Vocal Score.

The Sultan of Mocha

Comic Opera

Composed by

Alfred Cellier

Ent. Sta. Hall.
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Vocal Score (Paper 4/- net)
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Dedicated to—

Sir Arthur Sullivan,

Alfred Cellier.
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

CHARACTERS.

SHALLAH (Sultan of Mocha).
ADMIRAL SNEAK.
CAPTAIN FLINT ("WITH A HEART OF STONE").
PETER (A "HEART OF OAK").
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
GRAND VIZIER.
BLACKWALL BILL.
DOLLY ("THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR").
ISIDORA.
EUREKA (BOTH OF 'EM ONE too many)
LUCY.
MOGY.
SARAH.
JANET.
DAVID DEANLIGHT.
BOB BUCKETT.
DONEN BILL.
DAVE JONES.
HATCHWAY JIM.

GREENWICH PENSIONERS.

GREENWICH PEOPLE, PENSIONERS, WATCHMEN, SLAVES, CORSAIRES, GUARDS, OPALESIQUES,
ATTENDANTS, &C., &C.

ARGUMENT.

Dolly, the heroine of the piece, is the ward of a heartless and avaricious uncle named Captain Flint, who desires to turn her charms to profitable account. Dolly, however, is deeply in love with Peter, a chivalrous young sailor in the fleet. She is annoyed by the solicitations of a rich but soulless marine-store dealer, familiarly known as "Admiral" Sneak.

ACT I.

The Scene of the first act is laid at Greenwich, in the park of which holiday folks have assembled to celebrate a national victory over the Spaniards. Dolly enters, and communicates the joyful intelligence of Peter's approaching return. Her companions retire in search of the old pensioners, and Admiral Sneak appears and presses his suit. He is discovered by Captain Flint in the midst of his adorations. A three-cornered quarrel ensues, which ends in the appearance of the watch, a vow of vengeance on the part of Sneak, and the determination of the Captain to sail from the Thames at once, and to take Dolly with him. Peter enters immediately afterwards, followed by the pensioners, with whom he makes merry till the Admiral brings word of Flint's proceedings. Peter resolves upon starting in pursuit; Sneak, with hopes of vengeance, heartily supports his plans; the holiday folks return, and a general sympathetic chorus ends the first act.

ACT II.

In the second act the scene changes to Mocha. Peter's crew are on shore, and Sneak, disgusted and ambitious, has succeeded in provoking amongst them a spirit of disaffection. This leads to a quarrel in the slave market, following which, Dolly, whose uncle has landed at the same place, appears with a troop of slaves, Flint's passion for gain having tempted him to speculate in Circassian beauty. The Sultan of Mocha, appropriately attended, visits the market, and becomes desperately enamoured of Dolly. Her uncle, after a slight pretended demur, parts with her for a very handsome consideration. As she is about to be borne away, Peter and the faithful portion of his crew rush in and rescue Dolly, and bring the second act to a close.

ACT III.

The first scene in the third act shows Peter and his party resting on their perilous way out of the country. While the crew are absent, and Peter is sleeping, Admiral Sneak enters stealthily with his men, and effects Dolly's capture; "restoring" her, we are to suppose, to the Sultan. The scene changes to the gardens and palace of the Monarch of Mocha, where the dancing girls of the Harem are seen dispersing themselves. They are followed by Eureka and Isidora, jealous and beautiful expectants of the Sultan's hand. Dolly has, however, changed for a moment the current of his Majesty's affections. Peter, disguised as a pilgrim, daringly appears before the Sultan while Dolly is present. He is, however, discovered and seized, his release being made conditional upon Dolly's consent to the Sultan's proposal. In the midst of her perplexity Isidora suggests the scheme by which her lover may be saved without permanently compromising herself. Isidora, veiled, appears as Dolly; the marriage ceremony is effected, and the Sultan discovers, too late, that women, as well as men, are deceivers. With characteristic capriciousness, he yields more nobly to fate than the circumstances absolutely suggested, and acknowledges the worthy claims of Dolly and Peter to each other's love; and so the lengthy and trying vicissitudes of the faithful pair resolve themselves into joy, and the jubilant congratulations of the court, and the determination of every one present to 'Sail away with Peter.'
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THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

PASTORALE.

Prelude.

Alfred Cellier.
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
CHORUS.

No. 1.

Here's three times three.

Allegro Moderato.

Piano.

Tenors & Basses.

Here's three times three for the lads at sea Who have lowered the flag of Spain And one cheer more for the girls on shore Who welcome them back a
SOPRANOS.

Gain. Then three times three for the lads at sea Who have lowered the flag of Spain.

And one cheer more for the girls on shore Who welcome them back again.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
fiddler set the ring And fiddle it while we sing, la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la

la Thro' battles and scars, hurrah for our

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
tars And hur rah for George the King Hur rah for George the King Then three times

three for the lads at sea Who have lowered the flag of Spain And

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
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 set the world a gog And on land what sight gives more de light Than a
tar with his laus and greg The for he daren't de fy That in

The Sultan of Mocha.
Polly's charms doth lie And conqu'ring ships in Polly's lips And

In her melting eye And conqu'ring ships in Polly's lips And

ritard.

In her melting eye.

SOPRANOS.

Come solder set the ring And sadd'sle it while we sing In

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
For George the King: Hurrah! until three times

Then three times

For the lads at sea: Who have lowered the flag of

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SONG.

Let the Lords of legislation.

No. 2.

Tempo di Polka.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
DOLLY.

(Laughing)

Let the lords of legislation, ha, ha, ha! ha, ha.
Ha! Happy maid that loves a sailor, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ha! Write despatches for the nation, ha, ha, ha.
Ha! Who from port will speed to hail her, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ha! Simple folk believe them true.
Statesmen scheme and Whigs or Whigs or
Ha! Tempted by no artful jade.
Folks may rave, and knaves in

To, ries (Nought I fear now my love's near) share un-scathed our seamen's
Of, fire (Nought I fear now my love's near) Tax new England's tens and

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
glo- ries (Nought I fear now my love’s near) For my Peter) back re-
turning Wills- to me here you see And my love with cap ture
burning Will come back and mar - ry me. me.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
BALLAD.

The Letter.

No. 3.

Andante

PIANO.

DOLLY.

You rise my foster home returning With joy he greets his

native shore For those delights all others spurning His
Dull | by | must | re- | store | Part | ed | no | more | by | call | ing |

Tides | Tis | but | a | day | that | now | di- | vi- | des |

And in each other's tender arms, love We live, once more

From duty's call at length released love I fly my darling

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
fair to you Time and rude seas have but increased love My

deep devotion true Oh, but to meet, no more to

part Oh but to press you to my heart

Till all this tender bliss we share love Adieu... Adieu.

THE SULTAN OF Mocha.
SOLO & CHORUS.

No. 4.

He is returning.

Allegro.

Piano.

Tempo di bolero.

DOLLY.

With joy... entrancing my heart... dancing Past grief enhancing enn... dancing my present bliss He... is returning for

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
whom...... Im...... yearning  My.... cheek still burn-ing still

burn-ing with his last................. kiss

Ho-is re-

Ho................. is re-turn-ing

turn-ing

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
He is returning for whom I'm yearning.

My cheek still burning with his last kiss.

He is returning.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
How glad the meeting. How sweet the greeting.

Life is too fleeting to part a.
Ah...........

Ah..........

How glad the meeting

How sweet the greeting

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
Ah.

To part again. Life is too fleeting to part again.

Life is too fleeting to part again.
COUPLETS.

The Telescope.

N° 5.

SNEAK.

Ah! do not think the

PLENO.

Gushing tide of love with frowns to turn aside ever deem the heart thy charms possess Can

yield but to its one success. I love must love the fate and thou for ever mock my

ardent vow. Why dream of faithless sailor soon. Say, Dolly you'll be mine and then My

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Ah! do not think the gushing tide of love with words to turn aside. Let some tired heart thy charms possess. Long waiting for its succor, I love not love nor fate and still forever tempt my ardent vow.

not to me of sailor men. Be yours, in deed! not I too then Your...
And your capstan bars
Your spikes and sinns
And your flag and sails
Your ropes and blocks
Your oil skin frocks
Your seamen's kits
And your cheap out fits
Your masts and ears
And general stores
Your canvas new

And your true anchor
And all the tackle in your shop
Won't be my proper

So I'll not accept your telescope
Nor in your bosom

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
DOLLY.

SNEAK.

FLINT.

raise a hope I'll not accept the telescope Of Admiral Sneak.

Oh then accept this telescope And in the bosom

You dare accept his telescope Or in the bosom

raise a hope I'll not accept your telescope, Admiral Sneak.

raise a hope Oh then accept this telescope Of Admiral Sneak.

raise a hope You dare accept a telescope Of Admiral Sneak.
TRIO & CHORUS.

How now, what's the row.

No. 6.

Allegretto.

FLINT.

Away, ere you, your

SNEAK.

Revenye, Ah, ah We'll yet her spirit tame

FLINT.

guardian's wrath inflame Away, ere you, your guardian's wrath inflame

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
help, 0 help, 0 help in honour's name, 0
Revenge, Ah, ah I'll spoil her little game. Revenge, way ere you your guardian's wrath in flame A.

O help, O help, O help in honour's name O help, O help, O
Revenge, revenge I'll yet her spirit tame Revenge, revenge I'll
way ere you your guardian's wrath in flame A way ere you your

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
help in honour's name  
help,  
help,  

spoil her little game  
Revenge  
Ah, ah  
I'll  

guardian's wrath in flame  
Away ere you your  

help in honour's name  
help,  
help,  

yet her spirit tame  
Revenge  
revenge  
I'll  

guardian's wrath in flame  
Away ere you your  

help in honour's name  
help,  
help,  

spoil her little game  

guardian's wrath in flame  

agitato.  

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
help in honour's name  O help,  O help,  O help in honour's name.

spoil her little game  Revenge  Ah, ah I'll spoil her game.

guardian's wrath in flame  A way ere you my wrath in flame.

The Watch

CHORUS. TENORS.

We are the watch come what's your little game.

BASSES.

We are the watch come what's your little game.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
TRIO & CHORUS.

How now, what's the row.

Allegretto. TENORS & BASSES.

Piano.

How now what's the row We're valiant and cour-

ra - geous We show our man - ly phiz When ere we hear there is A
des - pair scene out ra - geous How now stop the row We're valiant and cour

ra - geous And rescue is your bu - si - ness When treat - ment is Un -
ra - geous We show our man - ly phiz When ere we hear there is A

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SNEAK.

manly and outrageous. To strike I vow I feel I'm quite con

FLINT.

desperate scene outrageous Watch, now stop the row Bva. liant and con .

ra . geous To strike I vow To strike I vow Be .

ra . geous Now stop the row Now stop the row Ad .

hold this lady's phiz Her conduct really is Un . man . ly and ou t . ra . geous. To

vance with manly phiz For here indeed there is A des . pi te scene ou t . ra . geous How
DOLLY.

Help now stop the row Help now stop the

strike, I vow I feel I'm quite courageous Behold this lady's phiz Her

now stop the row You're valiant and courageous We show our manly phiz When

row You're manly and courageous Help

conduct really is Unmanly and outrageous To strike I

are we hear there is a desperate scene outrageous How now stop the

now stop the row You're valiant

vow, I feel I'm quite courageous Behold this lady's phiz Her

row We're valiant and courageous We show our manly phiz When

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
BALLAD.

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

Moderato.

Peter.

1. Twas sad when I and Dolly parted For she was fair and
   I was true And we were well nigh brokenhearted When last we
   kissed and said A diu!

2. How oft at sea have I been dreaming My Dolly still was
   At my side And woke to find a bright star beaming Like hope, a
   Across the darken'ing tide.

The Sultan of Mohra.
THE PENSIONER'S CHORUS.

No. 8.

Maestoso e sempre staccato.

Piano.

Ad lib.
1. The Amaranthus was our gallant ship, named She bore a brave
2. Old Neptune brought brave Mars to see the fray. When Board the

A - son's col - ours at the main In many a tough sea.
for he heard our cap - tain call! Now o'er her lo - ty bul - warks

fight we made her fast But she will never face the foe again "A
fierce we cut our way The Spaniards yield and down their col - ours haul But

sail! the masthead watch he gaily cried And a way the Amaranthus thus
'Vast your cheers, you noble British crew See the Amaranthus setting

THE SULTAN OF MOCHEA.
flew  A  wretched  tack  the  wi-ly  Spani-ol tried  "Boat-
down  A  cross  the  tide  she'll  fly  no  more  with  you  To
ship'  we'll  try  it  too;
vi-c t-or y  and  re-mour
Say  lads  just  three  times  three  For

hearts  of  oak  are  we And  a-against  the  fleet  of  Spain  We'll

clear  the  decks  a-gain  For  the  is-land  that  dare  to  be  free.

THE  SULTAN  OF  MOCHA.
No. 8. bis.

Quasi recit.

Peter.

The is - land tight we love so much; With ne'er a fleet to beat her: The sa - i - ler lads that make her such, And the

lass that waits for Peter.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
DRINKING SONG.

No. 9.

“Pipes & Grog.”

Andante.

Piano.

Peter.

1. They
2. This

storms and thro’ tem’r’rs, the sail’or steers. From truth nev’er va. ries, from
dur. ing old salt here dis. mast’red and torn. Whose sheer hulk has weather’d the

courage heer’sees; Yet lands’men would
fight and the storm. His last voy. age

THE SULTAN OF MUGHA.
score down a mark in his log And say he's too fond of his
pipe and his grog. Our boat awain
pipe and his grog? And we sim-ple
own when the weather was fine, With three
sailors, who roam o'er the wave, Thro'

Sheets in the wind took to crossing the line,
but the tem-pest our coun-try to save.

THE SULTAN OF WOCHA.
But our boat, swain got out of his course, as I jog, By for.

When blest with our sweethearts we lay by our log Say

CHORUS.

get'ing to run out his pipe and his grog But our boat, swain got out of his
can you deny us our pipe and our grog When blest with our sweethearts we

course as I jog By for get'ing to run out his pipe and his grog.
lay by our log Say can you deny us our pipe and our grog.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
FINALE.
SOLI & CHORUS.

"We'll sail away with Peter."

Allegro.

Piano.

Tenors & Basses.

1. We are sober, we are

steady. For the voyage we are ready.
To the Tropics or the

Me. di. ter. ra. mean sea We'll sail away with Peter And his

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SOPRANOS.

They are sober they are steady. For the voyage they are ready. To the Tropics or the Mediterranean sea. They'll We'll
meet her Like a la - dy they will treat her For a gal - iant lot are they we.

2nd & 3rd Verse.

We only wish to ap - pli - cate That ev - ry joy ly

chip'll Get his share of tin and tip pl - And now and then the

fun. (Peter.) Of a lit - tle buc can - cer 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 dom in er ing Lit the ship with out a in let For the wa ters 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 rea dy To the Tru pits or the Me di ter re a nean

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
For they'll sail a way with Peter And his sweet heart if they we

meet her Like a lady they will treat her When they sail a way with Peter Like a

lady they will treat her For a gallant lot are we They'll sail a way with
Peter And his sweetheart if they meet her Like a lady they will treat her For a
gallant lot are they gallant lot are they.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

End of first Act.
ACT II.

ENTR'ACTE.

Allegretto.

PIANO.
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SONG.

No. 11.

"I love the ocean."

SNEAK.

1. I left my native land and dared the perils of the sea
And came out here a buckᵉ ca·nᵉet Or pi·rate bold to be but ever since I pity·ing eye And shew anx­i·ety My lips turn blue! my

2. When I am ill and have to cross the deck to windward lee The fish es look with

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
came aboard I've felt so very queer For while afloat, I always was in a
sense swim I reel distressed to leeward And quite collapse, with staggering limb I

state of pipes and beer In a state of pipes and beer In a state of pipes and
faintly call the steward I faintly call the steward I faintly call the

Slower.

I love the ocean in a calm I'm queer when its in motion Its

rolling waves bring on a yawn But still I love the ocean.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
DUO & CHORUS.

No. 12.

"Now tremble you traitor."

Now tremble now

You dastard plotter of
deeds that a state or a nation should defy. Come, now for a drilling and

Kill ing and spilling the blood of a villain. Come plotter and die.

Tenors & Basses.

With

The Sultan of Birehna.
THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

Oh fate of the

traitor confounding His plot and his plan!

SNEAK.
The Corsair
He'll cut me by horsehair
And leave me a curse.
The Corsair can fly
But doom me no curriff.
My courage is native.
My hate on your fate!
If I
strike
you
must
die.
My
hate
on
your
fate!
if
I
strike
you
must
die.

PETER.

With my sword's thin edge I'll

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
cut you to spin a wheel You dealer from Greenwich Re-
Encourage: bounding

Behold us: surrounding

Dealer from Greenwich: Resist if you can

I'll run if I can:

Traitor: confounding: his plot and his plan: With

Encourage: bounding

Behold us: surrounding

THE SULTAN OF MOCHE
dealer from Greenwich. Resist if you can Resist if you can Resist if you can

I'll run if I can I'll run if I can I'll run if I can

traitor confounding. His plot and his plan His plot and his plan His plot and his plan

sist if you can Resist if you can

run if I can I'll run if I can

plot and his plan His plot and his plan

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
CHORUS OF SLAVES.

N° 13.

"O Caspian!"

Allegretto.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SOPRANOS.

O, Caspian! O, Caspian! thou, glowing the wave.
And stern the deep shores that thy wild waters have.

would that from hill-which enshadows thy breast
Once more we could gaze on thy bosom at rest.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Circassia, Circassia, the charm of thy name Dis-

Please for one moment the thought of our shame Our

hearts fill'd with gladness, surrender their pain And we

live in our dear native valleys again.
SONG.

No. 14.

"Woman's rights."

1. If I could rule all
2. I've faith in modern

wo, men's hearts I'd so their spirits fa, shion That they should scorn the tyrant sex And
thought profound For this is what it teach-es That 'tis to wo-man kind we owe "The

spurn the ten-der pas-sion 'Tis wo-man's duty I'll main-tain On love to breathe de-
o-ri-gin of speech-es" I know that wo-men are by men con-sider'd an ob-

fi-ance To lec-ture, vote, look wise and talk Of po, li-cies and sci-ence.
Jec-tion We're on the an-gels side, the men Are from the other di-re-cion.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Talk of propriety. Spread of society wide no to.

ritu ty. This do we crave. Woman strong minded is

not to be blinded by man when he's minded to make her his slave.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
NO. 15.

SOLI & CHORUS.

FLINT.

Andante maestoso.

But be.

PIANO.

For I swear that I'll

DOLLY.

sell you to the Grand Pa.cha

Nought I care I'm a.

wave that you'll sell me to the Grand Pa.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Chorus.

Will you pity spare

Dolly & Chorus.

Will you swear that you'll

sell us to the Grand Pa sha

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
PROCESSION MUSIC.
and
SULTAN'S SONG.

No. 16.

Allegro.

Piano.

THE SULTAN OF MÖCHA.
Sultan.

Sultan am I, not a bit sky;

Look at my eye, wary and sly;

And up on my word, I defy Mighty and high kings far and nigh.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Sultan am I not a bit shy

Look at my eye wary and sly And up on my word I defy

Mighty and high kings far and nigh And up on my word I defy

Mighty and high kings far and nigh

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Notice my gait—isn't it great?

Sturdy and straight—when I'm late.

Paschas await—fearing my hate—When I'm late ladies all state.

Love is their fate some at such rate—penn—

THE SULTAN OF NODCHA.
Love is their fate, none at such rate

DOLLY.

Isn't he a dreadful villain

No one looks for virtue there

If he's good he spends a shilling

When he comes to Mocha fair.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SONG.

N° 17.

Come buy come buy.

FLINT.

Come buy, come buy The

prizes, try. They're beauties passing rare The choicest lot That ever was got To

grace a Mocha fair. Come buy, come buy The prizes try. They're beauties passing rare The choicest lot That ever was got To grace a Mocha

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
fair. The choicest lot That e'er was seen To grace a Mos. cho.

fair. With in those eyes What beauty lies, Oh.

serve the Grecian nose. And just beneath The pearly teeth While warm each red cheek.

grows. No rose more sweet Could Pa-sha meet Or with the Sultan dwell.
The Sultan of Mocha
No rose more sweet Could Pa.sh.a meet Or with the Sul.tan dwell.

dwell E.clip.sing' quite The li.ly white Each gen.tle soft ga.zelle.
SLAVE DANCE.

No. 17. bis.

Moderato.

Piano.

DOLLY

Don't buy don't buy Its all my eye They're neither rich nor rare The

Allegro vivace.

shabbiest lot That ere was got To grace a Mocha fair
DUO & CHORUS.

N° 18.

Allegro.

Sweet Hannah or Alice.

Piano.

Sultan.

Sweet Hannah or Alice Oh, come to my palace and drink from the chalice of

Dolly.

pleasure with me. Oh, no this young gal is afraid of your malice My

Sultan.

dear sailor lad is The lover for me My heart my Sultan Be-

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
nearth this ban
da
Oh, tell me, how can a True lover like me Find

rest for a minute Refuse and this sen
tar Puts a quick li

Shal, lah you'll see.

DOLLY.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA
no sir pray excuse me
My love is over there
It won't at all amuse me
To be your charmer you see.

SULTAN.

Oh no you can't refuse me
Mere Shal-lah, pray now

be I'll be as good as your true love see
And turn a fol-de.

DOLLY

My

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
name. I'm not Hannah you swarthy rascal. a. Done now if you can a. Be-

tray ing of me Un hand me this minute Your wig I will trim it You e

SULTAN.

eye I will dim it And soon let you see Re fuse me fair beauty 0.

guards do your duty That fellow to boast; he To Shu sa is sent Re. 

luctant or willing I bet you a shilling you'll find my love killing Un less you relent

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Chorus.

Sweet Hannah or Alice O drink from his chalice all

ff

the' your own pal is Away on the sea So be his Sul-ta-na And

wear a ban-da-na A new Mrs Shal-lah's a great no-vel-tee.

D. C. for Symphony.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
FINALE.

No 19.

TRIO & CHORUS.

You'd better stay with me at Mocha.

(Sultan) 1. So you'd better stay with me at

(Flint) 2. What ever you may think of

Mocha And be number 5, 0, 3. You'll
Mocha And what ever you may think of me This

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
find me the wittiest old joker From Greenwich to the Caspian

my little wicked old joker Must pay immediate

sea I'll buy you silks and satins by the bушel If Sul

ly I'll put an execution in his harem And there'll

turn you will be You shall have a little cot a

be a sell you see And I'll seize his little cot his

paddle and a yacht To sail about the Caspian
paddle and his yacht And his cottage by the Caspian

THE SULTAN OF MOC A
Chorus.

So you'd better stay with him at Mocha And be number 50.3. You'll find him the wittiest old joker From Greenwich to the Caspian sea.
If I stay along with you at Mocha And be number 5. 0,

3. You'll find my sailor broke a, Come back and rescue me. I'll lead you such a life of torment That in -

clined you will be To put me in a sack and send me back To the bottom of the Caspian sea.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
SULTAN. FLINT & CHORUS.

So you'd better stay with me at Mocha And he number 50.

a tempo

3. You'll find me the wittiest old joker. From

rit.

Givenwich to the Caspian sea.

End of second Act.
ACT III.

Allegretto Grazioso. ENTR'ACTE.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
CHORUS, by the crew.

N° 20.

"A Sailor's Love!"

It's a woe-ful sight, When late at night Cruel hus-bands beat their wives.

When sight or nine sit down to dine On friend-ship's terms 'tis

A mar-rying mail by her lad be-troy'd Is a jail-ly And jail-lier still when the bawl they fill With a
sigh which our pity arouses It's woe-ful too this truce to melancholy 'Tis jolly too when

shall be true When seventy-six weds twenty-two But the Bess and Sue In the new-mown hay meet Dick and Hugh But the

woolest sight it seems to me Is the lass that sighs when her love's at sea jolliest sight it seems to me Is the lass that laughs when her love's at sea

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
That sighs... a - lack... will my love... come back...
That laughs... that laughs... when her love... at sea...

Ah ah ah ah
Ah ah ah ah ah
Is the

That sighs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea.
That laughs when her love's at sea, when her love's at sea.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
sighs a luck will my love come back
laughs that laughs when her love at sea

That sighs a luck my love come back I the
Ah ah ah ah ah ah ah ah

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

lass that sighs when her love's at sea, sea.
lass that laughs when her love's at sea, sea.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
YAWNING SONG.

No. 21.

I really am so sleepy.

Peter.

1. Tired and worn Rest now I crave Oh dear I'm very sleepy
2. Many a night Sleepless I've lain Oh dear I'm very sleepy

Blown by the wind Tossed by the wave Oh dear I am so sleepy
Rock'd by the ocean Tortur'd with pain Oh dear I am so sleepy

Rest for the weary Blessed be thy name Oh dear I am so sleepy
Sleep now my senses Seem to enchain Oh dear I am so sleepy

THE SULTAN OF MÓCHA.
Slumber soft nurse My spirit doth tame Oh dear I am so
And now my care Seem to be taken Oh dear I am so

yawning.

sleep - y Ah.

really am so sleepy

Ah... I really am so sleepy

D.C.

THE SULTAN OF MOCZA.
MUSETTE.

N° 21. bis.

Andante.

SLUMBER SONG.

N° 22.

Andante.

DOLLY.

Close thou gentle sleep........... These ever wakeful eyes...........

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Violoncello obligato.

...

But no hurtful step intrude where my true lover...

Hies......... Sweet the tender task......... to watch while the

loved ones ... Rapture stealing o'er each feeling

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
E'en...... though we weep
Bon... gers... dard... for

me... love... Glad... ly... I... share... with... thee... love

ritard.

Till thy com... rades... call......... Slum... ber... o'er... thee... fall......

ritard.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Sweet be thy rest By soft visions blest; Sleep for thy
love watches o'er thee And in thy dreams Bright be the gleams Of

collà voce.

ad lib.

hap-py days yet be-fare thee.
collà voce.

ritard.

THE SULTAN OF NICHA.
CHORUS OF ODALISQUES.

No. 24.

Allegretto Grazioso.

Piano.

1. From chambers most my.
2. A Sultan most mag.

stereous. We come quite sum. By

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
orders most imperious
We o-da-bisque are dumb O,
love his smile beneficent
We fear his frown much more A

sce-ni-tar of Is-lam
Tis true
Tis true
The beauty were six flighty
Alass a lack Or

Sultan he would frizz leem
Who peep'd his harem through any ways "hi-ty-ti-ty"
That beauty gets "the sack"

when you come to Mocha Oh, no! don't

THE SULTAN OF MOWCHA.
go. And make your way too near we pray To

this su-ra-gli-o...
TRIO.

No. 25.

"It's very perplexing."

Allegro. Tempo di Valse. SULTAN.

1. Your beauty I hate and despise. Your chatter ing tongue m'ain unmar rry you both. But my con science declares by the me noys me. You'd best both get out if you're wise. Un less you wish quite to destroy me. You wish

2. For peace I would wig - o' me. It's a shocking example to set.

When a Sultan is guilty of bigamy I is

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
quite to destroy me. (Isidore.) That's very distressing to
guilty of bigamy. (Eureka.) Dear Lord if my charms you des-

me. I'm loving and faithful and dutiful. With
pience. And beauty and youth you cry "He up on." Re-

pad, dings and chigos you see. I always have thought myself
joice o'er the love you have slain. But lend me your bosom to

beautiful. False hair and paint I detest. I
dis up on (E. Isidore) of beauty of youth or of grace. Ex.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
NEVER did care one bit for 'em.
It's only a sell at the
cause me you have at a par-ti-cle. [To Sultan.] And your practical eye can de-

best. And some never know what is fit for on-
text. The tree from the coun-ter-feit ar-ti-cle.

ISIDORE.

So you'd better get married to me. And a

EUREKA.

So you'd better get married to me. And a

void fur-ther trou-ble and vex-ing. For I love you

void fur-ther trou-ble and vex-ing. For I love you

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
better than she... And really And really
Sultan.

Oh bother

And really it's very perplexing.

bother Oh bother it's very perplexing.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
BALLAD.

"Unrequited Love."

No. 26.

Andante.

Piano

1. My heart a-waxing now is won, Since you my ardently love do

2. Will you consent to be my bride, O listen while I now in

SULTAN.

But I wish I had been born For ere on you had set my

plore, I vow whatever may be tide, My heart shall nev'er wander;

eye. 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 devotion

hour. Ah! do not longer now de- slight. Be, hold your Sultan at your

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Then pity unrequited love
And say at last that you'll be mine
Accept my hand, my life, my love
My heart will ever beat for thine.
BARCAROLE.

No. 27.

"My Boat is on the Shore!"

Andante.

PETER.

Piano.

My boat is on the shore...... And man, she must be...... By

never a mate or a cabin boy But only you and me......

And I will ply the oar...... And

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
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..........................

And then we'll sail and I shall steer I'll fly then she the
And then we'll sail and you shall steer So fly my love with

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
DOLLY.

But pining I am ill...... (And I'm always ill at sea)...... And there's never a mate or a cabin boy What will you do with me....... You'll have to fuel your sail...... And ply me with champagne For they
say it's the thing to make you well When ill on the stormy sea. Ah...

Ah...

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 stormy sea.
give you some of my dry champagne If you're ill on the stormy sea.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA,
No. 28.

Ballet Music.

Moderato. 2nd time in 3/4.

The Sultan of Mocha.
FINALE.

CHORUS.

Allegro. "We are sober, we are steady."

Piano.

Tenors & Basses.

We are sober, we are steady For the voyage we are ready. From the Tropics and the Mediterranean

sea We'll sail a way with Peter And his sweet-heart here we

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
meet her. Like a lady we will treat her. For a gallant lot are we.

SOPRANOS.

We're sober. They're steady. For the voyage we are ready. From the Tropics and the Mediterranean sea. We'll they'll.
sail a-way with Peter And his sweet-heart here we they

meet her Like a lady we they will treat her For They're a gallant lot we they see Like a

lady we they will treat her For a gallant lot we they see They'll sail a-way with

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.
Peter and his sweet-heart here we
treat her For a
meet her Like a lady
They're a gallant lot
we see
we see.

THE SULTAN OF MOCHA.

End of Opera.