EL
CAPITAN
El Capitan.

Comic Opera
In
Three Acts.

Book by
Charles Klein,

Music by
John Philip Sousa.

Vocal Score.

Price. 2.00.

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Leipsic.

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CAST.

DON ERRICO MEDIGUA, Recently appointed Viceroy of Peru.............. DE WOLF HOPPER.
SEÑOR AMABLE POZZO, Chamberlain, etc, etc................................. ALFRED KLEIN.
DOM LUIZ CAZARRO, Ex-Viceroy.............................................. T. S. GUISE.
COUNT HERNANDO VERRADA, A Peruvian Gentleman......................... EDMUND STANLEY.
SCARAMBA, An Insurgent........................................................... JOHN W. PARR.
NEVADO, } His Companions.{....................................................... HARRY P. STONE.
MONTALBA, .......................................................................................... ROBERT POLLARD.
GENERAL HERBANA, Commander of Spanish Forces........................... L. C. SHRADER.
ESTRELSA, Cazarro's Daughter...................................................... EDNA WALLACE - HOPPER.
PRINCESS MARGHANZA, Medigua's Wife........................................... ALICE HOSMER.
ISABEL, Medigua's Daughter............................................................ BERTHA WALTZINGER.

Spanish and Peruvian Ladies and Gentlemen.

Soldiers etc.

LOCAL, Peru.

TIME, During Spanish possession.

Act I...............Interior Viceregal Palace...........Sunset.
Act II...............Exterior Prison..........................Day.
Act III...............Exterior Viceregal Palace...........Night.

Produced under the management of............. B. D. STEVENS.
Stage-Director...................................................... H. A. CRIPPS.
Director of Music................................................. JOHN S. HILLER.
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EL CAPITAN.
Comic Opera in three Acts.

Book by
CHARLES KLEIN.

Prelude.

Music by
JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.

Molto Maestoso.

Andante espressivo.
Act I.

a. Chorus: "Nobles of Castilian birth."

b. Recitative and Solos Oh, beautiful land of Spain.

c. Recitative, Solo and Chorus: From Peru's majestic mountains.

Isabel, Princess, Verrada and mixed Chorus.

No. 1.

Allegro deciso.

[Soprano parts for Nobles of Castilian birth, The]

[Tenor parts for Nobles of Castilian birth, The]

[Bass parts for Nobles of Castilian birth, The]
proudest ancestry on earth, Our golden goblets here we drain Of

proudest ancestry on earth, Our golden goblets here we drain Of

rarest wine of royal Spain; And so we sit the live-long day, While

rarest wine of royal Spain; And so we sit the live-long day, While

joyous minutes pass away; With cards and wine, Our life's di-vine, And

joyous minutes pass away; With cards and wine, Our life's di-vine, And
pleasure has full sway.
Thiev-ing, slee-v-ing,
pleasure has full sway.
Thiev-ing, slee-v-ing,

Each deceiv-ing.
Thiev-ing, slee-v-ing, each deceiv-ing.

With Castil-ian grace,
There's not a game that
With Castil-ian grace,
There's not a game that
With gamblers' use, The innocents to rifle, With
gamblers' use, The innocents to rifle, With

which we do not trifle. We're down to every
which we do not trifle. We're down to every

dodge and ruse, Our consciences to stifle, When we
dodge and ruse, Our consciences to stifle, When we
win and when we lose. There's not a game that
win and when we lose. There's not a game that
gamblers use, The innocents to rifle, With
gamblers use, The innocents to rifle, With
which we do not trifle. We're down to every
which we do not trifle. We're down to every
motto cresc.

When we dodge and ruse, Our consciences to stifle,
When we dodge and ruse, Our consciences to stifle,

Win or lose,
Win or lose,

When we win or
When we win or

When we win or
When we win or
when we lose.

No-bles of Cas-til-ian birth, The

when we lose.

No-bles of Cas-til-ian birth, The

proud-est an-ces-try on earth, Our gold-en gob-lets here we drain, Of

proud-est an-ces-try on earth, Our gold-en gob-lets here we drain, Of

rar-est wine of roy-al Spain; And so we sit the live-long day, While

rar-est wine of roy-al Spain; And so we sit the live-long day, While
joyous minutes pass away; With cards and wine, Our life's di-vine, And

joyous minutes pass away; With cards and wine, Our life's di-vine, And

pleasure has full sway. There's not a game that

pleasure has full sway. There's not a game that

gamblers use. The in-no-cents to ri-fle, With which we do not

gamblers use. The in-no-cents to ri-fle, With which we do not

Grandioso.
We're down to every dodge and ruse, Our trifles. We're down to every dodge and ruse, Our trifles. We're down to every dodge and ruse, Our trifles. We're down to every dodge and ruse, Our trifles.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose, When we win or when we lose.
When we win or when we lose.

When we win or when we lose.

PRINCESS.

His

Excellency begs you to excuse him!

He's very
bus-y, and he's rather blue.

He's always blue!

He's always blue!

ISABEL.

He fears that his new subjects may accuse him of taking life too easy in Peru.

We don't! Some do!
In which our fortune is placed, Can

This barbarous land un-
couth, In which our fortune is placed, Can

ravish no eye of taste, Nor charm the bosom of

youth;

But

Nor charm the bosom of youth;

Nor charm the bosom of youth;
in our exclusive set, We breathe the air of Spain. As we hear the sweet refrain of the rollicking castanet. To the Castanet's sound let us trip. Joy let us sip. Joy let us sip. Yes, to the
Cas-ta-net's sound let us trip, Joy let us sip, Joy we will sip, we'll sip. To the Cas-ta-net's sound let us trip, Joy we will sip, joy we will sip; Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound we will sip, joy we will sip; Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound we will sip, joy we will sip; Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound we will sip, joy we will sip; Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound we will sip, joy we will sip; Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound we will
Joy we will sip, joy we will sip, we'll sip.

Joy we will sip, joy we will sip, we'll sip.

Joy we will sip, joy we will sip, we'll sip.

Ah, beautiful land of Spain,
My heart is ever with thee;
visions I cross the sea, And know thy pleasures a-
a tempo.

And never shall I forget Where the

brave, the courtly dwell, While living

neath the spell Of the rollicking Castanet. To the
L'istesso tempo.
Con brio a la Cachuca.

Cas-ta-net's sound let us trip.
Joy let us sip.
Joy let us sip.
Yes, to the Cas-ta-net's sound let us trip.
Joy let us sip.
Joy we will sip, we'll sip.
To the Cas-ta-net's sound let us sip.
CHORUS.

PRINCESS with ISABEL.

To the Cas-ta-net's sound let us sip.
To the Cas-ta-net's sound let us sip.
To the Cas-ta-net's sound let us sip.
trip, Joy let us sip, Joy let us sip, Yes, to the trip, Joy let us sip, Joy let us sip, Yes, to the trip, Joy let us sip, Joy let us sip, Yes, to the

a tempo

Casta-net's sound let ustrip, Joy we will sip, Joy we will Cas- ta-net's sound let ustrip, Joy we will sip, Joy we will Cas- ta-net's sound let ustrip, Joy we will sip, Joy we will Cas- ta-net's sound let ustrip, Joy we will sip, Joy we will
sip, we'll sip.

sip, we'll sip.

sip, we'll sip.

(Enter VERRADA.)

VERRADA.

Recit.

Your Highness, let this frolic end-ed

Listesso tempo

be, His Excel-len-cy I at once must see.
ru-vian manners take us un-a-wares! The Viceroy is engaged on State af-

fairs. Re-bell-i-ous cries a doz-en plazas fill, Ca-zar-ro

mountains Echoes an un-hap-py song, From the
sweet pellucid fountains, That her valleys course along, From the mountains, From the fountains, From the eagle overhead Boldly
soaring, Comes de-plor-ing That their lib-er-ty is

ISABEL. f leggiero

From the mount-a-ins, From the fount-a-ins, From the ea-gle o-ver-

PRINCESS. f

From the mount-a-ins, From the fount-a-ins, From the ea-gle o-ver-

VERRADA.

dead From the ea-gle o-ver-

SOP. leggiero

From the mount-a-ins, From the fount-a-ins, From the ea-gle o-ver-

TENORS.

From the mount-a-ins, From the fount-a-ins, From the ea-gle o-ver-

BASSES. leggiero

From the mount-a-ins, From the fount-a-ins, From the ea-gle o-ver-
Tempo I.

ISABEL.  

PRINCESS.  

VERRADA.

Lentando.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing is dead.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing is dead.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing That their li-ber-ty is dead.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing is dead.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing is dead.

head, Bold-ly soar-ing, Comes de-plor-ing is dead.

Tempo I.

ISABEL.  

PRINCESS.  

VERRADA.  

Our goblets let us drain to both Pe-ru and Spain!

Our goblets let us drain to both Pe-ru and Spain!

Our goblets let us drain to both Pe-ru and Spain!
Spain
Drink
Spain
Drink

golden goblets here we drain of rarest wine of royal Spain; and so we sit the
golden goblets here we drain of rarest wine of royal Spain; and so we sit the
to Peru and to Spain, To Peru and to Spain, To Peru and to Spain, To Peru and to Spain,
live long day, While joyous minutes pass away, With cards and wine, Our life's divine, And
live long day, While joyous minutes pass away, With cards and wine, Our life's divine, And
ru and Spain, Let's drink to both Pe-ru and Spain, To both Pe-ru and
pleasure but has sway. Let's drink to both Pe-ru and Spain, To both Pe-ru and
Spain, To might-y Spain, to might-y Spain, Our
Spain: "Our moth-er-land, we love her! No oth-er lands a-bove her?" Our
Spain: "Our moth-er-land, we love her! No oth-er lands a-bove her?" Our
Spain: "Our moth-er-land, we love her! No oth-er lands a-bove her?" Our
golden goblets here we drain to both Perú and Spain, To both Perú

golden goblets here we drain to both Perú and Spain, To both Perú

golden goblets here we drain to both Perú and Spain, To both Perú

golden goblets here we drain to both Perú and Spain, To both Perú

golden, goblets here we drain to Pe-ru, Pe-ru and

To both Pe-ru and Spain, Our golden goblets here we drain To both Pe-

To both Pe-ru and Spain, Our golden goblets here we drain To both Pe-

To both Pe-ru and Spain, Our golden goblets here we drain To both Pe-

To both Pe-ru and Spain, Our golden goblets here we drain To both Pe-

Spain To both Pe-ru and Spain, Our golden goblets here we drain To both Pe-
Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!

Argentina and Spain, our golden goblets here we drain to
Spain!
a. Chorus: “Don Medigua, all for thy coming wait.”
b. Solo and Chorus: If you examine human kind.

**ISABEL, PRINCESS, DON MEDIGUA AND CHORUS.**

No 2.

Moderato marziale.
(aside.)

all forthy coming wait! Glad-ly greet your leader, for our courage is rather weak.

Hail the vice-roy! He shall up-hold the state; He must up-hold us al-so, for we
ISABEL. 

P'HIS stern - de - sign you soon shall know. He's

PRINCESS.

shake when the natives speak.

shake when the natives speak.

His stern design you soon shall know. He's

bold and clever, Ready ever For his king - to

strike a blow; From duty never Can he sev - er.
Don Medigua, all for thy coming wait! Gladly greet our leader, for our courage is rather weak.

Hail the vice-roy! He shall uphold the state, He
must uphold us also, for we shake when the grim natives speak.

DON MEDIGUA.

If

must uphold us also, for we shake when the grim natives speak.

must uphold us also, for we shake when the grim natives speak.

Moderato sostenuto.

you examine human kind, Im almost certain you will
appli-cation most in-tense, I study not to give of-

find; That fully ninety-nine percent, Perhaps a tri-

fense; I've had decided views of life, Since I was du-

ly
more, Are boss-ing jobs they have no bent
nursed, And so has my devoted wife
Or earthly fitness

The very same . . .

for. A rump-us goes a-against my grain, I'm
versed. When I say "no" and she says "yes" My

just "as mild as mild can be; And that is why the king of
in-ward comments may be strong; But out-ward-ly, well, I con-

Spain, To re-pre-sent him hit on me. Tra la la la la! Tra
la la la la! Tra la la la la la la la!
la la la la! Tra la la la la la la la!
la la la la! Tra la la la la la la la!
la la la la! Tra la la la la la la la!
a. Melodrama.
b. Solo and Chorus: “When we hear the call for battle.”

No. 3.

ESTRETLA, CAZARRO AND MIXED CHORUS.

Moderato.

Allegro.

Cue: “To be insulted?”
Tempo di marcia energico.

ESTRELA.

Fieramente.

When we hear the call to

CHORUS.

Fieramente.
We commence our drums to battle,

Rata tat a tat! Rata tat a tat!

For when the bugles blare, And the arrows cleave the air, We're impatient to be
there, Rata-tat tat.

When the soldier's hopes are low,
And vict'ry in the balance lies,
He hears the drum, and feels the glow
Of valor to his temples.
rise! What to the soldier doth it say? That drum voice

from the distant fray?

CHORUS.

ESTRELLA.

Onward! Patriotic son! Onward
till the foe's undone!  Onward!

ward!  till the battle's won.  For your

country and its glory.

SOP.  ff

TEN.  ff

CAZARRO with BASSES.
ward! Patriotic son! Onward ward! Patriotic son! Onward!

ward! Patriotic son! Onward ward! Patriotic son! Onward!

ward! Patriotic son! Onward ward! Patriotic son! Onward!

ward! Patriotic son! Onward ward! Patriotic son! Onward!

till the foe's undone! Onward till the battle's
till the foe's undone! Onward till the battle's
till the foe's undone! Onward till the battle's
till the foe's undone! Onward till the battle's

won For your country and its glory!
won For your country and its glory!
won For your country and its glory!
won For your country and its glory!
When the gal-lant fight is o'er,
Success will be our great re-ward,
And Lib-er-ty from shore to shore
Gives rest un-to the ti- red sword;
Un-to his fan- cy oft will come
The blare of trump-et, roll-ing drum
Ta ta ra ta ra ta ta
Estr. (imitating a trumpet.)

*a tempo*

CALANDO

**RATATATA**

**RATATA**

**RATATATA**

**RATATA**

**RATATA**

**RATATA**

**RATATA**
Sop.

Tenors.

Basses.

Onward!

Ta ta ta ta ta, Ta ta ra, Ta ta ra

Ta ta ta ta ta ta ra ta ta ra

Onward!

Basses.

Onward till the foe's un-
Onward till the battle's won

In freedom's fight let

For your country and its glory!
heart and arm be strong. Our cause the Right, Our

en - e - my's the Wrong.

Yes, they are wrong.

Yes, they are wrong.
Brillante.

little fife's defiance, (Of confidence the science,) Should give to all re-

liance, Who wa-ver in the field. The little fife's defiance (Of

con-fi-dence the sci-ence,) Should give to all re-

li-ance, and bid them ne-ver
yield. The little fife's defiance (Of confidence the science) Should

CAZARRO.

Onward! patriotic son!

Whistle.

Onward! patriotic son!

give to all reliance, Who waver in the field. The little fife's de-

Onward till the foe's undone.

Onward till the foe's undone.
Solo with Chorus: "Oh, spare a daughter."

Isabel and mixed Chorus.

No. 4.

Andante expressivo.

Oh, spare a daughter's aching heart Wounded, sore, Let not my sunny hours depart For ever more; Bid sorrow lay her heavy load on me not, And all the fears that anguish bode, Oh, be forgot.

Isabel.
So much I need a father's care, Few my years, For all the
world is but a snare, Fraught with tears; Those cru-el looks let maiden
woe Melt a-way And bid this trembling bosom know Hope's bright-est
ray, Hope's bright-est ray! We stand in pi-ti-less ar-ray.
We stand in pi-ti-less ar-ray.
a. Chorus: Lo, the awful man approaches.
b. Solo and Chorus: You see in me.

DON MEDIGUA, ESTRELDA, CAZARRO AND SCARAMBA WITH CHORUS.

No. 5.

Moderato agitato.

Lo, the awful man approaches,

In rebellion's art to coach us,
On his hand a fal-chion flashes,
How his angry teeth he gnashes! So bending low we greet the hero,
Allegretto con brio.
DON MED.
Your praise my heart so
Caesar rolled in one with Nero!
Allegretto con brio.
touch es, For words I almost fail;
If I had them in my clutches

I'd land them all in jail. Pardon, I pray, this

flutter, But for your cause I'd die; Every word I utter is a
as

Bending low we greet the be

Bending low we greet the be

You

You

hail you brave El Cap-i-tan, We pray you rid us of our ban.
see in me, my friends, A man of consummate bravery; My inmost nature tends, To free the world from all slavery. This thought then cherish:

Though you perish Crush out Spanish knavery. To arms; To arms, For liberty.

To arms. To
Behold El Capitan; arms for liberty.

Gaze on his misanthropic stare, Notice his penetrating glare; Come match him if you can. He is the champion beyond compare.
Gaze on his misanthropic stare. Notice his penetrating glare.

He is the champion beyond compare. This campaign leave to me, And compare.
have no further anxiety; I'll rid this land, you'll see, Of

don mediuza's society, And when I meet him, I will

greet him, Without much propriety. To

arms, To arms, For liberty.

To arms; To
Gaze on his misanthropic stare. Notice his penetrating glare; come match him if you can. He is the champion beyond compare.
Gaze on his misanthropic stare. Notice his penetrating glare.

He is the champion beyond compare.

Come match him if you can.

Compare.
Finale.

ESTRELEDA, DON MEDIGUA, CAZARRO, POZZO AND CHORUS.

No. 6.

Maestoso.

SCARAMBA.

Bah! Bah! Do you hear me say Bah! Bah!

How dare he say bah! bah! He'll go a step too far, Then he'll be sor-ry for his bah! bah!

How dare he say bah! bah! He'll go a step too far, Then he'll be sor-ry for his bah! bah!
SCAR.

Bah! Bah! Do you hear me say Bah! Bah!

How ve-ry in-dis-creet The insult to repeat, He'll

DON MED.

My young and gid-dy friend, Your calm attention

pay most dearly for his bah! bah!

pay most dearly for his bah! bah!
lend, I'm here to fight, and not to spoon.

He's here to fight and not to

Yet when his fighting's done From love he will not run, But seek it 'neath the smiling spoon,
ESTRELEDA.

Tempo di Valse.

He's jealous of Capitan's

I'll see that he knuckles right down to his work,

He's jealous of Capitan's

He's jealous of Capitan's

He seems to imagine my duty I'll shirk,

Bold

merited fame, DON MED.

merited fame, Bold

merited fame, Bold

merited fame,
Rash is the man who would question a maiden's choosing, What is the world unto her if that one she is losing, Dearer then gold of the earth or the pearls of the ocean Is love, love, love, love and love's devotion.
a tempo

DON MED. & ESTR.

Rash is the man who would question a maid.

Rash is the man who would question a maid.

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

en's choosing, What is the
en's choosing, What is the

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

*
world unto her if that one she is losing?

Dearer than gold of the earth or the pearls of the

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!

Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah! Bah!
Allegro.

**ESTR.**

Perhaps it's Don Medigau they have found!

**DON MED.**

More trouble yet awaits me, I'll be bound!

**SCAR.**

Perhaps it's Don Medigau they have found!

**CAZ.**

Perhaps it's Don Medigau they have found!

**CHORUS.**

Perhaps it's Don Medigau they have found!

Allegro.
Tempo di marcia con bravoura.

ESTR.  \textit{f} molto marcato

DON MED.

SCAR.

CAZ.

Tempo di marcia con bravoura.

Cue: if he can.
mendous; Quickly as the lightning flash-es, At our hated foe he dashes. Gaghim to prevent his lying, His identity denying; On the scaffold he may chatter. When denial does not
matter. The little fife's defiance (Of confidence the science,) Should give to all re-

Onward! patriotic son, On

matter. Onward! patriotic son, On

Onward! patriotic son, On

Onward! patriotic son, On

Onward! patriotic son, On

Onward! patriotic son, On

Onward! patriotic son, On
confidence the science) Should give to all reliance And bid them never
till the battle's won For your country and its glo

till the battle's won For its country And its glo

(whistle.)

imitate Drumm.

yield On the field, rata tata ta, On the field,
try. On the field, rata tata ta, On the field,

yield On the field, rata tata ta, On the field,
On the field.

On the field.

On the field.

On the field.

END OF ACT I.
Act II.

a. Introduction.
b. Solo and Chorus: Ditty of the Drill.

SCARAMBA AND CHORUS.
Tempo marziale.
Ditty of the Drill.

Fall in—attention!

Marziale.

SCARAMBA.

Your chest throw out in a marked degree, Your arms extend to form a "V," Then bend your body, but not your knee, To be a perfect soldier;

SOLDIERS. Your chest throw out in a marked degree, Your arms extend to form a "V," Then bend your body, but not your knee, To
(Drummer Boys.)

be a perfect soldier. A sailor's life may be romantic. When rolling over the broad Atlantic, a soldier's life, a fraud gigantic. If this is what he must do.

SCARAMBA.

Extend your left foot well in the air; Up -
on your right, your body you bear, and forward step with the utmost care, to be a perfect soldier.

SOLDIERS. Extend your left foot well in the air, upon your right your body you bear, and forward step with the utmost care, to be a perfect soldier. A sailor's life may be romantic when rolling over the broad Atlantic; a soldier's life, a fraud gigantic when
this is what he must do. A sailor's life may be romantic. When rolling over the broad Atlantic; a soldier's life; a fraud gigantic. If this is what he must do.

(Exit Chorus.)
Solo and Chorus: "Behold El Capitan."

DON MEDIGUA AND MEN.

N° 7 bis.

Marziale.
**DON MED.**

Behold El Capitán!

Gaze on his misanthropic stare; Notice his penetrating glare, Come,

match him if you can, He is their champion be-

yond compare.

**TENORS.**

**CHORUS.** Behold El Capitán

**BASSES**
Gaze on his misanthropic stare; Notice his
penetrating glare,
Come, match him if you can.
He is the champion beyond compare.
Duet: "I've a most decided notion."

Estrelda and Don Medigua.

No. 8.

Moderato con spirito.

I've a most decided notion, that your maidenly devotion isn't lavished in a quarter that will bring you much return; I have pegged a-head of for-ty, I've a
reputation sporty, And I consequently haven't any wick-ed-ness to learn. If you'll stop and think a min-ute, You'llad-
mit I am not in it With the chaps who make a sup-er-fine im-
press-ion on a girl, For I'm trou-bled with rheuma-tics; and you'd
need your mathe-mat-ics, To dis-cover when this head of mine was
DON MED.

bothered with a curl.  

ESTR.

Was bothered with a curl.

Grazioso.

That the soldier so magnetic, Is in love apologetic.  

Grazioso.

et-ic Is a moral paradoxical, A very funny
fact; You may spare your modest tattle, Mighty champion of battle, For a hero's very weaknesses a maiden will attract. Then I'll have to mention matters, Which would tear the love to tatters, Of the most romantic petticoat that ever liked to spoon: I'm an
an-imo-ted bluf-fer, And at fight-ing I'm a duf-fer, I'm as
hol-low and as noi-sy as a dou-ble-bass bas-soon. My ad-
ven-tures grim and go-ry. Are a high-ly sea-soned sto-ry; Why, the,
ve-ry smell of pow-der makes me tremble like a leaf; I have
ne-ver earned a lau-rel In a cre-dit-a-ble quarrel, And my
ter-ri-fy-ing record has been sin-gu-lar-ly brief. What, sin-gu-lar-ly

Estr.

brief? You but deep-en my af-

Don Med.

Yes, sin-gu-lar-ly brief.

fecc-tion, by your char-a-c-ter dis-sec-tion; We are cer-tain-ly af-

fin-i-ties, if ev-er there were two, For, a-part from gun and
MAR

DON MED.

and your military swag-ger,

There's a something unde-

true.

There's a some-thing un -

dable. That draws my love to you.

No doubt your words are

true. There's a some-thing unde-

calando.

No doubt my words are true. There's a some-thing unde-

calando.
DANCE.
Molto Moderato.

PP grazioso
Double Chorus and Solos: "Bowed with Tribulation."

ISABEL, PRINCESS, ESTRELDA, DON MEDIGUA, SPANISH AND PERUVIAN LADIES.

No. 9.

Moderato assai.
La-tion, Torn with ma-ny a fear.

Hearts in des-per-a-tion.

Bring their sor-rows here.

All the

joy we'd bar-ter.

That in life re-
SPANISH LADIES.

Could we free the martyr from his dungeon?

PRINCESS.

Torn with many a laceration,

Torn with many a laceration,
ISABEL with fear.

Hearts in des - per -

Bring their sor - row

a - tion,

Bring their sor - row

Their sor - row here,

Their sor - row here,

PRINCESS.

SPAN. LADIES.

here,

here,

here,

here,
Allegretto con brio.

here, their sorrow here.

here, their sorrow here.

Allegretto con brio.

(Entrance of ESTRELD A and PERUVIAN LADIES.)

ESTRELD A. Grazioso.

Never held a heart so much of pleasure, Unto me to day, All the world is gay; You are my delight, my prince, my treasure, I, your little dove, Coo-ing on-ly
love. Fate has open'd wide the gate of pleas-ure, Of-fer-ing a brand new hon-ey-
moon; I can be re-pen-tant at my leis-ure, And I need not have my leis-ure

ISABEL, PRINCESS and SPANISH LADIES.

 Estr. and PERUVIAN L. (crying) Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo, Boo-hoo!

 Estr. and PERUVIAN L. (laughing) Ha, ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha, ha!

DON MEDIGUA.

soon.

hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Ah!

ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha! Ah!
ISABEL, PRIN. AND SPANISH LADIES.

With a chain of roses round them both we will glide,
Bind, side by side, Bridegroom and bride;

Of our hearts with pleasure beating,
She is the pride,
He is the idol of the day!

Ah, with a chain of roses round them both, we will glide,
I am the pride, He is the idol of the day. Happy as a fairy, sweetly dreaming, In the leafy shade of a wood

glade, While the summer air with song is teeming, Is a maid at
dawn, Of her wed

Dreaming, That is not enjoyed except by few, For it takes a
When you know a nightmare's nearly due.

ISABEL, PRINCESS and SPANISH LADIES.

(laughing.)

ESTR. and PERUVIAN LADIES.

DOÑ MEDIGUA.

boo-hoo! boo-hoo!boo-hoo!

ha, ha, ha, ha!ha, ha, ha, ha!

hoo!boo-hoo!boo-hoo!boo-hoo!ah!

ha, ha!ha, ha!ha, ha!ah!
Bow'd with tribulation

With a chain of roses 'round them both we will glide, Bind, side by side,

Bridegroom and bride; Of our hearts with pleasure beating, (She is) the pride,

Torn with many a

Bridegroom and bride; Of our hearts with pleasure beating, (She is) the pride,

He is the idol of the day. Ah, with a chain of roses 'round them!

Desperation,

both we will glide, Bind, side by side, Bridegroom and bride;
Bring their sorrows
Of our hearts with pleasure beating I am the pride, I am the idol of the

here. Ah! Bow'd with tribulation, tribulation, tribulation, tribulation,

So 'round them we trip with joyous feet, Life is fleet,

Ah! Bow'd with tribulation, tribulation,

Wedlock sweet, Happy the pain, in love replete; Never may the sun of pleasure
All the joy we'd set. Ah! With a chain of roses 'round them both we will glide.

Ah! With a chain of roses 'round them both we will glide.

Bind, side by side, Bridegroom and bride; Of our hearts with pleasure beating,

Could we barter, Could we barter, Could they barter? Could they barter? Could they barter?

She is the pride, He is the idol of the day.

She is the pride, He is the idol of the day.
DANCE.
Molto Moderato grazioso.
Recitative, Solo and Chorus: "Oh, Warrior Grim."

ISABEL AND CHORUS.

No. 10.

Maestoso. ISABEL. Recitative

Oh, Warrior grim, your better self obey,
We ask for him, Respite from dungeon gray. Just sup-

Tempo di Valse.

pose that your career Has been lived without a blun-
der, Just sup-
Pose each happy year. Brings you friends, That nought can

a tempo

Sunder, And they one and all declare. You're a

rall. a tempo

man beyond compare. You don't drink, or flirt, or

rall. a tempo

swear, You are Virtue's greatest wonder; But there.
comes a fearful shock, jealous foes your

worth deny, certain little flaws they

spy, And they drag you to the block.

All the land is steeped in gloom As they
Molto moderato.

March you to the tomb:

While the deep-toned bell, with solemn knell, slowly tells your early doom.

Chorus.

Boom a boom; boom a boom; slowly tolls your early doom; boom a boom.
Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.
Slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly.

Tolls your early doom, Ah!
Tolls your early doom.

Doom, doom, doom.
Sextette: "Don Medigua here's your wife.

ISABEL, PRINCESS, ESTRELDA, DON MEDIGUA AND POZZO.

N° 11.

Molto maestoso.

Don Medigua, here's your wife, Yes, your wife?

My wife?

(to PRINCESS.)

wife, you understand, your wife, your wife; Remember you're his wife, His
ALLEGRO

comforter in strife, The one to him most dear.

Isabel (to Pozzo. -)

If ladies were not present I would pray El Capitan will quickly free you.

Princess.
bear in mind, she is a married lady; Permit me to remark your conduct's

POZZO.

Oh, do not rob me of my one remaining treasure, — DON MED.

shady.

Go on, kiss,

hug, 'twill be a very short-lived pleasure.
Moderato con brio e leggiero.

My darling girl and partner dear, I

soon shall whirl from this sad sphere; So I'll proceed the sweets to sip

DON MED.

utmost speed from rosy lip. I cannot stand this kind of thing, A

reprimand at him I'll fling, Don't look forlorn, That simply shows There
is a thorn to every rose. Remember they are man and wife, She

is his hope, he is her life; Propriety, Society, So

briety and Piety, With every other Iety, Don't

justify their loving attitude.
Oh, Papa, pa-pa dear,

I so miss you, I must kiss you; Papa, pa-pa dear,

kiss poor Mama too.

Papa, pa-pa dear, I so miss you, I must kiss you;

They so miss you, they must kiss you;

They so miss you, they must kiss you;
Pa-pa, pa-pa dear, kiss poor Ma-ma too.

Pa-pa, pa-pa dear, kiss poor Ma-ma too.

She's flirting with El Cap-i-

PRINCESS.

I love you, poor de-ject ed man!

DON MED.

If moth er earth would swal low me T'would
DON MED.

fill my aching soul with glee, with glee, glee, glee,

 Estr. p Tempo I.

Come, Cap-i-tan, don't in-ter-fere With that poor man, Whose

glee.

 Estr.

end is near; But let his bliss have full-est sway And bid him kiss till close of

day. I scarce can speak, I'm choked with woes, I'd like to tweak the
rascal's nose! Don't show surprise; it must be clear. Had you been wise you'd not been

It's not quite right to interfere, between two souls whose love's sincere.

Pro-pri-ety, So-ci-ety, So-bri-ety and
DON MED.

Pi - e - ty, With ev'ry oth-er I - e - ty, Don't just-i - fy their

lov - ing at - ti - tude.

ISABEL.

Oh, Pa - pa, pa - pa dear, I so miss you,

I must kiss you; Pa - pa, pa - pa dear, kiss poor Ma-ma too.
bri-e-ty and Pi-e-ty, With ev'-ry oth-er I-e-ty To add to the va-ri-e-ty, Con-

bri-e-ty and Pi-e-ty, With ev'-ry oth-er I-e-ty To add to the va-ri-e-ty, Con-

bri-e-ty and Pi-e-ty, With ev'-ry oth-er I-e-ty To add to the va-ri-e-ty, Con-

bri-e-ty and Pi-e-ty, With ev'-ry oth-er I-e-ty To add to the va-ri-e-ty, Con-

demns the ve-ry e-vi-dent anx-i-e-ty To keep their loving hearts a-par-t.

demns the ve-ry e-vi-dent anx-i-e-ty To keep our loving hearts a-par-t.

demns the ve-ry e-vi-dent anx-i-e-ty To keep our loving hearts a-par-t.

demns the ve-ry e-vi-dent anx-i-e-ty To keep their loving hearts a-par-t.
Papa, papa dear, I so miss you, I must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, I so miss you, I must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, They so miss you, I must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, They so miss you, They must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, They so miss you, They must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, They so miss you, They must kiss you;
Papa, papa dear, kiss poor Mama too.
Papa, papa dear, kiss poor Mama too.
Papa, papa dear, kiss poor Mama too.
Papa, papa dear, kiss poor Mama too.
Papa, papa dear, kiss poor Mama too.
Finale II.

Principals and chorus.

Princess.

Allegro con spirito.

He can - not, must not, shall not,

dare not wed you! If he has said he would, he has mis - led you.

Molto moderato.

Don Med.

(aside) Ladies! Ladies! I hear the an-gels call-ing me to

a tempo Estr.

come. All hopes of catch-ing him, dear Prin - cess, smoth - er,
Molto moderato.

DON MED.

You're old enough to be his great grandmother. Ladies! Ladies! Oh,

PRINCESS to ESTR.

He's mine by ev'-ry right that love can

ESTRELSDA to PRINC.

Lord, if they were only deaf and dumb. He's mine by ev'-ry right that love can

DON MED.

[to DON MED.]

call its own, You love me, dear-est, only me and

[to DON MED.]

call its own, You love me, dear-est, only me and

hear the angels calling me to come, Oh,
me alone. He's much too wise to marry such a one as you, So
me alone. He's much too wise to marry such a one as you, So

Lord, if they were only deaf and dumb.

ISABEL.

PRINCESS.

don't you think t'were best that you should say a-dieu; He's mine by ev-ry right that love can

ESTR.

don't you think t'were best that you should say a-dieu, He's mine by ev-ry right that love can

DON MED.

CHORUS.

It seems he's un-de- cid-ed which to

It seems he's un-de- cid-ed which to
an-gels calling him to come, calling him to come, He
call its own, You love me, dearest, on-ly me and me a-lone; He's
call its own, You love me, dearest, on-ly me and me a-lone; He's
calling me to come, Oh Lord if they were on-ly deaf and dumb, I
call his own, He scarce-ly looks the Dar-by though they look the Joan; Just
call his own, He scarce-ly looks the Dar-by though they look the Joan; Just

hears the angels gently calling him to come, Oh, Lord, if they were on-ly ver-y
much too wise to marry such a one as you, So don't you think were best that you should
much too wise to marry such a one as you, So don't you think were best that you should
hear the angels gently calling me to come, Oh, Lord, if they were on-ly ver-y
what would be the ve-ry wis-est thing to do, Is something that we'll drop at once and
what would be the ve-ry wis-est thing to do, Is something that we'll drop at once and
deaf and dumb.  

say adieu. 

say adieu.  

VERRADA. (Recit.) 

dead and dumb. Postpone this senseless clatter, For a 

leave to you. 

leave to you. 

more important matter! But a league to the south of Tarn- 

poz's gate, Royal legions of Spain sleep to night. We must
meet them in battle, Whatever our fate, For the sake of Peru and the

ISABEL.

But a league away,

PRINCESS.

But a league away,

ESTR.

But a league away,

VERRADA.

Right. But a league to the south of Tam-pozza’s gate, Royal

CHORUS.

But a league to the south of Tam-pozza’s gate, Royal
But a league away,

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night.

We must meet them in battle, What-

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night.

We must meet them in battle, What-

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night.

We must meet them in battle, What-

We will fly, we will fly,

For the sake of Peru and the Right.

We will fly, we will fly,

For the sake of Peru and the Right.
fly. ESTR.
fly.

In the face of the foe, Bye and bye, bye and bye, We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

fly. Bye and bye, bye and bye,

In the face of the foe,

We will strike blow for

In the face of the foe,
ISABEL.

PRINC & ESTR. But a league to the south of Tam-po-za's gate, Roy-al

VERRADA. But a league to the south of Tam-po-za's gate, Roy-al

DON MED. But a league to the south of Tam-po-za's gate, Roy-al

CAZARRO with Bass.

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night. They will meet them in bat-tle, What

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night. They will meet them in bat-tle, What

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night. They will meet them in bat-tle, What

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night. We will meet them in bat-tle, What

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night. We will meet them in bat-tle, What

le-gions of Spain sleep to-night.
Allegro.
ENTER SCARAMBA.

SCAR.

Your Ex-cel-len-cy, I bring in-for-ma-tion of the en-e-my.

CAZARRO.

Good, most faithful Don Scaramba, the dispatch quickly let me see!

CAZARRO.

Ho, hol, ho, hol, ha, ha! To arms, to arms! On ev’ry high-way sound a-lar-m, Load ev’ry gun, Beat ev’ry drum, The
Spanish General has come!

Load every gun,
Beat

Load every gun,
Beat

DON MED.
(Recitative)

Did you say the Spanish General is

ral has come!

ral has come!

colla voce
DON MED.  

a tempo con energico.

here?

And do you think he'll very soon appear?  Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-

It's true

I do,

rall.

rahh! for Spain and the Spaniards!

He's a traitor.  Kill him!  Kill him!

rall.

Allegro con fuoco

DON MED.  Molto moderato.

Sop. & Tenor.  

Non-sense!  My war-like nature simply rose, in

He's a traitor.  Kill him!  Kill him;

Bass.

admi-ration of such foes;  Who'd have the courage to oppose An army led by me.
Come then, you lead the way! What, me! Yes, you! All right, I'll lead you on to victory or death.

Tempo di Marcia.

Against the Spanish army I must lead them, which is
Though in this deception I have dabbled quite enough, I'll expose

though in this de - ception I have dab - bled quite en - ough, I'll ex - e -

though in this de - ception I have dab - bled quite en - ough, I'll ex - e -

though in this de - ception I have dab - bled quite en - ough, I'll ex - e -
Boom, boom, boom,
cute another little bluff. Against the Spanish army I must lead them, which is tough. I'll certainly get hurt, unless I can de-

Boom, boom, boom,
Although in this deception I have dabbled quite enough, I'll execute a little bluff. I'll lead you to the fray, We'll lead them to the fray, They lead us to the fray.
We will win or die; The trumpet note and the roll of drum shall tell the foe, the victors come.
Unsheath the sword, let the banners fly, For duty
calls we will win or die; The trumpet note
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe,
the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe,
the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe,
the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe,
the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe,
the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe.
the victors

Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-
Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-
Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-
Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-
Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-
Come, march beneath the banner of the dough-ty Cap-i-

I fell ill, I fell ill, boom, boom, boom, boom,

I'm thinking of a scheme; Of which you little dream; To make the Spanish fight for me I've hit upon a plan, You'll clearly

boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
Boom, boom, boom,
see that I'm a brainy man. Come, march beneath the banner of the
doughy Captain, I'm thinking of a scheme of which you little
say they'll win the day; He'll lead them to the gory fray.

Un-sheath the

sure-ly win the day; I'll lead you to the gory fray.

Un-sheath the

sure-ly win the day; He'll lead them to the gory fray.

Un-sheath the

sword and the ban-ners fly, When du-ty calls
We will win or die. The trumpet note and the roll of drum shall tell the foe. The victors come.
Unsheath the sword and the banners fly, For duty calls
we will win or die; The trumpet note
calls we will win or die; The trumpet note
calls we will win or die; The trumpet note
calls we will win or die; The trumpet note
calls we will win or die; The trumpet note
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe the victors
and the roll of drum shall tell the foe the victors

The trumpet note and roll of drum shall come;
The trumpet note and roll of drum shall come;
The trumpet note and roll of drum shall come;
The trumpet note and roll of drum shall come;
The trumpet note and roll of drum shall come;
END OF ACT II.
Act III.

Introduction, Duet and Refrain: "Sweetheart, I'm waiting."

Isabel, Verrada and Chorus.

No. 13.

Andante.

Verrada.

Andante Semplice.

Sweetheart, I'm waiting, waiting to hold thee, waiting to clasp thee in
love's close em-brace; Has - ten my true heart, let me en-fold thee,

Let me a-gain, love, gaze on thy face! Hope meets Despair with
doubt and with trembling,- Dark is the night and drea - ry the day.

Tell me, my darling, with - out dis-sem - bling, Tell me your heart is
Sweetheart, I'm dreaming, dreaming of you, love, mine for aye.

Dreaming of days so beautiful, so bright. Banish the shadows,

quickly, my true love! Out of the darkness, into the light!

allarg.

Dark is the night and

Verrada.

Hope meets Despair, with doubt and with trembling.
drear - y the day. Tell me, my darling, without dissembling,

Tell me your heart is mine for aye.

(Behind the scenes.)

CHORUS. Tell me, my dar - ling,
Song. "When some serious affliction."

Don Medigua.

No. 14.

Allegretto Moderato. Don Medigua.

When some serious affliction Makes you seem uncommon blue, Such as heroes meet in fiction, At the end of volume two, At misfortune snap your finger, Fill with
wine your flag on high, And your pangs will only linger Till the

Tempo di Valse vivo.

jug runs dry. Then a dieu to Care, In the

wine so rare, Let us vow the rascal to drown.

We will stir his blood In a rosy flood, And will toss the
Let the corks pop, pop, To the last gold drop, As we toast the pleasures to come;

With a Hip, hurrah! And a skip, tra-la, And a glass 'twixt finger and thumb.

There is
When a friend's with you, To-get-er you clink your mugs; And soon for-get That you had met An
inc-u-bus called the bugs. If you haven't a
sou. To pay your due, You mer-r-i-ly laugh and sing.
For seen through the drink, A purse without chink, Is the

funniest kind of thing.

But if your friend is unpleasantly

critical, Or if you differ in matters political,
Or in Grammar, Astronomy, Political Economy,

Heathen Mythology, Draw-Pokerology, Something sufficiently weighty to ripple The friendship eternal you

Spoken (Zip.)

swore o'er your tipple. Then adieu to Care, In the wine so
rare, Let us vow the rascal to drown; We will

stir his blood, In a rosy flood, And we'll toss the

medicine down. Let the corks pop-pop, To the

last gold drop, As we toast the pleasures to come;
With a Hip, hur-rah, And a skip tra-la, And a

glass 'twixt finger and thumb.

But a no-tion soon will strike you,
That your friend will now dis-like you,
That his love has flown forever. That's the climax of your woes; So you look able,

And with bitter tears apolo-

cross the table, Just as straight as you are
gize, For pummelling his nose.

Tempo I.

Then adieu to

Care, In the wine so rare, Let us vow the rascal to

drown; We will stir his blood, In a ros-

sy
flood, And we'll toss the medicine down.

Let the corks pop-pop, To the last gold drop,
As we toast the pleasures to come;

With a Hip, Hurrah! And a skip, trai-
Perdendoso

(falls asleep.)

Ia, And a glass 'twixt finger and thumb!
Ditty: "A typical tune of Zanzibar."

DON MEDIGUA, ESTRELDA AND SCARAMBA.

N° 15.

Under the window he softly crept
While father and mother and yours for aye," the maiden cried," I'm ready to marry, to

Tower slept; Then plunking a tune on his light guitar, He be your bride, On-ly plunk again on your light guitar, That
warbled a ballad of Zanzibar. From out her chamber e-
typical tune of Zanzibar. Looking with love on his

merged the maid, Begging the name of the tune he played, Said
bride to be, He tuned the strings in another key. Then

he as he plunked his light guitar, "Tis a typical tune of Zanzibar."
plunked once more on his light guitar. That typical tune of Zanzibar.

Allegro.

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya
Quick-ly she leaped from the case-ment high
Into his arms and
a tempo.

ready to fly But Tows-er had heard the light gui-tar And the
typ-ic-al tune of Zan - zi-bar. They bur-ied them down by the
o-cean's spray, Where oft at night, (so neigh-bors say,) Is
heard the plunk of a light gui-tar, And the typ-ic-al tune of Zan - zi-bar.
Allegro.

Ya ya ya ya ya ya ya,

P

ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya

ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya

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ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya ya.
Chorus and Entrance of the Spanish Troops.

No. 16.

Tempo di Marcia.

CHORUS.
Entrance of Spanish Troops.
No. 17.

Finale.

**ISABEL.**

**PRINC & ESTR.**

**VERRADA.**

**DON MED.**

**CHORUS.**

We beg your kind consideration for El Cap-

**PAZZO WITH TENORS.**

**SCARAMBA AND CAZZARRO WITH BASSES.**

SUSTAIN. your hands, commands,

SUSTAIN. your hands, commands,

SUSTAIN. your hands, commands,

SUSTAIN. His fate is in your hands, He waits for your commands, For-

SUSTAIN. your hands, commands,

SUSTAIN. your hands, commands,
you can,
you can,
give his many weaknesses and love him if you can, With heart and voice, Bid
you can,
you can,
you can,
you can,
his plan, plan,
his plan, plan,
his plan, plan,
all rejoice and praise his little plan, We beg your kind consideration
his plan, plan,
his plan, plan,
for El Capitan, His fate is in your hands, He waits for your com-
mands. Forgive his many weaknesses and love him if you can, With
and praise his little plan; With heart and voice, Bid all rejoice, And praise his little plan; Unsheath the heart and voice, Bid all rejoice, And praise his little plan; Unsheath the heart and voice, Bid all rejoice, And praise his little plan; Unsheath the heart and voice, Bid all rejoice, And praise his little plan; Unsheath the
sword, let the banners fly For duty calls,

we will win or die. The trumpets note and the

we will win or die. The trumpets note and the

we will win or die. The trumpets note and the

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we will win or die. The trumpets note and the

we will win or die. The trumpets note and the

we will win or die. The trumpets note and the
Unsheath the sword, let the banners fly, For duty
Shall tell the foe the victors come
Shall tell the foe the victors come
Shall tell the foe the victors come
Shall tell the foe the victors come
Shall tell the foe the victors come
calls, we will win or die. The trumpet's note

calls, we will win or die. The trumpet's note

calls, we will win or die. The trumpet's note

calls, we will win or die. The trumpet's note

calls, we will win or die. The trumpet's note

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe

and the roll of drum, Shall tell the foe
Shall the trumpets note and roll of drum come.

Tell the foe that we come!
END OF THE OPERA.