THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG

A Musical Play in Two Acts.

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jr. and L. E. BERMAN.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS AND BASIL HOOD.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

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THE GIRLS OF GOTTENBERG

Drumlin Prison.

OTTO (Prince of Saxe-Hildesheim) ...
BRITTLIECHT (Sergeant of Hurs) ...
GENERAL THE MARSHAL OF Saxe-Niebern ...
COUNSEL FENHUSSEN ...
FRITZ ...
HERRMANN ...
FRANZ ...
XAVL ...
AIRRECHT (Captain of Dragoons) ...
BURGOMASTER ...
KANNBRIGER (An Innkeeper) ...
ADOLF (Town Clerk) ...
VOLKSMAN ...
WAITERS ...
CORPORAL SCHMIDT ...
MAX MOEDERKOPF ...
ELSA (The General's Daughter) ...
CLIMENTINE (The Burgomaster's Daughter) ...
LOUISE (Miss Elsa) ...
KATHIE ...
HANNA ...
HILDA ...
MONA (Captain of College) ...
FRIDR (Head of the Alemannia Corps) ...
ANNA (Head of the Pronymus Corps) ...
IVA (Head of the Scanga Corps) ...
LISA (Head of the Zombiya Corps) ...
KATHARINA (The only Girl in Rottenberg) ...
BARBARA BRIEFMARK (The Postmaster's Daughter) ...
HEITI BRUNCHASTER (The Doctor's Daughter) ...
MITE (The Innkeeper's Daughter) ...

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun.
Mr. ROBERT NABBY.
Mr. EUSTACE BURNABY.
Mr. A. J. EVELYN.
Mr. T. C. MAXWELL.
Mr. HAROLD THORLEY.
Mr. SOMERS BELLAMY.
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Mr. GEORGE MILLER.
Mr. ARTHUR HATHERYON.
Ms. CHARLES BROWN.
Mr. BLACKMAN.
MRS. GRANDE & HILL.
Ms. J. R. SINCLAIR.
Ms. S. HANSWORTH.
Ms. EDMUND PAINE.
Miss MAY DE SOUSA.
Miss VIOLET HALLS.
Miss CLIVE MAY.
Miss KITTY MASON.
Miss EDITH LEE.
Miss KITTY LINDLEY.
Miss JEAN AYLWIN.
Miss CLIVE WADE.
Miss MARY HOSON.
Miss GLADYS COOPER.
Miss JULIA JAMES.
Miss KITTY HANSON.
Miss ENID LEONHARDT.
Miss TESSIE HACKNEY.
Miss GERTIE MILLAR.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.

SCENE I. THE BARACKS, ROTTENBERG ...

SCENE II. THE MARKET PLACE, GOTTENBERG ...

ACT II.

SCENE ... THE GARDENS OF "THE RED HUN," ACROSS THE RIVER, NEAR GOTTENBERG ...

Orchestra under the Direction of MR. IVAN CARYLL.
Stage Director—MR. J. A. E. MALONE.
THE GIRLS OF GOTtenBERG.

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THE GIRLS OF GOTTFENBERG.

Act I.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.
We're so dry! Ein und zwei!
For we are the sons of Mars, The beautiful Blue Huns!
If one girl in the place is found.

One to a regiment we'd go sound.

We're so dry! Ein und zwei! We're so dry!

We're so dry! Ein und zwei! We're so dry!
SOLO

for we are the sons of

CHORUS

Drei und vier! Bring the beer! For we are the sons of

SOLO

Mars, the beau-ti-ful Blue Hus-sars, We're bold and true till

CHORUS

Mars, the beau-ti-ful Blue Hus-sars, We're bold and true till

SOLO

all is blue, the Blue, blue, blue Hus-sars!

CHORUS

all is blue, the Blue, blue, blue Hus-sars!
That's the song of the regiment.

All so cheery and...
SONG—(Fritz) and CHORUS.

"THE ONLY GIRL"
FIL
Princess of grace. The maker of our laws. The
well-groomed youth and fair, lovely men. In her can see no flaws. She

REFRAIN
Queen of our society. Because, because— She's a

Moderato.

lonely girl, the only girl in all our little

con espressione

town! The one and only girl we ever ever ever
So she's alone up.

We have tried but we can't find another!

on a throne, a queen without a crown

She's a crown!

on the only girl in all the world for me!

And me! And
The one girl in the world for me! And me!

Also for me! She's a lonely girl, the only girl in all our little town! The one and
FRITZ & OFFICERS.

We have tried but we
only girl we ever, ever see!

FRITZ

Can't find another!

CHO.

So she's alone upon a

FRITZ

Throne, a queen without a crown.
FR.
only girl in all the world for me!

SOLDIER SOLDIER.

FR.
The one girl in the world

FR.

for me!

CHO.
A so for me!
TRIO.—(Otto, Hermann and Karl.)

"OFF TO GOTENBERG."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Karl.

Allegretto.

Piano.

KARL.

I hope your man Is up to the plan. It
The maid ens fair Will fight for us there. They'd

HERRMANN.

needs a check in formal! His im. patience real ly im. mere. He's
give their souls to own us! His brain su. prone gave birth to the scheme. He'll
sure to spoof the Colo
nial! The Blue Hus.
ses Will want some girls as ho
men! When bug
gles toot The

s And

our plot The

off well trottil
d to, got to, got to

got ten to, got ten to
ten, berg and glo
ry!
ten, berg and glo
ry!
We're off to Got-ten-berg to day!

All the girls in cho-ers Will come out be-fri-end-

Oh, won't our hug-i-men be-gay? We're off to see the
Pick up and dou ble-quick a-way We're off to kiss the

Got-ten-ber-gar lad-ies!

Got-ten-ber-gar lad-ies!
DANCE.
ACT I.—SCENE II.
OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Piano.
Oh, Market boy is merry, When lads a-courting go; But here it's always very Slow, slow, slow! We only take a penny Where we'd get five or ten, If
we could meet with any, any men, men, men, men,

Got-ten-berg, Got-ten-berg, always must be

sad: Many pretty lasses, And never any

lad! Got-ten-berg, Got-ten-berg, would be full of joy...
en - ty ev'ry lit - tle girl could find a lit - tle

boy!

Six pounds po - ta - toes,        On - ions just a string.

Send us up a can - ni - flow - er, That is ev'ry - thing!
Half a dozen apples, A pound of honeycomb!

It isn't much we want to get, With not a man at home!

Home! Got ten-bargon, Got ten-bargon, always must be sad.

Many pretty lasses and never a hoy.
Gothenburg, Gothenburg, would be full of joy, If only every little girl could find a little boy.

Tempo di Marcia.

CHORUS (listening.)

Oh, what is that? Under the arch.
Fret pit-a-pat, Soldiers in march?

Barbara.

Oh, can you view The flag that un-furls? No, 'tis those University girls!
CHORUS OF STUDENTS (S. & C.)

In case you doubt who we may be, We

say with simple逊nty We are the la - dy stu - dents who

attend the Uni - ver - si - ty! Our hall is great - er far than are The
EVA.

---

ANNA.

---

EVA.

So hoch! says sweet Sax - o - ni - a! And

Gir - tons of Bri - tan - ni - a!

Hoch!

ANNA.

---

LINA.

---

FREDA.

---

hoeh! says Pom - e - ra - ni - a! And hoeh! says bold Rus - sian - a! And

Hoch!

Hoch!

Hoch!

Hoch!
CHORUS OF STUDENTS

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the girls of Got-ten-bur-ger Coll- ege!

Hi- ther the Ger-man maids will throng, Fair and strong, Rais-ing the song!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the band Who join in sport and know-ledge,

Wield-ing like men Sa-bre and pen, For Fa-ther-land!
Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the girls of Got-ten-ber-gs Col-lege!

Oh! Oh! Oh! what a bore are all these girls from Col-lege!

Hi-ther the Ger-man maids will throng, Fair and strong, Rais-ing the song!

We have had girls e-nough for long, And it's wrong Add-ing a throng!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! for the band who join in sport and know-ledge,

Oh! Oh! Oh! if we brought it to the Kai-ser's know-ledge,
Wielding like men
Sabors and pen For Father-land!

Surely he'd then Send us some men For Father-land!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! For Father-land!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! For Father-land!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! For Father-land!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! For Father-land!

Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! For Father-land!
NO. 5.  
SONG.—Minna) and CHORUS.

"THE GIRLS OF GOTTenBERG"

Words by  
ADRIAN ROSS.  

Music by  
IVAN GARYLL.

Piano.  

MENNA.  

1. A lot of fun my folks one  

2. Our old papa's queer e.

At last dies U. ni. ver. si. ties. From all th.  
rough. He's far too fond of tak. ing scuff. His spec. ta.

23264
world they seem to come. Per.haps you'd like to hear of
cles are big and blue. The sort of thing you can't see

A girl I know tells the tune goes. With pins-
through. His boots are big and never black. His rock-tie

And while she crams her learned hanging down his back. His coat is long, his trousers

mind. Her blouse is yawning wide behind.

short. But still he is a real good sort!
She has a knowledge full and rich
About the

What news of the Which. But if she saw a Forty
Girls are sound asleep. And then he looks around his class
And sings, "Oh,

And what is that?

They all are snoring, deep and rest.

She would, it know the use of that!

They all are snoring, deep and rest.

She would, it know the use of that!

They all are snoring, deep and rest.
REFRAIN.

Says she, "I know, know. A. but Plato. to.

Says he, "To-day. I had to say. say.

Ach, I forget. We had not come to him as.

So I don't care. To brush my hair.

Yet! I leave mine notes. In other coats, coats,

Hair! And that's the sort oflearned girl you see at Copenhagen.
NIN.

berg. Says she, "I know, know, know. About Pla,

berg. Says he, "To day, day, day, I had to

CHO.

to, to, to. And when I can, can,
say, say, say. Ach, I for -
get, get.

CHO.

can, I talk of Man and Su - per - man. So I don't

get, We hav not come to him as yet! I leave mine

CHO.

care, care, care. To brush mine hair, hair, hair. And that's the

notes, notes, notes. In other coats, coats, coats. So I'm a.
sort of learned girl you see, at Got ten - berg!

afraid we don't learn much from him at Got ten - berg!

MINNA.

3. The Eng lish girls an oth er sort. She's up to

any kind of sport; Her col ours bright, but does ni

MIN.

fade. She's al ways trim and tall or made! She loves to
MIN.

go with men to ride, And clear the hedges side by side, And she do.

MIN.

clears with out a blush, At home she of ten takes the brush!

MIN.

She has a bit up on a race, She's ridden in a steeple chase; And she's the sort our men prefer, I wonder
MIN.

what they see in her.

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?

What can a German see in her?
right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the

right, right, right, I've got a light, light, light! And she's the
right, right, right. I've got a light, light, light! And she's the
girl that seems to take the men At Got-ten-burg!
No. 6.

Chorus.

Words by BASIL HOOD.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

What is it?

What is it, Who is it coming so fast?
Is it the Emperor’s envoy at last? Who is it, What is it.

Who can it be? Yes, it is plainly undoubtedly he!

Gather and greet him with ardour unchecked.
Meet him, and treat him with proper respect!

Show him we know him and tickle his ears with a salute of unanimous cheers! Gather and greet him! Gather and
greet him! Meet him, and treat

him with proper, with proper,

per respect.
SONG—(Max) and CHORUS.

"THE SPECIAL ENVOY"

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Max. Allegro.

Piano.

1. I'm the Confidential Agent of the Kaiser, so sat-ur-day.
2. At attending a party function I am happy and gay.

White House Correspondent of the Kaiser, to-day.
And at banquets I'm a regular surprise, so you want to know.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.
may not rec-og-nise me, you will know me by re-pute. The
cor-dial in-vi-ta-tions I am rea- dy to ac-cept. You'll

Kai-ser's most par-tic-ular ad-vi-ser! I
ne-ver kill the En-voy of the Kai-ser! At

ta-ckle all the cour-ses from the tur-tle to the sweet; And if

save a lit-tle wear and tear to te-le-gra-phi wires. I
have a special railway train with in-dia-rub-ber tyres, As the Bo-tha comes to Ber-lin I will show him how to eat, As the Ex-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial Ex-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial Ex-tra Spe-cial En-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial C.H.O.

Ex-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial Ex-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial Ex-voy of the Kai-ser He's the Ex-tra Spe-cial
En - voy of the Kaiser! The Ex - tra, The Spe - cial, The
En - voy of the Kaiser! The Ex - tra, The Spe - cial, The

En - voy! Show me all the defer - ence you can! My see -
En - voy! Show me all the con - fi - dence you can! As a

Beck!

-den - tials you may scan them When you've play'd the Ger - man An - them You could get a per - fec - tum In the
Kaiser's Right Hand Man, For your no - ble Kaiser's Right Hand,
Kaiser's Right Hand Man! For our noble Kaiser's
Kaiser's Right Hand Man! In the noble Kaiser's

Kaiser's Right Hand Man! For our noble Kaiser's
Kaiser's Right Hand Man! In the noble Kaiser's

Right Hand Right Hand
Right Hand Right Hand

The
The

Extra, The Special, The Envoy Show him all the
Extra, The Special, The Envoy Show him all the
As a good Colonial Premier You would

con-fide-ence you can

get a per-fect gem-ou're in the Kai-ser's Right Hand Man! For our

un-ble Kai-ser's Right Hand, Right Hand Man!

cho.

cho.

cho.

28264.
SONG.—(Mitzi.)

"A GLASS OF BEER."

Words & Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

No. 8.

When I was ever so young, my father said "Look here! You're a likely lass for serving a glass."

Mitzi.

Moderato.

Piano.

You're a likely lass for serving a glass...
fa·mous la·ger beer; So I learnt to fill up the

mug. And I ne·ver would waste a drop. For I

found out a way To make the thing pay. Put plen·ty of froth on

top. Oh, a hand·y young wait·ing maid Is a
cap - it al thing for trade! I bring 'em a glass of beer! Bring 'em a glass of beer!

In they come with a rush, you know, Some of the cus-tomers wory me so. There they sit and they smoke, While
I stand waiting near. When they want a drink, They tip me a wink, And I bring 'em a glass of beer!

2. Now mugs of beer you must know... Are
trou-ble-some things to sell For you've got to count The

pro-per a-mount And to get your tips as well If a

man has only a glass He pays at the usual

rate But if he's had five You just look a-live And
Some of the fellows can swallow a score.
They're so forward you know. They

Bring 'em a glass of beer.

They think nothing of three or four.

He says he's got to earn.

I bring 'em a glass of beer.

Oh, there's so much to learn.
"I even call me 'Dear!'—If a chap says 'Miss, Will you..."

"Give me a kiss?" I give him a glass of beer!"

DANCE.
SONG.—(Otto) and CHORUS.

"OTTO OF ROSES"

Words by GEO. GROSSMITH JUN.;
Music by IVAN CARYLL.

**Allegro moderato.**

**Otto.**

**Piano.**

1. My dear
2. When I

Ot. 

Mother said to me, At the early age of three, Darling

hear the bugles blow, Then it's lunch-time, I know, And I

Ot. 

Otto, for the army you've intended, I said

roll a wad of fivers in my knapsack, And I
"All right mother dear, I will model my career
So that salutely to the place,
Where the powder I must face
For she

bravery and caution may be blended.
Do not keeps it dry and handy in her lap-sack.
"Clicquot"

fly to foreign parts,
Stop at home and conquer hearts,
In the fray! then I shout
While the enemy I rout
But

place this gallant officer proposes.
If by chance they elevate their neses
Floral
I proposed
OT. of - fer - ings I buy For the cu - re - my, That's why they have

-claim un - to the fee "Come sur - ren - der, dear old Flo, To

OT. chris - ter me Ot - to of Ro - ses! Oh! the
Field Mar - shal Ot - to of Ro - ses!" Oh! the

CHORUS. girls all call me Ot - to, What - oh! They
girls all call me Ot - to, What - oh! They

OT. know that my heart nev - er clo - ses, If you
know that my heart nev - er clo - ses, If you
don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the
can't pull off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the

CHORUS

-ses! Oh! the girls they call him Otto,
ses! Oh! the girls they call him Otto,

Otto.

CHO

What he! They know that his heart never closes,
What he! They know that his heart never closes,
If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the plot, oh! Put a penny in the slot, oh!

If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the plot, oh!

If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the plot, oh! Put a penny in the plot, oh!

If you can't bring off the plot, oh! Put a penny in the plot, oh!

If you don't like what you've got, oh! Pick another from the plot, oh! Put a penny in the plot, oh!
3. Be quite sure you know your

-grounds. When a body you surround, Try to keep the con-se-

-quences in your eye, sir. If the foe kicks up the douse, Then I

send a flag of truce, By my con-fi-den-tial fam-i-ly ad-vis-er.
When my ammunition's short I un-fail-ly re-sort To the
of-fic-es of kind-ly Mis-ter Mo-ces. Oh there's not a note-of-
hand More fam-iliar in the land Than the is-sue of
Ot-to of Ro-ses! Oh the girls all call me Ot-to.
CHORUS.

What oh! They know that my heart nev-er clos-es.

And if

things are get-ting hot, oh! Stand a lunch-eon to the lot, oh! Is the mot-to of

CHORUS.

Ot-to of Ros-ses! Oh! the girls all call him

OTTO.

Ot-to, What ho! They know that his heart nev-er clos-es,
And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch on to the

OT.

And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch on to the

CHO.

And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch on to the

And if things are getting hot, oh! Stand a lunch on to the
NO 10.

SONG.-- (Mitzi.)

"THE TITSY-BITSY GIRL."

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONKTON.

Tempo di Valse, Vivo.

Mitzl.

Piano.

There's a little Hotel That I know very well
On the banks of the beautiful Rhine,
Where the beer's pretty good
And the beds, and the food, Are as free from reproach as the

23264
People come now and then To the Old Red Wine!

But to be out of the worry and din It's not far from the town And young men motor down To see Mitzi, the

REFRAIN.
a tempo

Maid of the lute Jul Mitzi Hit the Mitt till

She is their Tit Bit say
She is the Fairy that fetches the men. Down at the sign of the

Little Red Hen! That's where Mitzi, Little Mitzi.

Kicks them in to tidy. How can you blame her if

gen. the men name her Thelma, Tit. sy, Bit. sy girl.

2. There's a beer-garden there, When the
MI.

Weather is fair You can lounge in the shade of the trees With a

MI.

Smile on her lip Little Mitzi will trip To and fro While you drink at your ease And her smile is so sweet And her figure so neat As she

MI.

carries her beer on her tray That it can't be more drink Than more than they think They don't mind as it's Mitzi they pay! Say Mitzi lit the

REFRAIN

a tempo

MI.

a tempo
Mit: zit! She is their Tit-Bit-sy!

She is the Fairy that fetch-es the men, shown at the sign of the

Lit-te Red Hen! That's where Mit-ti lit the Mit-ti

Knocks them in to fit-sy, How can you blame her If

gen-tle, men name her Their Tit-sy Bit-sy Girl!
NO. 11

SONG—(Elsa.)

"MÅDEL MINE"

Music by
PHILIP BRAHAM.

Words by
C. H. BOVILL.

Elsa.

Piano.

Etude.

1. When I was a Mid - chen

2. wee, Gent - le - men I oft would see

Tum - ing round to
ELS A.  
look at me as I pass'd them by.  

S o m e - t i m e s t o o , t h e y  

stopp'd and smiled  
When I ask'd them why.  

K i s s - e s  

from me they be-guil'd as they made re-ply.  

R E F R A I N.  

M e i - n e k l e i - n e M ä d - e l  
Du bist un-der-stan'd.  

23261.
Such a pet I never yet have met
In the Father land!

If for a my sweet heart I should ev er pine
All the

While it'll be for my little Mild mine
Mine

2. Now though I am older grown
Gentlemen I oft have known
Speak to me in tender tone
When they got a chance.

Bold Hussars in blue or red
When with me they dance.

Softly in my ear have said,
With a side-long glance.
REFRAIN.

Meine kleine Moldau, don't you understand.

Such a pet I never yet have met in the Fatherland!

If for my sweetheart I should ever pine

While it'll be for my little Moldau mine.

23264.
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

FINALE.-ACT I.

Allegro moderato.

How splendid! We've ended our time of loneliness!
Each soldier lad at last is glad.

Piano

SOP

TEN

BAS

23264
Maiden to caress! No maiden is laden with sorrow anymore.

In foaming beer we pledge our dear Emperor!
Bold - ness charms! So be bold - er!

Or - der arms! Arm on should - er!

Or - der arms! Arm on should - er!

-----
Take good aim, don't be miss - ing,

Lips a - flame Call for kiss - ing,

Lips a - flame Call for kiss - ing,

-----
More is here Drink and light up!

Low - er beer Drink it right up!

Low - er beer Drink it right up!
What de-light! Aren’t they jol-ly?

From the right, Fire a vol-ley.

Jump—ers drain! Hold them read-y!

Charge a-gain, We are read-y.

Here are jugs in po-si-tion,

Or-der mugs! Am-mun-i-tion!

Or-der mugs! Am-mun-i-tion!
Forward face! We surrender.

Form embrace! Oh! how tender

Oh! What stars Are the gallant Blue Hunsars!

Oh! What stars Are the gallant Blue Hunsars!

Oh! What stars Are the gallant Blue Hunsars!

Not a word, Do you hear? Must be
heard Ti-za dear, You must heed, And tell none. Till the deed Has been
done! I may be called a way Up on my wedding.

Our day. So hush! hush! mum! SILEN-TI-UM!

Not a sign, To a soul. Till you're mine, At the

23264
Cle: You shall win, Clem not then, at the inn, The Red Hen! So

not late! To date! So

Tempo di Value.

Hush! hush! mum! Si - len - ti - um!

Hush! hush! mum! Si - len - ti - um!

Little Princess of the little Red Hen, If I go there, will you
talk to me then. Remember the glories of Grimm's fairy stories. Pre-

Elsa.

It's only an inn, is the

tand we're in Fairy-land, heaven knows when!

Elsa.

little Red Hen, Not half good enough for such gentlemen. But begging your

Elsa.

parson, it has a nice garden, and sometimes I walk there, till nine or till ten! So
come to the dear Red Hen! I'll talk to you further then

For under the trees, You say what you please, By the Rhine, at the

Sign of the Hen! We'll meet at the old Red Hen! We

needn't say how or when! For there we shall stay, And
both have a
day of the
best, at the
seat of the
Head.

Allegro.

CHORUS OF STUDENTS.

Although we've not a

chance To dance We're bound to show our loyalty. And greet the regi-
CILSTE: imperially. That's sent, by high imperial royalty! The patriotic

FREDA: So hoch! says Ale-

CILSTE: real We feel A-mounts al-most to man-ni-a.

FREDA: -man-ni-a! And hoch! says sweet Sax-o-ni-a! And hoch! says bold Bo-

CILSTE: Hoch! Hoch!

L1. ANNA: -rus-si-a! And hoch! says Po-me-ra-ni-a!

CILSTE: Hoch! Hoch!
Hoch! Hoch! hoch! let us shout, till every echo answers,

Hailing the Kaiser whose tent, Here has sent our regiment,

Hoch! Hoch! hoch! For the Blue Husars are dashing dancers,
Men without faults, ready to wait for Fatherland!

Allegretto.

love-ly girls, when in a row You stand for me to scan, I
MAX: feel a tremor well, just so! Ja, do I know that man! But

when I left His Majesty. He said with ready wit, Kisse

all the college girls for me. Nein, nein I know not it! Such

going on I will not stand! My child it must be done, By

BRITTIBOTYL.

CLERMONTINE.

MAX.
CLEMENTINE.

MAX.  
high Im-pe-ri-al com-mand, Well then—but on-ly one!

BURGOMASTER.

MAX.  
Now Clemmy dear! Captain Schnitzel, I will not allow you

BUR.  
to carry on with my daughter; Who are you to allow anything?

MAX.  
You're only her father! Arrest that man!  

ALL.  
Arrest the Burgomaster!
ALL

MAX

Arrest anybody! Captain Schnitzel

COLONEL

I won't stand it, you've got my room, and I'm put in the garret. How

MAX

dare you sir, Give me your sword, go to your garret and report yourself to

MAX

yourself as under arrest! Arrest the Colonel! I will arrest you all if you don't mind,
Who's here?

oh dear, oh dear! That's the envoy from the Kaiser. What a beauty, oh my eye. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!

Max it would be wiser if you promptly did a guy. Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha!
MIT.

"Ha! Tho' this trick that you have tried on has been carried thro' with skill, HaHa!"

MIT.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Now you're putting too much side on I can show you up and will! Ha, ha, hu, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

MIT.

"Listen all, this man you harbor"

23264.
He is just a common man.

I can show up people too, Who are you?

Who are you?

Tho' so proudly he's behaving, He's gone in for you?

You?

You?

smile.
MITZI
pen - sy-

MAX.

Who's this girl that dares to speak, Like her cheek!

Like her

Like her

Like her

Like her

CHEO.

MITZI.

MAX.

MITZI.

MAX.

check! Who am I? Who and what? I'm the man, No you're not! Oh, I'm all in a whirl! I'm the new college

CHEO.
MIT.

Moderato.

MAX.

She's the new college girl!

CHO.

She's the new college girl!

Max.

Allegro moderato.

MIX.

College Girls

Hurrah! Hurrah! For a comrade new
jolly good girl, we can do with a few. For she is the child of a

MITZI,

A brand of a name and its

noble line, Margravine Elisabeth of Saxe-Coburg.

MITS.

all of it mine.

WORTH for Elisa of Saxen-stein.
Maestoso.

Now, friends, de-part, first giving one shout more To greet the envoy of your

Emperor!

The extra, the special, the envoy Praise him

for his beneficent plan Let us strew the way with flowers as a

for his beneficent plan Let us strew the way with flowers as a

for his beneficent plan Let us strew the way with flowers as a

23264
tribute to the powers of the Kaiser's right-hand man. Of our

tribute to the powers of the Kaiser's right-hand man. Of our

tribute to the powers of the Kaiser's right-hand man. Of our

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way,

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way,

noble Kaiser's right-hand, right-hand man. Strew the way,

Let us

with flowers for the

with flowers for the

strew the way with flowers. As a tribute to the powers of the
Act II.
OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.
la la la la la la
     Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra

la la la la la la la la la
     Come by, pretty maiden, Delightfully

la la la la la la
     In den With glasses, with glasses of jolly good lager beer!
Oh, why do you waa-der So care-less-ly won-der?—We're wait-ing, we're wait-ing, So come a-long o-ver here!

Jup, jup, jup, Ta la la la la, Tra la la la la la

Jup, jup, jup, Ta la la la la, Tra la la la la la
Moderato.

Solo, Kannenher.

Oh,

Kan.

this is the one place To get the beer from! If it in-ter-ests you in the

least!

At the sign of the Red Hen there's famous ac-com-Mo-da-tion for
man and for beast! My beer has this virtue it never sus

hurt you, it's almost as harmless as water! I don't adver

taxe it, I merely advise it. As served by my favourite daughter

Now this is the one place to get the beer from! If it

Now this is the one place to get the beer from! If it
in- ter- ests you in the least;
At the sign of the Red Hen there's
fam- ous ac- com-
Mo- da- tion for man and for beast. His
beer has the vir- tue It nev- er can hurt you, It's al- most as harm- less as
wa-ter. He won’t ad-ver-tise it. He’ll mere-ly ad-vise it, As

wa-ter. He won’t ad-ver-tise it. He’ll mere-ly ad-vise it, As

Tempo primo.

served by his fav’r-ite daughter.

served by his fav’r-ite daughter.

Jup, jup, jup, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la la
NO 14.

SONG (Mitzi) and CHORUS.

"RHEINGOLD"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONKTON.


Piano.

1. I've heard in a wonderful legend of old, That down in the
   German we well our business affairs, We're growing large

Rhein is a treasure of gold, The gods and the giants, the
numbers of new millionaires! And some you may find in the

men and the elves, All want to pocket the gold for themselves! But
dear Fatherland, And some down deep levels a way on the Rhine!
somehow they never could
if you should ask any more, I expect He'd say 'I was

REFRAIN.
a tempo

maid ens' swam off with the loot! Rhein-gold! Rhein-gold! The
born viz a viz British subject: Rhein-gold! Rhein-gold! In

treasure is said to be fine, That of course we don't know, For it's
Rogi land we certainly shine, And it's easy to tell We like

still down below In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
CHORUS.

Rhein - gold! Rhein - gold! The ten - sore is

CHOR.

 said to be cer - tain - ly fine shine. If you care for the trip You can

MITZL.

When we get to Park Lane, We don't

MITZL.

all have a dip go back a - gain In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine!
2. Our land is the home of musical art, Where twins in the
4. Our social amusements are not very gay, But we've a good

3. Die will cry in two parts. And Wagner, we simply de-
time in our own quiet way, We're not like the English who

4. You, in fact, We have a square meal at the end of each act. Our
take a delight In sitting up playing at Bridge all the night. We
Sing, ere are great, as you'll readi-ly own our small pri-
mit in a bea-gard-den, aeh, it is grand. To dace to the
refrain a tempo

great in the mu-si-cal line: You should hear our old cut Sing Mo-
chance of a dace we de-cline. And our maid-ens have feet That you
mit a tempo

eart in B-fla. By the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine! only can meet By the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
CHORUS.

Rhein-gold Rhein-gold We're great in the music est.

MEN.

And for all foreign lands We supply German black bees.

CHORUS.

hands jump from the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.

MEN.

In the Rhine, Rhine, Rhine.
DUET—(Clementine and Max.)

"THE BIRDS IN THE TREES"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Allegretto.

Piano.

CLEMENTINE.

If the birds in spring-time are pairing, The dog rose up on the

MAX.

bark, The lark is out for airing, The hawk is out for a

CLEMENTINE.

lark. Then let us wander together.

MAX.
two forlorn would do. And we'll be birds of a
fourth. And then we'll bring off our coup!

As the birds on the tree. We'll sit well. With

never an angry word. Like a linnet or dove, I will

sing to my love and fit answer.—Check, check, check, check, check, check.
Clem:

MAX.

Clem:

BOTH.

Clem:

Max.

Clem:

Max.

Clem:

Max.
Clem. hide away love from you. And call—Where am I, my

Darling? Oh! I see your feet—cuckoo. As the

Both. birds on the tree. We'll be—well be. Perhaps it may look at

Both. sund. But we'll play hide and seek. By the day or the week. And I'll

Clem. call you. Hee, hee! hee, hee! hee, hee! Like a bird!
Clementine

3. And

CLLEM.

if we're tired of the Rhine
land, we'll go a way if you

MAX.

please. The Tyrol is such a fine
land. We'll turn Tri. re. Tri. re.

CLLEM.

Max.

ke.

I'll leave our new little chalet.
To drive the cows up the
Clem.  

**MAX.**

height till stay below in the valley. And jodel to you till

Max.  

**Clementine.**

night. Like the gay Tyrolean We'll

Both.  

be we'll be. And call to the browsing herd. At the

Clem.  

jodel (and lib.)

noise that we make. All the echoes will wake. And they'll answer like a bird!
TRIO.—(Mitzi, Max and Otto)
"SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH, MEIN HERR?"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.

MITZI.

1. When you go o-ver to

London, As lots of Ger-man do.

It's easy to know the

way you must go, Your Ger-man will pull you through!

For if you want them to

23264
tell you The way to Leices ter Square, You take off your hat, re-

marking like that: "Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" Sagen Sie mir-

E don't live 'ee no more. 'E's got six months. Aber bitte-bitte - Well, I don't mind

if I do. Two of bitter you said. Miss? Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?
Pass on you any where—London people say—

"Right, old pal! Ver as long-ton ke ty cor di ale!" If you’ve ta ken a

hun son And the man wants dou ble fare—Don’t make a row—

Say with a bow—"Sprachten Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?"
2. Per - haps you'll trav - el to Mar - gate, And

MUTZI.

in the af - ter - noon, You walk on the sands and listen to bands,

OTTO.

form - ing the Eng - lish tunes! And when the bands - men have played you some

MAX.
MAX.

pa - tri o tic sir, You hear from the chap who takes round his cup -

MITZI.

MITZI.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?" Das ist a pretty song tune.

MAX and OTTO.

What calls himself it in English? Ve know him not - Ve -

MAX and OTTO.

May him only! Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr? -
Germanys everywhere. You will find on the English pier German waiters and German beer! Buy a present from Margate. Say a mug of china ware— When you unpack, you see on the back, "Sprechen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?"
NO 17.

DANCE.—(Albrecht and Kathie.)

Music by
IVAN CARYL.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano
NO. 18.

SONG. (Elsa.)

"I LOVE MY LOVE WITH AN A."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Elsa.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

Elsa.

1. On a night A month since at a dance, I met with a

Elsa.

man to woo me! He was quite Like a Prince Of romance.
His look sent a shiver through me!
And so bold He be.

name, Naughty man!
He said he could not resist me.

And He told Me his name, As He kissed me;
I may

say It began With an A.
I
REFRAIN
Tempo di Valse.

ELSA

That was my love with a tempo

con espress.

ELSA

say: He's a. ble. ar. dent. ac. tive. At.

ELSA

rit. e dim. a tempo
tive. Oh. very at. tive! He loved his love with

rit. e dim. a tempo

ELSA

And that was you see.
fancied in my fool ish way That I loved my love with an
cres.
rall. s. dim.

A.

2. But I've grown Rather wise, For in truth I found him a

faithless wooer.

And I've known, With sur. prise, There's a youth Whose
Love is more deep and true, Oh! I have done With the rest. And he wins The heart of his own true lover.

He's the one Who is best I discovered Do you know He begins With an O!

REFRAIN

Tempo di Valse.
Elsa.
don't you know? Roll never leave me lose.

Elsa.
ly. My on ly. My one and my on ly! He loves his

Elsa.
love with E. And that to I you see.

Elsa.
And a range. but soon will show that I

Elsa.
love my love with an
DUET.—(Elsa and Otto.)

"Two-Step."

(AWAY DOWN INDIANA.)

Words by
C.H. BOVILL.

Music by
OCTAVE CRÉMIEUX & J. B. BOLDI.

Allegretto.

Otto.

Piano.

Tempo di Polka lente.

OTTO.

1. Won't you come and two-step, Lit-tle girl, with
2. Won't you try a new step, Lit-tle maid, with

me?

I can see that you step so de-light-ful-lee!

me?

Now I know that you step so de-light-ful-lee!

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pour usage privé, y compris en Suisse, en Norvège & le Danemark.
OTTO: Lightly as a feather, Let us go together,
Hear me I beseech you, Only let me teach you,

PAT-ting quite a polish on the parque-triel
Then thro' life my part-ner you will always be!

OTTO: I step first—then you step: So we both can see,
Won't you try this new step And my part-ner be?

OTTO: When we've tried the two-step, If our steps agree?
Don't say no but do step Off to Church with me!
- heed-ing To its ple-asing, Nor where it leads me Would I, an-swer, De-arest dan-cer, My hand is you I will con-

know! Won't you come and Won't you try a two-step Lit-tle girl, with me?

I can see that Now I know that you step So de-light-ful-le! Light-ly as a fea-

Let us go to-geth-er, Put-ting quite a pol-ish on the par-quet-rid-

Fine.
NO. 20

DUET. (Mitzi and Max.)

"TWO LITTLE SAUSAGES."

Words and Music by
LIONEL MONKTON

Moderato.

Piano.

MITZI.

Once in the window of a ham and beef shop

MAX.

Two little sausages sat
One was a lady and the
MUTZEL.

He fell a victim to her simple charm, And her

MAX.

form he would have embraced. But a sausage, you see, nev er

MAX.

has any aim. And the lady hadn’t got any hint.
**Refrain.**

Both:

What a pair of bouncy little sausages!

---

Both:

There’s was a very pleasant fête. So they

---

Both:

snuggled together In the chilly winter weather. Both on the same cold

---

Both:

plate. Well, it wasn’t such a very cold plate!
MITZI.

2. One and day those sausages quarrelled,

Ended was all their joy. The reason was that she

said she caught him winking. At a saucy little savagely.
“Pooh, my dear,” said the gentleman sum-sage; “You may think I’m a flirt? Well, I am! But I’ve seen you sitting on the same bit of parsley as I did.

REFRAIN

What a pair of wicked old winters of him!”

Both

silly little sum-sages! There’s was a bit-ter, bit-ter pill, For they
very quickly parted. And it left her broken-hearted. While

he joined a bad mixed grill. Yes, it really was a very mixed

grill! 

3. Long years after on a lunch counter
MITZI.

Those little sausages met. She was engaged to the

MAX.

wings of a chicken. But he had not got off yet.

MITZI.

Soon they were reconciled, and then, of course, she consented to name the

MITZI.

day. So the barmaid dressed her in tinsel-paper frill, and the

MAX.
MAX.
waiter gave her away.
What a pair of

REFRAIN
BOTH.

jolly little sausage! Nothing their happiness can dash.
And on

BOTH.
any day you'll meet 'em. For there's no one wants to eat 'em, He calls her his own sweet

BOTH.
mash. So you see that they are sausage and mash!
SONG—(Minna) and CHORUS.

"KOLOSSAL."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Minna.  Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

MIN.

I, Ach! was a joy—some day When

MIN.

soldiers come our way, At know—er—dick command Met a

MIN.

band, met a band! We sing, dance, and cheer, And
MIN.

pour bin out das biex. Und klippen mit die hand For the

MIN.

band, for the band!

MIN.

Hear them kom men down der stras - se, Down der stras - se, Down der

MIN.

stras - se, March - ing or der - ly im mos - se-

MINNA.
CHORUS.

Ja, im was-
Down der strasse!

MINNA.

That is done to any house,
Any house-

CHORUS.

Ja to all-
When you see the army

MINNA.

Kom-men down der strasse,
Das is simply so-

23264.
CHORUS, in *Selten.*

**Cho.**

*Hear them kommen down der strasse,*  
*Down der strasse,*

**Cho.**

*Down der strasse,*  
*Marching orderly im*

**Cho.**

*Gass, im gasse!*  
*Down der strasse!*

**Cho.**

*That is dear to any house,*  
*Any house,*

23264
CHO.

Ja to all——

When you see the army

CHO.

kou men dunder stres se, Das is sim ply ko les sal?

MINNIA.

2. You hör en him so far, Und
mur-mur, by sie are!
They kom-men soon zu hand, Mit the

band, mit the band! Die mus-ik grow so loud. It

break the win-dows out Die hous-es hard-ly stand, For the

band, for the band!

23264.
CHORUS.

Hear them come down the stairs — Down the stairs — Down the

MINNA.

Marching orderly in mass —

MIN. CHERU.

Ja, im mass — Down the stairs —

MIN. MINNA.

That is best to any offense, Any offense —
CHO.

Ja to all —

When you see the army

MINN.

kom-men down der stras-se, Das is simply ko-los-sal

CHO.

Hear them kom-men down der stras-se, Down der stras-se,

CHO.

Down der stras-se, March ing or-der-ly in

23264.
No. 22  QUINTET.--(Minna, Freda, Katrina, Lucille and Brittlboll.)

"SERGEANTS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CAR'LL.

Girls.

Piano.

1. Of-fi-er's girls have
2. Of-fi-er's take you

GIRLS.

lots of fun Sup-pose-ing the of-fi-ers are gents!
out to ride, They're all of them mo-to-car gents!
BRIT BOTTLE.

Still if a girl cannot pick up one, She'll do very well with ser-geants!

They run into the ditch off-side, You'd far better walk with ser-geants!

BRIT.

GIRLS.

Of-fi-cers are ex-pensive chaps, Champagne and Ha-va-na ci-gar gent!

Of-fi-cers love and ride a-way, And that's why I'm going to bar gent!

BRIT.

Give me a mug and a pipe perhaps, Ann that is en-sough for

All of you take me and share my poy, We're mar-ry-ing men, we

BRIT.

ser-geants

ser-geants!
REFRAIN.

They've all after the Sergeant, The Sergeant, the Sergeant,

Someone can resist the man, He is so nice to see!

All the girls who've met me, Are dying to get him.

They're after the Sergeant and the Sergeant that is me, me.
SONG.—(Mitzi) and CHORUS.

"BERLIN ON THE SPREE"

Words by
BASIL HOGG.

Music by
LIONEL MONGKTON.

No. 23.

Allegro.

1. There are places on the map
   That I never want to see.
   Such as London (on the Thames)
   Don't you backs

2. With our knapsacks on our

MITZI.
MIT.

mention it to me! Then there's Paris (on the Seine). But we
do it in a day. And we'll never go to bed till we've

MIT.

can't afford the train. So we're talking of a walking tour to
painted Berlin red—Oh they'll talk about our walking tour to

MIT.

CHORUS.

Berlin—Berlin—Berlin

MIT.

We are talking of a walking tour to Berlin—Oh they'll talk a bout our walking tour to Ber- lin—
REFRAIN.

MIT.

Berlin is on the Spree And that's the place I want to see So we've pack'd our little slippers And we're trotting off as trip-pers Just as hop-py as can be No trains for you and me We mean to
do the jour - ney free. And we' ll be cur - lin' When

we ar - rive in Ber - lin, For Ber - lin is on the Spee. 

Ber - lin is on the Spee. And that's the place We

want to see. So we've pack'd our lit - tle slip - pers and we're
trotting off as trip-ers just as hap-py as can be

No trains for you and me. We mean to do the jour-ney free.
And won't our hair be cur-lin' When we ar-rive in

Ber-lin, For Ber-lin is the opreee.
FINALE—ACT II.

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

No. 24.

Allegra.

Ber-lis is on the

Piano.

All.

Sproo, And that's the place We want to

All.

see. So we've put on our little slippers, and we're

23264.
No trains for you and me.

We mean to do the journey free.

'Wot our hails be curlin' When we arrive in Berlin, For
23264.

END OF OPERA.
SONG (Mitzi.)

"A COMMON LITTLE GIRL"

Words by
RALPH ROBERTS

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON

Mitzi.

Piano.

Moderato.

1. To

2. I

hold my own with ladies high Was always my ambition, My

thought how grand when I went out To take a little airing, To

constantly thought how I might better my position. Yet

know the papers raved about The clothes that I was wearing. A -
now that I’ve attained a height
Beyond my aspirations, I
rounded my carriage
men would stand Nice compliments to pay me.

A

do not think the pleasure quite
Comes up to expectations. And I’m
chaperone would hold my hand, Lest lovers should waylay me. But to

B flat

disappointed now because I was happier as I was, For
sit like this in an old lan-can Isn’t quite what I bargained for. For

C major

I’m just a common little girl As any one can see,
I’m just a common little girl, I like to have my fling.
Ladies can never, never have a better time than I never want to be attached to someone's apron.

When a rich girl meets a gentleman friend, there's a string. When a lady goes out, there's a chap-er-one. Who

Laugh, how d'ye do? But the common little girl gets a must look after her. But the common little girl goes

Great big kiss, now I think that's the best don't you? out on her own, and she has a good time there.
3. In married life it is not smart, For swells to have affections, So

nice girls to the theatre flock, They're frequently contested, To

quite nice couples drift apart, In opposite directions. It
care upon a rival's frock, And not the piece presented. They

may suit Lady Vere de Vere, Like this to be neglected, But
re-tail scandal of the day, With ardour undiminished, And
if 'twas me, I'd make it clear, That's not what I ex-
when the curtain falls they say, "Good gracious! Is it

pected. For what's the use of a husband who
fin' up?" Then they murmur as they wander out,

Flirts with er'ryone else but you! Well, I'm just a
"What was the stupid piece about?" Well, I'm just a

common little girl, I like to speak my mind; I'll never
common little girl, I do so love the play! And other
let the matter pass If my old man's unkind. When a
common little girls, are like me, I dare say. For a

lady's vexed with her husband Well, she
Duchess may sit in a private box, And pretend it's all a

more But the common little girl with her common little fist, Gives his
bore; But the common little girl in the gallery shouts, "You're

common old face what for!
doing it fine Encore!"
SONG. (Mitzi) and CHORUS.

"DO YOU KNOW M. SCHNEIDER?"

Words by
LIONEL MONCKTON & GEORGE GROSSMITH JUN.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Mitzi.

Allegretto.

Piano.

1. In Frank-furt town there
2. One Sun-day Morn-

lives a charming Ger-man gen-tle-man, He's so po-lite and shows you all the
Schneider came to have a cup of tea, And un-ch Him was there as well as

kind-ness that he can. And if you're per-ty be will try to steal your heart a-way. He'll
Joy-ly as could be, At last the old man rose and said: "Well, I must get a-way." Ma-

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MIT.

Send you love-ly chaps' lakes in your birth-day and he'll say That

ma said, "Kiss your Un-cle, deaw!" I has-scold to a-hay When

MIT.

If you like them you can have a birth-day ev-ery day! Do you
care less Mis-ter Schrei-der some-how got right in the way. So I

Tempo di Valse.

knew Mis-ter Schrei-der, Schrei-der,
kissed Mis-ter Schrei-der, Schrei-der.

MIT.

Schrei-der? He's as ten-der and kind a-

Schrei-der? Poor old Un-cle was shocked, I could
man can be
plain-ly

You would like
Mister

Schei-der, Schei-der, Schei-der

Schei-der, Schei-der, Schei-der

He's the nicest young fellow in German

He does most of the kissing in German

CHORUS.

Do you know Miser Scheider,

So she kissed Miser Scheider,
SCHNEIDER, SCHNEIDER. He's as tender and
SCHNEIDER, SCHNEIDER. Poor old UNCLE was

kind as a man can be. You would like MISTER
shook she could plainly see. But it pleased MISTER

SCHNEIDER, SCHNEIDER. SCHNEIDER! He's
SCHNEIDER, SCHNEIDER. SCHNEIDER! He

the rest young fellow in GERMAN
does most of the kissing in GERMAN

23264.
Allegretto.

3. Soon
4. Now

MIT

...wards he asked me if I'd name the happy day; He
many months have passed since I and Mis- ter Schnel-der met; But

MIT

gave me an en-ga-ment ring, for which I had to pay. But
he'll a tak-ing way with him I nev-er shall for-get. 'Twas

MIT

when at last the morn-ing came when I was to be wed, He
very strange this morn-ing, I set out a friend to meet, When
wasn't at the church at all, a lady came instead.
And I received a sudden shock, my heart began to beat.

she as soon as I arrived walked up to me and said, "Do you
sure it was Mr. Schneider that I saw in Oxford Street?"

Tempo di Valsee.

know Mr. Schneider, Schneider,
Mr. Schneider, Schneider,
Mr. Schneider, Schneider!

Schneider? His gut von vife al - res - dy and
Schneider! There's a lady beside him, as
mit.

There were six little Schneiders in German
He takes such good care of them.

CHORUS.

Do you know Mr. Schneider?
Why there is Mr. Schneider.
Schneider, Schneider? He's got von wife al-
Schneider, Schneider? There's a lady be-

-ready and dat vas me!! And it was Miss-
sides him, as you can sec. But it's not Miss-

Schneider, Schneider, Schneider! There
Schneider, Schneider, Schneider! He

were six little Schneiders in German-
takes joyfully good care of in German-

23264.
DUET. (Elsa & Otto) and CHORUS.

"STROLLING AND PATROLLING"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
ISAN CARYLL.

Otto.  
(Staff notation)

1. Maid - en who brings the veer,
   Won't you let me mar - ry you, my

2. Il an - y night or day,
   Du - ty calls your sol - diers love a -
Tell me that you will be mine at length!
I shall pine to see your face divine!

If you can be married on the strength!
Could not we be there to help you plead?

I will wed, I might have another man instead;
Left a lone, I shall beg to welcome back my own!

But I'll tell you what I will do,
Walk out with you—
None to comfort me I shall find—
None who is kind—
If you won't, I'll choose from the rest—
I shall cry for fin-cies and fears—

STU. Walk out with you—
sol. We do not mind!

A big po—
We'll come and

There's no doubt— At
There's no doubt— I

There's no doubt— At
There's no doubt— You

Music notation and text:

ELSA.

CHO.

OTTO.

ELSA.

OTTO.
Stering and palling Till the "lights out" drum is rolling. Down
by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to
see!-

Chorus of soldiers & students
Underneath a shady tree!
Two is company, not three!

Underneath a shady tree!
Two is company, not three!

22204.
play-ing, Both link-ing arms and wink-ing. Oh! you must go walk-ing out with

OTTO: play-ing, Both link-ing arms and wink-ing. Oh! you must go walk-ing out with

CHO: Oh! you must go walk-ing out with

ELS: me!

OTTO: me!

CHO: Strol-ling and pa-trol-ling Till the "lights out" drum is

CHO: Strol-ling and pa-trol-ling Till the "lights out" drum is

CHO: Strol-ling and pa-trol-ling Till the "lights out" drum is
ELSA

OTTO.

CHORUS.

rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

rolling, Down by-ways, off the high-ways, Where there's no one near to

ELSA.

Though perhaps there ought to be!
And you don't get back for tea!

OTTO.

Though perhaps there ought to be!
And you don't get back for tea!

CHORUS.

see-
Straying and delaying In the Park where bands are

see-
Straying and delaying In the Park where bands are

see-
Straying and delaying In the Park where bands are
ELSA. playing, Both link ing arms and wink ing. Oh! you

OTTO. playing, Both link ing arms and wink ing. Oh! you

CHO. playing, Both link ing arms and wink ing. Oh! you

ELSA. must go walk ing out with me!

OTTO. must go walk ing out with me!

CHO. must go walk ing out with me!
ELSÁ

must go walking out with me!

OTTO

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

must go walking out with me!

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