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PHYLLIS
The Farmer's Daughter

AN OPERATIC CANTATA

LIBRETTO BY
CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM,

Composed by GEO. F. ROOT.

PUBLISHED BY
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✺ PHYLLIS ✺

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— WORDS BY —

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— MUSIC BY —

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Broude Bros.
Music
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EXPLANATORY.

It is expected that this Cantata will commonly be given, book in hand, as a concert, but it may be given in costume with scenery and appropriate action. When that is done the following hints may be of use.

The stage should be set with an out-of-door country scene, and at one side should appear the end of Farmer Meadows' house, with a door for exit and entrance, and upper windows which can be thrown open by Phyllis and Margaret during the serenade.

Costumes may vary according to the tastes of the performers. As the situations are rustic, the dressing should be according to the surroundings; and in the case of the women, the more picturesque the simple dresses are, the prettier will the scene appear.

1557
446402

CHARACTERS.

PHYLLIS, the Farmer's Daughter, ... *Soprano.*
MARGARET, the Adopted Daughter, ... *Contralto.*
DOUGLAS, a Young Farmer, ... *Tenor.*
FARMER MEADOWS, ... *Base.*
CHAPLEIGH, a Dude from the City, ... *Baritone.*
Semi-Choruses of Women.
Semi-Choruses of Men.
Full Chorus of Villagers.

The Semi-Choruses are in three parts;—for the women's voices 1st and 2d Soprano and Alto:—for the men, 1st and 2d Tenor and Base. Where semi-choruses are connected with the full chorus (as in No. 2) let all the women be on one side and all the men on the other, in the order indicated above, for the full chorus; then, when the semi-choruses are sung, those taking part will be together without having to change places.

The success of this Cantata will depend greatly upon the audience's hearing all the words. Come well to the front, sing directly and distinctly to them. Spare no pains to secure that result.

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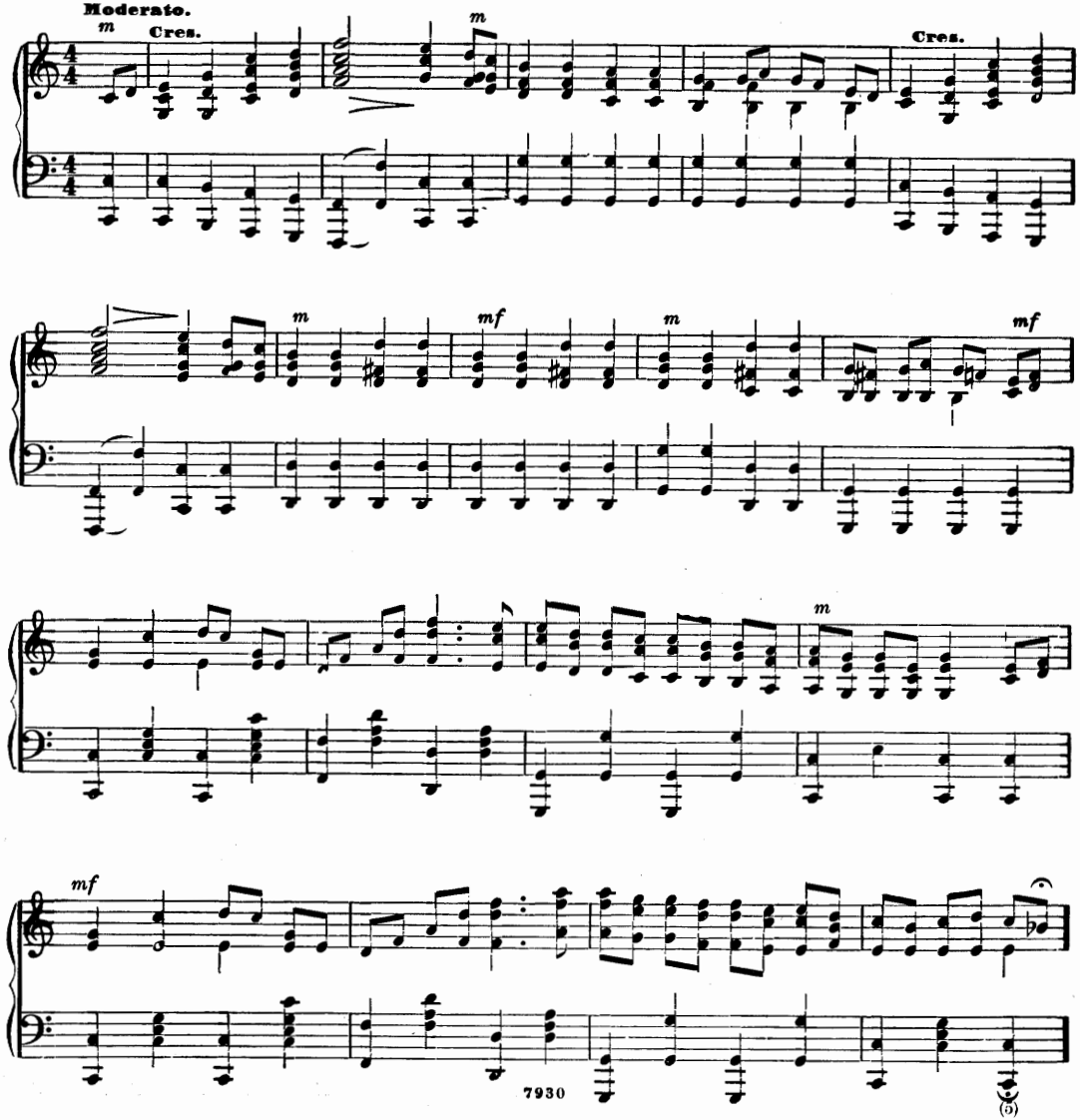
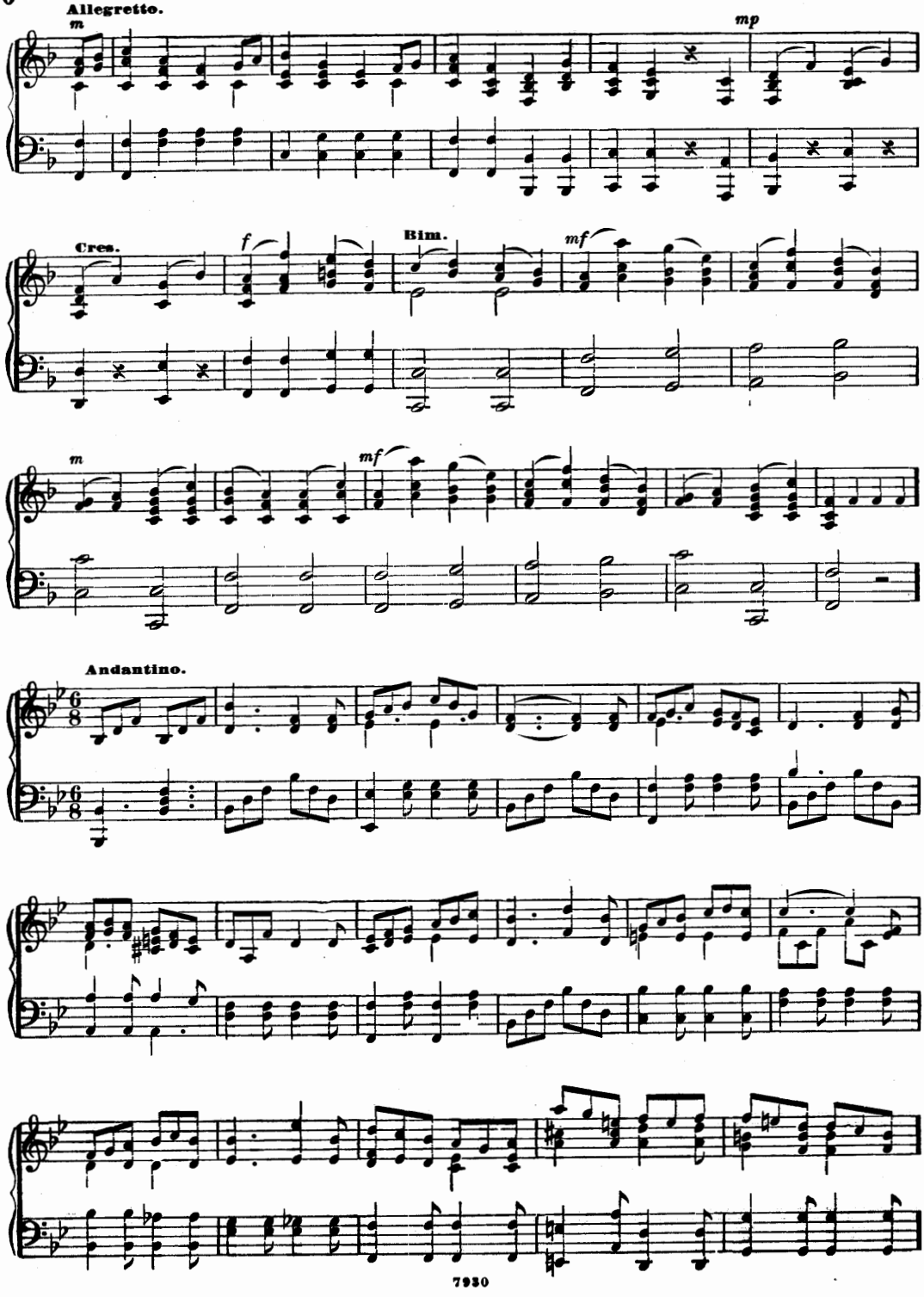
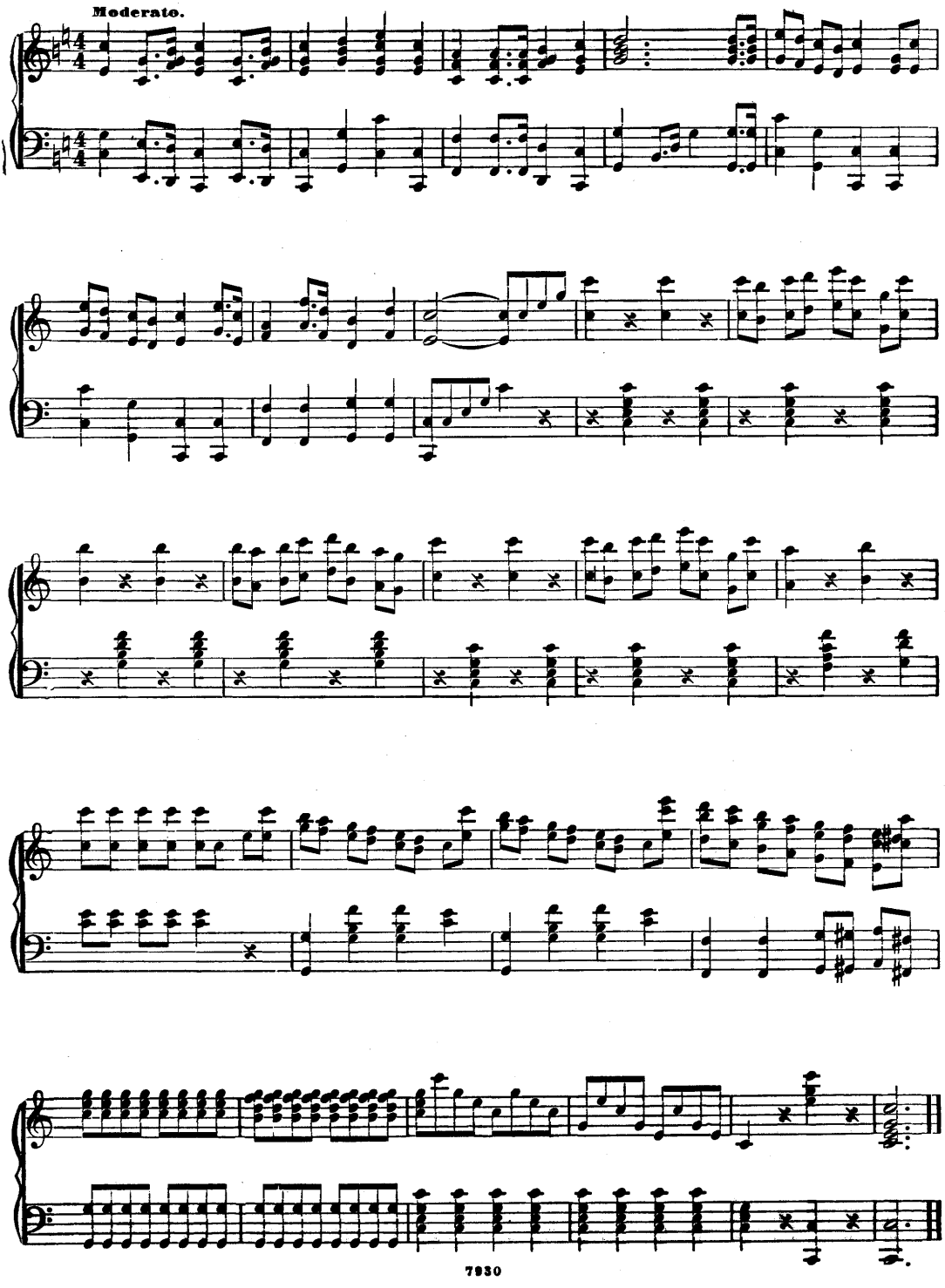
PHYLLIS,

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

No. 1. INTRODUCTION.



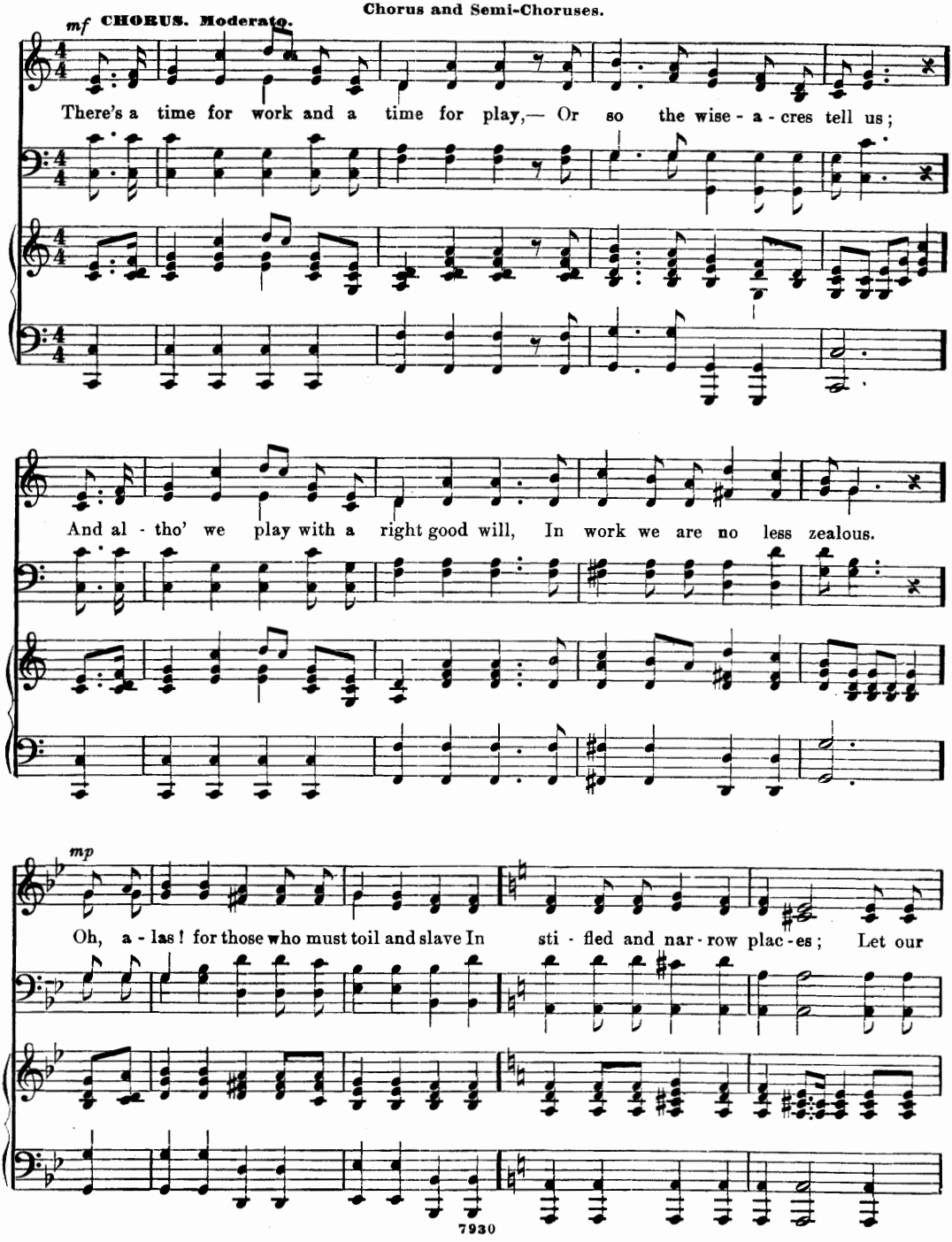

Allegretto.
m
mp
Cres.
f
Bim.
mf
m
mf
Andantino.

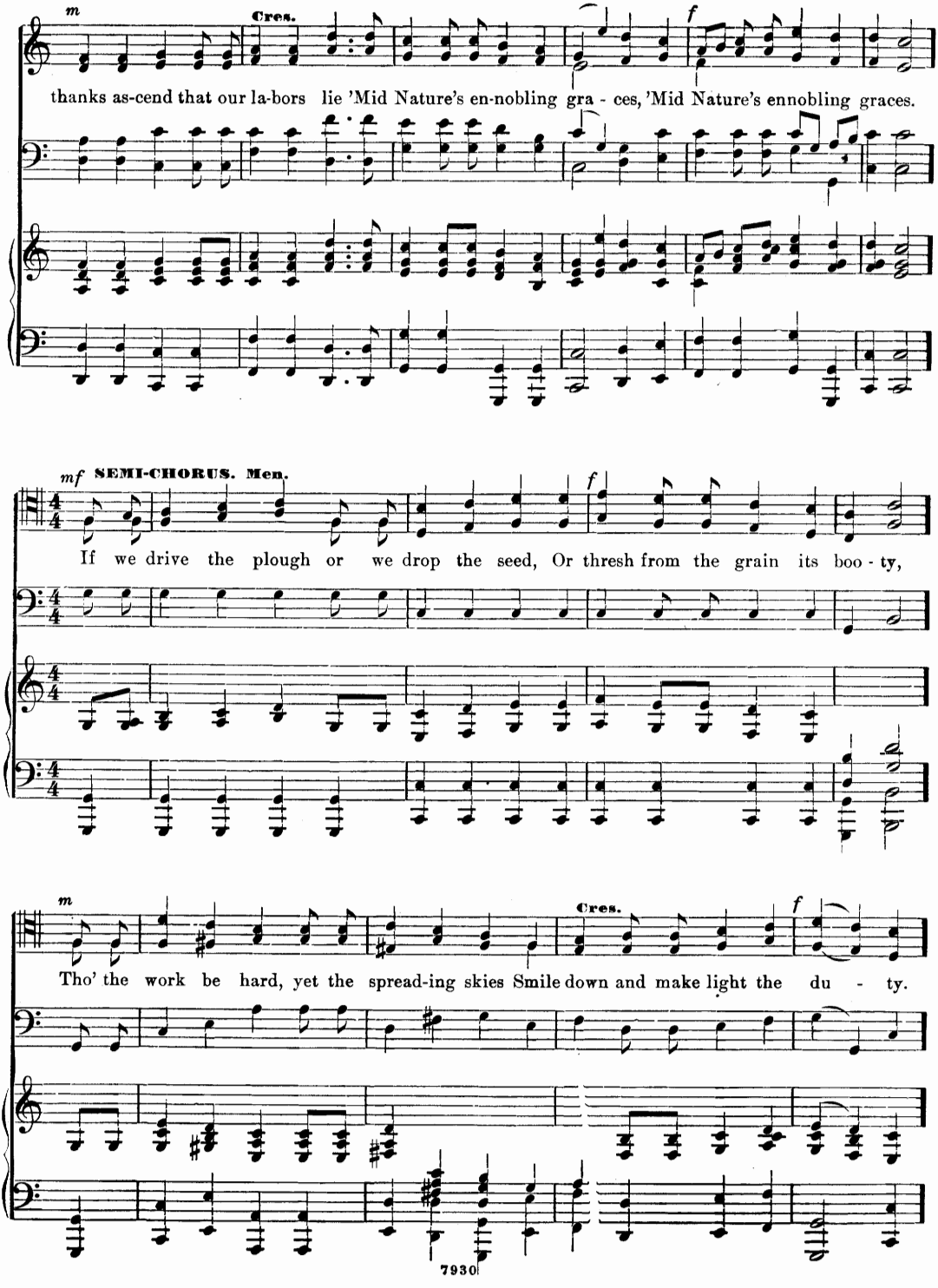

Moderato.

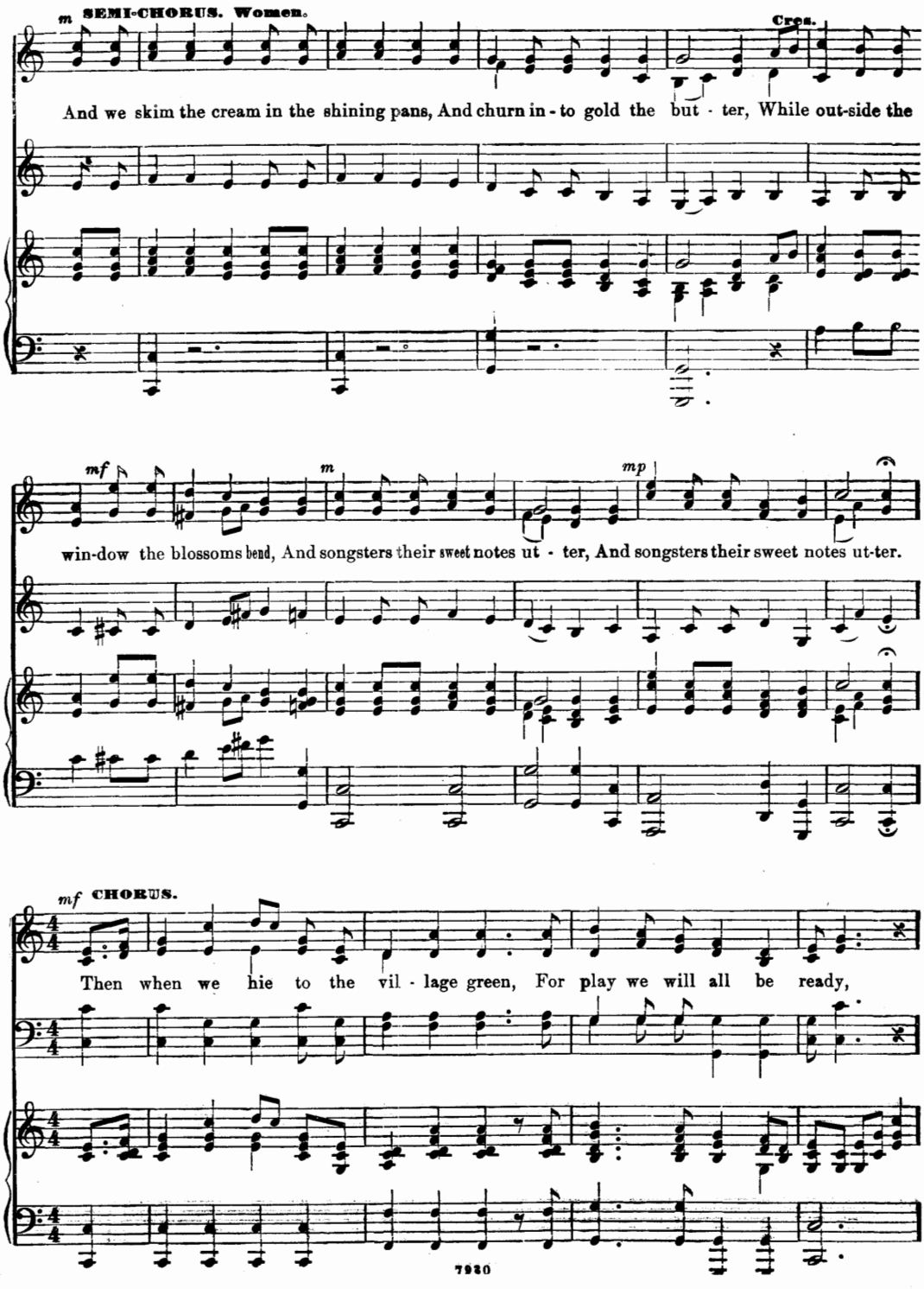
When the curtain rises the full chorus, including the Farmer, Douglas and Margaret, is discovered on the stage.

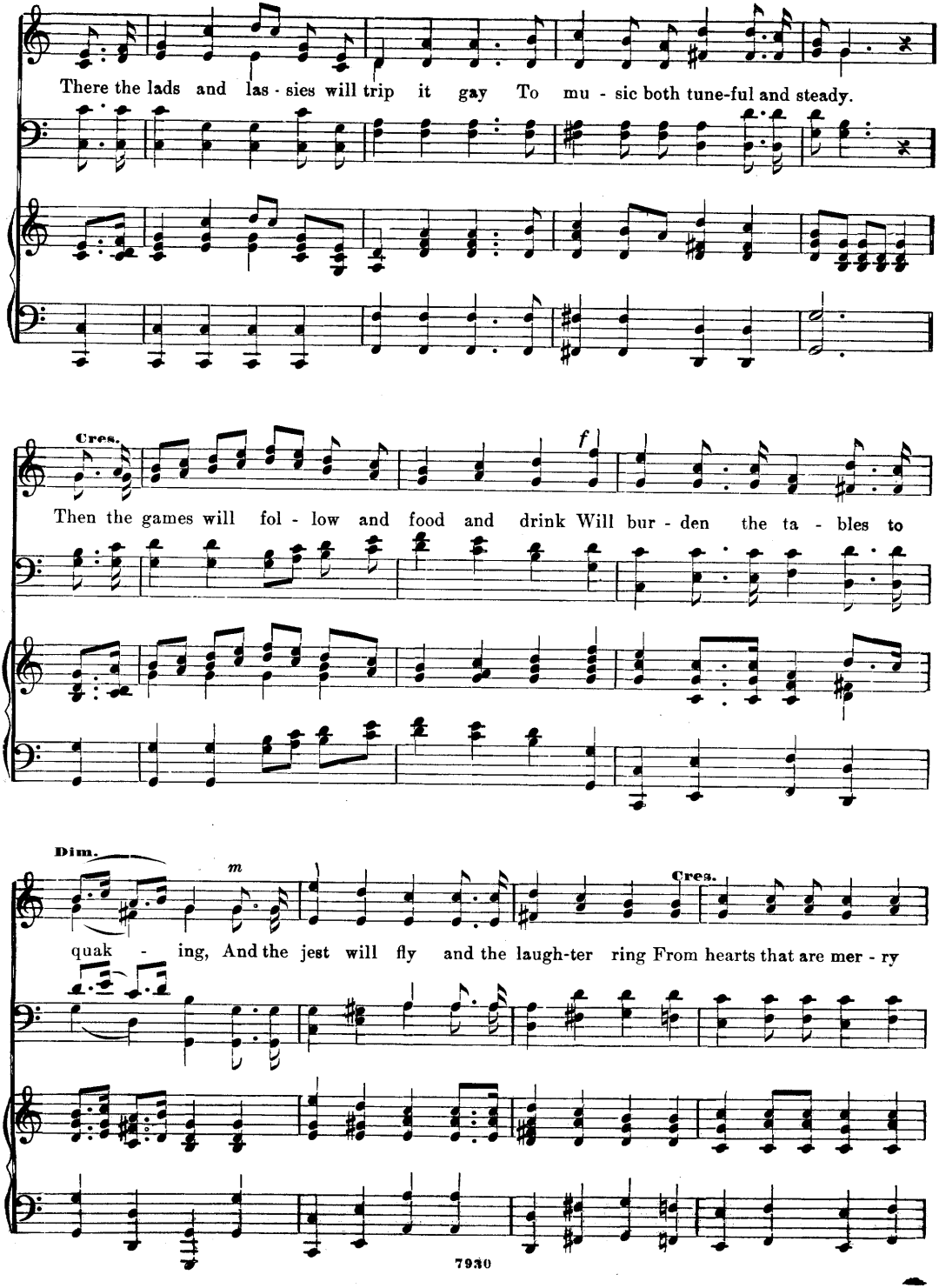
No. 2. THERE'S A TIME FOR WORK AND A TIME FOR PLAY.

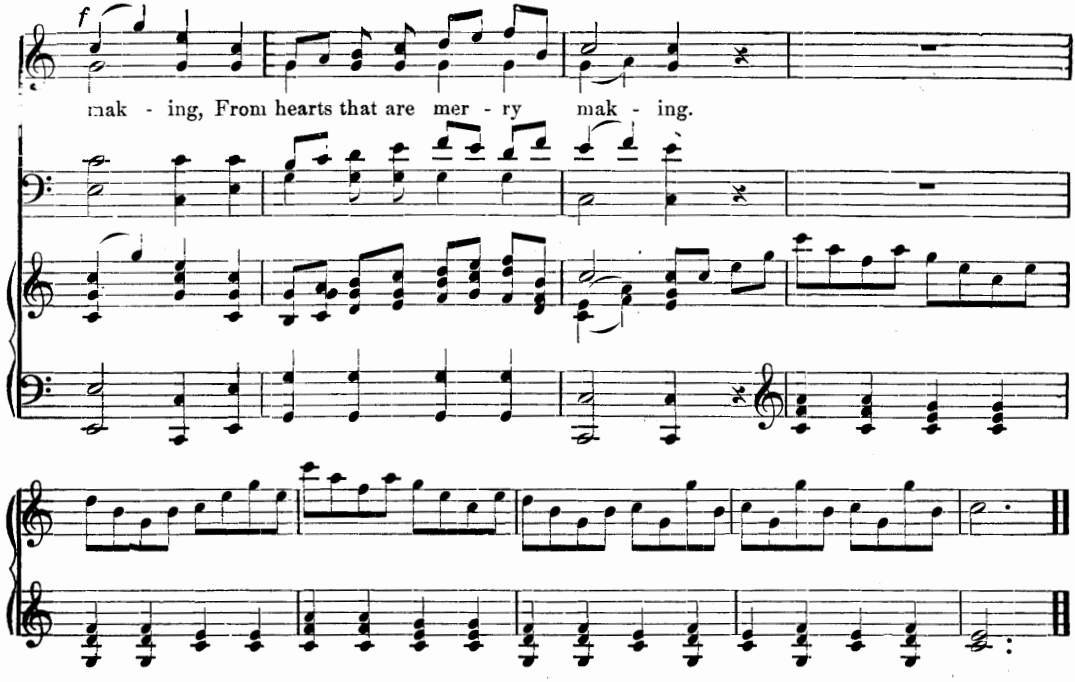
Chorus and Semi-Choruses.




m
Cres.
f
thanks as-cend that our la-bors lie 'Mid Nature's en-nobling gra - ces, 'Mid Nature's ennobling graces.
mf SEMI-CHORUS. Men.
f
If we drive the plough or we drop the seed, Or thresh from the grain its boo - ty,
m
Cres.
f
Tho' the work be hard, yet the spread-ing skies Smile down and make light the du - ty.


m SEMI-CHORUS. Women.
Cres.
And we skim the cream in the shining pans, And churn in - to gold the but - ter, While out-side the
mf
m
mp
win-dow the blossoms bend, And songsters their sweet notes ut - ter, And songsters their sweet notes ut-ter.
mf CHORUS.
Then when we hie to the vil - lage green, For play we will all be ready,


There the lads and las - sies will trip it gay To mu - sic both tune-ful and steady.
Cres.
f
Then the games will fol - low and food and drink Will bur - den the ta - bles to
Dim.
m
Cres.
quak - ing, And the jest will fly and the laugh-ter ring From hearts that are mer - ry



FARMER. Yes, friends, a healthy life in the country is the happiest of all the lives that God gives to his creatures, and although you have been invited here to-day to lend a helping hand, I hope some enjoyment may be mingled with the labor. Margaret claims the lassies first for her quilting.

MARGARET. Yes, soon our needles must be flying.

DOUGLAS. And your tongues too, maybe.

MARGARET. I hope so, truly. A sad affair would a quilting bee appear, where tongues were mute.

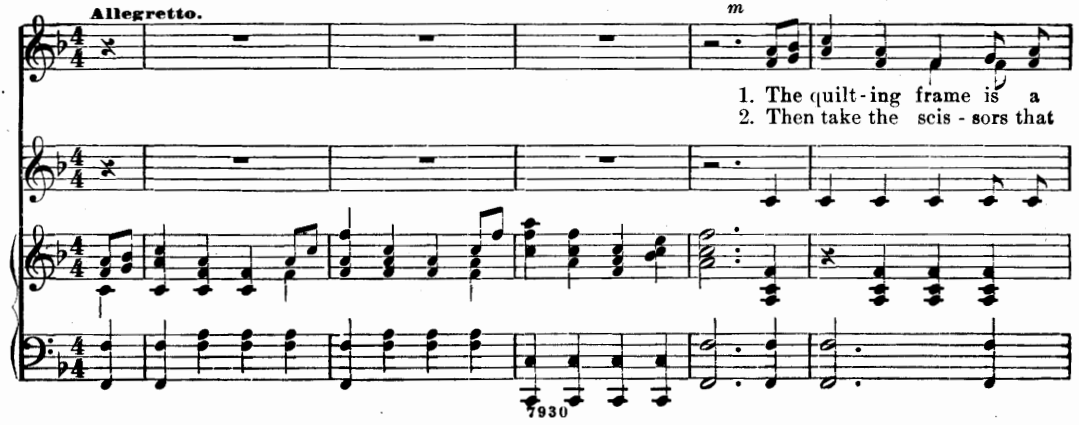
DOUGLAS. That is a wonder that will never be seen I am sure; and I have heard that sometimes the tongues are sharper than the needles.

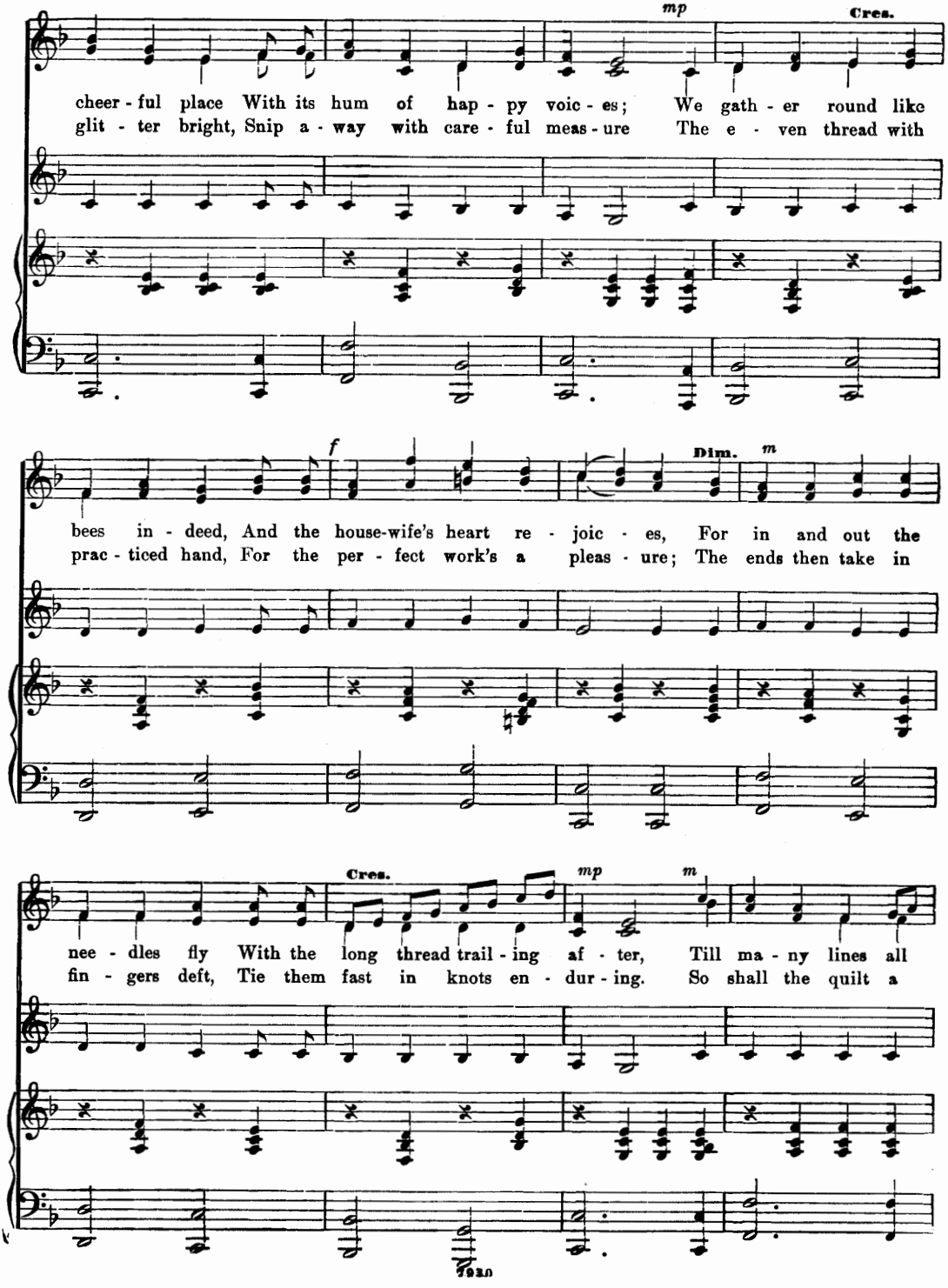
MARGARET. Fie, Douglas! Do you suppose our tongues are any sharper than yours?

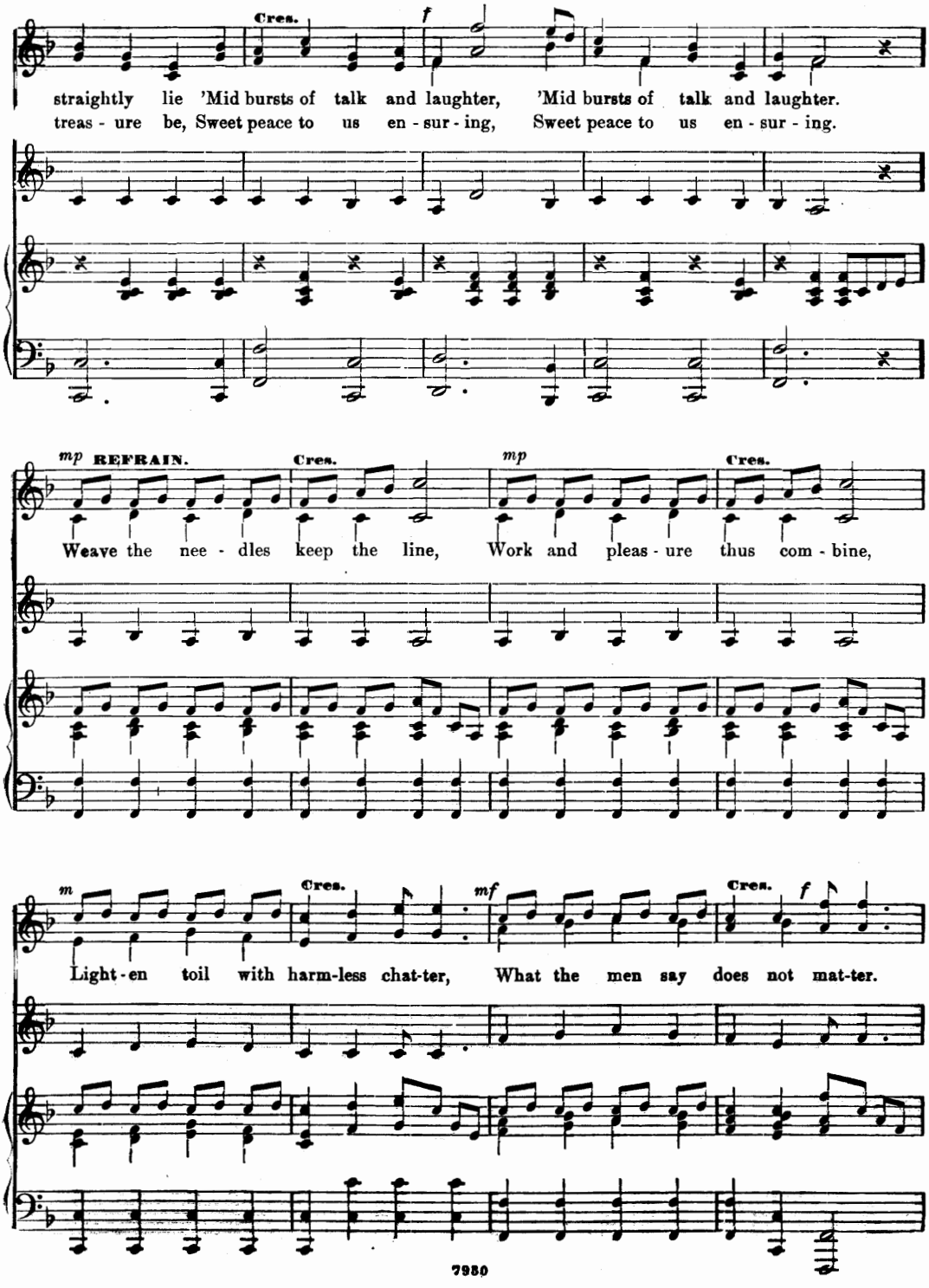
The women form as if on three sides of a quilting frame (the open side to the audience) and at the Refrain make the motions of weaving the needles and drawing up the threads as indicated by the form of the melody.

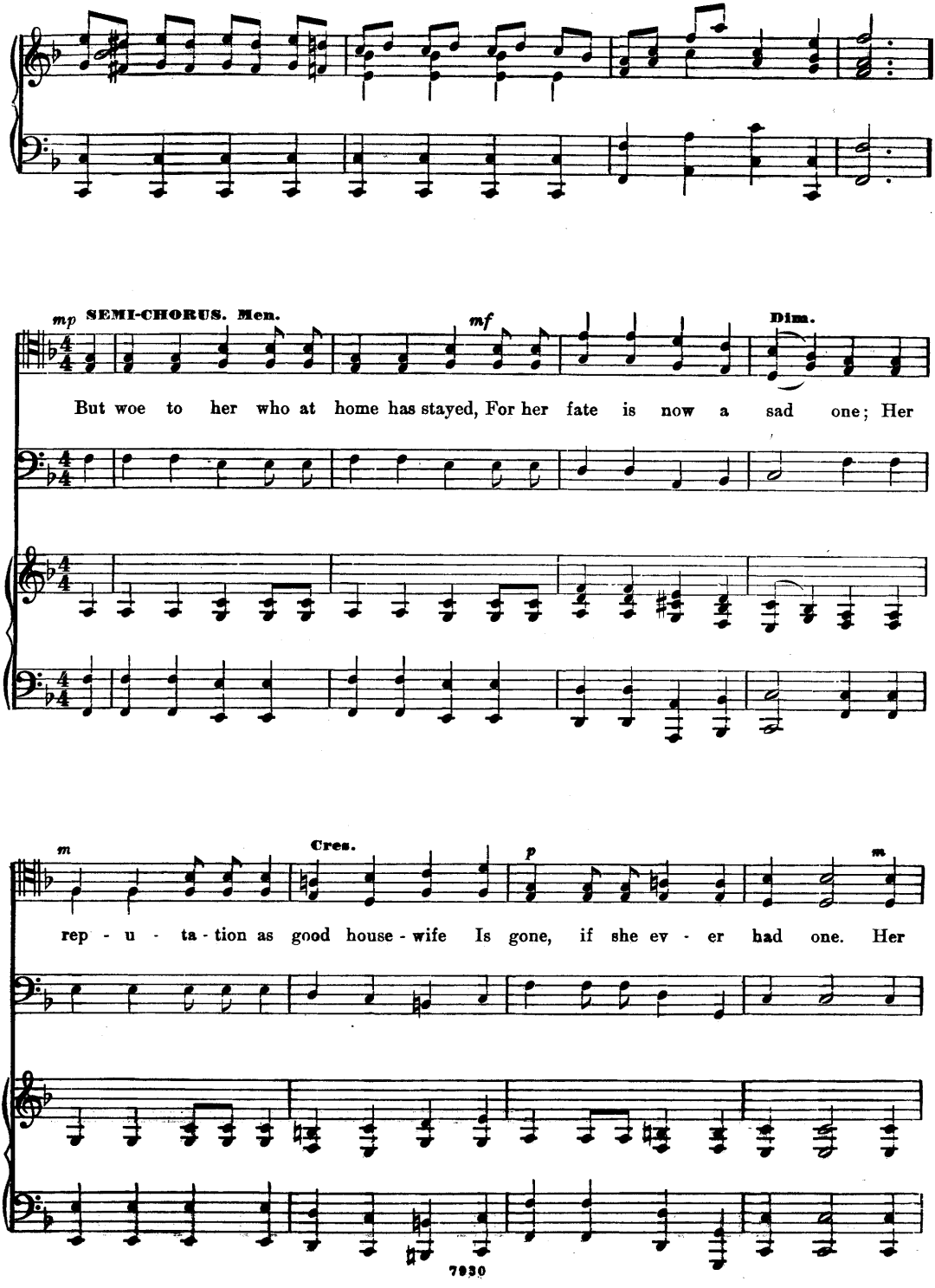
No. 3. THE QUILTING FRAME.

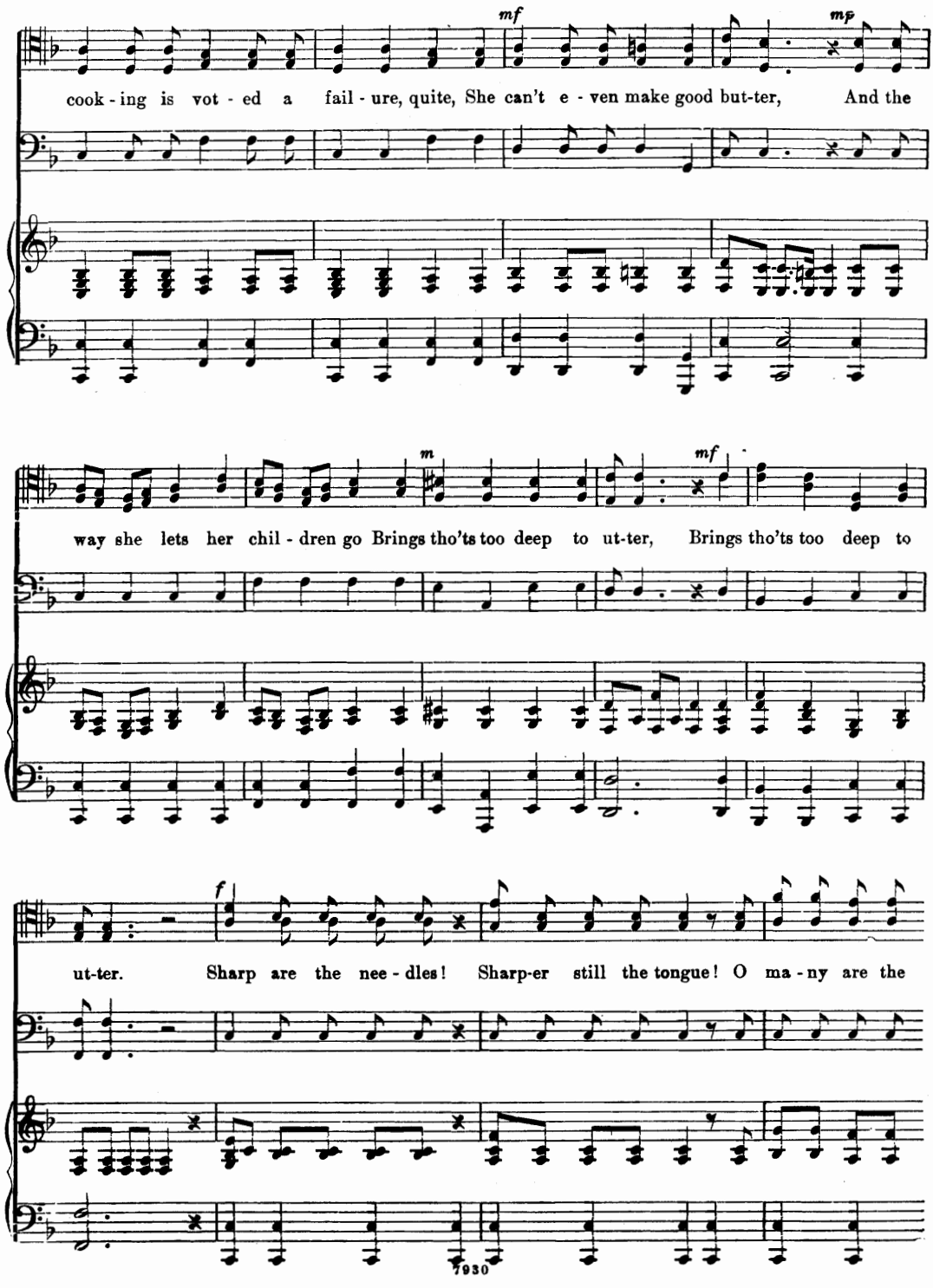
Semi-Chorus. Women.

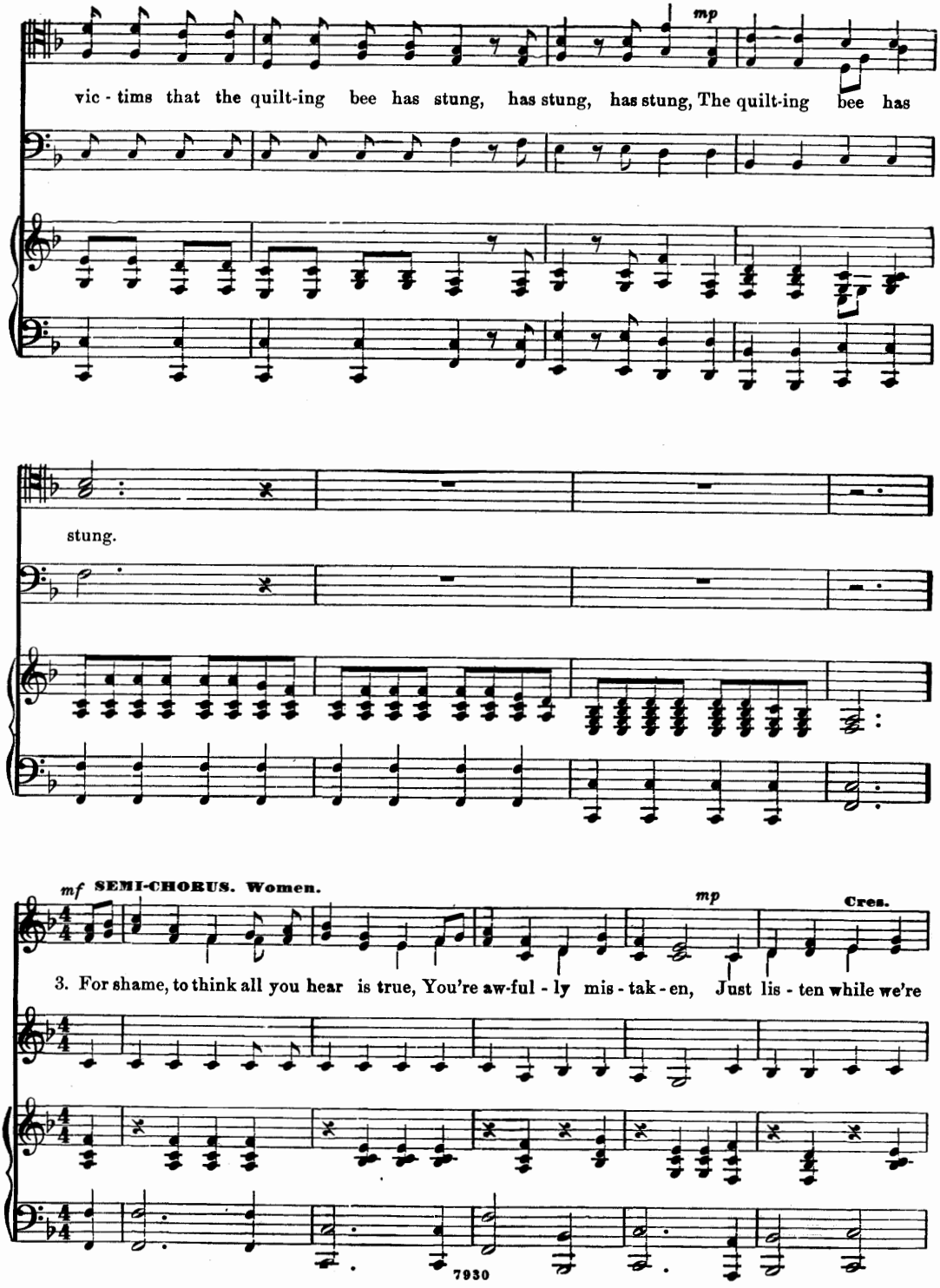


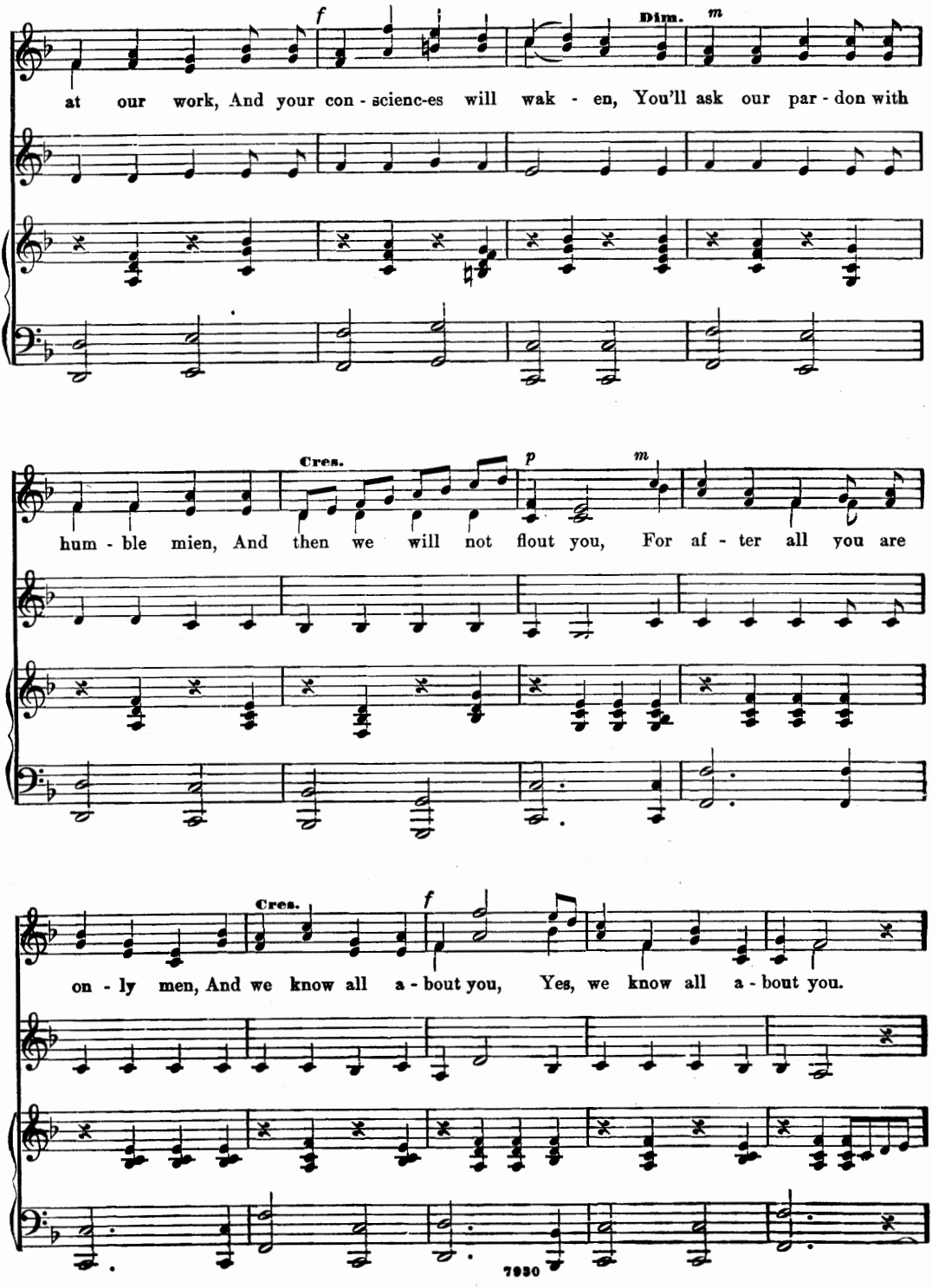

mp
Cres.
cheer - ful place With its hum of hap - py voic - es; We gath - er round like
glit - ter bright, Snip a - way with care - ful meas - ure The e - ven thread with
f
Dim.
m
bees in - deed, And the house-wife's heart re - joic - es, For in and out the
prac - ticed hand, For the per - fect work's a pleas - ure; The ends then take in
Cres.
mp
m
nee - dles fly With the long thread trail - ing af - ter, Till ma - ny lines all
fin - gers deft, Tie them fast in knots en - dur - ing. So shall the quilt a

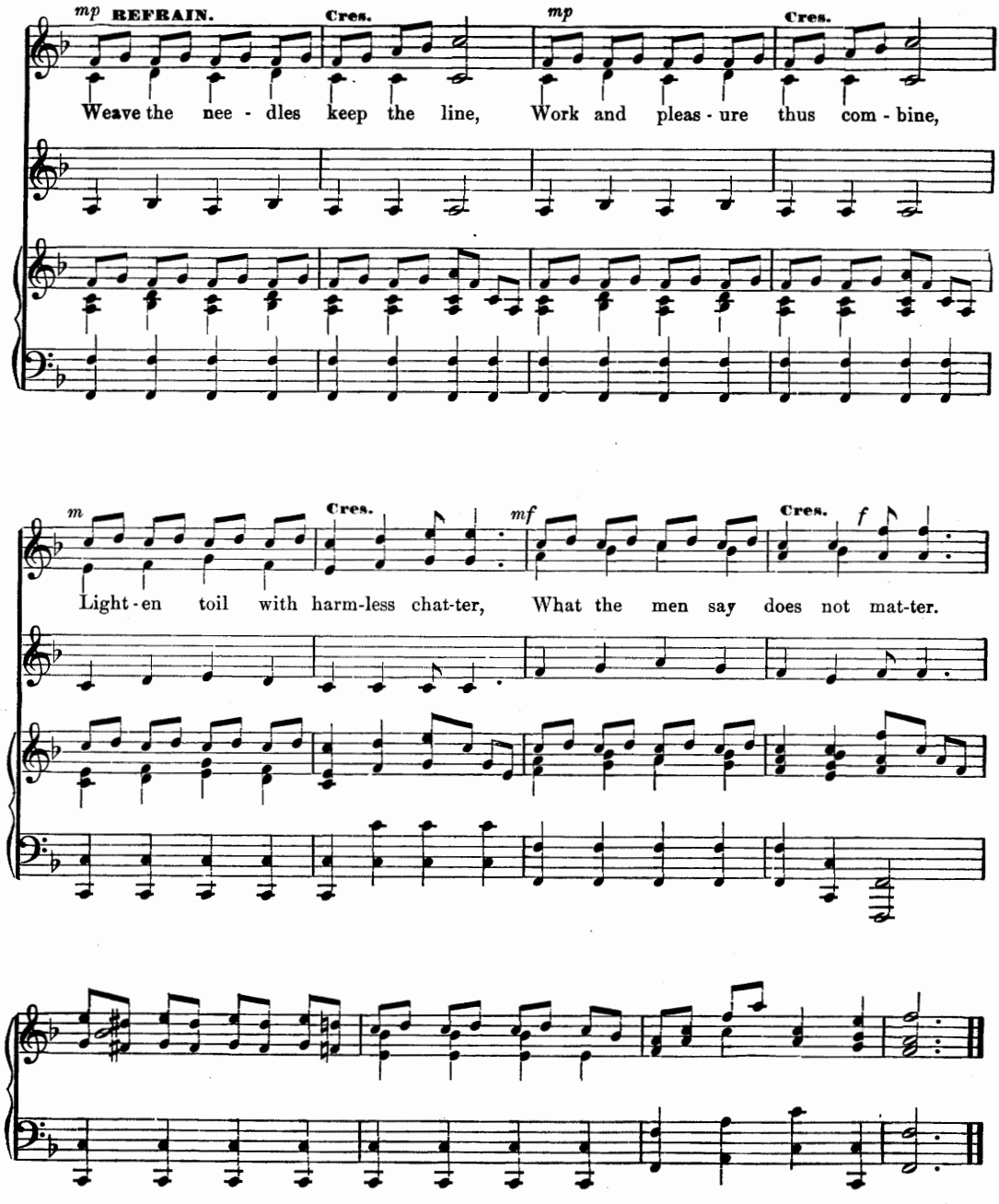

Cres.
f
straightly lie 'Mid bursts of talk and laughter, 'Mid bursts of talk and laughter.
treas - ure be, Sweet peace to us en - sur - ing, Sweet peace to us en - sur - ing.
mp REFRAIN.
Cres.
mp
Cres.
Weave the nee - dles keep the line, Work and pleas - ure thus com - bine,
m
Cres.
mf
Cres.
f
Light - en toil with harm-less chat-ter, What the men say does not mat-ter.


mp
SEMI-CHORUS. Men.
mf
Dim.
But woe to her who at home has stayed, For her fate is now a sad one; Her
m
Cres.
p
m
rep - u - ta - tion as good house - wife Is gone, if she ev - er had one. Her


mf
mp
cook - ing is vot - ed a fail - ure, quite, She can't e - ven make good but-ter, And the
m
mf
way she lets her chil - dren go Brings tho'ts too deep to ut-ter, Brings tho'ts too deep to
f
ut-ter. Sharp are the nee - dles! Sharp-er still the tongue! O ma - ny are the


mp
vic - tims that the quilt-ing bee has stung, has stung, has stung, The quilt-ing bee has
stung.
mf SEMI-CHORUS. Women.
mp
Cres.
3. For shame, to think all you hear is true, You're aw-ful - ly mis - tak - en, Just lis - ten while we're


f
Dim.
m
at our work, And your con - scienc-es will wak - en, You'll ask our par - don with
Cres.
p
m
hum - ble mien, And then we will not flout you, For af - ter all you are
Cres.
f
on - ly men, And we know all a - bout you, Yes, we know all a - bout you.

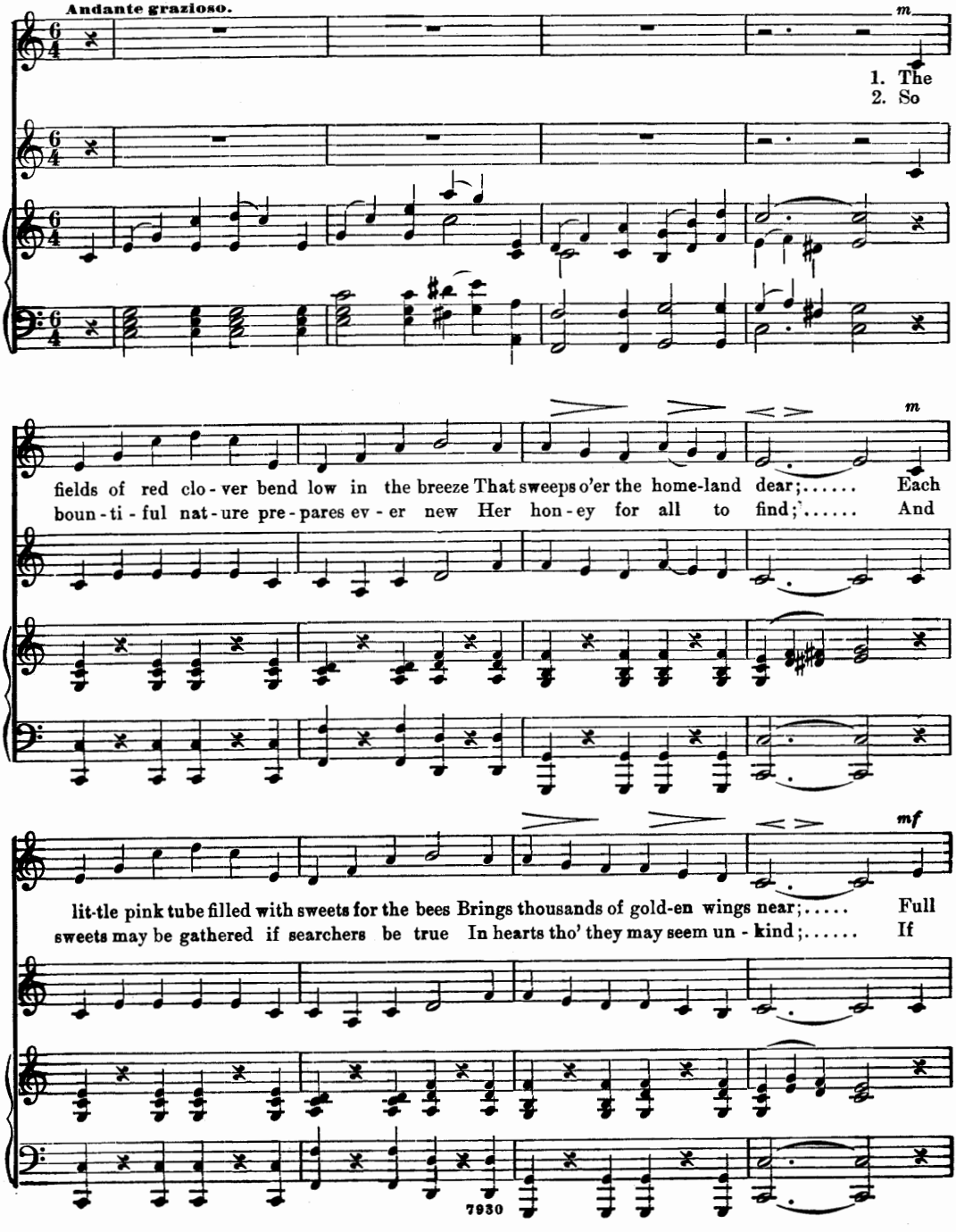


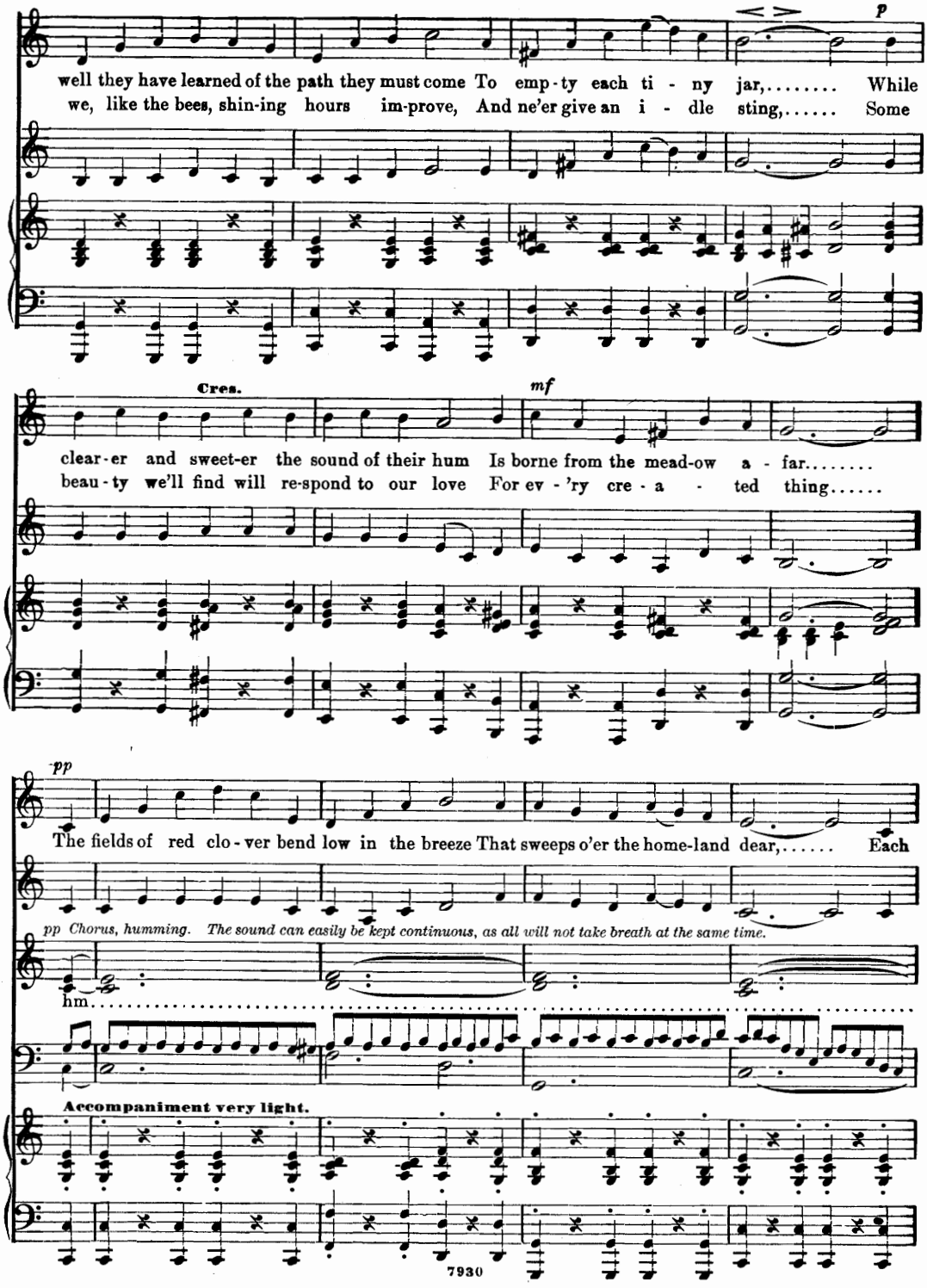
MARGARET. Have done with nonsense. Here comes Phyllis. (*Enter Phyllis.*) I am going to let the child take her place with us at the frames to-day if she likes. She scarcely knows the meaning of the word gossip; and she will find that quilting bees like other bees spend more time gathering honey than using their stings.

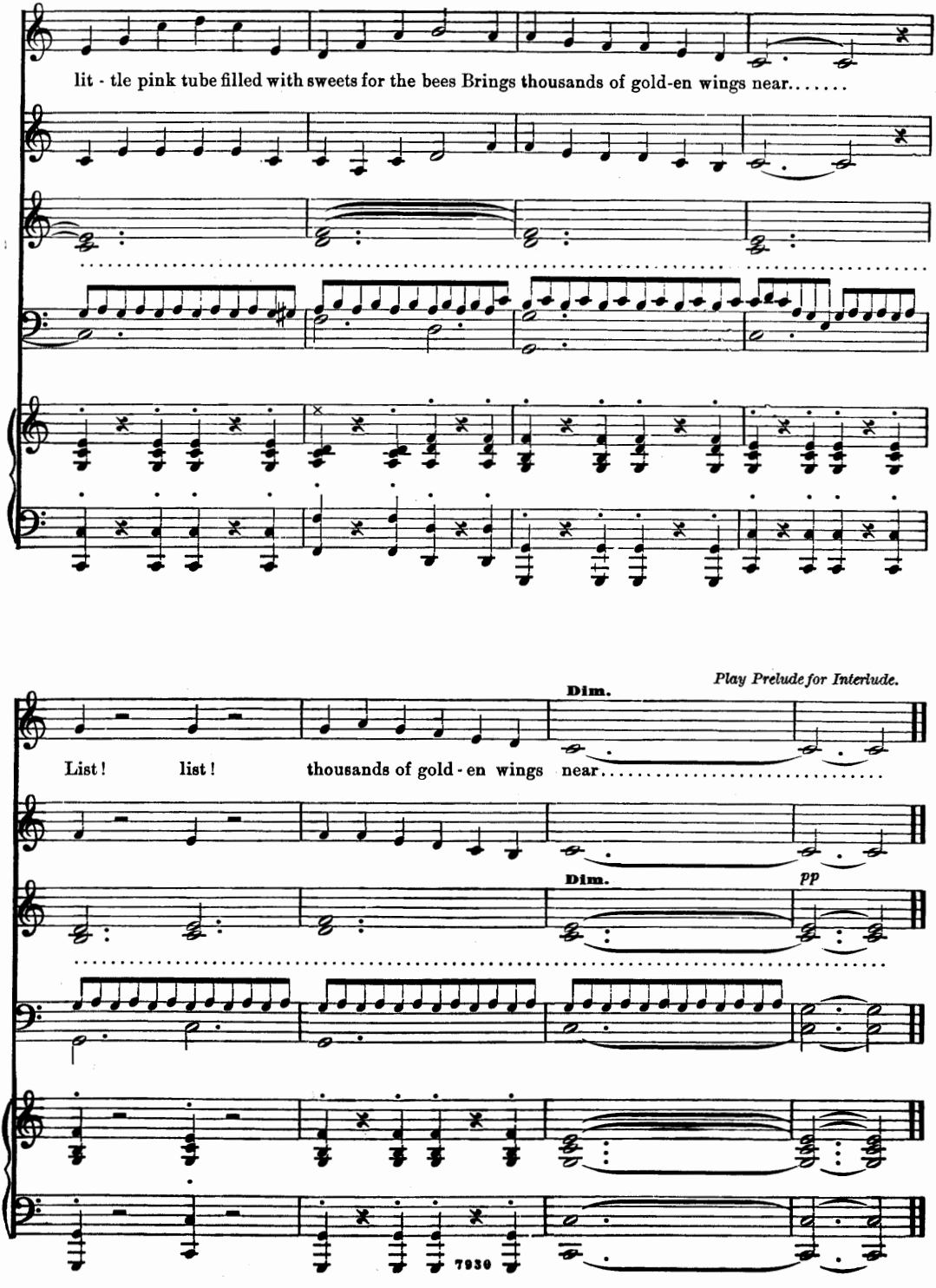
(Let the solo singers come well to the front and remember that they are really singing to the audience and not to each other).

No. 4. THE FIELDS OF RED CLOVER AND HUMMING CHORUS.

Duet. Phyllis and Margaret.



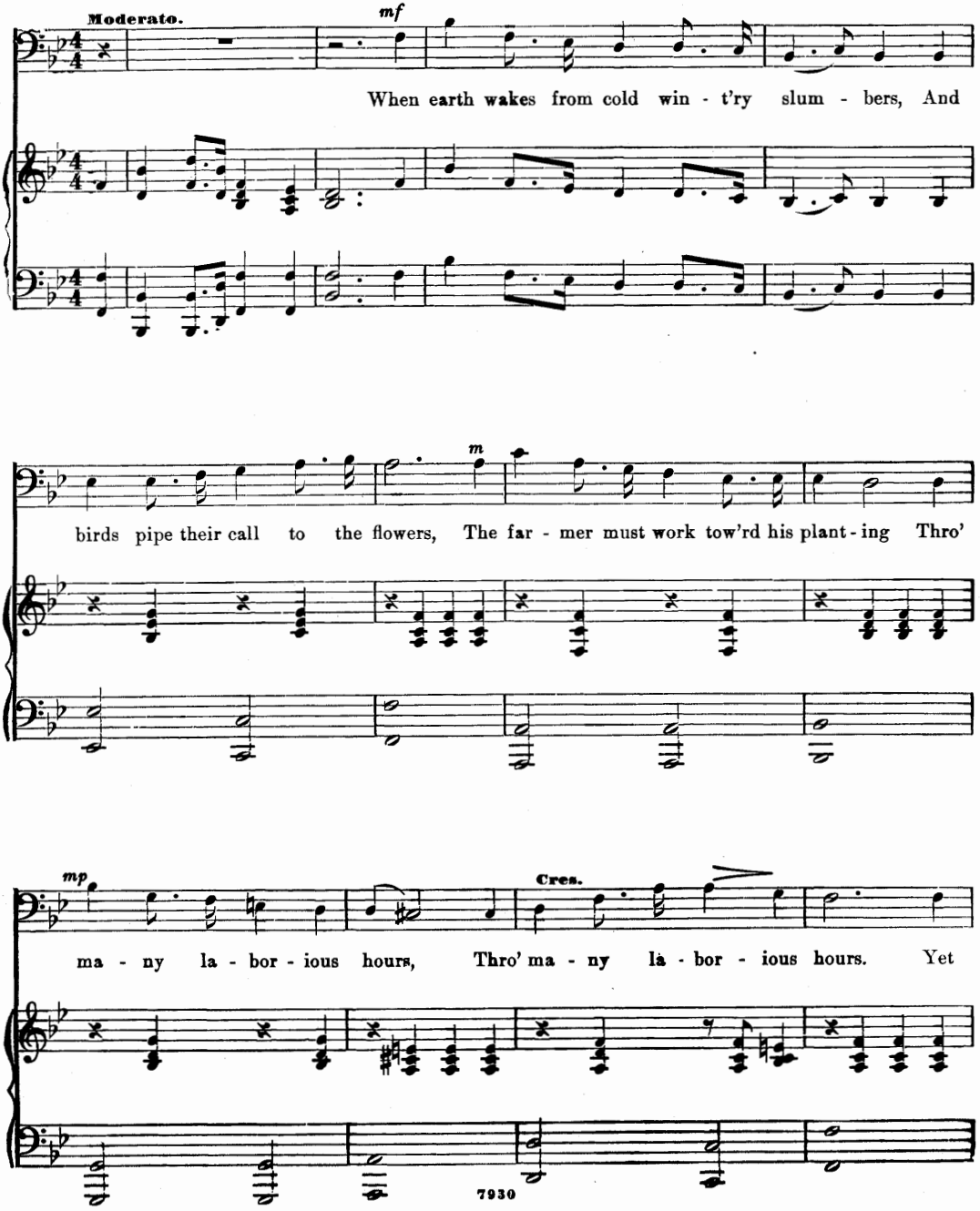

p
well they have learned of the path they must come To emp-ty each ti - ny jar,..... While
we, like the bees, shin-ing hours im-prove, And ne'er give an i - dle sting,..... Some
Cres.
mf
clear-er and sweet-er the sound of their hum Is borne from the mead-ow a - far.....
beau-ty we'll find will re-spond to our love For ev - 'ry cre - a - ted thing.....
pp
The fields of red clo-ver bend low in the breeze That sweeps o'er the home-land dear,..... Each
pp Chorus, humming. The sound can easily be kept continuous, as all will not take breath at the same time.
hm.....
Accompaniment very light.

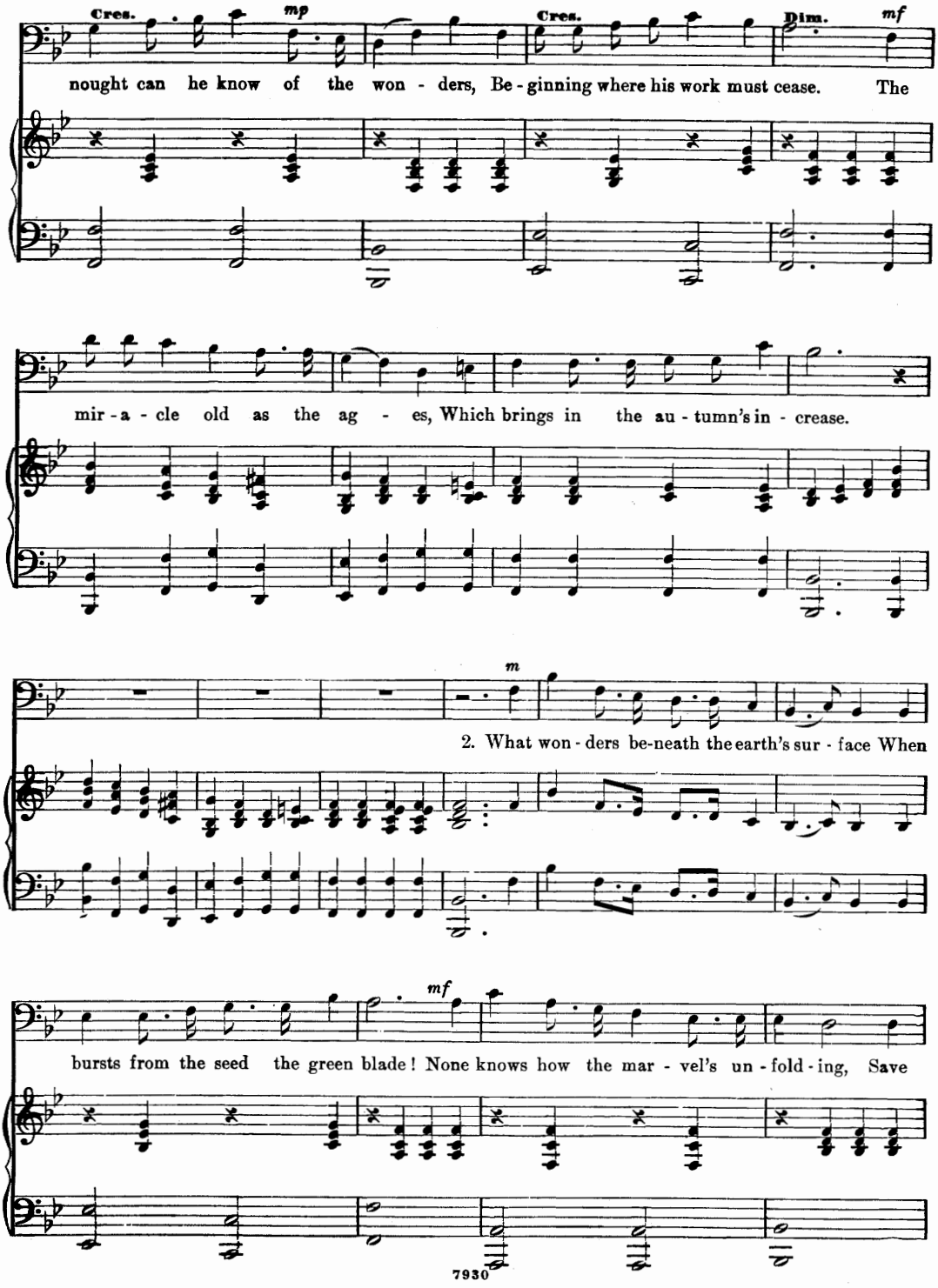

lit - tle pink tube filled with sweets for the bees Brings thousands of gold-en wings near.....
Play Prelude for Interlude.
Dim.
List! list! thousands of gold - en wings near.....
Dim.
pp
7930

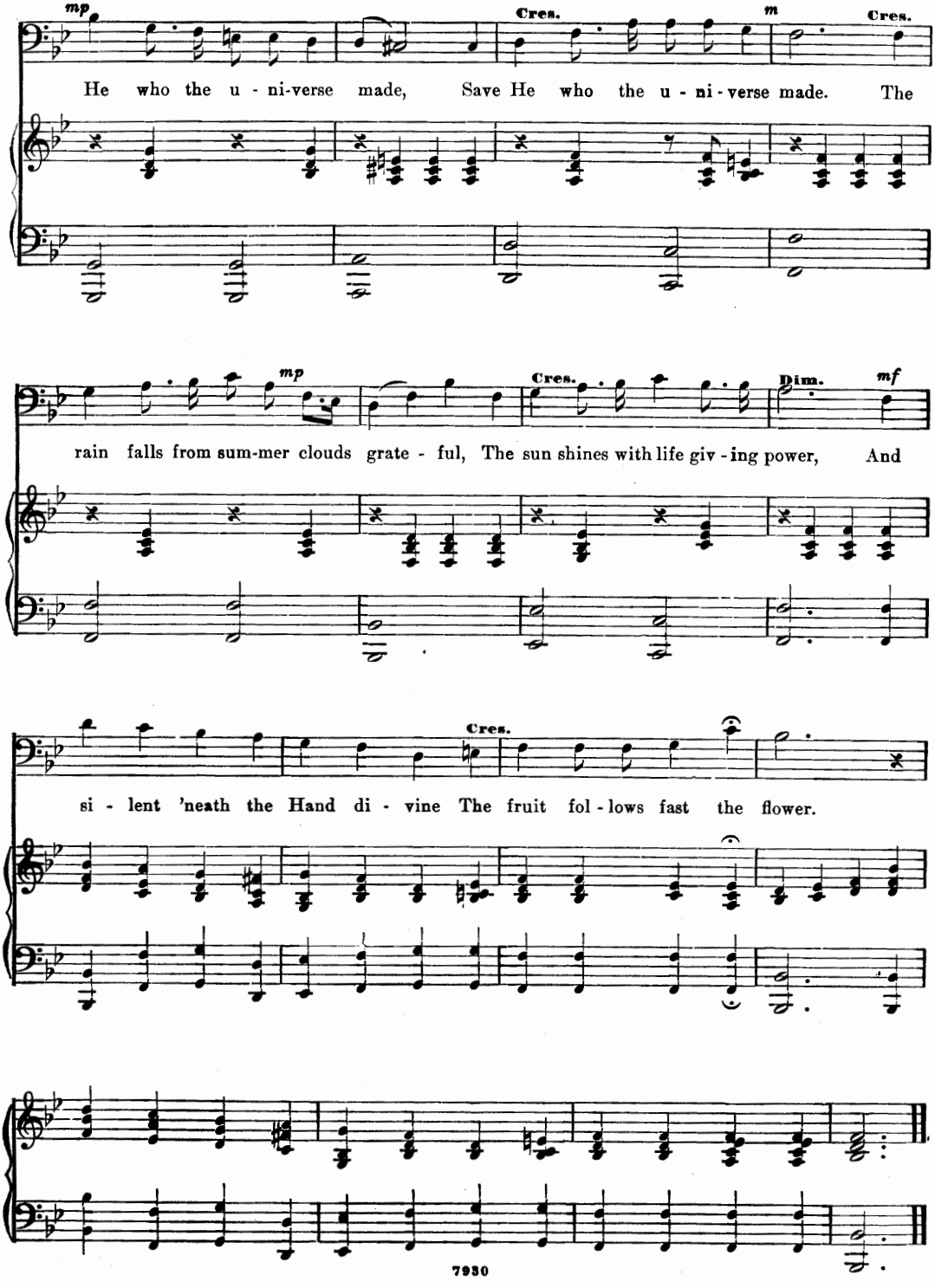
FARMER. And now, boys, we must make ready for our labors. What a glorious season this is when the earth yields her fruit so generously to us.

No. 5. WHEN EARTH WAKES FROM COLD WINT'RY SLUMBERS.

Song. Farmer.



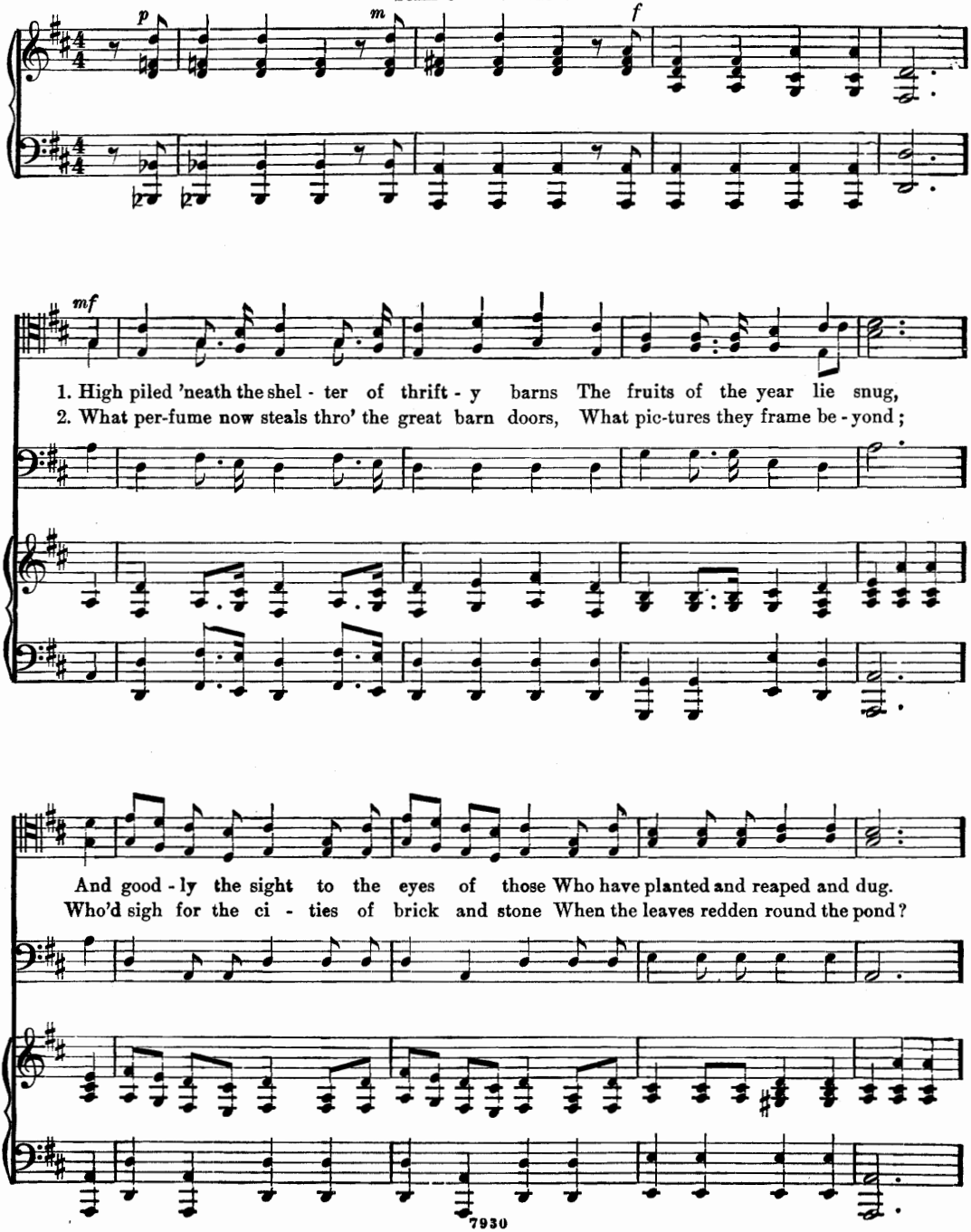

Cres.
mp
Cres.
Dim.
mf
nought can he know of the won - ders, Be - ginning where his work must cease. The
mir - a - cle old as the ag - es, Which brings in the au - tumn's in - crease.
m
2. What won - ders be-neath the earth's sur - face When
mf
bursts from the seed the green blade! None knows how the mar - vel's un - fold - ing, Save

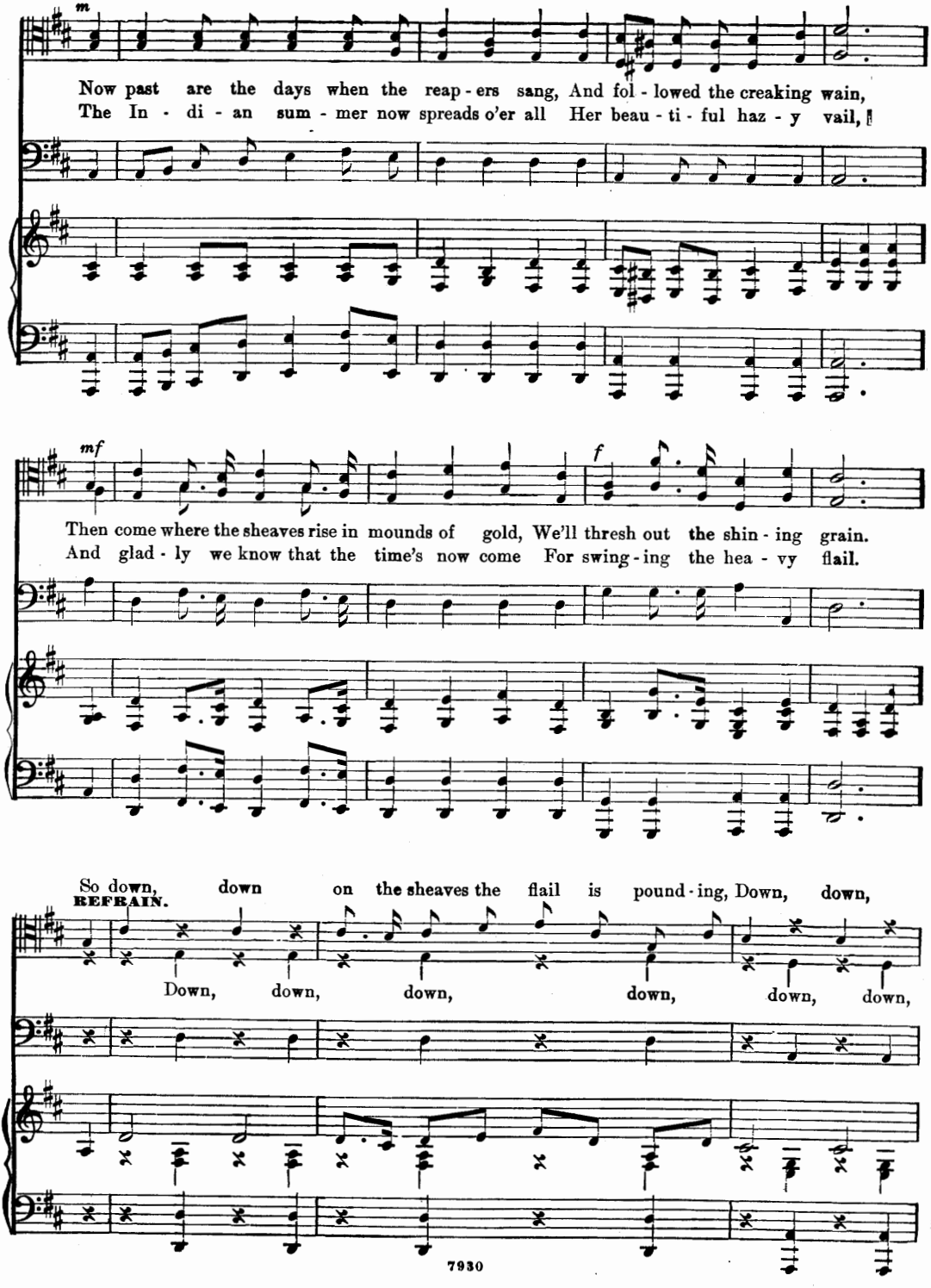

mp
Cres.
m
Cres.
He who the u - ni-verse made, Save He who the u - ni - verse made. The
mp
Cres.
Dim.
mf
rain falls from sum-mer clouds grate - ful, The sun shines with life giv - ing power, And
Cres.
si - lent 'neath the Hand di - vine The fruit fol - lows fast the flower.

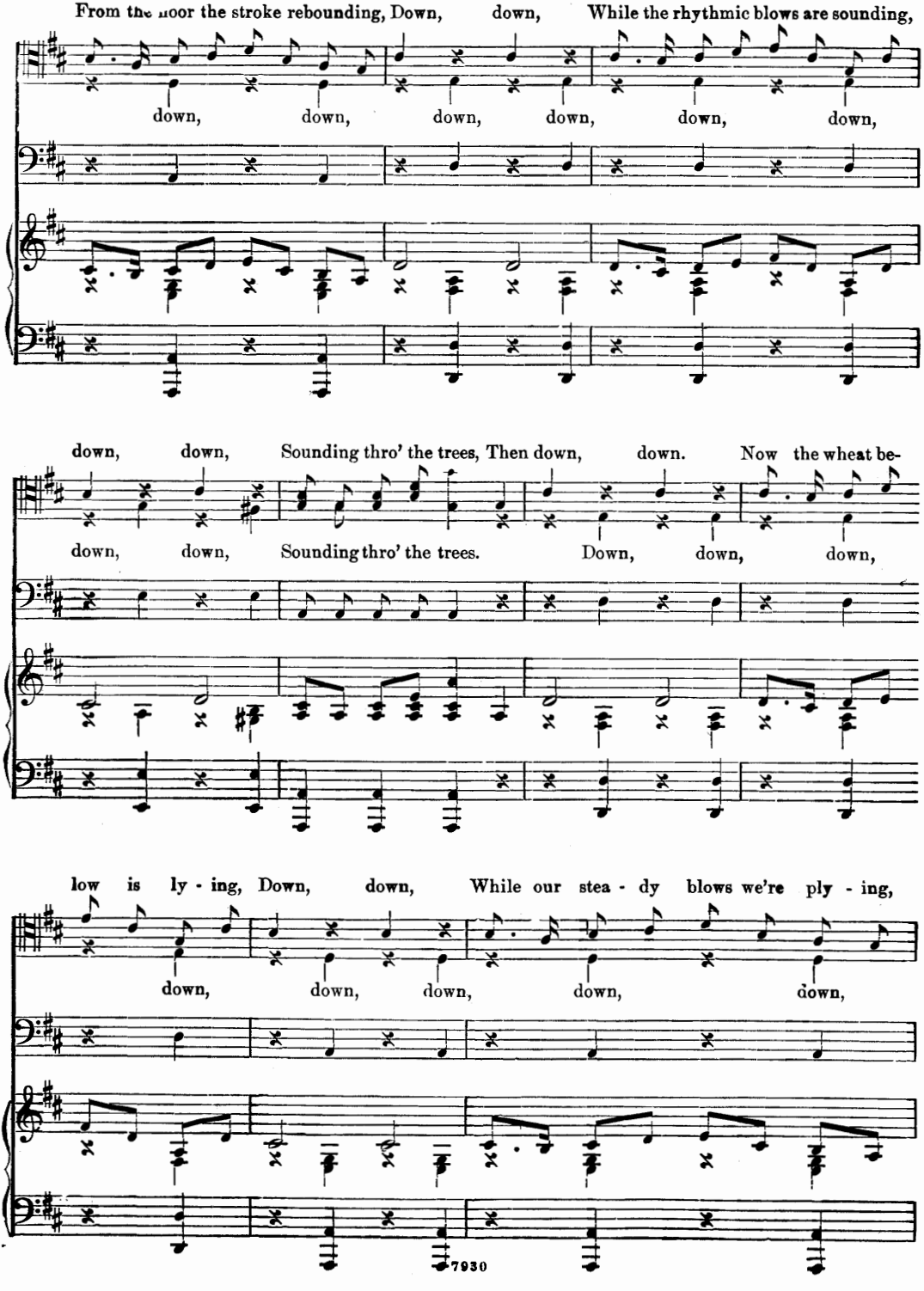
(*If thought best, at the Refrain, the motions of threshing by alternate blows may be made as indicated by the music.*)

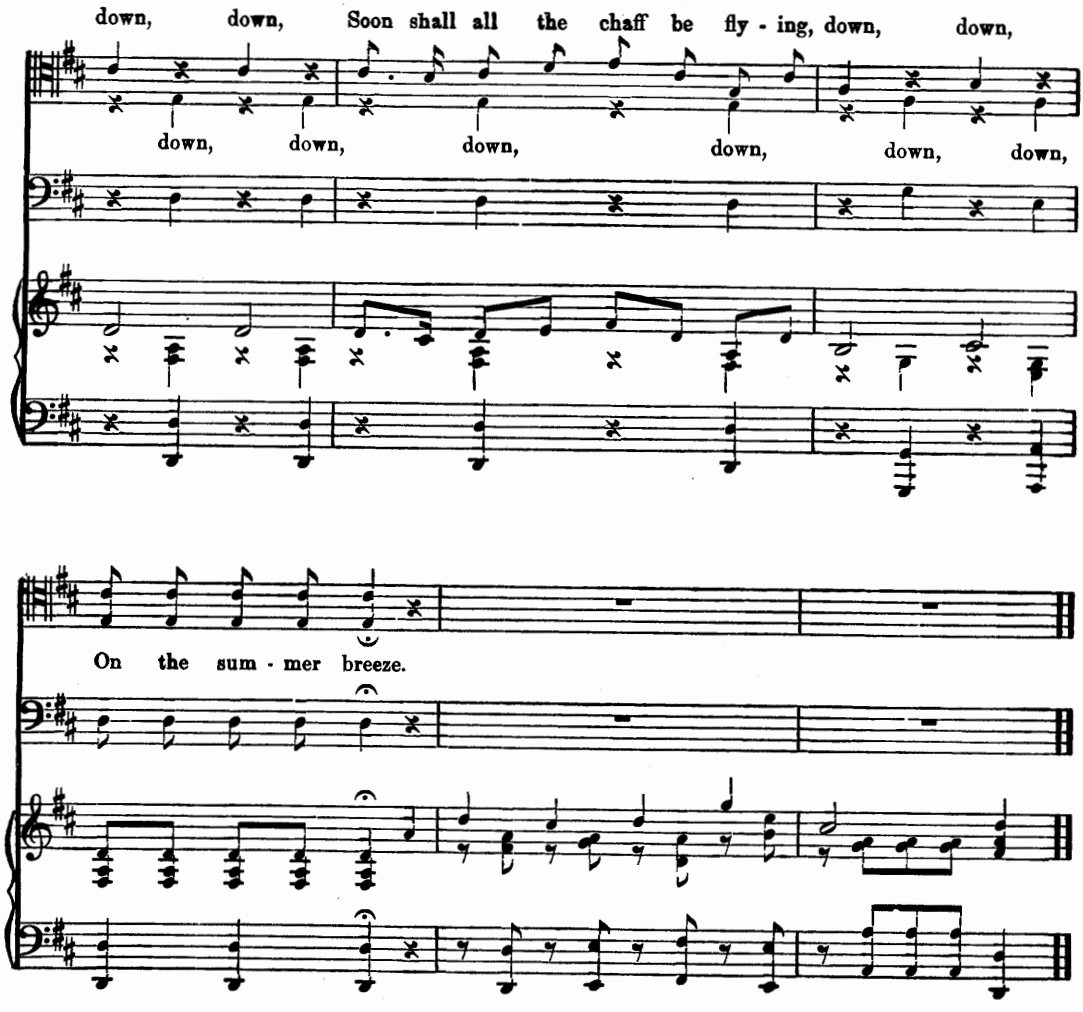
No. 6. THE FLAIL SONG.

Semi-Chorus. Men.




m
Now past are the days when the reap - ers sang, And fol - lowed the creaking wain,
The In - di - an sum - mer now spreads o'er all Her beau - ti - ful haz - y vail,
mf
f
Then come where the sheaves rise in mounds of gold, We'll thresh out the shin - ing grain.
And glad - ly we know that the time's now come For swing - ing the hea - vy flail.
So down, down on the sheaves the flail is pound - ing, Down, down,
REFRAIN.
Down, down, down, down, down, down,

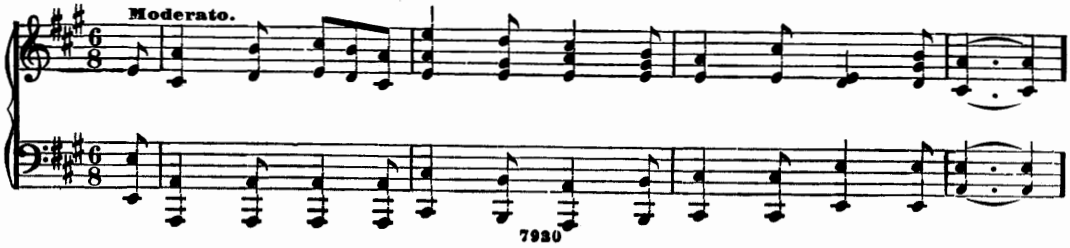

From the floor the stroke rebounding, Down, down, While the rhythmic blows are sounding,
down, down, down, down, down, down,
down, down, Sounding thro' the trees, Then down, down. Now the wheat be-
down, down, Sounding thro' the trees. Down, down, down,
low is ly - ing, Down, down, While our stea - dy blows we're ply - ing,
down, down, down, down, down,

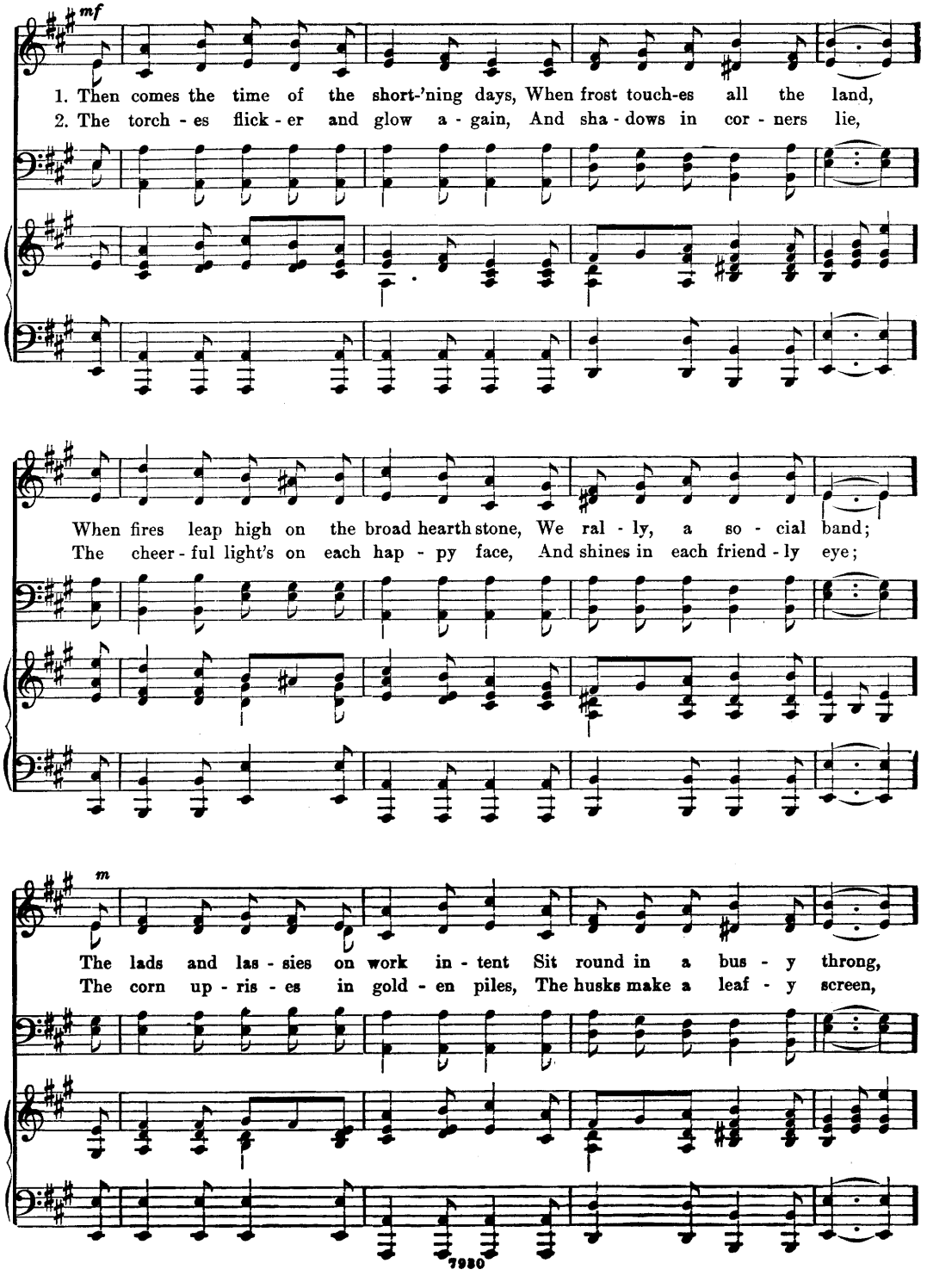


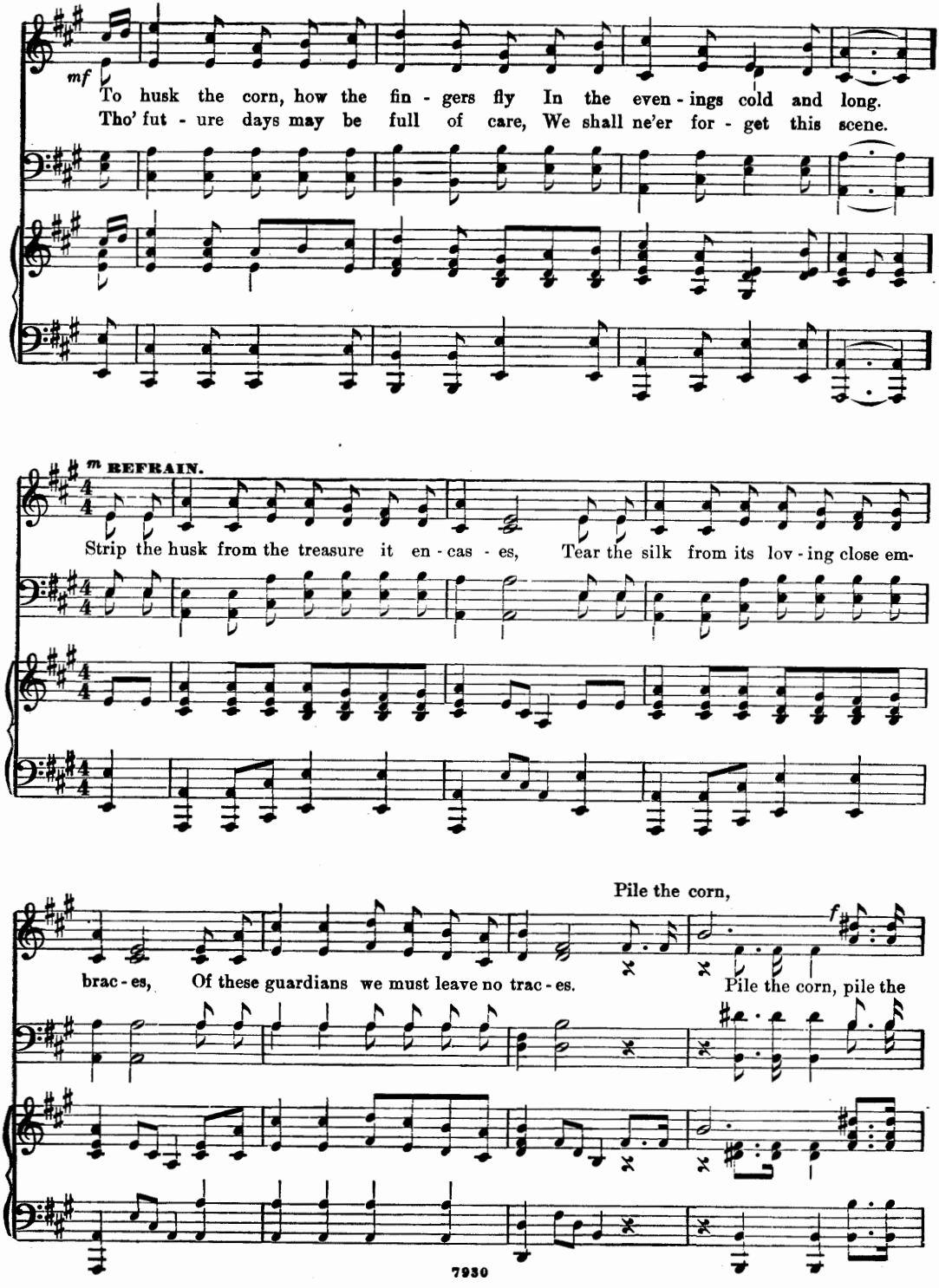
No. 7. HUSKING CHORUS.

All the voices.

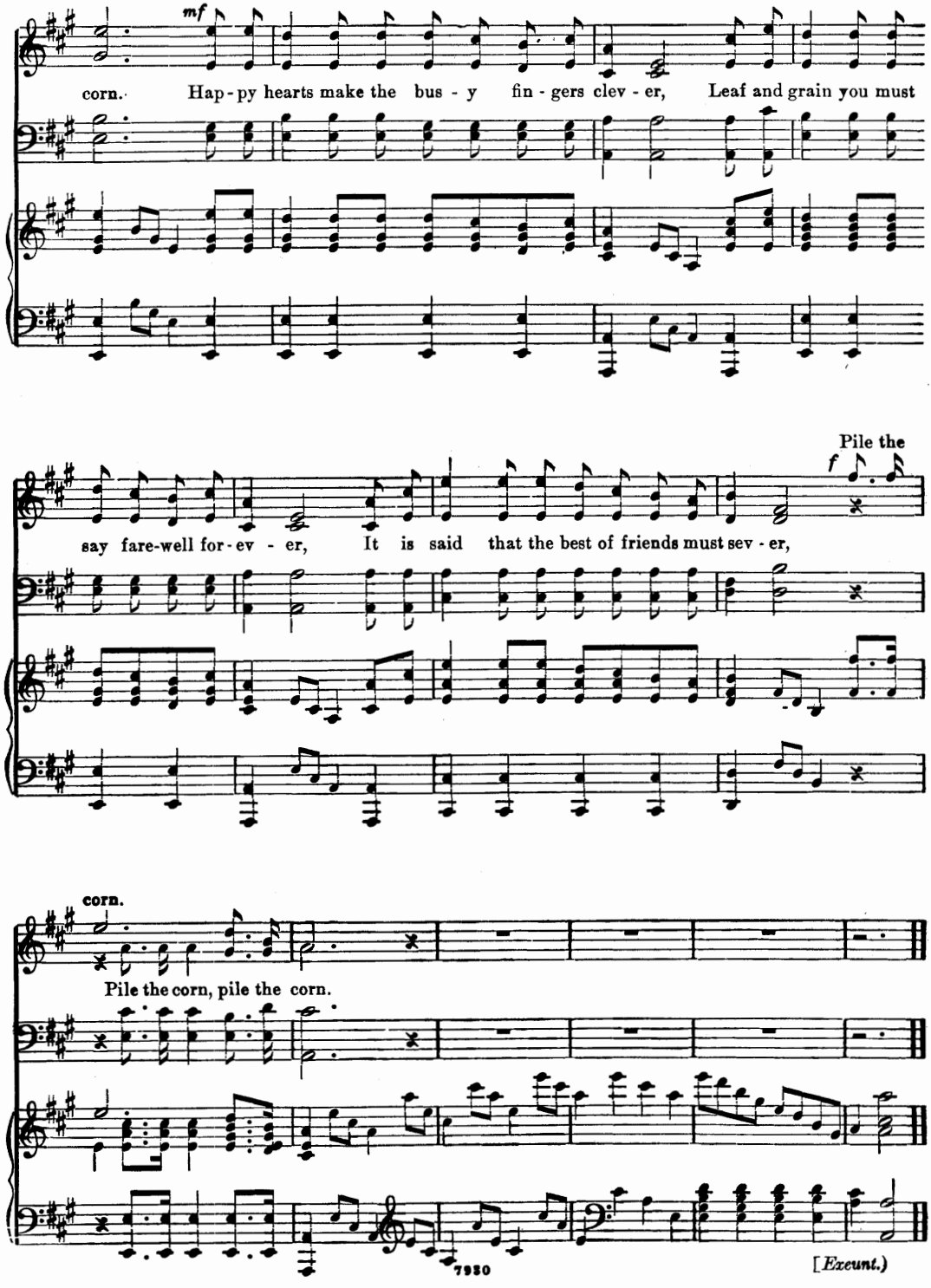
(In the Refrain, the motion of husking the corn may be made. At the words, "Pile the corn," the motion of throwing the corn into a pile will be appropriate.)




mf
1. Then comes the time of the short-'ning days, When frost touch-es all the land,
2. The torch - es flick - er and glow a - gain, And sha - dows in cor - ners lie,
When fires leap high on the broad hearth stone, We ral - ly, a so - cial band;
The cheer - ful light's on each hap - py face, And shines in each friend - ly eye;
m
The lads and las - sies on work in - tent Sit round in a bus - y throng,
The corn up - ris - es in gold - en piles, The husks make a leaf - y screen,
7930


mf
To husk the corn, how the fin - gers fly In the even - ings cold and long.
Tho' fut - ure days may be full of care, We shall ne'er for - get this scene.
REFRAIN.
Strip the husk from the treasure it en - cas - es, Tear the silk from its lov - ing close em-
Pile the corn,
brac - es, Of these guardians we must leave no trac - es.
Pile the corn, pile the
f

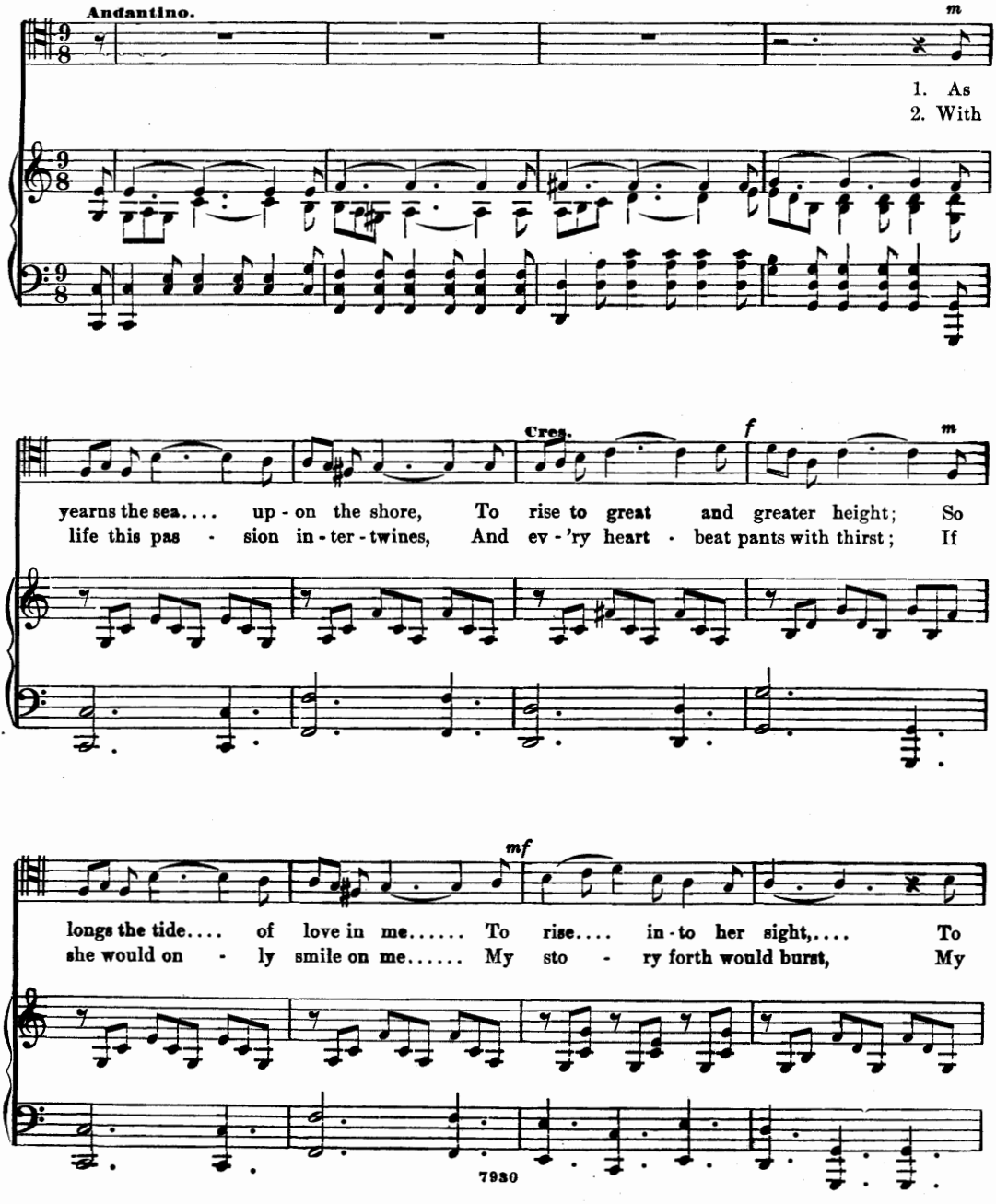
446402

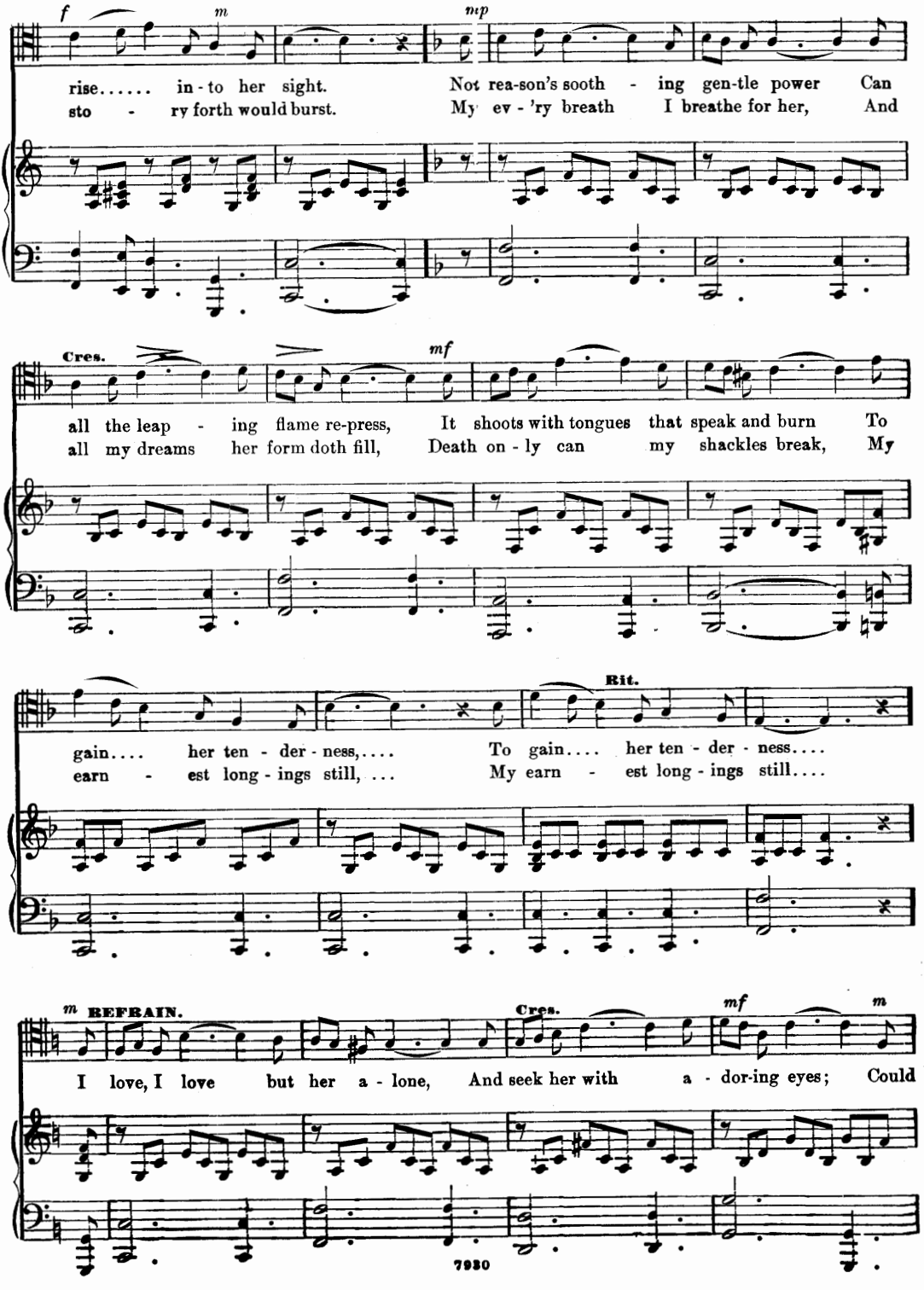

mf
corn. Hap - py hearts make the bus - y fin - gers clev - er, Leaf and grain you must
Pile the
f
say fare-well for - ev - er, It is said that the best of friends must sev - er,
corn.
Pile the corn, pile the corn.
7930
[Exeunt.)

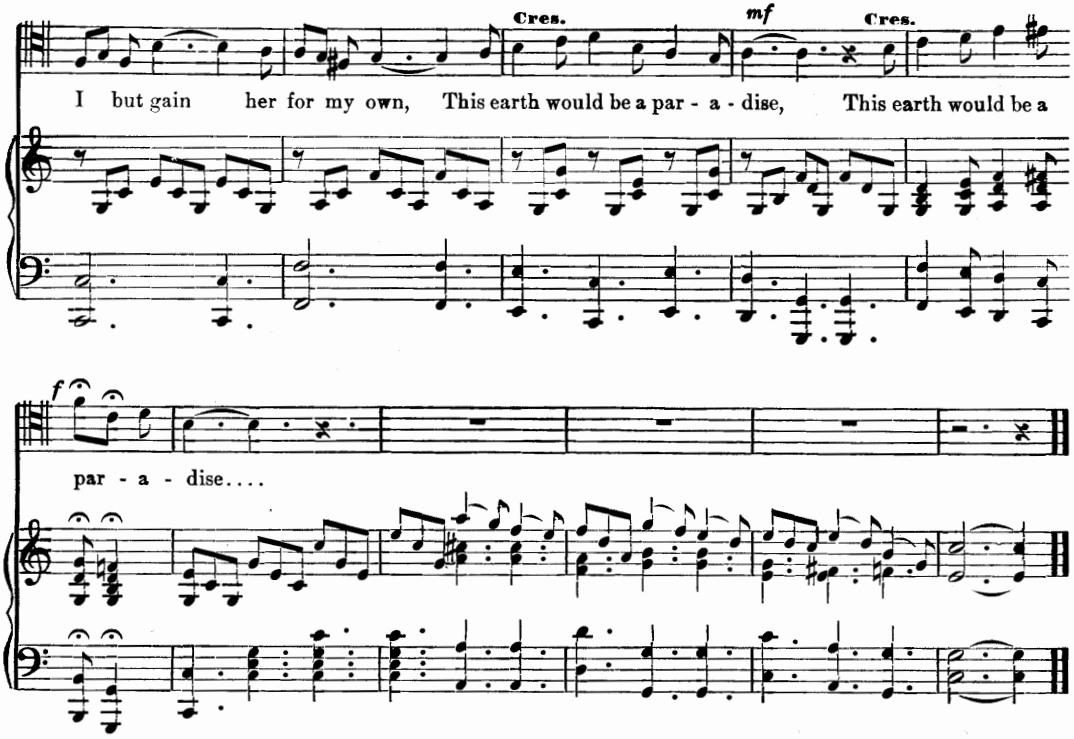
DOUGLAS (*enters and looks about*). Phyllis is not here. Why should I expect she would leave the others and come to meet me. She does not know how I long to see her, and I have not the courage to tell her.

No. 8. AS YEARNS THE SEA.

Song. Douglas.




f
m
mp
rise..... in - to her sight. Not rea-son's sooth - ing gen-tle power Can
sto - ry forth would burst. My ev - 'ry breath I breathe for her, And
Cres.
mf
all the leap - ing flame re-press, It shoots with tongues that speak and burn To
all my dreams her form doth fill, Death on - ly can my shackles break, My
Rit.
gain.... her ten - der - ness,.... To gain.... her ten - der - ness....
earn - est long - ings still, ... My earn - est long - ings still....
m REFRAIN.
Cres.
mf
m
I love, I love but her a - lone, And seek her with a - dor-ing eyes; Could
7930



DOUGLAS (*speaks*). I must return or I shall be missed; yet after a while I shall come back here again. Phyllis will be sure to leave the house before long, and I may meet her for one word alone. (*Exit*).

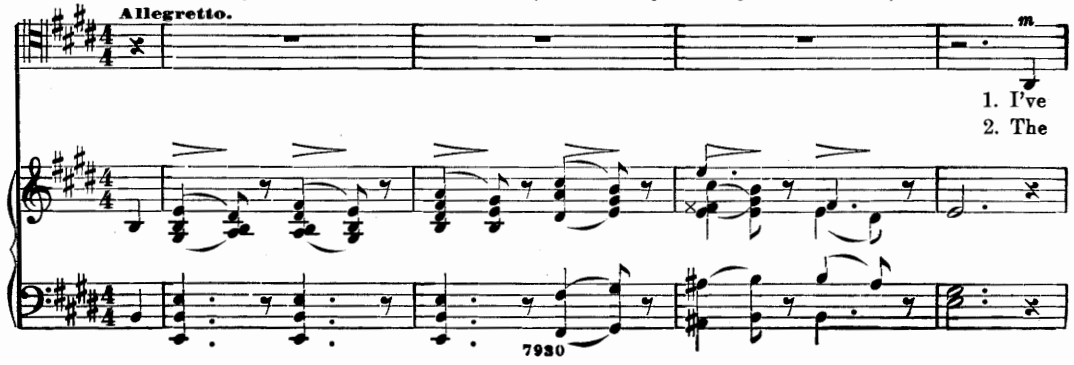
(*Enter Chapleigh, dressed as a dude with eyeglass, large stick, and satchel, and looks about him.*)

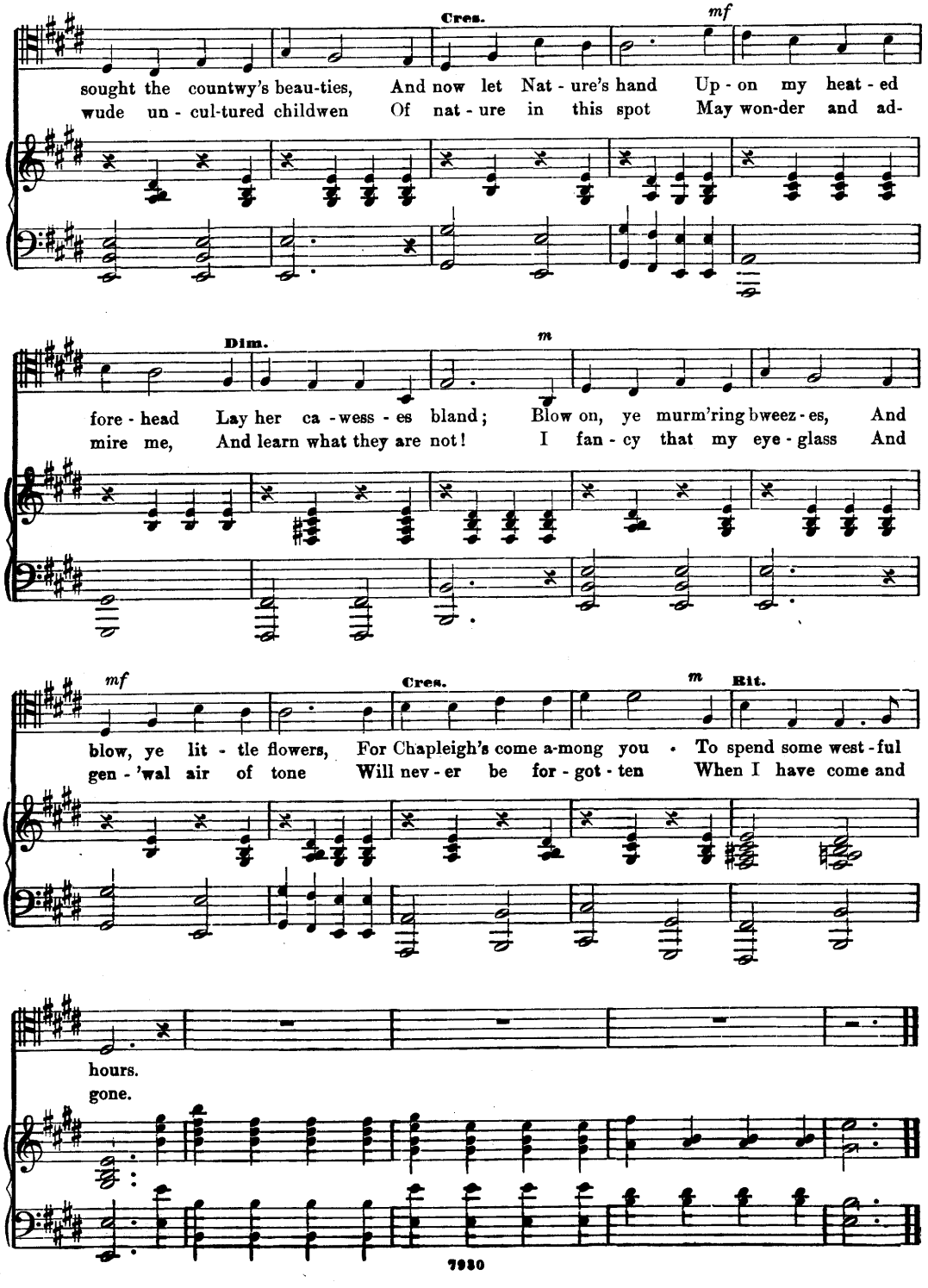
CHAPLEIGH. Well, I fancy this is the place. Perfect west and mild wecweation was what the doctor—aw—ordered for me. 'Chapleigh, my dear fellah,' he said, 'I appwehend sewious wesults for you unless you leave the city's excitements at once. I see symptoms—howible thought—of softening of the bwain,' and so of course here I am.

No. 9. I'VE SOUGHT THE COUNTWY'S BEAUTIES.

Song. Chapleigh.

(*Let all the solo singers remember to come well to the front and sing distinctly to the audience.*)




Cres.
mf
sought the countwy's beau-ties, And now let Nat - ure's hand Up - on my heat - ed
wude un - cul-tured childwen Of nat - ure in this spot May won-der and ad-
Dim.
m
fore - head Lay her ca - wess - es bland; Blow on, ye murm'ring bweez - es, And
mire me, And learn what they are not! I fan - cy that my eye - glass And
mf
Cres.
m
Rit.
blow, ye lit - tle flowers, For Chapleigh's come a-mong you · To spend some west - ful
gen - 'wal air of tone Will nev - er be for - got - ten When I have come and
hours.
gone.

(*Enter Phyllis from the house with a spinning wheel which she sets down outside the door.*)

CHAPLEIGH. My, what a pwetty girl!

(*Phyllis walks all around him, staring, and he smiles complacently.*)

CHAPLEIGH. This is just the way I supposed it would be. Victim number one.

PHYLLIS. What are you?

CHAPLEIGH. A gentleman, my dear. I dare say you never saw one before.

PHYLLIS (*shaking her head.*) No. Are n't they funny!

CHAPLEIGH (*lets his eyeglass fall and stares at her—at last speaks:*) I am the boarder that Farmer Meadows is expecting. Who may you be,—his daughter?

PHYLLIS. Yes, I am Phyllis.

CHAPLEIGH. Her name is as pwetty as she is. And what were you about to do, Phyllis, with that peculiar looking object?

PHYLLIS. I was about to spin. I find I like to spin much better than to quilt; and there are so many of them, they do not need me.

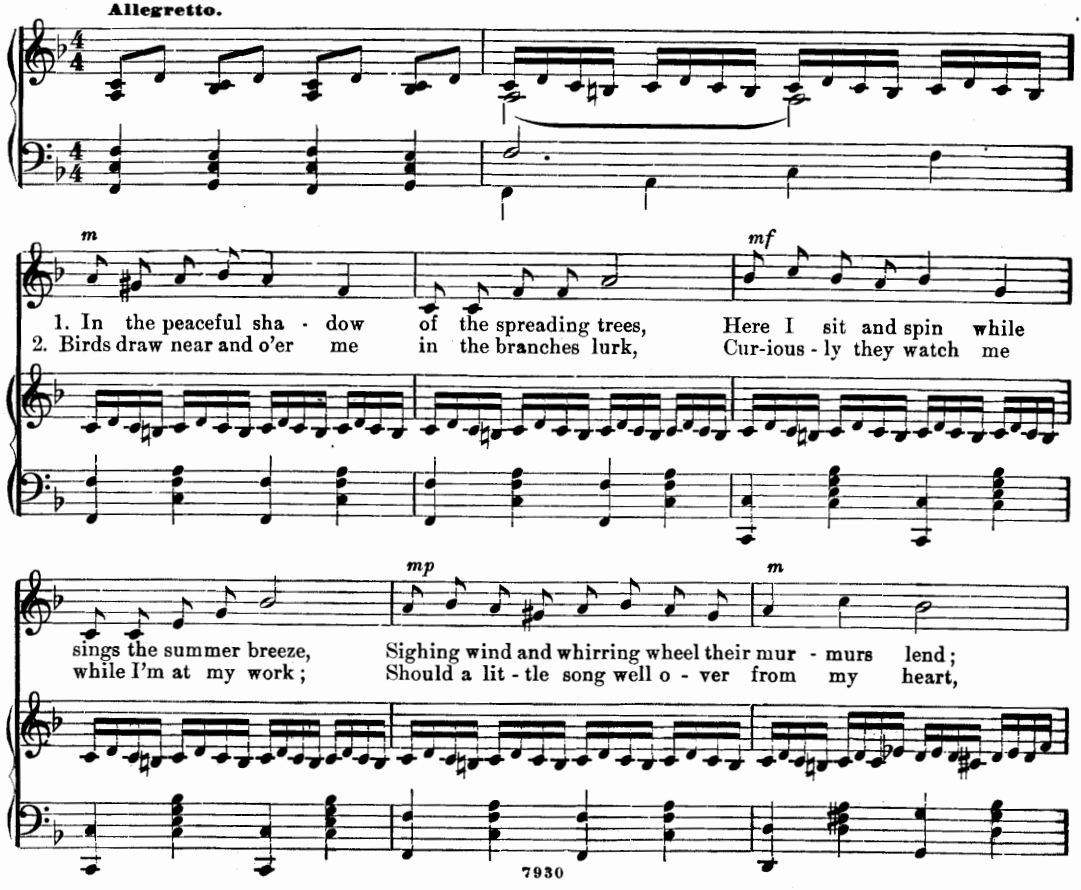
CHAPLEIGH. No; I am sure you are much better off here. Shall you have any objection to my watching you while you spin?

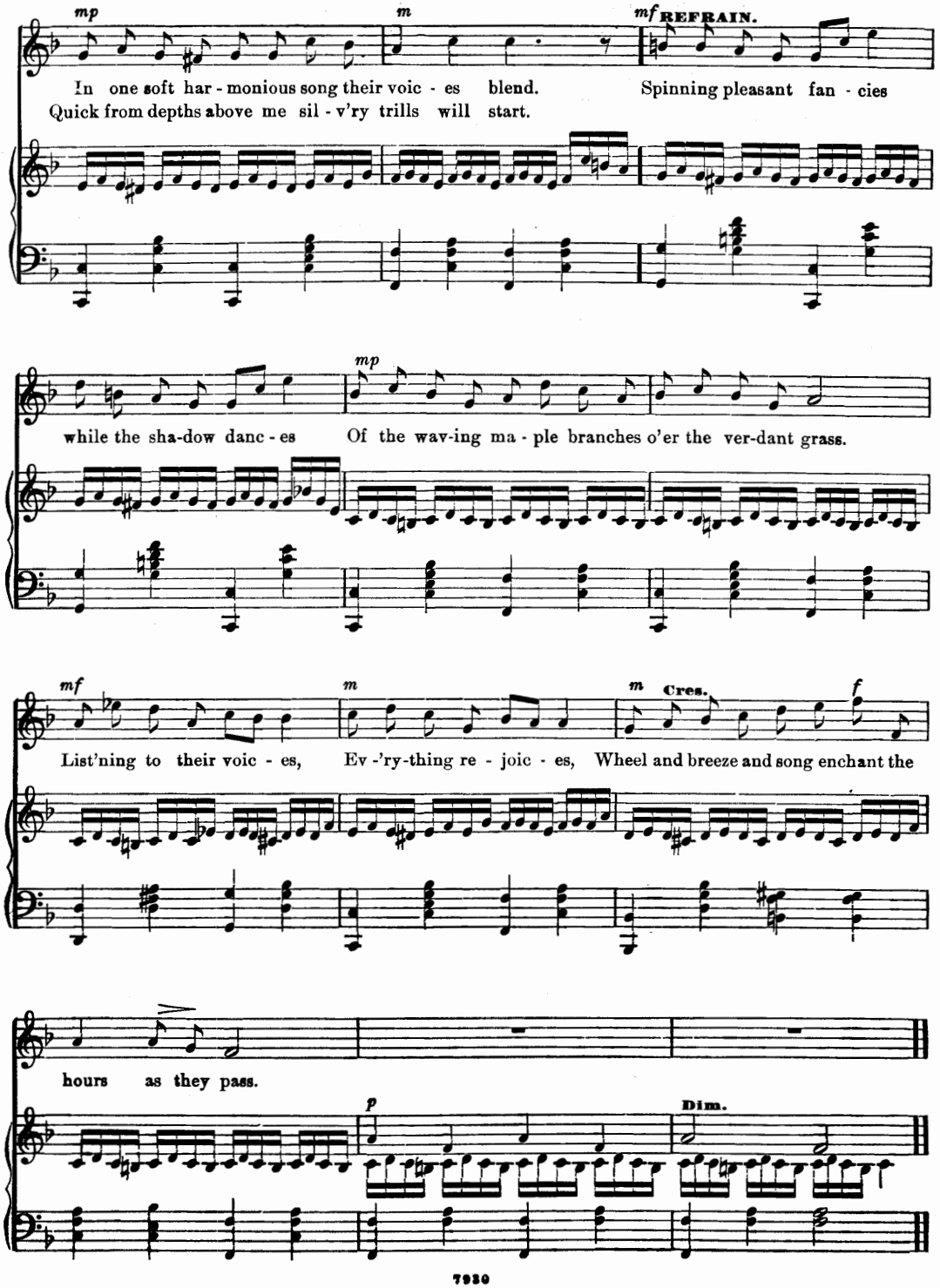
PHYLLIS. It is nothing to me. Very likely I shall forget all about you. Yes, you may watch me if you will go and sit over there (*indicating a rustic seat across the stage*) and not talk to me. (*Chapleigh obeys.*)

No. 10. IN THE PEACEFUL SHADOW.

Spinning Song. Phyllis.

(*The motion of the spinning wheel is too well known to need any direction here.*)




mp
m
mf REFRAIN.
In one soft har - monious song their voic - es blend. Spinning pleasant fan - cies
Quick from depths above me sil - v'ry trills will start.
mp
while the sha-dow danc - es Of the wav-ing ma - ple branches o'er the ver-dant grass.
mf
m
m Cres.
f
List'ning to their voic - es, Ev -'ry-thing re - joic - es, Wheel and breeze and song enchant the
hours as they pass.
p
Dim.

DOUGLAS (*enters, and not seeing Chapleigh at first, speaks*): **Oh, Phyllis, you are here! I left the others hoping to get a word with you. What good fortune—**

PHYLLIS (*indicating Chapleigh*). We are not **alone.**

DOUGLAS (*starting and staring*). **What is it?**

PHYLLIS. **It is a gentleman.**

CHAPLEIGH. And what is this—**aw**—object? Ye gods, **what twousers!** Ah, I have **it. My goodfwiend, you** must be the countwy bumpkin I have heard about. Tell me, have you any connection **with** the—aw—**other** countwy pwoduct, the pumpkin?

DOUGLAS (*frowning*). No—**aw**—I haven't. **How did they happen to let you get away?**

CHAPLEIGH. Oh, my dear fellah, they *sent* **me away, don't you know. They were afwaid for me—aw—(*tapping his forehead*)** here!

DOUGLAS. Umph! I should think they might have been.

FARMER (*enters, followed by chorus*). Who have **we here?**

CHAPLEIGH (*raising his hat*). Have I the pleasure of addressing Farmer Meadows?

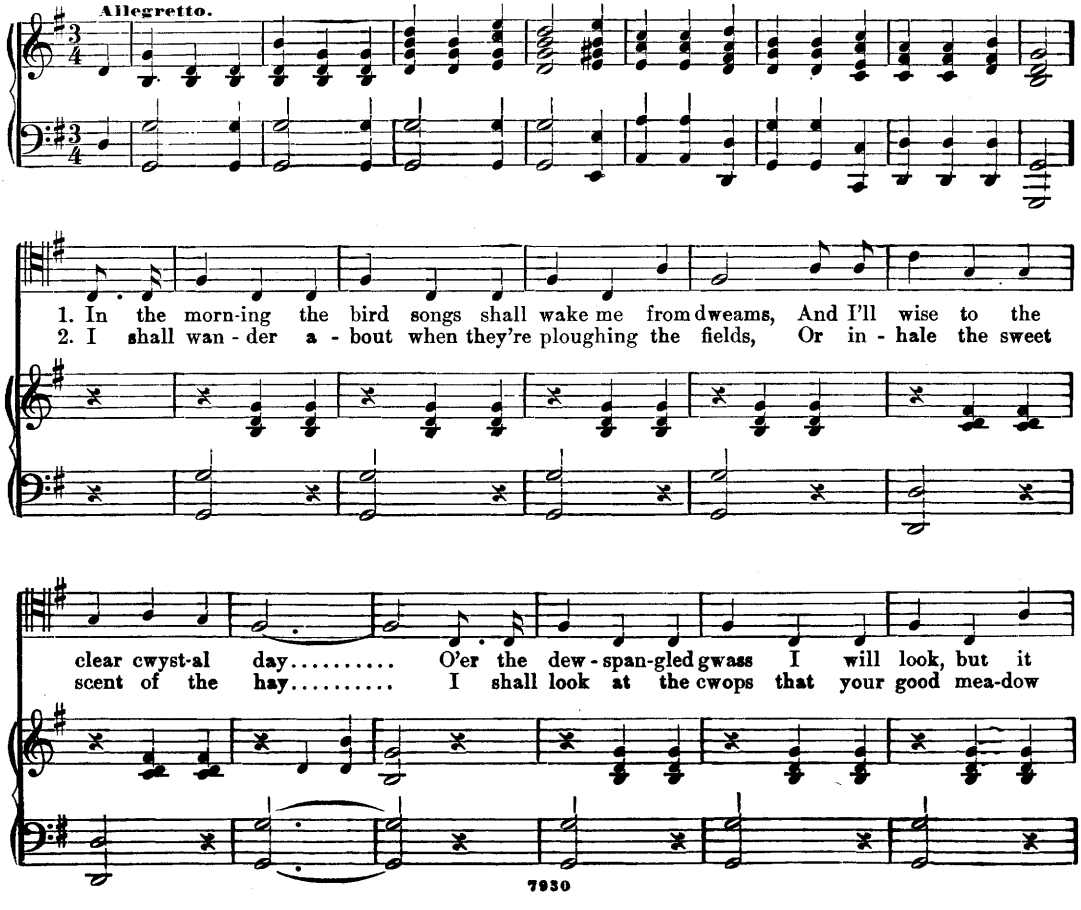
FARMER. The same Are you the young man I was expecting?

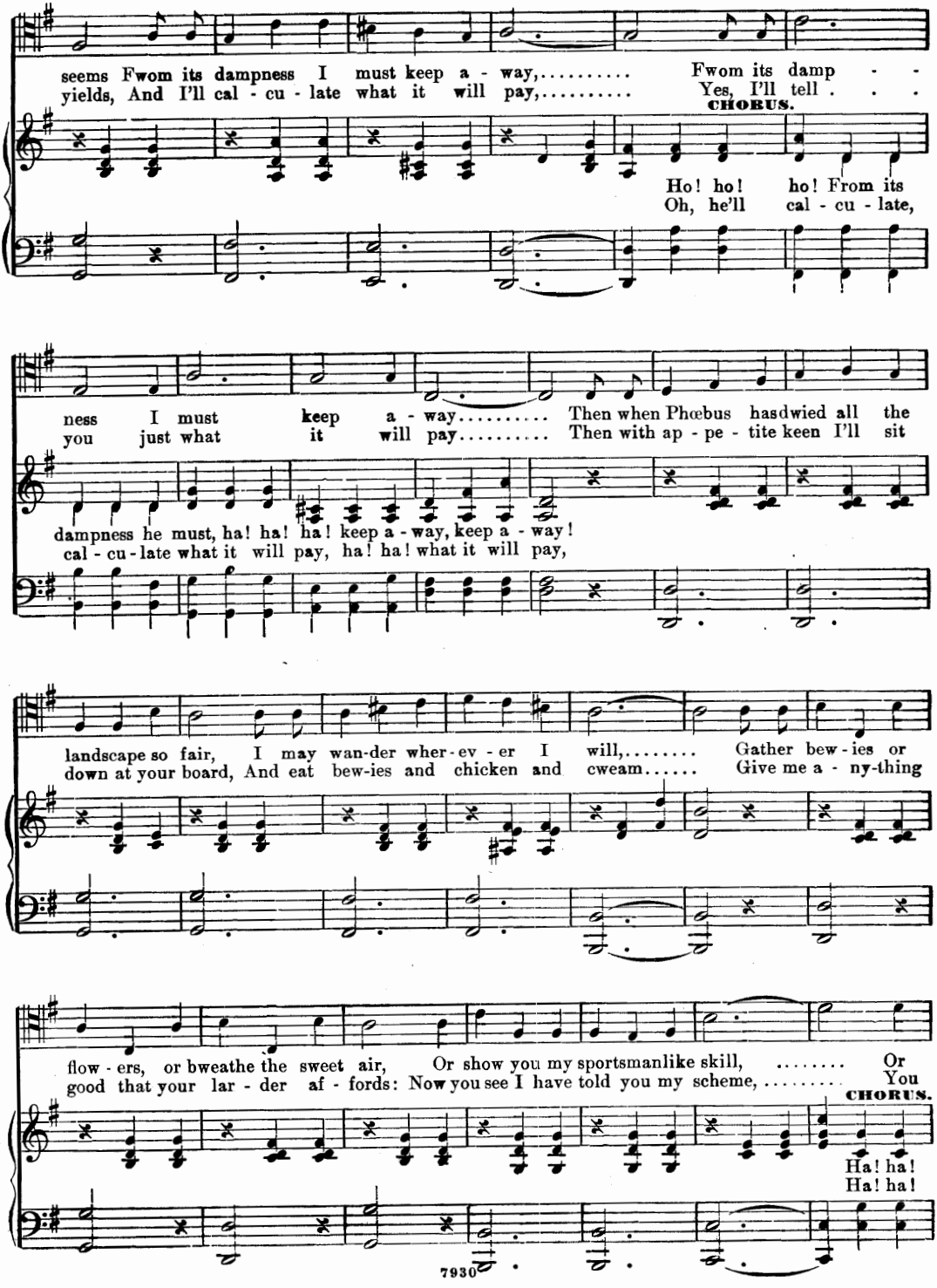
CHAPLEIGH. I am. I was just going to tell what I expected to find in your hospitable home.

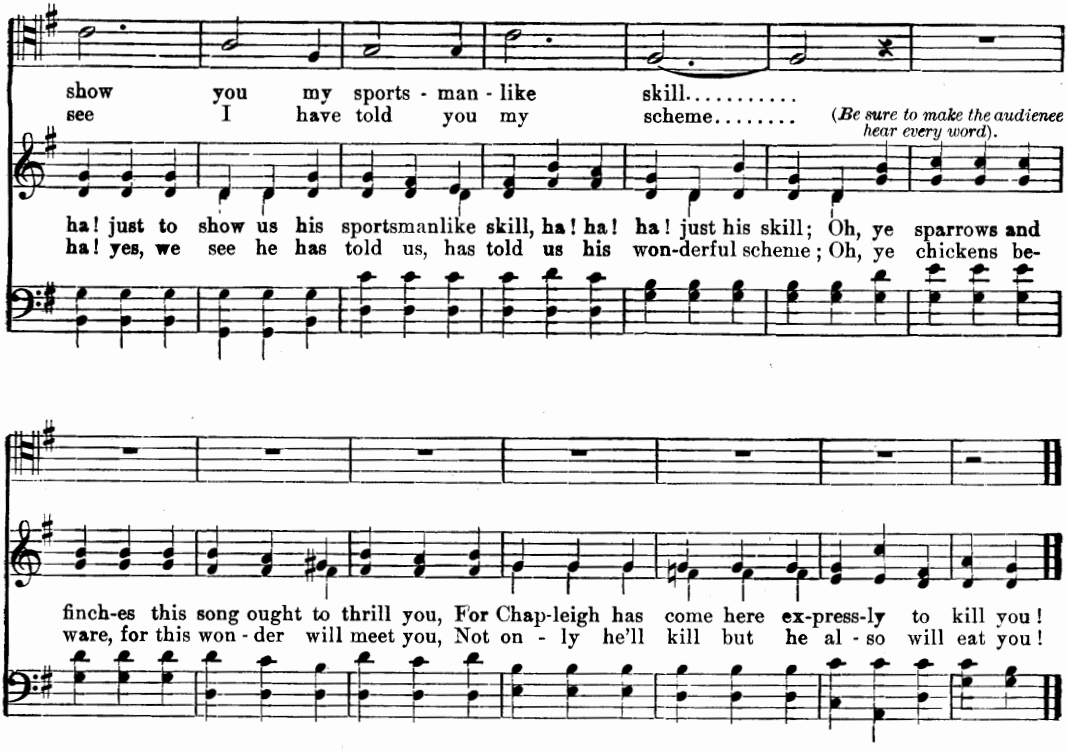
No. 11. IN THE MORNING THE BIRD SONGS.

Song. Chapleigh and Chorus.

(*Chapleigh comes well to the front, the chorus in a humorous mood draws near behind him and at his side, but not too far front*).




seems Fwom its dampness I must keep a - way,..... Fwom its damp - -
yields, And I'll cal - cu - late what it will pay,..... Yes, I'll tell . . .
CHORUS.
Ho! ho! ho! From its
Oh, he'll cal - cu - late,
ness I must keep a - way..... Then when Phœbus hasdwied all the
you just what it will pay..... Then with ap - pe - tite keen I'll sit
dampness he must, ha! ha! ha! keep a - way, keep a - way!
cal - cu - late what it will pay, ha! ha! what it will pay,
landscape so fair, I may wan-der wher - ev - er I will,..... Gather bew - ies or
down at your board, And eat bew-ies and chicken and cweam..... Give me a - ny-thing
flow - ers, or bweathe the sweet air, Or show you my sportsmanlike skill, ... Or
good that your lar - der af - fords: Now you see I have told you my scheme, ... You
CHORUS.
Ha! ha!
Ha! ha!

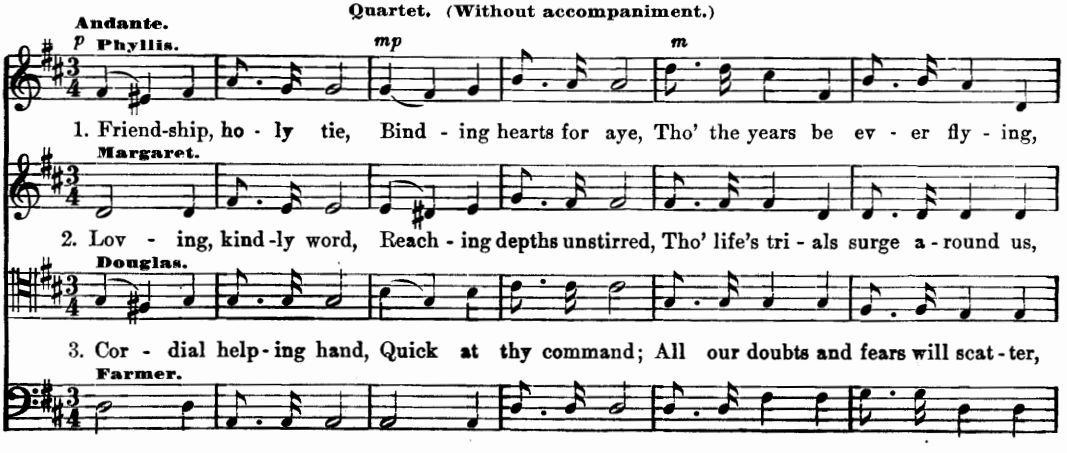


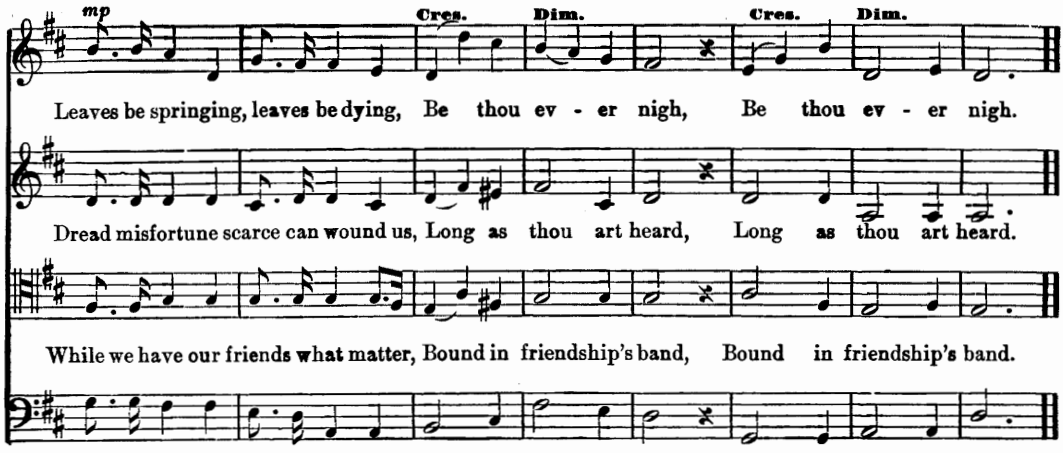
CHAPLEIGH. Why! I weally believe they're chaffing me. They don't know me yet. I'll make them open their eyes before long.

FARMER. My friends, I thank you all for the help you have given me to-day. It is not the least of life's joys that we can assist one another.

No. 12. FRIENDSHIP, HOLY TIE.

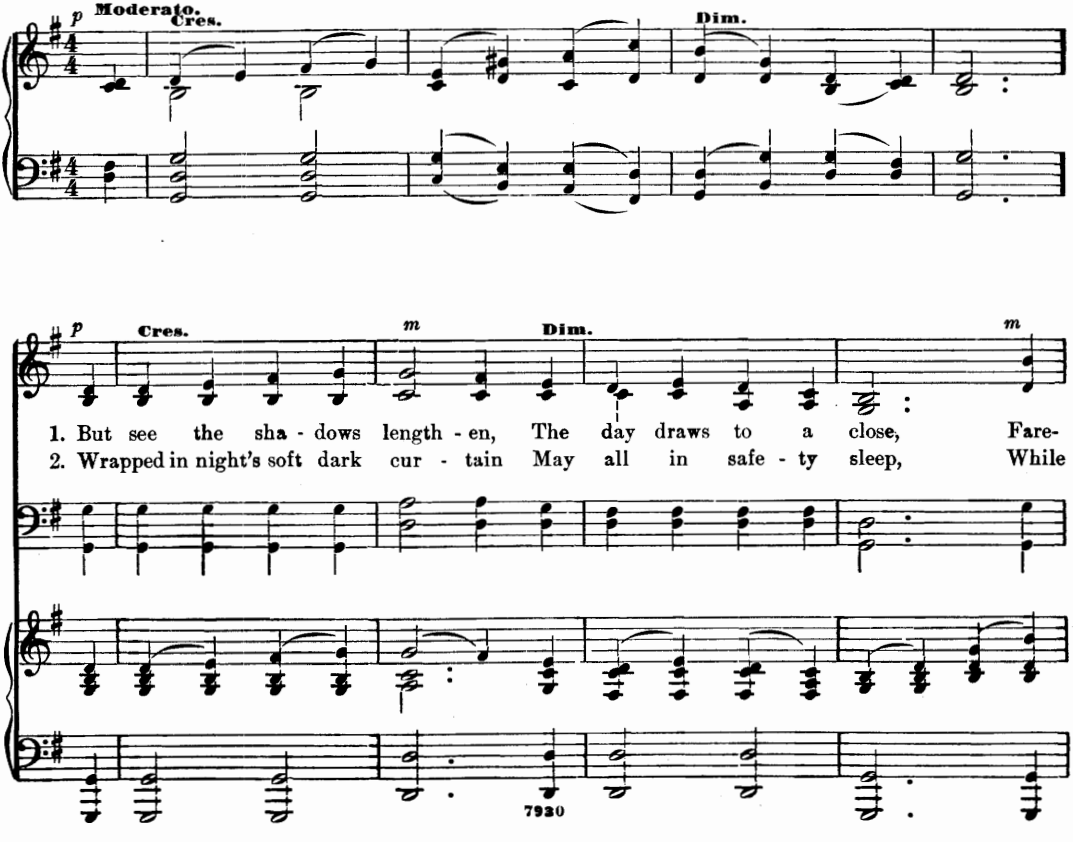
Quartet. (Without accompaniment.)

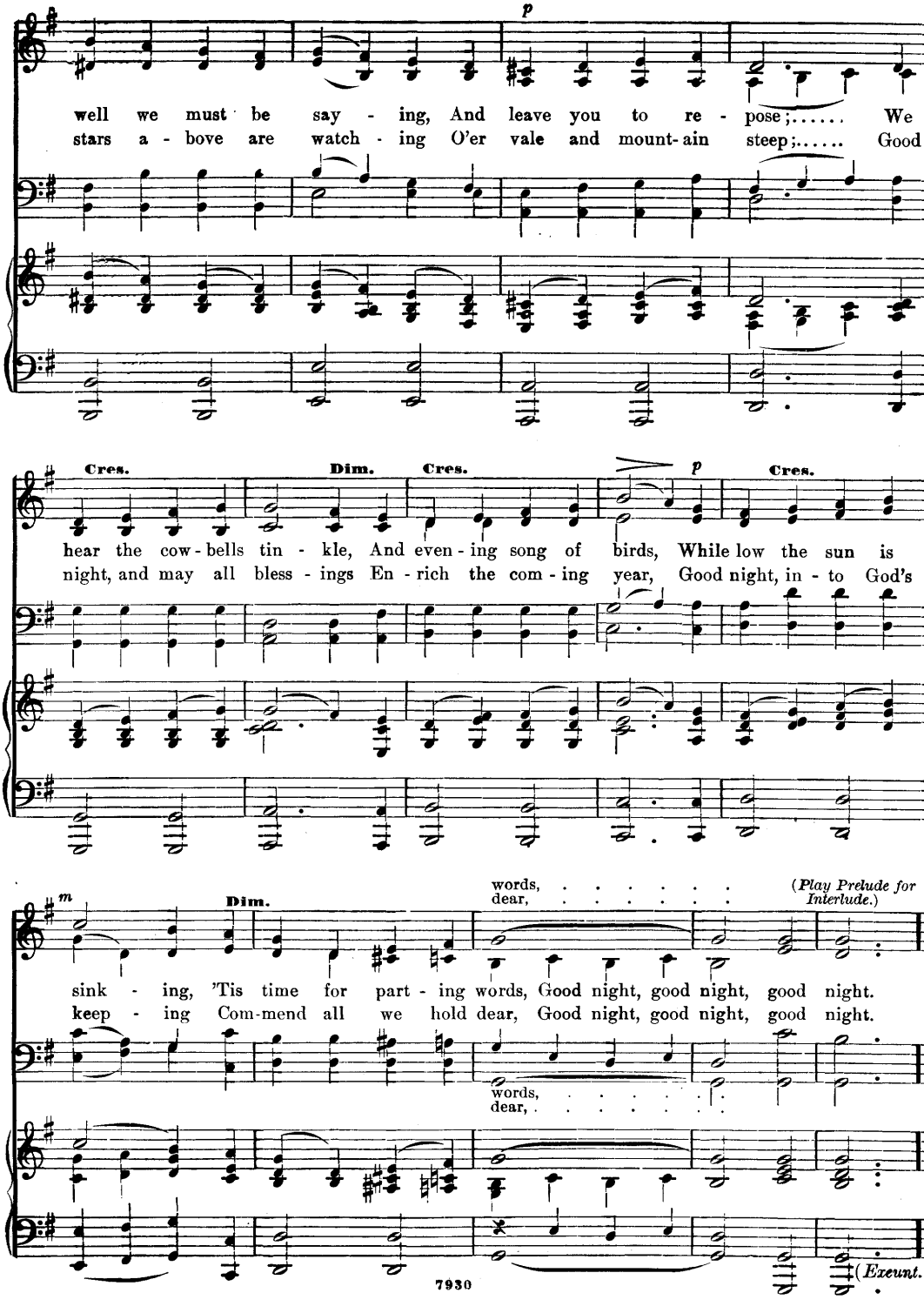




No. 13. BUT SEE THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

Good Night Chorus.




p
well we must be say - ing, And leave you to re - pose;..... We
stars a - bove are watch - ing O'er vale and mount-ain steep;..... Good
Cres.
Dim.
Cres.
p
Cres.
hear the cow-bells tin - kle, And even - ing song of birds, While low the sun is
night, and may all bless - ings En - rich the com - ing year, Good night, in - to God's
m
Dim.
words,
dear,
(Play Prelude for Interlude.)
sink - ing, 'Tis time for part - ing words, Good night, good night, good night.
keep - ing Com-mend all we hold dear, Good night, good night, good night.
words,
dear,
(Exeunt.)

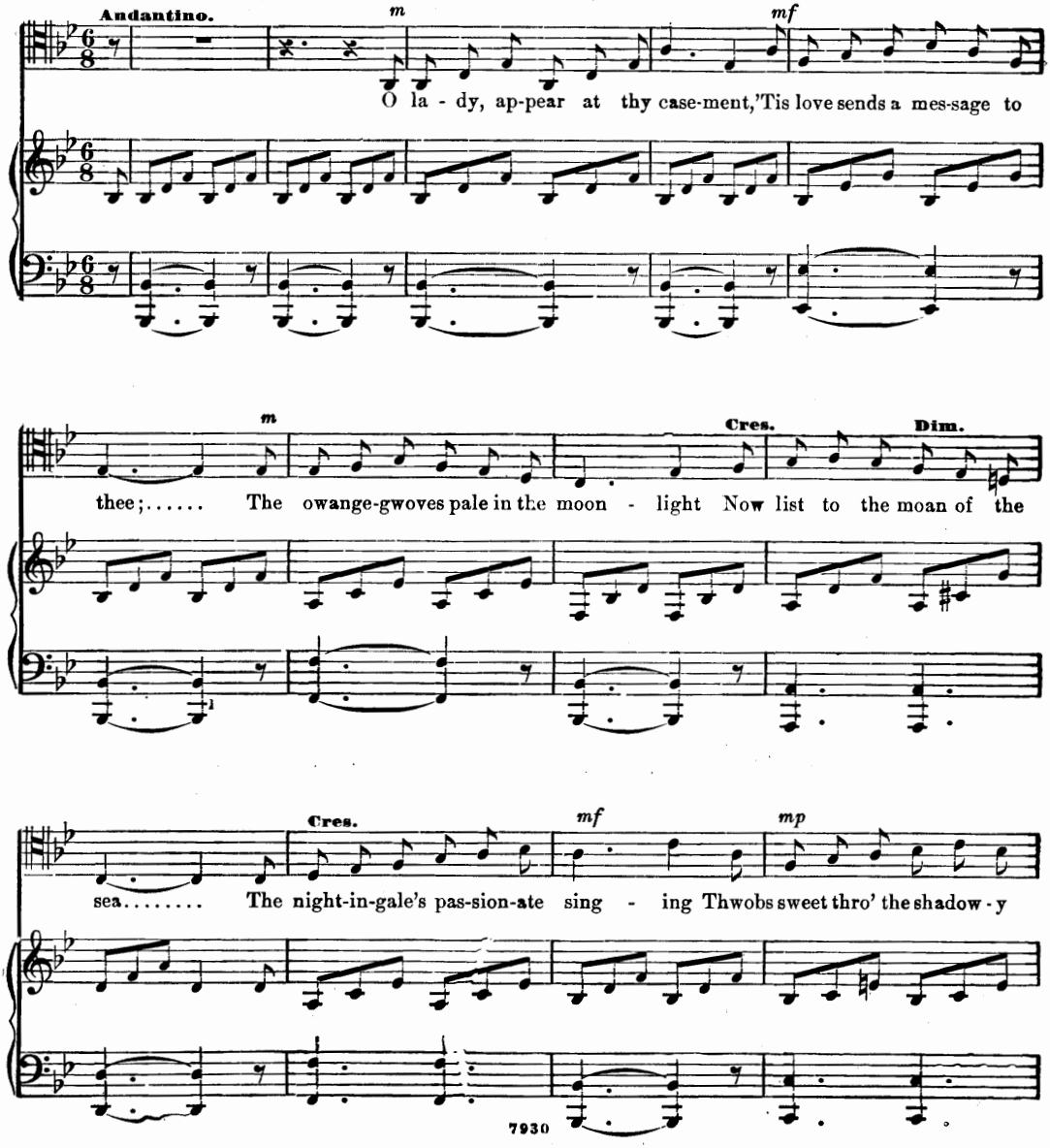
(*Stage rather dark*).

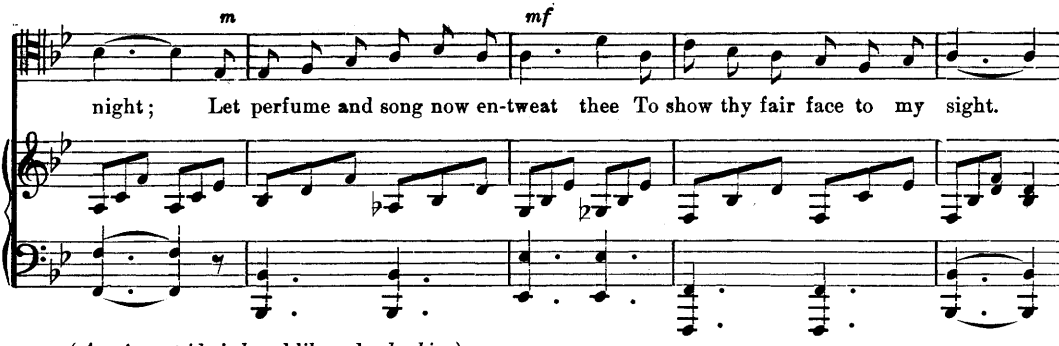
CHAPLEIGH (*enter with guitar. Speaks*) : These people go to bed with the chickens. I have an idea that pwetty Phyllis is vewy much impwessed with me, so I am going to follow up my advantage with a sewenade. I never saw the girl who was pwoof against my guitar.

No. 14. O LADY, APPEAR AT THY CASEMENT, and HOW SWEETLY THE SUMMER AIR FILLING.

Serenade and Ensemble. Chapleigh, Douglas, Phyllis and Margaret.

(*Chapleigh may really play the guitar, or only appear to do so*).





(*A noise outside is heard like a dog barking*).

CHAPLEIGH. Dear me, that sounds like a dog. What a disagweable place the countwy is, to be sure. I wonder if it's a watch dog, and he is let loose at night. If it weren't for Phyllis, I'd—

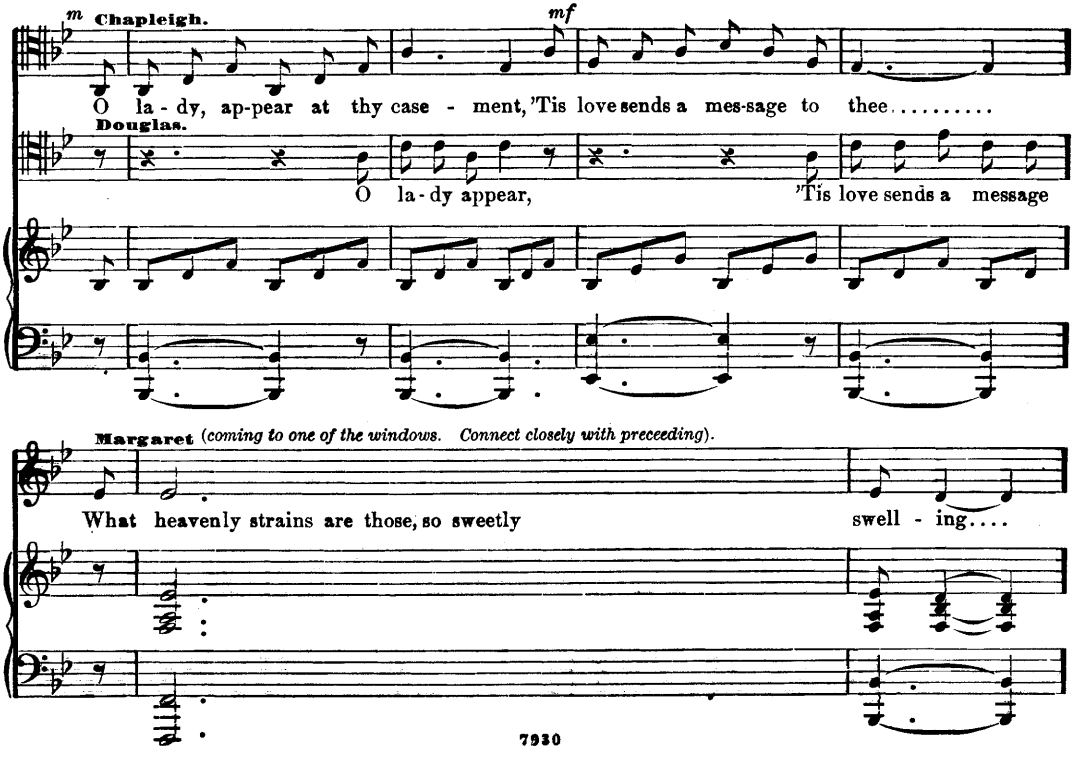
(*Enter Douglas without seeing Chapleigh, who has retreated. Looks up at Phyllis' window. Speaks*) : It is some comfort to see her shadow on the window curtain. Oh, if I could only keep away from her! She cares nothing for me.

CHAPLEIGH (*coming forward*). No, that's vewy twue, my boy. Phyllis cares nothing for you. How should she? You haven't any style, you know—no air of a man of the world, such as I have. I natuwally dazzle her; but see here, I want to give her a sewenade. Suppose you join me. You won't injure the effect much.

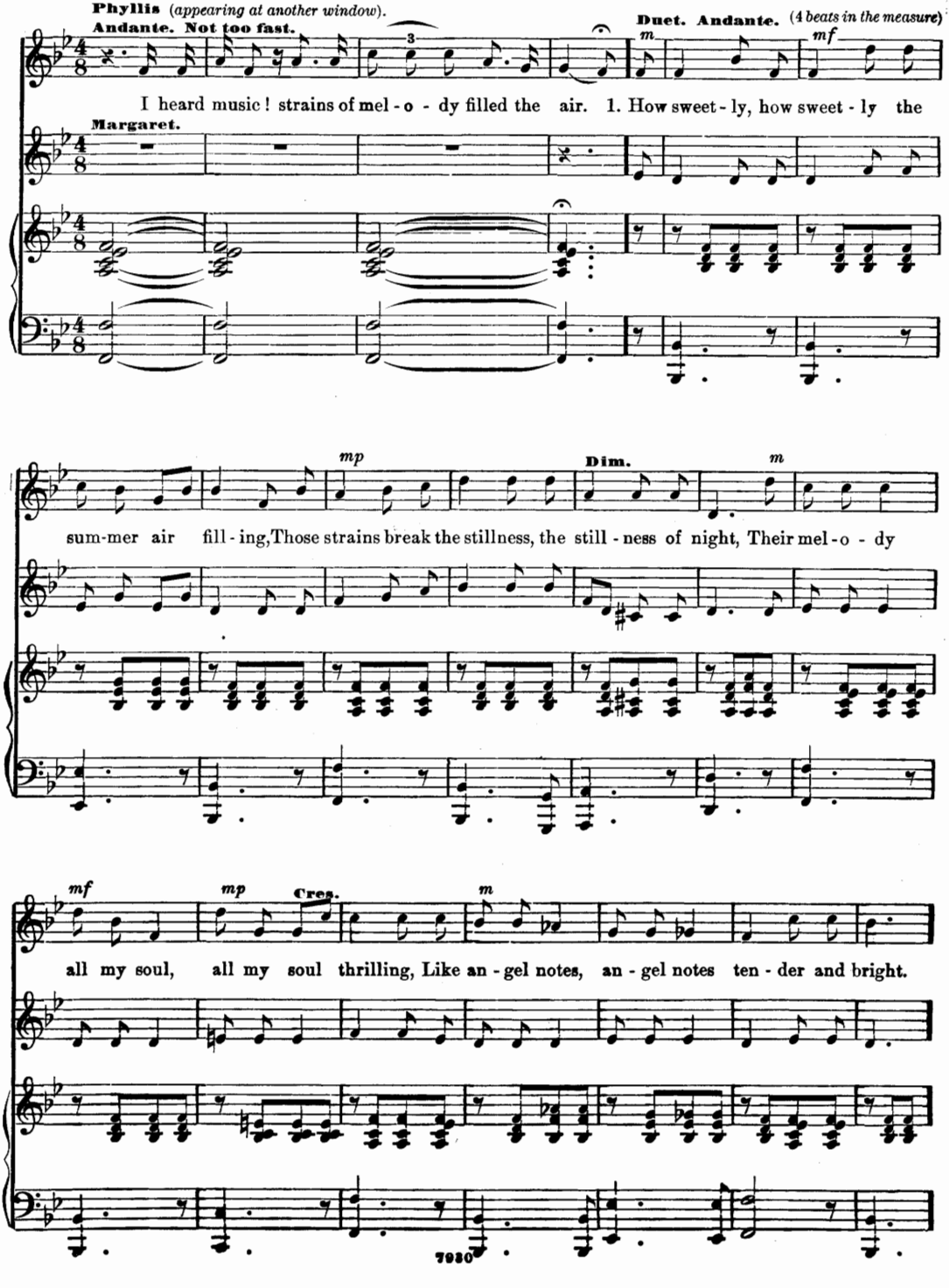
DOUGLAS. I don't feel in a mood for singing.

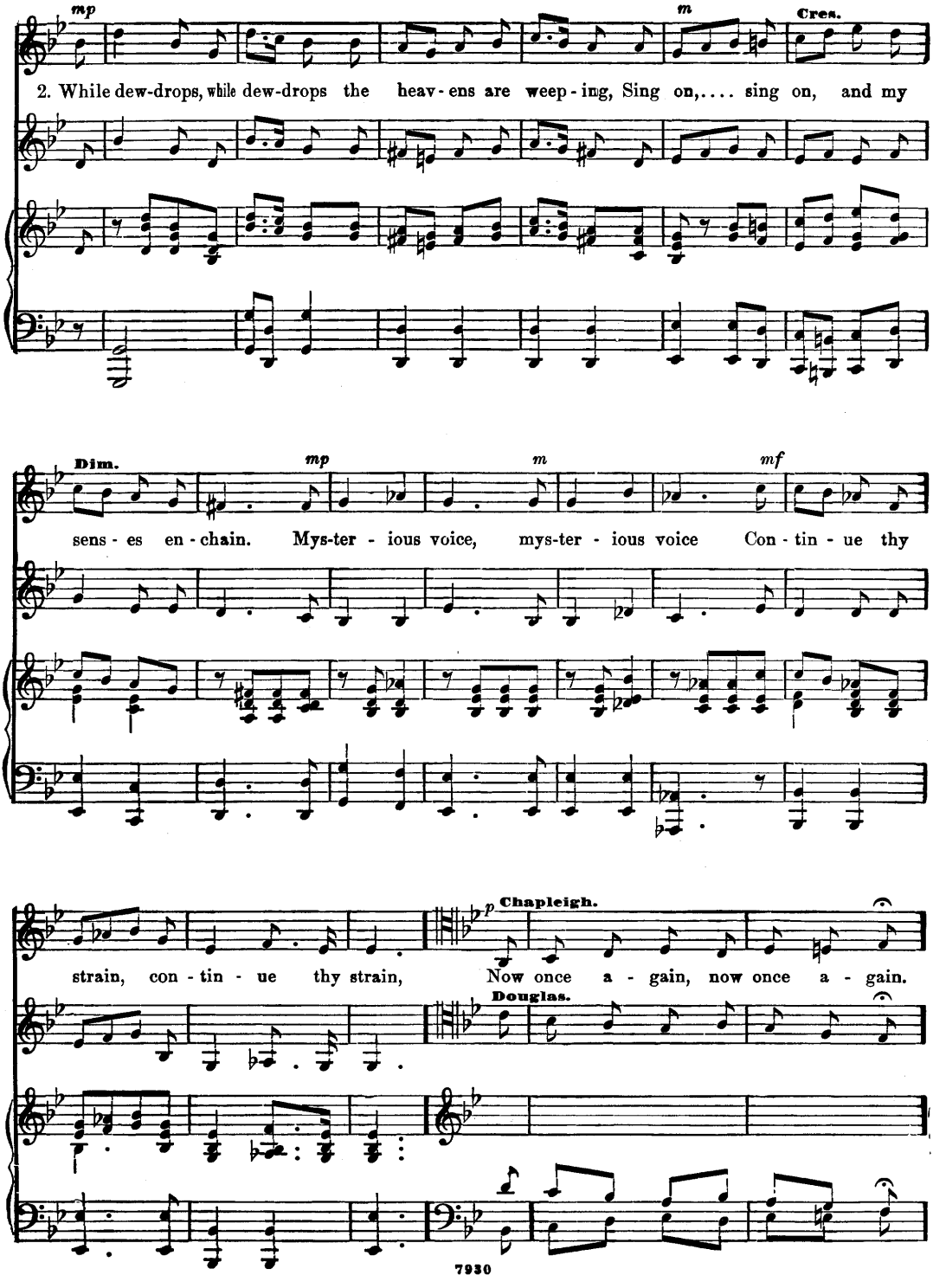
CHAPLEIGH. Oh, yes. You just touch along. You see, I suspect there is a dog awound here, and if he appears then you can attend to him.

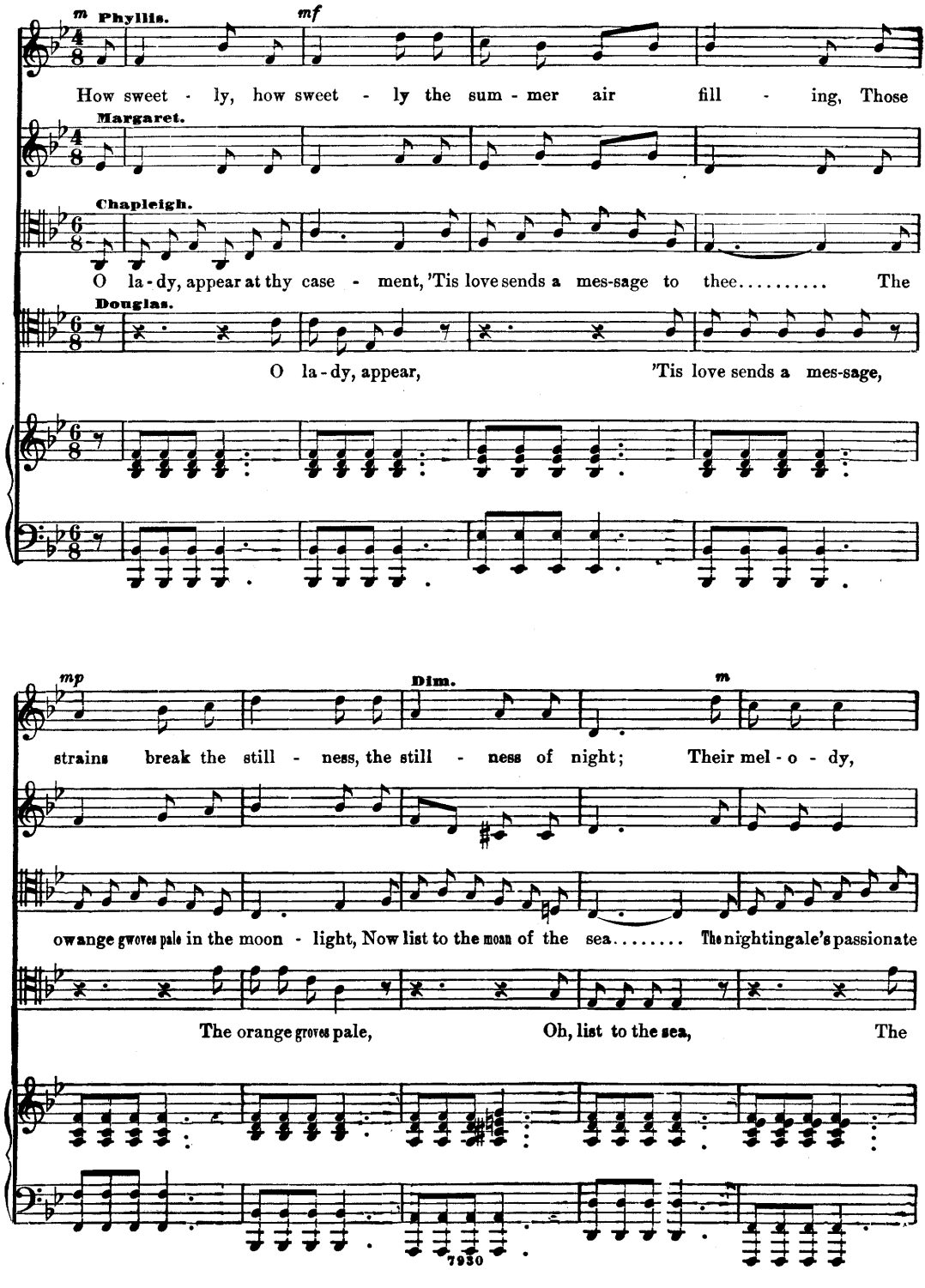
DOUGLAS. All right. It makes no difference to me what I do. I will "touch along" and will protect you, if that is what you're after.

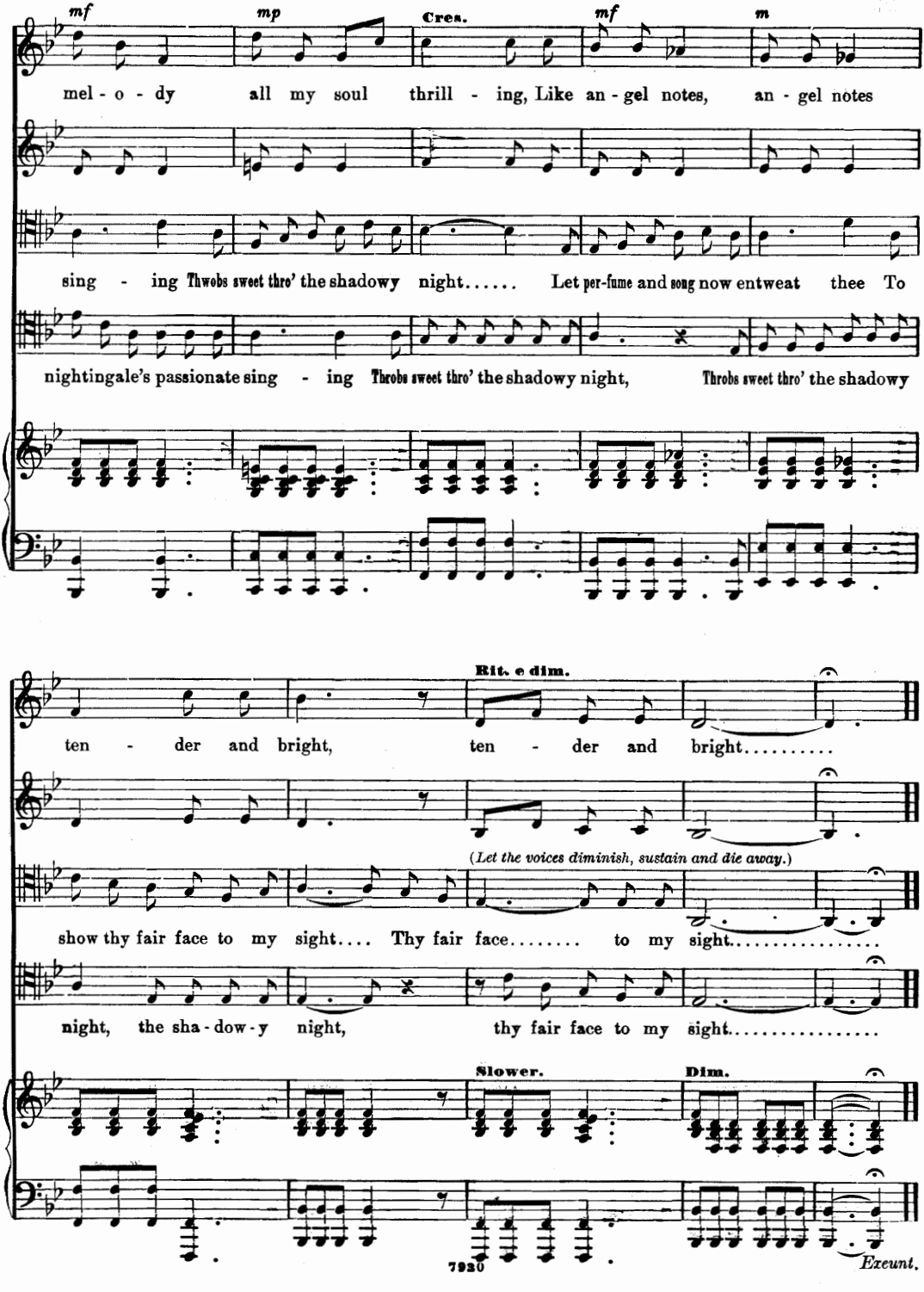


CHAPLEIGH. "Heavenly strains" is good; but mischief take it, that's the old girl.




mp
m
Cres.
2. While dew-drops, while dew-drops the heav-ens are weep-ing, Sing on,.... sing on, and my
Dim.
mp
m
mf
sens-es en-chain. Mys-ter-ious voice, mys-ter-ious voice Con-tin-ue thy
p
Chapleigh.
strain, con-tin-ue thy strain, Now once a-gain, now once a-gain.
Douglas.
7930

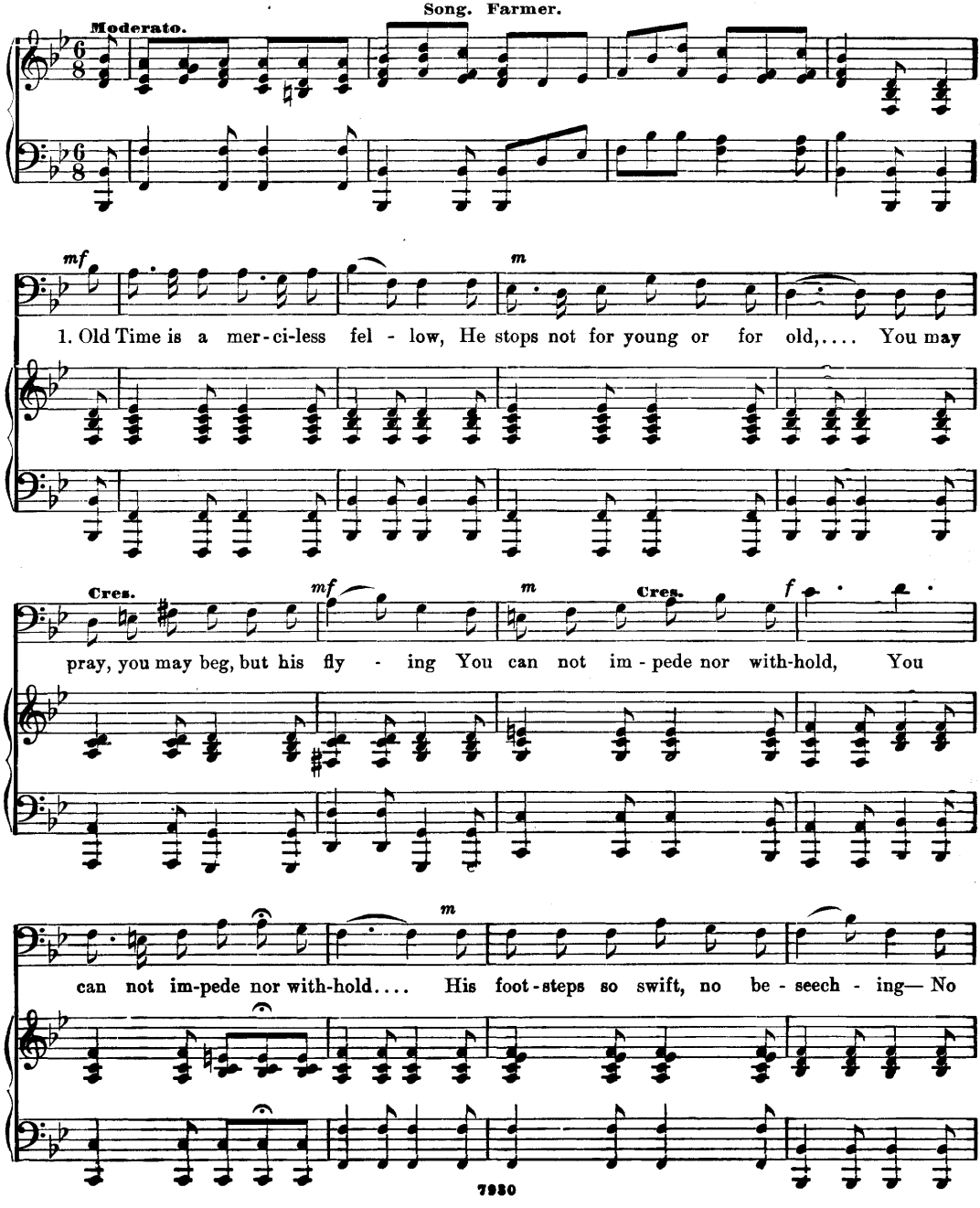

m
Phyllis.
mf
How sweet - ly, how sweet - ly the sum - mer air fill - ing, Those
Margaret.
Chapleigh.
O la - dy, appear at thy case - ment, 'Tis love sends a mes-sage to thee..... The
Douglas.
O la - dy, appear, 'Tis love sends a mes-sage,
mp
Dim.
m
strains break the still - ness, the still - ness of night; Their mel - o - dy,
owange gwoves pale in the moon - light, Now list to the moan of the sea..... The nightingale's passionate
The orange groves pale, Oh, list to the sea, The
7930

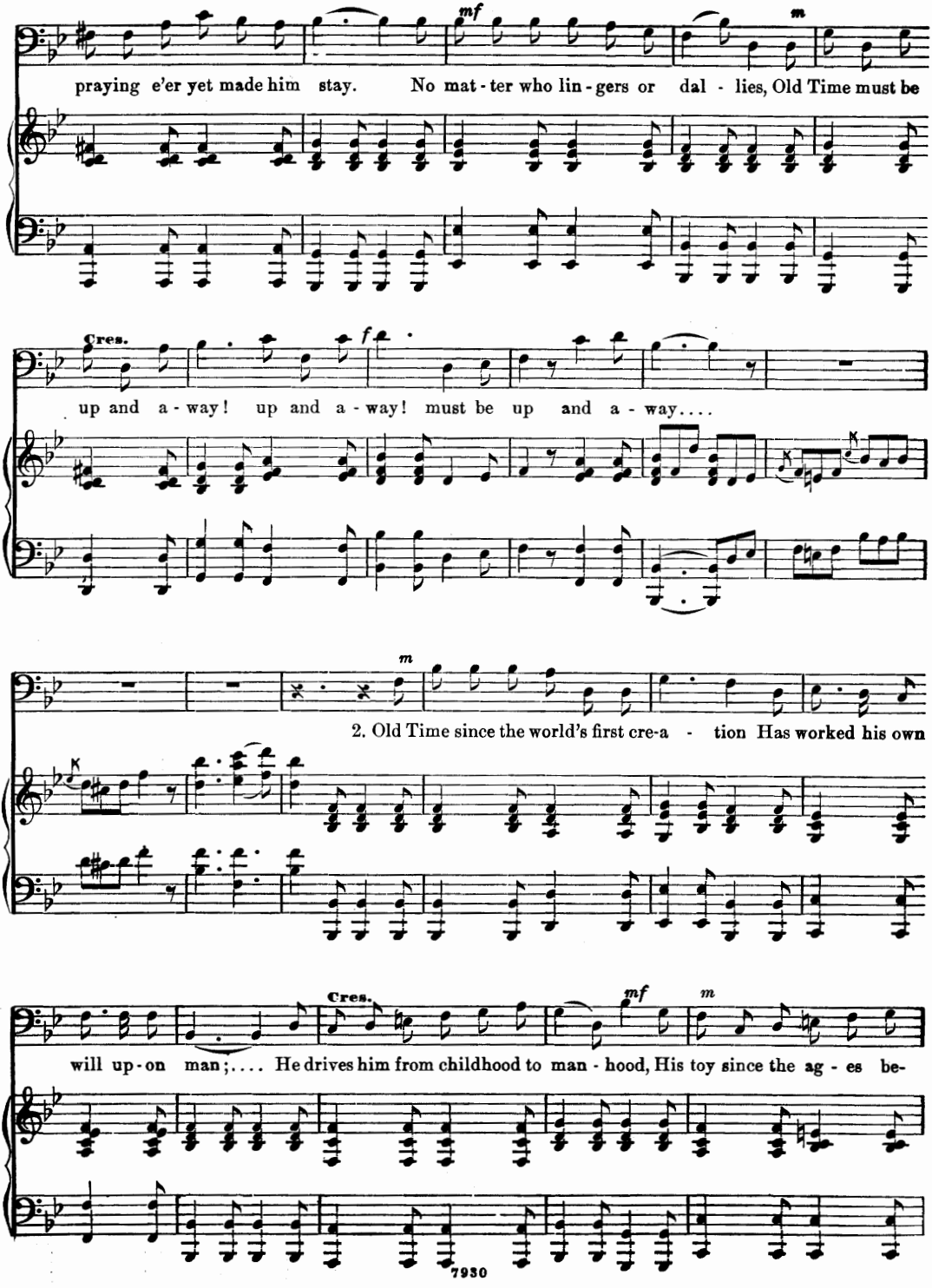

mf
mp
Cres.
mf
m
mel - o - dy all my soul thrill - ing, Like an - gel notes, an - gel notes
sing - ing Throbs sweet thro' the shadowy night..... Let per-fume and song now entweat thee To
nightingale's passionate sing - ing Throbs sweet thro' the shadowy night, Throbs sweet thro' the shadowy
Rit. e dim.
ten - der and bright, ten - der and bright.....
(Let the voices diminish, sustain and die away.)
show thy fair face to my sight.... Thy fair face..... to my sight.....
night, the sha - dow - y night, thy fair face to my sight.....
Slower.
Dim.
Exeunt.

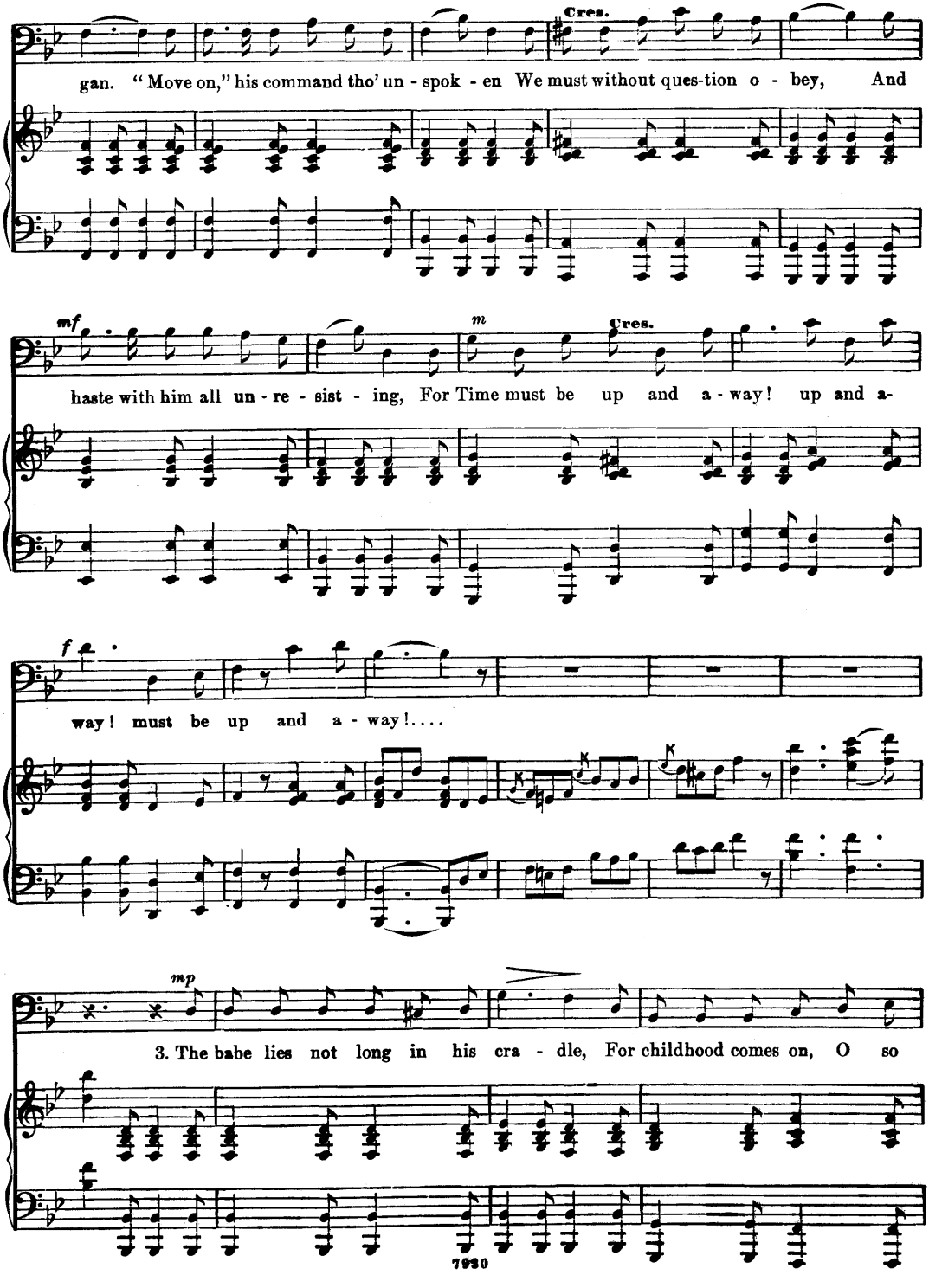
PART II.

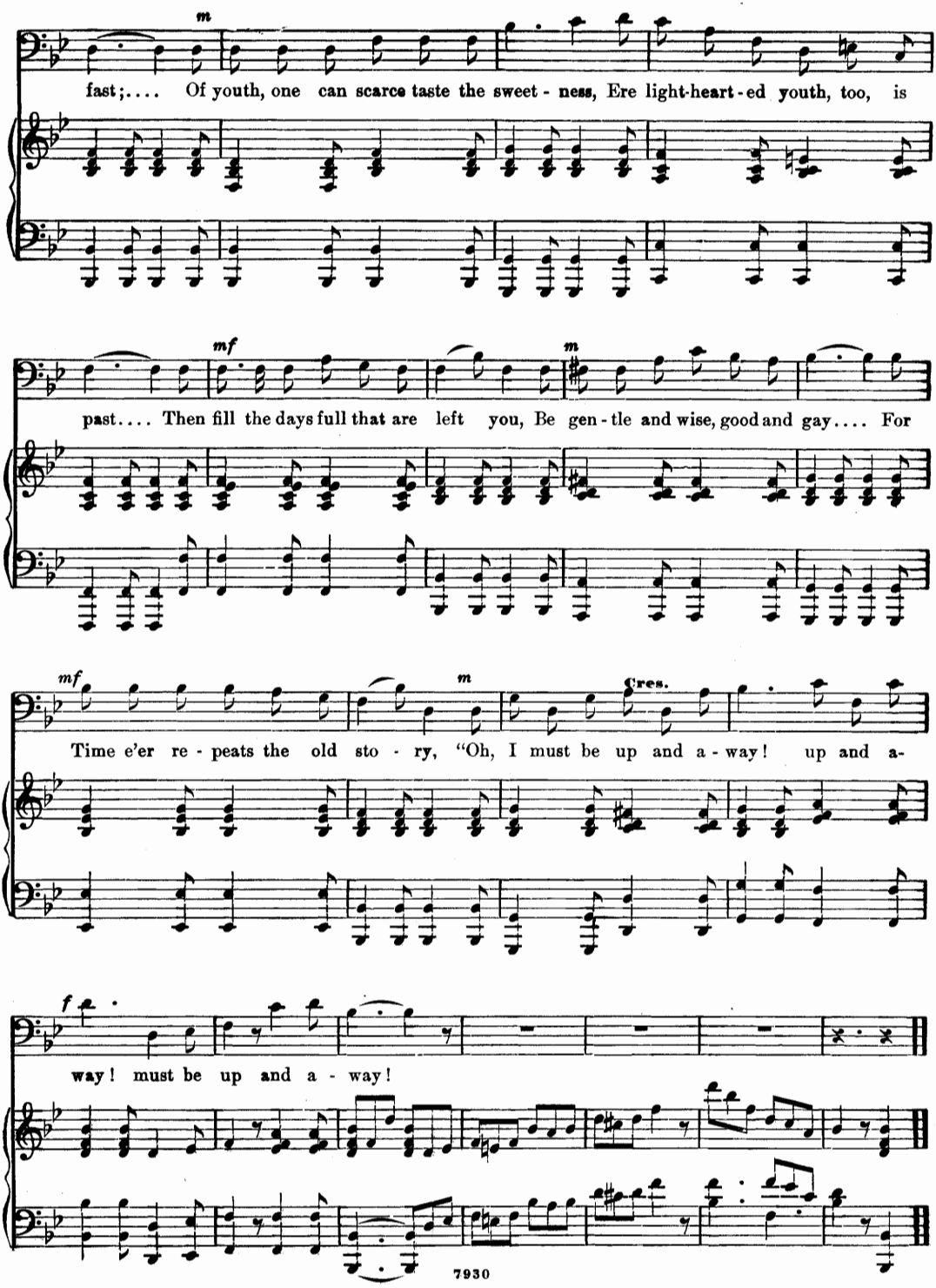
FARMER. Welcome, friends and neighbors all. Welcome in the name of my Phyllis, whose birthday we celebrate. How time moves on!

No. 15. OLD TIME IS A MERCILESS FELLOW.




mf
m
praying e'er yet made him stay. No mat - ter who lin - gers or dal - lies, Old Time must be
Cres.
f
up and a - way! up and a - way! must be up and a - way....
m
2. Old Time since the world's first cre-a - tion Has worked his own
Cres.
mf
m
will up - on man;.... He drives him from childhood to man - hood, His toy since the ag - es be-

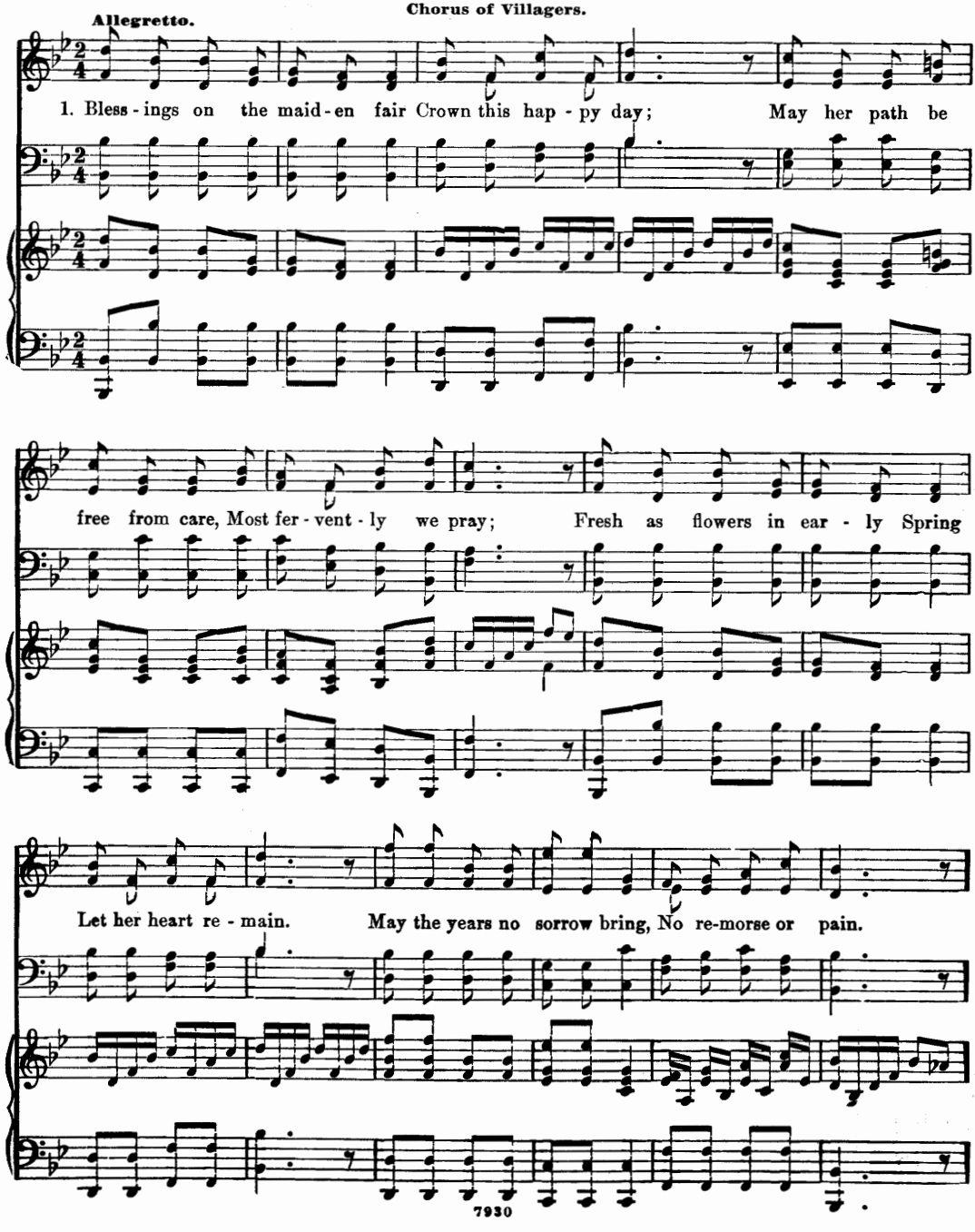

Cres.
gan. "Move on," his command tho' un - spok - en We must without ques-tion o - bey, And
mf
m
Cres.
haste with him all un - re - sist - ing, For Time must be up and a - way! up and a-
f
way! must be up and a - way!....
mp
3. The babe lies not long in his cra - dle, For childhood comes on, O so

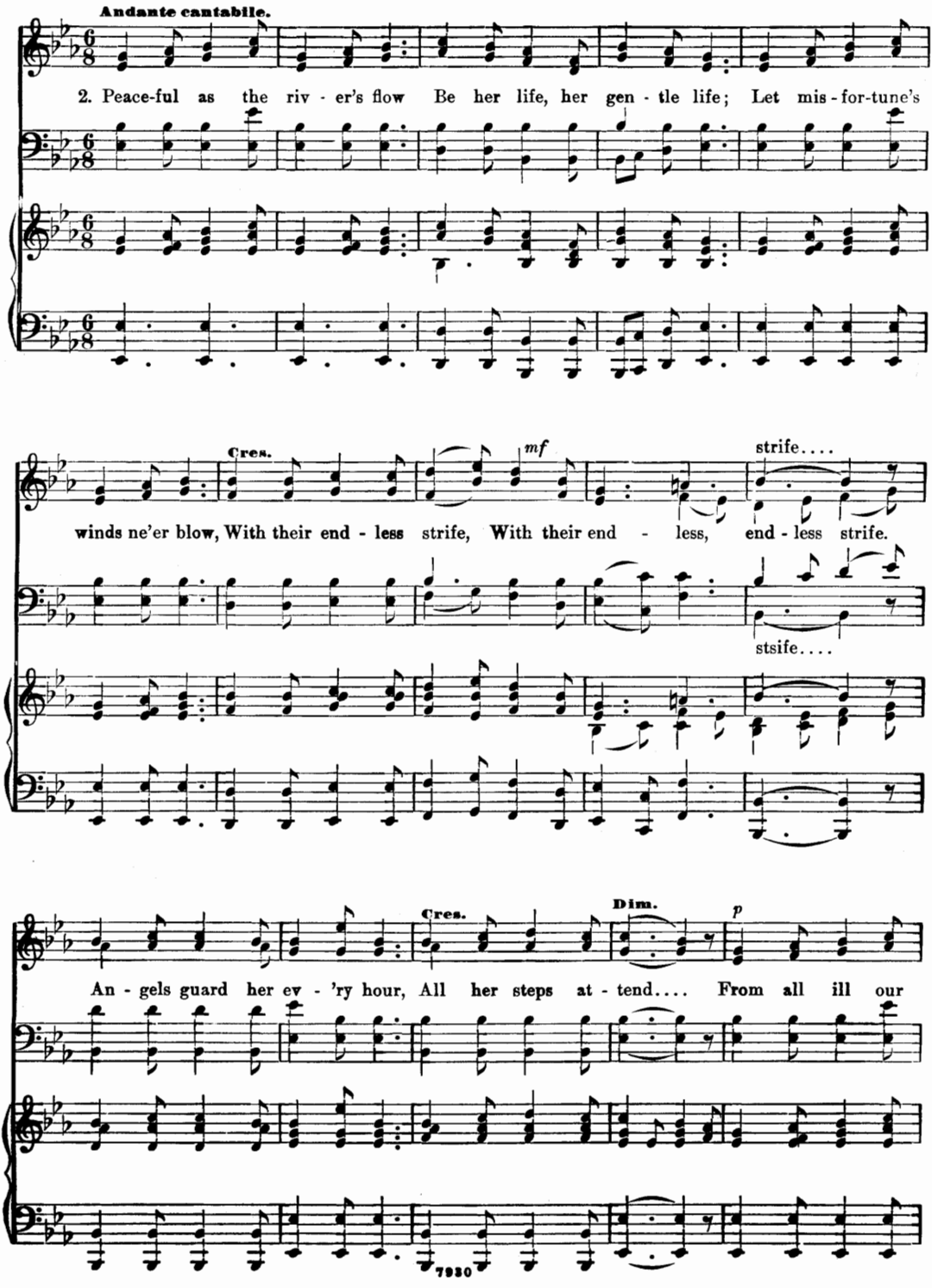

m
fast;.... Of youth, one can scarce taste the sweet - ness, Ere light-heart - ed youth, too, is
mf
m
past.... Then fill the days full that are left you, Be gen - tle and wise, good and gay.... For
mf
m
cres.
Time e'er re - peats the old sto - ry, "Oh, I must be up and a - way! up and a-
f
way! must be up and a - way!

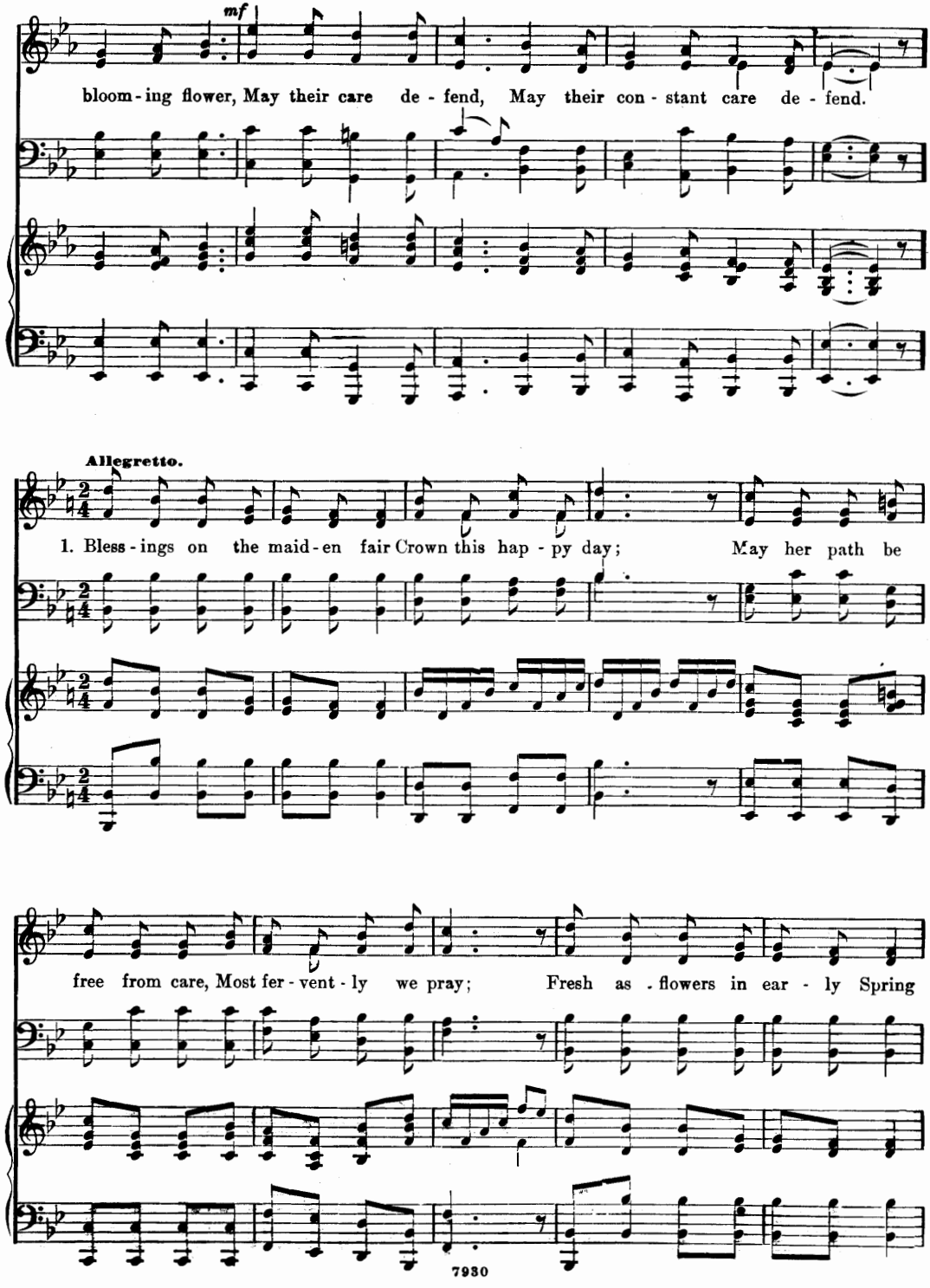
FARMER. Yes, time flies on; but yesterday, it seems to me, my girl was a child. To-day she is a woman. Ah! here she comes to give you all a welcome.

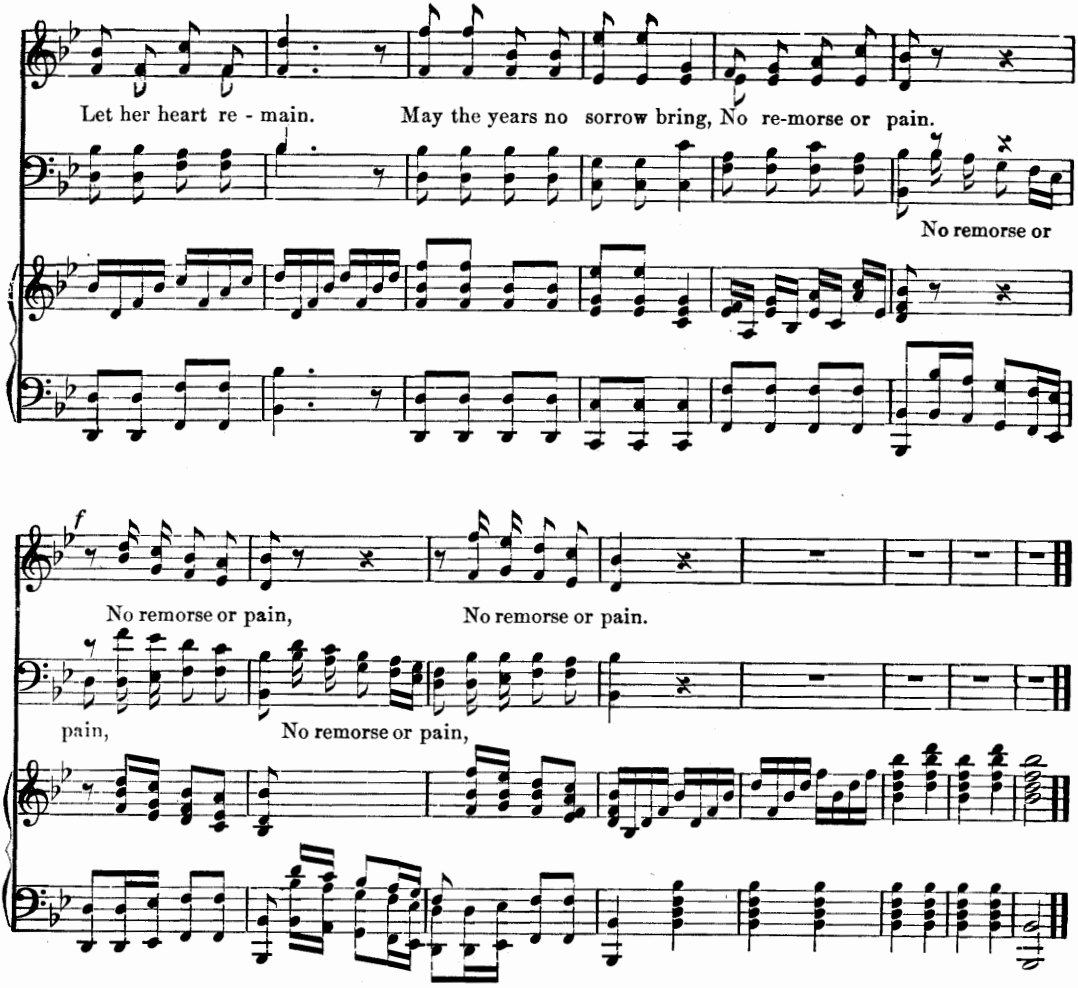
No. 16. BLESSINGS ON THE MAIDEN FAIR.

Chorus of Villagers.

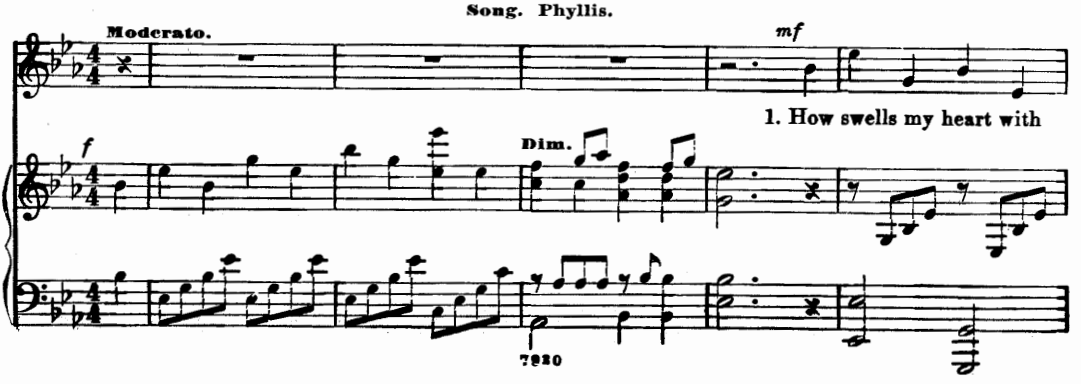


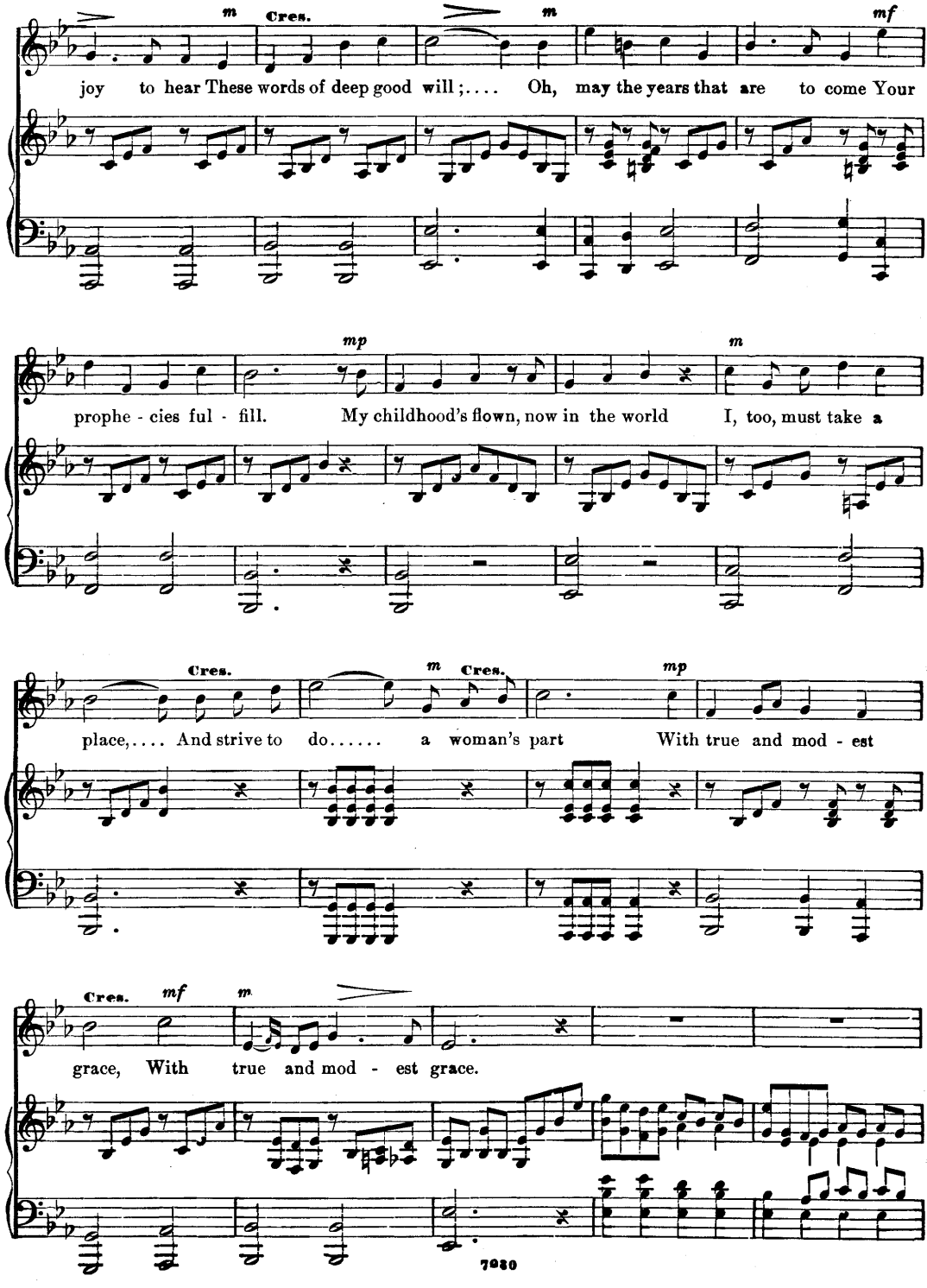

Andante cantabile.
2. Peace-ful as the riv - er's flow Be her life, her gen - tle life; Let mis - for-tune's
Cres.
mf
strife....
winds ne'er blow, With their end - less strife, With their end - less, end - less strife.
stsife....
Cres.
Dim.
p
An - gels guard her ev - 'ry hour, All her steps at - tend.... From all ill our
7930

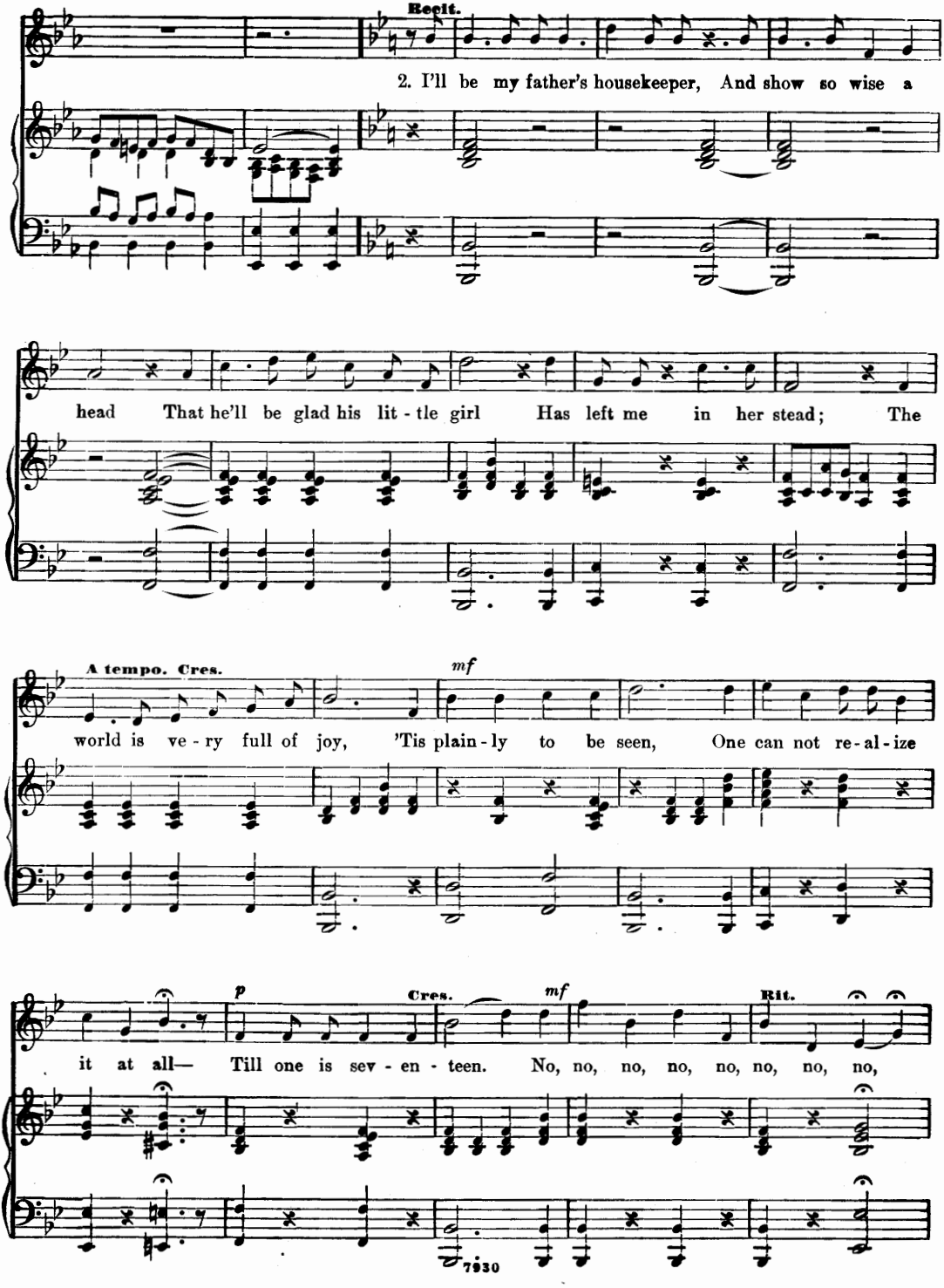

mf
bloom - ing flower, May their care de - fend, May their con - stant care de - fend.
Allegretto.
1. Bless - ings on the maid - en fair Crown this hap - py day; May her path be
free from care, Most fer - vent - ly we pray; Fresh as flowers in ear - ly Spring

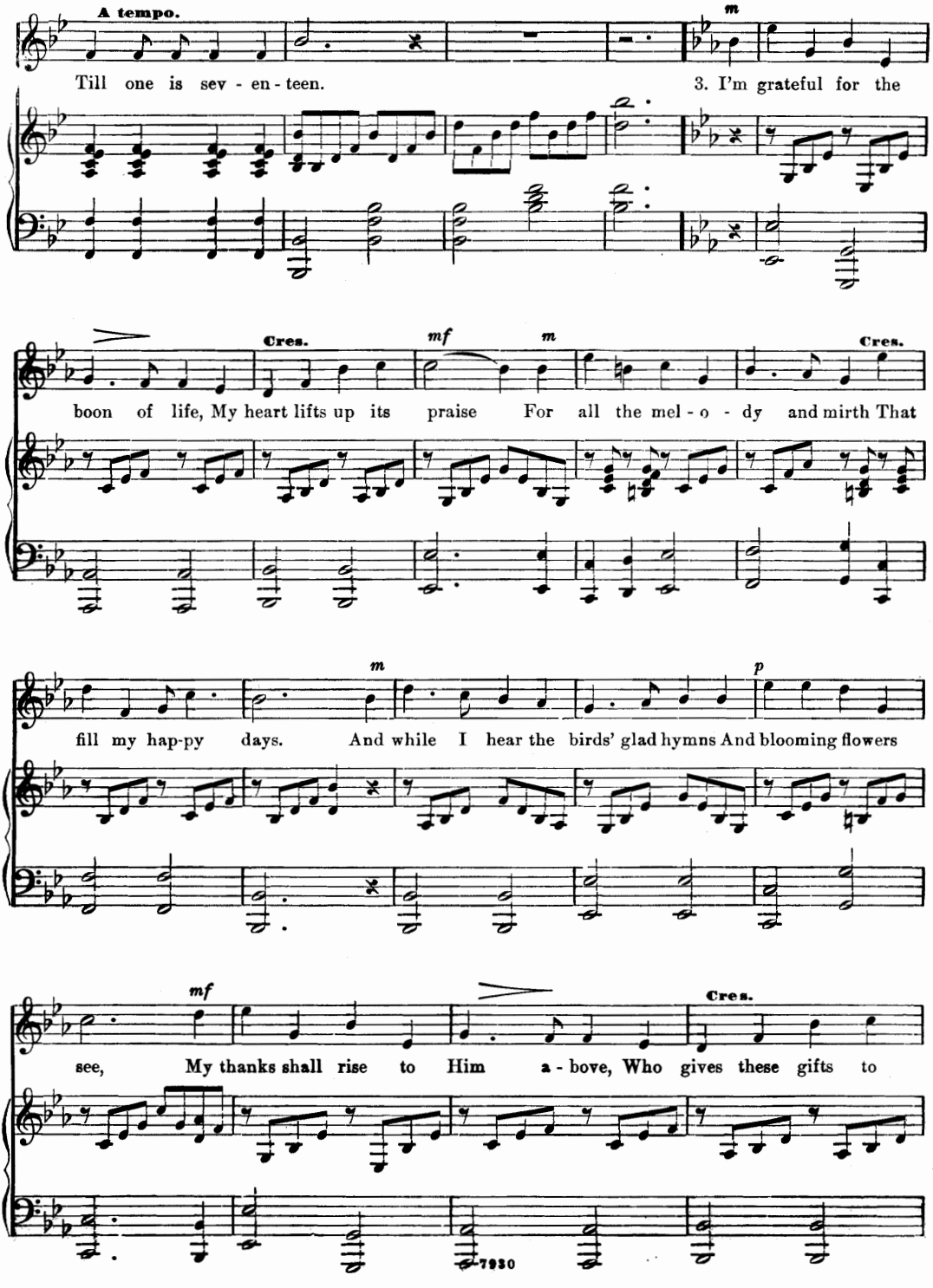


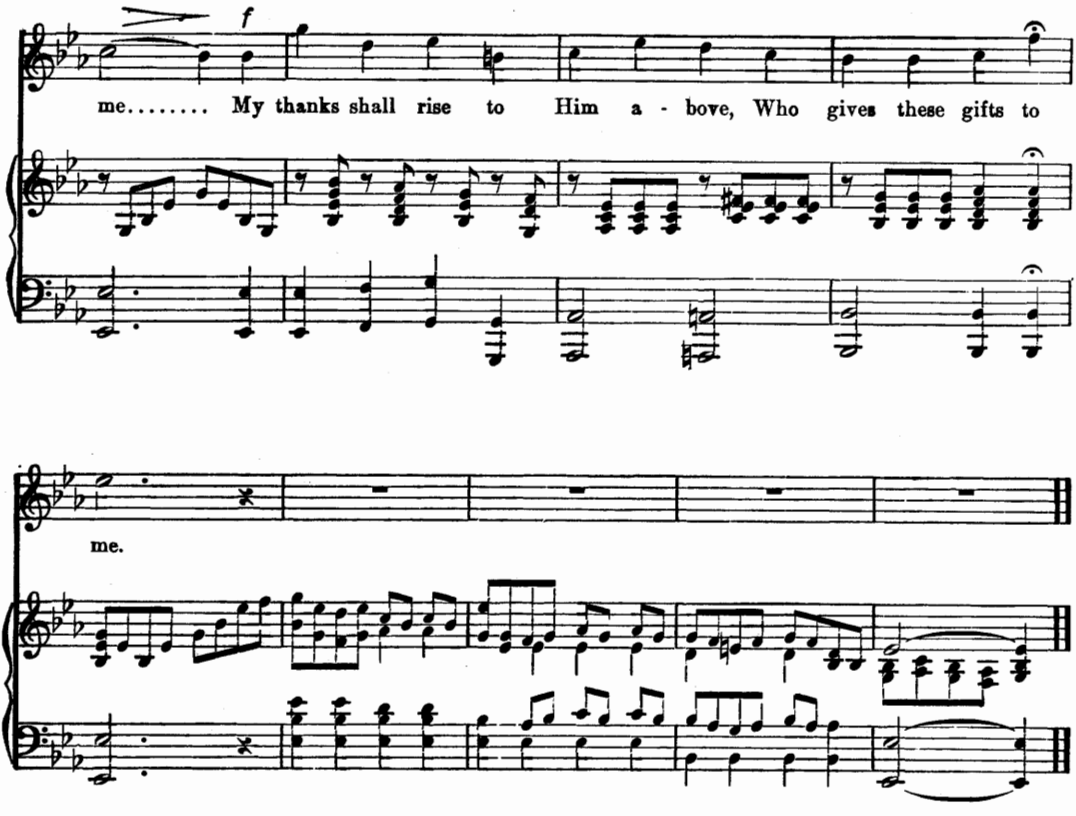
No. 17. HOW SWELLS MY HEART WITH JOY.




m
Cres.
m
mf
joy to hear These words of deep good will;.... Oh, may the years that are to come Your
mp
m
prophe - cies ful - fill. My childhood's flown, now in the world I, too, must take a
Cres.
m
Cres.
mp
place,.... And strive to do..... a woman's part With true and mod - est
Cres.
mf
m
grace, With true and mod - est grace.


Recit.
2. I'll be my father's housekeeper, And show so wise a
head That he'll be glad his lit - tle girl Has left me in her stead; The
A tempo. Cres.
mf
world is ve - ry full of joy, 'Tis plain - ly to be seen, One can not re - al - ize
p
Cres.
mf
Rit.
it at all— Till one is sev - en - teen. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

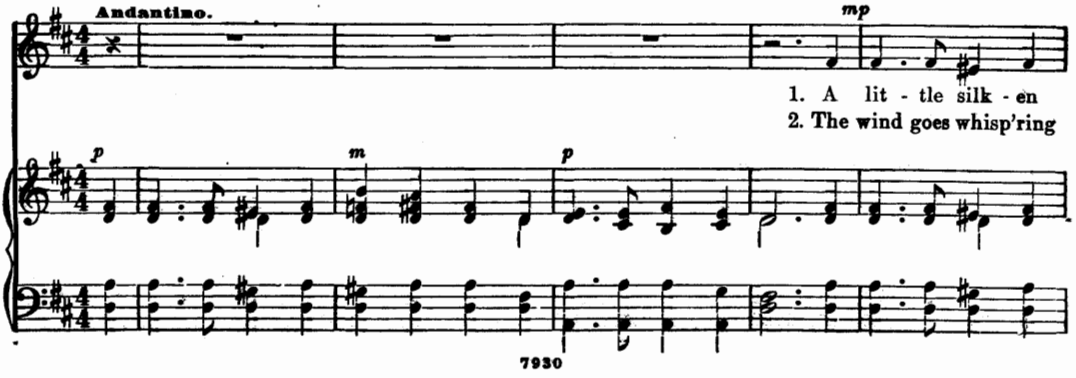

A tempo.
m
Till one is sev - en - teen.
3. I'm grateful for the
Cres.
mf
m
Cres.
boon of life, My heart lifts up its praise For all the mel - o - dy and mirth That
m
p
fill my hap-py days. And while I hear the birds' glad hymns And blooming flowers
mf
Cres.
see, My thanks shall rise to Him a - bove, Who gives these gifts to
7930

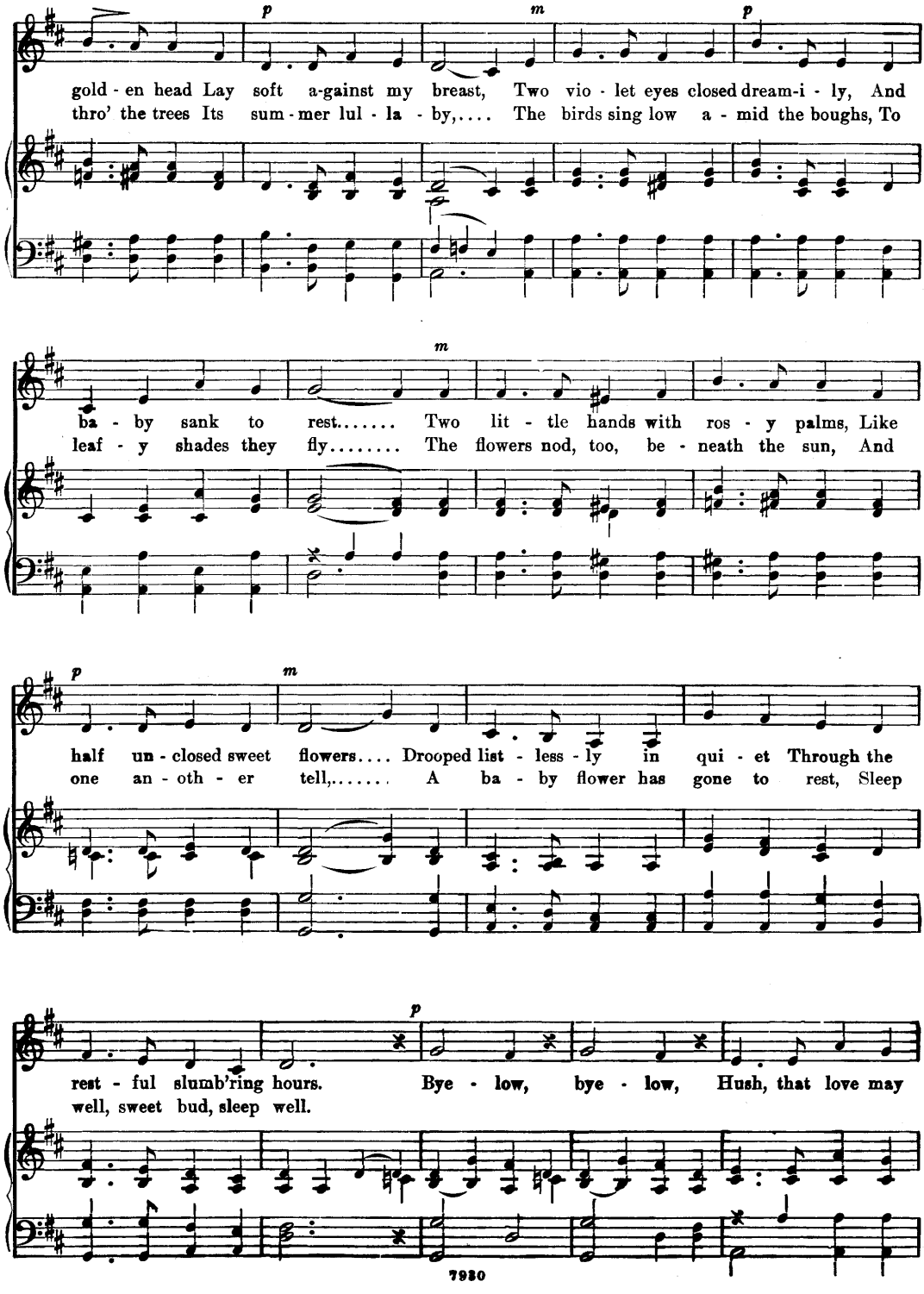


MARGARET. I do not know whether I feel more like a sister or like a mother to Phyllis, but well I remember her a little baby when her father first took me into his house. I was nearly as old as Phyllis is now, and she seemed to take to me at once.

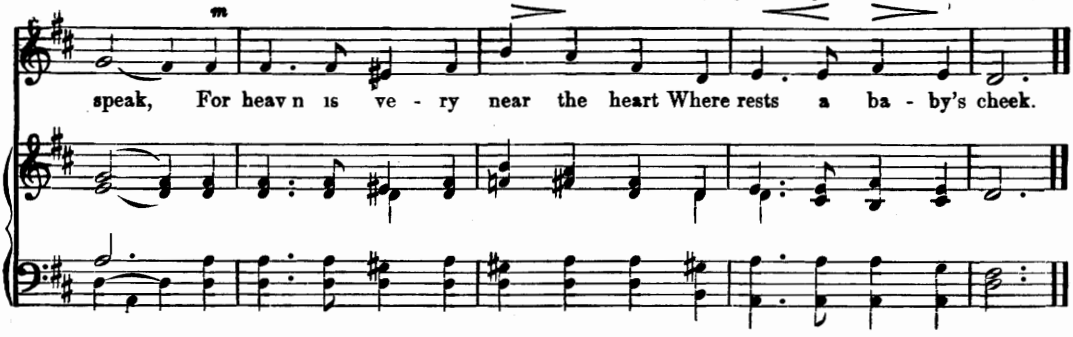
No. 18. A LITTLE SILKY GOLDEN HEAD.

Song. Margaret.




p
m
p
gold - en head Lay soft a-gainst my breast, Two vio - let eyes closed dream-i - ly, And
thro' the trees Its sum - mer lul - la - by,.... The birds sing low a - mid the boughs, To
m
ba - by sank to rest..... Two lit - tle hands with ros - y palms, Like
leaf - y shades they fly..... The flowers nod, too, be - neath the sun, And
p
m
half un - closed sweet flowers.... Drooped list - less - ly in qui - et Through the
one an - oth - er tell,..... A ba - by flower has gone to rest, Sleep
p
rest - ful slumb'ring hours. Bye - low, bye - low, Hush, that love may
well, sweet bud, sleep well.

(*Play Prelude for Interlude and Postlude.*)

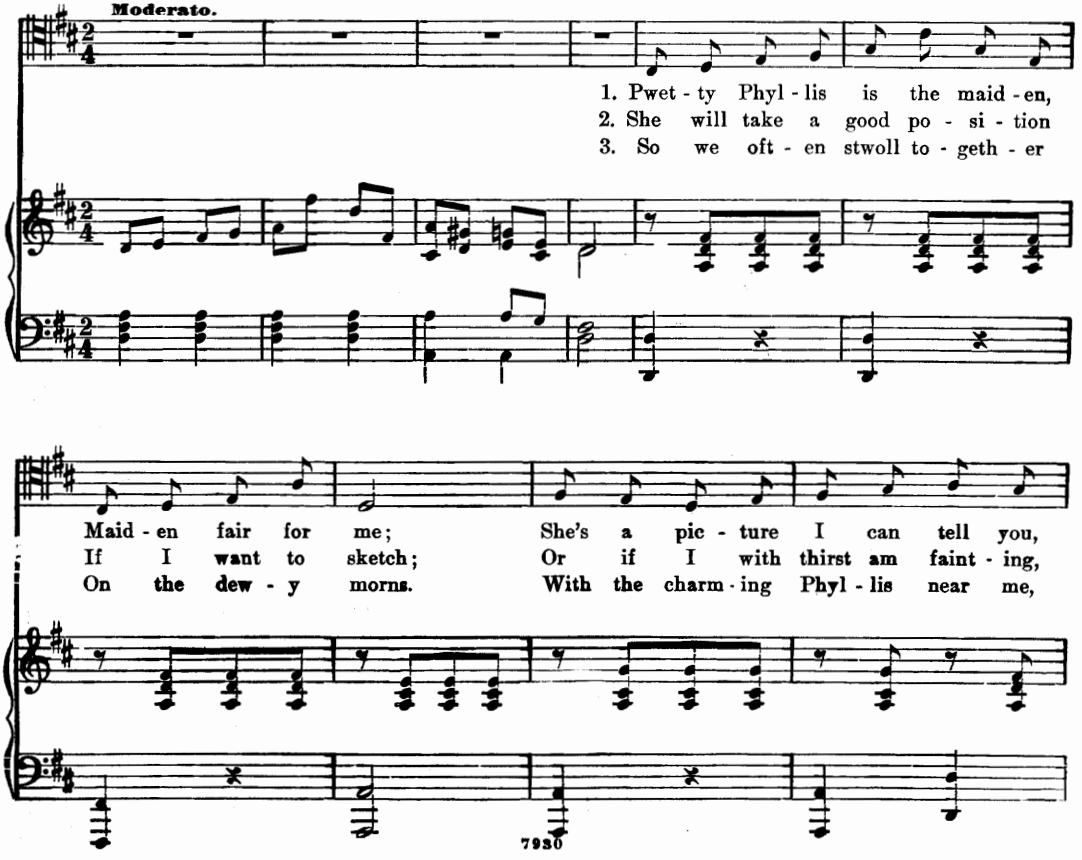


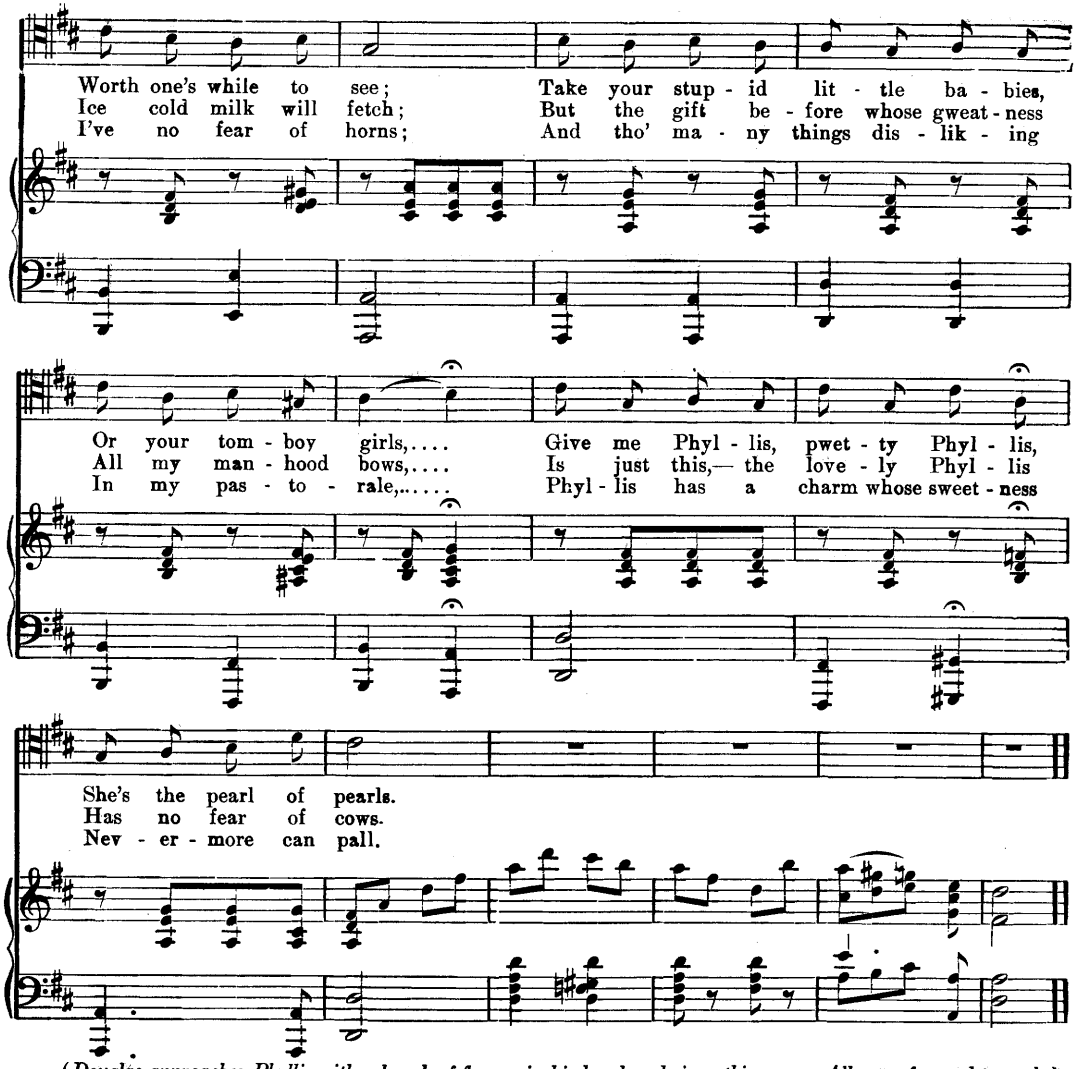
CHAPLEIGH. Pwetty slow place this, by Jove. If they're not all mourning now because that pwetty girl isn't a baby. Bless me, I should pewish if she was. She is the only—aw—circumstance which makes this—aw—place beawable.

(*The chorus can be appearing to talk to each other in little groups while this song is being sung*).

No. 19. PWETTY PHYLLIS IS THE MAIDEN.

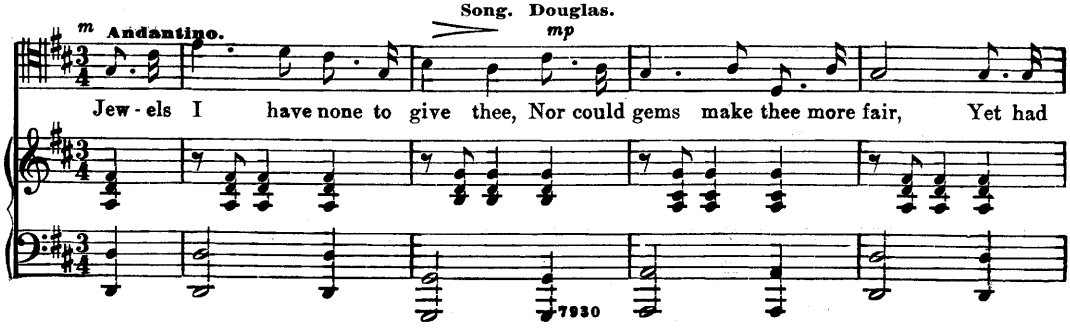
Song. Chapleigh.

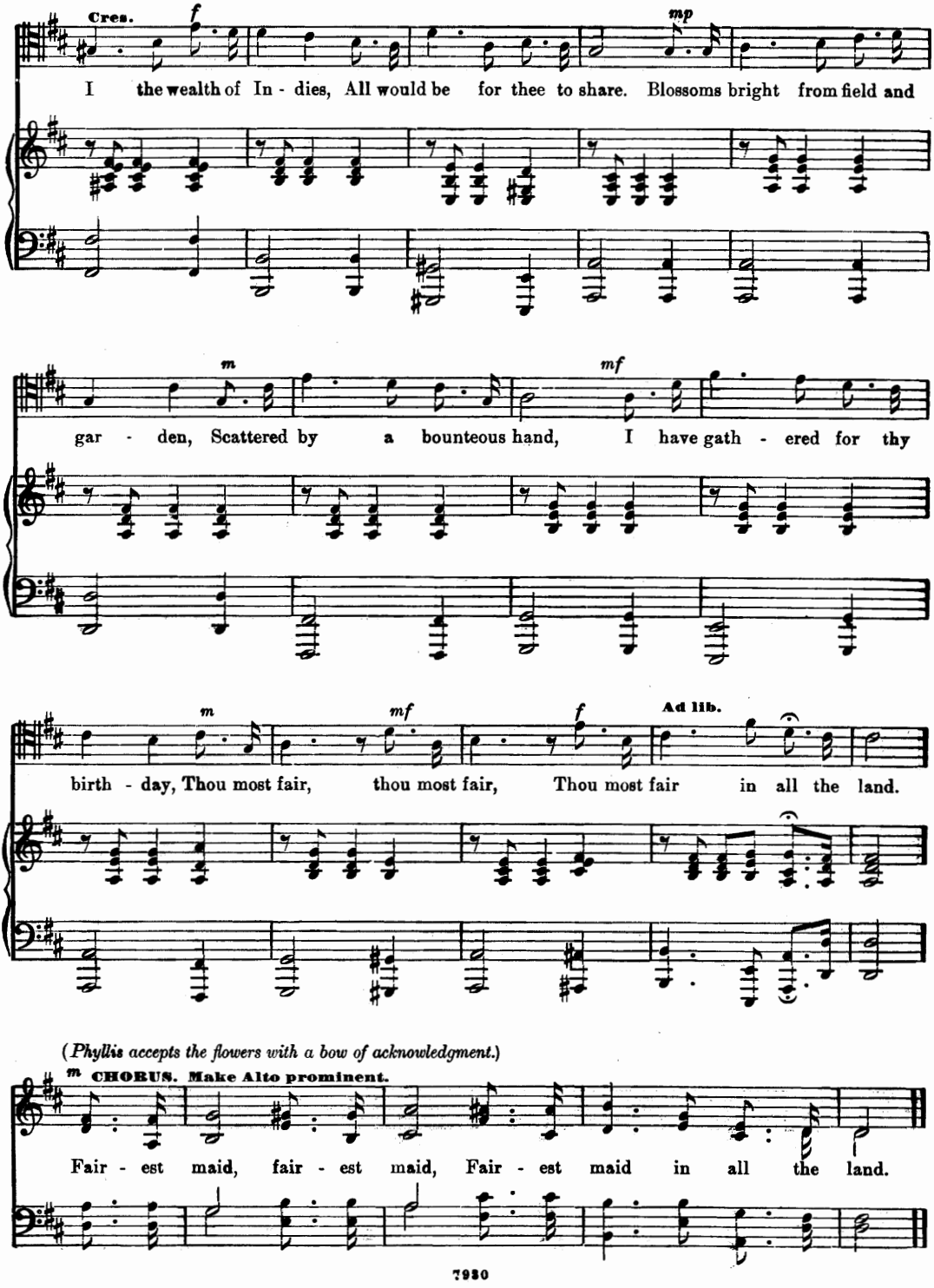




(*Douglas approaches Phyllis with a bunch of flowers in his hand and sings this song. All move forward toward the front, the chorus now giving attention.*)

No. 20. JEWELS I HAVE NONE TO GIVE THEE.



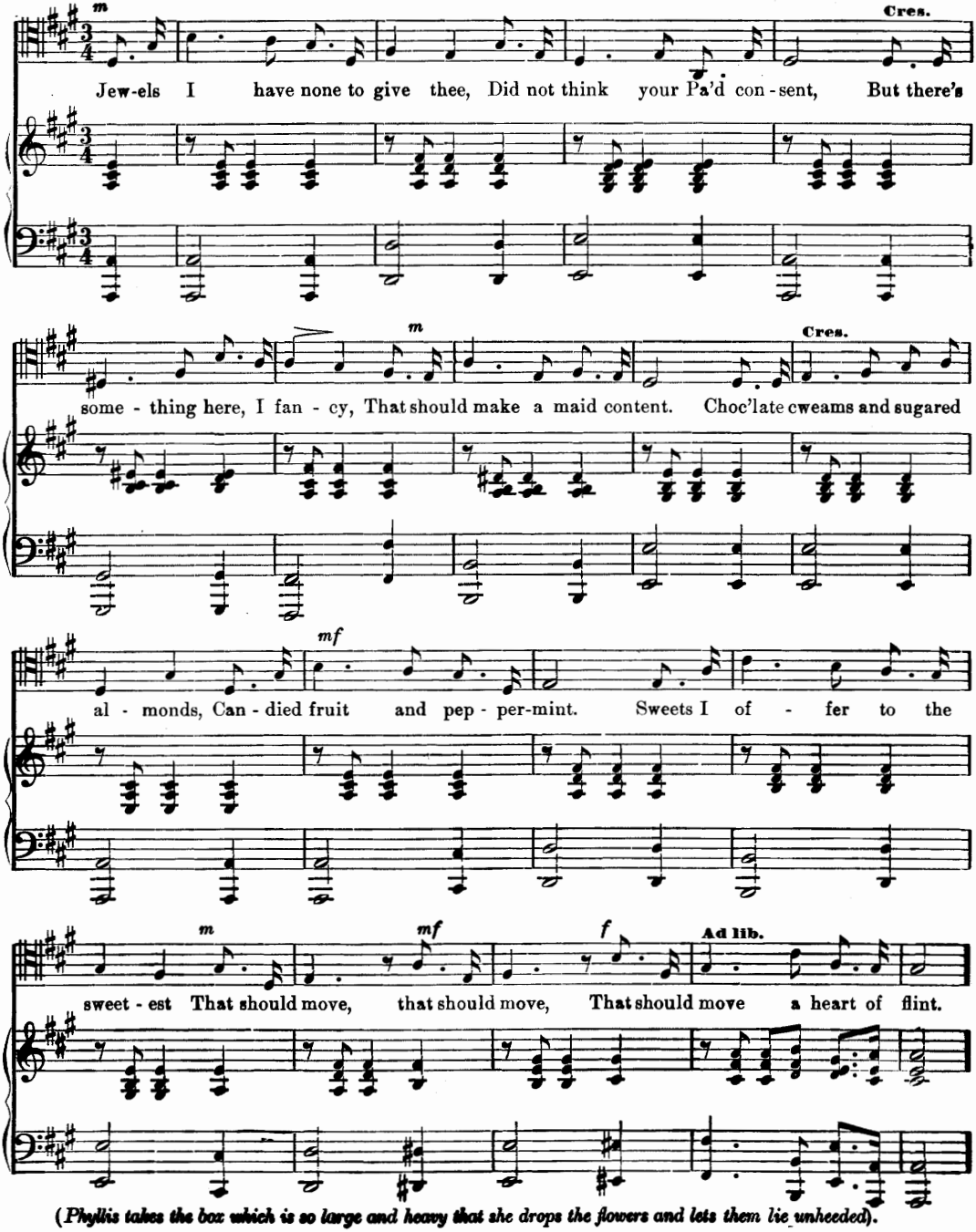


(*Phyllis accepts the flowers with a bow of acknowledgment.*)

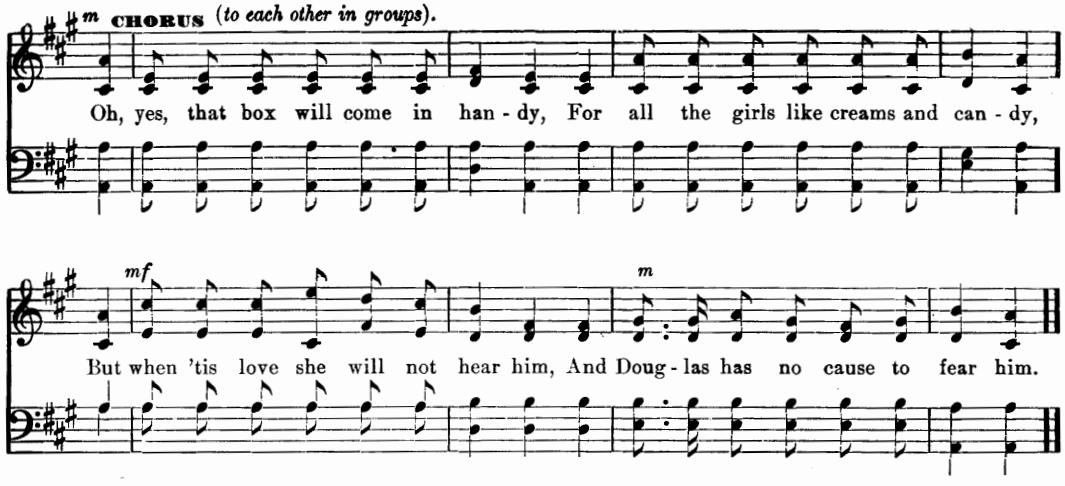
(Chapleigh brings a large box of candy and approaches Phyllis on the other side).

No. 21. JEWELS I HAVE NONE TO GIVE THEE.

Song. Chapleigh and Chorus.



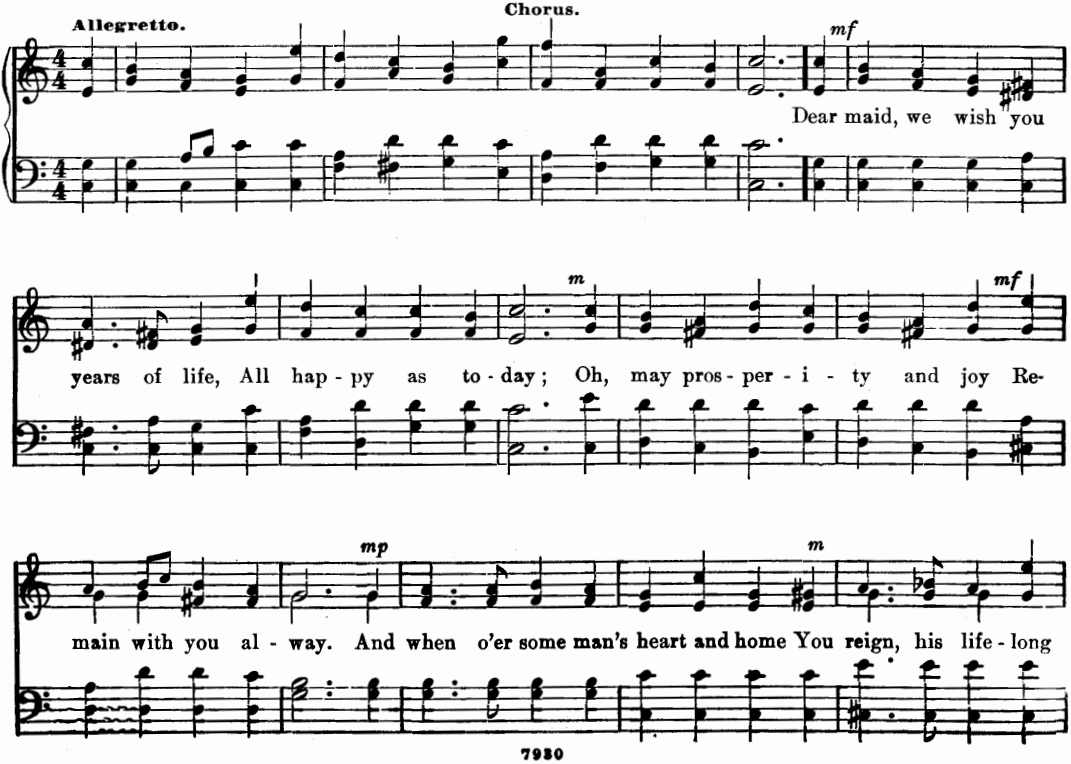
(Phyllis takes the box which is so large and heavy that she drops the flowers and lets them lie unheeded).

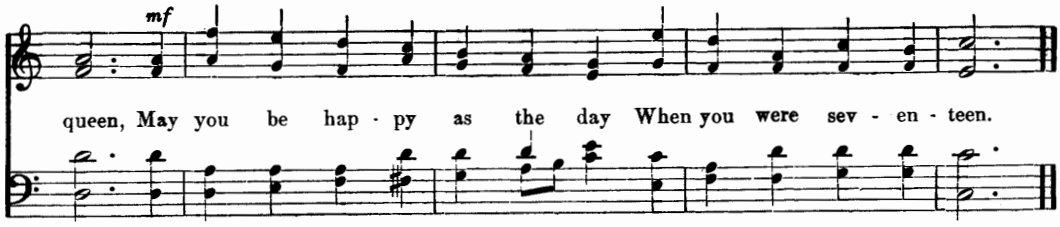


(*Margaret hurries forward and picks up the flowers at which Douglas has been looking gloomily. She puts them on the box that Phyllis is holding, and shakes her head at her*).

FARMER. And now, friends, I would have you break your fast and partake of our humble cheer. I know you wish well to my child. We will drink her health in that wine of life which God himself has made—cold water.

No. 22. DEAR MAID, WE WISH YOU YEARS OF LIFE.





CHAPLEIGH. The sentiment—aw—is well enough, but the water. What a—aw—liquid to dwink a toast in. I wonder if that is all he is going to give us.

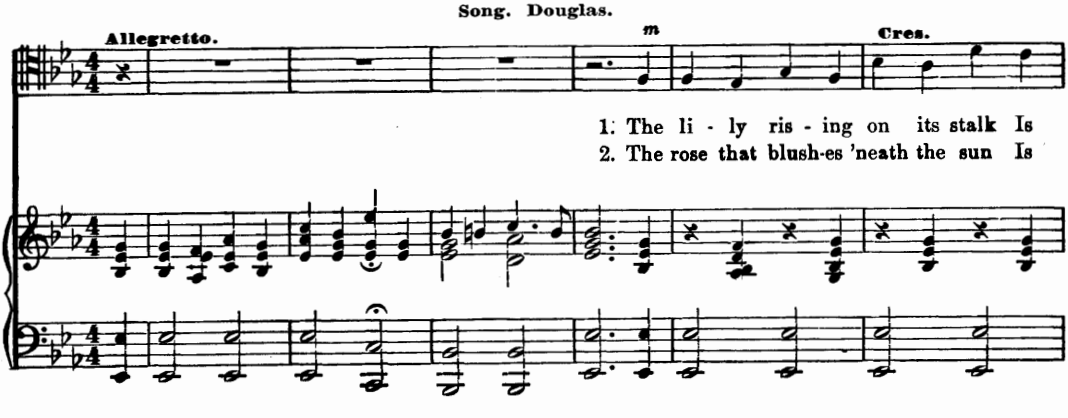
FARMER. Come to the house, my friends. A repast awaits you there.

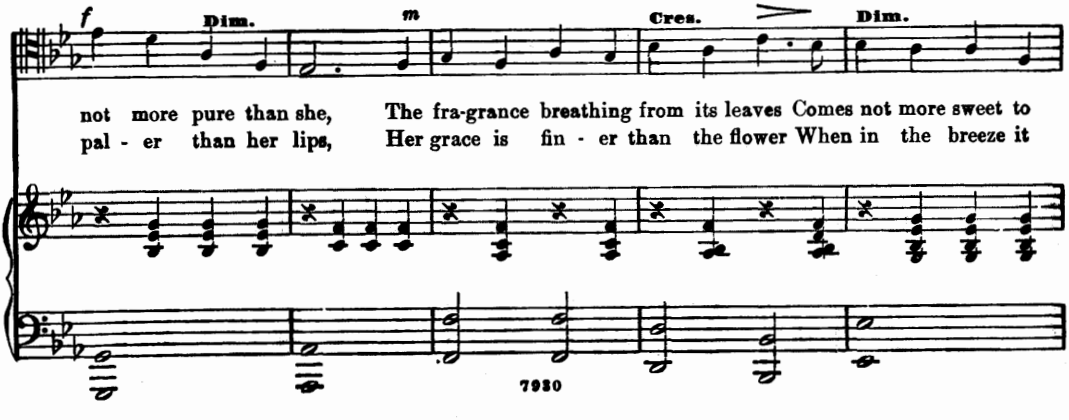
(*Exeunt all but Douglas. Phyllis and Chapleigh go last talking busily together, and as she goes Phyllis drops the flowers again, without noticing them. When they have gone Douglas picks them up and comes forward*).

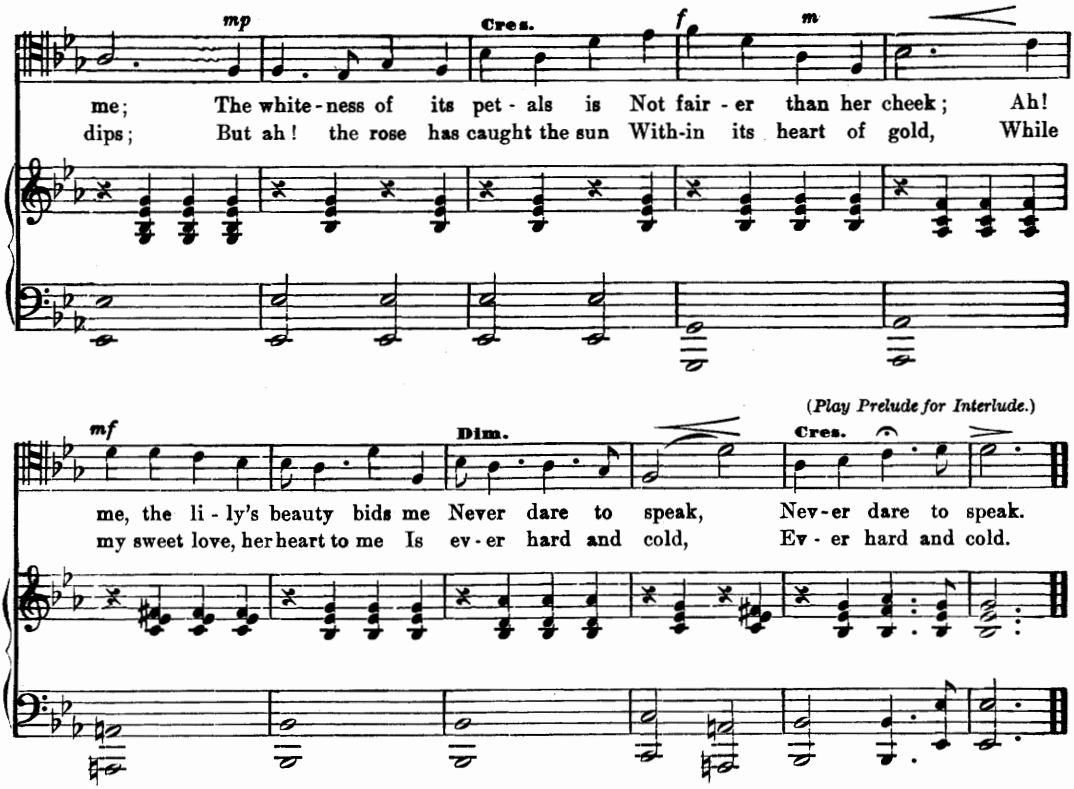
DOUGLAS. It looks as though Phyllis liked that fellow from the city. She is too kind-hearted to throw my poor flowers away; but she simply does not care for them.

No. 23. THE LILY RISING ON ITS STALK.

Song. Douglas.







MARGARET (*enters*). I missed you, Douglas. Why do you not come and join the company?

DOUGLAS. I have n't the heart for it.

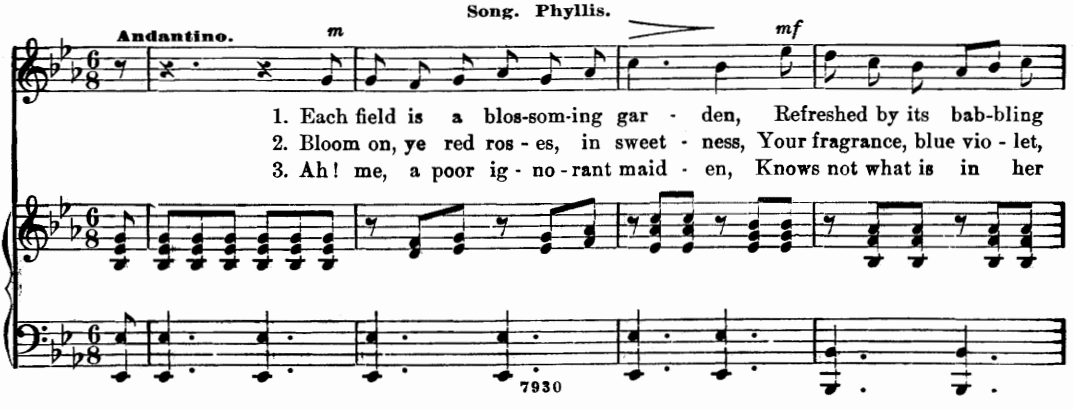
MARGARET (*noticing the flowers*). You must not mind what that heedless child does to-day. Her poor little head is almost turned by all the attention she has received. She will feel badly enough when she misses her flowers. Come, forgive her, Douglas.

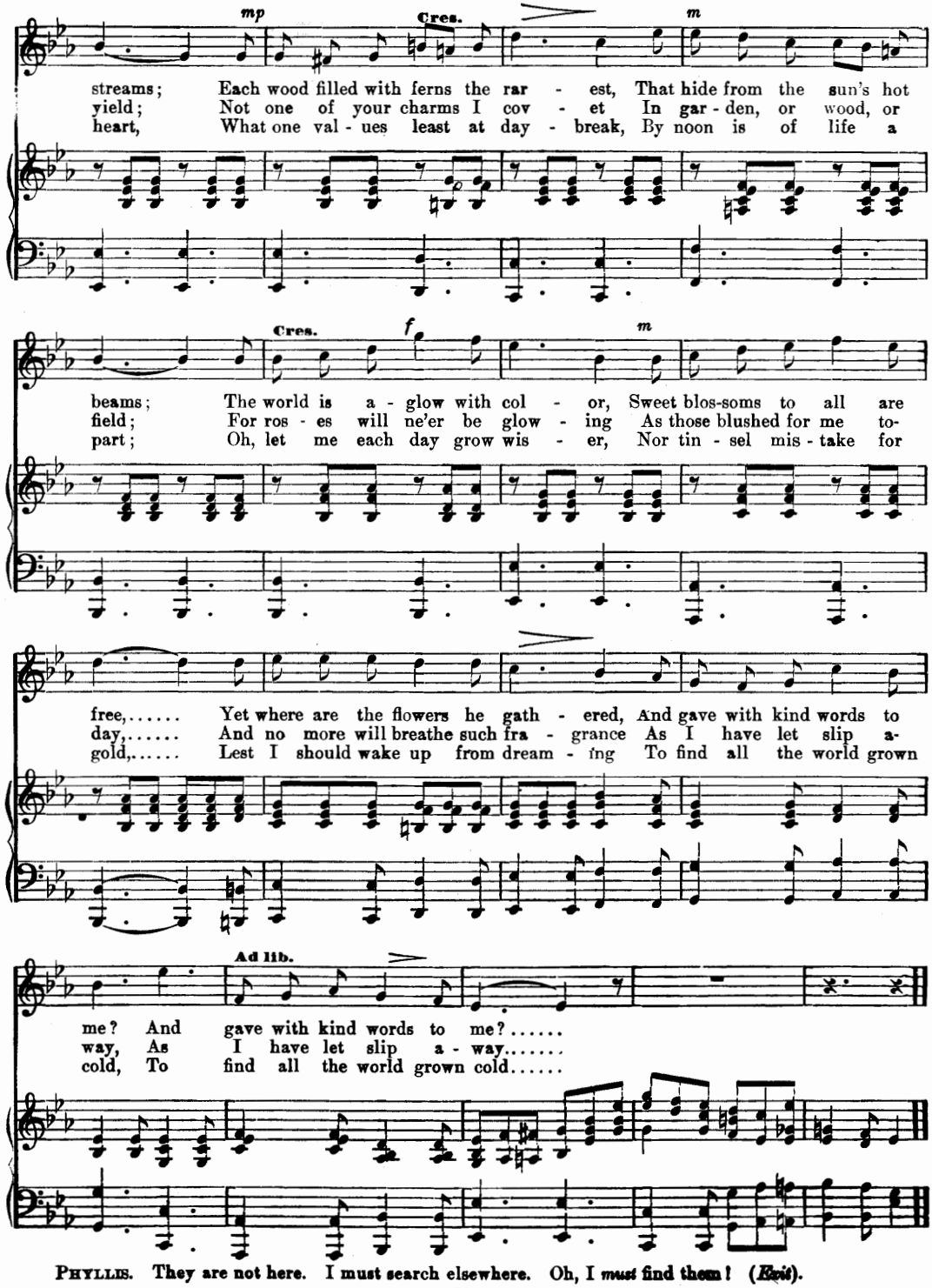
DOUGLAS. I have nothing to forgive. I do not blame her for not caring for me. (*While saying this last sentence both go slowly out*).

PHYLLIS (*enters looking about as though searching for something*). My poor flowers. I surely must have dropped them here.

No. 24. EACH FIELD IS A BLOSSOMING GARDEN.

Song. Phyllis.



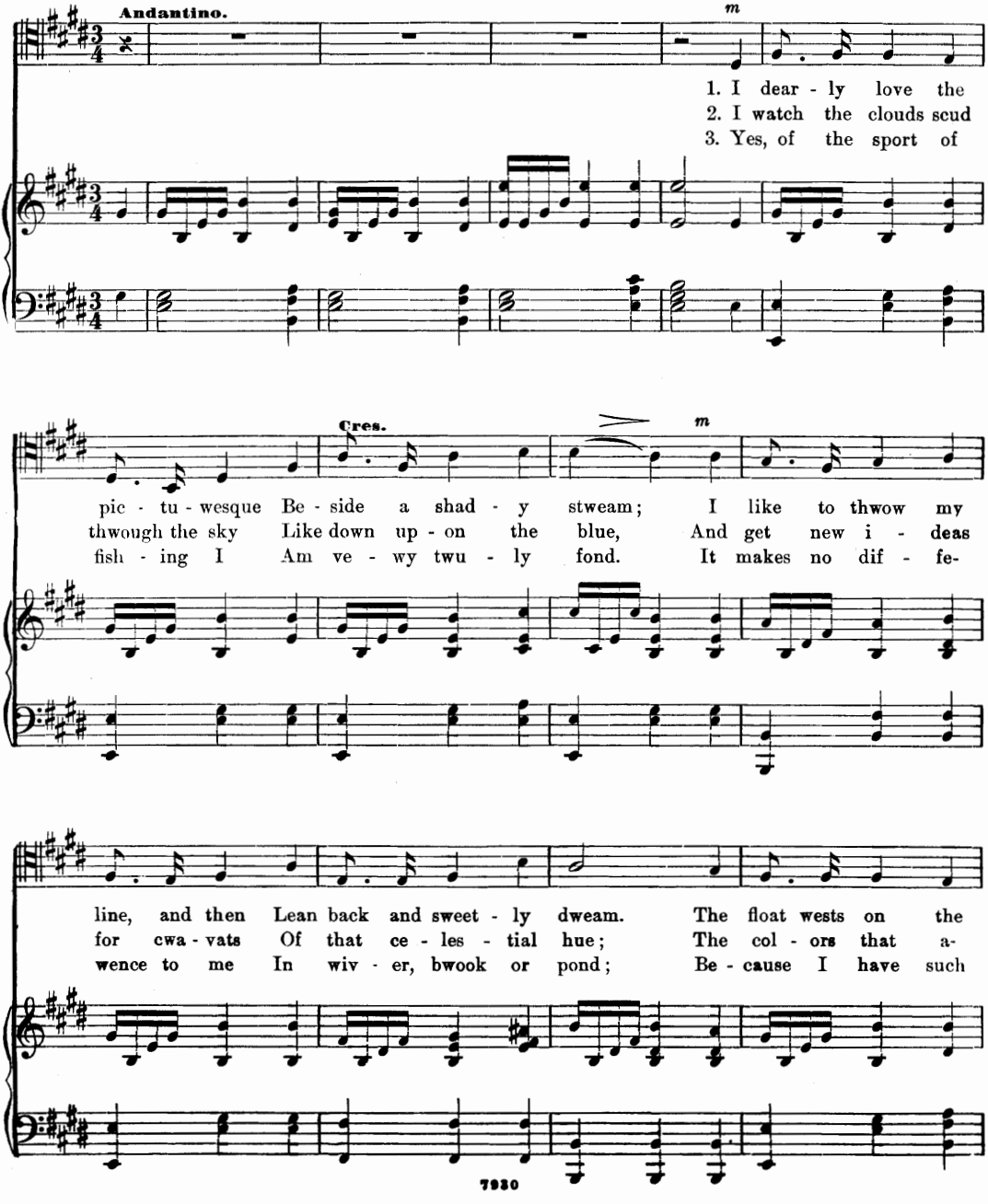


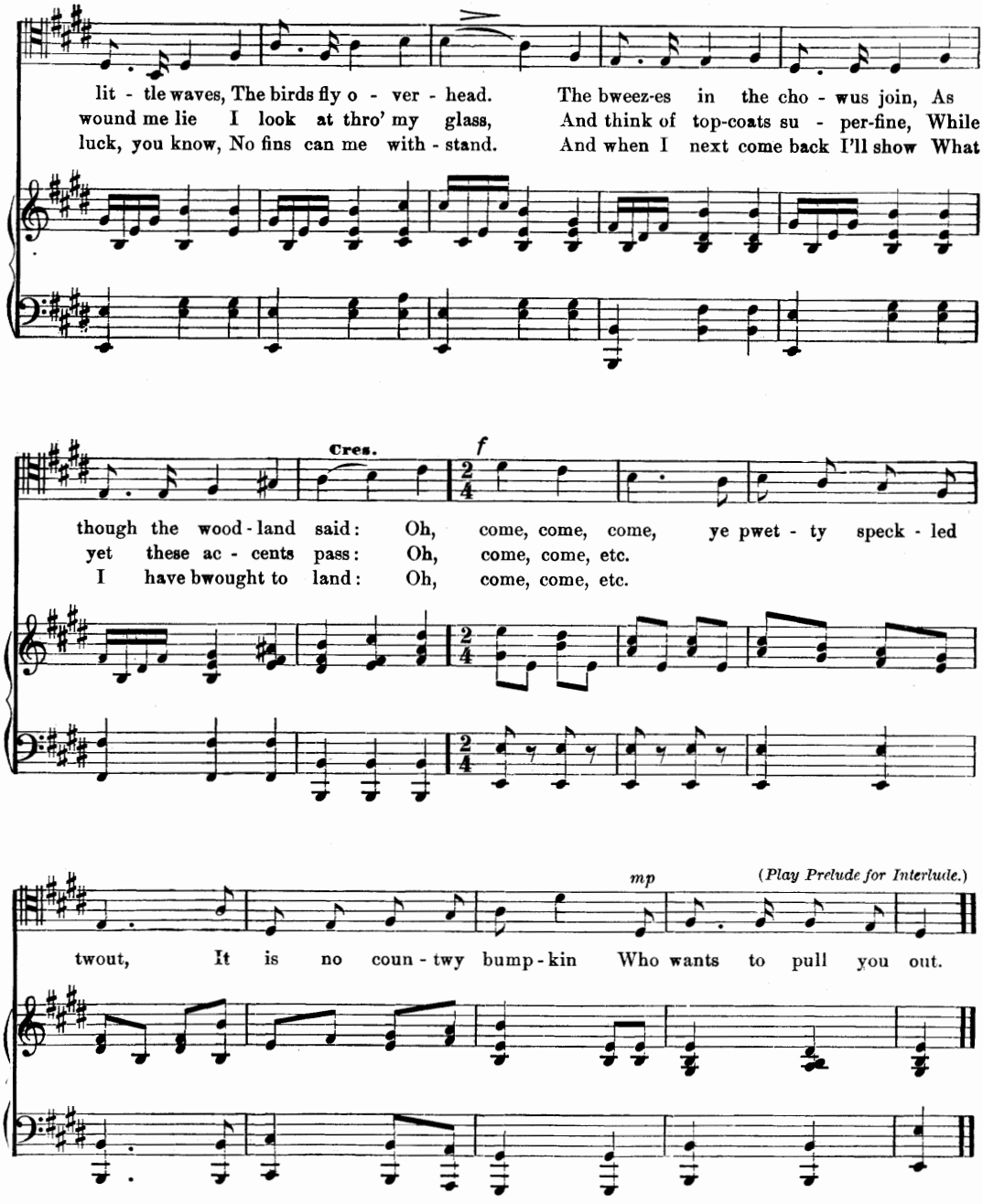
PHYLLIS. They are not here. I must search elsewhere. Oh, I *must* find them! (*Exit*).

CHAPLEIGH (*enters with fishing basket over his shoulder and rod in hand*). I am tired of the chatter of these countwy bumpkins. I can't get a word with Phyllis, so I am going off by myself to fish. I always have gweat luck when I go fishing.

No. 25. I DEARLY LOVE THE PICTUWESQUE.

Song. Chapleigh.

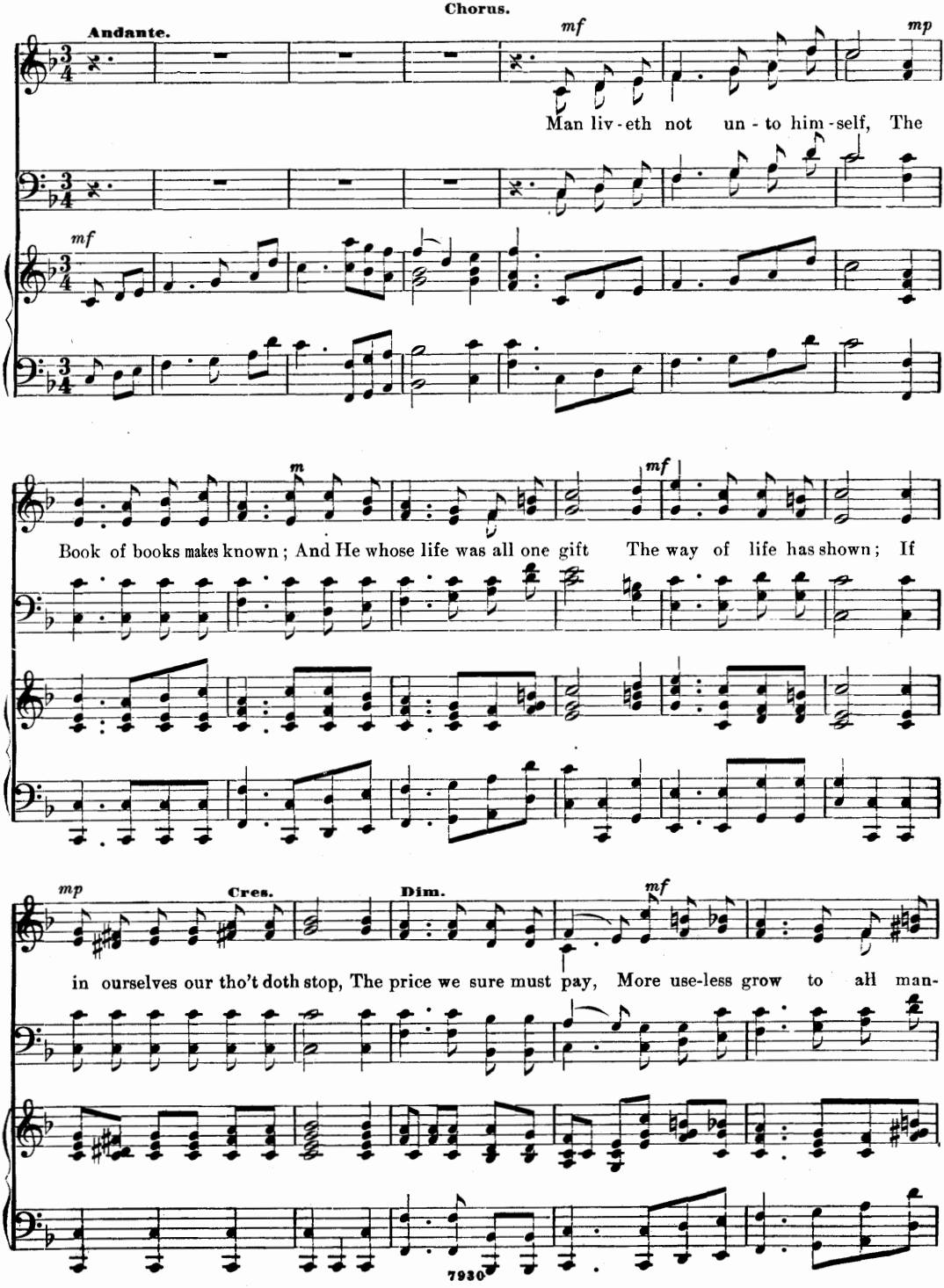


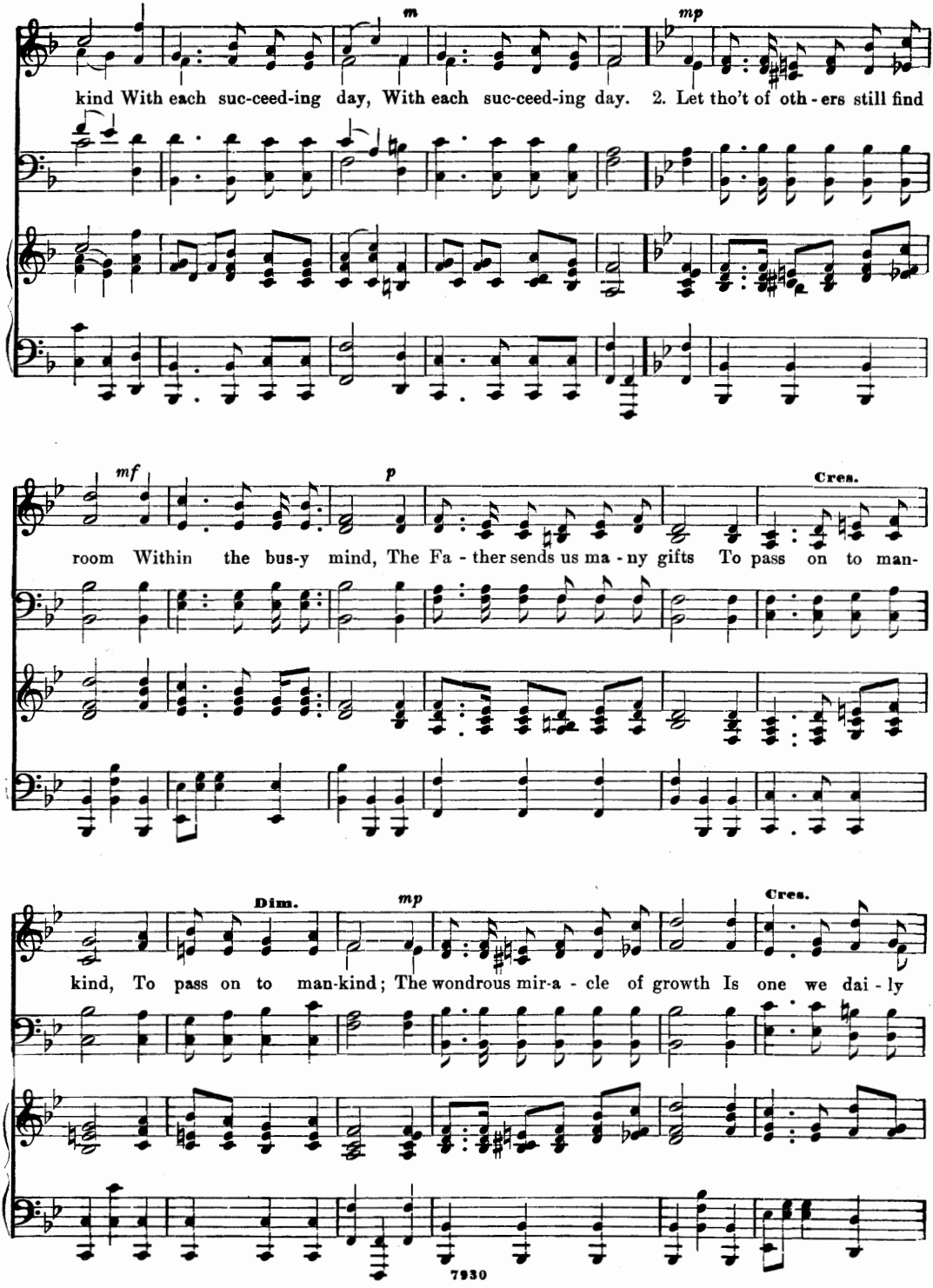


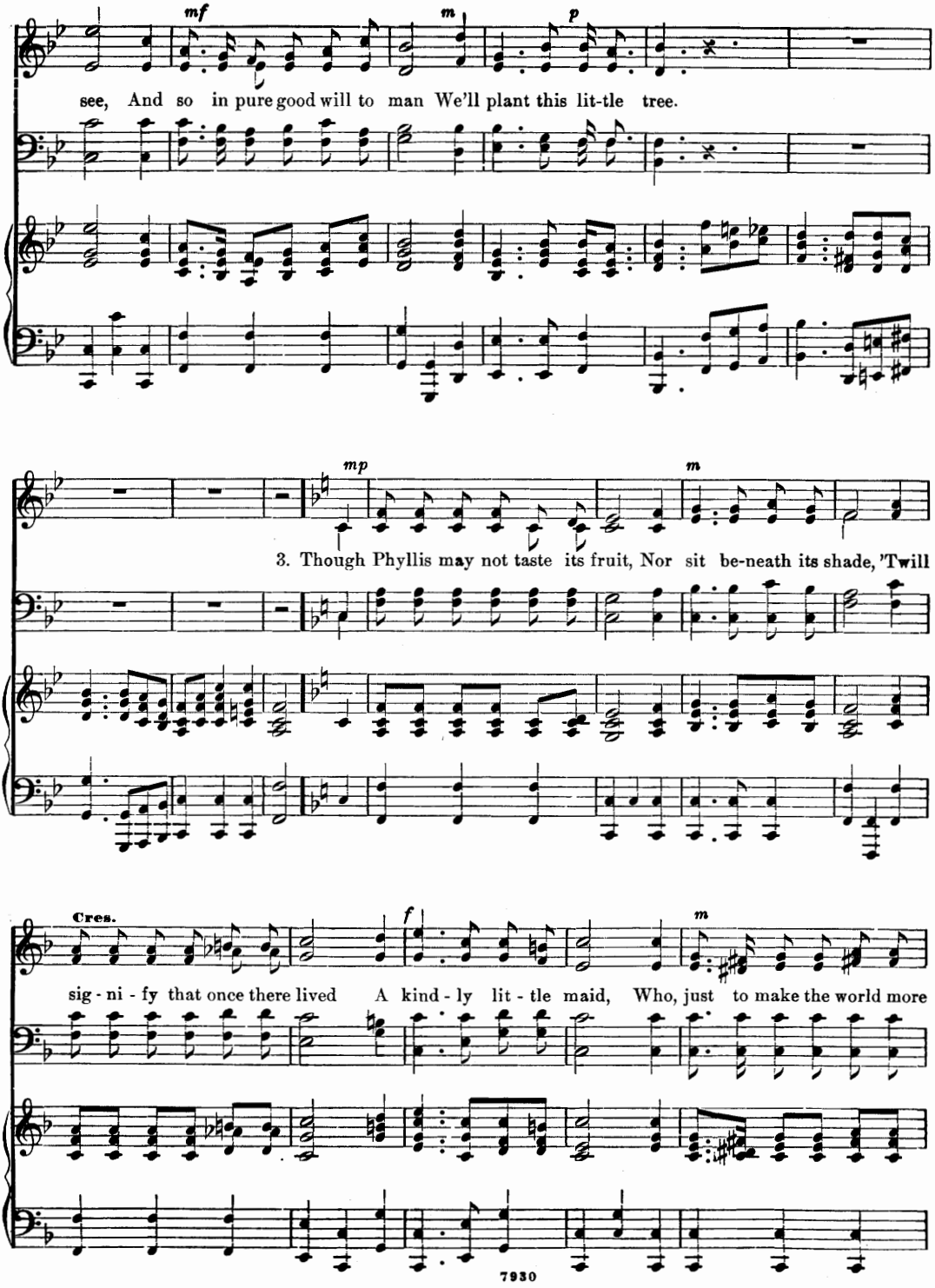
(At the close of the song the prelude to No. 22 commences, and the chorus enter, singing the toast "Dear maid, we wish you," etc.)

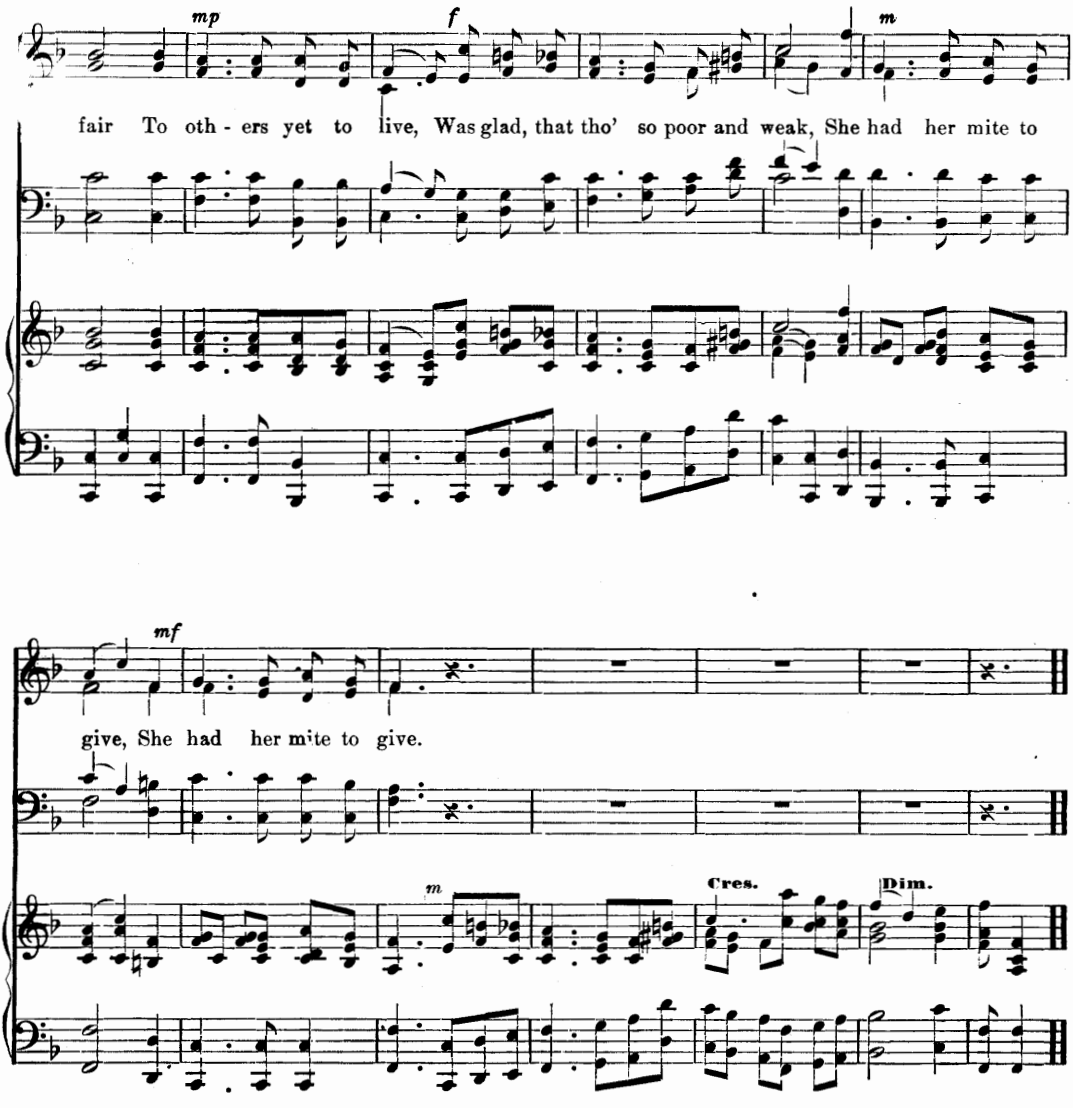
FARMER. And now, friends, for the ceremony that I have always performed on this day. Do you see that little avenue of sixteen fruit trees set out on my child's birth-days? They are outside my land and are meant to cheer the wayfarer. To-day a seventeenth must begin to strike its tender roots into the earth.

No. 26. MAN LIVETH NOT UNTO HIMSELF.




m
mp
kind With each suc-ceed-ing day, With each suc-ceed-ing day. 2. Let tho't of oth-ers still find
mf
p
Cres.
room Within the bus-y mind, The Fa-ther sends us ma-ny gifts To pass on to man-
Dim.
mp
Cres.
kind, To pass on to man-kind; The wondrous mir-a-cle of growth Is one we dai-ly


mf
m
p
see, And so in pure good will to man We'll plant this lit-tle tree.
mp
m
3. Though Phyllis may not taste its fruit, Nor sit be-neath its shade, 'Twill
Cres.
f
m
sig - ni - fy that once there lived A kind - ly lit - tle maid, Who, just to make the world more



FARMER. Come, Douglas, you have always held the tree in place. Come, lad.

(*They go out, and the chorus press to the side of the stage as though witnessing the planting of the tree*).

ONE OF THE CHORUS. A storm is coming, but they will easily finish planting the tree before it reaches here.

ANOTHER. The rain will be good for the new tree if the wind does not blow it down.

ANOTHER. Never fear! what the farmer does is well done. The tree will stand.

ANOTHER. We are going to have a hard one:—hear the thunder!

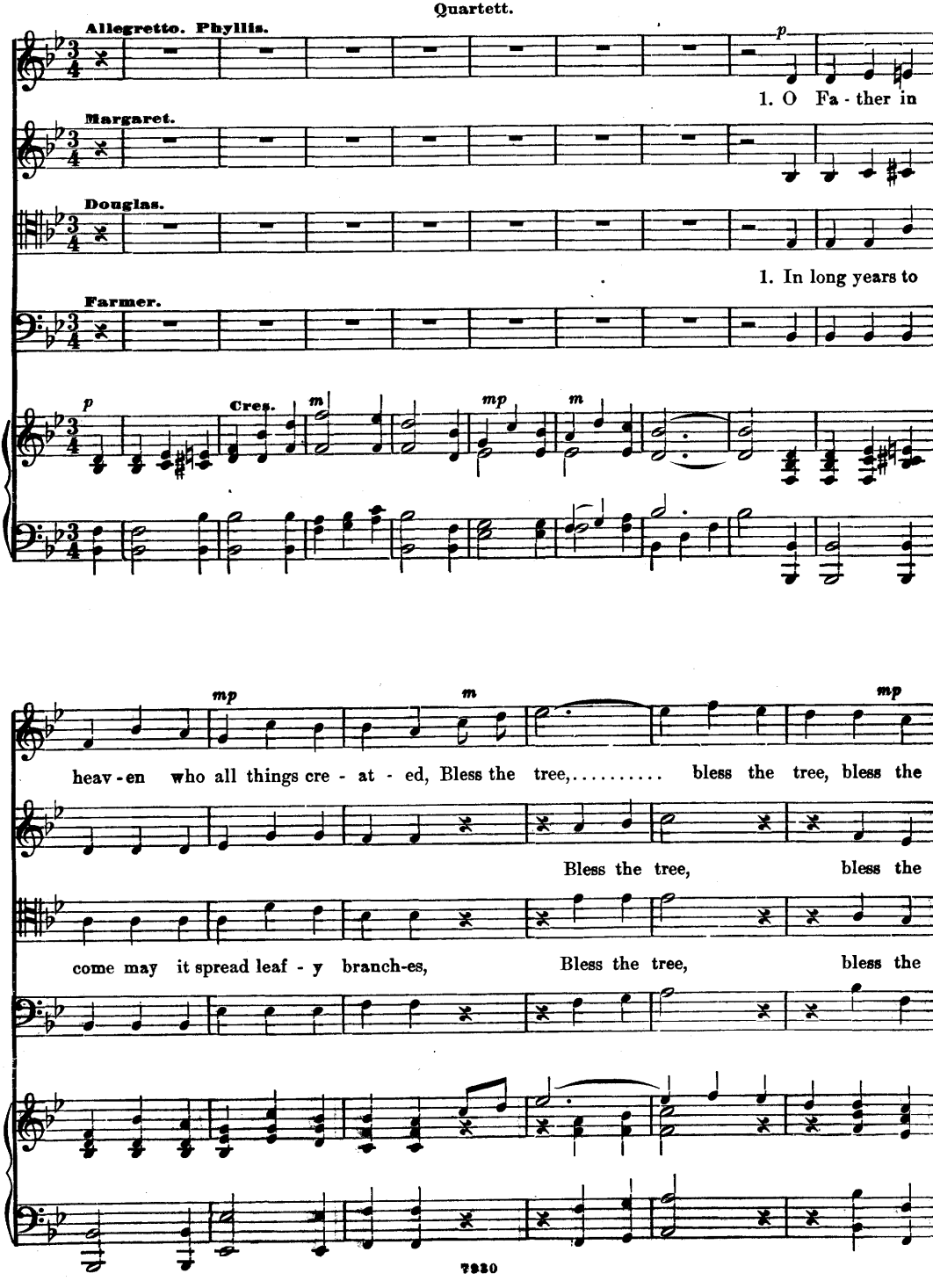
ANOTHER. Well, let it come; but it is not very near; there will be plenty of time.

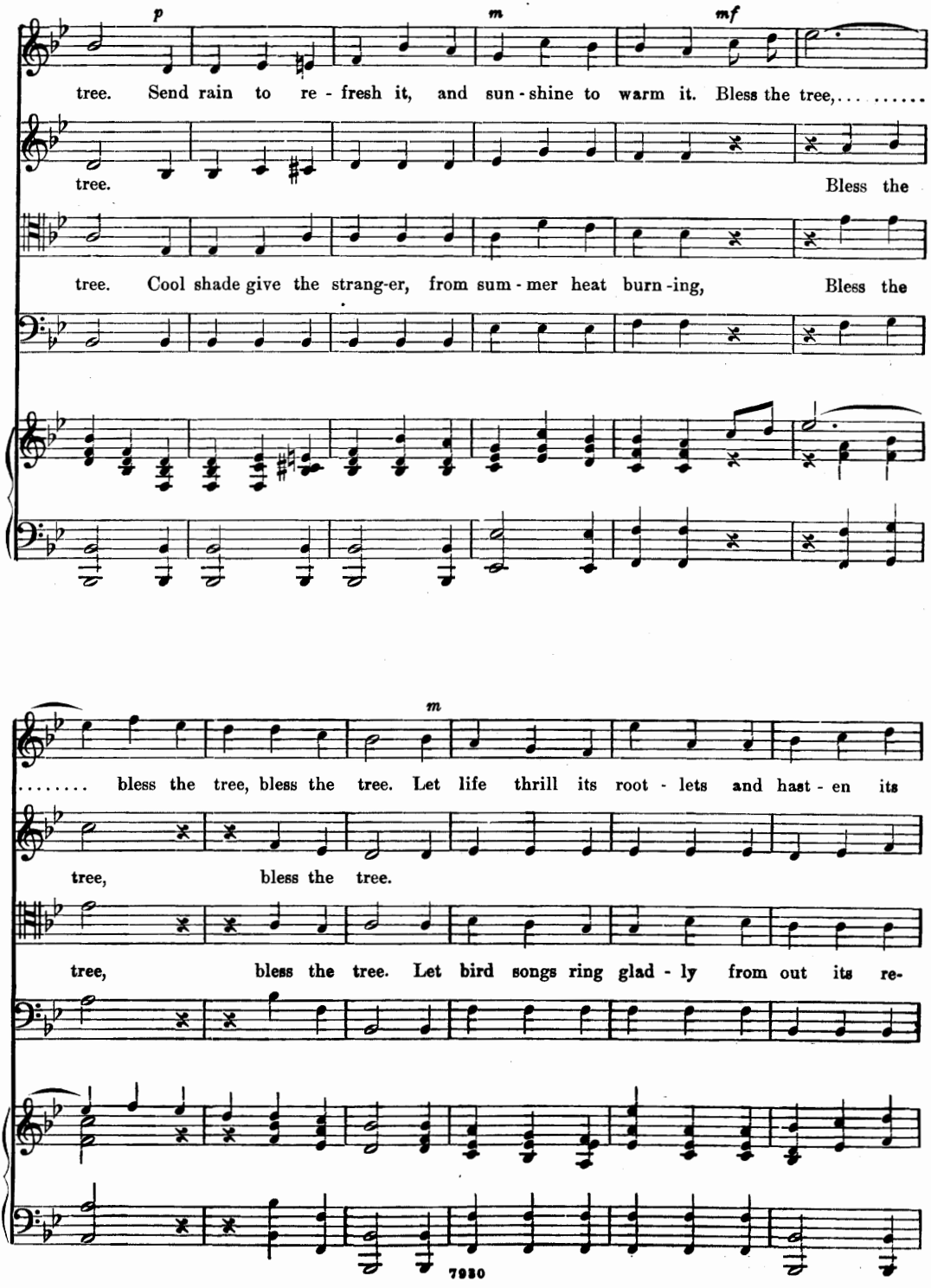
ANOTHER. Ah! the work is done; here they come.

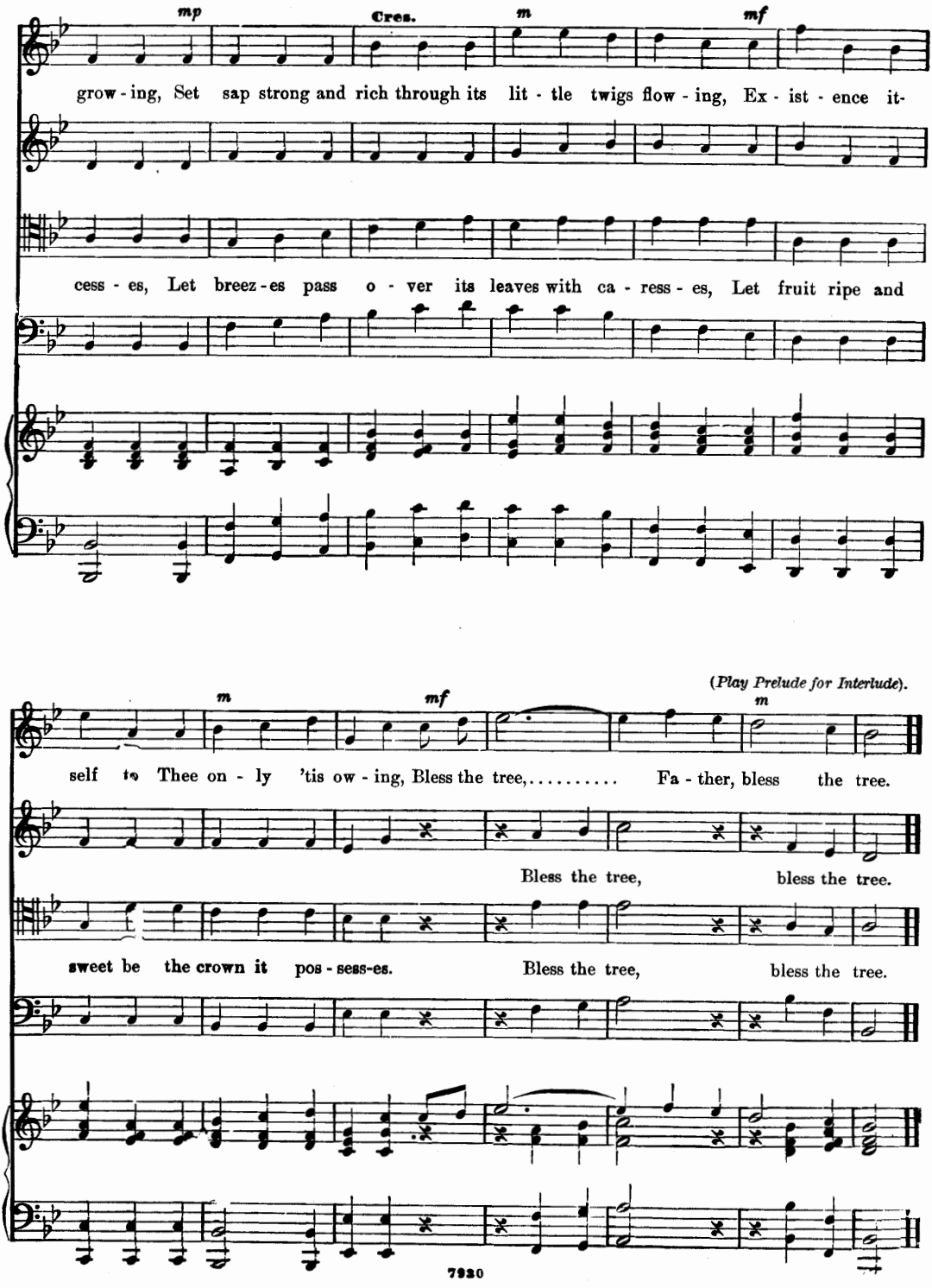
(*The Chorus move back to their places, while the Quartett come forward. Thunder is heard occasionally during the Quartett, but not loud enough to interrupt or disturb the singing*).

No. 27. BLESS THE TREE.

Quartett.

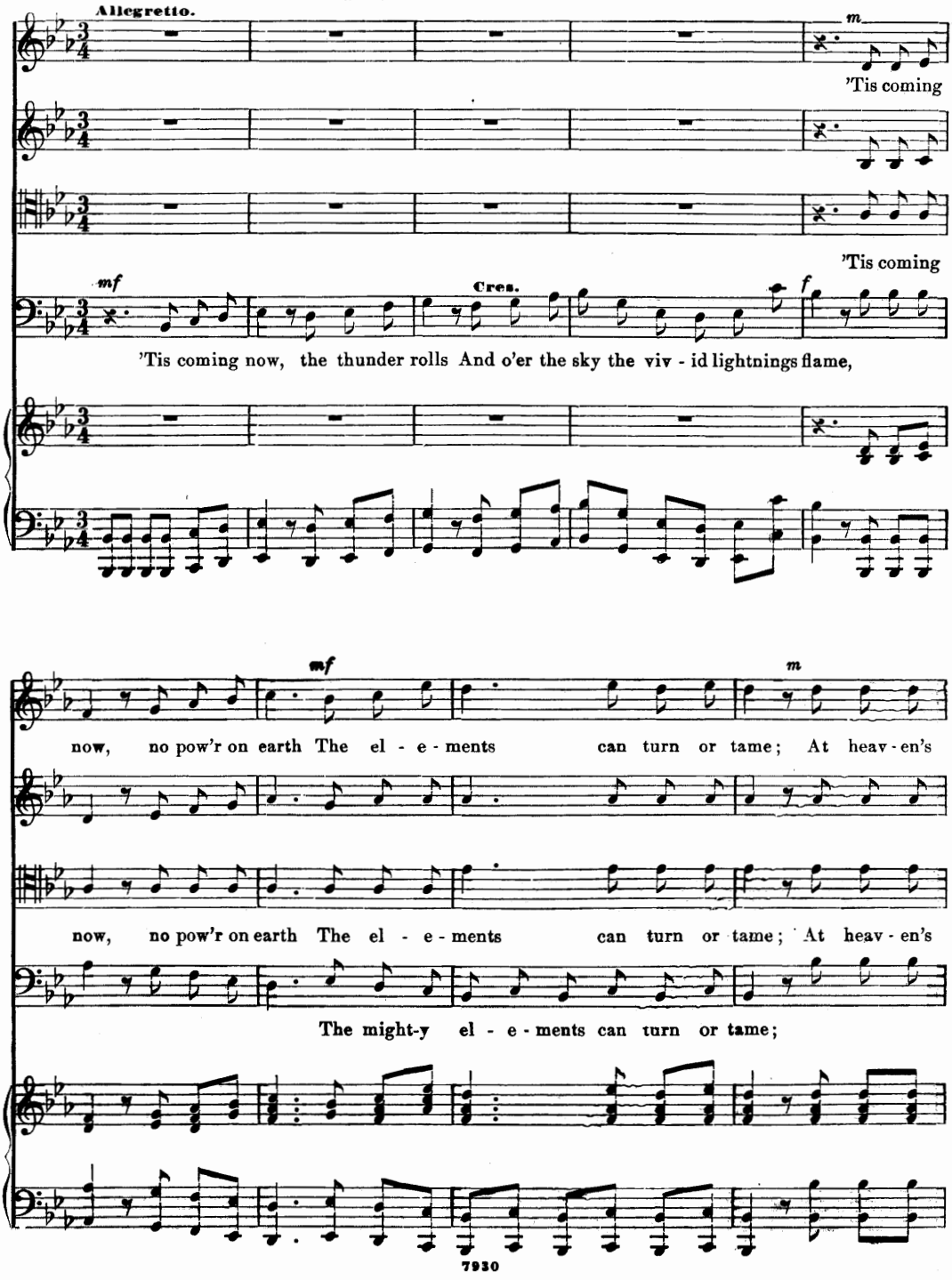


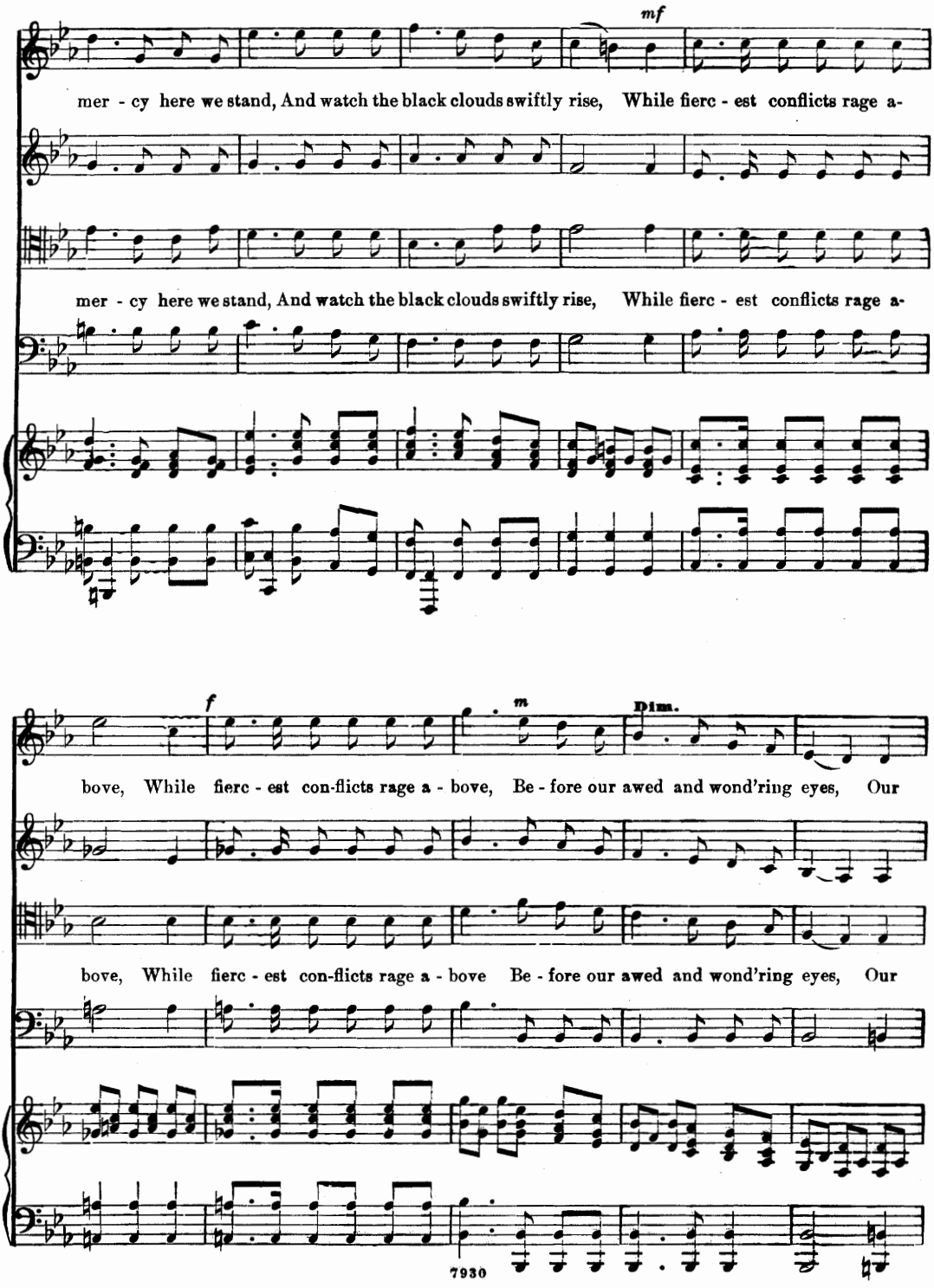

p
m
mf
tree. Send rain to re - fresh it, and sun - shine to warm it. Bless the tree,
tree. Bless the
tree. Cool shade give the strang-er, from sum - mer heat burn -ing, Bless the
m
bless the tree, bless the tree. Let life thrill its root - lets and hast - en its
tree, bless the tree.
tree, bless the tree. Let bird songs ring glad - ly from out its re-

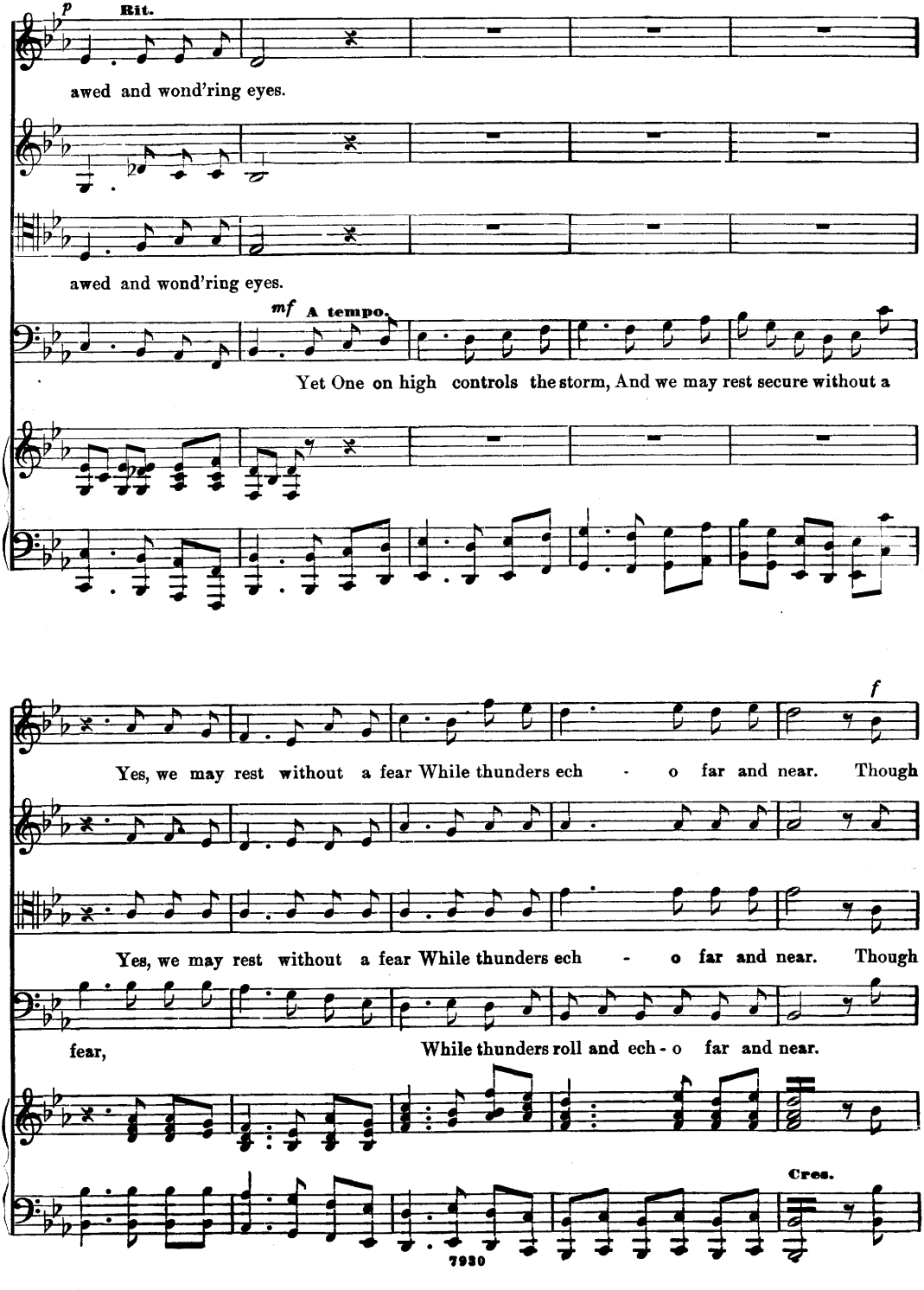

mp
Cres.
m
mf
grow - ing, Set sap strong and rich through its lit - tle twigs flow - ing, Ex - ist - ence it-
cess - es, Let breez - es pass o - ver its leaves with ca - ress - es, Let fruit ripe and
(Play Prelude for Interlude).
m
mf
m
self to Thee on - ly 'tis ow - ing, Bless the tree,..... Fa - ther, bless the tree.
Bless the tree, bless the tree.
sweet be the crown it pos - sess-es. Bless the tree, bless the tree.

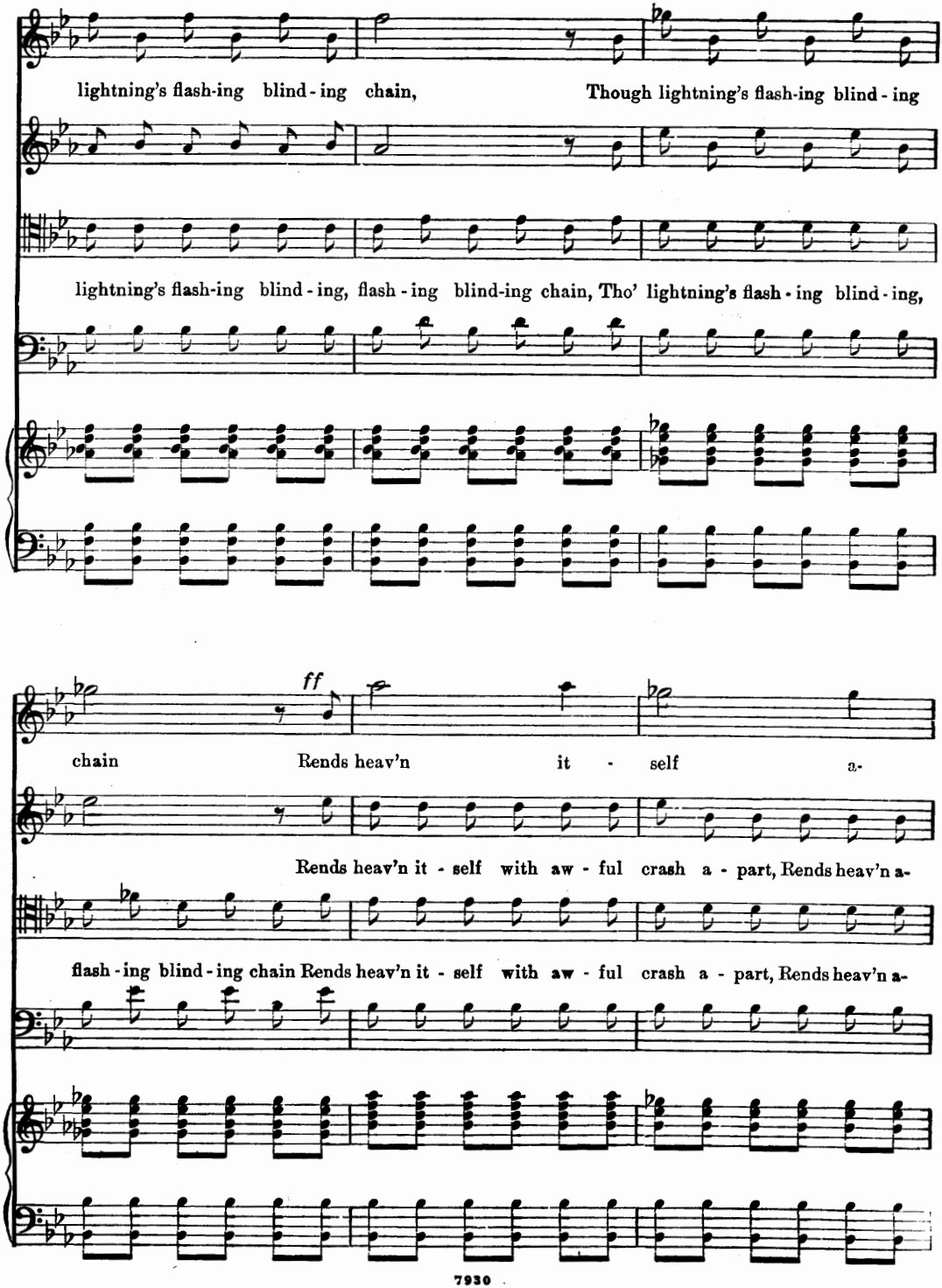
No. 28. 'TIS COMING NOW.

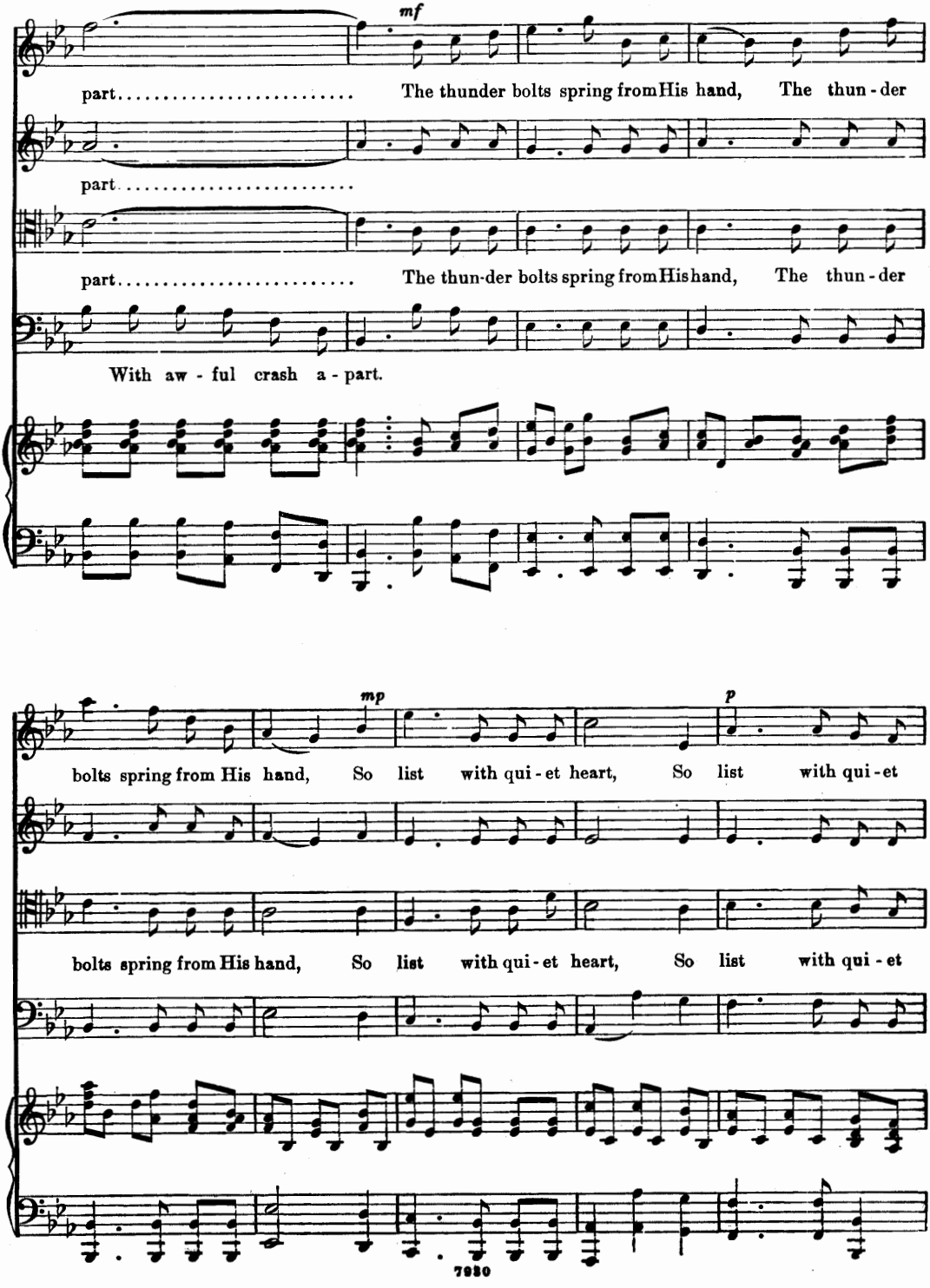
Storm Chorus. All the voices.

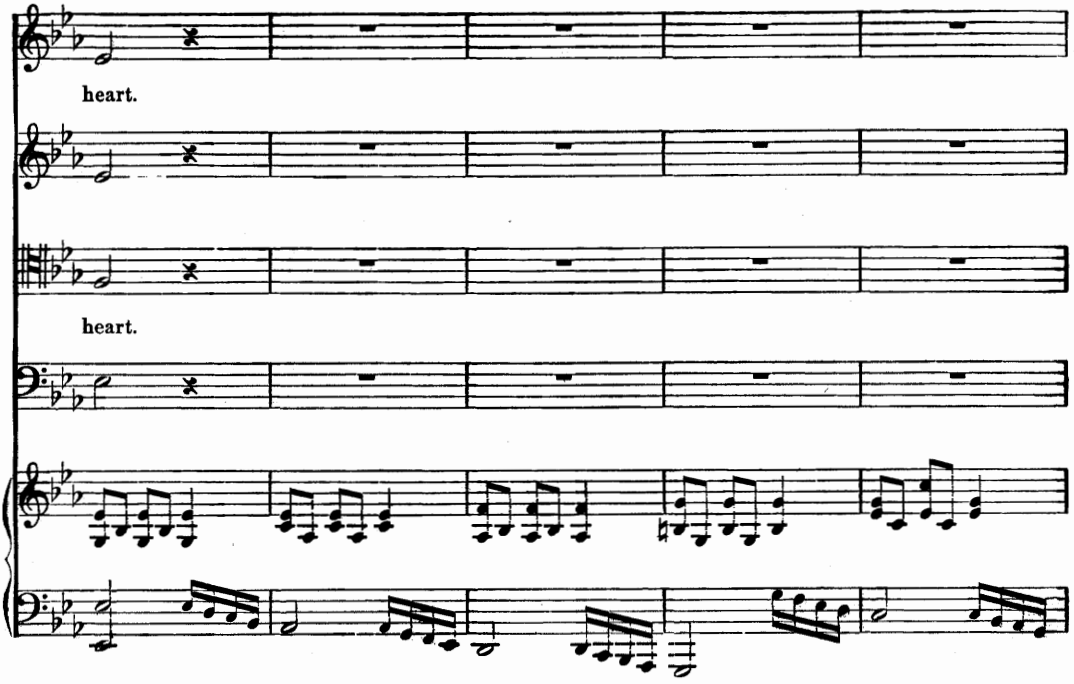


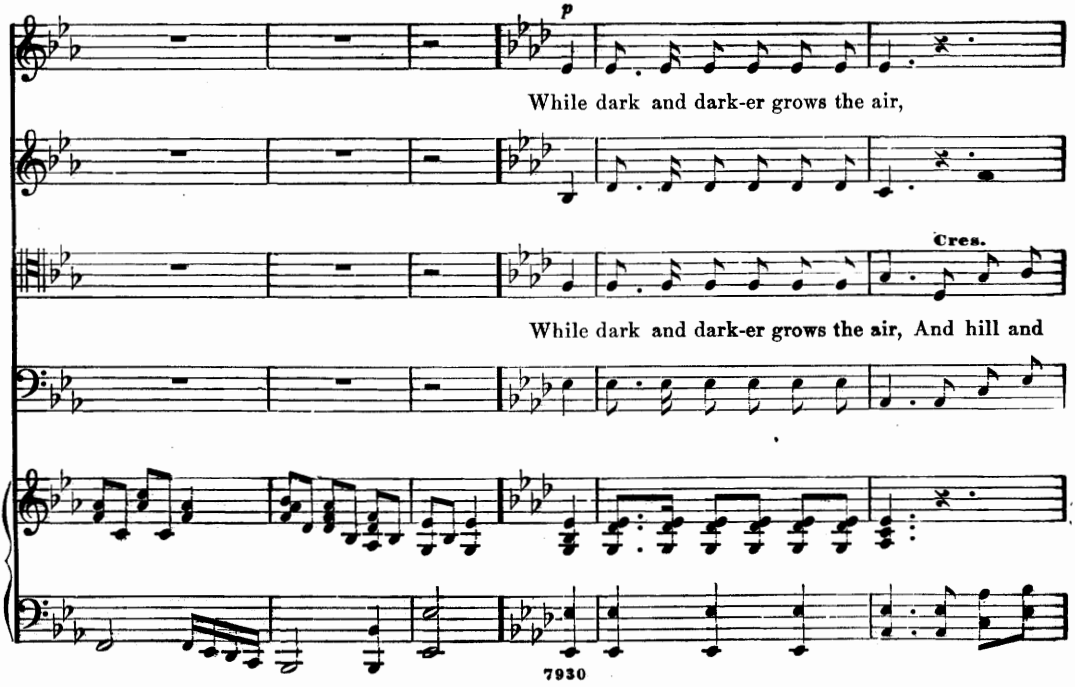

mf
mer - cy here we stand, And watch the black clouds swiftly rise, While fierc - est conflicts rage a-
mer - cy here we stand, And watch the black clouds swiftly rise, While fierc - est conflicts rage a-
f
m
Dim.
bove, While fierc - est con-flicts rage a - bove, Be - fore our awed and wond'ring eyes, Our
bove, While fierc - est con-flicts rage a - bove Be - fore our awed and wond'ring eyes, Our

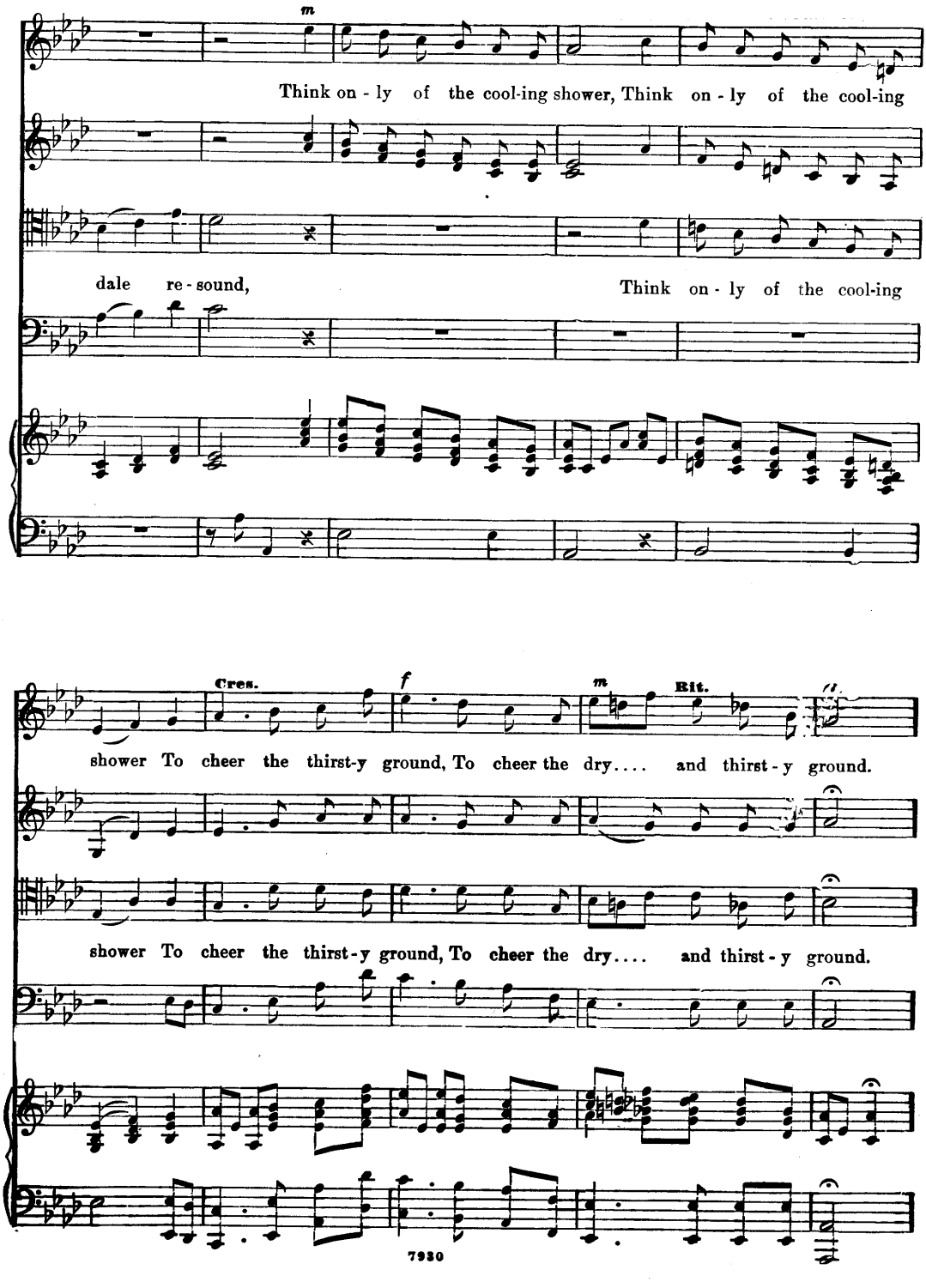

p
Rit.
awed and wond'ring eyes.
awed and wond'ring eyes.
mf
A tempo.
Yet One on high controls the storm, And we may rest secure without a
f
Yes, we may rest without a fear While thunders ech - o far and near. Though
Yes, we may rest without a fear While thunders ech - o far and near. Though
fear,
While thunders roll and ech - o far and near.
Cres.
7930

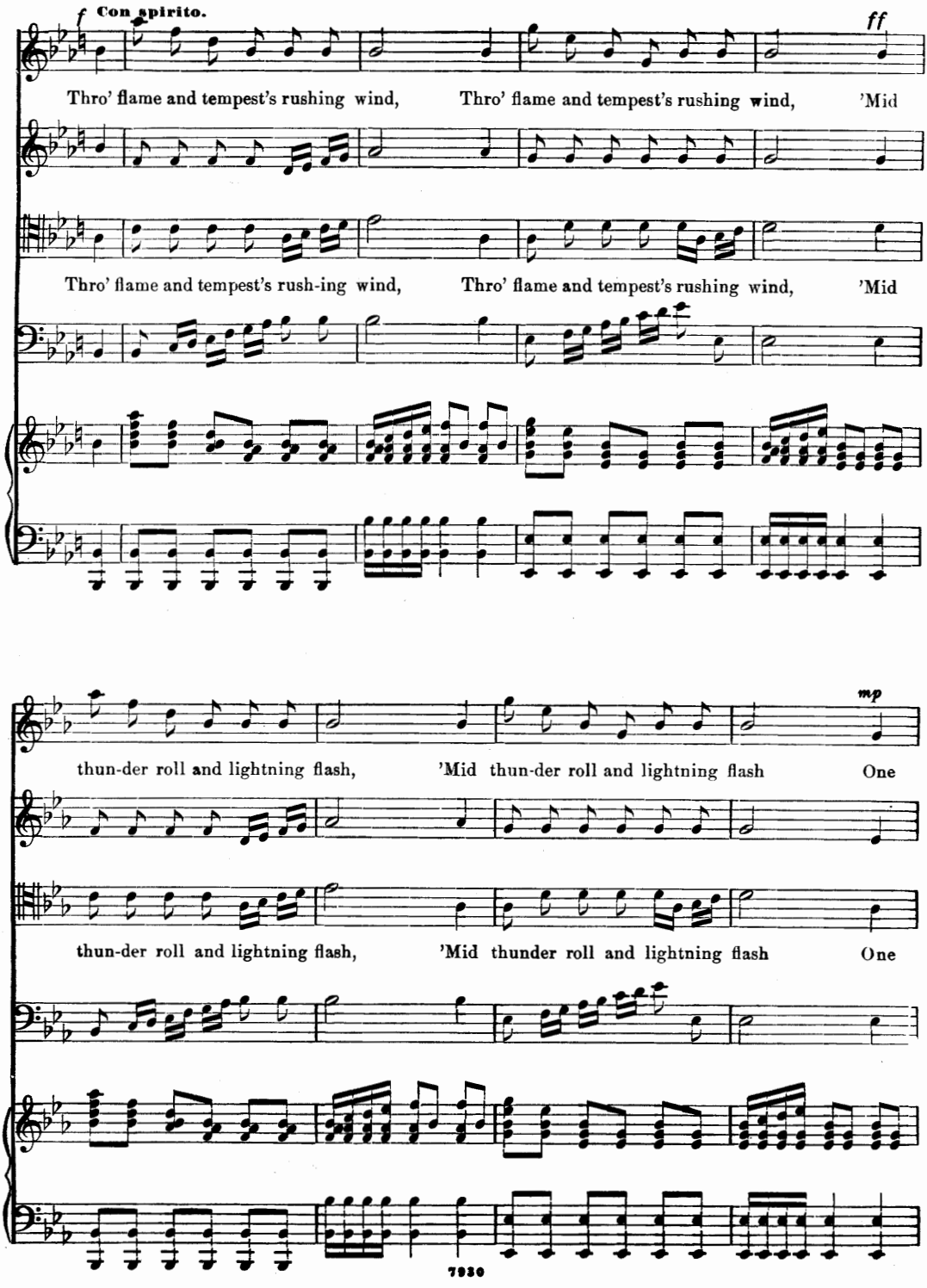

lightning's flash-ing blind - ing chain,
Though lightning's flash-ing blind - ing
lightning's flash-ing blind - ing, flash - ing blind-ing chain, Tho' lightning's flash - ing blind - ing,
ff
chain
Rends heav'n
it - self
a-
Rends heav'n it - self with aw - ful crash a - part, Rends heav'n a-
flash - ing blind - ing chain Rends heav'n it - self with aw - ful crash a - part, Rends heav'n a-

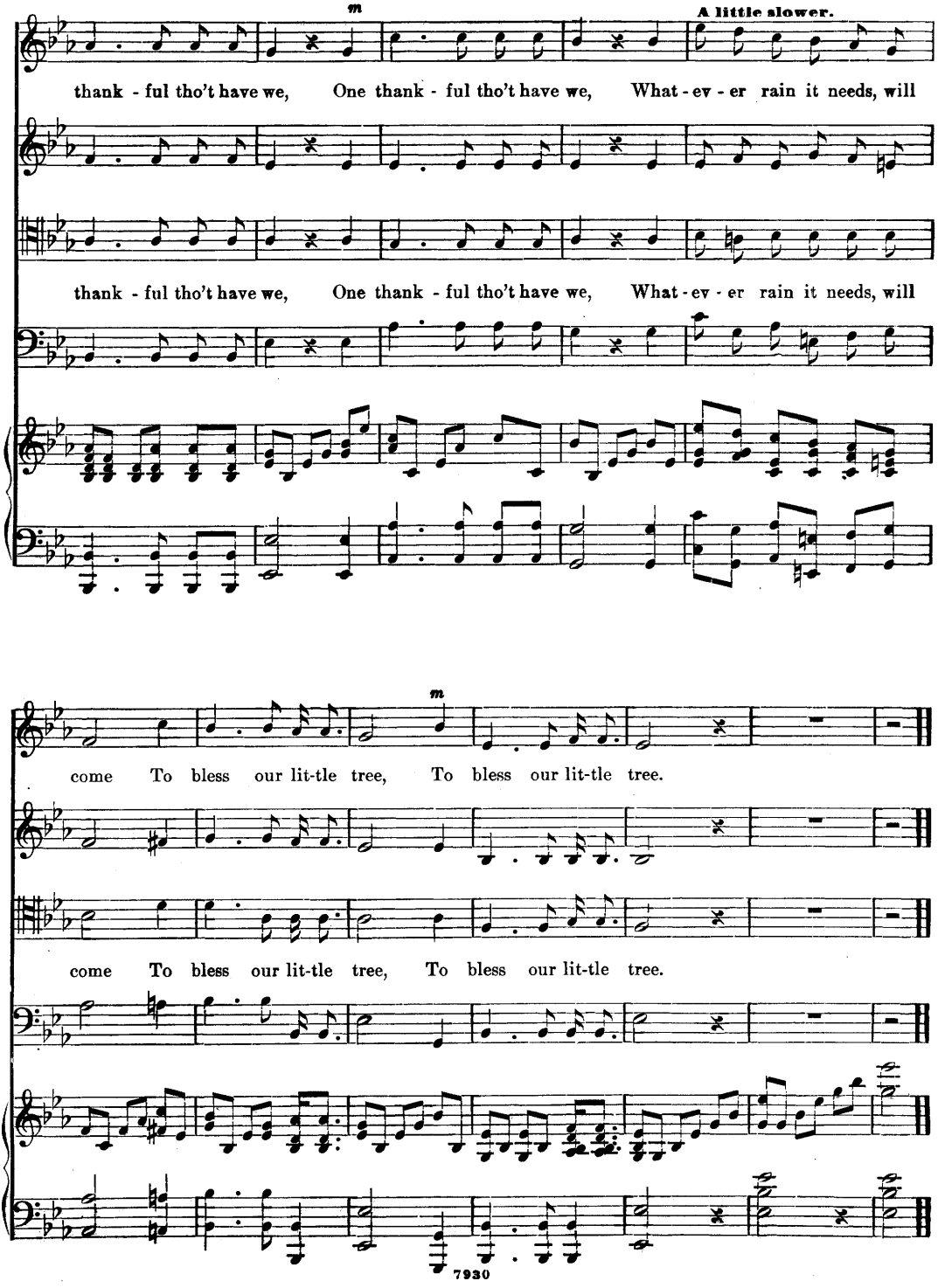

mf
part
The thunder bolts spring from His hand, The thun - der
part
part
The thun-der bolts spring from His hand, The thun - der
With aw - ful crash a - part.
mp
p
bolts spring from His hand, So list with qui - et heart, So list with qui - et
bolts spring from His hand, So list with qui - et heart, So list with qui - et


heart.
heart.


p
While dark and dark-er grows the air,
Cres.
While dark and dark-er grows the air, And hill and


m
Think on - ly of the cool-ing shower, Think on - ly of the cool-ing
dale re - sound, Think on - ly of the cool-ing
Cres.
f
m
Rit.
shower To cheer the thirst-y ground, To cheer the dry.... and thirst - y ground.
shower To cheer the thirst - y ground, To cheer the dry.... and thirst - y ground.


f Con spirito.
ff
Thro' flame and tempest's rushing wind, Thro' flame and tempest's rushing wind, 'Mid
Thro' flame and tempest's rush-ing wind, Thro' flame and tempest's rushing wind, 'Mid
mp
thun-der roll and lightning flash, 'Mid thun-der roll and lightning flash One
thun-der roll and lightning flash, 'Mid thunder roll and lightning flash One


m
A little slower.
thank - ful tho't have we, One thank - ful tho't have we, What - ev - er rain it needs, will
thank - ful tho't have we, One thank - ful tho't have we, What - ev - er rain it needs, will
m
come To bless our lit-tle tree, To bless our lit-tle tree.
come To bless our lit-tle tree, To bless our lit-tle tree.

No. 29. OH, THE BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

Song. Phyllis.

mf **Andantino.** *m* **Cres.** *mp*

Oh,.... the beau - ti - ful rain, 'Tis fall - ing with meas - ure - less bless - ing; The

m *mp* *m*

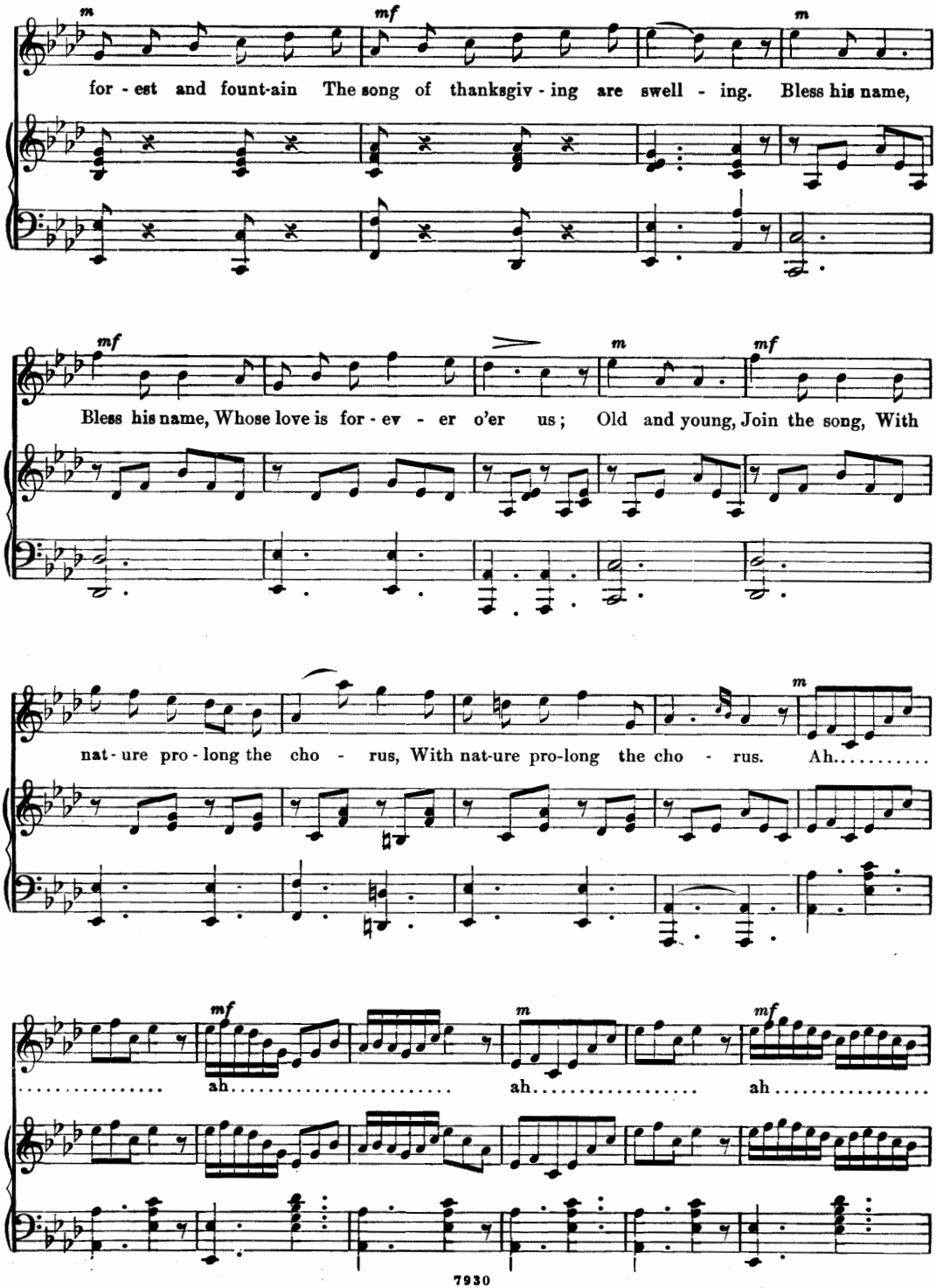
mead-ow, wood and grass - y plain The new re - fresh - ing glad - ly gain, While

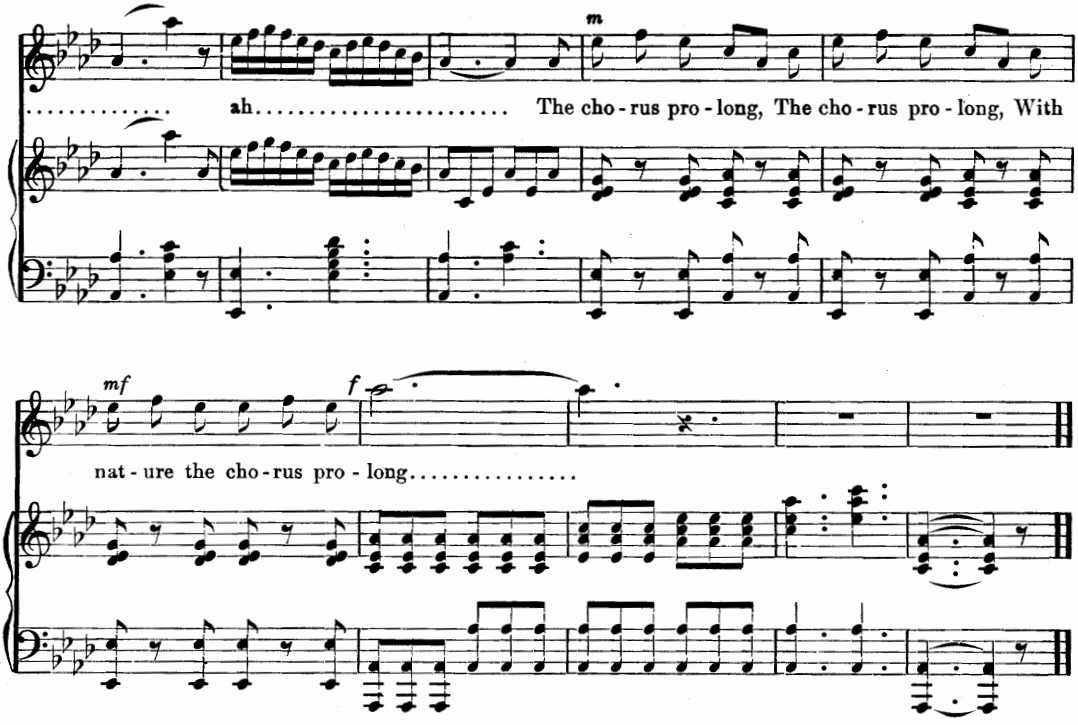
Cres. *f* *m* *mf*

on - ward gai - ly press - ing The laugh-ing brook-let flows.... Oh,.... the

m **Cres.** *mp*

beau-ti - ful rain, Of goodness and mer-cy 'tis tell - ing, Meadow and mountain and


m
mf
m
for - est and fount-ain The song of thanksgiv - ing are swell - ing. Bless his name,
mf
m
mf
Bless his name, Whose love is for - ev - er o'er us; Old and young, Join the song, With
m
nat - ure pro - long the cho - rus, With nat-ure pro-long the cho - rus. Ah.....
mf
m
mf
..... ah..... ah..... ah .....



(*A cry without, and Douglas rushes out quickly, returning with Chapleigh, who clings to him*).

CHAPLEIGH. My pweserver! How can I ever thank you. As I was hurwying home fwom fishing, where I didn't get a single fish, and twying to get here before the storm bwoke, a twee was stwuck right near me. I cwied out for I thought it was the last of Chapleigh. And I give you my word my nerves were so shocked I couldn't take a step without assistance. I should have wemained there and pewished if it hadn't been for you! My pweserver!

PHYLLIS (*approaching Douglas and speaking timidly*). I am so glad you were here to save him.

DOUGLAS. He was not in much danger; but if it would have been a favor to you, Phyllis, I wish I might have saved his life in reality. Perhaps you would value the gift of Mr. Chapleigh's precious neck on your birth-day more highly than you did my poor flowers.

(*Chapleigh wanders off and appears to talk to members of the chorus*).

PHYLLIS. Oh, I lost those lovely flowers, and I felt so badly about it.

DOUGLAS. Did you? I don't know why you should.

PHYLLIS. Why, because—because you gave them to me, Douglas.

DOUGLAS. Phyllis, don't say such things unless you mean a great deal—more than I dare hope you will ever mean.

(*Chapleigh regards the lovers*).

PHYLLIS. I think—I mean—all you want me to, Douglas.

(*Douglas takes her hand*).

CHAPLEIGH. Look at that! I do believe Phyllis is so gwateful to that man for pweserving me that she is letting him make love to her. Oh, look here, I call that letting her gwatitude cawy her too far. I shan't stay here! This settles it! Farmer Meadows (*advancing to the farmer*), I wegwet to say I must bid you adieu. I came out here to west my bwain. Your thunder has startled me inexcusably. I also came for wecweation. Your fish wefuse to bite. I therefore decide to leave. Farewell (*shakes hands with farmer*). Phyllis, farewell. Do not let my departure sadden you more than you can help. (*Exit*).

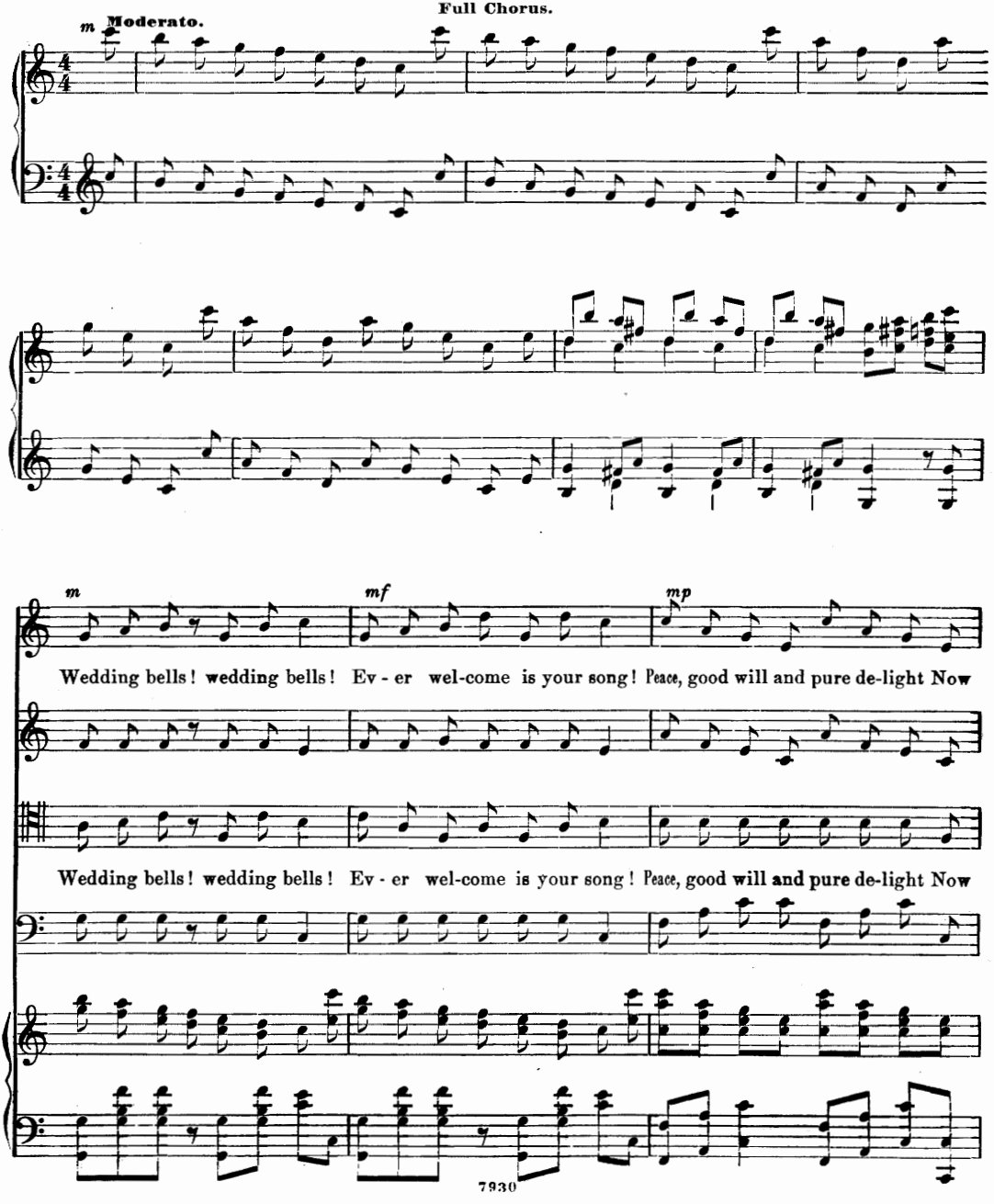
FARMER (*regarding Douglas and Phyllis*). What are you talking about, young folks?

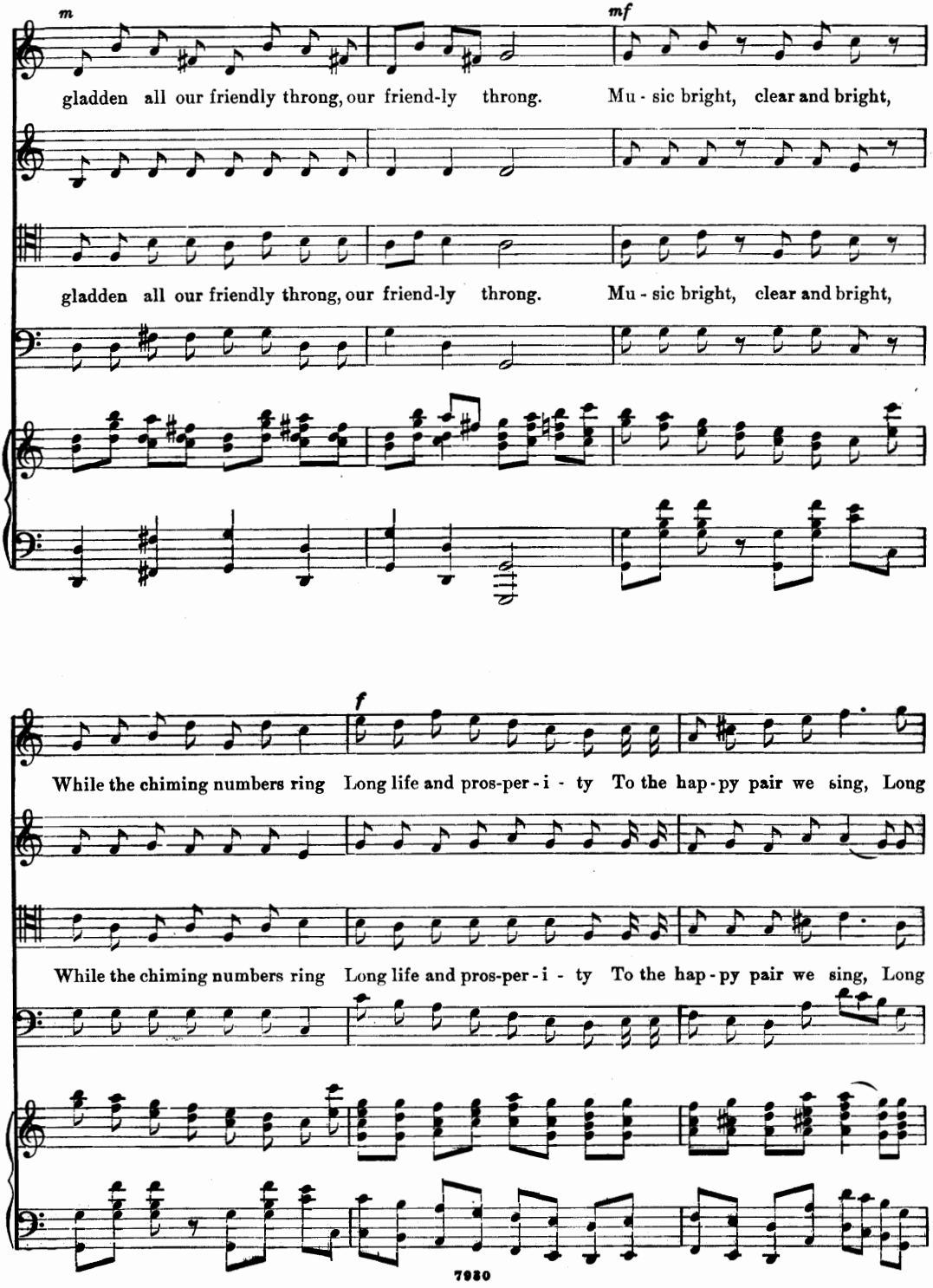
DOUGLAS. Farmer Meadows, you've known me ever since I was born. I love Phyllis. May I have her?

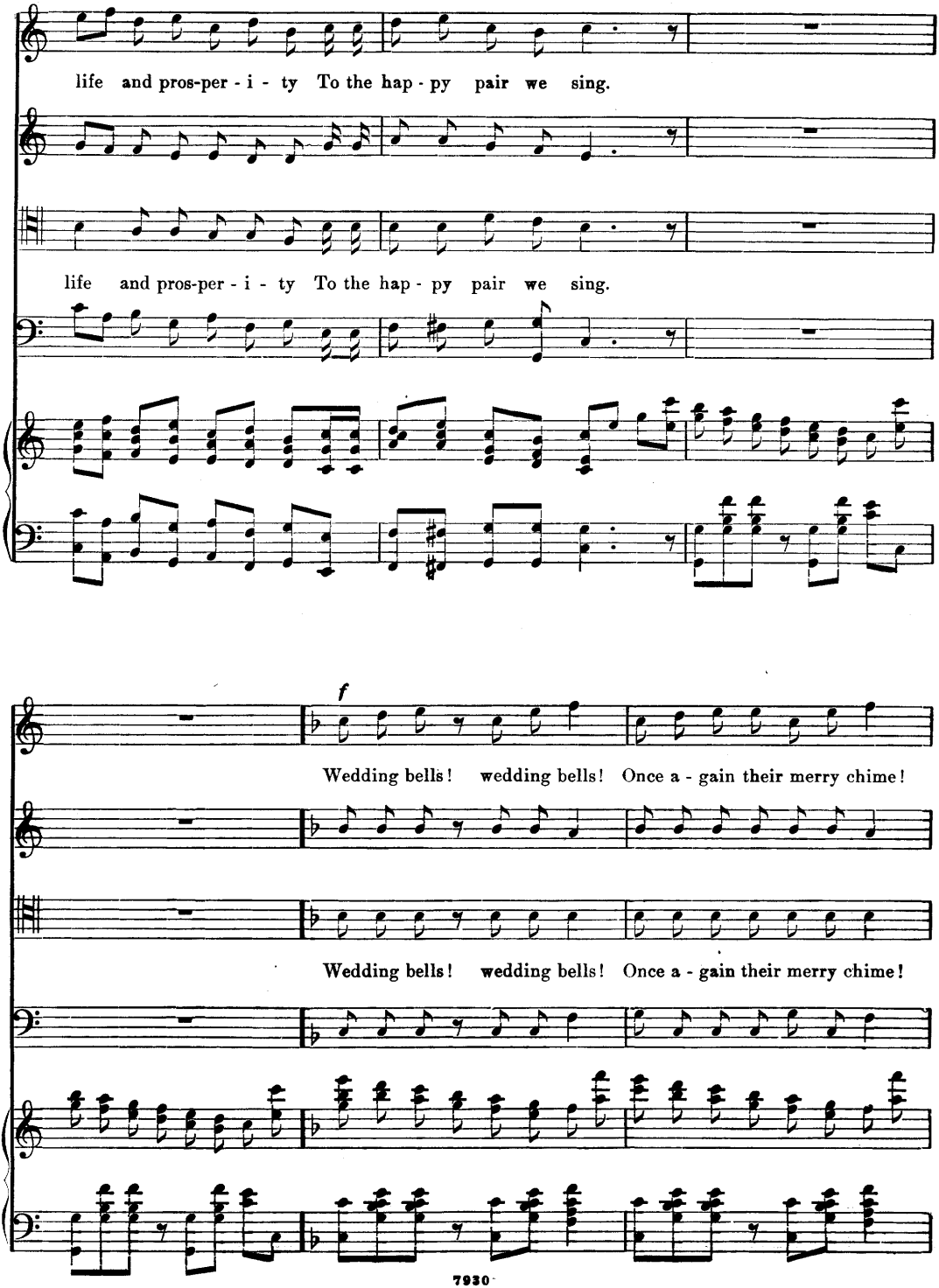
FARMER (*taking a hand of each and joining them*). No one else shall, with my consent, and that I made up my mind to, long ago. Bless you both. Friends, this birth-day has become an occasion of greater importance than I thought. Come, all, and rejoice with me. Douglas and Phyllis have plighted their faith. Wish them happiness. See, even the storm is passing by.

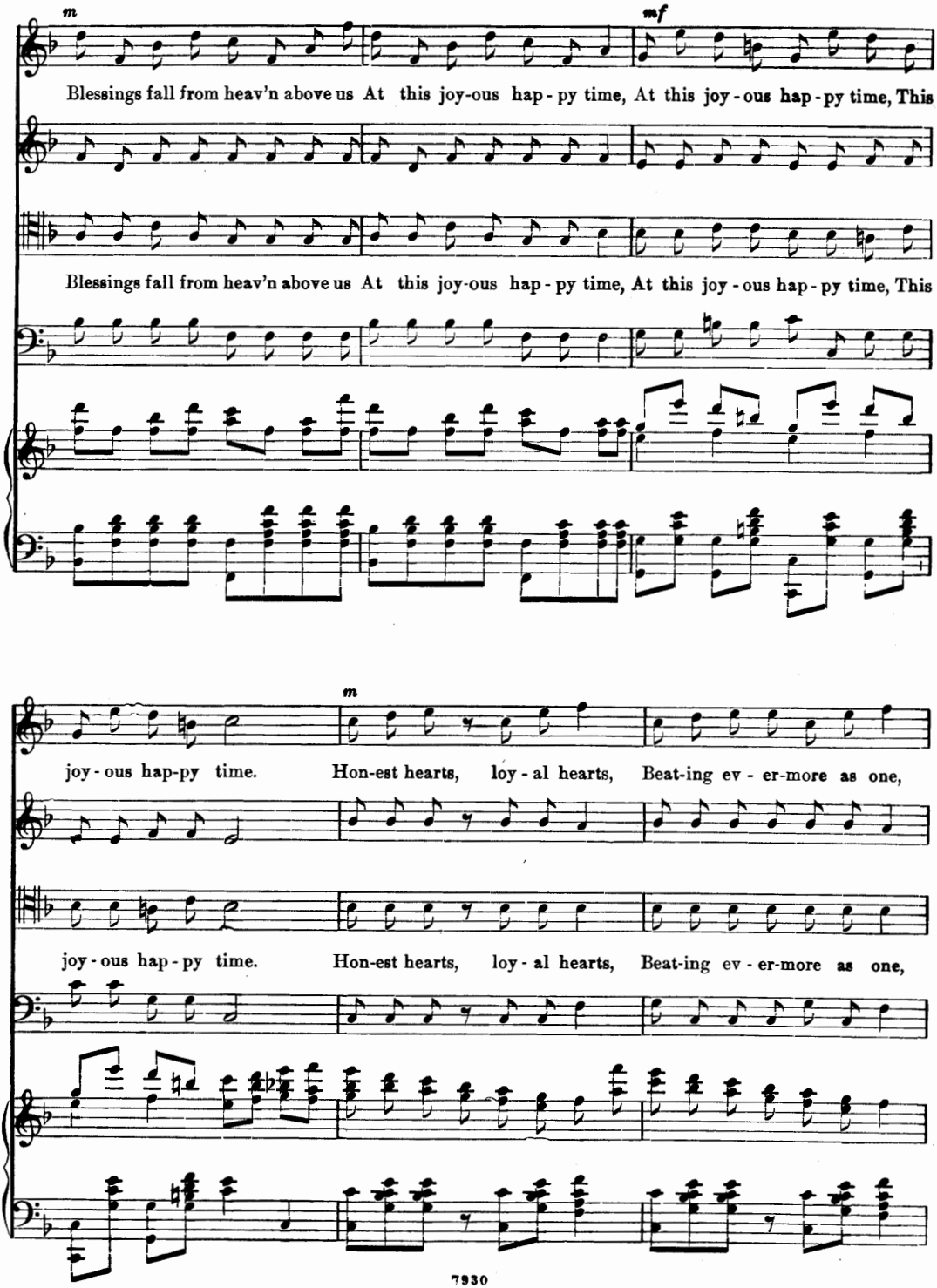
No. 30. WEDDING BELLS.

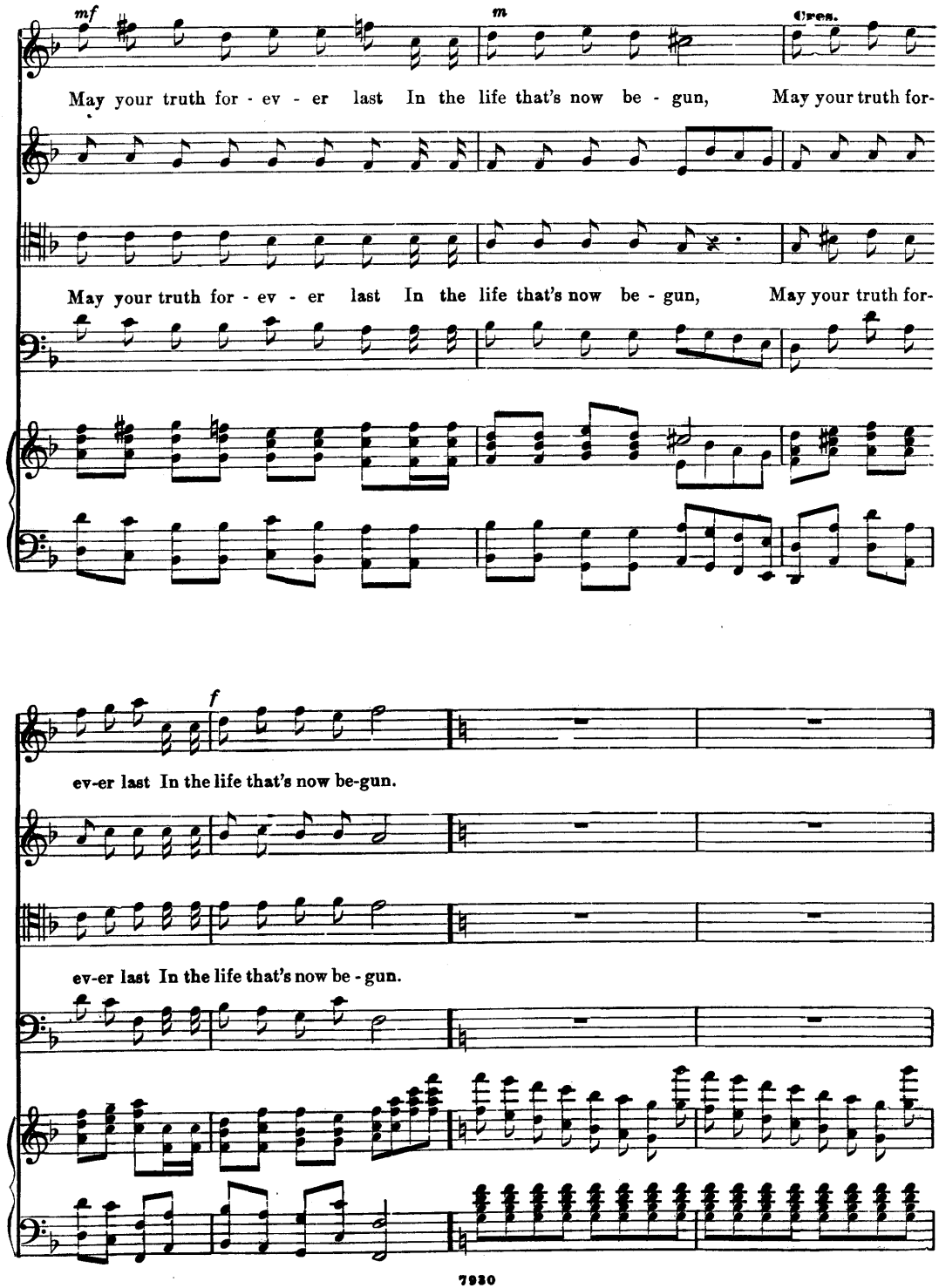
Full Chorus.

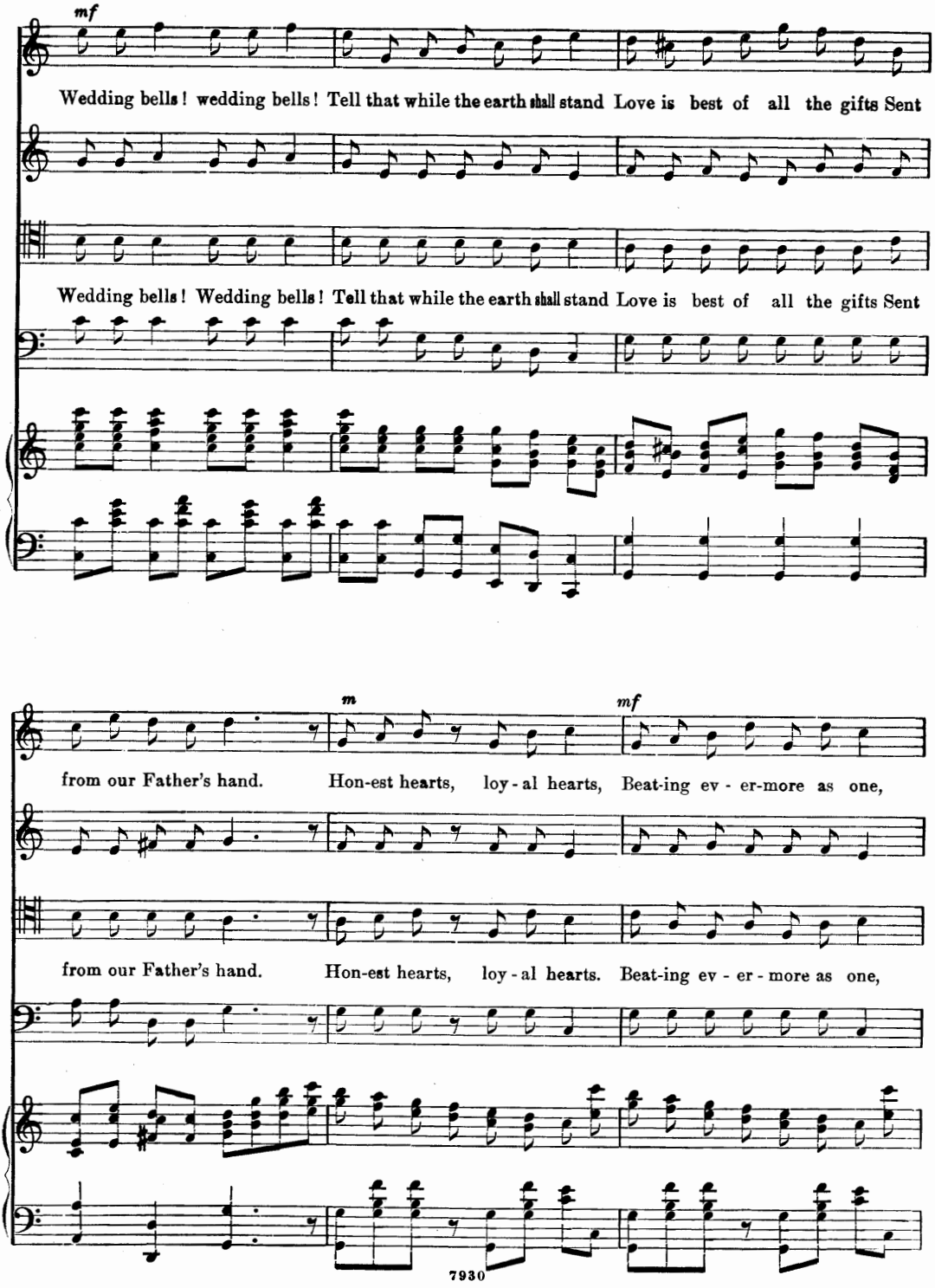


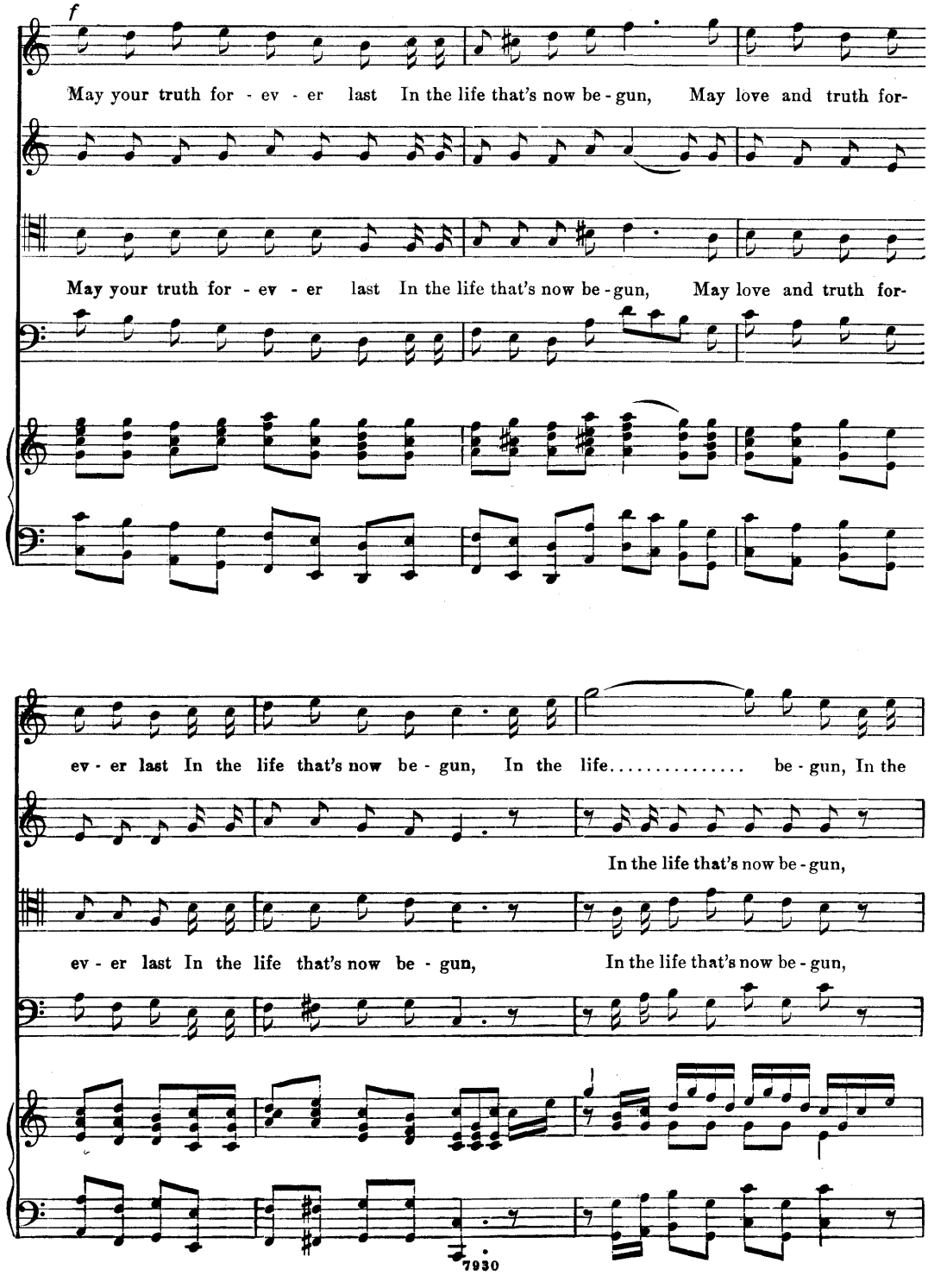

m
mf
gladden all our friendly throng, our friend-ly throng. Mu - sic bright, clear and bright,
gladden all our friendly throng, our friend-ly throng. Mu - sic bright, clear and bright,
f
While the chiming numbers ring Long life and pros-per - i - ty To the hap - py pair we sing, Long
While the chiming numbers ring Long life and pros-per - i - ty To the hap - py pair we sing, Long

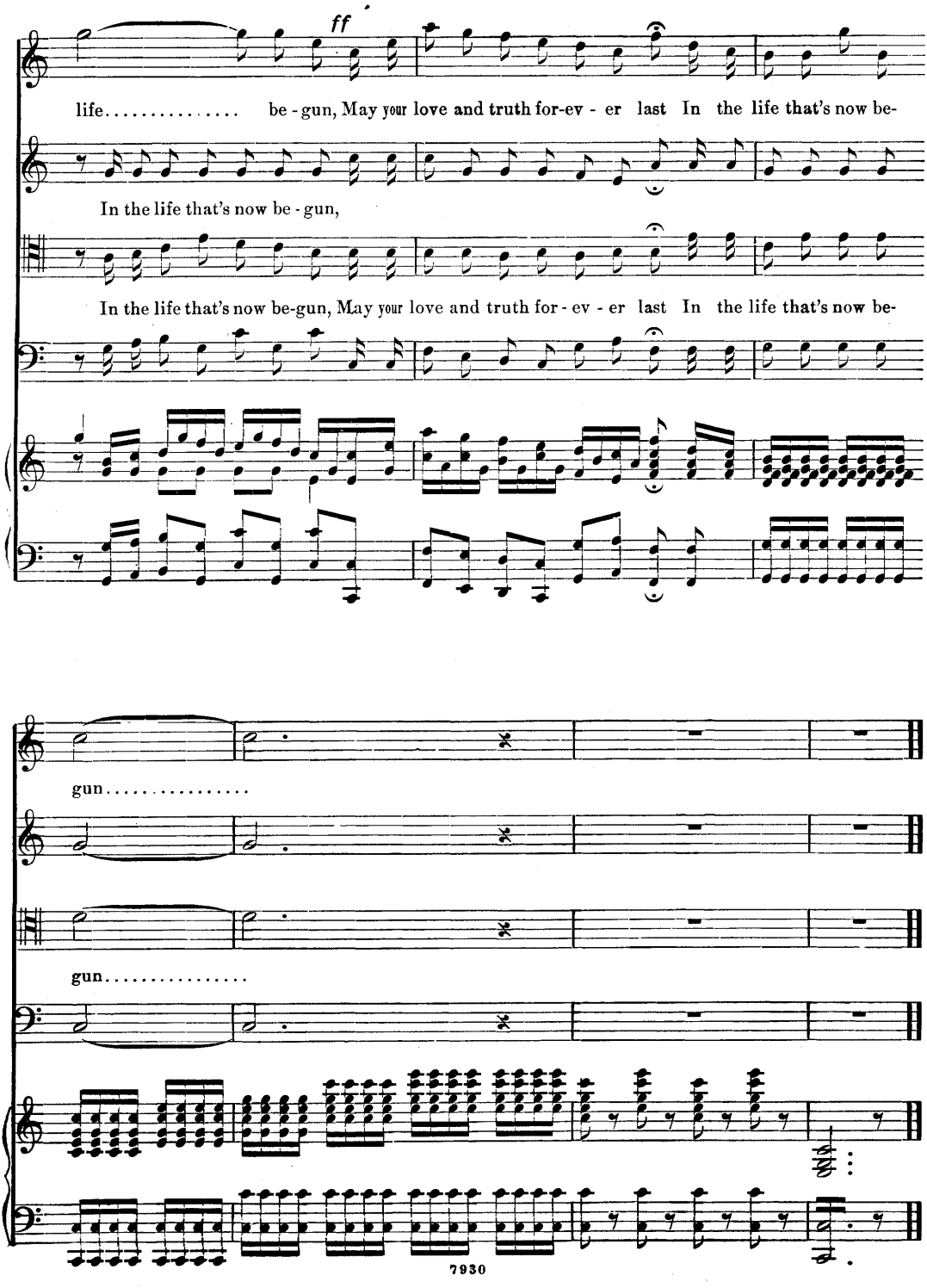

life and pros-per - i - ty To the hap - py pair we sing.
life and pros-per - i - ty To the hap - py pair we sing.
f
Wedding bells! wedding bells! Once a - gain their merry chime!
Wedding bells! wedding bells! Once a - gain their merry chime!


m
mf
Blessings fall from heav'n above us At this joy-ous hap - py time, At this joy - ous hap - py time, This
Blessings fall from heav'n above us At this joy-ous hap - py time, At this joy - ous hap - py time, This
m
joy - ous hap-py time. Hon-est hearts, loy - al hearts, Beat-ing ev - er-more as one,
joy - ous hap - py time. Hon-est hearts, loy - al hearts, Beat-ing ev - er-more as one,


mf
m
Cres.
May your truth for - ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun, May your truth for-
May your truth for - ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun, May your truth for-
f
ev-er last In the life that's now be-gun.
ev-er last In the life that's now be - gun.


mf
Wedding bells! wedding bells! Tell that while the earth shall stand Love is best of all the gifts Sent
Wedding bells! Wedding bells! Tell that while the earth shall stand Love is best of all the gifts Sent
m
mf
from our Father's hand. Hon-est hearts, loy-al hearts, Beat-ing ev-er-more as one,
from our Father's hand. Hon-est hearts, loy-al hearts. Beat-ing ev-er-more as one,


f
May your truth for - ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun, May love and truth for-
May your truth for - ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun, May love and truth for-
ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun, In the life..... be - gun, In the
In the life that's now be - gun,
ev - er last In the life that's now be - gun,
In the life that's now be - gun,


ff
life..... be - gun, May your love and truth for-ev - er last In the life that's now be-
In the life that's now be - gun,
In the life that's now be-gun, May your love and truth for - ev - er last In the life that's now be-
gun.....
gun.....

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