The Yankee Consul

An Opera in Two Acts

Words by Henry M. Blossom, Jr.
Music by Alfred C. Robyn

Management: Henry I. Savage

M. Witmark & Sons

New York Chicago London San Francisco

Printed in U.S.A.
THE YANKEE CONSUL

A Musical Comedy

BOOK & LYRICS BY
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, JR.

MUSIC BY
ALFRED G. ROBYN.

VOCAL SCORE, Pp. $2.00 net.  
VOCAL GEMS, Pp. 50¢ net.

MWITMARK & SONS,
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO, TMYNE, CANADA-AMERICAN MUSICAL CO.

International Copyright.

H. SCHIRMER, JR.
Instruments and Music Co.
1321 St., Boston.
"THE YANKEE CONSUL."
A Comic Opera in Two Acts.
Produced under the Management of
HENRY W. SAVAGE.

Book and Lyrics by
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

DON RAFAEL DESCHARDO, Governor of Puerto Plata
GEBUBLER, his Secretary.
CAPT LEOPOLDO, of the Dominican Army
LIEUT. COMMANDER JACK MORRELL, of the U.S. Gunboat "Vixen"
ABIJAH BOOZE, American Consul in Puerto Plata
CARLOS, vender of baskets
SANCHO, proprietor of Los Dos Toros Restaurant
NUNEZ, chef of Los Dos Toros Restaurant
FELIPO, telegraph operator
RODRIGO, Officers under Leopoldo (Local Army)
MIGUEL, Vice President
VASQUEZ, a wealthy widow
BONITA, her daughter
PAPINTA, her niece
INEZ, Sancho’s wife
DONNA TERESA, a flower girl
ESTRELLA, a flower girl
BIANCA, a barmaid
ANITA, a friend of the girls
FRANCESCA, another friend of the girls
PANILLA, another friend of the girls
MAY WHEELER
SALLY MC NEEL
MAGGIE DARLING
LILA CONQUEST
MADGE BURGESS
SOPHIE WITT
LILIAN ELREDGE
ZANA AUSTIN
MAE FLAVIN
GERTRUDE O’NEIL

SCENIC LOCALE.
ACT II—Exterior of Governor mansion. Time—Evening of same day.

Staged by
Musical Director

Music by
ALFRED G. ROBYN.
# CONTENTS

## ACT I.

| 1. OPENING CHORUS “Viva the Gay Fiesta!“ | Governor and Chorus. | 15 |
| 2. CON, CON, CON |  | 29 |
| 3. YE-HO! (O, glad is the life of a sailor at sea) | Jack and Chorus. | 35 |
| 4. IN OLD NEW YORK | Bi and Chorus. | 50 |
| 5. HOLA! (Entrance Song) | Bonita and Chorus. | 55 |
| 6. I'D LIKE TO BE A SOLDIER (Military Duet) | Leopoldo, Papinta and Chorus. | 82 |
| 7. WE WERE TAUGHT TO WALK DEMURELY. (Trio) | Bonita Papinta and Donna Theresa. | 70 |
| 8. CUPID HAS FOUND MY HEART (Ballad) | Jack. | 77 |
| 9. FINALE I |  | 81 |

## ACT II.

| 10. OPENING CHORUS | Females. | 117 |
| 11. THE MOSQUITO AND THE MIDGE | Papinta and Chorus of eight girls. | 122 |
| 12. AIN'T IT FUNNY WHAT A DIFFERENCE JUST A FEW HOURS MAKE | Bi. | 128 |
| 13. TELL ME (Love Duet) | Jack and Bonita. | 134 |
| 14. WE COME OF CASTILIAN BLOOD (Male Chorus) | Leopoldo and eight Soldiers. | 138 |
| 15. IN THE DAYS OF OLD | Bi and Chorus. | 142 |
| 16. ENSEMBLE | Principals and Chorus. | 145 |
| 17. THE HAMMERS WILL GO RAP, RAP, RAP (Duet) | Bi and Papinta. | 150 |
| 18. ENSEMBLE AND GOBLIN SONG | Chorus. | 154 |
| 19. WHEN THE GOBLINS ARE AT PLAY | Bonita and Chorus. | 191 |
| 20. HARK! WHILE I SING TO THEE (Duet) | Bonita and Governor. | 197 |
| 20. FINALE II |  | 205 |
THE YANKEE CONSUL.

Comic Opera in Two Acts.

Overture.

Words by HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.  
Music by ALFRED G. ROBYN.

Allegro con brio.

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.  
International Copyright Secured.
Allegro vivace.
SOP. & ALTO.

TEN. Vival! the gay fi-es-ta, We greet the hap-py day. From

BASS. Vival! the gay fi-es-ta, We greet the hap-py day. From

ris-ing to si-es-ta, We'll dance and sing and play. Vi-

ris-ing to si-es-ta, We'll dance and sing and play. Vi-

val the flags are fly-ing, The day is warm and bright. Then

val the flags are fly-ing, The day is warm and bright. Then
why should joy be dying, when hearts are light? Vi-

val! Vi-

wa! Vi-

winds are with the waves at play, The state-ly ships sail down the bay.
Vi-vá! A toast to all the fair! Let us
Vi-vá! A toast to all the fair! Let us

drive away dull care, Come greet the fair. Let us drive away dull care, Come greet the fair. Let us drive away dull care, Come greet the fair. Let us

care and greet the fair. care and greet the fair. care and greet the fair. Lisettne tempo.
GIRLS.

To day our off-rings to the saints we've

brought, With thoughts of love sincere our humble prayers are

fraught—

MEN.

To day we stake our happiness for

life As each shall ask some maid to be his
Vi - va! we say, Let ev'ry one be gay.

O - ver head the sky is clear, All are hap - py far and near,
Bells are ring - ing, voi - ces sing - ing, Let us give a rous - ing
O - ver head the sky is clear, All are hap-py far and near, Bells are
ring-ing, voi ces sing-ing, Let us give a rous-ing cheer.
ring-ing, voi ces sing-ing, Let us give a rous-ing cheer.
ring-ing, voi ces sing-ing, Let us give a rous-ing cheer.
ring-ing, voi ces sing-ing, Let us give a rous-ing cheer.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!

Sound again, the
Sound again, the

loud huz - zal! Ah!
loud huz - zal! Ah!

5548
Ah!
"Tis

Ah!
"Tis

Glorious thus to pass the time away

Glorious thus to pass the time away

Play.

Play.

5543
Tara-rara-rara Tara-rara-rara
Vi-va! the glad fiesta! We

-greet the happy day—From rising to siesta, We'll

Vi-va! the glad fiesta! We

-greet the happy day—From rising to siesta, We'll
ra ta ra ta ra Vi va! the flags are fly ing, The
dance and sing and play Vi va! the flags are fly ing, The
day is warm and bright Then why should joy be dy ing, when
day is warm and bright Then why should joy be dy ing, when
day is warm and bright Then why should joy be dy ing, when
hearts are light
Vi-va! Vi-va! Be
hearts are light
Vi-va! Vi-va! Be
hearts are light
Vi-va! Vi-va! Be
hearts are light
Vi-va! Vi-va! Be

merry one and all, See the winds are with the waves at play. The
merry one and all, See the winds are with the waves at play. The
merry one and all, See the winds are with the waves at play. The
merry one and all, See the winds and waves do play. The
merry one and all, See the winds are with the waves at play. The
merry one and all, See the winds and waves do play. The
State-ly ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A
State-ly ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A
State-ly ships sail down the bay.
Ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A
State-ly ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A

Toast to all the fair! Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the
Toast to all the fair! Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the
Toast to all the fair! Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the
Toast to all the fair! Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the
fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair!

fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair!

fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair!

fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair!
No 2.

Con, Con, Con.

Governor and Chorus.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Con spirito.

Piano.

It isn't material what you do, It's take a young woman who falls in love, With a
for-eign mu-si-cions come o-ver here, And

all in the way it's done Now some on oc-ca-sion re-
hand-some and rich young man, 'Twere need-less to men-tion she
are ad-ver-tised as "grand," Though most of them play for a

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons. International Copyright Secured.
sort to persuasion, while others prefer a gun. With

has the intention of landing him if she can. But

dollar a day, when at home in their native land. We

me it's a matter of judgment quite. The method I think worth

sure as she thinks that she has him hooked, and knows he will soon pro-

give up our money to buy a seat at a price that breaks our

while in one situation I frown in vexation And

pose. The more that he meets her, the better he treats her. The

heart. We don't dare to say that the performance is "joy" For it's

still in another I smile. I laugh and smile if

colder and colder she grows. His words she doubts his

all in the name of Art, The hall resounds with
thats worth while, In moments rare, I
love she scots, She with him chaffs, she
awful sounds, The concert grand gets

race and swear, Blank-et-y blank, blank, blank! Its
at him hushes, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Its
either hard, Bang-et-y bang, bang! Its

Andante.

con, con, con, every dog, Im on, on, on to the way To
con, con, con, I insist, She el love, love to be kissed, But
con, con, con, nothing more, They’re all, all, always a bore, Their

work my schemes and gain my ends, And its done by con ning
he, poor fool, dont know his ‘biz’ He buys her roses
hair is longer than their name, They know there’s no short
enemies and friends, Oh! it's con, con, con that is all, It's strange, strange,
jewelry and fizz, Oh! it's con, con, con my good friends, It fine, fine,
cut to fame, Oh! it's con, con, con and a bluff, They're out, out,

strange how they fall 'Tis known elsewhere we savoir faire But it's just plain
finally ends, The same old way, she names the day, It was all plain
out for the stuff, This talk of Art is nothing but a part Of their con, con,

con.
con.
con.

It's con, con, con, every day, I'm on, on.
It's con, con, con, insist, She'd love, love,
It's con, con, con, nothing more, They're all, all,

It's con, con, con, every day, I'm on, on.
It's con, con, con, insist, She'd love, love,
It's con, con, con, nothing more, They're all, all,
con, that is all, it's strange, strange.
con, my good friends, it's fine, fine,
con, and a bluff, they're out, out.

con, that is all, it's strange, strange,
con, my good friends, it's fine, fine,
con, and a bluff, they're out, out.

known elsewhere as savoir faire, but it's just plain con.
same old way, she names the day, it was nothing but a part.
talk of art is con.

known elsewhere as savoir faire, but it's just plain con.
same old way, she names the day, it was nothing but a part.
talk of art is con.
Ye Ho!
(Oh, glad is the life of a sailor at sea!)

Allegro.

Chorus:

 enforce the glad fi es ta! We greet the hap py day From rising to si...
ra  ra  ra  ra  Vi·val the flags are fly·ing, The
ra  ra  ra  ra  Vi·val the flags are fly·ing, The

es·ta  Well  dance and sing and play  Vi·val the flags are fly·ing, The
es·ta  Well  dance and sing and play  Vi·val the flags are fly·ing, The

day is warm and bright  Then why should joy be dy·ing, When
day is warm and bright  Then why should joy be dy·ing, When
day is warm and bright  Then why should joy be dy·ing, When
day is warm and bright  Then why should joy be dy·ing, When
hearts are light.
Vi - va! Vi - va! Be

hearts are light.
Vi - va! Vi - va! Be

hearts are light.
Vi - va! Vi - va! Be

hearts are light.
Vi - va! Vi - va! Be

mer - ry one and all. See the winds are with the waves at play, The

mer - ry one and all. See the winds are with the waves at play, The

mer - ry one and all. See the winds are with the waves at play, The

mer - ry one and all. See the winds are with the waves at play, The
state-ly ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A
state-ly ships sail down the bay, Vi-va! Vi-va! A
state-ly ships sail down the bay.

toast to all the fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come greet the
toast to all the fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come greet the
toast to all the fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come greet the
fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair.

fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair.

fair, Let us drive a-way dull care, Come, greet the fair.
Allegro vivace.

MALE CHORUS.

Who comes here? Who

FEMALE CHORUS.

comes here? It seems to be an

BLANCA.

Ri-un-ve-nil-do, thus we welcome

of fi - cer and some of his com - mand.

you, And in our fes - tive joys we'd have you share, To grace our
fete you've come in good season. Kind friends we thank you for this welcome, 'Twill give us joy, indeed, to be your guests while we are here, 'Tis luck indeed that we should have been ordered Te Por-to Pla-te, At this, a most auspicious time. For while at sea such beauty
we sadly miss.

Welcome, tell us all the news! What be-

falls you on a cruise? The recital will delight

The recital will delight

all, don't refuse

all, Pray don't refuse.
All'gretto con moto.

Oh, glad is the life of a sailor at sea, And lumber sit by their firesides at night, Con-

board of a man-o'-war. Our ship is our sweetheart, as bent in their comfort and ease. They never shall know the wild

true as can be. Our home is wherever we are. The thrill of a fight, Nor ever the blessing of peace. To

hours may be long and the work may be rough, The labor can do us no love the fair women of every clime. Oh, who but a sailor has
harm. At times there is fighting that's dangerous enough. It
heart? To love them all truly, it but for a time, To

lends an addition at charm. So over the ocean we
kiss them good-bye, lads, and part. So over the ocean we

roll.

merri ly sail, Ye ho! We
merri ly sail, Ye ho! CHORUS.

Ye ho!

laugh at a calm or a threatening gale, Ye ho! Oh.
who is from care so free  So heart-y and hale as

Ho, ye-ho, ye-ho!  Ho, ye-

we With arm full of girl and

ho, ye-ho, Ho, ye-

heart-full of song Where-ever our ship may be? Ye-

ho, ye-ho, ye-ho, ye-ho, ye-ho!
Girls and Men.

O'er the ocean we merrily sail, Ye-

Ye-ho!

ho! Ye-ho! We laugh at a calm or a

threatening gale, Ye-ho! Ye-ho! Ye-

5543
JACK.
Fill us a bowl that's large and long! Here's to our Country


George.
right or wrong! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hur- rah! Ye-


ho, ye ho! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hur- rah! Ye-


ho, ye ho! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hur- rah! Ye-


ff
In old New-York.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegro moderato.

1. I've knocked around the world, From the E-
2. I spent a week in Lon-don once But I -
3. The first time I struck Par-is I -
was

quarter to the Pole, In Eu- rope I've seen all there is to
don't see the town, They had a beast-ly fog on, doot-cher
just a little green, I couldnt tell the (cock-egg) where to

Copyright MCMII by M. Waxman & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
I've travelled thro' the Orient, and
I tried to buy a lantern just to
The people "took me in" all right, and

take it on the whole There's nothing new that isn't old to
find my way around. But found it was a game that didn't
treated me tres bien. But when my coin was gone, I was de

me. I found it fun to jolly up the
go. I asked the clerk the price of one, he
I've heard it said the Latin race are
Little Japanese, I found the girls were cold in Chili,
said "a guinea" then I asked him if he meant a guinea all on the decline. Perhaps they are, but just the same that

very smooth in Greece, But never in my most forgetful
pig or guinea hen? I'll never try to "kid" a bloom-in
"bunch" got all of mine, They pur-lead all their bets on me and

moments did I cease To leave a sigh for old New York!
British clerk a gain But I heaved a sigh for old New York!
trimmed me good and fine, And I heaved a sigh for old New York!
REFRAIN.

Eng - lish - men may have their Lon - don, French-men their Par - ee,

Ir - ish - men their Dub - lin or their Cork; But no

mat - ter where you go, You will find they can - not show you as

good a time as you can have in old New - York.
CHORUS

English-men may have their London, French-men their Purre,

Irish-men their Dublin, or their Cork; But no

matter where you go, You will find they cannot show you As

good a time as you can have in old New-York. old New-York.
No. 5.

*Hola!*

**Bolero.**

Words by

Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Bonita and Chorus.

Music by

Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegro.

Piano.

BONITA.

Hola! but it's hard to be dutiful

when maiden is wealthy and beautiful

SOPR. & ALTO.

Wealthy and beautiful

Tra la la la.

COURSES.

Wealthy and beautiful

Tra la la la.

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.

International Copyright Secured.
Per-er der de-corum forget ing sing-ing danc-ing

mad-ly co-quet-ing

Mad-ly co-quet-ing Tra la la la.

Mad-ly co-quet-ing Tra la la la.
Age is so sad a thing
Youth is so glad a thing
Why should its joy then be
Ah!

Ah!


circum-scribed

When passions yearning are
thrilling and burning are.

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
pleasure like wine should then be imbibed Ho - ha? Ho -

Bo - na Quer - i - da Si!

Bo - na Quer - i - da Si!

roll.
Dear one, Sweet heart, Words I am longing to hear__

Tell me! Tell me When shall my true love appear?

Ah! Carlo Leave me no longer alone!

Dear one, Sweet heart words she is longing to hear!

Dear one, Sweet heart words she is longing to hear!
When thou shalt come love my heart shall be thine
She is ever thine
She is ever thine

ever thy love be mine,
Ah!
Ah!

Her love is thine
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
My heart be ever thine, Thy love be ever mine.
Ah!

My heart be ever thine, Thy love be ever mine.

My heart be ever thine, Thy love be ever mine.

Mine, Ho-la!

Mine, Tra la la la la la la la! Tra la la la la la la la!

Mine, Tra la la la la la la la!

D. S.
62

No 6.

Id Like to be a Soldier.

DUO - Papiata, Leopoldo and Chorus.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

I'd like to be a soldier, Thud
I'd like to be a soldier, An

can not be denied, With musket on my shoulder Or
officer I'd be With epaulet shoul der Fe

Copyright MCMIII by M. Wiltmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
LEO. & PAP.

1st & 2nd Verse. When fife and drum are playing, orders:

1st Verse

2nd Verse
quick obeying, See them march playing all their

Boom ta ta rata Boom ta rata Boom ta ta rata

Boom ta ta rata Boom ta rata Boom ta ta rata

flags und bonniers bright. With every

Boom ta rata Boom ta ta rata Boom ta rata

Boom ta rata Boom ta ta rata Boom ta rata

Boom ta rata Boom ta ta rata
Step and steadily, ever they are ready,

Boom ta ra ta, Boom ta ra ta, Boom ta ta rata,

Boom ta ra ta, Boom ta ra ta, Boom ta ta rata,

In their place with equal grace To furt or

Boom ta ra ta, Boom ta ta rata, Boom ta ra ta,

Boom ta rata, Boom ta ta rata, Boom ta ta rata,

Boom ta rata, Boom ta ta rata, Boom ta rata.
fight. Then forward! Press on

Boom ta ta ra When fife and drum are playing Orders

ward! Hark to the roll of musket

quick obeying See them march displaying all their flags and banners

quick obeying See them march displaying all their flags and banners

5543
Hurry! Hurry boys! They fall with ev'ry step and steady ever.

Tis glorious! Thus indeed to

They are ready in their place with equal grace to

They are ready in their place with equal grace to
clear the way.

flirt or fight.

flirt or fight.

PAP. D. S. S.

I'd clear the way.

flirt or flight!

flirt or flight!
We Were Taught To Walk Demurely.

No 7.

TRIO.

Bonita, Papinta and Teresa.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Andante religioso.

Bonita

Papinta & Teresa

We were taught to walk

Piano.

nure-ly With our eyes up-on the ground, While our thoughts were cen-tered

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
purely On some mystery profound, When in need of recreation.

a - tion, Then our wild - est dissi - pa - tion, Was to

seek se - ched - ed nook, And peruse some pious

seek se - ched - ed nook, And peruse some pious
book, Of this simple recreation our contented minds pur-

ook, Of this simple recreation our contented minds pur-

ook, Of this minds our simple minds purook.

ook, repast, purook our simple minds purook.

Allegro.

PAPINTA.

School days are past, Now they are o'er, We should do what we
choose Be gay and sing, Sun-dys a bore, Al-ways gave

BONITA.

If life is a dance thee trip it a - long, And
me the blues.

gui-ly its maz- es thread Oh! let it ad- vance right mer- ri-ly

5549
on, For only too soon 'tis fled. Ah! life is a dance,

PAPINTA.

TERESA: Life is a dance

Trip it a-non, Gaily its mazes thread. Let it ad-

Trip it a-non, Gaily its mazes thread. Let it ad-

vance merrily on, Only too soon 'tis fled.

vance merrily on, Only too soon 'tis fled.
Ali!

Sure-fit of joy offered all day

Pleasure may cloy given full sway, Merriment bring re-

Andante.

Early lessons in good breeding all fri-
vol - i - ty sup - pressed. Since the world is a mis -

lead - ing wick - ed world at best, Since the world is a mis -

lead - ing wick - ed world at best.
Cupid Has Found My Heart.

No. 8.

Voice. Allegretto.

I know not what is this feeling,
That's ne'er have known but in seeming,

Great is the power of love,
Which in my daytime

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
stealing, That thrills my being like wine. My
Dreaming, My soul has hungered to prove. But

souls consumed with a yearning, That's nearly akin to
now my heart sings in answer, To heart that's attuned to

pain, And still so sweet, I'd fain repeat its
mine, A tender refrain, like a rapturous strain of
Ecstasy once again.
Mead.ody all divine.
Heart so free!

Can it be,
'Tis love, 'tis love?
Yes,

Piu lento.
This is a love to cherish.
A passion strong and pure.

Love that will never perish,
While Faith and Hope en-
dare!

Never shall I forget you, Tho' Life or Death may part
Ever I'll love you,

darling! Cupid has found my heart.

Cupid has found my heart!
Ever ready, eagerly we rally
Never halt or dally,

Stauneh and steady in retreat or sally,

At their bidding foe man quickly falter
Prudently they falter

Earnestly they try to pass us by.
Yet let us state for fear you may mis-

judge 'em Tender of heart, They're not de-void of

feel-ing, Don't be se-vere or sym-pa-thy be-

grudge 'em, They are but men This sol-dier garb con-ceal-ing
MALE CHORUS.

Even dying may amuse,

Ere the novelty be passed. Yet if all things we may choose Death's about the last. Yes,
GIRLS.

Ever ready
MEN.

Eagerly they rally we

Never holt or dally Staunch and steady

In retreat or saaly, At their our
Dar - ing foe-man quick - ly fal - ter
Pru - dent - ly they fal - ter

Ear - nest - ly they try to pass them

Ear - nest - ly they try, they try to pass us

by. At du - ty's call, the right we claim. On fee to
fall, We rush to fame. In glory's name. At duty's call.
side I shall never yield her again.

side He should never yield her again.

BI. TER.

I drink, fair one, to you, I despise you, sir! Pray let me pass.

BON. & JUANITA.

Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy

TER. PAP. & BLANCA.

Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy

JACK & ROD.

Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy shall we

BL. GOV. & LEOP.

Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy shall we
We banish dull care, for its features are unbearable when we join in the dance.

Sightly, reckless merriment.

Sightly, reckless merriment, with our life should be blest.
Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy
Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy shall we
Guy is the heart when the future's shining brightly, Happy shall we

we Banish dull care for its features are un-
be when we join in the dance, Banish dull care for its features are un-
we Banish dull care for its features are un-
be when we join in the dance, Banish dull care for its features are un-

3543
sightly, Reck - less mer - ri - ment with our life should be bent.

sightly, Reck - less mer - ri - ment with our life should be bent.

sightly, Reck - less mer - ri - ment with our life should be bent.

sightly, Reck - less mer - ri - ment with our life should be bent.

BON.

Pleas - sure beck - ans, Should not pul - ses re - spond.

spont - Brisk - ly bent - ing,

Should not pul - ses re - spond.

should not pul - ses re - spond.
Moonlight, music, never can be demanched.

Somehow can't be demanched.
lie.  Yes a sweet re. lie.  Leis-ure, plea.sure
free from the sting of anx-i- e- ty  Leis-ure de. lights it al-
free from the sting of anx-i- e- ty  Leis-ure de. lights it al-
free from the sting of anx-i- e- ty  Leis-ure de. lights it al-

our joys en-hance. Ah!
Lures it en-chants. Such its fas-ci-nation we yield to its spell.
Yield we to its spell
Lures it en-chants. Ever thus we yield to its spell.
Lures it en-chants. Ah!
Such its fas-ci-nation we yield to its spell.
Dreary ennui yields to their spell, No occupation

While it incites soon we'll join in the dance, No occupation

While it incites soon we'll join in the dance, No occupation

While it incites soon we'll join in the dance, No occupation

Frets - es so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.

please one so well, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly.
to its spell Vi-va, Vi-va, Vi-va, Vi-va,

spell Vi-va, Vi-va, Vi-va, Vi-va,

Vi-va!

Vi-va!

Vi-va!
Gov.
Moderato.

Now the siesta and cooling shade, My preparation are fully made, And your devotion I'll think but slight, Lest you are grazing the full of night But ere we part, thou'lt will not be for long Let's call upon Bo-ni-ta for a song, Your
Allegretto.

kindliest invitation I can scarcely with grace refuse; Yet I

feel a discrimination I'd much rather that you'd excuse, What shall it

PAP. Poco vivo.

be? What shall it be? Oh! sing for us that touching little

BON.

dirty. Do you remember "The Mermaid and the Lobster?"

CHORUS.

Bravo!
"THE MERMAID AND THE LOBSTER"

Once was a mermaid small but fair, Who lived in a book in the
lobster was wild with a jealous rage, His haughtiness was neither re-
depth blue sea, And bright were her eyes and golden her hair, But
fined her good, To think that a lobster who'd reached his age, Should
us to her form we'll you'll pardon me. However of lovers she
meet with the treatment a lobster should. His face was green and his
had but two A crest-y old lob-ster of pow-ful nyme And a
eyes were bleur, And he said to the mer-maid,"theres one thing cinched, If_

hand-some and dash-ing young sword-fish true, Who roamed all a-bout in a
ever that sword-fish should in-ter-fere, In my pri-va-te af-fairs, I will

search for fame.

have him "pinched."

CHORUS.

Who roamed all a-bout in a search for fame.

If the sword-fish should in-ter-fere he'd have him "pinched."

mer-maid fair she was all at sea For they both had said: "Will you
mer-maid fair she was so a-fraid, That she'd live and die a con-

5513
marry me, The lobster although his feelings it gullied When he asked for her hand he had
firmed old maid For the jealous old lobster she never would wed She roasted him so that he

hum-bly crawled But she answered: "No" then the sword-fish bold Said: "my
turned quite red Then as she belonged to the fem-i-nine kind She'd the

love I own neither land nor gold My sword is my for-tune and
right, of course, so she changed her mind. She mar-ried the sword-fish and

war is my trade" But to mar-ry the sword-fish, she was a-
sailed far a-way And now they are hap-py the live-long
Fraud.  But the mermaid fair, she was all at sea. For they day.

The live-long day. But the mermaid fair, she was sore a sad. That shed

Both had said: "Will you marry me?" The lobster although his live and die a confirmed old maid. For the jealous old lobster she

Both had said: "O marry me?" The lobster although his live and die a confirmed old maid. For the jealous old lobster she
feelings it galled When he asked for her hand he had humbly crawled. But she turn - ed quite red. Then as

feelings it galled When he asked for her hand he had humbly crawled. But she turned quite red. Then as

feelings it galled When he asked for her hand he had humbly crawled. But she turned quite red. Then as

un - swered: "No" then the swordfish bold, Said "my love I own nei - ther she be - longed to the fem - i - nine kind, Shed the right, of course, so she

un - swered: "No" then the swordfish bold, Said "my love I own nei - ther she be - longed to the fem - i - nine kind, Shed the right, of course, so she

un - swered: "No" then the swordfish bold, Said "my love I own nei - ther she be - longed to the fem - i - nine kind, Shed the right, of course, so she

5543
land nor gold. My sword is my fortune and war is my trade But to
changed her mind She married the sword-fish and sailed far away And__

land nor gold. My sword is my fortune and war is my trade But to
changed her mind She married the sword-fish and sailed far away And__

marry a sword-fish she was afraid.
now they are happy the long day.

marry a sword-fish she was afraid
now they are happy the long day.

marry a sword-fish she was afraid
now they are happy the long day.

D.S.  ff
Allegro. gov.

That has my approbation,

But have information.

throu' a clever message I contrived; Some Spanish dancers have ar-

rived.

Ho-la! Ho-la! Vi-vat! The dance.
DANCE "SAN DOMINGO!"

Allegretto.

Principal and Chorus

Gai-ly danc-ing, Bright eyes.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bright eyes.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bright eyes.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bright eyes.

Gai-ly danc-ing, Dance light as air.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bodies mov-ing with rhythmic sway.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bodies mov-ing with rhythmic sway.
Gai-ly danc-ing, Bodies mov-ing with rhythmic sway.

3543
Every measure gives us pleasure, Ho -
Every measure gives us pleasure, As the

la, Ho - la, Ho - la Gai - ly To
mando - ins mer - ri - ly play Gai - ly
mando - ins mer - ri - ly play Gai - ly

To
tap of tambourine and click of castanet, Ah!

We grace the merry

With undulating forms and gently waving

scene with pirouette.

With undulating forms and gently waving
"Tis thus that we display our charms, To arms

"Tis thus that we display, That we display our charms, To arms

top of tambourine and click of castanet Ah!

top of tambourine and click of castanet Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
With undulating forms and gently waving

Tis thus that we display our charms, Gaily

Tis thus that we display, That we display our charms, Gaily
dancing, Bright eyes glancing, Dunce we

dancing, Bright eyes glancing, Bodies moving with

dancing, Bright eyes glancing, Bodies moving with

light as air. Ev'ry measure gives us

rhythmical sway. Ev'ry measure gives us

rhythmical sway. Ev'ry measure gives us

5548
gaily, gaily dance.
(scream)
gaily, gaily dance.
(scream)
gaily, gaily dance.

Ca-rum-ba, Mulu-ta

End of Act I
No. 10.

ACT II.

Opening Chorus.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Females.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegretto con moto.

Piano.

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
(Show Girls.)

SOPRANO:

How did it all occur today? Have not you heard? Never a

ALTO:

word! Poor Leopoldo's run away. Quite too absurd!

word! Poor Leopoldo's run away. 'Tis quite ab-

What is Pampilta going to do? She only smiles. One of her

surd. What is Pampilta going to do? She only

5543
wiles, We know twill break her heart in two, Yes, and we're sure he loves her smiles, We know twill break her heart in two, Yes, and we're sure he loves her

true, We think it very sad, don't you? Could it have true, We think it very sad, don't you? Could it have

been believed She could be deceived?
Lack-a-day, gossips say, Loves a cruel sprite,

Ah!

Shoot-ing darts, into hearts Just for pet-ty spite.

Ah!

Lack-a-day, gossips say, Loves a cruel sprite,
Shooting darts, into hearts, just for pet—
The Mosquito and the Midge.

No 11.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Papinta and Chorus of eight Girls.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

1. A dash-ing young mos-qui-to loved a dain-ty lit-tle midge, 'Twas n —
2. Now Jul-i-et had broth-ers, and a lot of oth-er kin, Who re —
3. That night our bold mos-qui-to took his lit-tle midge n - way, To —

Papinta.

case of Ro-me-o and Jul-i-et. He
fused to let her throw her self a - way. They
where a big ho-tel was near at hand. They

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons,
International Copyright Secured.
lived among the rushes, in the stream beneath the bridge, She
said that Romeo was of the lowest origin, And
found some "comfy" quarters in a weedy little bay, And

lived up where it was not quite so wet. Each
sourcely dared to show himself by day. They
every night they listened to the band. The

pleasant summer evening he would serenade his dear, He
laid for him that night as to his trying place he soared, But
guests began to scratch and scold and swear they would not stay, The
had a love-ly ten-or voice, Mel-li-fluous and clear, The
Ro-me-o was read-y with his ev-er trust-y sword. When
land-lord got some ker-o-sene and dumped it in the bay, Poor

kind of voice that peo-ple stay a-wake at night to hear, And
he got through with them they all were feel-ing rather bored, And
jul-i-et was left to die, but Rom-y flew u-way, And

Tempo.

this was the song he sung.
this was the song he sung.
thus was he sad-ly sung.

Ping! Ping! Ping!
Listen now my love to me.

Every bed talks of me.

I am much too young to die.

Dearest one I love but thee.

Life is but short, let us

In us popular as can be.

Wherever I go, I am

Tilliet my love, good bye!

Oft on the water, many
love while we may — Taste of the sweets while you're a-ble I say, —
Of-fered a hand — I have a weak-ness for o-pen work, and the
tem-pests sub-due, But its course is too smooth for a love that is true.

Make a deep im-pression in your own pec-u-lar way.
blood that's in my veins is of the so-lest in the land!
I will drink in blood to-night in mem-or-y of you.

Ping! Ping! Ping!
Ping! Ping! Ping!
Ping! Ping!
Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make?

No. 12.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Moderato.

Piano.

When the
My old

sun starts to rise in the far off Eastern skies And the
bunk is the place when I seek its soft embrace Whence my

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
waking little birds peep,
when each
troubles and my cares take flight.
And I

poor stubby clerk has to hustle down to work. It is
regularly say as I stumble out each day, "Now, In

then that I begin to need my sleep. All the noise that is made in the
going to get a lot of sleep to-night." I resolve without doubt to cut
busy marts of trade. Seems to lull me like a mother's soft rep-
dissipation out, But I make my resolutions all in

fruit, But at night-say at 3 it is Little Bright Eyes me, There's a
vain, For it ain't any use there is always some excuse, Its a

CHORUS

difference that I really can't explain. Ah! Aint it
problem that I really can't explain. Ah! Aint it

5043
Funny what a difference just a few hours make?
All my morning I'm so tired, I'm nearly dead,
But as clothes look mighty seedy in the day.

But when day grows into night I begin to feel alright just a
evening shadows fall I'm a second Berry Wall, All the

bust the time I ought to go to bed, As
wrinkles and the grease spots fade away.

Then I
bus'ness man I know 'd make an awful hit
lose my "tired feeling" and I find my friends, And I

let me work when I am wide awake,
If some "hit it up" till morn begins to break,

system could be found, just to turn the time around,
Ain't it noon-time comes along, look for Carrie Nation strong, Ain't it

funny what a difference just a few hours make.
As a funny what a difference just a few hours make. Then I

CHORUS

5513
business man we know he'd make a
awful hit if they'd
lose my "tired feeling" and I find my friends, And I

let him work when he is wide a
wake, if some
"hit it up" till morn begins to break. But when

system could be found just to turn the time a-round, Ain't it
noon-time comes a-long, I'm for pro-hi-bi-tion strong, Ain't it

funny what a difference just a
few hours make. funny what a difference just a
few hours make.
ceding? When deep in my heart I feel, I know, That broken. My homage shall be a steadfast, dear, As

JACK.

infinite may my trust be, For ever dear, come ever the stars above you, And naught have I of

weak or woe Invidious it must be. doubt or fear, Because, because I love you.
Refrain.

JACK.

BONITA.

Menos mosso.

Love thou art more than life to me, Dearer than all the world can be,

Hold-ing thee here, close to my heart, Never in this life again to part,

Tell me that thou art all my own,
Tell me no other love thou'rt known, Ne'er to thy vows faithless to be, Tell me thou lov'st but me.
No 14. We Come of Castilian Blood.

Words by Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Leopoldo and Chorus.

Music by Alfred G. Robson.

Introduction, Allegro.

Spirited.

Tenors.

mf Ok, Love and War, they are on a par, For many's the heart they narrow, And

mf Basses.

Mars can fling no deadlier thing, Than Cupid's poisoned arrow, But

what were life without the strife, of cause and of battle? And

what is bliss without the kiss of the girl that we love the best?

Copyright MCMLIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Allegretto con anima.

LEOPOLDO.

Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol

Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol

Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol

Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol

Fol-de-rol. But when the work of the soldiers done, Then
And fold her close in a soft embrace, for the
haste to the girl you love. Oh Fol-de-rol, de rol. Oh

Witching spell of a pretty face, is sweeter by far than the
Fol-de-rol, de rol. Oh Fol-de-rol, de rol.

Just such lines are, when they bloom in the early spring. So
Fol-de-rol, de rol, Oh Fol-de-rol, de rol.

draw your sword when ever the word is to fight for your country's
Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol Fol-de-rol, rol
In The Days Of Old.

"By" and Girls

Moderato.

It is strange what a change has come o'er the world Since the days of
Walking back from the track where I lost all my stack, As I trudged the

long ago, The distinction of cast is a thing of the
dusty road I was passed by a "jay" with a cart load of

past 'Tis a bank acount now you must show, To be
hay And his own individual loud. And he

Copyright MCMII by H. W. Virnark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
rule and to share and to frequently swear, Is considered the
stopped and inquired, "Don't the walk make you tired?" And I answered him.

thing in smart sets. And I shudder to think that some "Yes" with a smile. Then he said: "I must go but if

real ladies drink. And a few even smoke cigarettes. It was walkings too slow I'd advise you to run for a while." It was

Con anima.

not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the not like that in the olden days, Which have passed beyond recall In the
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at
rare old, fair old golden days, It was not like that at

all Then we all did just what we ought to do, Or if
all Then the "rubes" all stood for the bun-co game And they

not we never told, I sigh in vain, to live again. In the
bought the brick of gold. These "joys" were not so wise a lot In the

days of old. It was days of old.
No 16.

Ensemble.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Copyright 1903 by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Troubles press but lightly on, when with age the soul is weary, disappointments come. So laugh and sing and
Let the night be glad. Too soon may fate have cause to make us sad. The future holds what none of us can say. The
presents here, The past is far away.

We have no cause to weep.

We have no cause to weep.

We have no time to sleep. Vi
free, Sing mer ri ly Raise
free, Sing mer ri ly Raise

ly Vi va Vi va Praise
ly Vi va Vi va Praise

loud your song, and shout with joy
loud your song, and shout with joy
Allegro moderate.

JUANITA.

Oh, friends, I've heard some lovely gossip, but it

BLANCA.

may be that it will not interest you. You mean Ho-

CHORUS

Pray tell us whom concerning,

nita, who ran away and hid, that the governor might not pro-
JUANITA.

pose?

Per-haps,

Yes! thats no news, We all have heard of that.

Yes! thats no news. We all have heard of that.

but there is something more, She will never be his. Some one else has

What? Why?

What? Why?
won her.

Allegro.

O what silly talk is this. Our Bonita is a miss, who would

O what silly talk is this. Our Bonita is a miss, who would

Allegro.

JUANITA.

You

nee, consent to throw herself away.

nee, consent to throw herself away.
Moderato.

neer can tell what love has done.

Nor

For loves an ardent jest-er,

For loves an ardent jest-er,

Moderato.

when a maid-en's heart is won.

But

At least un-til you test her.

At least un-til you test her.

3543
I should say if I were asked,
That this Lieutenant bold
won her, And the Governor,
That this Lieutenant bold

The
Is left out in the

rall.
Allegro.

cold.  

SOPRANOS.

cold.  

But ALTOS.

cold.  

cold.  

They come.  

So

Allegro.

magnis the word.  

It must be true what

we have heard.

roll.
Moonlight! O, how entrancing, Sets my spirits dancing, Moonlight divine Thrills this heart of mine.

Moonlight! O, how entrancing

JACK:
Sets our spirits dancing, Moonlight divine.

Thrills this heart, this heart, et mine.

SOPR. & ALTOS.

Friends, mirth, songs, love

TENORS.

BASSES.
BONITA.

Oh, I should die were I parted from all these.

Laugh, sing.

JACK.

Fortune with pleasure agrees.

To

dance, flirt.

dance, flirt.

To
live is one supreme delight. When all the world is gay and bright.
Ah Moonlight!

O how entrancing, Sets my spirits dancing,
Moonlight divine thrills this heart of mine

BONITA.

Ah

Day without a temptation is, night re-
o! Then let it be for ever so, Heigh-

o! Then let it be for ever so, Heigh-

o! Then let it be for ever so, Heigh-

o! Then let it be for ever so, Heigh-

o! Heigh o! for ever so.

o! Heigh o! for ever so for.

o! Heigh o! for ever so for.

5543
Allegro con fuoco.

GOVERNOR.

Sieze that scoundrel, and you my men, bind him!

Cast him in prison.

What can this mean?

What can this mean?
Moderato.

JACK.

You: excellency, what means this? I know of no charge that could de-

prive me of my liberty.

GOVERNOR.

Ah well, ah well of

BONITA. Allegro moderato.

O spare him, O

this latter on.

Allegro moderato.

spare him, O spare him I pray!

Where...
Allegro.

fore con-trive two lov-ing hearts to sev-er?

You

Allegro.

Let us live in hap-pi-ness to-geth-er,

ask in vain, The vil-lain must be pun-ished.

Grant my pray'r, Oh! do not act un-kind-ly

No! No!

SS49
For I live in him, I love him blindly,
That fellow must be punished.

Precious boon I ask of thee ere
I shall not set him free at all.

call thy words and set him free.

tho' you plead on bended knee,
I implore on bended knee.

No, he shall not go free!

Spare, oh spare my love to me.

This I swear I swear to thee the

sparerem! O spare him.

scoundrel the scoundrel.
Moderato.

GOVERNOR.

So much beauty almost makes me hesitate,

yet it is my duty to protect the state, For I am its magistrate.

SOPR. & ALTOS.

Yes, he is its magistrate.

TENORS.

Yes, he is its magistrate.

BASSES.
Moderato.

"Butty should be ever first"

"Slight it no one ever dared. And our gracious"

"Magistrate, has done what he feels to be right. But"
Maestoso.

Merce may be with jus — tree blunt, Were sure he's free from a
wrong in — tent, Hear us then while we
beg of thee To let this young man — go
For we thy fond loving.

people are Our loyalty and our sup-

people are Our love do we

Our love do we

give thee. O grant our request. O
give thee.
grant our request. Hear us! We implore thee!

grant our request. Hear us! We implore thee!

Hear us! Hear us, hear our prayer.

Hear us! Hear us, hear our prayer.
The Hammers Will Go Rap, Rap, Rap.

No 17.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

 Allegro moderato.

Bl.

This world is so cen-
Now don't you get the

so - ri - ous a lot. So prone to scean-

no - tion in your mind. That all re-

saint and like as not, Thro' some mis -
you are apt to find, A han-

bar - rass - ing - ly placed, In fear of be -

All your friends will

ten - ed you must stay, And cook your "hub - by" three good meals a day. If you don't, its

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons. International Copyright Secured.
con-gre-gate in haste, And their hammers will go rap, rap, rap.
I'm very sure to say, That the hammers will go rap, rap, rap.

DANCE.

PAP.

DANCE.

BI.

cer-tain that one's friends u-dore us.
think that you are sim-ply shock-ing.

Just

PAP.

listen to the an-vil cho-res.
listen to the ham-mers knock-ing.

Well I don't care what
I promise you I'll

any one may say, My mind's made up I'm going to run a-way, Con-fi-dently
do just as I ought But us for cooking I was sev-er taught We shall board don't
trust-ing that I may meet no mis-hap. Ah
think that I’ll get caught in such a trap.

While not ex-act-ly
You must not run poor

I’ll come home if I do, bind
fit-ted for a guide, I’ll state one trick that can-not be de-nied
“hub-by” in-to debt. You must no long-er friv-o! or co-quet. You’ll come home a

hap-py lit-tle bride, Or the ham-mer will go rap, rap, rap.
like to make a bet That the ham-mer will go rap, rap, rap.
Ensemble and Goblin Song.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom Jr.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

SOPR. & ALTO.

What are all these noises weird, Which so disturb our quiet? We've

TEN.

BASS.

What are all these noises weird, Which so disturb our quiet? We've

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
searched but naught has yet appeared, Perhaps they fear to

try it. But search we will in every spot, And

nothing shall escape us. What ever 'tis had
Moderato con moto.

Thor-ough the search but we

Moderato con moto.

nothing have tak-en Can it not

nothing have tak-en Can it not

be We have all been mis-tak-en?

be We have all been mis-tak-en?
Harm may befall, So keep silence

Harm may befall, So keep silence

all, Yes harm may befall So keep

all, Yes harm may befall So keep

silence, Keep silence all, Keep silence all,

silence, Keep silence all, Keep silence all,
Allegro vivace.

Keep silence all.

What do we behold! What do we behold!

What do we behold! What do we behold!

BONITA.

'Tis save us, for we tremble, tremble with great fear.

save us, for we tremble, tremble with great fear.
midnight and the hour for ghosts, The goblins and their
crace.

spectral hosts are prowling, And howling: Beware

then! Beware

then, For the
goblins are at play. Listen! Sh!

5543
No 18b. When the Goblins are at Play.

Allegretto.

BON.

Just hark, and I will tell you what a sight.
A cloud obscured the moon, and then the owl's

I saw just half an hour ago,
Began a hooting in the trees.
And

Who-o-o! Who-o-o!
Who-o-o! Who-o-o!
saw some awfully spooky-looking things right there a standing in a far away some distant howls were faintly wafted on the row.
The clock was striking twelve, and The crickets and the bullfrogs

Whoo-oo! Whoos!

us its cackles died away, They all began their fun seemed to feel a danger nigh The loon soon ceased his se-
tus-te play, And their eyes were bright, as thro' the night they
pul-chre cry. Then through the night all dressed in white with

flit-ted all in white, Dancing weird-ly there in the
eyes a-shin-ing bright. Came the goblin dancing in the

moon-light. moon-light.

So

Oo, whoo, oo, whoo, oo, whoo, oo!

Oo, whoo, oo, whoo, oo, whoo, oo!
Go back home, there's danger all about, Just tell your beads and whisper low and stay until the roosters crow, Lock tight your doors and hide away the key, It's a terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible sight to see, When the goblins are at
So go back home, there's danger all about, just

Tell your heads and whisper low, and stay until the roosters crow. Lock tight your doors and hide away the key, it's a

So go back home, there's danger all about, just

Tell your heads and whisper low, and stay until the roosters crow. Lock tight your doors and hide away the key, it's a
terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible sight to see,
terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible, terrible sight to see.

rall.

D.S.

When the goblins are at play.

D.S.

When the goblins are at play.

DANCE.

rall.

D.S.

D.S.

ppp

rall.

ff
No. 19.  
Hark while I sing to thee!

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

COMIC SERENADE.
Abijah and Governor.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

GOVERNOR.

Abijah, List

ah! dearest maid-

en, While thy faith-

ful

Ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Pear, That's a dear, Lonely, Lord one in charity,

Hear me sigh, Make reply, Tell me why Won't you fly with me?

Ping a ping ping ping ping a ping ping ping ping a ping

Out here in the moonlight, am I standing,
ping ping ping a ping ping ping ping a ping a ping Tra la

in my good bed safe at home.

la la la Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la

ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping

la la la la la la la la

ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping ping a ping Tra la
Sweet one! hark while I sing to thee, Do not fear, I um
here, very near. Can't you hear, Pray appear, That's a dear, Lonely,

Loved one in charity, Hear me sigh, Make reply, Tell me why
Wont you fly with me?  Hear me while I sing
Ping a ping ping ping ping ping ping ping ping ping ping
No 20.

Finale II.

Words by
Henry M. Blossom, Jr.

Principals and Chorus.

Music by
Alfred G. Robyn.

Allegro moderato.

Englishmen may have their London,

Frenchmen their Paris,

Irishmen their Dublin or their Cork;

But no matter where you go, you will find they cannot show you as good a time as you can have in old New-York.

Copyright MCMIII by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
CHORUS. 

Engl-lish-men may have their Lon-don, Frenchmen their Pa-ree,  
I-rishmen their Dub-lis, or their  

Cork;  But no mat-ter where you go, You will find they can-not show you as  

SOPR. & ALTO. 
good a time as you can have in old New - York.  

TEN. 
good a time as you can have in old New - York.  

BASS.
Tempo di Valse.

Bonita & Jack.

Moonlight

Oh, how entrancing.

Tempo di Valse.

Sets my spirits dancing, Moonlight divine.

Sets my spirits dancing, Moonlight divine.
BONITA.

—thrills this heart—of mine—Ah!

—thrills this heart of mine—Day with —

Jack (with Ten.)

out a temptation is, night replete with sensation is,

out a temptation is, night replete with sensation is,
Rest then thro' the day but let ev'-ry night e'er be

Piu mosso.

gay. Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Then gay. Heigh-o! Heigh-o! Then
let it be for ever so. Heigh-

o! Heigh - o! for ever
Andante.

Go:

{o!} its con, con, con ev-ry day In

{o!}

{o!}

Andante.

rit.

a tempo.

on, on, on to the way To work my schemes and gain my ends And it's

done by con-ning en-e-mies and friends, Oh its con, con, con that is all its

3343
strange, strange, strange how they fall 'Tis known else-where as "sav... oir... faire" But its

just plain "Con"

on, on, on to the way To work my schemes and