AN OPERATICK SQUABBLE

OR

THE IMPRESSARIO PERPLEXT

An Operetta in One Act

BY

W. A. MOZART

K. 486

Translated and Freely Adapted by

ERIC BLOM

Dramatis Personae

MR. BUSKIN, manager of the Opera.

MRS. HEARTFELT, MISS SILVERTONE } opera singers.

J. & W. CHESTER, LTD.
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INSTRUMENTATION

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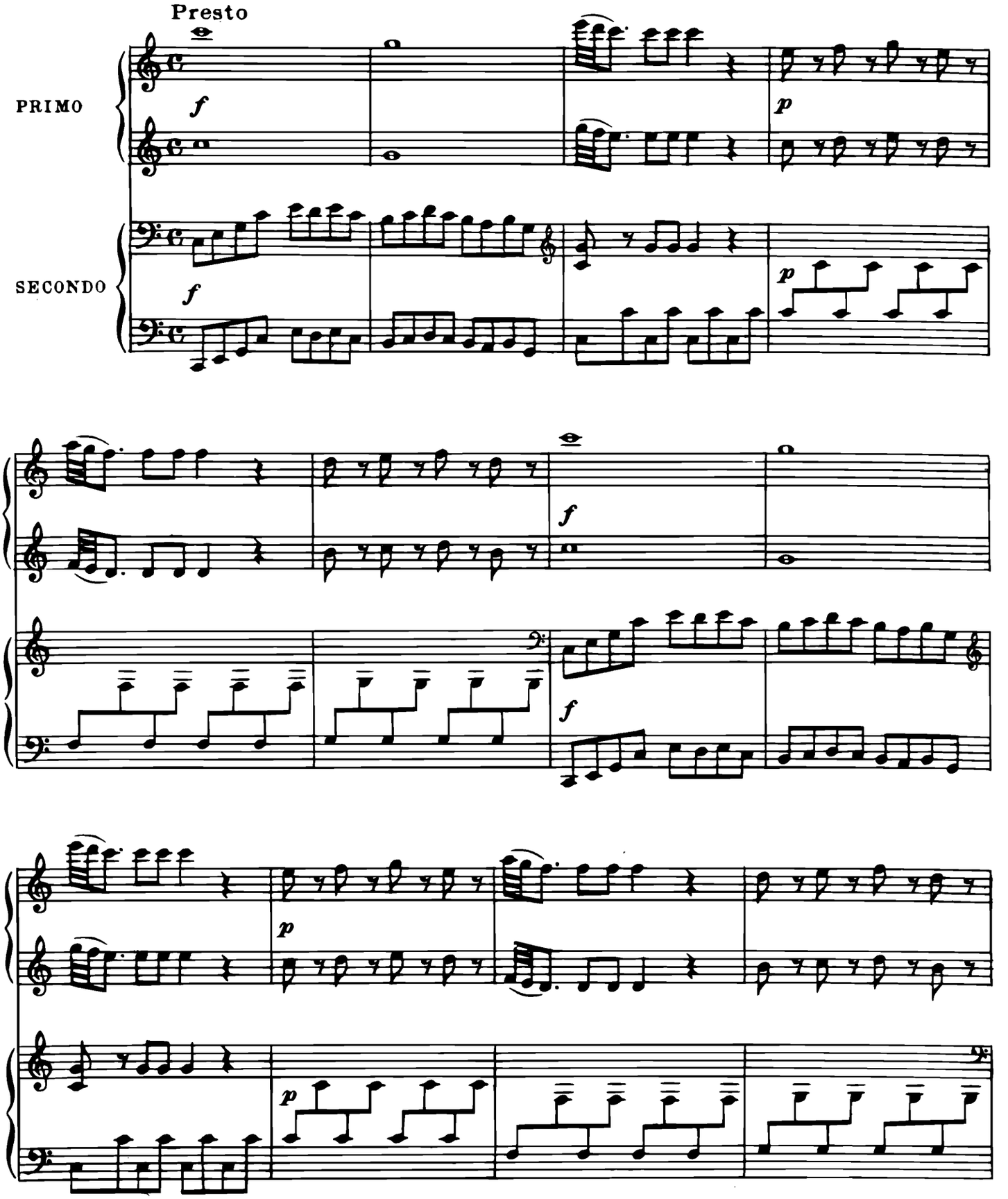
2 FLUTES
2 OBOES
2 CLARINETS
2 BASSOONS
2 HORNS
2 TRUMPETS
TIMPANI
STRINGS

Material available on hire

Duration of performance approx. 35 minutes

OVERTURE



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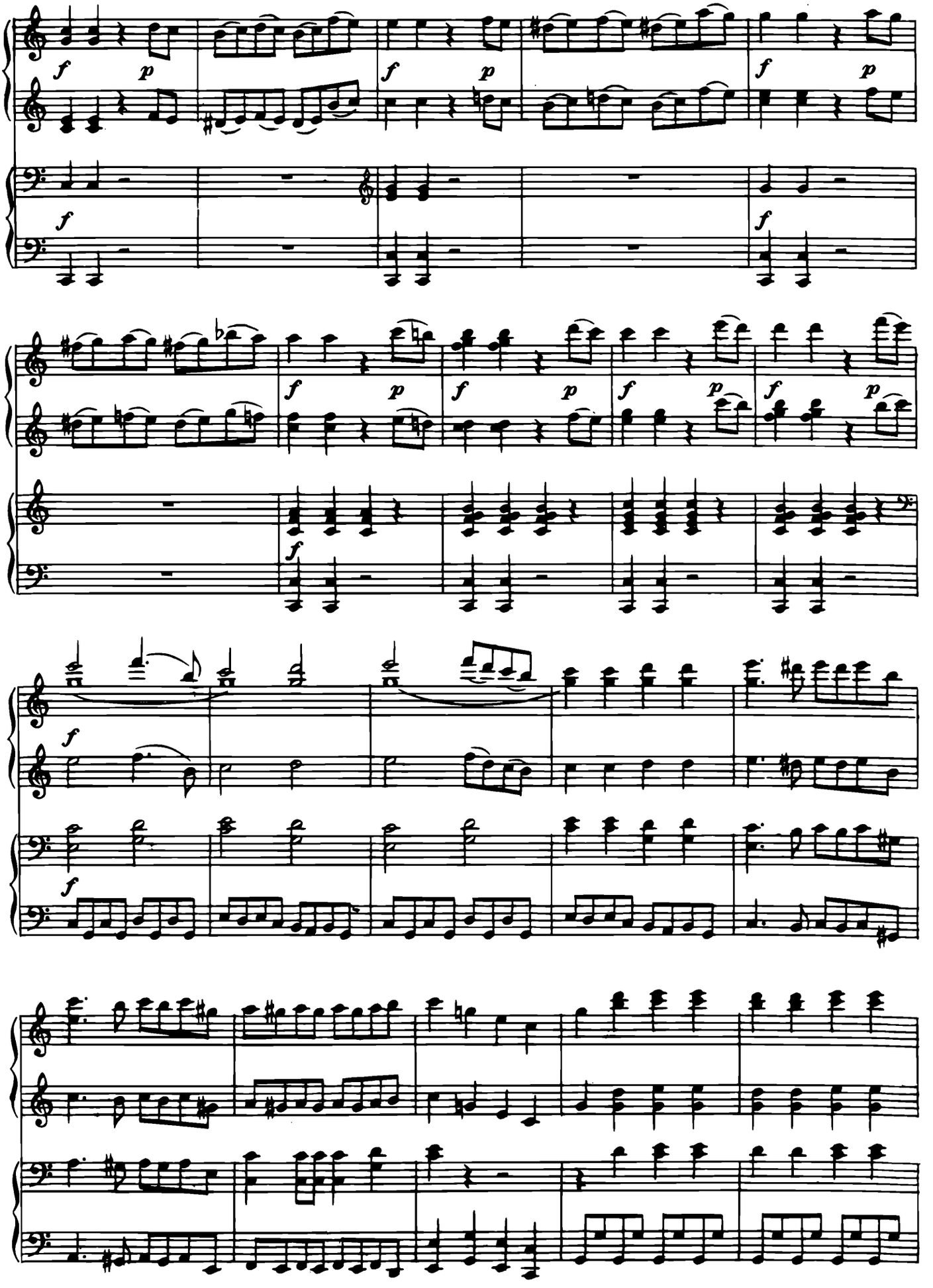

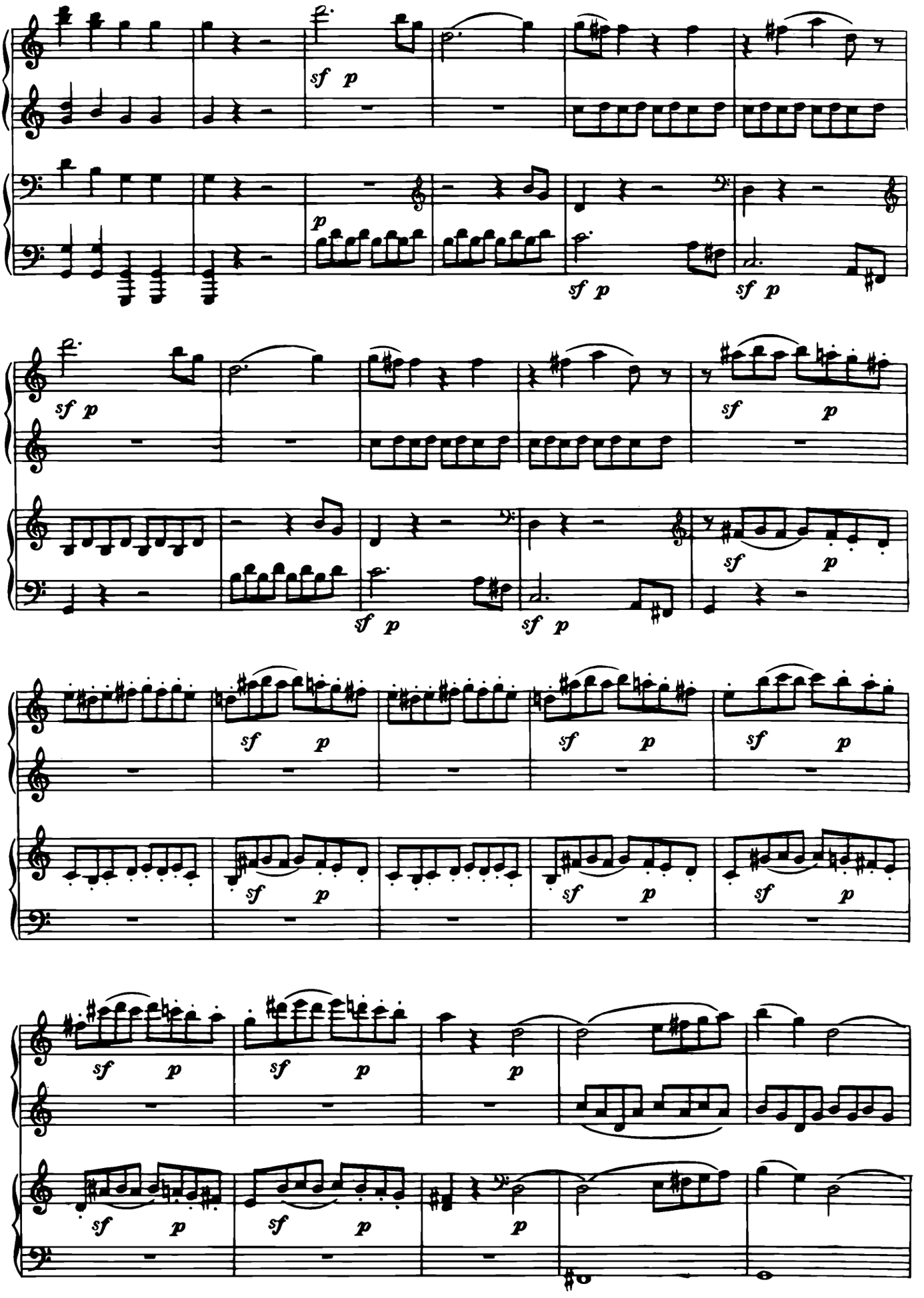
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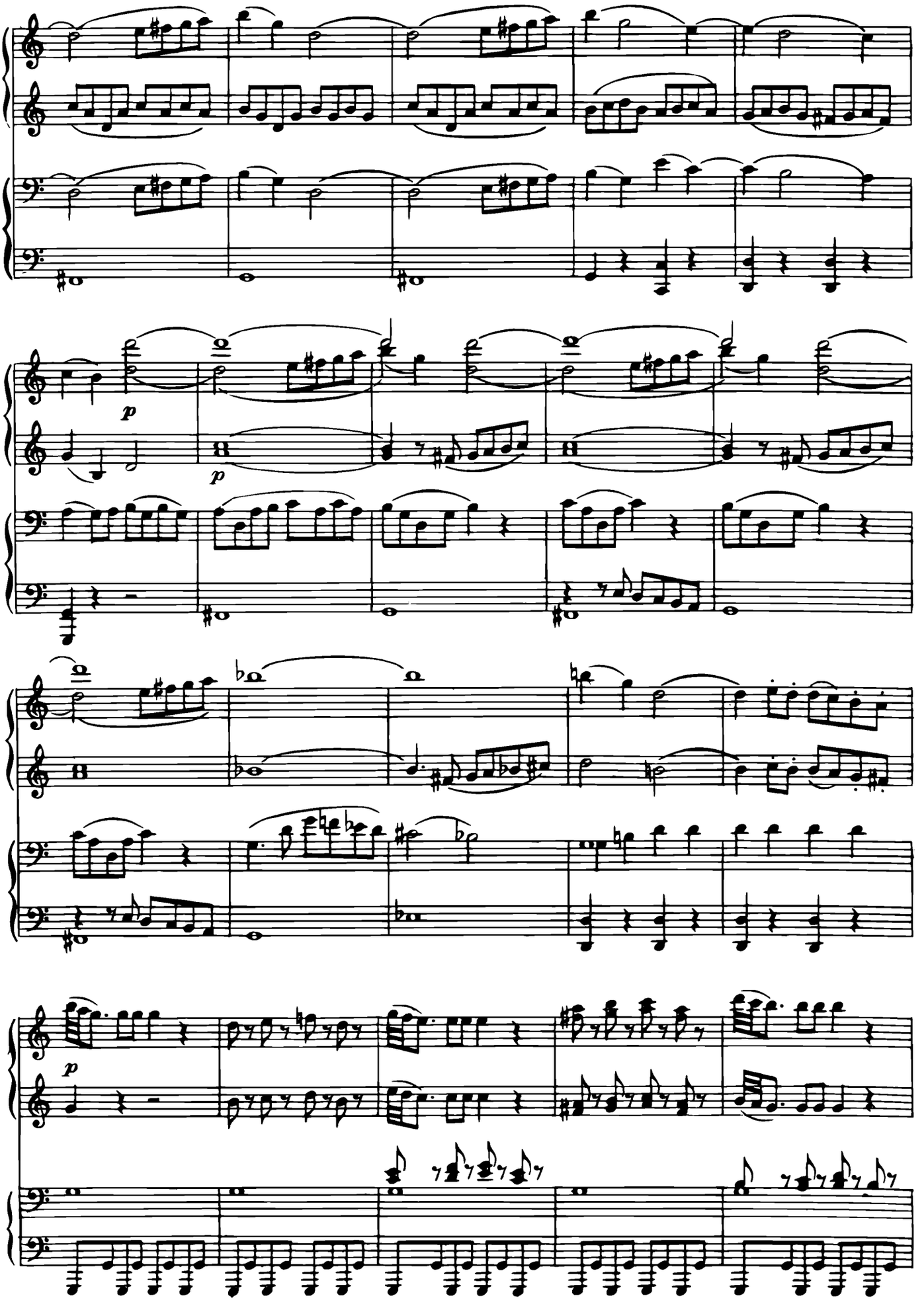
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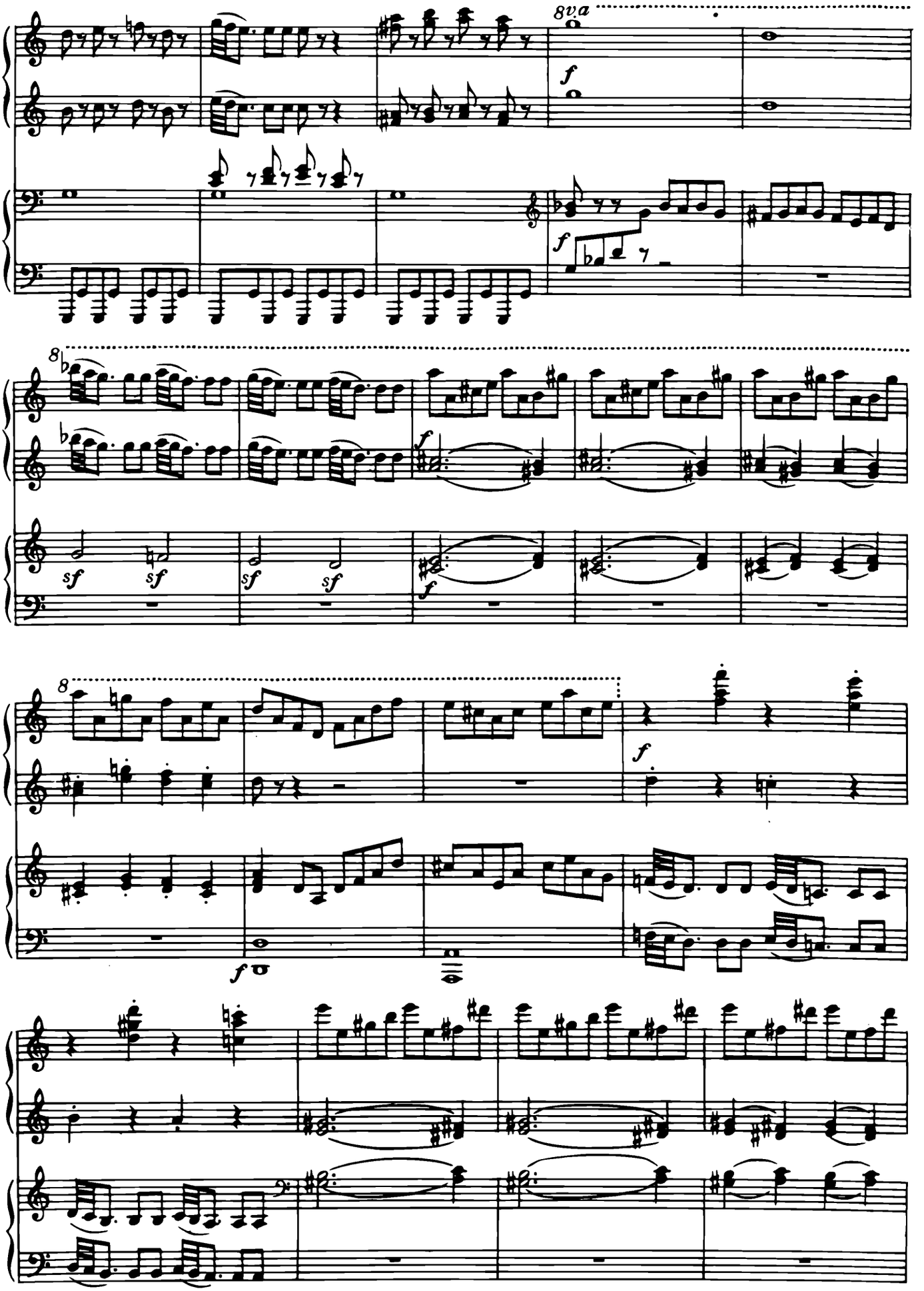
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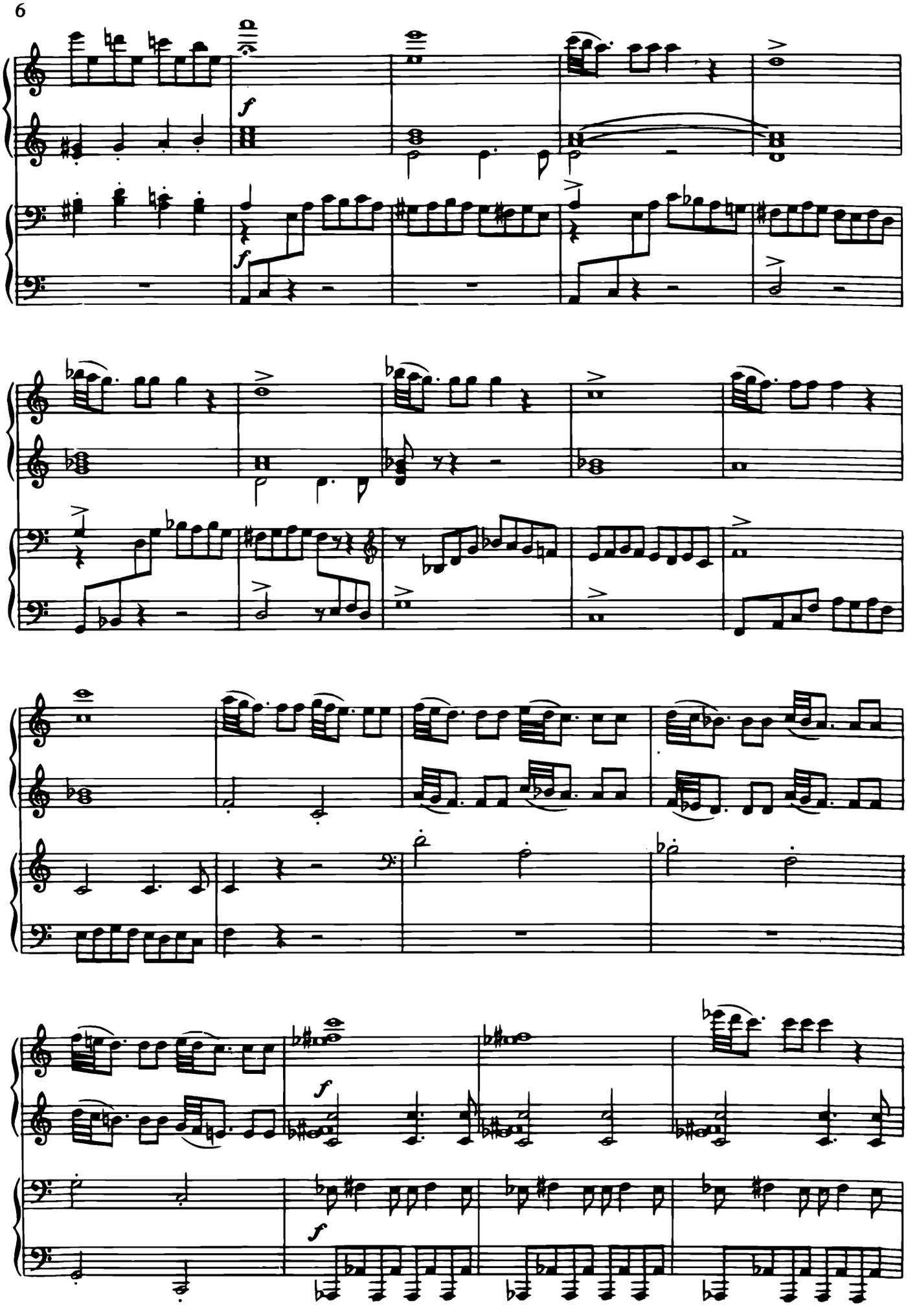
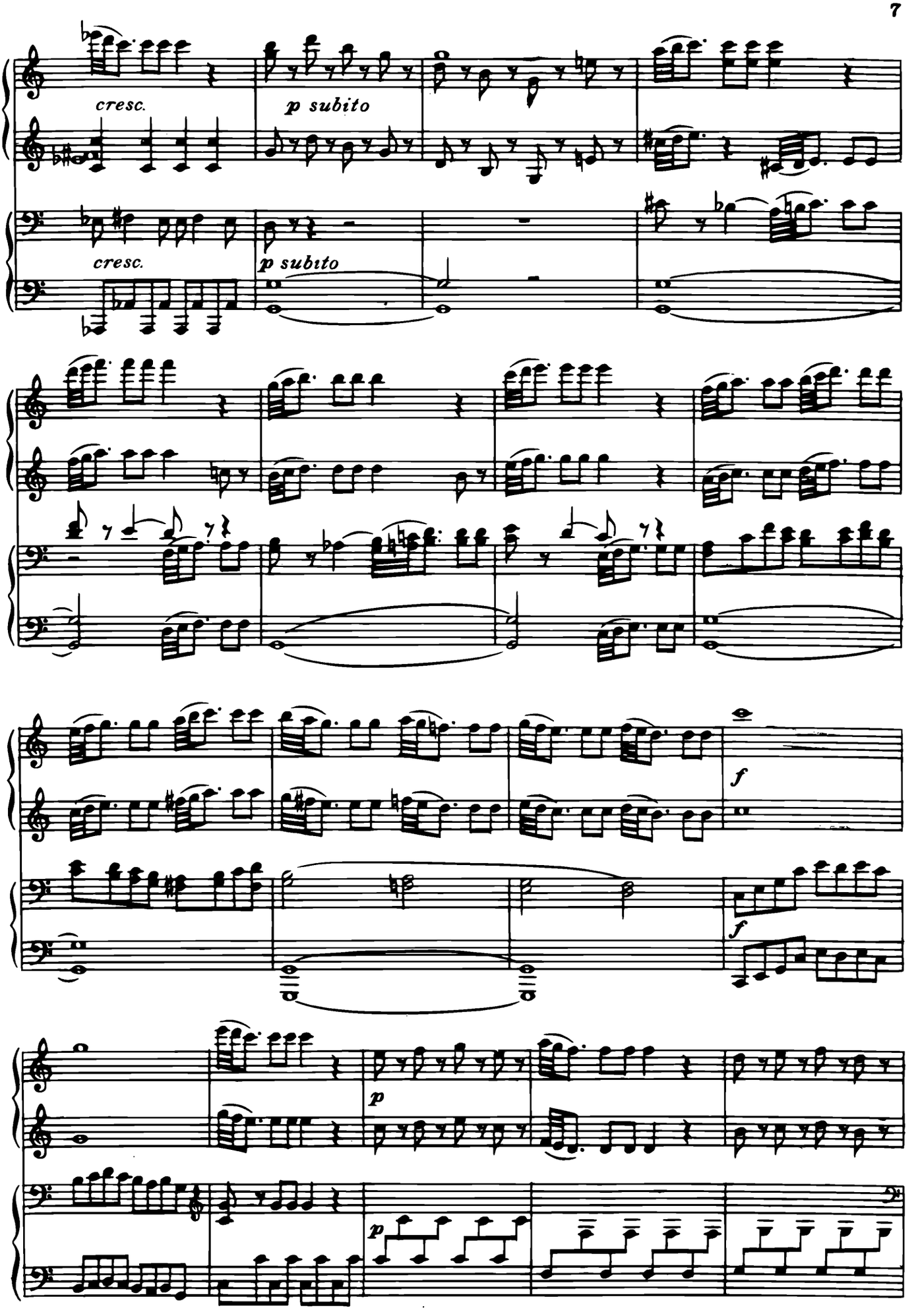
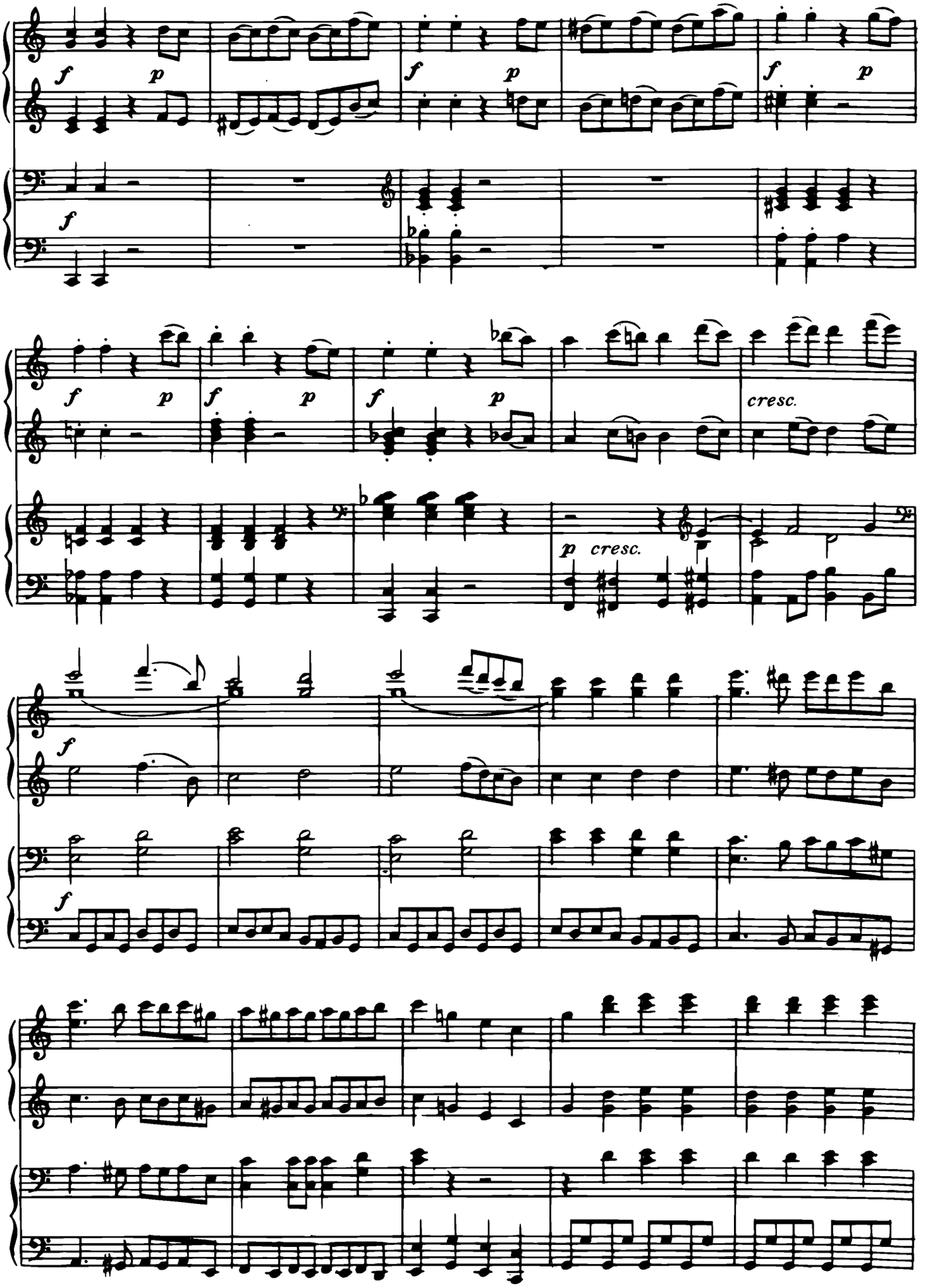



cresc.
p subito
cresc.
p subito
f
f
p
p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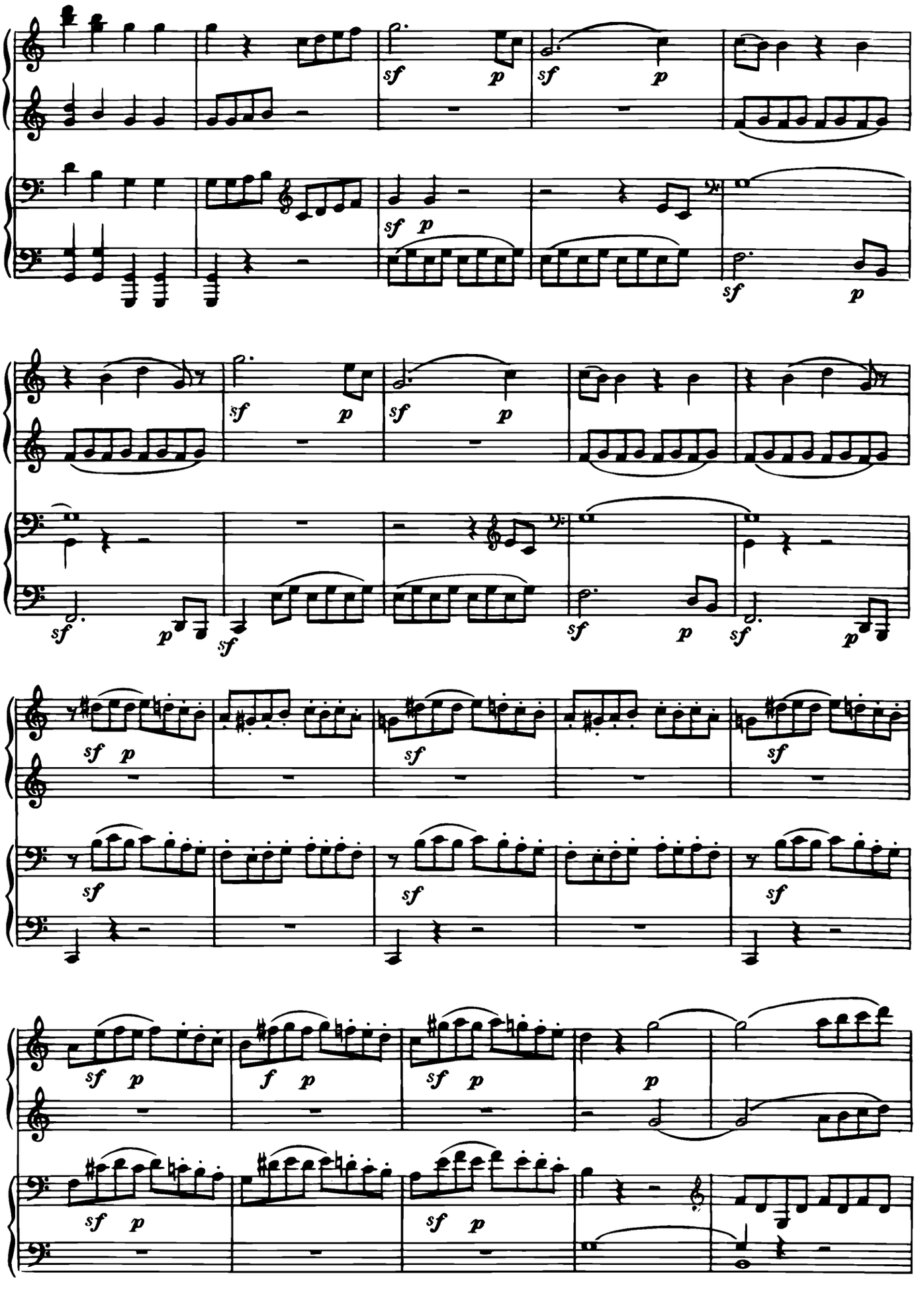
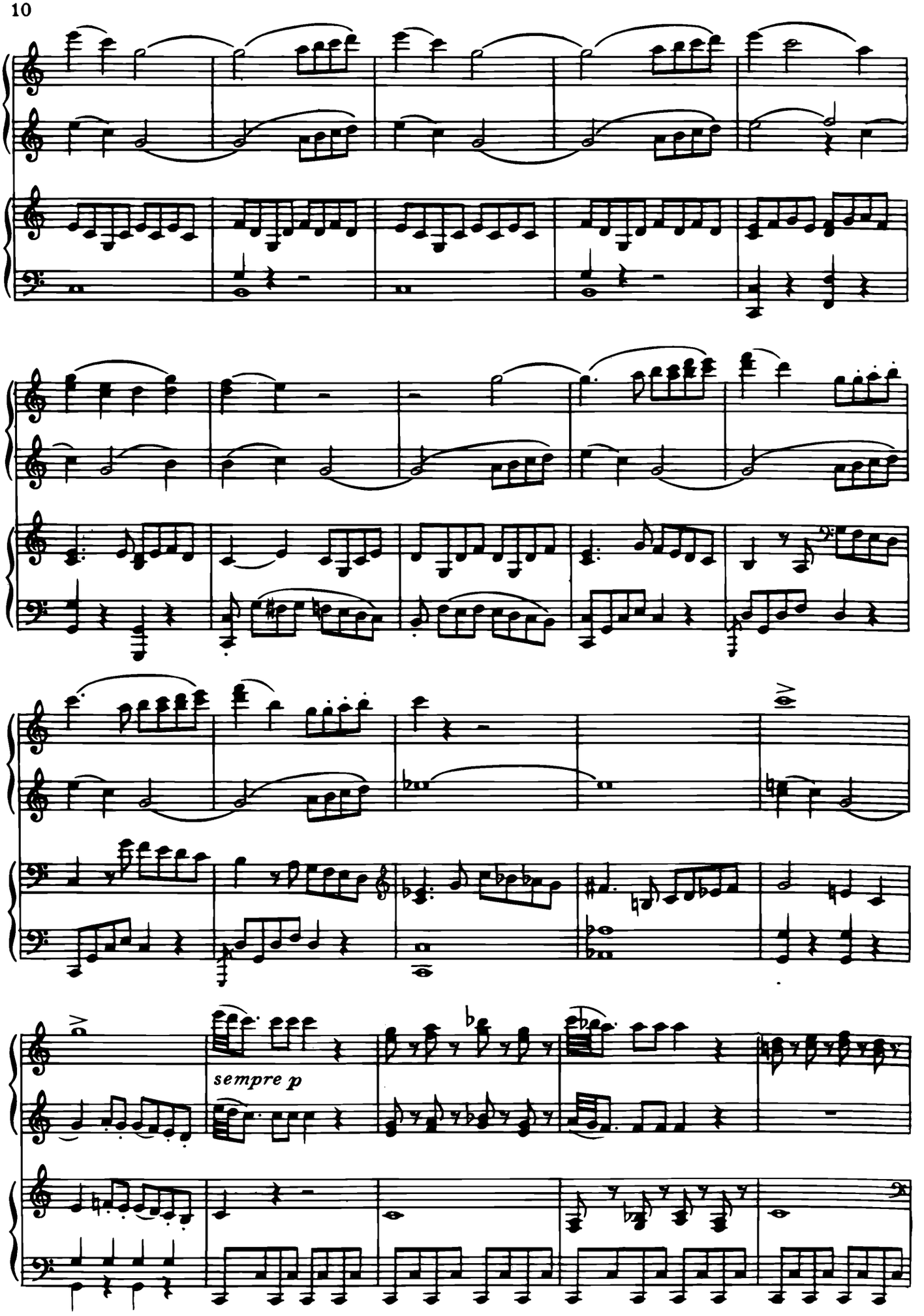
cresc.

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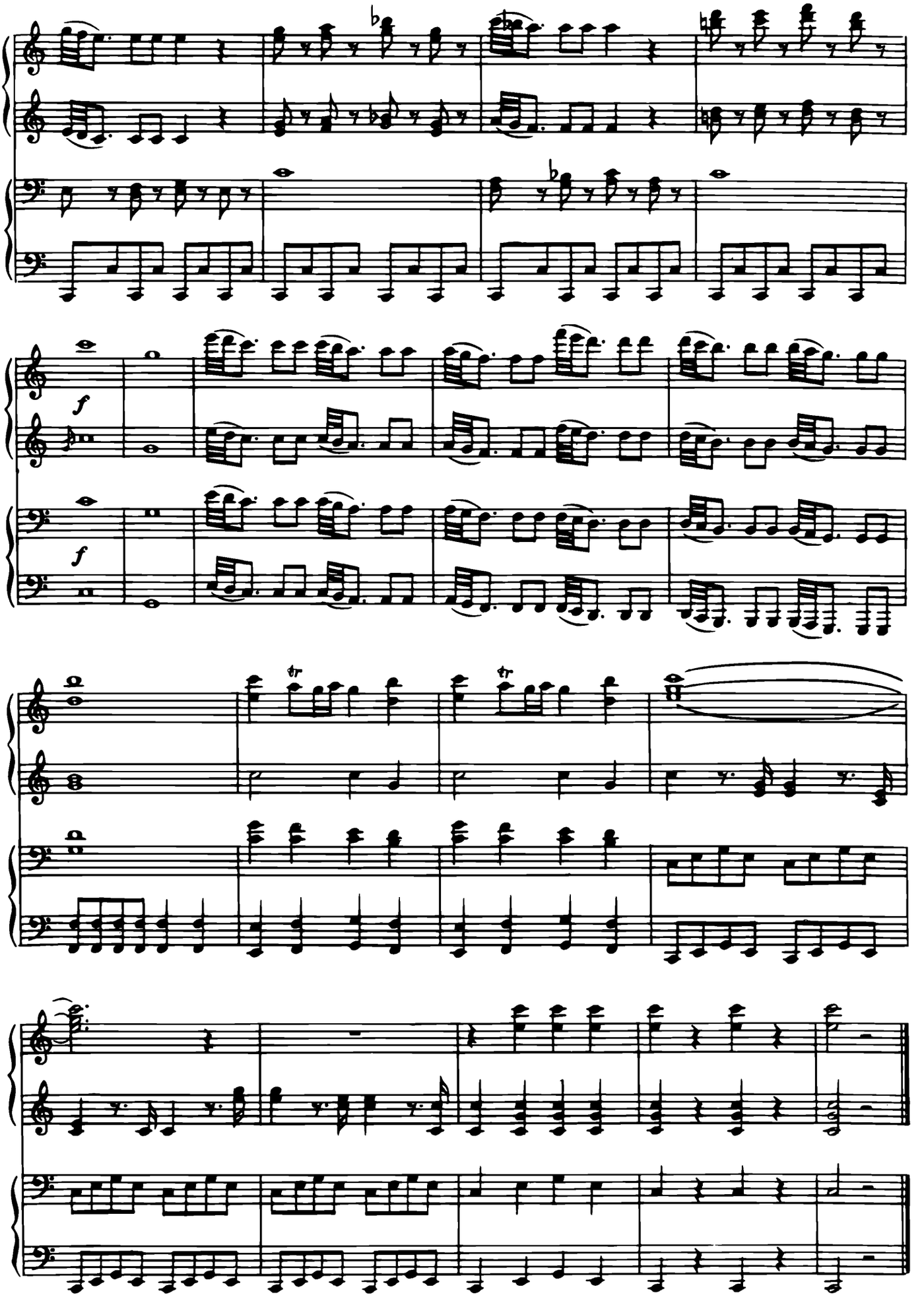


SCENE : The manager's room at the opera house. A table with a litter of papers, quill pen, inkpot and sand-box. Three or four chairs. The walls covered with playbills, costume sketches, etc.

PERIOD : Late eighteenth century.

Mr. Buskin discovered at the table with a newly opened letter in each hand, in a state of gleeful anticipation.

Buskin. Well, well, here I am, flushed with anticipation to see the two most delectable singers in Vienna apply to me for the part of Casilda. Who would have thought of such a stroke of fortune? Dear ladies! [*A letter in each hand, he looks as though he would like to kiss them.*] What a pleasure 'twill be to welcome you here!—I wonder which will come first. May Heaven only grant they will not arrive together, for 'tis ever my maxim to keep females of the singing persuasion apart, the more so when they have a name. And *what* names these are, to be sure! Mrs. Heartfelt! Miss Silvertone! Egad, 'twill never do to let *them* come together; but if I can but secure one of them, the new opera will be the rage of Vienna. But which of the two charmers will do for Casilda? Now I come to think on't, the part is like a meeting of prima donnas in itself. There never was such contradiction in a character. Fire and water, cat and dog, oil and vinegar are not more opposed than that new part of ours. But soft, I hear someone upon the stairs. Might that be one of the ladies?

[*He busies himself impressively with his papers. There is a gentle knock at the door, which he deliberately ignores. After a pause a louder knock.*

Buskin. Enter!

Enter Mrs. Heartfelt, theatrically melancholy. Buskin takes not notice, but becomes excessively busy with his papers. A gentle cough from Mrs. Heartfelt at last induces him to turn.

Buskin. As I live, Mrs. Heartfelt, I do declare! Your servant, madam, and how do you?

Heartfelt [*Sorrowfully.*] Indifferent well, I thank you sir. Mr. Ruskin, I believe.

Buskin. Buskin, madam, Buskin. You confound me with some stranger. But I am vastly beholden to you for keeping to your letter. Be seated, I pray, and let me tell you that I have a part for you, if you but care to take it, that will make your pretty mouth water.

Heartfelt. [*Unimpressed.*] A principal part, I trust.

Buskin. The principal part, madam, to be sure. I would not ask you to take a seconda donna.

Heartfelt. That would cost you too dear, sir, not a doubt on't, if I accepted of it, which I need not say I should not. But I do not even care to take a part with a second prima donna next to me. [*Quickly*] Not that I should fear her rivalry. I consider that I *have* no rival. Howsomever, I should not wish to ruin the chances of an inferior singer in a part equal to mine.

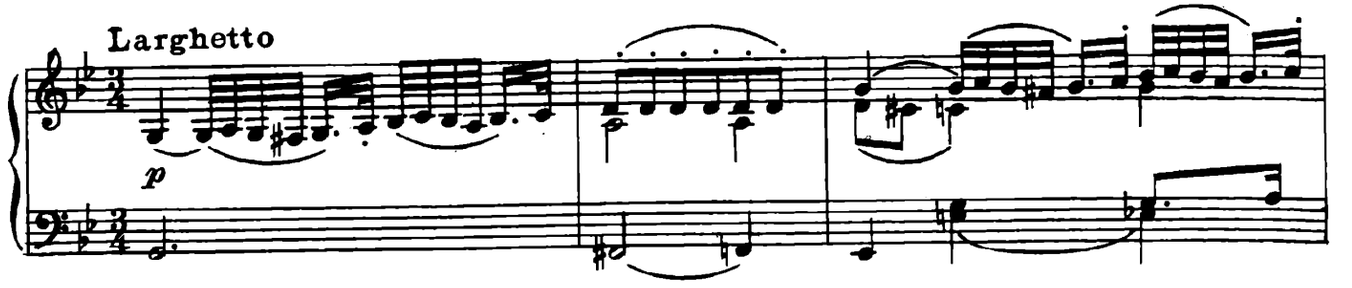
Buskin. Rest assured, dear madam, there is no other chief part next to Casilda. A servetta or so, and a duenna for an alto, nothing more. But will you not give me a song? A little sample of your superb art, I beg of you.

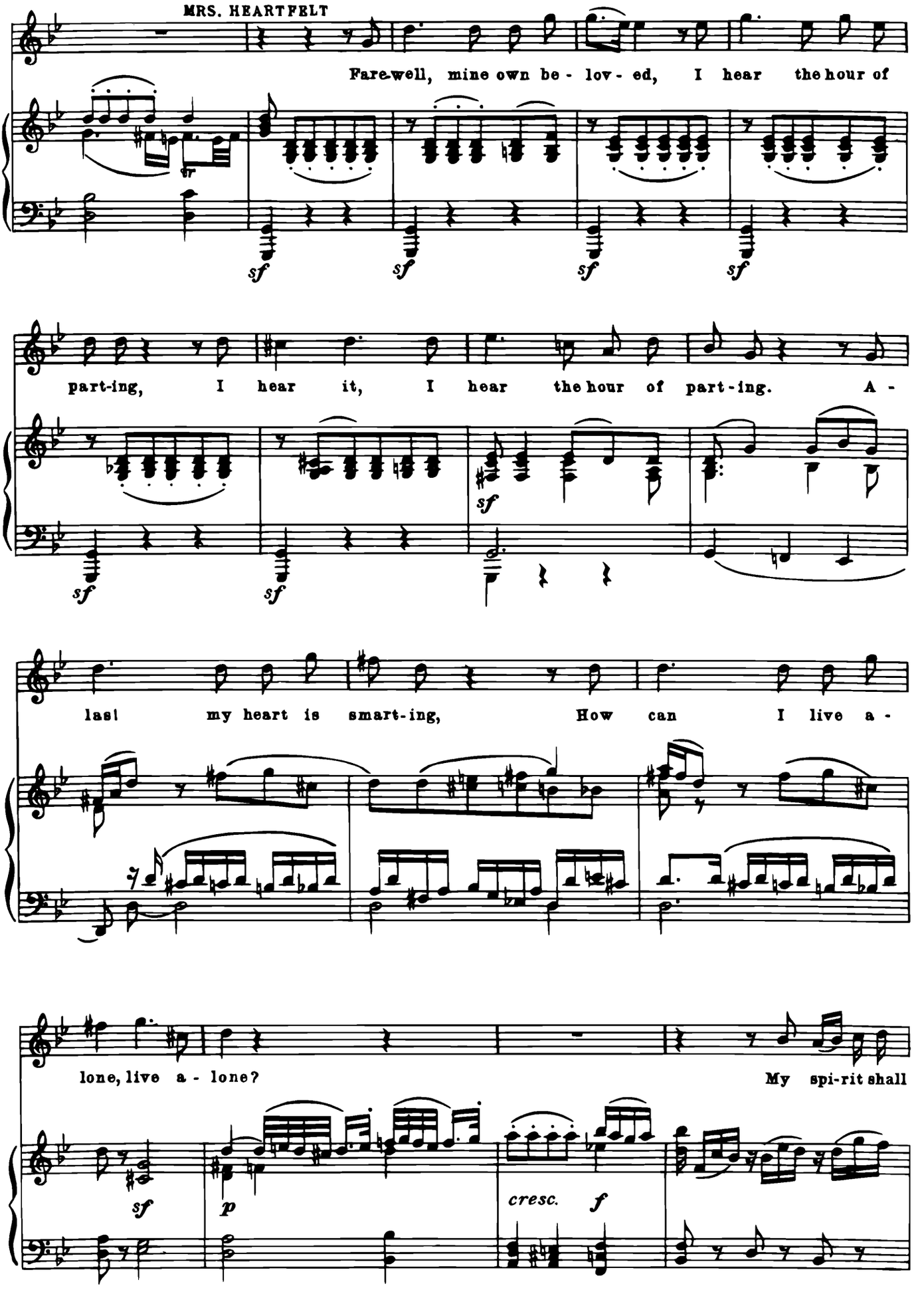
Heartfelt. Willingly, though my reputation, sir, should be enough, I flatter myself.

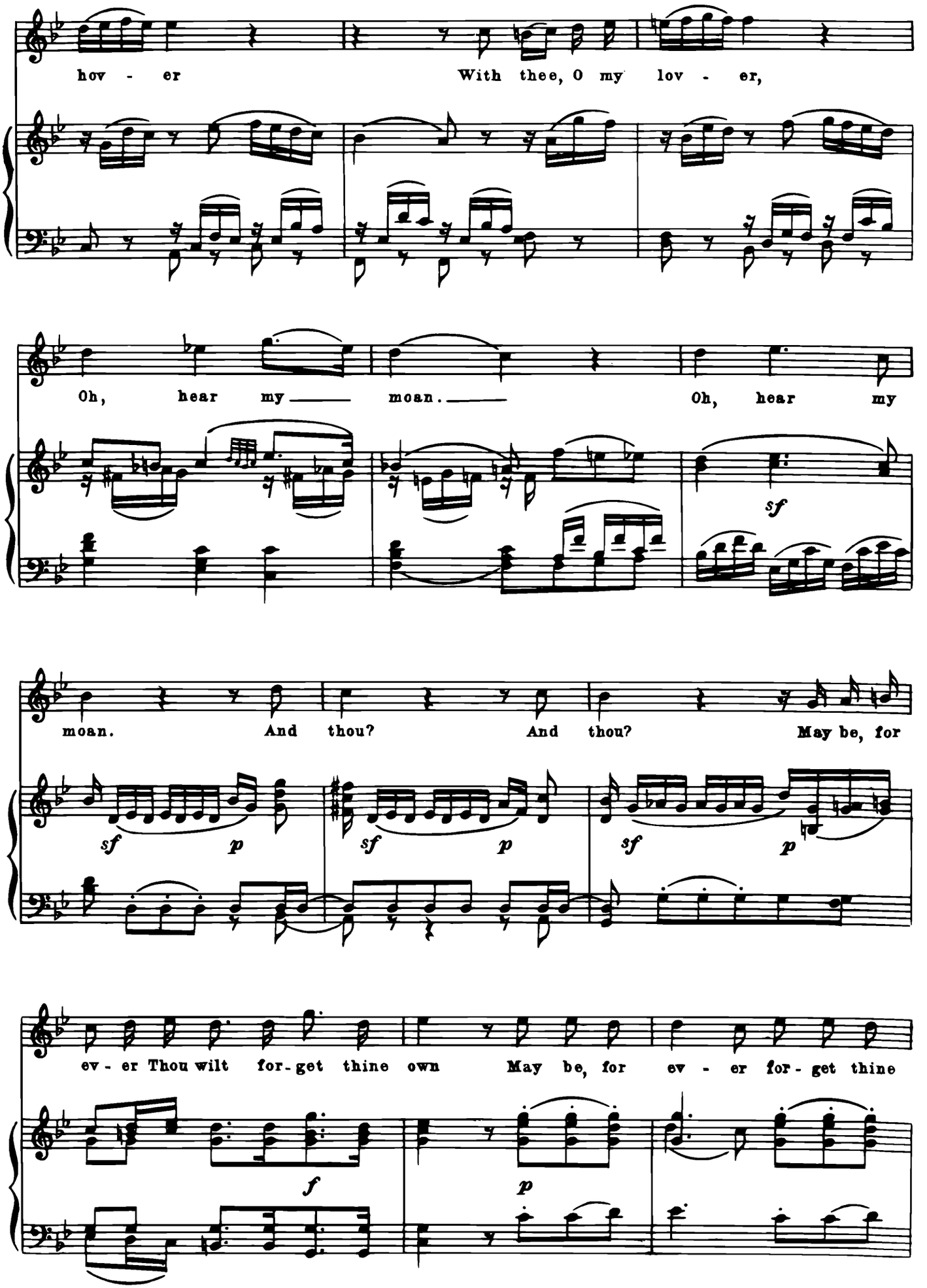
Buskin. To be sure, to be sure. But do not deny me the pleasure.

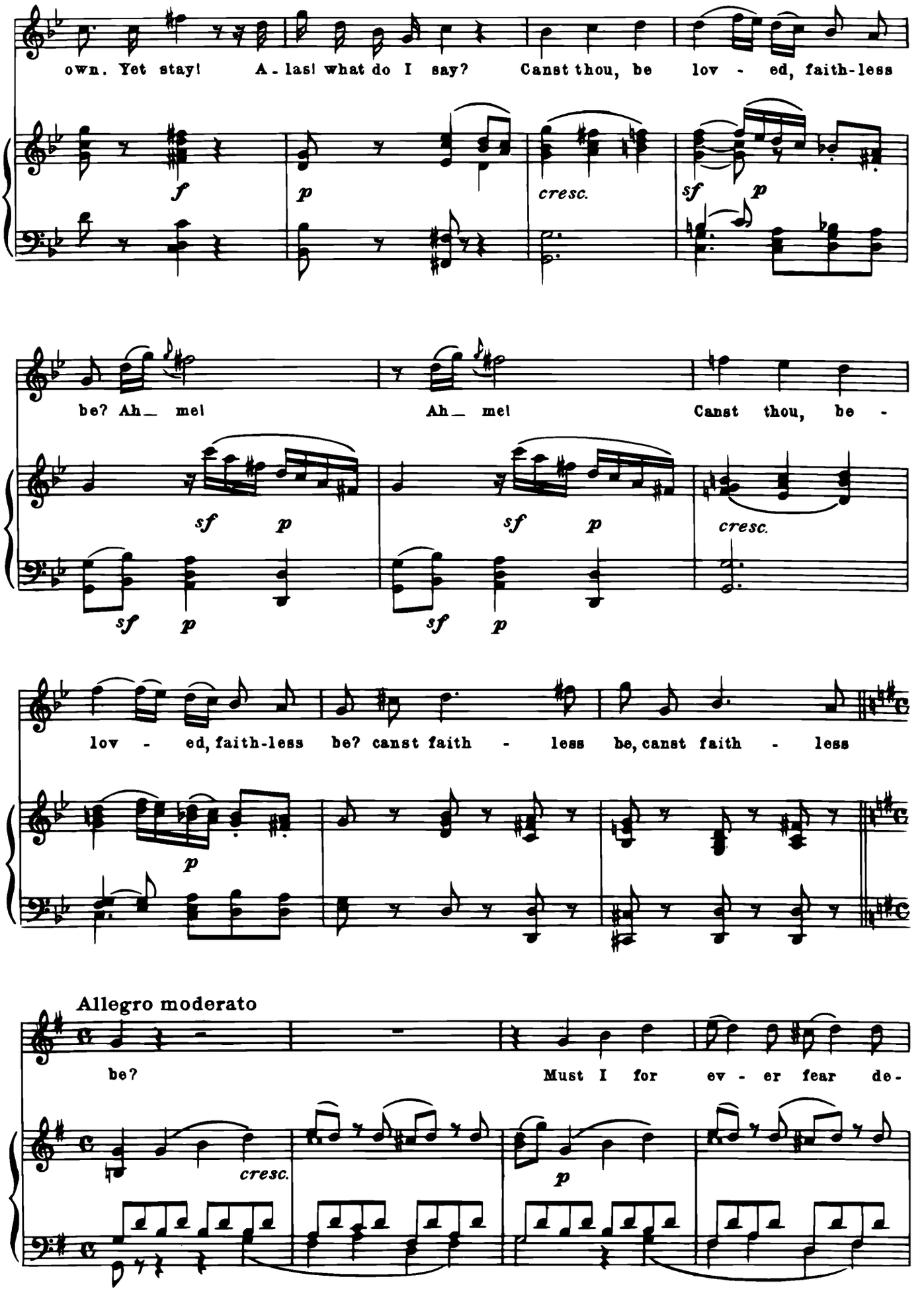
Heartfelt. [*Majestically.*] Say no more. I will sing. [*Rises.*

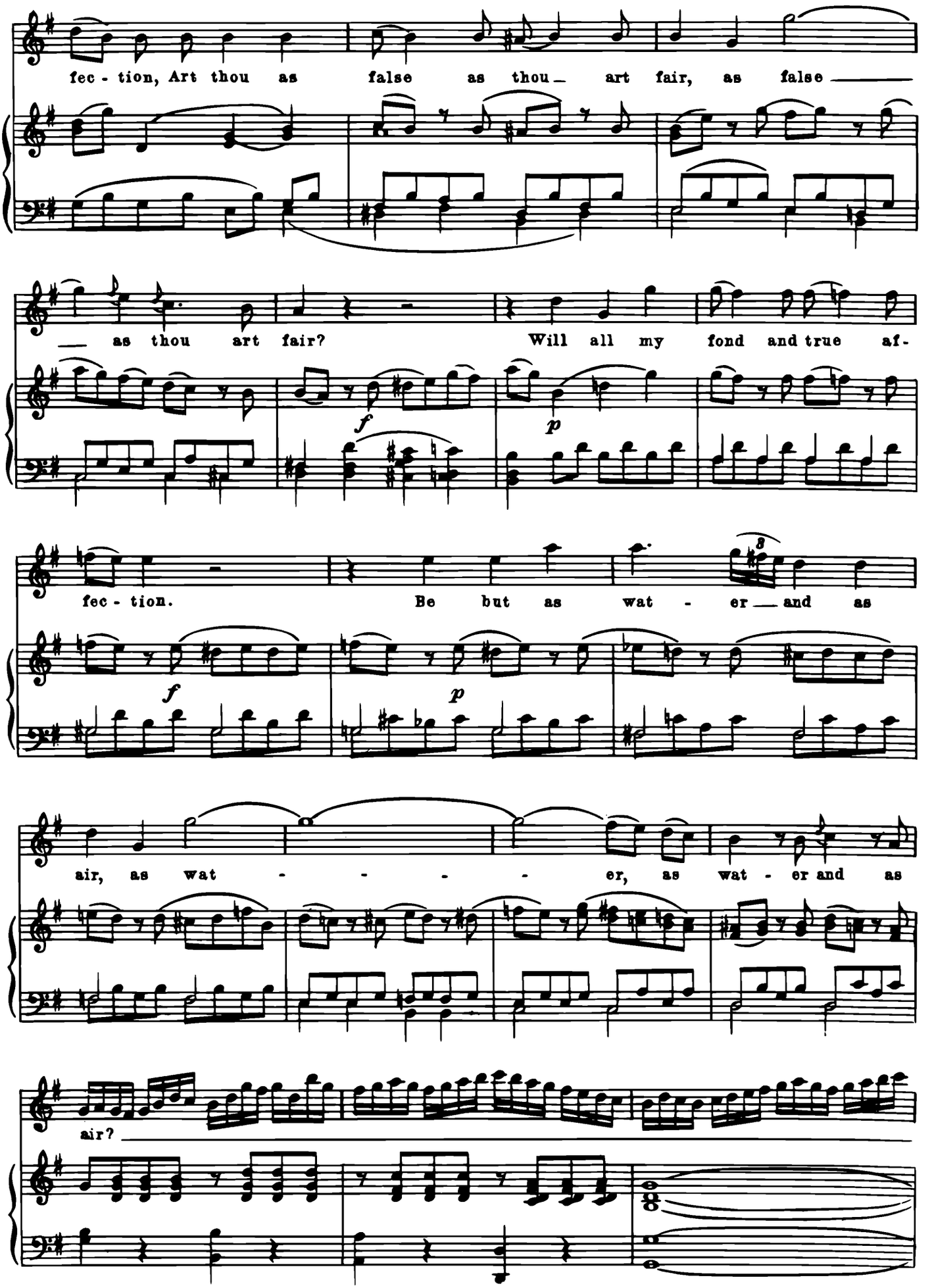
No 1. AIR

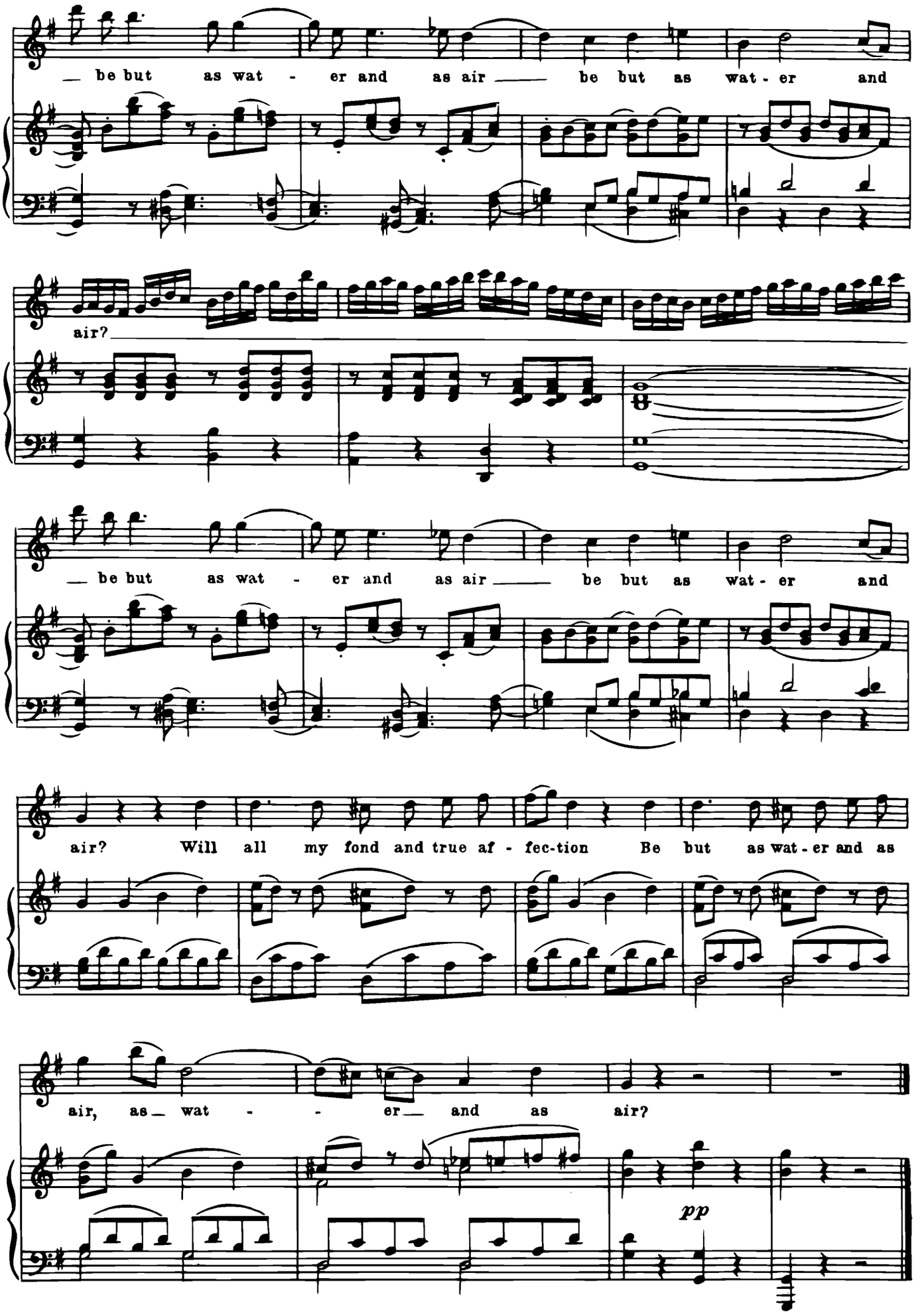



MRS. HEARTFELT
Farewell, mine own be - lov - ed, I hear the hour of
part-ing, I hear it, I hear the hour of part-ing. A -
last my heart is smart-ing, How can I live a -
lone, live a - lone?
My spi-rit shall
sf
p
cresc.
f


hov - er
With thee, O my lov - er,
Oh, hear my moan.
Oh, hear my
sf
moan.
And thou?
And thou?
May be, for
sf p
sf p
sf p
ev - er Thou wilt for-get thine own
May be, for ev - er for-get thine
f
p


own. Yet stay! A - las! what do I say? Canst thou, be lov - ed, faith-less
f
p
cresc.
sf
p
be? Ah_ me! Ah_ me! Canst thou, be -
sf
p
sf
p
sf
p
sf
p
cresc.
lov - ed, faith-less be? canst faith - less be, canst faith - less
p
Allegro moderato
be? Must I for ev - er fear de-
cresc.
p


fec - tion, Art thou as false as thou art fair, as false
as thou art fair? Will all my fond and true af-
fec - tion. Be but as wat - er and as
air, as wat - - - - er, as wat - er and as
air?


be but as wat - er and as air be but as wat - er and
air?
be but as wat - er and as air be but as wat - er and
air? Will all my fond and true af - fec-tion Be but as wat - er and as
air, as wat - - er and as air?
pp

Buskin. Passing sweet, I protest, and exquisitely melancholy. How well this will become Casilda in the first act, where she is torn from her lover, torn by doubt, torn . . . in short, a young female in shreds of sorrow, in tatters of woe, in very ribands of despair.

Heartfelt. You have found your Casilda, dear sir, never a doubt on't. I dote upon dejection, and they do say my voice is the very carrier-pigeon of the spleen.

Buskin. Excellent good. But stay : there is another side to Casilda, for she hath a double-edged temper, I do assure you. Why, she is a spitfire if ever there was——

[*He is interrupted by Miss Silvertone, who bursts in at the door, speaking angrily and volubly to someone outside.*

Silvertone. I tell you I'll have none of it. To be refused entrance because of some drab of a rival ! I insist upon seeing the Signor Impressario this instant. [*Turns and finds herself in the presence of Buskin and Heartfelt. Ignoring the latter, she pounces on Buskin.*] Signor Impressario, what is the meaning of this ? I protest, 'tis monstrous ! Do you think I will tolerate being kept in the ante-room while you entertain a lady who, if I mistake not, pretends to rival me in every theatre and at every academy in Vienna, with what success she should judge for herself, if she but *had* any judgment ?

Heartfelt. [*Superbly.*] Madam, I disdain to answer.

Silvertone. [*Snappily.*] No answer is called for, madam, since I did not adventure to address you.

Buskin. Ladies, ladies, I beg of you ! Dear Miss Silvertone, I adjure you, controul yourself. 'Tis by the purest hazard that Mrs. Heartfelt arrived here first. I give no preference——

Heartfelt. [*Outraged.*] Sir ! No preference to *me* ? And why not, may I enquire ?

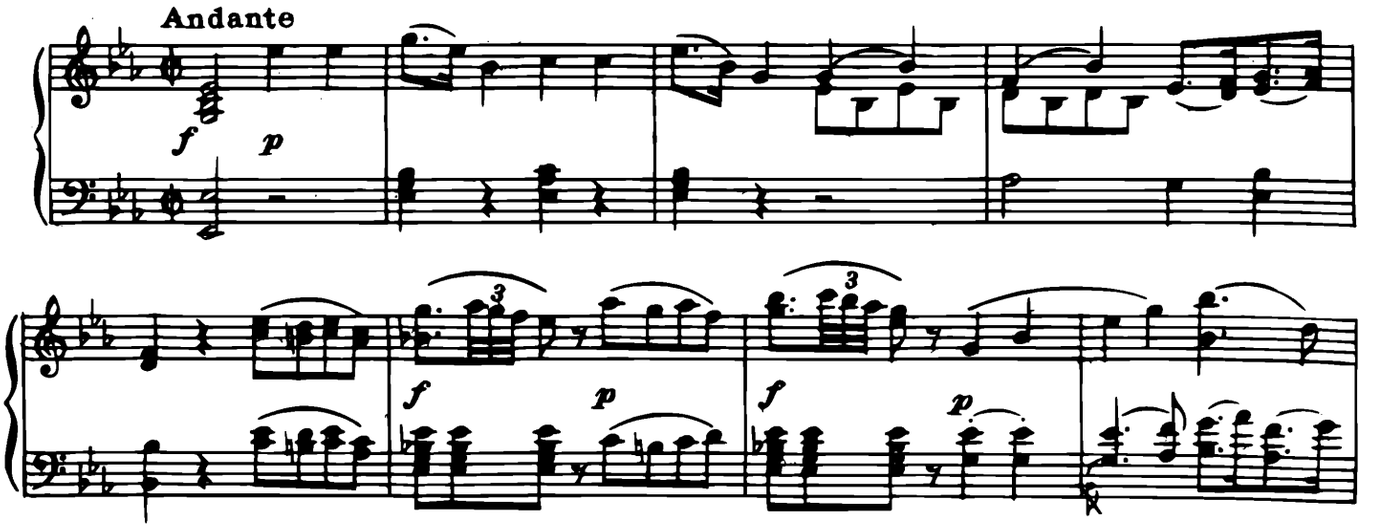
Buskin. Dear madam, dear ladies, believe me, I place you both upon an equality. Calm yourselves. You are both of you divine singers, and if I may so far risk myself, both exceeding presentable* persons into the bargain. Indeed I know not which looks the more charmingly. To chuse between you will be as perplexing as the opportunity is pleasurable. Permit me to say that I wish for nothing better than to have you both upon my stage together. Unhappily my next opera contains but one part worthy of such surpassing talent, and I have no choice but to content myself with one of you. But which ? Dear Miss Silvertone, I have already heard Mrs. Heartfelt ; now will *you* favour me with a song ?

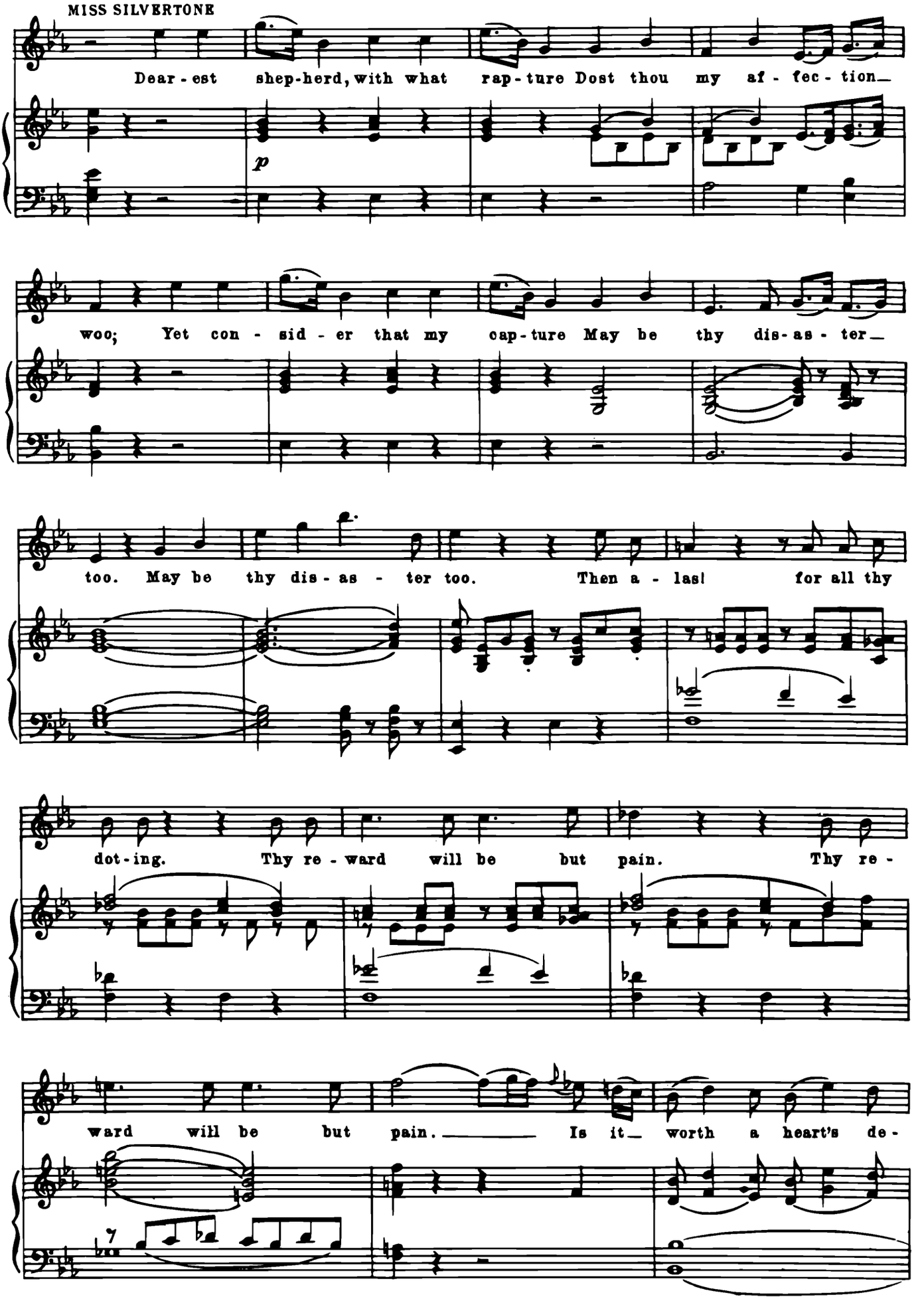
Silvertone. [*Somewhat mollified, but defiant.*] I am ready enough.

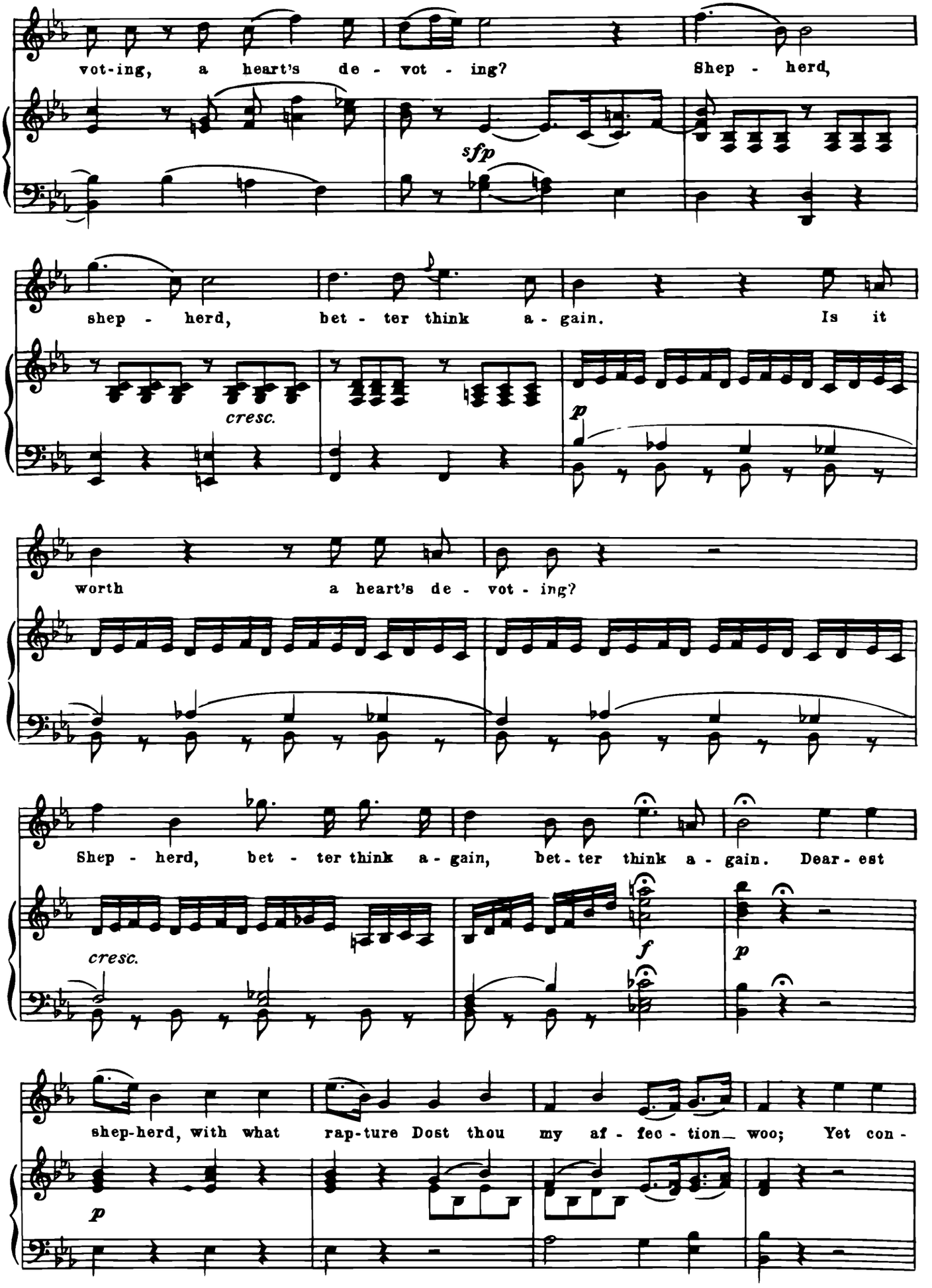
[*During her song Mrs. Heartfelt, who has taken a chair and picked up a book, affects the most unconcerned detachment, except at the florid passage towards the end, where she becomes critically interested.*

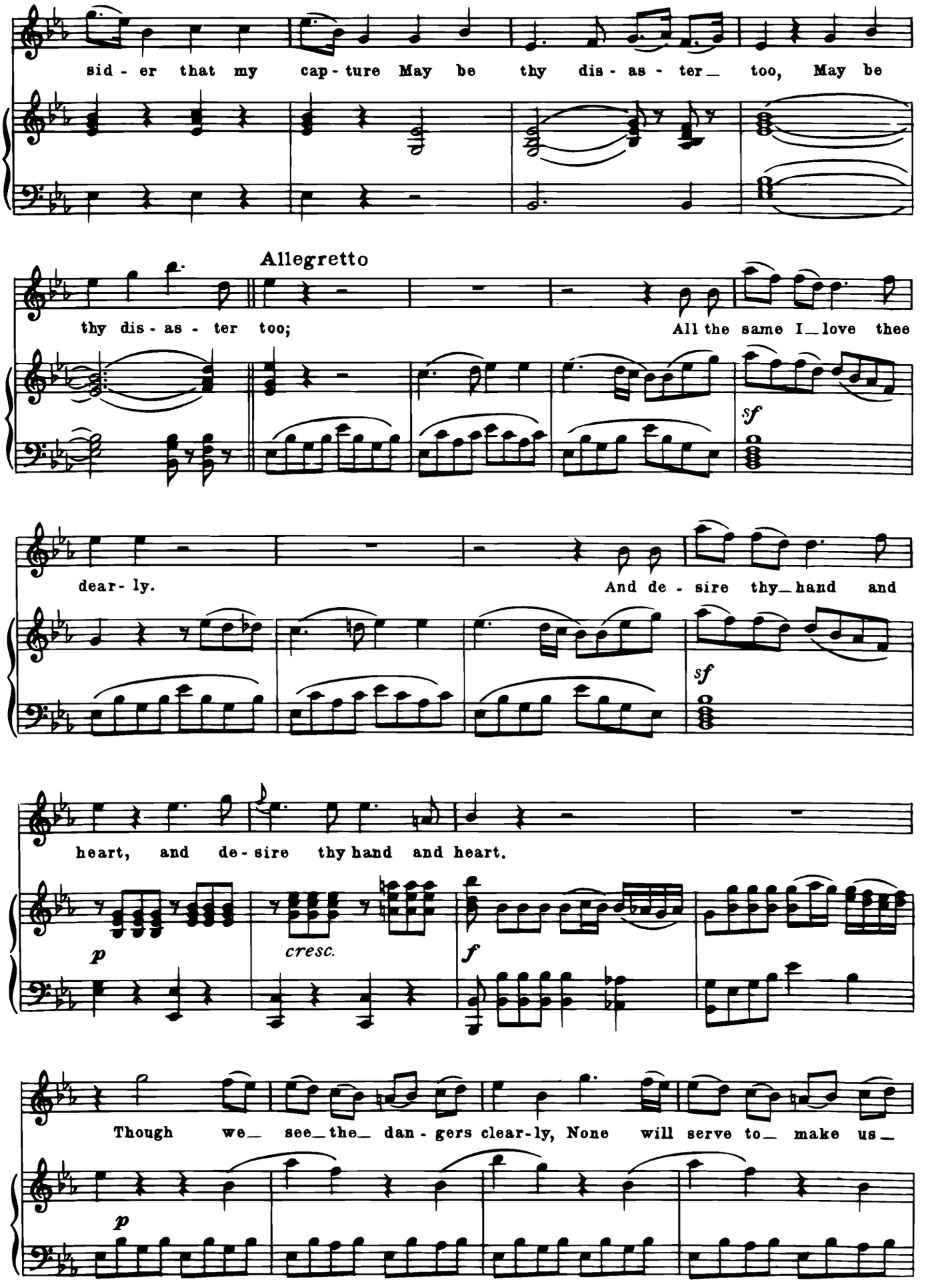
* Pronounce with accent on first syllable.

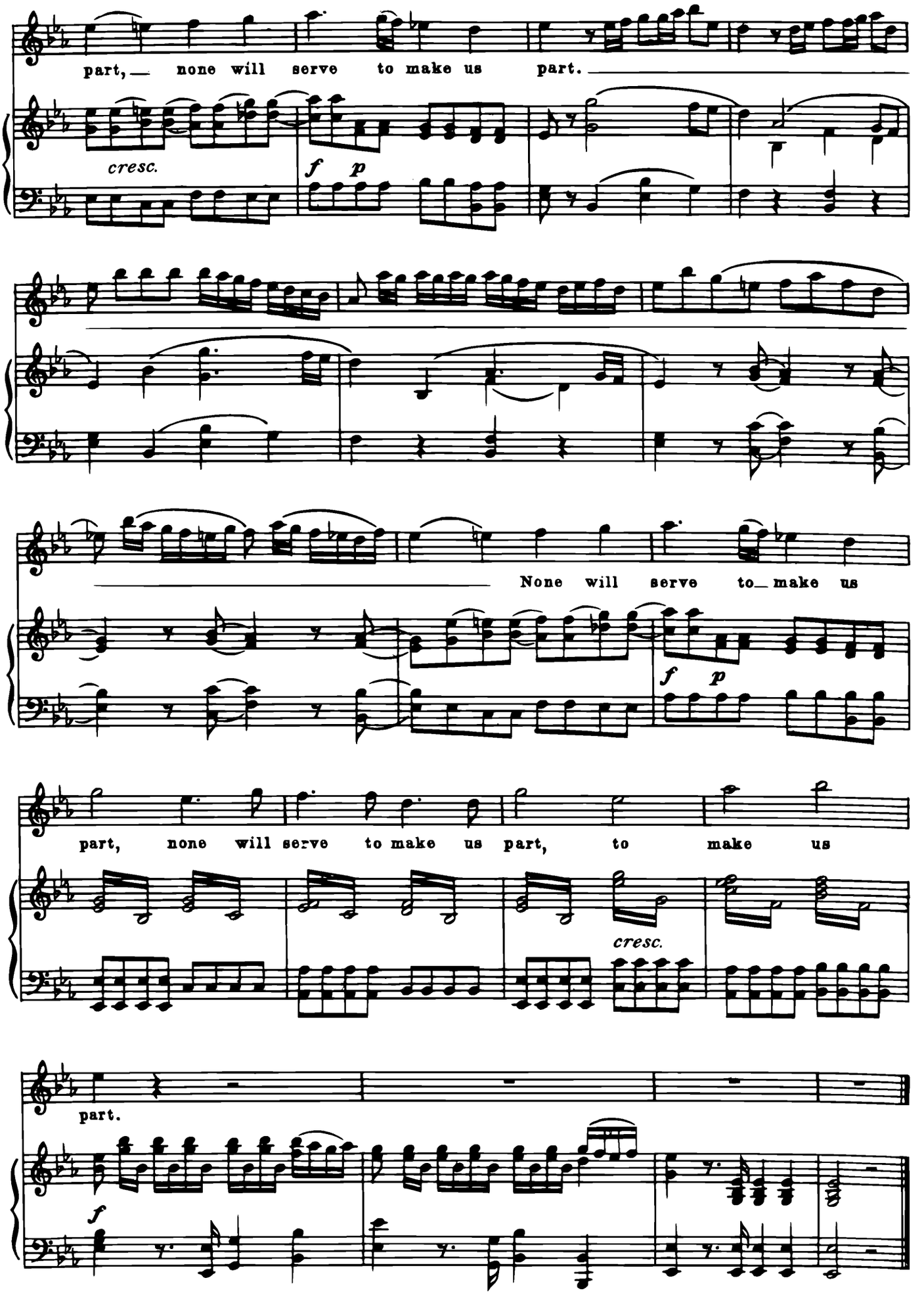
No 2. RONDO




MISS SILVERTONE
Dear - est shep-herd, with what rap - ture Dost thou my af - fec - tion_
p
woo; Yet con - sid - er that my cap - ture May be thy dis - as - ter_
too. May be thy dis - as - ter too. Then a - las! for all thy
dot - ing. Thy re - ward will be but pain. Thy re -
ward will be but pain. _____ Is it_ worth a heart's de -


vot-ing, a heart's de - vot - ing? Shep - herd,
sfp
shep - herd, bet - ter think a - gain. Is it
cresc.
p
worth a heart's de - vot - ing?
Shep - herd, bet - ter think a - gain, bet - ter think a - gain. Dear - est
cresc.
f
p
shep-herd, with what rap-ture Dost thou my af - fec - tion woo; Yet con -
p


sid - er that my cap - ture May be thy dis - as - ter_ too, May be
Allegretto
thy dis - as - ter too; All the same I_love thee
sf
dear - ly. And de - sire thy_hand and
sf
heart, and de - sire thy hand and heart.
p
cresc.
f
Though we_ see_the_ dan - gers clear - ly, None will serve to_ make us_
p

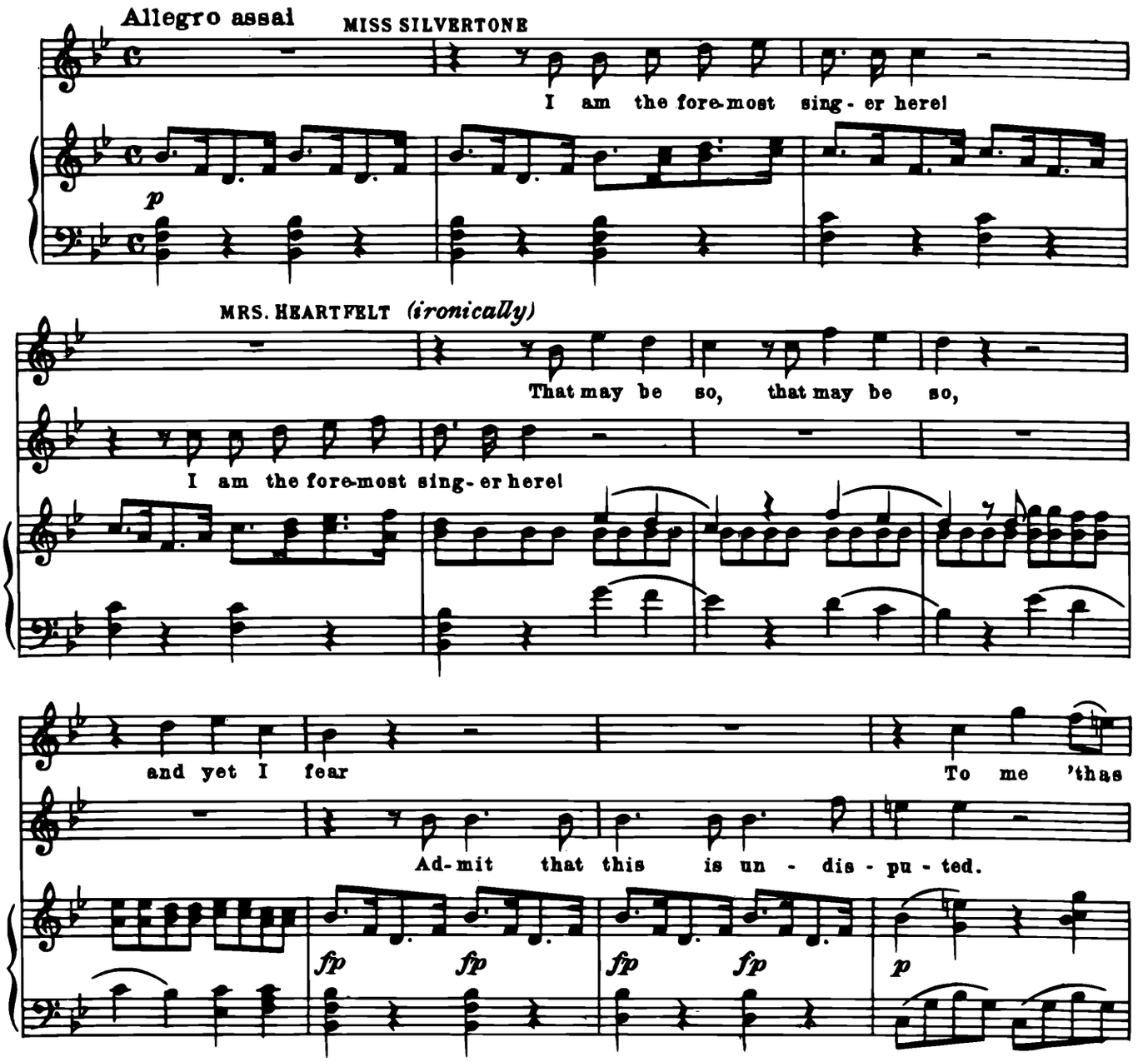

part, none will serve to make us part.
cresc.
f p
None will serve to make us
f p
part, none will serve to make us part, to make us
cresc.
part.
f

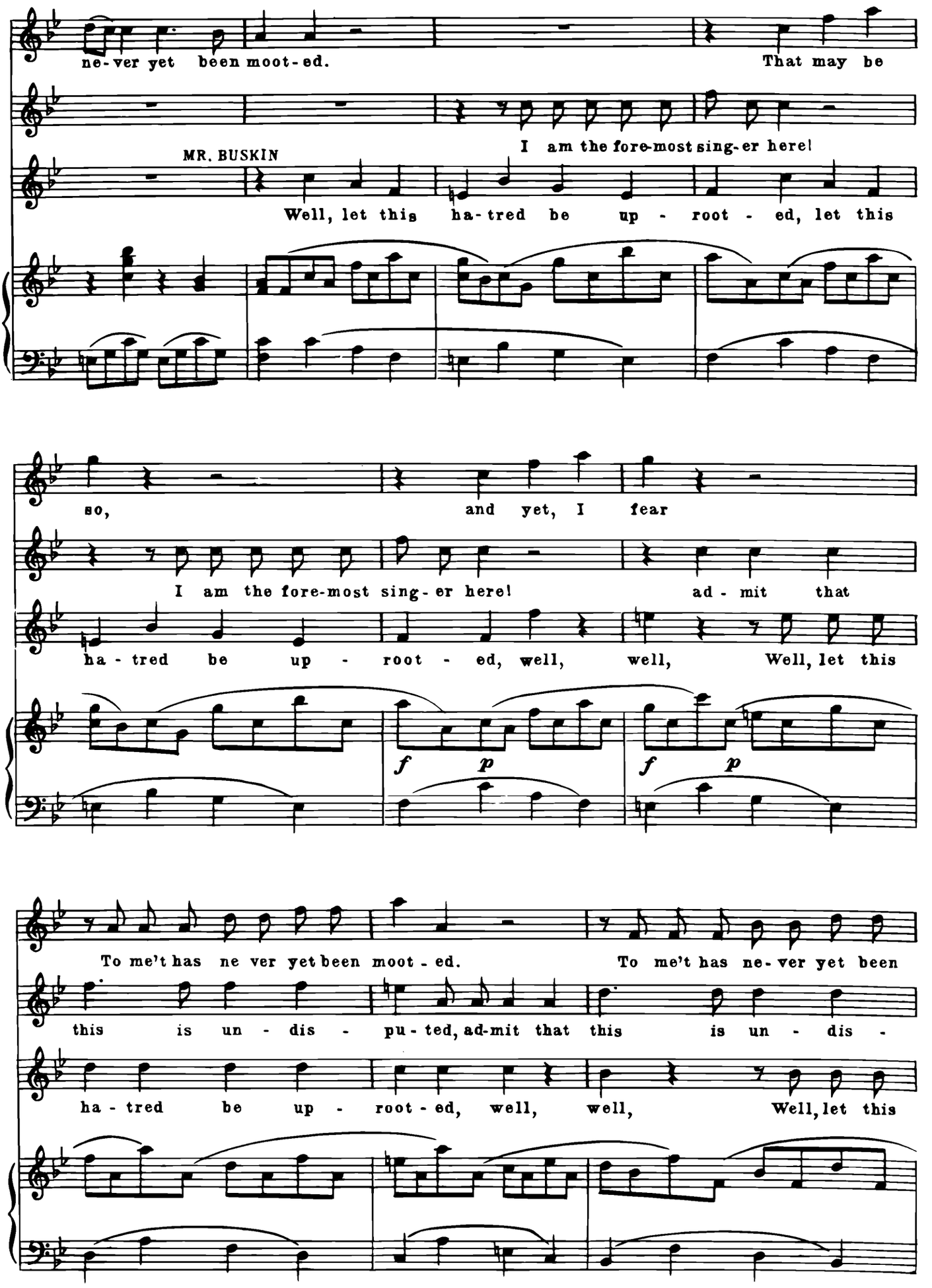
Buskin. Ah, exquisite, dear madam ! What spirit, what fire, what vivaciousness ! You are my very Casilda—that is to say, my Casilda of the second act, where she leads her ancient wooer, and her lover too, who has returned in disguise, so mischievous a dance as no actress alive could achieve better than you. And what a voice, what grace, what accomplishment ! Egad, I have a mind——

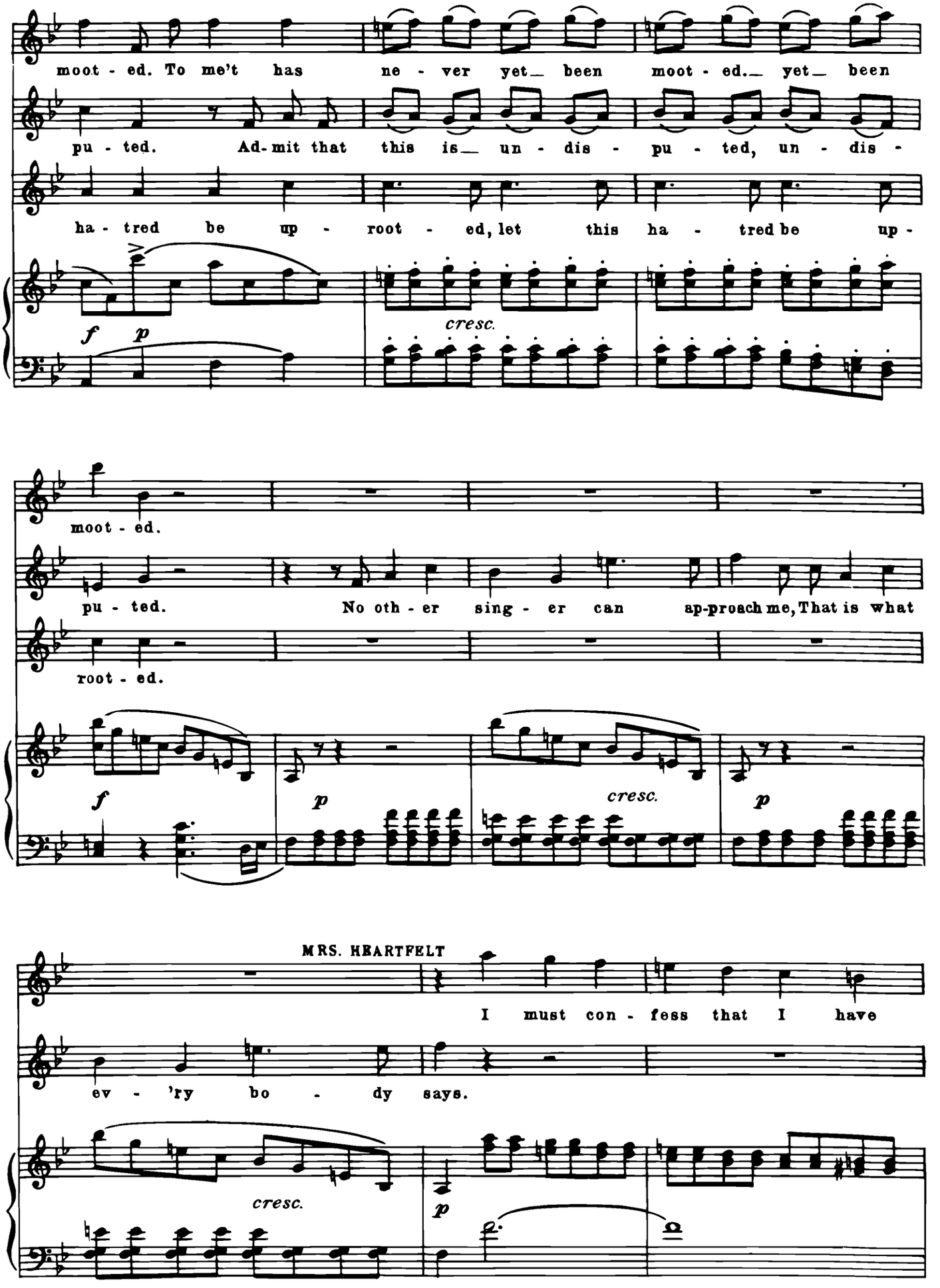
Heartfelt. [*Rising with dignity.*] I perceive, sir, that your taste cannot rise to the elevation of *my* talent, and indeed I think that your stage will not hold me. By your leave, I withdraw.

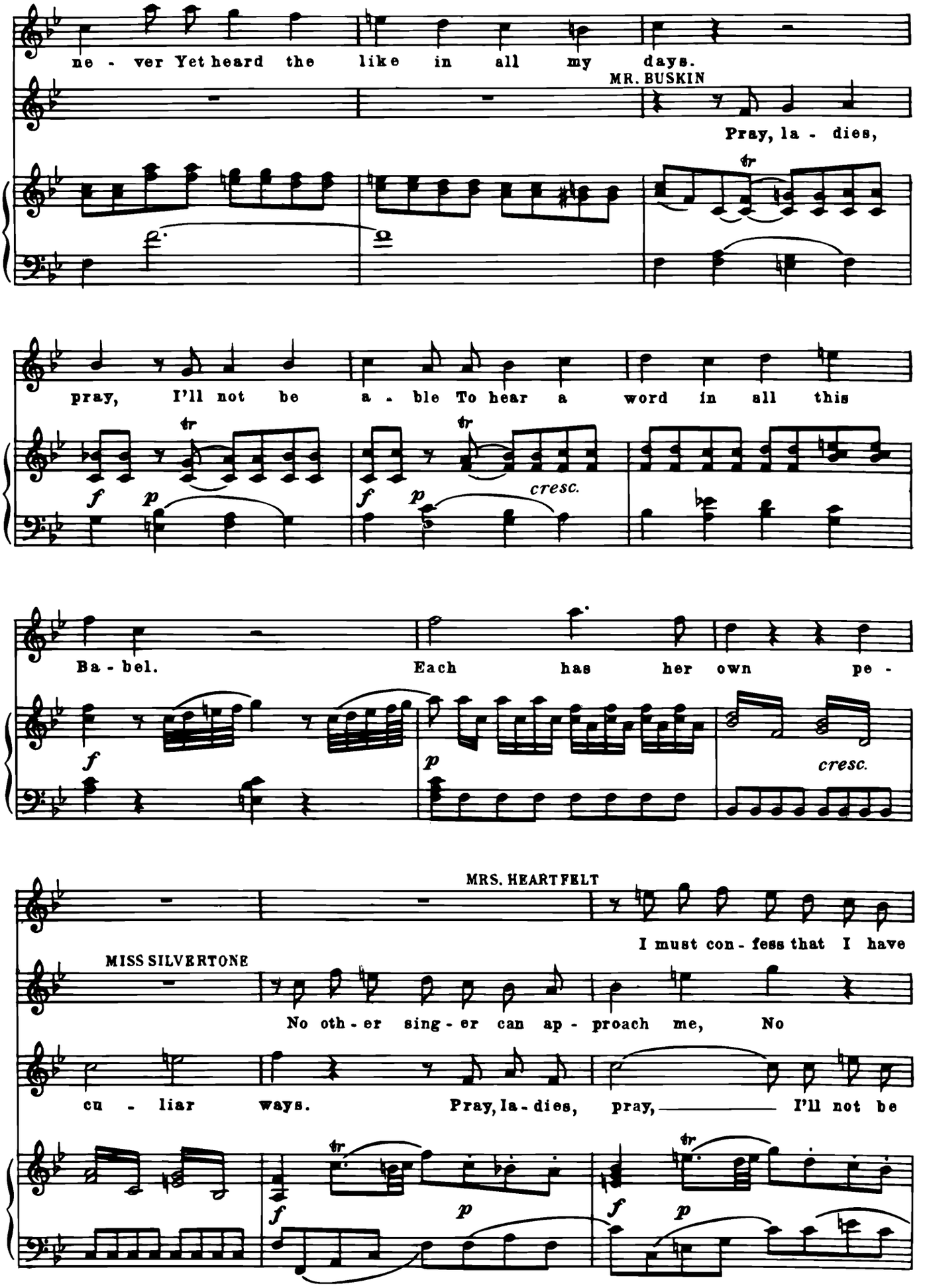
Buskin. [*Agitated*] A moment, madam, I conjure you. Give me time to think. For I confess that you too will do excellent well. Indeed, t'other half of Casilda, the doleful and dumpish half, is not within a league of Miss Silvertone's lightsome temper, and you are the very paragon for it. [*Silvertone is now very indignant, Heartfelt triumphant.*] Only curb your enmity a moment, ladies, I implore you, and let me consider of a remedy. Let us consult together in all amity and, pray, tell me what you yourselves say to my vexatious perplexity ? [*Turning appealingly from one to the other.*] Mrs. Heartfelt ? Miss Silvertone ?

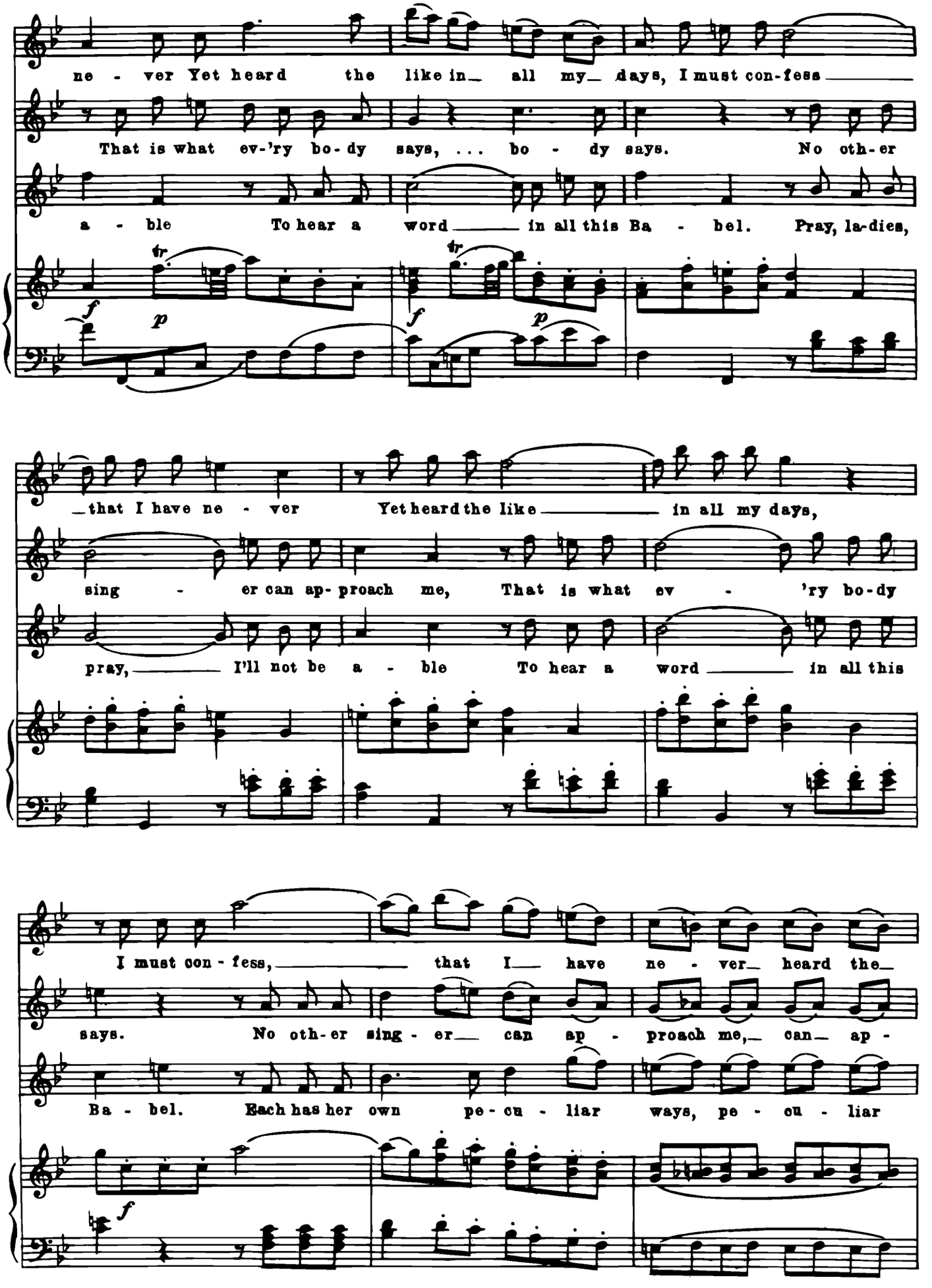
Nº 3. TRIO

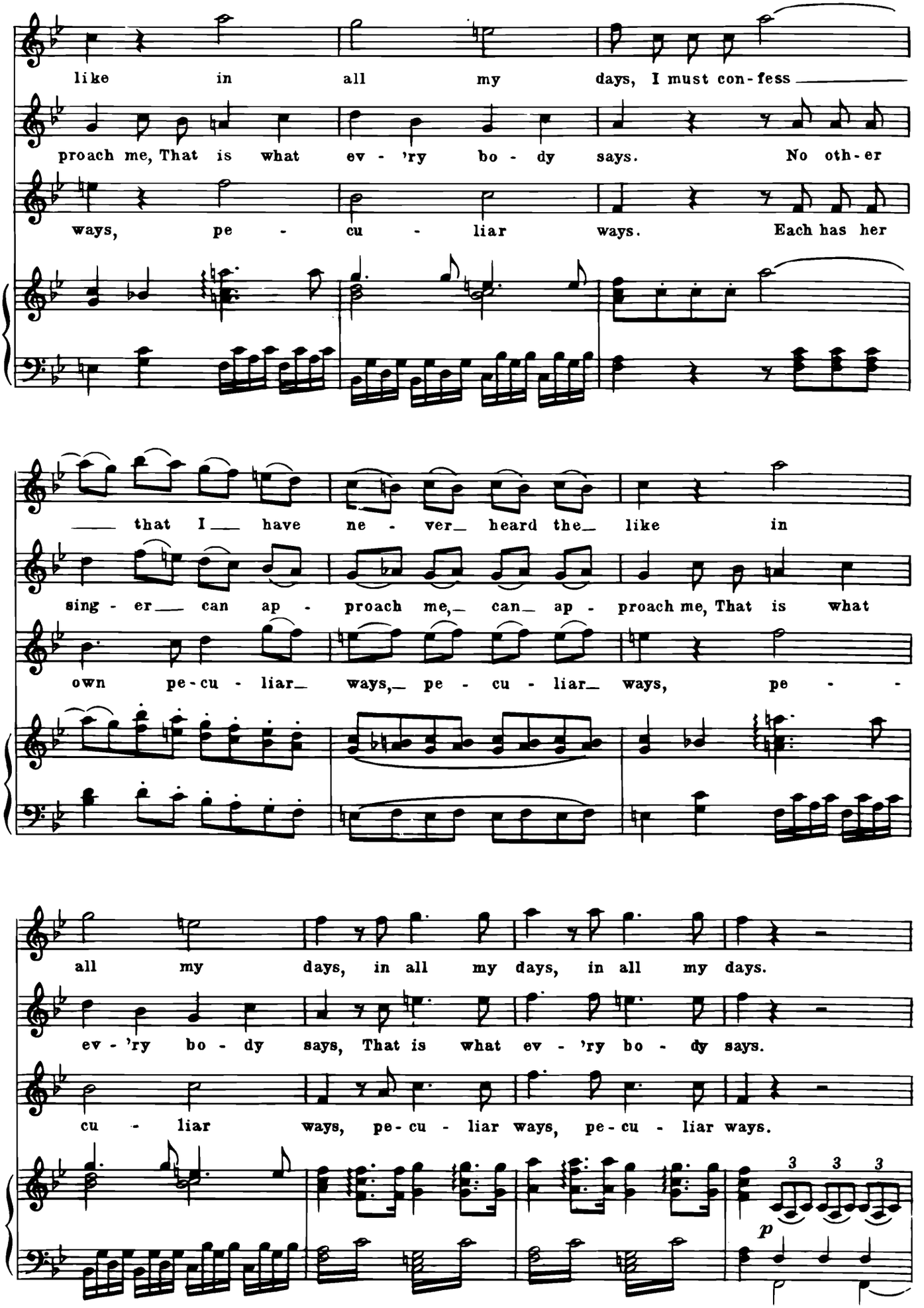


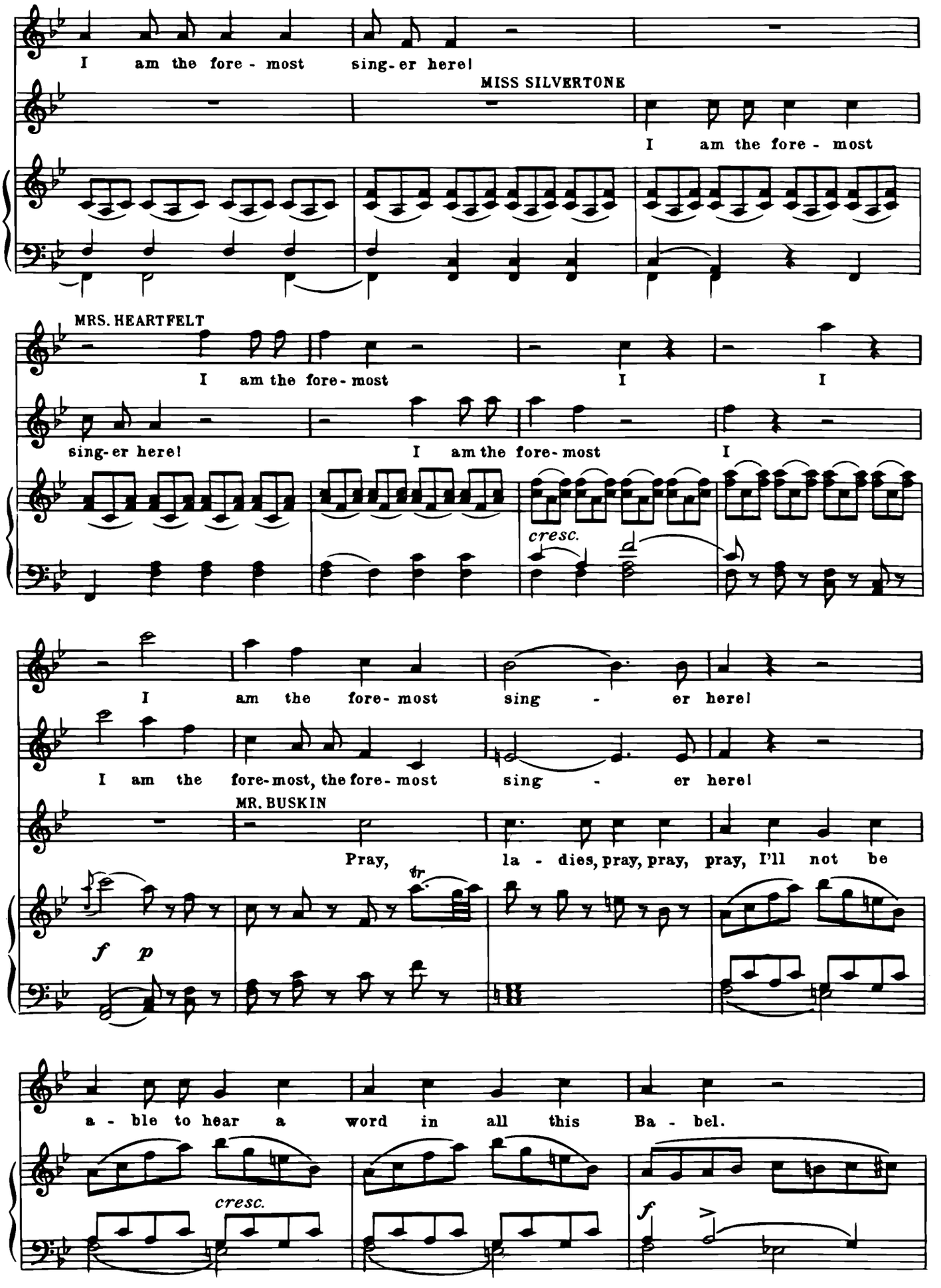

ne-ver yet been moot-ed.
That may be
I am the fore-most sing-er here!
MR. BUSKIN
Well, let this ha-tred be up - root - ed, let this
so,
and yet, I fear
I am the fore-most sing-er here!
ad - mit that
ha - tred be up - root - ed, well, well, Well, let this
f p f p
To me't has ne ver yet been moot - ed.
To me't has ne-ver yet been
this is un - dis - pu - ted, ad-mit that this is un - dis -
ha - tred be up - root - ed, well, well, Well, let this

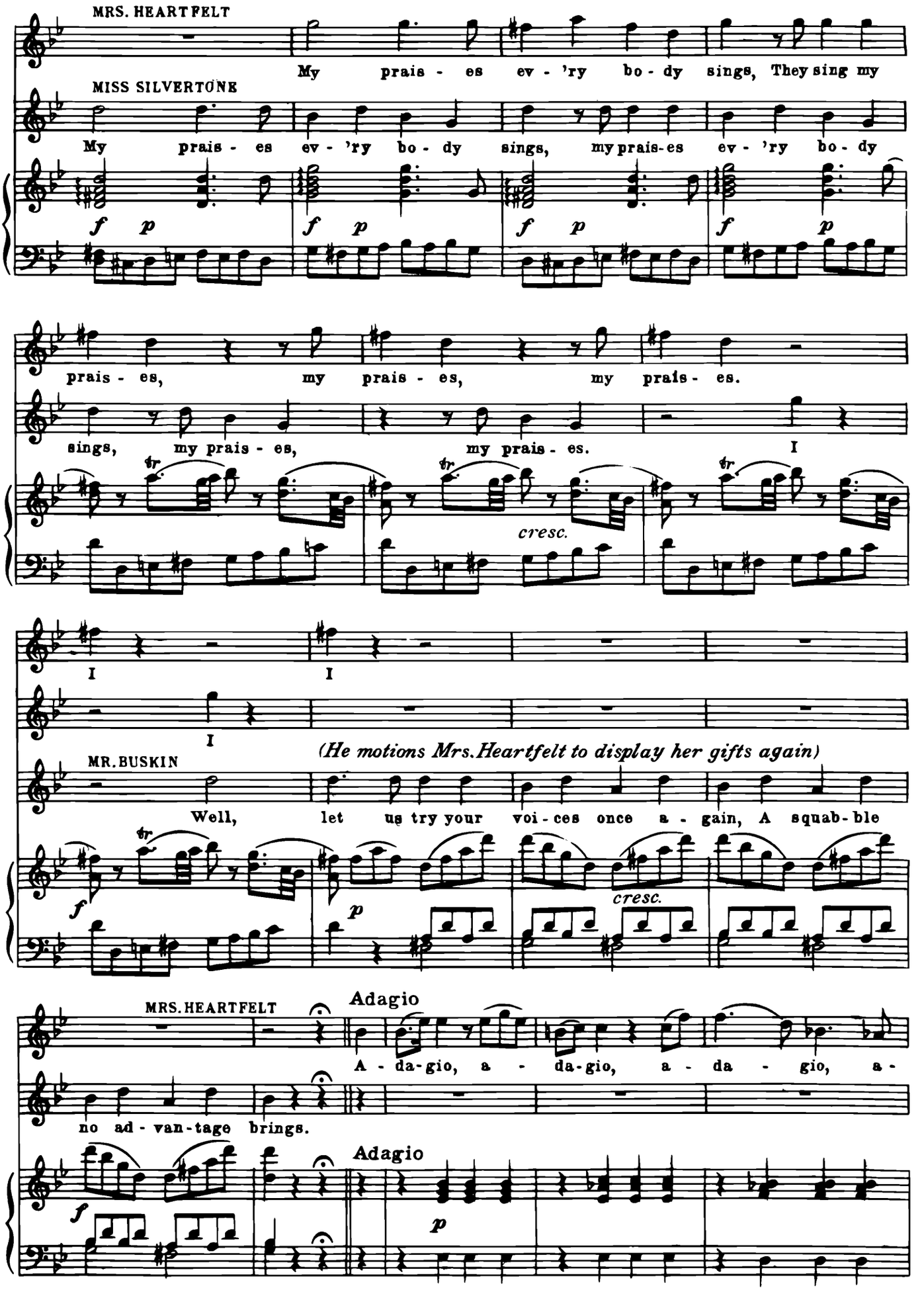

moot - ed. To me't has ne - ver yet_ been moot - ed._ yet_ been
pu - ted. Ad-mit that this is_ un - dis - pu - ted, un - dis -
ha - tred be up - root - ed, let this ha - tred be up -
f p
cresc.
moot - ed.
pu - ted. No oth - er sing - er can ap-proach me, That is what
root - ed.
f
p
cresc.
p
MRS. HEARTFELT
I must con - fess that I have
ev - 'ry bo - dy says.
cresc.
p

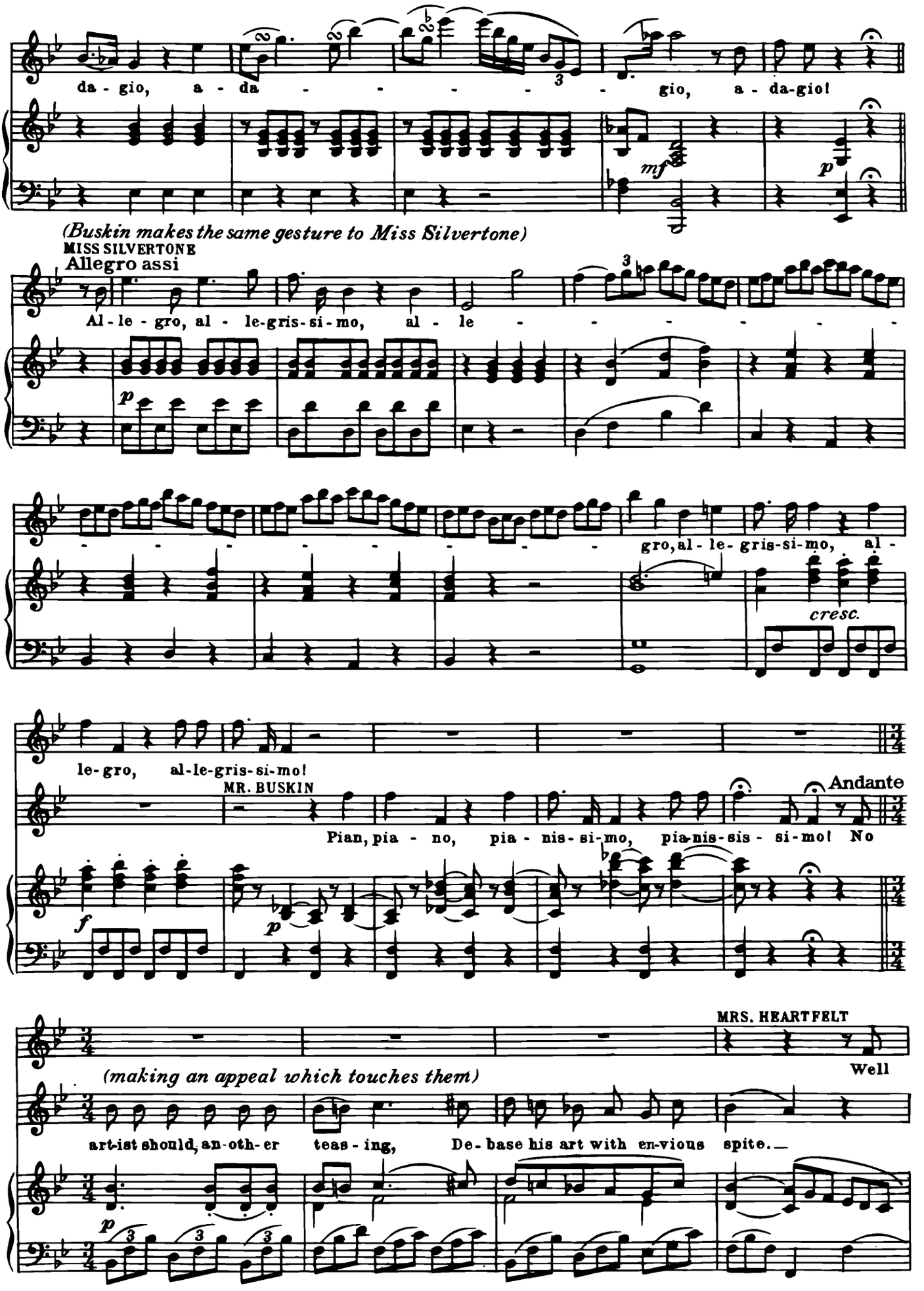

ne - ver Yet heard the like in all my days.
MR. BUSKIN
Pray, la - dies,
pray, I'll not be a - ble To hear a word in all this
cresc.
Ba - bel. Each has her own pe -
cresc.
MRS. HEARTFELT
I must con - fess that I have
MISS SILVERTONE
No oth - er sing - er can ap - proach me, No
cu - liar ways. Pray, la - dies, pray, I'll not be

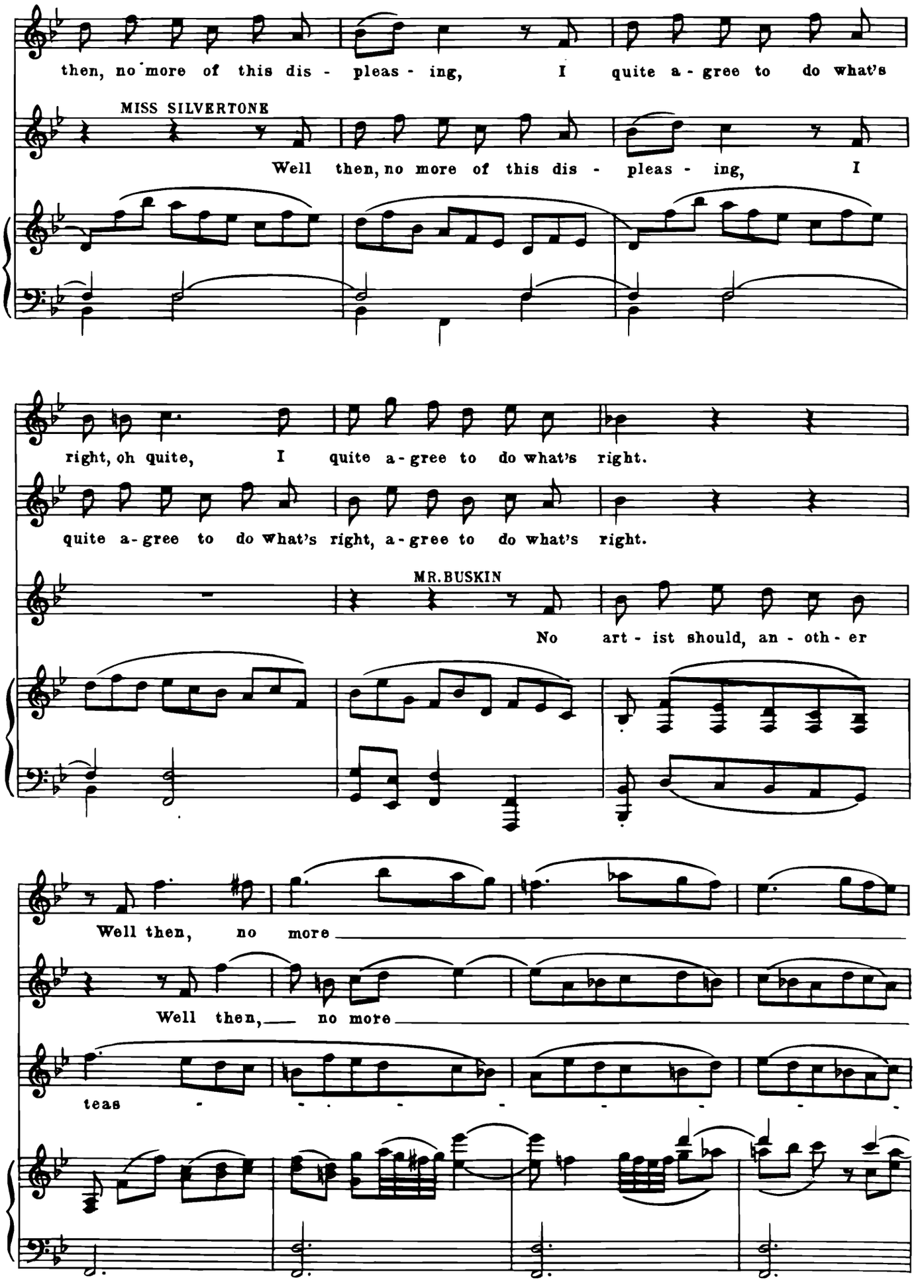

ne - ver Yet heard the like in_ all my_ days, I must con-fess
That is what ev-'ry bo-dy says, ... bo - dy says. No oth-er
a - ble To hear a word in all this Ba - bel. Pray, la-dies,
tr
tr
f
p
f
p
that I have ne - ver Yet heard the like in all my days,
sing - er can ap-proach me, That is what ev - 'ry bo-dy
pray, I'll not be a - ble To hear a word in all this
I must con - fess, that I have ne - ver heard the
says. No oth-er sing - er can ap - proach me, can ap -
Ba - bel. Each has her own pe-cu - liar ways, pe - cu - liar
f

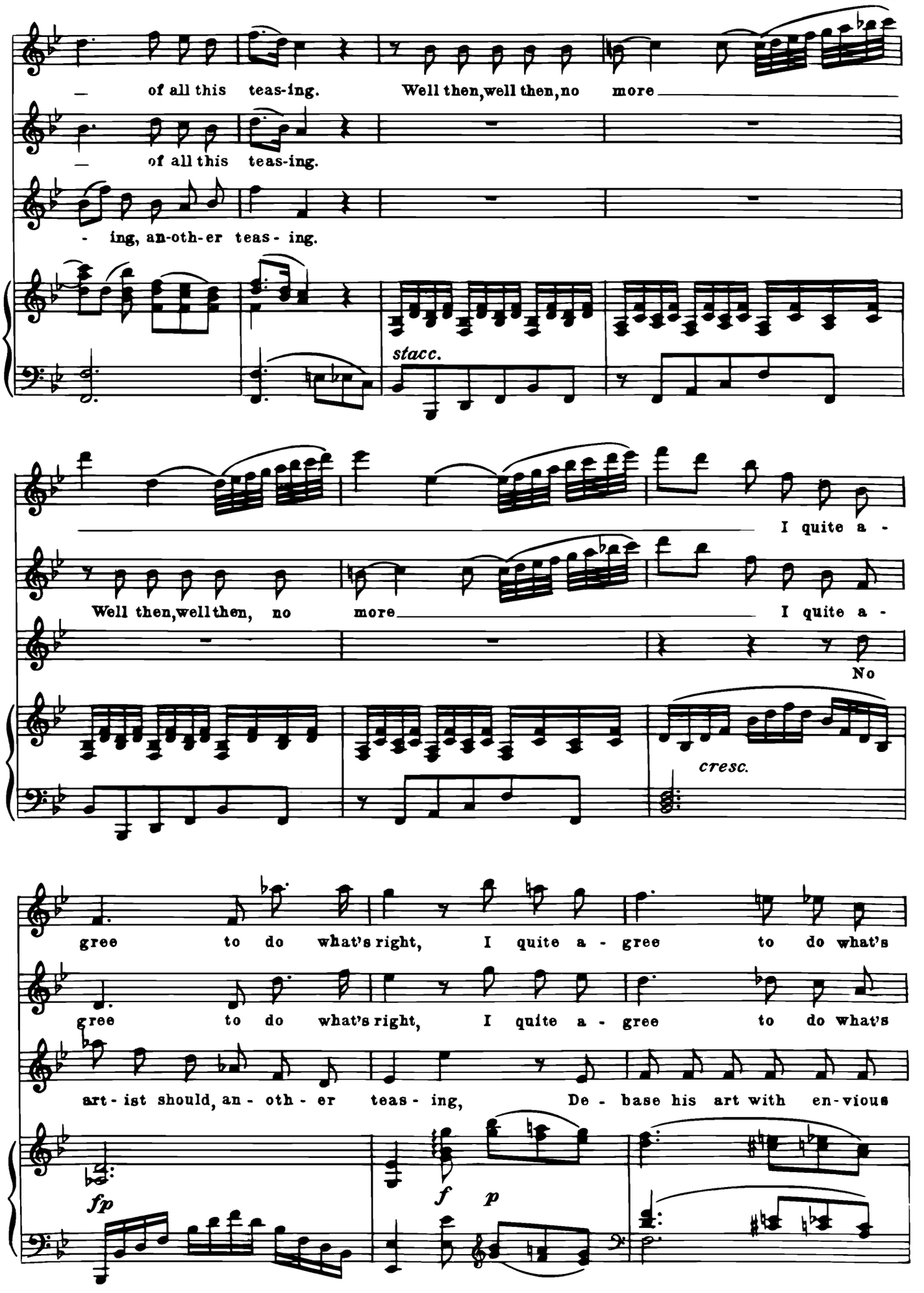

like in all my days, I must con-fess
proach me, That is what ev - 'ry bo - dy says. No oth-er
ways, pe - cu - liar ways. Each has her
that I have ne - ver heard the like in
sing - er can ap - proach me, can ap - proach me, That is what
own pe-cu - liar ways, pe - cu - liar ways, pe -
all my days, in all my days, in all my days.
ev - 'ry bo - dy says, That is what ev - 'ry bo - dy says.
cu - liar ways, pe-cu - liar ways, pe-cu - liar ways.
3 3 3
p

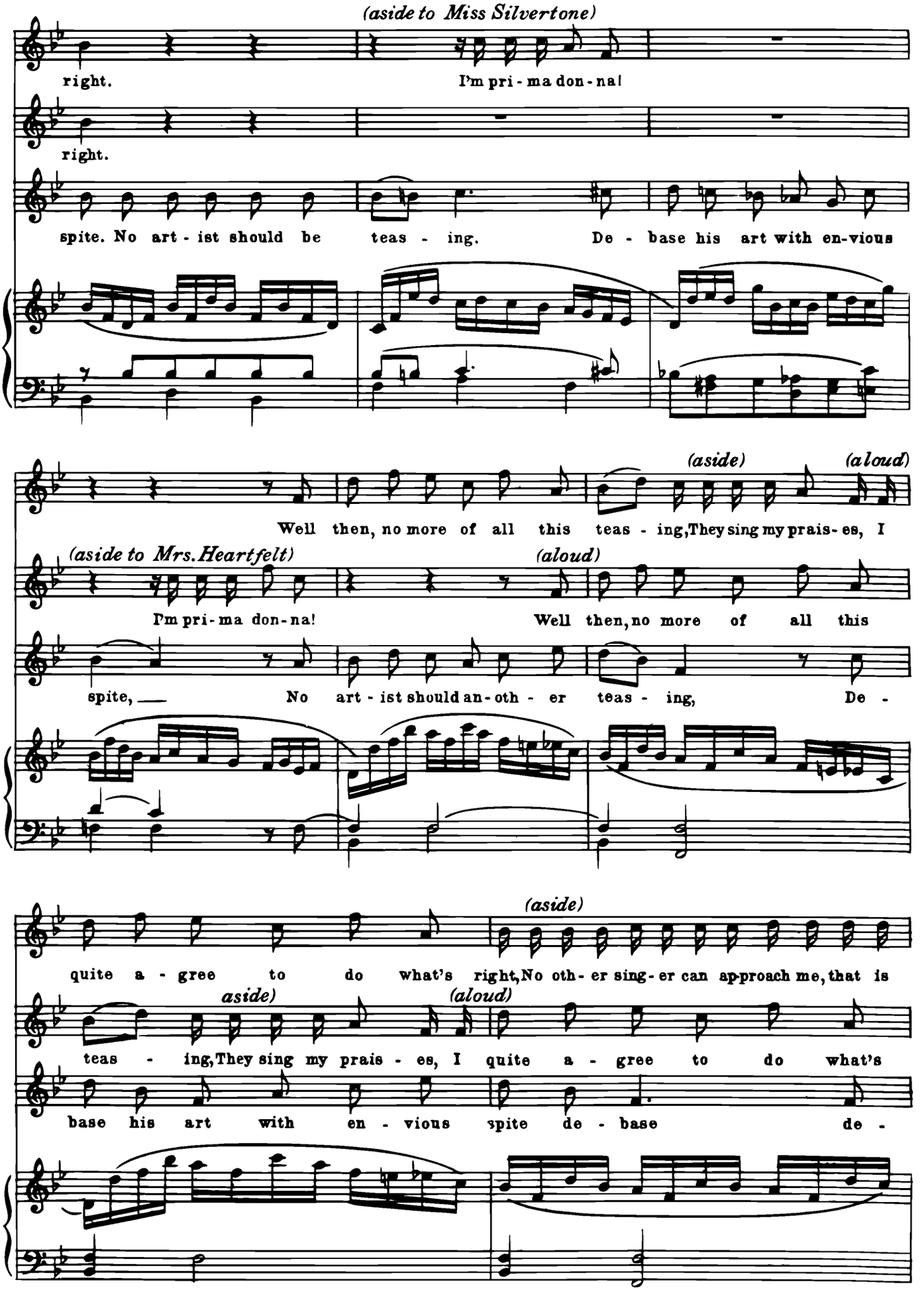

I am the fore - most sing-er here!
MISS SILVERTONE
I am the fore - most
MRS. HEARTFELT
I am the fore-most
I
I
sing-er here!
I am the fore-most
I
cresc.
I am the fore-most sing - er here!
I am the fore-most, the fore-most sing - er here!
MR. BUSKIN
Pray, la - dies, pray, pray, pray, I'll not be
tr
f
p
a - ble to hear a word in all this Ba - bel.
cresc.
f

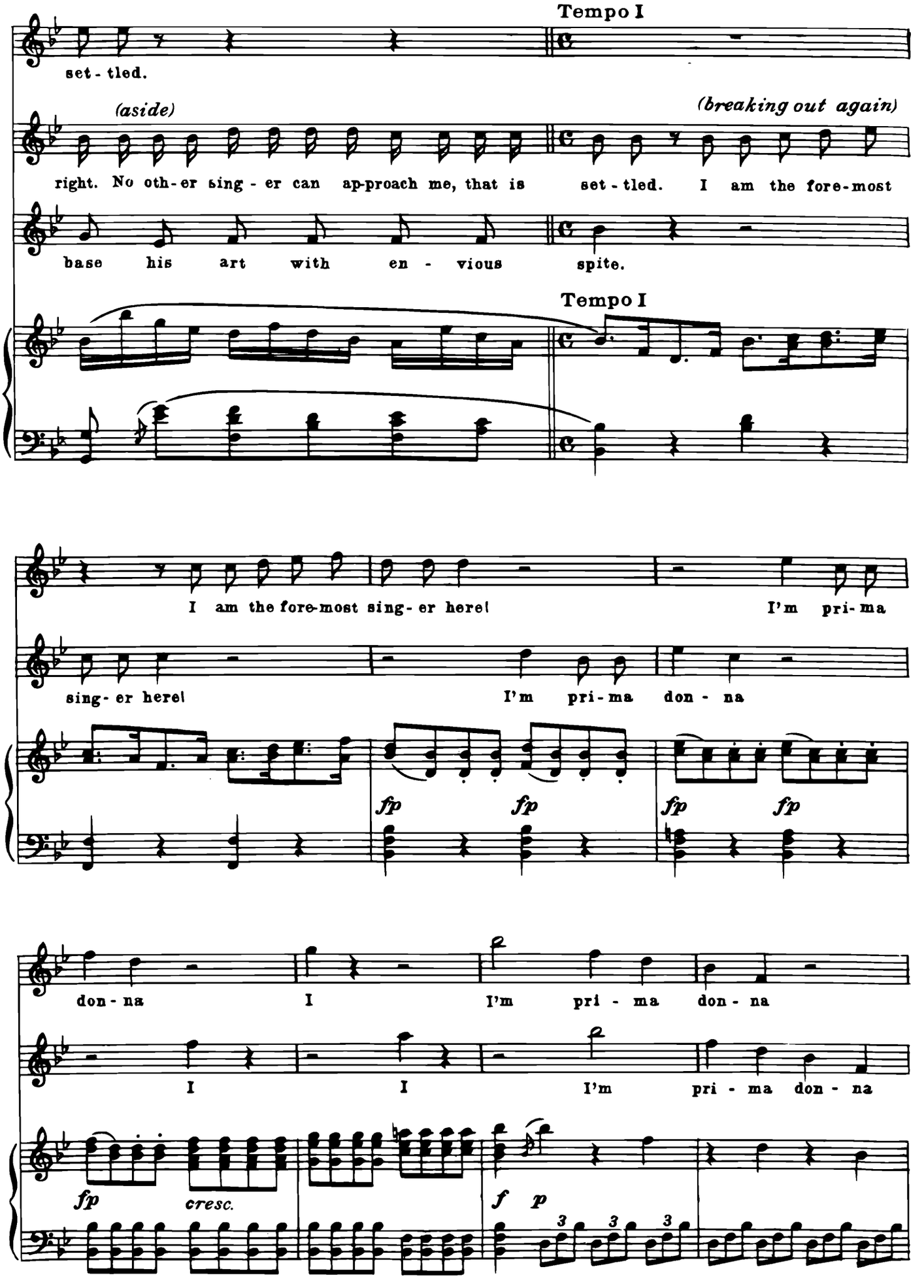

MRS. HEARTFELT
My prais - es ev - 'ry bo - dy sings, They sing my
MISS SILVERTONE
My prais - es ev - 'ry bo - dy sings, my prais-es ev - 'ry bo - dy
f p
f p
f p
f p
prais - es, my prais - es, my prais - es.
sings, my prais - es, my prais - es. I
cresc.
I
I
I
(He motions Mrs. Heartfelt to display her gifts again)
MR. BUSKIN
Well, let us try your voi - ces once a - gain, A squab - ble
f
p
cresc.
MRS. HEARTFELT
Adagio
A - da - gio, a - da - gio, a - da - gio, a -
no ad - van - tage brings.
Adagio
f
p

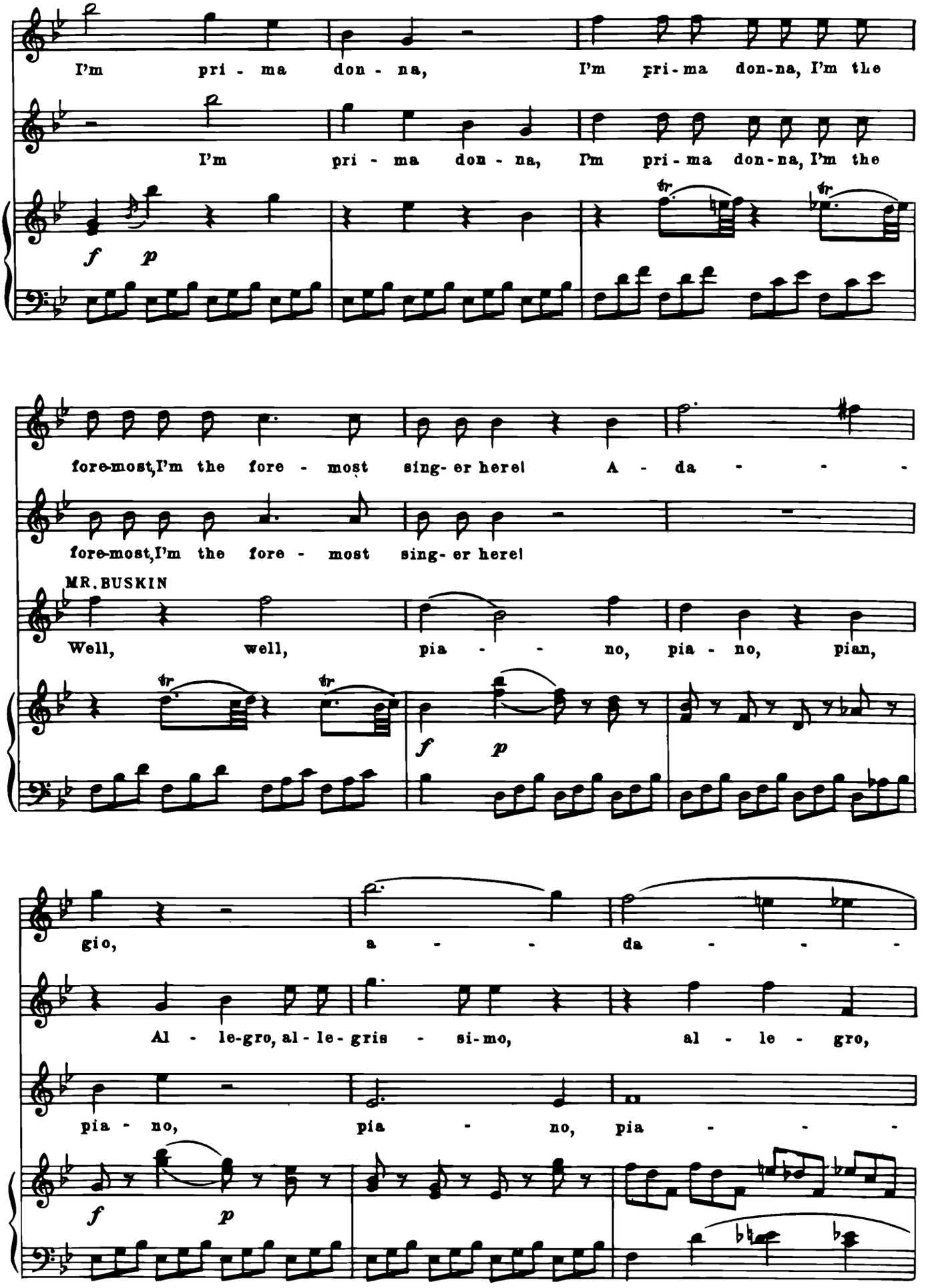

da - gio, a - da - - - - - - gio, a - da-gio!
mf
p
(Buskin makes the same gesture to Miss Silvertone)
MISS SILVERTONE
Allegro assi
Al - le - gro, al - le-gris-si-mo, al - le - - - - - - - -
p
- - - - - - - - - - gro, al - le - gris-si-mo, al -
cresc.
le-gro, al-le-gris-si-mo!
MR. BUSKIN
Andante
Pian, pia - no, pia - nis-si-mo, pia-nis-sis - si-mo! No
f
p
MRS. HEARTFELT
Well
(making an appeal which touches them)
art-ist should an-oth-er teas - ing, De - base his art with en-vious spite.
p

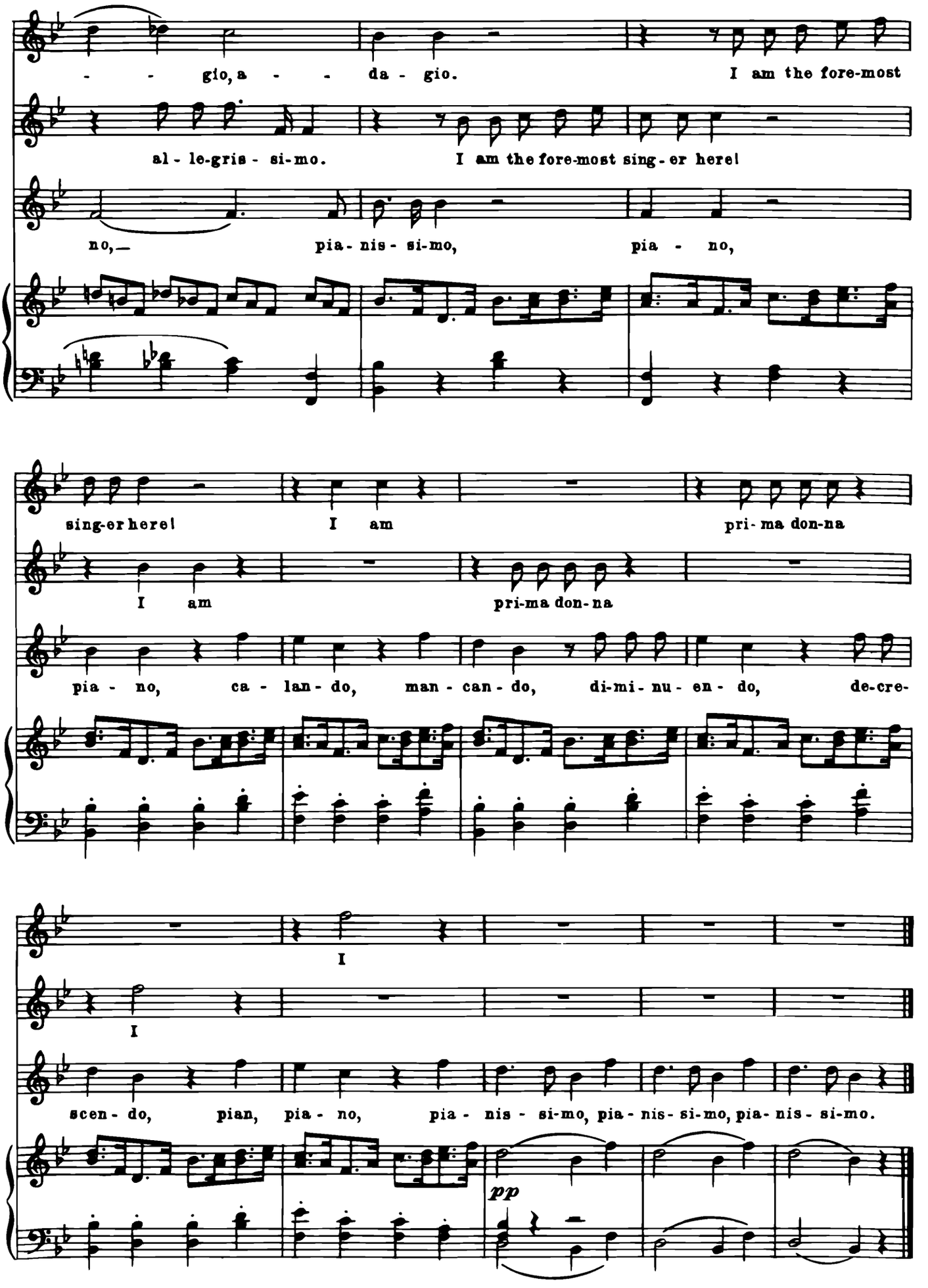

then, no more of this dis - pleas - ing, I quite a - gree to do what's
MISS SILVERTONE
Well then, no more of this dis - pleas - ing, I
right, oh quite, I quite a - gree to do what's right.
quite a - gree to do what's right, a - gree to do what's right.
MR. BUSKIN
No art - ist should, an - oth - er
Well then, no more
Well then, no more
teas


of all this teas-ing. Well then, well then, no more
of all this teas-ing.
- ing, an-oth-er teas - ing.
stacc.
I quite a -
Well then, well then, no more
I quite a -
No
cresc.
gree to do what's right, I quite a - gree to do what's
gree to do what's right, I quite a - gree to do what's
art - ist should, an - oth - er teas - ing, De - base his art with en-vious
fp
f
p


(aside to Miss Silvertone)
right.
I'm pri - ma don - na!
right.
spite. No art - ist should be teas - ing. De - base his art with en-vious
(aside)
(aloud)
Well then, no more of all this teas - ing, They sing my prais - es, I
(aside to Mrs. Heartfelt)
(aloud)
I'm pri - ma don - na!
Well then, no more of all this
spite, No art - ist should an - oth - er teas - ing, De -
(aside)
quite a - gree to do what's right, No oth - er sing - er can ap-proach me, that is
aside)
(aloud)
teas - ing, They sing my prais - es, I quite a - gree to do what's
base his art with en - vious spite de - base de -


Tempo I
set - tled.
(aside)
(breaking out again)
right. No oth-er sing - er can ap-proach me, that is set - tled. I am the fore-most
base his art with en - vious spite.
Tempo I
I am the fore-most sing-er here! I'm pri-ma
sing-er here! I'm pri-ma don - na
fp fp fp fp
don - na I I'm pri - ma don - na
I I I'm pri - ma don - na
fp cresc.
f p
3 3 3


I'm pri - ma don - na, I'm pri-ma don-na, I'm the
I'm pri - ma don - na, I'm pri-ma don-na, I'm the
f p
fore-most, I'm the fore - most sing- er here! A - da - - -
fore-most, I'm the fore - most sing- er here!
MR. BUSKIN
Well, well, pia - - no, pia - no, pian,
f p
gio, a - - - da - - - -
Al - le-gro, al - le - gris - si-mo, al - le - gro,
pia - no, pia - no, pia - - - -
f p


- - gio, a - - da - gio. I am the fore-most
al - le-gris - si-mo. I am the fore-most sing - er here!
no,— pia - nis - si-mo, pia - no,
sing-er here! I am pri - ma don-na
I am pri-ma don-na
pia - no, ca - lan - do, man - can - do, di-mi - nu - en - do, de-cre-
I
I
scen - do, pian, pia - no, pia - nis - si-mo, pia - nis - si-mo, pia - nis - si-mo.
pp

Buskin. I have it, ladies, I have it. I can let neither of you go, that is plain [*with half-ironical gallantry*], and were it only for what is, though I say it, my tender heart. I am charmed with you both, by turns and simultaneously, I swear it, and so that you may both sing in the new opera, also by turns and simultaneously, I will myself rehandle the part of Casilda in such fashion that she shall grow into two persons out of one. The incompatible parts of her twofold temper shall split her in half altogether, and she shall become a *pair* of heroines, one all water, the other all fire, and need I say to whom of you these said respective parts shall be assigned ?

Silvertone. You need not, sir. A capital plan, I declare ! I'll set your house on fire nightly, with a will.

Heartfelt. Indeed sir, you have solved the matter to admiration. It only remains now to draw up a contract.

Buskin. 'Tis done, dear lady. I have the formularies pat to hand. We need but to insert the recompence agreed upon. [*Slyly.*] I propose that, since you are each to be but half a character, you shall divide a single singer's pay.

[*The ladies rise together indignantly.*

Heartfelt. } Sir, I wish you a very good morning.
Silvertone. } Signor Impressario, you have said enough.

[*They turn to go.*

Buskin. Stay, ladies, I beseech you. [*Desperately.*] I was but jesting. Indeed and indeed, 'twould break my heart to part with you thus. I will agree to pay you each a hundred ducats nightly.

Heartfelt. That's better, I agree.

Silvertone. I am sensible of your generosity, sir. I'll set my hand to *that.*

Buskin. Very well. [*Taking a contract form out of the drawer.*] We have but to insert the sum. [*Does so.*] Let me see . . . one . . . hundred . . . ducats . . . and the name . . . Mrs. Heartfelt . . . so ; and one . . . hundred . . . ducats . . . Miss Silvertone . . . so. [*With a sigh of regret mingled with relief.*] And that is done. Ladies, I will now beg you to sign. [*He is about to hand the pen to Heartfelt, when he suddenly withdraws it.*] But hold. How will you agree upon the stage ? For I can have no disruption and variance within my theatre. I will thus set a codicil to this contract that shall ensure me harmony.

[*Pompously, and with great coughings and splutterings, he prepares to write, creating an atmosphere of some mystic ritual.*

Silvertone. [*Impertinently.*] The legal mind's at work : 'pon my troth, 'tis like a wizard's hocus-pocus.

Heartfelt. Peace, madam, I am imprest.

Buskin. [*Reading slowly word for word while he writes.*] Artists . . . it is true . . . must ever hold . . . in high esteem . . . their fame ; . . . but that . . . each . . . alone is . . . clever is . . . a thought . . . that . . . must . . . for ever . . . fill with horror . . . and with . . . shame every . . . artist with . . . a . . . name.

Heartfelt. [*Theatrically.*] In truth, sir, you have quite frightened me.

Silvertone. [*Unperturbed.*] Now all's done, I'll set my hand to this, and keep to it, too. But stay, Mr. Buskin, what is to become of your opera ? You say Casilda has a lover. How can he love two Casildas all at once ? For 'twill never do, if there is to be peace between us——

Heartfelt. And that will be hard to maintain, in all conscience.

Silvertone. 'Twill never do, I say, for one of us to be jilted. Nor can the hero be in love with both of us at once.

Buskin. [*Puzzled.*] Dear Miss Silvertone, there you have me. [*A sly look comes into his face.*] Or rather, you have me not. Why should not the hero be in love with you both ? [*Expanding suddenly and rising.*] Why *I* am in love with you both. Indeed, how should he help it, or I either ?

Heartfelt. [*Flattered and upholding her dignity with difficulty*]. Fie, sir, none of your roguery !

Silvertone. [*Frankly delighted.*] Signor Impressario, I'll warrant 'tis not the first time you have engaged a prima donna—not to say two—in her affections as much as by her talent.

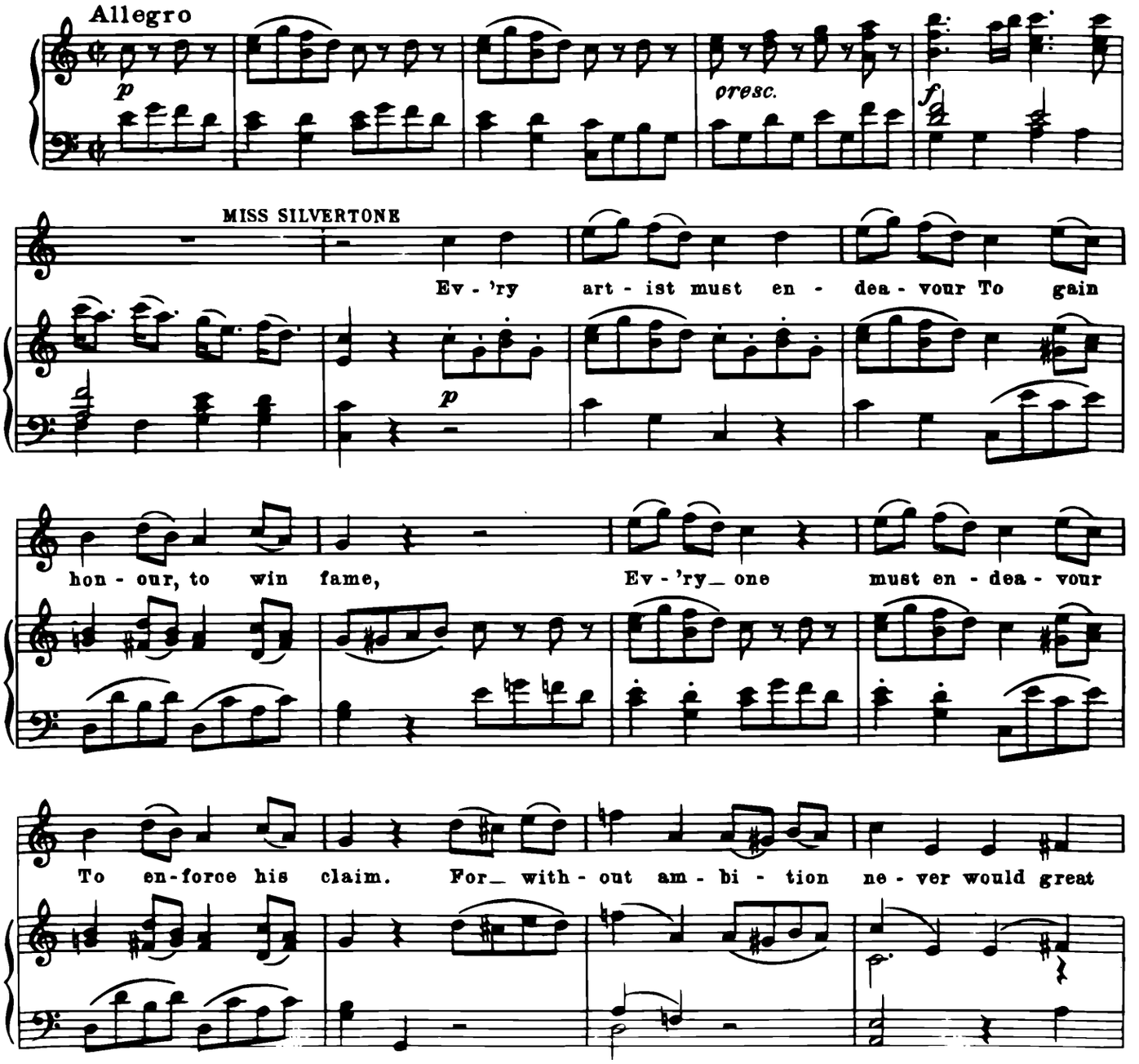
Heartfelt. But your plot, sir, the plot of your opera ?

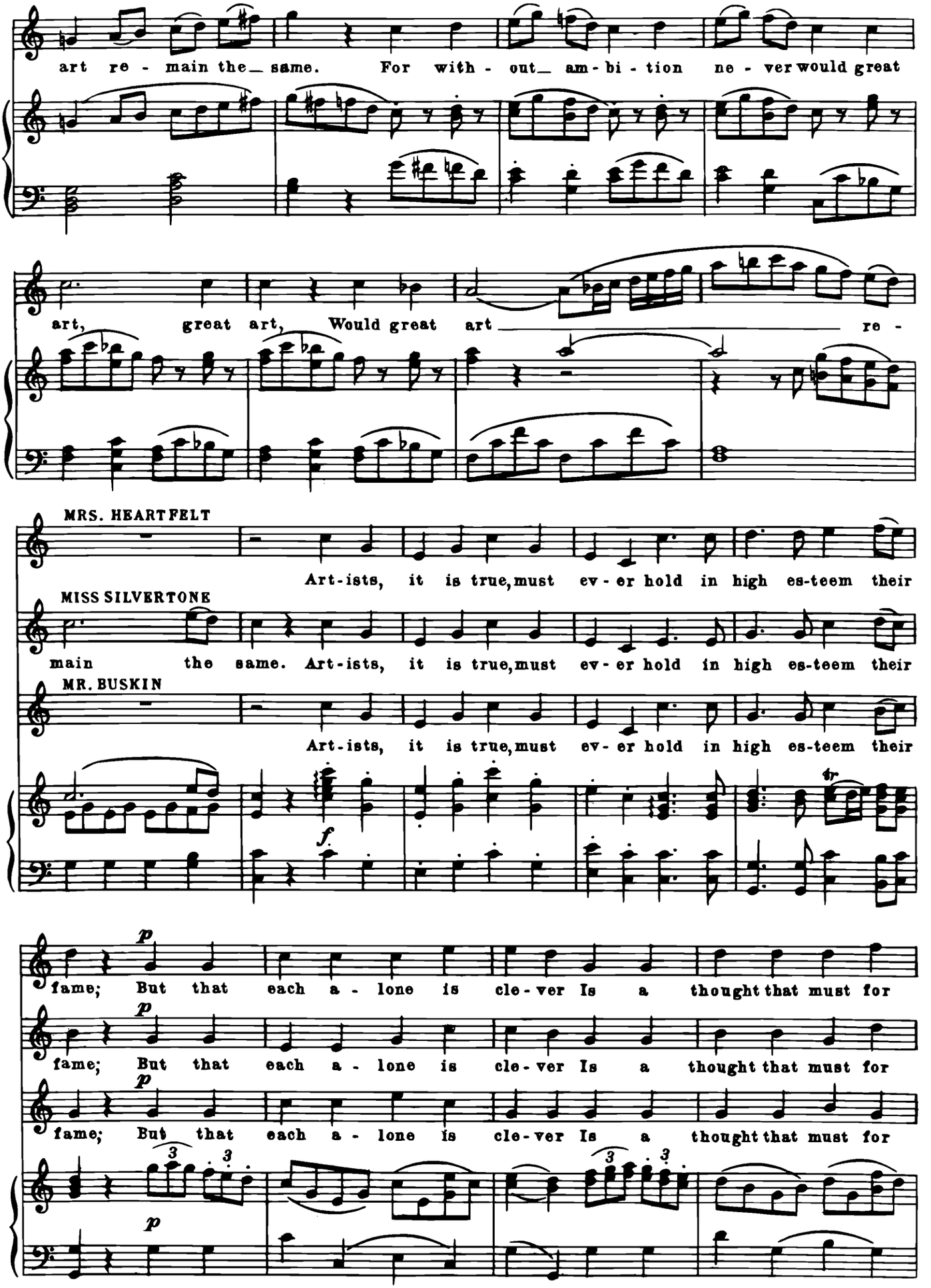
Buskin. Well, well, 'tis worth straining a little to employ you both, and what is more, to teach you, dear ladies, to sink all jealousy and superiority to serve the operatick art. Each of you has qualities the other lacks, and both kinds are needful. So do, I pray you, acknowledge them mutually and work together in amity to one good end.

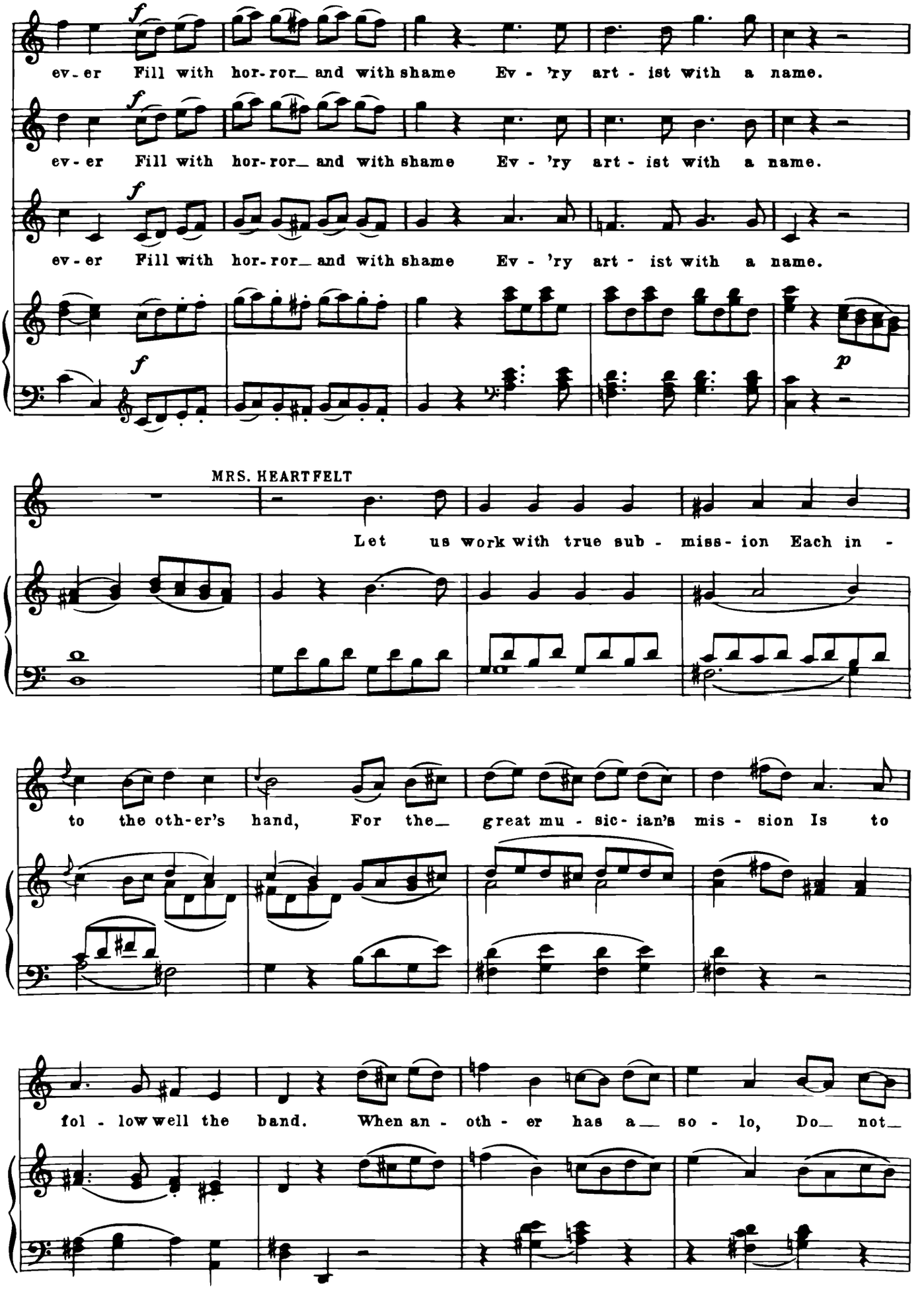
Silvertone. Sir, you are right, and what I say is this :

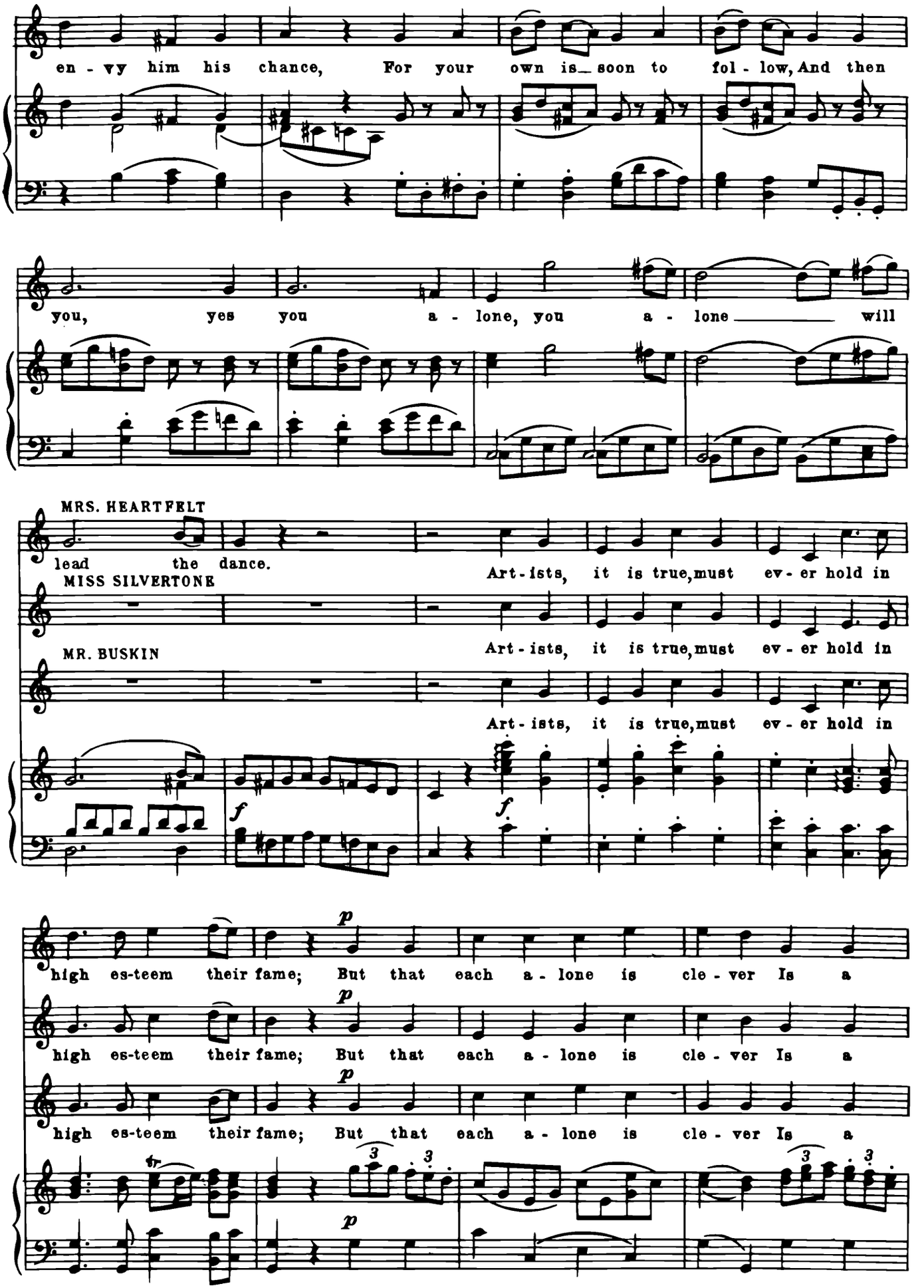
[*During each lady's solo, the other signs the contract. The refrain is sung from the document the first time, but gradually memorized, until at the last recurrence all know it by heart*].

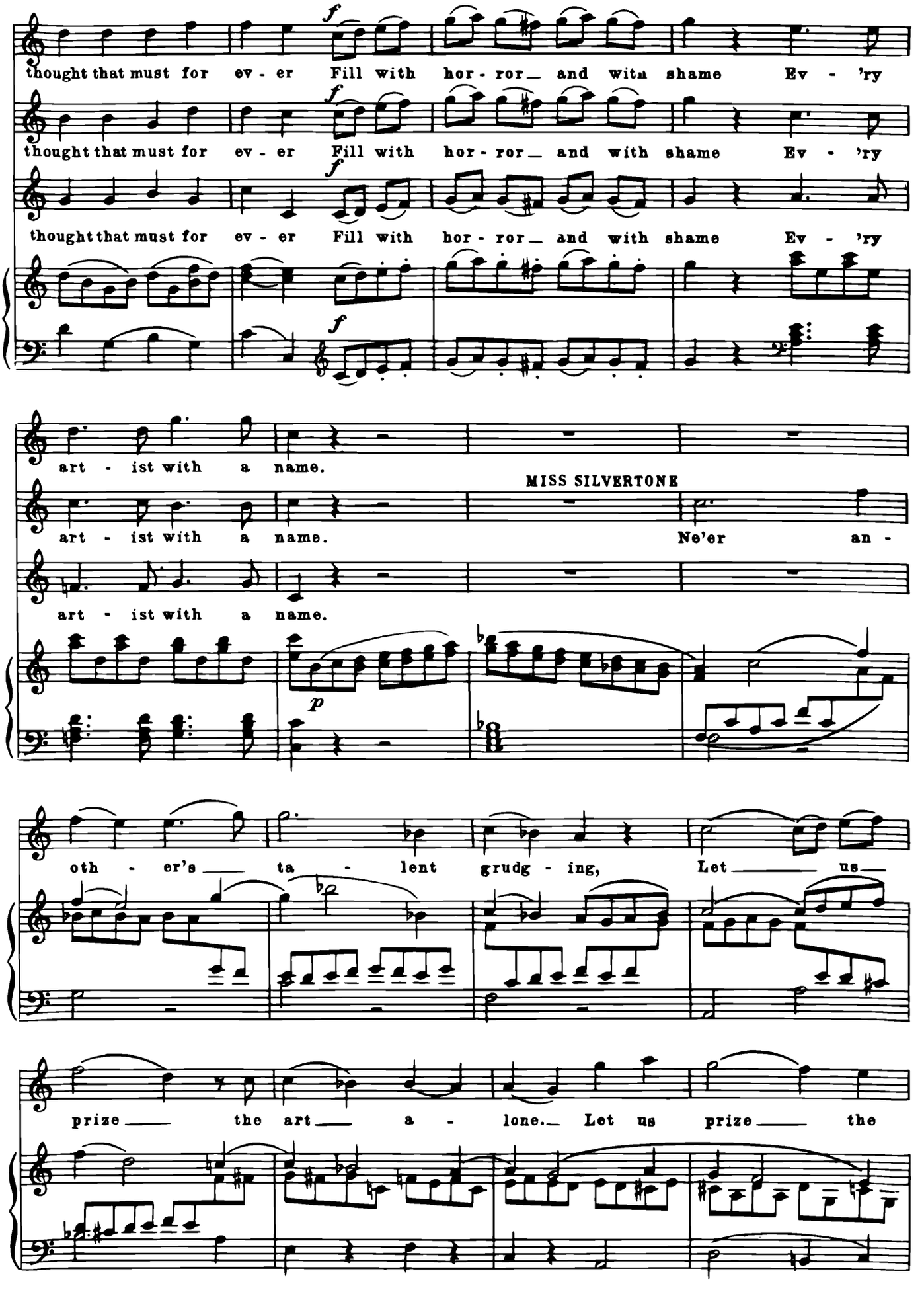
No 4. FINALE

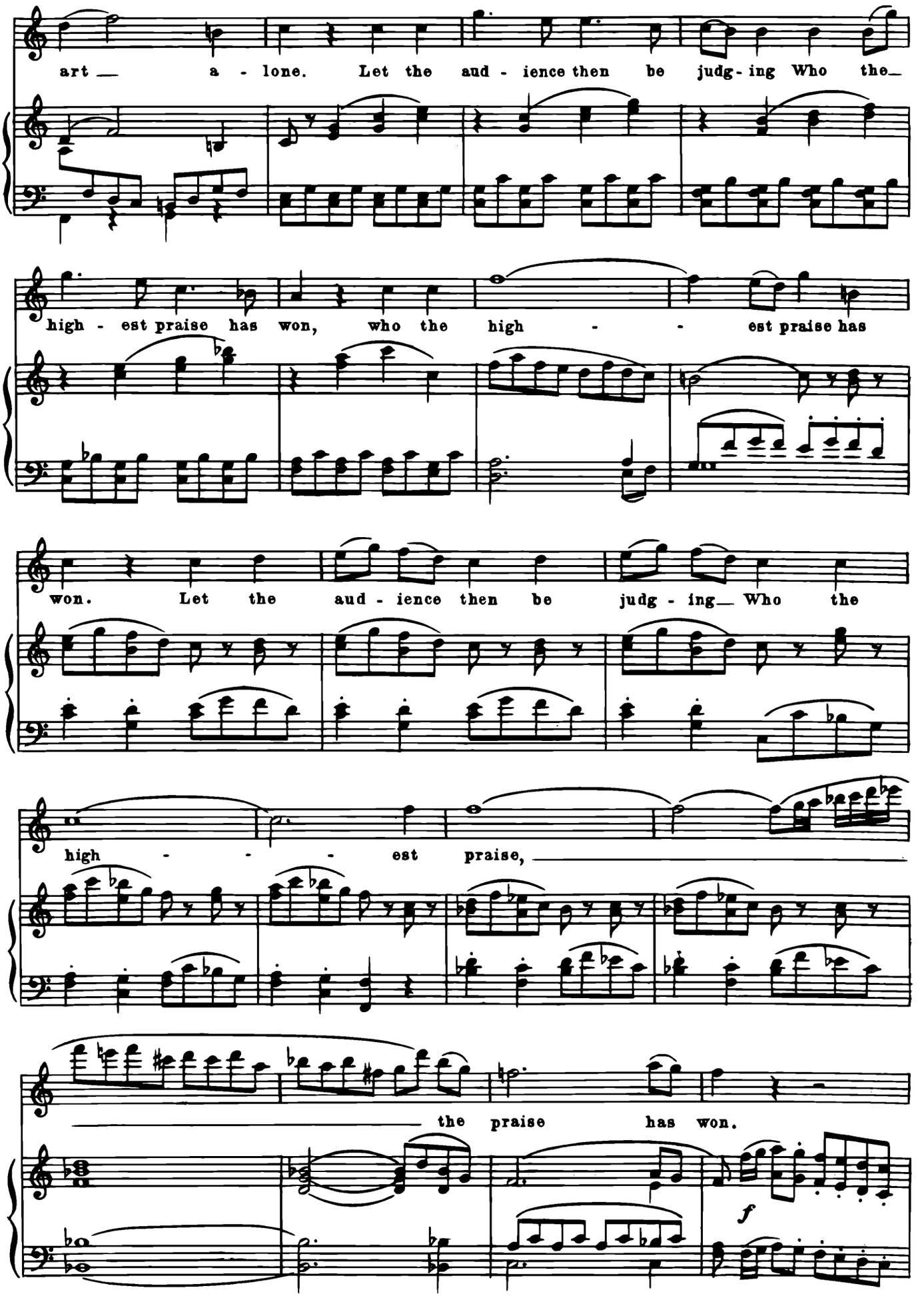


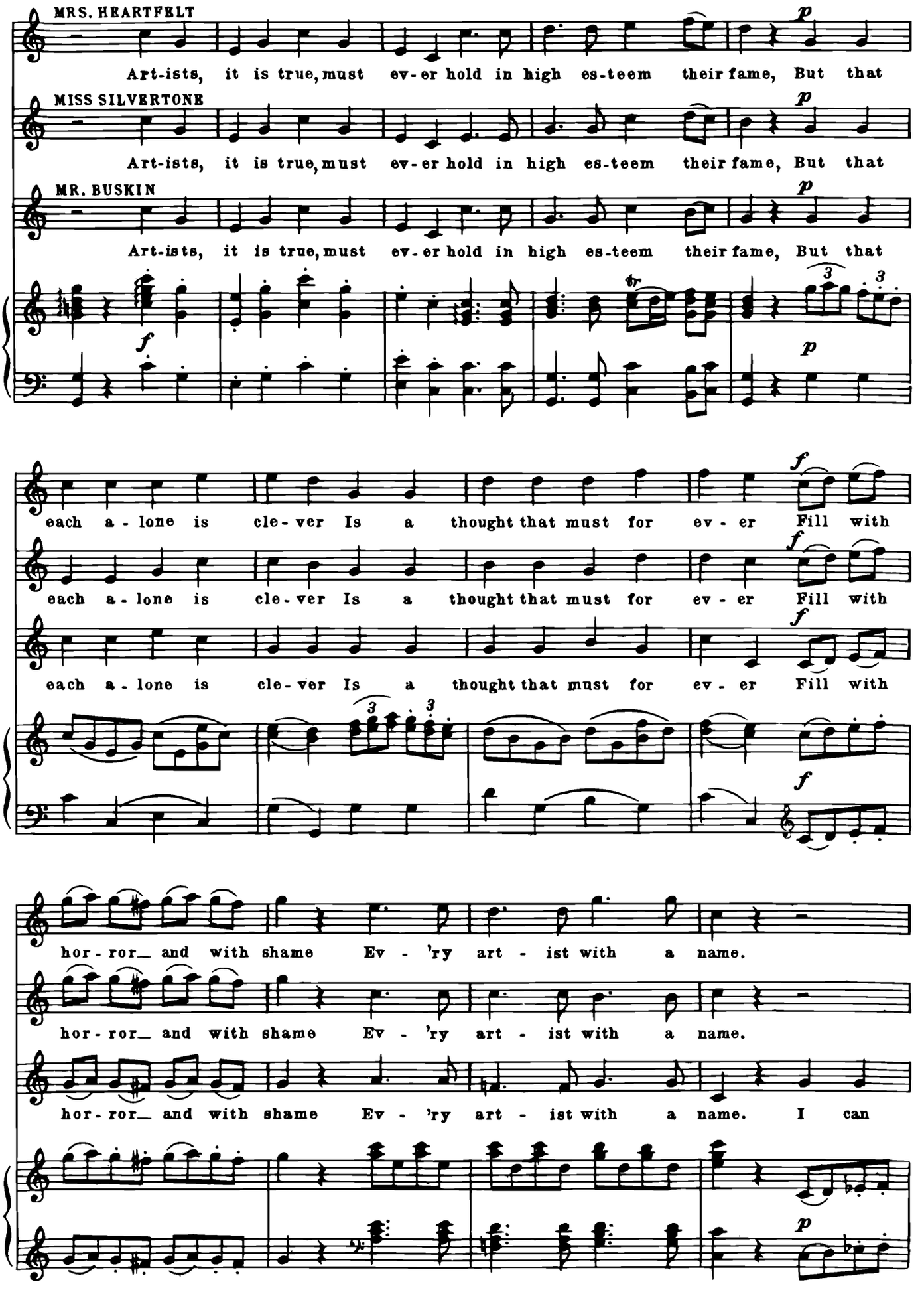

art re - main the_ same. For with - out_ am - bi - tion ne - ver would great
art, great art, Would great art re -
MRS. HEARTFELT
Art-ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their
MISS SILVERTONE
main the same. Art-ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their
MR. BUSKIN
Art-ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their
f
p
fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for
fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for
fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for
3
3
3
3
p

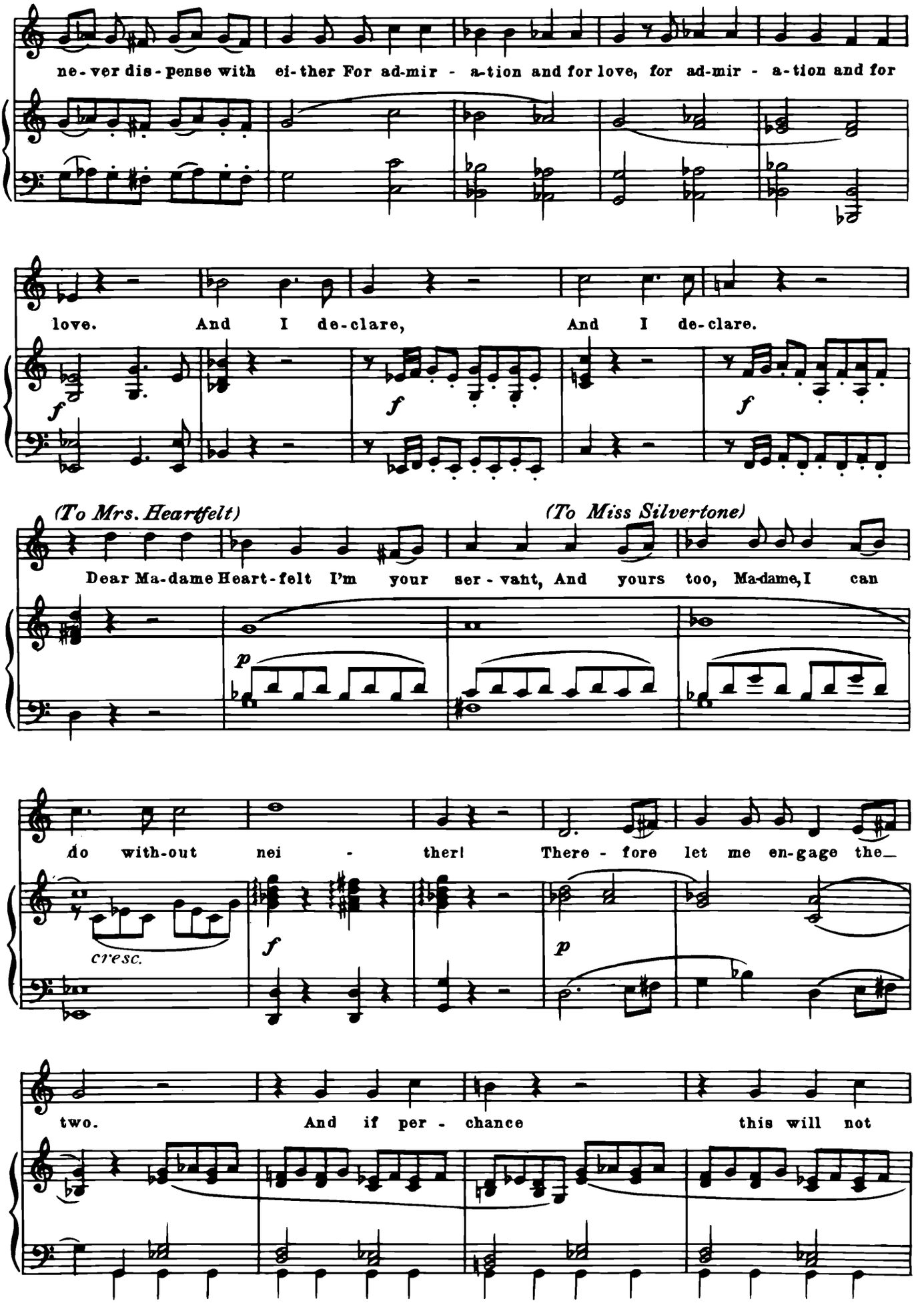

ev-er Fill with hor-ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a name.
ev-er Fill with hor-ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a name.
ev-er Fill with hor-ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a name.
MRS. HEARTFELT
Let us work with true sub - miss - ion Each in -
to the oth-er's hand, For the_ great mu - sic - ian's mis - sion Is to
fol - low well the band. When an - oth - er has a_ so - lo, Do_ not_


en - vy him his chance, For your own is soon to fol - low, And then
you, yes you a - lone, you a - lone will
MRS. HEARTFELT
lead the dance.
Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in
MISS SILVERTONE
Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in
MR. BUSKIN
Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in
high es-teem their fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a
high es-teem their fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a
high es-teem their fame; But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a


thought that must for ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry
thought that must for ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry
thought that must for ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry
art - ist with a name.
art - ist with a name.
MISS SILVERTONE
art - ist with a name. Ne'er an -
oth - er's ta - lent grudg - ing, Let us
prize the art a - lone. Let us prize the


art — a - lone. Let the aud - ience then be judg - ing Who the —
high - est praise has won, who the high - - est praise has
won. Let the aud - ience then be judg - ing — Who the
high - - - est praise,
— the praise has won.
f


MRS. HEARTFELT
Art-ists, it is true, must ev-er hold in high es-teem their fame, But that
MISS SILVERTONE
Art-ists, it is true, must ev-er hold in high es-teem their fame, But that
MR. BUSKIN
Art-ists, it is true, must ev-er hold in high es-teem their fame, But that
each a-lone is cle-ver Is a thought that must for ev-er Fill with
each a-lone is cle-ver Is a thought that must for ev-er Fill with
each a-lone is cle-ver Is a thought that must for ev-er Fill with
hor-ror and with shame Ev-'ry art-ist with a name.
hor-ror and with shame Ev-'ry art-ist with a name.
hor-ror and with shame Ev-'ry art-ist with a name. I can


ne-ver dis-pense with ei-ther For ad-mir - a-tion and for love, for ad-mir - a-tion and for
love. And I de-clare, And I de-clare.
f
f
f
(To Mrs. Heartfelt)
(To Miss Silvertone)
Dear Ma-dame Heart-felt I'm your ser-vant, And yours too, Ma-dame, I can
p
do with-out nei - ther! There - fore let me en-gage the_
cresc.
f
p
two. And if per - chance this will not

(pointing to the contract)

do, I'll ask you with the ut-most tact To sing ac - cord - ing to this pact.

cresc.

MRS. HEARTFELT

Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their

MISS SILVERTONE

Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their

MR. BUSKIN

Art - ists, it is true, must ev - er hold in high es-teem their

f

tr

p

fame, But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for

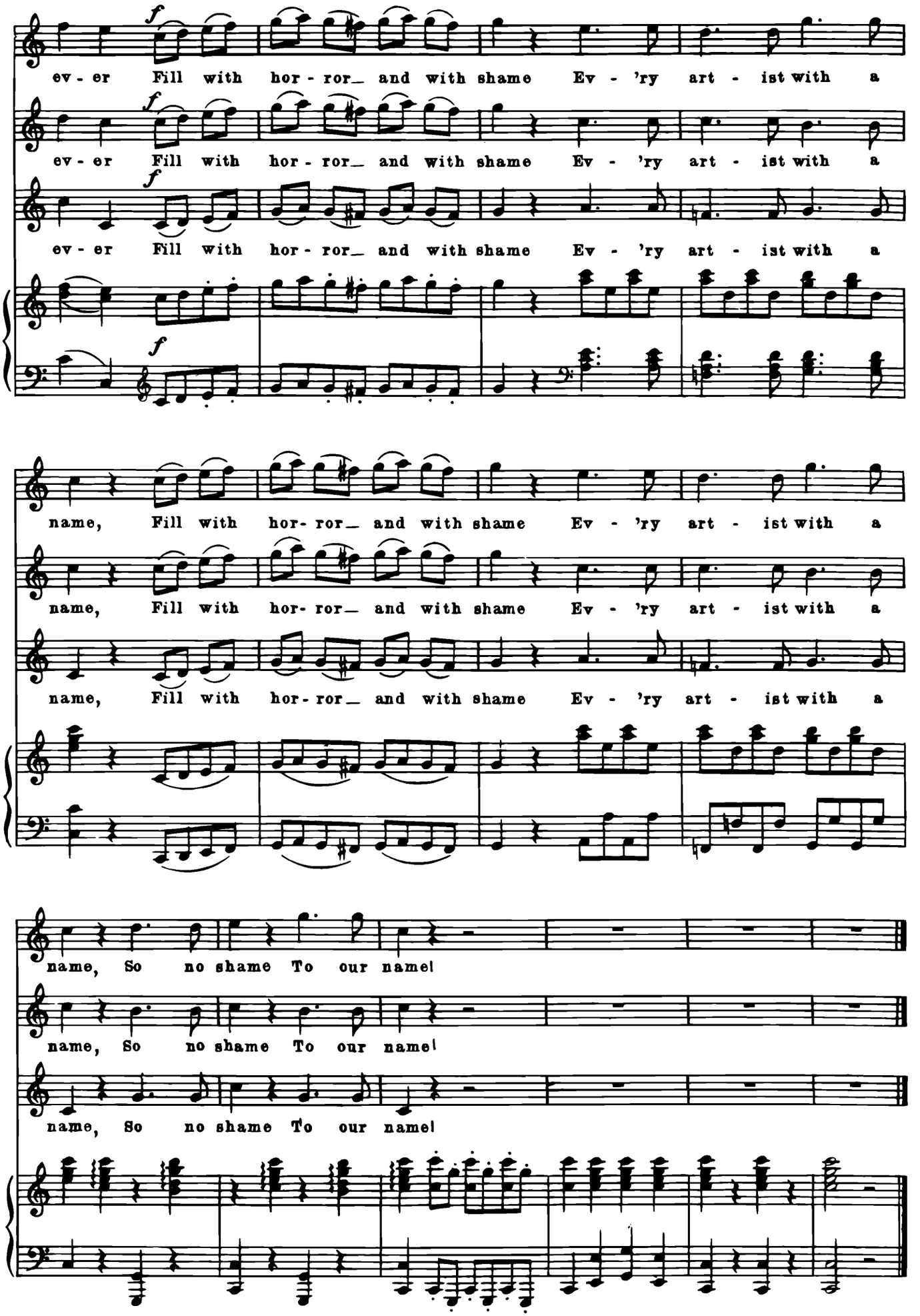
p

fame, But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for

p

fame, But that each a - lone is cle - ver Is a thought that must for

p


ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
ev - er Fill with hor - ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
name, Fill with hor- ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
name, Fill with hor- ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
name, Fill with hor- ror_ and with shame Ev - 'ry art - ist with a
name, So no shame To our name!
name, So no shame To our name!
name, So no shame To our name!