Vocal Score.

H. H. Deauville

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA

COMIC OPERA

COMPOSED BY

IN 3 ACTS

ALFRED CELLIER.

ENT. STA. HALL.

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Dedicated to

Sir Arthur Sullivan,

Alfred Cellier

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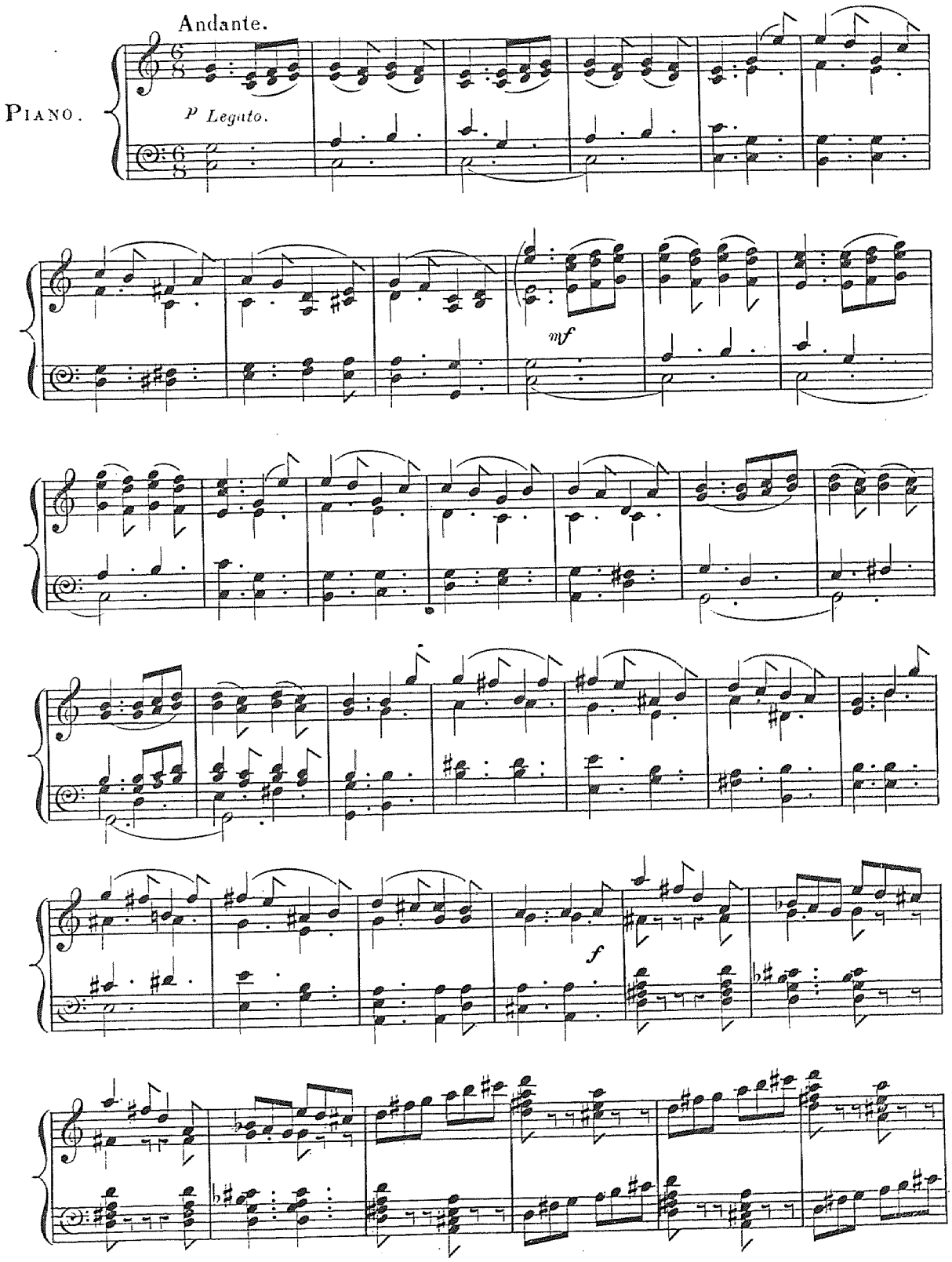
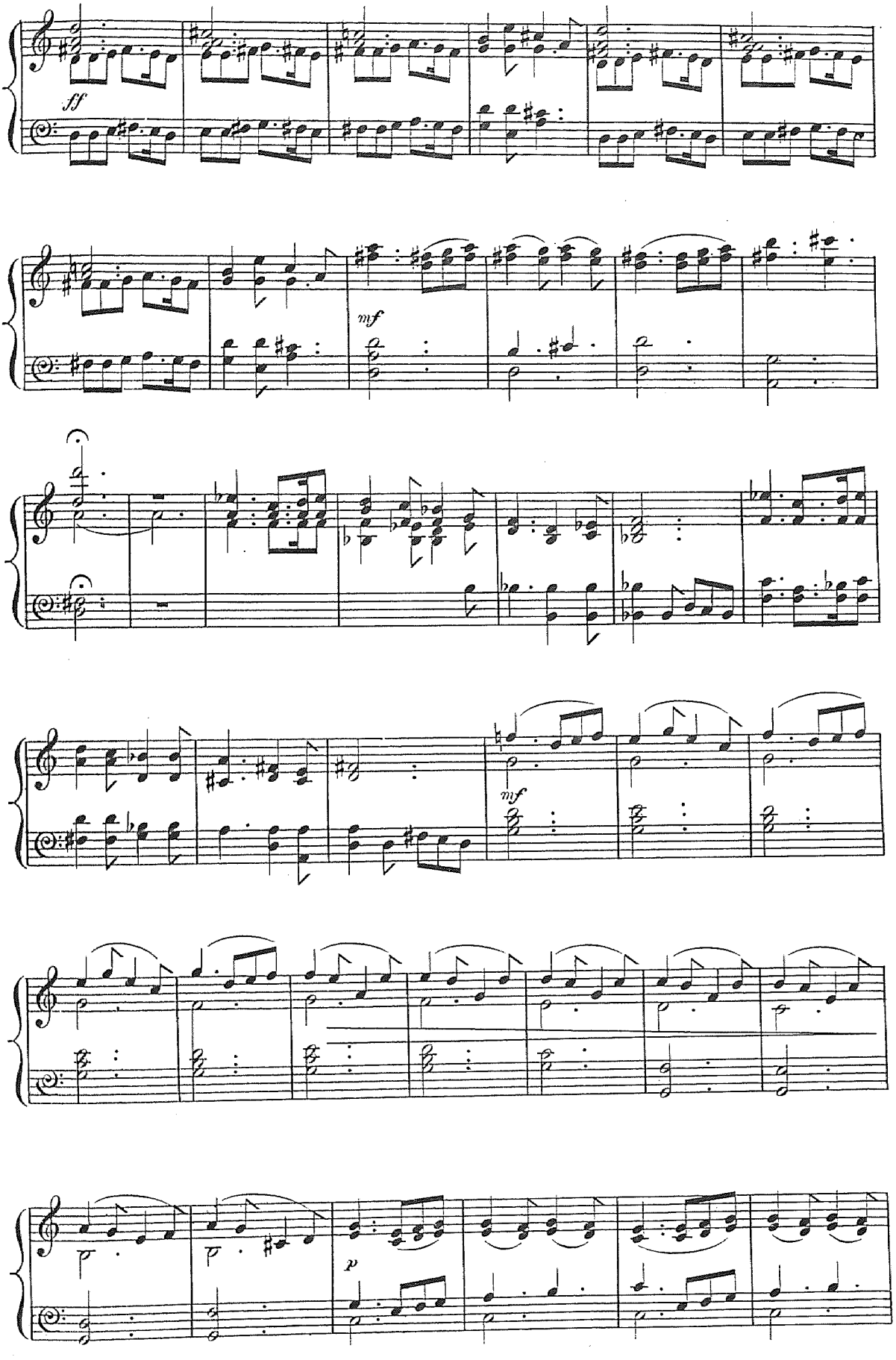
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

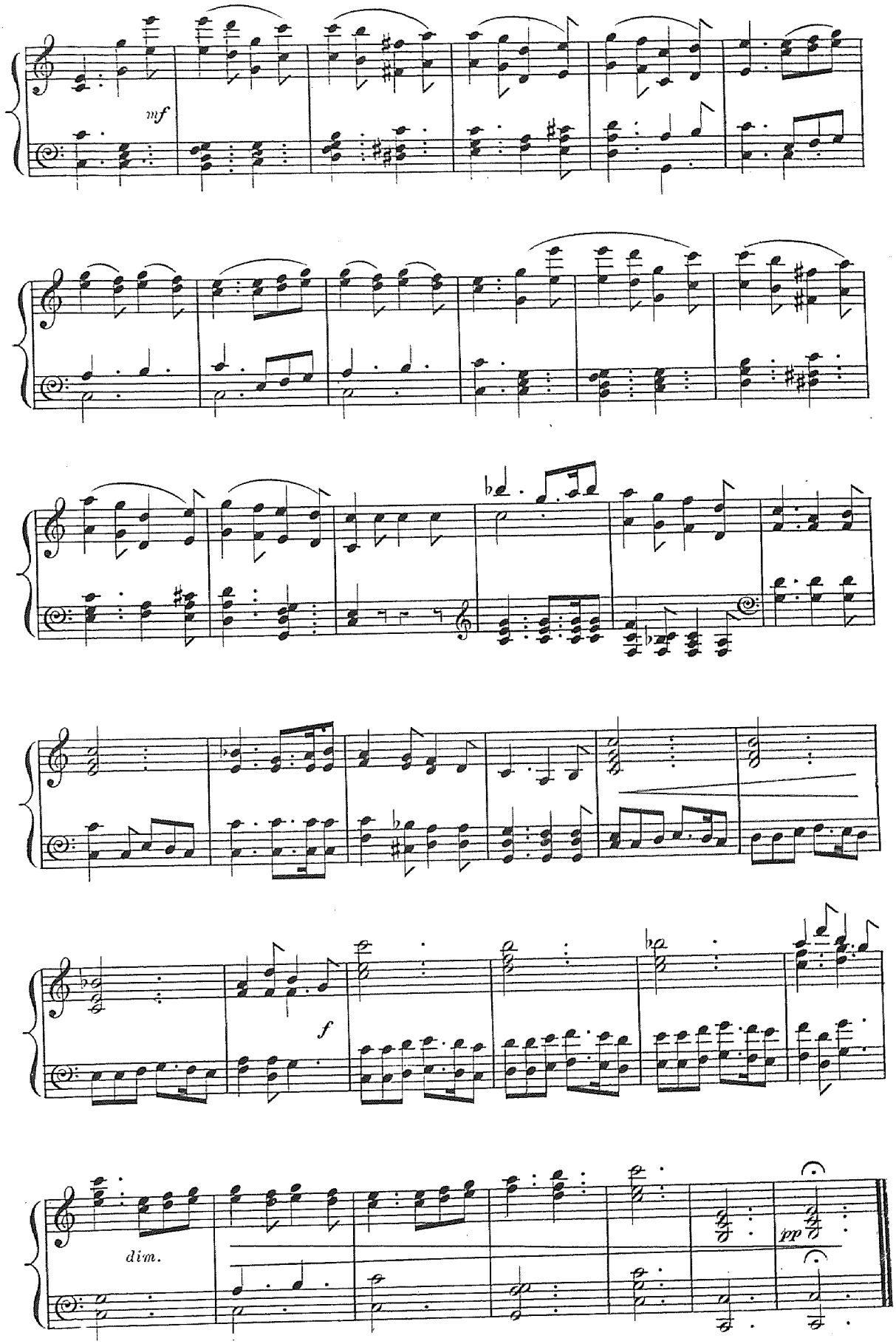
PASTORALE.

Prelude.

Alfred Cellier.



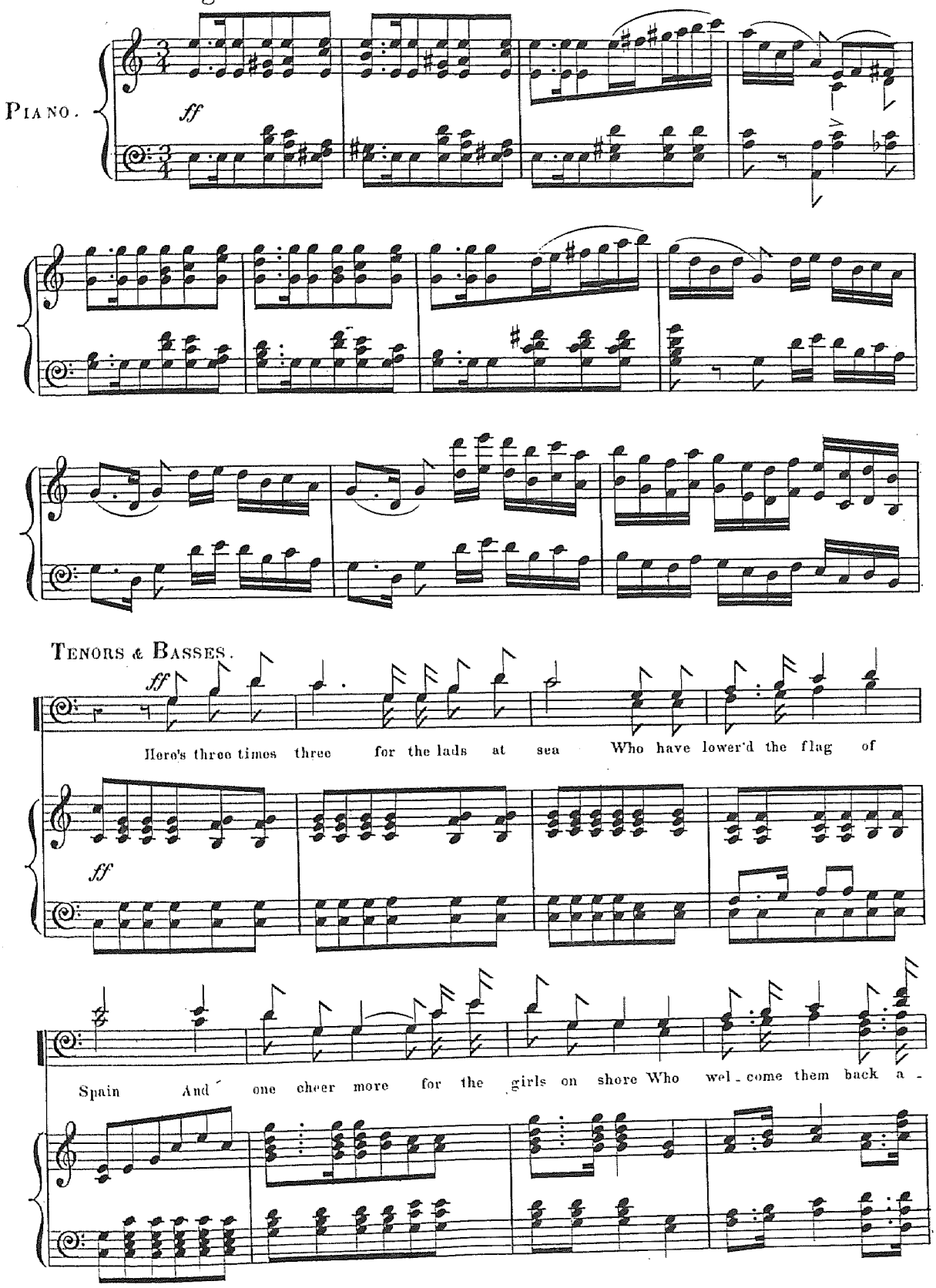

ff
mf
mf
p

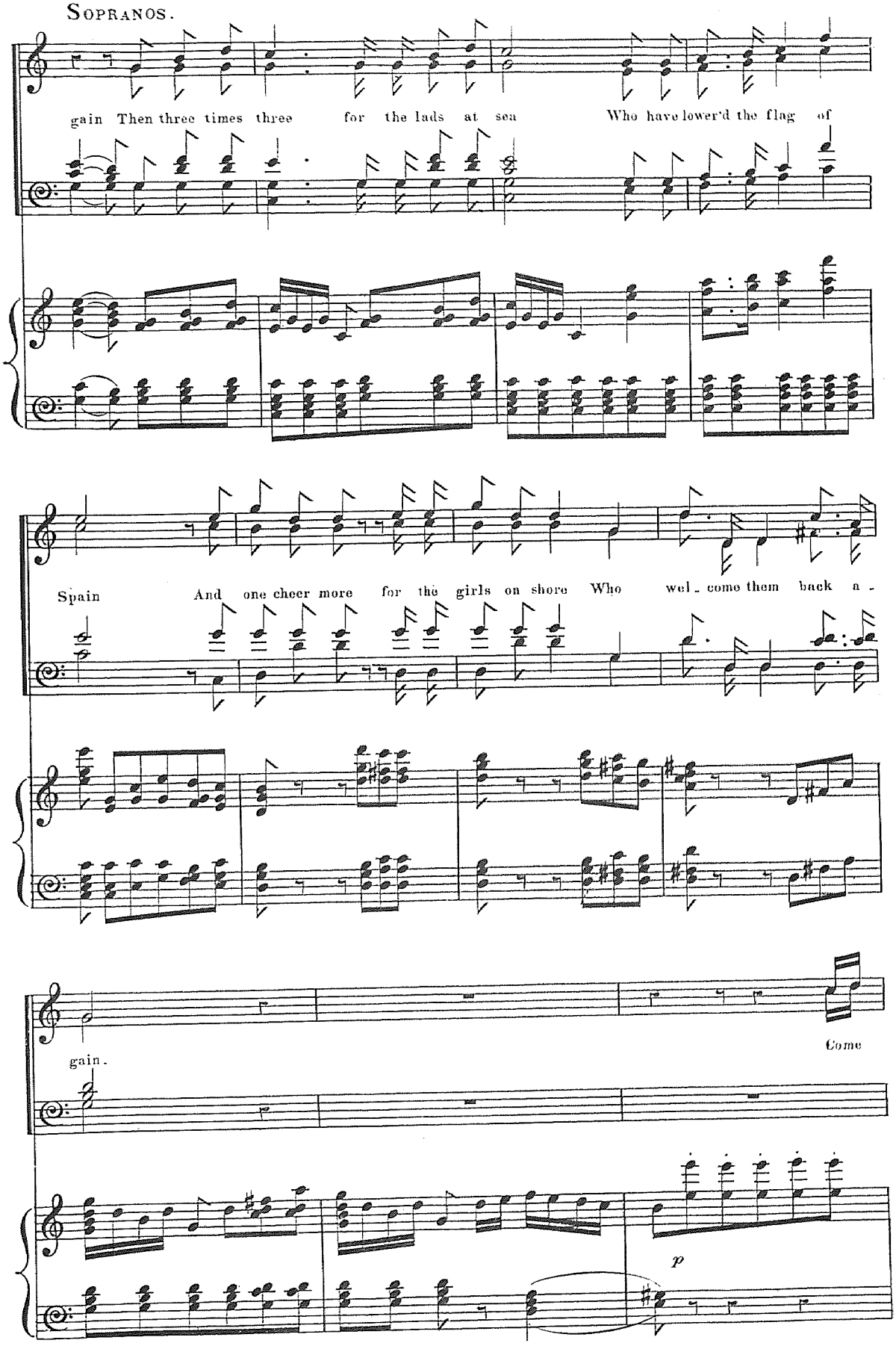

mf
f
dim.
pp

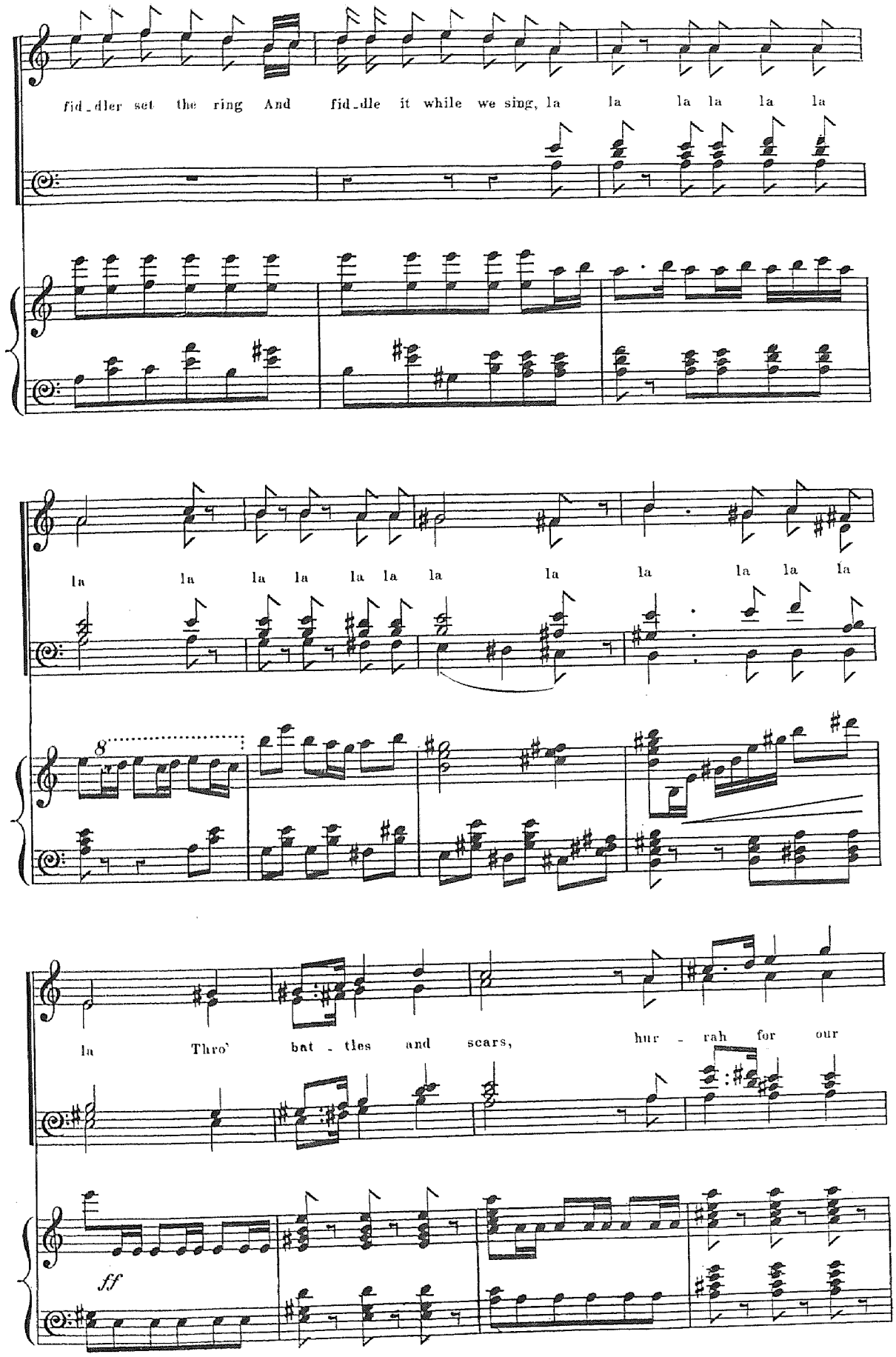
CHORUS.

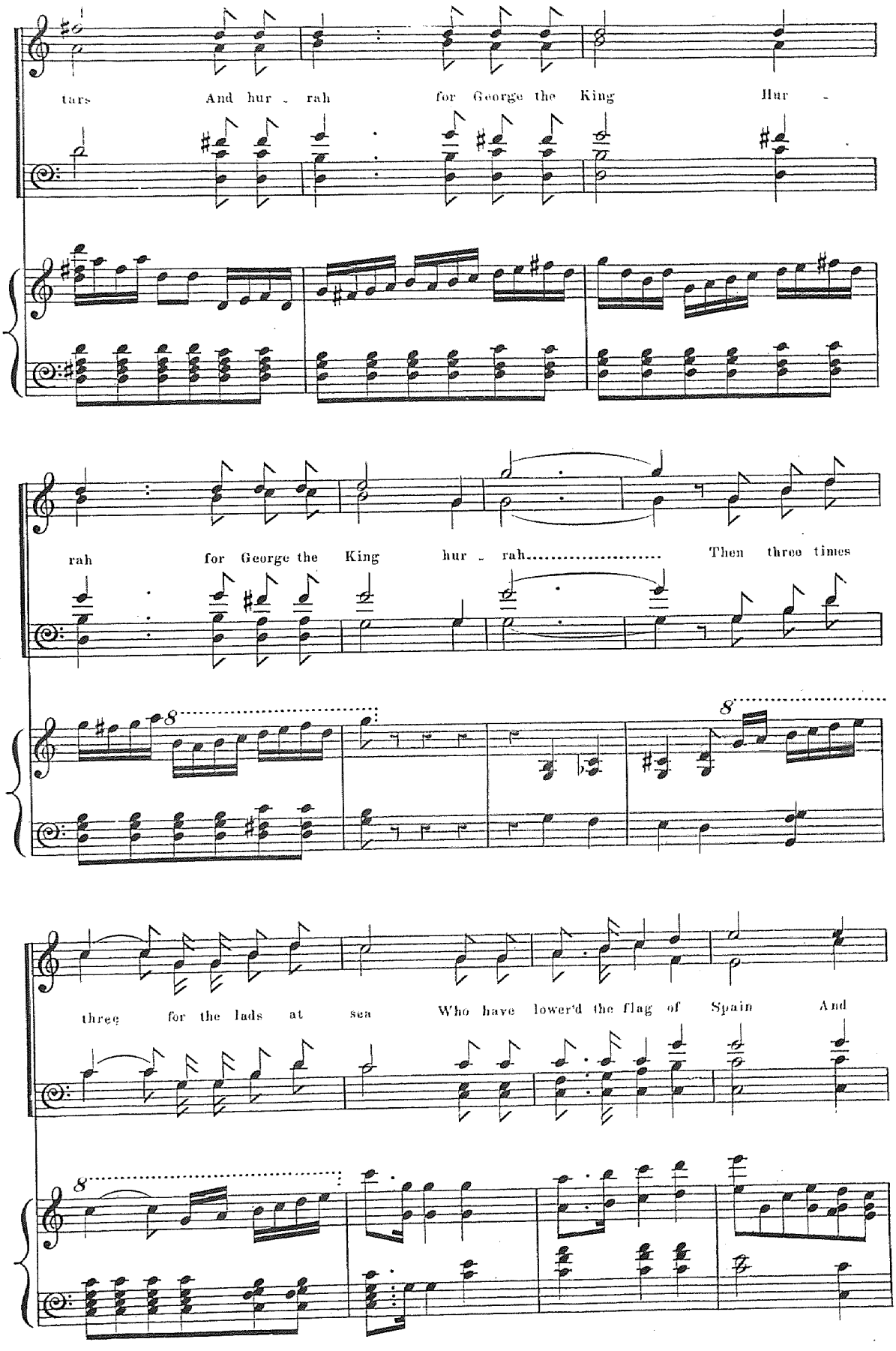
No. 1. Here's three times three.

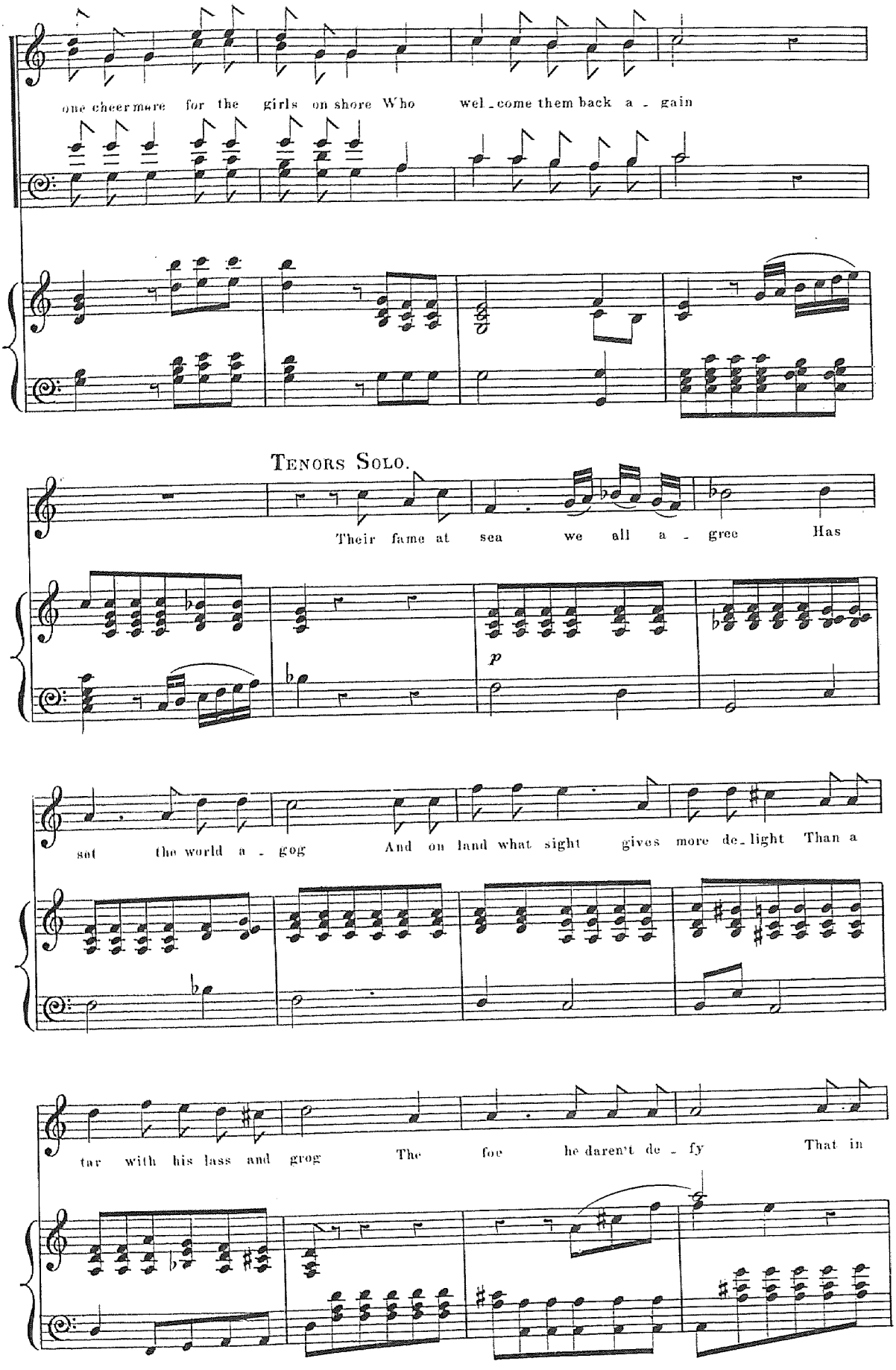
Allegro Moderato.

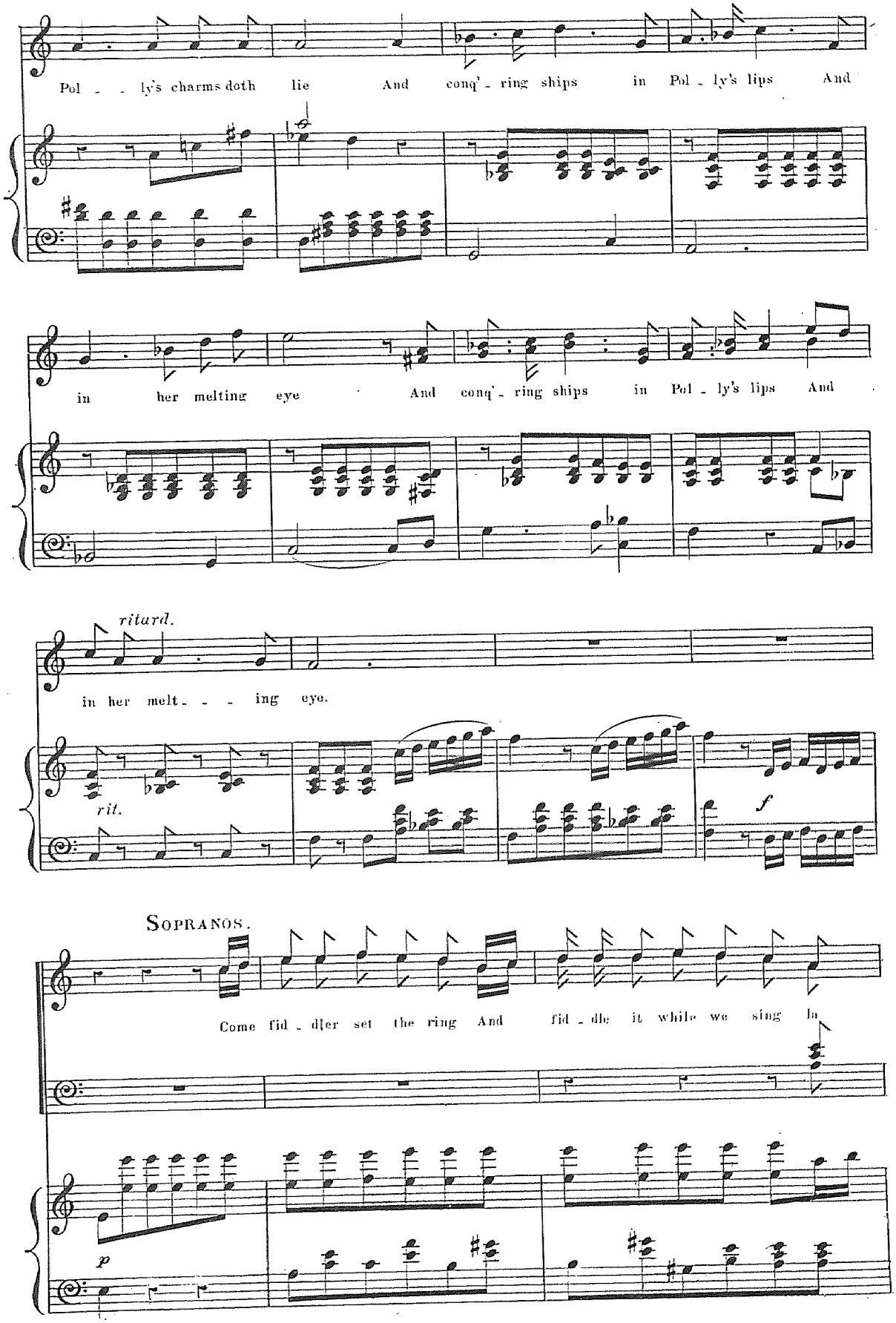


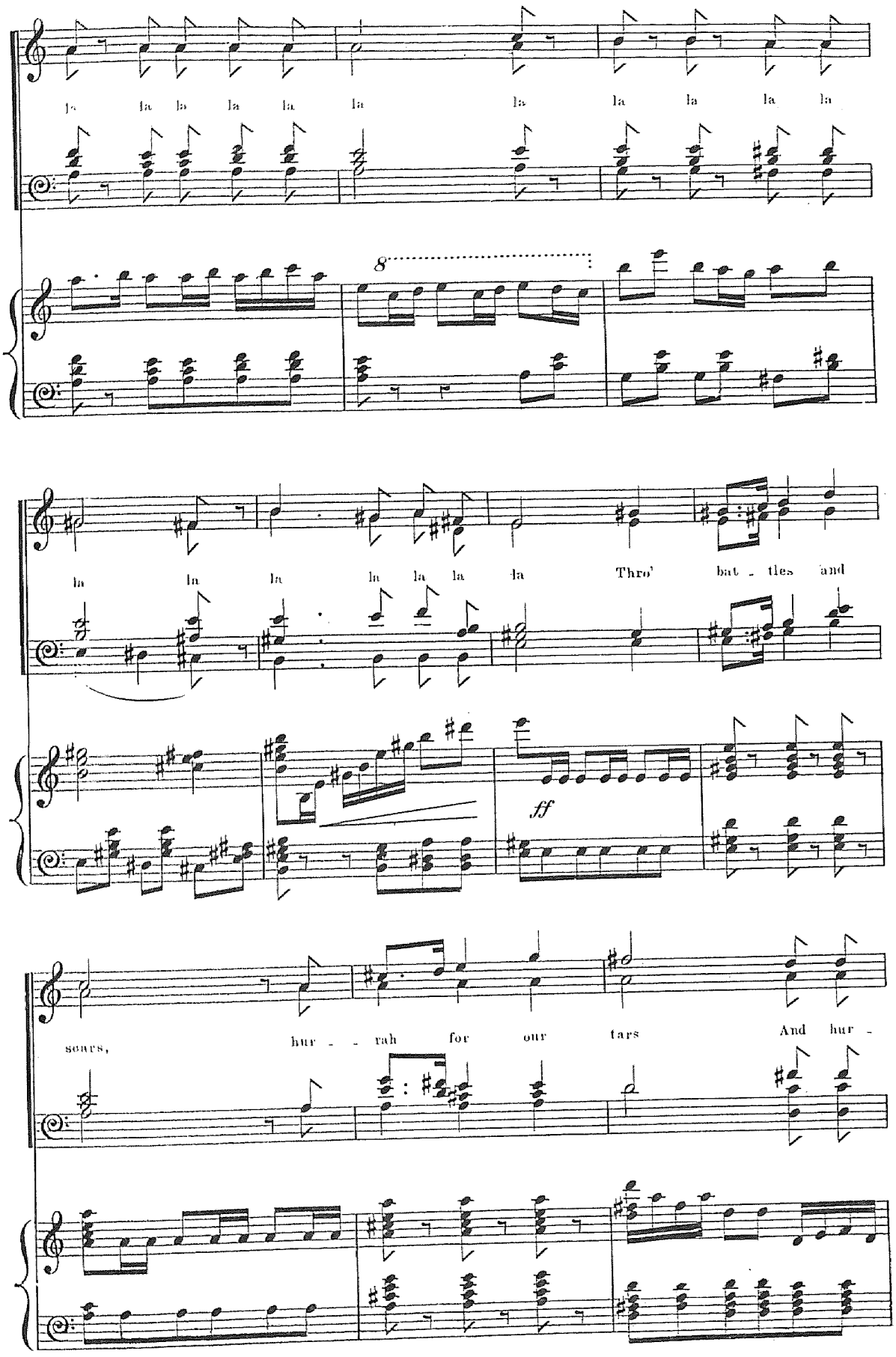

Sopranos.
gain Then three times three for the lads at sea Who have lower'd the flag of
Spain And one cheer more for the girls on shore Who wel - come them back a -
gain.
Come
p

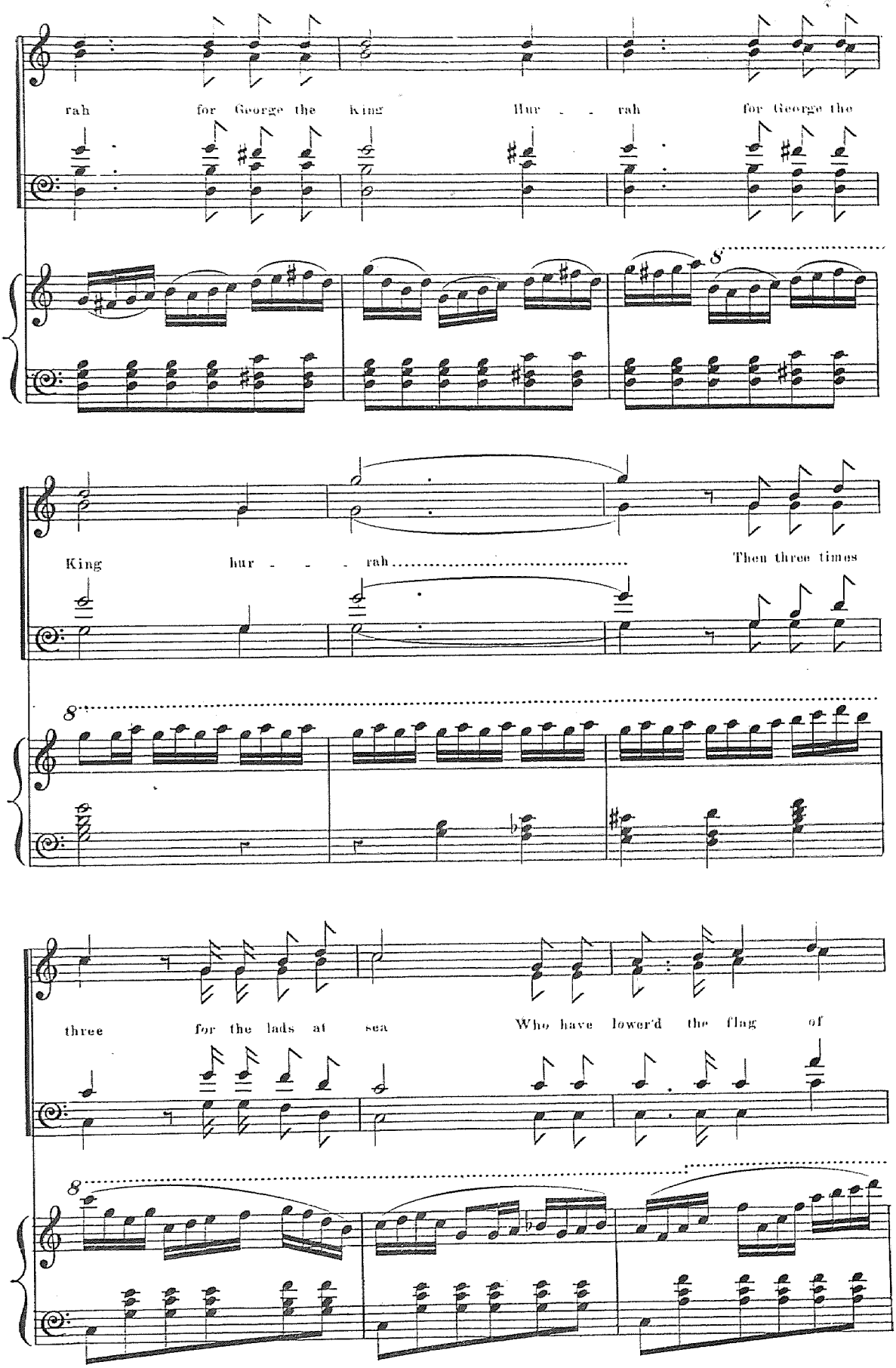

fid_dler set the ring And fid_dle it while we sing, la la la la la la
la la la la la la la la la la la la
8
la Thro' bat - tles and scars, hur - rah for our
ff

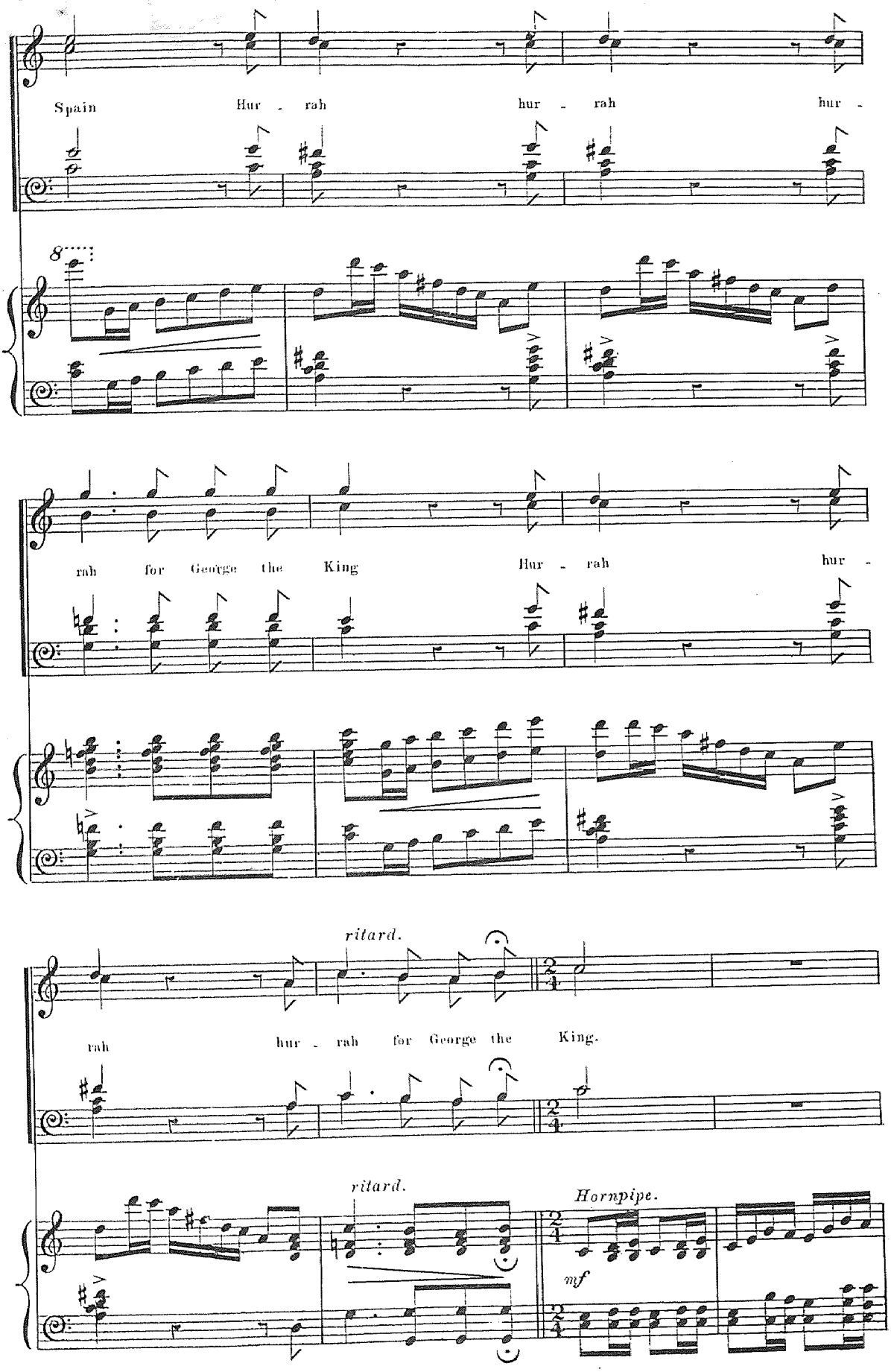

tars And hur - rah for George the King Hur -
rah for George the King hur - rah..... Then three times
three for the lads at sea Who have lower'd the flag of Spain And

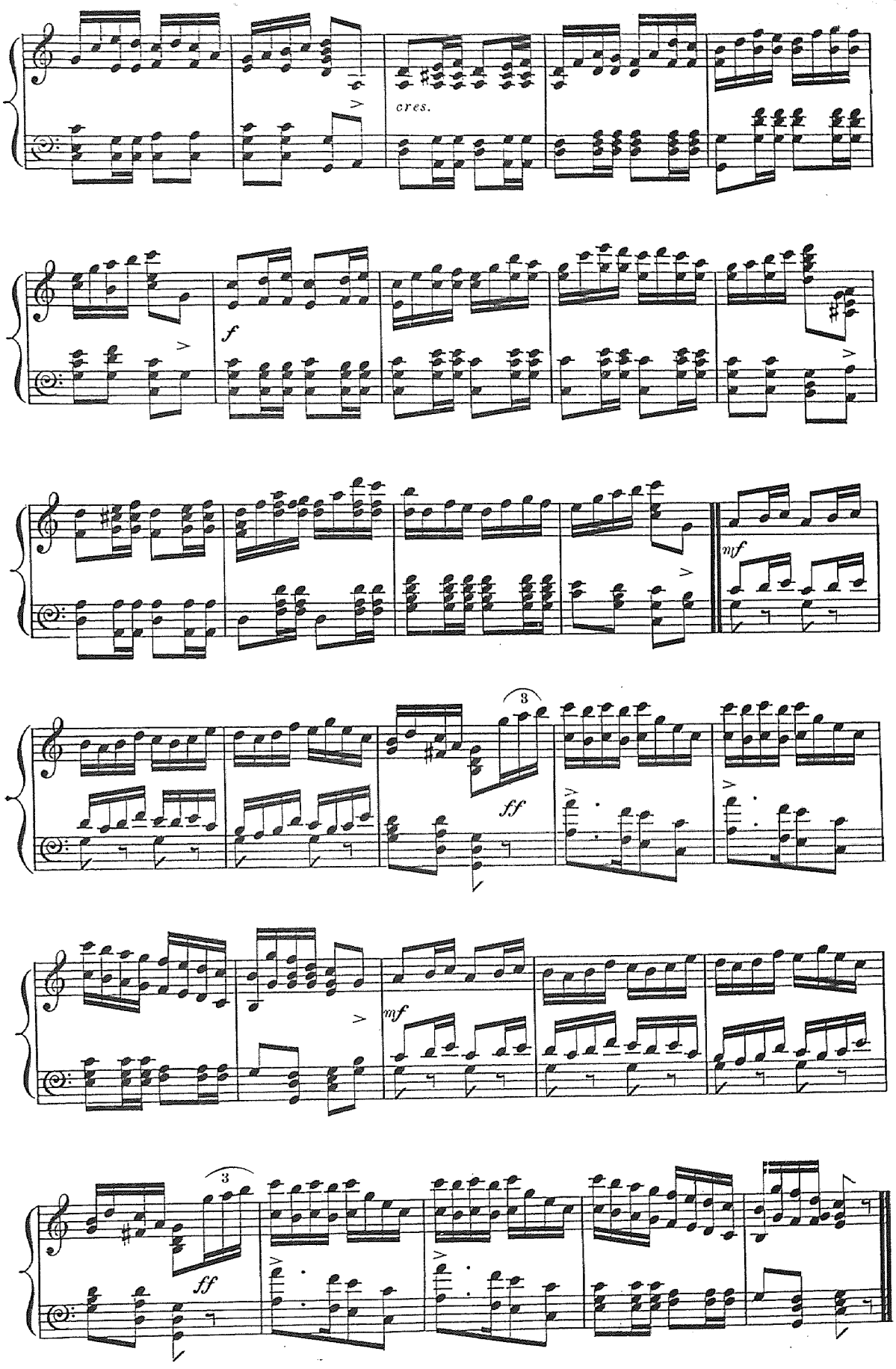

one cheer more for the girls on shore Who wel_come them back a_gain
TENORS SOLO.
Their fame at sea we all a_gree Has
p
sat the world a_gog And on land what sight gives more de_light Than a
tar with his lass and grog The foe he daren't de_fy That in


Pol - - ly's charms doth lie And conq'- ring ships in Pol - ly's lips And
in her melting eye And conq'- ring ships in Pol - ly's lips And
ritard.
in her melt- - - ing eye.
rit.
f
SOPRANOS.
Come fid - dler set the ring And fid - dle it while we sing la
p


la la la la la la la la la la la la
8
la la la la la la Thro' bat - tles and
ff
scars, hur - - rah for our tars And hur -


rah for George the King Hur - - rah for George the
8
King hur - - - rah..... Then three times
8
three for the lads at sea Who have lower'd the flag of
8


Spain
Hur - rah
hur - rah
hur -
8
rah
for George the
King
Hur - rah
hur -
ritard.
rah
hur - rah
for George the
King.
ritard.
Hornpipe.
mf

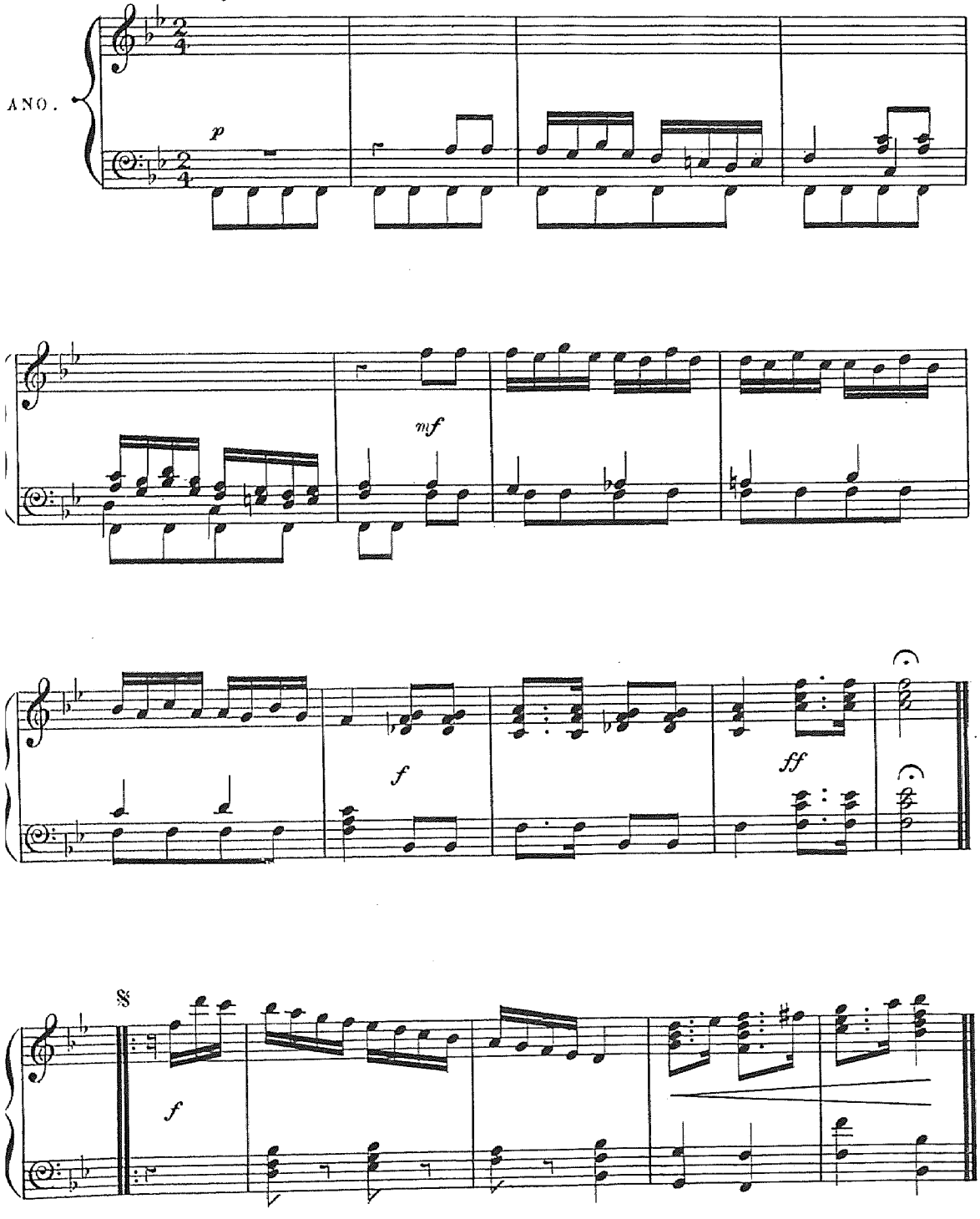

cres.
f
mf
3
ff
mf
3
ff

SONG.

Let the Lords of legislation.

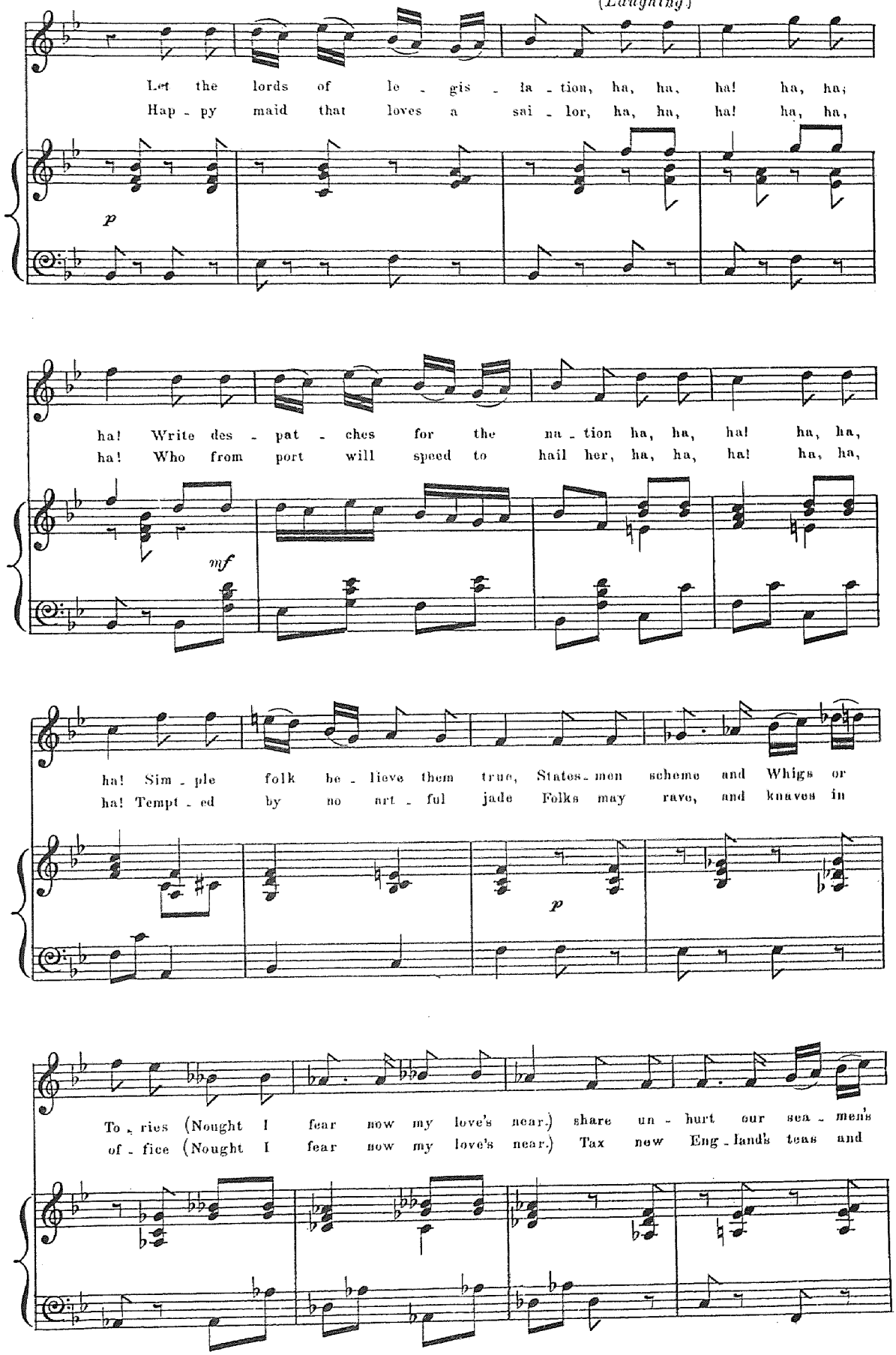
No 2.

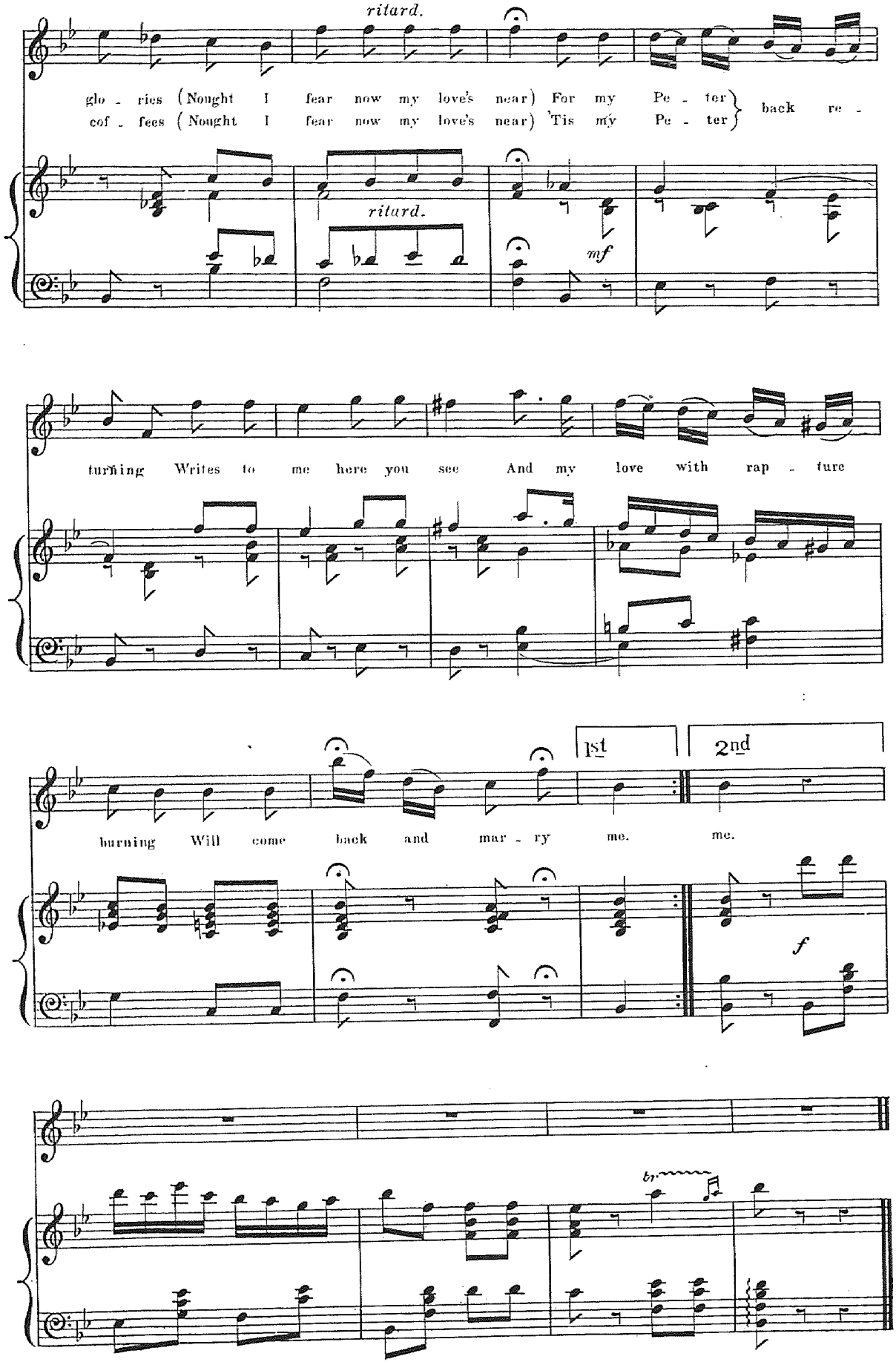
Tempo di Polka.



DOLLY.

(Laughing)

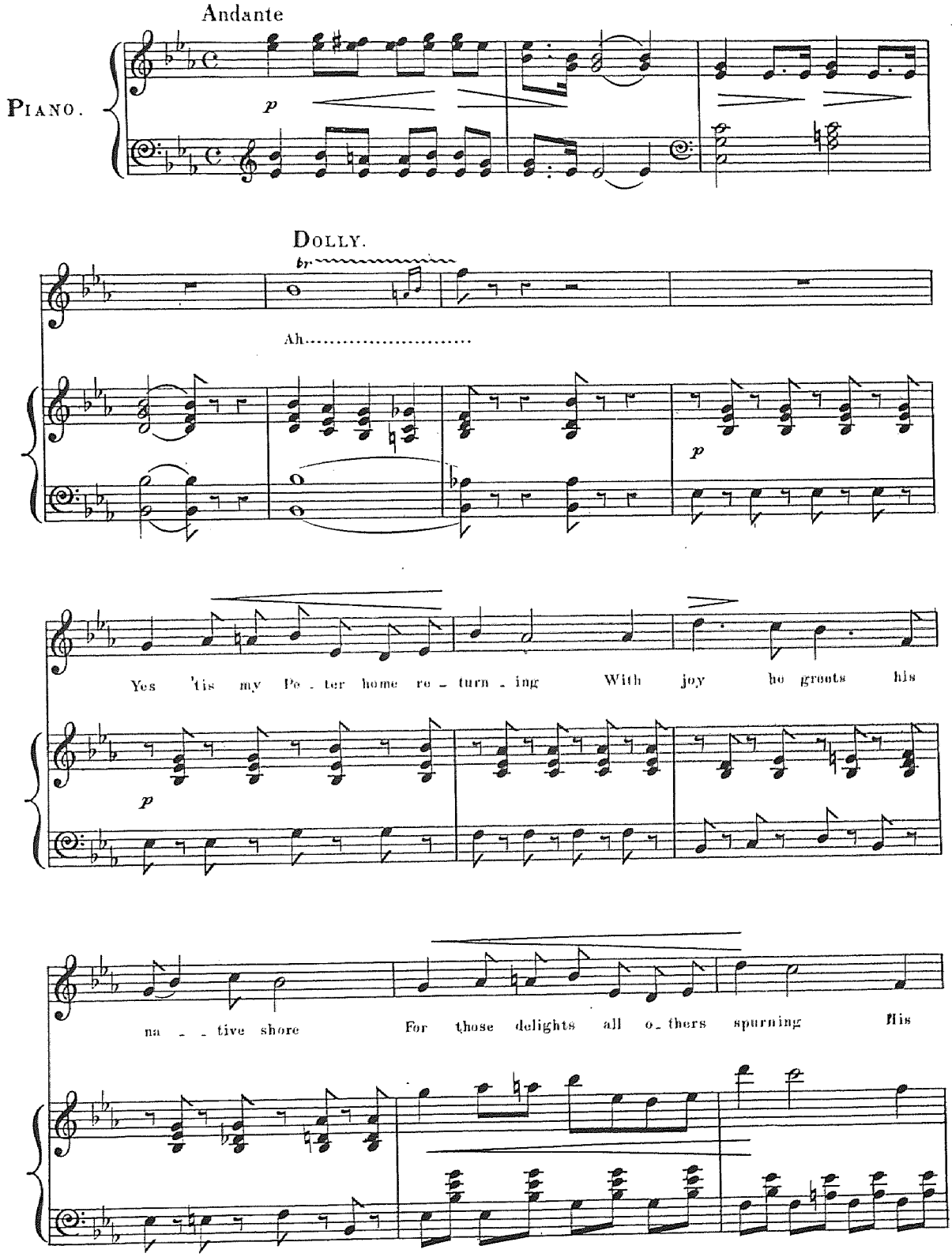


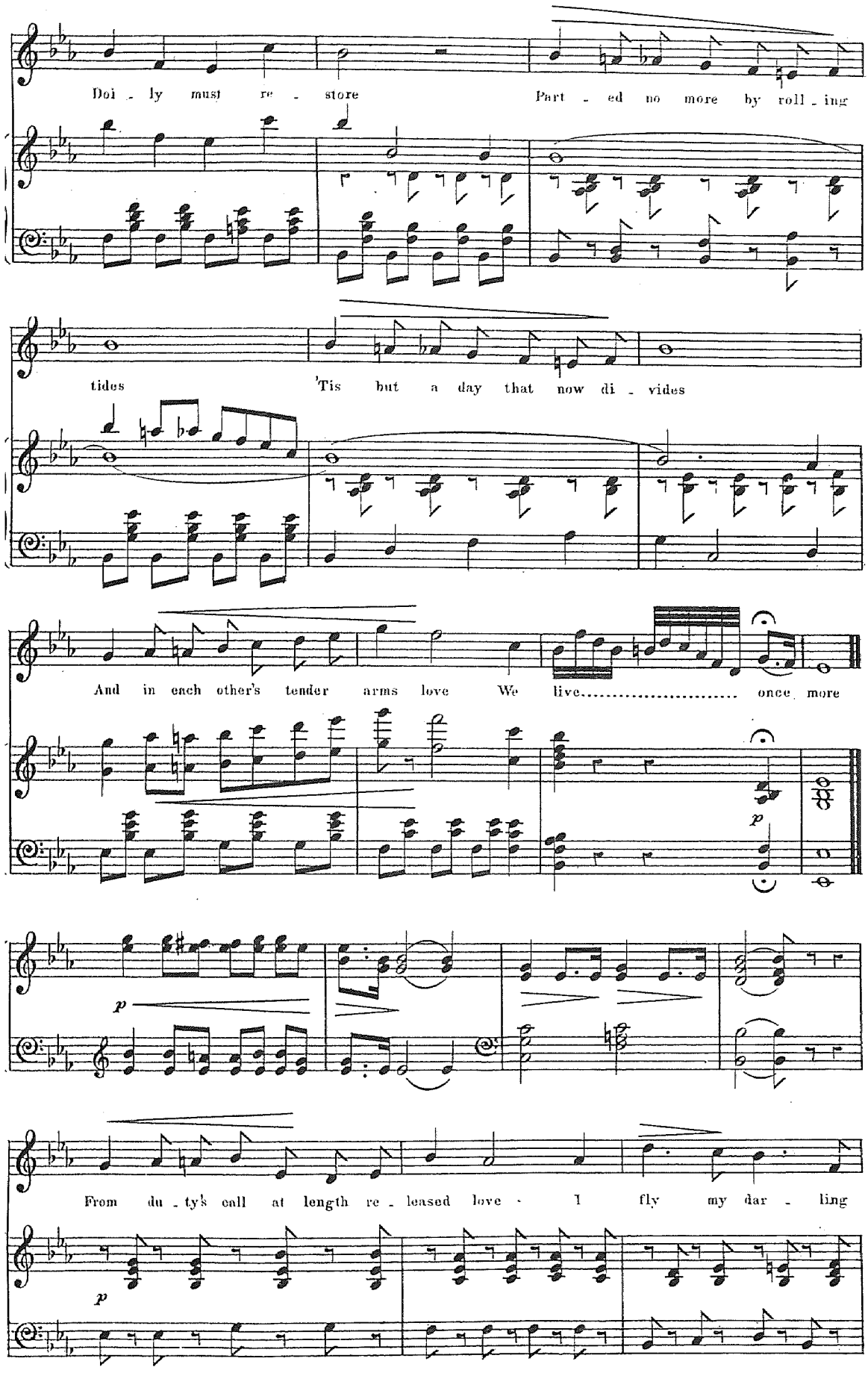

ritard.
glo - ries (Nought I fear now my love's near) For my Pe - ter
cof - fees (Nought I fear now my love's near) 'Tis my Pe - ter
back re -
ritard.
mf
turning Writes to me here you see And my love with rap - ture
burning Will come back and mar - ry me. me.
1st
2nd
f
tr

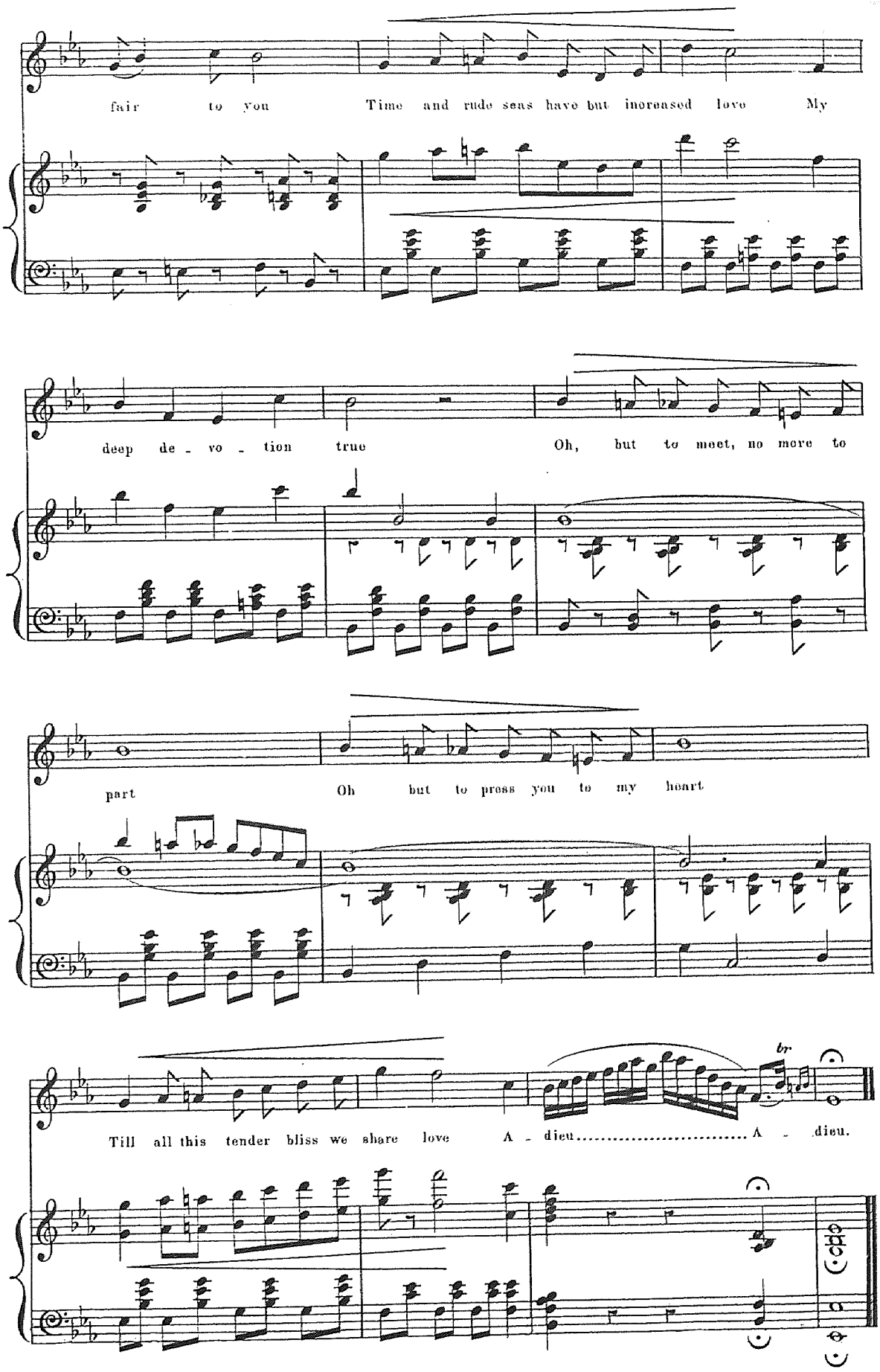
BALLAD.

The Letter.

No 3.



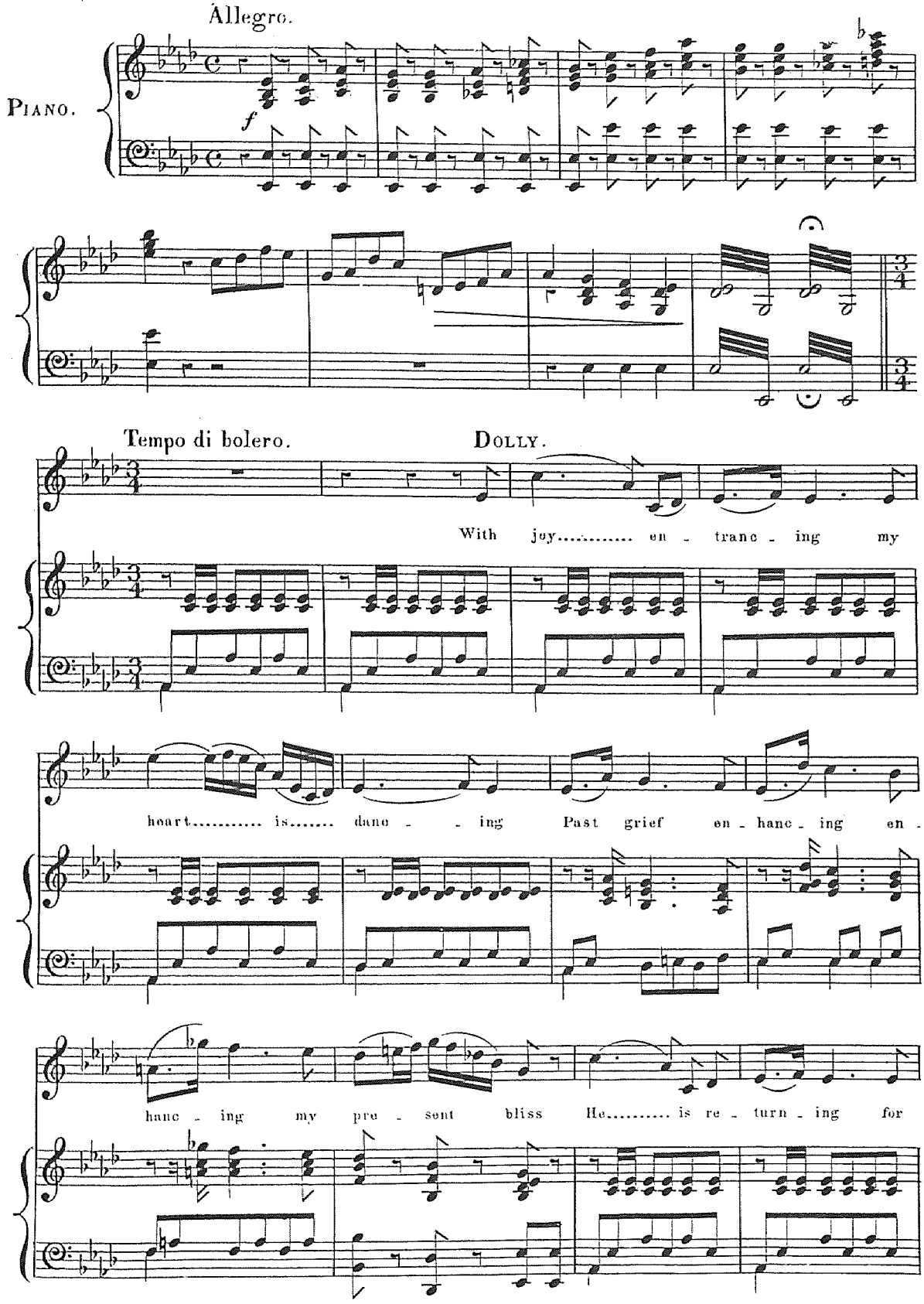

Doi - ly must re - store
Part - ed no more by roll - ing
tides
'Tis but a day that now di - vides
And in each other's tender arms love We live..... once more
p
p
From du - ty's call at length re - leased love - I fly my dar - ling
p

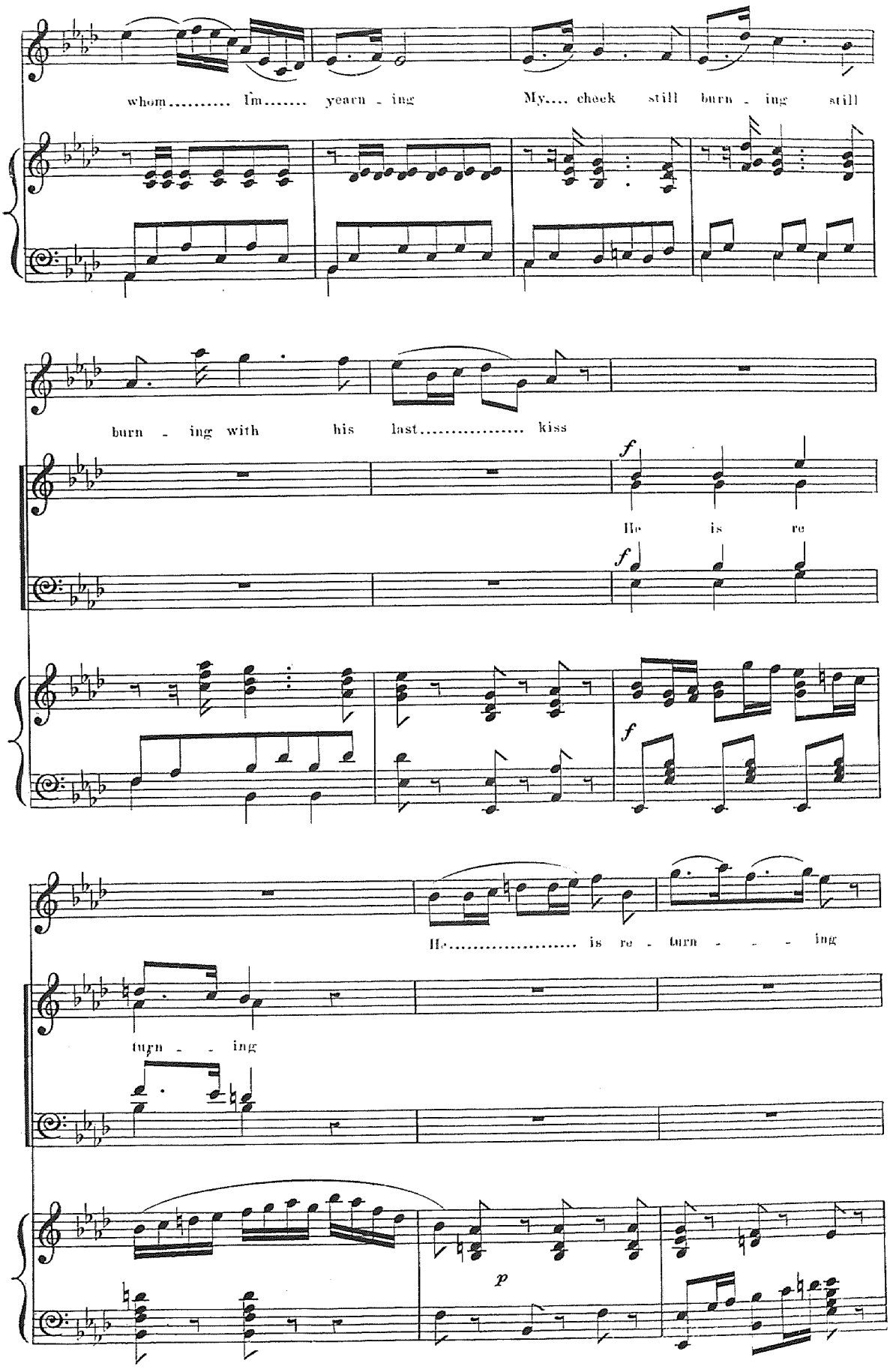

fair to you Time and rude seas have but increased love My
deep de - vo - tion true Oh, but to meet, no more to
part Oh but to press you to my heart
br
Till all this tender bliss we share love A - dieu..... A - dieu.

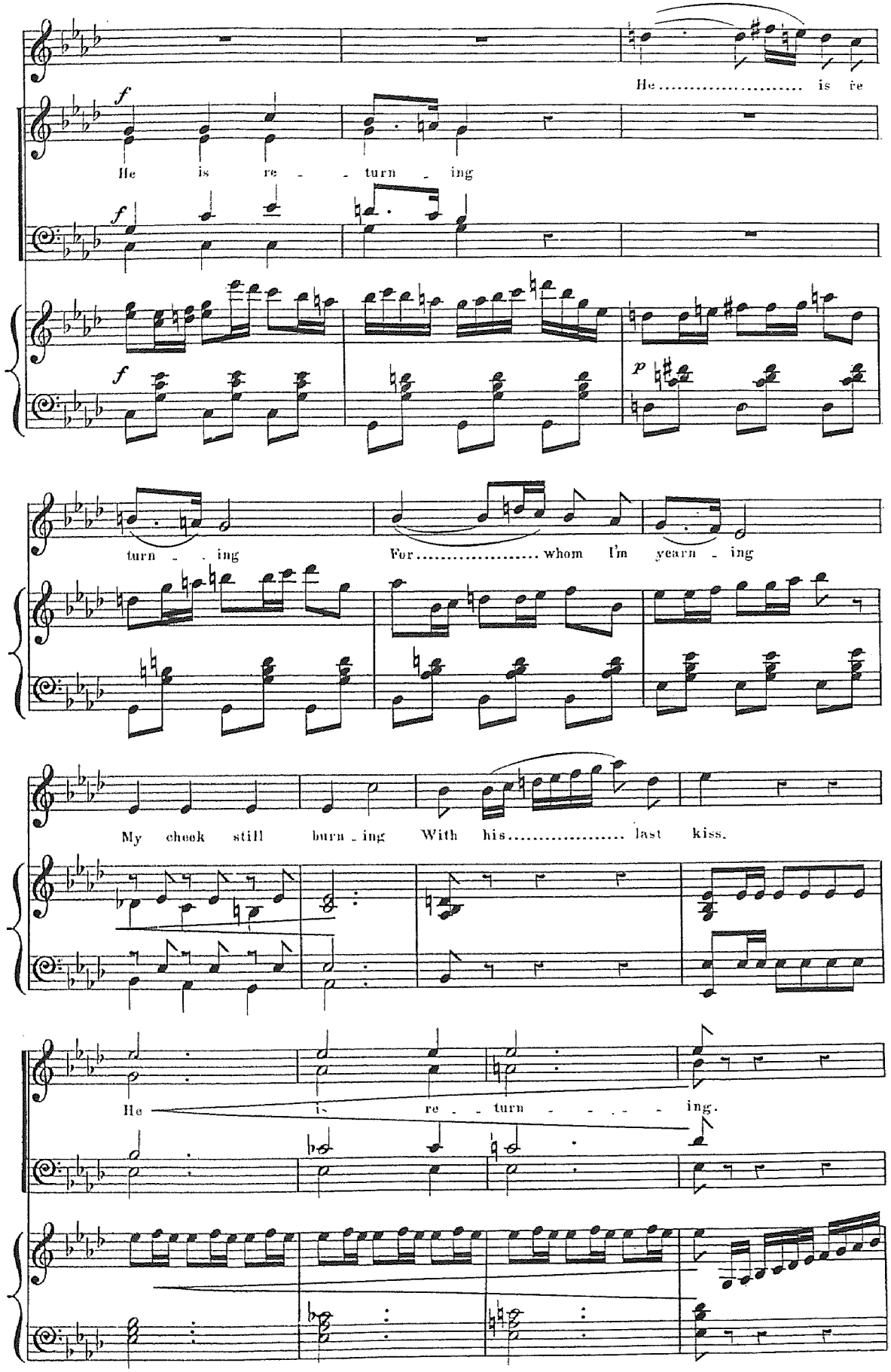
SOLO & CHORUS.

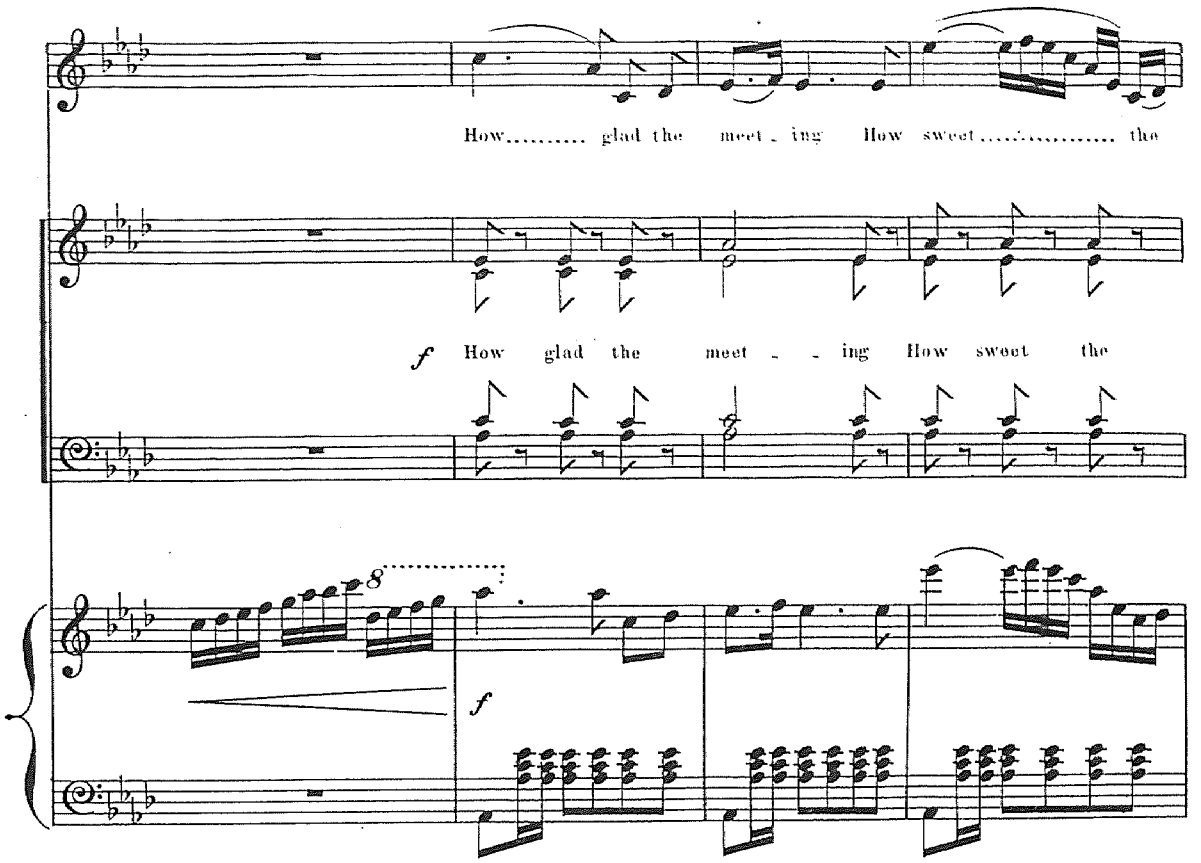
He is returning.

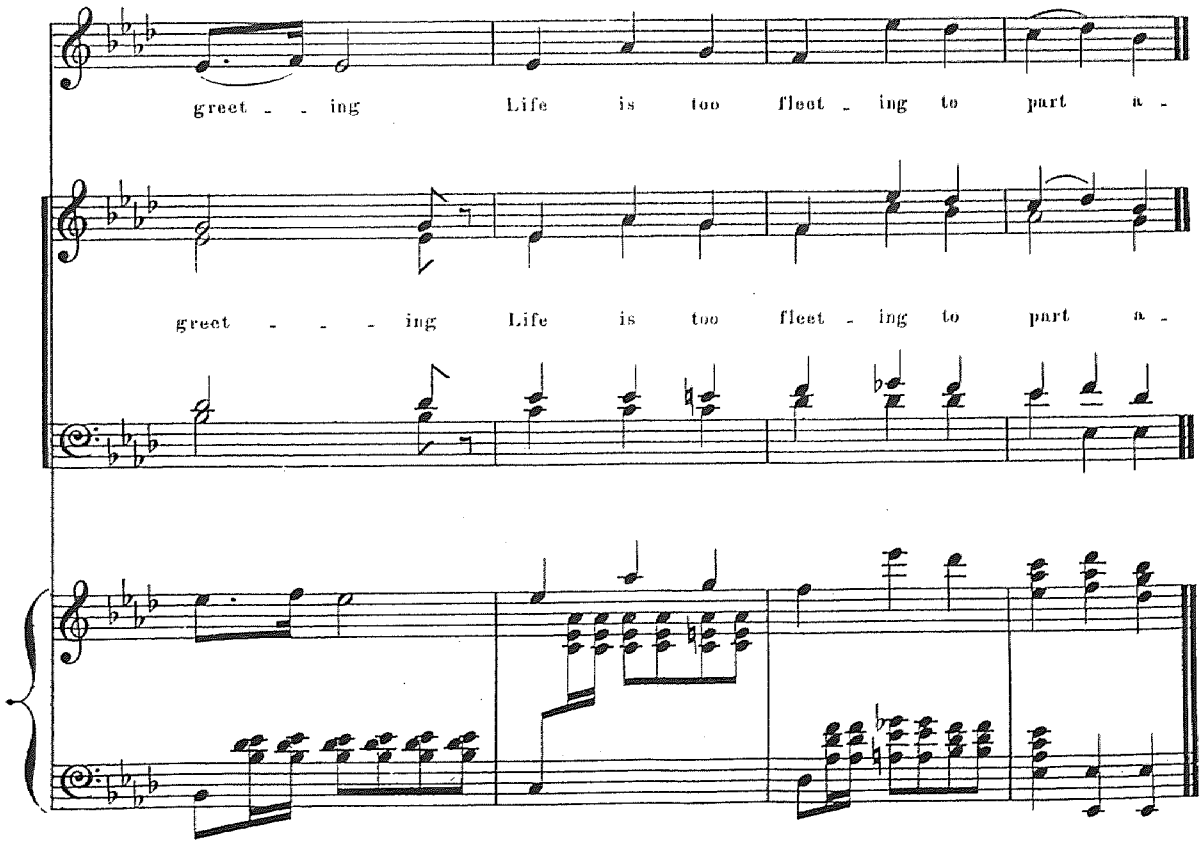
No. 4.

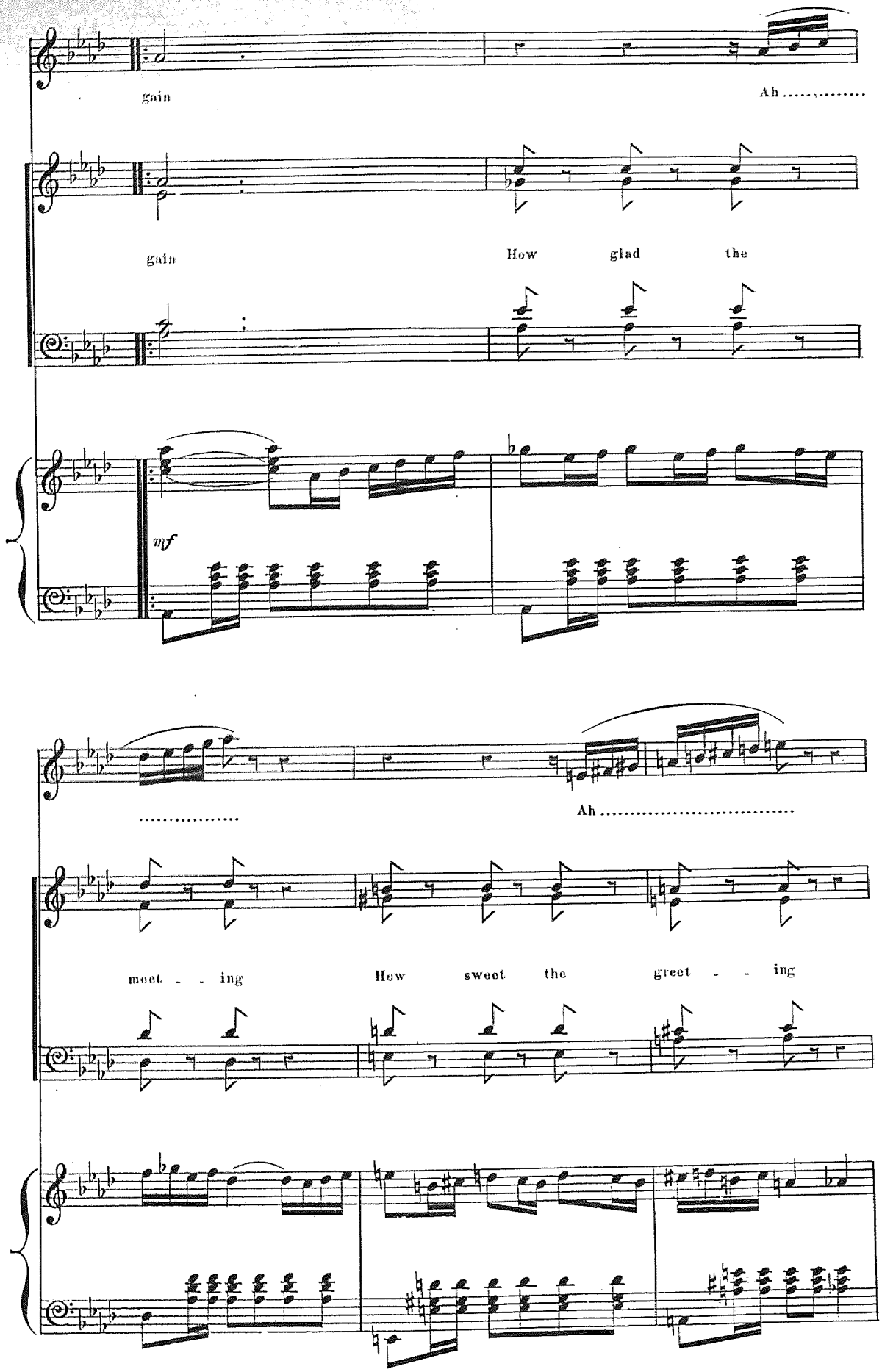


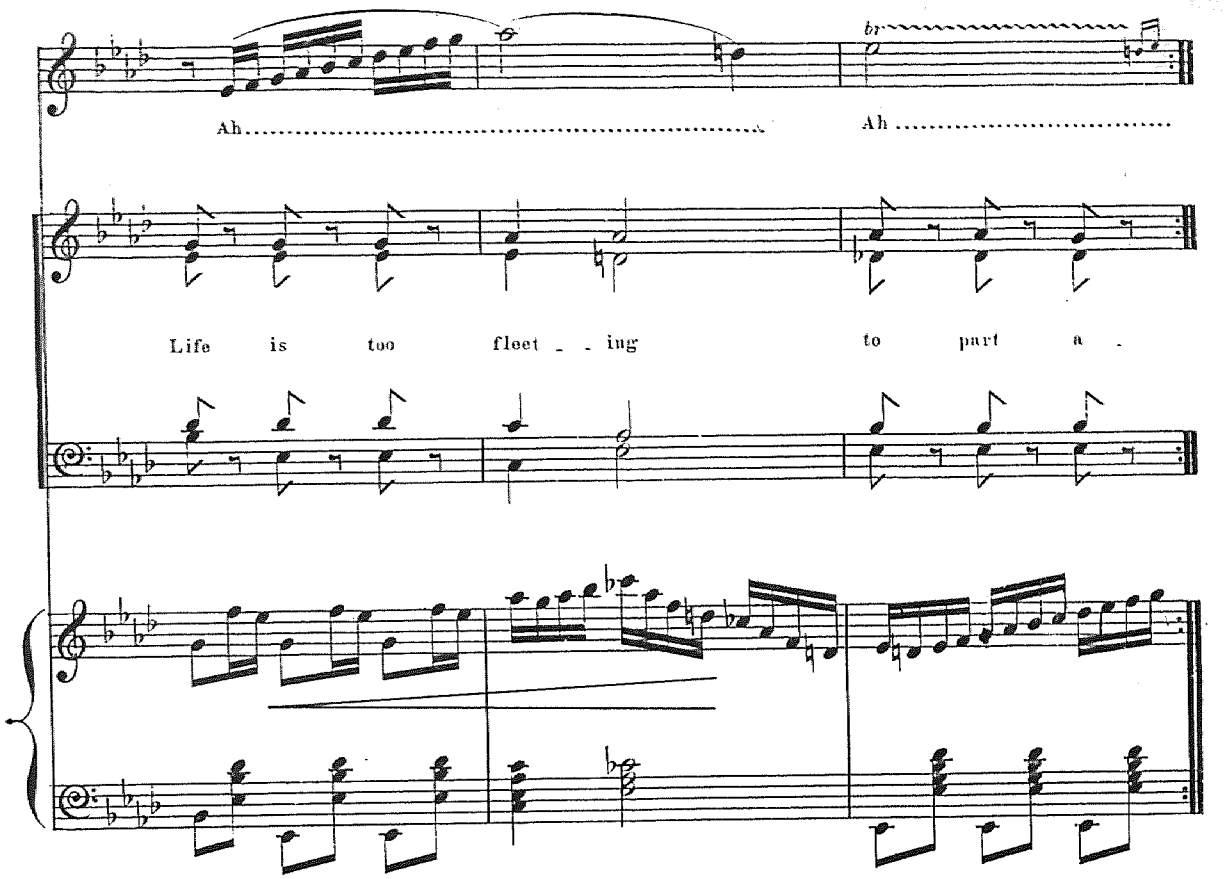

whom..... Im..... yearn - ing
My.... cheek still burn - ing still
burn - ing with his last..... kiss
f
He is re
f
f
He..... is re - turn - - - ing
turn - - ing
p

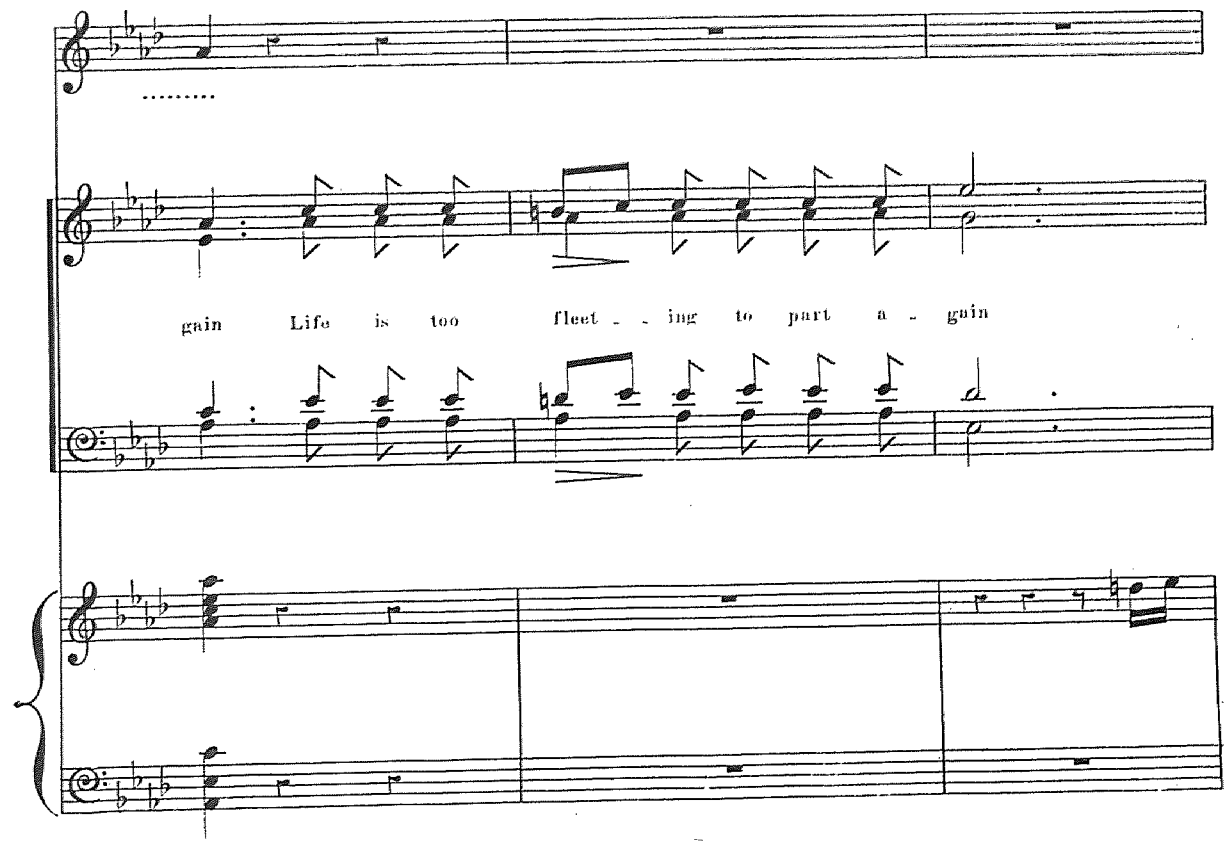

He ..... is re
f
He is re - - turn - ing
f
f
p
turn - - ing
For ..... whom I'm yearn - ing
My cheek still burn - ing With his ..... last kiss.
He is re - - turn - - - - ing.

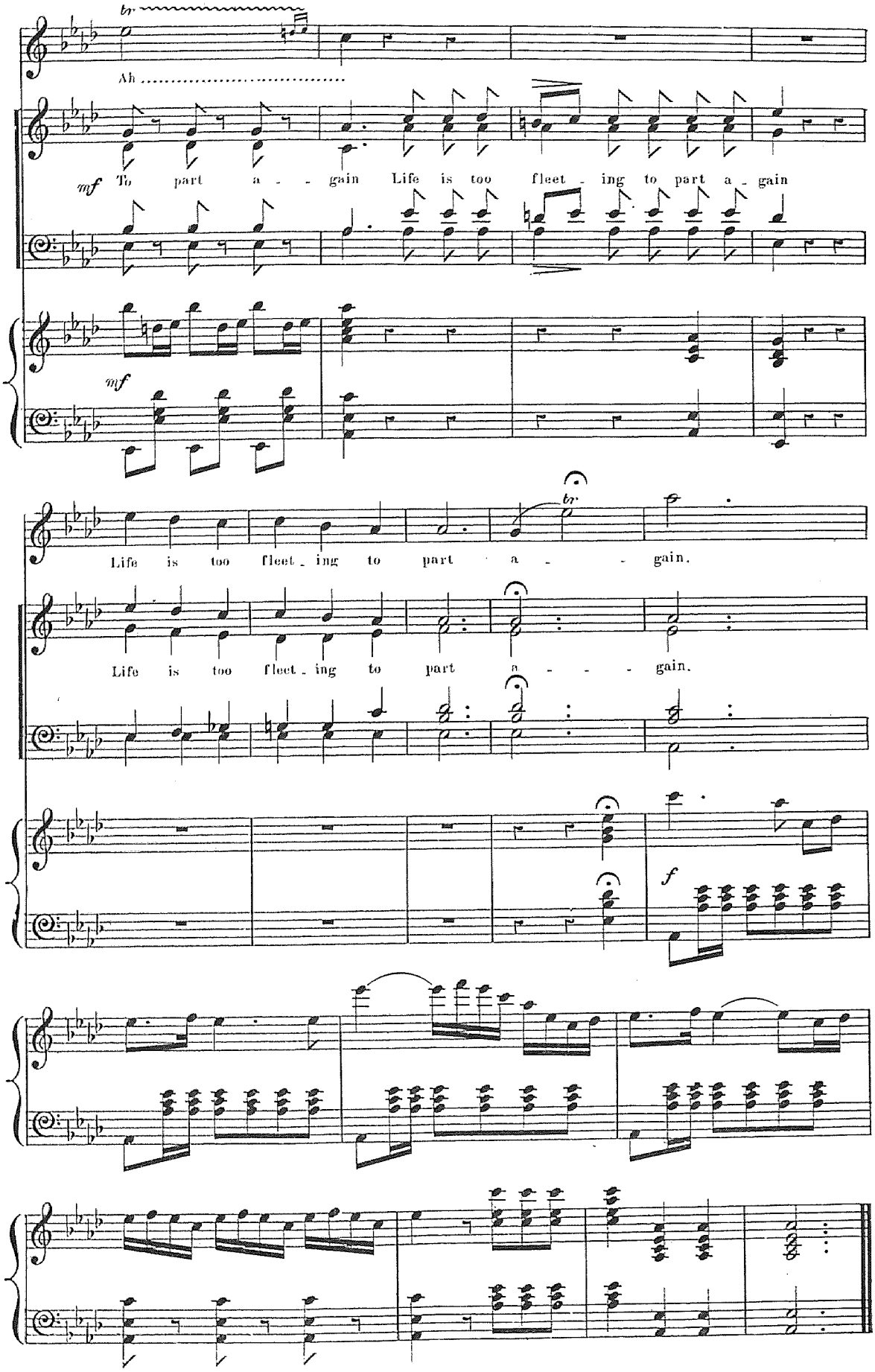

How..... glad the meet - ing How sweet..... the
f How glad the meet - - ing How sweet the
8
f


greet - - ing Life is too fleet - ing to part a -
greet - - - ing Life is too fleet - ing to part a -


gain
Ah .....
gain
How glad the
mf
.....
Ah .....
meet - - ing
How sweet the greet - - ing


Ah.....
Ah.....
Life is too fleet - - ing to part a -

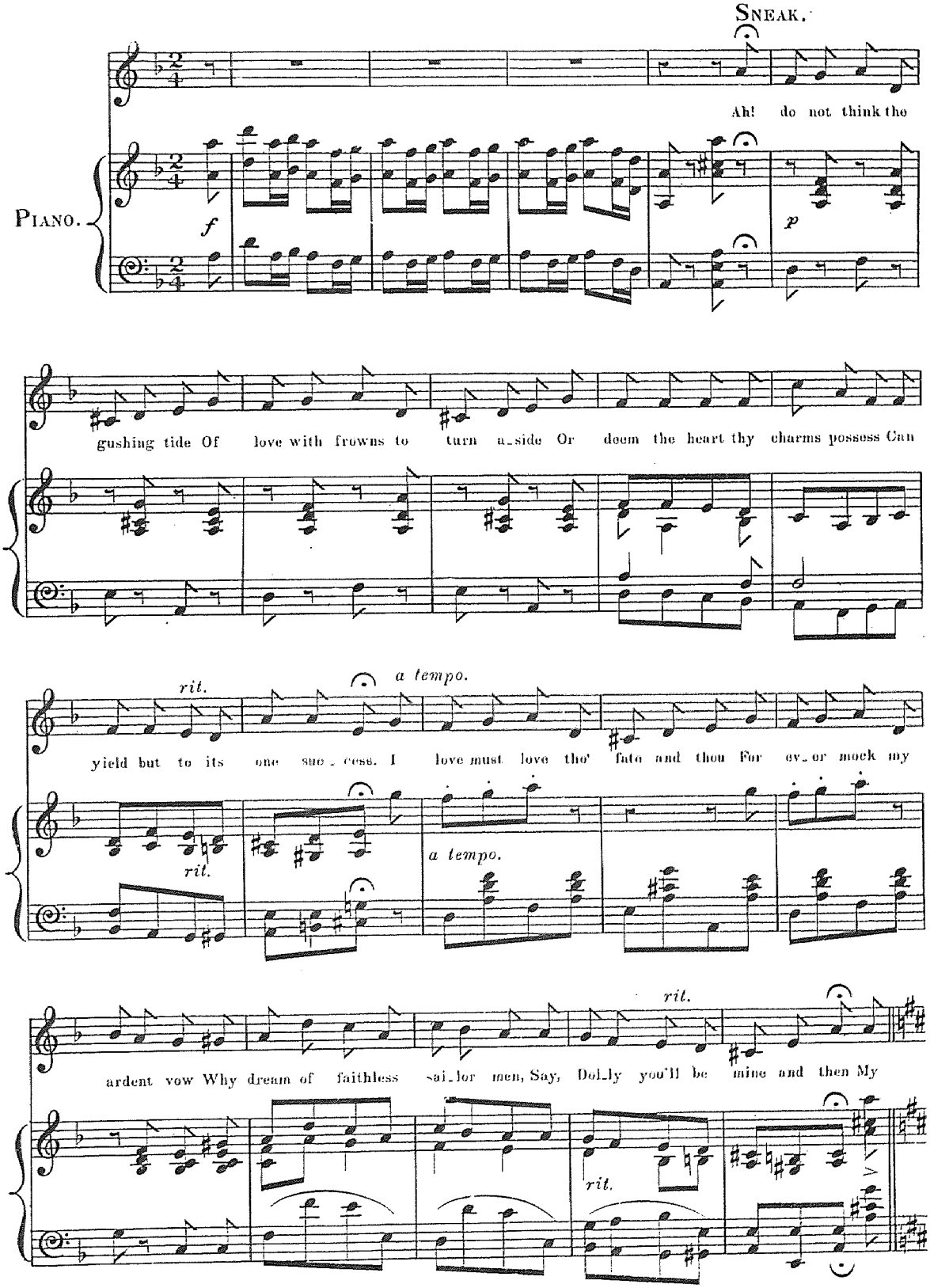

.....
gain Life is too fleet - - ing to part a - gain

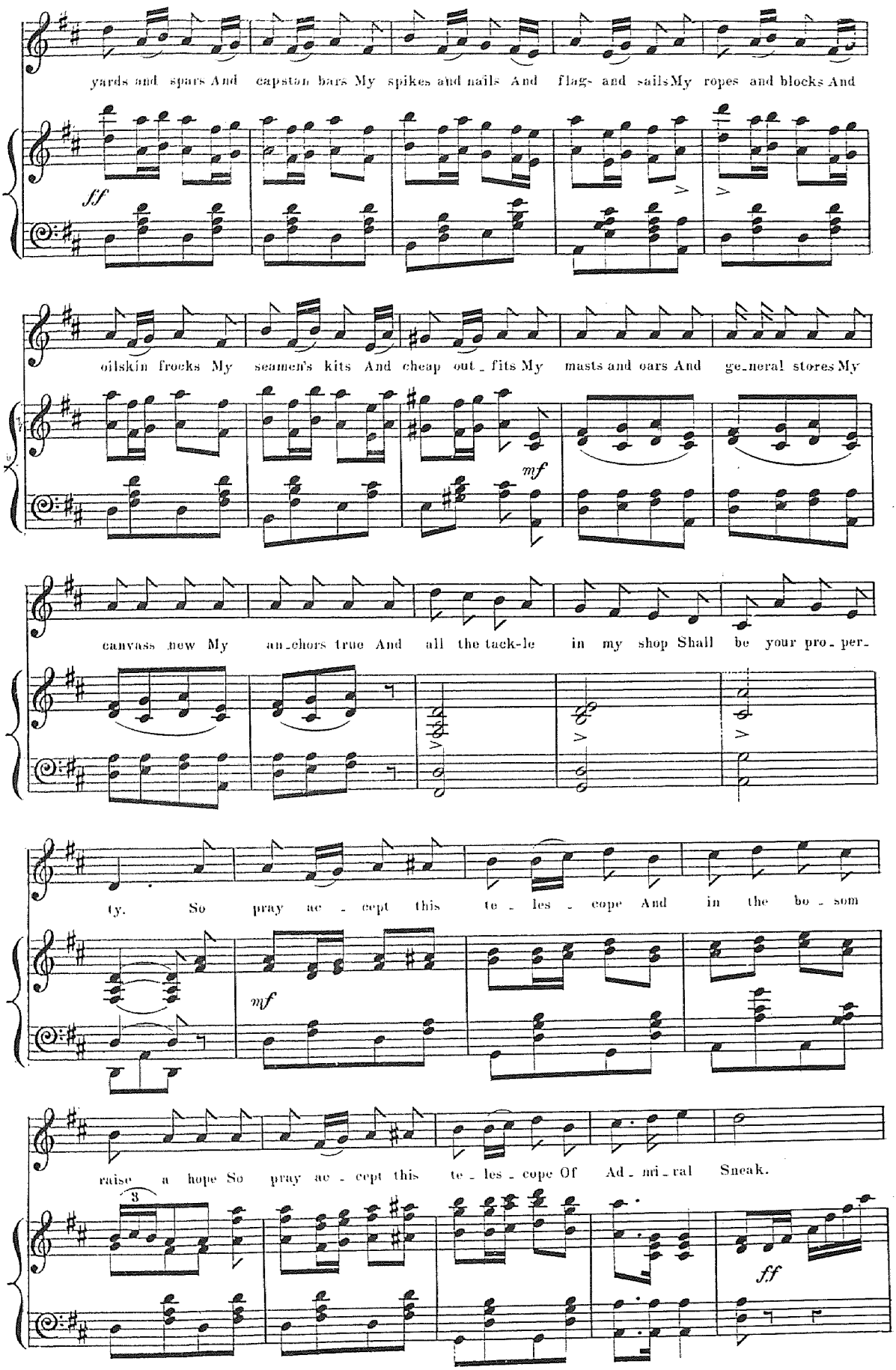

Ah .....
mf To part a - - gain Life is too fleet - ing to part a - gain
mf
Life is too fleet - ing to part a - - gain.
Life is too fleet - ing to part a - - - gain.
f

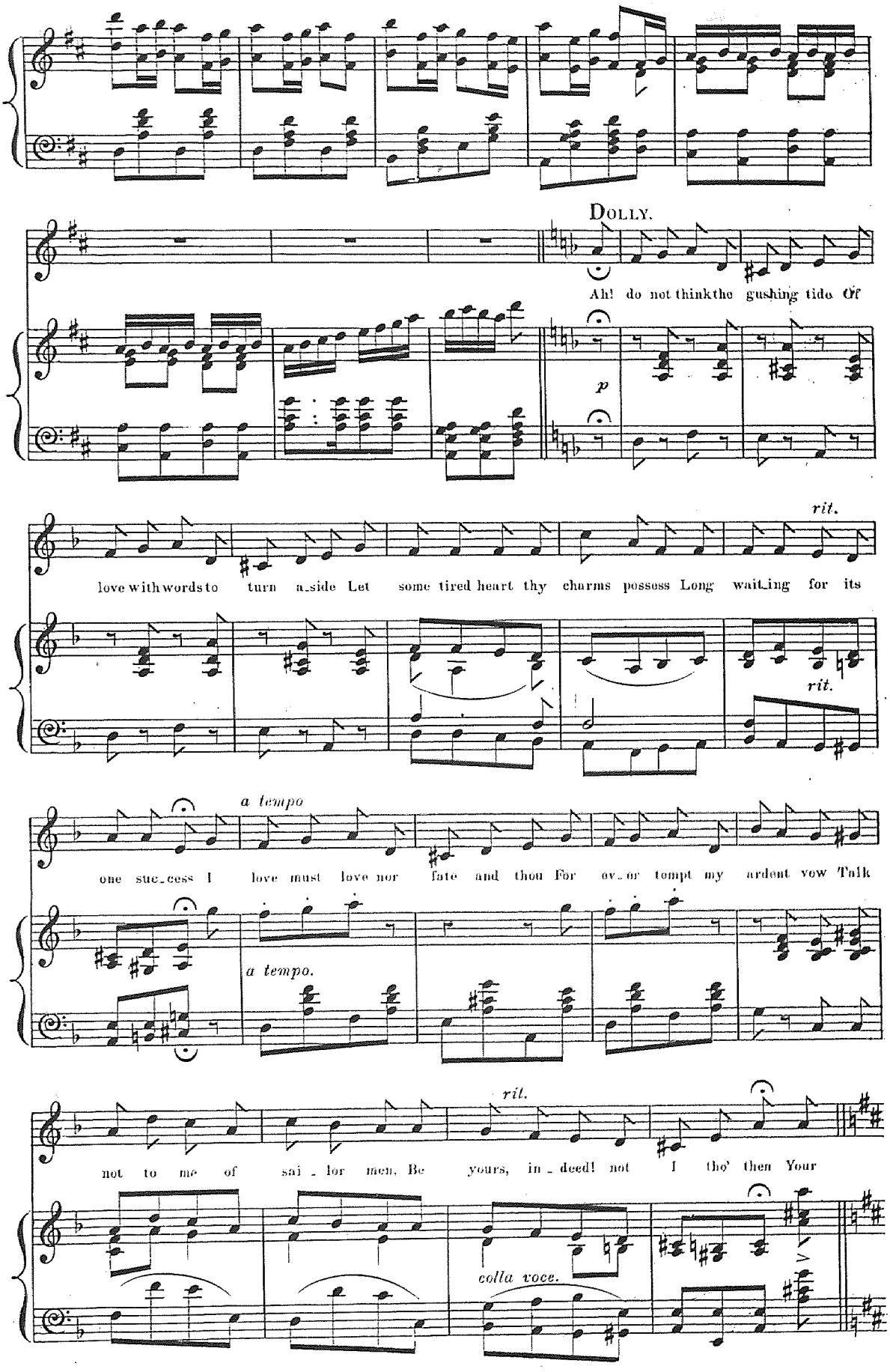
COUPLETS.

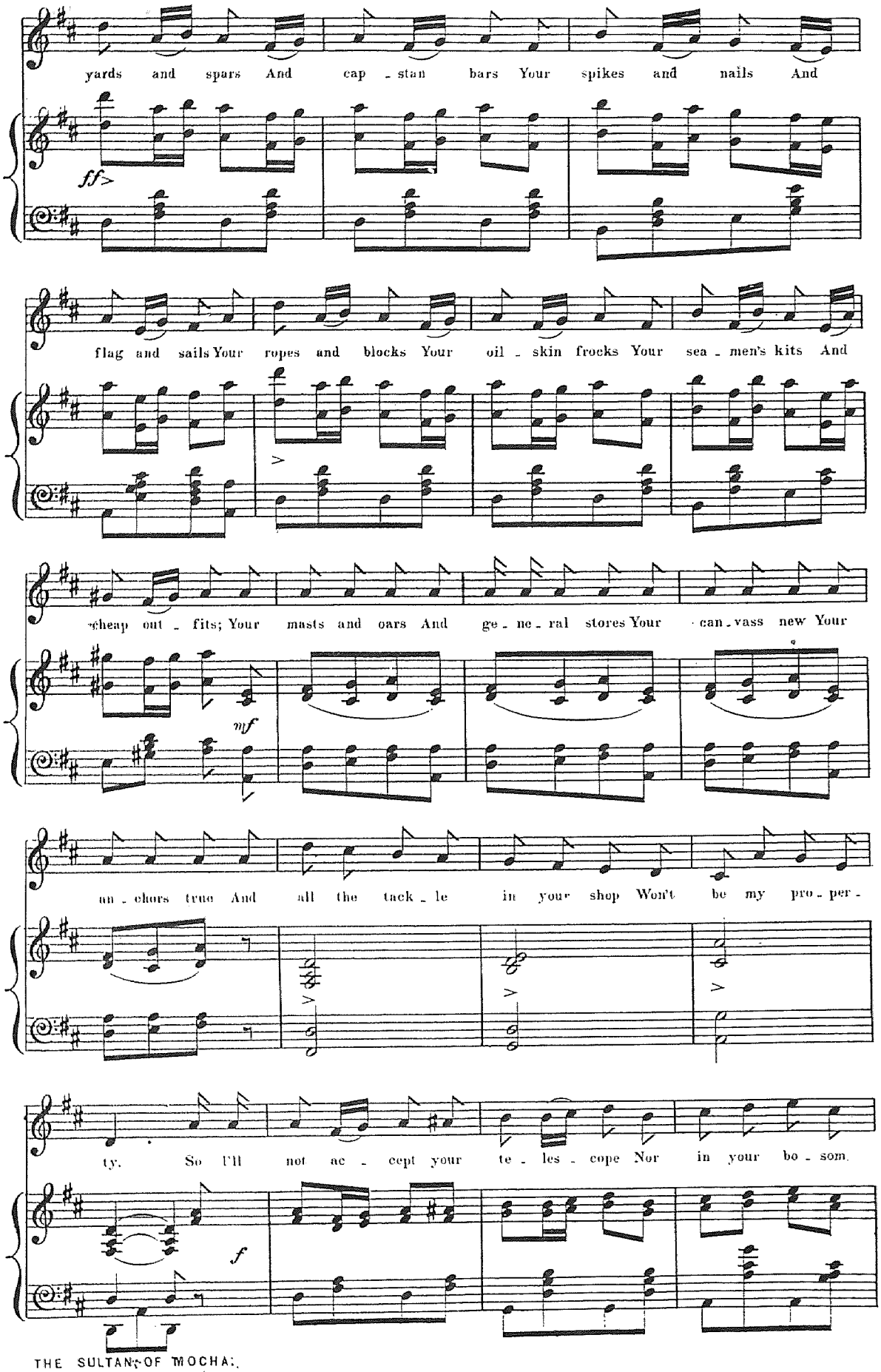
The Telescope.

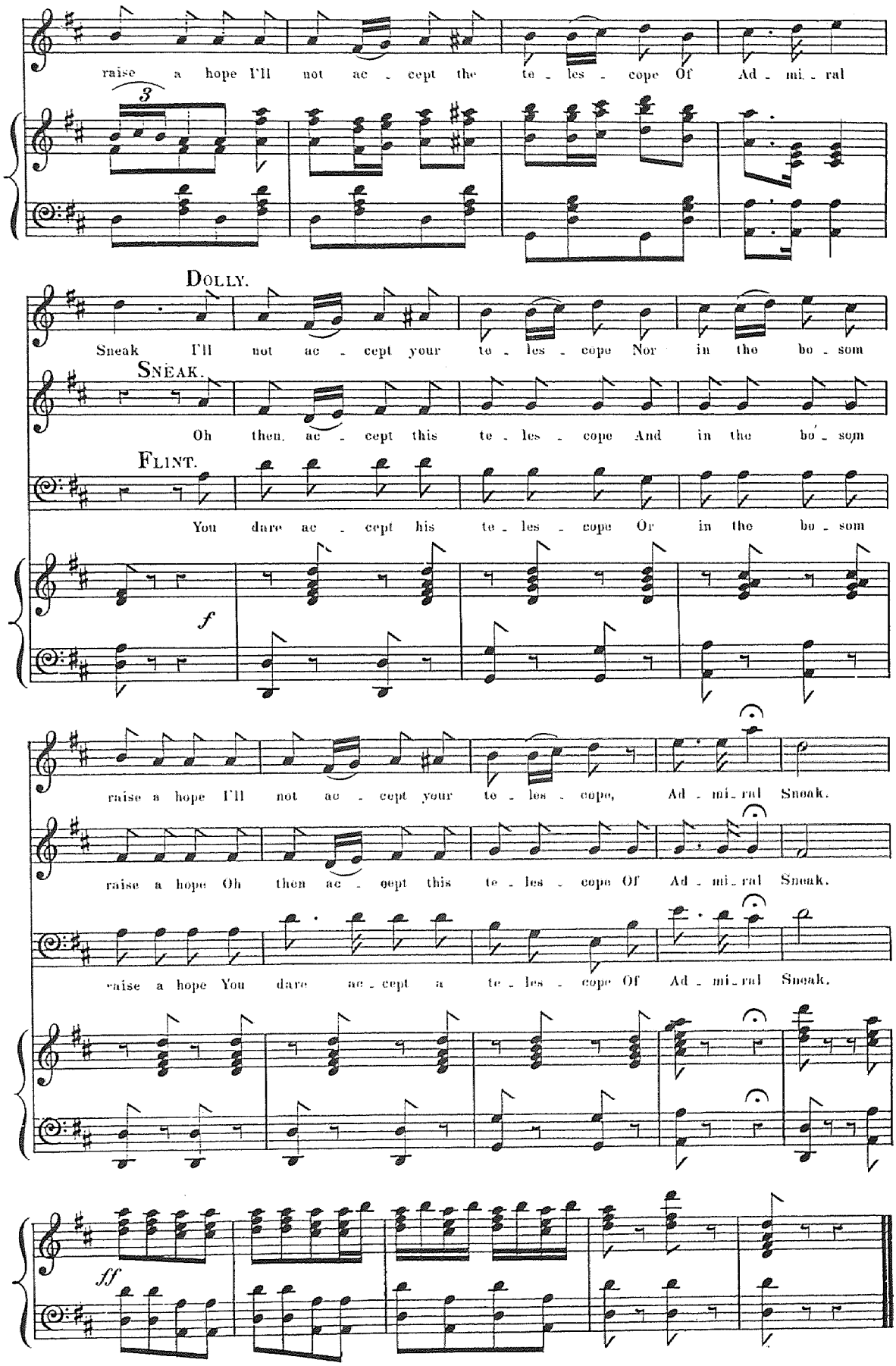
No. 5.




yards and spars And capstan bars My spikes and nails And flags and sails My ropes and blocks And
ff
oilskin frocks My seamen's kits And cheap out_fits My masts and oars And ge_neral stores My
mf
canvass new My an_chors true And all the tack-le in my shop Shall be your pro_per_
ty. So pray ac_cept this te_les_cope And in the bo_som
mf
raise a hope So pray ac_cept this te_les_cope Of Ad_mi_ral Sneak.
3
ff


DOLLY.
Ah! do not think the gushing tide Of
p
rit.
love with words to turn a_side Let some tired heart thy charms possess Long wait_ing for its
rit.
a tempo
one suc_cess I love must love nor fate and thou For ev_er tempt my ardent vow Talk
a tempo.
rit.
not to me of sai_lor men. Be yours, in_deed! not I tho' then Your
colla voce.

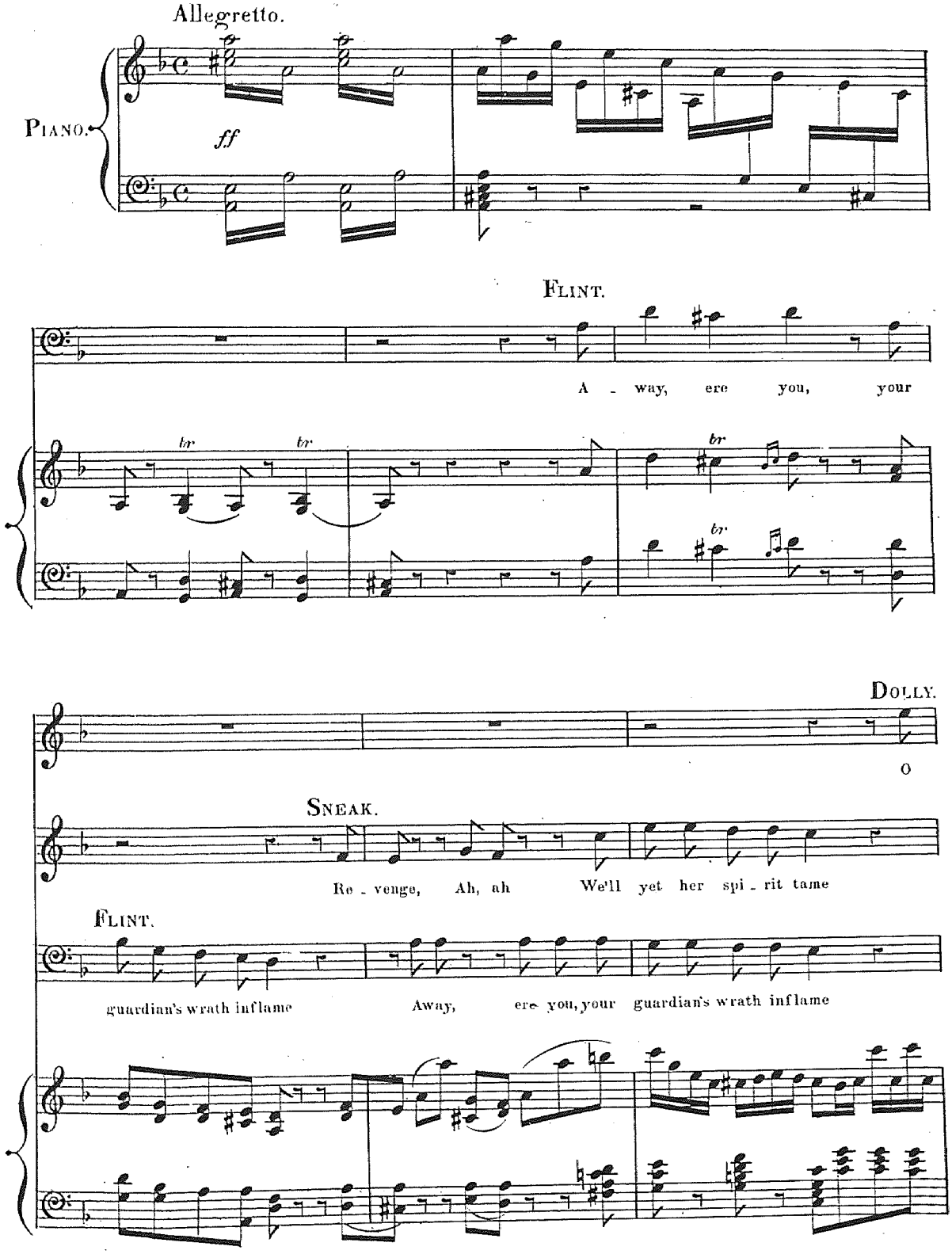

yards and spars And cap - stan bars Your spikes and nails And
ff>
flag and sails Your ropes and blocks Your oil - skin frocks Your sea - men's kits And
cheap out - fits; Your masts and oars And ge - ne - ral stores Your can - vass new Your
mf
an - chors true And all the tack - le in your shop Won't be my pro - per -
ty. So I'll not ac - cept your te - les - cope Nor in your bo - som.
f

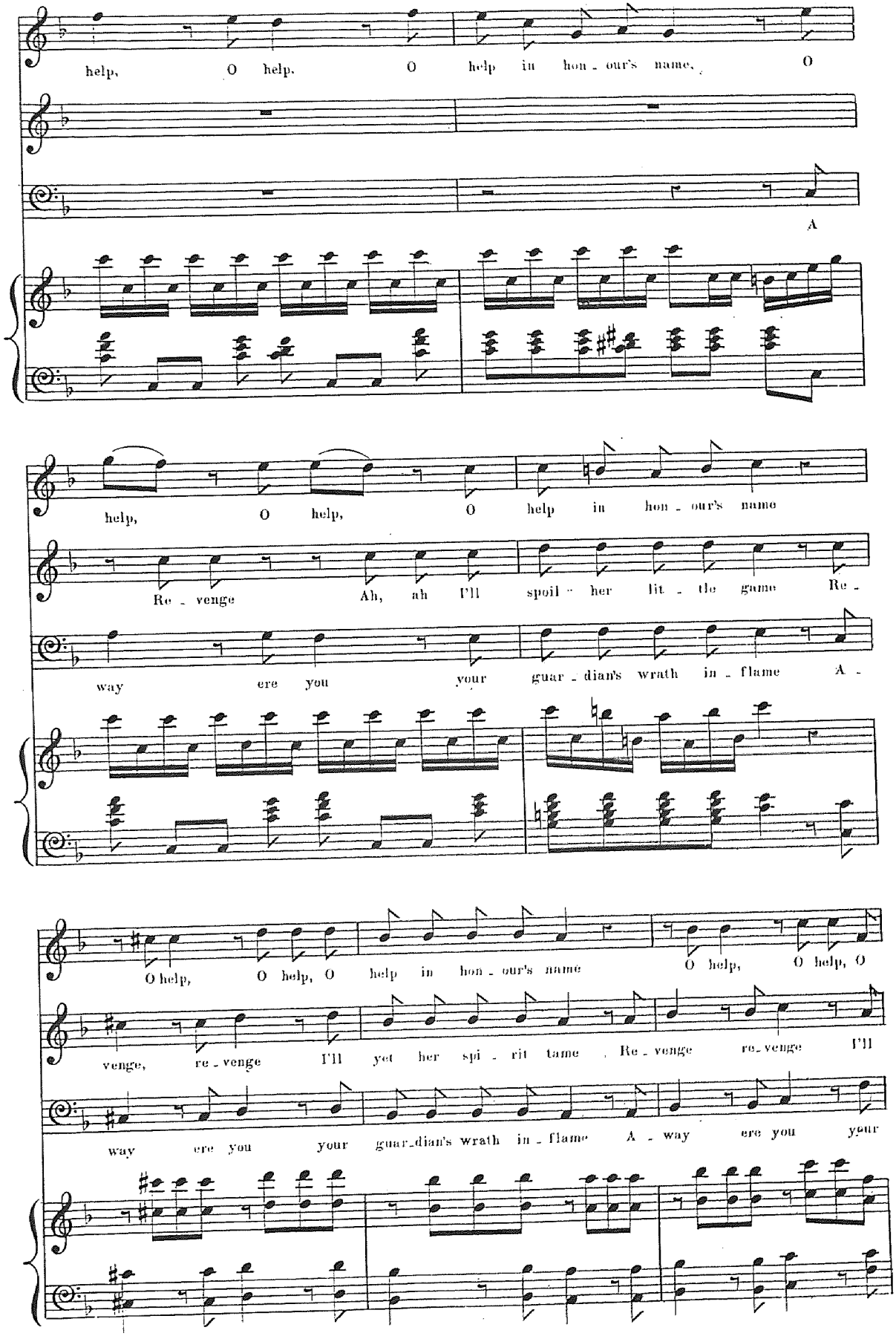

raise a hope I'll not ac - cept the te - les - cope Of Ad - mi - ral
3
DOLLY.
Sneak I'll not ac - cept your te - les - cope Nor in the bo - som
SNEAK.
Oh then, ac - cept this te - les - cope And in the bo - som
FLINT.
You dare ac - cept his te - les - cope Or in the bo - som
f
raise a hope I'll not ac - cept your te - les - cope, Ad - mi - ral Sneak.
raise a hope Oh then ac - cept this te - les - cope Of Ad - mi - ral Sneak.
raise a hope You dare ac - cept a te - les - cope Of Ad - mi - ral Sneak.
ff

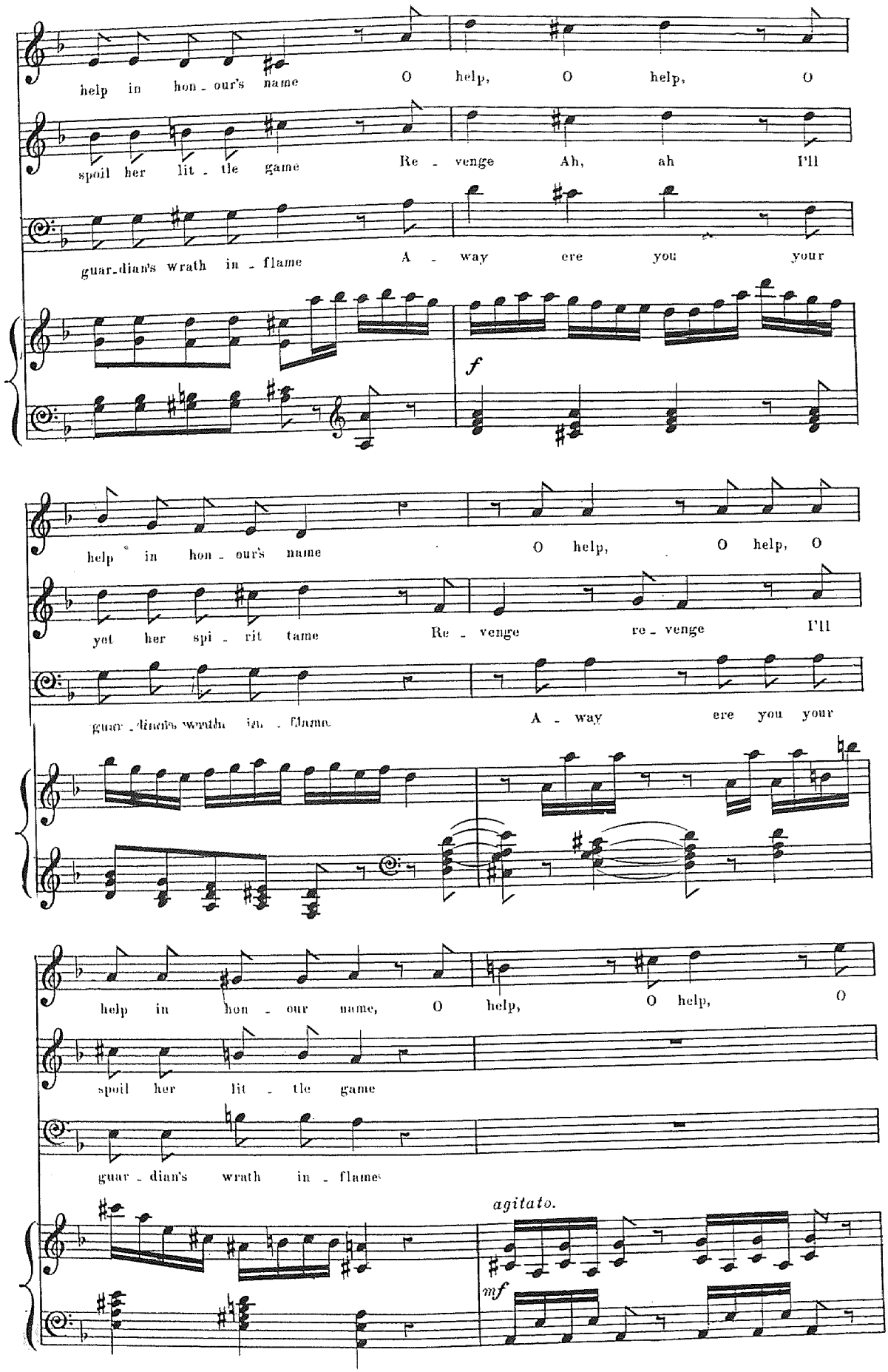
TRIO & CHORUS.

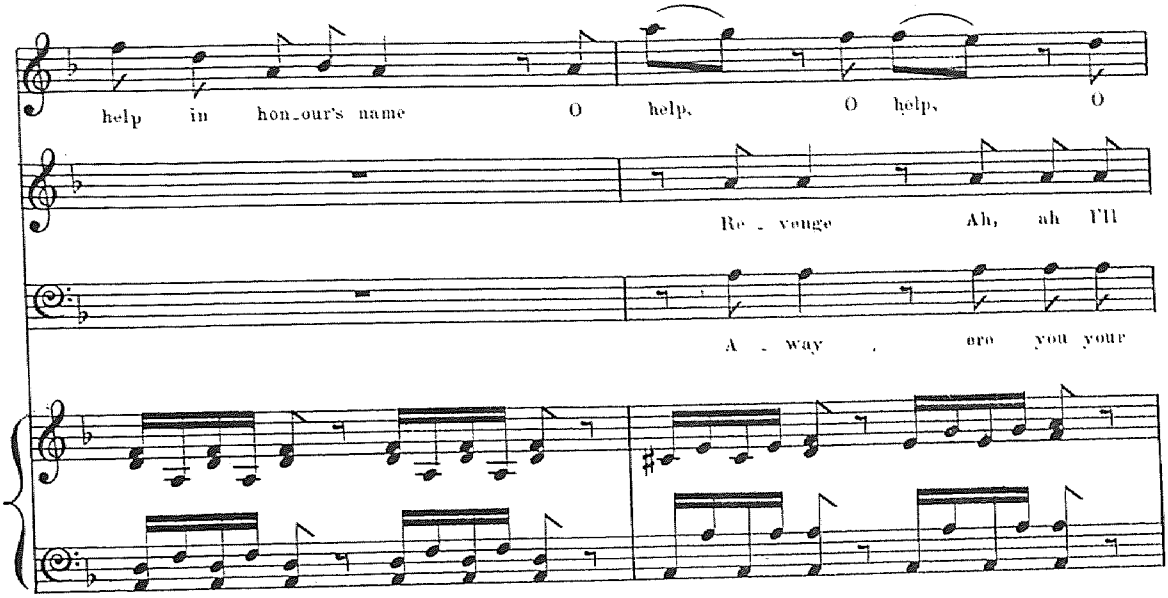
How now, what's the row.

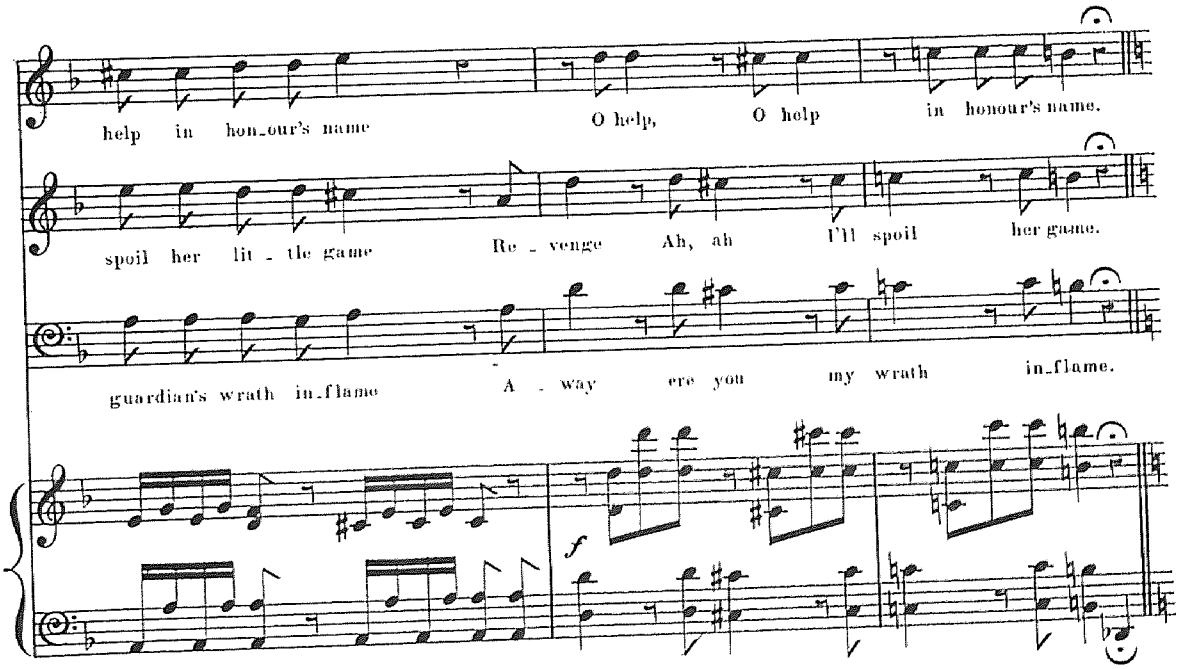
No 6.




help, O help, O help in hon - our's name, O
A
help, O help, O help in hon - our's name
Re - venge Ah, ah I'll spoil her lit - tle game Re -
way ere you your guar - dian's wrath in - flame A -
O help, O help, O help in hon - our's name O help, O help, O
venge, re - venge I'll yet her spi - rit tame Re - venge re - venge I'll
way ere you your guar - dian's wrath in - flame A - way ere you your

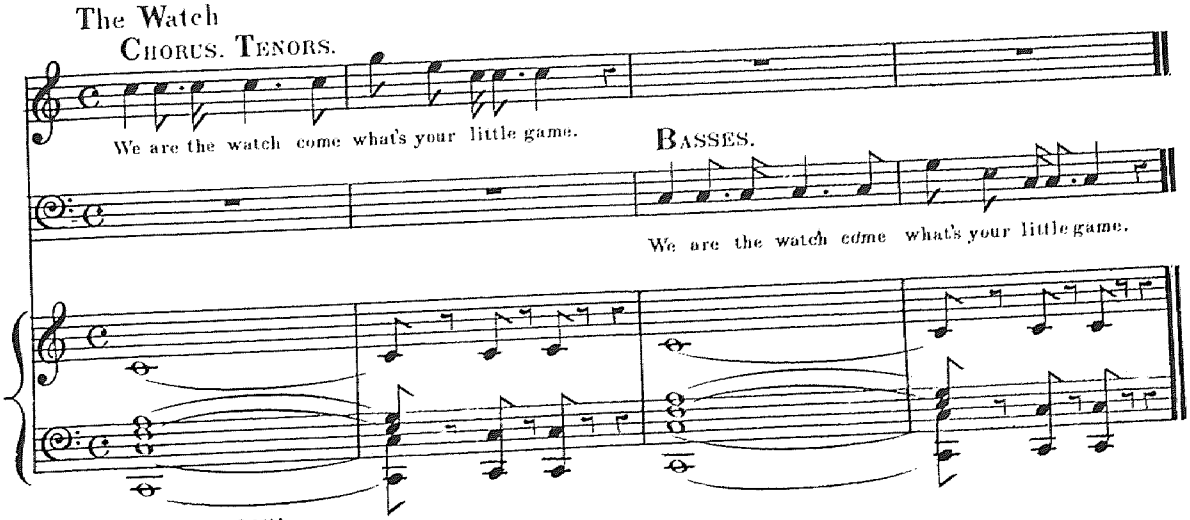

help in hon - our's name
O help, O help, O
spoil her lit - tle game
Re - venge Ah, ah I'll
guar-dian's wrath in - flame
A - way ere you your
f
help in hon - our's name
O help, O help, O
yet her spi - rit tame
Re - venge re - venge I'll
guar - dian's wrath in - flame
A - way ere you your
help in hon - our name, O help, O help, O
spoil her lit - tle game
guar - dian's wrath in - flame
agitato.
mf





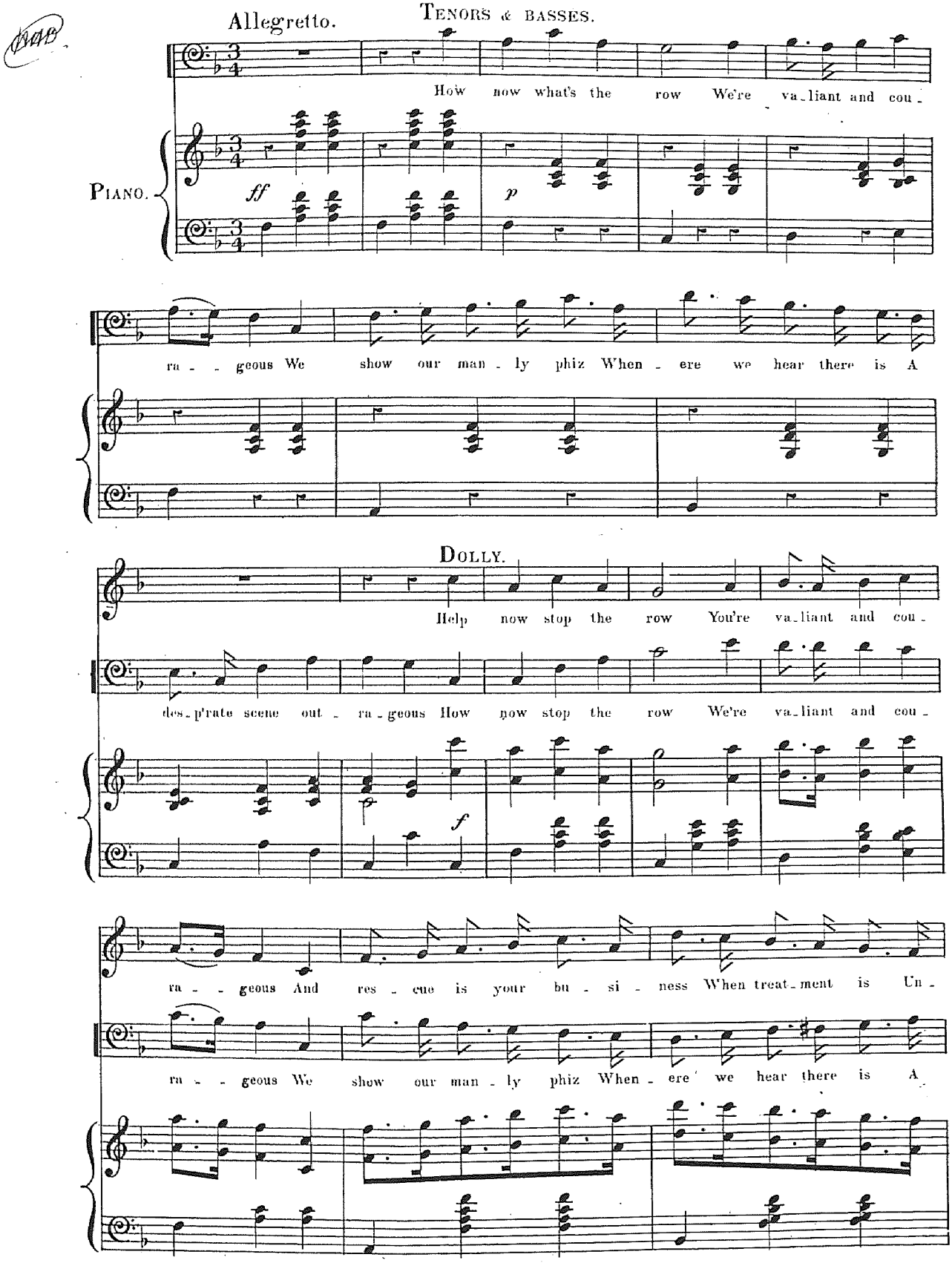
The Watch

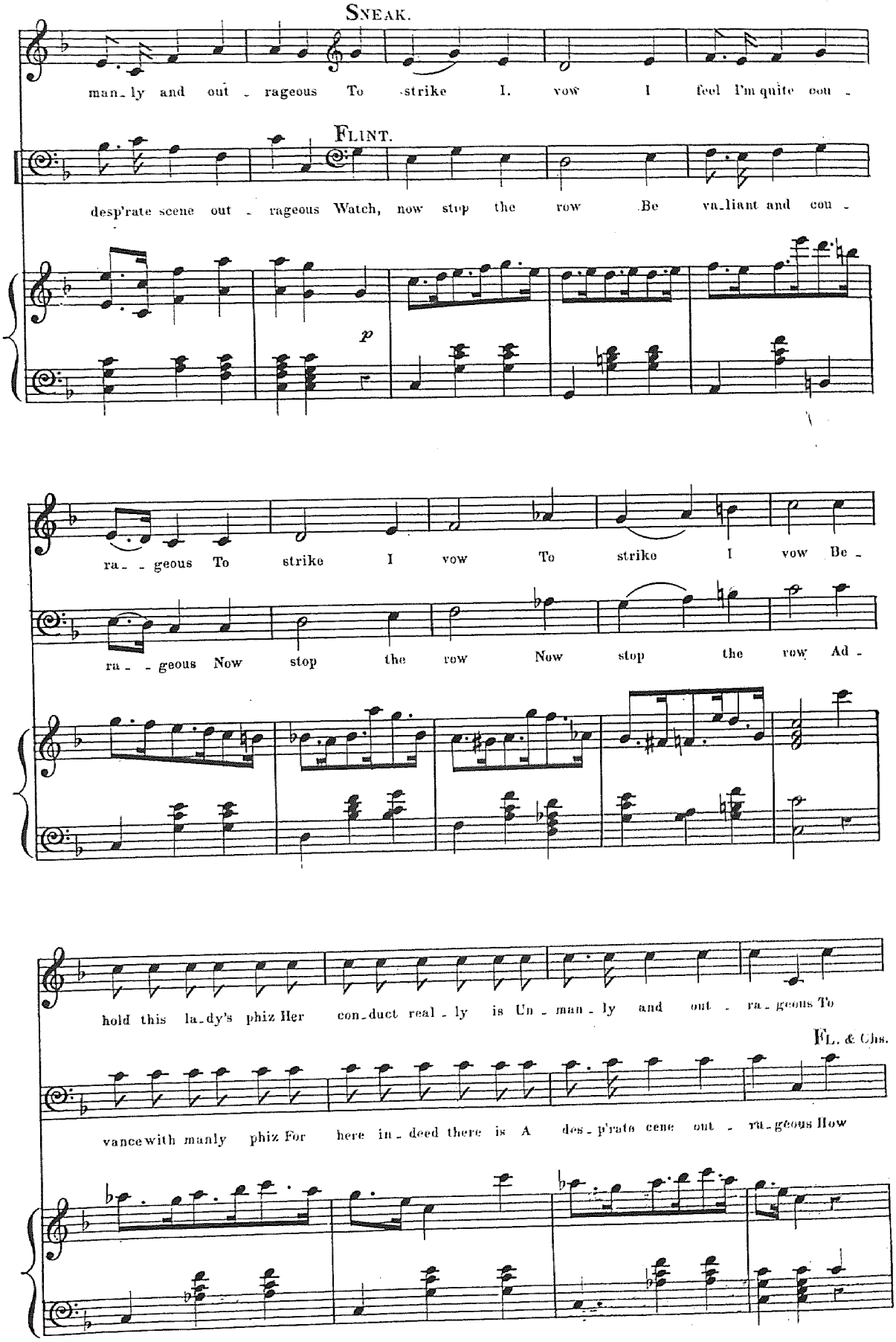
CHORUS. TENORS.



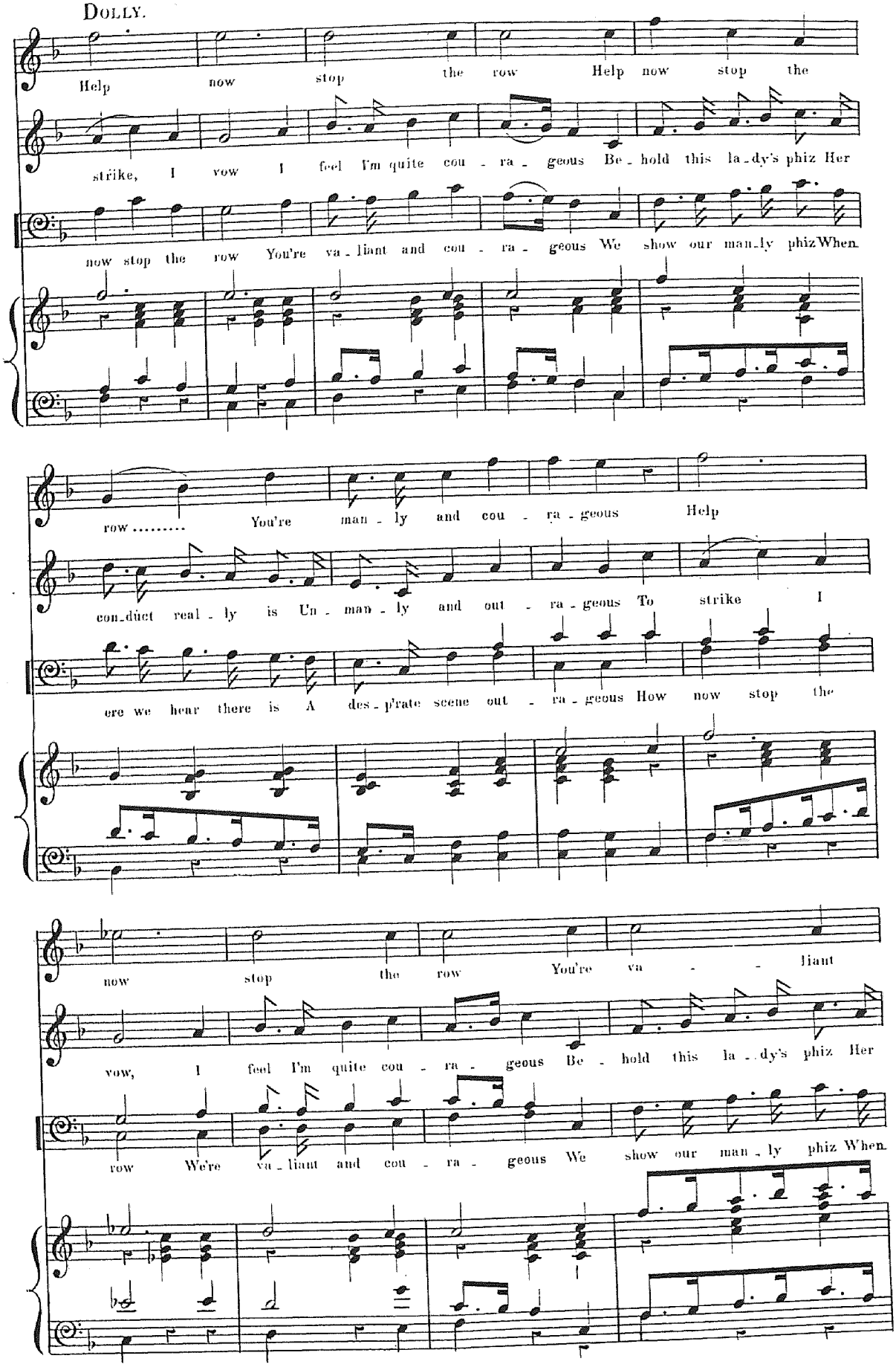
TRIO & CHORUS.

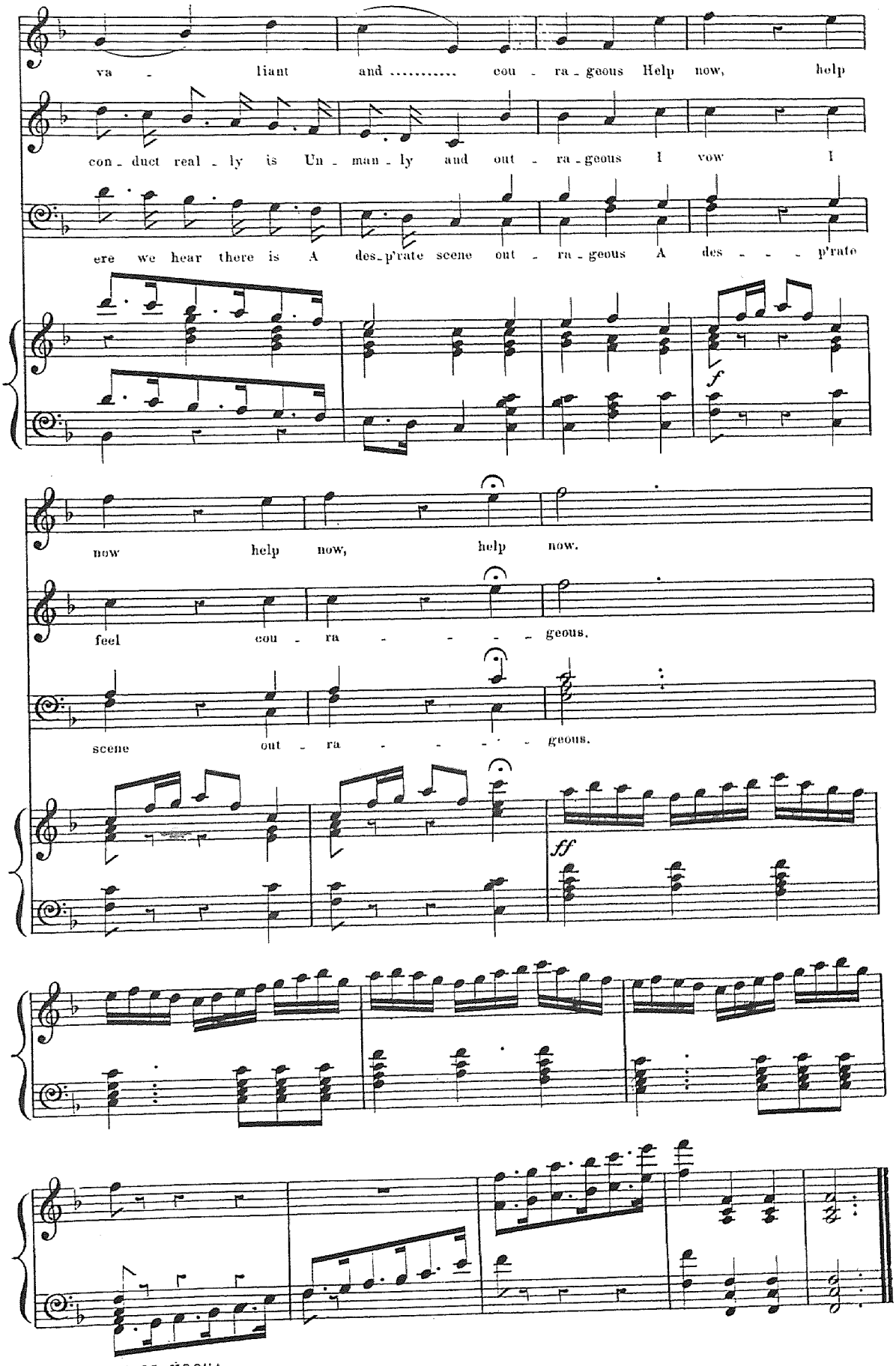
Nº 6. bis. How now, what's the row.




SNEAK.
man_ly and out _ rageous To strike I. vow I feel I'm quite cou _
FLINT.
desp'rate scene out _ rageous Watch, now stop the row Be va_liant and cou _
p
ra_ _geous To strike I vow To strike I vow Be _
ra_ _geous Now stop the row Now stop the row Ad _
hold this la_dy's phiz Her con_duct real _ ly is Un _ man _ ly and out _ ra_geous To
FL. & Chs.
vance with manly phiz For here in_deed there is A des_p'rate cene out _ ra_geous How

DOLLY.

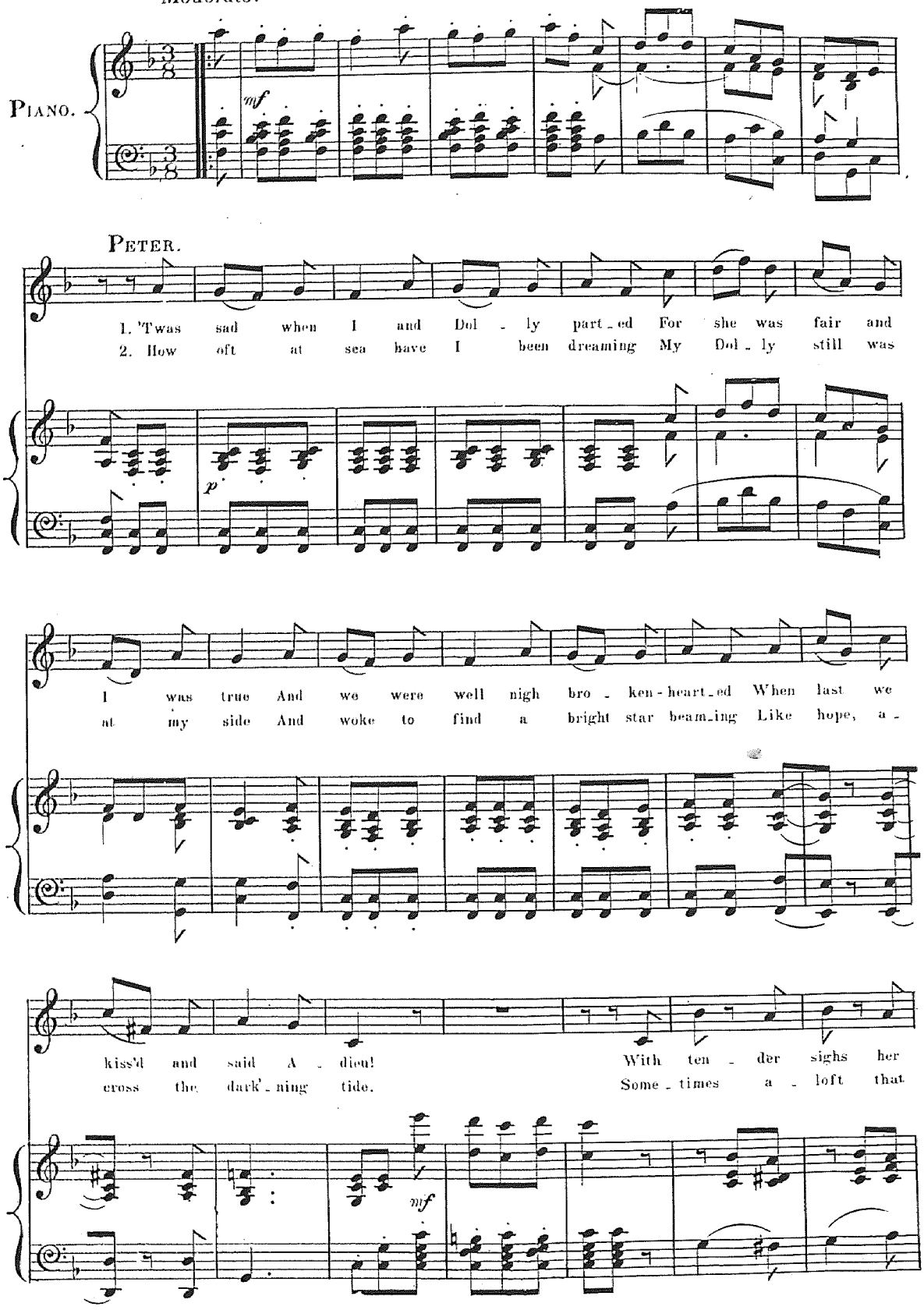

Help now stop the row Help now stop the
strike, I vow I feel I'm quite cou - ra - geous Be - hold this la - dy's phiz Her
now stop the row You're va - liant and cou - ra - geous We show our man - ly phiz When
row ..... You're man - ly and cou - ra - geous Help
con - duct real - ly is Un - man - ly and out - ra - geous To strike I
ere we hear there is A des - p'rate scene out - ra - geous How now stop the
now stop the row You're va - liant
vow, I feel I'm quite cou - ra - geous Be - hold this la - dy's phiz Her
row We're va - liant and cou - ra - geous We show our man - ly phiz When

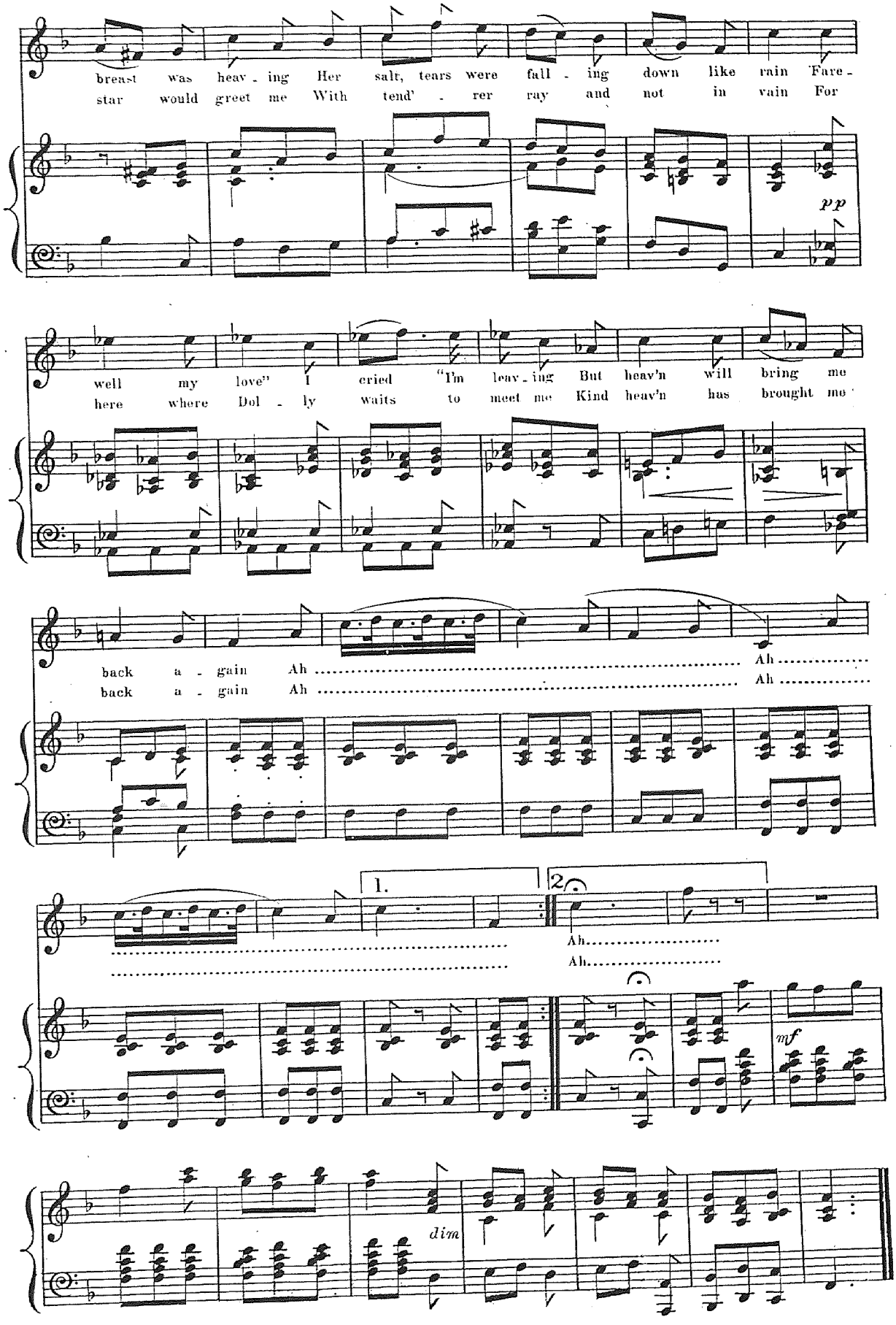

va - liant and ..... cou - ra - geous Help now, help
con - duct real - ly is Un - man - ly and out - ra - geous I vow I
ere we hear there is A des - p'rate scene out - ra - geous A des - - - p'rate
f
now help now, help now.
feel cou - ra - - - - - geous.
scene out - ra - - - - - geous.
ff

BALLAD.

No 7. "'Twas sad when I and Dolly parted."

Moderato.

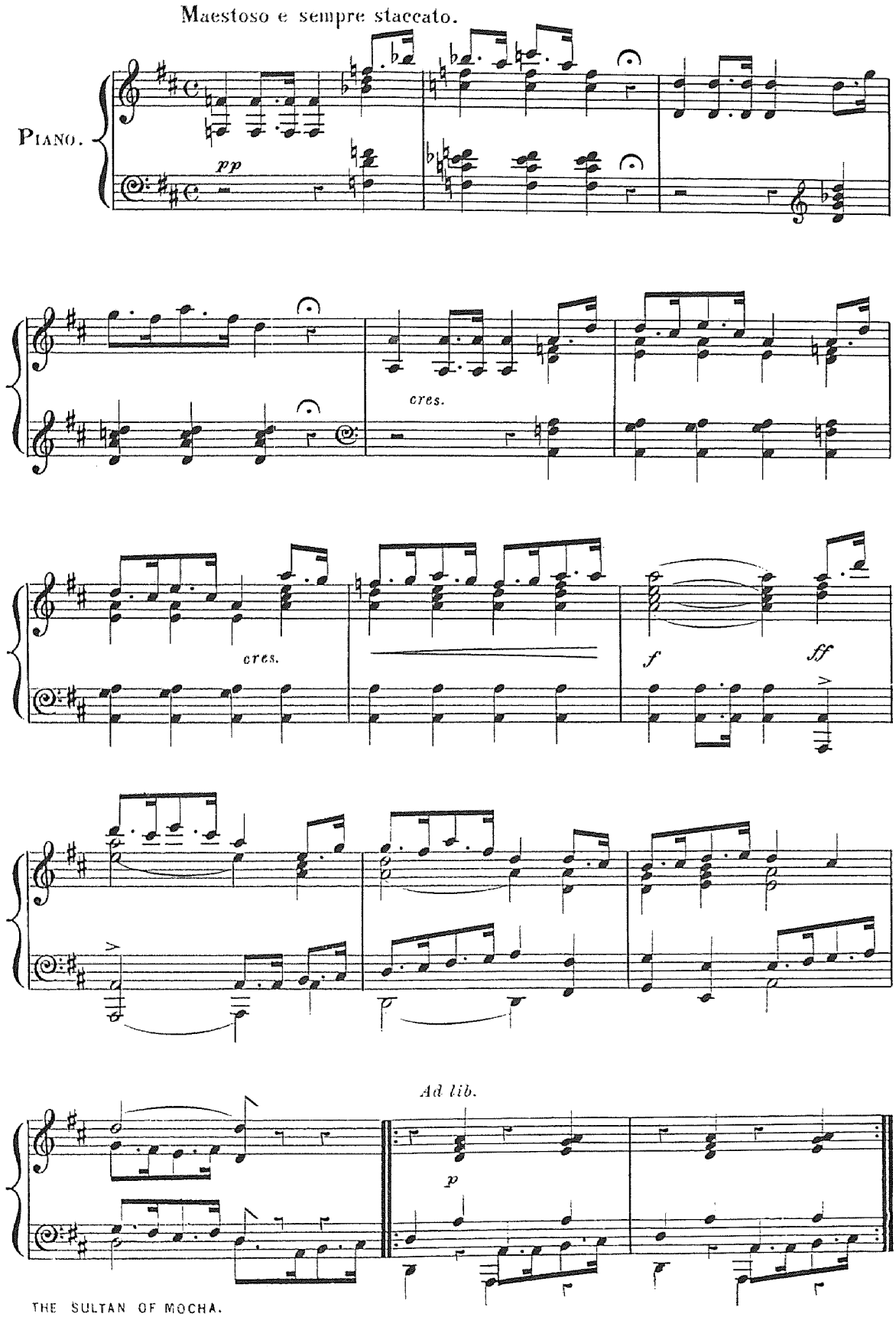


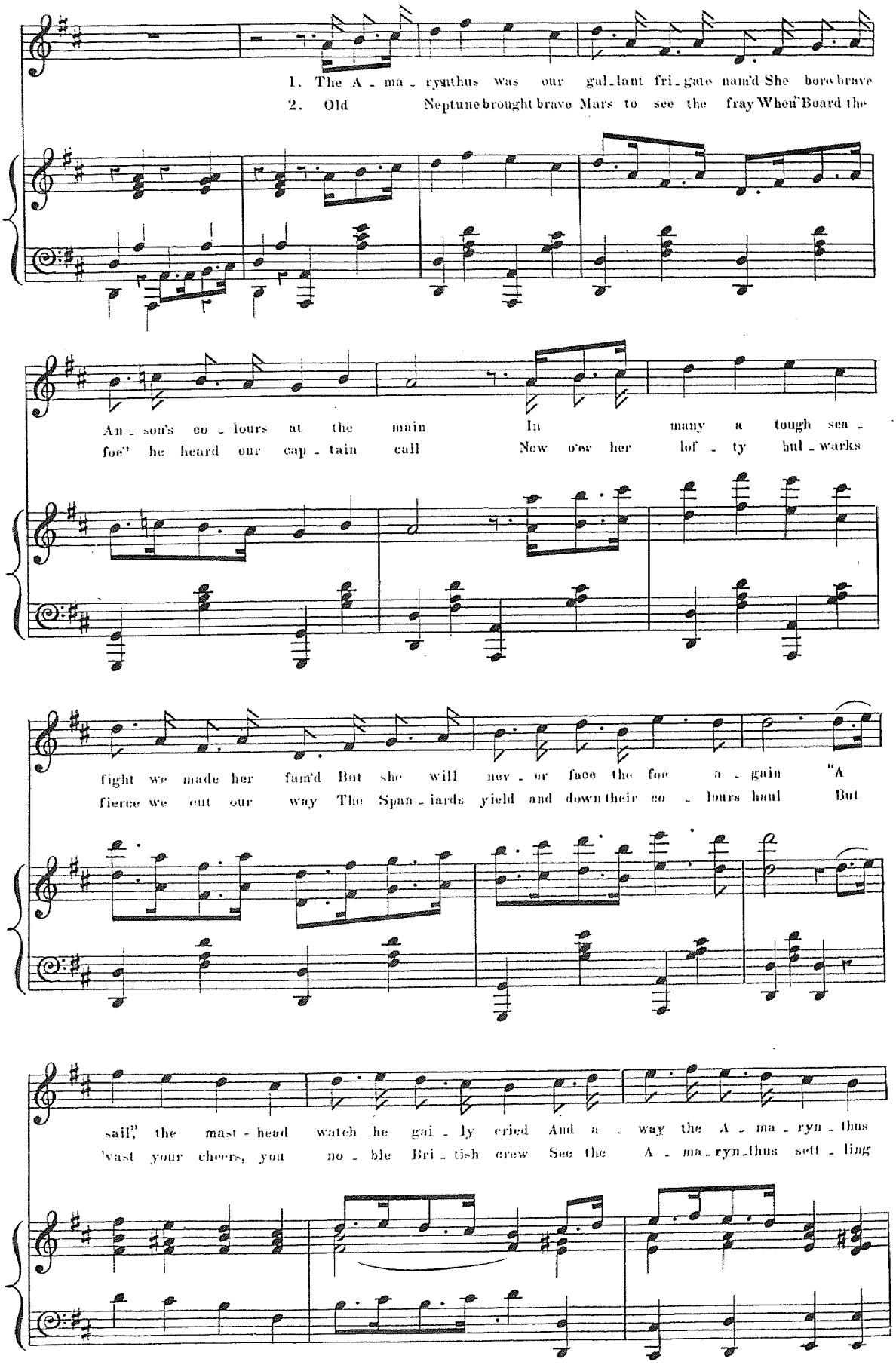

breast was heav - ing Her salt, tears were fall - ing down like rain Fare -
star would greet me With tend' - rer ray and not in vain For
pp
well my love" I cried "I'm leav - ing But heav'n will bring me
here where Dol - ly waits to meet me Kind heav'n has brought me
back a - gain Ah Ah
back a - gain Ah Ah
1.
2.
Ah
Ah
mf
dim

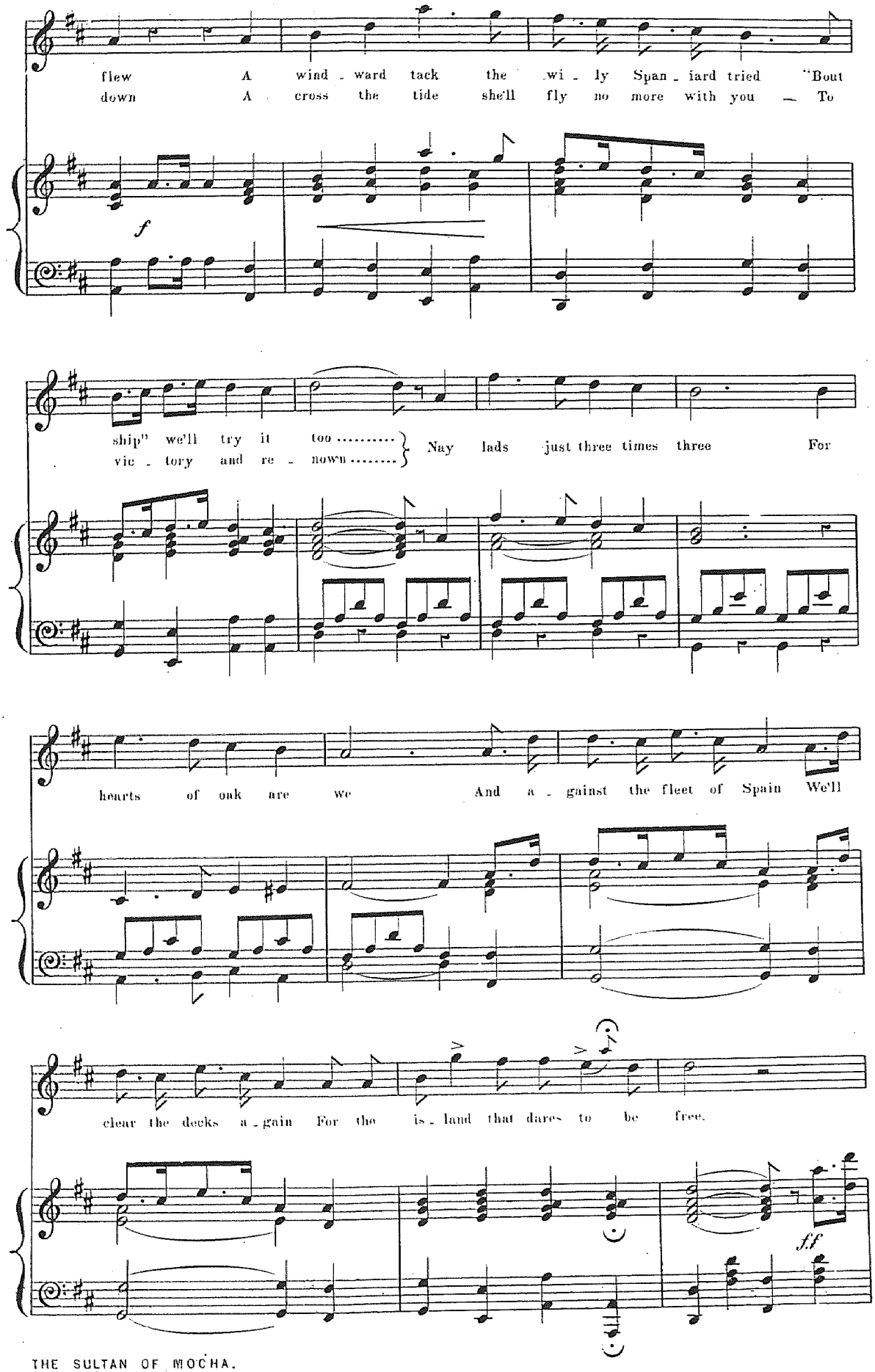
THE PENSIONER'S CHORUS.

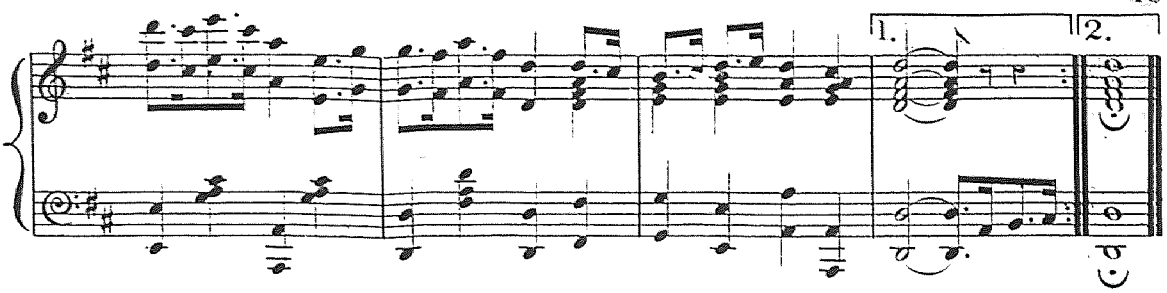
Nº 8.

Maestoso e sempre staccato.




1. The A - ma - ryn-thus was our gal-lant fri-gate nam'd She bore brave
2. Old Neptune brought brave Mars to see the fray When Board the
An - son's co - lours at the main In many a tough sea -
foe" he heard our cap - tain call Now o'er her lof - ty bul - warks
fight we made her fam'd But she will nev - er face the foe a - gain "A
fierce we cut our way The Span - iards yield and down their co - lours haul But
sail," the mast - head watch he gai - ly cried And a - way the A - ma - ryn - thus
'vast your cheers, you no - ble Bri - tish crew See the A - ma - ryn-thus sett - ling


flew A wind - ward tack the wi - ly Span - iard tried "Bout
down A cross the tide she'll fly no more with you — To
f
ship" we'll try it too .....
vic - tory and re - nown .....
Nay lads just three times three For
hearts of oak are we And a - gainst the fleet of Spain We'll
clear the decks a - gain For the is - land that dares to be free.
ff



THE TOAST.

Nº 8. bis.

Quasi recit. PETER.

The is - land tight we love so much; With

mf

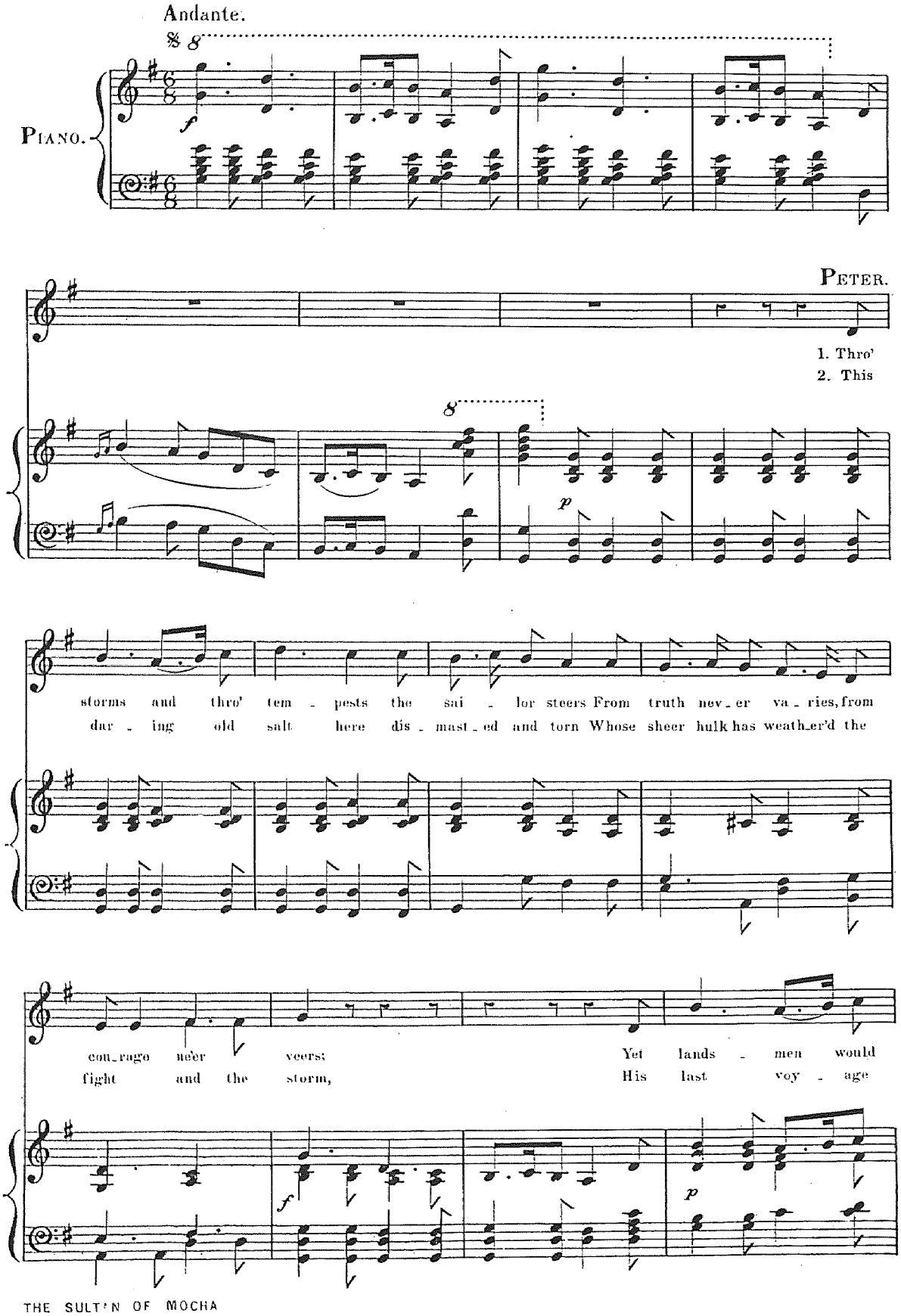
ne'er a fleet to boat her: The sai - lor lads that make her such, And the

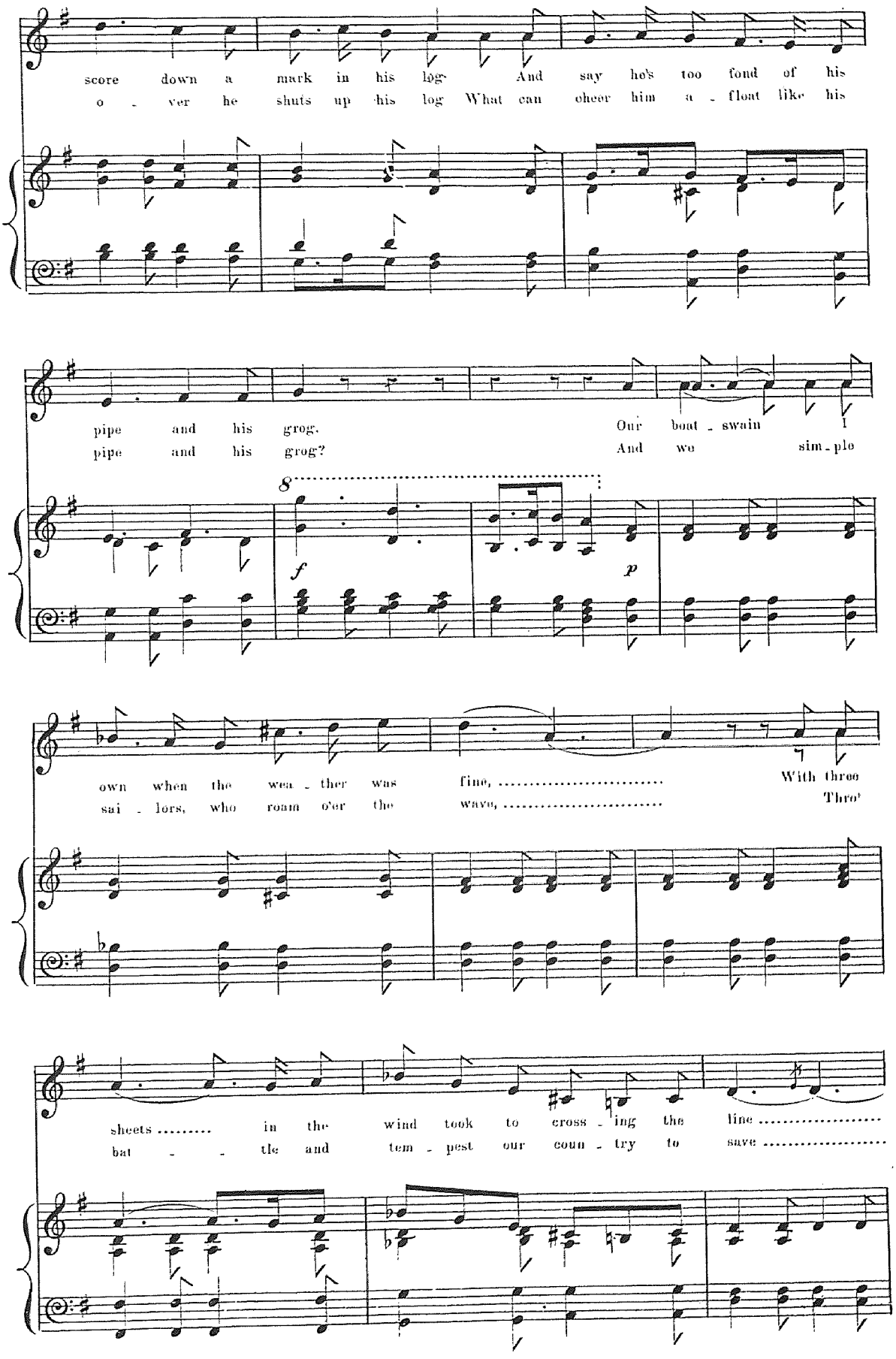
lass that waits for Pe - ter.

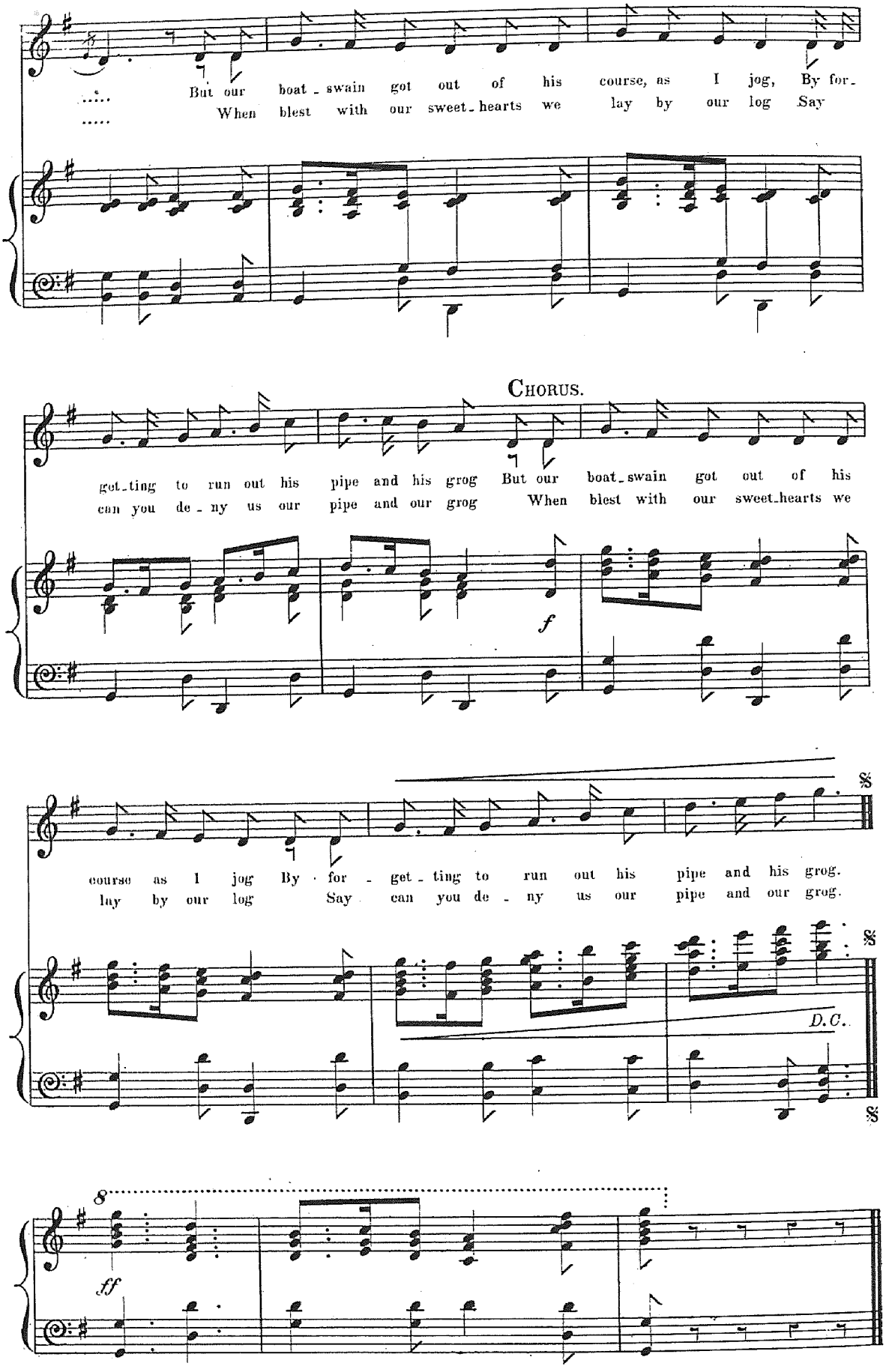
DRINKING SONG.

No 9.

"Pipes & Grog."




score down a mark in his log. And say he's too fond of his
o - ver he shuts up his log What can cheer him a - float like his
pipe and his grog. Our boat - swain I
pipe and his grog? And we sim - ple
8
f
p
own when the wea - ther was fine, With three
sai - lors, who roam o'er the wave, Thro'
sheets in the wind took to cross - ing the line
bat - - tle and tem - pest our coun - try to save


But our boat_swain got out of his course, as I jog, By for_
When blest with our sweet_hearts we lay by our log Say
CHORUS.
get_ting to run out his pipe and his grog But our boat_swain got out of his
can you de_ny us our pipe and our grog When blest with our sweet_hearts we
f
course as I jog By for_get_ting to run out his pipe and his grog.
lay by our log Say can you de_ny us our pipe and our grog.
D.C.
8
ff

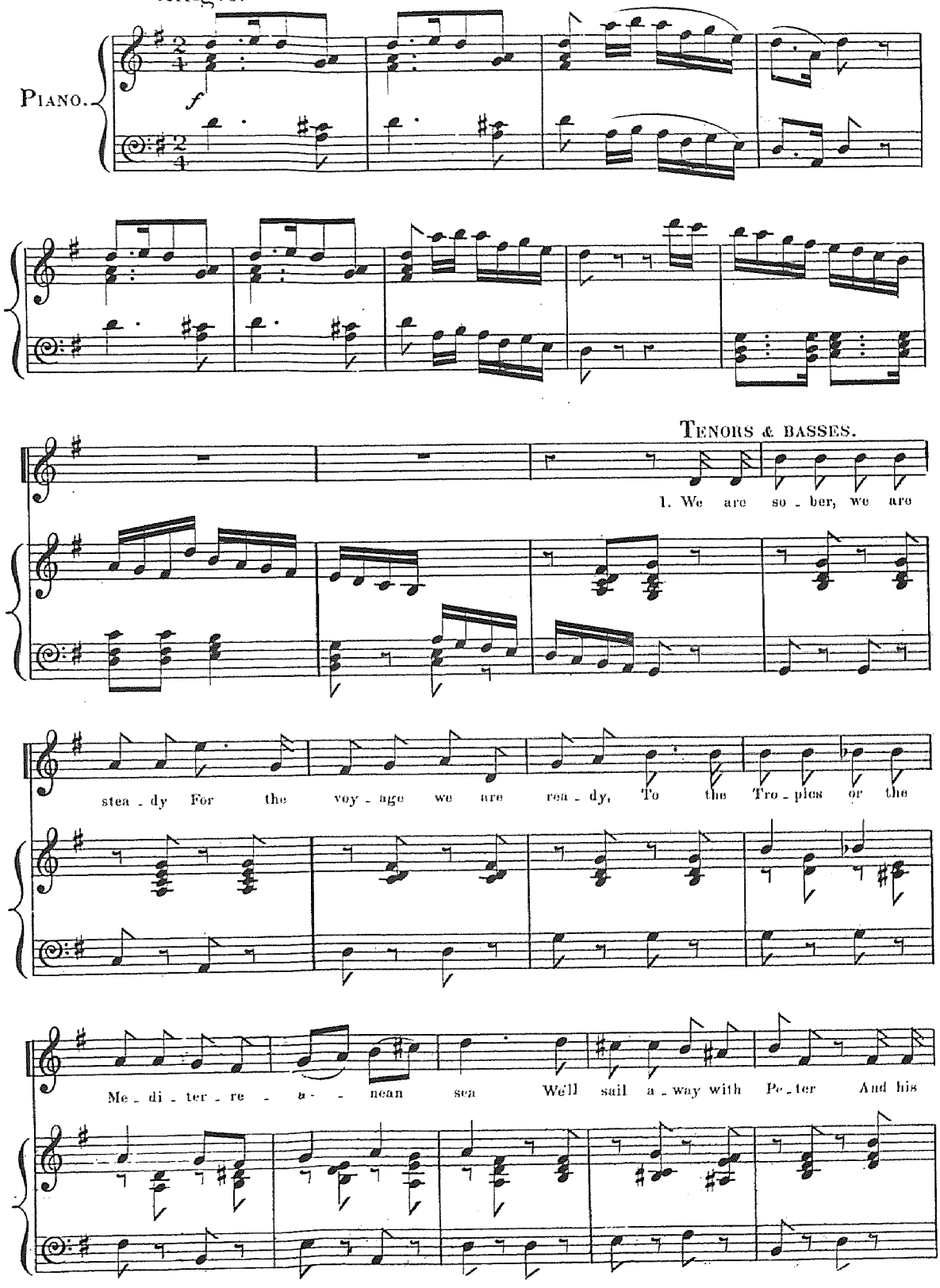
FINALE.

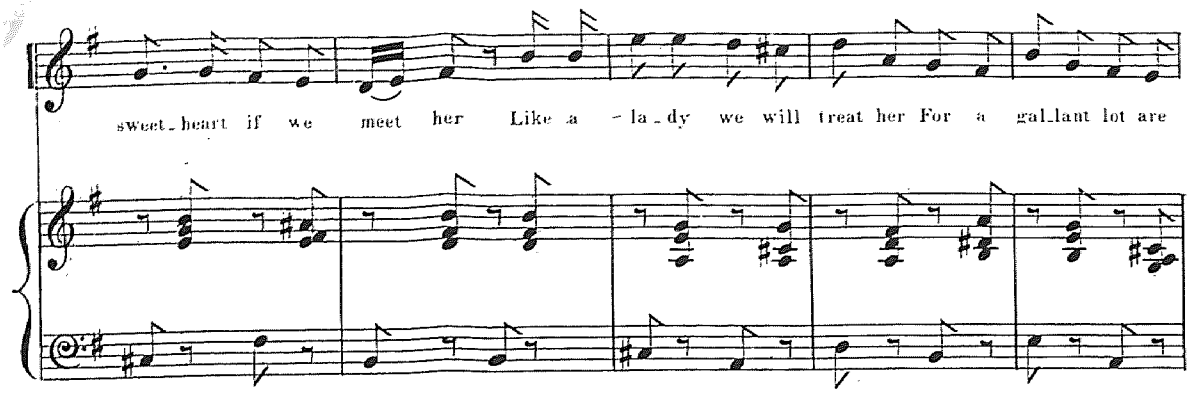
SOLI & CHORUS.

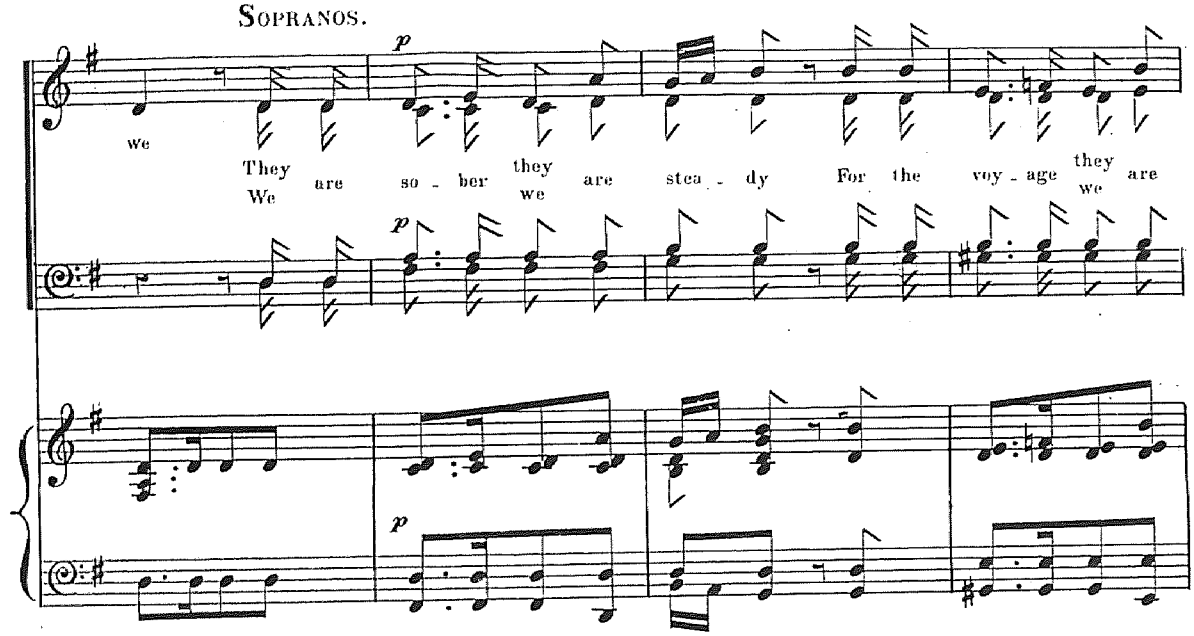
No 10.

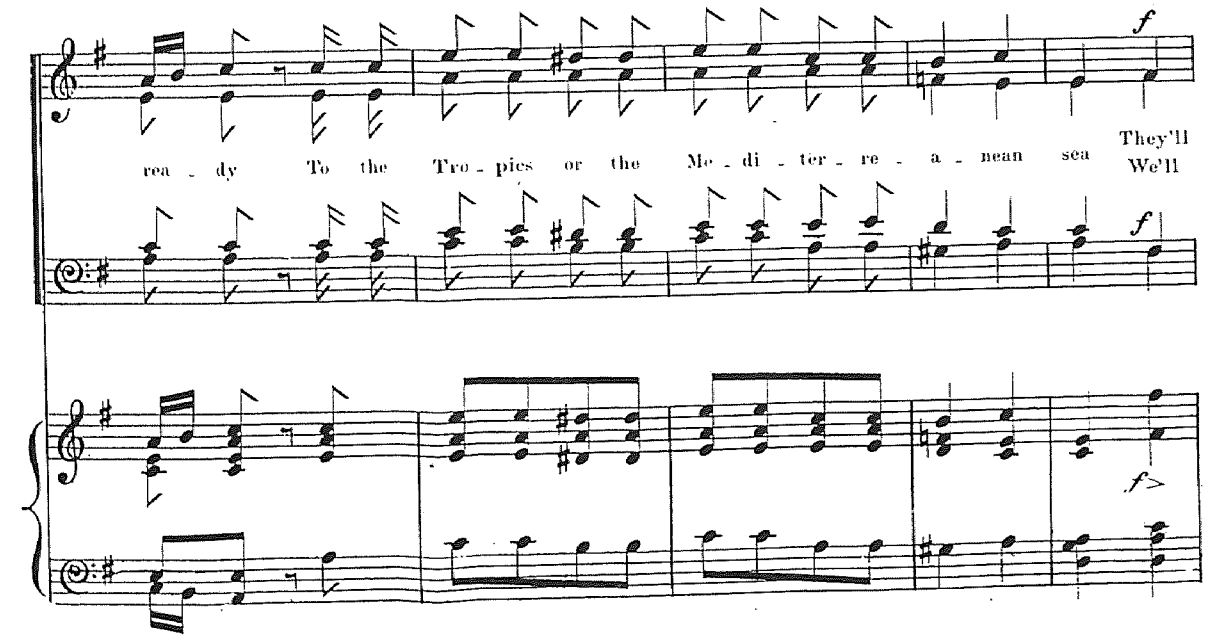
"We'll sail away with Peter."

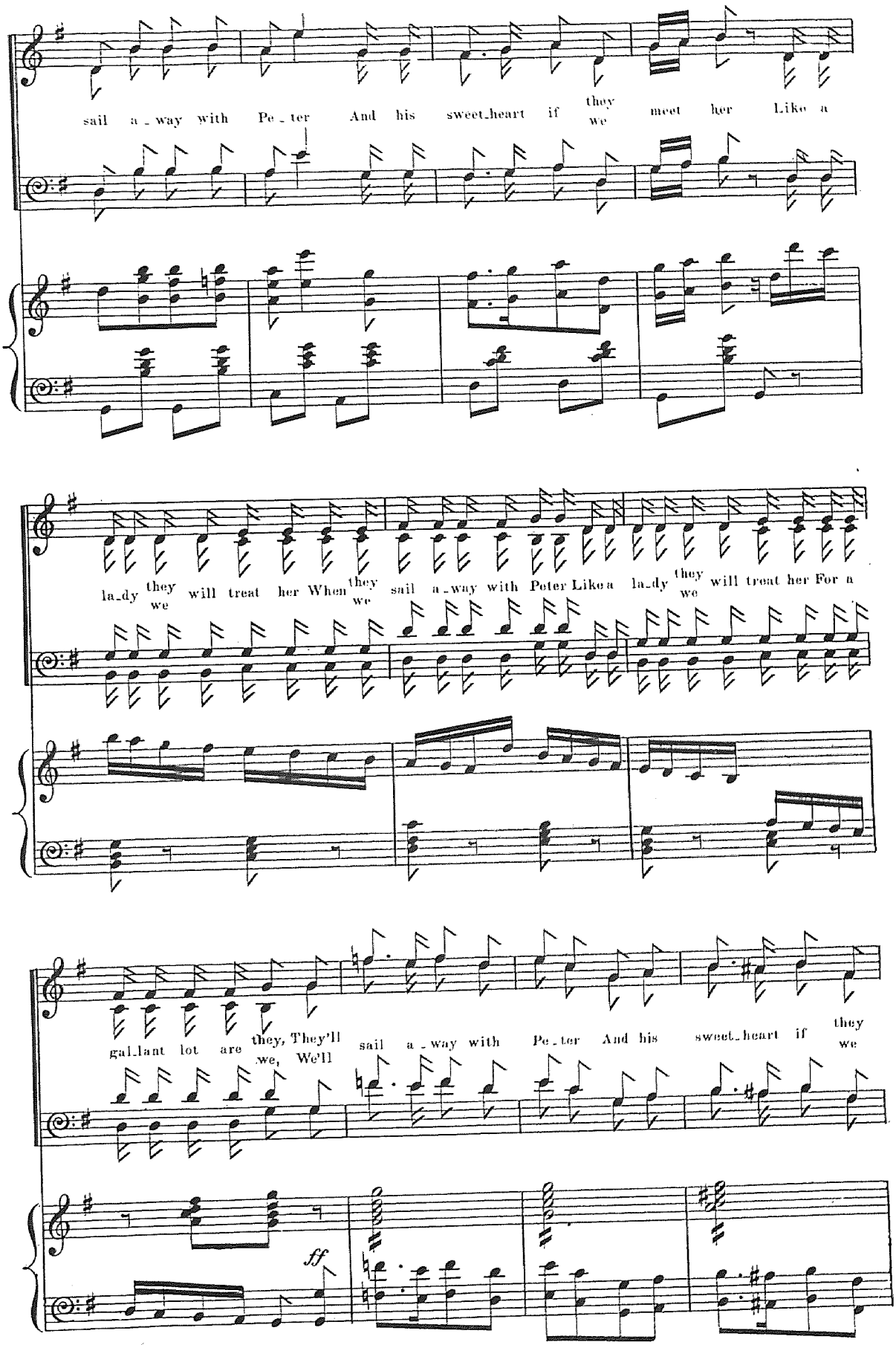
Allegro.

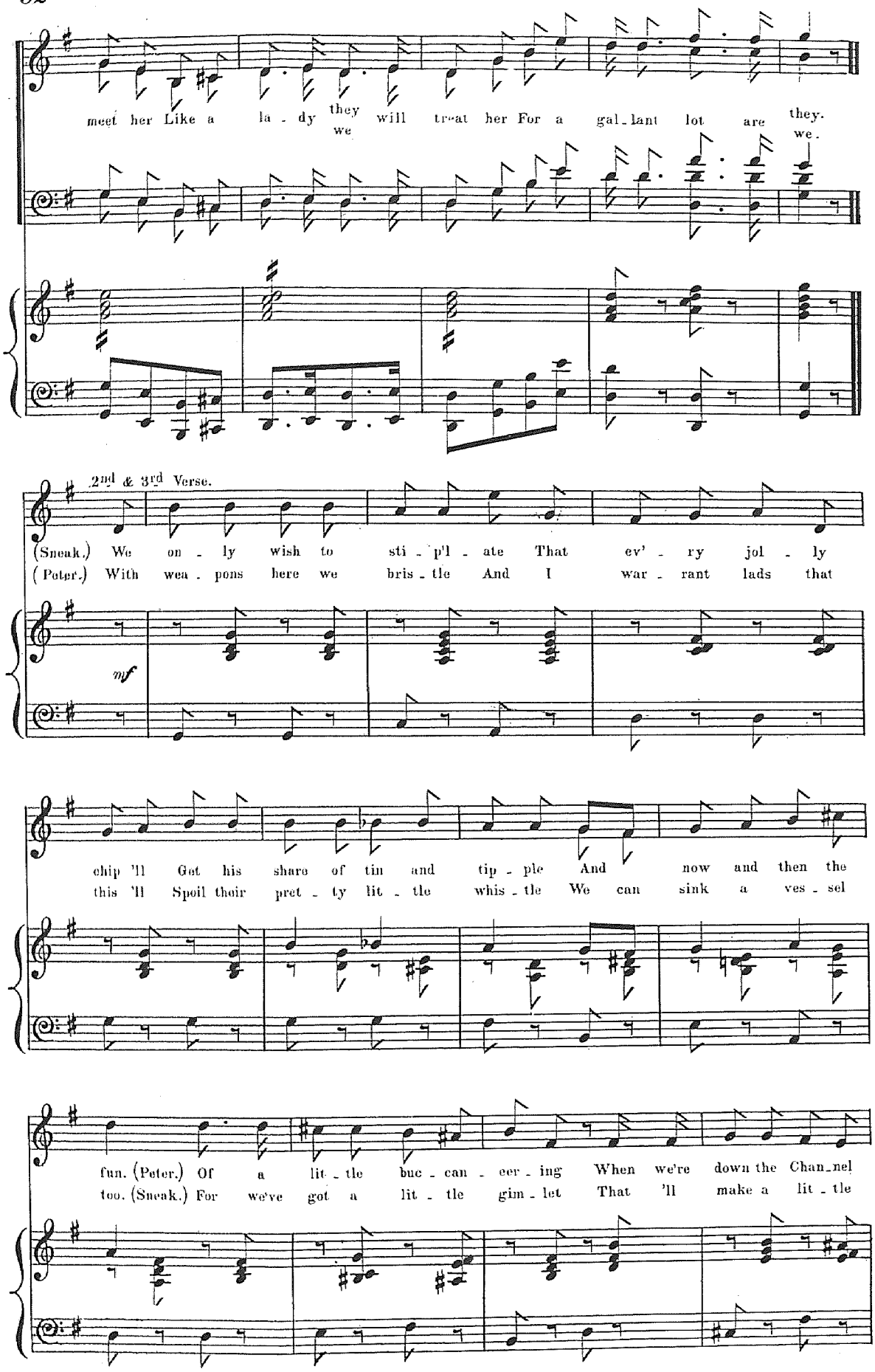


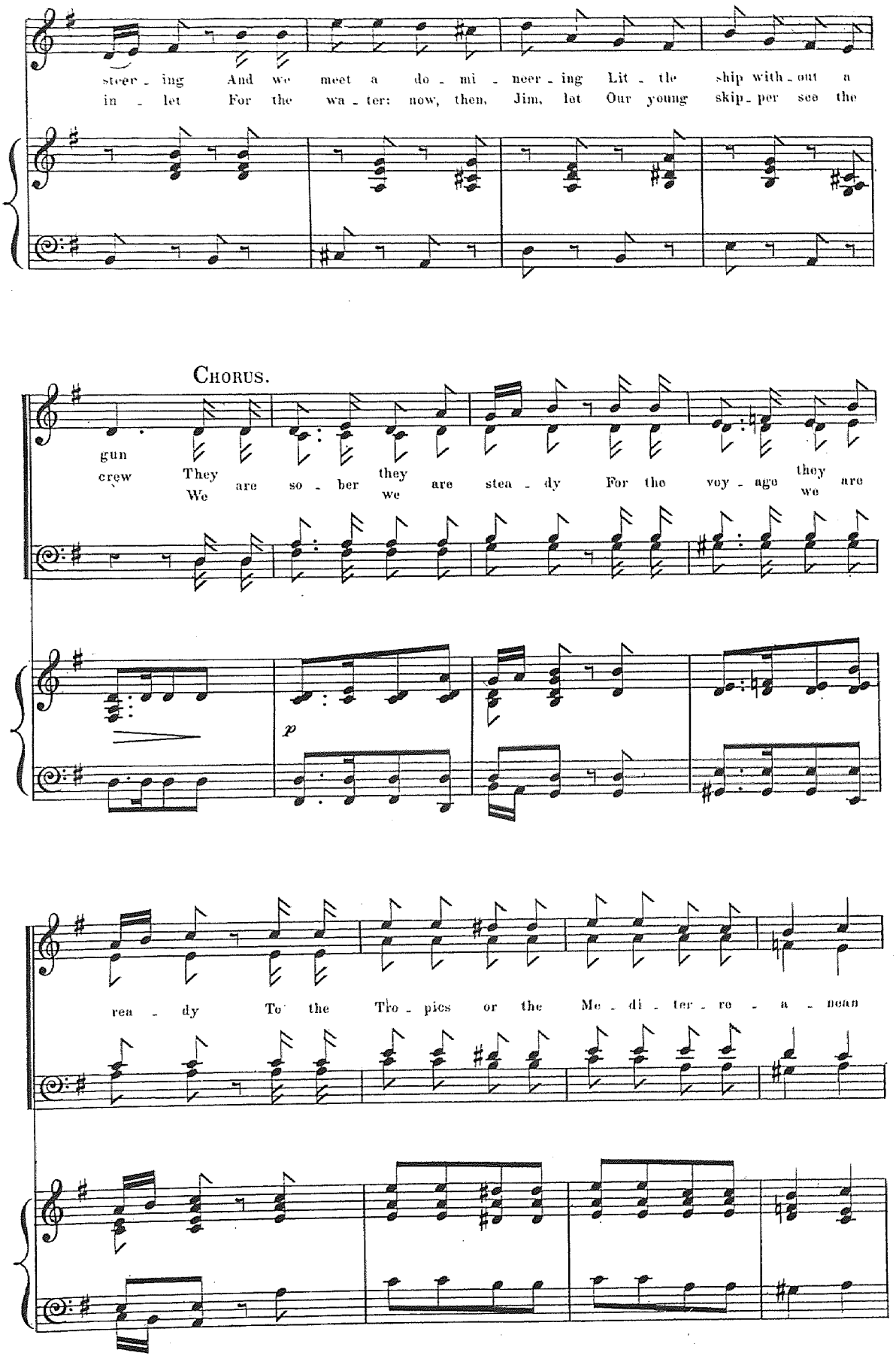

sweet-heart if we meet her Like a -la-dy we will treat her For a gal-lant lot are

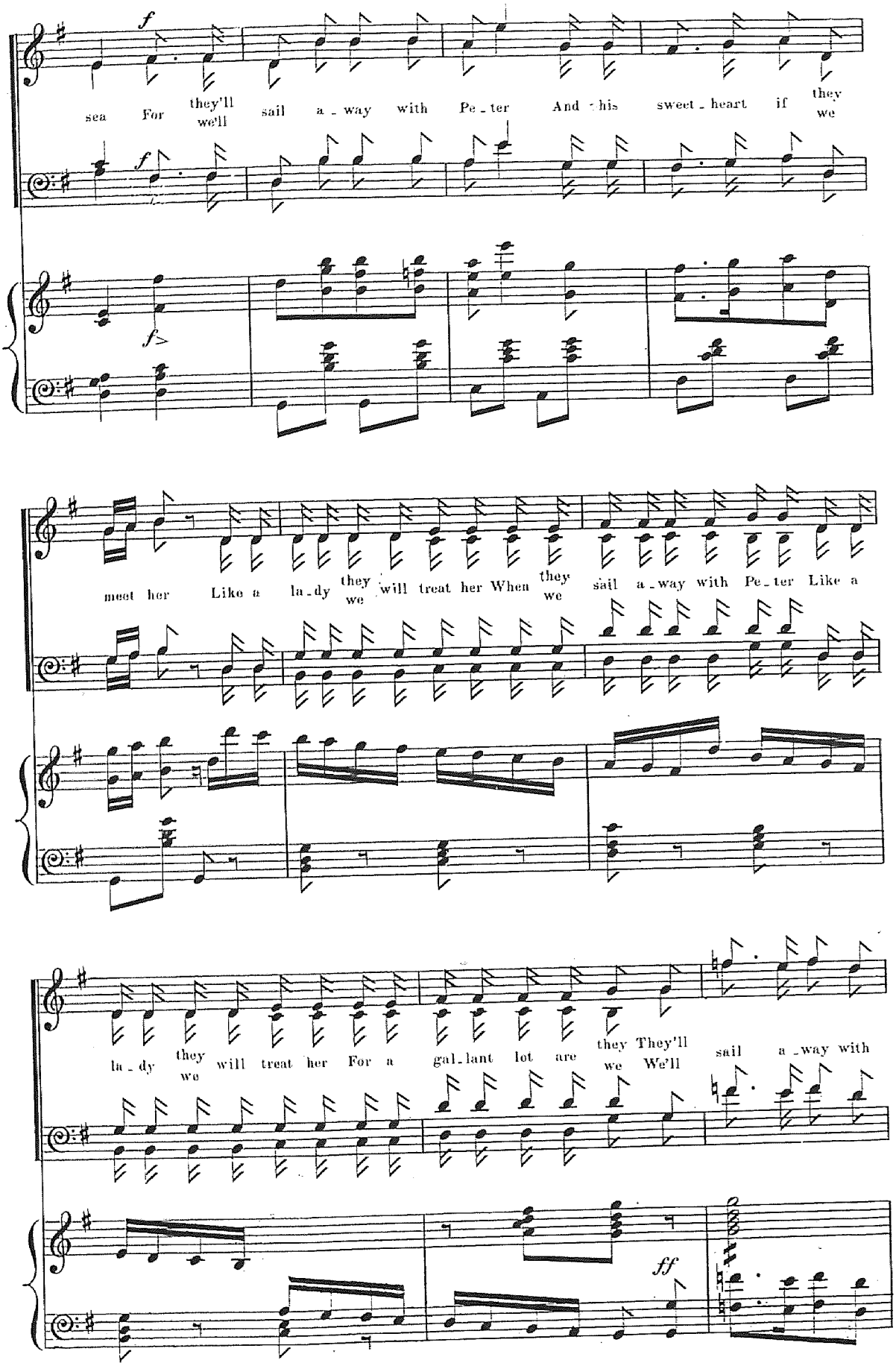

Sopranos.
p
we
They are so - ber they are stea - dy For the voy - age they are
We we we
p
p

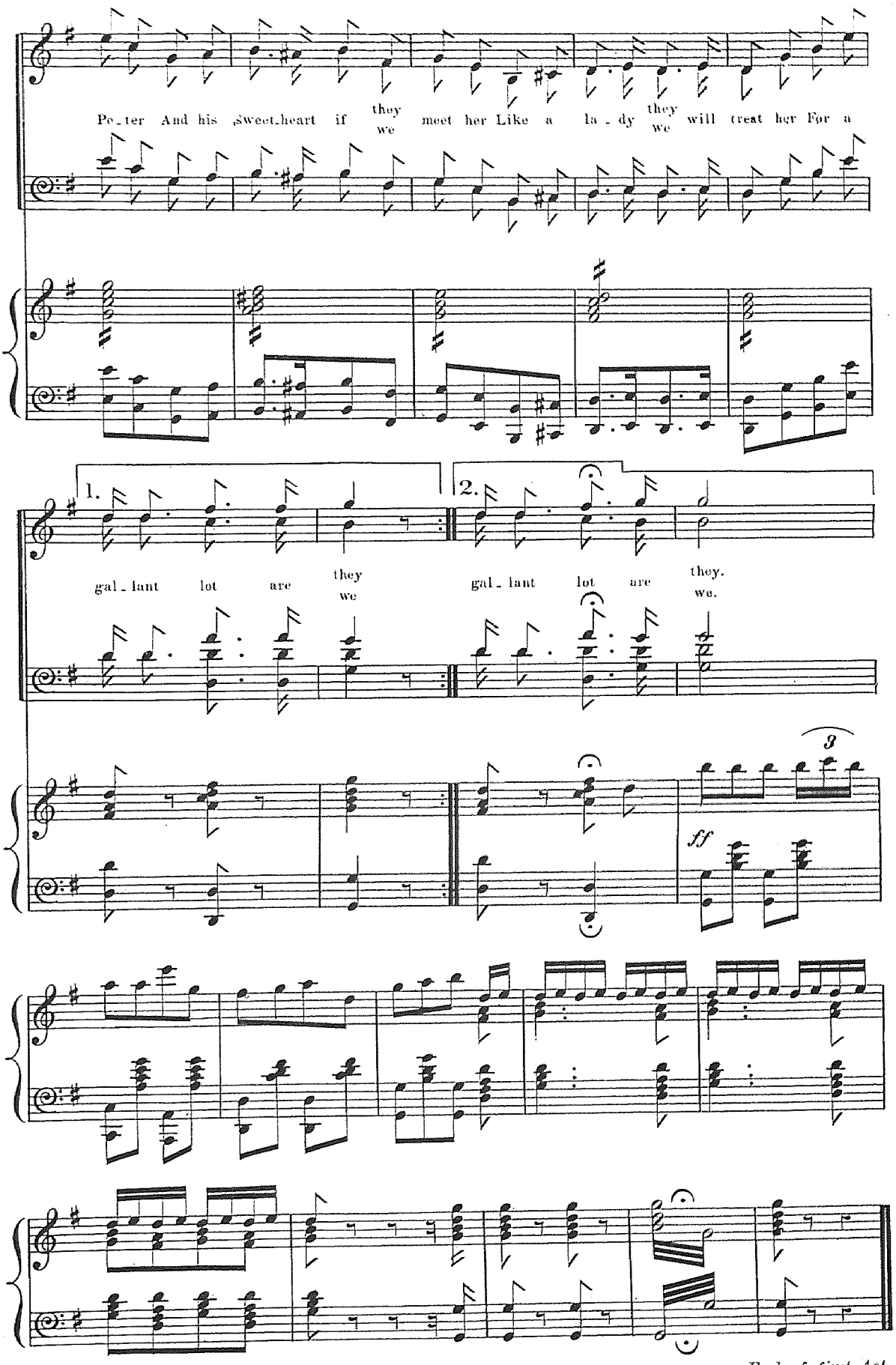

f
rea - dy To the Tro - pics or the Me - di - ter - re - a - nean sea They'll
We'll
f
f>


sail a-way with Pe-ter And his sweet-heart if they we meet her Like a
la-dy they we will treat her When they we sail a-way with Peter Like a la-dy they we will treat her For a
gal-lant lot are they, We, They'll We'll sail a-way with Pe-ter And his sweet-heart if they we
ff


meet her Like a la - dy they will treat her For a gal - lant lot are they.
we we.
2nd & 3rd Verse.
(Sneak.) We on - ly wish to sti - p'l - ate That ev' - ry jol - ly
(Peter.) With wea - pons here we bris - tle And I war - rant lads that
mf
chip 'll Get his share of tin and tip - ple And now and then the
this 'll Spoil their pret - ty lit - tle whis - tle We can sink a ves - sel
fun. (Peter.) Of a lit - tle buc - can - eer - ing When we're down the Chan - nel
too. (Sneak.) For we've got a lit - tle gim - let That 'll make a lit - tle


steer - ing And we meet a do - mi - neer - ing Lit - tle ship with - out a
in - let For the wa - ter: now, then, Jim, let Our young skip - per see the
CHORUS.
gun
crew They are so - ber they are stea - dy For the voy - age they are
We we we
p
rea - dy To the Tro - pics or the Me - di - ter - re - a - nean

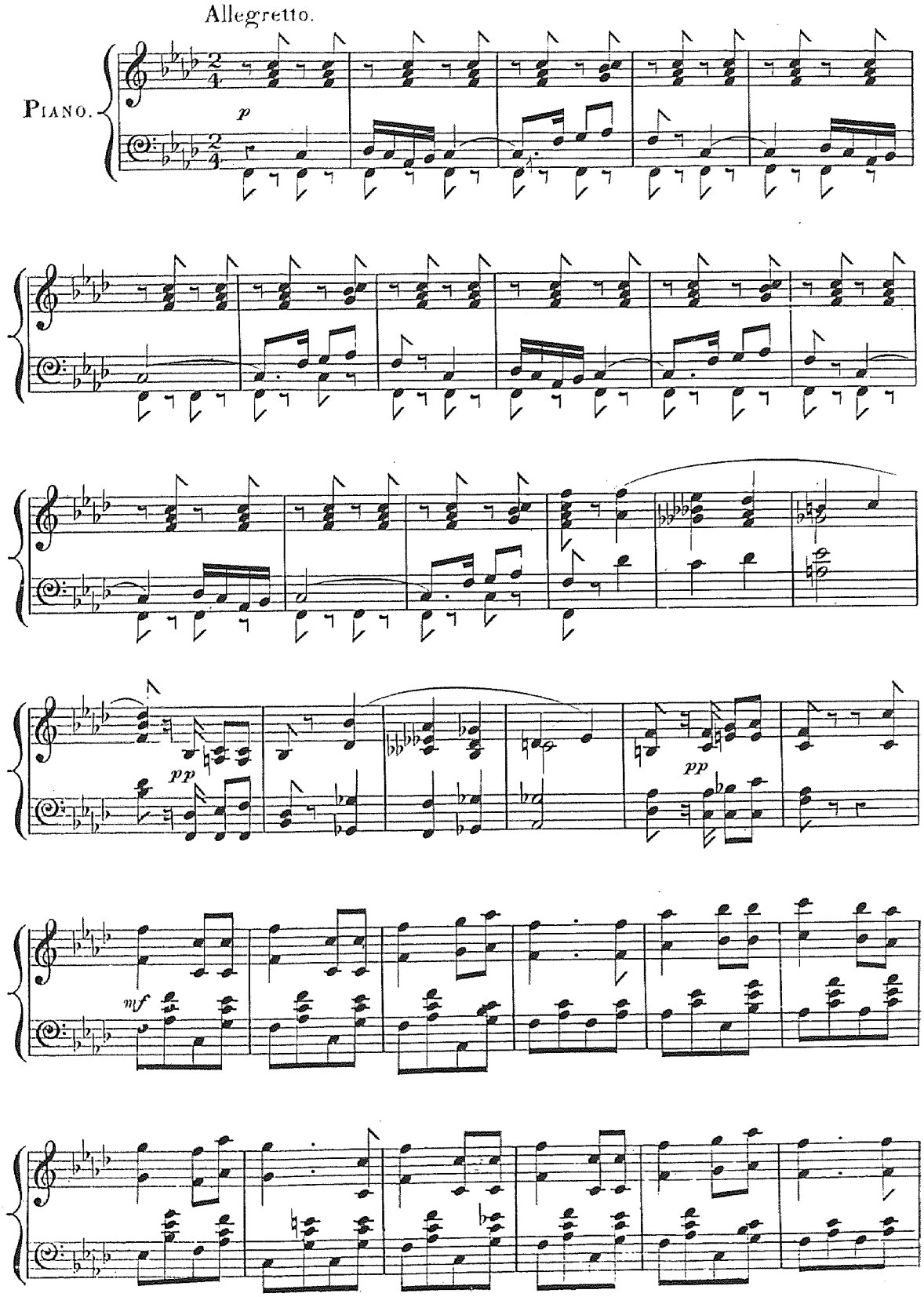

f
sea For they'll we'll sail a - way with Pe - ter And his sweet - heart if they we
f
f>
meet her Like a la - dy they we will treat her When they we sail a - way with Pe - ter Like a
la - dy they we will treat her For a gal - lant lot are they We We'll sail a - way with
ff

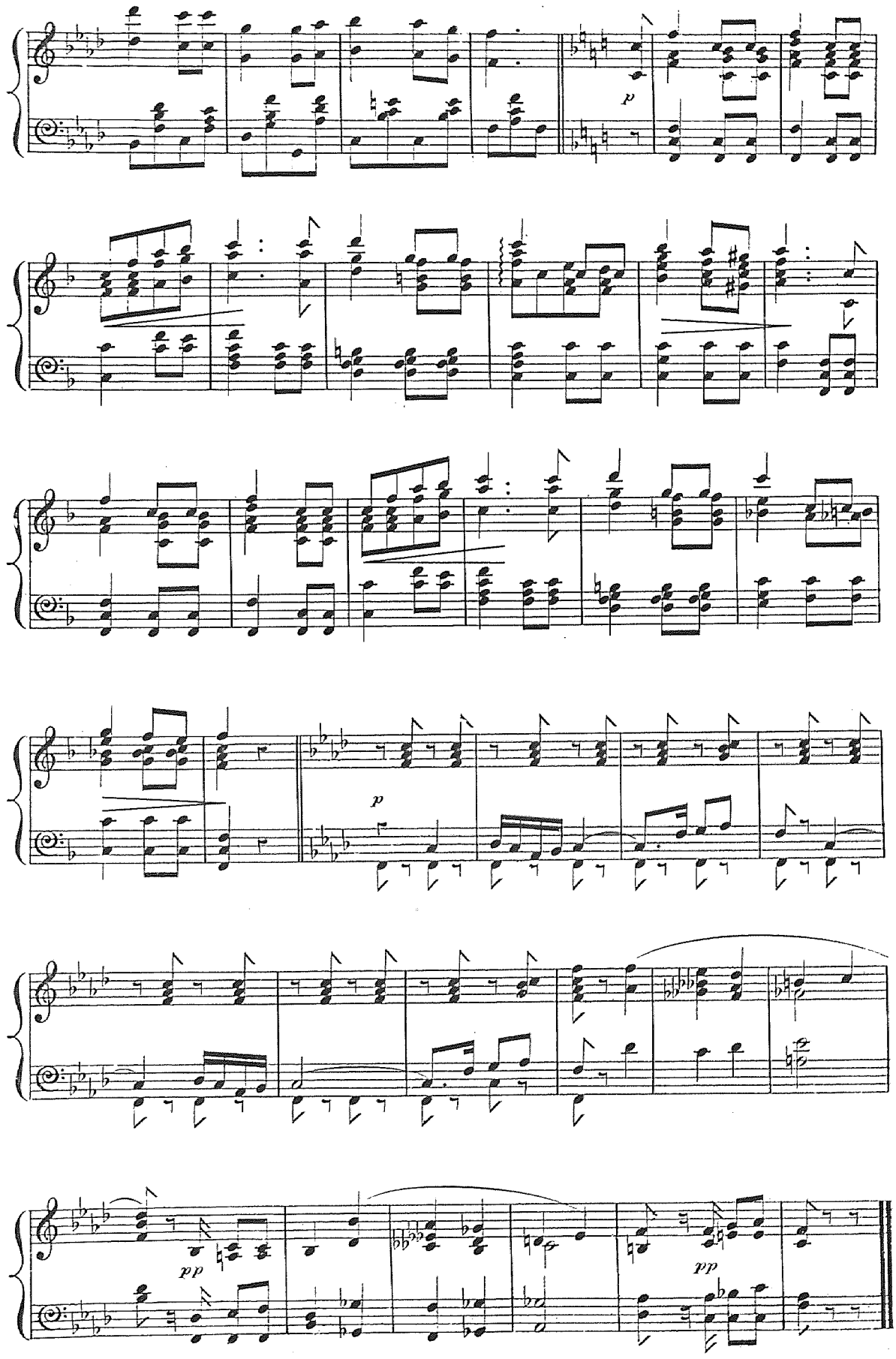


End of first Act.

ACT II.

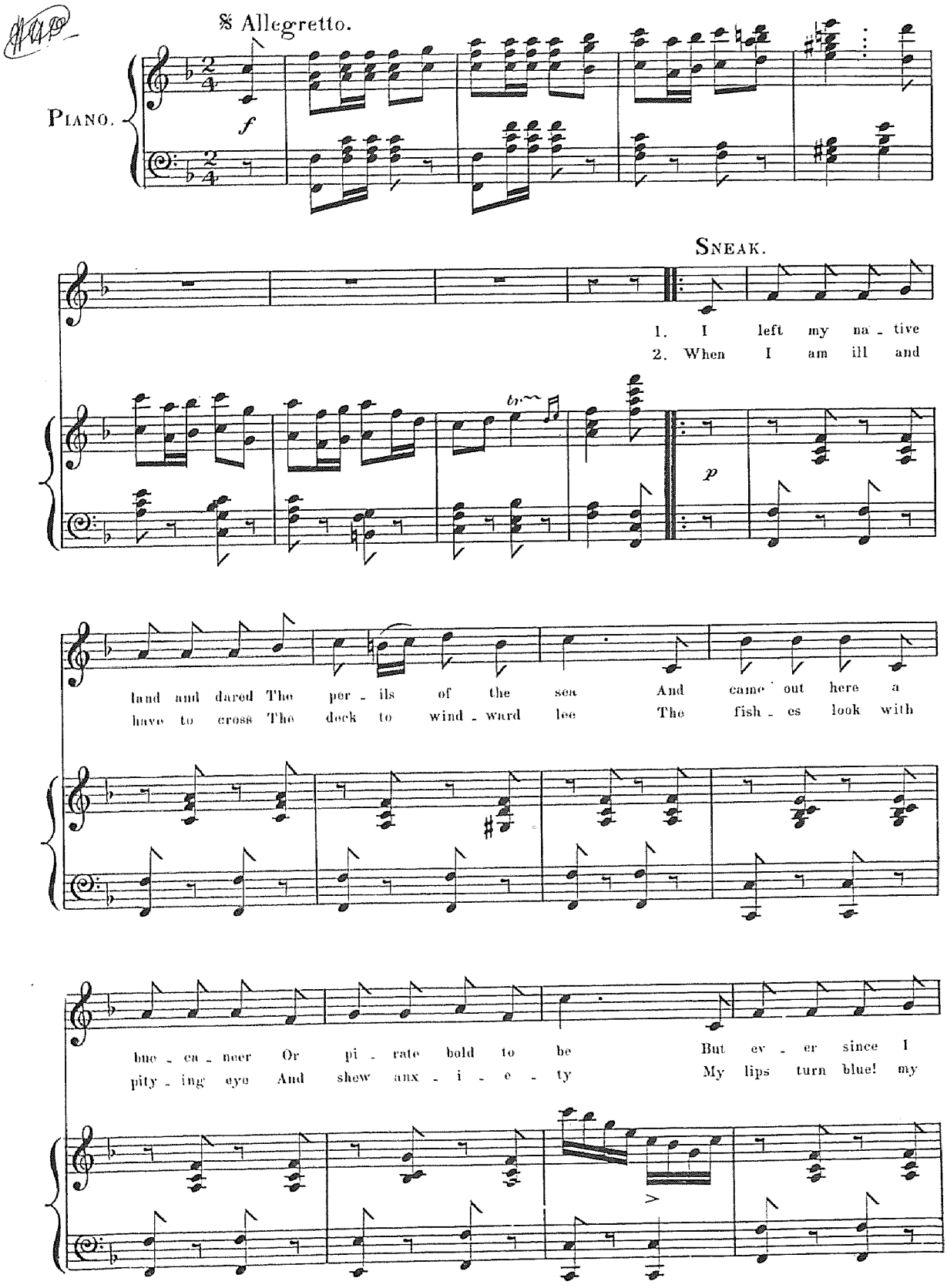
ENTR'ACTE.

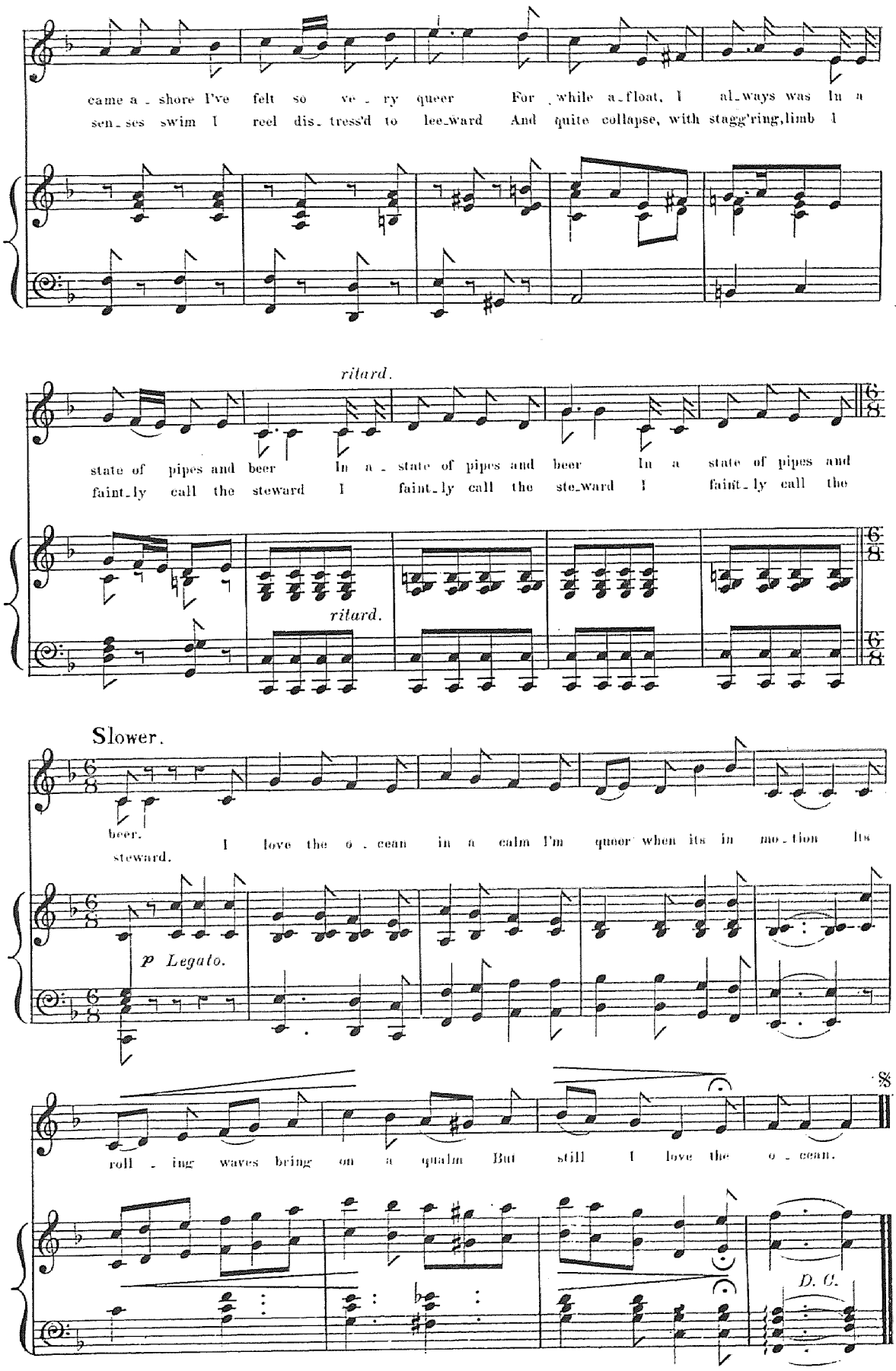



p
p
pp
pp

SONG.

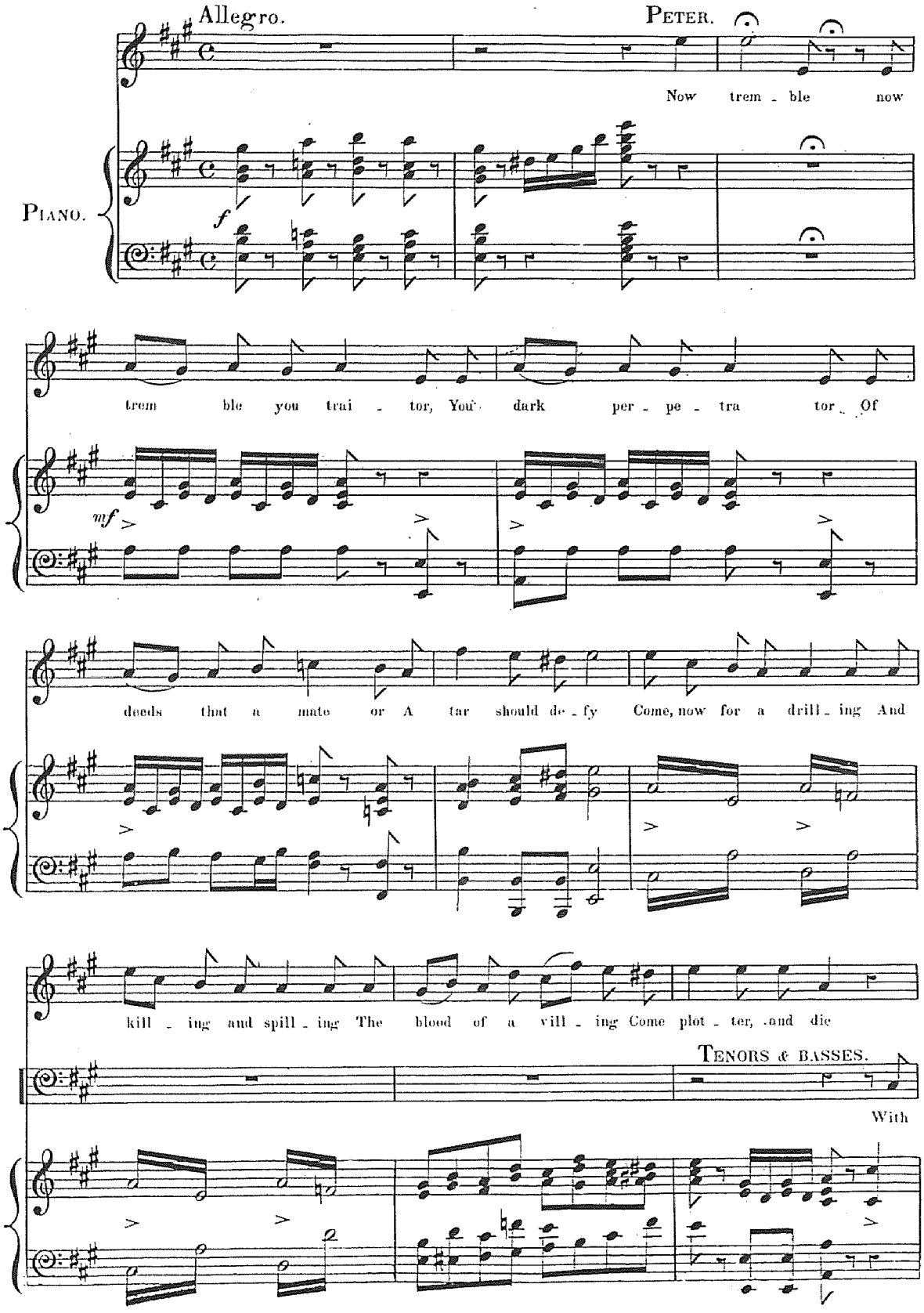
No. 11. "I love the ocean."

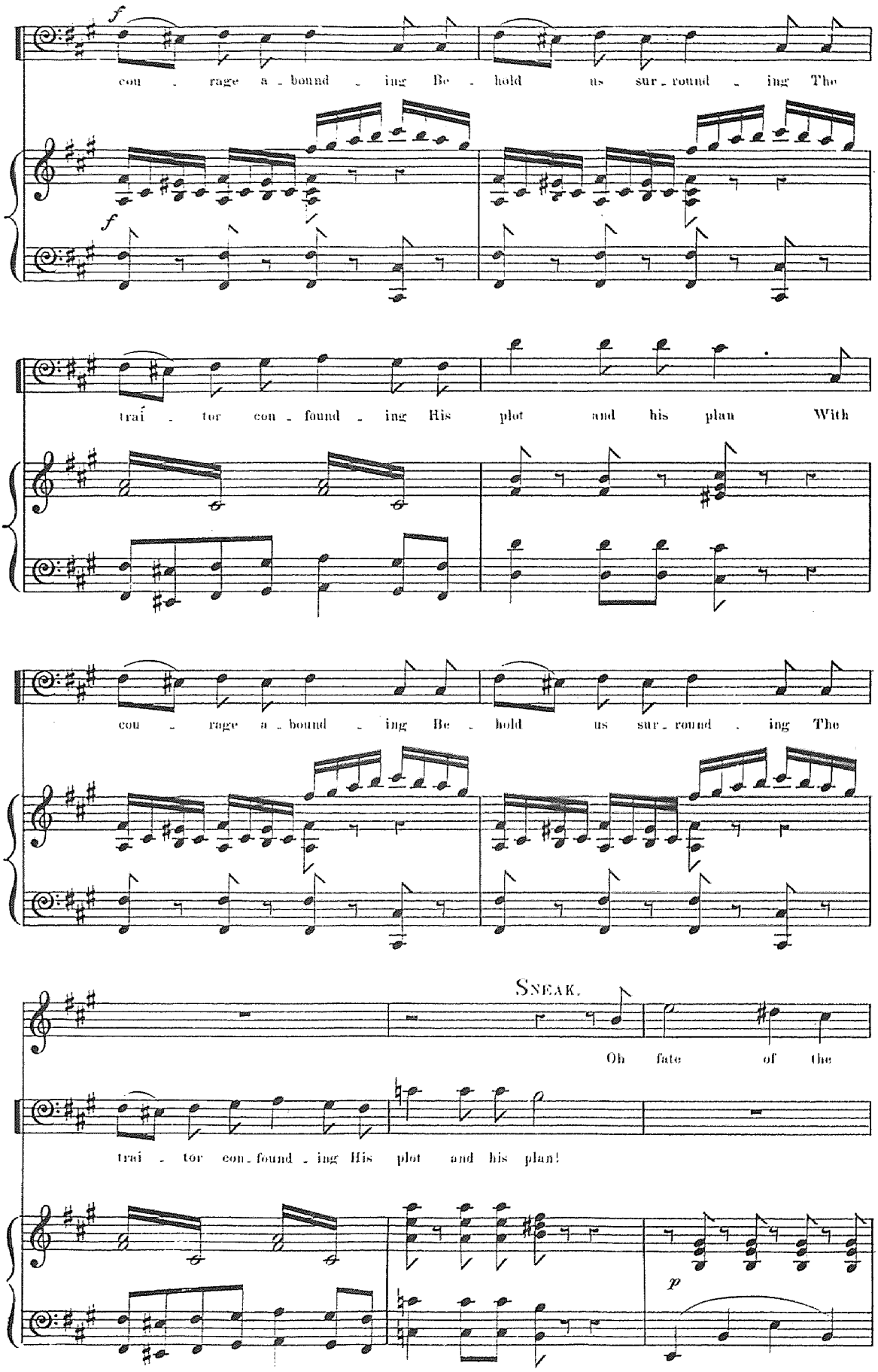


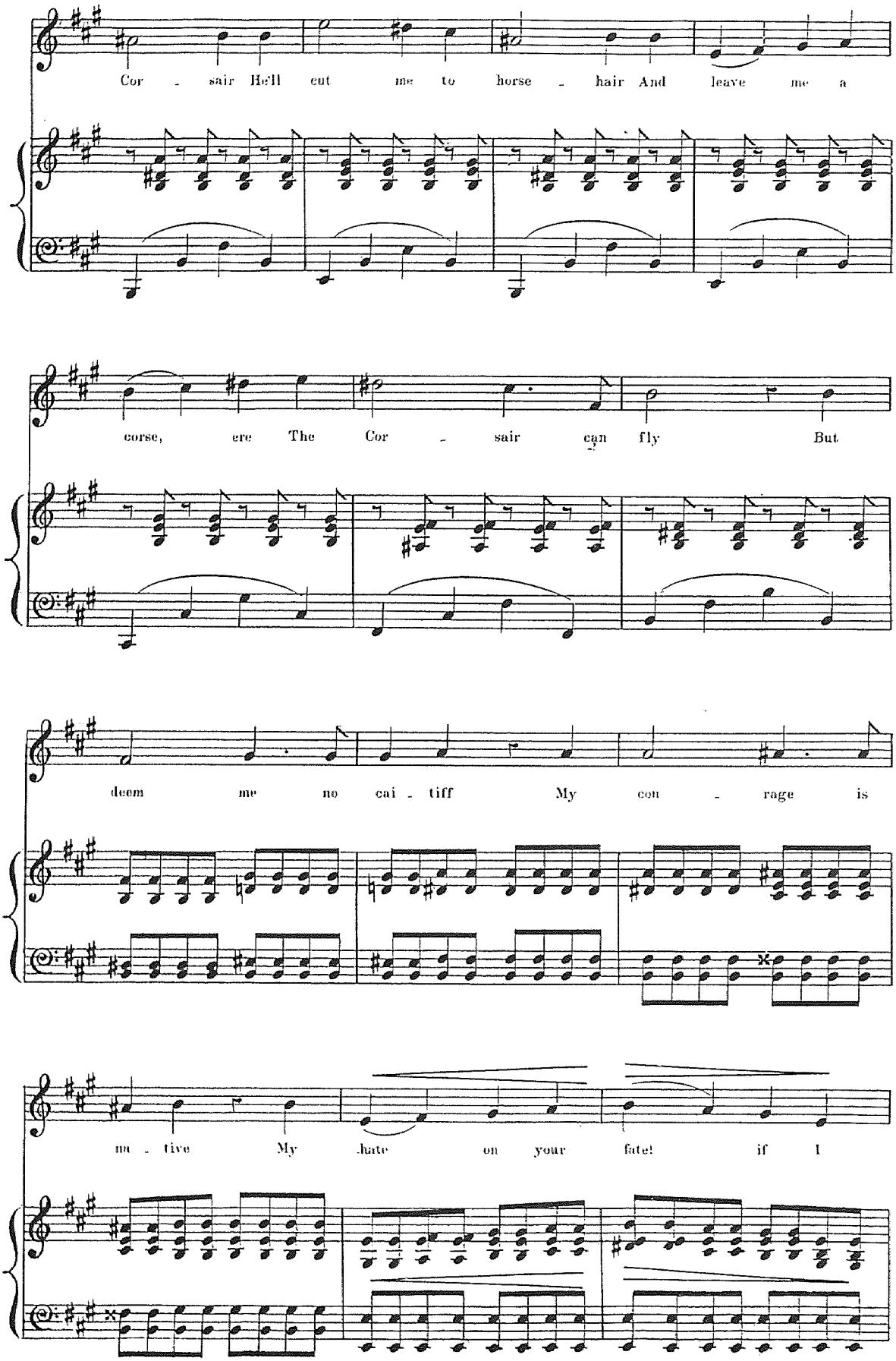

came a - shore I've felt so ve - ry queer For while a-float, I al-ways was In a
sen-ses swim I reel dis-tress'd to lee-ward And quite collapse, with stagg'ring, limb I
ritard.
state of pipes and beer In a - state of pipes and beer In a state of pipes and
faint-ly call the steward I faint-ly call the ste-ward I faint-ly call the
ritard.
Slower.
beer.
steward.
I love the o - cean in a calm I'm queer when its in mo-tion Its
p Legato.
roll - ing waves bring on a qualm But still I love the o - cean.
D. C.

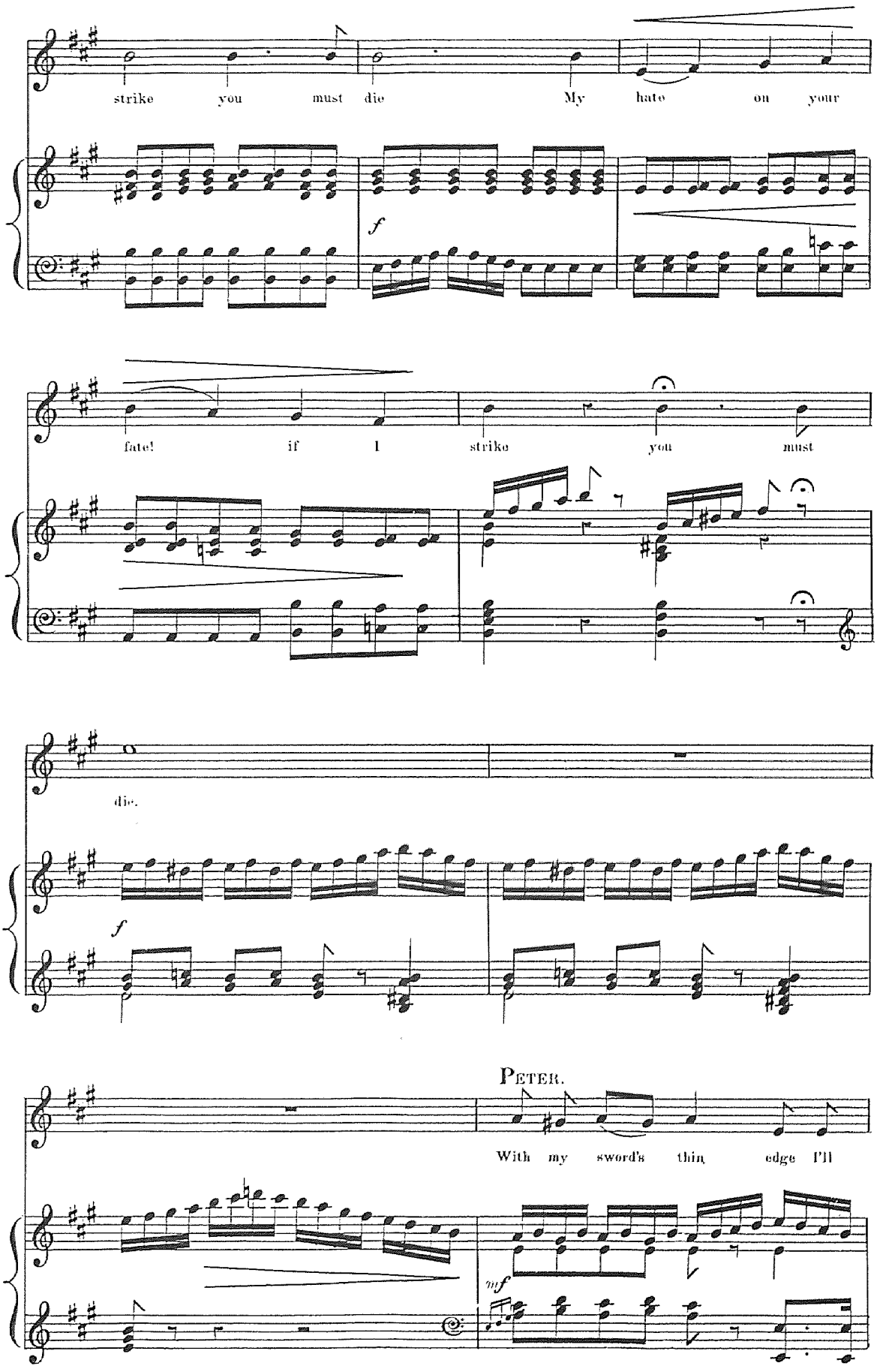
DUO & CHORUS.

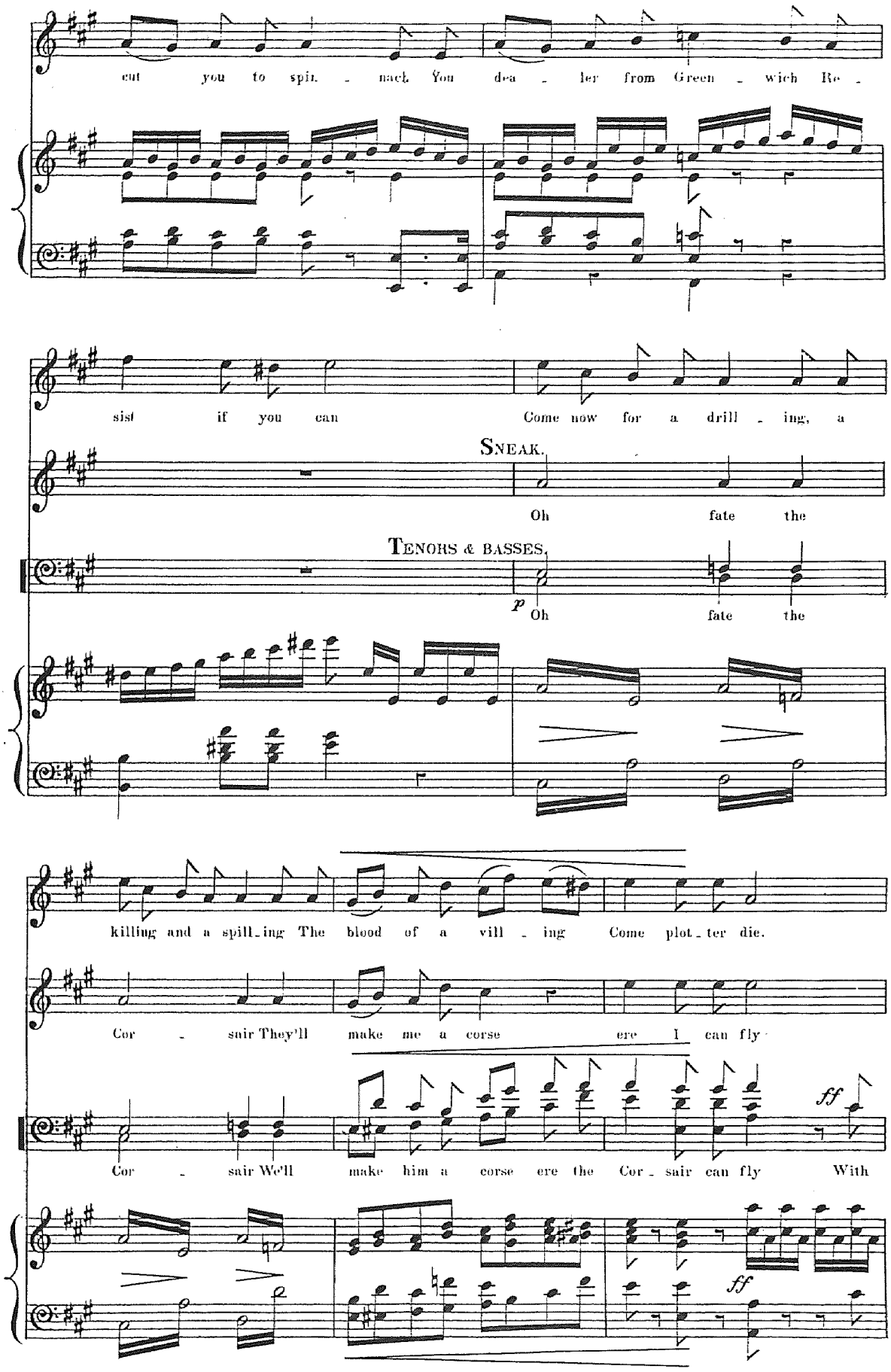
No. 12. "Now tremble you traitor."

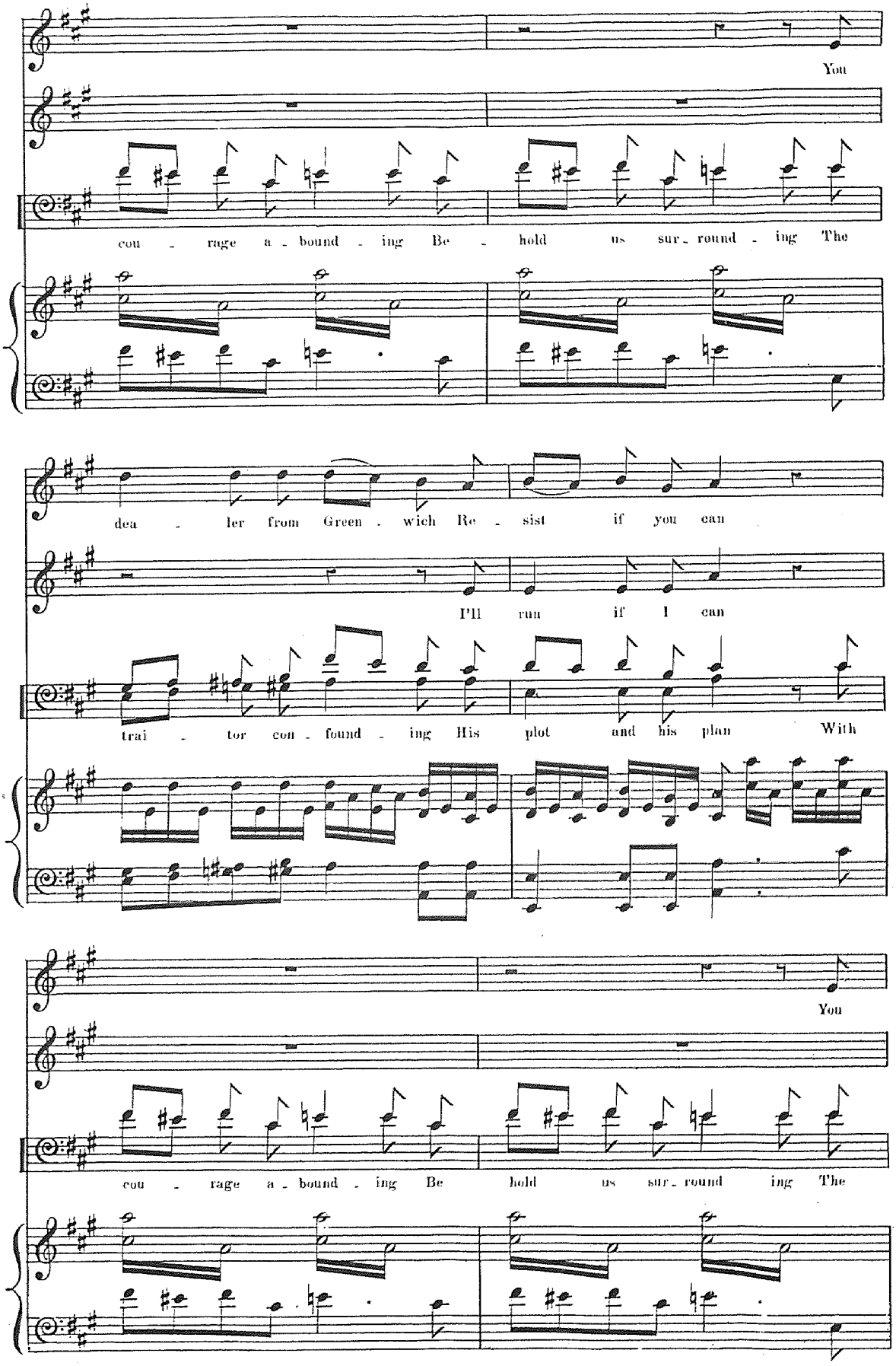


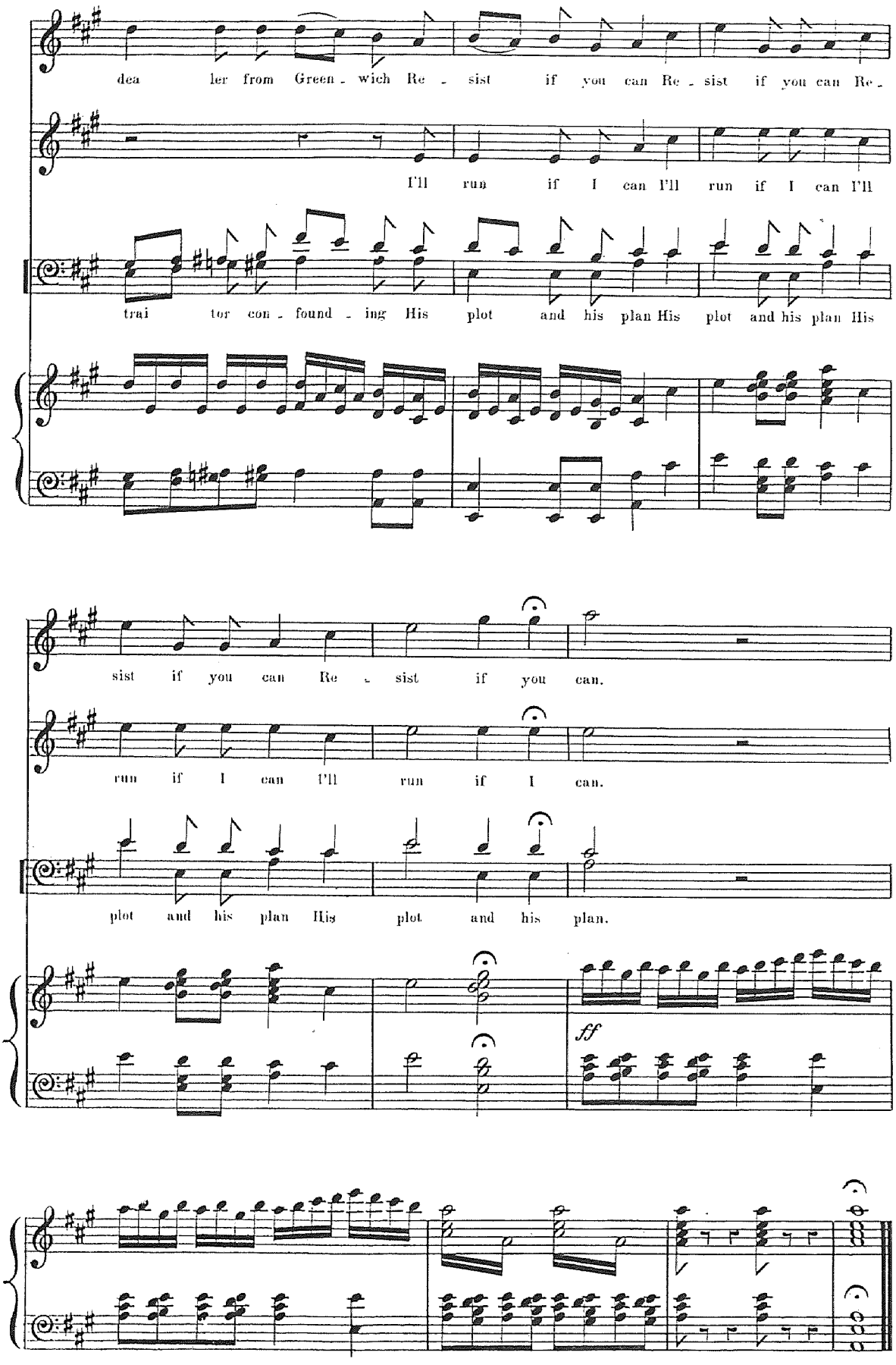

f
cou - rage a - bound - ing Be - hold us sur - round - ing The
f
trai - tor con - found - ing His plot and his plan With
cou - rage a - bound - ing Be - hold us sur - round - ing The
SNEAK.
Oh fate of the
trai - tor con - found - ing His plot and his plan!
p


Cor - sair He'll cut me to horse - hair And leave me a
corse, ere The Cor - sair can fly But
deem me no cai - tiff My con - rage is
na - tive My hate on your fate! if I


strike you must die My hate on your
f
fate! if I strike you must
die.
f
PETER.
With my sword's thin edge I'll
mf

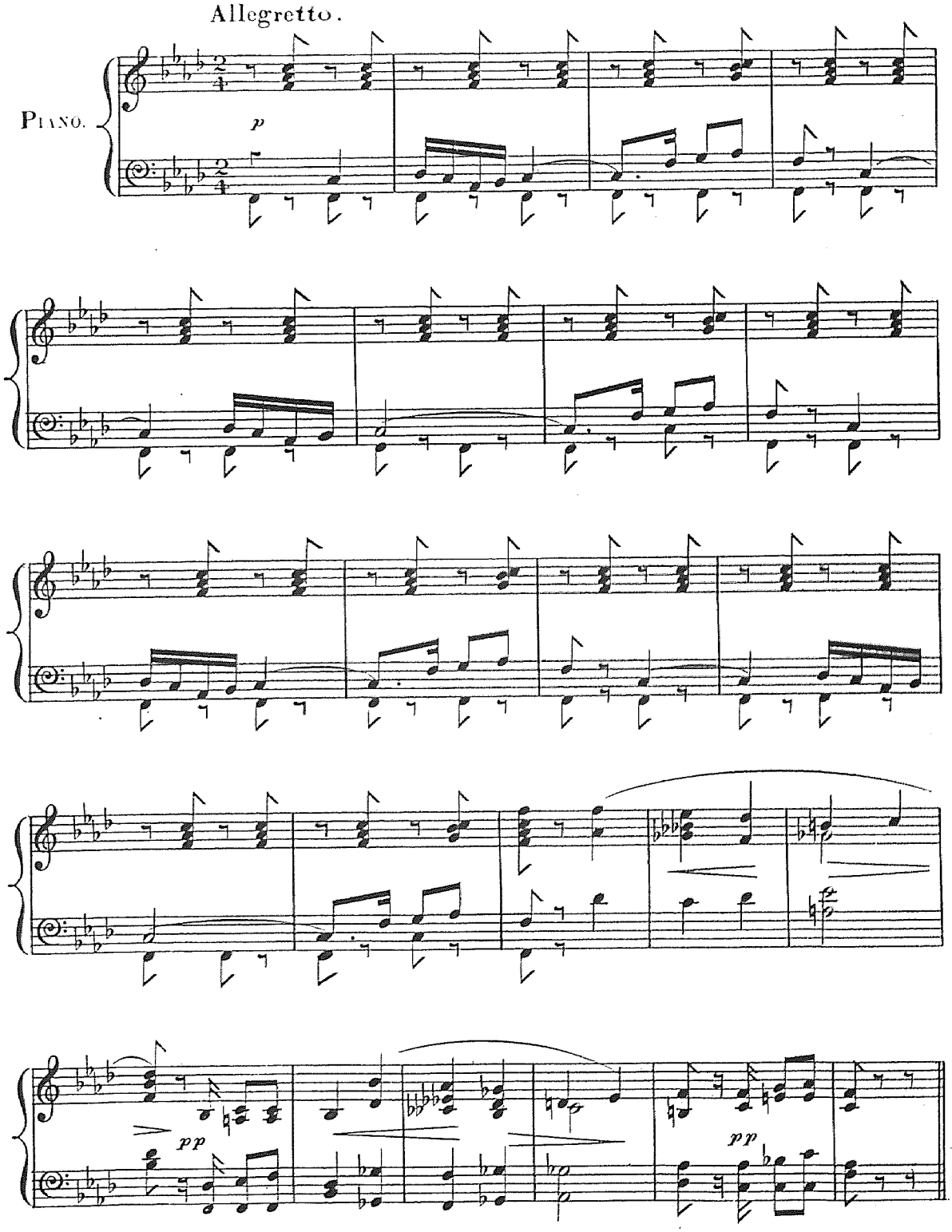

cut you to spin - nach You dea - ler from Green - wich Re -
sist if you can Come now for a drill - ing, a
SNEAK.
Oh fate the
TENORS & BASSES.
p
Oh fate the
killing and a spill-ing The blood of a vill - ing Come plot-ter die.
Cor - sair They'll make me a corse ere I can fly
Cor - sair We'll make him a corse ere the Cor-sair can fly With
ff
ff

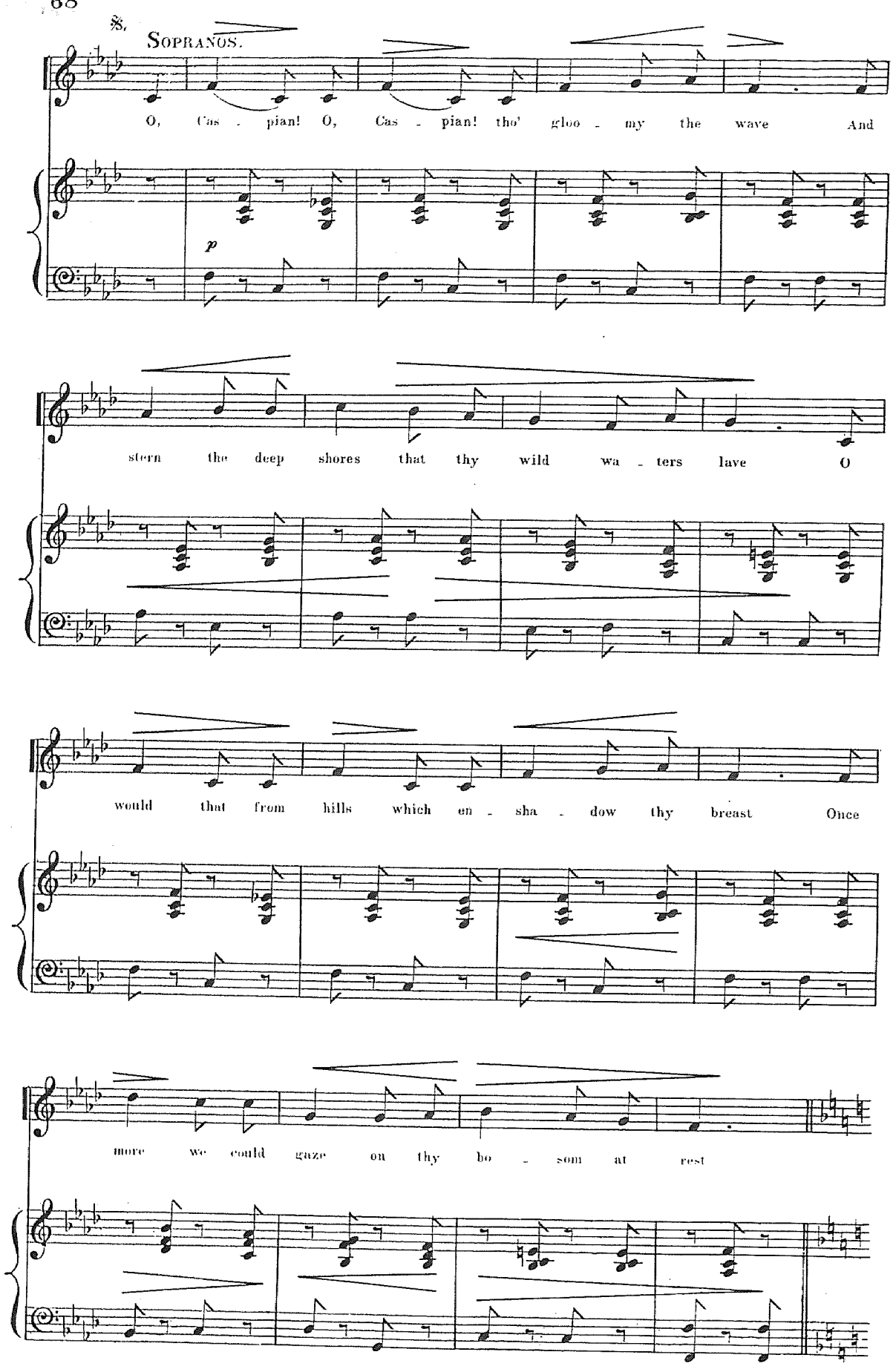

You
cou - rage a - bound - ing Be - hold us sur - round - ing The
dea - ler from Green - wich Re - sist if you can
I'll run if I can
trai - tor con - found - ing His plot and his plan With
You
cou - rage a - bound - ing Be hold us sur - round ing The

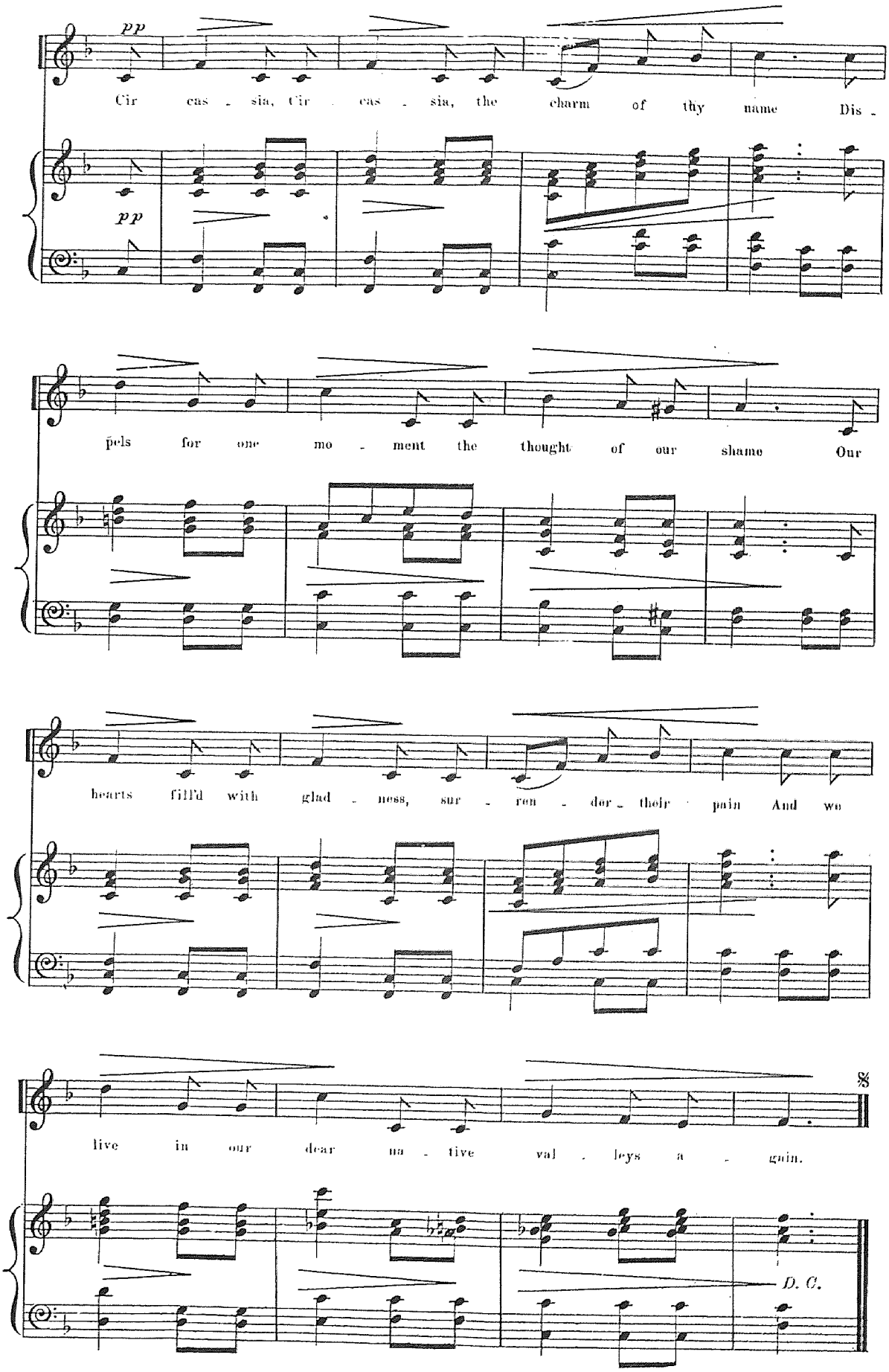

dea ler from Green - wich Re - sist if you can Re - sist if you can Re -
I'll run if I can I'll run if I can I'll
trai tor con - found - ing His plot and his plan His plot and his plan His
sist if you can Re - sist if you can.
run if I can I'll run if I can.
plot and his plan His plot and his plan.
ff

CHORUS OF SLAVES.

No. 13. "O Caspian!"

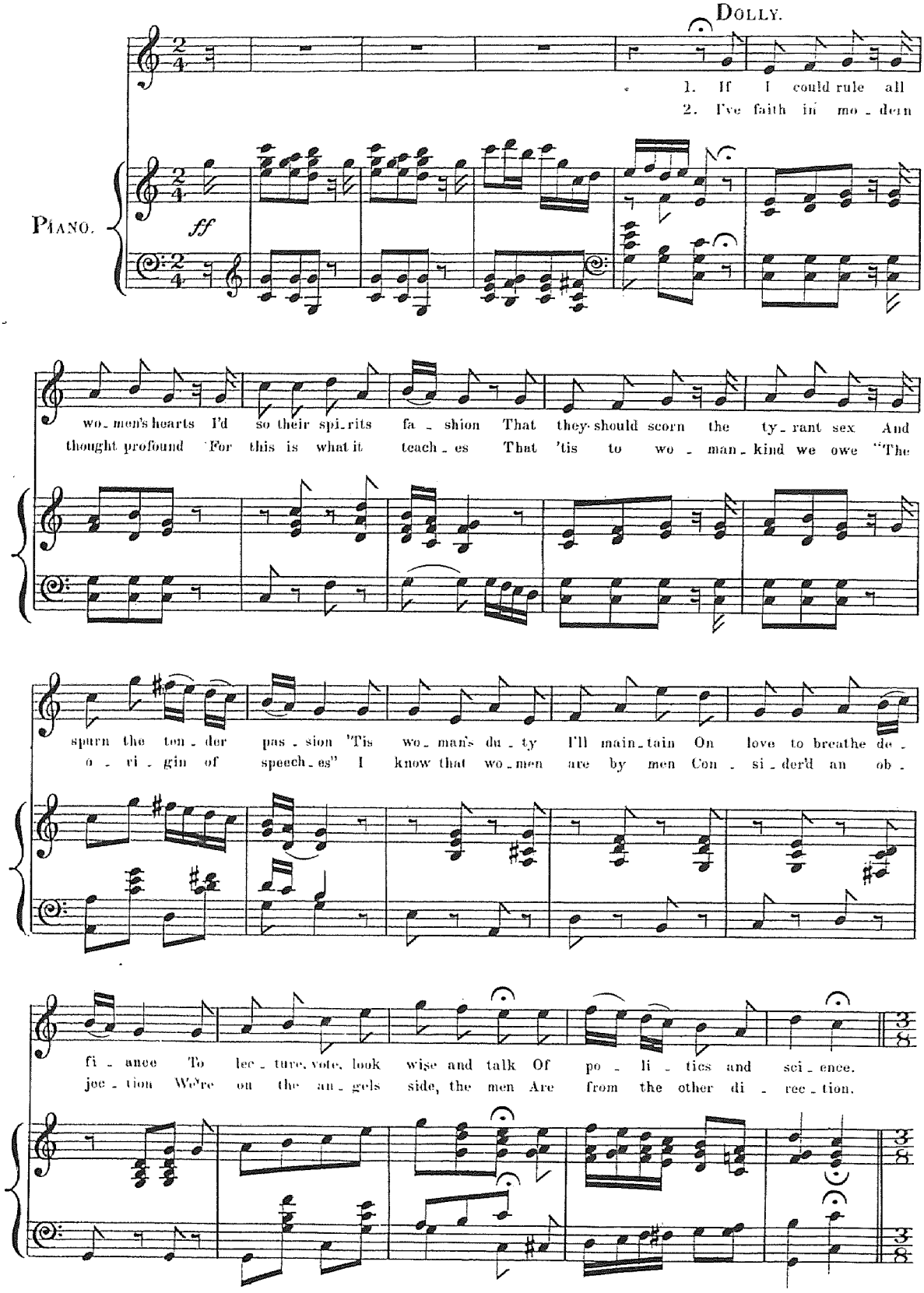


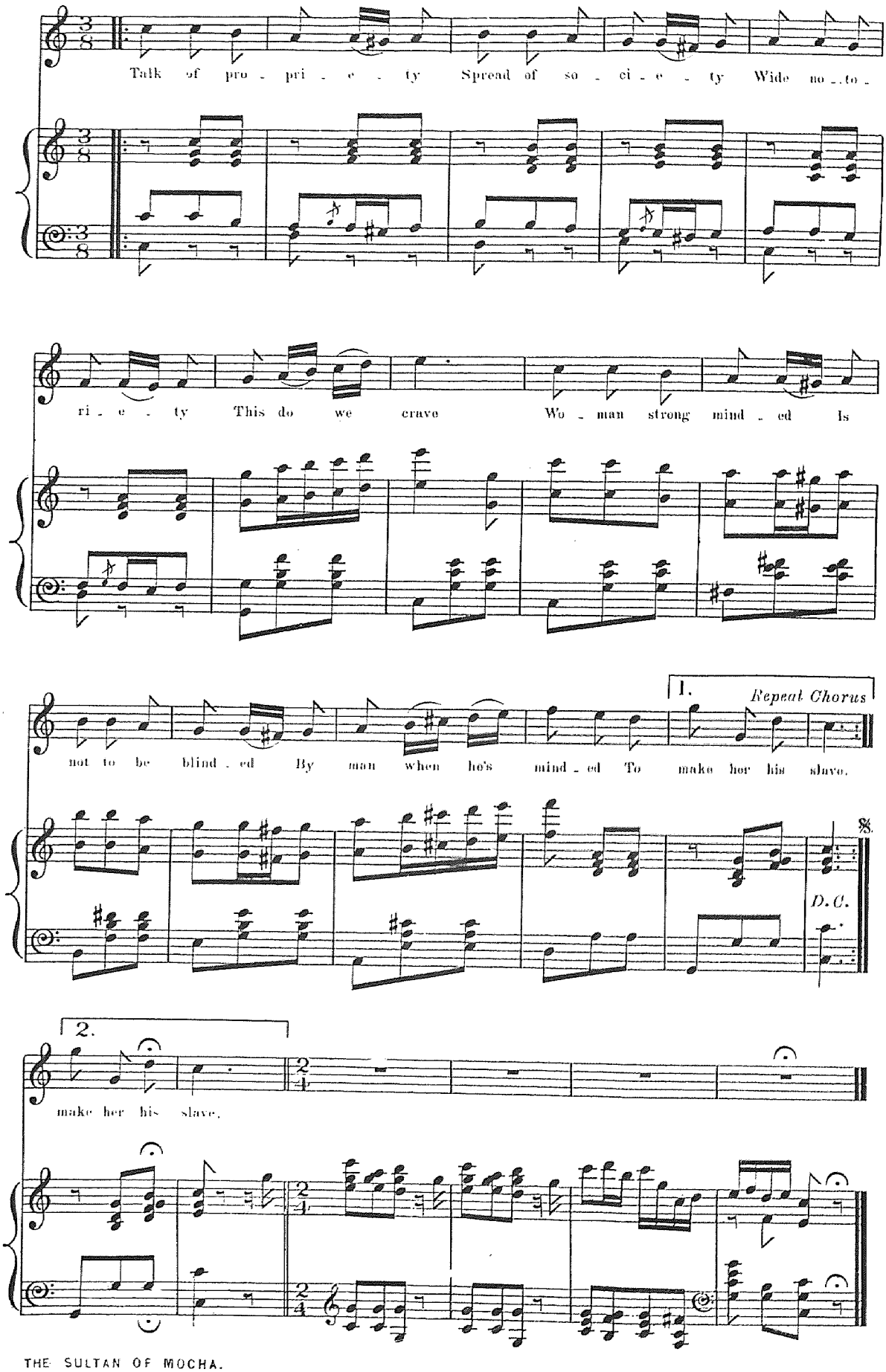

Sopranos.
O, Cas - pian! O, Cas - pian! tho' gloo - my the wave And
p
stern the deep shores that thy wild wa - ters lave O
would that from hills which en - sha - dow thy breast Once
more we could gaze on thy bo - som at rest


pp
Cir cas - sia, Cir cas - sia, the charm of thy name Dis -
pp
pels for one mo - ment the thought of our shame Our
hearts fill'd with glad - ness, sur - ren - der their pain And we
live in our dear na - tive val - leys a - gain.
D. C.

SONG.

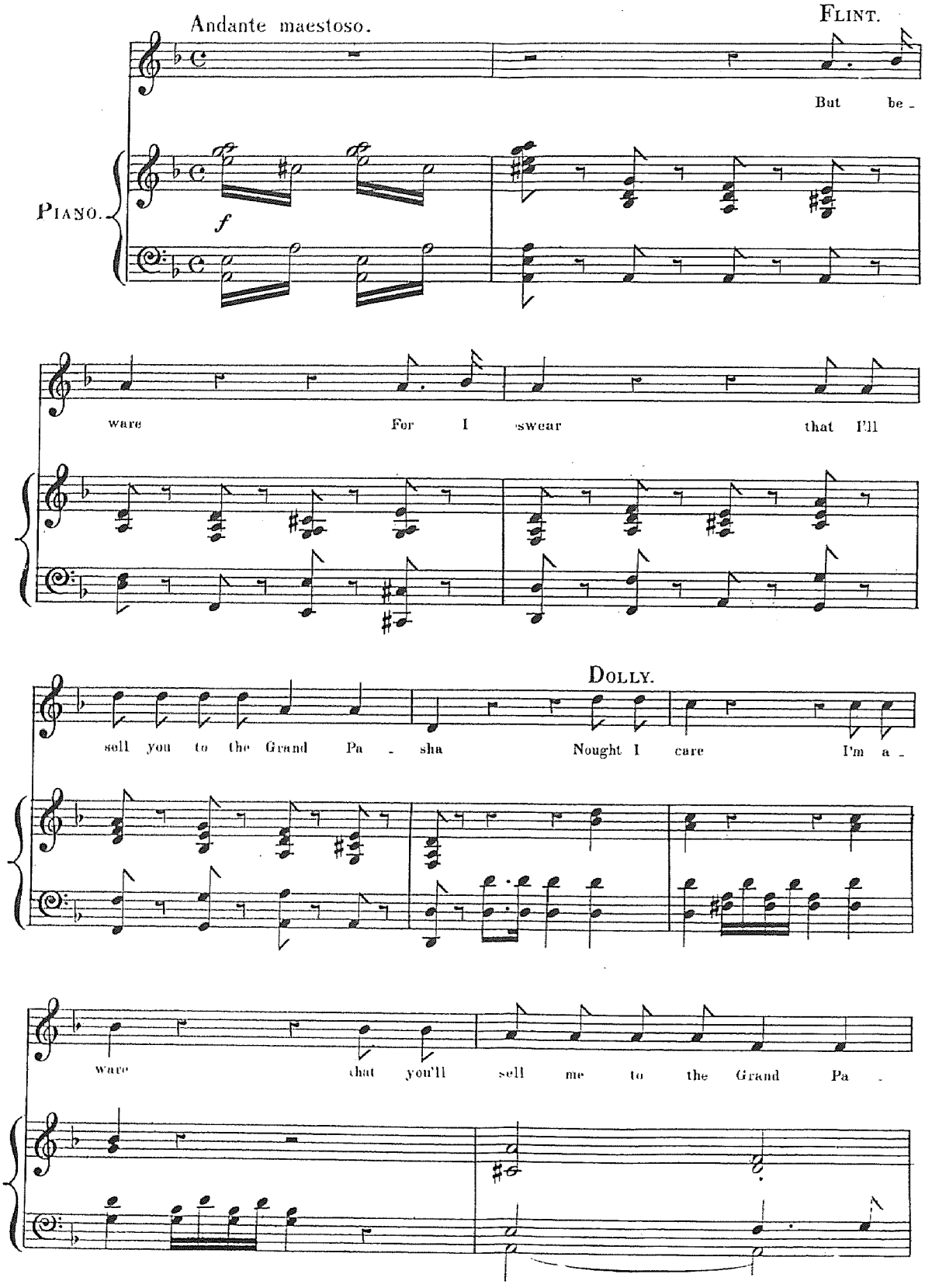
No 14. "Woman's rights."



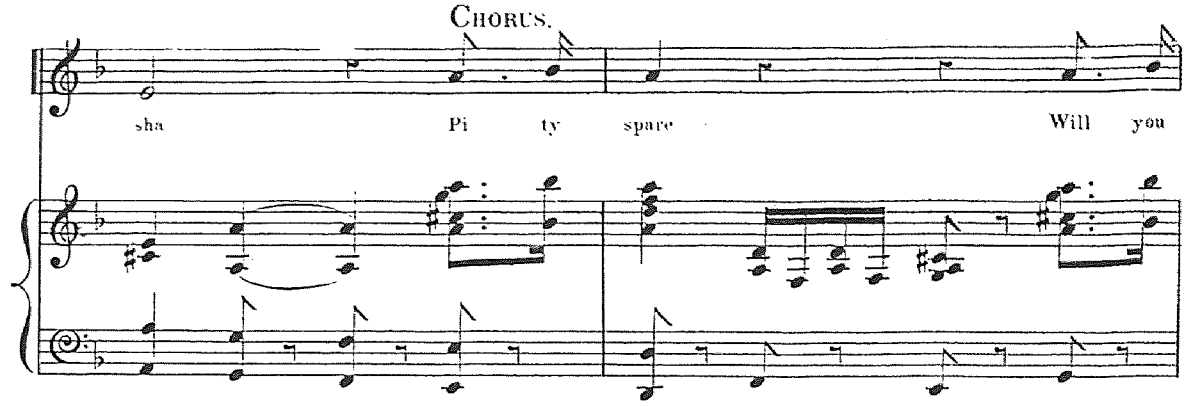

Talk of pro - pri - e - ty Spread of so - ci - e - ty Wide no - to -
ri - e - ty This do we crave Wo - man strong mind - ed Is
not to be blind - ed By man when he's mind - ed To make her his slave.
1.
Repeat Chorus
%
D. C.
2.
make her his slave.

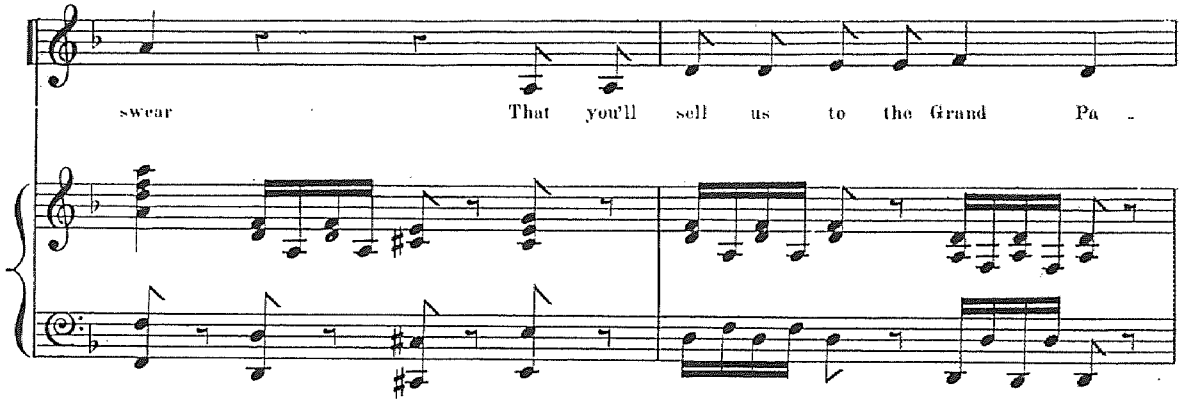
SOLI & CHORUS.

No. 15.

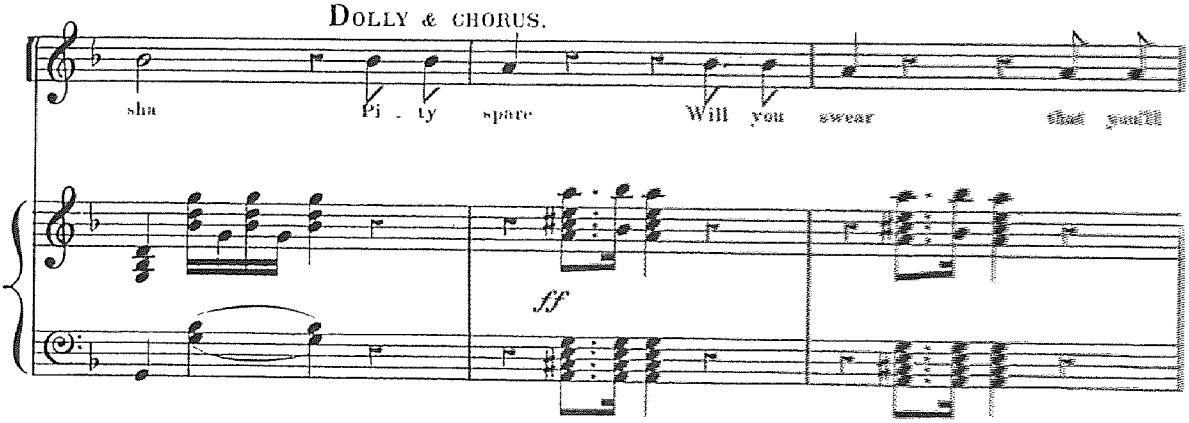


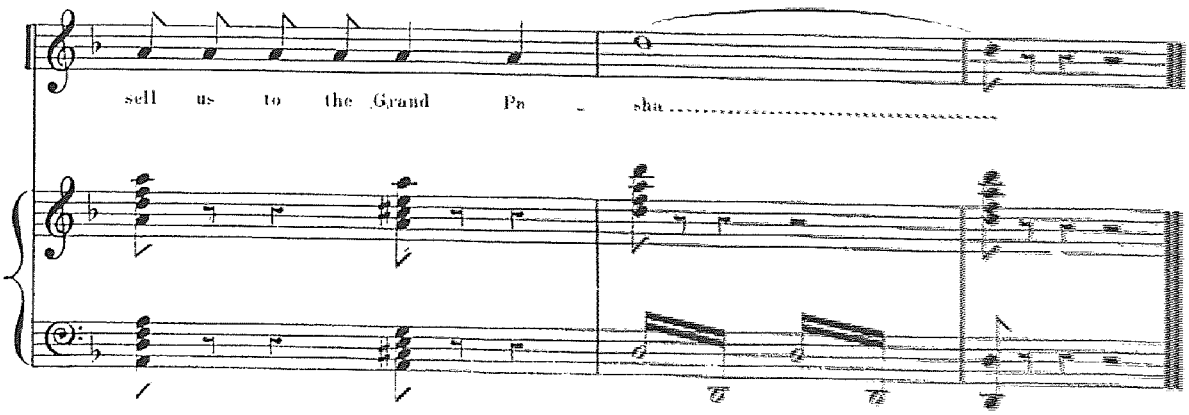
CHORUS.





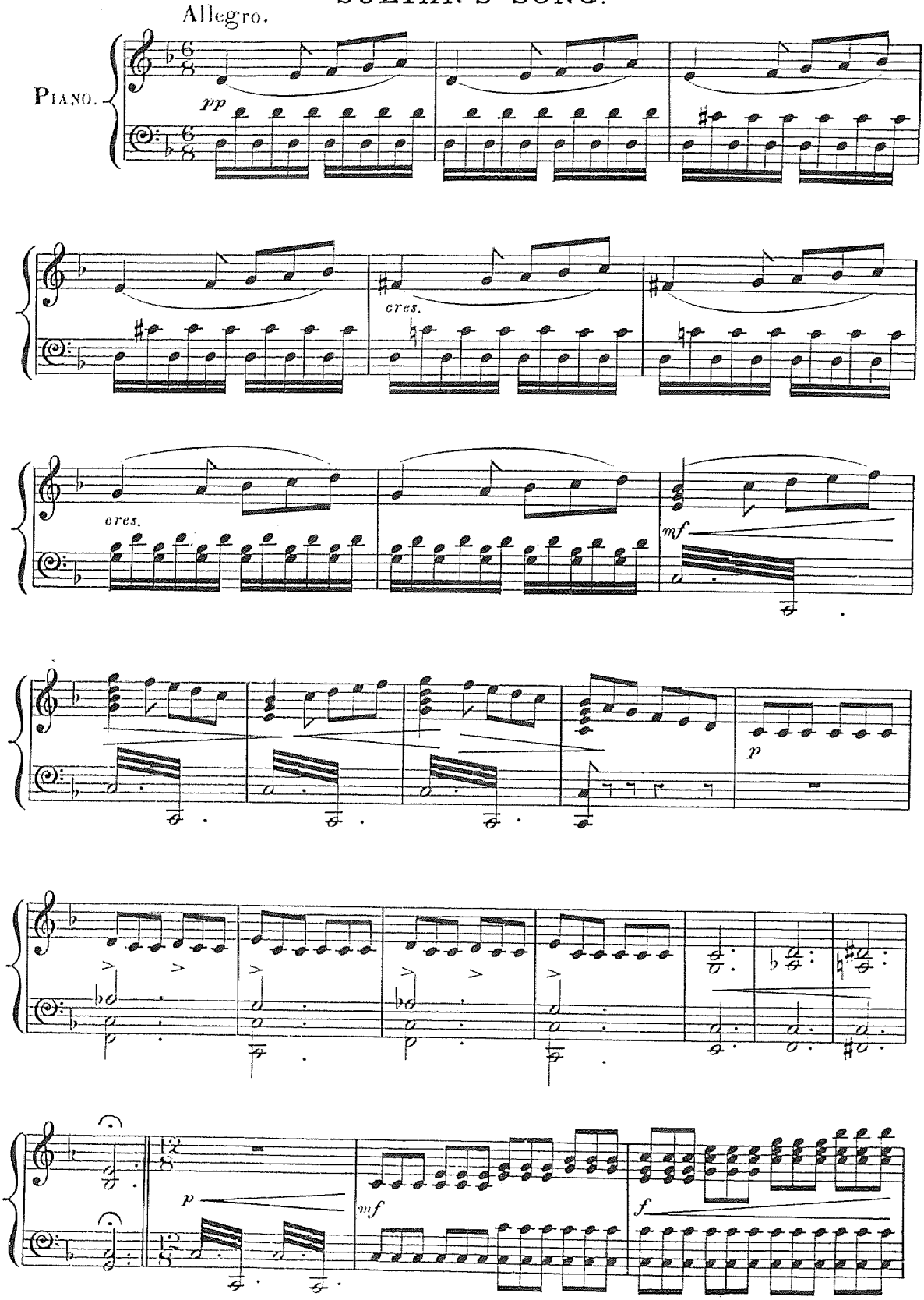
DOLLY & CHORUS.

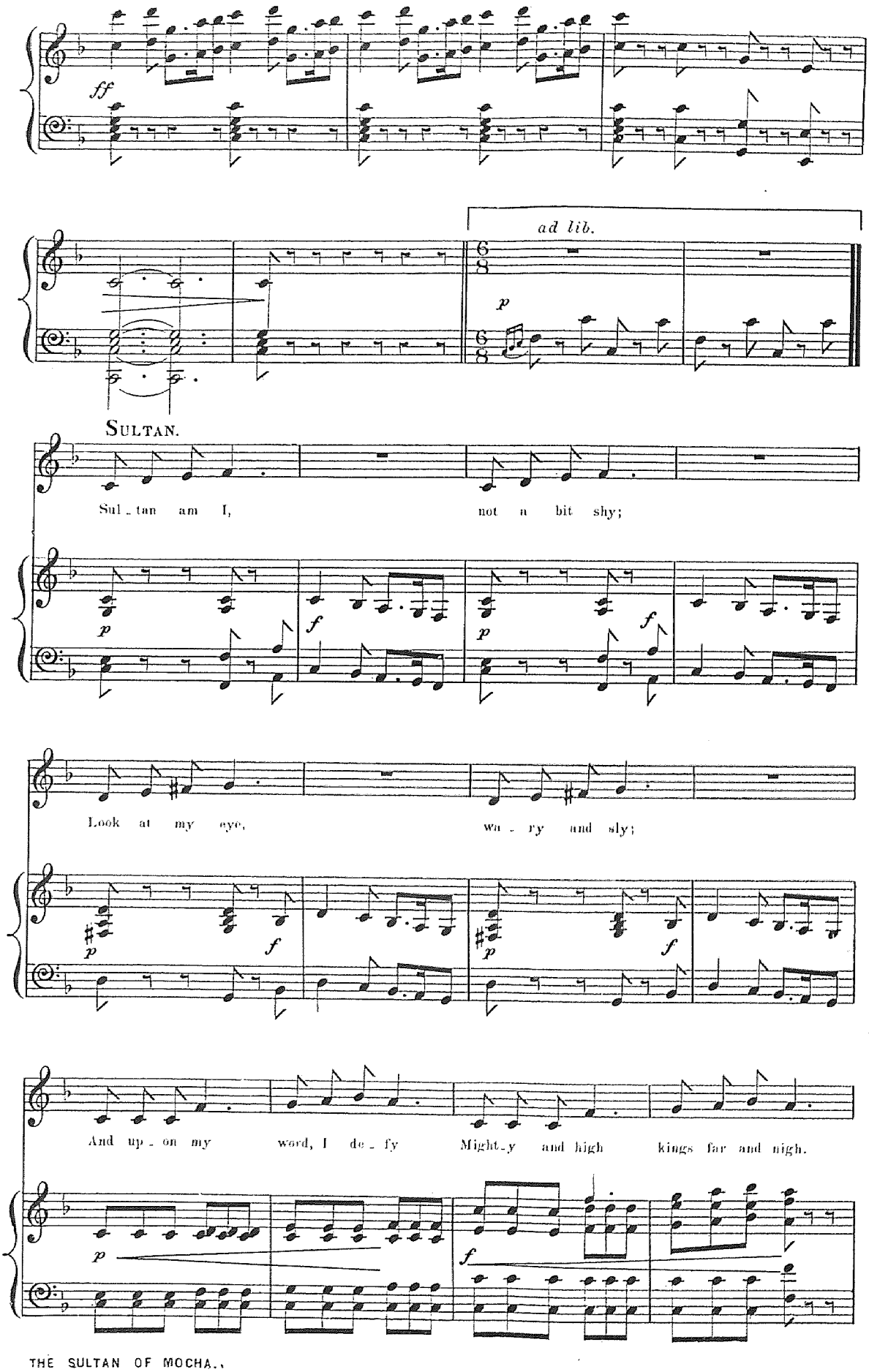


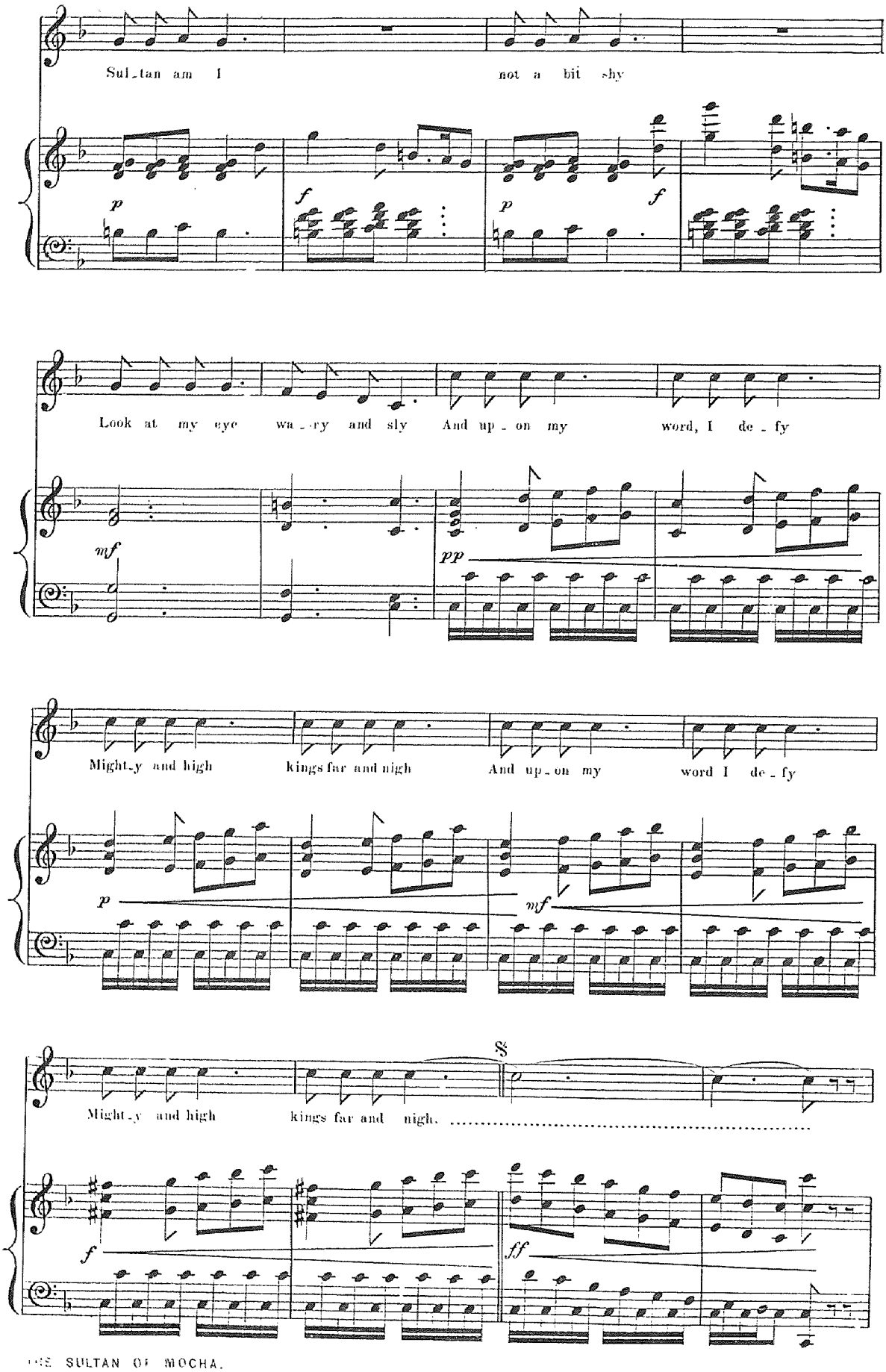


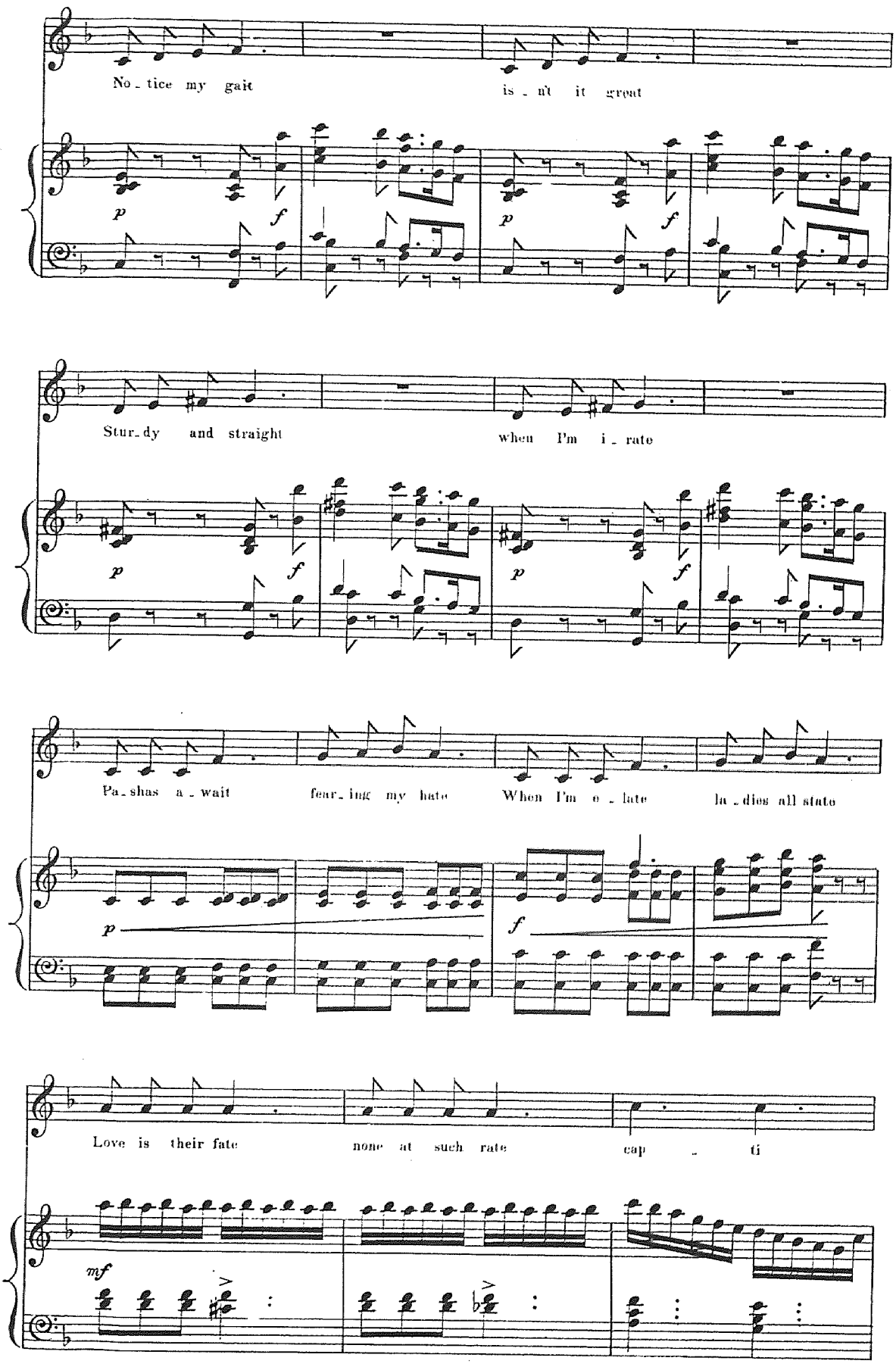
PROCESSION MUSIC.

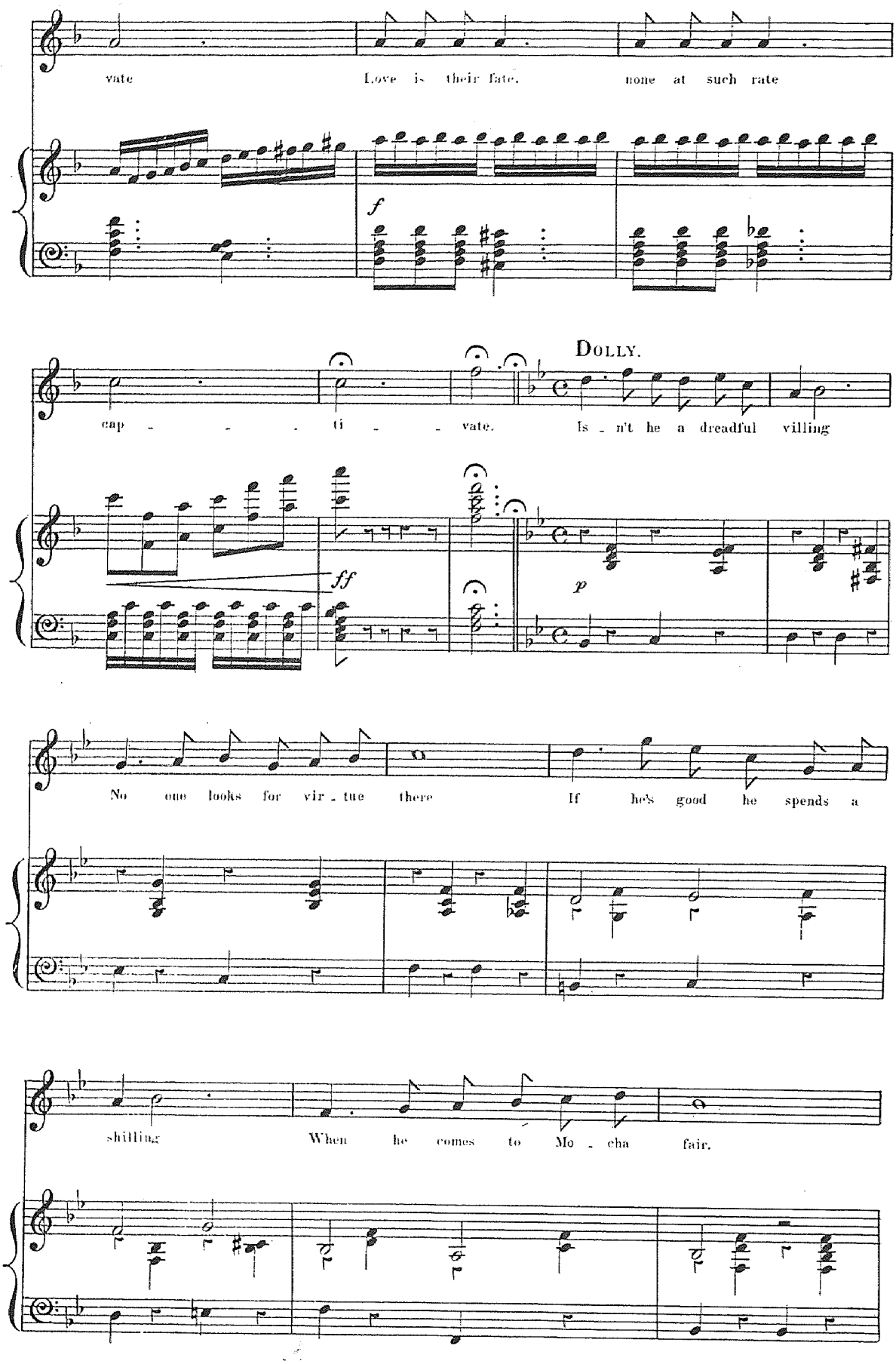
No 16. and SULTAN'S SONG.

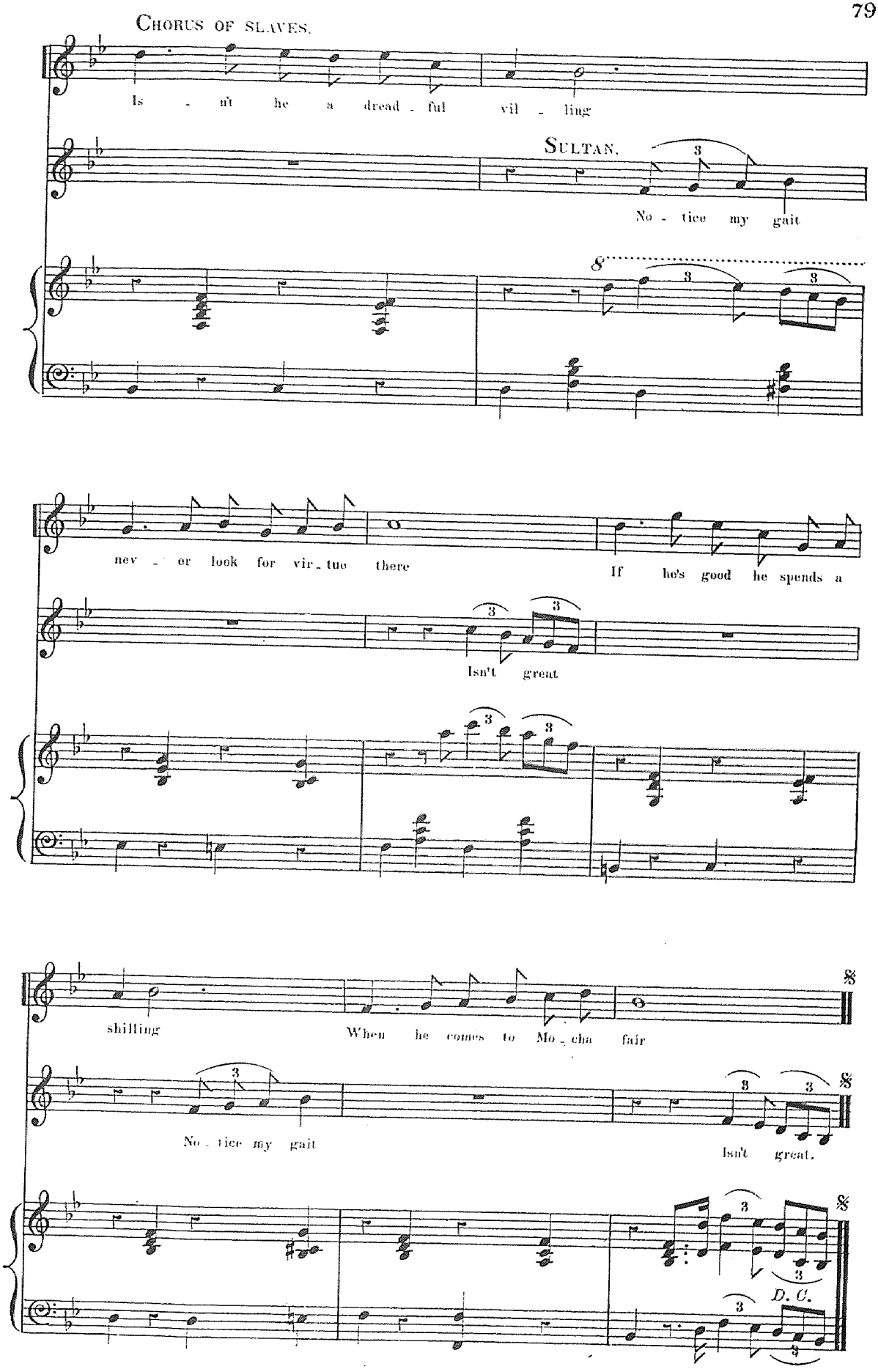



ff
ad lib.
p
SULTAN.
Sul - tan am I, not a bit shy;
Look at my eye, wa - ry and sly;
And up - on my word, I de - fy Might - y and high kings far and nigh.


Sul_tan am I not a bit shy
Look at my eye wa_ry and sly And up_on my word, I de_fy
Might_y and high kings far and nigh And up_on my word I de_fy
Might_y and high kings far and nigh.

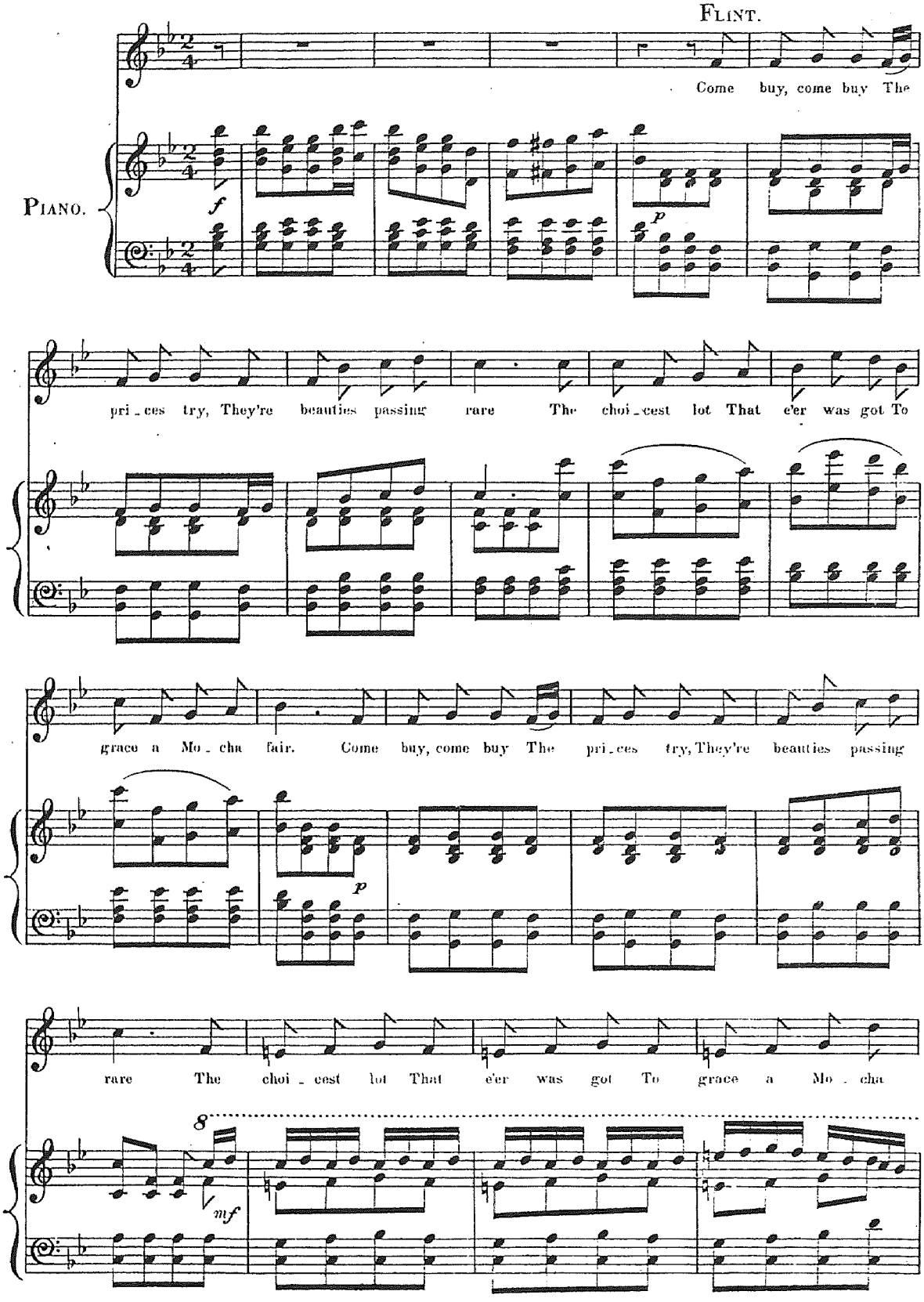

No - tice my gait
is - n't it great
Stur - dy and straight
when I'm i - rate
Pa - shas a - wait
fear - ing my hate
When I'm e - late
la - dies all state
Love is their fate
none at such rate
cap - ti

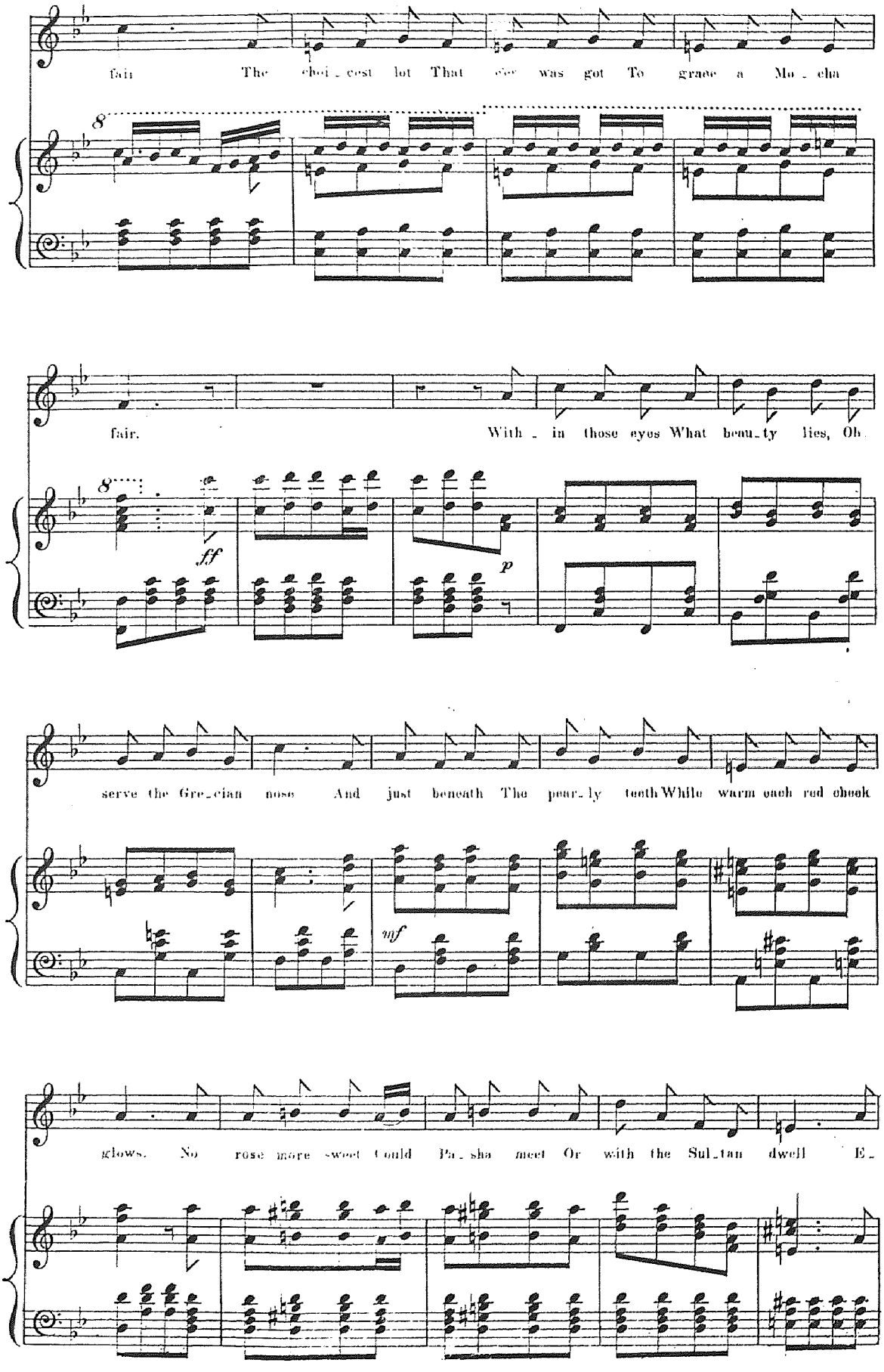

vate
Love is their fate,
none at such rate
f
DOLLY.
cap - - - ti - - vate.
Is - n't he a dreadful villing
ff
p
No one looks for vir - tue there
If he's good he spends a
shilling
When he comes to Mo - cha fair.

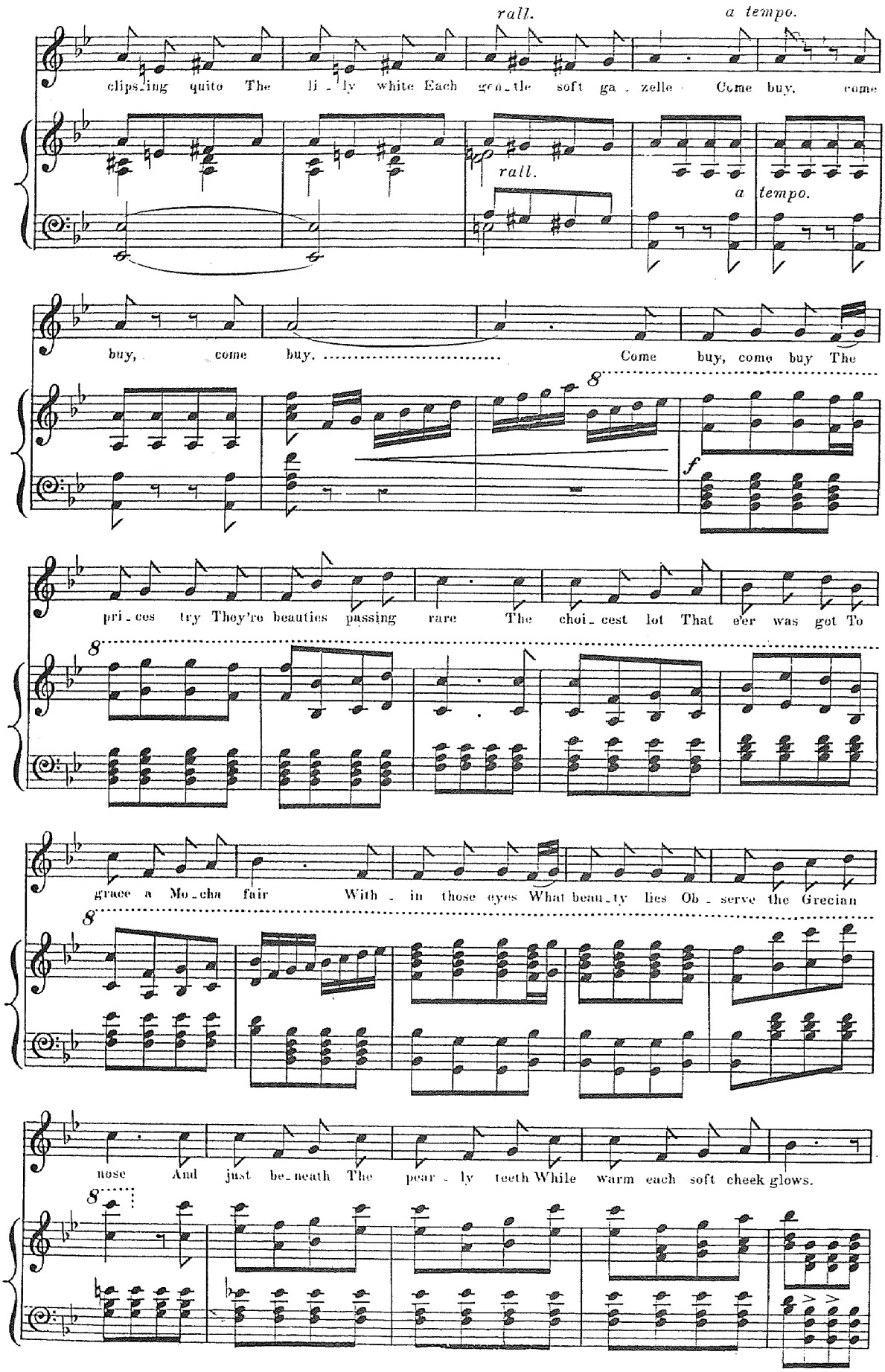

CHORUS OF SLAVES.
Is - n't he a dread - ful vil - ling
SULTAN.
No - tice my gait
nev - er look for vir - tue there
If he's good he spends a
Isn't great
shilling
When he comes to Mo - cha fair
No - tice my gait
Isn't great.
D. C.

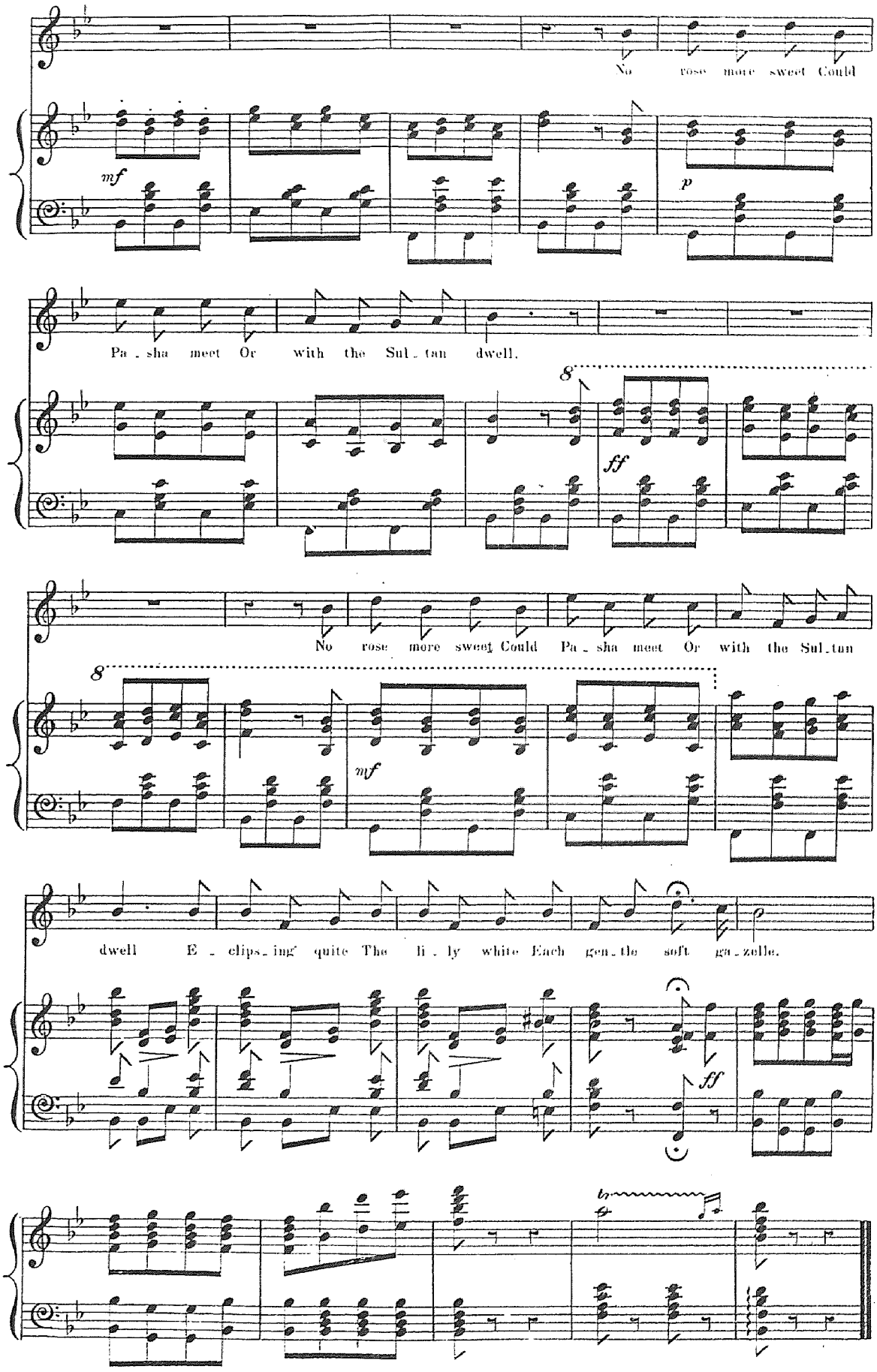
SONG.

Nº 17. Come buy come buy.



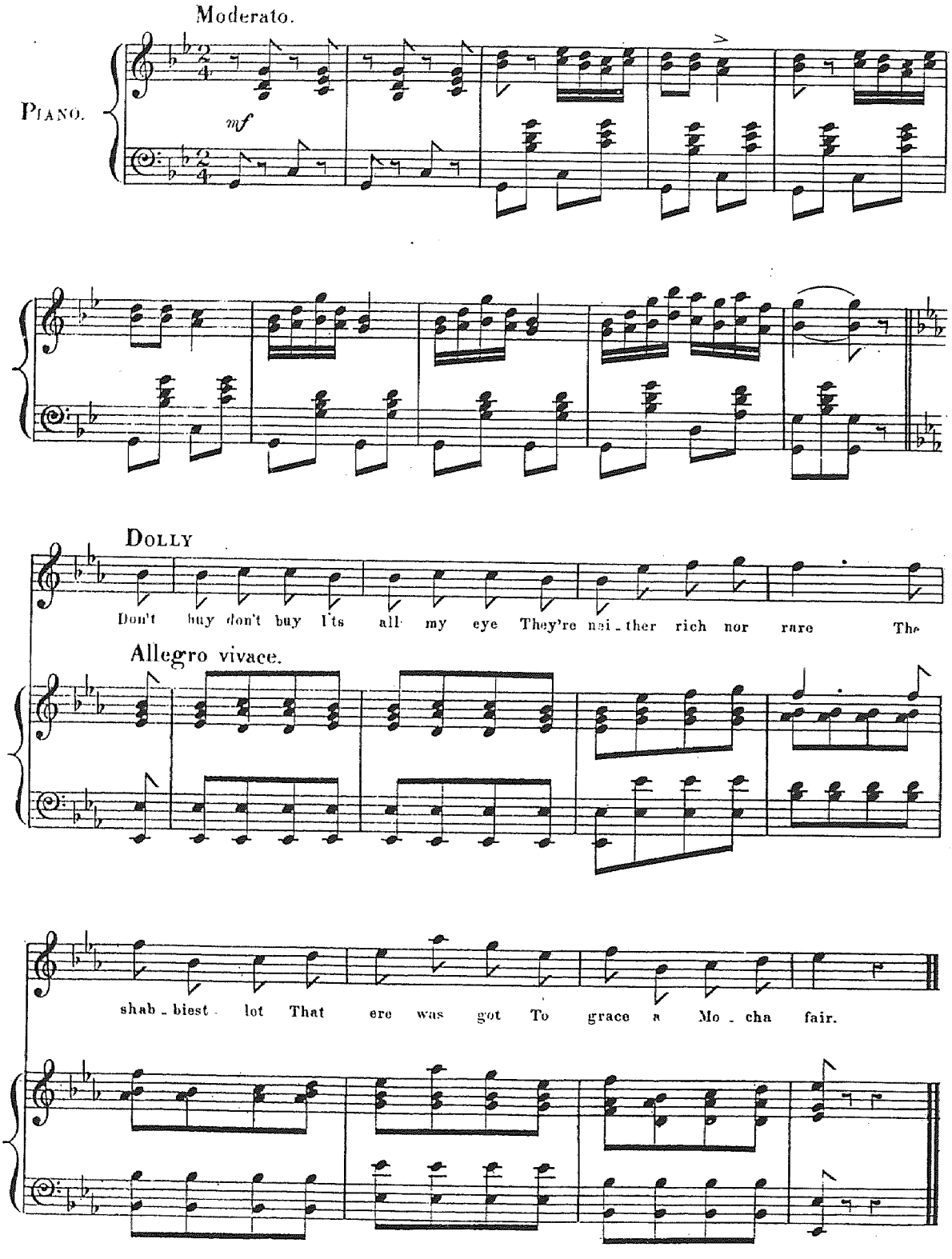

fair The choi_cest lot That ever was got To grace a Mo_cha
8
fair. With_in those eyes What beau_ty lies, Oh
8
ff
p
serve the Gre_cian nose And just beneath The pear_ly teeth While warm each red cheek
mf
glows. No rose more sweet could Pa_sha meet Or with the Sul_tan dwell E_


rall.
a tempo.
clips-ing quite The li-ly white Each gen-tle soft ga-zelle Come buy, come
rall.
a tempo.
buy, come buy. Come buy, come buy The
8
f
pri-ces try They're beauties passing rare The choi-cest lot That e'er was got To
8
grace a Mo-cha fair With-in those eyes What beau-ty lies Ob-serve the Grecian
8
nose And just be-neath The pear-ly teeth While warm each soft cheek glows.
8


No rose more sweet Could
mf
p
Pa - sha meet Or with the Sul - tan dwell.
8
ff
No rose more sweet Could Pa - sha meet Or with the Sul - tan
8
mf
dwell E - clips - ing quite The li - ly white Each gen - tle soft ga - zelle.
ff

SLAVE DANCE.

Nº 17. bis.

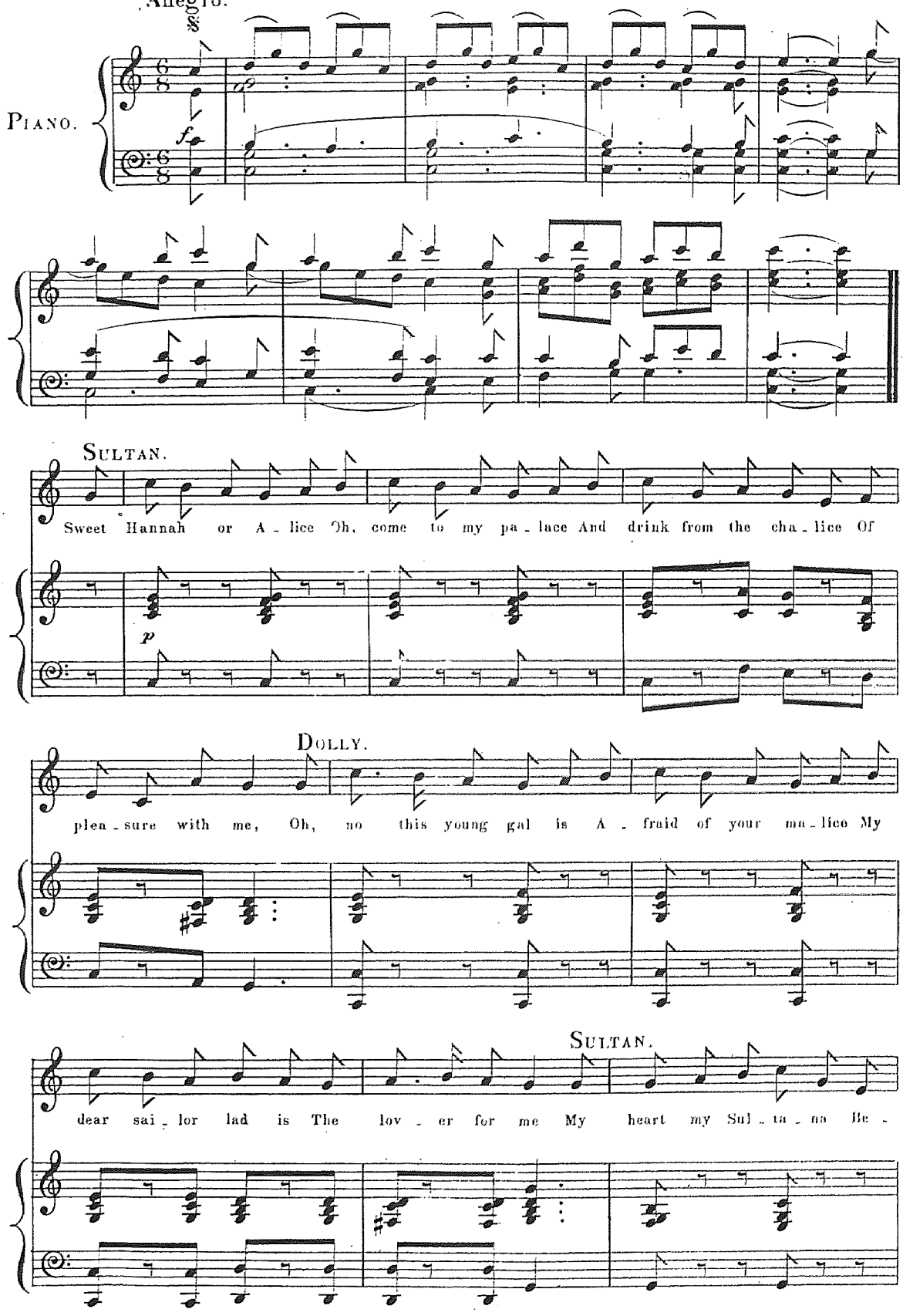


DUO & CHORUS.

No 18.

Sweet Hannah or Alice.

Allegro.



neath this ban - da - na Oh, tell me, how can a True lov - er like me Find

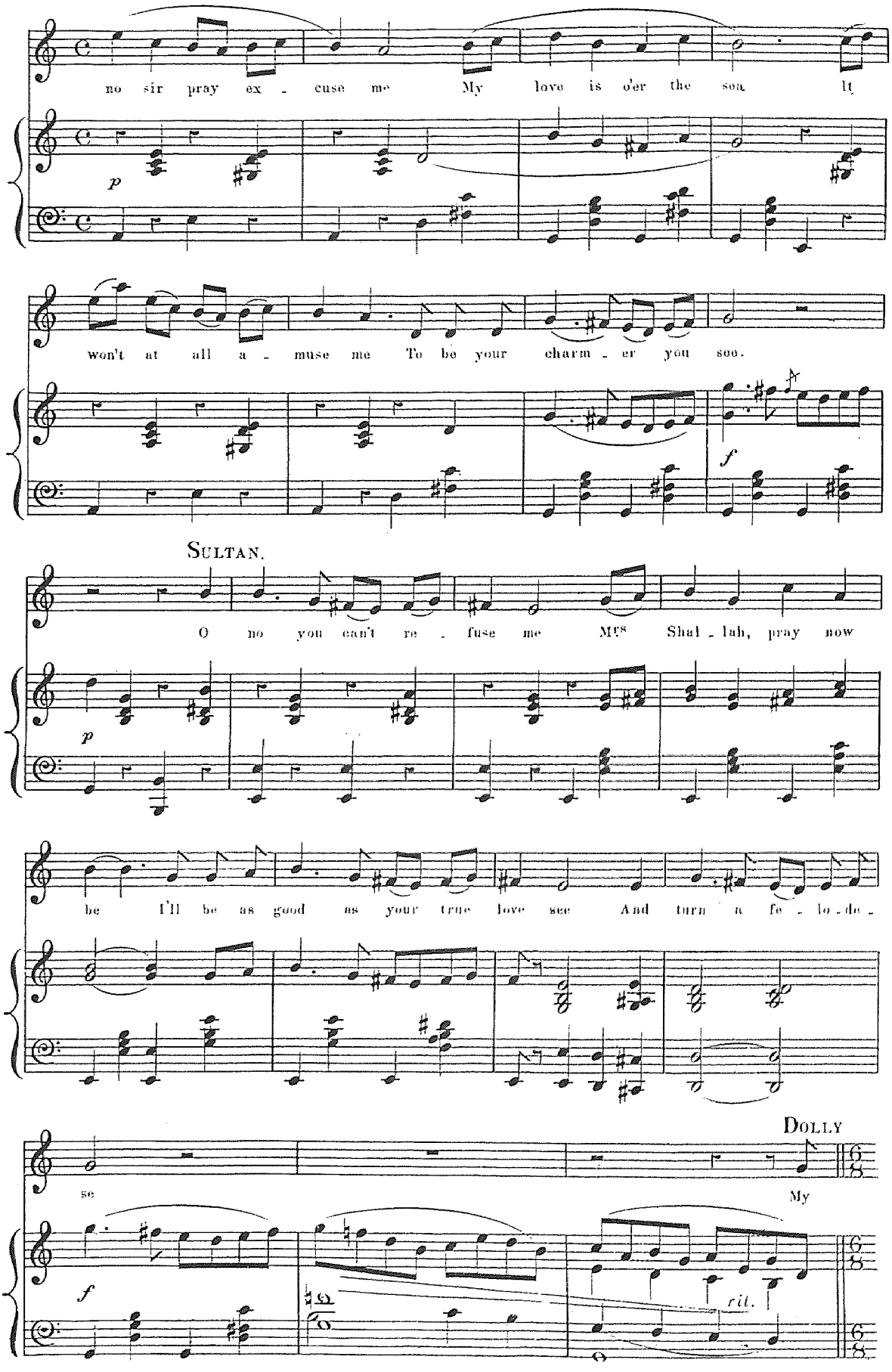
rest for a mi - nute Re - fuse and this sci - mi - tar Puts a quick li - mit to

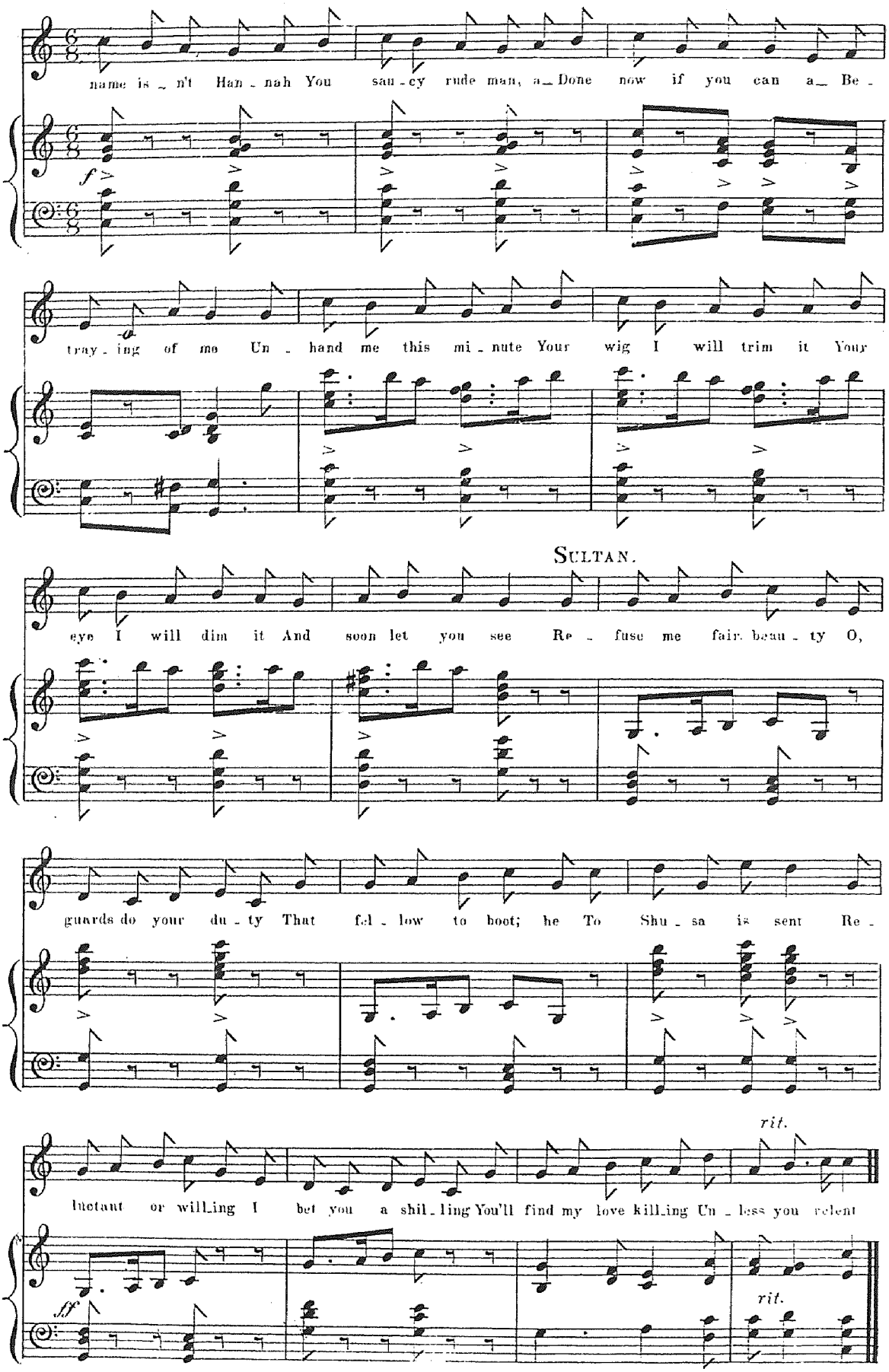
Shal - lah you'll sue.

f

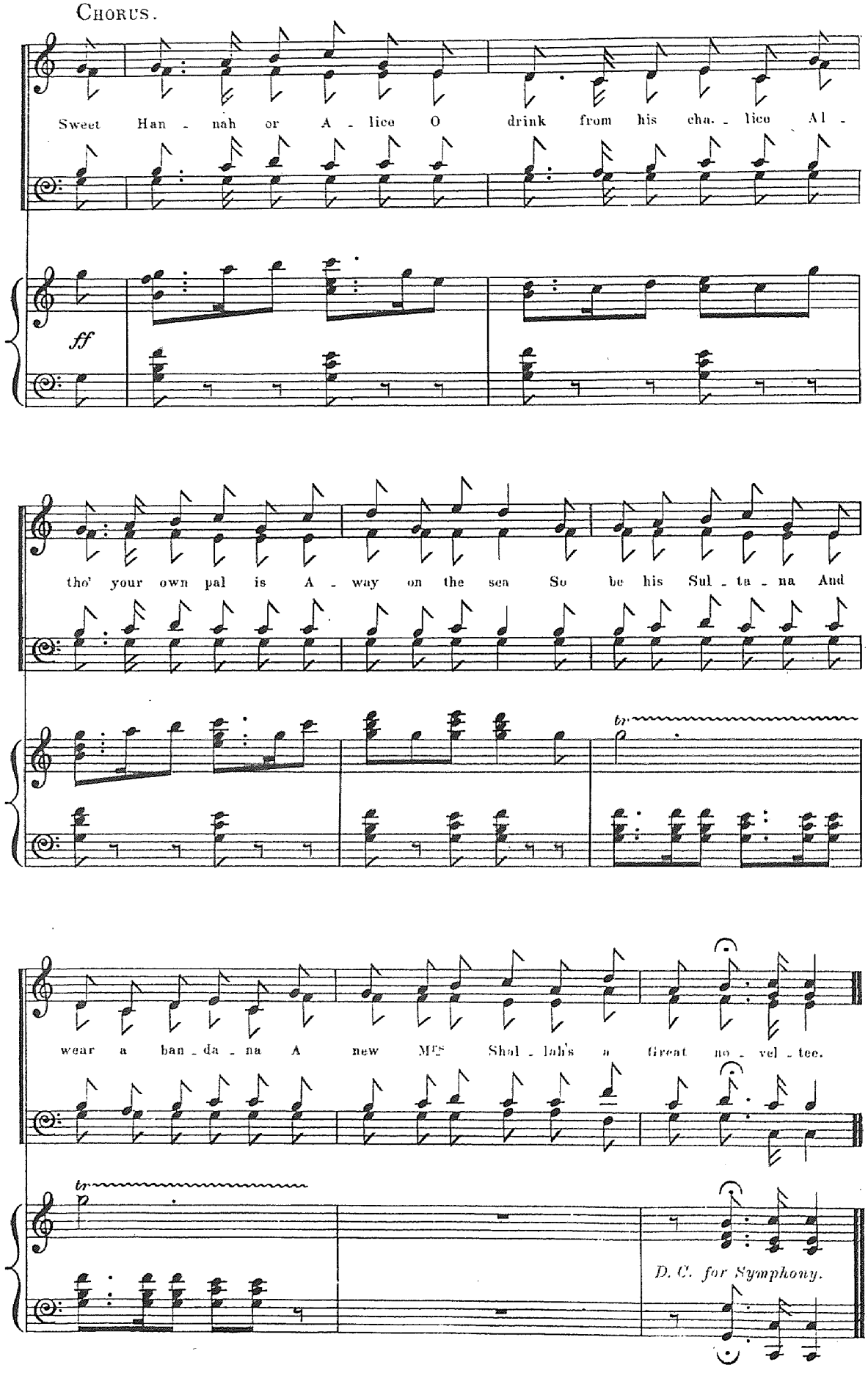
DOLLY.

Oh,


no sir pray ex - cuse me My love is o'er the sea It
p
won't at all a - muse me To be your charm - er you see.
f
SULTAN.
O no you can't re - fuse me Mrs Shal - lah, pray now
p
be I'll be as good as your true love see And turn a fe - lo - de -
DOLLY
se
My
f
ril.


name is n't Han - nah You sau - cy rude man, a Done now if you can a Be -
f
tray - ing of me Un - hand me this mi - nute Your wig I will trim it Your
SULTAN.
eye I will dim it And soon let you see Re - fuse me fair beau - ty O,
guards do your du - ty That fel - low to boot; he To Shu - sa is sent Re -
rit.
luctant or will_ing I bet you a shil_ling You'll find my love kill_ing Un - less you relent
ff
rit.

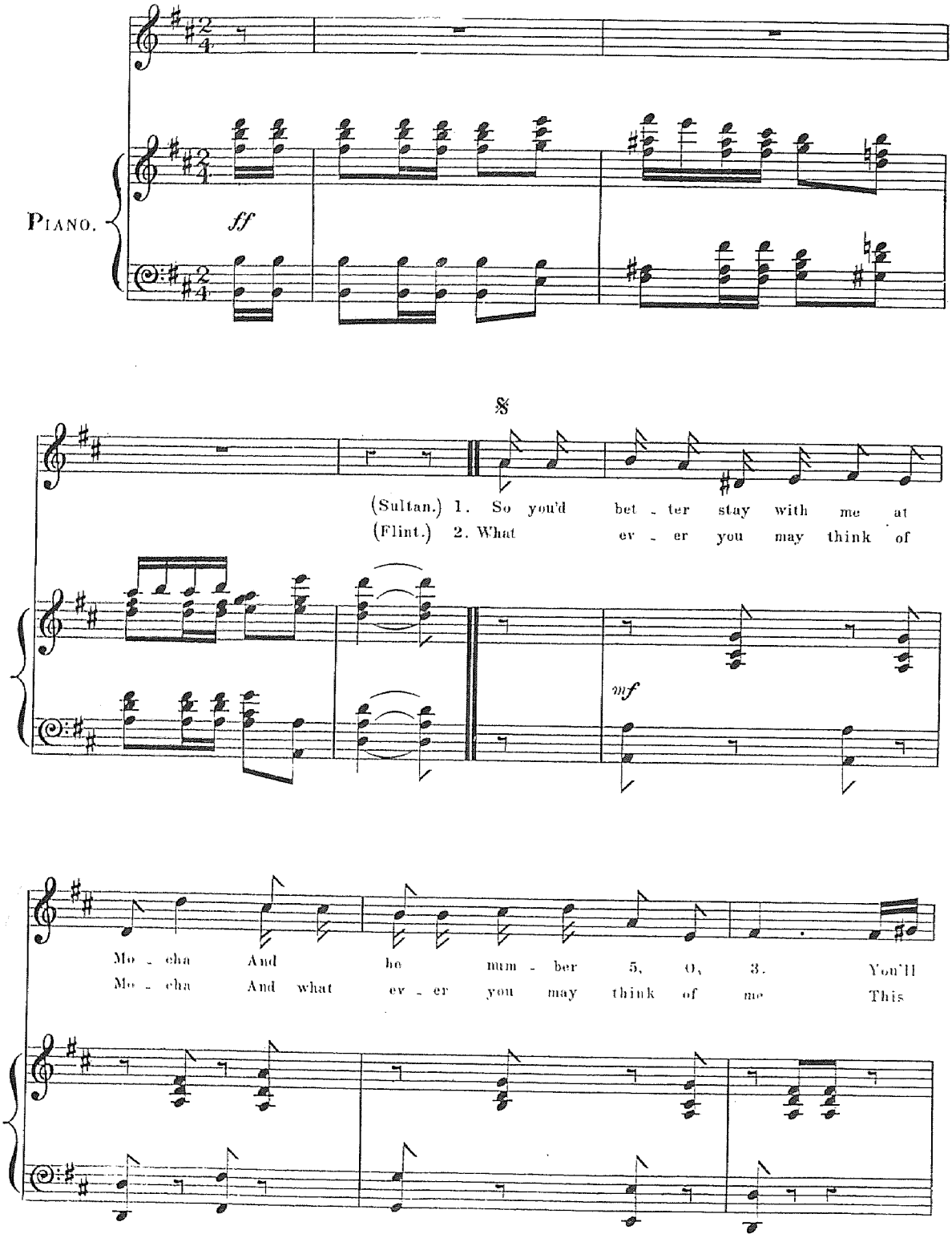
CHORUS.

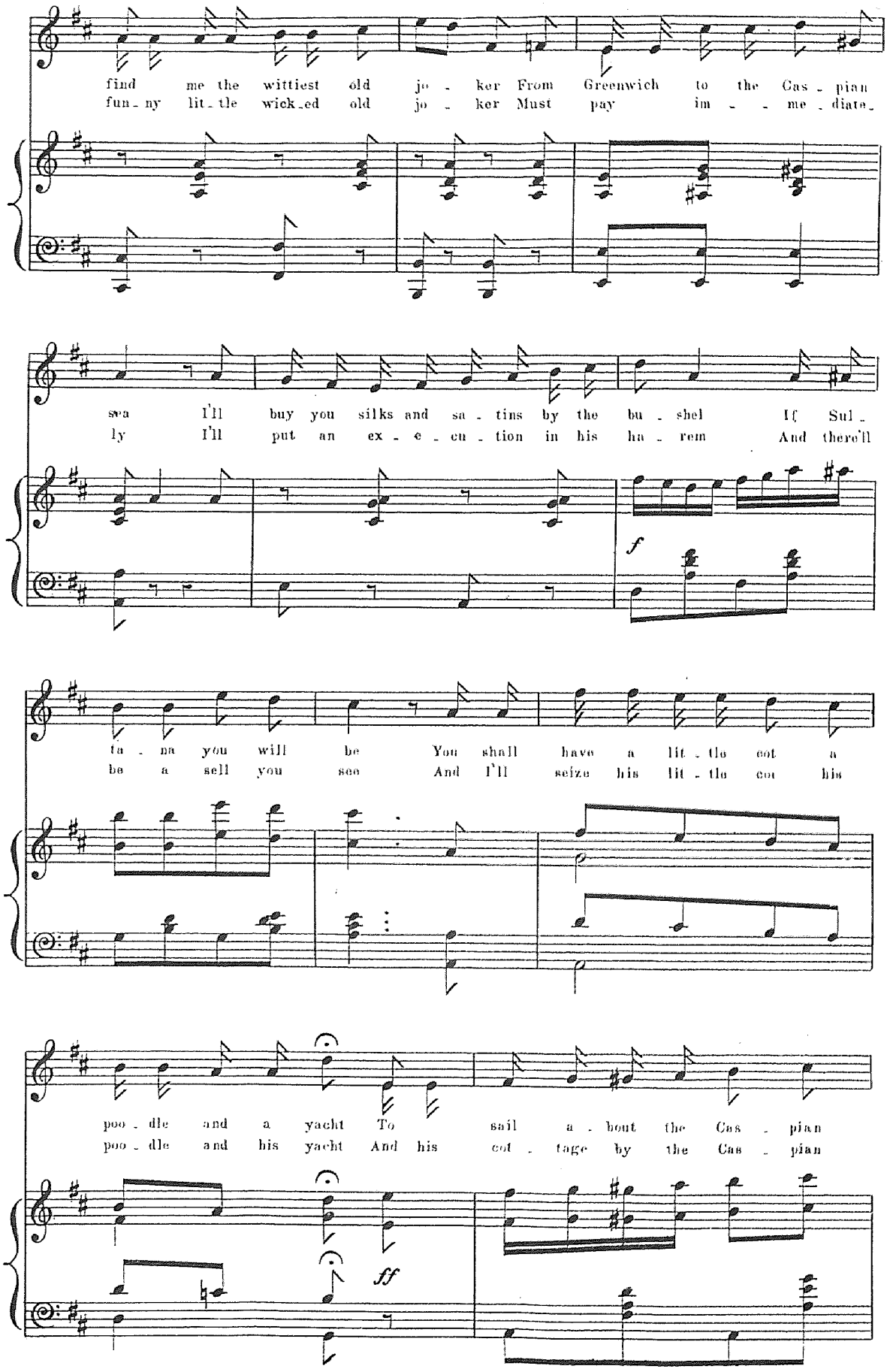

Sweet Han - nah or A - lice O drink from his cha. - lice Al -
ff
tho' your own pal is A - way on the sea So be his Sul - ta - na And
tr
wear a ban - da - na A new MEs Shal - lah's a great no - vel - tee.
tr
D. C. for Symphony.

FINALE.

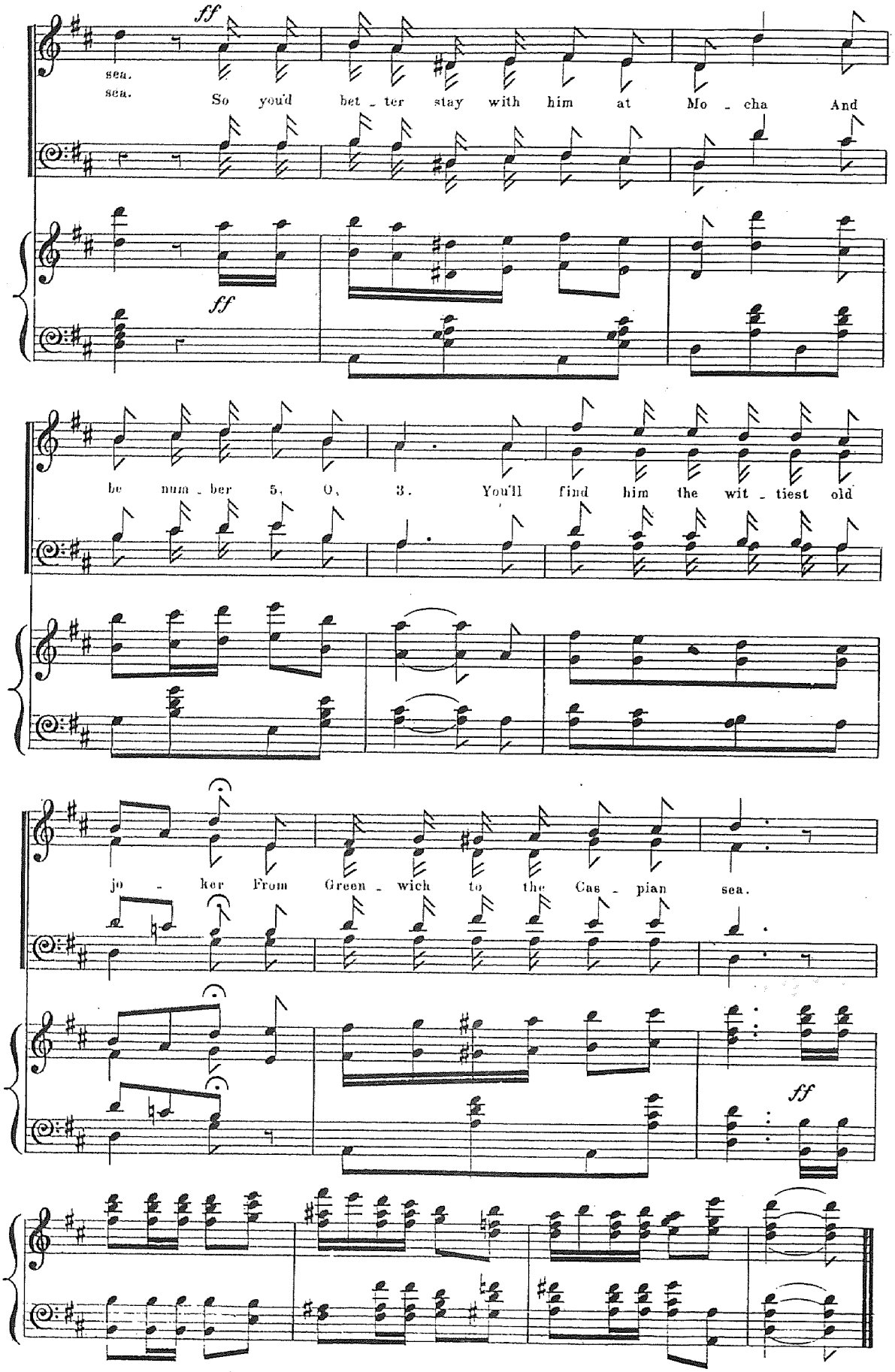
No 19. TRIO & CHORUS.

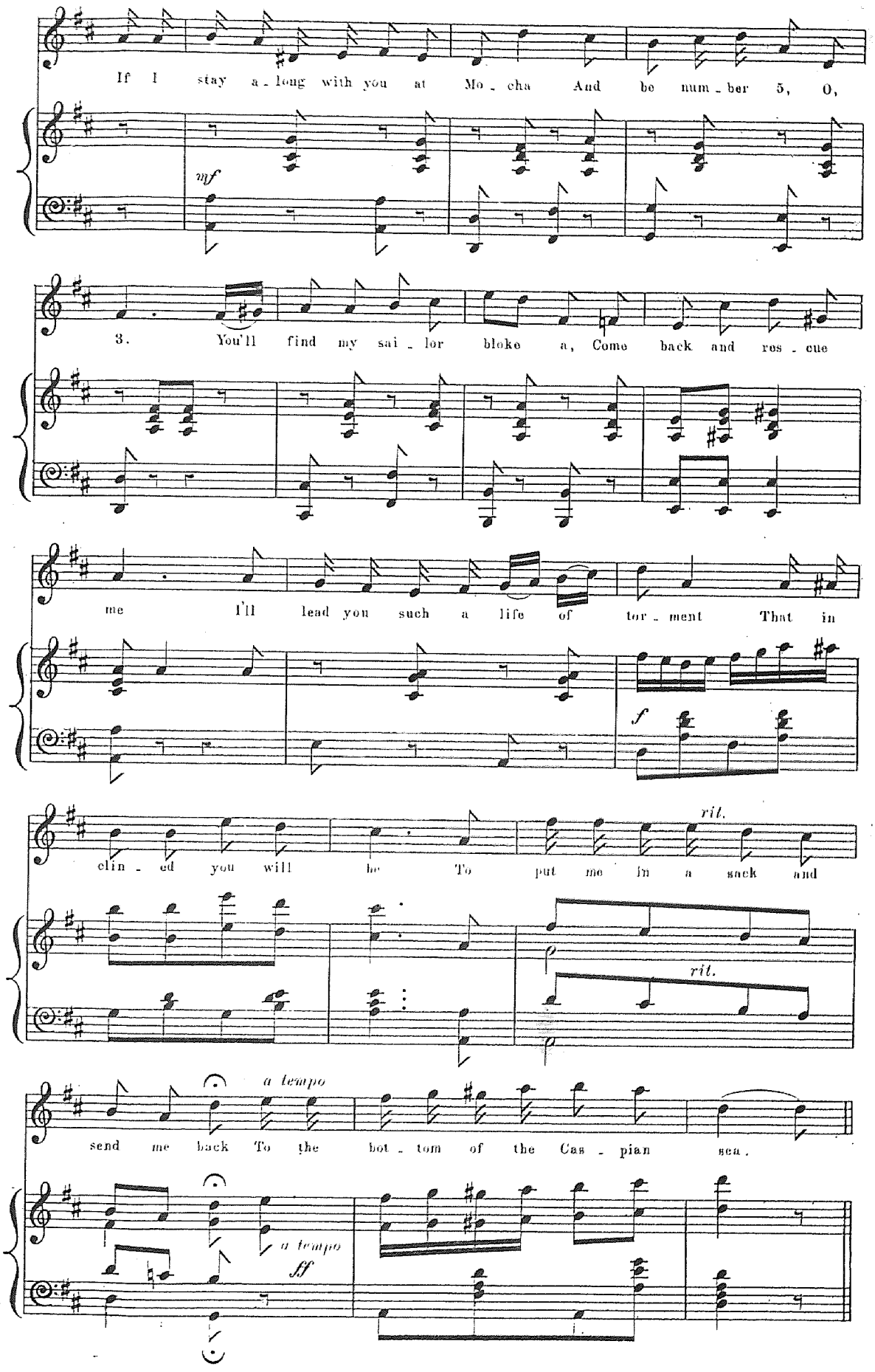
You'd better stay with me at Mocha.



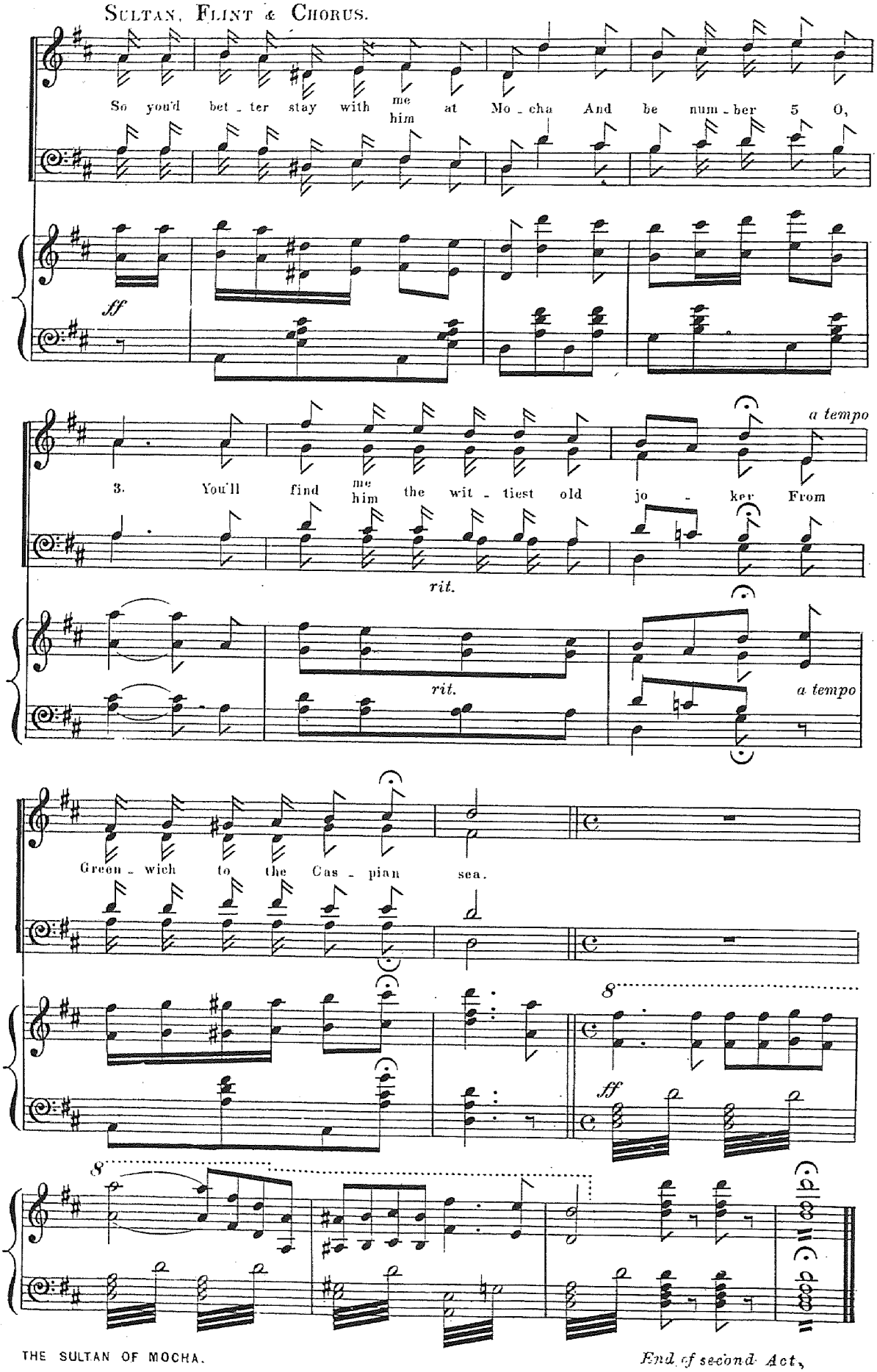

find me the wittiest old jo - ker From Greenwich to the Cas - pian
fun - ny lit - tle wick - ed old jo - ker Must pay im - - me - diate -
sea I'll buy you silks and sa - tins by the bu - shel If Sul -
ly I'll put an ex - e - cu - tion in his ha - rem And there'll
f
ta - na you will be You shall have a lit - tle cot a
be a sell you see And I'll seize his lit - tle cot his
poo - dle and a yacht To sail a - bout the Cas - pian
poo - dle and his yacht And his cot - tage by the Cas - pian
ff

CHORUS.


ff
sea.
sea.
So you'd bet - ter stay with him at Mo - cha And
ff
be num - ber 5, 0, 3. You'll find him the wit - tiest old
jo - ker From Green - wich to the Cas - pian sea.
ff


If I stay a - long with you at Mo - cha And be num - ber 5, O,
mf
3. You'll find my sai - lor bloke a, Come back and res - cue
me I'll lead you such a life of tor - ment That in
f
clin - ed you will be To put me in a sack and
rit.
rit.
send me back To the bot - tom of the Cas - pian sea.
a tempo
a tempo
ff

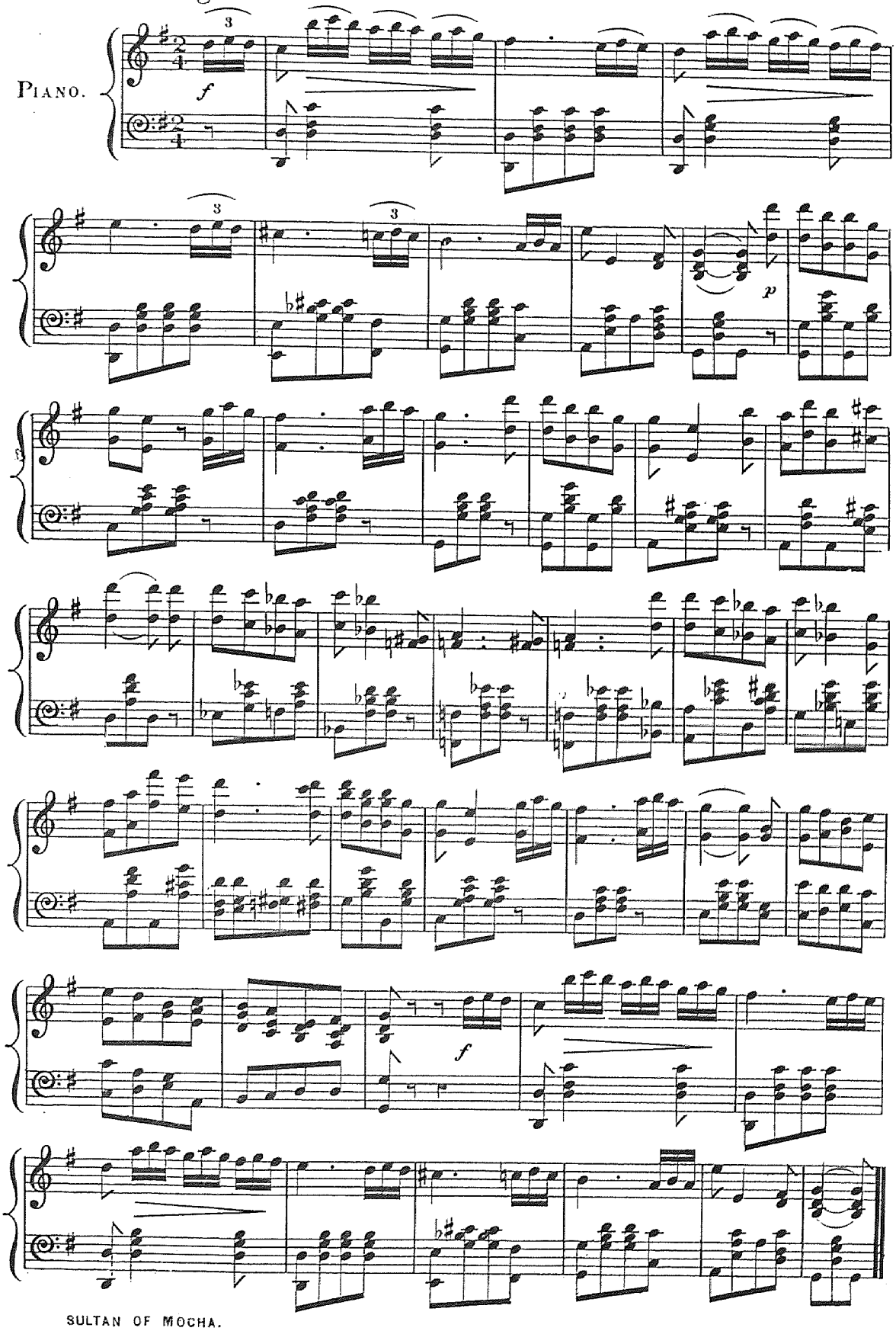
SULTAN, FLINT & CHORUS.



End of second Act.

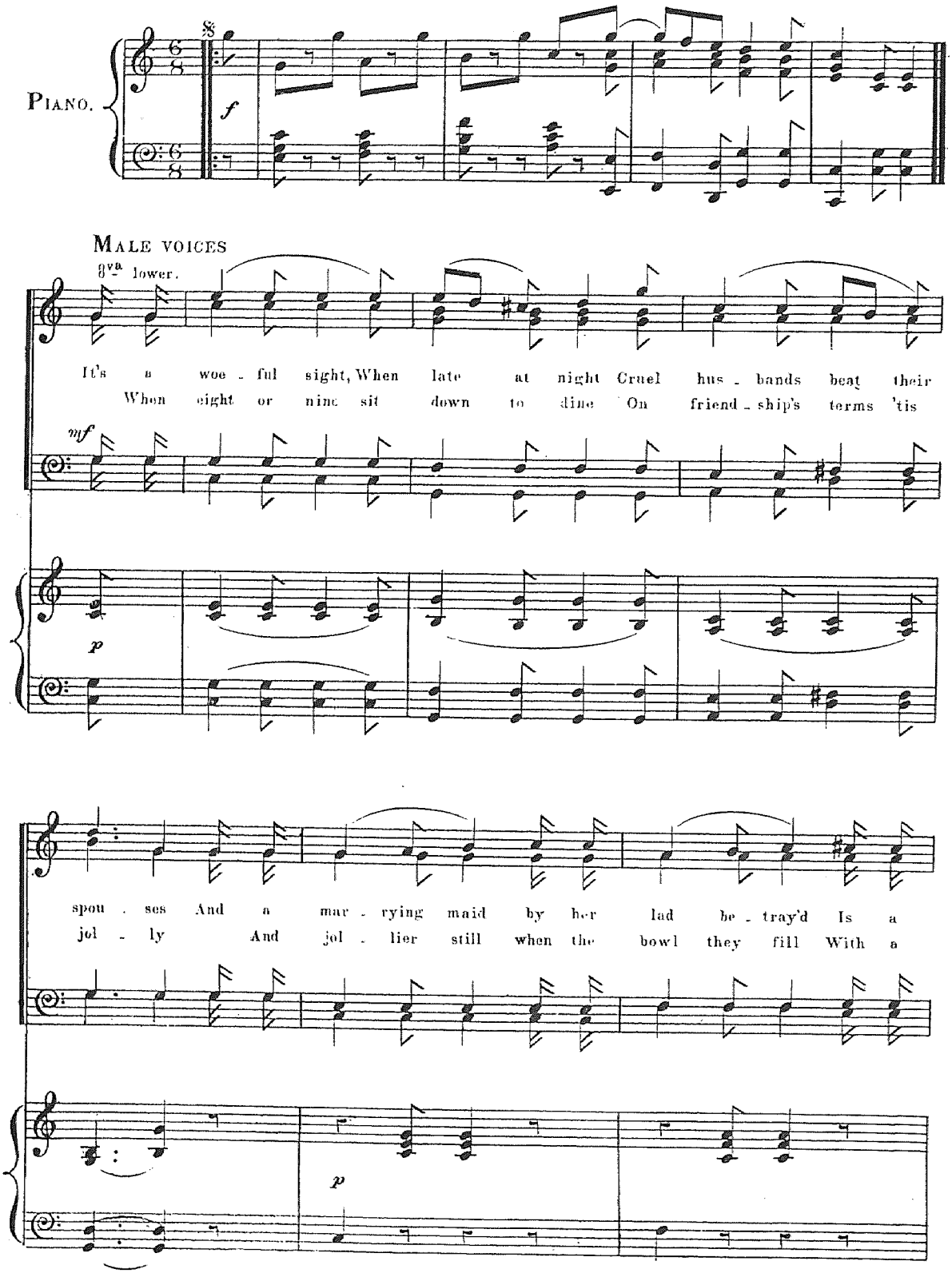
ACT III.

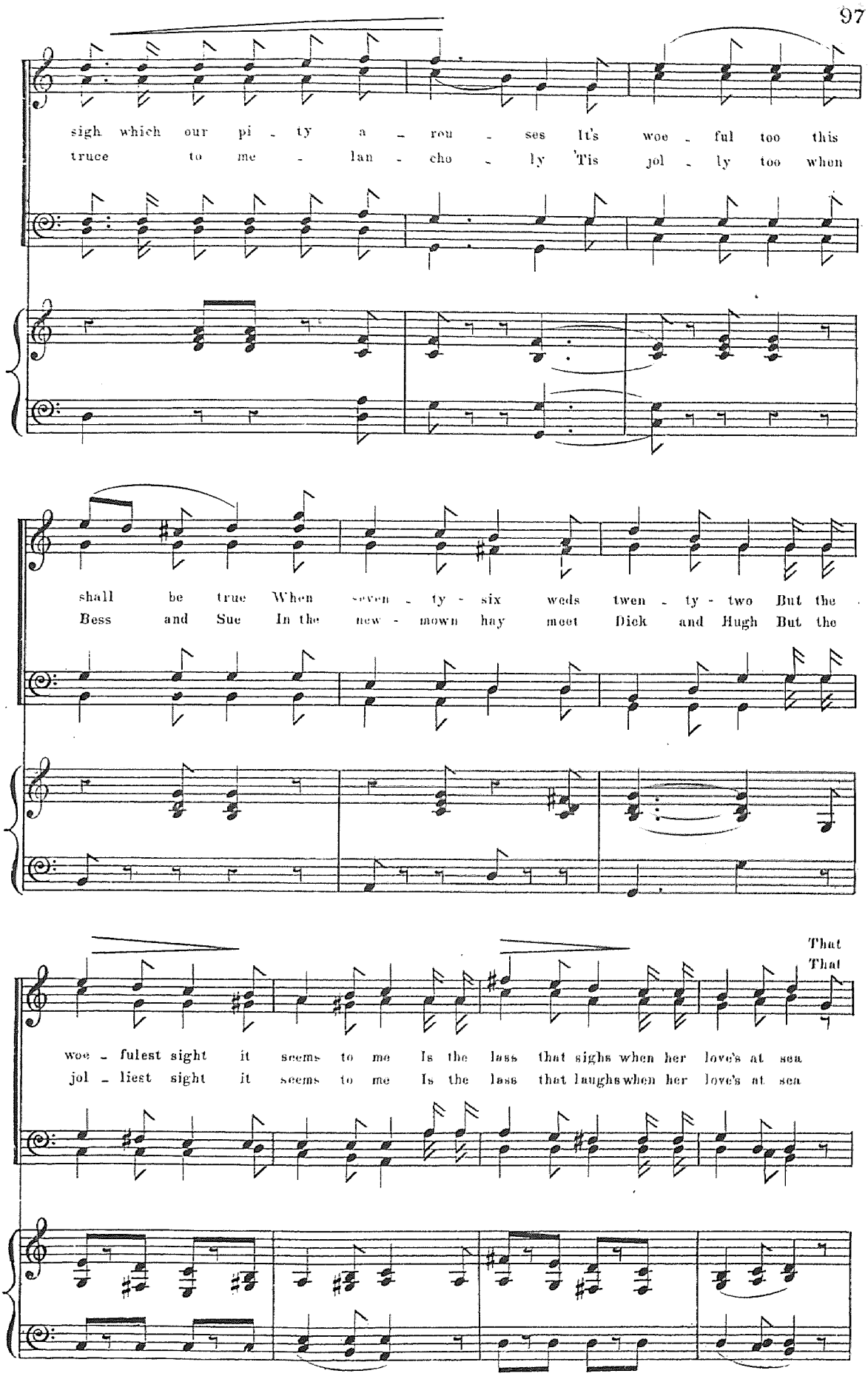
Allegretto Grazioso. **ENTR'ACTE.**

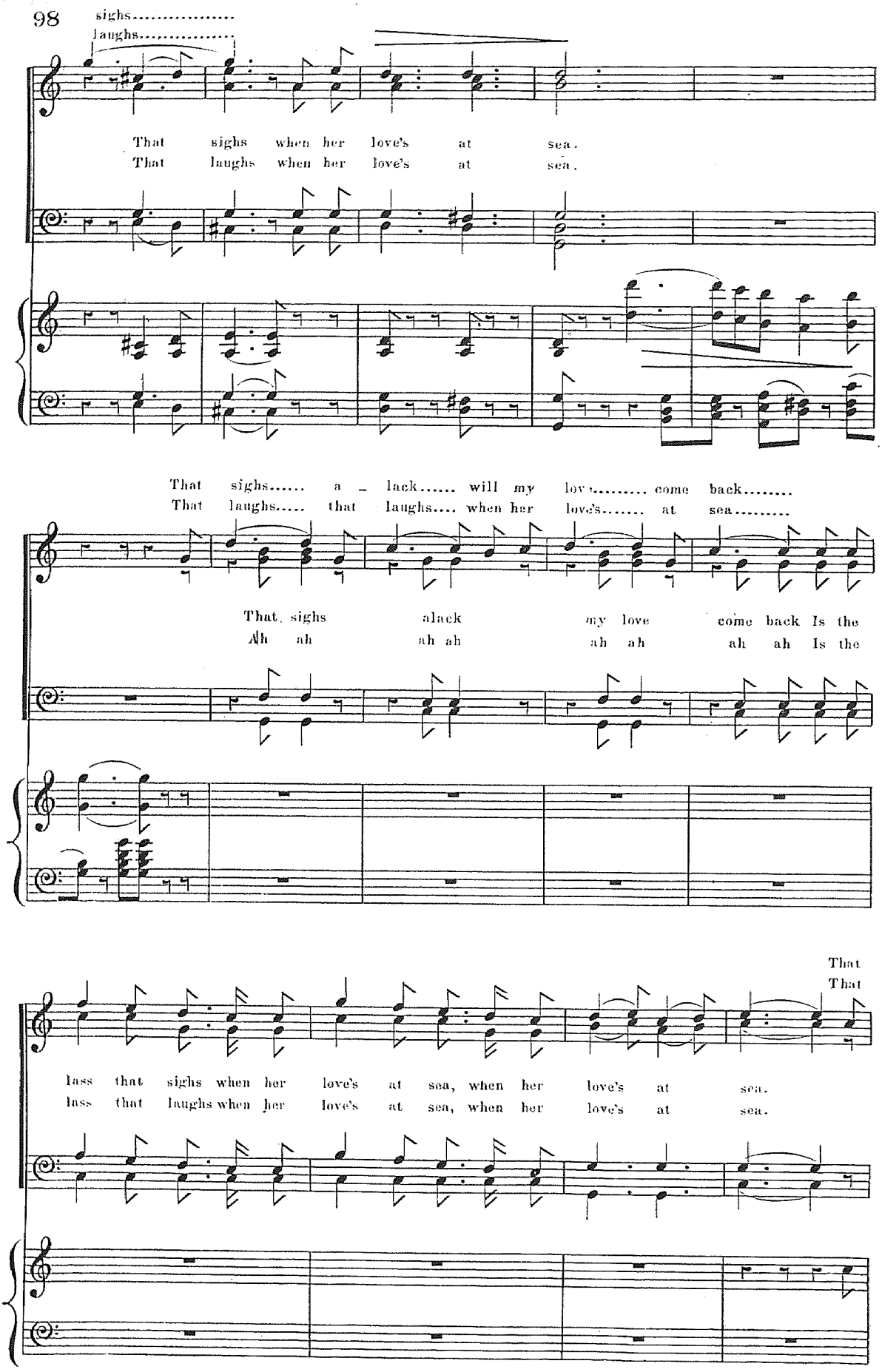


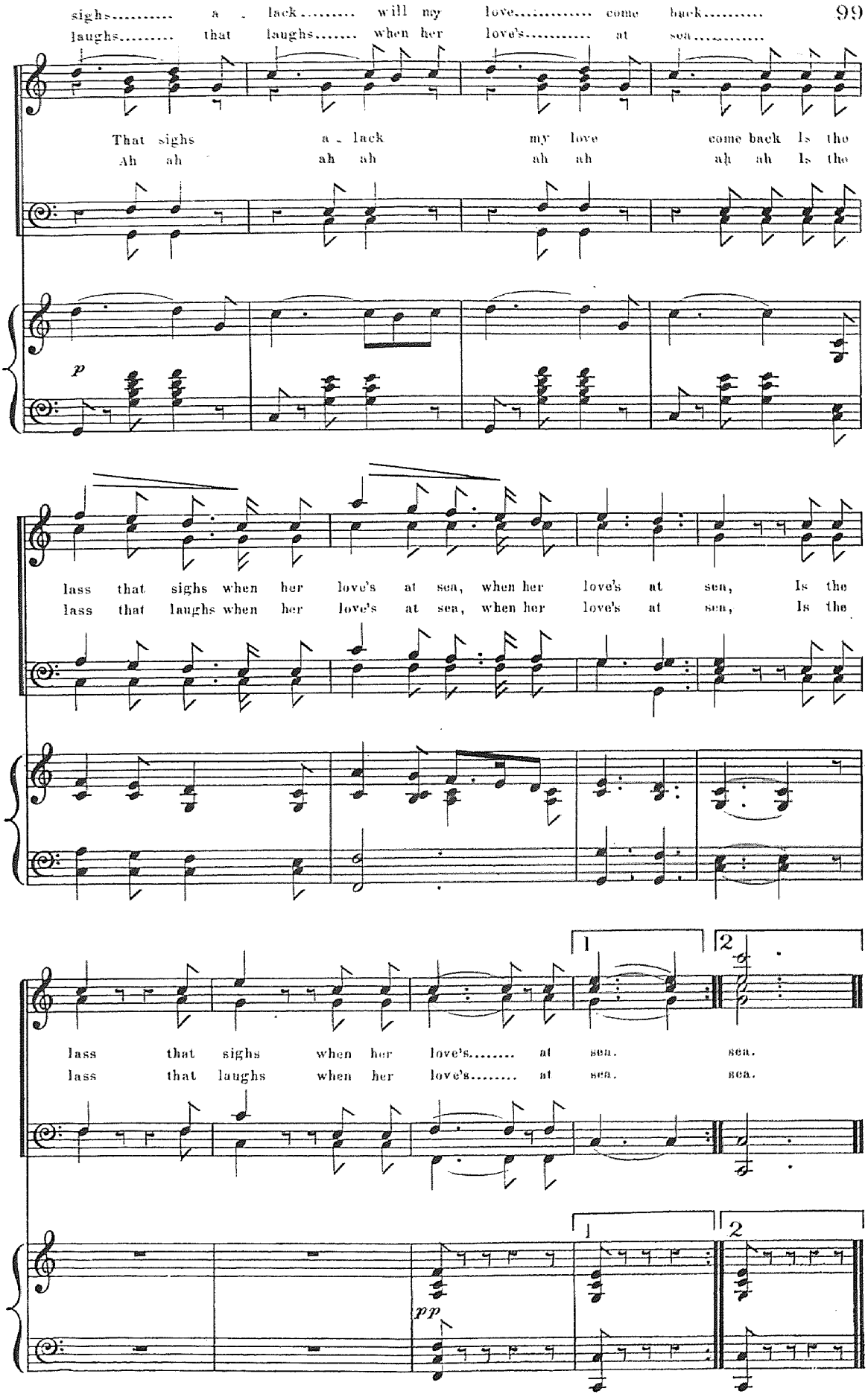
CHORUS. by the crew.

No 20. "A Sailor's Love."




sigh which our pi - ty a - rou - ses It's woe - ful too this
truce to me - lan - cho - ly 'Tis jol - ly too when
shall be true When seven - ty - six weds twen - ty - two But the
Bess and Sue In the new - mown hay meet Dick and Hugh But the
That
That
woe - fulest sight it seems to me Is the lass that sighs when her love's at sea
jol - liest sight it seems to me Is the lass that laughswhen her love's at sea


sighs.....
laughs.....
That sighs when her love's at sea.
That laughs when her love's at sea.
That sighs..... a - lack..... will my lov'..... come back.....
That laughs..... that laughs.... when her love's..... at sea.....
That sighs alack my love come back Is the
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah Is the
That
That
lass that sighs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea.
lass that laughs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea.

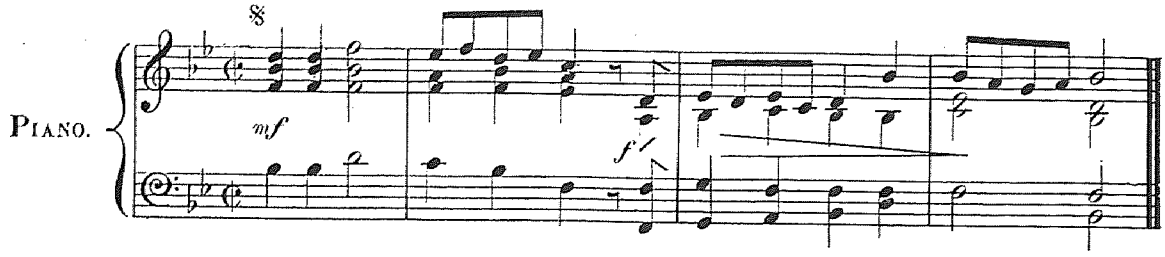

sighs..... a - lack..... will my love..... come back.....
laughs..... that laughs..... when her love's..... at sea.....
That sighs a - lack my love come back Is the
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah Is the
p
lass that sighs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea, Is the
lass that laughs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea, Is the
1
2
lass that sighs when her love's..... at sea. sea.
lass that laughs when her love's..... at sea. sea.
1
2
pp

YAWNING SONG.

No 21.

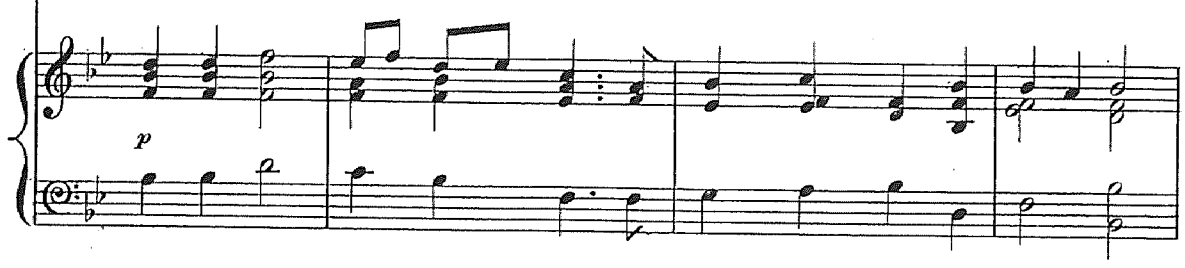
I really am so sleepy.

Andante.

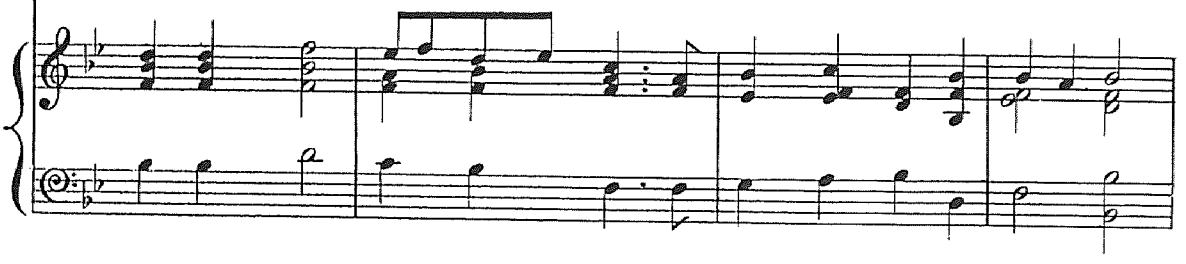


PETER.

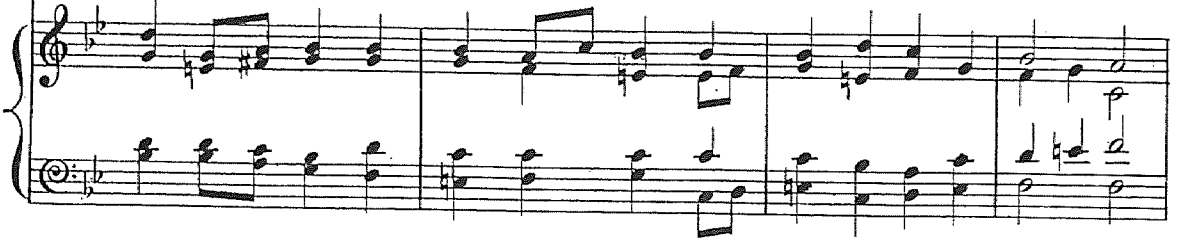
1. Tired and worn Rest now I crave Oh dear I'm ve - ry sleep - y
2. Many a night Sleep - less I've lain Oh dear I'm ve - ry sleep - y

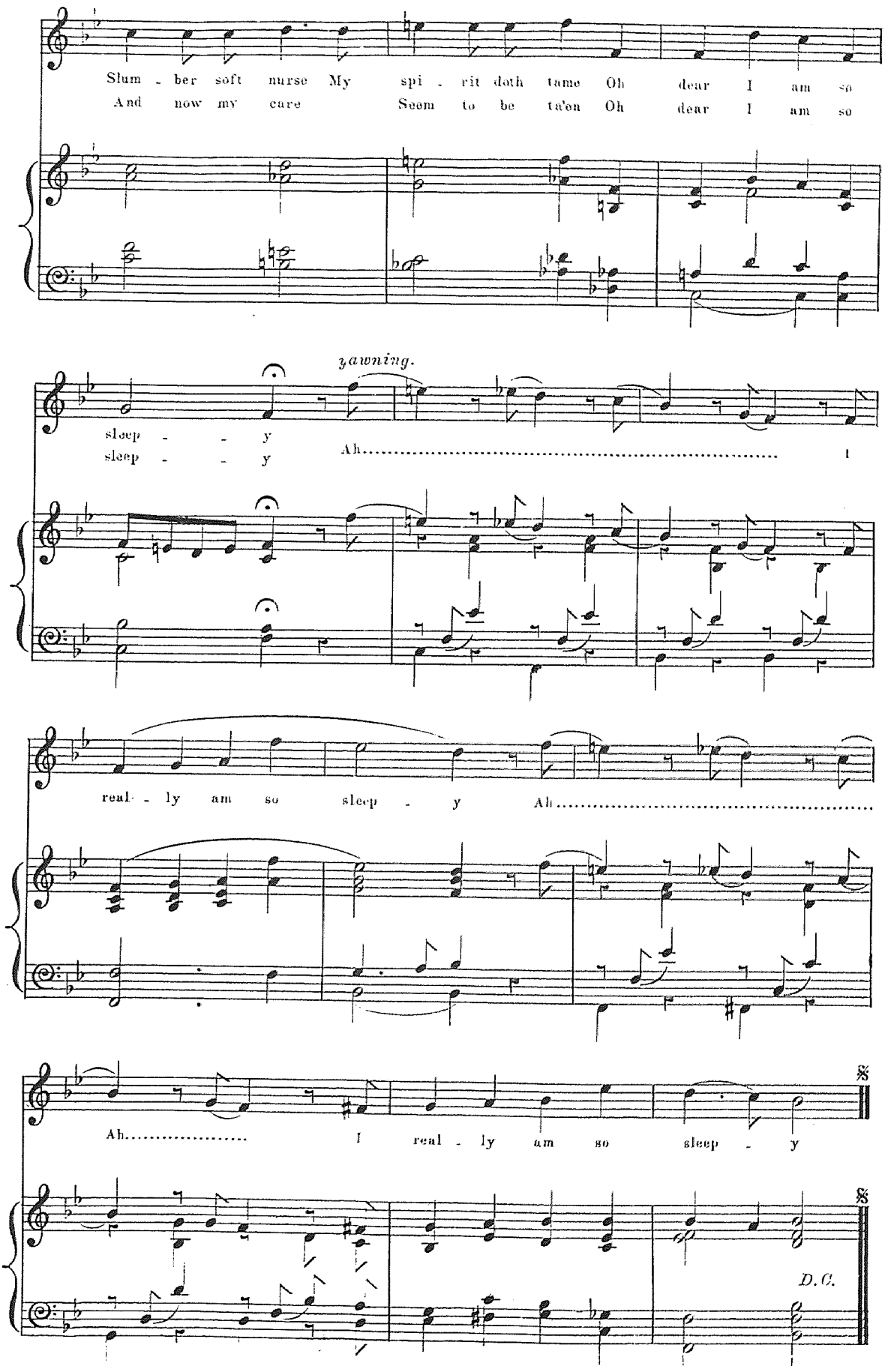


Blown by the wind Tossed by the wave Oh dear I am so sleep - y
Rock'd by the ocean Tor - tur'd with pain Oh dear I am so sleep - y



Rest for the wea - ry Bless'd be thy name Oh dear I am so sleep - y
Sleep now my sen - ses Seem to en - chain Oh dear I am so sleep - y

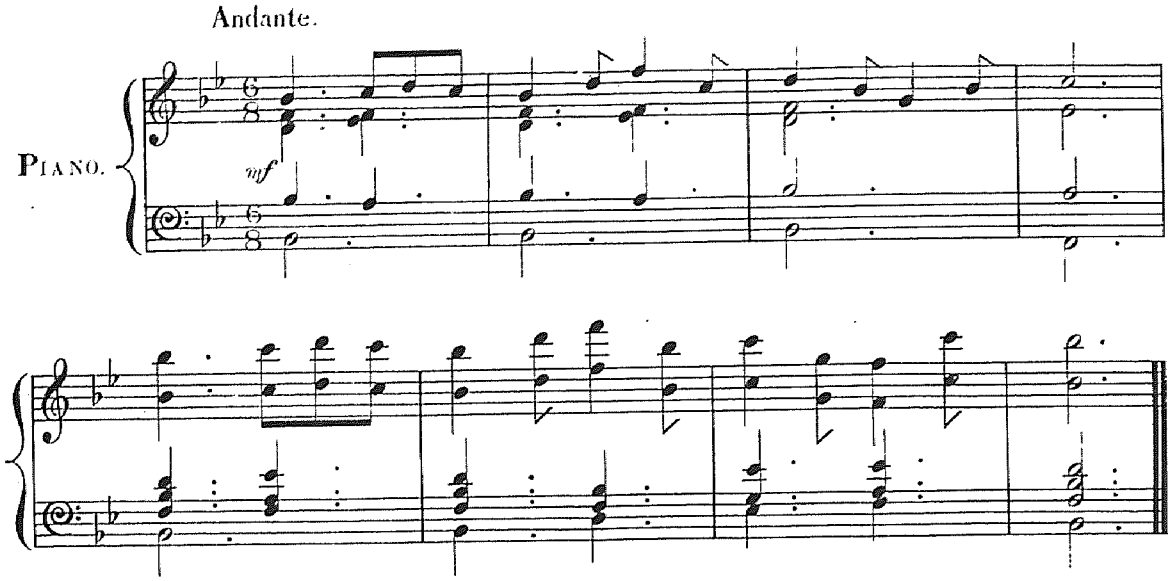



Slum - ber soft nurse My spi - rit doth tame Oh dear I am so
And now my care Seem to be ta'en Oh dear I am so
yawning.
sleep - - y
sleep - - y
Ah.....
real - ly am so sleep - y Ah.....
Ah..... I real - ly am so sleep - y
D.C.

MUSETTE.

Nº 21. bis.

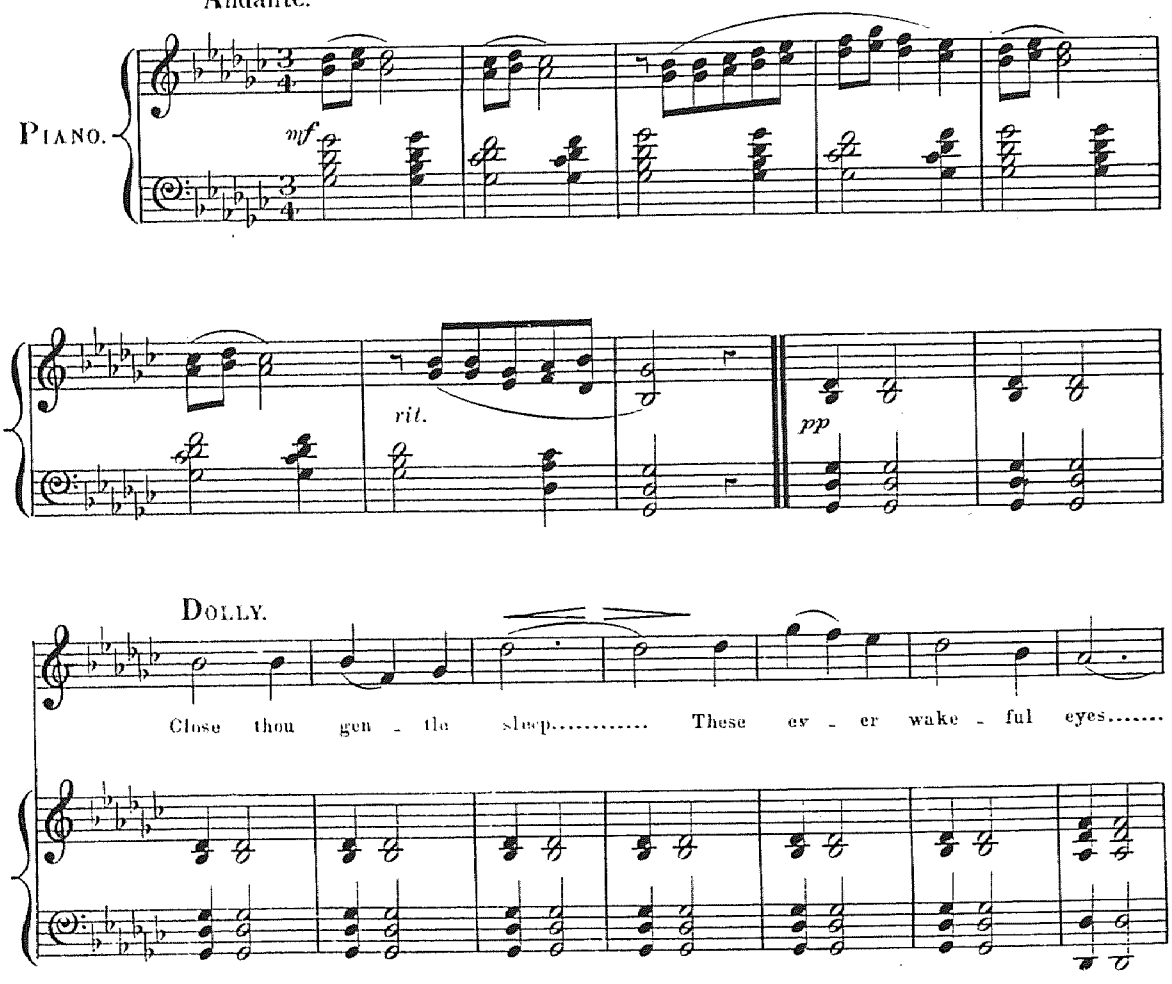
Andante.

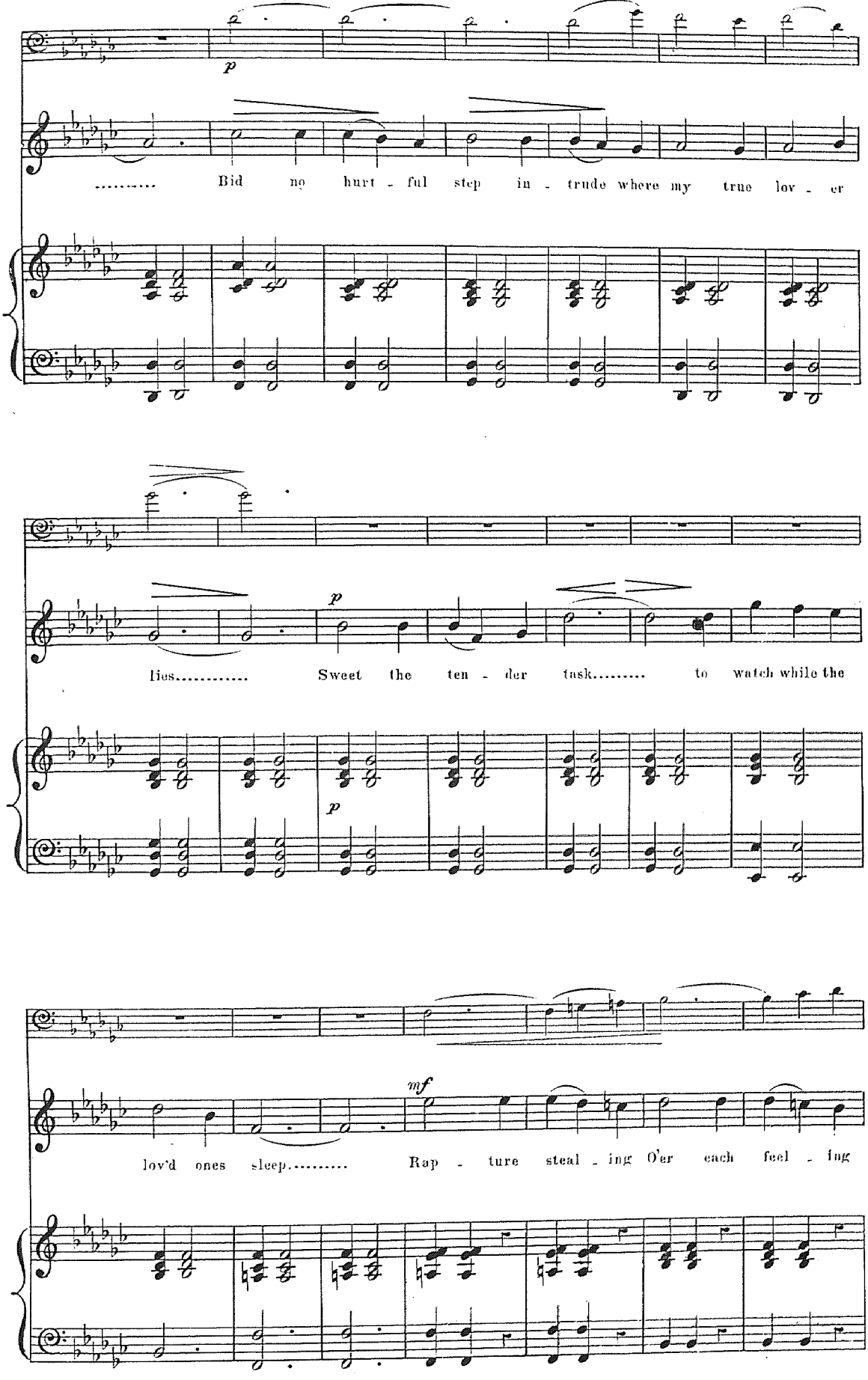


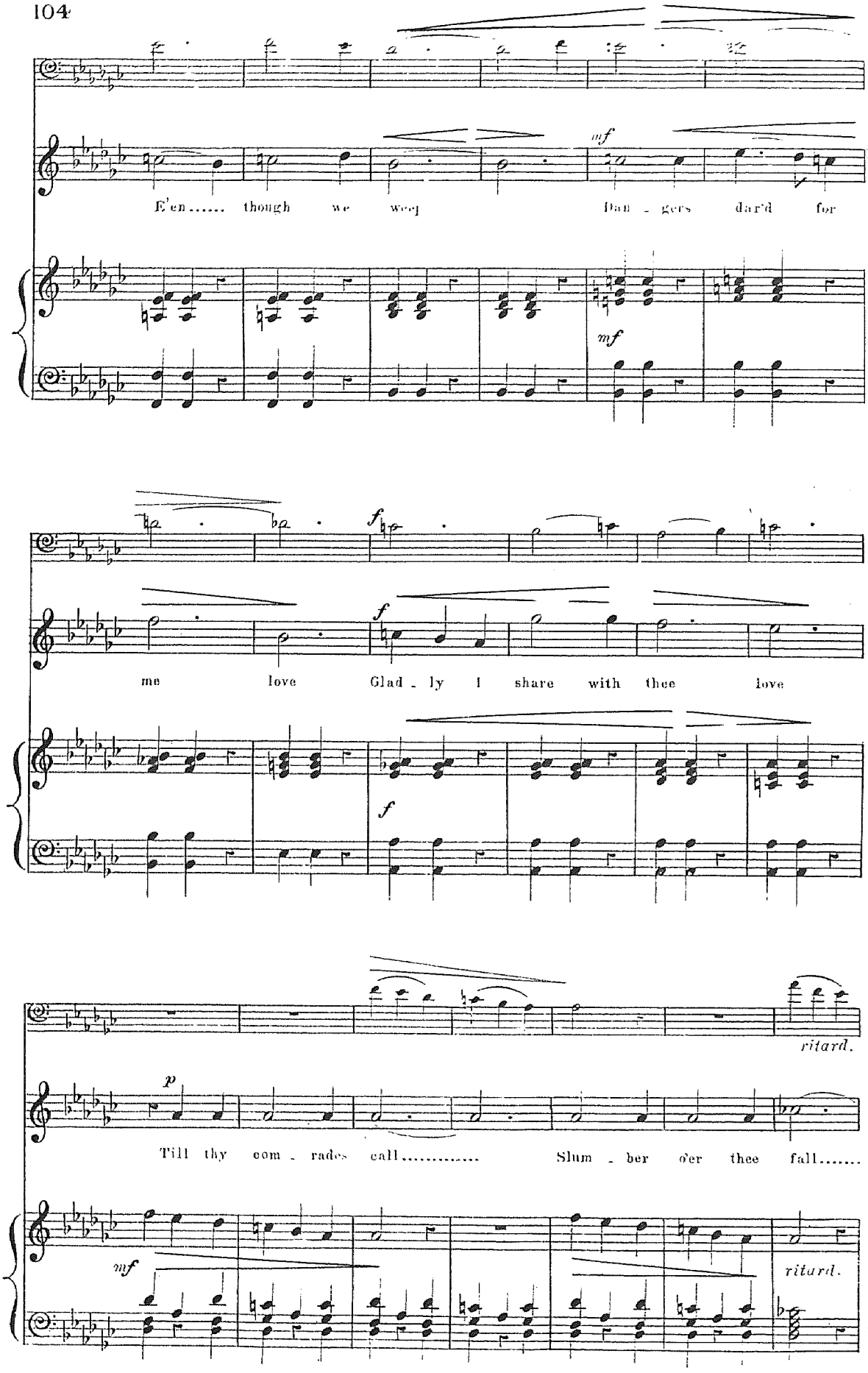
SLUMBER SONG.

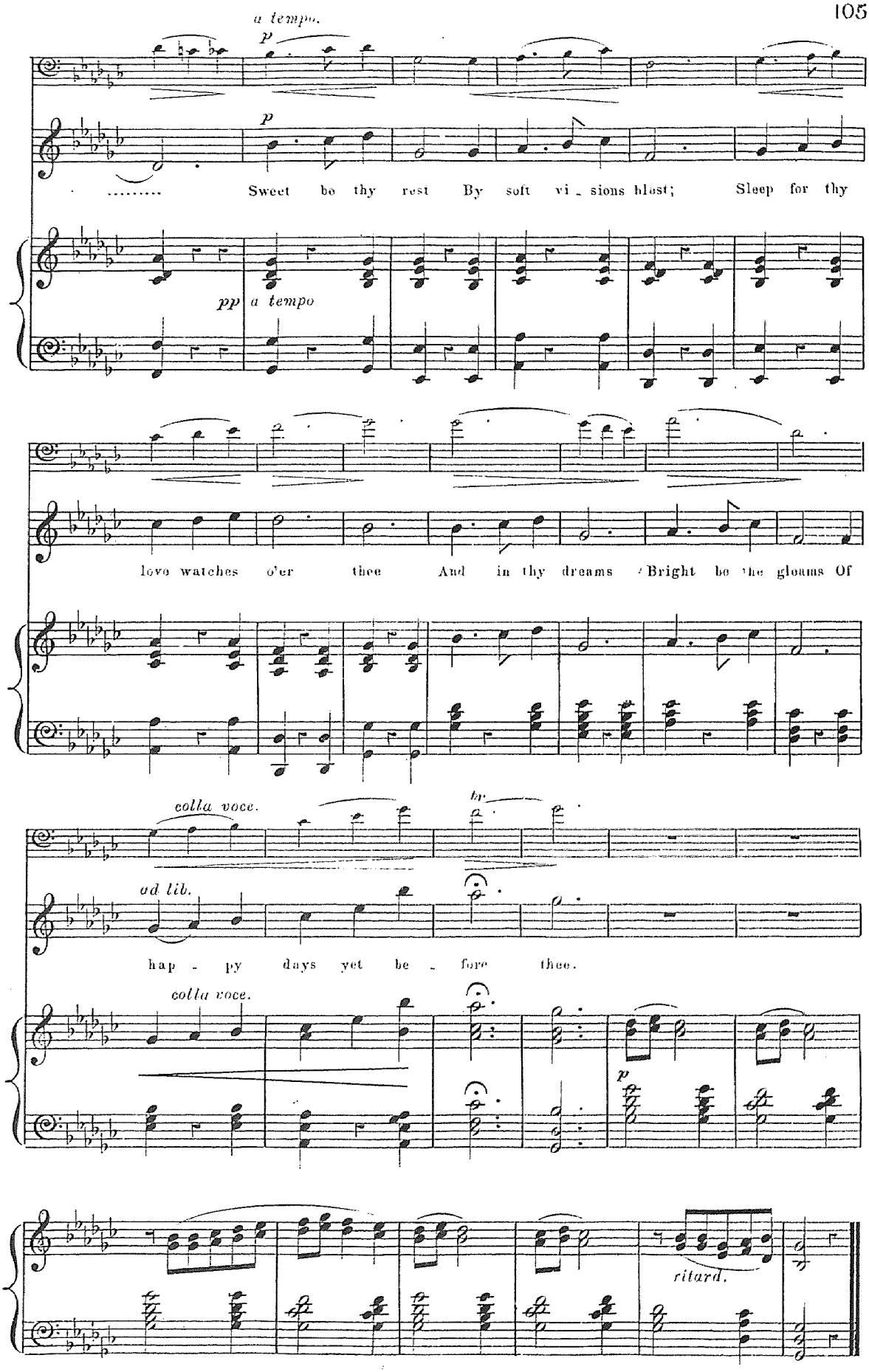
Nº 22.

Andante.




p
..... Bid no hurt - ful step in - trude where my true lov - er
lies..... Sweet the ten - der task..... to watch while the
p
p
mf
lov'd ones sleep..... Rap - ture steal - ing O'er each feel - ing

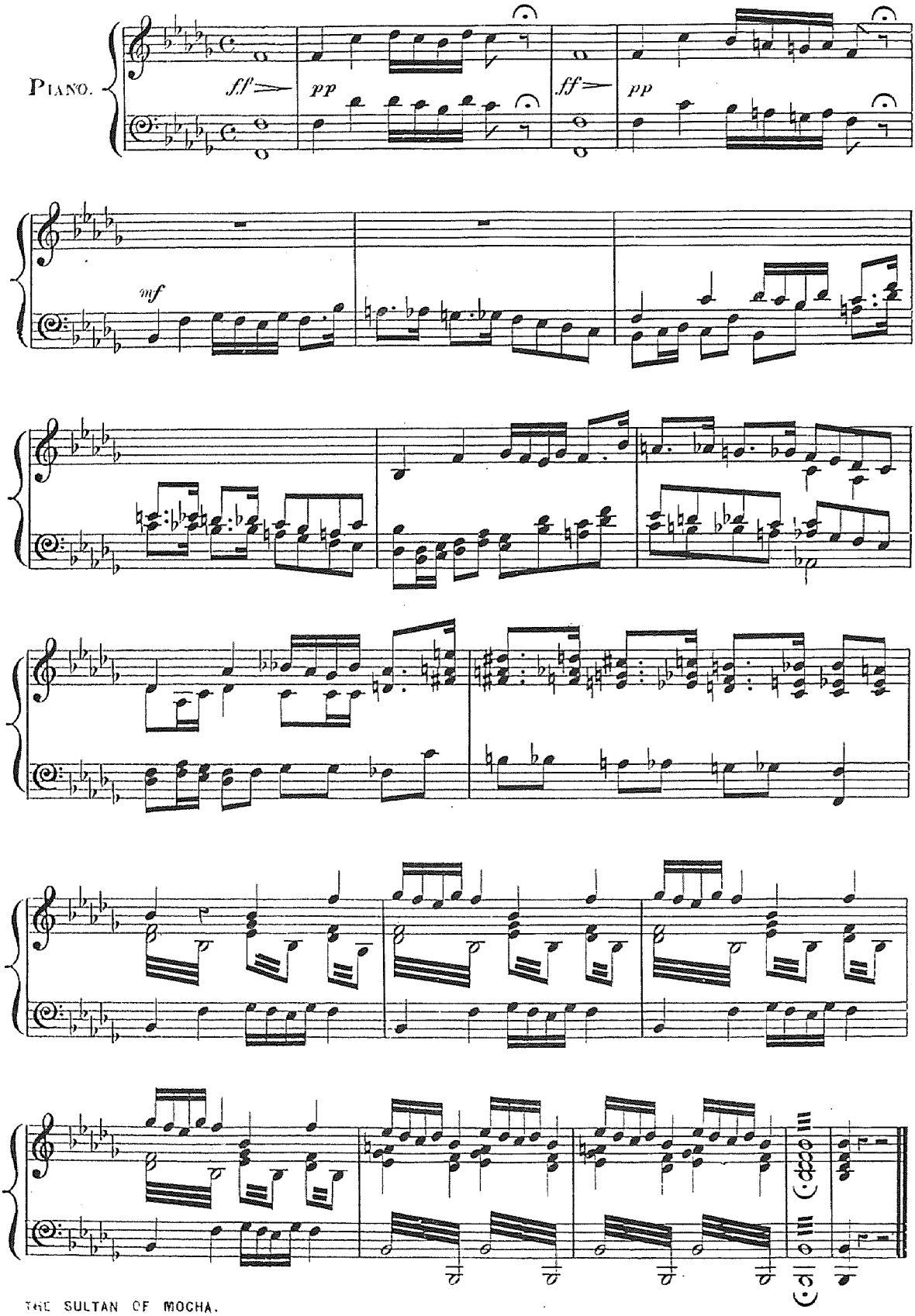

mf
E'en..... though we weep
Dan - gers dar'd for
mf
f
me love
f
Glad - ly I share with thee love
f
ritard.
p
Till thy com - rades call.....
Slum - ber o'er thee fall.....
mf
ritard.


a tempo.
p
p
Sweet be thy rest By soft vi_sions blest; Sleep for thy
pp a tempo
love watches o'er thee And in thy dreams Bright be the gleams Of
colla voce.
br
od lib.
hap - py days yet be - fore thee.
colla voce.
p
ritard.

MELOS.

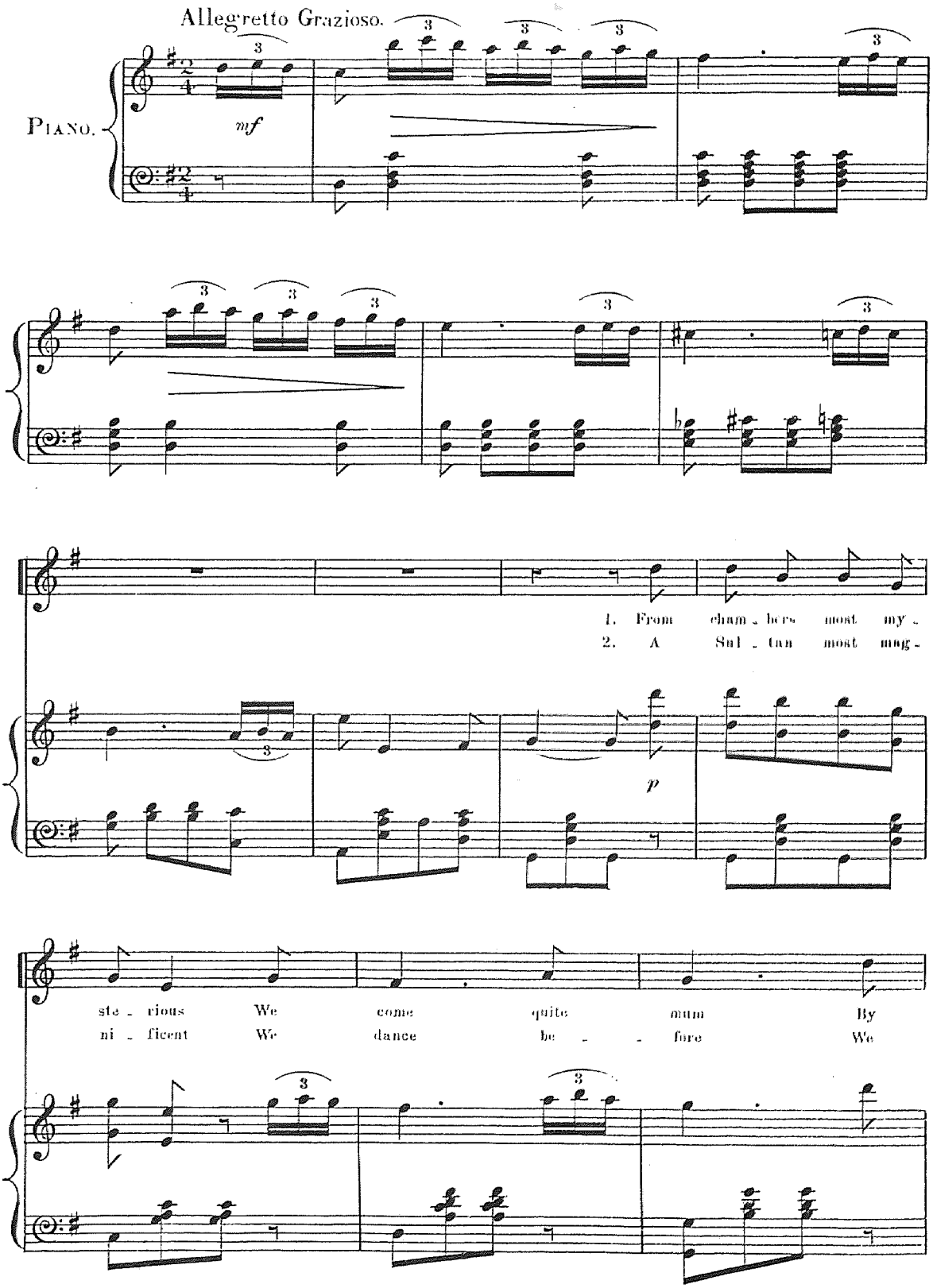
Nº 23.

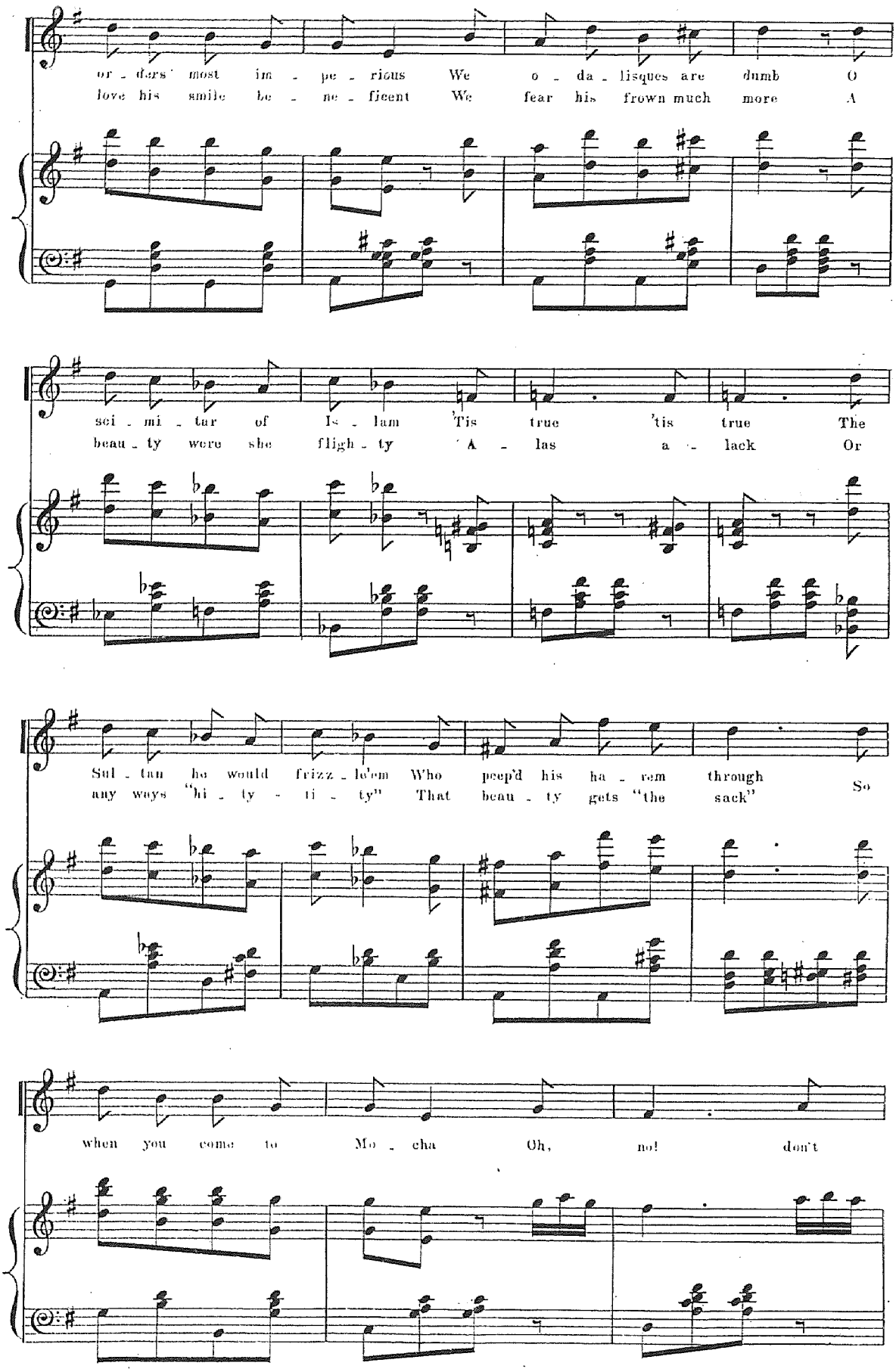
Misterioso.

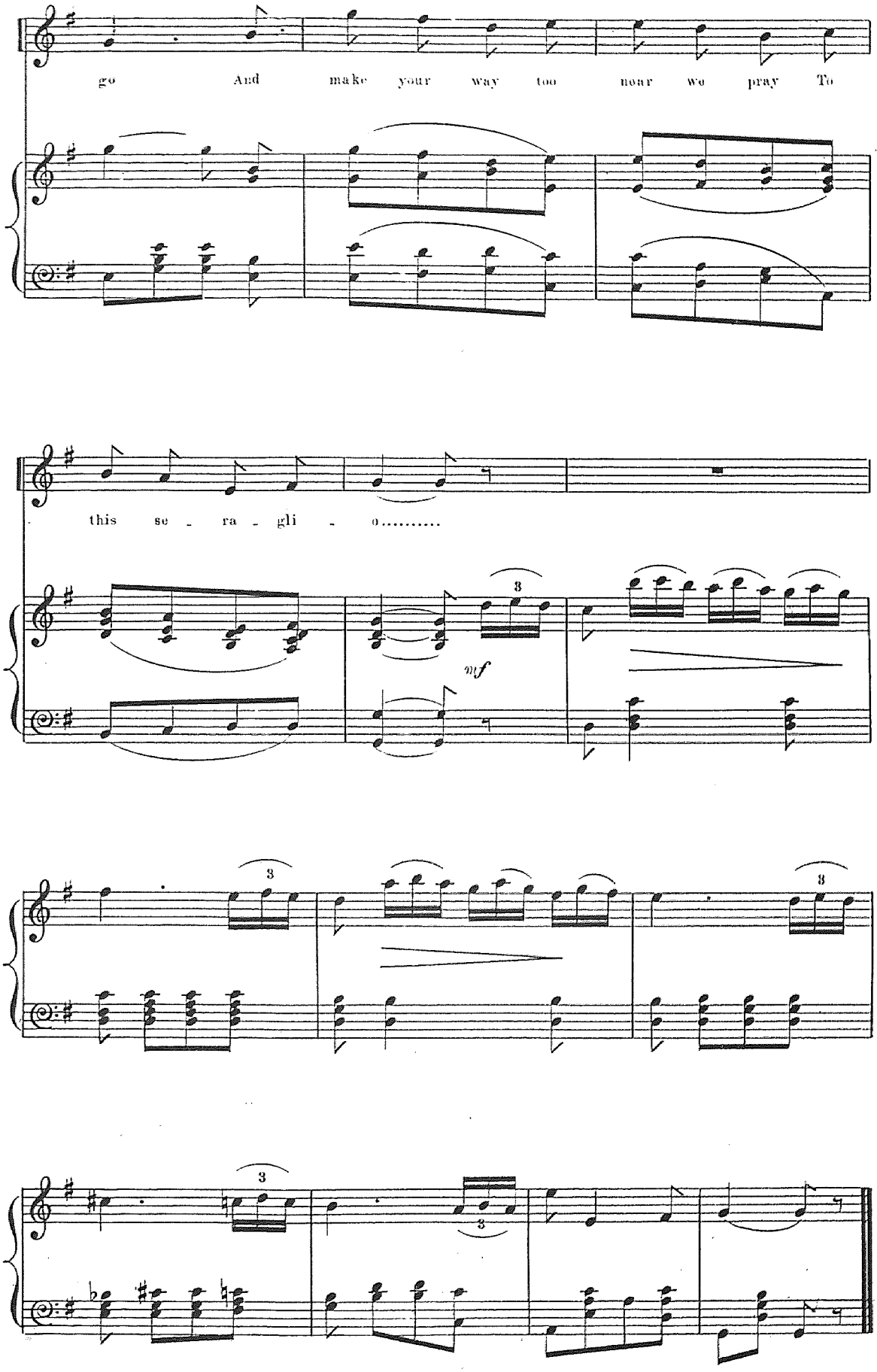


CHORUS OF ODALISQUES.

No 24.




or - ders most im - pe - rious We o - da - lisques are dumb O
love his smile be - ne - ficent We fear his frown much more A
sci - mi - tar of Is - lam 'Tis true 'tis true The
beau - ty were she fligh - ty A - las a - lack Or
Sul - tan he would frizz - le'em Who peep'd his ha - rem through So
any ways "hi - ty - ti - ty" That beau - ty gets "the sack"
when you come to Mo - cha Oh, no! don't


go And make your way too near we pray To
this se - ra - gli - o.....
mf
3

TRIO.

No 25.

"It's very perplexing."

Allegro. Tempo di Valse. SULTAN.

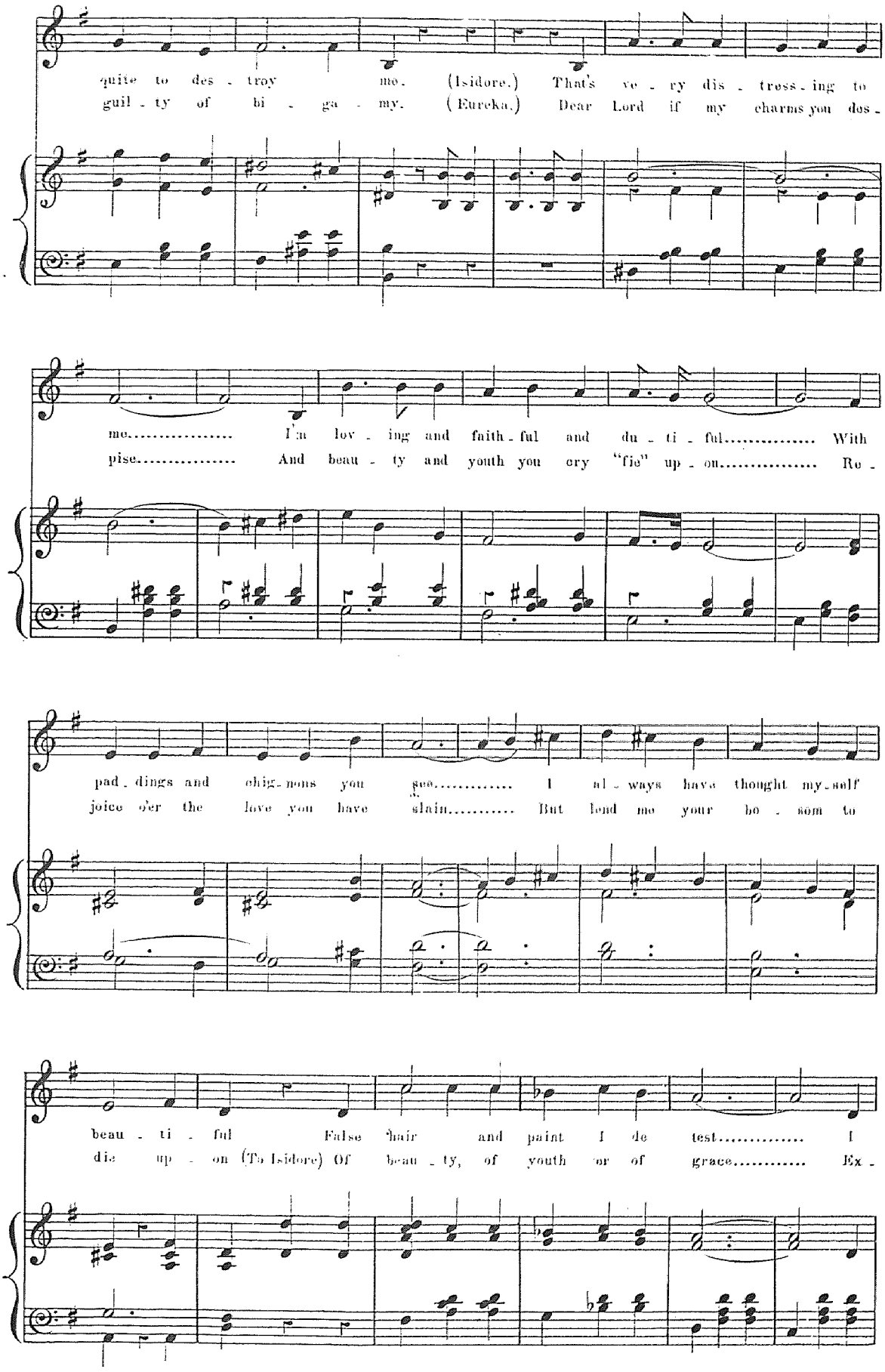
1. Your beau - ty I
2. For peace I would

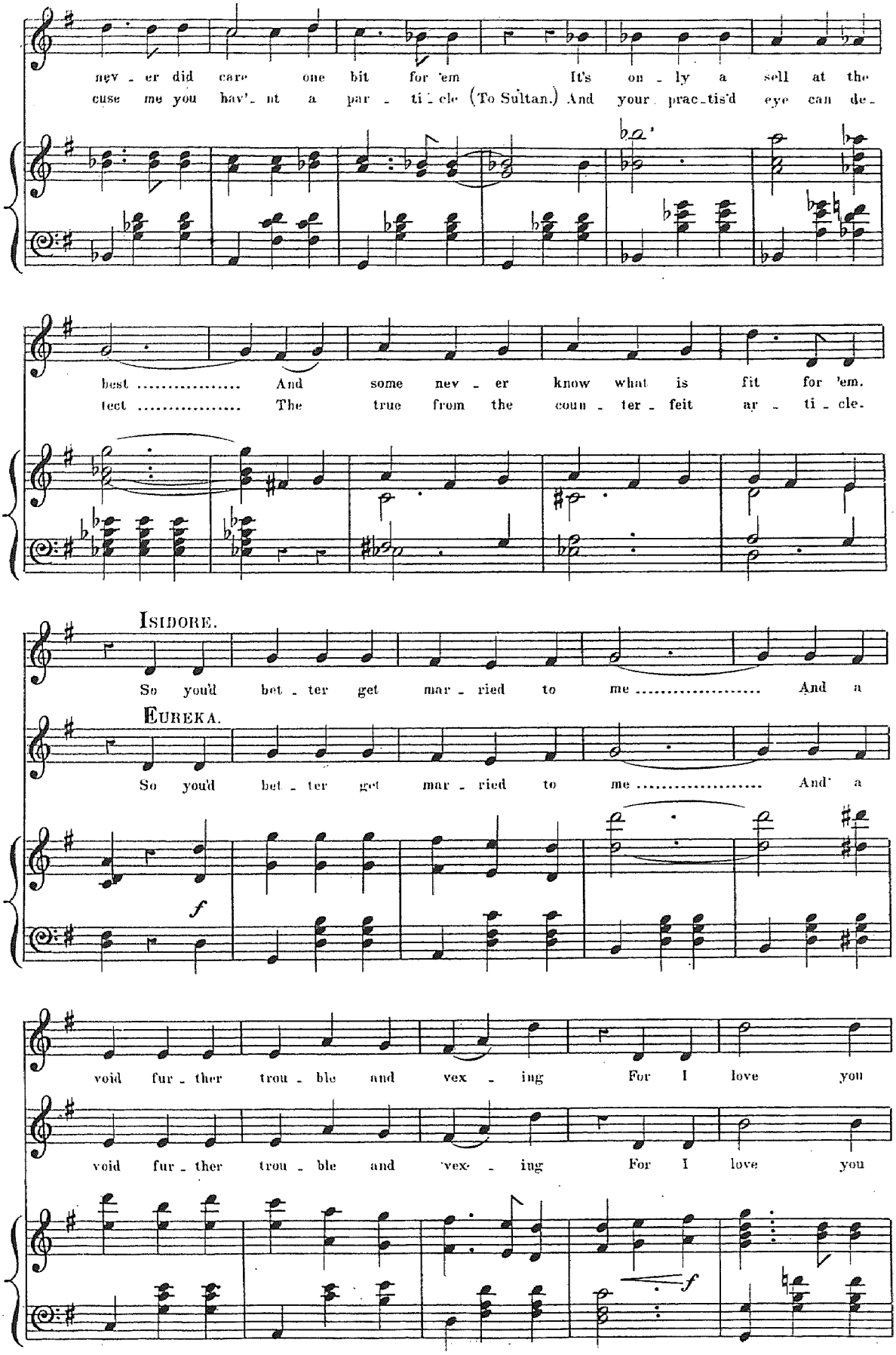
PIANO.

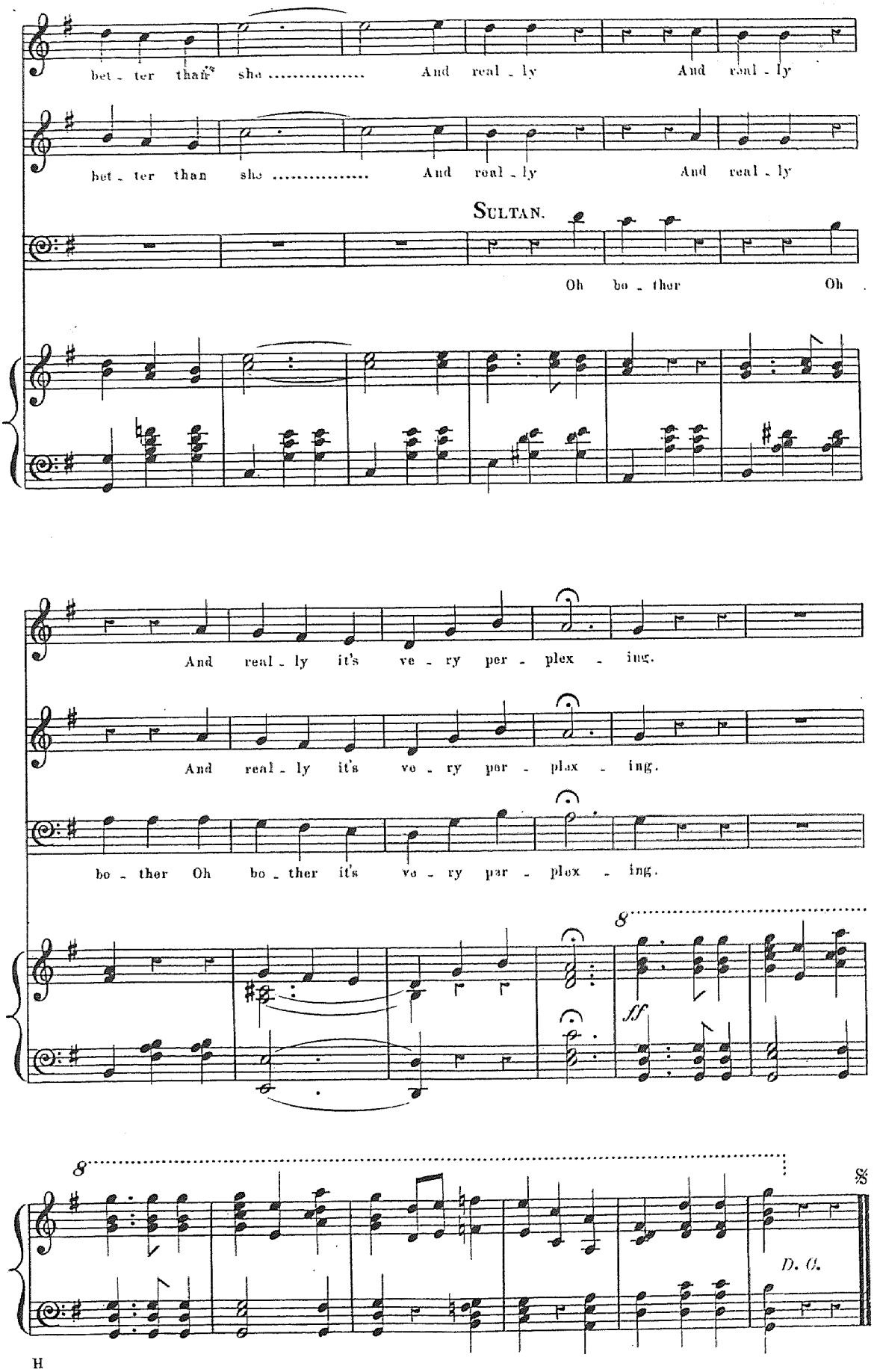
hate and des - pise..... Your chat - ter - ing tongue m'am an -
mar - ry you both..... But my con - science de - clares by the

noys me You'd best both get out if you're wise.....
wig - o' - me It's a shock - ing ex - am - ple to set.....

..... Un - less you wish quite to des - troy me You wish
..... When a Sul - tan is guil - ty of bi - ga - my Is


quite to des - troy me. (Isidore.) That's ve - ry dis - tress - ing to
guil - ty of bi - ga - my. (Eureka.) Dear Lord if my charms you dos -
me..... I'm lov - ing and faith - ful and du - ti - ful..... With
pise..... And beau - ty and youth you cry "fie" up - on..... Re -
pad - dings and chig - nons you see..... I al - ways have thought my - self
joice o'er the love you have slain..... But lend me your bo - som to
beau - ti - ful False hair and paint I de test..... I
die up - on (To Isidore) Of beau - ty, of youth or of grace..... Ex -


nev - er did care one bit for 'em It's on - ly a sell at the
cuse me you hav'- nt a par - ti - cle (To Sultan.) And your prac-tis'd eye can de-
best ..... And some nev - er know what is fit for 'em.
tect ..... The true from the coun - ter - feit ar - ti - cle.
ISIDORE.
So you'd bet - ter get mar - ried to me ..... And a
EUREKA.
So you'd bet - ter get mar - ried to me ..... And a
f
void fur - ther trou - ble and vex - ing For I love you
void fur - ther trou - ble and vex - ing For I love you
f


bet - ter than she ..... And real - ly And real - ly
bet - ter than she ..... And real - ly And real - ly
SULTAN.
Oh bo - ther Oh
And real - ly it's ve - ry per - plex - ing.
And real - ly it's ve - ry per - plex - ing.
bo - ther Oh bo - ther it's ve - ry per - plex - ing.
8
ff
8
D. C.

BALLAD.

No. 26. "Unrequited Love."

Andante.

PIANO

mf

SULTAN.

1. My heart with an-guish now is torn. Since you my ar-dent love de-
2. Will you con-sent to be my bride, O lis-ten while I now im-

p

ny I wish I nev-er had been born Or ere on you had set my
plore, I vow what-ev-er may be-tide, My heart shall nev-er wan-der

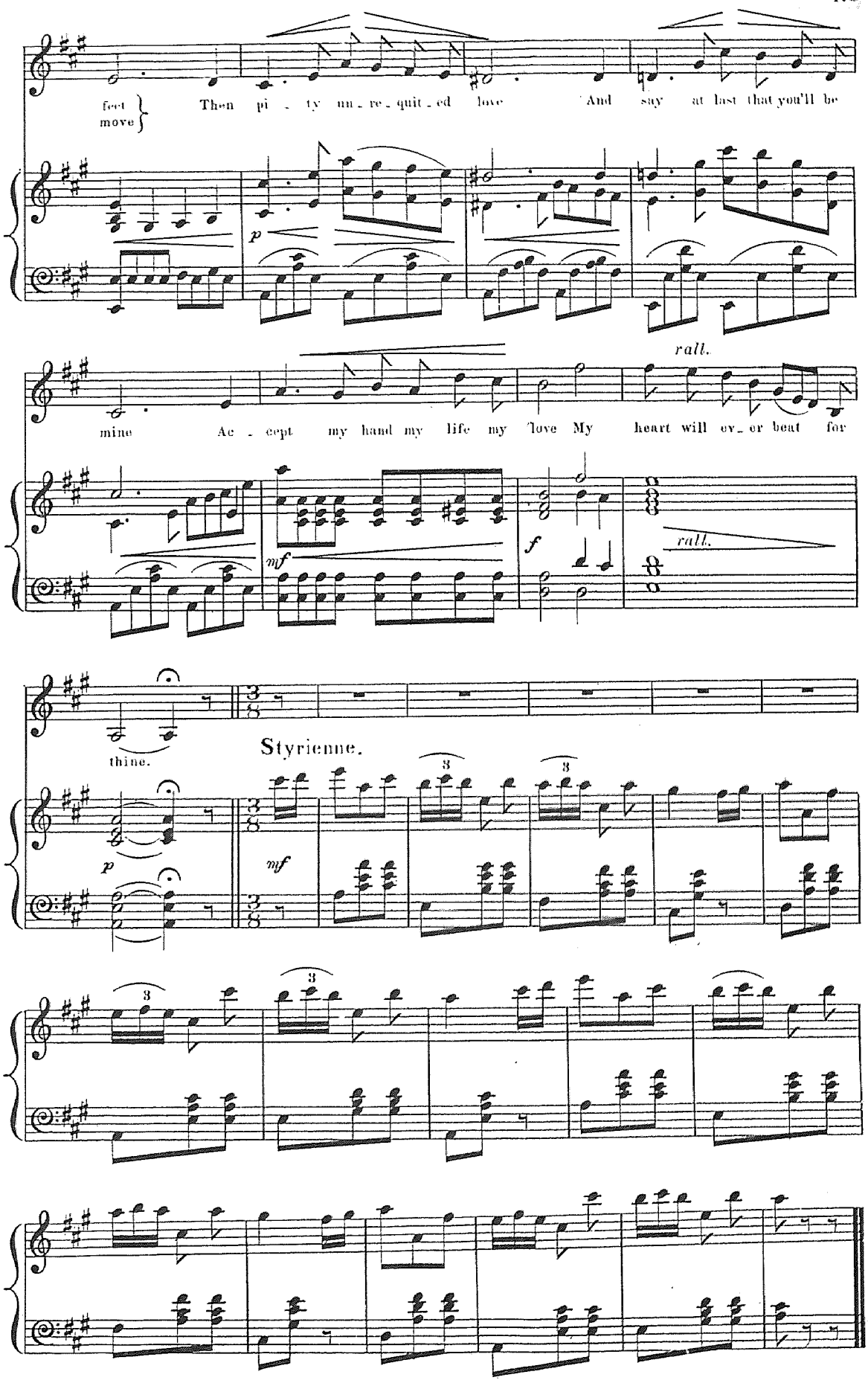
eyo These tears will quickly dim my sight And soon this heart will cease to
more, Then yield to me your hand I pray, The depth of my de-vo-tion

mf

beat I'm in a mi-ser-a-ble plight Be-hold your Sul-tan at your
prove, Ah, do not lon-ger now de-lay But let my love your pi-ty

rit.

colla voce.

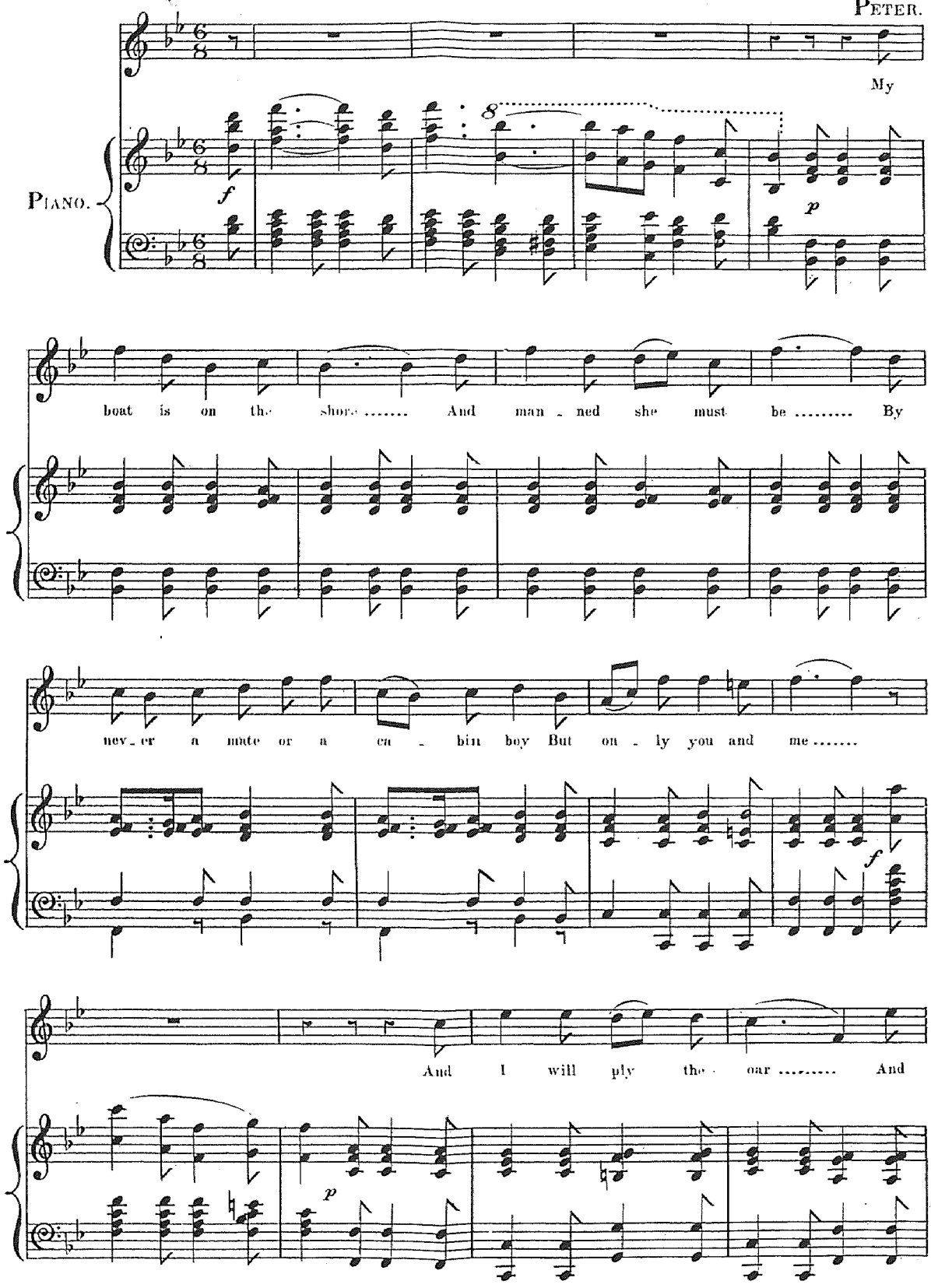

feet move
Then pi - ty un - re - quit - ed love And say at last that you'll be
p
rall.
mine Ac - cept my hand my life my love My heart will ev - er beat for
mf
f
rall.
thine.
Styrienne.
p
mf
3

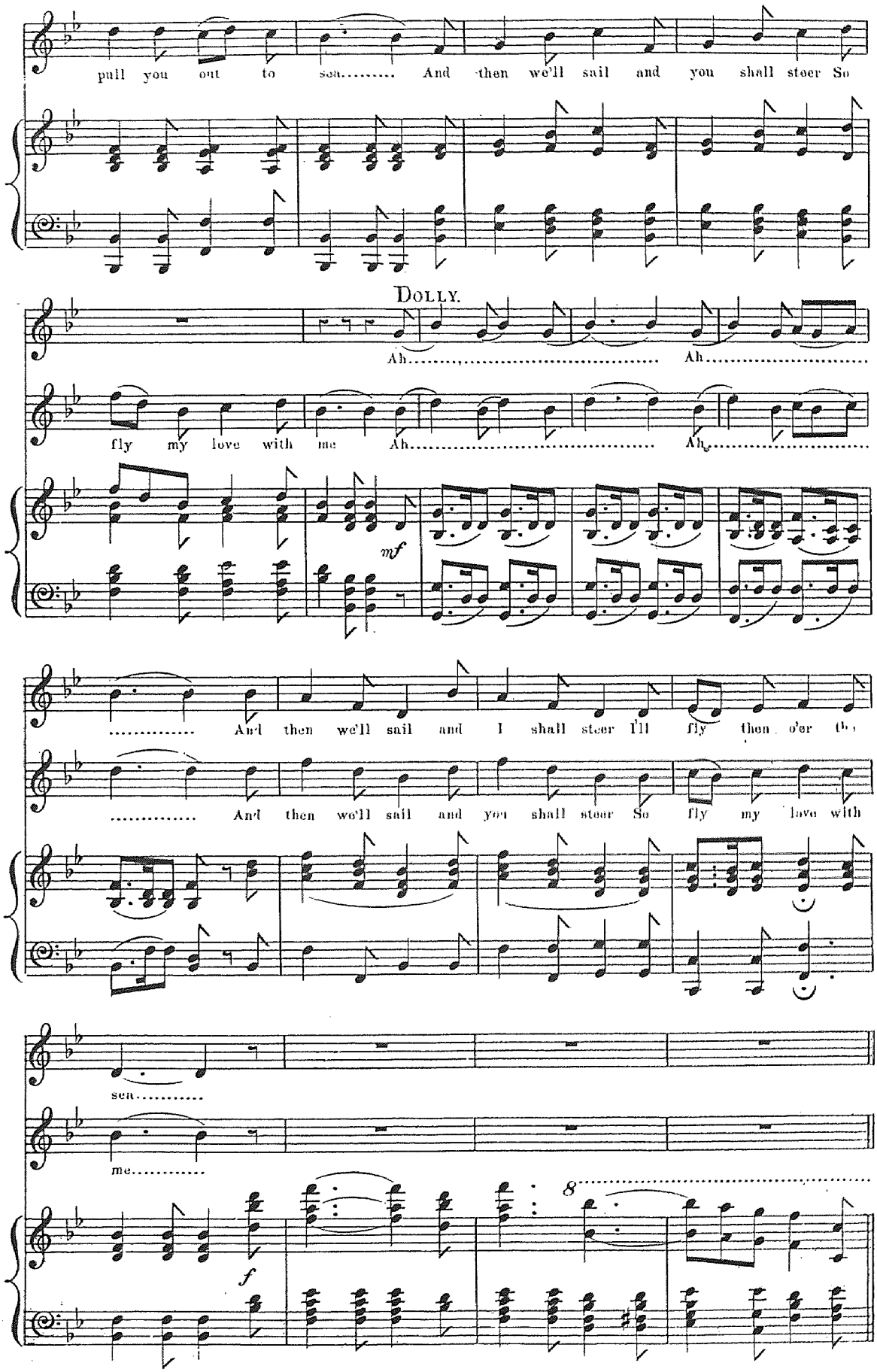
BARCAROLE.

No. 27. "My Boat is on the Shore."

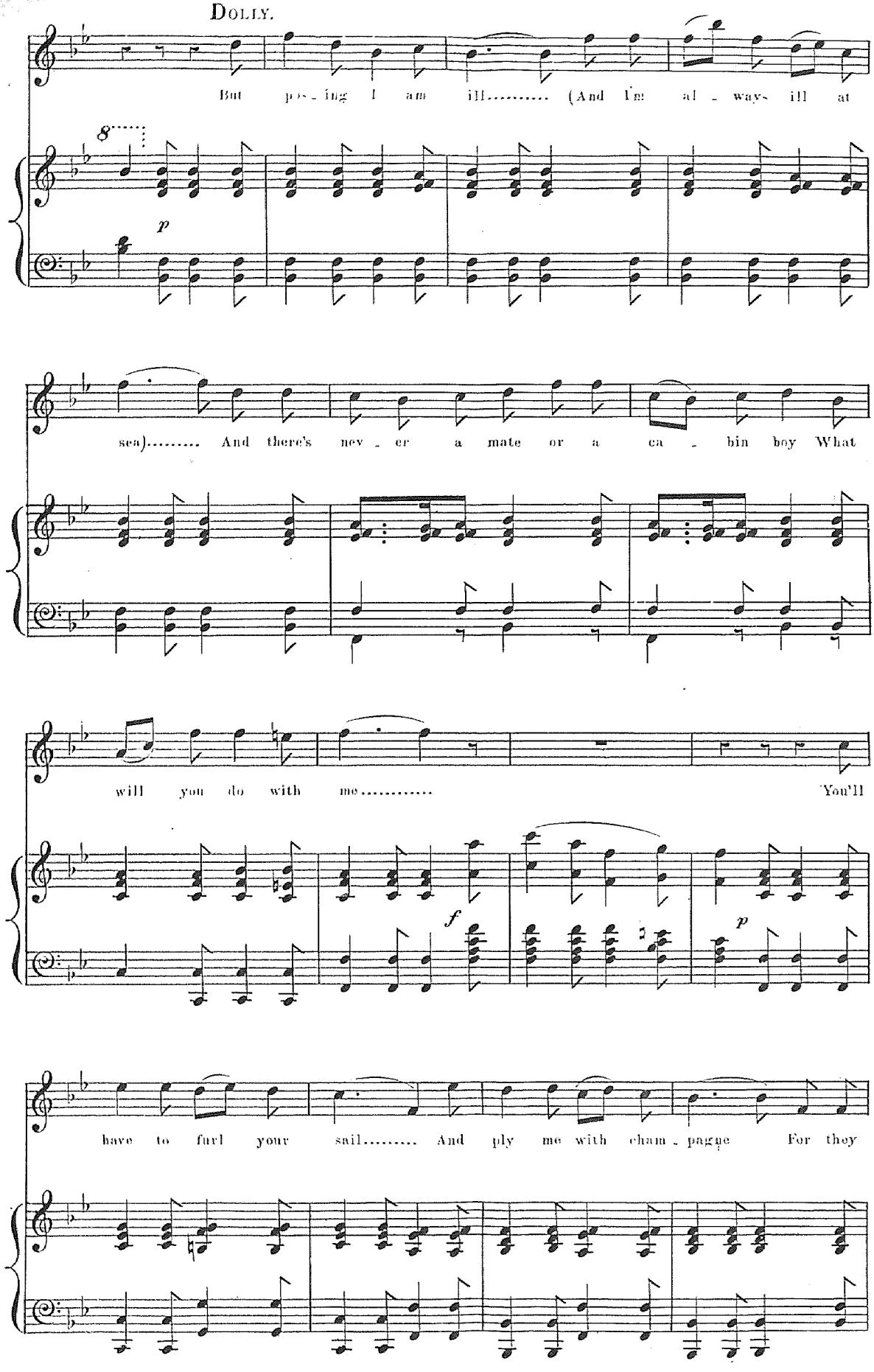
Andante.

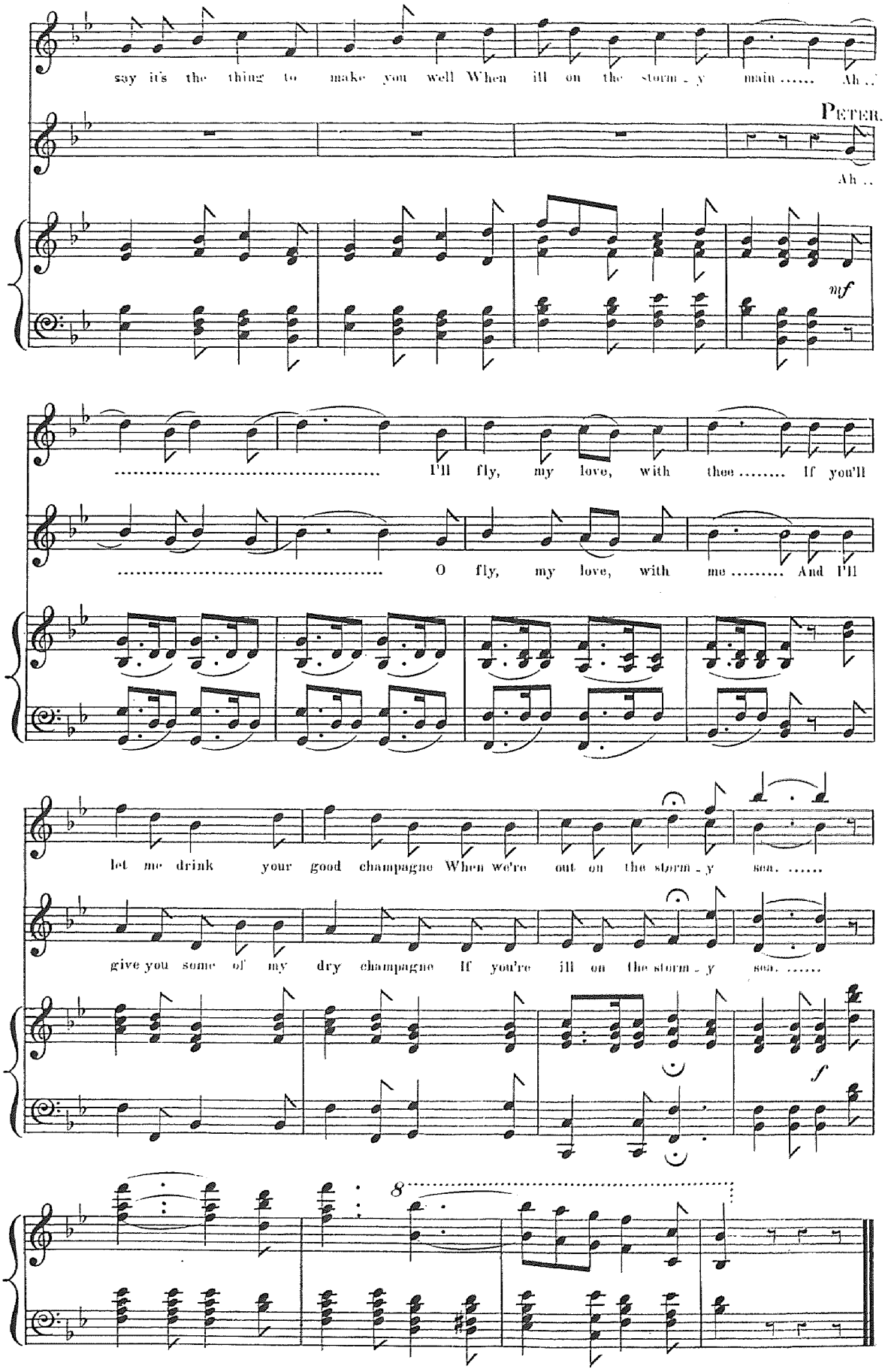
PETER.




pull you out to sea..... And then we'll sail and you shall steer So
DOLLY.
Ah..... Ah.....
fly my love with me Ah..... Ah.....
mf
..... And then we'll sail and I shall steer I'll fly then o'er the
..... And then we'll sail and you shall steer So fly my love with
sea.....
me.....
8
f

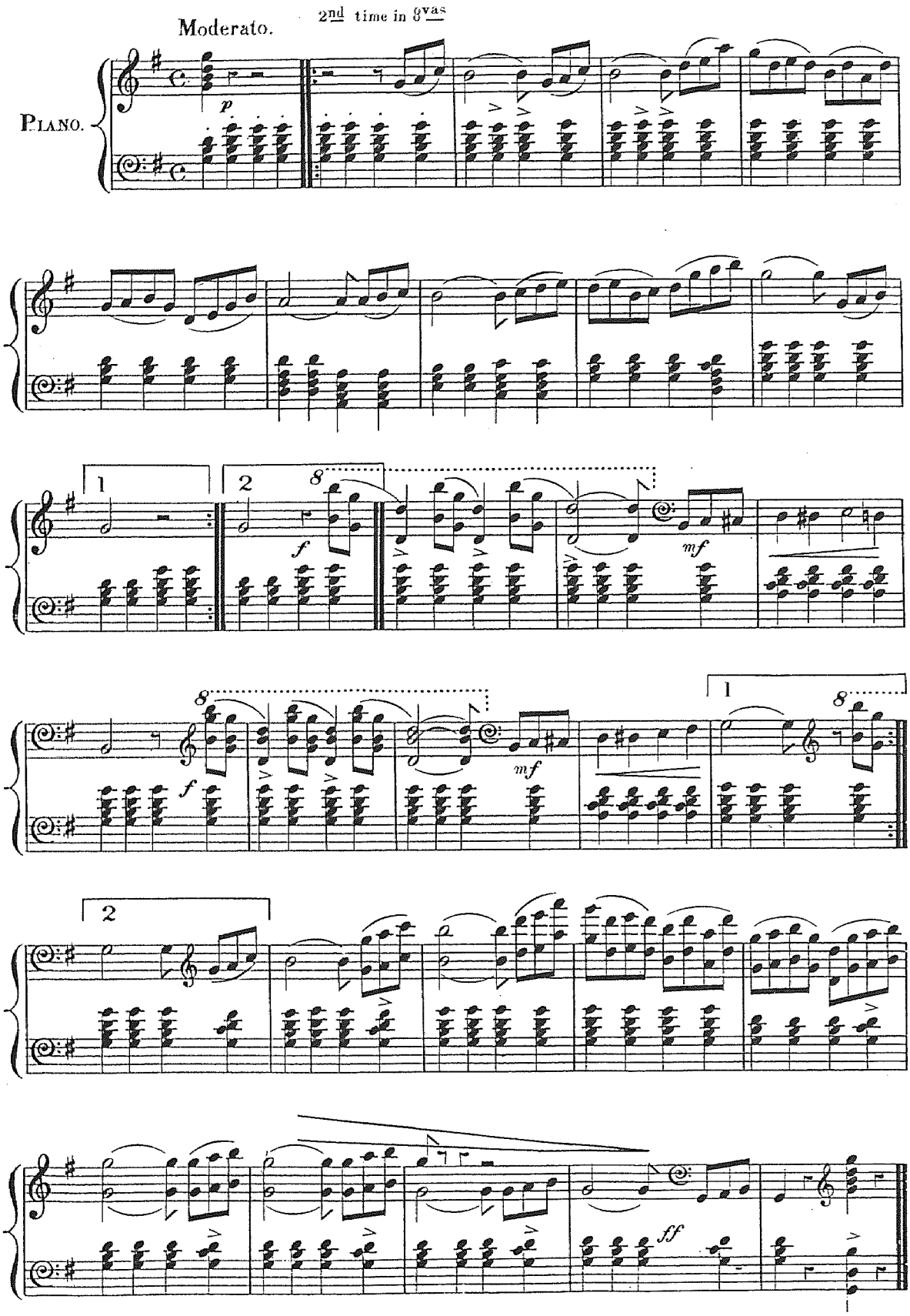
DOLLY.


But pos - ing I am ill..... (And I'm al - ways ill at
8
p
sea)..... And there's nev - er a mate or a ca - bin boy What
will you do with me..... You'll
f
p
have to furl your sail..... And ply me with cham - pagne For they


say it's the thing to make you well When ill on the storm - y main ..... Ah ..
PETER.
Ah ..
mf
..... I'll fly, my love, with thee ..... If you'll
..... O fly, my love, with me ..... And I'll
let me drink your good champagne When we're out on the storm - y sea. .....
give you some of my dry champagne If you're ill on the storm - y sea. .....
f
8

BALLET MUSIC.

No 28.



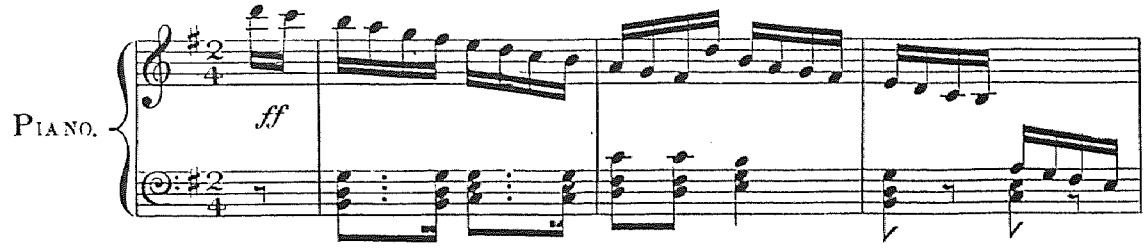
FINALE.

CHORUS.

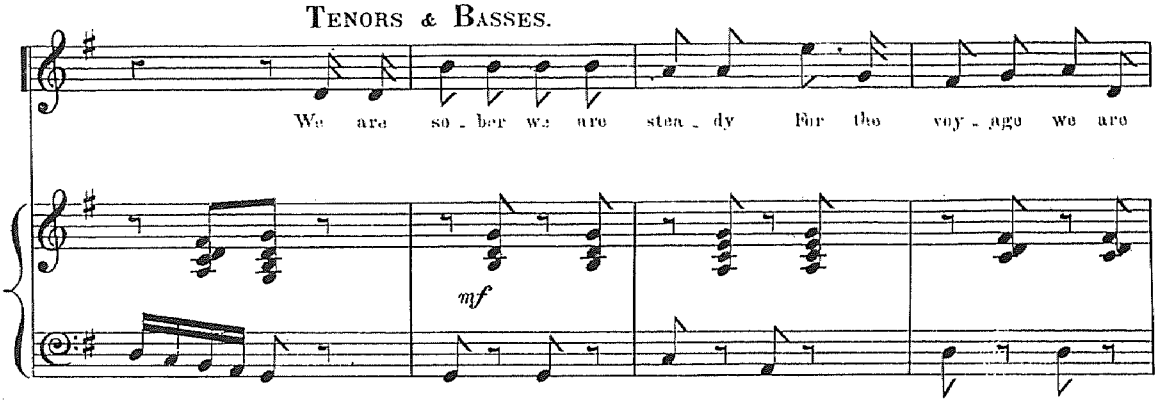
No 29.

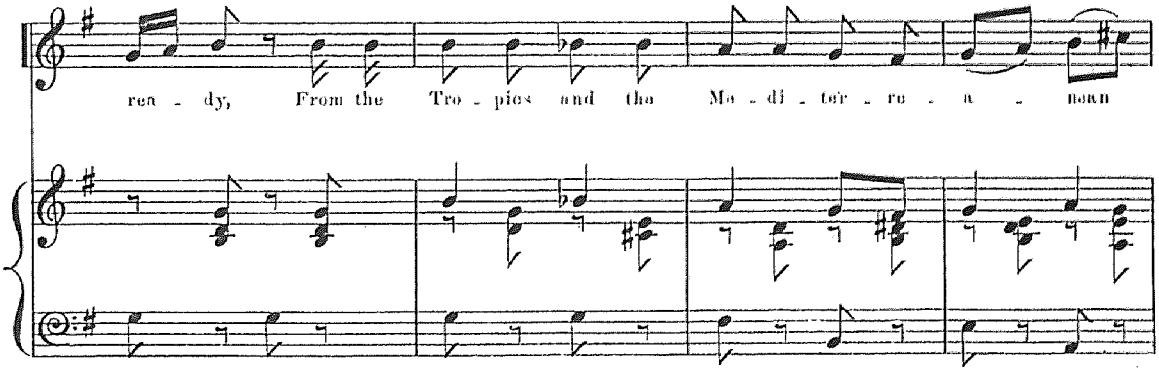
"We are sober, we are steady."

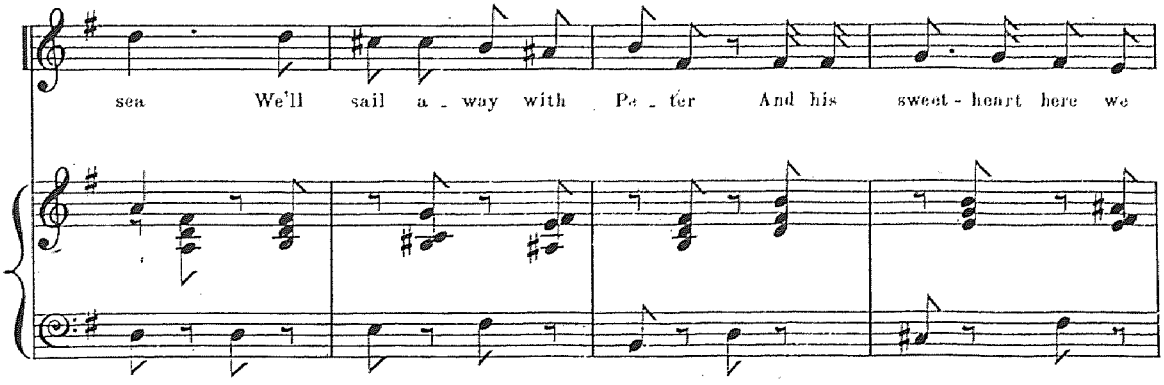
Allegro.

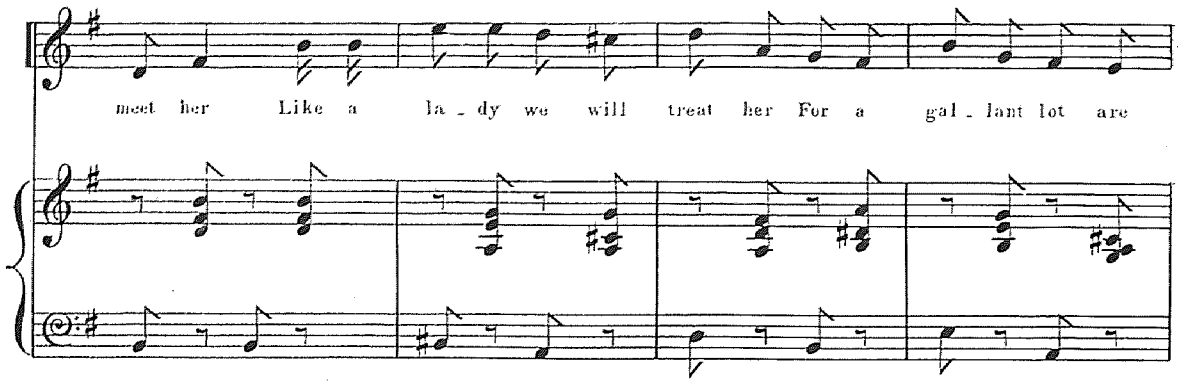


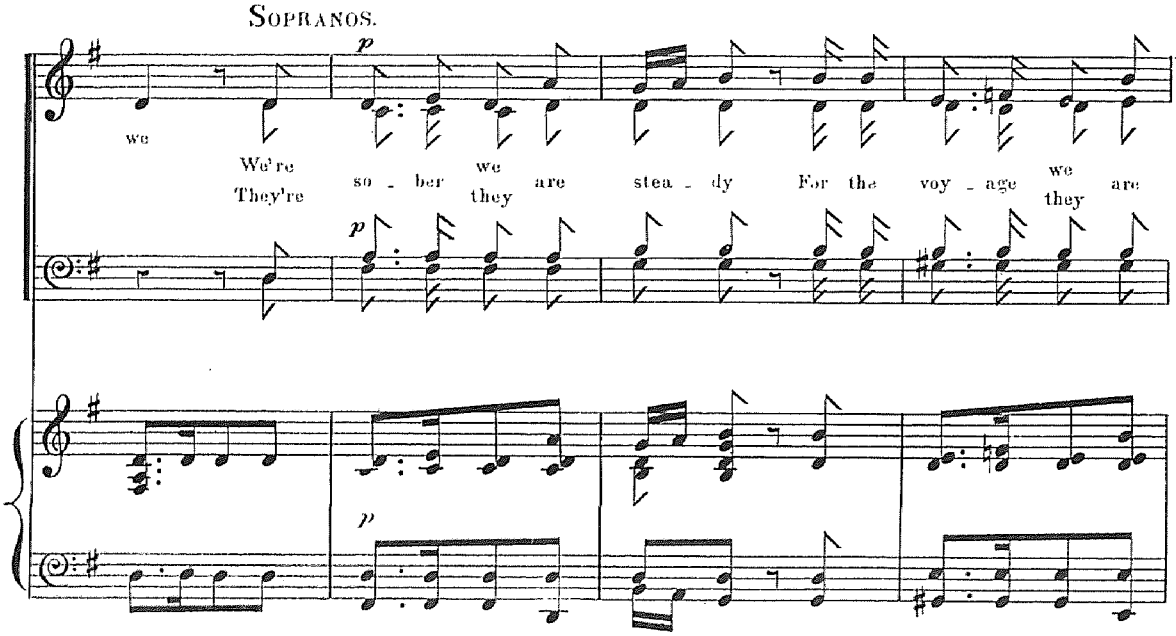
Tenors & Basses.

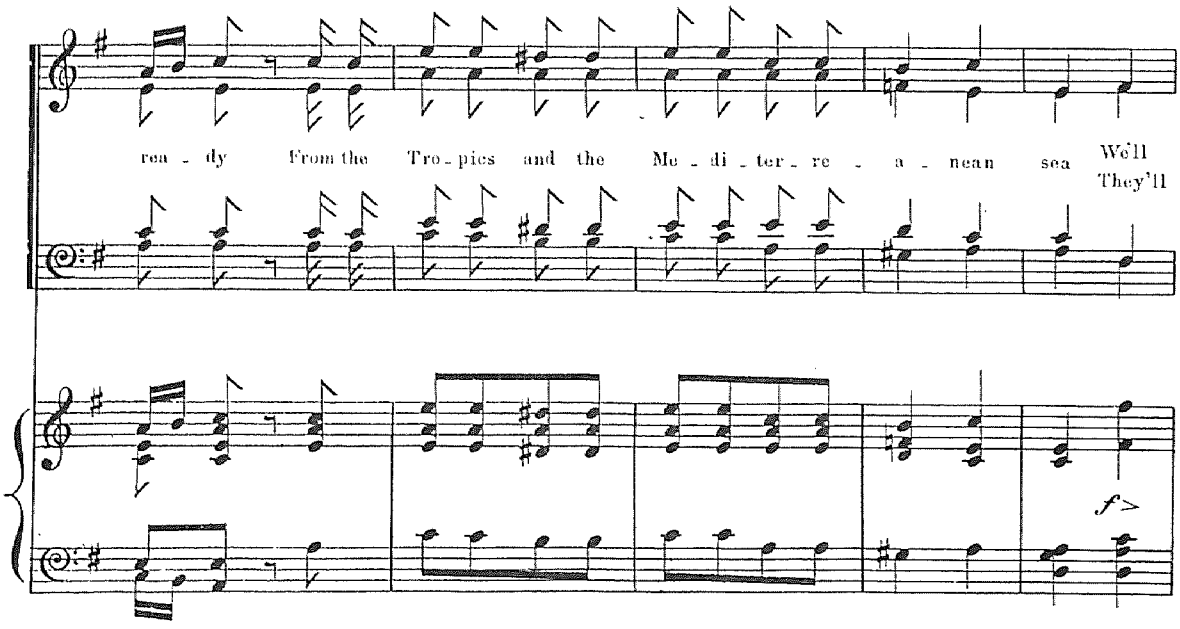


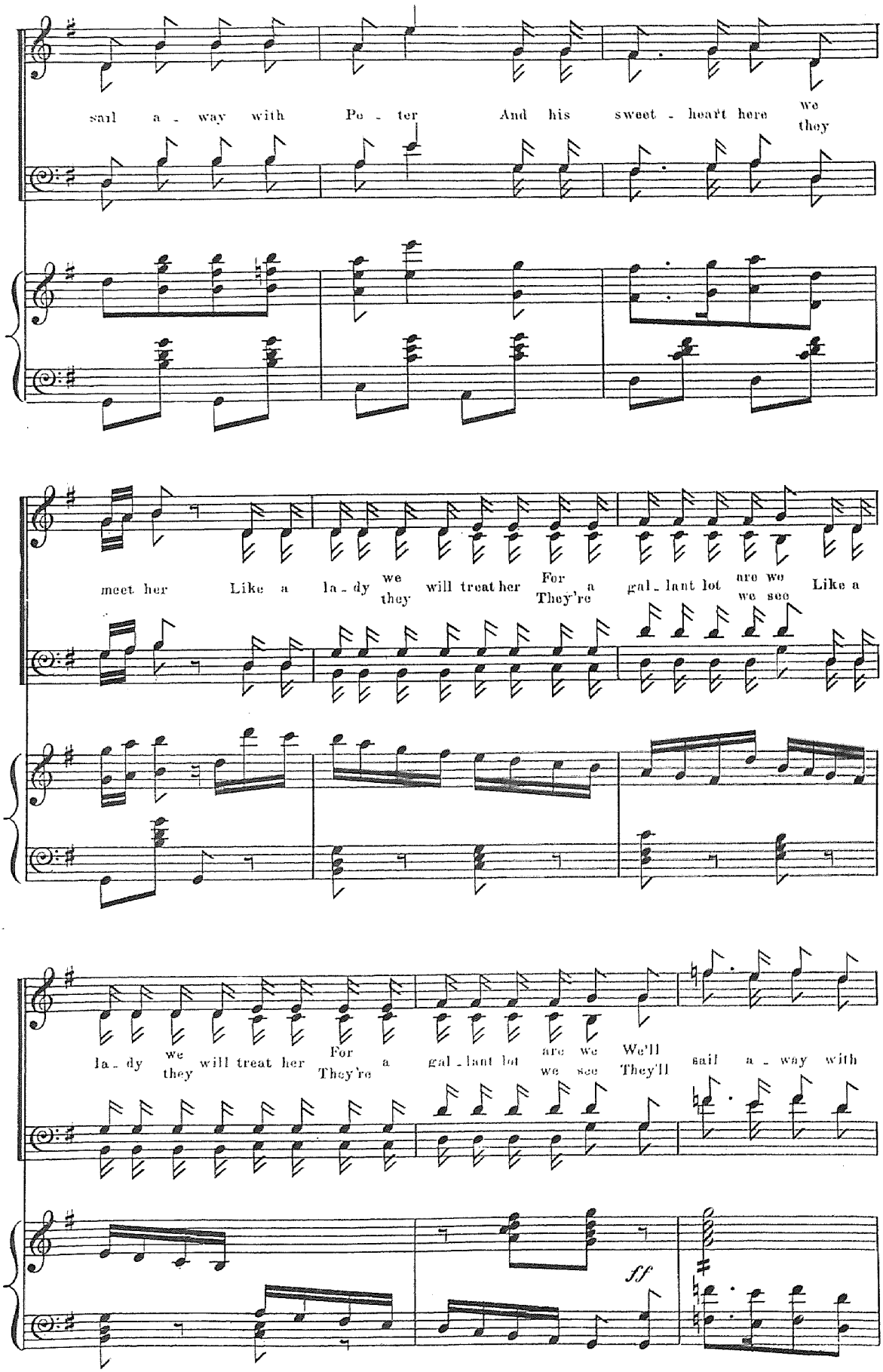


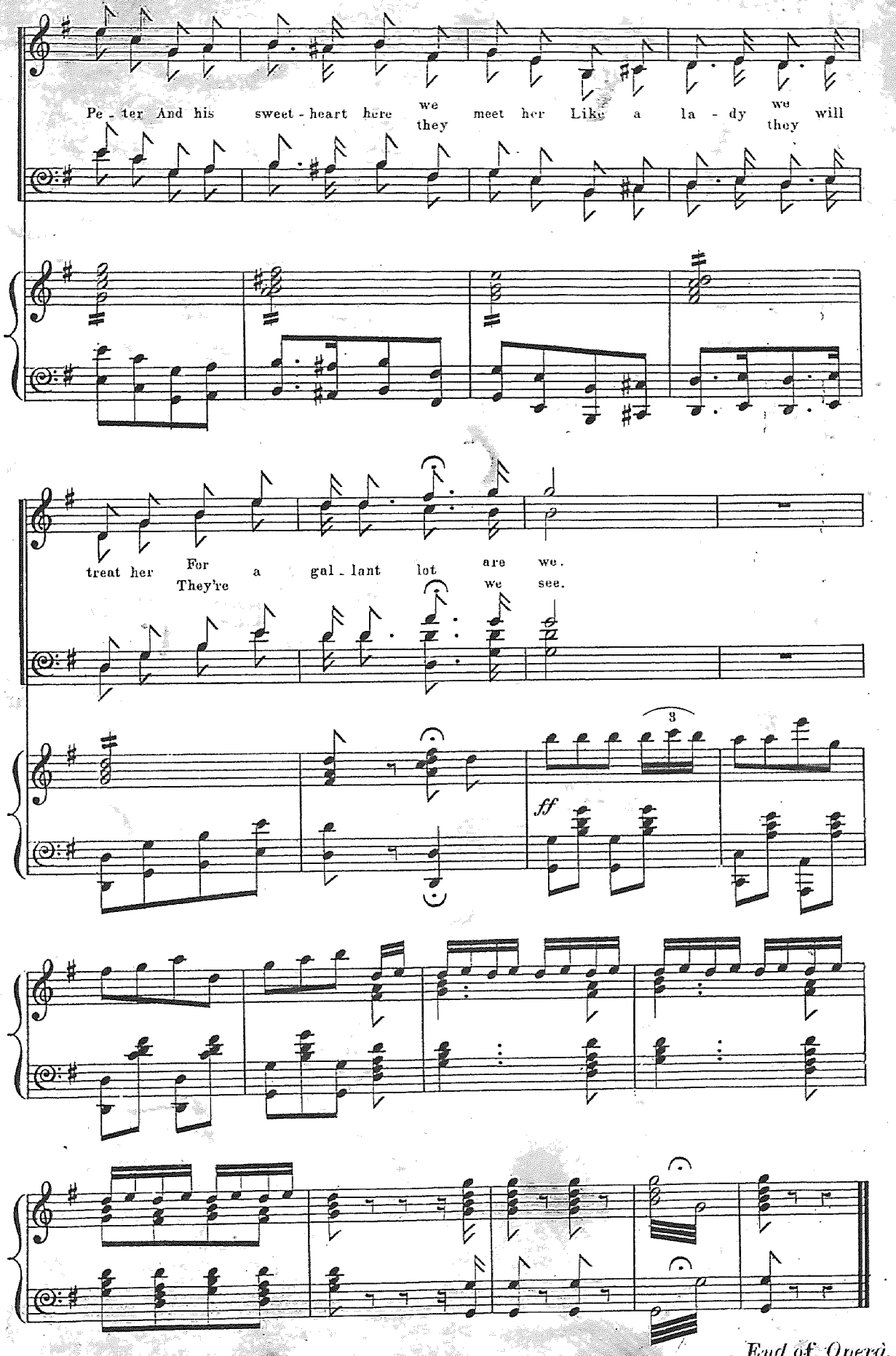



meet her Like a la - dy we will treat her For a gal - lant lot are


Sopranos.
p
we
We're
They're
so - ber we are stea - dy For the voy - age we are
they
they
p
p


rea - dy From the Tro - pics and the Me - di - ter - re - a - nean sea We'll
They'll
f>


sail a - way with Pe - ter And his sweet - heart here we they
meet her Like a la - dy we they will treat her For a They're gal - lant lot are we we see Like a
la - dy we they will treat her For a They're gal - lant lot are we we see We'll They'll sail a - way with
ff


Pe - ter And his sweet - heart here we they meet her Like a la - dy we they will
treat her For They're a gal - lant lot we see. are we.
3
ff

End of Opera.