

No. 7.

ARIA—Frederic & Chorus of Girls.

FRED.

Oh, is there not one mai-den breast Which

Andante.

PIANO.

p *ff* *p*

does not feel the mo-ral beau-ty Of mak-ing worldly in-te-rest Sub-or-din-ate to sense of

du-ty? **B** Who would not give up will-ing-ly All ma-tri-mo-nial am-bi-tion, To

rall.

res - - cue such an ooe as I From his un - for - tu - mate po - si - tion! From this po

a tempo.

si - tion, to res - - cue such an one as I From his . . un - for - tu - mate po - si

pp dolce. *cris.* *dim.*

C *p* CHORUS OF GIRLS

tion! A - las, there's not one mai - den breast Which seems to feel the mo - ral beau - ty Of

D

mak - ing world - ly in - te - rest Sub - or - din - ate to sense of du - - ty.

FRED.

Oh, is there not one mai - den here Whose home - ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have

came'd all hope to dis-appear Of e-ver win-ning man's af-fec-tion! To such an one If

such there be, I swear by beaven's arch a-love you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How

rall. *E a tempo.*
 . . e-ver plain you be, I'll love you! How-e-ver plain you be, If you will cast your

eyes on me, How-e-ver plain you be, I'll love you, I'll love . . . you, I'll love, . . . I'll love

CHORUS OF GIRLS

you! A-las! there's not one mai-den here Whose home-ly face and bad com-plex-ion Have

caus'd all hope to dis - ap - pear of e - ver win - ning man's af - fec - tion. Not one? No, no, not

F F FRED. CHORUS

one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one! 'Tis Ma - bel! Yes! 'tis Ma -

FRED. CHORUS OF GIRLS, MABEL. CHORUS. MABEL.

bell! Oh, sis - ters, deaf to pi - ty's name, for shame! It's true that he has gone a -

rall. *Moderate.*

stray, but, pray, Is that a rea - son good and true why you should all be dealt to pi - ty's name? The question is, had

G CHORUS

he not been a thing of beau - ty, Would she be sway'd by quite as keen a sense of du - ty? For shame! for shame! for shame!

MABEL.