THE GIRLS OF OTTENBERG

MUSIC BY VAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON.

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.
THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG

A Musical Play in Two Acts.

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jnr. AND L. E. BERMAN.

LYRICS BY
ADRIAN ROSS AND BASIL HOOD.

MUSIC BY
IVAN CARYLL AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

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THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG

Dramatis Personae.

Otto (Prince of Saxo-Hildelheim) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun.
Brutaleottl (Sergeant of Hussars) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. ROBERT NAINBY.
General the Margrave of Saxo-Nuremberg ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. EUSTACE BURNABY.
Colenki Finshausen ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. A. J. EVELYN.
Fritz ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. T. C. MAXWELL.
Hermann ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... (Officers of the Blue Hussars) ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. HAROLD THORLEY.
Franz ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. SOMERS BELLAMY.
Karl ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. GEORGE GRUNDY.
Albrecht (Captain of Dragoons) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. J. ROBERT HALE.
Burgomaster ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. GEORGE MILLER.
Kanzenpeters (An Innkeeper) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. ARTHUR HATHERTON.
Adolf (Town Clerk) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. CHARLES BROWN.
Policeman ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. BLACKMAN.
Waiters ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Messrs. GRANDE & HILL.
Corporal Riehen ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. J. R. SINCLAIR.
Private Schmidt ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. S. HANSWORTH.
Max Moldbratoff ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. EDMUND PAYNE.
Elsa (The General's Daughter) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss MAY DE SOUSA.
Carmen (The Burgomaster's Daughter) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss VIOLET HAILS.
Lucille (Maids to Elsa) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss OLIVE MAY.
Katharina ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss KITTY MASON.
Hana ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss EDITH LEE.
Hilda ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss KITTY LINDLEY.
Mina (Captain of College) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss JEAN AYLWIN.
Frieda (Head of the Almshouse Corps) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss OLIVE WADLO.
Anna (Head of the Pomerania Corps) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss MARY HODSON.
Eva (Head of the Saxonia Corps) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss GLADYS COOPER.
Lina (Head of the Bavaria Corps) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss JULIA JAMES.
Katharina (The only Girl in Rottemberg) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss KITTY HANSON.
Barbara Breithaupt (The Pomerania's Daughter) ... ... ... ... ... Miss ENID LEONHARDT.
Betti Bercuscht (The Doctor's Daughter) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss TESSIE HACKNEY.
Mitzi (The Innkeeper's Daughter) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Synopsis of Scene.

ACT I.

SCENE I. The Barracks, Rottemberg ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Alfred Teverne.

SCENE II. The Market Place, Rottemberg ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Joseph and Phil Barker.

ACT II.

SCENE ... The Gardens of "The Red Hen," across the River, near Gottenberg ... ... ... ... Joseph and Phil Barker.

Orchestra under the Direction of MR. IVAN CARYLL.

Stage Director—MR. J. A. E. MALONE.
THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG.

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VOCAL SCORE.
THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG.

Act I.

OPENING CHORUS.

No. 1.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Marziale.

Solo.

Chorus of Soldiers.

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reg. i. ment.

Always tea, dy and quite content.

Ein und zwei!
We're so dry!
Ein und zwei!
We're so dry!

Ein und zwei!
We're so dry!
Ein und zwei!
We're so dry!

For we are the sons of Mars, The beautiful Blue Hussars.

Drei und vier!
Bring the beer! For we are the sons of Mars, The beautiful Blue Hussars.

Drei und vier!
Bring the beer! For we are the sons of Mars, The beautiful Blue Hussars.

We're bold and true till all is blue. The blue, blue, blue Hussars!
Eins Zweil Drei!

SOU:
Just one girl in the place is found.

CHO:
Eins Zweil Drei!
Ein und Zweil!

CHO:
Eins Zweil Drei!
Ein und Zweil!

SOU:
One to a regiment won't go round.

CHO:
Were so dry!
Ein und Zweil!

23264
For we are the sons of
Duet und vier! Bring the beer! For we are the sons of
Duet und vier! Bring the beer! For we are the sons of

Mars. The beau-ti-ful Blue Hus-sars, We're bold and true Till
Mars. The beau-ti-ful Blue Hus-sars, We're bold and true Till
Mars. The beau-ti-ful Blue Hus-sars, We're bold and true Till

all is blue. The Blue, blue, blue Hus-sars!
all is blue. The Blue, blue, blue Hus-sars!
all is blue. The Blue, blue, blue Hus-sars!

23264
That's the song of the regiment.

All so cheery and
Ein! zweit dreit! Drei und vier! Bring the beer. For we
are the sons of Mars. The beautiful Blue Hussars. We're
bog and true, till all is blue, The Blue, blue, blue Hussars!
SONG.—(Fritz) and CHORUS.

"THE ONLY GIRL"

Words by
BASIL GOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto.

Fritz.

1. Of
2. There

FR.

all the girls there is but one. No o. ther can com. pure with her! Who
may be vo. wea in the world Bo. side our own di. vin. i. ty! More

FR.

brings the bright.ness of the sea. The sweet.ness of the air with her! Our
taste. ful.ly be. frid and earld. But not in this vic. cin. i. ty! So
Princess of propriety. The maker of our laws. The
good, gentle, and wise. She can see no flaws.

Refrain.

Queen of our society. Because, because—
is their perfect specimen. Because, because—
She's a

Moderato.

Lonely girl, the only girl in all our little

country.
FR.

see  

So she's alone up.

CHO.

We have tried but we can't find another!

FR.

...on a throne, a queen without a crown. The

CHO.

...a crown!

FR.

only girl in all the world for me!

CHO.

And me! And
3rd soldier: The one girl in the world for me! And me!

Al. so for me!—me!—She's a lone. ly

girl, the on. ly girl in all our lit. tle town! The one and
FRITZ & OFFICERS.

We have tried but we

only girl we ever ever seen!

FRITZ.

can't find another.

So she's alone upon a

The

throne, a queen without a crown.
TRIO.—(Otto, Hermann and Karl.)

"OFF TO GOTENBERG"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Karl. Allegretto.

1. I hope your man Is up to the plan It
2. The maid - ens fair Will fight for us there: They'd

KARL.

needs a check in - for - mal! His im - pu - dence Is real - ly im - mes, He's
give their souls to own us! His brain su - preme Gave birth to the scheme, He's

HEFFMANN.

23264
HEK.

"Sure to spoof the Colonel! The Blue Hussars will want some girls as bonus! When bugles toot the

OTTO.

"Go on the cars! Believing all the story. And 'saddle and boot' Will pack up soon. And"

ALL.

"By our plot! The regiment's got to Gottenberg and glory! Gottenberg and glory!"

23264
ALL.

We're off to Get-ten-berg to-day!

We're off to Get-ten-berg to-day!

ALL.

All the girls in cho-rus Will come out be-fore us!

Won't it be en-tranc-ing. Din-ing, flirt-ing, danc-ing?

ALL.

Oh, won't our reg.i-ment be gay? We're off to see the

Pick up and dou-ble-quick a-way We're off to kiss the

ALL.

Got-ten-ber-ga - dies!

Got-ten-ber-ga - dies!

23264
DANCE.
No. 4.

ACT I.—SCENE II.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.
Oh, Market-Day is merry, When lads are courting.

But here it's always very slow, slow, slow! We

only take a penny Where we'd get five or ten, If
we could meet with any, any men. men, men, men, men, men.

men. Gottenberg, Gottenberg, always must be

sad: May very lasses, And never any

lad: Gottenberg, Gottenberg, would be full of joy. If
only ev'ry little girl could find a little boy!

Barbara.

Six pounds potatoes, O rions just a string.

Bar.

Send us up a cauliflower, That is ev'rything!
BETTIL

Half a ton of apples, A pound of honey comb!

BETTIL

It isn't much we want to get With not a man at home!

CHORUS.

Gottenberg, Gottenberg, always must be sad.

CHORUS.

Many pretty lasses and never a my lad.
Got-ten-berg, Got-ten-berg, would be full of joy. 
If

only ev’ry lit-tle girl could find a lit-tle boy.

Tempo di Marcia.

CHORUS (listening.)

Oh, what is that? Un-der the arch,

23264
Feet pitter-patter,  
Soldiers in march?

oh, can you view  
The flag that unfurls?  No, it's those University girls!
CHORUS OF STUDENTS (S.A.C.)

In case you doubt who we may be, We

say with simplicity We are the lady students who At-

- tend the University! Our hall is greater far than are The
EVA.

So hoch! says sweet Saxonia!

And

CHS.

Girtons of Britainia!

Hoch!

ANNA.

hoch! says Pomernia!

And hoch! says bold Borussia!

And

CHS.

Hoch!

Hoch!

FREDA

hoch! says Almanzia!

CHS.

Hoch!
CHORUS OF STUDENTS

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the girls of Gothenburg College!

CH. 8

Hi-ther the Ger-man maids will throng, Fair and strong, Raising the song!

CH. 8

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the band Who join in sport and know-ledge.

CH. 8

Wield-ing like men Sa-bre and pen, For Fa-ther land!
CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the girls of Got-ten-ber-gor Coll-ege!

CHORUS OF TOWN GIRLS.

Oh! Oh! Oh! what a bore are all these girls from Coll-ege!

CHIL.

Hi-ther the Ger-man maids will throng, Fair and strong, Rais-ing the song!

CHILG.

We have had girls e-nough for long, And it's wrong Add-ing a throng!

CHIL.

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the band who join in sport and know ledge,

CHILG.

Oh! Oh! Oh! if we brought it to the Kai-ser's know ledge,
Wielding like men
Sabre and pen
For Fatherland!

Surely help then
Send us some men
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!

Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch!
For Fatherland!
SONG: Minna, and CHORUS.

"THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYIL.

Moderate.

Piano.

MINNA

1. A lot of funny folks are
2. Our old professor's queer.

MIN.

sees At ladies universities. From all the
rough, He's far too fond of taking stuff. His spec-ta
world they seem to come; Perhaps you'd like to hear of
cles are big and blue. The sort of thing you can't see

some. A girl I know to lecture goes. With pince-nez
through. His boots are big and never black. His neck-tie

tumbling off her nose. And while she crams her learned
hang ing down his back. His coat is long, his trowsers

mind! Her blouse is yawning wide behind!
short. But still he is a real good sort!
She has a knowledge full and rich. About the
His lectures are so dry and deep that all the

What loss of the Which. But if she saw a Paris ball. She'd say, 'Ah,
girls are sound a sleep. And then he looks around his class And sings, 'Ah,

Sim. ned! what is that?
la. dox. aus ist don!

She would not know the use of that!
They all are snoring, des ist war!

She would not know the use of that!
They all are snoring, des ist war!

She would not know the use of that!
They all are snoring, des ist war!

She would not know the use of that!
They all are snoring, des ist war!
REFRAIN.

Says she, "I know, know, know. About Plato, to.
Says he, "To-day, day, day, I have to say, say,

...to! And when I can, can, can, I talk of Man and Super-
say, Ach, I forget, forget, forget. We have not come to him as

...man. So I don't care, care, care, To brush mine hair, hair.
Yet! I leave mine notes, notes, notes. In other coats, coats.

hair! And that's the sort of learned girl you see at Got-tten.

clothes! So I'm afraid we don't learn much from him at Got-tten.

23264
CHORUS IN UNISON.

MIN.

Says she: "I know, know, know. About Piä.

Says he: "To-day, to-day, I had to

CHO.

...to. And when I can, say, say, say. Ach, I for get, get,

can, I talk of Man and Su-per-mast, So I don't get. We had not come to him as yet! I leave mine

care. care, care. To brush mine hair, hair, hair. And that's the notes, notes, notes. In other coats, coats, coats! So I'm a.
sort of learned girl you see, at Got-ten-berg!

fraud we don't learn much from him at Got-ten-berg!

MINNA.

3. The English girls another sort. She's up to

dim.

any kind of sport; Her col-our's bright, but does it

MIN.

fade. She's al-ways trim and tell-or-made! She loves to

23264
Go with men to ride, and clear the hedges side by side. And she
does without a blush; at home she often takes the brush.

She has a bit up on a race; she's ridden

in a steeplechase; and she's the sort our men prefer, I wonder

23264
MIN.

What they see in her.

CHB.

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

raill:: REFRAIN.

Says she' Why not, not, not? Let's have a trot, trot, trot, I'm game, you

IN.

Bet, bet, bet. And can you spare a cigarettie? Oh, I'm all
right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

girl that seems to take the men at Got ten - burg! Says she "Why

not, not, not, let's have a trot, trot, trot, I'm game you

but, but, but, and can you spare a cig - ar - ette? Oh, in all

23264
right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the
girl that seems to take the men At Gettenberg!
**CHORUS.**

**WHAT IS IT?**

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Chorus.

Piano.

What is it, Who is it coming so fast?

What is it, Who is it coming so fast?
CHO.

Is it the Emperor's envoy at last? Who is it, What is it,

CHO.

Who can it be? Yes, it is plainly undoubtedly he!

CHO.

Gather and greet him with ardour unchecked.
Meet him, and treat him with proper respect!

Show him we know him and tickle his ears with a salute of unanimous cheers! Gather and greet him! Gather and greet him!
SONG—(Max) and CHORUS.

"THE SPECIAL ENVOY"

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

1. I'm the Confidential Agent of the Kaiser, so sa-
2. At attending any function I am hap-pily a-

-lute The Special cor-re-spon-dent of the Kaiser! Tho' you
-dept And at banquets I'm a reg-u-lar sur-pri-ser! So your
may not recognise me, you will know me by reputation. The cordial invitations I am ready to accept. You'll

Kaiser's most particular adviser! I never kill the Envoy of the Kaiser! At

travel with his messages whenever he requires. To going thro' a dinner I am very hard to beat, I can

save a little wear and tear to telegraphic wires: I tackle all the courses from the turtle to the sweet; And if
have a special railway train with indiarubber tyres, As the
Bo-tha comes to Bel-lin I will show him how to eat, As the

CHORUS.

EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial
EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial

EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial
EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial

CHO.

EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial
EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial

EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial
EX-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser: He's the EX-tra Spe-cial

23264.
MAX.

En-voy of the Kaiser! The Extra, The Special, The
En-voy of the Kaiser! The Extra, The Special, The

En-voy of the Kaiser!
En-voy of the Kaiser!

CHO.

En-voy! Show me all the deference you can! My cre-
En-voy! Show me all the confidence you can! As a

Hoch!

MAX.

deni-tials you may scan them When you've play'd the German Anthem For the
good Colonial Premier You could get a perfect gem 'ere In the

MAX.

Kaiser's Right Hand Man, For your noble Kaiser's Right Hand,
Kaiser's Right Hand Man, In the noble Kaiser's Right Hand.

23264.
Max.
Right Hand
Man!
Right Hand
Man!

Chorus
The Extra, The Special, The
The Extra, The Special, The

Chorus
En-voy! Show him all the deference you can
His cre-
En-voy! Show him all the confidence you can
As a

Chorus
- den-tials we can scan them When we've play'd the German An-them For the
good Co-lo-nial Pre-mier You would get a per-fect gem 'ere, In the

Chorus
- den-tials we can scan them When we've play'd the German An-them For the
good Co-lo-nial Pre-mier You would get a per-fect gem 'ere, In the

23264.
Kaiser's Right Hand Man! For our noble Kaiser's
Kaiser's Right Hand Man! In the noble Kaiser's

Right Hand Right Hand
Right Hand Right Hand
Man! Man!

The The

Extra, The Special, The Envoy Show him all the
Extra, The Special, The Envoy Show him all the

23264.
confidence you can
As a good Colonial Premier You would

get a perfect gem're In the Kaiser's Right Hand Man! For our

noble Kaiser's Right Hand,
Right Hand Man!

noble Kaiser's Right Hand,
Right Hand Man!

23264.
SONG.—(Mitzi.)

“A GLASS OF BEER.”

Words & Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Mitzi.

Moderato.

Piano.

MIT.

1. When I was ev-er so young, My fa-ther he said "Look here! You're a like-ly lass for serv-ing a glass Of our
fa - mous ... ger beer. So I learnt to fill up the mugs. And I ne - ver would waste a drop. For I found out a way To make the thing pay. Put plenty of froth on top. Oh, a hard - y young wait - ing maid. Is a
cap-i-tal thing, for trade! I bring 'em a glass of beer!

In they come with a rush, you know, Some of the custom-ers worry me so. There they sit and they smoke, While

23264
I stand waiting near. When they want a drink, They
tip me a wink. And I bring 'em a glass of beer!

2. Now mugs of beer you must know — Are
troublesome things to sell For you’ve got to count For
proper amount And to get your tips as well If a
man has only a glass He pays at the usual
rate But if he’s had five You just look alive And
charge him for six or eight! Oh there's ever so much to learn. When your

a tempo

REFRAIN.

living you've got to learn! I'll bring 'em a glass of beer.

MIT.

Bring 'em a glass of beer. They think nothing of three or four-

MIT.

Some of the fellows can swallow a score! They're so forward you know, They
MIT.
even call me "Dear!"
If a chap says "Miss, Will you

give me a kiss?" I give him a glass of beer!

DANCE.
SONG—(Otto) and CHORUS

"OTTO OF ROSES"

Words by GEO. GROSSMITH JUNI

Music by IVAN CARYLL

Otto.

Allegro moderato.

Piano

1. My dear
2. When I

MOTHER said to me, At the early age of three, "Darling
hear the bugles blow, Then it's lunch-time, I know, And I

Otto, for the army you be intended," I said
roll a wad of fivers in my knapsack; And I

23264
"All right mother dear, I will model my career so that sal-ly to the place, Where the pow-der I must face For she
bra-ve-ry and cau-tion may be blend-ed." Do not keeps it dry and han-dy in her lap-sack. "Clic-quot fly to for-eign parts, Stop at home and con-quers hearts, la the frup-piel" then I shout While the enemy I rout But
place this gal-lant of-fi- cer pro-po-ses. Flor-al if by chance they el-e-vate their no-ses I pro-

23264
OT.
don't like what you've got, oh!
can't pull off the plot, oh!

OT.
grot-to.
slot, ch!

OT.
- ses!
- ses!

CHO.

CHORUS

CHORUS

OTTO.

OTTO.

23264
If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the
If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the

If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the
If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the

If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the
If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the

If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the
If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the
2. Be quite sure you know your ground

When a body you surround, Try to keep the consequences in your eye, sir.
If the foe kicks up the dust, Then I send a flag of truce, By my confidential family adviser.
When my ammunition's short I un-fail-ing-ly re-sort To the
of-fic-es of kind-ly Mis-ter Mos-es, Oh there's not a note-of-
hand More fam-il-i-ar in the land Than the is-sue of

Ot-to of Ro-ses! Oh! the girls all call me Ot-to,
CHORUS. OTTO.

What oh! They know that my heart nev-er clos-es.

And if

things are get-ting hot, oh! Stand a lunch-eon to the lot, oh! Is the mot-to of

CHORUS

Ot-to of Ro-sea! Oh! the girls all call him

OTTO.

Ot-to, What ho! They know that his heart nev-er clos-es,
OT.

And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch-oon to the

CHO.

And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch-oon to the

OT.

lot, oh! Is the mot-to of Ot-to of Ro-seas!

CHO.

lot, oh! Is the mot-to of Ot-to of Ro-seas!
SONG.—(Mitzi.)
"THE TITSY-BITSY GIRL."

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Mitzi.
Tempo di Valse, Vivo.

Piano.

MIT.
1. There's a little Hotel That I know very well On the banks of the beautiful Rhine, Where the beer's pretty good And the beds, and the food, Are as free from reproach as the

23264
wine! People come now and then To the little Red

Hen To be out of the worry and sin. It's not

far from the town, And young men motor down To see Mitzi, the

REFRAIN: a tempo

Maid of the Inn! Ha! Mitzi little Mitzi!

She is their Tit-Bitty!
She is the Fairy that fetches the men. Down at the sign of the

Lit. the Red Hen! That’s where Mitzi. Lit. the Mitzi.

Knocks them into fits. How can you blame her if
gentlemen name her Their fits. Bit. girl.

There’s a beer garden there. When the
MIT.

weather is fair You can lounge in the shade of the trees. With a

MIT.

smile on her lip Little Mitzi will trip to and fro while you drink at your

MIT.

case. And her smile is so sweet and her figure so neat As she

MIT.

carries her beer on her tray. That if custom orders drink Rather more than they

MIT.

REFRAIN.
a tempo

rit.

think They don't mind as it's Mitzi they pay! So! Mitzi little

23264
Mitzi! She is their Tit-Bitsy!

She is the Fairy that fetches the men,
Down at the sign of the

Little Red Hen! That's where Mitzi--little Mitzi--

Kicks them into fitsy.
How can you blame her if

gen. the men name her Their Tit-sy-Bitsy Girl!
DANCE.
No. 1:  

**SONG.— (Elisa.)**  

"MÄDEL MINE."  

Words by  
C. H. BOVILL.  

Music by  
PHILIP BRAHAM.

---

**Elsa.**  

Moderato.

---

**Elsa.**  

1. When I was a Mädchen

---

**Elsa.**  

wee, Gentlemen I oft would see Turning round to

---

27354.
Elsa

look at me As I pass'd them by. Sometimes too, they

Elsa

stopp'd and smiled When I ask'd them why. Kisses

Elsa

from me they beguiled as they made reply.

Refrain

Meine kleine Maidel Don't you understand.
ELSÁ.

Such a pet I ne-ver yet Have met In the Fa-ther land!

If for a-ny sweet-heart I should e-v-er pine— All the

while it'll Be for sky lit-tle Mänd el mine.

2. Now though I am old-er grown
Gentlemen I oft have known, Speak to me in tender tone.

When they get a chance, Bold Hus-sars in blue or red.
When with me they dance, Softly.

In my ear have said, With a side-long glance.
REFRAIN.

Meine kleine Mädel Don't you understand

Such a pet I never yet Have met In the Father-land!

If for a york sweet-heart I should ever pine— Ali the

while it'll Be for shy little Mädel mine. mine.
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

No. 12.

FINALE.-ACT I.

Allegro moderato.

Piano

SOP.

How splendid! We've ended our

TEN.

How splendid! We've ended our

BASS.

How splendid! We've ended our

How splendid! We've ended our

time of loneliness! Each soldier lad at last is glad, A

time of loneliness! Each soldier lad at last is glad, A

time of loneliness! Each soldier lad at last is glad, A

23284
maiden to caress! No maiden is laden with

sorrow any more In foaming beer we pledge our dear De-

lightful Emperor!

Tempo di Mareja.

23264
Boldness charms! So be bold'er!
Order arms! Arm on shoulder!

marcato

Take good aim, don't be missing,
Lips a-flame Call for kissing,

Mere is here Drink and light up!
Lower beer Drink it right up!

23284
What delight! Aren't they jolly?

From the right, Fire a volley,

Bumpers drain! Hold them steady!

Charge again, We are ready,

Here are jugs in position,

Order mugs! Ammunition!

Order mugs! Ammunition!
For-ward face! We sur-ren-der.

Form em-brace! Oh! how ten-der.

Oh! What stars Are the gal-lant Blue Hus-sars!

MAX.

No a word, Do you hear? Must be.
heard! Ti-na dear, You must heed, And tell none, Till the deed Has been done! I may be called a-way Up-on my wed-ding.

Our day, So hush! hush! um! Si-len-ti-um!

Not a sign, To a soul, Till you're mine, At the
goat! You shall win Clemmy then, at the inn, The Red Hen! So

come, and don't be late; Bring our certificate. So

Not late! To date! So

Tempo di Valse.

hush! hush! mum! Si- len- ti- um!

hush! hush! mum! Si- len- ti- um!

Lit-tle Prin-cess of the lit-tle Red Hen, If I go there, will you
talk to me then. Remember the glories, Of Grimm's fairy stories, Priscilla.

It's only an inn, is the
tend we're in Fairyland, heaven knows when!

little Red Hen, Not half good enough for such grandgentlemen; But begging your

pardon, It has a nice garden, and sometimes I walk there, till nine or till ten! So
come to the dear Red Hen! I'll talk to you further then

For under the trees, You say what you please. By the Rhine, at the

sign of the Hen! We'll meet at the old Red Hen! We

needn't say how or when! For there we shall stay, And
both have a day of the best, at the rest of the Real

Allegro.

CHOIR of STUDENTS.

Al-though we've not a

CHORUS.

chance To dance We're bound to show our loy-al-ty, And greet the re-gi-

22264
ment. That's sent. By high imperial royalty! The patriotic

So hoch! says Ale-

real! We feel amounts almost to man-ni-a.

And hoch! says sweet Sax-}
SOPRANO:

Hoch! Hoch! hoch! let us shout, till every echo answers.

TENOR:

Hoch! Hoch! hoch! let us shout, till every echo answers.

CHO.

Hailing the Kaiser whose intent, Here has sent our regiment.

CHO.

Hailing the Kaiser whose intent, Here has sent our regiment.

CHO.

Hoch! Hoch! hoch! For the Blue Hussars are dashing dancers,

CHO.

Hoch! Hoch! hoch! For the Blue Hussars are dashing dancers,
Men without faults, ready to waltz for Fatherland!

Allegretto.

Max

Lovely girls, when in a row You stand for me to scan, I
MAX.

feel a tremor well, just so! Ja, do I know that man! But

when I left His Majesty, He said with ready wit, Kiss

all the college girls for me, Nein, nein I know not it! Such

goings-on I will not stand! My child it must be done, By
CLEMENTINE.

high imperial command, Well then— but only one!

BURGOMASTER.

Now Clemmy dear! Captain Schnitzel, I will not allow you

to carry on with my daughter; Who are you to allow anything?

MAX.

You're only her father! Arrest that man! Arrest the Burgomaster!
MAX.

I won't stand it, you've got my room, and I'm put in the garret. How dare you sir, give me your sword, go to your garret and report yourself to yourself as under arrest! Arrest the Colonel! I will arrest you all if you don't mind.
MIT.

Who's here?

MIT.

oh dear, oh dear! That's the envoy from the Kaiser. What a

MIT.

beauty, oh my eye, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Really

MIT.

Max it would be wiser if you promptly did a guy, Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
ha! Thou this trick that you have tried on has been carried thro' with skill, Ha! Ha!

ha! Ha! Ha! Now you're putting too much side on I can

show you up and will; Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Allegro.

Listen all, this man you harbour

23264.
MIL: He is just a common

MAX: I can show up people too, Who are you?

CHO: Who are

Who are

Who are

MIT: Tho' so prouly he's behaving, He's gone in for

MAX: you?

CHO: you?

you?
MITZI:

penny-

Whok this girl that dares to speak, Like her cheek!

Like her cheek! Who am I? Who and what? I'm the mar, — No you're not! Oh, I'm all in a whirl! I'm the new col-lege.

MAX.
Moderato.

MAX.

She's the new college girl!

CHO.

She's the new college girl!

Moderato.

Allegro moderato.

MAX.

-wise her, Not to in-sult the en-voy of the Kais-er.

COLLEGE GIRLS

Hur-rah! Hur-rah, For a com-rade new A

23264
jolly good girl, we can do with a few. For she is the child of a

A beast of a name and its

noble line, Margravine Elsa of Saxen-stein.

all of it mine,

Hurrah for Elsa of Saxen-stein Hur-

Hurrah for Elsa, Elsa of Saxen-stein.
Maestoso.

Now, friends, de-part, first giving one shout more. To greet the envoy of your

Em-peror!

The ex-tra, the spec-ial, the en-voy. Praise him

The ex-tra, the spec-ial, the en-voy. Praise him

The ex-tra, the spec-ial, the en-voy. Praise him

for his be-ne-fi-cial plan. Let us strew the way with flow-ers as a

for his be-ne-fi-cial plan. Let us strew the way with flow-ers as a

for his be-ne-fi-cial plan. Let us strew the way with flow-ers as a
tribute to the powers of the Kaiser's right-hand man, Of our

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way.

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way.

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way.

Let us with flow-ers For the

strew the way with flow-ers, As a trib-ute to the pow-ers of the

23261
Act II.
OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.
la la la la la Jup, jup, jup. Tra la la la la. Tra
la la la la la Jup, jup, jup. Tra la la la la. Tra

la la la la la Come here, pretty maiden, Delightfully

la la la la la! Laden with glasses, with glasses of jolly good lager beer!

R.H.
Oh, why do you wander so carelessly wander?—We're waiting, we're waiting. So come along over here!

Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la

Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la

23264.
Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la

Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la

Moderato.

SOLO. KANNENBIER.

Oh,

KAN.

this is the one place To get the beer from! If it interests you in the

KAN.

least! At the sign of the Red Hen there's famous acco-

23264.
mas and for beast! My beer has this virtue It never can hurt you, it's almost as harmless as water. I don't admire it, I merely advise it, as served by my favourite daughter.

Now this is the one place to get the beer from! If it
in-ter-ests you in the least. At the sign of the Red Hen there's

fam-ous ac-com-Mo-da-tion for man and for beast! His

beer has the vir-tue it nev-er can hurt you. It's al-most as harm-less as

23264.
water. He won't advertise it, He'll merely advise it. As
water. He won't advertise it, He'll merely advise it. As

Tempo primo.

served by his favourite daughter.
served by his favourite daughter.

jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la
jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la

23264.
Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Jup, jup, jup.

Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Jup, jup, jup.

jup, Tra la la la la! Jup, jup, jup, jup. Tra la la la la! Tra la la la

jup, Tra la la la la! Jup, jup, jup, jup. Tra la la la la! Tra la la la

la! Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la

la! Tra la la la la! Tra la la la la

23264
NO 14.

SONG (Mitzi) and CHORUS.

"RHEINGOLD."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

$8$ Tempo di Valse. Moderato.

Mitzi.

1. I've heard in a wonderful legend of old That down in the
2. We Germans do well in our business affairs, We're growing large

Piano.

Rhine is a treasury of gold, The gods and the giants, the
numbers of new millionaires! And some you may find in the

Mitzi.

men and the elves, All wanted to pocket the gold for themselves! But
dear Fatherland, And some down deep levels away on the Rand! But

23264
- somehow they never could keep what they'd got. The pretty Rhine
  if you should ask any one, I expect He'd say "I vas

REFRAIN.
a tempo

maid - ens swam off with the lot! Rhein - gold! Rhein - gold! The
born ei - ner Brit - ish sub - ject. Rhein - gold! Rhein - gold! In

treas - ure is said to be fine. This of course we don't know, For it's
Eng - land we cer - tain - ly shine. And it's easy to tell We like

still down be - low In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
Lon - don as well As the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
Rheingold! Rheingold! The treasure is
Rheingold! Rheingold! In England we

said to be fine. If you care for the trip. You can
very truly shine. When we get to Park Lane, We don't

all have a dip. In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
go back again. To the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
3. Our land is the home of the musical arts, Where twins in the
4. Our social amusements are not very gay, But we've a good

cradle will cry in two parts. And Wagner, we simply de-
time in our own quiet way, We're not like the English who

-voir him, in fact. We have a square meal at the end of each act, Our
take a delight In sitting up playing at Bridge all the night. We
singers are great, as you'll readily own. Our small prima
sit in a beer-garden, ach, it is grand. To dance to the

REFRAIN.

rit.

donnas weigh seventeen stone. Rheingold! Rheingold! We're
strains of a beautiful band. Rheingold! Rheingold! No

great in the musical line, You should hear our old cat Sing Mo-
chance of a dance we decline, And our maidens have feet That you

zert in B-flat By the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
only can meet By the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
CHORUS.

Rheingold Rheingold We're great in the musical
Rheingold Rheingold No chance of a dance we do.

MITZI.

line. And for all foreign lands We supply German
When those feet come down thump All the black bees.

CHO.

bands From the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
jump In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.

MITZI.

CHORUS.

bands From the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
jump In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
No. 15.

Duet—(Clementine and Max.)

"The Birds in the Trees"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Clementine.

The birds in Spring-time are pairing. The dog rose up on the

Max.

The lark is out for an airing. The hawk is out for a

Clementine.

Then let us war. Be together.

Max.

As
two fond pigeons would do—And we'll be birds of a

feather. And then we'll bring off our coup!

As the birds on the tree We'll bo— we'll bo. With

ever an angry word. Like a lin-net or dove, I will

sing to my love and fill an swer. Chuck-chuck-chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck.
CLEM: 

chick, cock-a-doodle-doo!

MAX: 

like a bird!

CLEM: 

Clementine.

Well

never stop for a minute except for changing a

CLEM: 

note.

The linnet is not at all in it. For see a thrush in my

MAX: 

throat.

ill chatter gay as a starling. Then

23264
hide away, love, from you. And call—Where am I, my

Darling? Oh! I see your feet—cuckoo.

birds on the tree Well be—well be. Perhaps it may look ab-

Clementine

sured. Not well play hide and seek. By the day or the week. And I'll

call you Hoe, hoe! hoe! hoe! hoe! Like a bird!
CLEM.
if we're tired of the Rhine-land, we'll go away if you please.

MAX.
The Tyrol is such a fine land. We'll turn Tirol, Tirol.

CLEM.
lose, I'll leave our nice little chalet. To drive the cows up the
CLEM.

height. I'll stay below in the valley. And jodel to you till

MAX.

CLEMENTINE.

night. La la la la la. Like the gay Tyrolean. Well

BOTH.

be-well be. And call to the browsing herd. At the

CLEM.

noise that we make. All the echoes will wake, And they'll answer like a bird.
TRIO.—(Mitzi, Max and Otto.)
"SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH, MEIN HERRE?"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

When you go o-ver to

London, As lots of Ger-mans do, It's easy to know the

way you must go, Your Ger-man will pull you through! For if you want them to
MITZI.

Tell you the way to Leicester Square, you take off your hat, re-

MITZI.

-Spoken-

Otto.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" Sagen Sie mir.

MAX.

"E don't live'ere no more. 'E's got six months. Aber bitte-bitte - Well, I don't mind.

MAX.

1. 2. 3.

Refrain.

ALL.

If I do, Two of bitter you said, Miss? Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?..."
Pass-es you any-where,- London peo-ple say-

"Right, old pal! Veev long-i-ke-ty cor-di-ze! If you've ta-ken a

han-som And the man wants dou-ble fare,- Don't make a row-

say with a bow,- "Spre-chen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?"
MITZI.

2. Perhaps you'll travel to Margate, And

OTTO.

in the afternoons, You walk on the sands and listen to bands, Per-

MAX.

-forming the English tunes! And when the bandsmen have played you Some
PATRIOTIC AIR

You hear from the chap who takes round his cap-

MITZI

Spoken. (Business of Max and Otto as bawdmen.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" Das ist a pretty song tune.

Vat calls himself it in English? Ve know him not. Ve

blay him only! Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?

1. 2. REFRAIN

ALL.
ALL.

Germany's every where,

You will find on the

ALL.

English pier German waiters and German beer! Buy a present from

ALL.

Margate, Say a mug of china ware. When you unpack, you

ALL.

see on the back, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?"
DANCE. - (Albrecht and Kathie.)

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.
No. 18.

SONG. (Elsa.)

"I love my love with an A."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Elsa.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

ELSIA.

1. On a night, a month since, at a dance,
   I met with a

ELSIA.

man to woo me! He was quite like a Prince of romance.

23264
His look sent a shiver through me!
And so bold he be.

Naughty man! He said he could not resist me.

And he told me his name, As he kissed me; I may

say It began With an A
REFRAIN
Tempo di Valse

ELSA

loved my love with A._

Yes Albrecht I may

atempo con espress.

ELSA

say___ He's a___ble, ar___cent, ac___tive, At.

cres:
f

ELSA

rit. e dim: a tempo

tractive. Oh ve___ry at___tractive! He loved his love with

rit. e dim: a tempo

ELSA

And that was I, you see___

23264
fan. ced in my fool. ish way That I loved my love with an
cres:

But I've grown Rather wise. For in truth I found him a

faithless woo. er, And I've known, With sur. prise, There's a youth Whose
Elsa.

Love is more deep and truer! I have done with the

rest, and he wins. The heart of his own true lover.

He's the one Who is best I discover! Do you

know He begins with an O!

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.

I love my love with O. He's O. to.
DUET.—(Elsa and Otto.)

"Two-Step."

(AWAY DOWN INDIANA.)

Words by C.H. BOVILL.

Music by OCTAVE CRÉMIEUX & J.B. BOLDI.

No. 19.

Allegretto.

Otto.

Piano.

Tempo di Polka, lente.

1. Won't you come and two-step, Little girl, with
2. Won't you try a new step, Little maid, with

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Paris, A. BOSC, Editeur, 5, Rue Bothechontart.
Lightly as a feather.
Hear me, I beseech you,
Only let me teach you.

Put-ting quite a polish on the par-quet-trie.
Then thru' life my partner you will always be.

I step first—then new step: So we both can see.
Wont you try this new step? And my partner be?

When we've tried the two-step, If our steps agree!
Don't say no but do step. Off to Church with me!
Ah! music so entrancing, Keeps my feet dancing To and fro,
Ah! when you woo so sweetly, I am won completely To your side.

I yield unceasing To its pleasing, Nor where it leads me would I know!
Ah! music so entrancing, Keeps my feet dancing To and fro,
Ah! music so sweetly, I am won completely To your side.

Ah! love you look en when you smile so sweetly, I am yours completely Little bride!
Ah! when you woo so sweetly, I am won completely To your side.

And for my answer: "Dearest dancer, My hand to..."
ELSA.

-need ing To its plead ing, Nor where it leads me Would I
an swer, Dear est dan cer, My hand to you I will con-

 OTTO. a tempo

know! Won't you come and two-step Lit tle girl, with me?
-fide. Won't you try a new step Lit tle maid, with me?

ELSA.

I can see that you step So de light ful lee! Light ly as a fea ther
Now I know that you step So de light ful lee! Hear me I be seech you!

OTT0.

Let us go to geth er, Put ling quite a pol ish on the par ques rie!
On ly let me teach you, Then thro' life my part ner you will al ways bel

23264
DUET. (Mitzi and Max.)

"TWO LITTLE SAUSAGES."

Words and Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

1. Once in the window of a ham and beef shop

Two little sausages said One was a lady and the
Other was a gentleman, Sausages are like that!

He felt a victim to her simple charm. And her

form he would have embraced. But a sausage, you see, never

has any arm, And the lady hadn't got any waist.
REFRAIN

What a pair of happy little sausages!

BOOTH

Their's was a very pleasant fate. So they

BOOTH

snuggled up together in the chilly winter weather, both in the same cold plate.

BOOTH

Well, it wasn't such a very cold plate!
2. One sad day those sausages quarrelled,

Ended was all their joy. The reason was that she said she caught him winking at a suave little saucy boy.
"Pohh, my dear," said the gen-tle-man sau-sage; You may think I'm a flirt? Well, I

But I've seen you sit-ting on the same bit of pars-ley As that

wick-ed old knuckle of ham!" What a pair of

sil-ly lit-tle sau-sages! Their's was a bit-ter, bit-ter pill; For they
very quickly parted And it left her broken-hearted. While he joined a bad mixed grill—Yes, it really was a very mixed grill!

3. Long years after on a luncheon counter
Those little sausages met. She was engaged to the
wing of a chicken, But he hadn't got off yet.

Soon they were reconciled, and then, of course, She consented to name the
day. So the barmaid dressed her in a tissue-paper frill, And the
REFRAIN.

MAX

wai-ter gave her a-way.

What a pair of

BOTH

jolly little sausages! Nothing their happiness can dash.
And on

BOTH

any day you'll meet 'em, For there's no one wants to eat 'em, He calls her his own sweet

BOTH

mash... So you see that they are sausage and mash!
No. 21.

SONG.—(Minna) and CHORUS.

"KOLÖSSAL."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Tempo di Mareia.

Minna.

Piano.

MIN.

1. Ach! vat a joy-some day

MIN.

soldiers come our way, At Kais - er -lisch com - mand Mit a

MIN.

band, mit a band! We sing und dance und - cheer, And

23264.
MIN.

pour him out das bier,  Und klop-pen mit die hand  For the

MIN.

band, for the band!

REFRAIN.

Hear them kom-men down der stras-se,  Down der stras-se,  Down der

CHORUS.

stras-se,  March-ing or-de-ry in mas-se-

23284.
MIN.

Ja, im mas-se-
Down der stras-se!

MIN.

That is dear to an-y klas-se, An-y klas-se-

CHO.

Ja to all-
When you see the ar-my

MIN.

Kom-men down der stras-se, Dat is sim-ly ko-los-sal!
CHORUS, in Unison.

Hear them kommen down der straß-ser, Down der straß-ser,

Down der straß-ser, Marching orderly in

mas-ser, Ja, im mas-ser! Down der straß-ser!

That is dear to any kias-ser, Any kias-ser,
CHO.

Ja to all — When you see the army

CHO.

kommen down der strasse. Das is simply kolossal

MINNA.

2. You kör-en him so far, Und

23264.
murmur da sie are! They kommen so an; hand, Mit the band, mit the band!

Die musik grow so laut, It break the windows out, Die hous-es hard-ly stand, For the band, for the band!

23284.
Hear them komm'n down der strasse, Down der strasse—Down der strasse—

MINNA.

Marching orderly im masse—

MINA.

Ja, im masse! Down der strasse!

MINNA.

That is dear to any klass—An—y klass—

MINA.
CHORUS.

When you see the army,

MIN.

komm'en down der stras-se, Das is stup-py ho-los- sal!

CHO.

Hears them, komm'en down der stras-se, Down der stras-se,

CHO.

Down der stras-se, March- ing or- der- ly in
CHO.

mas-se-
Ja, im mas-se!
Down der stras-se!

CHO.

That is dear to any klas-se,
An-y klas-se

CHO.

Ja to all-
When you see the army

CHO.

Kom-men dwaader stras-se,
Das is sim-pi-ly ko-los-sal!
NO 22. QUINTET--(Minna, Freda, Katrina, Lucille and Brittbottl)

"SERGEANTS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN GARYLL.

Allegretto.

Girls.

Piano.

GIRLS.

1. Of-ficer's girls have
2. Of-ficer's take you

lots of fun Sup- pos-ing the of-fi-cers are gents!
out to ride, They're all of them mo-tor-car gents!
BRITILBOTEL.

Still if a girl can-not pick up one, She'll do ve-ry well with ser-geants!
They run in to the ditch off-side, You'd far bet-ter walk with ser-geants!

GIrlS.

Of-fi-cers are ex-pen-sive chaps, Cham-pagne and Ha-vana cigar gents!
Of-fi-cers love and ride a-way. And that's why I'm go-ing to bar gents!

BRITILBOTEL.

Give me a mug and a pipe per-haps, And that is e-nough for
All of you take me and share my pay, We're mar-ry-ing men, we

BRIT.

ser-geants!
ser-geants!

232#4
REFRAIN.

All. They're all after the Sergeant, The Sergeant, the Sergeant,

No one can resist the man He is so nice to see!

All. All the girls who've met him, Are dying to get him.

All. They're after the Sergeant and the Sergeant that is me. 

23564
SONG.—(Mitzi) and CHORUS.

"BERLIN ON THE SPREE"

Words by
BASIL HODD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Mitzi.

Piano.

MITZI.

1. There are places on the
2. With our knapsacks on our

MIT.

map That I never want to see. Such as London (on the Thames) Don't you backs We shall walk there all the way. And it isn't very far So we'll

23264 GG.
mention it to me! Then there's Paris (on the Seine.) But we
do it in a day, And we'll never go to bed Till we've

can't afford the train. So we're talking of a walking tour to
painted Berlin red. Oh they'll talk about our walking tour to

CHORUS.

Berlin___Berlin___Berlin
Berlin___Berlin___Berlin

We are talking of a walking tour to Berlin.
Oh they'll talk about our walking tour to Berlin.

23264
REFRAIN.
MITZI.

Berlin is on the Spree. And it's the place I

want to see. So we've packed our little slippers and we're

trotting off as trip-pers just as happy as can be.

No trains for you and me. We mean to
do the journey free And want our hair be cur-lin'

we ar-rive in Ber-lin, For Ber-lin is on the Spree.

Ber-lin is on the Spree And that's the place We

want to see So we've pack'd our lit-tle slipp-ers and we're
trotting off as tripers just as happy as can be
No trains for you and me. We mean to do the journey
free. And won't our hair be curling? When we arrive in
Berlin, For Berlin is on the Spree. spree.

23264
No. 24. FINALE—ACT II.

Words by BASIL HOOD.  

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.  

Piano.

ALL

And that's the place We want to see,  

So we've packed our little slippers, and we've
trotting off as tripers, just as happy as can be,

No trains for you and me,

We mean to do the journey free; And

won't our hair be curlin' When we arrive in Berlin, For
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DUET. (Elsa & Otto) and CHORUS.

"STROLLING AND PATROLLING!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Sung by
OTTO.

Moderato.

1. Maid - en who brings the beer,
   Won't you let me mar - ry you, my
2. If an - y night or day,
   Du - ty calls your sol - dier love a -
OTTO.       

Dear?      

Tell me that you will be mine at length!
- way,      

I shall pine to see your face divine!

ELSA.       

If you can be married on the strength!

Could n't we be there to help you pine?      

I don't think      

When I am      

ELSA.       

I will wed, I might like an - oth - er man in - stead;

left a - lone, I shall long to wel - come back my own!

ELSA.       

But I'll tell you what I will do, I'll walk out with you.

None to com - fort me I shall find-

None who is kind-

23264.
If you won't, I'll choose from the rest—
I shall cry for fancies and fears—

CHORUS.

STU. Walk out with you!
SOL. We do not mind!

A big yo-

Well come and

There's no doubt— At
There's no doubt— I

There's no doubt— At
There's no doubt— You

-nice man is best!
help dry those tears!

all a-bout— The fact that we are walk-ing out—
need not pout— When it's not my Sun-day out—

all a-bout— The fact that we are walk-ing out—
need not pout— When it's not your Sun-day out—
Strolling and patrolling
Till the "lights out" drum is rolling, down
by-ways, off the highways,
Where there's no one near to
Straying and delaying,
In the Park where bands are
Underneath a shady tree!
Two is company, not three!
Underneath a shady tree!
Two is company, not three!

23264.
playing, Both linking arms and winking—Oh! you must go walking out with

ELSA.

OTTO.

CHO.

me!

me!

Strolling and patrolling Till the "lights out" drum is

Strolling and patrolling Till the "lights out" drum is

Strolling and patrolling Till the "lights out" drum is

23264.
rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

Though perhaps there ought to be,
And you don't get back for tea!

Where bands are

Straying and delaying
In the Park where bands are

Straying and delaying
In the Park where bands are

Straying and delaying
In the Park where bands are
KLSA: playing, Both linking arms and winking—Oh! you

OTTO: playing, Both linking arms and winking—Oh! you

CHO. playing, Both linking arms and winking—Oh! you

1. KLSA: must go walking out with me!

OTTO: must go walking out with me!

CHO: must go walking out with me!

235264.
must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!
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|                       | "I think" |
|                       | "When you speak to me" |
|                       | "I bid my love" |
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|                       | "The Old Black Mare" |
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|                       | "Autumn Love" |
|                       | "Cooon Div" |
|                       | "When he comes home" |
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|                       | "When madells go a-praying" |
|                       | "Love is meant to make us glad" |
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|                       | "You heard the time of voyages" |
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