Mr. Pickwick

A Musical Comedy

Book by
CHAΣ. KLEIN

Lyrics by
GRANT STEWART

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Vocal Score. Price $2.00 Net.
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MR. PICKWICK.

A Musical Comedy In Two Acts.

As produced by
THE DE WOLF HOPPER OPERA COMPANY.
Under the direction of Everett R. Reynolds.

Book by CHARLES KLEIN. Lyric by GRANT STEWART. Music by MANUEL KLEIN.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr Pickwick ........................................ DE WOLF HOPPER.
Sam Weller ............................................ DIGBY BELL.
Tony Weller .......................................... HENRY NORMAN.
Alfred Jingle ........................................ GRANT STEWART.
Winkle ................................................ LOUIS PAYNE.
Snodgrass ............................................. GEORGE CHAPMAN.
Tupman ................................................ AUGUSTUS COLETTE.
Fat Boy ................................................ GUY H. BARTLETT.
Col. Bulder ............................................ GEORGE ROLLAND.
Dr. Slammer .......................................... PHILIP CONNOR.
Mr. Wardle ........................................... J. K. ADAMS.
Arabella ............................................... LOUISE GUNNING.
Mrs Bardell .......................................... LAURA JOYCE BELL.
Polly .................................................. MARGUERITE CLARKE.
Miss Wardle .......................................... GRACE FISHER.
Miss Tompkins ....................................... MARY DAVIS.
Liza .................................................... ALICE MAUDE POOLE.
Sally .................................................. MARION LEE.
Mrs Bardell's Nieces ................................ RUTH HALBERT.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. — Dingley Dell Arms.
ACT II. — Motor Farm.

Produced under the personal stage direction of George F. Marion.
Orchestra conducted by the Composer.
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MR. PICKWICK.
A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

Overture.

Allegro grazioso.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Piano.

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Tempo di Valse.

_f con spirito._
No 1.

Opening Chorus.
Miss Tompkins and Chorus.

We gather at the Diggery Arms to tell about the country's charms. And deeds of sport that find report. Would certainly a...
maze you For hero we boast about our skill At hunting or the

boxing mill, And sow the seeds of other deeds To terrify and

daze you.

Allegretto. ENTRANCE OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

Bell.
Allegretto con grazia.

At sound of bell with stately walk We all adjourn for

fun and talk, And glad are we to escape the rule That

holds us strictly there in school. We praise the man, His...
Now we bless Who first invented school recess. So his name we bless Who first invented school recess.

don't be surprised if we Do not be surprised if we

MISS TOMPK. Allegro.

Young part from strict propriety Depart from strict propriety Allegro.
La-dies, I am much sur-prised.
Young SOP. & ALTO.

Oh! do not be of-fend-ed Miss,

La-dies, I am scan-dal-ized.
Since

No scan-dal was in-tend-ed Miss.

you for-get the les-sons taught in maid-en-ly de-co-rum, I'll

ask you kind-ly on the spot to care-ful-ly rub der 'ein.
Allegro.
SOP. & ALTO.

In our lessons we are told we should never be too bold, Quiet

Modesty in maids is most diverting. And there's

One who says "beware of the lion in his lair, Of the

Man who has a tendency to flirting," Though we're


up in trig-on-om-e-try, ge-og-ra-phy geo-m-e-try, All

lan-guages, the-o-logies and isms

We can
draw the one equa-tion that there's dan-ger in flir-ta-tion, And that

words of love are va-cant cyn-i-cism.
MISS TOMPK.

Heads up, eyes bright! Don't smile that's right.

SOP.

bear-ing cus-to-ma-ry of the

ALTO.

school.

Were con-tra-ry if we va-ry the in-

school, of the school.

struc-tion tu-te-la-ry of Miss Tomp-kin's sem-i-na-ry and it's
SOP. & ALTO.

TEN. (to girls.)
BUDDLE.

Though our principal is near And her
something we can add if you'll but try it.

BASS. (to girls.)
MAIDS-EN.

Gentle and demure, we're emphatically sure There is

MISS TOMPK.

(angrily.)

Why young discipline we fear We are tempting you persuaded to defy it.
MISS TOMPK.

(to men)

ladies you forget, yourselves And you sirs! do not feel yourselves.

TEN.

BASS.

(To girls.)

Do not listen, turn your faces, for your pardon but our aim was philanthropic.

walk now take your pieces; For young Misses in their teens this is no topic.
Eyes down! you know; now march!

SOP. (starting to march off)

ALTO.

Although cost of taking chances may be
dear,

It enhances the romances of im-
dear; may be dear.

pressionalable fancies when attendant circumstances are se-
SOP. \( \text{ff Grandioso.} \)

ver \( \text{ALTO, ff} \)

The sounding bell our\( \)

TEN. \( \text{ff} \)

Since the cost of taking chances oft en\( \)

BASS. \( \text{ff Grandioso} \)

fate doth tell, It sounds the knell of\( \)

haunts the romances of impressionable fancies, as a\( \)
talk.  With heavily grace each

talk. of talk,

rule, as a rule, You had better be contrary, do not

turns her face And takes her place for walk.

be afraid to vary Your demeanor customary at school.
No 2.

Golden Rules.

Jingle.

Allegro.

Piano.

JINGLE. Spoken-Sot sung.

1. Child at school—copy book—Way that he should
Wine is in—wit is out—That's what wit is

go—Lots of bosh, believes it all—Mother told him so.
for—Man who lets his wit stay in—Apt to be a bore.

Roll—low stones get no moss—Never have a
Fool—ish rule the one a—bout—Chap who goes a

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5001-5
Good thing too—full of moss—People try to sit on them—Love your neighbor.
Take my word—chap who lends is chap who does the sorrowing. Uneasy head that.

tried it once—had to leave the place—Tried to love her—did my best—
wears a crown—Nonsense! fail to see—If you have't got a head—

Breach of promise case—Early bird gets the worm—Very proper
What good your crown would be—Home is where the heart is, bosh! Hearts are apt to—

rule—Teach the worm to stay in bed—Stupid little fool—
roam—Half the hearts I know are in some other fellow's home—

Golden rules, 5001-3
REFRAIN.

Golden rules taught in schools, People keep them silly fools!

Gracioso.

Ass'es make 'em wise men break 'em, Devil take 'em Golden rules.

Every rule exception to That is why I

L.H. L.H.

take Exception to the lot of 'em Rules were made to break.

Golden rules, 5004.5

4986
How doth the little busy bee? Don't believe a word of it! What bee makes some man takes, Bee don't get a third of it. Truth lies in a well, in water that's to say where as Very next rule tells you that "In Vino Veri -
tus?" Stone walls do not a pris-on make. Bah! what tommy rot!
They may not make the prison But they help an awful lot.

REFRAIN.

Golden rules taught in schools People keep them silly fools!

Ass - es make 'em wise men break 'em Devil take 'em Golden rules!

Allegro.

Golden rules. 5091-5
No 3.

Love.
DUET.
Arabella and Polly.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Allegro molto.

Piano

Tempo di Valse.

ARÀ

When a maiden's all a-flutter, come and go

The

mf con delicatezza.

frequent blushes Half-formed words her soft lips utter;

con spirito. f

All in vain her heart she blushes Is it Love? she

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Polly,

Half the time it is not love but its only

Arna.

Love has come it must be so, for

Polly.

Indigestion.

Love will come.

And Love will go!
REFRAIN.
ARA.
What is it causes the soul to mount? Why it's Love! Love! Love!
POLLY.

What is it eats up your bank account? Why it's Love! Love!

What is it fills your heart with thrills?

Love! What is it
All comprehensive.

runs up your weekly bills?

but very expensive is

Love! Love! Love! What is it causes the soul to

Love! Love! Love!


Why 'tis Love, Love, Love. What is it eats up your bank ac-
'Tis not Love, no 'tis never Love, What is it fills your count? Why 'tis Love, Love, Love. What is it

heart with thrills? What is it fills your heart with thrills? All compre-
runs up your weekly bills? What is it runs up your weekly bills? The compre-

hensive and never expensive is Love! Love! Love!
hensive it's very expensive is Love! Love! Love!

Presto.
Tempo di Valse.

When with love the soul is aching, Polly.

That's the time to look for trouble.

Love has come and beat it double.

What is love? Ah! who shall say?
Though the heart a-gains't it la-bors, Why love holds us in it

swag?

POLLY. Love is king! full

Only to amuse the neigh-bors.

ARA. well we know that Love will come.

POLLY. And Love will go!

REFRAIN. ARA. What is it makes all the world seem bright? Why its Love! Love! Love!

uf a tempo.
ARA.

POLLY.

What is it keeps us awake at night? Why its Love! Love!

Com-ing to us with re-sist-less night.

Love! Ut-ter-ly

Powr all pos-sess-ing is

spoiling our ap-pe-tite! But ver-y de-press-ing is

Why 'tis Love, Love, Love! What is it keeps us up

'Tis not Love, 'tis never Love! Coming to wake at night? Why 'tis Love! Love! Love! All -
us with resistless might,
Coming to us with resistless might.

ways spoiling your appetite
ways spoiling your appetite

Pawr all possessing and never depressing is Love!__
Love!

Pawr possessing but very depressing is Love!__
Love!

Love!

Love!
No 4.

Gratitude.

Trio.
Polly, Weller, Sam.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Allegro vivace.

Polly.

Please tell me what is gratitude and where it can be found.

Sam.

Ex-

WELL.

You're

perience makes me conclude it ain't above the ground.
wrong my boy, a clever man can find it if he looks.

POLLY.

WELL.

Why is the story sure I wish you'd tell me where.

BOOKS...

POLLY.

That's right that's right

SAM.

It poco rit.,
Isn't on earth and it isn't in air.

SAM.

It ain't found in business to

a tempo.

WELL.

It's a thing that you'll none of you meet with in trade. It's

that you can swear.

never been born, and it's never been made.

SAM.

It's a debt al-ways owing that
SAM.
never gets paid, It can't live in sunshine and dies in the shade.

POLLY.
Then what is gratitude, what can it be?

WELL.
It's a bloom-in' conundrum

REFRAIN.
Where, oh where on earth is gratitude

take it from me.

SAM.
WELL.
No one's found it in this latitude; Talking of gratitude's
Polly.

Nobody knows where gratitude goes.

Sam.

Only a traitor.

Tutti.

Gratitude some one owes. Where, oh where on earth is gratitude?

No one's found it in this latitude Talking of gratitude only a traitor;

Nobody knows where gratitude goes, When gratitude some one owes.
SAM.
You lend a friend a sovereign and you

WELL.
Refuse to lend, you've lost your friend, to find you've lost them both

POLLY.
But help a maiden in distress; she'll that I'll take my oath.
Polly.

But gratitude surely is met with in some.

Well.

As a poco ritens. a tempo.
very keen notion of favors to come.

SAM.

It's a Will-o' the-Wisp that keeps leading you on. And just when you want it you find that it's gone.

POLLY.

something you read about, talk about too. You expect it in others and
they do in you.

SAM.

It hasn't got body, head,

WELL.

It's the extract of nothing boiled down to the dregs.

DANCE.

arms, feet or legs.

poor rall. D.S. al Fine.

f Allegro.

sf2
Entrance.

Pickwick and Chorus.
"Coach Arrival."

Allegro moderato.

Horns.

Piano.

poco crep.  
molto crep.  
sempre crep.
Allegro.
SOPRANO.  
What's the latest news from town, Oh! what has taken place in London lately?

TEN.
What's the latest news from town, Oh! what has taken place in London lately?

BASS.
Who is born and who is dead? We want to hear the news?

How's the King and how's the Royal Family? We're interested greatly.

How's the King and how's the Royal Family? We're interested greatly.
Who's the horse that won the Derby? What's the betting on the races? What has Parliament to say about our latest war with France?

What have the latest Paris fashions seen in jewels, silks and lace? Have you...
brought some nice new music and the last invented dance?

SOP. & ALTO.

What's the latest news from town? Oh! what has taken place in London lately?

TEN.

What's the latest news from town? Oh! what has taken place in London lately?

BASS.

Who is born and who is dead? Please tell us don't refuse.

Who is born and who is dead? Please tell us don't refuse.
What's the newest style in Piccadilly? We are interested greatly.

Tell us all you know of town. We want to hear the news.
No. 5b

The Pickwick Club.

Pickwick, Tupman, Snodgrass, Winkle and Chorus.

class to be successful must be started in just right. So us
scarcely put a limit on what we propose to do. The

chairman they elected me. And to aid me in my phil-o-sophic,
plan that we have formed immense. Of in-vest-i-gating every-thing and

Hear! Hear!
phil-an-throp-ic fight, as com-mit-tee I've se-lect-ed three, We have
ev'-ry-bod-y too, And en-tire-ly at our own ex-pense! We shall!
Hear! Hear!

PICK.

prom-ised to al-le-vi-ate each man's un-hap-py lot, And in
look for an e-lix-i-er that will keep us ver-y young! We have
ev'-ry-bod-y's cause we are u-nit-ed. So that wheth-er you are suf-fer-ing from
got a scheme for fil-ter-ing the o-cenm. And by in-spect-ing ver-y care-ful-
any wrongs or not, the Pickwick Club will see that you are right-ed So do not
ly a woman's tongue, we'll find the secret of perpetual motion With-in a

fear. Our path is clear and in the way of duty we have never
year. We'll make it clear what is the reason that maidens have never

TUP & SNOD.

Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear!

WINK.

tur-ried. A vote of confidence I'll try all who believe in me say Those u-
marr-ried. Shall we find out the reason why all who desire me to say Those u-

OMMES.

Aye!
No 6. To Ascertaining the Knowledge.

Pickwick, Arabella, Winkle,
Snodgrass, Topman and Chorus.

Allegro.

Piano.

as- cer- tain the knowledge of the college I'll en- deavor.

ARA.

(to girls.)

Did you ev- er?

SOP. & ALTO.

more.

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A bid I'm going to make to gain your

never never did.

education reputation.

I want to know the whereabouts of every thing you hear about; my

stock of information I'm desirous to enrich on the when, why, what and the

since.
PICK. (to Club.)

TUPMAN. (to Girls.)

WINKLE.

SNODGRASS.

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

SOPR. ALTO.

De -

I've got it down. I've got it down.

I've got it down.

scribe to me your no - tion of the o - cean!

It is wa - ter

Now who taught her?

And its
ARA.

PICK.

TUP. (breathless)

SNGD.

WINK.

Dance.

PICK.

Tempo I.

Now gravity has
laws of which the cause was found by New- ton, why the fruit on up-ple
trees was bound to fall. I call up-on you all to tell me
how he knew it had to do it.

aka sop. & alto.

question of vi-bration that's pro-duced by os-cill-a-tion; his dis-
COV-E-RY of GRA-VI-TY we ought to CE-LE-BRATE for it shows us why our

ARA. SOP. & ALTO.

hats won't stay on straight!

So 't does.

We know it does.

The sur-vival of the fit-est you'll ad-mit is now ac-

know it does.
PICK.

know-ledge
ded

ARA.

Oh! oh! The fit-
test

case.

ARA SOP & ALTO.

Here at col-
lege we can-
not ad-
mit its so.

are quite sure
to out-
last us, say the mas-
ters.

It's
diff-

erent you see with us. We

think you will a-
gree with us, its clothes that make the wo-
man and the
way her dress-es sit, so that we pre-
fer the survival of the Fit.

PICK (again breathless.)

What's the use.

TUP. (same bus.) WINK.

They're too ab-struse. They're too ab-
struse.

SNOD.

They're too ab-struse.

Dance.

poco accel.

a tempo.
The Lay of the Merry Ha! Ha!
QUARTZETTE.
Arabella, Polly, Pickwick, Snodgrass.

N° 8.

years ago a little bird As censor posed on men,

a ny thing absurd occurred its laughter sounded then.

With
mocking melody 'twas fraught when ridicule was nee-ed

The

echo of its laugh we've caught, And use it just as he did Ah!

POLLY. (laugh)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha... ha-ha-ha.

laugh.

SNOD. (laugh.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ha.
ARA. (laugh.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

PICK. piano forte.

And every pose and peculiarity will

PICK. piano forte.

find its greeted with hilarity. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

ARA, POLLY, SOP. & Alto.

SNOD. & TEN.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

BASS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.
POLLY.
That lay is sung to boast-ers Who their won-drous deeds re-tale.

SNOD.
And

PICK.
I must say people who by bor-ing you, Your feel-ings ir-ri-tate.
When proud father's rave about their
that is great.
everlasting baby.
This little song will help you out, By

(laugh.)

(laugh.)
now you've learned it may be. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
ARA. (laugh.)

ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Hu,

SNOD.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

PICK. piano forte.

When the laughs on us were

meno forte.

PICK.

loud in abusing it, But in our turn were very fond of using it. And

ARA, POLLY, SOP' ALTO.

SNOD & TEN.

BASS.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ff pesante.

ARA.

The lady with the worn-out voice Who stood for hours and chanted.

SNOD.

The
POLLY.

Your kindest of us will rejoice when she catches cold and cannot

sweet-heart's little brothers too who watch you both like weasels.

sing this song I know you do When they get mumps or measles Ah!
FOLLY. laugh.

PICK.
(laugh.)
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SNOO. (laugh.)
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

ARA. (laugh.)
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

in a

PICK.
case like this with

ARA, RACH, SOP., & ALTO.

TENS.

BASS.

Ha, ha, ha.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

TENS.

Ha, ha, ha.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Ha, ha, ha.

Ha, ha, ha, ha.
FOLLY.

The par-ve-nu who goes a-broad, whom ev-ry-body hates.

SNOD.

Who

PICK.

And brags of

says his fa-ther is a lord, and talks of dukes and miles.
poco rall.  a tempo.  ARA.

How quickly his pretensions drop when his estates.

poco rall.  a tempo.

some one says: "How silly?"

PICK.

Your father keeps a tailors shop in

(laugh.)

Bond Street, Piccadilly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

FOLLY.  (laugh.)

Ha.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

SNOD. (laugh) Ha, ha, ha, ha.

ARA. (laugh) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

PICK. (meno forte) I've

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

always given him the preference, So call on me when in

4838
I'll have the law, I'll have my right.

Octette.

Mrs. Bardell, Liza, Sally, Sue,
Picklewick, Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle.

Furioso. MANUEL KLEIN.

Piano.

Mrs. BARD. (rushing to Pickwick.)

In spite of hate

bear to you, I'm going to be fair to you, and here and now de-

clare to you I mean to have my rights.

LIZA, SALL. & SUE. (rushing at Tup. Snod. & Wink.)

We've come down here to

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stop a thing, and as we never drop a thing we'll make you do the proper thing according to our lights.

PICK.

Your attitude so furious to you will prove injurious, your charge is simply spurious as very well you know.

TUP. SNOOT & WINE.

You have been very
Rude in here. On matters we were brooding here when you three came in.

Mrs. BAR.

Trudging here; you're very much detained. Oh you never will get rid of

Listesso tempo.

us by such very unpleasant attack; We have made up our minds for a

fuss.

TUP. WINK & SNOD.

Go! Go!

LIZA, SALL, & SUE. (quietly.)

If we go, we shall only come back.
eminent man of the day — I have not been considered a

dunce — but I can't understand what you say, what you say when you're

all of you talking at once. No I can't understand.

Mrs. B. & GIRLS.

No they can't understand what we say when we're

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

No we can't understand.

Mrs. B. SUE & GIRLS.

all of us talking at once, No they can't under-stand what we

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

When you're talking at once, No we can't un-der-stand what you

PICK.

When you're talking at once, No we can't un-der-stand what you
say, what we say, when we're all of us talking and talking and talking were
say, what you say, when you're all of you talking and talking and talking you're
say, what you say, when you're all of you talking and talking and talking you're

Allegretto. Mrs. BAR:
all of us talking at once.

Then

all of you talking at once.

Allegretto.

all of you talking at once.

Allegretto.

gen-tle-men, and you too girls, keep quiet just a minute; I'll
o - pen up my heart to you and like - wise all that's in it.

Allegro.

When

Bar - dell went to his last a - bode (as the ve - ry best of hus - bands will,) I

took a place in the Gos - well road, and in the wind - ow put a bill
(to Pickwick)

You
day your house I chanced to pass; came up the steps and rang the bell.

LIZA, SALL, & SUE.

Took my lodgings and alas! You took then in my heart as well.

7UP, SNO, PICK & WINK.

He

Mrs. B.

When

took her lodgings and alas, she took her widows heart as well.

took her lodgings what a farce to say, she took her heart as well.

took her lodgings what a farce to say, I took her heart as well.
Mrs. B.
some times I would sit and weep
You'd

[Music notation]

I'll come into your room and chat

[Music notation]

praise my cooking, then you'd hope I'd always cook for you like that, it

[Music notation]

speak of husband number one

[Music notation]

And I would cheer you up and vow, no
Mister there Barrell has gone, he's better off where he is now. 'tis

LIZA. SALL. SUE. & Mrs. B.

Oh

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

That's

LIZA. SALL. & SUE.

what a pity he has gone, he might be here to cheer you now.

TUP. SNOD. PICK. & WINK.

truce, no matter where he's gone he's better off where he is now.

(to Pickwick)

Mrs. B.

what a pity he has gone, he might be here to cheer me now. You:

Piu MOSSO

Mrs. B.

might have been the husband who won my affections sweet and coy. You
might have been a father too, to my poor angel, orphan boy. So

cresc. e sempre piu furoso.

if I on the jury call for damages for my complaint, it's

cresc. e sempre piu furoso.

when I come to think of all he might have been, but what he

a belle I'll go and on the jury call for damages for

LIZA, SALL, & SUE.

Well go and on the jury call for damages for

TUP, SNOOD, PICK, & WINK.

We think we shall be lucky all if we escape from

f cresc.
my complaint.  I'll have the law, I'll have my rights
her complaint.
their complaint.

PICK.

Allegro molto.

SALLY. (to Tup. Snod. & Wink.)

PICK.

You villain you, and you, and you.
bless the woman, how she fights.

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

Legato.

Liza & Sue.

TUP. SNOD. & WINK.

Our aunt shall have her full revenge.
vow my dear, that isn't true.

PICK.

You
(to Snodgrass.)

You call yourself a poet, eh?

TUP. SNOD. & WINE.

need not bother, keep the change.

MRS. B.

I'm going to faint I know I am, I know I am.

LIZA. SALL. & SUE.

run away and play.

Oh yes I am, I know I am, oh barrel to pro-

no you sain.
LIZA, SALL, & SUE. (to men.)

Tell your wife why don't you come.

PICK.

The woman is delirious, delirious.

We've seen you somewhere once before, somewhere before.

TUP, SNOD, & WINK.

You'll

It was never see us any more, oh never more.
somewhere you'd no right to be, no right to be

(aside.)

LIZA, SALL, SUE & MRS. B.  

Più mosso.

We hope she don't refer to me.

Piu mosso.

vow the law at you shall gnaw, and sharp-er claw you nev-er saw.

TUP, SNOD, WINK, & PICK.  (aside.)

We
No

eas-ily can see that she is going to be our en-

eg. legato.

ty

words can paint our just complaint she's going to faint! Mrs. B. We're

No, no I ain't

cresc.

TUP, SNOD, WINK & PICK.

Mrs. B. LIZA & SALL & SUE.

Presto.

We'll make you pay!

in dis-may at what they say. Oh go a-way, oh

have the law the law.

go oh go a-way.

Presto.
Boys Will Be Boys.

No. 9.

TRIO.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Pickwick, Weller, Wardle.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Well.

Piano.

I maintain in this here land, Which as we know's a free one, That every one should understand a boy has a right to be one. So when he's a man he will enjoy The thought of the time when he was a boy.

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Bus: Take snuff as they say: "Little scamp!"

WELL.

Gioioso

Then

hol for the days of the cob- blers wax That we put in the teach- ers

WELL.

seat.

WARD.

And the fruit we stole.

PICK.

God bless my soul. What
The run-away ring
And the other was half so sweet.

The pies in the dirt!

purse on a string That we used on all Fool's Day
And the

squirt!

How it hurt to put them all away. Well?
Boys will be boys, Boys will be boys, The world may change and things seem strange But boys will still be boys.
WARD.
Allegro.

Now

in this world for everyone Enjoyment should be plenty. It's

good to think of all the fun we had when we were twenty. When

ev'ry man was your dearest friend, And money was only a thing to spend.
Bus: All take snuff as they say: "Young dog."

WARD. *Giocoso*

Then

WARD.  

O! for the days that we turned into night.

WELL.  

And the night into day in-

PICK.  

stead.

When we drank and fought with never a thought of the

4936
PICK.

early morning head.

WARD.

The rattle of dice.

WELL.

And the

lot of advice what we never, never took.

And forget entirely how she'd look. Well!

girl we met.

And 'ud fret
Boys will be boys, Boys will be boys, The

world may change and things seem strange But boys will still be boys.

Boys will be boys, Boys will be boys, The

dim.

cresc.

world may change and things seem strange But boys will still be boys.

dim.

e

4936
But one thing we must not forget; If we've been fairly thrifty, There's lots of pleasure for us yet When we are over fifty. It's a fact that never can
be disguised The Old Boy isn't to be despised.

Giocoso, f

Then

Giocoso, f

proK.

O! for the pipe and the bowl of punch.

WARD.

And the seat by the roaring blaze.

WELL.

And a
The rollicking song to help along the memory of old days.

fatherly views we pretend to use to every pretty girl.

Bus: All whisper together then burst out laughing.

Well!
Boys will be boys, Boys will be boys. The world may change and things seem strange But boys will still be boys.
Speak Low.

"LULLABY."

When the red glow of sunset has faded and gone, when the rose petals tighten and close

brief space are done, how welcome the hour of repose.

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sweet to the laborer home from the field, and een the philosopher

cool but to none does the plow more restful-ness yield, than the

hard working maiden at school speak low, speak low, lets

whisper as we go and creep along on tip-toe just as quietly as
nice. Tread light. Tread light. A kiss and then good night. Your

dim. e rall.

head once on the pillows, you'll be sleeping in a trice.

Andante moderato.

When the dancer is weary of

hornpipe and jig, when the soldier has vanquished his foes. When the
gard-ner's strong arm is to thr-ed to dig, how wel-come the hour of re-

It is said that a wise man needs less time for rest than

either a wem-an or fool. But the one who at sleep is a

long way the best is the hard work-ing maid-en ut school. Speak
Speak low, let's whisper as we go.

And creep a long on tip toe just as quietly as nice.

Tread light, tread light, a kiss and then goodbye.

Your head once on the pillow, you'll be sleeping in a
ARA.

Speak low, Speak low, Let's whisper as we go,

SOPR. I. (in the distance.)
dolce. Speak low, Speak low, Let's whisper as we go,

SOPR. II. & ALTO.

Speak low, Speak low, Let's whisper as we go, and creep along on tip toe just as quietly as us we go, and creep along on tip toe just as quietly as

ARA. & SOPR. I.

mice! Tread light! Tread light, A mice lets creep Tread light! Tread light!
kiss and then good night  Your head once on the
A kiss and then good night, Your head once on the

dim. e rall.
pil-low, you'll be sleep-ing in a trice.  Speak low, Speak

dim. e rall.
pil-low, you'll be sleep-ing in a trice.

p a tempo.

low,  Speak low.

Speak low.

Speak low.

roll.
Finale I.

"What's the Matter?"

Principals and Chorus.

MANUEL KLEIN.

No 11.

Molto agitato.  

SOPRANO

What's the matter we're dead with fright at being disturbed at this hour of night! What's the reason for all this din That woke us from sleep that we were in?

(Enter men.)
TOMPK.

vil-lion tried with in-ten-tion grim To make Ar-na-bel-la e-lope with him.

PICK.

'Twas

that I came here to pre-vent, I vow on my hon-or I'm in-no-ment.

PICK.

Pick-wick! There's the man who did the trick!

PICK.

Pick-wick! There's the man who did the trick!
WARD. (enter with Polly) (to Pickwick)

Vivo.
Where's my daughter, rep--

WARD.
But where? See what a fright you gave her!

POLLY.
He only tried to save her.

PICK.
sure you that.

PICK, Allegro moderato.
My course was clear to interfere; Thus I could

TUF, SNOD, & WINK.
Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear!

Allegro moderato.
quite upset the plan they had constructed And with a heroism grand I came a-

one to be on hand. So I saved your daughter there from being abducted.

Mrs. Bard (shrinks from window) Allegretto.

OMNES. (satisfied) Non It isn't the truth I

Oh! Allegretto.

swear, He's telling to you down there. A moment ago as I

4936
BARD.

happen to know he was up in this room, just here!

ARAB. (waking up)

It's

ARAB.

Where am I? Oh, my! You may

shocking indeed to hear a story that sounds so queer. You may

(to Pick)

(to Pick)

(to Pick)
well turn pale at her terrible tale that's apparently quite sin-
cere Though on her it's a bit severe.

rall.
Poco andante.

TUP & SKOD.
If it was not for the path of glory I have yet to tread; And the

WINK.
If it was not for his glory.

Poco andante.

benefits Pickwickian to show on this world's head, I could

And his benefits Pickwickian.

find it in my heart to almost wish that I was dead!

Sad the day if he were dead!

SAM.
(coming to Pickwick.)

You'll ex -
PICK. animando.

SAM. My cue my say-ir guv-nor, but you'd bet-ter go to bed.

OMNES. friends I do as-sure you. But Go and hide your guilt-y head.

ladies, I im-plore you.

SAM. Come on guv-nor, come to bed.
The discovery so dreading That has fallen on your head, When we
find you would have fled With the lady overhead; Or with
find you would have fled With the lady overhead; Or the
find you would have fled With the lady overhead; Or the
me instead, Make us ask you to be led By your
other one instead, Makes us ask you to be led By your
other one instead, Makes us ask you to be led By your

(start to exit)
man who rightly said You had better go to bed. Speak
man who rightly said You had better go to bed. Speak
man who rightly said You had better go to bed.

dim.
Andante moderato.

low! speak low! Let's whisper as we go,

And

Speak low! speak low! Let's whisper as we go,

And

creep along on tip-toe Just as quietly as mice, Tread

creep along on tip-toe Just as quietly as mice, Tread

creep along on tip-toe Just as quietly as mice, let's creep
light, tread light! A kiss and then good night. Your
Tread light! tread light! A kiss and then good-night.

Head once on the pillow, You'll be sleeping in a trice.

Listesso tempo.
No 1.

ACT II.

Opening Chorus.

MANUEL KLEIN.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Allegretto.

SOPR.

Hay, Hay, a wagon of hay, It's easy to slide on and on.

ALT.

com'fy to ride on is Hay, Hay, a wagon of hay.

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So whether at night or during the day,

ride in a wagon filled with hay is fun that none will shun.

care to shun if ever it comes their way, their way, to

none will shun. if ever it come their way, to

ride in the sun or when day is done, in a wagon that's filled with

ride in the sun or when day is done, in a wagon that's filled with

ride in the sun or when day is done, in a wagon that's filled with
Tempo di Valse.

ARABELLA.

Though our pencils

hay, with hay.

Tempo di Valse.

ARA.

click at arithmetie, and our pens we may scratch in our writ

ing, yet it's hard to stay in the school all day when the weather's

so inviting. Oh, geography is calamity.
ly And grummar's a trib - u - la - tion while we vain - ly

sigh for the bright blue sky and our in - so-cent re - cre - u

ARA.

tion.

POLL.

When a serv - ant shes on her hands and knees a _ wip - ing a

POLL.

floor with pol - ish, then I must ad - mit that she feels a

4036
bit what you might call "melancholy." Oh it's hard to

scrub at an old wash tub just to keep your situa-

tion, and you're baking cakes while your heart just breaks for some innocent

recreation.

SOP & ALTO (eigh)

Ah! Ah!
Oh, to work at school on the golden Rule is a matter of great vexation while we vainly sigh for the bright blue sky and some innocent recreation.

Allegro molto.

MISS TOMP.

Qui et ladies all of you. Men are coming in to view. To Allegro molto.
then your presence is desired, so till they're gone, young ladies

GIRLS. (Girls hide in various places.)
hide!
We'll hide.

We'll hide.

Allegro marziale.
MEN.
In the boom and the roar of a

Allegro marziale.
great big gun there is joy that nought can stifle
but the sound I love when the

war is done is the rattle and the crack of a rifle. So

here's to the hunt and the long pot-shot, for whether you bag your

bird or not, your troubles in life are quite forgot in the
There are

Times in the life of a man who's a wife— and may be a couple of

WELL,

out in the air for a walk with a gun on your shoulder, and I feel like a

boy with a new fangled toy, though I'm really a year or two older.
Kiddies, that he's glad for a dog to be out of the way of the
women especially the wid-dies.

MEN. (laugh.)

Hs! Ha!

MEN.

Ha! Ha!

We n.

TEN.

greet with you there's en-joy-ment too in this love-ly au-
BASS. tumn.

Con spirto.
weather, when the girls we find we have left behind and we

But you little little

men are alone together.

We are here, below and are
gree, with you, you can find enjoyment too.
listening behind the heather, and are listening behind the
when we men, when we men, when we men are alone to

heather, But you little know we are here below and we
gather, We agree with you there's enjoyment too in this

listening behind the heather, for we find like you there's ea-
love-ly Autumn weather, when the girls we find we have
joy - ment too when we girls are al - one to - geth - er, but you
left be - hind and we men are al - one to - geth - er, we a -

lit - tle know we are here be - low and are list - ning be - hind the
gree with you there's en - joy - ment too in this love - ly Au - tumn

heath - er, for we find like you there's en - joy - ment too when we
weath - er when the girls we find we have left be - hind and we
The Story of the Rainbow.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

(Arabella and Female Chorus.)

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Allegretto Moderato.

Piano.

In cloud-land once long years a-go,
There dwelt a little Rain-drop,

Dainty little Rain-drop

bright Pretty little Rain-drop had a beau,

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Smart little Rainbow with a heart so light.

Young and fresh and foolish, never such a lover seen in those days of long ago. The Rainbow was quite green. In those days of long ago Little Raindrop had her beam....
Never such a lover seen,
Rainbow, then was simply Green.

Now after Rainbow came. Oh!

such a dashing Rainbow!
Tender words of love he said.

dolce.

Whispered to her fondly of his flame
and as he kissed her cheek he blushed quite
Red But when he pleaded "Name the day," her tear-drops fell anew.

Pathetico.

Answer would she give which made poor Rainbow very blue.

REFRAIN.

Raindrops tears he kissed away, Still she would not name the day.

Grazioso.

Bluer yet poor Rainbow grew. Rainbow Red and Green and Blue.
Poco più mosso.

The Sun came out and dried her tears, Oh!

Such an angry Rainbow
Thought that Raindrop loved the Sun

Jealousy and rage and lovers fears
Made him turn yellow as he

saw it done, But Raindrop whispered words of love that charmed his fears a-way, As she
Vowed she would be his alone for ever and for aye, and now clad in Royal Purple, Rainbow.

REFRAIN. (Arabella and Girls.)

greets his Queen to day—Rain-drop in the heavens is seen.

Ruling now as Rainbow's Queen. These his colours now they've wed.

Purple, Yellow, Blue, Green, Red.
No. 3.

On the Side.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Vivace.

Piano.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

When I was a Boots at the white Hart Inn, I says to myself "Now Sam" In the door we'll say and orders the parlor floor The

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4938-6
struggle of life you are going to win that's the kind of a boy I
fairy looks scared and the gent looks gay and they came in a chaise and

and! The place isn't much and the pay is small so
four. Now when couples elope, there are pickings I hope for a

I must use my wits. For I wouldn't have taken the
Boots who can use his wits: If Pa.'s is pursuit, just

job at all if it weren't for the perquisites. For it
leave him to Boots, he is one of his perquisites. For Pa.

On the Side.
Giocoso.

ain't the pay but the per-qui-site that en-a-ble a chap to
pa drives up in a ter-ri-ble state and Boots he is at the

Giocoso.

live, and a trav-er knows that his com-fort goes by the
door. 'Yes a cou-ple came up, sir, but would-n't wait, they've

size of the tips he'll give. If as Boots you en-gage, nev-er
gone for an hour or mere? And be-liev-ing they are gone the old

think of the wage for you can't live on that if you tried. So the
man drives on to the joy of the groom and the bride. And a

On the Side. 4986 6
thing to trace in taking a place is what you get on the
couple of quid for the work you did is what you get on the

side, on the side is what you get on the side.

Tempo I.

On the Side, 1938-6
Allegro.

There is never a first class inn without attractions of every kind, and a maid that's neat in the parlor suits you're extremely apt to find. Now often in sport her kisses are sought, but that she never per-

mits. For her chaste salutations are reserved for friends as one of his perquisites. Let the

On the Side. 4th Edition
Giocoso.

trav'ling man think no girl can resist his might sublime He mustn't forget he's a

stranger yet while Boots is there all the time. And Boots has a way with him

so they say that she couldn't resist if she tried. And the hug or the kiss that the

trav'lers miss is what you get on the side, on the side, is what you get on the side.

On the Side, 4988-6

4996
No. 4.

Madrigal.

QUARTETTE.

Arabella, Polly, Pickwick and Sam.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Vivace.

Piano.

When Autumn foliage tints the trees With mellowing glory

Vivace.

ARA & POLLY.

When Autumn foliage tints the trees With mellowing glory

Vivace.

PICK.

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va - grant breeze, And per - fume haunts the va - grant breeze; It breathes of
love - it breathes of love the for - est
air.

From

air.

grazioso.
From copse and dell, from glade and vale.  

Polly.

Wood-bird call is sounding clear. Ah!

Ara.

Ah!

Folly.

Ah!

Sam.

Ah!

Pick.

Ah!

Con dolcissimo.
'tis the ripening time, the ripening time of year.

For

'tis the ripening time, the ripening time of year.

Moderato.
ARA.

Hark! to the sound where the mavis' note

P dolce.

Yellow and clear from its feathered throat.

Trills to the breeze where the sun beams float.

Sweetheart, I love but you.
Ah!

POLL. dolce.

High—er and clear—er the gay—young song rings,

SAM. dolce.

High—er and clear—er the gay—young song rings,

PICK. dolce.

Poised o'er the nest on its hovering wings.

Ah!

Hark!

Poised o'er the nest on its hovering wings.

Hark!
to the song that the mar - vis sings: The song I sing to

"I love but you: Sweet-
you. Sweet-heart "I love but you: Sweet-
you. Sweet-heart "I love but you: Sweet-

f

roll.e dim.
REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse.

ALL.

Heart, sweetheart I love—But you, from all the country side.

The old, old waltz that's ever new is echoed far and wide—"I love you" The myriad Autumn voices.

Sure Ring out so glad and true—The anthem of the
Acting.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Folly and Female Chorus.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

No. 5.

Allegro.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

FOLLY.

1. There is no defensive armour against the glamour of the drama, I'll en-
2. I'll appear in melodrama as the daughter of a farmer, Who is

poor.

CHORUS.

And domestic occupation
But for that you must engage.

To be sure.

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4936
CHORUS.

Response to his... His call is
He wishes me to wed a lord of

To the stage.
Because he's poor.

Certain to be found. That
echoes thru the Servants Hall with
very high degree. And
swears hell disrupt me be-

no uncertain sound. For,
dishing up to acting out you
cause I won't agree. I cry "Oh Father, Father" but he

very quickly pass. From the Pantry to the Pan-to-mine, from
answers with a blow. And with the fire-light fall on me I was
Fri-cassee to Farce.
turned out in the snow.

REFRAPN.

It's the powder and the paint, and the scenes that are quaint that the

mf Grazioso.

interesting story tell. And I find it's all the

rage now to go up on the Stage, So I think that I could
Polly & Chorus.

Allegro.

It's the powder and the paint, and the scenes that are quaint, And the interesting story.

And we find it's all the rage now to go upon the stage, so we think that we could act as well. Well.

Fine.
Allegro moderato.

POLLY

3. In the third act comes the villain who is thirsting for a kill-in' And for blood! How your hopes sink down to zero when he drops upon the hero With a thud!

He tries his best to murder him. It
makes you hold your breath, Then comes in the nick of time And rescues him from death, I says "Oh say you are not dead" He says "Of course I ain't." And then down comes the curtain as I trembles in a

faint.

D. S. al Fine.
DANCE
L'istesso tempo

\[\text{Music notation}\]

\[\text{Music notation}\]

\[\text{Music notation}\]

\[\text{Music notation}\]

\[\text{Music notation}\]

\[\text{Music notation}\]
No 6.

Finale II.

Lyric by
GRANT STEWART.

Principal and Chorus.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Allegro moderato.

Boys will be Boys.

Allegro moderato.

Boys will be Boys.

Piano

Boys will be Boys.

The world may

Boys will be Boys.

The world may

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change and things seem strange but Boys will still be

change and things seem strange but Boys will still be

Boys.

Boys will be Boys.

Boys.

Boys will be Boys.

Boys will be Boys.

The

Boys will be Boys.

The

Boys will be Boys.

The

Boys will be Boys.

The
The world may change, and things seem strange, but Boys will still be Boys. 

 modo string.
ADDENDA

The Rosebud Dreamed.

Waltz Song.

Valse moderato.

Music by MANUEL KLEIN

Words by YSABEL DE WITT KAPLAN.

Arabella and Chorus.

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A rose-bud dreamed in a leafy dell;
Dreamed and nodded and swayed in the breeze.
The rose-bud dreamed and so have I;
Dreamed where the twilight was soft and gray.

Raindrops lovingly o'er her fell,
The sun smiled warm thro' the heart
has sighed with as vain a sigh as that of the night wind...
heading trees. Her pink leaves curled o'er her golden heart, and she
on its way. With wide eyes into the future years long I've

happily dreamed of the day When someone would whisper the
gazed as I dreamed of the day When someone should kiss a -

magic word. When her prince would come riding her way.
way my tears. When my prince should come riding my way.

And she sang to herself this soft refrain through the
And she sang to myself this soft refrain through the
warm sun-shine and the summer rain:
tears or smiles, thro' the joy or pain:

Tempo di Valse,

When will he come, my prince, my prince? Oh haste the love-ly day.

Will it be night or will it be noon?

Desolate winter or fairy Jason?

When will he come, my...
prince, my prince, When will he ride—my way?

accel.

When with a kiss will he wake my heart? When will he

accel.

Piu lento e crep.

vow "No more we part!" When will he sing "My own thou

Piu lento e crep.

a tempo.

art!" Or haste the love—by—say.

a tempo.

D. C.
ARABELLA.

When will be come my prince, my prince? Ah

SOPR. & ALTO.

When will be come my prince, my prince? Oh haste the love-ly

TEN.

When will be come my prince, my prince? Oh haste the love-ly

BASS.

When will be come my prince, my prince? Oh haste the love-ly

Will it be night or will it be noon?

day Will it be night or will it be noon?

day, haste the love-ly day.

Will it be night? Will it be
Desolate winter or fair June? When will he

Desolate winter or fair June? When will he

now, in winter or fair June? When will he

come, My prince, my prince? Ah

come, My prince, my prince? When will he ride my

come, My prince, my prince? When will he ride my
When with a kiss will he wake my way?

When with a kiss will he wake my way, my way.

When with a kiss will he wake my heart?

When will he vow "No more we part"
When will he sing; "My own thou art?"

Oh haste the love - ly day.

Haste oh haste the love - ly

accel.
Ah the lovely day.
Haste oh haste the love
Haste oh haste the love
Haste oh haste the love

Presto.
Kisses and Cakes.

ADDENDA.

Duet - Polly and Fat Hoy.

Words by
YSABEL DE WITT KAPLAN.

Music by
MANUEL KLEIN.

Piano.

Allegretto

POLLY.

Let me look in to your basket, pretty youth, pretty youth.

What are cakes compared to kisses, pretty youth, pretty youth.

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youth, If you do, I'll love but you, and you'll find my heart is youth, and an ankle neat and trim and a waist thinslight and

true, And I'll kiss you if you ask it, pretty youth, pretty
slim, And a mouth just made for kisses pretty youth, pretty

youth.

FAT BOY,

You can't tempt me with your smiling pretty maid, pretty
Yes you have got eyes that set you pretty maid, pretty

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maid, tho' it's true. It's quite beguiling, pretty maid, pretty maid. But to speak of pies I'll bet you pretty maid, pretty maid. But with me the things that takes is the puddings and the maid. That although your waist is slight, our old cook tho' she's a cakes, and a pot of tea a sniffling, pretty maid, pretty fright, she could make a man forget you I'm afraid, I'm a.
POLLY.

If its served you by a smiling pretty maid.

FAT BOY.

But her cooking might upset you in afraid.

maid.

fraid.

I prefer some ham with eggs just newly laid.

I'd forget it when the doctor's bill was paid.

REFRAIN.

Kiss-ees and Cakes  Tresses and Tarts, Food for our Tummies and joy for our hearts.

Kiss-ees and Cakes  Tresses and Tarts, Food for our Tummies and joy for our hearts.
What's the advantage of pretty girls' eyes, if they're forgotten for cakes and pies?

Kisses and Cakes, Tresses and Tarts food for our Tummies and joy for our hearts.

What's the advantage of pretty girls' eyes, if they're forgotten for cakes and pies?