

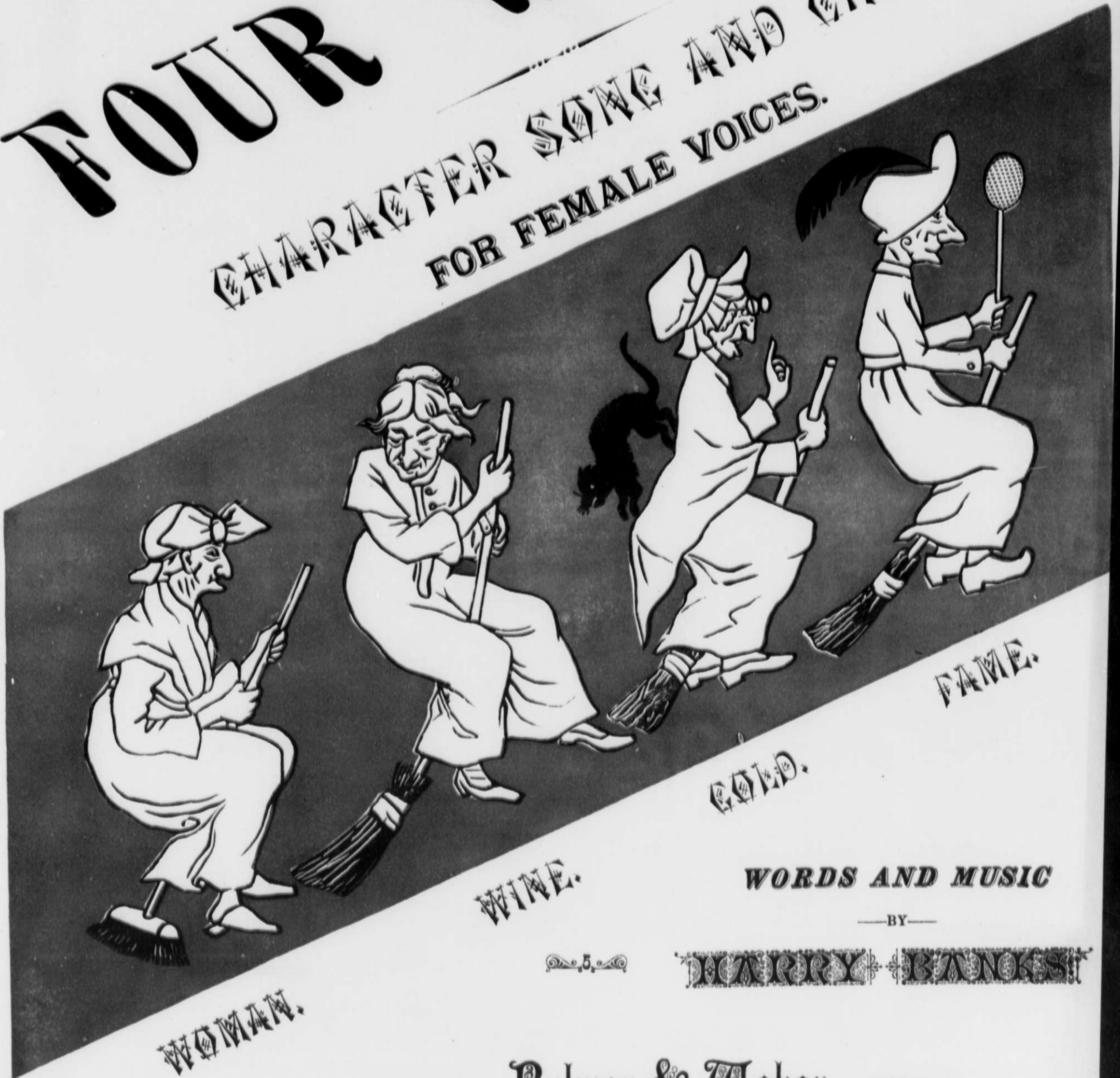
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JUL 9  
1880  
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NOT DELIVERED TO THE  
MAY 15 1900  
Music Department

THE

# FOUR WITCHES.

CHARACTER SOLO AND CHORUS.  
FOR FEMALE VOICES.



WORDS AND MUSIC

—BY—

MARY BANKS

SAINT LOUIS: **Balmer & Weber,** PUBLISHERS.

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# THE FOUR WITCHES

## WOMEN WINE GOLD AND FAME

Written and Composed by

HARRY BANKS.

Character Song for Female Voices.

Moderato. Very Pathetic. Danse Sorcieres.

PIANO.

A little faster.

*mf*

3909 = 4

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4

4. I'll be-witch man with ma - ny a high sound-ing name, That

1. I'll be-witch man with wo - men re - splendent bru - nettes, Mag-

2. I'll be-witch man with spark-ling and ex - qui - site wine, I've

3. I'll be-witch man with pre - cious and glit - ter - ing gold, The

Voice.

Piano.

sig - ni - fies noth - ing, he calls it great fame, From pa - lace to

ni - fi - cent blondes, cap - ti - va - ting co - quettes, With black eyes and

li - quor far bet - ter than nec - tar di - vine, Al - lur - ing at

spend thrift the mi - ser, the young and the old, Be - hold - ing the

hut from the king to the clown, Man fights for great ti - tles and

brown eyes and lan - guish - ing blue, And sweet pout - ing lips of the

first with a del - i - cate sup, 'Twill rav - ish his sens - es, he'll

met - al so bril - lant - ly shine, Will leave the lux - u - ri - ous

emp - ty re - nown To get his own name with the no - ble en -

car - na - tion hue, So charming de - light - ful en - rap - tur - ing  
 cling to the cup, De - sert - ing oh ma - ny a beau - ti - ful  
 wo - men and wine, One soft - ens a man by her cunn - ing and

roll'd He'll quit the fair wo - men, the wine and the gold.

fair, I'd cap - ture a saint with the beau - ti - ful snare.  
 lass, Whose lips would fain kiss him, but his kiss the glass.  
 art, The oth - er may cheer him, gold hard - ens the heart.

Chorus in unison.

Sis - ters all embrace, midnight comes apace, Hasten our de - coys for the human race, We have

1st Witch.

all combined, With our arts re-fined, and our ma-gic spells, To be-witch mankind. Woman

2d Witch.                      3d Witch.                      4th Witch.                      Unison.

is my line. I have crimson wine. I have yellow gold, I have fame be-hold, Let us

mid night hags, Gather up our rags. For a jol-ly ride on our broom stick nags, We must

poco rall: .....

bait our traps. Ere the night e-lapse or our vic-tims wake. from their morning naps.