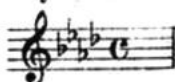


UNEXCELLED EDITION

Key of F minor



Toreador Song

From the Opera "Carmen"



Translated by
F.W. Rosier

Arrangement by
H. Engelmann



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TOR

TOREADOR SONG

From
"CARMEN".

The gem of Bizet's famous Opera rearranged as Vocal and Piano Solo
by H. Engelmann.

Words translated by F.W. Rosier.

Allegro moderato ♩ = 108.

ff *energico*
thee!

ff *p* *ff*

Voice

Thanks, Senors, the honor that you do me, Is well de - served, for we half
All at once deepsilence falls a - round, deepsilence falls a - round! Each heart is

mf *melody marcato*
cross hands



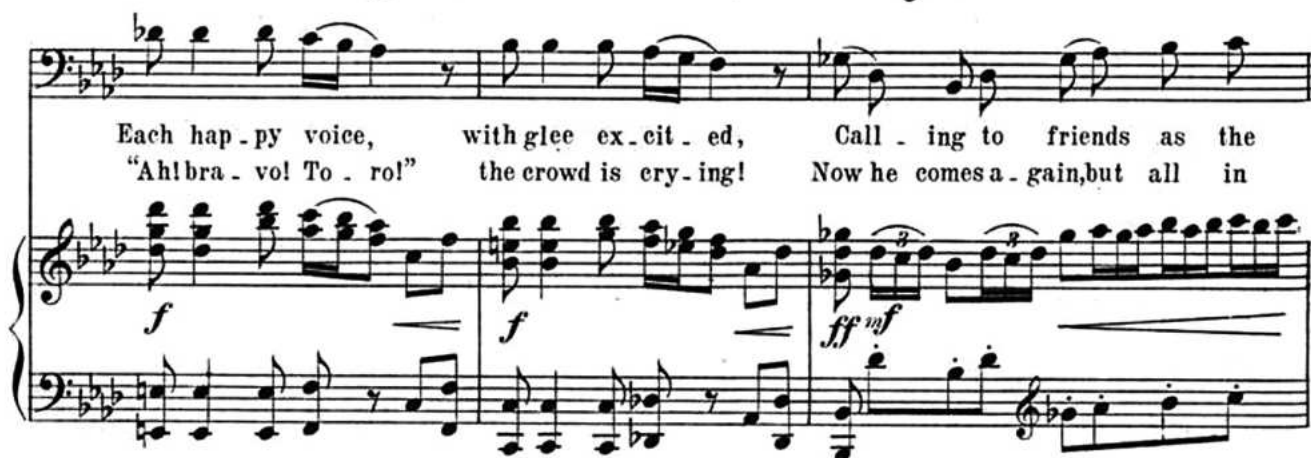
soldiers are; beating there, 'Tis the To-reádor, you may be-lieve me,
Not e'en a sound is heard, No, not a single word.



Mer-ry and gay in love, and fear-less in war. The cir-cus is full, and
See! the bull now rushes, with a bound, Forth from his lair! On he comes! with fearful



all de-light-ed, A joy-ous crowd a-bove, be-low;
roar-ing, A courser gor-ing! Drag-ging down a Pic-a-dor.



Each hap-py voice, with glee ex-cit-ed, Call-ing to friends as the
"Ah! bra-vol! To-ro!" the crowd is cry-ing! Now he comes a-gain, but all in

shouts still loud - er grow. Ex - cla - ma - tions and cries of glad - ness,
vain! He strikes no more! The Ma - ta - dors their lances ply - ing, With madden'd

Now are heard, are heard from ev - 'ry part; Some seem to yield al -
speed he flies! Up - on the crim - son ground see he's lying! Now he pants and

most to mad - ness, 'Tis a time to try a gallant heart! Look out! Take
slow - ly dies! . . . Honor to the To - ré - a - dor! Hurrah! Hurrah!

heed! Look out! Take heed! Ah! _____
rah! Hurrah! Hur - rah! Ah! _____

poco stringendo

guisto

a la Marcia

To - ré - a - dor! ad - vanc - ing! To - ré - a - dor! To - ré - a - dor! Let this thought nerve thy

a la Marcia

arm and fear shall flee: Dark eyes on thee are glanc - ing, And love awaits for thee! To - ré - a - dor!

Grandioso

And love awaits for thee!

To - ré - a - dor ad - vanc - ing! To - ré - a - dor!

To - ré - a - dor! Let this thought nerve thy arm and fear shall flee: Dark eyes on thee are glanc

ing, And love awaits for thee!

To - ré - a - dor!

And love awaits for thee!

*At Fine only**D.S. al Fine*