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THE

CONRIED ENGLISH OPERA CO.

ONLY AUTHORIZED EDITION.

The

GYPSY BARON

ROMANTIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY JOHANN STRAUSS.

LIBRETTO BY JOKAY & SCHNITZER.

*Produced over 500 times in the United States under the direction of*

**HEINRICH CONRIED.**

IN PREPARATION BY CONRIED'S OPERA COMPANY  
"THE KING'S FOOL."

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## THE GYPSY BARON.

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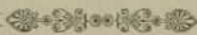
Music by JOHANN STRAUSS.

Libretto by JOKAY & SCHNITZER.

Produce over 150 times in New York under the direction of HEINRICH CONRIED

### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SAFFL, a Gypsy Girl - - - -	KALMAN ZSUPAN, a Pig Dealer
CZIPRA, an Old Gypsy Woman -	COUNT CARNERO, Royal Commis-
ARSENA, the Pig Dealer's Daughter	sioner or Morals - - - -
MIRABELLA, Wife of Carnero -	COUT HOMONAY - - - -
SANDOR BARINKAY, an Exile -	O'TTOCAR, a Son of Carnero -



### Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—A Gypsy Encampment.                      ACT II—Ruins near the River Temes.  
 ACT III.—Public Square in Vienna.

SCENERY BY MESSRS. HOYT AND ASSISTANTS.

DESIGNED BY HEINRICH CONRIED.

*Costumes by CZIHAK & GREENBAUM, of Vienna, designed by GAUL, historical painter of the Imperial Opera House of Vienna and by W. DAZIAN, 26 Union Sq., N. Y.*

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# THE GYPSY BARON.

## ACT I.

### No. 1.—OPENING CHORUS.

*Barcarole.*

A sailor he can never be  
Who would not trust him to the sea,  
Ride on brave bark,  
O'er waters dark  
Or waters blue  
We'll ride with you. Yoho!  
Sail with me, sweet, with song and kiss  
Into the port of wedded bliss.  
Fear naught my bride  
What'er betide!  
I shall be ready at thy side.

*Ottakar.*

Vainly I  
Plod and ply  
Axe and spade with zeal unending  
Naught of gold  
I behold  
And my fortunes are past mending

*Czupra.*

'Tis ev'ry week  
I watch them, seek  
For treasure that is hidden yonder.  
They pass me by  
Not knowing I  
Am watching as they wander!  
But never fear—my sight is clear!

### No. 2.—ENTRANCE SONG.

*Barinkay.*

I.

In early years an orphan I  
Set forth a trav'ler's luck to try.  
Behold at first adventurous me,  
A groom in a Menagery!  
I learned with kindness to subdue  
The codfish and the kangaroo;  
The rattlesnake grew to adore me,  
The unicorn a plaything for me!  
The lion crouched and licked my feet,  
The tiger from my hand would eat,  
To the hyena would I cater,  
And draw the teeth of th'aligator.  
To th'elephant I'd sing a ballad  
While with his trunk he mixed my saiad.

Yes all this and more, too,  
I have learnt how to do,  
When you know how it's done  
It's such fun!

*Chorus.*

Yes all this and more, too, etc.

II.

And in a museum next I cast  
My lot, as juggler and gymnast,  
And finally I served a term  
As help in a magician's firm.  
Drew spirits from the earth and sky.  
In circles which I would descry,  
Ate fire, enjoyed the conflagration,  
And swallowed swords for recreation.  
I swung on bars with lofty ease,  
In attitudes quite Japanese.  
Did ground and lofty tumbling, and  
At cards displayed my slight of hand.  
Producing many a weird sensation  
Without the slightest preparation.  
Juggler and acrobat  
Briefly I'm this and that.  
When you know how it's done  
It's such fun.

*(Chorus as before)*

### No. 3.—ENSEMBLE.

*Czupra.*

Who knocks at my modest door?  
Is it assistance you implore?  
Shall I reveal to you the fate  
That must befall you, soon or late?

'Tis he, I recognize his face  
The old man's likeness too, I trace.

An inner feeling told me so  
I knew it well.

*Barinkay.*

What did she know?

*Carnero.*

Whence did you learn it, speak I pray.

*Czupra.*

I read the cards the other day.

*Saffi*

O n other who is yonder youth?

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Czipra.*

His name concerns you not, forsooth.

*Saff.*

He charms me in a wondrous way.

*Czipra.*

Get back into the hut I say.

*Barinkay.*

If you can read one's future state,  
Then pray reveal to me my fate.

*Czipra.*

Give me your hand.  
Many maids call thee their lover,  
Hidden gold shalt thou discover,  
When thou hast won a wife at last  
Who loves thee true, and holds thee fast.  
In a dream it will be revealed  
Where the treasure is concealed,  
And when the bridal night is done  
Then let your search be well begun.  
Do as she says, and falter not,  
Then shalt thou ne'er regret thy lot.

*Carnero.*

I wish you joy of your rich state.  
Now won't you please reveal my fate.

*Czipra.*

Tis well.  
A treasure lost dost thou bewail  
That was as slender as a rail,  
But thou shalt find instead of that  
An object round, and rather fat,  
A jewel which in years gone by,  
When it was lost was just so high.  
But which restored to thee is shown  
To be considerably grown.

*Carnero.*

But my good dame let me remark  
That you're extremely in the dark.  
No prize I've lost at all!  
Now please attend my call.  
To sign your name take heed,  
As witness of this deed.  
As second witness bring to me  
Zsupan who yonder dwells, you see.

*Czipra.*

But how to write I'm at a loss.

*Carnero.*

Then hurry quick and make your cross  
As witness to this compact here;  
Don't fret, old dame, you've naught to fear.

*Czipra.*

You command—'tis well!

*Carnero.*

Ha—see her cross—a magic spell.

*Czipra.*

That is all I've learnt of your writing  
Ha—ha—ha—ha!

*Zsupan.*

You called me. Well, now I appear.

*Carnero.*

Just witness this agreement here.

*Zsupan.*

Of writing I have learnt no rule,  
I am a perfect fool,  
At reading, writing I have never  
Been look'd upon as clever.  
My early youth was plighted  
To raising hogs benighted;  
I know no poets' phrasing,  
Good gracious! No indeed! Nein, nein!  
I only know hog raising,  
Poets are out of my line.  
My highest aim, my life's reward  
Is bristles, bacon, pork and lard.

II.

To fatten hogs I ever  
Apply my best endeavor,  
There's not among my party  
One that's not fat and hearty.  
Five thousand all together  
And sound in ev'ry weather  
And far and wide you will not find  
A hog of healthier kind.

As here I stand through all the land  
I am known for my noble brand,  
Hog prince I'm called on ev'ry hand,  
But at reading, writing I have never  
Been look'd upon, etc. etc.

No. 4.—ENSEMBLE.

*Chorus.*

The gallant comes to woe,  
How fair a sight to view,  
Come one, come all  
Youth's happy prime  
Is mating time,  
Come one, come all.

*Arsena.*

A suitor seeks this place,  
Shall I in doubt go near him?  
Within my veil's embrace  
I'm safe, I do not fear him.  
But face that's fair,  
With love-lit glance,  
Like sunlight rare,  
Must soon entrance!

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Chorus.*

The sunlight of her glance,  
A face so fair will soon entrance!

*Barinkay.*

Ah! the veil beclouds her face!  
Yet her form hath wondrous grace!

*Arsena.*

The first one art thou not  
Who has thus far thought vainly,  
Hast thou those words forgot  
That warn thee all too plainly?

Beware, beware!  
Make slow advance,  
A face so fair  
Will soon entrance.

*Chorus.*

Beware, beware, etc.

*Barinkay.*

What a beautiful picture!—  
Permit me.

*Zsupan.*

To please your father now you oughter,  
Drop down your veir my darling daughter.

*Carnero.*

Hold! Reflect the moral delegation  
Permits of no such violation.

*Zsupan.*

O yes, first the betrothal cake!

*Carnero.*

And, then the first look you may take.

*Barinkay.*

So let it be! Bring forth the cake!

*Zsupan.*

Bring forth the cake for mercy's sake.

*Chorus of girls'*

The step of custom let us take,  
Bring forth the bradal cake,

*Mirabella.*

Here is the cake. Taste it!

*Chorus of girls.*

Guests, we greet you,  
Taste, O we entreat you,  
Of the cake for her sake.  
For such food.  
Will prove good.  
Youth linked with youth at marriage tide,  
Is robed in glorious pomp and pride,

When charms of love and truth unite,  
Comes a season of delight.

Guest, we greet, etc., etc.

*Barankay.*

Neighbor Kalman, Zsupan, see  
A suitor for your child in me!

*Carnero.*

This is Sandor von Barinkay, lord of these  
lands  
Here returned from exile.

*Arsena.*

What! Did I hear aright! Barinkay  
returned!

*Carnero.*

As 'twas right we have begun,  
Cake was passed to ev'ry one.  
Now ere nuptils can take place,  
Bride to groom must show her face.

*Arsena.*

If he decides that I'm elected,  
Then Ottokar must be rejected!

*Barinkay.*

The veil must be lifted  
'Tis now her duty.

*Chorus.*

The veil must be lifted,  
The mask must be rifted,  
That hides her beauty!

*Barinkay.*

Behold a face so wondrous fair!  
A form of beauty rich and rare!  
A charm there is in ev'ry glance  
To stir with rapture and entrance!  
To gaze within those sunny eyes  
Is but to own that ne'er a prize  
More valued or more worth the strife  
Could come to man all his life!

*Zsupan.*

What wakes this wonder now in thee,  
Is but the image, sir, of me.  
For just as she  
Was I, you see  
Before my age was fifty-three,  
Before this corpulence I had  
I was a gay lieutenant lad;  
Indeed for twenty miles around  
My like in beauty was not found!  
A youth so strapping, or so sound,  
Within the army was not found!

*Mirabella.*

As he stands there,  
He's I declare,  
Quite like Apollo, but more fair!

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Barinkay.*

Her form is of that kind withal  
That's not too large and not too small,  
Not too slender, not too stout,  
In short, it leaves no room for doubt.  
A voice, that too, is sent  
To stir the warmest sentiment,  
Permit me, kneeling at thy shrine,  
To make thee wholly mine?

*Arsena.*

If all he wants is to admire  
Then may he have his heart's desire?  
And it is pleasant, I admit,  
To know I please him just a bit,  
But as for taking me to wife,  
I'll answer no, for all my life.  
No bride of his I'll ever be!  
That is my firm decree!

*Chorus.*

At sight of her  
His heart's with hope astir,  
That cheek love-warm,  
And such grace of form!  
Resist these charms, if you can,  
All to happy man.

*Barinkay.*

Love at sight of her awakes!  
My bride  
Let whate'er betide,  
Compelled thou'lt be,  
To love but me.  
To make of me a happy man!

*Arsena.*

'Tis vain 'tis vain  
His goal he'll not gain!  
I will but bide  
Nor ever be his bride,  
Compel me, then, if you can,  
O cruel, cruel man!

A moth flew around a light,  
Soon the cruel flame had caught him—  
No help came in his plight,  
For a brilliant death had sought him.

Beware, beware,  
Make slow advance!  
A face so fair,  
Will soon entrance.

*Chorus.*

Guests we greet you, etc.

No. 5.—GYPSY SONG.

*Saffi.*

The gypsy tribe, though poor is noted  
For being true and devoted;

Ah, beware when in sight  
Of the Children of Night.  
When on his free wayward course,  
Roams the gypsy wide and wild,  
Man! take heed of thy horse!  
Wife! take heed of thy child!  
Zing'ra! Zing'ra! Now the gypsies are  
here!  
Fly, if you can, when you behold the  
gypsy!  
When he draws near,  
Your bitter foe is here! Train, train  
davor!  
He brings dire woe  
When he comes as a foe!

No. 6.—FINALE.

*Ottakar.*

*Arsena!*

*Arsena.*

Yes, yes, I am here!

*Ottakar.*

Thy faithful slave now see  
Attending here in me.

*Barinkay.*

Good gracious! What's that in the dark!  
'Tis Ottakar; this is a lark.  
E'en frogs quack tender phrases  
And bees hum to the daisies,  
When Night invites  
To love's delights  
For, night all lovers' hearts unites.

*Arsena*

To hear thy voice is pleasure!

*Ottakar.*

Though art my hearts' best treasure.

*Arsena and Ottakar.*

O gentle night,  
O love's delight!

*Barinkay, Saffi and Csipra.*

Be silent quite,  
Or they'll take flight.

*Ottakar.*

That suitor of this morning—

*Arsena.*

I was not long in scorning.

*Barinkay.*

Ha! I shall heed the warning.

*Arsena and Ottakar*

O gentle night, etc.

THE GYPSY PARON.

*Barinkay and Others.*  
Be silent quite, etc.

*Ottokar.*

Thou wilt accept him never?

*Arsena.*

No, I am thine forever!

*Barinkay.*

To tame thee I'll endeavor!

*Arsena and Ottokar.*

That hapless wight  
Is hopeless quite.

*Barinkay and others.*

Be silent quite, etc.

*Ottokar.*

Accept this as a token  
Of love, to tender to be spoken;  
Within my portrait thou wilt find,  
It will help to keep me in thy mind.

*Arsena.*

This gift from thee  
Fills me with glee!

*Czipra.*

See you the gift she is receiving?

*Brinkay.*

Such falsity is past believing,  
I am in a rage.

*Saffi and Czipra.*

That rage assuage.

*Cziprar.*

The gift he gave her was but small,  
A likeness of himself that's all.

*Barinkay.*

In I shall go!

*Czipra.*

Oh no—oh no!

*Gypsy Chorus.*

Zing'ra! The Gypsies have come!

*Arsena.*

I must go in.

*Ottokar.*

But thou art mine?

*Arsena.*

Thine, ever thine.

*Both.*

Good night, good night,  
O love's delight.

*Barinkay, Saffi and Czipra.*

Beware, beware,  
There's danger there!

*Gypsies.*

Zing'ra

*Barinkay.*

Ah, what sounds are these that greet me!

*Czipra.*

Hark! Those songs do you not know them?

*Barinkay.*

Whose are all these voices singing?

*Czipra.*

Our people are returning.

*Chorus.*

Zing'ra.

Homeward come the gypsies,  
O, then beware when in sight  
Of the children of night, etc., etc.

Thus he sings,

And it rings

As it swings

On its wings,

Loud and clear

Drawing near,

And you hear

It with fear.

*Saffi, Barinkay and Czipra.*

O, that song how it swells,  
How it swells!

*All.*

Zing'ra!

*Barinkay*

How changeful ever seems my fate to be,  
Now pain, now gladness.

*Czipra.*

You are their lord!

*Saffi.*

You must explain it.

*Barinkay.*

I can't understand,  
A stranger in this land  
Am I unknown to ye  
As much as you are so to me!

*Czipra.*

Confide in the gypsies unto the end  
And thou wilt surely never lack a friend,  
And here shalt thou linger and rest thy  
brow  
Where gypsies shall tend thee; their lord  
art thou.

THE GYPSY BARON.

O brothers, and sisters, come all and see  
The vayvode, your chief, has returned to ye!  
We have him among us, come on, come all  
Our fealty to pledge him! Hear his call!

*Chorus.*

Come on!  
Joy has come to our domain,  
For our chief is home again.

*Suffi.*

Yes. The vayvode has returned,  
A loyal people greet again  
Their chief, returned across the main!

*Czipra.*

Here shall a loyal fervor reign,  
For chief come home again!

*Barinkay.*

Oh happy hour that lead me here  
To hear such welcome cheer!

I their vayvode, well I vow.  
I am prepared to wed her now.

I answer gladly, unto your call.

*Chorus.*

'Tis well! See he answers our call!  
Pay homage to him, with best endeavor,  
Here our lives let us pledge forever;  
Our blood we offer as loyal token  
While his vows shall remain unbroken.

*Barinkay.*

Now to yon wicked neighbor's door—  
Him we are looking for!

*Zsupan.*

What means this loud tempestuous cry?

*Barinkay.*

Oh, Prince of Hogs—'tis only I.

*Chorus and Zsupan's friends.*

Speak what is amiss  
At hour so late as this?

*Barinkay.*

You said your son-in-law must be—

*Arsena and Zsupan.*

A Baron!

*Barinkay.*

Let it be told  
A Baron here in me behold.

*All.*

A Baron he!

*Barinkay.*

Gaze on me! My subjects one and all,  
Stand ready to obey my call!

I am their baron: a Zingara's throne,  
As vayvode I'll sit upon!  
To my native hearth and home  
Safely I at last have come.  
Let the happy truth be told,  
In me the Gypsy Baron you behold!

*Suffi.*

In this gypsy wood,  
Once your cradle stood  
Childhood's days you passed within this land!  
And the Magyar still pledges heart and hand  
To childhood's home where still his castles  
stand!

See how bright his face doth beam,  
See how clear his eye doth gleam;

O ring forth soft song, impart  
Its meaning to his heart.

In thee we confide  
What e'er may betide,  
We pray thou'lt be  
Our loving guide.

O take me with thee o'er the world so wild,  
I am but a hapless gypsy child.

*Czipra and Barinkay.*

Blissful and sweet  
Sounds her song,  
Raptured my soul  
Is borne along  
As in a trance!  
With the sound.

*Chorus.*

Well done! Well done!

*Barinkay.*

Well, are you mine, my lady fair?

*Arsena.*

Audacious I declare!  
You've nothing but a gypsy title.

*Mirabella.*

An imputent recital!

*Zsupan.*

You are too hasty; we did not,  
Thus mean to end the plot.

*Chorus.*

We did not so intend.

*Barinkay.*

What I intended shall appear,  
My wife I've chosen here.

*Suffi.*

O sir! This is a cruel jest!

*Barinkay.*

With thee in peace and comfort blest,  
My heart shall find its truest rest!

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Chorus.*

His choice is for a gypsy bride, ha! ha!

*Barinkay.*

Go thou! I gladly leave thy side.

*Chorus.*

'Tis strange, yet plain,  
Arsena pleads in vain!

*Arsena.*

Avenge me!

*Ottokar.*

Love, what dost thou mean?

*Arsena.*

An insult thus to have dismissed me—  
We'll be avenged! My friends assist me!  
Take heed, good sir! I'll teach you better,  
For measures true  
To chasten you,  
You'll be my debtor!

*Ottokar.*

Don't speak of vengeance now to me,  
For I am full of ecstasy.  
Arsena mine! O thought divine!

*Zsupan.*

Now, how shall I get out of it,  
I am an ass, I must admit!  
How will this end, and when and where,  
I'm compromised, dot much I shwear!

*Carnero.*

This is a plot!  
He'll wed her not!  
Into a snarl we all have not!  
I cannot see  
How suddenly,  
A gypsy comes his bride to be!

*Mirabella.*

They scoff at us, they shall repent  
Their base intent.  
In manners he has thee defied,  
Let those be punished who deride.

*Carnero.*

The little gypsy must not go,  
The code of morals cries out "No,"  
She must not go.

*Barinkay.*

But she shall go.

*Carnero.*

You dare then—

*Chorus.*

Should danger come to our chief  
We'll hasten to his relief.

*Zsupan.*

Oho—dis will not do,  
I fumes, I suffocates,  
How dare he so to face us,  
To venture back like this!  
To shame us and debase us,  
Dis game has gone too far,  
I shan't let him disgrace us.

*Mirabella.*

You shall regret your crime stupendous,  
For to our pride this blow's tremendous.  
Come faithful friends assist, attend us,  
For such disgrace you must defend us!

*All with Chorus.*

How dare you thus to tantalize us,  
And seem to verily despise us,  
You shall pay dear for such base action.  
We shall obtain full satisfaction,  
For what they've done to-day,  
Though triumph now they may,  
They still shall dearly pay.

*Zsupan.*

I'm sure dot you on due reflections  
Will change your mind in dis directions  
And won't in spite of our objections  
Bear off this child mit brown complexions.

*Barinkay.*

O let them storm and rave.

*Saffi.*

O this is most surprising—  
Yon fair maid despising,  
For one so humble!

*Chorus of Gypsies.*

His bride is Saffi, so truthful, so tender,  
To her, the gypsy, his homage he'll render  
His choice confest  
Is much the best.

*Barinkay and Czipra.*

I'll } not list to your demand  
He'll }  
I'll } not give to her { my } hand  
He'll } { his }

*Arsena, Mirabella, Zsupan and Carnero.*

This cruel slight  
We'll soon requite.

*Ottokar.*

Let them repine.  
Arsena is mine.

*Saffi.*

My heart is captured,  
Quite enraptured,  
What delight!

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Arsena.*

His cruel slighting  
I'll soon be requiting.

*Ottokar.*

Call the soldiers out.

*Mirabella, Zsupan and Carnero,*

We'll make him stare,  
We'll make him groan,  
Take him into court!

*Ottokar.*

Nothing of the sort.

*Barinkay.*

Let me take my love and go.

*Barinkay, Saffi and Czupra.*

Let us away!

*Gypsy Chorus.*

Master, never fear!  
Stop this idle sport,  
Approach him, if you dare,  
Now let us simply leave the village,  
Heed them not, nor fear thee,  
Trust thou and be not afraid,  
Thy bride shall ever be near thee.  
Scorn them undismayed;  
We will guard thee safely night and day,  
Woe to him who bars thy way,  
Go, tempt us not.

*Zsupan's Servants.*

O dire dismay,  
Unhappy day,

*Arsena, Mirabella, Zsupan, Carnero, Ottokar  
with Chorus.*

Oh, you shall dearly pay,  
We'll mow you down like hay.  
You villains we fear naught,  
Rascallious, only fit for pillage,  
They are vagrants wild,  
They despise Zsupan's child.  
Oh this disgrace,  
Nothing but death can efface.  
He shall dearly pay for all,  
He shall not be forgot.

*Zsupan.*

Mit anger I'm wild,  
He deshpises my child.

*Saffi and Czupra.*

Oh full well } I } knew  
                  } she }  
My } future true is with you.  
Her }

*Saffi.*

Can I e'er forget,  
When my face I met;

As first I gazed on thee the truth I knew,  
I saw, then, love-thou wert a lover true.  
What care we for all their gold?  
Joy, greater a thousand fold,  
With truth love by us is gained,  
Then ever was in wealth contained.

*Gypsies.*

Since we have found them out,  
Let us turn about,  
Let us away and avoid an angry rout,  
Ah, the brave gypsy never has a thoguht  
of fear,  
He gave his hand but to those whom he  
holds dear.

*Zsupan's Chorus.*

Revenge will follow in his track,  
Our course is fixed, we can't turn back.

*Chorus of Gypsies.*

Thus we tender  
Our lives and render  
Humble homage forever to thee,  
And may happiness pursue thee!

*Barinkay.*

This is my throne,  
The gypsy baron's own!

*Zsupan's Chorus.*

Beware!

*Saffi and Czupra.*

The baron's throne.

*Gypsies.*

Zingara!

## ACT II.

*Czupra.*

A guardian, I  
Am hovering nigh  
To keep their lives from pain.  
And guard my lord's domain.

*Barinkay.*

As in a dream,  
To live I seem,  
With joy so gladly bright  
With her, my heart's delight.  
But no, no dream is this, I trow  
There lies she wrapt in beauty now,  
Awake my fairest—

*Czupra.*

When you shall find  
True peace of mind  
In lover's supreme delight,  
Farewell to care's black night.

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Saffi.*

Thy wife? Dost mock me once again?  
Can this be truth? To glad my life?  
Can all this joy be truth?

*Barinkay.*

Mock thee? Oh, nay.  
It is the truth. Wilt be my wife?  
Thou art the wife whom I have chosen  
'Twas in the night,  
My feasted sight,  
Beheld thy face  
With wonderous grace,  
The moon above  
Shone on our love,  
As pure and bright,  
As her own light.  
A charm unwonted, then, I knew,  
A fairy's touch! Yet tired and true  
That angel's face.  
Thy flowing hair,  
Thy sparkling eye,  
Thy lips red-rare,  
Thy mouth to kiss,  
Thy willow form,  
Ah, Heaven's own bliss,  
With life was warm.  
Mine, mine, yes, thou art mine.  
And I, sweet love, am ever thine,  
Yes, dearest, for ever thine!

*Saffi.*

Ah, dearest, say those words again,  
That fill my soul with such delight.  
Like to the parched earth comes rain,  
Thou gladdenst me with secret might.  
Oh, joy my heart can scarce contain;  
Love, fold me in thine arms again, ah!

*Barinkay.*

Ah, repeat these words.

*Saffi.*

Oh, eye in eye,  
Oh, mouth close prest,  
Oh, joy most high,  
Delight most blest,  
In arms held fast,  
All fear is past.  
In sweet content,  
Our lives are blent,  
Mine, mine, for ever mine!  
Say thou art mine,  
It is no dream.  
And I am thine,  
All thine, all thine.

TREASURE WALTZ.

*Saffi.*

Ah, in a dream by me beholden,  
There came a man with visage olden,

Yet, like to thee, I felt, I cried,  
Thy father 'twas, there at my side,  
He spoke distinctly clear:  
There is quite near,  
A sum of gold  
Which he shall hold,  
When with the maid whom he doth prize,  
Thy master comes alone,  
Unknown,  
To feast his eyes.  
Beneath the ruined tower,  
In solemn silent hour,  
There let him lift a marble stone,  
And wealth of Croesus shall he own.

*Barinkay.*

'Twas worth dreaming, indeed.

*Saffi and Csipra.*

Here is the ruin as decreed.

*Barinkay.*

The dream is true,  
The prize, the prize,  
Now greets my eyes,  
Ah! 'Twas a wondrous clue.

*Saffi.*

Follow it 'tis the dream's command.

*Barinkay.*

But, my child, I can't understand.

*Saffi and Csipra.*

No more need I say,  
Simply obey.

*Barinkay.*

Well, then I may  
Simply obey.  
I must confess I'm filled with doubt,  
Ha, ha, ha, ha!  
See, how these stones come tumbling out!  
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Saffi and Csipra.*

Ah! Let him doubt,  
He soon shall learn the truth.  
For thou he flout,  
'Tis but the way of youth.  
He'll soon find out,  
The dream fulfilled, forsooth,  
With joy he'll shout  
Haste before the gypsy crew draw nigh  
And your attempts  
At victory defy,  
The time doth fly  
Haste thee to work  
The time doth fly  
So then strike firmly; hammer, hammer,  
hammer!

THE GYPSY BARON.

Hammer on each stone.  
Hammer, hammer, hammer, hammer !  
Let the truth be known.  
So, then hammer, hammer, hammer !  
Let not one stone alone.  
So beat till the hammer break  
Upon the stone !

*Barinkay.*

A hallow sound !  
Can I have found the secret out ?  
Ha ! 'Twas sublime !  
Ha ! The prize, the prize !

*Barinkay, Czipra, Saffi.*

See, how it sparkles, oh, what a prize,  
To almost blind our eyes.  
Ah, how it beams !  
And gleams  
In splendor !  
With entrancing  
Sparkle  
'Tis dancing,  
See, here is gold,  
Untold,  
Behold.  
Feel, how it tingles,  
Hear, how it jingles,  
Dream that's come true.  
Behold !  
All the gold !

*Barinkay.*

Now, life shall be glad ever more !

*Saffi and Czipra.*

With horses and lackeys galore !

*All three.*

Oh ! what mad delights !

*Saffi and Czipra.*

Social pleasures—

*Barinkay.*

Merry measures—

*Saffi and Czipra.*

Masquerading, serenading.

*Saffi and Barinkay.*

How the red wine shall pour !  
What can the heart want more !

*Czipra.*

But do not forget the maxims :  
Waste not, want not, make haste slowly,  
Lest your revels be unholy,  
So that in your life's December  
You with joy can still remember :

Ha ! how it beams  
And gleams  
In splendor !  
With entrancing  
Sparkle  
It's dancing.  
See here is gold  
Untold.  
Behold !  
Dream that's come true.  
Behold !  
All the gold !

*Saffi and Czipra.*

But more than gold, forsooth,  
In love entwined with truth,  
Where pleasure opens the portals  
To happy, victorious youth.  
So when a heart you've found  
And in love's bright chains bound,  
O prize the hour, ye mortals,  
That brought this merry sound :

Ha ! how it beams  
And gleams  
In splendor !  
With entrancing  
Sparkle  
It's dancing.  
See here is gold  
Untold.  
Behold !

*Pali.*

Up, up, up !  
Departed hath night,  
And dawn hath the light.  
Up ! awaken !  
'Tis light of day !  
Up ! wake to labor !

*Gypsy Chorus.*

Heat the sturdy iron, heat it !  
Into new forms beat it ! Hi !  
Pots and pans and knives and dishes,  
Rise obedient to our wishes.  
And scythes and ploughs galore,  
Are made in peace ; but when there's war,  
We unsettle  
Pots and kettle,  
Other treasures  
Tax our measures.  
And we wield with endless labors  
Metal into swords and sabres,  
Pans have vanished,  
Pots are banished.  
Ploughs forsaken,  
While we waken  
Echoes welding with our labors  
Metal into swords and sabres.  
Echoes strong,  
All day long.

THE GYPSY BARON.

*Gypsy Chorus.*

Click and clank,  
That's the iron's song,  
Clink and clank,  
Won from the metal strong.  
Click, clank,  
Clink, clank,  
Beneath the bold hammer  
The iron is steeled,  
Hark to the clamor  
On upland and field.  
The swords we have wielded  
In fight are revealed;  
Welded are weapons to wield!  
Clink and clank,  
That's the iron's song.  
Clink and clank,  
Won from the metal strong, etc., etc.

*Chorus.*

Ha! The Iron, take and heat it,  
Etc., etc., etc.

**DUET.**

I.

*Barinkay.*

Who made us one?  
Speak, love!

The priest of the dome,  
The bull-finch wise.

*Chorus.*

This priest of the dome,  
He made them one, ha! ha!

*Barinkay.*

The dome of yonder blue above?

*Saffi.*

Behold the superlative splendor of the scene.

*Barinkay.*

With stars of gold, that threw  
Their trembling brilliancy between.

*Saffi and Barinkay.*

And softly the nightingale  
Poured forth her soul in song.  
Ah, love that is tender and true  
Is mighty and strong.

*All.*

Ah, softly the nightingale  
Poured forth her soul in song.  
Ah, love that is tender and true,  
Is mighty and strong.

*Barinkay.*

The witnesses?  
Speak, love.

The storks rejoiced, when it was done.

*All.*

The storks did rejoice.  
When 'twas done, ha! ha!

*Barinkay.*

They greeted us with notes of love.

*Saffi.*

They nodded and winked at us,  
Archly from on high.

*Barinkay.*

As tho' they said love on,  
Your love is love that cannot die.

*Saffi.*

Remember 'tis the stork  
That bears the blessings along,  
With love that is tender  
And true, and mighty, and strong.

*All.*

Remember 'tis the stork  
That bears the blessings along,  
With love that is tender  
And true, and mighty, and strong.

**TOPICAL SONG.**

*Zsupan.*

What a pity, pity,  
That in the city, city,  
Is no committee,  
Say on . . . .

**RECRUITING SONG.**

*Homonay.*

Place thy willing hand in mine,  
Let love fade before thee.  
Drink the red recruiting wine,  
Which hussars now pour thee.  
Take the shako, take the hat,  
Let thy faith be plighted,  
Foes will stare and tremble at  
Your forces thus united.

*Chorus.*

Take the shako, take the hat,  
Let thy faith be plighted,  
Foes will gaze and tremble at  
Our forces so united.  
Your hand! Your hand!  
Take the cup,  
Fill it up,  
And drink a health,  
Drink a health, vivat!  
A health to the soldier brave!

THE GYPSY BARON.

II.

*Homonay.*

Brother, join the soldiers' band ;  
Thus do we enlist thee,  
Fighting for Hungarian land,  
Dare the foe resist thee ?  
Sooner let the red blood flow,  
Till our life's departed,  
Than surrender to the foe  
Spiritless, broken-hearted.

*Chorus.*

Sooner let the red blood flow,  
Till our life's departed,  
Than surrender to the foe  
Spiritless, broken-hearted.  
Your hand ! Your hand !

CZARDAS.

*Homonay.*

Let all rejoice who now combine  
To drink recruiting wine.  
Drink to the lucky, guiding star  
That guides the bold hussar.  
And in the wine, there lurks as well  
A mystic potent spell.  
That bring us dreams of love afar,  
Love for the bold hussar.  
Shrink not from me, my nut-brown maid,  
Of soldiers' kiss be not afraid.  
Thy lover's prize  
I shall not steal nor mar,  
For love is sweet, as rich red wine,  
And sweet as love is kiss of thine.  
Come here, fear not the hussar !  
Let love and wine  
With joy devine  
Make glad thy life and mine.  
And sweet, as sweet dreams are.  
Thus prays your bold hussar !

*Chorus.*

O, let us pray that love and wine,  
Etc., etc., etc.

FINALE.

*All.*

To Vienna.

*Arsena and Mirabella.*

When to war we've been  
We will all convene  
At the Kaiserstadt, city most gorgeously  
bright,  
Where joy supreme,  
Love of which we dream,  
Is beheld in a whirl of perpetual delight ;

Where the song is heard  
Of the woodland bird,  
In the forest so rare,  
In the soft summer air ;  
Ne'er was sung a song,  
Filled with joy so strong,  
As of Vienna's so fair !  
Ah, note the swelling breast,  
Filled with rapture blest,  
Filled with new rapture blest, ah !  
Yes, away, away !  
Let us all away,  
Where the world is young,  
And the heart is gay.  
Where through all the day,  
Pleasure hold her sway ;  
Where the world is gay  
By night and day.

II.

Fain would I repair  
To Vienna fair,  
To the city of joy with the beautiful dome,  
Where despair departs  
From exultant hearts,  
And bids welcome and pleasure to wander-  
ers who roam.  
Where in dazzling light  
Radiant charms unite  
And the darkness of night  
Is transformed into day.  
Where the ruby wine  
Awakes the spark divine,  
And life is garbed in a festive array.  
Away ! Let us all away.

*Carnero.*

A moment ago,  
I stood here robed in splendor,  
And now a culprit,  
I'm here to surrender,  
Reflect in me, you see  
A committee man, who's—

*Zsupan.*

—up a tree.

*Mirabella.*

And all for sake of those marauders,

*Arsena.*

These scoundrels !

*Mirabella.*

Huzzies, rascals, robbers.

*Arsena, Mirabella, Carnero, Ottokar and*

*Zsupan.*

This base villainous sort—  
We'll take'm to the court.



THE GYPSY BARON.

*Saffi.*

Ah, he goes! My heart with grief will  
break,  
Oh, cursed dream, why must I thus awake,  
From a land of day, where all was bright,  
In grief I am hurled to night.  
I thus am hurled to night. Alas!

*Barinkay.*

'Tis well I'll be a hussar!  
Hand me recruiting wine.

*Saffi.*

Oh, love, say not the word.

*Czipra.*

Take not that parting cup!

*Barinkay.*

Fill up, fill up, fill up!  
I hear the war cry all above,  
I long to join your willing band.  
I give my life to her I love,  
I give my love to my dear land.

*Chorus.*

Vivat the fatherland!

*Saffi.*

Oh, go not my heart, but stay.

*Barinkay.*

Ah no, I must away.

*Homonay.*

His grasp or hand, so true,  
Bade thee adieu!

*Barinkay.*

Farewell! Farewell!

*Saffi.*

Then be it so!

*Homonay.*

'Tis well, we go.

*General Chorus.*

When to war we've been,  
We will convene  
At the Kaisertadt, city most gorgeously  
bright.  
Where with joy supreme,  
Maids of whom we dream,  
Are behind in a whirl of perpetual delight.  
Where in dazzling light  
Radiant charms unite,  
And the darkness of night is transformed  
into day.

Where the sparkling wine  
Awakes the spark divine,  
And life is garbed in festive array,  
Ne'er a pain or woe  
Does there, mortal know.  
Sunlight's lustrous ray  
Lights up his hearts away,  
And love with passion warm.  
Ah, ah, 'tis there!

Let's  
We'll } all repair  
We would }

There, where ever bright  
Bloometh heart's delight,,  
Where through all the day  
Pleasure holds her sway  
Where the world is gay  
All night and day.  
There pleasure calls us away,  
To woo her for aye, for aye,  
Ah, yes away, away,  
Where for aye for aye,  
Prosper's rapture gay;  
Where through all the day  
Pleasure holds her sway,  
Etc., etc., etc.

*Zsupan, Ottokar and Carneno.*

Alas! Alas! Let's all repair,  
Etc., etc., etc.

ACT III.

WALTZ.

*Saffi.*

MARCH SONG.

*Zsupan.*

From the Tajo's strand,  
Where mit big shtrong hand,  
We the foe dispatched, right and left,  
Sapperment!  
Homewards we are bound,  
Mit green laurels crowned,  
With rich gifts of which foes were bereft.  
Ah, the war is no fun,  
Gott sei dank, that is done,  
And I've come home to rest with renown,  
Not a blow did I feel,  
Not a shot, ne'er a steel.  
But my skin is a little bit brown,  
Hip, hurrah! Here we are,  
Blithe and gay, hip, hooray,  
Glad to say it, here we are, ah

THE GYPSY BARON.

Take care !  
Through the air  
In Spanish came a sound,  
Let her rip,  
I skip,  
And cannot be found.  
One ball  
Was all  
He had, that wasn't much.  
When crack !  
I whack  
His musket from his clutch.  
Kerflop,  
See him drop,  
As dead as door nail flip !  
With a glance  
Through his pants,  
I grab his coin and trip.  
My reasoning was clear ;  
Why should there waste right here,  
Dog gold dot buys us beer,—good beer,  
A dead man's cash  
Buys live man's hash,  
I said, while grabbing what was near,  
Watch and chain, don't you know,  
Are all vain, don't you know,  
For a man, who is slain, don't you know ?  
Dot's so !

SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

Hurrah, we've fought  
And we've brought  
Laurels from foreign lands.  
We have made  
Many a raid  
On fierce rebellious bands.  
Never swerve,  
Steady nerve,  
That was our battle cry,  
Do your best.  
Hang the rest,  
Charge and never fail and fly  
Comes the foe,  
Lay him low,  
Nor stop to ask him why.  
Ready for all fate

And still in merry state,  
That was our sort :  
All fight was sport ;  
Our watch-word: cut it short.  
When the rattling roar of thunder fell  
And scattered madly shot and shell,  
It made our bosoms swell,  
'Neath that strange spell,  
That drives all thoughts of fear pell-mell.  
Bold soldiers, we ! Hurrah !

As in life,  
So in strife,  
Merry mood will serve us best.  
Maid of mine,  
Can'st thou divine  
What is rising in my breast ?  
Dost thou know,  
That no blow,  
That can fall from foeman's arm,  
Is so fatal as thy charm, fair maid ?  
When war's last note is heard,  
The soldier's heart is stirred  
With raptures that will rise,  
With thoughts of love lit eyes.  
He feels that mystic spell  
That soldiers love so well ;  
Gay soldier lads are we !  
I will fight,  
With delight,  
If my love will but remain  
True to me ;  
Ah, so that we  
May again united be, etc.

FINAL CHORUS.

*Barinkay.*

Yes, all this and more, too,  
I have learnt how to do,  
When you know how it's done—  
It's such fun !

*Chorus.*

Yes, all this and more, too,  
He has learnt, etc., etc.



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