

CHORUS.

In his arms he'll no more enfold her,
 For his duty is quite clear.
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Where's the craven, where's the craven that feels fear ?

2.

If some fine day a battle rages,
 And in the midst of clouds and smoke
 Your corps the enemy engages,
 The slaughter getting past a joke,
 That gun before you must be taken,
 No sooner said than it is done ;
 Three cheers, the battery's forsaken,
 Brave hearts ! Good lads ! We've got the gun.

CHORUS.

And the best of men get bolder
 When they feel a comrade near,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Shoulder to shoulder,
 Where's the craven, where's the craven that feels fear ?

QUINTET.

INEZ.

Your orders have been obeyed, sir.

PEDRILLO.

Great heavens ! what do I see ?

PEPITA.

All the arrangements are made, sir.

INEZ AND PEPITA.

What ! both our husbands here !

BOMBARDOS.

Be silent ! Keep quiet !