QUEEN of the BALLET.

A MUSICAL COMEDY

...BY...

R. A. BARNET.


Music by EDWARD W. CORLISS.

With Additional Numbers by ALFRED NORMAN, GEORGE LOWELL TRACY,
H. L. HEARTZ, WALTER GOOLD and HALSTINGS WEBLYN.

LYRICAL ASSISTANCE BY FREDERIC W. ARNOLD, JR., AND OTHERS.

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10500-100
ACT I.
Opening Chorus.
BANK MAIDS, TOOE AND DIRECTORS.

ALFRED NORMAN.

No. 1.

Allegro con brio.

BANK MAIDS. (Sopranos and Altos.)

Spick and span-dy brand-new bank! Spick and span-dy clerks of rank!

Ladies make bewitching clerks, And banking thus becomes such larks.
Cheques are hon- ored with a kiss. O-ver draughts are per-fect bliss!

Only dis-counts come a-miss. There nev-er was a bank like this.

Tooke,
in solo.

I'm Da-vid Too-ke the man-ag-er, Of this cor-po-ra-tion, Lim-it-ed. And

we are the board of di-rec-tors of this cor-po-ra-tion, Lim-it-ed. In
this you see a model bank, an institution new. The

H. and T. Directory, A Board whose blood is blue! A

Board that knows society's frivolity, Its quibbles, and its quirks, and its

quality. These ladies, each a sample of society's noblesse. The
clerical positions fill with grace and with finesse. In

short this institution has a purely modern air, Com-

bining money matters with true savoir faire.

risoluto.

Con Spirito Marcato.

And this plainly seen by every one, a gentleman am I, Who has
left his grand ancestral hall his pride to mortify. Such

noble condescension, Ah, you seldom now behold! As a

partial compensation they allow me lots of gold.

TOOKER.

And tis plainly seen by every one, a gentleman am I. Who has

B. MAIDS.

And tis plainly seen by every one, a gentleman is he. Who has
left his grand ancestral hall, his pride to mortify. Such

left his grand ancestral hall, our manager to be. Such

noble descent, Ah, you seldom now behold! As a

noble descent, Ah, you seldom now behold! As a

partial compensation they allow me lots of gold.

partial compensation we allow him lots of gold.
HURDY GURDY.
HARWICKE, BEATRICE and CHORUS.

F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.  EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Tempo di Marcia.

(Ben.) When the
(Mor.) Lit - tle

winter's past, and the days are get - ting long. Hurdy gurdy hurdy gurdy man.
boys and girls of any shape or kind. Hurdy gurdy hurdy gurdy man.
When the robin sings his early summer song,
Kicking up in front or kicking up behind.
Hardy gur-dy hur-dy gur-dy
Hardy gur-dy hur-dy gur-dy

There comes a little man, piano forte, complete.
Then little Billy Jones gives Letty Lynn a smack, And

thousand little kids seem growing from the street,
The man begins to grind the
Letty doesn't care, but gives another back, So everybody squeeze, so

thing begins to play, The music is so funny that we all dance away.
Everybody twirl, Sing around a hur-dy gur-dy, arms around a girl.

10500-100
Allegro.

Hurdy Gurdy Hurdy Gurdy played by Michele Verdi

Little Monkey on passer de hat and take de mon

Hurdy Gurdy Hurdy Gurdy up the scale it ran Oh! I'd

Chorus Repeat. UNISON.

like to be a Hurdy Gurdy man.
Tempo di Valse. Moderato.

Alfred Norman.

Bees deposit honey.

Honour won from flowers.
(DANCE.)
We de-pot-it mon-ey
(DANCE.)

Here in hon-ey-dow-ers.
(DANCE.)

L'istesso tempo Vivamente.

Tempo di Valse Moderato.
And the sweetest honey's found
Where the tulips most abound,

But in sip sip sips Of two lip lip lips, Then pass the two lips round.

Where the draughts are drawn at sight, Is the bank that brings delight.

Put in sip sip sips Of two lip lip lips, But keep the balance right.
CHORUS. (OMNES ENSEMBLE.)

SOPRANOS.

Come and leave your money, Come and deposit your

ALTOS.

heart. Tellers sweet as honey. Book it with

TENORS.

heart. Tellers sweet as honey. Book it with

BASSES.

Piano.

f brillante.

10:00-100
saccharine art, Clerks of high-born station
saccharine, saccharine art,
saccharine art, Clerks of high-born station

En-tcr each pal-pita-tion, Ver-i-fy each vi-
En-tcr each pal-pita-tion, Ver-i-fy each vi-

cres. - poco - a - poco
cres. - poco - a - poco

10500 - ffo
biration, And pay in counterpart.
THREE LITTLE LAMBS.

F. W. ARNOLD, JR. and R. A. BARNET.
TRIO.
INTROD.
JIM, TOKE and PHYLLIS.
EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Allegro.

Tempo di Marcia.

(Phyllis) 1. When the band comes down the street,
 See if the
(Toke) 2. When you meet a moneyed boy,
 Shake his
(Jim) 3. When the night is still and dark,
 Linger

“Cop” is off his beat,
 Set your gaze on a nice old gent,
fist with honeyed joy.
 Bun-co game is the thing to play.
in some gas-less park.
When you hear a step draw near,

Wait till the band holds him intent.
Over the bar across the way.
In the shadow disappear.
Keep to-gether and mind your game, Feel for his watch and take the same.
When the beers reach thir-ty-two, And boy re-plies: "Don't care if I do" You'll
When the gen-tle-man passes you, Hiff! and leave him without a soul! Don't

Pres-to! change and sleight of hand. Then join the crowd in watching the band. Like
find you've lost your bun-co-pard. For the moneyed bovs from Scot-land Yard! Then we're
use a club, as you steal behind. But a bag of sand, It's more re fined. For

§ Slower & Simply.

three lit-tle lambs just out at play, Sweet and in-no-cent as the May. We

wig gle and frisk, and whisk a-way. Thoughtful and lov-ing are we.
MISTRESS MUSE.

HARWICKE, JIM, PHYLLIS and CHORUS.

F. W. ARNOLD, Jr. and R. A. BARNET. 

INTROD.

HARWICKE.

Muse. Muse, E-

the-re-al Muse. You must grow weary to al-ways in-fuse. Po-ets for a-ges have

knocked at your hall. Won't you say "Not in" the next time they call.

10500-100
Muse, Muse, Ethereal Muse! Think what you make us pereuse! I think it is best you take a slight rest, And so rest yourself and us all.

Moderato.

(tim.) On morning, evening or afternoon, but
(Phyllis.) It makes no difference where I am, or

most in the chilly night. A curious feeling steals o'er me. That with whom I may be, I'm a thing of the past and dead to the world when the
makes me want to write — Un-nat’ral powers clutch my wrist and tear me from my Muse grabs hold of me, — I’m Juliet fair! Lady Macbeth! "Armand!" Oh, that’s Ca-

rest, — And pull me to a bottle of ink, before I am properly mille. — I have what’s known as "Atmosphere," For I pulse! I am!! I

dressed — And as I quake in my robe de ma-it a vis-sion comes and feel!!! (feet) Of all the sen-sa-tions known on earth, the least to be de-
goes. — The voice of the Muse speaks un-to me. "Young man! where are your sir? — Is the ir-resent-i-ble pain in the chest of the girl who feels in-
Tempo di Valse.

''In spired!'' MIS-TRESS.

''Your clothes?'' CHORUS.

Ha! ha! ha!

Muse.

MIS-TRESS. Muse.

ha! ha! ha!

Prone at thine altar, Madly I falter, Words of true love unto

rit.

Prone at thine altar, Madly they falter, Words of true love unto

rit.
a tempo.

Muse o' mine, Muse di -
thee, ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

a tempo.

vine, Muse o’ mine. May the nymphs. brid - al

Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! May the nymphs

torch. Cast its beams o - ver you and me.

brid - al torch. Cast its beams o - ver you and me.
"THE JOLLITY" GIRLS.

BALLET.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Allegro.

The Jollity! The

Jollity! We are the girls of the Jollity! We are the girls that smile just so!

We are the girls that kick so so! Jollity! "The Jollity" Bubbling fun! Fri-
vol·i·ty! We'll keep you a·wake! And make no mis·take! At "The Jol·li·ty!"

DANCE.
TIPPLE TOPPLE.

BEATRICE, GRETCHEN & BALLET.

F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

INTRO.

Allegro.

I appear, from out the rear of a canvas grove of trees.
skirts pe-tite But quite discreet The house I cap-ti-vate.

Gret. The men in "A" With hair turned gray Put
Beat. The way I kick With ac-tione chic Makes
op'ra glass on these.

all hearts pal-pi-tate.

DANCE.

as I trip, with a tip, tip, tip, Tip toe pe-tite and wee, The cal-cium light! All all thwhile I wear a smile, That acts mech-an-i-ee. As I glide by I

green and white. Makes me a thing to see. Zip! Skip! Makes her a thing to see. E... The wink my eye With reg-u-lar-i-tee. Zip! Skip! With reg-u-lar-i-tee. Bes. And
'cel-lo man and vi-o-lin, And ket-tle drum with aw-ful din, And when my fan-cy steps are through As I stand bow-ing my a-dieux, The

big French horn so long and thin All seem to say to me! 

pit and stalls and box-es too All seem to shout at me! 

Beatrice.

Tip-ple Top-ple lit-tle Top! How I won-der when you'll step, Turn-ing round up-

on your tees Cir-cled by a wreath of clothes. Tip-ple! Top-ple! lit-tle Top!
Queen of Ballet say. — Tipple! Top-ple! Tep-ple! Tip-ple! Tip-ple Top a-
way!

DANCE.
OH, YES YOU DO!

BULGER, PUTTER, PATIENCE and JANET.

NO. 8.

R. A. BARNET and F. W. ARNOLD, Jr.

INTROD.

Moderate

1. You think that girls are simple things. Oh, I don't know. Oh,
2. Are you discreet? Now answer this! Oh, I don't know. Oh,
3. You know the dance of former days? Oh, I don't know. Oh,

yes you do. You think their goal, plain wedding rings. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. You
yes you do. Say do you give, or take a kiss? Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. And
yes you do. How but an inch their skirts they'd raise. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. But the
know of course, that man's a knave. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. Has prop-er place a
do you think it wrong to squeeze? Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. Of course pro-vi-ling
dance you like is up to date. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. When these same skirts we

woman's slave. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do.
no one sees. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do. If you don't know, and we don't know,
el-e-vate. Oh, I don't know. Oh, yes you do.

Don't you know we'd nev-er know. So let's find out. And learn a-bout. What you don't know, and
we don't know.

I guess we know. I guess you do.
I guess we know. I guess you do.

(DANCE.)

lively.
I guess we know. I guess you do.
ONLY A HEART.

INTROD. Valse lento.

(Harwicke) Ye knights of old-en days, Who wooed ye

(Beatrice) Ye maids of old-en days When wooed by

lady fair Would kneel be-fore her throne... Pledge

cavalier Would-if he chaned to please... With
deed of val - our there        But what can I, poor
gifts his val - our cheer:       So what can I, poor

I? No knight - ly deed's my part! I've naught to
I? But fol - low form po - lite, And pledge thee

of - fer thee, But my own true lov - ing heart.
in re - turn, My own true lov - ing knight.

(Beatrice.) Only a heart that's filled with love.
(Ravenna.) Only a knight with heart of love.
(Har) On-ly a heart that's filled with love, But still a heart so true,
(Bas) On-ly a knight with heart of love, But still a knight so true,

Throbbing for one, my dear-est one, Throbbing, sweet love, for you,
Throbbing for one, his dear-est one. (Har) Throbbing, sweet love, for you.

Oh take my heart, my lov-ing heart. Give me your heart, thine own,
Ill
crown thee with love. Ill make thee my Queen, On Cupid's Golden throne.
FOR LOVE OF PEGGY BLAKE.

O'HARA and CHORUS

WM. MAYNADIER BROWNE.  GEO. LOWELL TRACY.

Alla Marcia Con moto.
1. The order's out, 'tis time to start. A marchin' to the war.
   Me uniform is bright and smart. But oh! me heart is sore.

2. When cannons roar and muskets crack, O Har all be near by.
   You'll find him standin' to the rack. I wonder will she sigh? When friends are dyin' all around. O Harra will not die!

3. I'll fight the foe thro' thin and thick. Where'er the bullets fly.
   If others run, you'll see me stick. No matter if I take. Without mishaps I'll win me shtaps. For love of Peggy Blake.

4. Peggy Blake won't tell me if she love her soldier boy.

5. He'll join the hay roes under sod. I wonder will she take. For love of Peggy Blake.
CHORUS.

Shure Peggy Blake you would not break, A heart that’s warm and throb! An-

Irish heart in every part That hates a-lone for you, Shure Peggy Blake you

would not make, Your soldier boy dish-pair! So take me heart be-

first verse.

fore I shart, I love it in your care. last verse.

colla voce. D.S.
THE CHU CHU.
JIM and CHORUS.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

INTROD.

JIM.

1. This
2. It
3. The
4. A

Chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu.
is a blooming rail-way of the "Yanks." It's run by steam, and

goes on rails, but nev-er goes on time. It covers you with

brakeman's voice is like De Res-ke's. Great! The tick- et- sel- ler

buf-fet and a din-ing car we run. We charge a dol- lar

chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu.

also by the banks. It's car- ria- gies are filled with gas: It's

cin-ders, dirt and grime. It's win-dows you can nev-er raise: It's

is a po- ten- tate: Some- times highwaymen stop the train. But

for a soup and bun. Our fast-est trains we call express. The

chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,

(Spoken.)
mort-ga-gee are second-class: All politicians have a pass. On the
trainboys you can never phase: It's dividends it seldom pays! On the
passengers do not complain. Our porters rob them just the same, On the
running time is by a guess, And when we stop there is a mess On the
chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu,
chu chu, the chu-chu chu-chu car! On the chu-chu, the chu-chu, the
chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu. On the chu-chu, the chu-chu, the

chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu car!

chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu, chu car! Chu, chu, chu, car!
(ad lib.)

Presto.
FINALE ACT I.

No 12.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Moderato.

BEATRICE.

Allegro con moto.

When days hang heavy when
house-wives scold, when the north-wind howls and blows when brains a-weary when hearts a-cold then call for the bowl that flows so join me laddie and join me lass and join me lover mine with voices hearty in foaming glass, to cheering, lovely wine! with a high-tee high-tee and hi hi-hi with a high-tee high-tee high-boo so
fill up your glass my laddie and lass With a high-tee high-tee high oh oh oh With a

high-tee high-tee and hi hi hi with a high-tee high-tee hi ho! So

fill up your glass my lad-die and lass with a high-tee high-tee high ho!
TOOKE.

This is very mystical, critical, tragic, Change quite original, whimsical,

Moderato.

BULGER.

magic-al. Actions so boisterous, scandalous, clamorous, Make us rigorous, scrupulous, u-

OMNES.

an-i-mous. This is very mystical, critical, tragic Change quite o-

This is very mystical, critical, tragic Change quite o-

10500-100
rig-nal, whimsical, magi-cal. Act-ions so blisterous, scandalous, clamorous. Make us
rig-nal, whimsical, magi-cal. Act-ions so blisterous, scandalous, clamorous. Make us
rigorous, scrupulous, u-nanimous. Rigorous, scrupulous, u-nan-i-mous.
rigorous, scrupulous, u-nanimous. Rigorous, scrupulous, u-nan-i-mous.
BULGER, Recit.

Take away the Har-wicke wealth which until now you have merit-ed We de-

clare by terms of will You are disin-her-it-ed With your High-tee high-tee and Allegro con moto.

hi hi hi With your high-tee high-tee high-o When you fill up your glass With your

laddie and lass your money goes high-tee high hi oh o With your money goes high-tee high
BEATRICE. Recit.

oh!
I can't go on, my heart fails me. He con-

GRETCHEN.

demns me with ev'ry glance: Turn not back, 'Tis for his

COKE.

good. Be brave my love On with the dance!

Ensemble.

flip-pie Top-pie, lit-tle Top. How I won-der when you'll stop
Turning round upon your toes
Circled by a wreath of clothes

Tip-ple! Tip-ple!
Queen of Ballet gay

Tip-ple! Tip-ple!
Tip-ple Top away...

molto sord.
NARWICKE.

Only a heart that’s filled with love but still a heart so true

Valse lente.

Throbbing for one, my dearest one. Throbbing, sweet love, for you.

cresc.

Oh take my heart, my loving heart. Give me, sweet-heart, thine own

cresc.

Crown thee with love I’ll make thee my queen On Cupid’s Golden Throne.
Only a heart that's filled with love But still a heart so true
Only a heart that's filled with love But still a heart so true

Throbbing for one, his dearest one, Throbbing sweet love for you
Throbbing for one, his dearest one, Throbbing sweet love for you

Oh take his heart his loving heart Give him sweet heart thine own
Oh take his heart his loving heart Give him sweet heart thine own
- Hel' crown thee with love
  Hel' make thee his queen
  On Cupid's Golden
  On Cupid's Golden
  Cupid's Golden
  Throne on Cupid's
  Golden
  Golden
  Throne

GOLD

GOLD

Throne!
DREAMLY DREAM, MY LOVE.

HARWICKE and CHORUS.

No. 13.

R.D. WHITING.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Moderato

SOLO.

A moonbeam sighed for the
But the star of his hope had

SOP. ALTO.

Moderato

TENOR.

BASS.

Evening star, Dreamily dream, my love, And
faded away.

Dreamily dream, my love, The

Dreamily dream, my love,
tenderly gazed upon her afar,
moonbeam died with the dawning day,
Dreamily dream, my love.

Then gently the moonbeam nearer drew,
To whisper his love with a promise true.

Sadly silently faded away.
And the moonbeam
sigh as lovers do, Dream-ly dream, my love.
died with the dawning day, Dream-ly dream, my love.
Dream-ly dream, my love.

Sleep, sleep, sleep my pretty one sleep.
Sleep, sleep, sleep my pretty one
Sleep, sleep, sleep my pretty one sleep, my pretty one sleep.
Sleep dear, sleep dear, sleep,

a tempo.
Animato.

Dream my lov'd one, dream my lov'd one, Dream my lov'd one, dream, Dream my lov'd one.

Animato.

Sleep my lov'd one sleep, my lov'd one sleep,

Sleep!

Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep.

My lady, my lady sleep,

My lady sleep my lady sleep.
THE BITS OF LIFE.

BEATRICE.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

INTROD.

Moderato.

1. A

2. A

l’il- tle queen of ba-bies. In a l’il- tle throne of cribs.

1. A

2. A

l’il- tle queen of fash-ion, Crownd with wealth of gold-en hair.

1. A

2. A

l’il- tle bunch of maj-es-ty In robe of l’il- tle bibs.

1. A

2. A

With
dored by score of low-ers true, Oer-whelmed with jew-els rare.

1. A

2. A

scep-tre, that’s her rat-tle Or-ders ev’ry-thing she sees.

1. A

2. A

And
tects the hom-age of-fered. And com-mands each will-ing slave.

1. A

2. A

To
do you think she gets them? Oh, no! Just only these: A little bit to drink! A
bring her all things precious. They bring her nothing save: A little bit to eat! A little bit of bitter, and a little bit of sweet! A
little bit of peace! A little bit of strife! A little bit of laugh and cry! A

Repeat by Chorus.

little bit of life!
THAT NAUGHTY LITTLE, SPORTY LITTLE, GAY GOLF BALL.

INTROD.

Presto.

Moderato.

1. You
2. Now
3. Then
4. Once

see us play ev'ry day up-on the links, Some peo-ple play for ex-er-cise, and
Mis-ter Brown thought he'd join a coun-try club, It cost him fif-ty dol-lars for his
Lu-cy Brown got a gol-fin-skirt of blue, That hung a foot a-bove the up-per
Ja-mie Brown found his win-ter shin-ny stick; He went and got a mar-ble that was

others play for drinks, You'll note our legs of a va-ri-a-ted size; So
friends to work the job. He paid for stocks, and a suit at fan-cy cost, He
but-ton of her shoe. She bared her arms just to tan them in the breeze, And
thir-ty inch-es thick. He teed the sphere on the threshold of the door, And
small are some, to see them you will have to strain your eyes. We wear red coats and our
paid an humble for-tune for the ma-ny balls he lost. He paid for sti-ces, and for
wore her hat up-on her nose at for-ty-five de-grees. Now at a dance she is
deft-ly drove the mar-ble as he nev-er drove be-fore. The thing went through and hit

trous-ers sort-er specked. We have an I-rish keep-er with a Scot-tish di-a-lect. We
golf-ing les-sons too: He paid for lit-tle cad-dies, and for
tied with re-morse. For arms and neck, once li-ly white, are like a cal-i-co horse. And
pa-pa in the trow. Then pa-pa pad-dled Ja-mie as an an-gry Pa knows how He

wave our sticks in an id-i-o-tic way. And if you lis-ten clos-ly, you are
paid for dues, till their greatness turned him pale: But mur-mur'd to his cred-i-tors, as
when she talks with a ges-ture of her fan. You'll know that she is saying to some
spank'd some more then he sent the boy up-stairs But ma-ma thought she'd lis-ten as her
sure to hear us say:—
he was forced to fall:—
poor un-hap-py man:—
Ja-mie said his pray’rs:—
Oh, the ball that sassy lit-tle ball,
Oh, the ball that dearest lit-tle ball,
Oh, the ball that fasci-na-ting ball,
Oh, the ball that “dinky” lit-tle ball,
So vex-ing—perplexing—For
You have to be wealthy To
You’re lovely—you’re cunning—You
Lord bless it—for give it—For I
one so ver-y small,
play the game at all.
know I’ve the ball—
haven’t got the grain.
You slam it—
you dammit—But can’t touch it at all,
Its mar-v’lous ex-penses,
You see it—And don’t hit it at all,
Pa-pa he hit me—Where my new trows are small,
That
That
Presto.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, “jay” golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
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naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, “jay” golf ball.
naughty lit-tle, sporty lit-tle, gay golf ball.
LITTLE LUCY LITTLE.

No. 16.

JIM and CHORUS.

WALTER GOULD.

Slow and regular.

1. Little Lucy Little is a maid. 
   Seventeen exactly in the shade:
   With complexion just perfection.
   She's the peach-let of the peach-let.
   She'll disparage that old adage.

2. Lucy's such a pretty little lass.
   She can stand a magnifying glass.
   She's the peach-let of the peach-let.
   She'll disparage that old adage.

3. When sweet Lucy Little joins the saints
   (Which she will, for Lucy has no taints.)
Fact, 'tis of an even higher grade,
Just the best that ever came to pass!
That in heav'n there'll be no lovers' plaints.

Little Lucy's beauty's so divine,
When her fascinating glances
goes,
When you meet her!
mirth.

Lil'tle Lucy, little little knows,
How like time her fascination
Even there she'll have them, without dearth
Still she will, with eye-lits full of

That she captures and enraptures,
You could eat her,
Nod her ring-lits, wag her wing-lits,

10500-100
Everything from youth to ninety-nine!

She's so sweet from tip to little toes. Little Lucy Little,

Just as Lucy Little does on earth.

Love-ly lit-tle Lu,

Tho' your heart is brittle, For it's love we sue.

Love-ly lit-tle Lu-cy, Lit-tle Lu-lah Lu,

Love-ly lit-tle Lu-cy Lit-tle,

1.

Love-ly Lu.

Love-ly Lu.

2
CARNIVAL MARCH.

NO 17.

KING OF CARNIVAL and CHORUS.

F.W. ARNOLD, Jr.  EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Tempo di Marcia.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

Oh, lhek-y day! Rick-i-ty! Tick-i-ty! Lick-i-ty! Spick-i-ty! First of the May! Rick-i-ty! Tick-i-ty! Lick-i-ty! Spick-i-ty! Come ye laddle, and come ye malt!
Kick up your heels in the masquerade. See how it feels and don't be afraid. To
be a trifle gay. masquerade. See how it feels and don't be afraid. To

KING.

be a trifle gay. Oh hurry, ye devils and

red buffoons! Join in the revels and sing the tunes! Las-sie in raiment and
garment gay, My festive throne festooning, Hurry oh gaoler, and

gondolier, Come away, hie away, fly away here! And honor me, His

cho.

majestee, Venetian King! The Carnival. The Carnival-The

cho. and king.

Carnival-The Carnival-The Carnival's Crowned King!
now! I occupy!
now! You occupy! You occupy!

A King-ly seat! At last am
A King-ly seat! A King-ly seat!

I I Crowned King.
Crowned King
Complete! A Royal

Crowned King
Complete! A Royal

Crown!
Adorns my brow!

Crown! A Royal Crown! A Royal Crown! Adorns his brow!

A purple gown!

Adorns his brow! Adorns his brow! A purple gown!
Enfolds me now! Enfolds me now!

Enfolds him now! Enfolds him now! Enfolds him now!

I occupy! A King-ly

You occupy! You occupy! You occupy! A King-ly
At last am I Crown'd are.

At last you are Crown'd

At last you are Crown'd
THE FRENCH DANSEUSE.

GRETCHEN.

ALFRED NORMAN.

Allegretto giocoso.

I am a dainty French danseuse. Direct from gay Paris. My Paris—Ah, ma belle Paris! In what you call ze "Goi!" And

fig-gaite is pronounced divine! Grande kings have so told me. I everybody—roi, gamlin. Love jolie, sweet Cleo! And
am. you know, tres tres Fran-cais. Not so my man-na gaire He

do I “Go” in thees coun-tree! New York! Oh, non! Nev-vaire! They

make for me ze Yan-kee boom By pic-taire of my hair!
do not know ze form-ze art! They en-ly know ze hair!

Allegro con spirito.

Lal! Lal! Dain-ty lin-ger-le! Lit-tle jew-ell’d gar-taire,

just a-bove ze knee! Lal! Lal! How does eet com-

10500-100
DANCE.

**Grazioso e rubato.**

Introduction.  
D.C. 2d Verse.
WILLYE WILLYE.

GRETCHEN.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

1. I'm not a gay ad- ven-tur- ess who'd
   lead a boy a-stray. And I'm not so ve- ry naug-h-ty though
   très dé-coll-e-té. Last Tuesday I wooed Willye with de-

2. New Wil-lye wouldn't look at me, but
   act-ed with dis-dain, And all my smiles, and frills, and wiles were
   lib-er- ate de-sign, And I

   marshall'd, but in vain For Wil-lye who's a ba-ly, mere-ly shook his fists and cooed, And

   10500 - 160
laughed and danced and winked at him. While I sang this song of mine,
sucked his thumb, and fell a-sleep while thus I Wil-lye wooed.

Wil-lye, Wil-lye won't you wink at me? Please do! Wink at me, and blink at me, and

I will wink at you. Pa and ma are not a-round, and

no-bo-dy can see. So won't you Wil-lye. Wil-lye won't you, wink at me?

D.S. for Dance at Fine.
THE SONG AND BALLET OF DOLLS.

No. 20.

BALLET & CHORUS.

H. R. EVANS and R. A. BARNET.

H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

We're automats up to date

E-lee-tri-cal dolls that walk, We are
full of steel springs and a lot of old things. We "buzz" when you make us talk. We're electrical dolls that sigh, And we kiss, but it's rather crude. O your hand we can squeeze We are used at "teas." For seldom, if ever, we're rude.
CHORUS.

They're automatons pert and prim, But they

wink in a guiltless way, Electro-phonetic, it's

very pathetic To go 'round with a crank every
day. They're electrical dolls that smile, When you
tell 'em you love them so, Just press on a trigger and
each wax "fig-ger" Will manage the rest. Oh!
OUR SAILOR LADS.
BILLYE BOY'S, GRETCHEN and CHORUS.

HASTINGS WEBLYN.

Maestoso.

Marcia.

1. When the man-o'-war sails home, my lass, there's rejoicing long the shore,
   As they ship is ordered off again, to some far foreign shore.
   There's...

2. When the

10500-106
see our flag a' flying, even prouder than before.
They weep, and there's wailing, from the girls that we adore.
They

haste to give us greeting, lass, with banners and with band.
To know when duty calls us, lass, the first well ever be
To

hail the jolly sailors, lads, a credit to the land!
We guard our dear Columbia, and keep her safe and free.
Tho'

come with drums a' beating, and with boom of gun!
fighting it is glorious, but peace has charms

10500-100
Up a-loft 'Old Glory' proud of victories won! The
Winning foreign lassies, by our force of arms. We
bells are set a'ringing, for ev'ry one is glad
may be foes to morrow! We know we're friends to-day! And
wel-come home our gal-lant sail-or lads!
hope my lass to ev-er hear you say:

REFRAIN.
A little quicker.
Welcome home, old fellow, to the land you love the best!
Refr. Welcome back, old fellow, with your jest and merry song!
Welcome back to home again, and to a well earned rest. You
Welcome back to port again, and may your stay be long! You

cannot all be admirals, but all of you can fight! So
cannot all be admirals, but all can love, and fight! So

a tempo. (ad lib.)
here's your health, my gallant lads, for you're all right!
here's your health, my gallant lads, for you're all right!

1st Verse.  CHORUS.  || 2nd Verse.
Repeat Refrain.  D.C.  you're all right!  you're all right!

10300-100
INTROD.  
Moderato.

I'm feeling very badly I know I'm acting queer. My
You've stolen heart and senses I wish you'd take my hand. I'd

cigarette annoys me. I loathe my daily beer. I
court you, little robber! Safe then with golden band. Your

have a chronic trouble. That gives me lots of care. It's
sentence just forever. For life and for a day. Your
form is like a fairy with wavy golden hair! The at-
prison bars of roses: Your jail-er Cupid gay! But,

tack was very sudden and gave me quite a start. It
oh, I cannot catch you: you're like a joy-ous bird. But

dazzled first my vision, then par-a-lyzed my heart. There's
when I call you "Birdie," you laugh and say "Absurd." I

nothing I would do for it, of this I don't com-plain. The
do not know just what to do, un-less I pine and die, And
only thing that helps me is to sing this sad refrain:
like a swan expiring, Oh, to sing and sweetly sigh:

REFRAIN.

Gretchen! Gretchen! Oh you are so fetchin'! Really I'm beside myself when-

I'm beside of you! Do you? Don't you? Will you? Won't you?

Love me love, my Gretchen love as I love you.
THE OLD FARM.

PHYLLIS.

NO. 23.

F.W. ARNOLD, Jr. and R.A. BARNET.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

INTROD.

Andante.

1, 2 & 3. Oh, I dearly love the country. Its woods and rivers so—And all the little creatures: Each

3. Where the dear old pump gives its milk and cream, And the one by name I know—1. Where the dear little cows go "Peep, peep, peep," And 2. Where the red billy goat goes "Cluck, cluck, cluck," And

Allegro moderato.
"Chick, chick, chick" go the lambs and the sheep, Where the horse and the hen go pick our pie; And the dear old rock where we get our rye. Where the bull-frog chirps "Katy did not do a thing!" Down on the farm! Where the great big pigs go "Meow, meow, purr:" Down on the farm! Where the old gray mare goes, "Cockee doodle doo" Down on the farm! Where the
FINALE.

No 24.

Moderato grazioso.

SOP.

ALTO.

A little bit to drink! A little bit to eat! A

TEN.

BASS.

A little bit of bitter, and a little bit of sweet! A

EDWARD W. CORLISS.
l i t - t e l i b i t o f peace!  A l i t - t e l i b i t o f strife!

l i t - t e l i b i t o f laugh and cry!  A l i t - t e l i b i t o f life!

S l o w l y a n d s i m p l y

L i k e t h r e e  l i t - t e l l a m b s j u s t
out at play, Sweet and innocent as the May, They

wiggle and frisk, and whisk a-way, Thoughtful and loving are they.

1st time BULGER. Repeat OMNES.

Oh. the ball that sassy little ball, So vexing—perplexing—For
one so very small, You slam it— you damn it— But can't touch it at all, That

naughty little, spotty little, gay golf ball. gay golf ball.

Presto.

repeat. ff

L.H.
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AMERICAN COMPOSERS.

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Con spirito.

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Moderato.

NEW BASS SONGS.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.  Dr. G. ROB. CLARK.

Price 40 cts.

Could we but know, but know The land that ends our dark uncertain

THE NORSEMAN'S SONG.  JNO. CHAS. ERSVINE.

Price 60 cts.

'Tis joy to me, when fierce the breakers dash Thro' ocean cave, with sullen angry roar, When lightnings

IN THE DEEP, COLD SEA.  H. W. PETRIE.


Out in the sea where the waves run high White pearly spray tosses in the sky

DANNY DEEVER.  Music by GERARD F. COBB.


What are the bugles blowin' for? said Fings-on-Parade. 'To turn you out, to turn you out, the Colour Sergeant said

MANDALAY.  Music by GERARD F. COBB.

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By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, There's a Burma girl a-
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OF
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK"

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