THE PIETA SHOW
HARVARD

FIRST DOWN,
19. EGYPT. 23.
MUSIC BY
HARLOW.

BOOK
BY
GEROULD
PI ETA THEATRICALS
1923

FIRST DOWN, EGYPT

A musical comedy in two acts
Prologue and epilogue

Book by
RICHARD DODGE GERould '24

Lyrics by
MALCOLM DOLE '24
KELLOGG GARY '24
RICHARD D. GERould '24
WILLIAM H. HARKNESS '24

LEWIS A. HARLOW '23
WILLIAM HOUSTON KENYON, JR. '21
CHARLES H. MORGAN II '24
RICHARD WAIT '23

Music by
LEWIS AUGUSTUS HARLOW '23
ARTHUR A. FISK, JR. '22
MALCOLM H. DILL 3SLA

Pi Eta Theatre, Cambridge
Graduates' Night, Wednesday, December 20

Public Performances

Tuesday, January 2
Wednesday, January 3
Friday, January 12

WHITNEY HALL, Brookline

Players' Hall, West Newton

Infantry Hall, Providence

Friday, January 5th
Saturday, January 6th
Tuesday, January 9th

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

In the Order of their appearance

AQUA FORTIS, Only son of the King ........................................ C. C. Carpenter '24
SWEENEY, The King’s stenographer ........................................ Kellogg Gary ‘24
KING MUD, King of the Golden River ..................................... Curtis Nelson ’24
ANDREW CARLTON, Quarterback, Harvard ’16 ........................ J. R. Weist ’23
MARY STEVENS BLAIR, of 379 Fenway, B.B. 3770-W .................. C. H. Morgan, II, ’24
ENOBARBAS, Who took military science with Antony ......................... J. J. Collier ’23
MARDIAN, Cleopatra’s Enrico Caruso ....................................... W. E. Collins, Jr. ’24
CHARMIAN, Both confidante and confident ................................ Paul Mendoza, Jr. ’24
IRAS, A valuable piece of brass in Cleo’s service ........................ Kellogg Gary ’24
A SOOTHSAYER, Who missed his own age ................................ Curtis Nelson ’24
LIGHTNIN’, A messenger to Antony ......................................... R. S. Finn ’22
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, A triumvir, by gosh ................................. R. H. Sear ’23
OCTAVIA, A worthy decoration in any home ................................. P. S. Pond ’25
CLEO’S MESSENGER, As dumb as he looks ................................ M. S. Jones, I.L.
THE COMEDY ELEMENT ..................................................... P. L. Cheney, S S.L.A.

Sons and Daughters of King Mud. Roman Soldiers,
Egyptian Dancers, Slaves, and Girls.
Golden River Glide

Lyric by C. H. MORGAN, II

Music by M. H. DILL

1. Down below the Charles bank on the slim-y, slim-y ooze
   We will laugh and

2. Chap-er-ones are rev-er here to frown at us aus-tere-
   Think you're try-ing

... sing and drink our much de-lit-ed booze;
   Up a-bove, the cen-sors give you
to shim-my when you're trem-bling with fear.
   Eels are rath-er bash-ful, but the

... ev-ry kind of blues-
   Here we eat and drink and dance in an-y way we choose.
pickerel love to jeer
   When a gidy dan-ger takes a tumb-le on the ear.
CHORUS

We bur-tle on tur-tles a-mong the dark green weeds And
quadrille grace-ful-ly a-mong the reeds.

At

min-u-ets we shine, Our waltz-es are di-vine, And fox-trots, pol-kas,
tan-goes all in lize. So skip-ping and slip-ping, right
merri ly we dance, And hop ping, then stop ping, with
green-eyed lov ing glance; On ev ery sum mer af ter noon we
res olutely slide The comp li ca ted Gold en Riv er

Glide.
Glide.
My Name Is Mud

Lyric by
R. D. GERould

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Moderato

When I was one I was

mother's honey-bun, Which she by gee called me.

When I was ten I was papa's "Baby Ben" My song, not long,
Ding, dong. And now that I am older and much bolder I must say:

**CHORUS**

They give a lad the name of his dad, That's not so bad.
They call her Emma after her ma, And there you are.
It's evident just what they meant.

When father said: My son, your name is Mud?

*Fine*
1. Father calls me "Billy" just to get my goat,
   Sister calls me "Dumb-bell" which is meaningless.

2. J. H. William Shakespeare had the right idea,
   True to Bill's prediction "Heads" the penny read.

Mother calls me "Ivory" 'cause she says I float,
All my aunts and uncles criticize my dress.
When to Annie Hathaway he said, "My dear,
"Now for baby brother, let us match instead!"

All the fellows kidd me when I say that I'm a king,
Now isn't that peculiar a non-Lots of people seem to think that I deserve the blame.
For Now that goodness gracious has just given us some twins Let's flip a coin to name them, I will Anne was quite disgusted with this gambling on his name.

1. 1

sensible thing, having such a democratic plebian name.
Bet Judith wins? Hamlet on the sidelines didn't get in the game.

D.S. al Fine
Looking Backward

Lyric by
KELLOGG GARY

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Moderato

(Prologue) I've often tried a game of late,
(Epilogue) We all have seen fair Egypt land.

It seems a trick of fate.
And Cleopatra grand.

I'd like to tell it to you, dearie,
But now we're feeling very sorry.
Come stand by me now while you hear me:
And miss that old alluring glory:

REFRAIN

backward over centuries, Back from Boston
to Egyptian seas, Can't you see the well known
crocodile, And wise old Sphinx who sits and thinks and
never seems to
smile. Oh, I can see great Cleo-patra there. Floating

down on gilded barge so fair. But my wish so

true is to be there with you. Looking backward down the

1.

Nile. Looking Nile.
Dance of the Nile

LEWIS A. HARLOW
Just A Dime, Dear

Lyric by
KELLOGG GARY

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Fox Trot

VOICE

Say that I am old but I'm bold, dear, Always I find what's in your

mind, and what you're thinking about, It will come out,
Say! you look out! But if you will be nice to me, dear, pay my price, now. I can tell how you'll find the man of your dreams.

Paradise seems in your reach for

REFRAIN

Just a dime, for a dime, dear anything that you want to
I know well, I can tell, dear, It is not high for a lot, why, Man-y would charge you five dol-lars or so. Put it here, now my dear, you shall hear of the fu-ture and past. I'm a seer, but don't fear,
you won't hear now of night before last.

Just ten cents, ten more pence, dear, What I ask for all of this news.

I'm a sieve, if you give, you shall live, dear, Free from those fierce nerve-racking blues.

those fierce nerve-racking blues.
Roaming to Rome

Lyric by C. H. MORGAN II

Music by LEWIS A. HARLOW

Moderato

I am getting tired of this kind of life,
I would like to take in a good cabaret

Now I can go home without kissing my wife,
Just outside of Rome on the Appian way.

Thought I loved her when I hitched up to her,
Egypt's stuff may do for other men, lads,
All she ever did was make me bluer.
But I'm going back to Rome again, lads.

REFRAIN
roaming, seas are roaming, I am

roaming back to Rome. Though I'm

gladder, Cleo's madder Than an
Take my word, For I’ve heard Roman debs are budding,

Bids are flooding, Every mail, Thick as hail. So I’ll sail Without fail, Then come on home-o, On to Rome, bo, I am going to Rome. I am Rome.
I Forgot To Kiss You Good-bye

Lyric by W.H. HARKNESS Jr.
Music by ARTHUR A. FISK, Jr.

VOICE

Slow - Sentimental

(Ant.) I forgot to kiss you when I left, I forgot to say good-
(Cleo.) No one ever razzed me safely yet, And I don't intend to

bye to you. So I have returned For my heart has burned For my serpent
stand for it, So you run along With your dance and song, It won't go with

CHORUS

of old Nile. Cleo-patra, dearest queen,
me, my lad. I have known a lot of men

Kiss me ere I go, Rome is
Bet-ter than you are: I am
far and in between
no old Roman hen
Mighty waters flow.

I promise I will love you near or far.
Believe me If you don't apologize.

Ev-en though
You will find

we must now part.
I will think of you night and day
In this place so hot.
That you'll think battlefields are just like

Peace and War, Fair keeper of my heart.
Par-a-dise, And Death's sting no thing but rot.
Us and Our Sweeties

Lyric by
W. H. HARKNESS, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Allegro moderato

Down in old Egypt where snakes crawl around,
Wriggling, squiggling, squirming things,

We went one day to a gypsy's hangout,
As asked to see our future there,

We recognized ourselves wandering about
Ev'rything but wedding rings.
Just as now without a care.

REFRAIN
Us and our sweeties, we stay up all night. But we're
Us and our sweeties went down to Revere. But we

always quite good. (Chorus) Oh very good.
really were good.

Sometimes it's true when we come home we're tight. But we
In the dark tunnels folks acted so queer. But we
still are quite good. (Cho.) Oh very good. Often of
really were good.

course the folks don't all approve, But when the landlady
head were entwined in a knot, Loving and kissing and

kicks we can move. Us and our sweeties sometimes stage a
that sort of rot. We do not pet when there's anyone

fight But we Really are good. (Cho.) Oh very good.
near But of course we are good.
My Gridironed King

Lyric by
RICHARD WAGT

Music by
ARThUR A. FISK Jr.

Rather slow and dreamy

VOICE

Cleo: In the dream - y si - lence of the Nile
Tony: Far off Rome has sum-mond me to war

PIANO

Where songs of love the la-zy time be guile
And fates grim kneec - kle - raps now at my door

From out the mid-st of my lux-u-ri-ous throng
But she de - crees as soon as we be-gu-in

I now will sing this foot-ball song:
Old Eg-yp-ts team will sure-ly win.
CHORUS
Bright

You are my true defender
I am your venge

My hero bold
{Oh Tony!}

{Oh Cleo!}

When you hit Caesar's rush line
By Niles'

green slime, That line will fold
And I will tear a way

Till
Caesar is wholly white washed. His hopes are all squashed. By score untold.

Ixis has willed that you shall win. (My) own Antony.

Thorny (Your) grid-iron'd King.
I Want to Tell You

Lyric & Music by M. H. DILL

Every body has his troubles
One day we were riding in an auto mobile

But nobody else can hold a candle to me
When my sweetie thought she'd like to

I've got a girl sets my head in a whirl
I didn't cuss not even fuss

But I'd give up a whirl or two if I could be free
When in moving she sat down and broke up the buss
CHORUS

I want to tell you she's such a cute little thing (She

weighs two hundred pounds) Oh boy

when she starts in to sing (She makes the most atrocious inarticulate sounds) And when she dances (She never touches the floor
I lead an awful life.

Ev'ry one that sees her's bound to envy me.(How I ev'er
Ev'ry now and then she cuddles up to me.

stand it is a mystery.) She may be fat but she can shake a

wick-ed knee. What's that to me, Say! she's my wife.---wife.
The Wireless Blues

Lyric by
W. H. HARKNESS, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Moderato

PIANO

Over land and seas to the west goes a message thru the
e - -
back in old en times when the queen want ed to hear from her lov - -

ther,

Off in distant Rome they will hear what I send thru the
er,
it took man-y days for a man to de-liv-er her

skies.

Now by all the Gods up a-

Now her words are borne like the
bove dwell-ing on O-lym-pus, ei-ther.
wind thru the heav-en far a-bove her,

I will get Mark An-to-ny or some one dies.
And he hears her say what in old days she wrote.

REFRAIN
An-to-ny! An-to-ny! How I wish that you were here be-side me to-day

Wish that I could see you come thru the door.
An-tn-y! An-tn-y! I must feel your arms a-bout me in the same way

As so of-ten you have held me be-fore.

I am lone-ly, so lone-ly, why don't you come back?

to me? I am wait-ing and long-ing to
sitting with you here, close to my knee. Antony! Antony!

Cleopatra's calling you— from Rome come away— Alexander is

yearning for you— Egypt's royal queen is feeling so blue.

feeling so blue.
Many Ways Of Dying

Lyric by
W.H. KENYON, Jr.
W.B. LEACH, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Some there are that die of faithful passion true,
Some there are that die a natural death in bed,

Some there are that die of over-fasion too,
Others much prefer a dangerous life to've led,

But what most-ly thrills me, 'Neath the wavis palm-trees
Is a lingering death from eating toasted glue. The ways of
Is to plunge right in my bath with lightning tread.

REFRAIN

dying Are oft times trying

I sit alone and dream about them. For

dying Now I'm not lying.
Is somewhat rising, When ever I try to figure out a good way, dear. I must confess my fears, I might give way to tears, One more to find some cy - a
Whistle right on my melon rind. But this life grows old. My plans to die unfold.

I want to be laid out all stiff, stark and cold. The ways of cold.
Another Sister

Lyric and Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

I've just lost the girl that I adored,

Being called a "Brother" makes me sad,

She was kind but firm and rather bored,

When she calls another "Love" or "dad:"

Treat me like a brother and that sort of thing;

It's a brother's job to buy gas for the car.
But there's consolation in having another
Pay the check and go home with "Mama" I've got a

REFRAIN

sister to add to my collection of sisters,

Girls who have turned me down Anonyly child

by my father and mother You'd be sur
prised how many call me brother This time I never even kissed her or
held hands Although I tried my best, Now what I've

got is a sister, Another sister. To

1. join the rest Another rest.