

No. 17. "When the foeman bares his steel"

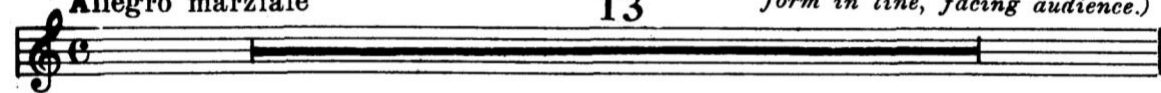
Solos and Chorus

Sergeant, Mabel, Edith, Major-General, Police, and Girls

(Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2nd B., and form in line, facing audience.)

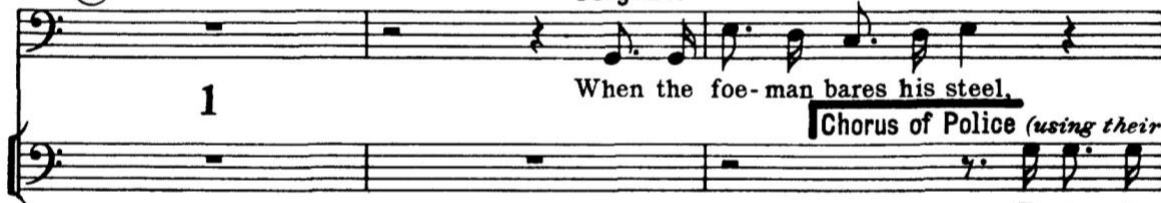
Allegro marziale

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(A)

Sergeant



1

When the foe-man bares his steel,

Chorus of Police (using their

Ta-ran - ta-

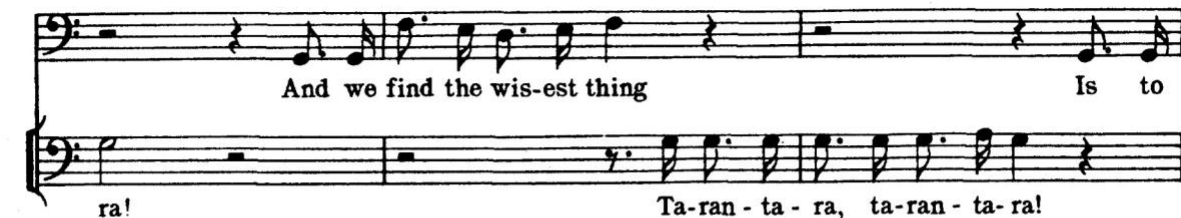


clubs as trumpets)

We un-com-fort-a-ble feel,

ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

Ta-ran - ta-



And we find the wis-est thing

Is to

ra!

Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra!

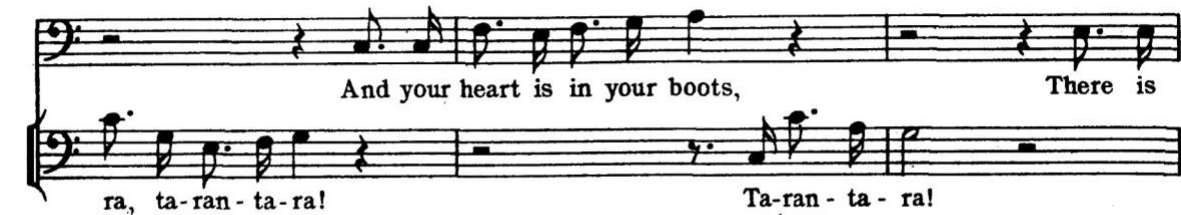


slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran-ta - ra!

For when threatened with é-meutes,

Ta-ran-ta - ra!

Ta-ran-ta-



And your heart is in your boots,

There is

ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

Ta-ran - ta - ra!



noth - ing brings it round Like the trum-pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

(B)

pp

trum-pet's mar-tial sound, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta -

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

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ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta -

(C)

Mabel

ra! 12 With her

ra!

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, - ye

he - roes, go and die!

Edith
Go, ye he-roes, go_ and die! Go, ye he-roes, go_ and

Chorus of Girls
Go, ye he-roes, go_ and die! Go, ye he-roes, go_ and

die!

Sergeant
die! Tho' to us it's ev-i-dent, **Chorus of Police** These at-

Ta-ran-ta - ra, ta-ran-ta-ral

ten-tions are well meant, Such ex-pres-sions don't ap-pear

Ta-ran-ta - ral Ta-ran-ta-

Cal-cu-lat-ed men to cheer Who are

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta - ra!

going to meet their fate In a high-ly ner-vous state.

Ta-ran - ta-

Still, to us it's ev-i-dent These at-

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta - ra!

ten - tions are well meant.
Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta -

ra!

Edith
Go to glo - ry and the grave!

Chorus of Girls
Go to glo - ry and the grave! For your

foes are fierce and ruth - less, False, un - mer - ci - ful, and truth - less, Young and

ten - der, old and tooth - less, All in vain their mer - cy crave.

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Sergeant
For it's ver - y ev - i - dent These at -

ten - tions are well meant.

Police Yes, it's ver - y ev - i - dent Ev - i -
These at - ten - tions are well meant,

dent, ev - i - dent, yes, well meant; ah, yes, well meant! When the

Chorus of Girls

Go, ye heroes,
foe - man bares his steel, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! We un-
go to glo - - - ry!
com - fort - a - - ble feel, Ta-ran - ta - ra! And we
Ye shall, ye shall
find the wis - est thing, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! Is to
live in sto - ry. Go to
slap our chests and sing, Ta-ran - ta - ra! For when
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death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and
threat-ened with *é-meutes*, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! And your
ev - 'ry Cor - nish daugh - ter With her
heart is in your boots, Ta-ran - ta - ra! There is

tears your grave shall wa - - - ter. Go, ye
noth - ing brings it round Like the trum - pet's mar - tial sound, Like the

he-roes, go and die! Go, ye he - roes, go to
Sergeant & TENORS
Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-
BASSES ra, ra, ra,
trum-pet's mar-tial sound, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta - ra,

im - mor-tal - i - ty! Go, ye he - roes, go to
ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta -
ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

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im - mor-tal - i - ty! Tho' ye die in com - bat gor - y, Ye shall
ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra,
ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

live in song and sto - ry. Go to im - mor - tal - i -
ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta -

