

Tempo I DR. CAJUS

Don't

*Je crois que now it is cette-heur Miss Anne to take her walk. — Peut-*

re-main so

*et - re I can meet with her and have a lit - tle talk. — Ah, I shall*

SLENDER DR. CAJUS

*tell her de ma propre bouche. Did he say "bush"? I fear he found me out. Yes, I shall*

*in tempo*

spo-ken: Sweet Anne Page, *Je l'aime ter-ri - blement.* Where are my ri - vals?

*in tempo*

*f p f p f fp fp fp p f p f p*

*Red. \*Red. \*Red. \* Red. \*Red. \**

*Red. \*Red. \**

In my rage I pierce them *ce moment.* Where are they now? Yes, in my rage, I pierce them

*f*

*Red. \* Red. \* Red. \**

all. I pierce them *ce mo - ment.* — Where are my ri - vals? I shall pierce them *ce mo -*

*ment.* I swear it *par honneur.* *Par ex - emple, ce miser-ab-le*

Slender. Where is he now, where is he now, where is he now? My sword here will make him even more

(draws his sword)

slen - der. And then *ce Mon - sieur* Fen - ton. I'll murder him, I'll murder him.

Andante

FENTON (*off-stage*)

Larks are singing high a - bove.

(sheathes