At The Dragon's Eye

an Original Musical Comedy in Two Acts

Produced at
Stanford University by the Class of 1916

LYRICS BY
A. J. McINERNY

BOOK AND MUSIC BY
M. P. DETELS
and
W. G. PAUL

Copyright 1915 by W. G. Paul
At The Dragon's Eye

An Original Musical Comedy In Two Acts

PRODUCED BY

W. B. FORBES

At Stanford University For the Class of 1916

Lyrics by

A. J. McINERNY

Book and Music by

M. P. DETEL'S and W. G. PAUL

Copyright 1915 by W. G. Paul
ORIGINAL CAST

Cherry San, of the "Dragon's Eye" - Miss Irma Rayburn
Tano, proprietor of the "Dragon's Eye" - J. A. Gibb
Ozaki, High Priest of Buddha - J. H. Wiggins
Mercer Page, of Boston - B. M. Me'vin
Ted Edgerly - W. C. Bacon
Harriet, of the "Herald" - Miss Alice Butcher
Miss Matilda Jones, of Boston - Miss Nora Parker
Cymballine Snodgrass - Miss Jaqueline Wood
Alexander Hercules Achilles Jones, of Alabama - W. G. Paul
Hope Hathaway - Miss Esther Liversidge

Tea Maids:
Misses Lylah Hall, Elizabeth Judah, Emily Peck, Dorris Taylor, Helen Greening, Jesne Campbell.

Quaker Maids:
Misses Laura Anderson, Florence Mason, Dorris Seymour Ida Hollister, Margaret Evans, Genevieve Morse.

American Beauties:
Misses Maybelle Peck, Dorothy Albrecht, Muriel Turner Mildred Carr, Laura Wilkie

Tourists:

Junior Opera Committee
Robert Krohn - Harold W. Decius
Marion M. Vaughan - Alice M. Moore
Wallace Curtis - Maurice Blumenthal
Theresa Dorrah - Irma Rayburn

J. R. Morgan, Chairman
Cherry San.

VERSE

Geisha a maid from afar Japan, She come here meet A-

merican man. Oh! Oh! Oh!!

He no love like a Japanese do, He come each night with a

love song wool Cherry San!
CHORUS

Cherry San! Little brown maid from Japan, I love you with a heart that's true. Say the word and I'll marry you, Cherry San!

Love an American man! Under the blossoms up above, I could live on tea and love with Cherry San.

Cherry San
At The Panama Pacific Fair.

W. G. PAUL.

I've been a saving nearly all my dough,
You want to see the Zone at that big fair,

I've got to do one thing before I go,
They've got some Hu-la Hu-la dancers there,

Go to the station honey, gee, it will seem so funny,
You ought to go a bum-ming, you ought to go a slum-ming,
To give up all my money, to go where skies are sunny,
To hear the banjos strumming, to hear the people humming,

I'll soon be walking up old Market street;
The night life there will surely be a treat;

I'll give your best to all our friends I meet,
The syncopated music owns your feet,

I'll not be slighted, I'm going to the fair that can't be beat,
They'll be delighted at San Francisco's fair that can't be beat.

At The P.P. Fair.
I'm going to go to the San Francisco fair,
I'm going to meet all my friends there,
There's going to be some jubilee
When I meet those fellows,
Just wait and see, I'm going to stay up all night,
Sleep all day, visit every swell cafe.

At The P.P. Fair.
travel all the time, I've been most everywhere, I find that

none compare with San Francisco rare;

lots of good times coming when I meet you there at the

Panama Pacific Fair.

At The P. P. Fair. 4
We've come for tea, We've come to see If what you say is really true.
No-body else has tea like you.
This is a treat, Your pretty garden so neat.
Perfumed blossoms dimming the sky at the sign of the dragon's Eye.

MATILDA

See

GIRLS

here young ladies you think you're wise, Oh no! Oh no! You

GIRLS

can't evade my watchful eyes, Oh no! Oh no! I

Entrance of Matilda 8
notice ev'ry thing that you do, it keeps me busy watching you,

Girls

Oh no! Yes, my dears, it is true,

Girls

always meeting men on the sly, Oh no! Oh no! I

Girls

see them wink as they pass you by, Oh no! Oh no! Please

Entrance of Matilda
don't for-get that I'm not old yet, Tho' my hair is grey I was
girls

born that way; Oh my! Oh my! Oh it's

ter-ri-ble, Oh it's ter-ri-ble to be your chap-er-
on-e, You're not la-dy like, not a bit po-lite, Such

Entrance of Matilda 5
Antics I never have known; oh it's maddening,

Yes it's maddening to find myself always alone,

I look everywhere and I find you're not there, I'm a poor chap._

1. poor chap._

2. one._

Entrance of Matilda
Missionary Maid.

Waltz rhythm.

M. P. DETELS.

I am a quaint little quaker maid, And tho' I seem timid I'm
Mother has told me I'll gain reward, Still she has not told me what
not afraid To travel alone to a foreign land To join a mission
it will be, But if it's as nice as she can afford, It will do very
a merry band. I came here from old Massachusetts, And tho'
nicely for me. I asked Uncle John all about it, And he
ev'ry one's treat-ed me nice,— Still it's hard to leave Bos-ton for
he is a dea-con you know,— He said it's a Chris-tian

To-ki-o, When one real-ly pre-fers beans to rice,—
vir-tue Whose re-ward on-ly heav-en would show.—

CHORUS

Oh those poor lit-tle heath-en, How my heart yearns for each
dear lit-tle soul. They must learn from our bi-ble
Just how to strive for a heavenly goal.

I'll try hard to convert them. Courage I never shall lose,—Till all the Japanese become Christians, And they're too polite to refuse.
Fairest Fairy At The Fair.

M. P. DETELS.

At the Fair it's only fair to see fair
I've been looking for a fairy who could

maidens faring every where,
live on kisses all life long,

Pro -
Whoose
me-nad-ing to and fro,
Ev-ry street holds a doz-en or

wonder-fal deep blue eyes
Matched the won-der-ful deep blue

so,
I have pon-dered and I've won-dered who could

skies,
I have tripped thra ev-ry fair-y dell from

be the queen of such a beauty show,
Am-ster-dam to punk-y old Hong Kong,

Who'er you choose there's someone else you like as well.
And now at last I've found the Queen of Fairy land.
CHORUS

But seeing you has banished hesitation, For

you're the best concession of them all, Tho' I've known maidens fair,

I never used to care till I saw your golden hair a

wav ing in the air; Oh the Zone is full of many pretty
Roses, But you are none of them with you can half compare,
I've seen girls by the score, half a million, may be more. You're the fairest little fairy at the fair.

Fair, (On the square) you're the fairest little fairy at the fair.
Once In A While.

M. P. DETELS.

What's the use of worship when there's no one to worship you,
What's the use of loving when there's no one in love with you,

What's the use of praying when there's no one to pray for you,
What's the use of wishing when your wishes will never come true,

I'm so lonely I don't know what to do, I
I'm unhappy I really am quite blue, I
used to be content to read my Bible every day,
wish some-hand some man would join my party to Japan,

Used to strive to keep up on the straight and narrow way, What's the
We could work together making it a Christian land, Then the

use of all this when all the time there's something you will miss.
work would be less with now and then variety I'll confess.

CHORUS

Sometime, once in a while, when you feel lonely and blue, Then perhaps for

Once in A While 3
just a little while, You'll long for someone true to love you, Someone to share all your grief, Someone to share your joy, Someone to please you, Someone to squeeze you, In all your trouble ne'er fail to please you, Once in a while when you are longing for one who'll understand.
Life On The Farm.

M. P. DETELS.

Andante

Listen awhile while your ears I beguile with a
You must admit that this sounds just a bit like a

Story of life on the farm, Troubles don't last and the
Story you read in a book, Night follows day in a

Time passes fast midst the chickens on the farm, Pipe
Necchallant way while life flows on like a brook, Where
courses are a joke and dull care goes up in smoke,
la - gu - ni - tas lies she looks in to your eyes, Perhaps she

cutting never does you any harm;
lets you hold her hand in sweet a - larm;

Sweet land of dreams, an Ar - ca - dy it seems, for
A croak-ing frog splashes off a sunk-en log, for

life is strictly rural on the farm.
life is strictly rural on the farm.

Life On The Farm 2
Dream Waltz.

M. P. DETELS.

I am afraid the curse will fall on him I
I am afraid we'll drift apart I dare not

love most of all, If he but knew how
speak from my heart, Still in my dreams I'll
much I care but tell him I do not dare.
keep him near to smile and give me cheer.

CHORUS

In my heart is a sweet
dream of love, day dreams while life throbs a

bought one, visions of twilight
af-ter the day's done, Gold-en dreams,

neath the moons pale beams,

And ev'ry dream is of you;

Oh that my dreams could come true.
sometimes in the gloaming after the day is done,
In the dim dusk just before night, As the
love, Of a workman for his labour, Where the
brightly glare turns to twilight, When all else is peaceful,
good book commands love thy neighbour. Since I've given my life this
quiet and still, And the hills hide the fast setting sun,
good book to teach, I must practice just what I'm discontented, lonely and blue.

preach. It's been quite hard and I've grown so blue,

Can I be pining for you, just you?
If you were my neighbour I might love you.

CHORUS.

When you're near it seems the moon sheds softer beams, Birds of

Love Waltz 3
night hush their cries, As I gaze into your eyes. Without you by my side I grow lonely through and through, Until at last I find myself yearning for you, you, you. When you're you.
In the far east where the
Every country has its

Sun comes out of the sea,
On an island is the

favorite national dance,
Let me tell you of a

home of the Nipponese,
He works hard in the

characteristic prance,
Dance of the land of the
fields all day, with the night comes time for play,
rising sun danced in the hall of the great Shogun.

Slips on his sandals gay, softly steals away, just hear him say:
There beneath the lanterns glow, geisha girls sway slowly to and fro.

CHORUS

Oh! Oh! Oh! That Japanese rag,
That oriental drag,
Just an Asiatic glide,
With an
Oh! Oh! Out in Japan, Land of the Banzai and dance.

To that Jap-py, Jap-po, Japanese Rag.
When It's Moonlight On The Cotton Fields.

W. G. PAUL.

Down South, there the sun am shinin',
I know there'll be as-oth-er,

That's why my heart's pin-in', I want to go-
Who will love me like my mother, when but a lad-

I'm going to go Back to my home,
I made her sad, Gee, I was bad,
To the friends I know, I see fields of cotton growing,
But now I'll make her glad, I know that my sweetheart is returning:

heart's yearnin', waitin' just for my returnin',

You ought to see folks welcome me then 'neath the moon:

We'll marry soon, with good old southern hospitality
to her and to my old mammy I'll croon.

When It's Moonlight
When it's moonlight down on the cotton fields, Round my heart a sort of a longing steals, I can see my mam-my in the door, Pie-ca-nin-nies rol-lin' round the old cab-in floor; When my mam-my croons an old lul-la-by:

When It's Moonlight 4
"Hush— you pie-ca-nin-nies now don't you cry," Down on the levee hear that jubilee,

It means that I'm going to start for home never again to roam,

'Cause it's moonlight on the cotton fields.
Underneath The Campus Moon.

Moderato, with feeling

Love comes to us but once in life they tell me,
The I wonder what my kisses meant to you, dear,

way I feel I guess it must be true,
I've wonder was I but a fantasy,

tried my best but still I can't succeed, dear, Try as I will I can't quite forget
you know what your kisses meant to me, dear? I cherish each a golden mem-

W. G. PAUL.
you, I don't suppose you ever think about me, Though my, I wonder if you meant the things you told me, I

just one thought to me would be a boon; I know it sounds so foolish still, I wonder if you could forget so soon; I only wish I knew whether

I do nothing but wish to meet you neath the Campus Moon, you are still true since you left the Campus Moon.

CHORUS

Underneath the Campus Moon, dear, That's the ideal place to
spear, dear,  With the moon a shining up above;

Ev'rything about the night just seems to whisper love,

Oh tonight I'd like to meet you, With a hug and kiss I'd greet you,

I'm so lonely for I love you only, Meet me neath the Campus Moon.

Underneath The Campus Moon