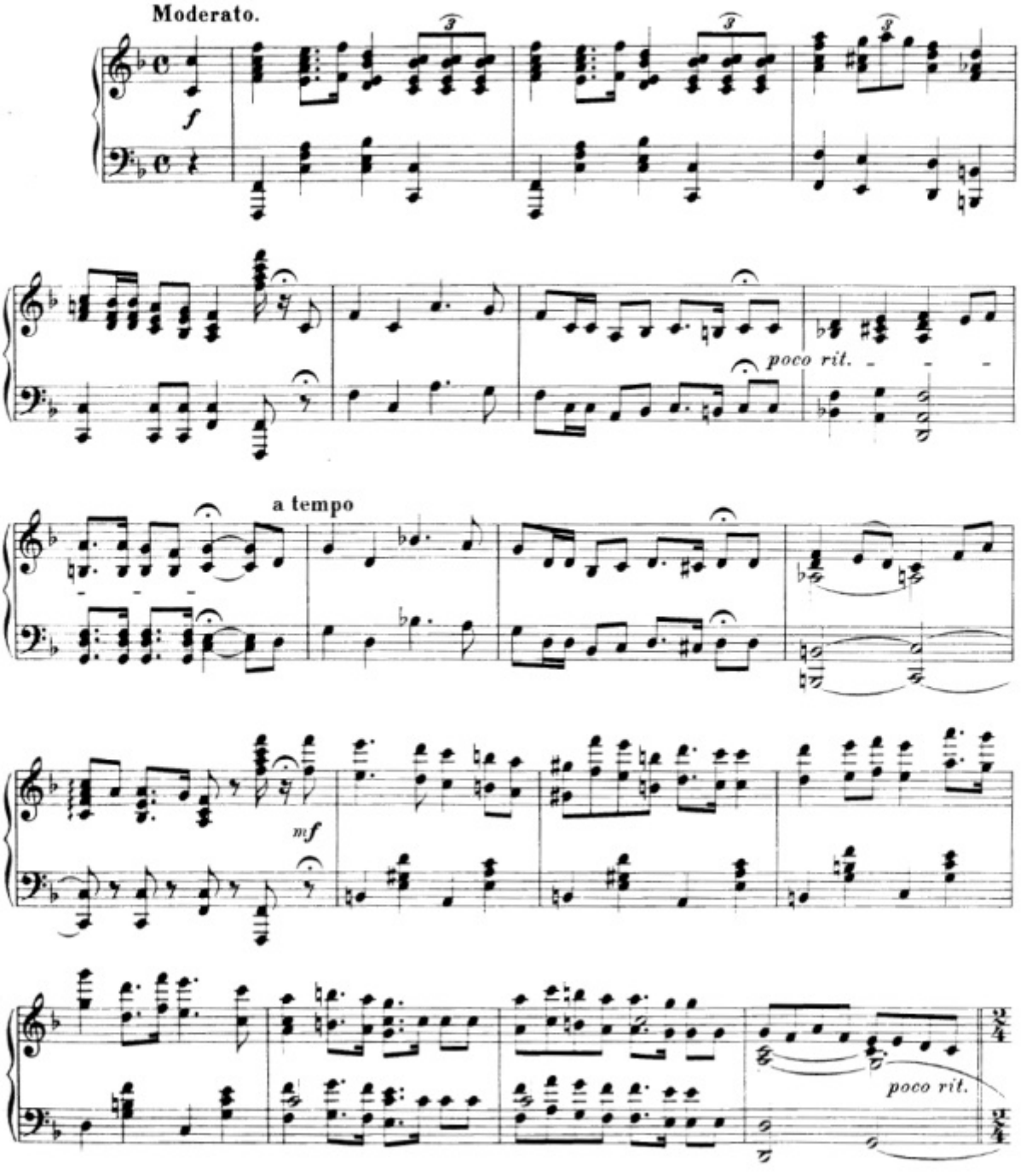
ACT II.

Nº 9. Entre Act and Opening Chorus.



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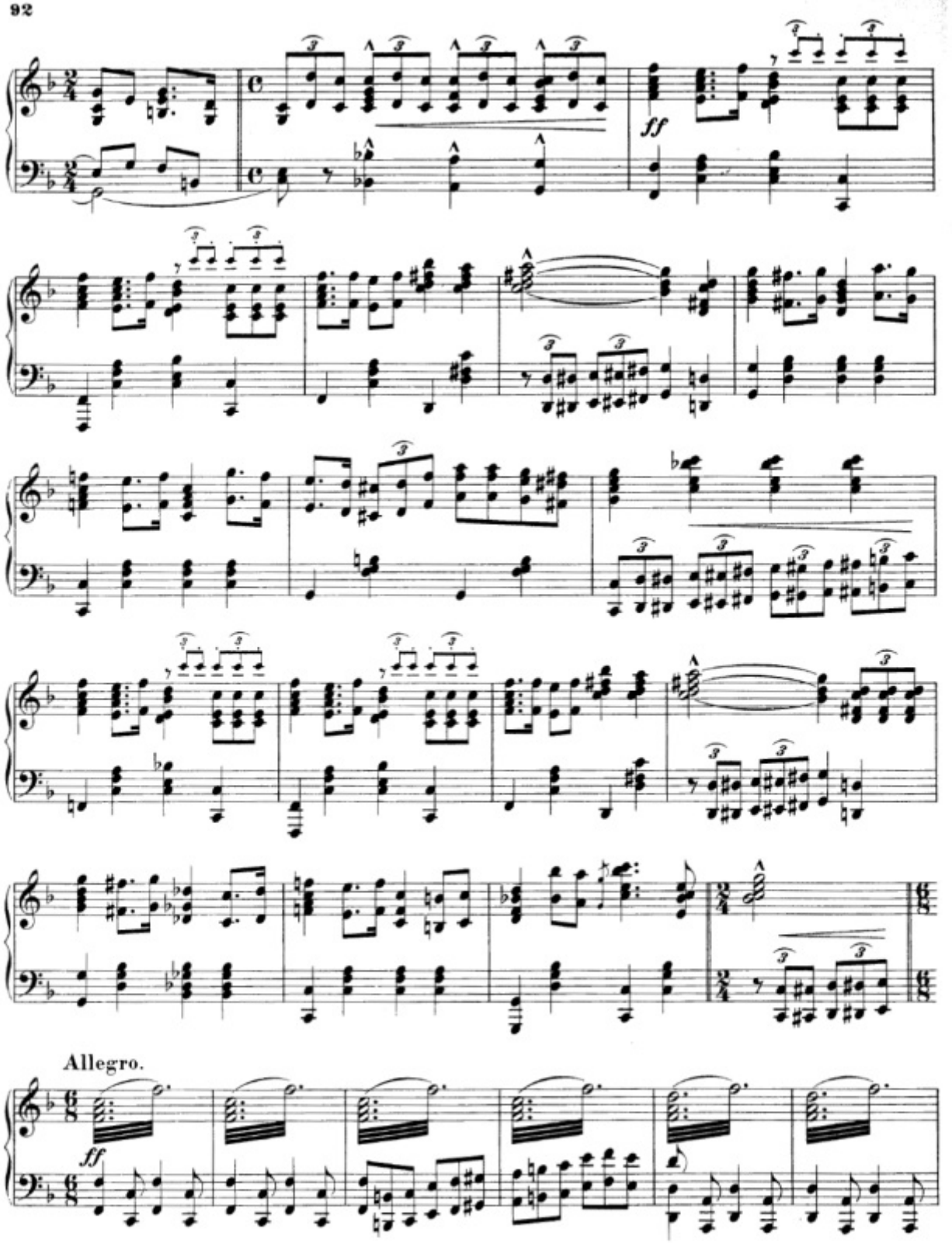
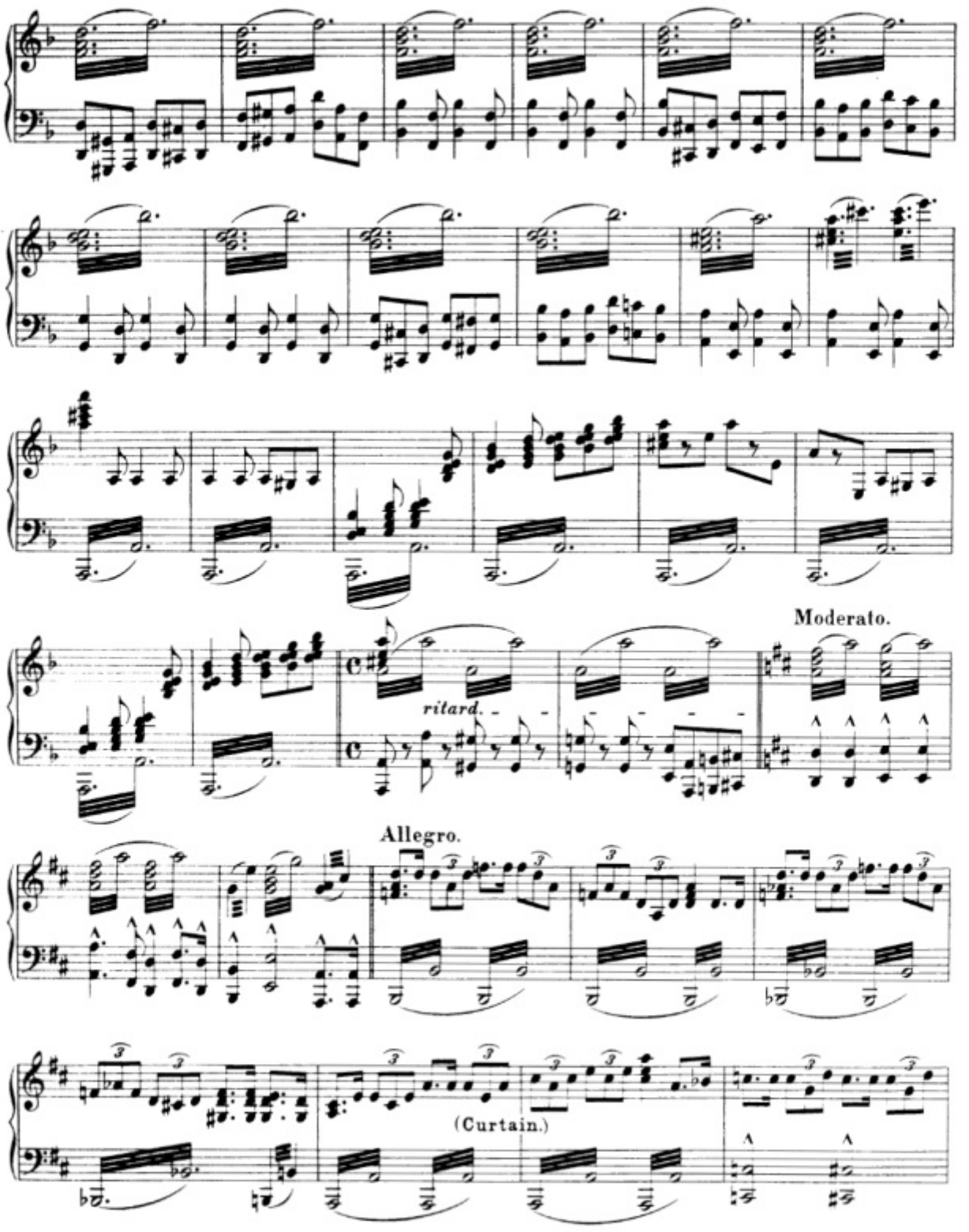
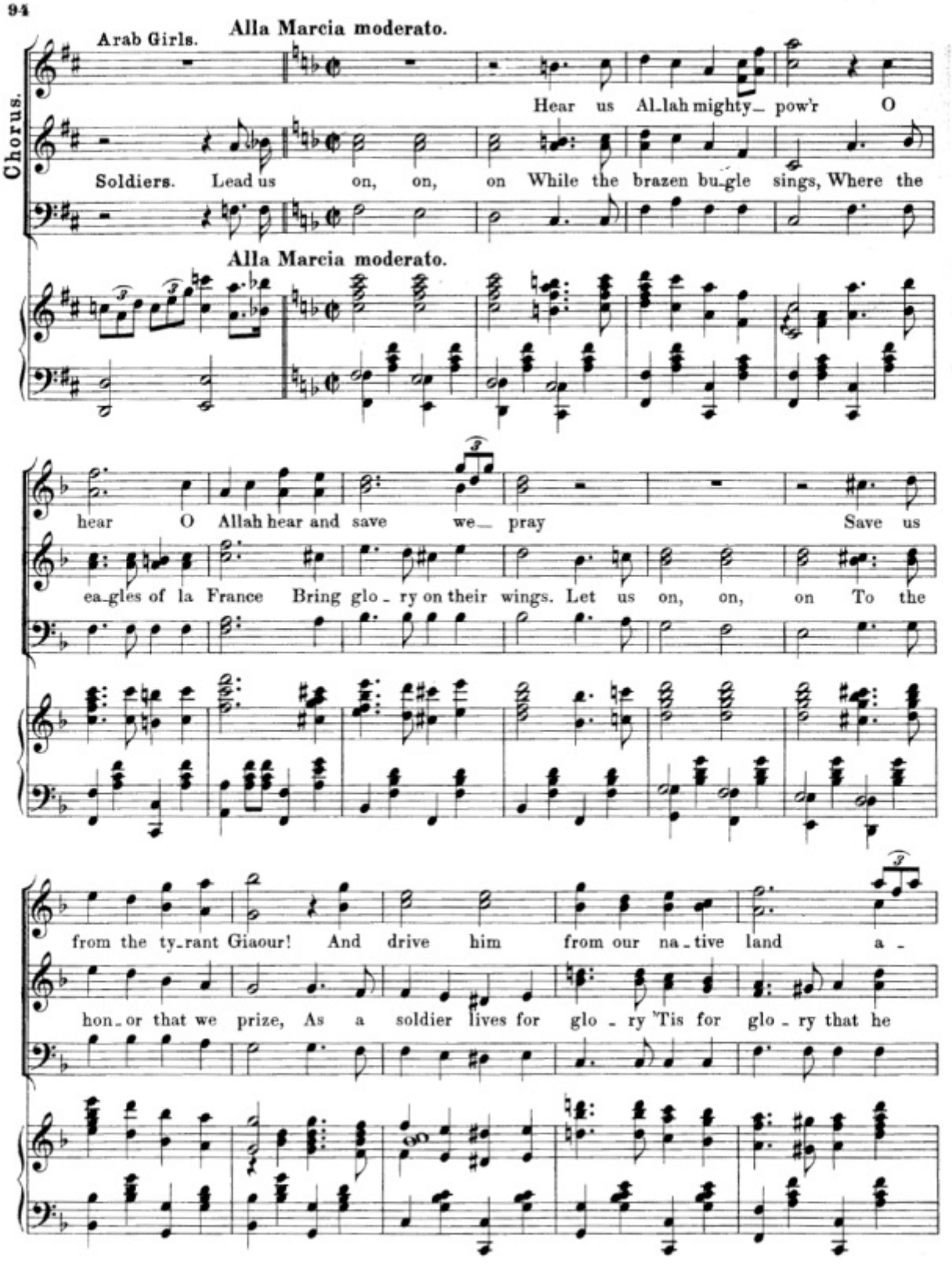
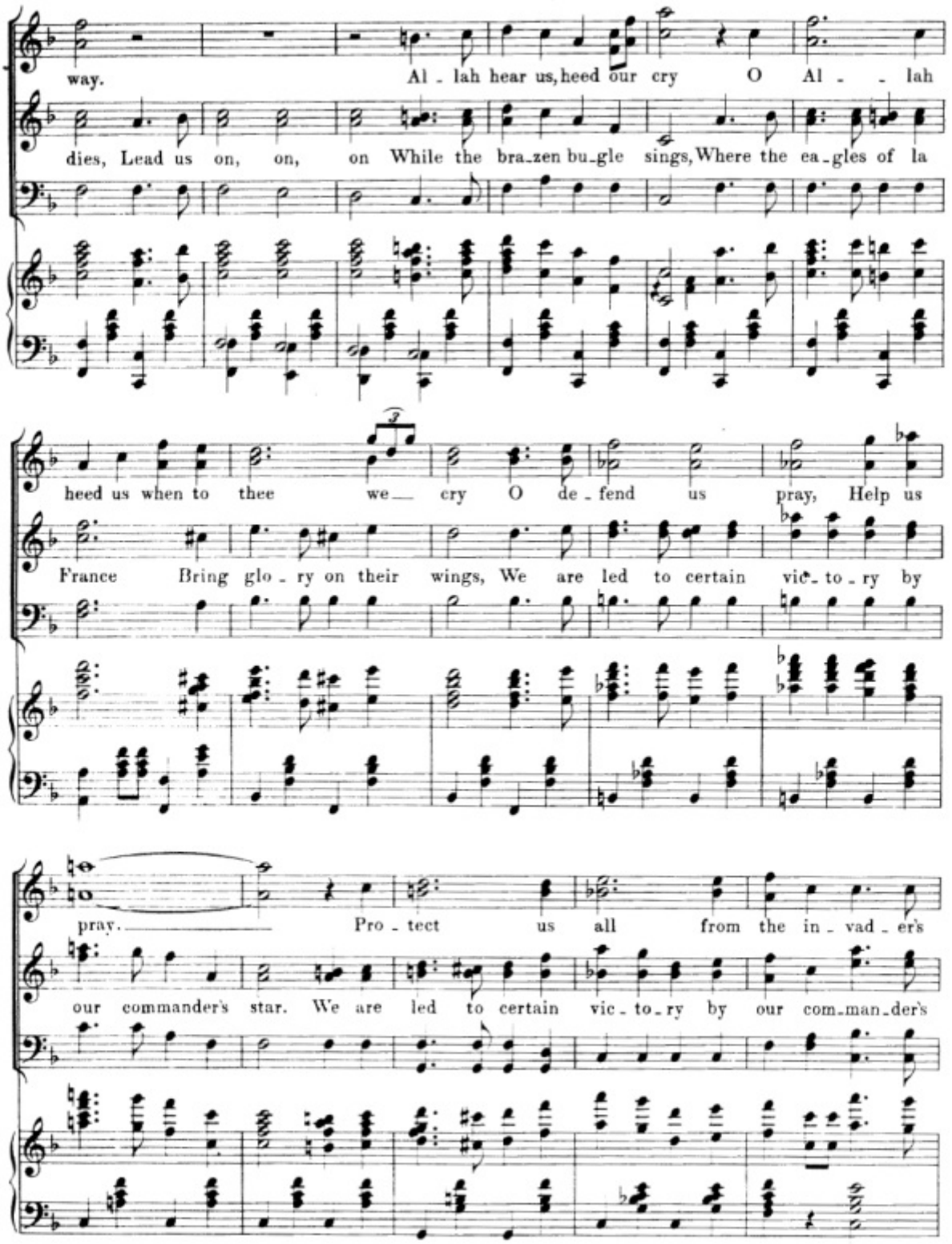
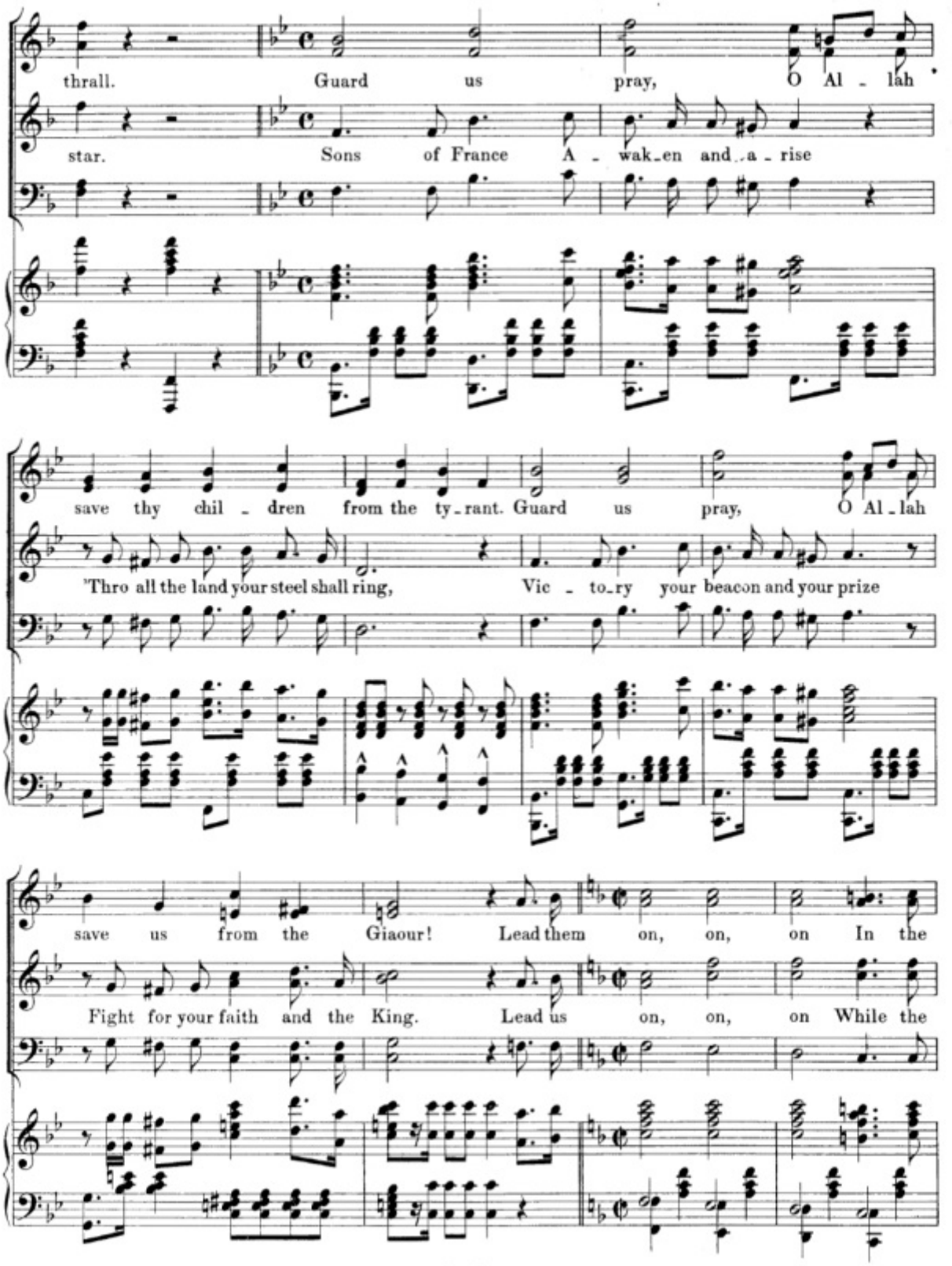
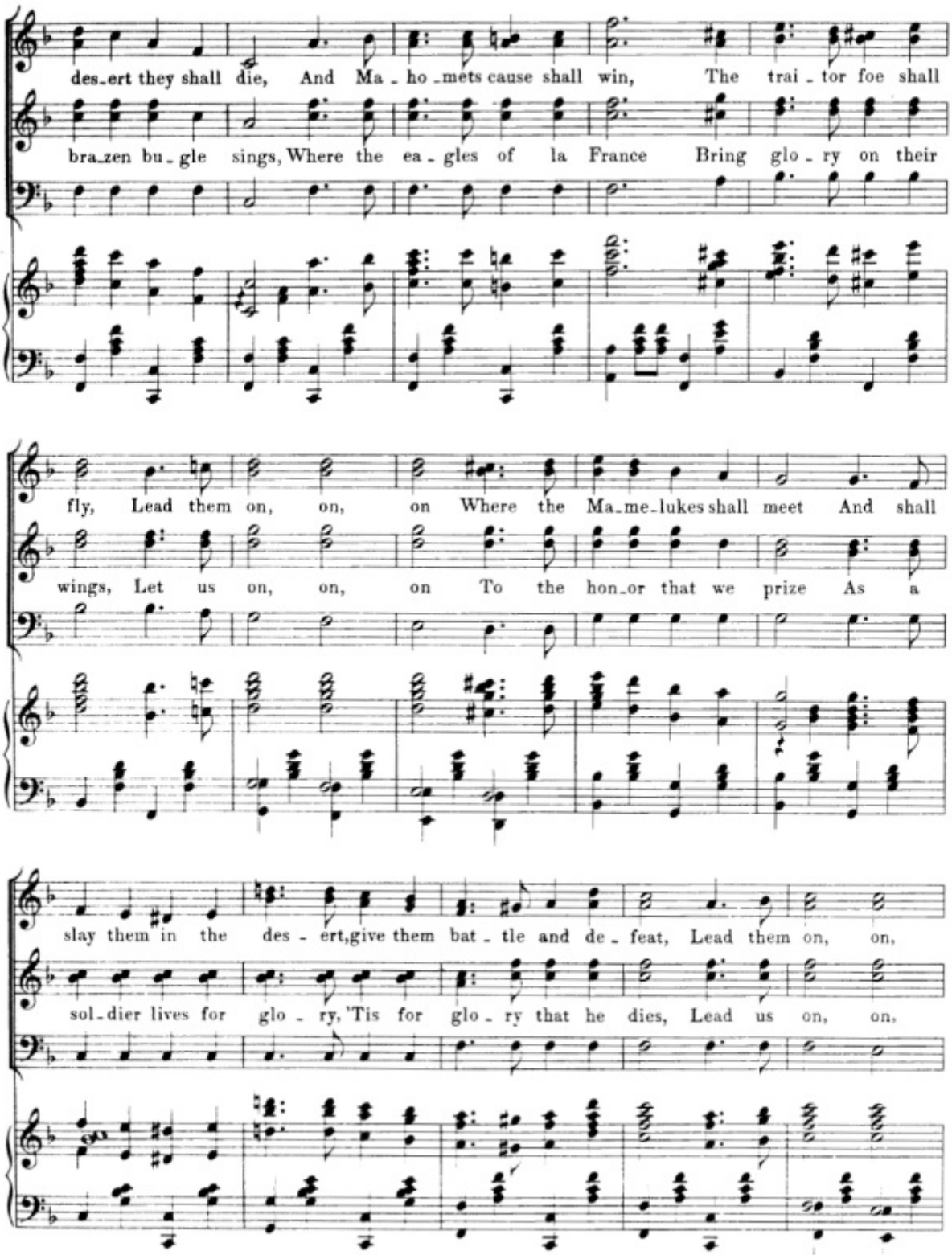

ff
Allegro.
ff

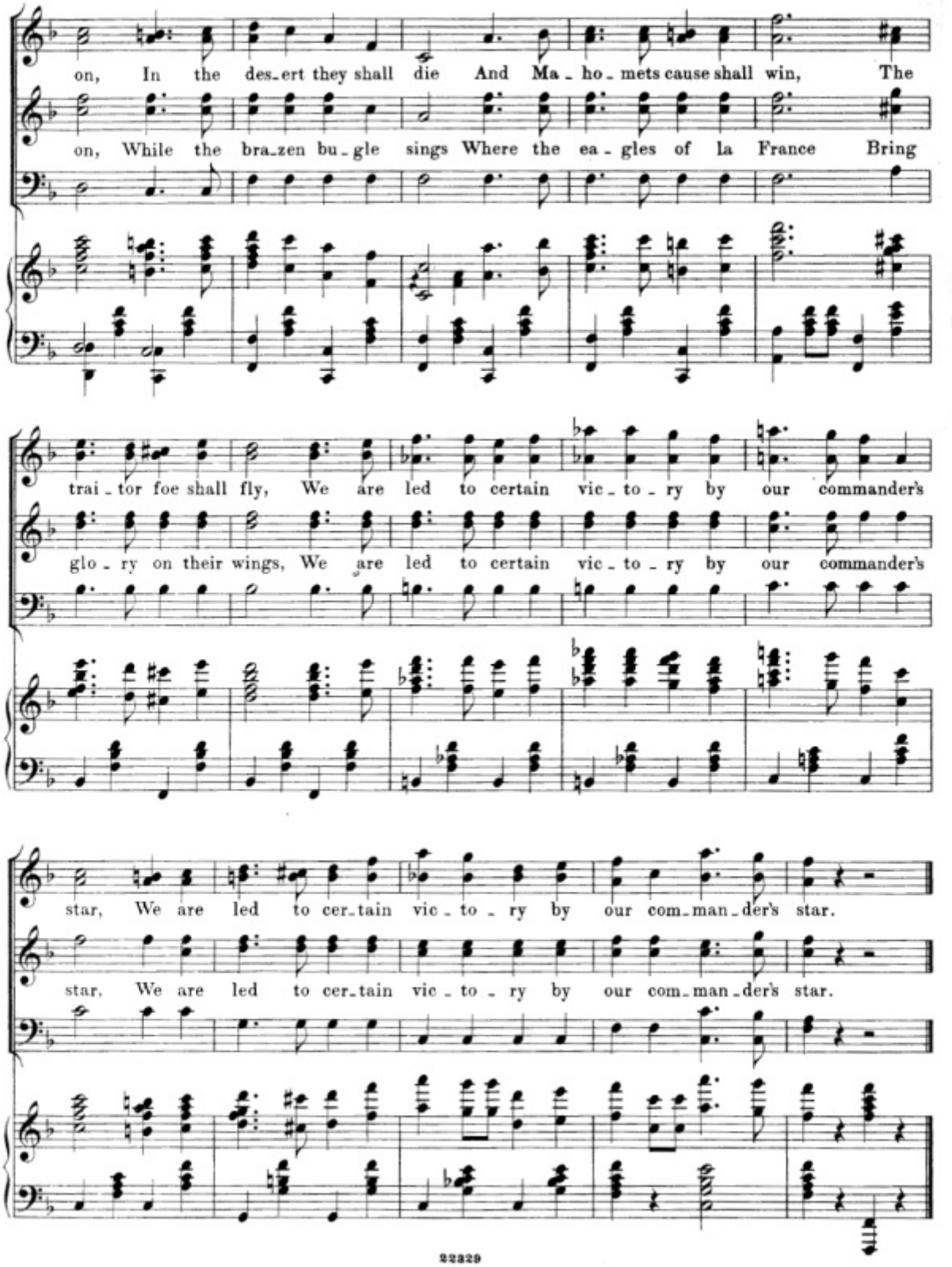

Moderato.
ritard.
Allegro.
(Curtain.)


Arab Girls.
Alla Marcia moderato.
Chorus.
Hear us Al_lah mighty_ pow'r O
Soldiers. Lead us on, on, on While the brazen bu_gle sings, Where the
Alla Marcia moderato.
hear O Allah hear and save we_ pray Save us
ea_gles of la France Bring glo_ry on their wings. Let us on, on, on To the
from the ty_rant Giaour! And drive him from our na_tive land a_
hon_or that we prize, As a soldier lives for glo_ry 'Tis for glo_ry that he


way. Al - lah hear us, heed our cry O Al - - lah
dies, Lead us on, on, on While the bra-zen bu-gle sings, Where the ea-gles of la
heed us when to thee we cry O de-fend us pray, Help us
France Bring glo-ry on their wings, We are led to certain vic-to-ry by
pray. Pro-tect us all from the in-vad-er's
our commander's star. We are led to certain vic-to-ry by our com-man-der's

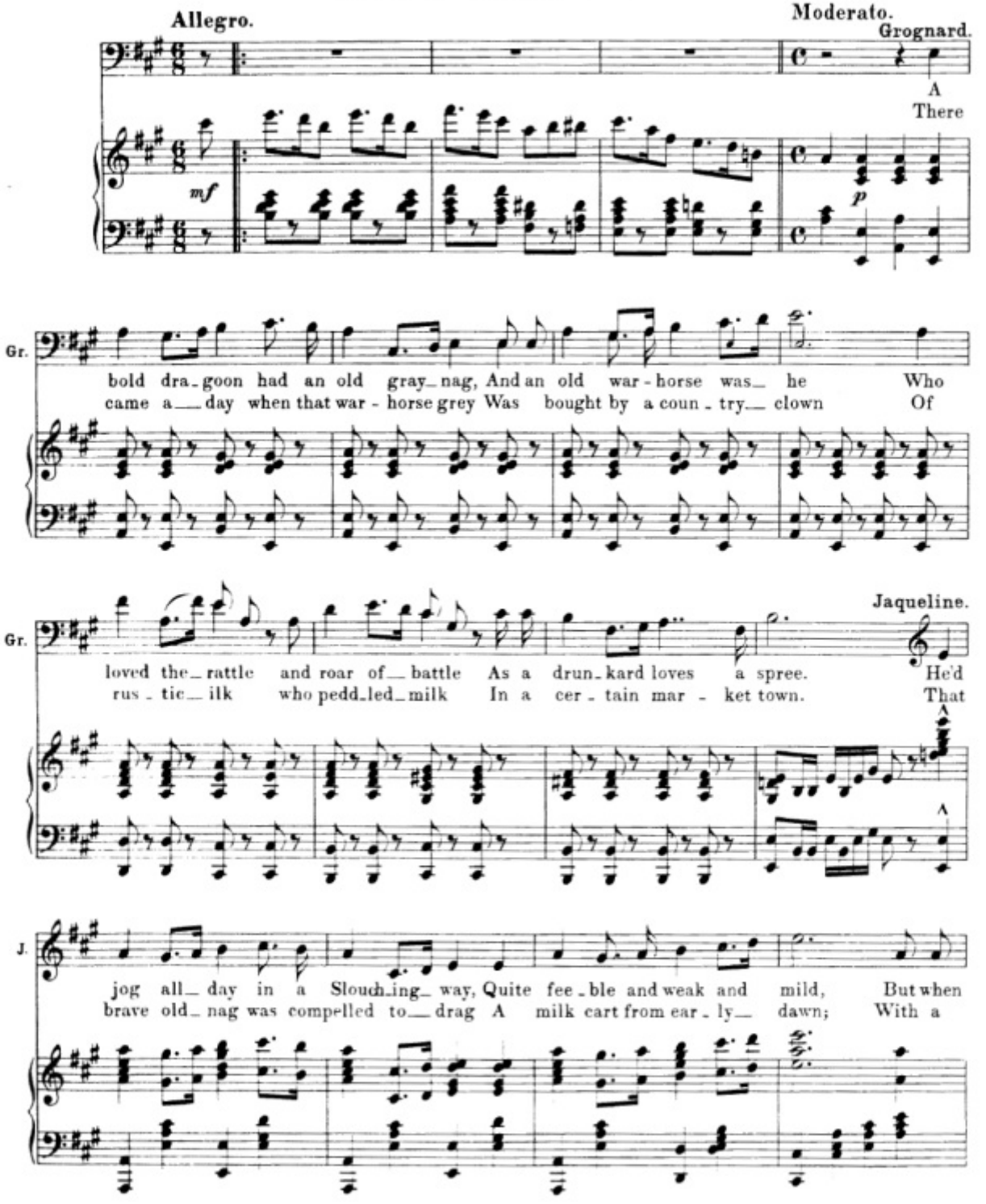

thrall. Guard us pray, O Al - lah
star. Sons of France A - wak-en and a - rise
save thy chil - dren from the ty-rant. Guard us pray, O Al-lah
Thro all the land your steel shall ring, Vic - to-ry your beacon and your prize
save us from the Giaour! Lead them on, on, on In the
Fight for your faith and the King. Lead us on, on, on While the


des-ert they shall die, And Ma - ho - mets cause shall win, The trai - tor foe shall
bra-zen bu - gle sings, Where the ea - gles of la France Bring glo - ry on their
fly, Lead them on, on, on Where the Ma-me-lukes shall meet And shall
wings, Let us on, on, on To the hon-or that we prize As a
slay them in the des - ert, give them bat - tle and de - feat, Lead them on, on,
sol-dier lives for glo - ry, 'Tis for glo - ry that he dies, Lead us on, on,


on, In the des-ert they shall die And Ma-ho-mets cause shall win, The
on, While the bra-zen bu-gle sings Where the ea-gles of la France Bring
trai-tor foe shall fly, We are led to certain vic-to-ry by our commander's
glo-ry on their wings, We are led to certain vic-to-ry by our commander's
star, We are led to cer-tain vic-to-ry by our com-man-der's star.
star, We are led to cer-tain vic-to-ry by our com-man-der's star.

Nº 10. The old War-horse.

Jaqueline, Grognard and Chorus.



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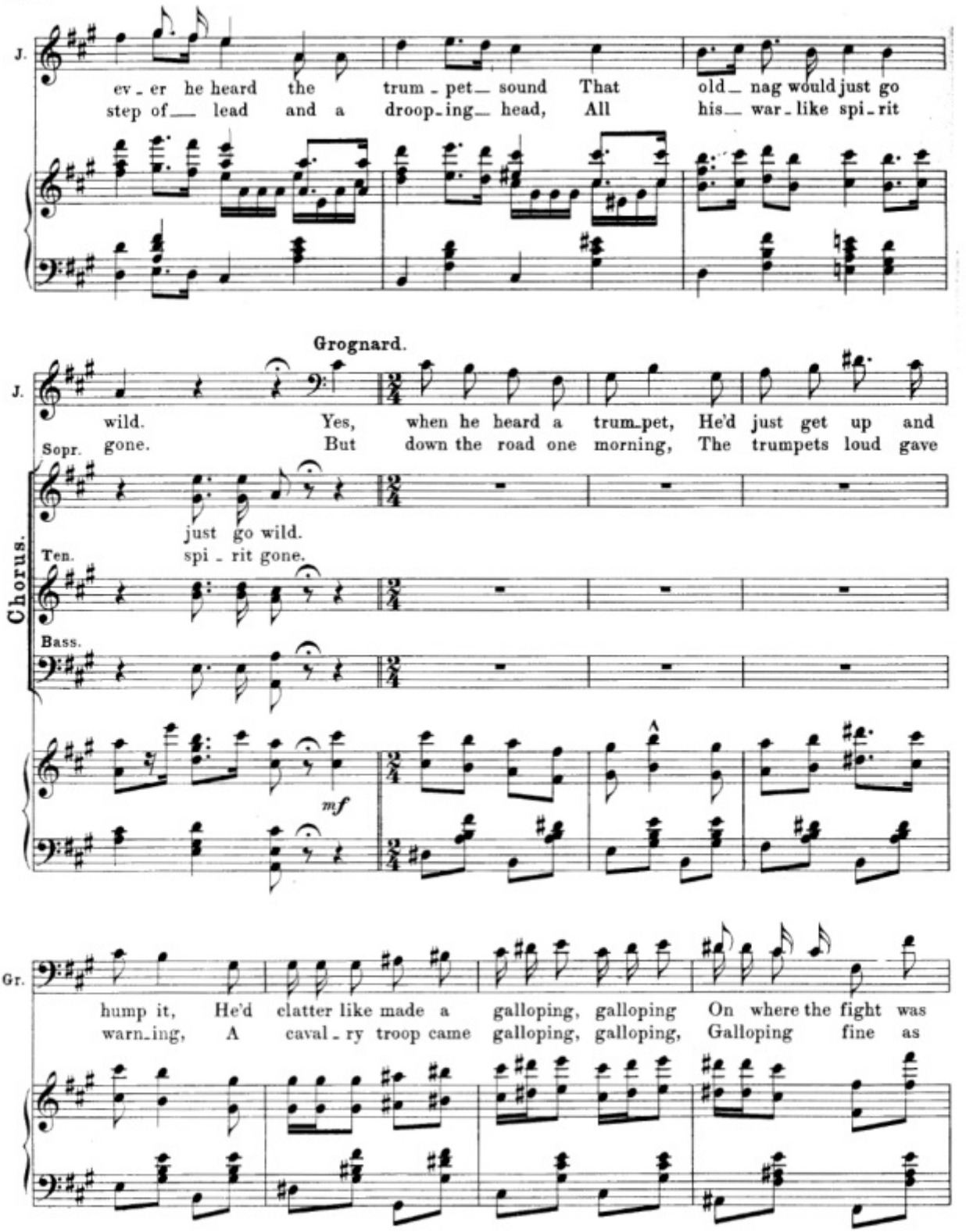
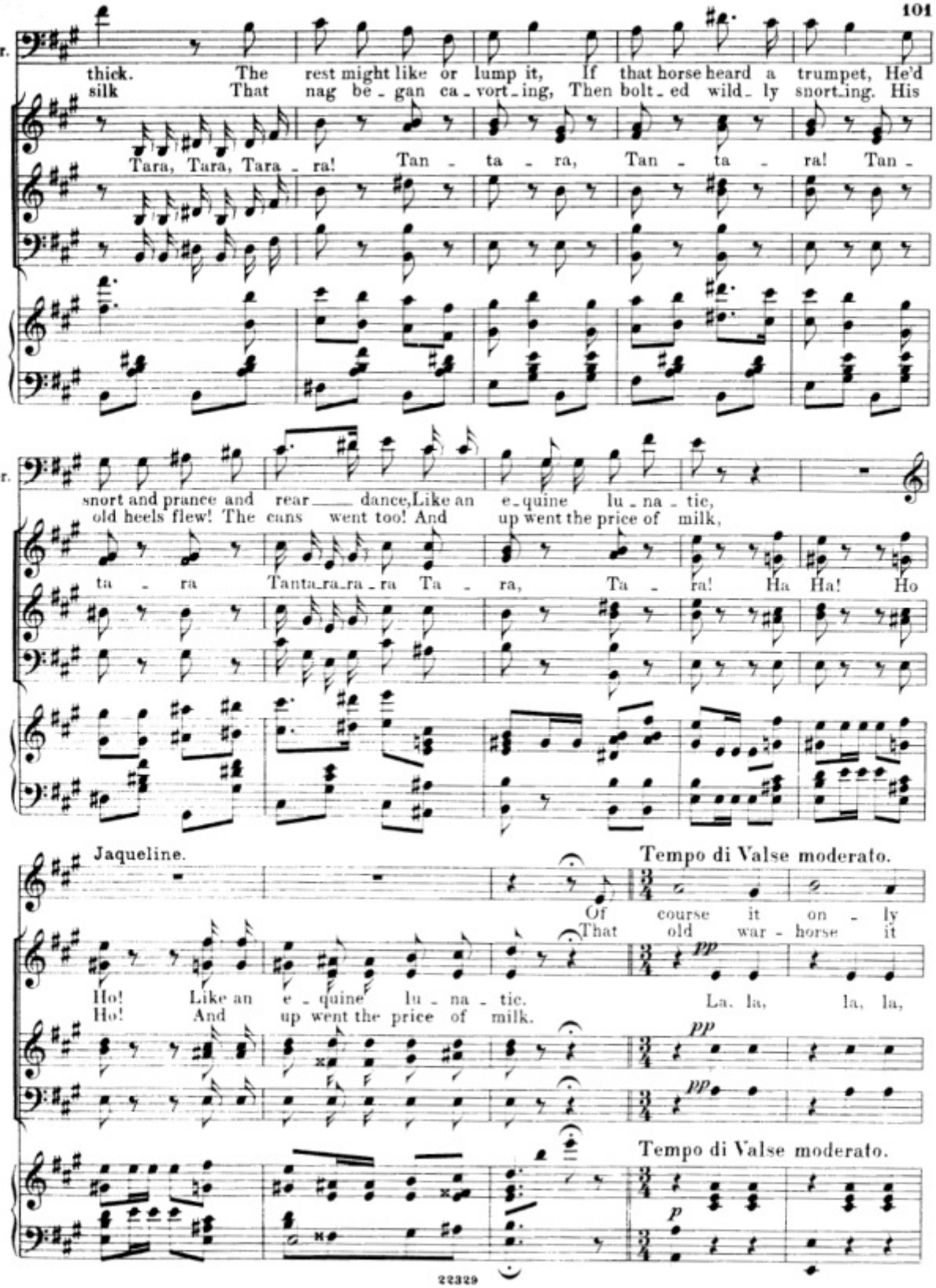
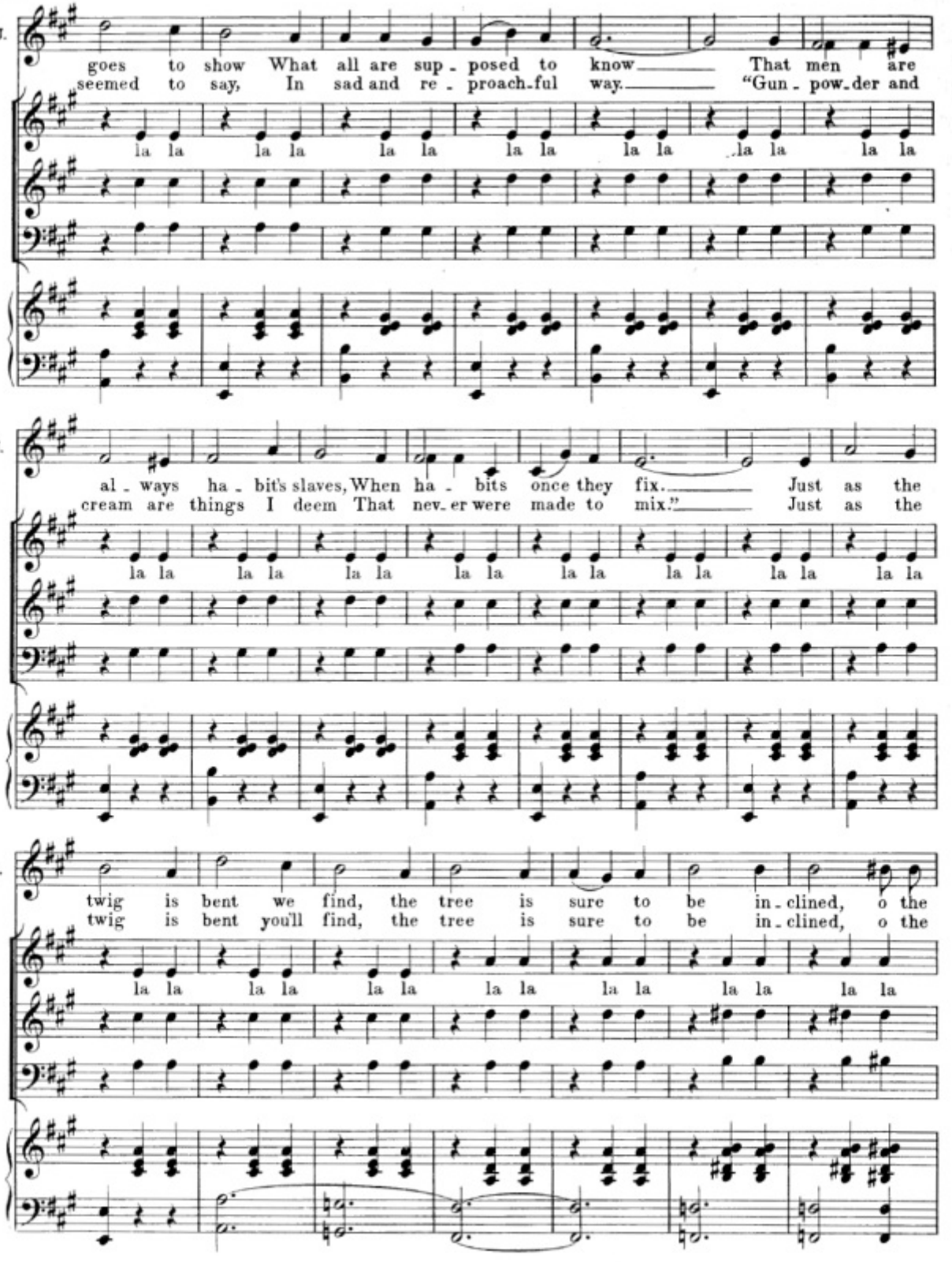
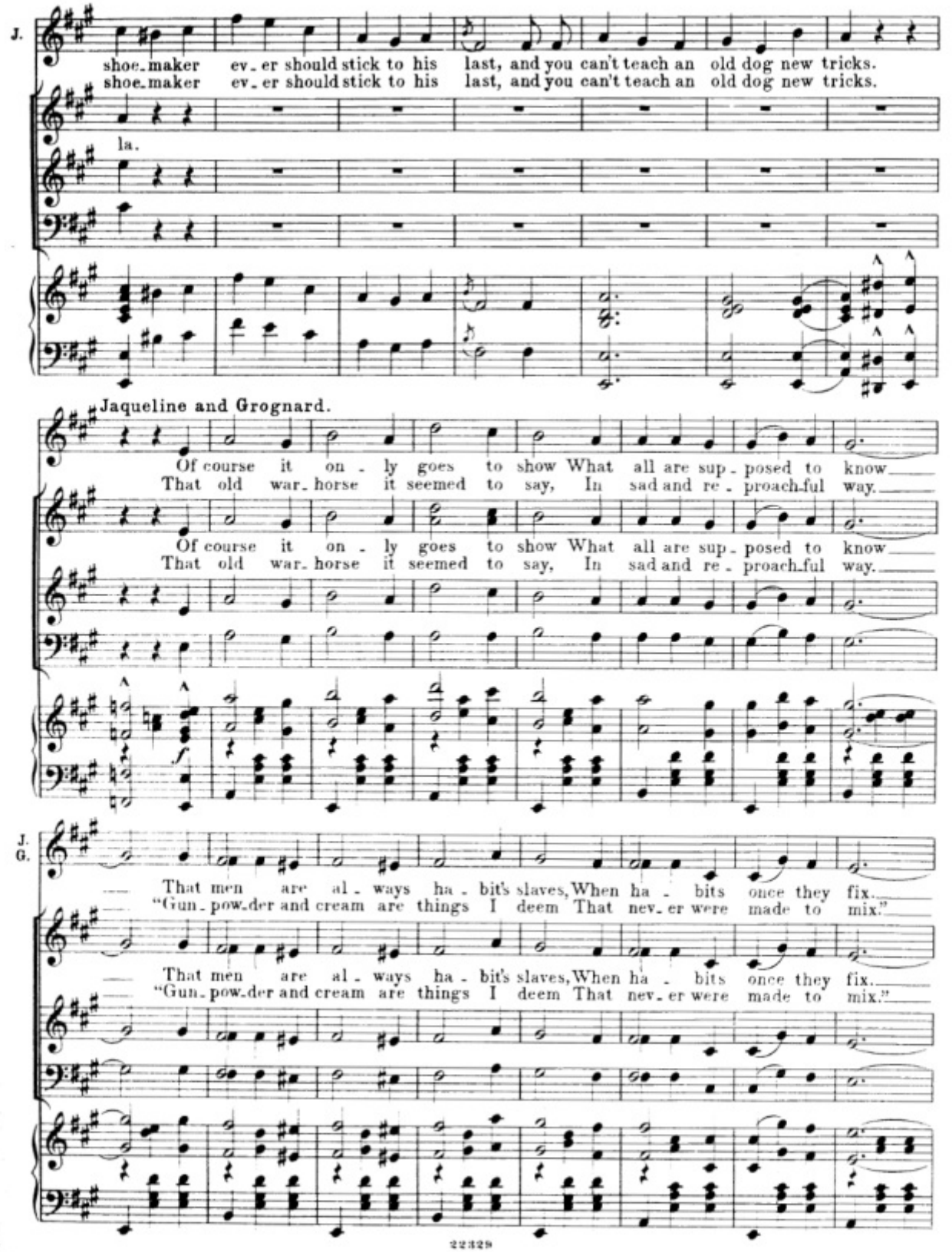
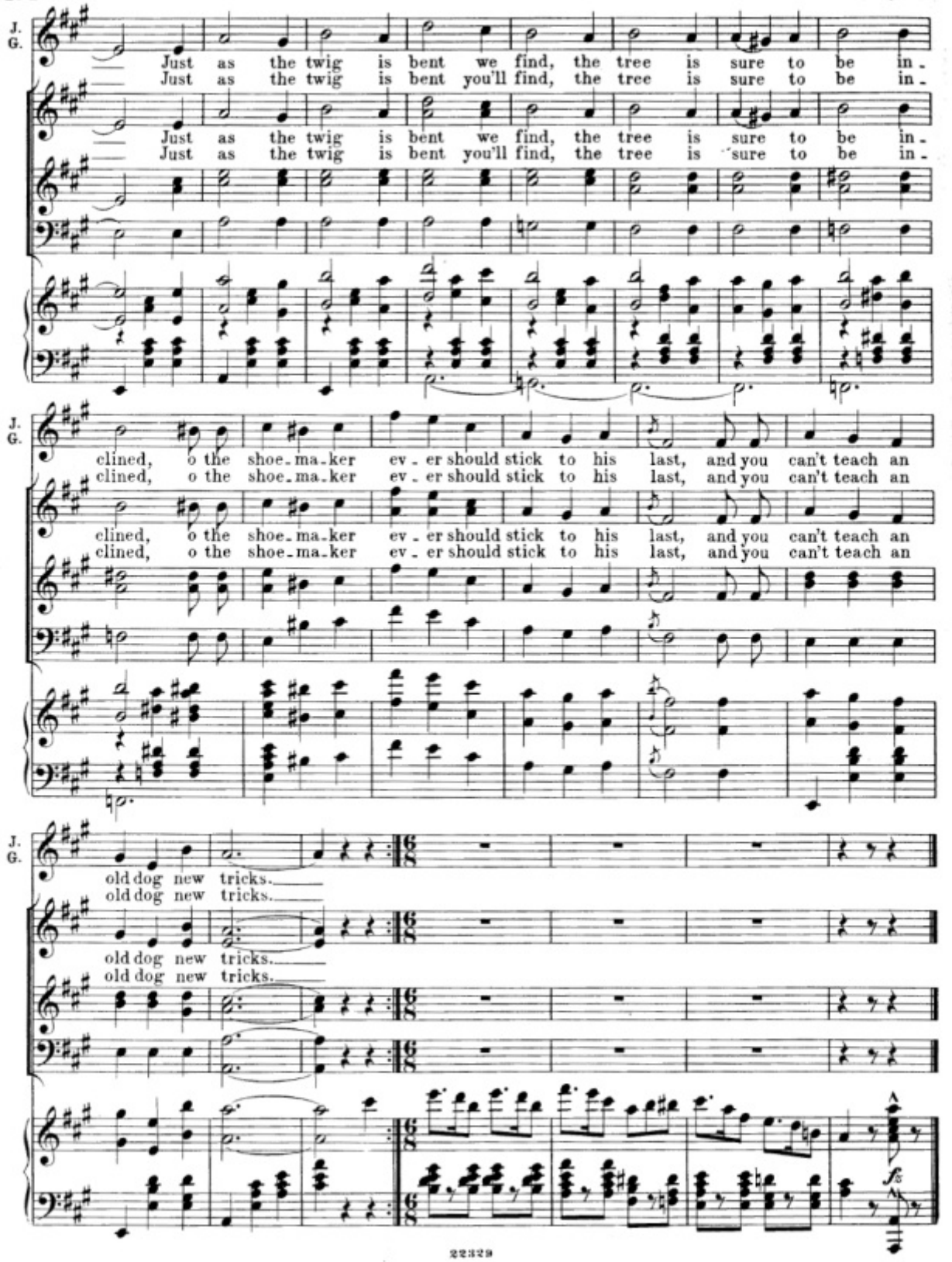

J.
ev - er he heard the trum - pet sound That old nag would just go
step of lead and a droop - ing head, All his war - like spi - rit
Grognard.
J.
wild. Yes, when he heard a trum - pet, He'd just get up and
gone. But down the road one morning, The trumpets loud gave
Chorus.
Sopr.
just go wild.
Ten.
spi - rit gone.
Bass.
mf
Gr.
hump it, He'd clatter like made a galloping, galloping On where the fight was
warn - ing, A caval - ry troop came galloping, galloping, Galloping fine as


Gr.
thick. The rest might like or lump it, If that horse heard a trumpet, He'd
silk That nag be - gan ca - vort - ing, Then bolt - ed wild - ly snort - ing. His
Tara, Tara, Tara - ra! Tan - ta - ra, Tan - ta - ra! Tan -
Gr.
snort and prance and rear dance, Like an e - quine lu - na - tic,
old heels flew! The cans went too! And up went the price of milk,
ta - ra Tanta - ra - ra - ra Ta - ra, Ta - ra! Ha Ha! Ho
Jaqueline.
Tempo di Valse moderato.
Of course it on - ly
That old war - horse it
Ho! Like an e - quine lu - na - tic.
Ho! And up went the price of milk.
pp
La, la, la, la,
pp
pp
Tempo di Valse moderato.
p

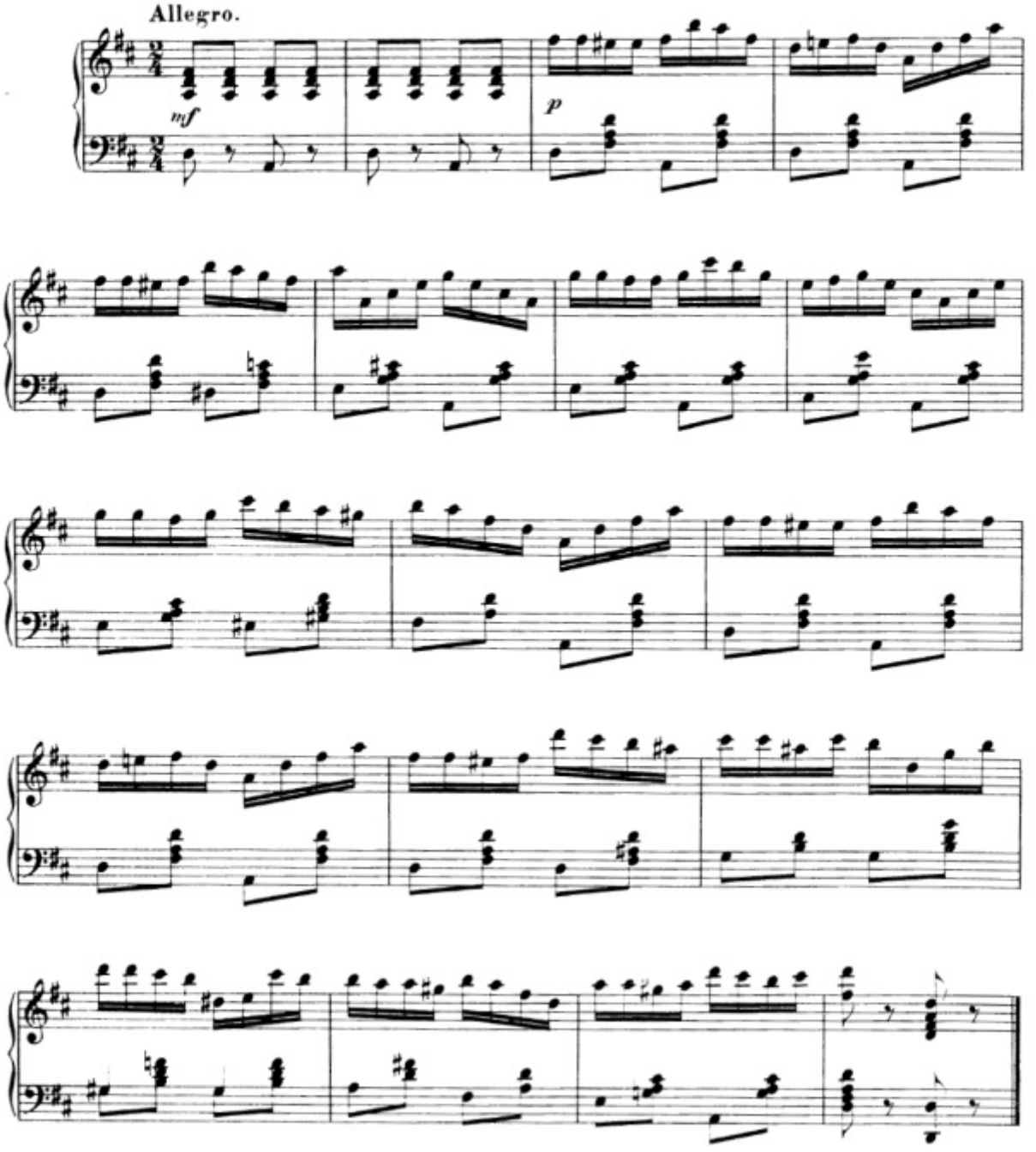

J.
goes to show What all are sup - posed to know That men are
seemed to say, In sad and re - proach-ful way. "Gun - pow-der and
la la la la la la la la la la la la
J.
al - ways ha - bit's slaves, When ha - bits once they fix. Just as the
cream are things I deem That nev-er were made to mix." Just as the
la la la la la la la la la la la la
J.
twig is bent we find, the tree is sure to be in-clined, o the
twig is bent you'll find, the tree is sure to be in-clined, o the
la la la la la la la la la la la la


J.
shoe-maker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks.
shoe-maker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an old dog new tricks.
la.
Jaqueline and Grognard.
Of course it on-ly goes to show What all are sup-posed to know
That old war-horse it seemed to say, In sad and re-proach-ful way.
Of course it on-ly goes to show What all are sup-posed to know
That old war-horse it seemed to say, In sad and re-proach-ful way.
J.
G.
That men are al-ways ha-bit's slaves, When ha-bits once they fix.
"Gun-pow-der and cream are things I deem That nev-er were made to mix."
That men are al-ways ha-bit's slaves, When ha-bits once they fix.
"Gun-pow-der and cream are things I deem That nev-er were made to mix."


J. G.
Just as the twig is bent we find, the tree is sure to be in-
Just as the twig is bent you'll find, the tree is sure to be in-
Just as the twig is bent we find, the tree is sure to be in-
Just as the twig is bent you'll find, the tree is sure to be in-
J. G.
cline, o the shoe-ma-ker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an
cline, o the shoe-ma-ker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an
cline, o the shoe-ma-ker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an
cline, o the shoe-ma-ker ev-er should stick to his last, and you can't teach an
J. G.
old dog new tricks.
old dog new tricks.
old dog new tricks.
old dog new tricks.

Nº 10ª Hornpipe.

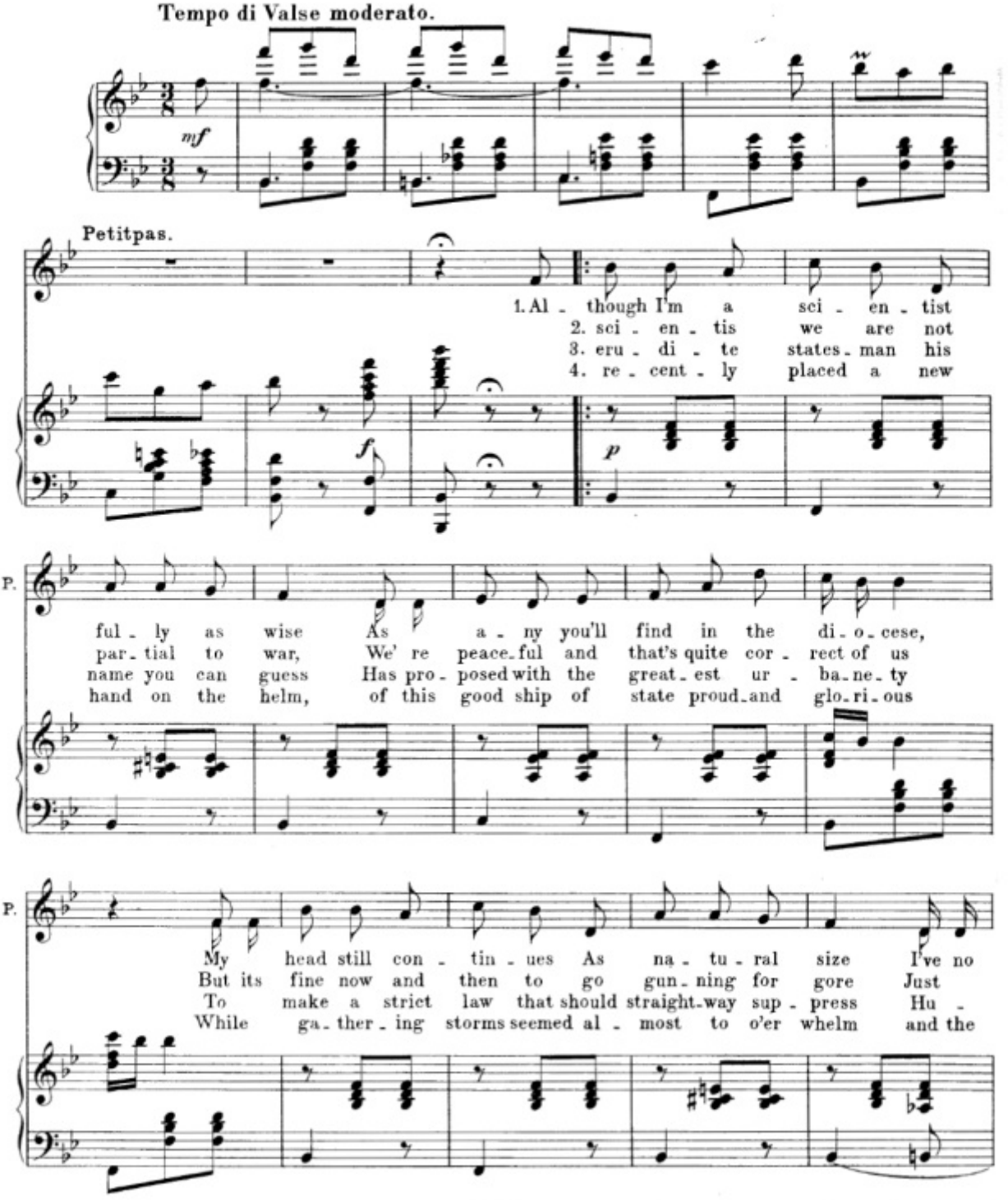
Entrance of Petitpas.



Nº 11. We haven't discovered it yet.

Petitpas and Chorus.

Tempo di Valse moderato.



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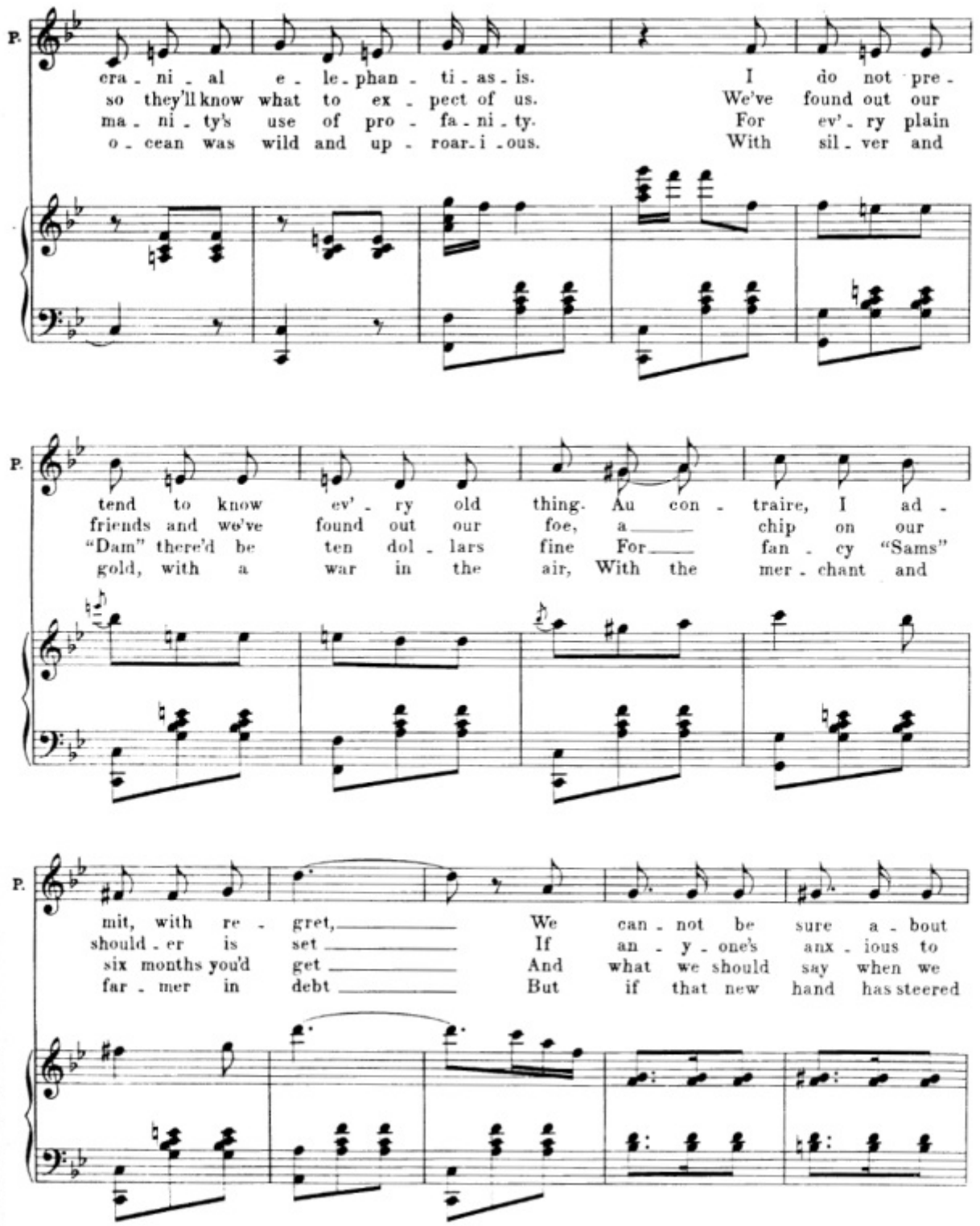
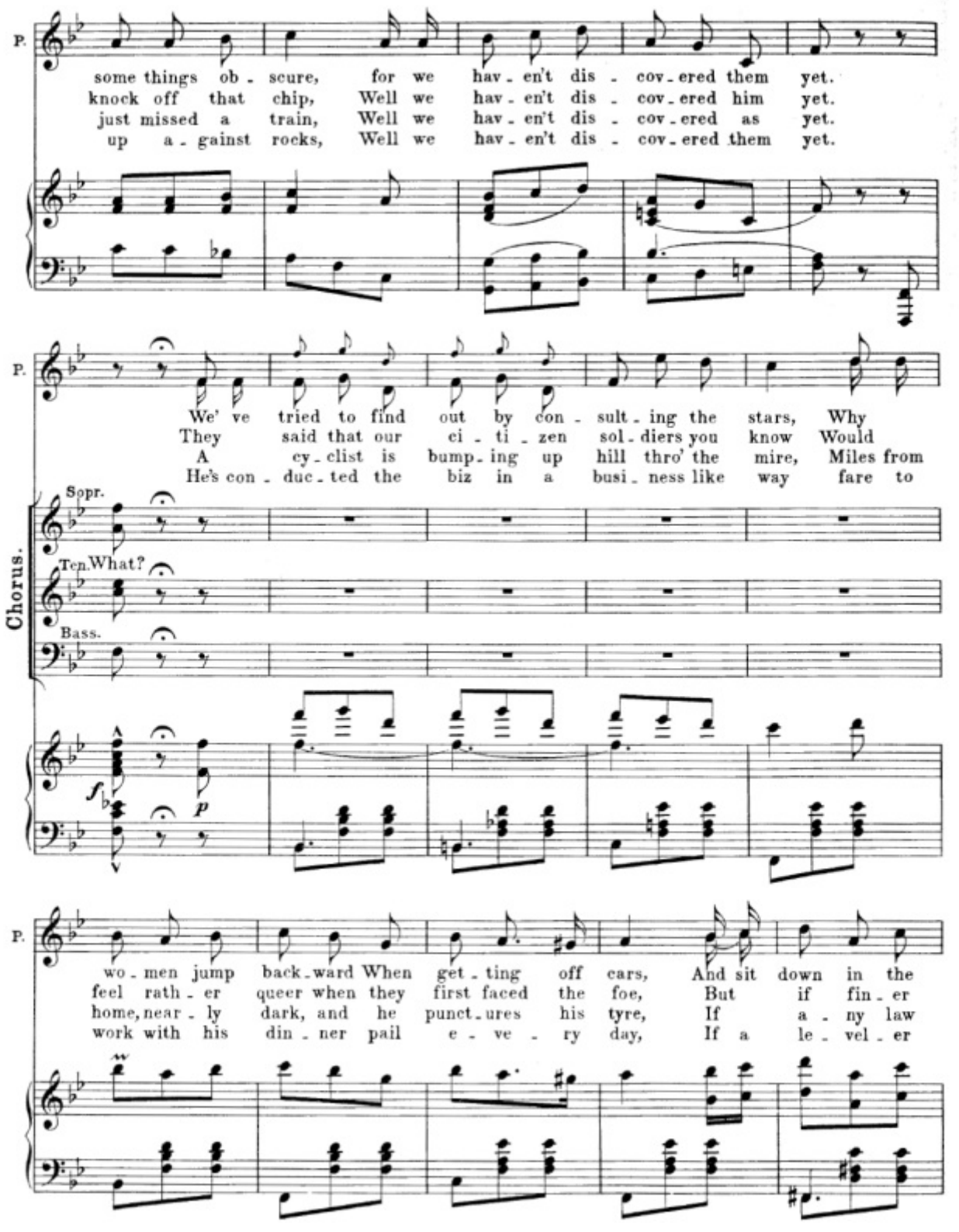
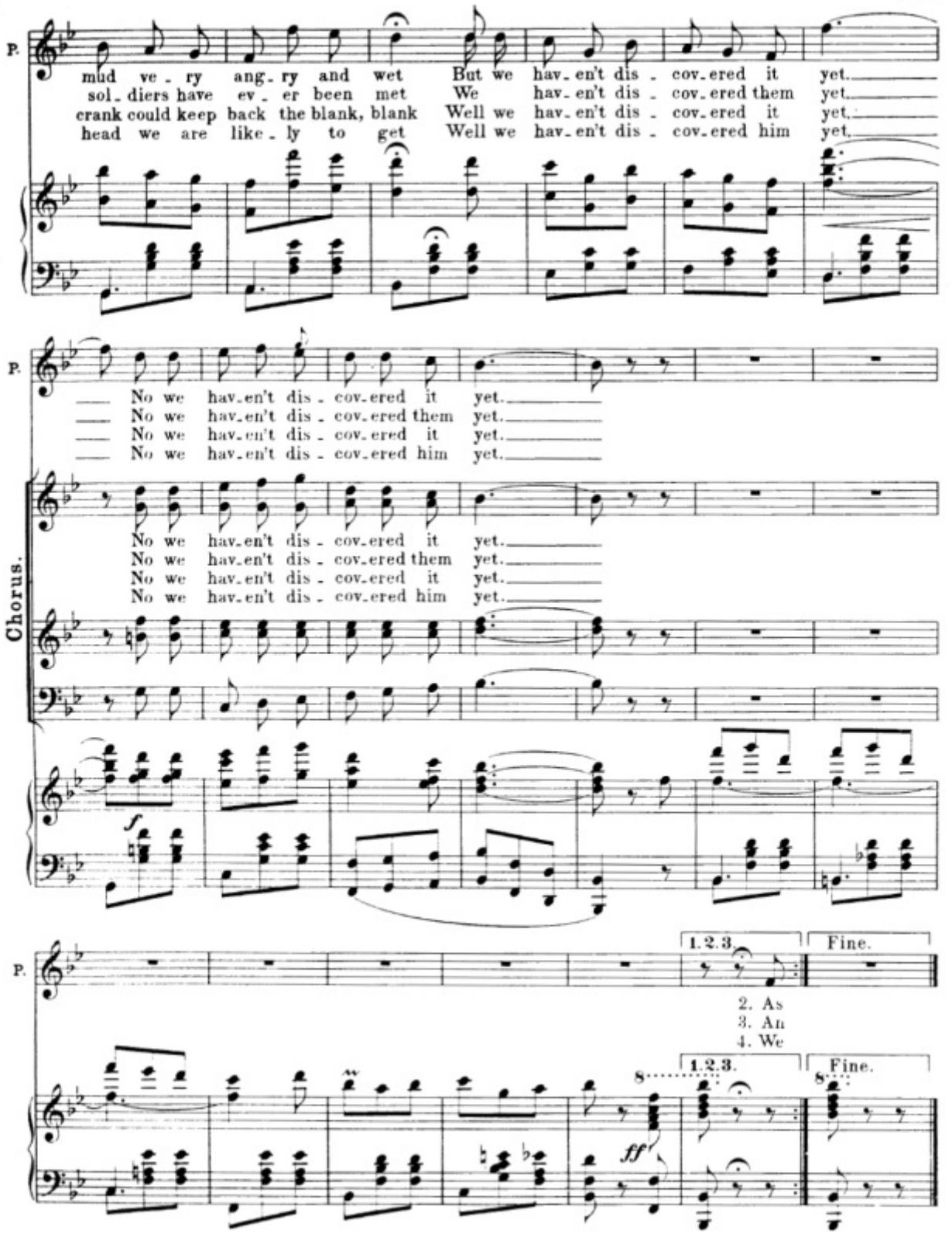
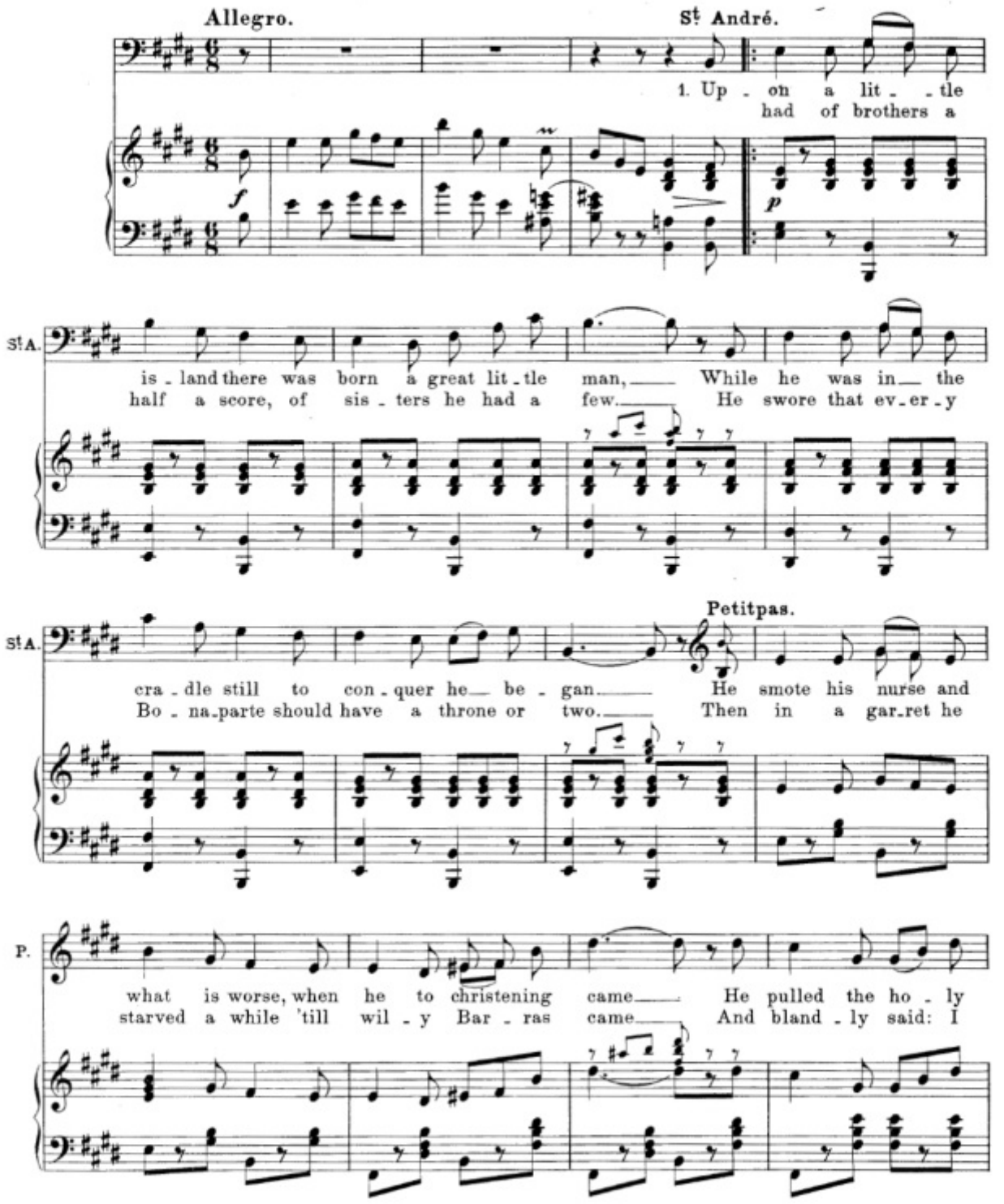

P.
cra - ni - al e - le - phan - ti - as - is. I do not pre -
so they'll know what to ex - pect of us. We've found out our
ma - ni - ty's use of pro - fa - ni - ty. For ev' - ry plain
o - cean was wild and up - roar - i - ous. With sil - ver and
P.
tend to know ev' - ry old thing. Au con - traire, I ad -
friends and we've found out our foe, a chip on our
"Dam" there'd be ten dol - lars fine For fan - cy "Sams"
gold, with a war in the air, With the mer - chant and
P.
mit, with re - gret, We can - not be sure a - bout
should - er is set If an - y - one's anx - ious to
six months you'd get And what we should say when we
far - mer in debt But if that new hand has steered


P.
some things ob - scure, for we hav - en't dis - cov - ered them yet.
knock off that chip, Well we hav - en't dis - cov - ered him yet.
just missed a train, Well we hav - en't dis - cov - ered as yet.
up a - gainst rocks, Well we hav - en't dis - cov - ered them yet.
P.
We' ve tried to find out by con - sult - ing the stars, Why
They said that our ci - ti - zen sol - diers you know Would
A cy - clist is bump - ing up hill thro' the mire, Miles from
He's con - duc - ted the biz in a busi - ness like way fare to
Chorus.
Sopr.
Ten. What?
Bass.
f
p
P.
wo - men jump back - ward When get - ting off cars, And sit down in the
feel rath - er queer when they first faced the foe, But if fin - er
home, near - ly dark, and he punct - ures his tyre, If a - ny law
work with his din - ner pail e - ve - ry day, If a le - vel - er


P.
mud ve - ry ang - ry and wet But we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
sol - diers have ev - er been met We hav - en't dis - cov - ered them yet.
crank could keep back the blank, blank Well we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
head we are like - ly to get Well we hav - en't dis - cov - ered him yet.
P.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered them yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered him yet.
Chorus.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered them yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered it yet.
No we hav - en't dis - cov - ered him yet.
f
P.
1. 2. 3.
Fine.
2. As
3. An
4. We
1. 2. 3.
Fine.
8
ff

Nº 12. The Song of the Lampoon.

St André. Petitpas and Chorus.



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St André.

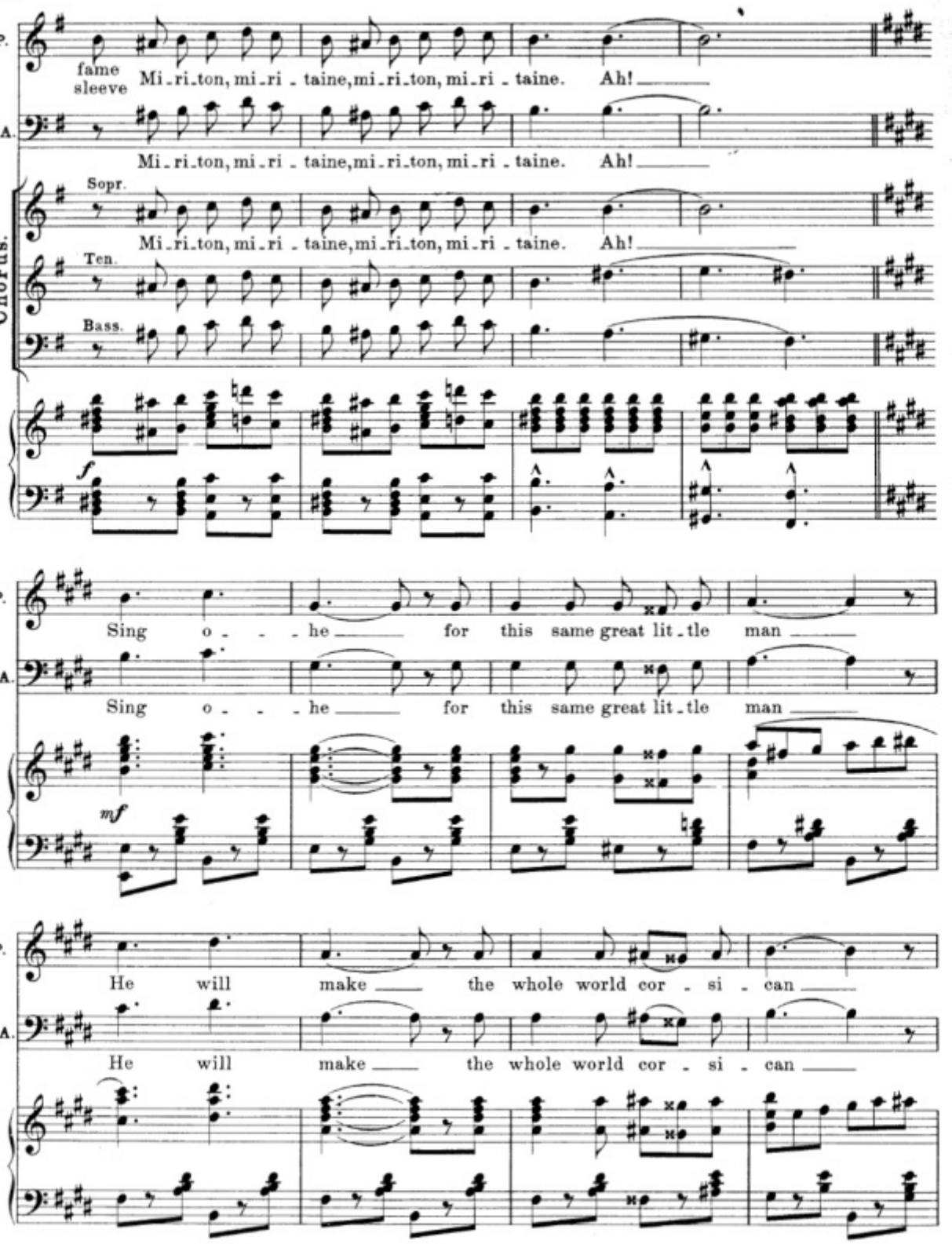
P. fa - thers nose and he laughed at his parent's shame. Then when he was
wish you'd wed with a la - dy whom I shall name. Said Bo-ney: I'll

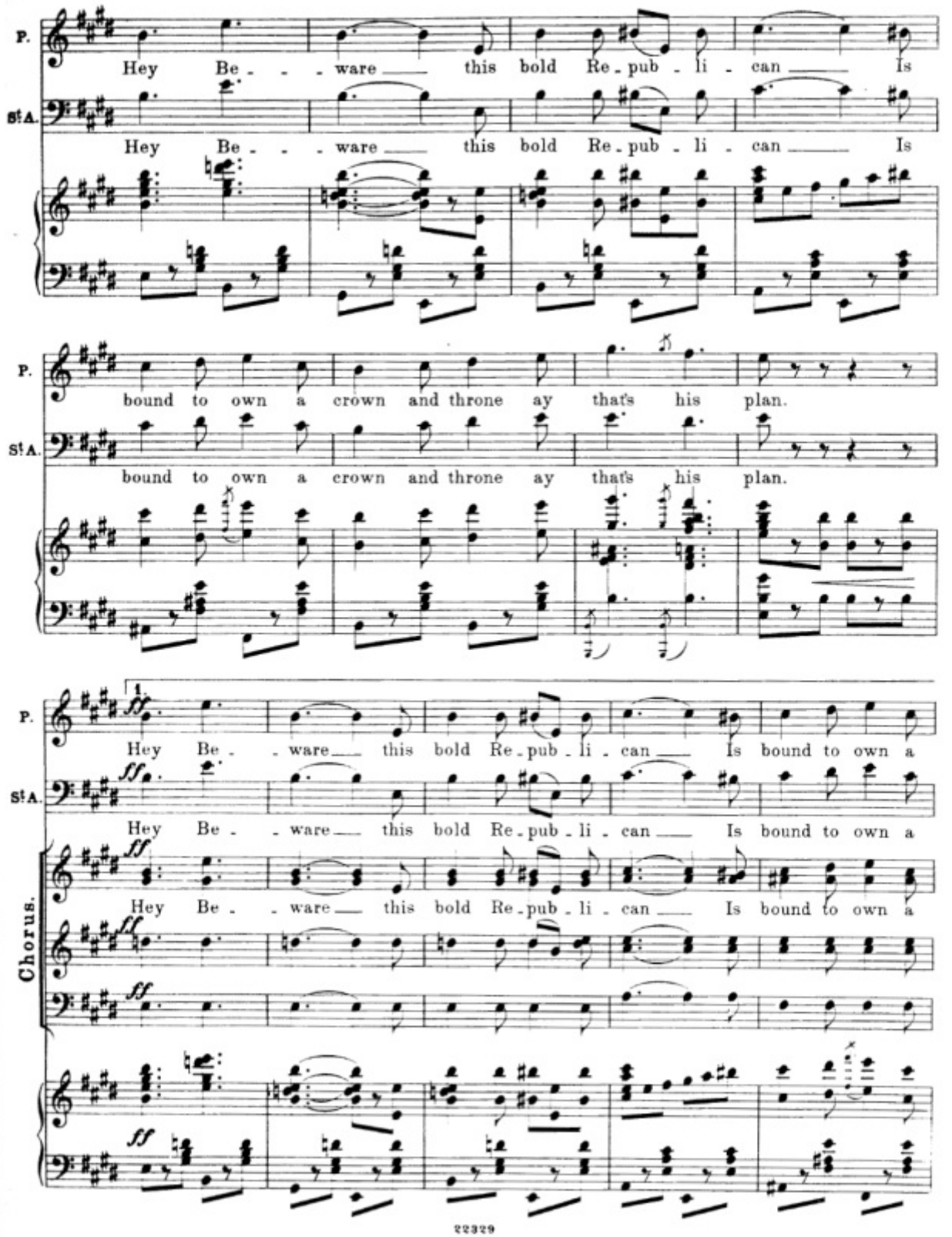
St A. on-ly a half year old — If true is the tale that's told — He longed for a
marry your friend of course — My price is a sword, a horse — And Gen' - ral I'd

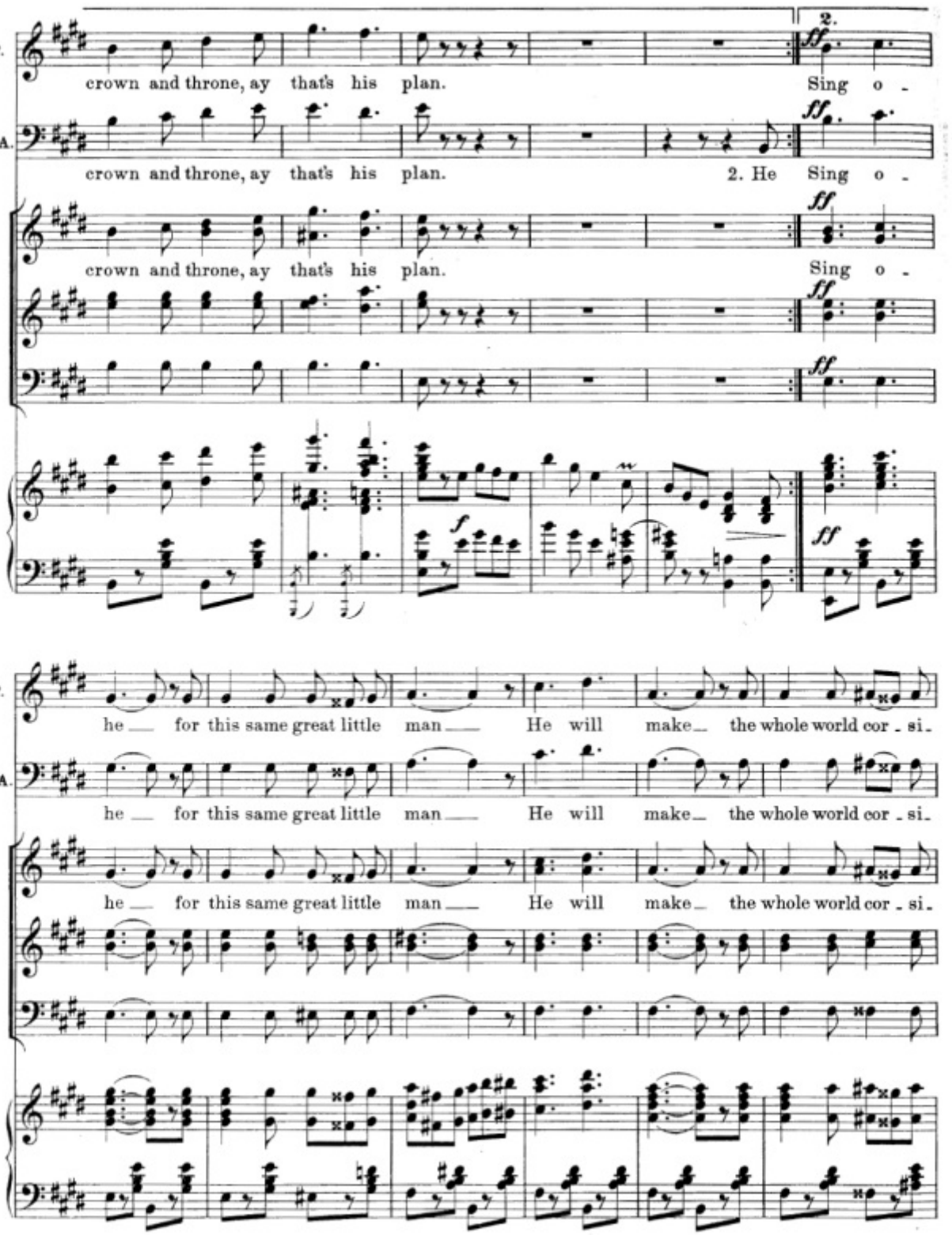
Petitpas.

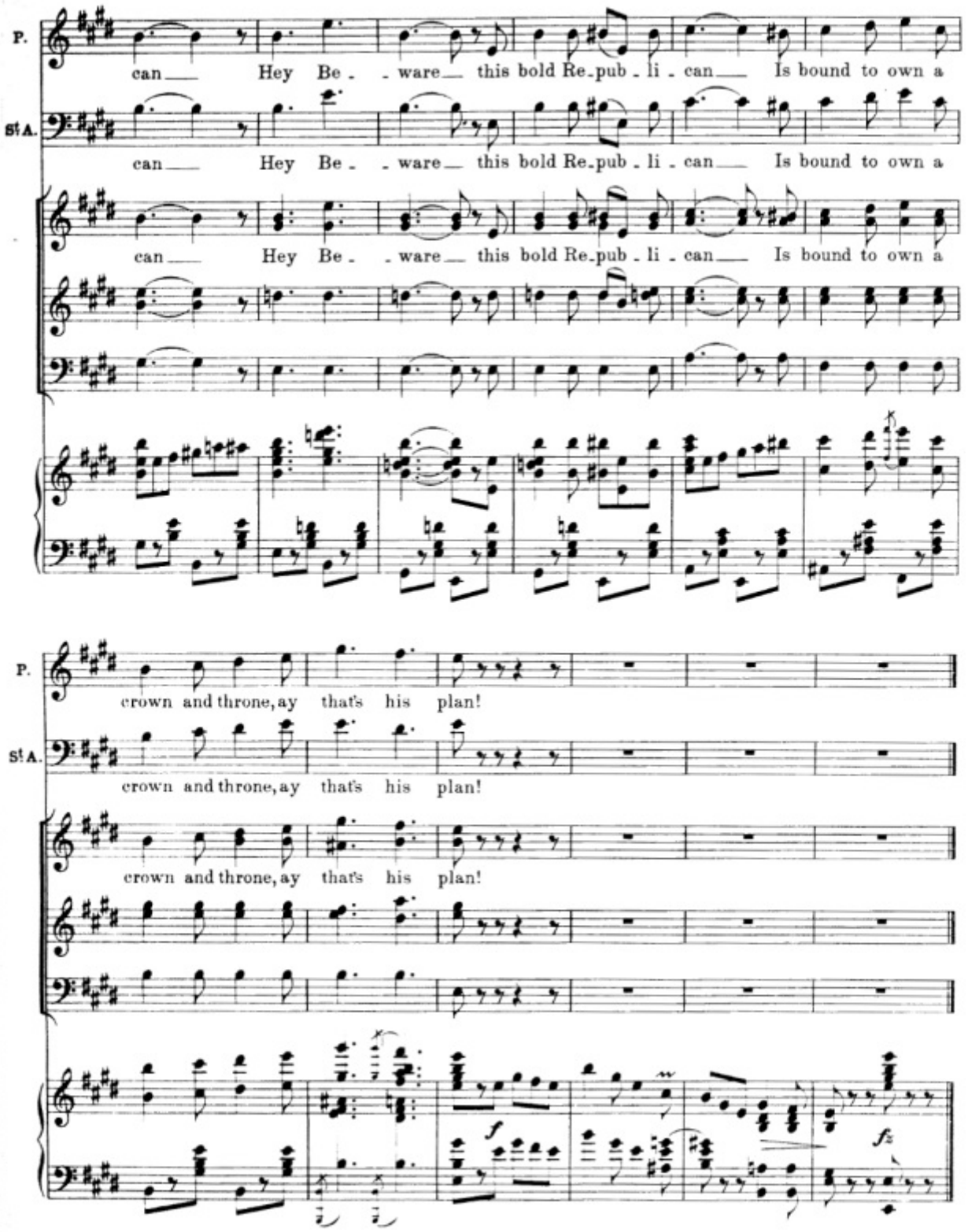
St A. chance — to go o-ver and con-quer France. But then he conclud-ed No — I'll
be — of the ar-my of I - ta - lie. — And thus with his love-ly wife — He

P. wait for a year or so — I'll play a deep lit - tle game and add to my
got his first start in life — While bold Bar-ras laughed a loud ha ha in his


P.
fame
sleeve
Mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine, mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine. Ah!
St A.
Mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine, mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine. Ah!
Chorus.
Sopr.
Mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine, mi-ri-ton, mi-ri-taine. Ah!
Ten.
Bass.
f
P.
Sing o-he for this same great lit-tle man
St A.
Sing o-he for this same great lit-tle man
mf
P.
He will make the whole world cor-si-can
St A.
He will make the whole world cor-si-can


P.
St A.
Hey Be - - - ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is
Hey Be - - - ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is
bound to own a crown and throne ay that's his plan.
bound to own a crown and throne ay that's his plan.
1.
ff
Hey Be - ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is bound to own a
Hey Be - ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is bound to own a
Chorus.
Hey Be - ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is bound to own a

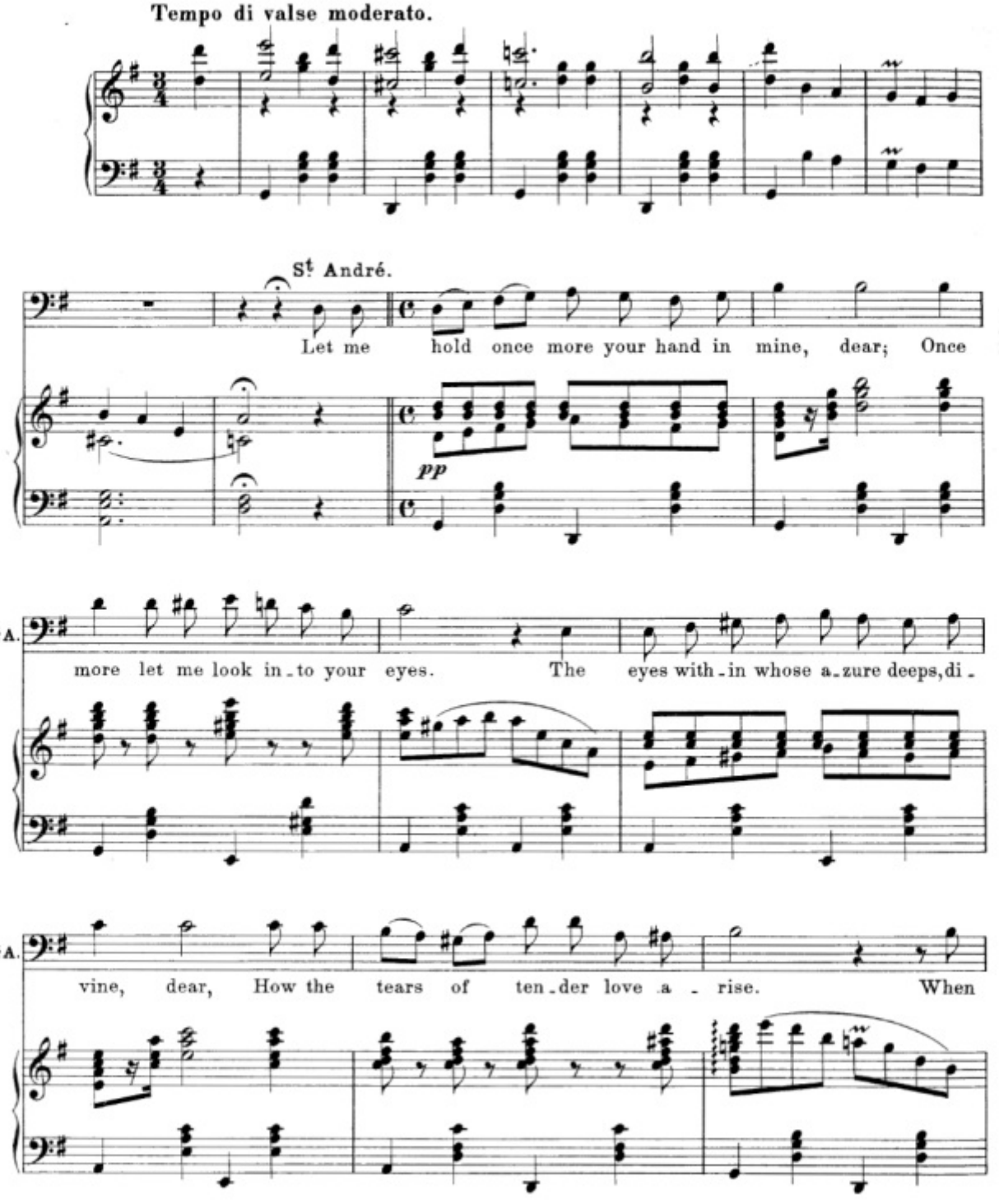

P.
crown and throne, ay that's his plan.
2.
Sing o -
St A.
crown and throne, ay that's his plan.
2. He Sing o -
crown and throne, ay that's his plan.
Sing o -
he for this same great little man He will make the whole world cor - si -
he for this same great little man He will make the whole world cor - si -
he for this same great little man He will make the whole world cor - si -


P.
St A.
can Hey Be - ware this bold Re-pub - li - can Is bound to own a
can Hey Be - ware this bold Re-pub - li - can Is bound to own a
can Hey Be - ware this bold Re-pub - li - can Is bound to own a
crown and throne, ay that's his plan!
crown and throne, ay that's his plan!
crown and throne, ay that's his plan!
f
fz

Nº 13. Duet.

Adele. St André.

Tempo di valse moderato.



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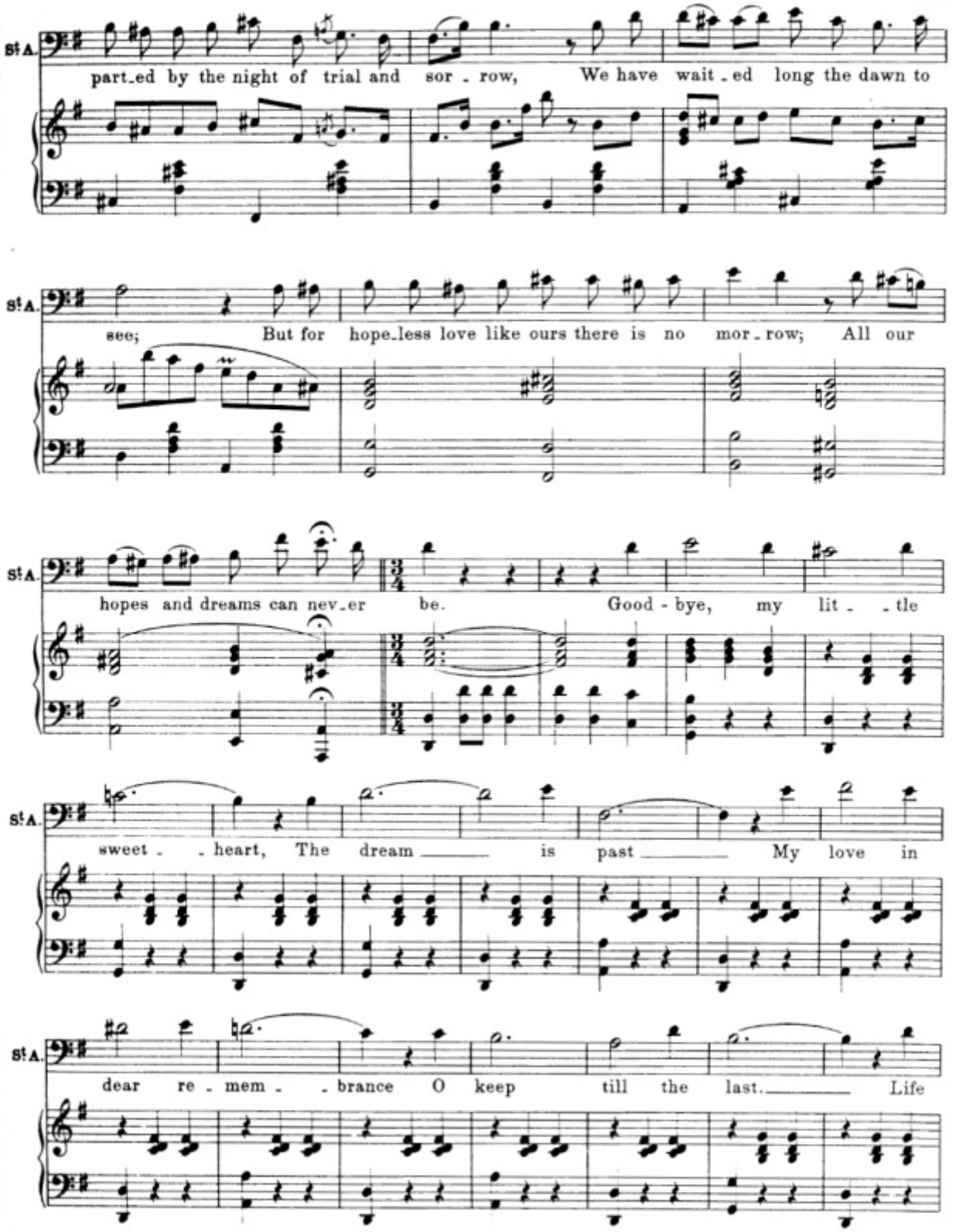
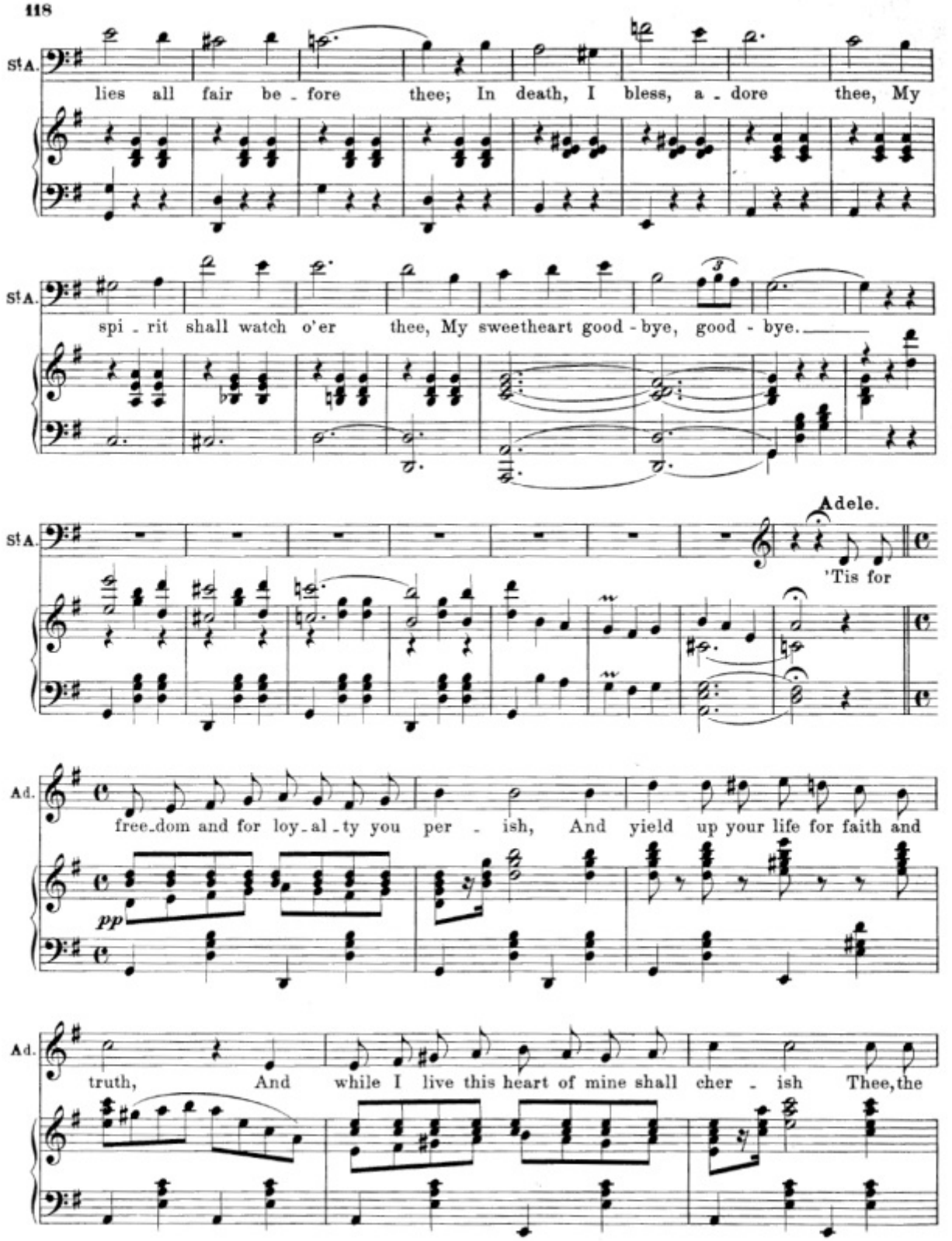
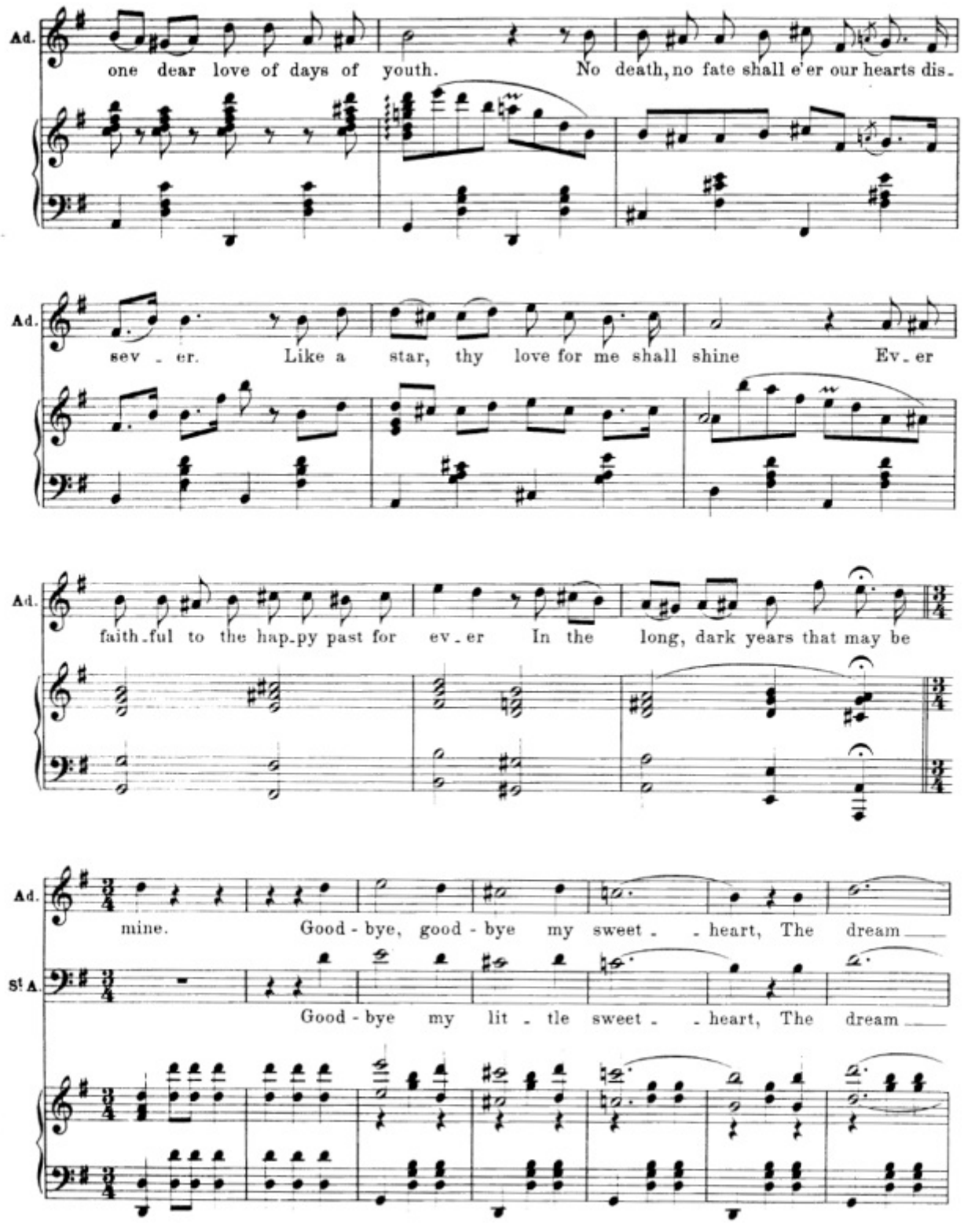
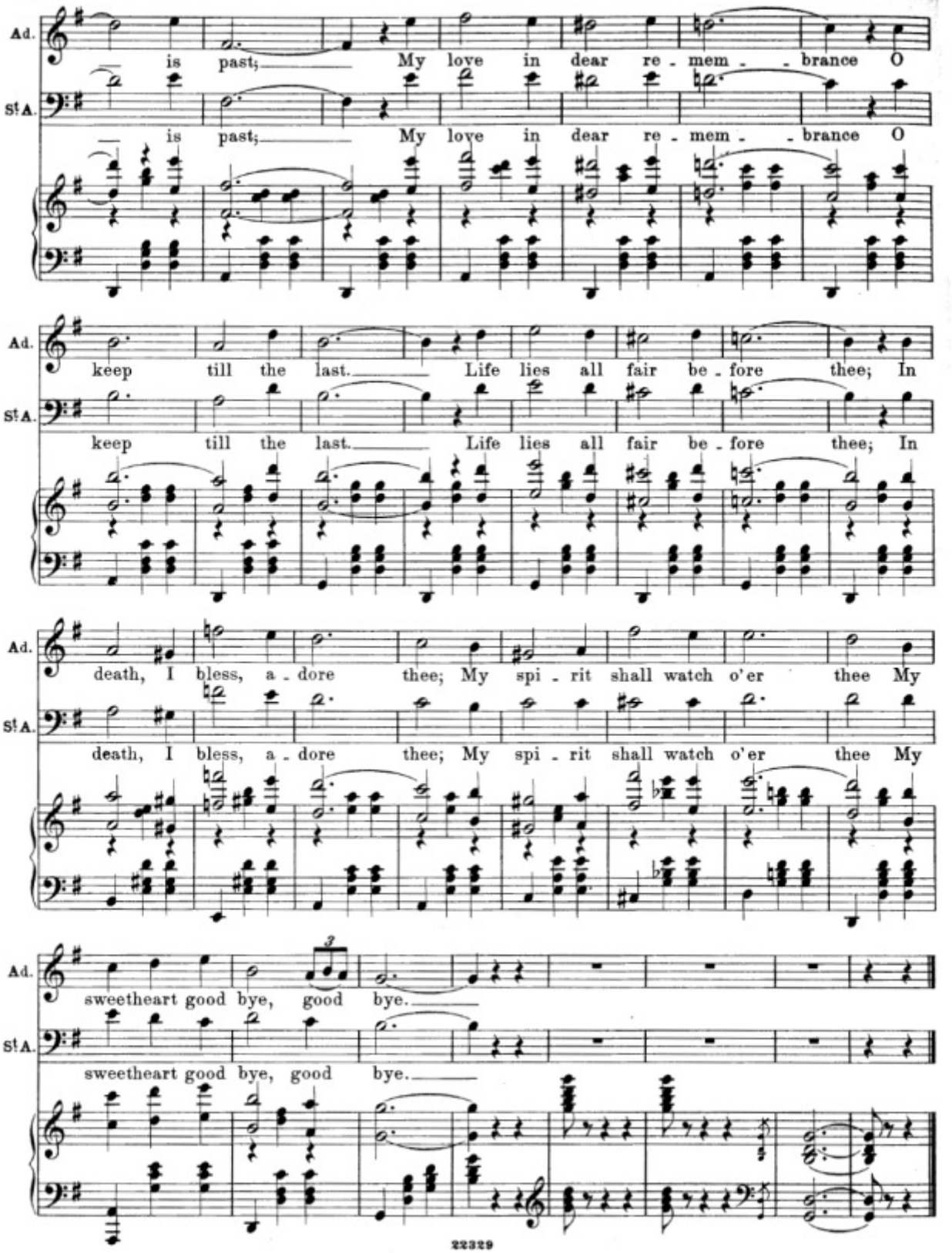

St A.
part_ed by the night of trial and sor _ row, We have wait _ ed long the dawn to
St A.
see; But for hope_less love like ours there is no mor _ row; All our
St A.
hopes and dreams can nev_er be. Good - bye, my lit _ _ tle
St A.
sweet _ _ heart, The dream _____ is past _____ My love in
St A.
dear re _ mem _ _ brance O keep till the last. _____ Life

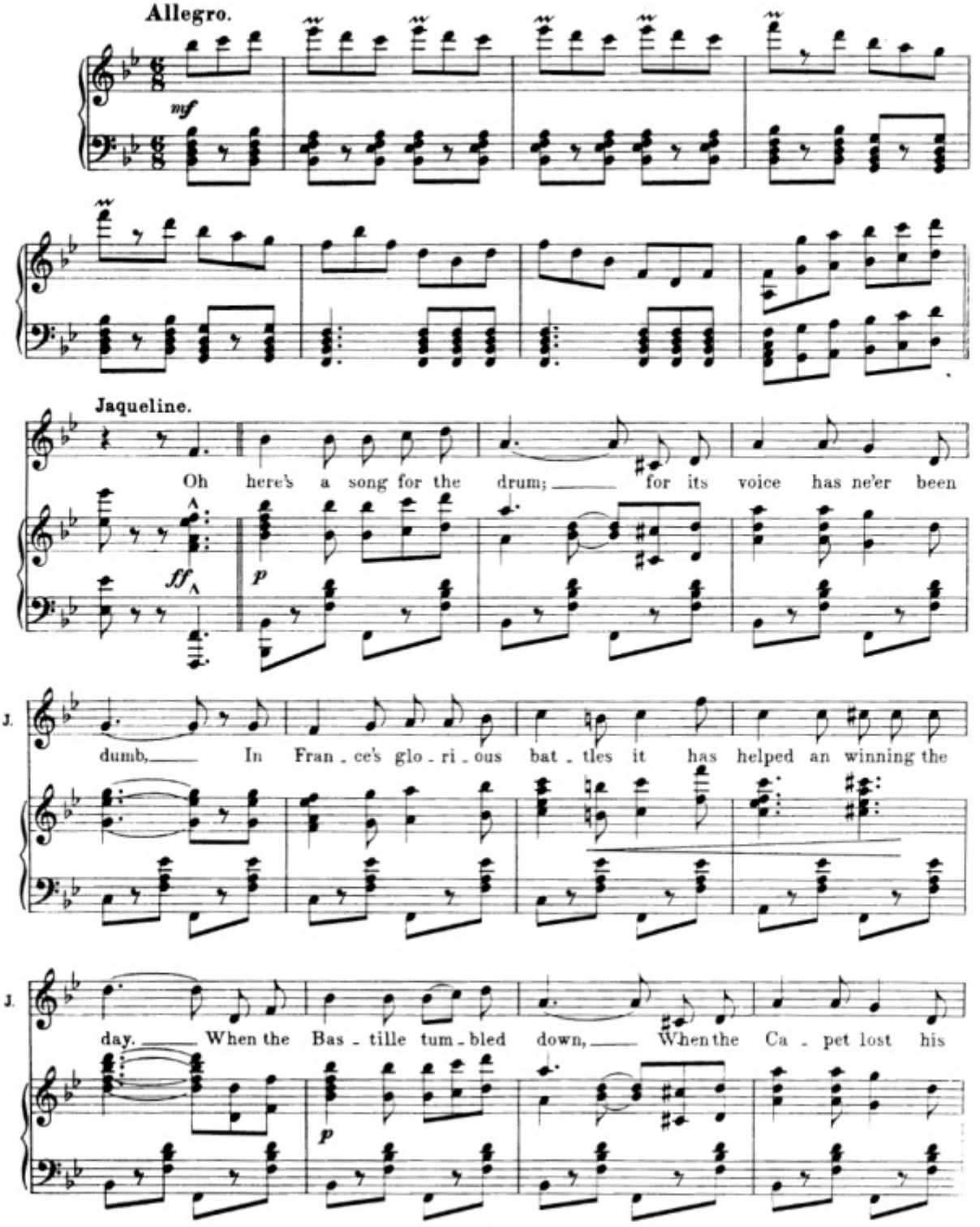

St A.
lies all fair be - fore thee; In death, I bless, a - dore thee, My
St A.
spi - rit shall watch o'er thee, My sweetheart good - bye, good - bye.
St A.
Adele.
'Tis for
Ad.
free-dom and for loy-al-ty you per - ish, And yield up your life for faith and
pp
Ad.
truth, And while I live this heart of mine shall cher - ish Thee, the


Ad.
one dear love of days of youth. No death, no fate shall e'er our hearts dis-
Ad.
sev - er. Like a star, thy love for me shall shine Ev-er
Ad.
faith-ful to the hap-py past for ev-er In the long, dark years that may be
Ad.
mine. Good - bye, good - bye my sweet - - heart, The dream
St A.
Good - bye my lit - tle sweet - - heart, The dream


Ad.
St A.
is past; My love in dear re - mem - - brance O
is past; My love in dear re - mem - - brance O
keep till the last. Life lies all fair be - fore thee; In
keep till the last. Life lies all fair be - fore thee; In
death, I bless, a - dore thee; My spi - rit shall watch o'er thee My
death, I bless, a - dore thee; My spi - rit shall watch o'er thee My
3
sweetheart good bye, good bye.
sweetheart good bye, good bye.

№ 14. The Song of the Drum.

Jaqueline and Chorus.



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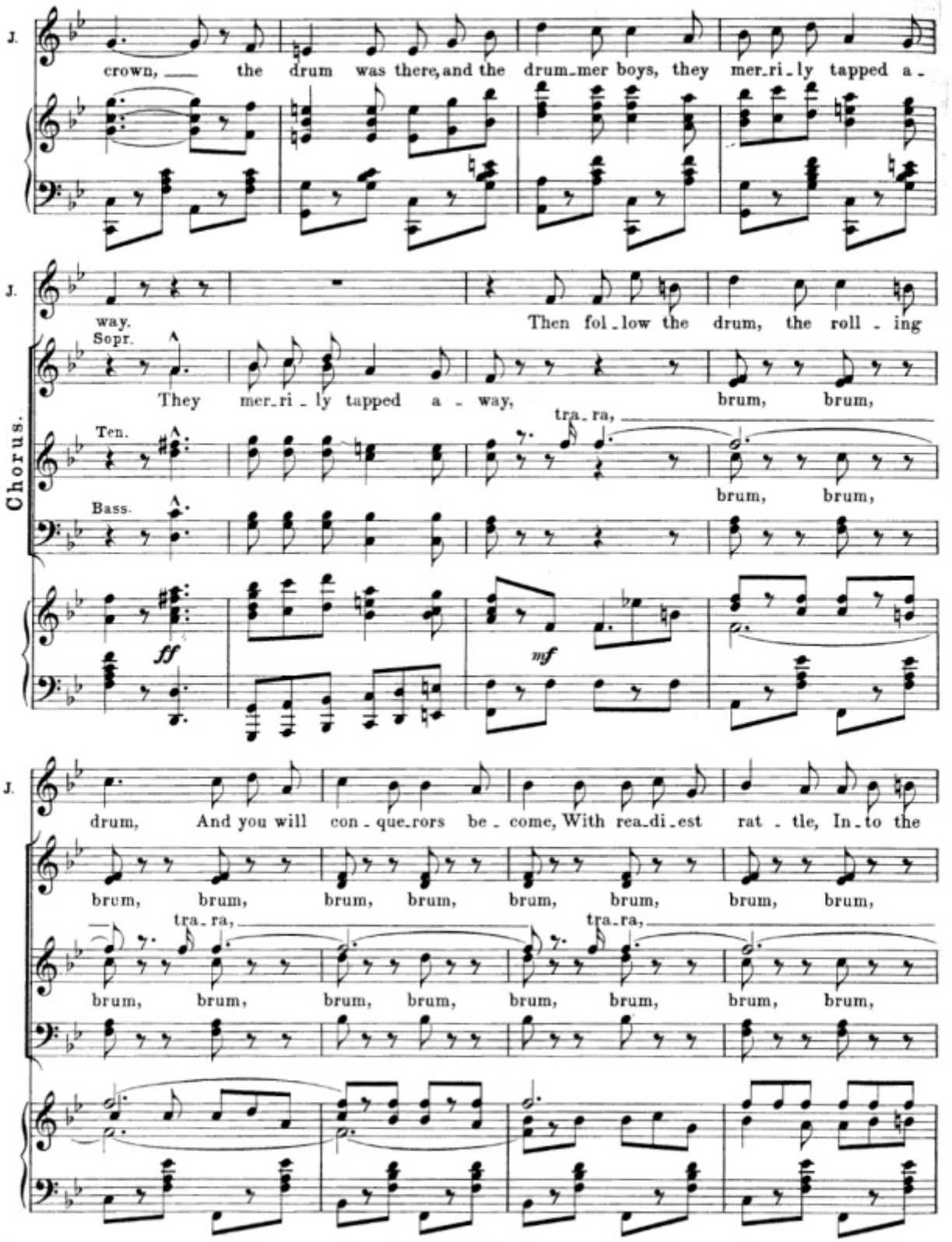
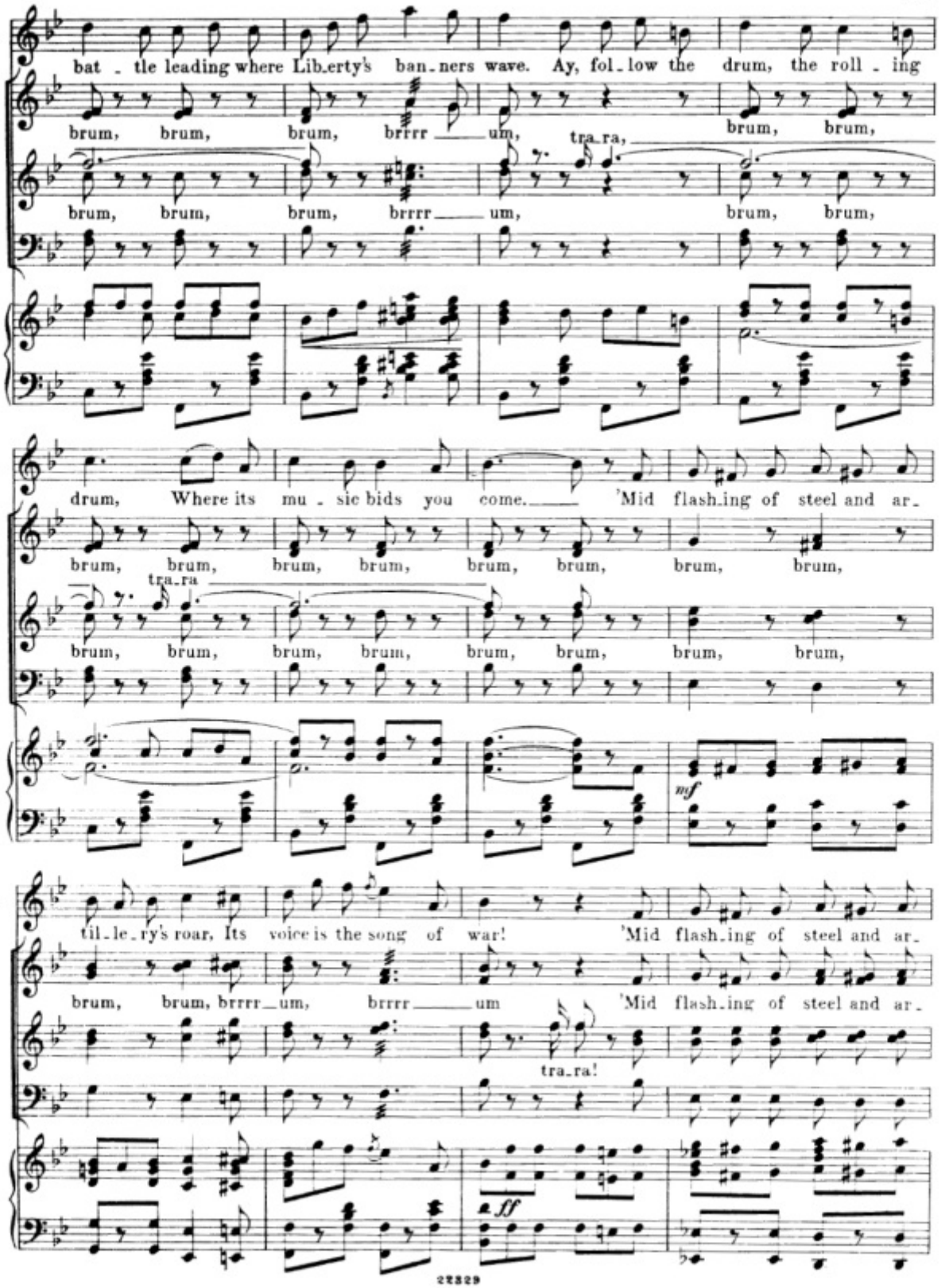
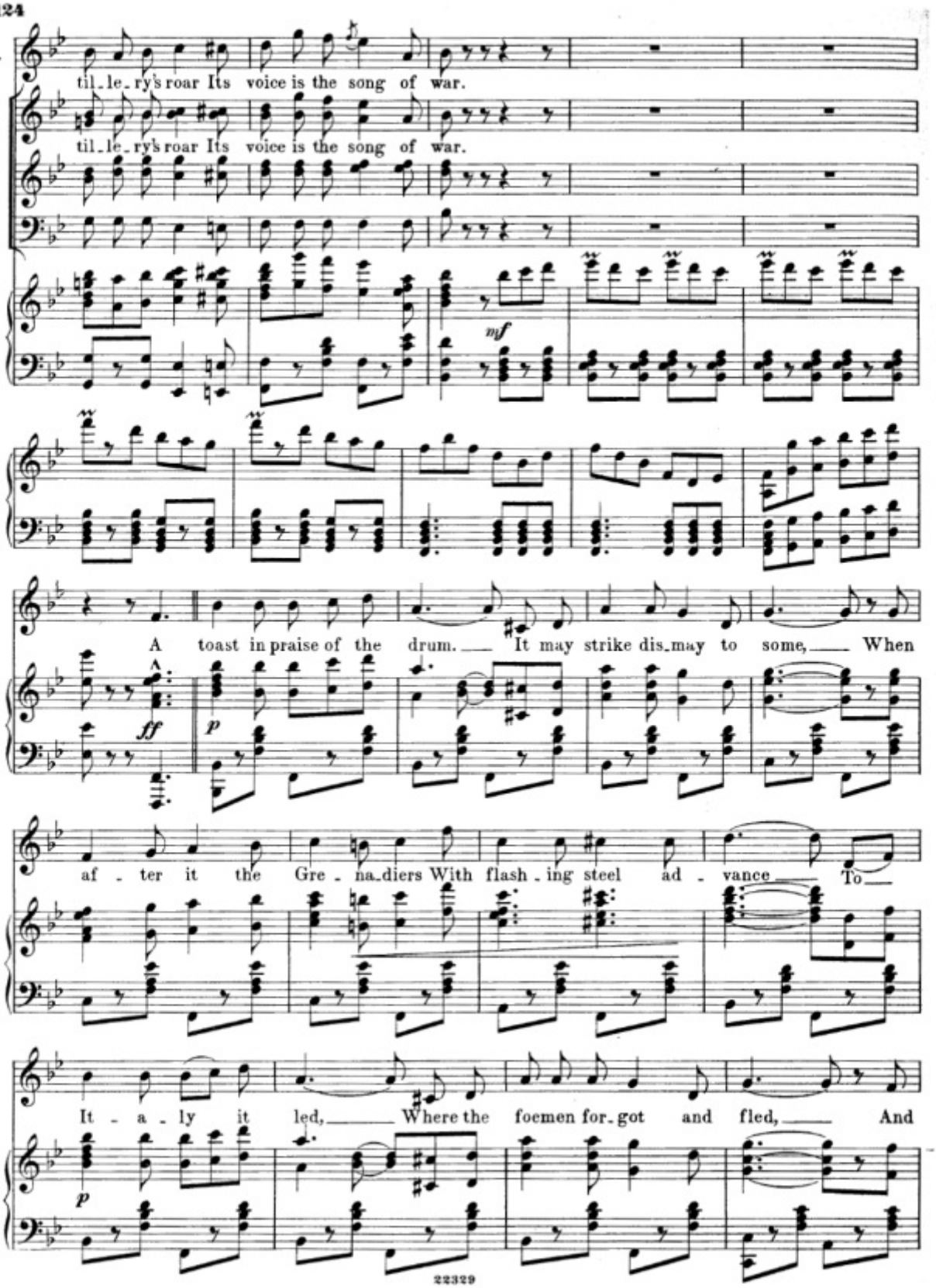
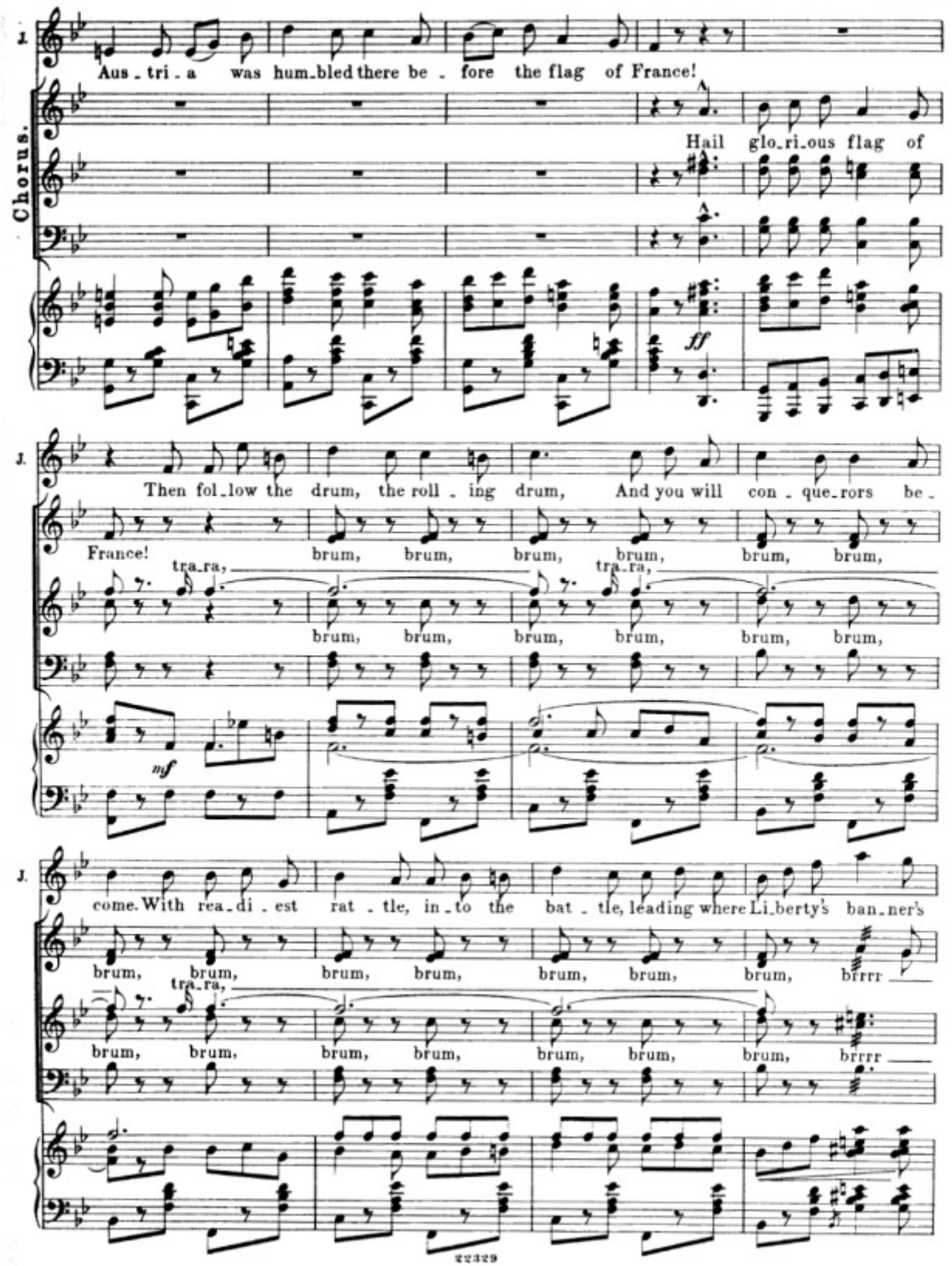
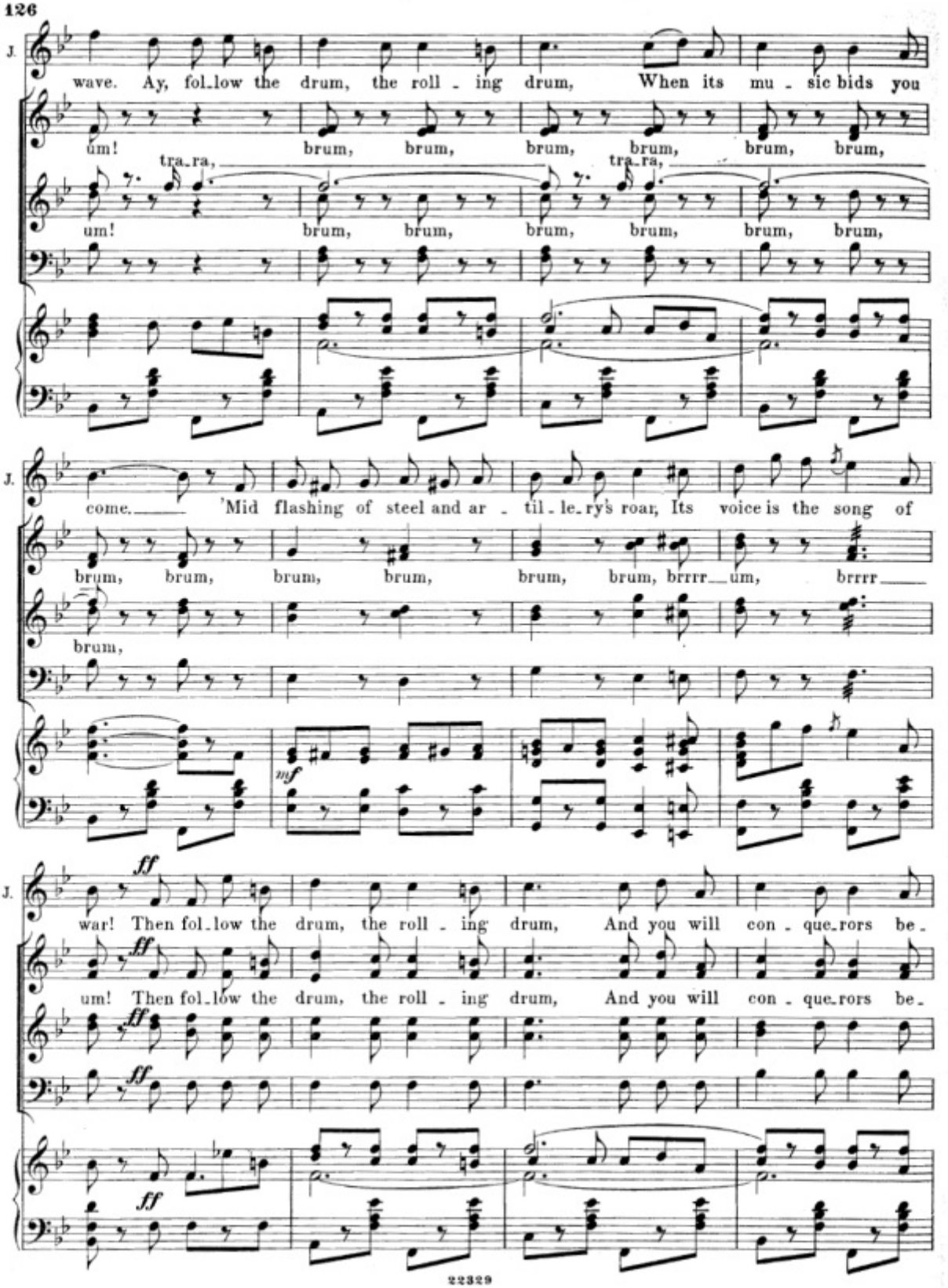
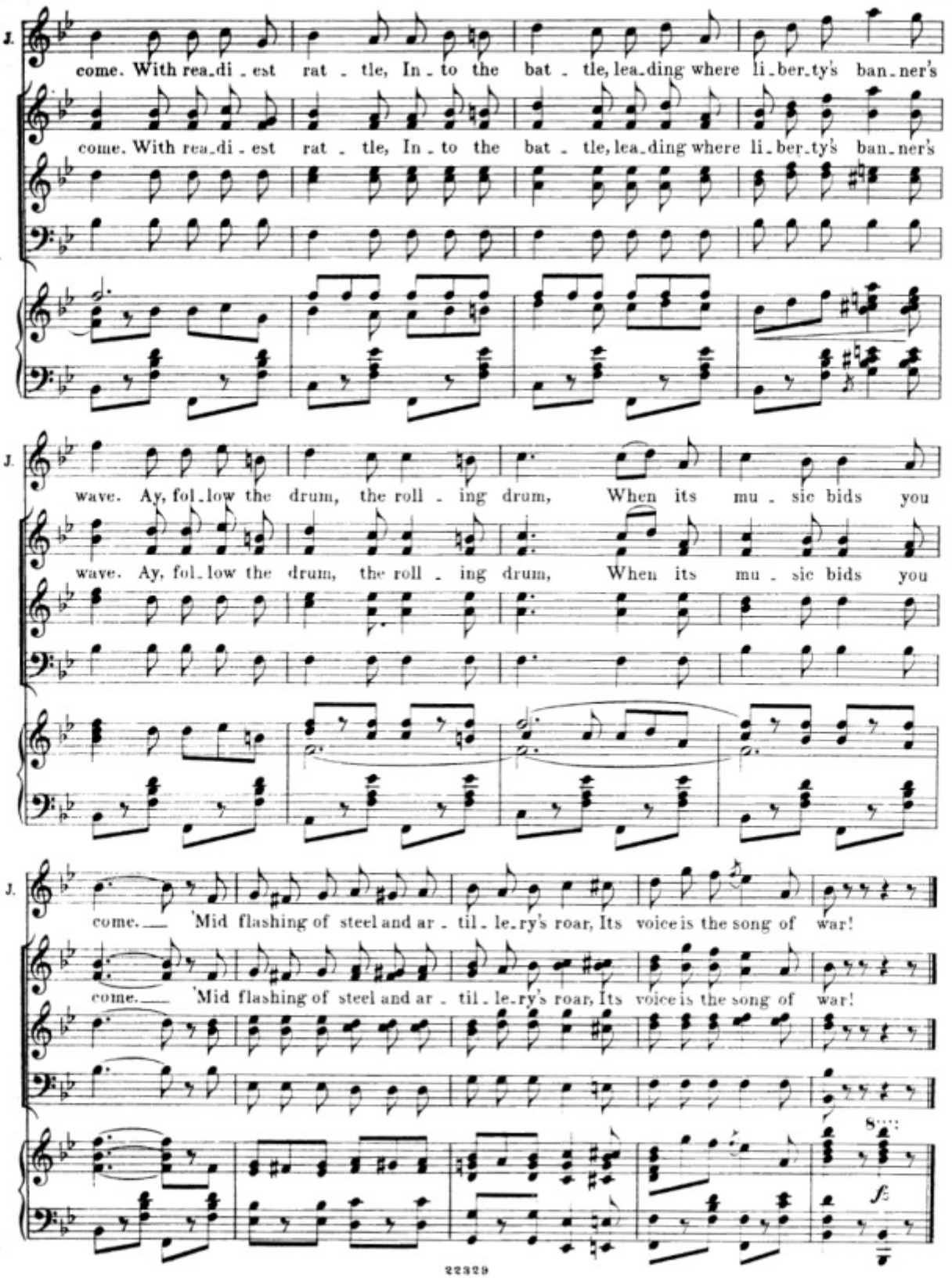

J.
crown, the drum was there, and the drum-mer boys, they mer-ri-ly tapped a-
J.
way.
Then fol-low the drum, the roll-ing
Chorus.
Sopr.
They mer-ri-ly tapped a-way,
brum, brum,
tra-ra,
Ten.
brum, brum,
Bass.
ff
mf
J.
drum, And you will con-que-rors be-come, With rea-di-est rat-tle, In-to the
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
tra-ra,
tra-ra,
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,


J.
bat - tle leading where Lib-erty's ban-ners wave. Ay, fol-low the drum, the roll - ing
brum, brum, brum, brrrr um, tra-ra, brum, brum,
brum, brum, brum, brrrr um, brum, brum,
J.
drum, Where its mu - sic bids you come. 'Mid flash-ing of steel and ar-
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
tra-ra
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
mf
J.
til-le-ry's roar, Its voice is the song of war! 'Mid flash-ing of steel and ar-
brum, brum, brrrr-um, brrrr um 'Mid flash-ing of steel and ar-
tra-ra!
ff

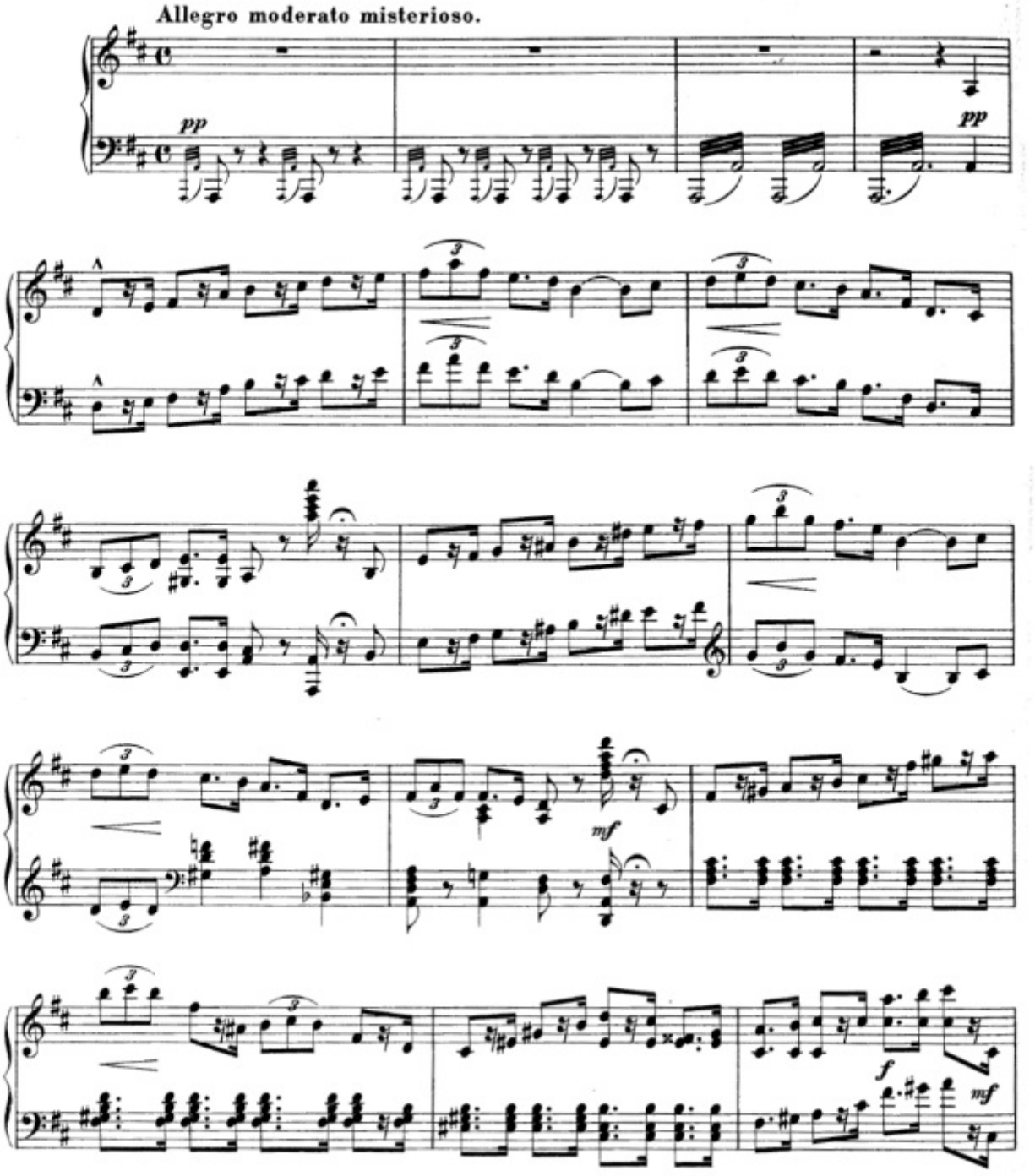

til_le_ry's roar Its voice is the song of war.
til_le_ry's roar Its voice is the song of war.
mf
A toast in praise of the drum. It may strike dis_may to some, When
ff
p
af_ter it the Gre_na_diers With flash_ing steel ad_vance To
It_a_ly it led, Where the foemen for_got and fled, And
p


Chorus.
J.
Aus - tri - a was hum-bled there be - fore the flag of France!
Hail glo-ri-ous flag of
ff
J.
Then fol-low the drum, the roll - ing drum, And you will con - que-rors be -
France!
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
tra-ra,
tra-ra,
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
mf
J.
come. With rea-di - est rat - tle, in-to the bat - tle, leading where Li-berty's ban-ner's
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brrrr
tra-ra,
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brrrr
22329


J.
wave. Ay, fol_low the drum, the roll _ ing drum, When its mu _ sic bids you
um! brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
tra_ra,
tra_ra,
um! brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum,
J.
come. 'Mid flashing of steel and ar _ til_le_ry's roar, Its voice is the song of
brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brum, brrrr_um, brrrr
brum,
mf
J.
ff
war! Then fol_low the drum, the roll _ ing drum, And you will con _ que_rors be_
ff
um! Then fol_low the drum, the roll _ ing drum, And you will con _ que_rors be_
ff
ff


J.
come. With rea_di_est rat_tle, In_to the bat_tle, lea_ding where li_ber_ty's ban_ner's
come. With rea_di_est rat_tle, In_to the bat_tle, lea_ding where li_ber_ty's ban_ner's
J.
wave. Ay, fol_low the drum, the roll_ing drum, When its mu_sic bids you
wave. Ay, fol_low the drum, the roll_ing drum, When its mu_sic bids you
J.
come. 'Mid flashing of steel and ar_til_le_ry's roar, Its voice is the song of war!
come. 'Mid flashing of steel and ar_til_le_ry's roar, Its voice is the song of war!
8
fz

Nº 15. Finale.



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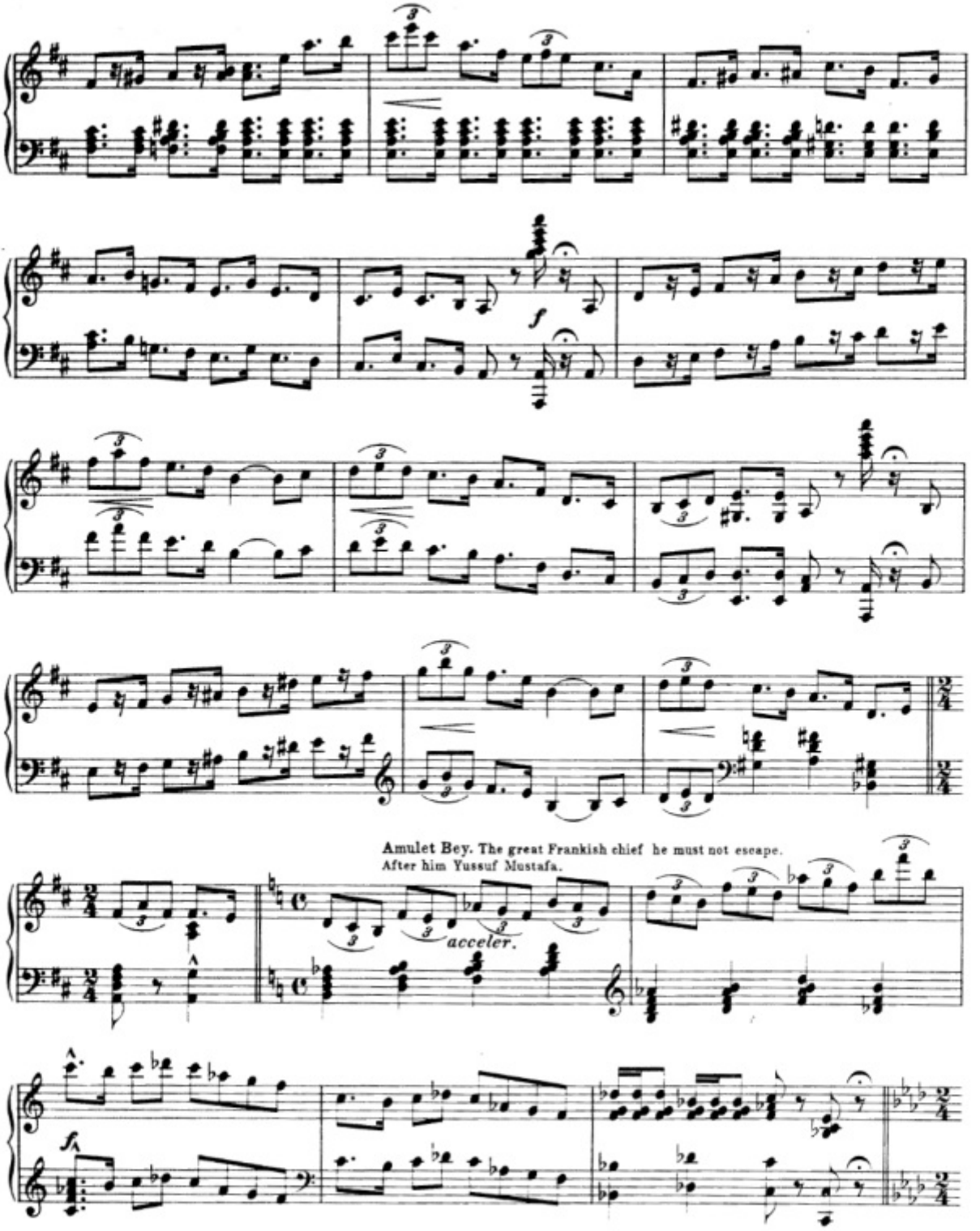
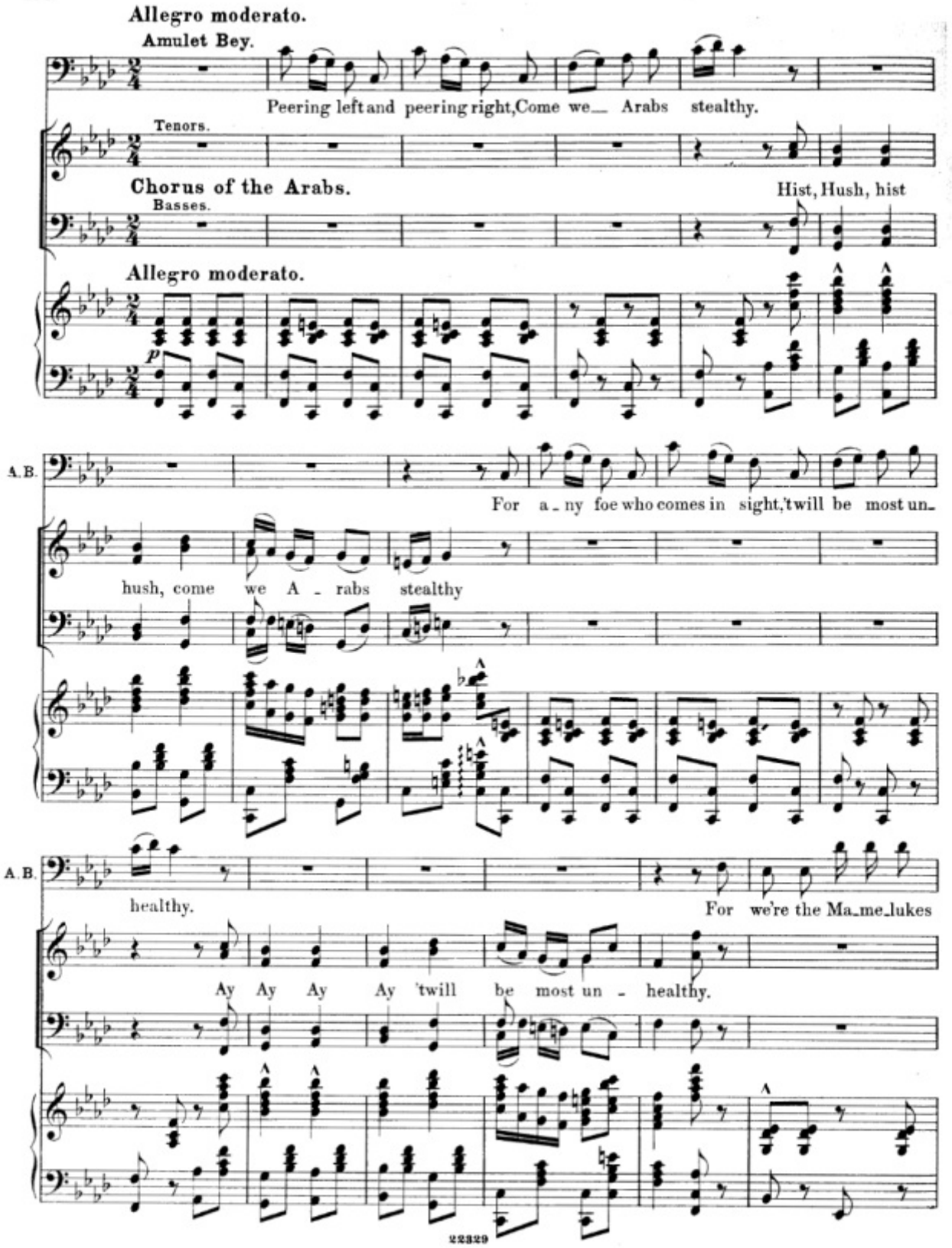
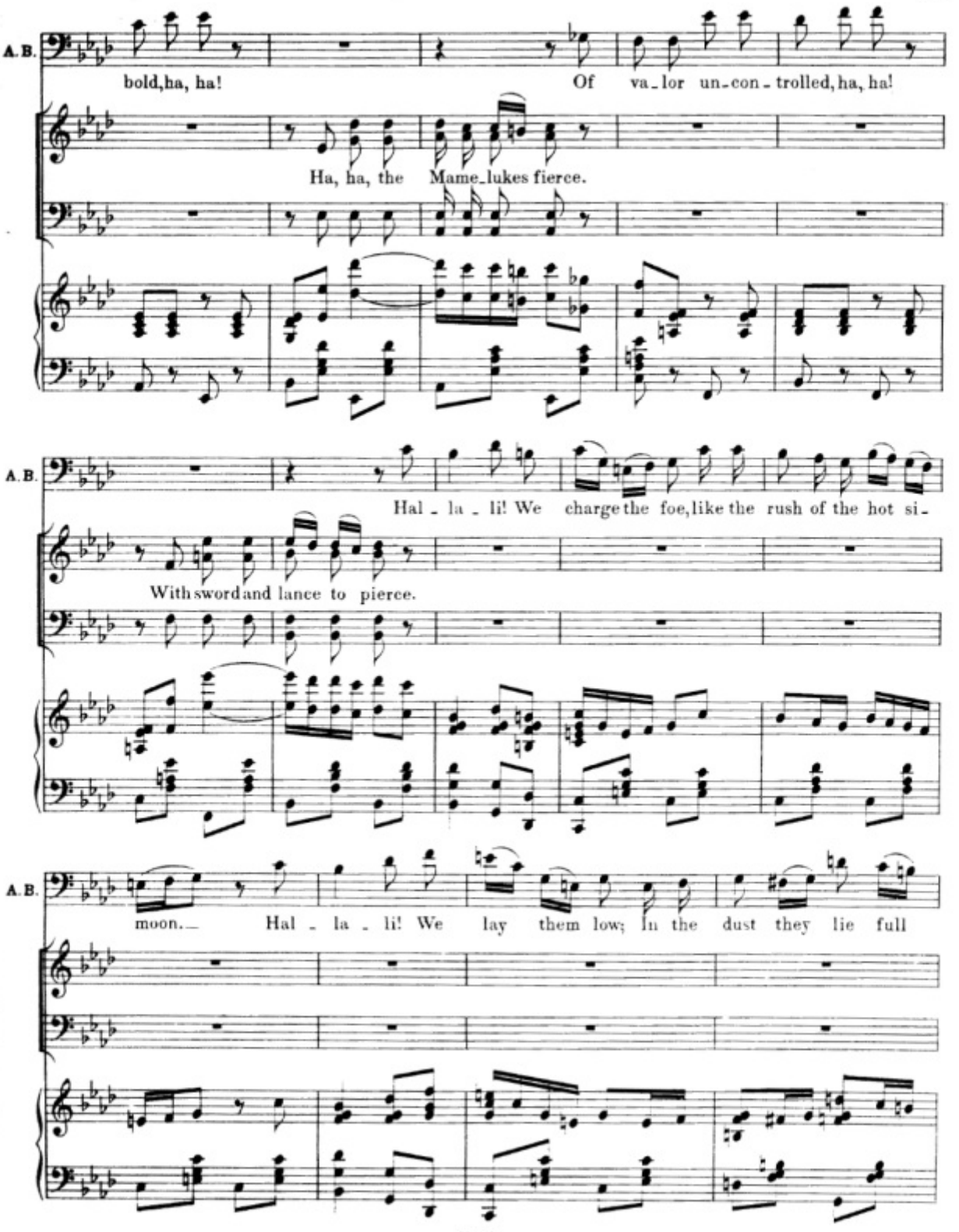
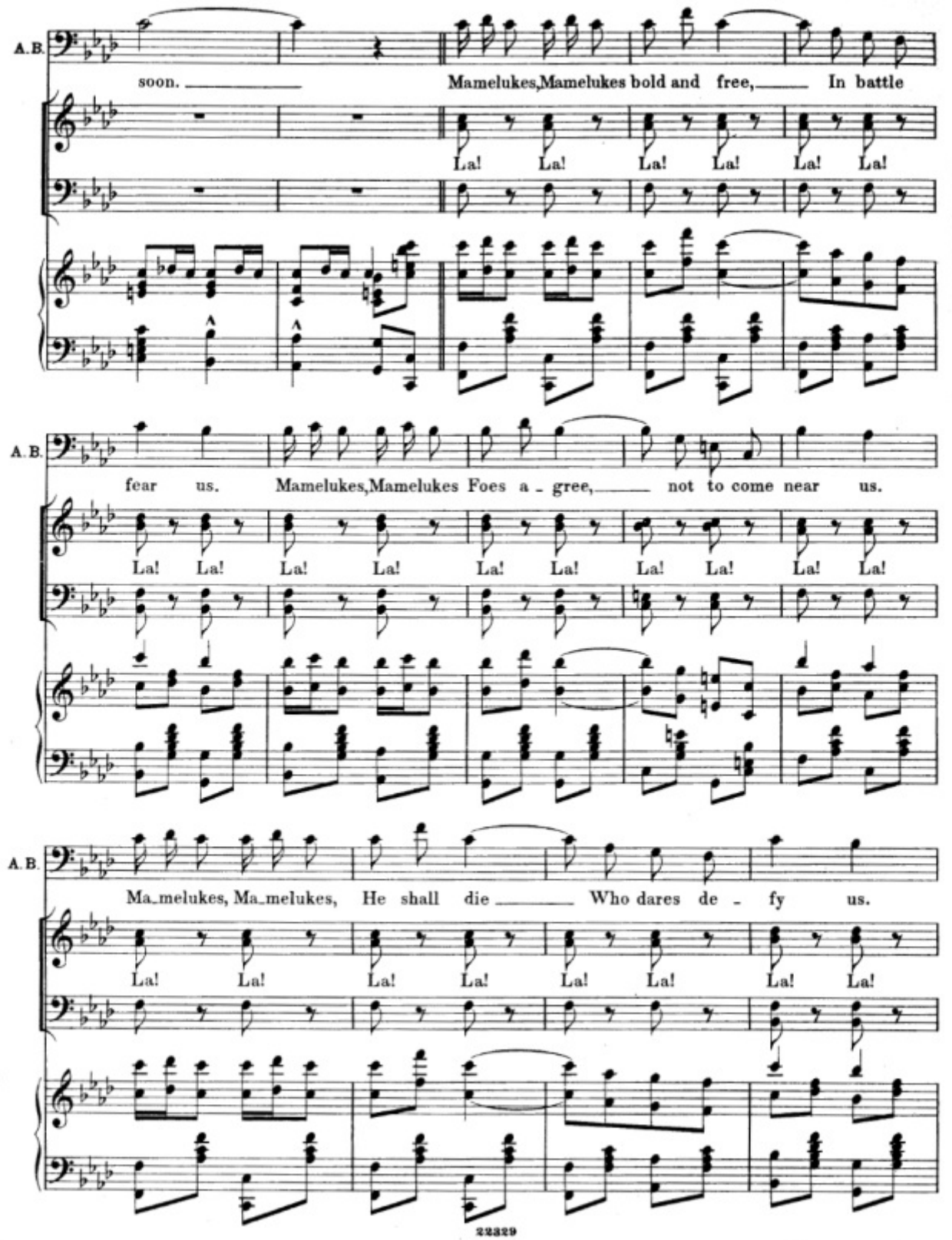
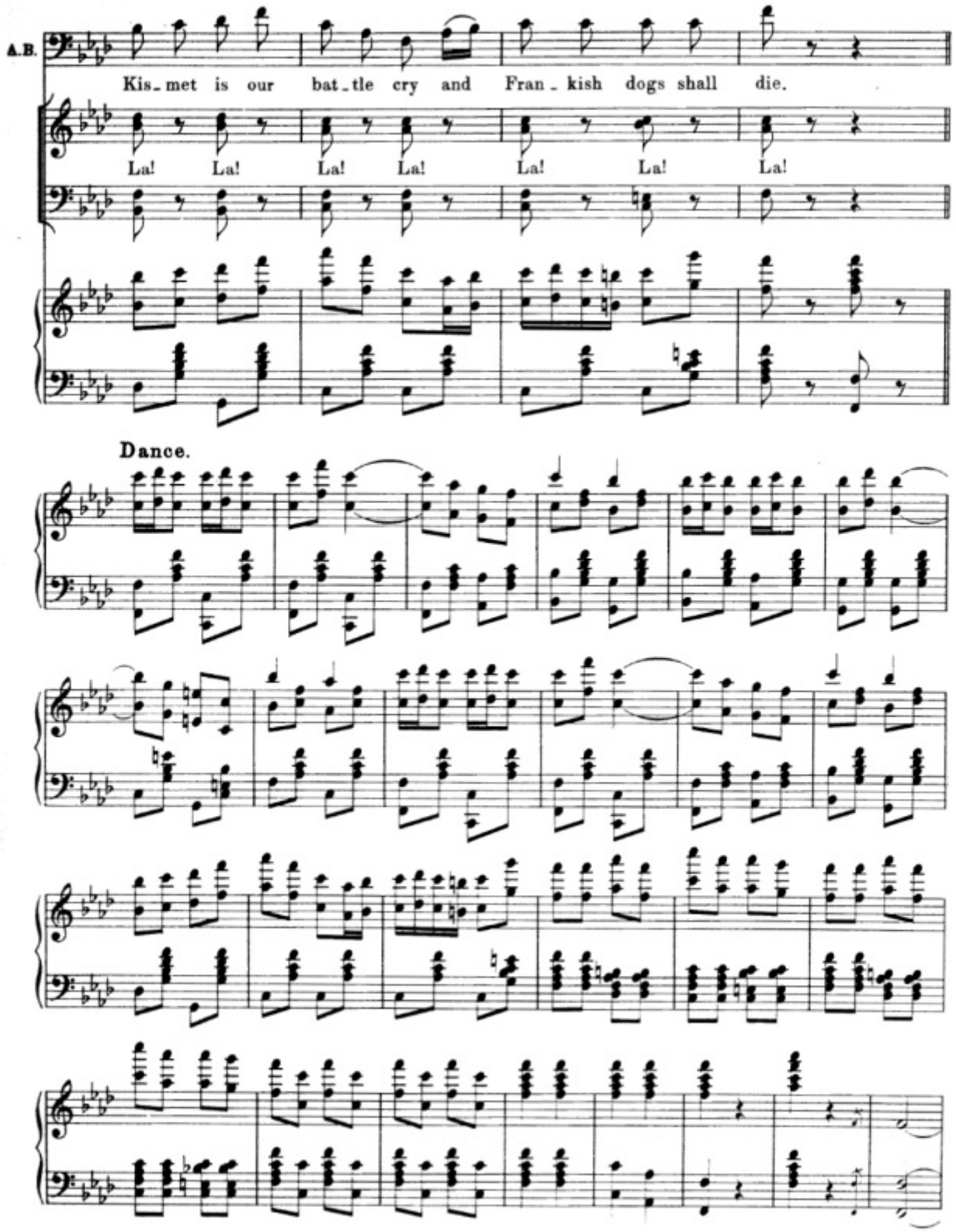
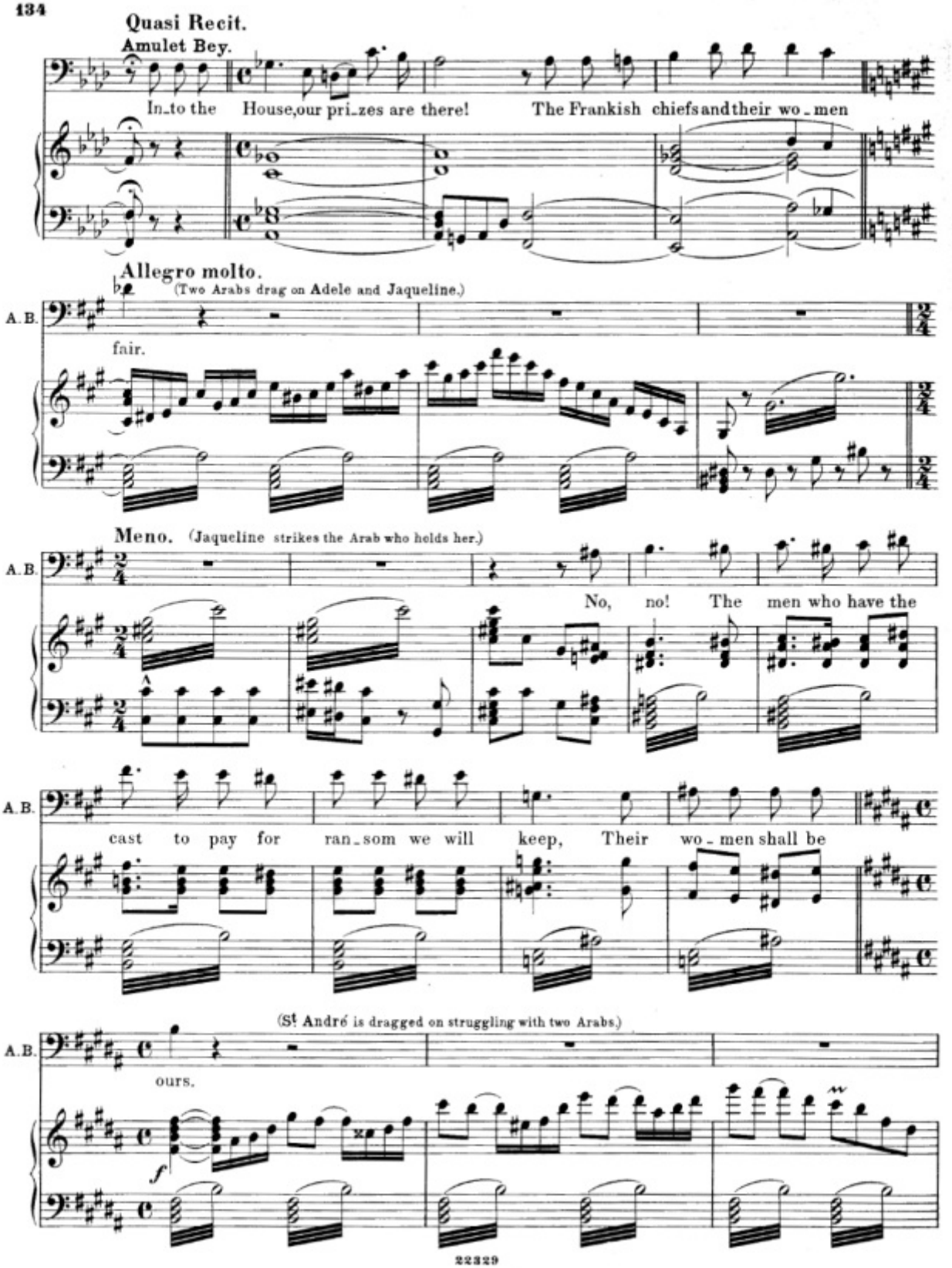

Amulet Bey. The great Frankish chief he must not escape.
After him Yussuf Mustafa.
acceler.


Allegro moderato.
Amulet Bey.
Peering left and peering right, Come we Arabs stealthy.
Tenors.
Chorus of the Arabs.
Hist, Hush, hist
Basses.
Allegro moderato.
p
A. B.
For a ny foe who comes in sight, 'twill be most un
hush, come we A rabs stealthy
A. B.
healthy.
For we're the Ma me lukes
Ay Ay Ay Ay 'twill be most un healthy.
22329


A.B.
bold, ha, ha!
Of va_lor un_con_trolled, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, the Mame_lukes fierce.
A.B.
Hal_la_li! We charge the foe, like the rush of the hot si_
With sword and lance to pierce.
A.B.
moon. Hal_la_li! We lay them low; In the dust they lie full


A.B.
soon.
Mamelukes, Mamelukes bold and free, In battle
La! La! La! La! La! La!
A.B.
fear us.
Mamelukes, Mamelukes Foes a - gree, not to come near us.
La! La! La! La! La! La! La! La! La! La!
A.B.
Ma_melukes, Ma_melukes, He shall die Who dares de - fy us.
La! La! La! La! La! La! La! La!


A.B.
Kis_met is our bat_tle cry and Fran_kish dogs shall die.
La! La! La! La! La! La! La!
Dance.


Quasi Recit.
Amulet Bey.
In_to the House, our pri_zes are there! The Frankish chiefs and their wo_men
Allegro molto.
(Two Arabs drag on Adele and Jaqueline.)
A.B.
fair.
Meno. (Jaqueline strikes the Arab who holds her.)
A.B.
No, no! The men who have the
A.B.
cast to pay for ran_som we will keep, Their wo_men shall be
(St André is dragged on struggling with two Arabs.)
A.B.
ours.
f

St André spoken: You Arab dogs! Release those ladies.

Amulet Bey. (sarcastically)

Be not alarmed fair Sir, We glad - ly spare' em; These

A. B.

dam - sels we in - tend Right soon shall grace the harem.

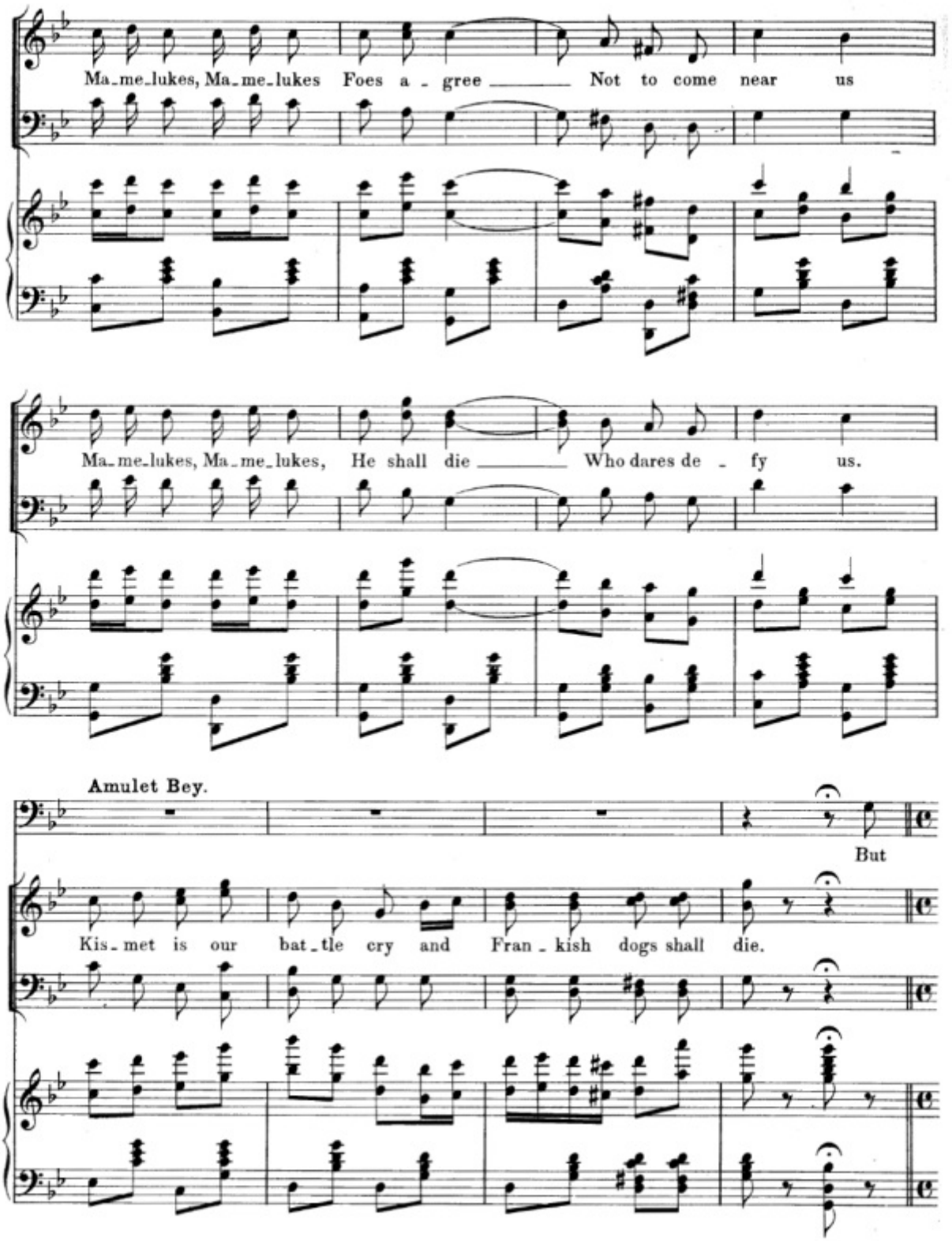
Jaqueline speaking: The Harem? I? (Arabs laughing.)

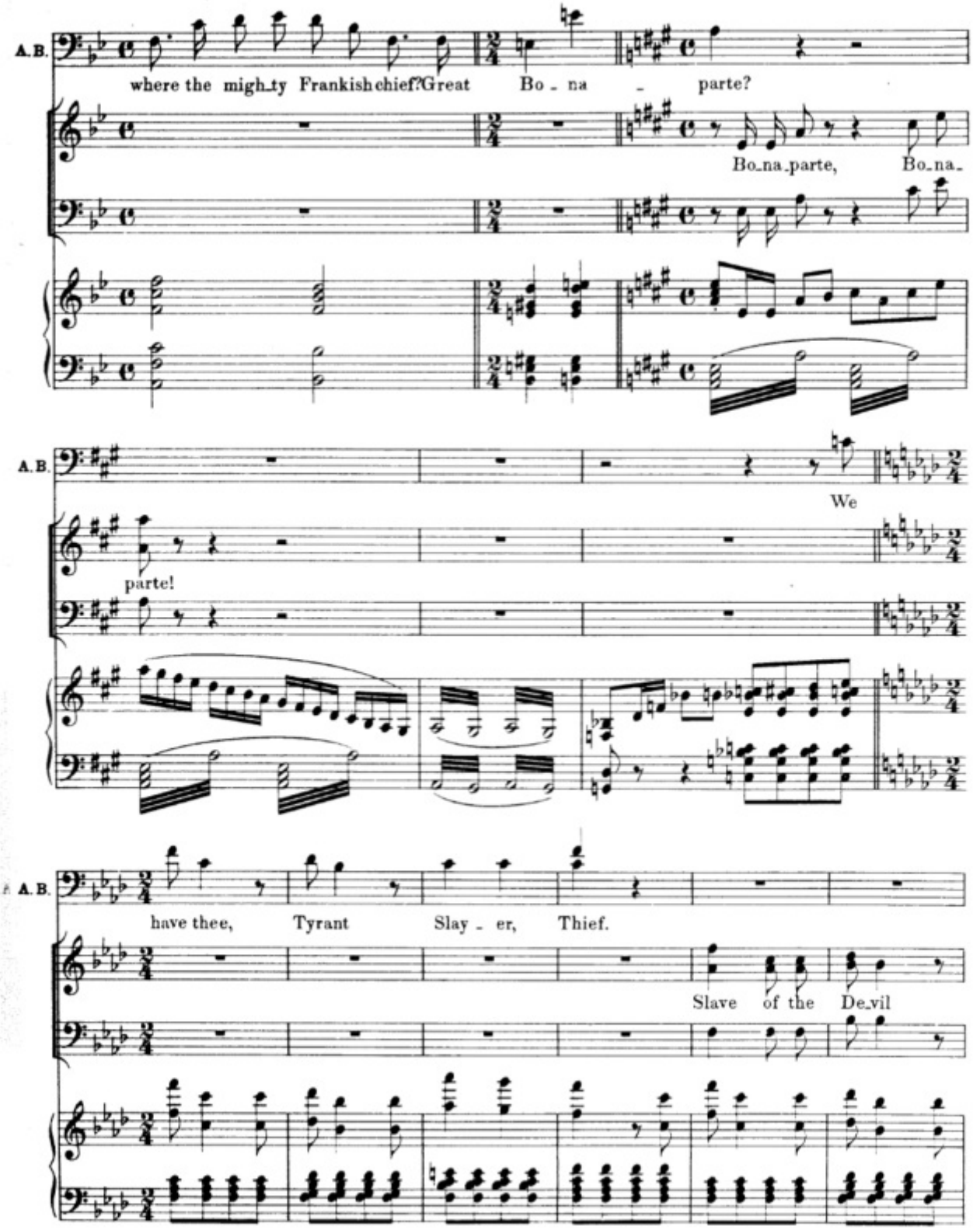
Chorus.

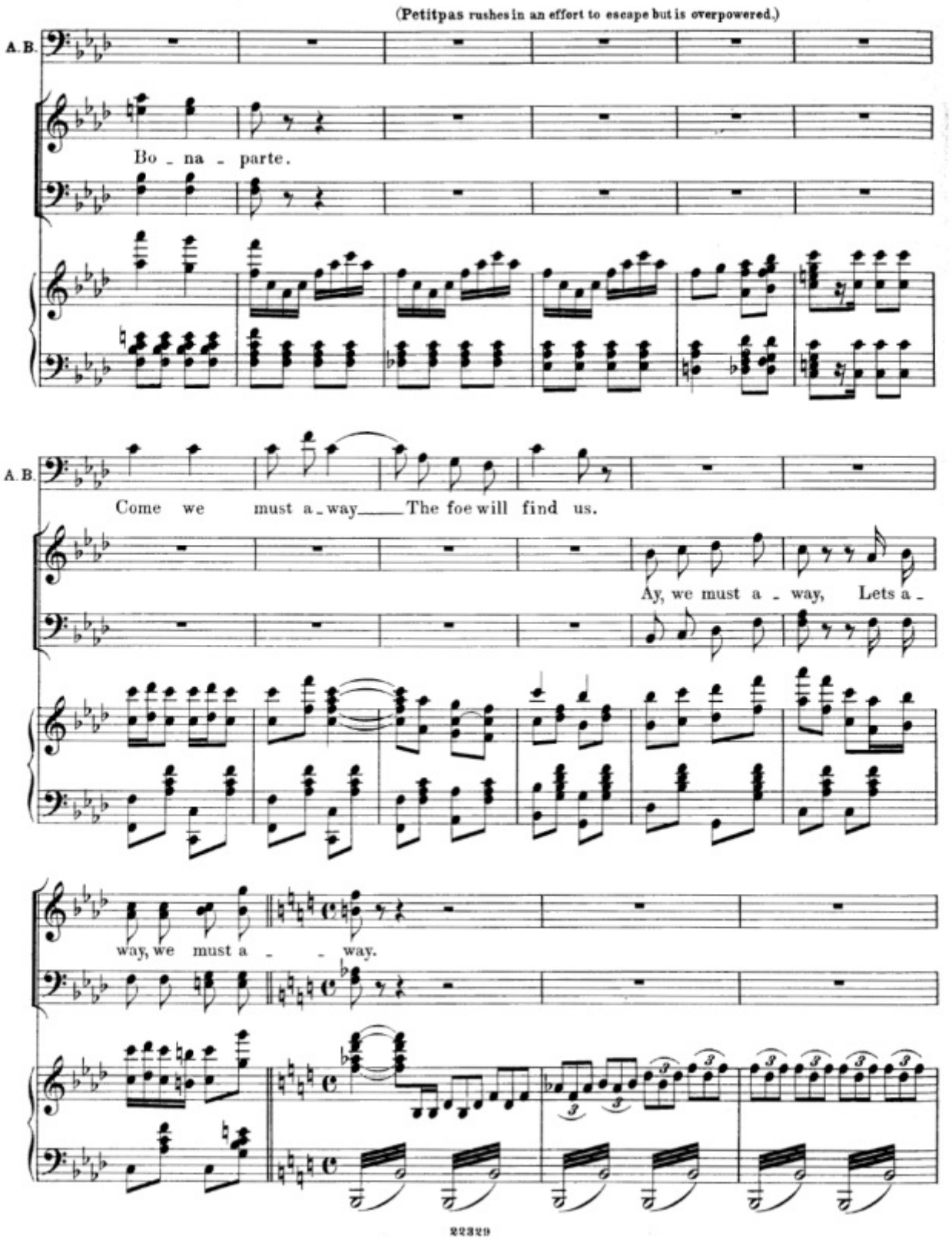
Ten.

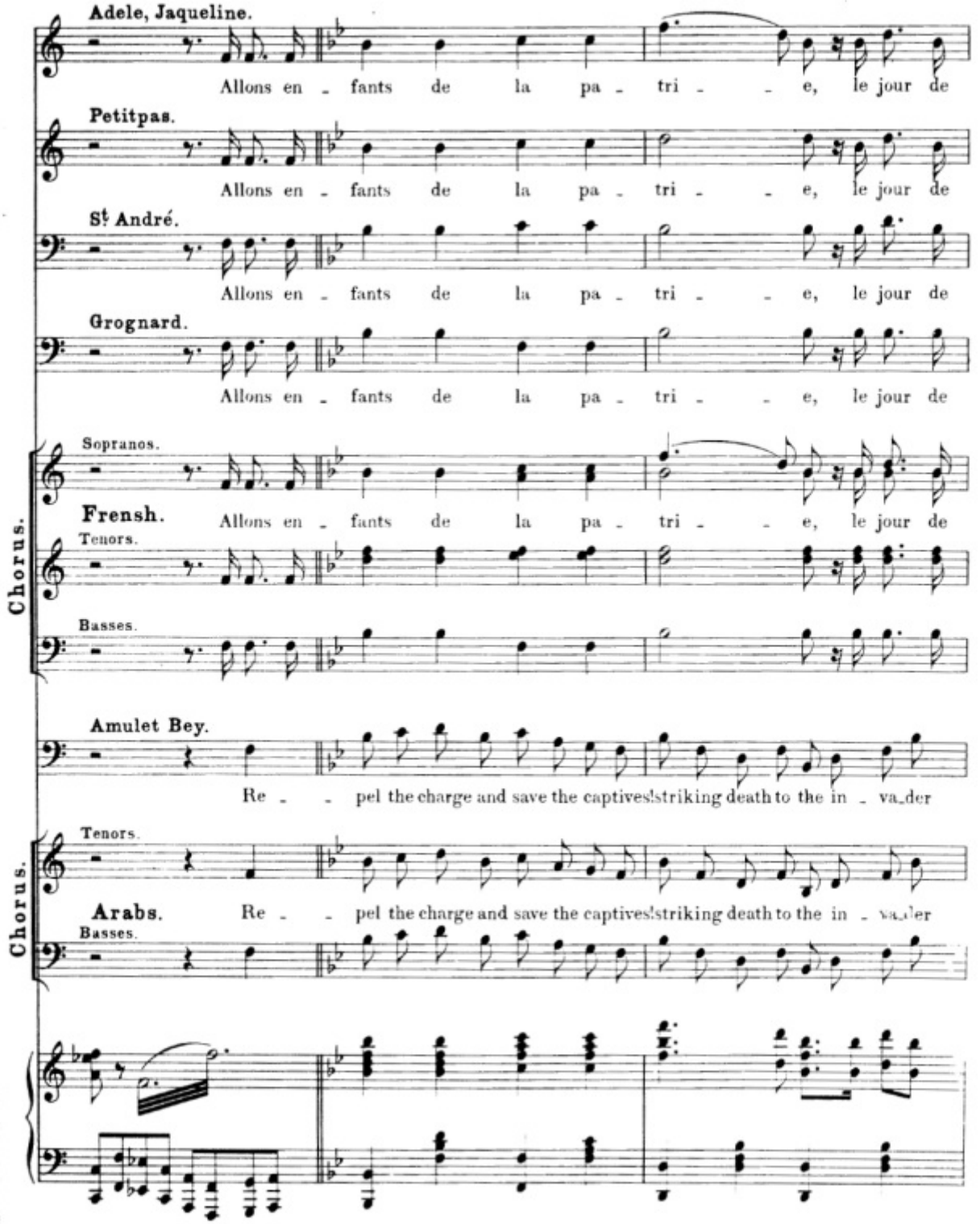
Ma - melukes, Ma - me - lukes bold and free In bat - tle fear us.

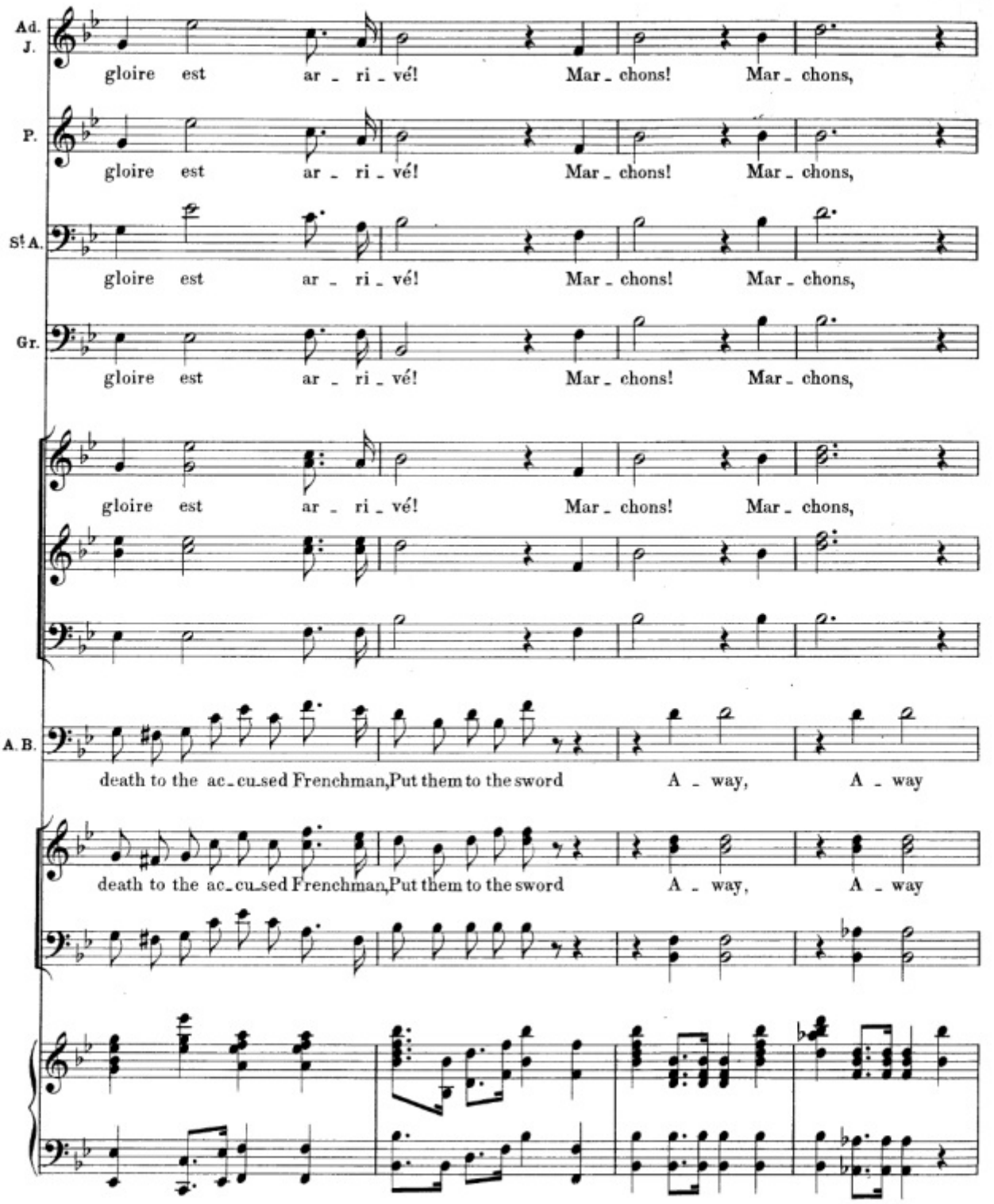
Bass.

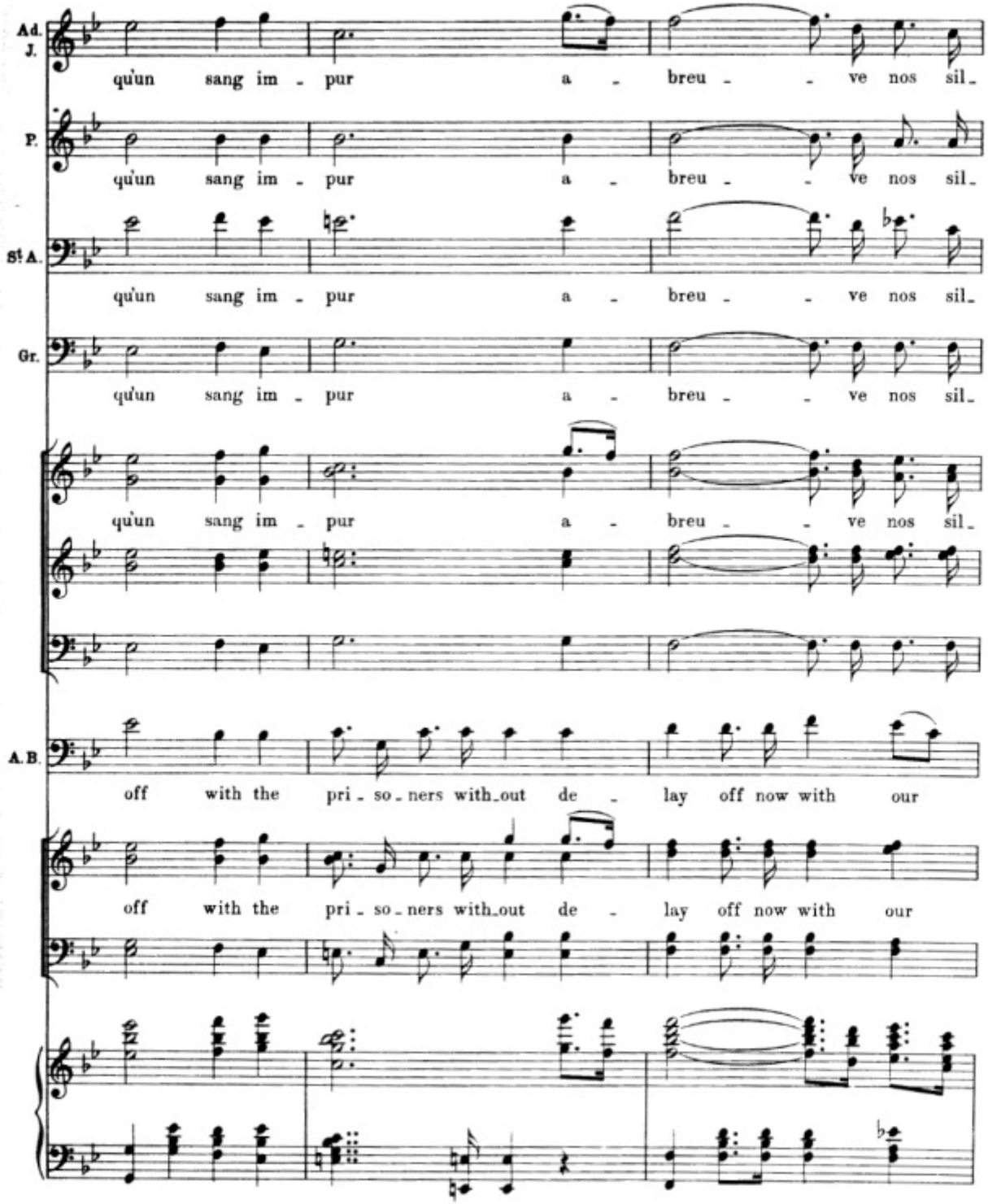

Ma-me-lukes, Ma-me-lukes Foes a-gree Not to come near us
Ma-me-lukes, Ma-me-lukes, He shall die Who dares de-fy us.
Amulet Bey.
But
Kis-met is our bat-tle cry and Fran-kish dogs shall die.

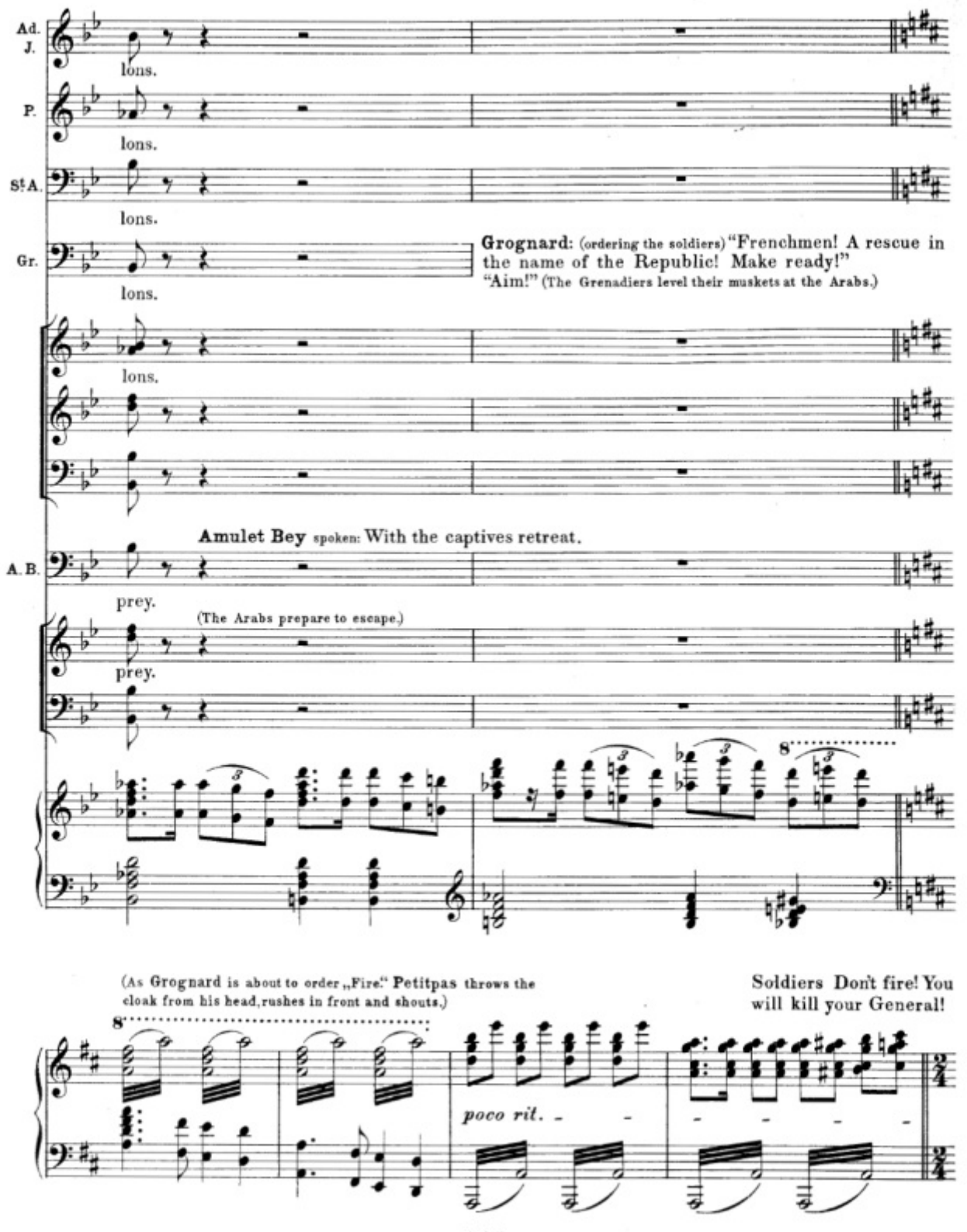

A.B.
where the migh_ty Frankish chief? Great Bo - na - parte?
Bo_na_parte, Bo_na_
A.B.
parte!
We
A.B.
have thee, Tyrant Slay - er, Thief.
Slave of the De_vil

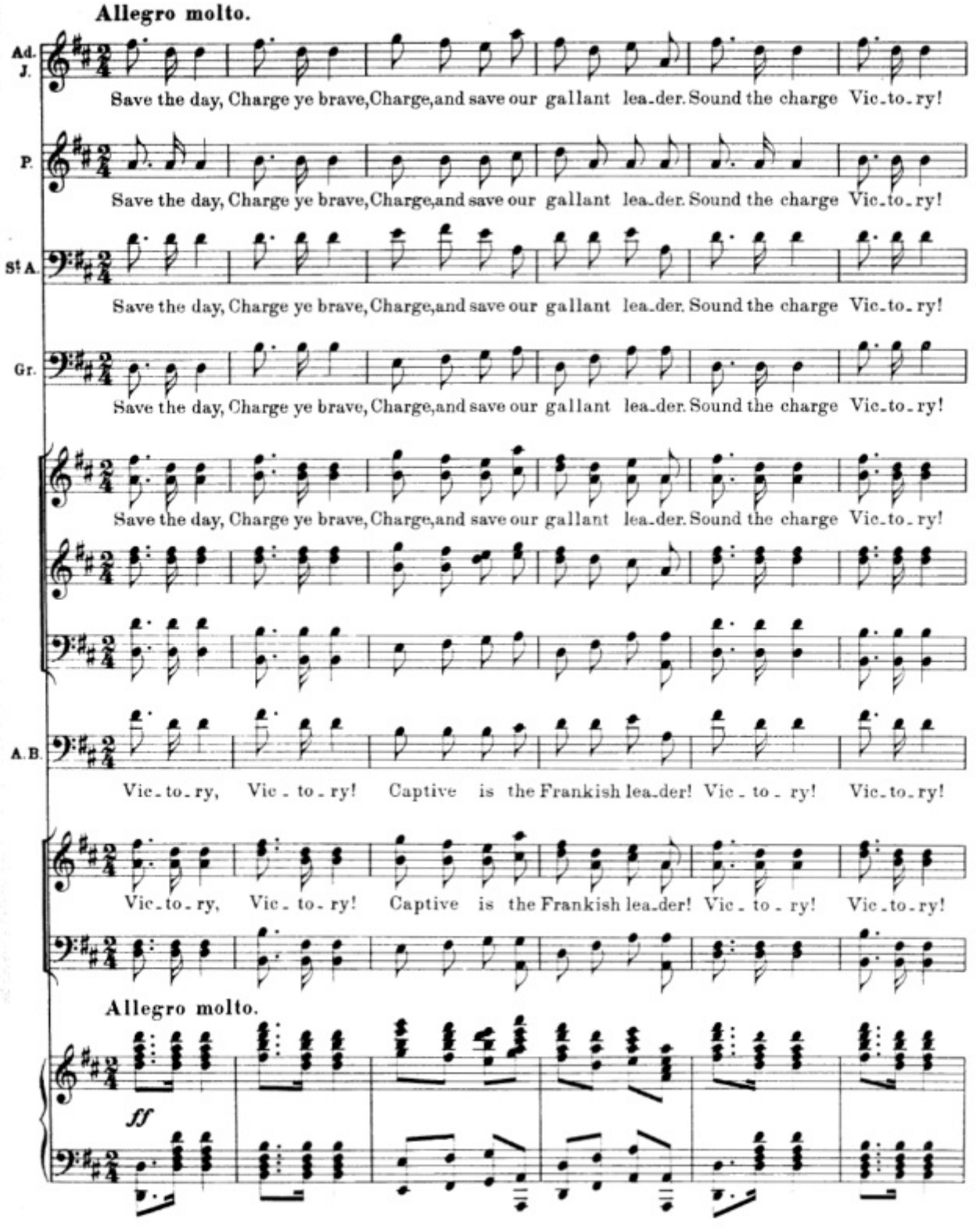

(Petitpas rushes in an effort to escape but is overpowered.)
A. B.
Bo - na - parte.
A. B.
Come we must a - way The foe will find us.
Ay, we must a - way, Lets a -
way, we must a - - way.

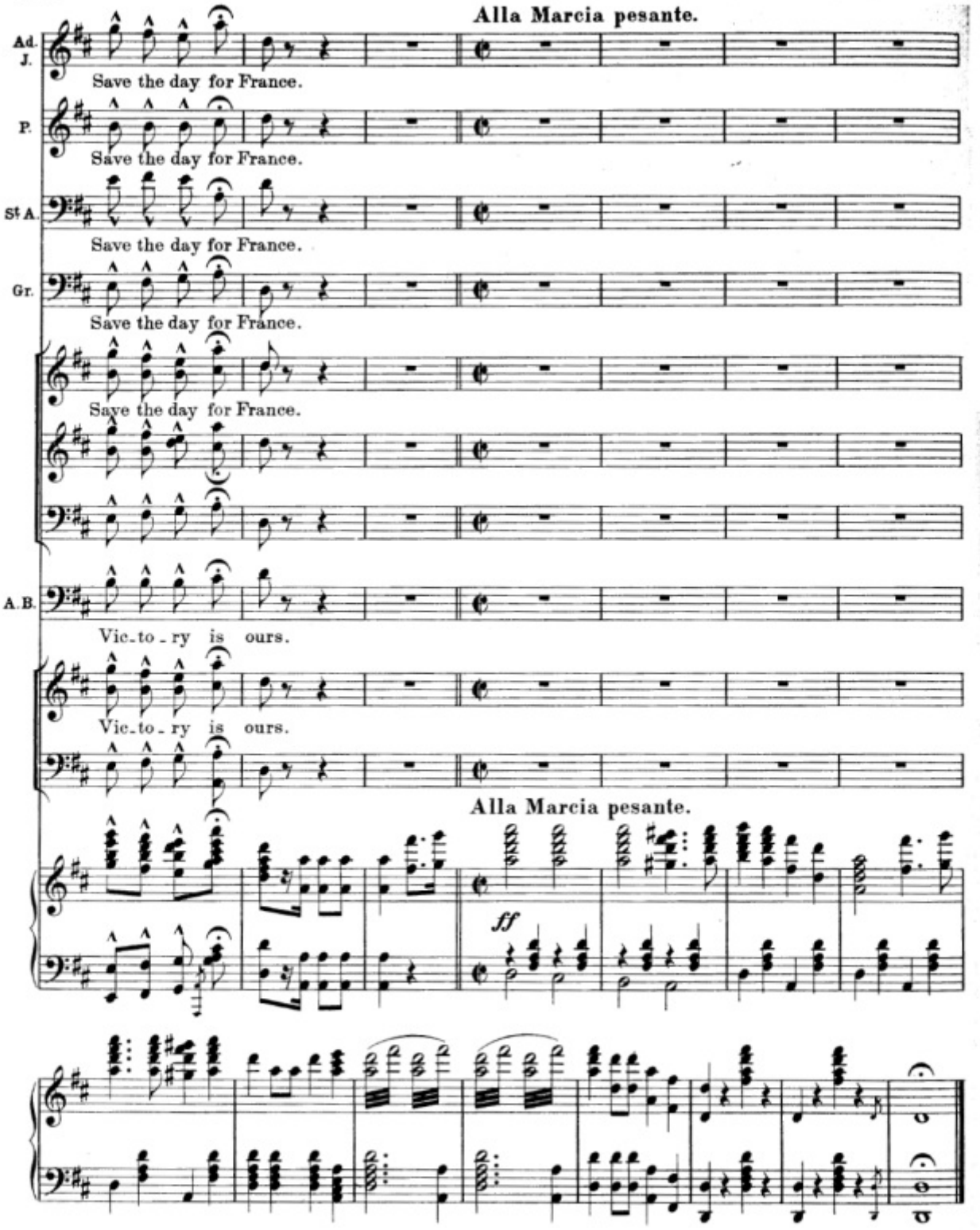

Adele, Jaqueline.
Allons en - fants de la pa - tri - - e, le jour de
Petitpas.
Allons en - fants de la pa - tri - - e, le jour de
St André.
Allons en - fants de la pa - tri - - e, le jour de
Grognard.
Allons en - fants de la pa - tri - - e, le jour de
Chorus.
Sopranos.
Frensh.
Allons en - fants de la pa - tri - - e, le jour de
Tenors.
Basses.
Amulet Bey.
Re - - pel the charge and save the captives!striking death to the in - va_der
Chorus.
Tenors.
Arabs.
Re - - pel the charge and save the captives!striking death to the in - va_der
Basses.


Ad. J.
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Mar - chons! Mar - chons,
P.
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Mar - chons! Mar - chons,
St A.
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Mar - chons! Mar - chons,
Gr.
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Mar - chons! Mar - chons,
gloire est ar - ri - vé! Mar - chons! Mar - chons,
A. B.
death to the ac - cu - sed Frenchman, Put them to the sword A - way, A - way
death to the ac - cu - sed Frenchman, Put them to the sword A - way, A - way


Ad. J.
qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve nos sil-
P.
qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve nos sil-
St A.
qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve nos sil-
Gr.
qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve nos sil-
qu'un sang im - pur a - breu - - ve nos sil-
A. B.
off with the pri - so - ners with-out de - lay off now with our
off with the pri - so - ners with-out de - lay off now with our


Ad. J.
lons.
P.
lons.
St. A.
lons.
Gr.
lons.
Grognard: (ordering the soldiers) "Frenchmen! A rescue in the name of the Republic! Make ready!"
"Aim!" (The Grenadiers level their muskets at the Arabs.)
lons.
Amulet Bey spoken: With the captives retreat.
A. B.
prey.
(The Arabs prepare to escape.)
prey.
8
(As Grognard is about to order „Fire!" Petitpas throws the cloak from his head, rushes in front and shouts.)
Soldiers Don't fire! You will kill your General!
8
poco rit.

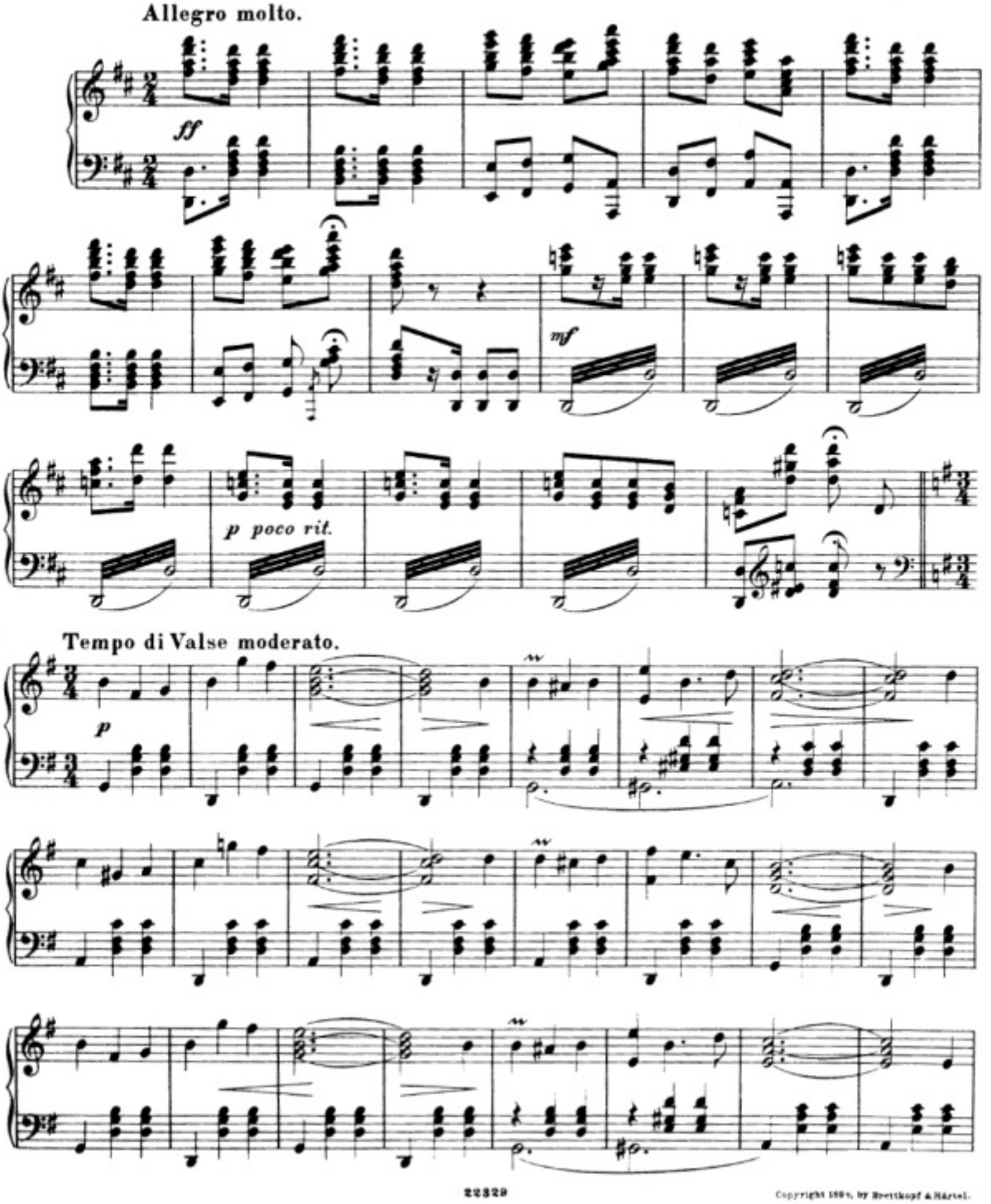

Allegro molto.
Ad. J.
Save the day, Charge ye brave, Charge, and save our gallant lea-der. Sound the charge Vic-to-ry!
P.
Save the day, Charge ye brave, Charge, and save our gallant lea-der. Sound the charge Vic-to-ry!
St A.
Save the day, Charge ye brave, Charge, and save our gallant lea-der. Sound the charge Vic-to-ry!
Gr.
Save the day, Charge ye brave, Charge, and save our gallant lea-der. Sound the charge Vic-to-ry!
Save the day, Charge ye brave, Charge, and save our gallant lea-der. Sound the charge Vic-to-ry!
A. B.
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Captive is the Frankish lea-der! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry! Captive is the Frankish lea-der! Vic-to-ry! Vic-to-ry!
Allegro molto.
ff


Alla Marcia pesante.
Ad. J.
Save the day for France.
P.
Save the day for France.
St A.
Save the day for France.
Gr.
Save the day for France.
Save the day for France.
A. B.
Vic-to-ry is ours.
Vic-to-ry is ours.
Alla Marcia pesante.
ff

End of Act II.

ACT III.

№ 16. Prelude, Opening Chorus and Song.



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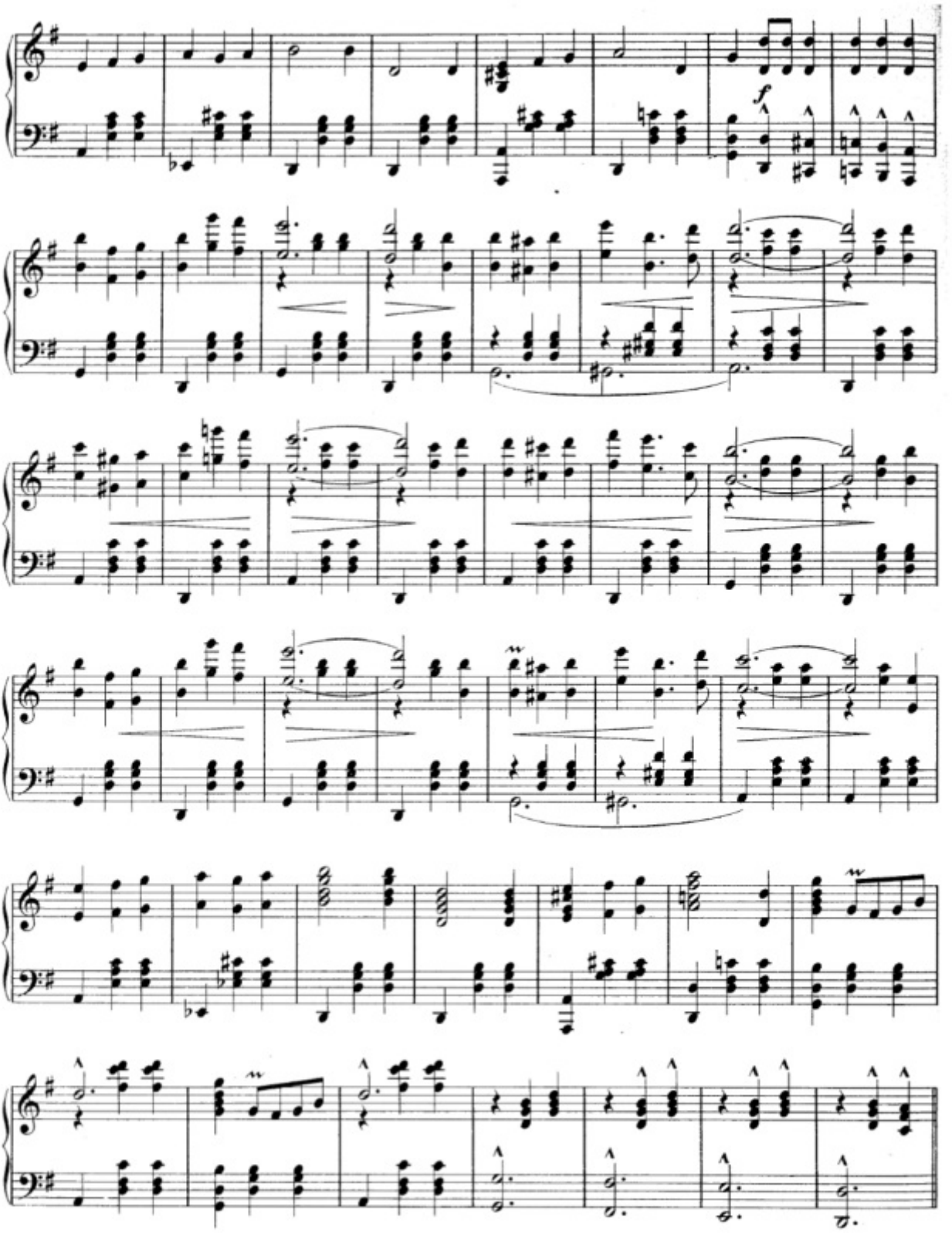
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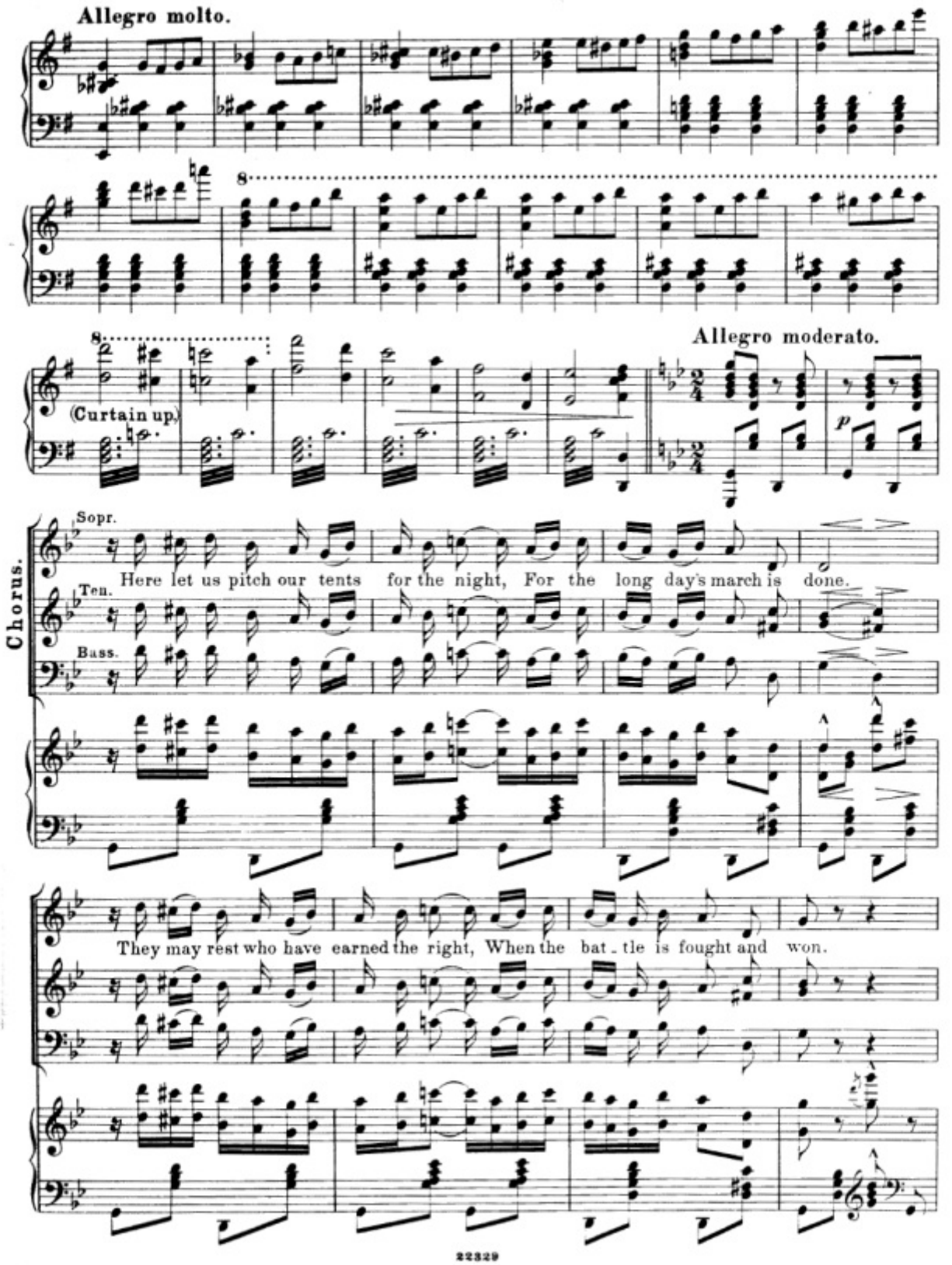
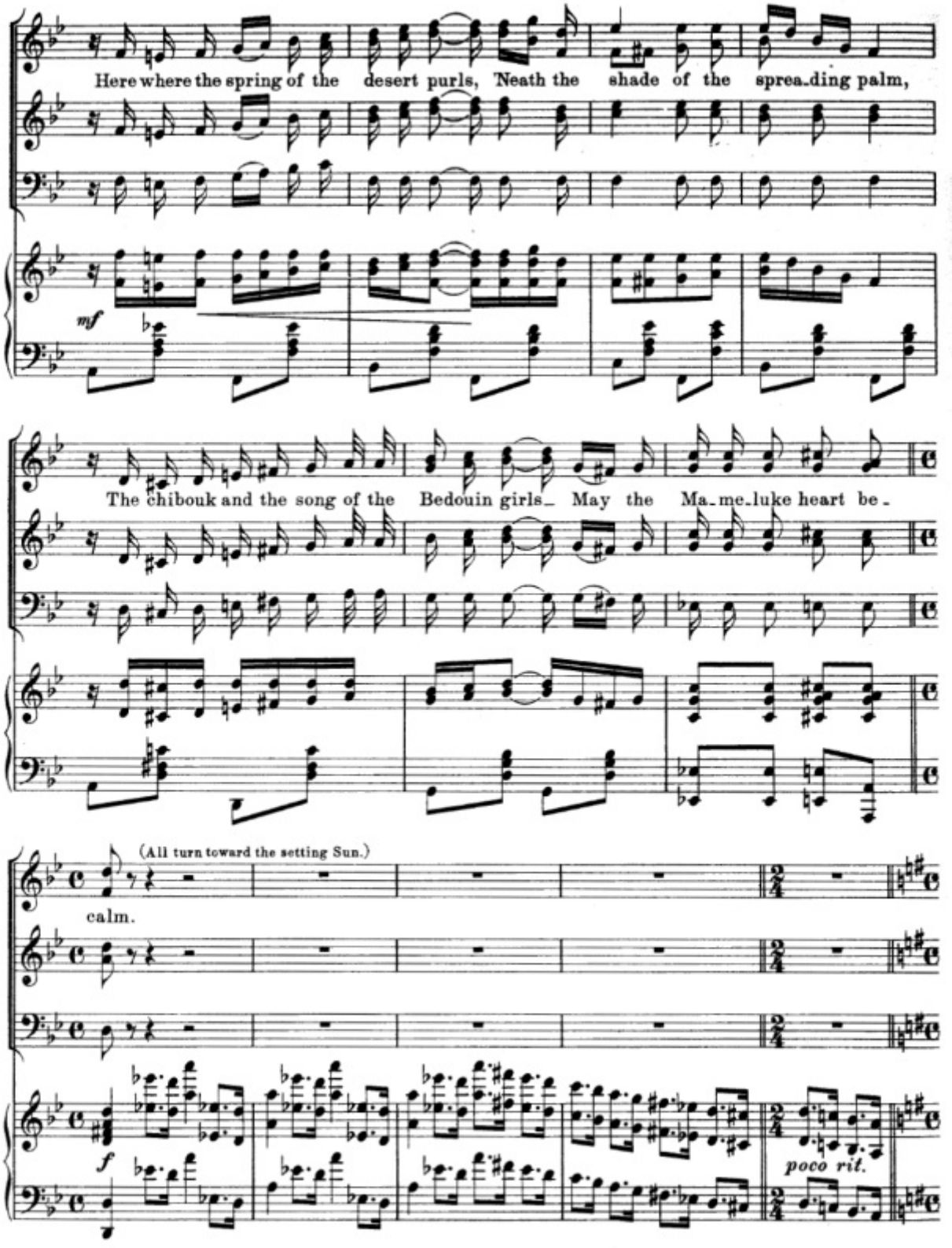
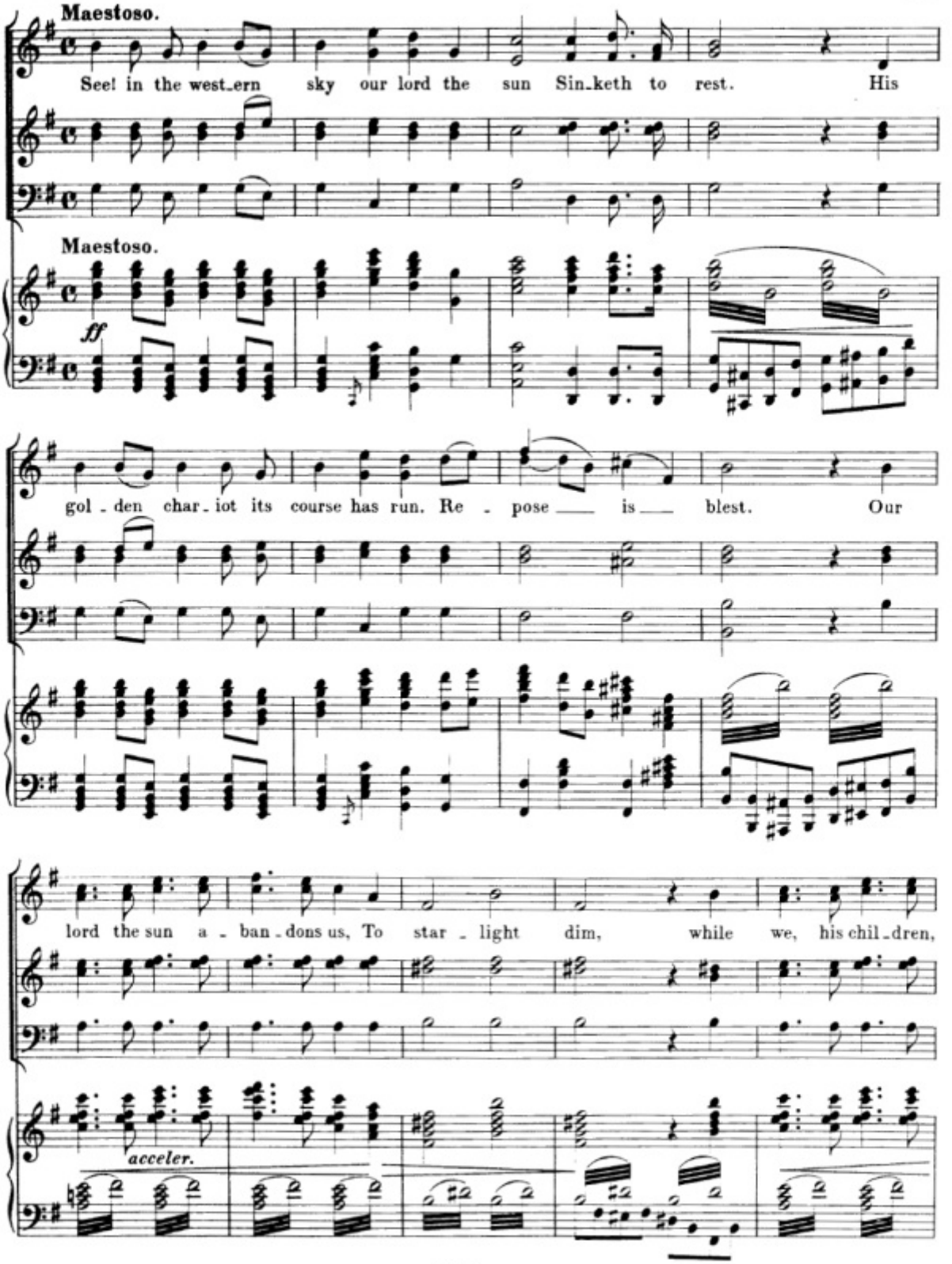
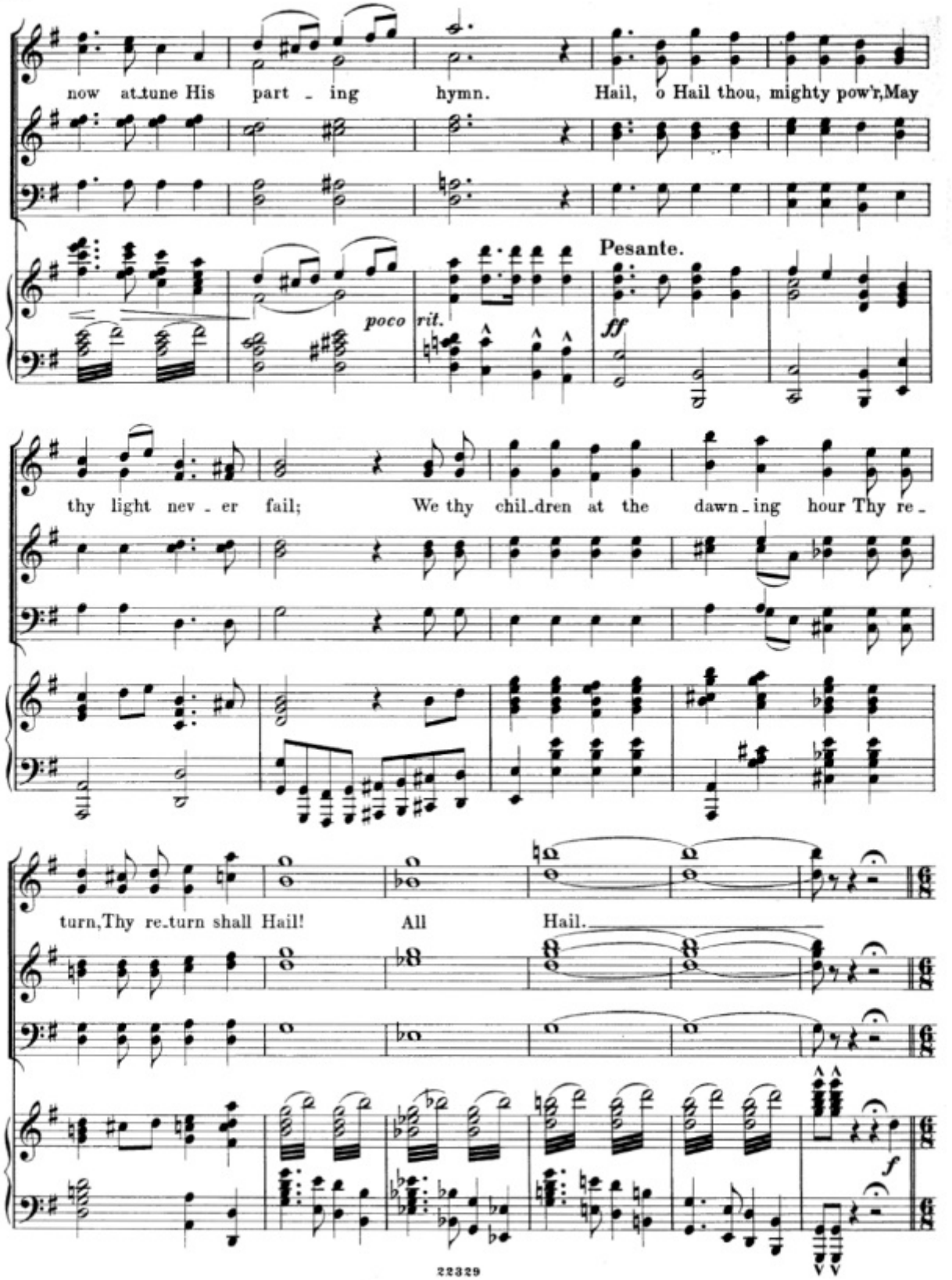
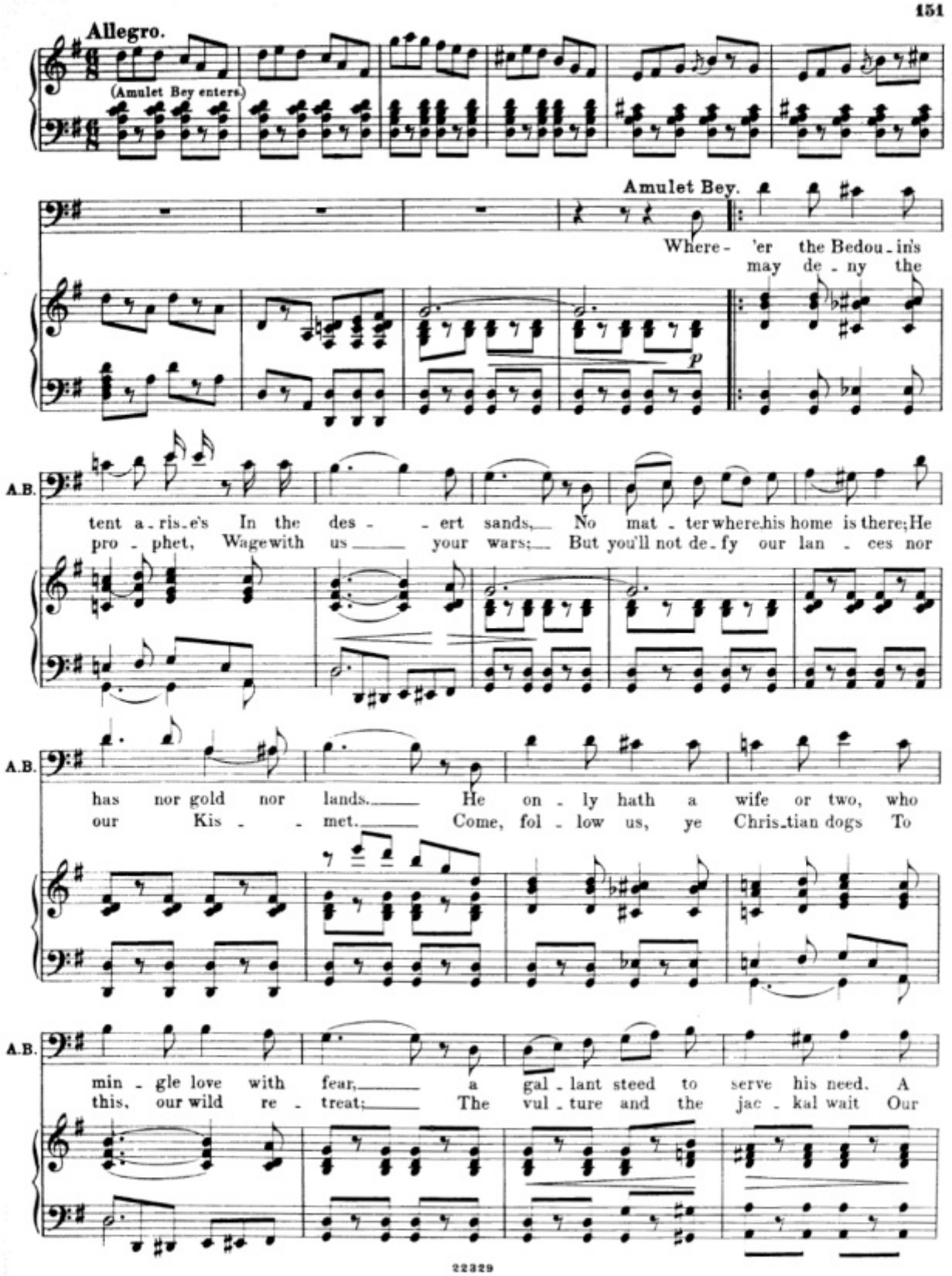
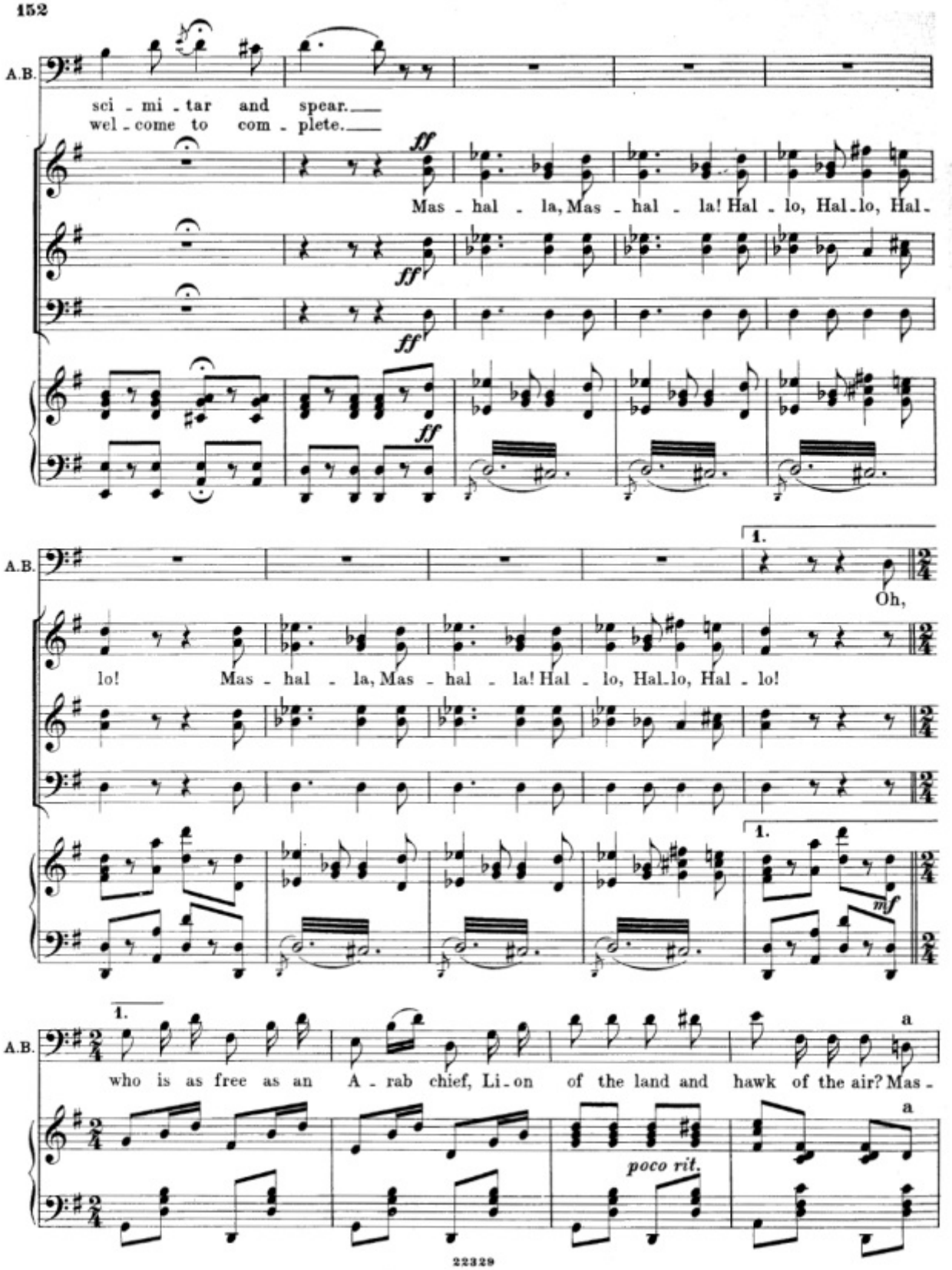

Allegro molto.
(Curtain up.)
Allegro moderato.
Chorus.
Sopr.
Ten.
Bass.
Here let us pitch our tents for the night, For the long day's march is done.
They may rest who have earned the right, When the bat - tle is fought and won.

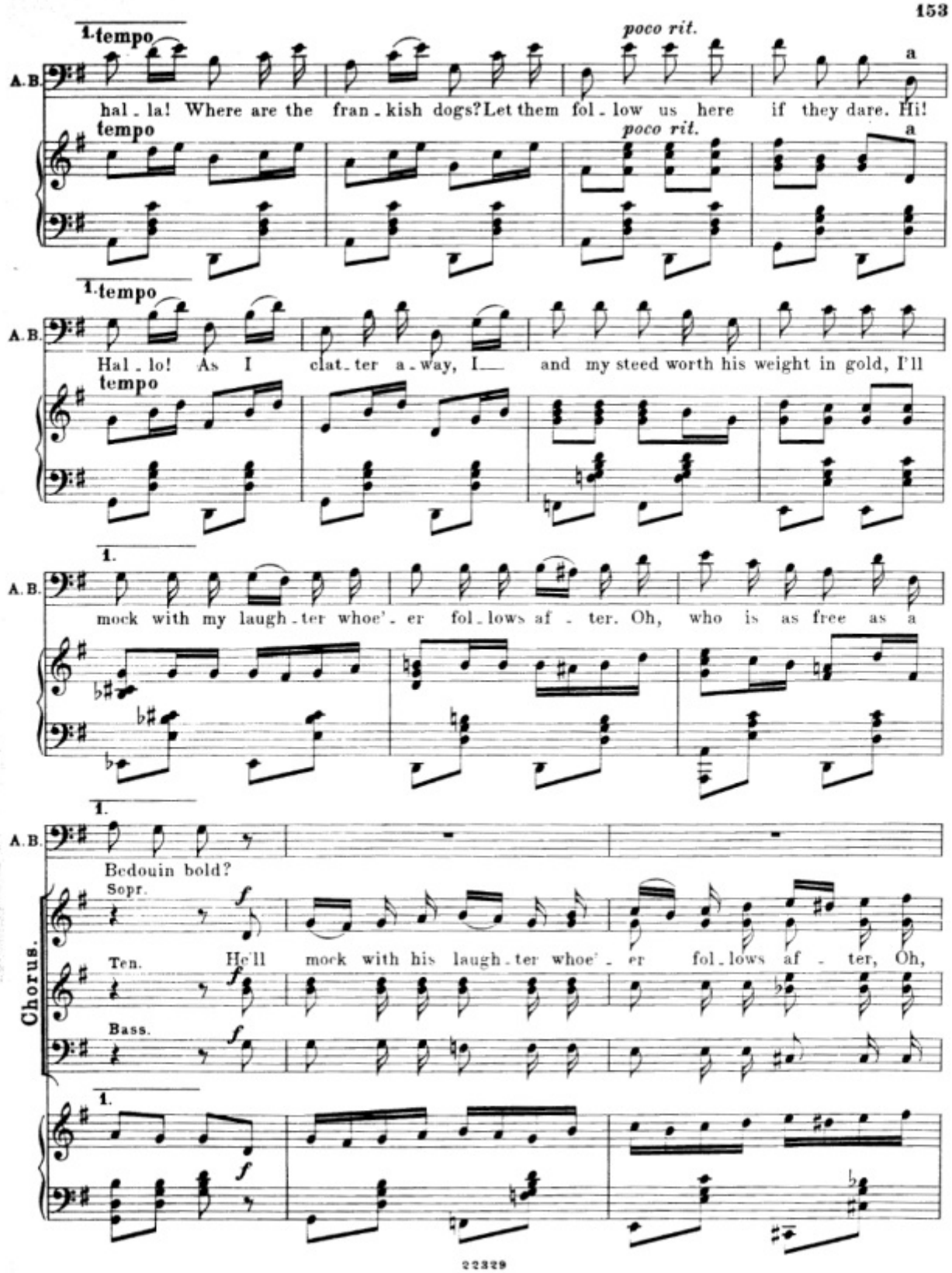

Here where the spring of the desert purls, Neath the shade of the sprea-ding palm,
mf
The chibouk and the song of the Bedouin girls_ May the Ma-me-luke heart be-
(All turn toward the setting Sun.)
calm.
f
poco rit.

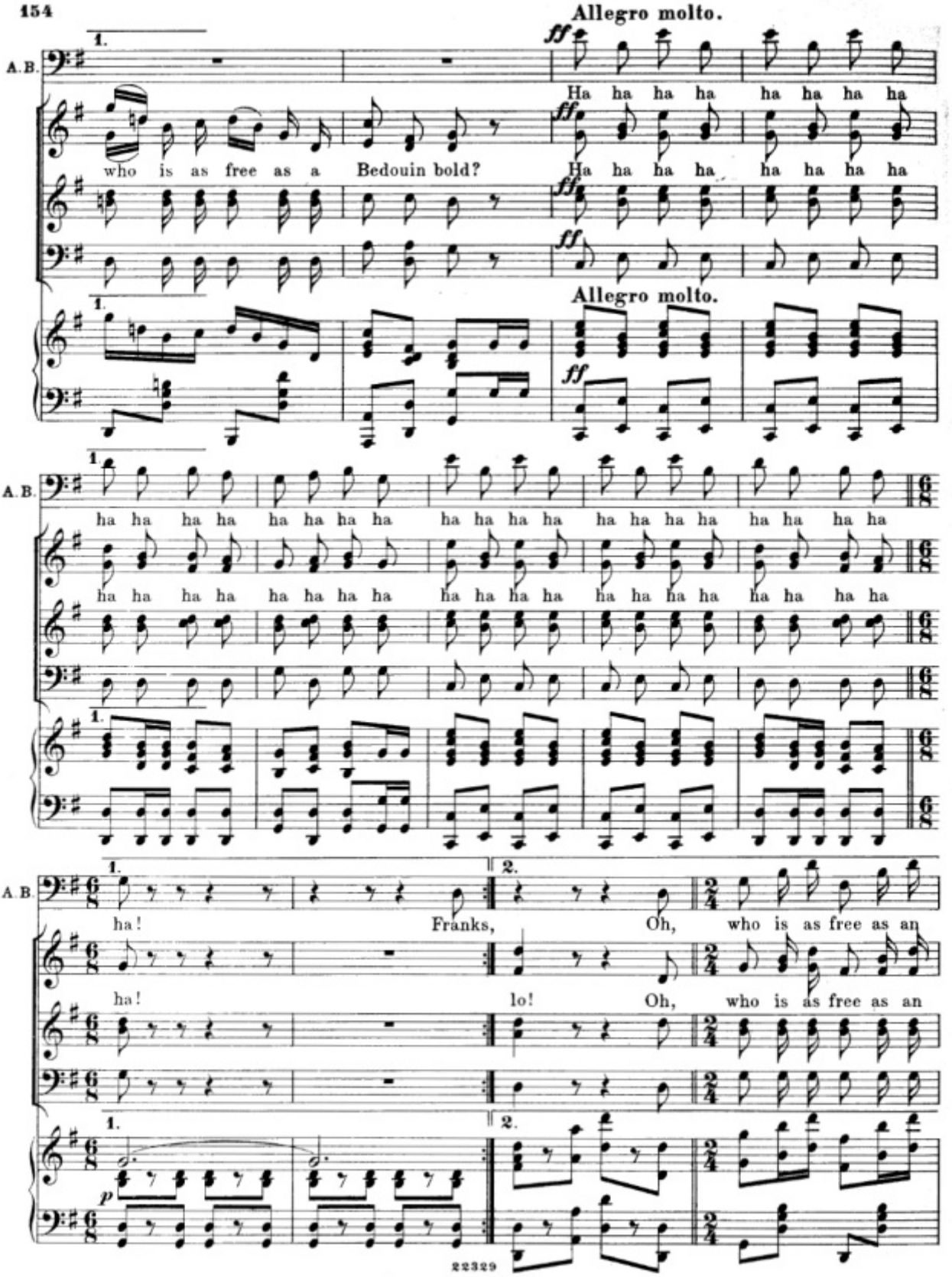

Maestoso.
See! in the west_ern sky our lord the sun Sin_keth to rest. His
Maestoso.
ff
gol_den char_iot its course has run. Re_pose is blest. Our
lord the sun a_ban_dons us, To star_light dim, while we, his chil_dren,
acceler.

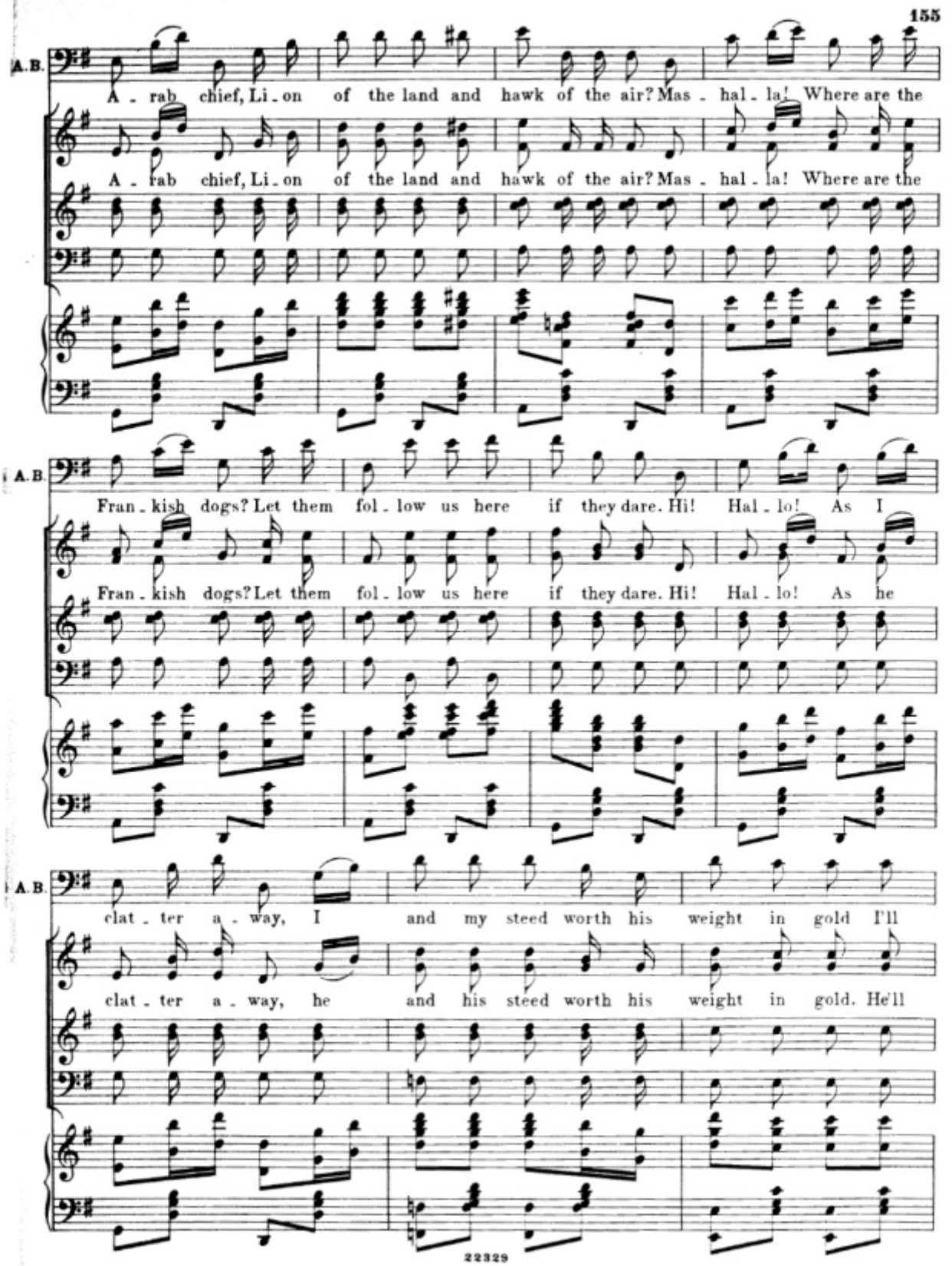

now at_tune His part _ ing hymn. Hail, o Hail thou, mighty pow'r, May
Pesante.
poco rit.
ff
thy light nev _ er fail; We thy chil_dren at the dawn _ ing hour Thy re _
turn, Thy re_turn shall Hail! All Hail.
f

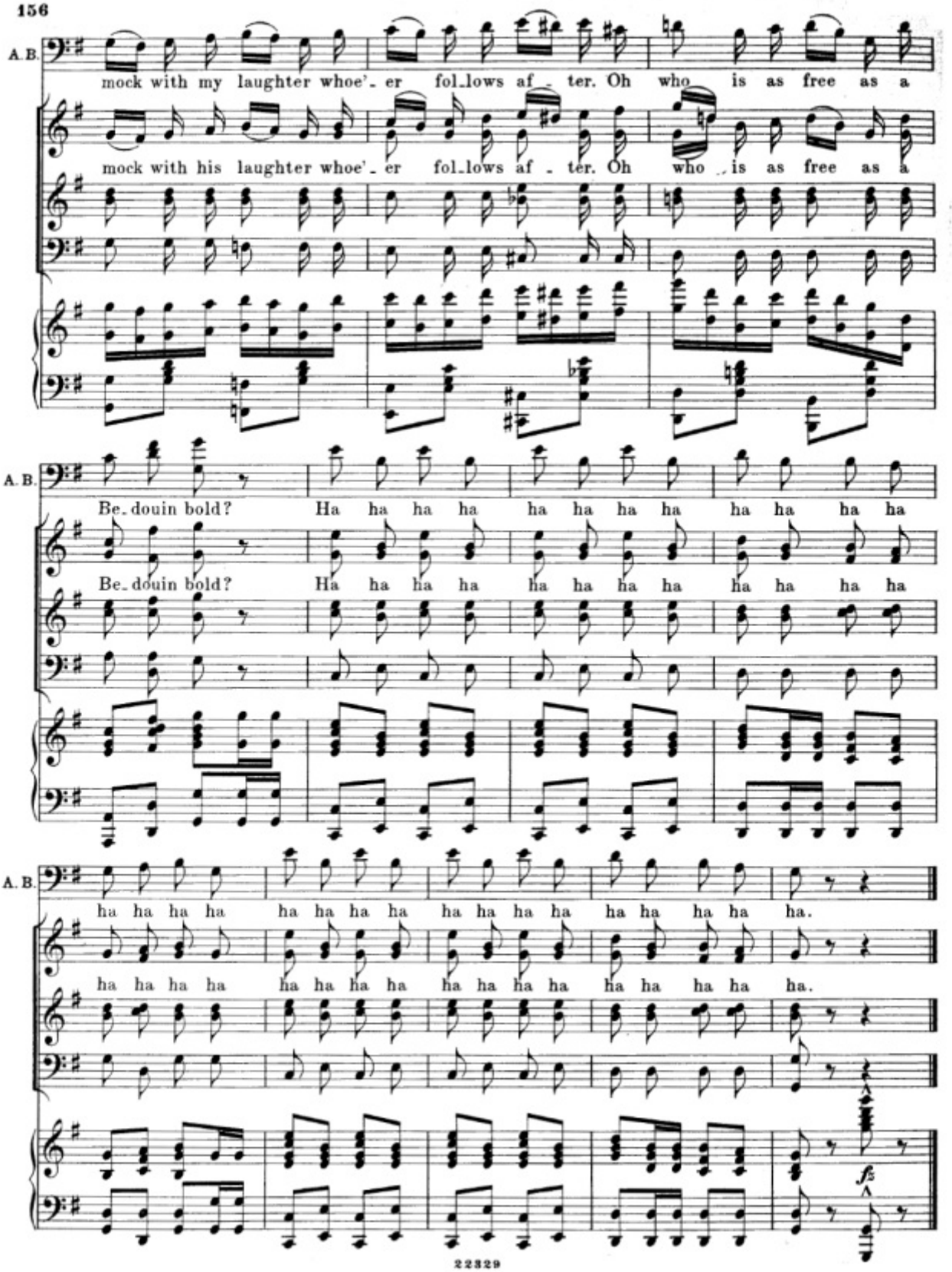

Allegro.
(Amulet Bey enters.)
Amulet Bey.
Where - 'er the Bedou - in's may de - ny the
p
A.B.
tent a - ris - e's In the des - - ert sands, No mat - ter where his home is there; He
pro - phet, Wage with us your wars; But you'll not de - fy our lan - ces nor
A.B.
has nor gold nor lands. He on - ly hath a wife or two, who
our Kis - - met. Come, fol - low us, ye Chris - tian dogs To
A.B.
min - gle love with fear, a gal - lant steed to serve his need. A
this, our wild re - treat; The vul - ture and the jac - kal wait Our


A.B.
sci - mi - tar and spear.
wel - come to com - plete.
ff
Mas - hal - la, Mas - hal - la! Hal - lo, Hal - lo, Hal -
A.B.
1.
Oh,
lo! Mas - hal - la, Mas - hal - la! Hal - lo, Hal - lo, Hal - lo!
mf
A.B.
1.
a
who is as free as an A - rab chief, Li - on of the land and hawk of the air? Mas -
a
poco rit.


1. tempo
poco rit.
a
A.B.
hal - la! Where are the fran - kish dogs? Let them fol - low us here if they dare. Hi!
tempo
poco rit.
a
1. tempo
A.B.
Hal - lo! As I clat - ter a - way, I and my steed worth his weight in gold, I'll
tempo
1.
A.B.
mock with my laugh - ter whoe' - er fol - lows af - ter. Oh, who is as free as a
1.
A.B.
Bedouin bold?
Chorus.
Sopr.
f
Ten.
He'll mock with his laugh - ter whoe' - er fol - lows af - ter, Oh,
f
Bass.
f
1.
f

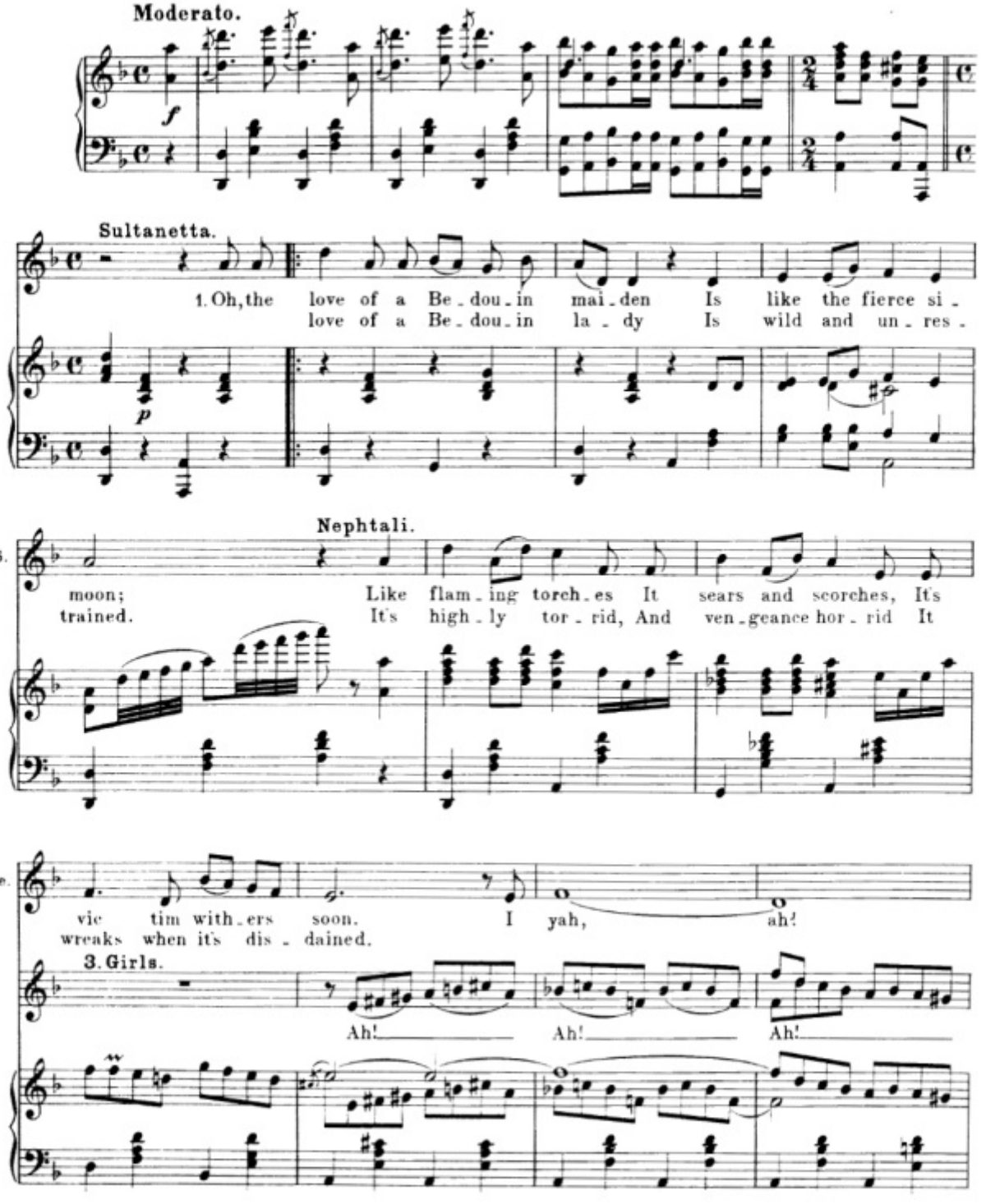

Allegro molto.
A.B.
1.
ff
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
who is as free as a Bedouin bold?
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Allegro molto.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
2.
ha! Franks, Oh, who is as free as an
ha! lo! Oh, who is as free as an
p


A.B.
A - rab chief, Li - on of the land and hawk of the air? Mas - hal - la! Where are the
A - rab chief, Li - on of the land and hawk of the air? Mas - hal - la! Where are the
A.B.
Fran - kish dogs? Let them fol - low us here if they dare. Hi! Hal - lo! As I
Fran - kish dogs? Let them fol - low us here if they dare. Hi! Hal - lo! As he
A.B.
clat - ter a - way, I and my steed worth his weight in gold I'll
clat - ter a - way, he and his steed worth his weight in gold. He'll


A. B.
mock with my laughter whoe'- er fol-lows af - ter. Oh who is as free as a
mock with his laughter whoe'- er fol-lows af - ter. Oh who is as free as a
A. B.
Be-douin bold? Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
Be-douin bold? Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
A. B.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha.
fz

Nº 17. Quintette.

Petitpas and Four Arab Girls.



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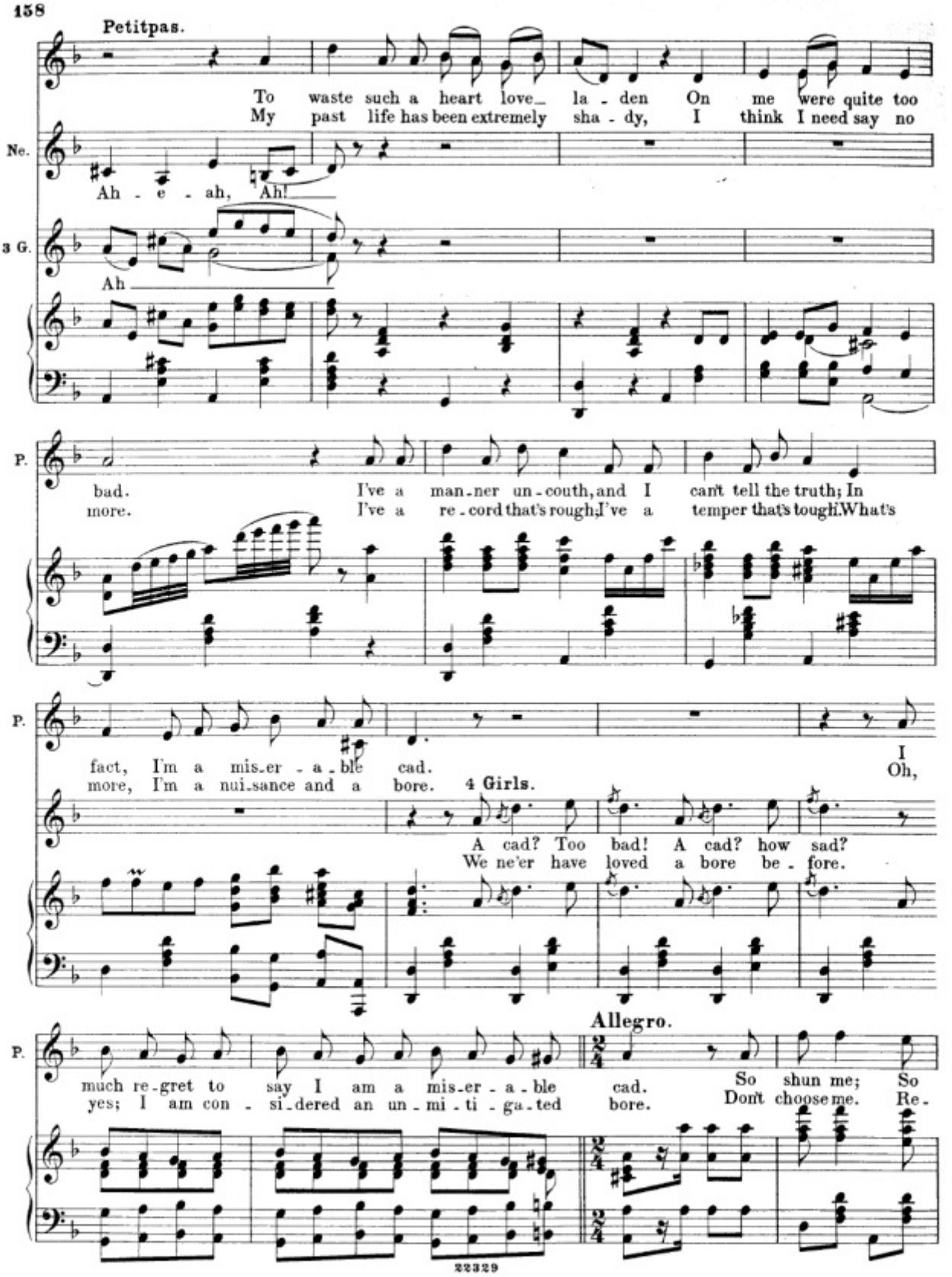
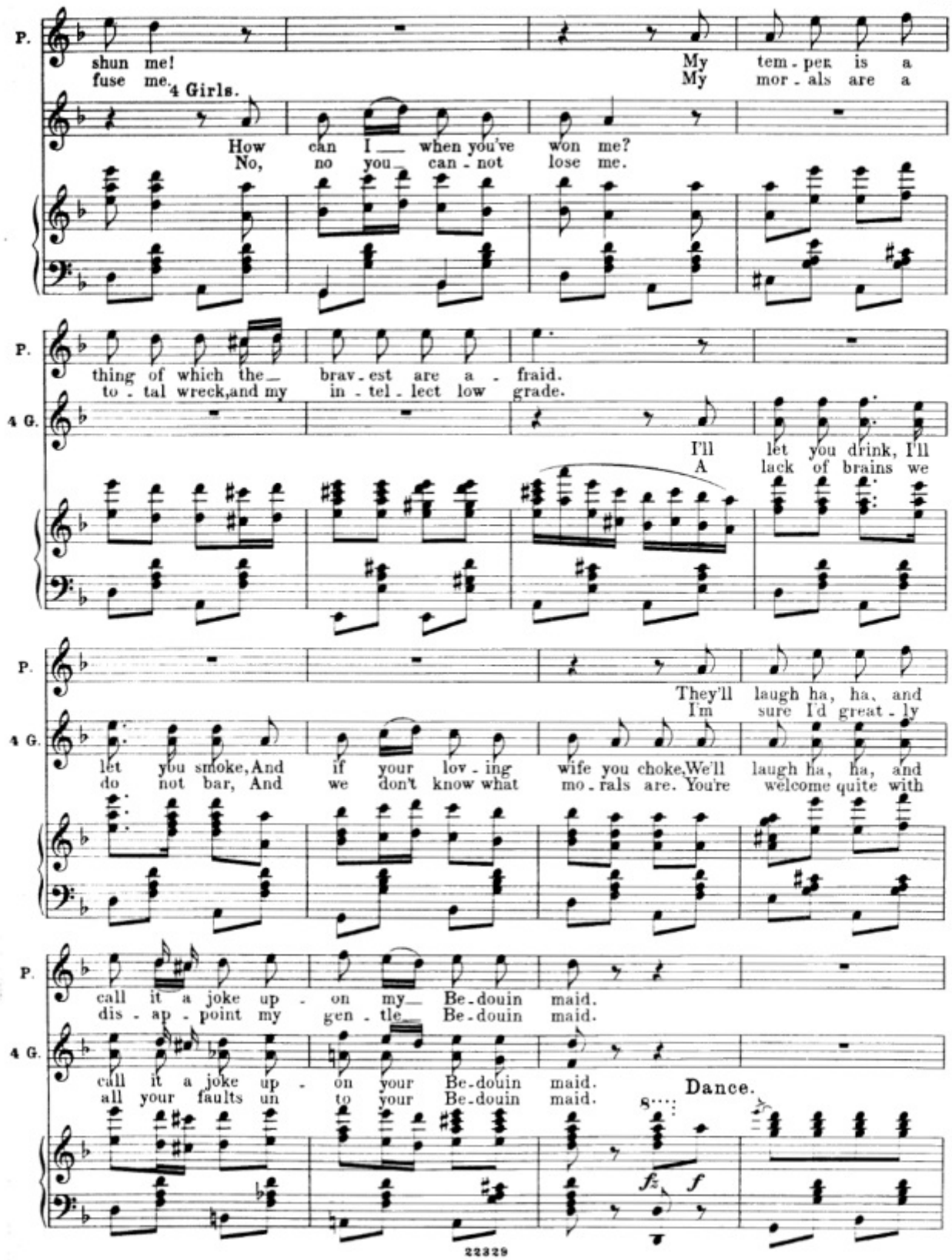
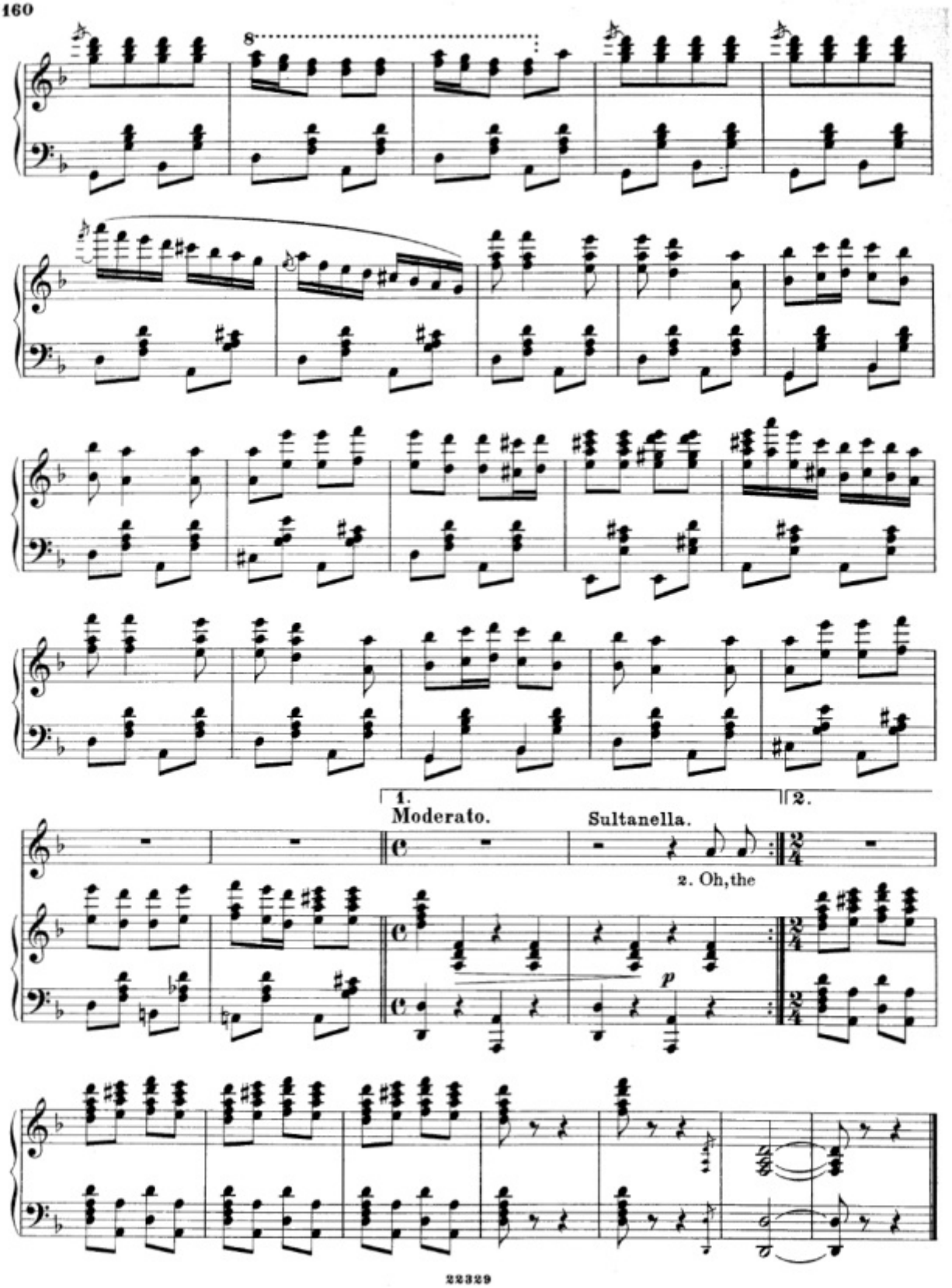
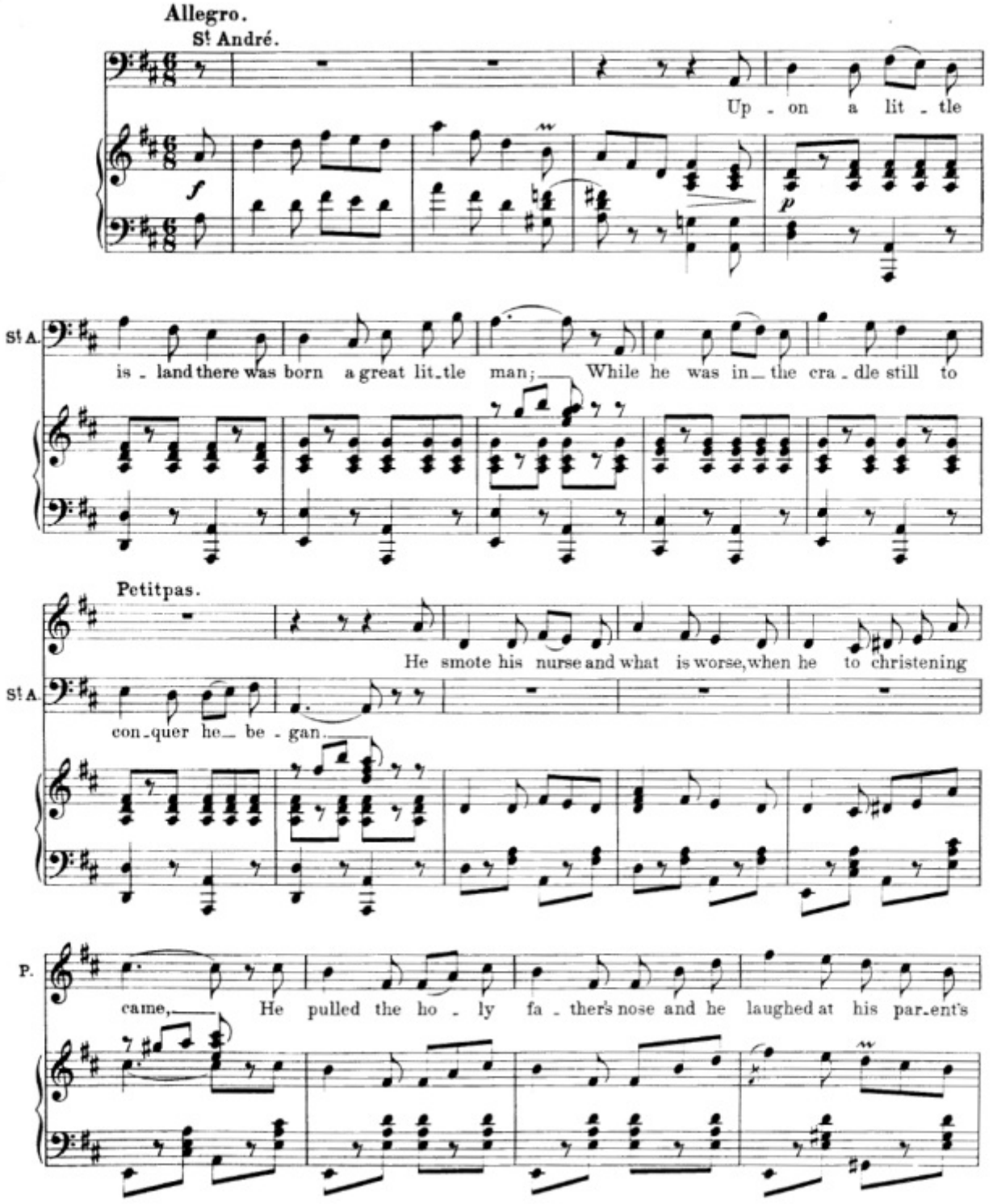

Petitpas.
To waste such a heart love- la - den On me were quite too
My past life has been extremely sha - dy, I think I need say no
Ne.
Ah - e - ah, Ah!
3 G.
Ah
P.
bad. I've a man-ner un-couth, and I can't tell the truth; In
more. I've a re-cord that's rough, I've a temper that's tough. What's
P.
fact, I'm a mis-er - a - ble cad. I
more, I'm a nui-sance and a bore. Oh,
4 Girls.
A cad? Too bad! A cad? how sad?
We ne'er have loved a bore be - fore.
P.
Allegro.
much re-gret to say I am a mis-er - a - ble cad. So shun me; So
yes; I am con - si-dered an un-mi-ti-ga-ted bore. Don't choose me. Re-


P.
shun me!
fuse me.
4 Girls.
How can I — when you've won me?
No, no you — can - not lose me.
My tem - per is a
My mor - als are a
P.
thing of which the — brav - est are a - fraid.
to - tal wreck, and my in - tel - lect low grade.
4 G.
I'll let you drink, I'll
A lack of brains we
P.
They'll laugh ha, ha, and
I'm sure I'd great - ly
4 G.
let you smoke, And if your lov - ing wife you choke, We'll laugh ha, ha, and
do not bar, And we don't know what mo - rals are. You're welcome quite with
P.
call it a joke up - on my — Be - douin maid.
dis - ap - point my gen - tle — Be - douin maid.
4 G.
call it a joke up - on your Be - douin maid.
all your faults un - to your Be - douin maid.
Dance.
fz
f


8
1.
2.
Moderato.
Sultanella.
2. Oh, the
p

Nº 18. Finale.



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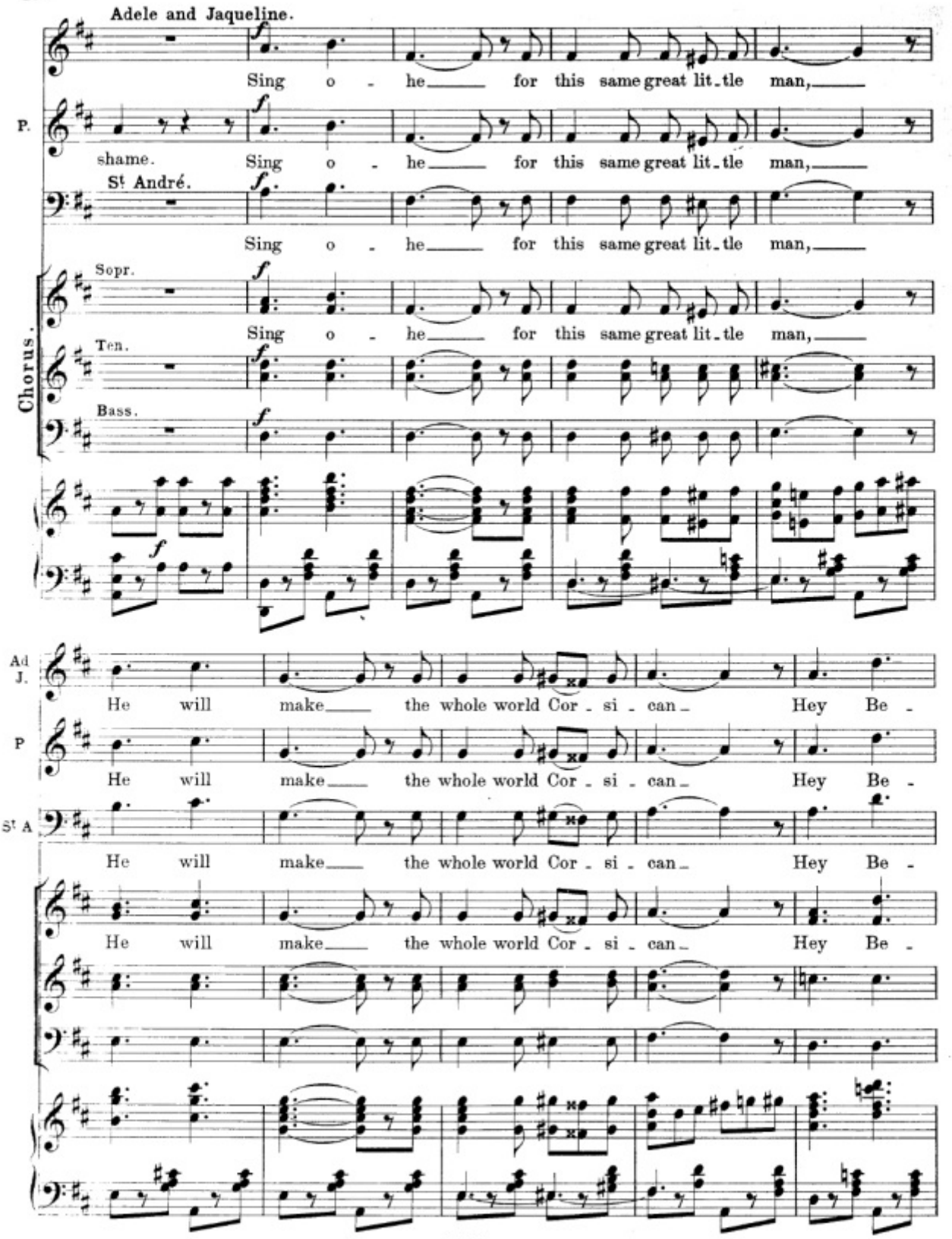
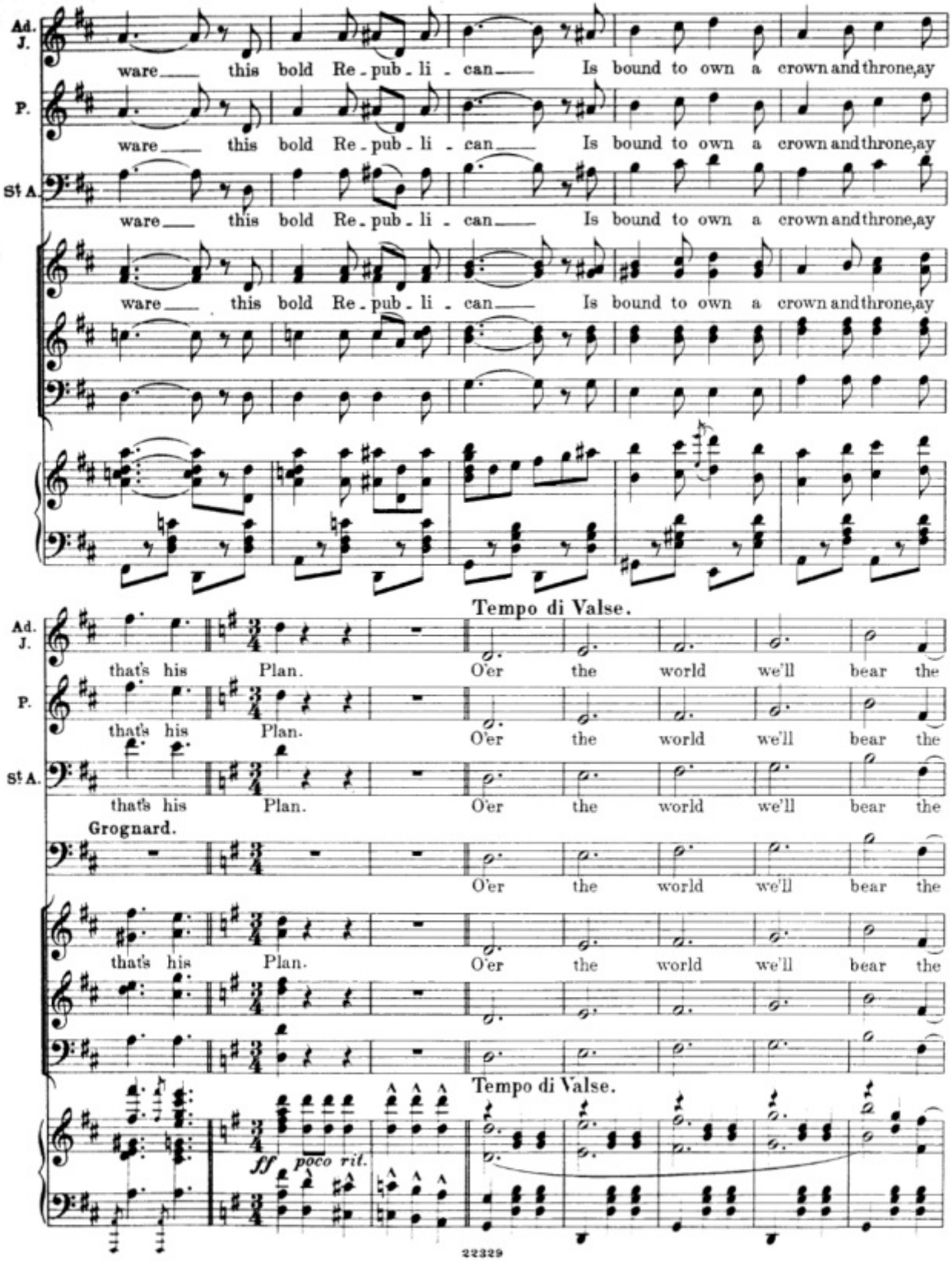
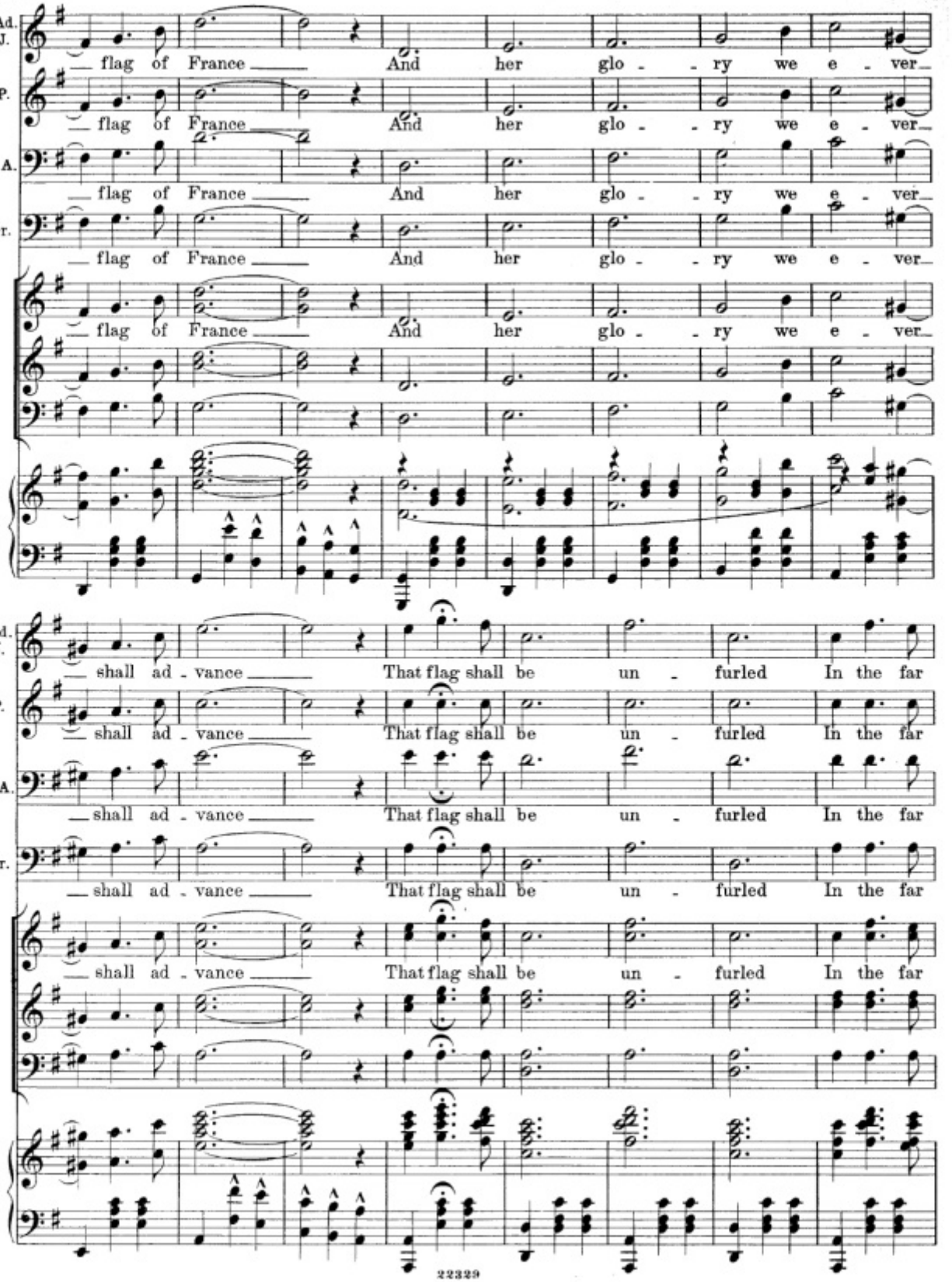
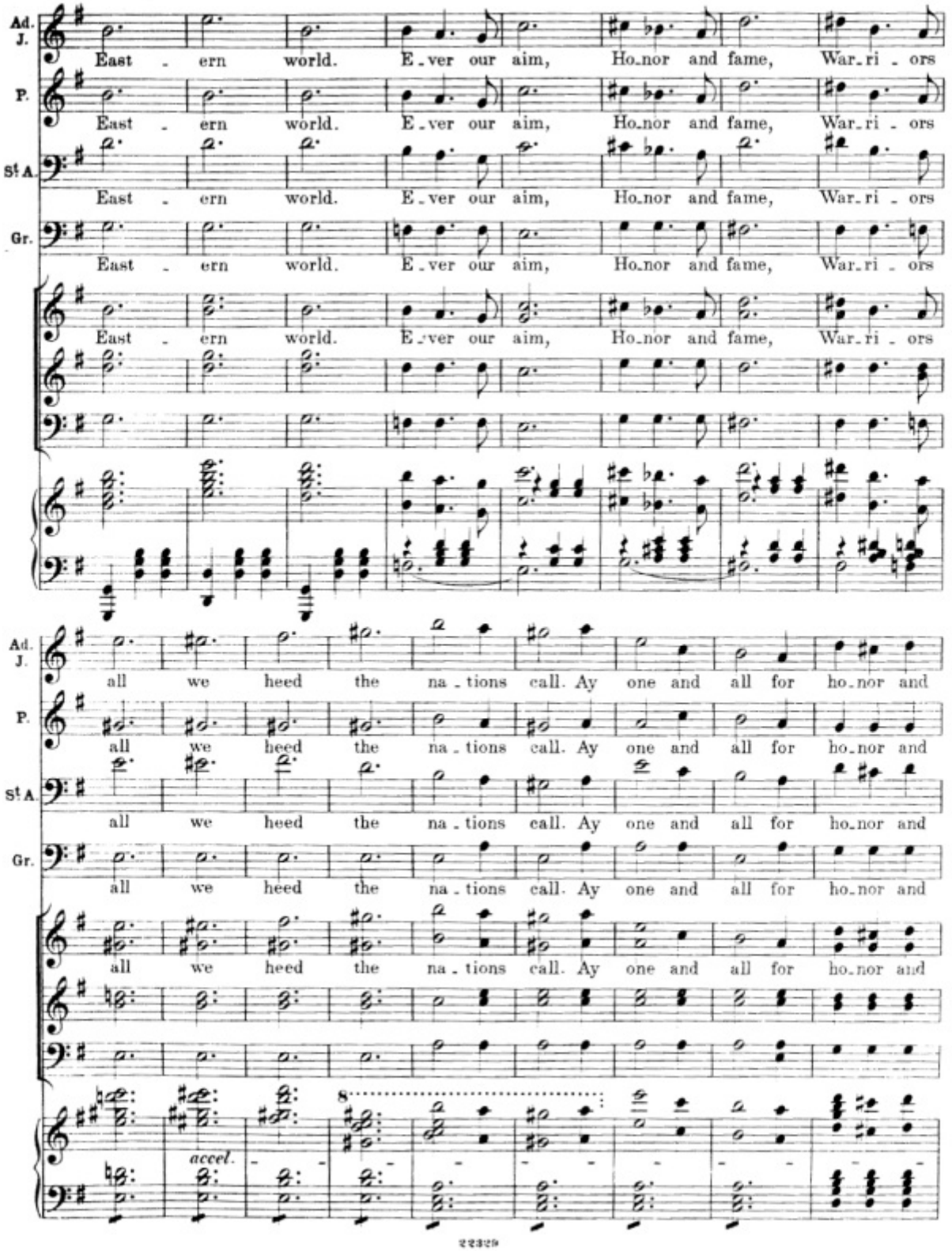
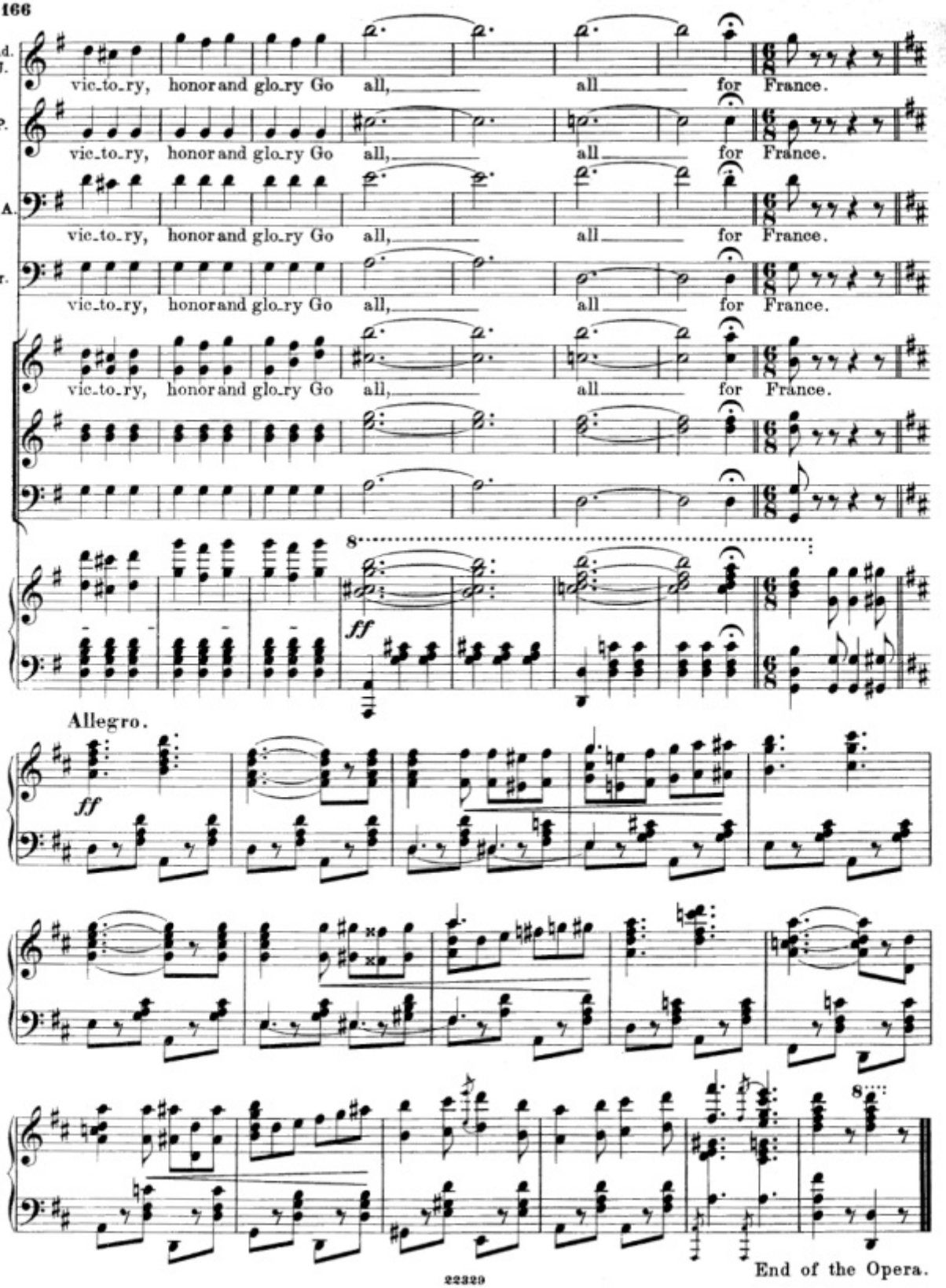

Adele and Jaqueline.
Sing o - he for this same great lit-tle man,
P.
shame.
Sing o - he for this same great lit-tle man,
St André.
Sing o - he for this same great lit-tle man,
Chorus.
Sopr.
Sing o - he for this same great lit-tle man,
Ten.
Bass.
Ad J.
He will make the whole world Cor - si - can Hey Be -
P
He will make the whole world Cor - si - can Hey Be -
St A
He will make the whole world Cor - si - can Hey Be -
He will make the whole world Cor - si - can Hey Be -


Ad. J.
P.
St A.
ware this bold Re - pub - li - can Is bound to own a crown and throne, ay
Tempo di Valse.
that's his Plan. O'er the world we'll bear the
Grognard.
ff
poco rit.
Tempo di Valse.


Ad. J.
flag of France And her glo - ry we e - ver
P.
flag of France And her glo - ry we e - ver
St A.
flag of France And her glo - ry we e - ver
Gr.
flag of France And her glo - ry we e - ver
flag of France And her glo - ry we e - ver
Ad. J.
shall ad - vance That flag shall be un - furled In the far
P.
shall ad - vance That flag shall be un - furled In the far
St A.
shall ad - vance That flag shall be un - furled In the far
Gr.
shall ad - vance That flag shall be un - furled In the far
shall ad - vance That flag shall be un - furled In the far


Ad. J.
P.
St A.
Gr.
East - ern world. E-ver our aim, Ho-nor and fame, War-ri - ors
all we heed the na - tions call. Ay one and all for ho-nor and
accel.


Ad. J.
P.
St A.
Gr.
vic_to_ry, honor and glo_ry Go all, all for France.
ff
Allegro.
ff
End of the Opera.