THE BLUE MOON

HOWARD TALBOT

PAUL A. RUBENS

C9 LTD.
# THE BLUE MOON.

A Musical Play in Two Acts.

BOOK BY

HAROLD ELLIS.

REVISED BY A. M. THOMPSON.

LYRICS BY

PERCY GREENBANK AND PAUL A. RUBENS.

MUSIC BY

HOWARD TALBOT AND PAUL A. RUBENS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>VOCAL SCORE</th>
<th>net 6 0 ($2.00)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Do., Cloth</td>
<td>8 0 ($2.50)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIANOFORTE SOLO</td>
<td>net 3 6 ($1.00)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LYRICS</td>
<td>0 6 ($0.25)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W., AND MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

AGENTS—New York: BOOSEY & CO.—Berlin S.W. 12: C. M. ROEHR.

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public performance of all or any part of the work strictly forbidden. Applications for the right of performance must be made to "Mr. Robert Courtice, Lyric Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, London."
Produced by Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE at the Lyric Theatre.

THE BLUE MOON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Major Vivian Callabone (Head of the Garrison at Naga) ... ... Mr. Courtice Pounds.
Captain Jack Ormsby (Lady Brabasham’s Nephew) ... ... Mr. Harold Voorley.
Bobbie Scott (A Journalist) ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Fred Allandale.
Moolraj (Idol Maker, Juggler, and Marriage Broker) ... ... Mr. Willie Edoun.
Private Charlie Taylor (Acting Bandmaster of the Royal Muzafferumger Nattce Band) ... ... Mr. Walter Passmore.
The Prince Badahur Sanatsjnji of Kharikar ... ... Mr. Clarence Blakiston.
Hon. Archie May ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. George Alwyn.
Clive Mansfield ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. E. Bryant.
Leslie Arbuthnot ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Harry Cottell.
Lady Brabasham ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Eleanor Souray.
Evelyn Ormsby ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Billie Burke.
Chandra Nil (‘The Blue Moon’, a Singing Girl) ... ... ... ... Miss Florence Smithson.
Millicent Leroy (Evelyn’s Maid)... ... ... ... ... Miss Carrie Moore.
Miss Lovelhill ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Rosie Beggari.
Miss Lillian Moore ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Ella Plume.
Oma (a Native) ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Ruth Saville.
Chua (a Native) ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss Aimée Parkerson.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—The Bungalow at Naga ... ... ... ... ... R. McCleery.
" II.—The Ruby Palace of Kharikar ... ... ... ... ... Stafford Hall.

Orchestra under the Direction of Mr. Hamish MacCunn.
# THE BLUE MOON.

## CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Opening Chorus</th>
<th>SONG (Bobby) AND CHORUS</th>
<th>SONG (Major) AND CHORUS</th>
<th>Duet (Charlie and Leroy)</th>
<th>Trio (Major, Jack, and Bobby)</th>
<th>CHORUS OF JUGGLERS AND ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA</th>
<th>SONG (Chandra Nil) AND CHORUS</th>
<th>SONG (Charlie)</th>
<th>SONG (Leroy) AND CHORUS</th>
<th>SONG (Evelyn)</th>
<th>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</th>
<th>Finale</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Opening Chorus</td>
<td>&quot;The Beautiful English Weather&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Major's the man for all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Pit a Pat&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Major and the Minor&quot;</td>
<td>CHORUS OF JUGGLERS AND ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA</td>
<td>&quot;Little Blue Moon&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Mother&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Shopping&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Sometimes&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Mails&quot;</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>(If not on labour over sweet)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>SONG (Bobby) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>(In our dear little national isle)</td>
<td>(A Major I, and a D.S.O)</td>
<td>(As I gaze with admiration)</td>
<td>(A Major bold you see in me)</td>
<td>...</td>
<td>(I'm a little maid, dark, demure, and dreamy)...</td>
<td>(I've got a mother, a perfect dear)</td>
<td>(Little girl goes out all day)...</td>
<td>(I can't make out if you love me at all)</td>
<td>(In this lazy land our distractions are but few)...</td>
<td>(The sun sinks down in the golden West)...</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>SONG (Major) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie)</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Evelyn)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>&quot;Little Blue Moon&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Burman Girl&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;She didn't know&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Crocodile&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;(Hushed and still the city lies)&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Duet (Charlie and Leroy)</td>
<td>(Throughout the world I've been)...</td>
<td>(Rosie was at school with me)...</td>
<td>(Now children all, both large and small)...</td>
<td>(Fairest of all the fair ever seen)...</td>
<td>(Over away where the lordly mountains rise)...</td>
<td>(Out of the radiant East)</td>
<td>(A poplar tree in a forest stood)...</td>
<td>(The tourist finds all sorts and kinds)...</td>
<td>(Of all the entertainments that now are quite the rage)...</td>
<td>(Oh, be careful of the crocodile)...</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Trio (Major, Jack, and Bobby)</td>
<td>CHORUS OF JUGGLERS AND ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA</td>
<td>SONG (Major) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Duet (Charlie and Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>CHORUS OF JUGGLERS AND ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA</td>
<td>SONG (Major) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Duet (Charlie and Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>SONG (Chandra Nil) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Major) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Duet (Charlie and Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie)</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie)</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Evelyn)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie)</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Evelyn)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>SONG (Evelyn)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;(Out of the radiant East)&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>SONG (Charlie)</td>
<td>SONG (Leroy)</td>
<td>SONG (Evelyn)</td>
<td>SONG (Jack) AND CHORUS</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>&quot;Fairest of all&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The Poplar and the Rainbow&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;The London Omnibus&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Entertainments&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;Over away&quot;</td>
<td>&quot;(Out of the radiant East)&quot;</td>
<td>ADDENDA.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**ADDENDA.**

- Duet (Chandra and Jack)  "O mystic Love"  (Out of the radiant East)  139
- SONG (Major) AND CHORUS  "My high top G"  (Though I'm a gallant Major)  146
- SONG (Bobby) AND CHORUS  "The White Pomeranian"  (Attracted I was by a maiden)  154

Vocal Score.
THE BLUE MOON.
Act I.

No 1
OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
HENRY HAMILTON.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Copyright, MCMX by Chappell & Co.
CHORUS.

If not on labour over sweet, The lotos

you would rather eat, You'd better come to Burmah;

A land which we can recommend, In laziness to far tran.
ascend The rest of Terra firma!

Our languid days at leisure pass
Unchanging as the weather glass.

Which couldn't go to 'Finer'
The only thing that wakes us up.
And gives us

Further food for "Gup".
Is when there comes a

"Liner."
Another batch to overhaul of new ar.

Another batch to overhaul, of new ar.

22,133
ri vals ses us all A gog with expec ta tion; our
ri vals ses us all A gog with expec ta tion; Our

en er ges no long er flag, Our wak en d tongues be gin to wag. All
en er ges no long er flag, Our wak en d tongues be gin to wag. All

tho our hill side sta tion, All tho our hill side sta tion, We've
tho our hill side sta tion, All tho our hill side sta tion, We've
sca. da. lized all of our neigh. bours, We know all their

dres. ses by heart, What Mis. ter A's pay is, and

how Mis. A is Up. on it sus. pic. ious. ly smart!

With cen. sure we've light. ened our la. bours, And
settled a. amongst other topics. That Mrs. Fitz. What is a little too hot. For even a place in the tropics!

Set. tled 'Who's Who'. Whom to es. chew. Whom to en.

Set. tled 'Who's Who'. Whom to es. chew. Whom to en.

Courage and whom to pursue. Till we've got no. body

Courage and whom to pursue. Till we've got
left to review. And that's what the matter with Burmah!

naught to review. And that's what the matter with Burmah!

Allegretto.

Bizin' Burmah's ever warm Repiles squirm and insects swarm;

TEN.

Bizin' Burmah's ever warm Repiles squirm and insects swarm;

Allegretto.

Lo tus eat'in' ain't our form; Oh: to seek the Springland!

TEN.

Lo tus eat'in' ain't our form; Oh: to seek the Springland!

BASS.
Oh: for English leaf and loam! Oh: to sail across the foam!

Oh: for English leaf and loam! Oh: to sail across the foam!

Oh if we were going home! Oh to be in England!

Oh if we were going home! Oh to be in England!

Oh if we were going home! Oh to be in Eng -
No 2.

SONG (Bobbie) & CHORUS.

"THE BEAUTIFUL ENGLISH WEATHER!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Brightly.

Piano.

Bobbie.

1. In our dear little nation! Isle.

1

2. Fancy no custom more strange is than the curious way in which, pic-nic or other diversion, the bar-o-meter's high. Not a
ev-e-ry day, The cli-mate so con-stantly chan-ges. You may
cloud in the sky, When first you ar-range your ex-cur-sion. Though the

wan-der a-bout for a while, In clo-thing of thick-ness ex-
sun your com-plex-ion may tan, You know he is dread-ful-

cess-ive. Wreaped up to the nose Like the gay Es-ki-mo, Then
fick-le. Don't show your sur-prise If a cloud should a rise. And the

rain down your win-dow should trick-le.
Oh the beautiful English weather. It's
never the same two days together. You can't help hating the
never the same two days together. It is, no joking. So
fluctuating, exacerbating. This thorough soaking English
wrath provoking. This thorough soaking English
weather. Oh the beautiful English weather. It's
weather. Oh the beautiful English weather. It's
Oh the beautiful English weather. It's
Oh the beautiful English weather. It's
Oh the beautiful English weather. It's

22,133
NO 3.

SONG—(Major) and CHORUS.
'THE MAJOR'S THE MAN FOR ALL.'

Words by
HENRY HAMILTON.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Quick march.

MAJ.

1. A
2. I've a
3. I've

ma - jor I, and a D. S. O. Who has faced the foe (as you
rot, lick in' air, an' a rov-in' eye. The reas-on why, (as I
ne, ver been know to meet with 'nay' I've a tak-in' way (an' a

[Music notation]

[Music notation]

[Music notation]

[Music notation]
all a Major's pay. But cares a bubble, and
own the Major's sway, I take the pas o' the

in the man for them An' it's "Major" here an' it's

life's a toy. With health o' the best an' the heart of a boy, And the
pick of the Clubs, I get the runnin' and they the rubs And
"Major" them. While swains all fume and husbands swear. You can

world's a merry-go-round of joy. To the major who's al ways
jaunty John-nies and sid-ey Subs Clear out of the Maj-oors
back the Major devil-may-care, To flit ter the tents of

gay-
way.
Shem.

And the world's a merry-go-round of joy. To the
For the jaun-ty John-nies and sid-ey Subs, Clear
You can buck the Major devil-may-care. To

And the world's a merry-go-round of joy. To the
For the jaun-ty John-nies and sid-ey Subs, Clear
You can buck the Major devil-may-care. To
For the Major's the pet of the
For I'm such a dog with the
Oh! I've got such a way with the

Major who's always gay.
out of the Major's way.
flutter the tents of Shem!

Ma. jor who's al - ways gay.
out of the Ma. jors way.
flutter the tents of Shem!

la-dies! Of the Man- ies an' the Sa- dles
la-dies! With you Mar-ies an Mer- rood es
la-dies What ev- er their grade is
Wher- ev- er the pret ty pa-

maid is Im ev- er at Ca- pids call! I love ev- ry name and Im
bel- des All ov- er this earth- ly ball! And it's loud ly con-fessd from the
rade is The ma. jor is sure to call! And he'd like to an nex just the

22133
Majors the pet of the ladies. Of the Mudies an' the
he's such a dog with the ladies. With your Maries az Mer-
got such a way with the ladies. What ev' er their-

Sadies, Who ev' er the dear little maid is, He's
Sadiees, He's Ralidess San Toys and Zobidess, Ali
grade is. Wher ev' er the pretty parade is, The

ev' er at Cupid's call. He loves ev' ry name and he's
ev' er this earthly ball. And it's loud ly con fessed from the
Majors sure to call. And he'd like to sit nect just the

good at the game. And the Majors the man for all!
East to the West, That the Majors the man for all!
whole of the Sex. For the Majors the man for all!
No. 4.  
DUET—(Charlie and Leroy.)

"PIT-A-PAT"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Charlie.

Moderato.

Piano.

ad lib.

CHARLIE. As I

LEROY. Though you're

CH.

gaze with admiration

LER.

shaken with emotion

On your face and figure smart. I've a
And I see there's something wrong. Still I've
Curious sensation in the region of my heart. Such a
get a sort of notion That it won't last very long. It a-

throb, sing such a humming You can surely hear it beat. Like a
muses you to utter Tender speeches by the score. But your

motor car that's coming Round the corner of a street. (L.R.) Pit a-
heart's bang in a flatter Lots and lots of times before. (Ch.) Pit a-

REFRAIN.

-pat, pit a pat. Does it really go like that?
-pat, pit a pat. Not it's never gone like that! Pit a.

22133
-pat, pit-a-pat. And it's all because of you. Pit-a-

-pat, pit-a-pat. Pray be careful what you do, Some-thing's

sure to be the mat-ter When your heart be-haves like that. Go-ing

pit-a-pat, a-pat, ter. Pit-a-pat, ter. pit-a-pat. -pat, ter, hit-a-pat.
No 5.  TRIO.—(Major, Jack, and Bobbie.)

"THE MAJOR AND THE MINOR"

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Major. Allegretto. 

Piano.

1. A Major bold in me you see, In
   As a Major do I'm unique, And
   Me you see a minor; My fame has spread a
   We work like a minor; On any matter
BOB & JACK.

BOB.

Across the sea, as a tippler and a dinner; my
I can speak, a regular pen, ny-a-liser, and

MAJ.

Life is one long major scale, so perfectly sym-
If it comes to war, then I can run my sword right

BOB.

Phonic, we've heard a rather different tale re-
Through you; but if from war you always fly, how

MAJ.

Fleeting on a "tonic,"
Can the war come to you?
REFRAIN.
a tempo

MAJ.
Major, the Major, The Minor, the

BOB & JACK.

MINOR; And in our own particular line, We

ALL.
couldn't well be finer. Bob The Major, the

MAJOR. Ah

ALL.

MAJOR.
Major, the Minor, the Minor. Ha
CHORUS OF JUGGLERS AND ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT

Allegretto.

PPP Through Dialogue.
SONG.—(Chandra Nil and CHORUS.)

"LITTLE BLUE MOON."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by HOWARD TILBOT.

Allegretto quasi Allegro.

Voice.

Piano.

1. I'm a little maid,
   Dark, demure, and
2. Roy'al is my sway,
   Queen, my people

CHANDRA NIL.

CHORUS.

Lit-tle Blue Moon, Blue moon!

Lit-tle Blue Moon, Blue moon!
Compliments I'm paid
By the folks who see me,
Satellites all day
Keep revolving round me,

Little Blue Moon! Blue Moon!

Some declare it may be true,
I can put the stars to shame
For a change I often pine,
Tho' they fancy I'm content

poco cres.
With my eyes of pansy hue; That is how I get my name.
Just by day and night to shine In my little firmament my

How I get my name. White moons

Little Blue moon!

Come and go, Pale, cold, as the snow. Sleep on
every night When the moon, the moon is white Blue moons

Blue moons

are more rare, Rash deeds we may dare,

are more rare, Rash deeds we may dare,

are more rare, Rash deeds we may dare,
strange dreams may come true when the moon is blue!

after 2nd verse

Blue moon, Blue moon, Blue moon!

after 2nd verse

Blue moon, Blue moon, Blue moon!
SONG—(Charlie.)
"MOTHER"

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Charlie.

Rather slowly.

Piano.

Ch.

I've got a mother, a perfect dear.

Ma is a widow, and they say.

I love her more and more—every year,

Since she chivied me

She is to marry again some day;

But she's getting so
as a lad, she's been the very best friend I had.

stout I fear, if you want to kiss her you can't get near.

REFRAIN: a little slower

I love mother, mother loves me, I've known my mother all my life, you see: she's the only one that ever thought of me.

I love mother, mother loves me, but mother weighs eighteen stone or more, you see: the she flirts with Tom and Harry, I'm a hand, some brave and clever, so no wonder I love my mother.

I'm afraid she'll never marry, for no one can 'get round' mother.
3. When I'd a fight and they blacked my eye, Poor old mother how she used to cry! "Be more like your dad" said she, "Never give in till you're nearly dead."
REFRAIN.

I love mother, mother loves me.

I've known my mother all my life, you see; now they

never catch me napping. If it comes to honest scrapings, I've learnt

all father's tricks from mother.

22133
SONG. (Leroy) and CHORUS.

"SHOPPING."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Ailegretto.

1. Little girl goes out all day
2. Later on the time will come.

On her little own. When she comes back she will say. She's been quite a
Hubby wants a spree. Like a little top hell hum. Over to Pa.

She's gone. Five o'clock and six has passed, Nobody she's met.
Ree. He returns long after her, Wife rather sore,
All day it's been raining fast. But her shoes are not wet, Still there's no thing
Business takes you far away, farther than before, Still he has no

REFRAIN.
wrong. "Shop, ping" all day long. Shop, ping, shop, ping,
feet. He says "Oh, my dear. Spoken, I've been Shop, ping, shop, ping,

in and out been pop, ping. Till the whole of the street she's got.
in and out been pop, ping" But never a thing he's got,

Then young man stop, ping. Saves a parcel drop, ping. Oh
He's fear, fully cut up. For all the shops were shut up, Oh
CHORUS.

Shop-ping cov- ers a lot!
Shop-ping saves you a lot!

In and out been pop-ping, Till the whole of the street she's
In and out been pop-ping. But never a thing he's
got;
Then young man stop-ping. Saves a parcel
got;
He's fully cut up. For all the shops were
drop-ping, Oh, shop-ping cov- ers a lot!
shut up, Oh, shop-ping cov- ers a lot!

22133
3. Later en a 

day will come, Both will be found out, You've got lots of friends and some 

Guess what it's about. Evening papers make a scene, "Scandal in high 

life. Most amusing case between husband and a wife."
REFRAIN.

Counsel most intense. Argument in defence, Shopping,

shopping, in and out been popping. (But the jury some

sense have got,) You get off lightly,

Thanks to William Whiteley. Oh Whiteley saves you a lot.
CHORUS

Shopping, shopping, in and out been

CHO.

Popping. (But the jury some sense have go)

CHO.

You get off light. ly, Thanks to Will. Ian

CHO.

White ly, Oh White ly saves you a lot.
NO. 10.

SONG.—(Evelyn.)

"SOMETIMES."

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Evelyn.

Moderato.

Piano.

Rather slowly.

1. I can't make out if you love me at all. Do you
2. When you're a-way do you think of me. Do you

I like me j-just some-times. You oft-ten make me af
miss me j-just some-times? P'you ev-er long ve-ry

22133
PEARL very small. Not always, just sometimes! Are
near me to be, And kiss me just sometimes? D'you

you like every other man, D'you love me, like the
know what loving really means. Do any modern

rest? I wonder if you really can love, Is
men? Am I just one of so many scenes that you

REFRAIN.

that love your best? Sometimes I think that you love me,

pass now and then? Sometimes I think that you love me,
Sometimes I fear that you don't. Sometimes I feel that you

Sometimes I fear that you don't. Sometimes I feel that you

Could, if you would, Sometimes I'm sure that you won't. Ah!

Could, if you would, Sometimes I'm sure that you won't. Ah!

Sometimes I see you are happy. Sometimes I bore you to

Sometimes I see you are happy. Sometimes I bore you to

Tears; But this little gal you must love and you shall. If it

Tears; But this little gal you must love and you shall. If it

22133
takes me a hundred years!
takes me a thousand years!

Very slowly.

Rather slowly.

3. When you meet other girls are you always as sweet, Are you

casual just sometimes? Do you vow you love everyone

girl that you meet, Are you truthful just sometimes? Do you

22133
ever think if I were there Would be a bit a-

shamed? My photo—is it hung anywhere? Is it

not even framed? Sometimes I think that you

love me, Sometimes I fear that you don't.
Sometimes I feel that you could, if you would, Sometimes I'm sure that you won't. Ah! sometimes I see you are happy.

Sometimes I bore you to tears; But this little gal you must

love and you shall, If it takes me a million years!
SONG. (Jack) and CHORUS.

"THE MILLS."

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

No 11.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Allegro.

Piano.

JACK.

1. In this lazy
2. Ev'ry o-

JACK.

land our dis-
 traction are but few. But there comes a
thought for the moment dis-
appears. There'll be news of

JACK.

day when the-
mails from home are due. Then we watch and
friends whom you have not seen for years. And your wives and
JACK.
wait, and our eager eyes we strain. For a cloud of sweet hearts, such cheerful letters send. With a lot of

JACK.
dust far away across the plain.

CHO.
See! they have been

JACK.
sighted at last, galloping, galloping, galloping fast.

CHO.
sighted at last, galloping, galloping, galloping fast.
mails, the mails! With clatter of hoof and wheel! It's clear, They're here, Suspense is o'er, We're in clover. The mails, the mails! Oh every one must feel The wild excitement that prevails As we
JACK.

meet the Eng.

mails! The mail!

CHO.

mails! The mail!

Gal. lop. ing. gal. loping. gal. loping. gal. loping fast.

JACK.

It's clear. They're here. Sus.

CHO.

mails! With clatter of hoof and wheel! It's clear. They're here. Sus.

Oh ever one must

The mails —

As we

The wild excitement that prevails

As we
JACK.

meet the English mails. Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop.

CHO.

meet the English mails. Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop.

JACK.

(Shout)
gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop fast. Ah!

CHO.

gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop fast. Ah!

gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop fast. Ah!
No 12. FINALE - ACT I.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Piano.

Moderato.

The sun sinks down in the golden west From his

CHO.
In the summer sky, the breezes murmur and call to rest. With whispering lullaby, but we must wander and wander on. Many a mile ere the night is gone. Oh we're visitors. Oh we're...
"Sorry you must go. And we wish you were re-

main ing. For we really think your show is ex-

tremely entertaining. Any time you pass this
way You will get a welcome warm. For you've

way You will get a welcome warm. For you've

pleas'd us all to day With the programme you

pleas'd us all to day With the programme you

per form. Stay! tho' astonishment

per form. Allegro.

RECIT.
no doubt you'll show. The truth from you no longer will I hide. These
people leave, but Chandra shall not go. I love her. And I
claim her as my bride. How shocking, how dis-
.. grace... I can't believe my ears. Observe your aunt re...
danced to Salvation and tears! Of gossip and of

scandal we shall quickly have the place full. How

thoughtless, how ridiculous! how shocking! how dis-

graceful! How awkward, how unpleasant! The

How awkward, how unpleasant! The
CHO.
truth we can not hide, He's rather shocked his family by

CHO.
choosing such a bride. The situation

CHO.
seems a little difficult at present. How awkward, how un-

22,133
dig. ni.fied! how fool.ish, how un. pleas. ant!

Words spoken.

mark. a. ble tale, What will the Sa. hib say? His
wishes are of little avail. In spite of his dis-

wishes are of little avail. In spite of his dis-

Moderato.

may she'll certainly go away

Though

Moderato.

good or till the fates decree. Yea from to day my

22,133
CHAS.

dearest heart, Ah! say you will be true to me.

JACK.

Twere vain regret, For

Can you not stay? Why need we part?

CHAS.

I must go. But I will try To come back soon. Ah!

JACK
**CHO.**

Other's bride She'll have to be Though

**CHO.**

She implore, Yet we suppose She'll

**JACK.**

Ah! say you

**CHO.**

be denied Her liberty With
CHANDRA.

Ah don't for

JACK.

will To me be true.

rank and fame She'll be en-dowed, And

rank and fame She'll be en-dowed, And

morcato

CHA.

get that I love you.

JACK.

Though good or

very soon, As you may guess, We

very soon, As you may guess, We

22.133
CHOR.

Though good or ill, the rigid fates decree,
Ah!

JACK.

Ill, the rigid fates decree, Ah!

CHOR.

Shall acclamation With plaudits loud, We

CHOR.

... will try to come back

JACK.

My dearest heart be true to

CHOR.

Shall acclamation, we shall acclamation with

22, 133
(CURTAIN.)

Adagio.

END OF ACT I.
Act II.

INTRODUCTION, OPENING CHORUS (Native women)

No. 13. and Entrance Chorus of European visitors.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Andante non troppo lento.

Piano.
CHORUS.

Hushed and still the city lies; But for us no time for sleeping, We must wait our vigil keeping.
Underneath the midnight skies,
Watching, that it may be well
With our Lord and Master dear,
While the moon, serene and clear,
Stands a bove as lonely sentinel.
poco rall.  
a tempo.

Till the lamps of heaven fade.

One by one, and die away;

Tribute that the night has paid To the

The night has paid to the com
sup: coming of the day. And the glory in the
con: coming of the day. And the

sup: dim:
est the glory in the aim:
con: glory in the east, in the

sup: dim:
est Welcomes to the bridal feast
con: east, Welcomes to the bridal feast
Soon the dawn will break, over the lofty mountain crest.

Nature will awake, from her hours of tranquil rest.

Poco cresc.

As from out the roseate skies, every shadow flees, joyful.

Song of birds shall rise, on the morning breeze.

Joyous song of birds shall rise, on the morning breeze.
SOPRANO

Hushed and still the city lies,
But for us no time for

Cont.

Sleeping We must wait our vigil keeping, Under

SOPRANO

Naeath the midnight skies Till the glory in the

Cont.

Glory in the east, in the east, Wel comes
SOP.

Allegro.

to the bridal feast.

CON.

Allegro ben marcato.

to the bridal feast.

CHO.

The of course we don’t pretend to know a

bit about. All the customs of these unenlightened
ti. Yet it

CHO.

22133
strikes us as a funny time to sit about. In such

quaint and rather cramping sort of attitudes. But all

tho' we Europeans may pooh! pooh! pooh! Still it
seems to be the proper thing to do; There is

seems to be the proper thing to do; There is

something on the tapi. And it makes the ladies happy. So I

something on the tapi. And it makes the ladies happy. So I

wouldn't interfere with them, would you? It's a

wouldn't interfere with them, would you? It's a
kind of a sort of a rite, To sit up like
kind of a sort of a rite, To sit up like

this all the night. The
this all the night. The

cresc.

reason is slight, But it's rather polite, Oh, we
reason is slight, But it's rather polite, Oh, we
don't think there's anything wrong in a rite. The

reason is slight. But it's rather polite. Oh! we

don't think, there's anything wrong in a

22,182.
We can't help gazing.

Are not their clothes amazing?

Oh! they truly are most peculiar.

If we had to be clad in such dress, we...
confess that we might find it

tight! We can't help

It's a kind of a sort of a

Are not their

rite, To sit up like this all the

rite, To sit up like this all the
clothes amazing? Oh they truly are

night The reason is slight, but it's

clothes amazing? Oh they truly are

night The reason is slight, but it's

Most peculiar If we had To be clad

rather polite; The reason is slight, but it's

rather polite; The reason is slight, but it's

In such dress, We confess, That

rather polite, Oh we don't think there's any thing

rather polite, Oh we don't think there's any thing

22,193.
we might find it tight!

wrong in a rite.

We don't think, there's anything wrong in a rite,
We don't think there's anything wrong in a rite, wrong in a

We don't think there's anything wrong in a rite, wrong in a

We don't think there's anything wrong in a rite, wrong in a

We don't think there's anything wrong in a rite, wrong in a

We don't think there's anything wrong in a rite, wrong in a
No 14.

SONG—(Major)
"BURMAH GIRL"

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Moderato.

Piano.

MAJ.

But out the world I've been and seen Girls of each sort and kind. But

not one have I met as yet With qualities so defined. The

Irish girl, the Scottish lass, Delightful in their way. And

28 133
Eng'l ish girl for-give me please, But I am bound to say

**REFRAIN.**

Burr mah, Burr mah, Burr mah girl, You stand a lone of all I have known,

dolce

With yours smiles and rog uish wiles, How can a man be firm, ah!

a tempo

Burr mah, Burr mah, Burr mah girl, I've seen, but you are the Queen,

a tempo

In ev'ry part I've lost my heart, But I've found it a-gain in Burr mah!
But mah girl you're quite divine, Would we had met before, On
my half pay if you were mine I could do so much more; You
do not ask for rows of pearls To trim your frenzied frocks, You
only need a simple bead, You've got no opera box.
REFRAIN.

dolce

Woollands and Jays. You don't fret to play rou.lette,

raill: a tempo


raill: a tempo

Carl. ton for you. No sup. per for two. I've made up my mind. If a

raill: wife I first I shall bring her to live in Bur.mah.
NO. 15.  

SONG.—(Leroy.)
"SHE DIDN'T KNOW."

Words and Music by  

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Moderato.

Leroy.

Piano.

Brightly.

1. Rosie was at school with me,  Sev'ral years ago,
2. Rosie grew to girls estate.  Loved a faithless swain,
3. Once a young man came to tea,—  Rosie looked divine,

Such a curious thing was she.  Far too kind to grow,
Once when due to dine at eight.  Said he missed his train,
Young man asked so tenderly, "Will you not be mine?"

22183
Once when she had fooled a lot, The Mistress was so sly, Be. lin'd her back a cane she got; But
He felt ve. ry much a.shamed. Hop'in she would n't scold, Rosie sim. ply sighed and said;
Slipped his arm a.round her waist,— Kissed her ve. ry soon,— Thus the couple sat embraced.

REFRAIN.
Slover: very legato

Rosie did n't cry, She did n't mind,— She did n't care,— She did n't
"Mut'ton's aw. fully cold," She did n't mind,— She did n't care,— She did n't
All the af. ter. noon, She did n't mind,— She did n't care,— She did n't

stamp Or tear her hair; She did n't scream,— Or try to
stamp Or tear her hair; She did n't ask,— What kept him
stamp Or tear her hair; She could n't dare,— Ask him to

go She did n't mind,— She did n't know.
go She did n't mind,— She did n't know.
go She was so young,— She did n't know.
4. Rosie once got married.
   Met him at a dance.

5. Rosie was a mystery.
   There could be no doubt.

6. Once the family went out.
   For a Christmas treat,

On their honeymoon they went.
   For a trip to France,

Even all her family.
   Couldn't make her out,

Just a little annual bout.
   In a shilling seat.

In the train at night-time.
   Someone kissed her cheek,

Once her mother scolded her.
   (She couldn't be so curt),

Up to bed poor Rose was sent.
   Where, none good, mess knows!

22133
It was not her husband. Rosie didn't speak.
Tried to very much infer That Rosie was a flirt.
To the Empire off they went All but little Rose

REFRAIN.
Slow, very legato

She didn't mind. She didn't care. She didn't
She didn't mind. She didn't care. She didn't
She didn't mind. She didn't care. She didn't

stamp. Or tear her hair. Her husband he resembled
stamp. Or tear her hair. The girls all said That she was
stamp. Or tear her hair. To such a place She wouldn't

so. It was so dark. How could she know?
slow. But they were girls. They didn't know!
go. She would have gone She didn't know!
No 16.

SONG.—(Charlie) and CHORUS.

"THE CROCODILE."

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Charlie.

Piano.

CHORUS.

1. Now children all, both large and small, When
2. And grown-ups too, Don't think that you Can

ad lib.

walking by the Hoagy, If ever you should chance to view A
trout this matter lightly, You'd best look out What you're a bout, As

22153
Ch.

tail just like a "Goog-ble." Twill only show that close be low there you go flit ting nightly. Before you know how fast you go the

Ch.

creeps a for some creature; For a croc o dle, Per e the "Star" That
croco dle goes faster; And in the "Star," That

Ch.

haps may smile, But all the same hell eat you. night you are An "or ri be dis aster!"
**REFRAIN.**

Oh, be careful of the crocodile. Mind the crocodile don't

Oh, be careful of the crocodile. Mind the crocodile don't

eat you. If you're walking by the river, And you see the rushes

eat you. Girls don't forget I've told you. When you're strolling with a

quiv. er. Oh, be careful of the crocodile. If the

soldier, Oh, be careful of the crocodile. If the

crocodile should meet you. If he wants to sup Hell

crocodile should meet you. You may get wed soon But your
1. unless you eat the crocodile.

2. Will be inside the crocodile.

Repeat ff with full Chorus

3. Some day perhaps. You single chaps will

ad lib.

soon get married, maybe. Or later on. You'll gaze up on your
own delicious baby. The troubles then. Of married men A.

rise one on another. But the worst of all, That

can be fall. Is the wife's proverbial mother,
REFRAIN.

Don't be careful of the croc.o.dile, Ask the croc.o.dile to meet her; He's ex.

xtremely long and lusty, And if she should cut up rust,

Introduce her to the croc.o.dile, He will very likely eat her. When he

sees the jaw of the mother-in-law, It's hard luck on the croco.dile. Repeat ff with full Chorus.
No 17.

ENTRANCE OF CHANDRA.

"FAIREST OF ALL."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
HOWARD TALBOT.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

 choix.

Fair est of all the fair ever seen.

cho.

By lucky mortals is at our portals.

cho.

22.133
Chosen by lordly will she has been. To reign in unis.

Chosen by lordly will she has been. To reign in

Splendour as our princess.

Splendour as our princess.

Fairest of all the fair ever seen. By lucky

Fairest of all the fair ever seen. By lucky
mortal s is at our por tals

Chosen by lordly will she has been

To reign in splen dour As our prin cess.
To reign in splendour, As our princess.

dim.

22.133
SONG. (Chandra.)

"THE POPLAR AND THE RAINBOW."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Chandra. Brightly.

Piano.

CHANDRA,

1. A pop. lar tree in a for est stood, Her head the high est in the wood. She

22133
ne'er looked down, Nor scorned to frown, On aught that chanced to grow,
Above her crest one day there came, A rainbow with his heart a flame, Who poured his love.
From high above, On the poplar tree below, Ah!
REFRAIN. Slower.

So the Poplar raised her head up to the rainbow, And she

almost touched the fingers of the rainbow. And (as poplars always do) She a

vowed that she'd be true. To the variegated colours of the
The rainbow stayed some
A last just like all

time, I fear And made remarks that seemed sincere, The
other men. The rainbow threw one kiss, and then, Was

popular blushed, the forest hushed. To hear what she re-
no more seen. And where he’s been, The popular can not

22133
The thing she bower'd no one heard, But hear. The popular bowed her head and wept, And for

still the forest caught one word, And that word was a six long months she never slept, And she cried 'Ah me! He has

let, because, The popular tripped and sighed. Ah gone to see, Someone he loves more dear. Ah

Ah Ah Ah

Ah Ah Ah
REFRAIN.

Slower.

For the Poplar raised her head up to the rainbow, And she
And the Poplar raised her head up to the rainbow, But she

Almost touched the fingers of the rainbow. When the rainbow threw a kiss, To the
never ever found her dazzling rainbow. All you maidens, heed my plan, Never

Poplar tree like this. Then the poplar blushed the colours of the
"look up" to a man. Learn a lesson from the poplar and the

rainbow. rainbow.
SONG (Bebbie.) and CHORUS.

"THE LONDON OMNIBUS."

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Bobbie.

Piano.

ROB

1. The tourist finds All sorts and kinds Of vehicles to ride in, Per-
2. A four-in-hand No doubt is grand, A hansom may be quick-

22133
BOB.

happy he goes across the snows in sledges softly you're upset if you should get a horse that is a
giggin'. In warmer parts they've bullock carts for
cicker. A motor car will take you far, oh
roads of sand or gravel, or else within a
speed you'll get a high rate, but in the streets there's
palanquin or rickshaw he may travel. But
nothing beats, a 'bus that's not a price. Oh,
most of all appeals to us The good old
how the people push and fight, To catch the

REFRAIN.
London omnibus.
last bus every night.

'See 2nd.
'Omnibus is a London institution;
last omnibus is a dreadful institution;

Red, green or blue It's all the same to you
What's to be done Suppose you miss that one?
Bell goes ting, the conductor calls "Charing Cross, Holborn,
night is dark and the rain comes down. "Angel, Britannia,

Bank, St. Paul's! The fare you can spare, so with.
Camden Town!" No doubt you live outside the

out the slightest fuss. You pop on the
four mile radius. So you fight main and

top of a London omnibus. Oh, the bus.

might for a seat upon that
No. 20.  
DUET. (Charlie and Leroy.)  
"ENTERTAINMENTS."  

Words and Music by  
PAUL A. RUBENS.  

Leroy.  

Piano  

L.E.  
1. Of all the entertainments That now are quite the

L.E.  
rage, There's one they say has come to stay On our

221533
CHARLIE:
dear old English stage. Tho' its origin is

CH.
French-y it's as good-y as can be You

CH.
simply sing a song in a swing Or ride on an old donkey.

LEROT.
Ah, W-cor-nique,
CHARLIE.

Ah, Véronique, You've not seen me? I'm a donkey.

BOTH.

Give me a carrot, Carrot, carrot, carrot, carrot, Give me just a carrot in The

30TH.

"Very nick" of time.
2. There's another entertainment That has lately made a


stir

Where a chorus sings sweet soothing things And the


Saints

Lime light's fixed on "her," She's dressed as a gallant


soldier And the battle's roar is heard And the
band plays so very loud That you can't hear a single word.

How do, little girl, how do? It's true, little girl, quite true,
I'm going to leave my grocer's shop, For I'm 22133
off up to town to be a police man. How

do little girl, how do? I'm going to be dressed in

blue; And the marching off to war I'll come back for one encore. What a

nice how'd you do, do, do. Repeat ff
LEROY.

2. Of acrobats and confreres We're getting rather
tired: And song of the moon And the cec-tou-coen Are no

CHARLIE.

Longer much desired; We're Mas-ke-lyno's and
Cook'd it Of mys-te-ry the home;
And

now we go to the Pig-my show At the Hip-Hip Hop-po-drome!
No. 21

BRIDAL CHORUS.

"OVER AWAY."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by HOWARD TALBOT.

With dignity.

Piano.

Over a way where the lordly mountains rise

22.153.
C H O.

Out of the plains below,
Break, eth the dawn in the

C H O.

set. ting the world a - glow.

C H O.

rain. bow tin. ted skies Set. ting the world dim.

C H O.

wel. come the hour we have watched and wait. ed for.

Wel. come the hour we have watched and wait. ed for.
All through the weary night,

May the gods grant that the future hold in store many a day as bright.
Hail! hail! all hail!
Hail! hail! with
one accord
Hail! hail! with heart and voice.

To our own most noble lord, most
To our own most noble lord,

22,133.
lord, and the lady the lady of his

and the lady of his

choice.

dim. poco a poco.
FINALE--ACT II.

No 22.

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Chorus. Moderato. Chorus (in unison)

Oh, be care. ful of the croco. dile. Mind the

Piano.

Chro. croco. dile don't eat you, If you're walk. ing by the

Chro. riv. er, And you see the rush. es quiv. er.
Oh, be careful of the crocodile. If the crocodile should meet you, if he wants to sup he'll eat you up. Up.

less you eat the crocodile, less you eat the crocodile. less you eat the crocodile, less you eat the crocodile. crocodile. Vivace.

END OF OPERA.
DUET (Chandra and Jack)

"O MYSTIC LOVE?"

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by HOWARD TALBOT.

Andante.

Voice.

Piano.

Non troppo lento.

JACK.

Out of the radiant East, Fresh as the dawn and fair,

J

Love, for a while released, Rose in a beauty rare,

J

Fanning the sacred flame, Fortune, with fancy blest,
Smiled upon him who came Out of the golden West.

Valse lente.

my - stic Love! Whom poets praise And hu - man hearts en -

- shrine, When mortals are al - lowed to gaze Up -

22133
CHAN. on your charms divine, They hold your joys in

J. on your charms divine, They hold your joys in

CHAN. high esteem, All other joys above, And

J. high esteem, All other joys above, And

CHAN. life will seem a long-long dream, Of love and only

J. life will seem a long-long dream, Of love and only
Whether for good or ill, Love was a stranger yet
All my life through until

Love was a stranger yet All your life through until
Dear one, when first we met, Bright does the future seem. Under its golden sway, Happiness all supreme. Reigns in our hearts today.
mystic Love! Whom poets praise and human hearts en-

shrine, When mortals are allowed to gaze Up-
on your charms divine, They hold your joys in-

high esteem, All other joys above And
SONG: (Major) and CHORUS.

"MY HIGH TOP G"

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

1. Though I'm a gallant Major, I'm not like all the rest And I'm

2. If a woman I am wooing, I don't go on my knees I

MAJ.

willing for a wager. That my methods are the best. No

hesitate pursuing Such pain, false ways as these. I

22183
vol. b: dier's ways are stran-ger than those which I pos-
  sess. For I
dont 'car. ess her fin. gers' I dont speak of the skies No! I
re-al. ise no dan-ger I con-fess. It's not that I am
just get up and sing her "Beau-ty's Eyes" If she's quite a be-
plack-y No! I peace-ful. ly re-jice That I'm sin-gu-lar. ly
gin. ner I cleave her heart in twain But should I fall to
luck-y, I've a use-ful ten-. or voice. My
win her Then I sing it once a gain. My
G, top G, will usually subdue them; And
G, top G, will usually subdue her; And

soon, in tune, their hearts bow down to me. No
soon, in tune, her heart bows down to me. No

sword, one chord, And I sing right through and through them, I
sword, one chord, And I sing right through and through her. Wher

must confess that I often bless My high top G. My
ever I woe some home With my high top G. My
3. And
4. You are

when I go to battle Al'tho' the shrapnel reigns,
mixed up in some scandal. Some account you cannot pay? I will

bove the war and rattle you will hear my dulcet strains
sing an air from Han'del all your cares will fade away You have

need no sword nor rifle. My voice with deadly fire, Soars
don't blame influenza? Voice a cough that pains you so? I will
like the Tower of Eiffel only higher! If my
sing you one cadenza it will go! You have

tactics chance to fail And the engage ment's par lous
visitors who bore you? A new vicar whom you

hot I will sing them just one scale And they sur
fear I will sing one note before you They will

render on the spot My
quickly disap pear My
G. top G. will usually subdue them; And
G. top G. will usually subdue them; And

soon, in tune, Their hearts bow down to me,
soon, in tune, Their hearts bow down to me,

sword, one chord, and I sing right through and through them. There's
sword, one chord, and I sing right through and through them. Why the

man, y a foe that I've laid low With my high top G. My
large Queen's Hall seems too small For my high top G. My
No sword, one chord, And he sings right through and
through them. He must confess that he'll often bless his high top

G.

G.

G.

Maj.

My high top

G.

G.

G.

CHORUS.

No sword, one chord, And he sings right through and
through them. He must confess that he'll often bless his high top

G.

G.

G.

Maj.

My high top

G.

G.

G.

CHORUS.

22133
SONG. (Bobbie.) and CHORUS.
"THE WHITE POMERANIAN."

Words by
CHAS. ADESON.

Music by
GEORGE M. SAKER.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

BOB.

1. Attracted I
2. And then she stood

BOB.

was by a maiden I met in London Town,
looking at me with a coy and timid air,

BOB.

A dear little creature with sad and a
And so I had courage to speak to this
pen - sive 
- to 


dam - sel 
fair

I won - dered when 
took her to


ev - er the girl came from, I just longed to know the sweet 

din - ner and then the play, When some - thing dis - tress - ing oc -


thing.

Then I was in - spired, for at once I ad -
curred.

I heard her ex - press I've lost my ad -

mired 
dress!

A sweet fluf - fy dog on a string.

And my lit - tle pom - pom, on my word.

For 

For
She led a white pomegranate, With
She'd lost her white pomegranate, With

Repeat ff

p a tempo

a bow round its cranium, I thought now where does that
a bow round its cranium, Whistling and shouting out

CHORUS.
girl come from, And where has she purchased her pom-pom.
Tom, Tom, Tom, What had become of her pom-pom.

SOLO.
- rani-an, In her gown a geranium
- rani-an, We rushed down Drury Lane to

dim.
BOB.

Given by cousin Tom shall I ne'er forget information from an old friend of mine but he'd not seen a sign of that little girl's pom, pom.

BOB.

Pom, me, ra, ni, an. pom. Pom, me, ra, ni, an. pom.

BOB.

1. ff CHORUS.  2.

D. C.

BOB.

3. And

22133
then we went searching in vain. All thro' the fog and

wet. At last I discovered a boy with my

dar. ring's pet. She kissed it, and hugged it, and

eried with joy, I ventured to say "Be my wife."
found the canine of this maiden divine, And

now she's my partner for life. For

I found her white pomeranian, With a

Repea ff

μ a tempo

bow round its cranium. Everyone asks where my luck came from; I
BOB.  

soy 'twas thro' finding her pom-pom-ran-ian. There's no

BOB.  

need to ex-plan-i-um Why we've a son named Tom.

BOB.  

My ad-vise to you girls If you want to wed earls, You should

BOB.  

pur-chase a pom pom, pom, pom, me-ra-ni-an pom!
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>CHAPPELL &amp; CO.'S</th>
<th>Latest Ballad Concert Successes.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Price Two Shillings Net Each.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAUDE VALÉRIE WHITE</td>
<td>&quot;In Golden June&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;In the Summer Garden&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Love me to-day&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;To his beloved&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Land of the Almond Blossom&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FLORENCE AYLWARD</td>
<td>&quot;The Sleepy Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Song of the Southland&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Shepherds' Lullaby&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Love's Question&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TERESA DEL RIEGO</td>
<td>&quot;The Bell&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Look up, O heart&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Thou little tender flower&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Happy Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Where love has been&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Life's Requiem&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Rest thee, and heart&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GUY D'ARDELOT</td>
<td>&quot;I think&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;For Propriety's Sake&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;My heart will know&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Out of the Darkness&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;When you speak to me&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;I bid my love&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Because&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>LIZA LEMANN</td>
<td>&quot;Tell me!&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Rose Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;In the Tassel-time of Spring&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BERNARD BOLT</td>
<td>SILHOUETTES OF LONDON:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1. &quot;The Children of London&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. &quot;The Organ Man&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3. &quot;River Thames&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4. &quot;Amethyst, Rose, and Pearl&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Red Admiral&quot; (A Butterfly Song)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Lily of Botter's Lock&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JOHN ANSELL</td>
<td>&quot;Marjorie&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAROLD GREGORY (arr. by)</td>
<td>&quot;Fair Bette&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. VILLA</td>
<td>&quot;Violet Eyes&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HERBERT HUGHES</td>
<td>&quot;The Ninepenny Fiddler&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PAUL A. RUBENS</td>
<td>&quot;Once upon a time&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. H. Squire</td>
<td>&quot;Love is waiting&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Three for Jack&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Jolly Sailor&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Old Black Mare&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANCO LEONI</td>
<td>&quot;At Lov's close&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Love's Awakening&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;In Symphony&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EDWARD GERMAN</td>
<td>&quot;When maidens go a-maying&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Love is meant to make us glad&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;A Fancy&quot; and &quot;Heigh-Ho&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Yoremen of England&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;O Peaceful England&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Four Jolly Sailormen&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HERMANN LÖHR</td>
<td>&quot;A Chain of Roses&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Remember me&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;In the heather, my lad&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Lasagne's Log&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Broken Cup&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;The Little Irish Girl&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NOEL JOHNSON</td>
<td>&quot;Your life and mine&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Little Maid's Slumber Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;A Sea Rhapsody&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Oh, happy world&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>GEORGE H. CLIFTON</td>
<td>&quot;In the days of roses&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Woodland Cross Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Vanity Fair&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;A Folk Song&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ERNST NEWTON</td>
<td>&quot;The Magic Month of May&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Love's Riddle&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELLEN COWDILL</td>
<td>&quot;Maytime&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Lot's Garden&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HAROLD LONSDALE</td>
<td>&quot;This is love&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;April Rain&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DALHOUSSIE YOUNG</td>
<td>&quot;Bredon Hill&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WADDINGTON COOKE</td>
<td>&quot;Visitors&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Dream Ships&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RICHARD H. WALTHEW</td>
<td>&quot;At the Window&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;St. Agnes' Eve&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ROBERT COWING'S CLARKE</td>
<td>MINIATURES (each 1/6 net):</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>1. &quot;April, April&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>2. &quot;Say not good-bye&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>3. &quot;You ill be fair&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>4. &quot;A Bowl of Roses&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>5. &quot;The Queen of Loveliness&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Take your lute and sing&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FRANK LAMBERT</td>
<td>&quot;Dear Hands&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Deep in my heart&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;My Lady June&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Quis satis?&quot; (Pallin Rose)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Evermore&quot; (Ici-bas)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>&quot;Lock down, dear eyes&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SERIES OF SHORT SONGS (each 1/6 net):</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>10. &quot;Come close, beloved&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>11. &quot;Forethoughts&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>12. &quot;O let me weep&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>13. &quot;Dears, when I am dead&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CHAPPELL & Co., Ltd., 50, New Bond Street, London, W., and Melbourne, Australia.
AND MAY BE HAD OF ALL MUSICSELLERS.
THE NEW APOLLO THEATRE SUCCESS.

MR. POPPLE

(OF IPPLETON).

New Comedy, with Music.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

PAUL A. RUBENS.

VOCAL SCORE (Illustrated Cover) ... ... ... ... ... not 8 5
LYRICS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 0 6

VOCAL MUSIC.

Oh! la, la, la! (Sung by Miss Ethel Irving) ... ... ... ... net 2 0
The parts I’ve played. (Sung by Miss Ethel Irving) ... ... ... ... 2 0
A Question of Bait. (Sung by Miss Ethel Irving) ... ... ... ... 2 0
You dear, sweet, stupid old thing. (Sung by Miss Ethel Irving) ... ... 2 0
The Black Sheep. (Sung by Miss Coralie Blythe) ... ... ... ... 2 0
Rabbits. (Sung by Mr. G. P. Huntley) ... ... ... ... 2 0
Just because— (Sung by Miss Olive Hood) ... ... ... ... 2 0
Cupid’s Address. (Sung by Miss Olive Hood and Mr. Leon Rennay) ... ... 2 0
One Little Word. (Sung by Mr. Leon Rennay) ... ... ... ... 2 0
Cupid at the Carlton. (Sung by Mr. Kenneth Douglas) ... ... ... 2 0

DANCE MUSIC.

Waltz ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Ernest Bucalossi net 2 0

PIANO FORTE ARRANGEMENT.

Albert W. Ketelbey’s Selection, as played by all the Bands ... ... net 2 0

BAND ARRANGEMENTS.

Selection. Full Orchestra, 6s. net. Small Orchestra, 4s. net. Military Band, 15s. net.
Waltz. Full Orchestra, 2s. net. Small Orchestra, 1s. net.

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD., 50, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.,
And MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

AGENTS—NEW YORK: ROOSEY & CO.—BERLIN S.W. 12: C. M. ROEHR.
PRODUCED BY MR. FRANK CURZON

At the Criterion Theatre.

The White Chrysanthemum

New Lyrical Comedy.

Book by LEEDHAM BANTOCK and ARThUR ANDERSON.

Lyrics by ARThUR ANDERSON.

Music by HOWARd TALBOT.

---

VOCAL SCORE (Illustrated Cover) ... ... ... ... ... ... net 6 0
Do. (Cloth) ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 8 0
PIANOFORTE SOLO ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 3 6
LYRICS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... 0 6

---

VOCAL MUSIC.
O, wandering breeze. (In B flat & C.) Sung by Miss Isabel Jay ... net 2 0
The butterfly and the flower. (In C & D.) Sung by Miss Isabel Jay ... 2 0
The love of a maid. (In C & E flat.) Sung by Miss Isabel Jay ... 2 0
Mammy's piccaninny. Sung by Miss Marie George ... ... ... ... ... 2 0
The only pebble on the beach. Sung by Miss Marie George ... 2 0
My one and only girl. Sung by Mr. Henry A. Lytton ... ... ... 2 0
You can't please everybody always. Sung by Mr. Henry A. Lytton ... 2 0

---

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT.
Albert W. Ketèlbey's Selection, as played by all the Bands ... ... net 2 0

---

BAND ARRANGEMENTS.
Selection. Full Orchestra, 6s. net. Small Orchestra, 4s. net. Military Band, 15s. net.

---

CHAPPELL & Co., LTD., 50, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.,
And MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
AGENTS—NEW YORK: BOOSEY & Co.—BERLIN S.W. 12: C. M. ROEHR.
THE NEW PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE SUCCESS.
Produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDDES.

THE LITTLE CHERUB.

New Musical Play.

BOOK BY
OWEN HALL.

LYRICS BY
ADRIAN ROSS.

MUSIC BY
IVAN CARYLL.

VOCAL SCORE (Illustrated Cover) ... ... ... ... ... net 6 0
Do. (Cloth) ... ... ... ... ... " 8 0
PIANOFORTE SOLO... ... ... ... ... ... " 3 6
LYRICS ... ... ... ... ... ... ... " 0 6

VOCAL MUSIC.
Experience. Sung by Miss EVIE GREENE ... ... ... ... ... net 2 0
The Curtain's up. Sung by Miss EVIE GREENE ... ... ... ... " 2 0
Cupid's Rife Range. Sung by Miss GABRIELLE RAY (Frank E. Tours) " 2 0
I should so love to be a boy. Sung by Miss ZENA DARE (Frank E. Tours) " 2 0
Invitation to the Waltz. Sung by Miss IDA LYTTON and Mr. MAURICE FARKOA " 2 0
I wasn't engaged for that. Sung by Mr. W. H. BERRY ... ... ... " 2 0
Charlie, who's your friend? Sung by Mr. LOUIS BRANDFIELD " 2 0

DANCE MUSIC (Illustrated).
Waltz ... ... ... ... ... ... LEONARD WILLIAMS net 2 0
Lancers ... ... ... ... ... ... LEONARD WILLIAMS " 2 0

PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT.
Albert W. Ketèlbey's Selection, as played by all the Bands ... ... net 2 0

BAND ARRANGEMENTS.
Selection. Full Orchestra, 6s. net. Small Orchestra, 4s. net. Military Band, 15s. net.
Brass Band, 5s. net.
Waltz and Lancers. For Full Orchestra, 2s. net each. Small Orchestra, 1s. net each.

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD., 50, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.,
And MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.
AGENTS—NEW YORK: BOOSEY & CO.—BERLIN S.W. 12: C. M. ROEHR.