The Dashing Little Duke,

A Musical Play,

by

SEYMOUR HICKS.

Lyrics by

ADRIAN ROSS.  

Music by

FRANK E. TOURS.

Vocal Score - - - 6s. net.
Pianoforte Score - 3s. "
Lyrics - - - 6d. "

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Mr. CHARLES FORGHAN Presents Miss ELLALINE TERRISS at the Hicks Theatre, London,
By arrangement with Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS.

Dramatis Personae.

Chevalier De Matignon ... C. Hayden Coffin
Baron De Bellechasse ... Sam Walsh
Lieutenant Armand Solievcan ... Frank Wilson
Officer of Dragoons ... Henry Frankis
Dunois ... Lawrence Card
Merlac ... Frederick Vigay
Lepas ... M. Protti
Moulinet ... Hughes Crose
Fleury ... Charles Le Galley
Caniffe ... Roland Chester

Richelieu's Valets

AND

Abbe de la Touche ... Courtie Founds
The Duchess Burgogne ... Louie Founds
The Duchess de Noailles ... Maude Milton
Diane de Noailles ... Elizabeth Firth
Cesarine de Noce ... Coralie Blythe
Baronne de Bellechasse ... Florence Wood
Geniviere Fanyere ... May Kennedy
Juliette Lamberet ... Doris Stocker
Antoniette de Preselles ... Rene Goldie
Marie D'Alencon ... Marie Brenda
Celestine Gallifet ... Carina Cliff
Claire Vionnez ... Mabel Watson
Madeleine de Mangles ... Rose Chester
Violette des Veaux ... Dinah Graham
Cecile Grand Vivier ... Nellie Pryor
Elsie Gautier ... Millicent Field
Helene de Laundal ... Gwendoline D'Arcy
Therese Bellars ... Eileen Chisholm

AND

Duc de Richelieu ... Ellaline Terriss

Dancers, Courtiers, Soldiers, Court Ladies, Purists, Manicurists, &c., &c.,

Act I. The Anti-Room to the Presence Chamber in the Palace of Versailles.

Act II. In Richelieu's Apartments, Paris.

Act III. In the Gardens of Richelieu's House at St. Cloud.

THE PLAY PRODUCED BY SEYMOUR HICKS.

Orchestra under the direction of Frank E. Tours.
CONTENTS.

ACT I.

1. OPENING CHORUS   "Hail, happy day!"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   1
2. KING'S MUSIC AND PANFARE ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   8
3. SONG (Matignon)   "Women"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   9
4. SONG (Richelieu)   "A little married man"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   13
5. DUET (Richelieu and Matignon)   "The lesson of the pen"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   19
6. SONG (Diane)   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   27
7. CONCERTED NUMBER (Richelieu, Diane, Princess, Duchess, Matignon, Baron and Chorus)   "Sugar-Plums"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   32
8. DUET (Diane and Matignon)   "The Mirror of the Moon"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   52
9a. SENTINELS' CHORUS   "All's Well"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   37
9b. SERENADE   "Iris, at your window"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   58
10. FINALE ACT I.   "The sweets that you gave me"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   62

ACT II.

11. OPENING SCENE, DANCE AND CHORUS   "It is the stroke of noon"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   75
12. TRIO (Richelieu, Abbé and Lieutenant)   "The Bold Dragoon"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   101
13. SONG AND CHORUS (Richelieu, Abbé and Chorus)   "The Fencing Lesson"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   104
14. DUET (Matignon and Abbé)   "A good story"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   114
15. ENTRANCE OF MAIDS OF HONOUR (Richelieu and Maids)   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   119
15a. SONG (Richelieu)   "Five little pigs"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   123
16. SONG (Diane)   "Love and pride"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   128
17. FINALE ACT II.   "What on earth can be the matter?"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   133
17a. CURTAIN MUSIC   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   140

ACT III.

18. OPENING CHORUS (Dancers and Chorus)   "Fête Galante"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   142
19. SONG (Richelieu)   "Nobody cares for me"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   152
20. SONG (Abbé)   "Lisette"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   156
21. SONG (Diane)   "The Sun-Dial"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   162
22. SONG (Matignon)   "Rose of the World"   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   169
23. FINALE ACT III.   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   ...   175

THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE.

Vocal Score.
THE DASHING LITTLE DUKE.

A MUSICAL PLAY

by

SEYMOUR HICKS.

Lyrics by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
FRANK E. TOURS.

ACT. I.

NO 1. OPENING CHORUS.— "HAIL, HAPPY DAY!"

Tempo di Marcia.

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
(Boys.)

1st Soprano.

Hail, happy day! The bridal of youth and of

2nd Soprano.

Hail, happy day! The bridal of youth and of

beauty, April and May, That promise

beauty, April and May, That promise

fairer blossoms to be born!

fairer blossoms to be born!

Hail, happy
Hail, happy pair! Your future bright and fair! Will not believe the promise of the moral!
Tempo di Minuet.

Solo.

Damon came wooing Fair Phyllis one day, The season was May And doves were cooing!

"Say, will you marry And come with me soon? For why should we tarry For roses of June?"

molto rull.

Chorus. But though you may flame on, Poor Da-mon, Too cruel and

Poor Da-mon,

chill is Your Phyl-lis, Solo.

Sue how you can for her, She will be

Some dear lit-tie
coy; You're not the man for her, You're but a boy!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
But Phyllis is not for you, Damon!

Damon!
NO 2:-KING'S MUSIC AND FANFARE.

Tempo di Marcia.

Fanfare.

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
No 3. SONG:—"WOMEN."

(MATIGNON.)

Allegretto.

I'm for the women, the women for me, Yes, all that I see!

I am a lover, and what do I care So long as they're fair? Hair like the sunshine, and

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hair like the night, Hands that are sun-burnt and hands that are white,

Barefooted beggar, and Queen on her throne, I love them, I woo them, I make them my own!

REFRAIN.

Women, ah! women I adore! Give me them all, and I ask for no more! Girls to caress, Fondle and press,
I'm for the women, the women divine, And all must be mine!

I am a hunter and they are my game, To take and to tame!

None can escape or defy me for long, I am the stronger, though they may be strong!
Beautiful li-o-ness, soft little dove, They all are a prey to the arrows of Love!

colla voce

Wo-maa, ah! wo-man, da your best! Roar in the de-sert or

coo in the nest! You will be found, Cap-tured and

rall.

bound, I'll be the lov'er, of you and the rest!

A.H.C. Ltd. 1966
a tempo

Woman's the prey, I follow far, Break through the

briar, and laugh at the scar: Win her, and wear her, Till

others are fairer, Women, you women! What wonders you are!
NO. 4. SONG: "A LITTLE MARRIED MAN."

(RICHELIEU)

Allegretto.

You may burn my copy-book and give away things such as play-things; all that I am above! For an
broken, as a token I'll have some others soon! And I'll
-o-ther e-da-ca-tion I am burn-ing; I'm learn-ing To
ride a-head with sa-bre gai-ly flash-ing. A dash-ing Dra-

love! Now, my books Are the books Of the
goof! I'll let fall Cup and ball, And the

pre-tty in-dy by my side- Swords of wood Are no
bat-tle-dore no more I'll whirl- From to-day I will

good- I've a pro-per one to guard my bride!
play With the heart of a-ny pre-tty girl!

A. S. & C. Ltd. 4966.
For I'm now a little married man, De-fer-ence you'll have to pay me;
For I'm now a little married man, But my heart is big and spacious; Ome, fair ladi-es, when you can.

She will hon-our and o bey me! So to-day my You will e-ver find me gra-cious! You can-not es-

re-al life be-gan. Boy-hood is a dream I've en-ded, 
-cape by an-y plan, But if you at once sur-ren-der,
And I'm going to be splendid,
Never lover was so tender,
Wooing, winning,
Winning, wooing,

Right at the beginning,
Now I am a little married man!
Flattering and cooing,
As your love, the little married man!

Last time.

Little married man,
Little married man,
Little married man,
Little married man,

A. H. & Co. Ltd. 4966.
No. 5. Duet:—"The Lesson of the Pen."

(Richelieu and Matignon.)

**Voice.**

Allegro.

**Piano.**

Going to write a letter to someone, no matter to whom.

A trifl, pathetic and highly poetic, and

sweet as the roses in bloom! Mat I think you will find it is
better To write what I'm going to tell; You'll

find very often a heart you will soften By words that will act like a

spell! Be- gin, "My De-light and Dis-

colla voce

traction My hunger I long to appease With

hon-eyed car-es, But has that got two S's? And do I put cap-it-al

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Us?

Yes, yes! "Your un-rivalled attraction!"

And four Ts, are there not? Com-pels me to anguish in

Amorous anguish. As deep as Confound it, a blot! Oh, a

Poco più lento.

Better. If you want to thrill her heart and quite up-

Poco più lento.

set her. If you use pen and ink You can always make her think You
love her still and don't forget her! Write a letter, and you'll!

get her, to adore you, tho' you never yet have met her; Bill and coo, Promise anything you never mean to do: That's a true Billet doux. Oh, a doux.
Allegro.
call her a nymph and a Venus, And talk about amorous flames,
And Psyche and Cupid. All that is so stupid, I can't spell those silly old names! Then ask, "Why are barriers be-
'tween us?"

you do not love me. A tombstone a-love me. Will mark? Now the pen's gone and

Più lento

split!

I'm getting the ink on my

colla voce.

fingers. No matter, a tombstone, you said! Ah!

hasten to cherish my love or I perish" A man is no use when he's

A.N. & Co. Ltd. 4966
declaration will not fret her! In your letter Vow to pet her; And to kiss her till she feels as though you ate her; Bill and coo, Promise anything you never mean to do, That's a true, Billet doux. There's the doux.
No. 6. Song: "Boy",

(Diane.)

Allegro Agitato.

Boy that would play the man taking a bride,

Strutting as best you can pompous in pride!

Child that I do not hate only despise Oh
Why will you dare to wait, will you dare to wait—Under my eyes?

Piu lento.  molto rall.

Boy, you were wed to day Only for show, Child, you have done your play, Now you can

Piu lento.  molto rall.

go! Husband in name You may be styled—

That is a game Fit for a child Back to your book! Back

to your toy! I will not brook Love from a boy

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Back to your book, Back to your toy! I will not brook.

Love from a boy!

tempo primo

Boy with the useless sword

You never draw, Master of me and lord,

called by the law Child that would seem a fop.
Air in grace Oh! Now the pretence I
drop, the pretence I drop Laugh in your face! Boy, you have dared to
woo, I bid you know, Child, I have played with you, Now you may
go. You were too quick To be beguiled,
It was a trick Played on a child. Surely the jest You

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
can enjoy, Laugh with the best Poor little boy!

Laugh with the best Poor little boy Laugh with the best at the

jest you enjoy little boy ah Poor little boy!
No 7. Concerted Number. - "Sugar Plums."

(Richelieu, Diane, Princess, Duchess, Matignon, Baron & Chorus.)

Tempo di Gavotte.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Tempo di Gavotte

Make way! make way!

For her Highness, the Duchesse de Bourgogne,

Make way! make way!

For her Highness, the Duchesse de Bourgogne,

Make way! make way!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
To grace the day!

Her present with the others she will join!

Gift from one of royal race To greet the marriage of His Grace!

Her present fits The marriage of His Grace!

trust the noble Duke will find my present

very pleasant, very pleasant, 'Tis a

gift that well befits his age and station.

Although it may deceive, it may deceive his expect-

A.H.& C. Ltd. 4966.
Vivace.

Poor little boy, he never guesses what are the ways of
royal Princesses; When he does, just look at his face!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4944.
Try to look solemn, if you please, Never give way to mocking laughter!

Wait until after, Wait till he sees, Look solemn and grave, And try to behave.
Andante.

**PRINCESS:** Mon-sieur, le Duc de Ric-he-lieu!

**ECHÉ:** My beau-ti-ful Princess!

**VIVACE.**

**CHORUS.**

Now let us see the prince-ly jest, Really a roy-al

stroke of hu-mour! Odd that the boy has nev-er guessed,
He hasn't heard the slightest rumour. See how he waits with

head held high! Oh! I must laugh or I shall die!

"Hush!"

REHELIG. - Your Highness then has not forgot?

A.H. & C. Ltd. 1866.
PRINCESS: No, I have not.

RICH. My eagerness you won't rebuke?

PRINCESS: Oh! never, Duke! DUCHESS: Madame, the Duke must leave to day!

PRINCESS: 'Tis well, he may! RICH. I said you wished to meet me here!

PRINCESS: You did? Oh,
Andante.

dear!  I think that I called you my

dol - ly   One day in the Tri - a - non walko. You're

e - er in years and in - ly. And now you're a dol - ly that talks!

You talk ra - ther more than is pleasant. And

A. B. & C. Ltd. 4966.
therefore your mouth to employ I've brought you a sweet wedding

A gift for a dear little boy!

A present from your own Princess! What is it I have brought you?

Guess!

dim.

pp

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Tempo Primo

Princess: When next Princesses promise you, be silent till the promise comes... And do not talk, for if you do...
They'll stop your mouth with sugar plums! But

stringendo

Though you are a boy today Do not forget your manners, pray!

colla voce

Greediness is so misplaced, Yea, let the others have a taste. 

accel.

royal jest and worthy too! But do not cry or bite your thumbs; The

accel. 

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
The wisest thing that you can do Is just to eat your sugar plums.

Frig. What am I to say or do? I must share the fate that comes;

Men will laugh our whole life through, Laugh about his sugar plums!

Ah! Oh! what perfection!

più rall.

A. E. & C. Ltd. 1906
CELIANCE: Love-ly se-lec-tion! BANOVESSE: I must eat twice!

BANOVES: Are they not nice?

DUCHESS: Rea-ly, they’re splen-did!

PRINCESS: That's good of you! Now they have ended.

CHORUS:

Duke, take one too! Or take an-oth-er, three or four! When they are

YES, take an-oth-er, three or four! When they are

YES, take an-oth-er, three or four! When they are

Take two Or four! She'll

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4986
done, She'll give you more! Ha Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
done, She'll give you more! Ha Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
done, She'll give you more! Ha Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
give, you more! Ha Ha! ho!

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
ho, ho, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
When a boy is vain and young, Vanity often
has a tumble, Then he will have to learn to be humble.

Learn the art of holding his tongue! Wait a while till

A. H. & C. Ltd. 1906
wisdom comes. Try to deserve the royal favour,

wisdom comes, Try to deserve the royal favour,

wisdom comes, Try to deserve the royal favour,

wisdom comes, Try to deserve the royal favour,

wisdom comes, Try to deserve the royal favour,

Then you will find that it has a flavour, Sweeter than sugar

Then you will find that it has a flavour, Sweeter than sugar

Then you will find that it has a flavour, Sweeter than sugar

Then you will find that it has a flavour, Sweeter than sugar

Then you will find that it has a flavour, Sweeter than sugar

plums! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, hal

plums!

plums!

plums!

plums!

plums!

plums!

A. & C. Ltd. 1900
№ 8. DUET:—"THE MIRROR OF THE MOON."

(DIANE and MATIGNON)

Andante.

VOICE.

PIANO.

stringendo

MAL. Round the mirror of the moon Now the heavens darken;


0 - dours of the garden swoon On the sighing breeze of Juse,
And my heart must ask you soon
What your heart must heark-en!

A tempo

DIANE: No, the moon is chaste and cold,
Queen of maiden fancies,
So your tale must not be told
Till the morning makes me bold,

And the sunbeam's dusty gold
On the blossom dances!
Try a while longer Silence to keep, Love will be
Dearest, no longer Silence I keep, Love has grown

stronger After his sleep! Night is above me,
stronger, Passion more deep! Bending above me

It is too late, Say not you love me, Will you not
Yield to your love, Say that you love me, I cannot

wait, Will you not wait?
wait, I cannot wait!
Though to-day a trivling boy
Calls himself your master,
Such a bond is but a toy;
Laugh with me and be not coy,
Till the flying hour with joy,
Till it flies the faster!
Though I scorn him as I do
With a bitter laughter, Yet I cannot suffer you
On my wedding day to woo!

If my husband proves untrue,
Wait and ask me after!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Ah, now no longer sigh, But silence keep

Dear-eat, no long-er Si-lence I keep, Love has grown

And let your Pas-sion grow more deep Bend to pow'r a-bove

strong-er, Pas-sion more deep, Bend-ing a-bove me,

Yield-ing to your fate, Say not that you love me,

Yield to your fate, Say that you love me, I can-not

molto rall.
can-not love you now.

wait, I love you now!

colla voce rall.
N° 9a SENTRY CHORUS:— "ALL'S WELL."

BARITONE.

Who goes? France, all is well. Sentry, give the

BASS.

Who goes? France, all is well. Sentry, give the

PIANO.

Drum.

pass-word! Pass France! Pass, all is well. Pass, all is well, all's well!

pass-word! Pass France! Pass, all is well. Pass, all is well, all's well!

pass-word! Pass France! Pass, all is well. Pass, all is well, all's well!

pass-word! Pass France! Pass, all is well. Pass, all is well, all's well!

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 4962.
No. 9th SERENADE. "IRIS AT YOUR WINDOW."

Andante.

I - ris, at your casement Red the roses are,

They interlace Clasp your window bar!

Ah, if I like them I'd climb, As the roses do,

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A.H. & C. Ltd. 4968.
Would you say it was a crime When I clasp you too?

Roses, when the cold is done, Climb to meet the summer sun, I would seek a fairer one— I—ris, only you!

a tempo

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
Iris, moon-beams tremble Where your curtain sways,

But the folds dissemble Eyes with brighter rays!

Ah, were I a moonbeam white Or a moonbeam blue,

I would come and look by night,

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4866.
Look the curtain through! Moonlight with a silver blade

Cannot pierce the dusty shade— I would find my

hidden maid— Iris, only you!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
NO. 10. FINALE, ACT I:—THE SWEETS THAT YOU GAVE ME.

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A. H. C. Ltd. 4966
sweets that you gave to me late-ly. So greatly I find I en-joy. I

think that you ought just to taste them, not waste them all on a mere boy.

And so to-night I have come to bring you a sweet sugar.

SOP.

plum. He says that to-night he has come to bring you a sweet sugar.

CONTRALTOS.

To bring you a sweet sugar.
Presto.

PLUM

PRINCESS You dare, Monsieur le Due? What madness wild!

PLUM

Molto rall.

Ah why should you re-buke A Doll, a child!

L. H.

LIGHT (sotto) Open the door In the King's name! QUICK: Open the door

PIANOFORCE Spare him, I implore!

In the King's name AGITATO: It's prison nothing more! Oh!
PRINCESS: I spare you— all the same
I will take the blame,

OPEN the door!

LEWIS: Pray, Madame do not fear For we are here, Ready to do your

high command With sword in hand we stand. If any knave should

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4986
dare Your rest to scare, We'll punish him for his

wick-ed plot, He shall on the spot Be shot Lieut & Guards Pray Madame do not

fear For we are here, Ready to do your

high command, With sword in our hand we stand If any knave should

A.H.& C.Ltd. 4966
dare Your rest to scare, We'll punish him for his wick-ed plot, He shall on the spot He shot!

PRINCESS: 'Tis

Andante quasi recit.

nothing Sir, a fear absurd, A lady thought a noise she heard Of someone in the

rall.

house; She screamed a-loud, for help she ran, She said it was some daring man.
But it was just a mouse!

Of course it was a mouse! \textit{Allegro A accelerando poco a poco}

A tiny little mouse! \textit{Rallentando}

home-less lit-tle mouse!

Presto.

course we screamed, of course we ran To rouse up all the house; Far worse than any wicked man, We fear a little mouse!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 1966
GUARD. Ha, ha, ha, If it was that, Ha, ha, ha, ha, We'll fetch the

PRINCESS. I thank you Sir, But
cat. To catch the little mouse.

all is right, So I prefer to say. Good night.

LIEUT. Good

night, your Highness, good night, good night.

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
March on duti-ful-ly, Keep step beau-ti-ful-ly, Look-ing on-ly right be-fore us! We have or-ders that we

must o-bey, March a-way in ar-ray! Though we may a lit-tle long to stay a lit-tle

With the la-dies who ad-ore us, We'll come
back on another day, With our regimental

chorus. 
LIEUT. & SCARFS We are a regiment On duty

bent!  Ready to do our King's command With sword in our hand we

stand!  So when the trumpets blow Away we go To

beauty and love we say good night. Quick march. by your right! Good night!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
ACT II.

NO. 11. OPENING SCENE & DANCE: "IT IS THE STROKE OF NOON!"

(RICHELIEU, MOULINET, FLEURY, CANIF, LEPAS and CHORUS.)

Andante moderato.

PIANO.

Cuckoo Clock.
TENOR.

BASS.

FAGOTTEN It is the stroke of noon! 2nd FOOTMAN Undoubtedly!

It is the stroke of noon!

It is the stroke of noon!

FAGOTTEN It is the stroke of noon!

3rd FOOTMAN We hear and see! It is the stroke of noon!

1st FOOTMAN His Grace is rising soon!

2nd FOOTMAN Undoubtedly! 2nd FOOTMAN We all agree.

1st FOOTMAN Then He should be rising soon!

A. E. & C. Ltd. 4966
ought we not to knock And tell him what's o'clock?

2nd Footman Undoubtedly!

Curtain His slumbers we might shock

3rd Footman It seems to me

1st Footman To hurry on his clothes is what his lordship loathes, and he doubt-edly!

4th Footman He might be free with highly noble oaths.

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
2nd Footman: A knock!
3rd Footman: A knock!
1st Footman: A knock!

Who, who, who seeks his Grace, the Duc de Richelieu?

(Enter Moulinet and 3 Girls.)

Allegro.

Moulinet: I am
Monsieur Moulinet, I beg to say, And I come to do his Grace's hair! We ar-
- range it with our f i ng ers fair, Moulinet Su-per-vis ed by my ar-tis-tic care; And I
ve- ry lat-est style, 'tis said! Moulinet For a no-ble high-ly born and bred! And a

bring his lat-est wig. It's ra-ther big! Girls For we hope it is-n't rude to state His
mass of pow'd curls at-tra cts the girls! Moulinet And we hope it is-n't rash to state That

Grace has quite a lit-tle pate, But with a wig he's great! Tri- umph The
in his wig of lat-est date His Grace will cap-ti-
Pù lento.

no•ble Duke in his pe•ruke Will look like an•y friz•zy belle! VALÉTRA We

much re•gret to say as yet His Lord•ship is not vis•i•ble, ALLE•Not

vis•i•ble. POSTVEN Who, who, who seeks his Grace, the Duke de Richelieu?

(Enter Canif and 3 Girls.)

Allegretto con grazia. CASH I am

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
called Canif, the Manicure, And his aristocratic hands I keep in beauty, 

It is our duty! Cantif For his Grace, as you may all be sure, Is a very particular Duke about his fingers. All You know his Grace! So we trim his nails and polish them well With a powder that your skilful hand con-

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
-poses, It smells of roses; So that when you're done his glance will dwell On his brilli-ant mir-ror-like nails With look that lingers To see his face. 

So we ap-pear what time we hear Twelve strokes up-on the bus-y bell! Ta-le-ta Al-

though tis late, we have to state His Lord-ship is not vis-i-ble, All Not vis-i-ble! En-they Who, who, who seeks His Grace, the Due de Ri-chelieu?

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Tempo di Valse.

We decorate tables and

blossoms of opulent summer.

till any poetical comer Would dream

of Elysian halls.

Red roses for throbs of the

heart meant.
case this most splendid apartment is graced by his beautiful

bride. He, he, he, he! Valzere Her, Ha, ha, ha! Fleur: Such

più accel. Giselle: Polite, That's laughter is quite out of place, Preserve an expression of face! In

più accel.

right!

work energetic Prove sympathetic With His poetic Grace!

A. E. & C. Ltd. 4966
(Enter Lepas)

Allegretto.

Lepas: I am Lepas!

Ah! He is Lepas!

I teach the dance to noble France, And here my pupils stand. This, if you please, is Gidalise, And
ALL Hail Cid-alise and Cor-isande!

this is Cor-isande!

We come to-

Ah! You come to-day?

To show the
dance that we may say, is quite the latest way. It is so bright and light and
gay, But graceful too, not risible!
fear we must take that on trust, His Lord-ship is not vi-si-ble!  

**piu vivo**

I cannot wait for an-y-thing, I have to go and see the

**piu vivo**

**accel.**

**All.** The King!  **Valet.** In that case,  **Valet.** In that case,  **Footman.** In

King!

**accel.**

that ve-ry pressing case,  **Valet.** We may dare to

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
wake His Grace!

L'valet Monseigneur!

rall. e dim. accel.

2nd valet Monseigneur!

2nd footman Monseigneur

mp

ff

Duc!

Richelieu: You needn't shout! Come in! No, stay, I will come

p

A. H. & C. Ltd. 1966
Allegretto.

Make way! Make way! His Grace comes out!

Make ample

Make way! Make way! His Grace comes out!

Make ample

Make way! Make way! His Grace comes out!

Make ample

Make way! Make way! His Grace comes out!

Allegretto.

way for his Grace, Pray give him place! Room for his Grace! He deigns to

way for his Grace, Pray give him place! Room for his Grace! He deigns to

way for his Grace, Pray give him place! Room for his Grace! He deigns to

way for his Grace, Pray give him place! Room for his Grace! He deigns to

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966
show us his face In his apartment now!

show us his face In his apartment now! Bow!

show us his face In his apartment now! Bow!

show us his face In his apartment now! Bow!

This honour, all of us find, Tells of a mind Gracious and kind!

This honour, all of us find, Tells of a mind Gracious and kind!

This honour, all of us find, Tells of a mind Gracious and kind!

This honour, all of us find, Tells of a mind Gracious and kind!

Our humble reverence show, In a long row

Our humble reverence show, In a long row

Our humble reverence show, In a long row

Our humble reverence show, In a long row

A.H. & C.Ltd. 1866
Allegretto.

Let us bend low As we make our bow!

Let us bend low As we make our bow!

Let us bend low As we make our bow!

Let us bend low As we make our bow!

Allegretto, più vivo

p

CHORUS His Lordship kind-ly conde-scends!

His

RICH Good morning, wor-thy friends! There's really quite a crowd!

Lord-ship makes us proud! 

ad lib.

What have you come for, You, Monsieur? 

colla voce
Tempo di Valse.

ALFRED: I am the florist, Monseigneur!

REICH: Ah! yes!

Tempo di Valse.

REICH: Ah! yes! You've

CHORUS: Ma-demoi-

done extremely well, For I ex-pect Ma-de-moi-selle!

REICH: Ah yes! Ah,

Allegretto.

yes! 'Tis Madame la Da-

chesse!

Reich: I'm rather wear-

Allegretto.
Chair, a chair, His Grace's chair!

Put me a chair!

MOULINET: Your Grace!

CLARIF: I'm present here at

Ah, yes! Do my hair!

Ah, yes! You do my hands!

Con grazia.

The King may need me soon, perchance, Your Grace!

Con grazia.

Ah,
yes! You do your dance!

RICHER. That's rather flat!

più lento

CHORUS: It's very flat!

I don't like that!

I like that

We don't like that!

We like that touch,

That's better, much!

That's better, much!

A.H. & C.Ltd. 4966
Tempo di Valse.

Ah! that was very nice!

Tempo di Valse.

CHORUS: Oh, very nice!

You do that twice!

Yes, do it twice!

I like that so!

Bravo, Bravo,

We love it so!

Bravo, Bravo-

Bravo, Bravis-simo!
Presto.

How entrancing! This display of dancing! Watch them sway and

How entrancing! This display of dancing! Watch them sway and

How entrancing! This display of dancing! Watch them sway and

How entrancing! This display of dancing! Watch them sway and

Presto.

A.H. & C.Ltd. 1866
whirl! His Grace has kindly condescended To show us
something really splendid! Mark the master
turning fast and faster Than a dancing girl! And we may

A. H. C. Ltd. 5966
say without rebuke, "Bravo, bravissimo!" So says the

Duke! Bravo! How delightful. Let us, as is rightful,

Hail His Grace's taste! For if he danced professionally, He would be

A. H. & C. Ltd 4966
head of all the ballet! Any measure He could do at pleasure
If the stage he graced! And we could say without rebuke, "Bravo, Bravo,
visi-mo, Bravi-si-mo, Brav-o, Brav-o, His
visi-mo, Bravi-si-mo, Brav-o, Brav-o, His
visi-mo, Bravi-si-mo, Brav-o, Brav-o, His
visi-mo, Bravi-si-mo, Brav-o, Brav-o, His
accel.
accel.
No. 12. TRIO—"THE BOLD DRAGOON."

(RICHELIEU, ABEE, and LIEUTENANT.)

 Allegro.

 PIANO.

 Drum Solo.

ABBEE. 1. Oh the life of a bold dra-
LIEUT. 2. Oh the life of a bold dra-
RICHELIEU. 3. Oh the life of a bold dra-

Is the life for which I hunger, For we fight till night and we
All with glory and gold laden! We're a uniform that will
It has joys I'll soon discover, For his sword can slay and his

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A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
drink till noon, As I did when I was younger! When the
take by storm Any widow wife or maid - en! For we
court is gay, But he's finest as a lover! At tho

trum-pets blow then we charge the foe, And we have them lying strewn, Then their
sons of Mars are as bright as stars, On a night with-out a moon! It's our
look he gives any girl that lives Will be fit to sigh and swoon, But she'll

camp we gai-ly pil-lage For the maid-ens of the vil-lage Who
pleasure and, our du-ty That in bright and man-ly beau-ty, There's
find him read-y for her, For there is not an ador-er That

wel-come a bold dra-goon, Who wel-come a bold dra-goon!
none like a bold dra-goon, There's none like a bold dra-goon!
loves like a bold dra-goon, That loves like a bold dra-goon!

A. E. & C. Ltd. 4966
Ride, ride, ride, As the mus-kets crack and can-non thun-der!
Ride, ride, ride, In a cav-al-cade of war-like splen-dour!
Ride, ride, ride, O-ver beau-ty that can-not re-sist us,

Ride, ride, ride, Keep-ing knee to knee and side by side, Ride, ride,
Ride, ride, ride, With a cap-tiv-a-ting eas-y stride! Ride, ride,
Ride, ride, ride, O-ver pru-de-ry and maid-en pride! Ride, ride,

ride, Till we break the fee a-sun-der send them scat-ter-ing
ride, And the wo-men’s hearts grow ten-der, hear them twit-ter-ing
ride, Un-till evr-y girl has kissed us, draw your flat-ter-ies,

With our shat-ter-ing Round our glitter-ing Charge the bat-ter-ies, Ride, ride, ride.

1. 2. Fine

A. & C. Ld. 1906

(Richelieu, Abbé and Chorus.)

Andante.

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A.H. & C. Ltd. 4368
Recit. mf

Gentle-men, who come to-day for the art of

rapier play, Cloak and coat a-side you lay,

Take your place in couples, pray!

ad lib.

Then, before the mimic fray, All salute in

courtly way!

Now, on guard! On guard! On guard!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Tempo di Marcia.

Guard! With simple thrust and parry

I think I'll task you first; You lunge at the heart, He parries in carte—Now

simile

do the same reversed! Recover, never tarry, Or else you will be lost. Now

simile

try me in tierce, But don't be too fierce, Lunge, parry,
then ripostel!

It's the game of Kings, the noble art of fencing. It's the mark of a gentleman!

Commence!

Dégage!

Try to hit the heart as neatly as you can!

But remember, pray, be...
-fore you are commencing As your coat and your hat you doff, That you

rall. e cresc.

must learn to thrust And to fight— that is right— But not with the but-tons

rall. e cresc.

CHORUS.

off! (unison) It's the game of Kings, the no-bol art of fen-cing, It's the

mark of a gen-tle-man! Con-men-cee! Dé-

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966
—go! Try to hit the heart as neatly as you can! But re-

—member, pray, before you are commencing. As your

coat and your hat you doff, That you must learn to thrust. And to

fight, that is right. But not with the buttons off...
Tempo di Marcia.

mf

You're getting on already.

simile

Your fencing's good today, I think you may do a minute or two of

what we call loose play. On guard! Hand high and steady! Cut over! Beat that! Don't

get in a rage, Now quick, disengage, A hit, a hit,

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
A splendid hit! It's the

molto rall.

Tempo \( \text{II}^{\text{majo}} \)

Game of Kings, the noble art of fencing, it's the mark of a gentleman!

Commence! Dégage! Try to

rall.

a tempo

hit the heart as neatly as you can! But remember, pray, be-

rall.

a tempo

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
fore you are com-men-cing As your coat and your hat you doff, That you

rall. e cresce.

must learn to thrust And to fight—that is right—But not with the but-toms

rall. e cresce.

CHORUS.

off! (ENGLISH) It's the game of Kings, the no-ble art of fen-cing, It's the

mark of a gen-tle-man! Com-men-cez! De-ga-
gez! Try to hit the heart as neatly as you can! But re-

member, pray, before you are commencing As your

coil and your hat you doff, That you must learn to thrust And to

fight— that is right— But not with the buttons off.
(Matignon and Abbé)

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A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966
ferred to talk to someone rather older! Ha,
ladder for the wife to run away with! Ha,

rit.

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha was such a comic figure! Ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Don't you think that that was splendid? Ha,
colla voce

molto

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ABRE: It's a silly thing to snigger! Ha,
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, A You've forgotten how it ended. Ha,

a tempo

ha, ha, ABRE Ha, ha, ha, ha, But the little Spanish Duke Under-
ha, ha, ha, "Ha, ha, ha, ha, Down the ladder someone slid In a

-neath his big periwig, Had a pretty wit, though nobody had
deck securely hid, And the lover was enrapured in his
tried it: While his rival, though so smart, Was a
folly, Till he saw the happy pair Standing

rall.

traitor in his heart, And he had a wig without a brain in
laughing at him there, And he found he was eloping with the

rall.

ad lib.

-side it! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, He be-
does ly! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, So the

col leg voce

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Oh, it is such a rare good story, And you tell it

con a-mor-e; I must chuc-kle, I must gig-gle. And I must laugh and
con a-mor-e; I must snig-ger, I must chuc-kle, Un-till I burst my
roar and wriggle! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
belt and buckle! Ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Oh, it is such a good story!
Oh, it is such a good story!
NO. 15. ENTRANCE OF MAIDS OF HONOUR.

(RICHELIEU AND MAIDS.)

Allegretto.

PIANO.

Maids: We've come to you, The Due de Richelieu, We want to...
say a word or two. 

AHEM. Come in! 

RUFUS. It seems your Grace has 

really had the face to address to us his tender-ness! You've 

written us, in language amorous. A set of 

letters, all alike, beginning thus: 

AHEM. Oh, my 

A.H. & C.Ltd. 4966
Ange! I adore your beauty so! That is just the way they go!

1. We think you must be really angry with you
2. Very an

most conceited for your letter, Liberties like that you believe a word! To win our hearts by vows a dozen

must not take! So if we're here it is because we
times repeated, Now, could any thing be more absurd? And thought it better You should know it quite without mistake! Our

so we hope experience has taught you Not again to court our modesty you vainly try to break up, Such designs we all of

stern rebuke! Euh! Well, after all I've caught you, For my notes have brought you! That plan I'll never take up, So we'll kiss and make up!

maids: Oh, you are a naught-y lit-tle Duke! Oh, you are a naught-y lit-tle

2. We're Duke!
NO. 15th SONG: "FIVE LITTLE PIGS."
(RICHELIEU.)

Moderato.

PIANO.


Verse 1:
Five little Pigs they lived in a sty, I don't say when and I
don't know why! Some say they were poor and some they were rich, But I
nice young man; They went through the door and up the stair, But I
don't know how and I don't know which! All that I know
don't know whose and I don't know where. All that I know

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A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966
HUMOR
All that you know is what my nurse told me long ago!

This little Pig went to market,
This little Girl went a-furting.

This little Pig made sausages,
This little Girl was kissed on the stairs,

nice pork chop! This little Pig cried—
side the hall! This little Girl cried—

"Wee, wee, wee! I'm
"Wee, wee, wee! He
sor - ry I can - not_ stop!”
has - n't kissed me at_all!”

“This lit - tle Pig cried,
This lit - tle Girl cried.

“Wee, wee, wee! I'm sorry I can - not stop!”
“Wee, wee, wee! He hasn't kissed me at all!”

“This lit - tle Men con - trived to get in - to the Bri - tish
Five lit - tle Friends they came in - to Court For they were not Friends of a
Five lit - tle States there were at - least Down in the Near and

3. Five lit - tle Men con - trived to get in - to the Bri - tish
4. Five lit - tle Friends they came in - to Court For they were not Friends of a
5. Five lit - tle States there were at - least Down in the Near and

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Cabin et, They said they would do a lot for men, But I
Ster ling sort! They said that they went round two and two, But I
naughty East; And all of them made a great big row, But I

don't know what and I don't know when! All that I know
don't know how and I don't know who! All that I know
don't know why and I don't know how! All that I know

CHORUS
All that you know is what my nurse told me long ago!

This little Man robbed a hen-roost, This little Man took the beer;
This little Friend went to Paris, This little Friend went to hunt;
This little State had some Turkey, This little State had none!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4996
This little Man denounced the Lords, And this little Man was
This little Friend had the back bath-room, And this little Friend had a
This little State got very hot, And this little State got

made a Peer! This little Man cried, "Wee, wee, wee! The room in front! This little Friend cried, "Wee, wee, wee! They out it's gun! This little State cried, "Wee, wee, wee! My

women have got in here!" This little Man cried, "Wee, wee, wee! The women have got in the punt?" This little Friend cried, "Wee, wee, wee! They won't take me in the punt?" This little State cried, "Wee, wee, wee! My crown is a paper one!"

"Wee, wee, wee! The women have got in here!" "Wee, wee, wee! They won't take me in the punt?" "Wee, wee, wee! My crown is a paper one!

A.H. & C. LM. 4966
Andante.

I could hush this foolish love That sighs And cries

Then I could stand as once I stood Proud of my

lone-ly maid-en-hood! And like the sil-ver moon a-bove, So

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pure, endure

joy at thought of a man or a boy! ah!

love is young and love is strong, and i am but a

maiden; how can i silence and hold

love that has feathers of gold? and much i fear and
yet I long, With joy and sorrow laden, To

yield to my passion and go To bliss or to woe, Ah! who can know!

I could break this foolish pride That chills and kills,

Then I could know that love is all,
Proud of the vow without recall! And I could be my lover's bride, His own alone, And

love him as well as woman can, My boy with the heart of a man! Ah! But pride is cold and pride is

strong, And I am but a maiden; How can I
conquer and hold
Pride that is iron and cold? And

still I fear although I long, My soul with passion

molté e rall.

laden, To give up the struggle and go Away with the

molté e rall.

flow! Ah! who can know!

Ah! who can know!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 1896
No 17. Finale. Act II. "What on earth can be the matter?"

Presto.

PIANO.

What on earth can be the matter? What's become of his Grace?

Who was making such a clatter Heard all over the place,

Stamping feet and angry voices, Talk that very far from choice is,
Are they fighting? How exciting! What is the state of the case?

Cesarine: The chevalier has just been here. He wished to fight a duel. Chorus: Oh!

Then he'll kill the duke, he will. How cruel! how cruel?

Chevalerie: My

Baron went with fell intent to fight the duke, they tell us. Chorus: The

Baron draws his sword because he's jealous, he's jealous!

A.H. & C.Ltd. 1908
Andante moderato.

CESARINE: There is no cause for fear, I know the Chevalier, at

quasi recit

my request, would spare his Grace, Besides, the duel won't take place! An

order from the King Will soon stop every thing, And

at mamma-in-law's appeal His Grace will

sleep In the Bastille

Oh shame! In the Bastille!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4566
hand once I gave him, I have changed since morn, I

love him, I will save him! I would give my

life To stop the doom above him;

Now I am his wife I'll save him for I

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
love him!

Yes, save him if you love him!

Yes, save him if you love him!

Yes, save him if you love him!

Yes, save him if you love him!

Tempo di Valse.

DIANA — way to St. Cloud I go today with you, And

there in the garden wait The word of fate! Mid flowers and

guess The weary hours will pass Until we can tell That all is well, That all is

A. H. & C. Ltd. 1966
Well!

Away to S! Cloud we go to day with you, And there in the

garden wait The word of fate! But all will go right, You will see him to-

garden wait The word of fate! But all will go right, You will see him to-

garden wait The word of fate! But all will go right, You will see him to-

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
No 17a CURTAIN MUSIC.

Moderato appassionato.

PIANO:

Soprano:
Heir to a name that lives in fame, If crown our call you, can aught appal you?

Alto:
Heir to a name that lives in fame, If crown our call you, can aught appal you?

Tenor:
Heir to a name that lives in fame, If crown our call you, can aught appal you?

Bass:
Heir to a name that lives in fame, If crown our call you, can aught appal you?

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Face any chance for love of France, No — ble you're born, Dan-ger you scorn!

As but a boy do all you can! The end may be death, may be joy, Let it find you a man, Now, no more a boy!

ACT III.

№ 18. FÊTE GALANTE.
(DANCERS and CHORUS.)

Allegro vivace.

PIANO.

Copyright MCMIX, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew Ltd.
Allegretto grazioso.
Sop.

Through our June afternoon

Contr.

Through our June afternoon

Ten.

Now our June day is past noon.

Bass.

Through our June afternoon

Now shadows are longer growing, Twilight is soon;

Shadows growing, Twilight is soon;

Dusk will be here too soon;

Dusk will be here too soon;

Ere our day Fades away

Ere our day Fades away

Ere our day Withers away

Ere our day Fades away

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966
Allegro vivace.
NO. 19. SONG—"NOBODY CARES FOR ME"
(RICHELIEU.)

Allegretto.

I don't want to cry or lie down and die, I want to be brave and plucky; But I wish someone would tell what I've done That is making me so unlucky? It's all right if they would come up and say Why nobody smiles and greets me. But they
won't say what, And I just can-not- It beats me!

I haven't any one to kiss me, kiss me.

When I am dead they'll never miss me, What can the reason be?

Never a bird his song will sing me, As for the busy bee,

If I should speak to him he would sting me- No-body cares for me!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
like little girls with hair all in curls, I'll play with them like a brother; But if
I come by They are stiff and shy, If I kiss them, they call for Mother! They
know well enough I wouldn't be rough, So why are the girls so chilly? For they
just look black, And they won't kiss back It's silly!
I have—n't an—y one to love me, pet me!

All of the folks I know for—get me, What can the rea—son be?

On—ly a dove with coo a—bove me, Up in the leaf—y tree;

If she will come down be—side and love me Some—bo—dy cares for

After last verse.
NO. 20. SONG: "LISETTE"

(ABBÉ.)

Andante.

We were both of us young when we met, Li-sette, at the well, when the sun was set-ting; But I see ev'-ry curl of your fair gold hair, And your eyes that there's no for-get-ting. And I

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know what I said in your ear, My dear, Tho' the years have gone by since I met Li-sette! Li-sette, Li-sette, I see you yet With the village las- ses, A gay co-yette! And we lin-ger'd late by the gar-den gate, In the dew-y grass-es, My love, Li-sette!
I had nothing to give when we met, Lisette, But the heart of a soldier wooer; There were many to offer you gold To hold, Yet not one of them all was truer! So I
rode with the others away One day, And you stood at the well where we met, Li-sette! Li-sette, Li-sette, Did you forget. That we walked together When day had set? When the bugles blew And I walked to you, How I wonder whether You wept, Li-sette. It's
long since the day when we met, Li-sette, And by now you have wed an - o - ther, And the little ones run to your knee, May-be, And they beg for a kiss from mother. And the girls have the eyes I have known, Your own, With the look that I lov'd when I met Li-sette! Li-sette, Li-sette, I will not fret! That my

A. H. & C. Ltd 4966
life is lonely, In vain regret! The\n
land of dreams, Yet to me 'tis only A dream, Li-sette, Li-

settelo Li-sette! 'Tis only a dream, Li-sette, Li-

settelo!
NO. 21. SONG.— "THE SUN-DIAL."

(DIAKE.)

Andante con grazioso.

VOICE. Tell me, ancient mes-sy
dial. Why so slow the mo-ments creep,

PIANO. poco accel. When our hearts are sick with trial,

rall. And your fin-ger seems a-

poco accel. -sleep! Why does not the sha-dow bar

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Switely swing the circle through,  Like the shadows that we are
And the shadow we pursue?

Shadow on the mossy dial,  Creeping over grey and green,  Do not tell the hours of trial,

accel.  rall.

Più lento

Più lento  colla voce

Più lento  colla voce

A. S. & C. Ltd. 4966.
Let us think they have not ever been! Shadow on the old-

dial, Standing among the flowers, Count us,

count us only the happy sunny hours, Shadow on the

dial, Count for us none but the joyful hours!

A.H. & C. Ltd. 1895.
Tell me, dial, grey and old.
Why so swift the moments pass?

When our life is glad and golden
As the sunlight on the grass?

Why cannot the shadow stay,

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
And the sun be still above
When our grief has passed away,
And our hearts are bright with love?

Solo
Più lento
Shadow on the mossy dial,
Sleeping over dark on the mossy
day,
Contraalto.
Shadow, shadow on our
Shadow, shadow on our

A. H. & C. Ltd. 4966.
While I live
All I can give I will
When I die
Why should I sigh
For the

lavish on
end of an
 idle sto
ery?

Girls are fair,
I can sleep
Soundly and

care
deep
For the
call of an-
other
duty?

Give me on
Let me not

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heart. Beauty and mirth, Kisses and sighs and laugh.

stay. Withered and grey, Weary and sorrow! lad.

-ter, These are a man Take while he can— Wisdom and

- en, Better to close Life like a rose, Dead on the

gerage may come after! Love, Love, you are my breast of a maid— en! Love, Love, stay till' the

throne and my royal crown; You end of my hoars in store; Youth's
I long for a lone
Till my sun goes down;
fair
day let me spend,
And I ask no more!

Give me all you can give,
There is naught
Lay one rose where I lie,
On the grass

rall.

Love is the rose of the world, and I
Love is the rose of the world, and I

live For Love, Love, Love!
die For Love, Love, Love!
Love, stay till the end of my hours in

store. Youth's fair day let me spend, And I
Love is the rose of the world and I die for

molto rall.

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