The Death of
GENERAL SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE
Sung by M. Braham
At the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden
in the Comic Opera of the
THIRTY THOUSAND or
Who's the Richest?
The Words by T. Dibdin the Music by
J. BRAHAM.

Recitative

MAESTOSO.

FORESAII.

'Twas on the spot in ancient Lore off' nam'd where Isis and O - si - ris once held sway O'er

Kings who sleep in Pyramidic pride But now for Brit - ish valour far more fam'd

Thirty Thousand.
Since Nelson's band achieved a glorious day
And crowned with laurel Abercrombie died

Air.

p Allegro

Her roseate colours the dawn had not shed
O'er the field which stern

slaughter which stern slaughter had tinted too red
Twas dark save each flash

Cannon's hoarse sound when the brave Abercrombie received his death wound
His

Thirty Thousand

Fortissi:
Comrades with grief unaffected deplore Though to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more

With a mind unsubdued still the foe he defied,
On the steed which the Hero of Acre supplied,
'Till, feeling he soon to Fate's summons must yield,
He gave Sidney the sword he no longer could wield,
His Comrades with grief unaffected deplore,
Tho' to Britain's renown he gave one laurel more.

Thirty Thousand.
Presto

The standard of Britain with victory crown'd...wav'd

over his head wav'd over his head wav'd o

Adagio Largo

over his head as he sunk on the ground Take me hence my brave

Comrades the veteran did cry My duty's complete and contented I die my duty's com-

plete and contented I die contented I die contented I die.

Thirty Thousand.