial hedge.  
For when you can't afford the bottle,  
the time has come to take the pledge.*

*Learn to adjust, go where you must,  
and satisfy the ladies of the upper crust.  
Learn to adjust, go where you must,  
and satisfy the ladies of the upper cust.*

*We'll adjust...*

**Gardefeu:** *when we must...*

**Bobinet** *....to satisfy the ladies of the upper crust.*

BOBINET: And now, my friend, I'm off. Let me see... I know a little countess in the Rue de Varennes... now, where was I?

*[Exit Bobinet, singing the refrain to no. 3]*

GARDEFEU: He's got a point, you know. Perhaps my next mistress should be a lady of fashion. Ah, but where shall I find one who would accept such a position?

*[Joseph has entered during the above speech]*

JOSEPH: I really wouldn't know, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: What? Why, it's Joseph, my old valet.

JOSEPH: Indeed it is, monsieur. So sorry that I cannot provide monsieur with the appropriate information.

GARDEFEU: But what are you doing here?

JOSEPH: I am no longer a valet, monsieur, I work as a guide.

GARDEFEU: A guide? But you aren't wearing a uniform.

JOSEPH: I am not in the Army, monsieur. I am a guide. The Grand Hotel has hired me to meet its guests and show them the city.

GARDEFEU: So you are here to meet someone.

7.

JOSEPH: Yes, monsieur. I am waiting for Monsieur Barton Gandermack, an industrialist from Boston.

GARDEFEU: An American?

JOSEPH: Yes, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: Oh, dear,

JOSEPH: I know, monsieur, but his wife is from the best society. She is a baroness, from Sweden,

GARDEFEU: A Swedish baroness!

JOSEPH: Monsieur is no doubt aware of the deplorable manner in which marriages have been arranged between wealthy Americans of no breeding and titled Europeans with no wealth. The baroness's father, I understand, acquired a son-in-law and saved his family estates from the bailiffs with the same operation. Disgusting, if monsieur will pardon my saying so.

GARDEFEU: An arranged marriage, you say?

JOSEPH: Yes, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: And this baroness will be accompanying her husband?

JOSEPH: Of course, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: Heaven has sent her to me! My dear Joseph, you may be able to help me, after all.

JOSEPH: I should be delighted, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: Good. This American and his wife... they don't know you, I suppose.

JOSEPH: Not at all, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: Then there is nothing to stop me taking your place?

JOSEPH: Nothing at all, monsieur, should I consent...

GARDEFEU: Ah, but you shall consent, my good Joseph, for a suitable reward.



8.

JOSEPH: Very well, monsieur. The American and the baroness shall be yours.

GARDEFEU: Oh! Do I have to take the husband? I'd rather just have the baroness.

JOSEPH: Monsieur, I could hardly break up a matched set. You must take both, or neither.

GARDEFEU: All right, all right, I'll take them both. Now how shall I recognise them?

JOSEPH: That's my affair, monsieur. I'll meet them at the train, and deliver them to you.

GARDEFEU: Excellent, Joseph! Ah, what a guide I'll make!

JOSEPH: Monsieur will be splendid, I'm sure. Here is a letter that was left for the baroness at the hotel. If monsieur would not mind...

GARDEFEU: I'll deliver it, I'll deliver it. Now go fetch my tourists.

JOSEPH: I'm off, monsieur.

*[Exit Joseph]*

GARDEFEU: Here I am waiting for a woman I don't even know, and I'm nervous!

**[No. 4] SOLO: GARDEFEU**

*Life really can be so surprising!  
Once Metella was mine and yet,  
I long for one I've never met.  
Life really can be so surprising.  
Who would have thought I could forget  
that face I found so hypnotising?  
Life really can be so surprising.  
Once Metella was mine and yet...  
And yet, although I do not know her,  
my lady from a distant land,  
I'll place myself at her command.  
And yet, although I do not know her,  
I hope to lead her by the hand.  
I have so much I mean to show her,  
and yet, although I do not know her,  
my lady from a distant land.*

9.

*And if my baroness is pretty,  
I know what I should like to do.  
If she is really well to do...  
and if my baroness is pretty!  
For I'm the man to guide her through  
the secret pleasures of our city.  
And if my baroness is pretty,  
I know, I know what I should like to do.  
I know, I know what I should like to do.*

*[Enter Joseph/ followed by Mr. Gandermack and the baroness]*

JOSEPH: Here they are, monsieur, here they are.

GARDEFEU: Wait a bit, Joseph. Let me see what she's like... Oh, she'll be fine, Joseph- You may go.

JOSEPH: Thank you, monsieur. And good luck, if I may be permitted to say so.  
*[To Mr. Gandermack, indicating Gardefeu]* Your guide, monsieur.

GANDER: Ah, c'est tres-bien. Et vous, vous connaissez toute la ville?

GARDEFEU: Oh, Lord, I forgot about that.

BARONESS: N'avez-vous pas entendu mon mart qui parle?

GARDEFEU: I beg your pardon?

GANDER: *[To the baroness]* What are we going to do? This guide doesn't understand English.

BARONESS: Why don't we talk to him in French?

GANDER: Might as well, I suppose.

BARONESS: *[To Gardefeu]* Tell me, my good man...

GARDEFEU: Ah, thank heaven! French at last!

BARONESS: You do know Paris well, I hope?

10.

[No. 5] TRIO BARONESS, BARON, GUARDEFEU

**Gardefeu**     *Other guides, tho you may try 'em,  
aren't as talent as I am.  
I'm the expert on Paris. Come with me,  
I'll take you here and there and ev'rywhere!  
Just tell me what you want to see  
Leave all the rest to me.  
I'll show you all the sights.  
You'll taste delights.  
And what, you ask, must you pay? And what you ask, must you pay?  
Monsieur, monsieur, what ever you say!*

**Baron**        *Don't trifle with me.  
You'll get your fee.*

**Gard:**        *Let's not talk of that, I agree.  
I did not mean, sir, to aggrieve you,  
I'm at your service.*

**Baron:**       *I believe you.  
Sir, we agree, you'll get your fee*

**Gard:**        *Please say no more, I'm at your service.  
But I must know at once, I must know.  
I must know where you want to go.  
I must know where you want to go.*

**Baron:**       *I want to go to the theatres,  
but not for classics, they're a bore.  
But for the girls who flash their gaiters  
and give a taste of even more.*

**Gard:**        *Right you are! We're on our way.  
You'll see those theaters today.*

**Baron:**       *I'll see those theaters today?*

**Gard:**        *Right you are! We're on our way.  
You'll see those theaters today.*

**Baroness:**   *(the baroness takes him aside)  
I must see opera and ballet,  
and see the prima donnas there.*

11.

*I must hear Faust and Don Pasquale  
and see Giselle and Le Corsaire*

**Gard:** *Madame that's all I need to know.  
Then to the opera you shall go.*

**Baroness:** *Then to the opera shall I go?*

**Gard:** *That's all I need to know.*

**All three:** *Now (I) you know, now (I) you know.  
Where you (we) both want to go.  
So off we go, so off we go!*

**Baroness:** *You shall stay here beside us  
to escort us and guide us  
both by day and by night  
through the city of light.  
Both by day and by night through the city of light.*

**Baron:** *You shall stay here beside us  
to escort us and guide us...*

**Both:** *Both by day and by night  
through the city of light.*

**All:** *Ah..... You shall stay here beside us, Ah.....*

**Gard:** *I shall stay here beside you*

**Baron:** *to escort us and guide us....*

**All:** *You (I) shall stay here beside us (you)  
to escort us (you) and guide us (you)  
both by day and by night  
through the city of light.*

*(the baron takes him aside)*

**Baron:** *There are a few attractions that I'd like to see.  
Not a word!  
I'd prefer that these were transactions  
that my wife had not overheard.*

12.

**Gard:** *What a rogue you are, I declare!*

**Baron:** *It's perfectly innocent I swear!*

*(the baroness takes him aside)*

**Baroness:** *I've two or three things I must do, sir,  
must do alone here, not a word.  
I will leave these matters to you, sir,  
make sure my husband has not heard.*

**Gard:** *Madame, I'd take you anywhere.*

**Baron:** *It's perfectly innocent I swear!*

**Gard:** *Leave it to me and you shall see all of Paris  
and I shall be far more than you expect of me.  
Ah.....*

**Baroness:** *You shall stay here beside us  
to escort us and guide us  
both by day and by night  
through the city of light,*

**Baron:** *You shall stay here beside us  
to escort us and guide us...*

**Both:** *both by day and by night  
through the city of light*

**Baroness:** *Ah.....*

**Gardefeu** *I shall stay here beside you...*

**Baron:** *to escort us and guide us.*

**All:** *You (I) shall stay here beside us (you)  
to escort us (you) and guide us (you)  
both by day and by night through  
the city of light.  
You shall .....etc*

*We (you) shall see Paris,  
We'll (you'll) see Paris!*

13.

GANDER: I'm sure you'll do a fine job, my boy. You may as well start by getting our luggage.

GARDEFEU: Luggage?

GANDER: Of course, my boy. My wife the baroness has forty-four suitcases.

GARDEFEU: Forty-four? But..

GANDER: We'll wait here. Now run along!

GARDEFEU: Yes, monsieur. *[Aside]* There's more to being a guide than I thought... Oh! I almost forgot. I have a letter for you, madame.

BARONESS: For me?

GANDER: *[Snatching the letter]* I'll take that. Now go fetch our luggage.

GARDEFEU: Yes, monsieur.

*[Exit Gardefeu]*

BARONESS: Barton, that letter is for me.

GANDER: I'll tell you what it says, [He opens the letter, then sniffs at it] Ugh! What a perfume! *[Handing the letter to the baroness]* Here, tell me what it says.

BARONESS: *[Aside, under her breath]* Peasant! [Reading] Oh!

GANDER: Yes?

BARONESS: It's from Julie! You remember, Madame de Folle Verdure. We met her in Stockholm last month.... She's not in Paris now, but she'll be back the day after tomorrow. We're invited to dine with her Friday night at her aunt's, Madame de Quimper-Karadec.

GANDER: Sounds like a dull affair. All right, if you insist, we'll go. Now let's see what's keeping that fellow with our luggage.  
*[As they exit]* Et ne pa-rle-tu plus de tes amies ennuyantes!

BARONESS: [Exiting] Ah! vous etes, vous americains, tous bourgeois!

14.

**[No. 6] FINALE**

*[The tourists, dressed in a variety of national costumes, rush in The Brazilian appears, with two little black pages carrying his luggage. After his song, Gandermack, the baroness and Gardefeu appear, the latter pulling an immense cart piled with suitcases.]*

**Chorus**

*Ah Paris, we hurl ourselves upon you!  
Ah, Paris, we're making our descent.  
Ah, Paris, we'll waste our fortunes on you,  
Ah, Paris, by spending ev'ry cent!*

**Brazilian:** *I've made my fortune in Brazil,  
I come from Rio de Janeiro.  
I'm here with ev'ry last cruzero  
I mean to spend them and I will!  
The last time I stepped off this train  
my bank account with gold was brimmin'.  
I spent it all on wine and women,  
I'm here to do it all again!*

*That past time, I made fifty friends  
and five or six delightful girls.  
A feast of balls, the sort of whirls  
that last until your money ends!  
In six months I had spent in play  
enough to buy myself a peerage,  
and so I traveled home in steerage,  
a bankrupt pauper thrown away!*

*I could not live without Paris,  
so there beneath my savage sky  
I shouted out repeatedly,  
another fortune or I die!  
I labored long with might and main  
exploiting all those poor Brazilians.  
I'm here with my ill-gotten millions  
so you can steal them back again,  
so you can steal them back again!  
So you can steal them back again! Ah.....*

*I made my fortune in Brazil,  
my home is Rio de Janeiro.  
I'm here with ev'ry last cruzero,*

15.

*I mean to spend them and I will!  
I've made my fortune in Brazil,  
I mean to spend it and I will!*

*Paris, Paris, Paris, Paris, I'm back again, it's me!  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! I'm here again at last!  
Put on your wigs, my painted beauties. Hurrah etc.  
Come on and do your duties.  
My gold is here, it's going fast!  
Please pluck my plumes, my darling liars,  
take all my gold, my stocks, my dollars,  
my coat, my hat, my shoes, my collars,  
But then give in to my desires.*

*I want the games and the laughter,  
I want music, I want dancing!  
I want the nights that come after,  
and I want your charms entrancing.  
So take me for a ride, dears, what do you delay for?  
Just remember, I like getting what I pay for!  
So give all your love to me. I'm aware it won't be free.  
I want it all, Paris, Paris!*

**Chorus &  
Principals:**

*Paris, Paris, Paris! The time has come to leave the station.  
The time has come to take our turn.*

**Chorus:** *Let's leave the station, let's take our turn*

**Prin:** *What a place to take a vacation.  
That is, if you have cash to burn*

**Chorus:** *Money to burn.*

**Official:** *Do you have something to declare?  
Do you have something to declare?*

**Chorus & Principals**

*No! No!*

**Baron:** *(spoken) I declare that I have nothing to declare!*

**Prins:** *Here we are! We've arrived, citizens of ev'ry nation.  
Here we are! We've arrived, brimming with anticipation.*



16.

*Here we are, we've arrived, citizens of ev'ry nation.  
Here we are, we've arrived, brimming with anticipation.  
Italians, Brazilians, Japanese, Portugese,  
Mexicans, Africans, Irishmen, Scotsmen and Americans,  
Australians, Lebanese, Siamese, Chileans,  
Indians and Argentinians.*

*Here we are, we've arrived... citizens of every nation.  
Here we are, we've arrived... brimming with anticipation!*

**All:**

*Like a racing locomotive as it tears down the track,  
Oh Paris, we'll invade you, we're prepared to attack.  
We shall storm your sensations.  
We shall drown in delights,  
in the wild dissipations of your days and of your nights.*

*From ev'ry corner of land or sea  
we hear your call, oh Paris, Paris!  
From ev'ry corner of land or sea,  
We hear your call, oh Paris, Ah Paris.*

*What splendid sights you have to see, Paris,  
the most exciting place to be is Paris.  
And here we are, we're in Paris,  
yes, here we are, we're in Paris Ah.....*

*Soon we'll be laughing, soon we'll be singing,  
soon we'll be dancing, soon we'll be drinking,  
seeing her sights and sharing her passions.  
Buying all the latest fashions.*

*Soon we'll be laughing, soon we'll be singing,  
soon we'll be dancing, soon we'll be drinking.  
We shall turn her upside down,  
for here we are to take the town.  
Yes, here we are to take the town.*

*Like a racing locomotive as it tears down the track etc.*

*Yes, from ev'rywhere on land or sea,  
we hear your call, oh Paris, Paris,  
we hear your call, Paris, Paris!*

17.

**Act I - SCENE 2 A salon in the home of **Raoul de Gardefeu**. Doors at the back, stage right, and stage left; the centre door leads downstairs. The scene includes a large pendulum clock. ENTR'ACTE 2 OPTIONAL**

ALPHONSE: The train from Rambouillet must be late. Monsieur told me that he would be back at once.. [Doorbell rings] Ah, there he is, [He opens the centre door] No, it's Frick, the bootmaker..

*[Enter Frick, carrying a pair of boots. He speaks with a heavy German accent]*

FRICK: Ja, it's me.

ALPHONSE: Good morning, Monsieur Frick. Monsieur de Gardefeu is not here, but he should be back soon.

FRICK: Ach, my friend, do me a little favour. Leave me alone.

ALPHONSE: What?

FRICK: I haff chust met Fraulein Gabrielle, the glover, on the stair - she's coming here! Please leave me alone mit her - I vill make you boots ~ beautiful boots!

ALPHONSE: All right, I'm leaving, I'm leaving.

*[Exit Alphonse]*

FRICK: Gabrielle... the glover... the pretty glover!

**[No. 7]**

*[Enter Gabrielle, carrying a pair of gloves]*

**Frick** *Come in, sweet girl with your lovely blue eyes.  
Monsieur de Gardefeu is well aware.  
To be a man the ladies all prize.  
Proper gloves are a must  
So is elegant footwear.*

**Gab:** *Proper gloves are a must.*

**Frick:** *So is elegant footwear.*

**Gab:** *If you would look grand, sir...*

18.

**Frick:** *If you would look neat...*

**Gab:** *wear gloves on your hands, sir...*

**Frick:** *fine boots on your feet.*

**Gab:** *And where should you buy them?*

**Frick:** *If you'd be well dressed?*

**Gab:** *The gloves I supply them*

**Frick:** *My boots are the best*

**Both:** *Ah la.....*  
*My (your) gloves are the finest, your (my) boots are the best.*  
*Ah, la.....*  
*Mu boots (gloves) are the finest, your boots(gloves) are the best.*  
*If you want to look smart, trust our firm guarantee.*  
*For gloves and for boots, we're the best in Paree! Ah.....*

**Gab:** *If you would look grand, sir,*

**Frick:** *If you would look neat*

**Gab:** *wear gloves on your hands sir*

**Frick:** *fine boots on your feet*

**Gab:** *And where should you buy them?*

**Frick:** *If you'd be well dressed?*

**Both:** *My glove (boot)s are the best.*  
*It's our firm guarantee*  
*we're the best in Paree!*

**Frick:** *It's the boot, there's no dispute,*  
*that will make a man look his best.*  
*It's the proper boot!*

**Gab:** *It's the glove, all else above*  
*that will make a man look well dressed.*  
*That's a fact that you cannot refute!*

19.

**Frick:** *Proper boots are essential,*

**Gab:** *Proper gloves are essential*

**Frick:** *Gloves are less consequential*

**Gab:** *It's the glove and not the boot*

**Both:** *There can be no more dispute,  
it's (not) the glove and not (it's) the boot.  
It's (not) the glove, not (it's) the boot.  
It's (not) the glove, not (it's) the boot.*

**Frick:** *It's the boot*

**Gab:** *It's the glove,*

**Frick:** *It's the boot,*

**Gab:** *it's the glove*

**Frick:** *It's the boot, the boot the boot the boot, the boot the boot!*

**Gab:** *It's the glove, the glove, the glove, the glove the glove the glove.*

*When a gentleman was hopelessly in love,  
in olden days, he'd steal his lady's glove.  
He would cover it with kisses day and night.  
And then he'd hide it somewhere out of sight.  
He would guard his precious treasure more than gold,  
for his emotions would be uncontrolled.  
Even later, when his love affair had passed,  
he would preserve her glove until the last.*

*And long after, he would find it,  
when his days of love were over,  
in the bottom of a box  
next to some faded letters from his lover.  
That's how gentleman of sentiment  
would prize such a bagatelle, sir.  
I suppose that now they ought to idolize  
ladies boots as well, sir.*

*So today a gallant lover would do best  
to keep a pile of boots inside a chest  
so that after his affairs are all complete,  
they can remind him of his darling's feet.  
What a tug upon the heartstrings  
will our aged lover feel,  
while kissing the sweet container  
of his lovely lady's heel.*

*What a flood of recollection  
will pervade him, heaven knows,  
as he fondles with great affection,  
the protector of her toes!  
How our frozen hearts may melt  
when we remember things once felt..  
People say that love is blind, you see,  
what kind of things remind us of our loves.  
Even instead of gloves.*

*When a gentleman was hopelessly in love,  
in olden days, he'd steal his lady's glove.  
He would cover it with kisses day and night  
and then he'd hide it out of sight.  
He would kiss it day and night,  
he would kiss it day and night.*

FRICK: *[Barely controlling his excitement]* Fraulein, I must talk mit you.

GABRIELLE: Go ahead.

FRICK: You... you are... really zo beautiful!

GABRIELLE; Why, Monsieur Frick!

FRICK: *[Bursting out]* Marry me! Ve Chermans need a family life! All my friends are married! Please! I vill make you boots! Vonderful boots! Here, let me take your measurements. *[He falls at her feet, one of which he attempts to grasp as he fumbles in his pocket for a tape measure]*

GABRIELIE: *[Resisting him]* What are you doing? Get away!

FRICK: Nein! I must take your measurements! I vill make you boots, und ve vill get married,

21.

GABRIELLE: But I don't want you to make me boots!

*[Enter Alphonse]*

ALPHONSE: Monsieur de Gardefeu is here. He will see you in a few minutes.  
Please wait in the anteroom..

FRICK: Measurements! I must take your measurements!

GABRIELLE: No! No!

*[Frick pursues Gabrielle off stage. Gardefeu enters]*

GARDEFEU: Alphonse.

ALPHONSE: Monsieur?

GARDEFEU: Go downstairs, and bring up the suitcases.

ALPHONSE: The suitcases, monsieur?

GARDEFEU: Yes, the suitcases! Hurry up! *[Exit Alphonse]* She's very pretty, the little Swedish lady, and she doesn't get on with her husband. I'll have her in no time.

*[Enter the Ganderacks]*

GANDER: Are you sure that this is the Grand Hotel? It seems very small.

GARDEFEU: Of course it is, monsieur. This is one of the Grand Hotel's little hotels.

GANDER I'm not sure I follow you.

GARDEFEU: It's very simple. The Grand Hotel has been so full that the management has had to buy up several small hotels to handle the overflow.  
This is one of them.

GANDER; Swallowing up the competition, eh?

GARDEFEU. Yes. Monsieur. If the tourists keep coming I expect that the Grand Hotel will eventually take over the entire city.

22.

GANDER: Why, you're setting up a monopoly! A hotel trust! *[to the baroness]* There, you see? Some of that good old American spirit of free enterprise has penetrated over here. *[to Gardefeu]* Your Chairman of the Board is an American, I suppose.

BARONESS: Don't be ridiculous. Barton. Why do you Americans think that you are the only people who can succeed at anything?

GANDER; Because, my dear, you Europeans are decadent. It's a well-known fact. All your best families are so inbred that half of them are idiots and the other half are lunatics.

BARONESS: Oh? Which am I... an idiot or a lunatic?

GANDER; Oh, you're a woman, my dear. It doesn't matter with women.

BARONESS: Oh!

GANDER: But just look at your father. One of the noblest aristocrats in Sweden, and he couldn't make a dollar if he tried.

BARONESS: You leave my father out of this! He can trace his line back a thousand years!

GANDER: That's the problem, my dear. You're lucky you married me. The family could use some fresh blood.

BARONESS: Lucky! My mother promised me that I would marry a. baron!  
I didn't know she meant a robber baron!

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* I think it's time for a little test. *[Aloud? Alphonse!]*

ALPHONSE; *[Entering]* Monsieur?

GARDEFEU: The gentleman's bags go in *there* *[indicating the stage right door]*, and madame's go in *there* *[indicating the stage left door]*. Monsieur, this is your bedroom... Madame, this is yours, on the other side of the foyer. Will that arrangement be satisfactory?

BARONESS: Perfectly!

GANDER: Suits me fine!

23.

BARONESS: Now, if you will excuse me.. *[Exit baroness to her room, slamming the door]*

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* So much for phase one. *[Aloud]* Does monsieur wish something?

GANDER: Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. Now that my wife is gone.. My boy, there are certain.. uh., experiences in Paris I shouldn't like to miss.

GARDEFEU: Monsieur?

GANDER: A Swedish friend of mine. Baron Frascata, gave me a letter of... recommendation to an actress in Paris - name of Metella.

GARDEFEU: Oh, yes, Frascata. *[Aside]* I always wondered about him.

GANDER: Do you know where she lives?

GARDEFEU: I certainly do.

GANDER: Good. Deliver this letter. *[Gives it to Gardefeu]*

GARDEFEU: NOW?

GANDER: As quickly as possible! For...

**[No. 8] Duet, Gandermack and Gardefeu**

**Gander:** *Here in Paris it's my intention  
to sample everything that I can.  
After a lifetime of absention  
I'm sick of being a Puritan.  
At home,sir, I never got the chance, sir,  
and so no matter what the cost,  
I mean to sow my oats in France, sir,  
there's not a moment to be lost!*

*I mean to stuff myself right up to here.  
I mean to stuff myself right up to here.  
Gone is my civilized veneer,  
I mean to stuff myself right up to here.*

*I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here!  
I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here.*



24.

*Gone is my civilized veneer,  
I really mean to stuff myself right up to here.*

**Gard:** *Gone is his civilized veneer,  
he really means to stuff himself right up to here.*

**Gander:** *My Puritanical old father  
believed in discipline from the start  
and he was not the sort to bother  
with normal urgings of the heart.  
I had to stay as pure as ice, sir,  
'til I became a married man.  
I'm ready for a little vice, sir,  
and when I find some, here's my plan:*

*I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here.  
I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here.  
All of my morals disappear  
I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here.  
I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here,  
I'm gonna stuff myself right up to here.  
All of my morals disappear,  
when I can really stuff myself right up to here!*

**Gard:** *All of his morals disappear,  
he's really gonna stuff himself right up to here!*

GARDEFEU: I understand, monsieur. I shall deliver the letter.

GANDER: Good. What time is dinner?

GARDEFEU: Whenever you wish.

GANDER: What? When do your other guests eat?

GARDEFEU: Other guests? But wouldn't you rather dine in private?

GANDER: Of course not. I travel to amuse myself, to watch people; not to dine alone with my wife.

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* I'm delighted to hear it.

GANDER: Don't you have a public dining room here? If not, we'll stay somewhere else.

25.

GARDEFEU: Somewhere else? No! No! Of course we have a dining room.

GANDER: Good. Then what time is dinner?

GARDEFEU: At seven... is that all right? Would you prefer eight? Would you prefer nine?

GANDER: No, no, seven is fine with me. I'm going to change. Make sure dinner is good, now, for...

*[Exit Gandermack, singing the refrain of his song]*

GARDEFEU: What am I going to do? I can squeeze about twenty people into my dining room, but where am I going to find them?

*[Enter Gabrielle, still pursued by Frick]*

GABRIELLE: Leave me alone!

GARDEFEU: What do you think you're doing. Monsieur Frick?

FRICK: Ach, Herr Gardefeu! I haff brought your new boots.

GABRIELLE: And I, your gloves.

GARDEFEU: Ah! what an idea!.. My dear friends, it has just occurred to me that you and I have never dined together. Are you free this evening?

GABRIELLE: Yes, but...

GARDEFEU: Excellent! Then that's settled. And do you have any friends that you would like to bring along?

FRICK: Ach, I haff plenty of them. I know effery Cherman in Parees!

GARDEFEU: Splendid! Now for the final touch. You must both come in disguise.. just as a favor to me. Frick, do you remember that old major I sent to you for a pair of boots?

FRICK: Ach, him! Jawohl! He neffer paid me. I had to sue him, and all I got for it vas an old frock-coat.

GARDEFEU: That's all you need. You'll wear it tonight, and be, uh... Major Edward.

26.

FRICK: But I don't know how to be a major!

GARDEFEU: Bah! All you need is the coat. *[To Gabrielle]* You, my dear, do you have a black mourning dress?

GABRIELLE: I can get one, monsieur.

GARDEFEU: Good! You shall be the widow of a brigadier.

GABRIELLE: But –

GARDEFEU: I really appreciate this, my friends. Now go away, and be back at seven. Go on!

*[Exeunt Gabrielle and Frick. Enter Bobinet, in despair]*

GARDEFEU: Good! That's settled. *[Seeing Bobinet]* What's the matter with you?

BOBINET: Ah, my friend! Tell me, why did I decide to take up with a lady of society?

GARDEFEU: Because you were out of money.

BOBINET: Exactly. And what happens? I go to visit my little countess... She falls on me with delight, covers me with kisses -

GARDEFEU: Yes?

BOBINET: And says, "Darling! Save me I...I need fifteen thousand francs."

GARDEFEU: Oh!

BOBINET: So I promised her the money within two hours, and escaped.

GARDEFEU: What are you going to do?

BOBINET: Nothing. I don't have a sou.

GARDEFEU: Then why did you promise her the money?

BOBINET: My friend, all happiness is temporary. Think how happy I have made her, if only for two hours! But what about me? I'm miserable!

GARDEFEU: What a shame. If you were in a good mood, I'd ask you for a favor.

27.

BOBINET: Oh, go ahead. Ask. Anything for a friend, I suppose.

GARDEFEU: Good. I've found myself the prettiest little Swedish baroness...

BOBINET: With an American husband. Your valet told me.

GARDEFEU: Tomorrow night, I want to keep the lady alone here, and get rid of her husband. I need... I need...

BOBINET: What?

GARDEFEU: I haven't the faintest idea what I need.

BOBINET: How about a dinner party in his honor, given by the best Paris society?

GARDEFEU: Ah! That would be superb! But how will you manage it?

BOBINET: My aunt, old lady Quimper-Karadec, is off in the country, Her house is at my disposal. Her two valets, Prosper and Urbain, are great jokers - and there is a chambermaid, and the doorkeeper has three nieces. There you are -the best Paris society. Just send me your American.

GARDEFEU: Make sure you keep him there very late.

BOBINET: That'll be the ladies' job.

GARDEFEU: Ah, my friend, you have saved me!

*[Enter the baroness]*

Shh! Here she is!

BOBINET: Well? Present me.

BARONESS: Who is this gentleman?

GARDEFEU: Oh.. uh.. No-one, madame, no-one at all.

BOBINET: What?

GARDEFEU: He is the Grand Hotel's clockmaker-- sets them, you know... *[Aside to Bobinet]* Please,go away!

28.

BOBINET: Well! *[To the baroness]* Yes, madame, I set all the clocks at the Grand Hotel. It's an easy job. All I have to do is turn the key until I meet with a little resistance. *[He winds the key on Gardefeu's clock with great vigor, until the clock breaks with a horrible sound]* You see, madame? I have met with a little resistance.

*[Bobinet exits, twirling the broken end of the pendulum]*

BARONESS: Monsieur...

GARDEFEU: Madame...

BARONESS: Look what I found on the mantel. Five beautiful rings!

GARDEFEU: Ah! Those belong to...

BARONESS: Yes, monsieur?

GARDEFEU: Uh. to the person who stayed in that room before you, madame.

BARONESS: A lady, then?

GARDEFEU: Yes.

BARONESS: Pretty?

GARDEFEU: Very pretty.

BARONESS: And was there a gentleman with her?

GARDEFEU: What?

BARONESS: Look at this note I found Isn't your name Raoul? "My dear Raoul".,.

GARDEFEU: Me? No! I mean yes! But that letter is for some other Raoul! I swear it.,.

BARONESS: *[Taken aback]* What is the matter with you?

*[Enter Alphonse]*

ALPHONSE: Monsieur, monsieur!

GARDEFEU: What is it?

29.

ALPHONSE; Mademoiselle Metella is here, monsieur,

GARDEFEU: Metella!

*[Enter Metella; Exit Alphonse]*

METELLA; *[Aside]* What's this?

GARDEFEU: *[To the baroness]* Ah, Madame, here. is the lady who stayed in that room before you,

BARONESS: *[Curtseying]* Madame.

METELLA: *[curtseying]* Madame.

BARONESS: I found several things of your, madame, and I was about to instruct this gentleman to return them to you.

METELLA: Indeed!

BARONESS: I am going back to my room.

METELLA: *[Aside]* Her room!

BARONESS: What time is dinner?

GARDEFEU: At seven...

BARONESS: *[Curtseying]* Madame.

METELLA: *[Curtseying]* Madame. *[Exit the baroness]* Well, monsieur, I came here to give you an explanation, but I think perhaps that I should first ask you for one.'

GARDEFEU: What's the point? Everything is over between us.

METELLA: I see that it is.

GARDEFEU: Here are your rings.

METELLA: Only five?

GARDEFEU: Did you leave more?

30.

METELLA: I don't know... I thought so...

GARDEFEU: You are right. There were six. We shall find the sixth.

METELLA: Wait. Perhaps it wasn't a ring... perhaps it was a bracelet.

GARDEFEU: As you wish.

METELLA: A bracelet, then, with emeralds.

GARDEFEU: With emeralds, of course.

METELLA: Goodbye, then.

GARDEFEU: Wait.

METELLA: What is it?

GARDEFEU: I have a letter for you.

METELLA: From whom?

GARDEFEU: From Baron Frascata.

METELLA: *[Trying to recall the name]* Frascata...

GARDEFEU: *[A bit testily]* You remember.. you and he... last winter. I should have known.

METELLA: But I swear to you.

GARDEFEU: What good is that, now?

METELLA: *[Aside]* Idiot! *[Aloud]* Well, what does he say, this Baron Frascata?

GARDEFEU: Read it yourself. You'll see.

*[Gardefeu gives Metella the letter. She reads it during the next song]*

**[No. 9] SOLO: Metella (reading a letter from Baron Frascata)**

*A year ago November,  
we met you may remember.  
Jan Stanislaus, Baron Frascata?*

*A mutual acquaintance  
gave in to my impatience  
and introduced us at the opera.  
In half an hour, I found I loved you dearly.  
You never loved me in return, I know  
You told me so, but with a smile that clearly  
spoke otherwise. That doesn't matter, though.*

*You gave me, in your fashion,  
a month of reckless passion,  
a month of joy, a month of fantasy,  
a month of priceless treasure.  
of dalliance and pleasure,  
romantic nights and careless revelry!*

*Oh, happy time! Oh, memory enchanted.  
The nights we shared, your kiss, my sweet coquette.  
And oh, my love, when in my arms you granted...  
I must not say... but I shall not forget!  
That lovely land of Eden  
is miles away from Sweden,  
so here I rot beneath the Northern star...  
my thoughts forever turning,  
my senses ever yearning  
for warmth, for light and for a blue boudoir!*

*If you could stand beside our frozen shore  
and see how rarely we find pleasure here!  
If you could only know (I'll say no more!)  
This really is beside the point, my dear.....  
This letter I am sending  
by someone who's intending  
a journey southward to the land of France,  
a friend of mine, a man of circumstance.*

*He asked me, "Sir, what counsel can you give me?  
I must amuse myself, what shall I do?"  
I smiled a bit and, with that smile, forgive me,  
I told him: Metella's the girl for you!  
I'll surely be your debtor  
Or, if when you've read this letter,  
you welcome him as once you welcomed me.*



*So smile at him and capture  
 his heart in chains of rapture.  
 I'll answer for his generosity.  
 Oh, Metella, please use your best endeavor  
 when he departs (for so he must depart)  
 to let him take away to share forever  
 those tender memories that fill my heart!  
 Please yield to my entreating,  
 accept my fondest greeting,  
 my compliments, my dear, etcetera.  
 A year ago November we met,  
 do you remember,  
 Jan Stanislaus Frascata?*

METELLA: And who is this gentleman I am to meet?

GARDEFEU: Monsieur Barton Gandermack, an American. He is my tenant.

METELLA: Your what?

GARDEFEU: I have decided to rent my house to tourists and to make my living as a guide. Monsieur Gandermack is my first tenant.

METELLA; You? a guide? But.. Oh! I see! The lady I just met...

GARDEFEU: Is his wife.

METELLA: Well, well. She is pretty. My compliments.

GARDEFEU: Oh, I don't deserve them yet.

METELLA; *[Aside]* Bastard!

*[Enter Mr. Gandermack]*

GANDER: Here I am. *[Sees Metella]* Oh!

GARDEFEU: *[To Gandermack]* Here she is!

GANDER: Who?

GARDEFEU: Metella!

33.

GANDER; Ah! Good quick work, my boy I *[to Metella]* Madame.

METELLA: Monsieur Gandermack?

GANDER; At your service, madame.

METELLA: *[With dignity]* Baron Frascata is a friend of mine, monsieur, and I will surely never shut my door to someone he recommends.

GANDER; *[Eagerly]* You've read the letter?

METELLA: Yes.

GANDER; And your reply?

METELLA: I trust that you will do me the honor to receive it at my house.  
*[Gandermack rushes over to Metella, and offers her his arm]*  
...in a few days.

GANDER; A few days? Why a few days?

METELLA: *[Firmly]* Because I wish it so. *[Aside, watching Garde-feu]* I'll get even with you for this. *[To Gandermack, curtsying]* Monsieur...

*[Exit Metella]*

GANDER: Oh, well, I can wait, I suppose. Is dinner almost ready?

GARDEFEU: Dinner? *[Aside]* I forgot all about dinner!

*[Enter Alphonse]*

ALPHONSE: *[Announcing]* Major Edward!

GARDEFEU: Ah! The guests are arriving.

*[Enter Frick, his manner completely changed, dressed in a military frock-coat ablaze with medals. Exit Alphonse]*

FRICK: *[Aside to Gardefeu]* How am I looking?

GARDEFEU: *[Aside to Frick]* Superb. *[To Gandermack]* Monsieur, I shall leave you with the major. Excuse me.

34.

*[Exit Gardefeu]*

GANDER: You're a major, are you?

FRICK: Jawohl! *[salutes]*

GANDER: You'll excuse my ignorance. I don't know much about European militia. What exactly does your rank involve?

FRICK: Vell, mein herr, dere are sefferal sorts of major. First, dere iss the brafe soldier. I'm not one of dose. Den, dere iss the drum-major. I'm not one of dose, either. Finally, dere iss the major of the dinner table! Und dot's who I am!

**[No. 10] SOLO, Frick: The Major of the Table**

FRICK: *There on the battle field I stand,  
taking my trusty blade in hand.  
Stoutly I face the enemy,  
I carve the roast and slice the brie!  
Issuing orders left and right,  
popping the wine corks half the night.  
Faced with hors d'ouevvers or with entree,  
I'm always sure to win the day.*

*At soiree or ball  
I outrank them all!  
Other sorts of fighting  
may get too exciting,  
I prefer the field of the dining hall!  
Breakfast, lunch or tea,  
I'll win the victory!  
To be sure your guest list  
is the very best list,  
you must have a major like me!*

*When we group around the soup,  
I'm leader of the troop:  
yes, when we group around the soup,  
I'm the leader of the troop.  
So if you need a major, you need me.*

*After the meal is swept aside,  
I take the next campaign in stride.*

*Bravely I struggle through the wars,  
 Attacked with brandy and cigars.  
 Face me with any battle plan...  
 deal out the cards and I'm your man.  
 At baccarat or ecarte,  
 I'm always sure to win the day!*

*At soiree or ball  
 I out rank them all!  
 Other sorts of fighting  
 may get too exciting,  
 I prefer the field of the dining hall!  
 Breakfast, lunch or tea, I'll win the victory!  
 To be sure your guest list  
 is the very best list,  
 you must have a major like me!*

*When we group around the soup,  
 I'm leader of the troop:  
 yes, when we group around the soup,  
 I'm the leader of the troop.  
 So if you need a major, you need me.*

GANDER:     *[Laughing]* I understand you, sir. What a sense of humor!

FRICK:       *[Looks at Gandermack's boots]* Vait!

GANDER:     What is it?

FRICK:       What haff you got dere?

GANDER:     Where?

FRICK:       *[Indicating Gandermack's boots]* Dere!

GANDER:     My boots?

FRICK:       Boots? You are calling dose boots? Ach, they are horrible! They look American!

GANDER:     They are American! American boots are the finest in the world!

36.

FRICK;           What? What? Nonsense! Efferyone knows dot ve Chermans make the best boots! I vill make you boots meinself!

GANDER:        You, major?

FRICK:           Ja, me! Now take off dose Yankee abominations, und let me take your measurements. *[He takes out his tape measure, and kneels at Gandermack's feet]*

GANDER:        *[Recoiling]* What sort of major is this?

*[Enter Gardefeu]*

GARDEFEU:     What's going on here?

FRICK;           Look at dose boots!

GARDEFEU:     *[Hustling Frick away]* My apologies, monsieur, the rest of the guests are here. I'd better warn you, though. Except for one lady, they are all Germans.

GANDER:        Germans?

GARDEFEU:     It's been one of those days.

**[No. 11] 11 FINALE: Chorus & Principals**

*[After the first chorus, Gabrielle enters, in mourning. Gardefeu presents her to Mr. Gandermack. After the final reprise of the Tyrolienne, everyone heads downstairs to dinner as Alphonse enters with a tray. He takes it to the baroness's door and knocks, as the curtain falls.]*

**Chorus, Gab & Major**

*We've accepted your invitation for we're as hungry as can be.  
We accept without hesitation, never turn down food if it's free.  
We thank you for your kind invitation,  
we thank you for your invitation for we're as hungry as can be.  
Yes, we're as hungry as can be!*

**Gard:**         *Allow me, sir, to introduce you.  
Madame de Sainte Amaranthe.*

37.

**Baron:** *Before such beauty must I bow.  
Why this look full of sorrow, why this cloud on your brow?*

**All:** *But why this look of sorrow, this cloud upon your brow?  
Ah why? Ah why? Why?*

**Gabriella** *I'm the wife of a brigadier  
who perished on the field of war.  
And I keep one last souvenir:  
his ashes in an ornamental oriental jar.  
Now I live a life so austere, my darling  
that up there (for that is surely where you are)  
my long lost love, in heaven above  
you can see I'm sincere.*

*You must be pleased, my brigadier,  
you must be pleased, my brigadier.  
Or at least, or at least, or at least I like to think so!  
Farewell my dear, wish you were here.  
Oh how I miss my brigadier!  
Oh, how I miss my brigadier. Rat-ta-plan etc.....*

**Chorus:** *Look at her tear, she's so sincere.  
Oh how we miss her brigadier. Rat-ta-plan etc.*

**Gabrielle** *Though to replace my brigadier  
to conquer my affection,  
all sorts of bold young men appear,  
a really fine selection.  
Still I dismiss them with a sneer  
with such a firm rejection  
that, oh my love, in heaven above,  
you can see I'm sincere.*

*You must be pleased my brigadier,  
you must be pleased my brigadier.  
Or at least, or at least, or at least I like to think so.  
Farewell my dear, wish you were here,  
Oh how I miss my brigadier.  
Oh how I miss my brigadier. Rat-ta-plan etc.. .....*

**Chorus:** *Look at her tear, she's so sincere.  
Oh how we miss her brigadier. Rat-ta-plan etc...*

38.

**Gard:** *Mesdames et messieurs, it is time for our meal.  
This will be dreadful, I can tell!*

**Chorus , Frick & Gab:**  
*Wir wollen essen, essen, essen Etc.*

**Baron:** *For such an elegant hotel,  
I would have thought that you'd attract, sir, a better clientele*

**Gard:** *Our normal customers, in fact, sir, behave extremely well*

**Chorus:** *Bring on the food, bring on the food, bring on the food, bring on the food!*

**Gabrielle:** *I have observed when supper's served,  
the greatest treat for the appetite  
is to eat everything in sight.*

**Chorus:** *When supper's served don't be reserved,  
take a seat at the dinner table  
and eat as much as you are able.  
Wir kommen hier fur fleisch und bier.  
We cannot wait to fill our plate!*

**Gabrielle:** *Auf der Berliner Bruck la, la, la, la , la.  
Hab ich doch immer Gluck la, la, la, la, etc.....  
Mein vater ist ein schneider  
Und ein schneider ist er  
und wenn er was schneidet,  
so ist's mit der scheer.  
lodo, lodo, la, la, (yodeling)*

**Chorus:** *la, la, la, la, .....*

**Gander:** *To supper! la, la, la, la,.....*

**Chorus:** *To supper! la, la, la, la, .....*  
*Let's all take a seat at the table.  
Let's all eat as much as we're able!  
We've all worked up an appetite,  
so let's eat ev'ry thing in sight!*

39.

## ACT II

**The grand salon of the Quimper-Karadec mansion. A severely furnished room with family portraits.**

*[At the rise of the curtain, Urbain, Prosper, Pauline, Clara, Leonie and Louise are on stage, busily lighting lamps, putting flowers in vases, etc. At the end of No. 12, Bobinet enters.]*

**No. 12 ENTR'ACTE & INTRO: Servants (Pauline, Clara, Leonine, Louise, Prosper, Urbain)**

*With supreme sophistication,  
we've prepared the hall  
for an expert imitation  
of a high class ball.*

*With supreme sophistication etc.*

*What a treat for the eyes,  
all the servant in disguise!  
What a treat for the eyes,  
all the servants in disguise.  
A surprise!*

BOBINET: Well, my friends? Is everything organised?

PAULINE: See for yourself, monsieur.

BOBINET: *[Looking around]* Splendid! Now let me review my troops. *[He looks them over]* Where's the chambermaid?

*[Pauline comes forward]*

My word, what a charming girl!

PAULINE: *[bitterly]* You've just noticed that today?

BOBINET: *[Embracing her]* Fools that we are! We search for happiness so far away, when we have it within our reach! *[Releasing her]* Now listen, my friends. I expect an exact copy of a high-class soiree. Understand?

PROSPER: Absolutely, monsieur. You shall have the most elegant of evenings, with the most distinguished of guests. Leave everything to us!



40.

[No. 13] SEPTET : BOBINET AND SERVANTS

**Bob:** *Now, are you sure you'll get it right?*

**Prosper:** *You shall be proud of us tonight.*

**Bob:** *You all know your parts? Are you certain?*

**Pauline:** *We are ready, ring up the curtain!*

**All:** *We are ready, ring up the curtain, the curtain!*

**Prosper** *When a servant is observant,  
he picks up all sorts of things.  
Social graces, fine grimaces,  
courtesies and posturings.  
He is paid to serve as aid to  
dilletantes and diplomats.  
Who can better, to the letter,  
imitate aristocrats?  
Men of rank are bound to bank  
on all their pompous protocol.  
But their talk's a laughing stock  
when copied in the servant's hall.*

**Bob:** *Copied in the servant's hall?*

**Prosper:** *There in the servants hall,  
we have a laugh at them all.  
In a word, don't be afraid,  
we'll give a fine masquerade!  
We shall be ready, sir, to proceed.  
We shall be just what you need.  
We shall be what you need. Exactly what you need.*

**All:** *We shall be what you need, exactly what you need, exactly what you need,  
yes we shall be exactly, exactly,  
so, count on us, master, tho' we're playing for a short run.  
After the curtain, you'll be saying "splendidly done, well done"*

*Count on us, master, tho' we're playing for a short run.  
Afterwards you shall say "splendidly done!"*

**Bob:** *I'm convinced, yes I'm convinced!*

41.

*Ah,, my dear friends, please do proceed.  
You are exactly the ones I need!*

**All:** *We are the ones, monsieur, indeed.*

**Urbain:** *We'll take our parts and we shall play  
a perfectly smashing little soiree!*

**All:** *We'll take our parts, and we shall play  
a perfectly smashing little soiree,  
We'll take our parts and we shall play  
a simply smashing, swank soiree!  
A simply smashing, swank soiree! Ah....*

**Pauline:** *When a maid is serving ladies, she can learn so many things.  
Stylish poses, powdered noses, blandishments and dallyings.  
We are closer, as you know sir, to Madame than anyone.  
Her complexion's a reflection of the work that we have done.  
We perfume her, primp and groom her, put her in her gown and then,  
for good measure, for your pleasure, we can take it off again.*

**Bob:** *You can take it off again!*

**Pauline:** *We'll take it off again.  
The things we do for you men, in a word, don't be afraid,  
we'll give a fine masquerade!  
We shall be ready, sir, to proceed.  
We shall be just what you need.*

**All:** *We shall be what you need, exactly what you need, exactly what you need,  
exactly what you need, yes we shall be exactly, exactly,  
so count on us, master, tho' we're playing for a short run  
After the curtain, you'll be saying "splendidly done, well done."  
Count on us, master, tho' we're playing for a short run,  
afterwards you shall say "splendidly done,  
that's so well done, that's so well done.  
That's so well done" Ah.....  
Well done, well done! How splendidly done.  
How splendidly done, well done, well done!*

*[Enter Gardefeu]*

**GARDEFEU:** Ah, my dear fellow! Are you almost ready?

42.

BOBINET: Almost, *(to the others)* Go get dressed, my friends!  
*[The servants start to leave, but Prosper stops suddenly]*

PROSPER: Oh, blast it!

BOBINET; What is it?

PROSPER; We've got a problem. If all your servants are dressed as guests, you won't have any servants.

BOBINET: Oh, Lord, you're right.

URBAIN: Then all is lost.

GARDEFEU: No, no! I will send you some servants - I know where I can get a whole batch of them. Can you manage until they arrive?

URBAIN: We'll do our best, monsieur.

BOBINET: Good. Be off with you, then!

*[Exit the servants]*

GARDEFEU: My American is on his way. His invitation came from an Admiral Walter. Who is that?

BOBINET: Don't you know Admiral Walter? That's me! I've only worn the costume once.

GARDEFEU: Fine. Do you have enough guests?

BOBINET: I could use one or two more, just for effect.

GARDEFEU; All right. I'll send you Madame Sainfce-Amaranthe.. that's Gabrielle, my glover. I'd send you my bootmaker, Frick, but the man's impossible. Just imagine... last night in the middle of dinner, he tried to force Monsieur Gandermack to take off his boots!

BOBINET: *[horrified]* Oh! Don't send him! A man who would take his boots off during the main course.. unthinkable!

GARDEFEU: Don't worry.

BOBINET: Well? Where is your baroness?

43.

GARDEFEU! She is at the opera, and at midnight she will come back to my house - alone.

BOBINET: Ah! Have you made any progress?

GARDEFEU: Hah! I've spent: the whole day driving the two of them around the city. They made me sit up on the box, next to my own coachman! My reputation may never recover.

BOBINET: My poor friend.

GARDEFEU: Monsieur Gandermack insisted on seeing the Artillery Museum. I didn't know where it was, but I couldn't admit it... so I took him to the General Store on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle. My friend, I just have to succeed with the baroness tonight . I can't take another day like today. Please keep that man here as long as you can!

BOBINET: Pauline, the chambermaid, will take care of that. She's very pretty.

*[Enter Prosper]*

PROSPER: *[Announcing]* Monsieur Barton Gandermack!

*[Exit Prosper]*

BOBINET: He's here! I'll go get dressed.

GARDEFEU: And I'll go pick up the baroness. It's time for Phase Two!

*[Exeunt Bobinet and Gardefeu, in opposite directions. Mr. Gandermack enters by a third entrance just as the doors slam violently after Bobinet and Gardefeu]*

GANDER: Hello? Hello?.. I must be the first one here. These Europeans don't appreciate punctuality!. I don't know if I should have come, but my guide talked me into it, said I'd meet some really important people. *[He takes out his invitation and reads it]* "Admiral and Madame Walter beg Mr. Barton Gandermack..." They didn't invite my wife. My guide told me "You can take her if you like, but I wouldn't if I were you".... and he had such a look in his eye.. Well, I didn't bring her!

URBAIN: *[Calling loudly from offstage]* General Malaga of Barcelona!

GANDER: Ah, here's somebody.

44.

*[Enter Urbain, in an extravagant military uniform]*

URBAIN: Monsieur Gandermack, I believe?

GANDER: You know me, sir?

URBAIN: I know all the regulars here. I don't know you. That's how I recognised you.

GANDER: Very shrewd indeed, sir. *[Aside]* What a fellow!

PROSPER: *[Calling loudly from offstage]* Prince Adhemar of Manchabal!

URBAIN: Ah! The finest diplomat in Europe! I'll present you,

*[Enter Prosper, in silk stockings, culottes and a brocaded coat]*

PROSPER: Ahem!

URBAIN: *[Bowing]* Prince..

PROSPER: *[Bowing]* General..

URBAIN: May I present Monsieur Barton Gandermack.

PROSPER: Delighted.

URBAIN: Wait! I haven't been properly introduced. Prince, if you would?

PROSPER; With pleasure. General Malaga, may I present Monsieur Barton Gandermack.

URBAIN: Charmed.

GANDER: *[Aside]* I'll never understand Europeans!

PROSPER: Well, monsieur! What do you think of Paris?

GANDER: To tell you the truth, sir, I think it's been a bit overrated. Today, for instance, I was taken to the Artillery Museum in the Boulevard Bonnie-Nouvelly.

PROSPER, Bonnie-Nouvelly?

45.

GANDER: Do you know, they had all sorts of kitchen utensils there, but not one stick of artillery.

URBAIN: *[Laughing]* You were taken to the General Store! Would you really like to visit the Artillery Museum?

PROSPER: *[Interrupting]* I shall take you there myself.

URBAIN: Prince, I invited the gentleman first.

PROSPER: The gentleman shall go with me!

URBAIN: With me!

PROSPER: Me!

GANDER: Gentlemen, gentlemen!

*[Enter Pauline, in a stunning gown. Urbain and Prosper rush to greet her]*

URBAIN: Ah! Here is our hostess! *[He brings her to Gandermack]* Madame, may I present Monsieur Barton Gandermack.

GANDER: I received your charming invitation, madame, and came at once.

PAULINE: I am happy, monsieur, that you have chosen our home in which to make your entree into Paris society.

GANDER: And when shall we meet our host, the Admiral?

PAULINE: He can't come down as yet.

PROSPER: Why not?

PAULINE: He can't get into his uniform.

URBAIN: He must have put on weight. *[A bell sounds]*

PROSPER & URBAIN: Here! Here:

GANDER: What is it? *[The bell rings again, insistently]*

PAULINE: Go on, the Admiral's getting impatient.

46.

PROSPER & URBAIN: Coming! Coming!

*[Prosper and Urbain rush out. Mr. Gandermack watches them with astonishment]*

GANDER: What was that all about?

PAULINE: What do you mean?

GANDER: It seems to me that the prince and the general left us in a very odd way,

PAULINE: I don't mind. *[Eyeing him]* Do you?

GANDER: Mind? Not at all! *[Aside]* Those stories about French women may be true, after all!

PAULINE: *[Aside]* Keep him here.. that's my job. *[Aloud]* Come, sit next to me.. *[She sits on a couch. Mr. Gandermack joins her]* Closer... closer... Now, I know what you're thinking.

GANDER: I, Madame?

PAULINE: You're thinking, "These fashionable ladies are so flirtatious, so indiscreet..."

GANDER: No, no, madame!

PAULINE: Yes, yes, and it's all true. *[Changing her manner]* But what are we poor women -to do? Our lives are SO empty...we never seem to find.. our ideal..

GANDER; Madame, I...

PAULINE: How I have searched for the man of my dreams! But I have never met him... until now!

GANDER-- *[Enraptured]* Until now!

PAULINE: I didn't say that!

GANDER: Yes! you did!

PAULINE: No, No! I didn't!

GANDER: Yes! Yes! You did!

47.

PAULINE: Ah! No!

GANDER: Ah! Si!

PAULINE: *[Melodramatically]* Ah! You despise me already!

GANDER: Madame!

PAULINE: *[Complete change of manner; flirtatiously]* My name is Pauline.

GANDER: Pauline...

PAULINE: *[Aside]* This man is in no hurry to leave!

GANDER: Ah, why am I married?

PAULINE: But I'm married too-

GANDER: That's true.

PAULINE: That's not what stands between us. I... I don't know if I can trust you.

GANDER: Pauline, I swear...

PAULINE: No! I know what you men are like. I don't think you know what love really is!

GANDER: *[Excited]* So tell me, tell me!

**[No. 14] DUET: PAULINE AND BARON**

**Pauline**

*I tell you that love is a stairway into heaven,  
a stair that climbs to the stars on high,  
and love is a raft on the ocean of emotion,  
floating like a cloud into the sky.*

**Both**

*Floating like a cloud up in the sky ah.....  
Oh, lovely cloud up in the sky so high,  
please let us float into the blue along with you,  
with you, with you, with you, into the blue with you!*

*The cares of day shall be forgotten,  
we'll feel the sweet caress of night.*



*We'll float away to a land that ever freezes,  
gentle breezes waft us to gardens of delight,  
waft us to gardens of delight,  
we'll float away to gardens of delight. Ah.....*

*Oh, lovely cloud up in the sky so high,  
please let us float away into the blue with you,  
with you, with you, with you, with you,  
into the blue with you!*

*Oh lovely cloud, up in the blue  
We'd love to float away with you.  
Oh lovely cloud, up in the blue  
We'd love to float away with you.*

**Gander:** *(spoken) Into the blue with you*

**Pauline:** *(sung) How true!*

PROSPER: *[Announcing from offstage] Madame la vicomtesse de la Pepiniere!*

*[Enter Clara, gorgeously dressed]*

GANDER; Someone's coming.

PAULINE: Ah! I'm not surprised... alone with you... such happiness couldn't last.  
*[Greeting Clara] Madame...*

PROSPER: *[From offstage] Madame la baronne de la Haute-Venue, Madame la Marquise de la Farandole!*

*[Enter Leonie and Louise, also gorgeously dressed]*

PAULINE: *[Greeting them] Madame... Madame. May I present. Monsieur Barton Gandermack.*

CLARA, LEONIE, LOUISE: Monsieur... *[Curtseying]*

GANDER: Ladies... *[Bows]*

PROSPER: *[From offstage] Madame de Sainte-Amaranthe,*

*[Enter Gabrielle, still in her mourning dress, escorted by Urbain.]*

49.

GANDER: *[To Gabrielle]* Madame! What a happy chance!

PAULINE; *[Jealously]* Aha! So you know this lady?

GANDER: Only slightly.

PAULINE: I forbid you to look at her! *[Greeting Gabrielle]* Madame...

GABRIELLE: Madame...

PAULINE: Ladies, you look exquisite! Don't you think so, Monsieur Gandermack?

GANDER: They look beautiful. You Parisian women really know how to dress. I went out today for a stroll, and I saw so many lovely ladies walking up and down in the most stunning outfits, I completely forgot where I was going.

GABRIELLE: You are observant, monsieur. Only Parisian women really know how to go out for a walk!

**[No. 15] SEXTET: BARON & SERVANTS**

**Gabrielle** *To look her best, to look well dressed,  
a Parisienne who goes out walking  
must always know how much to show:  
a wisp of skirt, a touch of stocking!  
Her promenade requires her maid  
to dash about in preparation.  
Soon all is set, dress and toilette,  
she's sure to make a great sensation.*

*And should she cast her eyes on you,  
you'll surely feel it like a shock, like a shock, like a shock.*

**Baron:** *Like a shock!*

**Gabrielle:** *Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou,  
her little feet go toc, toc, toc,  
Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou etc.*

**All:** *Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou,  
her little feet go toc, toc, toc,  
Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou.....etc.*

**Gabrielle**     *She strikes a pose, then off she goes,  
she trots along in stylish fashion.  
The passers by who see her, sigh,  
and gaze and stare and swoon with passion. .*

*She hears their praise and goes her ways  
but with a smile that's fascinating.  
She tilts her chin and trembles in  
a manner quite intoxicating.*

*And should she cast her eye on you,  
you'll surely feel it like a shock, like shock, like a shock!*

**Baron:**        *Like a shock!*

**Gabrielle:**   *Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou,  
her little feet go toc, toc, toc,  
Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou etc.*

**All:**            *Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou,  
her little feet go toc, toc, toc,  
Her dress goes rustling frou, frou, frou.....etc.*

PROSPER:       *[Rushing in] The admiral, ladies and gentlemen, the admiral!*

*[Enter Bobinet, in a fantastic admiral's costume, which includes  
epaulets, medals and a large set of spurs. He carries a megaphone]*

ALL:             The admiral, the admiral!

BOBINET:       Good evening, my friends! I finally got my uniform on. I don't  
understand... it suddenly became so easy.

PAULINE:       This is Monsieur Gandermack, my dear.

BOBINET:       Ah! Welcome to our home!

*[Bobinet comes down and shakes hands with Mr. Gandermack, then turns to greet  
Gabrielle and Clara. As he does so, all see that his uniform has an enormous split up the  
back.]*

**[No. 16] Ensemble: Baron and Servants**

51.

**Baron:** *I'm afraid you're splitting down the back....*

**All:** *Down the back!*

**Pauline:** *I'm afraid you're splitting down the back...*

**All:** *Down the back!*

**Bobinet:** *This was frayed, I bought it off the rack.  
Oh, yes I'm splitting, I am splitting  
down the back. Down the back!*

**All:** *Off the rack! Oh, yes, he's splitting,  
he is splitting down the back, down the back!*

**Baron:** *What an appalling situation.*

**Pauline:** *Sir, what a dreadful thing to view!*

**Baron:** *You've overdone your ventilation*

**Gabrielle:** *Good sir, you're sure to catch the flu,*

**Baron:** *or have a bronchial attack,*

**Gabrielle:** *because you're splitting down the back.*

**All:** *Yes, I am (he is) splitting down the back.  
Oh, yes, he's splitting down the back.  
I'm (he's) really splitting down the back,  
He's surely splitting down the back.,  
right down the back,  
right down the back.  
Yes he is splitting, splitting, splitting, splitting, splitting down the back!*

**Gab:** *That really is an awful crack, an awful crack*

**Pauline:** *He's had a tendency to snack!*

**Gab:** *An awful crack!*

**Urbain:** *I am afraid you have split down the back.*

**Baron:** *I'm afraid you're splitting down the back,*

52.

**All:** *Down the back!*

**Pauline:** *I'm afraid you're splitting down the back,*

**All:** *Down the back!*

**Bobinet:** *I'm afraid I'm splitting down the back.*

**All:** *Down the back.*

*Oh yes, he's (I'm) splitting, he is splitting down the back.*

*Yes, we're (I'm) afraid he has split.*

**Gab:** *Yes, we're afraid he has split...*

**All:** *that he has split down the back.*

**Gab:** *yes, he is splitting down...*

**All:** *...the back!*

GANDER: My dear admiral.. *[Going up to him]*

PAULINE: *[Aside to Gandermack]* Don't say anything rash to him!

GANDER: *[Aside to Pauline]* What do you take me for? *[To Bobinet]* Those are... Uh... magnificent spurs.

BOBINET: They are nice, aren't they?

GANDER: But I thought that admirals didn't wear spurs.

BOBINET: They do in my country.

GANDER: What country is that?

BOBINET: Switzerland.

GANDER: But Switzerland doesn't have a navy!

BOBINET: That's why I need the spurs!

GANDER: But if Switzerland doesn't have a navy, how did you get to be an admiral?

53.

BOBINET: *[Proudly]* By birth!

GANDER: *[Aside]* I'll never understand Europeans!

BOBINET: Shall we ring for dinner? Have those servants arrived yet?

GANDER: Arrived? Aren't there any servants here?

PROSPER: Here they come now!

*[Enter the chorus, dressed as Germans as in Act I, Scene 2. They swarm over the stage, but are hustled off into the kitchen by Prosper and Urbain during the rest of the dialogue]*

GANDER: Those Germans! Where have I seen those Germans?

PAULINE: *[Taking Clara, Leonie, Louise and Gabrielle aside]* You know our job, ladies.. Monsieur Gandermack mustn't leave.

LEONIE: How shall we keep him here?

LOUISE: What if we get him drunk?

CLARA: That may not help...

GABRIELLE: But it can't hurt!

**[No. 17] FINALE: BOBINET, BARON, & "SERVANTS"**

**All:** *The time has come, supper is served.  
Let us try to remain reserved.  
When you're called to the dinner table,  
proper etiquette says you mustn't hurry.  
Step as lightly as you are able.  
That's the sort of rule we shan't forget.*

**Baron:** *One must preserve decorum.*

**Pauline:** *One must display good taste.*

**Prosper:** *Ill manners I abhor 'em.*

**Clara:** *Avoid unseemly haste.*

54.

**Bobinet:** *Don't behave indiscreetly.*

**Leo:** *One must remain controlled.*

**Urbain:** *restrain yourself completely.*

**Gabrielle:** *The soup is getting cold Ah.....*

**All:** *When you're called to the dinner table,  
proper etiquette says you mustn't hurry.  
Step as lightly as you're able.  
That's a rule we shan't forget! We must never, never hurry  
We must never, never hurry,  
We must never, never hurry.  
That's the rule we shan't forget.  
We must never, never, never, never hurry.  
We must never, never, never, never hurry  
We must never, never, never, never hurry.  
That is proper etiquette.  
Never hurry, That's proper etiquette.*

**Bobinet:** *Let's plan our tactics of battle.  
Where shall we start our next campaign?*

**Urbain/All:** *In Chablis!*

**Bob:** *And you, and you?*

**Prosper/All:** *In Champagne!*

**Bob:** *And you? And you?*

**Pauline,Clara/All:** *In Bordeaux!*

**Bob:** *And you, which spot?*

**Baron:** *The lot!*

**All:** *The lot!*

**Baron:** *The lot! I'll get drunk on the lot!*

**Prosper:** *That seems a brilliant plan to me!*

**All:** *Brilliantly planned we all agree!*

**Baron:** *Let's have a song before we start.  
Music's essential, that's my thinking.  
When you get down to serious drinking,*

**All:** *Let's do some really serious drinking!*

**Bob:** *When I put my coat on for dinner,  
I found out it just wouldn't fit.  
I suppose I used to be thinner,  
or could my coat have shrunk a bit?*

**Prosper:** *What a splendid couple our hosts are,  
what delightful parties they give.  
When we toast them, make sure our toasts are  
enormous and repetitive.*

**All:** *Ah... I can feel it*

**Prosper:** *I can feel it.  
I'm spinning, spinning, spinning,  
I'm dancing, dancing, dancing.  
And everything about me is a whirling round,*

**All:** *A-whirling 'round.  
A-whirling 'round*

**Prosper:** *and everything about me is a-whirling 'round,  
a-whirling, whirling 'round.*

**All:** *We're spinning, spinning, spinning,  
We're dancing, dancing, dancing!  
And everything about us is a whirling round, a whirling round, etc.*

**Urbain:** *Where there's wine and wonderful dishes,  
I'll take root and there I will grow.  
Here I find the fare so delicious  
that I don't think I'll ever go!*

**Gabrielle:** *Though I know I sound like a grumbler,  
most affairs are awfully dull.  
Tenth rate wine gets served by the tumbler,  
the vintage by the thimbleful!*



56.

**All:** *Ah..... I can feel it.*

**Gabrielle:** *I can feel it, I'm spinning, spinning, spinning,  
I'm dancing, dancing, dancing.  
And everything about me is a-whirling round,*

**All:** *A-whirling round,*

**Gab:** *and everything about me is a-whirling 'round, a-whirling, whirling 'round.*

**All:** *We're spinning, spinning, spinning, etc..*

**Pauline:** *Here's to your health!*

**Clara:** *Here's to your health!*

**Leonie:** *Here's to your health!*

**Louise:** *Here's to your health!*

**Gander:** *Ah, dear ladies, I will toast you all.  
First, the Marquise.*

**Bob/Pros/Urb:** *First, the Marquise.*

**Gander:** *Next, to the Duchess.*

**Bob/Pros/Urb:** *Next, to the Duchess.*

**Gander:** *Here's to the Countess.*

**Bob/Pros/Urb:** *Here's to the Countess.*

**Gander:** *Lastly, our hostess.*

**Bob/Pros/Urb:** *Lastly, our hostess.  
To the Marquise, and to the Duchess,  
And to the Countess, and to our hostess!*

**Bobinet:** *Monsieur, I rise to make a toast.  
May you long remember your visit.*

**Gander:** *Here's my hand, your wife is exquisite,  
And you're such a marvelous host!*

57.

**Urb/Prosp:** *Here's to your health!*

**All:** *Here's to your health!*

**Urb/Prosp:** *Here's to your health!*

**Gander:** *It's time we had another round  
Let's drink ourselves into the ground!*

**Prosper:** *He is drunk!*

**Bobinet:** *He is drunk!*

**All:** *He is drunk, completely drunk!*

**Urbain:** *He is drunk!*

**Gander:** *I'm not drunk!*

**Bobinet:** *He is drunk!*

**Gander:** *You're all drunk!*

**All:** *He is drunk, completely drunk!*

**Gander:** *I'm not drunk. You're drunk, all drunk!*

**Prosper:** *He is drunk!*

**Bobinet:** *He is drunk!*

**All:** *He is drunk, completely drunk!*

**Gabrielle:** *I have tried, but it's really no use.  
I simply can't seem to get things right.  
Tell me why I can never feel loose  
Unless I am absolutely tight.*

**All:** *We have tried, but it's really no use.  
We simply can't seem to get things right.  
Tell us why we can never feel loose  
Unless we are absolutely tight.*

**Prosper:** *He is drunk!*

58.

**Gander:** *I'm not drunk!*

**Urbain:** *He is drunk!*

**Bobinet:** *He is drunk!*

**Gander:** *I'm spinning...*

**Prosper:** *I'm spinning...*

**Gander:** *I'm dancing...*

**Gab/Urb:** *I'm dancing...*

**Gabrielle:** *I'm spinning, spinning, spinning,  
I'm dancing, dancing, dancing.  
And everything about me is a whirling 'round,*

**All:** *A-whirling 'round.  
A-whirling 'round*

**Gabrielle:** *and everything about me is a-whirling 'round,  
a-whirling, whirling 'round.*

**All:** *We're spinning, spinning, spinning,  
We're dancing, dancing, dancing!  
And everything's a whirling 'round, a whirling 'round, etc.  
Ah! Wild and free, revelry, that's for me, wild and free!  
Alcoholic fun and frolic,  
wild and free, revelry, that's for me,  
Alcoholic fun and frolic, wild and free!  
Revelry, we shall be totally, crazily wild and free! Etc.*

*[The chorus arranges the table and serves dinner during the finale, and joins in the singing and dancing of the final ensemble]*

59.

## ACT III

### SCENE 1: Salon in the home of Raoul de Gardefeu, as in Act I, Scene 2.

*[Enter Gardefeu excitedly]*

GARDEFEU: It's time for Phase Three! I have gotten rid of the husband; I have dismissed the servants; I have cut all the bell-pulls; and I have sent my coachman round for the baroness. If I don't succeed tonight, it won't be my fault. *[Noise outside]* Here she comes!

*[Enter the baroness, in an evening gown]*

BARONESS: *[seeing Gardefeu]* What! Are you still here? Isn't my husband back yet?

GARDEFEU: Not yet, madame... *[significantly]* Not yet! *[Warmly]* Madame.-

*[Loud knocking offstage]*

BARONESS: Someone's knocking!

GARDEFEU: What? *[The knocking grows louder and more, persistent]*  
Do you think so, Madame?

BARONESS: Certainly I do. Don't you hear it?

GARDEFEU: Oh! That! That's from next door. *[Shouting over the knocking]*  
You can never hear it when people knock here!

BARONESS: Nonsense! It must be my husband. Go let him in.

GARDEFEU; *[Aside]* The clumsy oafs! They have let him get away! *[Exit Gardefeu]*

BARONESS; What a strange fellow he is! What a strange city Paris is, altogether!  
The experiences I've had.. Why, just now, a strange young man slipped a letter into my hand as I got out of the coach, and disappeared without a word. How romantic. Oh, what a night! What a city!

#### [No. 17A (No. 18 of 5-Act version) BARONESS

**Baroness:** *I'm still enraptured and delighted,  
I'm so excited, my head is whirling, what a delight.*

*I have been charmed, intoxicated and elated,  
I have seen Paris to-night  
I adored the ladies' dresses  
Their glowing jewels and their toilette.  
Such stunning styles ensure successes  
Among the season's social set.*

*I watched them, charmed and captivated,  
As I waited for the overture to begin.  
All at once, two ladies quite nearby  
Did catch my eye,  
What stunning outfits they were in.  
They were both perfectly beguiling  
I asked a man who they might be.  
When he saw them, he started smiling  
And this is what he said to me:*

*"One is a courtesan whose vices command high prices  
From wealthy lovers by the score.  
One is a countess who can trace her noble race  
back for a thousand years or more.  
After a close examination, do try to tell me, if you can  
Who occupies a noble station  
And which is just a courtesan."*

*Both ladies wore the same sophisticated styles,  
Both gave the same synthetic sigh.  
As with the same coyly calculated smiles  
They gave the young men the eye.  
I was left in absolute confusion,  
Tho' I'm sure I tried my best.  
I came to just the wrong conclusion....  
I never really would have guessed.*

*Then Adina Patti's splendid singing  
Set the house ringing  
With "Una Voce Poco Fa."  
The crowd was entranced and adoring  
And started roaring  
With shouts of "Bis! Encore! Brava!"  
I had my own success,  
I'm certain all the young men stared at me,  
And as I left, after the curtain,  
I heard them exclaim: "Who is she? Who can she be?"*

61.

*Ah!*  
*I'm still enraptured and delighted,*  
*I'm so excited, my head is whirling, oh, what a sight!*  
*I have been charmed, intoxicated and elated,*  
*I have seen Paris to-night! I've seen Paris to-night!*

*[Re-enter Gardefeu]*

BARONESS: Well? Where is my husband?

GARDEFEU: It wasn't your husband, madame. It was two ladies who wished to speak with you.. Of course, I told them that it was impossible at such an hour, but they insisted.. I'll send them away, shall I?

BARONESS: Not at all! Let me see who they are, at least.

*[Enter Madame de Folle-Verdure]*

FOLLE-V: There she is!

BARONESS: My dear Julie!

FOLLE-V: My dear Christine! *[Calling offstage]* Come on, Auntie, come on!

*[enter Madame de Quimper-Karadec, an old dowager]*

FOLLE-V: My dear, this is my aunt, Madame de Quimper-Karadec. Auntie, this is Baroness Christine Gandermack.

QUIMPER-K: Madame.

BARONESS: Madame.

QUIMPER-K: Well! You must be devilish surprised to see us at such an hour.

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* I certainly am!

QUIMPER-K: *[Overhearing]* What's that? *[to Baroness]* Is this impertinent boy in your service?

BARONESS: Yes, he is our guide. He brought us to this hotel.:

QUIMPER-K: *[To Gardefeu]* Well, monsieur, get two rooms ready for us. My niece and I shall spend the night here

62.

GARDEFEU: Here? But, madame..

QUIMPER-K: But what? We are in an hotel, are we not?

GARDEFEU: Yes, madame, but..uh.. it's full! Full from top to bottom.

FOLLE-V: Oh, what a shame!

BARONESS: But you can both stay in my room. No!

GARDEFEU: No! No! Impossible!

QUIMPER-K: *[Outraged]* Impossible, did he say? Impossible? God forgive me!

GARDEFEU: I mean.. ah.. that I will be glad to find you rooms in another hotel.

FOLLE-V: That would be better. Auntie.

QUIMPER-K: Very well. Go find them, little man, and hurry up!

GARDEFEU: Yes, madame. *[Aside]* Good! I'll have them out of here in no time.

*[Exit Gardefeu]*

BARONESS: *[Inviting the ladies to sit down]* Now, what are you doing here? I'm delighted to see you, but I thought that you were in the country.

FOLLE-V: We were, but Auntie decided to come back early, to see how her servants were behaving.

QUIMPER-K: I certainly found out. God help me!

FOLLE-V: It was awful! Our whole house was, lit up, and there were all our servants, and heaven knows who else, dressed up in wild costumes, drinking all our wine and dancing like maniacs!

QUIMPER-K: It was positively obscene! Well! I went straight to the police, and had them chuck the whole lot out of the house!

FOLLE-V: We could hardly go back home in the meantime, so here we are! Now, what have you been up to?

BARONESS: Oh, I've had all sorts of adventures. Tonight, I even received a mysterious letter!

63.

QUIMPER-K: *[Eagerly]* What did it say? I love mysterious letters.

BARONESS: I don't know, yet.

QUIMPER-K: *[Excitedly]* Read it! Read it at once!

BARONESS: *[Amused]* Very well. [She opens the letter, and starts to read it] Oh!

QUIMPER-K: What is it?

BARONESS: *[Continuing to read]* Oh!

FOLLE-V: Tell us!

QUIMPER-K: *[Almost apoplectic]* Ah! My God, your friend, is trying to kill me!

BARONESS: This letter.. it's from someone named Metella.

QUIMPER-K: *[Shocked]* A courtesan!

BARONESS: She says.. she says that the man who has been posing as our guide is really Vicomte Raoul de Gardefeu!

QUIMPER-K: Go on! Go on!

BARONESS: She says that this isn't a hotel.. it is Monsieur de Gardefeu's house! She says that he has spirited my husband away, and dismissed his servants, and now he wants to... to...

QUIMPER-K: *[Eagerly]* Yes? Yes?

BARONESS: *[Standing up suddenly]* Take me away- from here! Now!

*[Re-enter Gardefeu]*

GARDEFEU: Madame..

FOLLE-V: He's back!

GARDEFEU: *[To Madame de Quimper-Karadec]* I have booked two rooms for you...

QUIMPER-K: Excellent! See that our luggage is put in a cab. We'll leave at once.



64.

GARDEFEU: At last! *[Exit Gardefeu]*

BARONESS: Don't leave me here alone!

QUIMPER-K: Don't worry. Here! Take these *[Giving her her hat and shawl]* and put them on.. now/ walk on tiptoe.. try to look taller.. excellent! He won't recognise you.

FOLLE-V: But Auntie, what about you?

QUIMPER-K: *[Putting on the baroness's shawl and hat? I'm staying! Now go on.. Quickly! [Exeunt Baroness, and Madame de Folle-Verdure]* Well, my fine Monsieur de Gardefeu! Let's see how you like this little adventure. *[She sits on the couch with her back to the door]*

*[Re-enter Gardefeu]*

GARDEFEU: At last, they're gone! *[Seeing a woman in shawl and hat]* There she is! *[Approaching her]* Madame, I'm back.. Madame, I have something to say to you. Ah, madame! How I have waited for this moment! *[He kneels and seizes her hand]*

QUIMPER-K: *[Turning on him]* What are you doing, little man?

GARDEFEU: *[Recoiling in terror]* Oh!

QUIMPER-K: *[Smiling]* Well?

GARDEFEU: It.. It's you!

QUIMPER-K: It is I.

GARDEFEU: But where is the baroness?

QUIMPER-K: Stolen away.

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* Damn!

QUIMPER-K: Ah, but I'm here. You've caught my eye, little man? and when a young gentleman catches my eye..

GARDEFEU: *[Beginning to understand]* Oh, my God.

QUIMPER-K: You wanted a lady of society, did you? Well, here I am!

65.

GARDEFEU: *[Aside]* I cut my bell-pulls for this?

QUIMPER-K: But can I count on you to be discreet?

GARDEFEU: No! No! You can't!

QUIMPER-K: Oh, I think that I can. A fashionable young gentleman like you, who tried to set a fine trap for a beautiful young lady, and ended up caught in it himself, like a fool!

GARDEFEU: Oh, no...

QUIMPER-K: Imagine what such a story would do to your reputation! I think you'll be very discreet, my fine Monsieur de Gardefeu!

GARDEFEU: She knows me!

QUIMPER-K: In fact, I don't think you'll refuse me anything!

GARDEFEU: *[aside, the light dawning]* I see your game now, madame. *[turning to her]* Well, madame, this may turn out pleasantly for both of us!

QUIMPER-K: *[Taken aback]* What? What are you saying?

GARDEFEU: *[Locking the main door]* After all, I can count on your discretion too, madame.

QUIMPER-K: Oh, my God! Oh, my God! He's locking the doors!

GARDEFEU: *[Approaching her]* How fortunate for both of us that I have such a broad range of tastes..

QUIMPER-K: *[Backing away]* Don't come near me!

GARDEFEU: Oh? come now. You here, alone with me, at such an hour... imagine what such a story would do for YOUR reputation...

QUIMPER-K: *[Horried]* Oh!

GARDEFEU: In fact, I don't think you'll refuse me anything...

QUIMPER-K: I'll scream!

GARDEFEU: No-one will hear you.

66.

QUIMPER-K: Ah! The bells!

GARDEFEU: Cut. I didn't cut them for you, but as long as they are cut..  
*[Reaches for her]*

QUIMPER-K: *[Panic-stricken]* Help! Help!! *[She sees the door to the baroness's room]* Oh! *[She makes a run for it, exiting into the room and slamming the door]*

GARDEFEU: *[At the door]* Why, what's the matter, madame?

QUIMPER-K: *[Hysterically, from offstage]* Don't come near me! If you come in here, I'll hit you with the fire-irons !

GARDEFEU: *[Sweetly]* Pleasant dreams, madame. *[He moves away from the door, laughing hugely]* Well... *[wiping his eyes, still chuckling]* So much for Phase Three! *[Knocking at the main door]* Who's that? *[He unlocks the door]*

**[No. 17B (No. 20 of the five-act version)] QUARTET**

*[Mr. Gandermack enters, supported by Bobinet and Urbain. All three are completely drunk]*

**Gardefeu, Bobinet, Gandermack and Urbain:**

*I'm spinning, spinning, spinning,  
I'm dancing, dancing, dancing.  
And everything about me is a whirling 'round,  
A-whirling 'round.  
A-whirling 'round  
and everything about me is a-whirling 'round,  
a-whirling, whirling 'round.*

**Gardefeu:** *Bon soir, monsieur.*

**Gander:** *I've made a pair of friends tonight.  
I'm sober as a judge,  
But they're completely tight!*

**Bob/Urb:** *Until we came, he wouldn't budge.*

**Gardefeu:** *Don't say a word, this should be pleasant.  
Sir, the baroness has a present  
She intends specially for you.*

67.

**Gander:** *Go on...*

**Gardefeu:** *It's true.*

**Gander:** *I always knew she adored me.  
My little wife, come reward me.  
It's you-know-who!*

**Bob/Urb:** *Onward, onward, fortunate spouse.  
Do as you would in your own house.*

**Gander:** *Well, here I come, my little honey,*

**Gard, Bob/Urb:**  
*This should be funny.  
This really should be funny!*

*[After the last sung line, Gandermack enters the baroness's room. During the tremolo in the playout, we hear loud screams and sounds of breaking crockery. During the rest of the playout, Mr. Gandermack runs in terror out of the baroness's room, pursued by Madame de Quimper-Karadec, brandishing the fire-irons, much to the amusement of Gardefeu, Bobinet and Urbain.]*

**Act III, Scene 2: A salon in a fashionable restaurant. Doors lead into private dining rooms.**

**[ENTR'ACTE 4, OPTIONAL]**

**[NO.18] CHORUS OF WAITERS**

**Waiters:** *Stylishly dressed, groomed with the best,  
Hair curled just so, 'ranged in a row.  
Light on our feet, looking so neat and discreet.  
Light on our feet, looking so neat and discreet.*

*Night after night, we serve at table.  
Night after night, as best we're able.  
Making our restaurant look smart;  
That is truly the waiter's art.*

*[At the end of No. 18, enter Urbain, now dressed as a head waiter, in tails]*

68.

**Urbain:** Gentlemen! The reputation of this establishment depends on you. Tonight, a wealthy Brazilian tourist is giving a masked ball. All fashionable Paris will be there. Your duty is to see that it is a complete success. As I have only had the honor of leading you since yesterday, I believe that I should take a few moments to explain exactly what I shall expect of you.

**[No. 18-bis] COUPLETS, URBAIN**

**Urbain:** *To scale the height of our profession  
You must behave with great reserve, with great reserve.*

**Waiters:** *...with great reserve.*

**Urbain:** *Do not reveal, by your expression  
That you're aware of whom you serve, of whom you serve.*

**Waiters:** *...of whom you serve.*

**Urbain:** *Should gentlemen who wish to dally  
Dine here with ladies of the ballet  
We'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes.  
When lovers dine, we realize  
Disturbing them would not be wise*

**Waiters:** *We'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes.  
To compromise a lover's sighs  
Would not be wise.  
We'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes!*

**Urbain:** *If you should serve a private couple  
And find their chamber door resists, their door resists...*

**Waiters:** *...their door resists.*

**Urbain:** *You won't be, if your wits are supple,  
The sort of fellow who insists, he who insists.*

**Waiters:** *...he who insists.*

**Urbain:** *In such a case, the clever waiter  
Will steal away and come back later,  
And close his eyes. He'll close his eyes.*

69.

*When lovers dine, we realize  
Disturbing them would not be wise*

**Waiters:** *We'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes.  
To compromise a lover's sighs  
Would not be wise.  
We'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes, we'll close our eyes!*

URBAIN: And now, gentlemen, every man to his post!

*[Exeunt waiters. -Enter Mr. Gandermack, in evening dress]*

URBAIN: Why, it's Monsieur Gandermack!

GANDER: You! Aren't you...

URBAIN: *[Ruefully]* General Malaga? Yes, monsieur, at your service.

GANDER: Well, well. Ah, Mister Gardefeu, just wait till I get my hands on you!.,  
*[To Urbain]* And what are you doing here?

URBAIN: After Madame de Quimper-Karadec had us thrown out, monsieur, we had to find work. Prosper - that's the Prince - has become a coachman, and Monsieur Bobinet arranged to have me hired as head waiter at this Restaurant.

GANDER: Bobinet, Oh! You mean the admiral.

URBAIN: That's right, monsieur.

GANDER: I've been made a proper fool of, haven't I? Well, as long as you're a waiter here, get me a private room. Miss Metella will be joining me, as soon as she can get away from the masked ball.

*[Enter Metella]*

URBAIN: Here she is, monsieur.

GANDER: *[Going to her]* Ah, madame....

METELLA: Please help me with my coat.

GANDER: Certainly, my dear.

70.

URBAIN: *[Starting to leave]* Excuse me, monsieur.

METELLA: *[To Urbain]* Wait a moment... a masked lady will be asking for me.  
Let me know when she arrives.

URBAIN: Yes, madame.

*[Exit Urbain, humming the refrain to his song]*

GANDER: *[Warmly]* My dear Metella....

METELLA: Be quiet for a moment!

GANDER: What's the matter with you?

METELLA: I'm trying to remember something. I've just met a young man...

GANDER: *[A bit taken aback]* A young man?

METELLA: *[Preoccupied]* I know I used to be madly in love with him, but I simply can't remember his name.

GANDER: *[Offended]* Well, I'll be -

METELLA: Have I upset you?

GANDER: Upset me? Here I am brimming over with tender feelings, and you destroy me with your first sentence!

METELLA: Get used to it, my dear. That's the way things are, here.

GANDER: Really!

METELLA: We are in a fashionable restaurant, my dear, and midnight has just struck...

**[No. 19] ARIA, METELLA**

**Metella:** *Here we are, my friend.  
This is the location that ev'ry good mother regards with hate.  
Fearing that her sons, yielding to temptation,  
Will fritter away the fam'ly estate.  
I'll tell you what goes on  
When twelve has come and gone.*

*When the stroke of twelve rings out from the steeple,  
It's time for the revels to get underway.  
The restaurant fills with beautiful people,  
All dressed in high fashion and ready to play.*

*The cream of the crop, the blondes and brunettes,  
And the redheads, of course, they're something to see.  
The dashing young blades, escorting their pets,  
Yes, the flower of youth is all set for a spree!*

*Ah! You can hear the swish of silk in the hall;  
A delicate whisper, so gentle and light,  
That soon will be lost in the roar of the ball  
Of a wild bacchanale that goes on ev'ry night.*

*Corks begin to pop! The dice start to clatter  
And the waltz sends the dancers whirling away.  
The band's out of tune, but that doesn't matter,  
The noise is so loud that you can't hear them play!*

*Soon the shouts will rise and echo like thunder,  
As the celebrants revel in drunken delight.  
Is this really joy or madness, I wonder,  
The racket will last for the rest of the night.*

*At last they grow hoarse, they're no longer able  
to stay on their feet. They sprawl on the floor;  
Some sleep on a chair, others under the table.  
The bacchanale's cry has turned to a snore.*

*And soon it is dawn, the morning is breaking,  
The flower of youth is in terrible shape.  
With their heads a-throb, all ashen and shaking,  
They force down some coffee and make their escape.*

*Full of too much champagne and love that is fleeting,  
They stumble away from the scene of the crime.  
The street sweeper stops and yells out a greeting:  
"Hey! I hope you've all had a wonderful time!"*

*He yells: "I hope you've all had a wonderful time!"*



72.

GANDER: Well, Metella, I came here to have some fun, myself. *[He reaches for her, but she eludes him]*

METELLA: What do you want?

GANDER: You promised me an answer to Baron Frascata's letter.

METELLA: So I did. The answer is no.

GANDER: *[Thunderstruck]* No?

METELLA: No,

GANDER: *[Spluttering]* But... I...

*[Enter the baroness, Madame de Folle-Verdure and Madame Quimper-Karadec, all costumed and masked]*

GANDER; Who are these people?

METELLA: Ah, ladies, I've been expecting you. Which one of you received my letter?

BARONESS: I did, madame.

METELLA: Do you understand why I brought you here?

BARONESS: *[Bitterly]* I certainly do.

GANDER: What's going on here? I don't know these ladies!

METELLA: That's possible, but they know you.

GANDER: They do?

QUIMPER-K: We certainly do!

**[No. 19.5. COUPLETS & ENSEMBLE Baroness, Folle-Verdure, Quimper-Karadec and Gandermack (No 23 of the five-act version, beginning at the Allegretto of Bar 9)]**

**BARONESS:** *You thought, on coming to this city  
That you could be a gad-about  
I know it seems an awful pity,  
But you will have to do without!*

73.

*We've caught you out!*

**FOLLE-V.** *We've caught you out!*

**QUIMPER** *We've caught you out!*

**GANDER** *You've caught me out?*

**ALL:** *We've caught you out! / You've caught me out!*

**FOLLE-V.** *You hoped to be a social lion,  
A much requested diner-out.  
Well, you've been hard to keep an eye on,  
But now you'll have to do without!*

**BARONESS:** *We've caught you out!*

**FOLLE-V.** *We've caught you out!*

**QUIMPER** *We've caught you out!*

**GANDER** *You've caught me out?*

**ALL:** *We've caught you out! / You've caught me out!*

**QUIMPER** *And worst of all, upon my life, sir,  
You hoped to have a fling, you lout!  
But Metella has told your wife, sir,  
And now you'll have to do without!*

**BARONESS:** *We've caught you out!*

**FOLLE-V.** *We've caught you out!*

**QUIMPER** *We've caught you out!*

**GANDER** *You've caught me out?*

**ALL:** *We've caught you out! / You've caught me out!*

74.

METELLA: And now, monsieur, goodbye.

GANDER: What? You're leaving me?

METELLA: I'm going to find that young man I told you about, I just remembered his name.

GANDER: And what is it?

METELLA: Raoul De Gardefeu

*[Exit Metella]*

GANDER: Garde feu!

QUIMPER-K: *[To the other ladies]* Shall we go?

GANDER: Wait! Blast it, if I can't have Metella, I'll take one of you.

FOLLE-V: Well!

QUIMPER-K: Just like that? Without even knowing if we are young, or pretty?

GANDER: I'll take my chances.

QUIMPER-K: *[Unmasking]* Very well.

GANDER: My God! The lady with the fire-irons!

QUIMPER-K: *[Smiling sardonically]* Come, niece,

*[Exeunt Madame de Quimper-Karadec and Madame Folle-Verdure]*

GANDER: *[Desperately]* You, madame., at least let me see your face!

BARONESS: *[Unmasking]* Certainly, Barton.

GANDER: *[Aghast]* Christine!

BARONESS: *[Coldly]* And now, if you'll excuse me.

*[The baroness sweeps out. Gandermack sinks into a chair]*

75.

GANDER: That infernal Gardefeu's responsible for -this. *[Calling]* Waiter!  
Whatever your real name is...

*[Enter Urbain]*

URBAIN: Urbain, monsieur. May I help you?

GANDER: Where can I find this confounded Mister Gardefeu?

URBAIN: He will be here at any moment, monsieur, for the Brazilian's ball.

GANDER: Good! I'll be there too.

URBAIN: Does Monsieur have an invitation?

GANDER: Why, no!

\  
URBAIN: Would you like one? I've got plenty of them. *[Gives him an invitation]*  
But you'll need a costume, or at least a mask..

GANDER: I'll get one.

URBAIN: You'd better hurry... here come the party-goers!

*[Exit Gandermack]*

**[No. 20] GABRIELLE, BRAZILIAN & CHORUS**

*[Enter the chorus, all costumed for the ball. After they sing, the Brazilian enters with Gabrielle, now dressed in Brazilian costume]*

**CHORUS:** *Now's the time for girls entrancing,  
Now's the time for dashing blades.  
Now's the time for wine and dancing,  
Now's the time for masquerades.  
Now's the time and so,  
Here we go, all a-glow.  
By the morning, we'll all be tight!  
That's the right way to spend the night!*

*For now's the time for girls entrancing,  
Now's the time for dashing blades.  
And now's the time for wine and dancing,  
Now's the time for masquerades.*

*For now until the morning light,  
It's time for love and wild delight!*

**BRAZILIAN:** *My friends, my lonely days have ended.  
I've found a girl who's absolutely splendid.  
She's sweet and pure; she's twenty-three,  
And she has saved herself for me!*

**CHOR:** *Fiddle-dee-dee, fiddle-dee-dee etc.*

**GABRIELLE:** *I'm just a simple little glover  
Woo'd by a multimillionaire...*

**BRAZILIAN:** *I went to purchase from the glover  
Gloves for a multimillionaire.*

**GABRIELLE:** *Tell me what color, said the glover,  
If you will, multimillionaire...*

**BRAZILIAN:** *Oxblood, you charming little glover!  
Answered the multimillionaire.*

**GABRIELLE:** *Give me your hand, replied the glover.*

**BRAZILIAN:** *Here, sighed the multimillionaire...*

**GABRIELLE:** *I need your size, explained the glover.*

**BRAZILIAN:** *Oh! Said the multimillionaire.*

**BOTH:** *And with her fingertips the glover  
Measured the multimillionaire...*

**CHORUS** *And with her fingertips the glover  
Measured the multimillionaire...*

**GABRIELLE:** *Will that be all, sir, said the glover  
No! Cried the multimillionaire...*

**BRAZILIAN:** *I don't want gloves, I want the glover!  
Blurted the multimillionaire*

**GABRIELLE:** *Go! You are shocking, said the glover  
Go! Handsome multimillionaire...*

77.

**BRAZILIAN:** *Don't be so cruel, darling glover  
Don't kill your multimillionaire.*

**GABRIELLE:** *And so, the darling little glover*

**BRAZILIAN:** *Pitied her multimillionaire.*

**GABRIELLE:** *Oh, what a tender-hearted glover*

**BRAZILIAN:** *Oh, happy multimillionaire.*

**BOTH:** *That day the pretty little glover  
Won her own multimillionaire.*

**CHOR;** *That's how the pretty little glover  
Won her own multimillionaire.  
That's how she won her multimillionaire!*

*[Enter Bobinet and Gardefeu, in costume and masked]*

**BOBINET &  
GARDEFEU:** Here we are! Here we are!

**BRAZILIAN:** Aha! Come on, senhores, you are the last to arrive. Now, time for supper!

**ALL:** *[Variously]* Let's eat!

*[Enter Gandermack, masked]*

**GANDER:** Just a moment! Where is Mister Gardefeu?

**GARDEFEU:** Here I am, monsieur. *[Unmasking]*

**GANDER:** You and I, sir, have an account to settle.

**GARDEFEU:** I am at your disposal, monsieur.

**GABRIELLE:** They're going to fight!

**ALL:** *[Variously]* They're going to fight!

78.

BRAZILIAN: Don't be alarmed, my friends! We four will arrange this little matter. Please excuse us. You too, my sweet little glover. Go on!

**[No. 21 - CHORUS EXIT]**

GARDEFEU: Little Bob, will you be my second?

BOBINET: Of course.

GANDER: *[To the Brazilian]* I am an American, sir.. We are from the same hemisphere.. may I ask you to represent me?

BRAZILIAN: With pleasure. *[To Gardefeu]* You, senhor, have choice of weapons,

GARDEFEU: Weapons? But..

BRAZILIAN: I have it! *[To Bobinet]* I shall give each of them a little knife, like this. *[producing an immense dagger]* Then, we shall lock them in a private room, go and have a jolly supper, and check the result in the morning.

BOBINET: What a splendid idea!

GANDER: Now, just a minute!

GARDEFEU: Couldn't we discuss this?

BRAZILIAN: What fun is that?

BOBINET: Very well. Who is the complainant?

GANDER: I am, by God!

BOBINET: And what is your complaint?

GANDER: First of all, when I arrived in Paris, this man *[indicating Gardefeu]* passed himself off as a guide and took me to his house.

BOBINET: Were you treated badly there?

GANDER: Why, no... I was treated very well. That's not what I'm complaining about.

BRAZILIAN: What is it, then?

79.

GANDER; Next, he led me to believe that I had been invited to an upper-class soiree, and instead sent me to him *[indicating Bobinet]*

BOBINET: Hey! This is getting personal! Didn't you enjoy yourself at my party?

GANDER Why... yes! Very much!

BOBINET: But if you enjoyed yourself, what's your problem?

GANDER; You're right! I never thought of it that way.

BOBINET: This is too much! My friend finds you, a stranger in Paris, at the station. Out of pure kindness, he takes you to his home, he puts you up, he entertains you.. he even introduces you to me! And you're complaining!

BRAZILIAN: He is! So on with the duel!

GANDER; No, no... Forget it.

BRAZILIAN: But I have the little knives all ready!

BOBINET: Will you please not be such a nuisance?

BRAZILIAN: *[Drawing himself up]* What did you say, senhor?

BOBINET: *[Angrily]* I said, you are a nuisance!

BRAZILIAN: *[Outraged]* How dare you address me in that tone, senhor! I challenge you!

BOBINET: I accept! *[To Gardefeu]* Do something!

*[Gandernack and Gardefeu separate Bobinet and the Brazilian, who struggle to attack one another. All the doors open, and the rest of the cast rushes on stage, led on one side by the baroness, Madams de Folle-Verdure and Madame de Quimper-Karadec, and on the other by Metella and Gabrielle. The five ladies throw themselves between Bobinet and the Brazilian.]*

THE 5 LADIES: Stop, Stop!

BARONESS: Stop this at once!

GANDER: My wife!



80.

BARONESS: Well, Barton? What have you to say for yourself?

GANDER: Forgive me... please....

BARONESS: All right.. But if you and I are going to get along, let's have no more talk about hard-working Americans and decadent Europeans. Now that I see which one of us has let his morals slip a little, here in Paris!

GANDER: Whatever you say, my dear.

METELLA: *[Approaching Gardefeu]* Well, Monsieur de Gardefeu?

GARDEFEU: Ah, Metella! I suppose I love you after all. *[He kisses her hand]*

BOBINET: Hey! Metella, what about me?

QUIMPER-K: What about you, you rascal?

BOBINET: *[Seeing her and quailing]* Auntie!

QUIMPER-K: You may escort your cousin.

BOBINET: But, Auntie...

QUIMPER-K: Now! *[Bobinet sighs, and offers his arm to Madame de Folle-Verdure]*

BRAZILIAN: *[Confusedly]* But what about the duel?

GABRIELLE: *[Coming up to him]* It's all settled, my dear.

BRAZILIAN: Oh? Ah, well, in that case... on with the party! *[General cheers]*

## [No. 22] FINALE

**GABRIELLE:** *So raise your glass and sing with me:  
Here's to you, Paris!*

**ALL:** *Let us hail Paris! Here's to you, Paris! Here's to you, Paris!*

**BRAZILIAN:** *I am sure if you try it,  
you can find in Paris  
At least one house that's quiet  
Full of fine bourgeoisie.*

81.

*Where they sit by the fire  
And they play by the rules  
And at ten they retire.  
What a dull pack of fools!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

**ALL:** *And piff and paff and piff and pouf  
piff, paff, piff, paff, piff, paff, pouf!*

**BRAZILIAN** *Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,  
Le bonheur est la!*

**ALL:** *Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,  
Le bonheur est la!*

**GABRIELLE:** *Here is love, like a bubble,  
That may float till the dawn.  
At the first hint of trouble  
It will burst and be gone.  
Here's a song with no matter,  
Here's a kiss in the night.  
Here's a glass that will shatter.  
Here is perfect delight!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

82.

**ALL:** *And piff and paff and piff and pouf  
piff, paff, piff, paff, piff, paff, pouf!*

**BRAZILIAN** *Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,  
Le bonheur est la!*

**ALL:** *Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,  
Le bonheur est la!*

**GANDER:** *Here's a husband a-straying  
Welcomed back to the fold.  
Here's a rogue who'll soon be paying me  
In emeralds and gold.*

**GABRIELLE:** *Here is wine, here is laughter.  
Here are songs flowing free.  
Never mind what comes after,  
Here is life in Paris!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

**BRAZILIAN** *So piff!*

**GAB./URB.** *And paff!*

**ALL:** *And piff and paff and piff and pouf  
piff, paff, piff, paff, piff, paff, pouf!*

**BRAZILIAN** *Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,  
Le bonheur est la!*

**ALL:** *Du plaisir, A perte d'ha leine  
Oui, voila, voila la vie Parisienne,  
Voila, voila, voila, voila,*

83.

*Le bonheur est la!*

*Voila, voila, voila, voila, voila, voila, voila!*

**OPTIONAL REPRISE, FROM END OF ACT 2 FINALE**

**ALL:**        *Wild and free, revelry, that's for me, wild and free!*  
                 *Alcoholic fun and frolic,*  
                 *wild and free, revelry, that's for me,*  
                 *Alcoholic fun and frolic, wild and free!*  
                 *Revelry, we shall be totally, crazily wild and free! Etc.*