RECIT. and SONG. (Lutin) with CHORUS.

Lutin.

What! tell you all? Not so! All that down there occur'd? 'Twould numb your souls with

Piano.

a tempo

You know not what you ask!

Des.

i

cribe you all I know? Repeat you all I heard? Nar.

rate you all I saw?

God save me from such
task!

One tale I'll try to tell you—it will suf-

free

To illustrate their tendency to

A Allegro con spirito. (à la Tarantelle)

One
incident I'll tell that will appal.

Each

innocent little heart and head.

Come,

fairies, gather round me, one another.

(The

details to impart I dread!)
tale to cause a demon's flesh to creep, And absolutely

shock his ears; 'Twould bring the tears to eyes that never

weep, And melt a very rock to tears!

So

'Twould melt a very rock to tears!
'Twould melt a very rock to tears!
Allegro.

horribly bad that tale appears, it's scarcely fit for

fairy spheres; 'Twould outrage e'en a demon's ears——

And I'm going to tell it to you, my dears! (delighted)
Animato.

CHO. going to tell it to us, my dears!

Animato.

He's going to tell it to

LUT. Although 'twill make your blood run cold, The

CHO. us, my dears!

LUT. terrible details I'll unfold!
D

So horribly bad that tale appears It's

D

f

'Twould outrage e'en a

scarcely fit for fairy spheres;

p

And I'm going to tell it to
de mon's ears——
you, my dears!  

Presto.

There was a gallant

Knight of Portugal.  

Who loved a Moorish maid so well,  

That he took ship and sailed for Barbary.  

(That's where the little jade did dwell)  

He
journeyed o'er the stormy sea apace, (Of nothing was that

Knight afraid) And when at last they met in an em-

brace, What do you think that naughty maiden said?

(Spoken) She said—but

We wonder what the little hus sy said!

We wonder what the little hus sy said!
Allegro moderato.

no- alas- their dark ca- eers Would shock your souls and draw your tears. They're

quite un- fit for de- cent ears= I’ll be hanged if I tell ’em to

you, my dears!

(Disappointed.)

He’ll be hanged if he tells ’em to us, my dears!

(Disappointed.)

He’ll be hanged if he tells ’em to
First thoughts are silver—second gold; And I'm sorry to say they
us, my dears!

can't be told!

(Disappointed.)

His tale is cast in

mocking mould—He says it is both bad and bold;

We hoped for details,
I'm sorry to say that they
and behold-

can't be told! I'm sorry to say

they can't be told, I'm sorry to say they can't be
I'm sorry, I'm sorry to

He's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry to

He's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry, he's sorry to

say they can't be told!

say they can't be told!

say they can't be told!