ENOH & SONS’
SONG ALBUMS.

LONDON RONALD.

A Cycle of Life. Five Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Miss Blanch Marchant.)

Album Leaves. Five Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Miss Mabel Mason.)

Four Famous Lyrics. Four Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Composed especially for the Centenary of the London Philharmonic Society, 1862.)

Four Songs of the Hill ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “Away on the Hill,” and “A Little Windy Wood.”)

In Sunshine and Shadow. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “The Door” and “The June.”)

Six Love Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “My Heart of Love” and “A Juke’s beam.”)

Summertime. Four Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “O lovely Night.”)

Love Tokens. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “The Country Lady” and “Summertime and Winter.”)

Echoes. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “The Nightingale has a Crown of Gold.”)

Four Impressions. Four Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “The Friends of Faith are Rare.”)

HERBERT BUNNING.

Roses and Ruin. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Mrs. Mabel Marchant.)

GEORGE H. GLUTSAM.

Love Letters. Five Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O

Songs of the Desert. Seven Songs... (2 keys) 4 O

HERBERT G. LOVEDAY.

Minstrel Songs from “Rokeby.” ... (2 keys) 3 O

FREDERIC NORTON.

Thyme and Lavender. Six Songs (middle voice) ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Lyrics by Graham Robertson.)

EASTHOPE MARTIN.

Four Songs of the Fair ... (2 keys) 3 O

HUBERT S. RYAN.

Elizabethan Aires. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Mr. John Coster.)

EDWARD GRIEG.

Reminiscences of Mountain and Moors. Six Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Including “In the Wood” and “I Love Thee.”)

Twelve Selected Songs. (Book I) ... ... 3 O
(Including “Remember Me” and “I Love Thee.”)

Eighteen Selected Songs. (Book II) ... ... 3 O
(Including “I Love Thee.”)

LIZA LEHMANN.

Cameos. Five Greek Love Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Mr. David Braham.)

ADELINA DE LARA.

Rose of the World. Five Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O
(Sung by Miss Edith Carter and Mr. John Coster.)

Songs of Two Lives. Four Songs ... (2 keys) 3 O

A. L.

Album of Six Songs ... ... ... (2 keys) 3 O

EDNA ROSALIND PARK.

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S. COLERIDGE-TAYLOR.

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Autumn Manœuvres

A Musical Play

By KARL VON BAKONY and R. BODANSKI.

ADAPTED FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE BY
HENRY HAMILTON.

LYRICS BY
PERCY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN,
WITH ADDITIONAL NUMBERS.

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Autumn Manœuvres
A Musical Play
IN THREE ACTS
By KARL VON BAKONY and R. BODANSKI.

ADAPTED FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE BY
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LYRIC BY
PERCY GREENBANK.

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Cast of the Play:

Captain Frank Falconer .................. Mr. ROBERT EVETT
Oswald Orde .................. Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER
Col. Annesley .................. MR. A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT
Captain Devenski .................. MR. F. W. RUSSELL
Thorpe Vereker .................. MR. AUDLEY WILLIS
Charles Treasyne .................. MR. CUTHBERT MONTAGUE
Corporal Kellett .................. MR. CECIL CURTIS
Major-General Pomeroy .................. MR. EDWARD SASS
Sgt.-Major Sykes .................. MR. LEONARD MACKAY
Waterman .................. MR. E. H. WYNK
Jephson .................. MR. GEORGE BELLAMY
Captain Withers .................. MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT
Alix Luttrell .................. MISS PHYLLIS LE GRAND
June Pomeroy .................. MISS DAISY ELLISTON
Lady Ulleswater .................. MISS HILDA ANTONY
Mary Medhurst .................. MISS LEILA GRIFFIN
Mrs. Leyland-Holt .................. MISS ANN CLEAVER
Claire Ingleby .................. MISS RUBY KENNEDY
Sybil Houghton .................. MISS DORA FRASER
Jean Ogilvie .................. MISS GIPSY O'BRIEN
Lady Larkins .................. MISS GRACE LEIGH

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I. .................................. Ambermere Park
ACT II. Evening .................. Ambermere House .................................................. Alfred Terrain.
ACT III. Early Morning .................. Ambermere House

Stage Production by J. A. E. MALONE.

Orchestra under the direction of MR. CARL KIEFERT.
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Autumn Manoeuvres.

OVERTURE.

arr. by CARL KIEFERT.

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Allegretto.
No. 1. SONG & CHORUS:—"THE ARMY LIST."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HERBERT BUNNING.

Voice.

Brightly. M. M. — 120 (about).

Piano.

Lady U.

Many a girl whose head's a-whirl With sentimental fancies,

L.U.

Morning and night will take delight In reading wild romances,

L.U.

But if she sighs, and sadly cries, "Fiction fails to charm me,

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L.U.  

Give me a hero live and real; Here is a book that's quite ideal, The

list of the British army.

GIRLS. (Exstatic) *rit.*

The list of the British army. 

Tempo giusto.

It's a fascinating book If you peep inside its covers, You

col canto

won't have far to look For a likely lot of lovers,

You must read it thro' and thro', not a chapter should be missed. What
LADY U.

Think of the scores of bachelors That lurk within its pages,

Picture the rows of D. S.'s Of different ranks and ages,

Some of the dears are sons of peers, All are first-rate dancers.
Fan-cy your spend-ing ho-ney-moons, With Dick-y who’s in the Royal Dra-goons, Or

Li-o-nel in the Lan-cers,

GIRLS (Exa-teic) rit.

Or Li-o-nel in the Lan-cers.

LADY u.

Tempo giusto.

It’s a fas-ci-na-ting book If you peep in-

side its co-ver-s... You won’t have far to look For a like-ly

lot of lo-verse... You must read it thro’ and thro’ Not a chap-ter should be

E.S. 4431
missed; Then plot and plan To marry a man In the Army list.

The Army stage.

Slower

The most instructive Very seductive.

list, the Army list.

Slower col canto mf

Tempo giusto.

Army list. (girls imitate Trumpets)

Army list, pa pa pa pa

Tempo giusto.

March Time for Exit.
NO. 2. CHORUS: "THE TWELFTH HUSSARS"

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by HAMISH MacCUNN.

Quick March.

CHORUS (Ten. & Bass)

We are the Twelfth Hus-sars,

And our

swag-ger and our swing Are in- deed a spen-did thing,
No other sons of Mars Give so fine a demon-

stration Of the science of flirtation.

GIRLS.

They are the Twelfth Hussars. We have

ever met before Such a captivating corps. We
thank our lucky stars  That of all the Regulars

Fate has sent us the Regiment Of the Twelfth Hussars.

MEN.

As a regiment we're famous And we're

ALL.

feted near and far, But you really cannot blame us, If you
are, if we are, For we're out and out "A-One" ers, And our

smart-ness on pa-rade, Puts the Lan-cers and the Gun-ners In the

shade, in the shade! Our com-po-sure we're re-gain-ing, But we're

flat-ter'd, it is true, At the thought of en-ter-tain-ing Men like

E. S. S. 4311
you, men like you, To the music of your tramp-ing
It is beautiful to hark, And we're glad that you're encamp-ing
In the Park, in the Park!

FULL CHORUS (unis.)

We They are the Twelfth Hus...
sars,
And our swagger and our swing Are in -
- deed a splendid thing,
No other sons of
Mars Give so fine a demonstra - tion Of the science of flirt -
a - tion.
Alto The Twelfth Hus - sars!

E & S 43411
No. 2 ½. EXIT OF HUSSARS.

HAMISH MacCUNN.

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NO. 3. SONG:—"I'VE DONE WITH LOVE."

(FALCONER.)

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
EMMERICH KALMAN.

Allegro.

Lento.

I've done with Love,—And lovers raptures My heart henceforth

no woman captures, All tender sighs and glances or looks for-

lorn, I'll laugh to scorn.
Valse lento.

Others may fancy that woman is only tender and sweet, I'll not surrender my heart to be trampled under her feet. Woman is false as the tricks that shall play you. Eyes that will gaze into yours and betray you. Lips that have broken each vow they have spoken. No more of that for me.
Agitato. (alla breve)

And so I'll waste no time in sad mis-giving

what do I care, what do I care,

For surely life may still be worth the living Though Love's not there

though Love's not there.

Valse lento.

Others may fancy that woman is only Tender and sweet.
I'll not surrender my heart to be trampled under her foot.
Woman is false as the tricks that she'll play you.
Eyes that will gaze into yours and betray you.
Lips that have broken each vow they have spoken.
No more of that for me.
No more of love, I've done with love.
No. 4. Chorus:—“What Are You Going to Wear?”

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAMISH MacCUNN.

Quick Waltz Time.
Sopr. & Alto.

what are you going to wear to-night, When you delight the soldiers’ sight?
Will it be purple or green or white, Or all of them perfectly blended?
Oh, will it be lilac or amber, pray.

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gold or grey, or bleu Na-tier. To sway on the arm of a
soldier gay, in uniform gorgeous and splendid!

Answer our prayer, kindly declare! What you are going, are

LADY ULLSWATER

E. & S. 1511
wearing a red brocade. In Paris I've had it
Bro-cade,

Em-broid-erd all ov-er with daisies and clover And
French made,

in wearing a gown of

Ni-non ov-er- el-a-mine. A
of green, -ta-mine

251688
panel set flat in the front of the satin, With emerald sparks be-
 tween.

MARY. p
I've no thing hard and stiff on, I've just a cloud of

chiffon, A mist of folds and floating veils, All

CLAUDE.
I've pink and silver

paint ed with Syr in ga trails!

E. & S. 4311
tissue, And such a lovely fi-chu, At least the Paris folks declare It has an fi-chu

caracter! SYBIL.

My skirt is blue, with tangles Of darling moon-light tangles, And when perhaps the

hem I catch, You may remark my stockings match. My
frock will charm beholders, There's nothing on the

shoulders Except a trail of roses pink, It

won't come down tonight, I think!

GIRLS.

So that's what we're going to wear tonight, When
we delight the soldiers' sight, All of our gowns will be

quite too quite, To daze and charm and enchain beaux! And

if they are crumpled and creas'd and torn When they are worn, That

must be borne; We'll keep up the fun till the blush of morn, Like

E. & S. 4311
regular rollicking rainbows, We do not care,

if we should tear What we are going, are going to wear!

What we are going to wear! going to wear!
NO. 4½. MELODRAMA:— ENTRANCE OF TERRITORIALS.

Quick march.

HAMISH MacCUNN.
NO. 5. SONG:—"GRANDMA'S FAULT."
(WITHERS & CHORUS.)

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HERBERT BUNNING.

1. I've such a dear old
2. My Grand'ma loves to

Grandmamma, who reared me from a lad,
On military matters she is
see me in my uniform arrayed.
But being in the Army interior

absolutely mad.
Twas she who buckled on my sword, with bosom all a-

abras a lot with trade.
For any day a war may start, it gives one such a

—grew.
Then gently pushed me thro' the door and made me face the foe.
The shock.
And they won't put off a battle just because we're taking stock.

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E. & S. 4311
ter-ri-to-rial Ar-my is a grand i-dea, no doubt. But then I'm such a
when I tread the battle field with loud-ly beat-ing heart, In- stead of be-ing

sil-ly fool when sol-diers are a -bout. I'm real-ly far more use at home at
in the van I may be "in the cart." "Up Guards and at 'em!" I should cry, and

-tend-ing to the shop. Than running round in u ni-form, when guns be-gin to
other words like these. But ten to one I shall ob-serve "Cash for- ward if you

pop. please!"

When guns be-gin, be-gin, be-gin to pop.
Cash for-ward, for-ward, for-ward, if you please!
WITHERS.

Grand-ma made me go as a soldier, She thinks a

martial life is simply fine, "Go

shop is far more in my line, Though

forth," she cried, "at duty's call, And like a hero fight or fall! That's

white and black tape I can sell, Yet now I get red tape as well, That's

Grand-mama's idea, not mine.

Grand-mama's look out, not mine.
Grandma made him go as a soldier, She thinks a
Grandma made him go as a soldier, Though keeping

If a bayonet or a spear I get stuck into my career, That's
I should meet the foe one day And murmur kindly step this way, That's

Grandma's fault, not mine.
Grandma's fault, not mine.
3. My Grand-ma of-ten
4. On ma-ny points with

talks a-bout the he-roes of the past, Of Caes-ar and Na-po-le-on, whose Grandma-ma I'm apt to dis-a-gree, And when it comes to ar-guing, she

fame is sure to last; And Wel-ling-ton's a-a-ther chap she loves to harp up-wipes the floor with me; I fan-cy that by na-ture I'm in-clined to be a

-on, But where'd they be at Chalk-stone when our sum-mer sales are on? For rip, But all my ten-der a-mours in the bud she tries to nip. One

E. S. 4311
Caesar would look soft behind the counter selling lace. Napoleon in the night she caught me kissing Salie Smithers in the lane, And said "My precious

bonnet shop would be quite out of place. While Wellington, I'm sure, would not be Cuthbert, this must not occur again! Supposing you get married, what will

half as quick as me. In calculating seven yards at one eleven Grand-mama do then? And so on early closing days I'm always in by

three.

Ten.

At one eleven, eleven, eleven three.

Bass. He's always, always, always in by ten.

E. S. N. 4311
WITHERS.

Grandma made me go as a soldier; She's anxious
Grandma's just a little bit selfish; To argue

in the world for me to shine; She
with her really I decline; She

thinks I soon shall get the jobs Of Kitchener as well as Bobs, That's
says that girls, just fancy this! Are made to look at, not to kiss, That's

Kitchener's affair, not mine,
Grandma's idea, not mine.

E&S. 43
Unison

Grand ma made him go as a soldier, She's anxious

Grand ma's just a little bit selfish, To argue

Withers

She in the world for him to shine.

The with her really hell decline.

Pictures my career all through One long triumphant Waterloo. But

girls all look at me with scorn, I often wish I'd not been born, Still that's

Baker Street's more my line!

Grand ma's fault, not mine!
No. 6. SONG & CHORUS:—"THE GARDEN-LAND OF ENGLAND."

(SRGT-MAJOR SYKES.)

Words by
HENRY HAMILTON.

Music by
HERBERT BUNNING.

Allegretto. 4:80 (about)

SRTT-MAJOR.

When you're far across the foam And the memories of

home Are - tug - ging at your heart strings all the

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E. & S. 4311
time,

When the little things that last Keep a calling from the

past And a ringing in your head like any rhyme;

It's the

Like any rhyme,

things you didn't note Bring a lump into your throat, And it's only then you

E. S. 4311
start to understand, When you’re half a world a way From what

PP To understand,

once was ev’ry day, How a Briton learns to love his native land.

His native

Oh, the garden-land of England And the glories of her land.

E. S. 4311
SERGT-MAJOR.

And the lovely land of Ireland of her sons the heart's desire—When all else shall be forgot!

Just a hedge-row you'll remember, Turning golden in September, With the nuts a-shining brown against the

E. & S. 4911
blue,
Or a misty morning early
With the sky all soft and pearly,
Or a meadow thick with daisies, and with dew;
Or there comes a scent of clover, That the Daisies thick with dew;
E. S. 4311
larks a-sing-ing o-ver, And it's sweet-er than the hon-ey in the
comb! Or you hear the rooks a-hum-ing To their
Honey in the comb,

elm trees in the gloam-ing; Till you 'some-how' sort o' see the lights of
home. Oh. the
The lights of home.
gar-den-land of Eng-land And the glori-ies of her Spring-land, And the moun-tain, loch and

Cantabile
ling-land of the Scot, And the love-ly land of Ire-land, Of her

sons the heart’s de-sire-land, We'll re-mem-ber when all else shall be for-got!

Ten.

Oh, the gar-den-land of Eng-land, And the glori-ies of her Spring-land, And the

Bass.

E.S.S. 13:1
moun·tain, loch and ling·land of the Scot, And the
love·ly land of Ire·land, Of her sons the heart's de·sire·land, We'll re·mem·ber when all else shall be for·gott.
NO 7. SONG:—"AS THE SHADOWS SOFTLY FALL"
(FALCONER.)

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONKTON.

Andante non troppo.

Days past are past and gone,
Dreams that were all in vain,

How they come back to me now,
Once a gain, once a gain,

Hopes that I thought were dead,
Banished beyond recall.

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Z & S. 4344
Into my heart come stealing As the shadows softly fall.

Più vivo.

Mem'ries of a summer's night, Ah! how long ago:

Moments full of rapture half divine;

All the tender words of love That you whispered low, With your
arms about me And your lips on mine, your lips on mine,

your lips on mine, ah!

Tempo I.

Oh! how I loved you then, oh! how I love you yet,

Could I but try for a while, To forgive, to forget,
Unto my longing heart, ever your voice shall call,

Aftis of you I'm dreaming, as the shadows softly fall,

dim. e rit. a tempo

Aftis of you I'm dreaming, as the shadows softly fall.
ACT II.

NO 8. INTRODUCTORY DANCE.

Vivo

HOWARD TALBOT.
NO 9. SONG & DANCE: - "A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER!"

(JUNE & CHORUS.)

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by EMMERICH KALMAN.

Allegro. JUNE. Allegretto.

1. Some girls, I find, don't girls un-wise will seem to mind. What sort of man they wed. All ev’ry chap they set their cap And make glad eyes, at curates pale and thin. While some have flames with for-sign names, Who try to turn his head. With a doc-tor or sol-li-ci-tor They'll play the vi-o-lin. Then some go mad on an art-ist lad, Whose start real love af-fairs; And now and then they mar-ry men who pic-tures are the rage; One girl I knew got mar-ried to an

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deal in stocks and shares.
actor on the stage.

CHORUS. Who deal in stocks and shares.

An actor on the stage.

Bass Who deal in stocks and shares.
An actor on the stage.

I could never marry any one like that,

Though he'd got a motor And a swagger flat,

Though a West-End theatre He was acting at,

I should sadly miss The martial rat-a-plan, For I'm a
accel.

Soldier's daughter, And I'll marry a Soldier man.
Soldier's daughter, And I'll marry a Soldier man.

CHORUS.
Sopr. Alto (unis.)

She could never marry anybody like that,
She could never marry anybody like that,

Sopr. Alto.

Though he'd got a motor And a swagger flat,
Though he'd got a motor And a swagger flat,

Ten. Though a West End theatre He was acting at,
Bass. Though a West End theatre He was acting at,

E. S. 4311
She would sadly miss the martial rapt, For she's a
She would sadly miss the martial rapt, For she's a
She would sadly miss the martial rapt, For she's a

Soldier's daughter And she'll marry a Soldier man.
Soldier's daughter And she'll marry a Soldier man.
Soldier's daughter And she'll marry a Soldier man.

Presto.

JUNE. 2. Some
No. 10. Song: "My Dear Old Friend."

(Withers.)

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT
and EMMERICH KALMAN.

I've a dear old friend, Joe Hall, Who's living up our way. On
friend of Joe's was getting wed, But had some rare bad luck; He'd

all these points of Etiquette He's what you call au fait! I
ordered all his wedding clothes And then the tailor struck. They

wish he'd come along with me to visit Ambermere, There
sent his coat and waistcoat home, Then Joe's advice he seeks: "You
Twelfth Huns-sars may pull my leg, But they'd get taken down a peg, If
can't ex-pect a bride to say She'll love and hon-our and o-bey A

only Joe were here!

bride-groom with no breaks!"

My

My

dear old friend Joe Bell!

dear old friend Joe Bell!

He's

Says

such a help you know,

If my

Don't leave

E.GS. 4311
Terrier has a pop, or the kitchen range blows up, We
lassie in the lurch, Wear pajamas into church, I'll
al-ways send for Joe. I'll lend you mine," says Joe.

Joe's

When

given me all sorts of hints For use when din-ing out;
Joe and I were young and vain We went to gay Par-ee.

Says

One
"Don't eat fish with your knife When there's a spoon about; And night we started on the Seine And finished on the spree. Be-

if the lady next to you A funny joke should crack, Your fore the Beak they took us two, It seems we'd broke some law; But,

manners you must not forget, Don't slap her with your serviette, Or bless you, Joe can "par ley vou," "Bon jour," says he, "men billet doux, Mon-

throw crumbs down her back!" sieur, pardon me!"

My Joe
dear old friend Joe Bell,
Honeynut
And how's Chalk-stone, je très chaud!

he, "when at dessert, don't crack walnuts on your shirt, "Just as I sol qui mal y pense, Vive le Beaux-o et la France! What's use your boots," says Joe.

in French, says Joe.
NO. 10\½. EXIT OF GUESTS.

EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.

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NO. 11. TRIO:—"PUT YOUR BOOTS ON THE SUB!"

(ALIX, LETTY & OZZY.)

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegro.

Mi- li- ta- ry men are sel- dom shy, When they catch the
Any sort of course will suit the lad, If the go- ing's

la- dies' eye, Right a-way they dash in man- ner smart, Make the run- ning
good or bad, Let the o- ther chaps try all they can, They'll be classed as

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from the start. When the ladies set the pace. Soldier men are

"Ali-so ran!" Every hurdle he will clear. Rivals find his

bound to follow. Life becomes a steeple chase. Every man tries
form upsetting. When the winning post is near, I dare-say he'll

Alix & Letty.

all he can. To beat the others hollow. But whether in the country,

romp away, Now tell me what's the betting? It's any sort of odds that,

or in town. The smart little Sub will win hands down. The

bar the worst. The smart little Sub will get there first.
Colonel, the Major, They're nearly a field behind; The

General can't be counted, He very soon gets dismounted The

Captain, Lieutenant, Retire with a nasty sub: If you
cresc
cresc

put your boots on anybody at all, Why put them on the Sub: Sub!

E. S. S. 4311
No. 12. Duet:— "Hobbies."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegro.

LETTY.

P 1 There are
2 There are

hobbies of dif-
ferent kinds,
And we've all of us got a few,
Now
people whose chief de-
light
is to travel the whole world through,
They

Am-
ateur Gar-
den-
ing's ra-
ther fun,
There's al-
ways plen-
y to
go to each fa-
vour-
te health re-
sort,
Now would that in-
ter-
est

WITHERS.

do.
The poor lit-
tle Ci-
ty Clerk,
Al-
you?
It's all ve-
ry well

But
-though he's been working hard,
real-ly the fact re-mains,

Comes hur-ry-ing back to his
They spend all their time up-on

home in the eve-ning To dig in his small back
pack-ing the box-es And try-ing to catch their
yard,
trains.
BOTH.

It's only just a hobby,
It's only just a hobby,
A simple sort of hobby,
Neighbours catch you stooping in,
Exercise in that form,
On the railway platform,
Weeding, sowing,
Rushing, crushing,
Keeping the garden gay,
Just a hobby to pass the time away.
3. There are people who aren't content With the hobbies they have at home, In regular handy man. Who on Saturday never fails To

different parts of the continent They think it better to potter about and do jobs indoors With hammer, chisel, and

WITHERS.

roam. Through Italy, Spain, or Greece, They nails, He'll hang up a picture there, Or
follow the beaten track, or gaze at the Pyramids
mend any broken lathe, he'll see if there's any es-

er in Egypt, while riding on donkey back,
cape from the gas-pipe, or stop up a leak in the bath.
It's only just a hobby, 
It's only just a hobby, 
A simple sort of hobby, 
How they stand and stare, O!
In the land of hobby, 
Winter time or summer, Don't employ the hobby.

Pharaoh. 
Arabs. 
Scarabs. 
Things of a bygone plumber.
Bumping, thumping, what will the neighbours say?

Just a hobby to pass the time away!
Just a hobby to pass the time away!

E. & S. 4311
NO13. REPRISE: "AS THE SHADOWS SOFTLY FALL"

(ALIX.)

Andante.

Oh, how I loved you

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then! Oh, how I love you yet! Could you but try for a
while To forgive, to forget, Into my longing
heart Ever your voice shall call: Ah! 'tis of you I'm
dreaming As the shadows softly fall. Ah! 'tis of you I'm
NO14\textsuperscript{\frac{1}{2}}. MELODrama.

EMMERICH KALMAN.

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E. & S. 4311
NO. 16. DUET & DANCE:—“IT MIGHT BE AN OOMP SIGHT WORSE!”

(LETTY & WITHERS.)

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.  
Music by HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegro con spirito.

WITHERS.

1. I'm feeling in a funk, I'd like to do a bunk, Before my trial comes.
   General, I fear, Will very soon be here, And start to rave and scream.

LETTY.

—men—ces; It's far the bet—ter plan To face it like a man, And bluster.
   The Gener—als all right, He'll bark but nev—er bite, So
WITHERS.

brave the con-sequences. My sol-dier's life will come to a stop. No don't get in a flus-ter. And then my trou-bles aren't at an end. There's

LETTY.

more I'll serve the na-tion; You'll have more time to Grand-ma's in-dig-na-tion; Re-mem-ber you've got

WITHERS.

spend in the shop. So that's some com-pen-sa-tion! That's ve-ry, ve-ry me for a friend, is that some com-pen-sa-tion? I reck-on there you've

true, I see your point of view. struck My on-ly piece of luck.

E&SS.4311
LETTY.

Cheer up, little man, cheer up! I'll try, little girl, I'll

BOTH.

try. It's not any use to fret or frown, So hold up your head and

don't look down, If only you give them time The clouds very soon dis-

LETTY.

perse Al-though I have had A time that's bad It might be an oomp sight worse!
Dance.
17. SONG: "DADDY DEAR."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK

Music by HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegretto leggiero.

Ev-er since I Was a-bout so high, Dad- dy dear, You have

al-ways let me do Ev'-ry- thing I've want- ed to

Ma-ny a time On your knee I'd climb, Dad- dy dear, Tales of

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mischief then I told, Half ex-pecting you to scold, But though you tried to

Prall. a tempo

look se-vere, I whis-pered soft-ly in your ear "My own dear Dad-dy, It's

rall. a tempo

no use look-ing vexed. Though I'm as naugh-ty as can be,

You frown one mo-ment, But smile at me the next, It's

rall.

no use, Dad-dy dear, Try-ing to be cross with me."
Older I've grown, But your still my own Daddy dear, Just as

sempre sotto voce

grumpy all day through, Just as tender-hearted too.

So if I say in a coaxing way Daddy dear, Grant this

one request of mine, Well, I'm sure you won't decline, And
when my cheek to yours I press, You've simply got to answer "Yes." My

own dear Daddy, It's no use looking vexed,

Though I'm as willful as can be, You

frown one moment, But smile at me the next, It's

no use, Daddy dear, Trying to be cross with me.
No. 174. ENTRANCE AND EXIT OF OFFICERS.

HAMISH MacCUNN.

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E.S.S. 4511.
NO. 18. FINALE:— "EVERY CLOUD HAS VANISHED."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK

ALEX.

Music by EMMERICH KALMÁN

Ev - ry cloud has van - ished,

FALCONER.

JUNE.

Now the sky is clear, Soon there'll be a wed - ding Up at Am-ber -

LETTY.

poco rit.

-mere. Won't you sad - ly miss the mar - tial rat-a-

WITHERS.

accel.

-plan? Well, you'll ex - plain to Grand-ma I'm no long-er a sol-dier

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man

Every cloud has vanished, now the sky is clear,

Soon there'll be a wedding Up at Ambermere.

Then we're sure to hear the martial rattle-plan. Oh, she's a

lucky maiden, And she'll marry a soldier man.
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