A Runaway Girl

New Musical Play

by Seymour Hicks and Harry Nicholls

Lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood and Harry Greenbank

Musical Numbers by Lionel Monckton and Ivan Caryll


($2.00) ($1.00)

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# A Runaway Girl.

**Dramatis Personæ.**

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<td>Mr. Harry Monksrose</td>
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<tr>
<td>Guy Stanley</td>
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<td>Lord Coodle</td>
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<td>Mr. Fred Kaye</td>
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<td>Signor Paloni</td>
<td>(Comul at Corsica)</td>
<td>Mr. Robert Rainby</td>
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<td>H. B. Barclay</td>
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<td>Mr. Lawrence Dorsay</td>
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<td>Mr. Crispel</td>
<td>(An Entomologist)</td>
<td>Mr. Willie Warde</td>
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<td>Sir William Hake</td>
<td>(A Cook's Tourist)</td>
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<td>Mr. Arthur Haslock</td>
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<td>Count Ehrenbreitstein von der Höhe</td>
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<td>Santa Cruz</td>
<td>(Three Musicians)</td>
<td>Mr. R. Selby</td>
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<tr>
<td>Boccacio</td>
<td>of a Wandering</td>
<td>Mr. Percival</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doloboso</td>
<td>(Troupe)</td>
<td>Mr. A. F. Cramer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Leonello</td>
<td>(Head of the Troupe)</td>
<td>Mr. John Coates</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pietro Pancare</td>
<td>(Also of the Troupe)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Gendarme</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Leslie Holland</td>
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<td>2nd Gendarme</td>
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<td>A Cook's Agent</td>
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<td>Mr. C. Roper Lane</td>
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<td>Waiter</td>
<td>(At Hotel Ajaccio)</td>
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**ACT II.— VENICE.**
# A Runaway Girl.

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A RUNAWAY GIRL.

No 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

Andantino.

Piano.

SOP.

CON.

Breathe soft.

Breathe soft.

SOP.

CON.

wind of the south.  Blossom ing branches are bending and listening.

wind of the south.  Blossom ing branches are bending and listening.

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Breathe soft, pursing thy mouth. Drink from the cups where the dew drops are glistening. Seas moan, soothing and slumberless. Bees drone, drowsy and numberless, Booming along as they murmur the song.
In convent education

SOP: 
CON: 

- ca tion al Routine is not sensation al, And pastime rec re ation al A

SOP: 
CON: 

ve ry pleas ant ploy We like to taste its qual i ty In mirth and fun and

2052
Allegretto.

Such wonderful things our hampers contain, The
Soprano:

greedy girl can hardly complain, With chicken and tongues and even champagne, We've

Concerto:

greedy girl can hardly complain, With chicken and tongues and even champagne, We've

Soprano:

plenty to drink and to eat, When we sit round the cloth we spread on the grass, A

Concerto:

plenty to drink and to eat, When we sit round the cloth we spread on the grass, A

Soprano:

stranger might guess, who happened to pass, From the click of the plate and the clink of the glass, That the

Concerto:

stranger might guess, who happened to pass, From the click of the plate and the clink of the glass, That the
school-girls are having a treat!  
Click, clack!

Rattle the knives and the forks  
And hark to the pop of the corks, while every one chatters and talks.  
Click, clack!  
Click, clack!
SOP.

musical melody rings While every one jabbars, and laughs and sings!

CON.

musical melody rings While every one jabbars, and laughs and sings!

DANCE.
No. 2

SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS of GIRLS.

"THE SLY CIGARETTE"

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Winifred. Allegretto.

Piano.

WINIFRED.

If

Girls and boys were asked what joys they found the most entrancing, each

20525
boy would name His favorite game, From "Ducks and Drakes" to dancing, But

girls with me Would all agree, Although you'll think I'm joking, With

poco rall;
twinkling eye They'd make reply, "The best of all is smoking," Ah!

poco rall:

Tempo di Valse.

Oh, sly cigarette!

-ette!

Oh fie, cigarette!
Why did you teach me to love you so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know? Oh, sly cigarette!

Chorus in unis.

Why did you teach me to love you so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know?
au ter school To gar- den cool How sweet it is to van-ish; To

tream a-way Our time of play. In smoke our les-sons han-ish. My

head you turn'd When first I learnt My lit-tle friend, to pet you:

cough'd and choke'd Each time I smok'd. But still I'm glad I met you. Ah!
Tempo di Valse.

Oh, do you remember, oh, do you remember

Oh fie, cigarette.

Why did you teach me to love you

so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know? Oh,

Chorus in unis.
sly cigarette! Oh fie,

--- cigarette! Why did you teach me to

love you so. When I have to pretend that I don't,

you know?
SONG. (Leonello) and CHORUS.

"SEA-GIRT LAND OF MY HOME."

Andantino

Piano.

Leonello.

Con espress.

Sea-girt land of my home.

When thy val-leys I roam, Wides world's mon.-arch am

Blue vault of heav-es my cano-py.

20525
What king's sceptre and throne Stand so firm as my own?
Free from strife and from care.

Tempo I.
Show me a kingdom with mine to compare. Wild birds

lambs sing to me: Daylight dies!
Shine bright eyes in the twinkling skies.

Night falls; visions to bring to me, Where I

rove, Dreams of love, from the stars
con espress:

What though homeless I be? Roofed by sheltering tree.

Grass-grown couches my bed.

rit:

Green leaves twining above my head. None dare

ques.tion my sway. None my rule to gain. say.
Free my kingdom to range — Many a monarch his own would exchange. Wild birds lullabies sing to me:

Daylight dies! Shine bright.

Eyes in the twinkling skies.
Night falls; visions to bring to me Where I rove, Dreams of love.

from the stars above, Wild birds lullabies sing to him; Day.
SOP.  
- light dies!  

TEN.  
- light dies!  

BASS.  
- light dies!  

SOP.  
eyes  

TEN.  
eyes  

BASS.  
eyes  

SOP.  
In the twinkling skies.  

dim:  

dim:  

TEN.  
In the twinkling skies.  

BASS.  
In the twinkling skies.  

dim:  

SOP.  
Night falls; visions to bring to him  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

TEN.  
Night falls; visions to bring to him  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

BASS.  
Night falls; visions to bring to him  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

cresc.:  

20585
Above from the stars above!

from above, from the stars above!

from above, from the stars above!

Above from the stars above!
No. 4.

CHORUS.

"THE CONVENT BELL"

Piano.

SOP. Hark! the convent bell is ringing. Time its course is swiftly winging. End of recreation bring ing.

CON. Hark! the convent bell is ringing. Time its course is swiftly winging.
SOP.

Sounding pleasure's
eknell!              Seek we

CON.

Hark!  Sounding pleasure's  knell!  Seek

SOP.

all our home of learning;  Hark! the convent bell,

CON.

we, Seek we all our home of learning.  Hark! the convent

SOP.

Hark! the convent bell!

CON.

bell,  Hark! the convent bell!

20525
No. 5. OPENING CHORUS-SCENE II.

Allegro.

Piano.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Bright and blue our sunny skies
Bright and blue our
Bright and blue our

BRIGHT and STILL our

BRIGHT and STILL our

BRIGHT and STILL our

20525
SOP.

see them go to and fro, and hear their laughter ring

TEN.

see them go to and fro, and hear their laughter ring

BASS.

see them go to and fro, and hear their laughter ring

SOP.

All the town's in bright array Decked out for a holiday

TEN.

All the town's in bright array Decked out for a holiday

BASS.

All the town's in bright array Decked out for a holiday

SOP.

Loud we laugh joke and chaff cheerful songs we gaily sing

TEN.

Loud we laugh joke and chaff cheerful songs we gaily sing

BASS.

Loud we laugh joke and chaff cheerful songs we gaily sing
Through the market place, Note their dainty grace.

Maidens fair light as air, Pick their way.

all the street’s alive, Hums the busy hive.
up and down. Through the town, comes the sound of laughter gay.

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens eyes.

see them go to and fro and hear their laughter ring.
All the town's in bright array, Decked out for a holiday,
Loud we laugh, joke and chaff. Maidens fair be...
rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair,

rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair,

rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair.

Tempo di Valse.

FLOWER GIRLS.

We've
but - ton - holes of ro - ses rare with myr - tle leaves and

maid - en - hair, Un - less you're quick they'll all be gone

And if you please we'll pin them on!

We'll

Ah!

And half a franc it

gladly follow your ad - vice, But half a franc's toe
is our price. Unless you're quick they'll all be gone! So
low a price for so much perfection tis clear! You

we know our business 'tis clear!

don't know your business my dear!

Allegro moderato
whips we crack, And we gallop a way from the laughter gay of the
whips we crack, And we gallop a way from the laughter gay of the
chattering girls who would hold us back, There's a wonderful swing in the
chattering girls who would hold us back, There's a wonderful swing in the
hoofbeats ring, And the echoes awake, as we speed along. From the
hoofbeats ring, And the echoes awake, as we speed along. From the
rocks above all the joys we love, The magic of women, and wine, and song!
rocks above all the joys we love, The magic of women, and wine, and song!

20525
Market Girls.

Mer. ry, mer. ry maids in bright array, Firm of foot and fair of face;

Fas. cli. nating foot-falls day by day, Echo in the mar. ket place. For the
clatter of our sabots! sabots! And the clatter of our sabots! sabots! And the clatter of our sabots!

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens' eyes,

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens' eyes,

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens' eyes,
See them go to and fro And hear their laughter ring.

All the town's in bright array, Decked out for a holiday; Loud we laugh, joke and chaff,
Maidens fair, beyond compare,
Maidens fair, beyond compare,
Maidens fair, beyond compare,

Trip it to and fro in beauty rare, With dancing
Trip it to and fro in beauty rare, With dancing
Trip it to and fro in beauty rare, With dancing

eyes and nut brown hair.
eyes and nut brown hair.
eyes and nut brown hair.
No. 6.  SONG. (Guy) and CHORUS of GIRLS.

"NOT THE SORT OF GIRL I CARE ABOUT."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Guy.

Moderato

Piano.

1. There are girls of ev'ry station, with a
2. There's a wealth of devotion in you;
3. There's a liberal education in the

liking for Literature. In whose company a pleasant hour I've spent.
Youthful admiration for the deity who dances at the Hall,
Modern education of the maid who's a little past her prime.

From their
While you,
And who

20525
GUY. charms I'm not destructing tho' I may appear exacting. But I've cul- ti-vate de-votion to the po-e-try of mo-tion, And you knows her charms are fail-ing in the ef-fort un-a-va-ling. To se-

GUY. nev-er found one yet I'd care to wed. Take the spend a lit-tle for-tune in the stalls. For there's cure a wealth-y hus-band while there's time. For there's

GUY. type that's sprung up late-ly - ran-ger mas-cu-line and state-ly. With a some-thing in her dane-ring so u-nique and so on-tranc-ing. That you some-thing quite pa-thet-ic in the waste of good cos-met-ic. Tho' her

GUY. well de-veloped chin and close-cropped hair. In a cos-tume bi-fur-ca-ted which her wor-ship ev-ery even-ing at her shrines. And in ec-sta-sy you mut-ter that the pa-tronage of course is good for trade; For her fa-vorite prepar-a-tion packed se-

20525
tailor imitated, From the model which her brother used to fascinate, flutter. Of her petticoats is perfectly di-cure from observation. Costs her twenty francs a bottle, post, age.

wear. Well, she rises with the lark and she

vain. She can charm you with a glance, she can

paid. She's as girlish as can be, and she

scorch es in the Park. She's a lady there's a lot of wear and

sup and she can dance. She's a lady there's a lot of gold en

says she's twenty-three. Though her age is real by thirty-five or

tear a bout But her boots a number nine for her

hair a bout She's admirers by the score, knows that

there a bout She prefers a shaded light and her
foot's as big as mine. So I don't think that's the sort of girl

two and two make four. But I don't think she's the sort of girl

hair takes off at night. So I don't think that's the sort of girl

CHORUS.

care a - bout. Well she ris - es with the lark and she

care a - bout. She can charm you with a glance, she can

care a - bout. She's as girl - ish as can be and she

scorches in the Park. She's a la - dy there's a lot of wear and

sup and she can dance. She's a la - dy there's a lot of gold - en

says she's twen - ty - three. Though her age is real - ly thir - ty - five or

tear a - bout. But her boot's a num - ber nine for her

hair a - bout. She's ad - mir - ers by the score, knows that

there a - bout. She pre - fers a shad - ed light and her
foot's as big as mine, So I don't think that's the kind of girl I care a'bout.

two and two make four, But I don't think she's the kind of girl I care a'bout.

hair takes off at night, So I don't think that's the kind of girl I care a'bout.

care a'bout.
care a'bout.
care a'bout.

DANCE.
No 7.  SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.

'THE SINGING GIRL.'

Winifred.

Piano.

My friends, you're far too kind to

The singing girl with words so sweet — A
W.  

Simple song's the only way My debt of gratitude to pay.

SOP.  

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

TEN.  

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

BASS.  

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

W.  

To please you all, I'll do my best!

SOP.  

song!

TEN.  

song!

BASS.  

song!

20525
I'm only a poor little singing girl who
wanders to and fro, Yet many have heard me with
hearts a-whirl. At least, they tell me so. For
ever I meet with a kindly word
From strangers near and far.
And ever the question is, "Have you heard the singing girl's guitar?"
For the crowds in the street
Say my music is sweet.
Tho' they flatter me greatly I fear.
For the
song that I sing is no wonderful thing But it's simple enough, as you hear

It's simple enough, as you hear And
greatly they flatter, I fear. I'm

only a poor little singing girl Who wanders to and fro, Yet,
Many have heard me with hearts a-whirl, at least, they tell me.

So.

Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing girl. Bravo! Bravo! For every
heart she sets a whirl, She charms them near and far with her guitar!

hearth she sets a whirl, She charms them near and far with her guitar!

heart she sets a whirl, She charms them near and far with her guitar!

20525
In many a town where I ply my trade
To earn my daily bread, From ladies in beautiful clothes arrayed, Men turn to me instead. Some say they're in love with my simple dress, And some pretend to
be in love with my singing; and some confess that they're in love with me.

I have songs, to be sure, both for rich and for poor, and I know how to pick and choose: For the handsome young swell I've a love-tale to tell And his heart he is certain to lose: His
heart he is certain to lose! I know how to pick and to choose.

I'm only a poor little singing girl who wanders to and fro. Yet, many have heard me with hearts a-whirl. At least, they've told me so.

Bravo! bravo! The charming little singing
SOP.

girl Bra - vo bra - vo For ev - ry heart she sets a whirl, She

TEN.

girl Bra - vo bra - vo For ev - ry heart she sets a whirl, She

BASS.

girl Bra - vo bra - vo For ev - ry heart she sets a whirl, She

SOP.

charms them near and far With her gui - tar!

TEN.

charms them near and far With her gui - tar!

BASS.

charms them near and far With her gui - tar!

20525
DUET. (Guy and Winifred.)

"NO ONE IN THE WORLD LIKE YOU."

Music by
ALFRED D. CAMMEYER.

No. 8.

Guy.

Piano.

Of all the girls I've ever seen in

all the climes I've roved. Believe me, dearest, you're the Queen, the only one I've loved. It
may be true, though I've been told That's what men al ways say, In

fai - ry tales of suitors bold Who love - and ride a - way.

But I think I'd break my heart if we e ver had to part, And there's

GUY.

so, thing you can ask I wouldn't do. No, it is n't fair to chaff For I

20525
vow though you may laugh, That I mean them ev'ry word I say to

WINIFRED.

Oh, I think I'd break my heart If we e-ver had to part, And there's you. Oh, I think I'd break my heart If we e-ver had to part, And there's

no thing you can ask I would n't do. For I love but you a lone And I

no thing you can ask I would n't do. For I love but you a lone And I

20525
want you for my own. 'Cos there's no one in the world like you.

I wonder if there'll come a day When

you will half regret Those whispered words that lovers say But husbands may forget. How
shall I make you understand That I'd lay down my life To clasp in mine your little hand And

claim you for my wife. Oh, I think I'd break my heart If we

were ever to part, And there's nothing you can ask I wouldn't do. Oh, it

wasn't fair to chaff And I didn't mean to laugh For I know that every word you said was
true. Oh, I think I'd break my heart if we ever had to part, And there's

nothing you can ask I wouldn't do, For I love but you alone And I

want you for my own, 'Cos there's none in the world like you.
CONCERTED PIECE and DANCE.

Flipper, Alice, Lord C, Lady C, Paloni, Fraulein E, Dorothy, & Mf Creel.

"FOLLOW THE MAN FROM COOK'S"

Allegro.

Piano.

No. 9.

(MUSIC)

(FIPPER 1) Ladies and gentlemen leave it to me.

Fol. low the man from

(FIPPER 2) If you're inclined for a bicycle ride,

Fol. low the man from

(FRAU E) Weary and lame at the end of the day,

Bother the man from

Cook's!

(Alice) No body else is as clever as he.

Fol. low the man from

Cook's!

(DOROTHY) Leave the direction to him to decide,

Fol. low the man from

Cook's!

(LORD C) Worried to death you will probably say,

Bother the man from
Cook! (LORD C.) How can I tell if his duties he knows? Surely his manner in—
Cook! (ALICE.) Blue, black'rs on, by ad'vice, as a rule, leads to a palace, a
Cook! (LADY C.) Hurried along when you want'ed to stop (CREEL, loaded with half the con-
telligence shows! (PALS.) If you go wrong, sare, I excuse you for now!
church, or a school; (FLIPPER.) Who says a ride on a Cor - si, can mune?
tents of a shop (PALS.) Busted a boat till you're ready to drop,
TUTTI.

Follow the man from Cook!—
Follow the man from Cook!—
Follow the man from Cook!—
Follow the man from Cook!—
Follow the man from Cook!—
The won - der - ful man from Cook!—
The won - der - ful man from Cook!—
The wor - ry - ing man from Cook!—

20525
follow the man from Cook's. The wonderful man from Cook's. And
follow the man from Cook's. The wonderful man from Cook's. And
bother the man from Cook's. The worrying man from Cook's. For

whether your stay be short or long, He'll show you the sights. He
whether your stay be short or long, He'll show you the sights. He
whether he's booked by week or day, He'll tire you to death. And

Can't go wrong. Oh, follow the man from Cook's. The wonderful man from
Can't go wrong. Oh, follow the man from Cook's. The wonderful man from
call it play. Oh, bother the man from Cook's. The worrying man from

Cook's: It's twenty to one you've plenty of fun. So
Cook's: It's twenty to one you've plenty of fun. So
Cook's! It's twenty to one you say when he's done, Oh

20525
Follow the man from Cook's!
Follow the man from Cook's!
Murder the man from Cook's!

DANCE.
No. 10. DUET. (Carmenita and Tamarind)

Carmenita.

Allegro.

Piano.

CARMENITA.

1. We've left Barcelona so.
2. Our programme is free from vul.
TAMARIND.

- ci - e - ty, And we can’t sing for nuts, la - la - la - i - ty;
- ga - ri - ty, "Ha. Mia Es. pa - nol!” Too - ra - la - la - i - ty!

But we bring you the lat - est va - ri - e - ty
We will pass round the hat for your char - i - ty.

Of And

gay cas - ta - net and gui - tar - Ho - la!
tin - kle our gid - dy gui - tar - Ho - la!

Of And
gay cas - ta - net and gui - tar - Ho - la!
Our voices are quite Guadial.
tin - kle our gid - dy gui - tar - Ho - la!
And tho’ you may doubt our ve.

CARMENTA.

- qui - ve - ry, And the tune’s a bit re - ci - ta - ti - ve - ry.
- ra - ci - ty, Or ques - tion our vo - cal ca - pa - ci - ty,
FINALE - ACT I.

"TO VENICE."

Guy.

Piano.

G. time that a rapid departure we took; I've one idea only and that's a Sug.

U. suggestion to fly with those coupons of Cook! To Venice, St. Mark's, and Pi. az. za!

W. We're

20525
sure to be safe on its famous ca-nal, Concealed in a gon-do-la.

But if those mu-si.cians de.tect us, we shall Get worse than a hid.ing for

To Ve.nice! To Ve.nice! The

hid. - - ing! To Ve.nice! To Ve.nice! The
boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

- comodo date three! He'll quite un der stand it's to baf fle these bandits, We

- comodo date three! He'll quite un der stand it's to baf fle these bandits, We

- comodo date three! He'll quite un der stand it's to baf fle these bandits, We

has ten, To Ve nice, To Ve nice the queen of the

has ten, To Ve nice, To Ve nice the queen of the

has ten, To Ve nice, To Ve nice the queen of the

20525
To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

Quay — The captain will surely accommodate three, Hell!

20525
TAMABIND.

My feelings I cannot express! She's

TAM.

baleed—there is not a doubt of it! As you've got me into the

TAM.

mess, I'll thank you for getting me out of it!

CAR.

We'll follow where, yet they

CAR.

I'll just put a hat and a wrapper on; It
wouldn't be proper, you know. Unless the poor girl had a

Tempe I.  TAMARIND.

chap - eron! But ere we fly 'Twere best for

ZAM.

both That you and I Should plight our troth! Oh! dear one,

CARMENITA.

hush! Though o. live-skinned, you make me blush. My Ta - mas - rind!

RALL:  a tempo: ad lib.

HOP.

rall;  a tempo:

FNT.

rall:

BASS.

rall;  a tempo:  alla voce

20525
sweetly trips a lover's bliss! Two pairs of lips and one long kiss! How sweetly trips a lover's bliss! And one long kiss!

DOROTHY

Can
any-one tell if my brother's been here, or where that most fickle of men is? He's gone with the singing girl down to the pier. They're bolting.

To bolt-ing? to-ge ther? where?

20525
To Venice, to Venice, the queen of the sea,

Far away o'er the sea
Venice, the wonderful lies. Of the waves, bride is she, blue are her beautiful skies.

And 'tis there we would go, there we would make our home. Hear how the soft winds blow greeting across the foam.
Hark to the song of the surf on the shore—Winds that are ev’ry night.

Greeting, waves that are ev’ry waking; Whispering secrets unshared.

Whispered before—Told by the tideless sea.
Tempo I.

SOPHIE:
Far a - way o'er the sea, V e - nice, the

TENOR:
Far a - way o'er the sea, V e - nice, the

BARITONE:
Far a - way o'er the sea, V e - nice, the

SOPHIE:
won - der - ful lies Of the waves,

TENOR:
won - der - ful lies Of the waves,

BARITONE:
won - der - ful lies Of the waves,

SOPHIE:
bride is she, blue are her beau - ti - ful skies

TENOR:
bride is she, blue are her beau - ti - ful skies

BARITONE:
bride is she, blue are her beau - ti - ful skies

20525
And 'tis there we would go, there we would go.

make our home, Hear how the

make our home, Hear how the

soft winds blow greeting across the foam.

soft winds blow greeting across the foam.
CARMENITA.

Oh! here's a nice to-do; The boat's gone off without us.

TAMARIND.

And

here's your gipsy crew—They're sure to set about us!

PIETRO.

Clearly that dashing young don
Can't be depended upon. Flirting is fun, my, but where is our money? And

where is our singing girl?

Where is our singing girl?

Where is our singing girl?

gone!

gone!

gone!
what! Where is our singing girl? Misery, agony,
what! Where is our singing girl?
what! Where is our singing girl?

What! Where is our singing girl?

gone!
gone!
gone!

woe! After the villain we'll go! Corpo di Bacco! We'll
get on his track—oh! And hurry from Cor. sl. cat!

No!

Hurry from Cor. sl. cat!

Hurry from Cor. sl. cat!

Hurry from Cor. sl. cat!

20525
Tell us the truth if you
Not!

Hurry from Cor.sic.ca!
Not!

Not!

Not!

Not!

Not!

Not!

Not!

date And when did your charge of her cease? Answer at once or I
CARMENITA. (Spoken)

swear—

Tamarind, help me! Tamarind, help me!

cres:

(Spoken)

Police!

Misery, agony, woe! Just as they're anxious to

Misery, agony, woe! Just as they're anxious to

Misery, agony, woe! Just as they're anxious to

SOP.

Cor.po di Bac.cho! To get on his track-o! The Sig.nor Pa.lo.ni says

TEN.

Cor.po di Bac.cho! To get on his track-o! The Sig.nor Pa.lo.ni says

BASS.

Cor.po di Bac.cho! To get on his track-o! The Sig.nor Pa.lo.ni says
PUI: Damn!

MUS: Damn!

SOP: "Not!"

TEN: "Not!"

BASS: "Not!"

No! Sig. nor Paolo says (Shouted)

No! Sig. nor Paolo says

No! Sig. nor Paolo says

No! Sig. nor Paolo says
baffling these bandits we hasten to Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

sea!

baffling these bandits we hasten to Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

sea!

baffling these bandits we hasten to Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

sea!

baffling these bandits they hasten to Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

sea!

baffling these bandits they hasten to Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

sea!
Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.der.ful

Far away o'er the sea, Ve.nice, the won.d
Act II.

No 12.

OPENING CHORUS.

Moderato ben marcato.

Piano.

SOP.

In Venice when fetes are in swing We

TEN.

In Venice when fetes are in swing We

BASE.

In Venice when fetes are in swing We

20525
worship our carnival king
Gondolas gay, in

festive array, with laughter and song,
Gilding a

long. The waterways sparkle at night
With

20525
fête we keep to-day Is such a

grand display. You'll find, so we're told, Young and

old. Shy and bold. Will be there To

young and old. Shy and bold.

young and old, Shy and bold,
join our mas - que. rade. You need not

be a. fraid. Wait till the set of the

sun, For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!
SOP.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song.

TEN.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.

BASS.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.
The waters sparkle at night.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.
The waters sparkle at night.
Gondolas gay, In festive array, With laughter and song, Go gliding along.
The waters sparkle at night.

SOP.

TEN.
With lanterns and torches a light

BASS.
With lanterns and torches a light

20525
Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners un-

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!

Told, Tis a wonderful sight!
TRIO. (Winifred, Guy, and Flipper.)

Winifred.

Piano.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

WIN.  O'er the sea! And they
F.  O'er the sea!
GUY.  We have left pursuit behind us, O'er the sea! O'er the sea!

20525
WIN

don’t know where to find us. You and me, You and me!

F.

You and me!

GUY

You and me! For we

WIN

It was quite a pleasant trip,

F.

And we

GUY

tra velled here by ship,

WIN

Don't you see?

F.

gave 'em all the slip. Don't you see? Don’t you see?

GUY

Don't you see?
WIN.

won - der we're mer - ry and hap - py and gay. For where there's a will there is

al - ways a way: Oh, ne - ver was seen such a glo - ri - ous day, So

20525
WIN.       Now we're safe in sunny Venice, free and fair, free and fair.

F.       

GUY.       free and fair. And I think it's pounds to pennies that they'll swear, that they'll swear.

WIN.       fair.

F.       that they'll

GUY.       that they'll

WIN.       Naught can separate us.

F.       Naught can separate us.

GUY.       But no matter what they do.
WIN.

two.

F.

They may talk us 'til they're blue, We don't care! we don't.

GUY.

We don't.

WIN.

care!

F.

care!

GUY.
care!

WIN.

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For

F.

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For

GUY.

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For
No. 14. SONG. (Hake) and CHORUS.

"YOU KNOW?"

Hake.

Piano.

1 When you're out on the spree it's a
2. If I chance on a maiden to

first rate plan To make sure that you see all the fun you can, You
cast my eye Who is not too demure, and who's not too shy. You

20525
knew what I mean? And I ain't never been to a
know what I mean? You'll re mem ber I wish to be

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

wa ter fete So I want to be pos ted and up to date. You know what I mean?
left a lone, I'll disperse with the aid of a cha per one. You know what I mean?

Oh, we
Oh, we

Oh, we
Oh, we

Oh, we
Oh, we
Well, what's the proper thing to do? Fancy dress?
For I intend to make things hum, That's my game!

know what you mean.
know what you mean.

know what you mean.
know what you mean.

know what you mean.
know what you mean.

eh? Good
see? Good

You stick to us; we'll pull you through. See you don't stray.
You'll find us all both deaf and dumb, Most discreet, we.

You stick to us; we'll pull you through. See you don't stray.
You'll find us all both deaf and dumb, Most discreet, we.

You stick to us; we'll pull you through. See you don't stray.
You'll find us all both deaf and dumb, Most discreet, we.
girls! that's right Well have some fun to-night:
girls! that's right Well have some fun to-night:

All the plans I leave to you, Paint the town Ve-ne-tian blue; Ill
Deit for-get my wealth's immense, Paint the town at my ex- pense, I'll

pay my way- I mean to see the show,
pay my way- Because I like to show

When the Wa- ter Fête be-gins, I mean to- You
All the world Sir Wil-liam Hake is quite the- You
way- He means to see the show, When the Water Fête begins, he

way- Because I like to show All the world Sir William Hake is

way- He means to see the show, When the Water Fête begins, he

way- Because I like to show All the world Sir William Hake is

means to-- you know!
quite the-- you know!

means to-- you know!
quite the-- you know!

20525
SONG. (Dorothy) and CHORUS.
"SOLDIERS IN THE PARK."

Dorothy.
Allegro marziale.

Piano.

DOROTHY.

1. Where's the music that is half so sweet—

2. How the children and the maids run,

D. 
Ta ra, ta, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!
Ta ra, ta, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!

SOP.
Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!
Ta ra, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!

TEN.
Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!
Ta ra, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!

BASS.
Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!
Ta ra, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta ra, ta, Ta!

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.
As the trample of the soldiers' feet?  Ta ra ra, ta ta,
See their faces as they cry "what fun!"  Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,
March they play-
Marble Arch,
Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,
Ta ra ra, ta.ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta.
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta.
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta.
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta.
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta.

Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta! I can hear them from a far. With their
Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta! And they race a cross the grass Just to
Ta ra ra, ta ta!
Ta ra ra, ta ta!
Ta ra ra, ta ta!
Ta ra ra, ta ta!
Ta ra ra, ta ta!
gay taran-tara. And I know they're coming nearer, for they always pass this way. Taaa! Taaa! Taaa!

march. Taaa! Taaa! Taaa!

Oh, listen to the band! How merrily they play! "Oh, don't you think it grand?" Hear everybody
say. Oh, listen to the band!

Who doesn't love to bark To the shout of 'Here they come!' And the

hanging of the drum? Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!

CHORUS.

Oh, listen to the band— How merrily they

marcato
play!  "Oh!  don't you think it grand?"

Hear ev'ry body say.  Oh!  listen to the

band!  Who doesn't love to hark—To the

shout of "Here they come!"  And the banging of the drum?  Oh,

listen to the soldiers in the park!  

20525
No. 16. GONDOLA SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"BEAUTIFUL VENICE."

Winifred.

Andantino.

Piano.

The lazy town is dreaming.

And

Nature is sleeping.

Across the waters gleaming.

Black
w.  shadows are creeping. I catch where the dim shapes darken. Gentle

w.  splash of oar-blades swinging. And, watching their flight, I hear Ken, to the

w.  Tempo I.

gon, do-lies softly singing. Shadows are falling, Boatmen are calling;

w.  Soft in its lilt-ing strain Echoes their old re-frain. Swelling and sighing and

w.  waning and dying. Backward and forward, seaward and shoreward. Faintly I hear their call

20525
Fading away On the breast of the bay Where the shadows fall.

When hushed in silent slumbers The city is lying. And still in countless numbers Those dim shapes are lying. While

20525
none but the night-winds listen, And the moon creeps out of hiding. Then

silver wakes will glint From the gondolas onward gliding.

Tempo I.

Shadows are falling, Boatmen are calling; Soft in its lilt ing

strain E. chews their old refrain.

E. chews the old re -

Soft in its lilt ing strain
Swell ing and sigh ing and wan ing and dy ing. Back ward and for ward.

Seaw ard and shore ward. Faint ly I hear their call.

Fad ing a way On the breast of the bay Where the sha dies fall.
Shadows are falling. Boatmen are calling; Soft in its lilt ing

Ah!

Ah!

Echoes the old refrain.

Soft in its lilt ing strain

Soft in its lilt ing strain

Soft in its lilt ing strain

Echoes the old refrain.
Swell ing and sigh ing and wan ing and dy ing. Backward and for ward, seaward and shoreward,

Fading away On the

Faintly I hear their call,

Faintly I hear their call

Faintly I hear their call

Faintly I hear their call

20525
breast of the bay Where the shadows fall

Faintly I hear their call

Faintly I hear their call

DANCE.
"WELCOME TO THE WATER FÊTE."

Piano.

Ten.

Bass.

Wel come to the wa ter fête, Naught but ple asure here you'll find;

gress ad lib.
Gondolas with joyous freight, leaving care and grief behind,

Full of jest and mirth and song, come to swell the merry throng,

See them glide, with the tide, joyously along,
Hear their merry thro'ng, Wel. come all, Great or small.

Hear their merry thro'ng, Wel. come all, Great or small.

Wel. come all!

Wel. come all!

We

We

We

20525
keep the feast Of Carni-val so gay, From work we've
ceased, At least We've only time for play To-day. What
sport on earth With Carni-val can vie For joy and
SOP: mirth! From birth the hours too quickly fly.

Ten: mirth? From birth the hours too quickly fly.

Bass: mirth? From birth the hours too quickly fly.

SOP: Full of life and fun, Now the fete's begun.

Ten: Full of life and fun, Now the fete's begun.

Bass: Full of life and fun, Now the fete's begun.

SOP: Eager feet, restless beat, Gaily tripping down the street.

Ten: Eager feet, restless beat, Gaily tripping down the street.

Bass: Eager feet, restless beat, Gaily tripping down the street.

20525
See the crowd draw near, 
Hearken how they cheer.

Day is dying, Time is flying, 
Car-ni-val is here.
No. 17a

SONG. (Leonello) and CHORUS.

Allegro.

LEONELLO.  

Comrades

20525
all! come, see the sight, Ho! la! Ho! la! To left and
right: To-gether they dance a mea-sure wild.

As they raise their feet so
dance a mea-sure wild.
deft, Ho-la! Ho-la! To right and left, Oh, which of you all is not beguiled?

Oh, which of us all is not beguiled?

Oh, which of us all is not beguiled?

Up and down, Fal-la la la, la, Up and down, Fal-la la, la.
Brava! Brava! See them wildly dancing. Eyes merrily glancing. Gaily around!

Brava! Brava! Sai...ta...lo sprightly,

Feet tripping lightly, Easily skimming the ground.
SOP.
Brava! Brava! See them wildly dancing,

TEN.
Brava! Brava! See them wildly dancing,

BASS.
Brava! Brava! See them wildly dancing,

SOP.
Eyes merrily glancing, gaily around!

TEN.
Eyes merrily glancing, gaily around!

BASS.
Eyes merrily glancing, gaily around!

SOP.
Brava! Brava! Salta relle sprightly,

TEN.
Brava! Brava! Salta rello sprightly,

BASS.
Brava! Brava! Salta rello sprightly,
Feet tripping lightly, easily skimming the ground.

Comrades all! Come, see the sight! Ho! Ho! To left and right, together they dance a measure wild.
Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To

wild. Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To

wild. Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To

watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a

watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a

watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a

20525
No. 13.  

SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.  

"THE BOY GUESSED RIGHT."

Words and Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Winifred.  

Moderato.

Piano.

1. There once was a little boy who went to school, And
boy grew older and he fell in love. With a
boy got married in a year or so, He

He was an aggravating lad! He
girl jest as pretty as a rose. He
found her a treasure of a wife, They

20525
smashed every window and he broke each rule; His be-
sure he adored her all the world above. But
lived in a happy little flat you know.

His behaviour was really very bad. So the
yet he was frightened to propose. He
Their's was a happy little life. And

master invited him to come one day. For a
paid her some tender little compliments. Said her
one fine morning people came and said, That they'd

private little interview. And he
eyes were of a lovely blue. So the
got to show him something new. And they
welcomed master Jack, With his hand behind his back, saying
maid er growing bold er, Laid her head upon his shoulder, saying
let him have a peep, At a bundle half asleep, saying

"Guess what I've got for you!" And the
"Guess how I dream of you!" And the
"Guess what we've got for you!" And the

a tempo
boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,
boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,
boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,

very first time. He guessed right away it was not a cricket bat, I
very first time. He guessed right away that he'd got to take a flat, A
very first time, he knew by the sound it was not a pussy cat, It's

20525
wonder how he came to think of that! And the boy guessed right the husband always has to think of that! And the boy guessed right the funny how he came to think of that! And the boy guessed right the

very first time very first time very first time He guessed right away it was not a cricket bat, I wonder how he came to think of guessed right away that he'd got to take a flat, A husband always has to think of knew by the sound it was not a pussy cat, It's funny how he came to think of

I a 2.
that!
that!

2. That!
3. That!
DUET. (Flipper and Alice.)

"THE PICCANINNIES:"

Flipper and Alice.

Allegretto.

Piano.

When de twilight's fallin' and de stars a peeping out, When de night begins, When de night begins, Is the
time our man, my says de bo-gey man's about And de
gob-be-lins! and de gob-be-lins! And when de lit-tle
pic-canin-nies soft-ly creep a-round. Dat's what makes 'em hold their breath

'Gos dey's al-most scared to death, Start-in' when de shad-ows move, an' feared of ev'ry
sound 'Gos dey know dere's gob-lins lurk-ing in de wood be-hind de trees where

20525
Day a bound. Behind the trees. Day're sure to seize

Little coloured pic'caninnies. If day don't take care, Way out

in de dark. You can hear 'em, bark! In de
goblins, wait in ower dere. Behind de trees,
in twos and threes. For de Little pic'caninnies,
Whom they mean to seize. Dey'll catch us If we isn't spry, For de gob-ber-ling is watch in' thro de cor-ner of deir eye! When dere ain't no sound ex-cept de ban-joes and gui-tars Soft ly, tink-ling, soft ly tink-ling! And dere ain't no
light except de per - ky lit - tle stars All a - twink - ling.

all a - twink - ling! It's den de pic - ca - 

- nin - nies are a - fraid to show dem - selves If dey want to

share a kiss In de dark, a - lone, like this - If dey want to

steal de ripe ba - na - nas from de shelves - Cos dey know de
Bo'gymah is watchin' out with all his goblins and elves!

Behind de trees De'ya wait to seize Little

coloured piccaninies, If dey don't take care! Way out

in de dark You can hear 'em, bark! To de goblins
wait in o ver dere, behind de trees

twos and threes, for de coloured pic can nies whom dey mean to

seize, dey'll catch us, creep in down de lane, for to

steal de sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar from de cane!
SONG. (Carmenita) and CHORUS.

"SOCIETY."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Carmenita. Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

1. Though my family's pedigree
2. I'm so fond of the upper ten
3. To the Derby I like to go
4. At the theatre I always sit
With the swells I would dance and dance, If they'd
When I saw her I raised a shout, So they
If their blood is a brilliant blue, So's their
"Shame!" I cry, with a maiden blush, They just

give me a chance! Oh! 1
bundled me out! Oh! 1
language too! Oh! 1
shout at me! "Ush!" Oh! 1

CHORUS.

Love so - ci - e - ty! High so - ci - e - ty! High so -
Love so - ci - e - ty! Good so - ci - e - ty! Good so -
Love so - ci - e - ty! Real so - ci - e - ty! Real so -
Love pro - pri - e - ty! Street pro - pri - e - ty! Sweet pro -

CARMENITA.

-cy! Lots of new dresses I could afford
-cy! I should be called an attractive girl
-cy! I'd ride on heres with fine long tails
-pri - e - ty! My sink at far ces id quick - ly stop

20525
CHORUS.

If my pa - pa had been born a Lore! Oh! she
If my pa - pa was a no - ble Hearl! Oh! she
If my pa - pa was the Prince of Wales! Oh! she
If my pa - pa was an Arch - bi - shop! Oh! she

loves So - ci - e - ty! High So - ci - e - ty! High So -
loves So - ci - e - ty! Good So - ci - e - ty! G ood So -
loves So - ci - e - ty! Real So - ci - e - ty! Real So -
loves Pro - pri - e - ty! Strict Pro - pri - e - ty! Strict Pro -

- ci e - ty! Lots of new dress.es she could af - ford
- ci e - ty! She would be called an at - trac - tive girl
- ci e - ty! She'd ride on hors.es with fine long tails
- pri e - ty! Mu - sic al far - ces she'd quick - ly stop

1. 2. 3. 4.

If her pa - pa had been born a Lore! If her pa - pa was a no - ble Hearl! If her pa - pa was the Prince of Wales! If her pa - pa was an Arch - bi - shop!
No. 21.  FINALE - ACT II.

Winifred.

Only a poor little singing girl, Who wanders to and fro. Yet, many have heard me with hearts a-whirl, At least, they tell me
Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing
Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! Bravo! For every heart she sets a-whirl, Both

Near and far, with her

20525
CHORUS.

Oh, listen to the tar.

Oh, listen to the tar.

Tempo di marziale.

in unis.

band!

How merrily they play!

marcato

“Oh, don’t you think it grand?”

20525
Hear everybody say.

Oh, listen to the band! Who doesn't love to

hark To the shout of "here they come" and the

banging of the drum? Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!
SONG: (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"WHEN THE LITTLE PIGS BEGIN TO FLY."

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro moderato.

1. When I was quite a tiny little mite, Each

  nursery romance I knew: There was sweet Bo-peep with her

  wand'ring sheep. And delightful Cinderella too.

20525

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used to say, I was longing for the day. When a fairy prince should meet my eye. But they'd answer me, "Such a sight you'll only see, When the little pigs begin to fly!" When the little pigs begin to fly! Which is sure to happen by and by. Won't the
Country people stare. At the bacon in the air. When the little pigs begin to fly.

CHORUS.

When the little pigs begin to fly. Which is sure to happen by and by.

Won't the country people stare. At the bacon in the air. When the little pigs begin to fly.

20525
2. If pigs wore wings We'd just half grown. I'd a
see some funny things, And what a chance for all good shots, With the pig-gy of my own, Like Mary and her fa-mous lamb, He was
pigs at their ease Building nests in trees, And perching on the chim-ney fat you know, And I loved him so, Till they turned him into sausage and
pots, The sport-ing boys will get their for-mer joys. And no ham, But now I'm big There's a- nother kind of pig, Which I
longer look for birds in the sky,
Not a soul will care, for a
fancy I should like to cry,
He'll be not too old, very

peasant or a hare, when the little pigs begin to fly,
When the handsome, rather bold, and I don't intend to let him fly,
If my

little pigs begin to fly,
Which of course will happen by and
little pig begins to fly,
There'll be lots of trouble by and

by.
We shall see the Duke of York, in the season shooting pork, when the
by.
I shall have to tie his wing, with a little bit of string, if my

20525
CHGRUS.

When the little pigs begin to fly, When the little pigs begin to
naughty pig begins to fly. If my little pig begins to

fly. Which of course will happen by and by. We shall
fly. There'll be lots of trouble by and by, I shall

see the Duke of York, In the season shooting pork, When the little pigs begin to
have to tie his wing, With a little bit of string, If my naughtly pig begins to

fly! a. When fly!

last time

20525