CAST

Sultan ........................................ R. M. Middlemass
Alexander, Crown Prince ................. R. C. Foster
Grand Vizier .................................. G. K. Monroe
Mutt ........................................... G. P. Gardner, Jr.
Little Jeff ..................................... W. S. Seamans
  H. Jaques
  P. D. Howe
  M. K. Hollins
  J. G. Blaine III
Ushers ...........................................
Chief Conspirators ......................... W. D. Sohier
  W. K. Earle
Shrubb ........................................ B. Tuckerman
Hayes  
  Imperial Messengers  
  G. C. Prince
  H. Platt
  S. Tyler
Longboat ......................................
Dorando .......................................
Sultana ....................................... G. Mather
Lydia ......................................... McG. A. King
Diana ......................................... R. H. Hutchinson

ACT I

Scene - Small throne-room of Sultan's palace

ACT II

Scene - Inner court of Sultan's palace
## Diana's Debut

### Contents

**ACT I**

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No. 1.

Opening Chorus Act I.

J. S. REED.

DANCE.

W. S. LANGSHAW.
Modest and most demure—casting down our eyes—Live the belles of the har-rem discreet and wise. Yet we some-times are bored with life—

Blame us if you can and there's plenty of chances for a strange young man.

DANCE.

H.P.
Simple, obedient, shy and buxom maids, Yet we're partial to flirting and serenades. When our master is near to us then we're most discreet, But the whispers of other men are not less sweet.
DANCE.
Conspirators of bomb, and knife, and horrible deeds are well. Champayne is so expensive that we're forced to sobriety. We'll get the Sultan to give a ball, and
kill our of-fi-cers one and all. Con-spir-a-tors of san-guine deeds and

ter-ri-ble words are we. Con-we.
Sultan's Song

J. S. REED

This ball has all the earmarks of a most correct affair, We don't know who is coming, and my all this fuss 'till I've become quite thin, They call it "coming out" and yet she's wife is in despair; The orchestra is on the blink, and on my soul I surely "getting in"; And on my soul I can't make out just what the whole thing
can-net think how lit-tle or how much a Turkish deb-u-tante shall wear. To
is a-bout, ex-cept an op-por-tu-ni-ty to spend the roy-al tin.
give a Boston dance the host must take a chance Some bigger light that ver-y night might
plan one in ad-advance. To keep your guests con-tent much fore thought should be
spent, Don't make them dance, a-void mischance with liq uid nour-ish-ment.
Stenographer's Song.

No. 4.

J. S. REED.

W. S. LANGSHAW.

I've

I've

knocked about this ter-ri-ble world, a weak de-fence-less girl, I've
been to pris-on sev-er-al times, a mar-tyr to the cause, I've

al-ways shunned so-ci-e-ty, and fash-ions frivol-ous whirl, A
al-ways felt a thrill of pride in break-ing ty-rannous laws. Each

H. P.
wom-an's work is nev-er done, and men do have such fun,
The stal-wart spin-ster mere-ly lives for her pre-rog-a-tives,

slower.

sweet de-lights of wom-an's rights we want them ev-ry one,
We do not fight for ab-stract rights but for the fun it gives,

We'd dote to vote and manage a par-ty ring,
jump to stump for mayors and clerks and such,

must be fun to ac-tual-ly run the thing,
form at best does not in-ter-rest us much,

It It

H. F.
Alexander's Song.

No. 5.

J. S. Reed.

W. S. Langshaw.

PIANO

Alex.

1. If you happen to come from Seattle, and
2. If you happen to come from Chicago, and

Ushers

want to be asked to a "Brattle," I am sadly in fear for your
want to get out of that fog-o, I am sadly in fear for your

Alex.

social career, if your home is so far in the West.
There are
social career, if your home is so far in the East.
It is the

H.P.
ways you can get around that, if you work it with proper ease, easiest process on earth, to discount the misfortunes of

elat; We are eager for social distinction, Pray birth; If you follow his brilliant example You

Chorus
Alex.

how can we manage it best? Just insist that your aunt was a marry a Wolcott at least. Make condolences your chief oc-

Ca-bet, and your grandmother's real name was Weld, Try pa-tion, and know every hostess by name, Be

H.P.
hard to make rudeness a habit, and be careful whom you be-

held. Cultivate that distinction of manner, that
game. Be familiar with Ibsen and Wendell, and

subtle that "I don't know what"; Be constant at dinners and danc-

es. Just learn to be lazy with grace; But if you are driven to work, why Lee

Higginson's really the place. Yes, Lee Higginson's really the place.
Serenade.

No. 6.

J. S. REED.

W. S. LANGSHAW.

long to know more of the faces of men, I've heard their low

voic-es a-gain and a-gain; Each ev'-ning they throng to my
lattice window bar, And sing to the passionate low throb-bing gui-
tar. The night is o-dor-ous with ros-es, And
the bul-bul sings in the soft night: Come out in the
mur-mur-ous gar-den where the world's white with the
starlight. My gondola's waiting on the water. And your lover lies here at your feet. O hasten, Bright Flower of Islam: For the hours of dalliance are fleet.
Bluff.

No. 7.

J. S. REED.

W. S. LANGSHAW.

When the world is a dismal and desolate spot, Sing too-ry a loo-ry a loodle, And your pockets are empty as likely as not, Sing too-ry a loo-ry a loo-die, Don't jump in the river or drink gas-o-line, There'll always be plenty of boodle, For the
laziest party with plenty of nerve Who makes clever use of his noodle.

To work like a Turk in the sun Has never impressed me as fun, And

manual labor is such a disgrace I'd rather make mine with a gun,

And run, A gentleman's wits are enough To gain him a wad of the

H. P.
stuff, The word of a graft-er who knows what he's aft-er, is

Bluff! Bluff! Bluff! DANCE.

H. P.
Finale Act I.

No. 8.

J. S. REED.

VOICE.

Sultan.

Base varlets all you've spoiled my ball with

Piano.

imbe-silic blunders; With fire and steel, I'll make you feel my

Chorus.

full Sultanic thunders! Ha-ha! Ha-ha! He's grously a-gain. You'll par-don the sug-

H. P.
gestion; But things look dark to the best of men with chronic indigestion!

Sultan.
A-way! A-way! I'll have my say. Bring on the bastia

tionndo. I'll hand a clout to those that spout such insolent bravado.

Diana.
O peerless ruler of the world—Forgive us our innocent blunders.

H.P.
Thy words are as swift-winged thunders. On the best hurled and the least hurled I alone thy daughter am to blame.

Dread Fountain and Chorus.

Father of Wonders. Have mercy O Father of Wonders,

Diana.

So to me alone be alone the shame.

Sultan.

Well

H.P.
I forgive, and you may live, although my mercies waver; Those

who are wise apologize To win my royal favour. Ha-

ha! Ha-ha! 'twas only a twinge of gouty rheumatism, We

recommend you try a course of strict asceticism.
Play, play,

Mirth and music gay,
Laughing word and glance

Thrill the happy dancers.
Shout, shout,

Hear the merry rout that throngs Diana's coming out.

H.P.
Play, play,

Mirth and music gay, Laughing word and glance

Thrills the happy dancers. Shout, Shout,

Hear the merry rout That throngs Diana's coming out.

H. P.
Overture Act II.

W.S. Langshaw.

H.P.
No. 9.

Opening Chorus Act II.

J. S. REED.

W. S. LANGSHAW.

Waiter.

Will you have more wine, Sir, It's very, very fine, May I fill your glass, your
highness? I should recommend this milder blend, Will you

make it Scotch or Rye? Here waiter! Here, Sir, coming right away. More

Clarinet, hurry up, waiter! Just a moment, your highness, yes,

sir, we're on our way. Fill the glass! We will pledge her royal highness. Yes, your

H. P.
highness we're coming right away.
Table Song

J. S. Reed

W. S. Langshaw

At the Somerset things were rather wet, big exclusive affair,

From the lack of heat all of Beacon street surely must have been there.
Berkeley Copley's son had a lovely bun, so did all of the rest; For of many ways you can enjoy your days a gentle Boston dance is best, best.

At the Somerset things were rather wet, big exclusive af-
fair, From the lack of heat all of Beacon street

surely must have been there. Berkeley Copley's son

had a lovely bun, so did all of the rest;

For of many ways you can enjoy your days a gentle Boston dance is best, best.
No. 43.

Lipkowska

J. S. REED.

VOICE.

Constantino tore his mustache as he put his costume on. And he swore a wild "Carramba!" For his appetite was gone. He was fond of Clams Lipkowska, and "Lydia Peach Meringue." But she had sued, And her name was tabooed from his favorite food, so that is why he

W. S. LANGSHAW.

PIANO.
sang O Lip-kowska! When you sing a Boheme I am
covered with shame. For I get so hungry every time I hear your
name. Cara Mi-a! I no longer care. For my
dinner, I swear. Put your name Lip-kowska back on the bill of fare.
Conspirators.

J. S. REED.

Old King Bledamir was a mon-arch-queer In the good old me-di-e-val days, He

drank his beer with a right good cheer And war-bled mer-ry rounde-lays; With

cough or cold or tooth-ache, He nev-er took a chance, But he
DANCE.

filled right up on Bud-wei-ser And then he danced this sil-ly lit-tle dance.

H. P.
Love Song.

1. Long ago
2. Dreams, sir

I dreamed of you within a garden fair,
Knight, are often fickle as a maidens heart,

Dreamed you stood among the flowers waiting for me there
Moonlight and the dusky garden are of sleep a part

J.S. Reed

W.S. Langshaw
To the whispered song of evening Burned your heart a-
Yet I bring from realms of slumber This fair rose whose

gainst my heart Till dawn grow out of the silver East, And
fragrant charms Will waft me back to the wonderful garden,

Chorus
made the lovers part.
In my lovers arms.

Love is dreaming

unawakened, in your lips and eyes and hair

H.P.
Music calls to dancing, we may wake him there.
All the moonlight's summer madness,
all the fire of youth and spring, Thrills the swaying waltz to loves awakening.
No. 16.
J. S. REED.

Finale Act II.

W. S. LANGSHAW.

VOICE.

Ha-ha! Ha-ha! He's grouchy a-again. You'll pardon the suggestion. But

things look dark to the best of men with chronic indigestion. Modest and

most demure casting down our eyes. Live the belles of the Harem discreet and wise. Yet we sometimes are bored with life. Blame us if you

H. P.
can, and there's plenty of chances for a strange young man. We
dote to vote and manage a party ring. It must be fun to
actually run the thing. It must be pleasant to drown regrets and
win so many election bets. And that is why we're militant suffragettes.
Peerless ruler of the world Forgive us our innocent bumbles

Thy words are as swift-winged thunders On the best hurled and the least hurled I alone thy daughter am to blame Dread

Fountain and Father of wonders Have mercy O Father of

H.P.
wonders. For to me a-long be a-lone the shame

O Lip-kowska when you sing a Bo-heme I am cov-er'd with shame For I

get so hon-gry ev-ry time I hear your name

Ca-ra-mi-a! I no long'er a care for my din-ner I swear. Put your

H.P.
name Lip-kow-ska back on the bill-of-fare!

Play! Play! Mirth and music gay. Laughing word and glance, Thrills the happy dancers.

Shout! Shout! Hear the merry rout, That throngs Di-ana's coming out.

H.P.
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