A CALEB GIRL

Musical Comedy

Libretto by
OWEN A. HALL

Lyrics by
HARRY GREENBANK

Music by
SIDNEY JONES

Vocal Score Complete... 6/-
Pianoforte Score... 3/-

LONDON;
HOPWOOD & CREW,
42 NEW BOND STREET, W.
AGENTS
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Hammart Lith.
A GAIETY GIRL

New Musical Comedy

IN TWO ACTS.

WORDS BY
OWEN HALL.

LYRICS BY
HARRY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY
SIDNEY JONES.

Vocal Score .................. 6.0
Pianoforte Solo .............. 3.0
Lyrics ...................... 0.6

LONDON:
HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W.
Performed at the PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE, London.

"A GAIETY GIRL"

Dramatis Personæ.

CHARLES GOLDFIELD ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. C. Hayden Coffin
MAJOR BARCLAY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Fred Kaye
BOBBIE RIVERS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. W. Louis Bradfield
HARRY FITZWARNEN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Leedham Bantock
ROMNEY FARQUHAR ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Lawrance D'Ossay
SIR LEWIS GREY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Eric Lewis
LANCE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Gilbert Porteous
AUGUSTE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Fitz Rimma
DR. MONTAGEE BRIERLY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Harry Monkhouse
ROSE BRIERLY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Decima Moore
LADY EDYTHA ALDWYN ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Kate Cutler
MISS GLADYS STOURTON ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Marie Studholme
HOR. DAISY ORMSBURY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Louie Pounds
LADY GREY ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mrs. E. Phelps
ALMA SOMERSET ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Maud Horson
CISSY VERNER ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Blanche Massey
HAIDEE WALTON ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Ethel Selwick
ETHEL HAWTHORNE ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Violet Robinson
MINA ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Juliette Nesville
LADY VIRGINIA FOREST ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Lottie Venne

Act I. ... ... THE CAVALRY BARRACKS AT WINBRIDGE (W. Ham).
Act II ... ... ON THE RIVIERA (W. Telbía).
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"When a masculine stranger goes by"
"O sing a Welcome"
"I'm a Judge of the modern society sort"
"Beneath the skies"
"Here come the ladies"
"To the barracks we have come"
"High-class Chaperone"
"To the barracks we have come"
"Oh, my daughter"
"When once I get hold of a good-looking He"
"Jimmy on the Chute"
"When your pride has had a tumble"
"When in Town"
"Stiboo, Stibee"
"We're awfully anxious"
"Poor Pierrot"
"Sunshine above"
"I find it really better far"
A GAIETY GIRL.
MUSICAL COMEDY.

Words by
OWEN HALL.

Lyrics by
HARRY GREENBANK.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS: "WHEN A MASCUILINE STRANGER GOES BY."
Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]

\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]

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\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]

\[ \text{Musical notation image} \]
When a masculine stranger goes by, array'd in uniform smart, The appeal to the feminine eye takes effect on the feminine heart. The policeman's a duck and a dear, By the side of the sober citizen, But dearer the brave volunteer, And dearest the lad in uniform.
Tenors.

We're delighted to hear you confess
You are fond of the regular's
dress.

It is perfectly clear
That we've nothing to fear

From the policeman in blue or the brave volunteer
When a

Soprano.

good-looking soldier goes by
In his uniform splendid and smart,
The appeal to the feminine

Tenor.

When a good-looking soldier goes by,
The appeal to the feminine
peal to the feminine eye Taking effect on the feminine heart.

But eye Taking effect on the feminine heart.

See... what glorious visions come this way

We girls ideals have... and these are they.

Basses.

When a
soldier on parade In his grandeur is displayed, Opposition is compelled to hide its puny form, For there's nothing can compare with the concentrated glare of a military regi-mental uniform. When in
SOP.

stiff and solid style... You arrive in double file... To an

TEN.

When a soldier on parade... in his grandeur is dis-

BASS.

When a soldier on parade... in his grandeur is dis-

opercative sir of light and puny form... You com-

play'd opposition hides its puny form.

play'd opposition hides its puny form.
-pel us to adore you, For you carry all before you. In your
For there's nothing can compare... With the concentrated
military regimental uniform.
glare of a regimental uniform.
glare of a regimental uniform.
masculine stranger goes by

Ar-ray’d in a uniform smart,
The ap-

When a masculine stranger goes by
Array’d in his uniform

soldier on parade
In his gran-deur is dis-play’d,
Op-po-
-peal to the feminine eye Takes effect on the feminine heart. The po-
smart, The appeal to the eye Takes effect on the heart. For there's
-si-tion is compelled to hide its punny form, For there's

lieutenant a duck and a dear By the side of the sober civilian, But

nothing can compare With the concentrated glare Of a

nothing can compare With the concentrated glare Of a
dear er the brave vol un teer, And dearest the lad in ver million. Then
mil it a ry regi men tal uni form. Then
mil it a ry regi men tal uni form. Then
here's to his health, Promotion and wealth, We hope that he soon will be Com.
here's to his health, Promotion and wealth, We hope that he soon will be Com.
here's to his health, Promotion and wealth, We hope that he soon will be Com.
N°2.—CHORUS. "O SING A WELCOME."

Allegro moderato.

PIANO

SOP:

TEN.

BASS.

O sing a welcome fair To Mr. Justice Grey! In a carriage and pair, With a legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up carriage and pair, With a legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up carriage and pair, With a legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up
- on his learned brow  O place the lau-rel bay,  And with

- on his learned brow  O place the lau-rel bay,  And with

- on his learned brow  O place the lau-rel bay,  And with

all the row That the laws al-low, Give hip hip hip hoo-ray!

all the row That the laws al-low, Give hip hip hip hoo-ray!

all the row That the laws al-low, Give hip hip hip hoo-ray!

His
name is known both far and wide. Immense—ly great his

Reuputation. You'll per—don me ex—press—ing pride That

I'm the Judge's near re—l—tion. With strict impar—ti—

With strict impar—ti—

With strict impar—ti—

Allegro moderato.
-al-i-tee The law he will deter-mine; A rea-ly tip-top Judge is he, An

- or-nament in er-mine. Then loud-ly beat his Lordship's drum, And pub-lic-ly a-

or-nament in er-mine. Then loud-ly beat his Lordship's drum, And pub-lic-ly a-

or-nament in er-mine. Then loud-ly beat his Lordship's drum, And pub-lic-ly a-
-dore him! It's just as well to make a show, Because we never know, you know, How

soon the dreaded day may come When we shall go before him.
sing a welcome fair To Mr. Justice Grey! In a carriage and pair, with a

legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up - on his learned brow

legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up - on his learned brow

legal air, His Lordship comes this way. Up - on his learned brow
place the laurel bay, And with all the row That the laws allow, Give a hip, hip,

place the laurel bay, And with all the row That the laws allow, Give a hip, hip,

place the laurel bay, And with all the row That the laws allow, Give a hip, hip,

hip, hoo-ray! ....

hip, hoo-ray! ....

hip, hoo-ray! ....
Sir LEWIS GREY.

Though justice is proverbially blind,

I can't refrain from noticing the

way

in which my friends so numerous and kind

have sung the praises of Sir Lewis Grey.

Accept my thanks for

such a hearty greeting; This really is a very pleasant meeting.
N° 2

SONG. "I'M A JUDGE OF THE MODERN SOCIETY SORT!" (SIR LEWIS GREY.)

Moderato.

I'm a Judge of the modern so-
When I try the sen-sa-tion-al

- ci - e - ty sort, And I'm much o-verworked with di - vor - ces,
   case of the day, By the pa - pers I'm fre - quent.ly gui - ded, For I

al-ways some spe - cial at - trac - tion in court That my name in - to pro - minence
like to sum up in a po - pu - lar way Just as pub - lice o - pin - ion's de -

for - cer. I can sing, I can flirt, and "At Home's" I frequent where the
- ci - ded. And I'm giv - en to ma - king re - marks when in court That have
Upper Society Crust is, I'm the Bean of the Beach, and by common consent I'm the really no meaning whatever, In the hope that the pipes will duly report And con-

Toff of the High Court of Justice. And on Sundays my figure erect To be consider them witty and clever. The applause of the Junior Bar A de-

seen in the family pew is; For behaviour select is what desirable object in view is, And a flattering "par" In the

people expect From a judge of the stamp of Sir Lewis. Sun or the Star Which will mention the name of Sir Lewis.
Sundays his figure erect
To be seen in the family pew is;
For before the Junior Bar
A desirable object in view is,
And a...
-haviour select is what people expect from a judge of the stamp of Sir Lewis.

flatter-ing"par" In the Sun or the Star Which will mention the name of Sir
SONG. "BENEATH THE SKIES."

Moderato.

Beneath the skies of summer sweet... I finger where two pathways meet,
For doubt is throbbing in my brain Yet must I choose between the twain!
And one is fair with flowers gay, And
love and laughter... light the way; But one is dark and
from the sun, And duty points along that one.
Fortune and friends what use are ye... If happiness is not for me? Ah!
who would live when love is lost? Then give me love... at any
cost.
O maiden fair, though fate would part... In cruel fashion heart from

heart, Why should we not its will defy And link our

fortunes— you and I? What matter though the... world may frown If

love holds out its golden crown? Then let us travel
hand in hand The path that... leads to Lover-land!

Fortune and friends, what use are ye... If happiness is not for me? Ah!

who would live when love is lost? Then give... me love... at any cost.
**N° 4. — CHORUS. “HERE COME THE LADIES.”**

Allegretto.

**PIANO.**

1st SOP.

Here come the ladies who dazzle Society—Leaders of etiquette,

2nd SOP.

Here come the ladies who dazzle Society—Leaders of etiquette,

TEN.

Here come the ladies who dazzle Society—Leaders of etiquette,

BASS.

Here come the ladies who dazzle Society—Leaders of etiquette,
pinks of propriety, Crème de la crème of the latest variety,

End-of-the-century girls; ....... Strictest observers of

End-of-the-century girls; (of the century,)

End-of-the-century girls; ....... Strictest observers of
social formalities, Wearers of modern modesties' specialties,

Only residing in tip-top localities, Flocking where fashion uncurls,
No. 4th—a CONCERTED PIECE. "TO THE BARRACKS WE HAVE COME."

Allegro.

PIANO:

Chorus.

(Lady.) To the barracks we have come,
(Miss.) We observe you're looking glum;

Rumty tum! Rumty tum! Rumty tum!
Rumty tum! Rumty tum! Rumty tum!
Rumty tum! Rumty tum! Rumty tum!

Chorus.

(L.E.) But of course it wouldn't do,
(Miss.) And we sympathise with you;

Tootle too! Tootle! Tootle too!
Tootle too! Tootle! Tootle too!
Tootle too! Tootle! Tootle too!
too! (L.E.) For a girl to come alone—So we've brought a chapter too!

(Miss E.) For it would have been such fun If we'd come here one by one too!

Chorus.

- rene Who can more than hold her own. (Hold her own) With a military one, But the thing is never done (Never done) With a military

Hold her own.
Never done.

Hold her own.
Never done.
Rat-a-plan!...plan, plan, plan! (Boom!)

Rat-a-plan!...plan, plan, plan! (Boom!)

(L.E. Miss C:) For we're dear little girls with an innocent way, And we've come for a walk to the barracks to-day; We are taking the air, As the
CHORUS.

weather is fair, So you'll please have a care What you do and you say! They are

They are

They are
dear little girls with an innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the
dear little girls with an innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the
dear little girls with an innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the
In the name of the gallant Life Guards I may To our visitors fair be permitted to say That the regiment all, overjoyed at their call, gives them heartiest welcome and begs them to stay. Rat-a-PLAN!
Rat-a-plan... plan, plan, plan, (Boom!)

Rat-a-plan... plan, plan, plan, (Boom!)

dear little girls with an innocent way, And we've come for a walk to the

barracks to-day. We are taking the air, As the weather is fair, So you'll
CHORUS.

please care What you do and you say! They are dear little girls with an

They are dear little girls with an

They are dear little girls with an

innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the barracks to-day. They're a

innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the barracks to-day. They're a

innocent way, And they've come for a walk to the barracks to-day. They're a
No. 5.--Song & Chorus. "High Class Chaperone."

Allegro moderato.

**Lady Virginia.**

I am favourably known As a high-class chaperone;
When a gentle-man I see Who I think will do for.
Though for reasons of my own I prefer to chaperone--

For my services there's quite a competition;

Then I never let my charges spoil my chances;

A girl who's not supposed to be an heiress;
And I frequently escort To bomb hard the social
And you'll very often find That I leave the girls be-
Being greatly in request, I will always do my

Charming débutantes of beauty and position,
Behind At partic-ular-ly nice At-homes and dances.
Best For a gen-u-ine Amer-i-can million-air-ess;

They're an "Open Sesame," And a ne-ver-fail-ing
And I'm much inclined to flirt In a man-ner most ex-
For I know these Yan-kee girls, So I give them dukes and

key To the houses where I look with as-
per-t With the boys whom ev'-ry cha-pe-rone is
ears Who are pen-nil-less and bro-ken down and
 ration

When I oft-en find it hard To ob-

sweet co-

If they hap-pen to be rich, I se-
done for-

But the co-ro-nets which show Where the

tain a sin- gle card On the me-

-cure them ear- ly, which As a rule is short-ly af-ter leav-
gilt's come off, you know. Well, they're not the sort of co-

ration.

Do you see my ob-ject? Ra-ther! Tho' So-

K- ing

Do you think that's dod-ge? Ra-ther! When I

run for!

Do you guess my mean-

ing? Ra-ther! When my

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!

Ra-ther!
-ei-e-ty may quiz, If you don't call that good bus-
see a like-ly man, If Vir-gi-nia can-not catch him-
efforts end in fizz, If you don't call that an-
noy-ing-- I should

like to know what is! Do you see my ob-
like to know who can! Do you think that's dod-
like to know what is! Do you guess my meaning? Ra-

Do you see her ob-
Do you think that's dod-
Do you guess her meaning? Ra-

Do you see her ob-
Do you think that's dod-
Do you guess her meaning? Ra-
No. 6. — CONCERTED PIECE. "TO THE BARRACKS WE HAVE COME."

Allegro moderato.

PIANO:

Girls.

To the barracks we have come

Major.

Rum-ty

C.

For a jolly day with

M.

tum! Rum-ty tum! Rum-ty tum!
you,

Too-tie too! Too-tie, Too-tie too!

sure you let us see. What good fellows you can

be. By providing us with tea, And as

Get us tea.
quick-ly as you can;

Ra-ta-plan! Ra-ta-plan!

For we're Gai-ety girls who are

br-r-r-rum boom!

gid-dy and gay, And we've come for a lark to the barracks to-day; We're as
pretty a lot As the Gaiety's got, And we don't care a jot

And they

What we do, and
don't care a jot What they do, and

say.
say.
N° 7. — DUETT. "OH, MY DAUGHTER."

Moderato.

PIANO.

ROSE.

Dr BRIELEY.

Oh, my daughter, there's a creature known as man,
Oh, my daughter, you are young, but you're discreet.
Oh, my daughter, pray select a man of wealth,

...pa, that is exactly what I guessed!
...pa, I've learnt a thing or two from you!
...pa, I'll take the richest I can get.

And a
You must
For I'm
Dear—est
That's ex-
You're re-
girl is bound to catch him if she can.
try to bring a swi—tor to your feet.
old and ra—ther fail—ing in my health—
father, I shall do my ve—ry best!
act—ly what your pet in—tends to do.
mark—a—bly sharp—wit—ted, dear, as yet.

But she'll
Here's the
He will
task to which my dar—ling is—not used—
get him saf—ly down up—on his knees—
wed some rich and o—pen—handed man—
prove a ready pupil as you'll see
interesting portion of the plan
make a little settlement on you.

Will you
tell me
Well—

It de-
Oh, pa-
Dear—

show me how you'll act when introduced?
what will be the next proceeding, please?
hope to get a trifle if I can—

—pends on who the gentleman may be.
—pay, I really don't see how I can.
Father, I am quite aware you do!
She will
My ap-

If he hasn't got a girl What will Ro-sy-Po-sy do?
If the wealthy one asked to share Of a love-sick millionaire?
If a suit or never comes Where will father pick his crumbs?

I treat the person so! Just like that—don't you know!
—proval I will show Just like that—don't you know!
Music Halls I'll go, Doing that—don't you know!

But sup—
But sup—
You might

Then a
I shall.
Do you

—pose the case should be That he rolls in L. S. D.?
—pose the heart you've won Of a needy younger son?
Try a little dance That I saw, when young, in France.
smiling face I'll show,
More like that—don't you know!
quiekly bid him go;
More like that—don't you know!

And if any-body asks us what we're
If the County Council asks us what we're
And if any-body asks us what we're
If the County Council asks us what we're

at—don't you know, We shall wink at one another, just like
at—don't you know, We shall judge each other slyly, just like
at—don't you know, We can tell them we are only doing
at—don't you know, We shall wink at one another, just like
at—don't you know, We shall judge each other slyly, just like
at—don't you know, We can tell them we are only doing
NUMBER 8.—TRIO. "WHEN ONCE I GET HOLD OF A GOOD-LOOKING HE."

**LADY VIRGINIA.**

**VER. 1.** When once I get hold of a good-looking He, With a
**VER. 2.** When once I get hold of an artist in dress, Who can
**VER. 3.** When once I get hold of a patient who'll pay And who

**SIR LEWIS.**

**VER. 4.** When once I get hold of some popular case—A di-

**MR. BRIEVELY.**


balance at Conti's sufficient for me; or an
make me look twenty or possibly less, or a

Or B.

-voice that involves any Duke in disgrace, or a

likes me to visit him three times a day, or a

L.V.

Indian Prince who has stayed with the Queen, and whose
hairdresser skilled in the tricks of his trade, who pro-

S.L.

"Card-sharping Scandal," or "Serious charge," putting

Or B.

wealthy dyspeptic in need of my care, or a
diamonds are really the biggest I've seen—No

duces the newest Parisian shade—No

seats on the Bench at a premium large—No

liver that's owned by a millionaire—No

matter how much or how little I know of him,

matter how much or how little I know of it,

matter how much or how little I know of him,
Take it for granted I never let go of him!

Take it for granted I never let go of it!

Take it for granted I never let go of him!

(2nd & 3rd verses only.)

Never oh, never,

(1st & 4th verses only.)

Never oh, never, He never, no never, no

(1st 2nd & 4th verses only.)

She never, no never, no
No. 9. — Song. "Jimmy on the Chute."

Written and Composed by Harry Greenbank.

Vivace.

VOICE.

PIANO.

Dr. BRIEFLY.

Little Jimmy was a scholar, and his aptitude was such That his
Now when Jimmy saw that Water-Chute he laughed until he cried Just to
Then he took his seat with Grandma and they started off all right, But a
But the splash was so terrific that his heart began to quake As his
With a boat-hook poor old Grandma was fish'd up safe and sound, But the
parents and pre-ep-tors were a-fraid he'd know too much; So his see the girls yell out and grab the fel-lows by their side; And he pret-ty girl be-side him screamed: "Send bet-ter hold on tight!" They were Grand-ma turned a so-mer-sault and fell in-to the lake, So he pret ty-girl and Jim-my in a close em-brace were found; In their

Grand-mam-ma said, "Bless him! I will take him up to town, And we'll said to gen-tle Grand-ma, "This will suit me to a T, When I fly-ing down so fast that Jim-my's head be-gan to swim, So he held on to the pret-ty girl, and huzz'd her tight-er still— For he ter ri ble a - larm they would't hear of let - ting go, And they're

go to Cap - tain Boy-ton's, and they'll 'Wa - ter-Chute' us down," Oh! get up there and have those girls a-grab - bing hold of me!" Oh! clawed on to that pret-ty girl, and she clawed on to him! Oh! thought the world was end-ed, and he had -n't made his will. Oh! hug-ging one a-no-ther still for any-thing I know. Oh!
Chorus:

Jimmy on the Chute, boys! Won't he have a day?

Going out with Grandma—Grandma's getting gay!

Down in half a slap-bang-wet from top to toe—

That's the way they "chute'em at the Water Show.

D.C.
No. 11. SONG. "PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS."

 Written by Henry Hamilton. Composed by S. Potter.

 Tempo di Marcia.

 Voice.

 Piano.

 Coldfield.

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take him from the city or the plough
when the time of peace he hears the bugle call,
In the war-time then it's Tommy to the front,
Tommy dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world,

Drill him and we dress him up so neat,
Bar-racks from 'Res-tful' to 'Lights out',
Ship him off in Troopers to the scene;
Fighting or for funning or for work,

Teach him to up-hold his manly brow
"Sentry go" and pipe-clay ever fall,
Sitting at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
Ever Britain's banner is unfurled.

How to walk, and where to put his feet.
Always plenty more of work about.
Fighting for his country and his Queen.
Do your best and never, never shirk.
doesn't matter who he was before, or leave o' nights you meet him in the streets, as whether he's on India's coral strand, or keep the warmest corner in our hearts, for

what his parents fancied for his name, once he's happy as a schoolboy and as gay, then pouring out his blood in the Sudan, to you, my lady, wherever you may be, by

pocketed the shilling and a uniform he's filling, we back he goes to duty, all for England, home and beauty, and the keep our flag a flying he's a doing and a dying, every Union Jack above you! but we're proud of you and love you, God

call him Tom - my Atkins all the same... Oh! noble sum of thirteen-pence a day!... Oh! inch of him a soldier and a man!... Oh! keep you, Tom - my, still by land and sea... Oh!
cresc.
Tommy, Tommy Atkins you're a "good 'un" heart and hand, You're a 

credit to your calling and to all your native land, May your 

luck be never falling, May your Love be ever true, God 

bless you, Tommy Atkins, Here's your Country's love to you... Oh!

you.

D.C.
No. 12. FINALE. ACT I. "TO MY JUDICIAL MIND."

Sir LEWIS.
To my judicial mind there's not a doubt That here we have the comb I spoke a-

Moderato.

S.L.

Dr BRIERLY.

ve-ry ar-ti cle should turn up now. Good peo-ple, to con-

pred.
Lady VIR:

(aside — interrupting him)

—deem me is not fair, Un — til I have explain’d myself—

Take care!

ROSE.

How shocking these disclosures are, My dear pa-pa!

I

Andante.

thought you so par-ti-cu-lar, My dear pa-pa!

I sat and listened at your feet, And

fancied you were quite complete, But you’ve been worse than indiscreet,

My dear pa—
CHORUS.
1st SOP.
Oh, pa!

2nd SOP.
Oh,

TEN.
Oh.

BASS.
Oh.

Tempo di Galop.

shameful admission! Oh, shocking surprise! In modest con-
shameful admission! Oh, shocking surprise! In modest con-
shameful admission! Oh, shocking surprise! In modest con-
shameful admission! Oh, shocking surprise! In modest con-

-fusion we cover our eyes! Intending of course to con-

-vey to you thus You're scarcely the family doctor for

-vey to you thus You're scarcely the family doctor for

-vey to you thus You're scarcely the family doctor for.
us! No longer your regular patients well be, Nor
us! No longer your regular patients well be, Nor

place on your table our two guineas fee—Your morals are
place on your table our two guineas fee—Your morals are
place on your table our two guineas fee—Your morals are
place on your table our two guineas fee—Your morals are
low, but your charges are high! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh,

shameful! Oh, fie! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

shameful! Oh, fie! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

shameful! Oh, fie! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

shameful! Oh, fie! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!
Ah, do not heed what foes may say! - Let spite and slander go... their way, But let... this hour bring joy to me, And say... that you my wife will be! For time will prove this tale... un-true, So, dearest, let me go... with you, To
be at once your knight and slave, Your bond-man glad, your
champion brave. Ah, no! we two must say... good-bye, For
far apart our pathways lie; And till my innocence is shown, I go... to live my life... a lone.
ROSE.

This shocking dis-

ALMA.

In pi - ty be

L.V. L.E., CLA: DAISY & MINA.

The theft has so

Cissy Maydee & Ethel.

The theft has been

Goldsfield.

Ah, let me come

Sir Lewis.

This shocking dis-

Dr Brierly.

Major Lieut. with Chor.

SOP.

I've never been

The Ninth as their

Ten.

The Ninth as their

Bass.

The Ninth as their

Allégro vivace.
Closure papa will deplore—He'll have to remove the brass

silently nor plead with me more, And seek not to shake my re-

clearly been laid at her door, It's lucky we didn't miss

cruelly laid at her door, But sooner or later she'll

with you to leave you no more; For you—and you only—!

Closure I deeply deplore! I hadn't a notion of

half so insulted before! Why didn't you warn me of

doctor will own him no more—We'll give him his notice and

doctor will own him no more—We'll give him his notice and

docotor will own him no more—We'll give him his notice and
plate from his door; His patients will leave him and probably...
R. try The medical man who is living close by!
L. -fy, So tell me you love me— and bid me good-bye!

L.V. ac. try! Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!
C.ac. high With "wicked" and "shameful" and "shocking!" Oh, fie!

C. sigh? My heart you will break if you bid me good-bye!
S.L. eye, That this was the case that I happened to try?

Dr.B. And stop them from saying "Oh, shocking! Oh, fie!"

Dr.B. try. Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

Dr.B. try. Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

Dr.B. try. Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

Dr.B. try. Oh, wicked! Oh, shocking! Oh, shameful! Oh, fie!

END OF ACT I.
№ 13. — OPENING CHORUS. ACT II. "HERE ON SUNLIT SANDS."

Allegro moderato.
Nearly driven crazy, Back to their hotel...
Stroll the loungers

Nearly driven crazy, Back to their hotel...
Stroll the loungers

Nearly driven crazy, Back to their hotel...
Stroll the loungers

Nearly driven crazy, Back to their hotel...
Stroll the loungers

Lazy...

Lazy...

Lazy...

Lazy...

Lazy...

Lazy...

Lazy... Here, by ocean blue, Pretty girls in plenty

Lazy... Here, by ocean blue, Pretty girls in plenty
Freshest of o-

Make the life a true Dolce far ni-ente! Freshest of o-

zone, Lov-li-est of fa-ces, Crowning this a-lone...
Paradise of places.

Don't we look extremely fetching? Subjects fit for artist's sketching?

These are fashions last successes, latest thing in bathing dresses!
Sop:

We— who don't go in for bathing, Criticise in manner

Don't we look extremely fetching—Subjects fit for artist's sketching?

Seating; Frankly owning we can't bear them, We should be ashamed.

These are fashions last successes, Latest thing... in bathing...

Tenors.

... ashamed to wear them! Bathing dress needs careful

... seating... dresses! Bathing dress needs careful
buying, Many figures find it trying; Is it

buying, Many figures find it trying; Is it

proved by fashion's daughter Paint and powder stand the water?

proved by fashion's daughter Paint and powder stand the water? Paint and

Paint and powder stand the water?

powder stand the water?
We— who don't go in for bathing Criti- eise in man- ner scathing; Frankly

Don't we look ex- tremely fetching, Subjects fit for artist's sketching? These are fashion's

Is it proved by fashion's daughter Paint and

owing we can't bear them, We should be ashamed, ashamed to wear them!

last success-es, Latest thing— in bath- ing dress-es!

pow- der stand the wa- ter, will stand the wa- ter?

pow- der stand the wa- ter, will stand the wa- ter?
Here, while summer's hand   Sea and shore is gilding, Castles in the

Here, while summer's hand   Sea and shore is gilding, Castles in the

Here, while summer's hand   Sea and shore is gilding, Castles in the

Here, while summer's hand   Sea and shore is gilding, Castles in the

sand  Boys and girls are building. Here the faithless nurse,

sand  Boys and girls are building. Here the faithless nurse,

sand  Boys and girls are building. Here the faithless nurse,

sand  Boys and girls are building. Here the faithless nurse,
Sandy babies deserting, Leaving bad for worse, Takes to violent
flirting. Morning, noon and night Life is full of pleasure;
flirting. Morning, noon and night Life is full of pleasure;
Here, beside the

Moments whose delight Memory will treasure! Here, beside the

sea, Ever blue and breezy, Man and maid agree...

cres:

sea, Ever blue and breezy, Man and maid agree...

cres:

sea, Ever blue and breezy, Man and maid agree...
All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.

All must take it easy.
NO. 14.—CONCERTED PIECE. "THAT LADIES CANNOT BATE."
really most annoying! They cannot be surprised if

we object; it quite prevents a girl of

self respect. The water from enjoying!
France, the thing is better done—A lady, there is
classed as one; And actresses... would never pass As
members of the ladies' class—They constitute a-
—no-ther! In France a girl... contempt would show By
treat-ing all... such per-sons-so! An Eng-lish girl would

THE OTHERS.
on-ly go And try to find her mo-ther. Her

mo-ther!... her mo-ther!... An Eng-lish girl would

HAYDEE...
on-ly go And try to find her mo-ther! You
ladies by birth are a curious lot! Though ev'ry advantage you've

seemingly got, Yet if we may take you as a sample... You're ex-

ceedingly anxious to trample... With the pride of position su-

perior... On the girl who's your social inferior... You
hunt for a husband, you plot and intrigue, And never exhibit a

sign of fatigue, And a fellow with money you rush at..... In a

way that an actress would blush at..... We would rather be ladies by

nature.... Than by mere Upper-Ten bomen.-clature!..... How

dance such persons thus Presume to lecture us!
No. 14. Song: "It Seems to Me."

Allegro moderato.

It seems to me That
A tilted dame Need

you should be More charitable, dear girls! And
feel no shame In opening a shop, dear girls! Her

now-a-days In many ways You're no particular
hills go out On paper street With coronet on
rall:  a tempo.

-far, dear girls! For when a peer Will sell you beer, Or
top, dear girls! She'll fit the head, Though vul-
gar bred, Of

hal- u - ton of coals, dear girls! The middle class May
each her price who'll pay, dear girls! With bon-
net smart Is

sure- ly pass With- out your pick- ing holes, dear girls!
high- est art, And so what can you say, dear girls?

2nd time only.

Ah! ........................................ In
2nd time only.
GISSY, HAYDEE & ETHEL 2nd time only.
eighteen ninety-four, you know, When times are bad

LADY E. & GLADYS 2nd time only.
eighteen ninety-four, you know, Though times are bad

markets low, It isn't asking much; To
markets low, It's asking rather much; To

beg you'll all admit it's true That everybody's a
beg we'll all admit it's true That everybody's a
N° 15.—TRIO. "THE BOYS OF THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE."

WORDS BY

HENRY HAMILTON.

Allegretto.

(RIVERS.) Buck
("") There's
("") Then

up, buck up, old chap—pie! and don't meet your woes half

town de—lights o' day and nights (not quite for coun—try

leav—ing town for dale and down, and round of ru—ral

way man! (fizz.) Leave lov—ers' ills like un—paid bills, un—

cou—sins, ("") With shows and balls and Mus—sic Halls, and

bliss—es, ("") You shoot your neighbour's co—vers, and you
--till you're on half-pay man! (Gold.) But life has rubs, my pretty girls by dozens; (Ivy.) A lounge you go or spoon your neighbour's mistress; (Ivy.) There's bird and brute to

chirpy subs, that aren't at all amusing,' And ride the row, and plugging go the pace in, To hunt and shoot, there's game for horse and gun there, So

though a chap's a Life Guard, praps he still may be the
make a hit or take a hit on all the season's in and out beyond a doubt you're bound to get some

Blues in. (Ivy.) A fig for blues of divers hues, don't rattin'! (Ivy.) Or take your way to Paris gay to fun there! (Gold.) A guardman's year is one career of
get such nonsense wrapped up! (Fitz.) By way of cure re-
do though prigs may snarl ooh! Your Mou-lin Rouge; then
sport there's no de-nying, (Riv.) And when he's broke be-
mem-ber you're a guards-man and a Cap-tain! (Riv.) Whose
"rouge et noir" at mer-ry Mon-te Car-lo, (Fitz.) You
-yond a joke from ma ny kites a fly-in',

got in store good times gal-lore a few of which we'll
crop a flow'er from ev'-ry hour with nought your fun to
seeks with aim to shoot big game, the Con-go or the

men-tion, (Gold.) Go on my boys your list of joys shall
fet-ter, (%) By jove you do! D'you know you two! I'm
Ni-ger, Or-goes to pot in In-di-a hot-the
have my best attention.
feeling rather better.
(CLI) Oh! we're

boys of the Household Brigade—Brigade, As cheery and bright as they're

(CII.) It's quite or the ta-pis I yet may be happy,
made—they're made (f & f.) So buck up old chap-pie and let's all be happy still. By

never a trouble dismay'd—dismay'd. We're boys of the Household Bri-
(Cold.) It's—
gade—
-Bri-gade, As chee-ry and bright as they're made—they're made—(f & f)
So

quite on the ta-pis I yet may be hap-py,

buck up old chappie and let's all be hap-py—(all) By ne-ver a trou-ble dis-

-may'd, ... Like the boys ..... of the House-hold Bri-

gade!
No. 16. — Song. "When your pride has had a tumble."

Moderato.

PIANO:

MINA.

When your pride has had a tumble, And you've
In default of silk or satin You must

M.

set your cap too high, ... Though at fate you're apt to
don a simple dress; ... Wanting room to swing a
GRUMBLE, NEVER SIT AND SUCK AND SIGH. LET YOUR EAT IN, PRAY BE SATISFIED WITH LESS; WHEN DE-

ITTLE HEART BEAT FASTER, KEEP YOUR TEMPER IF YOU ASKED THE GOLD OF YANKEE THEN THE HUMBLE COPPER

CANNOT GET MEAT, WITH THE MAN. AH!... CAN'T GET CURRANT CAKE. AH!..."
C'est aîn-si qu'ça s'passe chez nous, Tru la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
a tempo.

Est j'crois qu'ning a-tom bon gout, Tru la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

C'est aîn-si qu'ça s'passe chez nous, Tru la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
a tempo.

De l'argent il n'y a qu'ça, Et trop de cœur il n'est faut pas.

n'est faut pas.
a tempo.
No. 17. — Trio. "When in Town."

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Allegretto.

When in town you're safe — ly land — ed, and the doc — tor far a — way,

You must

Will you meet me at the waxworks of the em — i — neTussaud? (Oft.) You will

meet me on the quiet, and we'll have a jol — ly day! (Oh.) When you're

find Da — ho — mey's A — ma — zons an inter — est — ing show! (S.) We'll have

back a — gain in Lon — don, and Sir Lew — is is — n't by. Oh, my

lun — cheon at the Lan — ham, and we'll sup at the Sa — vo — ry! (S.) There is
charmer, you must give me an appointment on the sly. (S.l.) Shall we much at the Al-ham-bra that a lady could enjoy. (S.t.) Shall we try the Ex-hi-bi-tion, and the Boy-ton Wat-er Chute? (br. b.) Let's in- vi-sit Moore and Bur-gess, or the sim-ple Ger-man Reed? (br. b.) If you speet the Wed-ding Pre-sents at the blame-less In-sti-tute! (S.l.) We'll per-like to try the Em-pire I'll be ve-ry pleased in-deed! (S.t.) The A-ram bu-late the Low-ther and the Bur-ling-ton Ar-cade. (br. b.) Shall we quar-ri-um can show you some-thing no-vel and grotesque. (br. b.) Shall we meet at Sir Au-gus-tus's de-light-ful mas-que-rades? (L.t.) I will meet at the Ly-ce-um or a Gai-e-ty Burlesque? (L.t.) I will
meet you in the lane, Or the wicket gate close by— If it
meet you at the stile, Or the trysting tree of old— If I

doesn't look like rain, And the weather-glass is high; For my
think it worth my while, And the day is not too cold. For my

ballads all relate, (And I want to be discreet) That the
ballads all agree, (And I want to be discreet) That the

lane or wicket gate Is the proper place to meet. (L.) I will
stile or trysting tree Is the proper place to meet. (d. v.) I will

(t. l.) She will
(t. l.) She will

(br. I.) She will
(br. I.) She will
Meet you at the stile, Where the elderberries smile!
But a

Meet me in the lane—How we bless the old refrain! But a
Meet me at the stile, Where the elderberries smile! But a

Alto unis.

Lady who would wait (In a lane) or at a gate Is it

Quite the sort of lady we consider up to date!
No. 18.—DUET. "STIBOO, STIBEE."

Allegro moderato.

(Piano)

(RIVER) Un-lucky the morn On which I was born The youngest of several
(??) I'm always in debt— At cards or roulette Mis-fortune knocks very
(??) But what will you do, My car-ling so true, When stormy the wind and the

brothers!... At col-lege and school Con-sidered a fool, The
plan down;... I en-ter a horse Who lo-ses— of course— The
wea-ther?... Oh, will you a-gree To face it with me, And
prizes were given to e.-thers... (Refr.) But now that I've said I'm
Grand Mi.-li-ty at Sun.-down!... (r.) My counsel is vain, It's
chance ev'-ry for-tune to go-ther?... (r.) Ah, surely you don't im-

wil-ing to wed This ver'-ry un-luck-ky young fel-low.... Don't
per-fect-ly plain Bad luck is your fa-vo-rite hob-by;.... But
... I won't! The hurt at the ver'-ry sug-ges-tion.... For,

grum-ble, my dear, Or you'll find me I fear As jea-lous as a-
y O-
ch! for the time Re-mem-ber that I'm ex-ceed-ingly fond of you.
Bob-by, you know I'm en-gaged to you-so How can you ask me such a
(Together.)

- thel-lo! (Last 2nd.) For I love the most an-lus-ky of men, But

Bobby! (Last 2nd.) For I am the most an-lus-ky of men, But

question? (3rd only.) For you're not the most an-lus-ky of men, Your

(3rd only.) For I'm not the most an-lus-ky of men, For

what is a girl? to do? Sti-boo sti-bee sti-

what is a chap to do? Sti-boo sti-bee sti-

dear lit-tle Rose is true! Sti-boo sti-bee sti-

dear lit-tle Rose is true! Sti-boo sti-bee sti-

- kit-ty-ky-en Sti-zie-kit-ty-am sti-boo!

- kit-ty-ky-en Sti-zie-kit-ty-am sti-boo!

- kit-ty-ky-en Sti-zie-kit-ty-am sti-boo!

- kit-ty-ky-en Sti-zie-kit-ty-am sti-boo!

D.C.
No. 19.–TRIO. “WE'VE AWFULLY ANXIOUS.”

Tempo di Valse.

Piano:

[Music notation]

Verse 1 (Lovers): We're awfully anxious to join in the fun; If someone will

We're (Lovers): In circles of fashion our tastes we repress; But solely dis-

tell us the way it is done— Those Gaiety Girls are en-

guised in this Carnival dress; We're dying to join in the

joying the day, And we are as fond of a frolic as

romp and the row, And we'd do so at once, if we only knew

[Music notation]
(each verse.)

they!

bow.

It's a ter-rri-ble thing for, young la-dies to

(such verse.)

It's a ter-rri-ble thing for, young la-dies to

(such verse.)

It's a ter-rri-ble thing for young la-dies to

do, But we're long-ing to peep for a mi- nute or

do, But we're long-ing to peep for a mi-nute or

do, But we're long-ing to peep for a mi-nute or
two At the ways of a world that we strictly ta-

two At the ways of a world that we strictly ta-

two At the ways of a world that we strictly ta-

-bloo! Of a world that we strictly ta-bloo!...........

-bloo! Of a world that we strictly ta-bloo!...........

-bloo! Of a world that we strictly ta-bloo!...........

D.S.

D.C.
N° 20. — CARNIVAL CHORUS.

Allegro.

PIANO

1st SOP.

Let folly reign supreme to-day, For car-ni-val is holding sway, And

2nd SOP.

Let folly reign supreme to-day, For car-ni-val is holding sway, And

TEN.

Let folly reign supreme to-day, For car-ni-val is holding sway, And

BASS.

Let folly reign supreme to-day, For car-ni-val is holding sway, And
who for sober sense would care When mirth and music fill the air? But

who for sober sense would care When mirth and music fill the air? But

who for sober sense would care When mirth and music fill the air? But

who for sober sense would care When mirth and music fill the air? But

human nature's never slow To don a mask or domino, And

human nature's never slow To don a mask or domino, And

human nature's never slow To don a mask or domino, And

human nature's never slow To don a mask or domino, And
Underneath the summer sun To join the frolic and the fun.

Now who is he do you suppose... Disguised in
out of work; A great ly o-ver-married Turk; But let us not in
cres:
out of work; A great ly o-ver-married Turk; But let us not in
cres:
out of work; A great ly o-ver-married Turk; But let us not in
cres:
error fail.... Per haps he's no one after all...
cres:
error fail.... Per haps he's no one after all...
cres:
error fail.... Per haps he's no one after all...
cres:
error fail.... Per haps he's no one after all...
But let us not in error fall, Perhaps he's no one after

all! Perhaps he's no one after all!

all! Perhaps he's no one after all!

all! Perhaps he's no one after all!

to Coda 2nd time.

to Coda 2nd time.
fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-

fair - est of flow'rs We open the bat - tle-
With fertiti in showers Give answering rattle.

bud... and with blossom. We're pelt...ing you faster!

The
With

sweets... that we toss 'em Are no-thing but plas-ter.

sweets... that we toss 'em Are no-thing but plas-ter.

wea-pons so ten-der We fight con a-mo-re-

wea-pons so ten-der We fight con a-mo-re-

We'll ne-ver sur-render Till

We'll ne-ver sur-render Till
A sense you'll be brought to Of gentlemen's duty.

covered with glory!

You

covered with glory!

mean that we ought to Surrender to beauty?

D.C.

mean that we ought to Surrender to beauty?

D.C.

D.C.
Coda.

after all!

after all!

after all!

after all!
N° 21.—SONG. "POOR PIEBROT."

Tempo di Polka.

RIVERS.

Mes-dames, messieurs, je suis Pierrot! (I'm no thing of the
The sto ries told of poor Pier rot. Are such as cause the
Be neath her win dow sits Pier rot, locked out and starv ing

sort you know; But "Pog li ze cis" all the rage, And
Tear to flow—They paint his love for Colum bine, (A
in the snow! (All non sense! if he's lost his keys He
Pierrot's dress suits middle age, I bought it from a
greatful girl of twelve stone nine. They show the pains that
has his meals at A. B.'s.) His woes are often

swell costume, Who said he'd really nothing roomier.) And
rack his cranium, When she wears Harlequin's gravamen! (The
told in ball let, and at Covent Garden in Italian.) He's

so I sing a tale of woe, Et pour quoi?
thing's absurd! He knows her age, And what she
passed for as Music Halls, And reigns su-

Me, je suis Pierrot!
looks like off the stage!
prem at Fancy Balls.
They've torn me away from my gal,
He's probably sick of his gal,
Pierrot il adorer toutes les gals,

In her muslin and gauzy fal-lal-lal-
In that muslin and gauzy fal-lal-lal-
So Jeanne son E-lise, et au Sole,

My Columbia blue sweet,
While I dance in the street,

His Columbia blue bad,
And he's only too glad

Il aime dans son way En-tiere-mont Fran-

On the day of the gay Carnival,
Of a day at the gay Carnival,
Sur le jour choisi pour Carnival,
Chorus.

val! On the day of the gay Carni-val! They've
val! Of a day at the gay Carni-val! Hes'
val! Sur le jour choisi pour Carni-val! Pier-

On the day of the gay Carni-val! They've
Of a day at the gay Carni-val! Hes'
Sur le jour choisi pour Carni-val! Pier-

On the day of the gay Carni-val! They've
Of a day at the gay Carni-val! Hes'
Sur le jour choisi pour Carni-val! Pier-

Torn him away from his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
Probably sick of his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
ret-il adore toutes tes gels, gels, gels, (Ss: Jeanne, son E-

Torn him away from his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
Probably sick of his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
ret-il adore toutes tes gels, gels, gels, (Ss: Jeanne, son E-

Torn him away from his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
Probably sick of his gal, gal, gal, In her mus-lin and
ret-il adore toutes tes gels, gels, gels, (Ss: Jeanne, son E-
ga-ga fal-lal-lal-lal. His Co-lombine sweet, While he
sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

ga-ga fal-lal-lal-lal. His Co-lombine bed, And he's
sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

ga-ga fal-lal-lal-lal. His Co-lombine bed, And he's
sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

ga-ga fal-lal-lal-lal. His Co-lombine bed, And he's
sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!

sings in the street On the day of the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
on-ly too glad Of a day at the gay Car-ni-val, val, val!
——es-ment François Sur le jour choisi pour Car-ni-val, val, val!
N° 22. — SONG. "SUNSHINE ABOVE."

Andantino.

COLDFIELD.

Sun-shine a-bove, And sun-shine in my heart!

Laugh-ter and love Hold Car-ni-val to-day. Come, O my sweet—

long-er need we part; Come, I en-treat! For love brooks no de-lay. Then
Tempo di Valse.

Come, my lady fair, come back again!

Sought thee everywhere, yet sought in vain.

With ever:

Longing heart I wait, and worship thee.

Ah, do not hesitate, but come to me.
Music around, And music on the breeze!

Sweet is the sound To one whose heart beats high.

Fate yielding fast Our happiness decreases.

Sunshine at last Floods earth, and sea, and sky! Then
Tempo di Valse.

Come, my lady fair, . . . Come back again! . . . i

sought thee every where, . . . Yet sought in vain, . . . With

cresc.

longing heart I wait, . . . And worship thee, . . . Ah,

cresc.

do not hesitate, But come to me!
No. 23. — Finale.

Tempo di Polka.

Sir Lewis Grey.

I find it's really better far To keep my pranks for

Lady Virginia.

Beach and Bar. My little heart at once I gave To
GOLDFIELD.

one so war-like, big and brave. In spite of sneers from

ROSE.

Church and Loyalty, My life henceforth you'll fill with Gaiety. You're

going to marry me, and so You are a lucky

chap you know.
Tempo di Valse.

When learning the gay Carni-val, val, val, There

isn't a doubt that I shall, shall, shall, My

feelings express By invoking success On the

way of the Gaiety Gal, Gal, Gal!
CHORUS.

On the day of the gay Carnival, When leaving the gay Carnival, val, val, There isn't a doubt that we

On the day of the gay Carnival, When leaving the gay Carnival, val, val, There isn't a doubt that we

On the day of the gay Carnival, When leaving the gay Carnival, val, val, There isn't a doubt that we
shall, shall, our feelings express By invoking success
shall, shall, our feelings express By invoking success
shall, shall, our feelings express By invoking success
shall, shall, our feelings express By invoking success

-cess On the way of the Gaiety Gal, Gal, Gal!
-cess On the way of the Gaiety Gal, Gal, Gal!
-cess On the way of the Gaiety Gal, Gal, Gal!
-cess On the way of the Gaiety Gal, Gal, Gal!

(Notes transcribed from the music notation on the page)