CHARLES DILLINGHAM—Presents

Elsie Janis

in

The Slim Princess

A Comic Opera
in
Three Acts.

Book and Lyrics by
Henry Blossom

Music by
Leslie Stuart

Adapted from
George Ade's Story
of the same name.

CHAPPELL & CO. LTD.
37 West Seventeenth St.
NEW YORK.

LONDON.

MELBOURNE.
THE SLIM PRINCESS

A New Comic Opera
in
Three Acts.

BOOK AND LYRICS BY
HENRY BLOSSOM.

MUSIC BY
LESLIE STUART.

ADAPTED FROM GEORGE ADE'S STORY OF THE SAME NAME.

Vocal Score $2.00

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37 WEST SEVENTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK.

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# THE SLIM PRINCESS

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THE SLIM PRINCESS.
Act I.

OPENING SONG and CHORUS.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLEY STUART.

Moderato. $\frac{\text{1}}{\text{4}}$ see.

Piano.
JEN.

plumes of the palm-trees wave to and fro, Caressed by

JEN.
gentle breath of fragrant morning air, The

JEN.
bees woo the fragrant blossoms below, and luscious

JEN.
scent of Moghra flower is everywhere, The

24457
sun-beams are kissing the wave-lets of the sea,

birds fill their throats, singing their love.

But

appassionato

I alone remain unma-ted, No

hope, no fear to sor-row fate-d, Ah,
come to me, where ever you may be, By
day by night I am dreaming of thee, Nor time, nor

rit. offret.

change my heart shall so lace, Till

rit. offret.

a tempo

love shall set me free.

CHORUS. SOP. & CONTRA.

So
SOP.  

come _ whe - r - ev - er you may be,  

By day, by night I'm  

come to me, so come to me, to me whe - r - ev - er you may  

CON.  

ms  

SOP.  

dream - ing, I'm dream - ing of thee,  

Nor time, nor change my  

be _ _ I dream of thee, of thee Nor time, nor change may  

CON.  

SOP.  

Come _ my love to me, my love to  

so - lace in my dreams _ I dream by day, by night of  

CON.  

so - lace in my dreams, In my dreams by night and
me wherever you may be, By day, by thee The palm trees waving to and fro, ca-

day I dream of thee, of thee are waving to and

right my love I dream of thee By

ress'd by morning air, by morning air Nor time, nor change may

fro, caress'd by morning air Nor time, nor change may

24457
NO. 2

SOLDIER'S SONG.

"WHEN THE GUARDS GO PASSING BY."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Allegro. \( \frac{4}{4} \) 132. (PATROL)

Piano.
CAPTAIN.

When the guards go marching by.
It's

(CHORUS)  SOLO

then you hear the music of the boom, boom, boom, While the girls,

from window high, heave a sigh, heave a

sigh and the crowd all shout a loud They are

2447
proud of their brave looking Soldier boys Who pass in parade

They know not one is afraid To fight for his land

De-fend the right for his land For dearer far than
life to us, our native Country stands

There's glory in the strife to us, with

24457
other far off Foreign land When we are not engaged in war There greater pleasures
ever he may go The soldier we know Gets a glance of the down-cast

d - ev - er -ry man has found a plan By which he can stay at

Little Cupid and his bow Is the dead-liest foe As the

eye home Get mar-r-i-ed he can fight both day and night And he

home home Get mar-r-i-ed he can fight both day and night And he

home home Get mar-r-i-ed he can fight both day and night And he
Guards go marching by.

AL. I.
never needs to roam

AL. II.
never needs to roam

TEN.
never needs to roam

BASS.
never needs to roam

The Guards go marching by.

When the Guards go marching by.
L'istesso tempo.

ALTO.

You never knew a girl Who could resist a soldier's uniform

TEN.

You never knew a girl Who could resist a soldier's uniform

BASS.

Never knew a girl who could resist

For in his military practice
his first act is learning to take hearts by storm. We need no act in take hearts by storm. We need no Mar -"
hear them cheer
When the Guards go marching

hear them cheer
When the Guards go marching

We hear them cheer
When the Guards go marching

by
You never saw a girl Who could re-

by
You never saw a girl Who could re-

by
You never saw a girl Who could re-
-sist a soldier's uniform For in his

military practice his first act is learning to take hearts by storm

practice he in practice, he takes all hearts by storm
We need no Marseillaise or patriotic lays. To make us do or die. We

hear them cheer. As the guards go marching by.

hear them cheer. As the guards go marching by.

hear them cheer. As the guards go marching by.

"I LIKE 'EM PLUMP"

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

I've heard by chance That in Par- ris, France, Where wo- men go For
A fash- ions change It is re- ar range To see the with All

all the fash-ions It's quite the right and pro- per thing To at-
change their fig-ures; From tall to short, from thin to stout, And they
quire a shape like a piece of string,
show them in or they fill them out.

The curves must all be straightened out.
Their system is to us unknown.

They'd faint if you should call 'em stout.
They have a method quite their own.

And if you dared to mention fat. Well,
How ever painful it's worth their while To ne
men have died for less than that! Oh yes! Very much less.
quire a figure that's quite in style! And yet, never forget,

Fat seems really a sin.
None will dare to deny

Fashion says "be flat and thin!"
Figures very often lie.

But give me the large up-holstered kind That are
rather inclined to embossment. commet et comme eux. Those feminine curves They soothe my nerves For I don't mean that I'm keen On ladies that are all in a 'ump But I must say Some way I like 'em plump. plump.
NO 4

SONG.

LOVE'S LESSON.

(Quartet & Chorus)

Music by

LESLIE STUART.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Piano.

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girls are under seventeen
Their little minds and hearts are green,
Unfrock the fresh young man
Who flirts with any girl he can,
You

- school'd as yet in love's romance,
  You must resist his every advance,
He'll in
-school'd, But the men will find we can-not be fooled! But

years go by, they older grow, And very soon they learn to know, That

*little things may hang up on a chance A little chance!*

he invites you always look at the chance, But tell us why?

In love's romance we'll take a little chance, For

If he has money why not let him buy? The
soon to all these little lives There comes the moment
out who'll cause you most harm Will be the married
when They have to make their choice as wife Of
man! He takes you gently by the arm And
varied styles of men! The young ones flirt and
works the fatherly plan! You're like my little

(girls) tease them. "Get away, you boys, get away you boys! The
daughter "Cut it out, old man, cut it out, old man! She's

24457 40
(SOL0)

old ones kiss and squeeze them, Don't you make a noise.
far across the water, That's the lonesome bluff!

Let me go, or I will tell mamma!
I'm afraid you'll have to pull row stuff!

Ensemble

Young men, old men,

Timid men, and bold men, No one knows where they'll begin, But you
may be sure where they will finish. But schemes, cold schemes,
New and very old schemes, All are played On the
little maiden-, The simple dum-dum maiden who has
not been rightly taught, not been rightly taught.
CONSUL'S SONG.
"A LITTLE POT OF TEA."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Tempo di Marcia. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 120.

Piano.
I'm a loyal loving subject of his Majesty the King, I'm the British consul here in Borneo. I have heard a recent rumor that has caused a sort of scare. And in about a tariff there is a dispute on. But to certain English customs I most obstinately cling. And somehow believe that this and other things may cause a war. Between the land of Britain and of Tenston, I've been here for twenty months or more.
must insist at any cost upon my morning tub,
At lived in France and Germany and Asia too a bit, I've

first I made a jolly row about it, And I
studied many men in many places, But let

also like my glass of scotch and soda at my club, I
any of them have a go. It matters not a whit, They

don't see how these beggars do without it. Pon my
can't like the Anglo-Saxon races. The A-
soul! By Jove! They're up the pole! Now how do these Johnnies do with-
mer - i - can And En - glish man We'll keep the beggars in their

out - it? For there are cer - tain sim - ple
phases... For there are cer - tain sim - ple

com - forts we must have In an - y land wher - ev - er
ha - bits that we have Which give us one ad - van - tage

we may roam, We don't go in an aw - ful lot For
! in - sist, We don't go in an aw - ful lot For
harm or that sort of rot, For one able-bodied wife's e-
duels or that sort of rot, For all our disputes are set-
tled enough at home! But certain things an Eng-
lishman in-
with our fist, And that's our reputation as a

side up on, And will as long as dear old Bri-
tain's
fighting hand, So our powers are apt to let us

free His morning tub, his glass of grog—His
And all this silly talk of war. I
peaceful pipe, his faithful dog, And last of all his little pot of feel assured is nothing more Than just a tempest in our pot of tea, tea, tea. He must have his toast and little pot of tea, tea, tea. Just a tempest in our British pot of tea.
KALORA'S ENTRANCE.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLEI STUART.

Piano.

Moderato. \( \frac{4}{4} \) 66.

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SOPRANO.

Here she comes— the princess— At last, at last— We

CONTRAÎTO.

Here she comes— the princess— At last, at last— We

now shall see the form— and the beautiful face— what a contour of

now shall see the form— and the beautiful face— what a contour of

(With male Aïtoa.)

grace— has she— The princess welcome the

grace— has she— The princess welcome the
SOP.
princess of fair Bor-i-via
Bride of a Suitor to be

CON.
princess of fair Bor-i-via
Bride of a Suitor to be

TEN.

PAS.

TENORS.

BASSES.

I

I

do be-lieve, I do be-lieve
this fine dis-play is but

do be-lieve, I do be-lieve
this fine dis-play is but
Allegro. $d' = 138.$

Soprano & Contralto.

Princess, we wait to greet you, A blushing

Soprano & Contralto.

bride you soon will be To-day will
SOP.
CON.

bring some peod Consert to you.

TENORS.

Princess, we've long'd to meet you. For by your

TEN.

side, on bend-ed knee you see. We come to pay our

TEN.

BASS.

court to you

ALL.
supercilious sneer, A snub was her intention, Did you
see the look of spurning that she gave to us? She never
deigned to raise a smile or in a regal way be-
never gave a smile or in a regal way be-
never gave a smile no smile she
never gave a smile or in a regal way be-

hove to us I've got a dreadful fear Those
hove to us I've got a dreadful fear Those
gave us I've got a dreadful fear Those
hove to us I've got a dreadful fear Those
tales were no invention For it really is a strain on our cred-

uti-ty We'll not submit to such recep-tion we'll

strain We'll not submit no! no! we'll

strain We'll not submit no! no!
not be fooled by such deception

not be fooled no! no! It's a

farce, A stupid farce! A poor at-

farce, A stupid farce! A poor at-

farce, A stupid farce! A

farce, A stupid farce! Just a
- tempt to deceive, She does not
farce to deceive us, She
farce, a poor delusion to deceive, She does not
dare to make a move, a pretty
dare, she does not dare, such a pretty
does, she does not dare to make a move, a pretty
dare, she does not dare to make a move, a
PRINCE.

SOP.
scan - dal this will prove.

CON.
scan - dal will prove.

TEN.
scan - dal this will prove.

BASS.
scan - dal this will prove.

don't know what to say to you I know her haughty way to you Is

causing you surprise and perhaps you cannot understand Her
Journey has been harassing And now she finds embarrassing These
flattering attentions of you suitors for her hand

An explanation
An explanation
An explanation
An explanation
sion that looks convinc ing. But that would
sion that looks convinc ing. But that would
sion that looks convinc ing. But that would
sion that looks convinc ing. But that would
saree ex-cuse her very haughty air to us
saree ex-cuse her very haughty air to us
saree ex-cuse her very haughty air to us
saree ex-cuse her very haughty air to us

24457
Let's go, the games a-

wait us As mat-
ters now seem somewhat stra\'d, we'd

bet-ter all re-tire. A-way to the games, now take your
partners for the ceremony, man! give my

Your arm to you.

And now we will determine once for all what the game may mean.

A fitting opportunity. To
test this haughty queen... Princess we swell with pride... To think that

Princess we swell with pride... To think that

Princess we a-

we may be your bodyguard... Faithful we'll

we may be your bodyguard... Faithful we'll

-dore you Let us stay... by your side, Let us stay by
Never leave your side, Un - less to us you say I pray you go a - way

side - you here__ Un - less you bid us go__ We mean to

Glad - ly we'll fight for you_ And see that ev - ry - thing_ is quite al -

fight, yes to fight for you and see that ev - ry - thing is right_ is right for
-right for you, You look immense, And we

-you, You look immense, you look immense, And we

want to see more of you!

want to see more of you!

want to see more of you!
Now may I suffer you my arm, Walk with me

Then with me I really can't see where's the harm Come with me Or with me

We're shy in growth so take us both Then
If you won't we warn you don't be angry if we gently lift you
That is the only way we know, To
show this base, this base impos- ture, ha, ha, ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
Tell us now do, do, do, Is it not true, true, true, That you're a slim girl, slender and trim girl, And you are clad in things full of padding! If it is so, so, so,
We ought to know, know, know, just because our gender doesn't like them slender. And the game won't go.
No. 7

MY YANKEE DOODLE GIRL.

Music by
JOHN L. GOLDEN.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

I'm here my dear, in this wonderful, queer old garden with you, And I would like to say all the day, But you won't let me! Yet, I can't go till you show that you know. And care, dear, just where I'm going to be! Don't you see, I

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can't let you forget me!

No doubt it seems quite strange to you That

I, dear, should try dear, To entangle your heart; But don't think I am

 crude, Or rude! For tho' I've wo'ld you In a hasty fashion, My

 passion Is sincere, my dear! I on'y hope He made that clear, lit-tle girl So
REFRAIN.

Won't you be my Yankee Doodle Girlie! Won't you come back home with me?

Don't you see you've set my heart a-whirly. For I want you in the land of the free and easy!
We have girls in plenty! I've got my pick of twenty, but they

cannot compare with you. So come along with me,

And tell me that you'll be my little Yankee Doodle.

Girl—is, Dear—is de! de!
FINALE—ACT I.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Allegro. \( \frac{3}{4} \) 132.

Piano.

KALORA.

Now fly, the guards are

KAI.

on you. No power will save you should my fa-ther

KAI.

see. Alarm is given that you a
stranger found inside these walls Have dared profane his laws and speak to

JENKA.

Who is the man who thus mo-

JEN.

-lest you? Although you don't seem to feel very

JEN.

much your danger, This uninvited

24457
stranger  May be some spying base intriguer Of a

foreign state  Call out the

guards  Sound alarm, sound alarm, sound an a-

alarm!
Look to the gates, gates should he try to make an escape. What a terrible thing for me to behold as a younger sister you and this Sirrah in a
situation so compromising, Nothing left for me but do my duty, And call papa.
mind for me, don't mind for me, I'm quite at home you'll see, you'll see For

just this kind of com- plication Gives me a pleasant sort of recre-a-tion,

When I found you sitting here So picture-que in East- ern beau-ty!

No bom-bast-ing trom-pet-blast-ing Makes me for-get I owe a sim-ple du-
yty.

KALOGR.

You're

24457 A 6
very kind but soon you’ll find Your gallant phrases won’t avail you,

When the odds of ten to one, Proceed to surround you and to then assail you,

(Enter Guards)

Just a chance to get away If you will so without delay, But

if, with all my warnings, still you stay They’ll either take or kill you.

GUARDS:

Look
out intrepid spy,

We pare to meet the fate of this intrusion,

(to each other)

mean to do or die,

His smile is just a pretense,

He cannot make defense,

Now
trem - - - ble at your fate be - fore it's late, A warn - ing fair we give, For none can save you Chris - tian knave Pre - pare to die, You have not long to live, For we
(Saluting ceremoniously)

are bravest guards. bravest

guards of the state For - i - vee - ni - a. We pro-

- test, ever pro - test, When the

odds are in the fa - vour of the state, So
now, infidel dog, meet your fate.
So
now, once for all meet your fate. Take that, take that.
that. Take that, take that.
is this new calamity, another trouble falls on me, my daughter is molested by some cursed spy when no one's right.
more in this than eye can see, For Bori-vee-nia's en-e-my

SO:

CON:

TEN:

BAS:

more in this than eye can see, For Bori-vee-nia's en-e-my

now be-tray some new af-front up-on the state,

SO:

CON:

TEN:

BAS:

Now

new

new

new

[new af-front up-on the state,

new af-front up-on the state,

new af-front up-on the state,

new af-front up-on the state,
tell us, now tell us what did he do!

We know you show’d a great amount of valour,

A amusing situation

A amusing situation

What did he do? We know you

Tell us now, tell us what did you do?

a tion of comic relief, We know they,

a tion of comic relief,
country will reward you. But what became of him, now

noble defenders, We bow to you, We know well this

what became of him there seems no traces—Except on you.

foes fell before their sabres—In dextrous blow.

24457 A 87
Where is this infidel intruder?
GUARDS.

Noble Master! noble

GDS

mas-ter! Add an-o ther glo-rious vic-try to our score. Twas a
long fight, Twas a strong fight! For we never saw so fierce a man be-

-fore, But we threw him! nearly slew him! And were

just about to take him when he lay. Just then a fright-'ning, unlooked for

lightning bolt struck us and quickly whisked him quite away.
JEN: These men are lying, Father dear, to you. So now I'll tell you truly what I saw my sister do. I saw him put his arm around her. That's the pose in which I found her. Then he squeezed her, yes, he squeezed her. And I'm positive he kissed her too!

KALORI: I was
sitting here a - lone With - out one thought of dan - ger When there

sud - den - ly ap - peared a - lone, This most a - larm - ing stran - ger. He

spoke a for - eign tongue And wore a garb I've nev - er seen here And

now I - think of it I'm sure That he was from Ar - me - sia.
Cad-die, Ere cad-die, now take my bag and bury a-long, I really mean to make a bogey score to-day. He's my boy! No my boy! I beg your par-don, really you're wrong, now come, if we are late we'll have to wait, we'll have to
wait, we'll have to wait, A recreation

- a - tion The game of golf A pleasant innovation

- va - tion A chance for a flirtation alone, for if you

drive Quite out of bounds, then you search with him un-
-til the cad - die calls "It's found."

TENORS & BASSES.

Good - day, good -

TEN.
BASS.

day, we're rea - dy for the sports.

TEN.
BASS.

We've come to play the fi - nal on the

TEN.
BASS.

courts.
TEN BASS

Ten-mis is the
game For our vac-a-tion,

TEN BASS

No-thing has the same ex-hil-er-a-tion,

TEN BASS

splen-did ex-er-cise In ev-ry sort of way,

TEN BASS

And if we on-ly may We'll play it ev-ry day.
A recreation

Tennis is the

the game of golf; A pleasant innovation, A chance for a flirt.

For our vacation, Nothing has the same.

Taste a lose; for if you drive Quite out of bounds, then you

exhilaration, Splendid exercise In every
search with him until the caddie calls "It's found!"

sort of way, And if we only may, We'll play it

ev'ry day.

Moderato. $\text{= 114}$
Any laddy who's a caddie has a d-d hard time, Yes a d-d hard time, What a vulgar little fellow, And he seems so youthful.

Yes we're youthful likewise, truth. Do you mean to say you...
CADDIES.

do not care. Ah yes, we think that swearing is a hoo. And

GIRLS

did you ever hear us swear? When we miss the ball we'd

CAD.
hate to say what you do. A Caddie's lot. Is

CAD.
not a very good 'un, not what might be called a pud-din, not a
day goes by but we must suffer going round with

some old duffer, We walk miles the

ladies tell us were immense, and then they slip us twenty cents, which

makes us mention again we have a d'd hard time...
A recreation, a game of golf.

Tennis is the game for our vacation.

Pleasant innovation, a chance for a flirtation.

Nothing has the same exhilaration.
lone, for if you drive, quite out of bounds, why then you

action, splendid exercise, quite in every

search with him until you flirt with him

sort of way, and if we only may
SOP: until the cad-die calls, un-till he calls.

ALTO: if we play, play it.

TEN: if we play, play it.

BASS: if we play, play it.

SOP: "It's found."

ALTO: calls "It's found."

TEN: every day;

BASS: every day.
DUET.

"WE WILL NOT LIVE IN A BUNGALOW."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Moderato. \( \text{\( \hat{\text{d}} \text{= 144} \)} \)

\( \hat{\text{d}} \text{= 144} \)

Piano.

\$ Slowly. \( \text{\( \hat{\text{d}} \text{= 104} \)} \)

Lovers are we in an unromantic fashion For we

(3rd) Sometimes, in dreams I have gazed across the chasm of the

bill and we coo in a reasonable way! We

past, through the mist to the prehistoric day! When
don't need the stars to help us declare our passion, I just you were a tadpole, and I a protoplasm. And we

tell you I love you, what more is there to say? Loved in a prebiotic sort of way.

Yet where the moon is smiling down upon us
(How) I guess you're right! You're dreaming just a few, dear,

We seem so cold. She thinks we're man and wife.

You've got to stop Those "rare bits" that you eat!
Just let her think so But she's got nothing on us

We'll just get married and lead a married life.
Our e-v-o-ca-tion, at last, is quite complete!

Quicker. ($d = 132$)

We will not live in a little Bun-ga-low be side a stream where

...
got the right idea all wrong. But we will

have a lovely home with motor cars, a Yacht and an aero-

plane; And if we cannot prove content in our love then

love will have proved in vain.
With great delicacy and lightness.

SOPRANO.

We will not live in a little Bunga-low,
So we won't!

ALTO.

We will not live in a Bunga-low,
So we won't.

TENOR.

We won't have a Bunga-low.

BASS.

We won't have a Bunga-low.

SOPRANO.

-side a stream where lilies grow.

ALTO.

-side beside a stream.

TENOR.

-low by a stream.

BASS.

-side a silver stream where little lilies grow.

24457
SOP.

silly people do in song who have

ALTO

silly people do in song who have

TEN.

silly people do in song a silly song who have

BASS

people do in song a silly song who have

got the right idea all wrong But we will

ALTO

got the right idea all wrong But we will

TEN.
got the story wrong Well

BASS
got the story very wrong a silly story
have a lovely home with motor cars, a

have a lovely home with motor cars, a

have a lovely home and have a

have a lovely home a motor car a

Yacht and an aeroplane

And if

Yacht and an aeroplane

And if

Yacht and an aeroplane

If

Yacht and an aeroplane a little love affair

Slower.
we cannot prove content in our love, Then

we cannot prove content in our love, Then

we cannot prove content in our love, Then

we cannot prove content in our love, Then

love will have proved in vain.

love will have proved in vain.

love will have proved in vain.

love has proved in vain.
SONG.

"NURSERY RHYMES."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Allegro

Piano.

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When I was young I always loved to hear the dear old nursery jingle, Fairy rhymes and pantomimes I used to think were great. And now I notice older people whether they are married or single play the same old
There was a man in our town, Who thought that he was wise. He!

Mary had a bobble skirt, She was eighteen in that case! And

Liz the duck had ears ran a "sock set" stocks were very high! But

Dick-o-ry, Dick-o-ry, Dick-o-ry Duck, The mouse ran up the clock, He

fell in love with a rumbling blonde, Who blinded both his eyes! She

very where that Mary went, She moved at tortoise pace! She

still he went to all his friends, And up'd them off to bus! But

was the means of ruin ing A hundred dollar rook! The
took him to the church one day, And they were married right away. But
dodged a motor ear one day, And as she tried to run away, The
when he'd gotten all the 'swag,' And left his friends to hold the bag, He-
la - dy gave an aw - ful yell, And in the mud - dy street she fell! The

when he got her bills to pay, His eyes! Heigh-
peo - ple saw a great dis - play Of hos - ter - ry and lace, Heigh -
said: I rea - ly hate to brag, But what a smart boy am I? Heigh -
clock he run up, need I tell, Was on her silk - en sock? Heigh -

hot! What a got, bills of aw - ful size! But
ho! Ver - ry slow! Marry's ve - ry slow. But
ho! stocks are now! Jaks be - gun to buy. He'll
ho! not so slow! Mous - le wasn't slow. As

soon of course he got di- vorced, while shows that he was wise,
every where that Marry goes, the pu - blic gets a show.
sell them back a - gain to us next year when they are high.
he struck ground, the mouse run down, He thought 'twas time to go.
"I'M GLAD MY HOME IS IN THE STATES."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLEY STUART.

§ Moderato (\( \text{d} = 112 \)).

Piano.

With expression (\( \text{d} = 92 \)).

I've knocked a

Great Brit - ain's

round the world a lot, I've lived in coun - tries cold and hot; And there's no

in an aw - ful stew A - bout her bud - get and a - few More bat - tle -


tell - ing where or what I hav - n't been or done. I've drunk the

ships and what to do with sur - fra - gettes and things. And France is

24467

Copyright, MCMLX, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
wine of ev'ry land; I've shaken monarchs by the hand; I've met their
read-y an-y day To throw her li-bar-ty a-way, And place her-

pre-ty maid-ens and in short I've had my fun! But self
beneath the away A-gain of Bour-bon Kings! The

half the time I've had to smile A-mong this re-gal pomp and style To
Kaiser's o-nly look-ing for a chance to pick a lit-tle wan, So

think that I with my small pike, Could buy these po-te-n-tates And
he can grab some ter-ri-to-ry He can col-o-nize But
though all alone and far away I've never known the hour or day In
while they're all in trouble there The U. S. A. has not a care, Which
which I wasn't glad to say My home is in the States Makes me glad that I'm Amer-i-can, That's just my size.

Quicker. (d = 92.)

I'm glad my home is in the dear old States Where
ready money grows, Milk and honey flows I'd rather

24457
be a Steel King Than some old bust ed real king!

Poor old Eu rope's had her day, She's grow ing mold y

with de cay, So give three cheers, Hip, hip, hoo ray, The dear old

24457
The Land Of The Free.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLEY STUART.

No. 13.

Slowly.

this they tell me is the land of the free,
Where a

man is as good as his neighbor,
Where

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love rules above and where graft is unknown, Where
man don't care to stand up and declare that he

capital shakes hands with labor, I'm
will or he won't, he must fool her, And

told you've a right whether black or a white In a
she, be it known, has a trick of her own When it

voice in the land of the nation, But if
comes to this land sort of fooling, And the

The land of the free
this be so then I'm anxious to know why you
final resort is: an airing in court, and the

stand for such strange administration In the
jury is asked to give a ruling In the

land of the free, In the land of the free, Your
land of the freed, In the land of the freed, Di-

theories and facts do not seem to quite agree, I've been
vorce, divorce, is all you ever read, But you

The land of the free
told its illegal to make any bets
And in
don't seem content to get rid of your pain,
You're un-
some states you're punished if you smoke cig-
a-rettes,
Why I'm
happy until you're unhappy again,
Now in
sure that in Russia they never would think of en-
my land the females all do so they're told or if
-acting a law that you don't take a drink
And al-
not, well they don't get ashamed to get old
We don't

The land of the free
though I'm a Turk you have nothing on me, For your
stand for their whims or give up to their greed, But we

laws make you slaves in the land of the free.
men are their slaves in the land of the freed.

The land of the free
NO. 14

SONG.

"DO YOU BELONG TO ANYONE PARTICULAR?"

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Piano.

24457

Copyright, MCMX, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
Say little girl do you belong to anybody particular

For I'm looking for a girl like you are And

I'll admit that you're a hit With me, I've a bask roll

heavy and strong A record perpendicular That's to
Say that I am on the square, although perhaps you do not care to know. My little girlie, now don't reply. Right away but take your time; consider it well. But
anything you'll say that you are used to I will promise

Shall not be refused you.

So tell me then just

Slowly.

Where and when I'd better drop round and call. May I look
in on you to - mor-row, my lit-tle girl a - bout the hour of
two Or an - y old time will do just to have a lit - tle
tète a tête tète with you, i've no - thing Spe - cial on to -
mor-row my lit - tle girl So tell me where and i'll be there ust
call at Jay Street Number twenty three,

Ring and ask for me Number twenty three And if I'm

not a-round myself to en-ter-tain you You'll find my

hus-band there at home.
NO. 15

SONG.

"A CERTAIN SORT OF FATHER."

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLEY STUART.

Piano.

Moderato. \( \text{\textit{d}} = 100 \)

My father was the youngest of a farmer's flock of ten.
He
My dad was not content to work by other people's rules.
He

work'd all day and studied half the night.
And
had his own that beat them out of sight.
"Be

every great successful man will tell you that's how he began.
What
sure you're right then go ahead!" Was good, but "better," father said, Was
chance have we rich sons to start in right?  Then
"be sure you're a head then you're all right?" "The

father came to town and got a job as office boy. But
hand that rocks the cradle, rules the world" but fa-
ther thought. That

what's the use of telling any more. He
when it came to placing boards and stocks. It

saved his pennies year by year, was made a clerk, became cashier. And
was a great deal wiser play to turn the rule the other way. And

24457
short - ly af - ter that he ow 'd the store. But a
back the hand that cra - dles all the rocks. But a

Very slowly.
cer - tain sort of fa - ther has a cer - tain sort of son. Just
cer - tain sort of fa - ther has a cer - tain sort of son. My

call it re - tri - bu - tion if you care. If
dad was a tee - to - ther and a dea - cor. He

all the traits that fa - ther had. The only ones I got were bad. His
al - ways did what he thought right. He was a bright and shin - ing light. While
money is the one good thing I'm heir to. He?
I, his son, am just a warning beam. It's
made his dollars go a long, long way. Well,
just the laws of average at work. By

I have made mine fly since I've begun!
And those whom father "dis" I now get "done!"
We're

that's the point the people miss. The country's safety lies in this—A
opposites in every way. Which proves the truth of what I say—A
certain sort of father has a certain sort of son

DANCE.

2457
No. 16

Oh! What a Chance to Take.

SONG.

Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STUART.

Allegro Moderato (%%108)

Romance is not over when a girl consents to marry, Though she's
Once a little Turkish maiden found a certain key, Which let her

never seen the fellow in her life. She has
in and out of father's garden gate. Quite "in-

trouble to discover when she meets Tom Dick or Hor-ry. Who the
cog; she'd meet her beau and go to parties and to shows And Little

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fel - low is who claims her for his wife. He is
sup - pers where she'd bright - ly scinti - late. But one

wait - ing on the shore, Nev - er saw the girl be - fore; So he
day her fa - ther said, I've ar - ranged for you to wed. So pre-

takes a care - ful look k - long the line. When he
pare to share your an - te-nup - tial joys. With a

sees his fu - ture wife. Then he says "not on your life. Not for
ve - ry nice young man." Now im - a - gine, if you can. How she

Oh what a chance to take.
me not for mine"

Oh! what a chance to take. You never may discover who's your lover. He tells you he'll be waiting on the shore, You look sad, but he never claims you.

Oh what a chance to take. 4
Only fancy coming out aboard ship

To begin a proper Courtship!

What ked look like at the wedding!

Only fancy, Your Financée

Only fancy, Your Financée

Says you’re not the girl he’s looking for at all!

Saying, That young lady will not do at all!

Oh what a chance to take! 4
Words by
HENRY BLOSSOM.

Music by
LESLIE STEUART.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

Quasi recitative.

Ah, how shall I
ev-er de-scribe what I feel For this mar-vel-lous
crea-ture I love and a-dore!

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passion so pure that no words can reveal. What my heart would demand, what my soul would implore.

We feel so much more than can ever be expressed. And words are but weak little things at the
best
And yet in a measure I may for your pleasure Be able to grant your request.

MEN.

Just a little song

Just a little song
About the girl we're all in love with.
I know a maiden born to splendour
Child of a far off Eastern race.
She has eyes that are wondrous tender
Slender form and beautiful face.

And 'tis she treats me badly
Caus-ing my
heart to pine so sadly
Through life through death I shall

love her madly. She will be ever the Queen of my dreams!

a tempo

She is the Queen of all my dreaming! Light of my life, my

soul's desire. When she's away I exist but in seeming,
When I'm before her I live to adore her Love such as mine must find an answer Else would life not be what it seems. And though above me She some day must love me For she is the Queen of my dreams!
Queen of my dreams——The Queen—— of my dreams of my life

She is the Queen of all my dreaming Light of my life my soul's desire When she's away, I exist in dreams

When she's away, I exist in dreaming

life my soul's desire

I exist in dreaming

When she's away, I exist in dreaming
When I'm before you I live to adore you Love such as mine must

must find an answer Else would life not be what it seems

find an answer Else would life not be what it seems
And though above me You some day must love me For

Some day You must love me

And though above me You

some day must love me

rif.

you are the Queen of my dreams

rif.

Queen of my dreams

Queen of my dreams
My Yankee Doodle Girl.

Lyric by
HENRY BLOSSOM

Music by
JOHN L. GOLDEN

(Pike) I'm here, my dear, in this wonderful queer old
(Kolar) You're awfully kind, but I fear you would find you were

(Pike) garden with you, And I would like to stay all the
(Kolar) sorry indeed If I'd consent to do this for

(Pike) But I can't let you... (Kolar) Yet I won't go till you
(Kolar) Please don't refuse me... (Kolar) In modern clothes I'm a

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show that you know and care, dear, just where I'm going to sight, I suppose; and I'm sure that would cure your love, and be, don't you see? (K.A.) I can't forget you! No doubt it cause you regret. (F.L.) You could not lose me! I must con-

seems quite strange to you that I, dear, should try, dear, to en-
tess the thought is most appealing. But feeling as I tangle your heart. But don't think I am rude, or crude, For though I've tell you I do, I would stay, unless my father knew. If he saw
wooed you in a hasty fashion, my passion is sincere, my dear, (Kabra) I think you've made that very clear, (Pike) little girl-ye.
this though he would start to do things, a few things, he would kill us I know, (Pike) The greater reason you should go, lit-tle girl-ye.

CHORUS

Won't you be my Yankee Doodle girl-ye? Won't you come back home with me? Don't you see you've

p-f
set my brain a-whirly, For I want you in the land of the
free and easy. We have girls in plenty, I know twenty thousand
but there is none like you. So please don't say
"No" to me, Just say you will go and be my Yankee Doodle
girlie, dearie, do... do...