The Jewel of Asia

Comedy Opera in which George W. Lederer presents James T. Powers

Book and Lyrics by: Frederic Ranken and Harry B. Smith
Music by Ludwig Englander

Vocal Score $2.00 net

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The Jewel of Asia
A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
IN TWO ACTS

Book and Lyrics by
FREDERIC RANKEN
AND
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
LUDWIG ENGELANDER

Vocal Score, $2.00 Net

JOS. W. STERN & CO.
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Produced by Mr. George W. Lederer, at the Park Theatre, Boston.

The Jewel of Asia.

Characters.

PIERRE LEROUGE, an artist who is forced by necessity to act as waiter in the café of Madame Hersille.................................................................JAMES T. POWERS
SIMOON PASHA, Minister of Police with up-to-date ideas..................................GEORGE O'DONNELL
MUFTI, janitor of the Pasha's domestic establishment..................................................WILLIAM CAMERON
YUSSUF POTIPHAR, a young Turkish noble, heir of his uncle, the late Badg Pasha.........................RITCHIE LING
SERGEANT LAFITTE, the only surviving member of Napoleon's Old Guard............................HARRY SHORT
HASHISH ...............................................................................................................E. B. KNIGHT
BACKSHEESH ........................................................................................................FRANK SYMONDS
ANATOLE, a student ...............................................................................................A. E. DECKER
FRANCOIS, a student ...............................................................................................THOMAS MILLER
A GENARME ............................................................................................................FRANK G. HILL
ALI, the Pasha's favorite swordsman....................................................................................
ZAIDEE, called the "jewel of Asia," favorite better half of Simoon Pasha........................................BLANCHE RING
MIMI, daughter of Sergeant Lafitte, employed in Mme. Hersille's café...............................RACHEL BOOTH
HERSILLIE, proprietress of a café......................................................................................CARRIE PERKINS
CORINNE ..................................................................................................................REINE DAVIES
CONSUENO..............................................................................................................IDA GABRIELLE
BEBE, an oriental innocent, with no knowledge of the world..............................................BESSIE GRAHAM
PIERETTE ....................................................................................................................ERMINIE EARLE
BABETTE ....................................................................................................................MAUDE WYCHERLY
AYALI ..........................................................................................................................HARRIET BURT
SALALI ..........................................................................................................................BLANCHE BROOKS
MEDORA ......................................................................................................................CECIL ROHDA
DELILAH .....................................................................................................................MILDRED KEARNEY
ZOBIDE .......................................................................................................................TERESA BRYANT
ZAZA ..........................................................................................................................MABEL SLOCUM
PERUNA .......................................................................................................................ADA VERNE
SAPOLIA ......................................................................................................................MABEL VERNE
PEROXIDA ....................................................................................................................GLADYS KRAM
CASSIA .........................................................................................................................YVONNE RIVERS
WANDA .......................................................................................................................LOUISE DE RIGNY
NYANZA ......................................................................................................................AGNES ERRINGTON
A PARISIAN THIEF .................................................................................................TOM COLLINS
FIRST BEGGAR .........................................................................................................MILO JOYCE
SECOND BEGGAR .................................................................................................ROSS DALE
ZUMRA .........................................................................................................................IDA GABRIELLE
TUTU ..............................................................................................................................LILLIE BRINK
DUDU .............................................................................................................................ELLA RAY
HATDEE .........................................................................................................................ETHEL GILMORE

Chorus of Act I.—Parisiens, Wives of Pashas, Grissettes, Flower Girls, Gens d'Armes, Students, Soldiers, etc.

Act II.—Wives inherited by Pierre, Turkish Guards, etc.

SCENIC LOCALE.


Act II.—Turkish Asia. Interior of the late Badg's Harem.

STAGED UNDER THE PERSONAL DIRECTION OF MR. GEORGE W. LERER
MUSICAL DIRECTOR.................................................................................................MR. MAX HIRSCHFELD
# THE JEWEL OF ASIA

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Property of

Carl Halbert
812 Riverside Drive
Apt. #52
N.Y.C.
The Jewel of Asia.

Opening Chorus.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegro.

Piano.

Curtain.

Chorus.

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goy and free. There is an air. So deb-o-nair About the real Pa-

goy and free. There is an air. So deb-o-nair About the real Pa-

ri-sian. So at first sight, It's eas-y quite, To spot the mer-ry

ri-sian. So at first sight, It's eas-y quite, To spot the mer-ry

Par- is-ite who all the year Con ti nues here A mid its joys e-
ly-sian. The girls possess a jaunty style, a certain walk, a
ly-sian. Jaunty style, certain

certain smile. That while 'tis filled with wile and guile, is quite a compliment;
certain smile, Filled with wile, filled with

All the men compliment,
guile; The men have certain ways of dress, Bohemian 'tis more or less, A
All they are Paris gent. Then rak-ish air, A leer-ing stare, That marks the Pa-ris gent. Then

Here's Oh! here's to Paris, the world it would em-barrass To
Here's Oh! here's to Paris, the world it would em-barrass To

Show an-oth-er ci-ty That is an-y-thing like this; For the
Show an-oth-er ci-ty That is an-y-thing like this; For the
native or the stranger For the rover and the ranger, Our Paris is the
native or the stranger For the rover and the ranger, Our Paris is the

City whose delight no one should miss.
City whose delight no one should miss.

Allegro grazioso.
Enterance of Eight Milliners.
Upon the bright particular day, The little Corinne across the way, Will open a shop, Where money will drop, Very rapidly into her pocket, For little Corinne is so clever, I'm told; That if you've a care for your silver and gold, When you're
Calling on her, you will surely not erer, If you leave your purse home and pad-

lock it; For if you have money, Alon Monsieur! Your grip on it better be

strong Monsieur! When it comes to a bargain, we know who will win, She's a

charmer of purses, our little Corinne; For if you have money Alon Monsieur!

(Little Corinne)

For if you have money Alon Monsieur!
Hon Monsieur! Your grip on it better be strong Monsieur! of
talk she's a line, that cannot fail to win And a charmer of purses, is

little Corinne.
girls! Neglect your hats a while, Come set your pretty caps for us, Come

over here and have a smile, With wise we are generous, Now

pray observe this subtle wink, It means come here and have a drink, Come

Girls.

Well!

here! come here! come here! come here! come here and have a drink!
well! of all the impudence, Such cheek is quite delectable; Re-
mem-ber Sir! that a milliner Is nothing if not respect-a-ble;
ho indeed? don't put on airs! Come here Oh! girls! for-get your cares! Hi
garry's hurry! Get in line! The girls insist on having wine.

Girls.

Rapping on Tables.

No! no! not we, You're much too free.

For if

O don't you care, ma chérie.

For if
you have money, Alon Monsieur! Your grip on it better be strong Monsieur!of

you have money, Alon Monsieur! Your grip on it better be strong Monsieur!of
talk she's a line, that can not fail to win. And a charmer of purses is

talk she's a line, that can not fail to win. And a charmer of purses is

Little Corinne, Corinne, Corinne, Corinne, Corinne.

Little Corinne, Corinne, Corinne, Corinne, Corinne.
"Pierre."

Words by
FRÉDÉRIC HANKEIN.

Ensemble and Song.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegro.

Gargon! Gargon!

Gargon! Gargon!

Allegro.

Waiters.

All is wrong, the cakes are batter,

What's the matter?

All is wrong, the cakes are batter,

Serviettes are soiled and rough;

Serviettes are soiled and rough;

Gargon! Gargon!

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Waiters.

Coffee cold, the meat is tough, Oh! every thing is

Wrong.

Time is fleeting.

Waiters.

We'd be eating on the fire our chops are burning;

For

Mes si eures, Madams, pardon!

For
our de-jen-ner were yearning.
our de-jen-ner were yearning. Please ex-cuse the long de-lay.

Exit Waiters.

Moderato Mimi comes down.

Mimi.

Pray you all don’t cri-ti-cize, I’ll tell you where the trou-ble lies; It is-not here, it

is-not there, It’s all on ac-count of Pi-erre.
Allegretto parlando.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

When Pierre is away from
go to the opera and
ev-er I die and I
our good ca-fé,
Ev-ry thing wrong goes the
live long day
sit up a-bove,
I like it the best, when they sing a-bout love,
I
have the grace
To se-cure a pass to the Heavenly place,
A
it's Pierre this and it's Pierre that,
From fill-ing your glass, to pro-
go rather ear-ly and there I a-wait, Pi-erre who is com-ing a
first class pas-sage I'll sure-ly take, in a roy-al cha-ri-
cur-ing your hat; And if he were here now, you'd
not have a care, For
lit-tle bit late; The ope-ra com-men ces, the
mus-i-c is rare, But
ot, Pull-man make; yet the first thing I'll ask of
St. Pe-ter there, Will
I am his Mi-mi and he's my Pi-erre.
I'm only thinking where is my Pi-erre?
certainly be where is my Pi-erre?

Pierre! Pierre! where are you dear? It's lonely as can be, if
Pierre! Pierre! where are you dear? I can not enjoy it, if
Pierre! Pierre! where are you dear? Oh! this can't be Heaven, if

you are not here, The coffee is strong And the milk is not
you are not here, The orches-tra plays And its music is
you are not here, I could list to the harps And the music so

sweet, The chops are all burned And not fit to eat.
sweet, The ten-or is hand-some, the danc-er pe-tite.
sweet, I could take a walk on the sil-ver street.
Pi-erre! Pi-erre! Where are you dear? It's lonely as
Pi-erre! Pi-erre! Where are you dear? I cannot en-
Pi-erre! Pi-erre! Where are you dear? Oh! this can't be

La-la La-la Where are you dear? It's lonely as
La-la La-la Where are you dear? I cannot en-
La-la La-la Where are you dear? Oh! this can't be

Pierre! Pierre! Where are you dear? It's lonely as
Pierre! Pierre! Where are you dear? I cannot en-
Pierre! Pierre! Where are you dear? Oh! this can't be

Chorus:

joy it, if you are not here, The house is a blaze And the
Heaven, if you are not here, I could sit and rest On a

joy it, if you are not here, The house is a blaze And the
Heaven, if you are not here, I could sit and rest On a

joy it, if you are not here, The house is a blaze And the
Heaven, if you are not here, I could sit and rest On a
steaks are rare, Oh! we can't run the place without Pi-
la-dies are fair, But to me it's not ope-ra, without Fi-
gold-en chair, But it would not be Heav-en, without Fi-

steaks are rare.
la-dies are fair.
gold-en chair.

Who? Fi-
Who? Fi-
Who? Fi-

steaks are rare.
la-dies are fair.
gold-en chair.

Who? Fi-
Who? Fi-
Who? Fi-

1.2.
erre.
erre.
erre.
erre.

2. I' erre.

3. When

erre.
erre.
erre.
erre.
caution, most discreetly Drawing near,
With a caution, most discreetly Drawing near, With a

shift-y, thrift-y, glance, we look around, we look around; We're pre-
shift-y, thrift-y, glance, we look around, we look around, we're pre-

pared to vanish quickly, If we hear The
pared to vanish quickly, If we hear The
foot-steps of police-men, on the ground, on the ground; Yet to
foot-steps of police-men, on the ground, on the ground; Yet to

benefit by charity, We shout with regularity, Oh!
benefit by charity, We shout with regularity, Oh!

alms, give us alms! We cry, we cry with a-
alms, give us alms! We cry, we cry with a-
bility, humility; We venture with ci-

bility, humility; We venture with ci-

vility To stop each passer by, to

vility To stop each passer by, to

stop each passer by; Then it's tap, tap, tap, For we

stop each passer by; Then it's tap, tap, tap, For we
neve-r give a rap; Our wealth is a lit-tle pelf.

lives we leav-en By the thought that Heaven Helps the man, who helps him-self; Then it's tap, tap, tap, For we
never give a rap, Heaven helps the man, who helps himself.
(Mimi enters at end of dance)

Moderato.

Mimi.

Pierre! Pierre!

Where are you? dear! The hours pass but slowly, if you are not here; I'm sad without you, dear! And hungry quite, So

Hours growing late And we're hungry quite, We

Hours growing late And we're hungry quite, We

dull is the day, that with you here, is bright; Pierre!

have'n't a soul, For the coming night; Pierre!

have'n't a soul, For the coming night; Pierre!
Pi-erre! Where are you? dear! The hours pass but slowly, if

Pierre! You should be here.

Pierre! You should be here.

you are not here; I would, I were with you, I care not

There's com-fort in-side And there's food to

There's com-fort in-side And there's food to

where, Life is not worth the liv-ing, without

Pierre.

Who?

spare, But we can't get a bit. with-out

spare, But we can't get a bit. with-out

Pierre.
Please Don't Move!

Words by
FREDERIC RANKEN.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Voice. Allegro moderato.

Piano.

I. As I travel around this busy world, The curious things I
man had started to cross the street, Attired in a manner

see, I like to keep in my memory deep, So a
trim, When he slipped and fell and a keg of beer From a

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camera I've been with me; When famous men or wagon dropped on him; It chanced that I was woman I pass, The chance I always seize To passing by, While in the mud he lay, As he say quite free: "Will you favor me? With just a moment, kicked his leg To get rid of the keg, I stopped a bit to please!"

say:
"Please don't move!  Please don't move!  I don't object if you want to swear, I know you're busy but don't you care. Please don't move!  Please don't move!  Please don't move! I never can miss such a chance as this, So move!  A fire engine humming Right over you coming, But
Please don't move!
Please don't move!

Now just look pleasant, ex-
As a car ran o- ver, I

Please don't move!
Please don't move!
Please don't move!
Please don't move!
cuse my smile, Your coat's so funny, It's last year's style;

took him quick, I said: "with your legs off you can not kick!"
gin·zing to rain and you've only a cane, But
you are in a hur·ry, Go on and wor·ry, But

1. please don't move!"

2. A move!"

please don't move!"

please don't move!"

please don't move!"

please don't move!"

please don't move!"
We Say we'll Do a Thing, but then we Don't.

Words by
JAMES T. POWERS.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Moderato.

Allegro.

1. When some kind friend comes
2. The trouble in your
3. When you are running

up to you And tells you what some fellow said, That you said this, and
house begins When cook is spoiling all you eat, She roasts the roast and
short of cash The house expenses make you blue, There's the bill for coal, the

he said that That starts the wheels right in your head You swear that you will
burns the toast She drinks a lot she is n't neat You swear that you will
bill for wood you really don't know what to do For drygoods and gowns the

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be revenged, The thing keeps running in your brain And be revenged, That you'll discharge her right away, Wify
bills come in. You see its forty for a hat, You

when you meet friends on the street, You start in to ex-
says: "Take care! she's listening there," And to your wife you'll
say: Just wait till I get home, I'll show her where she's

plain: "I'll smash him and I'll thrash him, Just as
say: "I'll show her that I know her, I have
at." I'll tell her: "I'm a fellow Who will

soon as he is found, I'll make him eat his
dealt with cooks before, I'll take her by the
never stand for it," I'll show her, I'm the
hat I will, with him I'll mop the ground; I'll pick him up a-
shoulder And I'll shove her through the door; I'll throw her trunk right
Boss, I am, on her I'll quickly sit; I'll send that hat right
cross my knee And break his back in two, When I get through they'll
after her, She'll go this very day, Just stand outside and
back again, I'll be as hard as stone, Just wait until I'm
sweep him up, I'll show you what I'll do; But when you meet that
listen And you'll hear what I will say; But when you meet the
through with her, Till I see her alone; But when you meet that

Quasi Recit.

Moderato.

gen- tle- men, it's ten to one you'll say, "GOOD
cook her self, it's ten to one you'll say, "GOOD
wife of yours, it's ten to one you'll say, "GOOD
Moderato.

morning Bill! how are you? how do you do? I've got
morning Ann! Good morning! how do you do? I've got
morning love! been lonely some dear to day, I've got

something that I want to ask of you, Did
something that I want to ask of you, You
something pet that I would like to say, Re-

you go round the street and blow? And say that I was so and so? You
say your room is dark at night, I'll put in a new electric light, I'll
ceive a bill for you my dear And rather large it does appear, But

are my friend and I would like to know: Now I
change the paper, that will make it bright: I'll
darling! I will pay it, never fear, I
know you wouldn't say a thing like that, Of
buy for you a nice new feather bed, When your
know you'd like to have a dress to match, My

such a thing, I'm sure you could not think, I
work is through, I know you must be dead; Your
darling you can have it right away, Just

know you are my friend, still I've known you from a boy, Bill! Come
roast beef it is fine, Ann! Your pies are right in line, Ann! The
get an opera cloak too And buy another hat, do! Then

Refrain.

round the corner let us have a drink.
kitchen's hot all right, I'll fan your head. 1-3. We
send the bill to me and I will pay.
say we'll do a thing, but then we don't, We

think we'll say a thing, but then we won't; The

thing we think we're going to say, we'll say it to ourselves all day, but

when it comes the time, you know we don't. don't.
Twelve Pretty Wives from Turkey.

Words by
FREDERIC RANKEN.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegro.

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I am Muf-ti the lad, who when they are bad, comes around with a whip to scare 'em; Scare 'em, Scare 'em, Scare 'em.

Harem, Where the custom prevails, that we all must wear veils, The we're Scare 'em.
bound to confess, we can't bear 'em;

I'm a round to observe, if they

work up the nerve, As they frequently do to tear 'em.

Bear 'em, Bear 'em, Bear 'em, Bear 'em.

Tear 'em, Tear 'em, Tear 'em, Tear 'em.
He's 'round to observe, if we
I'm a 'round to observe,
the nerve,
work up the nerve, the nerve, as we frequently do, to
If they work up the nerve,
tear 'em.
As they frequently do, to tear 'em.
ha-rem,  Won't wear 'em,  We'll tear 'em,  Won't
I'll scare 'em,  Won't spare 'em,  I dare 'em,

wear 'em, We'll tear 'em; We're the wives of the Pasha of Turkey, of
I'll scare 'em; of Turkey,

Tur-key, of Tur-key; Con-sid-ered both pret-ty and
of Tur-key, of Tur-key,
perk-y, o-ri-en-tal-ly speaking you know; We live as you may have con-

They live

clu-ded, Se-clu-ded, Se-clu-ded; Where

—as con-clu-ded, Se-clu-ded; Yes! you did;

ge-n-tle-men nev-er in-trud-ed;

If they did, I'd re-quest 'em to
go, with my good stout whip, I'd go crack, crack, crack, with my

With a load we know And a
good stout whip, I'd crack, crack, crack, crack.

gentleman intruding, Wouldn't hesitate concluding, It was
really, really, really, really, really time to go; We are

twelve pretty wives, who are glad of our lives, Tho' we live in the Pash-a's

haarem;

I am Mef-ti the lad, who when they are bad, Copes a

We are handsome, we are pretty, we're round with a whip to scare 'em

Yes! you are,
sidered cute and wit-ty; we're the la-dies of the fa-mous Pash-a's bar-

So you are, the Pash-a's bar-
'Twas Better Late than Never.

Words by
FREDERIC RANKEN

Music by
LUDWIG ENGELANDER.

Voice.

Andantino.

A maid there was in a long one day, came a The years went by, 'Til old

Piano.

bye gone day, Such a maid as you or youth they say Who loved the maid in the age drew nigh, Un - mar - ried was this

ev en I, Who'd often wear An ab - sent air And a same old way, He posed like this, Be - fore the miss, Then he old, old maid And she said: "I see None will mar-ry me; When there

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simple question answer blank
had the nerve to ask her little
came an aged party proper

stare, Then wait a while, e'er she made reply. But
kiss, Asked this maid who's ne'er been kissed before. But
try And to woo her, his addresses paid. But

Allegretto
'twas better late than ne'er, The absent-minded miss was very
'twas better late than ne'er, A maiden can't go all un-kissed for
'twas better late than ne'er, To marry him was very, very
clever, She but followed out a rule, She had
ever, In the dark he kissed her twice, Tho' 'twas
clever, As a widow with his cash, She had

lately learned in school: That 'twas better to be late, than
late she found it nice: For 'twas better to be late, than
Suits or young and rash, Which was better to have late, than

never; Oh! it's better late,

(Girls)
But 'twas better late, than never; The
But 'twas better late, than never; A
But 'twas better late, than never; To
better late, It's absent-minded miss was very clever; She had
maid-en can't go all un-kissed for ev-er; In the
mar-ry him was ve-ry, ve-ry clever; As a

better late, That 'twas followed out a rule, She had late-ly learned in school.
dark he kissed her twice, 'Tho' 'twas late, she found it nice.
wid-ow with her cash, She had suit-ors young and rash.

better to be late, than nev-er. nev-er.
Pasha's Entrance March.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

A la Marcia moderato.

SOPRANO:
Yon - der ap - proach - es a po - ten - tate,
Shout and sing! La - urels bring!

TENOR:
Yon - der ap - proach - es a po - ten - tate,
Shout and sing! La - urels bring!

BASS:

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We will greet him in a proper state, Shout and sing! Laurels bring!

We will greet him in a proper state, Shout and sing! Laurels bring!

From this distance, we can see, He'll draw nigh, By and by;

From this distance, we can see, He'll draw nigh, By and by;

He has money and a pedigree And this Turk We shall work;

He has money and a pedigree And this Turk We shall work;
So let us make the wel-kin ring,

That seems to be the pro- per thing,

Let us make the wel-kin ring; this seems to be the pro- per
thing; Bow then beautifully, Row dutifully,
thing; Bow then beautifully, Row dutifully,
thing, proper thing;

For it is but his rightful due, Harmoniously,
For it is but his rightful due, Harmoniously,

Enphonioussly, to cheer and shout for him is our cue.
Enphonioussly, to cheer and shout for him is our cue.
Ecstatically, Fanatically, 'tis our delight to
Ecstatically, Fanatically, 'tis our delight to

Grovel now, Humiliated, Conciliated,
Grovel now, Humiliated, Conciliated,

Poco rall.

In the dust we bow, in dust we bow; then beautifully,
In the dust we bow, in dust we bow; then beautifully,
How dutifully! For it is but his rightful due,
Harmoniously, euphoniously, We gladly make the
velkin ring; Yonder approaches a potentate, Shout and sing!
Harmoniously, euphoniously, We gladly make the
Laurels bring! We will greet him in a proper state, Laurels bring!

Laurels bring! We will greet him in a proper state, Laurels bring!

Shout and sing!

Shout and sing!
I am the Pasha.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegretto.

1. You may search the sea, you may
search the land From Iceland's ice, to India's strand;
But
self a while, I bid you observe this sarcastic smile.

ne'er you'll find, however you try, A despot who's half as des-
use it now and again for fun And it is consid'er'd a

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Allegro.

pot-ic as 1.
dread-ful one.

Which no-bod-y, no-bod-y, no-bod-y, no-bod-y,
Which no-bod-y, no-bod-y, no-bod-y, no-bod-y,

Tempo I.

Ob-serve if you please, this
And al-so take note of this

no-bod-y can de-ay.
no-bod-y can de-ay.
b a s - i - l i s k e y e I t s e v - ' r y g l a n c e c a n p e - t r i - f y , T h i s g r a e - s o m e s c o w l, I t c a u s e s t h e d o g s t o w h i s e a n d h o w l , W h i l e e y e t h e p r o u d e s t o f h e a r t s c a n t a m e A n d t h i s o t h - e r e y e h e r e , i s l i t - t l e b o y s s e e - i n g i t , r u n a n d y e l p , T h e P a - s h a i s s c o w l i n g a -

A l l e g r o .

J u s t t h e s a m e . g a i n , h e l p h e l p !

W h i c h n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y c a n d e -

W h i c h n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y , n o - b o d y c a n d e -

A l l e g r o .
Tempo I.

This ear that e'er can hear, what-e'er is
I've a lot of wives and they all are fair, I have

Tempo I.

going on most ev'-ry-where, Of gossip misses no
gather'd them in from ev'-ry-where And nev'er you'll see in your

sing'le bit And this oth'er ear here, is the mate to it.
mortal lives, A better train'd lot of fright'en'd wives.

We

We
haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt of
haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt of

This haughty nose, is a Roman one, Like
For when I come home and my temper's worst, They

that.
that.

that of the Duke of Wellington: It is up to date, it is
run to see, who'll get my slippers first; They tremble whenever my
up to snuff, I have only one, but it's quite enough;
face they see And with good reason, you'll all agree;

We

haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt of
haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt, we haven't a doubt of

Allegro moderato.

For I am the

that, we haven't a doubt of that.
that, we haven't a doubt of that.

Allegro moderato.
Pasha, A great potentate And I possess the keys of fate; My wives from Circassia consider me great And on my smile or frown they wait. When people approach me, they do so with dread. For I've a temper
wild and free; All men who come near me, Must tremble and fear me; So terrible I am, So terrible I am, As everyone can see.

For he is the Pa-sha, a great power
tate And he possesses the keys of Fate; His tate And he possesses the keys of Fate; His wives from Cir-cas-sia con-sider him great And on his smile or wives from Cir-cas-sia con-sider him great And on his smile or
When people approach me, they
frown we wait;
frown we wait, or frown we wait.

Do so with dread, for I've a temper wild and free;

So

All men who come near him, must tremble and fear him;
All men who come near him, must tremble and fear him;
terrible I am, So terrible I am, So terrible I am, So

Tempo I.

terrible I am, As every one can see. 2. Re-see

every one can see. see.
every one can see. see.

Tempo I. Allegro vivo.
Finale Act I.
THE JEWEL OF ASIA.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegro Vivo.

Piano.

Chorus.

To Turkey, on to Turkey, let us
To Turkey, on to Turkey, let us

Allegro.

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Ental, For we must no more in Paris stay. To Turkey, on to

Turkey, to that land so sentimental, Come be ready

One and all, for leaving just as quickly as you
may: To Turkey, Come all to Turkey let us

has - ten To Turkey, Come all to Turkey, let us

Simon Pasha.

When I go.
Allegro moderato.

catch that bold ab-sconder, Who with her has dared to wander,

Pierre.

Yes! I would if I were you;

I will slay him, I will slay him,

He has
carried off my fav-o-rite And I swear that he shall pay for it,

That's just what you ought to do.

I will starve him, slice and carve him,
Serpents fierce shall crush and coil him In hot vitriol I'll boil him,

That's a very lovely scheme,

Sabres slash him, Daggers gash him,

I will grind him into powder, I will make him into chowder,

I will look a perfect dream.

Chop his toes off, cut his nose off,
Now if trouble e'er comes to make you fret, You can merely light a cigarette; Now if trouble e'er comes to make you fret, You can merely light a cigarette; And if any trouble bore you, Trust to us we do implore you, To con-
Allegro.

I'm sure you are
sole you we are read-y, we are read-y.

All ver-y kind.

Oh! we're ver-y friend-ly, you'll
Oh! we're ver-y friend-ly, you'll

Tempo di Valse Moderato.

When af-fairs of the na-tion go
find.

find.

Tempo di Valse Moderato.
wrong, Take out of your pocket a match,

Go wrong, A

Go wrong, A

Cigarettes from your case you will get, And

match, You get,

match, You get,
then you light up with a scratch;  And soon all your

A scratch;

A scratch;

trouble is just a joke, The world is a bubble And

Moderato.

love ends in smoke, Yes! all annoyance you soon forget, When

you have lighted a cigarette;

The

Yes! all annoyance you soon forget;

Yes! all annoyance you soon forget;
Tempo di Valse Moderato.

hun - dred dol - lars you owe, Puff! Puff!

Tempo di Valse Moderato.

It fades from your sight, The trouble mak-ers you know.

Puff!

Puff!
Puff! Puff! You put them to flight, Let the other man

walk the floor, my boy! Let the creditors growl and croak;

It is little you care, You are free as the air, While you smoke;
smoke, smoke. All Principals with Soprano I.

The hundred dollars you owe,
The hundred dollars you owe,

Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! It fades from your sight, The
Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! It fades from your sight, The

trouble makers you know, Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! You
trouble makers you know, Puff! Puff! Puff! Puff! You
put them to flight, Let the other man walk the floor, my boy! Let the creditors growl and croak, It is little you care, you are free as the air, While you smoke, smoke, smoke.
Quasi Recit.

Tur- key, will you go with me and help me spend my cash? I'll

go to keep an eye on you and help you cut a dash;

We would

We would

We would

Allegro molto.

glad- ly go a- long with you, if you would pay the fare.

glad- ly go a- long with you, if you would pay the fare.
Wives.

Although dear Paris is so attractive is and life at home inactive is, we do what we are told to, as all well trained ladies should. And though we hate to leave so suddenly, When we were shopping merrily, we mind our lord and master, for we promised to be...
good, we did, we promised to be always very, very

good. Pasha.

E-nough! Let's away, This Paris is so gay, is no place for you to

Moderato.

Allegro moderato.

yay! Hi-yah! To the Oriental land. We're going for a
time so grand, Yes! O-ri-en-tal land's the

O-ri-en-tal land's the place for times so grand;

Yah! Hi-yah! To the O-ri-en-tal

place for times so grand; Hail! A-i-

 Ai-yah! Hail! A-i-yah! A-i-yah! Hail!

land;
Hail! A board Yo ho! To Stam-boul let us go,

No more de-lay.

board Yo ho! to Stam-boul let us go,

A board then for Con-stan-ti-no-ple!

Where all dress pic-tur-es-que And dance a bit gro-tesque, O-da-

Pic-tur-es-que And gro-tesque All

Ah
lists pose statuesque, Where all the nautch girls smiling
Woe with Their
the Turks are Picturesque And gro-

ah

smiles beguiling In the dance they slowly sway;
esque; Turkish people are While the

In the dance they slowly sway;

Yes sounding,

Yes sounding.

Nargileh is sounding clear And the Tom-tom is
Yes!

Yes! ring-ing, The nar-gi-leh is wild-ly ring-ing, clear
ring-ing near, The nar-gi-leh is wild-ly ring-ing, is ring-ing

And we hark to the Mu-ez-zins strain
And we hark to the Mu-ez-zins strain.

Where all dance pic-tu-resque And danc e a bit grotesque-ly,
Pic-tu-resque And gro-tesque,

Allegro molto.
Odalisks pose statuesquely. Where all the nautchgirls smiling
All the Turks are picturesque

Odalisks pose statuesquely.

Ah

Woe with their smiles beguiling
In the dance they slowly sway.
And grotesque: Turkish people are.

In the dance they slowly sway. Allegro molto.