146966

THE SMUGGLERS

A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

LIBRETTO BY

WILSON VANCE

MUSIC BY

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

PHILADELPHIA

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THE SMUGGLERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TITO	*Baritone.*
MATEO	*Bass.*
ENRIQUE	*Tenor.*
STUBBS	*Tenor.*
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	*Baritone.*
VIOLANTE	*Soprano.*
QUEEN OF THE SMUGGLERS	*Contralto.*

The scene is laid in the mountain fastnesses of Spain.

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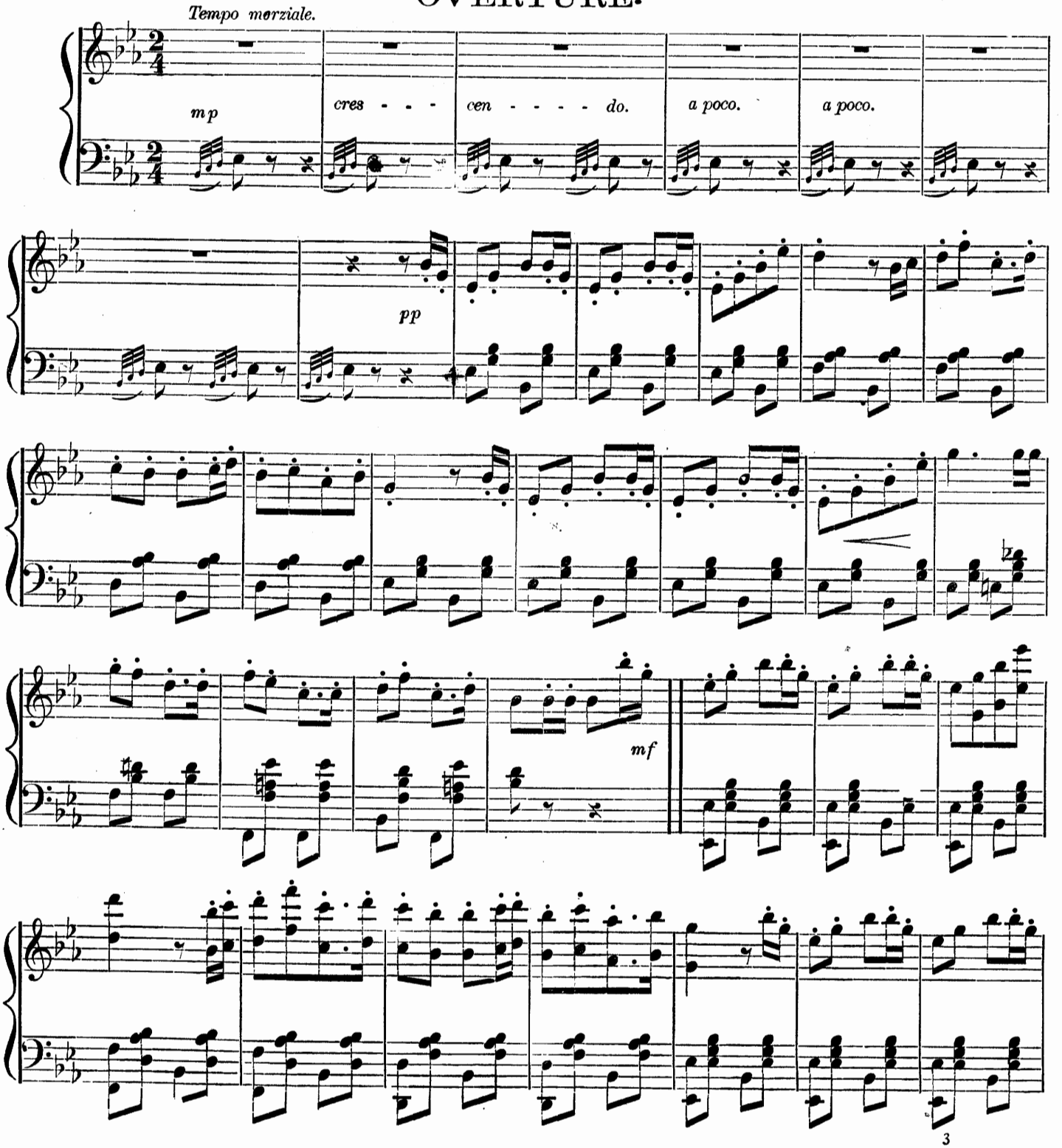
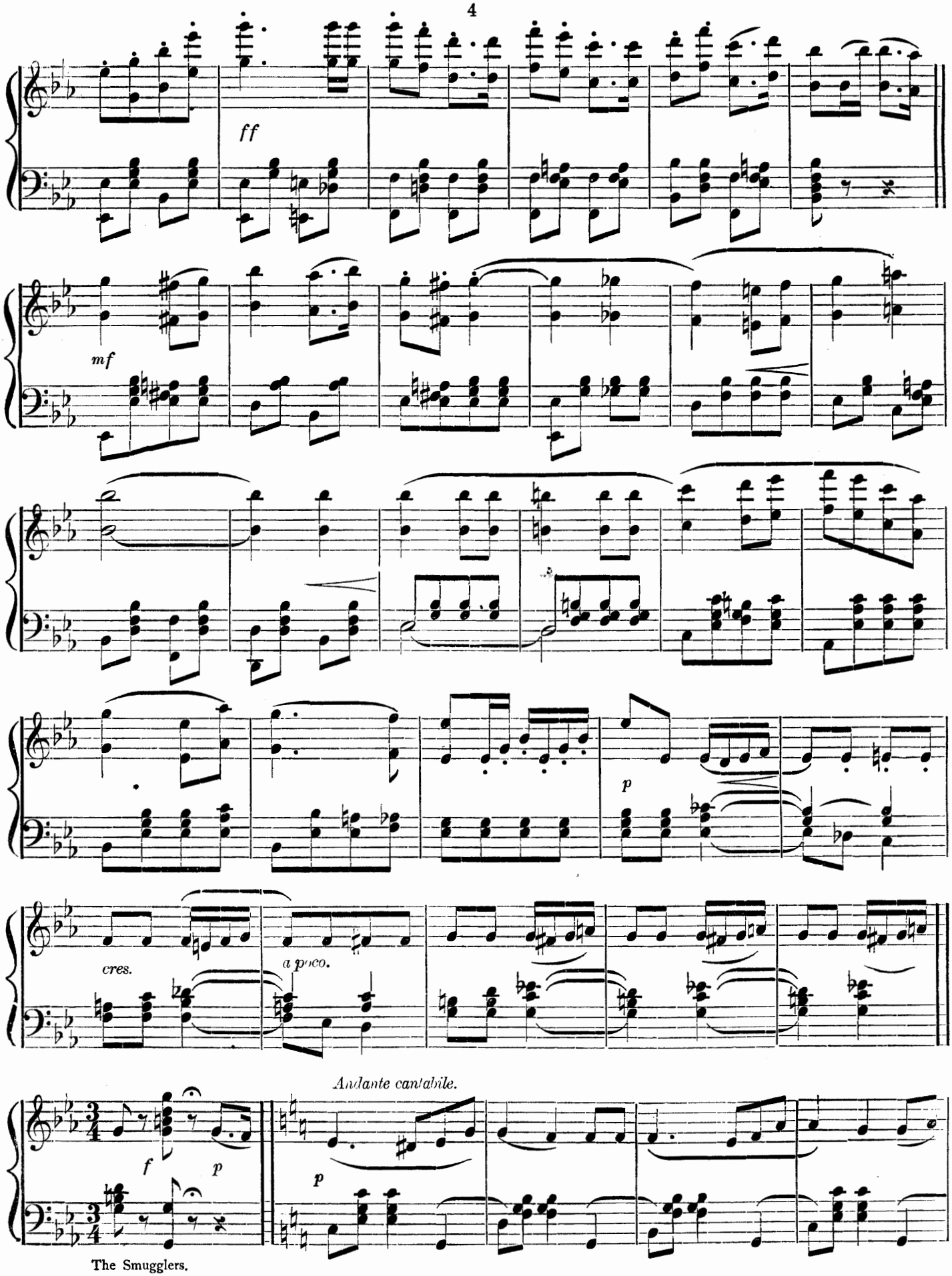
THE SMUGGLERS

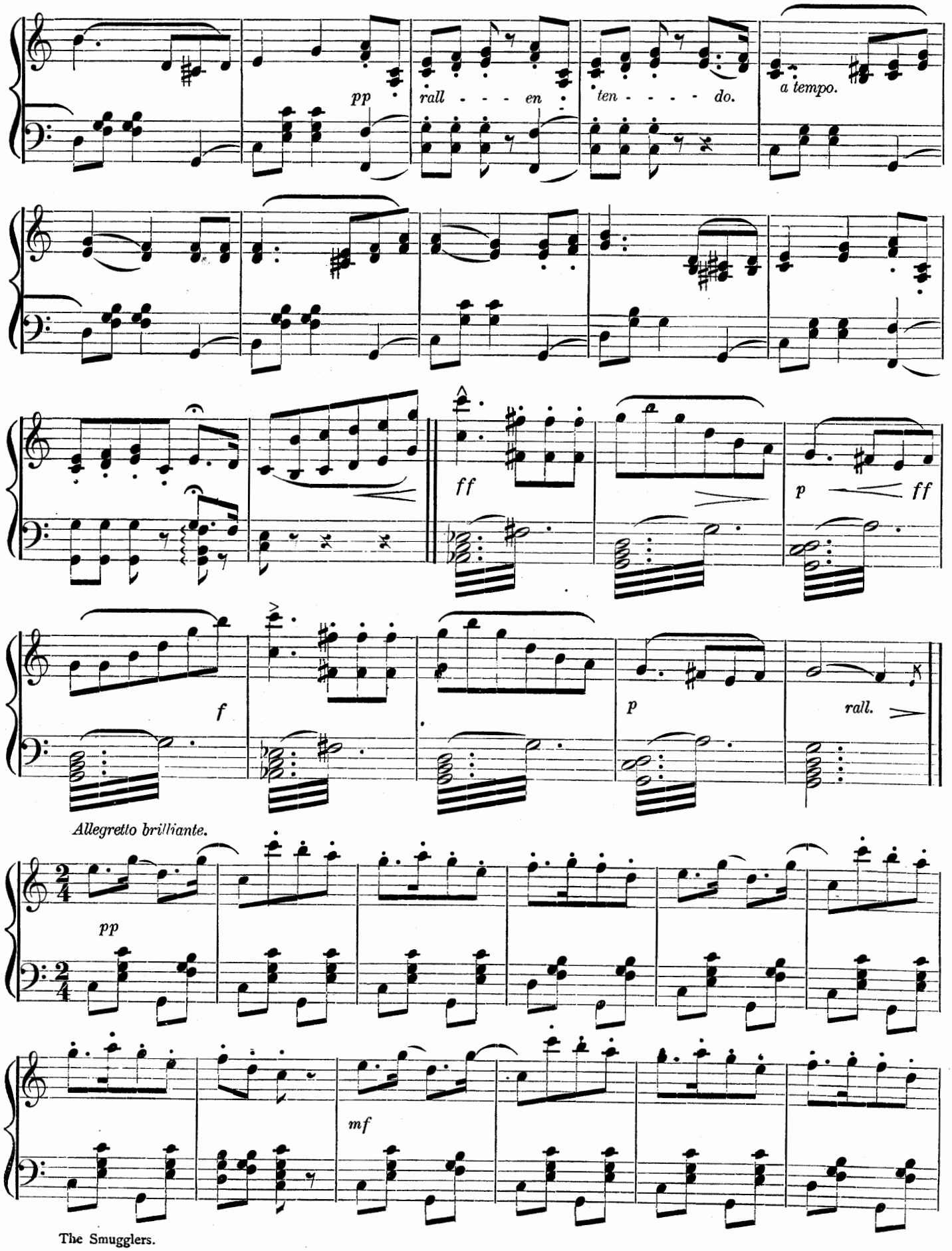
A COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

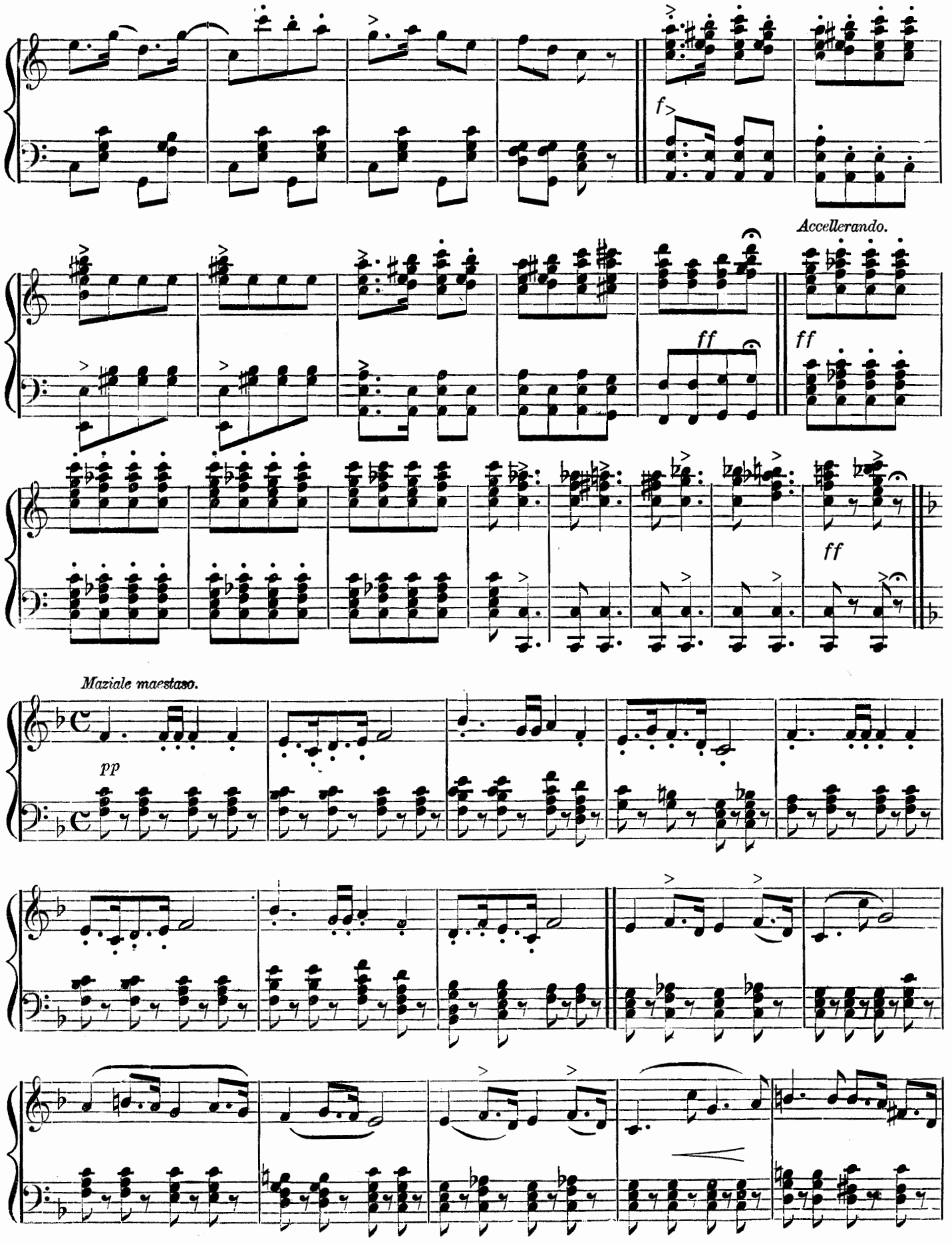
Written by WILSON VANCE **Composed by JOHN PHILIP SOUSA**

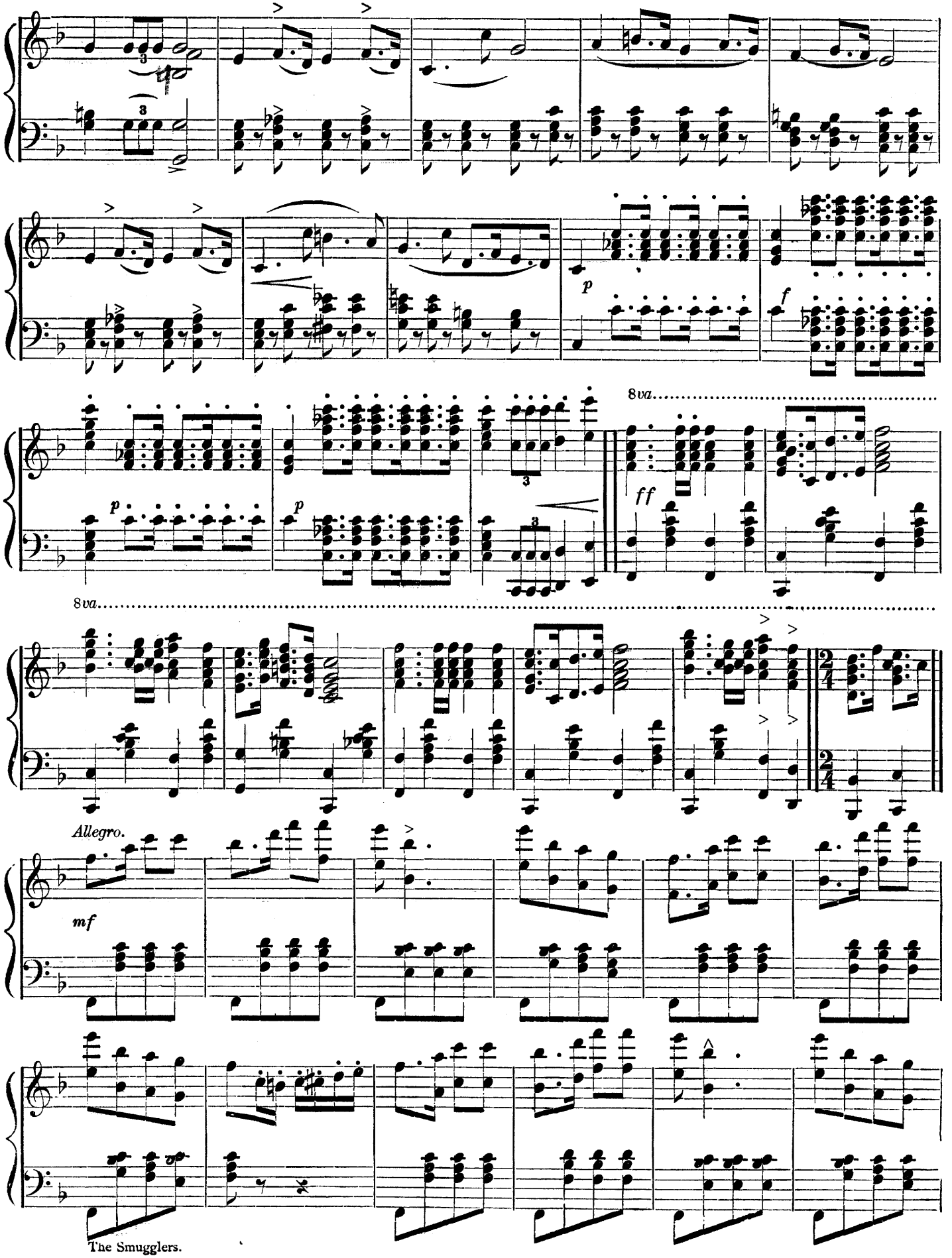
OVERTURE.

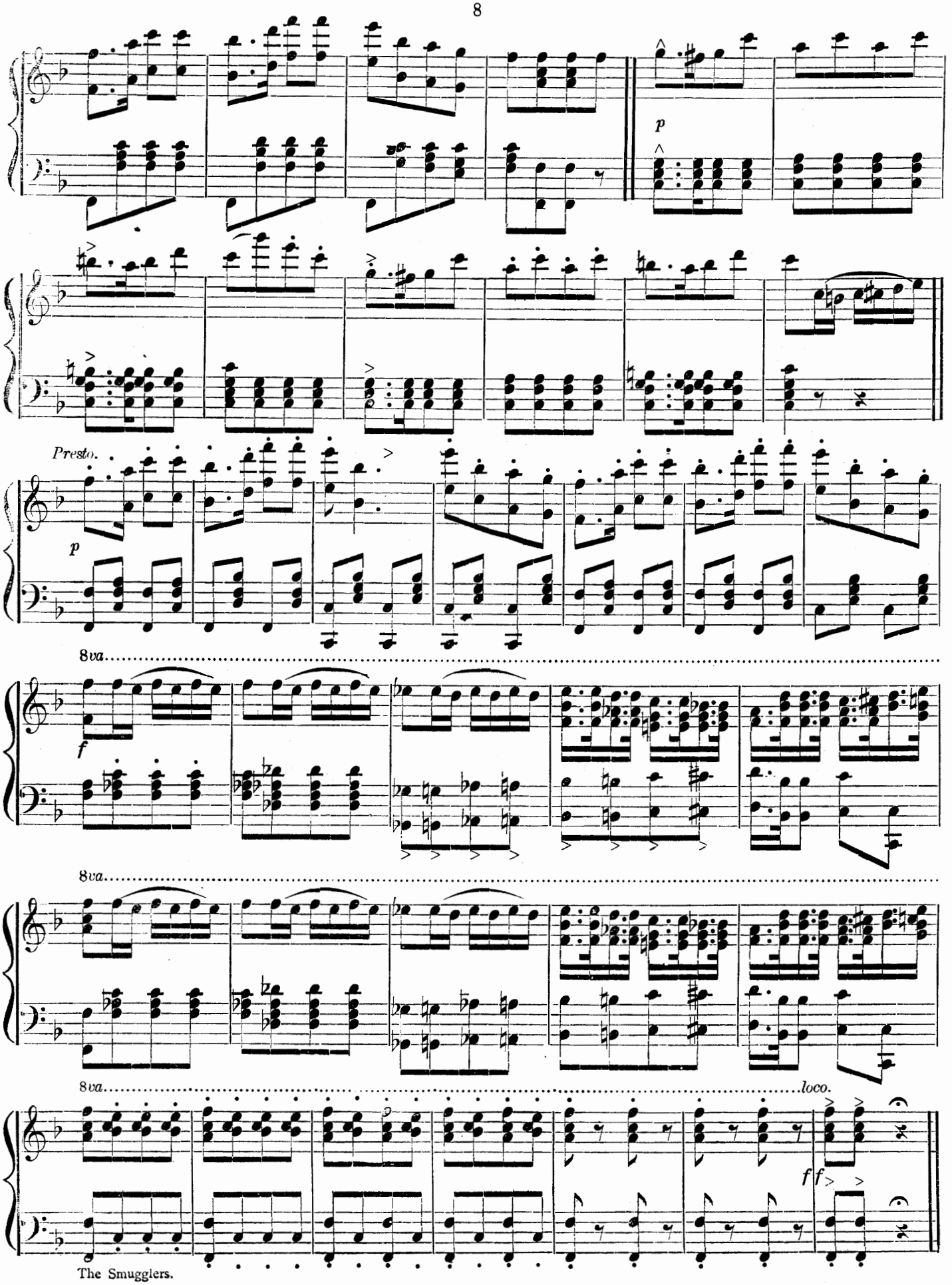



ff
mf
p
cres.
a poco.
Andante cantabile.
f
p
p


pp
rall - - - en -
ten - - - - do.
a tempo.
ff
p
ff
f
p
rall.
Allegretto brilliante.
pp
mf


f
Accellerando.
ff
ff
ff
Maziale maestaso.
pp


8va
p
f
ff
8va
Allegro.
mf


p
Presto.
p
8va
f
8va
8va
loco.
f f
The Smugglers.

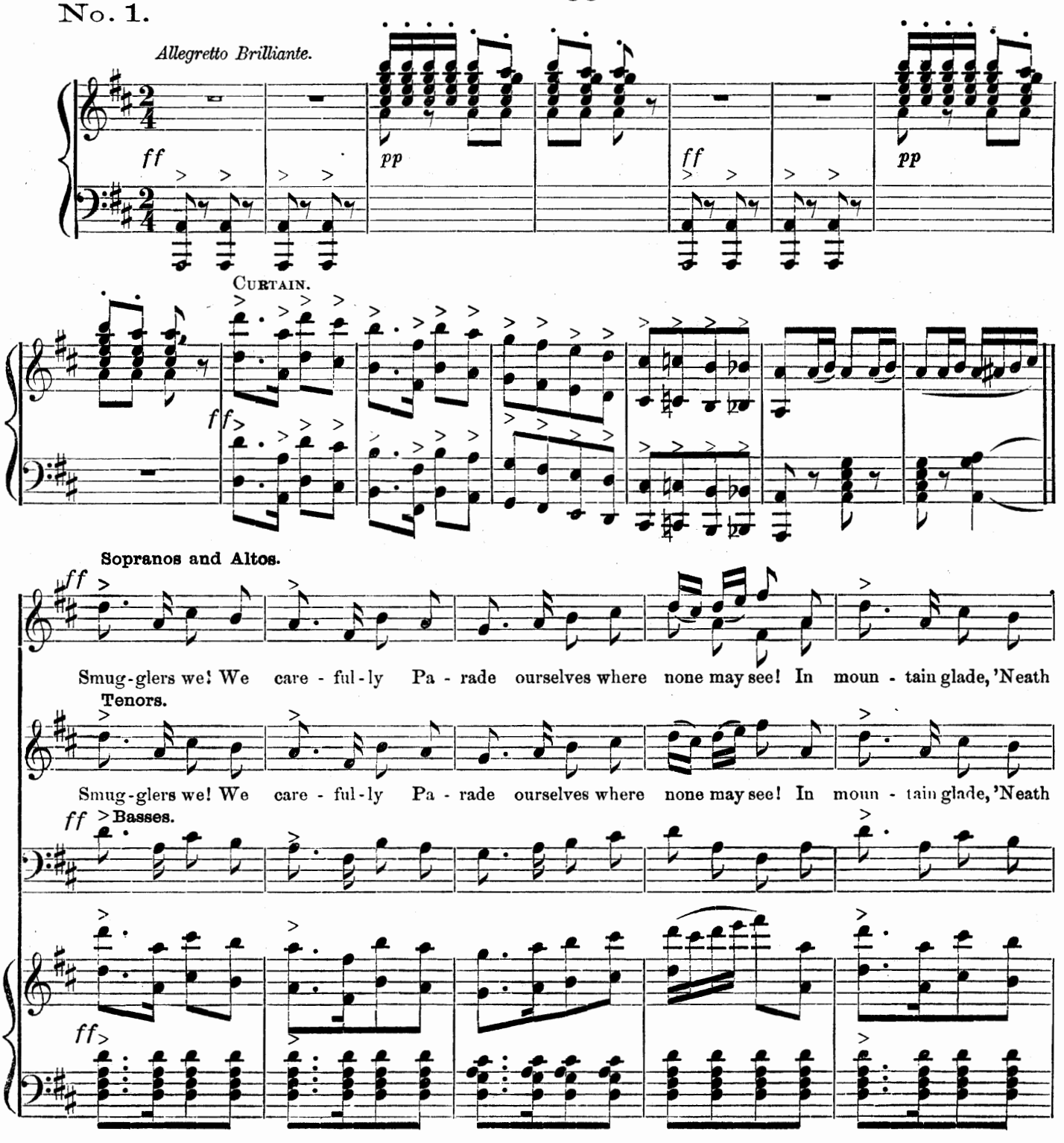
THE SMUGGLERS.

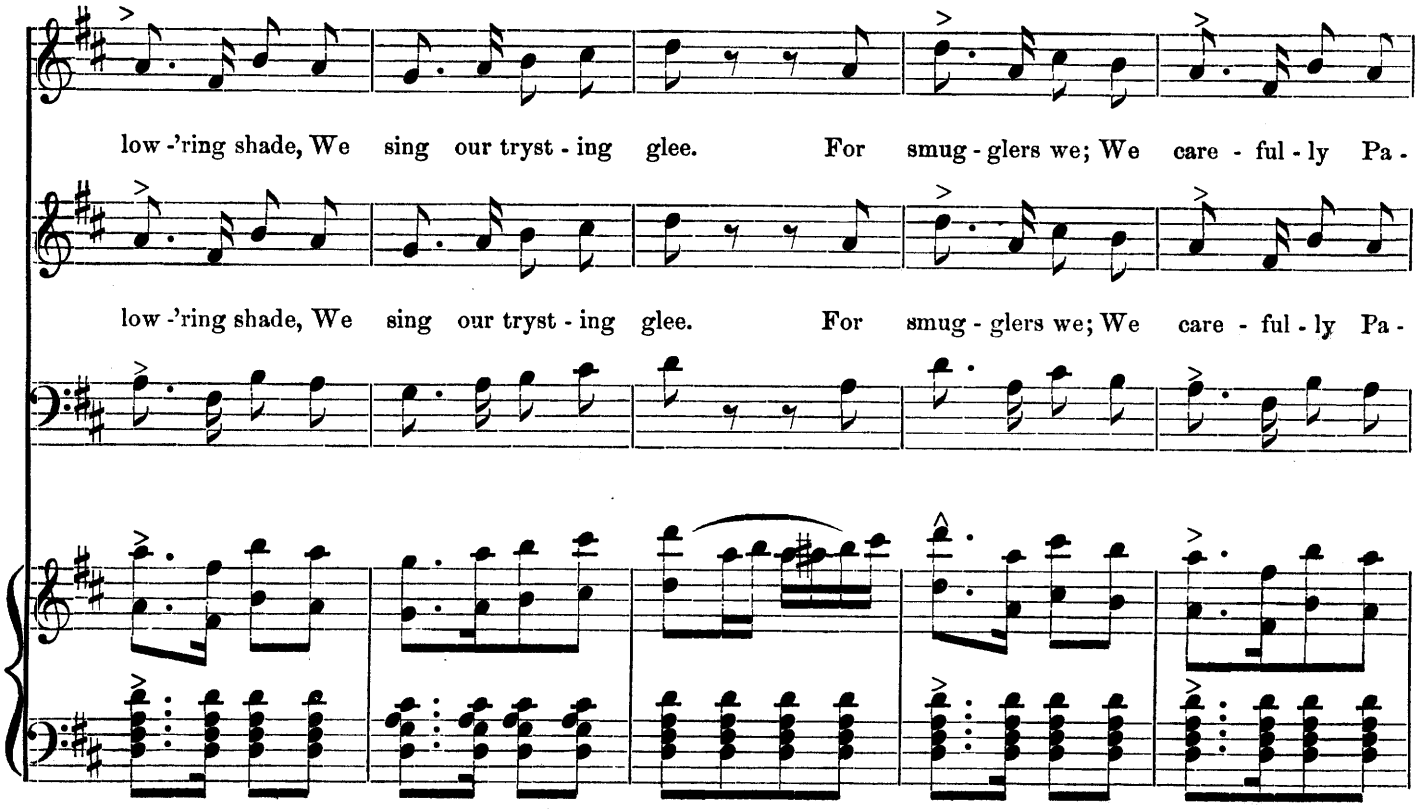
ACT 1.

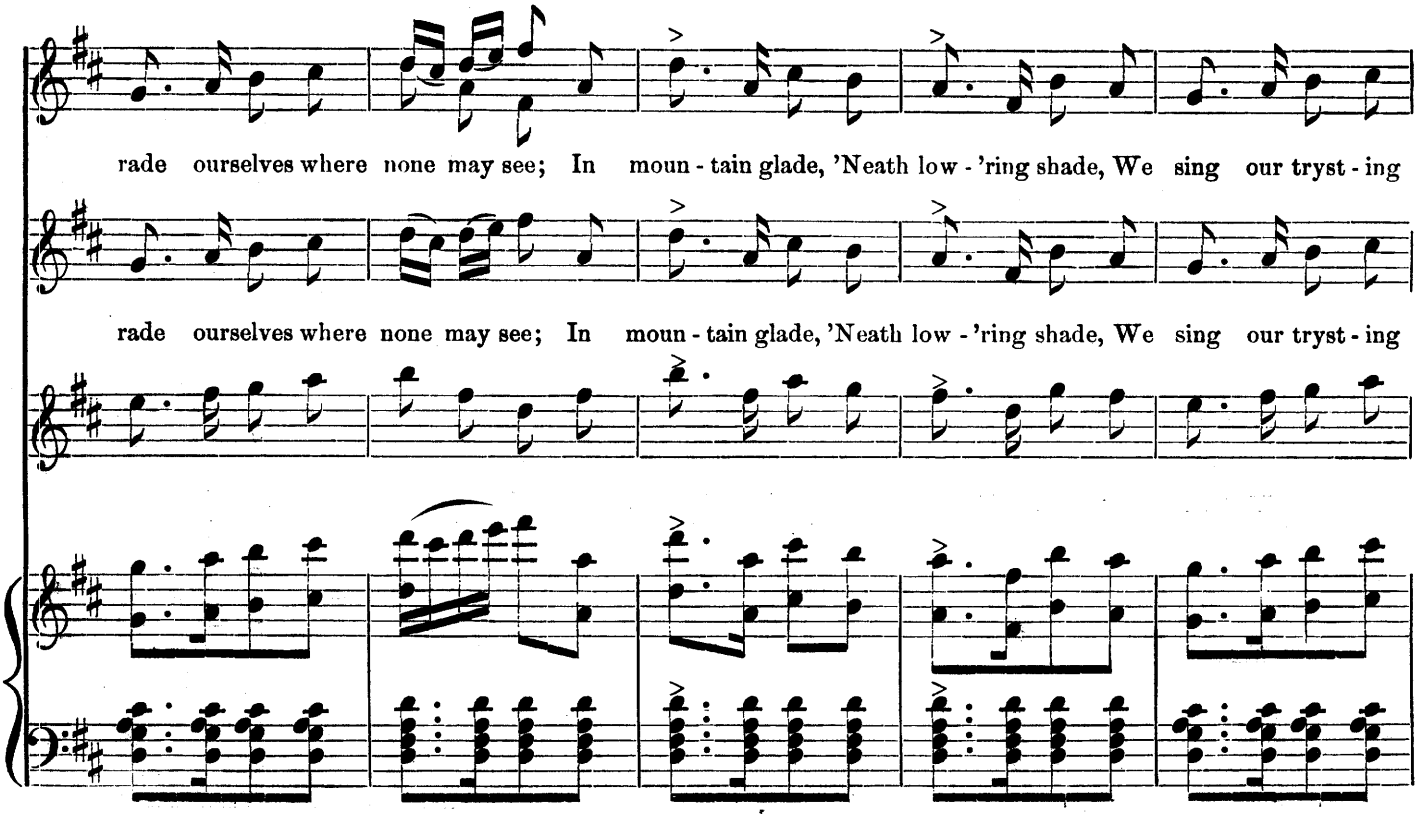
SCENE.—*Mountain—rocks at back, glen—platform at back leading right and left, masked by set rocks. Cave at 2 E. L. opening, masked by vines etc. Rude benches etc. Smugglers grouped about stage.*

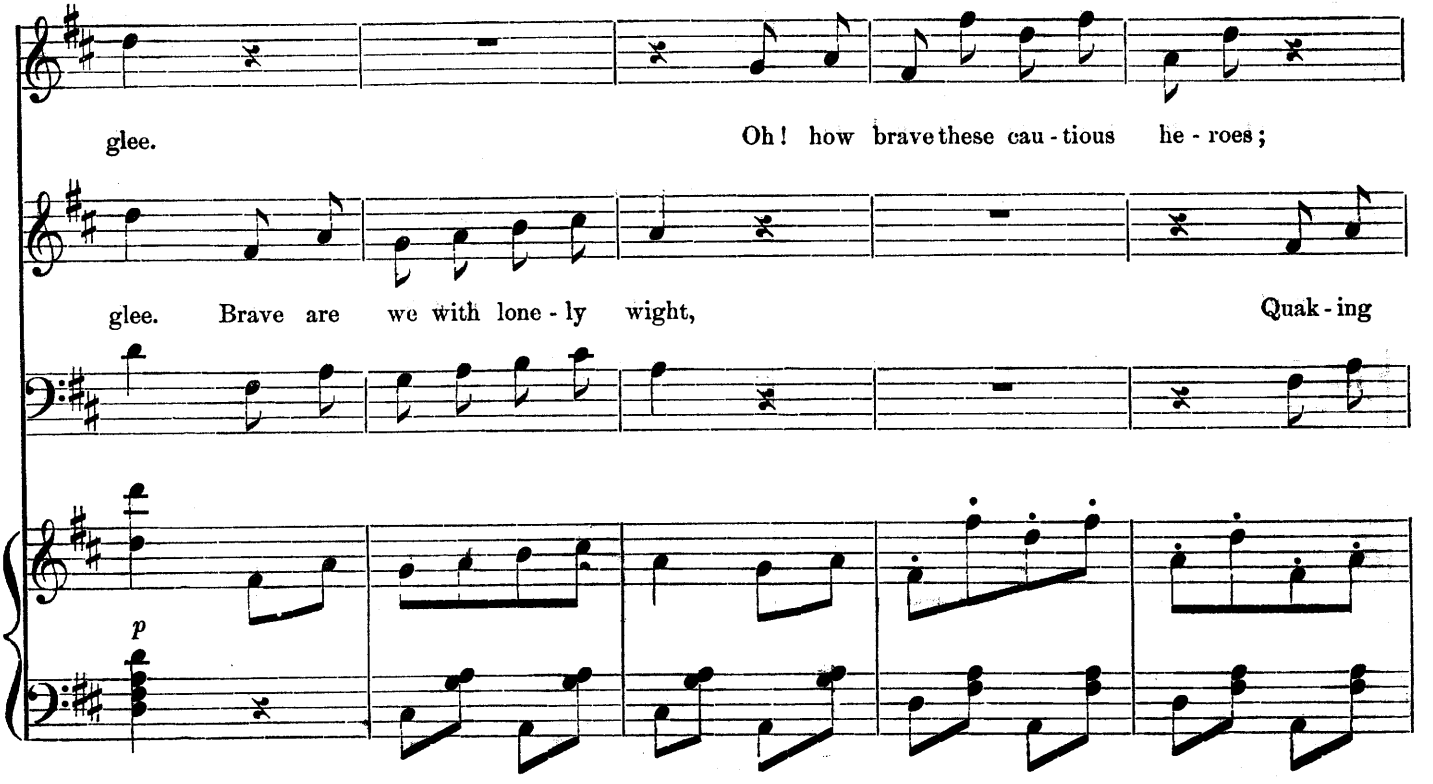
CHORUS, "Smugglers we."

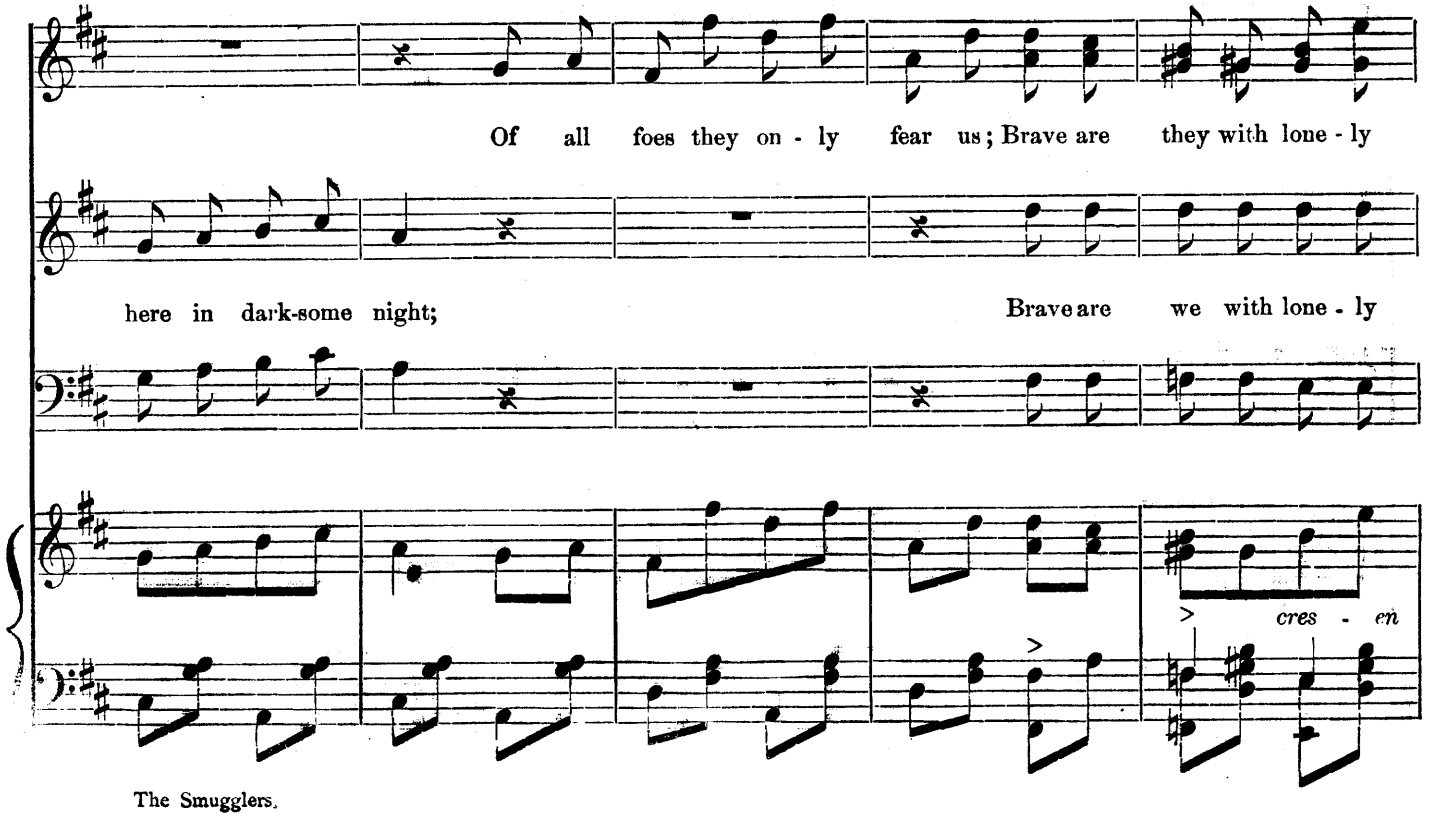
No. 1.

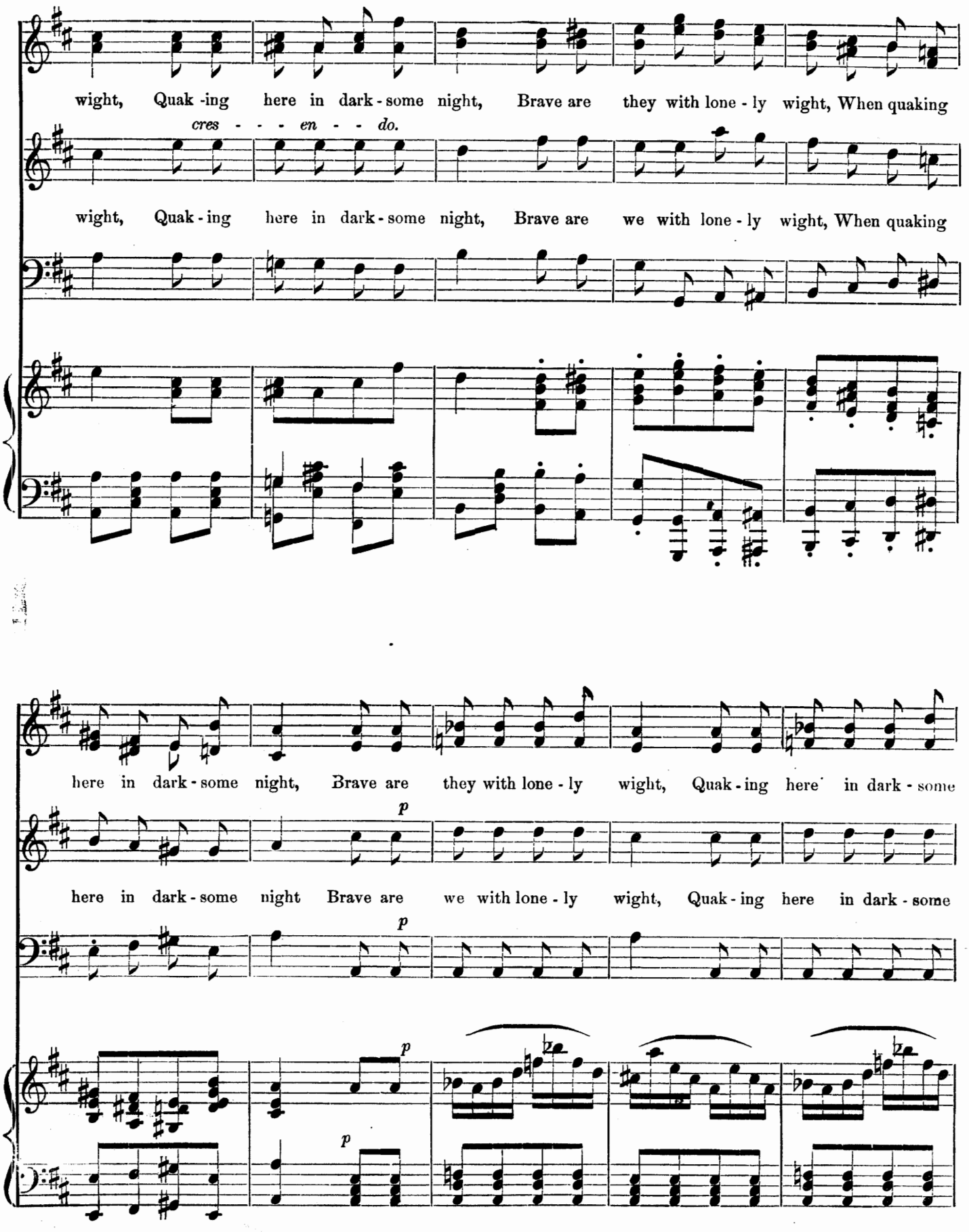


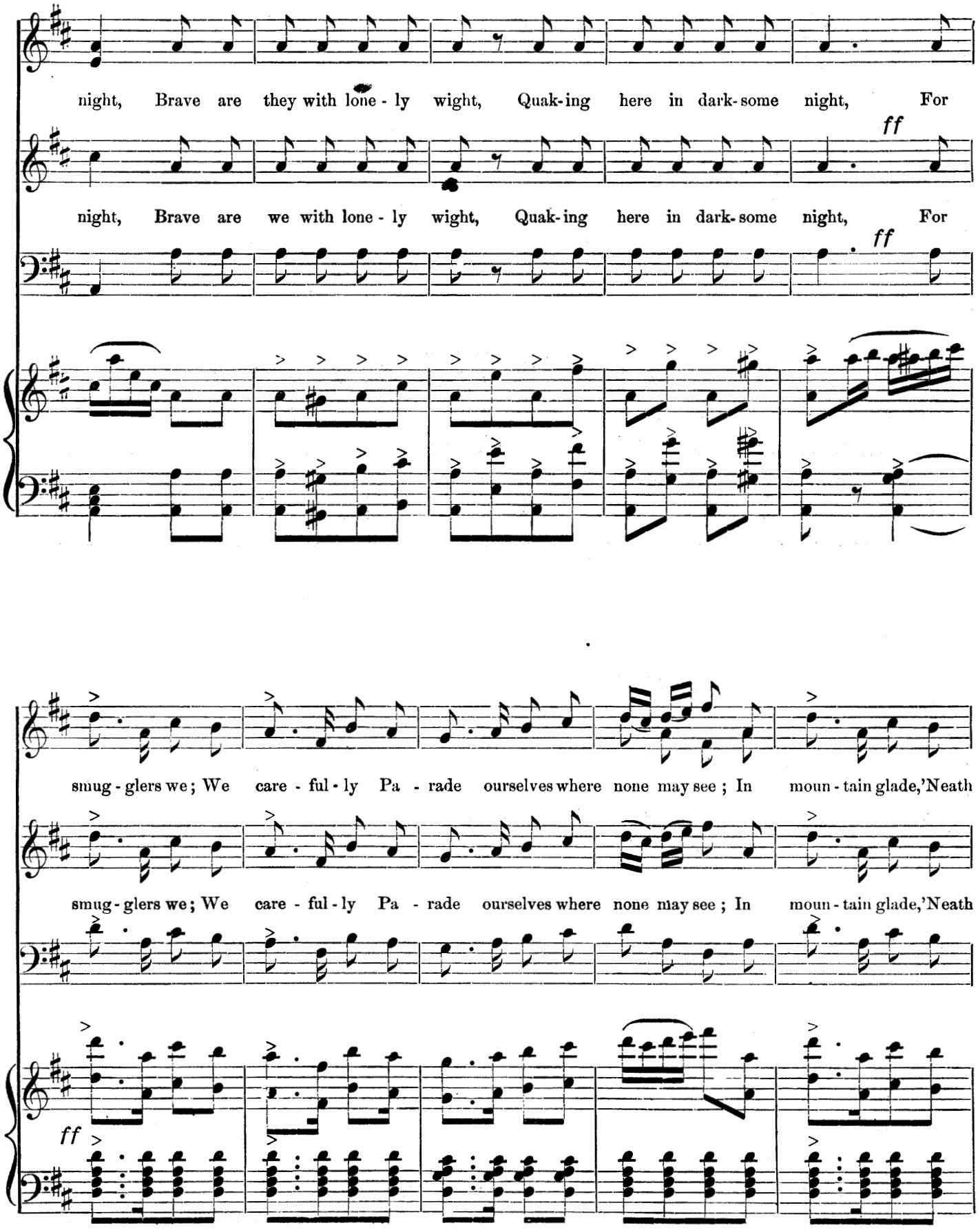

low -'ring shade, We sing our tryst - ing glee. For smug - glers we; We care - ful - ly Pa -
low -'ring shade, We sing our tryst - ing glee. For smug - glers we; We care - ful - ly Pa -

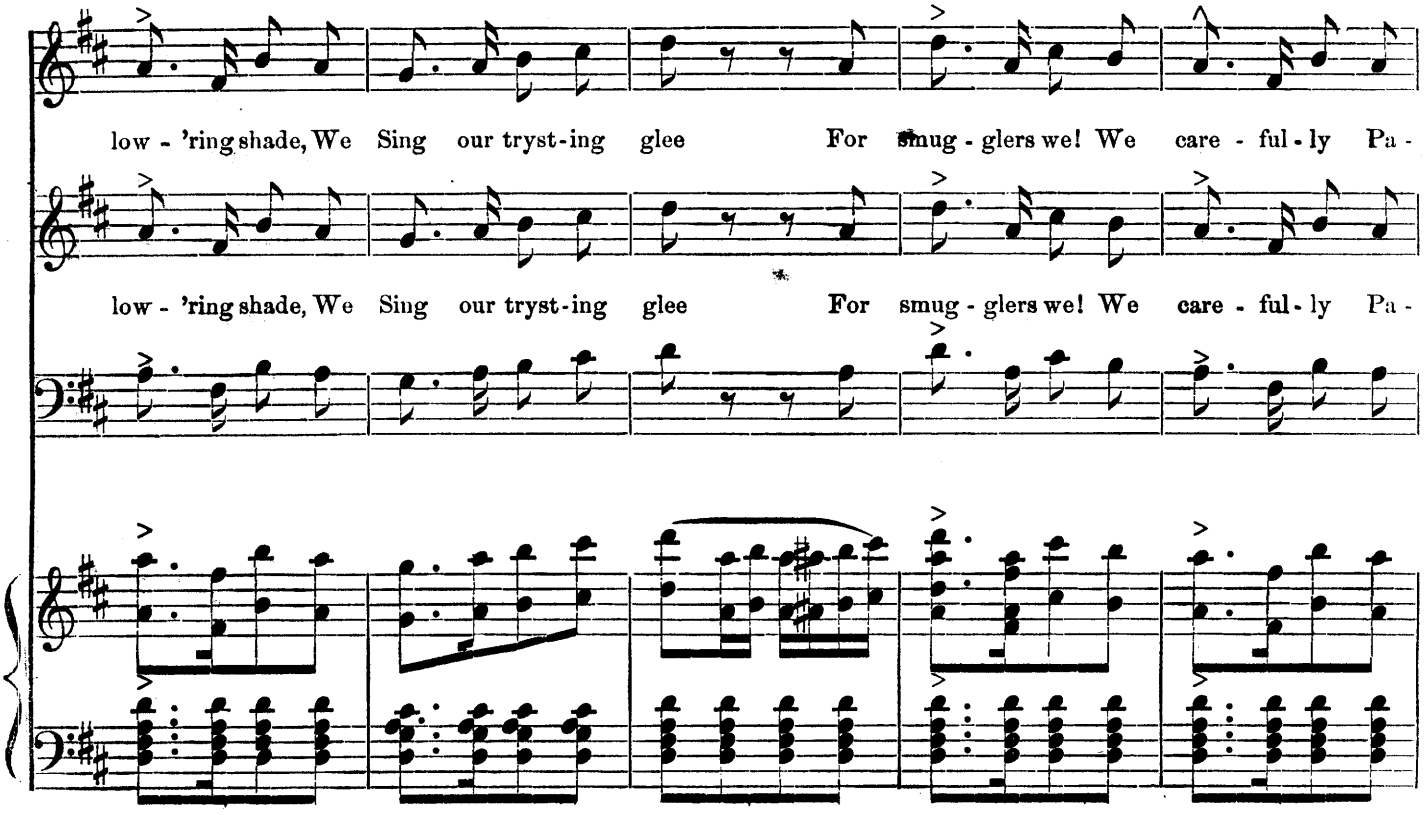

rade ourselves where none may see; In moun - tain glade, 'Neath low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst - ing
rade ourselves where none may see; In moun - tain glade, 'Neath low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst - ing

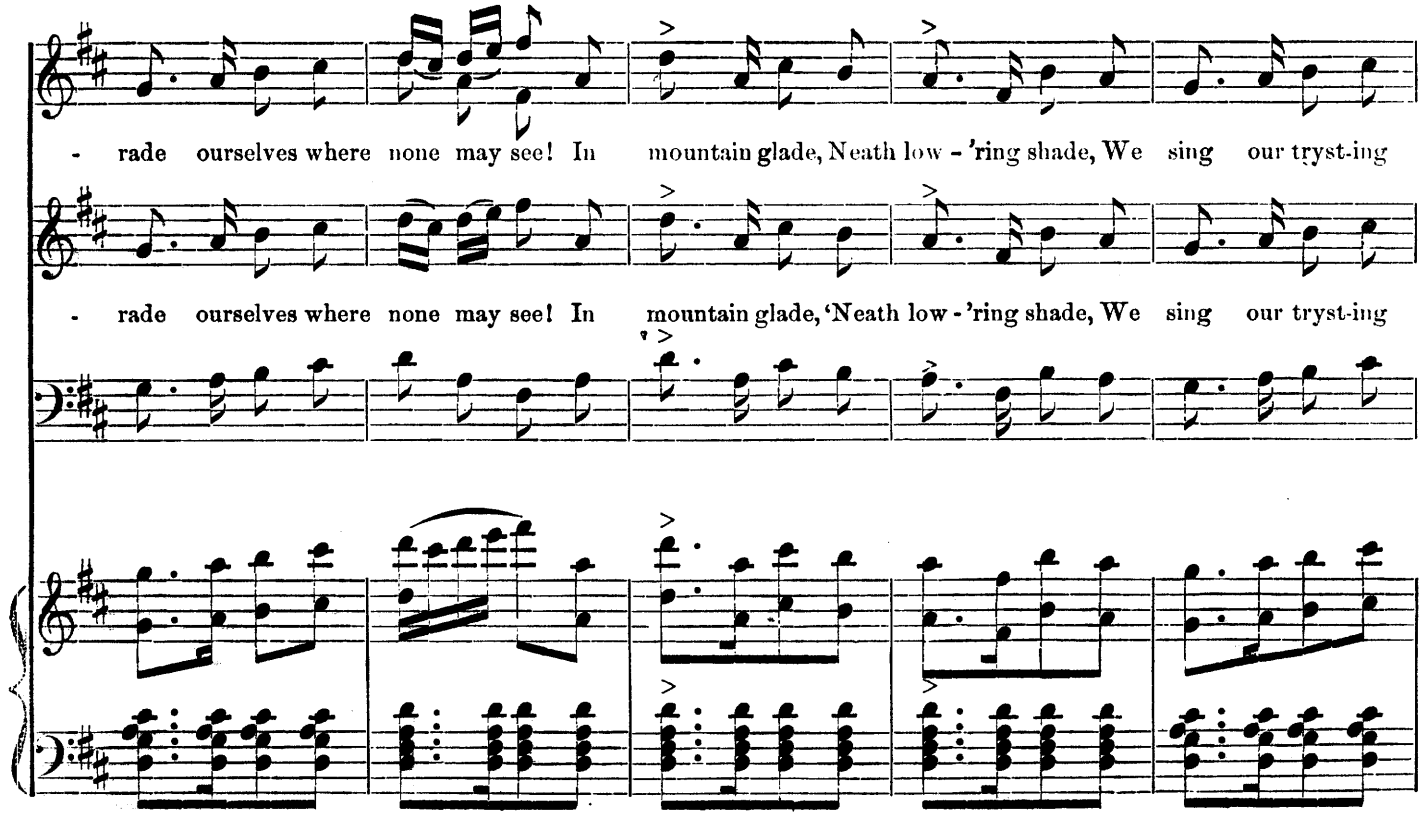

glee.
Oh! how brave these cau - tious he - roes;
glee. Brave are we with lone - ly wight,
Quak - ing
p

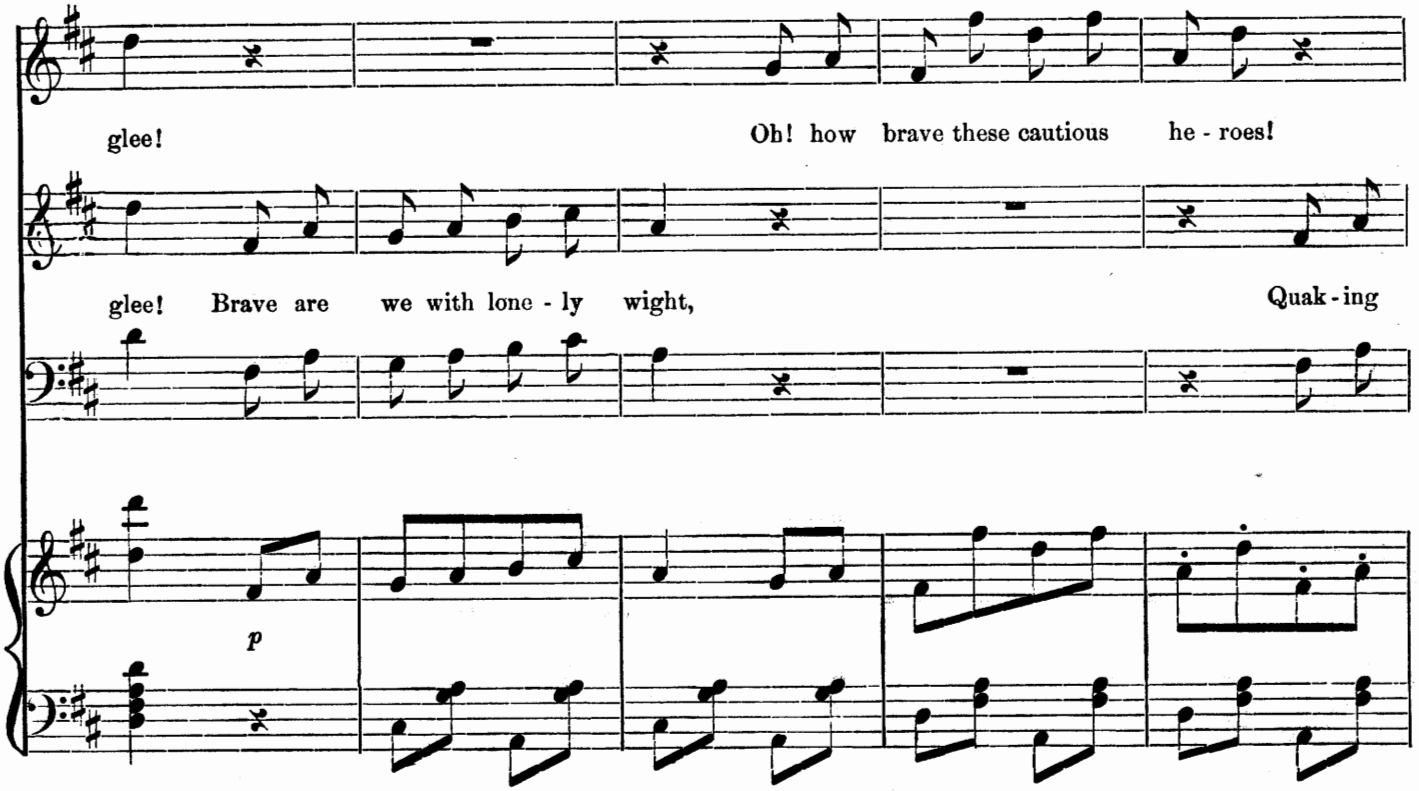

Of all foes they on - ly fear us; Brave are they with lone - ly
here in dark-some night;
Brave are we with lone - ly
cres - en

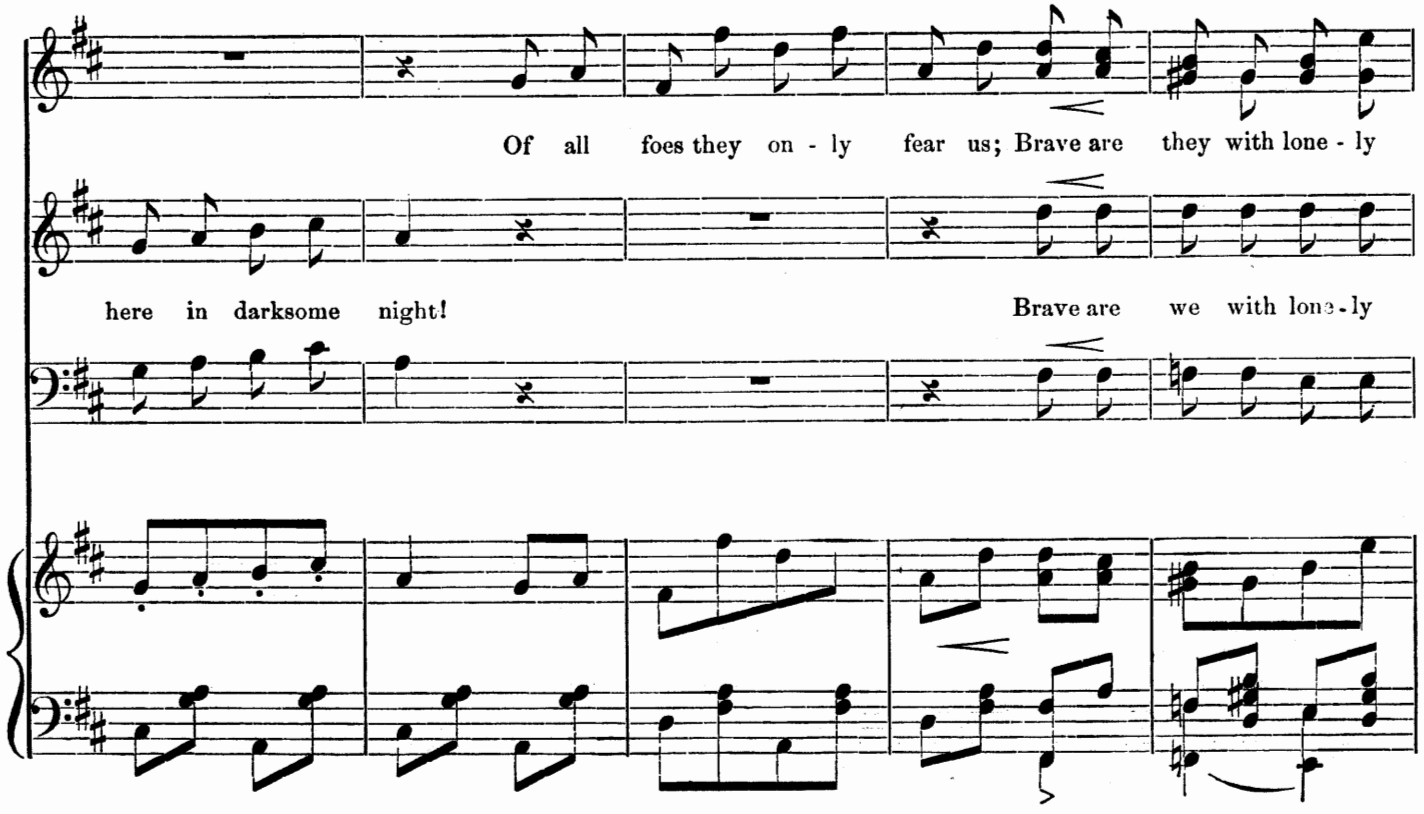

wight, Quak -ing here in dark - some night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, When quaking
cres - - - en - - do.
wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some night, Brave are we with lone - ly wight, When quaking
here in dark - some night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some
p
here in dark - some night Brave are we with lone - ly wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some
p
p
p

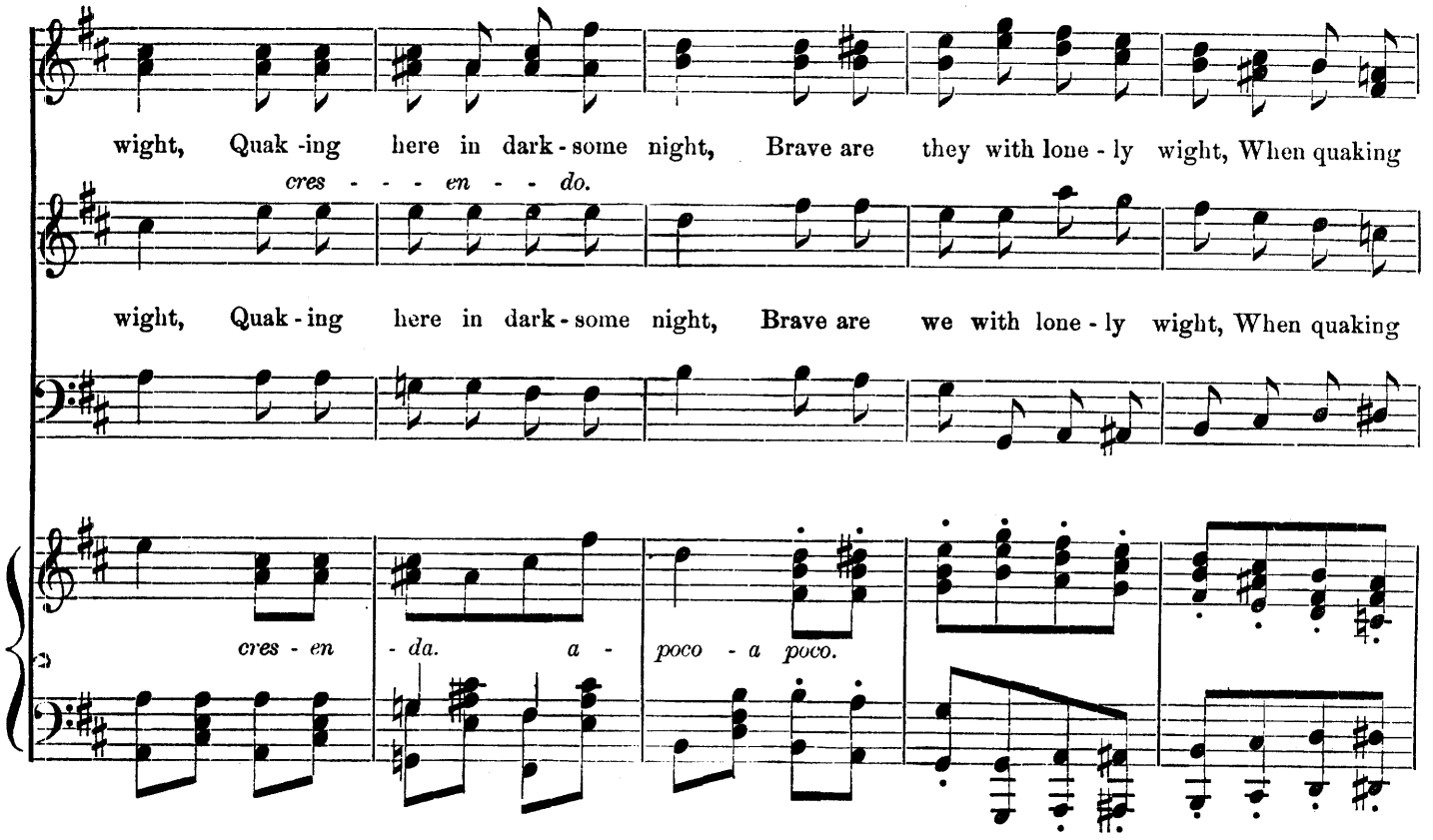

night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some night, For
night, Brave are we with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some night, For
ff
ff
smug - glers we; We care - ful - ly Pa - rade ourselves where none may see; In moun - tain glade,'Neath
smug - glers we; We care - ful - ly Pa - rade ourselves where none may see; In moun - tain glade,'Neath
ff

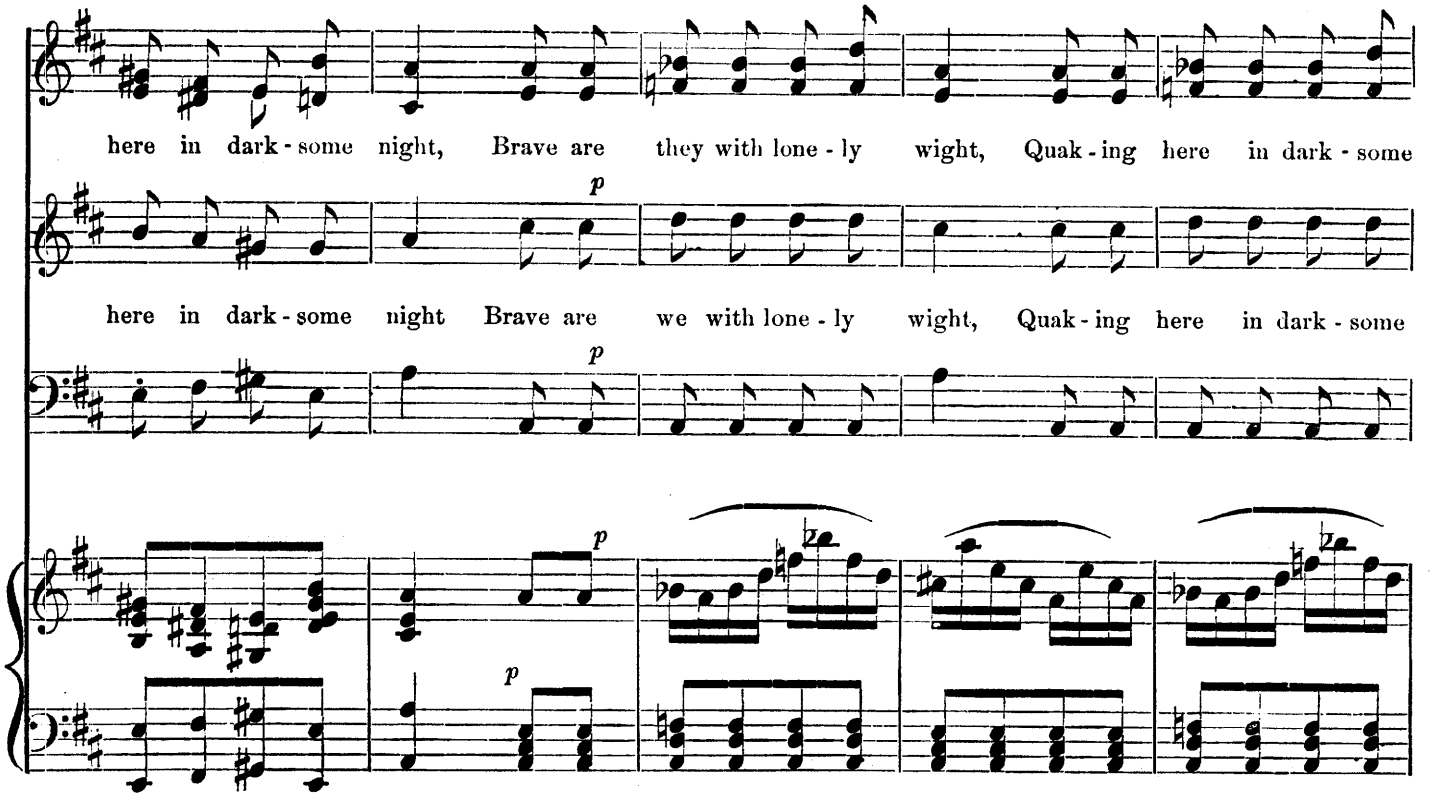

low - 'ring shade, We Sing our tryst-ing glee For smug - glers we! We care - ful - ly Pa -
low - 'ring shade, We Sing our tryst-ing glee For smug - glers we! We care - ful - ly Pa -

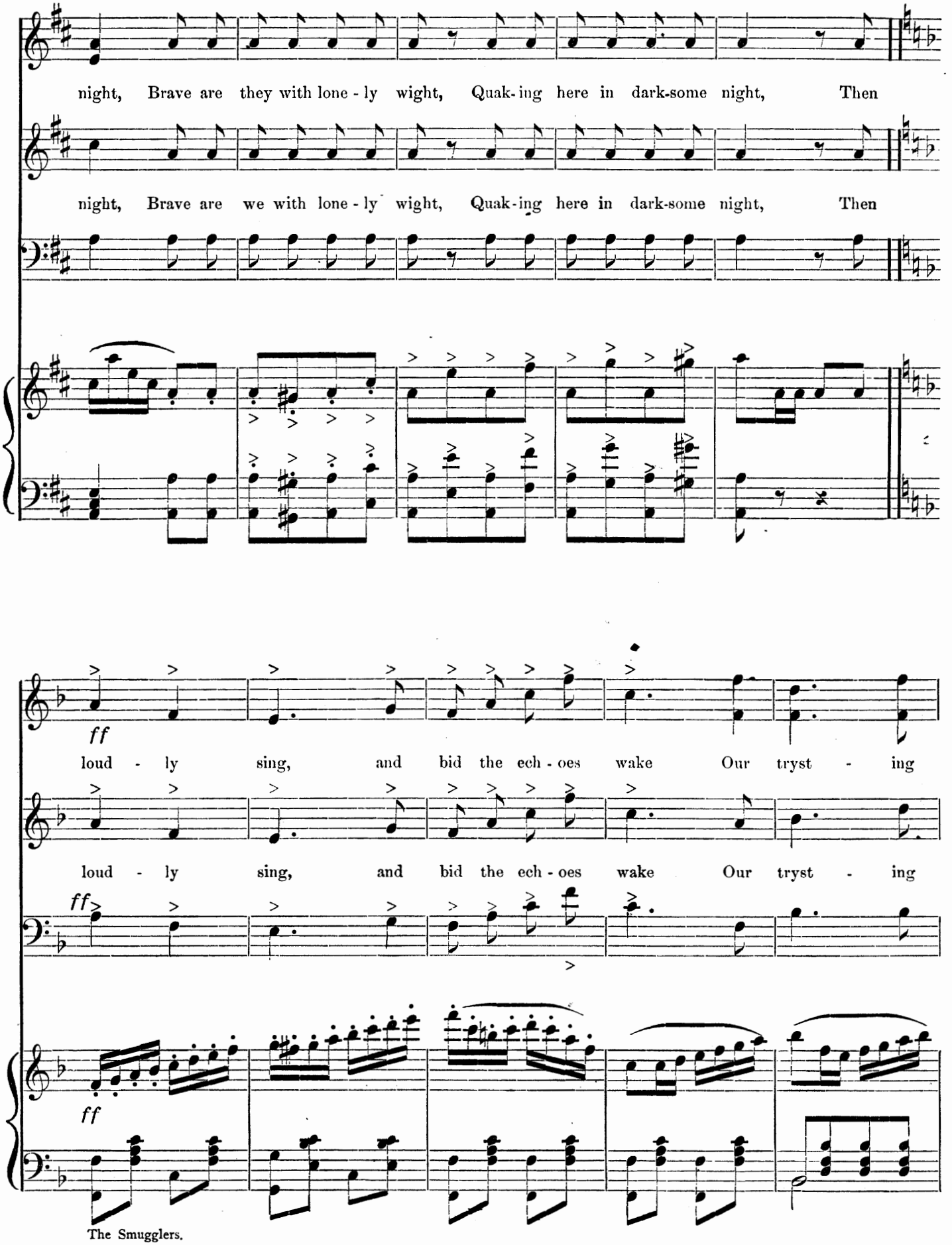

- rade ourselves where none may see! In mountain glade, Neath low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing
- rade ourselves where none may see! In mountain glade, 'Neath low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing

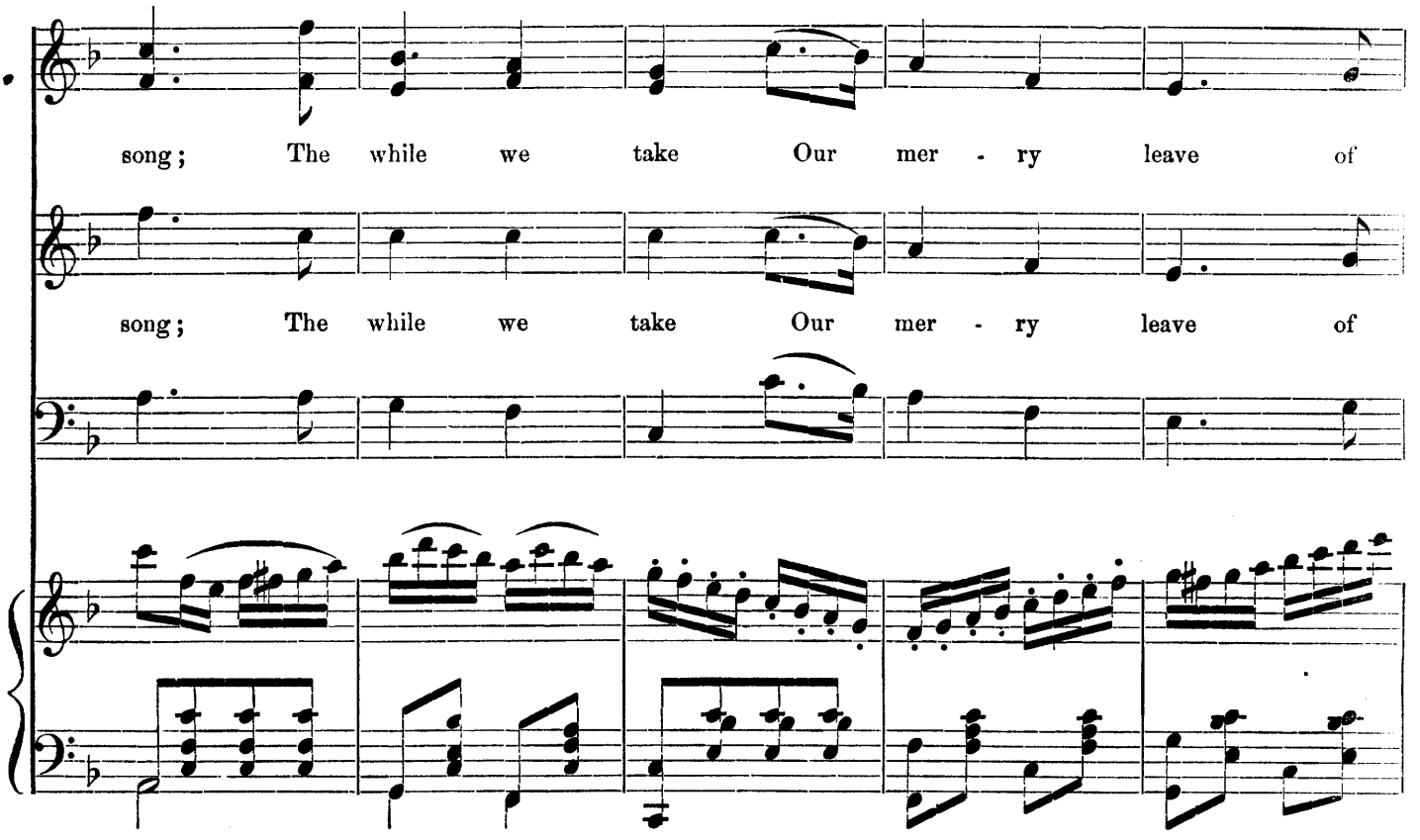

glee!
Oh! how brave these cautious he - roes!
glee! Brave are we with lone - ly wight,
Quak - ing
p

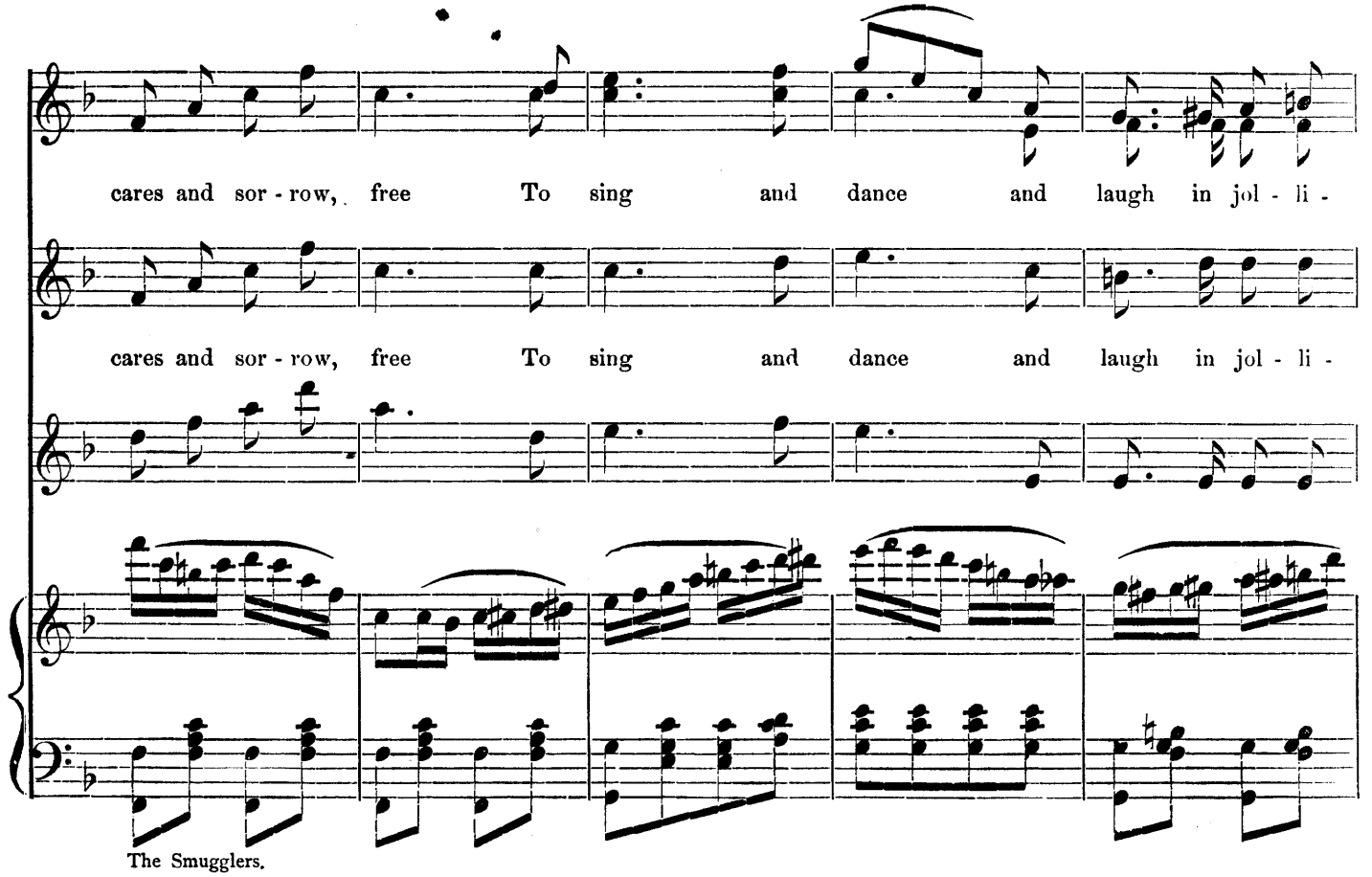

Of all foes they on - ly fear us; Brave are they with lone - ly
here in darksome night!
Brave are we with lone - ly

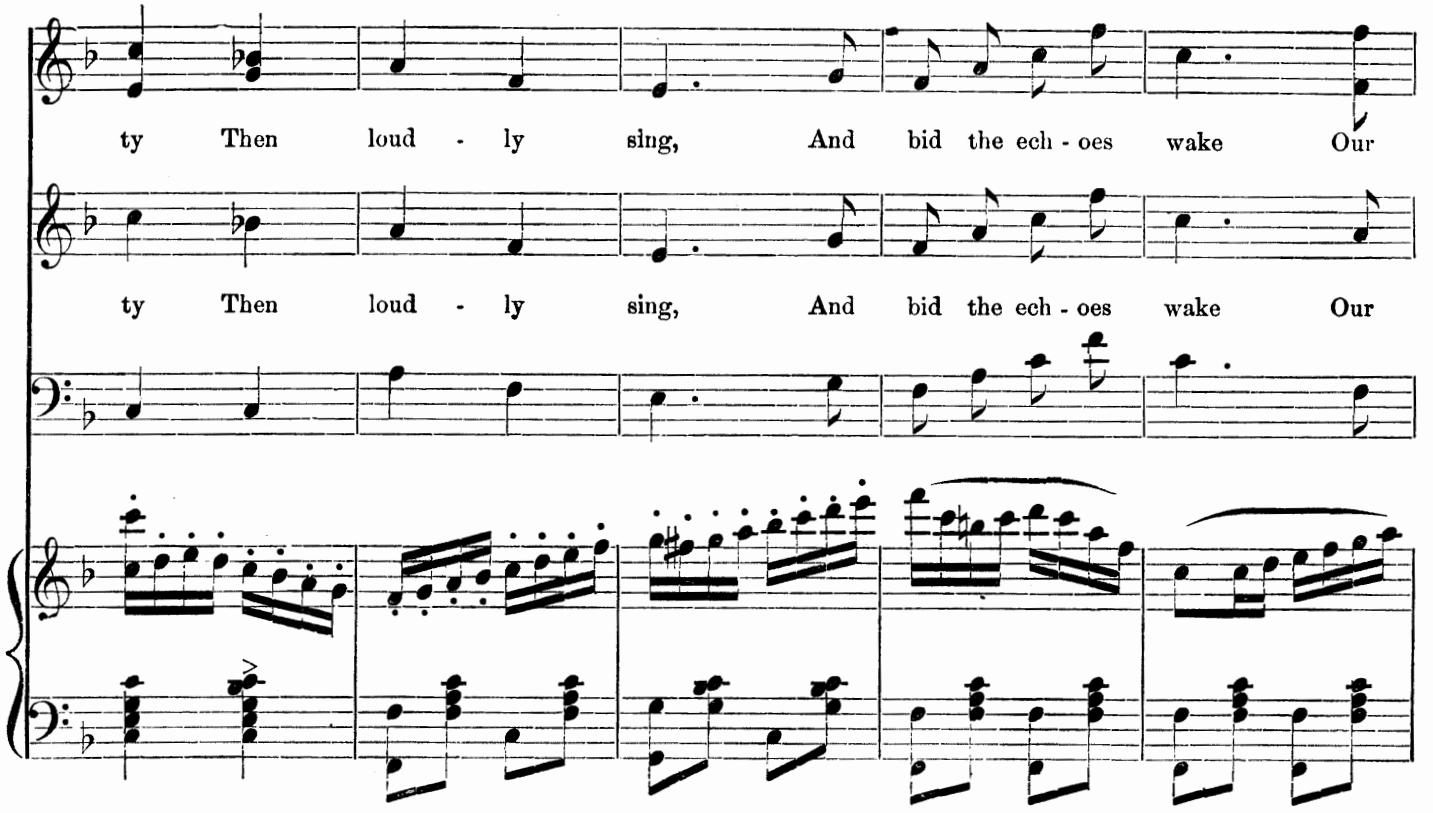

wight, Quak -ing here in dark - some night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, When quaking
cres - - - en - - do.
wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some night, Brave are we with lone - ly wight, When quaking
cres - en - da. a - poco - a poco.

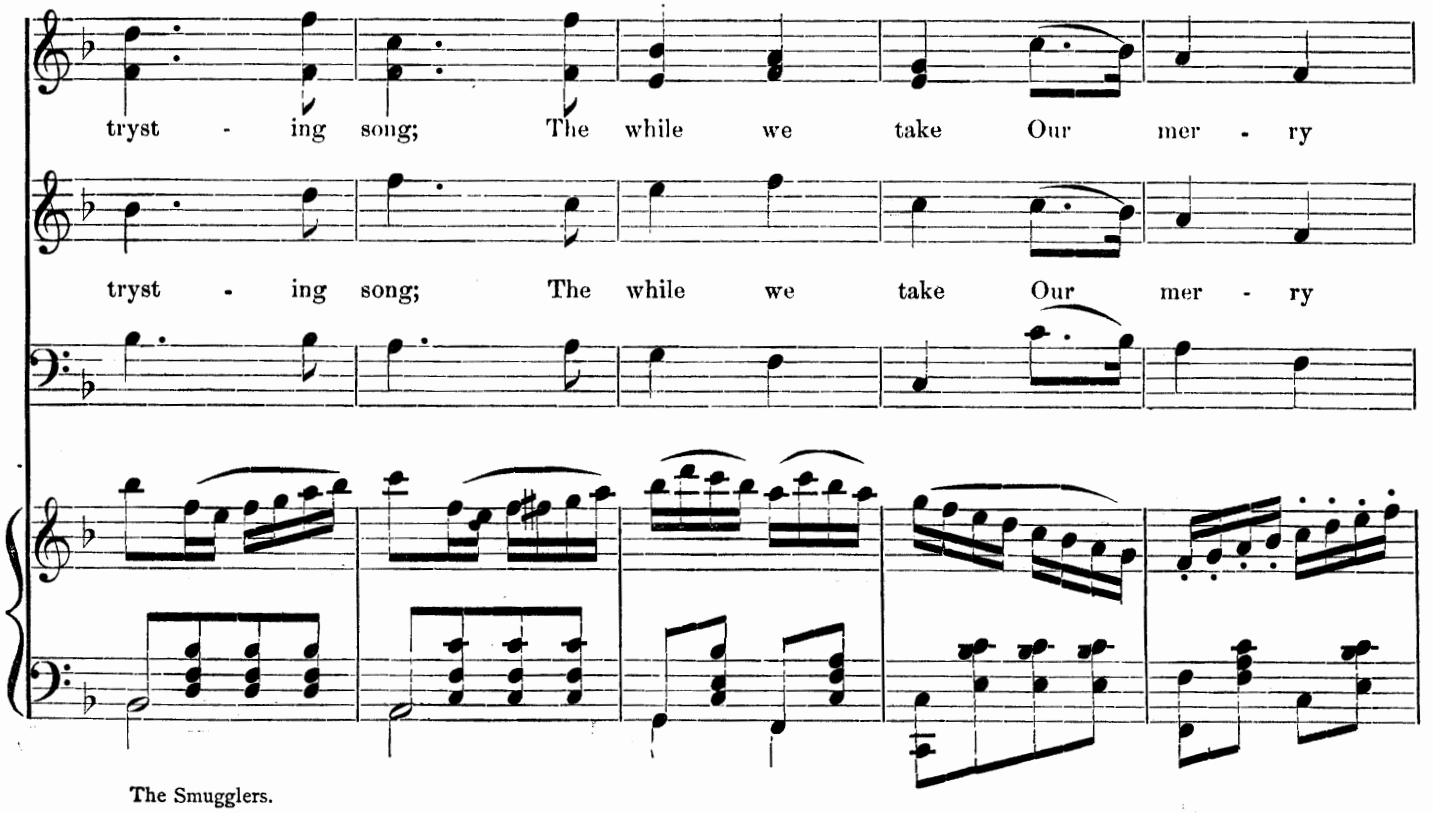

here in dark - some night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some
p
here in dark - some night Brave are we with lone - ly wight, Quak - ing here in dark - some
p
p
p

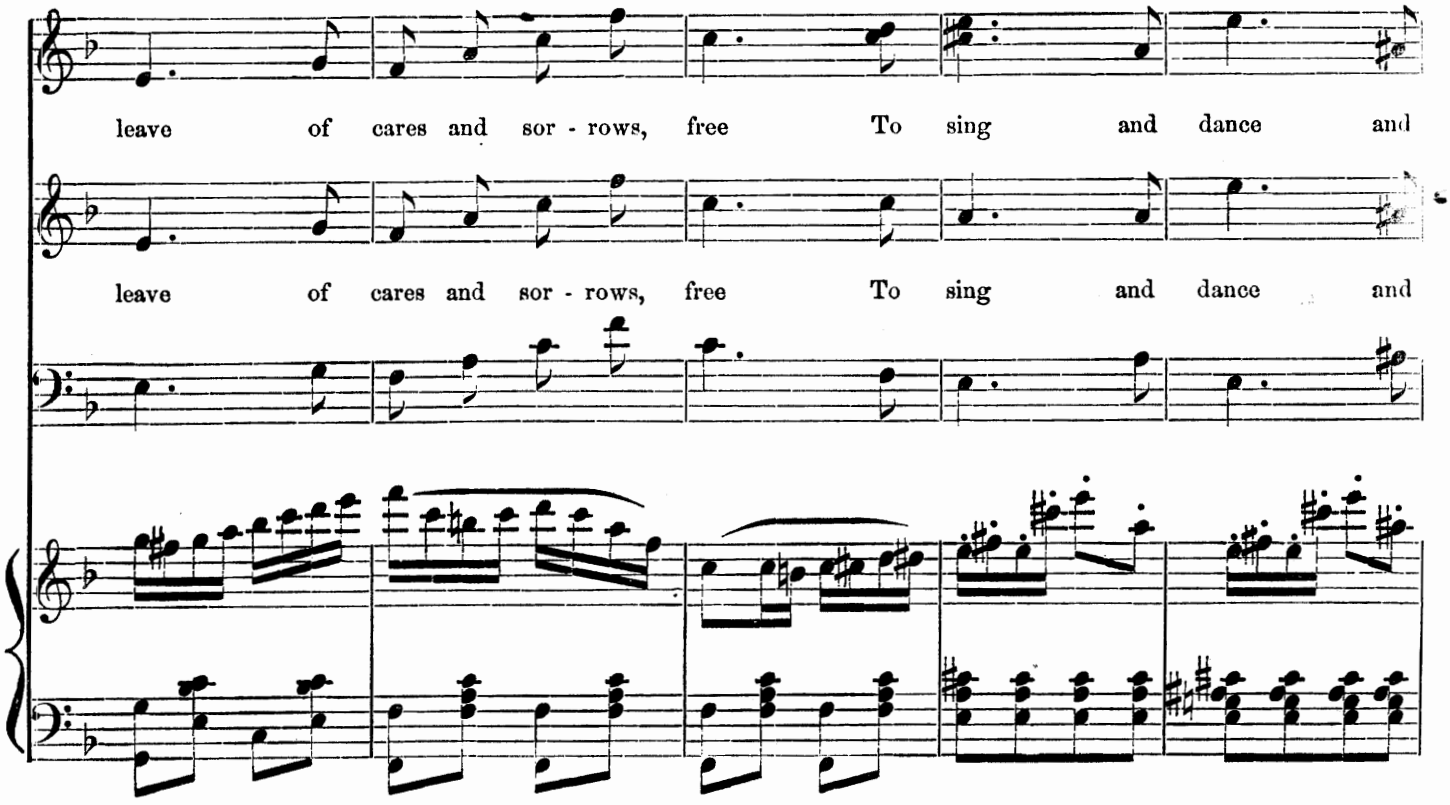

night, Brave are they with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some night, Then
night, Brave are we with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some night, Then
ff
loud - ly sing, and bid the ech - oes wake Our tryst - ing
loud - ly sing, and bid the ech - oes wake Our tryst - ing
ff
ff

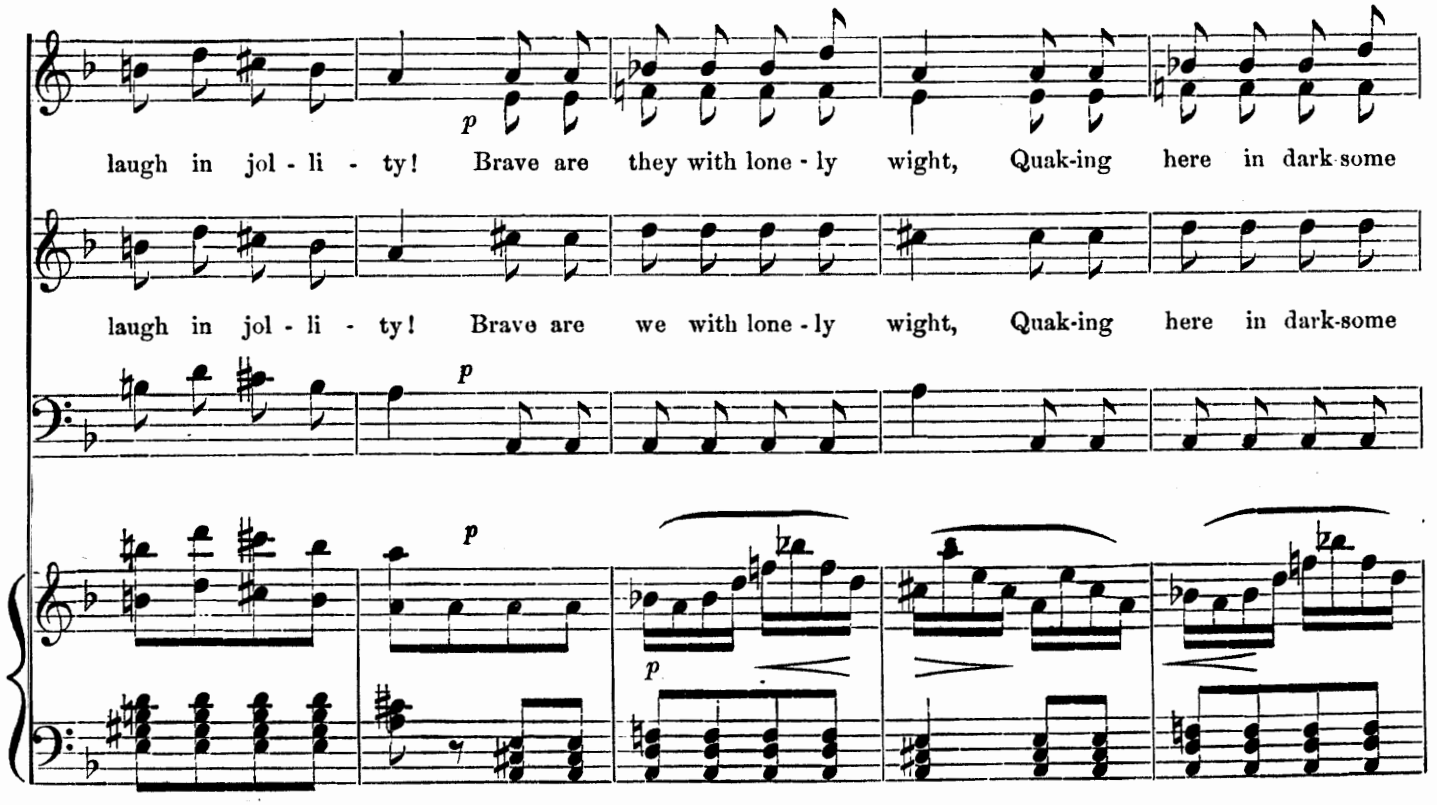

song; The while we take Our mer - ry leave of
song; The while we take Our mer - ry leave of

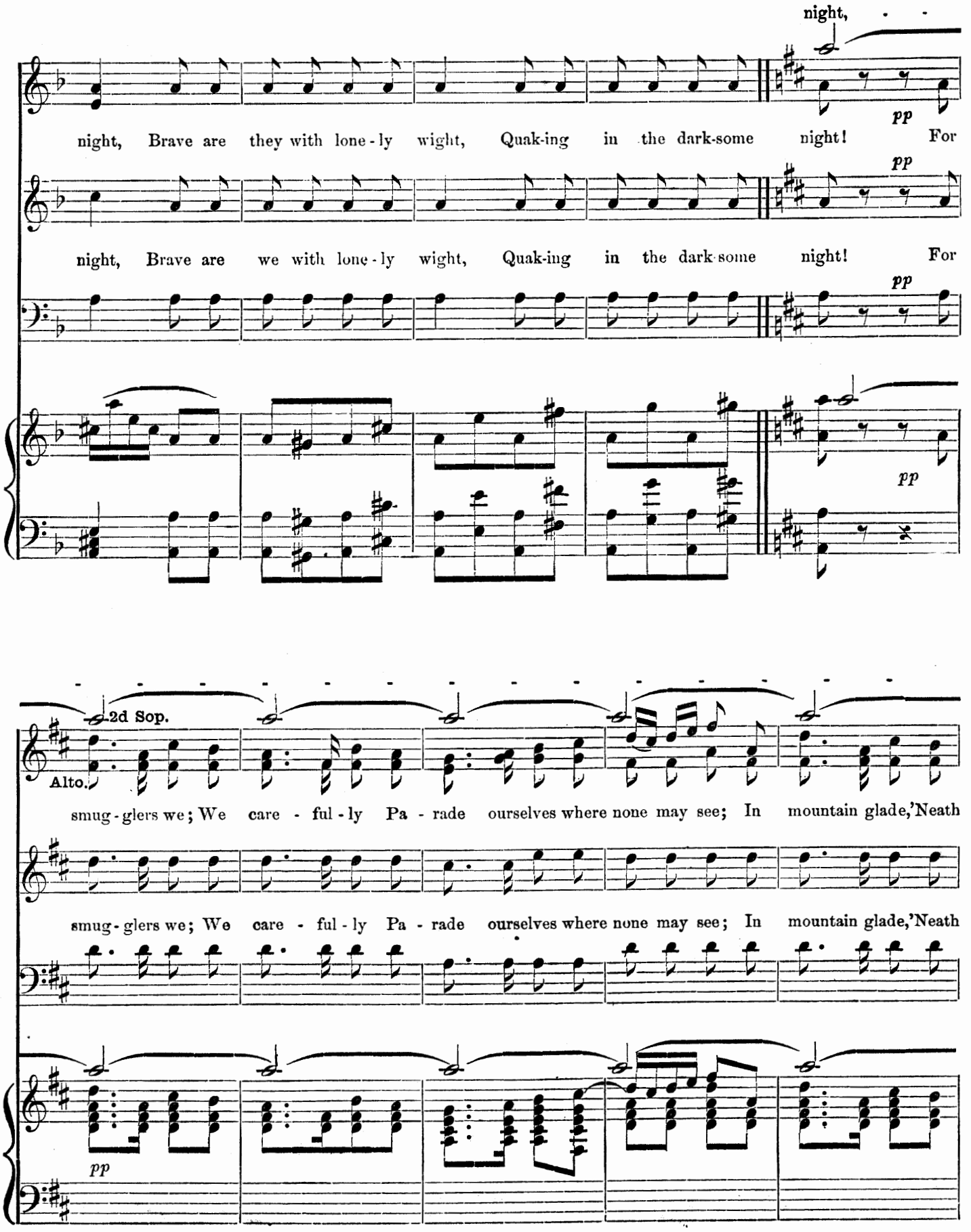

cares and sor - row, free To sing and dance and laugh in jol - li -
cares and sor - row, free To sing and dance and laugh in jol - li -

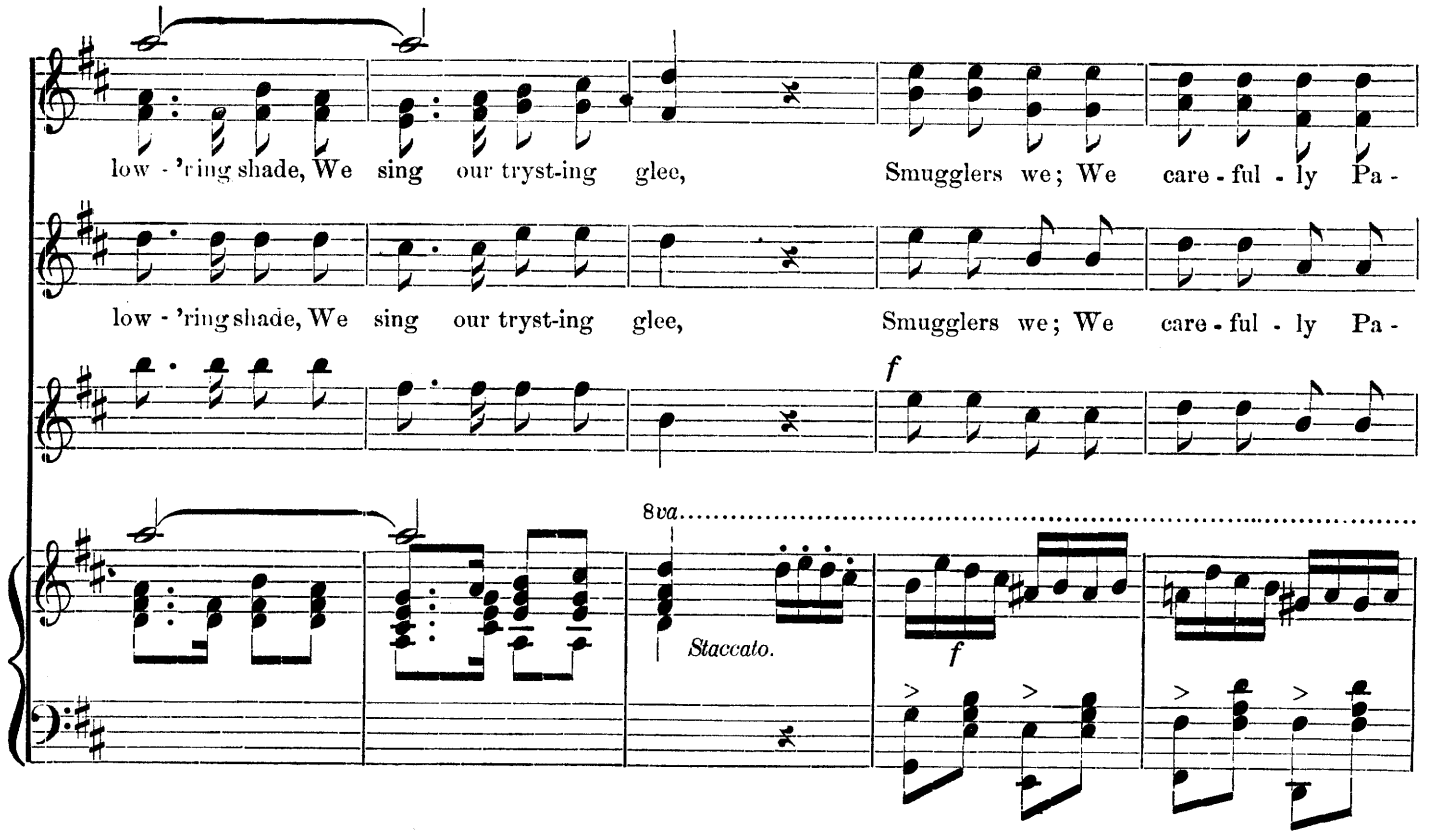

ty Then loud - ly sing, And bid the ech - oes wake Our
ty Then loud - ly sing, And bid the ech - oes wake Our

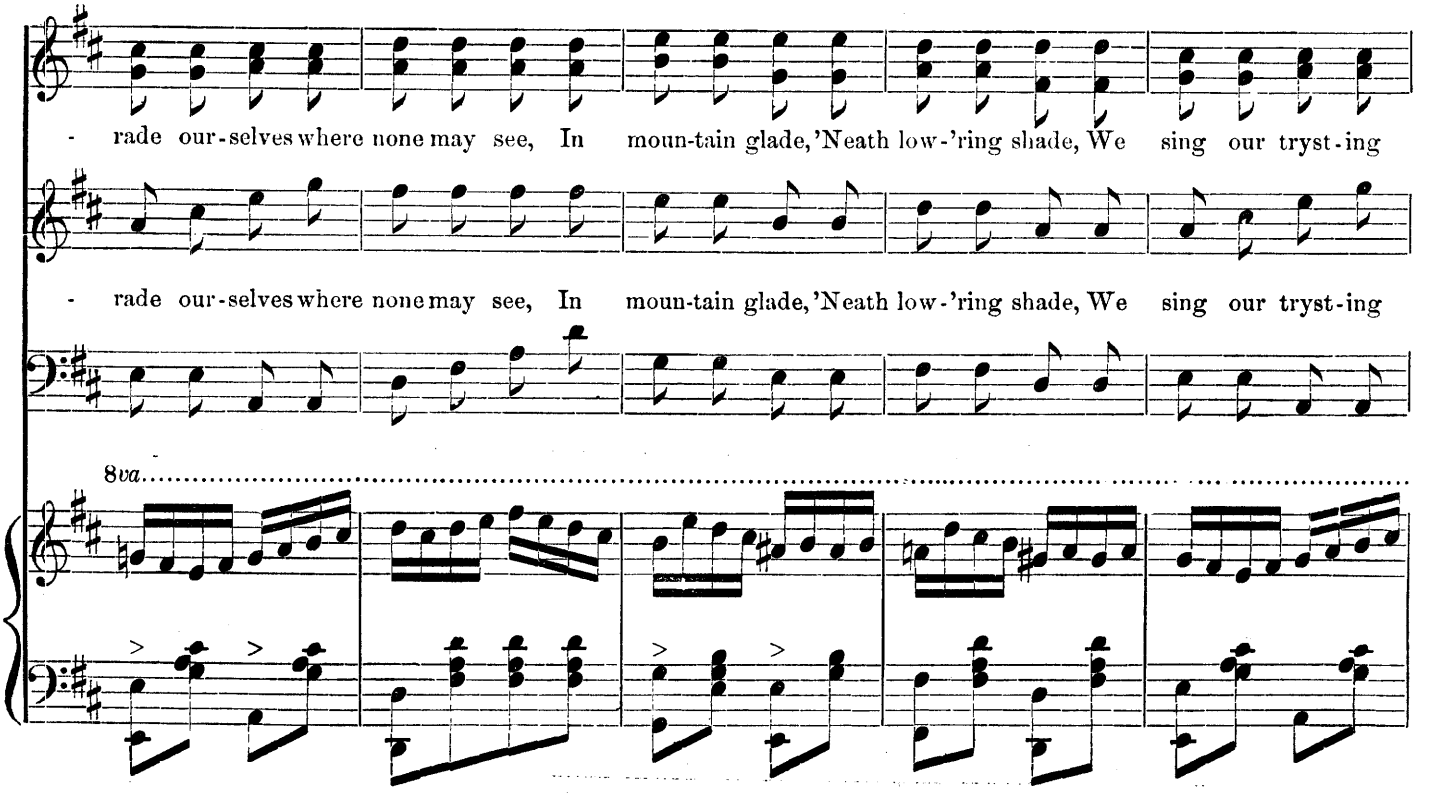

tryst - ing song; The while we take Our mer - ry
tryst - ing song; The while we take Our mer - ry

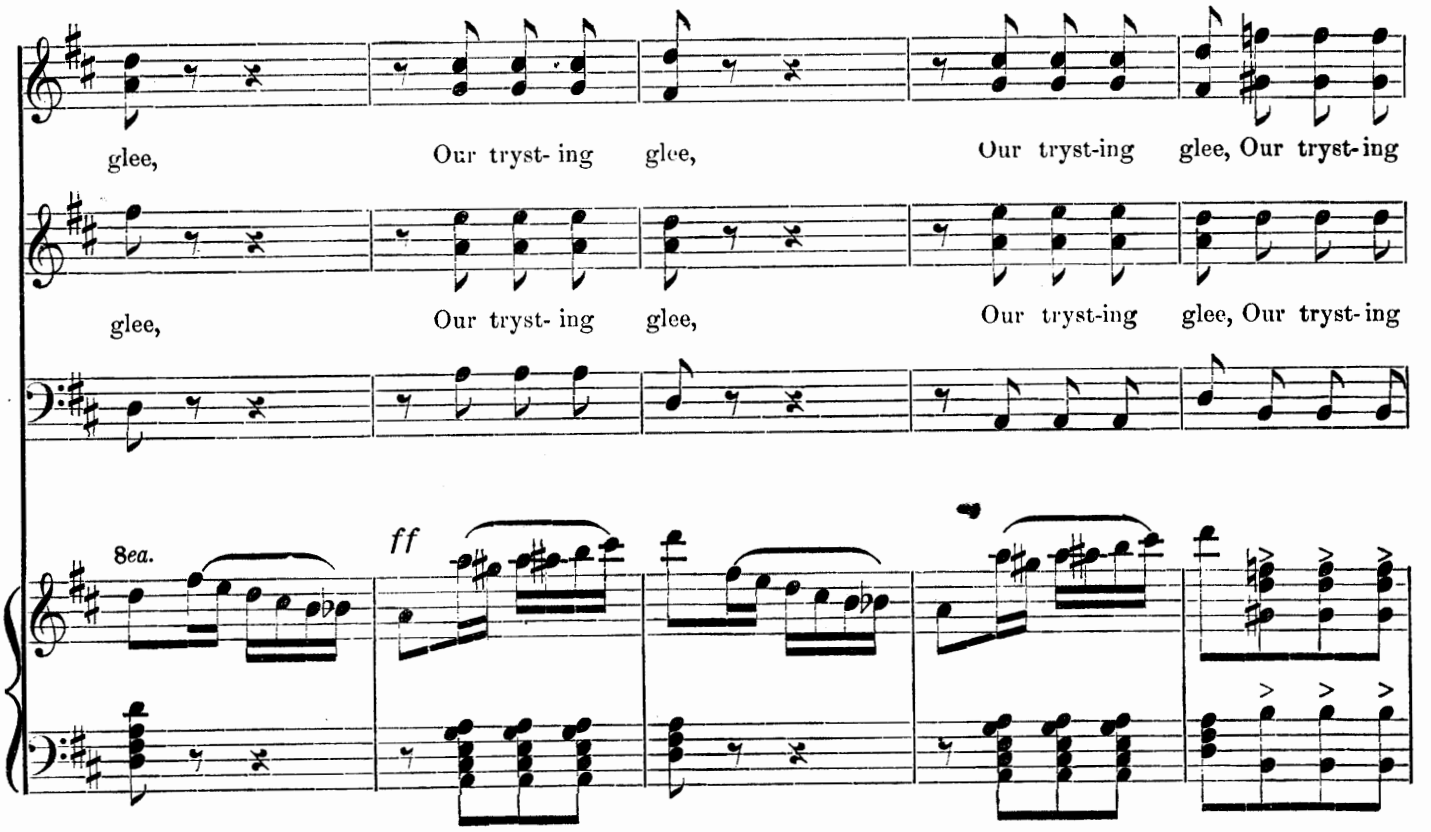

leave of cares and sor - rows, free To sing and dance and
leave of cares and sor - rows, free To sing and dance and

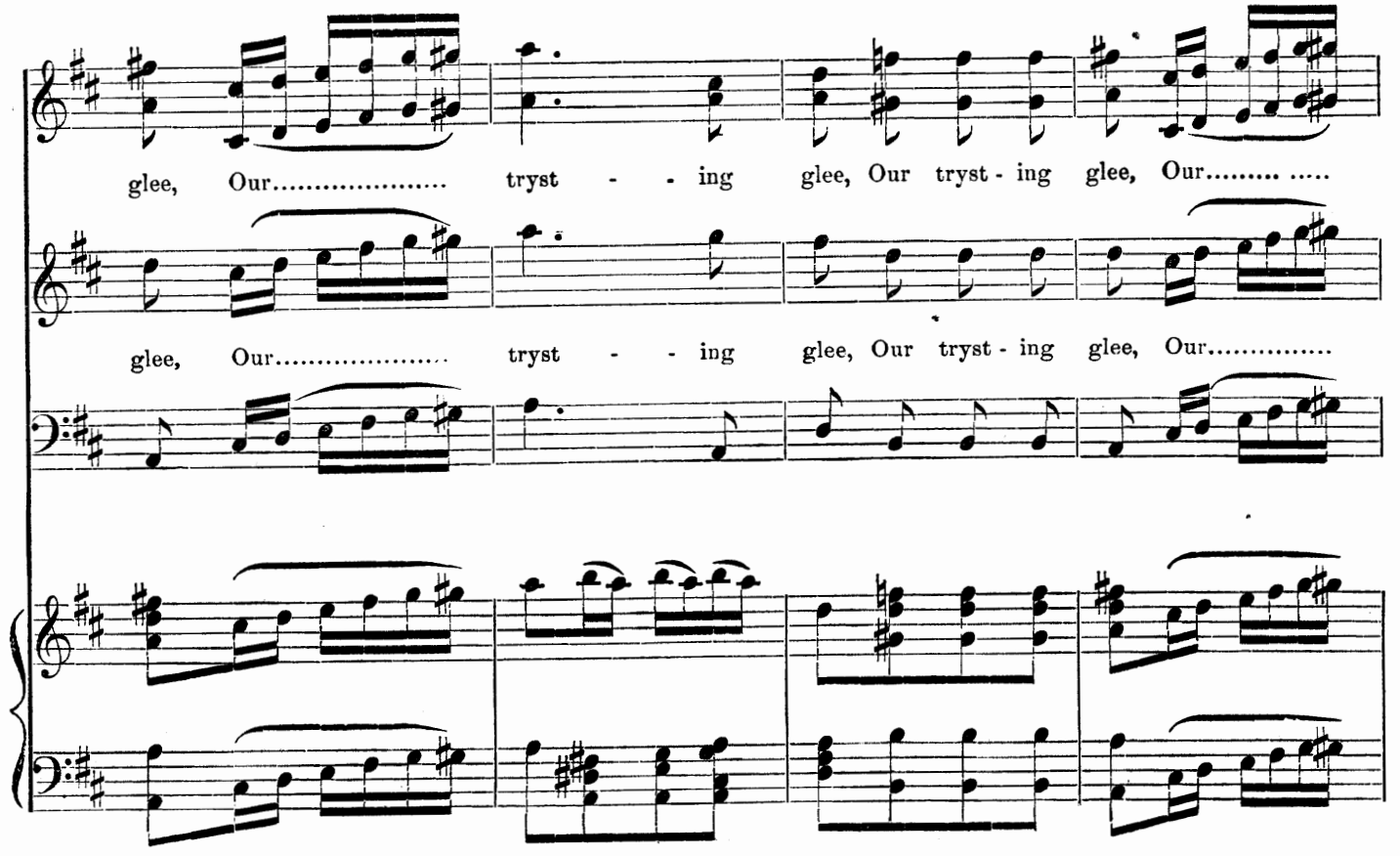

p
laugh in jol - li - ty! Brave are they with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some
laugh in jol - li - ty! Brave are we with lone - ly wight, Quak-ing here in dark-some
p
p
p

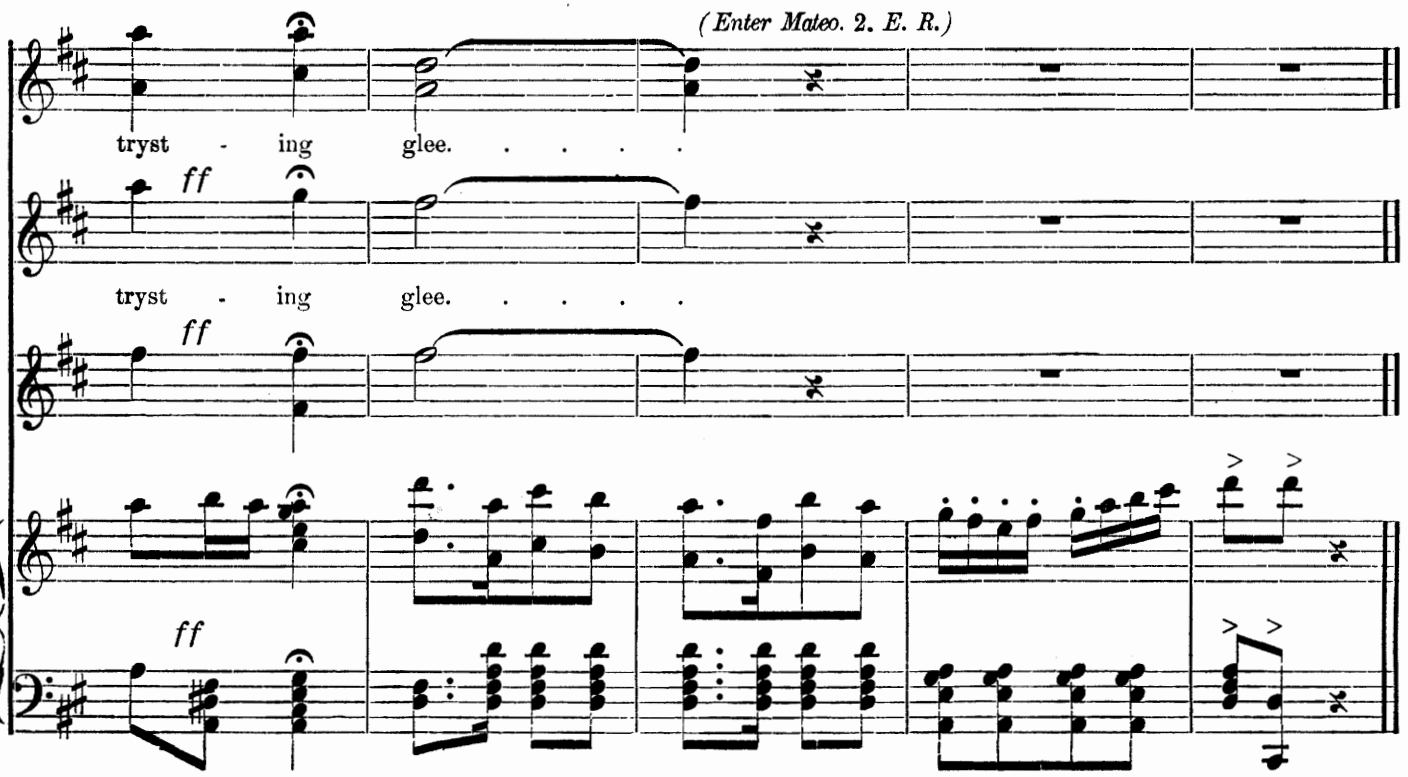

night,
night, Brave are they with lone-ly wight, Quak-ing in the dark-some night! For
pp
night, Brave are we with lone-ly wight, Quak-ing in the dark-some night! For
pp
pp
2d Sop.
Alto.
smug-glers we; We care-ful-ly Pa-rade ourselves where none may see; In mountain glade,'Neath
smug-glers we; We care-ful-ly Pa-rade ourselves where none may see; In mountain glade,'Neath
pp


low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing glee, Smugglers we; We care - ful - ly Pa -
low - 'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing glee, Smugglers we; We care - ful - ly Pa -
f
8va
Staccato.
f


- rade our-selves where none may see, In moun-tain glade, 'Neath low-'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing
- rade our-selves where none may see, In moun-tain glade, 'Neath low-'ring shade, We sing our tryst-ing
8va


glee, Our tryst- ing glee, Our tryst-ing glee, Our tryst-ing
glee, Our tryst- ing glee, Our tryst-ing glee, Our tryst-ing
8va.
ff

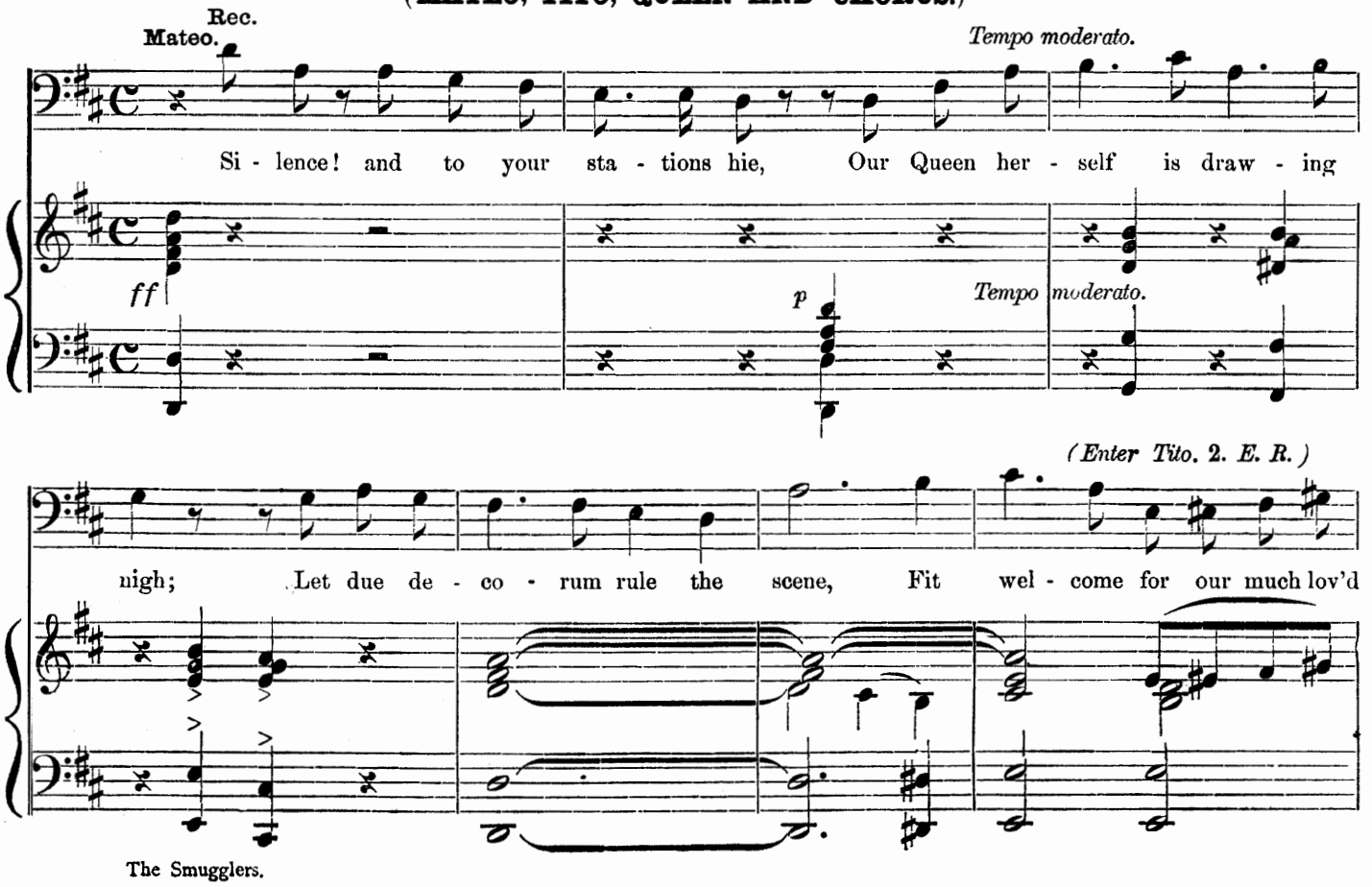

glee, Our..... tryst - - ing glee, Our tryst - ing glee, Our..... .....
glee, Our..... tryst - - ing glee, Our tryst - ing glee, Our.....

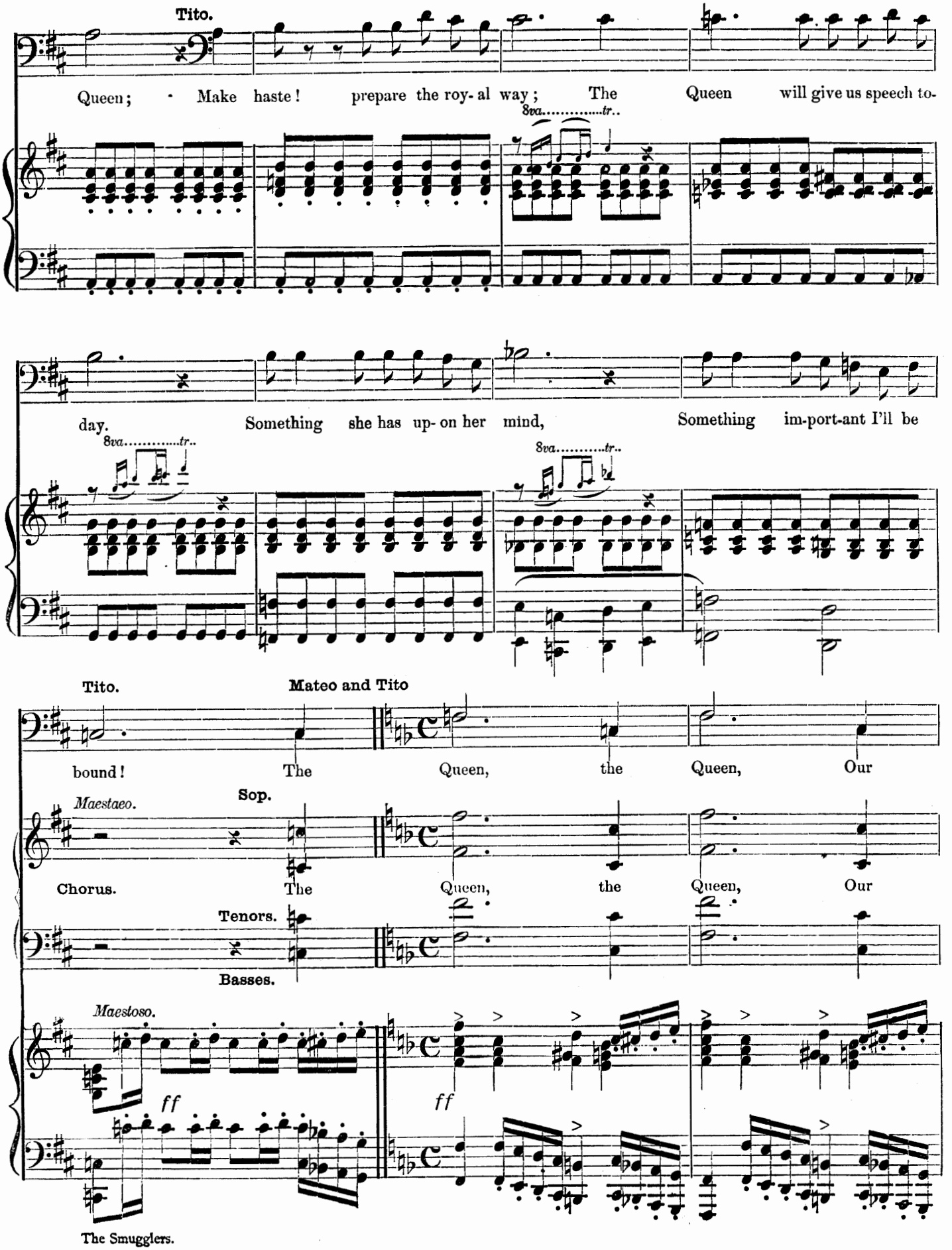


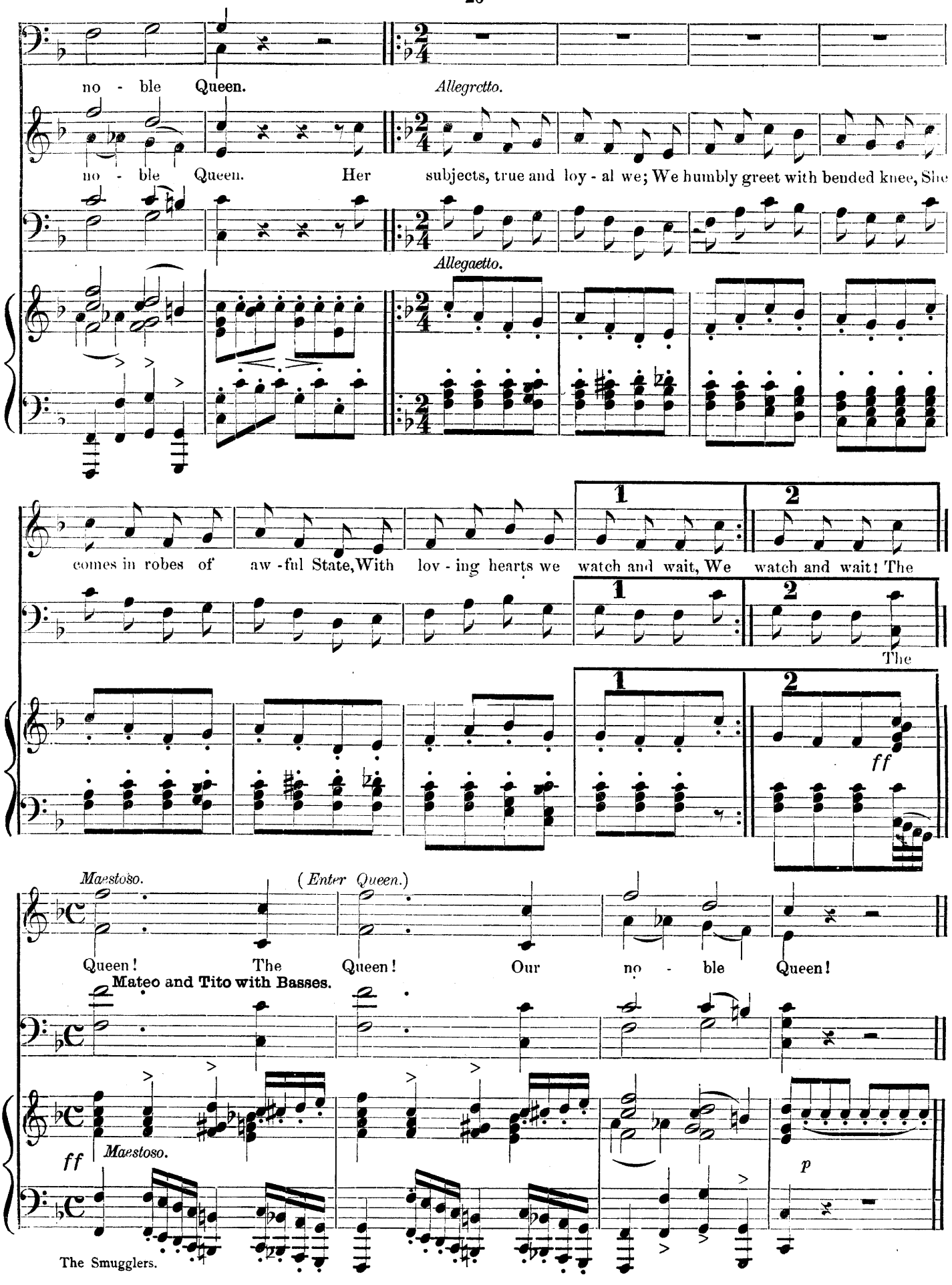
SCENE.

No. 2.

(MATEO, TITO, QUEEN AND CHORUS.)




Tito.
Queen; Make haste! prepare the roy- al way; The Queen will give us speech to-
8va.....tr..
day. Something she has up- on her mind, Something im-port-ant I'll be
8va.....tr..
8va.....tr..
Tito.
Mateo and Tito
bound! The Queen, the Queen, Our
Maestaeo.
Sop.
Chorus. The Queen, the Queen, Our
Tenors.
Basses.
Maestoso.
ff
ff
The Smugglers.


no - ble Queen.
Allegretto.
no - ble Queen. Her subjects, true and loy - al we; We humbly greet with bended knee, She
Allegretto.
comes in robes of aw - ful State, With lov - ing hearts we watch and wait, We watch and wait! The
1
2
The
ff
Maestoso.
(Enter Queen.)
Queen! The Queen! Our no - ble Queen!
Mateo and Tito with Basses.
ff
Maestoso.
p
The Smugglers.

Queen.

Our faith - ful peo - ple, we sa - lute thee, And beg thee know that in our

Moderato.

pp

bo - som Is only thought and hope for thee And for thy welfare; For

f *ff* *p*

Cantabile effetuoso a Andante.

thee we wear the cares of state, And ear - ly rise and sit up late, And bear the roy-al bur-den.

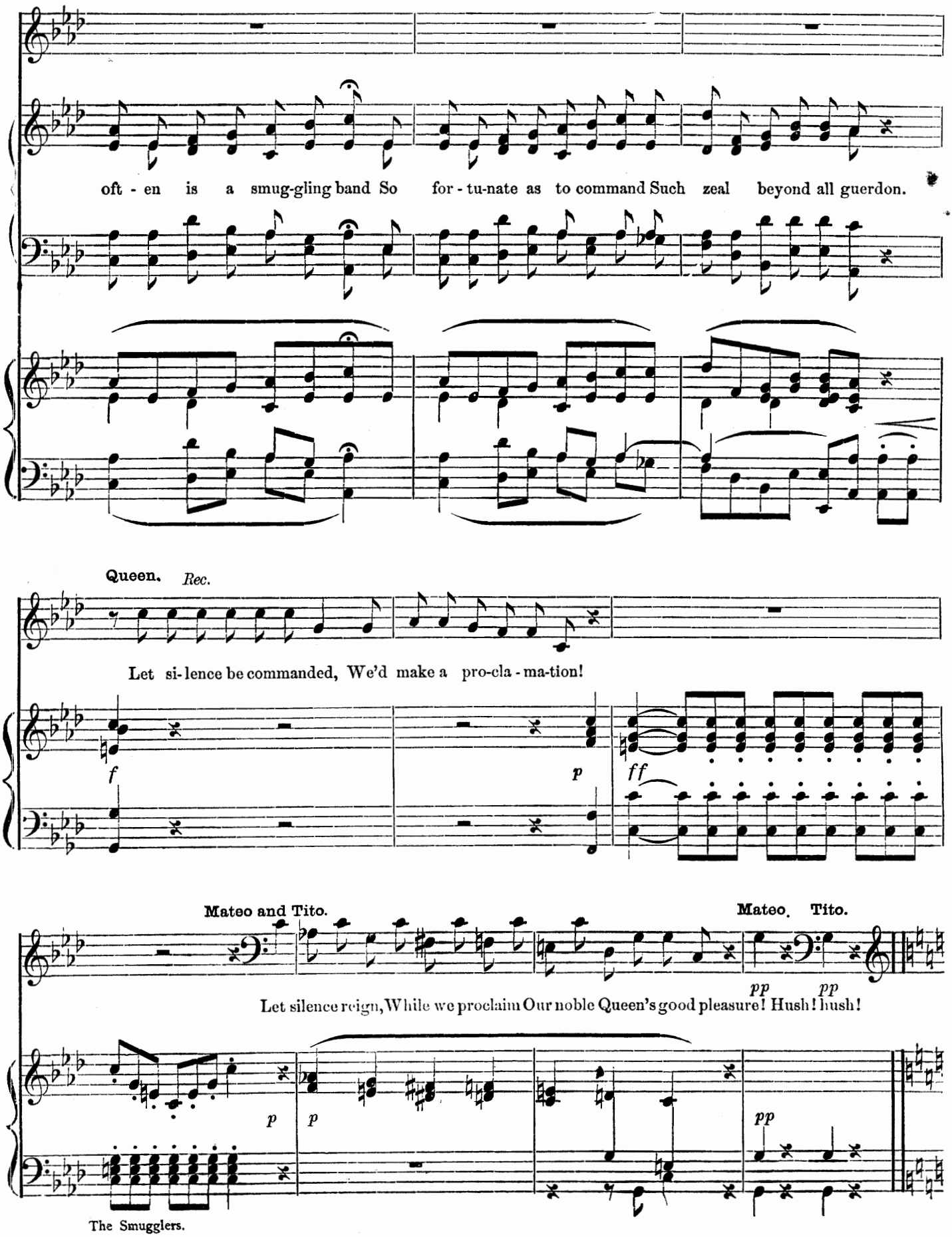
Chorus.

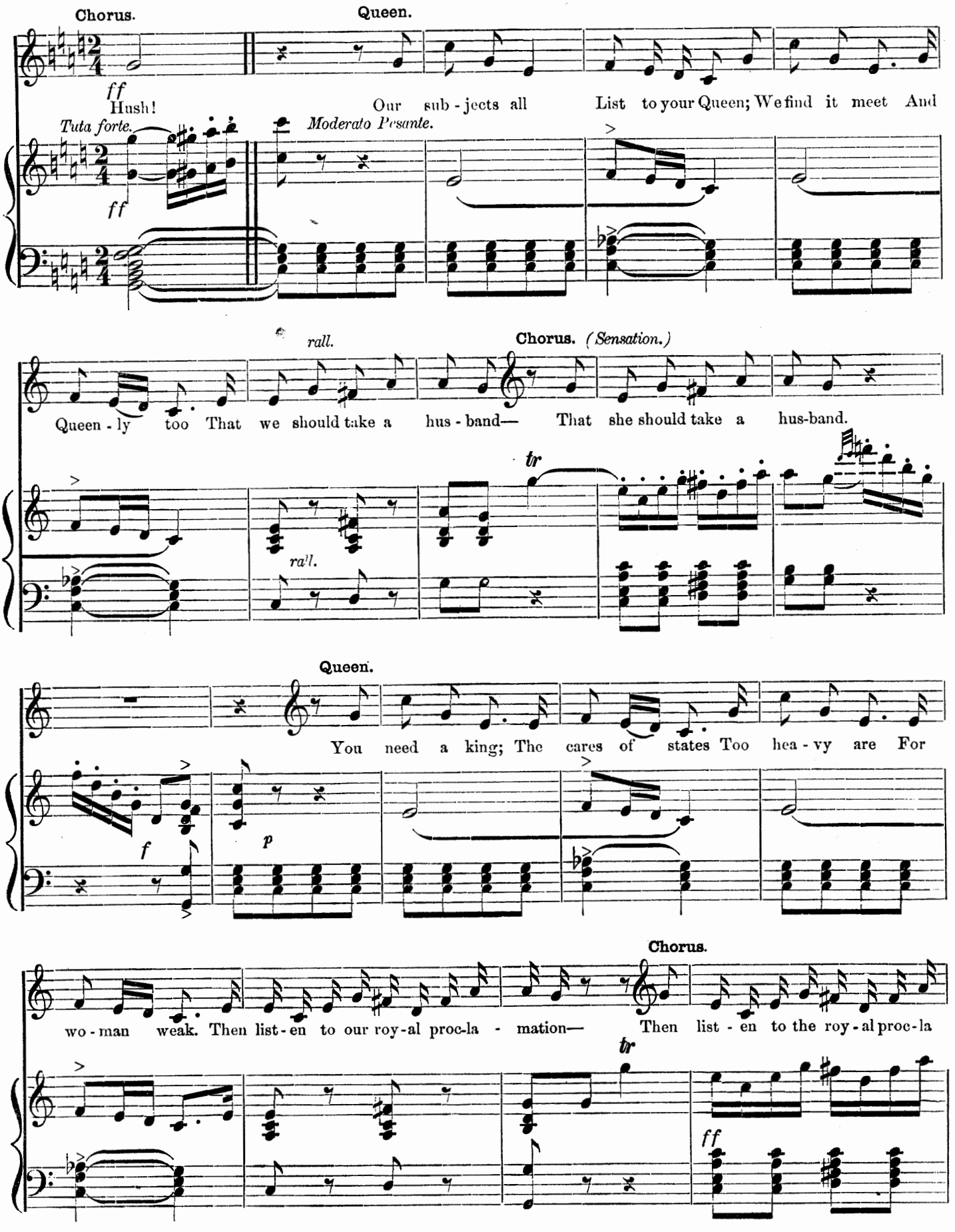
p

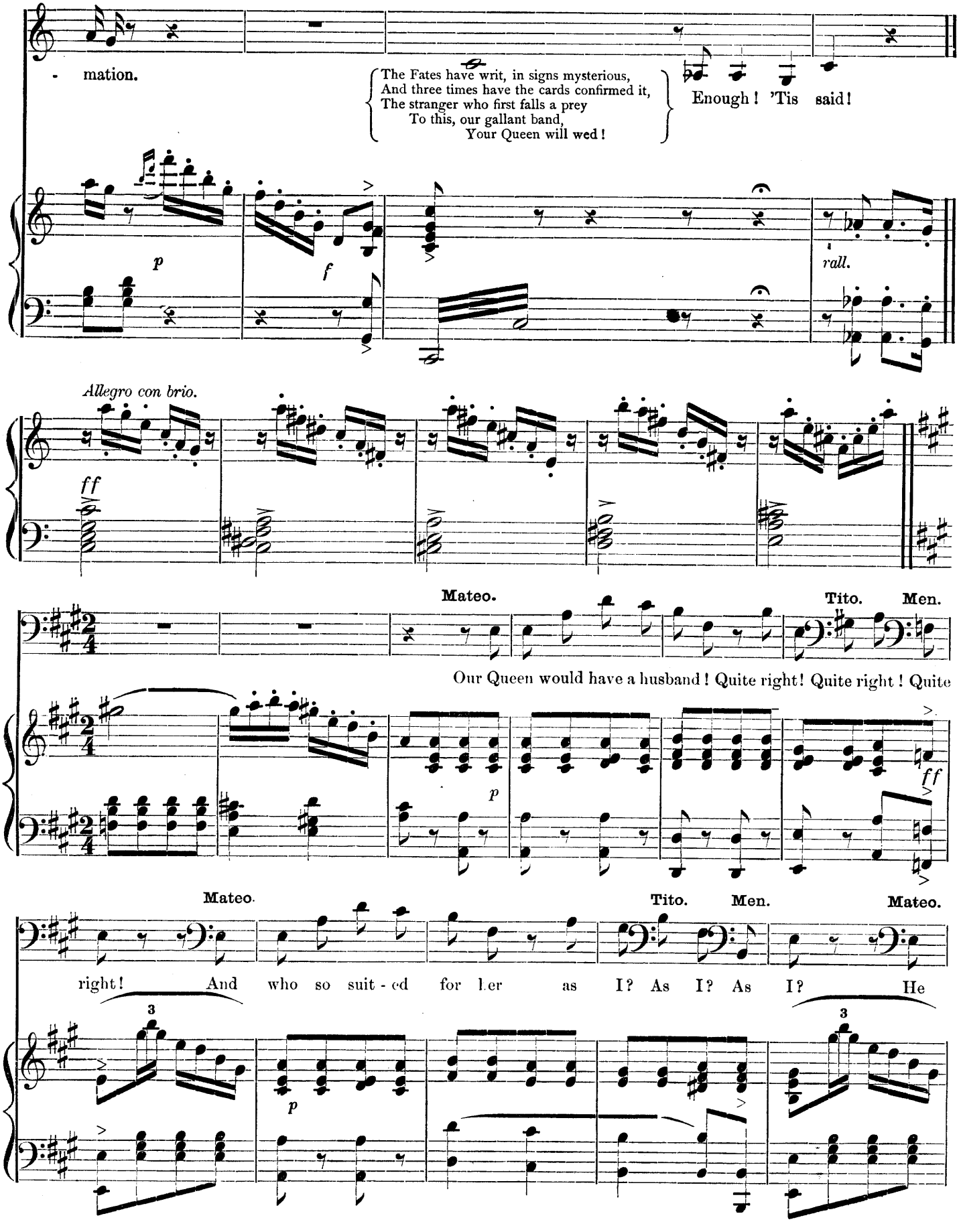
Not

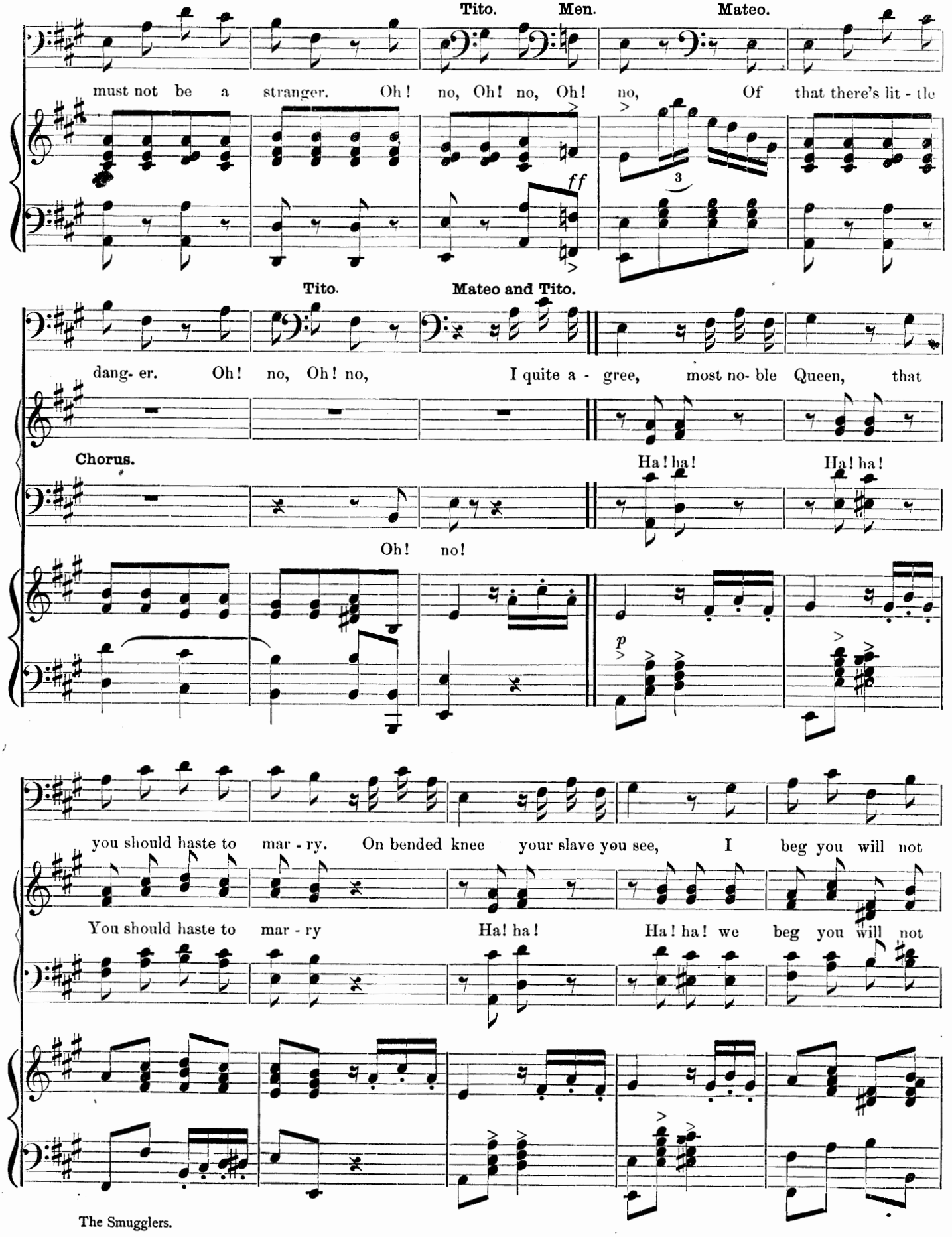
pp

The Smugglers.


oft - en is a smug-gling band So for - tu-nate as to command Such zeal beyond all guerdon.
Queen. Rec.
Let si-lence be commanded, We'd make a pro-cla - ma-tion!
f
p
ff
Mateo and Tito.
Mateo. Tito.
pp pp
Let silence reign, While we proclaim Our noble Queen's good pleasure! Hush! hush!
p p
pp
The Smugglers.


Chorus.
Queen.
ff
Hush!
Our sub - jects all List to your Queen; We find it meet And
Tuta forte.
Moderato Pesante.
ff
rall.
Chorus. (Sensation.)
Queen - ly too That we should take a hus - band— That she should take a hus-band.
tr
rall.
Queen.
You need a king; The cares of states Too hea - vy are For
f
p
Chorus.
wo - man weak. Then list - en to our roy - al proc-la - mation— Then list - en to the roy - al proc-la
tr
ff


- mation.
The Fates have writ, in signs mysterious,
And three times have the cards confirmed it,
The stranger who first falls a prey
To this, our gallant band,
Your Queen will wed!
Enough! 'Tis said!
p
f
rall.
Allegro con brio.
ff
Mateo.
Tito.
Men.
Our Queen would have a husband! Quite right! Quite right! Quite
p
ff
Mateo.
Tito.
Men.
Mateo.
right! And who so suit - ed for her as I? As I? As I? He
3
p
3


Tito.
Men.
Mateo.
must not be a stranger. Oh! no, Oh! no, Oh! no, Of that there's lit - tle
ff
Tito.
Mateo and Tito.
dang- er. Oh! no, Oh! no, I quite a - gree, most no- ble Queen, that
Chorus.
Ha! ha!
Ha! ha!
Oh! no!
p
you should haste to mar - ry. On bended knee your slave you see, I beg you will not
You should haste to mar - ry
Ha! ha!
Ha! ha! we
beg you will not

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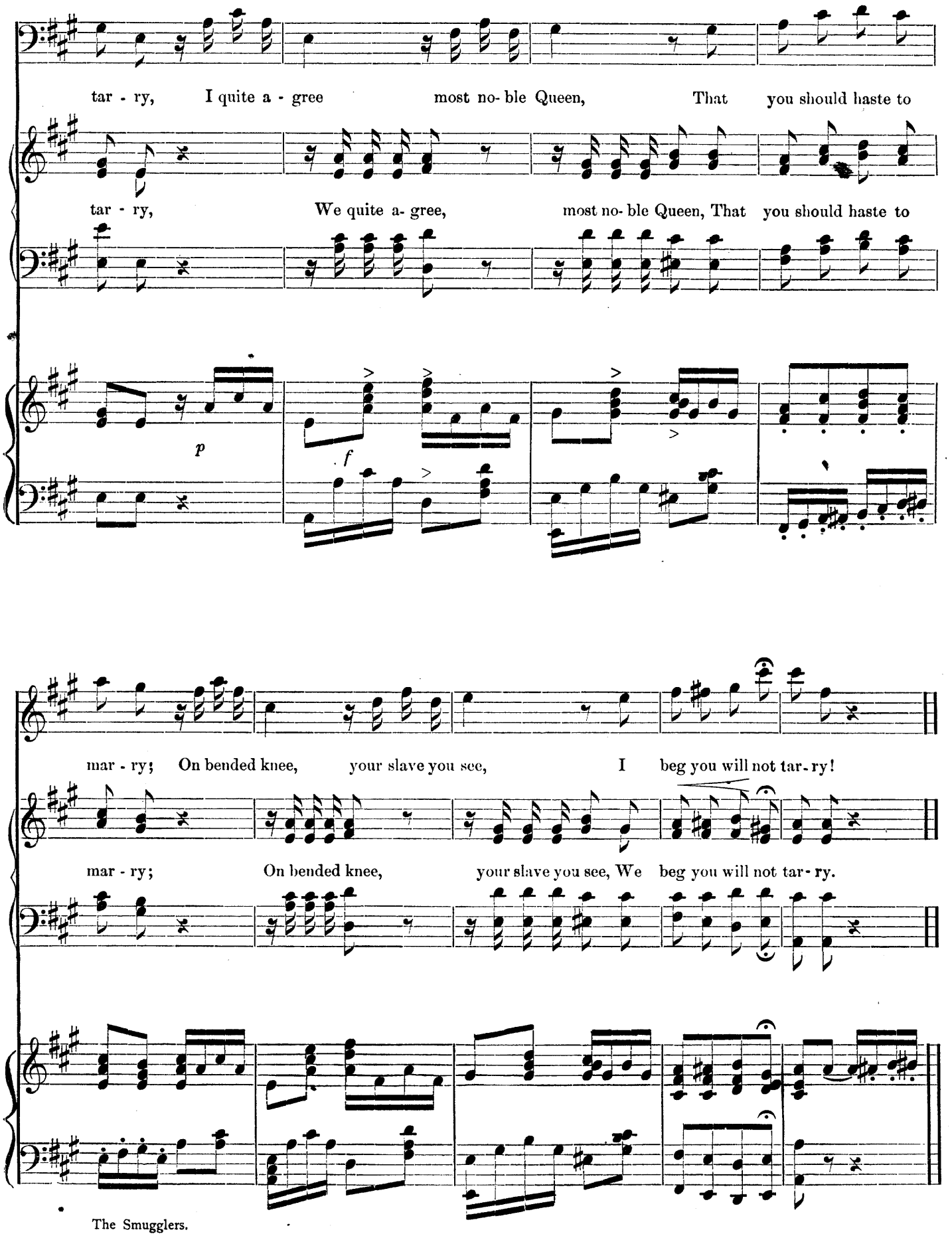
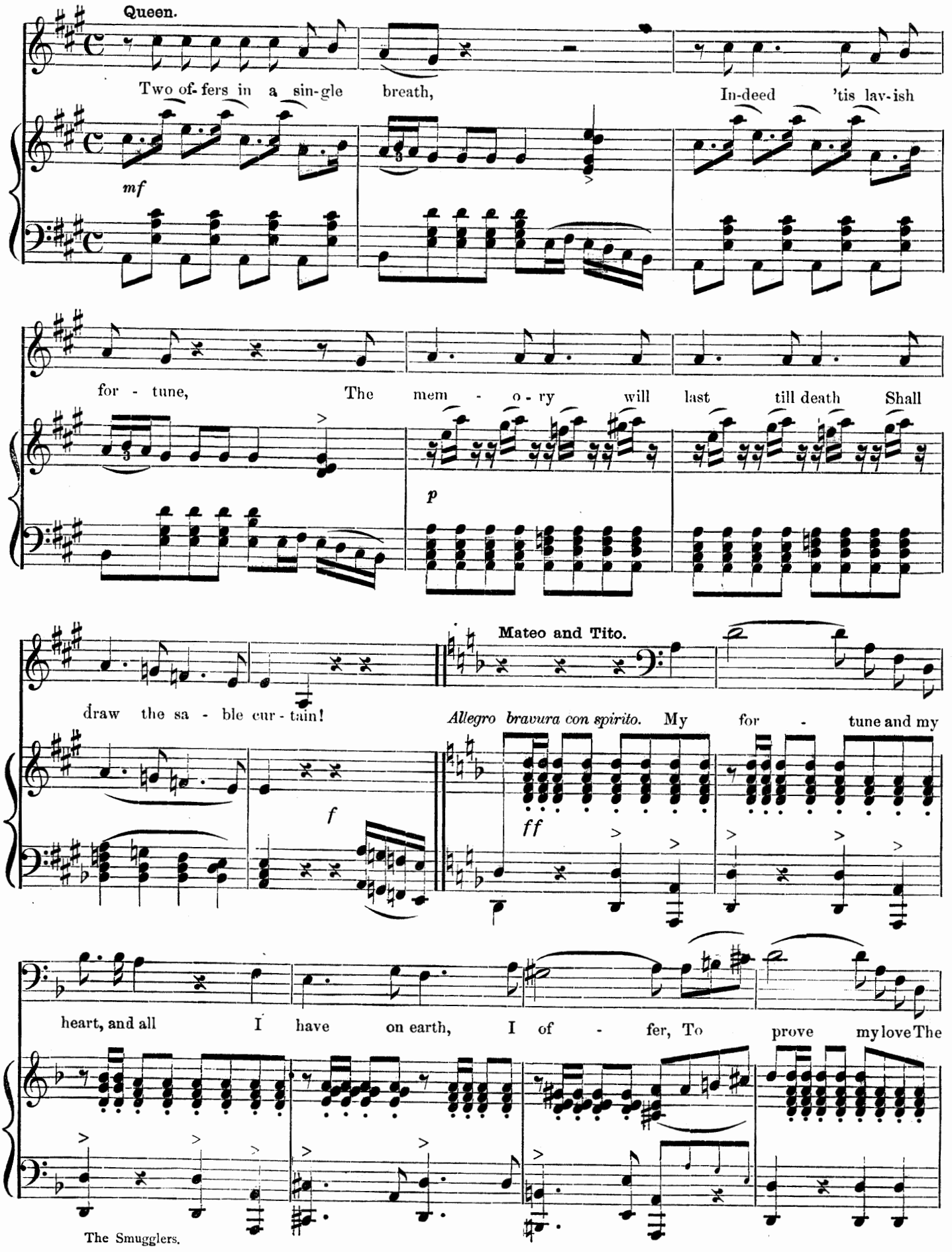
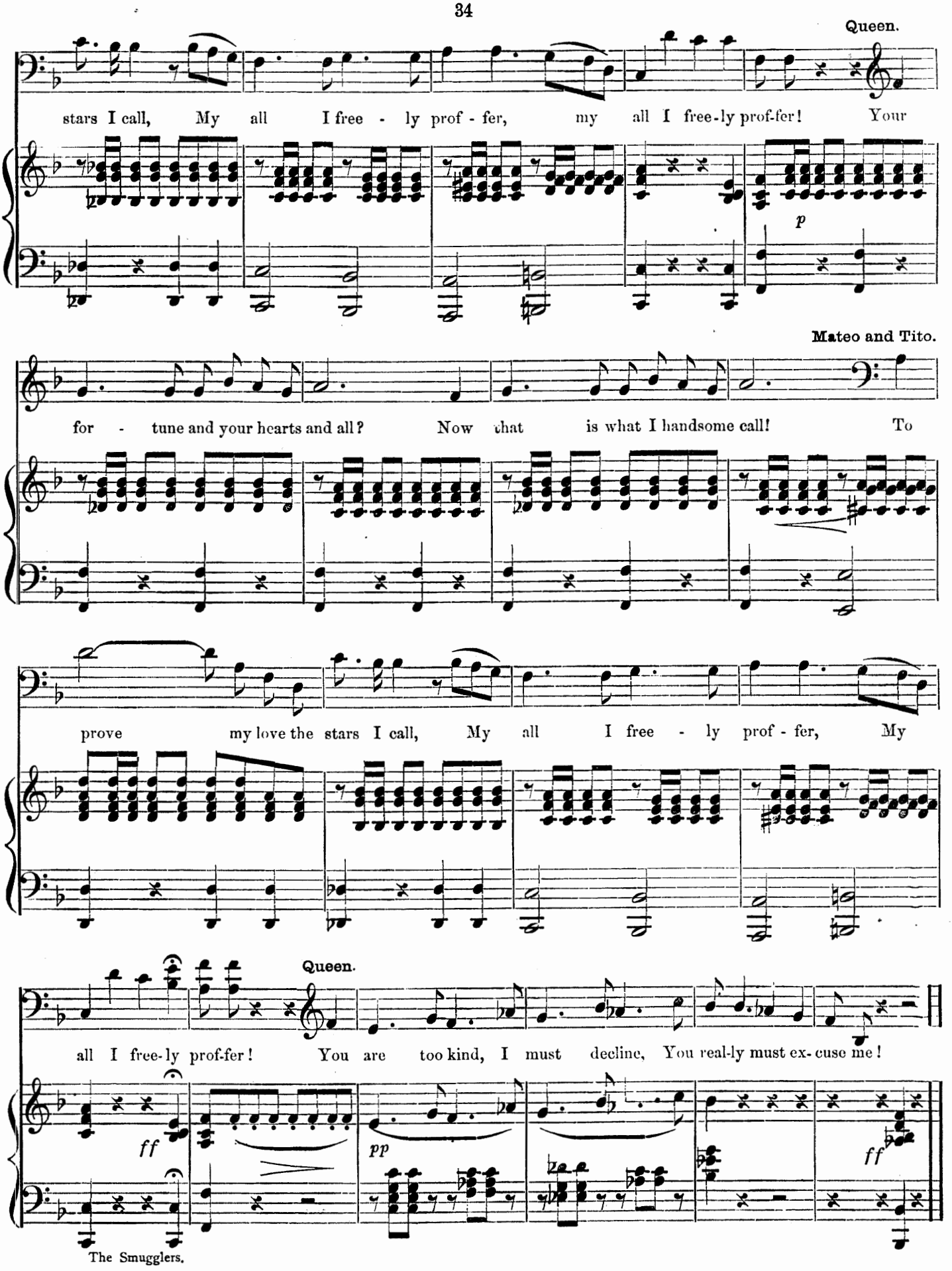

tar - ry, I quite a - gree most no- ble Queen, That you should haste to
tar - ry, We quite a- gree, most no- ble Queen, That you should haste to
p
f
mar - ry; On bended knee, your slave you see, I beg you will not tar- ry!
mar - ry; On bended knee, your slave you see, We beg you will not tar- ry.


Queen.
Two of- fers in a sin-gle breath, In-deed 'tis lav-ish
mf
for - tune, The mem - o - ry will last till death Shall
p
draw the sa - ble cur - tain!
Mateo and Tito.
Allegro bravura con spirito. My for - tune and my
f
ff
heart, and all I have on earth, I of - fer, To prove my love The
The Smugglers.


Queen.
stars I call, My all I free - ly prof - fer, my all I free-ly prof-fer! Your
p
Mateo and Tito.
for - tune and your hearts and all? Now that is what I handsome call! To
prove my love the stars I call, My all I free - ly prof - fer, My
Queen.
all I free-ly prof-fer! You are too kind, I must decline, You real-ly must ex-cuse me!
ff
pp
ff
The Smugglers.

SONG, "The widow's life 's a lonely one."

No. 3.

Queen.

1st. VERSE. The wid-ow's life's a morn-ing breaks both

Allegretto.

p *ff* *p*

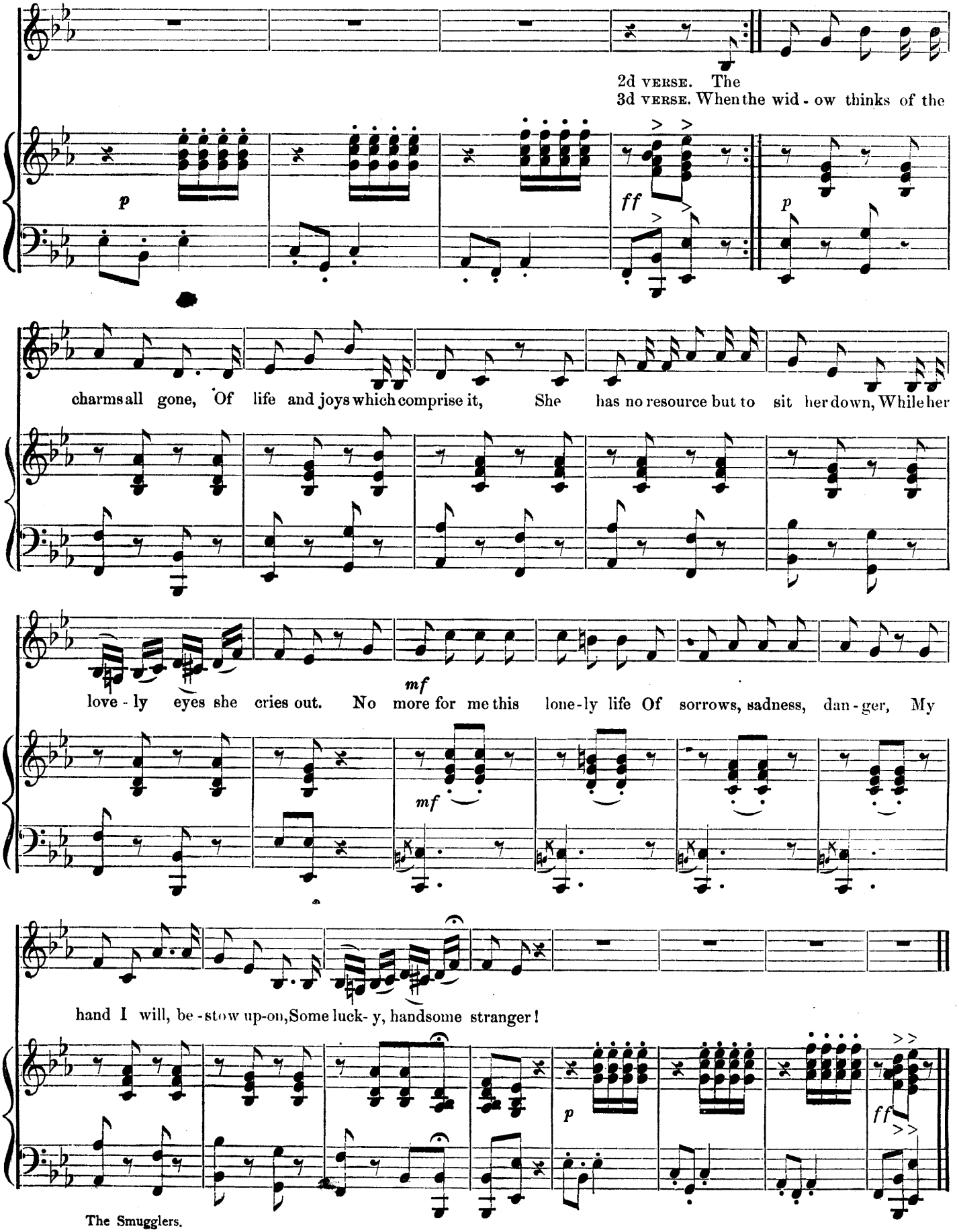
lone-ly one; Poor weak de-fence-less creat-ure, The sad-dest lot be-neath the sun With
bleak and cold, How sad she must de-ny her, The lux'-ry of a lov-ing scold, As to

no re-deem-ing feat-ure. The widowed home, like a des-ert gray, Is mo-not-on-ous-ly
who shall make the fire! She longs for a man who'll be in the way, And keep her tongue in

mf

dole-ful; No one to love, the live-long day When with love's she's heart and soul-ful!
prac-tice, Who'll swear at the cook, the milliner pay And for-get the wat-er tax-es!

• The Smugglers.


2d VERSE. The
3d VERSE. When the wid - ow thinks of the
p
ff
p
charms all gone, Of life and joys which comprise it, She has no resource but to sit her down, While her
mf
love - ly eyes she cries out. No more for me this lone - ly life Of sorrows, sadness, dan - ger, My
mf
hand I will, be - stow up - on, Some luck - y, handsome stranger!
p
ff
The Smugglers.

SCENE AND SOLO, "When the storms of life."

No. 4.

(*Enter Enrique, Mateo and Tito.*)

Allegro con fuoco.

ff

Queen.

Mateo.

Who have we here? A re - cruit, my Queen, a vol-un -

Queen. *Andante con sentimento.*

Allegretto brilliant.

- teer. A volunteer! Ah! that the cards had said a volunteer!

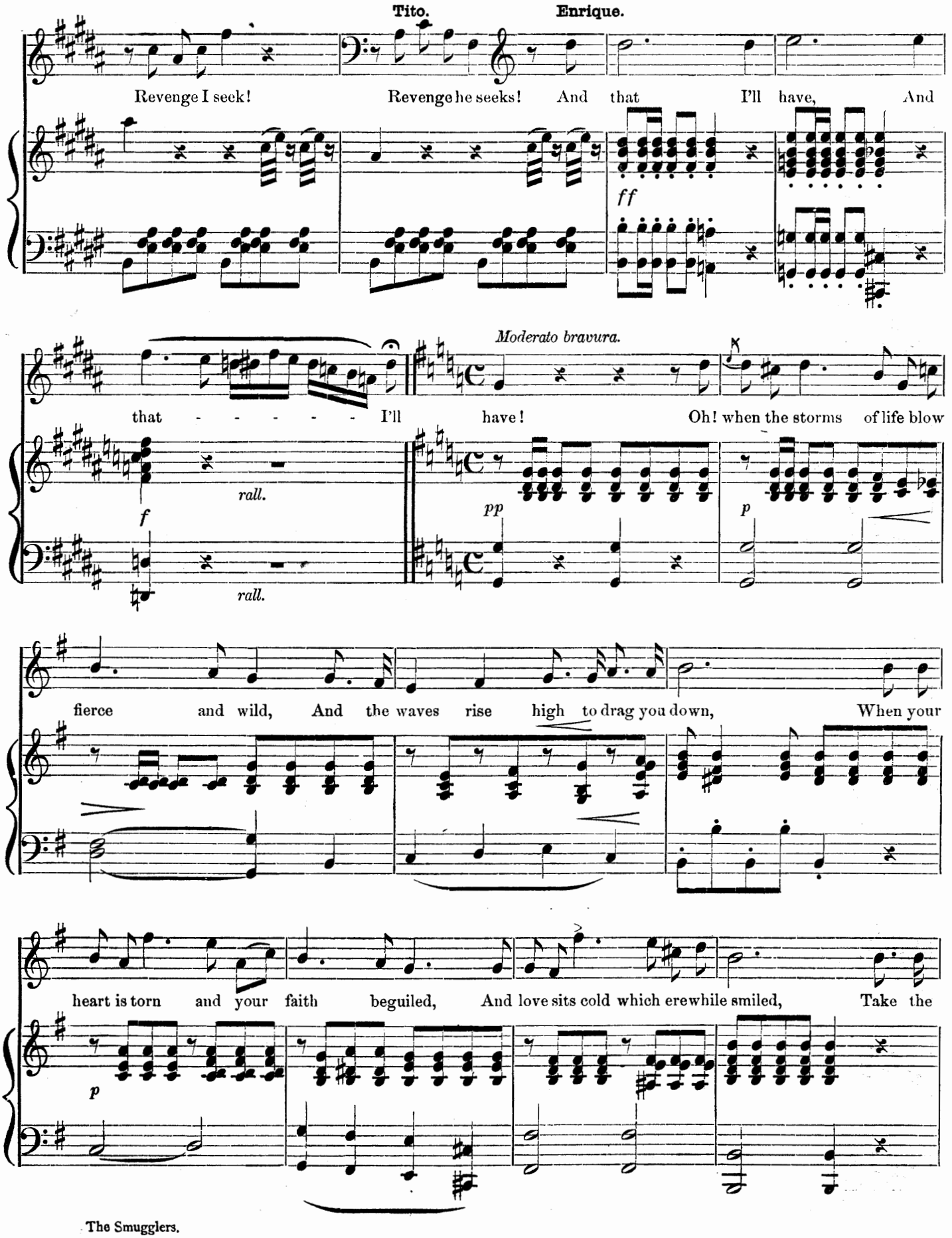
But who are you?

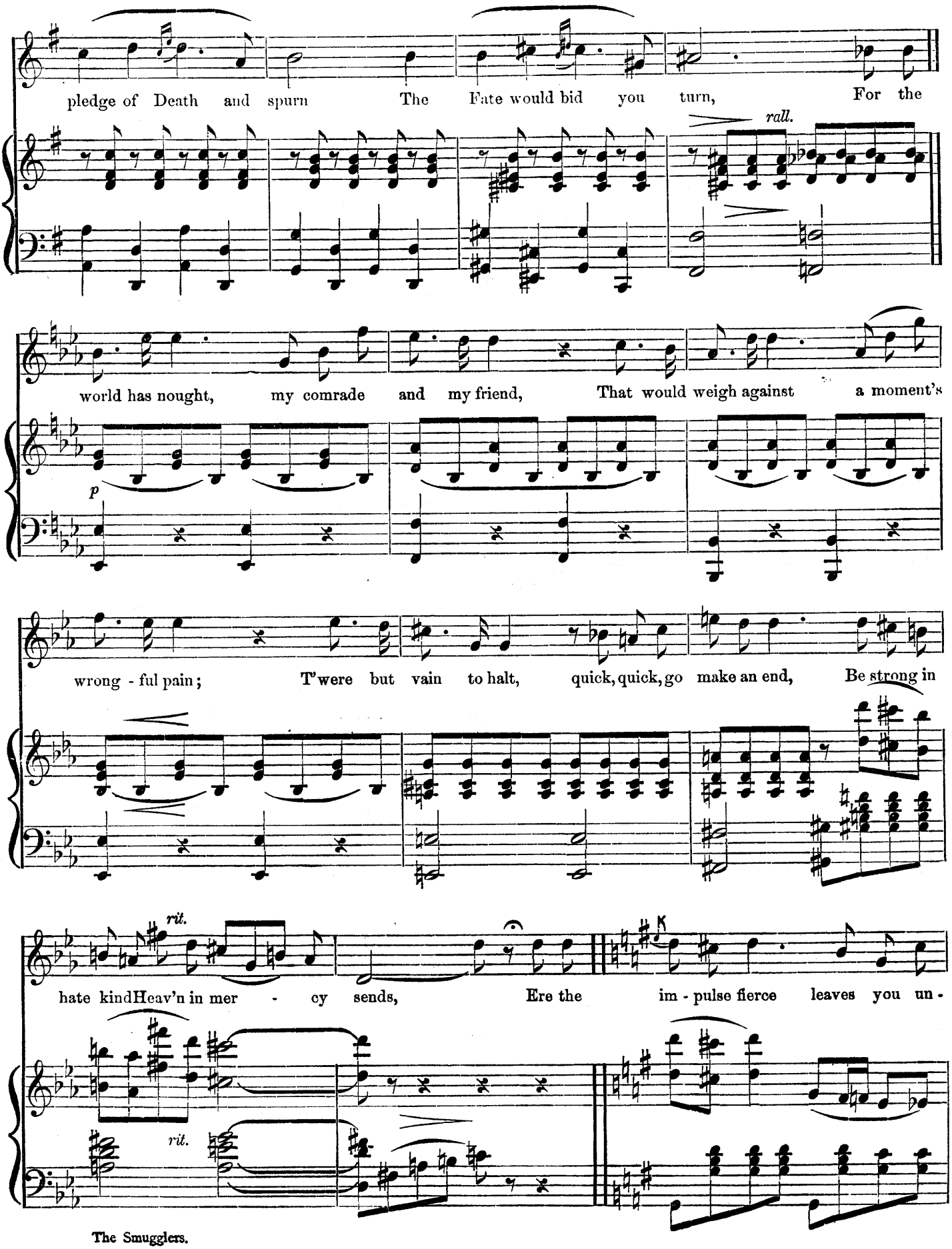
p

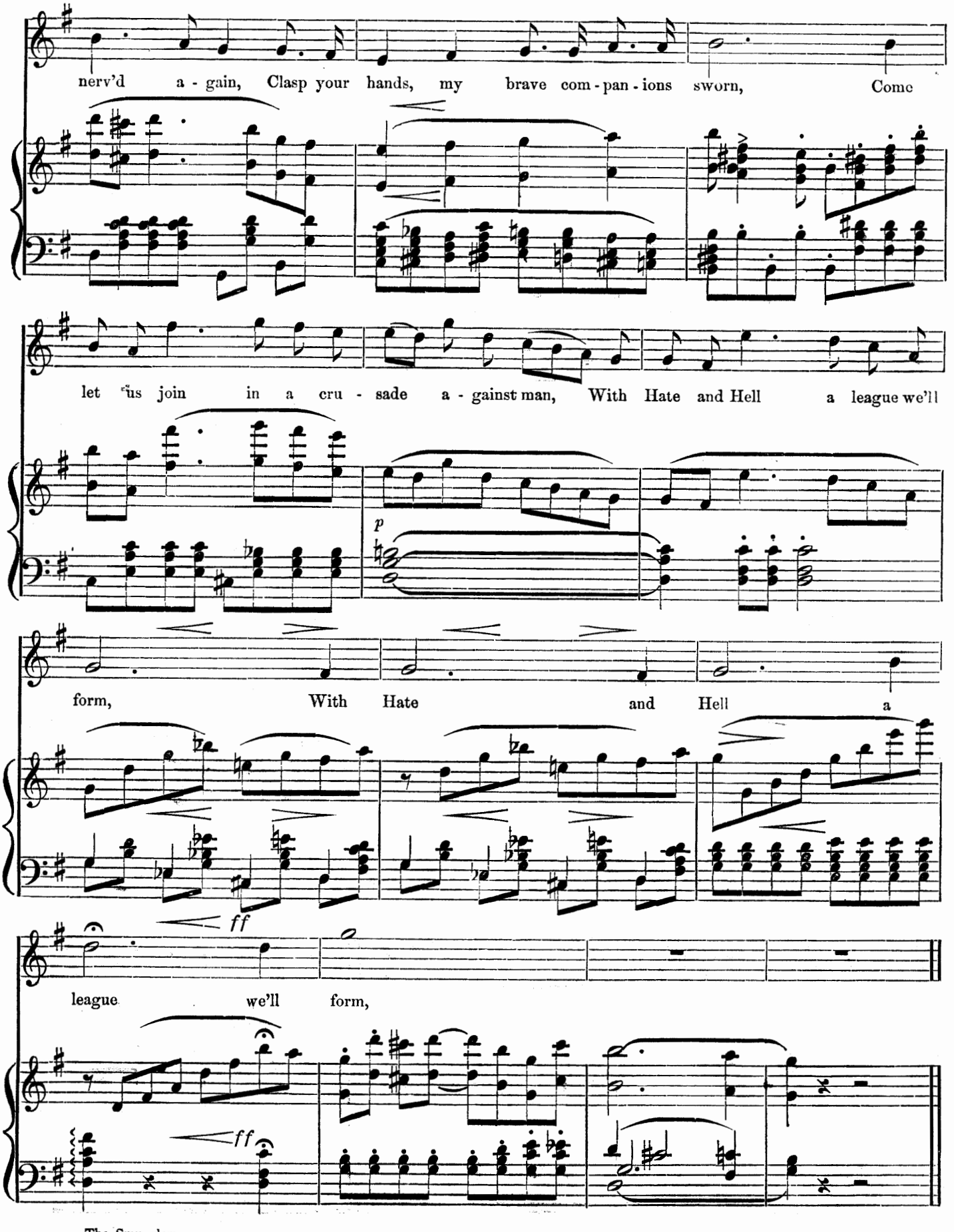
pp

Enrique.

What can you do? Most gracious Queen, I have been wronged!


Tito.
Enrique.
Revenge I seek!
Revenge he seeks!
And that
I'll have,
And
ff
Moderato bravura.
that - - - - - -
I'll
have!
Oh! when the storms of life blow
rall.
f
rall.
pp
p
fierce and wild,
And the waves rise high to drag you down,
When your
heart is torn and your faith beguiled,
And love sits cold which erewhile smiled,
Take the
p


pledge of Death and spurn The Fate would bid you turn, For the
rall.
world has nought, my comrade and my friend, That would weigh against a moment's
p
wrong - ful pain; T'were but vain to halt, quick, quick, go make an end, Be strong in
rit.
hate kindHeav'n in mer - cy sends, Ere the im - pulse fierce leaves you un -
rit.


nerv'd a - gain, Clasp your hands, my brave com - pan - ions sworn, Come
let us join in a cru - sade a - gainst man, With Hate and Hell a league we'll
p
form, With Hate and Hell a
ff
league we'll form,
ff

QUINTETTE, "Ah, Love, kind love!"

No. 5.

(VIOLANTE, QUEEN, ENRIQUE, TITO AND MATEO.)

Violante.

Queen.

p

Ah, Love, kind

Enrique.

Tito and Mateo.

Andante con sentimento.

p

rall.

V

Ah! love that you were here! Ah! stars

Q

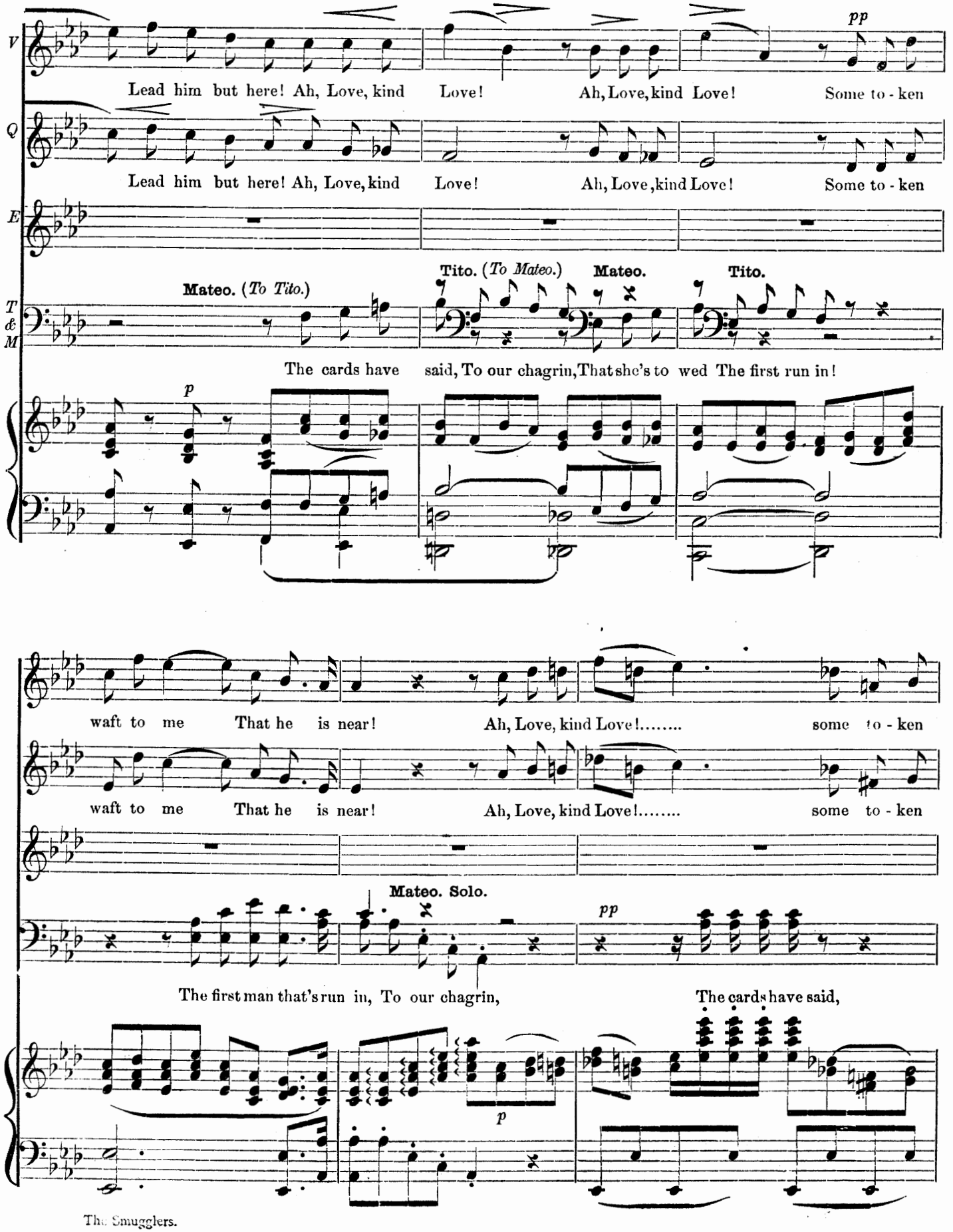
Love! some to-ken waft to me, That he is near; Ah! stars a - bove bright twinkling merri - ly

E

T & M

p

The Smugglers.


V
Lead him but here! Ah, Love, kind Love! Ah, Love, kind Love! Some to - ken
pp
Q
Lead him but here! Ah, Love, kind Love! Ah, Love, kind Love! Some to - ken
E
T & M
Mateo. (To Tito.)
Tito. (To Mateo.)
Mateo.
Tito.
The cards have said, To our chagrin, That she's to wed The first run in!
p
waft to me That he is near! Ah, Love, kind Love!..... some to - ken
waft to me That he is near! Ah, Love, kind Love!..... some to - ken
Mateo. Solo.
pp
The first man that's run in, To our chagrin,
The cards have said,
p

V waft to me, Ah, Love, kind Love! . . . . . Some to-ken waft to me, Ah, Love, kind

Q waft to me, Ah, Love, kind Love! . . . . . Some to-ken waft to me, Ah, Love, kind

E

T & M To our cha-grin, That she's to wed, The first run in, Ah, Love, kind

8va..... 8va..... 8va.....

Love! Ah, Love, kind, Love! Some token waft to me, That he is near, that he is

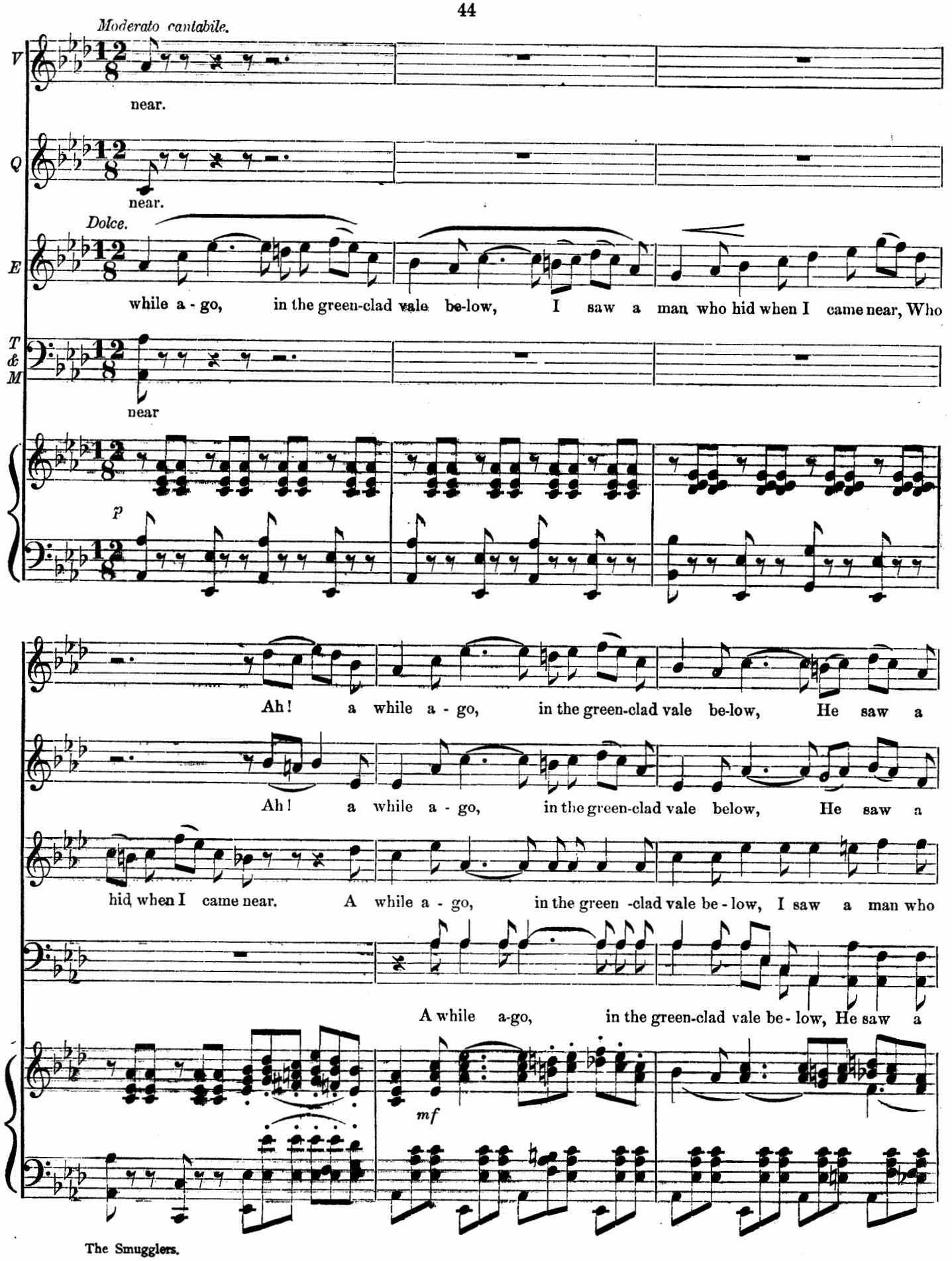
cres. dim.

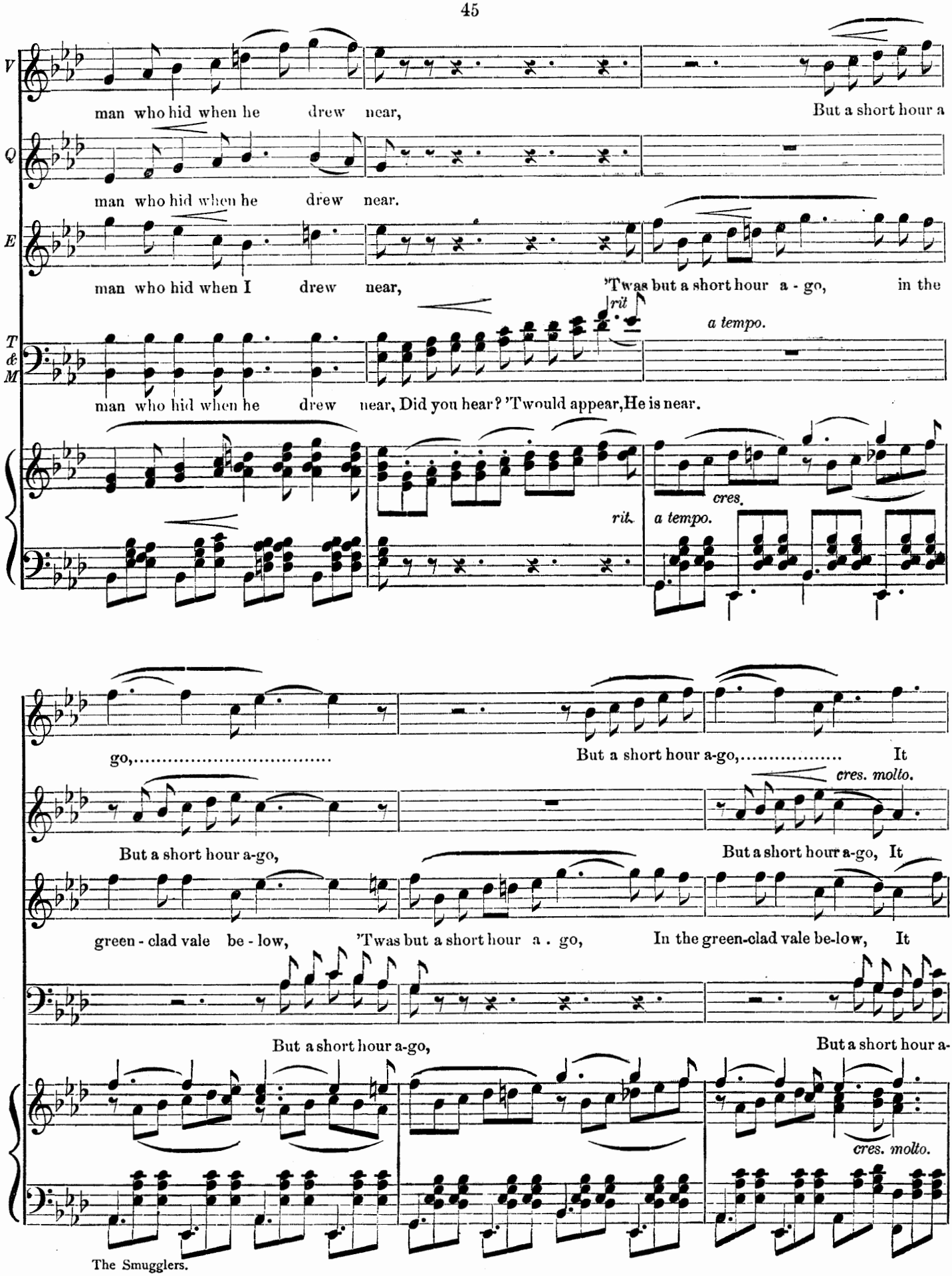
Love! Some to - ken waft to me, That he is near, that he is

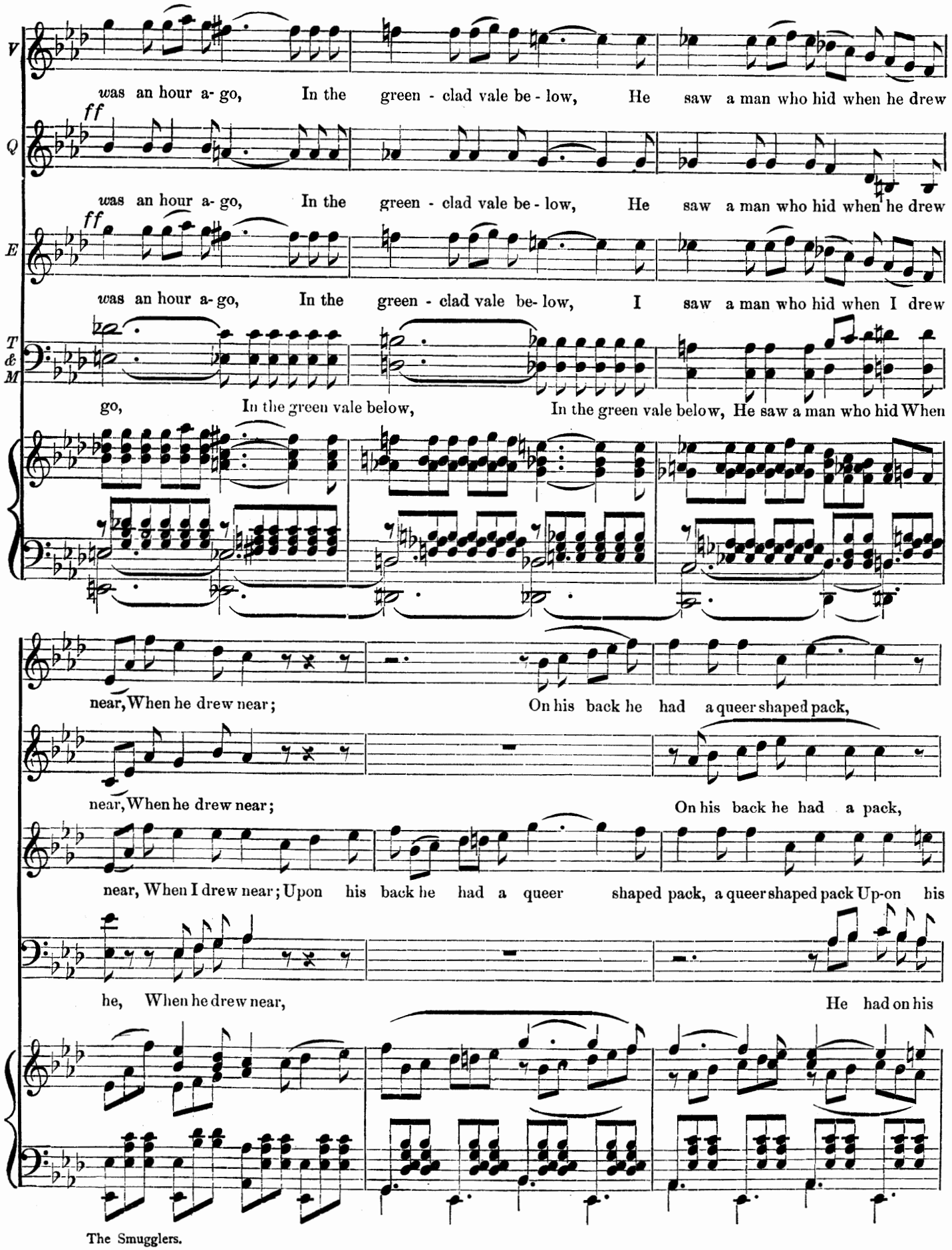
Love! Some to - ken waft to me, That he's not near, that he's not

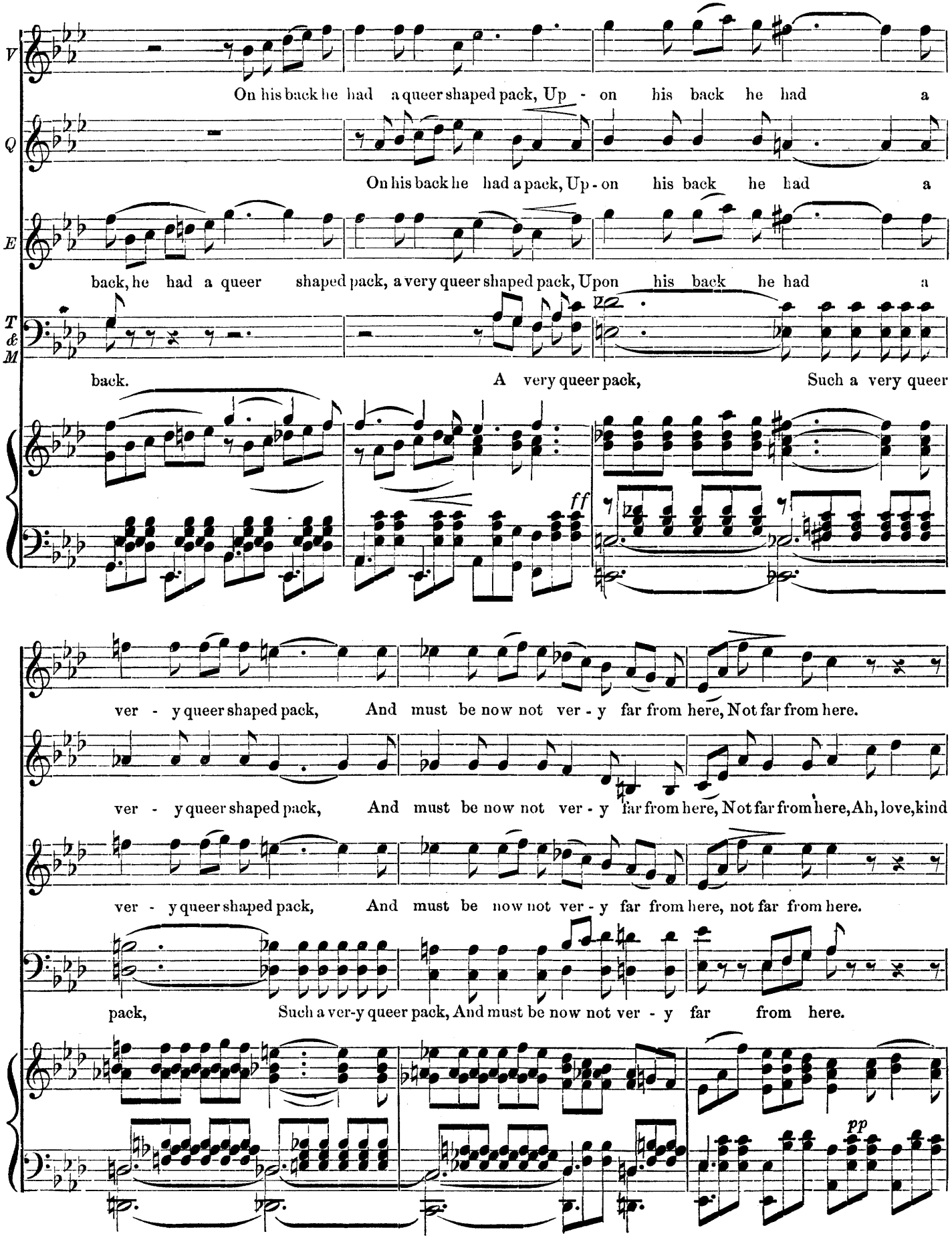
Love! Some to - ken waft to me, That he is not

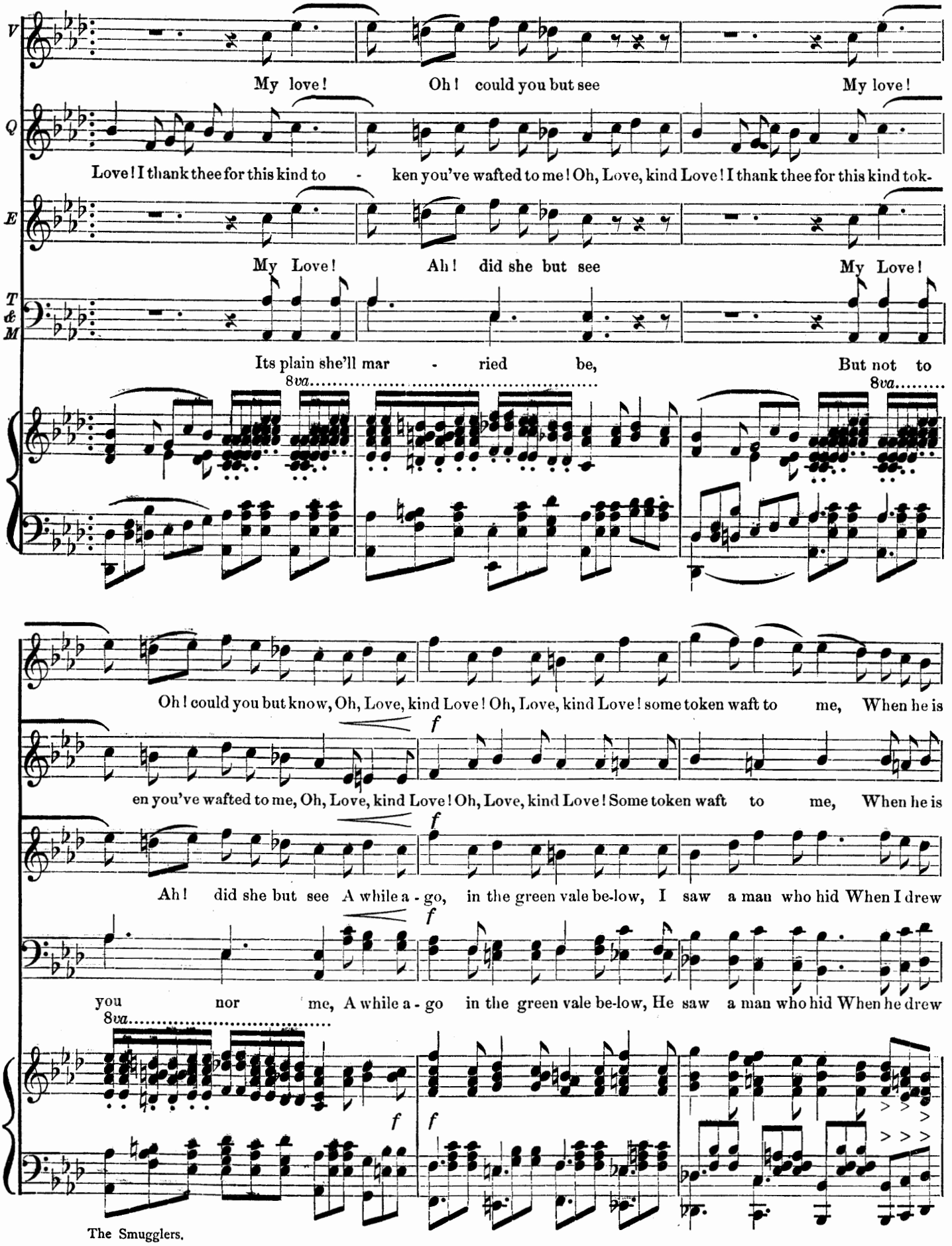
pp

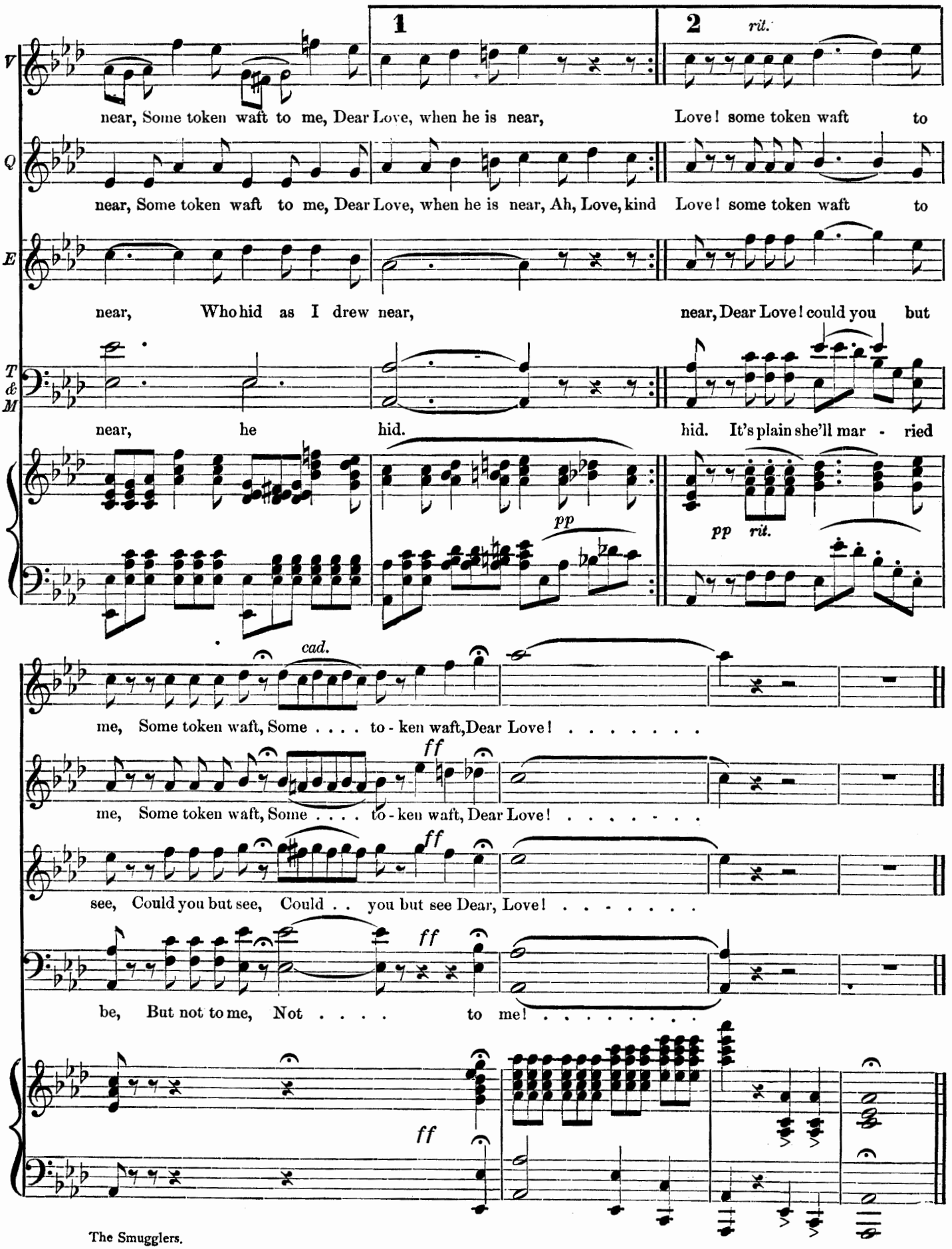

Moderato cantabile.
V
near.
Q
near.
Dolce.
E
while a - go, in the green-clad vale be-low, I saw a man who hid when I came near, Who
T & M
near
p
Ah! a while a - go, in the green-clad vale be-low, He saw a
Ah! a while a - go, in the green-clad vale below, He saw a
hid when I came near. A while a - go, in the green -clad vale be - low, I saw a man who
A while a-go, in the green-clad vale be - low, He saw a
mf


V
man who hid when he drew near,
But a short hour a
Q
man who hid when he drew near.
E
man who hid when I drew near,
'Twas but a short hour a - go, in the
rit
a tempo.
T & M
man who hid when he drew near, Did you hear? 'Twould appear, He is near.
cres.
rit.
a tempo.
go,.....
But a short hour a-go,..... It
cres. molto.
But a short hour a-go,
But a short hour a-go, It
green - clad vale be - low,
'Twas but a short hour a . go,
In the green-clad vale be-low, It
But a short hour a-go,
But a short hour a-
cres. molto.


V
was an hour a- go, In the green - clad vale be - low, He saw a man who hid when he drew
Q
ff
was an hour a- go, In the green - clad vale be - low, He saw a man who hid when he drew
E
ff
was an hour a- go, In the green - clad vale be- low, I saw a man who hid when I drew
T & M
go, In the green vale below, In the green vale below, He saw a man who hid When
near, When he drew near; On his back he had a queer shaped pack,
near, When he drew near; On his back he had a pack,
near, When I drew near; Upon his back he had a queer shaped pack, a queer shaped pack Up-on his
he, When he drew near, He had on his


V
On his back he had a queer shaped pack, Up - on his back he had a
Q
On his back he had a pack, Up - on his back he had a
E
back, he had a queer shaped pack, a very queer shaped pack, Upon his back he had a
T & M
back. A very queer pack, Such a very queer
ff
ver - y queer shaped pack, And must be now not ver - y far from here, Not far from here.
ver - y queer shaped pack, And must be now not ver - y far from here, Not far from here, Ah, love, kind
ver - y queer shaped pack, And must be now not ver - y far from here, not far from here.
pack, Such a ver-y queer pack, And must be now not ver - y far from here.
pp


V
My love! Oh! could you but see My love!
Q
Love! I thank thee for this kind to - ken you've wafted to me! Oh, Love, kind Love! I thank thee for this kind tok-
E
My Love! Ah! did she but see My Love!
T & M
Its plain she'll mar - ried be, But not to
8va
8va
Oh! could you but know, Oh, Love, kind Love! Oh, Love, kind Love! some token waft to me, When he is
f
en you've wafted to me, Oh, Love, kind Love! Oh, Love, kind Love! Some token waft to me, When he is
Ah! did she but see A while a - go, in the green vale be-low, I saw a man who hid When I drew
you nor me, A while a - go in the green vale be-low, He saw a man who hid When he drew
8va
f
f

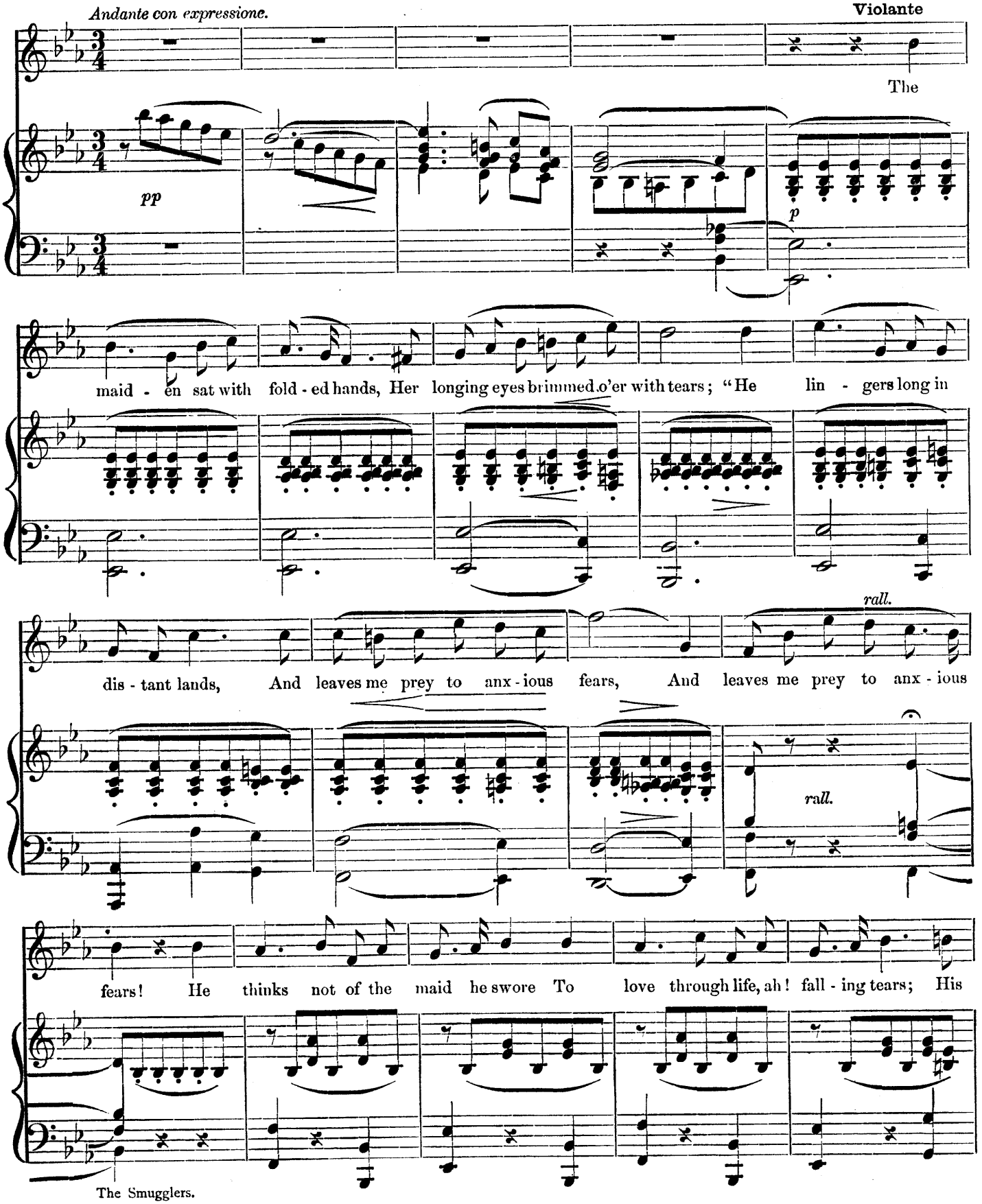

1
2
rit.
V
near, Some token waft to me, Dear Love, when he is near,
Love! some token waft to
Q
near, Some token waft to me, Dear Love, when he is near, Ah, Love, kind
Love! some token waft to
E
near, Who hid as I drew near,
near, Dear Love! could you but
T & M
near, he hid.
hid. It's plain she'll mar - ried
pp
pp rit.
cad.
me, Some token waft, Some . . . . to - ken waft, Dear Love! . . . . . .
ff
me, Some token waft, Some . . . . to - ken waft, Dear Love! . . . . . .
ff
see, Could you but see, Could . . you but see Dear, Love! . . . . . .
ff
be, But not to me, Not . . . . to me! . . . . . .
ff

BALLAD, "The maiden sat with folded hands."

No. 6.

Andante con expressione.

Violante



The Smugglers.

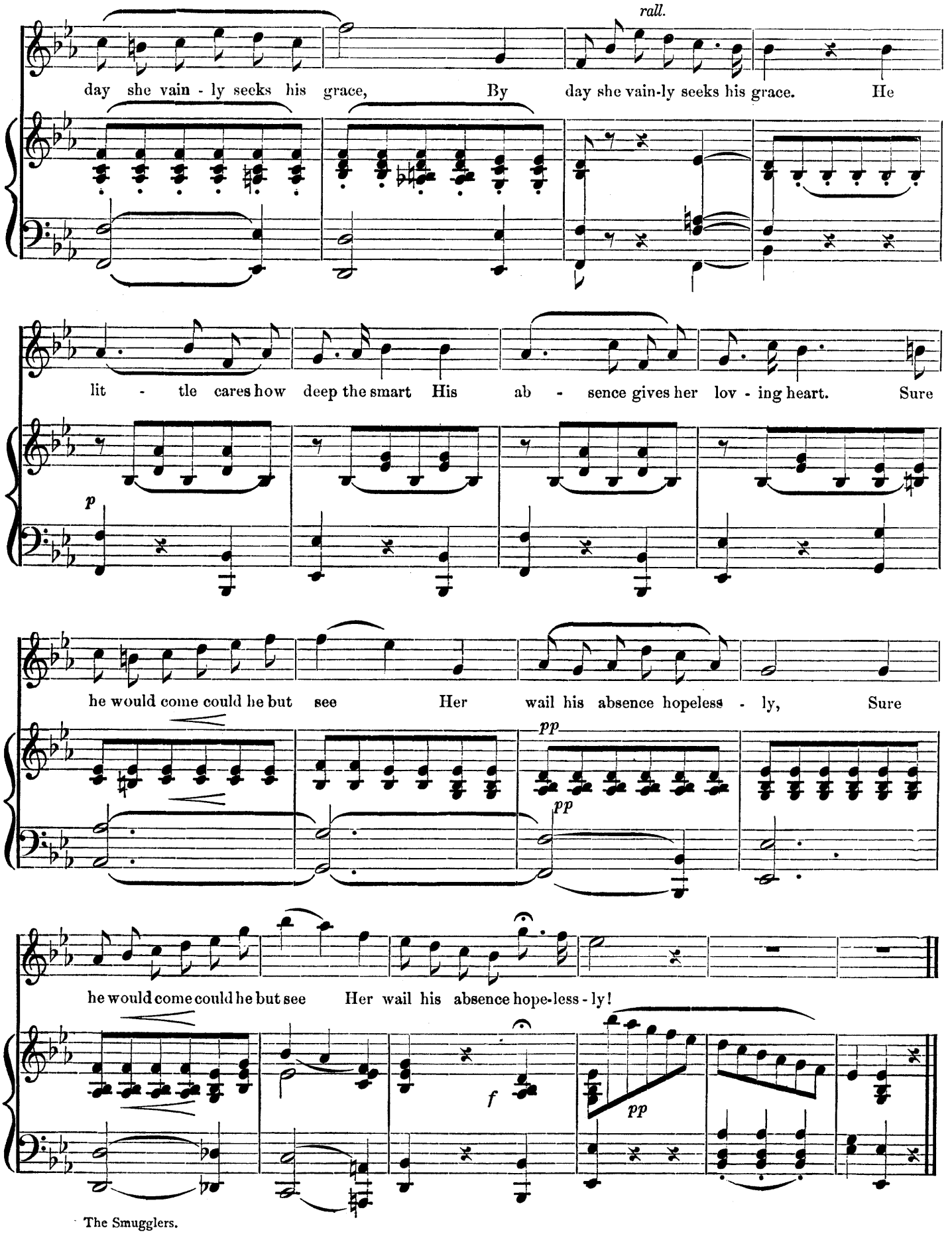
gai - ly spo - ken fare - well tore The breast which held no jeal - ous fears, His

gai - ly spoken farewell tore The breast which held no jealous fears!"

pp

"He lov - eth not," She deep - ly sighed, "Though,

wait - ing here, be - moans his bride!" In dreams by night She sees his face, By


rall.
day she vain - ly seeks his grace, By day she vain-ly seeks his grace. He
lit - tle cares how deep the smart His ab - sence gives her lov - ing heart. Sure
p
he would come could he but see Her wail his absence hopeless - ly, Sure
pp
pp
he would come could he but see Her wail his absence hope-less - ly!
f
pp

DUET, "Come to these arms that long to hold thee."

No. 7.

Enrique. *Rec.*

ff

Tis I, En - ri-que!

Allegro Impetuoso.

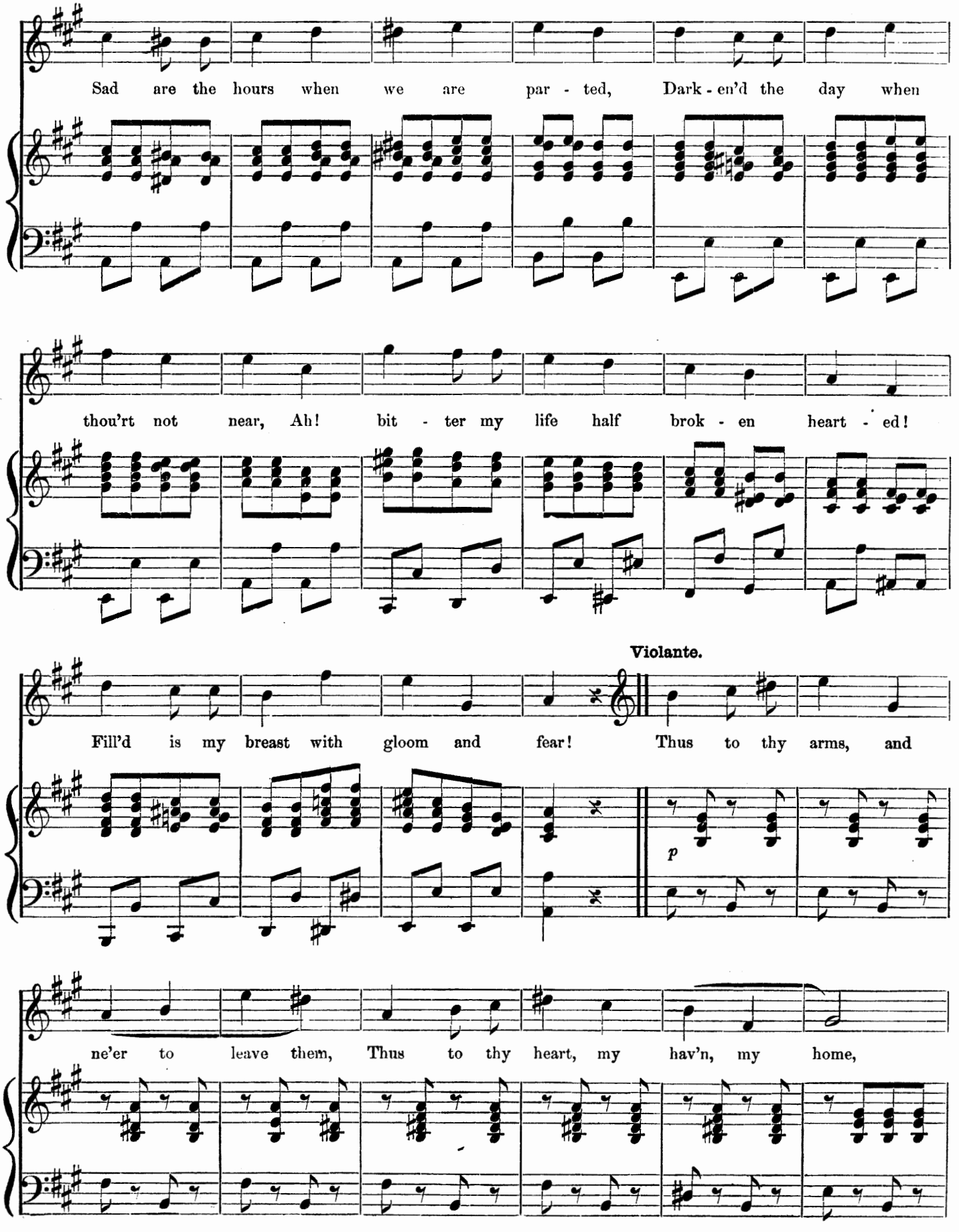
ff

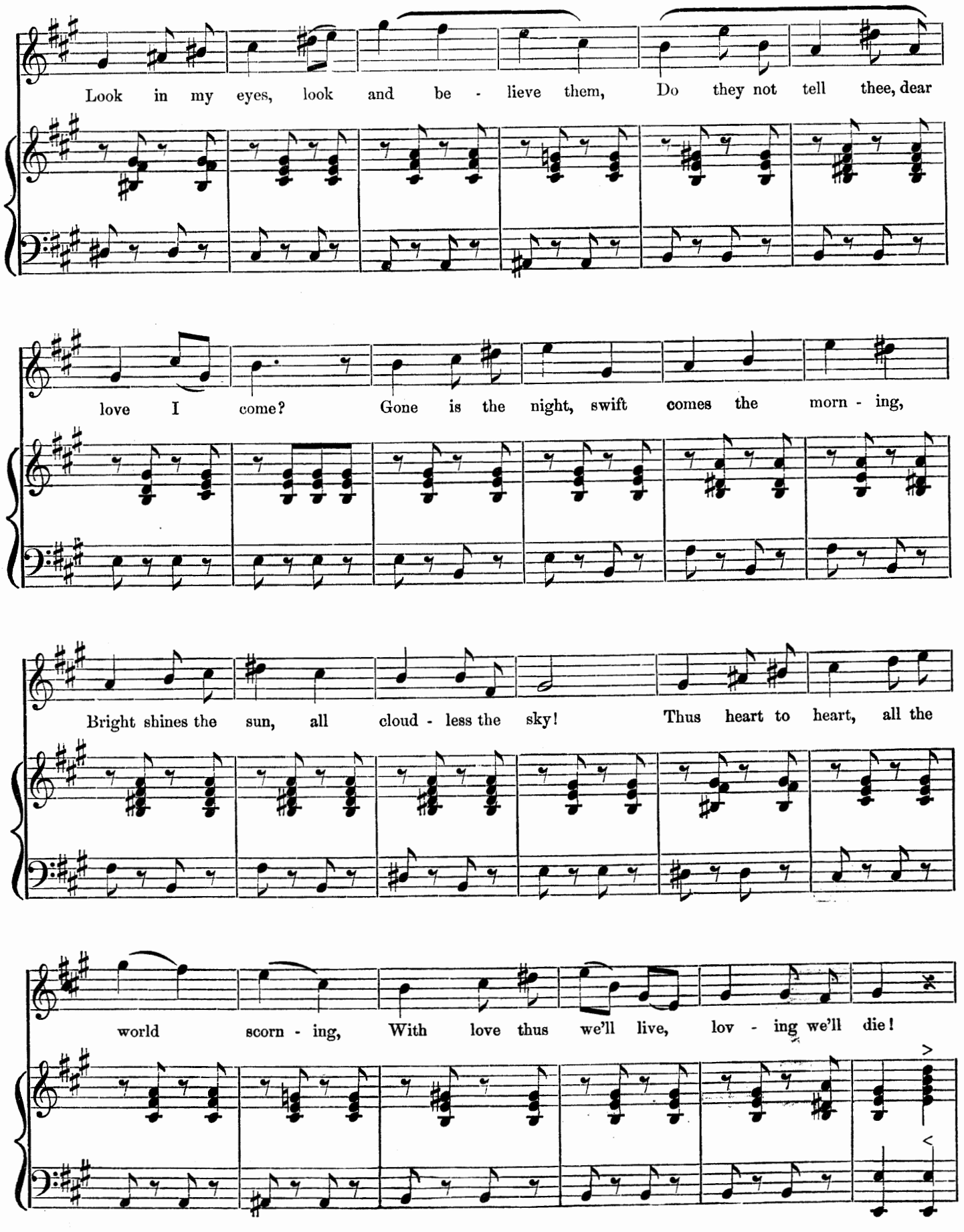
Come to these arms that long to hold thee,

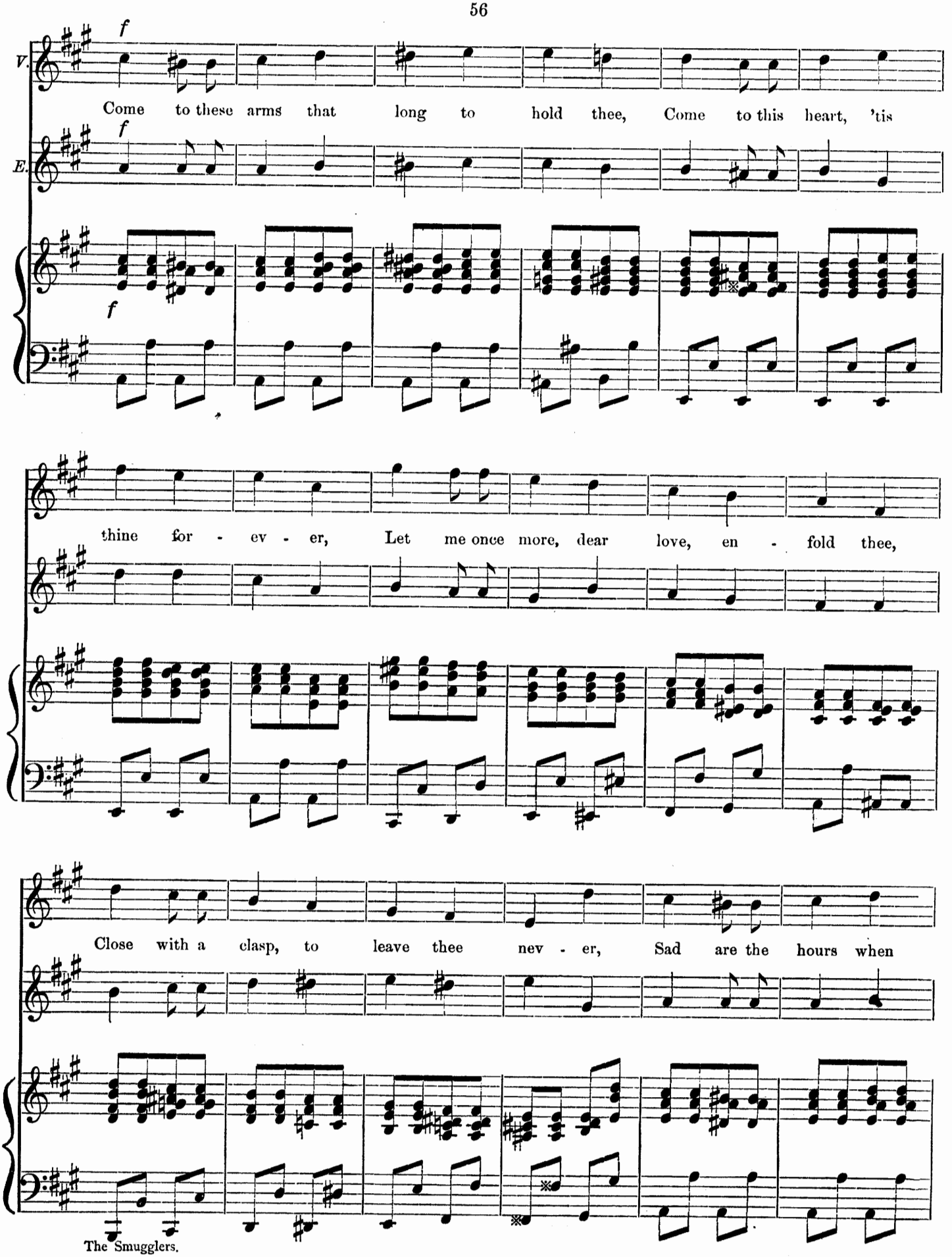
Staccato.

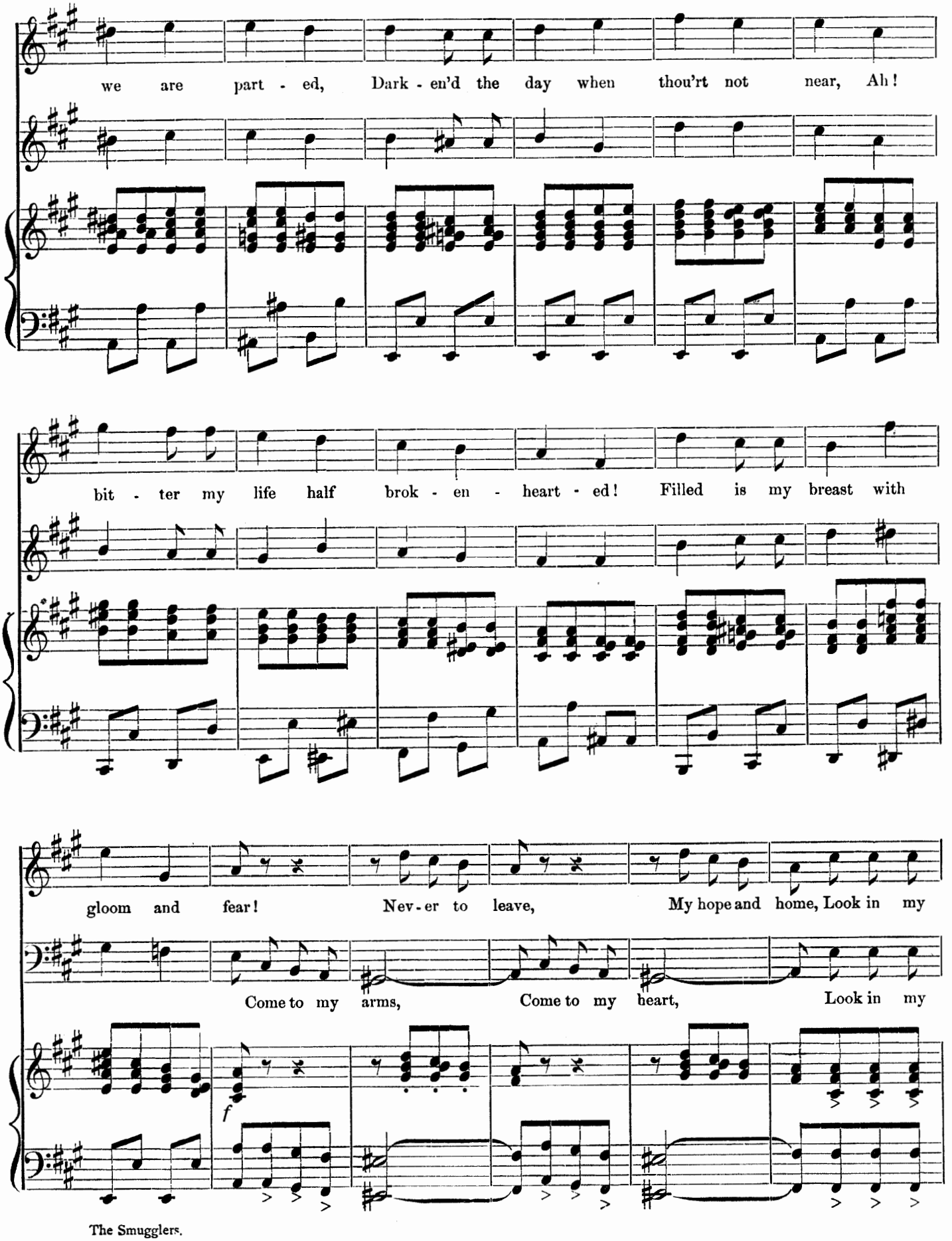
Come to this heart, tis thine for - ev - er, Let me once more, dear

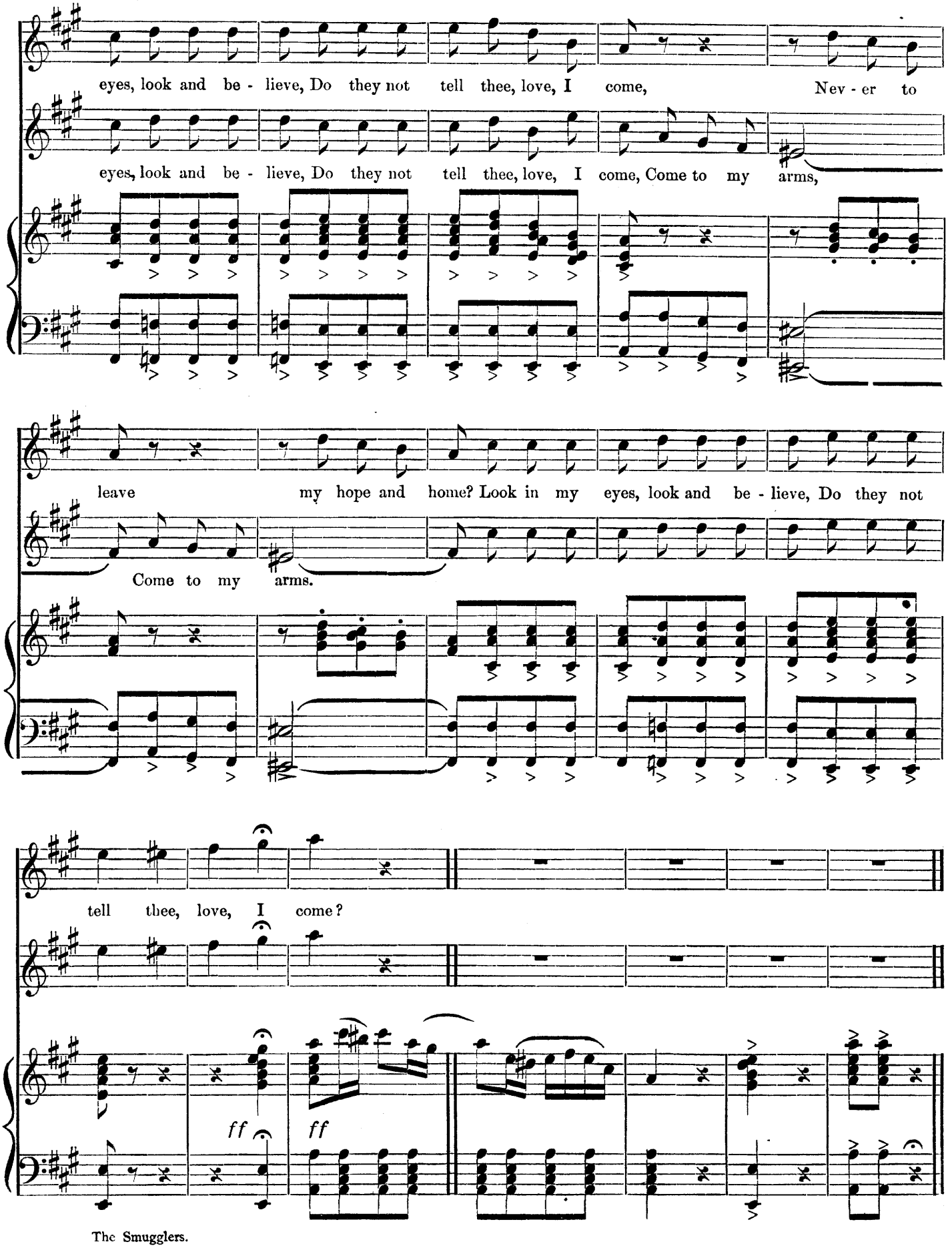
love en - fold thee Close with a clasp, to leave thee nev - er


Sad are the hours when we are par - ted, Dark - en'd the day when
thou'rt not near, Ah! bit - ter my life half brok - en heart - ed!
Violante.
Fill'd is my breast with gloom and fear! Thus to thy arms, and
p
ne'er to leave them, Thus to thy heart, my hav'n, my home,


Look in my eyes, look and be - lieve them, Do they not tell thee, dear
love I come? Gone is the night, swift comes the morn - ing,
Bright shines the sun, all cloud - less the sky! Thus heart to heart, all the
world scorn - ing, With love thus we'll live, lov - ing we'll die!


V.
E.
f
Come to these arms that long to hold thee, Come to this heart, 'tis
thine for - ev - er, Let me once more, dear love, en - fold thee,
Close with a clasp, to leave thee nev - er, Sad are the hours when

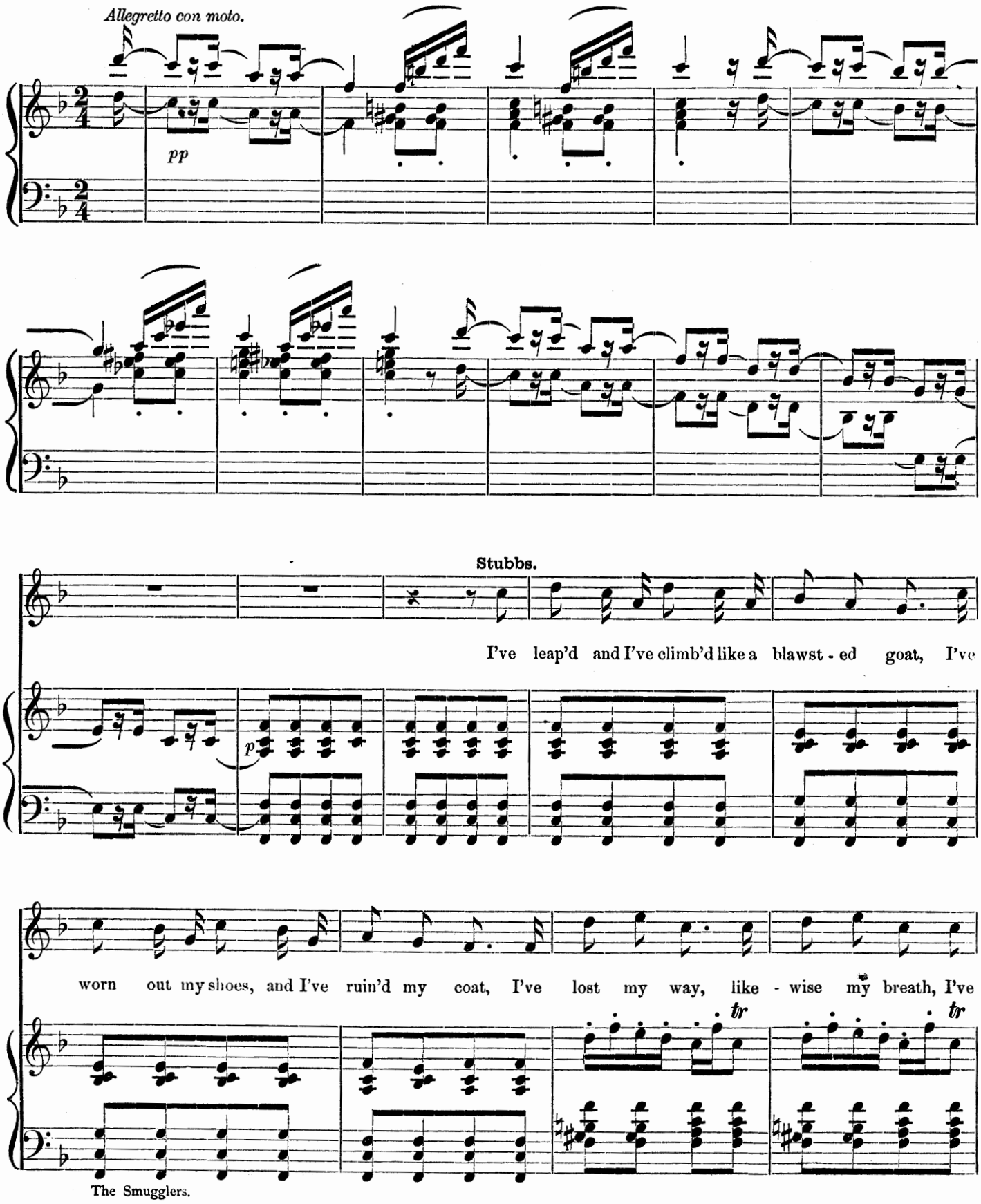

we are part - ed, Dark - en'd the day when thou'rt not near, Ah!
bit - ter my life half brok - en - heart - ed! Filled is my breast with
gloom and fear! Nev - er to leave, My hope and home, Look in my
Come to my arms, Come to my heart, Look in my
f

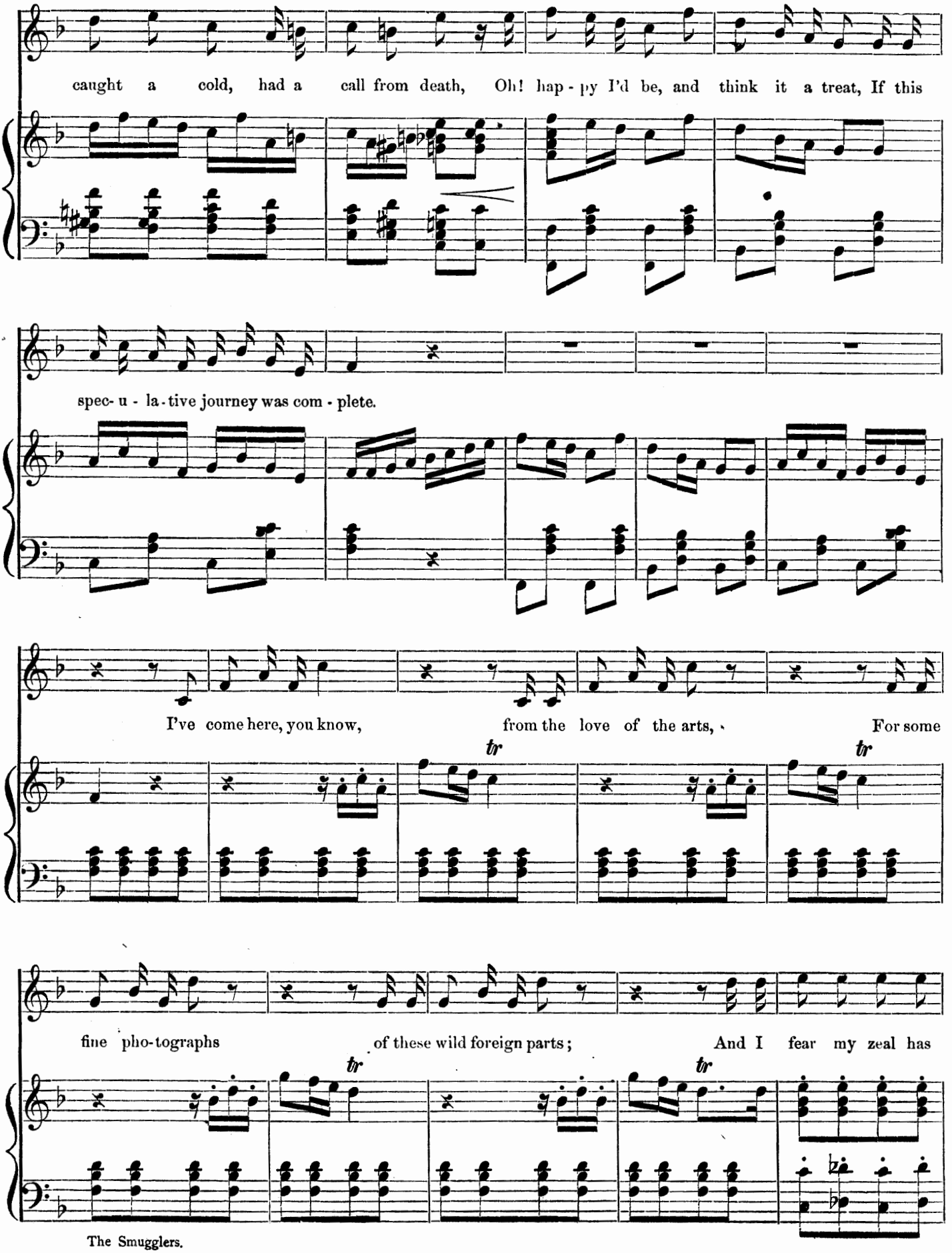

eyes, look and be - lieve, Do they not tell thee, love, I come, Nev - er to
eyes, look and be - lieve, Do they not tell thee, love, I come, Come to my arms,
leave my hope and home? Look in my eyes, look and be - lieve, Do they not
Come to my arms.
tell thee, love, I come?
ff
ff

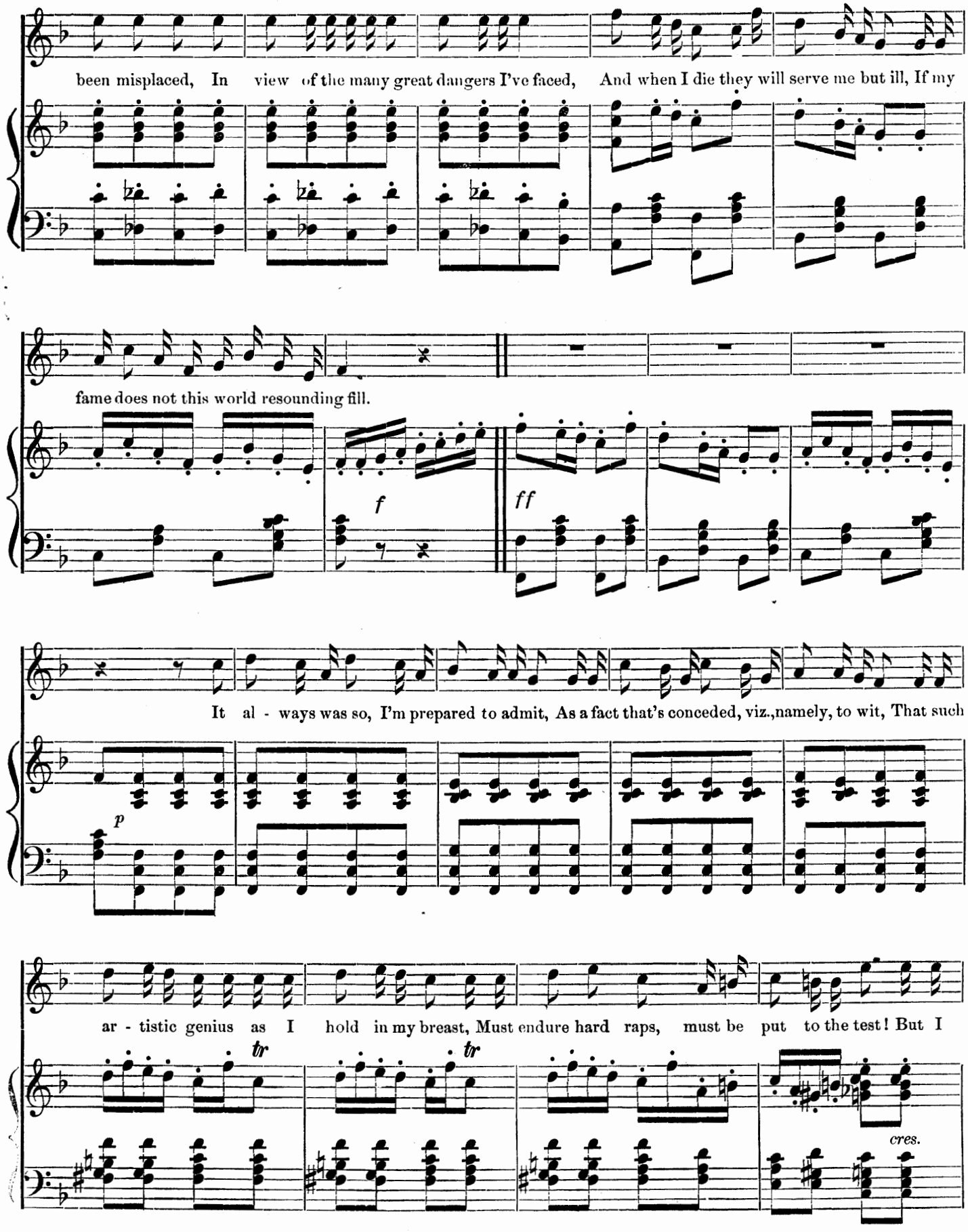
SONG, "I've leaped and I've climbed like a blawsted goat."

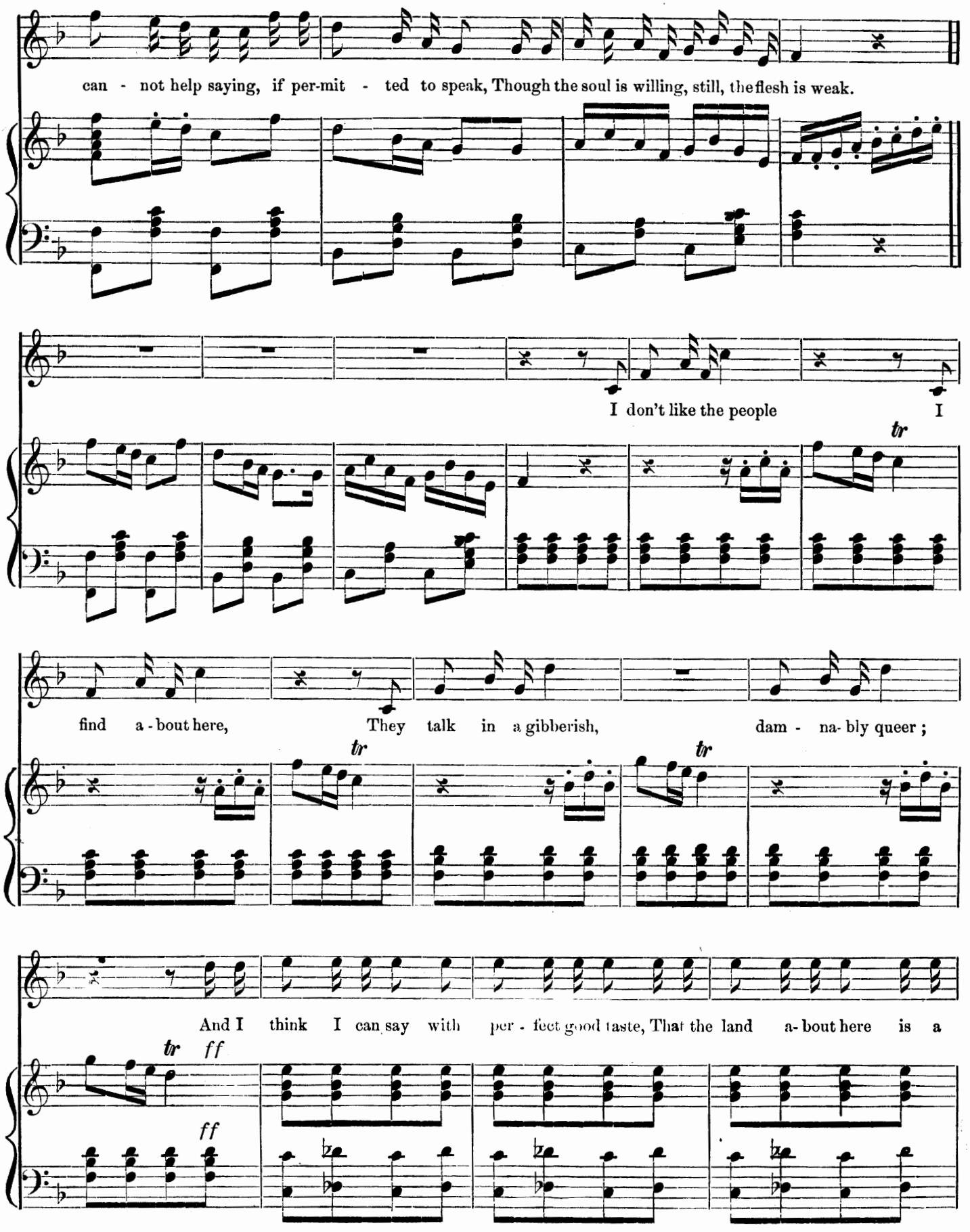
No. 8.

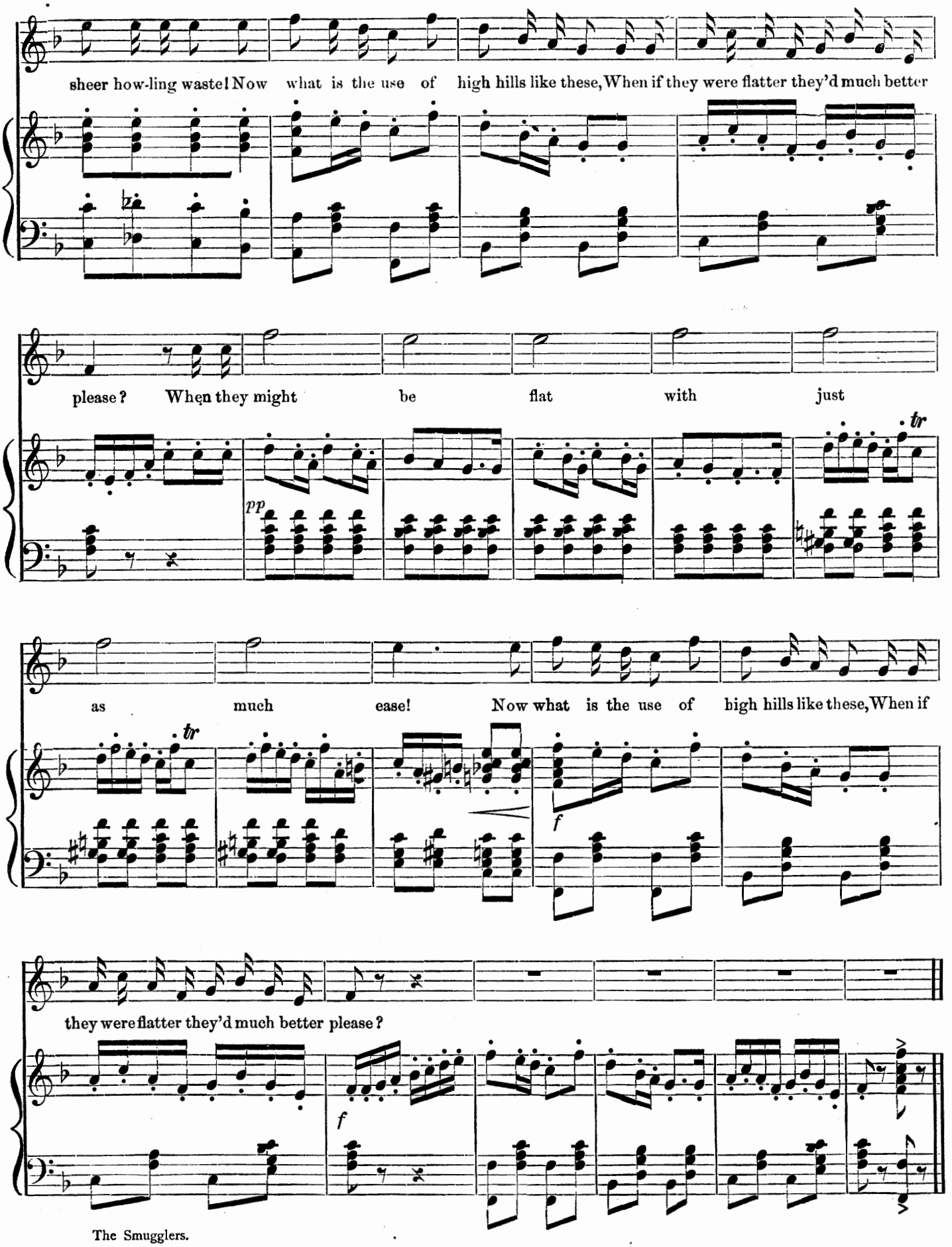
Allegretto con moto.




caught a cold, had a call from death, Oh! hap - py I'd be, and think it a treat, If this
spec- u - la - tive journey was com - plete.
I've come here, you know, from the love of the arts, For some
tr
tr
fine pho-tographs of these wild foreign parts; And I fear my zeal has
tr
tr


been misplaced, In view of the many great dangers I've faced, And when I die they will serve me but ill, If my
fame does not this world resounding fill.
f
ff
It al - ways was so, I'm prepared to admit, As a fact that's conceded, viz.,namely, to wit, That such
p
ar - tistic genius as I hold in my breast, Must endure hard raps, must be put to the test! But I
tr
tr
cres.


can - not help saying, if per-mit - ted to speak, Though the soul is willing, still, the flesh is weak.
I don't like the people I
tr
find a - bout here, They talk in a gibberish, dam - na- bly queer;
tr
tr
And I think I can say with per - fect good taste, That the land a- bout here is a
tr ff
ff


sheer how-ling waste! Now what is the use of high hills like these, When if they were flatter they'd much better
please? When they might be flat with just
pp
tr
as much ease! Now what is the use of high hills like these, When if
tr
f
they were flatter they'd much better please?
f

QUINTETTE AND CHORUS.

No. 9.

(VIOLANTE, QUEEN, MATEO, TITO, STUBBS AND CHORUS.)

Moderato.

Queen. *Rec.*

It matters not, the Fates have spoken, my word is pledged, It

Moderato.

a tempo.

p

Stubbs. *Rec.*

can't be broken! You are too late, the priest has spoken, My word is pledged, It can't be broken, I

a tempo.

can't be yours by that same to - ken, For I'm wear- ing now the mat - ri - mo - nial

Queen. *(aside.)*

Mateo. *(to Stubbs.)*

yoke! He hes- i- tates the step to take! You seem to think it all a joke!

The Smugglers.

Allegretto Brilliante.

Stubbs.

I could un - der - stand the

Allegretto Brilliante.

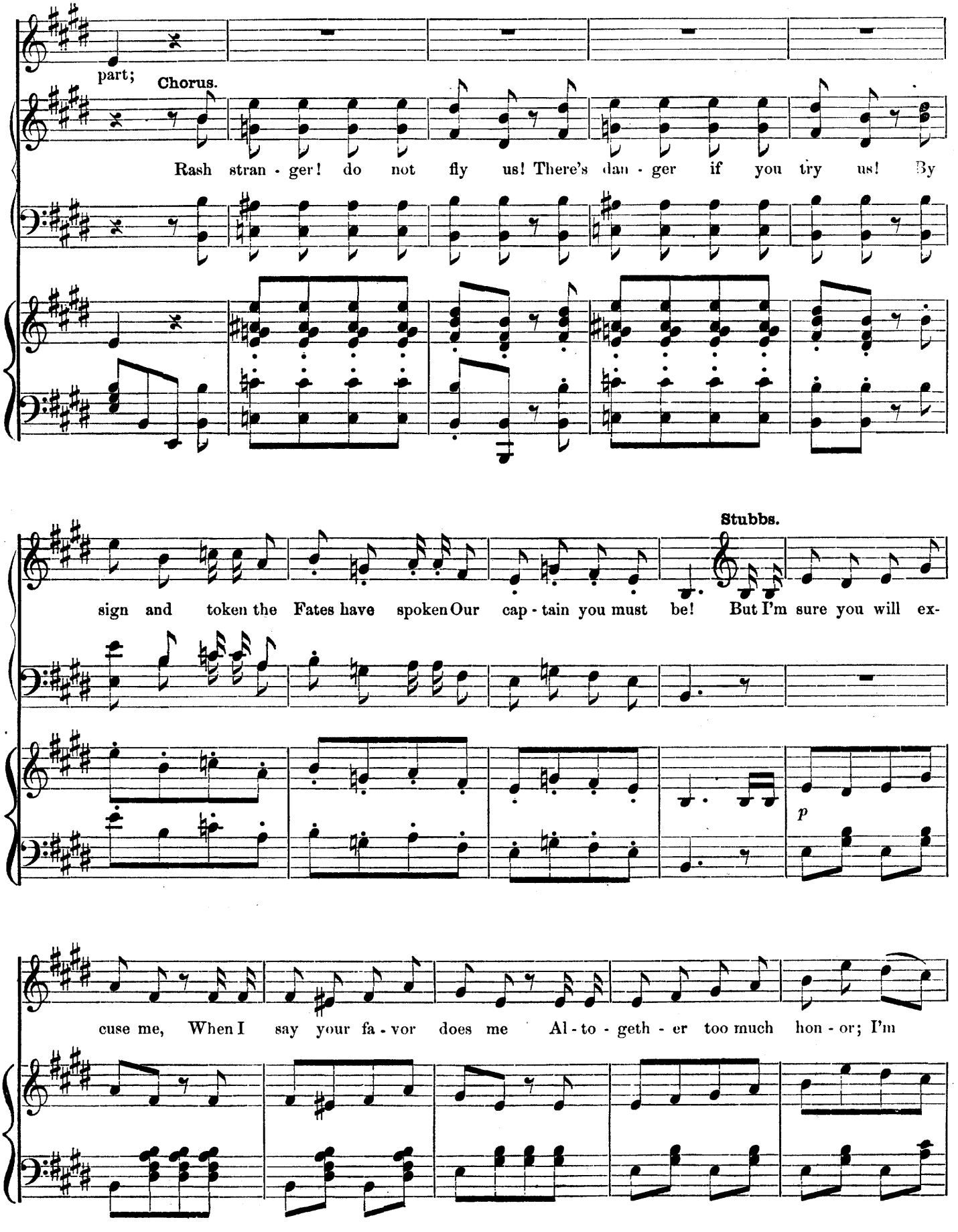
ff

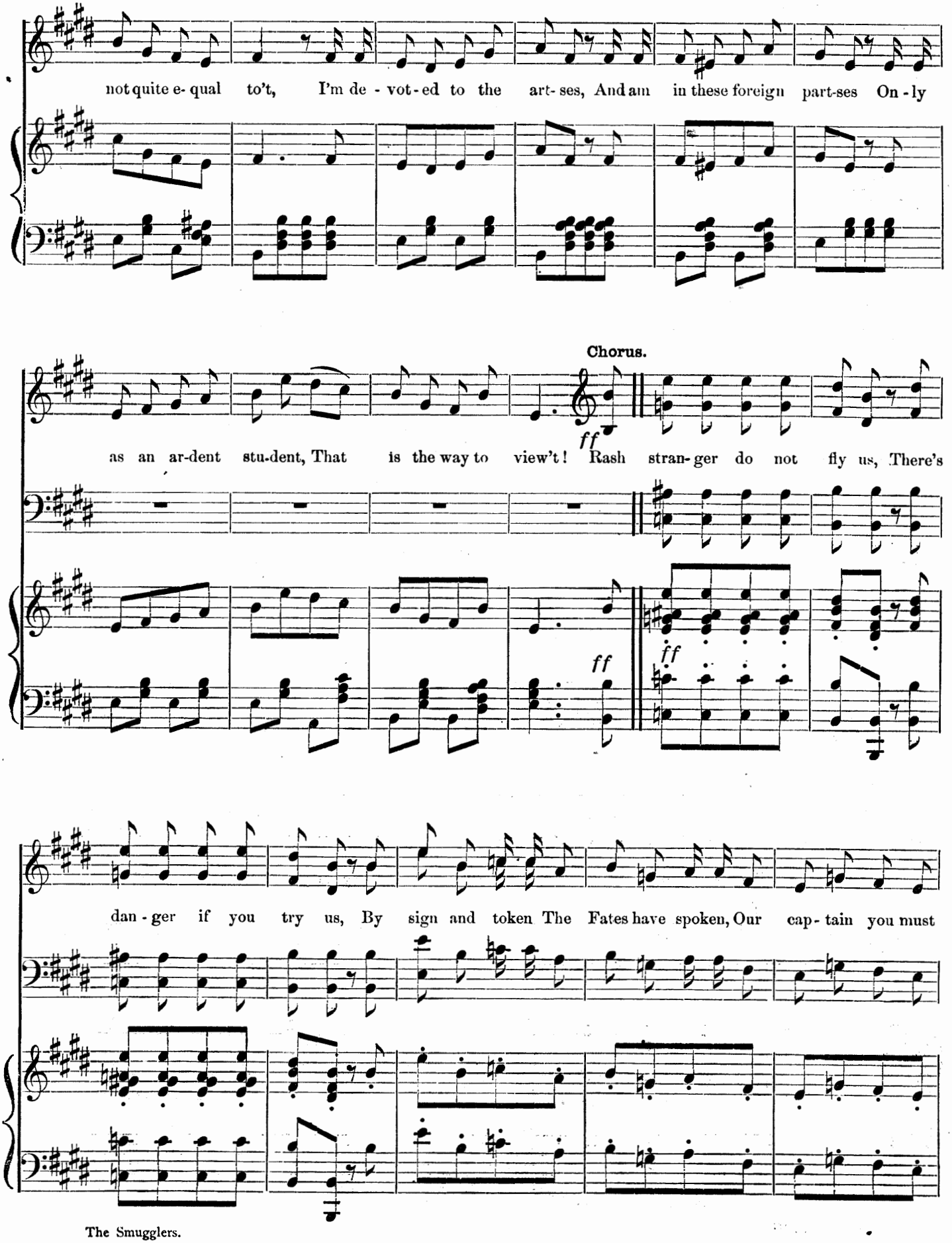
p

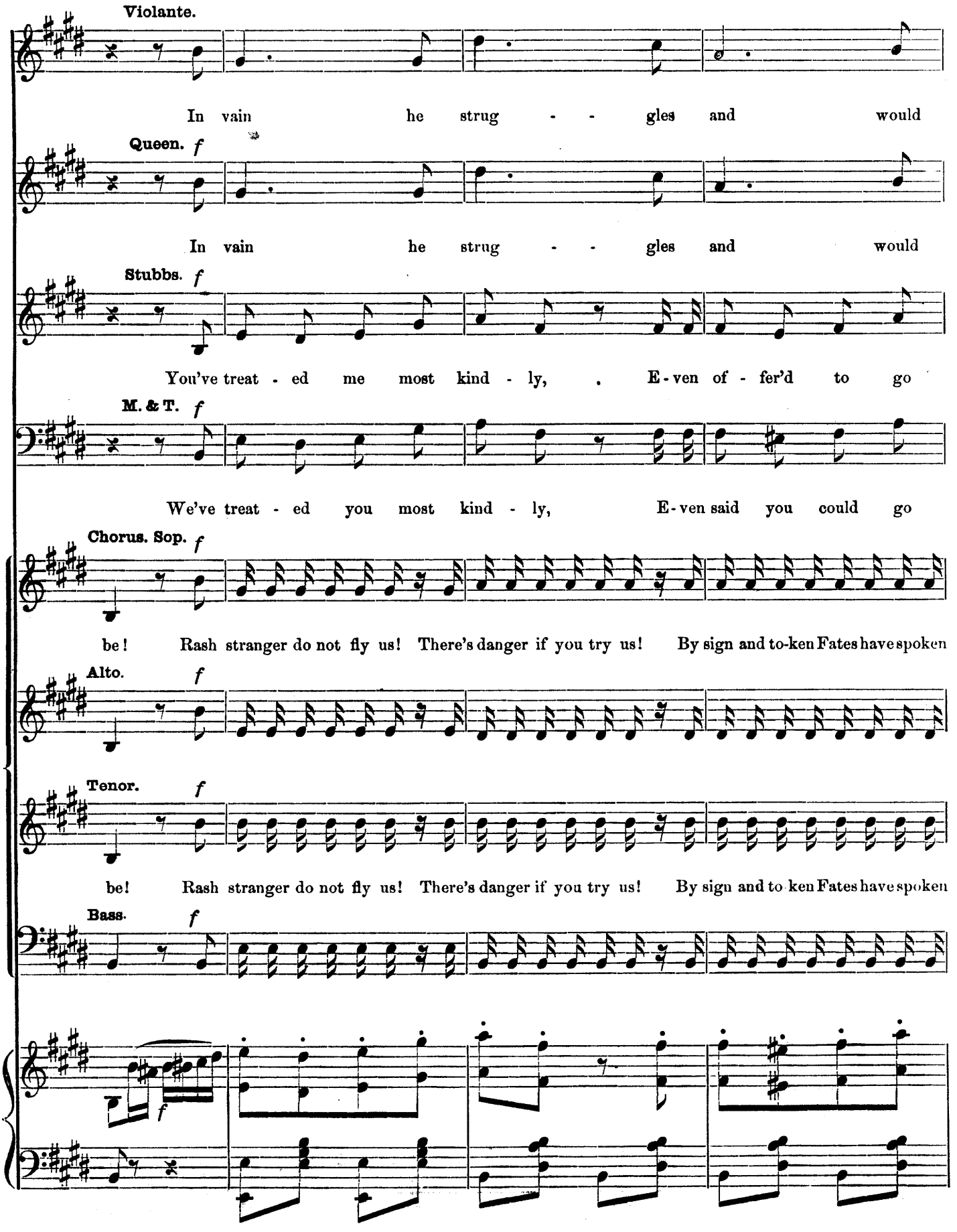
cap - ture If I could feel the rap - ture Of be - liev - ing that I real - ly had

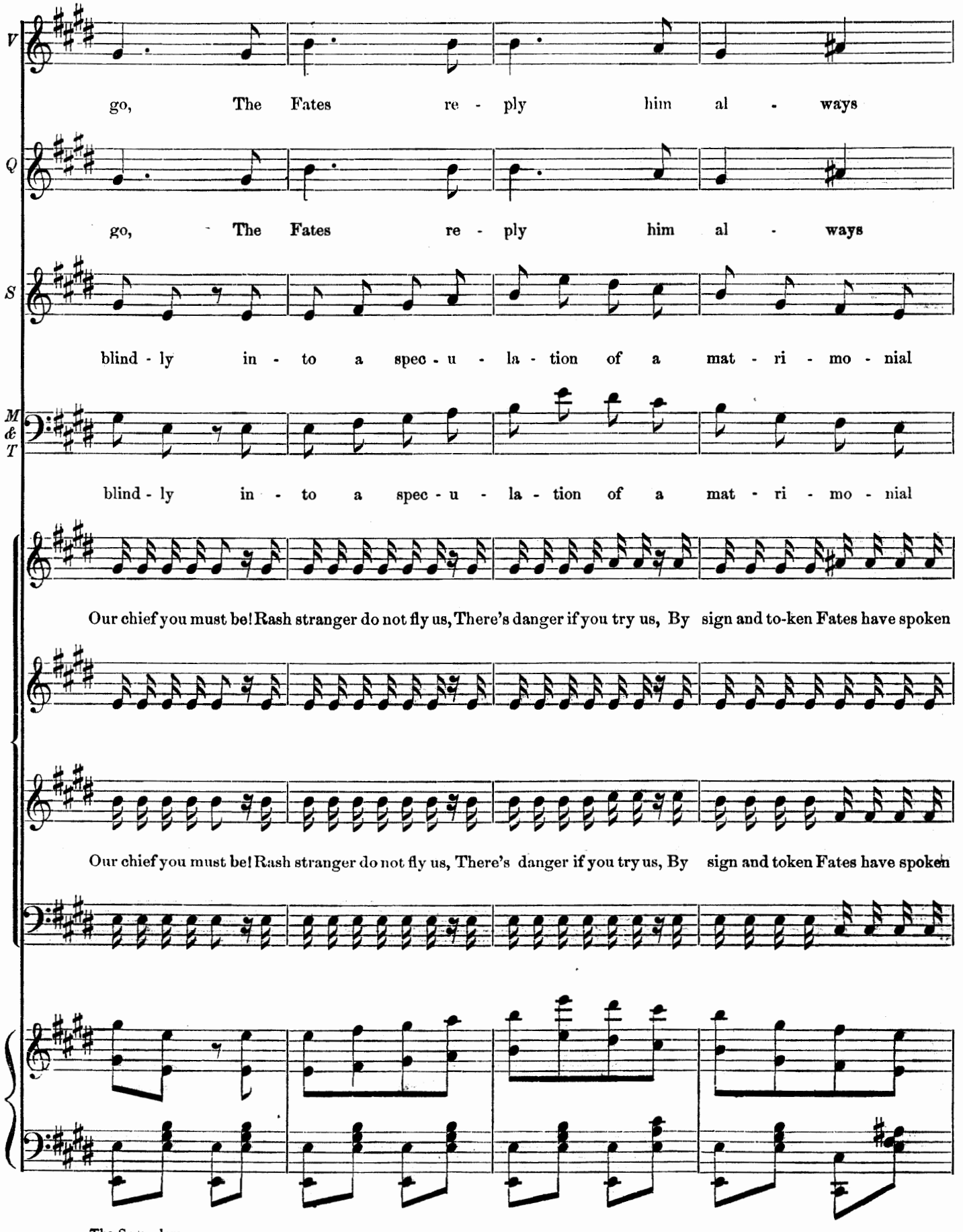
won your bloom-ing heart; And I hope you do not real - ly Think I am so aw - ful

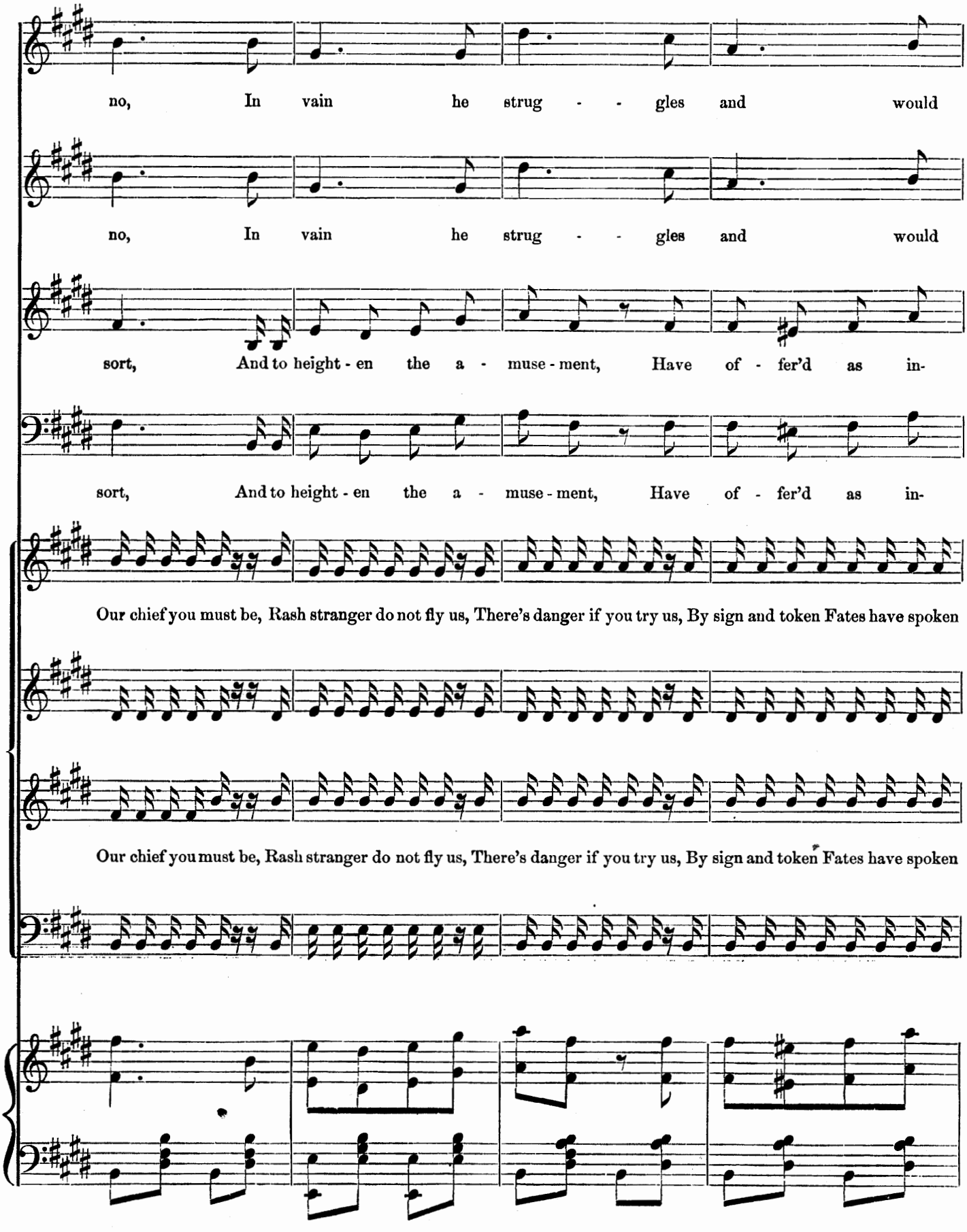
veal - ly! As not to see how fa - mous - ly you've play'd your lit - tle

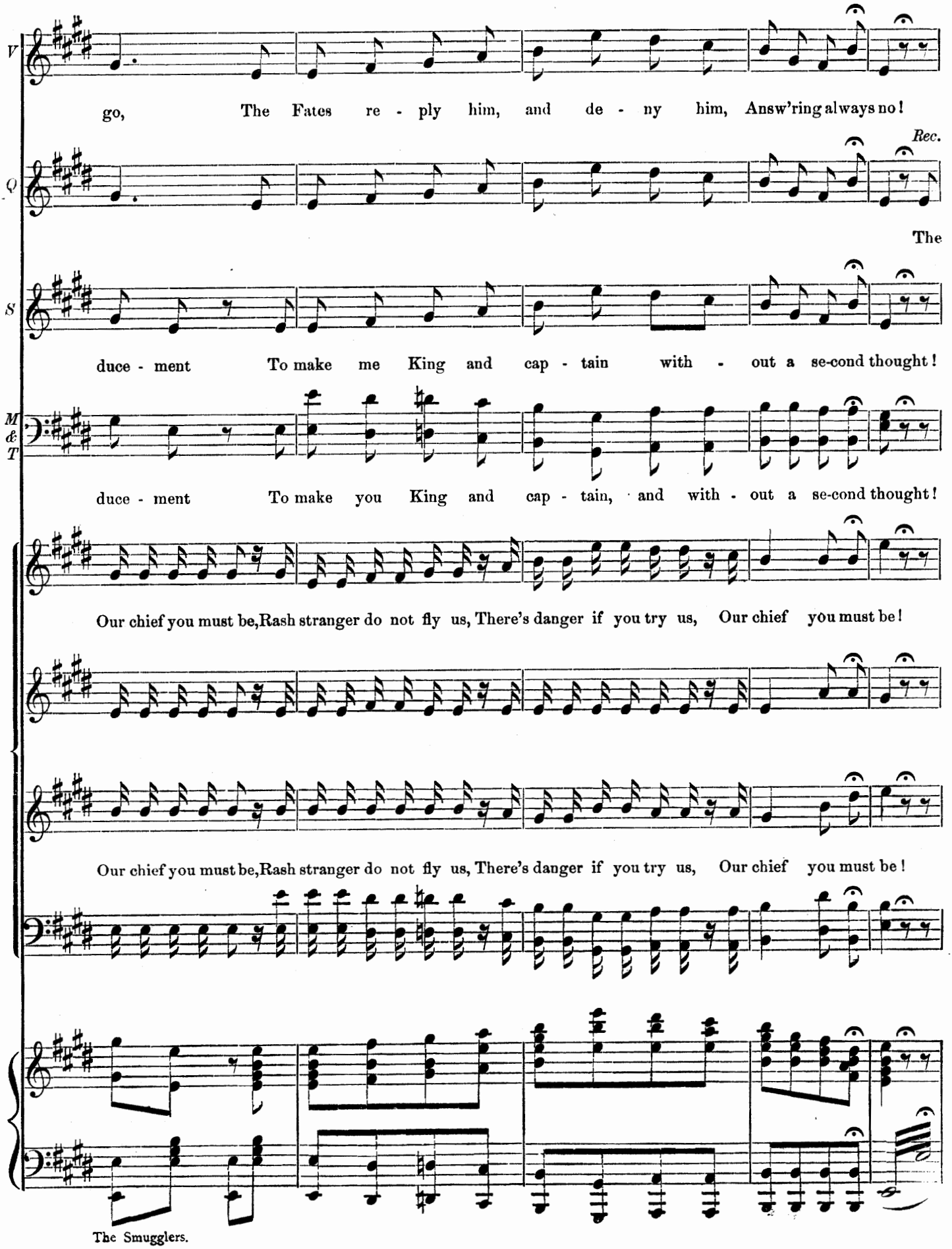

part;
Chorus.
Rash stran - ger! do not fly us! There's dan - ger if you try us! By
Stubbs.
sign and token the Fates have spoken Our cap - tain you must be! But I'm sure you will ex-
p
cuse me, When I say your fa - vor does me Al - to - geth - er too much hon - or; I'm

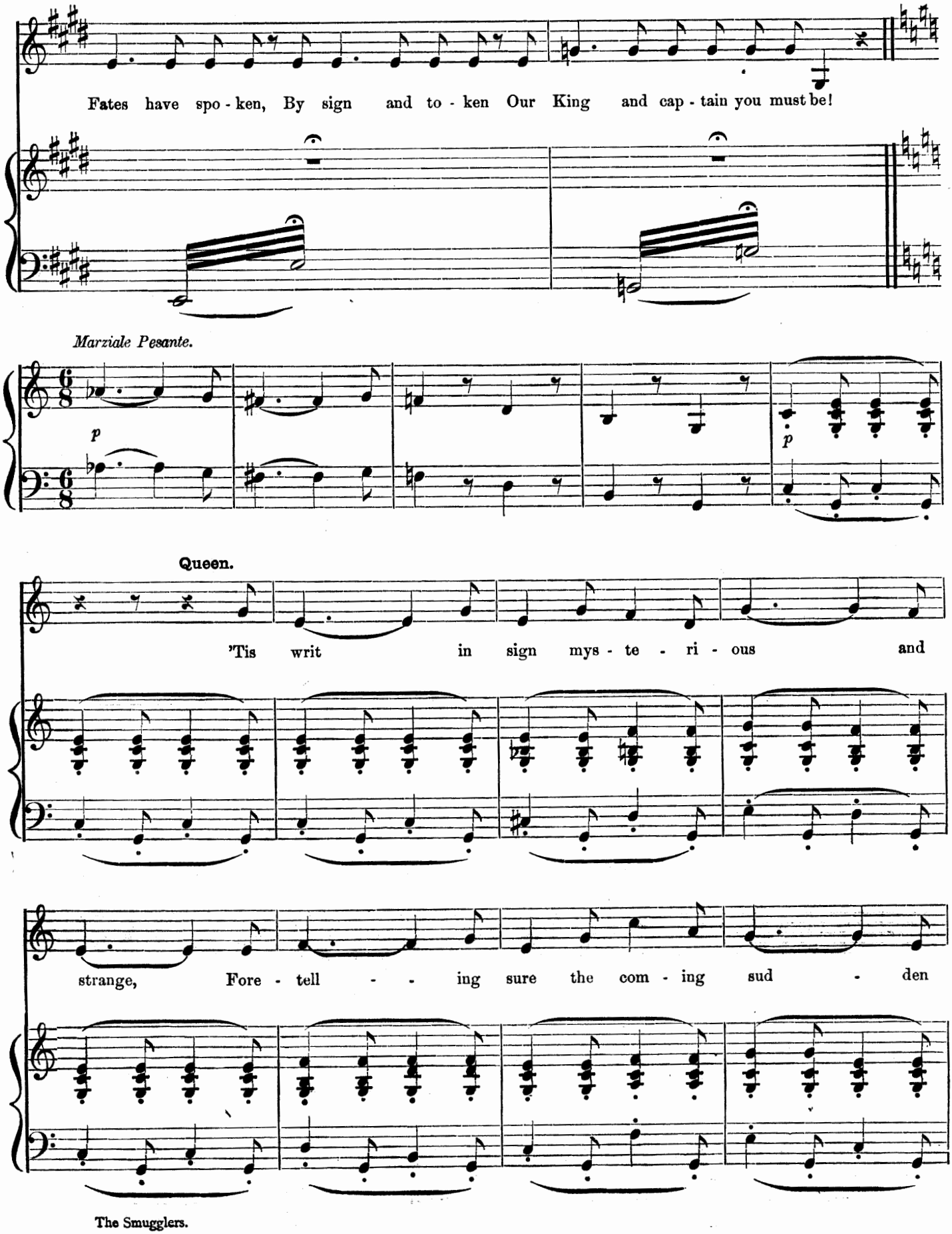

not quite e- qual to't, I'm de - vot - ed to the art- ses, And am in these foreign part-ses On - ly
Chorus.
as an ar-dent stu-dent, That is the way to view't! Rash stran- ger do not fly us, There's
ff
ff
ff
dan - ger if you try us, By sign and token The Fates have spoken, Our cap - tain you must

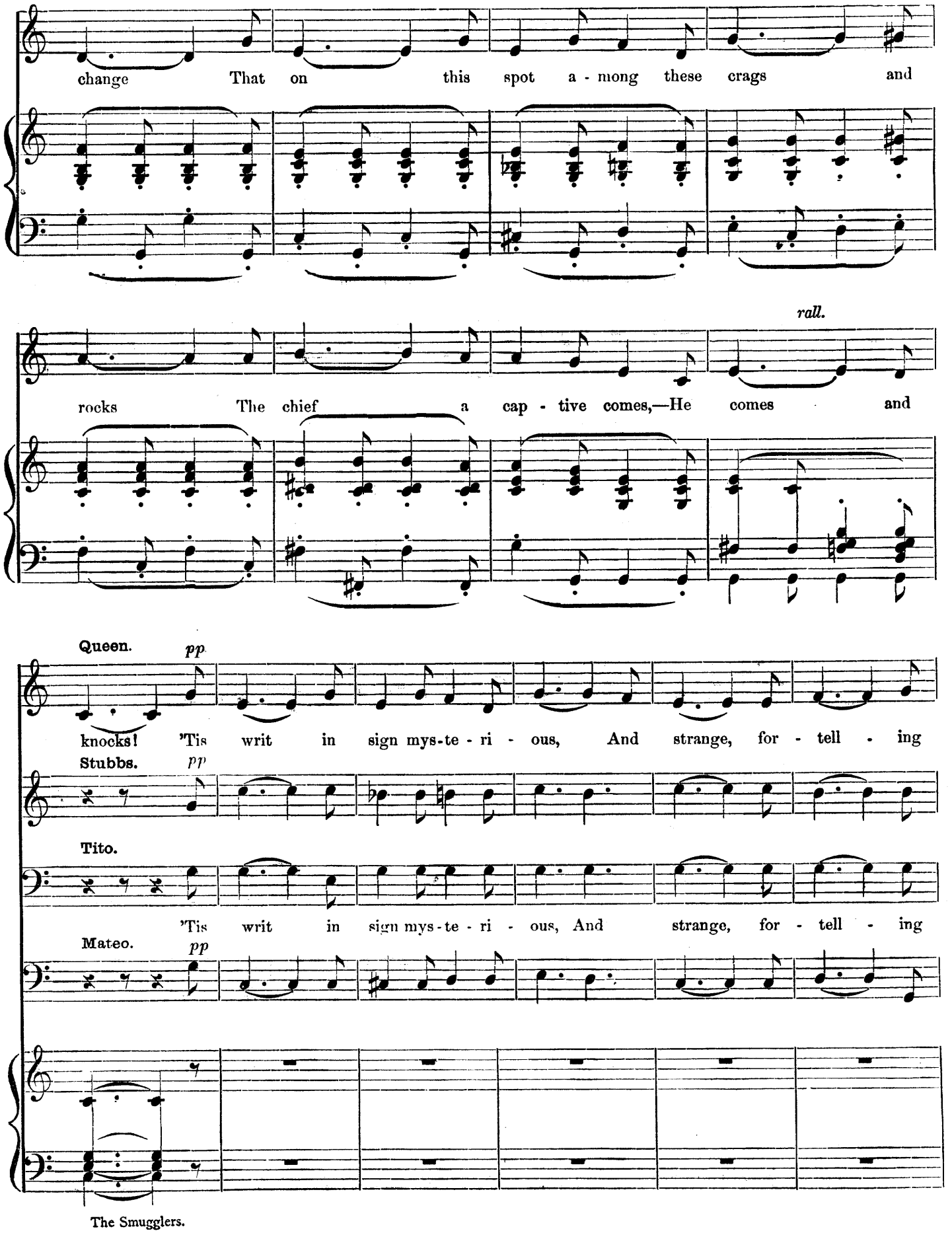

Violante.
In vain he strug - - gles and would
Queen. f
In vain he strug - - gles and would
Stubbs. f
You've treat - ed me most kind - ly, . E - ven of - fer'd to go
M. & T. f
We've treat - ed you most kind - ly, E - ven said you could go
Chorus. Sop. f
be! Rash stranger do not fly us! There's danger if you try us! By sign and to-ken Fates have spoken
Alto. f
Tenor. f
be! Rash stranger do not fly us! There's danger if you try us! By sign and to-ken Fates have spoken
Bass. f
f

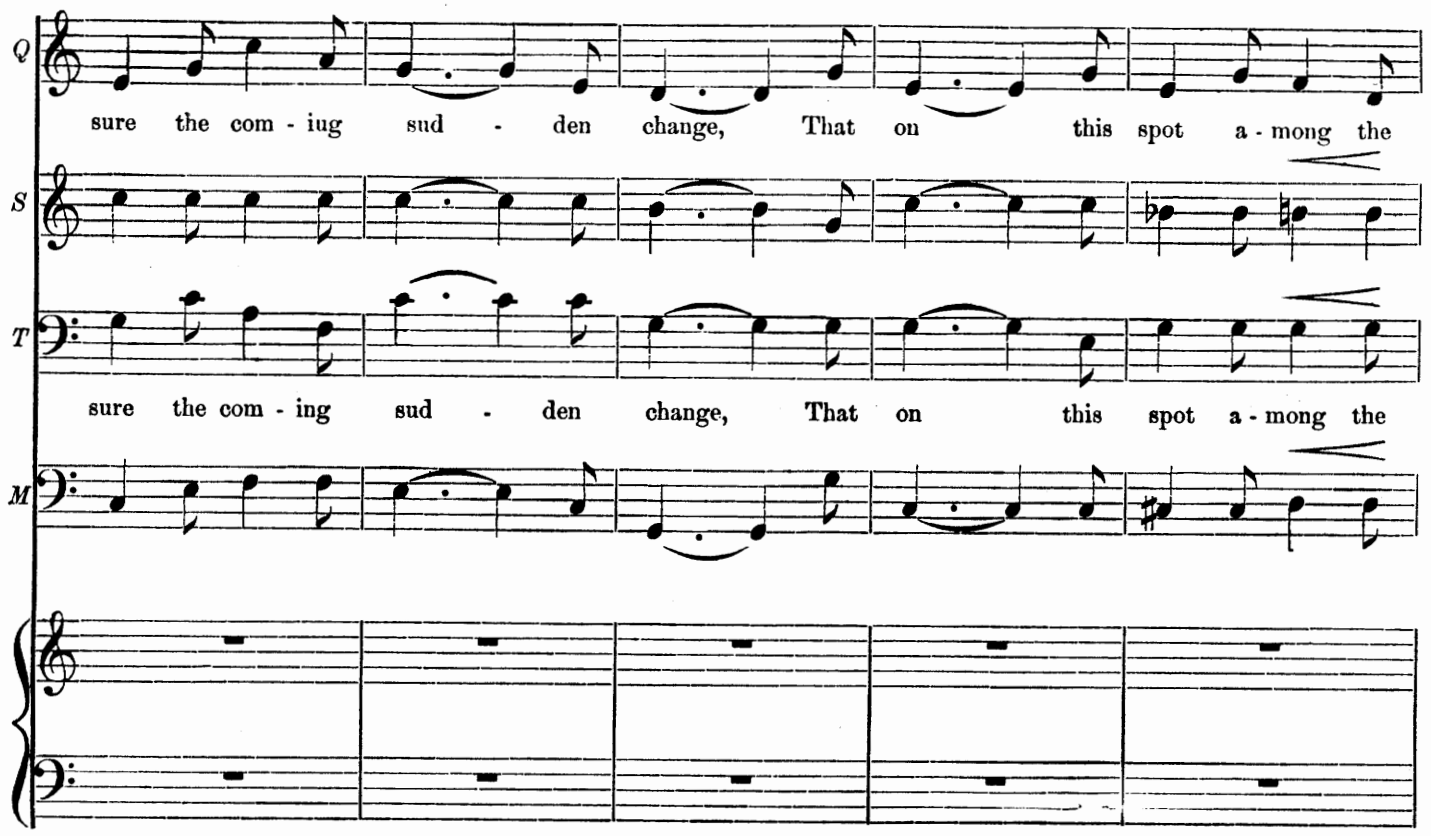

V
go, The Fates re - ply him al - ways
Q
go, The Fates re - ply him al - ways
S
blind - ly in - to a spec - u - la - tion of a mat - ri - mo - nial
M & T
blind - ly in - to a spec - u - la - tion of a mat - ri - mo - nial
Our chief you must be! Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, By sign and to-ken Fates have spoken
Our chief you must be! Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, By sign and token Fates have spoken

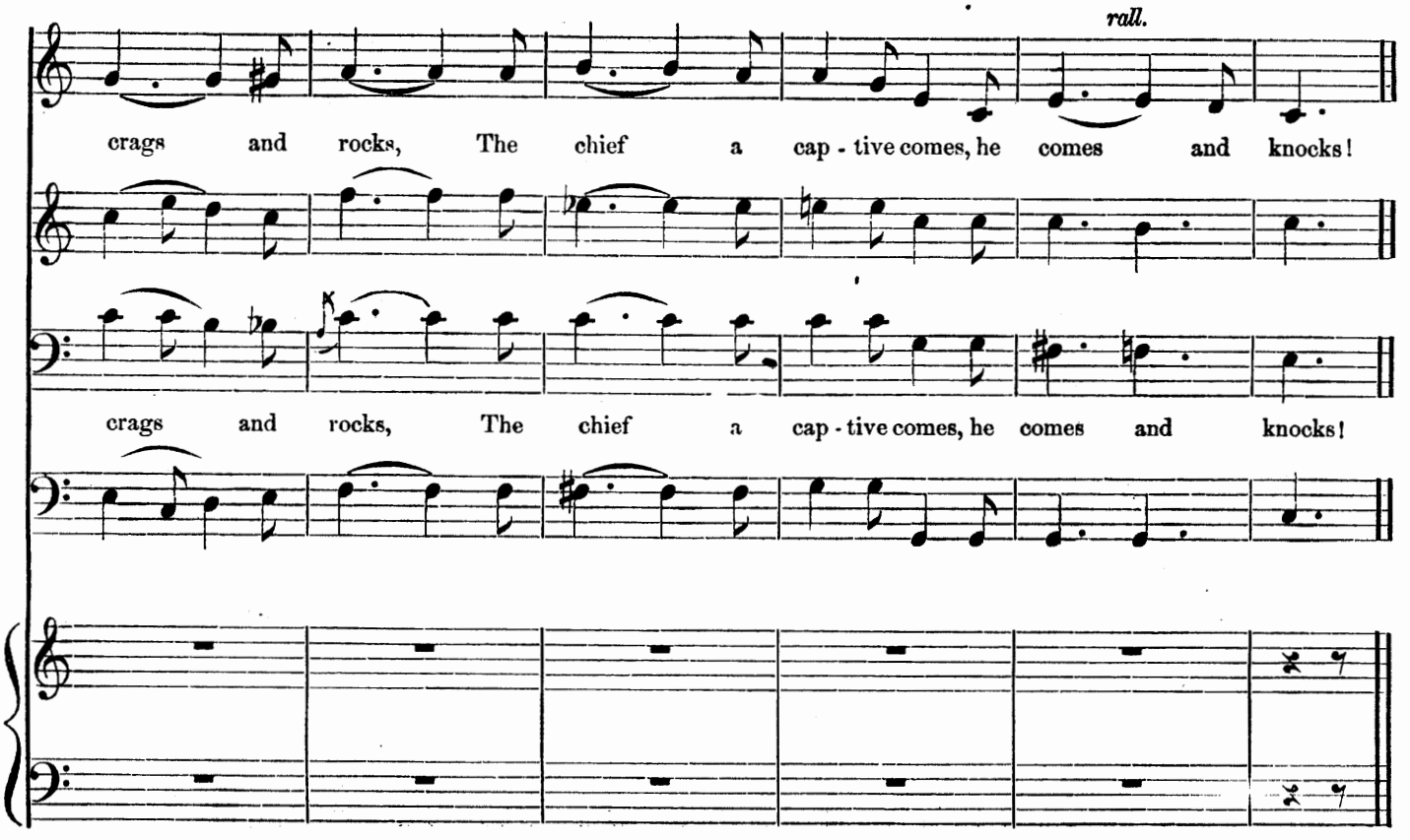

no, In vain he strug - - gles and would
no, In vain he strug - - gles and would
sort, And to height - en the a - muse - ment, Have of - fer'd as in-
sort, And to height - en the a - muse - ment, Have of - fer'd as in-
Our chief you must be, Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, By sign and token Fates have spoken
Our chief you must be, Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, By sign and token Fates have spoken

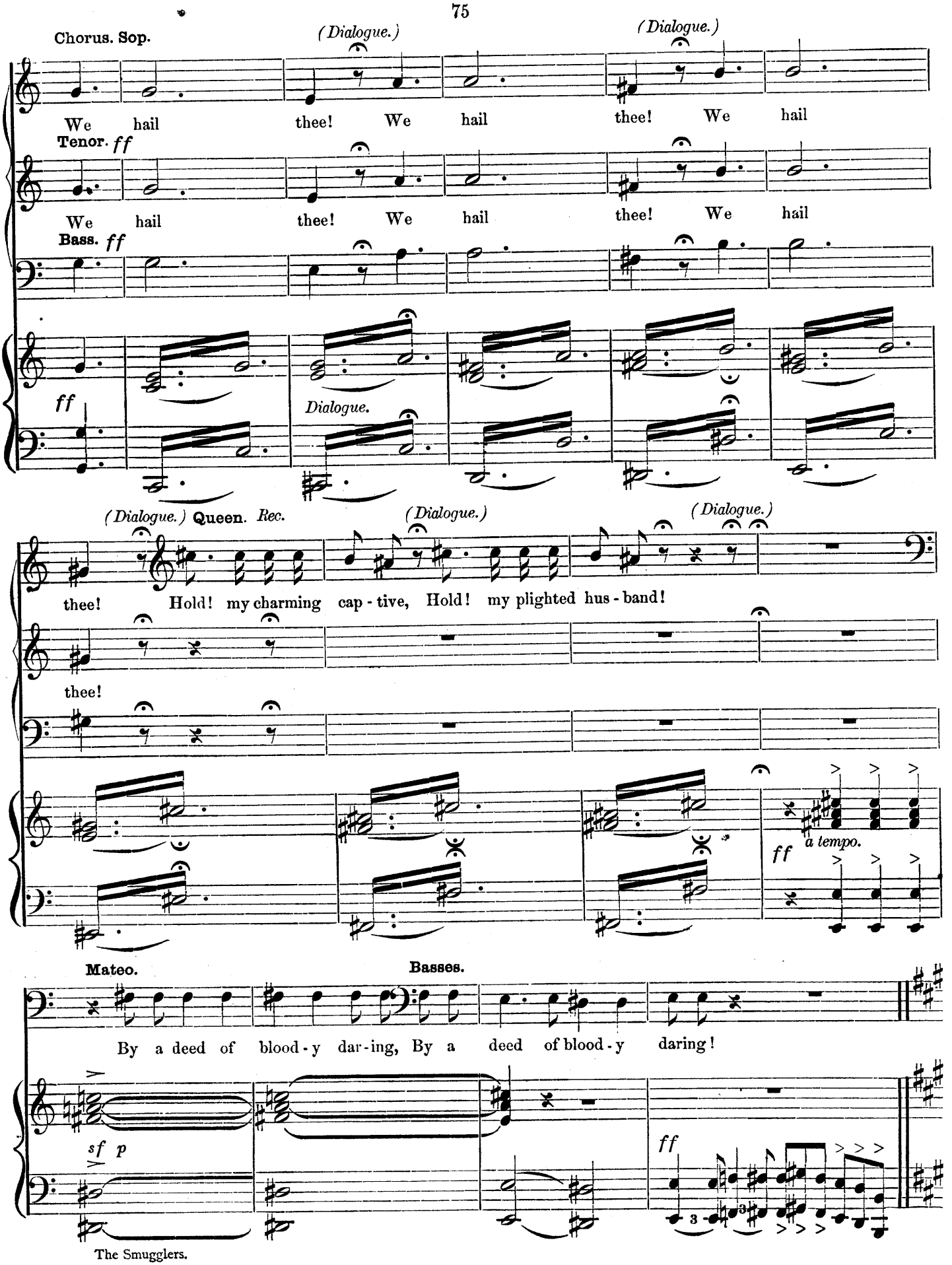

V
go, The Fates re - ply him, and de - ny him, Answ'ring always no!
Q
Rec.
The
S
duce - ment To make me King and cap - tain with - out a se-cond thought!
M & T
duce - ment To make you King and cap - tain, and with - out a se-cond thought!
Our chief you must be, Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, Our chief you must be!
Our chief you must be, Rash stranger do not fly us, There's danger if you try us, Our chief you must be!
The Smugglers.

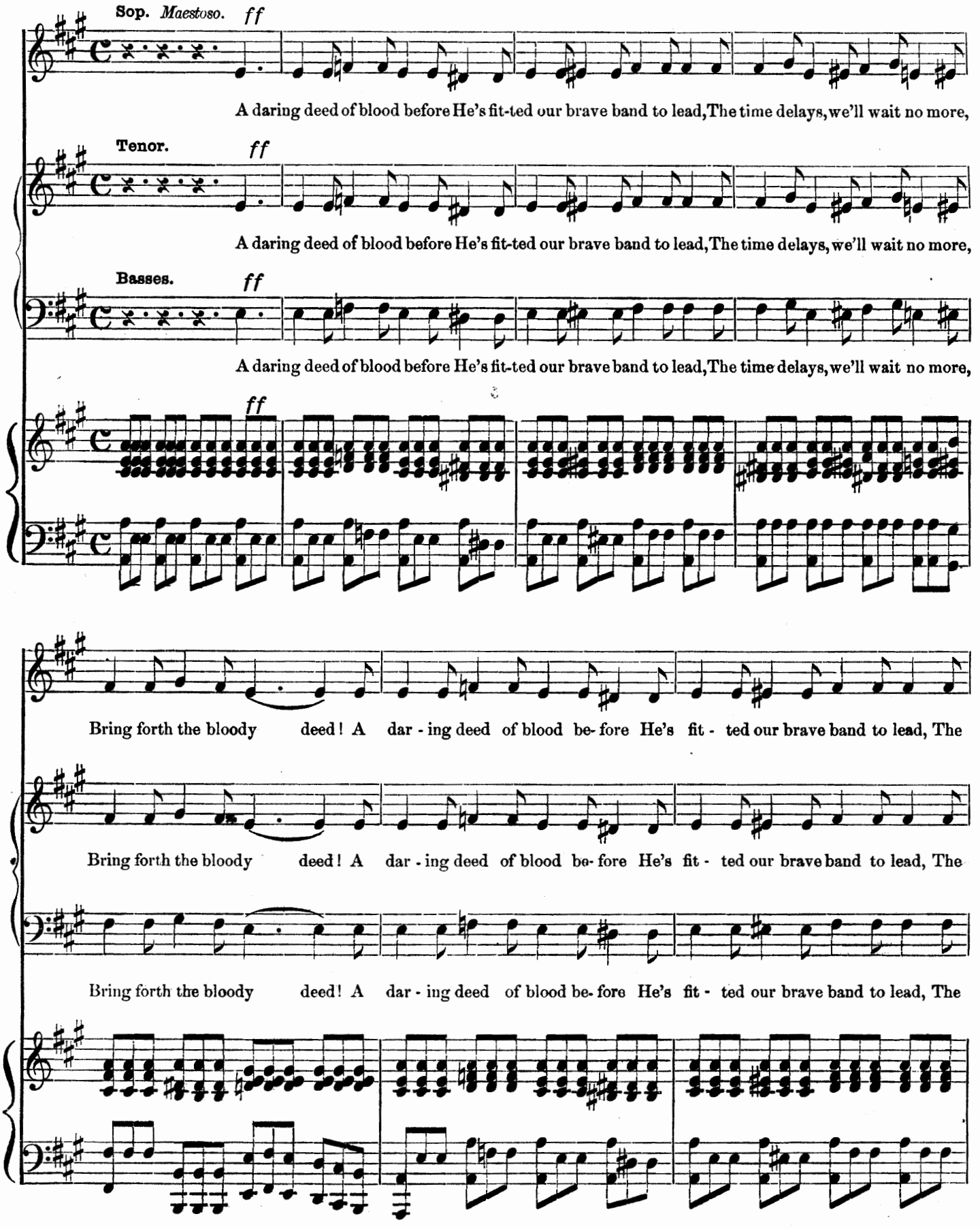

Fates have spo - ken, By sign and to - ken Our King and cap - tain you must be!
Marziale Pesante.
p
p
Queen.
'Tis writ in sign mys - te - ri - ous and
strange, Fore - tell - - - ing sure the com - ing sud - den
The Smugglers.

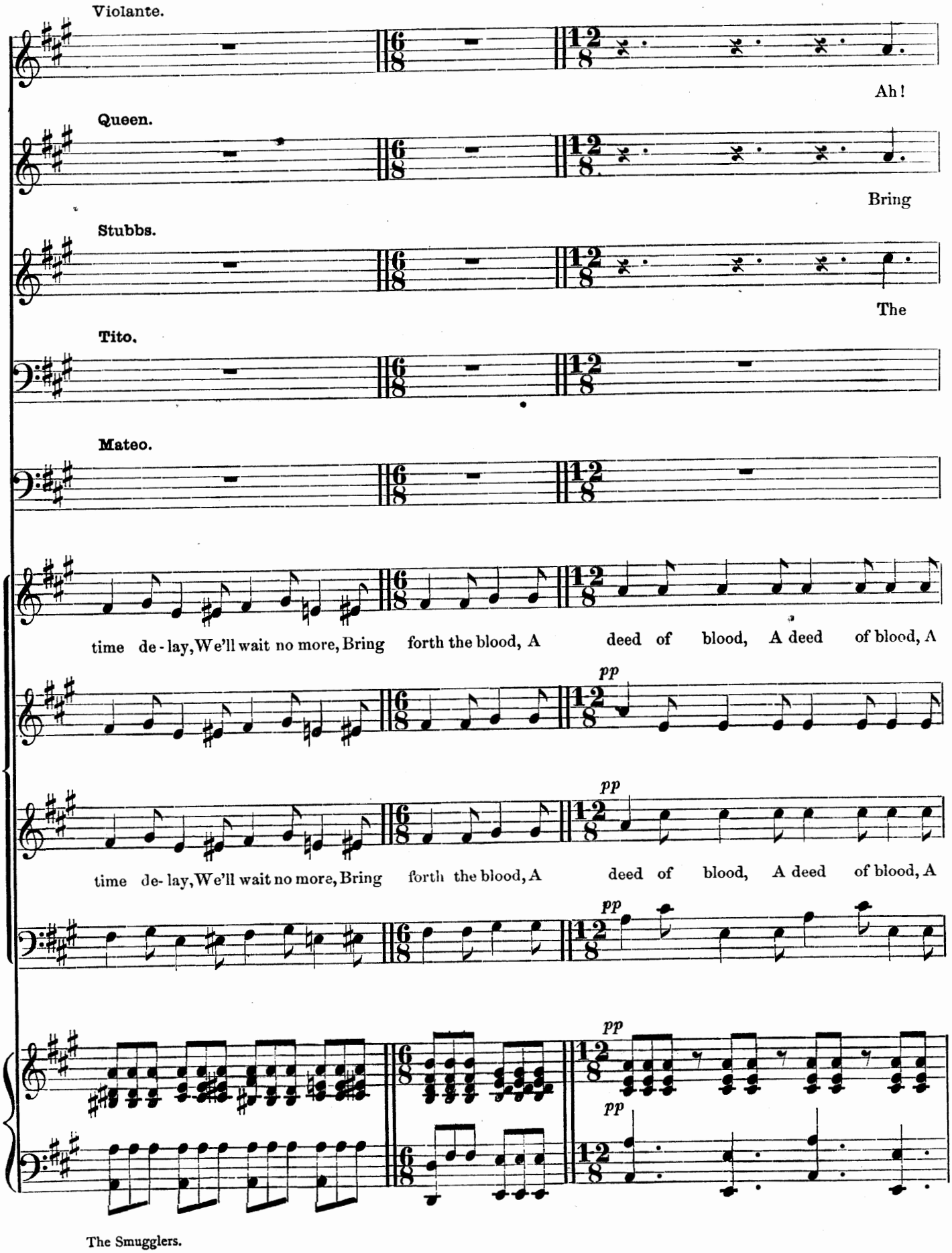

change That on this spot a - mong these crags and
rall.
rocks The chief a cap - tive comes,—He comes and
Queen. pp
knocks! 'Tis writ in sign mys-te - ri - ous, And strange, for - tell - ing
Stubbs. pp
Tito.
'Tis writ in sign mys-te - ri - ous, And strange, for - tell - ing
Mateo. pp
The Smugglers.

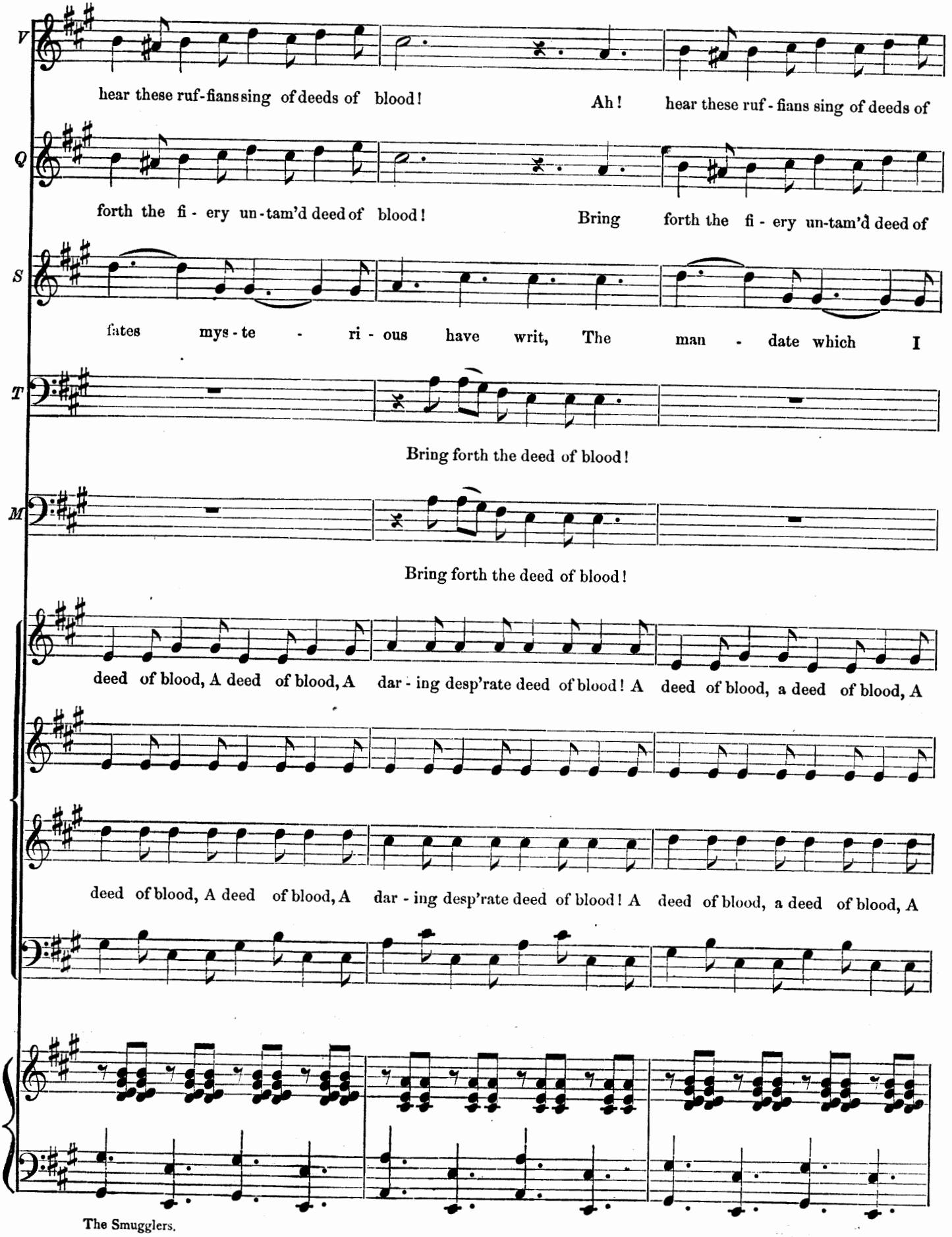

Q
sure the com - iug sud - den change, That on this spot a - mong the
S
T
sure the com - ing sud - den change, That on this spot a - mong the
M

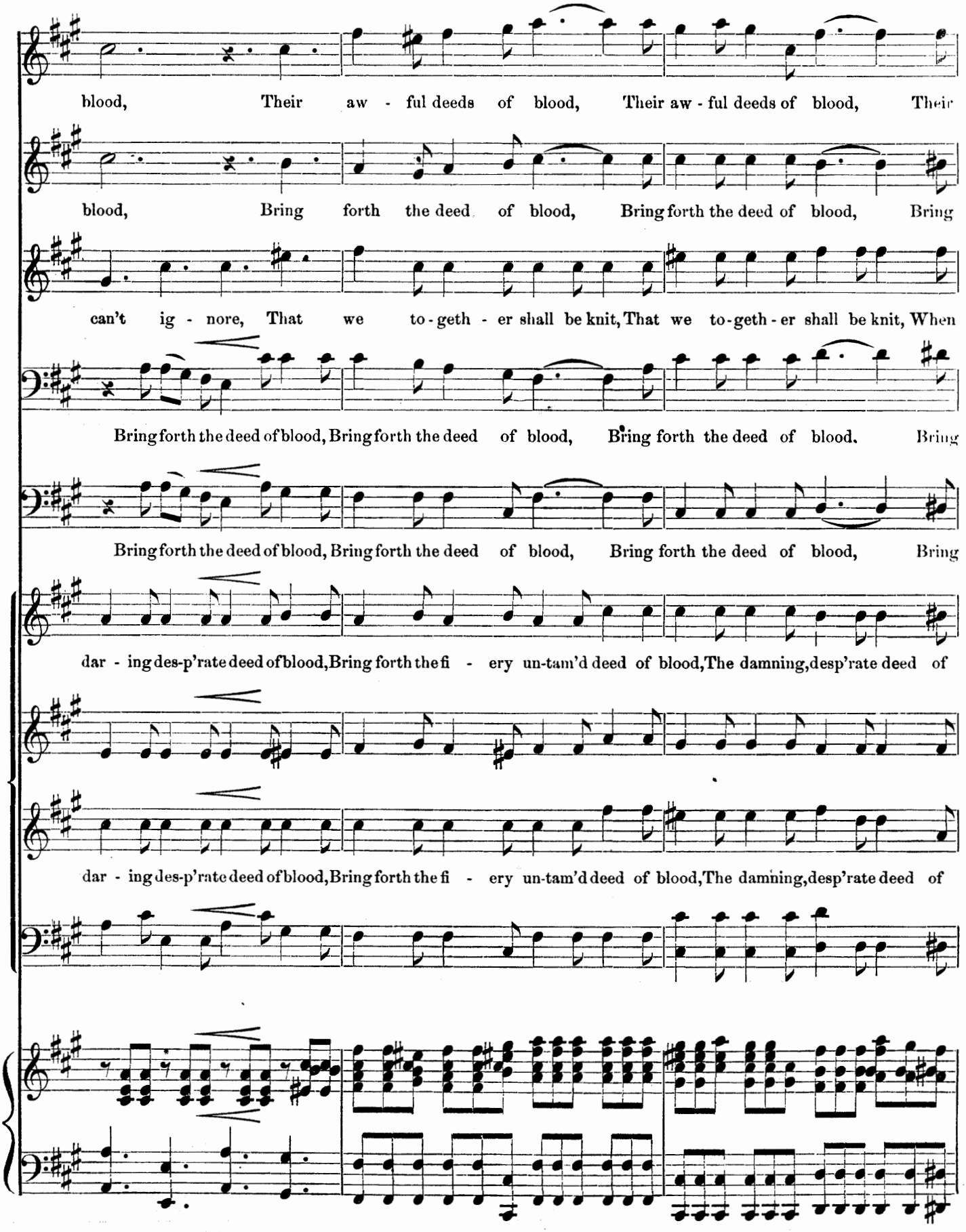

rall.
crags and rocks, The chief a cap - tive comes, he comes and knocks!
crags and rocks, The chief a cap - tive comes, he comes and knocks!

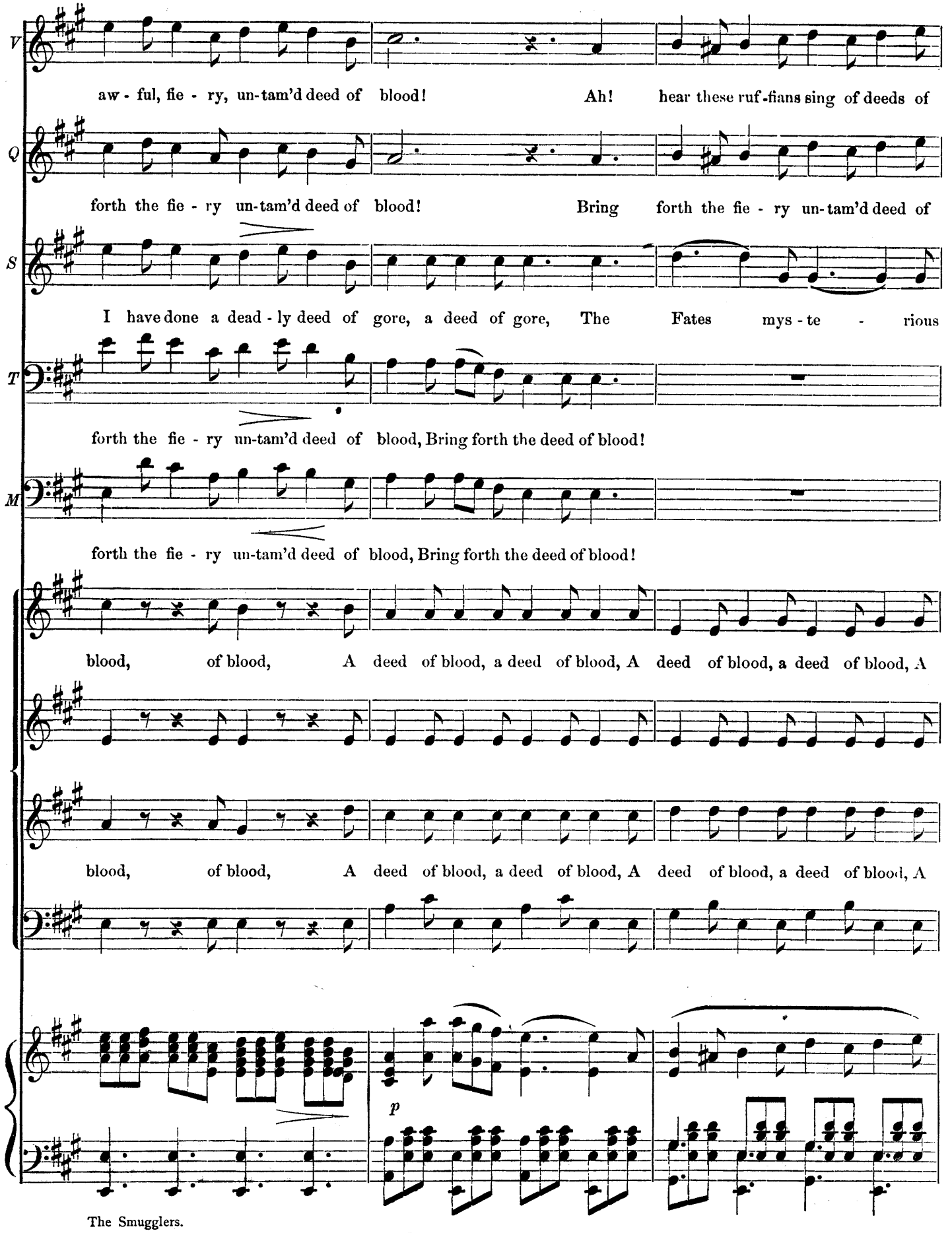

Chorus. Sop.
(Dialogue.)
(Dialogue.)
We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail
Tenor. ff
We hail thee! We hail thee! We hail
Bass. ff
ff
Dialogue.
(Dialogue.) Queen. Rec.
(Dialogue.)
(Dialogue.)
thee! Hold! my charming cap - tive, Hold! my plighted hus - band!
thee!
a tempo.
ff
Mateo.
Basses.
By a deed of blood - y dar - ing, By a deed of blood - y daring!
sf p
ff
The Smugglers.


Sop. Maestoso. ff
A daring deed of blood before He's fit-ted our brave band to lead, The time delays, we'll wait no more,
Tenor. ff
A daring deed of blood before He's fit-ted our brave band to lead, The time delays, we'll wait no more,
Basses. ff
A daring deed of blood before He's fit-ted our brave band to lead, The time delays, we'll wait no more,
ff
Bring forth the bloody deed! A dar - ing deed of blood be- fore He's fit - ted our brave band to lead, The
Bring forth the bloody deed! A dar - ing deed of blood be- fore He's fit - ted our brave band to lead, The
Bring forth the bloody deed! A dar - ing deed of blood be- fore He's fit - ted our brave band to lead, The

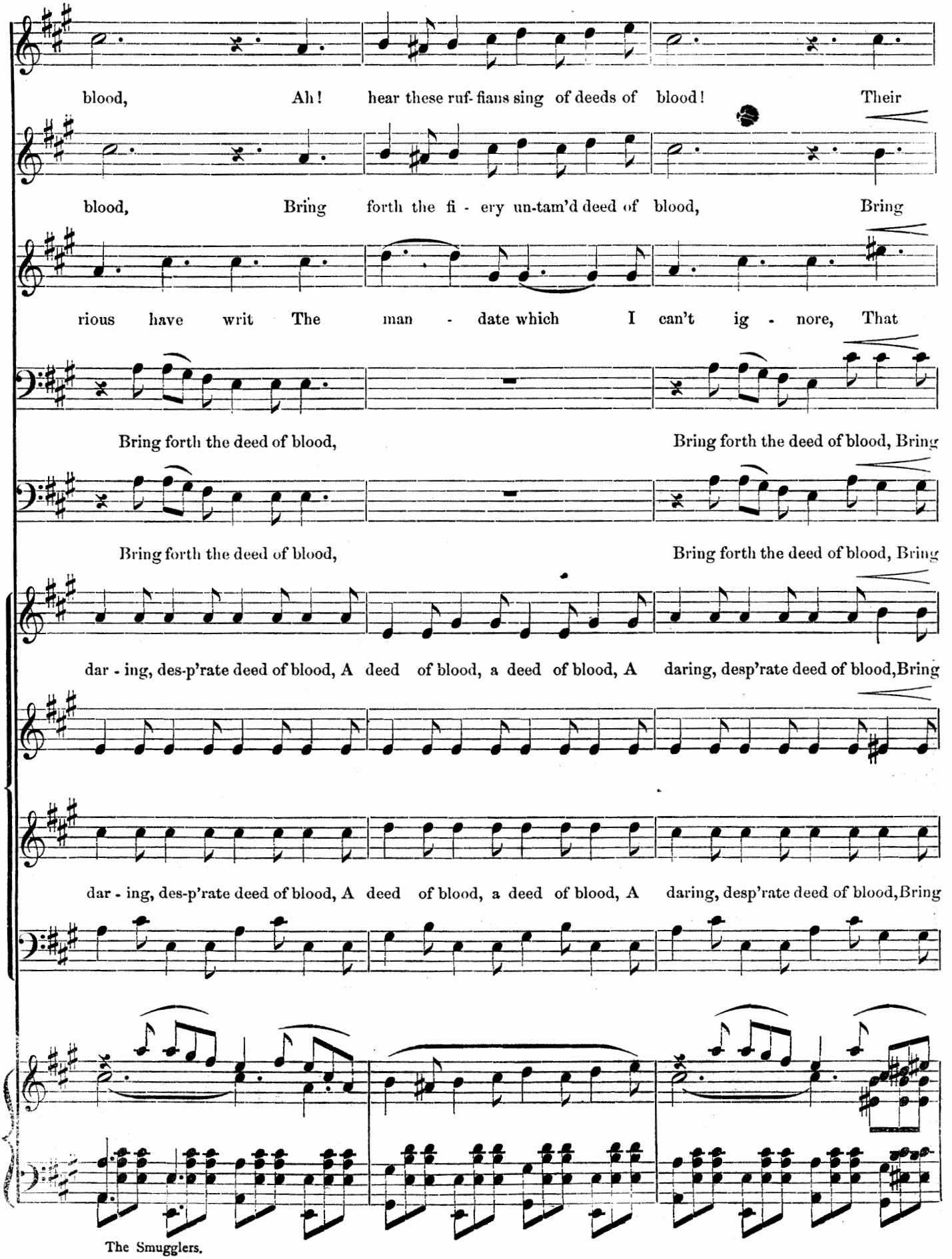

Violante.
Ah!
Queen.
Bring
Stubbs.
The
Tito.
Mateo.
time de-lay, We'll wait no more, Bring forth the blood, A deed of blood, A deed of blood, A
pp
time de-lay, We'll wait no more, Bring forth the blood, A deed of blood, A deed of blood, A
pp
pp
pp
pp

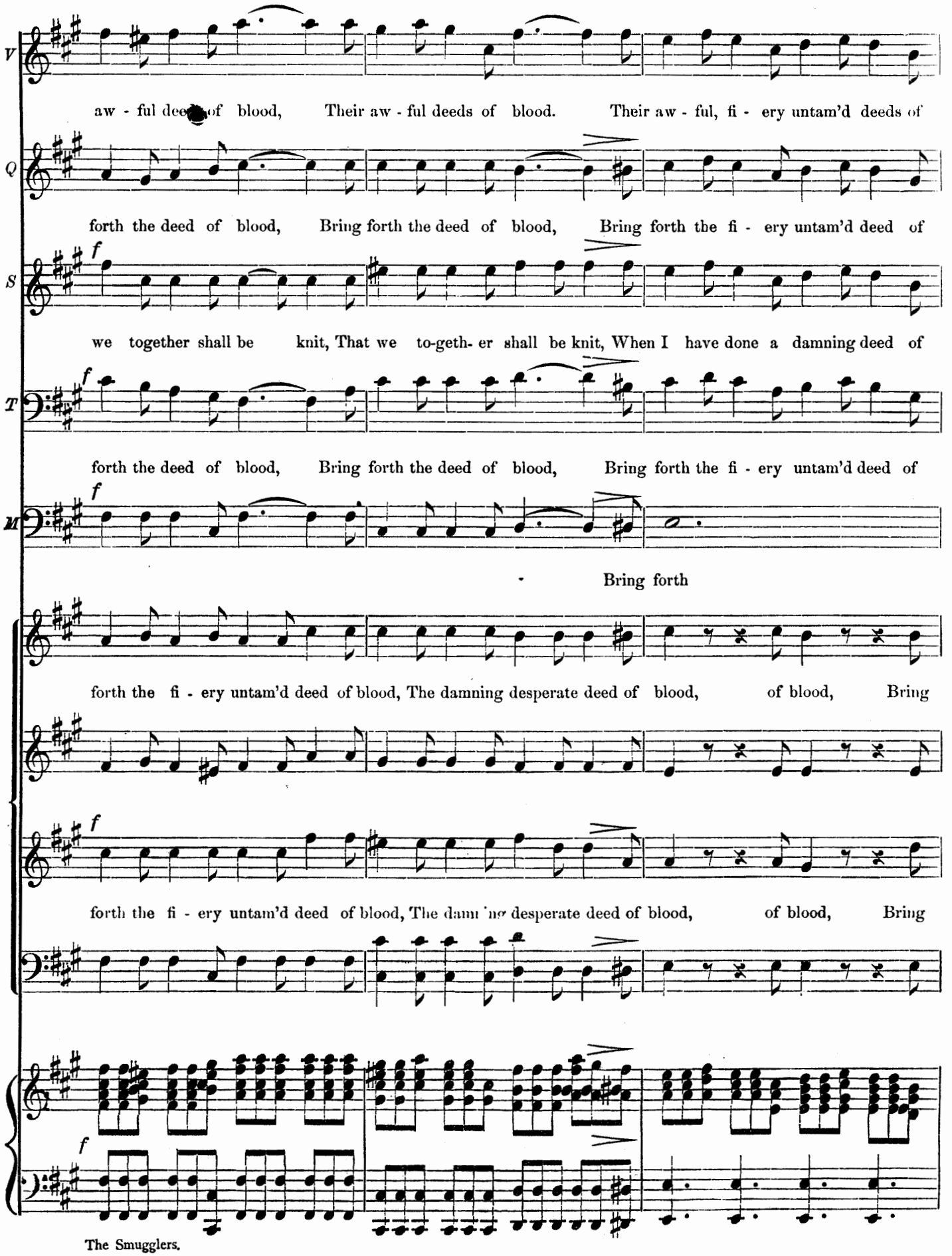

V
hear these ruf-fians sing of deeds of blood! Ah! hear these ruf-fians sing of deeds of
Q
forth the fi-ery un-tam'd deed of blood! Bring forth the fi-ery un-tam'd deed of
S
fates mys-te-ri-ous have writ, The man-date which I
T
Bring forth the deed of blood!
M
Bring forth the deed of blood!
deed of blood, A deed of blood, A dar-ing desp'rate deed of blood! A deed of blood, a deed of blood, A
deed of blood, A deed of blood, A dar-ing desp'rate deed of blood! A deed of blood, a deed of blood, A

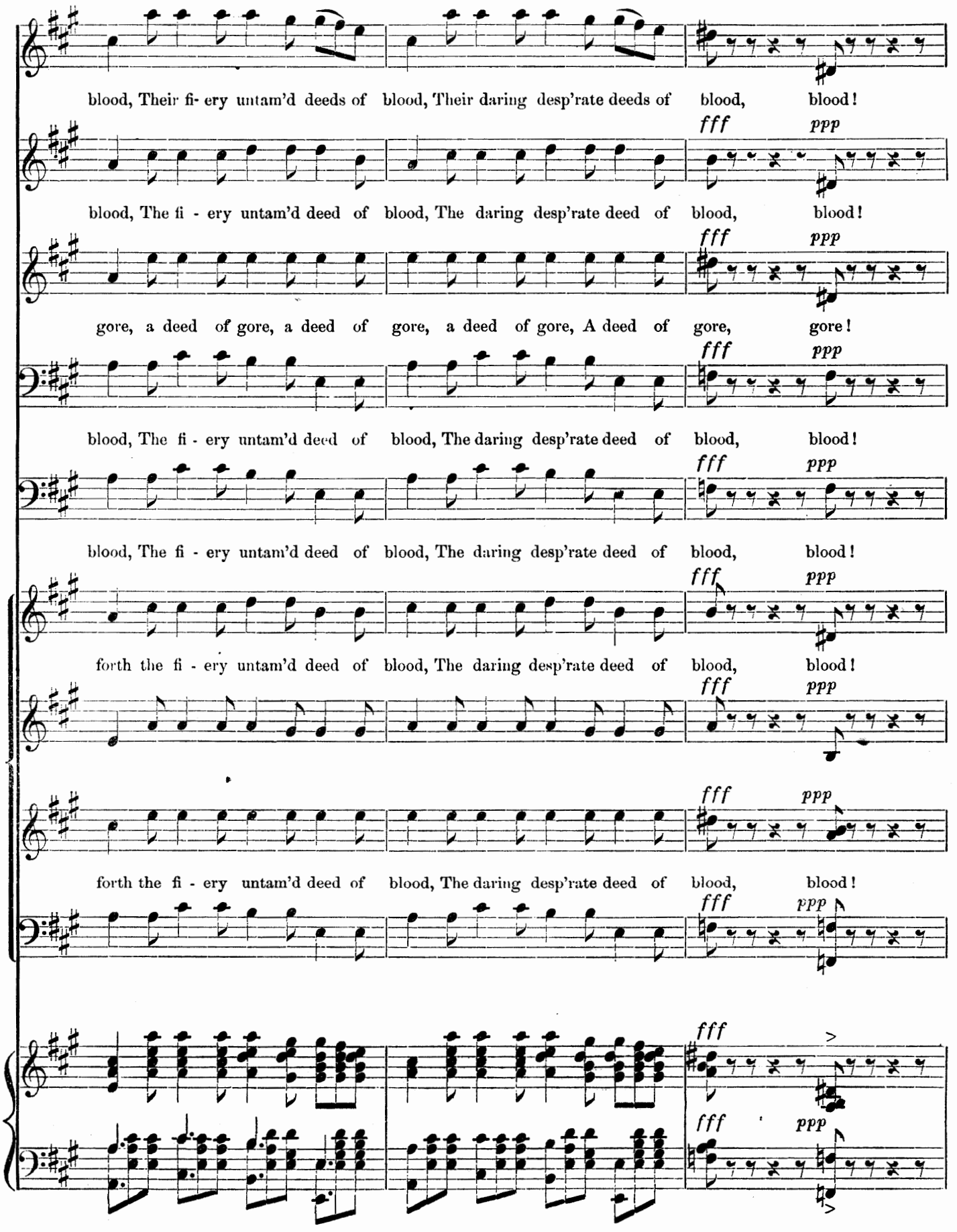

blood, Their aw - ful deeds of blood, Their aw - ful deeds of blood, Their
blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring
can't ig - nore, That we to - geth - er shall be knit, That we to - geth - er shall be knit, When
Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood. Bring
Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring
dar - ing des-p'rate deed of blood, Bring forth the fi - ery un-tam'd deed of blood, The damning, desp'rate deed of
dar - ing des-p'rate deed of blood, Bring forth the fi - ery un-tam'd deed of blood, The damning, desp'rate deed of

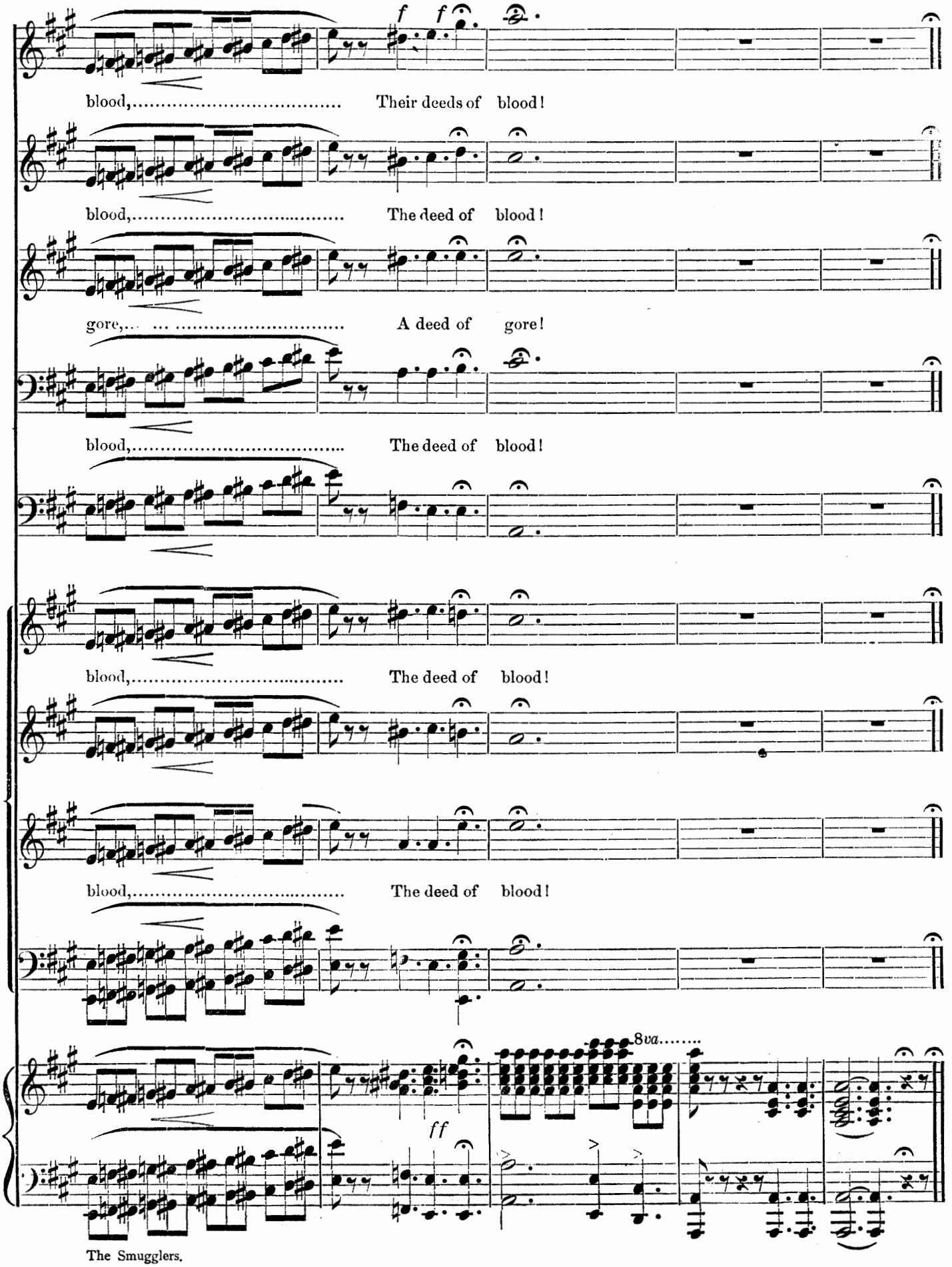


The Smugglers.


blood, Ah! hear these ruf-fians sing of deeds of blood! Their
blood, Bring forth the fi - ery un-tam'd deed of blood, Bring
rious have writ The man - date which I can't ig - nore, That
Bring forth the deed of blood,
Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring
Bring forth the deed of blood,
Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring
dar - ing, des-p'rate deed of blood, A deed of blood, a deed of blood, A daring, desp'rate deed of blood, Bring
dar - ing, des-p'rate deed of blood, A deed of blood, a deed of blood, A daring, desp'rate deed of blood, Bring
The Smugglers.


V
aw - ful deeds of blood, Their aw - ful deeds of blood. Their aw - ful, fi - ery untam'd deeds of
Q
forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of
S
f
we together shall be knit, That we to-geth- er shall be knit, When I have done a damning deed of
T
f
forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the deed of blood, Bring forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of
M
f
Bring forth
forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The damning desperate deed of blood, of blood, Bring
f
forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The damning desperate deed of blood, of blood, Bring
f


blood, Their fi- ery untam'd deeds of blood, Their daring desp'rate deeds of blood, blood!
fff ppp
blood, The fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The daring desp'rate deed of blood, blood!
fff ppp
gore, a deed of gore, a deed of gore, a deed of gore, A deed of gore, gore!
fff ppp
blood, The fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The daring desp'rate deed of blood, blood!
fff ppp
blood, The fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The daring desp'rate deed of blood, blood!
fff ppp
forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The daring desp'rate deed of blood, blood!
fff ppp
fff ppp
forth the fi - ery untam'd deed of blood, The daring desp'rate deed of blood, blood!
fff ppp
fff
fff ppp


f f
blood,..... Their deeds of blood!
blood,..... The deed of blood!
gore,..... A deed of gore!
blood,..... The deed of blood!
blood,..... The deed of blood!
blood,..... The deed of blood!
8va.....
ff

TRIO AND CHORUS, "He is a spy."

No. 10.

(QUEEN, TITO, MATEO AND CHORUS.)

Tito.

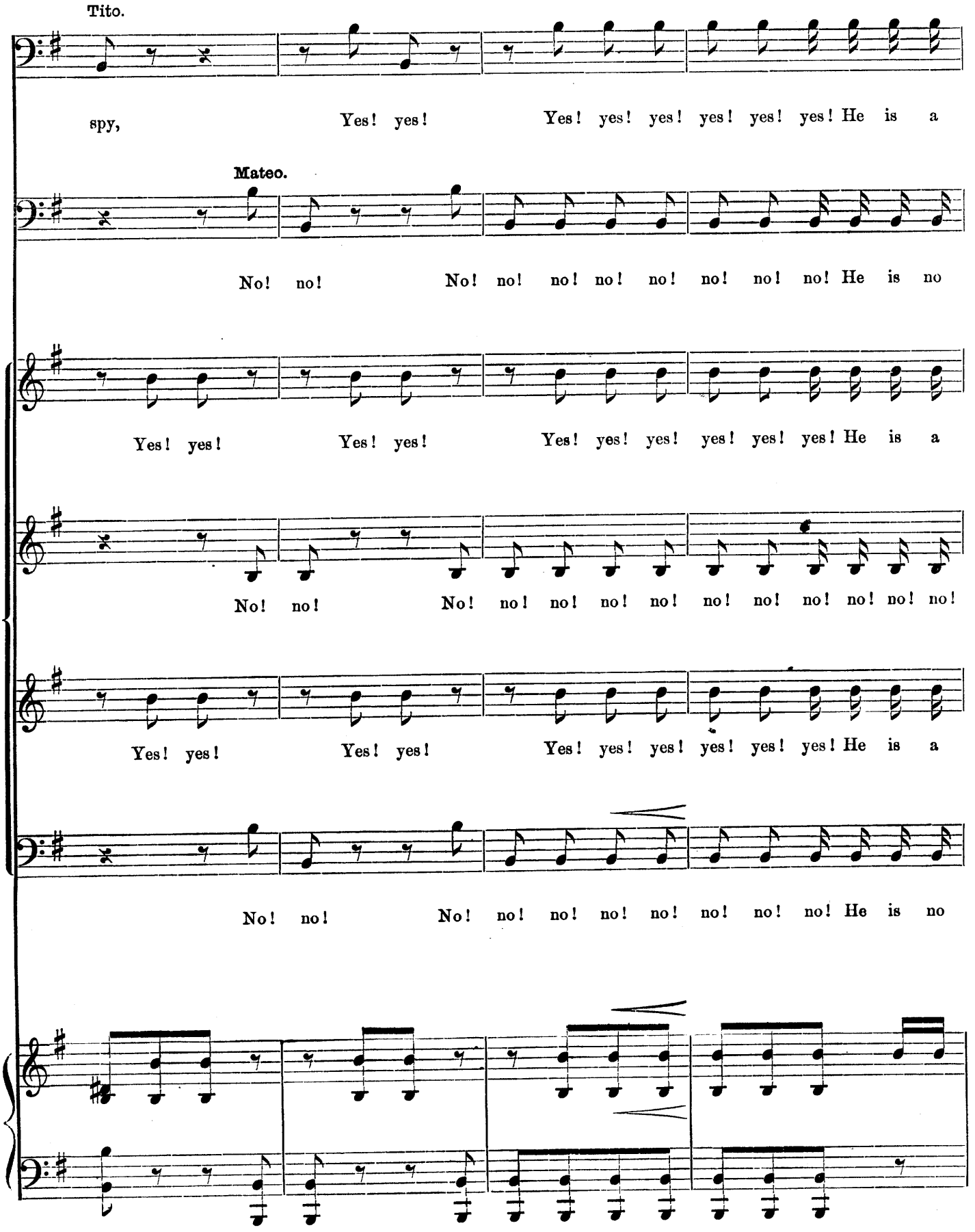
He is a spy! He is a

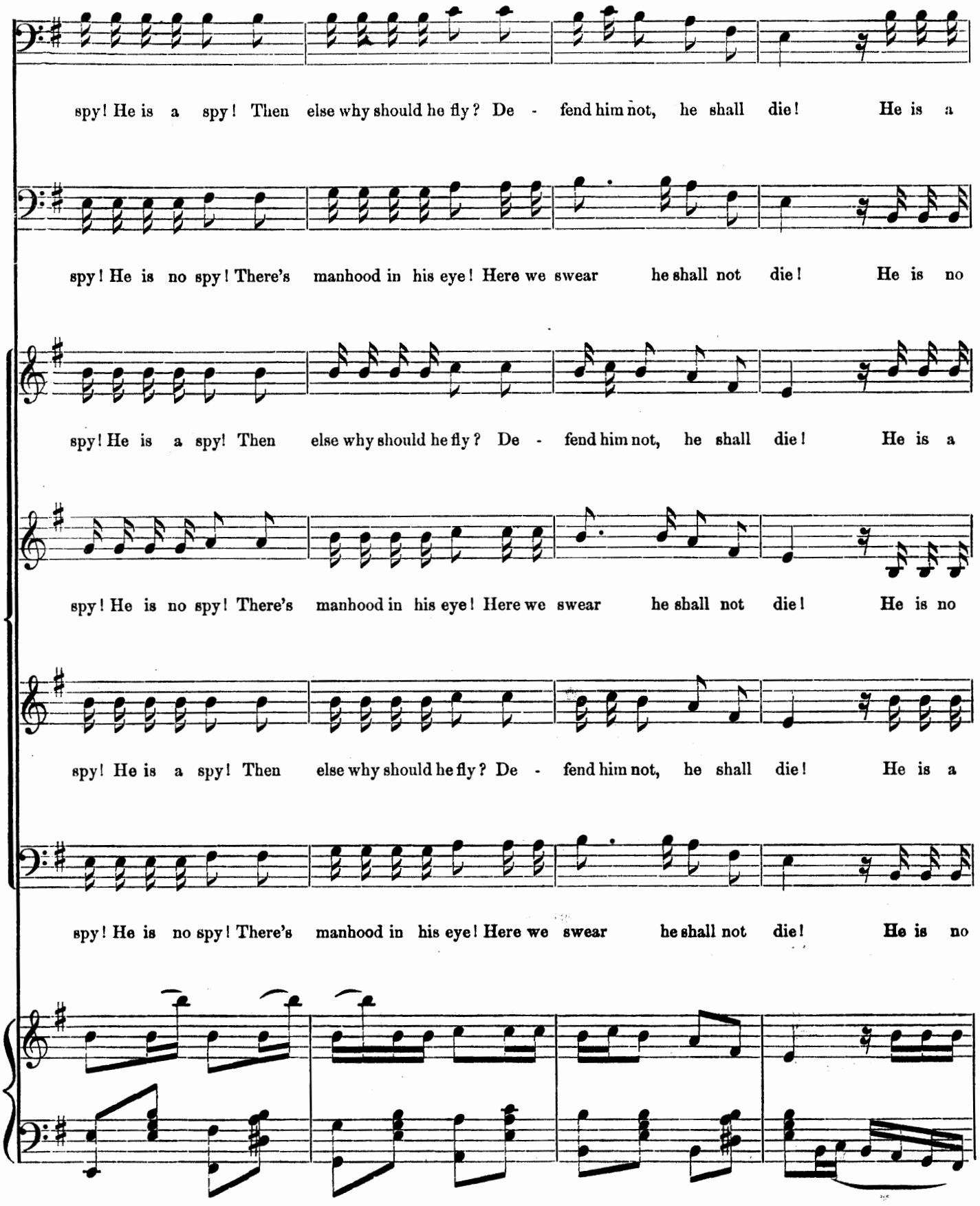
spy! A trai - tor base and vile! His treach'rous eye On all things

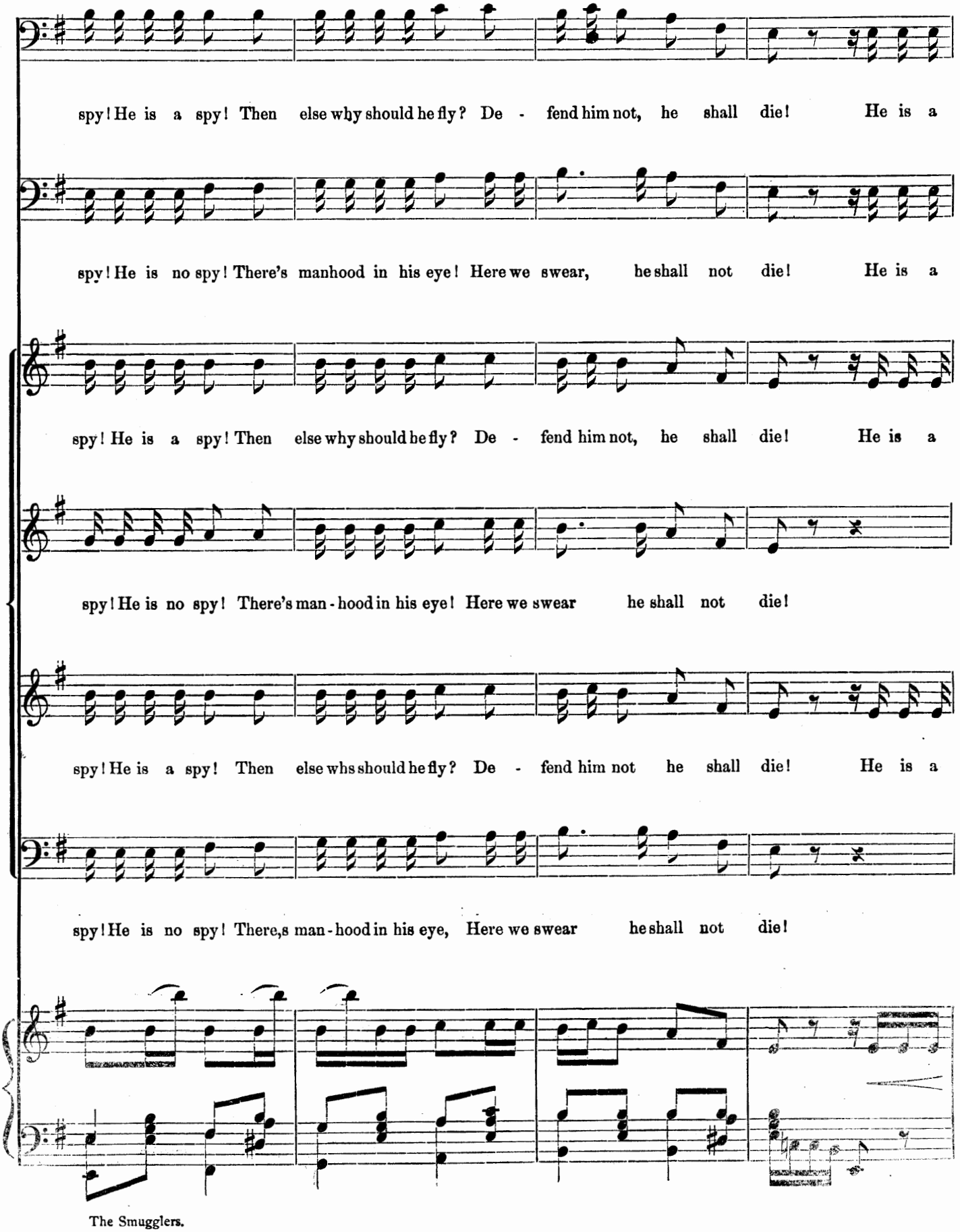
nigh, Pro-claim the trai - tor style! He wa - ry glanc'd about the scene, He

e - ven watch'd our no - ble Queen, He will not come a - lone a - gain, He is a sneaking

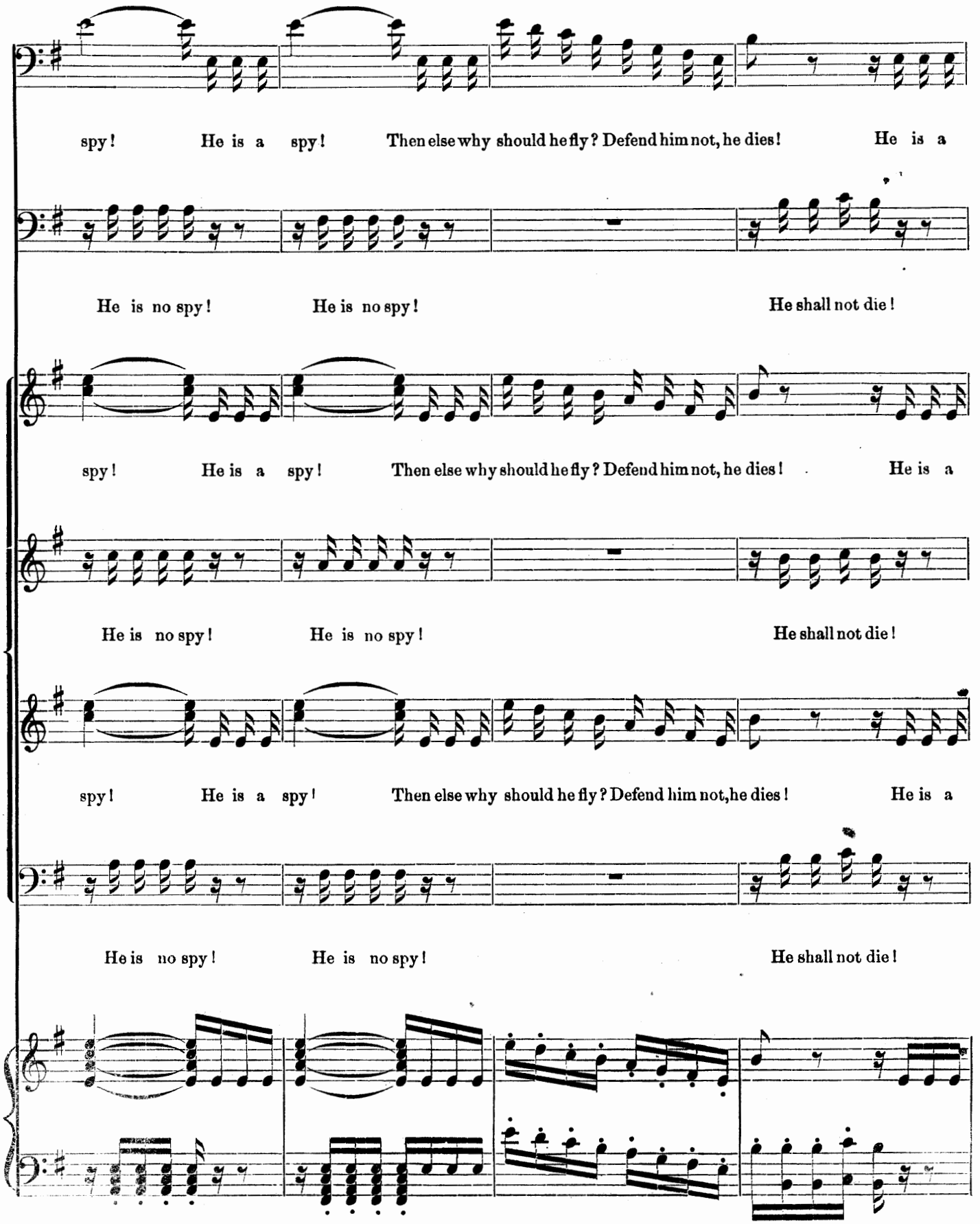
The Smugglers.

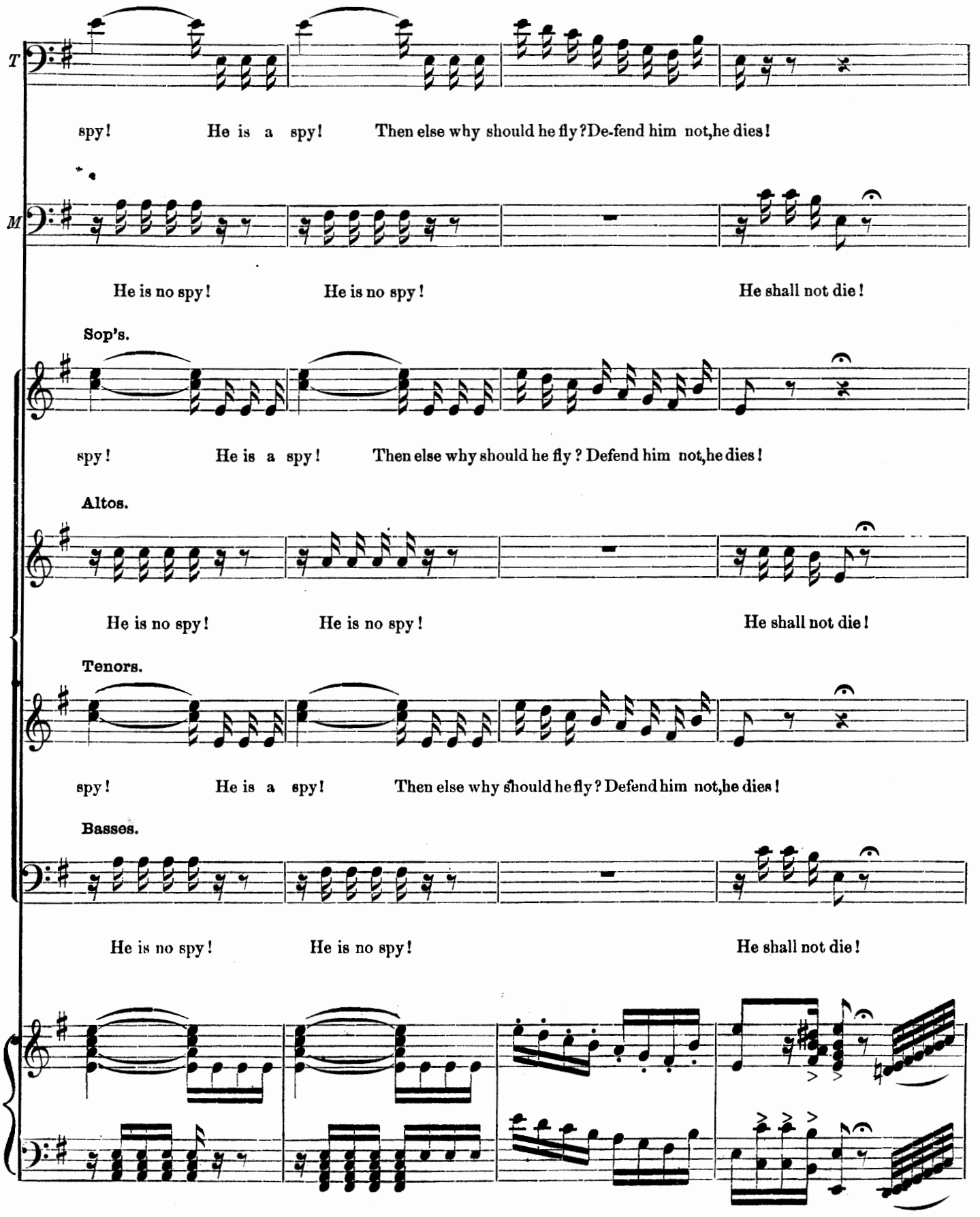

Tito.
spy, Yes! yes! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! He is a
Mateo.
No! no! No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! He is no
Yes! yes! Yes! yes! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! He is a
No! no! No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!
Yes! yes! Yes! yes! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! He is a
No! no! No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! He is no

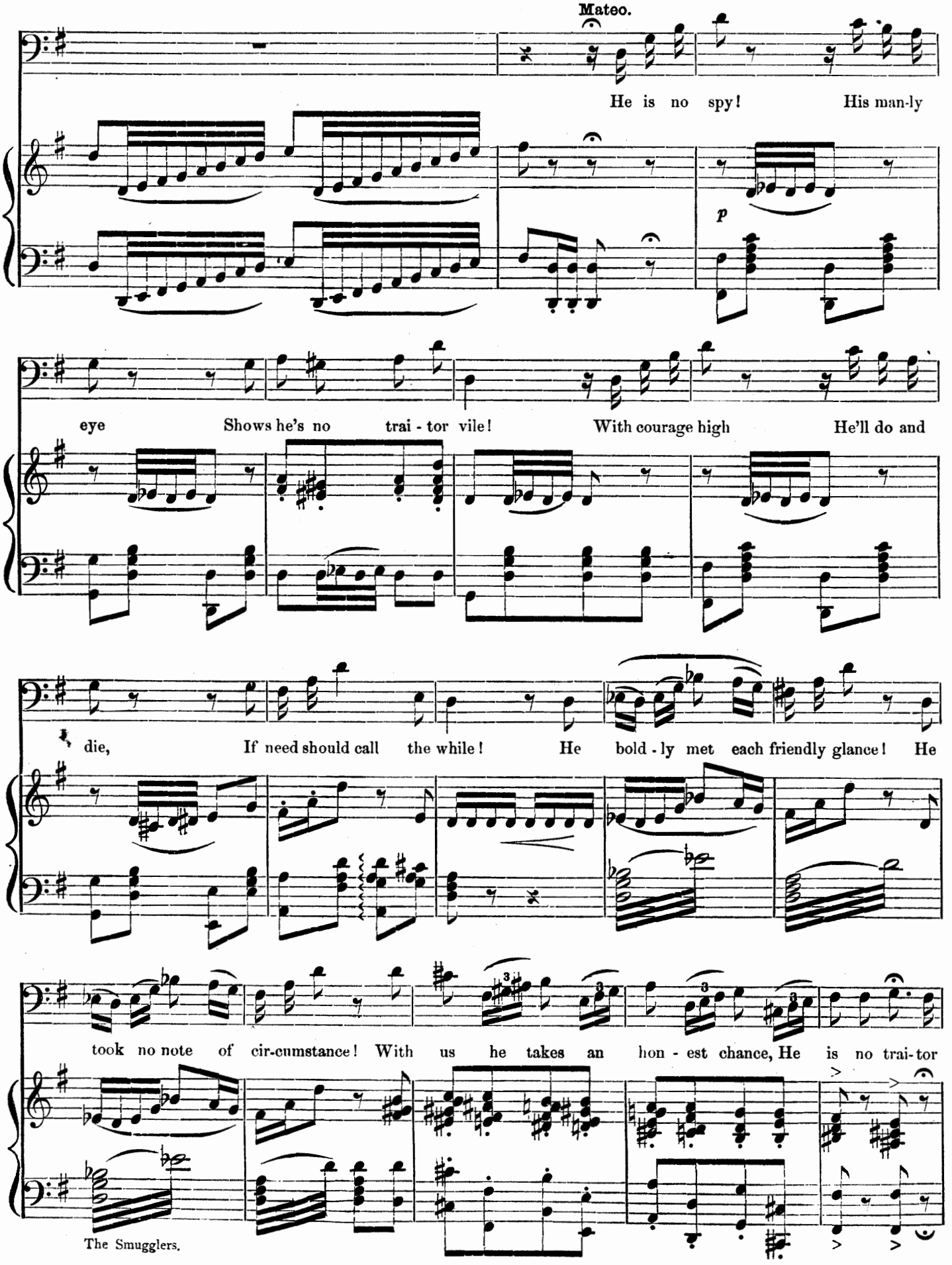

spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? De - fend him not, he shall die! He is a
spy! He is no spy! There's manhood in his eye! Here we swear he shall not die! He is no
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? De - fend him not, he shall die! He is a
spy! He is no spy! There's manhood in his eye! Here we swear he shall not die! He is no
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? De - fend him not, he shall die! He is a
spy! He is no spy! There's manhood in his eye! Here we swear he shall not die! He is no



The Smugglers.


spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? Defend him not, he dies! He is a
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? Defend him not, he dies! He is a
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? Defend him not, he dies! He is a
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!


T
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? De-fend him not, he dies!
M
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!
Sop's.
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? Defend him not, he dies!
Altos.
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!
Tenors.
spy! He is a spy! Then else why should he fly? Defend him not, he dies!
Basses.
He is no spy! He is no spy! He shall not die!


Mateo.
He is no spy! His man-ly
p
eye Shows he's no trai - tor vile! With courage high He'll do and
die, If need should call the while! He bold - ly met each friendly glance! He
took no note of cir-cumstance! With us he takes an hon - est chance, He is no trai-tor
The Smugglers.

Queen.

spy. If he's no spy, why did he

Sopranos and Tenors.

Yes! yes! Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!

Altos and Basses.

No! no! No! no! No! no no! no! no! no! no! no!

pp

fly?..... If he's no spy, why did he fly?.....

Sop. and Alto.

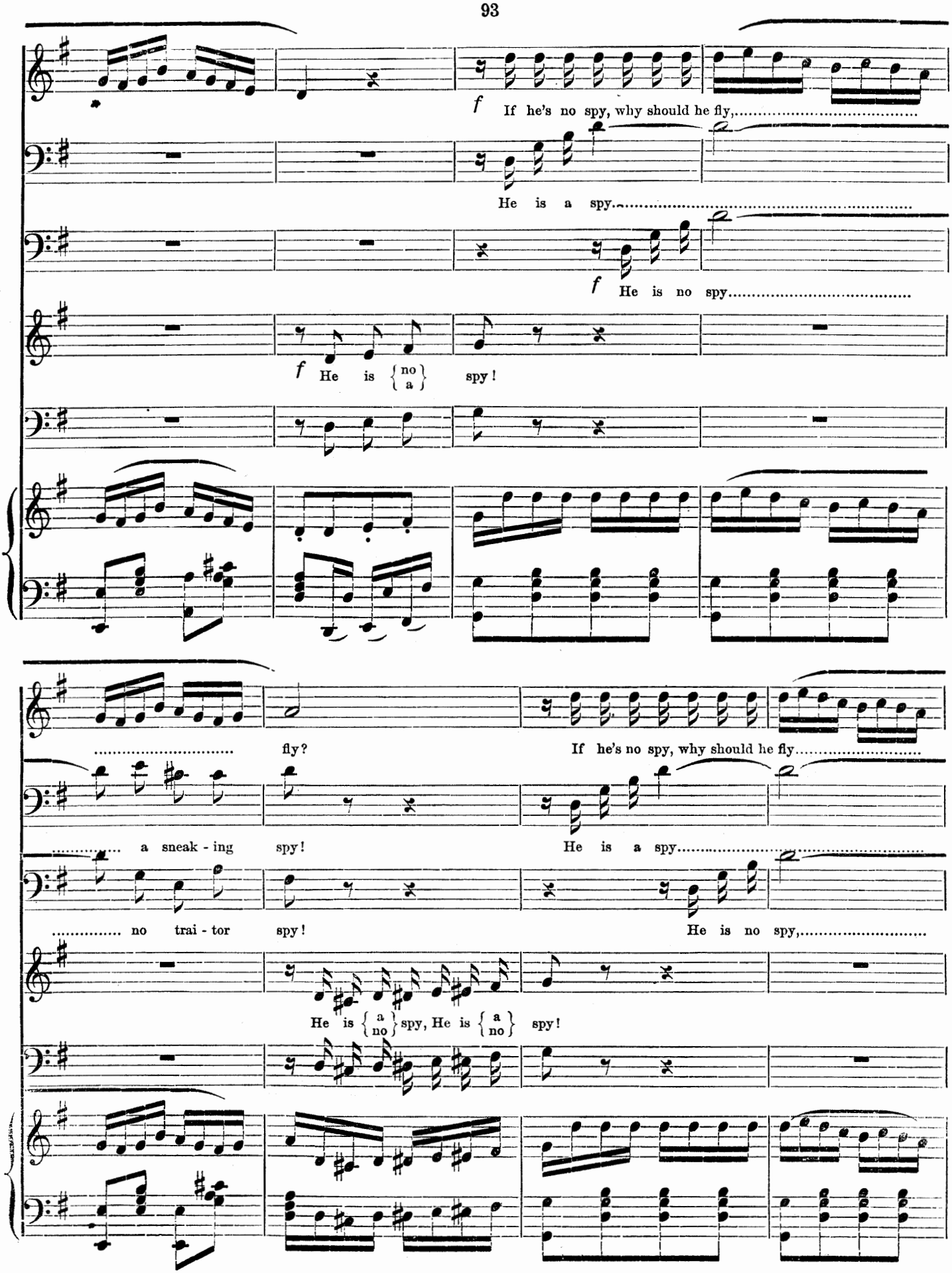
ff

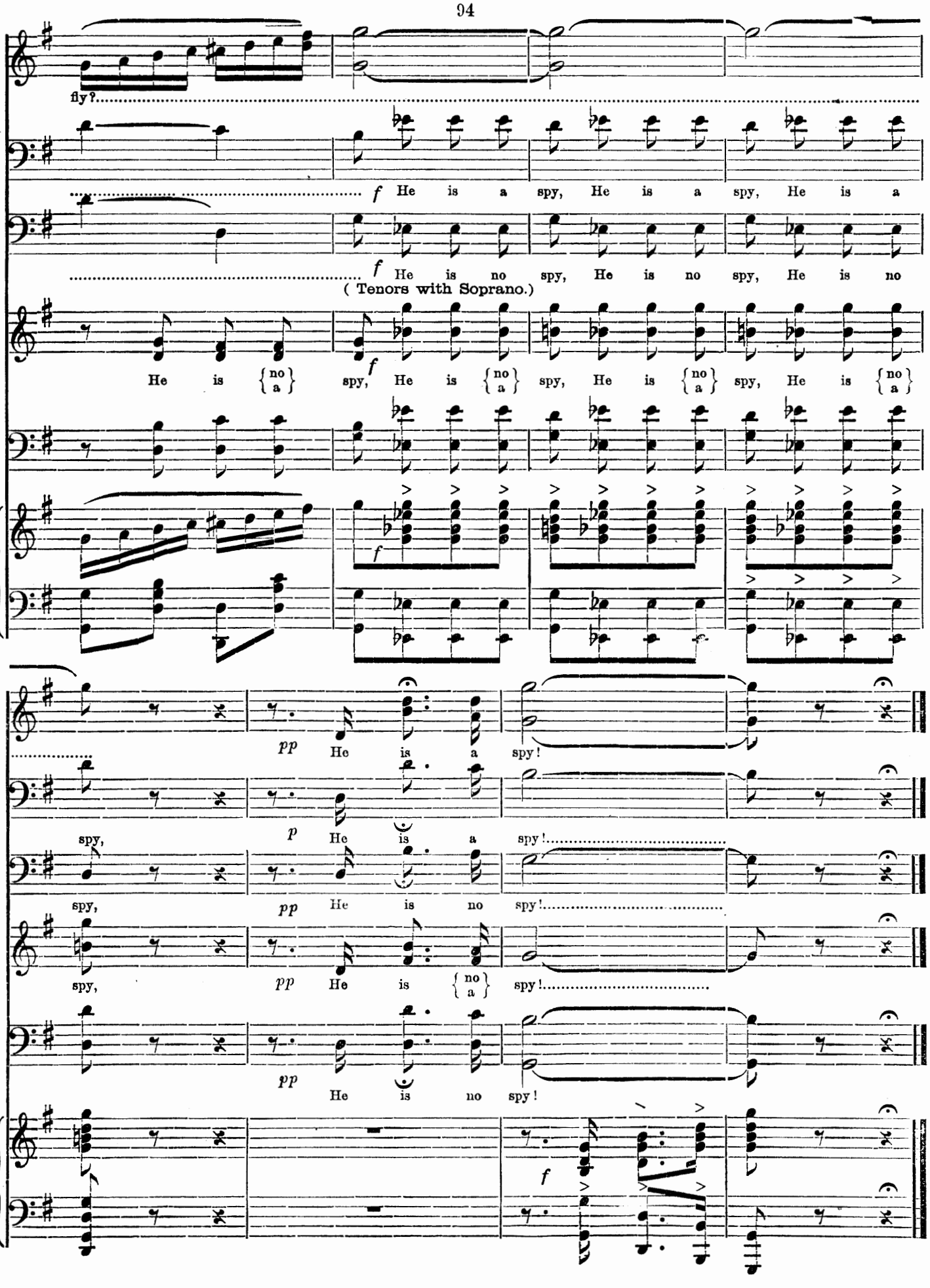
He is (no / a) spy!

He is (a / no) spy!

p

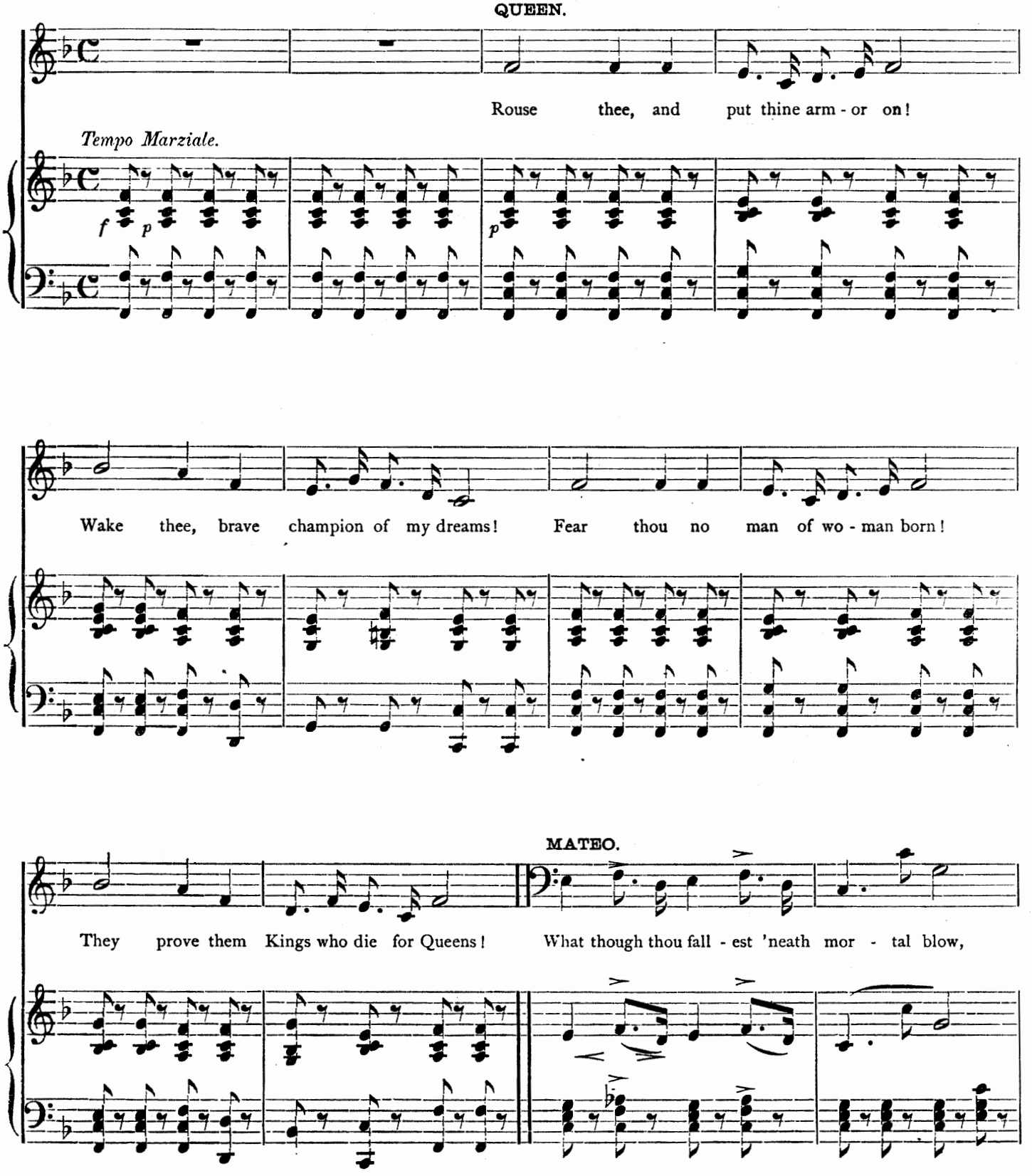
WM. H. KEYSER & CO., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 921 ARCH ST., PHILADA.

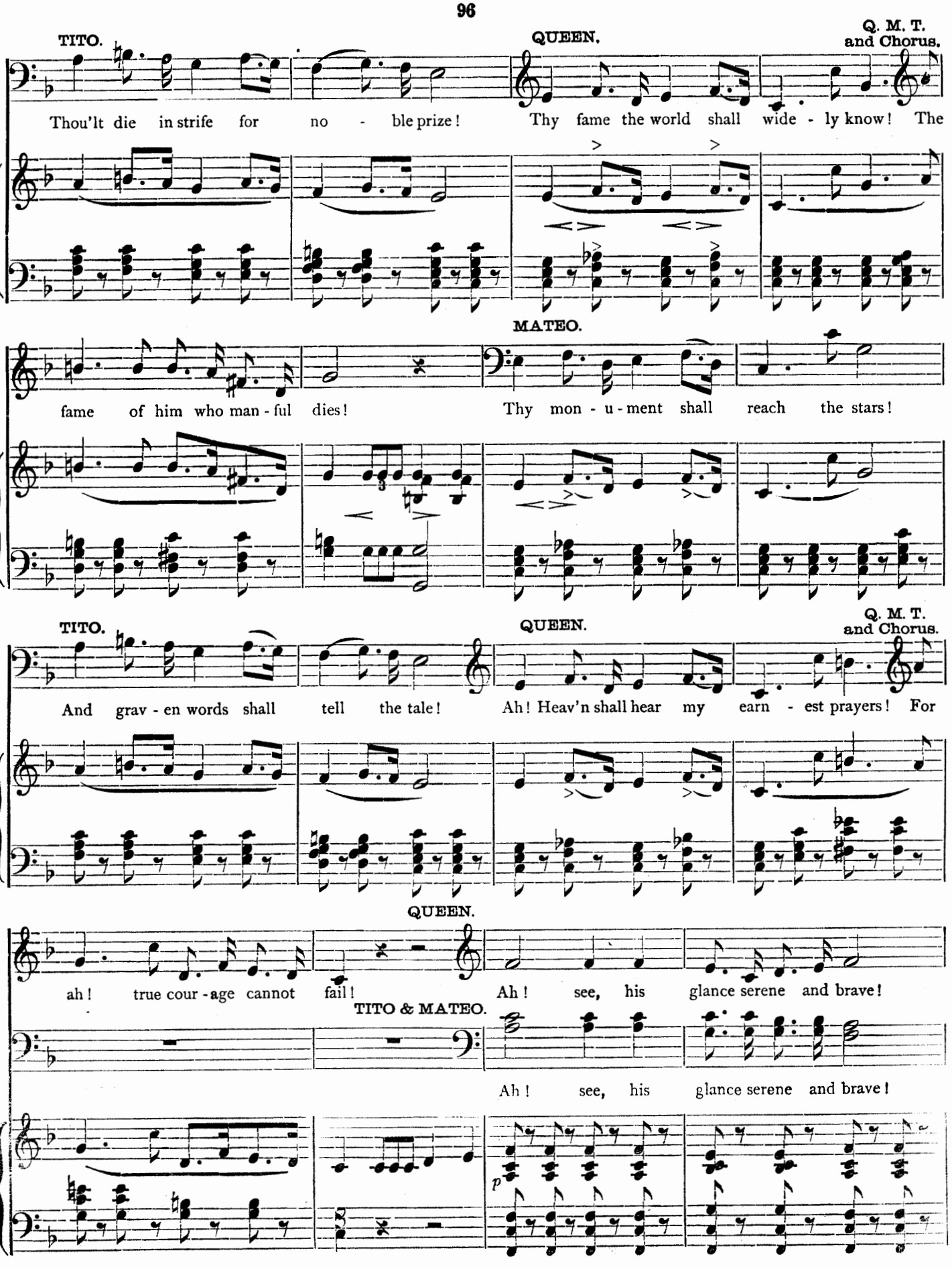

f If he's no spy, why should he fly,.....
He is a spy.....
f He is no spy.....
f He is { no / a } spy!
..... fly? If he's no spy, why should he fly.....
..... a sneak - ing spy! He is a spy.....
..... no trai - tor spy! He is no spy,.....
He is { a / no } spy, He is { a / no } spy!

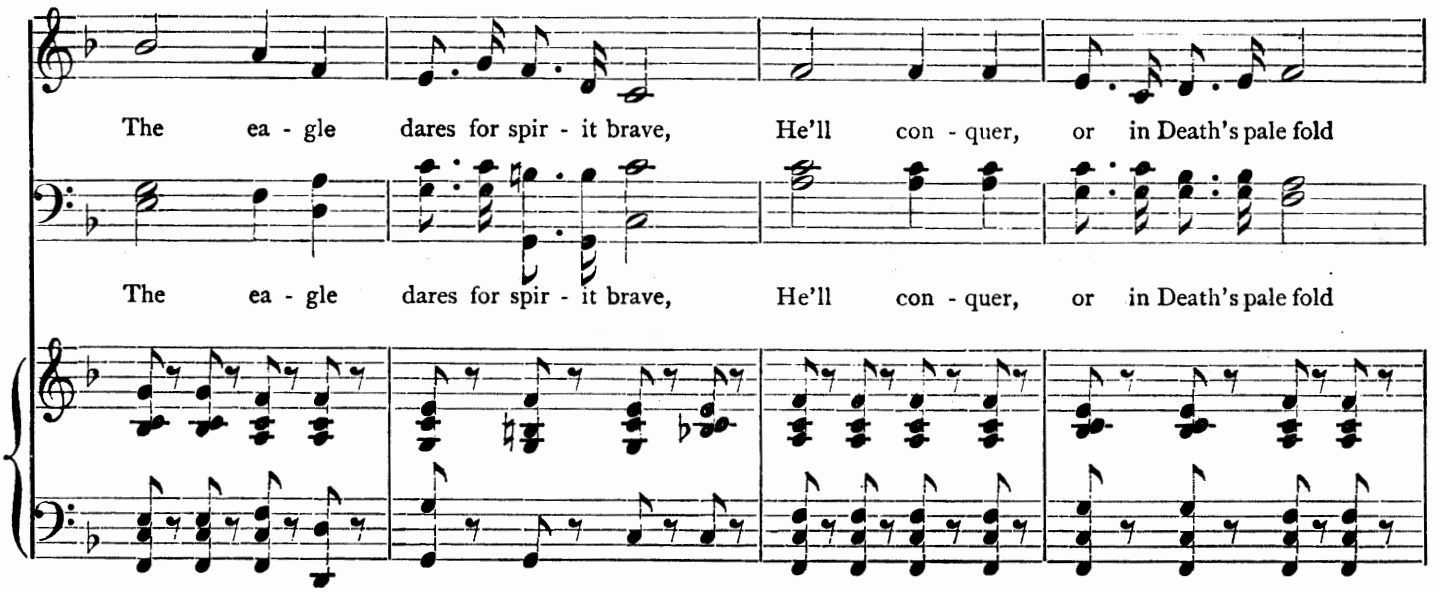

fly?
f He is a spy, He is a spy, He is a
f He is no spy, He is no spy, He is no
(Tenors with Soprano.)
He is {no a} spy, He is {no a} spy, He is {no a} spy, He is {no a}
f
pp He is a spy!
spy,
p He is a spy!
spy,
pp He is no spy!
spy,
pp He is {no a} spy!
pp He is no spy!
f

1st FINALE, "Rouse thee, and put thine armor on."

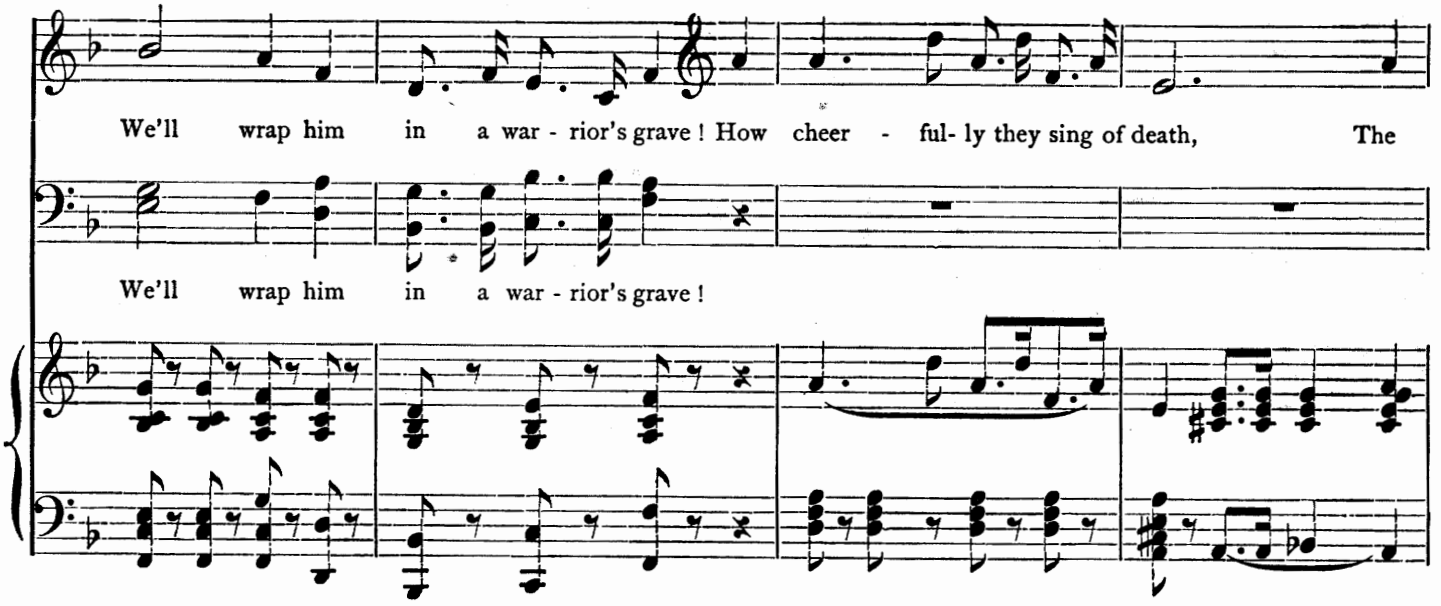
No. 11.

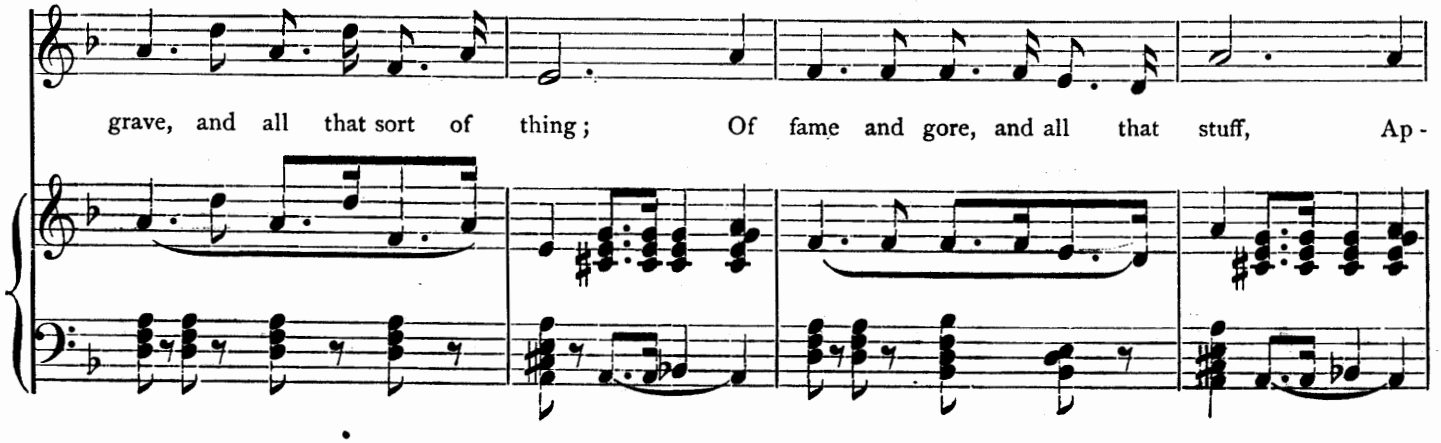


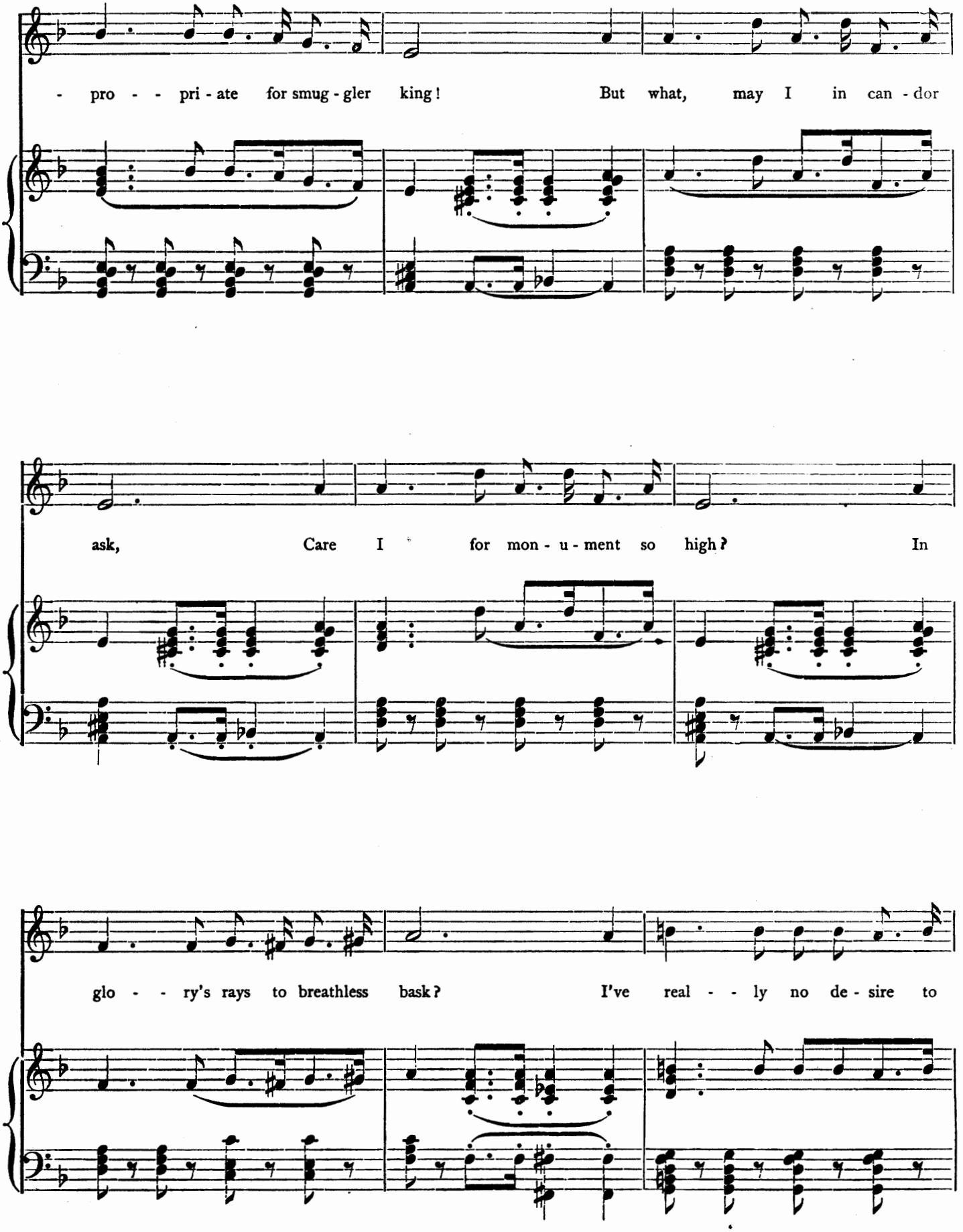

TITO.
QUEEN.
Q. M. T. and Chorus.
Thou'lt die in strife for no - ble prize! Thy fame the world shall wide - ly know! The
MATEO.
fame of him who man - ful dies! Thy mon - u - ment shall reach the stars!
TITO.
QUEEN.
Q. M. T. and Chorus.
And grav - en words shall tell the tale! Ah! Heav'n shall hear my earn - est prayers! For
QUEEN.
ah! true cour - age cannot fail! Ah! see, his glance serene and brave!
TITO & MATEO.
Ah! see, his glance serene and brave!
p

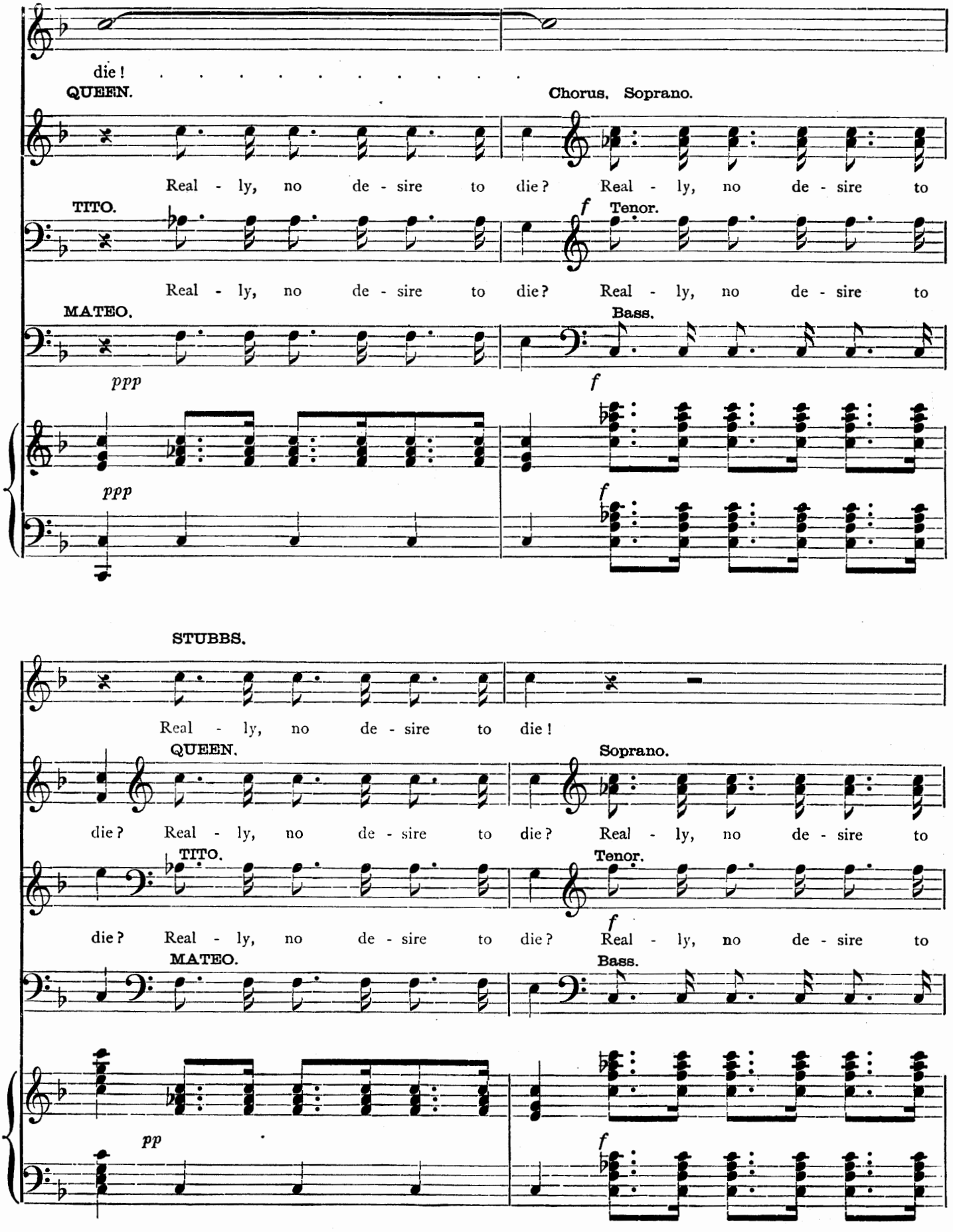

The ea - gle dares for spir - it brave, He'll con - quer, or in Death's pale fold
The ea - gle dares for spir - it brave, He'll con - quer, or in Death's pale fold

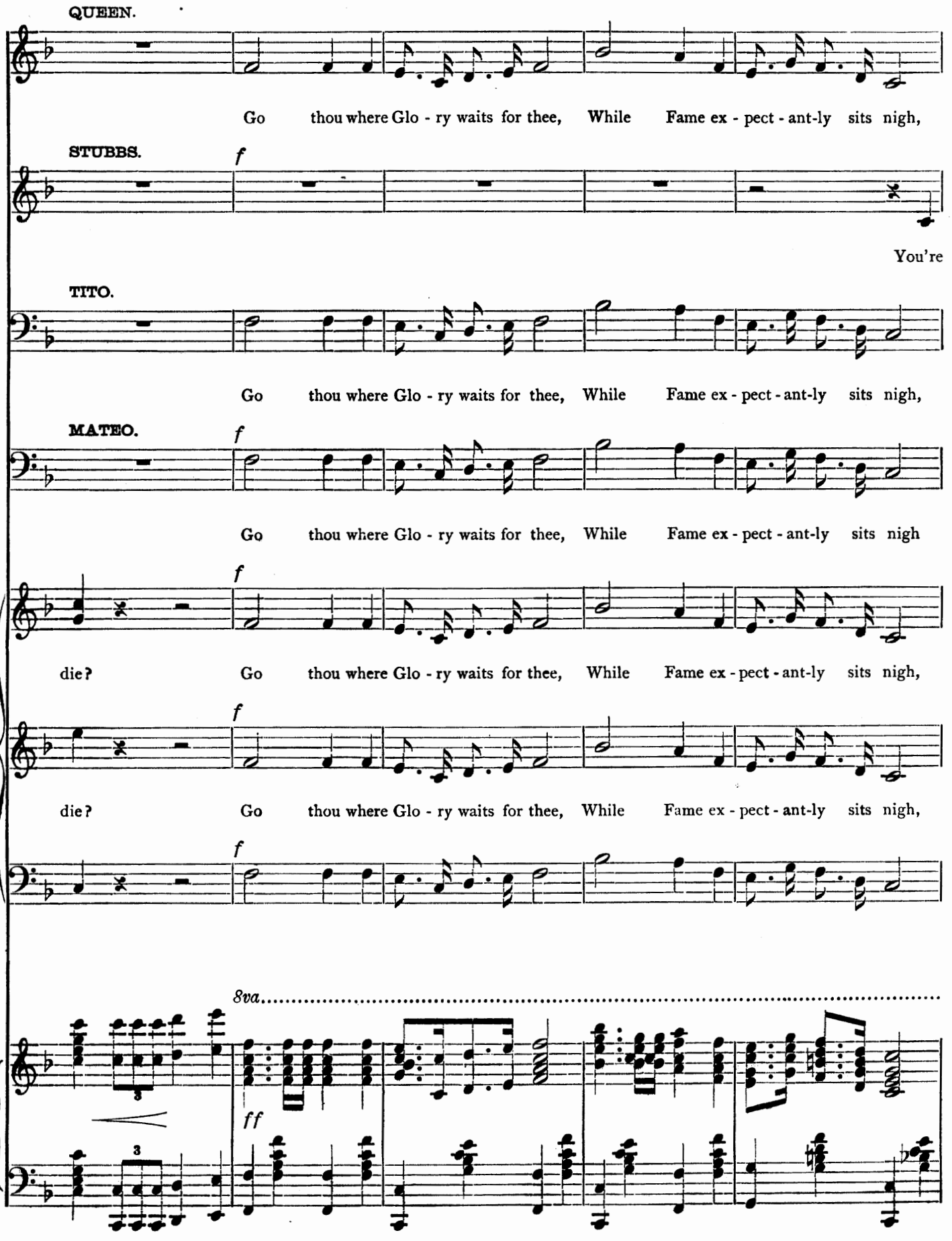
STUBBS.

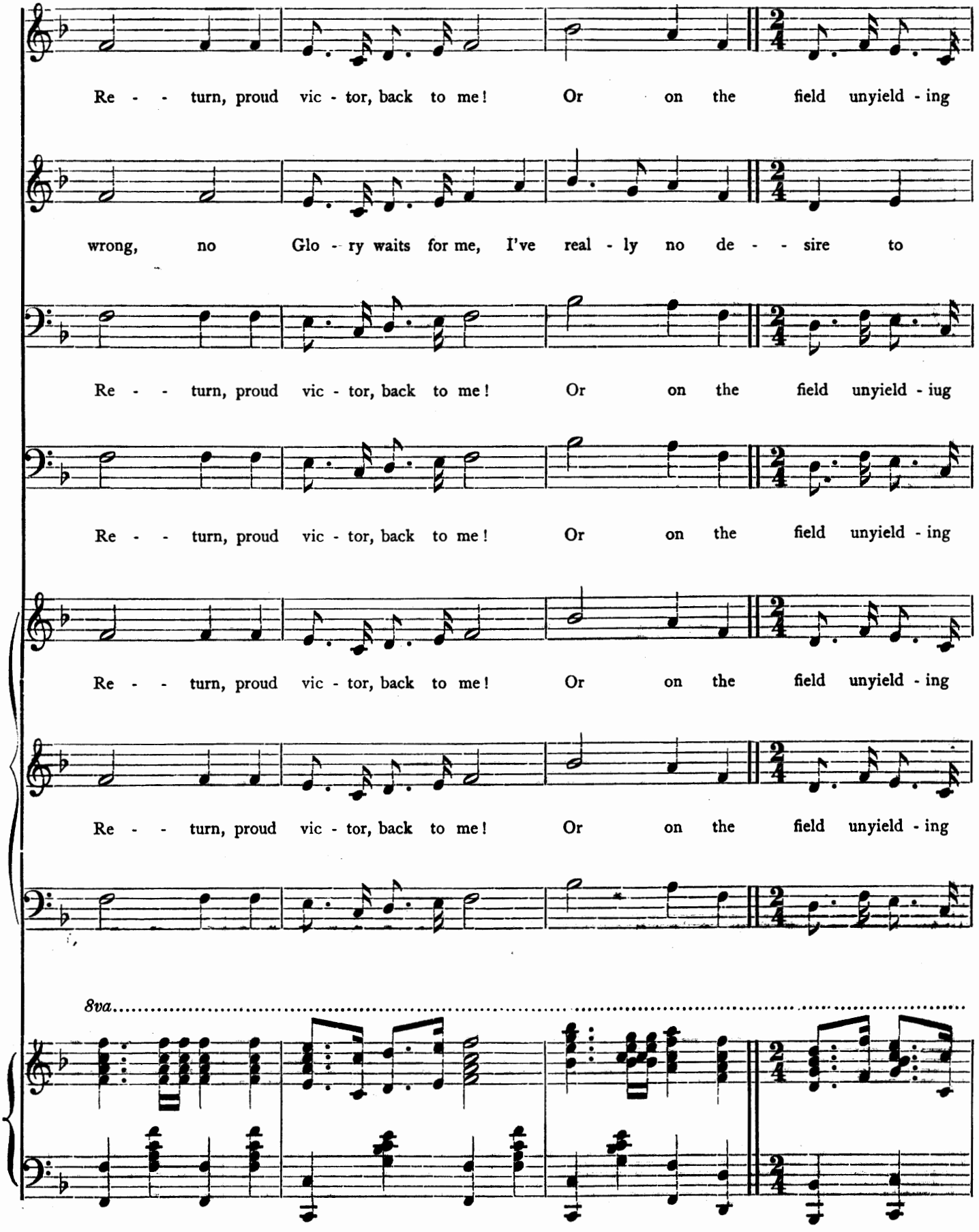

We'll wrap him in a war - rior's grave ! How cheer - ful- ly they sing of death, The
We'll wrap him in a war - rior's grave !

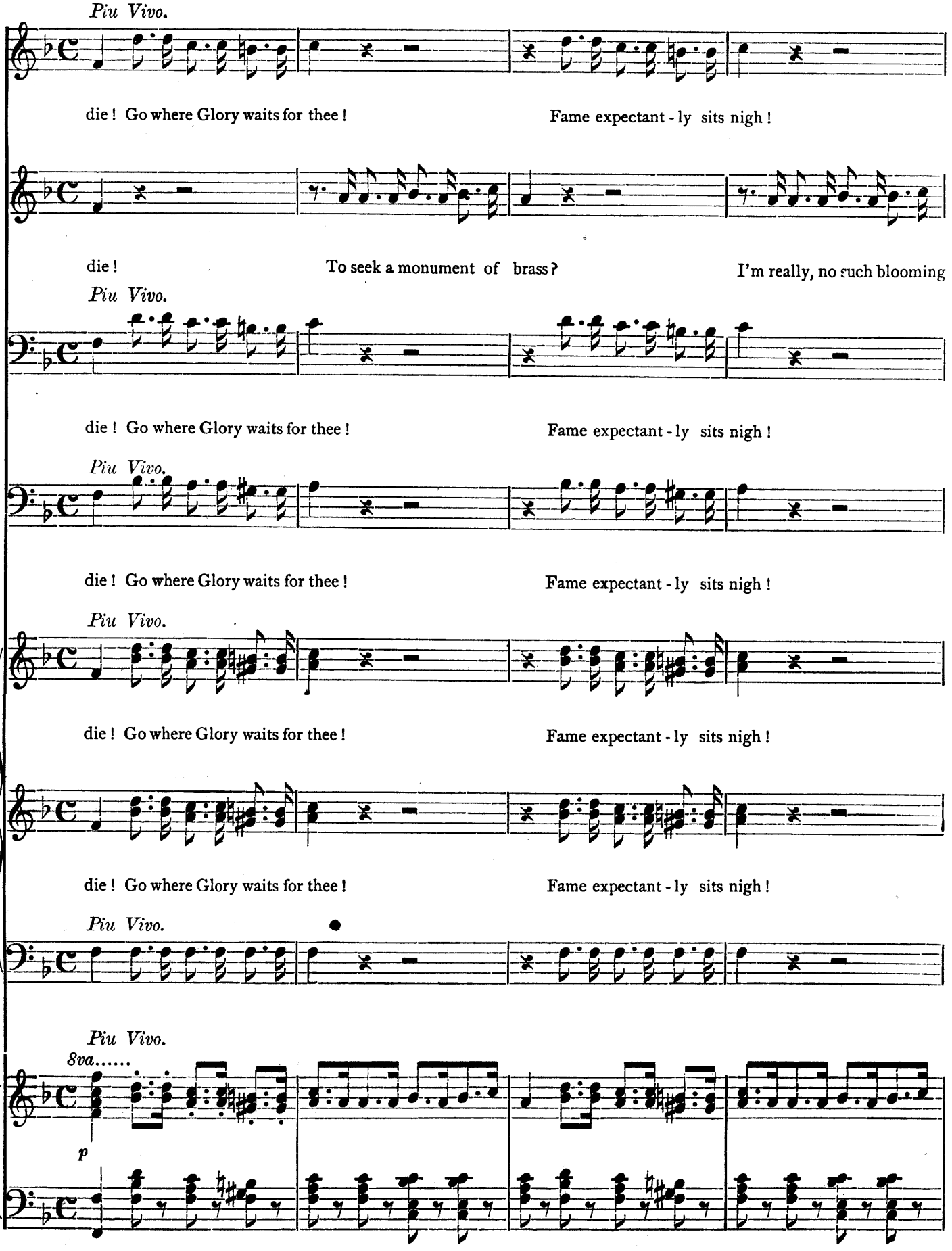

grave, and all that sort of thing ; Of fame and gore, and all that stuff, Ap -

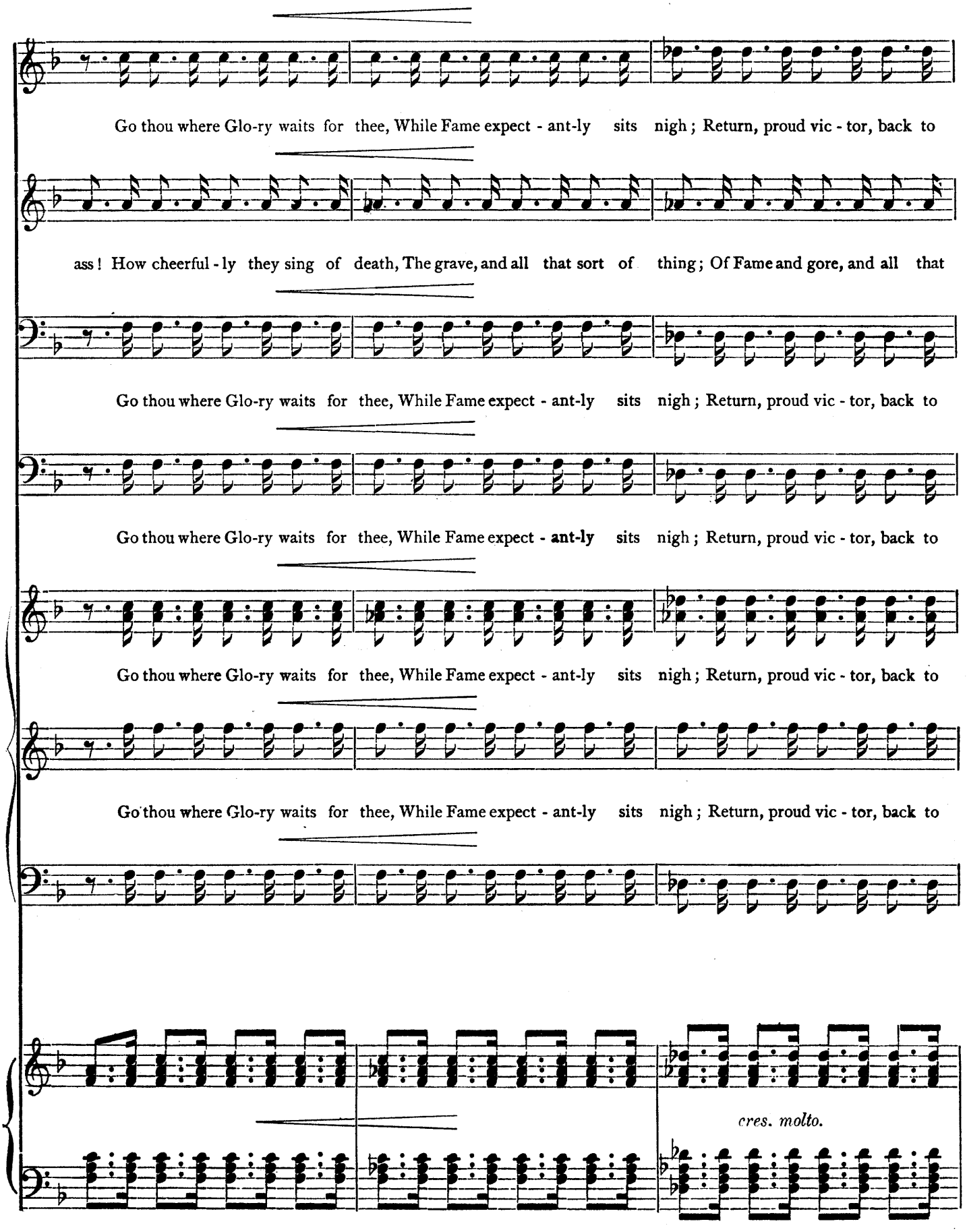

- pro - - pri - ate for smug - gler king! But what, may I in can - dor
ask, Care I for mon - u - ment so high? In
glo - - ry's rays to breathless bask? I've real - - ly no de - sire to

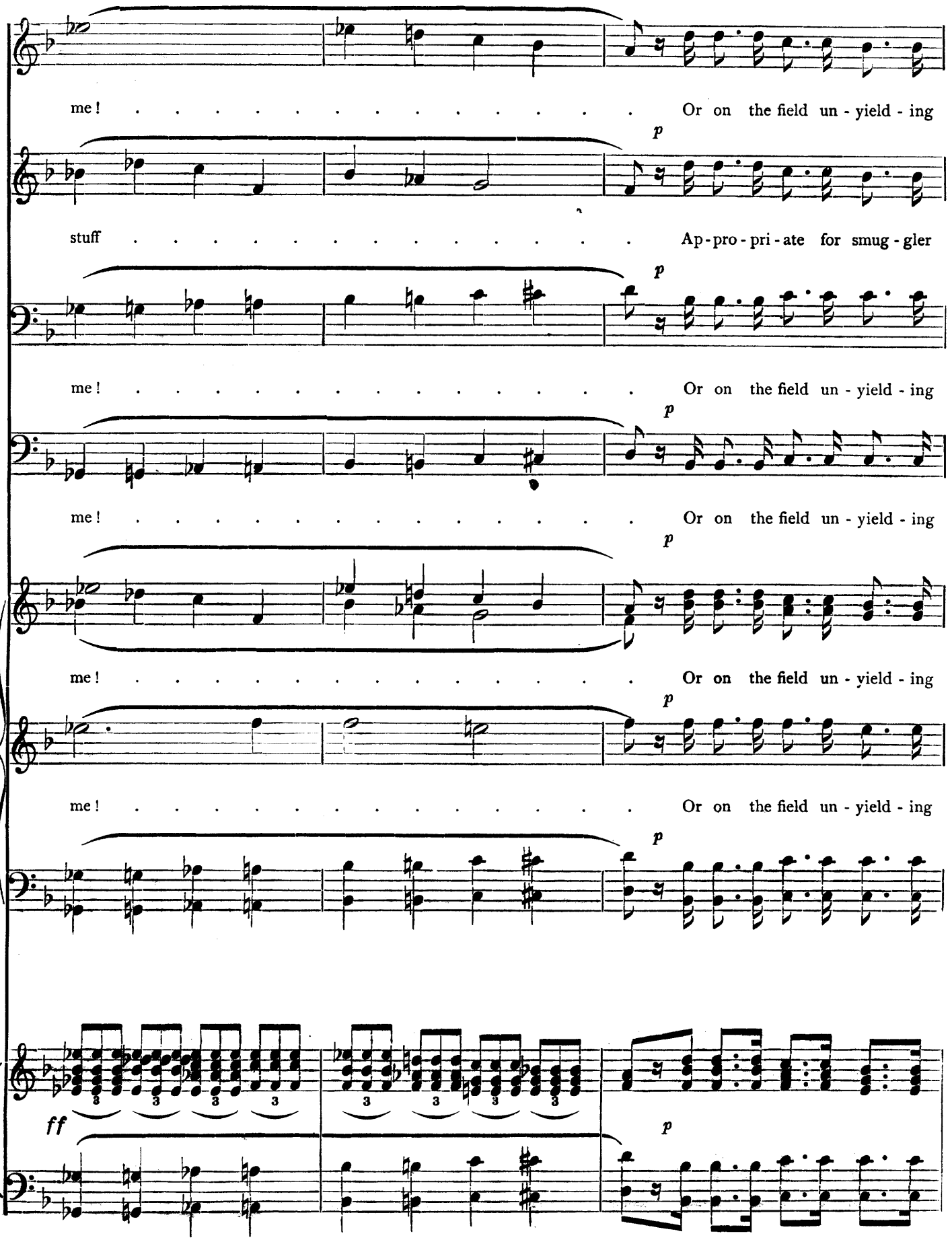

die!
QUEEN.
Chorus. Soprano.
Real - ly, no de - sire to die? Real - ly, no de - sire to
TITO.
f
Tenor.
Real - ly, no de - sire to die? Real - ly, no de - sire to
MATEO.
Bass.
ppp
f
ppp
f
STUBBS.
Real - ly, no de - sire to die!
QUEEN.
Soprano.
die? Real - ly, no de - sire to die? Real - ly, no de - sire to
TITO.
Tenor.
die? Real - ly, no de - sire to die? Real - ly, no de - sire to
f
MATEO.
Bass.
pp
f

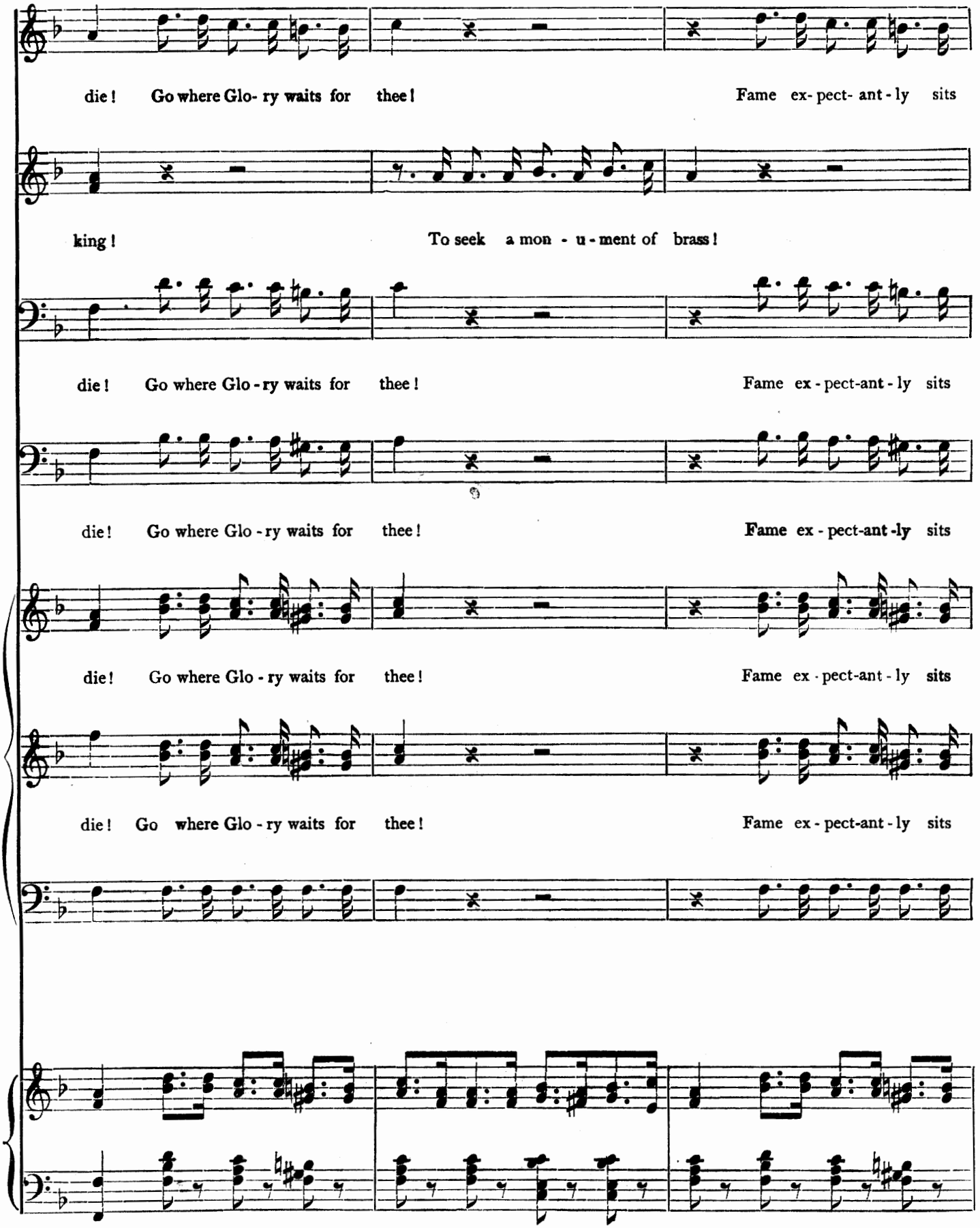

QUEEN.
Go thou where Glo - ry waits for thee, While Fame ex - pect - ant-ly sits nigh,
STUBBS.
f
You're
TITO.
Go thou where Glo - ry waits for thee, While Fame ex - pect - ant-ly sits nigh,
MATEO.
f
Go thou where Glo - ry waits for thee, While Fame ex - pect - ant-ly sits nigh
f
die? Go thou where Glo - ry waits for thee, While Fame ex - pect - ant-ly sits nigh,
f
die? Go thou where Glo - ry waits for thee, While Fame ex - pect - ant-ly sits nigh,
f
8va
ff
3
3

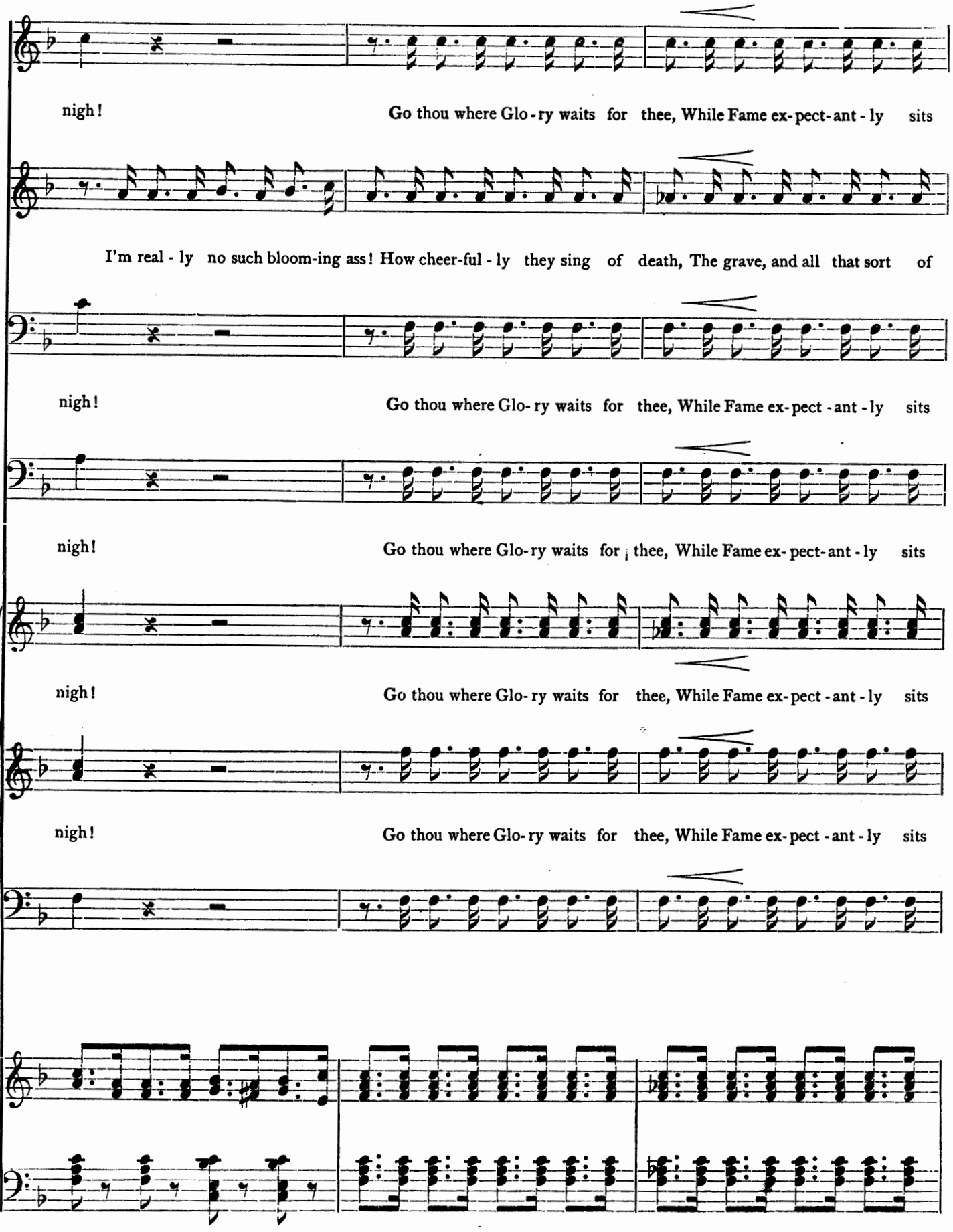

Re - - turn, proud vic - tor, back to me! Or on the field unyield - ing
wrong, no Glo - ry waits for me, I've real - ly no de - - sire to
Re - - turn, proud vic - tor, back to me! Or on the field unyield - iug
Re - - turn, proud vic - tor, back to me! Or on the field unyield - ing
Re - - turn, proud vic - tor, back to me! Or on the field unyield - ing
Re - - turn, proud vic - tor, back to me! Or on the field unyield - ing
8va

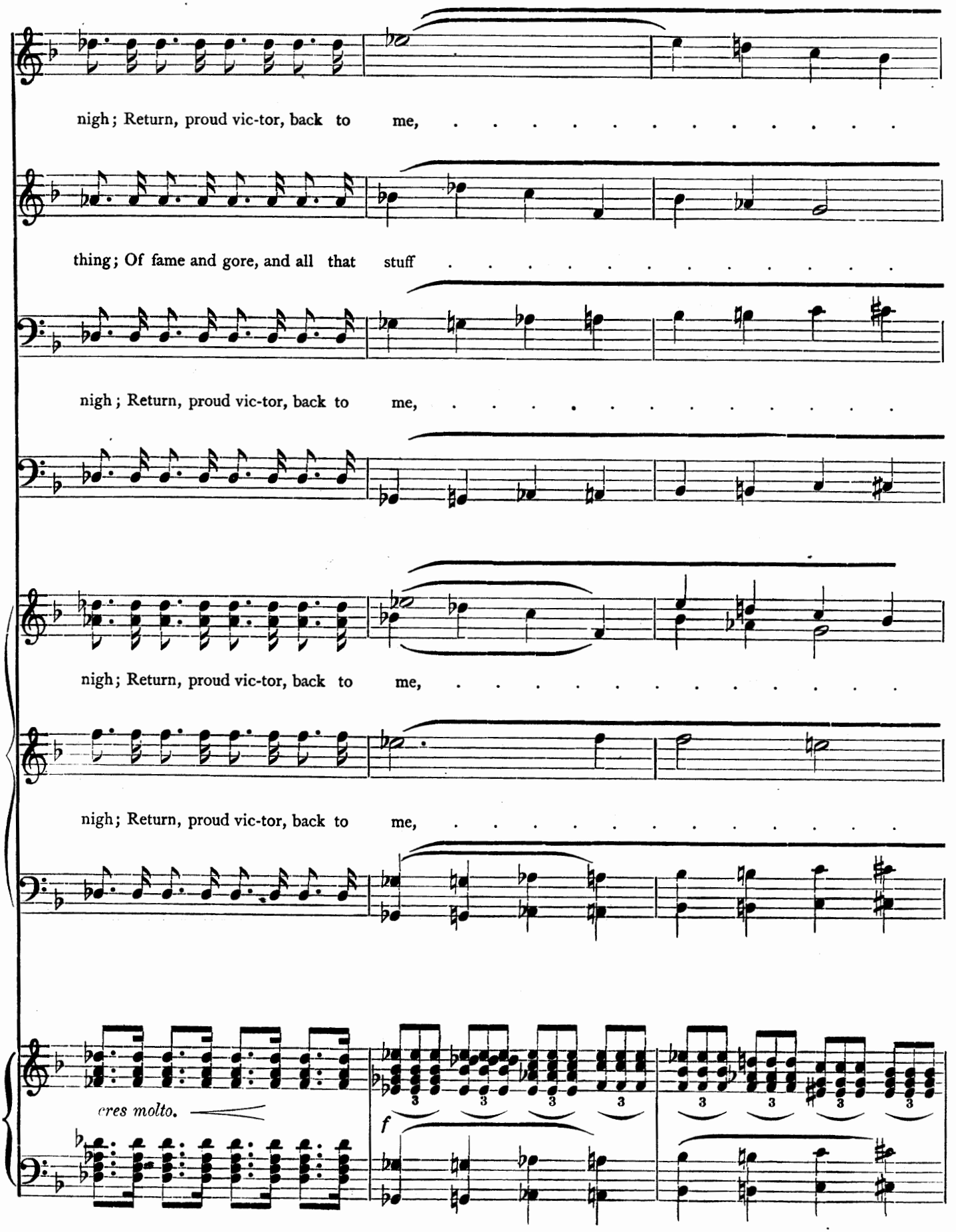

Piu Vivo.
die ! Go where Glory waits for thee !
Fame expectant - ly sits nigh !
die !
To seek a monument of brass ?
I'm really, no such blooming
Piu Vivo.
die ! Go where Glory waits for thee !
Fame expectant - ly sits nigh !
Piu Vivo.
die ! Go where Glory waits for thee !
Fame expectant - ly sits nigh !
Piu Vivo.
die ! Go where Glory waits for thee !
Fame expectant - ly sits nigh !
die ! Go where Glory waits for thee !
Fame expectant - ly sits nigh !
Piu Vivo.
Piu Vivo.
8va.....
p

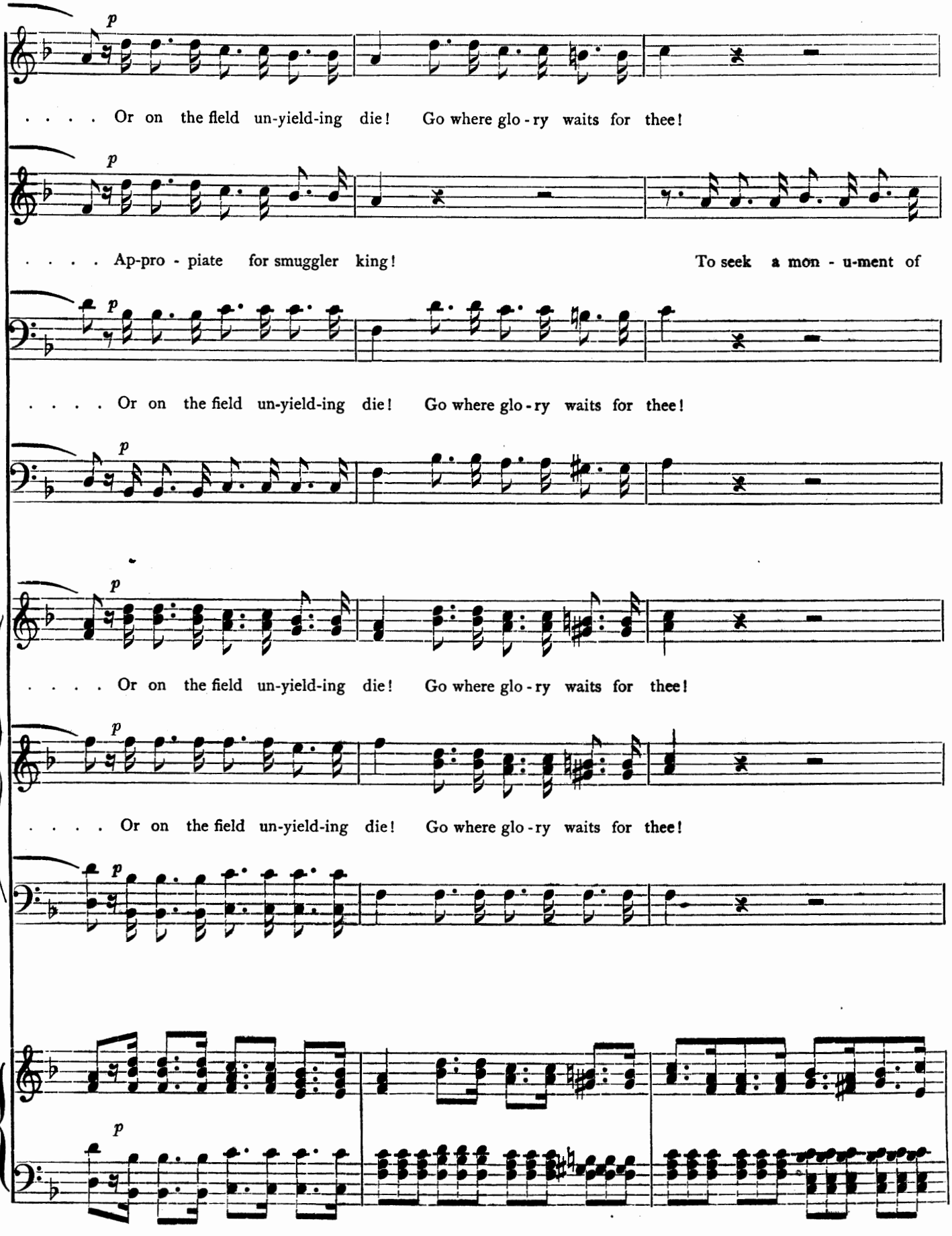

Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame expect - ant-ly sits nigh; Return, proud vic - tor, back to
ass! How cheerful - ly they sing of death, The grave, and all that sort of thing; Of Fame and gore, and all that
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame expect - ant-ly sits nigh; Return, proud vic - tor, back to
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame expect - ant-ly sits nigh; Return, proud vic - tor, back to
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame expect - ant-ly sits nigh; Return, proud vic - tor, back to
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame expect - ant-ly sits nigh; Return, proud vic - tor, back to
cres. molto.


me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
stuff . . . . . Ap - pro - pri - ate for smug - gler
me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
me ! . . . . . Or on the field un - yield - ing
p
ff


die! Go where Glo- ry waits for thee! Fame ex- pect- ant - ly sits
king! To seek a mon - u - ment of brass!
die! Go where Glo - ry waits for thee! Fame ex - pect-ant - ly sits
die! Go where Glo - ry waits for thee! Fame ex - pect-ant -ly sits
die! Go where Glo - ry waits for thee! Fame ex - pect-ant - ly sits
die! Go where Glo - ry waits for thee! Fame ex - pect-ant - ly sits


nigh!
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame ex-pect-ant-ly sits
I'm real-ly no such bloom-ing ass! How cheer-ful-ly they sing of death, The grave, and all that sort of
nigh!
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame ex-pect-ant-ly sits
nigh!
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame ex-pect-ant-ly sits
nigh!
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame ex-pect-ant-ly sits
nigh!
Go thou where Glo-ry waits for thee, While Fame ex-pect-ant-ly sits


nigh; Return, proud vic-tor, back to me,
thing; Of fame and gore, and all that stuff
nigh; Return, proud vic-tor, back to me,
nigh; Return, proud vic-tor, back to me,
nigh; Return, proud vic-tor, back to me,
cres molto.
f


p
. . . . Or on the field un-yield-ing die! Go where glo - ry waits for thee!
p
. . . . Ap-pro - piate for smuggler king! To seek a mon - u-ment of
p
. . . . Or on the field un-yield-ing die! Go where glo - ry waits for thee!
p
. . . . Or on the field un-yield-ing die! Go where glo - ry waits for thee!
p
. . . . Or on the field un-yield-ing die! Go where glo - ry waits for thee!
p
p

Fame expectant - ly sits nigh ! Go where Glo - ry waits !

brass ! I'm really no such blooming ass, No such a bloom - ing ass !

Fame expectant - ly sits nigh ! Go where Glo - ry waits !

Fame expectant - ly sits nigh ! Go where Glo - ry waits !

Fame expectant - ly sits nigh ! Go where Glo - ry waits !

Fame expectant - ly sits nigh ! Go where Glo - ry waits !

f *rall.*

p *dim - in - u - en - do.* *pp*

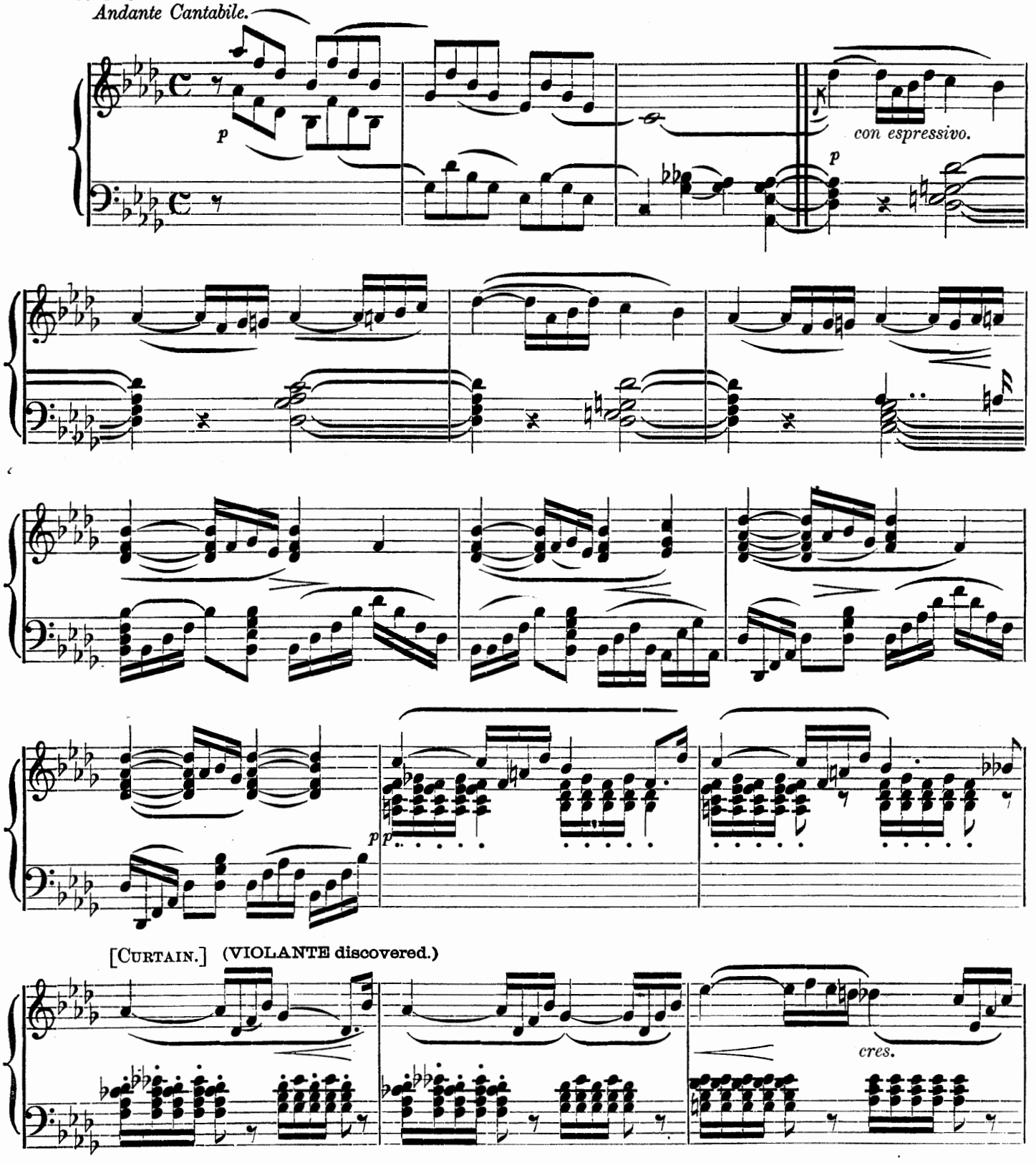
End of Act 1st.

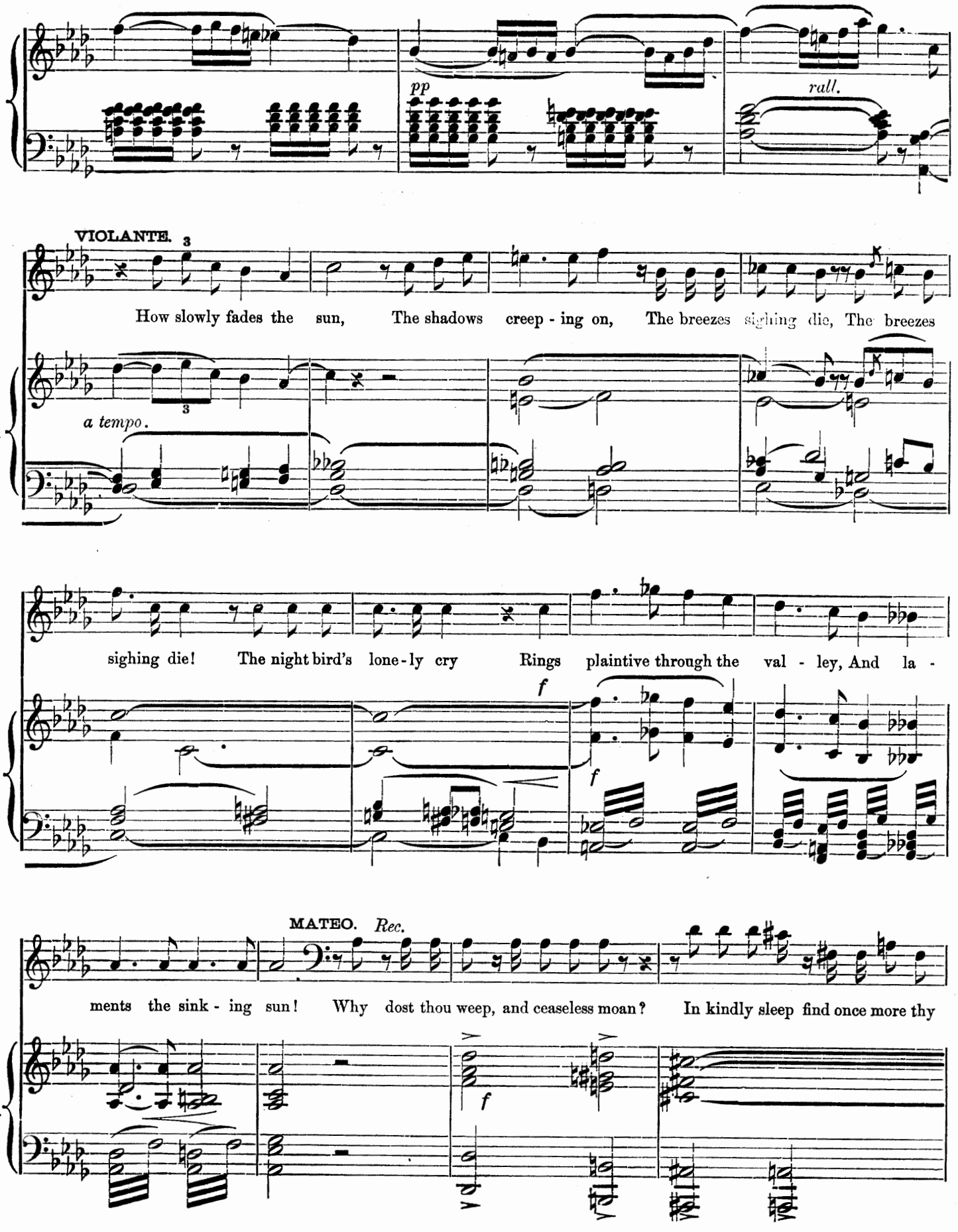
ACT 2.

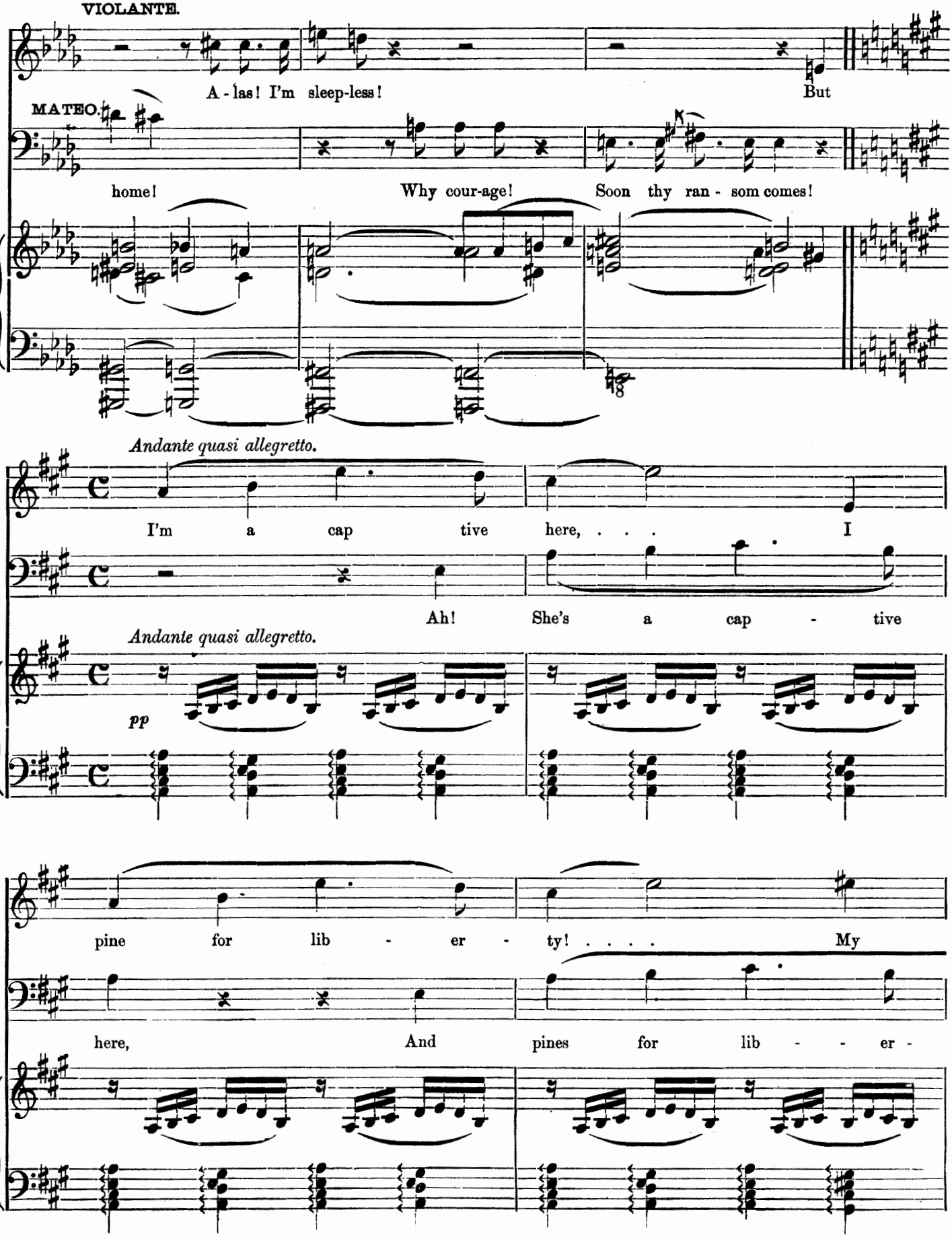
INTRODUCTION AND DUETT, "How slowly fades the sun."

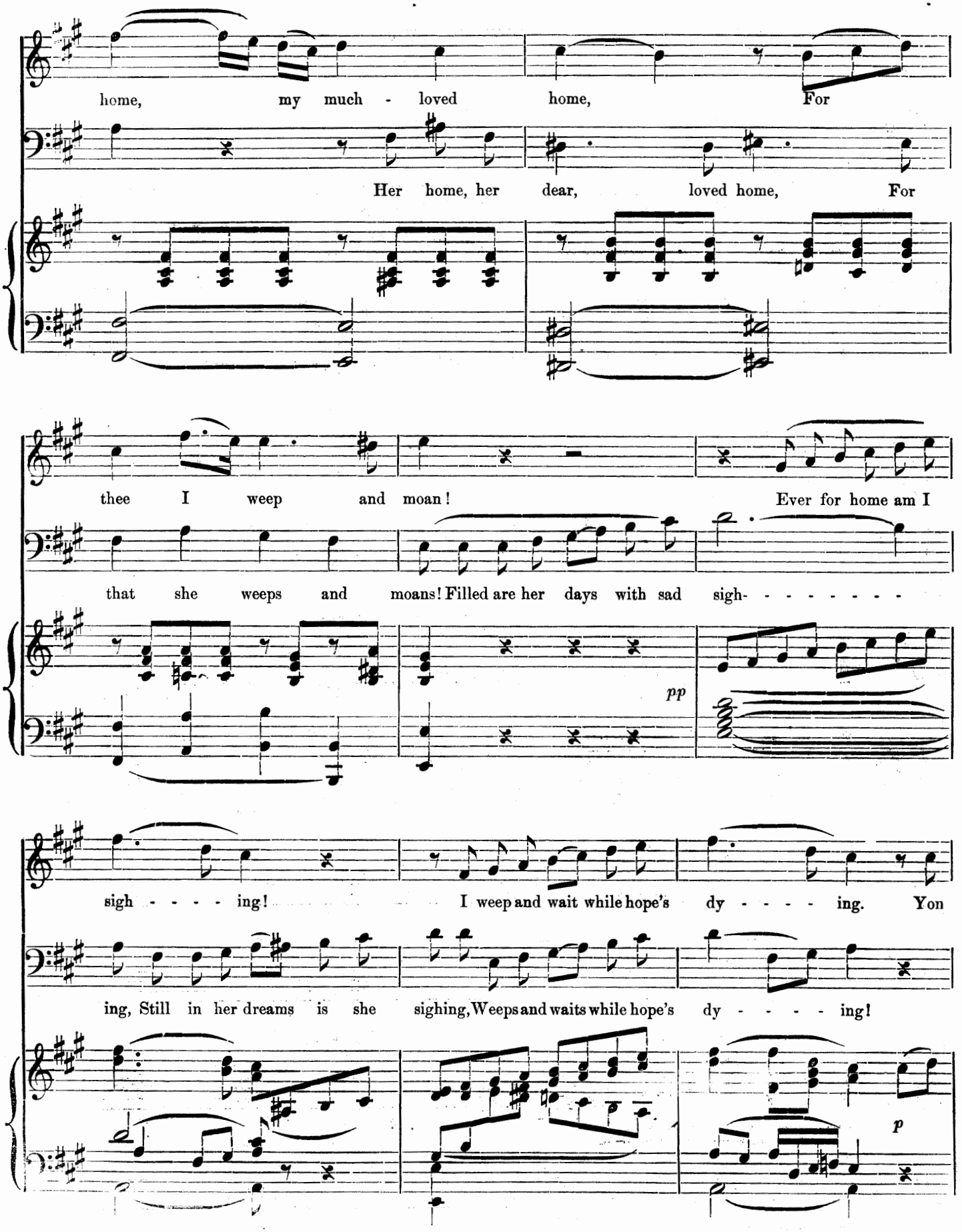
No. 12.

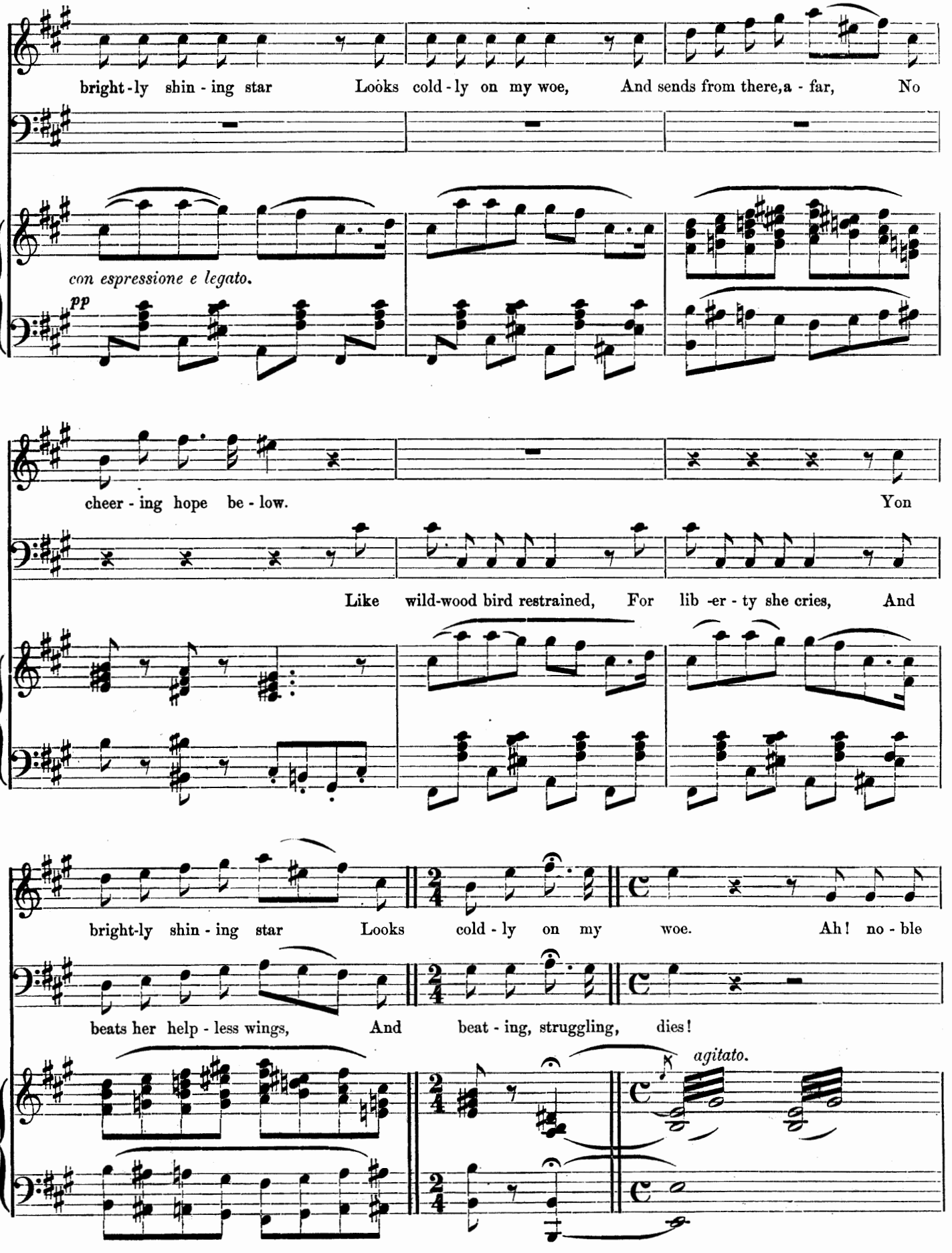
Andante Cantabile.

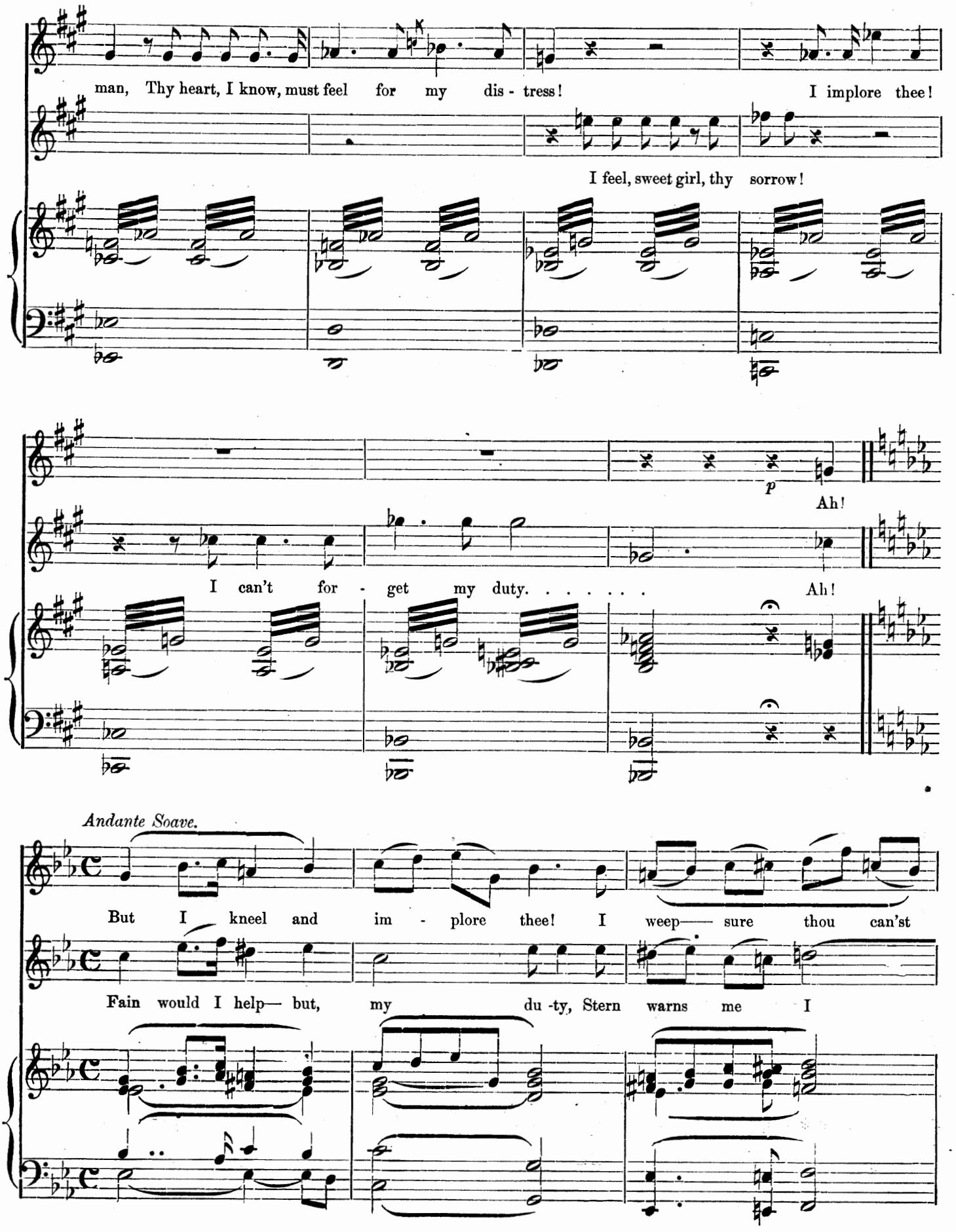


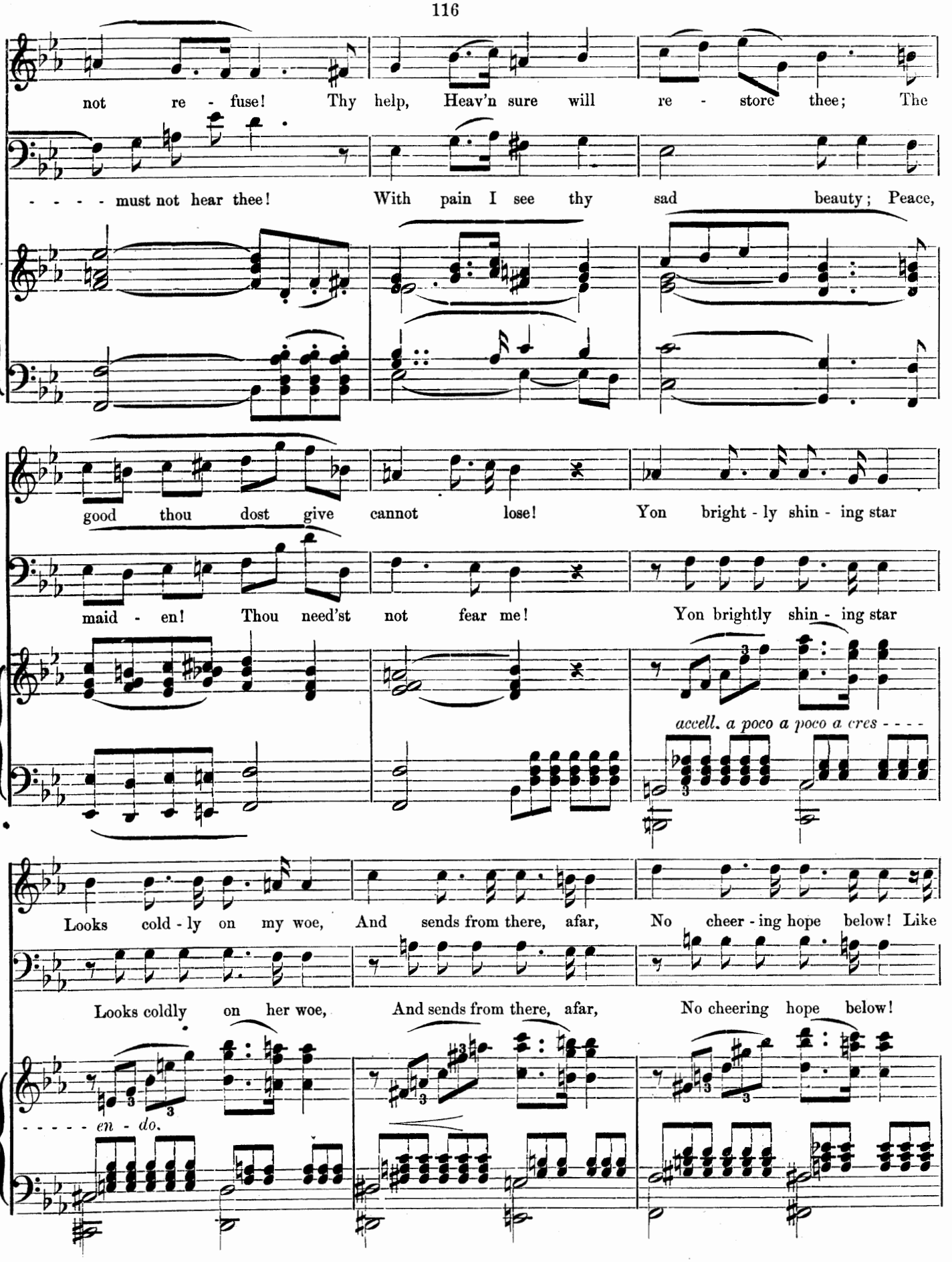

pp
rall.
VIOLANTE.
How slowly fades the sun, The shadows creep - ing on, The breezes sighing die, The breezes
a tempo.
sighing die! The night bird's lone - ly cry Rings plaintive through the val - ley, And la -
f
f
MATEO. Rec.
ments the sink - ing sun! Why dost thou weep, and ceaseless moan? In kindly sleep find once more thy
f

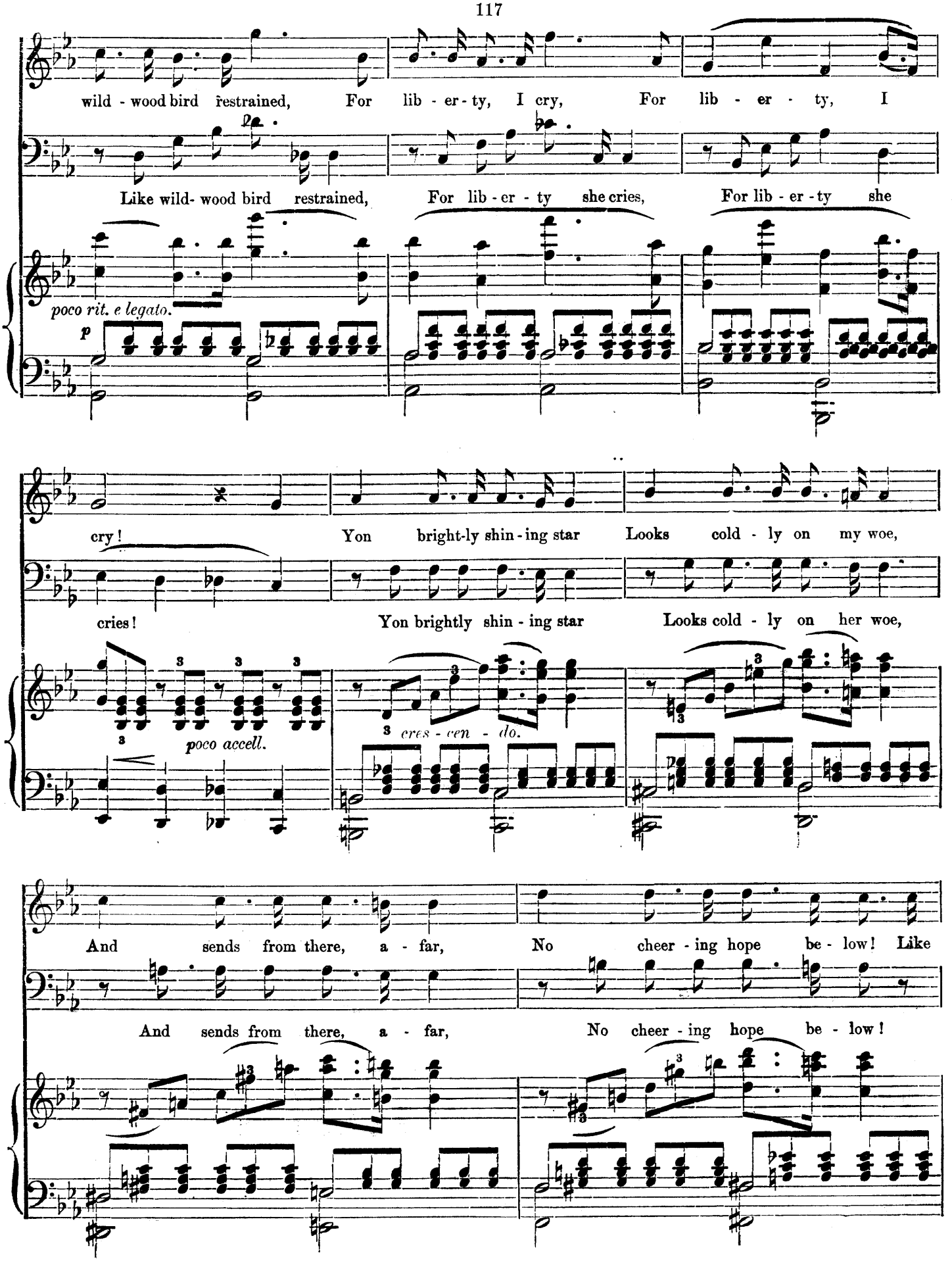

VIOLANTE.
A - las! I'm sleep-less! But
MATEO.
home! Why cour-age! Soon thy ran - som comes!
Andante quasi allegretto.
I'm a cap tive here, . . . I
Ah! She's a cap - tive
Andante quasi allegretto.
pp
pine for lib - er - ty! . . . . My
here, And pines for lib - - er -

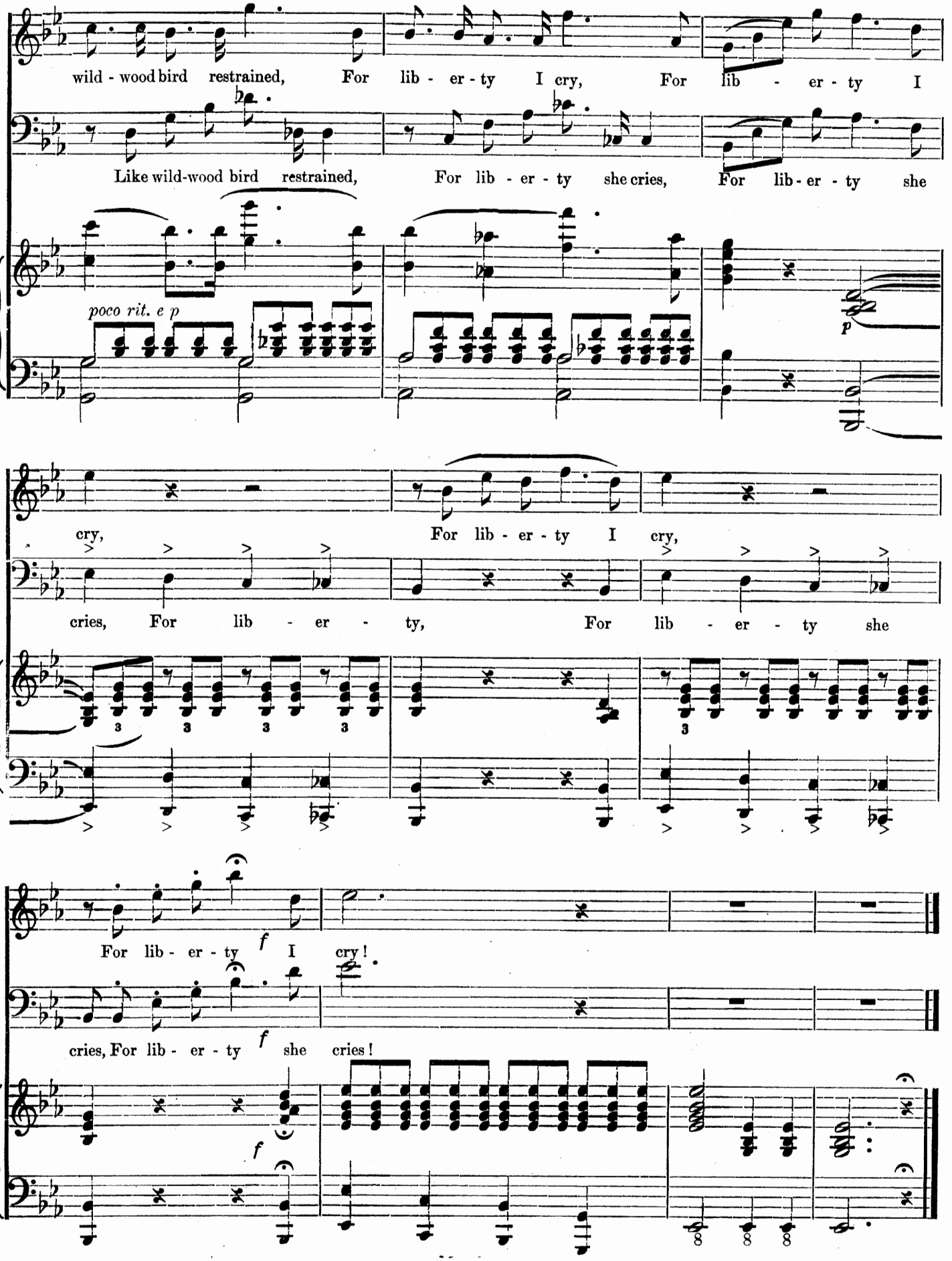

home, my much - loved home, For
Her home, her dear, loved home, For
thee I weep and moan!
Ever for home am I
that she weeps and moans! Filled are her days with sad sigh- - - - - - - -
pp
sigh - - - - ing!
I weep and wait while hope's dy - - - - ing. Yon
ing, Still in her dreams is she sighing, Weeps and waits while hope's dy - - - - ing!
p


bright-ly shin - ing star Looks cold - ly on my woe, And sends from there, a - far, No
con espressione e legato.
pp
cheer - ing hope be - low. Yon
Like wild-wood bird restrained, For lib -er - ty she cries, And
bright-ly shin - ing star Looks cold - ly on my woe. Ah! no - ble
beats her help - less wings, And beat - ing, struggling, dies!
agitato.


man, Thy heart, I know, must feel for my dis - tress!
I implore thee!
I feel, sweet girl, thy sorrow!
p
Ah!
I can't for - get my duty. . . . . .
Ah!
Andante Soave.
But I kneel and im - plore thee! I weep—— sure thou can'st
Fain would I help— but, my du -ty, Stern warns me I


not re - fuse! Thy help, Heav'n sure will re - store thee; The
- - - - must not hear thee! With pain I see thy sad beauty; Peace,
good thou dost give cannot lose! Yon bright - ly shin - ing star
maid - en! Thou need'st not fear me! Yon brightly shin - ing star
accell. a poco a poco a cres - - - -
Looks cold - ly on my woe, And sends from there, afar, No cheer - ing hope below! Like
Looks coldly on her woe, And sends from there, afar, No cheering hope below!
- - - - - en - do.

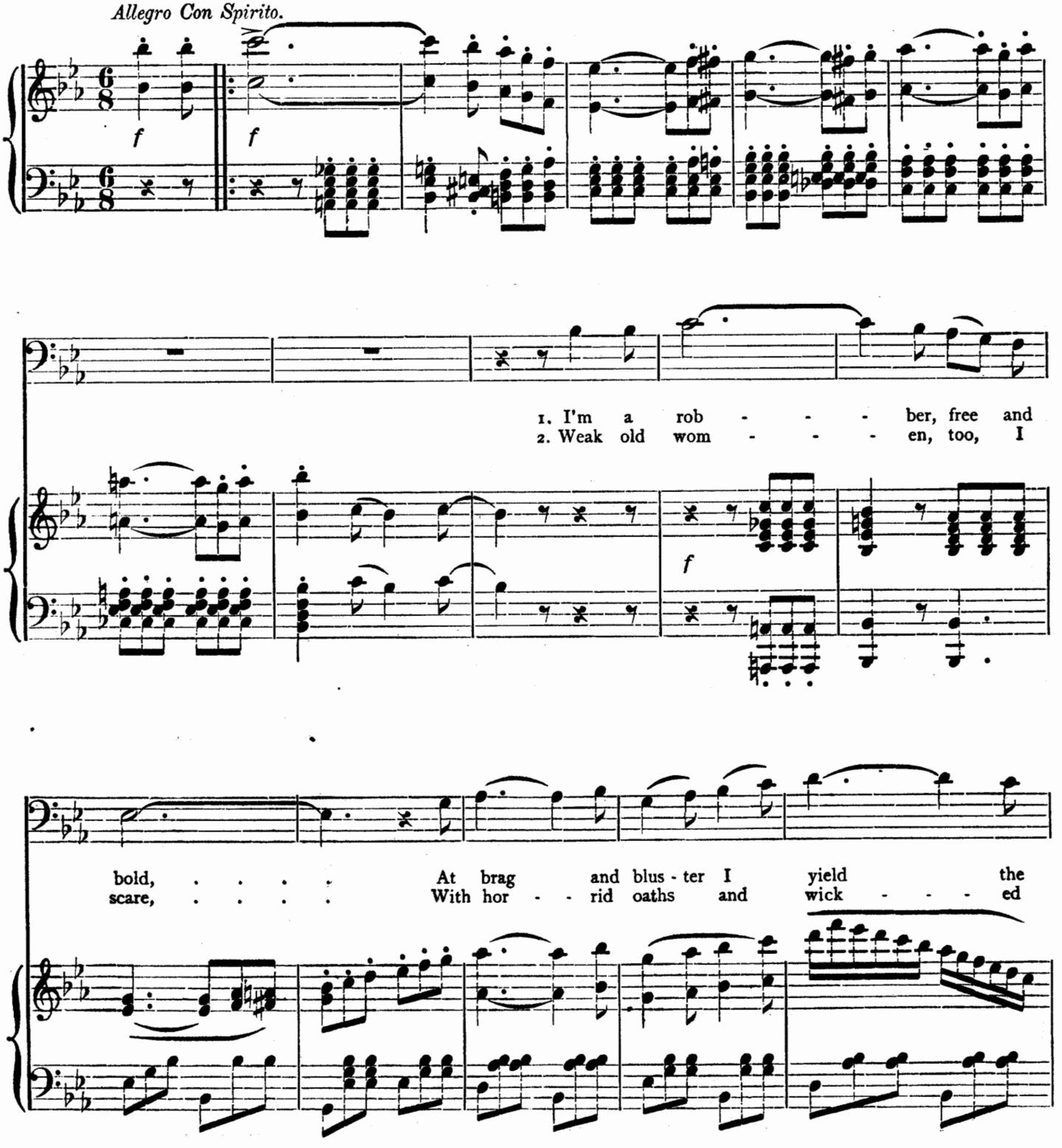

wild - wood bird restrained, For lib - er - ty, I cry, For lib - er - ty, I
Like wild- wood bird restrained, For lib - er - ty she cries, For lib - er - ty she
poco rit. e legato.
p
cry!
Yon bright-ly shin - ing star Looks cold - ly on my woe,
cries!
Yon brightly shin - ing star Looks cold - ly on her woe,
poco accell.
cres - cen - do.
And sends from there, a - far, No cheer - ing hope be - low! Like
And sends from there, a - far, No cheer - ing hope be - low!

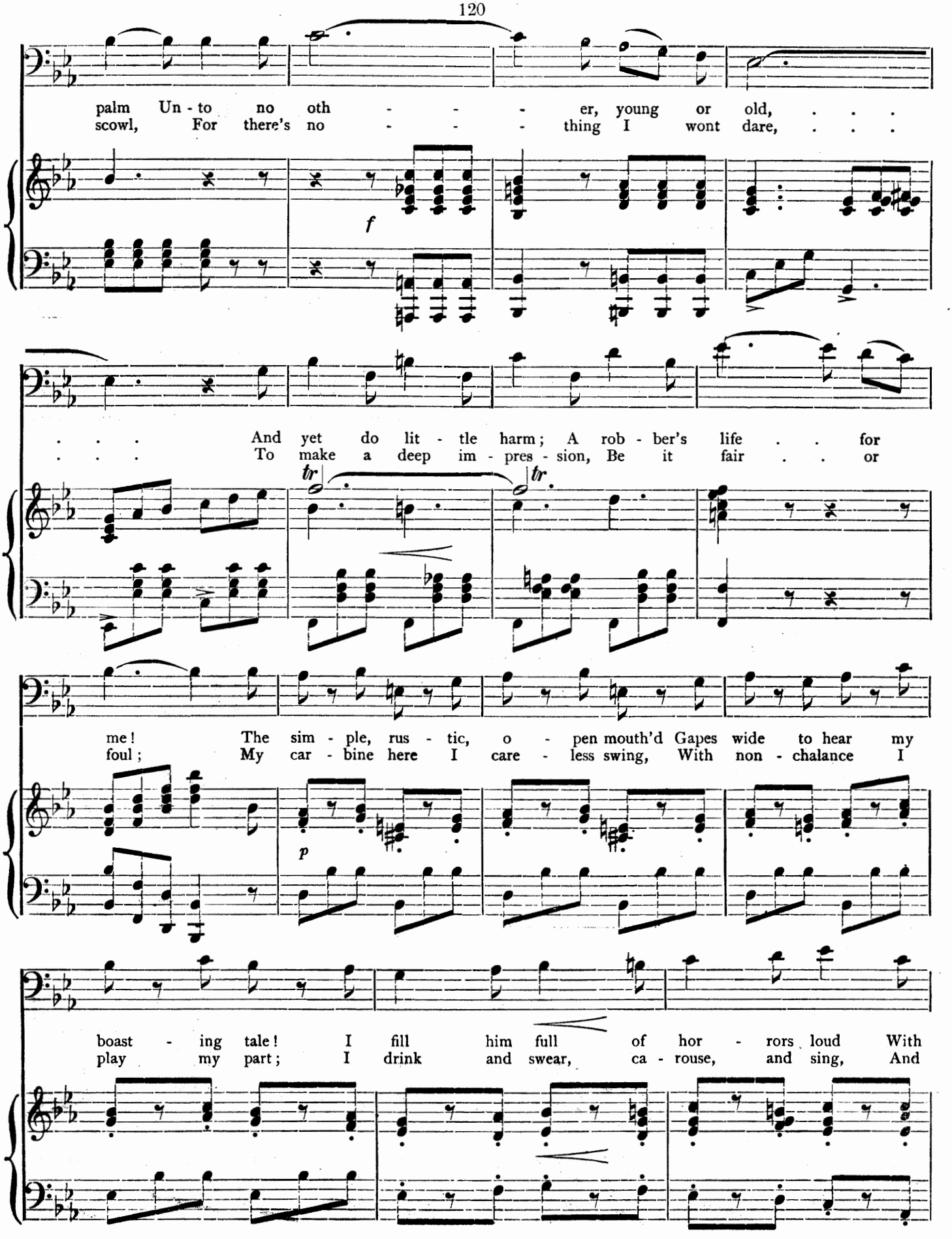

wild - wood bird restrained, For lib - er - ty I cry, For lib - er - ty I
Like wild-wood bird restrained, For lib - er - ty she cries, For lib - er - ty she
poco rit. e p
p
cry, For lib - er - ty I cry,
cries, For lib - er - ty, For lib - er - ty she
3
For lib - er - ty I cry!
f
cries, For lib - er - ty she cries!
f
8 8 8

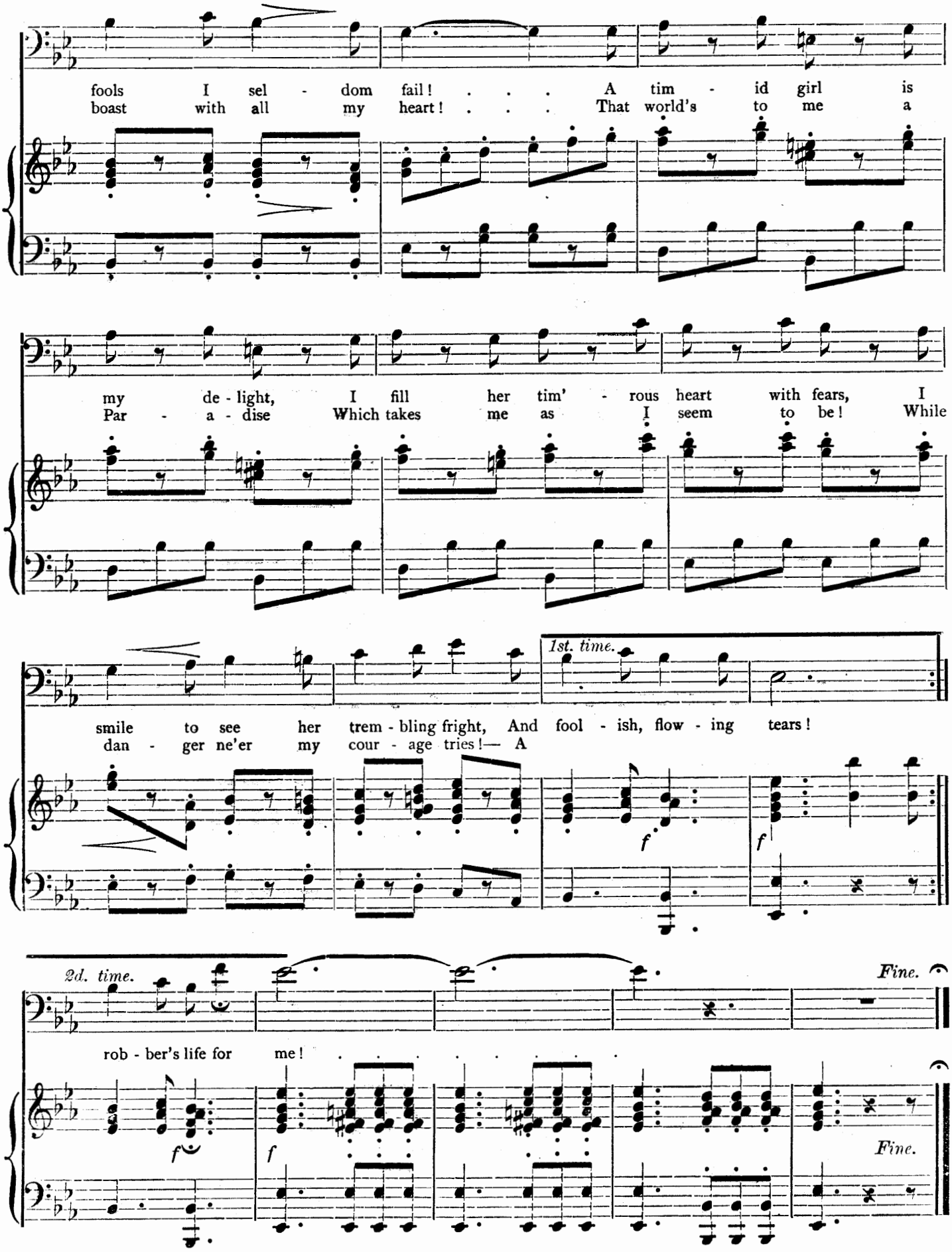
SONG, "I'm a Robber Free and Bold."

TITO.

No. 13.




palm Un - to no oth - - - er, young or old, . . .
scowl, For there's no - - - thing I wont dare, . . .
f
. . . And yet do lit - tle harm; A rob - ber's life . . for
. . . To make a deep im - pres - sion, Be it fair . . or
tr
tr
me! The sim - ple, rus - tic, o - pen mouth'd Gapes wide to hear my
foul; My car - bine here I care - less swing, With non - chalance I
p
boast - ing tale! I fill him full of hor - rors loud With
play my part; I drink and swear, ca - rouse, and sing, And


fools I sel - dom fail! . . . A tim - id girl is
boast with all my heart! . . . That world's to me a
my de - light, I fill her tim' - rous heart with fears, I
Par - a - dise Which takes me as I seem to be! While
1st. time.
smile to see her trem - bling fright, And fool - ish, flow - ing tears!
dan - ger ne'er my cour - age tries!— A
2d. time.
Fine.
rob - ber's life for me!
Fine.

TRIO, "Do you with your flocks and herds."

No. 14.

Andante pastoral.

VIOLANTE.

pp

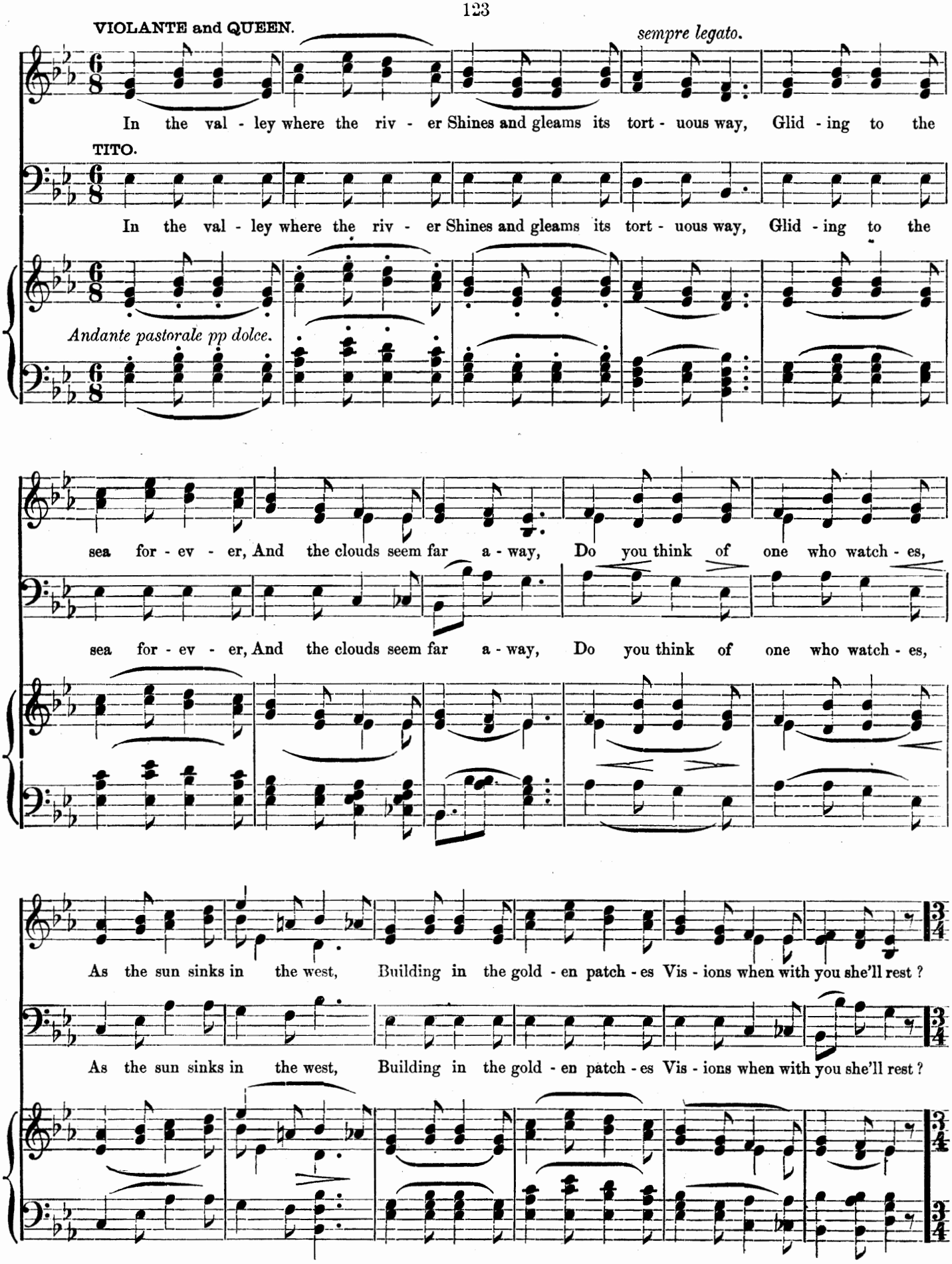
p

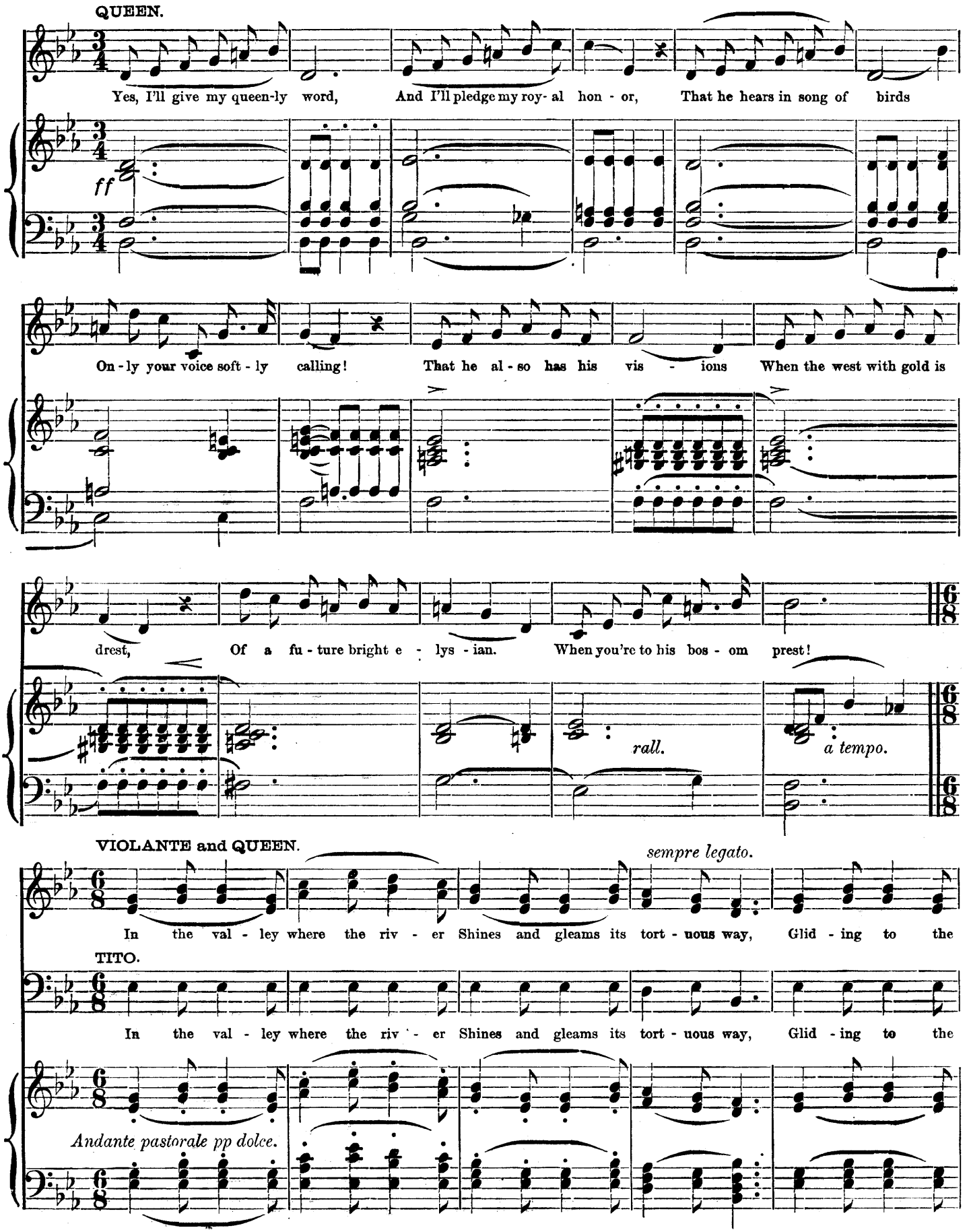
Do you with your flocks and herds, In yon vale so bright and shin - ing, While your gen - tle voice and words, . .

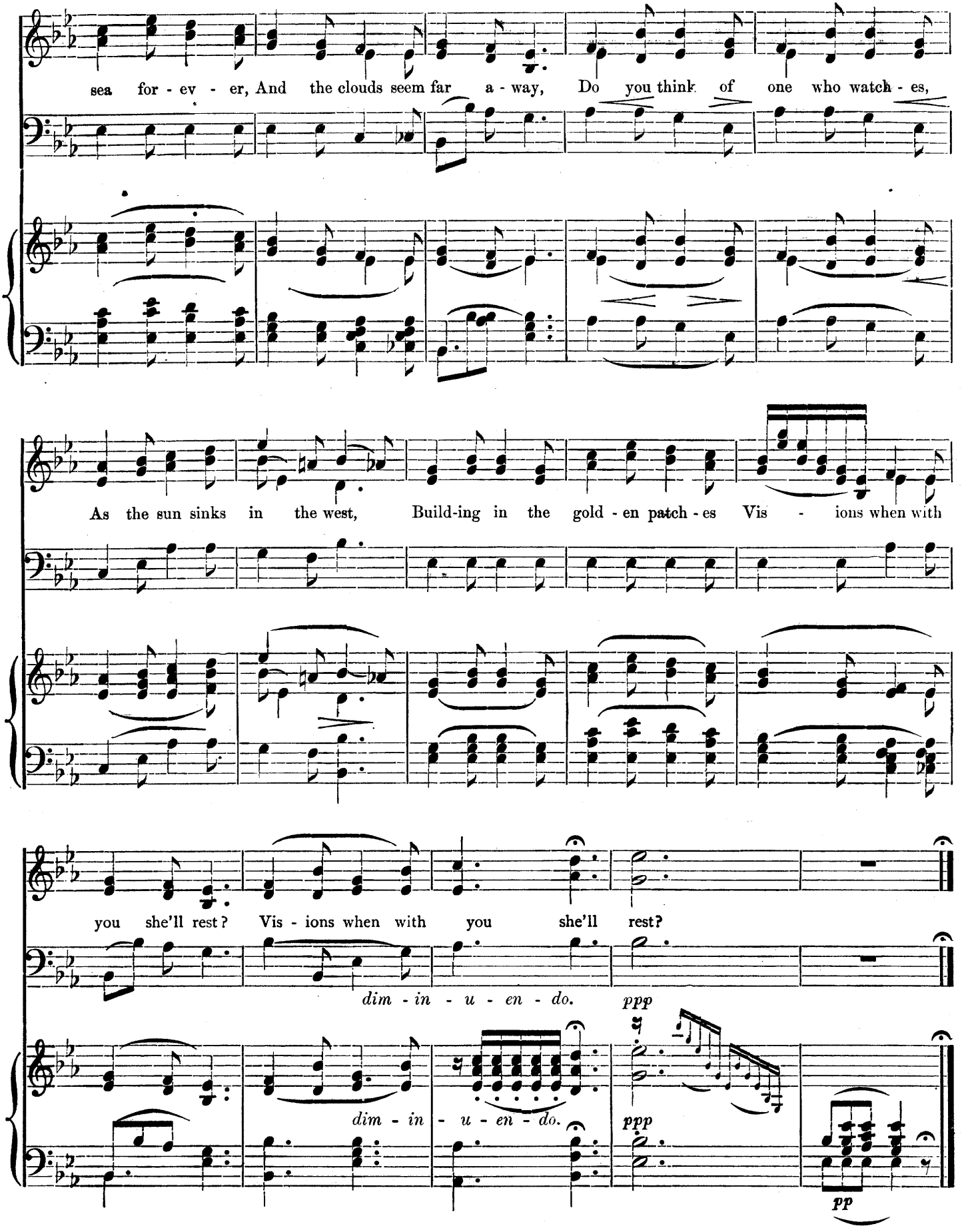
Love and faith and hope en -twining, Fall not on the ear of her, . . . Who of you is ev- er

dream- ing, When you watch the eve - ning star, Ah! do . . . you think of me?

rall.


VIOLANTE and QUEEN.
sempre legato.
In the val - ley where the riv - er Shines and gleams its tort - uous way, Glid - ing to the
TITO.
In the val - ley where the riv - er Shines and gleams its tort - uous way, Glid - ing to the
Andante pastorale pp dolce.
sea for - ev - er, And the clouds seem far a - way, Do you think of one who watch - es,
sea for - ev - er, And the clouds seem far a - way, Do you think of one who watch - es,
As the sun sinks in the west, Building in the gold - en patch - es Vis - ions when with you she'll rest ?
As the sun sinks in the west, Building in the gold - en patch - es Vis - ions when with you she'll rest ?

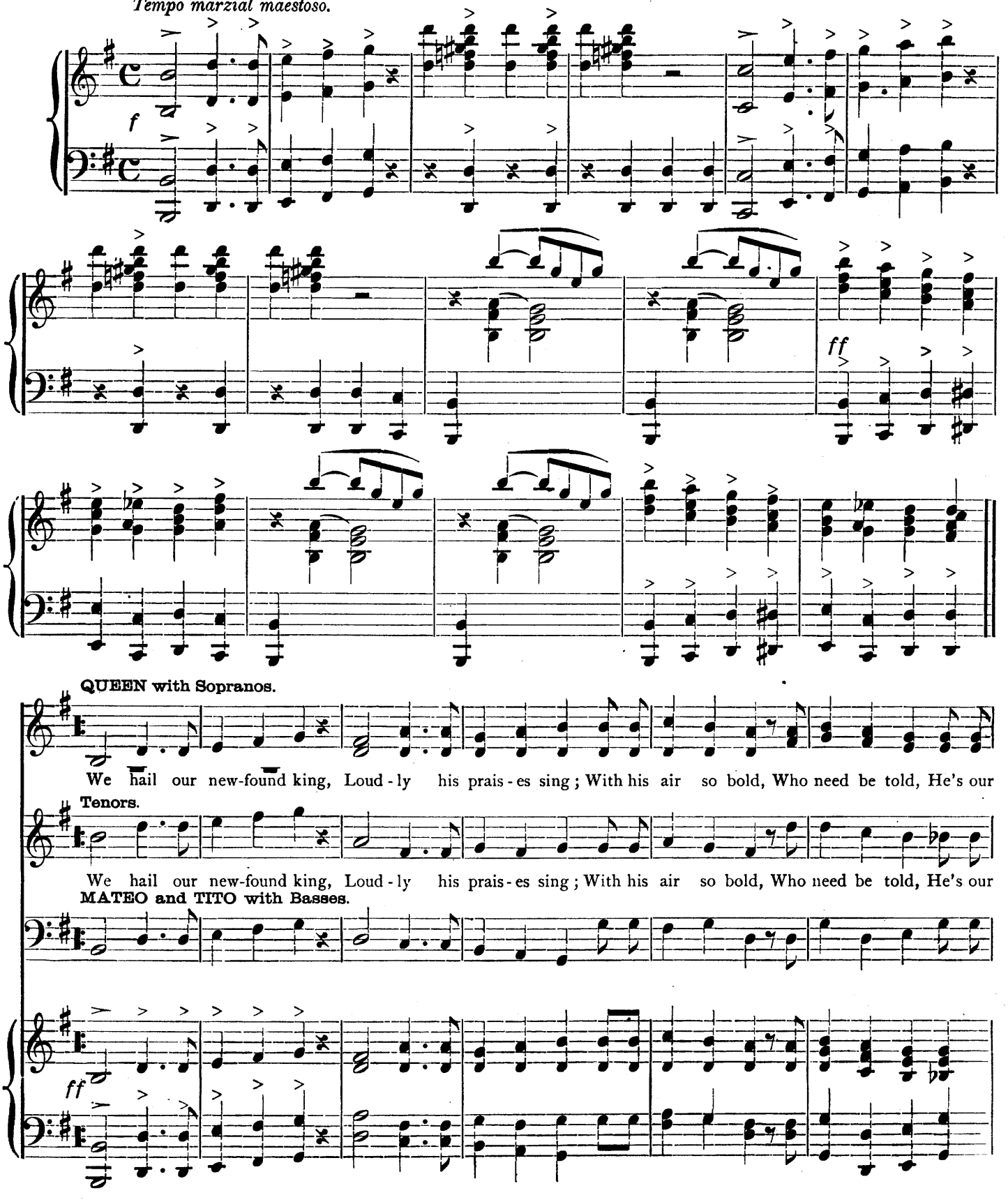

QUEEN.
Yes, I'll give my queen-ly word, And I'll pledge my roy- al hon - or, That he hears in song of birds
ff
On - ly your voice soft - ly calling! That he al - so has his vis - ions When the west with gold is
drest, Of a fu - ture bright e - lys - ian. When you're to his bos - om prest!
rall.
a tempo.
VIOLANTE and QUEEN.
sempre legato.
In the val - ley where the riv - er Shines and gleams its tort - uous way, Glid - ing to the
TITO.
In the val - ley where the riv - er Shines and gleams its tort - uous way, Glid - ing to the
Andante pastorale pp dolce.

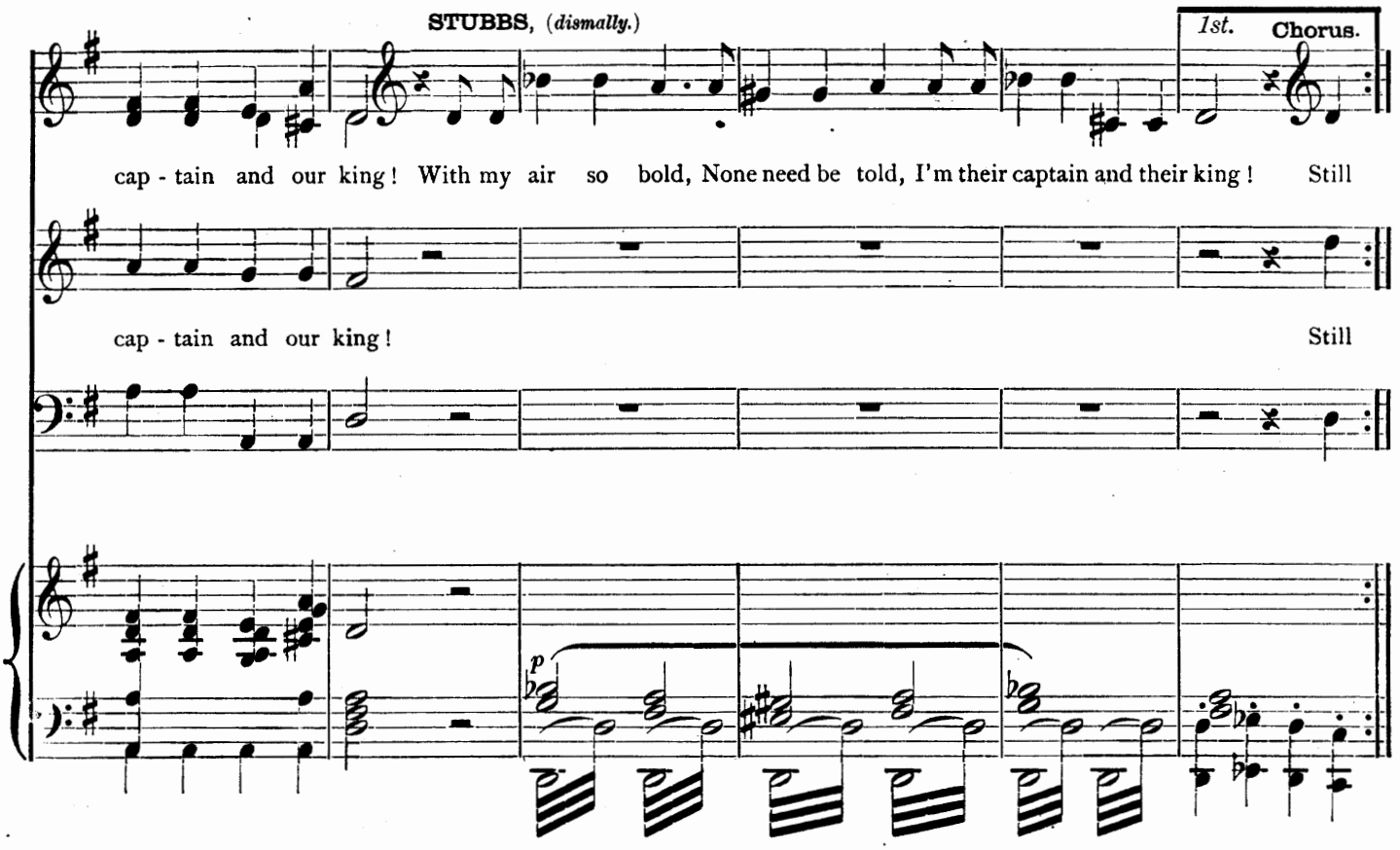

sea for - ev - er, And the clouds seem far a - way, Do you think of one who watch - es,
As the sun sinks in the west, Build-ing in the gold - en patch - es Vis - ions when with
you she'll rest? Vis - ions when with you she'll rest?
dim - in - u - en - do.
ppp
dim - in - u - en - do.
ppp
pp

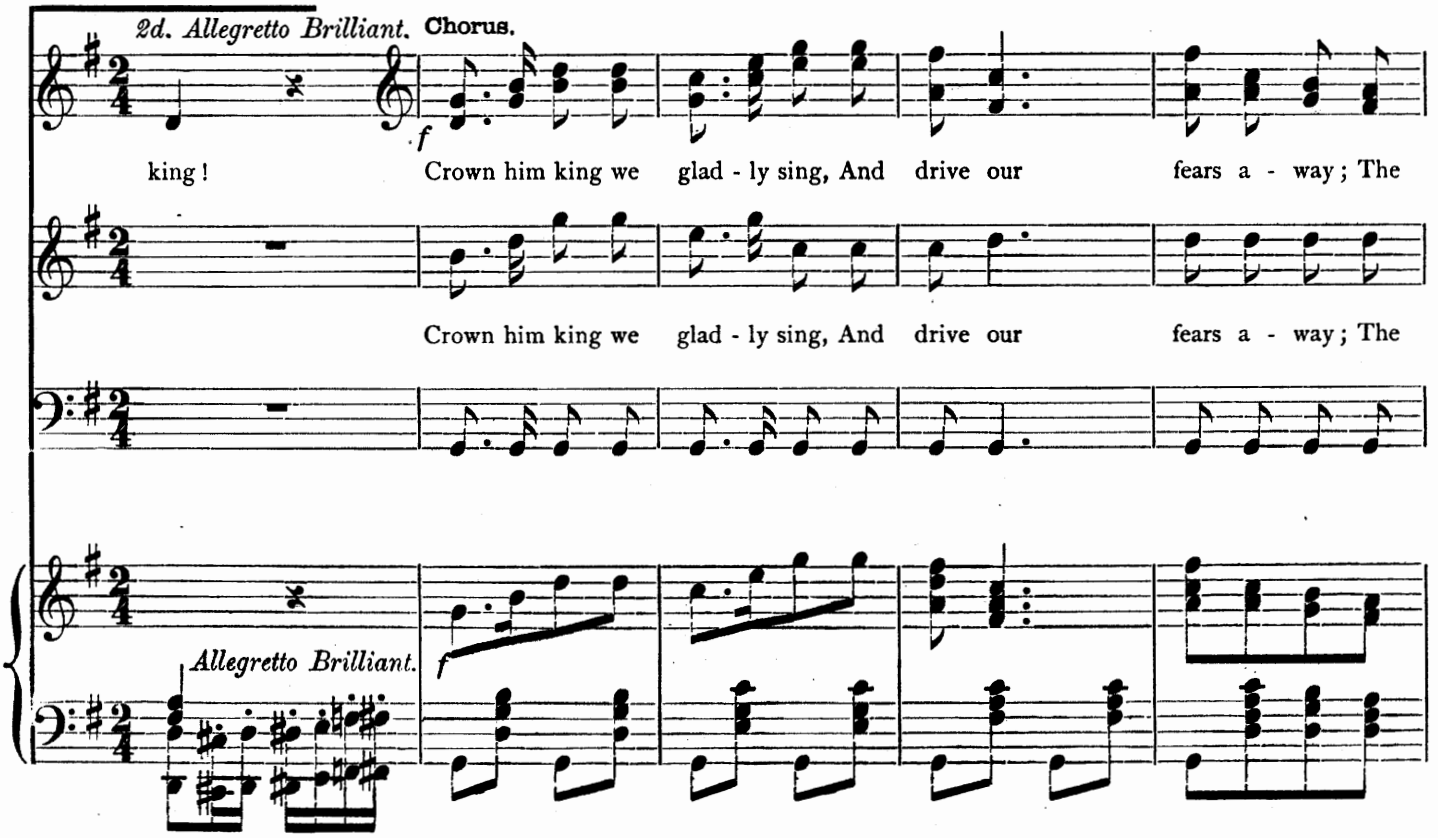
CORONATION SCENE, "We hail our new-found King."

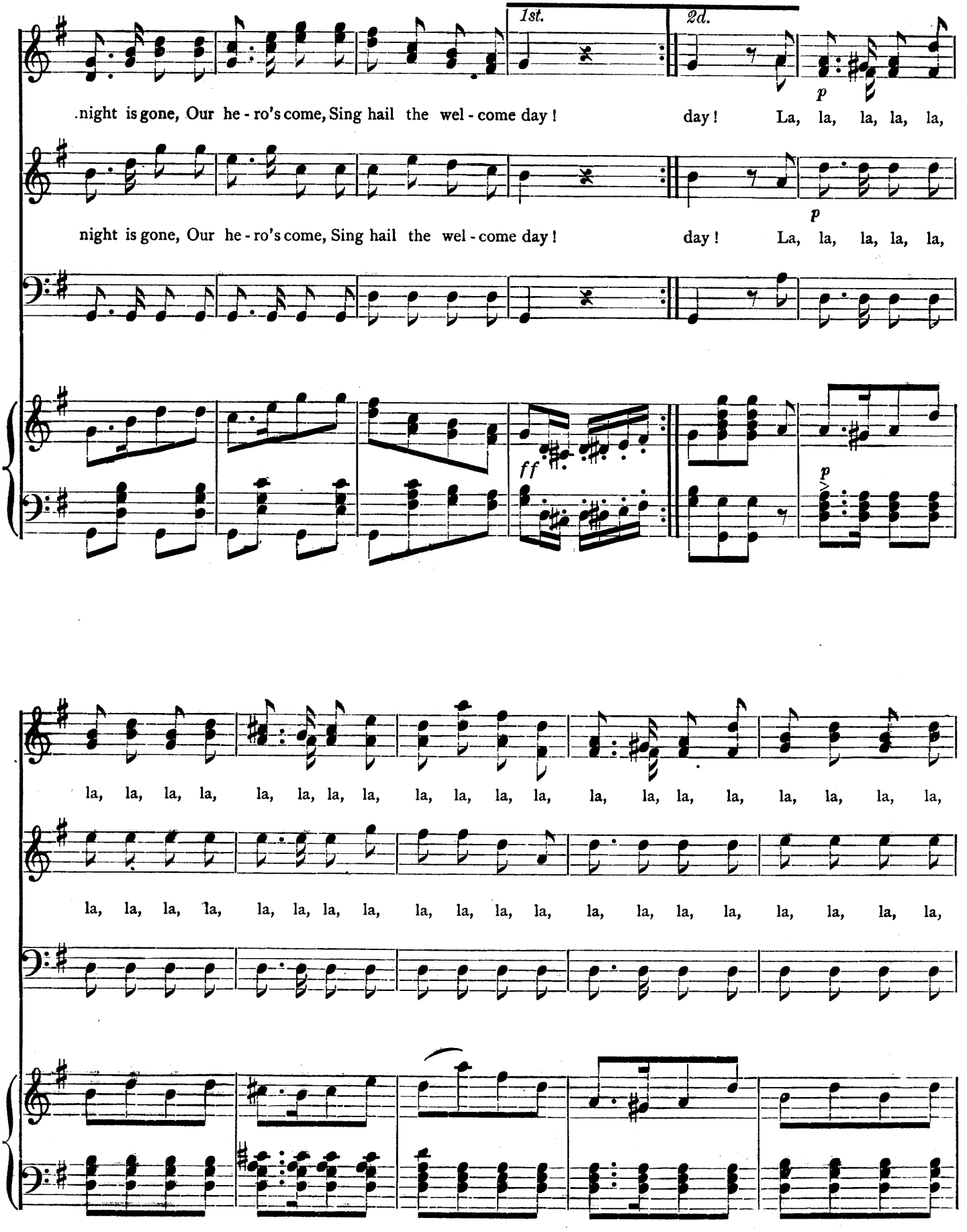
No. 15. QUEEN, MATEO, STUBBS and CHORUS.

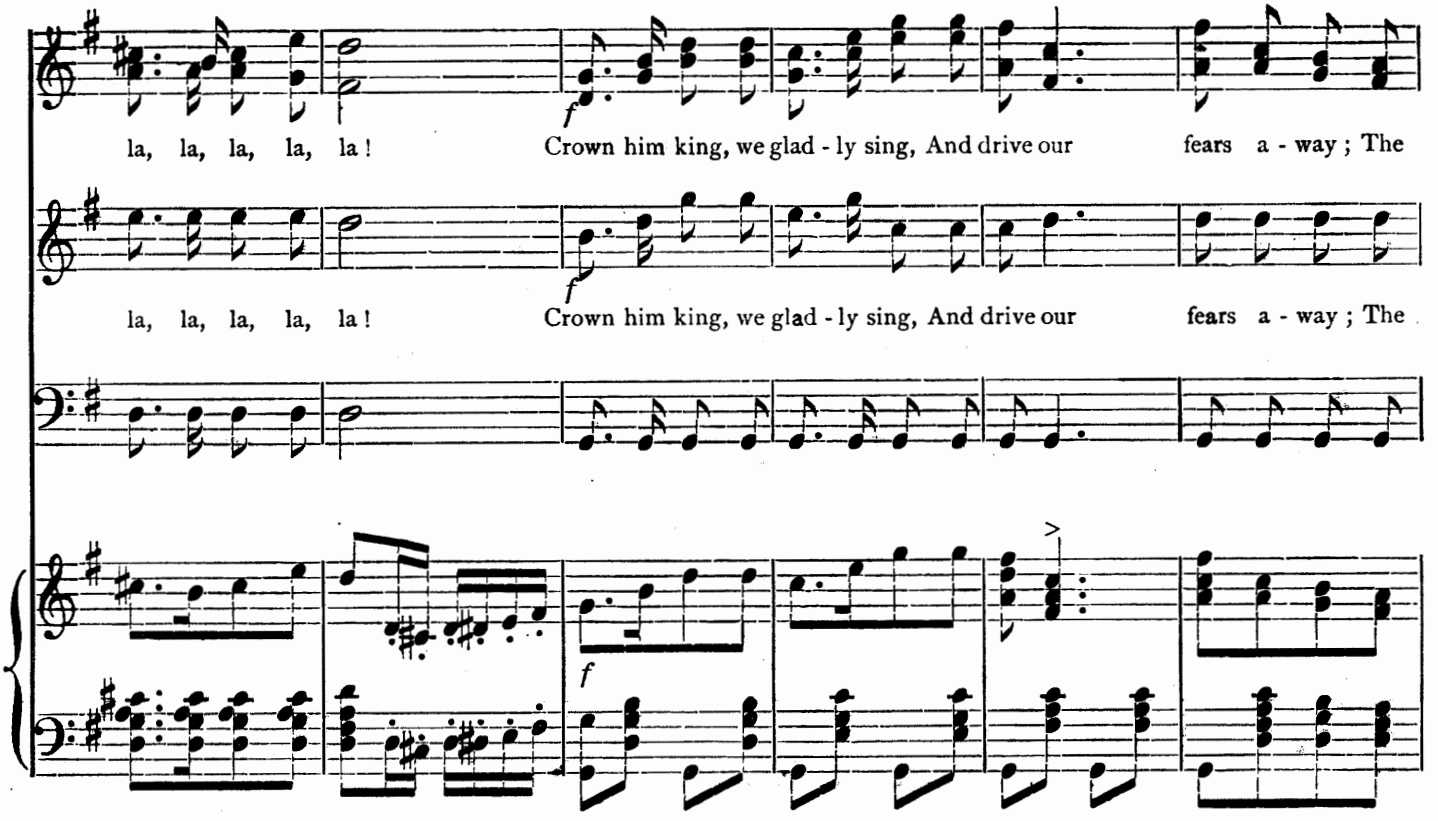
Tempo marzial maestoso.

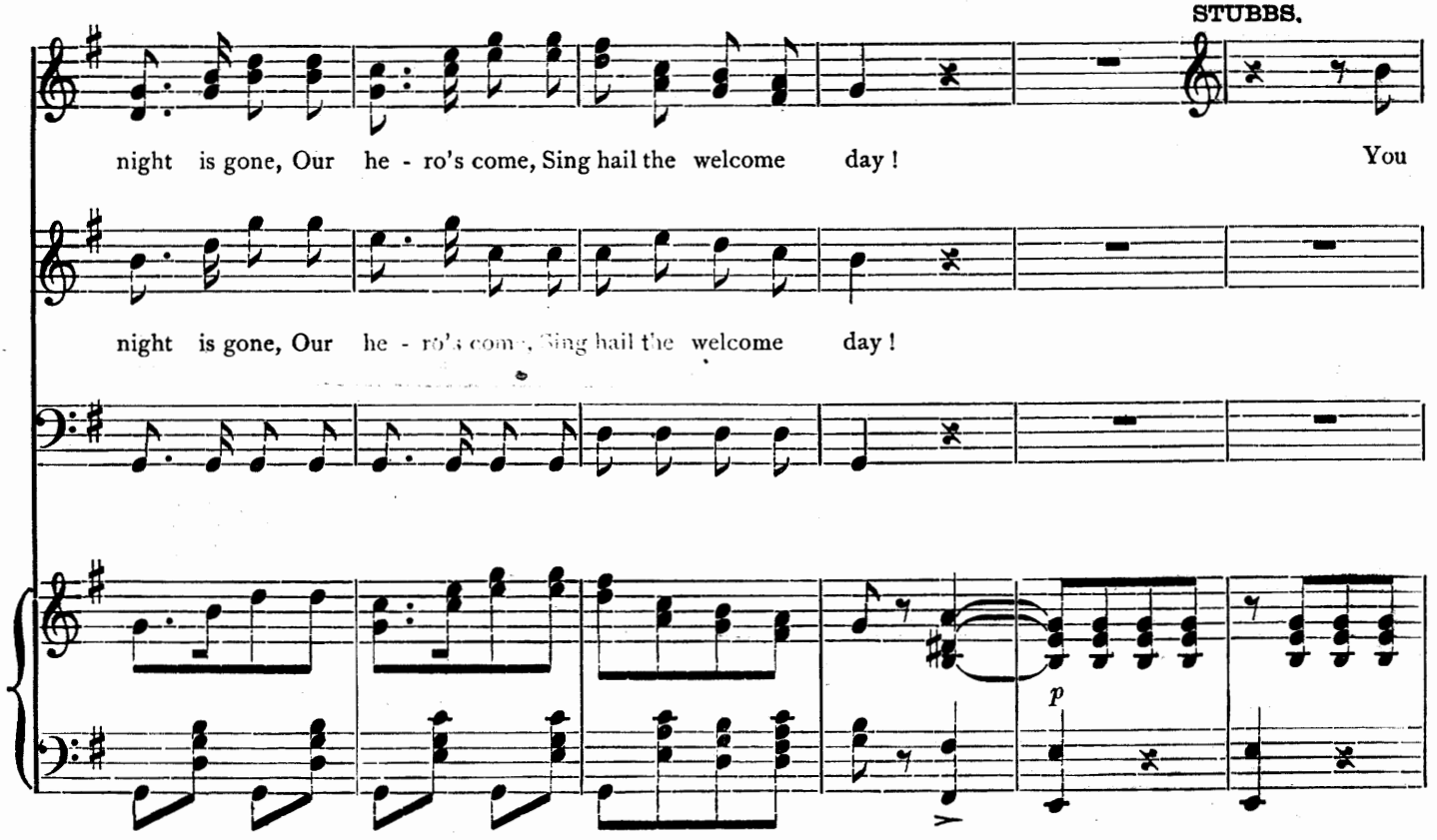


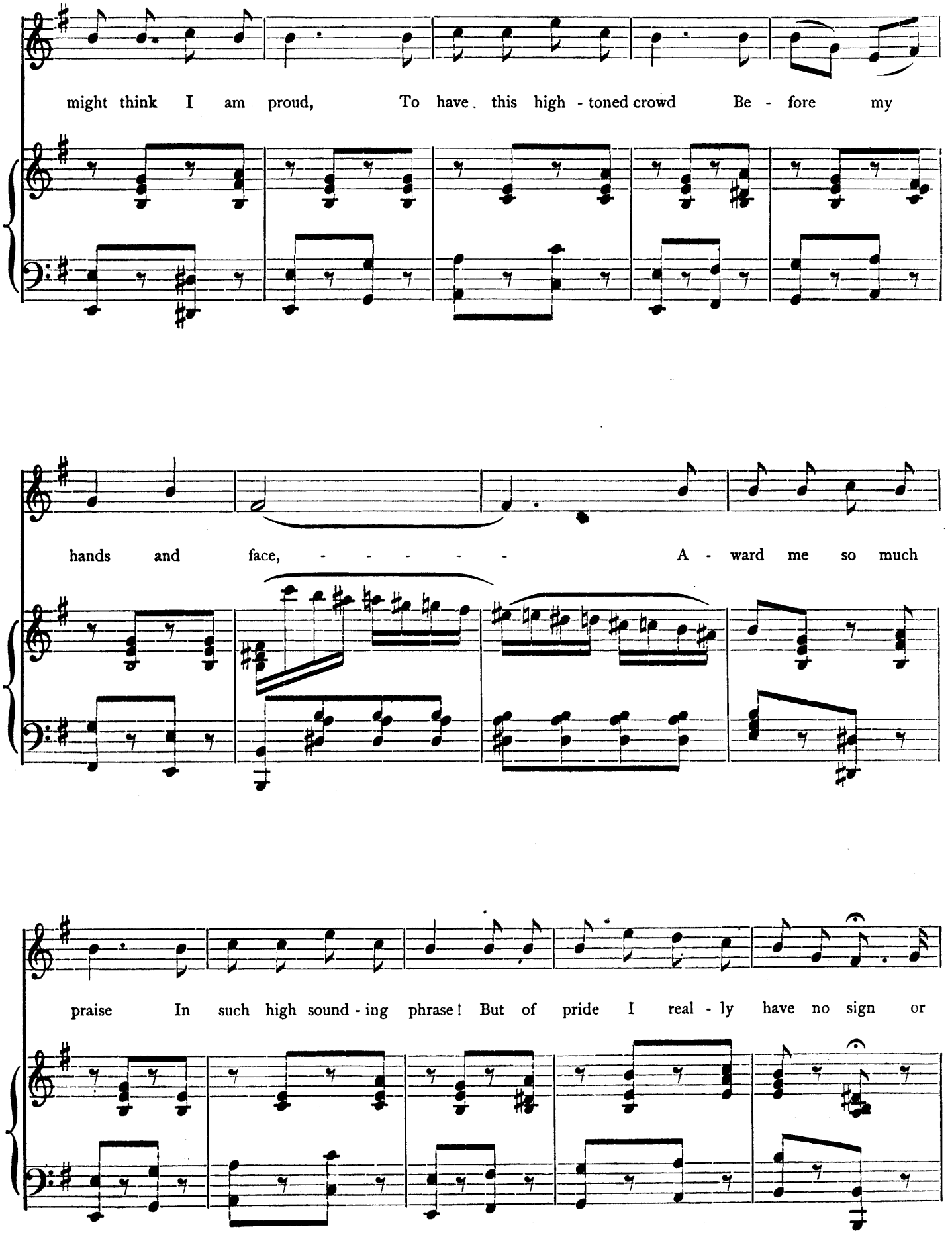

STUBBS, (dismally.)
1st. Chorus.
cap - tain and our king! With my air so bold, None need be told, I'm their captain and their king! Still
cap - tain and our king! Still
p

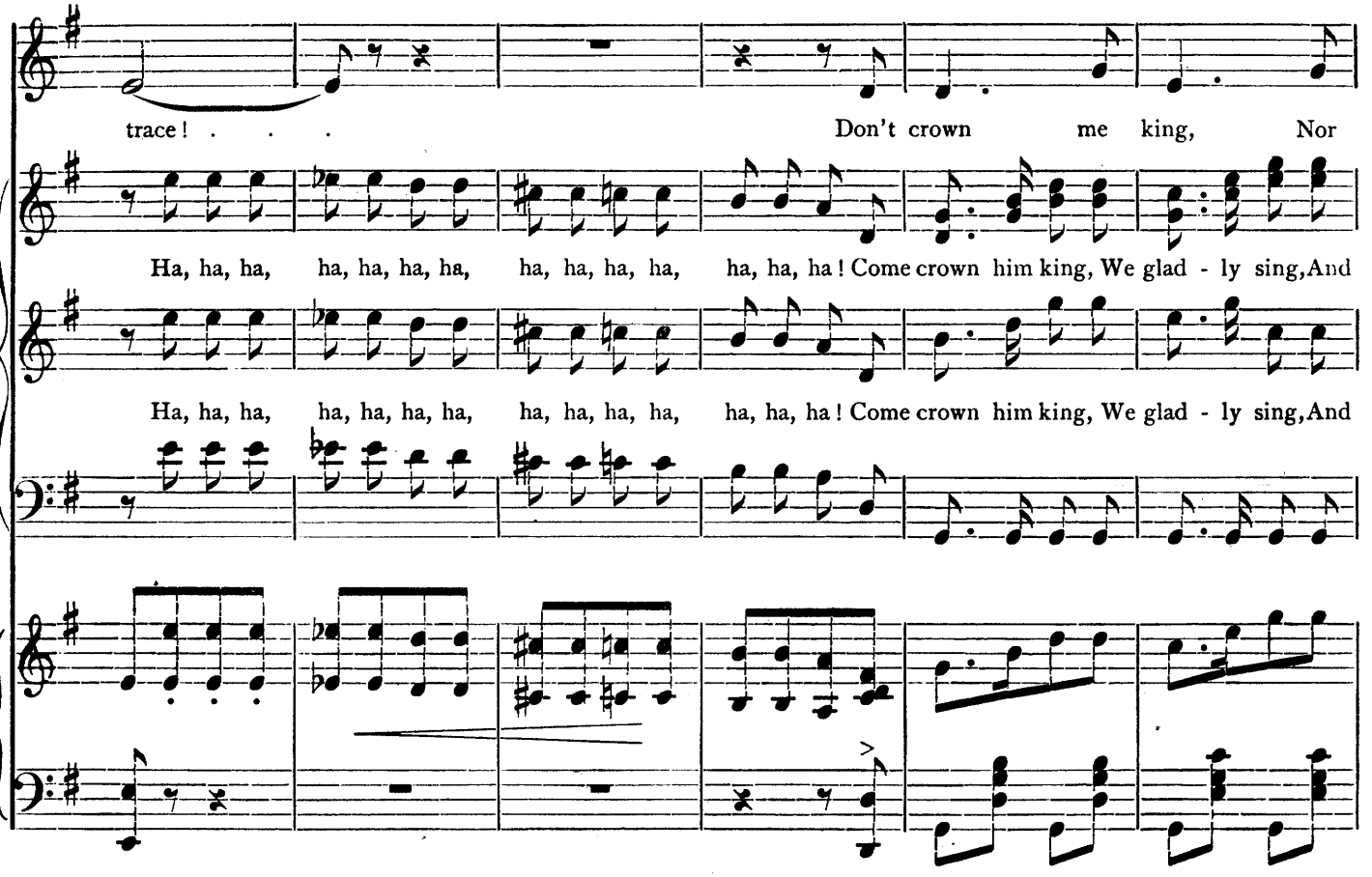

2d. Allegretto Brilliant. Chorus.
f
king! Crown him king we glad - ly sing, And drive our fears a - way; The
Crown him king we glad - ly sing, And drive our fears a - way; The
Allegretto Brilliant.
f

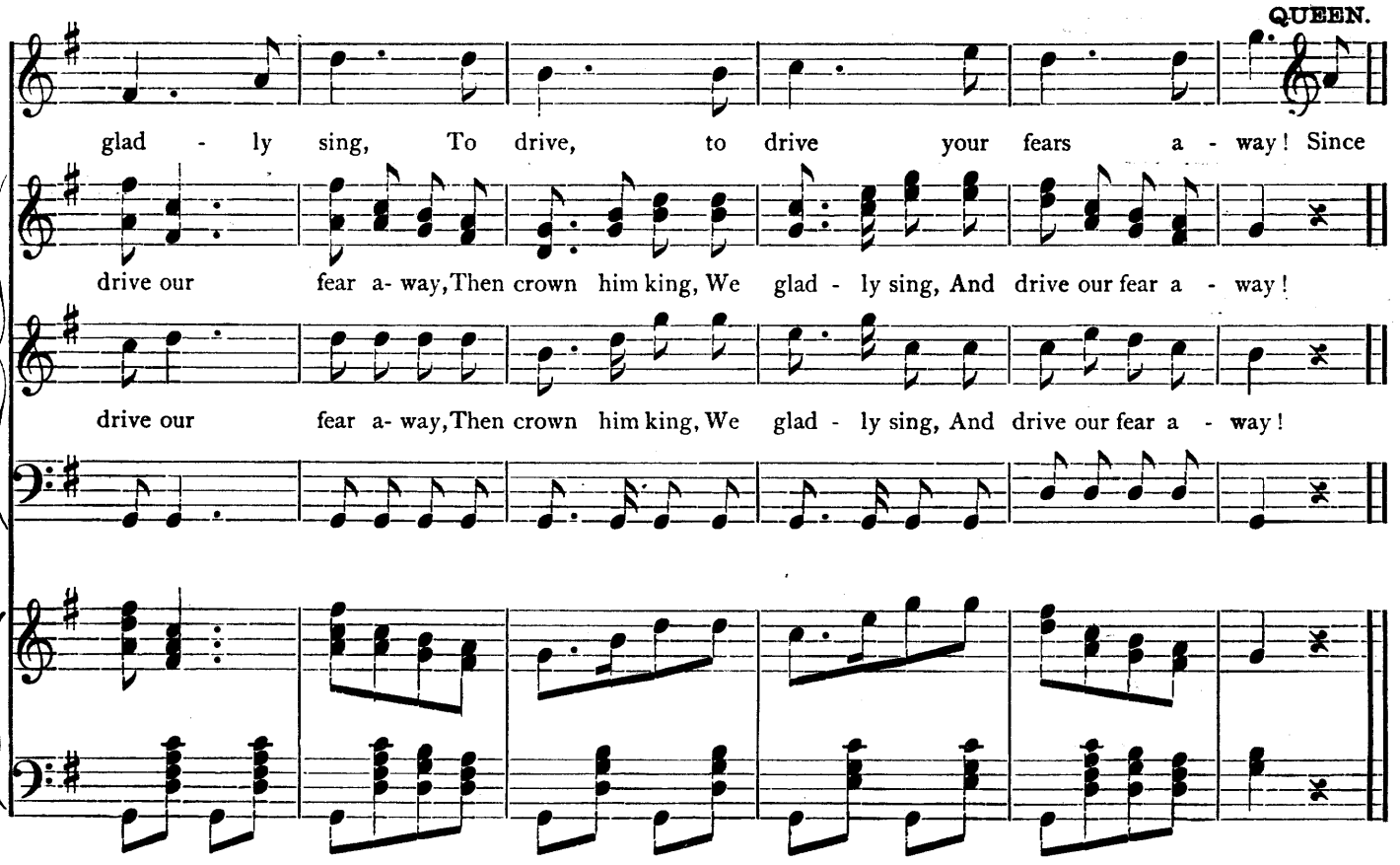

1st.
2d.
night is gone, Our he - ro's come, Sing hail the wel - come day!
day! La, la, la, la, la,
night is gone, Our he - ro's come, Sing hail the wel - come day!
day! La, la, la, la, la,
p
p
ff
p
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

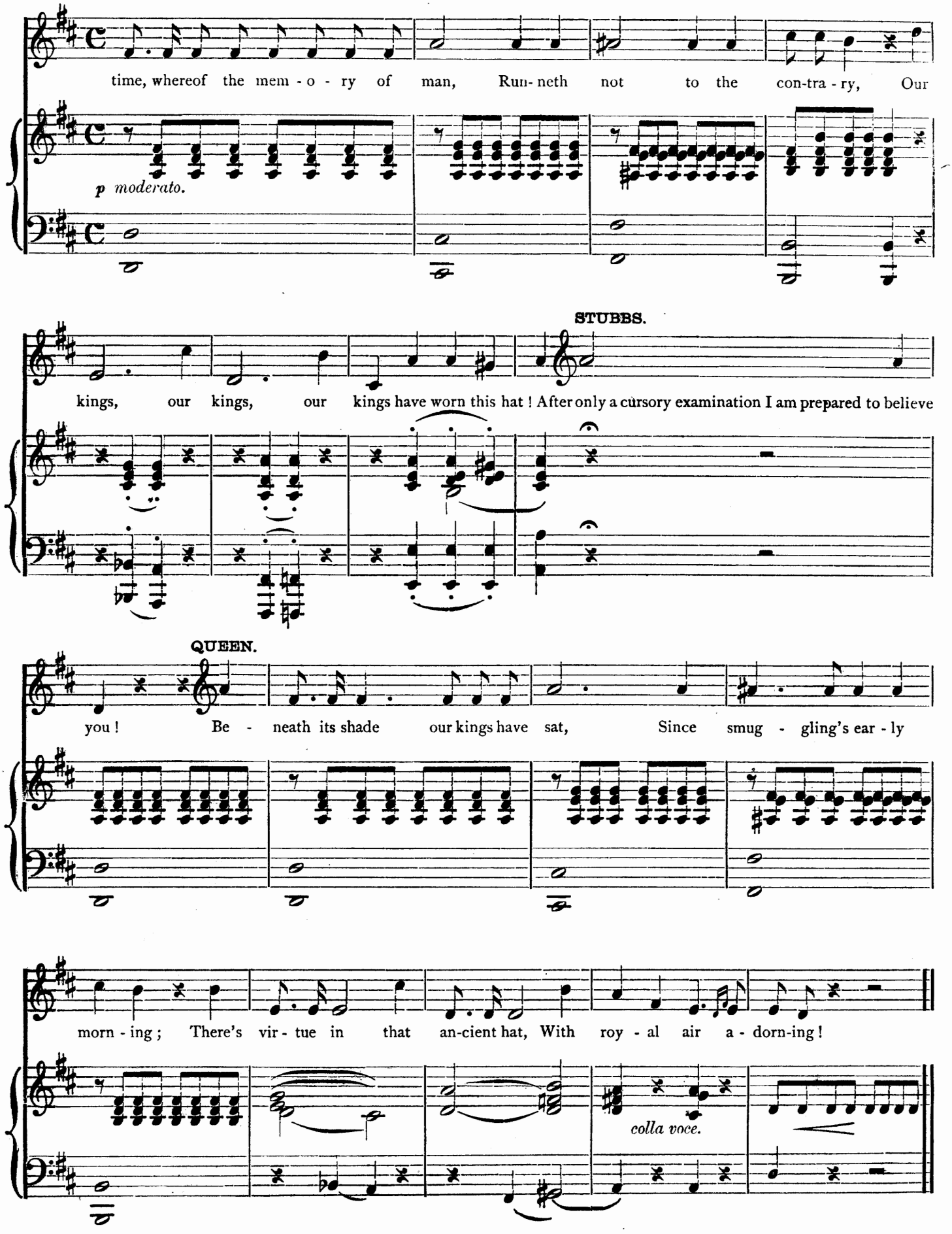

la, la, la, la, la!
Crown him king, we glad - ly sing, And drive our fears a - way; The
la, la, la, la, la!
Crown him king, we glad - ly sing, And drive our fears a - way; The

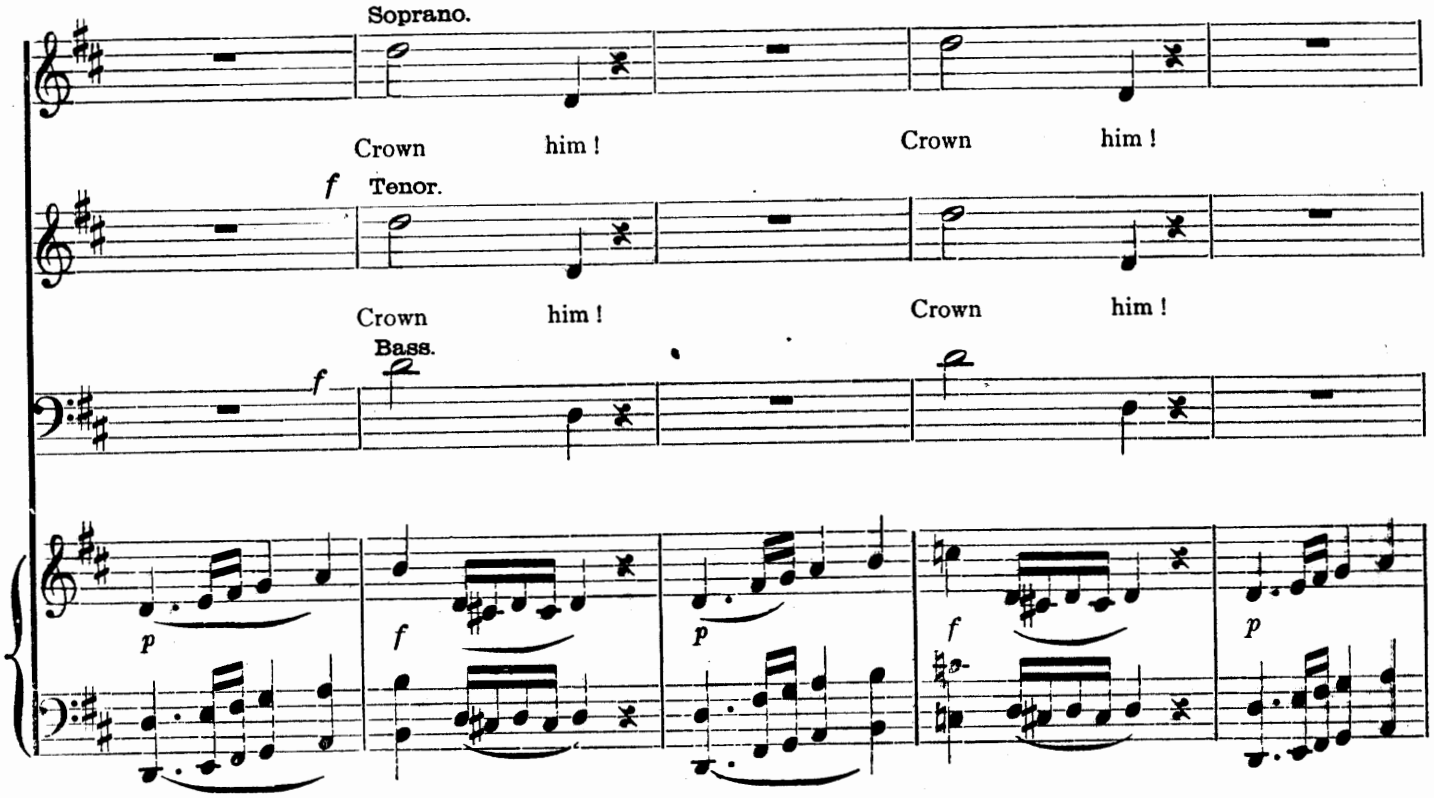

STUBBS.
night is gone, Our he - ro's come, Sing hail the welcome day!
You
night is gone, Our he - ro's come, Sing hail the welcome day!


might think I am proud, To have this high - toned crowd Be - fore my
hands and face, - - - - - - A - ward me so much
praise In such high sound - ing phrase! But of pride I real - ly have no sign or

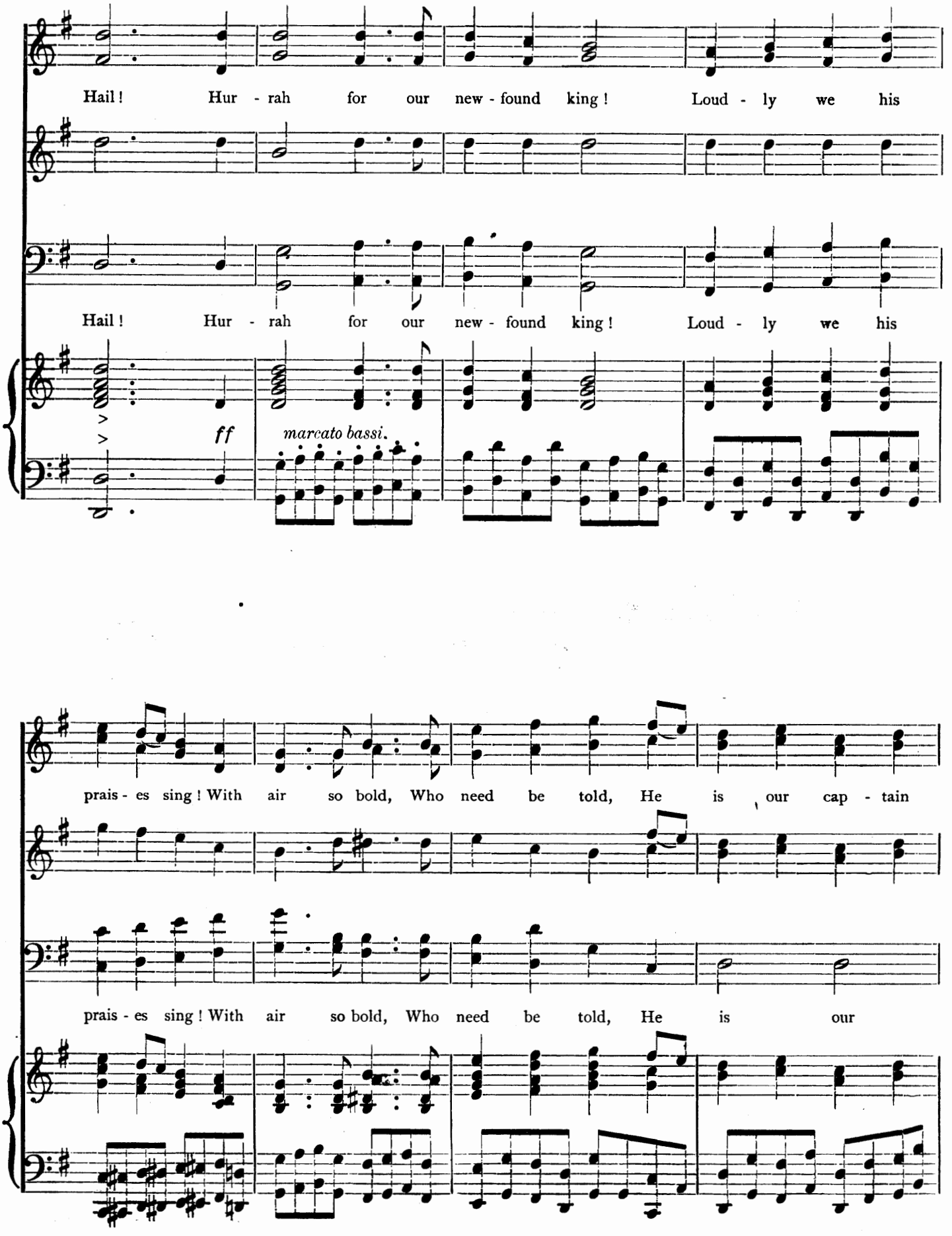

trace! . . .
Don't crown me king, Nor
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Come crown him king, We glad - ly sing, And
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Come crown him king, We glad - ly sing, And

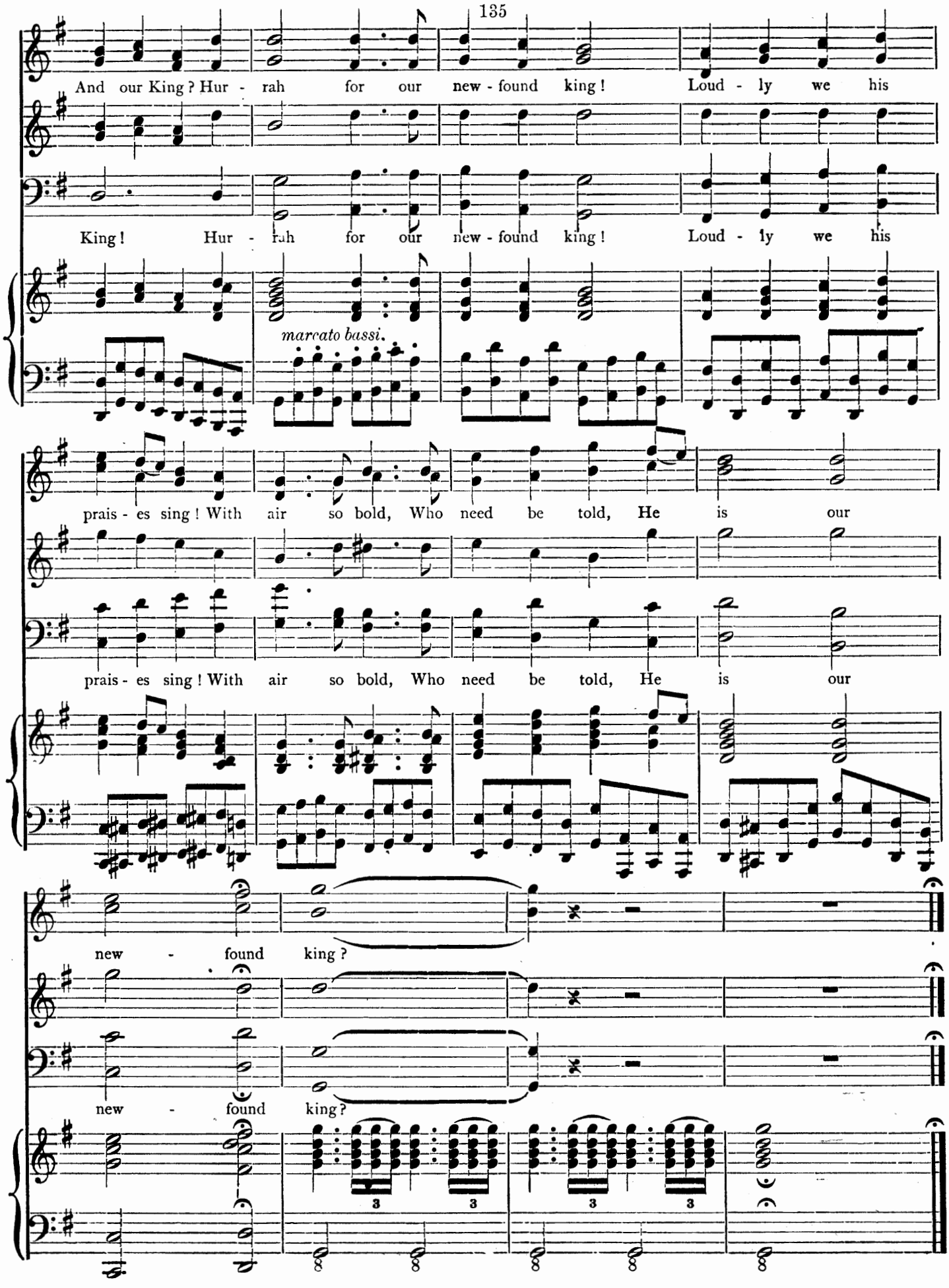

QUEEN.
glad - ly sing, To drive, to drive your fears a - way! Since
drive our fear a- way, Then crown him king, We glad - ly sing, And drive our fear a - way!
drive our fear a- way, Then crown him king, We glad - ly sing, And drive our fear a - way!


time, whereof the mem - o - ry of man, Run- neth not to the con-tra - ry, Our
p moderato.
STUBBS.
kings, our kings, our kings have worn this hat ! After only a cursory examination I am prepared to believe
QUEEN.
you ! Be - neath its shade our kings have sat, Since smug - gling's ear - ly
morn - ing ; There's vir - tue in that an-cient hat, With roy - al air a - dorn-ing !
colla voce.


Soprano.
Crown him ! Crown him !
f
Tenor.
Crown him ! Crown him !
Bass.
f
p
f
p
f
p

Maestoso Grandioso.
Hail, hail, hail, to our new - found king !
f
Hail, hail, hail, to our new - found king !
f

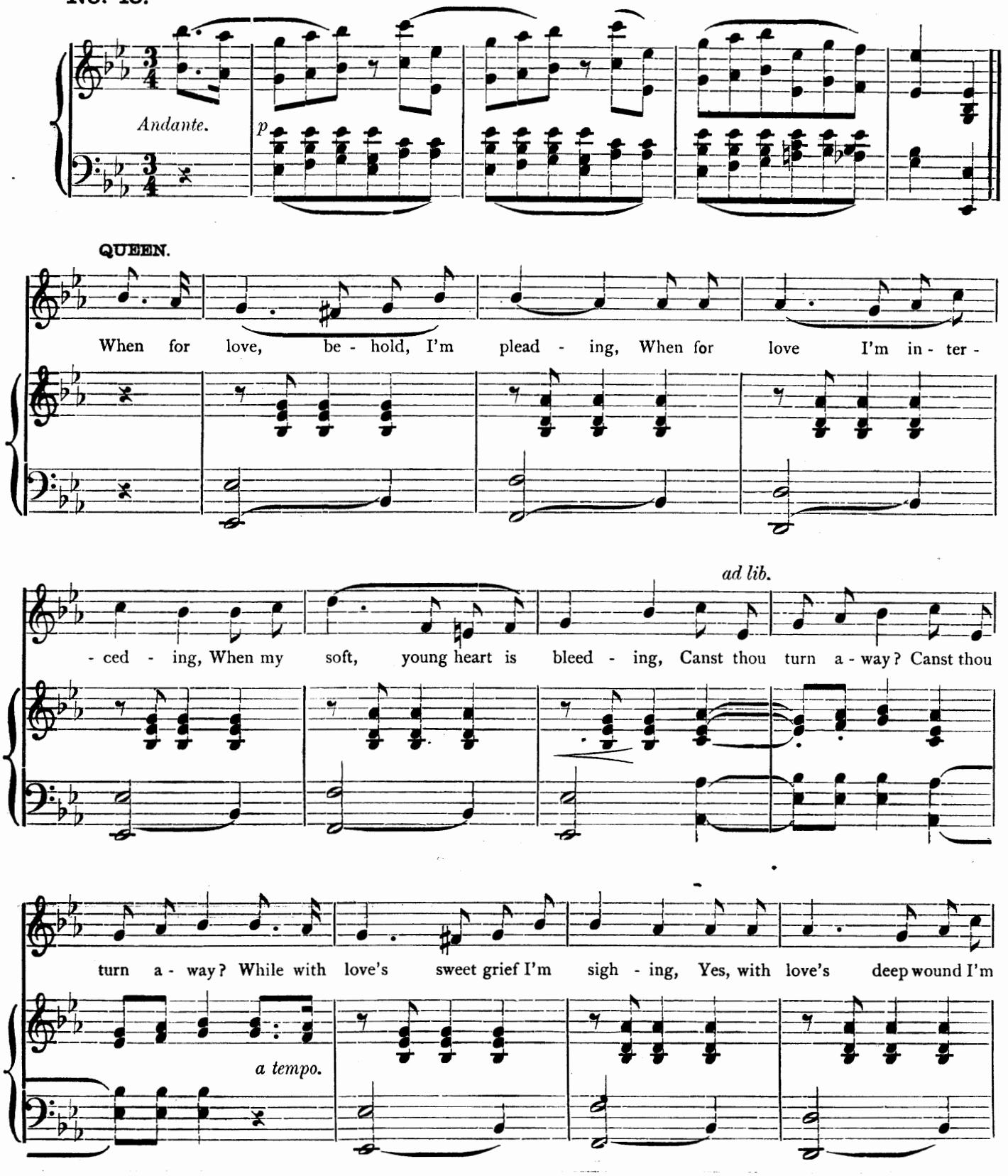

Hail! Hur - rah for our new - found king! Loud - ly we his
Hail! Hur - rah for our new - found king! Loud - ly we his
ff
marcato bassi.
prais - es sing! With air so bold, Who need be told, He is our cap - tain
prais - es sing! With air so bold, Who need be told, He is our

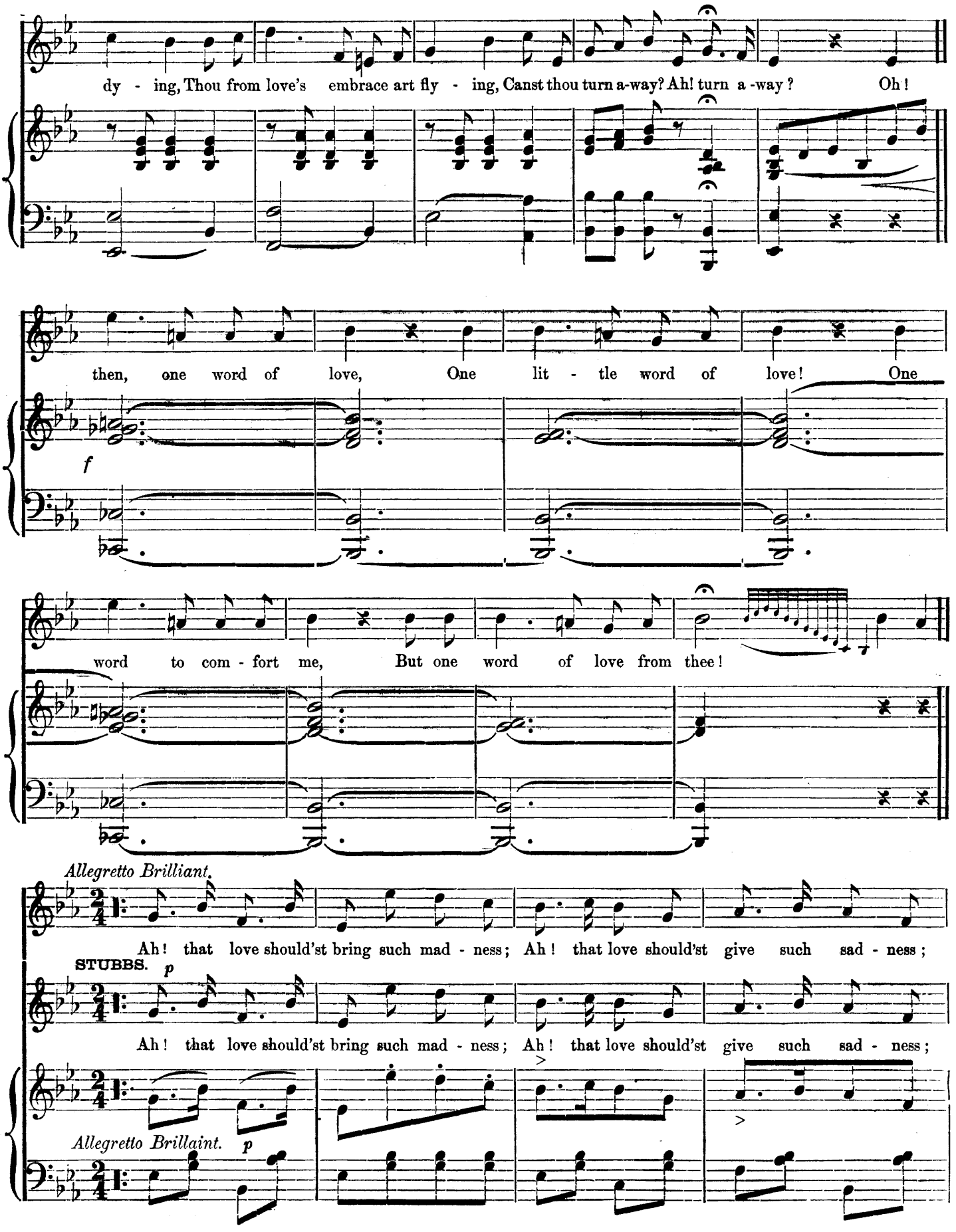

And our King? Hur - rah for our new - found king! Loud - ly we his
King! Hur - rah for our new - found king! Loud - ly we his
marcato bassi.
prais - es sing! With air so bold, Who need be told, He is our
prais - es sing! With air so bold, Who need be told, He is our
new - found king?
new - found king?
3 3 3 3

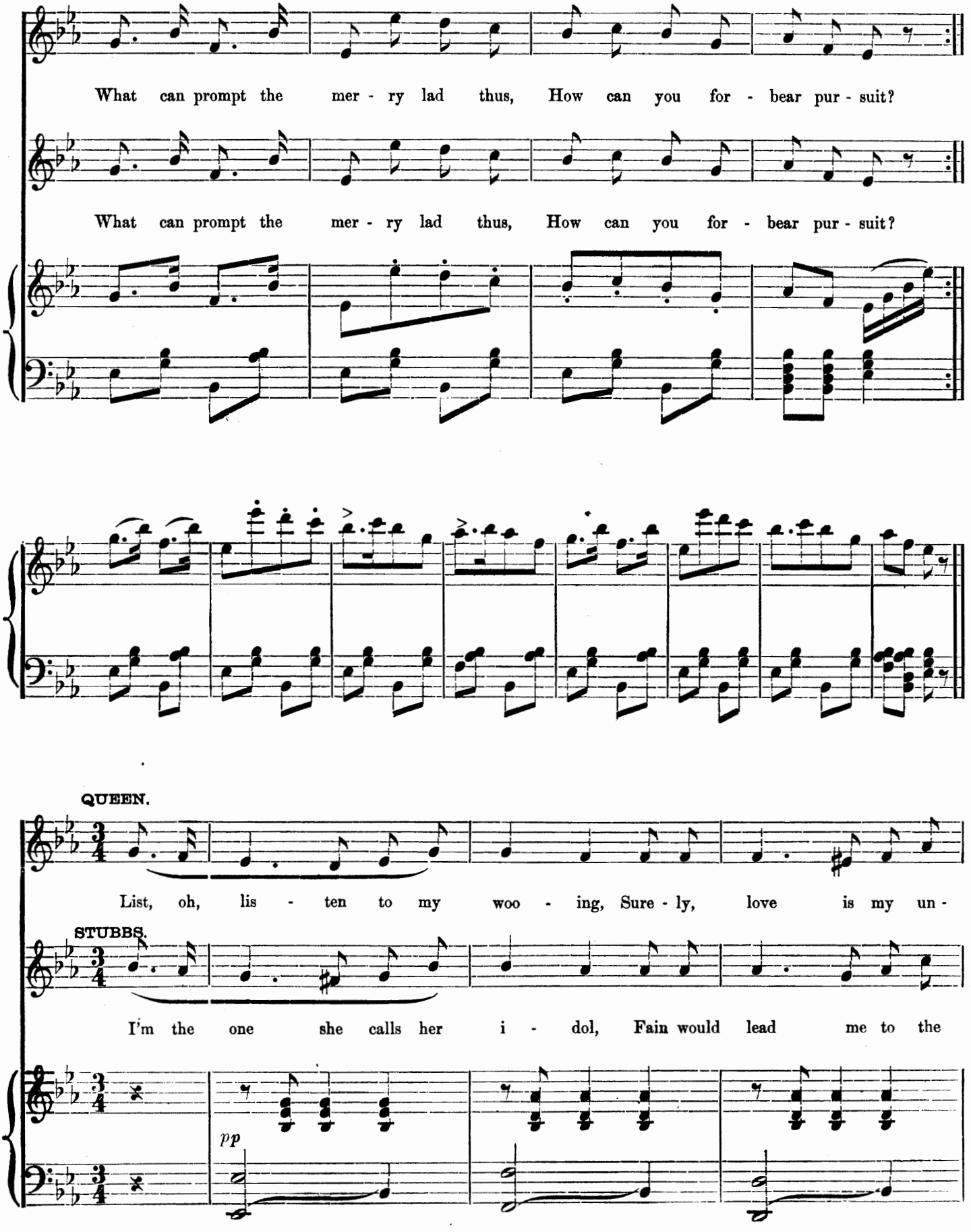
DUET, "Canst thou turn Away?"

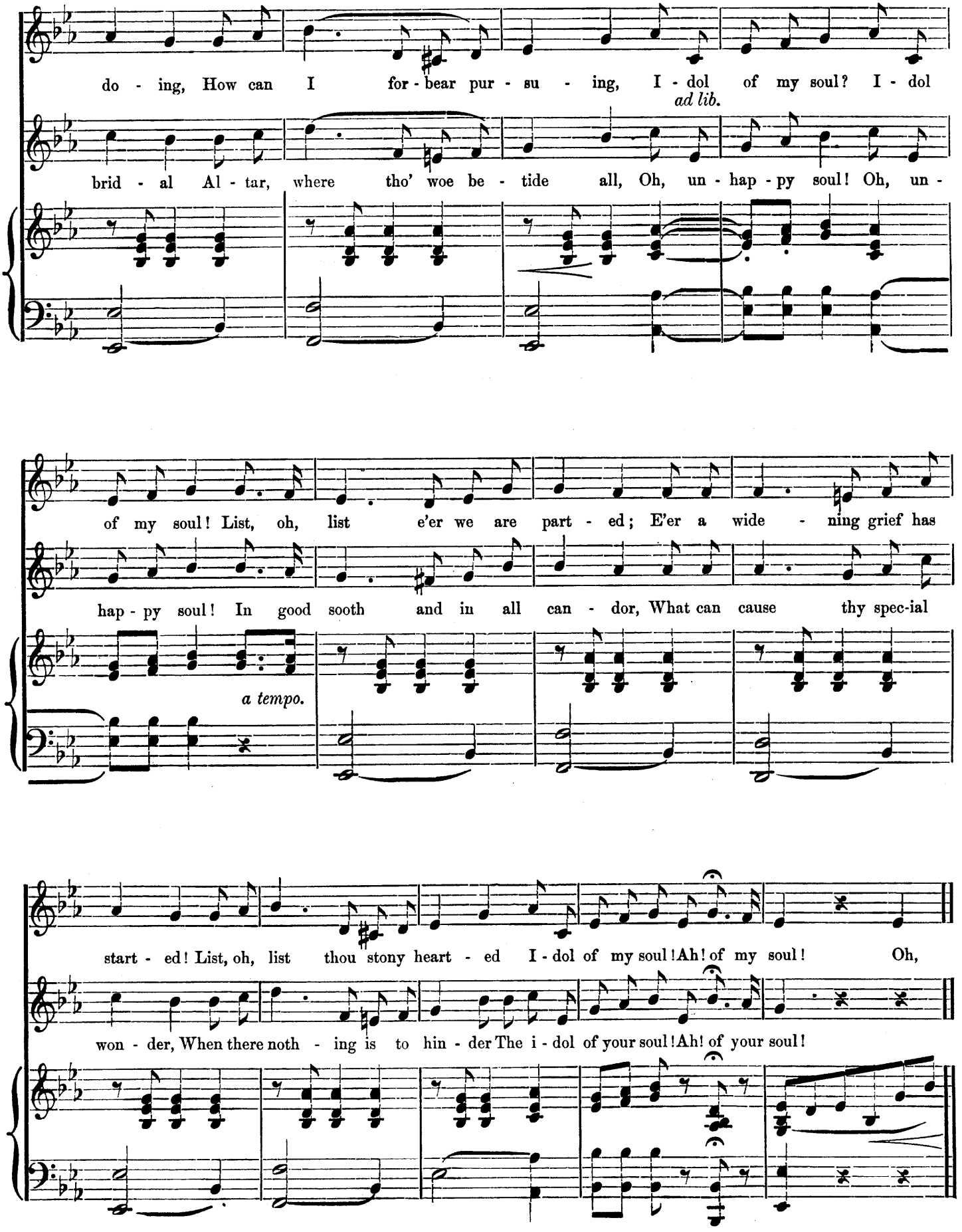
QUEEN and STUBBS.

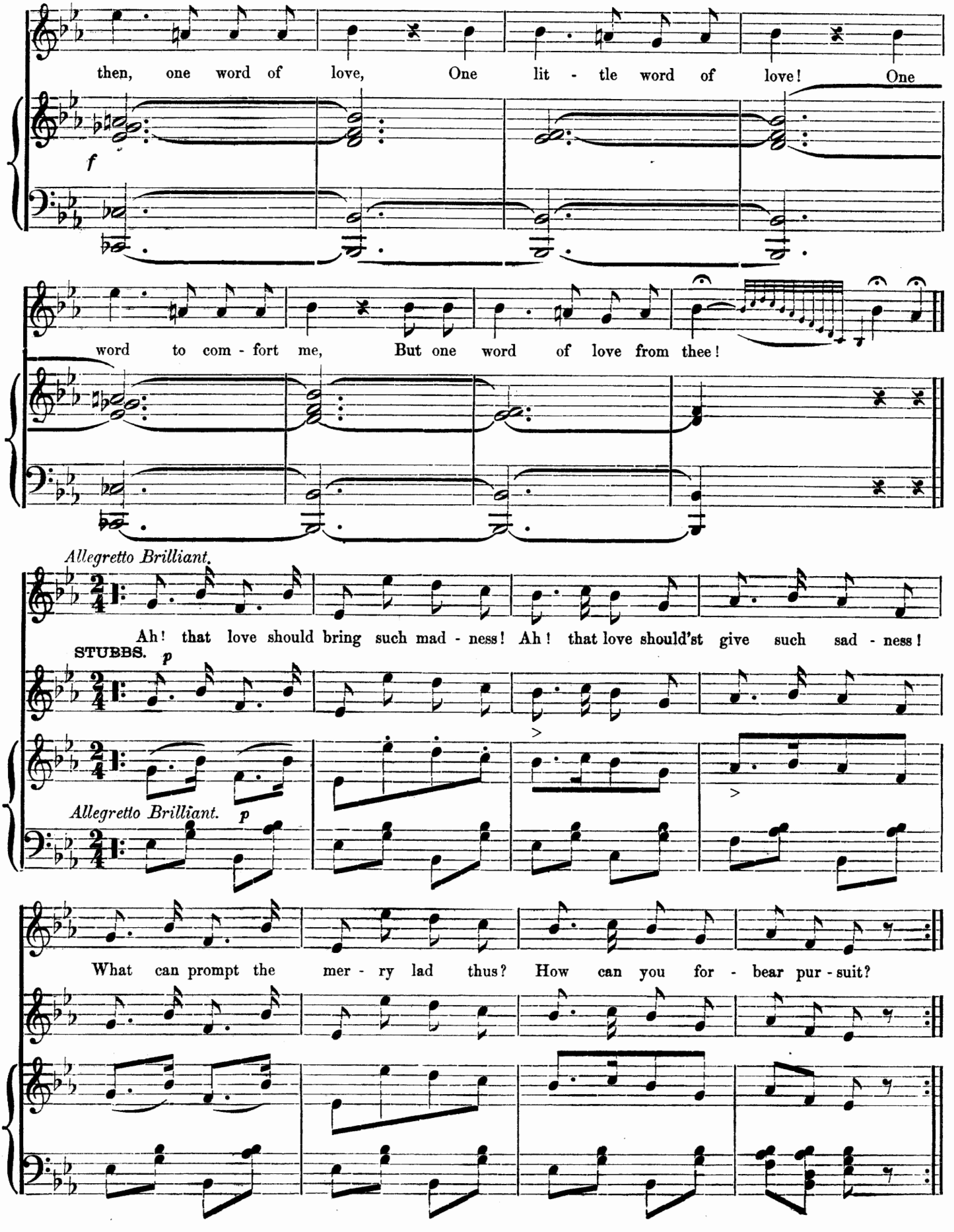
No. 16.

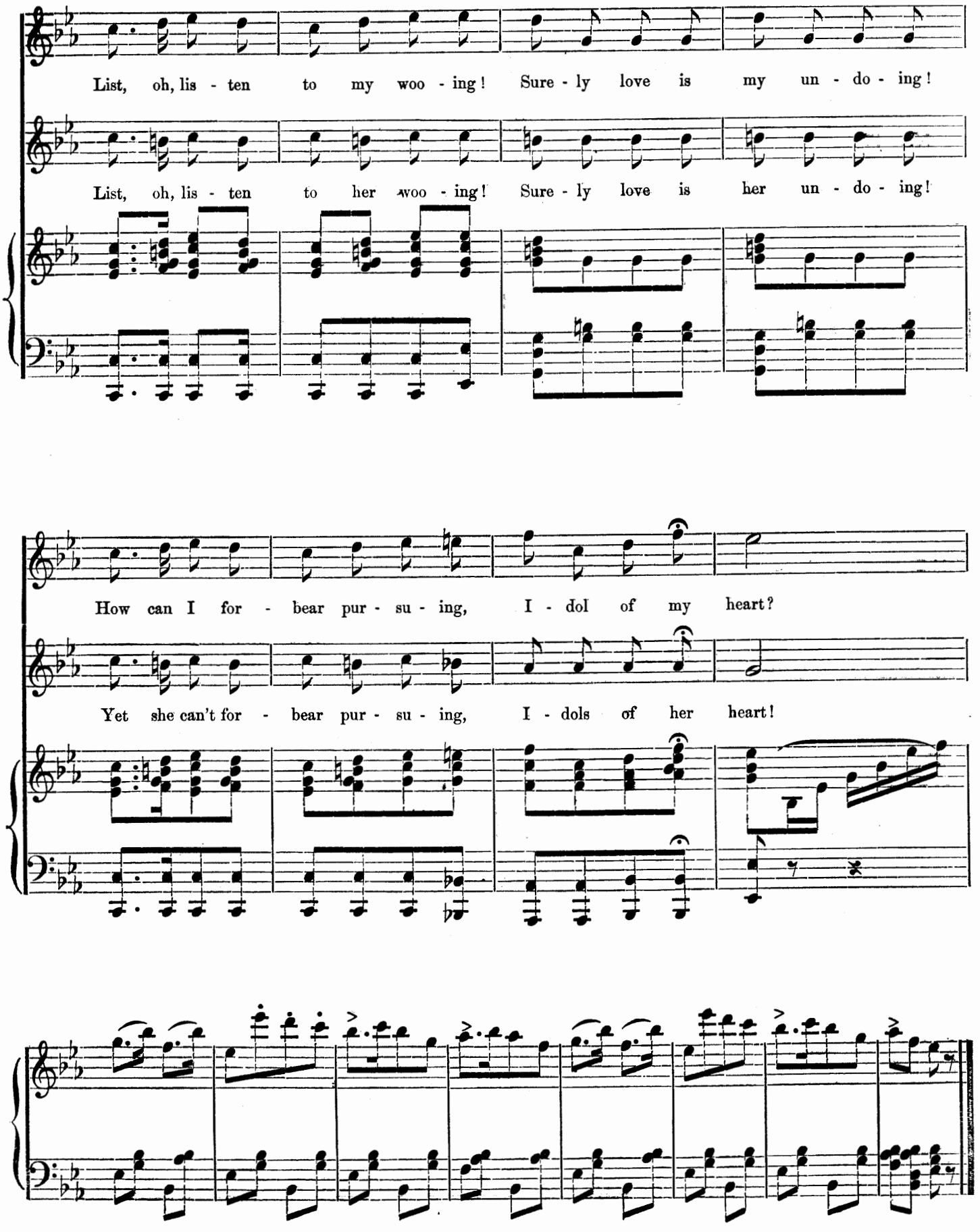



dy - ing, Thou from love's embrace art fly - ing, Canst thou turn a-way? Ah! turn a -way? Oh!
then, one word of love, One lit - tle word of love! One
f
word to com - fort me, But one word of love from thee!
Allegretto Brilliant.
Ah! that love should'st bring such mad - ness; Ah! that love should'st give such sad - ness;
STUBBS.
p
Ah! that love should'st bring such mad - ness; Ah! that love should'st give such sad - ness;
Allegretto Brillaint.
p


What can prompt the mer - ry lad thus, How can you for - bear pur - suit?
What can prompt the mer - ry lad thus, How can you for - bear pur - suit?
QUEEN.
List, oh, lis - ten to my woo - ing, Sure - ly, love is my un -
STUBBS.
I'm the one she calls her i - dol, Fain would lead me to the
pp


do - ing, How can I for - bear pur - su - ing, I - dol of my soul? I - dol
ad lib.
brid - al Al - tar, where tho' woe be - tide all, Oh, un - hap - py soul! Oh, un -
of my soul! List, oh, list e'er we are part - ed; E'er a wide - ning grief has
hap - py soul! In good sooth and in all can - dor, What can cause thy spec-ial
a tempo.
start - ed! List, oh, list thou stony heart - ed I - dol of my soul! Ah! of my soul! Oh,
won - der, When there noth - ing is to hin - der The i - dol of your soul! Ah! of your soul!

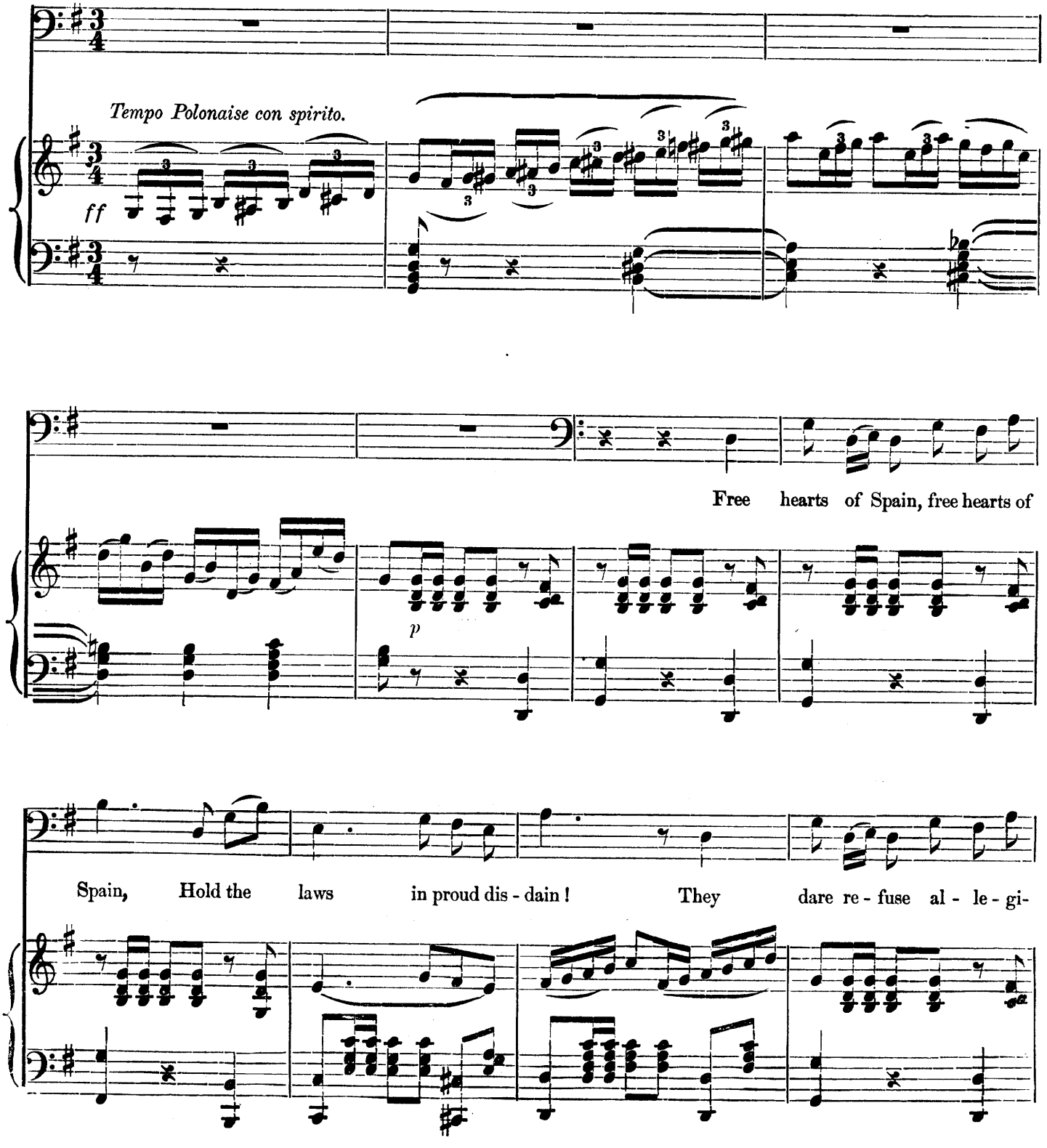

then, one word of love, One lit - tle word of love! One
f
word to com - fort me, But one word of love from thee!
Allegretto Brilliant.
Ah! that love should bring such mad - ness! Ah! that love should'st give such sad - ness!
STUBBS.
p
Allegretto Brilliant.
p
What can prompt the mer - ry lad thus? How can you for - bear pur - suit?

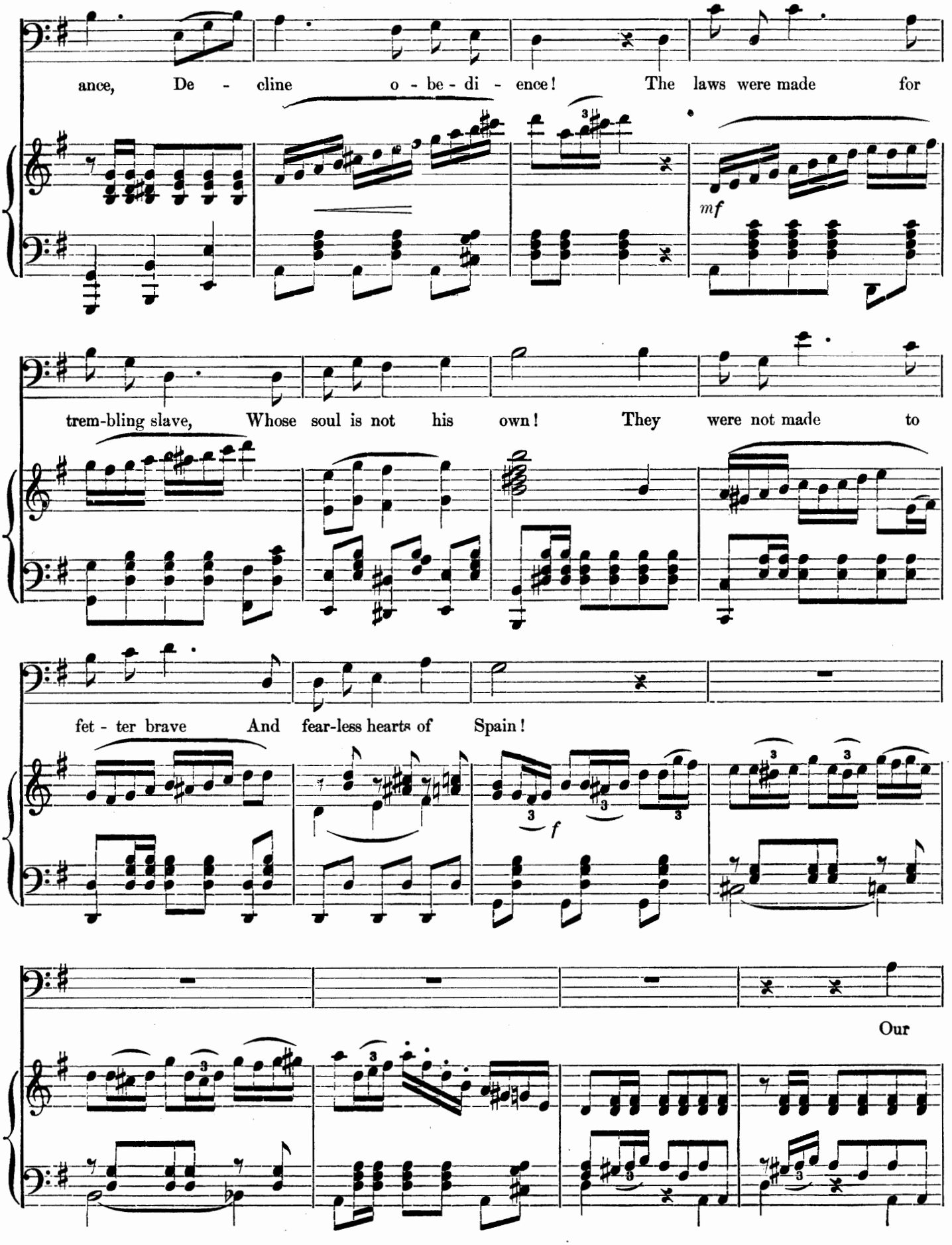

List, oh, lis - ten to my woo - ing! Sure - ly love is my un - do - ing!
List, oh, lis - ten to her woo - ing! Sure - ly love is her un - do - ing!
How can I for - bear pur - su - ing, I - dol of my heart?
Yet she can't for - bear pur - su - ing, I - dols of her heart!

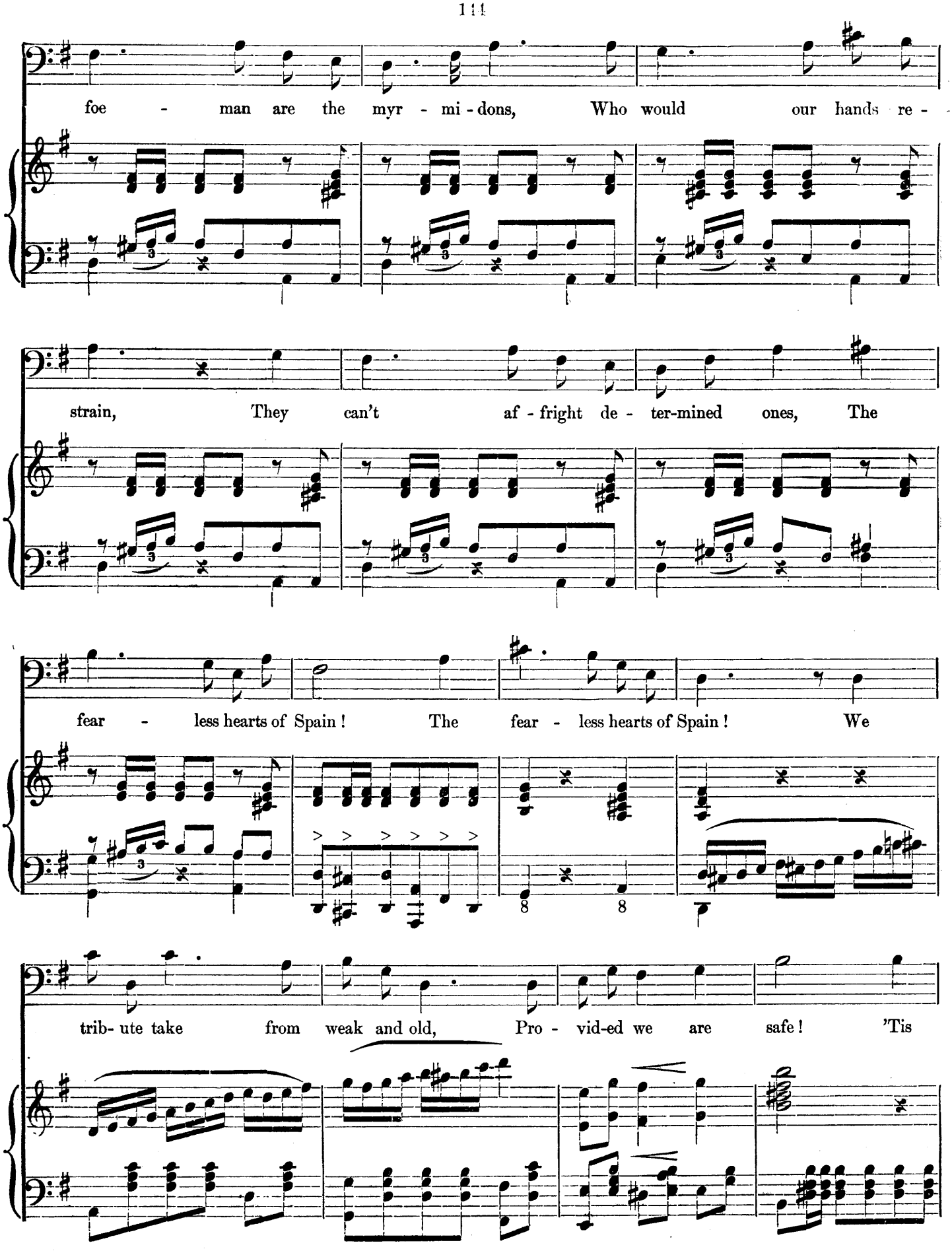
Song, "Free Hearts of Spain."

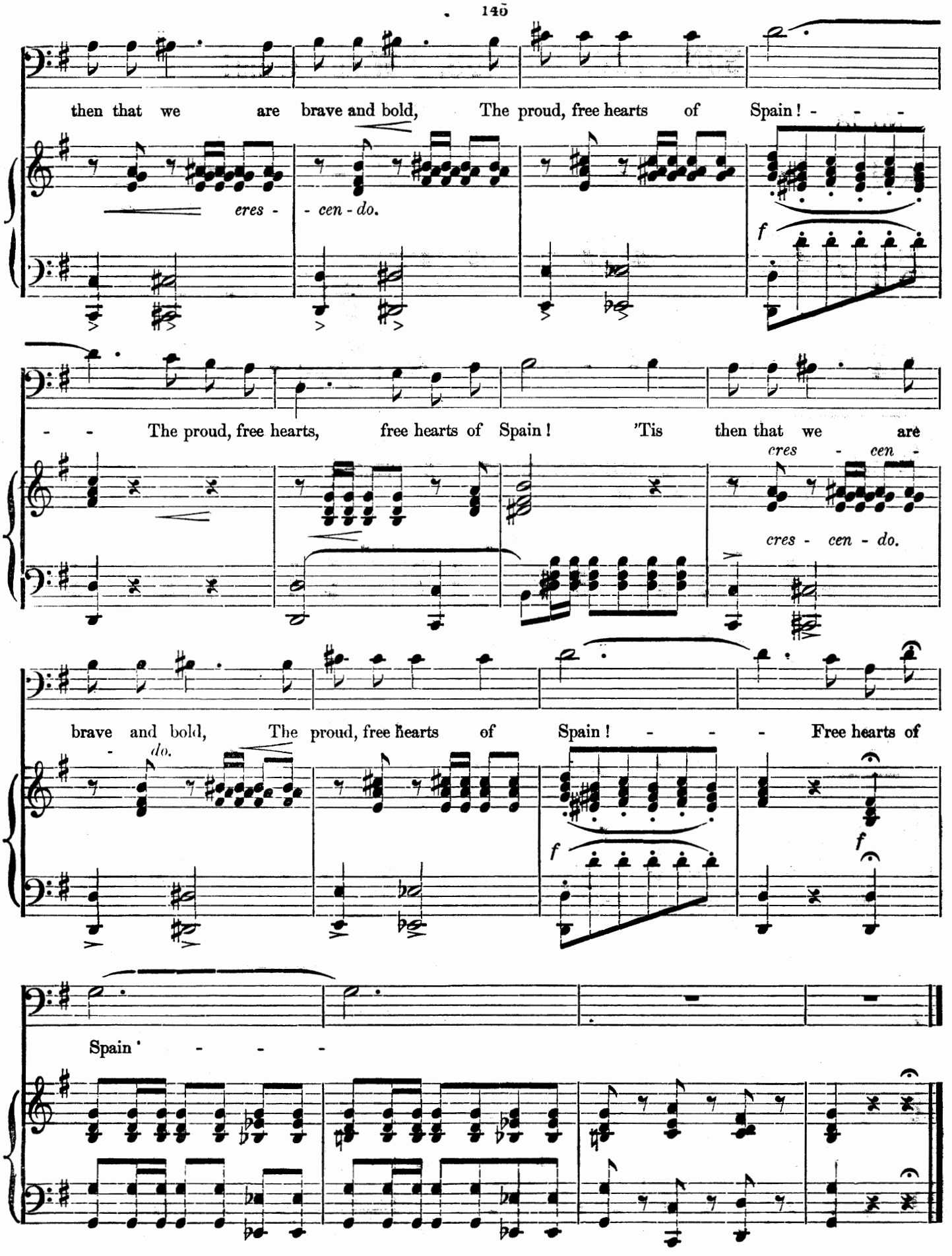
MATEO.

No. 17.




ance, De - cline o - be - di - ence! The laws were made for
mf
trem-bling slave, Whose soul is not his own! They were not made to
fet - ter brave And fear-less hearts of Spain!
f
Our

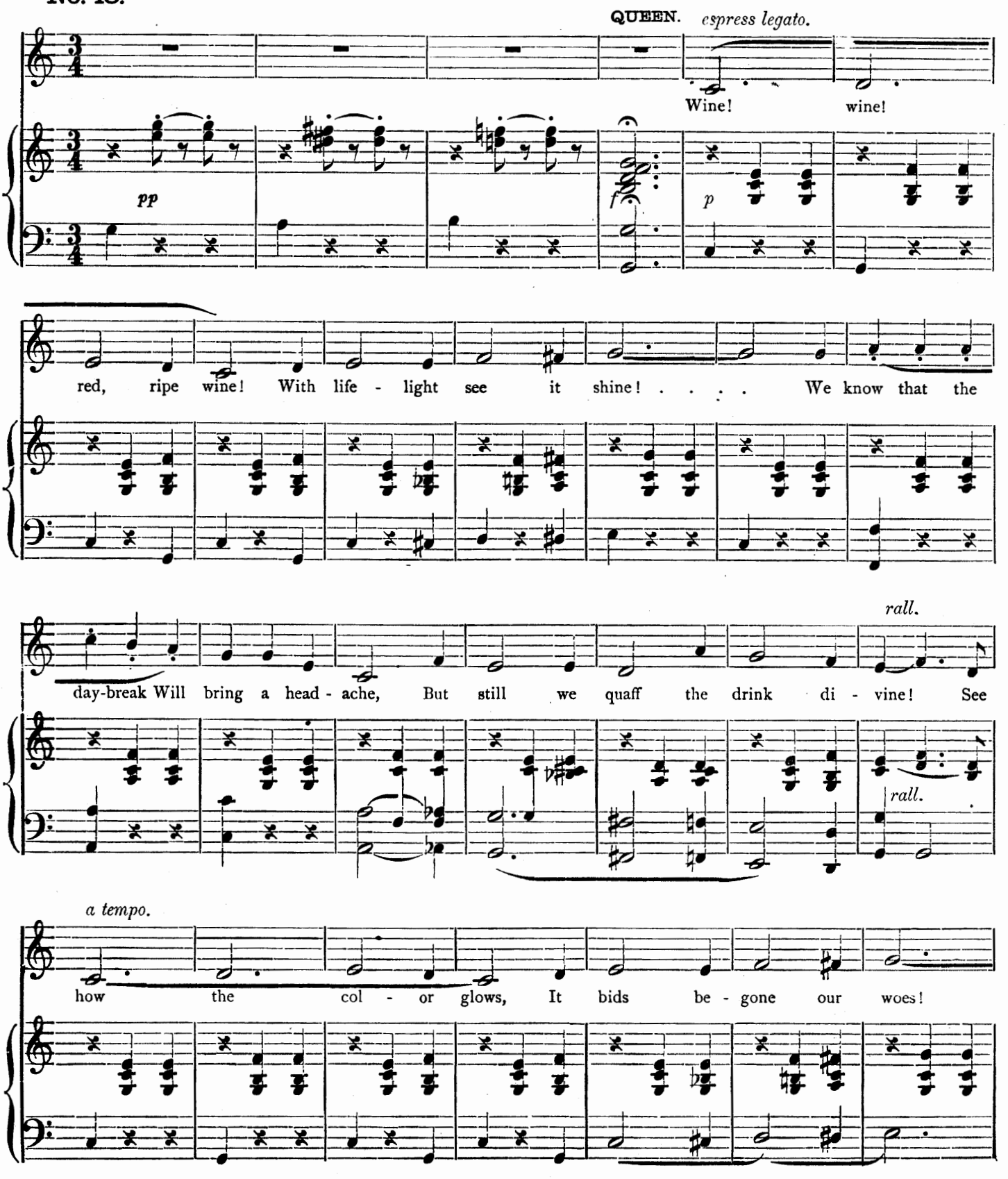

foe - man are the myr - mi - dons, Who would our hands re -
strain, They can't af - fright de - ter-mined ones, The
fear - less hearts of Spain ! The fear - less hearts of Spain ! We
trib- ute take from weak and old, Pro - vid-ed we are safe ! 'Tis

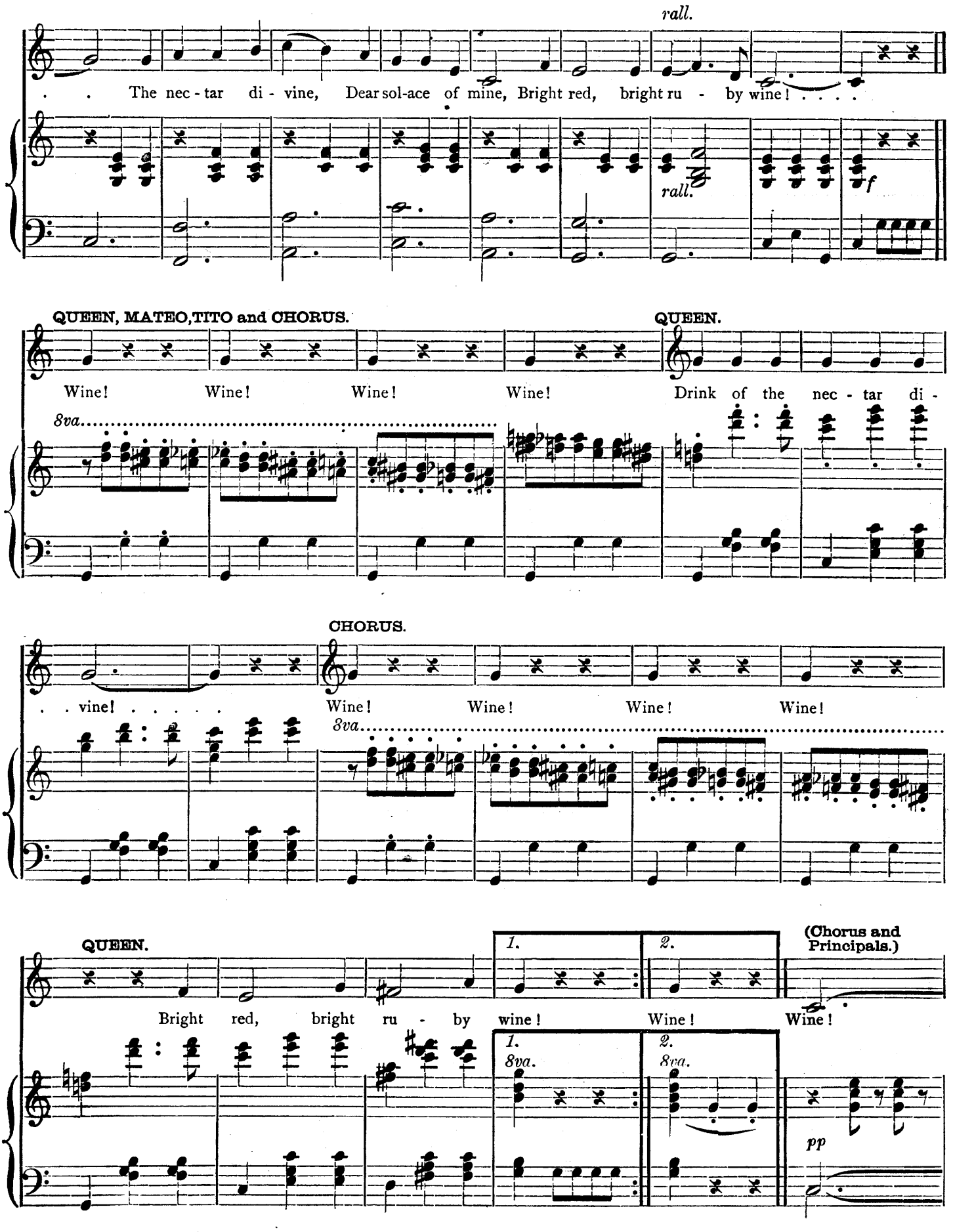

then that we are brave and bold, The proud, free hearts of Spain! - - -
eres - - cen - do.
f
- - The proud, free hearts, free hearts of Spain! 'Tis then that we are
cres - cen -
cres - cen - do.
brave and bold, The proud, free hearts of Spain! - - - Free hearts of
- do.
f
f
Spain - - - -

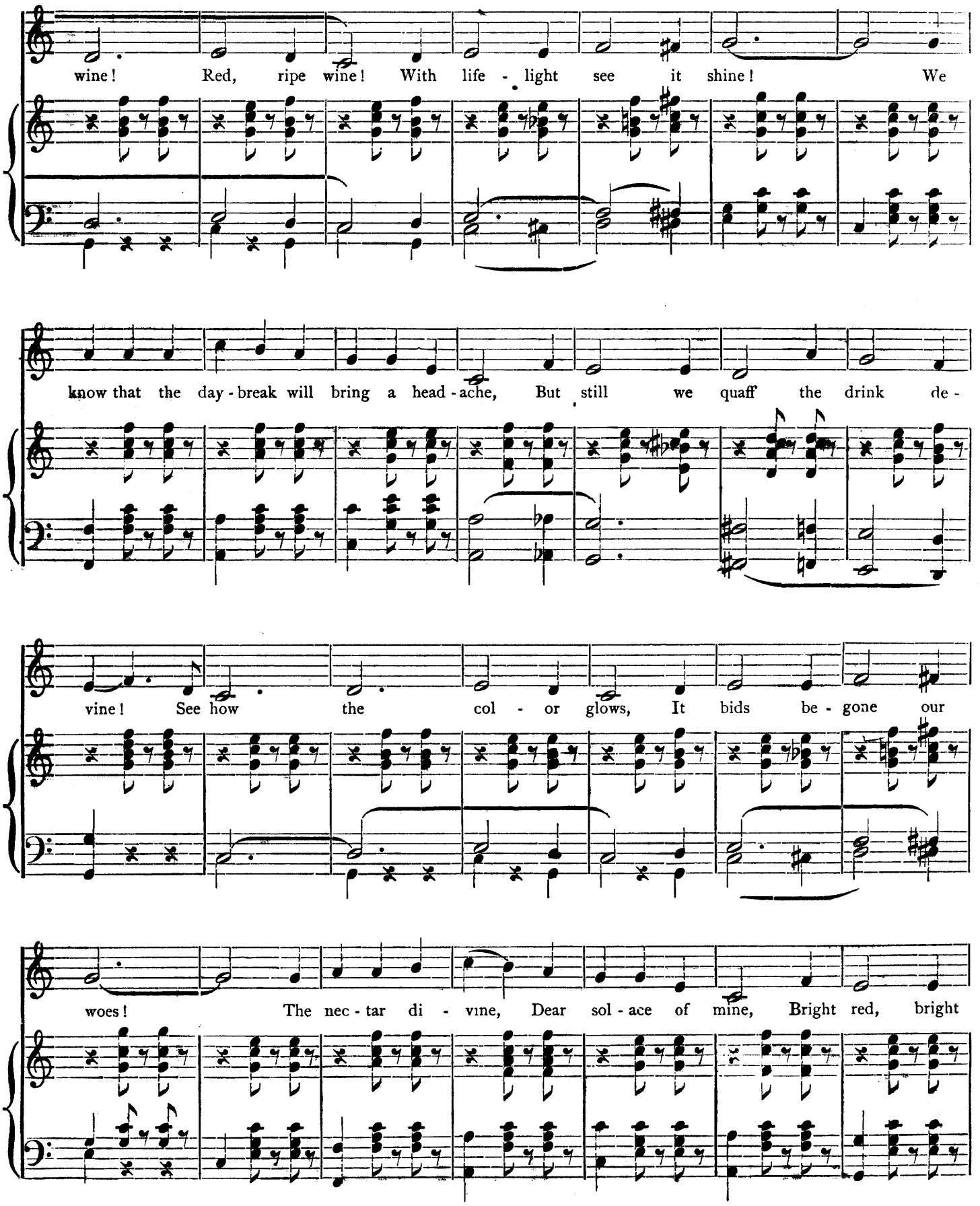
SONG AND CHORUS, "Wine! Wine!"

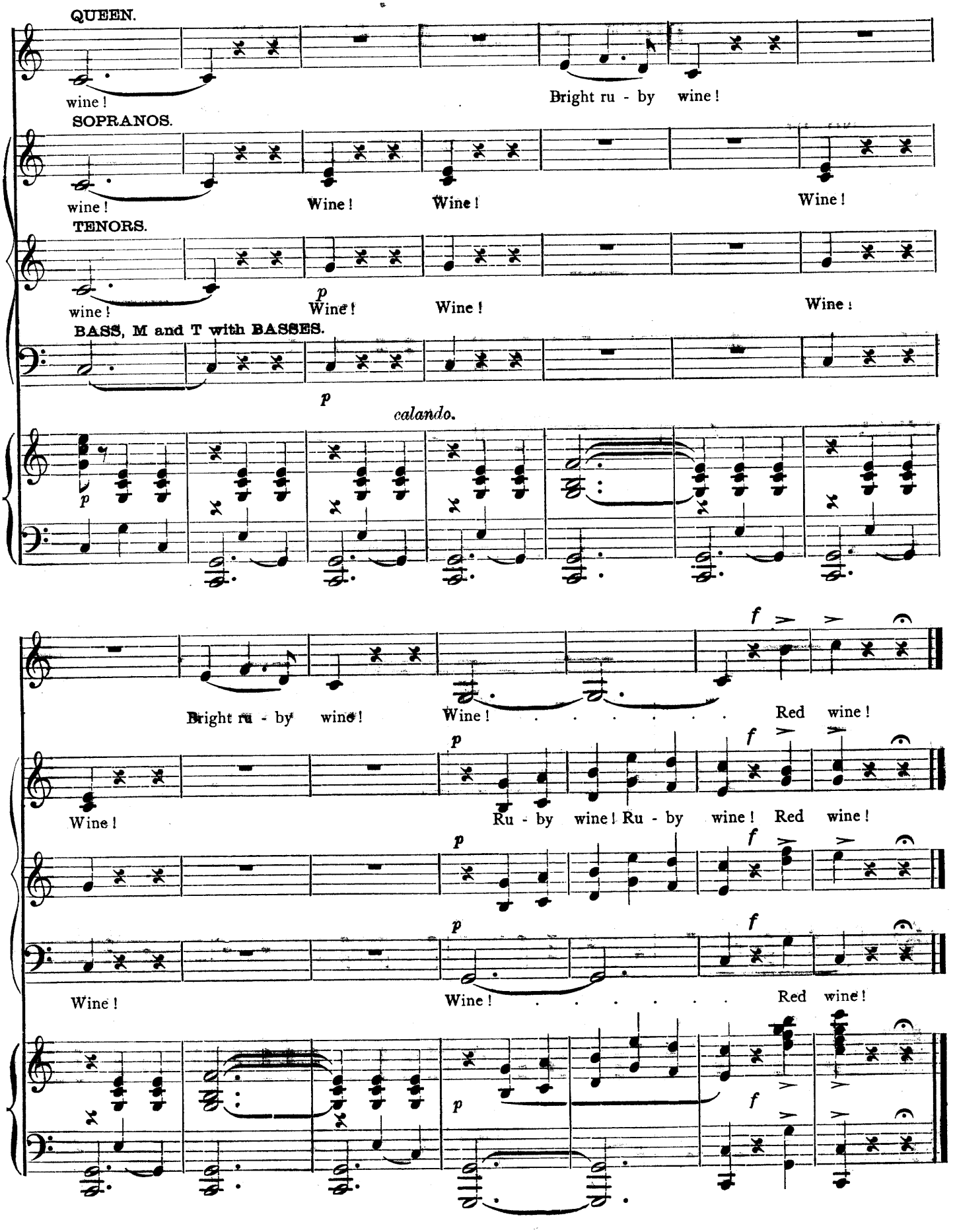
QUEEN, MATEO, TITO AND CHORUS.

No. 18.




rall.
. . The nec - tar di - vine, Dear sol-ace of mine, Bright red, bright ru - by wine! . . . .
rall.
f
QUEEN, MATEO, TITO and CHORUS.
QUEEN.
Wine! Wine! Wine! Wine! Drink of the nec - tar di -
8va
CHORUS.
. . vine! . . . . . Wine! Wine! Wine! Wine!
8va
QUEEN.
1.
2.
(Chorus and Principals.)
Bright red, bright ru - by wine! Wine! Wine!
1.
8va.
2.
8va.
pp


wine! Red, ripe wine! With life - light see it shine! We
know that the day - break will bring a head - ache, But still we quaff the drink de -
vine! See how the col - or glows, It bids be - gone our
woes! The nec - tar di - vine, Dear sol - ace of mine, Bright red, bright

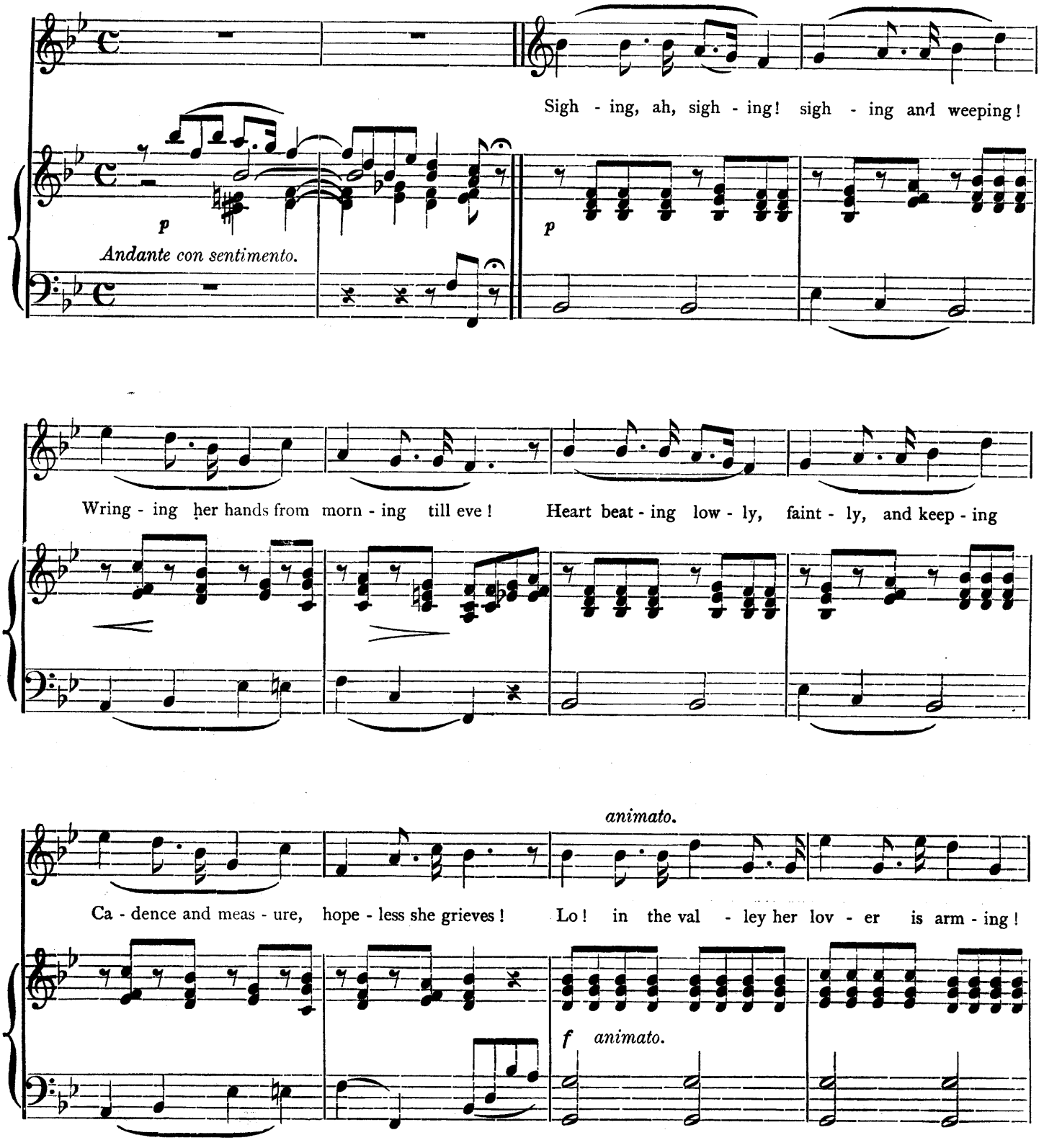

QUEEN.
wine!
Bright ru - by wine!
SOPRANOS.
wine!
Wine!
Wine!
Wine!
TENORS.
wine!
p
Wine!
Wine!
Wine!
BASS, M and T with BASSES.
p
calando.
p
Bright ru - by wine!
Wine!
Red wine!
f
Wine!
p
Ru - by wine! Ru - by wine! Red wine!
Wine!
Wine!
Red wine!

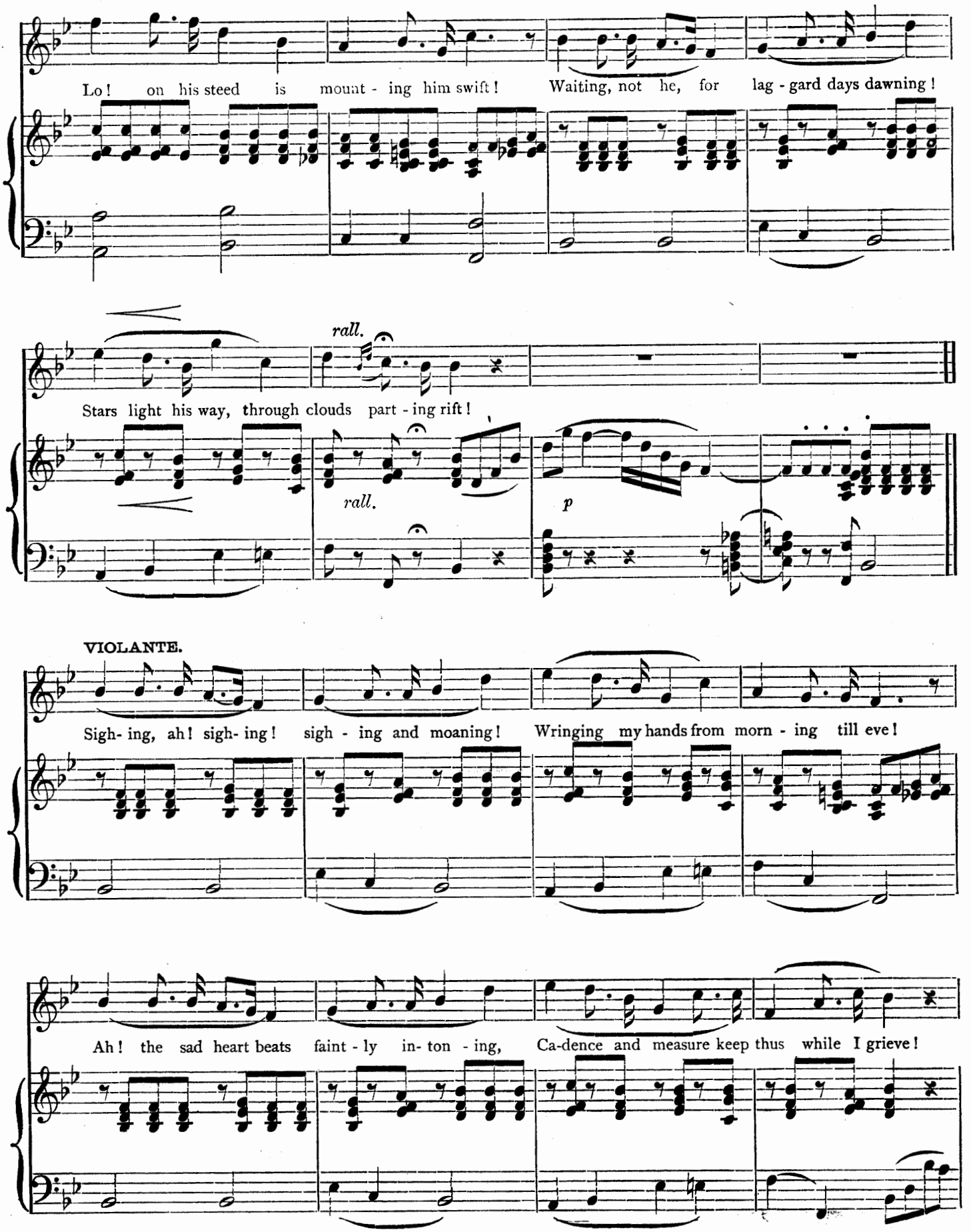
DUET, "Sighing, Ah, Sighing!"

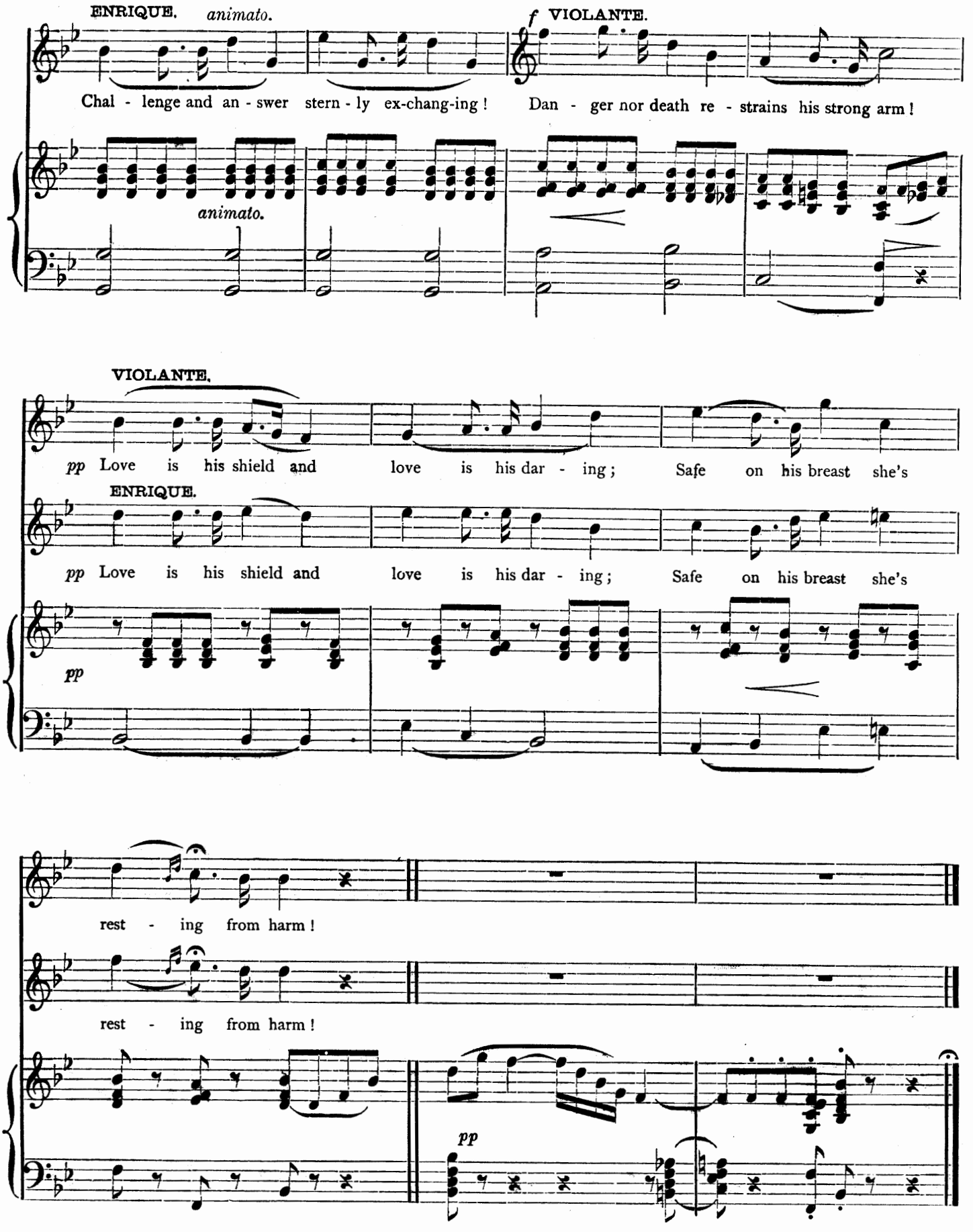
VIOLANTE AND ENRIQUE.

No. 19.

ENRIQUE.



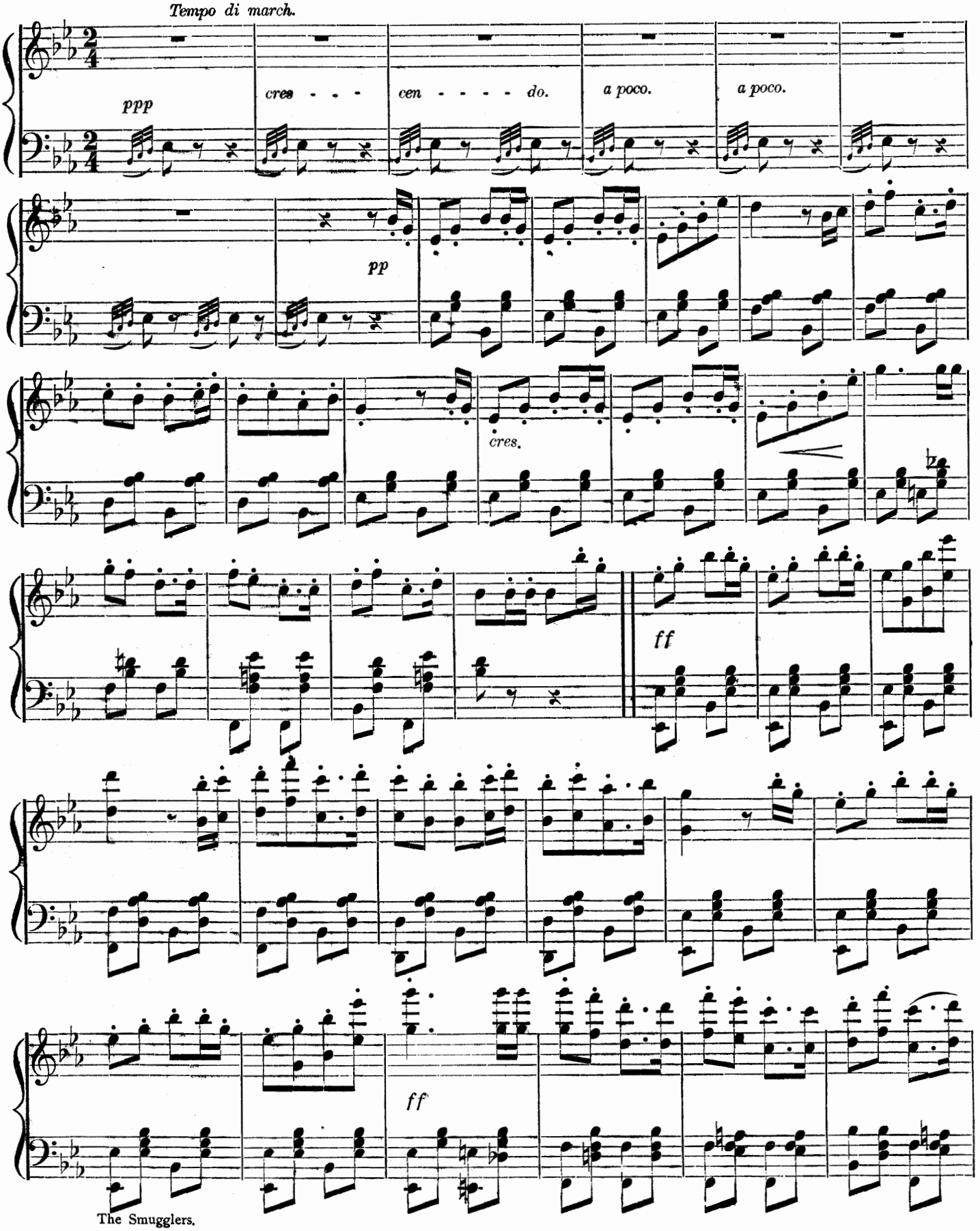

Lo! on his steed is mount - ing him swift! Waiting, not he, for lag - gard days dawning!
rall.
Stars light his way, through clouds part - ing rift!
rall.
p
VIOLANTE.
Sigh- ing, ah! sigh- ing! sigh - ing and moaning! Wringing my hands from morn - ing till eve!
Ah! the sad heart beats faint - ly in- ton - ing, Ca-dence and measure keep thus while I grieve!

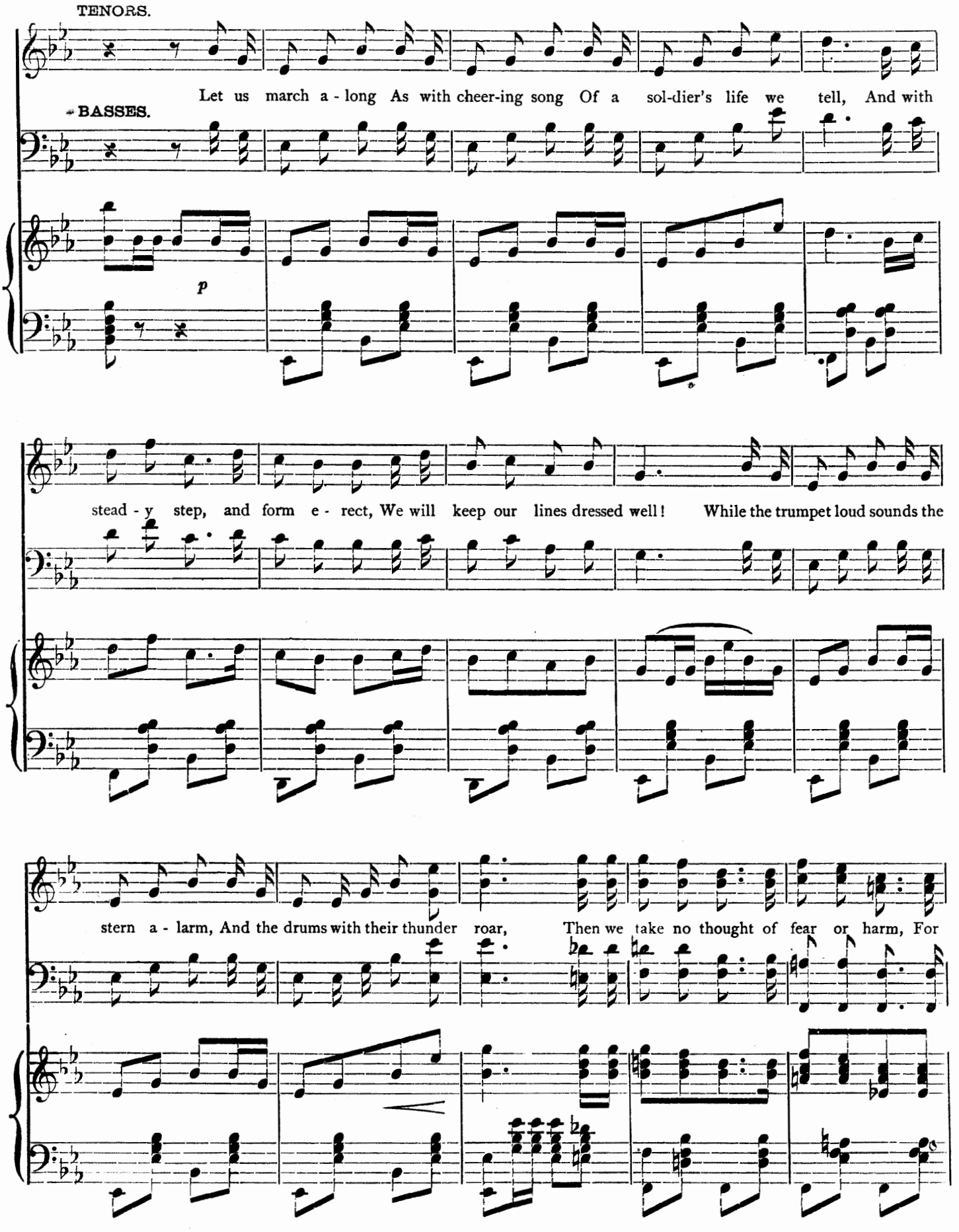

ENRIQUE. animato.
f VIOLANTE.
Chal - lenge and an - swer stern - ly ex-chang-ing ! Dan - ger nor death re - strains his strong arm !
animato.
VIOLANTE.
pp Love is his shield and love is his dar - ing ; Safe on his breast she's
ENRIQUE.
pp Love is his shield and love is his dar - ing ; Safe on his breast she's
pp
rest - ing from harm !
rest - ing from harm !
pp

SOLDIER'S CHORUS, "Let us march along."

No. 20.

Tempo di march.




TENORS.
Let us march a - long As with cheer-ing song Of a sol-dier's life we tell, And with
BASSES.
p
stead - y step, and form e - rect, We will keep our lines dressed well! While the trumpet loud sounds the
stern a - larm, And the drums with their thunder roar, Then we take no thought of fear or harm, For

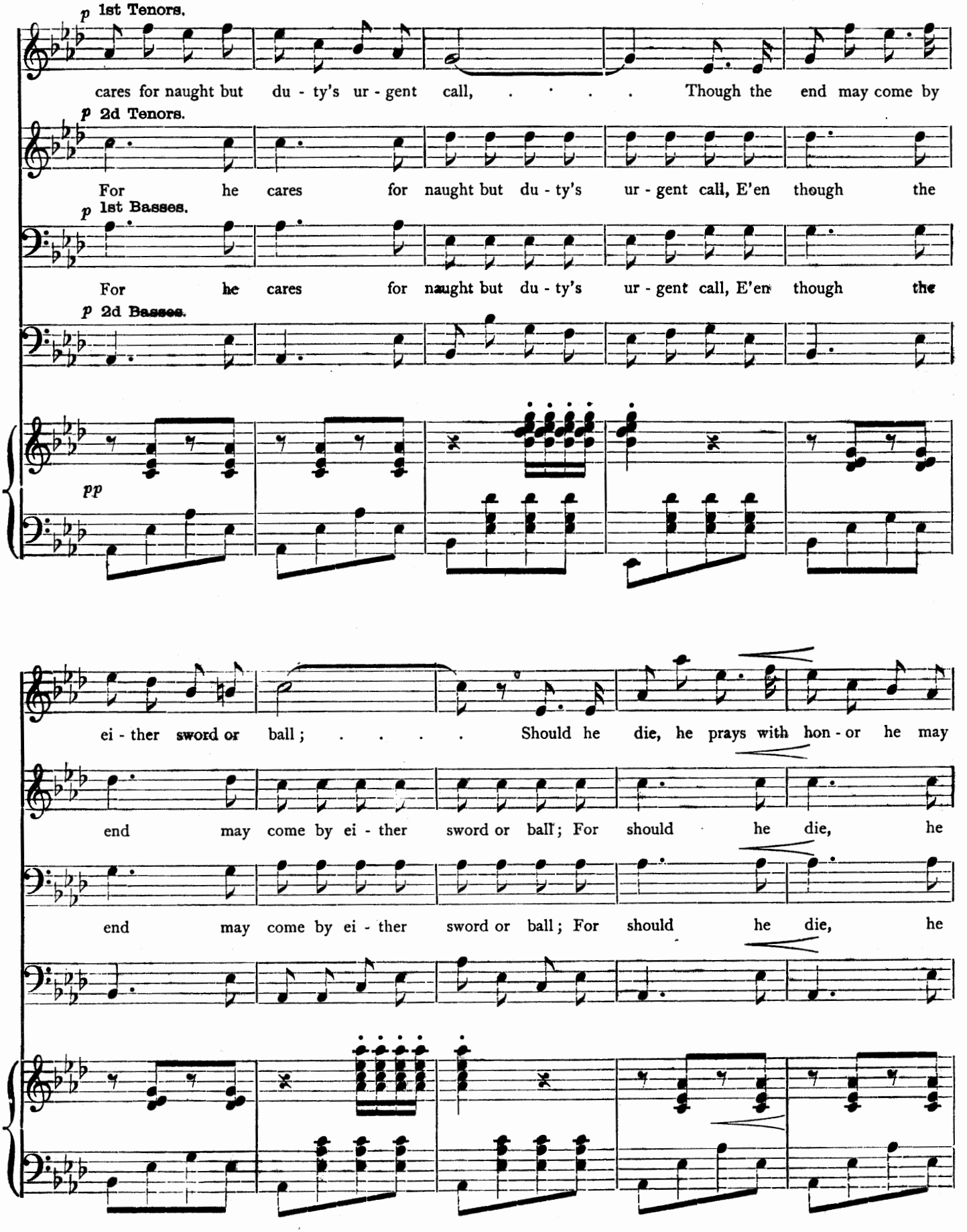
OFFICER.

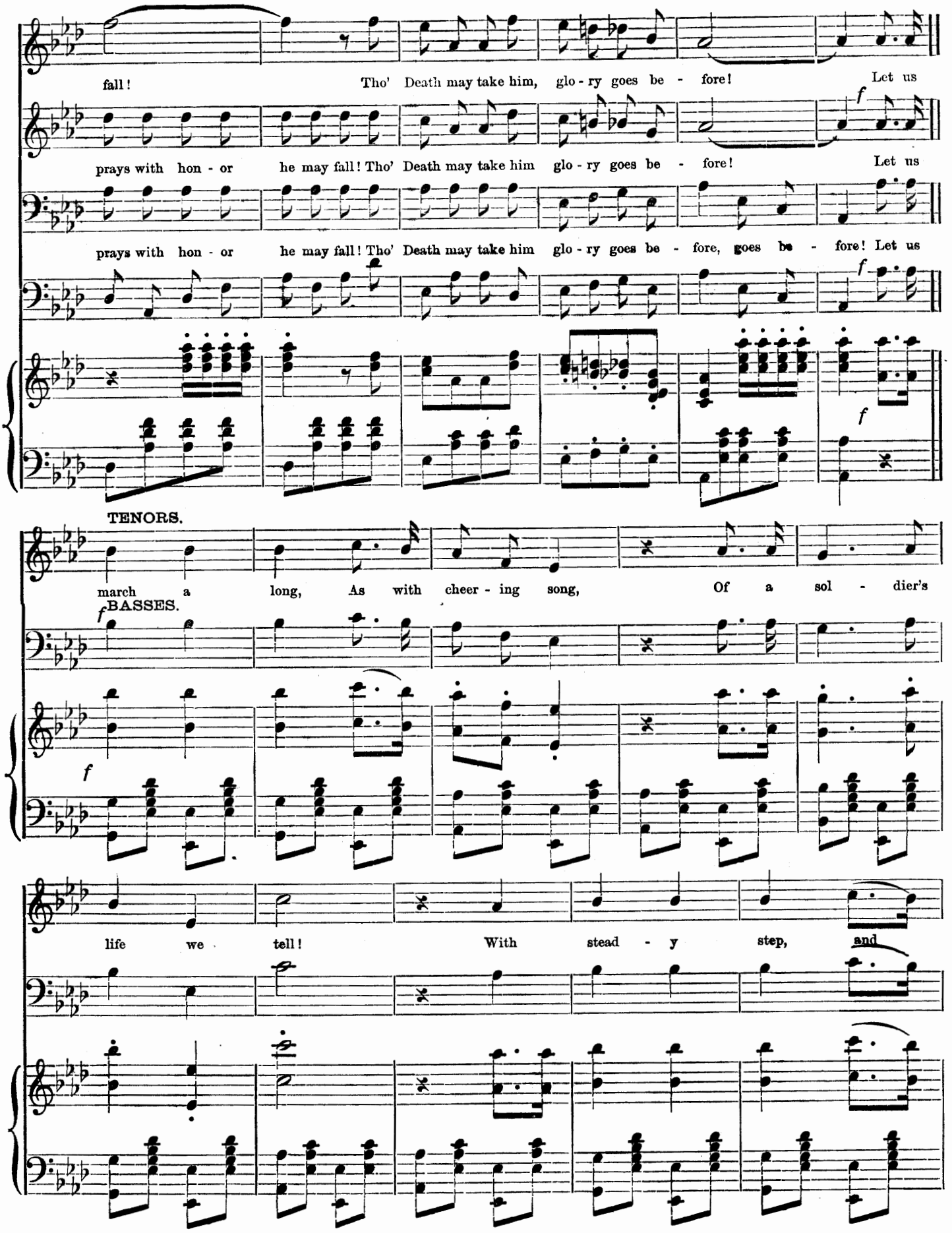
glo - ry goes be - fore! For the sol - dier's life is a mer-ry one, So

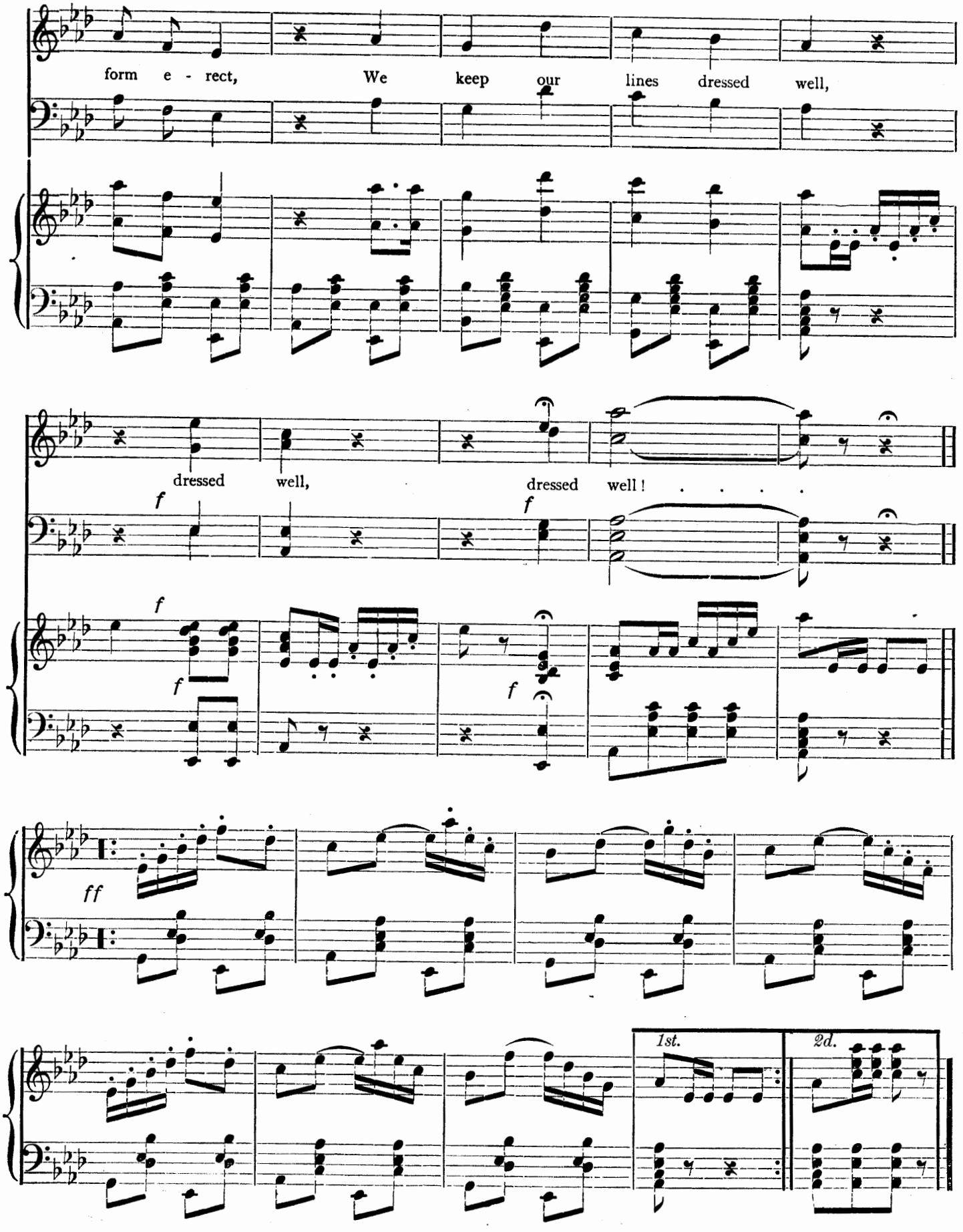
p

hap - py and care - less and free; To - day he may look his

last on the sun, Ah! to - mor - row his last may be! For he

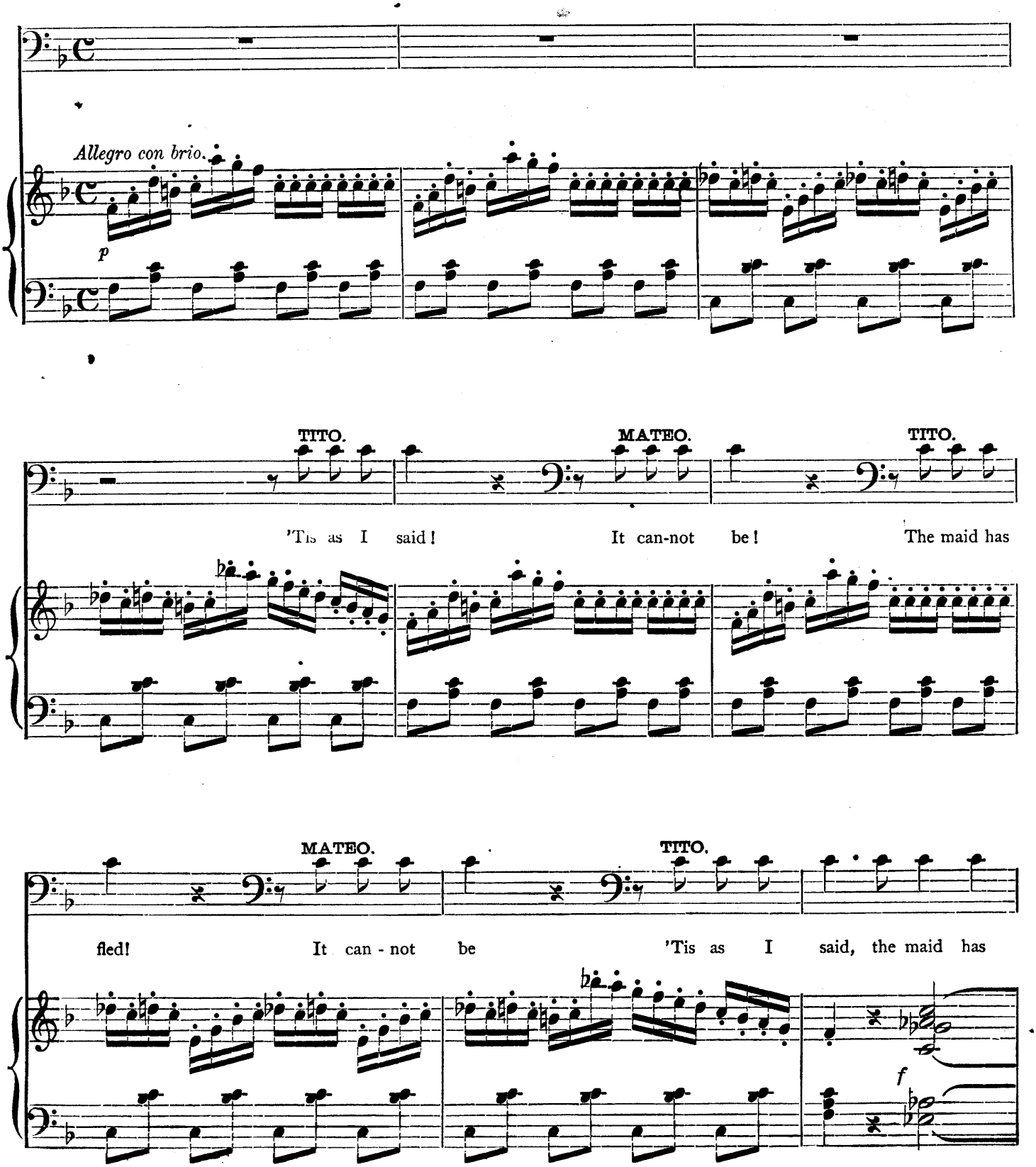

p 1st Tenors.
cares for naught but du - ty's ur - gent call, ... Though the end may come by
p 2d Tenors.
For he cares for naught but du - ty's ur - gent call, E'en though the
p 1st Basses.
For he cares for naught but du - ty's ur - gent call, E'en though the
p 2d Basses.
pp
ei - ther sword or ball; . . . . Should he die, he prays with hon - or he may
end may come by ei - ther sword or ball; For should he die, he
end may come by ei - ther sword or ball; For should he die, he

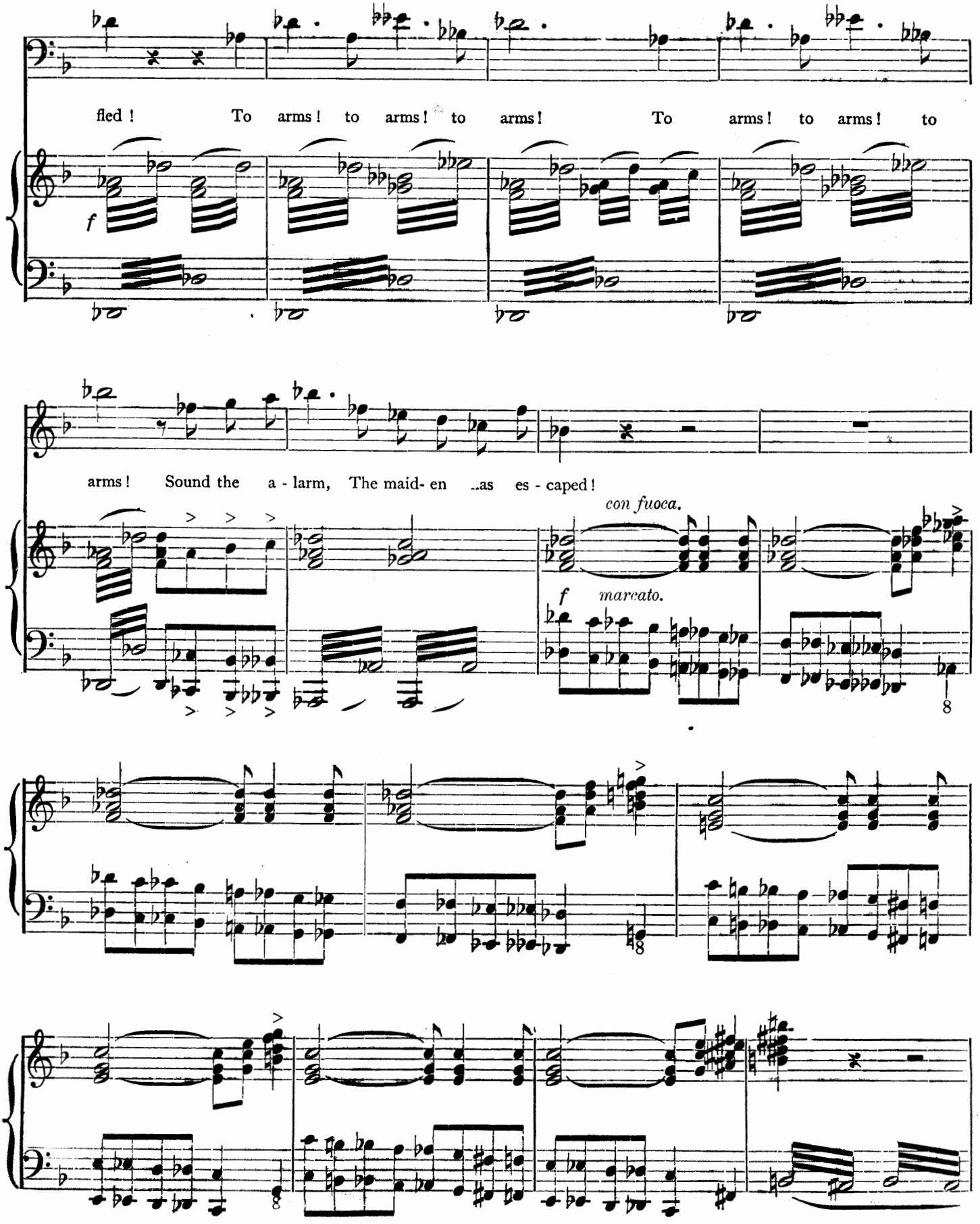

fall! Tho' Death may take him, glo - ry goes be - fore! Let us
prays with hon - or he may fall! Tho' Death may take him glo - ry goes be - fore! Let us
prays with hon - or he may fall! Tho' Death may take him glo - ry goes be - fore, goes be - fore! Let us
TENORS.
march a long, As with cheer - ing song, Of a sol - dier's
BASSES.
life we tell! With stead - y step, and

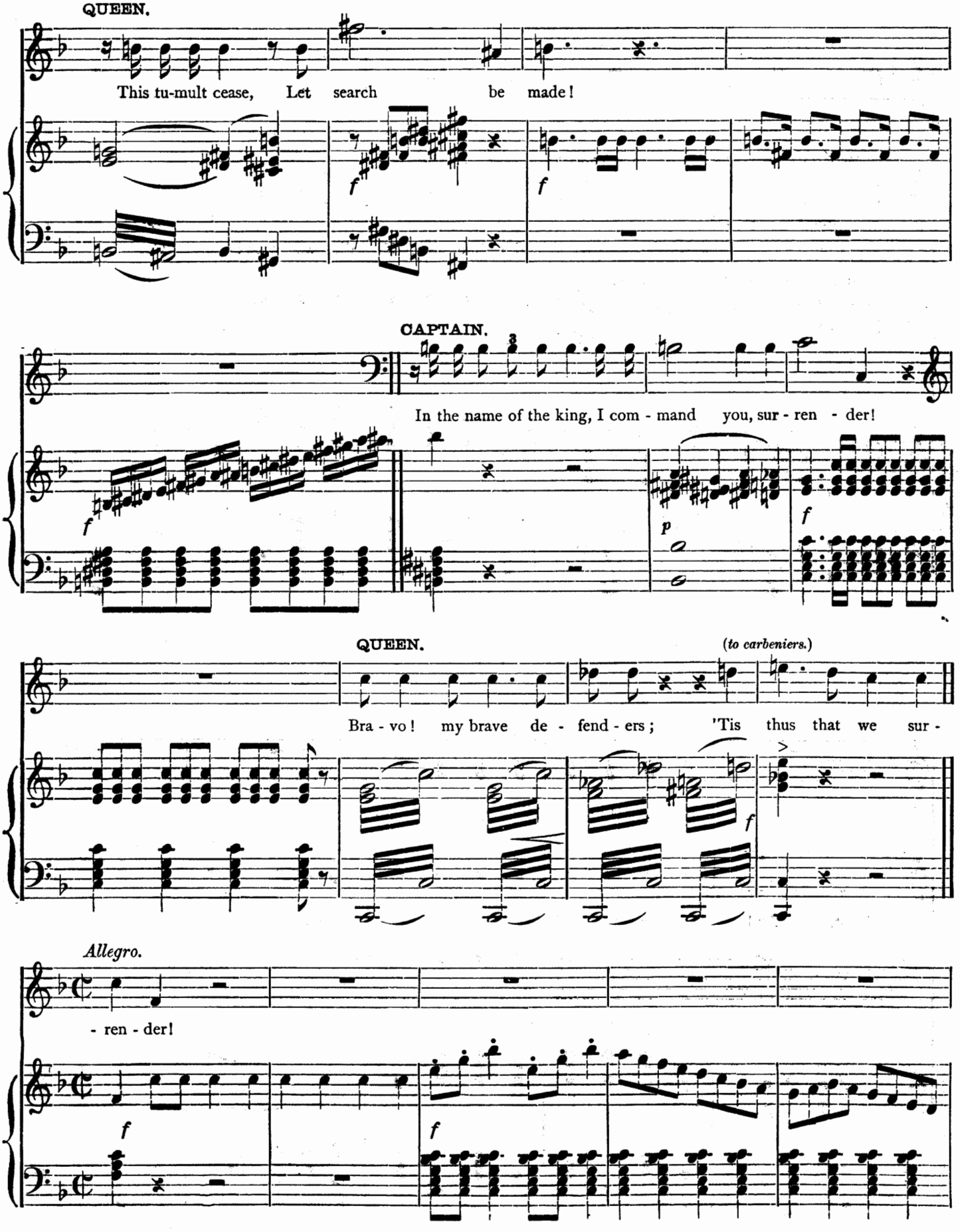

form e - rect, We keep our lines dressed well,
dressed well, dressed well ! . . . .
f
ff
1st.
2d.

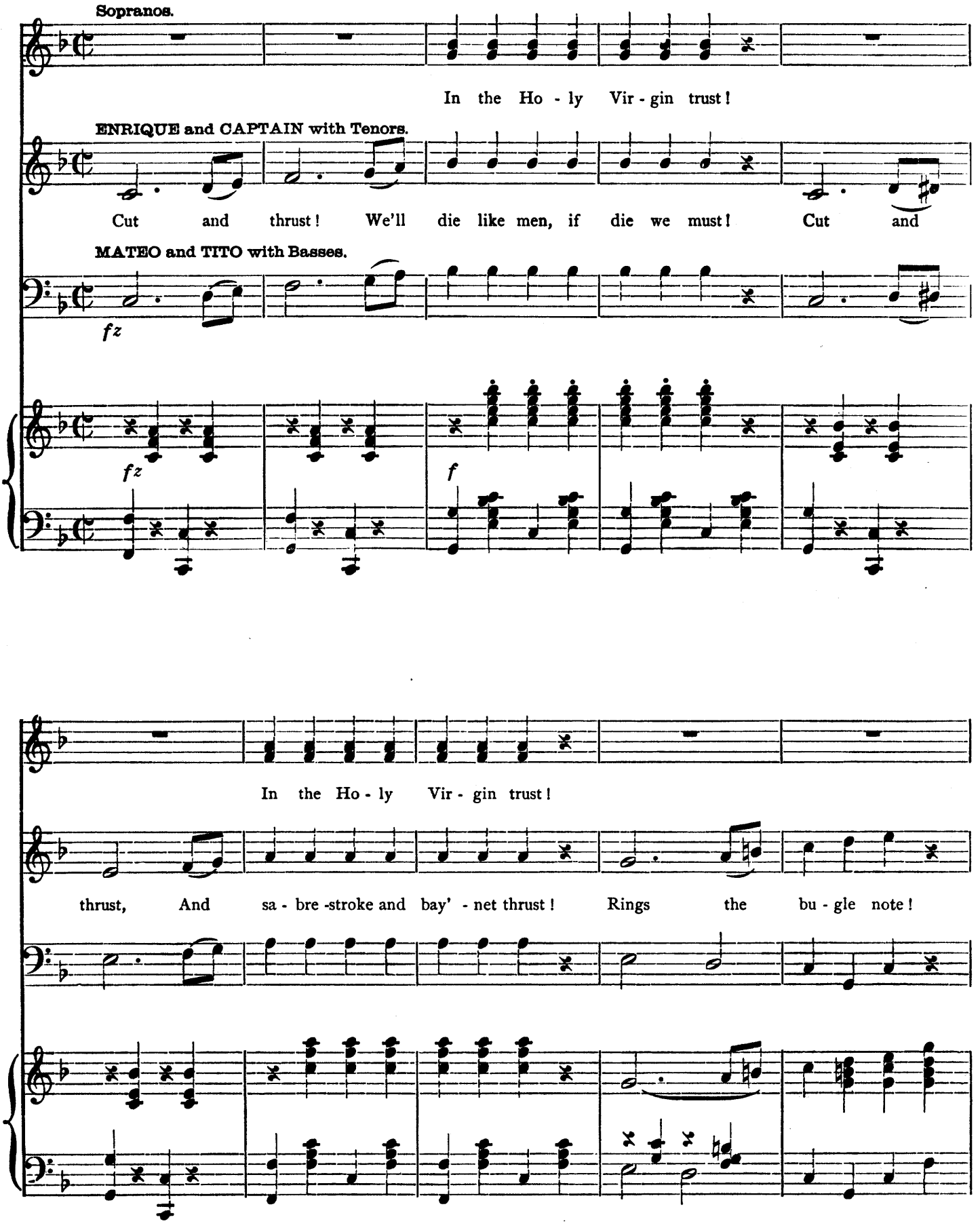
SCENE and CHORUS. "Battle Song."

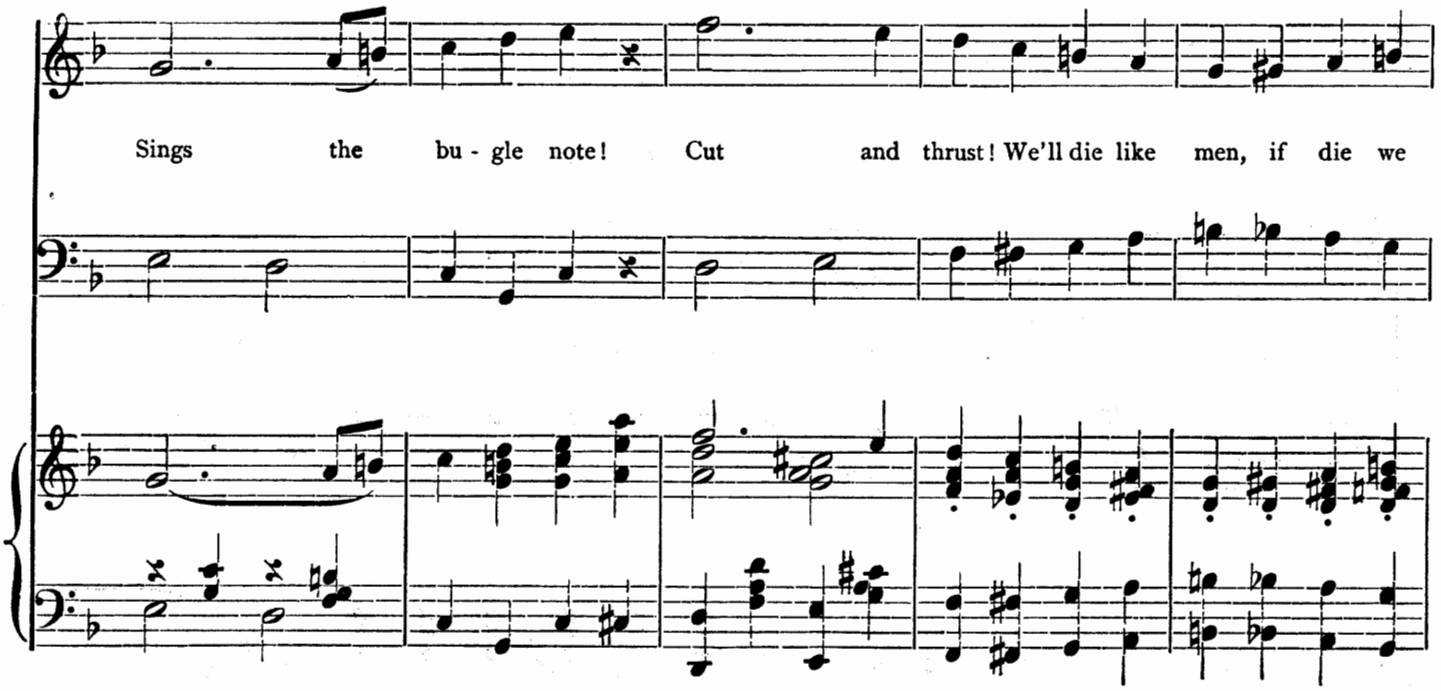
No. 21.

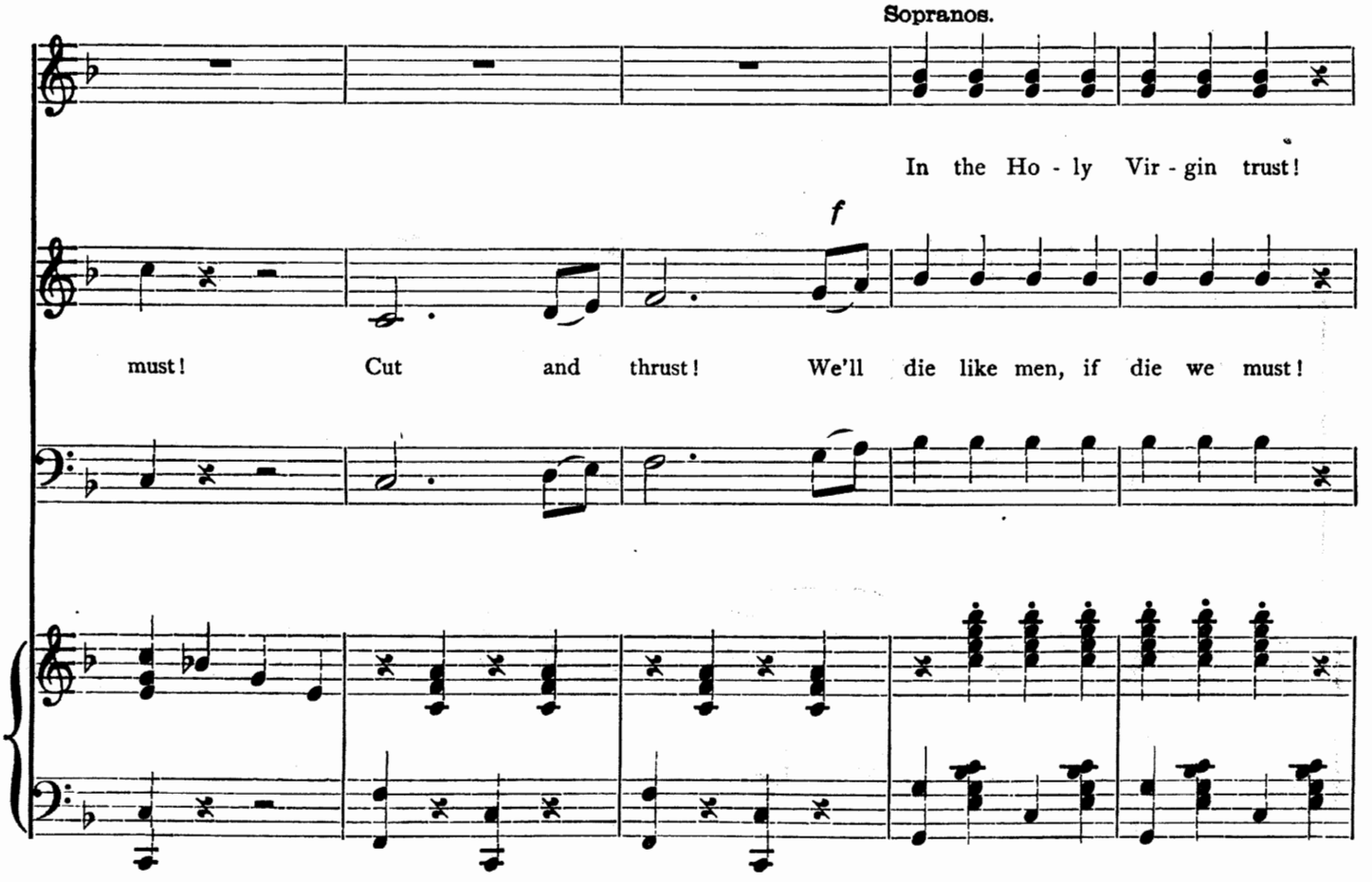


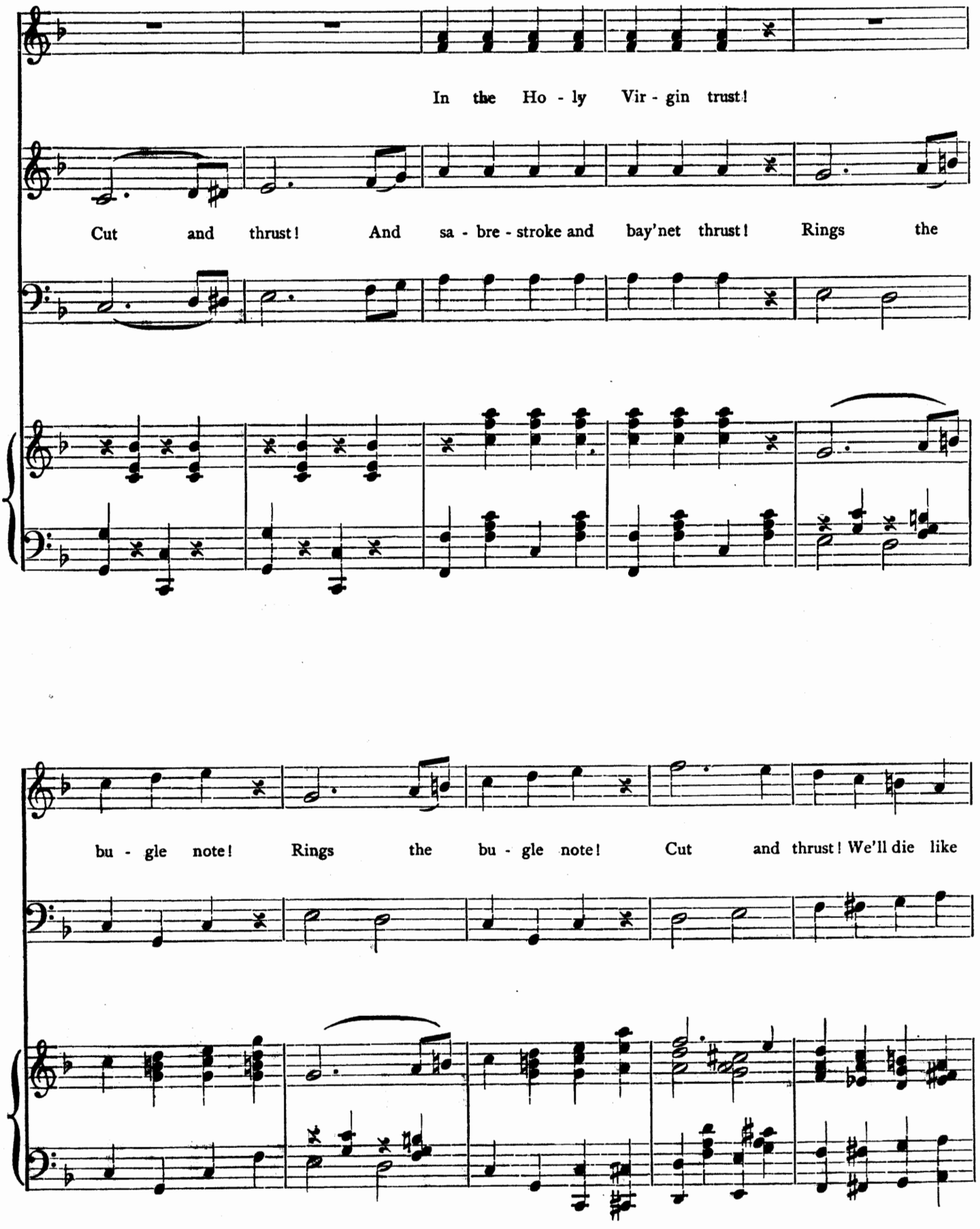

fled ! To arms ! to arms ! to arms ! To arms ! to arms ! to
f
arms ! Sound the a - larm, The maid- en ..as es - caped !
con fuoca.
f marcato.

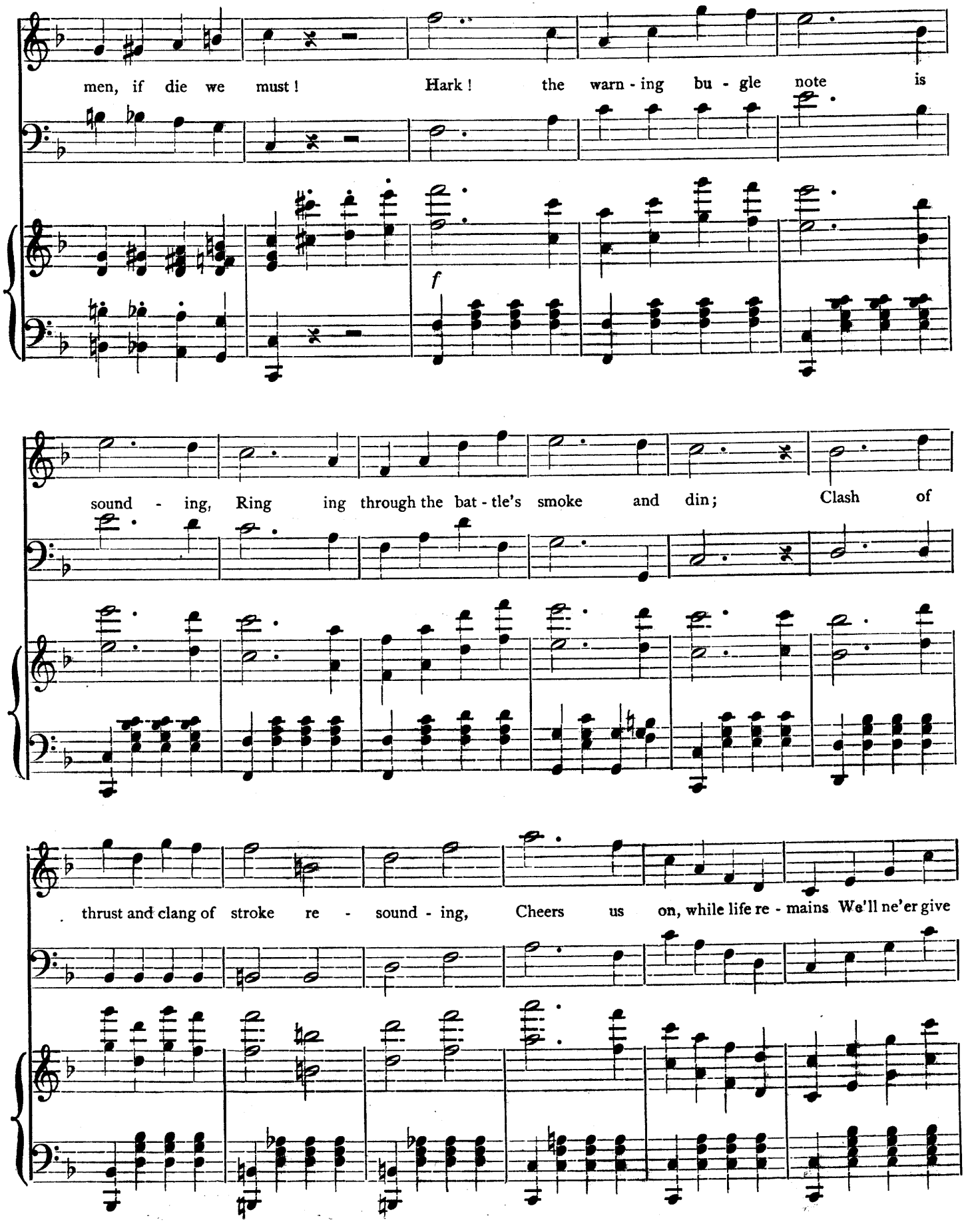

QUEEN.
This tu-mult cease, Let search be made!
CAPTAIN.
In the name of the king, I com - mand you, sur - ren - der!
QUEEN.
(to carbeniers.)
Bra - vo! my brave de - fend - ers; 'Tis thus that we sur -
Allegro.
- ren - der!

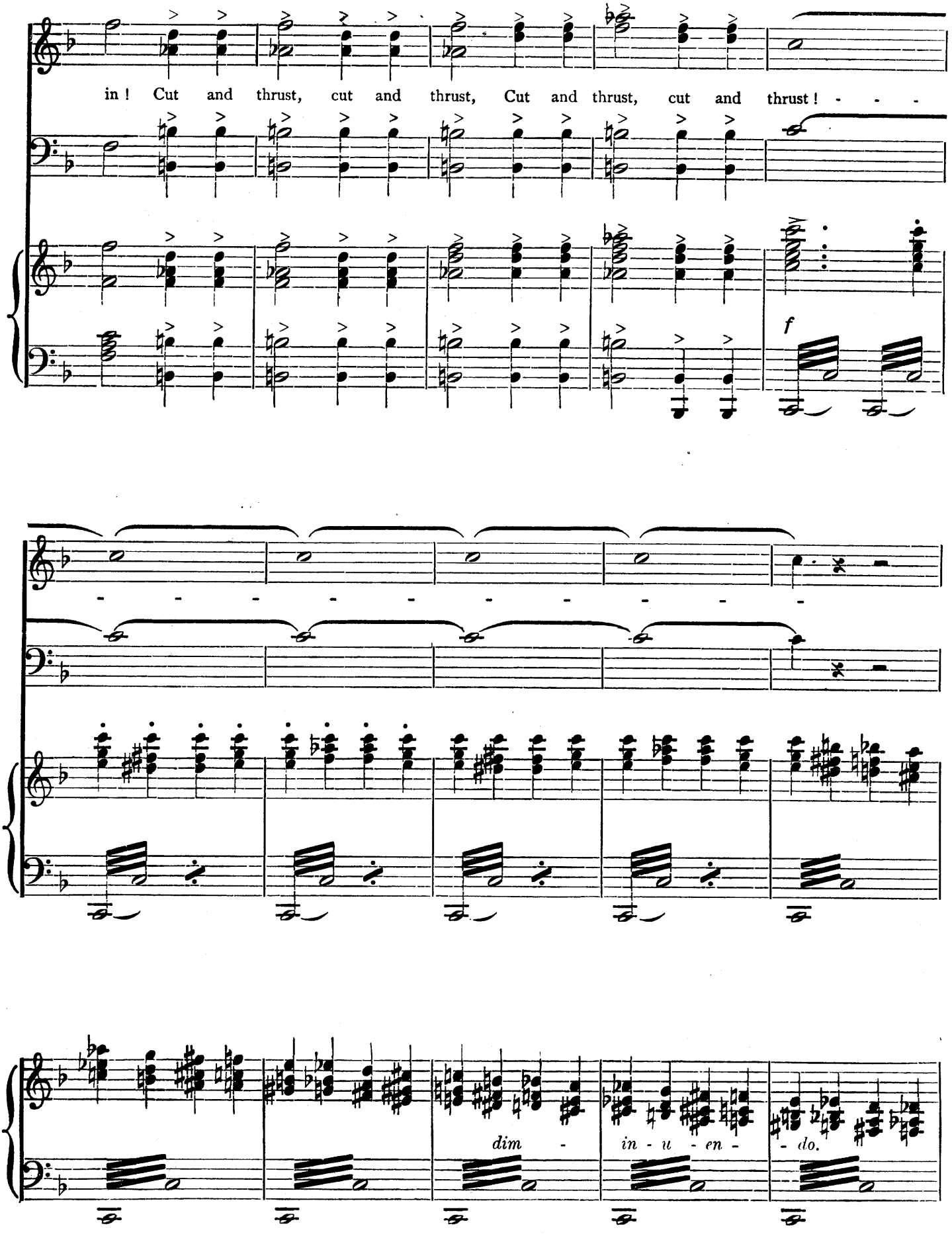

Sopranos.
In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust!
ENRIQUE and CAPTAIN with Tenors.
Cut and thrust! We'll die like men, if die we must! Cut and
MATEO and TITO with Basses.
fz
fz
f
In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust!
thrust, And sa - bre -stroke and bay' - net thrust! Rings the bu - gle note!

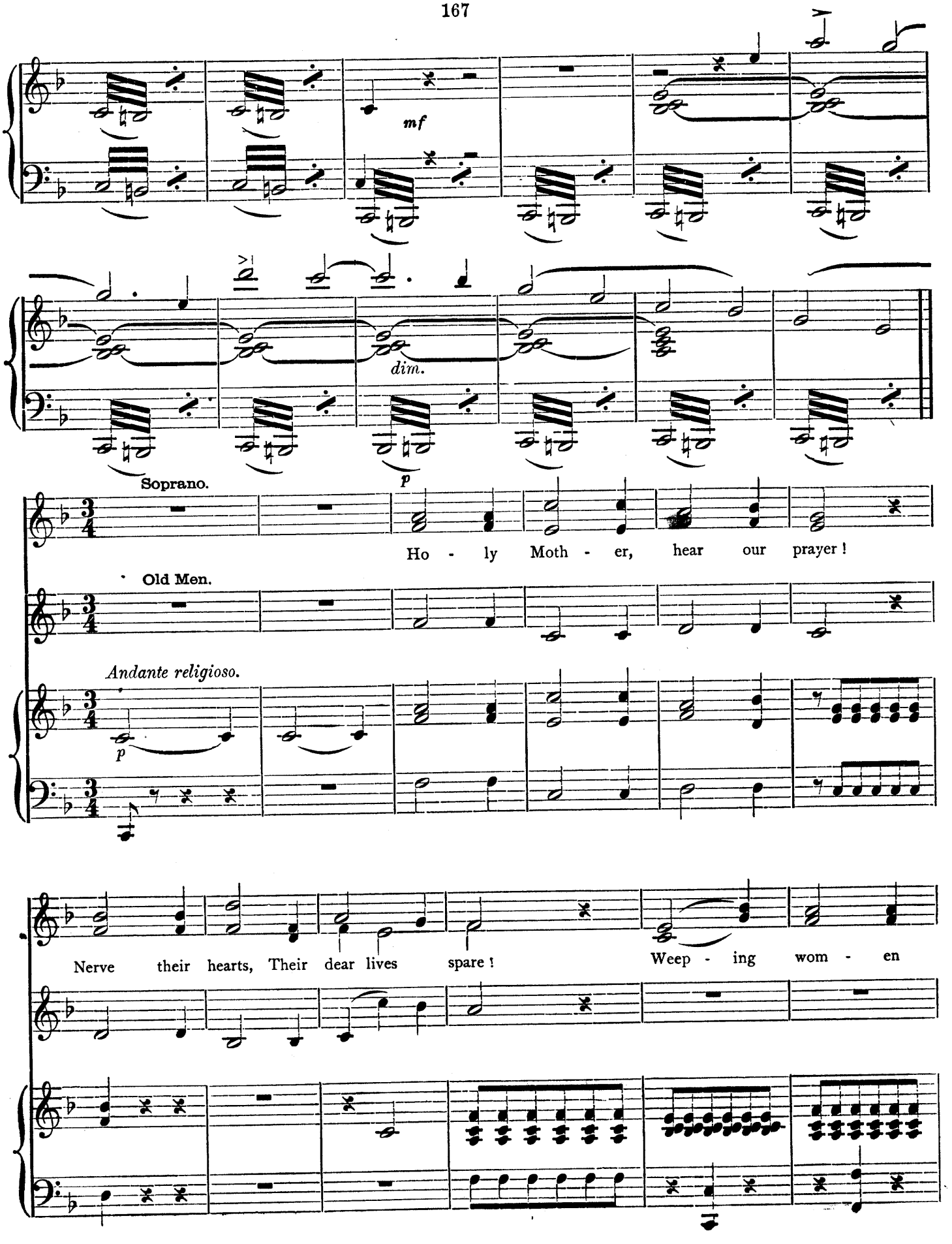

Sings the bu - gle note! Cut and thrust! We'll die like men, if die we

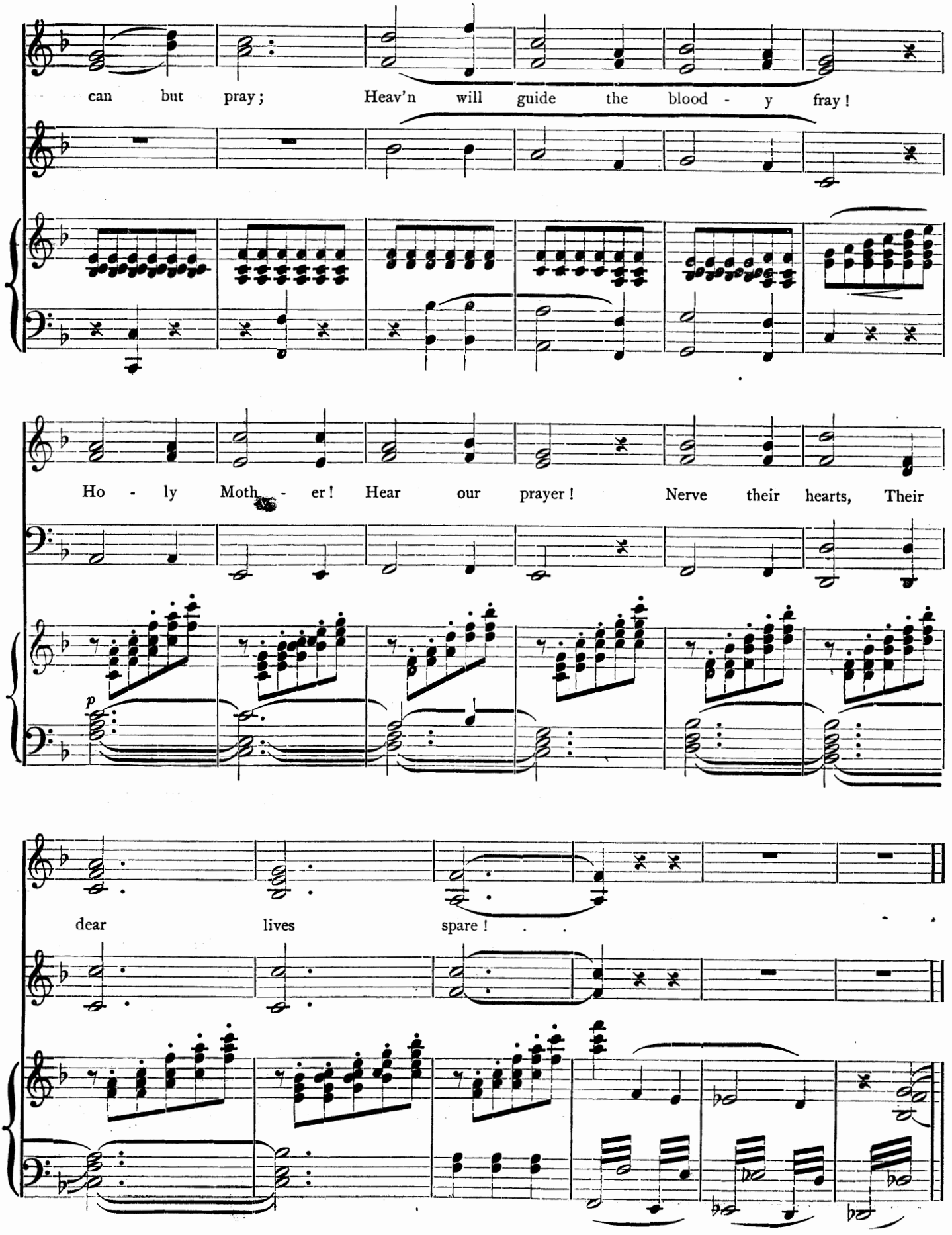

Sopranos.
In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust!
f
must! Cut and thrust! We'll die like men, if die we must!

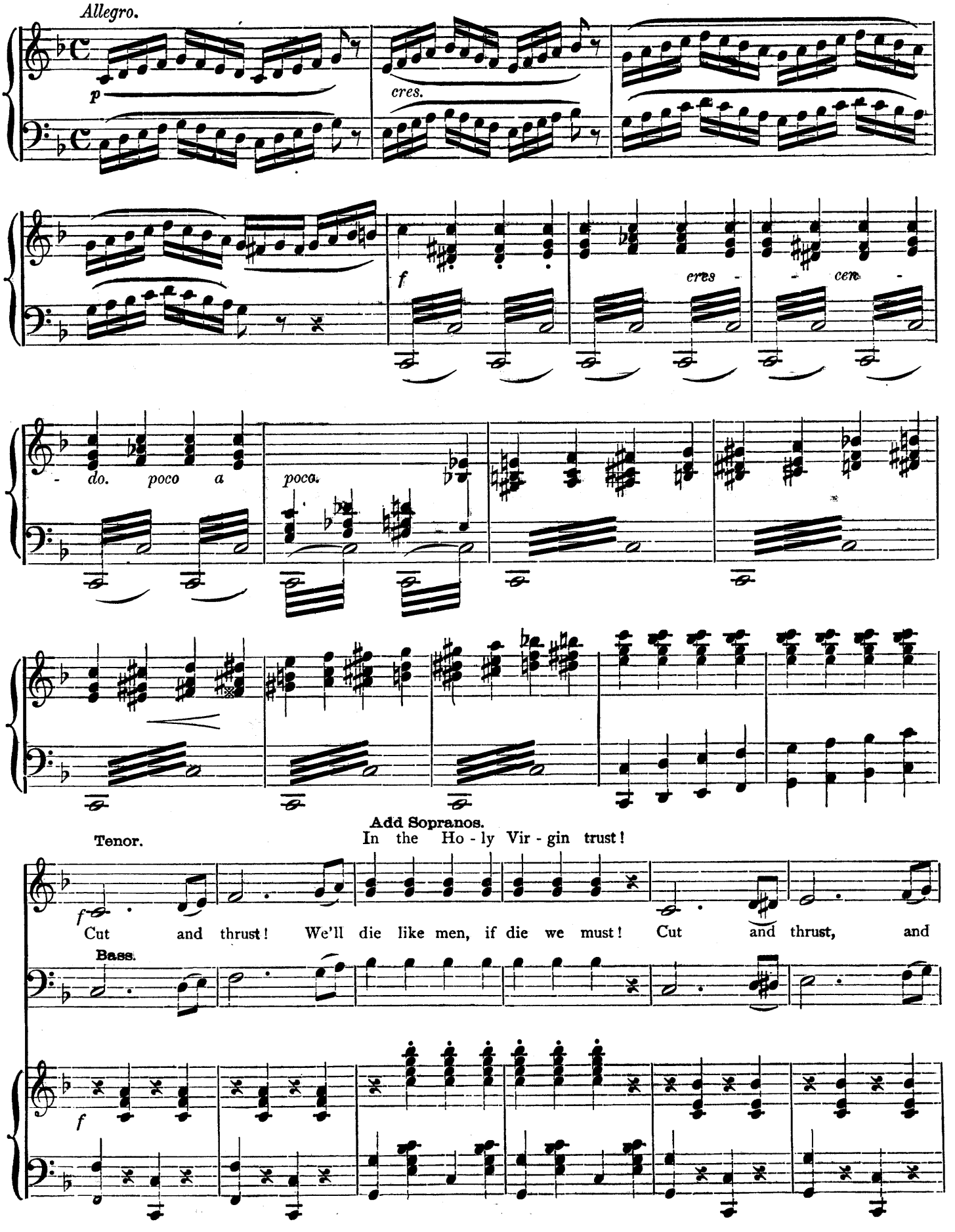

In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust!
Cut and thrust! And sa - bre - stroke and bay'net thrust! Rings the
bu - gle note! Rings the bu - gle note! Cut and thrust! We'll die like

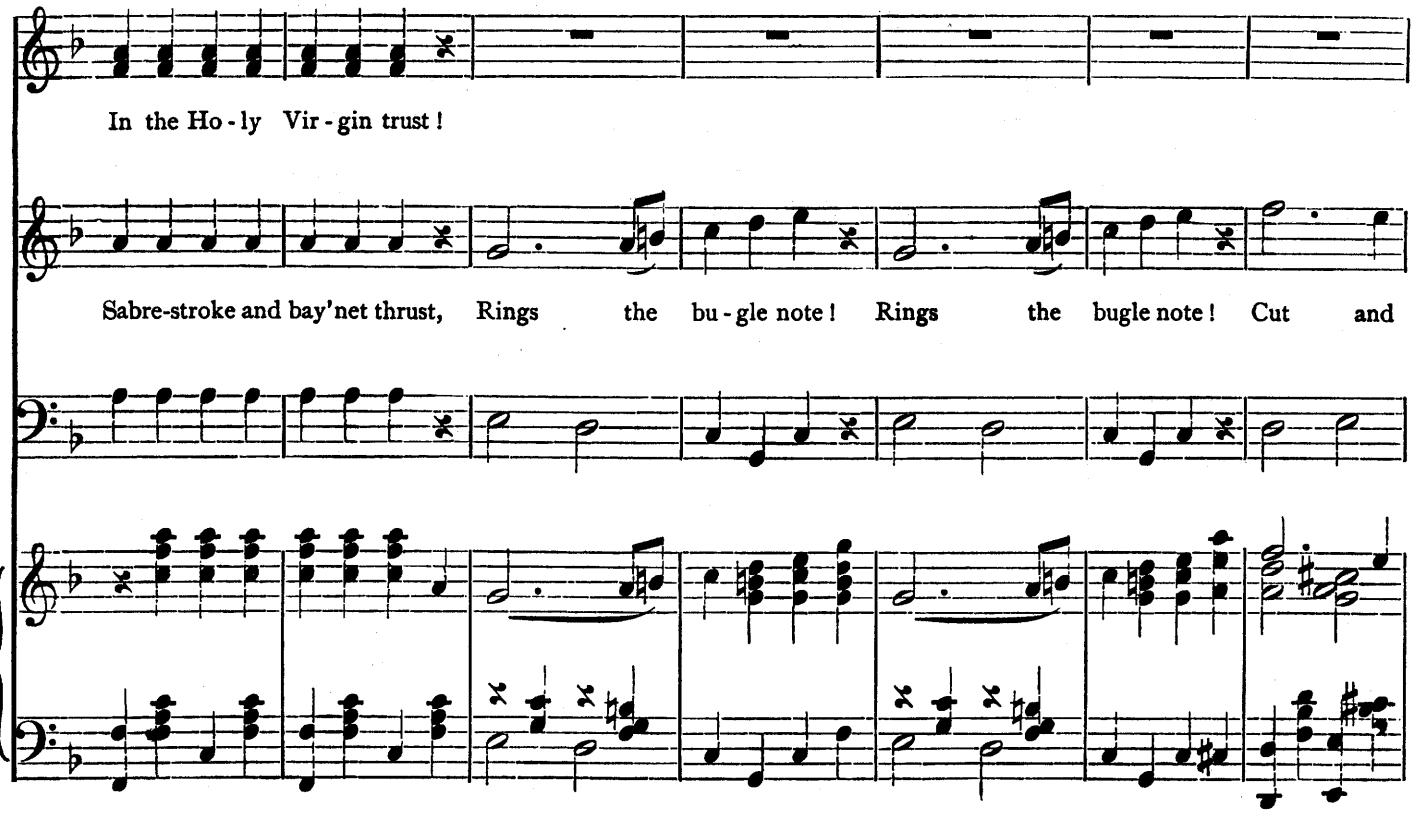

men, if die we must! Hark! the warn - ing bu - gle note is
f
sound - ing, Ring ing through the bat - tle's smoke and din; Clash of
thrust and clang of stroke re - sound - ing, Cheers us on, while life re - mains We'll ne'er give

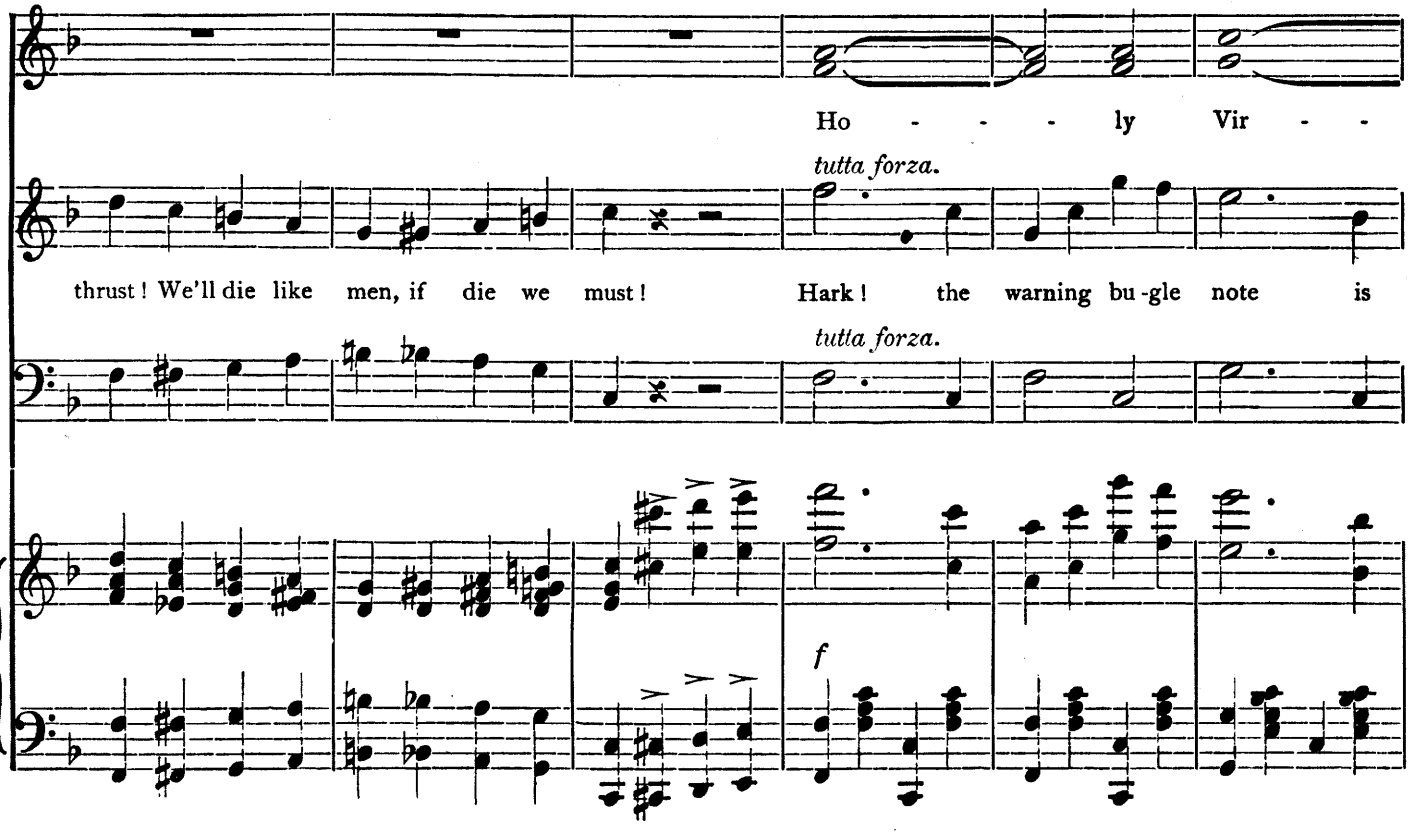

in ! Cut and thrust, cut and thrust, Cut and thrust, cut and thrust ! - - -
f
dim - in - u - en - do.

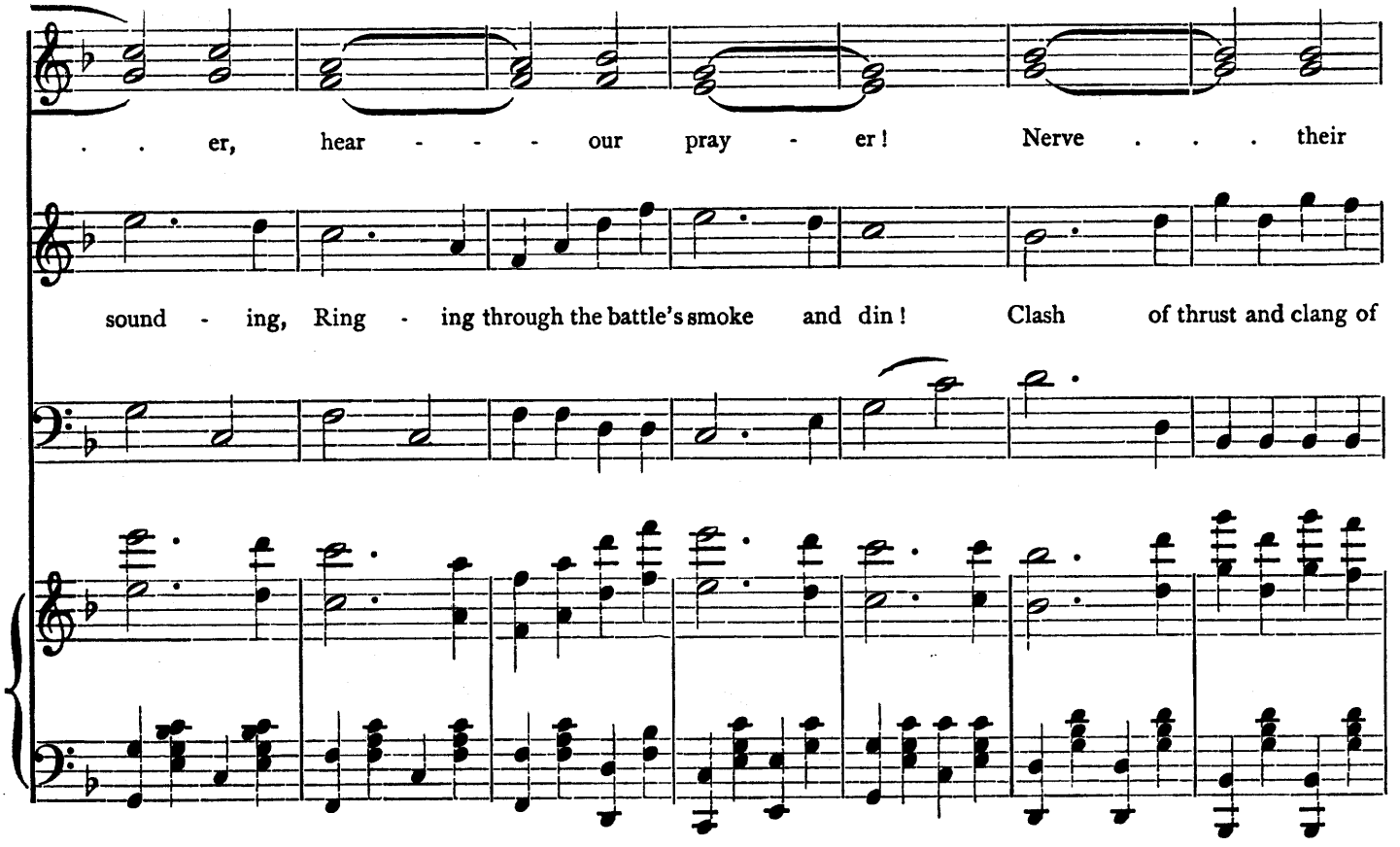

mf
dim.
p
Soprano.
Ho - ly Moth - er, hear our prayer !
Old Men.
Andante religioso.
p
Nerve their hearts, Their dear lives spare !
Weep - ing wom - en

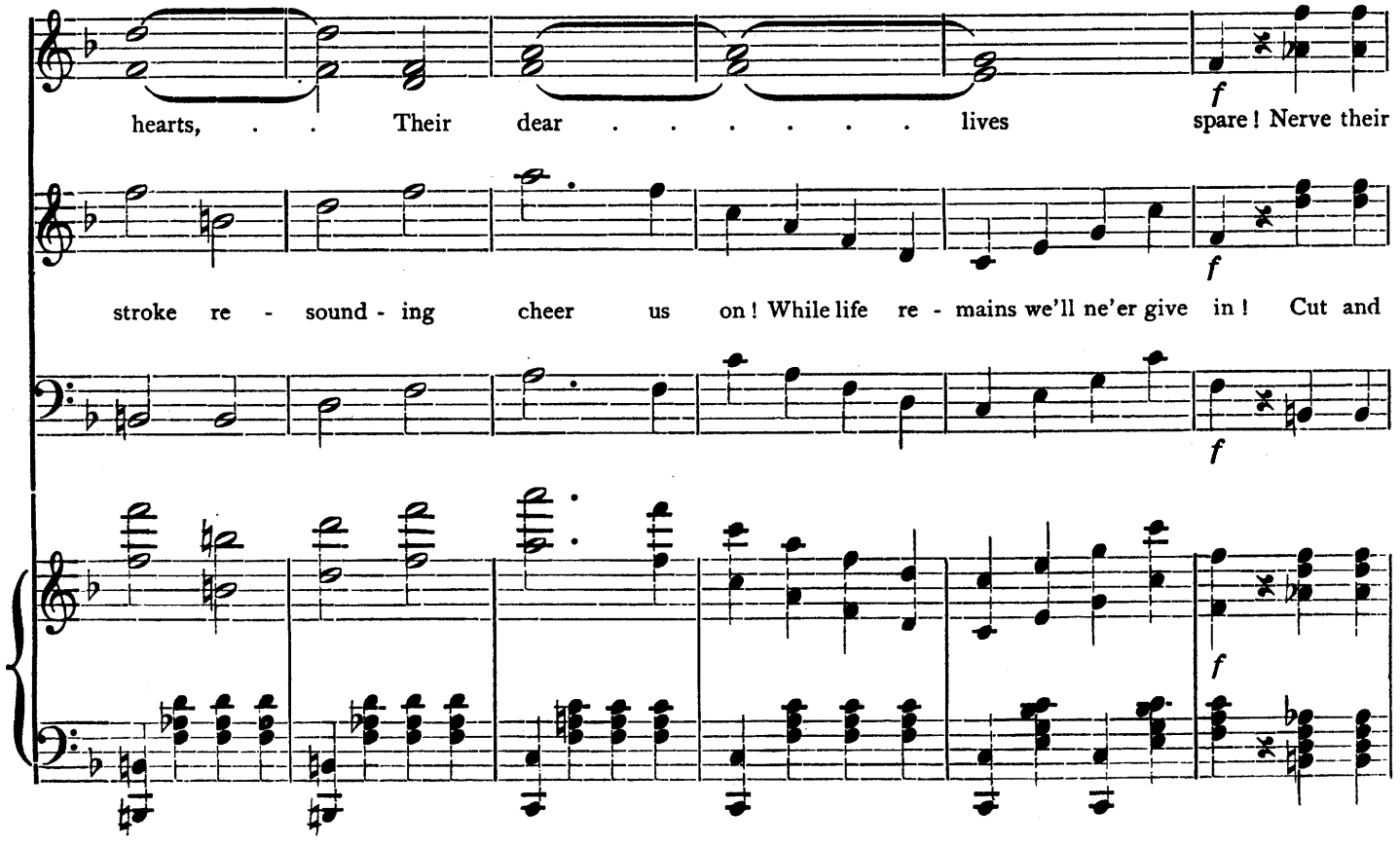

can but pray; Heav'n will guide the blood - y fray!
Ho - ly Moth - er! Hear our prayer! Nerve their hearts, Their
p
dear lives spare!

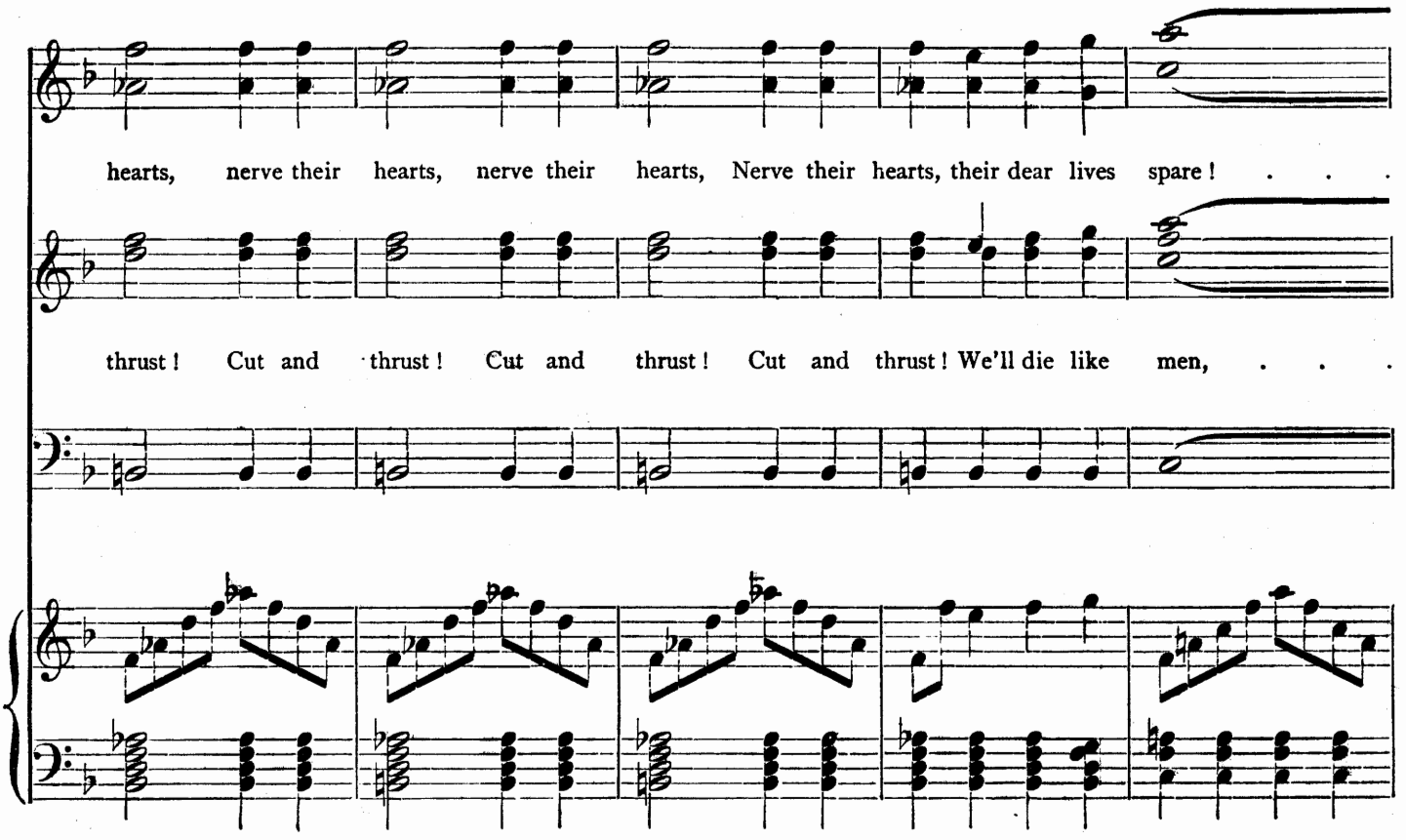

Allegro.
p
cres.
f
cres - cen -
- do. poco a
poco.
Add Sopranos.
Tenor.
In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust!
f
Cut and thrust! We'll die like men, if die we must! Cut and thrust, and
Bass.
f

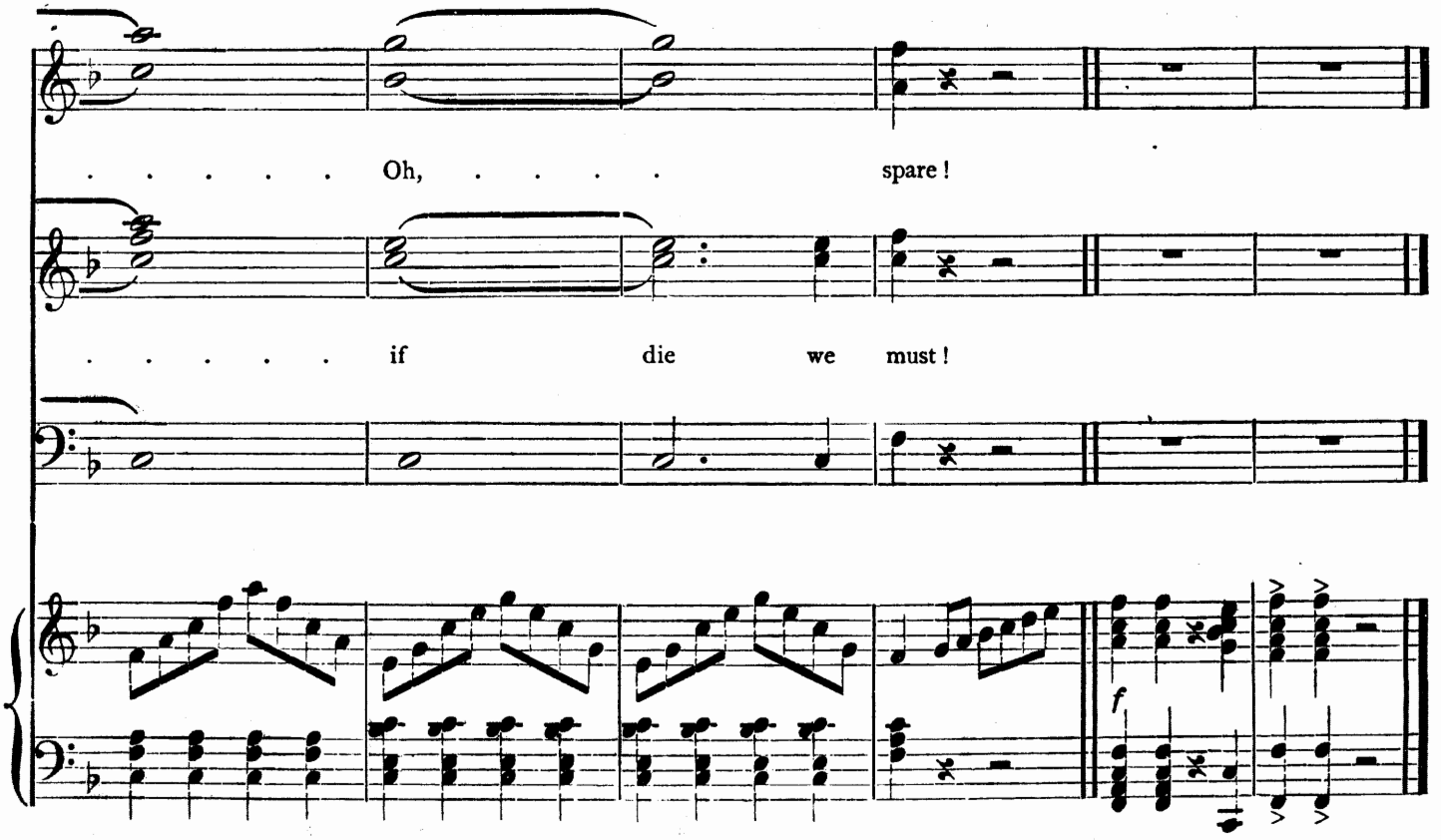

In the Ho - ly Vir - gin trust !
Sabre-stroke and bay'net thrust, Rings the bu - gle note ! Rings the bugle note ! Cut and


Ho - - - ly Vir - -
tutta forza.
thrust ! We'll die like men, if die we must ! Hark ! the warning bu - gle note is
tutta forza.
f


. . er, hear - - - our pray - er! Nerve . . . their
sound - ing, Ring - ing through the battle's smoke and din! Clash of thrust and clang of

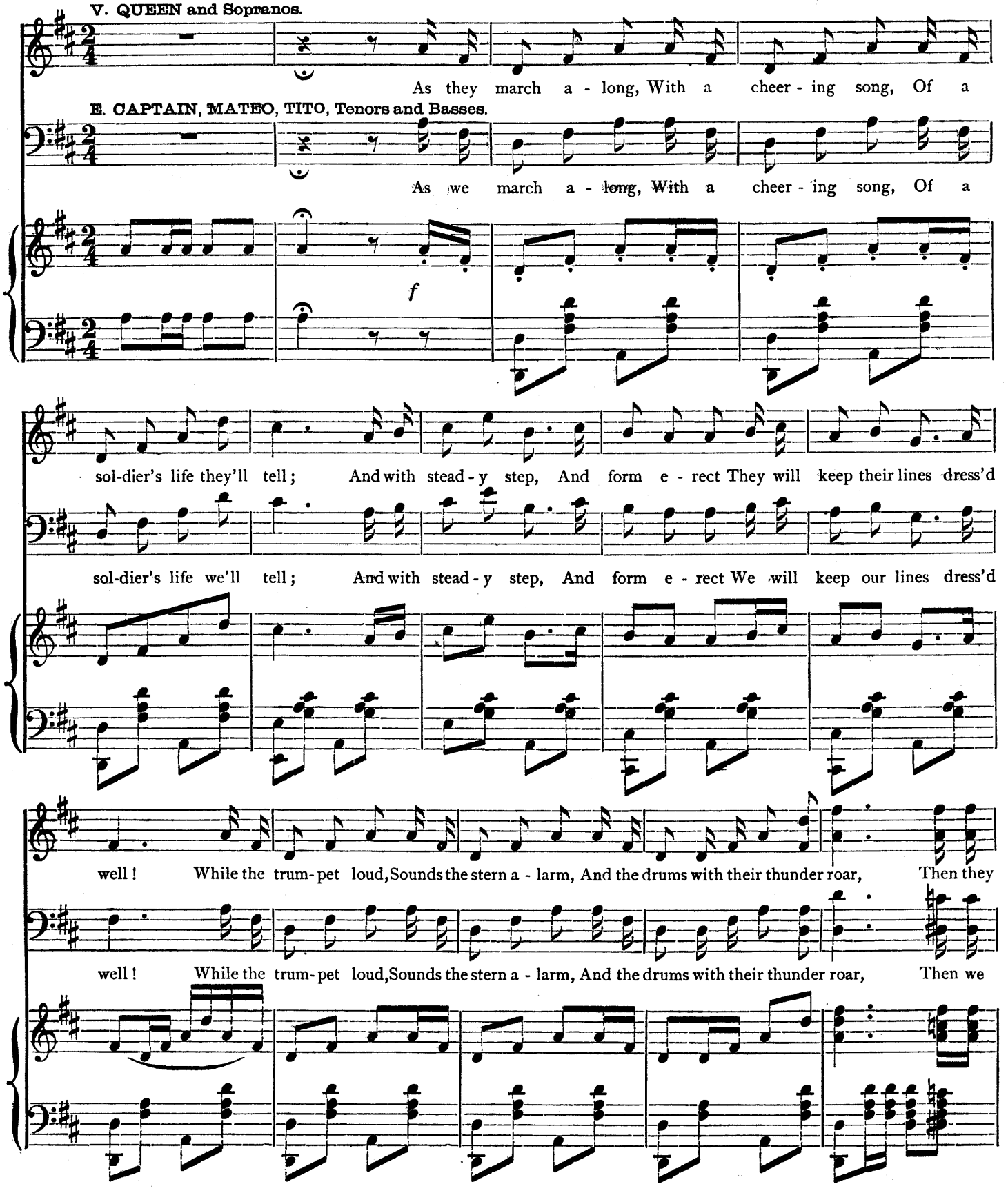

hearts, . . Their dear . . . . . lives
f
spare! Nerve their
stroke re - sound - ing cheer us on! While life re - mains we'll ne'er give in! Cut and
f
f
f

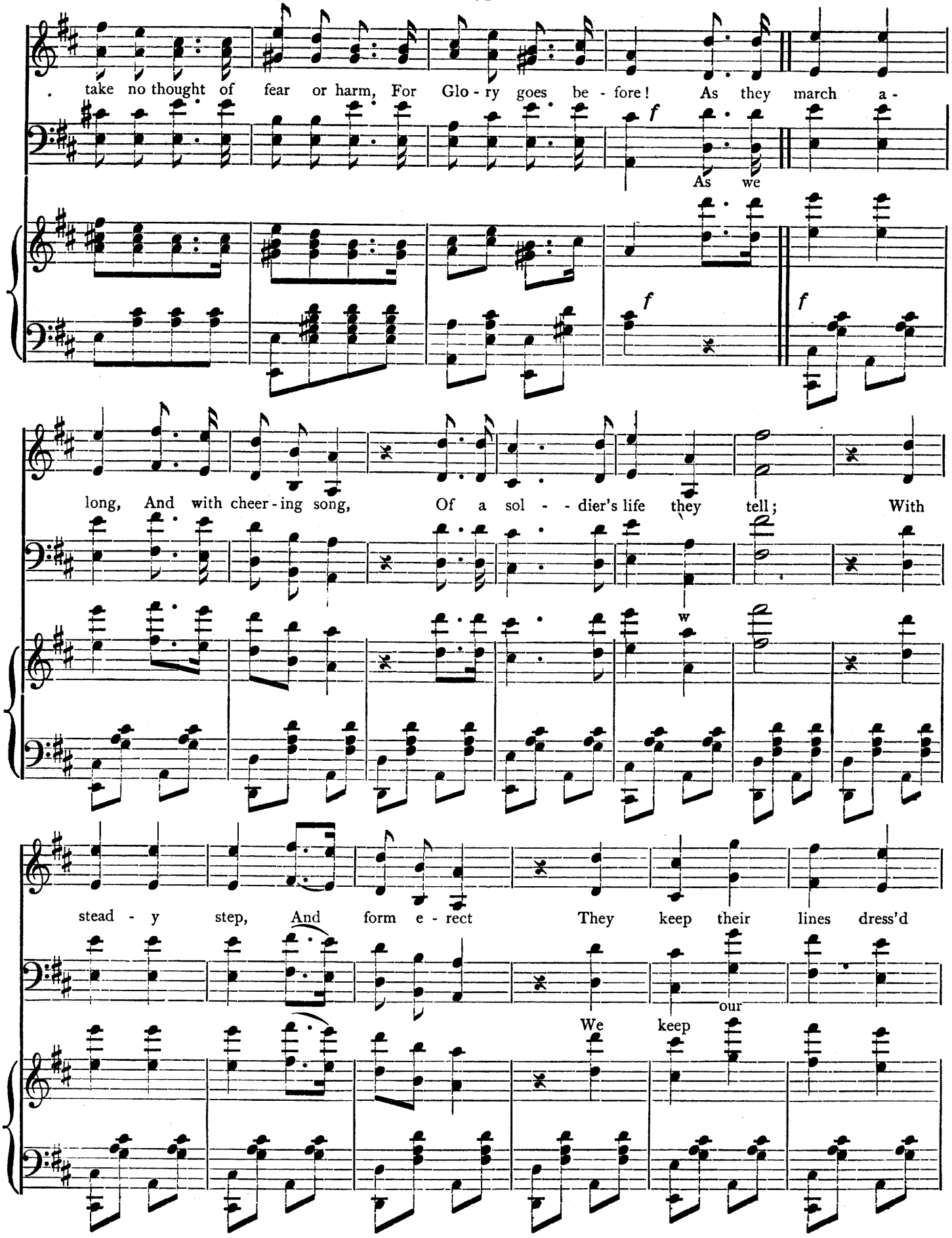

hearts, nerve their hearts, nerve their hearts, Nerve their hearts, their dear lives spare! . . .
thrust! Cut and thrust! Cut and thrust! Cut and thrust! We'll die like men, . . .

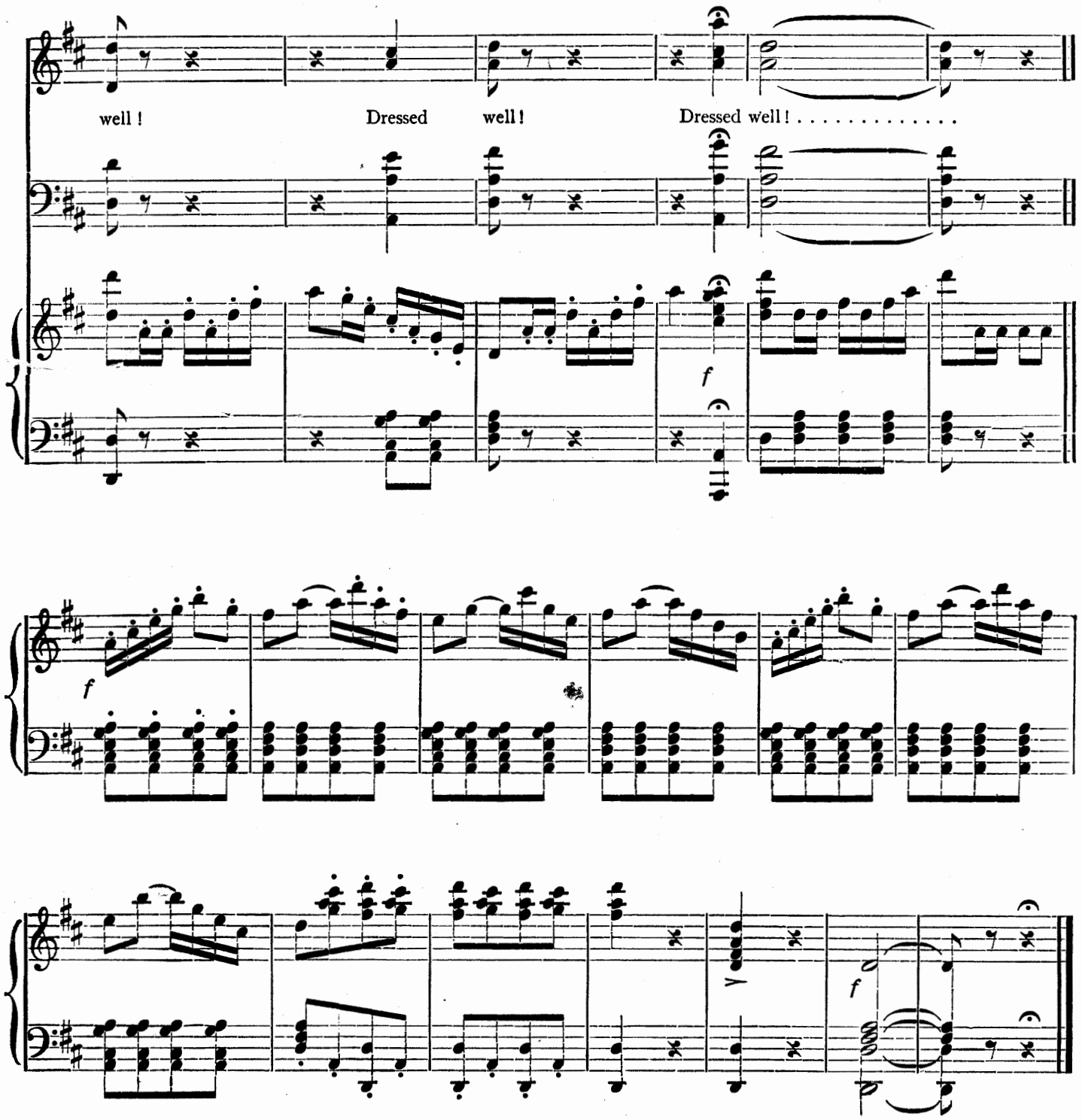

. . . . . Oh, ... spare!
. . . . . if die we must!
f

FINALE, "As they march along."

No. 22. PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.




take no thought of fear or harm, For Glo - ry goes be - fore! As they march a -
f
As we
f
f
long, And with cheer - ing song, Of a sol - - dier's life they tell; With
w
stead - y step, And form e - rect They keep their lines dress'd
We keep our



END OF THE OPERA.

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Philadelphia, Pa.