THE MESSENGER BOY.

A New and Original Musical Play

BY

JAMES T. TANNER & ALFRED MURRAY.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS & PERCY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL & LIONEL MONCKTON.

VOCAL SCORE ... ... 6/- net ($2.00).
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THE MESSENGER BOY.

Dramatis Personae.

HOOKER PASHA (Commissioner of the Nile) ... ... ... ... Mr. Harry Nicholls.
COSMOS BEY (Agent to Hooker Pasha) ... ... ... ... Mr. E. J. Lonnen.
CLIVE RADNOR (a Queen’s Messenger) ... ... ... ... Mr. L. Mackinder.
CAPTAIN POTT (of the ss. Shark) ... ... ... ... Mr. Fred. Wright, Jun.
PROFESSOR PHUNCKWITZ (a German Egyptologist) ... ... ... ... Mr. Willie Warde.
COMTE LE FLEURY ... ... ... ... Mr. Robert Nainby.
MR. TUDOR PYKE (a Financier) ... ... ... ... Mr. John Tresahar.
LORD PUNCHESTOWN (Governor of El Barra) ... ... ... ... Mr. William Wyes.
CAPTAIN NAYLOR (of the P. and O. ss. Siridar) ... ... ... ... Mr. Harry Grattan.
MR. GASCogne (an Amateur Journalist) ... ... ... ... Mr. A. Hatheron.
PURSER ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. J. Thompson.
MR. TROTTER ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. F. Standen.

AND

TOMMY BANG (a District Messenger) ... ... ... ... Mr. Edmund Payne.

NORA (Lady Punchestown’s Step-daughter) ... ... ... ... Miss Violet Lloyd.
DAISY DAPPLE (a Lady Journalist) ... ... ... ... Miss Grace Palotta.
MRS. BANG (Tommy’s Mother) ... ... ... ... Miss Connie Ediss.
LADY PUNCHESTOWN (a Leader of London Society) ... ... ... ... Miss Maud Hobson.
ISABEL BLYTH ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Rosie Boote.
LADY WINDRED ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Margaret Fraser.
Cecilia Gower ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Maie Saqui.

AND

ROSA (Lady Punchestown’s Maid) ... ... ... ... Miss Katie Seymour.

SOCIETY LADIES—Miss Hetty Hamer, Miss Ada Maitland, Miss F. Lauri, Miss C. Rossell, Miss F. Langtyre, Miss K. Warren.

POPULACE—Misses Mabel Warren, Muriel Cusins, Cissie Vaughan.

Solo Dances by Miss Kitty Mason.

Dances arranged by Willie Warde. Dresses designed by Wilhelm.

ACT I.—Scene I.—Hôtel de Luxe, Thames Embankment ... ... ... ... Mr. Joseph Harker.
Scene II.—Brindisi.

ACT II.—Scene I.—Cairo
Scene II.—Up the Nile ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. T. E. Ryan.
Scene III.—El Barra
# THE MESSENGER BOY.

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*Vocal Score.*
The Messenger Boy.

No. 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

Piano.

SOPRANO.

f unis.

TENOR.

To our

BASS.

To the

To the

20,932.  Copyright, MDCCCL, by CHAPPLE & Co.
SOP.  
Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a

TEN.  
Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a

BASS.  
Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a

shop man to a Czar, Low or high, or high, You'll be

TEN.  
shop man to a Czar, Low or high, or high, We'll be

BASS.  
shop man to a Czar, Low or high, or high, We'll be

20.932.
SOP.  
smiled upon and pet. ted By a beauty co. ro. net.ted; It's a

TEN.  
smiled upon and pet. ted By a beauty co. ro. net.ted; It's a

BASS.  
smiled upon and pet. ted By a beauty co. ro. net.ted; It's a

SOP.  
Char. ity Ba. zaar, That is why! That is why! At the

TEN.  
Char. ity Ba. zaar, That is why! That is why!

BASS.  
Char. ity Ba. zaar, That is why! That is why!

20,932.
Charity Bazaar

Any man

Any man

quire a crackle jar... or a fan!

Or a

Or a fan!

Or a

unis.

20,932.
ti.tled la.dy palm.ist, Will al.lure the ve.ry calm. est, At a

ti.tled la.dy palm.ist, Will al.lure the ve.ry calm. est, At a

Char i ty Ba zaar, That's the plan! That's the plan! To our
Char i ty Ba zaar, That's the plan! That's the plan! To the
Char i ty Ba zaar, That's the plan! That's the plan! To the

20,932
SOP.  

Come and buy!

TEN.  

Come and buy!

BASS.  

Come and buy!

Moderato.

Sup. (Stall Holders.)

At present we're not very, very clear what

20,932.
all our prettiest shows about: It's understood there's something

The secretary knows about. To

feed the blacks with perfect stacks Of dainties never, never nig. ger

For such an end you'll gladly spend... Five
Shillings for a cigarette!

Five shillings!

Five shillings!

I'm sure it's cheap enough.
And......

Just another half-crown to start it with a puff!
You drink a cup of coffee, coffee up, And

pay an eighteen-penny, penny rate; By acts like these the Sudanese, Will soon become regenerate.
decent dress his life, his life will bless, No more, no more hell bolt his mutton

whole; For such an end you'll gladly spend......... A

Sop. & Cont. (Stall Holders.)
guinea for a button-hole! A

A guinea

A. guinea

20,832.
SOP.

GUINEA! The lowest we can quote! And an-

OTHER half-a-guinea, And we'll pin it in your

coat! A guinea, a guinea! The lowest we can quote! The

TEN.

A guinea, a guinea! The lowest you can quote! The

BASS.

A guinea, a guinea! The lowest you can quote! The

20,000.
SOP.

Allegro.

Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a shop-man to a

TEN.

Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a shop-man to a

BASS.

Charity Bazaar, Come and buy! buy! buy! From a shop-man to a

20,992.
Come and buy! Czar, Low or high, or high, Come and buy!

20,932.
SONG. (Cosmos and Chorus.)

"THE MERRY MARRIAGE MARKET OF THE EAST."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto.

Cosmos.

Piano.

1. If there's any body pinning for a reputation shining, Or a
sight the Oriental on the moral side and mental Of his

fortune such as never yet was made, Let him follow British legions to the
progress to a higher mode of life, The result I would arrive at I can

20,932.
newly rescued regions. For adventure or for travel or for trade!.... Let the
hint to you in private is to fit him with a winning Western wife!.... So if

teacher philanthropic take a train across the tropic. To in-
any lovely lady wants a Pasha or a Ka- dhe, A Sir-

-struct the simple swarthy Sou- dan - ese, For I'm
dar or an Ef- fen- di or a Bey, I have

sure that if he does he will en- rap- ture Fuz- zy-Wuz- zy, And will
specimens in plenty, down from se- ven- ty to twen- ty, If you
earn a pile of ivory in fees! There's a
want them you have only just to say! When a

very fine career For the talent wasted here, And the
maid'en fair and plump Meets a matrimonial slump, And her

capital that wants to be increased; You have
beauty cannot charm you in the least; She has

only to embark it For the newly opened market, For the
only to embark it For the newly opened market, For the
bright and booming market of the East!

There's a

mer - ry mar - rial mar - ket of the East!

When a

There's a

When a

There's a

When a

very fine career For the talent wasted here, And the

maid - en fair and plump Meets a ma - tri - mo - nial slump, And her

maid - en fair and plump Meets a ma - tri - mo - nial slump, And her

maid - en fair and plump Meets a ma - tri - mo - nial slump, And her

maid - en fair and plump Meets a ma - tri - mo - nial slump, And her

23,932.
CAPITAL THAT WANTS TO BE INCREASED:... YOU HAVE
BEAUTY CANNOT CHARM YOU IN THE LEAST:... SHE HAS

CAPITAL THAT WANTS TO BE INCREASED:... YOU HAVE
BEAUTY CANNOT CHARM YOU IN THE LEAST:... SHE HAS

CAPITAL THAT WANTS TO BE INCREASED:... YOU HAVE
BEAUTY CANNOT CHARM YOU IN THE LEAST:... SHE HAS

ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE
ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE
ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE

ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE
ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE

ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE
ONLY TO EMBARK IT FOR THE NEWLY OPENED MARKET, FOR THE

25,932.
2. But to

bright and booming market of the East!
mer-ry marriage market of the East!

bright and booming market of the East!
mer-ry marriage market of the East!

Dance.

20,932.
No 3.  DUET. (Lady Punchestown and Pyke.)

"WHAT WOULD SOCIETY SAY?"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto.

Lady Punchestown.

Piano.

LADY P. 1. Sup.
PYKE. 2. Sup.

Posing a sweet little maid,...... Well-bred, rather clever and
Posing a lady of rank,...... Whose milliner's rather a

Fair,........... With girlish affections In other directions, Should
Pest,........... Should think to escape her By signing a paper In

20,932.
marry a millionaire, Whose hair is inclined to be
favour of Madame Celeste, Containing a promise to

gray. Oh! what would Society say?...........
pay. Oh! what would Society say?.........

PYKE. Ai.
LADY P. When

LADY P. Oh, yes!
PYKE. Oh, yes!

...though he's made money in trade, A millionaire is a balance is low at the bank You must do the best that you
Oh, yes!
Oh, yes!

Catch; I think she'd be fêted And con. gra. tu. la. ted On can, And live up on cred it. Though some one has said it la

mak ing a suit a ble match; So ci e ty sure ly would not an ad vis a ble plan; So ci e ty sure ly would

LADY P. But PYKE. Sup.

say: "We are glad she has fix ed on the day!

say: "Well this sort of things done ev'ry day!

pace rall.

20,932.
Tempo di Valse.

only sup - pos ing that she Ob ject ed to
pos ing the time was too short And she was un

love and o - bey A scene there might be and a
able to pay She'd have to re - sort to the

ni - ni de - cre, Then what would So - ci - e ty say
Bank rupt cy Court, Then what would So - ci - e ty say

BOTH But only sup - pos ing that she Ob ject ed to
Sup - pos ing the time was too short And she was un

BOTH But only sup - pos ing that she Ob ject ed to
Sup - pos ing the time was too short And she was un

20,932.
love and o - bey, A scene there might be and a mi - si de.
- a - ble to pay, She'll have to re - sort to the Bank - rupt, cy
love and o - bey, A scene there might be and a mi - si de.
- a - ble to pay, She'll have to re - sort to the Bank - rupt, cy

cree, Then what would So - ci - e - ty say? Court, Then what would So - ci - e - ty say?
Cree, Then what would So - ci - e - ty say? Court, Then what would So - ci - e - ty say?

Dance.

20,932.
No. 4.

SONG. (Nora and Chorus.)

"TITTLE-TATLIE"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Nora.

Moderato.

Piano.

Oh! I'm very much afraid There's a lot of scandal made Out of

matters that are really very small: Nearly everybody knows How a
story grows and grows. When there isn't any truth in it at all. If you're

friendly with a man. Though as careful as you can, Some in

quickly remote remarks will soon be heard; When some foolish people say You've been

asked to name the day, You can only contradict it as absurd! For it's

20,932.
NORA.
\[ a \text{ tempo} \]
on-ly tit-tle-tat-tle!
But it

SOPRANO.
Yes, it's on-ly tit-tle-tat-tle!

CONTRALTO.
Yes, it's on-ly tit-tle-tat-tle!

mf a tempo

N
soon gets noised a-bout That you're con-tem-plat-ing mar-riage. There is

SOP.
It's on-ly

CON.
It's on-ly

20332.
not the slightest doubt. It's exceedingly unpleasant. But you

Tit-tile, tit-tile-tat-tle!

Yes, only

Tit-tile, tit-tile-tat-tle!

Yes, only

Know for certain that 't'll prove in time to be a tit-tile, tit-tile bit, a

Tit-tile, tit-tile-tat-tle!

Tit-tile, tit-tile-tat-tle!
litle bit of tit-ble, tit-ble tat-tle!

Yes, it's only tit-ble tat-tle! But it

only tit-ble tat-tle!

only tit-ble tat-tle!

only tit-ble tat-tle!

only tit-ble tat-tle!
soon gets noise about That you're contemplating marriage, There is

soon gets noise about It's only

soon gets noise about It's only

not the slightest doubt. It's exceedingly unpleasant. But you

title, title-tat-tle! Yes, only

title, title-tat-tle! Yes, only

20,832.
know for certain that 'll prove in time to be a little, little bit, a little, little-tat-tle; prove in time to be a little, little bit, a little, little-tat-tle; prove in time to be a little, little bit, a little bit of little, little-tat-tle!

little bit of little, little-tat-tle!

little bit of little, little-tat-tle!

little bit of little, little-tat-tle!

20,932.
In the papers nowadays, you will find there is a craze for some paragraphs about the social set; every morning they discuss, with unnecessary fuss, just where certain people went and whom they met. They won't
let the poor things rest, How they looked and how they dressed, Ev'ry
detail in it's turn is brought to light, Though the
writer on the staff May'n't, perhaps, know even half Of these
wonderful celebrities by sight! For it's

20,832.
only tittletattle.

But the

Yes, it's only tittletattle!

Yes, it's only tittletattle!

ng a tempo

people will remark: "Lady Asterisk and Misses Blank are

It's only

It's only

20,932.
Driving in the Park:

As you read about the clothes they wore,

Tit·tle, tit·tle·tat·tle!

Yes, only

Tit·tle, tit·tle·tat·tle!

Yes, only

Other silly prattle, just remember it's a little tit·tle bit.

Tit·tle tit·tle·tat·tle!

Tit·tle tit·tle·tat·tle!

20,932.
lit\-tle bit of tit\-tle, tit\-tle\-tat\-tle!

Yes, it's on\-ly tit\-le\-tat\-le, But the
papers will remark: "Lady Asterisk and Misses Blank were
papers will remark: It's only
papers will remark: It's only

driving in the Park. As you read about the clothes they wore, and
tit-tle, tit-tle-tat-tle! Yes, only
tit-tle, tit-tle-tat-tle! Yes, only

20,932.
Other silly prat-tle, Just remem-ber it's a

Tit-tle-tit-tle, tat-tle! Just remem-ber it's a

Little, tit-tle bit, a lit-tle bit of tit-tle, tit-tle-tat-tle!

Little, tit-tle bit, a lit-tle bit of tit-tle, tit-tle-tat-tle!

Little, tit-tle bit, a lit-tle bit of tit-tle, tit-tle-tat-tle!

20,932.
DUET (Nora and Clive.)

"ASK PAPA!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Clive.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Oh, my dearest, ere I go, There's one
Ask Pa.

thing I want to know, When oh, when will you a.gree to

Ask Pa.

pal! Ask Pa pal! He's the person to decide. So it

Ask Pa.

cannot be denied That the quickest way will be to

Ask Pa.

20,932.
Ask Pa-pa!
Ask Pa-pa! Though I'm leaving you at present. Yet the time so quickly flies, tell me,
If you when shall I be trusted with so valuable a prize?

20,832.
really want to know that. You will do as I ad.

Tempo di Valse.

We will ask... Pa-pa the question. I'm
sure that he will know; He may give... us a sug.

ges - tion Of what is com - me it fast. So I

re - al - ly think, don't you?............. That is what we'd bet - ter

20,932.
I'm not worthy; I'm afraid, of a charming little maid, who behaves so very sweetly, ask papa! asks papa! I am very, very young, and shall have to hold my
tongue Till you satisfy completely

My Papa!

You've been used to every

comfort, Can you do with rather less? Do you

20.932.
think I shall allow you quite sufficient for your dress? And is

married life a failure, or an out-and-out suc.

Ask Papa! Ask Papa!
Tempo di Valse.

We will ask..... Pa - pa the ques - tion, I'm sure that he will know; He may give... us a sug -

- ges - tion Of what is comme il faut. So I
really think, don't you? That is what
we'd better do. Ask Papa!
6. QUINTET. (Cosmos, Daisy, Gascoigne, Le Fleury, and Phunckwitz.)

"BRADSHAW'S GUIDE."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegro.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

1. COSMOS. If you want to go by a
   proper P. & O., You will start when dawn is... blushing.

2. DAISY. But in doubt I...... am, do I
   go by Rotter-dam, And..... get to Mi-jam in...... one day!

DAISY. I had
GASI should

20334.
GAS. But it's not so quick as......
COS. But the train doesn't run on......

rather vote for a Hook of Hol-land boat,
re-com-mend the Brus-sels and Os. tend!

Flushing!
Monday!

PHUNCK. I to me must get ein cir. cle-round bil. let So I
LE FL. Mais ze sa crè guide she is what you call cock-eyed And I

say good-bye and leaf take;
will not can en-dure her!

LE FL. I will take chip-trip on ze
PHUNCK. Dat...... make my brain go
chat - ter Dove - ham ship, And con - sce re Brit - ish bit - tock!
schwin - del - ish a - gain! Der ver - fluch - ter Brad - shaw, füh - rer!

All. (unis.)

Oh!...... the Brad - shaw's Guide! the
Oh!...... the Brad - shaw's Guide! the

Brad - shaw's Guide! Will take you o - ver the world so wide! There are Brad - shaw's Guide! You can - not know it un - til you've tried! It has

trains that start and trains that call. And trains that dep. and trains that arr. And trains that nev - er get

20,932.
in at all! There are trains that back and trains that thunt, And the lot too far! There are trains too late and trains too soon, At six -

un - ual goods' train on in front. But each and all can be -teen o' - clock in the af - ter - noon; It's caused full mu - ny a

found in - side, The in - ci - den - tal, or - na - men - tal, sui - ci - de, - That fas - cin - a - ting, ir - ti - ta - ting,


20,932.
SONG. (Tommy and Chorus.)

"THE MESSENGER BOY."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Piano.

Allegro.

1. I am a smart little
2. When you entrust any
3. Now, as a rule, in the

sort of a chap,

Very obliging and active,

note to my care

I will look after its carriage,

form in the breast

Uniform causes a flutter,


Notice my uniform, but, tons and cap,

Neat, but extremely at.

Whether it's only some business affair

Or a proposal of

Of ten some nice looking girl has expressed

Things I'm too bashful to

20.932.
trac·tive; Tho' rather small, you will find that I know
mar·riage; If you are stay·ing in town rather late,
un·ter; As the re·marks are in·tended for me,

Plenty of dod·ges and wrin·kles, All o·ver Lon·don I
When there's a wife you should fly to, I'll go and tell her she
Par·don me, please, if I swag·gers; Hou·se·maids and cooks on the

rush to and fro, No mat·ter where I am rea·dy to go
is n't to wait, Charg ing you what is the us·u·al rate
sub ject a·gree, Sol·di·ers, po·lice·man and sa il·ors at sea

Soon as the tele·phone tin·kles, Bring ing you back her reply too
Have n't a chance with a jugs·ers!

20.932.
I'm........... the Mes.senger Boy With my jaun-ty air And my cheek-y stare; I'm the lad you ought to em-ploy,

Quite a mod-el Mes.senger Boy! He's.............. the Mes.senger Boy, With his jaun-ty air And his cheek-y stare;

20,932.
cho.

He's the lad we ought to employ. So ring the bell for the

1 & 2.

Mes-senger Boy!

Dance.

B.C.

CHORUS.

He's the Mes-senger Boy With his
jaunty air And his cheeky stare; He's the lad we ought to employ. So
No. 8.

Duet (Rosa and Tommy.)

"Aspirations."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto.

I'm a little messenger, Summoned by a call;
I should very much prefer To be big and tall.
I would be a boy, by then,

Very great and grand, Stopping all the traffic when I held up my
Ob, police man, hold me tight!

Han, sons give me

All right, miss!

such a fright!

Come and see us Saturday.

All right, miss! I'll look in on Saturday.

When the Missis is away!

When the Missis is away!
Allegretto.

I'm a little lady's maid, Always on the go, For my lady wants my aid

Every hour or so! But I dearly wish I were just a sailor

I'd furling up the spinnaker On an iron-clad

I would
be the boss'n stout, And I'd order you about!
Aye, aye, sir!

Reef your foremast mizen head!

Haul your wind and

Aye, aye, sir!

Douse your jib when

heave the lead!

Douse your jib when

you've a chance, Pipe all hands for grog and dance!

you've a chance, Pipe all hands for grog and dance!
If I could be born a boy That would not be bad, For I would enlist with joy
As a soldier I'd wear a khaki kit, Paint my buttons brown:
None could see me— not a bit, Till I shot them down!

20,832.
sergeant to you still, And I'd put you through your drill.
One, two, three!

Tension, number from the right!

Eyes right! March! You are a sight!

Shoulder arms! Fix magazine! Forward! Soldiers of the

20,932.
Act I - Scene II.

OPENING CHORUS.

"TARENETTA"

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Allegro.
SOPRANO.

Tenor.

BASS.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

Tra la la la la la la la la la la!

20.932.
SOP.  mf  Tra la la la la la la la
       mf  Tra la la la la la la la
       mf  Tra la la la la la la la

20.932.
SOP.

Tra la la la la la la

TEN.

Tra la la la la la la

BASS.

Tra la la la la la la

20.832.
20,932.
SOP.

la la la tra la la la tra la la la

TEN.

la la la t tra la la la

BASS.

la la tra la la la tra la la la

20,932.
No. 10.

SONG. (Clive and Chorus.)

"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

1. I met a Miss Mary Maclean on the boat, They
2. Her first was a curate, seeraphic but slow, The
3. The next was the Doctor we kept on the ship To

...lone, and in charge of the skipper; The
other men called him a sotty; His
dose us with brandy when all ing; Ht

20.932.
ladies declared her unworthy of grace. The sailors pro-
views I believe were exceedingly "now," His aims were re-
hung round her chair for the whole of the trip, Or helped her to

announced her a clipper. It wasn't the beauty that
markedably lofty. He wanted Miss Mary to
cling to the railing. He felt for her pulse and he

bloomed on her cheek, For some might consider her plain,
wed him and come To live in a Bermondsey Lane,
gazed in her eye Because as! heard him explain.
But every man in the course of a week was
Restricting the sinners that dwelt in the slum, which
Her temperature was uncommonly high.

Spoons on Miss Mary Ma clean.
Frightened Miss Mary Ma clean.
Warm one was Mary Ma clean!

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, wouldn't say
Mary, Mary, quite contrary, sent him a
Mary, Mary, quite contrary, answered him

20.932.
"Yes" or "No;" Un - til she said which
way with speed; She liked the sin - ners that
on the spot? "When I am ill per -

one she'd wed They fol - lowed her all in a row
give you din - ners And not the poor sin - ners you feed
haps I will, But now I am well I will not!"...............

CLIVE & CHORUS. (unis.)

Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den
grow? With splen - did swells en - gaged to Belles And
Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den
grow? With pi - ose acts and lit - tle tracts For
Ma - ry, Ma - ry, quite con - tra - ry, How does your gar - den
grow? With ton - ic pills to cure the ills Of

cresc.

20.932.
Pretty girls all in a row,
Charity girls in a row.
Passengers all in a row.

Dance.

With tonic pills to cure the ills of passengers all in a row.

96, 932.
TRIO. (Captain Naylor, Captain Pott, and Cosmos.)

"OFF TO CAIRO."

Words by ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.


Piano.

Capt. N.

1. I will
2. I will

bet the crowd a dinner that I get to Egypt first!
buy the stock of cigarettes and smoke them all in fives!

Then 1

I will

20,932.
So I win.

judge between the participants!

hope you're not the winner!

loser finds the liquor, and the winner finds the thirst!
call upon the Pasha and release him of his wives!

And the

You're an

We'll

I'll

dinner à la carte is!

old and hardened sinner!

20,932.
play a game of Pyramids and mark it on the Sphinx,

Capt.P. We'll I

wake up ancient mummies with a course of modern drinks,

Capt.P. We'll I'll

see an Eastern dancing girl who's up to Western winks. With a

Capt.P. With a And we'll

Capt.N. With a And we'll

COS. teach you how to do it in a brace of Arab Sheiks. And we'll

COS. 20,832.
in unison.

ye ho, my hear-ties! So we're off to Cai-ro,

pipe all hands to din-ner! For we're off to Cai-ro,

off to Cai-ro, off to Cai-ro, All a.-mongst the jol-ly Gyp-pies!

Though its hot there now we're not there, I'll get more so

is a day or two! For we're off to Cai-ro, off to Cai-ro,
Capt. P.
Capt. N.
COS.

off to Cairo! That is where the present trip is. And we'll go it

Capt. P.
Capt. N.
COS.

If we know it. Three up on the spree, he I, and you!

Capt. P.
Capt. N.
COS.

I, and you!

20,932.
20, 932.
SONG. (Miss Bang and Chorus.)

"IN THE WASH."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Miss Bang.

Piano.

1. You
2. I've
3. I

talk a bout de tectives in a story

That

known a man that thought him self so clever

In

came in to a bit of money one day

And

20,932.
guess what ever people say or don...
keeping little matters from his wife:
took a set of mansions near a square:

think that Sherlock Holmes in all his glory:
never had a letter sent him.
bought a special frock for best and Sunday:

ask the humble laundress for a clue:
wouldn't send a wire to save his life:
co. hues warrant ed to wash and wear:

M.T. B.

M.T. B.

M.T. B.

20,932.
any crime is hard to disentangle,
always had the best excuses made up,
had magenta sprigs to match my bonnet,
You
Sup.
And

put the washerwoman in the box,
posing he did not come home to tea,
orange daisies on a ground of green;
For
He'd
The

when she's put a party through the mangle,
called to see a fellow who was laid up,
servant went and spilt the soup upon it,
She
That
And
knows him from his dic key to his socks.
Oh, I story wasn't good enough for me!
For you so I had to try and get it clean!
But:

M's B.

Found things out when I did a bit of washing, A
find things out when you do a bit of washing, He
found it out when I did a bit of washing. They

M's B.

mad may say he's wealthy, but I know that's bosh! I can
said his friend had got the blue, but that's all bosh! For I
said the colour wouldn't run, but that's all bosh! When I

20,932.
tell b's got no dol.lars By the e-tges of his col.lars, For it
saw his cuffs were spot.y, "Ca. fé Roy.al- sup.per-
got it rinsed and sha.ken, It was just like streak.y ba.con, For the

**CHORUS. (unis.)**

all comes out in the wash, wash, wash! Oh, you
all came out in the wash, wash, wash! Oh, you
dye came out in the wash, wash, wash! Oh, you

**CHO.**

find things out when you do a bit of wash.ing, They
find things out when you do a bit of wash.ing, He
find things out when you do a bit of wash.ing, A

20,932.
man may say he's wealthy but I know that's bosh! I can
said his friend had got the flute, but that's all bosh! For I
said the colour would do run, but that's all bosh! When she

tell he's got no dollars by the ed. ges of his col-lars, For it
saw his cuffs were spot ty, "Ca-fe Roy-al-sup-per-
get it rinsed and shaken, it was just like streak y ba-ton, For the

all comes out in the wash, wash, wash!
all came out in the wash, wash, wash!
dye came out in the wash, wash.

20,932.
CONCERTED PIECE.

(Tommy, Captain Pott, Cosmos, Le Fleury, Phunckwitz, Rosa, Mrs Bang, Daisy, Isabel)

"ASK THE ADVICE OF THE CAPTAIN!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Allegro

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Piano.

1. DAISY. Oh, Captain, we're sure you can tell us a lot. We
   want your advice, if you please,......

2. COSMOS. Captain, please say if you think that we shall Arrive on the date we are due,......

3. TOMMY. What makes you call every ssi for a "hand"? Mrs B. And when do the crew go to bed?......

TOMMY. Why isn't the Mediter.

TOMMY. How many miles long is the

DAISY. If you should discover you're 20,932.
COSMOS.
Do
PFLOCK.
When
COSMOS.
1

ra - ne - an
got
A
tide like the rest of the seas?

Seet Ca - zal
And
is it
a job
to get
through?

close to the land
Oh,
why
do
you
let
down
the
lead?

cal - cu - late
how
ma - ny
pass - sen - gers
go
Each
year
by
the
boats
of
the
people
are
talk - ing
of
na - ti - cal
craft
LE F.
What
makes
you
re - fer
to
the
wonder
how
ever
you
man - age
to
steer,
ROSA.
They
tell
me
that
coal's
get - ting

smart
P. & O.
fore
and
the
aft?
dread - ful
ly
sigh,

ROSA.
And
DAISY.
Now
LE F.
And

ISABELA.
Are
all
the
pro - visions
kept
store,
down
below,

DAISY.
If
we
should
get
ship - wreck'd
and
left
on
a
raft,

ISABELA.
Oh,
how
ma - ny
tons
do
you
burn
in
a
year?

20,032.
why are these places called quays? ALL: Quays! quays! quays!
what is the best thing to do? ALL: Do! do! do!
can you do sums in your head? ALL: Head! head! head!

quays! And why are these places called quays?
do! Now what is the best thing to do?
head! And can you do sums in your head?

ask the advice of the Captain! He's such a remarkable
ask the advice of the Captain! He's such a remarkable
ask the advice of the Captain! He's such a remarkable
man, it's awfully nice of the Captain to
tell you as much as he can; if you want to know why there are
clouds in the sky, or waves in the water below, just

man, it's awfully nice of the Captain to
If you want to be told why the
ocean is cold, or what makes the breezes to blow, just
size of the sea, or why it does not overflow, just

20,932.
mention the point to the Captain, For the Captain is sure to
mention the point to the Captain, For the Captain is sure to
mention the point to the Captain, For the Captain is sure to

know! All, Oh, ask the advice of the Captain! He's
know! All, Oh, ask the advice of the Captain! He's
know! All, Oh, ask the advice of the Captain! He's

such a remarkable man, It's awfully nice of the
such a remarkable man, It's awfully nice of the
such a remarkable man, It's awfully nice of the

20,932.
Captain To tell you as much as he can; If you want to know why there are clouds in the sky, Or waves in the water be.
want to be told why the ocean is cold, Or what makes the breezes to can not agree on the size of the sea, Or why it does not overflow.

low, Just mention the point to the Captain, For the blow, Just mention the point to the Captain, For the flow, Just mention the point to the Captain, For the
Cap. tain is sure to know!.....
COSMOS. Oh, ALL know!.....
TOMMY. Now

Dance.

1st time of 2nd sf
No. 14. FINALE - ACT I.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by IVAN CARILL.

Allegro.

SOPRANO.
Cast the moorings free, Warp the vessels round, Point them for the sea,

TENOR.

BASS.

29932.
Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the boilers burst,

Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the boilers burst,

Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the boilers burst,

Egypt is the goal, Who will get there first? Point them

Egypt is the goal, Who will get there first? Point them

Egypt is the goal, Who will get there first? Point them

simile.

ff marcato
for the sea, Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the

for the sea, Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the

for the sea, Both are outward bound! Stoke the fires with coal Till the

boilers burst, Till the boilers burst!

boilers burst, Till the boilers burst!

boilers burst, Till the boilers burst!

20932.
Allegro moderato.

CAPTAIN NAYLOR.

In spite of the waves and the

gales. A victory's certain for me. I

carry the Government mail!%

CAPTAIN POTT.

And I have the females you
ISABEL.

CAPTAIN POTT.
Oh! fly to the land of the

see!...

Nile........ To pyramid, palm and hotel........ To

suns that incessantly smile........

DAISY.

And possible husbands as

20382.
SIX GIRLS, CAPT. N., CAPT. P. and CHORUS. (in unison.)

Well! Oh! fly to the land of the Nile. To

pyr-a-mid, palm and hotel; To suns that incessantly

CHORUS Only

smile, And possible husbands as well!

CHO

spite of our feminine host. Superior luck we enjoy; We're

20,332.
Allegro moderato.

sure to be first at the post! We carry, sy the Messenger Boy! We

TOMMY.

No she

is n't the Messenger Boy; I'll give it her hot when I get her! She's
T.

very a-
cute, she's
stolen my suit, But I shall de-
li-ver my

T.

let-
ter!

NORA and ROSA.

Yes, of course, I'm the Mes-
sen-ger Boy!

And

N&R.

num-
ber'd as such on the ro-
ster! It's clear as the sun that

N&R.

I am the one. And that is a wick.
ed im-
pos-
tor! CHORUS. (in unison)

Yes, of

20,932.
course he's the Messenger Boy!
And num ber'd as such on the ro ster!
It's clear as the sun that he is the one. And
that is a wicked im pos tor! Yes, of course he's the Mes sen ger
Boy! All o thers are boun ders and brag gers; One

20,932.
Allegro.

Jag. gers!

Jag. gers!

Allegro.
SOP.

Any more...
For the shore!
Whistles

TEN.

Any more...
For the shore!
Whistles

BASS.

Any more...
For the shore!
Whistles

f
f
f
f

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from.

SOP.

blow,
Off we go!
Off we go!

TEN.

blow,
Off we go!
Off we go!

BASS.

blow,
Off we go!
Off we go!

20,932.
Allegro moderato.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Allegro moderato.

Lady P.

Lady P.

P.

Hur  rah! The Messenger Boy! We've caught him up! what bliss and joy!

PYKE.

Come
back, my Messenger Boy! Come back, you must not cross the wa ter!

TOMMY.

Oh!

help the Messenger Boy! They want my letter to destroy!

MRS. B.

Pro-

CAPTAIN YOTT.

Let

MRS. B.

-tect my Messenger Boy! Or else there will be slaughter!
Capt. P. go the Messenger Boy! In vain your dodges you em.

Capt. P. ploy... To stop the Messenger Boy, For I am

Capt. P. standing by him!

Soprano.

Tenor. He's

Bass. He's

Bass. He's
missed the Messenger Boy! So throw him a rope, a... boy! He's
missed the Messenger Boy! So throw him a rope, a... boy! He's
missed the Messenger Boy! So throw him a rope, a... boy! He's

caught the cord of the buoy, We'll pull him out and dry him! You've
caught the cord of the buoy, We'll pull him out and dry him! You've
caught the cord of the buoy, We'll pull him out and dry him! You've

20.932.
Moderato.

lost your Messenger Boy, you'll have to hail a boat, a hoy......

Moderato.

catch that Messenger Boy! Who's lost or rather gone before......

20.932.
SOP.  
trap your Mes.senger Boy, You want a very good decoy! We

TEN.  
trap your Mes.senger Boy, You want a very good decoy! We

BASS.  
trap your Mes.senger Boy, You want a very good decoy! We

SOP.  
hear your Mes.senger Boy, your Mes.senger Boy is com...ing

TEN.  
hear your Mes.senger Boy, your Mes.senger Boy is com...ing

BASS.  
hear your Mes.senger Boy, your Mes.senger Boy is com...ing

20, 932. 
back no more!
back no more!
back no more!

END OF ACT 1.
Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

No. 15.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.

SOP.

Sheltered from the moon's day glare,

Ten.

Bass.
Civilized society... Gazes on the passers by,

Who afford the cultured eye Plenty of variety...

Faces dark and faces fair. Sun burnt to a jol-ly tan...
Visitors from near and far, As a rule the people are

Very cosmopolitan, oh, very cosmopolitan,

Sheltered from the moon's day glare,
SOP.  
CON.

TEN.
BASS.

L'istesso tempo.

Some remain a while

In this busy town,
Some go up the Nile.

20,932.
Some are coming down; Some are well to do, Some have incomes

small,..... Some have aims in..... view, Some have none at all,

Some have none...... at all! TEN. & BASS.

But

if there is a ny one rather in doubt How he is going to

20,932.
travel about, A word of advice to the high-born and low too,

Hooiker Paasha is the party to go to. If there's

any one rather in doubt, Yes, rather in doubt,

Hooiker Paasha is the party to go to, the party to go to it
Hoo ker Pa sha is the par ty to go to, Yes,

Hoo ker Pa sha!

But

Some re main a while in this bu sy

if there is a ny one ra ther in dou t How he is go ing to
town

Some go up the Nile

travel about, A word of advice to the high-born and low too,

Some are coming down

Some are well...

Hooker Pasha is the party to go to, If there's
do,

Some hives comes small,

any one rather in doubt, Yes, rather in doubt,
SOP.
CON.

Some have aims in view. Some have none... at

TEN.
BASS.

Hooker Pa.sha is the party to go to. the party to go to is

SOP.
CON.


TEN.
BASS.

Hooker Pa.sha!

SOP.
CON.

Hooker Pa.sha! Hooker Pa.sha! Shelter'd from the noon-day glare.

TEN.
BASS.

20.832.
Civilized society..... Visitors from near and far.

As a rule the people are Very, very cosmopolitan.

Ve - ry, ve - ry, ve - ry cos - mo - po - li - tan.

20.932.
SOP.
CON.

TEN.
BASS.

1st TRAVELLER.

I want to cross the desert, but it
CHORUS.

fills me with a

arms:......

Hoo-ker Pa-sha will fit you out an

Hoo-ker Pa-sha will fit you out an

2nd TRAVELLER.

escort under arms:...... And I should like some cam-eels, but

escort under arms:......

2nd TRAVELLER.

don't know where to buy them! Hoo-ker Pa-sha has some in stock, we're

Hoo-ker Pa-sha has some in stock, we're

20,932.
SURE HE WILL SUPPLY THEM! THE PYRAMIDS OWE TO SEE AND

SURE HE WILL SUPPLY THEM!

OTHER THINGS BEIDES.

HOOKER PASCHA WILL

RECOMMEND THE VERY BEST OF GUIDES.

I

20,932.
wait a good interpreter, for words are apt to fail one.

CHORUS.

Hooker Pasha can let you have a female or a male one...

SOP.

CON.

Oh, he is a wonderful man...

AND

TEN.

BASS.

Oh, he is a wonderful man...

AND
few have an influence wider; We bow to him since he’s a

sort of a prince, But a most universal provider. If

you would explore the Sudan, Or toil up the Pyramidal
...ow to him since he's a sort of a prince. But a most univer...
NO. 16.

SONG. (Hooker Pasha and Chorus.)

"HOOKER PASHA"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

1. My
2. Though

name it is Hooker Pasha, No family tree can I
humble at first was my life, I felt as contented as

museter, In fact I was left by Mamma, Done
may be, I married a plump little wife, And

20,032.
H.
up with some string in a duster.
And so on the parish I owned an intelligent baby.
But sadly I own it to

H.
came, And guardians would give me a penny,
As they you, I fell among reprobate sinners; I

H.
told me to work and to make my own name, And in fact I have made a good
look a few bets from some men that I knew, And they somehow had all backed the

H.
many! I've played my part with versatile art, Ad
winners! In haste perforce I quit the course, Re

20,832.
admired by each onlooker; I've gone by numerous.

vilied by each onlooker; An absent-minded beg.

names of sorts in numerous royal and bankruptcy courts, The

gar I am, I carelessly bolted for Rotterdam, With.

highly various, multiform, cosmopolitan.

out my beautiful, dear, and dutiful wife and infatile

Hoo-ker!
Hoo-ker!

He's played his part with versatile art, Adapted to the course, Re-

20,932.
SOP. CON.

- mired by each os. look.en.......... He's gone by nu.mer.ous names of sorts. In
- viled by each on; look.en.......... An ab.sent-minded beggar is he, He

TEN. BASS.

SOP.

nu.mer.ous roy.al and

care.less.ly bolt.ed a.

CON.

bank.rupt.cy courts, The

cross the sea With

high.ly va.ri.ous,

TEN.

out his beau.ti.ful,

BASS.

mul - ti - fa.ri.ous, tos - mo.po.li - tan

dear, and du. ti.ful Hoo ker!

CON.

wife and in. fan - tile Hoo ker!

TEN.

BASS.

29,332:
Paris a trifle I made, 
By shouting "A bas! and Con-
last of my lucrative trades. 
Was one that I lately be-

-gon on— 
Procuring a party called Leyds. 

Some

smoked a Manila with Dewey! 
I've served on the sea and the
shells for the use of his cannon! 
So good a commission I
shore, 

I've lied till the Cretans revolted, 

I com-
got, 

I took special care with the loading; 

And you're 

manured the Greeks when they went to the war, And I turned to a Turk when they 

able to spot any shell of my lot By the fact of its never ex-

bolted! 

I risk my skin, but not to win The 

plotting! 

Though good Oom Pau, perhaps may call Me 

praise of each onlooker; 

The Jew, the Turk, and the 

ever-doped vermeer, 

Yet, many a Tommy
in - fi - del, I'll fight for them all if they pay for it well. I
sent to the war May miss being slain by his brother the Boer. Though

serve them mar - tial - ly, quite im - par - tial - ly, that's the method of
shells pro - tec - tive - ly filed de - fec - tive - ly by the mer - ci - ful

Hoo - ker! Hoo - ker! He risks his skin, but not... to win The
Though good Oom Paul per -haps... may call Him
praise of each one, look, er,...... The Jew, the Turk, and the infidel, He'll

Yet, many a Tommy sent to the war, May

fight for them all if they pay for it well, He serves them majestically,

miss being slain by his brother the Boer, Through shells protective ly

quite impartially, that's the method of Hooke! Hooker!

filled destructively by the merciful

TEN.
BASS.

20,922.
QUINTET.
(Clive, Daisy, Gascoigne, Phurckwitz, and Le Fleury.)
"UP THE NILE!"

Words by
PERCY GREENHANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Clive.

Piano.

Clive.

trip you should take If you're anxious to make An ex pe ri ment rash and ad
sure you'll a. gree There is plen ty to see In this re gi on of mummies and

20.032.
GASCOIGNE.

-ven-tu-ry. In the drea-ry Soz-dan Please for-get, if you can, That we're mys-te-ry. Ev'ry hi-e-ro-glyph Wants ex-am-in-ing, if You're at

LE FLEURY.

near-ing the twen- ti-th cen- tu-ry: Though you may not be brave On the all in-ter-es-ted in his-to-ry: There's a won-der-ful calm In the

LE FL.

real o-cean wave, Yet a ri-ver is not like the clam-my seas, And if land of the palm, And the tour-ist, whose brain is by cha-tter raked, Cax-ly

DAISY.

you are in-clined, You will prob-a-bly find Some re-li-a-ble re-lies of qui-et and dream As he goes up the stream, If he does n't get in-to a

20,932.
D. Clive, Gascoigne.

Phoebus, Le Fleury!

Ra-mess! Up the Nile, Up the Nile,

cat-a-ract!

CLIVE. a tempo

Up the good old Nile! Let us go and have a

ALL (unis.)

trip up on the Nile, A trip up on the Nile, A trip up on the Nile! We shall

GASCOIGNE

meet with something fresh at ev'ry mile! Something fresh at ev'ry mile! Something

ALL (unis.)

20,932
DAISY.

fresh at ev'ry mile! For the Pyramids are very new to us, Are

ve-ry new to us. Are ve-ry new to us, And the croc-o-dile and

hip-po-pot-a-mus, And the croc-o-dile and hip-po-pot-a-mus Live in

cree.

style by the banks of the Nile! Let us go and have a

20,032.
trip up on the Nile, a trip up on the Nile, a trip up on the Nile! We shall

meet with something fresh at every mile, something fresh at every mile, something

fresh at every mile! For the Pyramids are very new to us, are

very new to us, are very new to us. And the crocodile and
hippopotamus, And the crocodile and hippopotamus Live in

1. style by the banks of the Nile! Nile!

Dance.

20, 922.
No 18.

SONG. (Isabel and Chorus)

"MAISIE"

Words by
LESLEY MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Isabel.

Piano.

ISABEL.

1. There's a girl you may have met, If you have you won't forget; She is
2. But she also thinks it fun To go out with only one, Lit. tle
3. But the girl that scores the most At a town up - on the coast, That is

CHORUS.

Isabel.

Mai - sie, She is Mai - sie. Though her hair is ra - ther red She can
Mai - sie, Lit. tle Mai - sie; And she may be far from home When the
Mai - sie. That is Mai - sie; For a don. key ride or row She is

20,932.
CHORUS

ISABEL.

1. turn a fellow's head, Make him crazy, Make him crazy. Now she
    gloaming's on the gloam, Dim and hazy, Dim and hazy. Then the
    al-ways on the go, Never la-z-y. Never la-z-y. She'll be

    isn't slimly built And her nose has quite a tilt, And you'll
    stars come out above And sug-gest a dream of love. And there's
    bath-ing in the bay Where the reg-u-la-tions say That the

    hear the o-ther girls de-clare That they really can-not see What at-
    pas-sion in the brim-y air; So if a ny hand some chap Has a
    gen-tle-man must go else-where; But the cur-rent now and then Takes her
...traction there can be, But she manages to get right there.
comfortable lap, May she manages to get right there.
in among the men, And of course she has to land right there.

a tempo

May she...... is a daisy, May she...... is a
dear...... For the boys are mad about her And they can't get on without her, And they
dear...... When she takes a fellow walk, They do not go in for talking, But he
dear...... And she likes the boys to chaff her And the men to photograph her, For they
all cry "whoops" when Mai-sie's coming near.
just says "mops" and there's nothing more to hear;
all cry "whoops!" as they see her from the pier:

Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.

mind it, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
likes it, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
nice-ly, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.

let's them stare, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
says "You dare?" Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.
thinks it rare, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie, Mai-sie.

Other, Other, Other, Other.
Other, Other, Other, Other.
Other, Other, Other, Other.
Other, Other, Other, Other.

Girls are so uncertain When they do a bit of flirting,
girls when they are kissing Will go fooling round and missing,
pretty girls provoked us By retreating out of focus,

But But But But
But But But But
But But But But
But But But But

20,932.
Mai-sie.... gets right there.
Mai-sie.... gets right there.
Mai-sie.... stops right there.

cho. 

dais-y, Mai-sie..... is a dear;............ For the
dais-y, Mai-sie..... is a dear;............ When she
Dais-y, Mai-sie..... is a dear;............ And she

cho. 

boys are mad a-bout her And they can't get on with- out her And they all cry "whoops" when
take a fellow walk-ing They do not go in for talk-ing But he just says "umps" and there's
likes the boys to chaff her And the men to pho-to-graph her, For they all cry "whoops" as they

26.532.
Mai.sie's coming near. Mai.sie..... does not mind it,
nothing more to hear; Mai.sie..... rather likes it,
see her from the pier; Mai.sie..... poses nicely,
Mai.sie..... let's them stare;....... Other girls are so unwarranted. When they
Mai.sie..... says "You dare"........ Other girls when they are kissing. Will go
Mai.sie..... thinks it rare........ Other pretty girls provoke us. By re-
do a bit of flirting. But Mai.sie..... gets right there.
fooling round and missing. But Mai.sie..... gets right there.
firming out of focus. But Mai.sie..... steps right there.

D.C.
DERVISH DANCE.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.
Nº 20. SONG. (Rosa) and DANCE.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

"COOEY, MA GIEEY." Music by
A.D. CAMMeyer & J. M. CAPEL.

Andante.

Piano.

20.932.
Andante con moto.

1. Oh, when de moon am risin', It's really most sur-

2. But when de old plantation Am all in ju-

... pris - ing, She took just through my win - dow pane, And she

... La - tion, I dress my - self up might - ly fine, I'm

... wake me so I neb - ber get to sleep again, For when I'm near - ly

... go - ing to de dance with dat young man ob mine. And when de dawn am

... sleep - ing, My true lub come a - creep - ing, And I

... show - ing And de la - dies talk ob go - ing, Den he

20,982.
Hear him calling softly when de wind am still,
And de
call de banjo man to keep a-strumming still,
And de

Little echoes answer on de hill,
Little echoes tinkle on de hill.

It's the gobble uns a-calling from de
It's the gobble uns a-dancing on de:

Hill.

Yes, de

Yes, de
Gob. ble. uns a-mocking from de hill.
Gob. ble. uns a-mocking on de hill.

Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.
Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.

Gob. ble. uns a-mocking from de hill.
Gob. ble. uns a-mocking on de hill.

Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.
Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.

Logato molto

Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Am you a-sleep so soon?
Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Neber go home so soon;

Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.
Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.

Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Don't you come out too
Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Else you won't wake up

You can not miss me,
Neath de big white moon.
Come now for dan ces
Neath de sum mer moon.

Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.
Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.

Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.
Coo. ee, ma gir. lee.

You can not miss me,
Neath de big white moon.
Come now for dan ces
Neath de sum mer moon.

Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Don't you come out too
Coo. ee, it's ear. ly, Else you won't wake up

20:332.
soon; If you go kiss him, Some day you miss him, soon; If you're too late out, You had to wait out

He change like Mas. sa moon. 'Neath de chil. ly moon.

Andante.  

Dance. Andante.

lightly  

20,832.
No. 21. QUARTET. (Lady Punchestown, Pyke, Mrs. Bang, and Hooker.)

"IT'S GOT TO BE DONE."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

 Allegro.

PYKE. 1. Now how shall we try to stop this lad? The country's wild and the roads are bad, I wish we had all got wings, don't you? LADY P. We chief exchange, if only they'd try and get us through, PYKE. He's

Piano.
ne - ver could fly, so that won't do! MRS. B. Or
not en the list, so that won't do! HOOKER. Ex.

how would it be if you and I In a small bal - loon were to
per - i - ments have been made, I see, With a wire - less kind of te

sail the sky? I'm sure you have gas en - nough for two, HOOKER. They're
le - gra - phy, Of course the in - ven - tion's ra - ther new, LADY P. Mar.

very un - safe, so that won't do!..... LADY P. Oh,
co - ni's not here, so that won't do!..... PYKE, A
is 'nt there any sort of bus Or a cab that we can
carrier pigeon could be tried, The ex pense is ve ry
call?.............. PYKE. We're not in the four mile ra di us, So
small,.............. M'B. The car ri er might get pi geon pied, So
that won't do at all
that won't do at all

ALL: But whe ther we've han sums or
But whe ther we've wires or

20,832.
whether we've none, And whether we cycle or whether we run, We
whether we've none, And whether we fly there or whether we run, We

fully intend To arrive in the end; So in some way or other it's
fully intend To arrive in the end; So in some way or other it's

got to be done! Ah!
got to be done! Ah!
got to be done! But whether we're handsom or whether we're none, And
got to be done! But whether we're wires... or whether we're none, And

20,932
We fully intend To ar-

whether we cycle or whether we run, We fully intend To ar-

whether we fly there or whether we run, We fully intend To ar-

rive in the end; So in some way or other it's got to be done!

rive in the end; So in some way or other it's got to be done!

Dance.

Fine.
SONG. (Captain Pott and Chorus.)

"CAPTAIN POTT."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Capt. Pott.

Piano.

Allegro.

1. I'm famous Capt'ain Pott,
2. The ladies welcome Pott,

1. Tin Pett! Tin
2. Come pol! Com-

A terror to the skul-ker and the lub-ber,
They flash a-round to fold me in em-braces,

20,932.
A pretty toughish lot,
And kisses warm or hot.

Lubbery!
Brazen!

Fish lot! Fish lot!
Oh, rot! Oh, rot!

Little, but I'm steel and India rubber!
Print up on their proud and pretty faces!

I'm run an ocean tramp
Loved by many a queen,
That's dirty, also damp.

In Africa, I mean, with
194

Capt. P.  
shakes her rivets out when she's in motion;  
all the tropic armour of the Zulu;  

CHO.  
Mo—tion!  
Zu—lu!

Capt. P.  
I will back my boat with anything a—float  
To fascin—a—ting smiles  
Al—lured the Sand—wich isles,  

CHO.  
To  
Al—lured the Sand—wich isles,  

Capt. P.  
race from point to point a—cross the ocean;  
con—quered half the hearts of Honolulu!  

CHO.  
O—cean, ah!  
Lu—lu! ah!
They're all after Pott, They're all after Pott,
They're all after Pott, They're all after Pott,
Pott, The liner, the cruiser, the collier, the
I cannot resist them, and so I do
yacht! But I put my swain on And go like a
en! When maidens are tender I promptly sur-
der, For they all get round the Cap-

20.932.
They're all after Pott, They're all after Pott, The
li-ner, the cruis-er, the col-lier, the yac-ket! But
he puts his steam-tender And goes like a de-mon. And they
don't get round the Cap-tain!
GRAND CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Let the trumpets and the drums, As they

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Let the trumpets and the drums, As they

20,032.
blare and roll and rattle, Greet the Governor that comes. Not to war and not to battle! For the

tyranny is ended. As a vision that has been. And the land shall yet be splendid. For the
Queen, for the Queen. Round the rolling world blow her

banners, Night and morning hear her bugle call.
Ma. ny are our tribes, and tongues, and man-ners. She is Queen and Lady of us

Ma. ny are our tribes, and tongues, and man-ners. She is Queen and Lady of us

Ma. ny are our tribes, and tongues, and man-ners. She is Queen and Lady of us

all!

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her

all!

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her

all!

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her

20,932.
SOP.
royal road shall run between. 
Here is to Her Majesty.

TEN.

BASS.
royal road shall run between. 
Here is to Her Majesty.

rall.

a tempo

God bless her, To the Queen! 
To the

rall.

a tempo

God bless her, To the Queen! 
To the

rall.

a tempo

God bless her, To the Queen! 
To the

rall.

a tempo

20,93z.
WHERE my tribe had once its village By the

Queen:

Queen:

Queen:

Now the
desert void of village, Mile on mile;

wa.te. wheels are heard, And the fields again are green, At the bidding and the word Of the
Queen.

And the harvest is for to ken That the spoil, its might is broken By the

And the harvest is for to ken That the spoil, its might is broken By the

And the harvest is for to ken That the spoil, its might is broken By the

And the harvest is for to ken That the spoil, its might is broken By the

In the

men that do the bidding of the Queen!

men that do the bidding of the Queen!

men that do the bidding of the Queen!
2nd CH.

desolate morasses of the Sudd,
Tangled weeds and water grasses Quoke the

2nd CH.

flood. But the river shall be freed. And the way be clear and clean At the

word that is decreed By the Queen!

And a day shall yet deliver From their

And a day shall yet deliver From their

And a day shall yet deliver From their
broad, race and river, By the men that do the bidding of the Queen, Of the

broad, race and river, By the men that do the bidding of the Queen, Of the

broad, race and river, By the men that do the bidding of the Queen, Of the

broad, race and river, By the men that do the bidding of the Queen, Of the

Queen! Round the rolling world... blow her banners, Night and

Queen! Round the rolling world... blow her banners, Night and

Queen! Round the rolling world... blow her banners, Night and

Queen! Round the rolling world... blow her banners, Night and

20,382.
morn'g hear her bugle call.

Man'y are our tribes and tongues and

SOP.

morn'g hear her bugle call.

Man'y are our tribes and tongues and

TEN.

morn'g hear her bugle call.

Man'y are our tribes and tongues and

BASS.

morn'g hear her bugle call.

Man'y are our tribes and tongues and

SOP.

mann'rs, She is Queen and Lady of us all

TEN.

mann'rs, She is Queen and Lady of us all!

BASS.

mann'rs, She is Queen and Lady of us all!

mann'rs, She is Queen and Lady of us all!
SOP.  

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her royal road shall run be-

TEN.  

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her royal road shall run be-

BASS.  

North and South shall hail her and confess her, And her royal road shall run be-

SOP.  

Here is to her Majesty, God bless her! To the tween;

TEN.  

Here is to her Majesty, God bless her! To the tween;

BASS.  

Here is to her Majesty, God bless her! To the tween;
DUET (Rosa and Tommy)

"MUMMIES"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

Piano.

TOMMY.

Oh,

20.932.
T. if you please, I'm Ram ses, I'll take my oath of

R. ROSA,
And I'm his true Queen Hat asu, The

T. that!

R. accent on the "hat"!

T. TOMMY.

We lived in style beneath the Nile And

20.932.
And then we were put
ruled the coast a round:

up in myrrh At seven-and-nine the pound!

They wound us up in linen thus, I'll show you how they
ROSA.

We slept in our sarcophagus In-

did................

side a pyramid!

TOMMY.

And

now we're wakened up again in the nineteenth Cen-

tury.

The twentieth as some main tain, But
We want to change our present dress / For a style that's modern and free. / Though it was a great success / Two thousand and odd.

I don't care.

A.

D.
round and round we got unwound With a movement solemn and
slow As suits a Queen and King that have been Four
thousand years ago! Excuse us if our
limbs are stiff, For they were not formerly so; Our
limbs are stiff, For they were not formerly so; Our
joints would act when we were packed Four thousand years ago.
joints would act when we were packed Four thousand years ago.
- go!
- go!
30.932.
I find it strange to see the change in this Egyptian land. The
nations say that things to-day No fel-lah can un-der.

R.

Eng-lish hold the last con-trol'd And spend e-norm-ous sums.

T.

In lord-ly style they dam the Nile And
any thing else that comes......

in perfect swanes the tourists come to

every spot and nook......

Though Kitchener has

gone with some Yet more arrive with Cook!
With English ladies' evening dress.... I'm tolerably content.............. Although you'll see us wearing less Up on our monument!..............

TOMMY.

But modern dances are a sport That is not attractive to
me, We'll show you how we danced at Court Two

So round and round we

thousand and odd B. C. So round and round we

pace the ground In a measure stately and slow We

pace the ground In a measure stately and slow We

20,932.
don't forget our Court etiquette Four thousand years ago!

You note, perhaps, a trifle lapse, But the

cause is easy to know, We had to stop our

20,832.
SONG. (Nora and Chorus.)

"WHEN THE BOYS COME HOME ONCE MORE."

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.

1. The boys go marching down the street, With a
2. boys go forward to the fight, With a
3. boys will come back bright and brave, With a

NORA.

tramp, tramp, tramp, And a tramp, tramp, tramp— You hear the tune of a
tramp, tramp, tramp, And a tramp, tramp, tramp— Their hopes are high and their
tramp, tramp, tramp, And a tramp, tramp, tramp— With bells that ring and with

N.

SOP.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

TEN.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

BASS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp,

20,932.
thousand feet it's a
tramp, tramp, tramp, And a
tramp, tramp, tramp. The
hearts are light, it's a
tramp, tramp, tramp, And a
tramp, tramp, tramp
And
flags that wave a
tramp, tramp, tramp, And a
tramp, tramp, tramp, And

N.
girls look on with
ea - ger eye. There are some who smile and
far a - way they hear a call "Good
luck go with you
all the win - dows will be gay With girls dressed out for

N.
some who sigh. As the boys go gal - lant - ly
march - ing by, With a
one and all! And a
gain their ech - o - ing
foot - steps fall, With a
hol - i - day, And the flowers will rain on the sold - liers' way, As they

20,932.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.
But a bright day's in
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
But a glorious day's in
tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
Yes a glorious day's in

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

store, When the boys come home once more! Oh, girls,
store, When the boys come home once more! Oh, girls,
store, When the boys come home once more! Oh, girls,
Happy you will be, When your soldier... lads you see.
Happy you will be, When your soldier... lads you see.
Happy you will be, When your soldier... lads you see.

Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once

more! Soon will victory be won
more! Ah, girls! only tell me this—
more! Arms that never were disgraced

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!
Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp!

20,932.
N.
And their duty.... brave ly done, Just think.
Is there na thing.... that you miss, Aren't you
You will glad ly.... see re placed Each arm

N.
what a lot of fun, When the boys come home once more!
long ing for a kiss When the boys come home once more?
round a bout a waist When the boys come home once more

SOP.
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,

TEN.
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,

BASS.
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,
Oh, girls, hap py you will be, When your sol dier... lads you see,

20,932.
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once
Hearts will all be full of glee When the boys come home once

more! Soon will victory be won And their duty......
more! Ah, girls! only tell me this— Is there no thing
more! Arms that never were disgraced You will gladly.....

more! Soon will victory be won And their duty......
more! Ah, girls! only tell me this— Is there no thing
more! Arms that never were disgraced You will gladly.....

more! Soon will victory be won And their duty......
more! Ah, girls! only tell me this— Is there no thing
more! Arms that never were disgraced You will gladly.....

20,932.
bravely done, Just think, What a lot of fun, When the
that you miss, Aren't you long ing for a kiss When the
see re placed Each arm round about a waist When the

bravely done, Just think, What a lot of fun When the
that you miss, Aren't you long ing for a kiss When the
see re placed Each arm round about a waist When the

bravely done, Just think, What a lot of fun When the
that you miss, Aren't you long ing for a kiss When the
see re placed Each arm round about a waist When the

boys come home once more!
boys come home once more?

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more.

boys come home once more. 2. The

boys come home once more. 3. The

boys come home once more.
No. 26.

SONG. (Mrs Bang and Chorus.)

"COMME CI COMME ÇA."

Words by
ADRIAN FOSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

Mrs Bang

1. Al'though I'm Brit'tish born I
2. I mean to buy the stocks Of
3. But since New York, they tell, Has
4. I've had no chance to see The

Piano

do not look with scorn On foreigners as
Paris hats and frocks And make my hus'band
taken back her Belle Per'haps it would be
land of I'taly, Ex'cept just pass'ing

20.932.
such: Whenever I've a chance To take a trip to
pay: I'll get an evening gown That looks just coming
wise: If I should go some day To show the U. S.
through: But if I stayed at Rome I should be quite at

France I like it very much! It's
down. It's so de - cot - le - tée! I'll
A. The Belle of Brix - ton Risel! My
home, And do as Ro - mans dol! An

only just a step By Cal - ais and Bi - eppe; You start and
be a dream of joy In pur - ple poult de sole With o - range
bag - age I'd ex - press And take the cars, I guess, Up - on the
Ice cream bar - row man Taught me I - ta - li - an Un - til I
there you are................. You dine and take the air
and perish
chiff, fon frills................... When I go out to dance, As the
de plot track................. And though I'm married, yet, A Di-
got st pat................ So, when I ta lian men Will come

hope a pet it ever, All along the Bor-
fa shion is in France, At the Mou-
. voces is cheap, you bet! And I guess I
round me, now and then, Why I know just what they're


yard! Voi cita Voi cita! Oh,
drillies! Voi cita Voi tia! That
back! I want to know, Do
at. Fu - ni - ca - la, I'm

20,932.
my! Je suis très chic! Les Messieurs say no, I am La
tell, and is that so? I'll go up town for sure, Ice cream and
la bel lis si mal! The young Signorri say...... eim pos.

belle Anglaise. C'est bon! Très bon! They are extremely
trèsment warm. C'est beau, they go With a grand coup de
chewing gum. Gee hosh! Gee whiz! I want just all there
bis le! They're gone, quite gone! They call out "Re cu -

thick!......... Vous les rous kis sy Ma meselle Mis ty? Oh, go
kick......... Toe ing and hred ing Tout près du cel ing. Oh, climb
isn......... Ca ra mel can dy, Black ber ry bran dy. Oh, go
la!......... En po co for te, Ah che la mor te! Oh, go
Oh, my! Je suis très chic!
That is du der nier chic!
I want to know, Do tell, and is that so? I'll
Les
The

Les
The

La belle Anglaise. C'est bon!
très
la
dies who per form Must get ex trême ment warm. C'est beau, they
go up town for sure, Ice cream and chew ing gum. Gee hosh! Gee.
young Si gno ri say....... s'im pos si bi le! They're gone, quite

Les
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La belle Anglaise. C'est bon!
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dies who per form Must get ex trême ment warm. C'est beau, they
go up town for sure, Ice cream and chew ing gum. Gee hosh! Gee.
young Si gno ri say....... s'im pos si bi le! They're gone, quite
bon! They are *extrêmement* thick!....... *Vous les vous kis-sy*
go With *un grand coup de* kick,....... *Toe-ing and heel-ing*
whist! I want just all there is,....... *Car-a-mel can-dy*
gone! They call out "Eco-la!"....... *Un po-co for-te,*

**M± B.**

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**CHO.**

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Ma'-mo-selle Mis-sy? Oh, go on! on!
Tout pres du ceil-ing. Oh, climb down!
Black-ber-ry bran-dy. Oh, go on!
Ah, che la mor-te! Oh, go

**M± B.**

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Ma'-mo-selle Mis-sy? Oh, go on! on!
Tout pres du ceil-ing. Oh, climb down!
Black-ber-ry bran-dy. Oh, go on!
Ah, che la mor-te! Oh, go
Nora. Allegro.

We will take our wedding trip up on the Nile. Our trip up on the Nile. Our trip up on the Nile. And we'll make it last for quite a little while. Yes, quite a little while. Yes,
quite a little while!

If the boat breaks down, you needn't make a fuss, You

If the boat breaks down, you needn't make a fuss, You

If the boat breaks down, you needn't make a fuss, You

needn't make a fuss, You needn't make a fuss, But you'll

needn't make a fuss, You needn't make a fuss, But you'll

needn't make a fuss, You needn't make a fuss, But you'll

20.932.
take a penny hippopotamus, But you'll take a penny

hippopotamus. And in style you'll de-file down the Nile!

hippopotamus, And in style you'll de-file down the Nile!
CHORUS. (in unison.)

He's the messenger boy with his jaunty air And his cheeky stare,

He's the lad we ought to employ, Quite a model messenger boy! He's the messenger boy with his jaunty air And his cheeky stare, He's the lad we ought to employ, So ring the bell for the messenger boy!

END OF THE PLAY.