The Pursuit of Priscilla

Book by
R. STRAIN JR. '14
In Collaboration with
H. P. ELLIOTT '14

Lyrics by
R. STRAIN JR. '14

Music by F. H. DYCKMAN '14
& D. D. GRIFFIN '15

Presented by
The
Princeton Triangle Club

The John Church Company
Cincinnati, New York, London.
THE PURSUIT OF PRISCILLA

A Musical Comedy, in Two Acts

PRESENTED BY

The Princeton University Triangle Club

1913-1914

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F. H. DYCKMAN, '14 and D. D. GRIFFIN, '15

Production arranged and staged by

EUGENE B. SANGER

Interpolated numbers by

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A. L. Booth, '15 G. J. Pyle, '14
S. M. Shoemaker, '16 J. A. Garvin, '15
P. B. Dickey, '17 J. J. Swofford, Jr., '15

Dancing by CLAUDE M. ALVIENE

The Princeton University Triangle Club

H. F. ELLIOTT, '14 ........................................... President
W. M. ELLIS, '15 ........................................... Secretary
A. M. CRAIG, '14 ........................................... Manager
J. F. ADAMS, '15 ........................................... Assistant Manager

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Opening Chorus. Act I

Lyrics by R. STRAIN, Jr.  
Music by F. H. DYCKMAN & D. D. GRIFFIN

Moderato

\[\text{Music notation}\]

Poco più mosso

\[\text{Music notation}\]

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GUESTS

Oh, we’re the guests from the East, that came to

spend the summer, Out in the golden

West, And we have travelled around, But in this
country we've found, The place that we like much the best:
There are places much drier. We like your local color, And there's fun on every hand.
And so we're in a hotel, out in the Indian
country, Out in Apache Land.

Allegretto

HUNTResses

Shy and demure, huntresses we, Shooting at everything
we can see; Gay little travellers, Easterners too, We've all come out to visit you. We like to carry a great big gun, And shoot it, with a pop, pop, pop!
**Allegretto**

**Valse**

*We spend our time dancing with maidens entrancing,*

*like them wherever we go; There's Dinard and Deauville, there's*
Ostend and Trouville, Paris, La Touquet, and Bordeaux.

The girls of Sienna, Lucerne and Vienna, Of

Naples, Sorrento and Rome, Although capti-
vat-ing and so fasc-i-na-ting, Can nev-er be like those at

Marcia

home. We home.

ALL

Oh, we're the guests from the East— that came to spend the sum-mer
Out in the golden West And we have

travelled a-round But in this country we've found The place that

we like much the best: There are
places much duller, We like your local color And there's

fun on every hand; And so we're

in a hotel out in the Indian country

Out in Apache Land.
Ancestors

Lyric by R. STRAIN, Jr.

Music by D. D. GRIFFIN

Moderato

Over in England where I live, We never think of
I've got a beautiful coat of arms, Collectors come to

fame,

Or brains, or cash, or worldly trash, It's
view.

There's a rampant bear and a lion there, In
all in the family name. My grandfather fought at
fact it's a regular zoo. Just now it is covered with

Has - tings. An - other at Wa - ter - loo, This
cob - webs, It's a use - less thing you see; But it

fighting stuff is well enough. But the point of it is, who's who?
did good work in war with the Turk, And that is what counts with me.
CHORUS
Moderato

Oh, Ancestors, Ancestors; It's the

devil of a thing, you know; Just who a fellow's

for-bears were, For blood will always show; For my
family, My family, It counts a deuced lot with me; You can say what you please, I intend to take my ease, In the shade of my family tree. Oh, Antree...
Marry a Lord

Lyric by J. A. GARVIN

Music by D. D. GRIFFIN

Moderato

(BLANCHE) 1. A Broadway star is not so bright when
(Mrs. M.) 2. They say we old ones can't come back when

she has made a name, I've tried it now
once we've left the game, I don't believe.
for half my life;
that it is so;
There's
I've

only one thing I would do to bolster up my
still a few attractions which I think deserve the

fame; I want to be some noble's
name; They always help to make a
wife. I’ve never had a
show. I’m something of a

chance. At Dieppe or Paris, France.
flirt. In slit or hobble skirt.

CHORUS

Marry a lord, a bally lord, With lots of cash.
Beautiful gowns and rings and crowns, And lots of trash.

Riding and driving in the Park, Parliament, London.

Derby, Cork. Dining and winning lords and ladies fair:

Giving receptions, dinners, teas, Most every day.
Parties and fetes, and bridge and dates, When
he's away:
This is the way I'll take my ease, Go to the country when I please,
Marry a lord, Marry an English lord.
Suppose You Pose For Me
(Jack and Kitty)

Lyric by R. STRAIN, Jr.

Music by F. H. DYCKMAN

Moderato

It is hard to be an artist, and the hardest thing he

knows Is to find a pretty model, When he

face, And the sky-blue-water maiden Of the
wants a girl to pose. I've tried the girl from Holland, and
swarthy red-skin race. Then too, the English maid, she

poco meno mosso

she was sweet and fair, And the Spanish senior-
gave me pretty smiles, And the French girl, oh so

poco meno mosso

i-ta, with the rose-bud in her hair.
aughty, with the quaint French wiles.
REFRAIN
Poco Allegretto

I'm looking, and looking

little girl like you

The other ones were

nice enough, But none will really do.

But
you, dear, will do, dear, Be as model as can be. You're just the kind of beauty I had hoped to find.

Suppose you pose for me. I'm me.
The Ragtime Round-up Man
(Sheriffs)

Lyric by R. STRAIN, Jr.  
Music by P. B. DICKEY

Allegro moderato

Down in the western cattle

Till ready

land,

There is a
cow-boy punch - er man.

He's just the greatest lad.  Our outfit

ev - er had.  He's just a rag-time round-up
King! He's strong for

(Chor.) Just watch that boy.

Any raggedy stuff

Give him a lasso to swing
Spends his time in copping

Rag-time ways for copping And this is

what he starts to sing.
CHORUS

I'm a rag-time round-up man,

Round 'em up, round 'em

Round up on a rag-time

up, round 'em all a-round
Bang! goes my plan.

Watch 'em rag, watch 'em rag, watch 'em rag a-round.

Tango's some fun;

Teach them the Turkey Trot

Any dance, I
don't care what it is. Rag - ging 'round the old cor -

don't care what it is. Rag - ging 'round the old cor -

ral; Watch those steers prance

Watch 'em run, watch 'em run, watch 'em run a-round.

Watch 'em run, watch 'em run, watch 'em run a-round.

'round to the tune of the One step;

'round to the tune of the One step;
Bo, that bron-cho beast is balk-ing, Can't you catch him

cas-tle-walk-ing? I'm a reg'-lar rag-time round-up

man.  

man.
Some Day
(Jack and Priscilla)

Lyric by R. STRAIN, Jr.  Music by F. H. DYCKMAN

Allegro
(PRISCILLA)  (JACK)
I'm looking for my hero; I don't think you will find him.

Allegretto
(PRISC.) 1. Once long ago, over the sea,
(JACK) 2. If from afar, over the sea,
Living there all alone;
You're seeking love so blindly;

A maiden fair, with treasures rare,
All, all her
I rather fear he is not here,
And fate will treat you un-

own.

Until one time, she chanced to see Her
kindly.
Heroes, you know, You'll find as you go
long dream'd of hero beside her, And since that day,
Are sometimes hard to discover, Then on your way,

wandered away, Seeking her unknown lover.
may-be some day, You'll find your unknown lover.

RETRAIN

Valse moderato

Through the world I am wandering far
a - way
Still seek-ing my

love, seek-ing my love, seek-ing my he -

ro. Some day may-be I'll find him,

roll. a tempo
Who can say? Then I'll

know true love at last, Happy

day.

day!
Poker
(Pennybrooke and Sheriff)

Lyric by G. J. PYLE
Music by F. H. DYCKMAN

Allegro

(Spoken)

(Charlie) Draw for deal, (They draw)

Goes to the four.
(George deals)  

(Charlie) I want two more.  

(Cassidy) I'll stand pat, (Penny) Let me have one,  

(George) Let's see. Charlie wins, he's got a straight: (All) Poker's the game for me.
CHORUS

Poker's always fun to play, So come and take a try:

Though the ante may look scanty Bets are running high; A

round-up is a tiresome thing, And shooting crap is tame, 'Long-

side of a real exciting, fighting, Genuine poker game.
(George) Deal 'em out, (Charlie deals)

(Cassidy) Stand pat (Pony brake) One for me.

(George) I want one  (Charlie) Two bucks. (Cassidy) I'll raise you
three. (Penny) Five's all right. (They lay down the cards.) Well I'll be

Crescendo) Steady boys, don't cuss. Take it George, your

flush wins out; (All) Poker's the game for us.
CHORUS

Poker's always fun to play, so come a take a try:

Though the ante may look scanty Bets are running high;
A round-up is a tiresome thing, And shooting crap is tame,
Long-side of a real exciting, fighting, Genuine poker game.
The Land of Moonlit Mountains

Lyric by C. B. HUNTER

Music by A. L. BOOTH

Moderato

1. There's a gay land,
   Not far away land,
   It's where the

grand land,
This Mexican land,
That sunny

2. Rio

land of Aztec lore.
It's the

Grande flows;
In its
old land of Montezuma, Red lips and
moonlight is bred swift passion, Red are its

kisses and dagger blows;

hillsides with crimson gore,

Fierce lovers and
Dancers gaily are
treach'rous foes; Cra-ters

danc-ing O'er.

Out-laws

glow there, the moon swings low there: Oh, let me

flee there, one's life is free there, Oh, I would

be there, To Mex-i-co!

In Mex-i-co!
Andantino

Take me to the land of moon-lit mountains.

Palm-y land, where guitars sigh in
tune
While bold sen - ors

woo man-ti-la-clad chi - qui - tas Fair old Mex - i - co,

I'll see thee soon. soon.
Finale Act I

Lyric by R. STRAIN, Jr.

Music by F. H. DYCKMAN & D. D. GRIFFIN

Through the world I've been wandering, seeking you.

But seeking in vain, for I have found
you are not worthy
Gone now

all of my idol of love
so true

Gone the only man I love,
JACK

Even you. No, No!

You are wrong: Some day you'll find you're mis-
taken. You are wrong, And I'm innocent.
PRISCILLA

Such a man___ for a hero!

JACK

Laugh____ at me now,____ Some day you'll

PRISCILLA

find you were wrong____ Now I
know that there is no such thing as love.

CHORUS

He's not invited to come to our ball, For he is a

thief and shunned by us all. You are an outlaw and
laugh as you may, You cannot stay; Go on your way.

JACK

I'm not invited to come to your ball;

Nothing care I, and I laugh at you all!
CHORUS

Go! you're an out-law, you're shunned by us all. Go! go!

Allegro

go!

Go!
Opening Chorus, Act II

Lyrics by S. M. SHOEMAKER

Music by F. H. DYCKMAN

Valse moderato
SONG  SNOW-LAND GIRL

% Allegretto

Solo

song for the maid of the snow-drift, And winding te-bog-gan
Swift-ly the broad St. Law-ren-ce, I sail in my ice ca-

tracks: Of the snow-shoe trail o-ver peak and dale, Where the
noe In the si-ent for-est on eith-er hand I

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black ice groans and crack, Where the black ice groans and hear the North-wind woo, I hear the North-wind

**CHORUS**

cracks. Girl of the blue cana-di-an woods, From the

land of the north-ern skies, Where the sting-ing
snow dust flies. Through the forests my way I fare.

Fondly seeking her everywhere Hear me call through the

winter air, Ho! Snowland girl!
Clanran

Slow

ly the light of day has passed

And the ruddy evening glow

Has encircled all at last
I'm so Popular
(Bianche and Pennypross)

Lyric by G. J. PYLE
Music by F. H. DYCKMAN & D. D. GRIFFIN

Valse

A girl who is shy and re-
An Englishman travelling in

tiring Is often extremely perplexed
Utah Invested his cash in a gun
At the number of suitors admiring
Said he I will take this six shootah
Who pay visits on every pretext
She deavor to scare up some fun
So is exceedingly vexed, And when they all have
is our story begun, The end is drawing
gone: She tosses away each expensive bo-night: For he had to shoot with ten men in pur-

quet, And sings with a sti-fled yawn.
suit; And he sang with a weary sigh.

CHORUS

I'm so pop-u-lar, pop-u-lar, I don't know
where to hide: Troops of men are swarming and forming on every side:

I could love an Apollo, But
not these fellows that follow, it puts your brain in a terrible whirl to be such a popular girl.
Canyon Canter
(Priscilla and Sheriffs)

Lyric by J. A. GARVIN

Music by D. D. GRIFFIN

Moderato

PRISCILLA

I'm from London where
Back in Newport as

all the dances start; Here's some dandy ones that I know by heart; The
I was passing through, They were trying some dips and tangoes new: The
Park walk, Pic-a-dilly trot And the As-quith
Pipe wrench, Ath-a-bas-ca-fall And the Kit-chen

But you really don't know the latest dance
But we think that the most im-port-ant part

It be-gan in Chey-enne, and not in France, So cop-y.
Is to learn this new dance of ours by heart, We won-der.
- our e - ques - tri - an
- what you East - ern - ess

CHORUS

(Sheriff) Can you Can - you - can - ter?

I'm a - fraid I

PRISCILLA

SHERIFFS

can't, sir:

Never suggesting stopping or resting,
Like the dancers in the Lancers; Speed is quite essential,
If you do it right: First you loppe, then you canter, then single-foot; Whoa!
Watch the step! Hold
Allegro moderato
A Toast to the Pioneer
(Charlie)

Lyric by J. J. SWOFFORD, Jr.

Music by A. L. BOOTH

Audante

Oh! this was the law of the Western range, You must

strive, you must fight, or you die! And these were the men in
costume—strange, Who answered the Western cry. Oh! the

frontier law, and the frontier men; rugged and rough but not

wrong, For they gave us their best, When they
gave us the West, And built there an empire strong.

(Male Quartett)

Adagio

Here's a toast to the Pioneer

Maestoso

To the iron man of the frontier, To the
lion-hearted pioneer, We raise this toast, Our
country's boast, The man without fear. The
man who fought, never flinching, On the trail of old San-te
Fe

He's the lord of the plain and the prairie, We

cheer him for aye. Hooray, Hooray, Hooray,

ray, Drink deep, boys Hooray.
Dance Number

D. D. GRIFFIN &
P. B. DICKEY

Moderato

Allegro
The Chinee Laundry Boy

Lyric by C. B. HUNTER

Music by P. B. DICKEY

Allegro

1. Num-ber one boy was Ah Sin,
2. Plit-ty maid-en was Ha Foo,
3. Ha Foo jilt-ee poor Ah Sin,

He came top-side from Pek-in.
Ah Sin met and tried to woo.
Ran off with a Man-dar-in.
In a laun-dry he be-gan,
Bought her rats and can-died figs,
Chin-ee boy feel vel-ly sad,

Wash-ing clothes for Mel-i-can,
Chop Su-e y and pick-led pigs,
Chin-ee girl she vel-ly bad,

At his work he
Ev-ry night to
Now to down his

used to sing, Such a vel-ly, vel-ly, plit-ty thing.
her he’d sing, Such a vel-ly, vel-ly, plit-ty thing.
grief he’d sing, Such a vel-ly, vel-ly, plit-ty thing.
Me wash-ee, me scrub-ee, me scal'd and rinse and rub-ee, Me
starch-ee the shirt-ee, and nev-er, nev-er hurt-ee,
Chi - nee boy work in the laun-dry ail-ee day. Chi - nee
laun-dry nev-er have a hol-i-day, Me iron-ee, me pless-ee, me

clean a la-dies' dress-ee, And all do with joy,

For dirt-ee don't you car-ee, Your clothes Me nev-er tear-ee,
Take them to the Chi-nee laun-dry boy.

DANCE

D. S. Cho.
Cupid's just a Butterfly
(Jack and Priscilla)

Lyric by G. J. PYLE

Music by F. H. DYCKMAN

Moderato

1. Dear-est, if we hope to be to-gether,
2. Lov-ers nev-er stay where skies are sur-ly,

Now's the time to run a-way, For
Lov-ers nev-er wait for Spring: We'll
Gather'ring clouds bring stormy weather;
run away where spring comes early,

We will find a clear, bright day.
That's the land where love is King.

Love will fly away when clouds come fast,
Flowers never wither, skies are clear,
You and I will follow love, And he'll fly ahead and through the dreamy summer hours, There we'll sit and watch the

roll

lead us at last, To the land we're dreaming of. butterflies, dear, As they float over waving flowers.

roll

REFRAIN

Cupid's just a butterfly, butterfly, Catch him while you
may, Or you'll see him flutter by, flutter by,

As he flies away When the dark clouds

in the sky, in the sky, Hide the sun from
view.

Flutter, flutter, flutter, goes the butterfly
And so we'll fly away too.

D. C.