

Little dangers we
 In our calling see,
 Fearing no bovine foe.
 Though we seem to fly,
 Fear no reason why,
 For with courage we glow,
 We glow, we glow, we glow ; yes, glow.

PEPITA.

Toreadors, I see you're ready
 With courage, or what for it serves,
 Be every athlete cool and steady.
 And test his muscles, brace his nerves.

CHORUS.

Let ev'ry athlete, &c.

PEPITA.

To raise your spirits even more,
 When fearful lest the bull should gore,
 Call to mind, if you find
 Courage go at sight of foe,
 The song of the Toreador.

OMNES.

Yes, sing to us the fight before
 The song of the Toreador.

PEPITA.

How the heart with pride is beating,
 As in the ring he bounds,
 And people give a greeting
 That through the town resounds.
 The breaths of all are bated,
 With quick excitement rare,
 The old rejuvenated,
 And heedless of their care. Oila ! oila ! oila !
 The dark eyes of beauty abound,
 Give pleasure to duty profound.

REFRAIN.

Viva ! viva ! viva !
 Caramba ! caramba !

Now the darts are flying—flying !
 Forward, well done, picador !
 Goad on, goad the brute still more, picador !
 Picador, ah ! take care,
 All eyes are straining,