The Catch of the Season.

Text by

CHARLES HICKS
H. HAMILTON

Music by

HERBERT E. HAINES
J. E. BAKER and
W. F. FRANCIS.

Illustration by

H. H. TAYLOR.

Vocal Score, Price $2.00

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LONDON: FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER
Charles Frohman Presents EDNA MAY

In the London Musical Play

THE CATCH OF THE SEASON

By SEYMOUR HICKS and COSMO HAMILTON
Music By HAINES and BAKER
Lyrics By CHAS. H. TAYLOR Staged By BEN. TEAL

Cast of Characters

The Duke of St. Jermyns ........................................ Farren Soutar
Lord Bagdad Monteagle ........................................... Fred Kays
Mr. William Gibson ................................................ Fred Wright, Jr.
Lord Yatton .......................................................... Bert Sieden
Sir John Crystal ..................................................... W. L. Branscombe
Talleur Andrews, (of "School Girl" Co.) ...................... Talleur Andrews
Captain Rushpool .................................................. Frank Norman
Almeric Montpelier ................................................ Jack H. Millar
Badminton .............................................................. Vivian Graham
Hon. William Dorking ............................................. John F. O'Sullivan
Bucket, (a page) ...................................................... Master Louis Victor
1st Footman ........................................................... William Jefferson
2d Footman ............................................................. C. J. Evans
The Duchess, (St. Jermyns mother) .......................... Mrs. J. P. Waet
Lady Caterham ......................................................... Maud Milton
Lady Crystal ........................................................... Annie Esmond
The Hon. Sophia Bedford { her } ............................... Jane May
The Hon. Honoria Bedford { daughters } ...................... Margaret Fraser
Angela, (Lady Crystal's step-daughter) ...................... Edna May
Princess Schowenhone-Hohenschowen ......................... Madge Greet
Hen. Ernyntrude Dorking ........................................ Vivian Vowles
Clotilde ................................................................. Dora Sevening

The Gibson Girls Guests Bridesmaids

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The Catch of the Season.
A Musical Comedy.

Book by
SEYMOUR HICKS &
COSMO HAMILTON.

Opening Chorus.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

Tempo di Valse. Con spirito.

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Tea and tit-tle-tat-tle, To the pleasant ratt-tle Of the
cup and the spoon; And the frou-frou Of chatter through A smart afternoon. Tea and tit-tie-tat-tie, To the pleasant rat-tie, Of the cup and the spoon. 'Tis the present way, And a pleasant way, Of

Ah!
passing the time
Ah!

'Tis the present way, And a pleasant way, Of passing the
time;

'Twixt the afternoon's drive And the dinner-bell's chime, 'Twixt the afternoon's drive, And the dinner-bells chime; The dinner-bells
chime.

Be it

cake or scandal. That we light-ly handle, We re-duce it to crumbs;

Like

Jack-y Horn-ers, In our co-sy corn-ers, We are searching for plums.
cake or scandal, that we lightly handle, we reduce it to crumbs;

Like

Tea and

Jack-y Horn-ers, in our co-sy cor-ners, we are searching for plums.
tit-tle-tat-tle, To the pleasant rat-tle, Of the cup and the spoon: And the

frou-frou Of chatter, through A smart after-noon. Tea and

tit-tle-tat-tle, To the pleasant rat-tle, Of the cup and the spoon; Tis the
present way, And a pleasant way, Of passing the time;

Ah!

'Tis the

Ah!

'Twixt the afternoons

present way, And a pleasant way, Of passing the time;

drive, And the dinner-bell's chime. 'Twixt the afternoon's drive, And the
Dinner-bell's chime. The dinner-bell's chime.

Moderato scherzando. Footmen.

Lord Charles Yatton!

Lady Crystal.

Ah! Ah! how-de-do? Delighted to see you!
Yatton.

Thanks awfully! You're lookin' charm-in'!

A Girl.

Town's very full; We thought it dull! Oh, most a-

larm-in'!

Footmen.

The Honourable Almeric, Montpelier!
Lady Crystal.

So kind of you to come! Some tea?

Montpelier.

Thanks, no—had some at Lady Croodle's!

Yatton.

Montpelier.

Seen Yarbe rough today? Yaas, a while ago, at

Boodle's.
Footmen.

Mister Higham Montague!

Lady Crystal.

Charm'd, I'm

Montague.

Sure! The pleasure's mine.

Yatten.

Montague.

Yatten.

Ah, Moniy! saw a friend of yours to-day!

Oh, whom?

Eisenstein.
Montague: Y-yes— he's in the Irish Guards.

Tempo di Valse. Con Spirito.

Tea and tit-tle-tat-tie, To the pleasant rat-tie, Of the cup, and the spoon; And the frou-frou Of chatter, through A smart afternoon. Tea and
tit-tle-tat-tle, To the pleasant rattle, Of the cup, and the spoon; 'Tis the present way, And a pleasant way, Of passing the time—

Ah

'Tis the present way, And a pleasant way, Of passing the time—
Entrance of Gibson Girls.

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
EVELYN BAKER.

Andante.

We've become the great attraction of the season: You ask the reason? We'll tell you why. We dis-

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covered, when a public place we entered, On us was centered, The public eye. So seeing we were proving a sensation, We thought we might become a bigger one; By walking single-file, in the Da-nna Gibson style, So we tried it, and the trick was done.
We realize the pictures, Tall and divinely fair;

By society invited, We go every where.

We've copied every detail, Dress, stately walk, and curls;

And everybody calls us Dana-Gibson girls.
SONG. (Mr. Gibson.)

"It's all done by kindness."

Words by
CEAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
W. T. FRANCIS.

Allegretto.

1. I've trained my girls up carefully, By methods firm and gentle; In
2. They differ not at all beyond the fact, which does not matter. That
3. They've all been taught to contemplate A somewhat wealthy marriage, And

all they do, you plainly see, The influence parental: If
some are dark, and some are blonde, Some thin, and others fat: In
failing that, at any rate, More comfort don't disapprove: A
one you like, you'll like them all, And find them enter-tain-ing; My mind and move-ment, style and voice, Each is her sis-ter's dou-ble, Which stock of par-lor tricks they know, Too nu-mer-ous to men-tion, And

sys-tem ed-u-ca-tion-al, Needs re-al-ly no ex-plain-ing. lightens mat-ri-mon-ial choice, And saves a lot of trou-ble. do them ev-ry-where they go, With gra-cious cen-de-seen-sion.

1st Verse only.

At-tention! Eyes right! Look shy! Smile! Sneer! Good girls!

2nd Verse only.

Pre-pare to re ceive! Pre-pare to re ceive! Pre-pare to re ceive! Good girls!

Pre-pare to re ceive! a mil-lionaire! a youn-ger son! a no-bod-ddy! Good girls!
Chorus.

And it's all done by kindness, examples every one. Of what by firm and gentle treatment can be done:

All they get is pretty frocks, a variety of food. And a little bit of candy, when they're extra good. And it's good.

D.C.
"I'll Be A Good Little Girl."

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES

Allegro.

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school? Do let me go, and I'll be good; I'll promise on my

word; To bear in mind that children should be

seen and never heard.
take me with you? do!

f accel.
Refrain.
Moderato.

I'll be a good little girl, I will! Indeed I will! I'll sit like this, a demure little Miss. In a corner, sung and still. And if a gentleman speaks to me, I'll put him quite at
ease; I'll say, "I've been brought here to be seen, And

Tempo primo

not to be talk'd to, please."

2. Let's
SONG. Bucket.

If I were King of Babylon.

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
EVELYN BAKER.

Moderato.

Bucket.

Piano.

1. If I were King of Babylon, And you would share my crown, For your sweet sake, I'd boldly take, My jewelled sceptre,

2. I'd have a Crystal Palace made, Beside the sounding sea, And lovelier scenes, where slot machines And hev'ry-think was...
down; And on it take my royal oath, Your free. And to that glis-tenin' pal-lis we, Would hon-our to pro-tect, DyoO ay mong droy! or wend our roy-al way, And life should be, for Hon-ni swoy, Or words to that ef-you and me, One long Bank 'Ol ler-fect. DyoO ay mong droy! 'or Hon-ni swoy, Or day. And life should be, for you and me, One
words, or words, or words, or words, to that ef-
long, one long, one long, one long, Bank 'Ol-ler-

fect. Ow An-ge-lar! Miss An-ge-lar! Our

ears should beat as one; In

marble-alls, if only I, Were King of Ba-by-
My Little Buttercup.

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
LUKE FORWOOD.

Moderato.

I had a dolly, when quite a tiny person of three years old.

Now I am grown, I think 'twill be jolly if I can married be;

For I must own I curls bright and shiny covered her head with gold.

And still want a dolly. One that's alive, you see.

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soon we became so loving, that I
if it's a girl, oh, shan't I be glad!
thought of a name to cuddle her by; Soon she
golden each curl, I'll hug her like mad, And then her
knew it and answered to it. Or seemed to
name, that shall be the same that Dear Dolly
try. And I called her
had. Yes I'll call her
Buttercup, My little creamy, dreamy
Buttercup, My little creamy, dreamy

Buttercup, Because her curly locks were
Buttercup, Because her curly locks are

gold; And in my arms I

gold; And in my arms I'll

used to fold My little
gen tly fold My little
colla voce
But ter cup, My lit tle ba by, ba by
But ter cup, My lit tle ba by, ba by
But ter cup, And when we went a nice ta ta,
But ter cup, And when we go a nice ta ta,
ta, I made a ve ry sweet mam ma, So
ta, I'll make a ve ry sweet mam ma, So
I've been told. I called her told.
I've been told, I'll call her told.
Finale Act I.

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

Entrance of Assistants.

Allegretto.

Piano.

scherzando

Lady Caterham. (Spoken through.)

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cue from fairyland? Oui, madam.
Allegretto moderato

Fairy attendants! O le joli rôle!

Que nous allons jouer! Quelle fantaisie!
Que ça sera drô-le, Une fe-e-ri-e de la Rue d'la Paix!

Ah!

Quelle fan-tai-sie!

Que ça se ra drô-le, Une fe-e-ri-e de la Rue d'la Paix!

Allegretto commodo.

Assistants.
hold your slippers, Mad'moiselle, A dainty pair, Brought straight from Paris, for the Belle Of

Angela. (Spoken.)

Country Clare. How sweet! I don't know whether I'm standing on my head, or my

Lady Caterham. (Spoken.)

heels. No need to stand on your head, dear, they'll see them.

Assistants.

I bring you, Mad'moiselle, your fan. And you will find No
Angela. (Spoken.)

pret-tier toy, by mor-tal man, Was e'er de-signed. Whatever shall I do with

Lady Caterham. (Spoken.)

such a lovely, lovely fan? Hide your identidy, darling!

Assistants.

A hand-ker-chief of Brussels lace, Ex-

Angela. (Spoken.) How exquisite! Why, Auntie, I can see through it!
Lady Caterham. I hope you’ll see as well through the young men,
who’ll come flattering you.

Delicaments

Gift of pearls, to you we bring, As bright as morn; So perfect, Venus such a

Angela. Oh, Auntie, are they really real? I’ve never seen
anything so perfectly sweet.

String, Night well have worn.

Lady Caterham. Except yourself, dear sir.

Assistant.
garland here, of simple style, And taste combined; With

shamrock from the Emerald Isle, All intertwined.

Angela. How heavenly!

Slowly.

And shamrock too! You are clever!

Lady Caterham. We'll have to bamboozle them somehow! Now go and get dressed, like a good girl. Mademoiselle!
Clotilda. Alloia! Alloia! Dépêchez vous! 'Urry up!

Allegro energico.
cue. Oh, there's a darling!

Allegro con spirito.

Ansgela.

Am the most amazed of girls; These fair gifts of dress-es, pearls, I
cannot understand. If 'tis a dream, 'tis all too sweet; Oh,

Auntie, am I going to meet, My Prince of Fairy-land?

Lady Caterham. (Spoken.) Not the least doubt of it, my dear. Now, if you're ready.

Clotilde. (Spoken.) O, He est charmante!
Tou als aff charmante! Lady Caterham. Angela, you're a dream!
Angela. Don't wake me, Auntie!

Omnes. Mark, Angela. B-I-I-
Lady Caterham. Your wedding bells.
Marcato, Pesante.

Cind-er-el-la, Cind-er-

Omnes.

Marcato, Pesante.

Belle of the Ball.

Cind-er-

el-la, Fair-est of all.
Valse maestoso. Martellato.

Omnès. To the Ball! To the Ball!

Go, Cinderella, May fairy hands guide you! Good fortune be-

Fairy will ever be
Walking beside you, To share in your new delight.

Presto.
Opening Chorus Act II.

Words by CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by HERBERT E. HAINES and EVELYN BAKER

Tempo di Marcia.

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Every year there's somebody, who sets the
world of femininity, mysteriously convening, and artfully contriving, to circulate in his vi-
Every year there's somebody,
Who's flattered, feasted, and fitted;
For whom, with pretty looks, Sharp
Matrimonial hooks, Are manifestly
baited.

He is the catch of the season, Just for the

simple reason, He's the fish all want to take, For his

wealth and title make Him the catch of the London sea

son. The re-cog-nised Em-pha-sized Li-on-ized I-dol-ized

Catch of the Lon-don sea-son!

Chorus.

He is the catch of the sea-son,

Just for the sim-ple rea-son, He's the
fish all want to take, For his wealth and ti - tle make, Him the
catch of the Lon - don sea - son: The
re - cog - nized, Em - pha - sized, Li - on - ized, I - dol - ized

Catch of the Lon - don sea - son! - son!
“Sylvia The Gibson Girl.”

Words by
FRANK COMPTON.

Music by
HUGH RUMBOLD.

Voice.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

1. In New York there
2. She has captured
3. The craze has now be-

lives a girl Called Syl-
all New York, Has Syl-
- come so great For Syl-

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Sets the city in a whirl, Does Sylvia.
People there of nothing talk But Sylvia.
Every other thing must wait For Sylvia.

She's a walk that's all her own,
Her walk is now the fashion quite; They
"What's the best thing?" people say,

Never tired of it they've grown, And now upon the
practise it by day and night, Until they get it
"We can go and see today?" "Why, bus,

stage it's shown by Sylvia.
quite all right. Like Sylvia.
"Why, Sylvia."
Chorus.

Syl-via is the Gibson girl, Who goes out walking, walking ev-ry day;

All the peo-ple come to see her, Walking slow-ly down Broadway;

As she comes strolling down She sets their hearts all in a whirl;

She’s the cu-test lit-tle pearl... Syl-vi-a, the Gib-son girl.

D.C.
SEAWEED.

Words and Music by
FRED. EARLE.

Piano.

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Last summer time I went away to Dover by the sea. And
Two lovers walked one evening down a quiet country lane; The
I had a fright some time ago right in the dead of night. The
One night I felt so cold in bed, I woke my wife Marian. And

thought I'd like to bring a bunch of seaweed home with me. It
chap was "Honest William" and the girl was "Mary Jane." They
missus said, "Wake up, you fool, the house is all a-light!" I
said, "I'm going to jump out, love, and light a little fire." Then

tells you if it's going to rain or if it's going to snow. And
talked and walked, and walked and talked about their future life. I
quickly stumbled out of bed, though I could hardly stand. My
in my "night-y" I jumped out, quite "balm-y on the thatch."
with it any one can tell just what he wants to know.
heard him say, "I shall be glad when you're my darling wife."
seaweed hung up on the wall— I grabbed it in my hand,
found the wood and found the coal, and then I struck the match,

With my seaweed in my hand I got into the truth.
Then he kissed her ruby lips, and looked at her with pride,
And I rushed upon the roof for got to take my clothes; The
And I stood before the fire as happy as could be;

All the "pubs" were closed when I got out again.
Said, "I shall be glad when, darling you're my bride. To-
fireman down below was, squirting with his hose; He
Soon I felt the warm round, my anchor. My
could-n't get a drink, with thirst I thought I'd die, And as
mor-row we'll be wed, and then you will be mine!
hit me where I stood, right on the parapet, And as
shirt was all a light, and I'll for-get me not, For as

soon as I touched my sea-weed I knew it was going to be dry.
soon as I touched my sea-weed I knew it was going to be fine.
soon as I touched my sea-weed I knew it was going to be wet.
soon as I touched my sea-weed I knew it was going to be hot.

(For eccentric walk round.)

D.C.
Chorus.

Words by CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by EVELYN BAKER.

Hail! Miss O'Halloran.

Chorus.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Hail! Miss O' Halloran, Belle of County Clare!

Who she may be

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We are not aware, Not aware. But we'll
pay to land and parentage, The courtesy that's due, So it's Hail! Molly O'
Hallo ran, "The top o' the mornin' to you"
Hail! Miss O' Hal-lo-ran, Belle of Coun-ty Clare!

Who she may be we are not a ware, We pay to land and

par-en-tage, The courtesy that is due, So it's Hail Mol-ly O' Hal-lo-ran, "The
top o' the morn-in' to you.

"The top o' the morn-in' to you?"
"Molly O'Halloran."

Words by
CHARLES B. TAYLOR.

Music by
EVELYN BAKER.

Allegretto.

Piano

ff

I'm a ship of a girl from the
And the blarney ye get in the

County of Clare, And it's bothered I am by the bhoys o'er there; For they
County of Clare! All the bhoys the world o'er are rogues, I'm aware; But they

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tell me it's sunbeams that hide in my hair, An' the blue of the skies in my
have of phil-an-der-in' speech, o-ver there, Such an il-li-gant flow, don't I

eyes.
know!

But I
Faith

ask them, och-one! if they ev-er have seen, In the cor-ner of one a sus-
lit-tle from me but a smile they re-ceive, And I ask if in-dade an' in-

pl-cion of green; An' they say that I am, for a lit-tle col-teen, Just a
dade they be-lieve; That a
girl goes a-bout with her heart on her sleeve, Pinn'd up-
bit o-ver wise for my size.
on it for show, like a bow.

"Och! Molly O' Hal-lo ran, fie!" They cry-
"Och! Molly O' Hal-lo ran, why?" They sigh-

"Molly O' Hal-lo ran, fie! Shurr, it's noth-in' to tell Ye that
"Molly O' Hal-lo ran, why, If ye meant to say "No," Did ye

ducks ott a well Ye could draw, were you moind-ed to try, wid your eye - Och!
look at us so, With a glance that was tin - der and shy in your eye? Och!
Molly O’Halloran, fie!” “Och Molly O’Halloran,
Molly O’Halloran, why?” “Och Molly O’Halloran,
fie!” They cry—Molly O’Halloran, fie! Shure, it’s
why?” They sigh—Molly O’Halloran, why? If ye
noth-in’ to tell Ye’ that duck off a well Ye’ could draw, were ye minded to
meant to say “No,” Did ye look at us so, With a glance that was tender and
try, Och Molly O’Halloran fie!”
shy—Och Molly O’Halloran why?”
"A little bit of dinner with a friend."

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
W. T. FRANCIS.

Allegro.

1. You receive an invitation out to dinner from a friend; "Dear old chap, I'll be delighted!" you ejaculate; And with the "fizz" increases conversation rapidly; And you

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glad anticipation, of the jolly time you'll spend, You feel a trifle dizzy, but you've gone too far to stop, And you're

ceed to dress in tuggy immaculate. Then you unaware you're talking rather rapidly. As a

seek the place of meeting, and you settle down to dine; And the dinner you're shinier, and, as merry as a grig, You start

mer - ry, mer - ry joke begins to circulate; Till you've home-ward when you separate with side enough, To cap
had enough of eating, and the bubbles of the wise. Rising size an ocean liner, and you try to dance a jig. But the upward, thro' your brain begin to percolate. But it's thorough-fare you find is hardly wide enough. But good fun while you are doing it, And a pastime I can really recommend; Tho' the
Morning of tomorrow, With reflection may bring sorrow, Is a

Little bit, Is a little bit, Is a

Little bit of dinner with a friend, friend.

D.C.
"Suppose."

Lyrics by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

St. Jermyns
Moderato.

Piano.

ff scherzando

St. Jermyns

If some-one came who was
If some-one took those three

waiting for a chance To become the very best of little words for "Yes," And the meaning of them under-

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friends; And wanted for encouragement a
stood; And he asked you to be truthful, and to

Angela,
sympathetic glance, Would you give it? That all de-
own up and confess, Would you do it? I think I

pends. Would

Someone would have to be

Someone would have then to
ve-ry, ve-ry kind, And of course it's all a case of sup-po-
promise to be true, I should make of that the ve-ry first cou-

St. Jermyne. Angela.
-si-tion; We'll call it so, Well, then, I think, per-
-di-tion. Suppose he did? I'd take his word, and

hups I should'nt mind, A glance of some-thing more than re-cog-
see he kept it too, 'Twould be with me no case of sup-po-
St. Jermyns.

Suppose he loved you more than all in life, And
Suppose he took you in his arms like this, And

Dared to tell you so,
Would not let you go;
Suppose he asked you to
Suppose he asked you for

Be his little wife. Would you do it? I don't know.
Just one little kiss. Would you give it? I don't know.
“Auf Wiedersehn.”

Words by VERNON ROY.

Music by W. T. FRANCIS.

Piano.

lad and lass 'neath the autumn sky,
Stood by the shimmering
sailed a-way when the dawning came,
Ov-er the wind-tossed

He mur- mur'd "love do not say good bye,
For foam._ And he dreamed for more than of wealth or fame, of the

I will come back to thee._ "I'll fight for fame while the
girl he had left at home. The girl who would wait thro' the

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world is young And then I'll come back a'-gain. She whispered low and with chang-ing years, With hope in her heart and pain. And sing to the sea thro' a

ful-tering tongue" Then dar-ling Auf Wie-der-sehn?

mist of tears, The song with the old re-frain: "Auf

Wie-der-sehn, "auf Wie-der-sehn," How soft-ly rang the

old re-frain, Un-til you jour-ney back a-gain, My
own true love. "Auf Wiedersehen," "auf Wiedersehen."

"Auf Wiedersehen," "auf Wiedersehen" How softly rang the old refrain Un-

"Auf Wiedersehen," "auf Wiedersehen" How softly rang the old refrain Un-

"Auf Wiedersehen," "auf Wiedersehen" How softly rang the old refrain Un-

til you journey back again My own true love "Auf Wiedersehen."

til you journey back again My own true love "Auf Wiedersehen."

til you journey back again My own true love "Auf Wiedersehen."
"The Church Parade."

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

Con spirito.

Piano.

If you
There's the

want to see a
real Beau Monde of the
thrill-ling sight.
style tip-top.
Go to the Park on
Out in the Park on

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Sunday; Go to the Park,
Sunday; Out in the Park,

Go to the Park on Sunday. If you want a feast of
Out in the Park on Sunday. And the smart young girl from the

pure delight,
West End shop,

Sunday; Go to the Park,
Sunday; Out in the Park,
Go to the Park on Sunday, And sit on a nice green chair.
Out in the Park on Sunday, The dress from Jay's is jostled by the costume ready made; And watch the great ones and the rich. And those who try to

Lady elbows "Nelly Bly," And holds her nose up

pose as "sich," In the church Parade, In the church Parade, just as high. In the church Parade, In the church Parade.
Refrain.

The church Parade beats every thing!

The church Parade when in full swing,
Is a thing to see, and wonder at. For oh! the wealth displayed, Of the millinery art, and costumes smart, In the church Parade! The church Parade!
Back To Harrow.

Words by
J. MONTAGUE.

Music by
W. T. FRANCIS.

We are going back to Harrow to be
A foolish little waif will re-

foolish boys again, What compares with youthful folly, We will place my high silk hat, I will wear a short-tailed jacket, I'll ex-

chuck the dull decorum, and the airs of grown-up men, They're so change the stick I carry, for a dear old cricket bat, Or a

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beast-ly mel-an-choly. In youth-ful clothes and ca-pers we will
jol-ly ten-nis rack-et. I'll gath-er snakes and plant them in your

take re-newed de-light, We'll have a game of blind-man's buff in
dór-mi-tor-y bed, I'll scat-ter tacks and need-les where you'll

chap-el ev-ry night; And make the mas-ter's stand the drinks or
find them as you tread; I'll amite your so-lar plex-us with a

come out-side and fight, Oh! a school-boys life is jol-ly. Then it's
stock-ing full of lead, With the full in-tent to crack it.
back to Har-row, back to Har-row, back to Har-row

boy-hood's hap-py days re-new-ing, young and mer-ry,

raising Har-ry, do-ing all the things that boys will do. We'll go

back to Har-row, back to Har-row, back to Har-row,
There'll be always something doing; Leaping, bounding,

Hare, and bounding, We'll be boys again a week or two.
"Rainbow."

Words by
FRED. W. LEIGH.

Music by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Andante moderato.

Lad and lass together shelter near a tree,
Brighter gleams the rainbow climbing up the sky,
"See, the clouds have parted rain has ceased to fall,

Hoping that the rainstorm ended soon will be;
Then the colours slowly fade away and die,
All the world seems brighter sunshine over all;

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Comes a burst of sunshine where the clouds are low,
Cries the lover fondly, "In my heart I know,
So all care and sorrow from our lives will go;

Then they see the colours of a bright rainbow.
There will be no fading with my own Rainbow,
Banished by the magic of your smile, Rainbow."

"You are my rainbow, dearest!" the lover cries,
And in those happy days when you are mine,
Murmurs the lassie, "My life's aim shall be,
And to her enquir-ing glance he tender-ly re-plies;
You will be a rain-bow that will nev-er cease to shine.
Al-ways to be wor-thy of the name you give to me.*

Chorus, 1st time p, 2nd f.

con espressione.

"Rain-bow, Rain-bow, all the time that you are near me;

Life is nev-er dark and drear-y storm-clouds go;"
Rainbow, Rainbow, I would have you leave me never, Say that you will be for ever my Rainbow, bow.
Finale Scene I.

Maestoso.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

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“Cinderella! you have won.”

Words by
CHAS. H. TAYLOR.

Music by
W. T. FRANCIS

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Oh! fairytales are true, sometimes,
Is very plain I see. For

this is what my wedding chimes, are saying now to
Oh! Cinderella, Oh! Cinderella,

Pray don't you understand? The tale is done, And

you have won, Your Prince of Fairyland.
Finale Act II.

Music by
HERBERT E. HAINES.

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thing to see, and wonder at, For, oh, the wealth displayed

of the

millinery art, And the costumes smart, In the Church Parade!

(Curtain)