Songs and Excerpts from Babes in Toyland

A Musical Extravaganza

Book & Lyrics by Glen Mac Donough

Music by Victor Herbert.

Price $5.00

M. Witmark & Sons,
BABIES IN TOYLAND.

Produced under the Personal Direction of Julian Mitchell.

Libretto by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Alan, nephew of Barnaby.
Uncle Barnaby, a rich miser in love with Contrary Mary.
Jane, his niece.
Hilda, maid of all work in the Piper household.
Roderigo, a sentimental ruffian.
Gonzorgo, his hard-hearted partner.
The Widow Piper, a lonely widow with fourteen children.
Tom Tom, her eldest son.
Simple Simon, who is fond of fairs.
Peter, who has a passion for pumpkin pie.
Tommy Tucker, who sings for his supper and everything else.
Jack, who does chores.
Boy Blue, who wants to be a farmer.
Bobby Shaftoe, who wants to be a sailor.
Contrary Mary, the Widow Piper’s eldest daughter.
Bo Peep, who is a careless shepherdess.
Jill, who helps Jack.
Sallie Watters, who wants to get married.
Miss Muffett, who is afraid of spiders.
Curly Lock, who wants to wed a title.
Red Riding Hood, who is devoted to her grandmother.
The Brown Bear.
Gertrude, a peasant.
The Spirit of the Oak.
The Spirit of the Pine.
The Spirit of the Willow.
The Spirit of the Maple.
The Giant Spider.
Master Toymaker, who designs the toys of the world.
Grunilo, apprentice at the Master Toymaker’s workshop.
Inspector Marmaduke, of the Toyland Police.

Dandies, Butterflies, Flower Girls, French Dolls, Pincushes, Dutch Dolls, Trumpeters, Drummers, Widows.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

PROLOGUE.—Scene I—Exterior of Uncle Barnaby’s house. II—Electric storm at sea and wreck of the Galleon.
ACT I.—Scene I—Country fête in Contrary Mary’s garden. II—Garden wall back of the garden. III—Spider’s Forest.
IV—The Floral Palace of the Moth Queen.
ACT III.—The Courtyard of the Toyland Palace of Justice.

Musical Director.

MAX HIRSCHFELD

5615
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No 1

Country Dance

By VICTOR HERBERT

Allegro moderato

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Never Mind Bopeep We Will Find Your Sheep
Bopeep Tom Tom and Widow Piper's Children

No. 2

Allegretto grazioso

TOM

BOPEEP

What is the matter little Bo-peep? I have been careless and lost my sheep.

pp a tempo

TOM

JACK & JILL

Say, have you seen then Jack and Jill, During your journey up the hill? They're not on the hill-top, but in the wood They may have met with Red Riding Hood.
**CHORUS**

Don't cry, Bo-peep, don't cry, To find your sheep we'll try, We'll seek them far, we'll seek them wide, We'll seek them low and high! Don't cry, Bo-peep, don't cry, To find your sheep we'll try, We'll
sweet them far, we'll seek them wide. We'll seek them low and high!

Tempo I

poco accel.

BOOPEEP

O Sal-lie Wa-ters and Miss Muffet too, Have my stray lamb-kim been seen by you?

ad tempo

SALLIE WATERS

Bet-ter ask Cur-ly Locks fresh from the fair She or Boy Blue may have seen them there.

BOY BLUE

Where they are hid-ing Tom Tuck-er may know, Si-mon or Pe-ter or Bob-by Shaf-toe!
Andantino

Never mind Bo-peep, we will find your sheep. No matter where they be!

So be gay Bo-peep, though astray your sheep. Soon home again you'll see!

Give a smile Bo-peep for a while your sheep. May
Boo-pee and Sopranos

cruise in pastures new
Never mind Boo-pee we will find your sheep And

Più mosso

bring them home to you!

Baa! Baa! Baa!

It was the black sheep that led them away

Baa! Baa! Baa!
For this the rascal shall certainly pay. Led them away by the tales that he told.

Baa! Baa! Baa!

Far from their meadow and far from their home. Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!

Baa! Baa! Baa!

Never

Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
molo meno mosso

mind Bo-peep, we will find your sheep No matter where they be! So be

molo meno mosso

gay Bo-peep though a-stray your sheep Soon home again you'll

BOPEEP

Ah!

see! Give a smile Bo-peep for a while your sheep, May cruise in pastures

5615
new _ Never mind Bo-peep we will find your sheep And bring them home to you!
Floretta.
Alan and Chorus

No 3

Allegro

Piano

Andante

ALAN

I am a Roman y Rye
Are you un - hap - py in love?

And

Poco animato

tim - o - rous sprite of the wild - wood, I dabble in mag - le, Both
does she pre - sume to ig - nor e you? I'll give you a phil - tre, Which

com - ic and trag - ic, A witch I have been from my child -
quick - ly will wilt her, And cause her to mad - ly a - dore

you,
Presto

Andante

Great is my mystical might The blizzard and avalanche
If to be painfully rich You find yourself ready and

Poco animato

mind me, I'm likewise a voodoo At casting a hoo-doo A willing. You may acquire millions Or billions and trillions By

qualified artist you'll find meaning.

buying this charm for a shilling.
Allegro

Meno mosso

Flor- 
is-ta, Flor- 
is-ta, the gyp-sy am I, The past or the 

fu-ture to tell you I'll try Your for-tune I'll read from your 

palm at a glance, Pray no-tice I al-so col-lect in ad- vance.
Flor- et- ta, Flor- et- ta the gyp- sy is she Far in- to the
future she quickly can see your fortune she'll read from your palm at a
Entrance of Contrary Mary
chorus

No. 4

Animato

Piano

ff

Mary, Mary quite contrary

ff

How does your garden grow?

You've
told us several thousand times, A-gain we'd like to know, A-

gain we'd like to know. M-a-ry, M-a-ry quite contra-ry,

Pause in your morn-ing walk, For nam-ing your gar-den we
all beg your pard on, But we love, we love to hear you talk! We

love to hear you talk, We love to hear you talk! We love to hear you talk!
Moderato

He's a 'Tis no

lad from Coun-ty Clare, ('Tis the wild ones comes from there) An' be
rest or peace I know, An' I oft-en bid him go, For to

sure 'tis in his coat a rogue you'll see. O'er the
one I'm sure he nev-er could be true. But he

girls he casts a spell, Oh, I know that ver-y well, (For be-
an-swers "Ah, mav-rone Faith 'tis you I love a-lone, Wid your
chune us from that spell I am not free! There's no
tresses all of gold and eyes so blue! Thin be-
colleen in the land, Could his il-i-quence with-stand Should he
tore he laves me door I've for-giv-en him once more, For wid

ritens.

molto rit.

spake to her as he has spoke to me! Me
blar-ney such as his what can you do!

molto rit.

REFRAIN

heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul, Me

con sforzato

5615
sins - es ye have tak - en too.  

fair Troy - yan He - len an' Vay - sus ex - cell - in' They'd

ze'er hold a rush light to you. Ma - vour - neen! Ma-

vour - neen! Sure one kiss would be no sin, For
love you, Alan-na, Your slave is poor Barney O'

Flynn! Me heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul Me

sins-es ye have tak-en too. Both fair Troy-an Helen an'

sins-es ye have tak-en too. Both fair Troy-an Helen an'

sins-es ye have tak-en too. Both fair Troy-an Helen an'
Vay-nus ex-cell-in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to

Vay-nus ex-cell-in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to

Vay-nus ex-cell-in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to

you. Ma-vour-nee! Ma-vour-nee! Sure

you. Ma-vour-nee! Ma-vour-nee! Sure

you. Ma-vour-nee! Ma-vour-nee! Sure
one kiss would be no sin, For I love you! A-

lan - na, Your slave is poor Bar - ney O' Flynn!
No 6.

Jane.

Song.

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo rubato.

1. Oh a sailor's my true love, and never a
2. There is one that shall meet with who's hard to con-
3. There's the girl who can flatter with sugar-y

new love will win his heart from me
Though
pete with The over timid maid,
Who
put-ter And deep adoring gaze
When

5618
beauties entwined, alluringly gazing; Will woo him
trembles and shivers, and quivers and quivers of every
ever you find her, the men trail behind her, the poor things

der the sea
thing afraid
cant stand praise

meet
alarm
try

The dash- ing, the tend- er, the sweet
But
She'll rush to his shel- ter- ing arm
The
By prais- ing him up to the sky
In
As to each maid - ie he shakes a day - day - die This
way he'll re - ceive her will star - tle and grieve her Hell
spite of her coo - ing there'll be no - thing do - ing For

un - swer he will re - peat.
tell her in ac - cepts calm.
to her he will re - ply.

REFRAIN.

Jane! Jane! Jane! She is the
girl who is wait - ing for me! Jane! Jane!
Jane! True to my sweetheart I'm going to be.

Vain! Vain! Vain!

All of your efforts to lead us apart, Jane! Jane!

D. C. al Fine.

Jane! 'Tis her name reigns supreme in my heart!

pesante. D. C. al Fine.
Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

No 7
I Can't Do The Sum

Jane and Piper Children

Moderato

Rather slowly

If a steam-ship weighed ten thousand tons And sailed five thousand miles, With
If Clar-ence took fair Gwen-do-lin Out for an au-to ride, And
If Har-old took sweet Im-o-gene With him one eve to dine, And
If a wom-an had an Eng-lish pug, Ten chil-dren and a cat, And she
If a pound of prunes cost thir-teen cents At half past one to-day, And the

car-go large of over-shoes, And carv-ing knives and files, If the
If at sixty miles an hour, One kiss to cap-ture tried, And
or-dered half the bill of fare, With cat-a-racts of wise, If the
tried in sev-en hours to find A for-ty dol-lar flat, With
gro-cer is so bald he wears A dol-lar five tou-pee, And
mates were almost six feet high; And the bos'n near the same, Would quite forget the steering gear; On her bonny lips to say, How bill of fare were thirteen nine-and-five; And poor Harold had but four, How naught but sun-ny out side rooms, In a neigh-bor-hood of tone, How if with ev'-ry pound of tea, He will give two cut glass plates, How

THE CHILDREN

you subtract or multiply. To find the captain's name? Oh! soon could twenty men with brooms, Sweep Clare and Gwennie up? Oh! many things would Harold strike, Before he struck the floor? Oh! old would those ten children be, Before they found a home? Oh! soon would Willy break his face, On his new roller skates? Oh!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Put down six and carry two.

Gee! but this is hard to do:

think and think 'Til your brains are numb,

Teacher says, I can't do the sum.
Melodramatic Music

No. 88

Very Slow (Misterioso)
Go to Sleep, Slumber deep
LULLABY
Jane, Alan A Fairy and Chorus

Andantino

See that shadow sway!
Look, what's passing by!

That is nothing dear.
I can nothing see

5615
You must near me stay—
I could really cry—

I am watching here—
Come then close to me—

Hark! the fairies call!
is the morning near?

No, that cannot be—
'Tis not far away—

See that ogre tall!
Much the night I fear—

'Tis a cypress tree—
Soon will dawn the day—
A FAIRY

Go to sleep! Slumber deep!

Chorus

Go to sleep Slumber deep!

pp a tempo

Lit - tle one, oh sleep while watch I keep!

Sleep while watch we keep!

Sleep while watch we keep!
Dream and rest, That is best

Dream and rest, That is best

Dream and rest, That is best

Till you hear the morning song from bough and nest!

Till you hear the morning song from bough and nest!

Till you hear the morning song from bough and nest!
The Spider begins to weave a net around the children.

Very slow
51
FINALE I.

No 8d
The Birth of the Butterfly.

Andante maestoso.

Piano.

pp express.
ACT II
Opening Chorus
HAIL TO CHRISTMAS

Tempo di Valse

(Trumpet on stage)
Hail to Christmas, joyous Christmas, be gay the day draws near.

Now Kris-krin-gle Dear Kris-
kringle, will bring our king to be Now Kris kringtele.
kringle, will bring our king to be Now Kris kringtele.
dear kris-kringle, will bring our king to be.
dear kris-kringle, will bring our king to be.

TENORS MALE SOLO QUARTETTE

basses from all toy land near and
far, far and near
All to our fair

come To make merry here, merry here!

Here from all toyland near and far.

far and near all to our fair come.
SOPH. & ALTO

TEN. To our fair, to our fair, all to our

BASS To our fair, to our fair, all to our

fair come to make merry here, at our fair.

fair come to make merry here, at our fair.

ff pesante rif.

Hail to Christmas joyous Christmas be gay the

Hail to Christmas joyous Christmas be gay the
day draws near Hail to Christ-mas joy-ous Christ-mas be
gay the day draws near Now Kris krin-gle Dear Kris-
krin-gle will bring our king to be Now Kris krin-gle
Dear Kris-kringle will bring our king to be!

Dear Kris-kringle will bring our king to be!

ALTO SOLO

Come where pleasure invites beath the glittering lights,

singsong loud and strong as we journey along.
SOPR. & ALTO.

Com. where music enchants, sway
till the sun's high

TEN.

Let—ting the night fly
dance let—ting the night fly
till the sun's high

BASSES

let—ting the night fly

let—ting the night fly—
till the sun's high

let—ting the night fly—
till the sun's high

Feel the night fly, the night quickly fly by the

till the sun's high let—ting the night fly the night quickly fly by the

mollo cresc.
night quickly fly till the sun is on high, come and
dance!  come and dance!  come and dance!

Come where pleasure invites
'neath the glittering lights singing a glad song.

loud and strong as we journey a long Come

where music enchants, away there swift in the
dance, letting the night fly till the sun's high. Letting the
night fly till the sun's high. Letting the night quickly fly till the
sun is on high!
To our fair.
To our fair.
To our fair.
To our fair.

all to our fair come to make mer - ry here at our
all to our fair come to make mer - ry here at our

fair.
fair.

festo forte
Hail to Christmas joyous

Christmas be gay the day draws near
Hail to Christmas joyous
Christmas be gay the day draws near

Now Kris-kringle, Dear Kris-kringle will
bring our king to be

Now Kris-kringle

Now Kris-kringle
No. 10.

Song of the Poet
ROCK-A-BYE BABY
Alan and Chorus

Allegro moderato

Now once upon a time a poet

wrote A song about a baby in a tree, Where up

in the branches high, A tender lullaby, Was a-warmed by the breezes blowing

The melody "Rock-a-bye Baby" is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., Owners of Copyright.
free—That little song went all the world around, But the
poet never heard it till one day While in London on a lark, A
nurse-maid in a park Sang it to a naught-y in-fant in this way.

REFRAIN (Cockney dialect)
Andante
Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top, (spoken) I certainly shall slap you in a moment!
(Baby cry)

When the wind blows the cradle will rock. (Spoken) Wherever is your bottle? Have you swallowed it?

(When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, Spoken) "Good even, Sargent!"

(Baby cry forte)

Down comes the cradle and baby and all. (Spoken) There you go! Out of the perambulator again! And a course you'd to fall on your face! Nasty brat!

Tempo I
The poet thought that he the world would see,
In search of both experience and fame, So he took his stick and grip, And skipped upon a ship, And thus to the great United States he came. One evening he had nothing else to do, So he
chanced in to a music hall to stray, Where the leader of a band, Quite

famous in the land, Played the poet's well known lullaby this way:

Tempo di Marcia

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top,

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,

Down comes the cradle and baby and all.

Rock-a-bye baby in the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
the cradle will fall, Down comes the cradle and baby and all.

Once more across the waves the poet went, A

time to spend in sunny Italy, There a visit he did plan To
musical Milan, very celebrated home of melody.

Of music he set out to get his fill,

And again he heard a noted leader play, 'Twas his lullaby sublime,

But changed around the time, For in Italy they treated it this way.
Andante

Rock, bye baby in tree

When the wind blows cradle will rock

Ah down, ah down, come cradle babe and bough break cradle fall
ALAN.

Rock-a-bye ta-by bye, bye, rock-a-bye ba-by, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye.

Ah!

CHORUS.

all
Bye bye
bye bye
Ah!

all
Bye bye
bye bye
Ah!

Tempo !
It happened that the poet chanced to pay 
A visit to the fair and sunny

South, Where the sweet magnolias grow, and tropical breezes blow. And the

'Twas there a cul-lud mammy that he met Who had

-like-wise heard the poet's famous song. And she strug-gled all the day To

learn it in a way, But the way in which she learned it was all wrong.
Tempo di Cakewalk

Rock-a-bye baby, m'ah ba-bv mine,

Swing-ing up thar in the top o' the pine.

An' if yo' co-me a tum-blin' to the gourn' Yo' mam-my'll

Kotch you on the way down.
Rock-a-bye baby, mah baby mine
Swing-in' up thar

in the top o' the pine,
An' if yo' come a tum-blin' to the
ground, Yo' mam-my I'kotch yo'
on de way down.

Rock-a-bye baby, mah baby mine
Swing-in' up thar

in the top o' the pine, bye-bye,
An' if yo' come a tum-blin' to the
ground, bye-bye, Yo' mam-my I'kotch yo'
on de way down.
No. 11

Beatrice Barefacts.
(Mary and Marmaduke.)

Words by
GLENN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Marcia.

CONTRARY MARY (reading.)

Dear Beatrice Barefacts, a
Dear Beatrice Barefacts, I
Dear Beatrice Barefacts, am

Country girl am I,
Am a nice young man,
I in love or not?

Next month I'm going
I do not drink or
Since I a certain

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down to town, so
smoke or swear, I
party saw I

tell me how to make a
tint my nails and
sleep and smile and

gown of
bang my hair, and
cut no more, but

scrap that I've put by.
cards and races ban.
weep an awful lot.

I've carefully saved
My salary
When ever I meet

up A skirt of purple plush,
week ly is small, I beg to say
him I'm frozen to the spot,

With
But
My
MARMADUKE.

tush! Tush tush! Dear Maud you make me
nay! Nay nay! Dear Claude there's nothing
me! Dear me! Louise it is a

velvet waist? your answer quickly rush.
start a home on eighty cents a day?
fier-y red Can this be Love or what?

this would it be quite in taste To wear a yellow
I'd no longer dwell alone Now would you wed and
blood goes rushing to my head I know my nose turns
shiver, That dress worn on a ferry boat Would
in it. A home on eighty cents a day Would
question, You have a dreadful case of love or

scare away the river.
last just eighty minutes.
chronic indigestion.

MARY and MARMADUKE.

Oh, write to Beatrice Bare facts when-

5615-5
ever you are in doubt, Oh she will help you

out, she'll put your doubt to rout. The
talented Miss Barefacts, She tells a thing or two In the

Perfect Ladies column of the Woman's Home Mugoo!

D.S.al Fine.
March of the Toys
from
"Babes in Toyland"

by VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro molto moderato sempre pesante.

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No 12

The Military Ball.

Allegro brillante ma moderato.

Piano.

(Toy instruments on stage.)

(Toy Cymbals.)

(Toy Drums.)

Molto moderato.

p delicatissimo.
Tempo di Valse.

Meno mosso.

a tempo.

espress.

poco forte riten.

a tempo.
GALOP.
Allegro molto.

Con gusto.
Toyland.
Tom, Tom.

Lyric by
GLEN MACDONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Very slow and dreamily.

Voice.

Piano.

you've grown up my dears__And are as old as I.____You'll
you've grown up my dears__There comes a dreary day____When

often ponder on the years That roll so swiftly by My dears, that
'mid the locks of black up-pears The first pale gleam of gray My dears, the
poco animato.

roll so swift ly by And of the man y.
first pale gleam of gray, Then of the past you'll
do

lands You will have jour neved through You'll
dream As gray haired grown ups do And

oft re call The best of all The land your child hood
seek once more its phantom shore The land your child hood

knew! Your child hood knew.
knew! Your child hood knew.

molto rit. molto rit. e dim.
Toy land! Toy land! Little girl and boy land,

While you dwell within it—You are ever happy then

Childhood's Joy land Mystic merr-y Toy land!

Once you pass its borders you can never return again—When gain—
No 14.

Gavotte.

ECCENTRIC DANCE.

by VICTOR HERBERT.
In the Toymakers Workshop

Tempo di Minuetto, molto moderato

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

(Rooster)

(Cuckoo)

(Dog)

bow wow
No 15

Finale Act II

Lentamente e molto misterioso
senza accel.

poco a poco cresc.

(The Dolls begin to move)

sfz

sfz

(sforzando)

sf

sf

sf

sf

rit.
(Alan shows grief over the Toymaker's death)

(Barnaby, Marmaduke and the two Sailors enter)

Quasi tempo di marcia

(Barnaby points out Alan as the murderer)

(sfs) (Alan pantomimes his innocence)

(Barnaby)
orders Alan's arrest

(Alan crushed with grief)
ACT III

Opening—“Hang March”
No 17

Our Castle in Spain

Moderato

\[\text{p accel.} \quad \text{rit.}\]

\[\text{rit.}\]

Oh, we'll live in a castle in Spain
In the side of a hill by Granada,
And you'll then be a haughty grandee
And I'll be but a humble es-

\[\text{a tempo}\]
para da All our days will be naught but a dream, Of roses and rapture and blisses 'Till life to us only will seem, A song that is broken by
REFRAIN

kisses! Ev'ry troub-a-dour There will you a-dore,

Come with man-do-lin, Your heart to win. Vain each

ser-e-nade Neath your win-dow played for the maid they woo to

m'11 be true. Ev'ry true.
No 19

Before and After

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo di marcia

Before they were
Before they were

married they talked like this, "Will love-y's own dove-y give
married when out they went, A cou-pé or han-some or

love a kiss? Will own-eyes own own-ess be ev-er true and
hack he'd rent My dear-est he told her "my heart's own queen You

"Oos it-tie do-zel-ly oose is ooz?" Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

5015
Pardon the laughter. That was before but this is after.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Pardon the laughter. That was before but this is after!

Dialogue CUE

No wise man will disparage marriage. Yet still it is exceeding
strange that you marry unless you're wary

You both will find a dreadful change!

That when you marry unless you're wary

You both will find a dreadful change.

D. C. al Fine.
"He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It."

No. 19

"Babes in Toyland."

Words by
CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro vivo.

Voice.

There's an up - ple grow - ing on the tree just o - ver Jones - es' wall, — Tis the middle of the car tracks, in the rush hour of the day, — Stands a man said to a maiden, once "Now won't you kiss me dear?" — She

Piano.

en - vy and the heart's de - sire of ev - ry boy that's small, — It's as vis - itor from J ay - town who has plain - ly lost his way, — He's said: Oh, no, of course not oh, what a strange i - deal! The

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green as grass, as sour as sin, but Billy Smith don't care.

And asking a policeman, in blue uniform and star, "O,
bushy man the subject changed, and soon she cried: "Oh my!"

Please

any time you pass that spot you'll find that youngster there. And he
tell me, Mister Officer, where can I get a car?" And I!
look and see, I think I've got a cinder in my eye. And she

will be happy till he gets it. Though afterwards at
won't be happy till he gets it. Up and down the
won't be happy till he gets it. She didn't think that
Some

You bet your every dime

Said the curs just fly,

Bung, he dodges one a-right But there's

he would be so shy,

With two lips up-turned to you Pray

day that wall hell climb, For he's going to get it by and by.

doesn't more in sight And you bet hell get one by and by.

say what would you do When you found there was no cinder in her eye?

CHORUS.

And he won't be happy till he gets it. Though

And he won't be happy till he gets it.

And she won't be happy till she gets it. She
aft-er-wards at ci-der he will shy. You
Up and down the street the cars just fly.
didn't think that he would be so shy. With two

bet your ev-ery dime, Some day that wall hell climb, For he's
Bang, he dod-ges one al-right But there's doz-ens more in sight, And you
lips up-turned to you Pray say what would you do When you

go-ing to get it by and by.
bet he'll get one by and by.
found there was no cin-der in her eye?.