SERGEANT BRUE,
A MUSICAL FARCE.

Book by
OWEN HALL.

Lyrics by
J. HICKORY WOOD.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

VOCAL SCORE ... ... ... ... 6s. net.
PIANOFORTE SOLO ... ... ... ... 3s
LYRICS ... ... ... ... 6d

LONDON:
HOPWOOD & CREW, Ltd., 42, New Bond Street, W.


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Application for right of performing the above Musical Force must be made to Mr. FRANK CURZON,
Prince of Wales Theatre, London.
Produced at the Strand Theatre, and Transferred to the Prince of Wales’ Theatre, London.

Dramatis Personæ.

**Sergeant Bruce** ... ... (of the C Division) ... Mr. Willie Eddums

Michael Bruce ... ... ... (his Son) ... ... Mr. Farren Soutar

Aurora Bruce ... ... (his Daughter) ... ... Miss Olive Morrell

Daisy ... ... ... (Servant) ... ... Miss Hilda Trevelyan

Mabel Wingett ... ... ... ... ... Miss Zena Dake

Vivienne Russell ... ... ... ... ... Miss Nellie Seymour

Louise Clair ... ... ... ... ... Miss Kitty Ashnold

Sir Fergus Treherne ... ... (of the Home Office) ... ... Mr. Frederick Lewis

Gerald Treherne ... ... (his Son) ... ... Mr. Sydney Barracough

Matthew Harsham ... ... (a Solicitor) ... ... Mr. Edward Kipling

Inspector Gomminok ... ... (of the C Division) ... ... Mr. Lennox Lochkyn

Bessine Murray ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Jack Thompson

Captain Bay ... ... ... ... ... Mr. S. Brook

Mr. Crank ... ... (Magistrate at Crawborough Street) ... ... Mr. Gilbert Porfous

Cookie Scrubs ... ... (a Criminal) ... ... Mr. Arthur Williams

Lady Bickfendall ... ... ... ... ... Miss Millie Legarde

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**ACT I.** ... ... ... Michael Bruce’s Hairdressing Saloons

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*Sergeant Bruce—Vocal Score.*
SERGEANT BRUE.
A MUSICAL FARCE.

Written by
OWEN HALL.

Lyrics by
J. HICKORY WOOD.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

ACT I.

NO. 1. OPENING CHORUS. "IN OUR EMPORIUM."

Allegro con brio.

(Lady Barbers and their assistants discovered.)

Copyright, 1904, by Hopwood & Crew Ltd.
We're bound to say that we have such a taking way.

"Sergeant Bruce."
gentlemen often come twice a day to our Emporium. All gentlemen often come twice a day to our Emporium. All.

our Emporium. That gentlemen often come our Emporium. That gentlemen often come
twice a day to our Emporium. twice a day to our Emporium.

"Sergeant Bruc."
CUSTOMERS.  \( mf \)

(LADY BARBERS.)

With

"Morning, little lady, will you kindly cut my hair?"

"Pleasure, sir, with pleasure, will you kindly take a chair? I"

"Sergeant Bruce."
cut it only yesterday!

You did, but then you know it's really most remarkable the way my hair will grow.

MEN ATTENDANTS.

We can

"Sergeant Brue."
A little slower.

dress your hair to make your head look almost any shape; And with

girls.

We can

ru-vor we are ready all ac-quiz-tances to scrape.

make a love-ly au-burn of a ve-ry ug-ly red, We can.

"Sergeant Bruer."
make a dream of beauty of a very empty head.

While at

work, our interesting conversations never end, And we

practically never cut a customer or friend.

"Sergeant Brue."
turn your raven tresses to a fashionable blonde Of that

most peculiar colour in demand by Spiers and Spond...

"Sergeant Brué."
Oh! give us what you please!

And now to pay your fees

Oh! then it just amounts to this, We'll

FULL CHORUS.

give you all a kiss...

"Sergeant Lue."
- tho' on our mer-its, of course we are un- for-tun-ate-ly dumb, We

- tho' on our mer-its, of course we are un- for-tun-ate-ly dumb, We

can-not de-ny we are pop-u-lar in our Em-po-ri-um; In point of fact, we're

can-not de-ny we are pop-u-lar in our Em-po-ri-um; In point of fact, we're

bound to say That we have such a ta-king way, That gen-tle-men of-ten come

bound to say That we have such a ta-king way, That gen-tle-men of-ten come

"Sergeant Bruce."
twice a day to our Emporium. All point of fact we're
bound to say That we have such a taking way, That gentlemen often come

twice a day to our Emporium.

"Sergeant Brue."
**NO. 2. SONG—“I’M JUST A YOUNG MAN IN A SHOP.”**

*(MICHAEI.)*

**Allegretto robusto.**

**PIANO.**

1. I'm just a young man in a shop,
2. I'm not a bad fellow at heart.
3. Dad moved on a corner one day.
4. They call me a regular fellow.

A snipper I'm called by the boys, For
I'm what you may call a good sort,
And there was some excellent sport
One evening I went to a dance

"Sergeant Bruce"

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clip ping and wav ing, Sham poo ing and shav ing At
take all the chances At back ing my fun c tions, In
cus ter said "Thank you" And "Dash you" and "Blank you" So
sat with a la dy In nook ve ry sha dy When

pres ent's the sum of my joys, But I am the sort of a
fact I'm a reg ular sport, Big for tunes are made on the
had to ap pear at the court, The ma gis trate said he was
ev er she gave me the chance, A bove us the mis tle toe

man That wo men pro fess to ad mire Though
turf So why should n't I have a go The
shocked At lan guage so aw ful ly strong Five
hung And we were a way from the crowd She

now I may gro w in this lit tle how el They
book ie won't col lar My nim ble half dol lar If
shil lings he fined him And begged to re mind him That
chanced to dis cov er What hung just a bove her And

"Sergeant Brue."
know I am bound to go higher; The women can tell when a
once I can get in the know; Of course you don't spot all the
swearing was wicked and wrong; The cos·ter said "Right oh" then
screamed just a little not loud; I told her there was no oc-

fellow has brains And that's why they cultivate
winners at first But every one has to be
make it a quid I'm perfectly willing to
cution to scream She said "That is perfectly

me It's not altogether for what I am now But
-gin It isn't so much the money I've won As
pay An then it 'll settle for what I have said And
two It's not altogether for what you have done But

CHORUS.

what I am going to be The women can tell when a
what I am going to win Of course you don't spot all the
what I am going to say The cos·ter said "Right oh" then
what you are going to do He told her there was no oc-

"Sergeant Bruce"
fellow has brains and that's why they cultivate

winners at first but everyone has to be

make it a quid i'm perfectly willing to

cassation to scream she said "that is perfectly

him it's not altogether for what he is now but

again it isn't so much the money he's won as

pay and then it'll settle for what i have said and

ture it's not altogether for what you have done but

(chorus)

what i am going to be.................. but
what i am going to win.................. as
what i am going to say.................. and
what you are going to do.................. but

what i am going to be.
what he is going to win.
what i am going to say.
what you are going to do.

fine.

"sergeanttruce."
NO. 3. SONG. "MY LADY BUSY."

(LADY BICKENHALL.)

Allegretto.

PIANO.

LADY BICKENHALL.

1. Although I am nobody born.......... A
2. I tout for the Actors' Fund........... A
3. I organize Church Bazaar............. For

I do not choose my noble dame is she!.......... L.B.
I do not choose my noble beggar she!........... L.B.
And so at my "At just a little feel!.......... L.B.
The low and high may

"Sergeant Broc."

Copyright 1904, by Hopwood & Crew Ltd.
time to lose In high So-cie-ty........... I want to do peo-ple
homes re-ly On en-ter-tain-ers free........ I to-hor a-mong the
both re-ly On pat-on-age from me........... As "Bry-ant and May's" I'm

LADIES.

It's pure phil-an-thro-py!........... I will not be a
good........ No con-de-send-ing she!........ And when I want to
poor........ So con-de-send-ing she!........ And when I want to
known........ For mak-ing match-es-see?........ And why should I feel

L.B.

drove in a hive, So ev'-ry day I do con-trive From
vis-it a sion, The con-sta-ble fight, with me to come; Po-
an-y re-morse, Though man-ny a match may end, of course, The

L.B.

nine to one, And from two to five To be bu-sy as an-y bee............
lic-men may be nas-ty with some But the love to take care of
us-ual way-in hap-py di-vorce It has no-thing to do with me............

"Sergeant Brue."
M'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm. As busy as any
M'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm. Police are but men you
M'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm, m'h'm. Now that is philosophy.

The work that I get through in a day is sufficient to make you dizzy; I've meetings here, and

"Sergeant Bross."
meetings there, And new Societies everywhere; Where-

m'mm, m'mm, m'mm, m'mm, m'mm,

—ever I go I take the chair, For I am My Lady

m'mm, m'mm, m'mm, m'mm, m'mm, m'mm,

Busy! Where—ever I go I take the chair.

m'mm,

"Sergeant Brown."

M'mm, m'mm.
For I am My Lady Busy... Busy...

"Sergeant Bree."
NO. 4. DUET.—"ONLY ONE OLD DADDY."

(ALKORA & GERALD.)

Allegretto ma non troppo.

PIANO.

GERALD.

1. Oh! my dar-ling lit-tle nurse, You are
2. Oh! my dar-ling lit-tle pet, On the
3. Dar-ling nur-sie on my knee, I am

aw-ful-ly per-verse, But the mo-ment that we met, my dear, My
first day that we met, Then you crept in to the cor-ner Of my
knee-lng as you see, Went you lis-ten to me, nur-sie dear. At

colla

"Sergeant Bruce."

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poco rall.

fond heart knew its mate!

in most heart for life!

all this afternoon?

voice.

shelf.

must I go for it myself.

do be cream.

Oh dear me how slow you seem.

You will am.

You'd get up and fetch the jam.

Father's quick or I'll be late.

And I want another.

want a patient wife.

Don't you see I want another.

coming very soon.

And I want another.

GERALD.

plate.

knife.

spoon.

Lit tie hand like rose's.

Oh the thoughts I fain would.

You shall have a spoon, oh.

"Sergeant Bruer"
pet - uit Will you kind - ly pass the ket - tie!
utter! Now for fa - ther's bread and but - ter!
ra - ther! No, I want the spoon for fa - ther!

f. GERALD.
Bo - ther fa - ther and his tea!
Why don't you talk to
Why won't you talk to
Why won't you spoon with

p a tempo.
me? When a girl is sweet and twen - ty, She has al - ways loy - ers
me?
me?

pa tempo.
plen - ty. But she's only one old dad - dy, don't you see, Oh, I

"Sergeant Brat!"
(AURORA.)

CERIAL.

See! So the lover has to wait Knocking, knocking, knocking at the

While the dear old daddy Daddy has his little cup of tea—Don't you
gate, While the dear old daddy Daddy has his little cup of tea.

Last time.

see? see. Don't you

Oh! I see...

D.C.

see?

see...

poco strillo alla fine

"Sergeant Blue."
NO. 5. SONG. "THE COVE WHO HAS HIS LIVELIHOOD TO GET."

(CROOKIE SCRUBBS.)

Allegretto.

Piano.

ad lib.: CROOKIE.

I'm a cove who has his livelihoood to
Oh! a cove must pick his little bit of
There's a corner on a fashionable

ad lib.:

make and so I do,.............. (so he do,) For I
peck, and pick it prime ........... (pick it prime,) Who's to
beat, I often try............. pp (often try) Where the

"Sergeant Blue."
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need my pot of beer, and bit of steak, the same as you.
help me if I never help myself? It ain't a crime!
shops attract the ladies in the street, Both low and high.

CHORUS.

(same as you.)
(taint a crime.)

pp (low and high.)

When I
All you
From a

can, I rob a till, If I'm copped, I pay the bill With a
chaps that look so good, If you couldn't buy your food— Why, you'd
Duchess to a Nurse, Every woman holds her purse—'Pon my

month on the mill, or even two. When he
pinch it—yes, you would—And ev'ry time. All you
word she might do worse, And so might I. 

CHORUS.

From a

"Sergeant Bruce."
can he rob a till. If he's capped, he pays the bill With a
chaps that look so good, If you couldn't buy your food—Why, you'd
Duchess to a Nurse. Ev'ry woman holds her purse—Don't my

month up on the mill, or even two.
pinch it—yes, you would—And ev'ry time.
word, she might do worse And so might

Last verse.

Segue.
No 6. FINALE. "HAIL TO THE PICCADILLY HERO."

Allegro

Bravo, bravo! over goes the show.
Bravo, bravo! over goes the show.
Bravo, bravo! over goes the show.
Bravo, bravo! over goes the show.

"Sergeant Bruc."
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Now from business he's retiring, He has good excuse for it; And

"Sergeant Erue."
soon the merry auctioneer, With all his men is coming here, With
hammer to knock The lock and stock, The owner having no use for it.

"Sergeant Bruc!"
use for it, use for it. The owner having no use for it.
use for it, use for it. The owner having no use for it.
use for it, use for it. The owner having no use for it.
use for it, use for it. The owner having no use for it.

MICHAEL.

Here's a bottle of brilliantine, And Vaseline, and

Co-con-tine, And ev'ry other kind of "een" They're no more use to

"Sergeant Brue."
CHORUS.

For he has absolutely clear, Ten thousand golden pounds a year, And very soon his father dear, Inspector Brue will

"Sergeant Brue."
be - 
Bra - vol! bra - vol! bra - vol!
be - 
Bra - vol! bra - vol! bra - vol!
be - 
Bra - vol! bra - vol! bra - vol!
be - 
Bra - vol! bra - vol! bra - vol!

Jol - ly good luck to you, Ser - geant Brue, 
No - ble traf - fic di - 
Jol - ly good luck to you, Ser - geant Brue, 
No - ble traf - fic di -

"Sergeant Brue."
- rec - tor; Jol - ly good luck to you, Ser - geant Brue, Soon you'll be an In -

- rec - tor; Jol - ly good luck to you, Ser - geant Brue, Soon you'll be an In -

Here's the best of luck to you, We've all a sort of

Here's the best of luck to you, We've all a sort of

"Sergeant Brue."
no-tion, There will shortly come to you, Very great pro-
no-tion, There will shortly come to you, Very great pro-

"Sergeant Brue."
BRUE. Though the Heavens fall on me promoted I will be!

OMNES. Bravol

MICHE: Inspector and ten thousand clear, now why on earth should we stop here?

LADY B. Father it's time you went on beat. 'Tis well gird on his sword, I mean his belt. He goes to make a name-

BRUE. to earn undying fame! Look to your sister boy and don't neglect her. I go, plain Sergeant. To return Inspector!

LADY B. poco a poco cresc:

"Sergeant Brue."
Hail to the Picc-a-dil-ly he-ro! Send him off with rous-ing cheer oh!

Hail to the Picc-a-dil-ly he-ro! Send him off with rous-ing cheer oh!

Hail to the Picc-a-dil-ly he-ro! Send him off with rous-ing cheer oh!

Hail to the Picc-a-dil-ly he-ro! Send him off with rous-ing cheer oh!

Sergeant, say farewell to you Welcome home Inspec-tor Brue. Send him off with rous-ing

Sergeant, say farewell to you Welcome home Inspec-tor Brue. Send him off with rous-ing

Sergeant, say farewell to you Welcome home Inspec-tor Brue. Send him off with rous-ing

Sergeant, say farewell to you Welcome home Inspec-tor Brue. Send him off with rous-ing

“Sergeant Brue.”
cheer, oh! Fearful dangers he may meet,
cheer, oh! Fearful dangers he may meet,
cheer, oh! On his solitary beat.
cheer, oh! On his solitary beat.

But he'll never brook defeat.

But he'll never brook defeat.

ne'er brook defeat.

ne'er brook defeat.

"Sergeant Bruce."
Hail to the Piccadilly

Policemen's whistle

Loco.

Herot! Send him off with rousing cheer-oh!

Herot! Send him off with rousing cheer-oh!

Herot! Send him off with rousing cheer-oh!

"Sergeant Bruz."
Sergeant, say farewell to you, Welcome home Inspector Bruel, Welcome home Inspector Bruel...

Presto.

"Sergeant Bruel!"

END OF ACT 1.
ACT II.

NO. 7. OPENING CHORUS—"WE HAVE DINED."

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Tempo di Valse.

Con Ped.

"Sergeant Eruc!"
we have dined, And we now one and
cold, with the fish, But with ev'ry
we have dined, And we now one and
cold, with the fish, But with ev'ry
we have dined, And we now one and
cold, with the fish, But with ev'ry
we have dined, And we now one and
cold, with the fish, But with ev'ry

all are inclined To that happy condition which
subsequent dish We progressed from politeness to
all are inclined To that happy condition which
subsequent dish We progressed from politeness to
all are inclined To that happy condition which
subsequent dish We progressed from politeness to
all are inclined To that happy condition which
subsequent dish We progressed from politeness to

"Sergeant Bruel!"
Follows nutrition, That sweet disposition of mind.

Talk active brightness As gay as the gayest would wish.

Which can see all the fun Of the
Till our humour unchained By the

Which can see all the fun Of the
Till our humour unchained By the

Which can see all the fun Of the
Till our humour unchained By the

Which can see all the fun Of the
Till our humour unchained By the

"Sergeant Bruer,"
sil. li. est, shal. low. est pun. Where a point there is none When it's way we had free. ly cham. pagned Such a bril. liance at. tained That the
sil. li. est, shal. low. est pun. Where a point there is none When it's way we had free. ly cham. pagned Such a bril. liance at. tained That the
sil. li. est, shal. low. est pun. Where a point there is none When it's way we had free. ly cham. pagned Such a bril. liance at. tained That the
sil. li. est, shal. low. est pun. Where a point there is none When it's way we had free. ly cham. pagned Such a bril. liance at. tained That the

all said and done, Or a joke of the tri. vi. al, im. be. cile kind We were girls who re. mained All a
all said and done, Or a joke of the tri. vi. al, im. be. cile kind We were girls who re. mained All a
all said and done, Or a joke of the tri. vi. al, im. be. cile kind We were girls who re. mained All a
all said and done, Or a joke of the tri. vi. al, im. be. cile kind We were girls who re. mained All a

"Sergeant Bruce!"
rose and went out with a swish!

* joke of the imbecile kind...

Ah, what eloquent glances have met
Through the smoke of a mild cigarette!....

"Sergeant Bruce!"

* In the event of the repeat being omitted, use words in italics.
time that we say Things forgotten next day And a lot that we'd like to for...

When we think that for once we're in love And the

'Sergeant Blau.
things that we promise, Ach Himmel! — Have a roseate hue That end...

tirely is due. To the wine not to mention the Kömme! Ah!

cresc.

cresc.
Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

We have dined,

we have dined,

And we

We have dined,

we have dined,

And we

We have dined,

we have dined,

And we

We have dined,

we have dined,

And we


"Sergean' Bruce"
"Sergeant Bruce:"
“Sergeant Bruce”
NO. 8. DUET.—"THE TWO PENNY TUBE."

(MICHAEL & MABEL.)

Allegretto piutosto mosso

PIANO.

1. (MABEL.) Ah! that day when
2. (MICHAEL.) Then I said— I
3. (MICHAEL.) Queen's Road was I
4. (MICHAEL.) Then what joy! Some
5. (MICHAEL.) Then a man hung

first we met, In a lift—MICHA I see it yet.
don't know what— Said "It's cold" or else "It's hot.
think the spot You were bound for. You for got—
ladies he Came, and so we clos ster sat:
on a strap— (MAB.) On my toes— Fell in my lap!

"Sergeant Brue.

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(MICH.) In the Tube at Shepherd's Bush, "Hurry up" and
(MAB.) That I can't recall, I fear; Bet your voice was
(MAB.) Yes, I did, and you the same; Lancaster Gate was
(MAB.) Strange, that those who some annoy Are to others
(MICH.) I said "Go to"—MAB. Oh, for shame! That's a station

then a push—(MAB.) In each other's arms we fell,
very dear, MICH. Then you smiled— I don't know why—
but a name— We were dreaming— (MAB.) You were bold,
quite a joy; (MICH.) They were fat, there is no doubt—
we don't name. (MICH.) Passed Museum, train got stuck—

(MICH.) I remember it quite well, Begged your pardon
And I smiled in glad reply. (MAB.) And I knew I'd
So I grew reserved and cold. (MICH.) You were prim and
Would they had been twice as stout. Those dear ladies
Lights went out—ah! that was touch, For I whispered—

"Sergeant Beau." * For 5th verse omit accompaniment from * to **
your remark. Was—(PORTER.) Next station “Holland Park.”
met my fate. When—(PORTER.) Next station “Notting Hill Gate.”
stiff as starch. Till—(PORTER.) Next station “Marble Arch.”
much I owed. For—(PORTER.) Next station “Tottenham Court Road.”
not in vain And—(PORTER.) Next station “Chancery Lane.”

Last verse.

6. Then you asked a question sweet,

(MICHAEL.)

Too familiar to repeat. Quickly I would

not decide, At Post Office you replied

“Sergeant Bruel.”
And you kissed me then and there, I've ploughed— we

(BOTH)

didn't care, So the Tube I have to thank

For your loving heart and "PORTER, "Bad."

attacca subito.

(Wheeze of ascending lift.)

"Sergeant Burt."
NO. 9. SONG—"UNDER A PANAMA."
(AURORA.)

Written by
VINCENT BRYAN.

Moderato.

Composed by
J. B. MULLEN.

"Sergeant Brue."

By arrangement with FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, 142, Charing Cross Road, W.C.

Bill sings a song 'bou' an Af-ric-an coon, Troubles are
Liv-ing on love in a jun-gle is wrong, That's im-pro-

Bill says to Lu, 'Think how hap-py we'd be.....
If you want shade, get a Pan-a-ma hat.....

Down by the Con-go, We'll live on love 'neath a
Act like you're civ-ilt-zed. Liv-ing in trees ain't as

bam, boo tree.... Lu-lu re-plies, 'Not me! For
good as a flat..... Lu-lu is not for that! For

"Sergeant Barce."
Moderato.

'I know... that River Congo....

My beau.... must have an

auto.... A bright red auto.... that's built for

two....

Bam... bob... may shade...

"Sergeant Brave."
Zulu,......... Way out......... in Afri-

No coon......... can win Miss

Lu... Unless he's under......... a Pan-

me? — má

Fine.

"Sergeant Brue."
NO. 10. SONG. — "HEY HO!"
(LADY RICKENHALL.)

Tis said that man's heart is a
I went with dear Harry to
With Percy I float to a
When George Alexander makes

very weak spot, When touched by the arrow of Cupid; But
cricket at Lord's! My heart was with tenderness laden; I
put up the stream. On love wings my young heart is soaring; I
love, then I sigh— He makes me all creepy and thrilly— I

some men seem quite unaware when they're shot. They
Doped to a waken some answering chords, But he
murmur that life is a beautiful dream, I
whisper to Fred, die—'Were that you and I,

"Sergeant Bruce!"
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are so excessively stupid. When dining with Charlie, I shouts—“Oh! bravely! It's a maid.ent!” I speak of the day I can get no reply—he is snoring. “Ah! Cupid, the angler, is how would you feel?” He says “Silly!” “Oh, Fred, dear Fred, did In

gave him his cue To say something pretty and pleasant; I never forget. When he first pressed my hand, and then kissed it; I cruel in sport. And yet poor weak woman is wishing For your fond embrace. The audience would soon be forgotten; My

spoke of a heart that was tender and true—And he said “This is deuced tough say it were better we never had met—He replies—“Oh! the fool! he has ever in some body’s net to be caught.” He replies—“I use bait when I’m head on your shoulder—your eyes on my face—he exclaims—“Oh, good Lord! I’ll be

“Sergeant Bruce”
Sergeant Bruce.

Oh! men come and go, and men come and go, and
Woman for love may be pinning, but hearts that are aching and
Cupid can sulk in his corner, for love may awaken, but
How can you be sentimental, a way up the river, though
He's but a Goth and a Vandal, when lovers are clinging, and
Hearts that are breaking, are nothing to man when he's dining.
Hearts are forsaken by man who is cheering for Warner,
As pens may quiver, with one who attends to a gent, they
Love duets singing, who says "Have you seen Harry Randal?"
*CHORUS. (Behind scenes):

Hey ho! Men come and go, And wo - man for love may be
Hey ho! Men come and go, And Cu - pil can suik in his
Hey ho! Men come and go, Now how can you be sen - ti.

Hey ho! Men come and go, Men come and
Hey ho! Men come and go, Men come and
Hey ho! Men come and go, Men come and

To ask the great ques - tion, Might spoil his di - ges - tion, For
There are ma - ny good match - es, But ve - ry few catch - es Brought
An ex - pres - sion so worm - y Makes one feel quite squirm - y, It's
Wom - an loves A - ex - an - der. Men don't un - der - stand her And

Ah! (With closed lips) 
Vand - al,

goo. Ah! (With closed lips) 
goo. 
goo. loco.

* "Sergeant Brev:* Can be omitted if desired.
man is so greedy at dinner.
off by a maiden at cricket.
just like cold underdone must ten.
say they'll back good old Dan

"Sergeant Brea!"
No. 11. Song—“Molly Murray.”

(Daisy.)

Oh, little Molly Murray was a
To be in front of everyone was
They played the piece so rapidly it
Then Molly thought she’d marry quick, be-

American by birth; And when she was a very little
Molly’s golden rule, And faster grow than anyone was
took away your breath; America will never, never
fore she lost her looks, And held a short reception in the

“Sergeant Brue.”

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girl - le, She was so ve - ry clev - er, she'd learnt
grow - ing; She al - ways was a day be - fore the
bore us. But the cho - rus were the win - ners and were
En - tr'acte. She said "Trot out your bar - on - ets and

ev - ry thing on earth Through ris - ing in the morn - ing ve - ry
oth - er girls at school, And com - ing back when they were on - ly
in it at the death; And Mol - ly was the lea - der of the
then put up your dukes, For time's the ve - ry es - sence of the
ear - ly. She was bu - sy in the sun - light, she was
going, Then al - ways in a hur - ry at a
cho - rus, For when they came up on the stage to
con - tract," She found him and she mar - ried him be - 

"Sergeant Bruel!"
bus 'y in the moon, When oth - er folks were half a - sleep or
ve - ry ear - ly age, The Yan - kie John - nes sh'd com - plete - ly
sing be - hind the star, The Prin - ci - pal was sim - ply nev - er
fore the reg - is - tran. To Par - is; when the wed - ding all was

You - ning: She lived so ve - ry ra - pid - ly that,
smit - ten; She want - ed more ex - per - i - ence, so
in it; The cho - rus was so ra - pid that they

ov - er, She tra - velled ve - ry fast; so he was

in the af - ter - noon, With Mol - ly it was quite to - mor - row morn - ing,
goes - up on the stage And tra - velled with an Op - er - a to Bri - tain.
beat her by a bar, And Mol - ly was in front by half a min - ute.
at Vic - to - ri - a, While she was get - ting on the boat at Do - ver.

"Sergeant Brue."
CHORUS. (Imitating banjo.)

Pin-ka pum-ka ping ping! Oh, little Molly Murray,

DAISY.

Lit-tle Mol-ly Mur-ray She was al-ways in a hur-ry Al-ways in a hur-ry In a

CHOR:

Flur-ry and a sec-ry and a wor-ry wor-ry wor-ry In a Flur-ry sec-ry Flur-ry sec-ry

DAISY.

wor-ry wor-ry wor-ry. By the time she was e-leven She was near-ly twen-ty sev-en. By the
With a bus-ty and a bus-tle. To the Mon-te Car-lyo pa-per. In the daily pa-per. Was a no-tice of the ca-pers And
And in the Mon-te Car-lyo pa-per. Was a no-tice of the ca-pers. And
So she sent a doz-en ca-bies, And to Mon-te Car-lyo pa-per. So she

Sergeant Bux.
time she was eleven. She was nearly twenty seven. For Molly Murray lived in a
house and a house, to the Metropole, or whatever came little Molly Murray in a
in the daily papers. Was a notice of the papers of little Molly Murray in a
sent a dozen cabmen and to Monte Carlo tables. Flew little Molly Murray in a

CHORUS:

most terrific hurry. For Molly Murray lived in such a hurry.
most terrific hurry. Came little Molly Murray in a hurry,
most terrific hurry. Of little Molly Murray in a hurry
most terrific hurry. Flew little Molly Murray in a hurry.

DANCE.

(A little faster.)

accel.
No. 12. Quartette—"Tom, Dick, or Harry."

(Aurora, Mabel, Gerald, & Michael.)

Allegretto.

Piano.

Mabel.

There's always a somebody else when you wed. You

Gerald (To Michael.)

meet and you wish you had married instead. That's a little bit rough on

Aurora.

If marriages only, like

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plays were rehearsed. They would all of them be for the best not the worst, for we'd

MICHAEL. (To Gerald.)

all marry "Somebody Else" at the first. You're in for it.

GIRLS.

too......... Tom, Dick, or Harry! Which

- ever you choose to marry, it doesn't much matter. So

"Sergeant Bruc."
take your pick, For Tom is not a bit better than Dick, And
deciso. MABEL. deciso.
Dick is no better than Harry And Dick is no better than Harry!

AURORA.
Tom, Dick, or Harry! Which ever you choose to marry. It
MABEL.
Tom, Dick, or Harry! Which ever you choose to marry. It
GERALD.
Tom, Dick, or Harry! Which ever you choose to marry. It
MICHAEL.
Tom, Dick, or Harry! Which ever you choose to marry. It

"Sergeant B. rex."
doesn't much matter, So take your pick. For Tom is not a bit better than Dick, And
doesn't much matter, So take your pick. For Tom is not a bit better than Dick, And
doesn't much matter, So take your pick. For Tom is not a bit better than Dick, And
doesn't much matter, So take your pick. For Tom is not a bit better than Dick, And
deciso.

Dick is no better than Harry! And Dick is no better than Harry!
deciso.

Dick is no better than Harry! And Dick is no better than Harry!
deciso.

Dick is no better than Harry! And Dick is no better than Harry!
deciso.

Dick is no better than Harry! And Dick is no better than Harry!
deciso.

"Sergeant Bruce!"
very best wife that a fellow can take. Is the girl of his dreams that he can't meet a wade. There's a rival to you—that's clear!

But ah! there's a girl that no
o-h-r-er can beat, The girl who is kind, as she's pretty and sweet, The

MABEL (To Aurora.)

i-de-al girl that you nev-er do meet. You're sec-o nd, my

MEN.

dearl... Jane, Kate, or Car rie, Whic h - ev -er you choose to

mar ry, It does - n't much mat - ter With whom you mar e, For

"Sergeant Blue."
GERALD,  
decisi.

Jane is not a bit better than Kate. And Kate is no better than

MICHAEL,  
decisi.

Carrie. And Kate is no better than Carrie.

AURORA.

Tom, Dick, or Harry. Which ever you choose to

MABEL.

Tom, Dick, or Harry. Which ever you choose to

GERALD.

Jane, Kate, or Carrie. Which ever you choose to

MICHAEL.

Jane, Kate, or Carrie. Which ever you choose to

"Sergeant Bruce."
"Sergeant Barra.")
Harry! And Dick is no better.

Harry! And Dick is no better.

Carrie.

And Kate is no better. And

Carrie.

And Kate is no better. And

Dick is no better than Harry!

Dick is no better than Harry!

Kate is no better than Carrie!

Kate is no better than Carrie!

con brio.

Segue Dance.

"Sergeant Bruv."
"Sergeant Bruv."
No. 13. GREETING CHORUS. "WE'RE VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU."

CHORUS.

PIANO.

We're... very pleased to meet you
How do you do? We've
pleased to meet you
How do you do? We've

heard so much about you. Such very nice things too.
We're
heard about you. Such very nice things too.

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simply charmed to meet you, How do you do? We've charmed to meet you, How do you do? We've

heard so much about you. Dear Mister Brue.

heard a - bout you. Dear Mister Brue.

LADY B.

Pardon me, not quite like that. We like a chance to show our pretty bangles. Take the ladies by the hand. Like

"Sergeant Brue."
this you understand, And shake them all at fashionable

CHORUS.

angles.

We're

very pleased to meet you Dear Mister

pleased to meet you Dear Mister

Brue. And how do you like our climate? It

Brue. Do you like our climate? It

"Sergeant Brue."
must seem strange to you...

Oh London's very

must seem strange to you...

Oh London's

lively.

Don't you think so too?

You'll soon know all a.

lively.

Don't you think so too?

You'll soon know all a.

about it,

Dear Mister Brue.

about it,

Dear Mister Brue, gua

"Sergeant Brue."
NO. 14. SONG & CHORUS—"THE BOBBIES' BEANO."

(Michael)

VOICE.

Tempo di Marcia.

1. The constables of Hammersmith had grievances to air, And chief of the police who was a very artful man. With

2. But the they were very full of indignation, So they very great resource and circumspection, Had

marched in a procession to the Park and then and there, They managed to arrange a very artful little plan. To

"Sergeant Bruce."

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held a very lively demonstration. They circumvent this little insurrection. So

put a resolution in the customary way. They just when by the speaker to a fury they were fanned. And

grumbled at the work and at the pension. They tempers were about as hot as chutney. There ar

grumbled at the hours and they grumbled at the pay. And arrived a new procession, with a banner and a band. Of

"Sergeant Barc!"
other things too numerous to mention
pretty little servant girls from Putney

CHORUS.
MICHAEL.
Oh!...........
Oh! what a lively demonstration

When the bobbies' banner was unfurled, All the people shouted "What oh!" When they
When the nurse's banner was unfurled, All the people shouted "What oh!" When they

read the bobbies' motto, "The hand that rules the traffic rules the world!"
read the nurse's motto, "The hand that speaks the baby rules the world!"

"Sergeant Erne,"
Oh! what a lively demonstration

When the bobbies' banner was unfurled,
All the
When the nurse's banner was unfurled,
All the

When the bobbies' banner was unfurled,
All the
When the nurse's banner was unfurled,
All the

When the bobbies' banner was unfurled,
All the
When the nurse's banner was unfurled,
All the

"Sergeant Bruc."
people shouted "What oh!" When they read the babies' mot to "The
people shouted "What oh!" When they read the nurses' mot to "The

hand that rules the traffic rules the world!..............
hand that spans the baby rules the world!..............
hand that rules the traffic rules the world!..............
hand that spans the baby rules the world!..............

"Sergeant Bruce"
3rd time.

Oh! when the band began to play, the

leggiero.

girls began to dance. And all the bobbies soon became inspectors. They

found that when they ventured to the girls to make advance there

were no conscientious objectors. The chairman left the chair and for-

"Sergeant Bruce!"
got to count the votes! And danced with Mary Ann up on the
green, oh! The secretary broke his pen and
threw away his notes. And the demonstration ended in a

CHORUS

beano.

Oh!

"Sergeant Bruce."
Oh! what a lively demonstration.

Cook and bobbie sang till they were hoarse! And the

people shouted "What oh!" "When they read the latest motot! "The

hand that stirs the gravy rules the force!"

"Sergeant Brue."
CHORUS.

Oh! what a lively demonstration,

Oh! what a lively demonstration,

Oh! what a lively demonstration,

Oh! what a lively demonstration,

Cook and bobbie sang till they were hoarse! And the

Cook and bobbie sang till they were hoarse! And the

Cook and bobbie sang till they were hoarse! And the

Cook and bobbie sang till they were hoarse! And the

"Sergeant Blene!"
people shouted "What oft? When they read the latest news to

people shouted "What oft? When they read the latest news to

people shouted "What oft? When they read the latest news to

people shouted "What oft? When they read the latest news to

hand that stirs the gravy rules the force!

hand that stirs the gravy rules the force!

hand that stirs the gravy rules the force!

hand that stirs the gravy rules the force!

DANCE.

Sergeant Bruce!
No. 15. Song—"Dear Little Heart"

Words by
MAURICE POND.

Moderato.

Dear little heart, I am singing to you
Singing to you alone...

The song that we call our own...
The song that your true heart is

"Sergeant Bruce"
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listening to, it means far more than the words can say. And
more than the poet meant it to. For it carries a message from
me to you. That nobody else can know. It

carries a message from me to you. That nobody else can

"Sergeant Blue"
know, Dear little heart!

The words may say that each

thought of mine Is given to you alone. But the

music says that love divine Has melted two hearts into

"Sergeant Brue;"
one,— dear little heart,

Dear little heart, I am singing to you,

The song that we call our own,

"Sergeant Brue"
"Sergeant Bruce?"
appassionato.

know me to you That nobody else can know—
dear little heart

"Sergeant Bruce!"
N° 16. FINALE. ACT II.—“OH, HELP! OH, HELP!”

“Sergeant Brue.”
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LADY BICKENHALL.

Oh! Mister Michel! Help! Mon! Burglars under my bed.

What, Burglars?

What, Burglars?

What, Burglars?

What, Burglars?
For years in horror and in dread I've
nightly searched beneath my bed For burglars who have not been there!
This night of horror and despair I did as I was wont to do, And
not been there!
not been there!
not been there!
not been there!

"Sergeant Bruce!"
there I found not one, but two!
not one, but two!
not one, but two!
not one, but two!

Ah! do not laugh at my distress!
They have seen me in this

dress!
Indeed with great reluctance I confess.

"Sergeant Bruc!"
They must have seen me weari\-ing ev\-en\-less!
Oh! let us pi\-ty her dis\-tress.

Oh! let us pi\-ty her dis\-tress.
Oh! let us pi\-ty her dis\-tress.

They must have seen her weari\-ing
distress.

They must have seen her weari\-ing
distress.

They must have seen her weari\-ing
distress.

They must have seen her weari\-ing
distress.

"Sergeant Bru\-e!"
even less! Rouse the whole Hotel!

Let us ring the bell, Are the men arrested?

Let us ring the bell, Are the men arrested?

Let us ring the bell, Are the men arrested?

"Sergeant Brue."
Where are the Police! Police! Police!
Where are the Police! Police! Police!
Where are the Police! Police! Police!
Where are the Police! Police! Police!

Crookie. He's done it; Coppet's now he'll be promoted.
Omnes. Where are the burglars? — where are they?
Police. Here!
Omnes. Mr. Bruel!
Michael. Father
Lady B. Sergeant Bruel!
Omnes. Good heavens!
Bruel. I do assure you 'tis a dying rumour—
I am no burgler.
Crookie. Lord I've made a bloomer.

"Sergeant Bruel."
Lady Bickenhall.

Gracious me! Mister Brue!

What on earth are we to do? Here's a pretty

how do, Fancy them arresting you!

Chorus.

Gracious me! Why its Brue! What on earth are

Gracious me! Why its Brue! What on earth are

"Sergeant Brue."
we to do? Fancy them arresting you! Here's a pretty, Here's a pretty
we to do? Fancy them arresting you! Here's a pretty, Here's a pretty

how de do. MJC. How long will he get for this.
how de do. INSPECTOR. Six months.

loc. "Sergeant Brue."

END OF ACT II.
ACT III.

SCENE I. NO. 17. OPENING CHORUS—“HAIL! THE SOLON OF THE COURT.”

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

PIANO.

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Keen of wit, and clear of thought, Stu - pen... 

Keen of... wit, and clear of thought, Stu - pen... 

dou - ly, dis - cern - ing, Wide - spread his fame.

"Sergeant Brue."
NO. 18. MAGISTRATE'S SONG.—"I'M A MOST AMUSING FELLOW."
(MR CRANK.)

Words by
J. HICKORY WOOD.

Music by
FREDERICK ROSSE.

Allegro moderato.

MR CRANK.

1. I'm a most amusing fellow, All my
2. I've a special joke for sail-ors, And for

jokes are ripe and mel- low, And the pa- pers think me fun- ny to a
gro- cers and for tai- lors, And for mo- tor- men I've one that's up- to -

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(Laughs.)

fault. (he! he! he!)

When they swear by all that's holy, They were

mark in accents biting, "I shall have to give you pepper for

-driving very slowly, I say, "Motors must be charged at any

(Laughs.)

(Clerk laughs.)

-sault." (he! he! he! he! he! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

When a

cab-man used to be. For his courage I've commended. 'Tis the

lady has a flare out. Tears another lady's hair out. I re-

"Sergeant Bruc!"
brave alone," I said, "de-serve the fare." To a
mark that she is bound to keep the piece," It's a

gent-l-e man ar-rest-ed Pick-ing poc-kets, I've sug-gest-ed Pick-ing joke I'm of-ten us-ing For it rea-ly is a mus-ing, And it

(Laughs.)
oak-um for a lit-tle change of sir-
al-ways goes so well with the po-
tice. (hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel!

rall: a tempo.

hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! hel! And it

"Sergeant Brue!"
al-ways goes so well with the po-lice.
make a lit-tle joke like that.
chuck-le and they laugh At my lit-tle bit of chaff, They've a
keen sense of hu-mour have the plice.

"Sergeant Blue."

When I
CHORUS.

And it always goes so well with the pl-

ice,

And it always goes so well with the pl-

ice,

that, They chuck-ke and they laugh At his lit-

tle bit of chaff. They've a

that, They chuck-ke and they laugh At his lit-

tle bit of chaff. They've a

keen sense of hu-mour have the pl-

ice.

keen sense of hu-mour have the pl-

ice.

"Sergeant Bruce."

D.C.
No 19. Finale—Scene I. Act III.
“Sergeant Brue, You Are Acquitted.”

Written by
Chas. H. Taylor.

Composed by
Ernest Vousden.

Marziale.

Magistrate.

VOICE.

Ser-geant Brue you are ac- quirred Whe- ther

PIANO.

you are to be pitied Or be blamed I can-not say. But you

CHORUS.

A-shamed, a-shamed, a-shamed. He

ought to feel a-shamed. A-shamed, a-shamed, a-shamed. He

“Sergeant Brue!”
ought to feel ashamed.

brue:

ought to feel ashamed. I've pleaded guilty make it long or short. Oh

L'istesso tempo.

ushers:

magistrate.

non-sense. Silence in Court.

non-sense. But listen Sergeant

L'istesso tempo.

m.

brue:

I have not done with you Ne-mes-sis must

"Sergeant Brue!"
M.

take her course And I'll cheerfully endorse

M.
document of legal shape Of paper blue tied with red tape

M.
From which there can be no escape. And you shall be dismissed the

"Sergeant Bruce."
Allegro.

Dismissed the Force. Dismissed the Force. Oh

Force.

Dismissed the Force. Dismissed the Force. Oh

Pity spare him. Don't divorce him. From his calling or remorse. Will

Pity spare him. Don't divorce him. From his calling or remorse. Will

Haunt and regret be yours. Dismissed the Force. Dismissed the Force. If

Haunt and regret be yours. Dismissed the Force. Dismissed the Force. If

"Sergeant Brue."
you that Document endorse. And Sergeant Brue. And

Sergeant Brue's dismissed the Force.

Sergeant Brue's dismissed the Force.

"Sergeant Brue!"
SCENE II.
No. 20. "AURORA, WALTZ."
(INTERMEZZO.)

Tempo di Valse.

"Sergeant Blue."
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"Sergeant Bru..."
"Sergeant Bruet,"
"Sergeant Bruce!"
No. 21. Chorus—"This great Zoological Party."

Allegro con spirito.

"Welcome, all, both great and small, A
Soprano.
Allegro con spirito.

"Welcome, all, both great and small, A
Alto.

"Welcome, all, both great and small, A
Tenor.

"Welcome, all, both great and small, A
Bass.

"Welcome, all, both great and small, A

"Sergeant Bruce."
Copyright 1914, by Horwood & Crew, Ltd.
Welcome that's honest and hearty; For every beast shall be
welcome at least to this great zoological party.
Welcome all, both great and small, A welcome that's honest and heart-y; For every beast shall be welcome at least to this
great zoological party!

Here is an elephant.

massive and stout, most thoughtfully bringing his

"Sergeant Bru"
Here is a fox whose horri.ble snout Ap-

trunk!...........

pears to e.stab-lish a funk!...........

"Sergeant Bru.

Welcome all, both great and small,
Welcome that's honest and hearty.

"Sergeant Bruet."
"Sergeant Bruce."
DANCE (by FREDERICK ROSSE)

Allegro.

"Sergeant Brue"
"Sergeant Brué."

D.C. a fine.
NO. 22 SONG.—"RUN AWAY AND PLAY."
(MABEL AND GIRLS CHORUS)

% Allegretto.

I was quite a tiny tot and ladies came to tea. They
Fred did use to call I thought that he was fond of me. But
dear old friends of father's once a farce I heard, They

often used to say a lot that interested me. I
by my sister I was taught she came to see. I
played in French, but I'm no dunces and followed every word. They

"Servant Boy."
Copyright 1904, by Hopwood & Crew, Ltd.
poco rit: a tempo.

used to hide behind a choir. But oh it made me...
used to sit between the two And talk to dear old...
asked me if I understood, I answered "Out, Mon-
colla voce.

wild When someone noticed I was there And
Fred, I think he liked it—wouldn't you?—But
sieur, And think the jokes are very good? They

said "Hush! There's the child. Run away, run away and
sister always said: "Run away, run away and
said "Great Scott!" and "Phew" (whistled) Run away, run away and

play, little girl, You mustn't try to hear what people say,—We had
play, little girl, I wish you weren't always in the way!" But I'm
play, little girl, There's another act, but still you needn't stay—It

"Sergeant Bruce!"
really no idea. That you were so very near, "Run away, run away and
sure that he was lonely. Sitting there with sister on ly, "Run away, run away and
might annoy your father. For the play is really rath— Run away, run away and

Girls.

"Run away, run away and play, little girl. You
play!"
"Run away, run away and play, little girl, I
play!"
"Run away, run away and play, little girl. There's an

mustn't try to hear what people say. We had really no idea. That you
wish you weren't always in the way?" But I'm sure that he was too. ly. Sitting
other act, but still you needn't stay. It might annoy your father. For the

were so very near. Run away, run away and play!" play!
there with sister on ly. Run away, run away and play!"
play is really rath— Run away, run away and

"Sergeant Blue!"
"Sergeant Brue."
No. 23. Song—"So Did Eve."

Written by
E. CLIFFORD HARRIS & J. HICKORY WOOD.

Composed by
JAS. W. TATE.

Allegro moderato.

S. MICHAEL.

Girls of to-day are but daughters of Eve, Mother
Adam, of course, had no money to waste, On his
Woman is jealous as everyone knows, All but
daughters with men in their work now compete, But not

CHORUS.

Evel. Mother Evel. They
Evel. On his Evel. But
Evel. All but Evel. She
Evel. Ah, not Evel. A

Sergeant Brue.

By arrangement with FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER. 144 Charing Cross Road, W.C.
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cause all the trouble, men say. I believe, So did
never repented, though married in haste. To his
watched her husband wherever he goes. All but
most unambitious young woman to meet. That was

CHORUS.

Oh,
They'd
When
She

why do men blame them for using their pow'r. When they
none of those quarrels that happiness kills. Eve had
Adam went roaming over garden so green. She was
knew that weak woman for work was not planned. So she

"Sergeant True."
bring such nice apples for Man to devour? Tho’ they
far too much sense to put on any bills, And she
not at all curious to know where he’d been, For she
left it to Adam to dig up the land, And when

know all the time the apple is sour, So did
never give Adam her dressmaker’s bills, Thoughtful
knew there was no other girl on the scene. Only
Adam went spades, she did not take a hand. Lazy

CHORUS.
Evel........................ So did Evel........................
Evel........................ Thoughtful Evel........................
Evel........................ On ty Evel........................
Evel........................ Lazy Evel........................

"Sergeant Bruce!"
Daughters of Eve! Daughters of Eve! Like their fair ancestor,

Lucky young Eve! Lucky young Eve! She could say coolly, And

Happy young Eve! Happy young Eve! May have been tone up, But

Daughters of Eve! Daughters of Eve! You're really too pretty To

London or Manchester Girls go out strolling without papa's

really quite truly, I don't spend a penny on dress I be-

she was the only Young woman who never knew man could de-

clerk in the City, And fight for the buses and trams as they

leave So did Eve! So did Eve! Eve!

leave. Think of Eve! Think of Eve! Eve's

"Sergeant Brue!"
No. 24. Song.—"Musical Comedy."
(Lady Bickenhall.)

Written by Geo. Arthurs.

Composed by Jas. W. Tate.

Allegretto.

My income undoubtedly sparse is..... So I think that the best I can do..... Is, in one of those Musical farces..... To en.....

"Sergeant Bar."
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deavour to make my debut.... I, of course, should commence in the

cho - rns..... Though the ly - rics might come as a shock.... In a

sweet rustic spot I would sing Tommy Rot In the lat - est Pa - ris - i - on frock.

Allegro con brio.

'Sergeant Bruce.'
Sweetly skipp ing, Tru ly tripp ing, Quaint ly quipping

Here we are, Pert ly prance ing, Ditto dance ing, Gay ly glance ing, Tra la la!

Sweet ly sing ing, Rosses ring ing, Flow ers flinging, Near and far. Hear the wheezes

Of the breezes Thro the trees es, Tra la la For it is our hol i day To day, Hoo-

"Sergeant Buc,"

-ray! Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! To-day: It is, it is our
hol-i-day to-day! Hoo-ray! To-day! Hoo-ray!..............

Think perhaps I would sing a love bal-lad...... Which is ea-sy if you have no

"Sergeant Brave."
voice... To be serious I'd eat Lobster Salad...... Then the
song would my lover rejoice... If the plot is unsuited, no
matter...... For of course there'd be no plot at all...... I should
want a dark scene with the limelight all green, evening dress and a light fluffy shawl.

"Sergeant Bruce."
Andante espressivo.

My love will ne'er grow cold..... Each night of you I'll dream.... My

love will ne'er grow cold........ For I nev-er eat ice - cream.....

Flower's may lose their bloom........ Silver turn to gold........ But

"Sergeant Bruce".
I've got thick flannel, love; Wrapped round my heart, So my love will ne'er grow cold....

Allegretto.

If I had to war-ble the lat-est... Form of song— it would give me a

"Sergeant Bruet!"
turn,— Of my trials that would be the greatest,... For the cake-walking craze I must learn.... I should have to make love to a

John-nie.... Which is awk-ward, he's sure to be wed.... He'd ex-

- per- ience shocks. As I sang to his box, But I wouldn't mean half what I said.

"Sergeant Brue."
Allegretto.

To-night I met a fellow And to-day he is my beau For I told him that I loved him. That's the only thing I know. You may think it sounds un-maiden ly, But full of joy I am. For my boy's the nicest plum in all the jam.

"Sergeant Bruce."
Fred-dy!........ my dar-ling Fred-dy!....... We'll be as
hap-py as we can be. Fred-dy!....... come clos-er
Fred-dy,........ I'll mar-ry you if you won't mar-ry
mel......................
Sergeant Bruce:........

DANCE.
Vivace.

"Sergeant Brue."
"Sergeant Bruc."
Tempo di Marcia.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Send him off with rousing cheer, oh! Sergeant, say farewell to you,

Send him off with rousing cheer, oh! Sergeant, say farewell to you,

Send him off with rousing cheer, oh! Sergeant, say farewell to you,

Send him off with rousing cheer, oh! Sergeant, say farewell to you,

"Sergeant Bruce!"

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Wel come home Inspector Brue, Hail to the Piccadilly hero!

Hail to the Piccadilly hero! Send him off with rousing

"Sergeant Brue!"
"Sergeant Brue?"

(GERALD.)

Words and Music by
FREDERICK ROSSE.

Tempo di Valse, Lente.

PIANO.

mf Allegretto con passione.

1. Thine eyes are like twin stars
That shine into my heart.

2. Then press thy lips to mine,
And lay upon my breast.

Thy dainty head and soul to thee when we are far apart.

Thrice blest, more blest than the blest...

"Sergeant Bruce."

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giam - our they dif - fuse
king - dom of my love
Makes all my path - way
Is thine in life and

bright.
And earth and sky and sea and air
All
death.
Where loy - al - ty and love ac - claim
Thy

rall:
Slow Waltz time.

ra - dient with their light.
Then come, oh! my la - dy, Where
sway with ev'ry breath.

rall:

pleasant and shady
Our path - ways meet............
The

"Sergeant Bruel."
lovelight in thine eyes, Reflected in mine eyes, Shall guide our feet.... We'll

wander with thy hand Clasp'd closely in my hand By day and night.... Till we

find in some new land A home in our true land Of love's delight....

"Sergeant Bruce!"
No 27. Song—“Instinct.”

Written by
K. Clifford Harris.

Composed by
Jas. W. Tate.

Allegretto.

1. There’s a
2. In the
3. There’s a

Very useful feature in the minds of ev’ry creature. Call’d

days of youth and schooling boys object to teacher’s rolling. By

follow I suppose his name is Sot-o-mon or Moses. By

“Sergeant Brue.”

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in - stinct. (Have you no - ticed it?) And the
in - stinct. (I was just the same.) And the
in - stinct. (If I tell you so.) And the

girl with dain - ty dress - es is the one who most pos - seses. This
teacher makes them suf - fer though they know he is a do - fer. By
fact is rea - lly fun - ny, all his talk you'll find is mon - ey. By

in - stinct. (Of course that's plain.) She knows when there's a mouse a - bout al -
in - stinct. (Such cle - ver boys.) The mas - ter calls a boy up in a
in - stinct. (Or ten per shent.) He'll ar - gue and ges - tic - u - late in

"Sergeant Brue."
-though it makes no sound, Especially if there's a nice young voice both loud and stern, His little boyish features then all manner never slow, His arguments are full of force, so

follow hanging round. Moreover then, she'll lift her dress some sorts of colours turn. Why does he tremble so and rub the plausible you know, And when he says "Well there you are!" He'll
distance from the ground, By instinct. By instinct.
place he knew will burn? That's instinct. That's instinct.
place his arms just so, By instinct. By instinct.

"Sergeant Brue!"
It's a vague intuitive instinct which prevails,
Its a vague intuitive instinct which prevails,
Its a vague intuitive instinct which prevails,

Woman it's a sense which never fails,
Woman if his youthful courage fails?
Hebrew it's a sense which never fails,

Dainty ankle shows a boy will stare, she knows...
Knows the very spot that will soon be burning hot...
Money to be got he will some how find the spot...

Instinct. By instinct.
Instinct. By instinct.
Instinct. By instinct.

"Sergeant Brue."
No. 28. Song.—"Half a Dozen Little Bits of Lace."

(Michael.)

Written by
F. Clifford Harris.

Composed by
Jas. W. Tate.

Allegretto grazioso.

"Sergeant Barne"
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mg

Half a dozen fellows from the city,
Half a dozen couples soon were walking,

Took a trip on pleasure bent,
Half a dozen hands were squeezed,

Half a dozen maidens gay and pretty,
Half a dozen couples lowly talking,

Wander'd with the same intent,
Half a dozen pairs were pleased;

"Sergeant Brue"
Where the honey-suckle is a clinging,
Half a dozen kisses to commence with,
Sending forth its fragrance sweet,
Several dozen followed soon,
In the country where the birds are singing,
Half a dozen pairs proceeded thence with
There those girls and fellows chance to meet.
Plans and plans for future honeymoon.
a tempo.

Half a dozen walking sticks and half a dozen cigarettes Met

half a dozen parasols one day;

half a dozen he smiles Met half a dozen she smiles, That

is there were just six of them each way:

"Sergeant Brue"
Half a dozen twinkles answered half a dozen winks

And half a dozen "How d'ye do?" took place.

Then half a dozen collars, half a dozen pairs of cuffs
Went with half a dozen littie bits of lace.