POLLY
THE PET OF THE REGIMENT.

An Original Comic Opera,

IN TWO ACTS AND THREE TABLEAUX.

WRITTEN BY
JAMES MORTIMER.

COMPOSED BY
EDWARD SOLOMON.

Vocal Score, complete - - 5s. net.
Piano Score, complete - - 3s. net.

London:
ASCHERBERG & CO., 211, REGENT STREET, W.
INDEX.

OVERTURE ........................................... 3

ACT I.
1. Chorus of Soldiers ..................................... 9
2. Song (General Bangs) .................................. 19
3. Introduction to Chorus of Daughters .................. 22
4. Chorus ............................................... 25
5. Introduction and Song (Polly) ......................... 30
6. Ballad (Polly) ......................................... 36
7. Recit. and Quartette (General, Colonel, Mangle and Polly) 42
8. Concerted Piece (Polly, Lady McAsser, General and Chorus) 53
9. Introduction and Song (Colonel and Chorus), “You mustn’t marry” 61
10. Finale ............................................. 95

ACT II.
11. Opening Chorus (Soldiers and General) ............... 87
12. Song (General Bangs) .................................. 88
13A. Introduction (Colonel, General and Chorus) ........ 93
13B. Chorus of Daughters ................................ 96
14A. Introduction (General and Chorus) .................. 100
14B. Song (Polly and Chorus) ............................ 102
15. Duet (General and Polly) ............................. 106
16A. Presentation Chorus (Eight Daughters) ............... 111
16B. Serenade Chorus .................................... 115
17. Ballad ............................................... 118
18. Recit. (Polly) and Solo (Mangle) ..................... 119
19. Patriotic Song (Soloists and Full Chorus) ............. 122
20. Concerted Piece (General, Mangle, Polly and Chorus) 126
21. Finale ............................................. 132

CHARACTERS.

Major-Gen. Bangs, C.B. ... Commanding the 47th Division.
Col. Percival Tussel ... Commanding the 200th Hussars.
Major Drumhead
Captain Jinks
Lieut. Brazenos
Lieut. Dafohile
Sergt.-Major Redoubt
Sergeant Pipeclay
Corporal Bargniet
Private Mangle

Lady McAsser ........................................ The General’s Sister.
Sarah
Susan
Ann
Jane
Peter
Martha
Eliza
Baby

Of the 200th Hussars.

Act I.—_The Horse Guards, Whitehall._
Act II.—Scene I. _The General’s Tent._ Scene II. _A Camp._
Time.—The Present.
ACT I.

No. 1. (A) CHORUS OF SOLDIERS—(S.S.T.B.) (B) SONG—General Bangs.

Marziale.

PIANO.

Soprano.  
No life is so exciting, inviting, delightful—As for old England

Tenors.  
No life is so exciting, inviting, delightful—As for old England

Basses.  
No life is so exciting, inviting, delightful—As for old England

(Curtain)
fighting, It fills our hearts with joy. We'd go across the sea, to In-joe, Af-ri-key, With
great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier boy! But while we're kept here drill-ing, The man-u-al in-
still-ing, There's not a hope of kill-ing The foes we would de-stroy. Give us a chance to join the dance—And

others.
Great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier boy! With great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier

Great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier boy! With great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier

Great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier boy! With great a-lac-ri-tee! Says the bold sol-dier

(Enter Sergeant Pibbly.)

Sergeant. Recit.

Attention, men! The Colonel's come to town! Keep silence in the ranks, or fear his frown.

SOPRANOS, f

Tenors, f

Basses, f
And let me add, to your great trepidation, He's gone to meet the General at the station!

Marcia.

Hark! from the tented field—

General, the General, the General's at the station!

Listen 'tis the tread of our chief advancing,— To him we must all homage yield.
See his warrior's plumes in the daylight dancing! Let us gaily greet the day

Let's greet the day,

Let's greet the day,

Let's greet the day,

scherz.

Honour'd by our General's returning. Shouts of welcome cheer his way—

The returning,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The returning,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

The returning,

Hurrah! Hurrah!

pompous.

reign'd by pride in burning!
Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is

Hark! the joyful sound of drums loud beating, The General's near approach is greeting, is
Reg'ment rejoice!

Enter Colonel Turtel.

Reg'ment rejoice!

Reg'ment rejoice!

Reg'ment rejoice!

Con spirito.

Col.  Corp.  Senr.  ad lib.

My brave fellows,  Your General—Three cheers for—Silence in the ranks!

Allegretto.

a tempo.

colla voce.

Bass drum.

Corp.  Senr.  ad lib.

But I was only—Silence in the ranks! Three cheers for our gallant General! Hur-

Sopr.

Tenors.

Basses.

Bass drum.
-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!

-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!

-rah! Hurrah! Hur-rah!

**Enter General Bangs.**

Gen.  

Pensively.

Men! I thank you for this flattering display  
Of your regard on this auspicious day!  

What they have done is but the thing polite.  
I'm sure they have done.
SONG—General Bangs & Chorus.

1. I am Major-General Bangs! A
   solider bold and proud!
   He's a solider bold and proud!
   He's a solider bold and proud!
   unaccompanied.

2. My soul is always up in arms, And
   eager for the fray.
   Always eager for the fray!
   Always eager for the fray!
   Always eager for the fray!

   My glance is like the eagle's, My
   And yet the ladies all declare I've
   unaccompanied.

At - tention! Silence in the ranks!
form us who he am! Let him in-form us who he am!
form us who he am! Let him in-form us who he am!
form us who he am! Let him in-form us who he am!
form us who he am! Let him in-form us who he am!
form us who he am! Let him in-form us who he am!
It is the boast of Englishmen, What-
such a tender way!  
For 'tis the British soldier's pride The

His voice is fierce and loud! ...
He's such a tender way! ...

His voice is fierce and loud! ...
He's such a tender way! ...

unaccompanied.

...ever else they do: That any foe who tacks us Has all his work to do! Then
sex to gently woo: And though a Major-General, yet I am a soldier, too!


tootle on the squeaking sife, And make the drum tum-tum, For Major-General Bangs, C. B., To

Sea.
No. 2.

INTRODUCTION TO CHORUS OF DAUGHTERS.

General.

Moderato.

She's the sister of a General, the widow of a Lord—

Two items in her favour, mark, which

Piano.

mustn't be ignored! She's the sister of a General, the widow of a Lord—

Two items in her favour, which

General.

p Sopranos.

mustn't be ignored! In your remarks on this occasion, Your Col'nel joins without evasion—Her

Tenors & Basses.

A tempo.

mustn't be ignored!

Colonel. Allegretto.

presence here will be an honour!

Sopranos.

We'll all bestow our smiles upon her!

Tenors & Basses.

We'll all bestow our smiles upon her!
satisfaction much increases, In stating that she brings her nieces: Eight lovely gems of purest

a tempo. dim. Gen.

water—and every one your General's daughter! Yes, men, your Colonel speaks the truth! I

own, with proud paternal glee... That I was married in my youth—The consequences you will
cres.

Moderato.

see! Your General owns with paternal glee, How numerous a married man is he, And of
cres. rit.

Moderato.

course, your General is jolly glad, That of eight young ladies he is the dadd! Sopranos.

And of course the General is

Tenors & Basses.

And of course the General is
Misterioso.

Jolly glad, that of eight young ladies he is the dad!

They are the General's eight fair daughters! Whose great beauty all hearts slavish-

These eight paragons we long for to see, the loveliest girls of the Queen's Army!

Eight fair daughters, which if any body doubts it, him we slavish, slavish!
No. 3. **CHORUS—"The General's Eight Fair Daughters."**—(Eight Daughters, S.S., Hussars, S.S.T.B.)

*Allegretto.*

**Piano.**

mf soferns.

---

**P Daughters.**

*2nd time.*

We are the General's eight fair daughters, Our great beauty

---

all hearts' daughters! We're highly educated, it is plain to see, We know French, and German, and the Rule of Three!

---

**Soldiers.**

eight fair daughters, eight fair daughters,

They are the General's eight fair daughters, They are the General's
eight fair daughters, Which if any one denies it, him we slaug- ters, him we slaug- ters!

abstruse sci- ences we've tak-en a prize, Phi- lo- gy, con-cho- lo- gy, myth-o- lo- gy likewise: We've ve- ry de- ci- ded

pro- di- e- tions For log-a- rithms and co-nic sec-tions. For log-a- rithms and co-nic sec-tions.
In Latin and Greek we are thoroughly vers'd, A·ris·topha·nes and Æs·chy·lus we have re·hears'd; We
call the stews by tech·ni·cal names, We play chess, whist, and o·ther deep games. They play chess, whist, and
o·ther deep games. We make croch·et and Hon·i·ton lace, We dance with a·der·a·ble ease and grace; The most
dif·fi·cult mus·ic we read at sight, And we hammer the pi·a·no from morn·ing till night!
They hammer the pi·a·no, the pi··
They hammer the pi·a·no, the pi··
They hammer the pi·a·no, the pi··
Daughters.

a - no from morn - ing till night!

Our minds are stor'd with the fiction of the day, And we

a - no from morn - ing till night!

a - no from morn - ing till night!

never ob - ject to go to the play; We en - joy good health, and the aim of our lives Is to mar - ry, and be eight

(rall)

do.

Rich men's wives!

(Soldiers)

Is to mar - ry and be eight rich men's wives, eight

a tempo, Tenors.

They don't ask much, the aim of their lives, Is to mar - ry and be eight rich men's wives, eight

a tempo, Basses.

They don't ask much, the aim of their lives, Is to mar - ry and be eight rich men's wives, eight

(Daughters also.)
rich men's wives! They are the General's eight fair daughters, whose great beauty

all hearts' slaughters! They're highly educated, it is plain to see. They know French and German, and the Rule of Three, the
No. 4.  

INTRODUCTION & SONG.—(Polly.)

She comes! the fair-est child of Mars,

Pet of the gallant Light Hus-sars.

She is, in-deed, a come-ly crea-ture,

Fair a-like in form and fea-ture! Al- low, me, General, to pre-sent The daugh-ter of the re-gi-ment.
Folly, before your eyes you see Major General Bao, C. B.,

Soprano.
C. B. The daughter of the Regiment is glad to see you here, old goat! We'll

Tenor.

Bass.

A tempo.

take of you the greatest care, And wheel you about in a nice Bath chair.

We'll take of him the greatest care, And

1118893
"I was the Daughter."

1. My fa-ther was a gre-na-dier, One of the bravest of the brave; Per-
    I was but a ten-der child, Not more than seven years of age, King

mit me, Sir, to shed a tear O'er his dis-tant, un-known grave. He was a sol-dier without blame, Ar.d
Cof-fee drove old Eng-land wild, And Cof-fee grounds gave us for rage! My fa-ther to A-shan-tee went, To
on his courage all relied: Full Private Pluckrose was his name—
I was his daughter when... he died for England was his pride!
He follow'd there his regiment. And one day in A-shan-tee

Tempo di Marcia. \(mf\)

I was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter; I was the daughter of a grenadier;

I was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, I was the child of a soldier without fear!

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, she was the child of a soldier without fear.

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, she was the child of a soldier without fear.

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, she was the child of a soldier without fear.
re - gi - ment a - dopt - ed me, When I was left an or - phan girl; I'm sure I could not

hap - pie be, Were I the daugh - ter of an earl! Here, then, my sim - ple sto - ry ends—For

kind to me have been the stars: Eight hun - dred sol - diers are my friends—A re - gi - ment of Light Ilus.

sirs! . . . . . . I was the daugh - ter, the daugh - ter, the daugh - ter, I was the daugh - ter of a
British Grenadier. I was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, I was the child, yes,

con forza.

I was the child of a British Grenadier!

Sopranos.

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter,

Tenors.

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter,

Basses.

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter,

Polly.

I was the child, yes, I was the child of a British Grenadier!

She was the child, yes, she was the child of a British Grenadier!

She was the child, yes, she was the child of a British Grenadier!

She was the child, yes, she was the child of a British Grenadier!
No. 5. RECIT.—(Private Mangle)—(Tenor,) & DUET—(Mangle & Polly.)

At last I am alone!—sit still, my heart! I've not been here before, but still I say— I am alone, and yet it is not true—For she is ever present in my thoughts; Her lovely image always follows me, And haunts me, even in my dreams, my dreams...

Fair one, Why is the vision of thy loveliness—Thy rosy eye, thy liquid cheek, thy smile, Thy classic
brow, and wealth of golden hair. Ever before my gaze? My own sweet one!

Would I were worthy, love, to call thee mine! She comes! Ah, if I only dared to speak!

We're quite alone; here goes to know my fate!

Love-liest of your sex! That's me; go on— My ears deceive me!—No she said "Go on!"

Ah, my soul's idol! Would I were a flower! Goodness gracious, explain yourself, I beg!
DUET—"Were I a Flower."—(Polly & Mangle.)

Were I a flow'ry, oh! most entrancing maid—

Blooming with pride upon your window-sill, I'd be a rose, with dewy fragrance laden—

One whose perfume would never make you ill! Then, when you saw me growing and blowing,

Would you not deign, at evening's twilight hour, On me one glance of those soft eyes bestowing, To
Sprinkle me, were I a flow'r? To sprinkle me, were I a flow'r? Ah!

Polly.

Legato.

Mangle.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la... la, la,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la, la,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la la la,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la la la, la,

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la la.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la la.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la la la la la la la.

Tra la, tra la, tra la, tra la.

Polly.

Were you a flow'r,
I would you were a pan-sy—Emblem of thought, you'd always think of me; Lilac or tulip, daisy, pink or tansy, I'd dote on you, which ever you might be!

Were you a plant—my tender care, Oh pardon! You should grow up, if I possessed the power,

A blossoming sprig of mint in my back garden, To make lamb sauce,

were you a flow'r, To make lamb sauce, were you a flow'r! Ah!...
No. 6. BALLAD—"Yes, that is Love."—(Polly.)

What is love? There's nought so vexing! Yet its pangs all

hearts enshrine; There's no torment so perplexing, No sensation so divine!

Love's delicious! love's distressing—Sometimes tiger, sometimes dove; And of every

earthly blessing, There is none so sweet as love, And of every earthly blessing,
There is none so sweet as love!
Love is torture—

love is rapture—Love is Cupid's silken chain, In whose links the hearts we capture

Revel in their blissful pain! When with anguish most delightful, We feel all the

world above, And the ecstasy is frightful—That is love,—yes, that is love.

And the ecstasy is frightful, That is love, yes, that is love!
No. 7. RECKIT. & QUARTETTE—(General, Colonel, Mangle, & Polly).

GENERAL.

Be-witching girl! most lovely of your sex! Even a General might well such charms annex!

PIANO.

Con-suming passion fills my mailed breast, And sets a-blaze my military chest! His

POLLY.

Military chest is all a-blaze! I can't help saying I am in a maze! I

MANGLE.

I

COLONEL.

His

GENERAL.

My
can't help say-ing am in a maze!

must dis-sem-ble, or his scalp I'd raise!

mil-i-ta-ry chest is all a-blaze!

mil-i-ta-ry chest is all a-blaze!

QUARTETTE—"Behold him Kneeling."

Polly.

Be-hold him kneel-ing, kneel-ing at my feet!

Mar-sole.

Be-hold him kneel-ing, kneel-ing at your feet!

Col-onel.

Be-hold him kneel-ing, kneel-ing at your feet!

Ge-ner-al.

Be-hold me kneel-ing, kneel-ing at your feet!

Con spirito.

must not plead in vain—

His suit with fa-vour, with fa-vour I must treat,

give, must give him pain;

Such fol-ly with con-tempt, con-tempt you'll treat—

shall not plead in vain!

His ar-dent pas-sion with in-du-gence treat,

shall not plead in vain!

Or he will never, never rise again!
Behold him kneeling at my foot!

He never, never can get up again!
Behold him kneeling! To bend his legs must give him pain; Such folly with contempt you'll treat, He says I shall not plead in vain! His ardent passion with indulgence treat, Or

Or I will never, never rise again!
Behold me kneeling at your feet! Oh!

Oh! His suit with favour I must treat, Or he will never, never rise again, again, Or he will never, never rise again, again,

Never, never can get up again, again, He never, never can get up again, again, Behold him kneeling, behold, behold him kneeling at your feet! Behold me kneeling, behold, behold me kneeling at your feet!
gain! Behold him, behold him kneeling at my feet, my feet, Behold him, Behold me kneeling, kneeling at your feet!

gain! Behold him, behold him kneeling at your feet, your feet, Behold me kneeling, kneeling at your feet!

SOPRANOS. p

Behold him kneeling, kneeling at her feet!

Tenors. p

Behold him kneeling, kneeling at her feet!

Basses. p

Behold him kneeling, kneeling at her feet!

feet! A General must not, must not plead in vain! His suit with

feet! To bend his legs must give, must give him pain; Such folly with con-

Oh say he shall not, shall not plead in vain! His ardent passion

Oh say I shall not, shall not plead in vain! My ardent passion

A General must not, must not plead in vain! His suit with favour, with

A General must not, must not plead in vain! His suit with favour, with

A General must not, must not plead in vain! His suit with favour, with
Oh! Sir, I pray—we are observ'd! we'll
troubled with a gone-ness in the knees, his poor knees!
troubled with a gone-ness in the knees, his poor knees!

speak of this affair anon; At present I am quite unnerved, Please say no more till they are

gone!

Great General, you are observ'd, You'll speak of this affair anon; At
Please say no more, please say no more till they are present she is quite unnerved—You'd better wait till we are gone!

You'd better wait, please say no more till we are present she is quite unnerved—You'd better wait till we are gone!

You'd better wait, I'll say no more, I'll say no more till they are present she is quite unnerved—You'd better wait till we are gone!

You'd better wait till we are gone! A-gain he's kneeling! Be-hold him gone! A-gain he's kneeling! Be-hold him gone! A-gain he's kneeling! Be-hold him kneeling gone! Be-hold me kneeling! Be-hold me kneeling gone! Be-hold me kneeling! Be-hold me kneeling gone! Be-hold him kneeling
kneeling at my feet, my feet! A General must not, must not plead in vain!

kneeling at your feet, your feet! To bend his legs must give, must give him pain;

kneeling at her feet! A General must not, must not plead in vain!

kneeling at your feet! Oh! say I shall not, shall not plead in vain!

kneeling at your feet! A General must not, must not plead in vain!

kneeling at your feet! A General must not, must not plead in vain!

His suit with favour I must treat, Or he will never,

Such folly with contempt you'll treat, He never, never can get

His ardent passion with indulgence treat, Or he will never, never, never

My ardent passion with indulgence treat, Or I will never, never, never

His suit with favour, with favour you must treat, Or he will never, never, never

His suit with favour, with favour you must treat, Or he will never, never, never

His suit with favour, with favour you must treat, Or he will never, never, never
No. 8. CONCERTED PIECE—"The Discovery."—(Polly, Lady McAser, General, & Chorus.)

Moderato.

Come hither, Miss or Madam—which are you? . . . I am not Madam yet, tho' it is

said . . . One of my face may still a spinster be—And yet be not a miss!

SOPRANOS. (SOLDIERS.)

Well said! well

Tenors.

Well said! well

Basses.

Well said! well

said! Our little Polly, darling of our hearts, Is no man's wife, and yet she's not a

said! Our little Polly, darling of our hearts, Is no man's wife, and yet she's not a

said! Our little Polly, darling of our hearts, Is no man's wife, and yet she's not a
(Daughters gone.)

mistr! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, no, no. No, she's not a miss, a - miss!

mistr! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, no, no. No, she's not a miss, a - miss!

mistr! Ha, ha, ha! No, no, no, no. No, she's not a miss, a - miss!

Polly.

Pol - ly, then? A charming name! Has she no o - ther? Well! up - on my

word! Whom do you take me for? And who are you? Moderato. She's the

sis - ter of a Ge - ne - ral, the wi - dow of a Lord, A la - dy proud and haugh - ty, mark, which mustn't be ignored!

She's the

Tenors & Basses.
sister of a General, the widow of a Lord—A lady proud and young, which must not be ignored!

Polly (misterioso). P

Can it be true! Have I the honor then?

Misterioso.

Soprano. P

My maiden name was Bangs—

Her name was Bangs!

Tenor. P

I changed it for McAsse—

She

Bass. P

Her name was Bangs!

She

ad lib.

Her name was Bangs!
Daughters.

She's our aunt! She's our aunt!

chang'd it for McAs-ter, McAs-ter, McAs-ter! Aunty McAs-ter, Aunty McAs-ter, Aunty McAs-ter!

Our Aunty McAs-ter, McAs-ter! Aunty McAs-ter is her name, And

As-ter, McAs-ter, McAs-ter, McAs-ter, McAs-ter, McAs-ter! Aunty McAs-ter is her name, And

Aunty McAs-ter is her name, And

Aunty McAs-ter is her name, And

she's a high and migh-ty dame! A Major-Ge-ne-ral pays her board, For she's the wi-dow of a Lord!

she's a high and migh-ty dame! A Major-Ge-ne-ral pays her board, For she's the wi-dow of a Lord!

she's a high and migh-ty dame! A Major-Ge-ne-ral pays her board, For she's the wi-dow of a Lord!
Moderato.
Polly.

I trust your ladyship will pardon me, For venturing with you to make so free.

Lady MoA.

Pray do not mention it; And tell me, pray, When I am asked your name, what shall I say? When

Allegro moderato.
Polly.

we are asked your name, what shall we say?

Poly Pluckrose is my name. (Soldiers only.)

Sopranos.

Allegro moderato.

Tenors & Bassetts.

Her

colto voce.

Her

Lady MoA.

misterioso.

father's it was just the same! He was a gallant Grenadier, And Polly serves us out our beer. Could

father's it was just the same! He was a gallant Grenadier, And Polly serves us out our beer.

father's it was just the same! He was a gallant Grenadier, And Polly serves us out our beer.
I have heard that name a-right, Or did my ears deceive? Fair maiden, possibly you might tell me which to believe? My father's name was Pluck-rose, And Joseph, too, I know; And I remember very well His comrades call'd him Joe! Then bless your heart, sweet maiden! There can not be a doubt That

I'm your long-lost mother, Whom p'raps you've heard about! That she's your long-lost mother Whom per-
Can I believe my senses, Or are they put to rout? Ap-parent-ly sweet

P sacc.

a tempo.

P sacc.

Pol-ly does-n't know her mother's out.

agitated.

My longest mo-ther!

con fuoco.

Can this be so? Good-ness gra-cious! Oh, please, mum, please, mum, draw it mild!

SOPRANOS.

Please draw it mild, mum.

TENORS.

Please draw it mild.

BASSES.

Please draw it mild, mum.
No. 9. INTRODUCTION & SONG—"You Mustn’t Marry."—(Colonel & Chorus.)

SOPRANOS. mf
If you do you’ll break the peace, For Pol-ly Pluck-rose is your

Tenors. mf

Basses, mf
If you do you’ll break the peace, For Pol-ly Pluck-rose is your

Allegro moderato.
Piano.

P MARLE.
One chance is left for me, I’ll pre-cious art-ful be; My ’opes once more is

niece.  

niece.  

niece.

ris’-n, My ’opes once more is ris’-n, For Pol-ly ne-ver, ne-ver can be his’-n.
SONG — "You mustn't Marry." — (Colonel Tussell.)

1. Old England's laws must be obey'd; 'Tis
   The law has also plainly said, Your
   So don't attempt to break the law, In

for that purpose they were made; To govern Englishmen on land and wa —
mother-in-law you must not wed! A sweet creature she may be — in fact, a trea —
which there's either speak nor flaw; For stern is the de — cree, and no man ought —

posing of your hand
must no — ny bent,
head and ears in love

You must ful — ly un — der — stand,
As act of Par — li — ment
With a — ny tur — tle dove—

You're not al — lowed to mar — ry your
Will not al — low you a — ny such
Who is, as sometimes happens, his

sister's daugh — ter! And tho' you may have of — ten kiss'd her,
sister's daugh — ter!}

And tho' you may have of — ten kiss'd her, And tho' you may have of — ten kiss'd her, You must n't
SOPRANOS.

You mustn't marry, you mustn't marry your late wife's sister! You mustn't marry, you mustn't.

TENORS.

You mustn't marry, you mustn't marry your late wife's sister! You mustn't marry, you mustn't.

BASSEWS.

You mustn't marry, you mustn't marry your late wife's sister! You mustn't marry, you mustn't.

---

1st & 2nd times.

marry your late wife's sister! 2. The marry your late wife's sister!

3rd time.

marry your late wife's sister! marry your late wife's sister!

marry your late wife's sister! marry your late wife's sister!

marry your late wife's sister! marry your late wife's sister!

1st & 2nd times.

3rd time.

Segue.
INTRODUCTION & FINALE.

POLLY.

Lady Moa.

Agitato.

Yes, ma-ma, yes, ma-ma. I am so wild:

You go with us to Camden Town.

All right, first let me change my gown.

First let our Polly change her gown, before she starts for Camden Town.

First let our Polly change her gown, before she starts for Camden Town.
No. 10. 

FINALE.

Moderato.

Polly, dolce.

Dear old comrades, must I leave you? 'Tis

Moderato.

'tis hard, indeed, to say farewell! Do not let my absence

Sopranos. p

Tenors. Farewell!

Basses. Farewell!

S. S. I'm going with my ma to dwell!

Lady Mcl. & Gen. with Sop. Mangle with 1st Ten., Col. with 2nd Ten.

T. T. She's

B. B. She's

She's

Colla voce.
going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going with her ma to dwell!

going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going with her ma to dwell!

going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going with her ma to dwell!

Serve the tear-drop glistening in my eye, As tenderly I bid you all good-bye, good-bye! Ob-

S.S. LADY MIA with 2nd Sopr. rit. and

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

T.T. MANOE & CO. with TENORS.

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

B.B. GEN. & SERG. with BASSES.

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

rit. and
Serve the tear-droppit'ring in my eye, my eye, As tenderly I bid you all good-bye!

Ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

Ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

Ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!

P cantabile.

Destiny decrees our parting, Tho' you always have been kind;

So very kind!

So very kind!

So very kind!

So very kind!
And for home I'll soon be starting, leaving you, dear friends, behind!

She's

Polly.

Going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going to leave us all behind!

Going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going to leave us all behind!

Going, going, going, She's going, going, going, She's going to leave us all behind!
serve the tear-drops glittering in my eye, As tenderly I bid you all good-bye, good-bye! Ob-

LADY MACASSER with 2nd Sopr. rit. a tempo.

rit. a tempo.

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

MANGLE and COL. with Tenors.

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

GEN. and SERG. with Basses.

Observe the tear-drop, As tender-

serve the tear-drops glittering in my eye, my eye, As tenderly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! ...

MANGLE.

dim.

ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! ...

ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! ...

ly she bids us all good-bye, good-bye, good-bye! ...

cre. scen. do.

dim.

the-tic and harmo-nious cre-ture! Ere you go, plunge us in bliss—
With your most enchanting feature
Give us each a parting kiss!

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.

Soprano. a tempo.
Plunge them all in heavenly bliss. Since we are related, we must not be mated, but kissing your uncle the law can't deny... And my turn for that pleasure will come by and by, will come by and by...

SOPRANOS. mf

His turn for that pleasure, his turn for that pleasure will come by and by...

TENORS. mf

His turn for that pleasure, his turn for that pleasure will come by and by...

BASSES. mf

His turn for that pleasure, his turn for that pleasure will come by and by...
Allegretto

bye! She's going to give us each a kiss, She's going to give us each a kiss!

bye! She's going to give us each a kiss, She's going to give us each a kiss!

bye! She's going to give us each a kiss, She's going to give us each a kiss!

p Polly.

One parting kiss,

One Mangle.

One parting kiss,

One Colonel.

One parting kiss,

One General.

One parting kiss,

One Sergeant.

One parting kiss.

Soprano. pp

One parting kiss!

Tenors. pp

One parting kiss!

Basses. pp

One parting kiss!

Tempo di Valse.
Polly, dole.

One fond kiss ere we part, ... One last

kiss—and farewell! ... With deep anguish I start, ... 

Tho' to be a great swell

'Tis my duty, you know!

Lady McA.

Great swell!

Mangle & Co.

Great swell!

Gen. & Ser.

Great swell!
Ah! 'tis hard to obey,
With my ma-

Mangler, cantabile.

I must go, near St. Pan-
cras to stay! . . . . . My dream of de-

light is shat-ter'd and past! Of des-pair the dark night Ga-thers o-ver me fast! For my dar-ling, my

pride, To Cam-den Town goes, Whilst here I a-bide, A prey to love's woes! With fury I

choke! She can-not be mine! My plans end in smoke! To swear I in-cline! Per-haps la-

rit - ard. agitato.

GENERAL.
My anger will cease, when gazing upon the charms of my niece.

One fond kiss, one last kiss—

One fond kiss, one last kiss—

One fond kiss, one last kiss—

Dear friends, I bid you all farewell, I go in splendor now to
Dwell. Dear friends, I bid you all fare--well, I go.

Lady Mcasser with Sophs.

She goes.

Mangle with 1st Ten. Col. with 2nd Ten.

She goes.

Gen. & Sera. with Basses.

She goes.

in splendour now to dwell.

Lady Mcasser.

She goes, Sophs.

She goes, ColoneL

She goes, General.

She goes, Sergeant.

She goes, Sophs.

She goes, Tenors.

She goes, Basses.

She goes, in splendour to

She goes, in splendour to

In splendour to
I go with my ma near St. Pancras In splendour

Pan-cras to dwell, She goes with her ma near St. Pan-cras to dwell, In splendour

ma... Near St. Pan-cras to dwell, She goes near St. Pan-cras to dwell...

Pan-cras to dwell, She goes near St. Pan-cras to dwell,...

Pan-cras to dwell, She goes near St. Pan-cras with her ma, her
dwell, to dwell, She goes with her ma Near St. Pan-cras to dwell, In splendour
dwell, to dwell, She goes with her ma Near St. Pan-cras to dwell, In splendour
dwell, to dwell, She goes near St. Pan-cras In splendour
now to dwell! Ah!

now to dwell! to dwell!
One fond kiss ere we part,

... to dwell!
One fond kiss ere we part,

... to dwell!
One fond kiss ere we part,

now to dwell! to dwell!
One fond kiss ere we part,
One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish I

One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish you

One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish you

One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish you

One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish you

One fond kiss and farewell! With deep anguish you

kiss— and farewell! With deep anguish you start,

kiss— and farewell! With deep anguish you start,

kiss— and farewell! With deep anguish you start,

(kres.)
"Tis my start, Near St. Pan-cras to dwell.

'Tis your start, Tho' to be a great swell, great swell!

'Tis your start, Tho' to be a great swell, great swell!

'Tis your start, Tho' to be a great swell, great swell!

'Tis your start, Tho' to be a great swell, great swell!

'Tis your Tho' to be a great swell...

'Tis your Tho' to be a great swell, great swell, 'Tis duty, you know...

'Tis your Tho' to be a great swell, great swell, 'Tis duty, you know, you
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With my duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With your ma you must duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With your ma...
duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With your duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With your ma you must...
duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With her ma...
duty.
Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With her ma...

Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With her ma...

Oh, 'tis hard to obey,
With her ma...
Ma I go Near St. Pancras to stay, With my p
ma you must go Near St. Pancras to stay, With your ma
ma you must go Near St. Pancras to stay, With your ma
ma you must go Near St. Pancras to stay, With your ma
she must go Near St. Pancras to stay. One last
she must go Near St. Pancras to stay. One last
she must go Near St. Pancras to stay. One last
she must go Near St. Pancras to stay. One last
I... must go Near St. Pancras, St. Pancras to stay, With my
you must go Near St. Pancras, St. Pancras to stay, With your ma.
you must go Near St. Pancras, St. Pancras to stay, With your ma.
you must go Near St. Pancras, St. Pancras to stay, With your ma.
you must go Near St. Pancras to stay, to stay, With your
fond kiss, One last parting kiss, One last
fond kiss, One last parting kiss, One last
fond kiss, One last parting kiss, One last
I must go near St. Pancras to dwell, St.

... you must go near St. Pancras to dwell, St.

... you must go near St. Pancras to dwell, St.

... you must go near St. Pancras to dwell, St.

... you must go near St. Pancras to dwell, St.

One fond kiss, She goes near St. Pancras to dwell, to dwell.

One fond kiss, She goes near St. Pancras to dwell, to dwell.

One fond kiss, She goes near St. Pancras to dwell, to dwell.
One fond kiss, and fare - well, one last kiss, and fare - well,

Pan - cras in splen - dour now to dwell,

Pan - cras to dwell, in splen - dour now to dwell,

Pan - cras to dwell, near St. Pan - cras in splen - dour to dwell,

Pan - cras to dwell, near St. Pan - cras in splen - dour to dwell,

One fond kiss, fare - well,

One fond kiss, fare - well,

One part - ing kiss, and fare - well, one fond kiss, and fare well,
splendid now to dwell.
Fare well!

last, one parting kiss.
Fare well!

Cresc.
con forza

Fine Act I.
No. 11. OPENING CHORUS—"The Muffled Cheer."—(Soldiers & General, S.S.T.B.)

Moderato.

Ah, there he is! Just look at him! A-

Ah, there he is! Just look at him! A-

Ah, working out his plan! Let us salute, With fervor mute, This most surprising
what devotion! See—When we advance, the foe's no chance, with

General, ritard.  Soprano, a tempo.

General Bang, C. B. Why! he has been the whole world thro' A -

General Bang, C. B. Why! he has been the whole world thro' A -

General Bang, C. B. Why! he has been the whole world thro' A -

ritard. a tempo.

traveling on the map; And he delights in great sham fights, When

traveling on the map; And he delights in great sham fights, When

traveling on the map; And he delights in great sham fights, When
they don't spoil his nap!  He never yet has drawn his sword  
In

they don't spoil his nap!  He never yet has drawn his sword  
In

they don't spoil his nap!  He never yet has drawn his sword  
In

a - ny mor - tal fray;  But all the same, 'Tis known to fame,  He's

a - ny mor - tal fray;  But all the same, 'Tis known to fame,  He's

a - ny mor - tal fray;  But all the same, 'Tis known to fame,  He's

of - ten drawn his pay;  And always will, until he reach  The

of - ten drawn his pay;  And always will, until he reach  The

of - ten drawn his pay;  And always will, until he reach  The
end of life's long span; But un-til death cuts off his breath, He'll

end of life's long span; But un-til death cuts off his breath, He'll

draw it like a man! But un-til death cuts off his breath, He'll draw it like a

draw it like a man! But un-til death cuts off his breath, He'll draw it like a


No. 12. SONG—"I Joined the Army."—(General Bangs.)

1. I joined the army very young, And I am proud to say that pass'd; and wars were waged a broad, But I remained at home,

 Allegro vivace.

from the day I entered if I've always drawn full pay! My breast, as you can plainly see, Bears a medal in a row; You'd like to hear how they were won? (We would!) Then you shall know: An ensign in the Cold-stream Guards was once your General's rank; For many years it was my fate To

Piano.

chore. General.

soul was all a flame, I should have bunted in va der's back, (But then?) They never came! In spite of this, the Home Guards soon To no see me be gas; I filled more forms up in a week Than
mount guard at the Bank. For years I thither march'd my men; For years slept on the spot; Though
a - ny o - ther man! I sent re-turns in tri-p li - cate; Wrote min - utes by the score; And

Chorus. General.

dif - fi - cult the du - ty was (What then?) I shirk'd it not! 2. Time
split more ink, as you may guess—(Than what?) Than hu - man gore!

3. In many a fight—sham fights, I mean—I've no - bly done my share; I've hay-stacks and cow - hous - es charged, A - midst the trum-pet's blare! When once some wo - men ri - ot - ed, 'Twas in a Barrack town, I march'd my sol - diers
out, and put (Put what?) Those females down! Nor have I miss'd a levee since A cock'd hat first I

don'd; Nor shirk'd a speech when call'd on for The Army to re-pond! Then, shall I shirk the summons now which

sends me o'er the sea! The right thing now is—Do or die! C. B.!

SOPRANOS, ff

Hur-rah! for Bangs,

TETRAS, ff

Hur-rah! for Bangs,

BASSES, ff

Hur-rah! for Bangs,
No. 13. (A) INTRODUCTION—(Colonel, General Bangs, & Chorus, S.S.T.B.).

(b) CHORUS OF DAUGHTERS—“Dear Papa!”

Colonel.

Your noble sister, Sir, is drawing near,
And those eight charming girls to

General.

you so dear.
Ah, yes, you’re right, they’re precious dear, indeed:
They’ve come to wish their

Par’t command good speed!

SOPRANOS.

They have come down to wish us all good speed!

Tenors.

They have come down to wish us all good speed!

Basses.

They have come down to wish us all good speed!
General.

Allegro moderato.

The interview will be affecting—The dear ones come to say good-bye! But our vocation

recollecting, Let us be brave, Let us be brave, We must not cry!

Sopranos. f

Tenors. f

Basses. f

We will be brave.

We will be brave, We must not cry! We will be brave, We must not cry!

We will be brave, We must not cry! We will be brave, We must not cry!

We will be brave, We must not cry! We will be brave, We must not cry!

Segue.
CHORUS OF DAUGHTERS.—"Dear Papa!"

1. You are going to the wars, Dear pa-
2. For your safety have no fear, Dear pa-
3. And wherever you may roam, Dear pa-

pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-
pa, dear pa-

pa! With the gallant Light Hus-
sars, Dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

You are going to the wars With the gallant Light Hus-
sars, Please don't pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

pa! For your safety have no fear If you skirmish in the rear, Dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

And wherever you may roam, Far across the ocean's foam, Think how pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

come back full of scars, Dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

may be made a poor, Dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

dull we are at home, Dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-
s, dear pa-

Write often "dear old
The troops who do the fighting—Confine your deeds to writing, Papa.

When the battle is begun, Dear papa, dear papa!
And before you go away, Dear papa, dear papa!
And when you have formed your plan, Dear papa, dear papa!

Don't forget you cannot run, Dear papa, dear papa!
When the battle is begun, Don't forget you cannot run, So look out for number one, Dear papa, dear papa!

To come back a peer some day, Give us leave to draw your pay, Dear papa, dear papa!
For you are a "Grand Old Man!"
No. 14.

(A) INTRODUCTION—(General & Chorus.)

(B) SONG—(Polly)—"I was Content."

General:

My ders, I don't know how to act, I'm deeply touched, and that's a fact!

But

Soprano: P

The General don't know how to act, The General's touched, and that's a fact!

Tenors: P

The General don't know how to act, The General's touched, and that's a fact!

Basses:

The General don't know how to act, The General's touched, and that's a fact!

Lady Moa.

where is Polly? Where's my niece? I don't perceive her in the gloaming. That giddy girl gives me no
peace—

somewhere about the camp she's roamin'!

Allegrò moderato.

Where is she? pray, can you tell? She knows us all so jolly well! Where is pretty

Where is she? pray, can you tell? She knows us all so jolly well! Where is pretty

Where is she? pray, can you tell? She knows us all so jolly well! Where is pretty

Polly dear, Who used to serve us out our beer? She comes! She comes! She

Polly dear, Who used to serve us out our beer?

Polly dear, Who used to serve us out our beer?

knows the camp so jolly well, My eyes! my eyes! But isn't she a swell!

Segue.
(B) SONG—(Polly and Chorus)—"I was Content."

Know this place full well, Ah! lov’d fa-mi- liar scene, Where as a child I grew as hap-py as a seen, And

all my sim-ple joys come o’er me one by one! How fond I was of toys, And broke them just for fun. I

had the sweet-est set of tea-things e- ver seen; No end of love-ly dolls with dress-es pink and green, A
magic lantern, too, with colour'd slides complete, and a funny little lamb that had a wheezy bleat.

I was content, I was content to be the pet of the Regiment! I was content, she was content to be the pet of the Regiment!
I had a little gun and tiny sabre too,
A bantam cock that fiercely crow'd out.

Cook-a-doo-dle-doo!
No end of pewter soldiers standing in a row,
And every year I went to see the

Lord Mayor's show.
Bright mem'ries of the past—Ah! sweet and enchanting dream!
Too rapturous to last—Like strawberries and cream! Ah! dearly cherish'd spot, Which fondly now I view,
Where blissful was my lot, Ere my mamma I knew, I
No. 15. SERENADE DUET—"In a Vale."—(General & Polly.)

Allegretto.

FOLLY.

Now, General Bang, I'm all attention! Thenlisten to a plan of my in-

PENAL.

vention. Describe my home in case I wed theo you; that is the plan, sweet one, I have in view.

PENAL.

In a vale, amidst softest trees,

Near a lake with plenty of

FOLLY.

Plenty of fish?

fish—Midrange groves and lofty trees, . . . We'd pass our lives, if you so
If I so wish! a tempo.

Purple and gold!

We'd read tales of love by the muses. And gather fruit, purple and gold!

Wish!... Would catch cold! Ah!

We'd walk on the grass without shoes. No doubt, no doubt we both would catch cold! Ah!

Colla voce.

A tempo, dolce.

... to wed with thee, indeed were bliss! To share with thee a life like this— Ah! what

A tempo.

Major.

Joy... to call thee mine— Yes, warrior, yes! I will be thine! Ah... Ganymede.

Ah...
to wed with thee, indeed were bliss!

To share with thee a life like this—Ah! what

indeed, indeed were bliss!

A life like this, Ah, what

joy to call thee mine! Yes, warrior, yes, yes, I will be thine!

joy to call thee mine! Yes, warrior, yes, yes, she will be thine!

Like the bee upon the flower,... I hang upon thy honey'd tongue; I'd

My honey'd tongue!

blindly yield to love's soft power,... I am so artless and so young!

So very young!
may be, I love thee too madly... No matter! Thy fortunes I'll share!... A

Oh! happy pair!

General's bride I will gladly... And rubies and diamonds wear... Oh!

Won't people stare! Ah!

To wed with thee indeed were bliss... To share with thee a life like this... Ah! what

Indeed were bliss, A life like this, Ah! what

Major.

joy... to call thee mine... Yes, warrior, Yes, yes, I will be thine! Ah!

joy... to call thee mine... Yes, warrior, Yes, yes, she will be thine! Ah!
... to wed with thee indeed were bliss! ... to share with thee a life like this, Ah, what

... indeed, indeed were bliss! a life like this, Ah, what

joy ... to call thee mine! ... Yes, warrior, yes, yes, I will be thine, ... I will be

joy ... to call thee mine! ... Yes, warrior, yes, yes, she will be thine, ... she will be

colla voce. ... I will be thine! ... I will be thine!

thine! yes, warrior, shall be thine! ... she will be thine, will be thine! ...
No. 16. (A) PRESENTATION CHORUS—(Eight Daughters).
(B) GOOD-NIGHT CHORUS—(S.S.T.B.).

doce. SARAH & PHOEBE.

Piano.

Take these slippers, and full oft May you find them warm and soft, May they prove a
fit for you, E-a-s-y for your bunions, too! Who can tell? Per-haps they'll suit When you can't get on your boot!

Think, dear pa, when these you don, Of the child who put them on! Thanks, dear! Thanks, dear!

Jane & Eliza.

Take this candle, and if cold In your head should get a hold, Keep this dip till you re-pose, And rub it on your
dear old nose! Then your cold will soon be gone, And you'll be glad you put it on! Then your cold will
soon be gone. And you'll be glad you put it on! Thanks, dear! Thanks, dear! 
Take this kettle. pa - pa, dear, You will need it yet, we fear; For to keep out cold and fog, You must have your glass of grog! Take it, pa, for -

get us not. When you drink your whiskey hot! Take it, pa, for - get us not. When you take your whiskey hot! Thanks, dear!

Thanks, dear! Dear pa - pa, accept this gump, Never part with it in camp; If it rains 'twill shelter you,

When you hold a grand review. Think what on your life depends. If you die, your full pay ends. If you die, if you die, your
full pay ends!

I'm sure, my dears, I'm monstrous delight-ed, Almost as much as if I had been knight-ed!

SOPRANOS.

He's monstrous delight-ed, delight-ed—Almost as much as if he

TENORS.

He's monstrous delight-ed, delight-ed—Almost as much as if he

BASSES.

He's monstrous delight-ed, delight-ed—Almost as much as if he

GENERAL.

Not quite! Not quite!

had been knight-ed! Almost as much, almost as much, As if he had been knighted!

had been knight-ed! Almost as much, almost as much, As if he had been knighted!

had been knight-ed! Almost as much, almost as much, As if he had been knighted!
Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!

Almost as much as if he, if he had been knight-ed!
A - wake him to his dai - ly care. Good-night, good-night, And sound - ly sleep till
morn - ing light! Good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night, good -
night, good -
night, good-night, good-night, Good -
night, good -
night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good -
night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night, good - night!
No. 17.

BALLAD—“What thrill is this?”—(Polly):

Andante con espressione.

What thrill is this, what pang of wild delight? I
Strange fancies fill my brain, they come and go. Like

Piano.

fain would laugh, yet long to

a

azure clouds a-cross the

sky.

My brain is in a whirl of visions bright, if 'tis a dream, oh, let me die!

In

vivard. acc. accoll.

cres.

appassionato.

più lento. dim.

one brief instant all the memories of the past Have vanished—melted in the air!

And Cupid binds me in his

1st time. dim. | 2nd time. dim. | cres. |

fetters fast—The god of Love, so young, so fair! Love, so young, so fair! And Cupid binds me in his

1st time. | 2nd time. |

dim. |

rall.

coll' voc.

thraldom fast—The God of Love, so young, so fair!

P a tempo.

Segue.
No. 18. RECIT.—(Polly), & SOLO—(Mangle)—"Sad is my Lot."

Polly.

Who comes this way? 'Tis he! 'Tis he! Perchance he is in search of me! His

Solo. Mangle.

Sad is my lot! My destiny is dark! I let my hair grow, my despair to show, But

Audiente con express.
love a proud pa-tri-cian’s on-ly daugh-ter!
Fare-well the fes-tive spree, the glea-some lark,
And
that’s pro-hi-bi-ted by re-gu-la-tion;
I can at least in-dulge in pri-vate woe,
And
welcome wounds, beléed and fire and
slau-gh-ter!
cuss my luck when safe from ob-ser-
va-tion.

(Chorus of Sol-diers off)

Drink! drink! the pew-ter clink! Drink to wo-man’s

Drink! drink! the pew-ter clink! Drink to wo-man’s

Drink! drink! the pew-ter clink! Drink to wo-man’s

Allegro moderato.

colla voce.

bright eyes, drink!
Drink to to-bac-co, drink!
The foam-ing hop-juice drink, drink, drink!
Drink! drink! the

bright eyes, drink!
Drink to to-bac-co, drink!
The foam-ing hop-juice drink, drink, drink!
Drink! drink! the

bright eyes, drink!
Drink to to-bac-co, drink!
The foam-ing hop-juice drink, drink, drink!
Drink! drink! the
1st time. Tempo I no.

I'd drink, drink, drink, drink, drink!

2nd time. dimin. do. pp

pp

Their

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink!

1st time. Tempo 1 no. con expres.

Dim. in. sen. do.

pp

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink!

2nd time. dim. sen. do.

pp

My courage now begins to sink; While they indulge in bitter beer, My

cho-rus makes me feel so queer, My

grief I'll go and drown in drink, My grief, my grief I'll go and drown in drink!
No. 19. PATRIOTIC SONG—"Mother England."—(Polly, General, Mangle, Colonel, Sergeant, & Full Chorus, S.S.T.B.)

Polly. con energico.

1. Eng-land, first in queen-ly grace, Mo-ther of a migh-ty race, Thy

con spirito.

chil-dren o-ver all the earth For-get not her who gave them birth! Re-vered thou art...

In
c

General with 1st Sopr., Lady Mca. with 2nd Sopr.

S.S. marcato.

Dear old, dear old mo-ther Eng-land!

T.T. Mangle with 1st Tenor, Colonel with 2nd Tenor.

Dear old, dear old mo-ther Eng-land!

B.B. Sergeant with Basses.

Dear old, dear old mo-ther Eng-land!
MANGLE.

2. England, the ocean is thy home; Thy brow is circled by its foam! The broad blue sea is

thy domain, And tyrants menace thee in vain! God gives thee might, ... And

aids thee to defend the right, Brave old, brave old mother England!

\[ \text{\textit{Gen. with 1st Sopr., Lady McA. with 2nd Sopr.}}} \]

Brave old, brave old mother England.

\[ \text{\textit{MANGLE with 1st Ten., Col. with 2nd Ten.}}} \]

Brave old, brave old mother England.

\[ \text{\textit{Sopr. with Basses.}}} \]

Brave old, brave old mother England.
Polly.

Eng-land! Death-less is the flame That lights the altar of thy fame! Its temple is of

Manole.

Souland! Death-less is the flame That lights the altar of thy fame! Its temple is of

Colonel.

Eng-land! Death-less is the flame That lights the altar of thy fame! Its temple is of

General.

Eng-land! Death-less is the flame That lights the altar of thy fame! Its temple is of

Sergeant.

Eng-land! Death-less is the flame That lights the altar of thy fame! Its temple is of

P.

would di-vine, For Eng-lish hearts its fires en-shrine! and Kais-ers know That

M.

would di-vine, For Eng-lish hearts its fires en-shrine! and Kais-ers know That

C.

would di-vine, For Eng-lish hearts its fires en-shrine! and Kais-ers know That

G.

would di-vine, For Eng-lish hearts its fires en-shrine! and Kais-ers know That

S.

would di-vine, For Eng-lish hearts its fires en-shrine! and Kaisers know that
ere they quench it, blood must flow, Grand old, grand old mother England!

Grandioso.

Soprano.

Grand old, grand old mother England! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Tenor.

Grand old, grand old mother England! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Bass.

Grand old, grand old mother England! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Grandold, grand old mother England! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Grandioso.
No. 20. CONCERTED PIECE—"A Light Breaks in upon me."—(General, Mangle, Polly, Officers, S.S., Eight Daughters, & Soldiers, (S.S.T.B.)

A light breaks in upon me—let me see—

This lovely girl is not my sister's daughter! Why then—of course, she's not akin to me!

And if any one denies it, him we'll slaughter, slaughter! So much distinction would adorn my lot, had any one denies it, him we'll slaughter, slaughter!

And if any one denies it, him we'll slaughter, slaughter!
She remain'd my niece, I'd not have sought her—
I'll offer her my hand up—on the spot!

SOPRANO.  *a tempo.*

And if

TENOR.

And if

BASS.

And if

MANGLE.  *con forte.*

any one objects, Sir, him we'll slaug-her, slaug-her! Then let your ven-gance, your

any one objects, Sir, him we'll slaug-her, slaug-her!

any one objects, Sir, him we'll slaug-her, slaug-her!

vengeance fall on me! That hand is no long-er free; She's promis'd me her'and and
tart, . . And

Sopr.————— loco.
nothing shall our true love part! Oh! fair one, speak! Can this be so? I've partly said I'd marry Joe—

She's partly said she'd marry

I've partly said I would, not quite— Not quite— He's nothing got in black and white! All right! I'll

Joe!

She's

Joe!

Slower.

She's

partly said she would, He's nothing got in black and white!

partly said she would, He's nothing got in black and white!

partly said she would, He's nothing got in black and white!
General

Polly

General,

share—She'll share—And your ancestral trinkets wear—She'll wear!

Soprano, mf

Tenor.

Great General, you lot she'll share, she'll share—

Bassus, m

Great General, you lot she'll share, she'll share—

mf

Great General, you lot she'll share, she'll share—

This is the happiest moment

And your ancestral trinkets wear.

Allegretto.

And your ancestral trinkets wear.

And your ancestral trinkets wear.

and your ancestral trinkets wear.

(solo Daughters.)

of my life, For Polly here consents to be my wife! Could I for you, dear children, now provide,
I'd wish each to be a happy bride! Or their account, Sir, do not be concerned, Since first we met, with love for

(Eight Daughters)

them we've burned! And we, rumpus, will join the regiment, If you will only give your kind consent!

General, più lento. con forza.

This is indeed most unexpected, And I am once more much affected! Since I am all of you ad-

dress-ing, I give you my paternal blessing! The

General is much affected! With him we soon shall be connected, For his fair daughters we're a
SOPRANO (All)

Tenor:
He's given us, he's given us a father's blessing!

Bass:
A father's blessing?

A father's blessing?

We are the General's eight fair daughters, Whose great beauty all hearts slumber; We're

They are the General's eight fair daughters, Whose great beauty all hearts slumber! They're

They are the General's eight fair daughters, Whose great beauty all hearts slumber! They're

Allegro moderato.

highly educated, it is plain to see. We know French and German, and the Rule of Three, the Rule of Three!

highly educated, it is plain to see. They know French and German, and the Rule of Three, the Rule of Three!

highly educated, it is plain to see. They know French and German, and the Rule of Three, the Rule of Three!
No. 21.

FINALE.

Soldier ad lib.  Colonel.

A tele-gram from town. Is it for me-

Piano.

---  

Soldier.  General.

No. Colonel, 'tis for General Bangs, C. B.

Soprano.

Tis for General Bangs, C. B., C. B., C. B.

Tenor.

Tis for General Bangs, C. B., C. B., C. B.

Bass.

Tis for General Bangs, C. B., C. B., C. B.

Flute.

---

General.

If that's the case and you don't mind—Read it—I've left my specs behind! Good

Slower.

---

news this does contain indeed! For war there is no further need, The foe has yield ed like a man, Thanks to our Bangs' sagacious plan! Of

---
course, no one will be amazed That to the Peer-age he is rais'd; It will increase the enemy's pangs To hear that he's now Lord De

GENERAL.

Bangs!

SOPRANO S. Your General's had splendid news indeed; This regiment to victory he

TENORS.

Lord De Bangs!

BASSE S. Lord De Bangs!

SERGEANT.

will not lead, And your dear old General's been made a Lord, Who in all his life never drew a sword!

SOPRANO S.

And the

TENORS.

And the

BASSE S.

And the
Good dear old General's been made a Lord, Who in all his life never draw'd a sword!

news, good news has come from town! The telegraph has brought it down! No war this time there is to be, And

I shan't have to cross the sea! Good news, good news has come from town! The telegraph has brought it down! Now

all again is bright and clear, And dear pa-pa's been made a Peer! The General's had good news from town, The
te- le-graph has brought it down. He's not to cross the bri- ny sea!

SOPRANO.  ff (SOLDIERS.)

Hip, hip, hur-rah! No more won't we!

TENORS.  ff

Hip, hip, hur-rah! No more won't we!

BASSES.  ff

Hip, hip, hur-rah! No more won't we!

Col.  Polly.  SERGEANT.  MANGLE.

King of the Tin, the King of the Tan, The King is quite the gen-tle-man! The King of the Tin, the

Polly.  ff

King of the Tack, Has sent a ci-vil mes-sage back, And now we need not cross the sea. To
fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni! To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

LADY MôA.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

MANGLE.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

COL. & GEN.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

SARG.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

SOPRANOS.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

TENORS.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

BASSES.

To fight Tin-ta-tack-i-ni, Tin-ta-tack-i-ni!

Allegro moderato

And now our story's at an end; You can its moral plainly see; Pray tell each player admiring friend,

GENERAL.

Polly.

How full of jollity are we! If you think we have done what's right, And such has been our sole intent, Come and applaud some
Other night Our gallant, gallant Regiment! I was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter,

Tempo di marcia.

I was the daughter of a Grenadier! I was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, I was the child, yes,

Lady Mola. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Mangle. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Colonel. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

General. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Sergeant. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Soprano. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Tenor. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,

Basses. ff

She was the daughter, the daughter, the daughter, She was the child, yes,
I was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!

she was the child of a British Grenadier. Hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah, hur-rah!