

SCENE -- Throne Room in the Palace. Night. FITZBATTLEAXE discovered singing to ZARA.

## No. 13. Recit: Oh, Zara, my beloved one Song: A tenor all singers above

Captain Fitzbattleaxe

*Allegretto a la serenata*

*p*

*p*

*mf*

*mp* *dim.* *p*

**A**

**Fitz.:** *RECIT.*

Oh, Za-ra, my be - loved one, bear with me! Ah, do not laugh at my at-tempted C! Re-

**B**

pent not, mock-ing maid, thy girl - hood's choice. The fer-vor of my love af-fects my voice!

1. A ten-or, all sing-ers a - bove, (This does - n't ad - mit of a  
sing, if my fer-vor were mock, It's eas - y e-nough if you're

**C** Allegretto

ques-tion), Should keep him-self qui-et, At-tend to his di-et, And care-ful-ly nurse his di-ges-tion. But  
act-ing. But when one's e-mo-tion is born of de-vo-tion, You must-n't be ov-er-ex-act-ing. One

when he is mad - ly in love, It's cer - tain to tell on his sing-ing. You  
ought to be firm as a rock To ven - ture a shake in vi - bra - to. When

**D**

*mf* *mp*

can't do chro-mat-ics With prop-er em-phat-ics When an-guish your bos-om is wring-ing! When dis-fer-vor's ex-pect-ed Keep cool and col-lect-ed Or nev-er at-tempt a-gi-ta-to. But, of

tract-ed with wor-ries in plen-ty, And his pulse is a hun-dred and twen-ty, And his course, when his tongue is of leath-er, And his lips ap-pear past-ed to-gether, And his

(spoken)  
flat-ter-ing bos-om the slave of mis-trust is, A ten-or can't do him-self jus-tice. Now ob-serve... Ah-sen-si-tive pal-ate as dry as a crust is, A ten-or can't do him-self jus-tice. Now ob-serve... Ah-

1. — You see, I can't do my-self jus-tice!

2. I could

*mf* *f* *mf*  
It's no use, I can't do my-self jus-tice!

*mf* *f*