The Contrabandista;

or,

THE LAW OF THE LADRONES.

COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS.

FIRST PERFORMED AT ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE, ON THE 18TH OF DECEMBER, 1867.

THE LIBRETTO WRITTEN BY

F. C. BURNAND,

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY THE COMPOSER.

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# THE CONTRABANDISTA.

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No. 1.  
HUSH! NOT A STEP.  
DUET AND CHORUS.

SANOCHO.  
Hush!

JOSE.  
Hush!

SANOCHO.  
Hush!

JOSE.  
Hush!

SANOCHO.  
Not a step, not a sound can I
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Jose.

Not a step, not a sound can I hear,
Far or near, with my ear to the ground; If you'd

Saenko and not talk,
We might hear a stranger walk.

Sancho.

Take my orders, Sir, from you!
Pitiful! pooh!

Jose. (Aside.)

pooh! Oh, this wretch I'd like to crush!

Sancho.

Trusty knife, take his
Hush! bah! my rage I can't conceal,
Crunch him, crunch him with my

JOSÉ.

SANCHO.

Bar.  

Accomp.
THE CONTRABANDISSA.

Bash! my rage I can't conceal!

Crunch him, crunch him with my heel!

Sharpen, whet the gleaming steel!

No, my vengeance he shall feel!

Sharpen, whet the gleaming steel, my vengeance he shall feel! No, my

hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!

hush! hush! hush! hush! hush!

hush! hush! hush!
vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en, what the gleaming steel! No, my

No, my vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en, what the gleaming steel! No, my

Hush! hush! hush! hush! To the Queen we will appeal, To the

Hush! hush! To the Queen we will appeal, To the

vengeance he shall feel! No, my vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en,

vengeance he shall feel! No, my vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en,

Queen we will appeal, Hush! hush! hush! hush! To the

Queen we will appeal, Hush! hush! To the

what the gleaming steel! No, my vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en, what the gleaming steel!

what the gleaming steel! No, my vengeance he shall feel! Sharp-en, what the gleaming steel!

Queen we will appeal, To the Queen we will appeal,

Queen we will appeal, To the Queen we will appeal,
No, my vengeance he shall feel!
No, my vengeance he shall feel!

We will appeal, we'll appeal, To the Queen we will, we will, we will appeal!
LET OTHERS SEEK THE PEACEFUL PLAIN.

SONG.

1. Let others seek the peaceful
2. Be mine the man who bears the

plains, Among the mountains let me reign;
wife, Who for my smile would risk his life;
hand, And by his side I'll stand,

Bo mine the rugged crest, Be mine the eagle's nest,
by his side I'll stand, For I will be to him a loving wife;

Bo mine the eagle's nest, High in the ancient hills of Spain,
for I will be to him a loving wife,

High in the ancient hills of Spain,
For I will be to him a loving wife.
No. 2.

HAND OF FATE!

QUINTETT.

RITA.

INEZ.

VASQUEZ.

JOSE.

SANCHO.

ANDANTE

MARITORO.

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token. Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hi-th-er lead... up-on the moun-tain way The man whom we are fa-ted to o-bey.

Hi-th-er lead... up-on the moun-tain way The man whom we are fa-ted to o-bey.

Hi-th-er lead... up-on the moun-tain way The man whom we are fa-ted to o-bey.

Hi-th-er lead... up-on the moun-tain way The man whom we are fa-ted to o-bey.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

RITA.

Fate, kind Fate!... in hope I wait some token! Fate, kind Fate!... when shall the
word be spoken? Speed, speed my ring upon its home-ward way,

VASQUEZ. (In a frigued voice.)

Fate! ah, kind Fate! for liberty I pray; An hour ago, among the
hills below, I came across a strange and foreign face, He bore a load... he'd

JOSE.

lost his road; And seven now is wandering 'wards this place. Had he a peck up-on his
Sancho.

back, And bags of money in his hand, It matters not what he had got, We'll make him captain of our band.

Rita.

Inez.

Who'er is there we swear we'll take him,

Vasquez.

Who'er is there they swear they'll take him,

Joe.

Who'er is there we swear we'll take him.

Sancho.

We swear we'll take him.

and make him captain of our band.

and make him captain of their band.

and make him captain of our band.

and make him captain of our band.
RITA.

Fate, kind Fate! in hope I wait some token, Fate, kind Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token, Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token, Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Hand of Fate! we wait thy token, Voice of Fate! when shall the word be spoken?

Speed, speed my ring up on its homeward way, Fate! oh, kind Fate! For liberty I

Hither lead up on the mountain way, The man whom we are fated to o-

Hither lead up on the mountain way, The man whom we are fated to o-

Hither lead up on the mountain way, The man whom we are fated to o-

Hither lead up on the mountain way, The man whom we are fated to o-
ONLY THE NIGHT WIND SIGHS ALONE.

WORDS BY F. C. BURNAND. MUSCI BY ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

Voice:

Accomp.:

Tink - ling sheep-bell knells the part - ing day, The flocks col - lect from meadow, hill, and moor, The
down ... rail. p. 

Happy Goatherd home-ward takes his way, His wife and chil - dren wait him at the door, His
down ... rail. L.H. 

wif... s and chil - dren wait him at the door: To me the bells send
up no cheer - ing tone, On - ly the night wind sighs a - lone, a - lone, To
risen up poco. a tempo. 

risen up poco.
Only the night wind sings alone, on
me the bells sound up no cheer-
ing tone. Only the night wind
sighs........ a-lone, a-lone.

Thin the bells up on the moun-
tain steeps, fainter and fainter
down the narrow ways.

Now in his cot, the shepherd, ere he slept,
Joins with his lovd ones, in their hymn of praise, Joins with his lovd ones,
ONLY THE NIGHT WIND SIGHS ALONE

in their hymn of praise. To me the bells send up no cheering tone.

Only the night wind sighs... a-lone, a-lone, To me the bells send up no

cheer-ing tone, Only the night wind sighs... a-lone, a-

-lone, Only the night wind sighs a-lone.
No. 4.  
A GUARD BY NIGHT.  
DUET.

VASQUEZ.  

A praised by night, a guide by day, 
Up - on the moun - tain wild, The

RITA.  

Ow! tell me, will he see my love? 
Thy lover he will not see, Place

VASQUEZ.  

Fill place........... my trust in

Heav'n a - bove, Pray Hea - ven set thee free, Place all thy trust in

Heav'n a - bove, Pray Hea - ven set thee free, Pray Hea - ven set........ me free, I'll place my
trust in Heaven above, I'll place my trust in Heaven above!

Place all thy trust in Heaven above!

RITA.

I only long one more, Once more to see his face; if

Moderato.

never more, if never more, Why then, be

Recurr. VASQUEZ

death my chosen, tinn. RITA! My name! Dear RITA! Tis his

VASQUEZ.

RITA.

a tempo molto.

voice! I can not see, I hope, I faint with fear,
VASQUEZ

Vasquez!

RITA

Dear Bia! Vasquez! I am here!

VASQUEZ

Yes.

Allegro Vivace.

Me love, again.... to see thee Dis-

VASQUEZ

steresse.

My love, again to see thee Dis-

pels the falling tear, He comes, he comes to free me! Ah,

pels the falling tear, Yes, I am here to free thee; Then

why then should I fear? A prison with you is no

banish, all thy fear.
The Contrabandista

Prison for me...

For the moments too fleet, that are

When the sun brightly rises over hill, dale, and sea, There's shad'ed love, with thee!

When the sun brightly rises over hill, dale, and sea, There's hope in the morrow, Yes, then we'll be free! There's hope in the morrow, Yes,

Then we'll be free! When the sun brightly rises over

Then we'll be free! When the sun... bright-ly ri-sees o'er
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

hill, dale and sea, There's hope in the mor - row, Ah!

then we'll be free! Ah! then, Ah!

then we'll be free! There's hope in the mor - row, Ah!

then we'll be free! There's hope in the mor - row, Ah! then

then we'll be free! There's hope in the mor - row, Ah! then we'll be free! Ah! then

......... we'll be free!

......... we'll be free!
No. 5.  FROM ROCK TO ROCK.

SONG.

ALLEGRO

Moderato.

1. From rock to rock With many a shock, And bump, and thump, and

2. The love of arts In foreign parts Has taken me all the

terrible knock, I fall, and not a soul is near, The traveler's lonely

way to Spain; Fumble, stum-ble, tum-ble, Up the middle and

path to cheer . . . . . . . Oh! why did I

down again . . . . . . . This came, too.

Set To.
out to sea, and dare the sea's unpleasant foam, the sea's unpleasant foam?
take a view, I ne'er did see such a nuisance, did such a nuisance know.

Slipping, tripping, air so nipping, Up in the hills a-way from home,

If by shock-a-wry, Knock'd like crock-a-ry, On the rock-a-ry, Smash it will go.

say to myself,— My dear friend Grigg, If safe I return I'd
ra - ther dig, Than fol - low the arts In fo - reign parts, I

say to my-self, My dear friend Grigg, If safe I re-turn I'd ra - ther dig Than fol - low the arts.

..... In fo - reign parts..... But I'll take to a farm, with horse and carts, With my

spouse, and my cows, and my lit - tle pigs, And rear up my lot of lit - tle Griggs, Who'll lead us a life with their

nur - se - ry pigs, Lit - tle Griggs, And lit - tle pigs, My
spouse, my cows, my sows, Ha! ha! My spouse, and my cows, and my sows, Ha! ha! My spouse, and my cows, and my sows, Ha! ha! My spouse, and my cows, and my sows, Ha! ha! My spouse, and my cows, and my sows, Ha! ha! My spouse, and my cows, and my sows, Ha! ha! And my little, little, little pigs...
No. 6.  **HULLO! WHAT'S THAT?**

**TRIO.**

**Mr. GRIGG.**

Hul-lo! what's that?  Twas'n't a cat!

Some-thing I heard, like a bird!

No!

No!
Gone in a bit,
Oh, this is very absurd! I think that the bus I can
clearly elude, and at last I have got quite a charming effect, At last I have got quite a charming effect, a
charming effect, I think that this bus I can clearly dictate, and at last I have got quite a
Ah! now to arranges it. A capital plan. I've sighted a rock.

No, 'tis a man!

Ha! ha! you have hit on a capital plan. I'm a man!

And another! Another young
SANCHO.  
Ms. GRIGG.  
JOSE.  
SANCHO.  
Ms. GRIGG.

Well!  
Quite well, thank you!  
Nay, your hand.  
Your hand.  
Good

JOSE.  
SANCHO.  
Ms. GRIGG.

Morning!  I can't stay.  
You must.  
You must.  I must!  
You're fond of

JOSE.  
SANCHO.  
Ms. GRIGG.

Jokes.  
Remain.  
Explain.  
What horrid looking folks!

JOSE.  
Ms. GRIGG.  (aside.)  
(said.)  
SANCHO.  (s狂.

I'm called the Wolf!  
Indeed! a grasp of iron-- They shouldn't call you that.  
And I the
Ma. GRIGG. Pas voir.

JOSE. Pas voir.

SANCHO. Pas voir.

Ly - on! We're members of a rob-ber band, We of - fer you, as Cap-tain, the command.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Refuse!... Then choose,... Be Captain,

Refuse!... Then choose,... Be Captain,

What? Not—
or, be shot! Shot! Shot!
or, be shot! Shot! Shot!

don. Shot! Yes, shot!

What? For what?

Shot! Yes, shot!

Shot! Yes, shot!
JOSÉ AND SANCHE.

Wild fan-tas-ty will wel-come our Chief.

Ms. GRIGG.

Why? Why? Why?

Dance! Danze! Dance!

Bolero! Bolero! the robber's pet We'll dance to the pipe and the gay cas-ta-net.
Ma GRIGG.

Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! A dreadful set! I wish that I'd never these gentlemen met.

JOSE AND SANCHO.

Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-

Ma GRIGG.

Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! I wish that I'd never these

JOSE AND SANCHO.

Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro!

Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-

er.

gen-tle-men met, These gen-tle-men met. Bo-le-ro! Bo-

le-ro! We'll dance to the pipe and the gay casta-net. Bo-le-ro!
Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! A dreadful set! I wish that I'd never These gentlemen met. Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! Bo-le-ro! A dreadful set! We'll dance to the gay castanet, To the gay castanet, To the gay castanet, To the sound of the pipe And the gay castanet, To the sound of the pipe And the gay castanet, To the sound of the pipe And the gay castanet.
No. 8.  HAIL TO THE ANCIENT HAT!
FINALE.

INÉZ.

ANDANTE
MARRUGTO.

VASQUEZ.

Ma. GNÜGO.

INÉZ.

INÉZ.

THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Slave, take my robe.
O - boy her, 'tis our plan.
I am the most un - for - tu - nate young man.

The sacred Hat which all La - dro - nez know, bring forth,

it on our chief we now bestow.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

JOSE.

Hail to the ancient Hat! Neath this our Chiefs have sat, Kneel down up on the mat.

SANCHO.

Hail to the ancient Hat! Neath this our Chiefs have sat, Kneel down up on the mat.

SOLO.

Hail to the ancient Hat! Neath this our Chiefs have sat, Kneel down up on the mat.

TENOR.

Hail to the ancient Hat! Neath this our Chiefs have sat, Kneel down up on the mat.

BARIT.

Hail to the ancient Hat! Neath this our Chiefs have sat, Kneel down up on the mat.

ACCOMP.

Hail! Hail! Ladrones. Take it, O martial spouse! Press it up on his brows;

Hail! Hail! Ladrones. Take it, O martial spouse! Press it up on his brows;

Hail! Hail! Ladrones. Take it, O martial spouse! Press it up on his brows;

Hail! Hail! Ladrones. Take it, O martial spouse! Press it up on his brows;

Hail! Hail! Ladrones. Take it, O martial spouse! Press it up on his brows;
Regal mask, my friends, is gone. Behold, its crown is out!

José:
None but the Chief e'er saw
That the Hat had a flaw, Wear it! it is the Law

Sancho:
None but the Chief e'er saw
That the Hat had a flaw, Wear it! it is the Law

Chorus:
None but the Chief e'er saw
That the Hat had a flaw, Wear it! it is the Law

of the Ladrones, Wear it! it is the Law of the Ladrones。

Allegro Vivo.
Ms. Grigg.

found
and
crown'd!

I say to myself, my

dear friend Grigg. If safe I return I'd rather dig; And take to a farm with

horse and carts. Than follow the arts in foreign parts.

Happy again, away from Spain, away, away from
RITA.

INEZ.

VASQUEZ.

Mr. GRIGG.

JOSE.

SANCHO.

SOPRANI 1st and 2nd.

TENORI.

BASSI.

ACCOMP.

So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plunder the man coming home from the mart; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the prin-ci-pal mart; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the
THE CONTEARABUSTA.

Yes, I am content.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Fare not, Trust.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

INEZ. (Aside)
Do you think that he can, For our plan, be the man, For if not, tell me what you have got for a plan? Not a word must be heard By a third. Only two are to know. Say it low, 'tis between me and you.

JOSE. (Aside)
I've made a vow, Which I'll not repeat now. You're aware when I swear, I do make such a row, And to
sweat is't right, For a rob-ber's po-lite. Let the day pass a-way, And be hap-py to-night,

Let the day pass a-way... Let the

And be hap-py to-night,

day pass a-way,......

And be hap-py to-night,

day pass a-way,......

Let the
And be happy tonight,
day pass away..... Let the

And be happy tonight,
day pass away...... And be

And be happy tonight, Let the
happy tonight.... Let the

And be happy tonight, ha! ha! ha! ha!

And be happy tonight, ha! ha! ha! ha!
RITA.
INEZ.
VASQUEZ.
Mr. GRIGG.
JOSÉ.
SÁNCHEZ.
Soprani 1st and 2nd.
Tenors.
Basses.
Accomp.

So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So I'll take to a farm with horse and carts, And dis-poss of the produce at the
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing
So care now de-parts From the rob-bers' hearts, And we'll plan-der the man com-ing

Home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit- tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

principal marts; And rear up my lot of lit-tle Griggs. We'll lead us a life with their

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the

home from the marts; And we'll feast on the grape and the lit-tle figs, And ca-per and dance to the
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Yes... I am... content...

Tune of gigue. Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Fear... not, Rises, trust.......

Nurse's riggs. Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Tune of gigue. Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Tune of gigue. We'll dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Tune of gigue. We'll dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

Tune of gigue. We'll dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

To be... Free, or a captive.......

Nothing at all, Dance a Round-a-bout, On the ground a-bout, All this sound a-bout.

... to me; Tomorrow more shall see...
free! Ah! yes, to-mor-row shall see me free!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!

free! Ah! yes, to-mor-row shall see thee free!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!
gigues, Our rows, His rows, Our mer-cy, mer-cy gigues, Our lit-tle, lit-tle, lit-tle gigues!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.
WAKE, GENTLE MAIDEN.

ALLEGRO.

1. Wake, gentle maiden, see the light of day.
2. Wake, gentle maiden, bid the shadows go.

Wake, wake, maid-en, wake.
Wake, maid-en, wake.

Maid-en, wake, maid-en, wake.
Maid-en, wake, maid-en, wake.

Sweet, thy smile as
Wake, gentle maiden.

Morning, routed by the day,
Haste, away, haste, 'tis day,

Sunlight, chased night away,
Wake, 'tis day, wake, 'tis day.

Sweet, thy smile is sunlight,
Routed by the mist of morning,
Chased night away.

Wake, 'tis day,
Wake, 'tis day.
No. 10. LET HIDALGOS BE PROUD OF THEIR BREED.

DUET.

INÉZ.

Moderato.

Let Hidalgos be proud of their breed, And strut in the streets of Madrid;

Dron es who happy lives lead, Were kings long before the great Cid; But the

gay La-dron was hurst from his throne, And the dust of the earth heomit; Till the

luck comes round No La-dron will be found, As a monarch of Spain to sit. Round, a-round,
Round, a-round, a-round, Round, a-round, Round, a-round, Round, a-round, Round, a-round,
Round, a-round, round,
Round, a-round, round, Till the luck comes round; Why should we sor-row or fret?
Round, around, round, We will dance c’er the ground, To the click of the cas-ta-net... Round, around,
Round, a-round, round, a-round, round, a-round, round, Dance to the click of the cas-ta-net...... We will
round, a-round, Round, a-round, Round, a-round, Round, a-round,

dance o'er the ground, Dance to the click of the castanet. Round, a-round,

round,........ round,........ round,........... dance to the castanet.

round,........ round,........ round,........... Dance to the castanet.

JOSE

Let Se-

-moras flash brilliant eyes On the bold,....... matador in the ring; Of fans and envying...
siglo, Let po - - - - ents, well paid for it, sing; But the gay La-drone Loves her a-lone, Who for

des - pe-rate-deeds is fit; When luck comes round, She's the one to be found, On the throne of the king to

INEZ.

Round, a-round, round.

JOSE.

sit. Round, a-round, round; Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around,

Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around,
Round, around, round, We will dance on the ground, To the click of the cas-ta-net. Round, around,
Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, Round, around, round, We will
dance on the ground, Dance to the click of the cas-ta-net. We will
dance on the ground, Dance to the click of the cas-ta-net. Round, a-round,
Round, a-round, Round a-round, round, Dance to the click of the cas-ta-net, Round, a-round,
Round, a-round, Round a-round, round, Dance to the click of the cas-ta-net, Round, a-round,
Round, a-round, round, Dance to the cas-ta-net.
HE WILL RETURN.

Music by ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

He will return, return to set me free, Or fall in hope my liberty to gain;

Even that, let me the willing victim be, To die for him, To

die for him; Ah! happy lot for me! If for my dearest love,
HE WILL RETURN.

I may be slain! I may be slain! And in the light of

Heav'n a-love, My love, We'll meet a-gain, My love......... We'll meet a-gain.

He will return, not

Heav'n itself more true Than is my love, Ts said me he will fly.

Part-ed from him life wears a sombre hue, My on-ly love! My
HE WILL RETURN.

Only love! Even in the moments low, My last prayer to Heaven, To

Heaven, be to die! To die! And in the light of Heaven... above, My love, We'll meet a

again, My love, We'll meet again, We'll meet a

again, My love, We'll meet again.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Mr. GRIGG. "When it came to conjuring against a fellow's life—Eg—"  

No. 12. WHO'D TO BE ROBBER-CHIEF ASPIRE.  

TRIO.

INZ.

Mr. GRIGG.

JOSE.

ALLEGRO MODERATO.

Silence! Silence!

Silence! May I ask

what you mean?

Silence! Listen, Chief-tain,

You wear the Captain's hat, The Captain's sword and plumed.

I do. True,

You do. The Captain's coat and
And let me stop you, trousers, too. You've stepp'd into the captain's shoes.

for a bit, But to complain that they don't fit. Were this suit from the tailor's shears, Had Grigg appear'd as Grigg appears, No coin from me should grace his till, Unpaid should be that tailor's bill.
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

INEZ.

Wear this suit from the robber's shears! Our Chief appears As he appeared,

Ma. GRIGG.

Wore this suit from the tailor's shears. Had Grigg appeared As Grigg appeared.

JOSE.

Wear this suit from the robber's shears! Our Chief appears As he appeared,

The hero sees, His place to fill; For him we Plot! rob! and kill!

No coin from me Should grace his till. Unpaid should be That tailor's kill.

The hero sees, His place to fill; For him we Plot! rob! and kill!

Excv. INEZ Ma. GRIGG INEZ Ma. GRIGG.

Would he were here! My tailor? No, sir; he who was my spouse. I perfectly a-
INEZ.

Mr. GRIGG.

fine. But to the point; you've got a pair of hands! What can I do? Your wishes are com-

(aside.) a tempo.

mand. a tempo. I think it quite as well to be polite, though of my beating heart I

INEZ.

Mr. GRIGG. (aloud.) I want—

JOSÉ.

hear the truth. If I can do anything for you, name it,

We

Blood! 

What?

Blood! 

want—
JOSE.

José.

Who'd to be Rob-ber-Chief as-pire,

Of that man we all re-quire

Deeds of dar-ing, words of fame!

Drink! drink! drink!

Who would press me to his side,

Call the Rob-ber-Queen his bride,

Deeds of blood must be his pride!

JOSE.

José.

Who'd to be Rob-ber-Chief as-pire,

Of that man we all re-quire

Deeds of dar-ing, words of fire!

Drink! drink! drink!

INÉZ.

Inez.

Deeds of dar-ing, words of fire!

Drink! drink! drink!

Deeds of fire!

Deeds of fire!
Ma GRIGG.

Deeds of fire! Deeds of blood must be his pride! Drink! drink!

Drank! drunk! drink! drink!

And my sire, what they of your son require; I from

Deeds and words of fire! Shrink! shrink! shrink!
INEZ.

Who'd to be Rob - ber-Chief as - pie, From that man we all re - quire Deeds of

Mr. GRIGG.

See, my mo - ther, and my sin, What they

JOSE.

Who'd to be Rob - ber-Chief as - pie, From that man we all re - quire Deeds of dar - ing,

dar - ing, words of fire! Drink! drink! drink!

of you, say re - quire; Shrink! shrink! shrink!

words of fire! words of fire! Drink! drink! drink!

Drink! drink! drink! Who'd to be Rob - ber

Shrink! shrink! shrink! See, my

Drink! drink! drink! Who'd to be Rob - ber -
Chief aspire, Of that man we all require Deeds of daring, words of fire! Drink! drink!

mother, and my sire,........ What they of your son re-

Chief aspire, Of that man we all require, Deeds of daring, words of fire! Drink! drink!

drink! Who'd to be Rob-ber-Chief aspire, Of that man we all require, Deeds of daring, words of fire!

-quire;........ I from deeds and words of fire........ Shrink! shrink!

drink! Who'd to be Rob-ber-Chief aspire, Of that man we all require, Deeds of daring, words of fire!

From that man we all require, Deeds of daring, words of fire!............ ............ words....

shrink! I from deeds and words of fire!............ Shrink!

From that man we all require, Deeds of daring, words of fire!............ words....
Ms. GRIGG. "I tried to stop him but he wouldn't stop."

No. 13. I FIRED EACH BARREL.

SONG.

Ms. GRIGG.

Allegro Martellato.

I fired each barrel; Bang!

bang! He fell, whoop! He begg'd and he pray'd me that I would stop; I

took him, I shook him, With such strong vigour, That helpless he was As a

dummy figure. I took him, I shook him, With such strong vigour, That
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

1st Verse.

 ayuda he was as a dum my fig ure, That help less he was as a dum my

2nd Verse.

 pop! and my gun! I broke all my wea pons ex cept ing one; We

Accomp.

Pop! and my gun! I broke all my weapons excepting one; We
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

No. 14

HAVE PITY, SIR!
FINALE.

RITA.

ALLEGRO.

Have pity, sir! To you I fly for aid. I cannot help you, miss. I am a fraud. Mercy! Help will soon be here.

JOSE.

SANCHO.

What does she mean? What does she mean?
Ma. GRIGG,

An English-man, my dear, Must for a female

say?

say?

say?

diss. p

Ma. GRIGG,

in distress be bold. These pistols. Now, come on!

INEZ.

Down with them! Down with them! Down with them!

JOSE.

Down with them! Down with them! Down with them!

SANCHO.

Down with them! Down with them! Down with them!

SOPRANI

Tenori.

Down with them! Down with them! Down with them!

BARIT.

Down with them! Down with them! Down with them!

ACCOMP.
OFFICER.

- sent!

I hold in my hand

- sent!

par - don for all..... in this rob - ber band!

Mr. GRIGG.

Your par - don is signed, Now isn't it kind? En - nough to send a man

cut of his mind. The par - don's for all, Says the of - fi - cer prim, Ex - cept for the Cap - tain, We
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Reacr. Mn. GRIGG.

don't par-don him; Seize him! quick, seize him! Ab-surd!

INEZ. f OFFICER.

I'm not the Cap-tain! He's Cap-tain! Then let him be

JOSE. p

He's Cap-tain!

SANCHO. p

He's Cap-tain!

Piu moderato. Mn. GRIGG.

shot! You won't de-sert your Cap-tain when he speaks in such los-ter-ing

Piu moderato.

(a tempo.

OFFICER.

those? A lot of sneaks. Ah! wretch-ed man, don't
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

Mr. GRIGG.

ag - gra - vate your er - ror.  Sir, I shall send a

VASQUEZ. Recit.

let - ter to the Times.  Stop, ser - jant, stop; This gen - tle - man's known to

Mr. GRIGG. Moderato.

me. I'll speak for him; he's no La - drone.  Thanks, no - ble Cap - tain of the

Span - ish guard! If you come to Lon - don, There's my end. La - drone fare - well! Good -

VASQUEZ.

bye you ug - ly fel - low! Now take me back a - gain to Com - pos - ted - lo. Join the
RITA.

ban - ish, I'm free as the air!

VASQUEZ.

You're mine! you're mine!

JOSÉ.

You can not be free!

SANCHO.

We'll dance and sing.

I'm free as air!

For the fest - ters of Hy - men I'll riv - et on

With pleasure and pride!
sorrow and care, Rejoicing I banish, I'm free as air, I'm free, I'm free, Now

mer-ry bells ring, Yes, we'll dance and we'll sing, let the mer-ry bells ring, we'll dance and sing with

can-not be free, The fet-ters of Hy-men I'll ri-vet on thee, your mine, your mine, you

mer-ry bells ring, Yes, we'll dance and we'll sing, let the mer-ry bells ring, we'll dance and sing with

mer-ry bells ring, Yes, we'll dance and we'll sing, let the mer-ry bells ring, we'll dance and sing with

dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll sing, we'll dance and sing with

dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll dance, we'll sing, we'll dance and sing with

pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. Ah!

pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. Ah!

pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. La la la la

pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. La la la la

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pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. La la la la

pleasure and pride, And here's to the Captain, and here's to his bride. bride. La la la la
THE CONTRABANDISTA.

END OF THE OPERA.
### THE ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS, IN VOCAL SCORE.

All with Italian and English Words, except when otherwise marked.

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Paper</th>
<th>Cloth Covers</th>
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#### BALLO IN MASCHERA

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#### BARBARESE DI NGUGLIA

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#### BERNARDIEN GHB (English)

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#### CROWN DIAMONDS

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#### DOME NOIR

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#### DON GIOVANNI

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#### DON PASQUALE

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#### ELSBETH D'AMORE

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#### FAVOURITA

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#### FILLE DE MADAME ANGOT (English and French)

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#### FLACIO MAGNO

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#### FLEURISIE (HOLLANDER (The Flying Dutchman)

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#### FRA RAIFOLIO

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#### FRICHEN SCHULZ (Italian, German, and English)

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#### GRAND SUGGEST (English and French)

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#### GRAND OPERA TELL

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### BALLAD OPERAS

Edited by J. L. Hatton and John Oxenford. Price 1s. each, or the four Operas in Cloth, Gilt, 5s.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No song. No supper.</th>
<th>REGAR'S OPERA.</th>
<th>DONNA.</th>
<th>LOVE IN A VILLAGE.</th>
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### BOOSEY'S CABINET OPERAS, FOR PIANOFORTE SOLO.

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<th>NORMA (167)</th>
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