No. 1 ~ Song

Piscator

Verse 1

Allegretto \( \frac{d}{=72} \)

The fisherman, at
the

break of day,
merri ly starts up
on his way; cheer ful ly,
too, he digs for worms,
close of day,
find ing the fish don’t
come his way, arises; his steps are home ward bent: he has

Verse 2

The fisherman, at

laughing, ha! ha! as the captive squirms;
thoughtful ly, doubt ful ly, bends his eyes

had a bite, and he feels content! He meets a lad with a perch and a roach, and he
on the dark, uncertain skies; then on he hastens, lest the
joyfully hails that lad's approach, and soon those pretty purchased
spot some earlier rival may have got.
fish are laid on his wife's expectant dish!
Fish-erman, fish-erman, go thy way, with the
Fish-erman, fish-erman, go thy way, with the
mer-ry min-now, and gen-tle gay.

Fish-er-man,

(Slyly, with fingers laid to his nose)

mer-ry min-now, and gen-tle gay.

Fish-er-man,

Fish-er-man, go thy way, with the mer-ry min-now, and

fish-er-man, go thy way, with the mer-ry min-now, and

(Casts his line, then settles back with a contented...)

p meno mosso

...sigh)
No. 2 ~ Song
Amandus

Allegro agitato \( \frac{3}{2} = 80 \)

1. I loved her!
2. I love her!
3. I cannot tell you how; I loved her! I
4. But all is over now.
now—now that my heart is broken

(Piscator gets rod and basket from seat, between the verses.)

I loved her—

I loved her— I

I cannot tell you why! I loved her— I

I love her!
love her! 'Tis all that I can sigh!

There are no laws that Love bind down: he cares not for the cynic's frown; but, like a bee, he pitches where he finds the flow'r that seems most rare! I loved, I cannot tell you why; my death shall be the
to - ken of sad, se - rene fi - del - i - ty— for my poor heart is bro - ken!

accel.

vivo

fff
Why do birds sing merrily?

Why doth climb the kidney bean?

Why are daisies pearly white?
Why is love a traitor sad?

Why are women's hearts so soft?

Why are men's so false and bad?
Why are we taken in so oft?

Why am I a maid forlorn?

Why with sorrow brims my cup?
Why, why, why was I ever born?

I give it up!

Why? Why? Why?

I give it up!

pp (Sadly)

meno mosso
It’s really very hard, when you sit upon the sward in a carefully selected situation, how many foolish folks will crack their silly jokes and intrude upon your peaceful meditation, with a “Have you any sport?” and silly questions of a sort that their idiocy utterly show! Their remarks excite my ire; and, to
all who thus inquire, my rebuttal is emphatically “No!”

Now sunset, right at six, is the time to-day I fix my labour piscatorial to

leave; till then, leave me alone; and your header please postpone till the advent of the overdewy
eve. Till that hour I must decline to put away my rod and line, and home with creel untenant-ed to
(Amanda kneels to him.)

go! Have a little patience, please! Psha! don’t go down on your knees: my decision is emphatically

"No!" "No!" "No!" "No!"

hear my prayer, hear, hear, hear! Gentle fisher, hear my prayer!

Turn not from me thus away! Eye me not with stony stare; hear a love-lorn
maid'en's lay! Vain-ly do I pray—pro-test! He doth pity not my pain;

Hope de-serts my ach-ing breast—dark Des-pair be-gins his reign!

AMANDUS (Aside)

Whom have we here? A maid-en gay. She lit-tle knows what I in-tend!

Pri-thee, fair one, trip a-way; leave me to my gloom-y end. Wo-man, wo-man,
No!

Haste on, ye hours, with flying feet! Your

"No!"

It's really very hard, when you sit upon the sward in a

silvery sandals cast away: enwrap with twilight's winding-sheets the

carefully selected situation, how many foolish folks will crack their silly jokes and in-

beauties of the dying day! Haste, ye hours! Ye stay too long for

trude upon your peaceful meditation, with a "Have you any sport?" and silly questions of a sort that their
lovers who are lorn and lone; for every thing on earth goes wrong!

i-di-o-cy utter plainly show! Their remarks excite my ire; and, to all who thus inquire, my re-

Haste on, ye hours! haste on! Has-ten on, has-ten on, for lovers but-tal is emphati-cal-ly "No!" It is em-pha-ti-cal-ly "No!" It is empha-ti-cally

who are lorn and lone, Has-ten on, has-ten on, for lovers who are lorn and lone, Has-ten on, has-ten on, for lovers "No!" "No!" "No!" It is empha-ti-cal-ly "No!" It is empha-ti-cally

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lorn and a - lone, haste on, haste
lorn and a - lone, haste on, haste

“No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!” “No!”

Haste on, haste on!
Haste on, haste on!

“No!” “No!” “No!” “No!”
Andante con moto  \( \frac{d}{\text{beat}} = 80 \)

My heart is doubly broken! By all that you have spoken. I’d not hurt you, even slightly, or

Don’t say that! Don’t say that!

wound you e’er so lightly! but you have’n’t acted rightly!

Don’t
I shall never love another! My affections I shall smother! To some say that! Don't say that! Don't say that!

I’ll incontinently run, I shall never love another! My affections I shall smother! To some convent far from fun. Don't say that!

convent far from fun I’ll incontinently run, I shall never love another! My affections I shall smother! To some convent far from fun I’ll incontinently run, And I’ll

Don't say that!
Don't say that!  Don't say that!

(rising, overcoming her emotion).

Don't say that!  Don't say that!

Tell me, how came Clorinda to reject so nice a man as you without regret?

You did not urge your suit
well, I ex - pect. What did you

All man can do, I did.

Yes; tell to me.

First I

(suiting his action to his words).

How?

took her li - ly hand. Just like this. Then her waist I gent-ly spanned.
AMANDUS (as before).

Just like this; crying, "Cruel Clorinda, hear! Oh, I love you very dear!"

Then I drew her still more near. Just like this.

Mem'ries, old mem'ries, dolcissimo

Mem'ries, old mem'ries, dolcissimo

Sad'ly sweet are ye; painful, yet precious, we keep you long in store;

Sad'ly sweet are ye; painful, yet precious, we keep you long in store;
like faded rose-leaves shaken from the tree, bringing back the summer when

like faded rose-leaves shaken from the tree, bringing back the summer when

rose-leaves shaken from the tree, bringing back the summer when

sum-mer-time is o’er.

Then I sighed and softly squeezed her.

How?

Just like this. Kissed herhand; me-thought it pleased her. Just like this. Then I begged her of her
store; like faded rose-leaves shaken from the tree, bringing back the summer when

(A church clock strikes six in the distance.)
(He takes her round the waist, and she lays her head upon his shoulder for a moment. Then they go across the bridge together.)

Mem’-ries, old mem’-ries,

Come prima

Come prima

Mem’-ries, old mem’-ries,

sad-ly sweet are ye;

pain-ful, yet pre-cious, we keep you long in store;

sad-ly sweet are ye;

pain-ful, yet pre-cious, we keep you long in store;

(A sound of scuffling feet is heard near the pond, and Piscator rushes in, in ecstasy, with a fine carp struggling in his landing-net.)

PISCATOR (joyfully).
His hour has come at last. He’s mine! He’s mine!
Young man, the pool is at your service now!
(He looks up, and sees Amandus and Amanda standing in affectionate attitudes upon the bridge.)
What do I see? No! Yes!
(sinking on seat, and holding his sides.)
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Bring back the summer
when summer-time is o'er.

(The refrain dies away as the curtain slowly falls.)

The End