

(MABEL tears herself from FRED, and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The GENERAL and others follow the Police off L. FREDERIC remains alone.)

No. 4

RECITATIVE & TRIO.

RECIT. FRED.

Now for the Pi-rate's lair! Oh, joy un-bound-ed! Oh, sweet re-lief! Oh, rap-ture un-ex-

*Maestoso.*

PIANO. *f* *ff*

am-pled! At last I may a-tone in some slight measure For the re-peat-ed acts of theft and pil-lage, Which, at a

*fz* *p*

sense of du-ty's stern dic-ta-tion, I, cir-cum-stan-ce's vic-tim, have been guilt-y!

*Moderato.* KING. Young

*tr* *p*

RUTH.

And I, your lit-tle Ruth!

FRED.

Who calls? Oh, mad in-tru-ders! How dare you

Fred'ric! Your late comman-der!

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*