

THE MERRY WIDOW

Music by Franz Lehar English Dialogue by Gershom Clark Morningstar
Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Ronald Orenstein

FEATURES OF THIS SHOW

The Merry Widow was a major hit in the United States, two years after it opened in Vienna. It boasted an English translation by Adrian Ross, a major lyricist in England. Although other librettos have been written for it since, Ross's lyrics hold up very well, when modified for modern audiences. They convey the language that marks the period that is so important for the style of the show. Gershom Morningstar was commissioned by the Guild to rework the dialog, which was the show's weakest feature. New elements were added for plot depth and to increase the humor

Obviously a star vehicle for a soprano as the Widow, the tenor De Rosillon and the soprano Valencienne have glorious duet material. The role of Danilo is one of the few chances for a baritone to be the romantic lead. The character moving the plot is Baron Zeta, who may be primarily an actor, as he sings little. There are good opportunities for supporting characters as well.

CAST REQUIREMENTS

Widow Hanna Glavari, soprano	Marquis Cascada, baritone
Count Danilo Danilovitch, baritone	M. St. Brioche, a dandy, tenor
Baron Mirko Zeta, actor	General Cromov, actor, chorus
Betush, his secretary, male or female actor	Olga, his wife, actor, chorus
Valencienne, his wife, soprano	General Bogdanovitch, actor, chorus
Camille, her lover, tenor	Sylvaine, his wife, actor, chorus
Zozo, the lead grisette, mezzo-soprano	Praskovia Pritschitz, actor, chorus
Six Grizettes, dancers	Folk dancers, act 2
Chorus of embassy officials and their wives	

MUSICAL NUMBERS

Overture.....	Orchestra
No. 1 Opening Chorus.....	Chorus
No. 2 Duet "A Dutiful Wife".....	Valencienne, Camille
No. 3 Solo and Chorus "In Marsovia".....	Hanna and Chorus
No. 4 Solo "You've Summoned Me".....	Danilo
No. 5 Duet "Divorce Would Never Do".....	Valencienne, Camille
No. 6 Duet "The Horseman".....	Danilo, Hanna
No. 7 Finale of Act I.....	Ensemble
No. 8 Opening and Folk Dance, Act 2	Chorus
No. 9 Solo "Vilia".....	Hanna
No. 10 Sextet "Women".....	Danilo, Zeta, Cascada, St. Brioche, Cromov, Bogdanovitch
No. 11 Melodrama under dialog.....	Orchestra
No. 12 Duet "Love in My Heart".....	Valencienne, Camille
No. 13 Finale of Act II.....	Ensemble
No. 14 Introduction and Cakewalk, Act 3.....	Orchestra
No. 15 Septet "We are Little Paris Ladies".....	Zozo and the Grizettes
No. 16 Reminiscence.....	Grizettes
No. 17 Duet "I Love You So" (Merry Widow Waltz).....	Hanna, Danilo
No. 18 Finale of Act III.....	Ensemble

ORCHESTRATION

Full orchestration available for rent

RECORDING AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE

ACT I

PARIS AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 20TH CENTURY. WE ARE IN THE SALON OF THE MARSOVIAN EMBASSY, A SMALL BALKAN STATE ON THE VERGE OF BANKRUPTCY. AMBASSADOR EXTRAORDINARY AND PLENIPOTENTIARY BARON MIRKO ZETA HAS ARRANGED A BIRTHDAY PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE NATAL DAY OF HIS COUNTRY'S REIGNING SOVEREIGN, THE GRAND DUKE RUDOLPH.

NO. 1 OPENING ENSEMBLE

ST. BRIOCHE

*Now, ladies and gentlemen, really, I think that the duty's mine
To speak our thanks to our host and our hostess, but speaking is not in my line.
And so I'll try, but very briefly,
To express what I mean to, chiefly:
"To the Baron and Baroness Zeta
Join in a hearty toast with me."*

CHORUS

*"To the Baron and Baroness Zeta
Oh, let us hail them, three times three!"*

ZETA

*I thank you doubly for this greeting,
As would my wife if she were here.
You're very kind to interrupt your eating
With this polite, impromptu cheer.
This grand, Marsovian celebration
To honor Rudolph's natal day...
That wretched ruler of our nation...
Let us rejoice that he's so far away!
Your kind expressions might content him,
But that's a most unlikely chance,
Yet still I'm forced to represent him
As Marsovia, here in France!*

CHORUS

*Our kind expressions might content him,
But that's a most unlikely chance,
So let us try to represent him
As Marsovia, here in France!*

2.

ZETA

Well done, my fellow countrymen. And now let us turn from the sublime to the ridiculous and compose the annual birthday message to his highness, The Grand Duke.

OLGA:

Let's not send the birthday greetings this year.

ZETA:

(HORRIFIED) Are you suggesting we should go to the expense of sending a present?

OLGA

I'm suggesting we send him nothing at all.

ZETA:

Is it that you do not like your life here in Paris, Madam Cromov? How would you like your husband to be recalled to the blessed poverty of our homeland. How would you all like to be recalled?

ALL

(FRANTICALLY) Send the birthday greetings!!!

ZETA:

Where is my secretary? Betush!

BETUSH

Here, your excellency!

ZETA:

Have you pad? Have you pencil?

BET

Always, excellency. (takes them from bosom)

ZETA:

Good, then take this down. "Your magnificent highness. Tonight, on the eve of that sublime anniversary, your highness' birthday, your loyal subjects here in Paris reflect rapturously on the glory that your magnificence showers on us with his presence here on earth." Sign that Baron Mirko Zeta and the Paris and send it at once.

BET

As a telegram?

ZETA:

Of course as a telegram.

BET

At once, excellency. *(HESITATES)* Ah.. .your excellency?

ZETA:

(IRRITATED) What is it, Betush?

3.

BET

The telegraph people require to be paid in advance--by the word.

ZETA

In advance, you say?

BET

Yes, excellency.

ZETA

By the word?

BET

Yes, excellency.

ZETA

I see. (*PAUSES*) Send this, instead: Happy birthday, Duke, signed Zeta. That's good enough for him. (*TAKES MONEY OUT OF HIS POCKET*) Here's a ten franc note. Bring me back the change.

BET

Yes, excellency. (*EXITS*)

OLGA

Oh, your excellency, you have such a way with words.

(*TO A MAN NEARBY, FEELING HIS MUSCLES*) Isn't he marvelous?

(*TO THE MAN DIRECTLY*) Aren't you marvelous!

CROMOV:

(*TAKING HIS WIFE'S ARM RUDELY*) Stop it, Olga! The wife of Marsovia's second greatest general must not flirt with every man in sight! It's disgraceful!

ZETA:

Why, General Cromov! I do believe you are being jealous again.

CROMOV:

Not without reason, excellency. It is never without reason.

BOG:

The general, having spent half his life attaining his treasures, is now cursed to spend the remainder of it retaining them.

ZETA

Ah, General, you should have married a wife like mine. Look at her over there, standing with Camille de Rosillon. Sweet! Innocent! Trusting! (*WAVES TO HER. SHE WAVES BACK*) An empty-headed, virtuous wife is the true foundation for wedded bliss.

VALENCIENNE:

(*TO DE ROSILLON*) Oh, Camille. My husband is looking over at us. I think he suspects. I must talk to you alone.

4.

CAM

Oh, Valencienne, my love! You make me so happy. I have to express my love. I want to shout it to ze housetops!

VAL:

(NERVOUSLY) Not now, Camille. Please, not now!

CAM

Very well, I'll do it another way. (*TAKES HER FAN AND WRITES FURIOUSLY ON IT*)

VAL:

Camille, whatever are you doing?

CAM

Just writing zose words you won't allow me to speak in ze presence of others.

VAL:

(READING). "I love you." Oh, Camille, what have you done? And here comes my husband. (*SHE FOLDS THE FAN AND DROPS IT ON THE FLOOR BEHIND HER*)

ZETA

Excuse me, my love, are you having a good time?

VAL

Yes, Mirko, my dear.

ZETA

Good, but you must not neglect your duties as hostess.

VAL

Whatever you say, Mirko, my dear.

ZETA

Now, then, Madame Glavari is expected to arrive at any moment. I would like you to check with the servants and be certain all is in readiness to receive her.

VAL

Madame Glavari? Coming here? Oh, I'll go at once!

ZETA

(TO DE ROSILLON) And de Rosillon! Be a good fellow and accompany my wife, would you? She becomes confused so easily.

ROS:

It will be my pleasure, excellency. (*VALENCIENNE AND DE ROSILLON EXIT, ARM IN ARM*)

ST. BRIOCHE:

So, the widow of Marsovia's court banker is coming here! She is so recently arrived to Paris, too. A magnificent coup, your excellency.

5.

ZETA:

A mere trifle...

CASCADA:

A trifle? The woman is worth twenty million, and you call that a trifle?

BRIO:

With twenty million she must be very charming.

ZETA

And the whole twenty million, my dear Cascada, is in the vaults of the Marsovian Bank--for the moment.

BOG

It should be safe enough there, I think.

ZETA

Safe, yes, General, but only until she marries some wretchedly poor Parsian.

CASCADA:

Surely, she's not planning any such thing, excellency.

ZETA

It certainly looks that way, Cascada.

BRIOCHE:

A wretchedly poor Parisian. That's a perfect description of me! I must be among the most eligible. Twenty million! I love her.

ZETA

If poverty is the criterion, St. Brioche, I'm afraid Camille de Rosillon outranks you. He's bankrupt.

BOG

That's no distinction. She must marry Marsovian! We are all bankrupt.

SILVAINE

(TAKING HIM BY THE EAR) But not all so eligible, my dear!

BOG

That's painfully true.

OLGA

And where is justice? The daughter of some squalid tenant farmer, no doubt, up to his ears in debt. Such a one--homely as an old rag to boot, I'll wager--winds up the wife of the court banker. Then he does her the courtesy of dying five days after the wedding. *(TO HER HUSBAND)* Some men are simply more thoughtful than others.

BRIOCHE:

And I suppose that the rough-hewn country lass has changed into an accomplished woman of society.

6.

ZETA

I'll wager not! She probably talks incessantly. And if there is one thing we do not need around here it's a woman who cannot keep her mouth shut!

CASCADA

Monsieur St. Brioche, is it your intention to marry Madame Glavari?

BRIOCHE

If she'll have me, Monsieur Cascada.

CAS

She won't!

BRIOCHE

And may I ask why not?

CAS

Because I intend to marry her, myself.

BRIOCHE

We shall see!

OLGA

Either of you splendid gentlemen would make an excellent catch...

CROMOV:

Olga!

OLGA

(QUICKLY)...for a milk maid!

BETUSH

(*ENTERING*) Supper is served.

(*THE CROWD EXITS WITH EXCITEMENT. ZETA AND BETUSH REMAIN*)

NO. 1b BALL MUSIC

ZETA:

Betush, the matter of Madame Glavari's millions is critical. That money must remain in Marsovia, at all costs, or our beloved Fatherland is bankrupt.

BETUSH

Yes, excellency.

ZETA:

We must marry her off to a Marsovian at once. (*AFTER THINKING*) Fetch Count Danilovitch.

BET

Count Danilo Danilovitch? I don't understand.

7.

ZETA:

One: the Count is a count in addition to being First Secretary first of the Embassy. That gives him prestige and position, and that makes him marketable. Two: The Count is handsome, and that makes him desirable. Three: the Count is a bachelor and that makes him (*TRIUMPHANTLY*) eligible! We will marry him off to the widow's millions, and that solves our problem nicely. Bring him here at once so I may tell him the good news. If he hesitates, say to him, the Fatherland is calling!

BET

I'll do my best, excellency! (*EXITS*)

ZETA

(*RUNNING AFTER HER*) Oh, Betush You've forgotten to give me the change from the telegram! (*EXITS*)

(*VALENCIENNE AND DE ROSILLON ENTER*)

2 DUET, VALENCIENNE AND CAMILLE DE ROSILLON

VALENCIENNE

We are alone, there's no one here...

CAM

At last, some time alone, my dear.

VALENCIENNE

I've something I must say to you...

CAM

There's something that I must tell you, too.

VALENCIENNE

No, please! I cannot listen to words like these.

CAM

*You may imagine, 'tho I am still.
The words I'd tell you, so I will, I will!*

VALENCIENNE

*No, no, my love! It's this I have dreaded.
It's time this was ended.*

CAM

Was ended?

VALENCIENNE

It's time you were wedded.

CAM

*Some wife for me? That cannot be.
For you are my love... the love for me.*

8.

VALENCIENNE

*I beg of you, dear... you will not tell me what I must not hear!
For I am a dutiful wife,
An otherwise dutiful wife.
It brings but trouble and danger
To listen to love from a stranger.
My vows I can never recall,
So what is the end of it all
But sorrow and peril and strife
Since I am a dutiful wife?*

*I lose if I love you,
And what are you winning?
Ah! Break off this folly
While yet it's beginning!*

*Take care, take care,
My love, beware,
And do not play with fire today!
Stamp out the brand
Ere it is fanned,
Or from its sleep the flame may leap.
'Tho it may be but a childish game,
To play would set your house aflame!
The blaze you start
May sear your heart.
Play not with fire, then... love, beware!*

CAM

*Yes, you are a dutiful wife.
It goes to my heart like a knife.
But 'spite of the bars that may sever,
I love you, and love you forever!
And 'tho we are always apart,
The love will live on in my heart
Until I grow old in the strife,
While you are a dutiful wife.*

*I know there is peril,
But yet I would dare it.
To lose you forever...
Ah! How could I bear it?*

VALENCIENNE

*Take care, take care,
My love, beware,
And do not play with fire today!
Stamp out the brand
Ere it is fanned,
Or from its sleep the flame may leap.
'Tho it may be a childish game,
To play would your house aflame!*

9.

*The blaze you start
May sear your heart.
Play not with fire, then... love, beware!*

*CAM
I mean to dare, I mean to dare,
'Tho duty bars the way.
But duty's call
That is not all,
Love has a word to say.
I will have you yet,
Be-cause I dare!
Then in your heart
The flame will start,
And passion we will share. For then you will not care!*

VAL
We simply cannot go on meeting like this, Camille. My husband is suspicious.

CAM
But I adore you!

VAL
I can understand that, but our affair has gone too far. It is time you thought of taking a wife.

CAM
But I already have.

VAL
No, no, silly! I mean it's time you should marry.

CAM
But I love no one except you.

VAL
And you probably never shall. But I, alas, am a devoted wife! No, Camille! You must seek another.

CAM
I suppose you have someone in mind?

VAL:
Of course, the Widow Glavari. I have no doubt that she will be a great cow and very ugly- - and you shall be very unhappy. But she is extremely rich, and with her money you will not be forced to enter politics or a life of crime.

CAM
In zis day and age, zey're ze same thing.

10.

VAL

Poor dear! How I pity you, yet it must be done and at once. I cannot hazard an injury to my reputation. (*SEES ZETA APPROACHING*) Quickly, now. You must hide. Here comes my husband. He must not catch us alone. (*DE ROSILLON HIDES UNDER A BENCH AS ZETA ENTERS*)

ZETA

Ah, Valencienne, my sweet. Are you having a good time?

VAL

Yes, Mirko, my dear.

ZETA

Good, good! Now run along and tend to our guests. (*SPOTS DE ROSILLON UNDER THE BENCH*) Oh, there you are, de Rosillon. Would you be so kind as to escort my wife?

CAM

I would be honored, sir. (*THEY EXIT AS BETUSH ENTERS*)

ZETA

Aha, Betush, did you go to the Count's house?

BET

Yes, excellency. He wasn't there.

ZETA

Did you stop by his club?

BET

He was not there, either, excellency.

ZETA

Incredible! Once in his life the Fatherland needs him, and he's not to be found.

BET

Oh, I found him. At Maxim's... drinking, dancing, surrounded by lovely young grisettes.

ZETA

Did you deliver my message?

BET

I told him that the Fatherland was calling him.

ZETA

And?

BET

He said for me to take a message, and he'd call them back. Then I told him your excellently urgently requested his presence. He replied that your birthday wasn't until next week. Finally, I told him that although I was only an undersecretary to the undersecretary, it was my belief that your excellency would put him on the first train to Marsovia in the morning if he did not come immediately.

11.

ZETA

Excellent thinking, Betush

BET

He turned pale and said he would put his head under a faucet and come at once.

[ENTER A CHORUS MEMBER]

MAN

By your leave, your excellency, Madame Glavari has just arrived.

ZETA:

Good heavens! How soon will the Count be here?

BETUSH:

Quarter of an hour, excellency, no more.

ZETA:

Splendid. Just enough time for an aria.

(A CROWD OF MEN ENTERS, ESCORTING THE WIDOW.)

NO. 3 ARIA, HANNA

HANNA

Gentlemen, I say...

CASCADA

We cannot tear ourselves away...

HANNA

How polite you are...

ST. BRIOCHE

...from our evening star!

HANNA

What things you say! Stop it, pray!

Is ev'ry woman that you see

Embarrassed in this way?

You really are too good to me, you are!

ST, BRIOCHE

We're dazzled by your beauty's ray, groping blindly.

MEN

Our heartfelt homage let us pay

Before our ruling star...

Our fairest star!

12.

HANNA

You really are too good to me, you are!

*I haven't been in Paris long,
And when I meet a man,
I'm always saying something wrong,
I'm so Marsovian.
For when a man would wed a girl
In our own native land,
He doesn't call her "darling girl"
And want to kiss her hand.*

*Says he, "let's us get married now,
I've a horse and a rig,
My father has a cow,
And your mother has a pig."*

MEN

OH!_____

HANNA

*That's how it's done, you know...
For that is how we wed,
There's nothing more that need be said
Just ask Papa and dear Mama,
That's how we marry in Marsovia.
Ah!_____*

CASCADA, ST. BRIOCHE

*Courting such a that
Is extremely flat! We don't do it so!*

MEN

*Ha, ha! That's how they go!
They do it so, really, you know.*

HANNA

*Look out for money, then ask Papa
When you're in Marsovia!*

CASCADA, ST. BRIOCHE

*When you are married,
Tell us what then?*

MEN

*Tell us some more of your women and men
When they are married,
Well, what then?*

HANNA

*With us a marriage is for life
We don't approve divorce*

13.

*If someone takes another's wife,
He will be shot, of course.
And if a wife to other men
Should give a look or two,
Her husband takes a cudgel, then,
And beats her black and blue!*

MEN

*Really? Truly! If a wife is unruly
Then her husband thrashes her black and blue?*

HANNA

*Men are all the same, it's likely,
If we were wed, I think you'd strike me
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Just as in Marsovia! Ah!*

CASCADA, ST. BRIOCHE

*If you married me,
Gentle I would be.
Ah, that much I know.*

MEN

*Oh, no, madame, oh, no!
Really, you know, that is not so.*

St. brioche

A woman I would never strike!

CASCADA

I'll let you beat me, if you like...

MEN

We're not in Marsovia!

BRIO

Ah, Madame Glavari, what a beautiful voice you have.

WIDOW

You don't think it a bit too metallic?

BRIO

Metallic? I don't understand.

WIDOW

Surely, you can hear the clinking of golden coins.

BRIO

Lovely lady, that is unkind.

14.

WIDOW

Forgive me, sir, for speaking plainly. I am an untaught country girl who has only been in Paris a few days. I have not yet learned the art of hypocrisy.

SYLVAINÉ

A few more days in France, Madame, and you'll catch the hang of it. They do it very well here.

ZETA

You do us a great honor to attend our little party. You'll stay, of course, for some supper and dancing afterward.

WIDOW

Of course. I'm very fond of dancing.

BRIO

Then you'll have the first dance with me.

CAS

And the next with me.

(THE MEN GATHER AROUND, ASKING FOR DANCES, PUSHING AND SHOVING)

WIDOW

Gentlemen, gentlemen. One at a time. How very kind you all are.

VAL:

It's just that it's such a great pleasure to have you here, Madame Glavari. *(ASIDE TO DE ROSILLON)* So this is the person you are chasing after. I can't say much for your taste, in the women you choose.

CAM

(PROTESTING) I didn't choose her, you did!

VAL

It doesn't matter. Everything between us is over. *(TO WIDOW)* Madame Glavari, allow me to present my husband's friend, Monsieur Camille de Rosillon. He begs the favor of a dance.

WIDOW

I'm afraid all I have left is the intermission.

VAL

He'll take it. *(TO DE ROSILLON)* And you'd better spend it standing at the punch bowl!

DE ROS:

But I thought you said all was over between us.

VAL

It is! *(PAUSE)* Starting tomorrow. For tonight you are to behave yourself.

WIDOW

Monsieur de Rosillon. That is not a Marsovian name.

15.

DE ROS:

I'm French, Madame, a poor Parisian, sent by the French foreign office to spy on the embassy.

WIDOW

How nice. (*TO THE CROWD*) Now listen, everyone. You have all been so kind, I want you all to come to my villa for a real Marsovian party tomorrow

(*APPLAUSE*)

ZETA

And may we also take the liberty of inviting another of our countrymen, a certain young and handsome Count?

WIDOW

Of course.

ZETA

Splendid, splendid. You'll meet him later this evening.

WIDOW

I'll look forward to it.

ZETA

And now, will you join us for supper?

WIDOW

Indeed! I'm starved!

#3A BEGINS

ZETA

Then take my arm. De Rosillon, be so kind as to escort my wife, will you, and see to it she has a good time?

CAM

An honor! (*ZETA AND WIDOW EXIT*)

BRIO

I shall marry her!

CAS

And so shall I.

VAL

And so, Camille, shall you!

CAM

But, Valencienne, my sweet....

VAL

You must! To protect my honor!

16.

CAM

Very well. I'll do my best.

VAL

But there's no great rush. You may start tomorrow... or the next day... or possibly the next.
(*ALL EXIT. ENTER DANILO AND ENTOURAGE.*)

DANILO:

Well, here I am. Where's the Fatherland?

No. 4 ENTRANCE ARIA – DANILO

*I. You've summoned me, and I am here,
It is my duty to appear.
Whenever Fatherland may call,
I come prepared to give my all.
When you so rudely had me paged,
I was quite otherwise engaged,
I'd very soon have been in bed.
Now I must go to work instead!*

*Of course, it's here that I should be
From break of day to half past three,
But as there isn't much to do
I only come at half past two.
My time, I find, is better spent
On losing almost ev'ry cent.
With what is left I then invest
In girls who give some interest.*

*When I leave the club I'm in the red
And ev'ry muscle feels like lead.
From service to the Grand Duke royal,
I'm worn out by my hours of toil.*

*Then I go to Maxim's,
Where fun and frolic beams.
With all the girls I chatter,
I laugh and kiss and flatter.
Lolo, Dodo, Jou-jou,
Clo-clo, Margot, Frou-frou!
For surnames do not matter.
I take the first to hand.*

*And then the corks go pop!
We dance and never stop.
The darlings smile so sweetly,
I catch and kiss them neatly!
Lolo, Dodo, Jou-jou,
Clo-clo, Margot, Frou-frou!
'Til I forget completely
My dear old Fatherland.*

17.

2.

*Then I refresh my jaded brain
With little suppers and champagne,
And look into the ladies' eyes
'Til they and I are close allies.
So, in a glass of golden wine
An entente cordial I sign.
For I can do that sort of thing
As well as any proper king.*

*And 'tho I do it very well,
It's rather hard as you can tell,
For ev'ry maiden is a test
Depriving me of sleep and rest.
It may be hard to understand,
I do it for the Fatherland.
It's an accursed act of fate
That I must have affairs of state!*

*So I allow the lovely sex
To wear my arms around their necks,
And give the waiter at the door
An order for a dozen more!*

*I'm happy at Maxim's
Where fun and frolic beams,
Etc.*

(AS HE FINISHES, BETUSH ENTERS)

DANILO

Ah, Betush! Girls, may I present the Marsovian Under Secretary to the Under Secretary, Mademoiselle Betush. Betush, this is Mlle. Zo-zo, Mlle. Lo-lo, and Mlle. Frou-frou, the loveliest grisettes at Maxim's. Now tell me, Betush, what is this supreme service the Fatherland demands of me?

BET

The Baron, his excellency, said something about earning a few millions.

DANILO

Earning? But Betush, his excellency knows that work upsets the delicate balance of my system. It wearies me even to think about it.

BET

But this isn't work work. This is pleasure work. There is a difference. (SUGGESTIVELY)

DANILO

Perhaps. At least the pleasure part sounds attractive. I will stay for the moment. Where is everybody?

BET

At supper, sir.

DANILO

Good. That will give me a few moments for a nap. There's something in my head that does not belong there. Be a good under secretary and entertain the ladies for me. A half hour's nap. That's all I need.

BET

Yes, Count Danilo. Come, girls. We have just enough to play doubles.

(EXITS WITH THE GIRLS. DANILO STRETCHES OUT ON A COUCH AND FALLS IMMEDIATELY TO SLEEP, SNORING LOUDLY. DE ROSILLON AND VALENCIENNE ENTER. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY WORRIED.)

VAL

You must find it, Camille, you must!

CAM

But I gave the fan back to you. I'm sure of it.

VAL

Oh, why did you have to write "I love you" on it?

CAM

Because I do!

VAL

Couldn't you have used a piece of paper? If my husband finds that fan, I will be compromised, and he will divorce me.

CAM

Divorce is not such an easy matter.

VAL

In Marsovia ... and this embassy is Marsovian soil... a man only has to say, "I divorce you" three times in front of witnesses, and you're divorced.

CAM

Oh dear. Then what would we do for money, and how could I show you a good time on what I make?

VAL

We had better find that fan...

NO. 5 DUET – VALENCIENNE AND CAMILLE

CAM

Who me?

VAL

Divorce would never do.

19.

CAM
That's true!

VAL
You haven't got a sou.

CAM
I'm poor.

VAL
Although I'd then be free...

BOTH
We'd live in poverty.

CAM
What then?

VAL
The answer seems quite clear.

CAM
How so?

VAL
It's time to part, my dear.

CAM
Oh, no!

VAL
It's been a very lovely year.

BOTH
And yet, if we had a home to call our own,
The stormy world may be wild as ocean foam,
But, ah, with love we would see the danger through,
You'd be the world to me and I to you.

VAL
Ah, that must be the answer truly,
Can happiness be found elsewhere?
Safe from the clamor found outside...
Safe in a place where we can hide.

Ah, when the world is all unruly,
One refuge we can find from care:
It is the home... it is our home,
And happiness is there, is there.

CAM
What's wrong?

20.

VAL

Yet all this lovely dream

CAM

Tres belle...

VAL

Is but a bubble's gleam

CAM

Oh well...

VAL

*A rainbow's magic ray
That breaks and fades away.*

CAM

I cannot stay away.

VAL

The home we see so fair...

CAM

Our bed...

VAL

We find not anywhere.

CAM

It's dead.

VAL

'Tis but a castle in the air.

BOTH

*No more the vision of happiness at home
And so, apart, love, we both are doomed to roam,
Outside it's cold, yet we have to make it do
'Tho you're the world to me and I to you.*

*You're all my world,
I'm the world to you.*

(THEY EXIT. WIDOW ENTERS FOLLOWED BY A HOST OF SUITORS)

WIDOW

Gentlemen, gentlemen... You must allow me a moment to catch my breath. Give me a short time alone, please.

(THE SUITORS EXIT. WIDOW SAVORS SILENCE, BECOMES AWARE OF SNORING.)

21.

That snore! Where have I heard that snore?

(WITHOUT LOOKING, RECOGNITION COMES)

Danilo! Danilo Danilovitch!

DANILO

(AWAKENED BY HER OUTBURST) A half hour already, Betush? Oh...

(HE SEES, THEN RECOGNIZES THE WIDOW.)

Hanna! Hanna Glavari! *(THEY STARE AT ONE ANOTHER FOR A LONG MOMENT. WIDOW IS THE FIRST TO RECOVER COMPOSURE.)*

WIDOW

Don't let me disturb you, Monsieur Count. Just go right on snoring.

DANILO

I can assure you, you are not disturbing me. Besides, I do not snore.

WIDOW

That's what you always used to say. But you were snoring just now, triumphantly.

DANILO

That's what you always used to say.

WIDOW

Danilo, must we begin our first meeting in five years with a quarrel?

DANILO

Why not? That's how we ended the last one!

WIDOW

It was not MY noble uncle who thought the family name too precious to confer on a farmer's daughter.

DANILO

It was not I who went immediately out and married the first person to come along.

WIDOW

Had you remained in my life, I would not have married anyone!

DANILO

Had I remained in your life you would not now be a widow...

WIDOW

And the wealthiest woman in Europe?

DANILO

Damn your money!

22.

WIDOW

Damn your uncle! Though I suspect that one look at my bank book would persuade him that I am now a suitable prize for his nephew.

DANILO

But it would not persuade his nephew!

WIDOW

Don't flatter yourself. Twenty million in the bank is quite enough for any man to say "I love you," particularly a man who does love me.

DANILO

Now you flatter yourself. I wouldn't say "I love you" if you had 40 million in the bank- - particularly if you had 40 million in the bank.

WIDOW

You never married...

DANILO

I could have, dozens of times.

WIDOW

It's because you still love me.

DANILO

It's because I preferred to remain single.

WIDOW

Danilo, tell me you love me.

DANILO

Never, madame, never!

WIDOW

We'll see. Once you've seen how many Frenchmen have been panting after me, I can't imagine you not wanting to enter the fray.

DANILO

Madame Glavari, if you think I intend to join the general cavalry attack on your millions, you've mistaken your man. I shall be content to reconnoiter from a distance.

WIDOW

What a silly horseman you'd make.

NO. 8 THE HORSEMAN DUET – HANNA AND DANILO

HANNA

*Well, now, here's a man with pride
Gallant horseman prancing.
Has he come to choose a bride
From the maidens dancing?*

23.

*Look up, maiden, mark him well.
Leave the dancers lonely.*

*He may like you, who can tell,
If he sees you only.*

DAN

*So she glances, shy and sly,
And she meets the horseman's eye,*

HANNA

*Not a word she says, but still,
He can take her if he will.*

*Silly, silly cavalier!
He can neither see nor hear.
Silly, silly rider,
He could be beside her,
Silly, silly cavalier!*

*He is really quite absurd.
Tho' he could, he says no word.
Silly silly rider,
He could be beside her.
Silly, silly cavalier!*

HANNA

*Hallo! Here he comes again,
See his charger wheeling.
Now he seems a lovelorn swain,
Begging and appealing.
But the maiden, calm and cool,
Sings and doesn't care now;
"Cavalier, if you're a fool,
I am not! So there now!"*

DAN

*So the horseman laughs, "All right!
If you're coy, why then good night!
Pretty maiden, now goodbye,
Take another... so will I!"*

HANNA

*Silly, silly cavalier!
You can neither see nor hear.*

HANNA

*Silly, silly rider, / Clever, clever rider
He could be beside her, / isn't trapped beside her,
Silly, silly cavalier! / Clever, clever cavalier.*

What he simply cannot say, / Many girls will come his way

24.

*Could have given him the day. / He shall love and ride away.
Silly silly rider, / Clever, clever rider
He could be beside her. / Isn't trapped beside her,*

Silly, silly cavalier! / Clever, clever cavalier!

*Silly, silly rider, / Clever, clever rider
He could be beside her. / Isn't trapped beside her,
Silly, silly cavalier! / Clever, clever cavalier!*

*(BOTH EXIT AT END OF DUET. ZETA AND CROMOV ENTER. FOLLOWED
SHORTLY BY VALENCIENNE ON THE ARM OF DE ROSILLON.)*

ZETA

It is out of the question, my dear Cromov.

CROM

But, Baron, I can assure you...

ZETA

Impossible! Impossible!

CROM

Then what am I to do? This fan belongs to my wife, I am absolutely certain of it. And see, here, this clear declaration of love-- "I love you." Now I would never write a thing like that. You must discover who the scoundrel is, who has compromised my wife. You must! You must! You must! *(HE BREAKS DOWN COMPLETELY AS BETUSH ENTERS)*

ZETA

Betush, fetch some water for the general.

BET

Yes, excellency, any particular kind?

ZETA

Wet.

BET

Yes, excellency. *(EXIT)*

ZETA

(SPOTTING VALENCIENNE) Ah, Valenciennne, are you having a good time?

VAL

Oh, yes, Mirko, dear.

ZETA

Good, good! I'm afraid I can't say the same for Cromov. I believe he's having a nervous breakdown.

25.

VAL

(*SEES THE FAN IN CROMOV'S HANDS*) Good heavens! He's got it.

ZETA

Has what, my dear?

VAL

Nothing, Mirko, dear.

ZETA

Give me the fan, Cromov. There's a good general. Look at this, my dear.

VAL

It's... a fan!

ZETA

How very bright you are.

VAL

(*SUDDENLY*) I never saw it before in my life!

ZETA

Notice that someone has written three words on it: I love you.

VAL

(*NERVOUSLY*) Why, so they have! How funny! (*SHE FORCES A LAUGH*)

ZETA

(*PICKS UP THE LAUGH*) Yes, it's very funny. You see, General, the fan belongs to my wife.

VAL

(*STOPS LAUGHING ABRUPTLY*) I deny it. I deny everything. We are just good friends.

ZETA

(*ASIDE*) No! No! Say it's yours or General Cromov will kill his wife.

VAL:

Oh, yes. I see. (*TO CROMOV*) Why, yes, of course it's mine. I recognize it now.

CROMOV

(*STILL IN TEARS, BUT HOPEFULLY*) Really? (*SUSPICIOUSLY*) Then who wrote this message?

VAL

Why, my husband, silly, when he gave it to me last year on Grand Duke Rudolph's birthday.

CROM

(*MUCH RELIEVED*) Well, if that's the case, I must go to my wife at once. I've treated her abominably.

26.

(RUSHES OFF)

ZETA

Now, I must return this fan to Madame Cromov with the utmost secrecy.

VAL

Oh, I would be happy to do that, Mirko.

ZETA

No, my love, this will be a matter of supreme delicacy, requiring the highest skills of diplomacy. *(DANILO ENTERS)* Ah, Count Danilo, here you are at last. I have an urgent matter to discuss with you.

DANILO

I am at your service, Baron.

ZETA

(TO DE ROSILLON) De Rosillon, may I impose upon you to escort my wife back to our guests?

DE ROS:

It will be my pleasure, your excellency.

VAL:

(TO DE ROSILLON AS THEY EXIT) We must get that fan back, and you must become engaged to Madame Glavari as quickly as possible.

DE ROS:

Very well, my own. I'll declare my intentions tonight.

VAL

Tomorrow will be quite soon enough. *(THEY EXIT)*

DANILO

Now, what is this urgent matter, Baron?

ZETA

It is a matter of some delicacy.

DANILO

Rely on me, your excellency.

ZETA

As you know, Marsovia is a very poor country.

DANILO

It is not one of your better nations, excellency.

ZETA

That mad man, Rudolph, has spent us to the verge of bankruptcy with his productions of Wagnerian opera as light comedies.

27.

DANILO

Very few laughs in them, excellency.

ZETA

The only thing that stands between us and ruin is the Marsovian Bank, with assets of 20 million and 3 Swiss Francs.

DANILO

That's a substantial amount, your Excellency.

ZETA

True, but we have reason to believe there may soon be a withdrawal of 20 million.

DANILO

Disaster!

ZETA

We must head it off.

DANILO

How?

ZETA:

You must marry!

DANILO

What?

ZETA

At once!

DANILO

What?

ZETA

It's for the fatherland!

DANILO

Damn the fatherland!

ZETA

My sentiments, exactly, but what can we do? If Marsovia goes bankrupt, we shall all of us—including you, dear Count— have to go to work for a living. Such inclinations have been carefully bred out of me over countless generations, which means I am even less prepared for such a contingency than you.

DANILO

But how can my marrying help the situation?

ZETA

20 million of our 20 million and 3 assets are the personal fortune of one person whom we have reason to suspect may soon marry a Parisian. If that happens, bang goes 20 million.

28.

DANILO

I see, and you want me to marry the girl away from your big depositor. Well, I suppose no sacrifice is too great for the fatherland. What's the girl's name?

ZETA

It's not quite like that, Danilo, my boy. The depositor is, herself, a woman. A widow, in fact.

DANILO

(RISING SUSPICION) A widow?

ZETA

Madame Hanna Glavari, widow of our court banker.

DANILO

Madame Glavari? Never! I will go to great lengths in the service of the fatherland, but I draw the line at marrying that woman for money! I don't want to go into the details...

ZETA

Then we are doomed! Doomed! Doomed! Doomed!

DANILO

Perhaps not.

ZETA

(HOPEFULLY) You have a plan?

DANILO

If all that concerns you is the woman marrying a foreigner, I shall simply remove her from the presence of all eligible suitors who are not Marsovians.

ZETA

Wouldn't it be easier to simply marry the woman yourself?

DANILO

I will marry no woman for her money— *(PROUDLY)* and not Hanna... *(PAUSES, SADLY)* Hanna Glavari. However, I shall begin the great non-Marsovian removal at once.

ZETA

Then we are saved! Saved! Saved! Saved!

NO. 6 FINALE

(HANNA RETURNS, FOLLOWED BY GAGGLE OF MEN)

MEN

Ladies Choice! That's the universal voice!

So, Madame may I demand the highest honor of your hand?

One dance, just one alone,

To call my very own!

Supremely happy I should be if you would just choose me.

29.

HANNA

*Gentlemen, 'tho of course I like to dance with any,
What am I to say to ten?
I cannot take so many.
I had best sit out the dance,
Give the other girls a chance,
There are partners here a-plenty!*

ST. BRIO

*Not with millions, sweet and twenty.
(ASIDE) They're getting very pressing now,
I must put them off somehow, I must put them off somehow!*

MEN

Just a dance, only one! Just a single dance!

ST. BRIO

*They're like flies around the honey,
They shall not get the widow's money!*

CASCADA

*(TO HANNA) I say, don't you know, this is wrong of you?
It's conduct that grieves us, and pains.
If you do not dance, what are we to do
But go off and blow out our brains?*

ST. BRIO

*You women go in for the vote, they say,
And want to be equal with man.
But now that tonight is election day,
You won't give a vote when you can.*

CASCADA

Then pray return me.

ST. BRIO

And do not spurn me.

BOTH

Elector, may I ask your vote and voice?

CASCADA

Won't you vote for Cascada?

ST. BRIO

Cast your vote for Saint Brioche!

30.

BOTH

I am the party deserving your choice.

CASCADA

Won't you vote for Cascada?

ST. BRIO

Cast your vote for Saint Brioche!

MEN

Don't you vote for Cascada!

Don't you vote to Saint Brioche!

I am the party deserving your choice.

HANNA

I'm not a political lady,

I hate giving votes, and all that.

It makes a man do what is shady,

And ruins a woman's best hat!

But now as you're all of you standing,

And say that you won't leave me still,

I'll do what you all are demanding;

You ask me to vote, and I will.

CASCADA

Then pray return me,

ST. BRIO

And do not spurn me.

HANNA

I have to think before I give my voice.

Now in what direction

Shall I make selection?

Who is the party deserving my choice?

CASCADA & MEN

I'm up for election,

ST. BRIO & MEN

Look in my direction,

ALL

I am the party deserving your choice.

HANNA

Well, then, gentlemen, you have been nominated for election.

Then I'll vote! The die is cast.

31.

LADIES (ENTERING)

Ladies' choice! Ladies' choice!

DAN

Help has come to me at last!

Oh, ladies, come away, music is calling,

With its magic charm enthralling!

To its ringing and singing

You lift your feet.

Follow the chime and the time of the waltz's beat.

The gentlemen await, music is playing

For the dance, no more delaying,

Take your partners! Choice is free!

ONE LADY (TO A MAN)

Will you please, sir, dance with me?

(LADIES ALL CHOOSE A MAN)

HANNA

For the night of the ball will go by,

And the dawn will be cold in the sky,

Let us capture our joys as they fly,

Soon will they fade and die.

There's a charm in the thrill of the strings,

Like the beat of the doves with their wings.

Then away, no delay! Let us dance while we may,

For our pleasure will end with day!

LADIES

Take your partners as you may!

ALL

Oh, come away, away, music is calling,

With its magic charm enthralling!

To its ringing and singing

You lift your feet.

Follow the chime and the time of the waltz's beat.

Oh, come away, away, music is playing.

Don't you hear what it is saying?

To the dance make no delaying!

'Til the night shall be gone,

Our dance goes on.

DAN

Not one of them must have her hand,

For that would grieve my Fatherland.

I mean to make the game too hot

32.

For flies around the honeypot.

CASCADA

Madame, you have not spoken,

ST. BRIO

Give me a word as token.

HANNA

Yes, now the time has come to choose.

DAN

I'll have to use a clever ruse.

HANNA

Dear me, what shall I answer?

VAL

May I present you with a dancer?

DAN

Oh, confound! Another hanging 'round.

VAL

*You see him dance the polka,
I've tried him and I know.
He also knows the mazurka,
I've tried him, and it's so.*

*He's even studied the cakewalk,
I've tried him long ago,
And as a partner in a waltz,
He's simply without any faults.*

*So pray return him,
And do not spurn him,
But kindly let him have your vote and voice.
Elect Camille de Rosillon
Count Camille de Rosillon,
He is the partner deserving your choice.*

CASCADA

Won't you vote for Cascada?

ST. BRIO

Give your vote to Saint Brioche!

MEN

*Don't you vote for Rosillon!
Don't you vote for Rosillon!*

33.

I am the party deserving your choice.

HANNA

Another candidate waiting my choice!

CAM

My dear madame... do take my hand.

HANNA

So I will choose... but wait!

Now I do have an answer... (SEES DANILO)

*My chosen partner will be he
Who's trying not to notice me.
Will you be my dancer?*

DAN

I? No, madame, I do not dance.

HANNA

In fact, you don't care for the chance.

DAN

Don't care? (THINKING)

Oh, no. My dance, you told me so?

HANNA

I did. What then?

DAN

*The dance is mine, then, gentlemen.
I can do what I like with it,
As I think fit. That's so?*

HANNA

Of course.

MEN

What does he mean?

DAN

*This dance, for which I now express my thanks,
Is worth at least ten thousand francs.
Yours the dance may be,
If you'll give ten thousand francs to me
For charity.*

MEN

Ten thousand francs?

CASCADA

But for a dance?

34.

DAN

It's going, going, no advance!

MEN

Ten thousand francs?

ST. BRIO

He is insane!

DAN

But think of all you have to gain!

CAM

Ten thousand francs?

MEN

Ten thousand francs! It's simply silly!

DAN (TO HANNA)

Now you see, gracious lady, what I say...

Your adorers all grow chilly when you call on them to pay.

They love you and adore,

But love their money more.

And that's the sort of man they raise in craven modern days.

CAM

I cannot let him put me off so.

It's ten thousand francs that I must pay.

VAL

She's worth that to you?

CAM

But, darling, that's your plan.

VAL (CONFLICTED)

You must come away.

(SHE DRAGS OFF THE SURPRISED CAMILLE. THE OTHER MEN FILTER OFF ON THEIR OWN ACCORD)

DAN

The last is gone and you are free.

And now, madame, perhaps, you'll have this dance with me?

HANNA

Now I must decline.

DAN

The dance is mine, as you will allow...

35.

HANNA

Thank you, I do not dance, at least not now.

DAN

Hark to the music, there at the ball.

Will you not follow its call?

(HE TAKES HER AND BEGINS TO WALTZ. SHE COMPLIES, THEN CHANGES HER MIND AND BREAKS AWAY)

HANNA

No, I will not!

(HE PULLS HER BACK TO HIM AND DANCES MORE ENERGETICALLY)

HANNA

You're a very bad man...

But dance like an angel.

DAN

I do what I can.

(THEY CONTINUE TO DANCE AS THE CURTAIN FALLS)

END OF ACT 1

36.

ACT II

SCENE: THE FORMAL GARDEN AT THE VILLA GLAVARI. A SMALL, HEAVILY LATTICED SUMMER HOUSE STANDS TO ONE SIDE. THE GARDEN HAS BEEN GAYLY DECORATED FOR THE PARTY THAT IS NOW IN PROGRESS.

NO. 7 OPENING MUSIC

HANNA

*I bid you wait here for a minute,
And you will see our own Marsovian dance.
When they begin it
Just as it would be, you understand,
In our own native land.*

FOLK DANCE

CHOR:

*Ah—————
Down in dear Marsovia
That's the way we go!
In the good old fashion,
Dancing to and fro.*

*Gaily singing and lightly springing,
Maidens dancing and cymbals ringing!
Down in dear Marsovia
So we go! Ha!*

HANNA

*Now hear our dear Marsovian rhyme,
A ballad made in olden time,
A story all the children know
About a Vilia long ago.*

- 1. There once was a Vilia, the witch of the wood;
A hunter beheld her, alone as she stood.
The spell of her beauty upon him was laid,
He looked and he longed for the magical maid.*

*Suddenly a tremor ran
Right thru the love-bewildered man
And he sighed, as a hapless lover can:*

37.

*“Vilia, O Vilia, the witch of the wood,
Would I not die for you, dear, If I could.
Vilia, O Vilia, I’d make you my bride.”
Softly and sadly he sighed.*

CHOR

*“Vilia, O Vilia, the witch of the wood,
Would I not die for you, dear, if ai could.
Vilia, O Vilia, my love and my bride.”
Softly and sadly he sighed.*

HANNA

*The wood-maiden smiled, and no answer she gave,
But beckoned him into the shade of the cave.
He never had known such a rapturous bliss
No maiden of mortals so sweetly could kiss.
As before her feet he lay
She vanished in the wood away,
And he called, vainly, ‘til his dying day:*

*“Vilia, O Vilia, the witch of the wood,
Would I not die for you, dear, if ai could.
Vilia, O Vilia, my love and my bride.”
Softly and sadly he sighed.*

CHOR

*“Vilia, O Vilia, the witch of the wood,
Would I not die for you, dear, if ai could.
Vilia, O Vilia, my love and my bride.”
Softly and sadly he sighed.
For love he died, Vilia!*

HANNA

Sadly he sighed: Vilia!

CHOR

*Down in dear Marsovia
That’s the way we go!
In the good old fashion,
Dancing to and fro.*

*Gaily singing and lightly springing,
Maidens dancing and cymbals ringing!
Down in dear Marsovia
So we go! Ha!*

38.

ZETA

Madame Glavari, we cannot thank you enough. We are forced to make so many economies at the embassy these days that I fear our entertainments are only a pale reflection of this magnificent affair.

BOGDANOVITCH:

If only our beloved Grand Duke Rudolph could be here to enjoy all this gaiety. In contrast to what we are enjoying here, in Marsovia~ the only amusing things that happen are the funerals.

CROMOV:

In Marsovia, any reason for leaving is a cause for rejoicing.

ZETA

Madame Glavari, you are a magnificent hostess. Your party is so... so...

HANNA

Marsovian?

ZETA

No! Definitely not Marsovian. Respectable Baltic!

HANNA

It's such a pity Count Danilovitch isn't here. But now I must see to the arrangements. Excuse me, Baron. *(EXITS)*

ZETA

(TO BETUSH) I think she is being drawn into our plan. I think she is attracted to Count Danilovitch. Now, if only he'd arrive.

DANILO *(ENTERING)*

Hi, ho, everybody.

[GENERAL GREETINGS)

Act II--Page 2.

ZETA:

Ah, Count Danilo, and how goes your removal campaign?

DAN

Very well, your excellency. I've removed everyone at Maxims who might be a threat.

39.

ZETA

And at the Moulin Rouge and the Tour D'Argent! Yes, I know. But what about the ones who count? St. Brioche and Cascada--both unprincipled scoundrels, and what's worse, neither one is a Marsovian!

DAN

I'm working up to them, your excellency. These things take a bit of practice, you know.

ZETA

And what about Camille de Rosillon? Oh, I grant you, he's harmless, but we must not overlook anyone.

BETUSH

(COMING DOWN) I think we can rule out de Rosillon, excellency. I believe he's already in love with another woman- - a married lady.

ZETA

Aha! Then we must find out who she is and force de Rosillon to marry her.

DAN: And what of the lady's husband? Her husband? I shall deal with him , personally. The man is clearly a fool. He deserves what he gets.

(DE ROSILLON AND VALENCIENNE ENTER, ARM IN ARM)

ZETA

Ah! There is de Rosillon now with my wife.

BET

She could be very helpful to your plan, excellency.

ZETA

We will enlist her aid in finding out who de Rosillon is in love with. Then we'll cook his goose! *(GOES TO VALENCIENNE)* Valencienne, my precious, are you having a good time?

VAL

Yes, Mirko, dear.

Act II--Page 3.

ZETA

Good, good. Would you go inside and wait for me? I must speak to you in private. Be so kind as to escort her, would you, Monsieur de Rosillon?

40.

CAM

I would be pleased to do so, excellency. *(THEY EXIT)* That will keep de Rosillon out of trouble for a time.

DAN

What is your thinking about the woman in de Rosillon's life, Baron?

ZETA

I believe it might be Madame Cromov.

DAN

Olga? It's possible, excellency, but most unlikely. *(PRODUCES THE FAN)* I have reasons. Observe this fan. Genral Cromov believes it is his wife's. On it is written three words: "I love you" in De Rosillon's handwriting.

BET

Now all we have to do is prove the fan is Madame Cromov's, and we have our woman.

ZETA

I leave the task of proving it in your hands, Count. In the meantime I'll see what my wife knows of the affair. *(EXITS)*

DAN

Well, Betush the search begins. Have you pencil and paper so we may make notes?

BET

I never carry them, Count.

DAN

Then fetch them at once.

BET

At once, Count Danilovitch. *(EXITS AS WIDOW ENTERS)*

HANNA

Danilo! How nice to see you. Some of the guests told me you weren't coming.

DAN

Count Danilo Danilovitch? Miss a party? Any party? Those who told you that could not have known me very well.

Act II--Page 3.

HANNA

At any rate, I'm very glad you have come. I was afraid you were avoiding me

41.

DAN

Avoiding you? Nonsense! Well, madame, I must be on my way. (*URNS TO LEAVE*)

HANNA

(*LAUGHS*) Stay, Count Danilovitch. I think you will enjoy it. I've prepared a little surprise, just for you.

DAN

I would not disappoint a lady.

HANNA

Not even one with millions in the bank? [*EXIT LAUGHING*]

DAN:

Damn the woman and her money. I wonder what became of the poor but precious flower I used to love. (*PONDERS*) Used to love?

(*ENTER BETUSH*)

BET

I am ready to proceed, Count Danilo.

DAN

Good. Take notes on all we discover. They may prove important. Ah, here comes Madame Cromov. Let us determine if the fan is really hers, and if she is indeed the object of de Rosillon's affection. (*CALLING*) Good evening, Madame Cromov.

OLGA

Good evening, Count Danilo. Isn't this a marvelous party? So many handsome young men.

DAN

We are much admired. (*TAKES HER ASIDE*) Madame, I have a delicate matter to discuss with you.

OLGA:

Of course... (*PAUSE*) Danilo. I may call you Danilo? And you must call me Olga.

DAN:

Very well, Olga. I think you may have lost something, recently?

OLGA

Dear boy, I lost that years ago.

42.

DAN

I was referring to your heart... lost it to a handsome young gallant!

OLGA

Hush, my husband may hear you.

DAN

And that young man has been indiscreet in proclaiming his affection.

OLGA:

How did you guess?

DAN

I am a man of the world, Madame. But you may rely on my discretion. Be warned, however, the man is about to throw you over for a marriage to the Widow Glavari.

OLGA

Who? St. Brioche?

DAN

What?

OLGA

Ah... my broach... I've lost it down my dress. Would you...no, I'll do it myself... oh dear... *(EXITS)*

DAN

Well, Betush, scratch Madame Cromov. The fan does not belong to her. But if not her, then who?

BET

Possibly Madame Bogdanovitch? Here she comes. Perhaps you should ask her.

DAN:

Good thinking, Betush. Madame Bogdanovitch, you look particularly lovely this evening.

SYLVAIN:

Thank you, Count Danilovitch. You are very kind.

DAN

Kinder than you may know, dear lady, for I mean to return to you something you've lost, and something mislaid.

43.

SYLVAIN:

I don't think I take your meaning, Count.

DAN:

The thing you have lost: your heart, to a handsome young man.

SYLVAIN:

Hush, my husband may hear you.

DAN:

The thing you have mislaid, a trinket with which he proclaims his love.

SYLVAIN:

(CHECKING HER DRESS) No, I think I have everything.

DAN

Madame, be warned in time. The man who professes to love you is this very moment preparing to marry Madame Glavari.

SYLVAIN:

Cascada! The dog! I knew he was not to be trusted. I do not know how to thank you, dear Count. *(EXITS FUMING)*

DAN:

So much for Madame Bogdanovitch and de Rosillon. you getting all this down, Betush?

BETUSH

Yes, Count Danilovitch. *(READS FROM HER NOTES)* "Olga Cromov and St. Brioche, Sylvan Bogdanovitch and Cascada." I have plenty more paper.

DAN:

At this rate we're going to need it.

BETUSH

Right. *(CALLS LOUDLY)* Next!

[ENTER MADAME PROSKOVIA PRITSCHITCH]

PRASK *(EYEING THE FAN IN DANILO'S HAND)*

Count Danilovitch. What a lovely fan! Is it a gift for a lady?

DAN

(ASIDE) Betush, it just isn't possible, is it?

44.

BET

Anything is possible with a Frenchman.

DAN:

Ah, good evening, Madame. It is a lovely fan, and notice the touching inscription.

PRASK

“I love you!” How sweet.

DAN:

And may I have the pleasure of returning this fan to its rightful owner? (ASIDE) Betush, this is incredible.

PRASK

(*OVERWHELMED*) Danilo! Dear boy, dear boy! After all these years! I had given up hope. How you must have hungered for me. The difference in our ages need mean nothing! Ours will be a grand passion. I will kiss the ground you walk on.

DAN:

(*FRUSTRATED*) You may start there if you like. (ASIDE) Betush, what is she talking about?

BETUSH

You, sir, I believe.

DAN:

That’s what I was afraid of. Get me out of this.

BETUSH:

Madame, it’s your husband.

PRASK

(*ALARMED*) Where?

BET

Coming this way...

PRASK

Oh, dear. Count Danilovitch, forgive my impetuous outburst.

DAN:

Rely on me Madame. My lips are sealed... (*SHE EXITS*)... forever.

BET

(*WRITING*) “Count Danilovitch and Praskovia Pritschitch”

45.

DAN

Give me that! (*GRABS THE NOTE PAD*)

[*ENTER CASCADA AND ST. BRIOCHE*]

CASCADA

St. BrIoché, I warn you, the Widow is mine, and I am the best swordsman in France.

ST. B:

And I warn you, Cascada, she's mine! Do not forget that no man in Europe is better with a pistol than I.

DAN:

Gentlemen, gentlemen! This quarrel has the makings of a duel. And over what? Nothing!

CASCADA:

Ten million is a bit more than nothing.

ST. B:

Considerably more!

DAN

But my dear St. Brioche, what good is it if you are not alive to spend it?

ST. B:

Ha! I do not fear this miserable Cascada!

DAN

I was thinking about (*CONSULTS BETUSH'S NOTES*)...General Cromov. You know what a jealous husband he is. I have reason to believe he will learn this very evening about you and his wife.

ST. B:

Oh, damn!

CASCADA

I win by default! I win! I win!

DAN:

Not quite, I'm afraid, Monsieur Cascada, for I also have reason to believe that before this party is over, Colonel Bogdanovitch will find out about you and his wife- - and Bogdanovitch is twice as jealous as Cromov.

46.

ST. B:
We must flee for our lives.

CASCADA:
But where?

BETUSH
Gentlemen, if I may suggest...(insert local city) Nothing ever happens in _____.

[ENTER CROMOV AND BOGDANOVITCH.]

DAN
Ah, Cromov, Bogdanovitch, you're just in time. My friends and I were just discussing wedded bliss and what a husband should do when he finds his wife has taken a lover. What would you advise?

BOG
Simple! I would seize the man and skewer him on the point of a blunt sword, slowly, twisting and turning the blade as I went, relishing his screams and showing no mercy.
(CASCADA TREMBLES)

DAN
Splendid! And you, General Cromov?

CROM
I would tie him to a chair and force the miserable creature to sit through a musical comedy!

BOG
(HORRIFIED) No one could be that cruel, Cromov!

CROM
In such a situation my fury would have no bounds.

ZETA
(ENTERING) Is this a private debate or may anyone join in?

DAN
Join in, by all means. We were discussing the proper management of women, particularly when a husband discovers his wife is being unfaithful.

ZETA
Thank goodness I don't have to worry about that sort of thing.

47.

NO. 9 SEXTET "WOMEN" (AT THE END ALL BUT DANILO EXIT)

Note: If the secretary is a woman, this becomes a sextet.

DAN: *Oh, the women!*

OTHERS *Oh, the women!*

DAN: *How to win them...*

OTHERS *How's it done?*

DAN: *That's an art I'm rather dim in
For there is no proven way.*

ZETA *Winning women...*

OTHERS *Winning women...*

ZETA *...for their lovers*

OTHERS *How's it done?*

ZET, DAN *That's what nobody discovers,*

ALL *Not even an Edison!*

DAN *With one, you have to flirt and flatter*

ZETA *And look unutterably at her*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

ST. B *There's one who hopes for gifts unending...*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

CAS: *And only likes you when you're spending.*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

DAN *One asks for tenderness unflagging*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

48.

ZETA *Another's always ragging, nagging*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

CAS *Another likes incessant laughter.*

OTHERS *So and so and so and so.*

FOUR *And other things they ask for after*

ALL; *So and so and so and so.*

DAN, ZET *You may study her ways as you can,*

OTHERS *Oh the women! Oh the women!*

DAN, ZET *But a woman's too much for a man.*

OTHERS *Oh the women! Stow the women!*

DAN, ZET *It is deeper than diving for pearls
Courting girls,*

OTHERS *Girls, girls, girls, girls!*

DAN, ZET *With her fair flaxen hair, eyes of blue,*

OTHERS *Oh the women! Oh, the women!*

DAN, ZET *She's a long way too knowing for you.*

OTHERS *Oh the women! No more women!*

DAN, ZET *She is dark or she's fair,
She may smile or may glare,
Either way she's a dream come true!*

ALL: *Women, women, women, women, women, women, ah!
Women, women, women, women, women, women, ah!
You may study her ways as you can,
But a woman's too much for a man.
It is deeper than diving for pearls*

49.

Courting girls, girls, girls, girls, girls!

*With her fair flaxen hair, eyes of blue,
She's a long way too knowing for you.
She is dark or she's fair,
She may smile or may glare,
Either way she's a dream come true!*

DAN, ZET *You may study her ways as you can,*

OTHERS IN SEQUENCE

Women, women, women, women, women

DAN, ZET *But a woman's too much for a man.*

OTHERS IN SEQUENCE

Women, women, women, women, women

DAN, ZET *It is deeper than diving for pearls
Courting girls,*

OTHERS IN SEQUENCE

Women, women, women, women,

DAN, ZET *Courting girls,*

ALL *Girls, girls, girls, girls, girls!
With her fair flaxen hair, eyes of blue,
She's a long way too knowing for you.
She is dark or she's fair,
She may smile or may glare,
Either way she's a dream come true!*

DAN:

There's two more rivals out of the way. What a sense of triumph! Rivals? Now why did I choose that word? They're not rivals of mine--only of the Fatherland. And yet, why do I so splendidly to see each challenger fall by the wayside? Careful, Danilo Danilovitch. You must not let your heart get in the way of your reason--not after all these years.

[WIDOW ENTERS]

NO. 10A MELODRAMA UNDER DIALOG

50.

HANNA

Danilo, I've just had the oddest experience. Just now I met Monsieur St. Brioche and the Marquis Cascada. They were in a terrible hurry. They said something about going south for their health.

DAN

There's a lot of that going around.

HANNA

I've noticed. But why would they be off to _____ so suddenly?

DAN

_____ is a place one goes to either suddenly or not at all.

HANNA

And may I assume you had something to do with their flight?

DAN

Not at all. They made the decision entirely on their own, when faced with certain facts.

HANNA

And all the other young gentlemen who have developed such an eagerness for places outside of Paris? I suppose you know nothing of them?

DAN

Only what they tell me, Madame.

HANNA

Your interest in my well being is most touching, but I can assure you, I am quite capable of seeing to my own affairs. You needn't trouble yourself.

DAN

Oh, it's no trouble at all.

HANNA

Perhaps you'll explain, then, why you're behaving like a love-sick bully, jealous of any man who pays me the least attention. I think it's because you are still much in love with me.

DAN

I? In love? With You? Ridiculous!

HANNA

Fine, then you won't really mind if I marry one of the nice young men here in Paris.

51.

DAN

Marry whom you like, damn it!

HANNA

There's no need to shout.

DAN

I'm not shouting.

HANNA

But you are jealous.

DAN

Of course I am!

HANNA

What?

DAN:

(CATCHING HIMSELF) I mean.. .1.. .am... jealous of any... attempt... to... lure you away from the fatherland.

HANNA

I understand perfectly, Danilo.

DAN

No you don't--and don't stand there looking so triumphant. It's not what you think it is.
(STOMPS UPSTAGE IN A HUFF.)

HANNA

He's as impetuous as he always was--and just as tongue-tied. *(PICKS UP THE FAN)*
Now, what is this? "I LOVE YOU?" I wonder whom it could be meant for. *(EYES DANILO)* Of course! He couldn't bring himself to speak the words, so he's written them here and left the fan for me to find. Well, we're making a little progress.

(CALLS) Oh, Danilo. Please don't be angry with me.

DAN

Angry? Me? I don't know what you mean! Nothing you do or say could possibly upset me.

HANNA

Not even if I were to, say, marry a Parisian?

52.

DAN

Ha! I knew it! (*SOMEWHAT TIMIDLY*) Are you going to?

HANNA

I don't know for sure yet. It all depends. I may.

DAN

Poor old fatherland. Bang goes twenty million. Have you any idea how many people that decision would put to work?

HANNA

Oh, I'm sure they could all find useful employment here in Paris. It seems like a very nice city. Tell me, where would one take his fiancee to show her the most exciting things the city has to offer?

DAN

Exciting? (*SINGS THE FIRST FEW MEASURES OF "MAXIM'S"*)

HANNA

Ah, yes, Maxim's. I understand you spend a good deal of time there. Do you think I would like it?

HANNA

You would adore it. At Maxim's, The music is the gayest, the dancing the brightest, the young ladies--though of somewhat less than excellent reputation--are the most beautiful. The wine is the best, the food the most exquisite. If I were to take you to Maxim's, you would soon find yourself whirling about the dance floor in the arms of a handsome stranger who might well be an infamous, though charming, jewel thief--while at your table, your waiter is, in reality, a Carpathian Prince disowned for an indiscreet love affair. And as the evening passes--far swifter than you want it to--you'll find yourself swept away by the strains of a waltz. I would be the object of envy, you, the object of adoration.

HANNA

And when I've lost my heart and head, then what?

DAN

Why then we're off to the Moulin Rouge where we dance til the dawn uncurls over the Seine.

(*THEY DANCE. THEY SING. DANILO GETS MOMENTARILY CARRIED AWAY, THEN HE REALIZES WHAT HE IS DOING.*) Ooooooh, no you don't! (*HE PULLS AWAY FROM HER. SHE EXITS IN TRIUMPH.*) That was much too close for comfort.

(*ZETA ENTERS*)

53

ZETA

Ah, Count, I see you are making some progress.

DAN

Almost more than I care to.

(BETUSH ENTERS, EXCITEDLY)

BET

Excellency, excellency! The express pigeon has just arrived with a special message from the Grand Duke.

ZETA

What does it say?

BET

I don't know. It's in code.

ZETA

(PRODUCING A CODE BOOK) Well, read it. I'll decode it as you go along.

BET

(READING) The sand gook dreeks.

ZETA

(TRANSLATING) The grand duke seeks...

BET

Wick kreply...

ZETA

Quick reply....

BET

Concerning...

(SEARCHES HIS CODE BOOK AND CAN'T FIND IT)

DAN

(HELPFULLY) Concerning...

ZETA

(SURPRISED) You know the code?

DAN

I'm a Marsovian.

BET

Menty Twillion.

ZETA

(PUZZLED) Menty twillion? Twenty million! Here, give me that. *(TAKES THE LETTER AND READS IT THROUGH QUICKLY)* This letter refers to the Glavari millions. The Grand Duke regards this as an urgent matter. We must reply at once, but carefully and thoughtfully. If we say what he doesn't like, we shall all be recalled to Marsovia. Where can we work undisturbed?

BET

The garden pavillion? We can go inside, you see, and lock the doors.

ZETA

Good thinking, Betush. It is now a quarter to eight. Let us meet here at eight o'clock sharp. We shall be able to work out here undisturbed. Count Danilo, follow Madame Glavari everywhere. Now more than ever we must know what she is up to every moment.

DAN:

I'll do the best I can.

ZETA

Good. Ah, here comes my wife with de Rosillon. She is following my instructions not to let him out of her sight. Let us leave so she can continue her good work.

(THEY EXITAS VALENCIENNE AND DE ROSILLON ENTER)

VAL

Camille, my husband knows you are in love with someone, and he is determined to find out who it is. We must say goodbye, forever, and you should marry the Widow.

CAM

I cannot bear to part from you, my love--but if we must, give me some small thing to remember you by--a token that will be a constant reminder to me of our love. *(SEES THE FAN)* Valencienne! Here's your fan. Zis will do nicely.

VAL

My fan! Thank heavens its found! You may keep it as your token. I will write a message on it, just for you.

CAM

(HANDS HER A PEN) I shall treasure it always.

VAL

(WRITING QUICKLY) I hope you do treasure this message, Camille.*(HANDS HIM THE FAN)*

CAM

(READS THE MESSAGE AND BECOMES UPSET) But zis says you love your husband! Valencienne, zat's not the way it is done!**NO. 11 DUET VALENCIENNE AND CAMILLE**VAL *Oh, say no more!*CAM *Will you not let me?*VAL *It's time to marry, and forget me.
This very night your offer must be spoken.*CAM *It shall be done, although my heart is broken.*VAL *Oh, do not doubt, I feel it too.
Without your love, life will be hollow.
But honor tells me what to do.
And when it calls me, I must follow.*CAM *Then nevermore am I to see you?*VAL *Do not torture me, I entreat you.*CAM *I've had my say. I will obey.*VAL *My heart betrays me, and that I fear.*CAM *Ah, let me kiss you!*VAL *You should not have asked me.*CAM *Love in my heart awaking:
A rosebud in the May.
Into full beauty breaking,
Became a rose today.*

56.

*I hardly marked it budding
Towards the sun above,
Until it opened, flooding
My heart with joy of love.*

*And now I know my passion;
Its truth must now be told.
The rose that love can fashion
Shall bloom in spite of cold.*

*My heart with song is ringing,
Like birds that greet the sun.
I know, as I am singing,
The day of love is won.*

*Oh, answer to my singing
Or else my love's undone!*

VAL Oh, Camille...

CAM Valenciennes!

*VAL Ah, leave me, pray.
I know not what I shall do or say.*

*CAM Goodbye then, my darling!
Give me one last kiss.*

VAL No, not here...

*CAM See, there's a little arbor there
It can hear a kiss and will not tell!
Our tender secret it may share
When we bid a lover's last farewell.*

*Tho' 'tis dark around,
There will love's light be found.
Come to the little arbor here
There is nothing there to fear, my dear!*

*VAL I ought not,
Yet I cannot resist you.*

*CAM Come to the little arbor here
Not a soul will know I kissed you, dear.*

57.

VAL *No one will hear us?
I must not fear.*

BOTH *Tho' 'tis dark around,
There will love's light be found.
Come to the little arbor here
There is nothing there to fear, my dear!*

(AT THE END, THEY ENTER THE PAVILLION, JUST AS BETUSH ENTERS. SHE SEES THEM AS THE DOOR IS CLOSED.)

BET

The Baronness and Monsieur de Rosillion? In the pavillion? Alone? Together? This may be very awkward, for here comes the Baron!

(ZETA ENTERS)

ZETA

Ah, there you are, Betush. Come, we must proceed to draft our reply to the Grand Duke. There's light in the summer house, and we can work there undisturbed.

BET

(NERVOUSLY) Excellency. Wouldn't it be better if we worked in the dark? Over here, say, away from the summer house?

ZETA

Why would we work in the dark?

BET

Well, it's a secret message... and if we work in the dark... no one will be able to see it.

ZETA

Ah, yes, I... Nonsense! Let us get to work. Come. *(HEADS FOR THE PAVILLION)*

BET

..... your excellency?

ZETA:

(IRRITATED) What is it, now?

BET

I don't think we really ought to go into the summer house just now.

ZETA

And why not?

58.

BET

(WHISPERS) There's someone in there. In fact there are two of them.

ZETA

We'll simply ask them to leave. I'm sure they'll understand.

BET

It's a lady, your Excellency, with a gentleman. A married lady.

ZETA

(DELIGHTED) Aha! I see!. And the gentleman is not the lady's husband.

BET

(NERVOUSLY) Exactly, your Excellency.

ZETA

(GLEEFULLY) Tell me, Betush. The gentleman wouldn't happen to be Monsieur de Rosillon, would he?

BET

It is, your excellency.

ZETA

you shall be rewarded! We have caught him at last with his married lady! Quickly! Go around to the back. There is a door there. Lock it so they can't get out that way. Then we will burst in on them. It will be a wonderful surprise.

BET

(RESIGNED) Oh, it will be a surprise, all right.

DAN

Ah, Baron! I've lost track of Madame Glavari. Did you see her come this way? I'm sure she's around here somewhere. She was only out of my sight for a moment.

ZETA

Shhhh! Speak quietly. You're just in time. Never mind about Madame Glavari.

DAN

In time for what?

ZETA

De Rosillon is in the summer house--with his married lady. We will find out who she is at last. Betush! Do as I told you. Go round and lock the back door.

59.

BET

(AS HE EXITS) There'll be a surprise, all right. And I'll get blamed for it. I know I will. I get blamed for everything. *(GETS A THOUGHT)* Ah! I know... *(CALLING INTO WINGS)* Oh Madame Glavari... *(RUNS OFF)*

DAN

(TO ZETA) And who is the married lady?

ZETA

I don't know yet. Let's do a little eavesdropping.

DAN

(HORRIFIED) But your excellency, that just isn't done in the best diplomatic circles.

ZETA

Don't worry. Ours aren't the best. I can hear them talking. Oh, this is so exciting.

DAN

Any idea, yet, who the lady is~

ZETA

The voice is muffled. Let's have a little peek. I can't quite see her. Her back is to me. But she does look familiar, somehow. I can hardly wait to see her husband's face when he finds out. Ah, she's turning around slowly. I can see her. I...I...aye,yi, yi!!!!

DAN

Who is it? Never mind, I'll see for myself.

ZETA

No! I forbid it!

DAN

Then who is it?

ZETA

(CRUSHED) It's my wife! *(BETUSH COMES SKIPPING BRIGHTLY ON FROM BEHIND THE PAVILLION. SHE IS OBVIOUSLY VERY HAPPY.)*

BET

Your, excellency! The back door is now locked. They cannot get out.

ZETA

(TRIES THE FRONT DOOR. IT'S LOCKED) Open up! Open up!

60.

DAN

You have my sympathy, Excellency. But there is one consolation.

ZETA

(TEARFULLY) And what is that?

DAN

You are suffering for the fatherland.

ZETA

Damn the fatherland!

DAN

My sentiments exactly, but what can we do?

(POUNDING ON THE DOOR) Open up! Open up!

NO. 12 FINALE

DAN *Ha! Ha!*

ZETA *Ha! Ha!*

HANNA *Well, gentlemen, what is you will?*

DAN *It's Hanna and Camille!*

ZETA *Then was I blind? I could have sworn...*

DAN *It's Hanna and Camille!*
My very heart stands still.
The case is very much too clear.

ZETA *What happened to my wife?*

VAL *I'm here, dear!*

ZETA *I've lost my mind, I fear.*

VAL *What's going on, I'd like to know.*

DAN *It's Hanna and Camille!*

CAN *There's nothing wrong, be still!*

61.

ZETA *I saw a lady in there, just before,
Yes, through the keyhole of the door...*

HANNA *You are a sly ambassador!*

DAN *That is what he's for!*

ZETA *I hardly could believe my very ears
When love unending that fellow swore.*

HANNA *The lady... that was I.*

DAN *You, Hanna?*

ZETA *I would have sworn it was my wife, you know.*

HANNA *My dearest Camille, confess it was so.*

VAL, *Although it saves me, it fills me with woe.*

CAM *Although it saves her, I speak it in woe.*

DAN *With rage and jealousy, my heart is aglow.*

ZETA *I can't believe it, oh, no! Oh, no!*

BET *I found a way to save the Baron from woe.*

HANNA *Well, since the ambassador sees fit
To listen and spy at the arbor door,
Pray tell them all, the whole truth of it.
Repeating what you said
In there, just before.*

CAM *Must I declare it?*

VAL *And I have to bear it?*

CAM *Your Excellency, if I must obey,
then what I told her again I will say.*

ZETA: *(spoken) What will he say?*

CAM *Love in my heart awaking:
A rosebud in the May.
Into full beauty breaking,
Became a rose today.*

62.

*I hardly marked it budding
Towards the sun above,
Until it opened, flooding
My heart with joy of love.*

*(the
following
in
ensemble)* *And now I know my passion;
It cannot but be told.
The rose that love can fashion
Shall bloom in spite of cold.*

*My heart with song is ringing,
Like birds that greet the sun.
I know, as I am singing,
The day of love is won.*

*Oh, answer to my singing
Or else my love's undone!*

HANNA *His face is quite a sight to see
He thinks the song is meant for me.
Ah, noble prince, I think I have won.
You'll have to speak before it's done.
Ah, noble prince, I've fairly won.
Yes, I've won.*

VAL *It almost breaks my heart to see
He looks at her as once at me.
That song, whose echo hardly is done,
He sings it now
As if he loved another one.
Has love an end
So soon before 'tis well begun?
All is done.*

BET *This is a sudden passion!
If the truth may be told.
But he's a man of fashion
He is after gold.
In half a minute he has wooed and won.
He is the man to win it,
And we have been outdone!*

ZETA *She doesn't seem to scorn his passion
She flirts with him in reckless fashion.*

63.

*Our widow's rather hot!
I'm glad my wife is not.
If I should catch him singing,
I soon would spoil his fun
By neatly winging him with sword or gun!
Oh, what fun!*

HANNA *(spoken)* Now, ladies and gentlemen, you will know what was arranged in the arbor. *(aside)* It's now or never. I have to play my trump card.

Allow me to tell you, if it won't bore you...

CHOR *Oh, no, oh, no.*

HANNA *A pair engaged you see before you.*

CAM *What I?*

VAL *Oh Heaven!*

DAN *Not that!*

ZETA *What now?*

CHOR *Ah, what a piece of news!*

VAL *Untrue!*

CAM *Untrue!*

DAN *Untrue!*

ZETA *Untrue!*

HANNA *I thought that bit of news would do.*

CHOR *Congratulations!*

DAN *He takes her for her cursed money.*

ZETA *He's got away with all our money.*

CAM *That goes too far! I really am surprised.*

HANNA *Beware or she is the one compromised.*

ZETA *You really mean it?*

64.

VAL *Really, do you mean...*

HANNA *Why shouldn't I?*

DAN *I won't allow it, nor will he.*

HANNA *You won't?*

DAN *But, no, why should I raise objection so?
I give you my paternal blessing.
Only I think...*

HANNA *What do you think?*

DAN *Love when you may,
Propose but seldom,
Marry not at all.*

CAM *Tho' marriage in the olden way
Is wholly out of date, today,
And as our friend has told us,
Quite undiplomatic,*

*Yet if the lady marries me,
A modern wedding it will be.
I promise, I promise,
In a style emphatic.*

*We make a little change of name...
Instead of two, we have the same,
Just like a sister and a brother.
But when the ceremony's done,*

*Wherever you may meet with one
You won't expect to find the other.
In fact, you'll find it safe to state
We are a pair entirely up to date!*

HANNA *My marriage will be one arranged
Quite in the modern style.
My name is all that will be changed;
That's in the modern style.
And as I shan't be on the shelf,
Not for a little while,*

65.

*I'll go ahead and please myself
Quite in the modern style!*

*I am free, so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Still I'll be so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
And men may come and men may go
They will not break my heart, oh no!
Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!*

*ALL: She is free, so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Still she'll be so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
And men may come and men may go
They will not break her heart, oh no!
Oh, no!*

VAL And when you marry, you will live...

HANNA Quite in the modern style.

VAL And freedom you will take and give...

HANNA That is the modern style.

VAL And if your husband goes astray...

HANNA Then I shall only smile.

VAL Return his lead when you've to play...

HANNA Quite in the modern style.

*VAL, HAN That's the latest, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Up to datest, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Do what you like, but don't go slow
And nobody will mind, oh, no!
Oh, no! Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!*

*ALL: That's the latest, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Up to datest, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Do what you like, but don't go slow
And nobody will mind, oh, no!
Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!*

66.

DAN *Oh the woman's cool assurance
Vexes me beyond endurance.
I will speak! For it must out!
But I cannot speak the whole
Of the anger in my soul.
Let me keep my self control.*

*To grace the wedding, fair Madame,
Will you accept a little story?*

HANNA *Oh, do! I'll listen to the end.
As you see, I eagerly attend.
Won't you tell us?*

DAN *I will tell you:
There once were two royal children,
Who loved when the world was so young,
But never were happy together;
It's just as the poets have sung.
The Prince could not tell of his passion
For very good reason, no doubt,
And so the Princess was unhappy
Because he would never speak out.
And then the Princess was so cruel,
When he would not ask for her hand,
She promised to marry another!
'Twas more than the Prince could stand.
He told her, "Most beautiful lady,
That was not a good thing to do!
All women are faithless and fickle,
And only a woman are you.*

*But do you suppose I am sorry?
Ha, ha! I don't mean to cry.
I shall not go dreaming about you!"
(That's what the Prince said, and not I.)
And thus said the Prince, as he parted:
"There, marry. I've finished with you."
With that, the Prince coolly departed,
And so will I now. Adieu!*

HANNA *Where will you be going then?*

DAN *Where I won't see you again.*

67.

*I'll go off to Maxim's!
I've done with lovers' dreams.
The girls will laugh and greet me,
They will not trick and cheat me.
Lo-lo, Do-do, Jou-jou;
Clo-clo, Margot, Frou-frou.
I'm going of to Maxim's,
And you may go to...*

*HANNA He loves me, I'm sure of it now!
He loves me, so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
We shall see, so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Wherever he may try to go,
He won't escape from me, oh, no!
Oh, no!*

*ALL She is free, so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
Still she'll be so, tra-la-la-la, la-la
And men may come and men may go
They will not break her heart, oh no!
Oh, no!*

*HANNA La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
No, they will not break my heart, oh, no,
Oh, no!*

END OF ACT 2

ACT III

SCENE: THE TERRACE AT MAXIM'S RESTAURANT. IT IS SEVERAL DAYS LATER. EVERYTHING IS GAIETY, LAUGHTER, AND DANCING. WAITERS FLOW IN AND OUT OF THE TABLES. GRISETTES MIX WITH THE PAYING CUSTOMERS.

NO. 13 OPENING and CAKE-WALK

(ZETA AND BETUSH ENTER, LOOKING AROUND.)

ZETA

Are you sure he's here, Betush?

BET

Oh, he must be, Your Excellency! Ever since that night in Madame Glavari's garden, he has come here each evening to drown his sorrows. And I don't even know what he's sorrowful about. Poor Count Danilovitch.

ZETA

Perhaps our plan has worked too well. *(LOOKS AROUND)* Or perhaps he's not sorrowful at all. Perhaps he's merely here to be in the company of these lovely young grisettes. Aren't they lovely, Betush?

BET

Yes, Excellency.

(VALENCIENNE ENTERS ON THE ARM OF DE ROSILLON)

ZETA

And some of them look so familiar. That one, for example, on the arm of de Rosillon... She looks very familiar.

BET

That's your wife, excellency.

ZETA

My wife? A grisette? A lulu, a frou-frou, a do-do? Nonsense. *(LOOKS MORE CLOSELY)* Why, so it is. How silly of me. *(WAVES TO VALENCIENNE. SHE WAVES BACK)* Of course it's her. *(CALLS TO HER)* Are you having a good time, my dear?

VAL

(CALLING BACK) Yes, Mirko, dear.

69.

ZETA

Good! Good! She's having a good time, Betush! (*CALLS*) Oh, de Rosillon...?

CAM

(*COMING OVER*) Yes, excellency?

ZETA

Have you seen Count Danilovitch about? We have been searching everywhere.

CAM

I haven't seen him, Excellency.

ZETA

Ah, well, keep an eye on my wife, would you, while Betush and I continue our search?

CAM

I would deem it a pleasure, Excellency (*DE ROSILLON AND VALENCIENNE RETIRE A BIT UP STAGE AS DANILO COMES STAGGERING IN AND FLOPS DOWN INTO A CHAIR. HE SEEMS MOST DEJECTED.*)

BET

Here he is, your Excellency, but it does not look like he has fully arrived yet.

ZETA

Danilo, my boy! Why this sad look on your face? Why this appearance of vacant despair?

DAN

(*HOLLOWLY*) Sad? Despair? Where am I?

ZETA

Don't you know?

DAN

My feet move me automatically these days. I go where they take me.

ZETA

Betush! Tell the Count where he is.

BET

Better than that, excellency, I'll show him. Ladies!

NO. 14 SONG AND DANCE - ZOZO AND GRISETTES

*GRIS: We are little Paris ladies
Ev'ry one a Maxim maid is,*

*ZO-ZO Lo-lo, Do-do, Jou-jou;Frou-frou.
(or by girls Clo-clo, Margot,
In order)
And I!*

*When a fit of blues attacks him
What should any fellow do?
Come and look for us, Chez Maxim's,
We are here to comfort you!*

*GRIS: Tripping, tripping as we pass,
Sipping, sipping in your glass,
Tripping, sipping! Simply ripping!
Come with us and take your lass.*

*ZO-ZO We can sing and tell you stories
Pretty, witty, often true,
We are Maxim's greatest glories,
And we're here to welcome you.*

*GRIS: We're the little Paris ladies,
That's the way a Maxim maid is.*

*ZO-ZO Lo-lo, Do-do, Jou-jou;Frou-frou.
(or by girls Clo-clo, Margot,
In order)*

GRIS: La, la, la, etc.

*ZO-ZO Ritantouri tantirelle
Eh, voila, que je suis belle!
Ritantouri tantiris,
La plus belle de Paris!*

*GRIS Ritantouri tantirelle
Eh, voila, que je suis belle!
Ritantouri tantiris,
La plus belle de Paris!*

71.

ZO-ZO *Dance with us, if you are able,
Singing, springing to the tunes
Or we'll dance upon the tables,
In and aout among the spoons.*

GRIS *Singing , springing to the band!
Swinging, clinging to your hand!
Springing, flinging, glasses ringing,
Just as long as we can stand.*

ZO-ZO *Here is music, here is dancing,
Playing, swaying, all night through
We are Maxims girls entrancing
And we're here to welcome you!*

GRIS *We're the little Paris ladies,
That's the way a Maxim maid is.*

ZO-ZO *Lo-lo, Do-do, Jou-jou, Frou-frou,
(or by girls Clo-clo, Margot,
In order) And I!*

GRIS: *La, la, la, etc.
Ritantouri tantirelle
Eh, voila, que je suis belle!
Ritantouri tantiris,
La plus belle de Paris!*

ALL: *Ritantouri tantirelle
Eh, voila, que je suis belle!
Ritantouri tantiris,
La plus belle de Paris!*

ZETA
Now do you know where you are, Count Danilovitch?

DAN
That music! Where have I heard that music?

ZETA
You're at Maxim's!

72.

DAN

Bless my soul! It is Maxim's. (*GETS UP, GOES TO VALENCIENNE, THROWS HIS ARMS AROUND HER.*) And here's my favorite Frufu.

ZETA

That particular frou-frou happens to be my wife.

DAN

(*EXAMINING VALENCIENNE MORE CLOSELY*) Why, so it is. I knew it, of course. No Frou-frou could match this beautiful creature. (*BOWS ELEGANTLY*)

VAL

(*GIGGLING*) Oh, Count. You are too gracious.

DAN

(*BOWING AGAIN*) And You, Baroness, are too lovely.

(*A CHORUS MEMBER ENTERS, CARRYING A SCROLL. HE HANDS IT TO BETUSH AND WHISPERS SOMETHING ONLY BETUSH CAN HEAR*)

BET

Excellency! A special message has just arrived by express pigeon. It's from the Grand Duke. (*HANDS SCROLL TO ZETA*)

ZETA

(*READS QUICKLY*) It must be important. It's not in code.

ALL

Read it! What does it say? etc.

ZETA:

(*READING*) "Imbecile! Marsovia teeters on the edge of bankruptcy! Dunderhead! What are you going to do about it? Idiot! Glavari millions your epitaph. Warmest regards, Grand Duke Rudolph. P.S. Thanks for the birthday card.

DAN

What do you suppose he means?

ZETA

He means our fate is sealed. When she marries de Rosillon, we are lost. Lost! Lost! Lost!

DAN:

When she marries de Rosillon, I shall enter a monastery and never come out again!

73.

WOMEN

Oh, don't do that! You mustn't!

No. 14a REMINISCENCE

(INTERRUPTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF HANNA)

HANNA

And what is it you must not do, Count Danilovitch?

DAN

I must not neglect you any further! Madame, I have something extremely important to discuss with you.

HANNA

(DEMURELY) Here? Now? In front of all these people?

DAN

(TO THE CROWD) Ladies, gentlemen, if you please...

(THEY ALL EXIT LEAVING WIDOW AND DANILO ALONE ON STAGE)

Madame, for some time now....

HANNA

Do be seated, Danilo, here, next to me.

DAN:

(SITS) Thank you. Madame, for some time now...

HANNA

(PRODUCES A SMALL SACK) Would you care for a jujube?

DAN

(TAKES ONE, MILDLY IRRITATED) Thanks. I'll save it for lunch. Madame, as I was saying, for some time....

WIDOW:

Are you enjoying the party, Danilo? It's in your honor, you know.

DAN:

(VERY IRRITATED) Confound it, Hanna! I forbid you marrying de Rosillon!

HANNA

I beg your pardon?

74.

DAN

I said, I will not permit you to marry de Rosillon!

HANNA

(FEIGNED SHOCKED SURPRISE) You will not permit it? And may I ask why?

DAN:

You may!

HANNA

(LONG PAUSE) Why?

DAN:

Because we... because they... because I...

HANNA

Because you love me! I remember you said so once.

DAN

That was before... before you had all this cursed money!

HANNA

That makes it so hard?

DAN

That makes it impossible... for a man of honor.

HANNA

I see. But you would not stand in the way of my happiness, would you, Danilo?

DAN

I? Never!

HANNA

Good! Then I shall marry shortly.

DAN

But Hanna! You mustn't!

HANNA

And who says so?

DAN

I...the Fatherland!

75.

HANNA

Ah, yes, the Fatherland!

DAN

Yes, the Fatherland! If you marry and take your millions out of the country, the Fatherland will be bankrupt. The people of the country will starve.

HANNA

The people of the country are already starving. However, the country may breathe easy. My money will remain in Marsovia.

DAN

De Rosillon will never permit it.

HANNA

I will not be marrying de Rosillon!

DAN

(ELATED) Wonderful! *(SUDDENLY DEJECTED)* But that means you'll be marrying someone else!

HANNA

Someone who loves me. Why don't you tell me that you love me, Danilo?

DAN

I...

HANNA

It's not so hard.

DAN:

I...

HANNA

Only three small words, Danilo. I'll bet you've said them many times to the grisettes at Maxim's.

DAN

That's different!

HANNA

Why?

DAN

It's easy to say it when you don't mean it.

NO. 15 DUET HANNA AND DANILO

DAN *Though I say not
What I may not let you hear,
Yet the swaying
Dance is saying: "Love me, dear."
Ev'ry touch that lingers
Tells me what I know.
Says for you,
It's true, it's true,
You love me so.*

HANNA *And to the music's chime
My heart is beating time.
As if to give a sign.
That it would say, "Be mine, be mine!"
Though our lips may say no word
Yet in the heart a voice is heard.
You cannot choose but know
I love you so.*

BOTH *Ev'ry touch that lingers
Tells me what I know.
Says for you,
It's true, it's true,
You love me so.*

THEY WALTZ TOGETHER AND END UP IN A KISS

[EVERYONE ENTERS]

ZETA

(TAKES DANILO ASIDE) Count Danilo, my friend. You spoke with her. What did she say? Where do we stand?

DAN

You need not worry, Baron. Madame Glavari's marriage to de Rosillon is off.

ZETA:

Danilovitch, you're a genius.

77.

DAN

She's going to marry someone wise.

ZETA

Danilovitch, you're an idiot.

DAN

But her millions will stay in Marsovia.

ZETA

Danilovitch, you're a treasure.

DAN

You were right the first time. I'm an idiot.

ZETA

But how is it her marriage to de Rosillon is off? After all, the lady was compromised.

VAL

(COMING FORWARD) The lady was not compromised. She was merely helping another lady; a married lady who feared her husband would not understand!

ZETA

And which lady might that be?

BET

(COMES FORWARD WITH THE FAN) The owner of this fan, I would guess Excellency!

ZETA:

Ah, yes, the fan, the one on which the words of love were written. Did we discover to whom the fan belongs, Betush?

BET

Well.. .1...

VAL

(DEFIANTLY) It is mine!

ZETA: *(ASTONISHED)* Yours? *(TAKES A FEW MOMENTS TO REALIZE THE IMPORT)* I am betrayed! Betrayed! Betrayed! And you, you are divorced! Divorced! Di...

DAN:

Let's not be too hasty, Baron!

78.

ZETA

Hasty? Me? I told her to go out and have a good time. I didn't expect that she would actually do it! What am I to do? Now that I am alone... and free. Free? Aha! (*GOES TO WIDOW AND DROPS ON ONE KNEE*) Madame Glavari— In the name of the Fatherland, I ask for the honor of your hand in marriage.

DAN

Betush, find me the address of the nearest monastery.

VAL:

Wait, Mirko. You read only what was written to me on the fan. Why don't you turn it over and see the message I wrote back?

ZETA: (*READING*) "Shame! I love only, my husband--the finest man in all Marsovia." (*SOFTENS*) Ah, Valenciennne, my sweet. How I have misjudged you. I cancel the divorce. Next time you want to have a good time, you go with... Betush!

VAL: Yes, Mirko, dear.

HANNA

Your Excellency, your proposal flatters me, but it really wouldn't have helped the Fatherland a great deal. You see, under the terms of my late husband's will, codecil number five...

ZETA:

Betush! Make a note of that, codecil number five.

HANNA

It stipulates that, in the event I marry again, I lose my entire fortune.

DAN

You lose everything if you marry?

WIDOW:

Everything!

DAN

Hanna~ I love you! I love you! I love you!

HANNA

At last

ZETA:

(*TO WIDOW*) But what becomes of your fortune, after you lose it?

79.

HANNA

Under the terms of the will...

ZETA ET AL

Yes...

HANNA

...upon my marriage, the fortune instantly becomes the property of...

ZETA ET AL

Yes...

HANNA

...my husband!

DAN:

(STERNLY) You tricked me.

HANNA

I had to.

ZETA

Marsovia is saved! Waiter--bring the champagne!

NO. 16 FINALE

HANNA *You may study her ways as you can,*

ALL *Oh the women! Oh the women!*

ZETA *But a woman's too much for a man.*

ALL *Oh the women! Oh the women!*

DAN *It is deeper than diving for pearls*
Courting girls, girls,

ALL *Girls, girls, girls!*

With her fair flaxen hair, eyes of blue,
She's a long way too knowing for you.
She is dark or she's fair,
She may smile or may glare,
Either way she's a dream come...

80.

ALL *Though I say not
What I may not let you hear,
Yet the swaying
Dance is saying: "Love me, dear."
Ev'ry touch that lingers
Tells me what I know.
Says for you,
It's true, it's true,
You love me so.*

END OF THE OPERETTA