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A

Cantata,

ENTITLED

THE CORSAIR;

THE WORDS SELECTED

(FROM BYRON'S WORKS)

AND THE MUSIC COMPOSED

BY

WILLIAM GLOVER,

AUTHOR OF THE ORATORIOS,

“Jerusalem,” “Emmanuel,” &c.

LONDON:

Robert Cocks and Co. New Burlington Street,

Music Publishers, by Special Appointment, to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria,
and to his Imperial Majesty Napoleon the Third.

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INDEX.

CONRAD— <i>The Corsair.</i>	(Bass.)	MEDORA— <i>Wife of Conrad.</i>	(Soprano.)
JUAN— <i>Conrad's Lieutenant.</i>	(Tenor.)	LEILA— <i>Beloved by Juan.</i>	(Mezzo Soprano.)
SEYD— <i>A Turkish Tyrant.</i>	(Barytone.)	GULNARE— <i>Greek Captive, oppressed by Seyd.</i>	(Contralto.)

Chorus of Greek Peasants, Sailors, &c. on the Sea-shore.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

OPENING CHORUS.

O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home.

SOLO—*Juan.* These are our realms, no limits to their sway,
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Our's the wild life, in tumult still to range,
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.

CHORUS. O'er the glad, &c. (A.)

SOLO—*Leila.* Our's are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead;
For us, even banquets foud regret supply,
In the red cup that crowns our memory.

CHORUS. O'er the glad, &c. (B.)

JUAN. A sail! a sail! a promis'd prize to hope;

Conrad. Her nation! flag! how speaks the telescope?

SOLO—*Juan.* No prize, alas, but yet a welcome sail,
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.

CHORUS. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark;

Blow fair, thou breeze, she anchors ere the dark.

DUET—*Juan and Leila.*

How gloriously her gallant course she goes,

Her white wings flying never from her foes.

CHORUS. Yes, she is ours, &c. (A.)

Conrad. Who would not brave the battle fire, the wreck,

To walk the monarch of her peopled deck?

CHORUS. Yes, she is ours, &c. (B.)

Juan. These letters, chief, are from the Greek—the spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh;
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report
Much that—

Conrad. Peace, peace, and cut this prating short;
Where is Gonsalvo?

Juan. In the anchor'd bark.

Conrad. There let him stay, to him this order bear;
Back to your duty, for my course prepare,
Myself this enterprise to-night will share.

Juan. To night! Lord Conrad?

Conrad. Aye, at set of sun,
My corslet, cloak, one hour, and we are gone.
[*Exeunt Juan and Leila.*]
Now to Medora, oh! my sinking heart,
Long may her own be lighter than thou art;
Wild and soft, I hear those accents,
Never, never heard too oft.

ARIA—*Medora (within.)*

Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore;
Save when to thine, my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

Remember me; oh! pass not thou my grave,
Without one thought whose relics there recline;
The only pang my bosom does not brave,
Must be, to find forgetfulness in thine.

[*Enter Medora.*]

Conrad. My own Medora, sure thy song is sad.

Medora. In Conrad's absence, would'st thou have it glad?

PAGE.		PAGE.
1	ARIETTA— <i>Medora.</i>	17
2	Without thine ear to listen to my lay, Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray. Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear, I only tremble when thou art not here.	
	Conrad.	19
4	My heart hath long been changed, Worm-like 'twas trampled, adder-like avenged; Yet dread not this, the proof of all the past Assures the future, that my love will last; But, oh! Medora, nerve thy gentle heart, This hour again, but not for long, we part.	
5	Medora.	20
5	This hour we part! my heart foreboded this; Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.	
6	Conrad.	21
7	Again, my love, if there be life below, I will return; but now the moments bring The time of parting with redoubled wing; This be thy comfort, that, when next we meet, Security shall make repose more sweet. List! 'twas the bugle, Juan shrilly blew, One kiss, one more, another, oh! adieu.	[Exit.]
7	Medora.	21
8	And is he gone? oh! sudden solitude! 'Twas but an instant past, and here he stood. He's gone—it is no dream,—and I am Desolate.	[Exit.]
8	(<i>The sea-shore.</i>)	
9	Conrad. Are all prepar'd?	23
9	Juan. They are; nay, more, embarked; The latest boat waits but my chief.	
10	Conrad.	
11	My sword and my capote; In three days, serve the breeze, the sun shall shine On our return; till then, all peace be thine. [Exit Conrad.]	
11	CHORUS.	23
13	'Tis done, and shiv'ring in the gale, The bark unfurls her snowy sail; And whistling o'er the bending mast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.	

PART II.

(*Turkish Banquet; Seyd and Guests assembled.*)

Slave.	A captive Dervise from the pirate's nest Escaped, is here, himself would tell the rest.	28
Seyd.	Whence com'st thou, Dervise?	
Dervise.	From the outlaw's den, a fugitive.	
Seyd.	Dream they of this our preparation? doom'd To view with fire their scorpion nest consum'd.	
Dervise.	Pacha, the fettered captive's mourning eye, That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy; This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape, They little deem of aught in peril's shape. Pacha, my limbs are faint, and nature craves Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves; Permit my absence, peace be with thee, peace With all around, now grant repose, release.	29
Seyd.	Well, as thou wilt, one question answer, Then in peace depart. How many? ha! it cannot sure be day? What star! what sun! is bursting on the bay? It shines! a lake of fire! away! away! Ho! treachery, my guards, my scimitar; The galleys feed the flames, and I afar. Accursed Dervise! these thy tidings—thou Some villain—spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now. (<i>Dervise throws off his robe—and appears as Conrad in complete armour</i>)	30
	[Exit Conrad.]	

8/18/34
 2.25
 Nonce

	PAGE.		PAGE.
CHORUS.		<i>Juan and Laughing Chorus.</i>	
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A lion rous'd by heedless hound; A tyrant wak'd to sudden strife, Starts not to more convulsive life.	31	We are a gallant company, Riding on land, and sailing o'er sea. We laugh at all things, Great and small things, Sick or well, on sea, or shore. While we're quaffing, Let's have laughing, Who among us cares for more?	50
<i>Conrad (supporting Gulnare).</i> Oh! wrong not, on your lives, One female form, remember we have wives; Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay, But still we spared, must spare the weaker prey. [Exit Conrad.]	35		
<i>Gulnare.</i> 'Twas strange, that Corsair thus with gore bedew'd, Seem'd gentler than Seyd in fondest mood; What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?	35	PART III. (<i>Conrad in a prison, reposing.</i>)	
ARIA— <i>Conrad (made prisoner).</i> Here's a sigh for those who love me, And a smile for those who hate, And whatever sky's above me, Here's a heart for ev'ry fate. Though the ocean roar around me, Yet it still shall bear me on, Though a desert should surround me, It hath springs that may be won. [Exit.]	36	SOLO— <i>Gulnare.</i> Yes, thou must die, there is but one resource, The last, the worst, if torture were not worse. If thou hast courage still, and would'st be free, Receive this poniard, rise, and follow me. But in one chamber, where our path must lead, There sleeps (he must not wake) the oppressor, Seyd.	55
ROMANZA— <i>Juan.</i> There be none of beauty's daughters With a magic like thee, And like music o'er the waters Is thy sweet voice to me; When as if its sound were causing The charmed ocean's pausing; The waves lie still and gleaming, And the lulled winds seem dreaming. When the midnight moon is weaving Her bright chain o'er the deep, Whose breast is gently heaving, As an infant's asleep, Then the spirit bows before thee, To listen and adore thee, With a full but soft emotion, Like the swell of summer ocean.	38	SOLO— <i>Conrad.</i> Seyd is mine enemy, hath swept my band From earth, with ruthless, but with open hand: And therefore came I in my bark of war, To smite the smiter with the scimitar; Such is my weapon, not the secret knife, Who spares a woman's, seeks not slumber's life.	56
DUET— <i>Juan and Leila.</i> And what unto us is the world beside, With all its change of time and tide? Its living things, its earth and sky, Are nothing to our mind and eye.	40	<i>Gulnare.</i> My life, my love, my hatred, all below Are on this cast. Corsair, 'tis but a blow; My youth disgraced, the long, long wasted years, One blow shall cancel, with our future fears. (<i>Gulnare offers, and he refuses the dagger.</i>) But since the dagger suits thee less than brand, I'll try the firmness of a female hand. (<i>She goes out and returns.</i>)	57
<i>Juan.</i> And thee will I bear to a lovely spot, Where our hands shall be joined and our sorrows forgot. (<i>The sea-shore. First boat arrives without Conrad. Medora to the crew.</i>)	40	<i>Conrad.</i> No poniard in that hand, nor sign of ill, Thanks to that softening heart, you could not kill.	58
SOLO. Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success, But, shall we see them, will their accents bless? From where the battle roars, the billows chafe, They doubtless boldly did, but who are safe?	44	<i>Gulnare.</i> 'Tis done, he nearly wak'd, but it is done. Corsair, he perished; thou art dearly won. All words would now be vain, away! away! Our bark is tossing, 'tis already day. (<i>Conrad, terrified, escapes, and refuses to let Gulnare follow him.</i>)	58
RONDO. Here let them haste to gladden and surprise, And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes. (<i>Second boat arrives without Conrad.</i>)	45	ARIA— <i>Gulnare.</i> Fare thee well, and if for ever, Still for ever fare thee well; E'en though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.	59
RECIT. Silent you stand, nor would I hear you tell. What—speak not—breathe not, for I know it well.	47	Ev'ry feeling hath been shaken, Pride, which not a word could bow, Bows to thee, by thee forsaken, E'en my soul forsakes me now.	
ARIA— <i>Medora.</i> Remind me not, remind me not, Of those below'd, those vanish'd hours, When all my soul was given to thee, Hours that may never be forgot, Till time unnerves our vital powers, And thou and I shall cease to be. Then tell me not, remind me not Of hours which, though for ever gone, Can still a pleasing dream restore Till thou and I shall be forgot, And senseless as the mould'ring stone Which tells that we shall meet no more. (<i>Exit Medora.</i>)	47	Fare thee well, thus disunited, Torn from ev'ry nearer tie; Sear'd in heart, and love, and blighted, More than this I scarce can die. (<i>The sea-shore</i>) (<i>Chorus at a distance.</i>)	
SONG— <i>Juan (who encourages the men.)</i> Fill the goblet again, for I never before Felt the glow which now gladdens my heart to its core, Let us drink, who would not, since, through life's varied round, In the goblet alone no deception is found. In the days of our youth when the heart's in its spring, And we dream that affection can never take wing, We had friends (who has not?), but what tongue will avow That friends, rosy wine, are as faithful as thou. Then the season of youth, and its vanities past, For refuge we fly to the goblet at last; There we find (do we not?), in the flow of the soul, That truth, as of yore, is confin'd to the bowl.	49	FUNERAL CHORUS. The convent bells are ringing, But mournfully and slow; In the grey square turret swinging, With a deep sound too and fro; Heavily to the heart they go. Now the hymn is singing, The song for the dead below. [Enter Conrad—Juan meeting him, whispers that Medora is dead.] <i>Juan and Chorus.</i> But wherefore weep, her matchless spirit soars Beyond where splendid shines the orb of day. <i>Conrad and distant Chorus.</i> } Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear, } Yet fresh the mem'ry of that beauteous face; } Still they call forth my warm affection's tear, } Still in my heart retain their wonted place. [Exit Juan. (<i>Medora seen in the distance. She gradually awakens from her trance, and joyfully recognizes Conrad.</i>)	60
		<i>Medora.</i> 'Twas but a dream! joy, joy. [Enter Juan and Leila, with marriage attendants, &c.]	61
		FINALE, QUARTETT AND CHORUS. The wars are over, the spring is come, The bride and her lover have sought their home; They are happy, we rejoice; Let their hearts have an echo in ev'ry voice.	63

The words of "The Corsair" were selected by Mr. W. GLOVER, with the kind permission of the Publisher, JOHN MURRAY, Esq.

INTRODUCTION.

Allegro molto.
♩ = 96.

Presto.
♩ = 160.

f

cres.

ff

O'ER THE GLAD WATERS OF THE DARK BLUE SEA. (No. 1.)

CHORUS. *mf* *cres.*

SOPRANO. *mf* *cres.*

ALTO. *mf* *cres.*

TENORE. *mf* *cres.*

BASS. *mf* *cres.*

Allegro.
♩ = 138.

souls as free, O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our

souls as free, O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our

souls as free, O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our

souls as free, O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil - lows' foam, Sur - vey our

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil - lows' foam, Sur - vey our

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil - lows' foam, Sur - vey our

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil - lows' foam, Sur - vey our

em-pire, and be-hold our home, and be-hold our home, O'er the glad
 em-pire, and be-hold our home, and be-hold our home, O'er the glad
 em-pire, and be-hold our home, and be-hold our home, O'er the glad
 em-pire, and be-hold our home, and be-hold our home, O'er the glad
 wa-ters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.
 wa-ters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.
 wa-ters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.
 wa-ters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free.
 Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be-hold
 Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be-hold
 Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be-hold
 Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be-hold

our home.

our home.

our home.

our home.

mf

THESE ARE OUR REALMS, NO LIMITS TO THEIR SWAY.

Attr. mf

JUAN.

Moderato.
♩ = 108.

p

These are our realms, no li - mits to their sway, Our flag the scep - tre, all who meet o-

bey. Our's the wild life, in tu - mult still to range, From toil to rest, from

cres. *f*

toil to rest, from toil to rest, and joy in eve - ry change.

cres. *f*

O'ER THE GLAD WATERS OF THE DARK BLUE SEA. (A)

CHORUS. *mf* *cres.*

SOPRANO. *mf* *cres.*

ALTO. *mf* *cres.*

TENORE. *mf* *cres.*

BASS. *mf* *cres.*

Allegro.
♩ = 138.

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be - hold our home.

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be - hold our home.

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be - hold our home.

souls as free, Far as the breeze can bear the bil-lows' foam, Sur-vey our em-pire, and be - hold our home.

cres.

OURS ARE THE TEARS, THOUGH FEW, SINCERELY SHED.

ALL. *p* *pp*

LEILA. *p* *pp*

Moderato.
♩ = 108.

Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed, When o - cean shrouds and se-pulchres our dead, For

us e'en ban-quets fond regret sup- ply, In the red cup that crowns our me-mo-ry, crowns our memory, our memory, In the red cup that crowns our me-mo-ry.

cres. *dim.* *p*

O'ER THE GLAD WATERS OF THE DARK BLUE SEA. (B.)

CHORUS. *mf*

SOPRANO. *mf* O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as

ALTO. *mf* O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as

TENOR. *mf* O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as

BASS. *mf* O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as

Allegro. $\text{♩} = 133.$ *mf*

free. Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam, Sur-vey our empire, and be-hold . . . our home. *f* *cres.* *ff*

free. Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam, Sur-vey our empire, and be-hold . . . our home. *f* *cres.* *ff*

free. Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam, Sur-vey our empire, and be-hold . . . our home. *f* *cres.* *ff*

free. Far as the breeze can bear the billows' foam, Sur-vey our empire, and be-hold . . . our home. *f* *cres.* *ff*

TRA LA.

LEILA.

Piu Allegro.
♩ = 150.

mf *p*

Tra - la, tra - la, tra - - la,

tra - - la...

cres.

tr *cres.* *tr* *tr*

mf *cres.* *f*

(No. 2.) A SAIL, A SAIL.

JUAN.

RECIT. *f*

A sail, a sail, a prom-is'd prize to hope.

CONRAD.

mf Her nation, flag, how

speaks the te - le - scope?

mf Allegro. *cres.*

NO PRIZE, ALAS, BUT YET A WELCOME SAIL.

Air. p *mf*

JUAN.

No prize, a - - las, but yet a welcome sail, The blood - red

Allegro Moderato.
♩ = 120

p *mf*

sig - nal glit - ters in the gale. No prize, a - las, but yet a welcome sail; the

blood - red sig - nal glit - ters in the gale.

cres.

YES, SHE IS OURS, A HOME-RETURNING BARK.

CHORUS. mf

SOPRANO.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

ALTO.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

TENOR.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

BASS.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

Allegro.
♩ = 138.

mf

anchors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou

anchors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou

anchors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou

anchors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou

breeze, she an-chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she an-chors ere the dark.

breeze, she an-chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she an-chors ere the dark.

breeze, she an-chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she an-chors ere the dark.

breeze, she an-chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she an-chors ere the dark.

HOW GLORIOUSLY HER GALLANT COURSE SHE GOES.

LEILA. *DJET. p* Tra - la ...

JUAN. *mf* How gloriously, how glorious-ly her gallant course she goes, her white wings flying never from her

foes, How gloriously, how gloriously her gallant course she goes, Her white wings flying never from her foes.

YES, SHE IS OURS, A HOME-RETURNING BARK. (A.)

CHORUS. *mf*

SOPRANO. *mf* Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

ALTO. *mf* Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

TENORE. *mf* Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

BASS. *mf* Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

Semore Legato.
♩ = 138.

an - chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she anchors ere . . . the dark.

an - chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she anchors ere . . . the dark.

an - chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she anchors ere . . . the dark.

an - chors ere the dark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she anchors ere . . . the dark.

WHO WOULD NOT BRAVE THE BATTLE FIRE.

Moderato. mf

CONRAD.

Who would not brave the bat-tle fire, the wreck, To walk the monarch of her peo - pled

deck, Who would not brave the bat - tle fire, the wreck, To walk the monarch of her

peo - - - - - pled deck, To walk the mon - arch of her peo - pled deck,

cres. f

YES, SHE IS OURS, A HOME-RETURNING BARK. (B.)

CHORUS. mf

SOPRANO.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

ALTO.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

TENOR.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

BASS.

Yes, she is ours, a home-returning bark, Blow fair, thou breeze, she

Allegro. J = 138.

mf cres.

The Corsair, by William Glover.—Robert Cocks and Co.

an - chors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow

an - chors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow

an - chors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow

an - chors ere the dark. Yes, she is ours, a home returning bark, Blow

fair, thou breeze, she an - - chors, an - chors ere the dark.

fair, thou breeze, she an - - chors, an - chors ere the dark.

fair, thou breeze, she an - - chors, an - chors ere the dark.

fair, thou breeze, she an - - chors, an - chors ere the dark.

fair, thou breeze, she an - - chors, an - chors ere the dark.

cres. *f*

mf *cres.*

f *cres.* *ff*

The Corsair, by William Glover. — Robert Cocks and Co.

(No. 3.) THESE LETTERS, CHIEF, ARE FROM THE GREEK.

Maestoso.
♩ = 116.

f

Moderato. p

JUAN.
(Giving letters.)

These letters, chief, are from the Greek—the spy, Who still proclaims our spoil or pe-ri-

RECIT.

CONRAD. *p*

nigh; whate'er his ti-dings, we can well report much that— Peace, peace, and cut this prating short.

f

Conrad, reading.

Where is Gon-sal - vo?

mf

JUAN.

CONRAD.

In the anchor'd bark. There let him stay, to him this order bear. Back to your du-ty, for my

course pre - pare, My - self this en - ter - prise to - night will share. To

py *cres.* *f* *JUAN.* *p*

f *f*

night! Lord Con-rad? Aye, at set of sun, my corslet—cloak—one hour, and we are

CONRAD.

mf

gone. *Exit Juan.*

Andante. *p*

NOW TO MEDORA.

p Andante. *<* *>*

CONRAD. Now to Me - do - ra! Oh! my sinking heart, Long may her own be

Sempre Legato. *p* *♩ = 72.*

(Conrad, listening.) *p*

light - er than thou art. Wild and

pp *p*

soft, I hear those accents ne-ver, ne-ver heard too oft.

dim.

(No. 4.) DEEP IN MY SOUL THAT TENDER SECRET DWELLS.

MEDORA.
(Within.)

(p. f. accomp.)

Andante.
♩ = 60.

mf

Deep in my soul that tender se-cret dwells, Lonely and lost to light for evermore, save

cres.

p

cres.

Sempre Legato.

when to thine my heart responsive swells, then trembles, trembles, trembles in-to silence as be-fore,

cres.

pp

dim.

in-to si-lence as be-fore.

p

Deep in my soul that tender

pp

cres.

p

Sempre Legato.

se - cret dwells, Lone - ly and lost to light for e - vermore, save when to thine my heart re-

cres.

pon - sive swells, Then trembles into silence as be - fore.

dim.

cres. *dim.* *mf*

Re - mem - ber me, oh! pass not thou my 'gra e, with-

mf

p

Sempre Legato.

out one thought whose relics there recline, The on - ly pang my bosom does not brave, Must

cres.

be to find for - getfulness in thine, must be to find for - getfulness in thine.

cres. *dim.* *p* *cres.*

cres.

Re - mem - ber me ; oh, pass not thou my grave, With - out one thought whose

f *p* *cres.*

Sempre Legato.

dim.

relies there recline ; The on - ly pang my bosom does not brave, Must be to find for getfulness in thine.

cres. *dim.* *p*

(No. 5.) MY OWN MEDORA.

Enter Medora.

Andante.
♩ = 66.

p *cres.*

*CONRAD, soothingly.**MEDORA.*

p My own Medo - ra, sure thy song is sad. In Conrad's absence would'st thou have it glad ?

Allegretto. ♩ = 84.

p With - out thine ear to listen to my lay,

cres. *f* *p*

dim.

Still must my song my thoughts, my soul be - tray, Still must my song my soul be - tray.

mf *cres.* *f*

Thou know'st it is not pe - ril that I fear, thou know'st it is not pe - ril that I fear,

mf *p*

It is not pe - ril that I fear; I on - ly trem - ble when thou art not here, I

(Smiling.) *mf* *cres.*

on - ly tremble when thou art not here. Without thine ear to lis - ten to my lay,

p

Still must my song . . my thoughts, my soul be - tray, Still must my song my thoughts, my soul . . be - tray,

cres. *p*
still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray. With-

rall. *mf* *dim.* *p*

a tempo.
out thine ear to listen to my lay, Still must my song my thoughts, my soul be-tray,

a tempo.

cres. *ad lib.*
Still must my song, still must my song my soul be tray.

cres. *cres.* *f*

MY HEART HATH LONG BEEN CHANGED.

CONRAD. *p*
My heart hath long been chang'd; Worm-like 'twas

Moderato.
 $\text{♩} = 72.$ *mf* *p*

cres. *tr*
trampled, my heart hath long been chang'd; Worm-like 'twas trampled,

Alligro Moderato. ♩ = 96.

worm-like'twas tram - pled, ad - der-like a - veng'd. Yet dread not

Tranquillo.

this; the proof of all the past As - sures the fu - ture that my love will

cres.

last. But, oh! Mo - do - ra! nerve thy gentle heart; This hour a -

gain, but not for long, we part. This hour we part. My heart foreboded

MEDORA, (*alarmed.*) *cres.*

p

(*regretfully*) this. Thus e-ver fade my fai - ry dreams of bliss. *dim.*

cres. *dim.*

AGAIN, MY LOVE.

mf a tempo. *cres.*

CONRAD.

Moderato.
♩ = 80.

p *cres.*

A - gain, my love, if there be life be-low, and hope above, I will re-turn; but

now the moments bring The time of part-ing with redoubled wing. This be thy comfort, that when next we

p *cres.* *mf*

Allegro. *mf*

meet, Se - cu - ri - ty shall make re-pose... more sweet. List! 'twas the bu-gle,

cres. *p* *f* *Trumpet.*

Ju-an shrilly blew; One kiss, one more, a - noth-er! oh! a - dien.

f *p*

AND IS HE GONE?

mf con molto sentimento.

MEDORA.

Andante.
♩ = 69.

p

(Exit Conrad.)

And is he

gone, and is he gone? Oh! sud - den so-li-tude! 'Twas but an instant past, and

p *mf*

Sempre Legato.

(Smiling.) *p* *cres.* *dim.* *cres.*

here he stood, 'Twas but an in - stant past, and here he stood, an

cres. *dim.* *cres.*

in - stant past, and here he stood.

mf

cres. *dim.* *Exit Medora.*

He's gone, he's gone! it is no dream, no dream, and I am de - so - late.

p *pp*

p *cres.* *cres.* *dim.*

(No. 6.) ARE ALL PREPARED?

RECIT. CONRAD. *mf* JUAN. CONRAD.

Are all prepar'd? They are; nay, more, embark'd; the latest boat waits but my chief. My

Allegro. *f* *p* *f*

sword and my ca-pote. In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine on our return; till then, all peace be thine!

mf *p*

(Exit Conrad in a boat)

'TIS DONE, AND SHIVERING IN THE GALE.

Allegro. *mf* *cres.*

♩ = 88.

(Exit Juan.)

CHORUS. *mf*

'Tis done, and shiv'ring in the gale, The

mf *mf* *mf*

'Tis done, and shiv'ring in the gale, The

mf *mf* *mf*

'Tis done, and shiv'ring in the gale, The

cres. *mf* *f*

cres.

bark un - furls her snow - y sail, And whistling o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings on high the
 bark un - furls her snow - y sail, And whist - ling o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings on high the
 bark un - furls her snow - y sail, And whist - ling o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings on high the
 bark un - furls her snow - y sail, And whist - ling o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings on high the

f

cres.

fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast,
 fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast,
 fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast,
 fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast,

f

Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.
 Loud sings on high,
 Loud sings on high,
 Loud sings on high,
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.
 Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast.

mf *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *mf* *f* *sf*

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "The Fresh'ning Blast". It includes vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sings on high the fresh'ning blast, the fresh'ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh' - ning". The score features various musical notations including treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and dynamic markings such as "cres." (crescendo). The piano part consists of chords and arpeggiated figures.

cres. sings on high the fresh'ning blast, the fresh'ning blast, Loud *cres.* sings on high the fresh' - ning

cres. sings on high the fresh'ning blast, the fresh'ning blast, Loud *cres.* sings on high the fresh' - ning

cres. sings on high the fresh'ning blast, the fresh'ning blast, Loud *cres.* sings on high the fresh' - ning

cres. sings on high the fresh'ning blast, the fresh'ning blast, Loud *cres.* sings on high the fresh' - ning

cres. *cres.*

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blast.

blast.

blast.

blast.

mf

'Tis done, and shiv'-ring in the gale, The

mf

'Tis done, and shiv'-ring in the gale, The

mf

'Tis done, and shiv'-ring in the gale, The

mf

'Tis done, and shiv'-ring in the gale, The

ff

mf

bark un-furls her snow-y sail, And whistling o'er the bend-ing mast,

bark un-furls her snow-y sail,

bark un-furls her snow-y sail, whistling o'er the bending mast, and whistling

bark un-furls her snow-y sail, whistling o'er the bending mast,

cres.
Loud sings the

cres.
o'er the bend - ing mast, And whist - ling o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings the

cres.
o'er the bend - ing mast, o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings the

cres.
o'er the bend - ing mast, o'er the bend - ing mast, Loud sings the

cres.
fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on

f
fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on

f
fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on

f
fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on high the fresh' - ning blast, Loud sings on

cres.
high the fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - - - - ning blast.

cres.
high the fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - - - - ning blast.

cres.
high the fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - - - - ning blast.

cres.
high the fresh' - ning blast, the fresh' - - - - ning blast.

cres.

cres.

cres.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

PART THE SECOND.

TURKISH BANQUET, SEYD AND GUESTS ASSEMBLED.

(No. 7.) A CAPTIVE DERVISE.

Moderato.

mf

(Enter Slave.)

p

A cap-tive Der-vice, from the

(Enter Dervise.)

pirate's nest escap'd, is here; him-self would tell the rest.

Allegretto.

p

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SEYD. *mf*DERVISE. *Allegro.*SEYD. *mf*

Whence com'st thou, Dervise? From the out-law's den, a fu-gi-tive. Dream they of

this our pre-pa-ra-tion; doom'd to view with fire their scor-pion nest con-sum'd?

DERVISE. (*Tranquillo.*)

Pa-cha, the fet-ter'd cap-tive's mourn-ing eye, That weeps for flight, but ill can play the

spy; This may'st thou judge at least from my es-cape, They lit-tle deem of aught in pe-ri-l's

shape. Pa-cha, my limbs are faint, and na-ture craves food for my hun-ger, rest from toss-ing

waves; permit my absence. Peace be with thee, peace with all around! now grant re- pose, re- lease.

SEYD. *mf* *dim.*
Well, as thou wilt; one ques- tion an- swer, then in peace de- part. How ma- ny? — ha! it cannot sure be

agitato. cres. *Recit. in tempo. cres.*
day. What star, what sun is burst- ing on the bay? It shines a lake of fire! a - *Allegro molto.*

- way, away! ho! treach- e- ry! My guards, my sci - mi- tar. The gal- leys feed the flames, and I a -
(Ships seen on fire, — confusion.)

- far. Ae- curs- ed Der- vise! these thy ti- dings! thou some vil- lain spy! — Seize — cleave him — slay him

now!
Allegro ♩ = 100. (Dervise throws off his robe and appears as Conrad in complete armour.)

f

(Enter Conrad's forces.)

(No. 8 A.) A WAR-HORSE AT THE TRUMPET'S SOUND.

CHORUS. *f*

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li - on rous'd by heed-less hound, A ty-rant wak'd to sud - den

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li - on rous'd by heed-less hound, A ty-rant wak'd to sud - den

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li - on rous'd by heed-less hound, A ty-rant wak'd to sud - den

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li - on rous'd by heed-less hound, A ty-rant wak'd to sud - den

Allegro con fuoco è staccato.

strife, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life,
 strife, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life,
 strife, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life,
 strife, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life, Starts not to more con - vul - sive life,
 (They advance and retreat.)

Starts not to more con - vul - sive life. A war-horse at the trum - pet's
 Starts not to more con - vul - sive life. A war-horse at the trum - pet's
 Starts not to more con - vul - sive life. A war-horse at the trum - pet's
 Starts not to more con - vul - sive life. A war-horse at the trum - pet's

sound,..... the trum - pet's, trum - - - pet's sound,
 sound,..... the trum - pet's, trum - - - pet's sound,
 sound,..... the trum - pet's, trum - - - pet's sound,
 sound,..... the trum - pet's, trum - - - pet's sound,

Starts not to more con-vul-sive life, Starts not to more con-vul sive life. A

Starts not to more con-vul-sive life, Starts not to more con-vul-sive life. A

Starts not to more con-vul-sive life, Starts not to more con-vul-sive life. A

Starts not to more con-vul-sive life, Starts not to more con-vul-sive life. A

(They advance and retreat.)

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li-on rous'd,..... ff

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li-on rous'd,..... ff

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li-on rous'd,..... ff

war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A war-horse at the trumpet's sound, A li-on rous'd,..... ff

cres. ff

by trumpet's sound, by trum - pet's sound.

....by trumpet's sound, by trum - pet's sound.

....by trumpet's sound, by trum - pet's sound

.... by trumpet's sound, by trum - pet's sound.

sf (Tumult—cry of Women.)

(No. 9.) O WRONG NOT, ON YOUR LIVES.

(Enter Conrad supporting Gulnare.) *mf*

CONRAD.

O wrong not, on your lives, one fe-male form,

Allegro. *f*

re-mem-ber we have wives, man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay, but still, we

mf *f*

(Exit Conrad.)

spar'd, must spare the weak-er prey.

Allegro ♩ = 116.

p *f*

GULNARE.

'Twas strange, that Cor-sair thus with gore be-dew'd, seem'd

p *p*

gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood. What sud-den spell hath made this man so dear?

pp *p* *mf* *Allegro mollo.*

(Enter Conrad, a prisoner.) (Exit Gubmare.)

(Nos. 10 and 11.) HERE'S A SIGH FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME.

ARIA.
CONRAD.

Fieramente. *p* *mf* *cres.*

1. Here's a sigh for those who love me, And a smile for those who hate, And what-
2. Though the o - cean roar a - round me, Yet it still shall bear me on, Though a

Allegro.
♩ = 120.

p *cres.* *mf*

- - e - ver sky's a - bove .. me, Here's a heart for ev' - ry fate. Here's a sigh for those who
de - sert should sur - round me, It hath springs that may be won. Though the o - cean roar a -

p

cres. *f*

love me, And a smile for those who hate me, And a smile for those who hate, And what - e - ver sky's a -
- round me, Tho' the o - cean roar a - round me, Yet it still shall bear me on, Though a de - sert should sur -

cres.

p

- - bove .. me, Here's a heart for ev' - ry fate. Here's a sigh for those who love me, And a
- - round me, It hath springs that may be won. Though the o - cean roar a - round me, Yet it

mf *cres.*

smile for those who hate, And what-e-ver sky's a - bove me, Here's a heart for ev'-ry
still shall bear me on, Though a de - sert should sur-round me, It hath springs that may be

cres.

mf

fate..... Here's a heart for ev'-ry fate, Here's a
won..... Though a de - sert should surround me, It hath

sf *cres.* *p* *mf*

cres. *rall.*

heart for ev'-ry fate, And what-e-ver sky's a - bove me, Here's a heart for ev'-ry fate, Here's a
springs that may be won, Though a de - sert should surround me, It hath springs that may be won, It hath

cres. *sf* *rall.*

heart for ev'-ry fate.
springs that may be won.

(Exeunt.)

f *più allegro.*

f

JUAN AND LEILA IN A GARDEN.

(No. 12.) THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

ROMANZA. *Con molto sentimento.*

JUAN.

Allegro Moderato.
♩ = 126.

p

There be none of beau - ty's daugh - ters With a magic like

cres.

dim.

thee, And like mu - sic o'er the wa - ters Is thy sweet voice to me, Is thy sweet voice to

p

me; When, as if its sound were caus - ing The charmed ocean's paus - ing, The

cres. *pp*

waves lie still and gleam - ing, And the lull'd winds seem dream - ing, The waves lie still and

cres.

gleam - ing, And the lull'd winds seem dream - ing, the lull'd winds seem dream - ing, seem

pp *cres.*

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cres. >

dream - ing, the lull'd winds seem dream - ing, seem dream - ing, seem dream -

cres. *dim.*

mf <

ing. When the

mf *cres.* *dim.*

dim.

mid - night moon is weav - ing, Her bright chain o'er the deep, Whose breast is gently heav-ing,

p *cres.* *Sempre legato.*

pp

As an in - fant's asleep, As an in - fant's a - sleep; Then the spirit bows be - fore thee, to

p *pp* *cres.*

p *cres.* < >

lis - ten and a - dore thee, With a full but soft e - mo - tion, Like the swell of sum-mer

cres. *p* *cres.*

o - - cean, With a full but soft e - mo - tion, Like the

swell of sum-mer o - cean, the swell of sum-mer o - cean, With a full but soft e -

motion, Like the swell of sum-mer o - cean, the swell of sum-mer o - - - cean.

dim.

(No. 13.) AND WHAT UNTO US IS THE WORLD BESIDE?

DUET.

LEILA. And what un - to us is the world be - side,

JUAN. And what un - to us is the

S^{va} all. loco.

Allegro.
♩ = 138.

With all its change of time and tide? Its
world be - side, With all its change of time and tide? Its
8^{va.} *loc.*

liv - ing things, its earth and sky are no - thing to our mind and eye. And what un - to us is the
liv - ing things, its earth and sky are no - thing to our mind and eye. And what un - to us is the

world be - side, With all .. its change of time and tide, With all its change of time and tide?
world be - side, With all .. its change of time and tide, With all its change of time and tide?

p What un - to us is the world be - side, And what un - to us is the world be - side?
p *cres.* What un - to us is the world be - side, the world beside? Its
mf *p*

*Piu Allegro.**mf*

Its li-ving things, its earth and sky are

liv - ing things, its earth and sky are nothing to our mind and eye.

no-thing to our mind and eye, Its liv - ing things, its earth and sky, its earth and sky, its

Its earth and sky, its earth and sky, its earth and sky,

earth and sky.

What un - to us is the world be - side, With

Thee will I bear to a love - ly spot, Where our

all its change of time and tide, all its change of time and tide, With all its change of

hands shall be join'd and our sor - rows for-got, our sorrows for-got, our sorrows for-got.

The Corsair, by William Glover.—Robert Cocks and Co.

time and tide, And what un - to us is the world be - side?.. Our hands shall be join'd and our

And thee will I bear to a love - ly spot,.. Our hands shall be join'd and our

sor - rows for - got, Our hands shall be join'd and our sor - rows for - got, Our hands shall be join'd and our

sor - rows for - got, Our hands shall be join'd and our sor - rows for - got, Our hands shall be join'd and our

cres.

mf *cres.* *f* *tr* *Exeunt.*

sor - rows for - got, our sor - rows, our sor - rows, our sor - rows for - got.

sor - rows for - got, our sor - rows, our sor - rows for - got.

mf

cres. *f*

cres. *ff*

SEA-SHORE—FIRST BOAT ARRIVES, CONTAINING CONRAD'S FOLLOWERS.

OH! ARE THEY SAFE?

RECIT.
(In Tempo.)

(Enter Medora.) (Medora to the crew.) *p*

Oh! are they safe? we ask not of suc-

Moderato. *mf* *p*

cess? But shall we see them? will their ac-cents bless? From where the bat-tle roars, from

mf *f*

where the battle roars, the bil-lows chafe, they doubt-less bold-ly did, but who are

cres. *mf* *f*

safe, who are safe, who, who are safe.

dim. *mf* *f*

HERE LET THEM HASTE TO GLADDEN AND SURPRISE.

ARIA.

Allegro. *mf*

$\text{♩} = 92.$

Rondo Brillante.

mf Here let them haste to glad-den and sur-
p

prise, And kiss the doubt from these de-light-ed eyes; Here let them

haste to glad-den and sur - prise, And kiss the doubt from these de-light-ed

eyes, and kiss the doubt, and kiss the doubt from

these de-light-ed eyes,

mf

Here let them haste to glad - den and sur - prise, And kiss the

p

cres.

doubt from these de - light - ed eyes.

f

mf

Here let them haste to gladden and sur -

p

prise, And kiss the doubt from these de-light - ed eyes.

f

mf

cres.

f

Here let them haste to glad-den and sur - prise, And kiss the doubt from these de-light-ed eyes.

cres.

p

f

SECOND BOAT ARRIVES WITHOUT CONRAD.

(No. 15.) SILENT YOU STAND.

Adagio.
♩ = 60.

f *cres.* *cres.*

mf (*Medora to the men.*)

Si - lent you stand, nor would I hear you tell — What — speak not — breathe not, for I know it well.

mf

REMIND ME NOT.

Con molto espressione.

ARIA.
MEDORA.

Andante.
♩ = 63.

p

Re -
Re -

cres.

mind me not, re-mind me not of those be-lov'd, those van-ish'd hours, When all my soul,
mind me not, re-mind me not of hours, which, tho' for e-ver gone, Can still a pleasing

p

all my soul, When all my soul, my soul was giv'n to thee, When all my soul was
dream restore, Can still a pleasing, pleasing dream re-store, Can still a pleas-ing

cres. *mf* *p*

giv'n to thee, Hours that may ne-ver be for-got, Till time un-nerves our
dream re - - store, Till thou and I shall be for-got, And sense-less as tho'

dim. vi-tal pow'rs, And thou and I shall cease to be. (*cres.* Remind me not, re-mind me not of
mould'ring stone, Which tells that we shall meet no more. Remind me not, re mind me not of

those belov'd, those van-ish'd hours, When all my soul, when all my soul, my soul was
hours which tho' for e-ver gone, for e-ver gone,) And sense-less as the

dim. giv'n to thee, When all.. my soul was giv'n to thee. *Exit Medora.*
mould'ring stone, Which tells that we shall meet no more.

ENTER JUAN, WHO ENCOURAGES THE MEN.

(No. 16.) FILL THE GOBLET.

TENOR SONG.
Allegro Moderato.
♩ = 126.

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JUAN. (*Energico.*)*mf*

Fill the gob - let a - gain, for I ne - ver be - fore felt the glow which now gladdens my
In the days of our youth, when the heart's in its spring, And we dream that af - fec - tion can
Then the sea - son of youth, and its va - ni - ties past, For re - fuge we fly to the

p *cres.* *mf*

heart to its core, Let us drink (who would not?), since, thro' life's va - ried roud, In the gob - let a -
ne - ver take wing, We had friends (who has not?), but what tongue will a - vow, That friends, ro - sy
gob - let at last, Then we find (do we not?), in the flow of the soul, That truth, as of

cres. *f* *mf* *cres.* *f*

- lone no de - cep - tion is found, In the gob - let a - lone no de - cep - tion is found,
wine, are as faith - ful as thou, That friends, ro - sy wine, are as faith - ful as thou,
yore, is con - fin'd to the bowl, That truth, as of yore, is con - fin'd to the bowl,

Let us drink (who would not?), Let us drink (who would
That friends, ro - sy wine, That friends, ro - sy
That truth, as of yore, .. That truth, as of

f *mf*

not?), In the gob - let a - lone no de - cep - tion is found,
wine, That friends, ro - sy wine, are as faith - ful as thou,
yore, That truth, as of yore, is con - fin'd to the bowl,

cres.

mf *cres.*

Let us drink (who would not?), since, thro' life's va-ried round, In the
We had friends (who has not?), but what tongue will a - vow, That
Then we find (do we not?), in the flow of the soul, That

mf *cres.*

CHORUS in unison.

gob - let a - lone no de - cep - tion is found. Let us drink (who would not?), since, thro'
friends, ro - sy wine, are as fai h - ful as thou. We had friends (who has not?), but what
truth, as of yore is con - fin'd to the bowl. Then we find (do we not?), in the

f

life's va - ried round, In the gob - let a - lone no de - cep - tion is found.
tongue will a - vow, That friends, ro - sy wine, are as faith - ful as thou.
flow of the soul, That truth, as of yore, is con - fin'd to the bowl.

(No. 17.) WE ARE A GALLANT COMPANY.
JUAN AND LAUGHING CHORUS.

JUAN. We are a gallant com - pa - ny, Rid - ing on

TREBLE. *f* *>*

ALTO. *f* *>* We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny, We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny,

TENORE. *f* *>* We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny, We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny,

BASS. *f* *>* We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny, We are a gal - lant com - pa - ny,

Allegro. *f* *>* *mf* *f* *>* *mf*

♩ = 104.

land, and sail - ing o'er sea.

First system of the musical score. It features four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "land, and sail - ing o'er sea." and "Rid - ing on land, and sail - ing o'er". The piano part includes a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

rid - ing on land, sail - ing o'er sea, rid - ing on land, and

Second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "sea, rid - ing on land, sail - ing o'er sea, rid - ing on land, and" and "sea, rid - ing on land, sail - ing o'er sea, rid - ing on land, and". The piano part continues with a *cres.* marking.

sea, rid - ing on land, sail - ing o'er sea, rid - ing on land,

sail - ing o'er sea. (Cho.) *cres.* *mf* (Juan.)

Third system of the musical score. It features the vocal staves and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "sail - ing o'er sea, We are a gal-lant com - pa - ny, While we're quaffing," and "sail - ing o'er sea. We are a gal-lant com - pa - ny,". The piano part includes *cres.* (crescendo) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) markings.

(Juan.) *mf* ha! ha! ha! ha!

let's have laughing, Who among us cares for more,

(Chor.) *mf* Laugh at all things, great and small things, Sick or well, on

Laugh at all things, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Laugh at all things, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Laugh at all things, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

(Juan *ad lib.*)*cres.*

sea or shore. While you're quaffing, let's have laughing, Who a-mong us cares for more. While you're quaffing,

cres.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who a-mong us cares for more. ha! ha! ha! ha!

cres.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who a-mong us cares for more. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

cres.

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Who a-mong us cares for more. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*cres.**mf* (Juan.)

let's have laughing, Who a-mong us cares for more. Who a-mong us cares for more, who cares, who

let's have quaffing, Who a-mong us cares for more.

let's have quaffing, Who a-mong us cares for more.

let's have quaffing, Who a-mong us cares for more.

The Corsair, by William Glover.—Robert Cocks and Co.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! While we're quaffing, let's have laughing,

While you're quaffing, let's have laughing, Who among us cares for more, While you're quaffing, let's have laughing,
 Who cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re. While we're qua-a-a-a-aff-ing,
 Who cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re. While we're qua-a-a-a-aff-ing,
 Who cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re. While we're qua-a-a-a-aff-ing,
 Who cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re. While we're qua-a-a-a-aff-ing,

While you're quaff-ing, let's have laughing, Who among us cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re, who
 Who a-mong us cares for more, Who a-mong us cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re, who
 Who a-mong us cares for more, Who a-mong us cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re, who
 Who a-mong us cares for more, Who a-mong us cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re, who
 Who a-mong us cares for more, Who a-mong us cares for mor-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-or-re, who

cares for more. cares for more. cares for more. cares for more.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

The Corsair, by William Glover.—Robert Cocks and Co.

PART THE THIRD
CONRAD IN A PRISON, REPOSING.
(No. 18.) YES, THOU MUST DIE.

(Enter Guldare, stealthily.)

Andante.
68.

p GULDARE. *cres.* *pp*

Yes, thou must die, there is but one re-source. The last, the worst, if tor-ture

Più allegro. *cres.* *cres.*

were not worse. If thou hast cou-age still, and would'st be free, Re-

pp (Whispering).

ceive this poniard, rise, and fol-low me. But in one cham-ber where our path must

cres. *pp* *Conrad startled.*

lead, There sleeps (he must not wake) the op-press-or Seyd.

* SEYD IS MINE ENEMY.

CONRAD.

 $\text{♩} = 138.$
Allegro.

mf

Seyd is mine e-ne-my! hath swept my band From earth with

mf

ruthless, but with o - - pen hand; And therefore came..... I in my bark of war, To

smite the smi - ter, to smite the smi - ter, to smite the smi - - ter

with the sei - mi - tar. (He repulses Guldare.)

mf Such is my wea - pon, *p* not the se - cret knife, *mf* who spares a

p *cres.*

* Pronounced *Seed* by Byron.*The Corsair, by William Glover.—Robert Cocks and Co.*

woman's, seeks not slum - ber's life, Who spares a wo - man's, seeks not slum - ber's life.

cres. *mf* *mf*

MY LIFE, MY LOVE, MY HATRED, ALL BELOW.

(persuasively.)

GULNAIRE. My life, my love, my ha - tred, all be - low, all, all are on this cast;

Allegretto. *p*

$\text{♩} = 152.$

Corsair, 'tis but a blow, Corsair, 'tis but a blow; My youth disgraced, the long, long wasted

cres. *f* *sf* *sf*

years, One blow shall can - cel with our fu - ture fears. But since the dag - ger

She offers the dagger, and he refuses it.
RECIT. GULNAIRE. (*indignantly.*)

cres. *f* *mf* *f*

suits thee less than brand, I'll try the firm - ness, the firm - ness of a

(exit.) (Conrad tries to break his chain, and prevent her departure.)

fe - - male hand.

mf *Allegro.* *cres.* *cres.* *f*

(Conrad releases himself as Gulnare enters).

f *mf* *dim.* *p*

NO PONIARD IN THAT HAND.

(tranquillo.)

CONRAD.

No po-niard in that hand, nor sign of ill, Thanks to that soft'ning heart, you could not

p *p*

(She stares wildly, and he discovers blood upon her hand.)

GULNARE. (anxiously.)

kill. 'Tis done, he near-ly wak'd, but it is done; Cor sair, he pe-rish'd; thou art dear-ly

cres. *f*

won, All words would now be vain, a-way, a-way, Our bark is toss-ing, 'tis al-rea-dy day.

p *mf* *cres.* *f* *Allegro molto.*

(Conrad, terrified, escapes, and refuses to let Gulnare follow him.)

cres. *dim.*

(No. 19.) FARE THEE WELL.

ARIA.
GULNARE.*Con molto
espressione.**Andante.*

♩ = 69.

Fare thee well, and if for e - ver, still for e - ver fare thee well; E'en though un - for -
Ev' - ry feel - ing hath been sha ken, pride which not a world could bow; Bows to thee, by
Fare thee well, thus dis - u - ni - ted, torn from ev' - ry near - er tie; Sear'd in heart, and



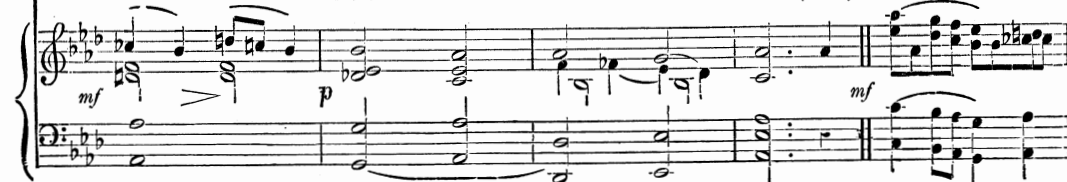
giv - ing, ne - ver 'gainst thee shall my heart re - bel. E'en though un - for
thee for - sa - ken, e'en my soul for - sakes me now. Bows to thee, by
love, and blighted, more than this I scarce can die. Sear'd in heart, and



giv - ing, ne - ver 'gainst thee shall my heart re - bel, E'en though un - for - giv - ing, ne - ver
thee for - sa - ken, e'en my soul for - sakes me now, Bows to thee, by thee for - sa - ken,
love, and blighted, more than this I scarce can die, Sear'd in heart, and love, and blighted,



ne - ver shall my heart re - bel.
e'en my soul for - sakes me now.
more than this I scarce can die. (Exit.)



1st and 2nd time. Last time.



THE SEA-SHORE.

FUNERAL CHORUS.—IN THE DISTANCE, WITH ORGAN ACCOMPANIMENT ONLY,
WITH SOLI FOR JUAN AND CONRAD.

(No. 20.) THE CONVENT BELLS ARE RINGING.

Adagio. $\text{♩} = 63.$ *Sempre legato.*

TREBLE.
ALTO.

TENORE.
BASS.

Sempre legato. *p.* But mournful-ly and slow, In the grey square tur-ret,
The con-vent bells are ring-ing, But mournful-ly and slow, In the grey square tur-ret,
swing-ing, With a deep sound, to and fro.
swing-ing, With a deep sound, to and fro. Hea-vi-ly to the heart they go, Now the hymn is

(Enter Conrad; Juan meeting him, whispers that Medora is dead.)

pp *cres.* *cres.*
The song for the dead be-low, the dead be-low, the hymn is sing-ing The song for the dead be-
pp *cres.*
sing-ing The song for the dead be-low, the dead be-low, the hymn is sing-ing The song for the dead be-

(Juan to Conrad) (*tranquillo.*) *cres.*

p But wherefore weep? her matchless spi-rit soars, Beyond where splendid shines the
low, The convent bells are ring-ing, But mournful-ly and slow, In the grey square turret
low, The convent bells are ring-ing, But mournful-ly and slow, In the grey square turret

p

orb, the orb of day, be - yond where splendid shines the orb, the orb of
swing - ing, With a deep sound to and fro, With a deep sound to and fro,..... to and
swing - ing, With a deep sound to and fro, With a deep sound to and fro, to and

CONRAD.

day. Yet is remembrance of those vir-tues dear, yet
. fro, the convent bells are ringing to and fro,..... to..... and fro,
fro, the convent bells are ringing to and fro,..... to..... and fro,

dim. *pp* *dim.* *pp* *Organ tacet.*

fresh the mem'ry of that beauteous face, Still they call forth my warm af - fection's tear,
to and fro, to and fro,..... With a deep sound to and

Still in my heart re-tain their won-ted place. (Exit Juan.)

fro, a deep sound, a deep sound to and fro.

fro, a deep sound, a deep sound to and fro.

(Orchestra.) (No. 21.)

Andante. *mf* *ff*

(Medora seen at a distance, gazing vacantly.)

(She approaches.) (Conrad, terrified, retreats.)

Silent. *ff* *Bell tolls, starting Medora.* *ff* *Be'l tolls.* *ff*

Medora gradually awakens from her trance, and joyfully recognizes Conrad.

MEDORA. *mf* *cres.* *f*

'Twas but a dream, 'twas but a dream, joy! joy!

132.

Allegro molto. *cres.* *ff*

FINALE. QUARTETT AND CHORUS. THE WARS ARE OVER.

Allegro.
♩ = 120.

cres.
mf Enter Juan, Leila in bridal attire, and marriage attendants. *f*

mf TRIO.

MEDORA.
The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come, The bride and her lo - ver have

LEILA.
The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come, The bride and her lo - ver have

JUAN.
The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come, The bride and her lo - ver have

p

cres.
sought their home..... They are hap - py, we re - joice, Let their

sought their home..... They are hap - py, we re - joice, Let their

sought their home..... They are hap - py, we re - joice, Let their

cres.

cres. CHO. *mf*
hearts have an e - cho in ev' - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is

hearts have an e - cho in ev' - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is

cres. CHO. *mf*
hearts have an e - cho in ev' - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is

CHO. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is

cres. *mf*

QUARTETT. *f* CHORUS.

come, The bride and her lo - ver have sought their home; They are hap - py,

come, The bride and her lo - ver have sought their home; They are hap - py,

come, The bride and her lo - ver have sought their home; They are hap - py,

come, The bride and her lo - ver have sought their home; They are hap - py,

p *f*

mf QUARTETT. *cres.* CHORUS.

we re - joice, let their hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, let their

we re - joice, let their hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, let their

we re - joice, let their hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, let their

we re - joice, let their hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, let their

mf *cres.* *p* *f*

QUARTETT.

hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, Let their hearts have an e - cho in

hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, Let their hearts have an e - cho in

hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, Let their hearts have an e - cho in

hearts have an e - cho in ev' - - ry voice, Let their hearts have an e - cho in

mf

CHORUS. *cres.*
 ev' - - ry voice. The Spring is come.

CHORUS. *cres.*
 ev' - - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come.

cres.
 ev' - - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come, The wars are

cres.
 ev' - - ry voice. The Spring is come, The wars are

mf *cres.*

f
 the Spring is come.

f
 the Spring is come.

f
 o - ver, the Spring is come.

f
 o - ver, the Spring is come.

f

(Solo Soprano.)
 The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come, The wars are o - - ver the

The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come,

The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come,

The wars are o - ver, the Spring is come,

f *mf*

QUARTETT. CHORUS. QUARTETT.

We are hap - py, we re - joice. Let their hearts have an e-cho in

We are hap - py, we re - joice. Let their hearts have an e-cho in

We are hap - py, we re - joice. Let their hearts have an e-cho in

We are hap - py, we re - joice. Let their hearts have an e-cho in

p *>* *f* *tf* *p* *>*

QUARTETT AND CHORUS.

ev' - - - ry voice. They are

ev' - - - ry voice. CHORUS. They are

ev' - - - ry voice. The wars are o - ver, They are

ev' - - - ry voice. They are

cres. *f*

hap - py, They are hap - - - - py, The

hap - py, They are hap - - - - py, The

hap - py, They are hap - - - - py, we re - - - - joice. The

hap - py, They are hap - - - - py, we re - - - - joice. The

mf *f*

Spring is come, the Spring is come.

Spring is come, the Spring is come.

Spring is come, The wars are o-ver, the Spring is come.

Spring is come, The wars are o-ver, the Spring is come.

Andante.
QUARTETT.

we re-joice,..... we re-joice.

we re-joice,..... QUARTETT we re-joice.

we re-joice,..... AND f we re-joice.

we re-joice,..... CHORUS. we re-joice.

we re-joice,..... we re-joice.

Presto.
ff f

THE END.

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