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1915

Little Almond-Eyes

Will C Macfarlane
Composer

Frederick H Martens
Lyricist

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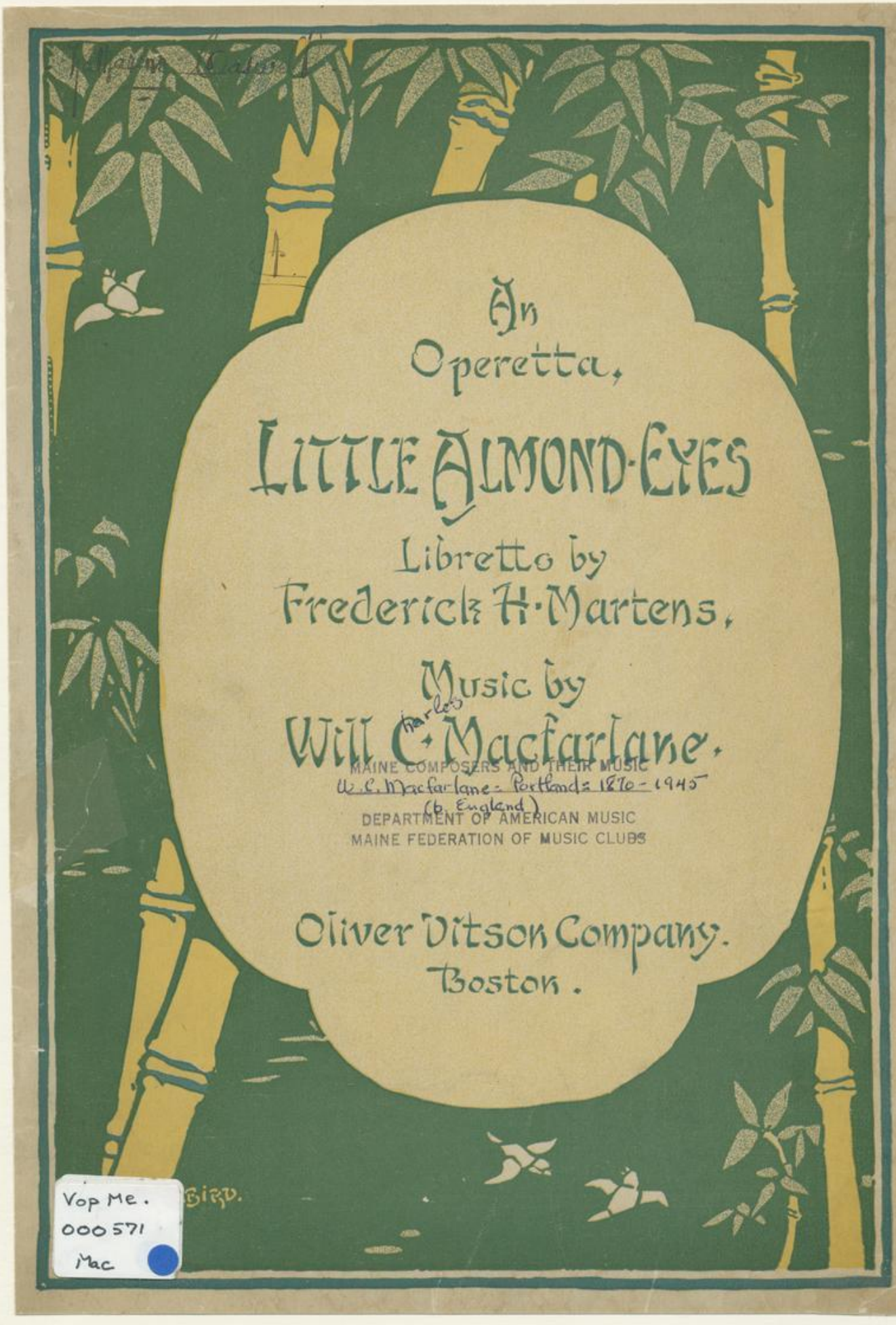

Vop Me.
000571
Mac

FRED LINCOLN HILL
52 Brackett St.
Westbrook, Maine

An
Operetta,

LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

Libretto by
Frederick H. Martens,

Music by
Will C. Macfarlane.

Price $1.00

Oliver Ditson Company.
Boston.

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Chicago:
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LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

AN OPERETTA IN TWO ACTS

FREDERICK H. MARTENS WILL C. MACFARLANE

CAST

WANG-HO (Tenor)	Captain of the Guard and lover of Little Almond-Eyes
THE EMPEROR MING (Baritone)	of Cathay
PING-PO (Bass)	Master of Ceremonies of the Court of Cathay
FEE-FO-FUM	Lieutenant of the Guard
LITTLE ALMOND-EYES (Soprano)	One of the Emperor's Prospective Brides
MISS LOTUS-LEAF (Alto)	
DOOMA, the Prophetess (Alto in Act II)	
MISS TIP-TOE	Other of the Emperor's Prospective Brides
MISS LADY-SLIPPER	
MISS DEER-FOOT	

CHORUS

Guards, Courtiers, Attendants, Prospective Brides of the Emperor

---

SUGGESTIONS

SCENERY

For both Acts I and II practically any garden scene will answer.
At back, centre, a throne. Local color may be secured by simple means, the use of colored paper, lanterns and the usual accessories of a Chinese decorative scheme.

COSTUMES

Chinese costumes, as simple or as elaborate as may be desired.

ACTION

Chorus and principals should improve all opportunities for action offered by the development of the story. "Stage business," naturally introduced, lends movement and emphasis to both music and dialogue. For dance "The Bird's-Nest Dip," in Act I, any fancy step in harmony with the title may be used.

LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

FREDERICK H. MARTENS — WILL C. MACFARLANE

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

ACT I

No.			Page
1.	INTRODUCTION	Instrumental	1
2.	OPENING CHORUS (Prospective Brides)	"All our people are patricians"	4
3.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Almond-Eyes and Chorus)	"The lover who looked in my eyes	6
4.	SOLO (Wang-Ho)	"Though she be gone" (Waltz-Song)	8
5.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Ping-Po and Chorus)	"There's a graveyard in my heart"	10
6.	DANCE (Miss Tip-Toe)	"The Bird's-Nest Dip"	12
7.	DUET AND CHORUS (Lotus-Leaf, Ping-Po and Chorus)	"The Old Plum-tree"	14
8.	INTERMEZZO, "Almond-Eyes"	Instrumental	20
9.	CHORUS	"With deep devotion now we sing"	21
10.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Emperor and Chorus)	"My ideal"	24
11.	SOLO (Wang-Ho)	"Love"	26
12.	DUET (Almond-Eyes and Wang-Ho)	"Dear heart, once more I know"	28
13.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Emperor and Chorus)	"How dreadful is lèse-majesty!"	30

ACT II

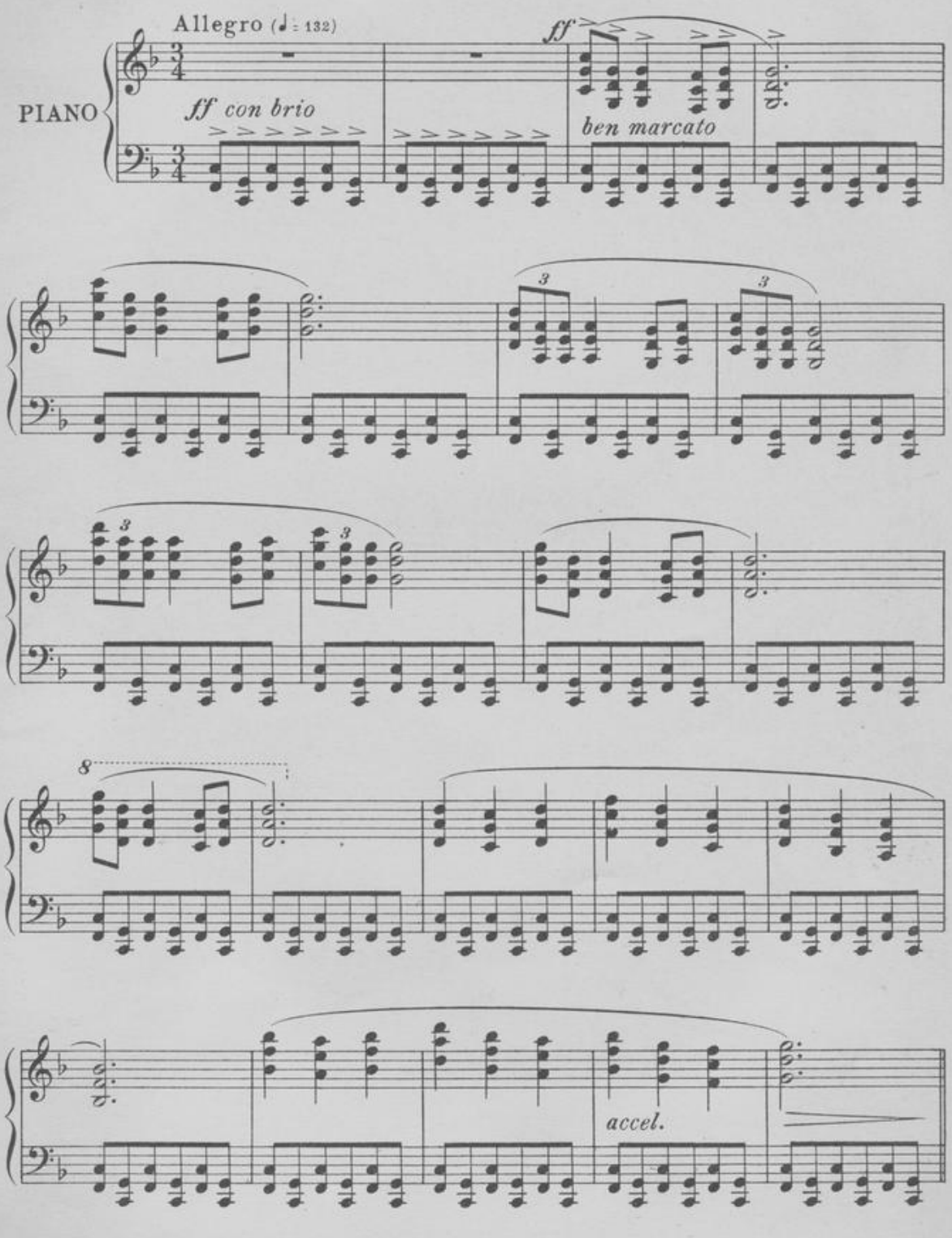
14.	INTRODUCTION	Instrumental	33
15.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Ping-Po and Chorus)	"Really, she's past all excusing!"	34
16.	SOLO (Almond-Eyes)	"My every thought is for my love"	37
17.	TRIO (Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes, Ping-Po)	"Tho' death may claim within the hour"	38
18.	CHORUS	"Lo, the lord of all Cathay"	41
19.	SOLO (The Emperor)	"Lo, I myself a god"	43
20.	QUARTET AND CHORUS (Ping-Po, Emperor, Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes)	"They used to call him Cutey"	46
21.	SOLO AND CHORUS (Dooma and Chorus)	"You think, a sweetheart choosing"	51
22.	DUET AND CHORUS (Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus)	"The stars must have made me do it"	53
23.	QUARTET (Almond-Eyes, Dooma, Wang-Ho, Emperor)	"Flow, tears of glad elation"	58
24.	FINAL CHORUS	"Almond-Eyes"	59

LITTLE ALMOND-EYES

№ 1. INTRODUCTION

FREDERICK H. MARTENS

WILL C. MACFARLANE



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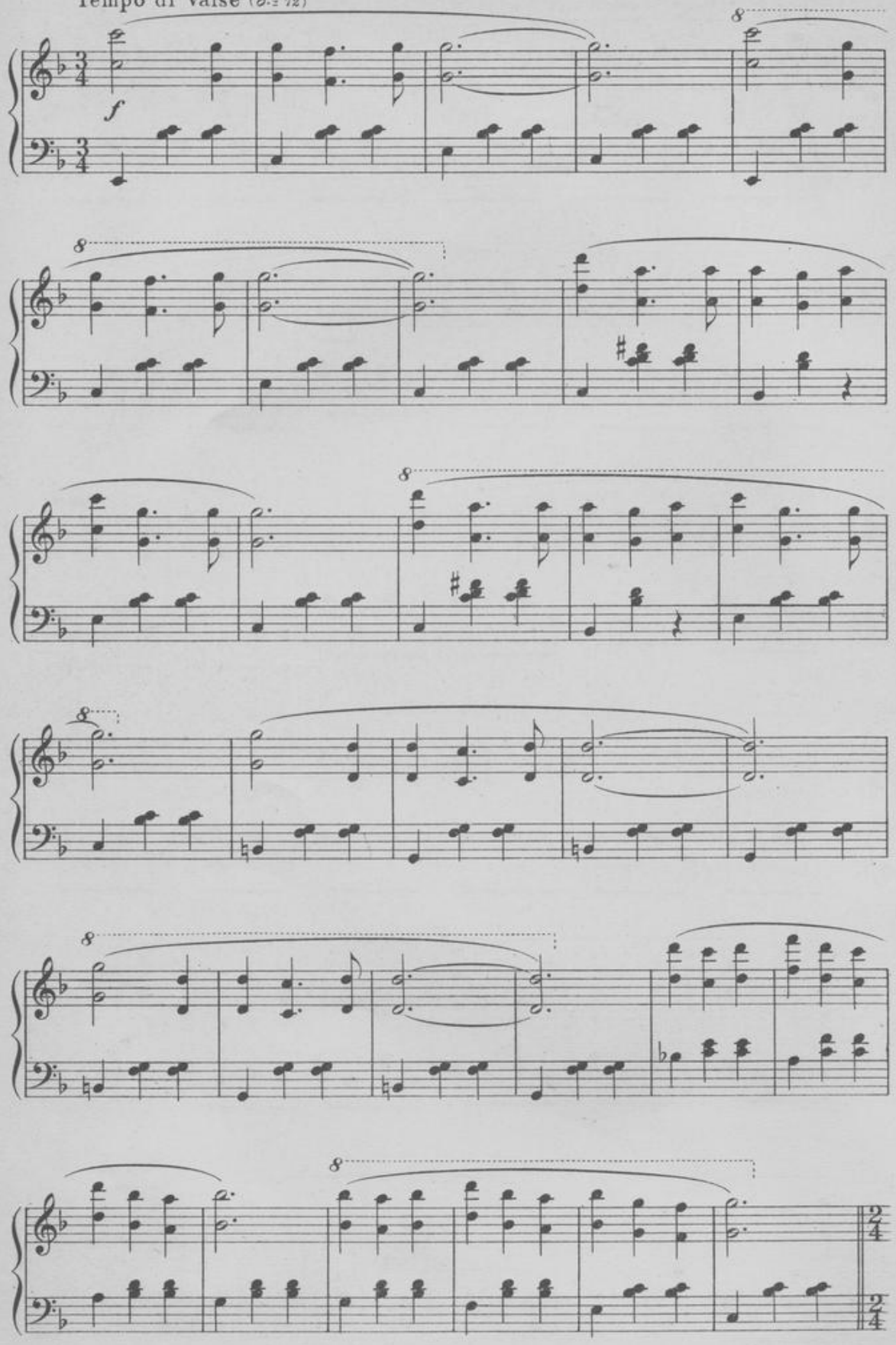
Tempo di Valse (♩.= 72)



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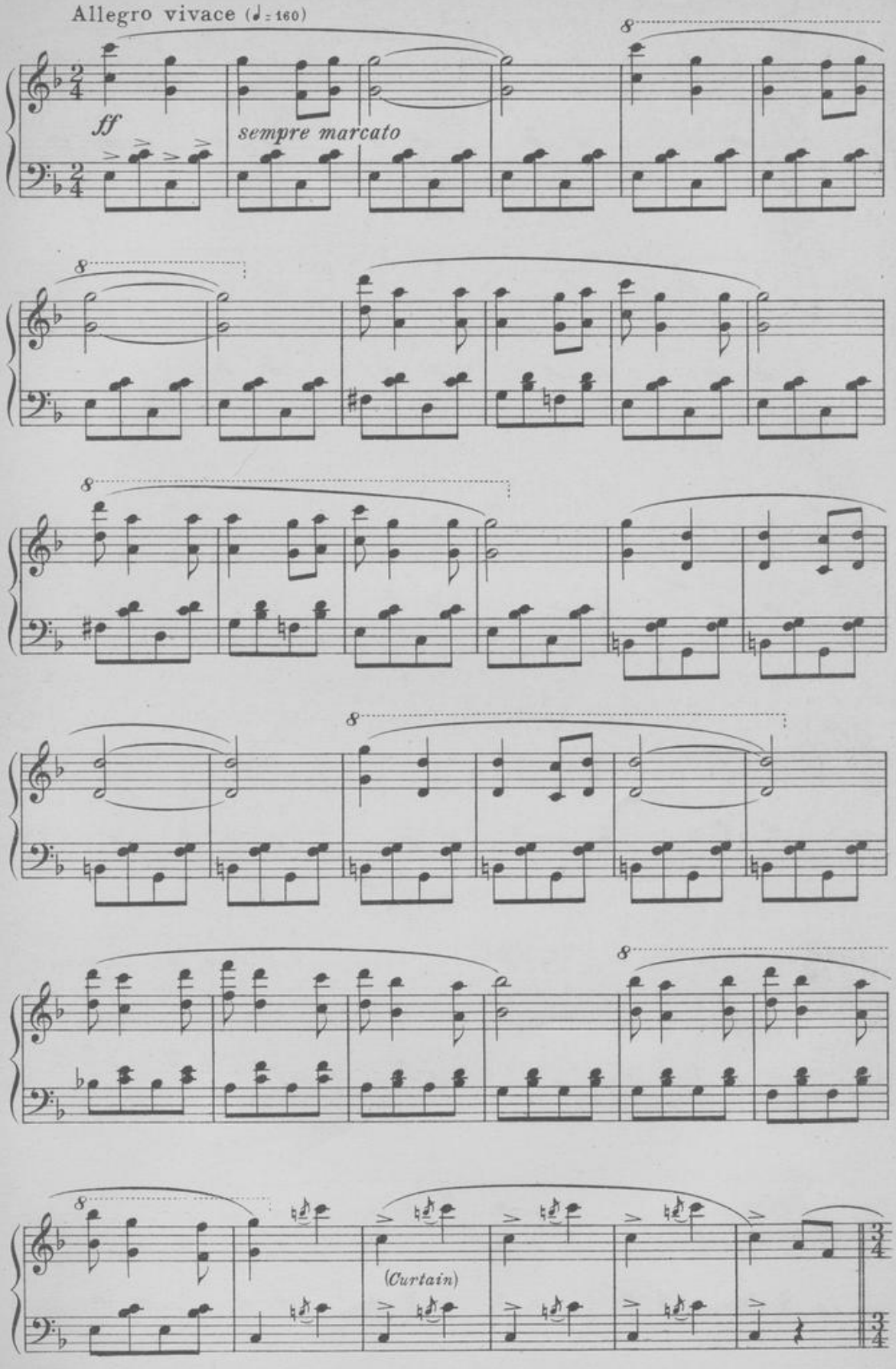

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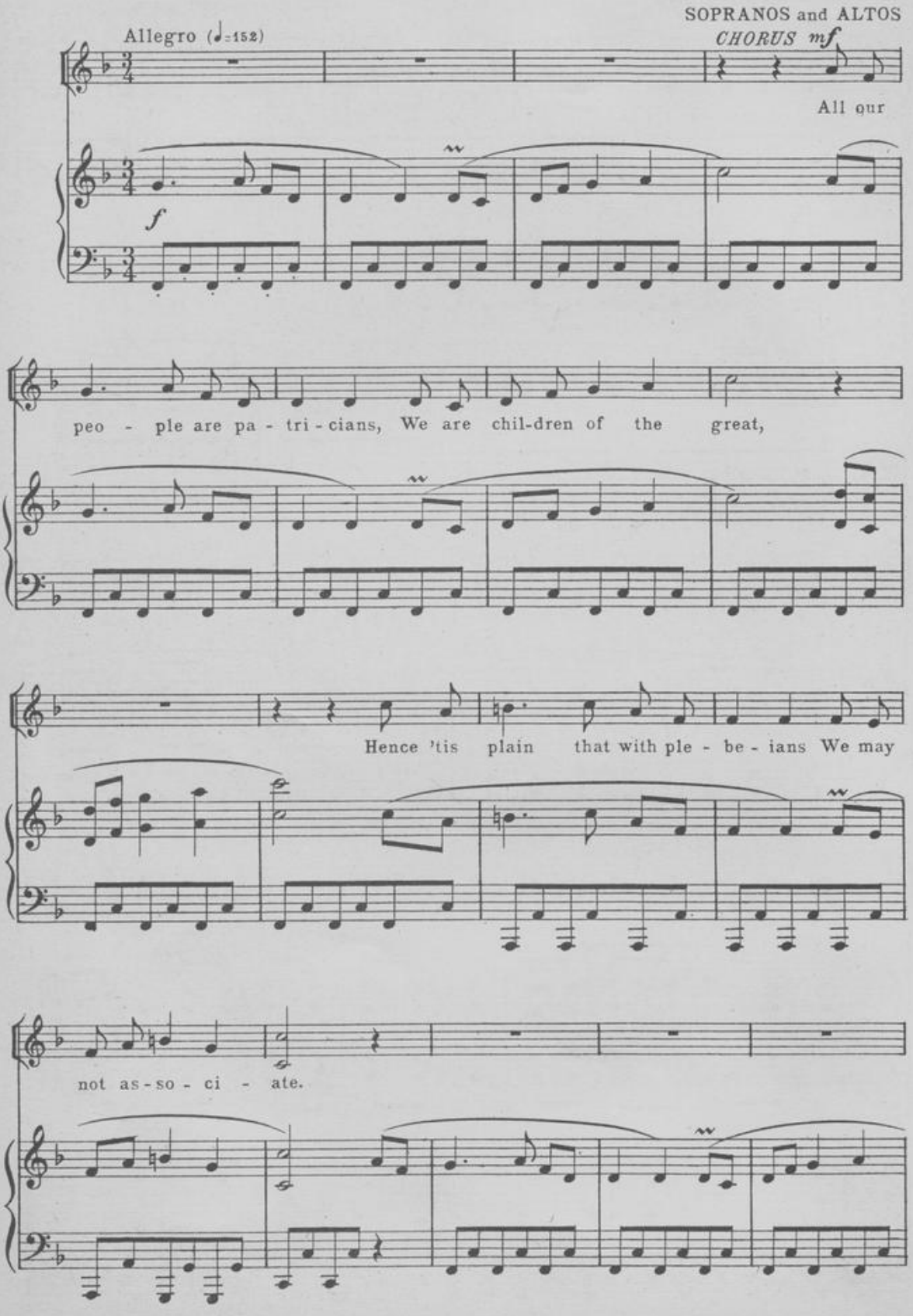
Act I

№ 2. ALL OUR PEOPLE ARE PATRICIANS

Chorus



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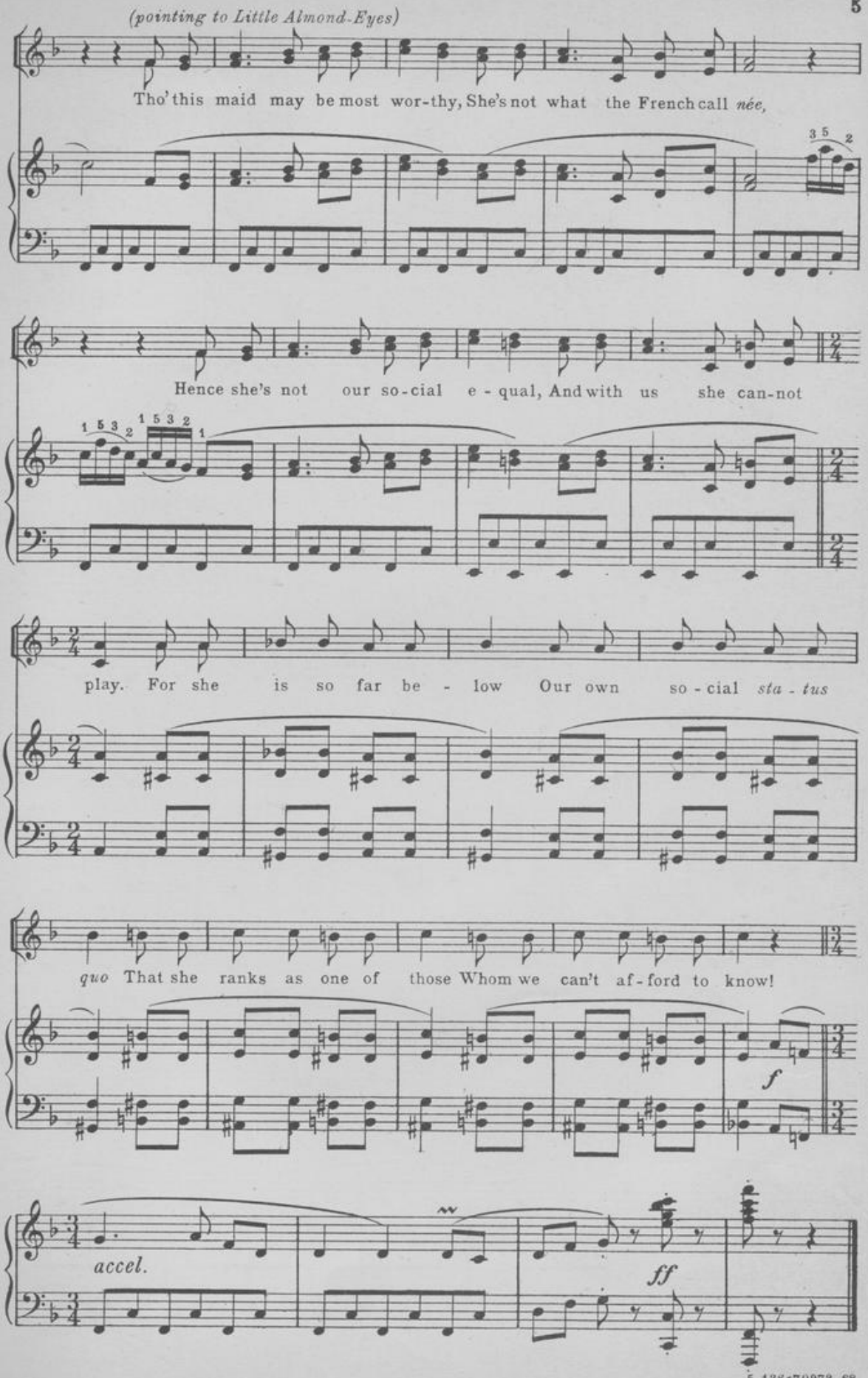

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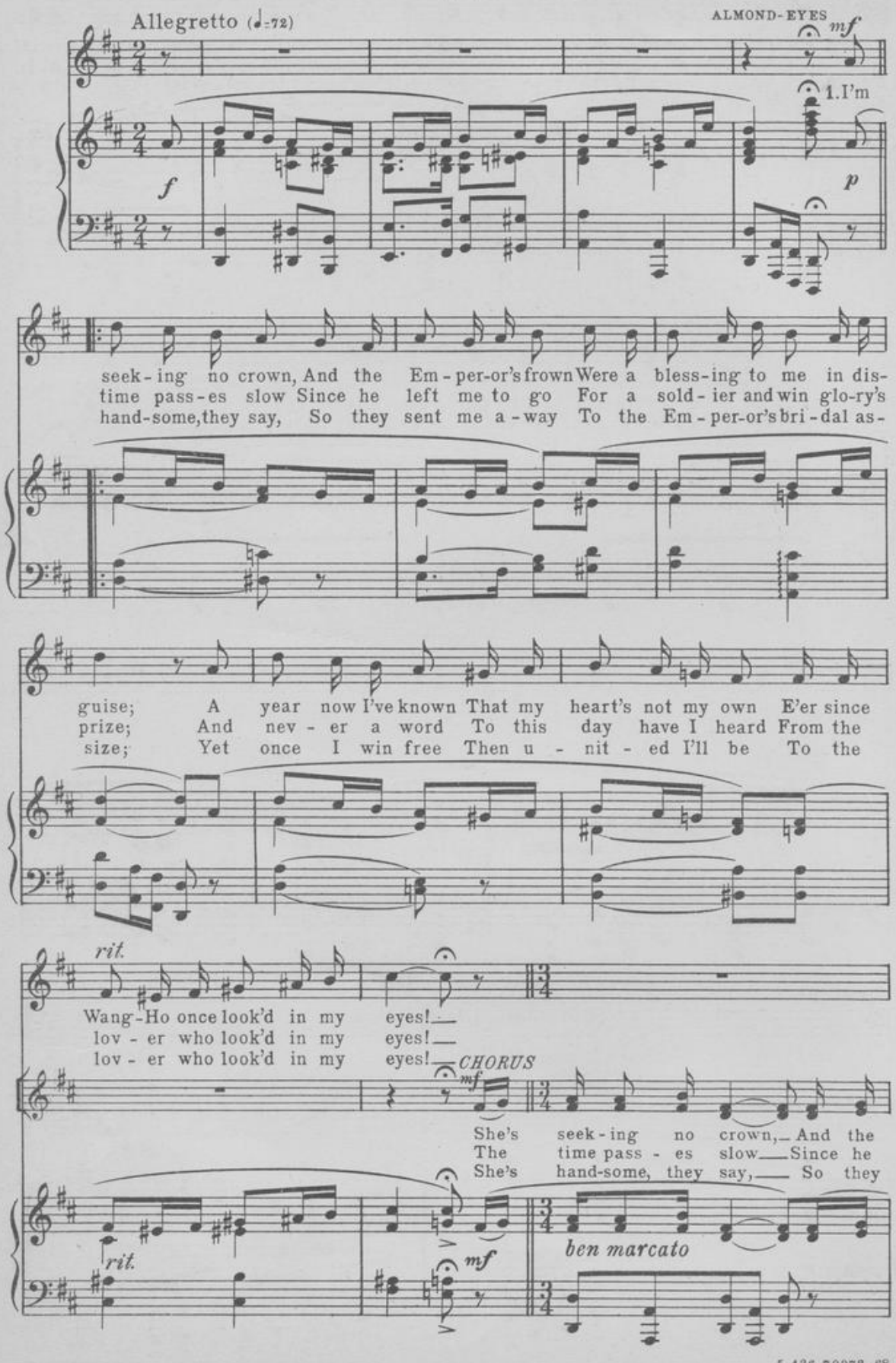
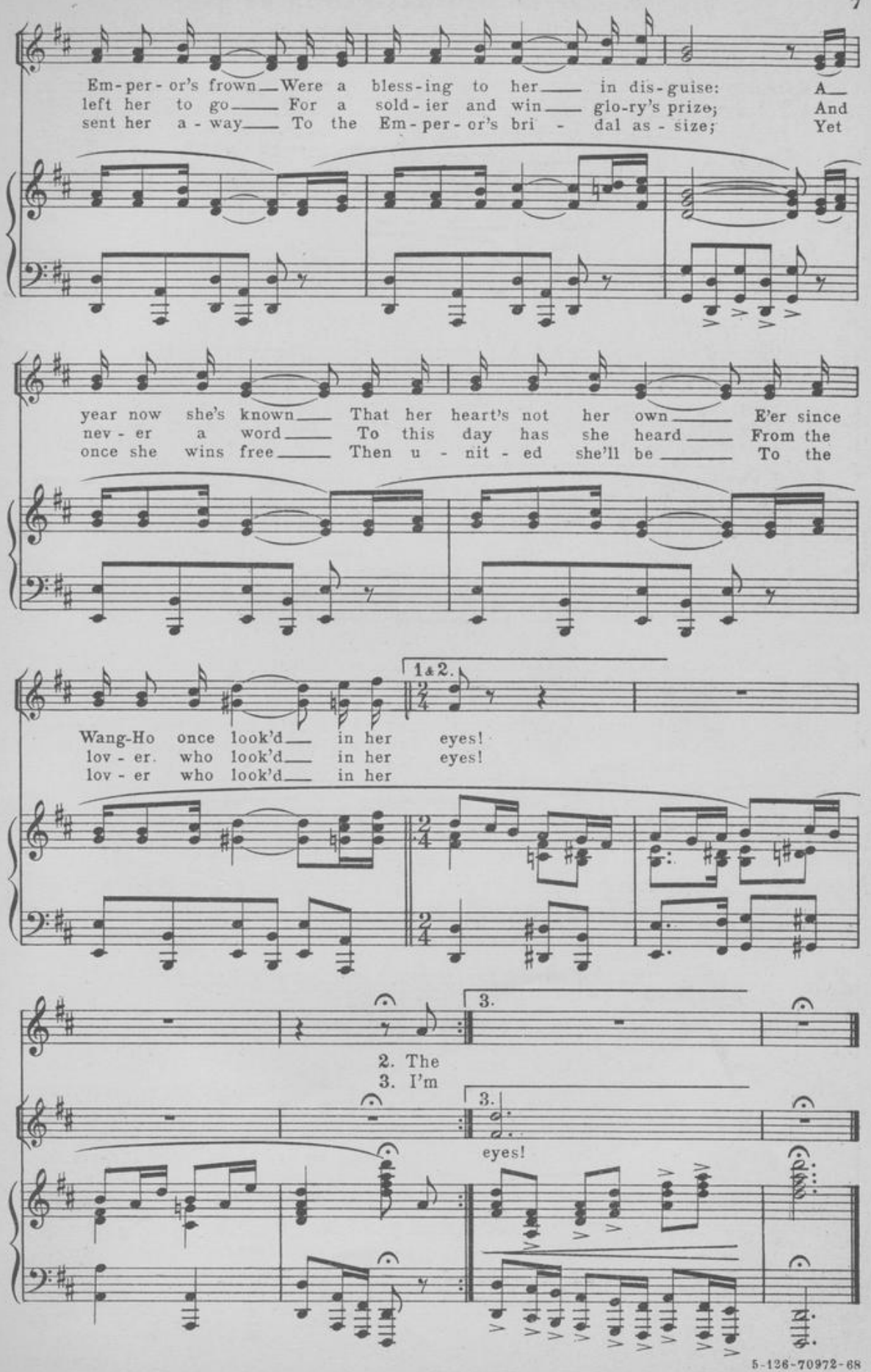
№3. THE LOVER WHO LOOKED IN MY EYES

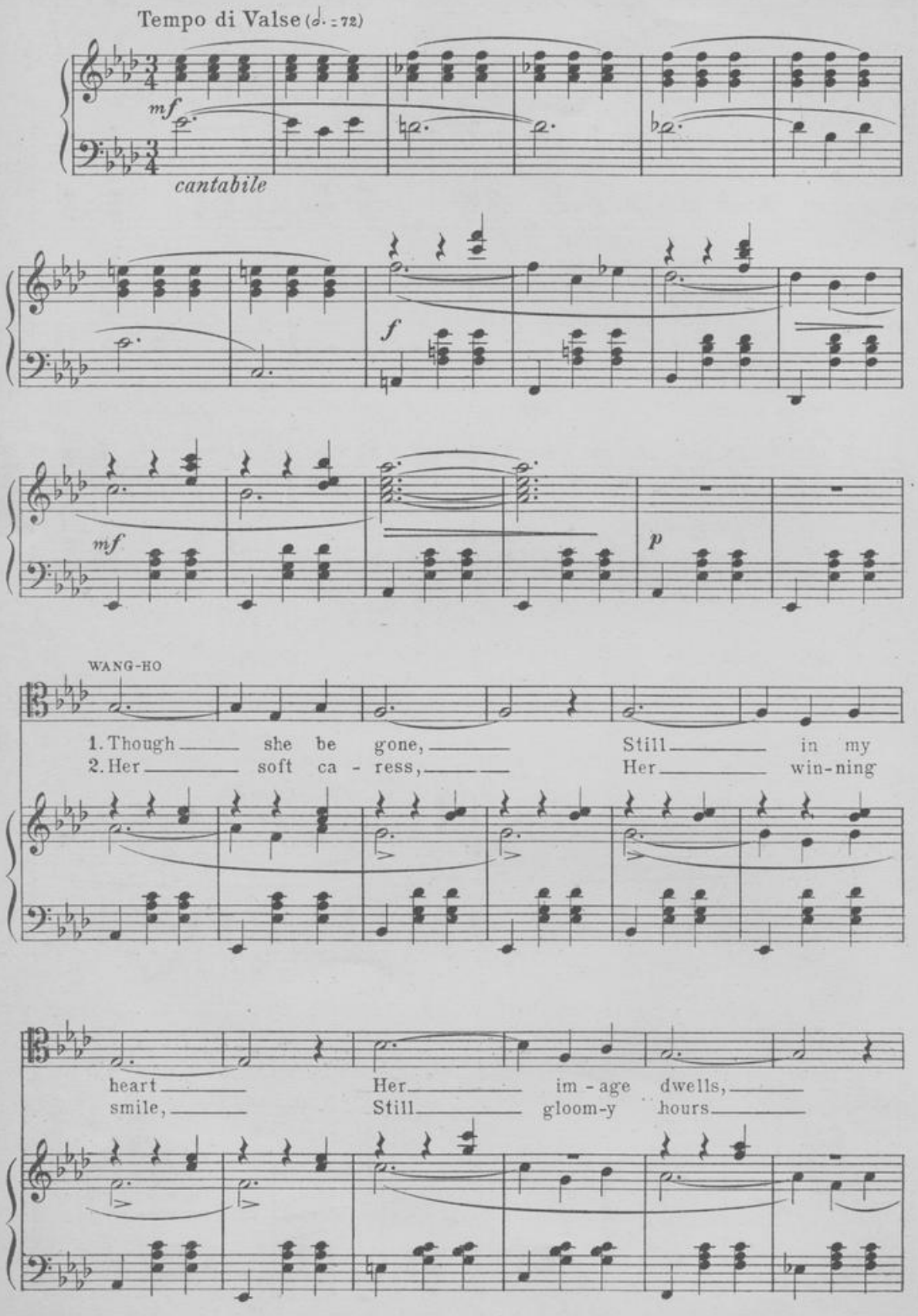
Little Almond-Eyes, and Chorus




Em-per-or's frown Were a bless-ing to her in dis-guise: A
left her to go For a sold-ier and win glo-ry's prize; And
sent her a-way To the Em-per-or's bri - dal as-size; Yet
year now she's known That her heart's not her own E'er since
nev-er a word To this day has she heard From the
once she wins free Then u - nit - ed she'll be To the
1&2.
Wang-Ho once look'd in her eyes!
lov-er. who look'd in her eyes!
lov-er who look'd in her
3.
2. The
3. I'm
3.
eyes!

№ 4. THOUGH SHE BE GONE

Wang-Ho



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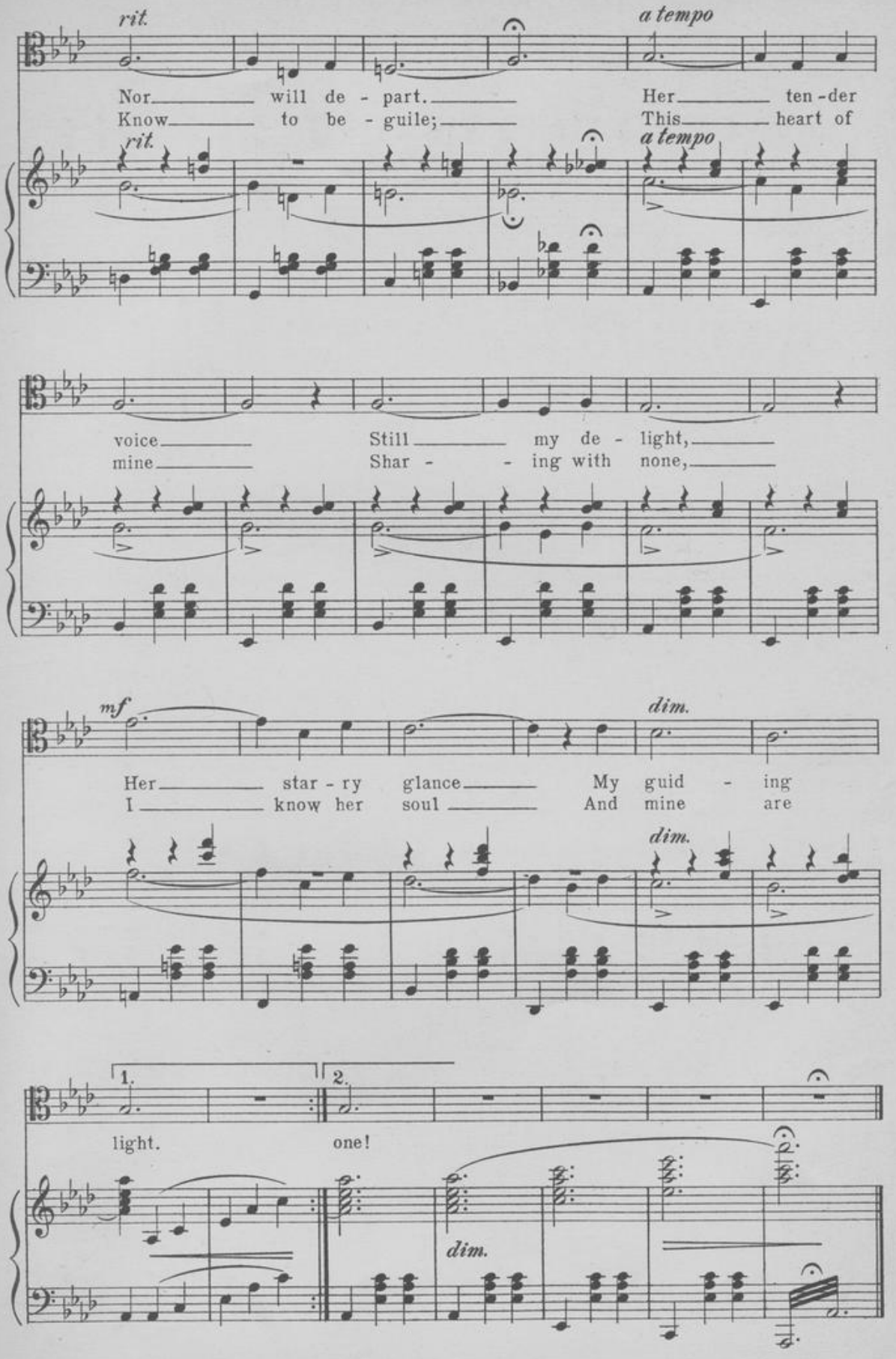
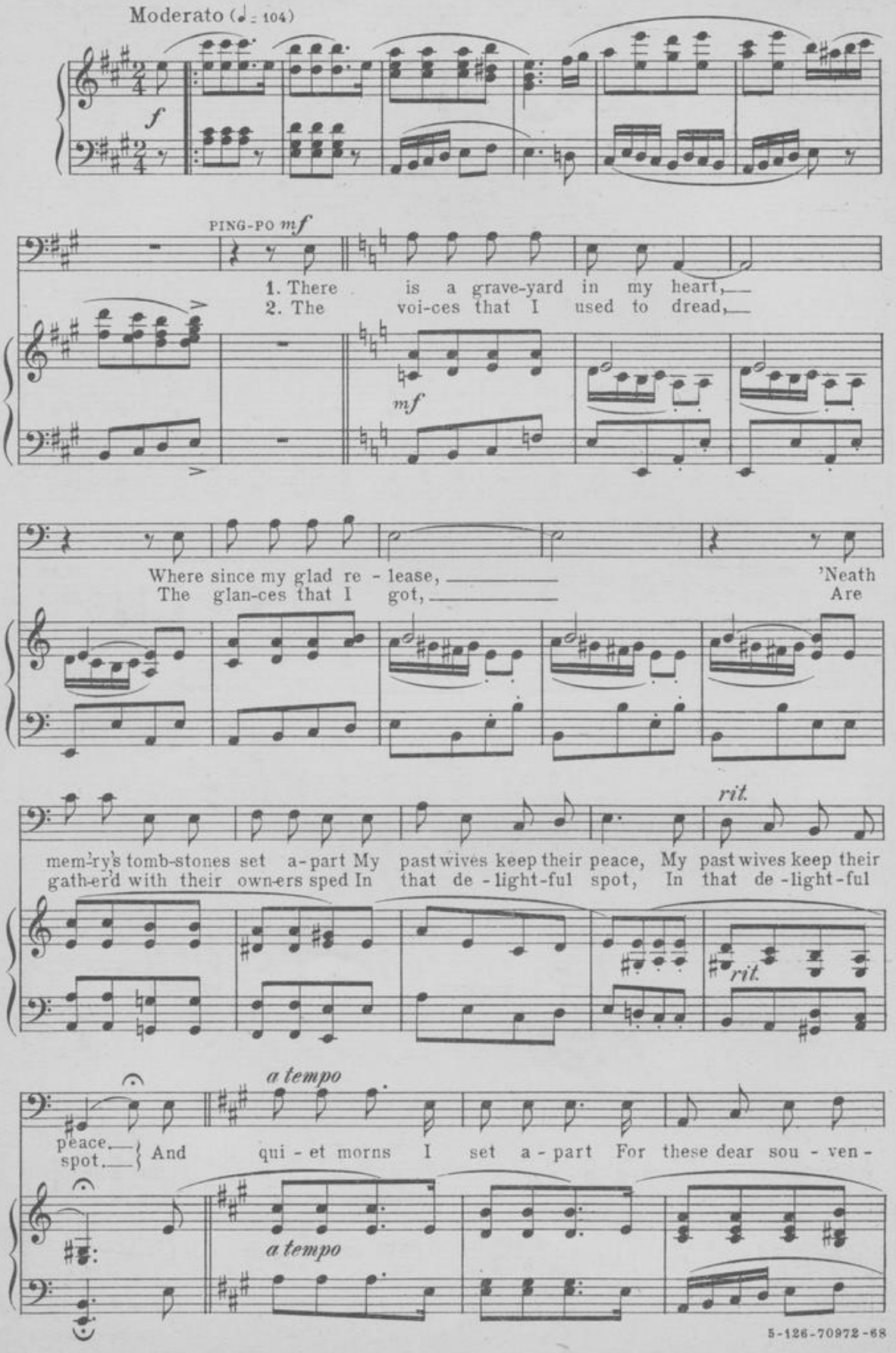

rit.
a tempo
Nor will de - part. Her ten - der
Know to be - guile; This heart of
rit.
a tempo
voice Still my de - light,
mine Shar - - ing with none,
mf
dim.
Her star - ry glance My guid - ing
I know her soul And mine are
dim.
1.
2.
light. one!
dim.

№ 5. THERE IS A GRAVEYARD IN MY HEART

Ping-Po and Chorus



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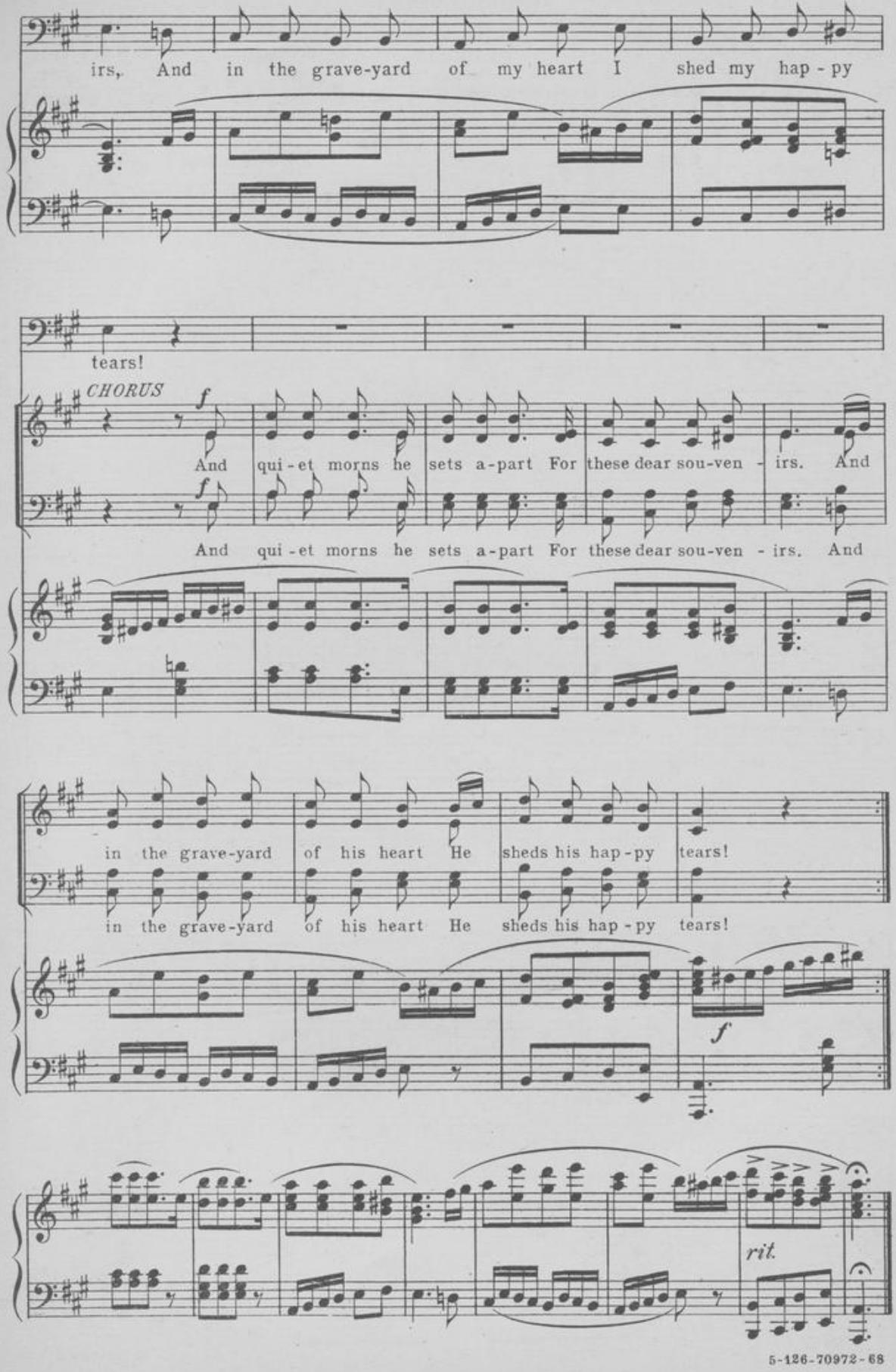
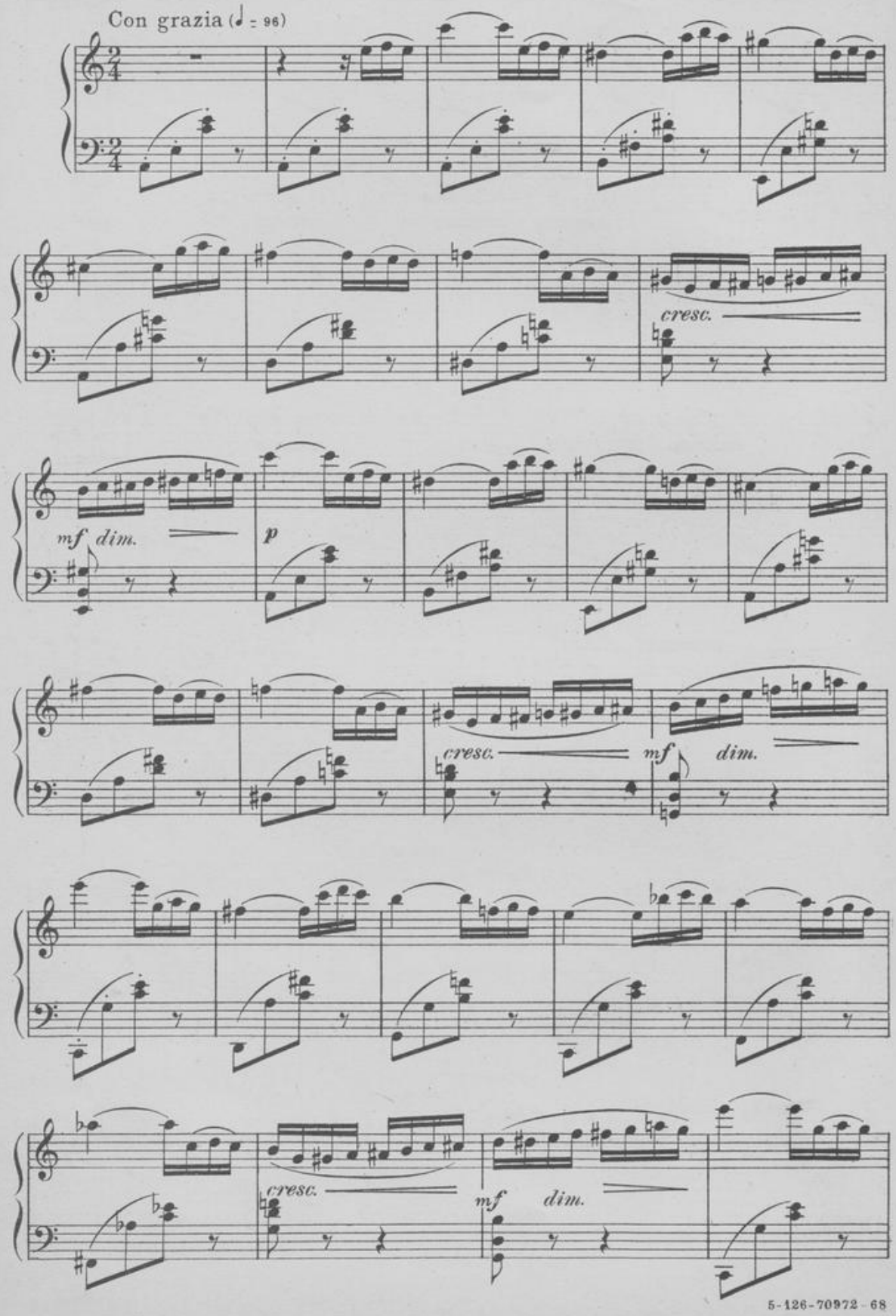
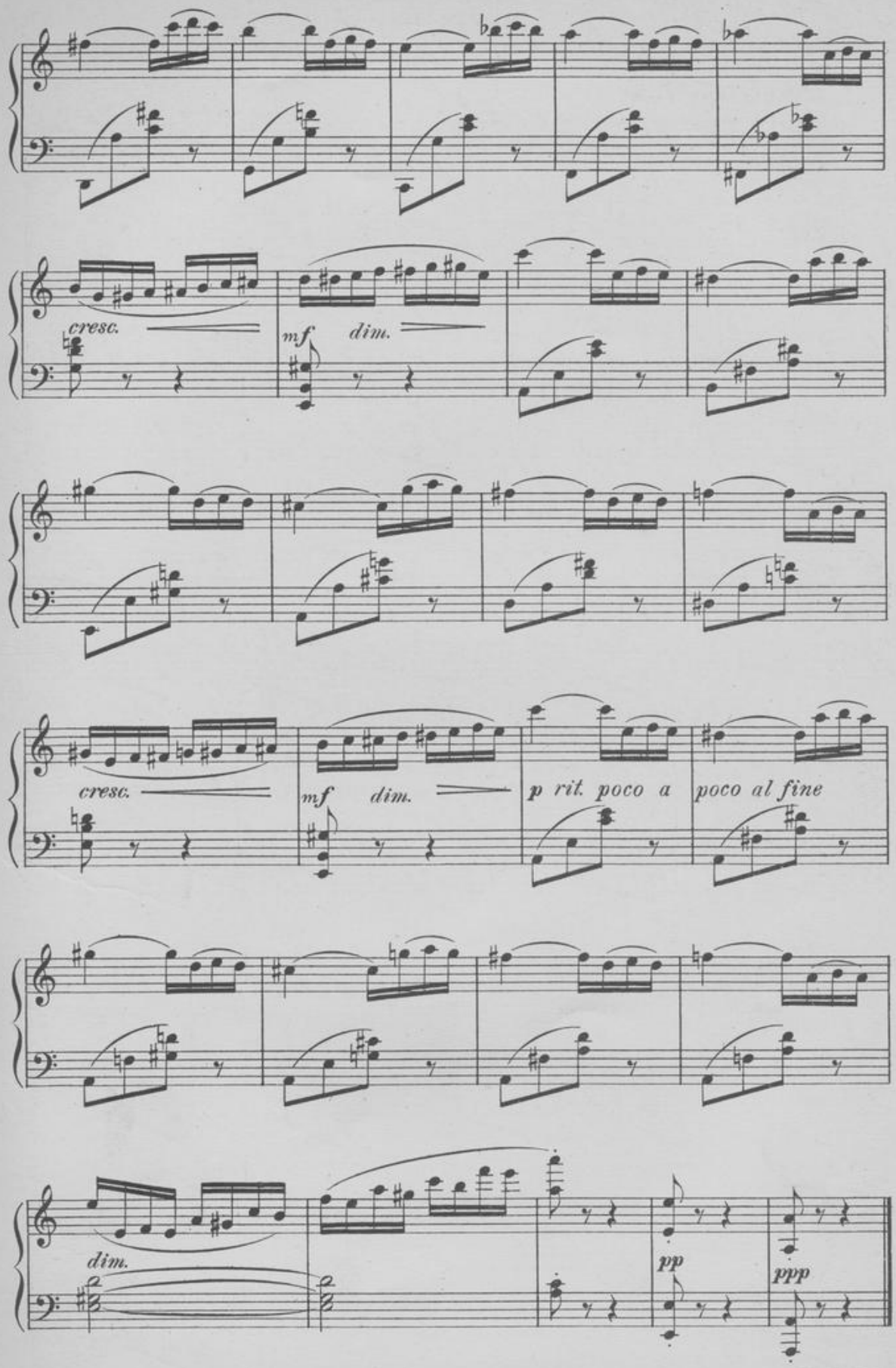

irs, And in the grave-yard of my heart I shed my hap - py
tears!
CHORUS
f
And qui - et morns he sets a-part For these dear sou-ven - irs. And
f
And qui - et morns he sets a-part For these dear sou-ven - irs. And
in the grave-yard of his heart He sheds his hap - py tears!
in the grave-yard of his heart He sheds his hap - py tears!
f
rit.

№6. DANCE: THE BIRD'S-NEST DIP

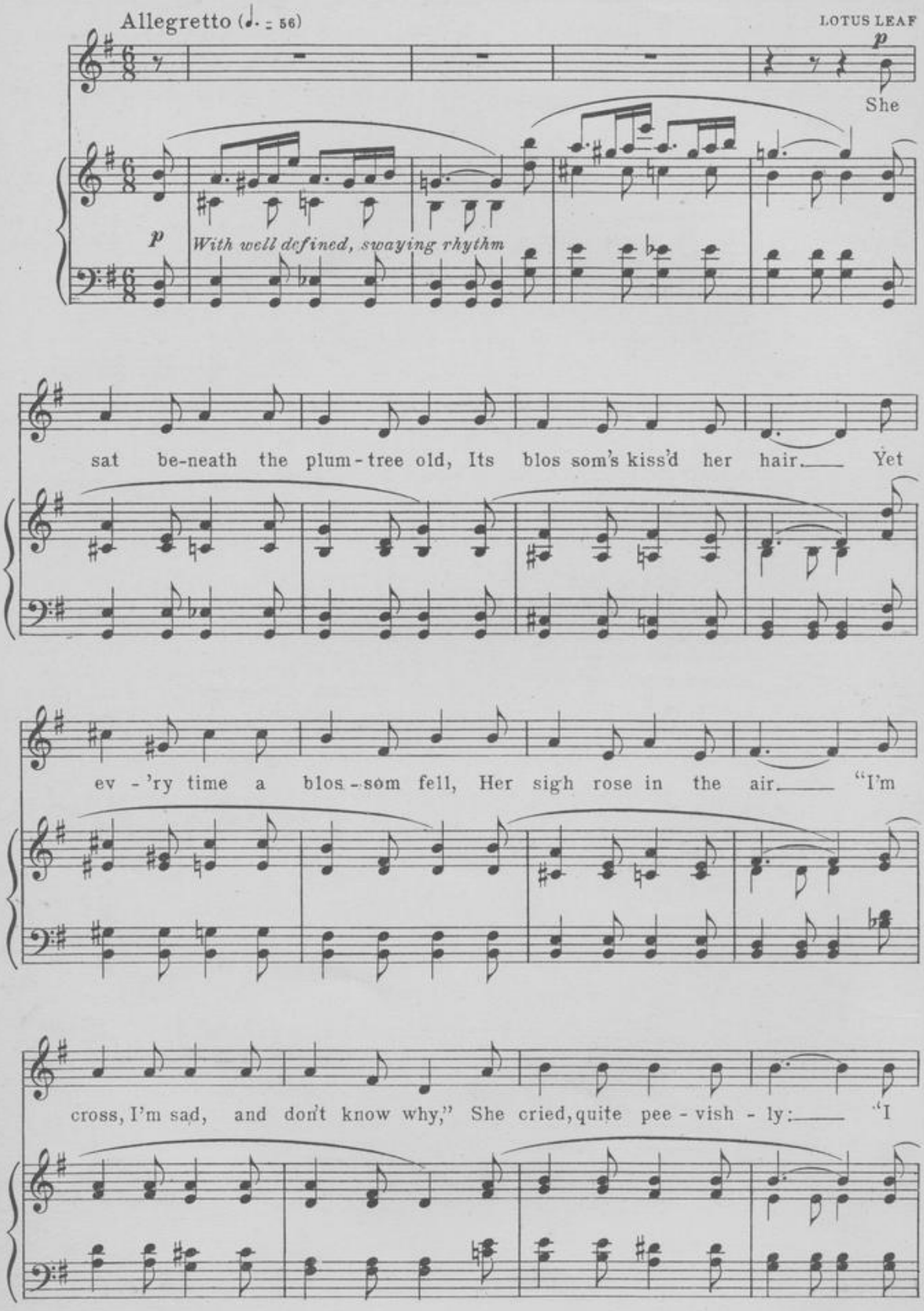
Miss Tip-Toe

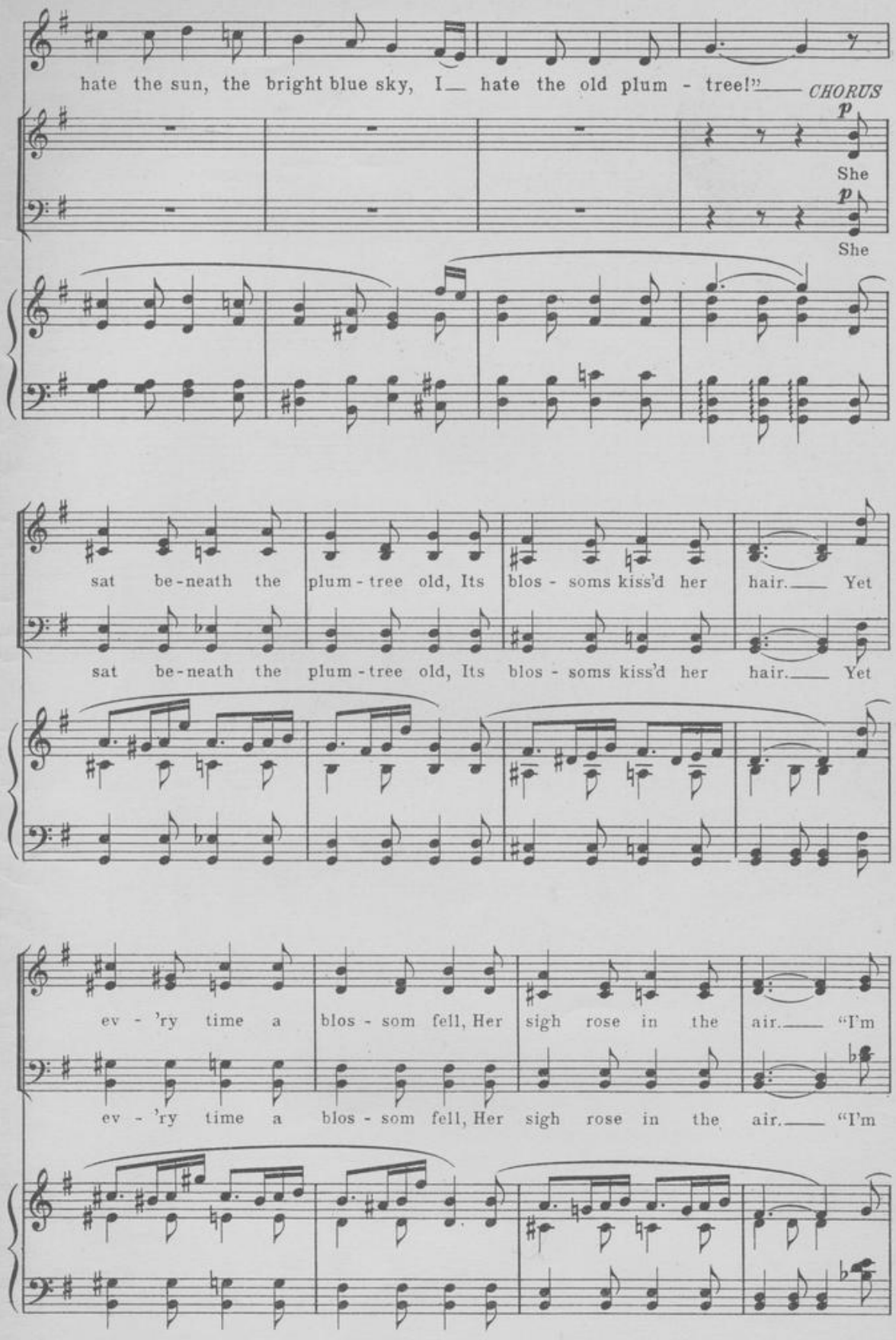


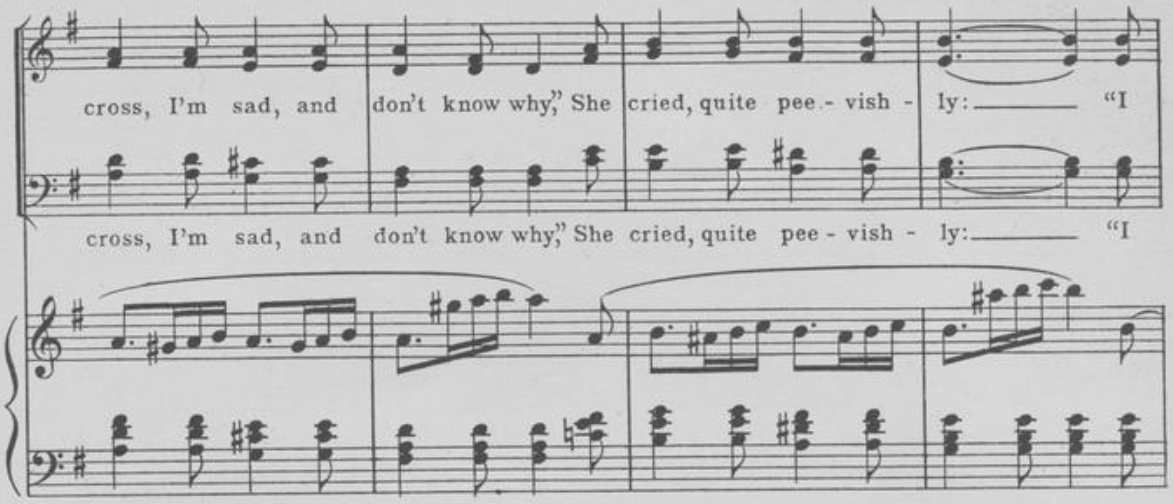

cresc.
mf
dim.
cresc.
mf
dim.
p rit. poco a
poco al fine
dim.
pp
ppp

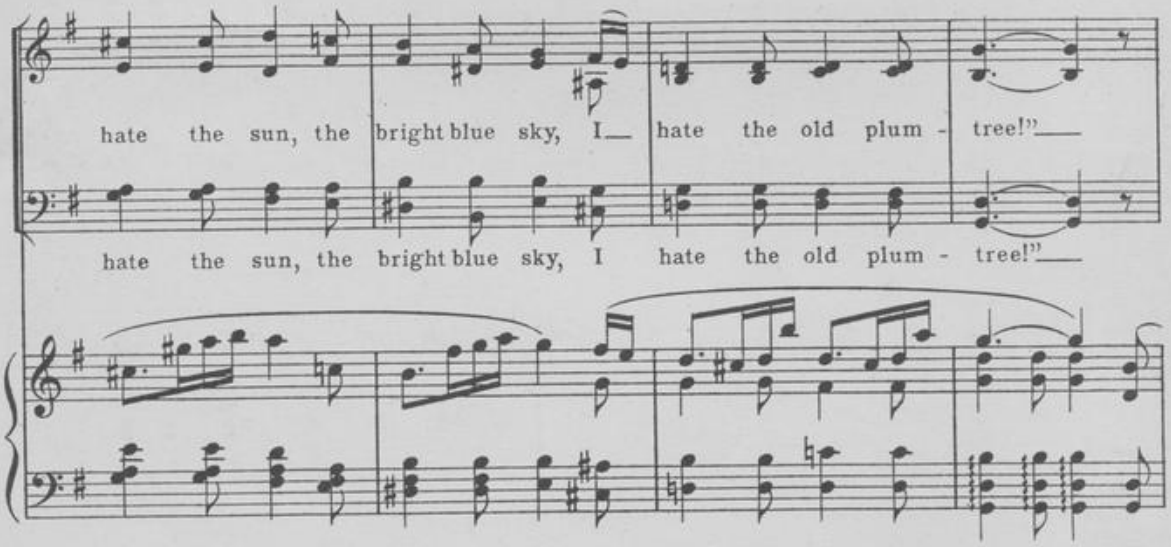
№ 7. THE OLD PLUM-TREE

Lotus Leaf, Ping-Po and Chorus

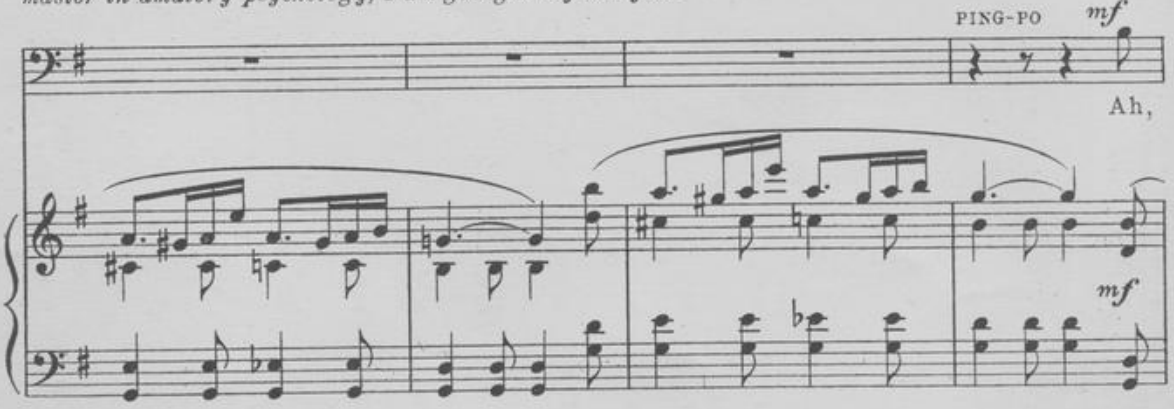


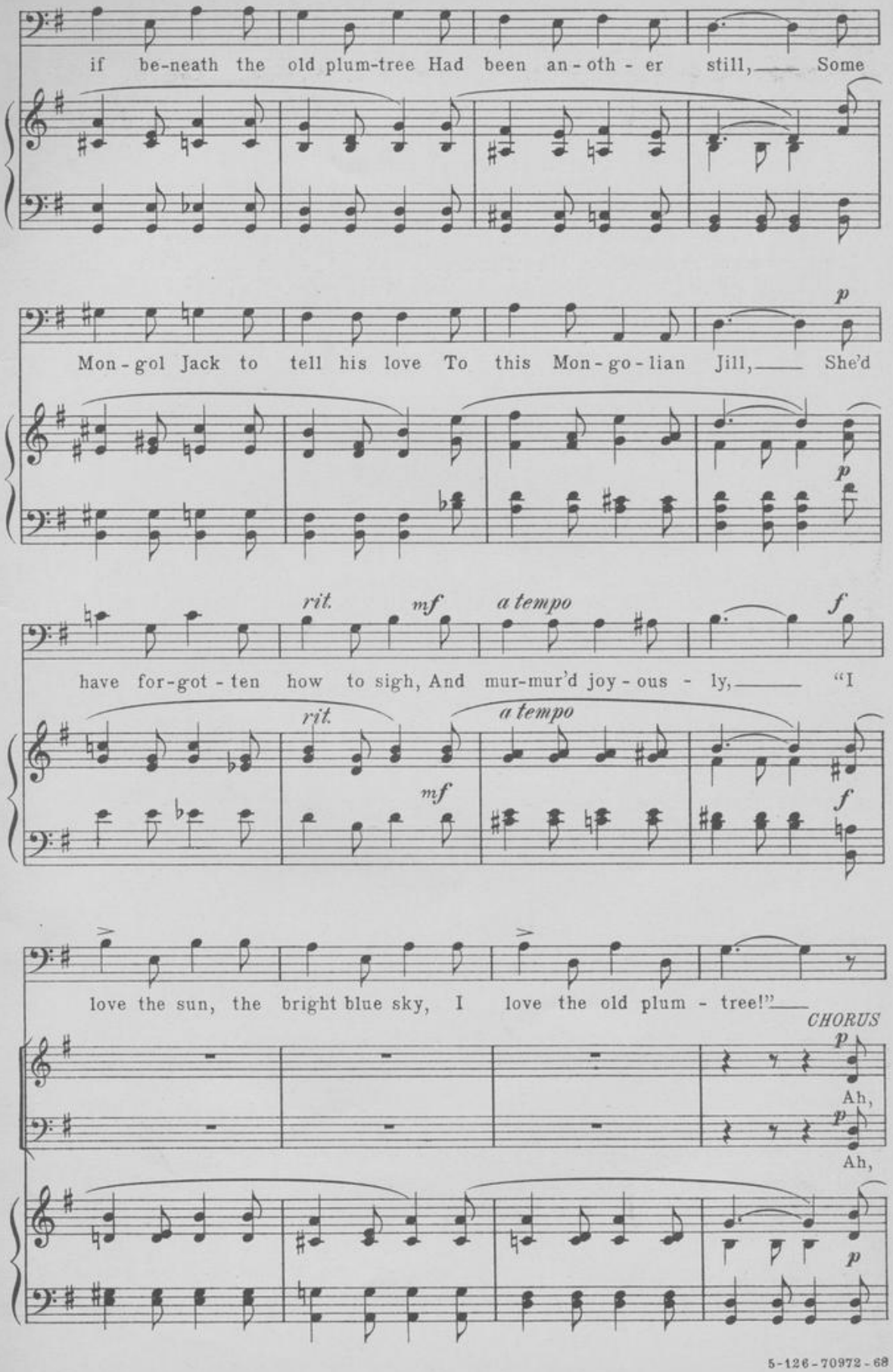

hate the sun, the bright blue sky, I hate the old plum - tree!"
CHORUS
p
She
p
She
sat be-neath the plum-tree old, Its blos - soms kiss'd her hair. Yet
sat be-neath the plum-tree old, Its blos - soms kiss'd her hair. Yet
ev - 'ry time a blos - som fell, Her sigh rose in the air. "I'm
ev - 'ry time a blos - som fell, Her sigh rose in the air. "I'm

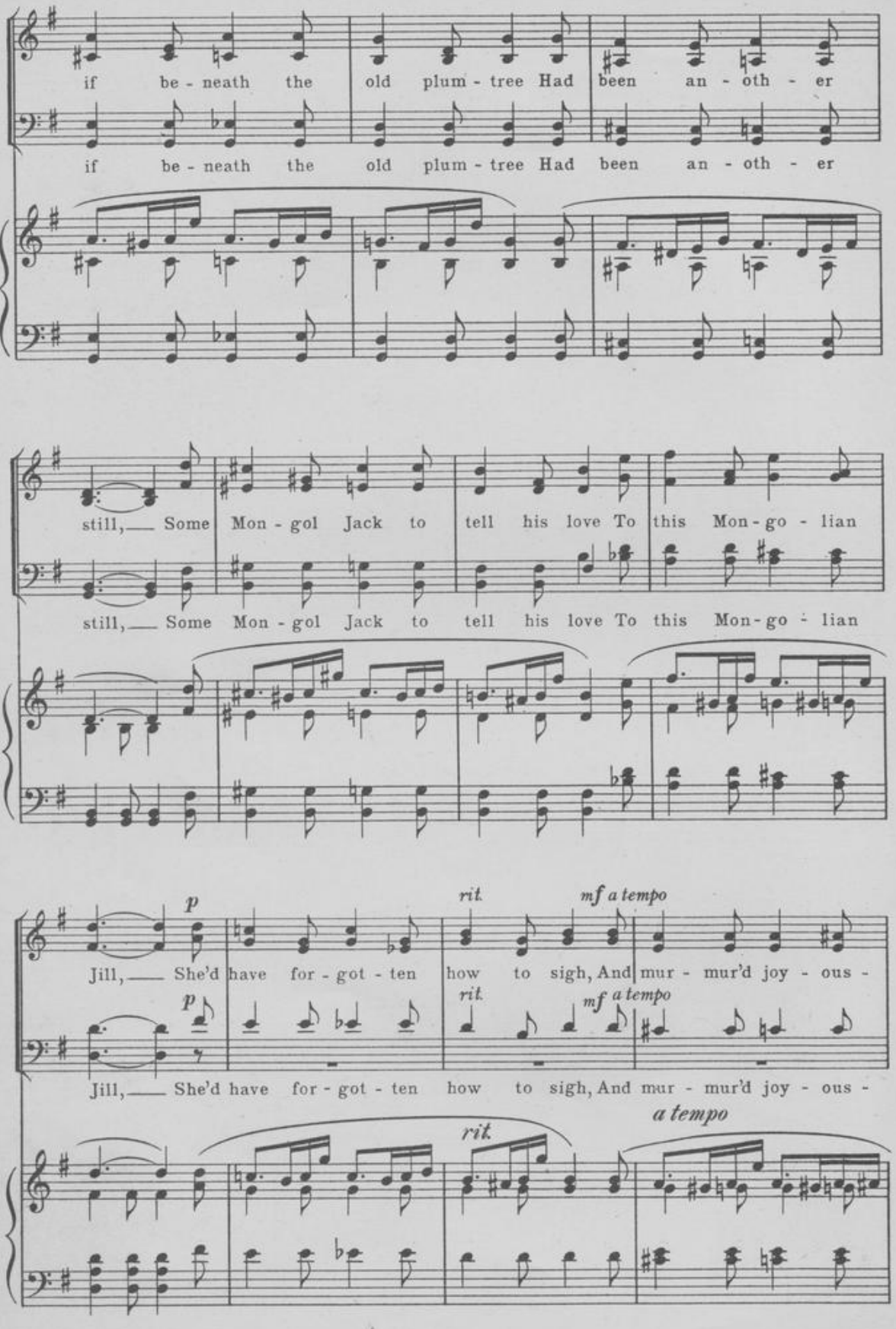


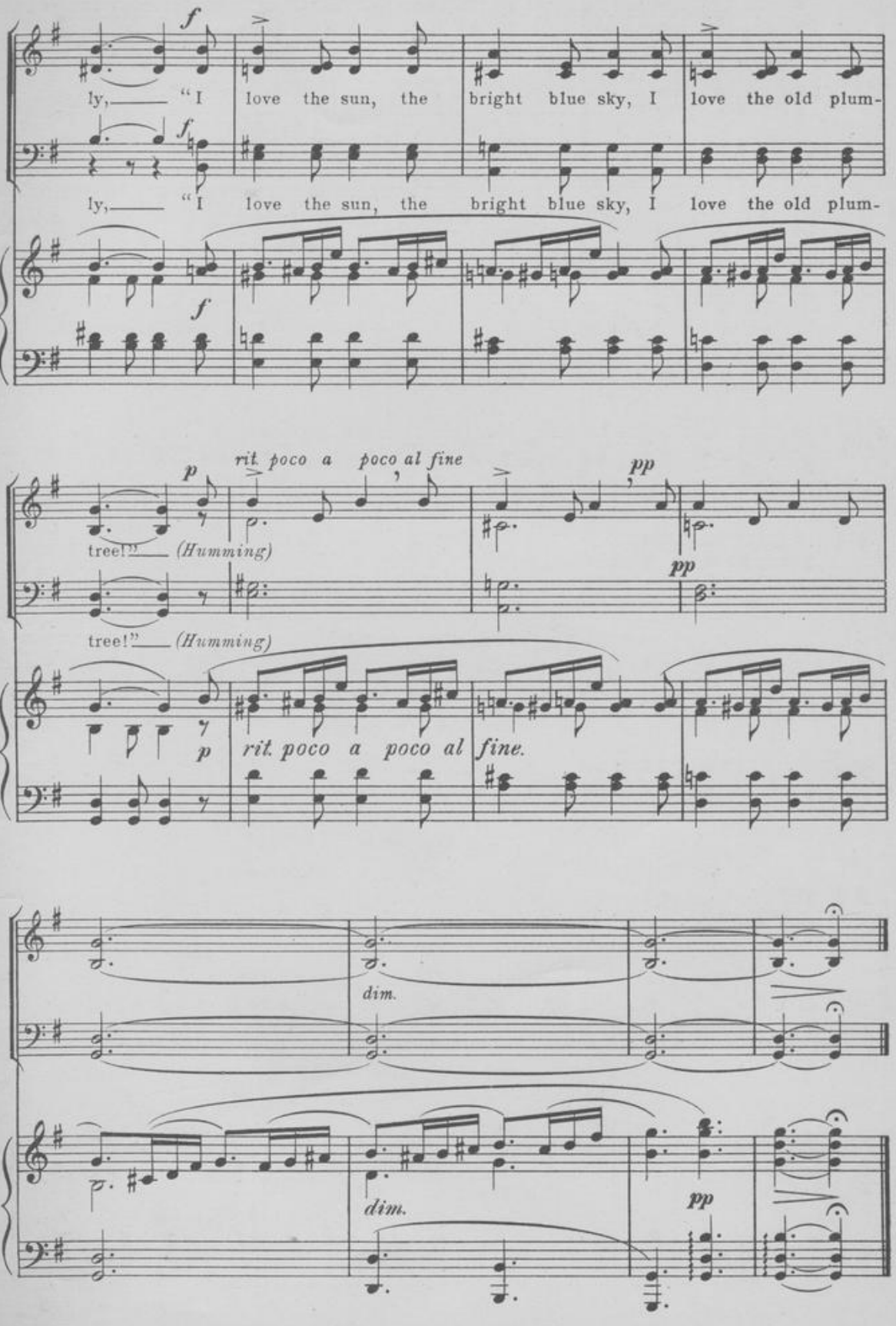


Ping-Po *(stepping forward) I know what was the matter with that girl. And as a past grand master in amatory psychology, I am going to inform you.*

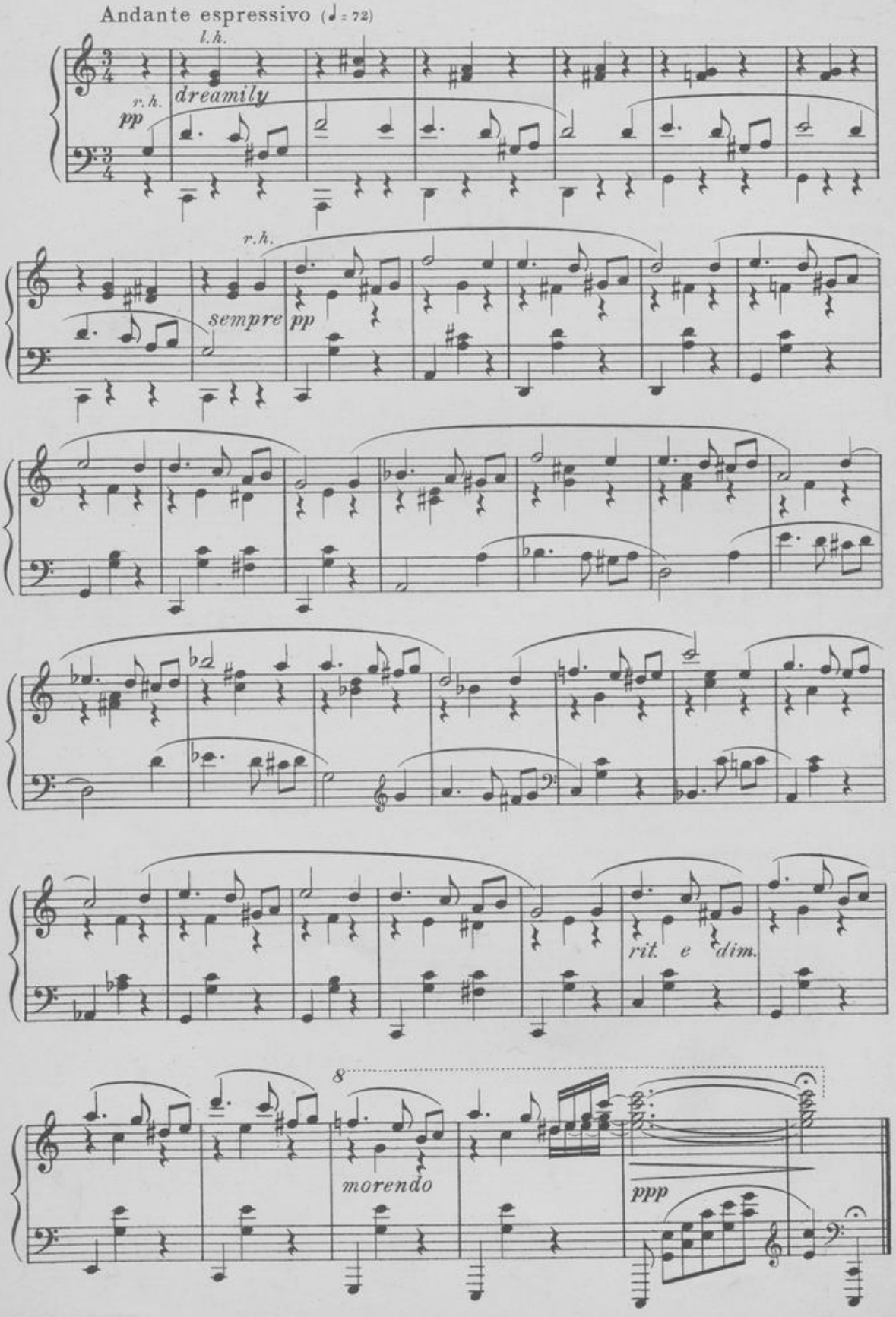



if be-neath the old plum-tree Had been an-oth-er still, Some
Mon-gol Jack to tell his love To this Mon-go-lian Jill, She'd
p
rit.
mf
a tempo
f
have for-got-ten how to sigh, And mur-mur'd joy-ous-ly, "I
love the sun, the bright blue sky, I love the old plum-tree!"
CHORUS
Ah,
Ah,


if be - neath the old plum - tree Had been an - oth - er
if be - neath the old plum - tree Had been an - oth - er
still, Some Mon - gol Jack to tell his love To this Mon - go - lian
still, Some Mon - gol Jack to tell his love To this Mon - go - lian
p
Jill, She'd have for - got - ten how to sigh, And
rit.
mf a tempo
mur - mur'd joy - ous -
p
Jill, She'd have for - got - ten how to sigh, And
rit.
mf a tempo
mur - mur'd joy - ous -
rit.
a tempo

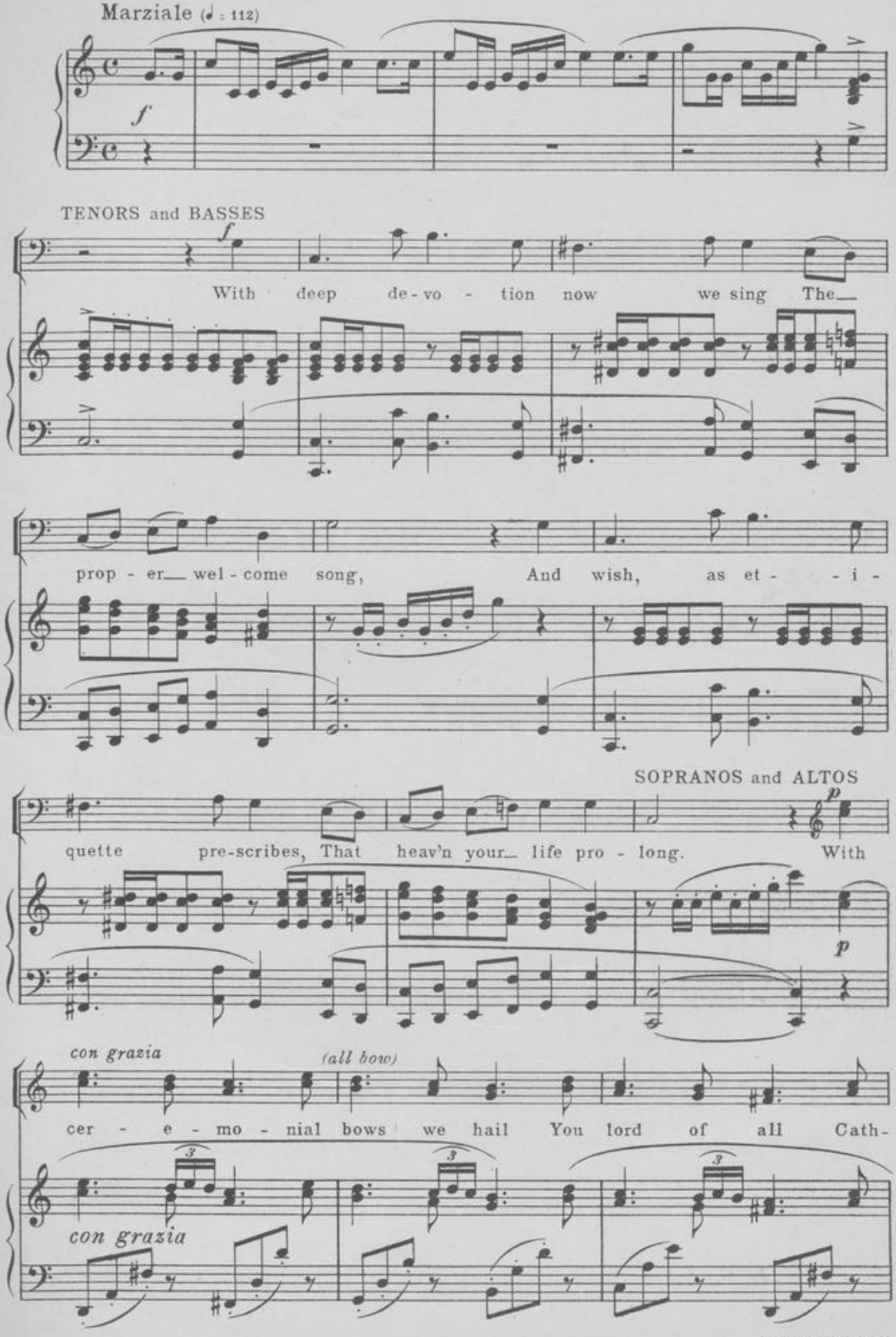

f
ly, "I love the sun, the bright blue sky, I love the old plum-
f
ly, "I love the sun, the bright blue sky, I love the old plum-
f
p
rit. poco a poco al fine
pp
tree!" (Humming)
pp
tree!" (Humming)
p
rit. poco a poco al fine.
dim.
dim.
pp

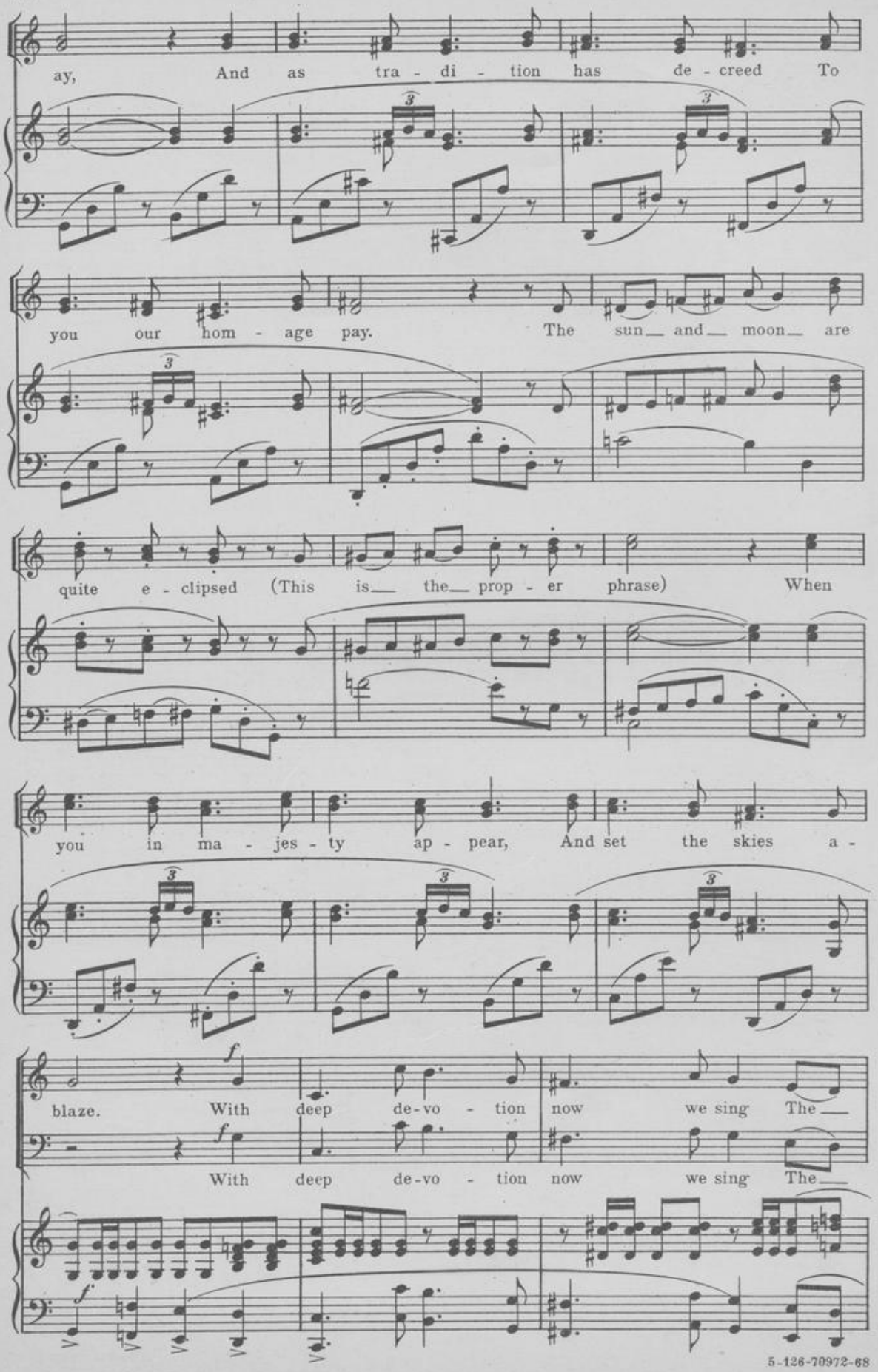
№ 8 INTERMEZZO -"Little Almond-Eyes"

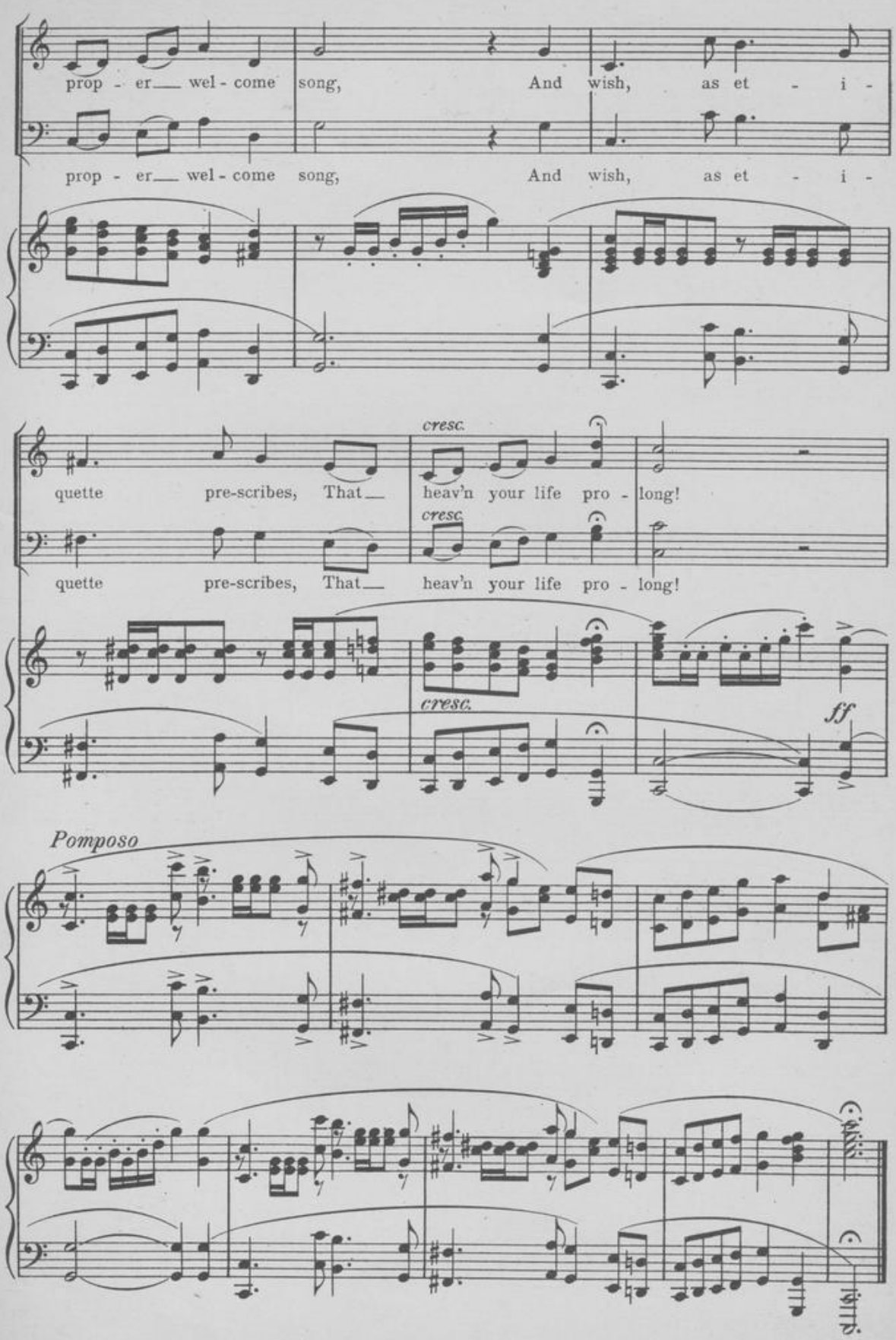


№9 WITH DEEP DEVOTION NOW WE SING

Chorus

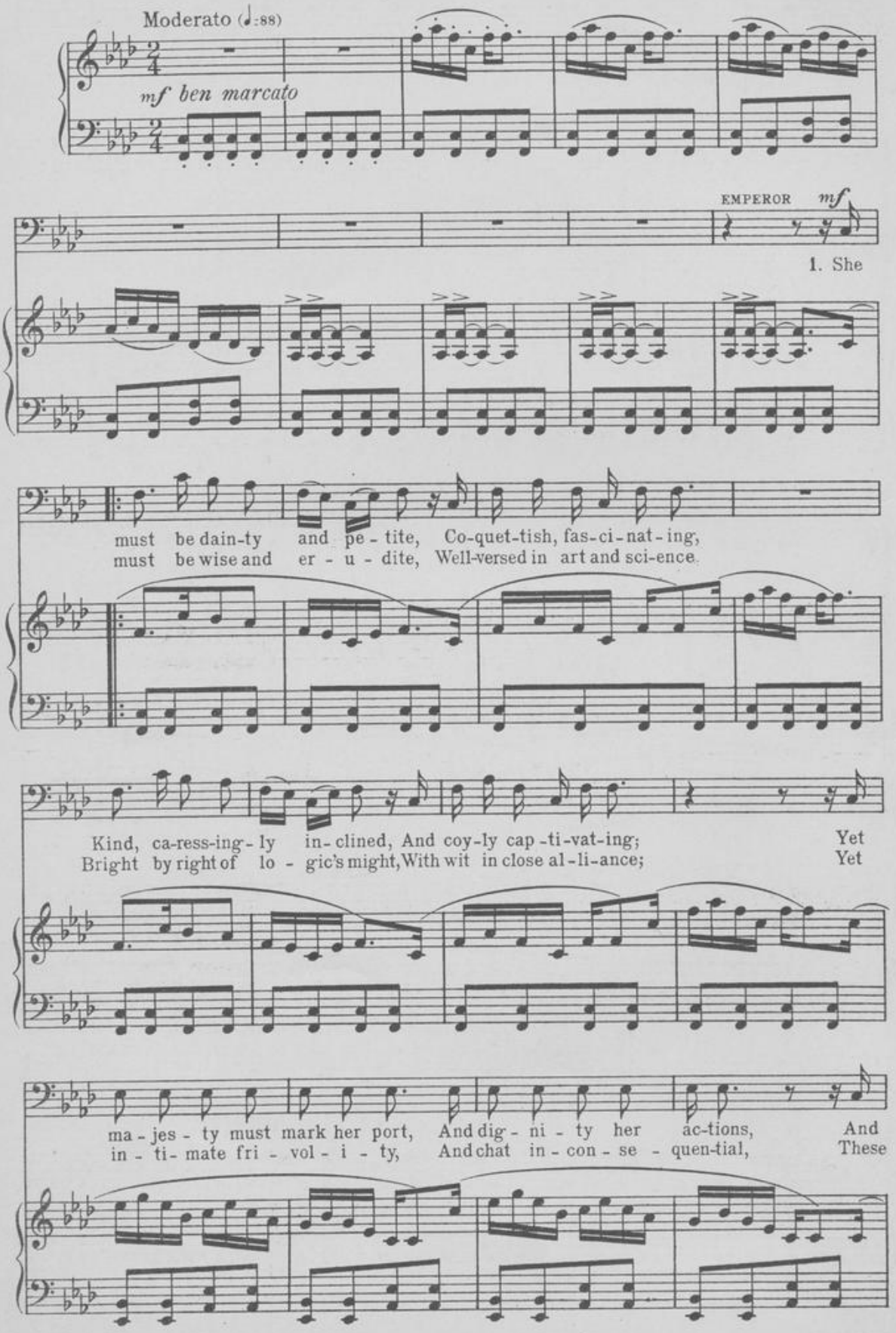


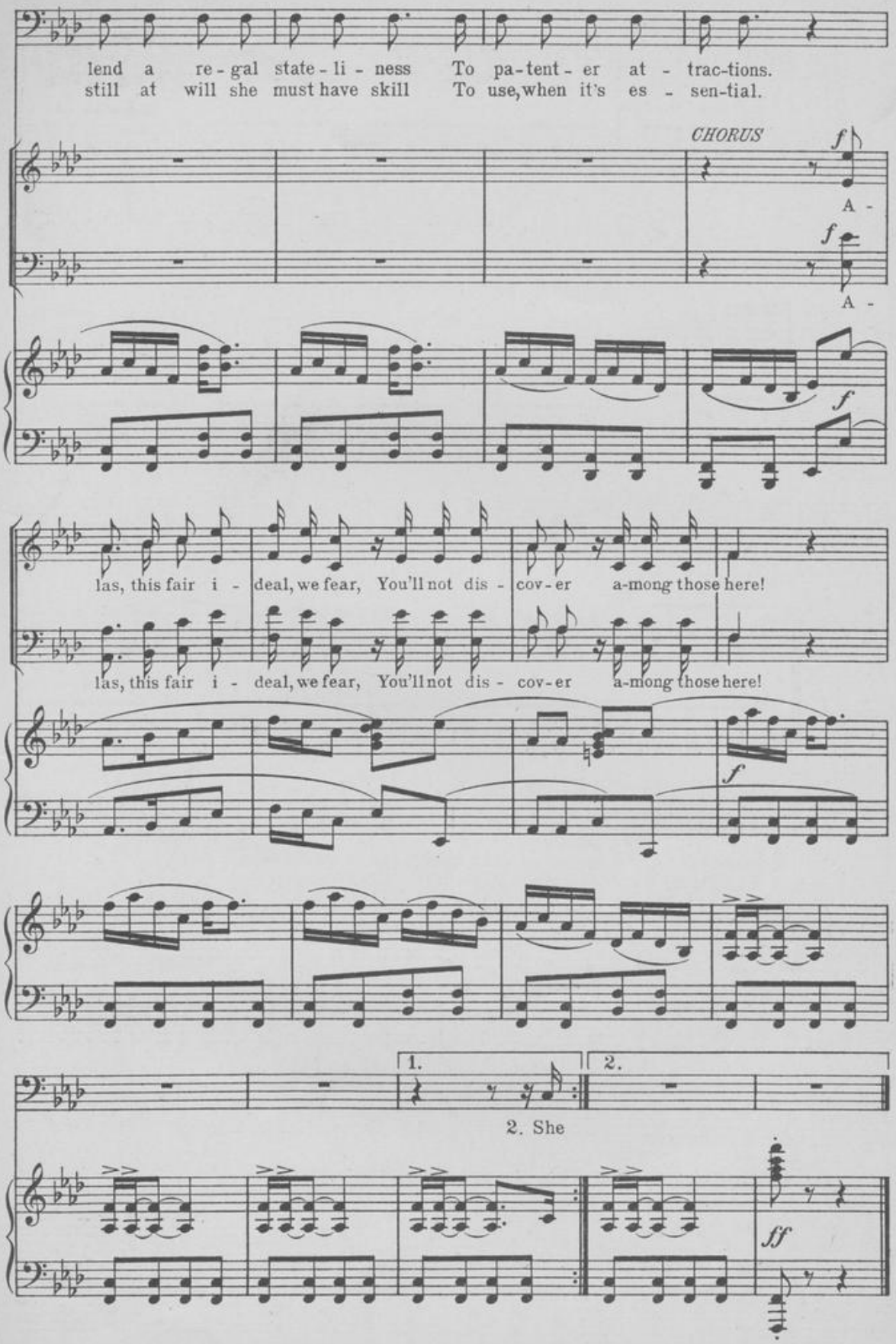

ay, And as tra - di - tion has de - creed To
you our hom - age pay. The sun and moon are
quite e - clipsed (This is the prop - er phrase) When
you in ma - jes - ty ap - pear, And set the skies a -
blaze. With deep de-vo - tion now we sing The
With deep de-vo - tion now we sing The


prop - er__ wel - come song, And wish, as et - i -
prop - er__ wel - come song, And wish, as et - i -
quette pre-scribes, That__ heav'n your life pro - long!
cresc.
quette pre-scribes, That__ heav'n your life pro - long!
cresc.
cresc.
ff
Pomposo

№ 10 MY IDEAL

Emperor and Chorus





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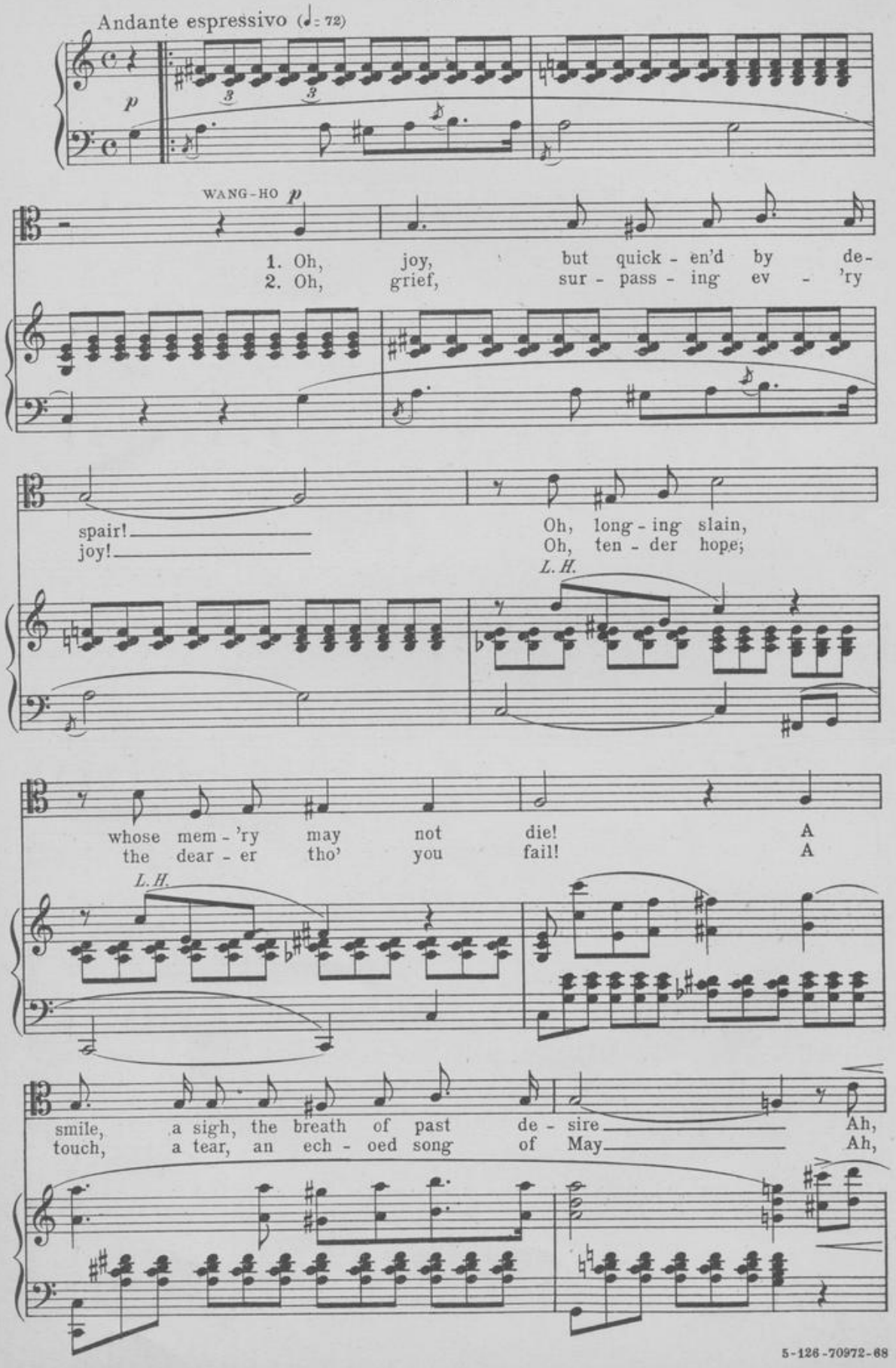
№ 11 LOVE

Wang-Ho



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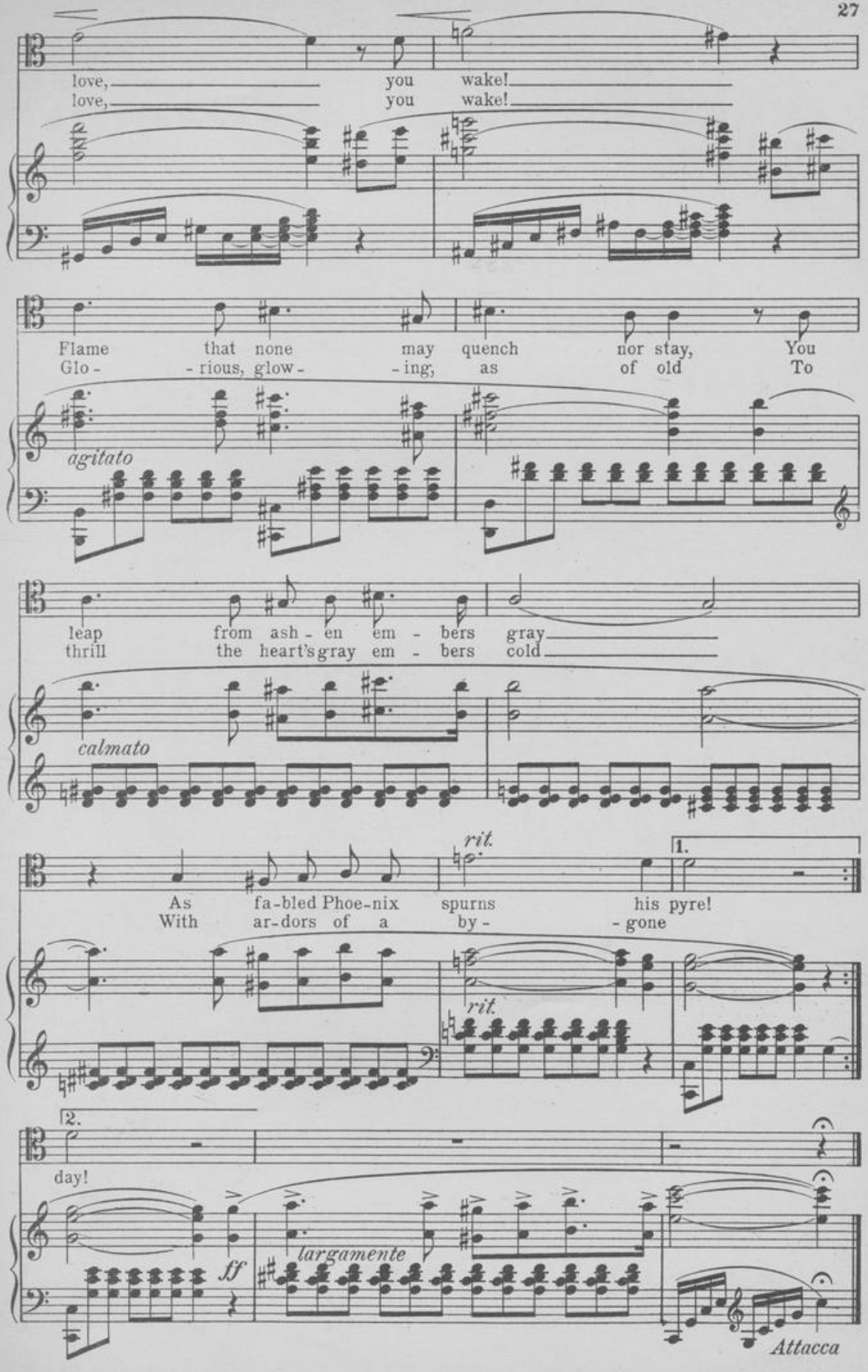

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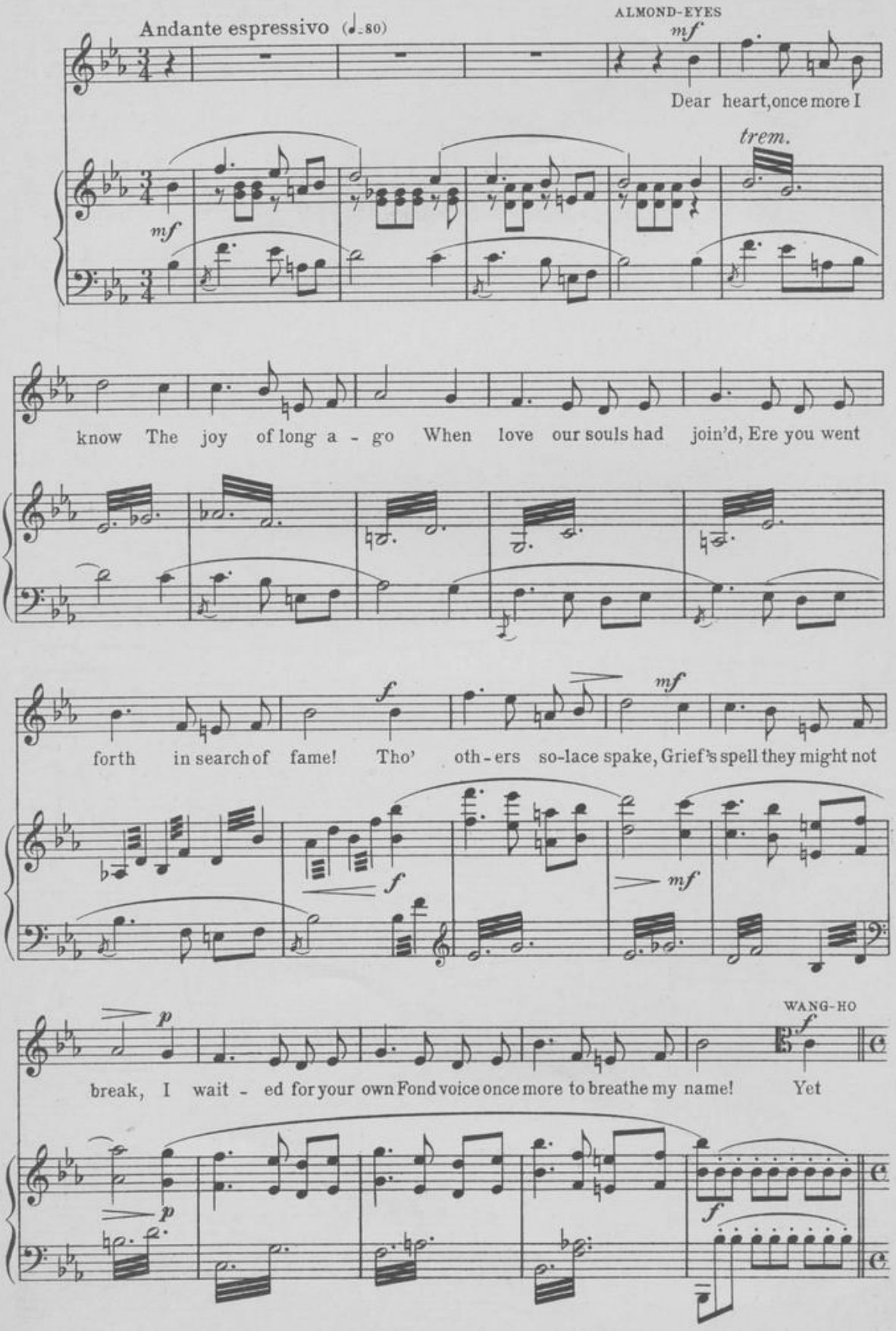
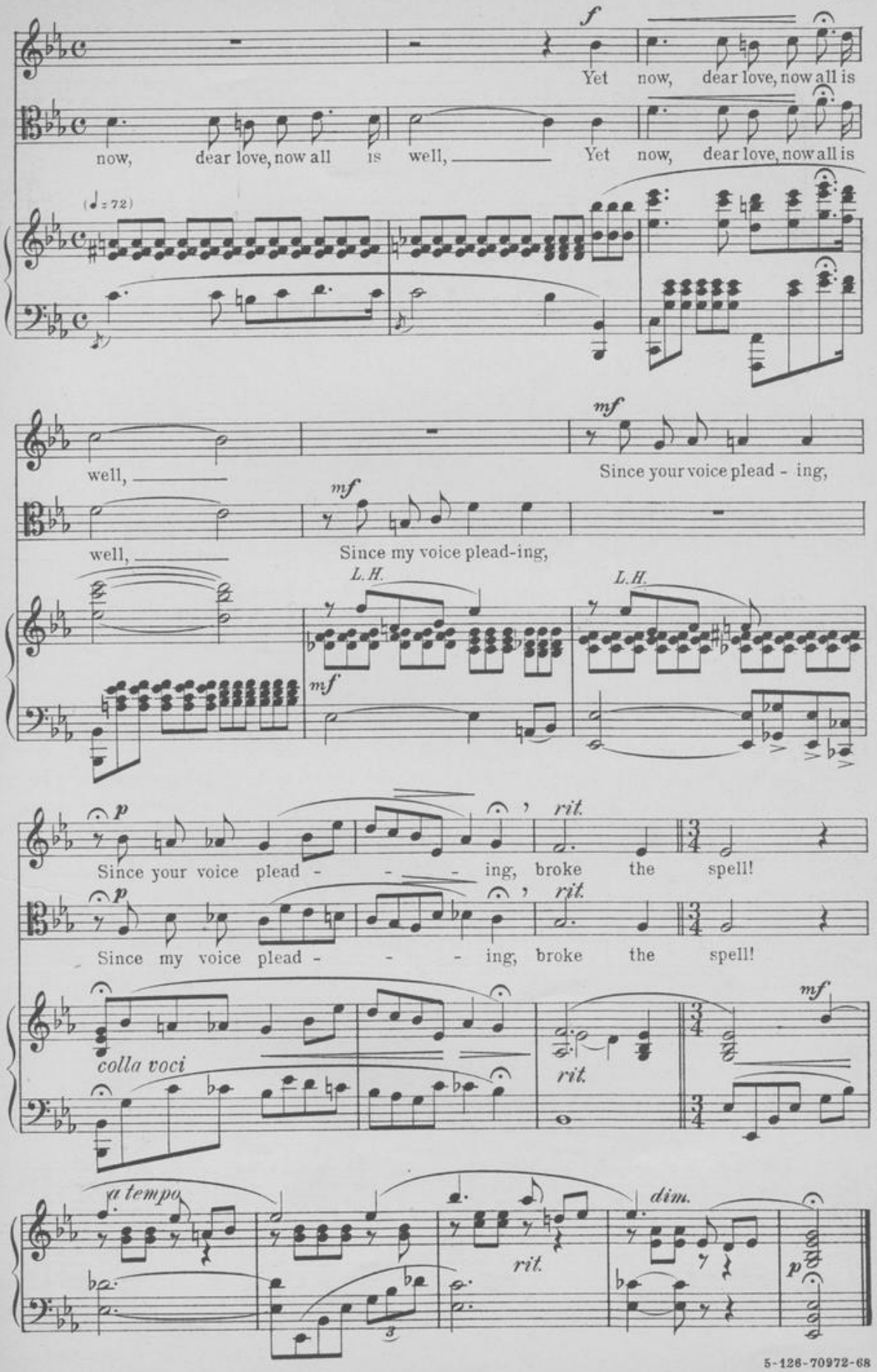
№ 12 DEAR HEART, ONCE MORE I KNOW

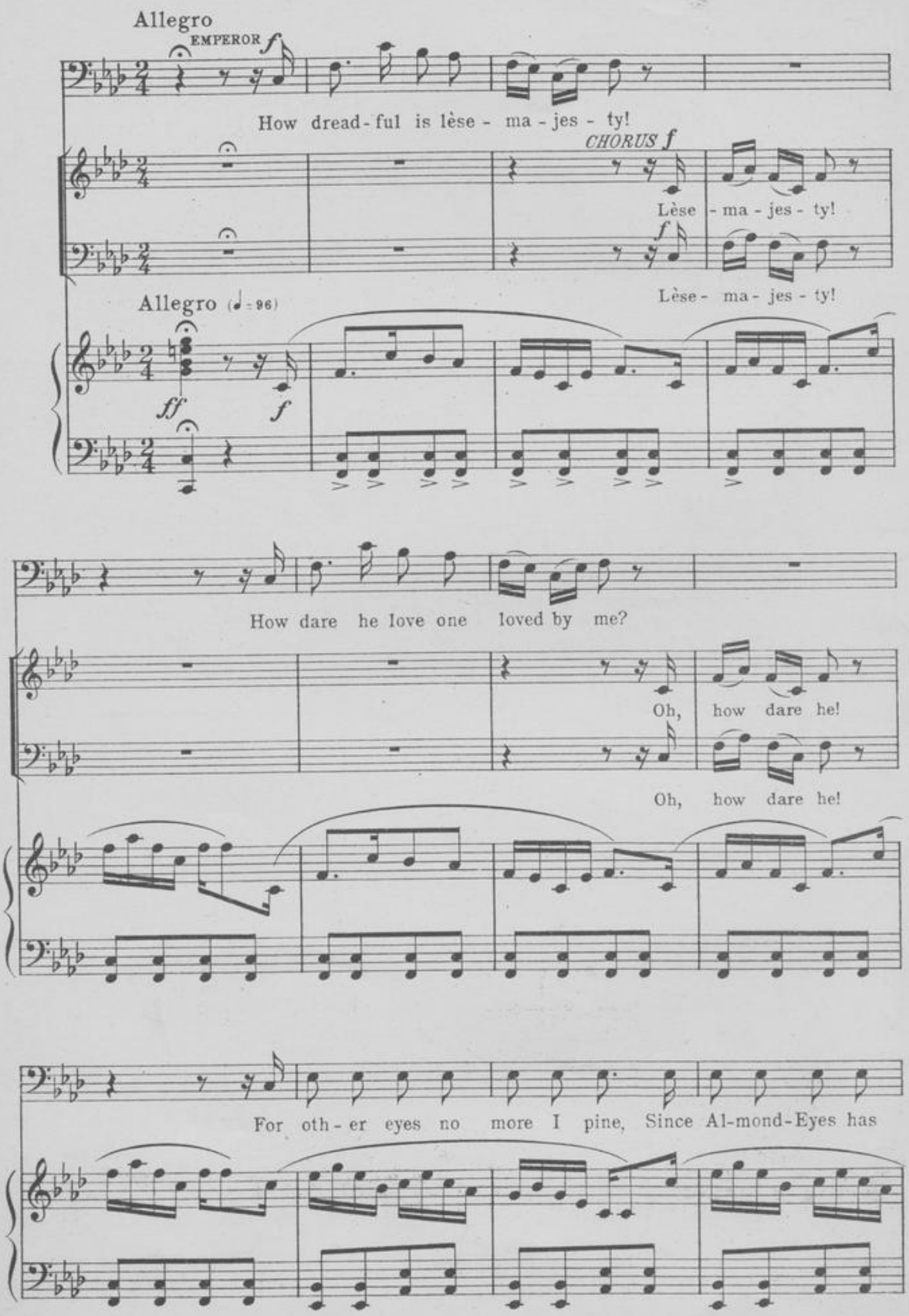
Almond-Eyes and Wang-Ho

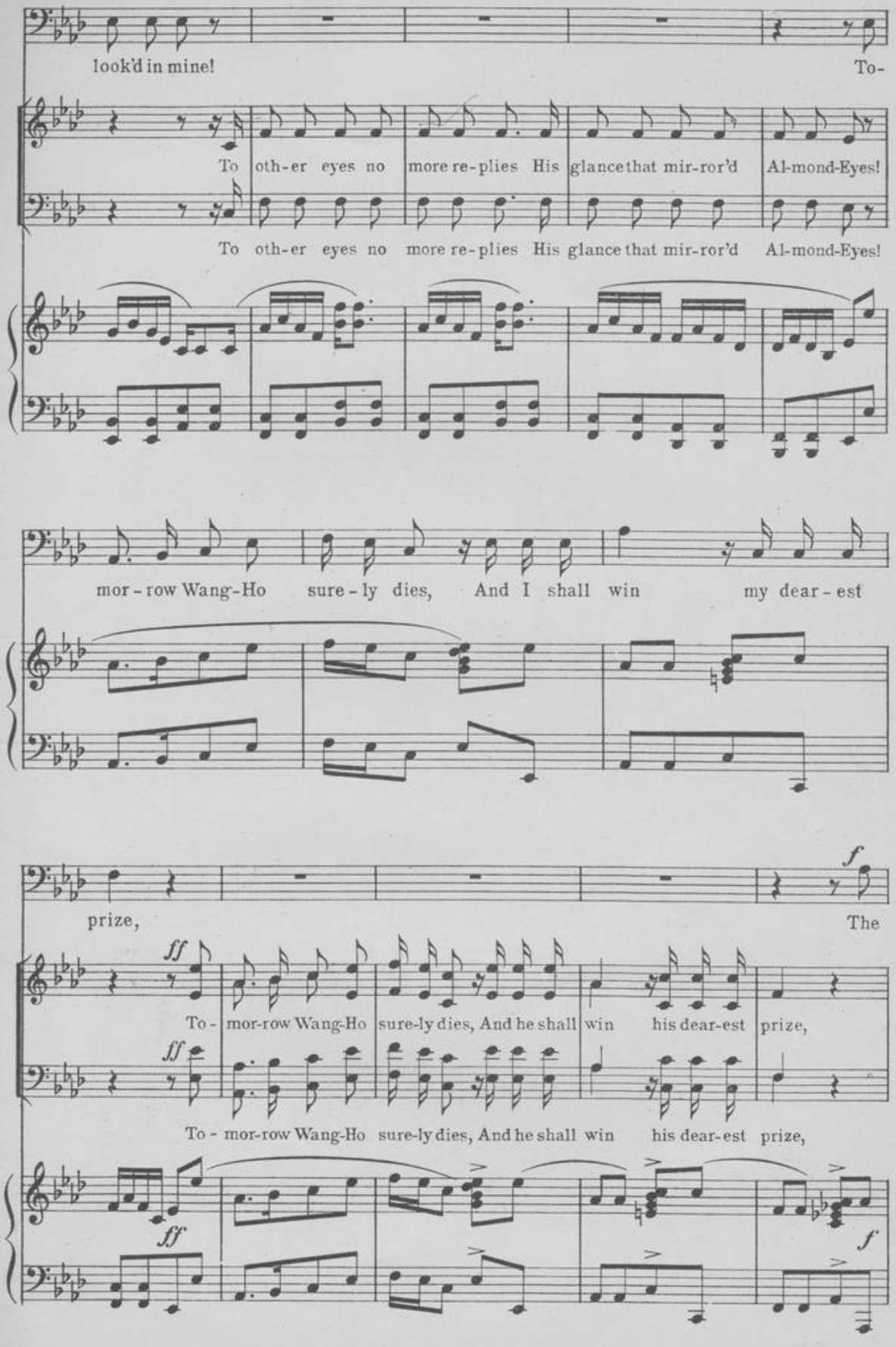


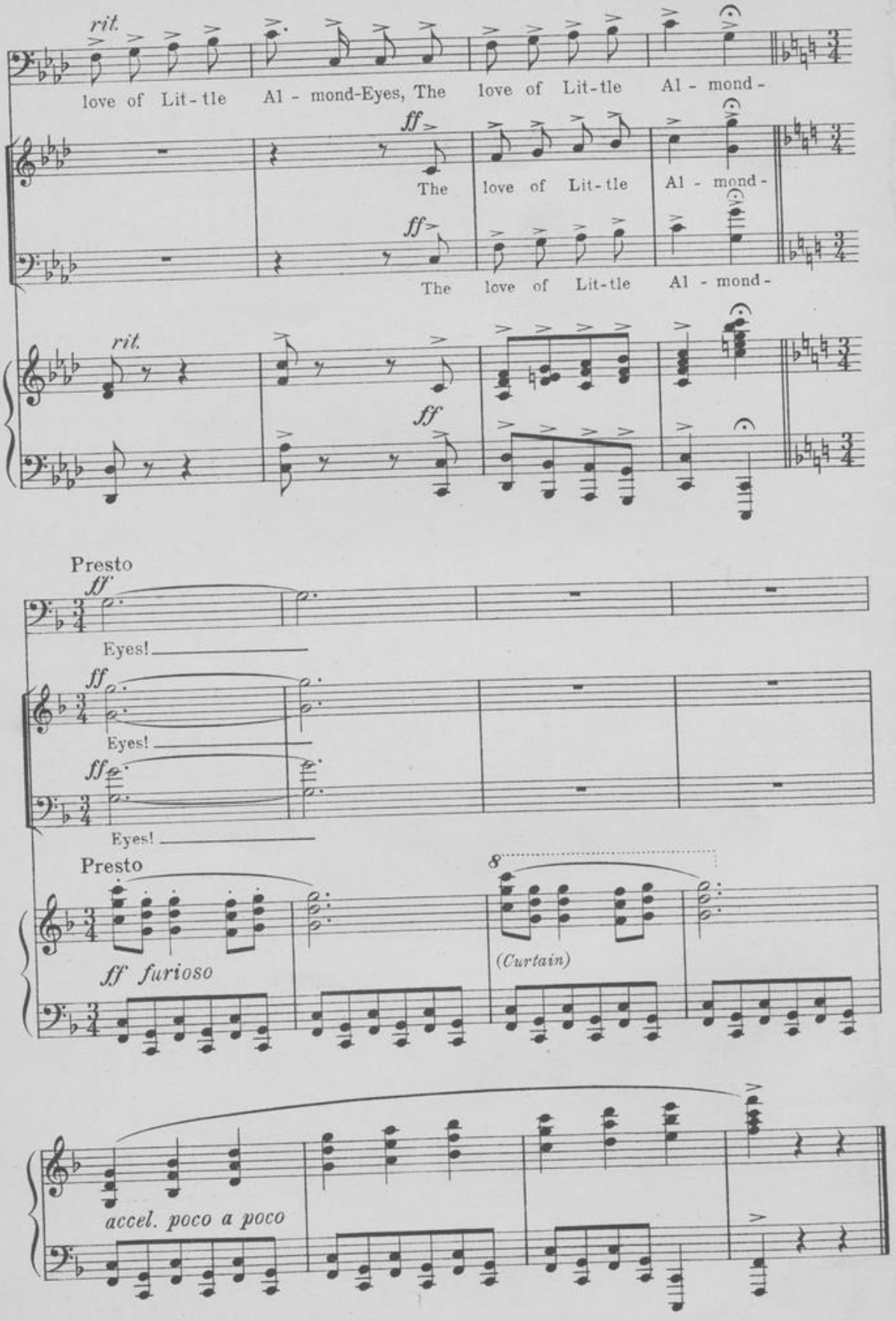

f
Yet now, dear love, now all is
now, dear love, now all is well, Yet now, dear love, now all is
(♩= 72)
mf
well, Since your voice plead - ing,
mf
well, Since my voice plead-ing,
L.H.
L.H.
mf
p
rit.
Since your voice plead - - - ing, broke the spell!
p
rit.
Since my voice plead - - - ing, broke the spell!
mf
colla voci
rit.
a tempo
rit.
dim.
p

№13 FINALE: HOW DREADFUL IS LÈSE-MAJESTY!

Emperor and Chorus




look'd in mine!
To-
To oth-er eyes no more re-plies His glance that mir-ror'd Al-mond-Eyes!
To oth-er eyes no more re-plies His glance that mir-ror'd Al-mond-Eyes!
mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And I shall win my dear-est
prize,
The
ff
To- mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And he shall win his dear-est prize,
ff
To- mor-row Wang-Ho sure-ly dies, And he shall win his dear-est prize,
ff
f

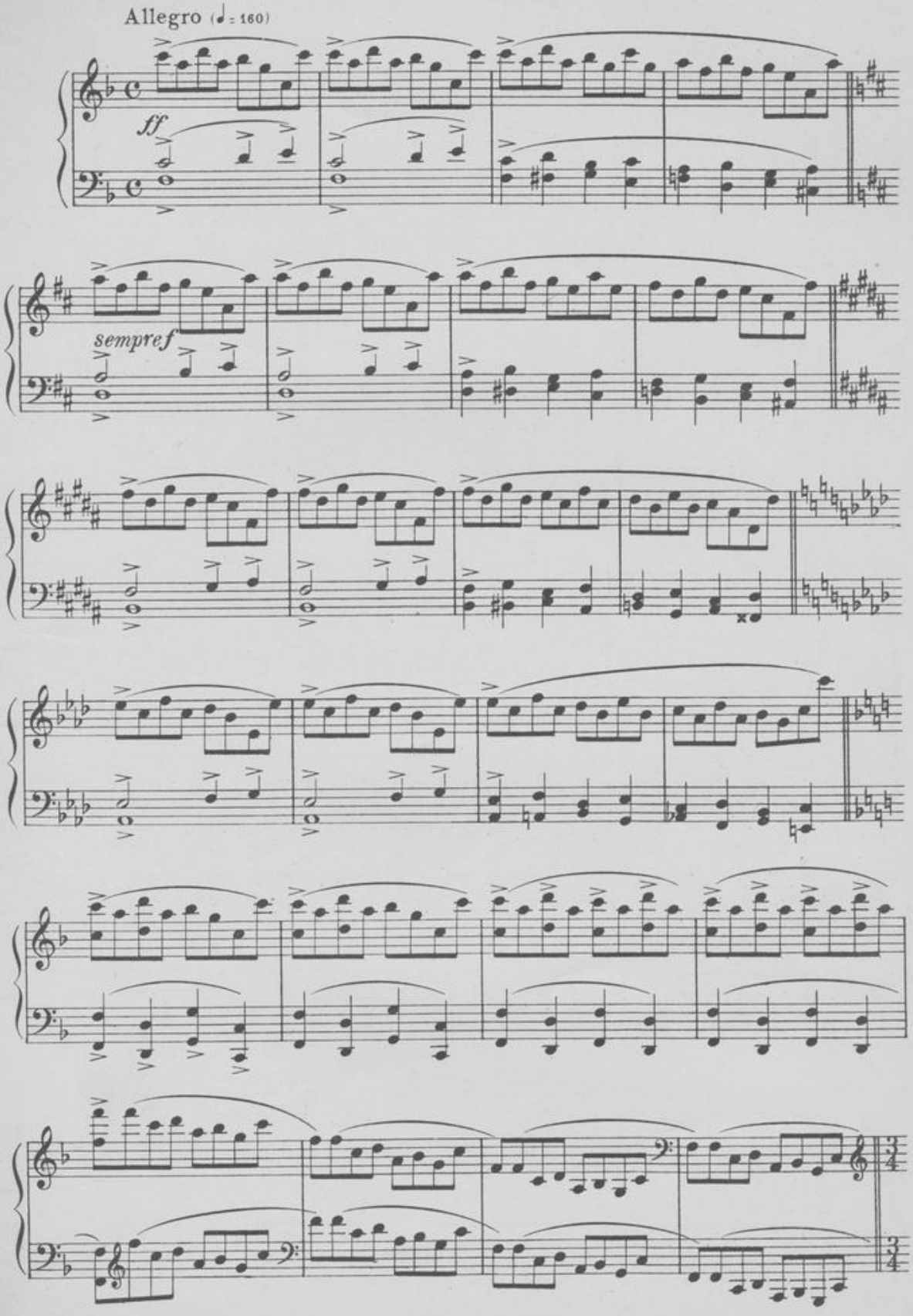


End of Act I

5-126-70972-68

Act II

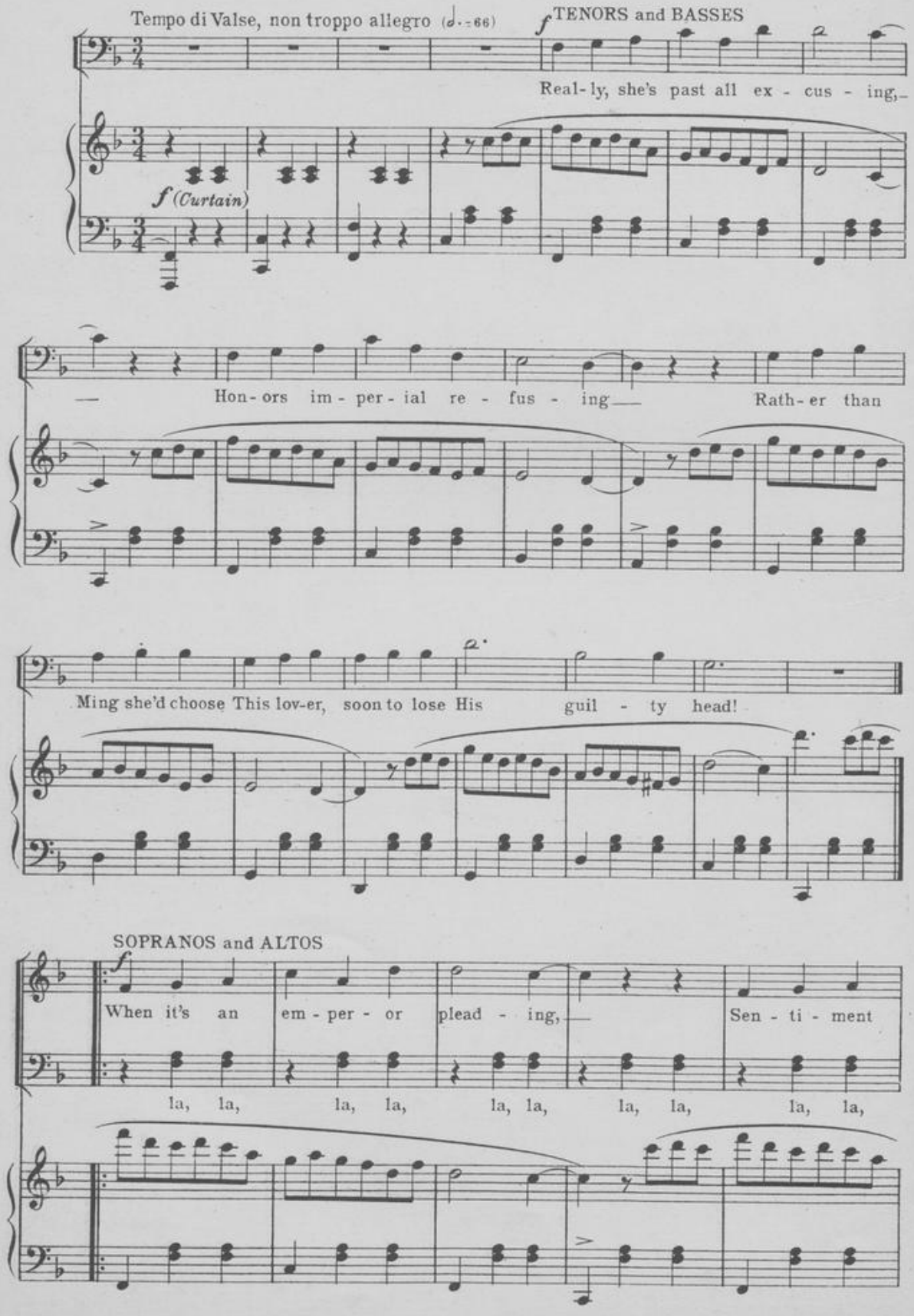
№ 14 INTRODUCTION

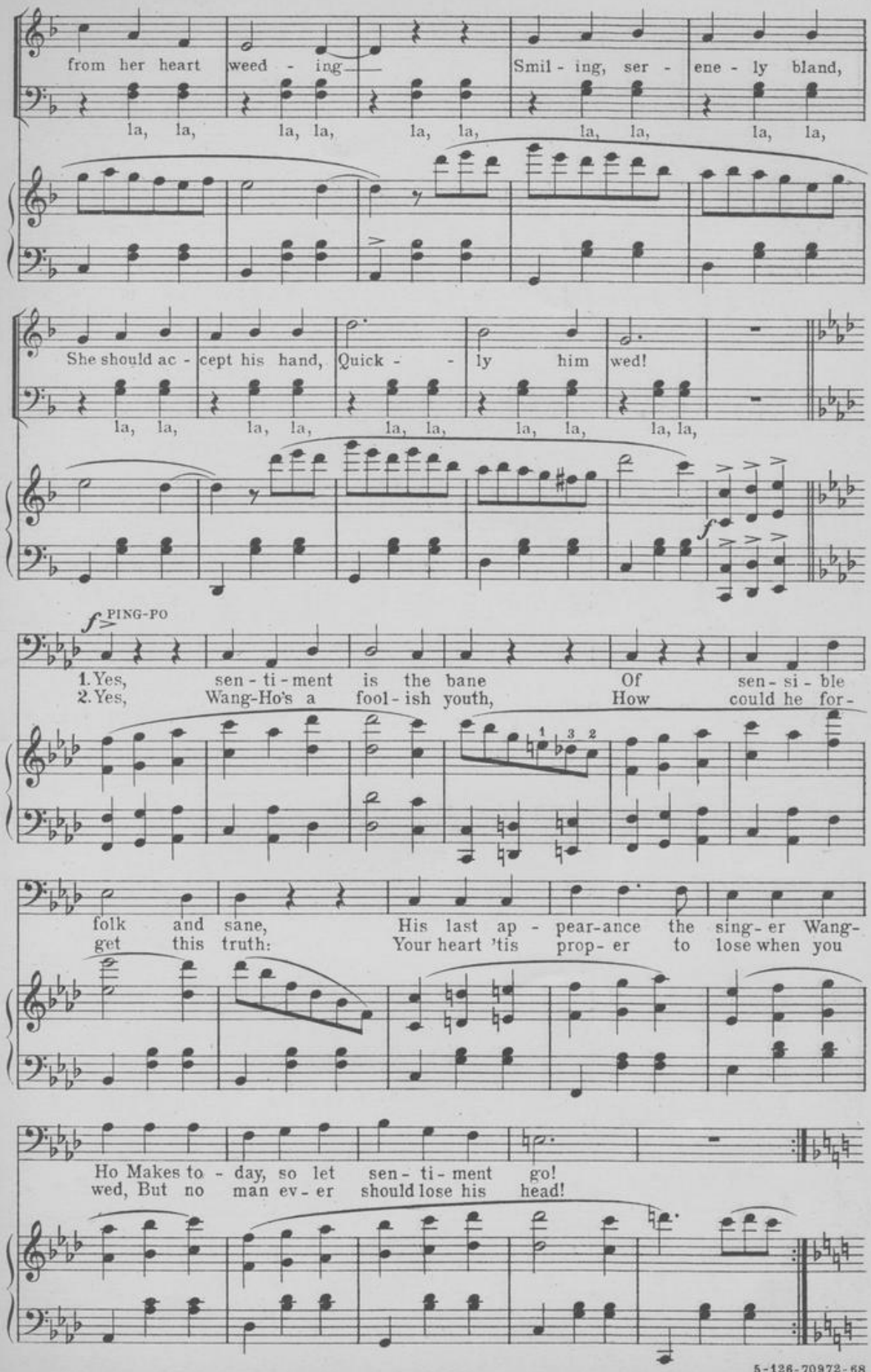


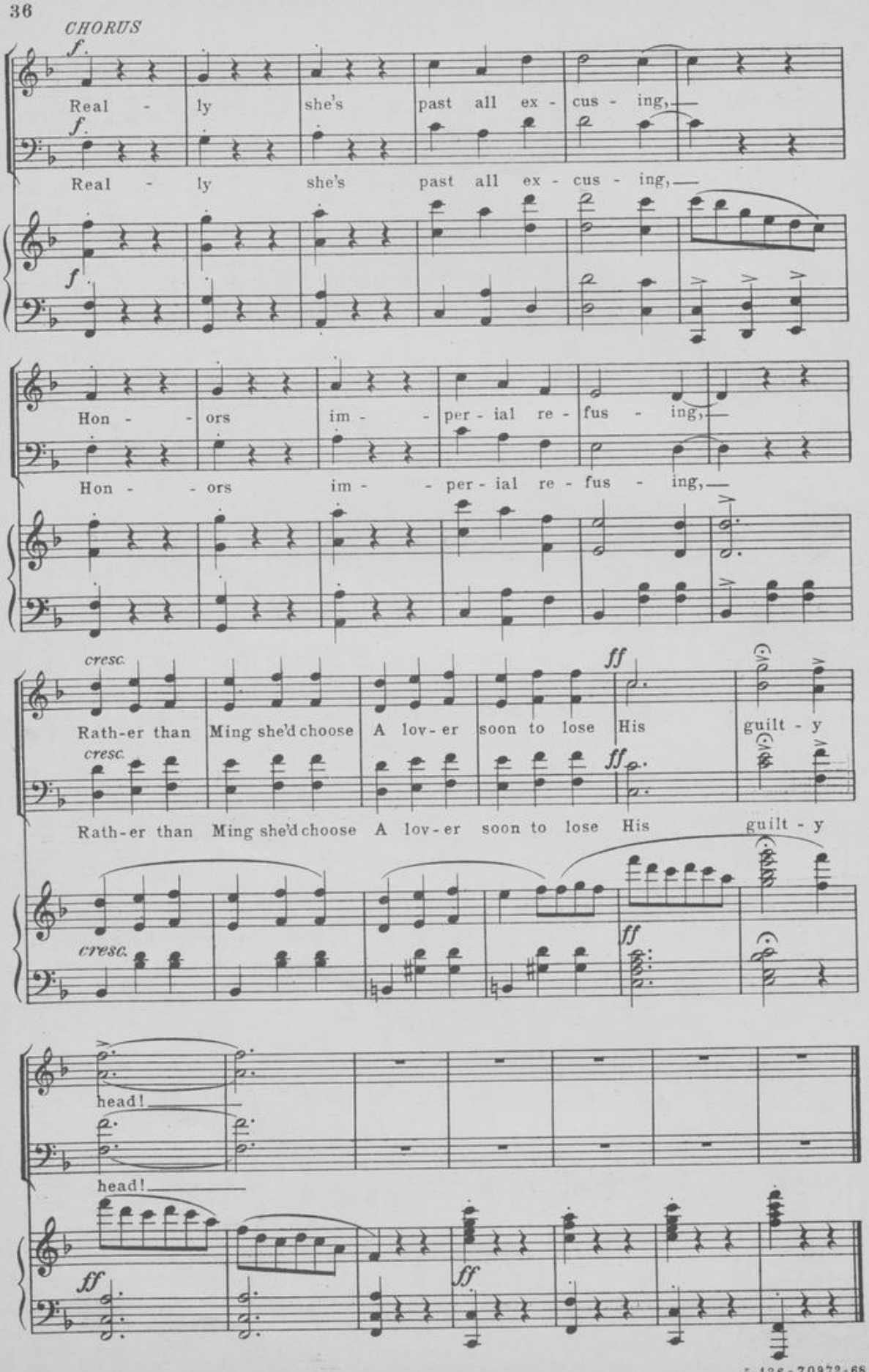
5-126-70972-68

№15 REALLY, SHE'S PAST ALL EXCUSING!

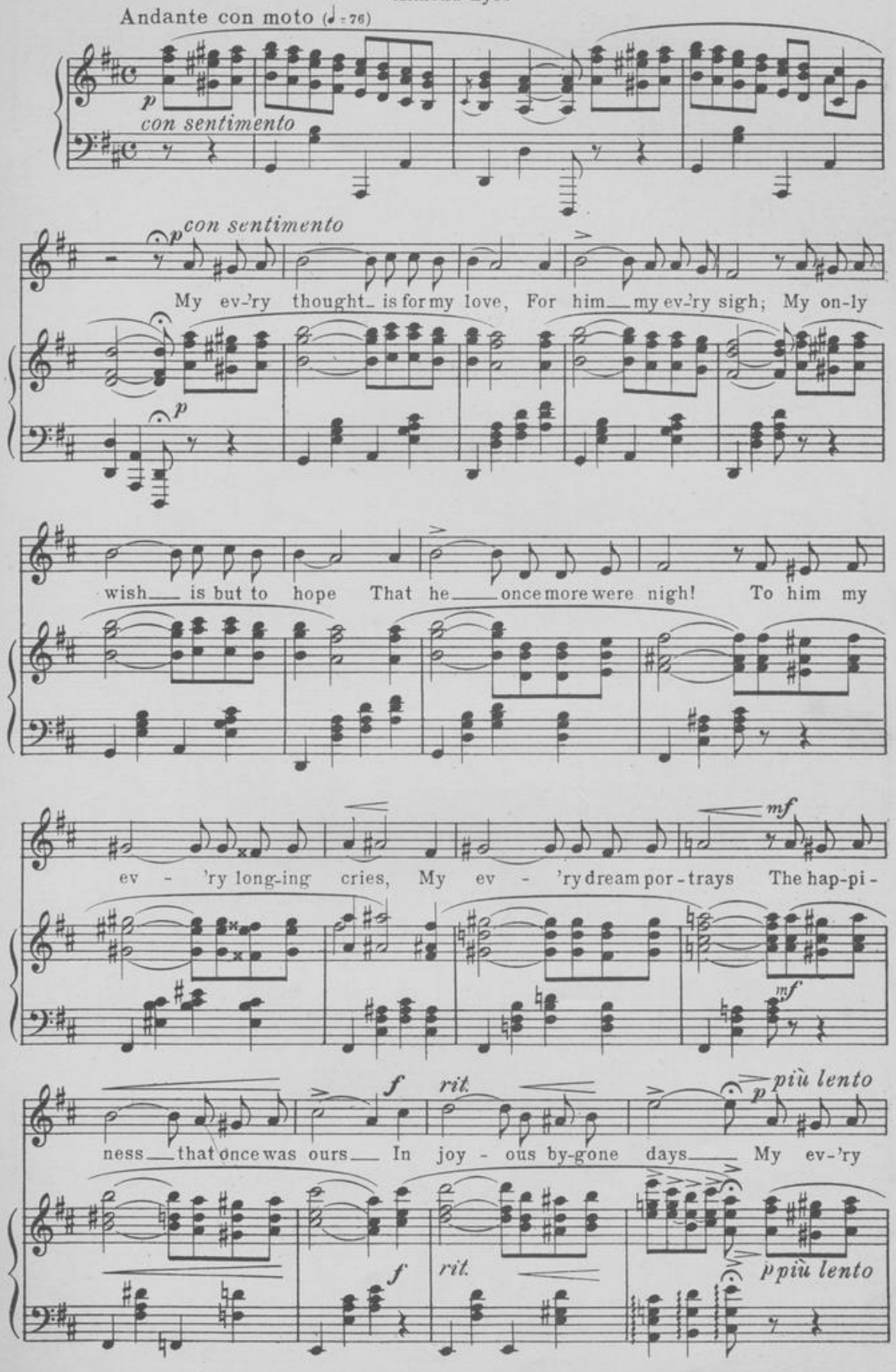
Ping-Po and Chorus

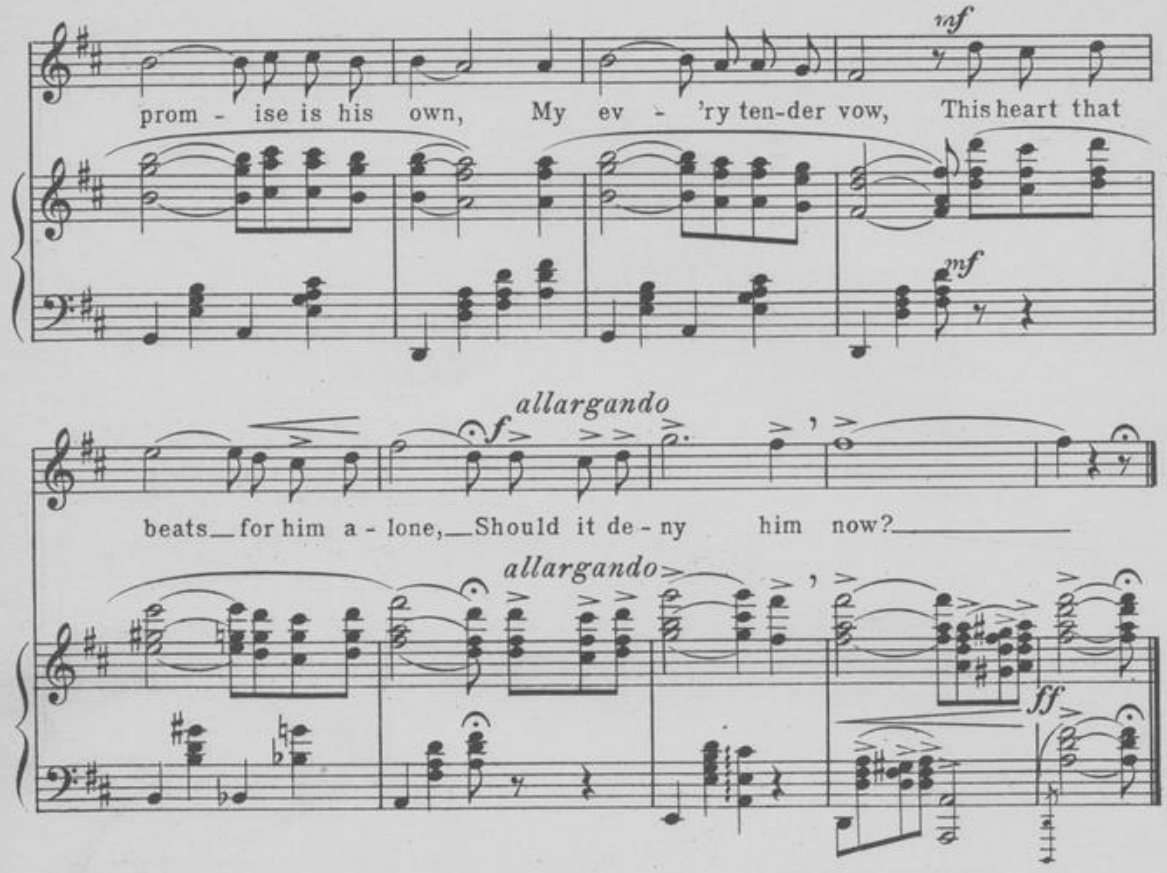



from her heart weed - ing
Smil - ing, ser - ene - ly bland,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
She should ac - cept his hand, Quick - - ly him wed!
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
f
f PING-PO
1. Yes, sen - ti - ment is the bane Of sen - si - ble
2. Yes, Wang-Ho's a fool - ish youth, How could he for -
folk and sane, His last ap - pear-ance the sing - er Wang-
get this truth: Your heart 'tis prop - er to lose when you
Ho Makes to - day, so let sen - ti - ment go!
wed, But no man ev - er should lose his head!


CHORUS
f.
Real - ly she's past all ex - cus - ing,
Real - ly she's past all ex - cus - ing,
Hon - - ors im - - per - ial re - fus - ing,
Hon - - ors im - - per - ial re - fus - ing,
cresc.
ff
Rath-er than Ming she'd choose A lov-er soon to lose His guilt - y
Rath-er than Ming she'd choose A lov-er soon to lose His guilt - y
head!
head!

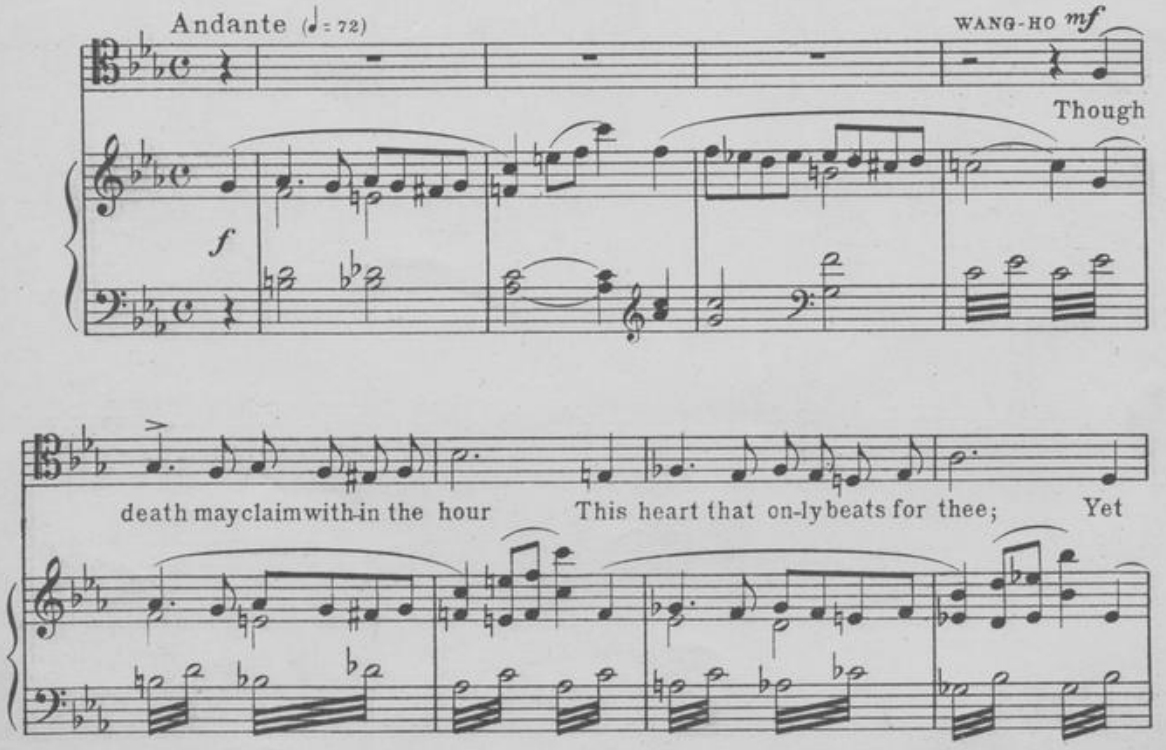
Almond-Eyes

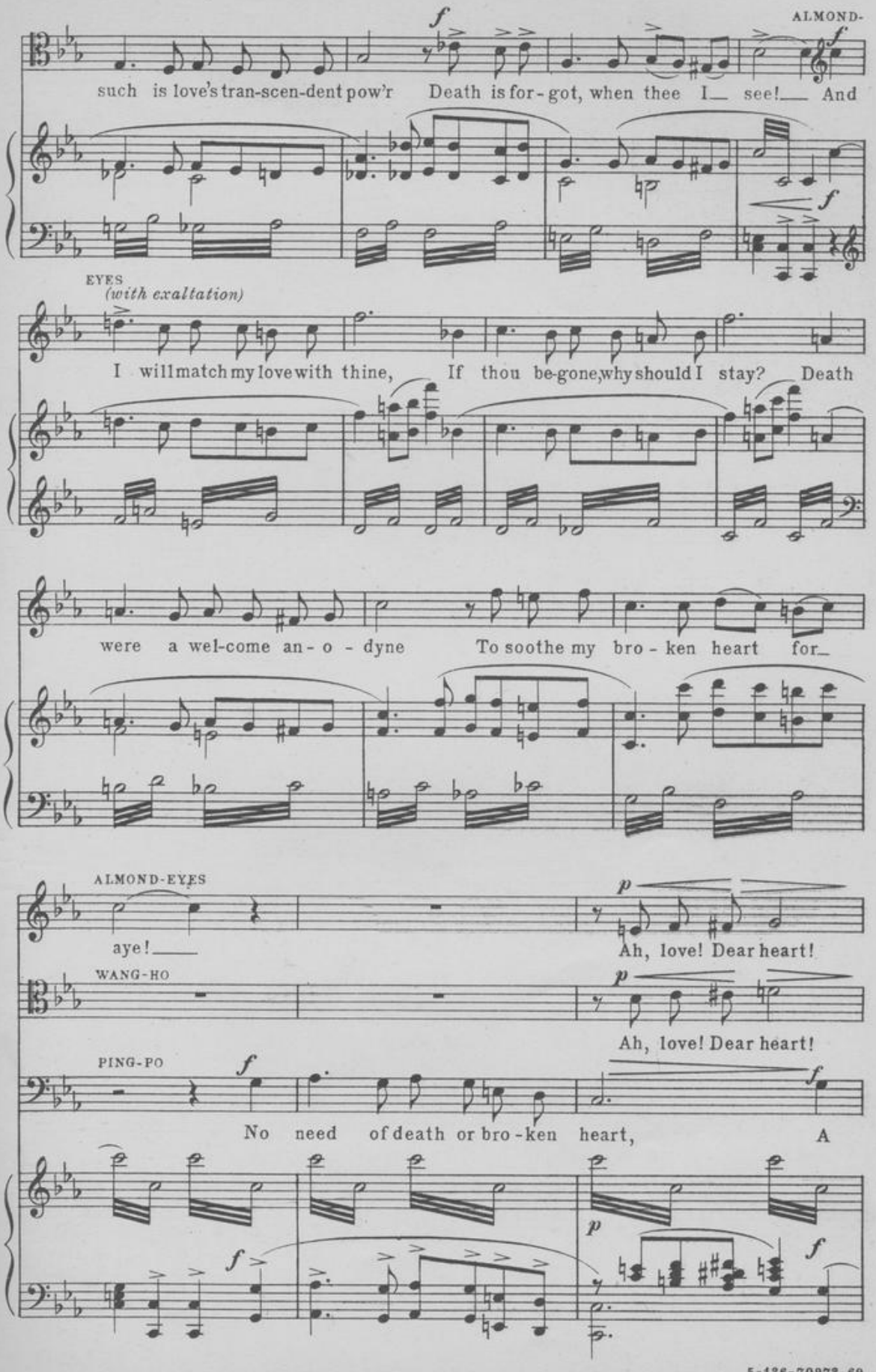

Andante con moto (♩ = 76)
p
con sentimento
p con sentimento
My ev-'ry thought is for my love, For him my ev-'ry sigh; My on-ly
wish is but to hope That he once more were nigh! To him my
mf
ev - 'ry long-ing cries, My ev - 'ry dream por-trays The hap-pi-
mf
f
rit.
p più lento
ness that once was ours In joy - ous by-gone days My ev-'ry
f
rit.
p più lento

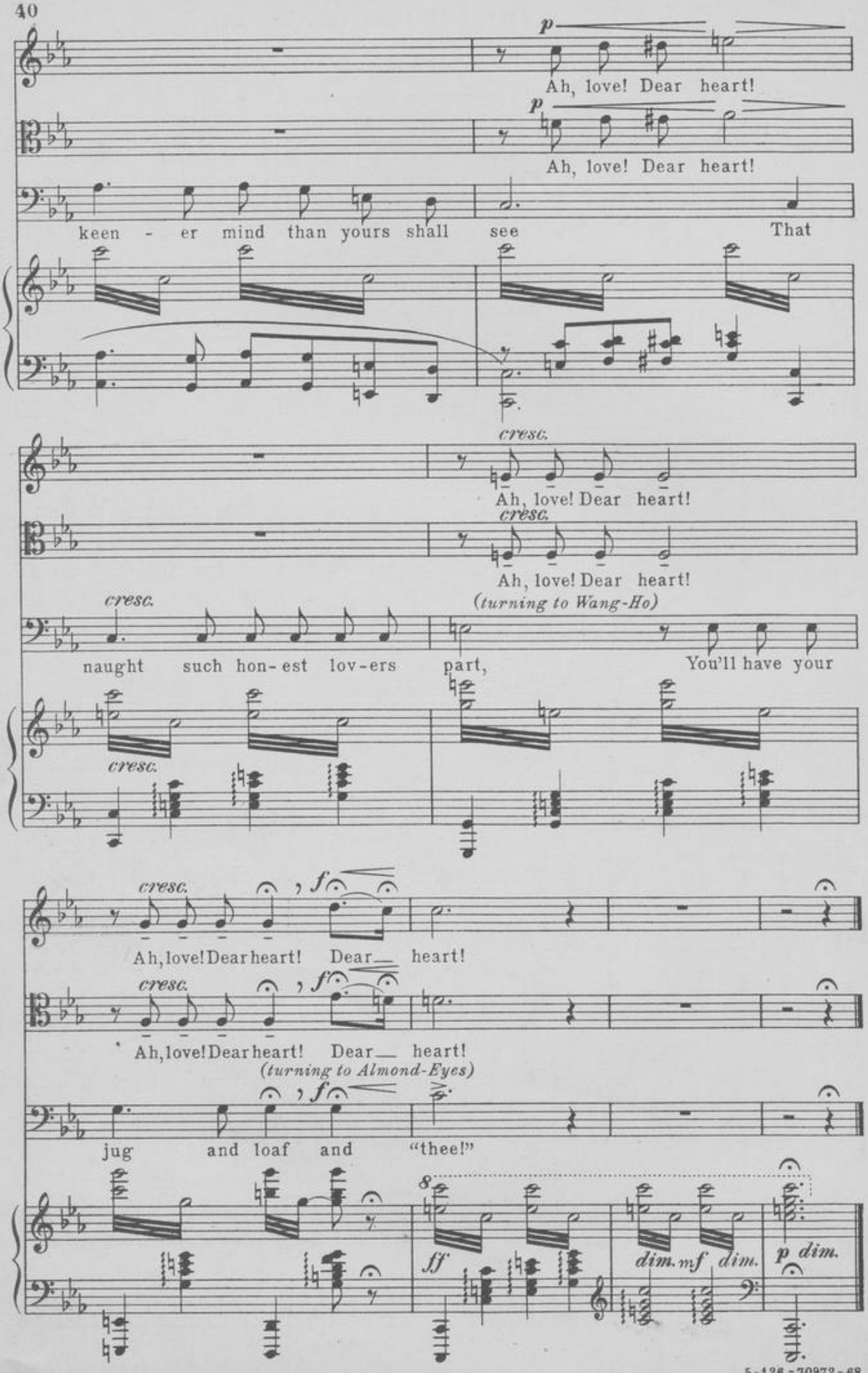


№ 17 THOUGH DEATH MAY CLAIM

Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes, Ping-Po

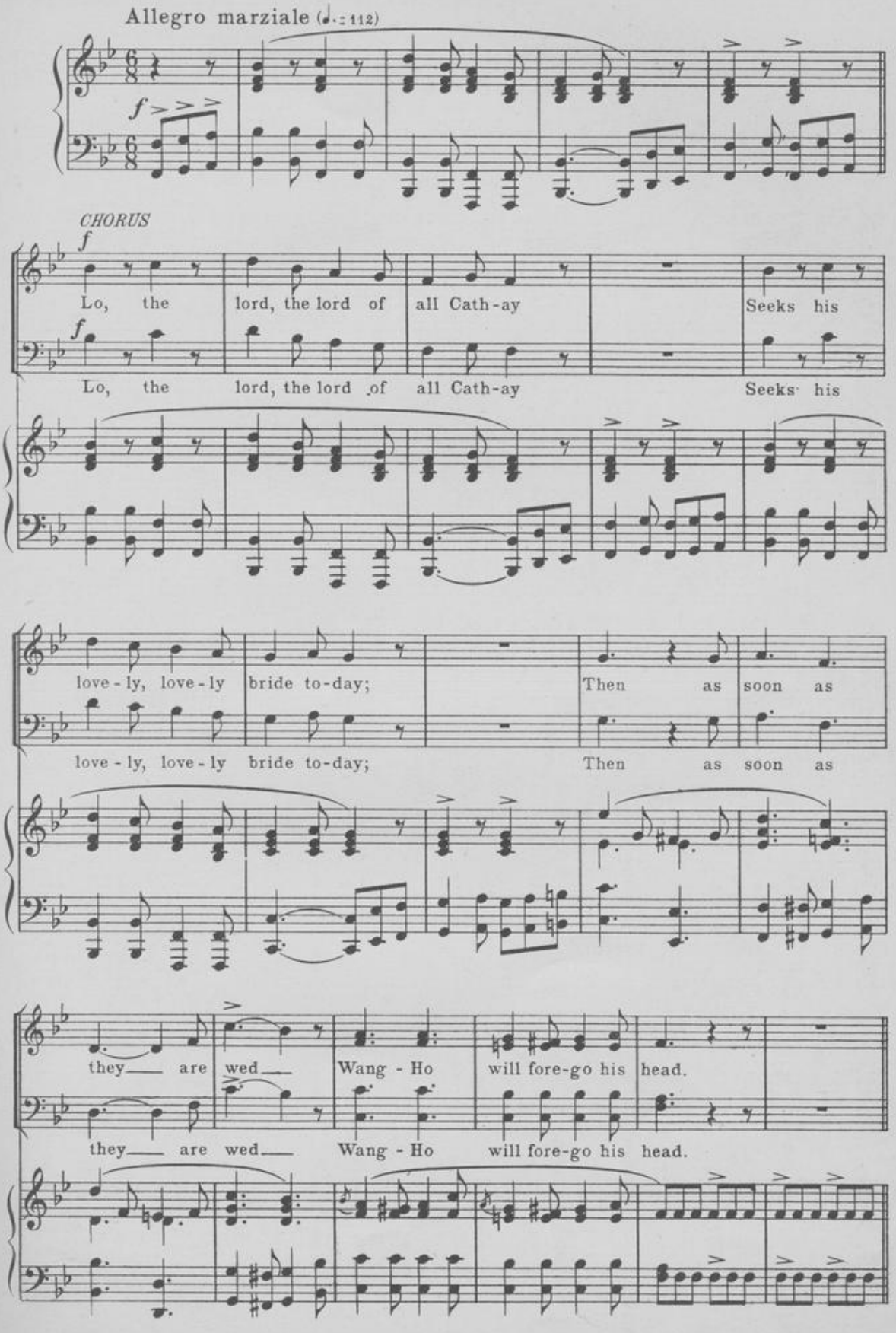


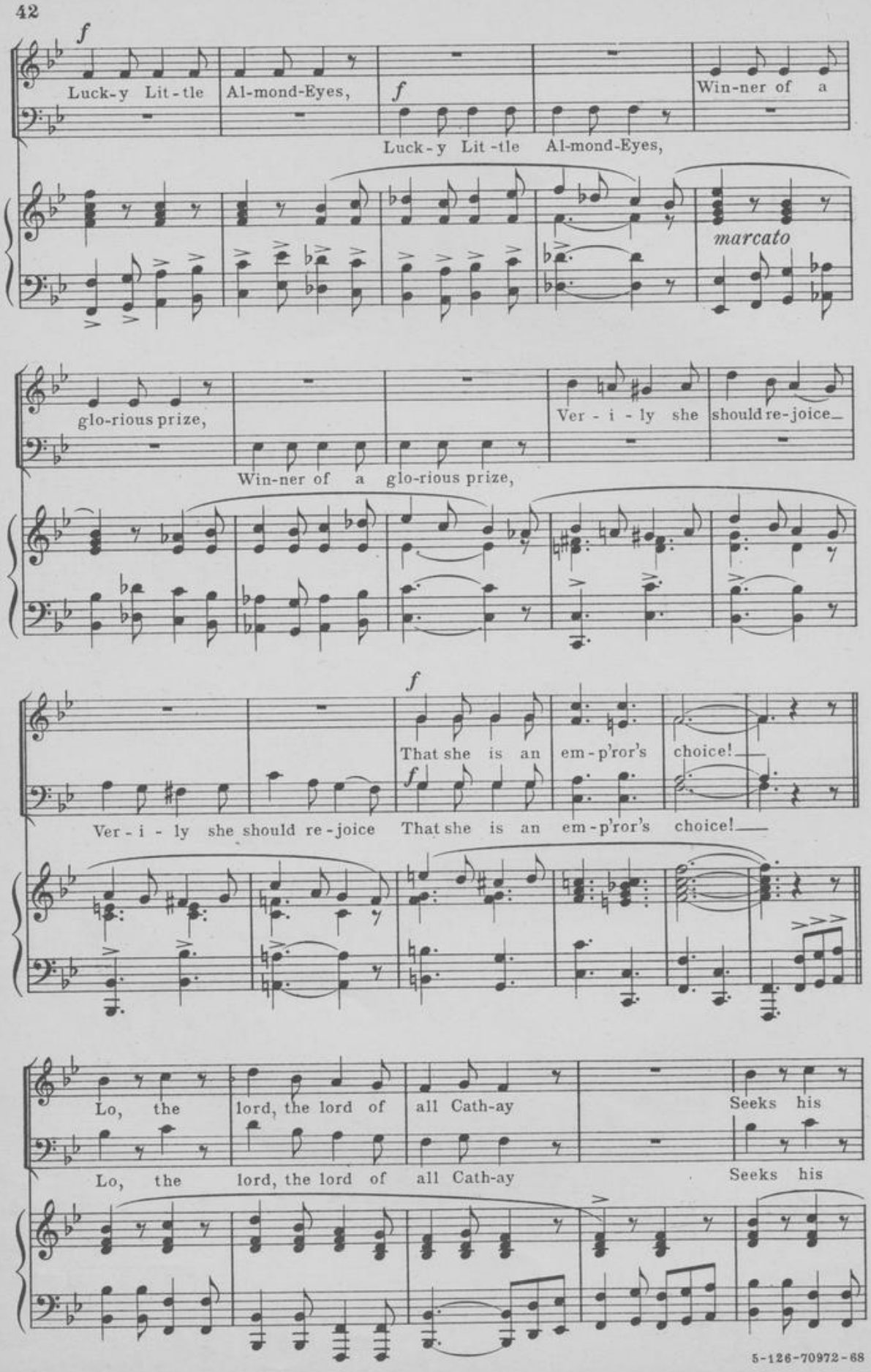

ALMOND-
such is love's tran-scen-dent pow'r Death is for-got, when thee I_ see!_ And
EYES
(with exaltation)
I will match my love with thine, If thou be-gone, why should I stay? Death
were a wel-come an-o-dyne To soothe my bro-ken heart for_
ALMOND-EYES
aye!_
Ah, love! Dear heart!
WANG-HO
Ah, love! Dear heart!
PING-PO
No need of death or bro-ken heart, A

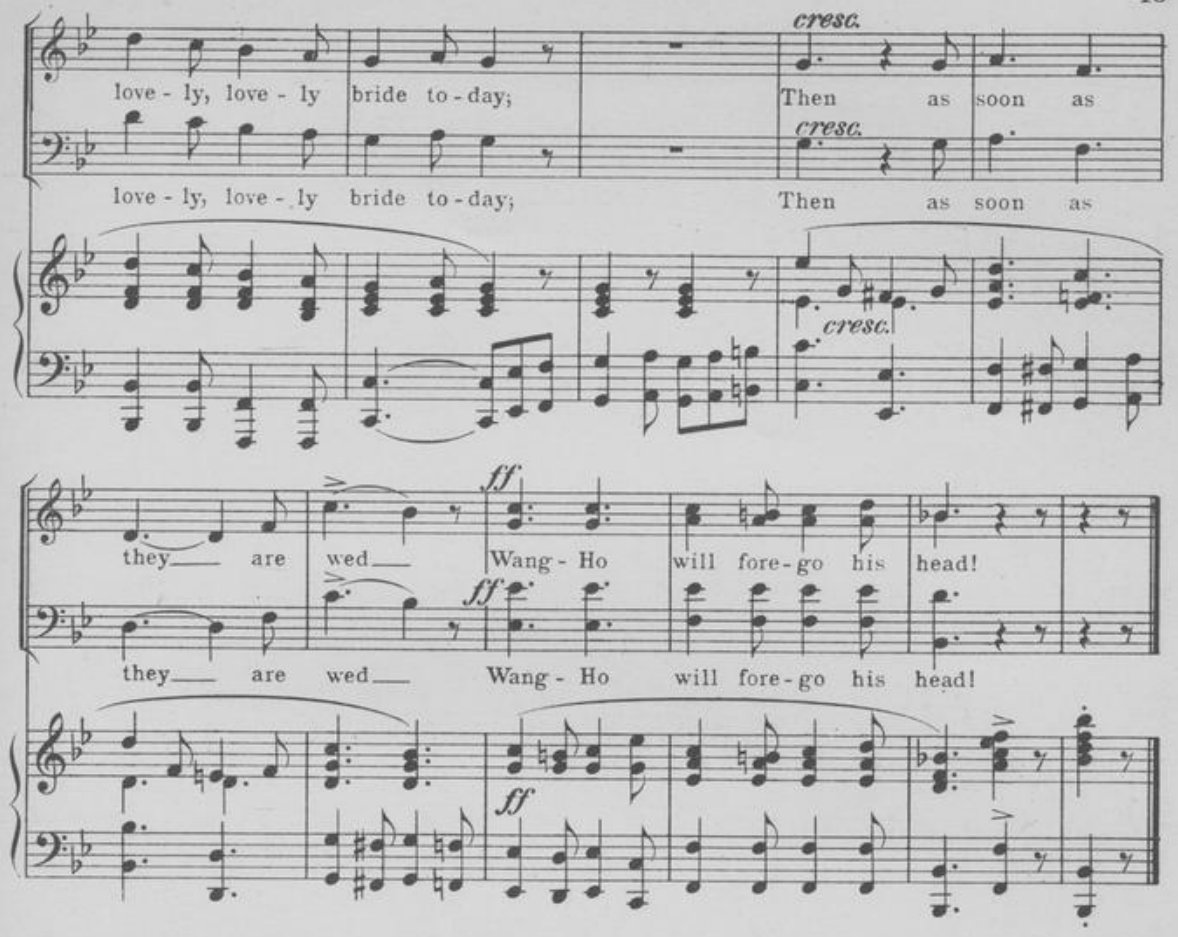

p
Ah, love! Dear heart!
p
Ah, love! Dear heart!
keen - er mind than yours shall see
That
cresc.
Ah, love! Dear heart!
cresc.
Ah, love! Dear heart!
cresc.
(turning to Wang-Ho)
naught such hon-est lov-ers part,
You'll have your
cresc.
cresc.
f
Ah, love! Dear heart! Dear heart!
cresc.
f
Ah, love! Dear heart! Dear heart!
(turning to Almond-Eyes)
f
jug and loaf and "thee!"
8
ff
dim. mf dim.
p dim.

№18. LO, THE LORD OF ALL CATHAY

Chorus

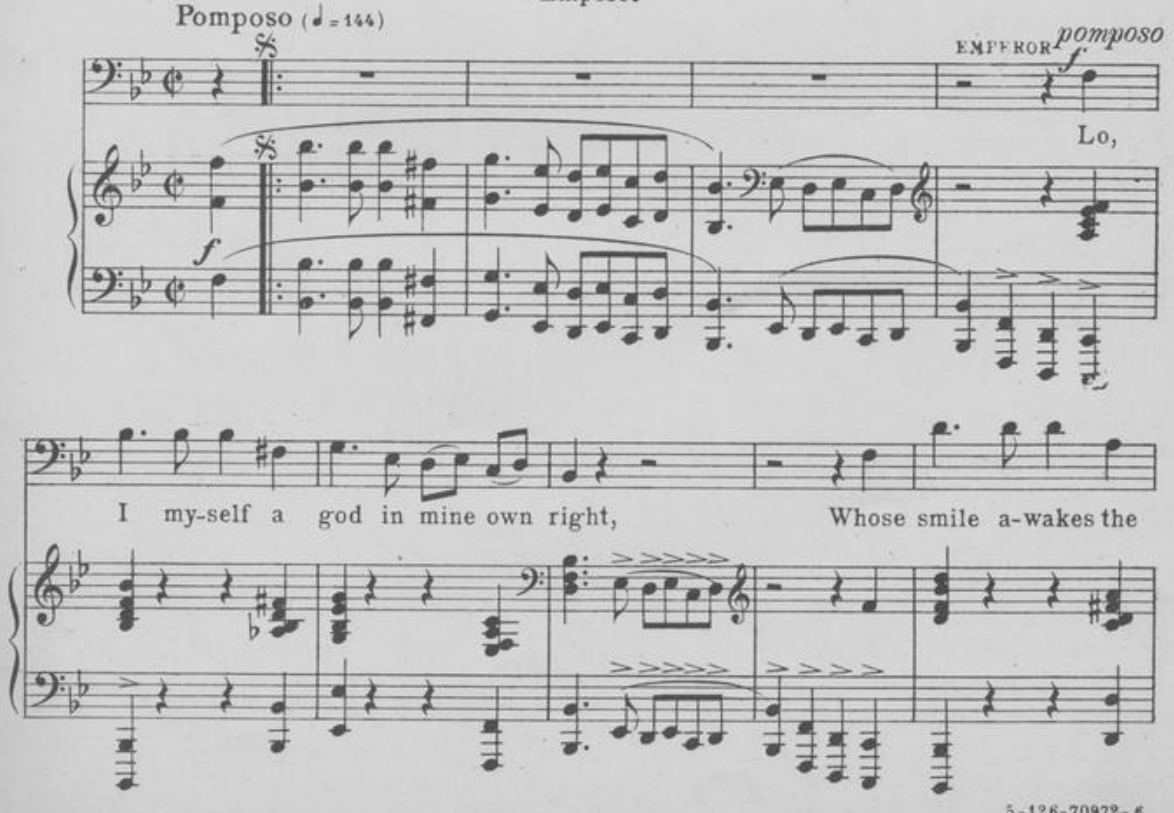


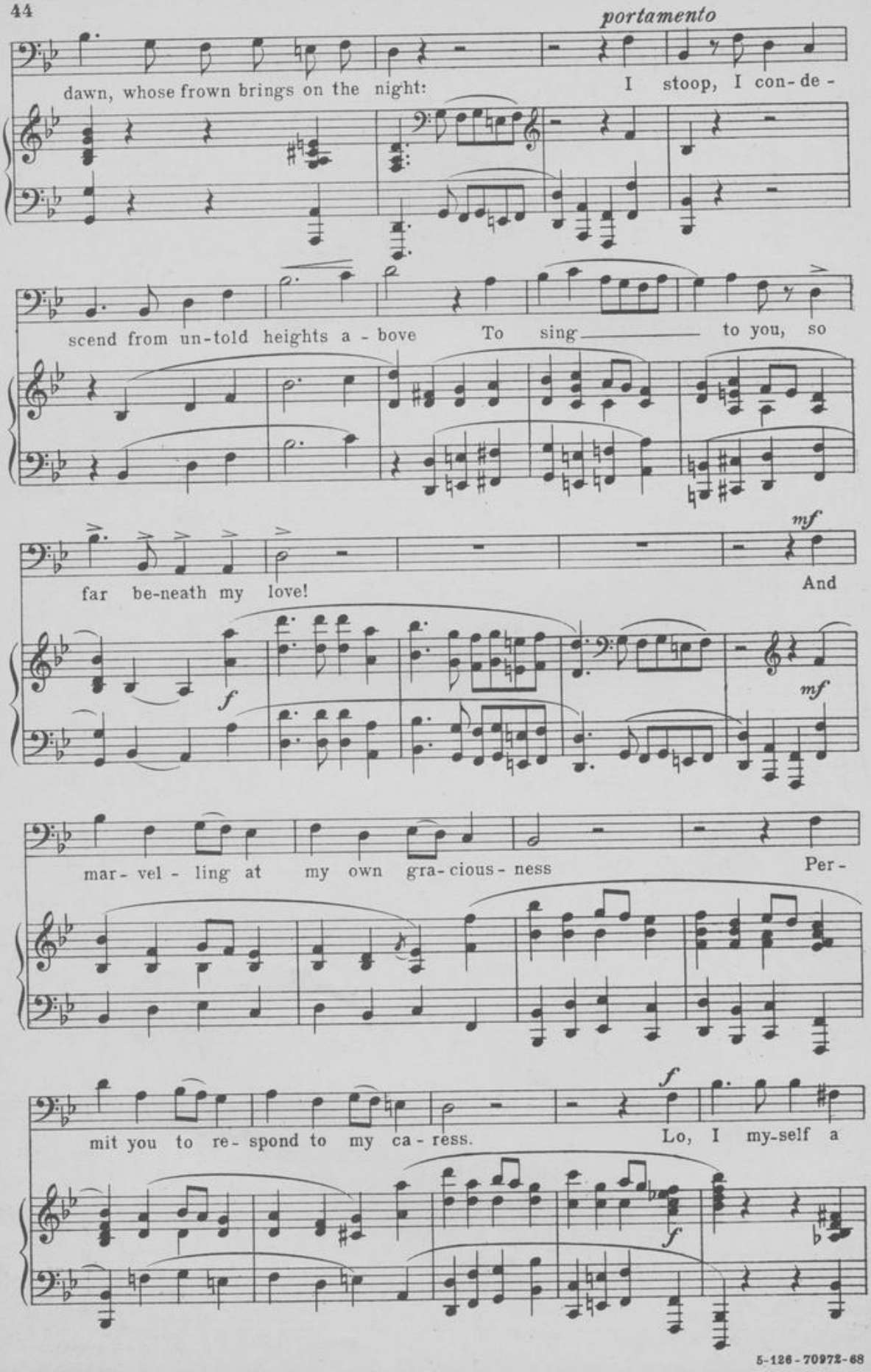

f
Luck-y Lit-tle Al-mond-Eyes,
f
Luck-y Lit-tle Al-mond-Eyes,
Win-ner of a
marcato
glo-rious prize,
Win-ner of a glo-rious prize,
Ver-i-ly she should re-joice
f
That she is an em-p'ror's choice!
f
Ver-i-ly she should re-joice That she is an em-p'ror's choice!
Lo, the lord, the lord of all Cath-ay
Seeks his
Lo, the lord, the lord of all Cath-ay
Seeks his

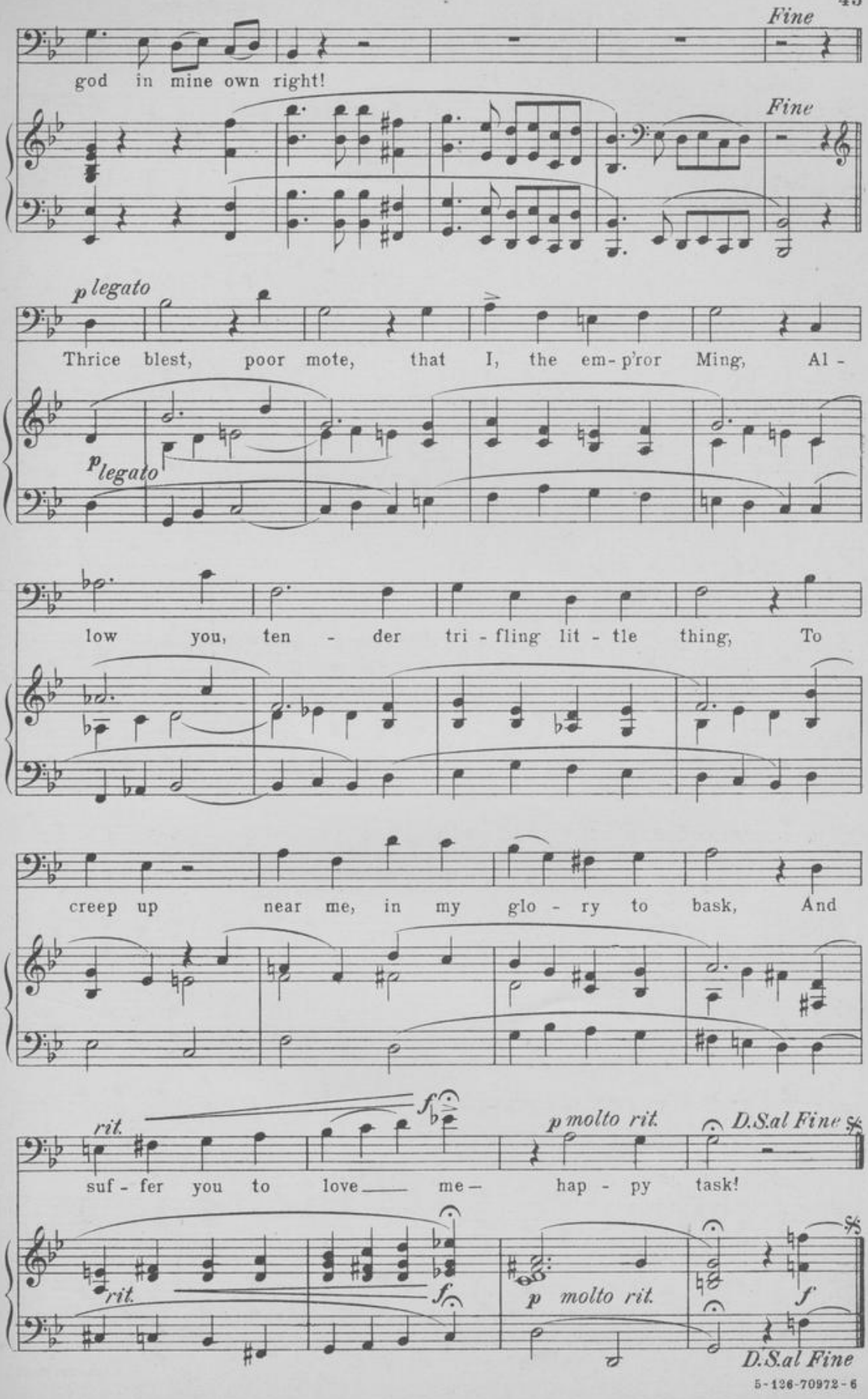


№ 19. LO, I MYSELF A GOD

Emperor

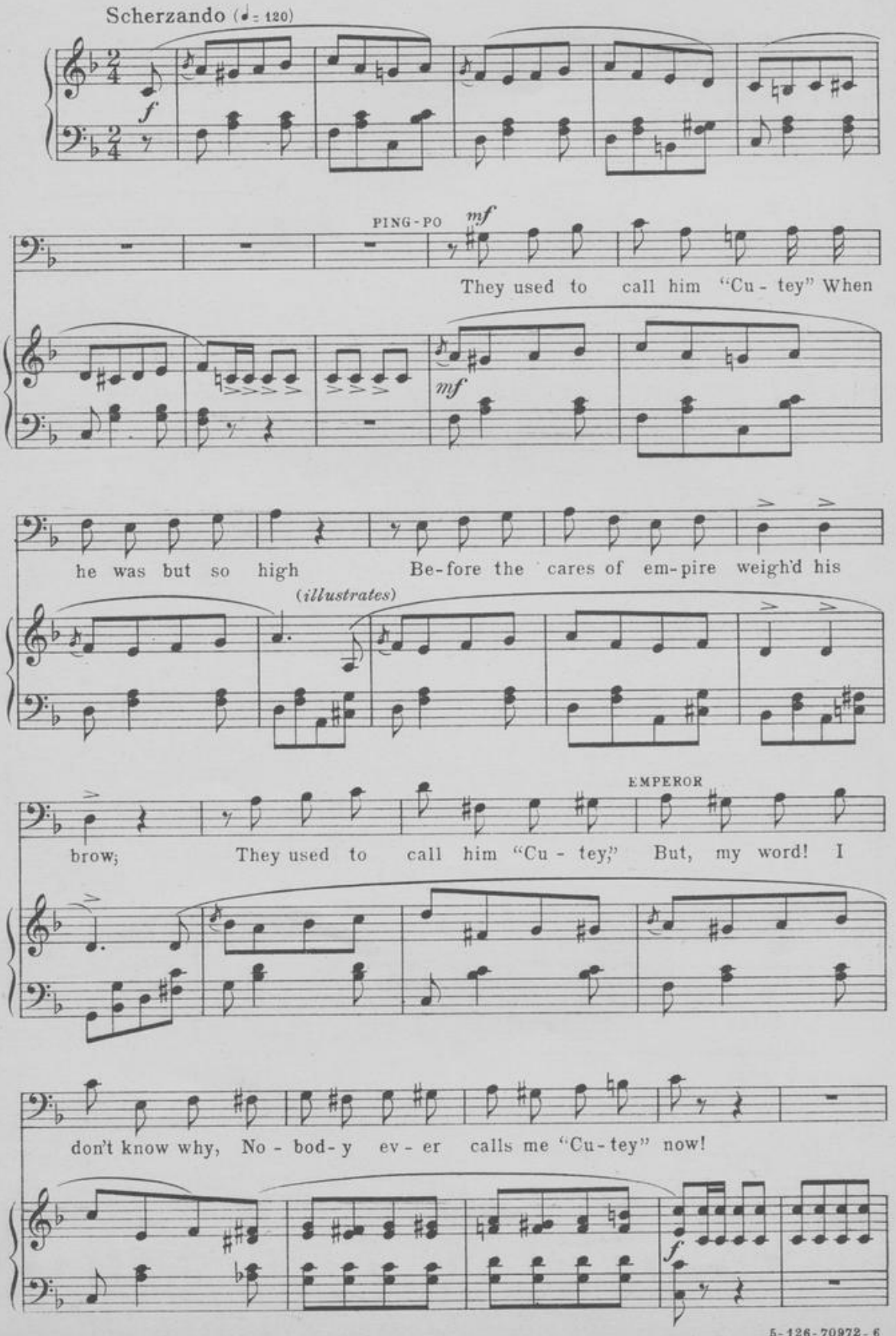



portamento
dawn, whose frown brings on the night:
I stoop, I con-de-
scend from un-told heights a-bove
To sing
to you, so
far be-neath my love!
And
mar-vel-ling at my own gra-cious-ness
Per-
mit you to re-spond to my ca-ress.
Lo, I my-self a

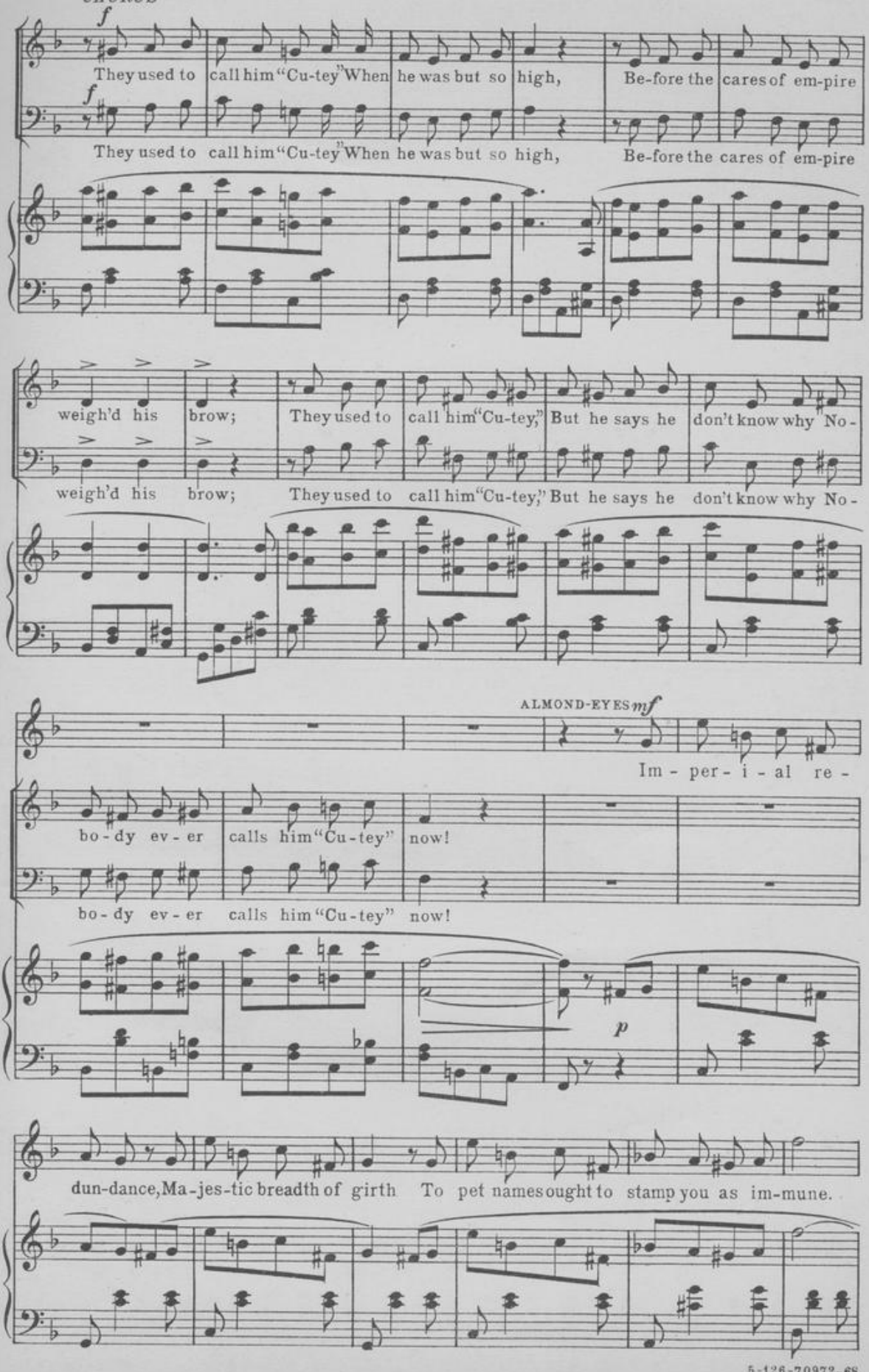

Fine
god in mine own right!
Fine
p legato
Thrice blest, poor mote, that I, the em-p'ror Ming, Al -
p legato
low you, ten - der tri - fling lit - tle thing, To
creep up near me, in my glo - ry to bask, And
rit.
f
p molto rit.
D.S.al Fine
suf - fer you to love me — hap - py task!
rit.
f
p molto rit.
f
D.S.al Fine

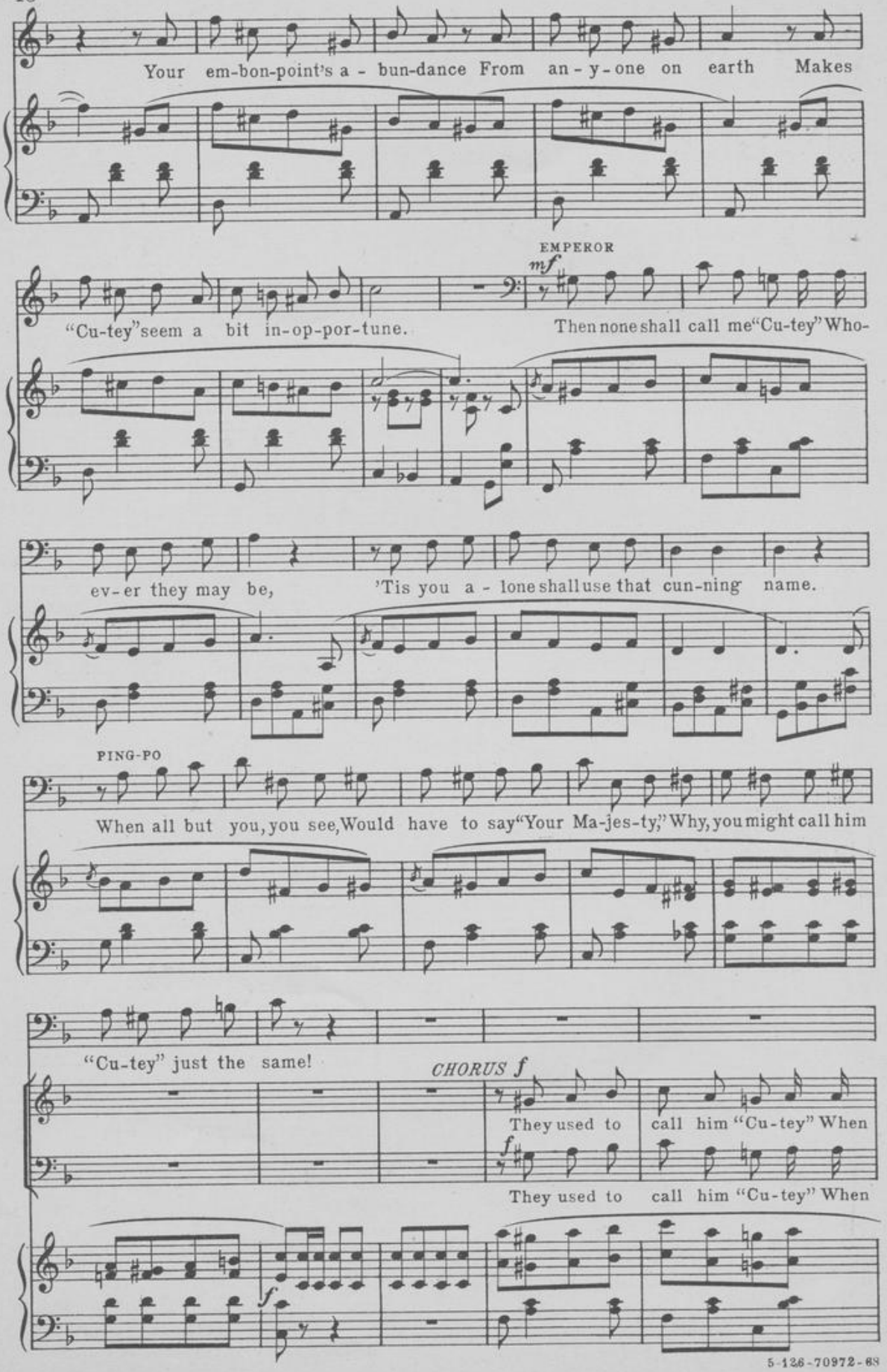
№ 20. THEY USED TO CALL HIM "CUTEY"

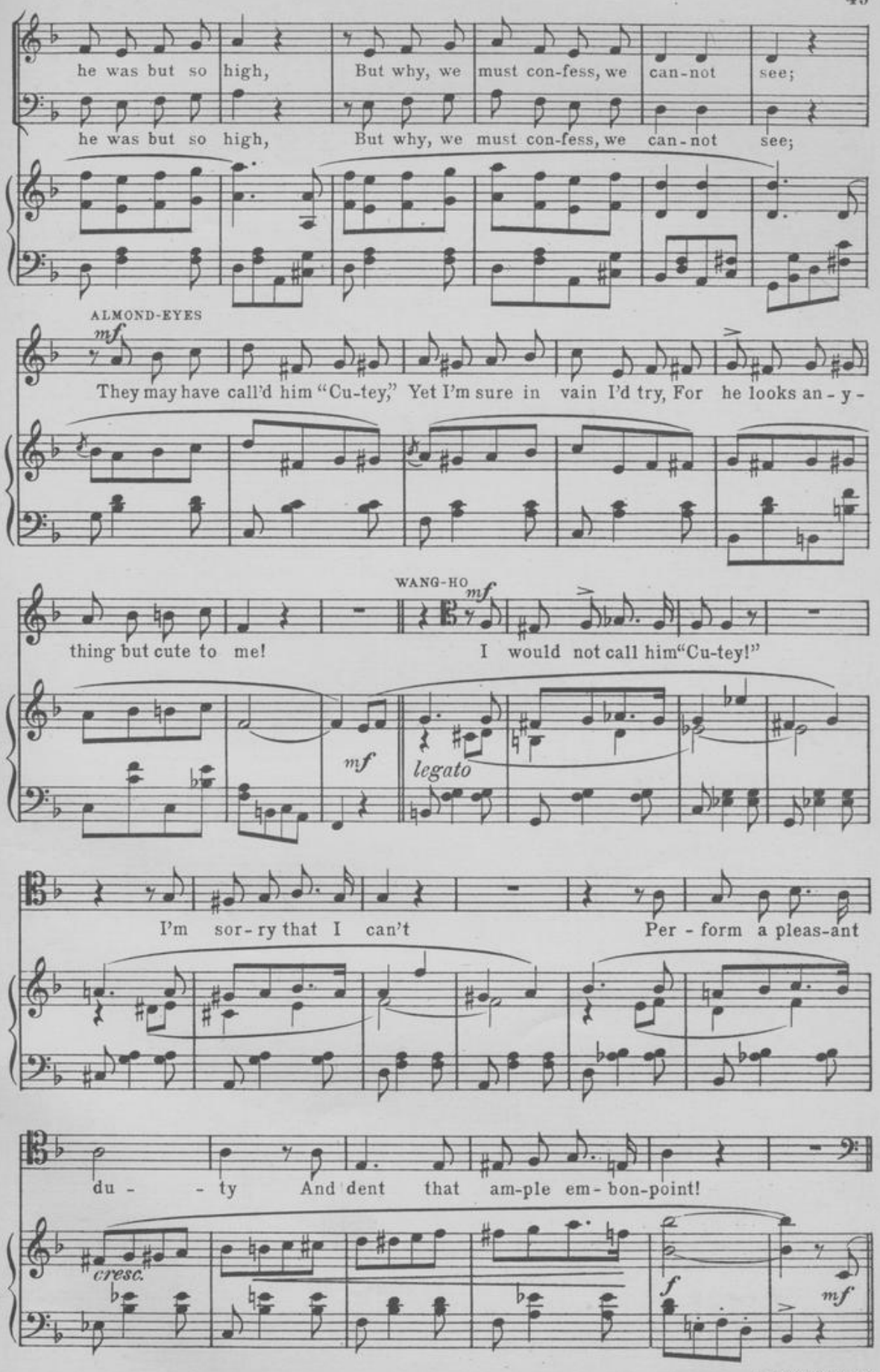
Ping-Po, Emperor, Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus

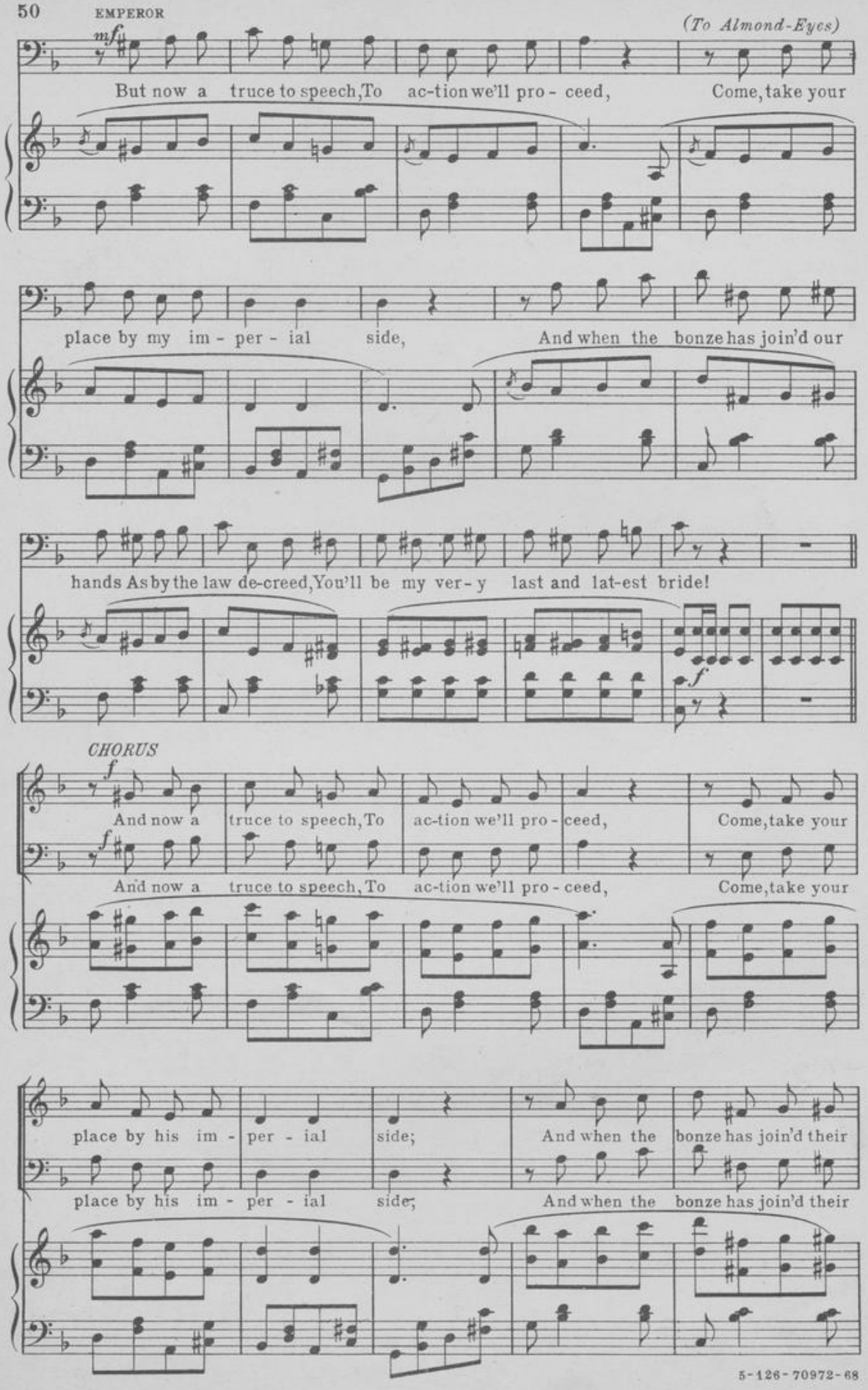


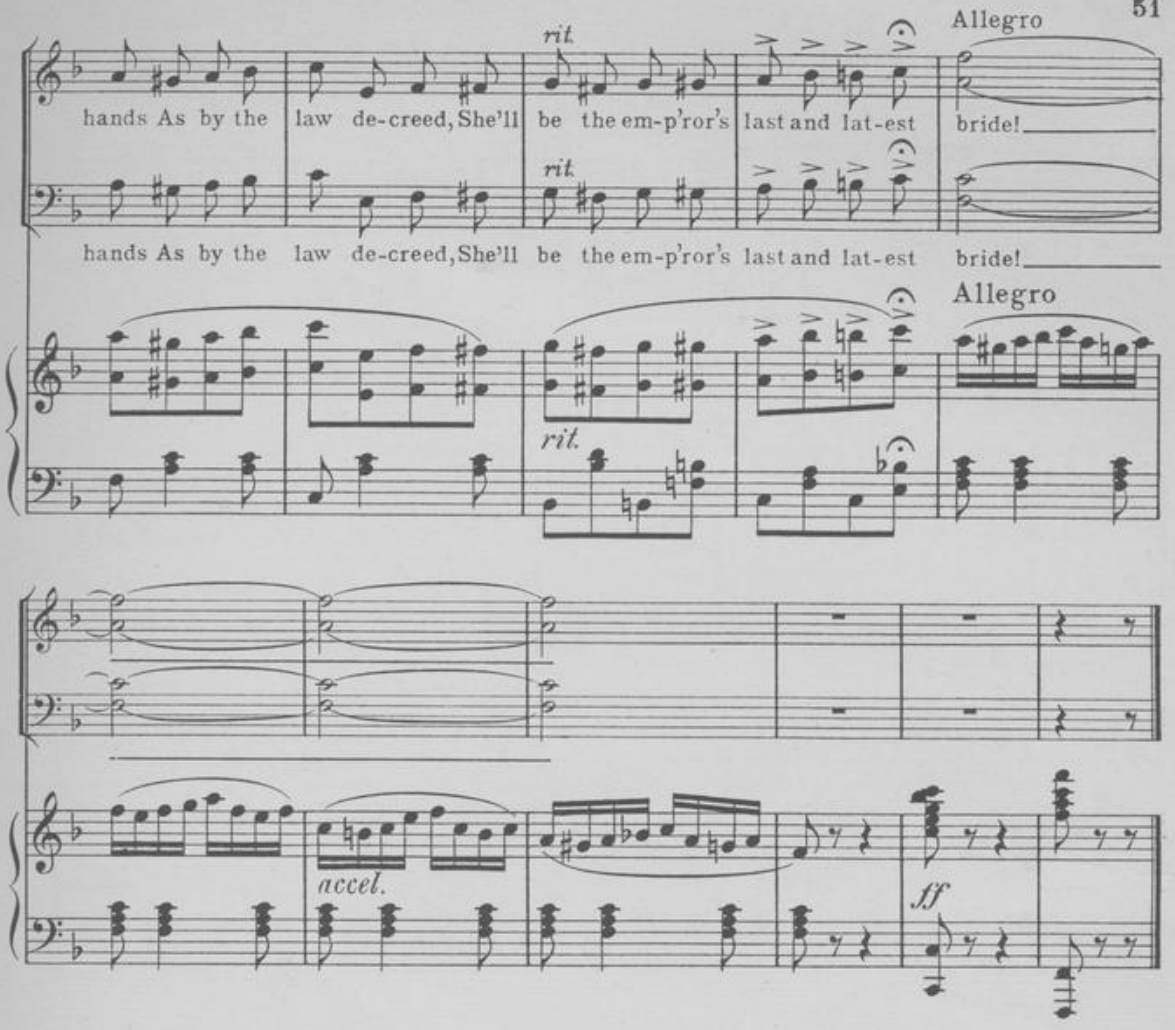
CHORUS


f
They used to call him "Cu-tey" When he was but so high, Be-fore the cares of em-pire
f
They used to call him "Cu-tey" When he was but so high, Be-fore the cares of em-pire
weigh'd his brow; They used to call him "Cu-tey," But he says he don't know why No-
weigh'd his brow; They used to call him "Cu-tey," But he says he don't know why No-
ALMOND-EYES mf
Im - per - i - al re -
bo - dy ev - er calls him "Cu - tey" now!
bo - dy ev - er calls him "Cu - tey" now!
p
dun-dance, Ma-jes-tic breadth of girth To pet names ought to stamp you as im-mune.


Your em-bon-point's a - bun-dance From an - y - one on earth Makes
EMPEROR
mf
"Cu-tey" seem a bit in-op-por-tune.
Then none shall call me "Cu-tey" Who-
ev-er they may be,
'Tis you a - lone shall use that cun-ning name.
PING-PO
When all but you, you see, Would have to say "Your Ma-jes-ty," Why, you might call him
"Cu-tey" just the same!
CHORUS f
They used to call him "Cu-tey" When
f
They used to call him "Cu-tey" When
f

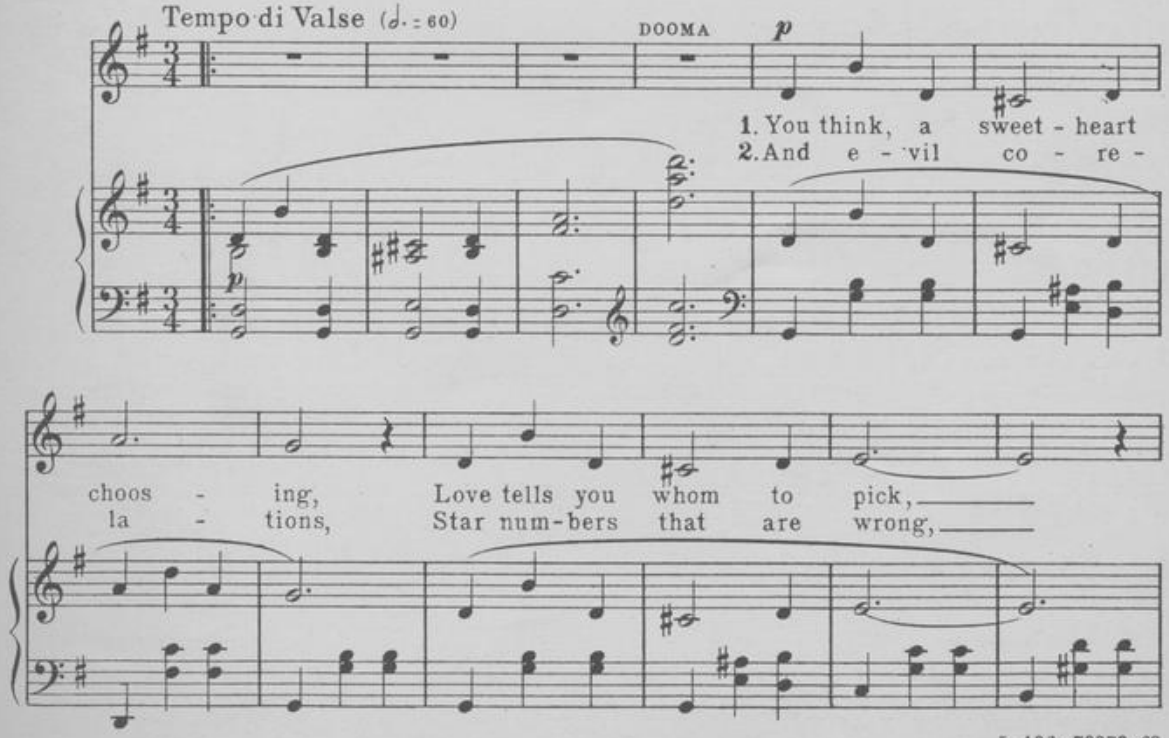

he was but so high, But why, we must con-fess, we can-not see;
he was but so high, But why, we must con-fess, we can-not see;
ALMOND-EYES
mf
They may have call'd him "Cu-tey," Yet I'm sure in vain I'd try, For he looks an-y-
WANG-HO
mf
thing but cute to me! I would not call him "Cu-tey!"
mf
legato
I'm sor-ry that I can't Per-form a pleas-ant
du- -ty And dent that am-ple em-bon-point!
cresc.
f
mf

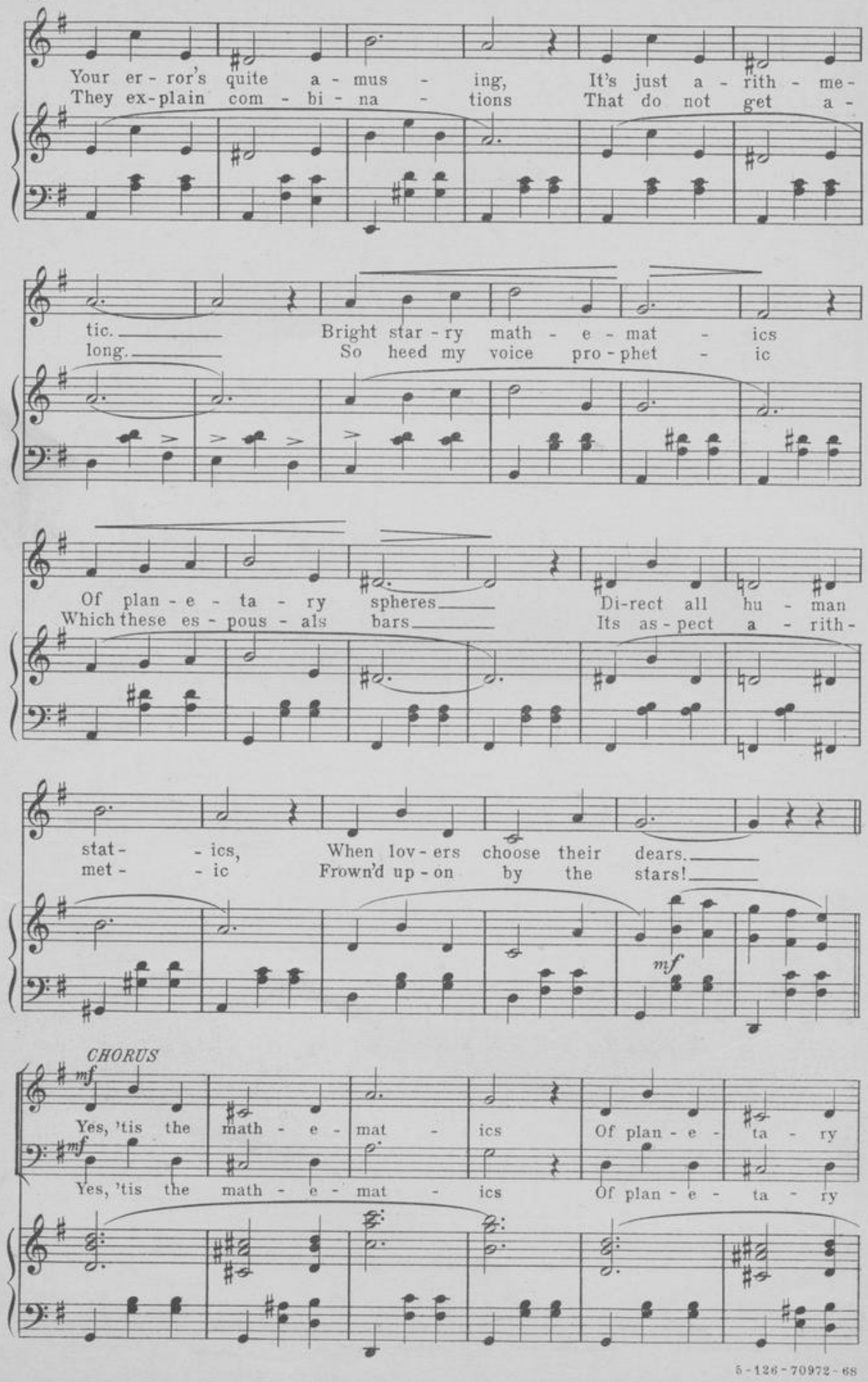

EMPEROR
(To Almond-Eyes)
But now a truce to speech, To ac-tion we'll pro-ceed, Come, take your
place by my im-per-ial side, And when the bonze has join'd our
hands As by the law de-creed, You'll be my ver-y last and lat-est bride!
CHORUS
And now a truce to speech, To ac-tion we'll pro-ceed, Come, take your
And now a truce to speech, To ac-tion we'll pro-ceed, Come, take your
place by his im-per-ial side; And when the bonze has join'd their
place by his im-per-ial side; And when the bonze has join'd their

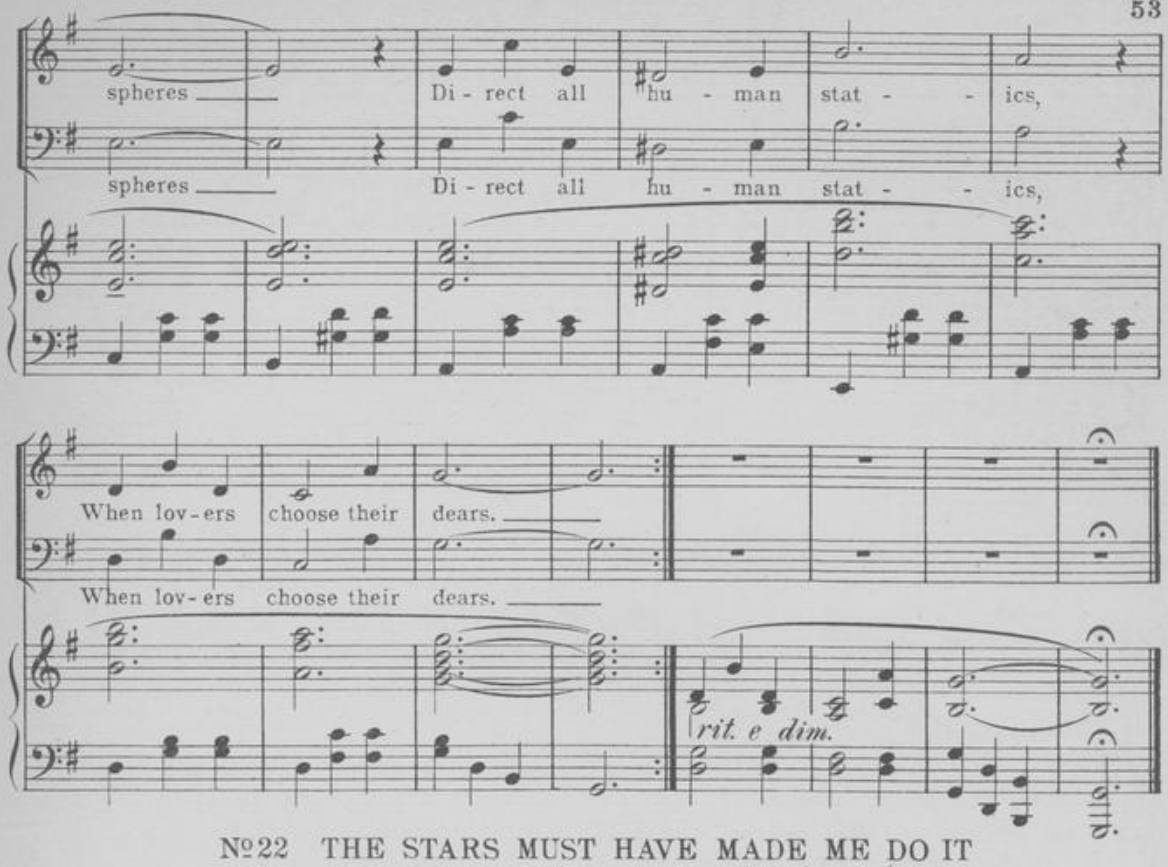


№21. YOU THINK, A SWEETHEART CHOOSING

Dooma and Chorus



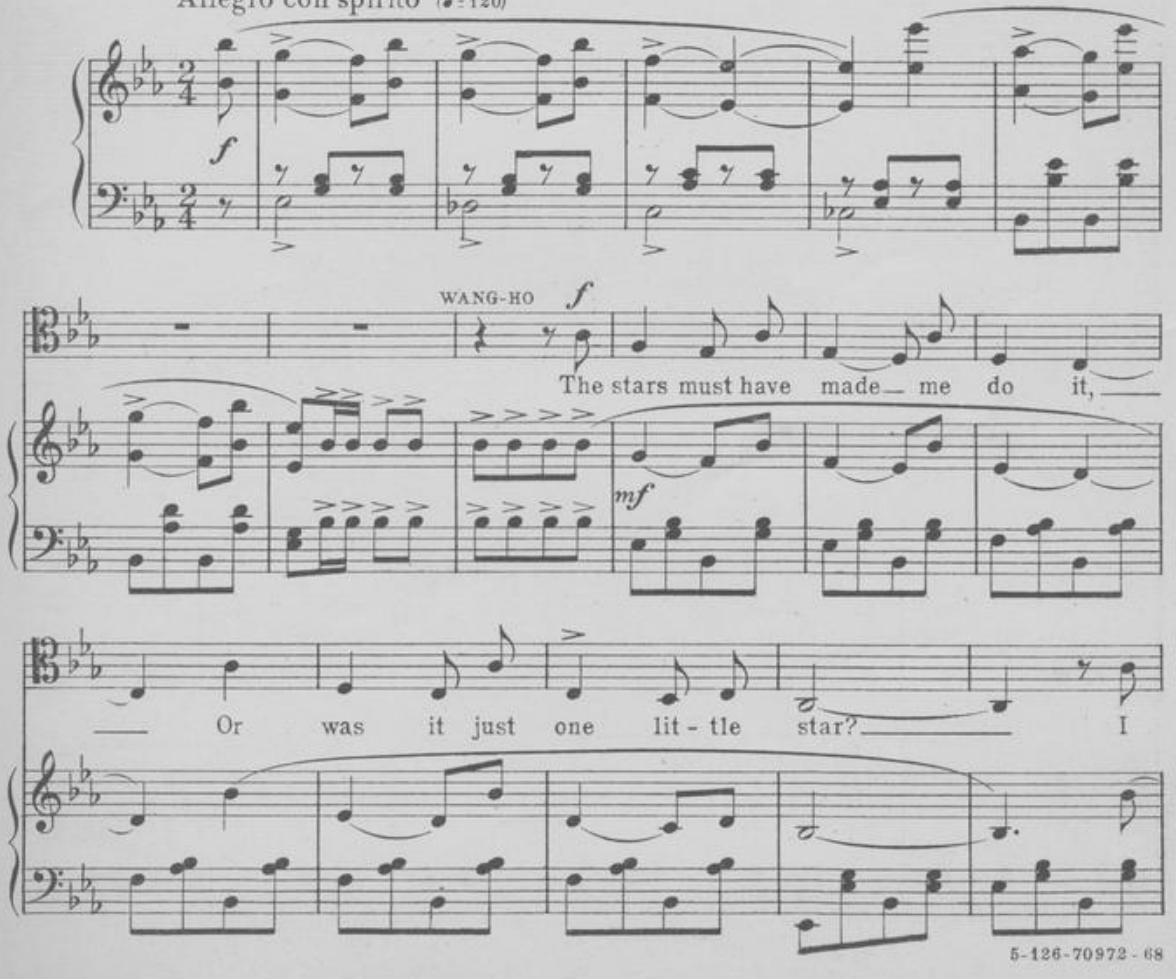

Your er - ror's quite a - mus - ing, It's just a - rith - me-
They ex-plain com - bi - na - tions That do not get a -
tic.
long.
Bright star - ry math - e - mat - ics
So heed my voice pro - phet - ic
Of plan - e - ta - ry spheres
Which these es - pous - als bars
Di-rect all hu - man
Its as - pect a - rith -
stat - - ics,
met - - ic
When lov - ers choose their dears.
Frown'd up - on by the stars!
mf
CHORUS
mf
Yes, 'tis the math - e - mat - ics Of plan - e - ta - ry
mf
Yes, 'tis the math - e - mat - ics Of plan - e - ta - ry

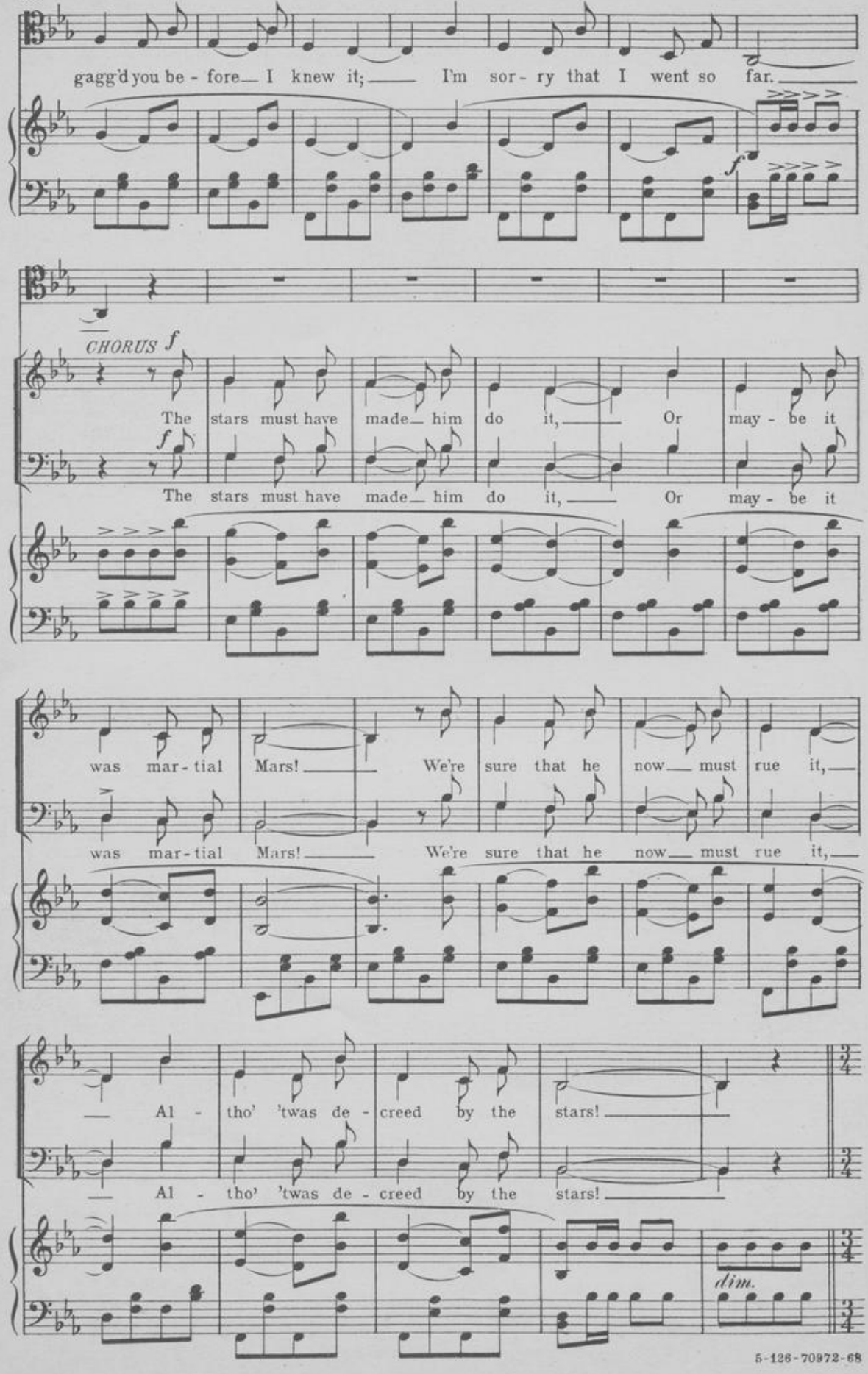


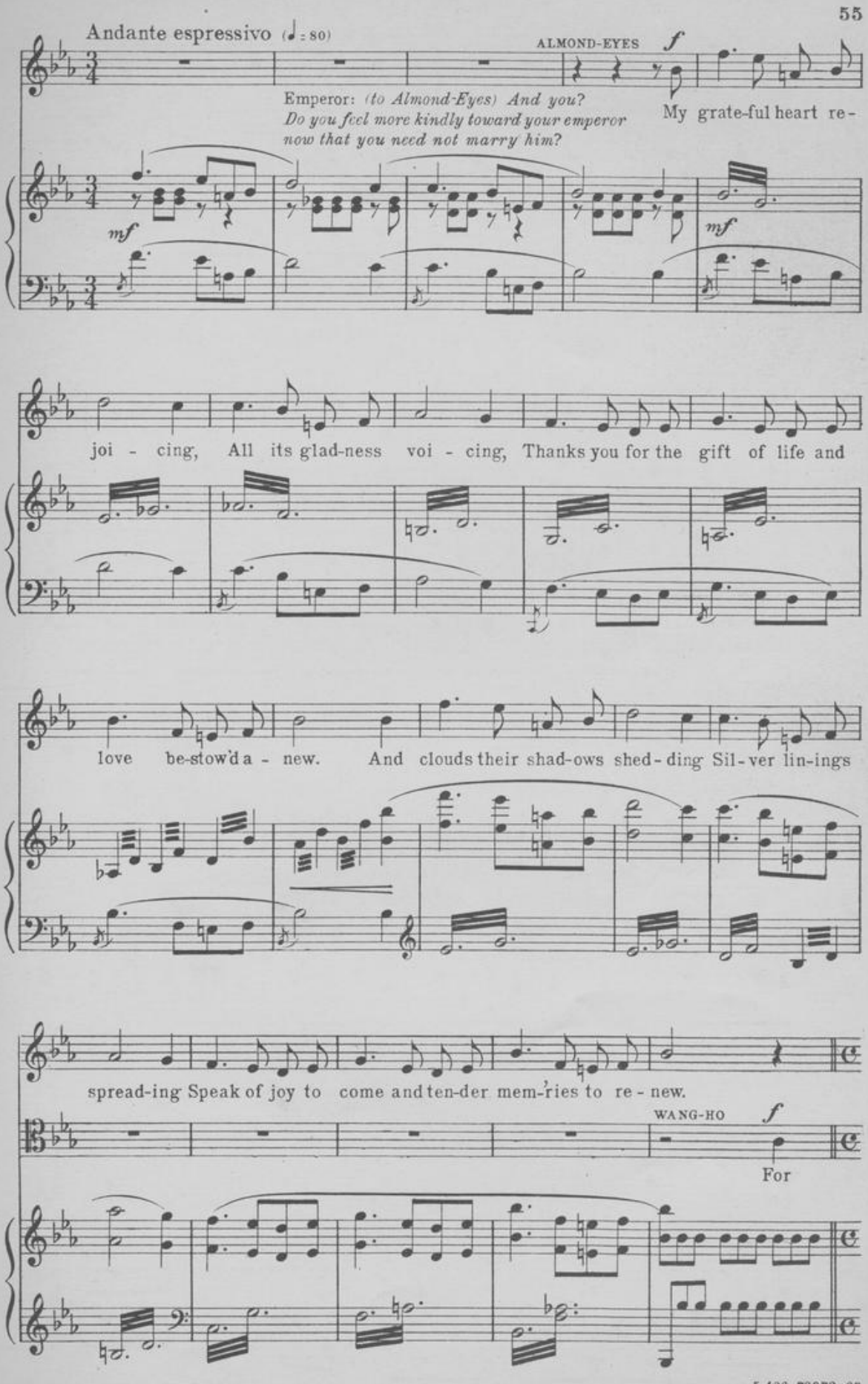
№22 THE STARS MUST HAVE MADE ME DO IT

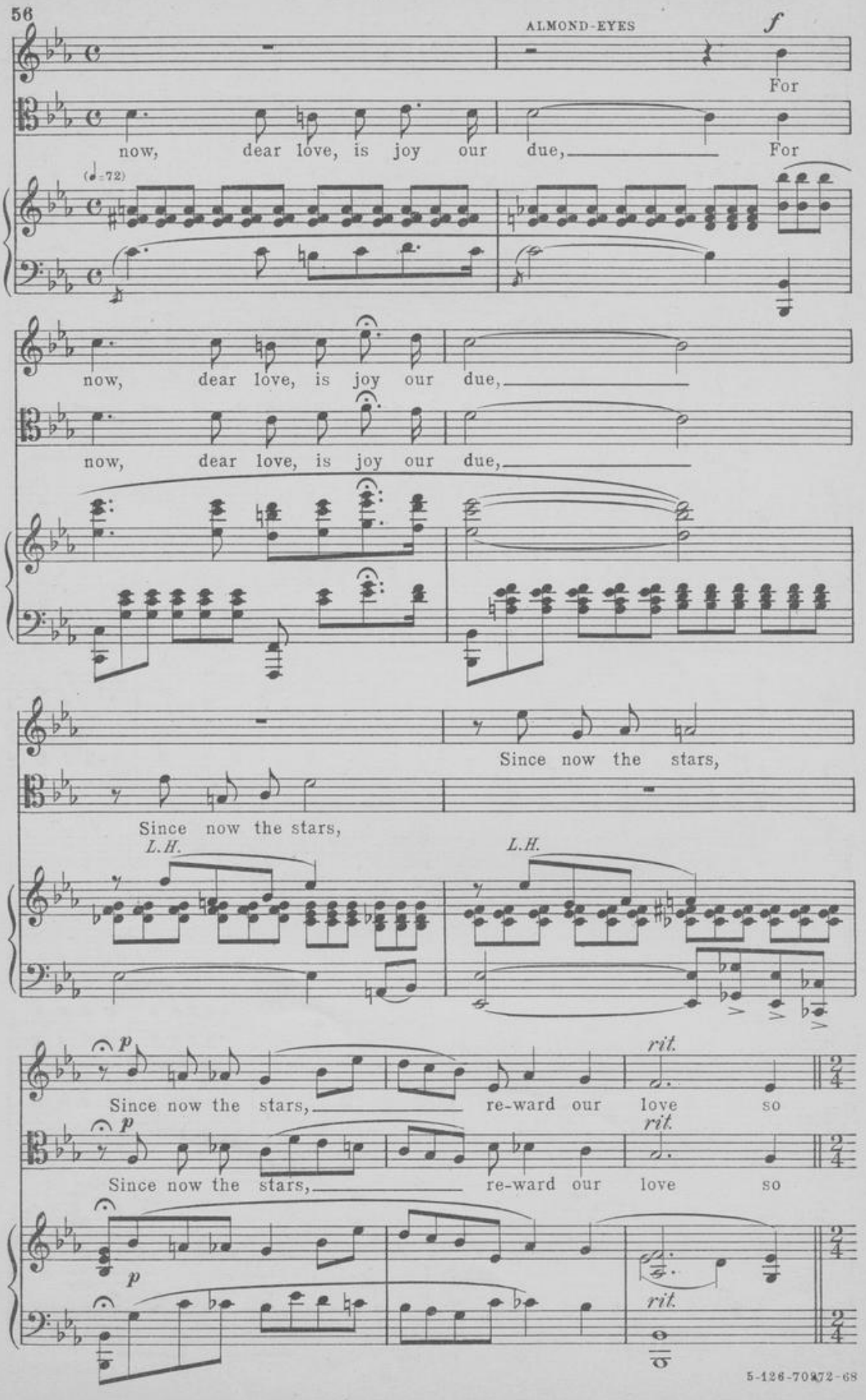
Wang-Ho, Almond-Eyes and Chorus

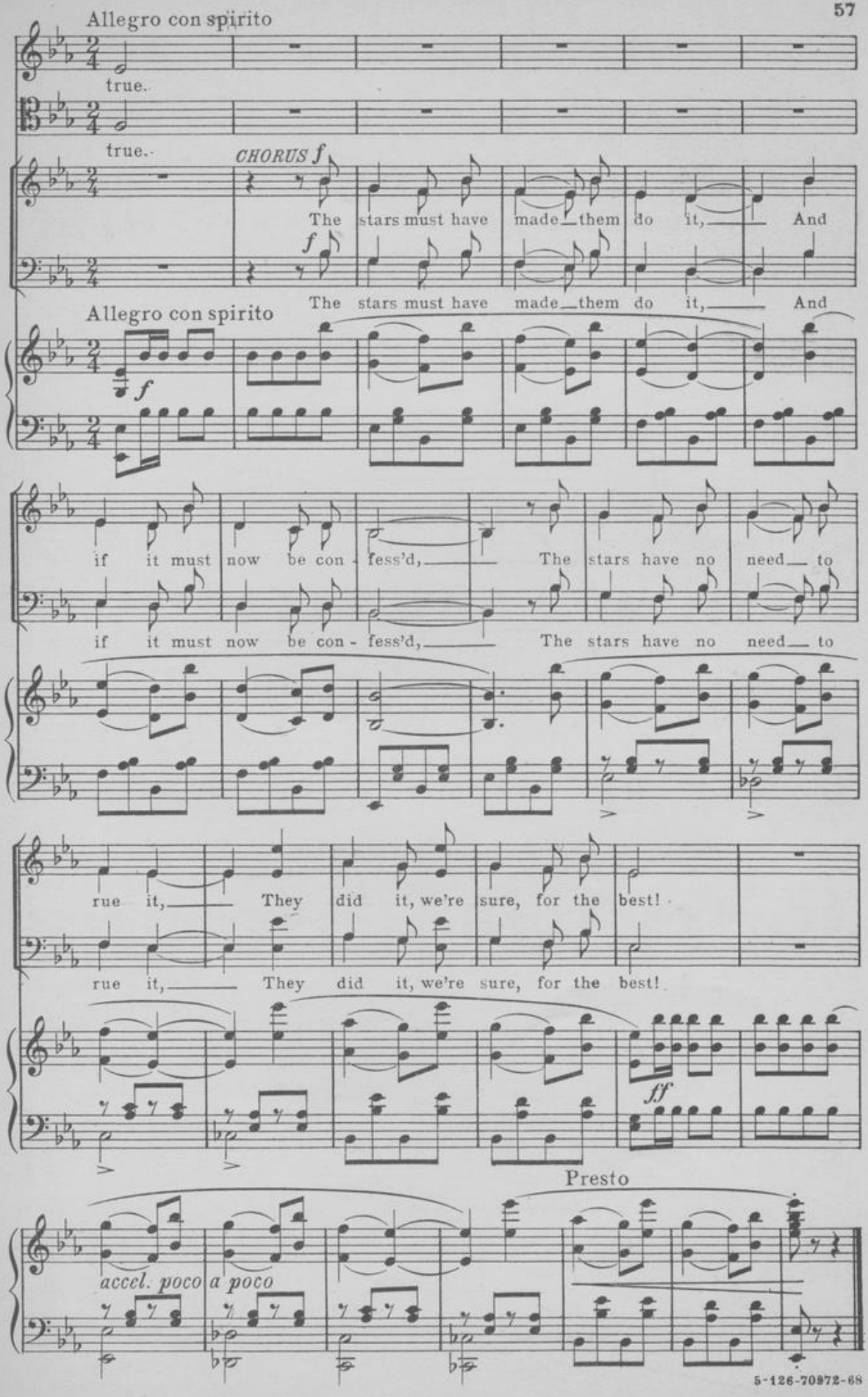
Allegro con spirito (♩=120)




gagg'd you be - fore I knew it; I'm sor - ry that I went so far.
f
CHORUS f
The stars must have made him do it, Or may - be it
f
The stars must have made him do it, Or may - be it
was mar - tial Mars! We're sure that he now must rue it,
was mar - tial Mars! We're sure that he now must rue it,
Al - tho' 'twas de - creed by the stars!
Al - tho' 'twas de - creed by the stars!
dim.


Andante espressivo (♩ = 80)
ALMOND-EYES
f
Emperor: (to Almond-Eyes) And you?
Do you feel more kindly toward your emperor
now that you need not marry him?
My grate-ful heart re-
mf
mf
joi - cing, All its glad-ness voi - cing, Thanks you for the gift of life and
love be-stow'd a - new. And clouds their shad-ows shed - ding Sil - ver lin-ings
spread-ing Speak of joy to come and ten-der mem-'ries to re - new.
WANG-HO
f
For

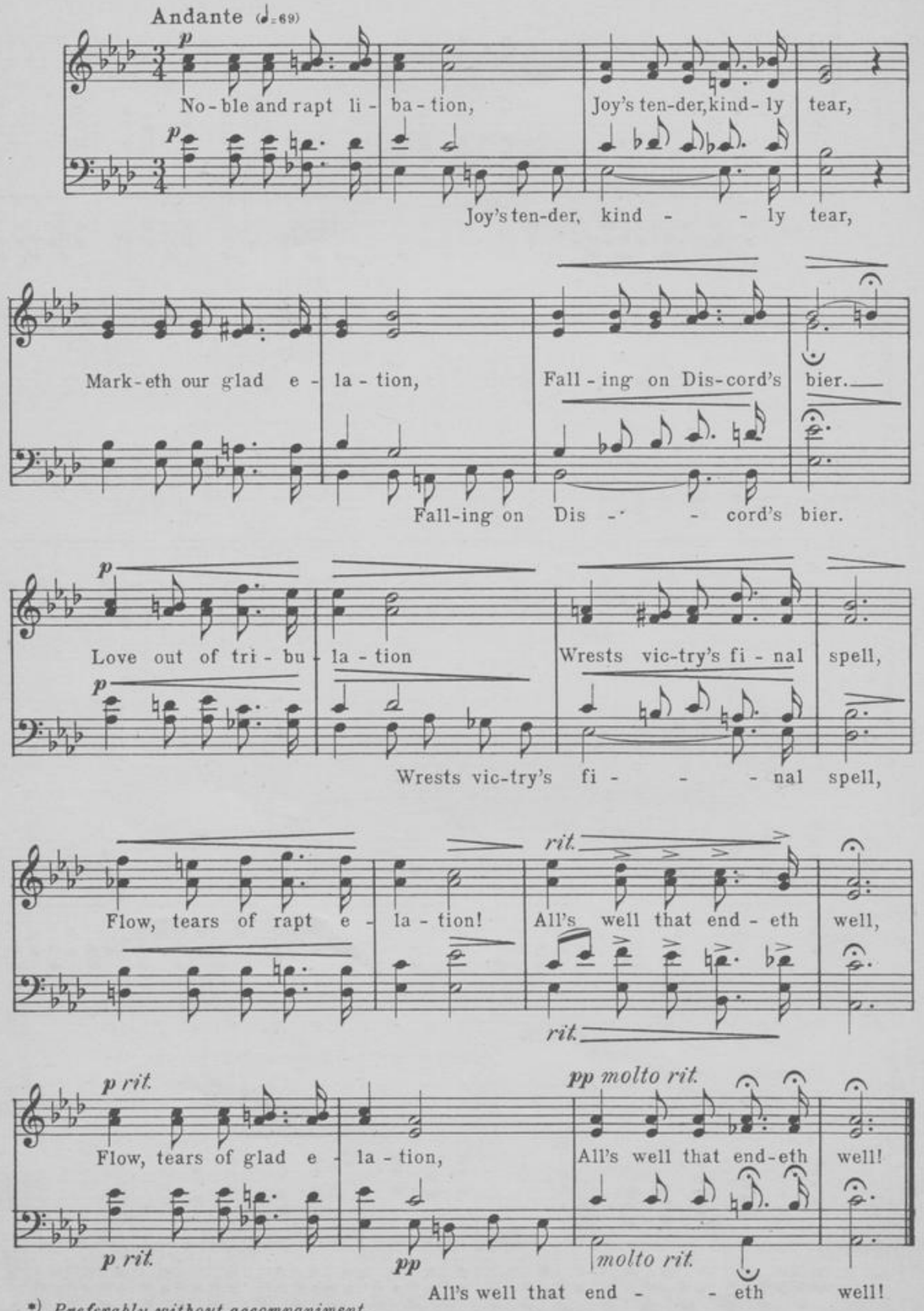

ALMOND-EYES
f
For
now, dear love, is joy our due, For
(♩=72)
now, dear love, is joy our due,
now, dear love, is joy our due,
Since now the stars,
Since now the stars,
L.H.
L.H.
p
rit.
Since now the stars, re-ward our love so
p
rit.
Since now the stars, re-ward our love so
p
rit.


Allegro con spirito
true.
true.
CHORUS f
The stars must have made them do it, And
f
The stars must have made them do it, And
Allegro con spirito
f
if it must now be con - fess'd, The stars have no need to
if it must now be con - fess'd, The stars have no need to
rue it, They did it, we're sure, for the best!
rue it, They did it, we're sure, for the best!
ff
Presto
accel. poco a poco

*) № 23. FLOW, TEARS OF GLAD ELATION

Quartet

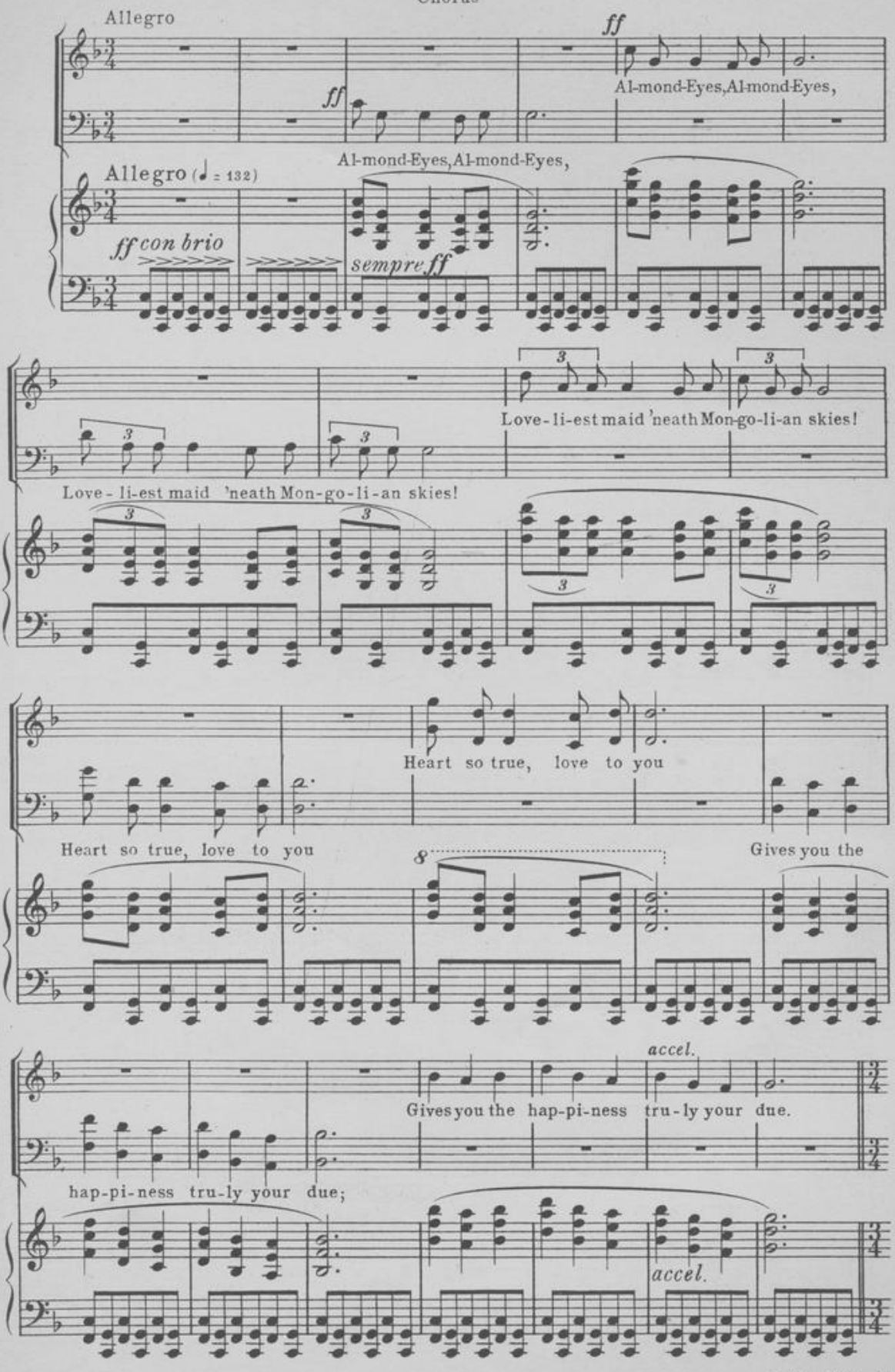
Almond-Eyes, Dooma, Wang-Ho, and Emperor

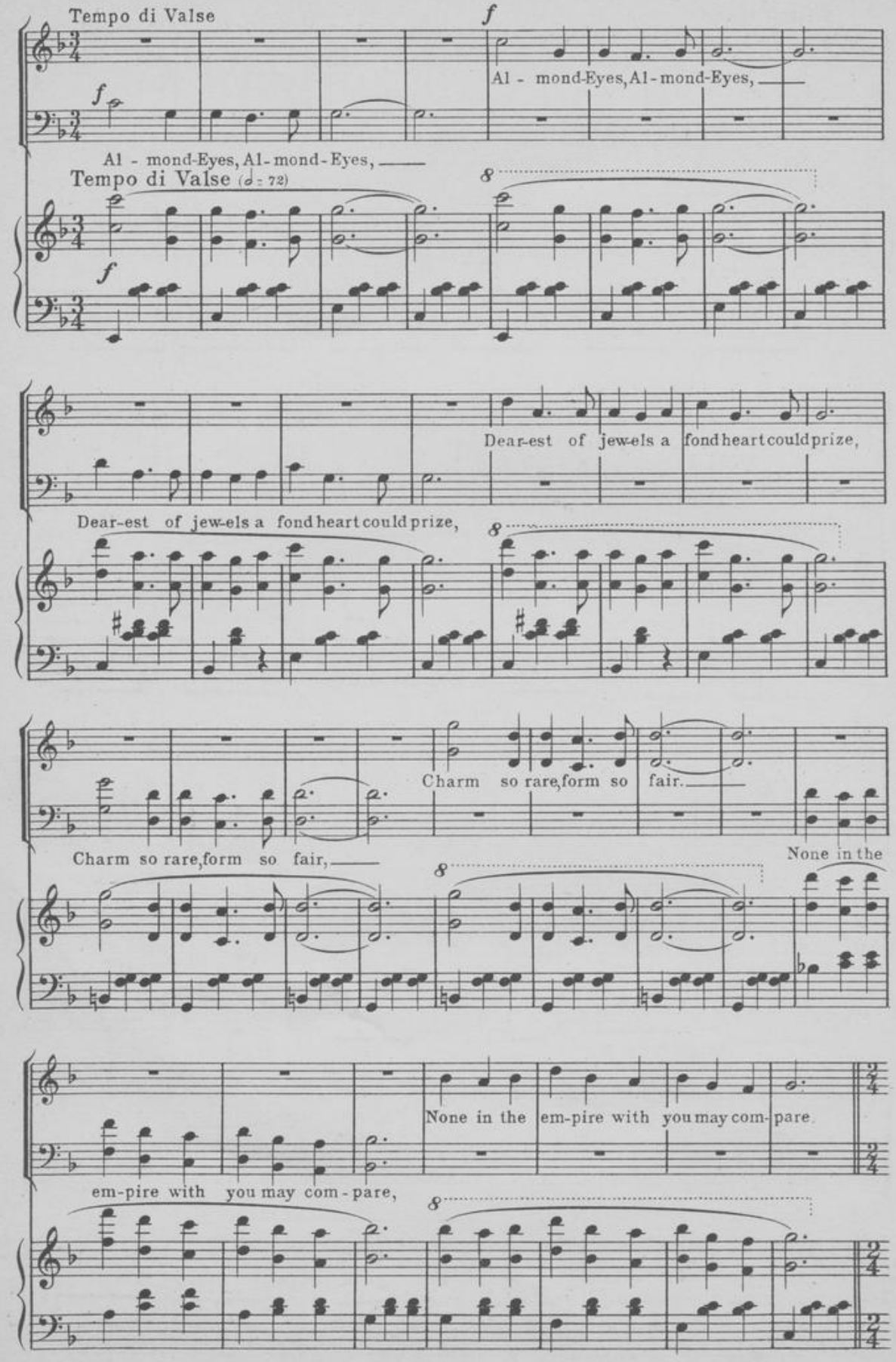


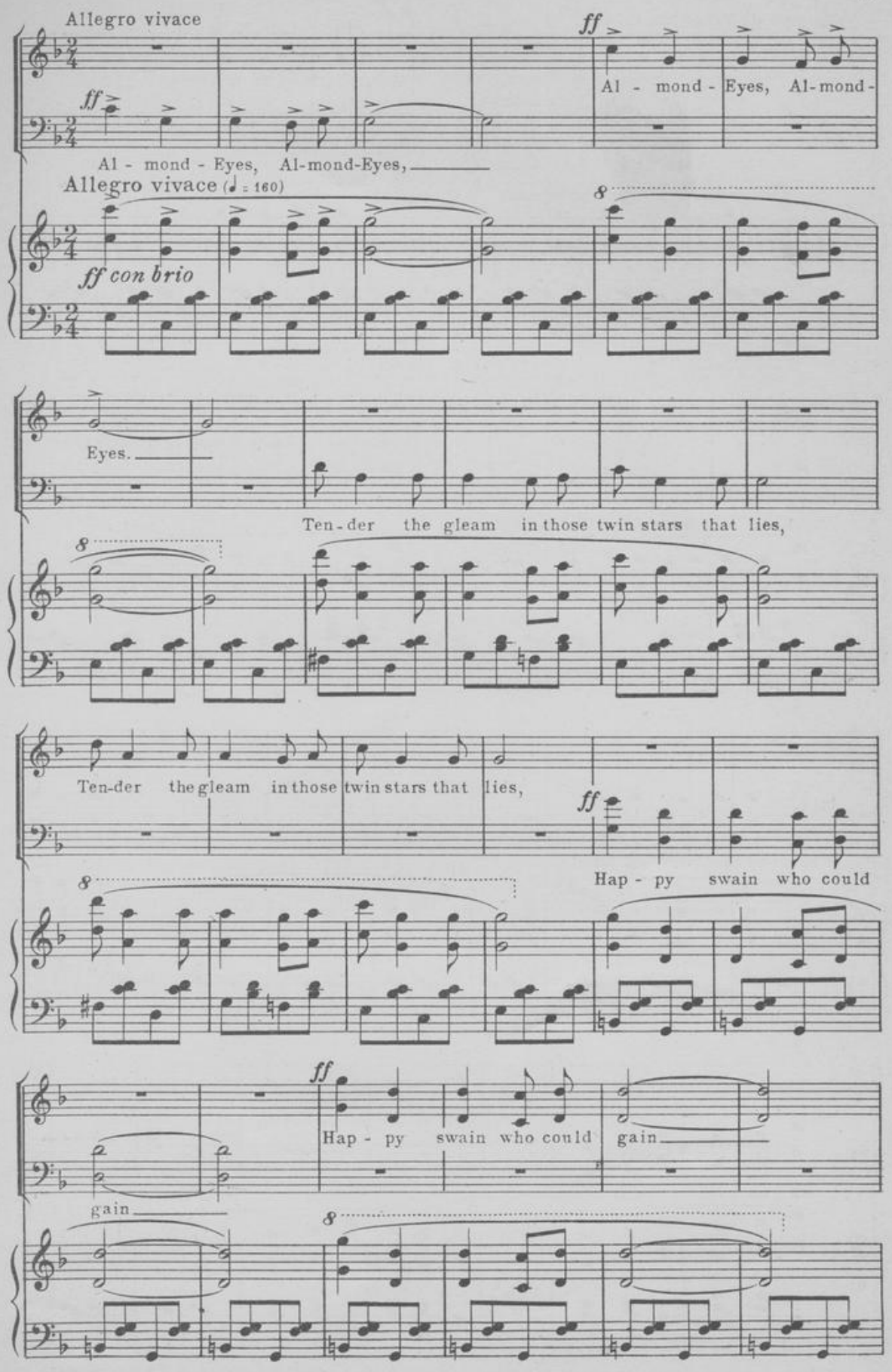
*) *Preferably without accompaniment.*

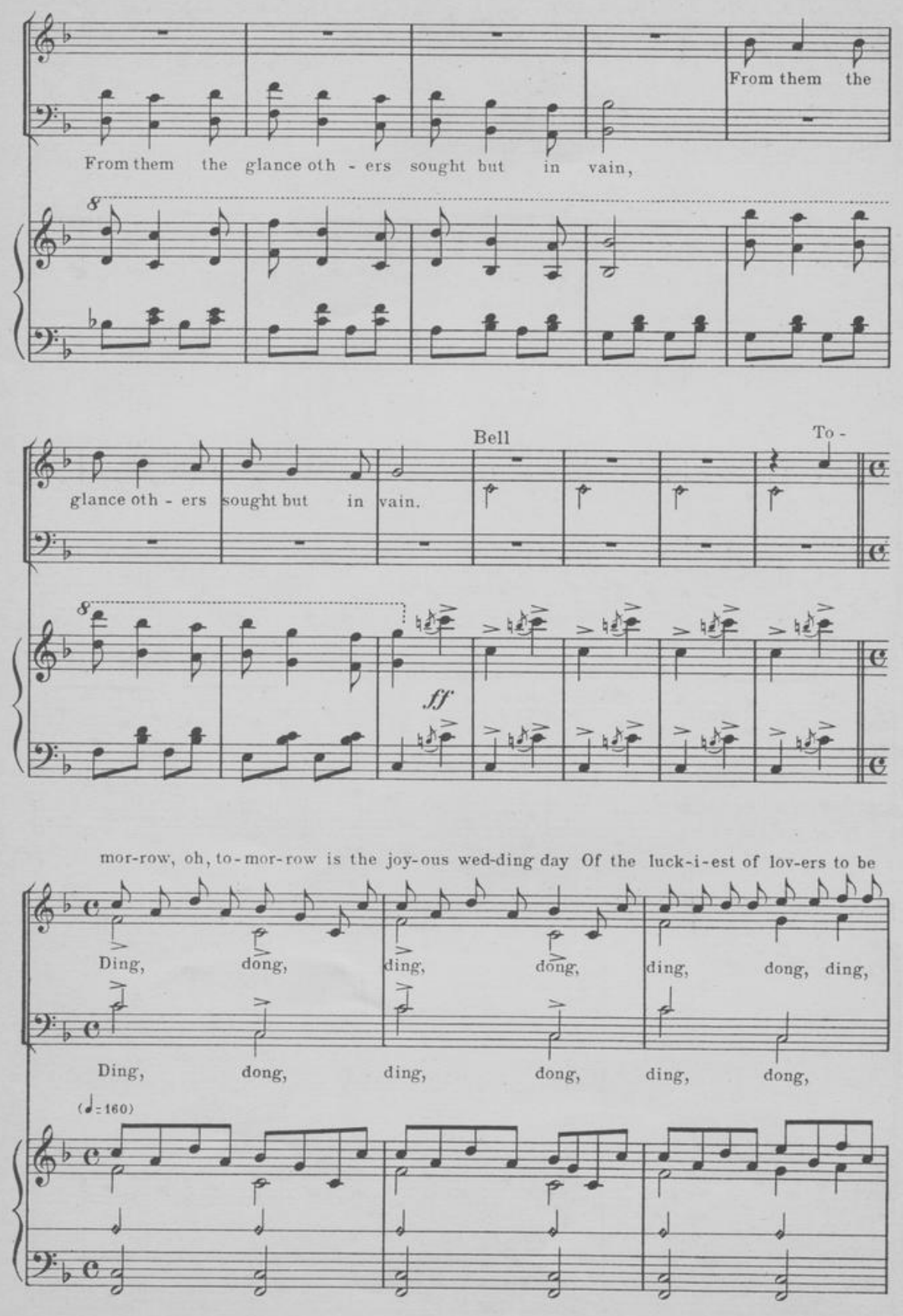
№ 24 FINALE: ALMOND-EYES

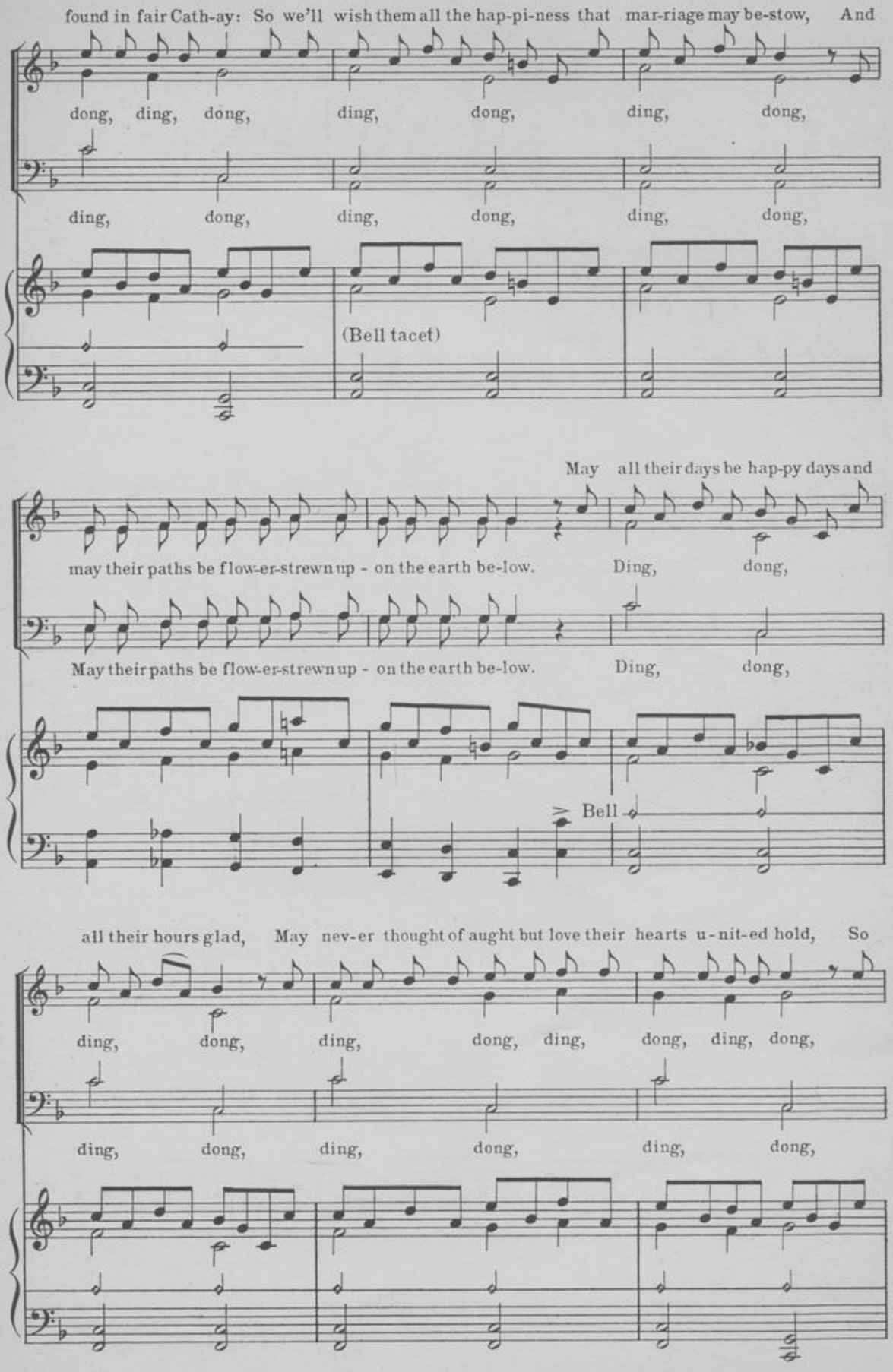
Chorus

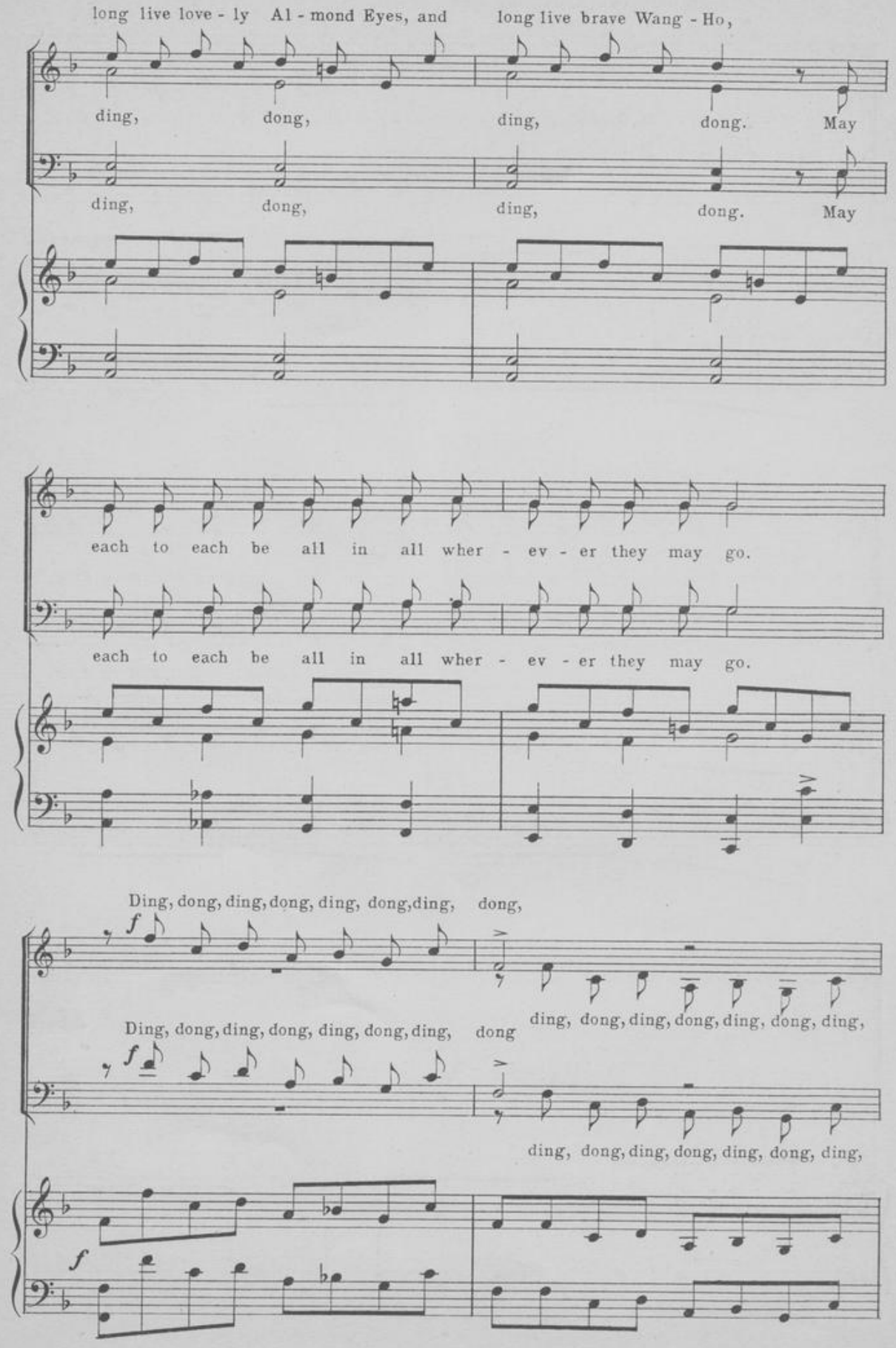


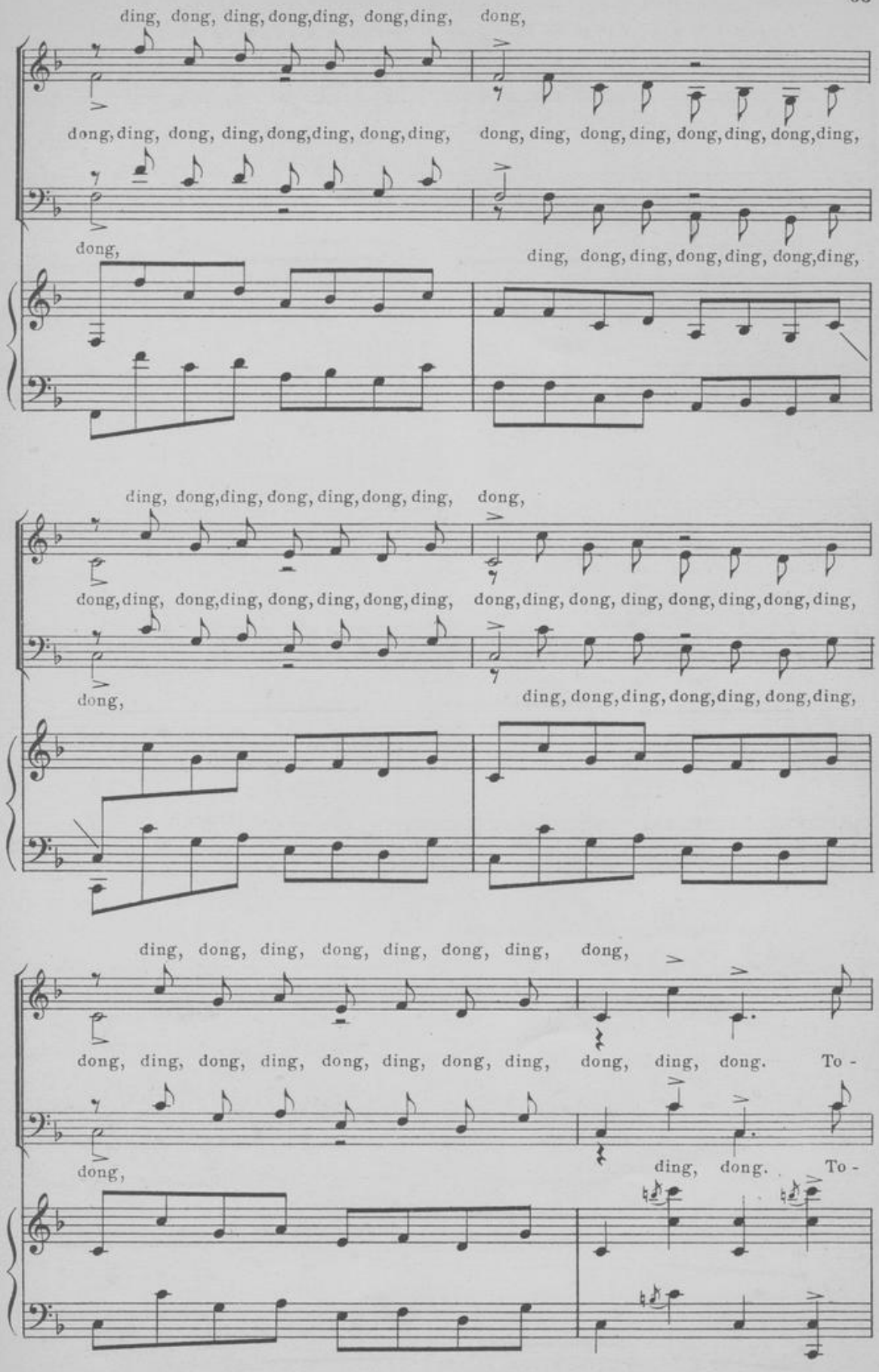

Tempo di Valse
f
Al - mond-Eyes, Al - mond-Eyes,
f
Al - mond-Eyes, Al - mond-Eyes,
Tempo di Valse (♩ = 72)
8
f
Dear-est of jew-els a fond heart could prize,
Dear-est of jew-els a fond heart could prize,
8
Charm so rare, form so fair.
Charm so rare, form so fair,
8
None in the
None in the em-pire with you may com-pare.
em-pire with you may com-pare,
8

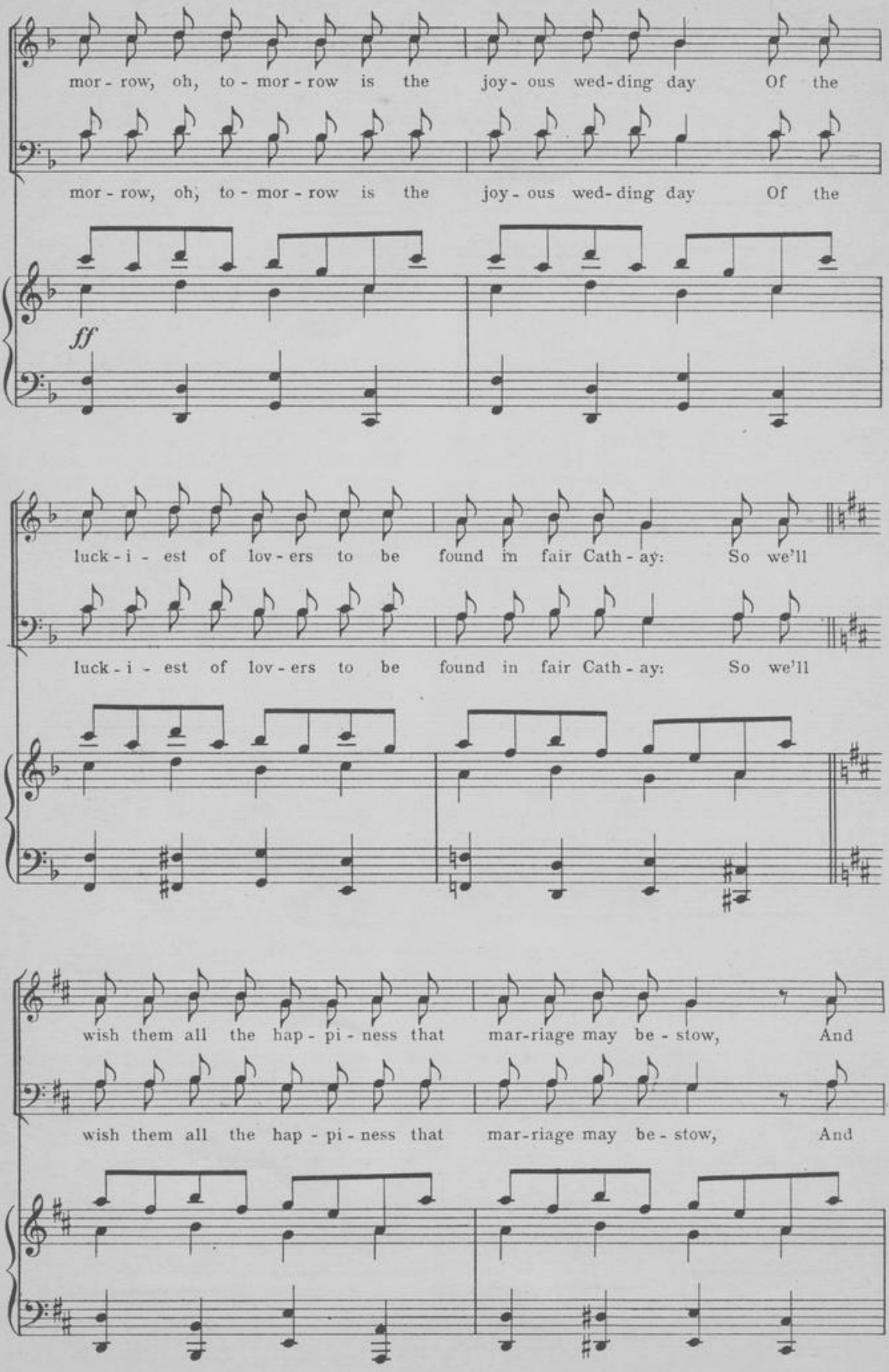

Allegro vivace
ff
Al - mond - Eyes, Al-mond-
ff
Al - mond - Eyes, Al-mond-Eyes,
Allegro vivace (♩ = 160)
ff con brio
8
Eyes.
Ten-der the gleam in those twin stars that lies,
8
Ten-der the gleam in those twin stars that lies,
ff
Hap - py swain who could
8
ff
Hap - py swain who could gain
gain
8

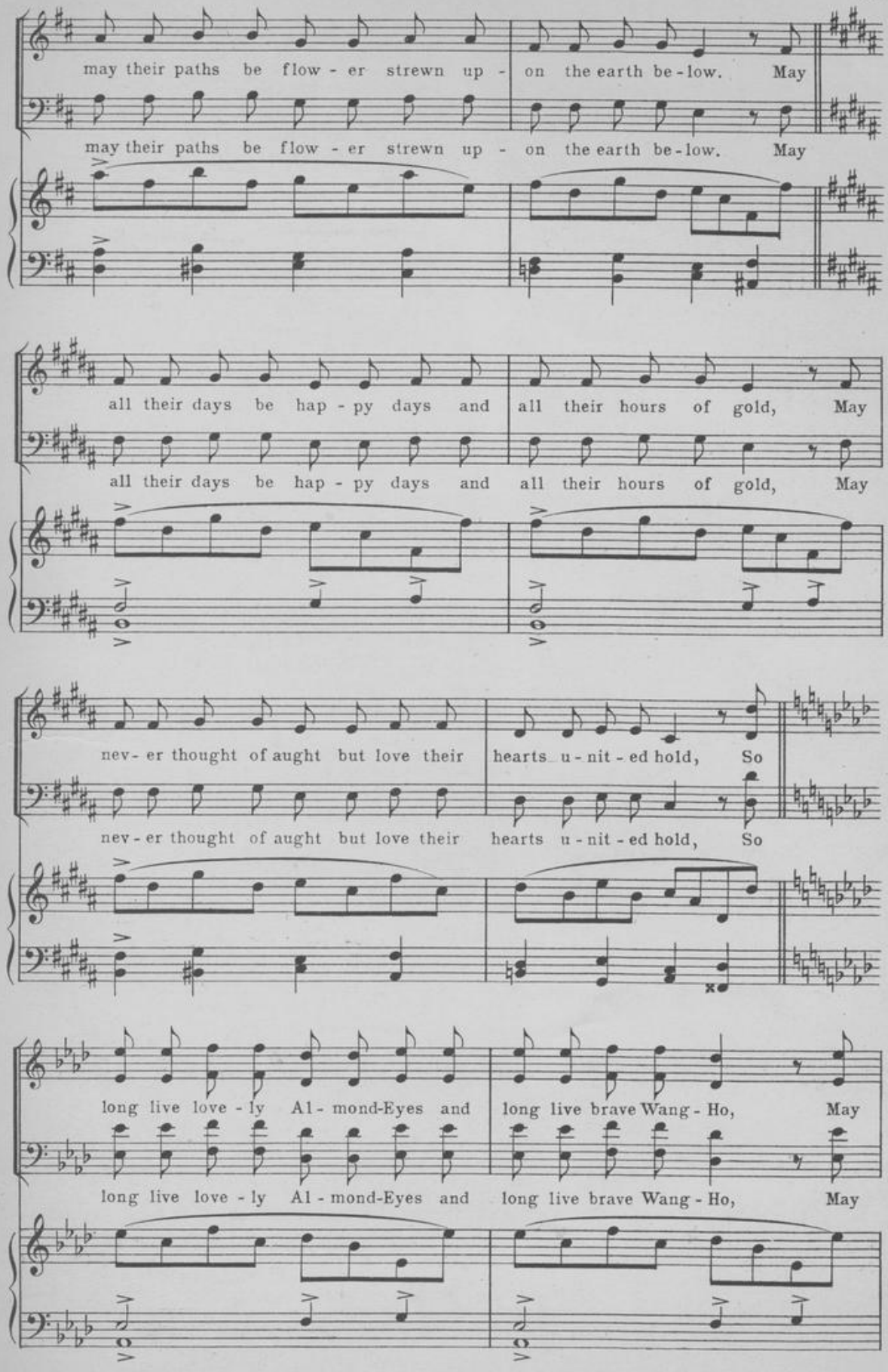

From them the
From them the glance oth - ers sought but in vain,
8
Bell
To -
glance oth - ers sought but in vain.
8
ff
mor-row, oh, to-mor-row is the joy-ous wed-ding day Of the luck-i-est of lov-ers to be
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
(♩= 160)

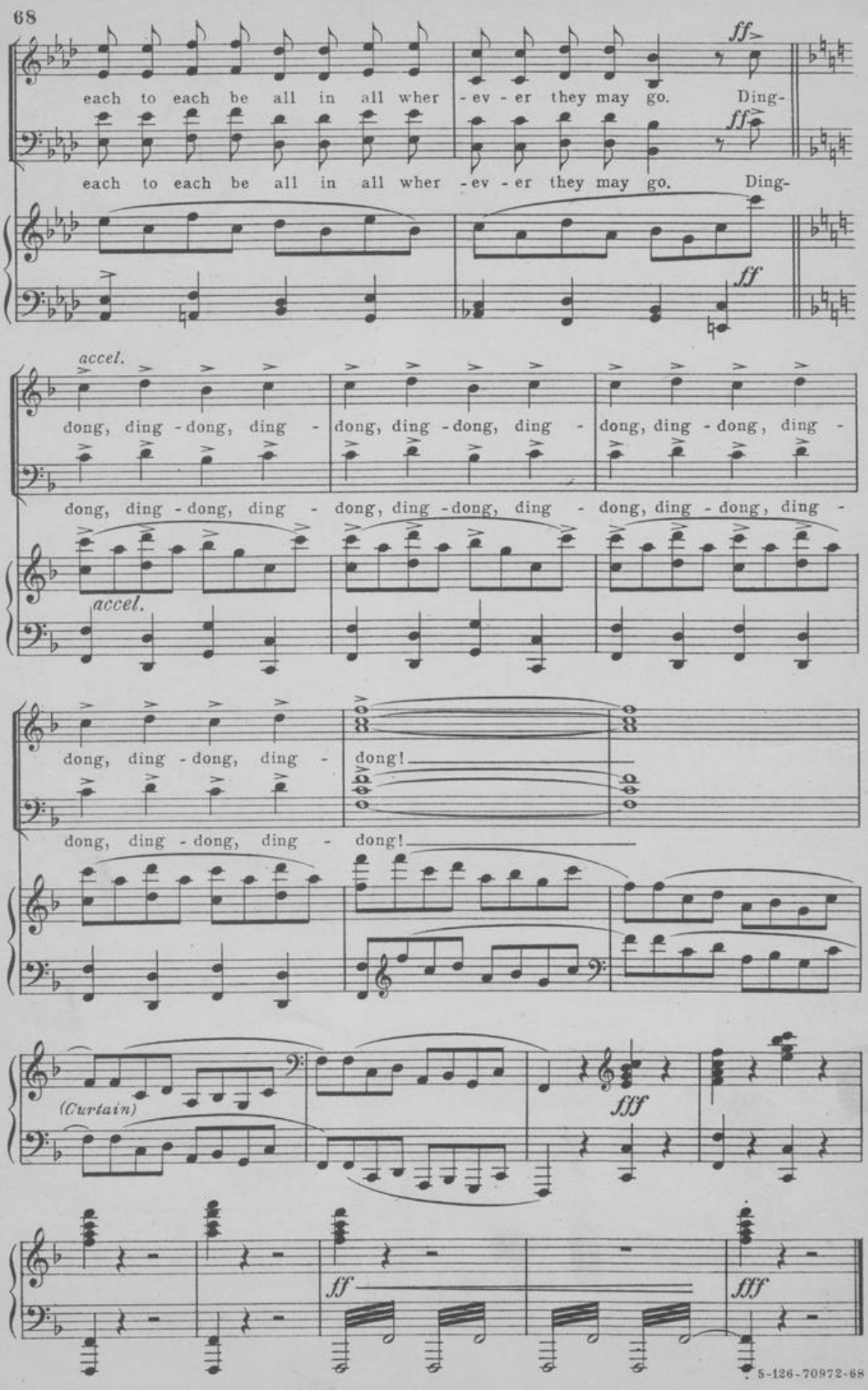

found in fair Cath-ay: So we'll wish them all the hap-pi-ness that mar-riage may be-stow, And
dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
(Bell tacet)
May all their days be hap-py days and
may their paths be flow-er-strewn up - on the earth be-low. Ding, dong,
May their paths be flow-er-strewn up - on the earth be-low. Ding, dong,
Bell
all their hours glad, May nev-er thought of aught but love their hearts u-nit-ed hold, So
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,


long live love - ly Al - mond Eyes, and
long live brave Wang - Ho,
ding, dong, ding, dong. May
ding, dong, ding, dong. May
each to each be all in all wher - ev - er they may go.
each to each be all in all wher - ev - er they may go.
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
f
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong
f
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
f


ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
dong,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
dong,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding,
ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong,
dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong. To -
dong,
ding, dong. To -


mor - row, oh, to - mor - row is the joy - ous wed - ding day Of the
mor - row, oh, to - mor - row is the joy - ous wed - ding day Of the
ff
luck - i - est of lov - ers to be found in fair Cath - ay: So we'll
luck - i - est of lov - ers to be found in fair Cath - ay: So we'll
wish them all the hap - pi - ness that mar-riage may be - stow, And
wish them all the hap - pi - ness that mar-riage may be - stow, And


may their paths be flow - er strewn up - on the earth be - low. May
may their paths be flow - er strewn up - on the earth be - low. May
all their days be hap - py days and all their hours of gold, May
all their days be hap - py days and all their hours of gold, May
nev - er thought of aught but love their hearts u - nit - ed hold, So
nev - er thought of aught but love their hearts u - nit - ed hold, So
long live love - ly Al - mond-Eyes and long live brave Wang - Ho, May
long live love - ly Al - mond-Eyes and long live brave Wang - Ho, May


each to each be all in all wher - ev - er they may go. Ding-
each to each be all in all wher - ev - er they may go. Ding-
ff
ff
ff
accel.
dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding -
dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding - dong, ding -
accel.
dong, ding - dong, ding - dong!
dong, ding - dong, ding - dong!
(Curtain)
fff
ff
fff