The HASTY PUDDING CLUB presents

The LEGEND OF LORAVIA.

BOOK by J.K. HODGES
E. STREETER

LYRICS by J.K. HODGES

MUSIC by VINTON FREEDLEY
The Legend of Loravia
A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS

BOOK BY
J. K. HODGES
E. STREETER

LYRICS BY
J. K. HODGES

MUSIC BY
VINTON FREEDLEY

ADDITIONAL NUMBER BY
S. L. M. BARLOW

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY VINTON FREEDLEY
Cast of Characters

Prince Louis of Loravia                J. K. Hodges, '14
Prince Ferdinand, his twin brother
Bobby Bailey, a young American touring Europe  J. R.O. Perkins, '14
Antonio Spinorelli, leader of the International Brotherhood of Fists, and posing as the Count of Tarrantella  C. R. Codman, '15
Hale, a U.S. Secret Service detective  H. R. Amory, '14
Head Waiter of the Pré Catalan Restaurant  R. Tower, '15
A Waiter  W. H. Claflin, '15
Silas Summersquash, touring Europe  G. W. F. Prescott, '15
Lord Babblebrook, over from London  H. C. Morgan, '14
Landlord of Twin Prince Tavern, also Mayor of Ronterest  W. H. Trumbull, '15
Chief of Loravian Gendarmes  R. Tower, '15
Captain of Prince Louis Army  G. W. F. Prescott, '15
Isabelle Rankin, a rich American heiress  V. Freedley, '14
Sophia Rankin, her aunt chaperoning her  S. L. M. Barlow, '14
Amorita Carramba, accomplice to Spinorelli  A. H. Sturgis, '14
Gladys Meek, in love with Bobby Bailey  D. C. Cottrell, '15
Princess Citrona of Lima  H. M. Atkinson, '15

Also Pré Catalan Girls, Guests, Waiters,
Gendarmes, Peasants, Soldiers, etc.

Act I. Interior of the Pré Catalan Restaurant, Paris
Act II. Exterior of the Twin Prince Tavern, outside of Ronterest, the Capitol of Loravia. Three days later.

Time. This May

H. P.
## CONTENTS

### ACT I

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Opening Chorus</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>When the Girl I Left Behind Me Meets the Man from Home, Sweet Home</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Variety</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Isabelle Wake</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>That Rubinstein Rag</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Following Isabelle</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>All Right</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>Romance</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9.</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ACT II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>10.</td>
<td>Opening Chorus</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11.</td>
<td>Loravia</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12.</td>
<td>The Legend of the Tree</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13.</td>
<td>Here’s to the Girl</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>I’d Rather Get In tire with Auntie</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15.</td>
<td>The Modern Play</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16.</td>
<td>Kravy-Kats Rag</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17.</td>
<td>I’m so Tired of You, Mr. Moon</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18.</td>
<td>The Nicest Girl I Know</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19.</td>
<td>I Could Dance with You</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
ACT I

Opening Chorus

Lyrics by J.K. HODGES

Music by VINTON FREEDLEY

Allegro

PIANO
Where costly things are costliest, And pretty women better dressed,
That's where to buy your trousseau when you marry, (In Paris!) Paris!

Paris! You're sure to run across Tom, Dick, and

Harry, (Yes, Harry,) Where your money's spent like water on some other fellow's

H. P.
daughter, So it's Paree for me.

Ladies

Gentlemen

Let us go to the Pré Catalan in the Bois. Mais

Moderato

con spirito

pas pour trois,

Seul-ment deux tête-à-tête at the Pré Catalan in the

Non, pas pour trois; Seul ment deux tête-à-tête at the Pré Catalan in the
We will sit down to eat just a light déjeunér, Tho' it's
light you will find that the bills hard to pay, And you spend what you've saved for a wet rainy day, At the
Pré Cat-a-lan,       At the Pré Cat-a-lan in the Bois.
At the Pré Cat-a-lan, At the Pré Cat-a-lan in the Bois.
Guests

Waiter won't you please give us attention, It's important that we have your compre-

hen-sion.

Waiters

Oui, Mon-sieur, To be sure, Don't en-ter-tain a moment's ap-pre-

H. P.
Guests

Saintly caviar, and then some consommé,

Hen-sion.

Serve.

Sherry, then perhaps some eggs Bombay.

Waiters

If Mon-sieur's not in a hur-ry, I'd ad-

All a lit-tle cur-ry, That's a spe-cial-ty up-on our bill to-day.

H.P.
DANCE Waiters

Lento

Lord Babblebrook
Slowly

just as patriot is as can be, There's no place like the British Isles for

me. The Strand and Piccadilly, And Romans when I'm silly, At

five o'clock some English Breakfast tea. But ev'ry week-end I would like my

fling, I would not stay at home for any thing, I

H. P.
leap a-cross to Pa-ree, And till Mon-day there I tar-ry, From our

Andante

Brit-ish Sun-day may God save the King.

Allegro

Tempo di Valse

Ladies

You've for
got ten something which you can not miss. You must get busy and consult the fizzy list. And

order up a quart or so of Champagne. Remember now you're not with your own daughter, who would meekly drink with you some

Poland water, so prepare to purchase wine. I've made that rather plain.
You have tried to pull that trick on me before, And I don't intend to stand it any more, So you needn't try your stinginess on me again.

When in Paris be prepared to spend your money, And keep smiling with your nature always sunny, And from every form of economy refrain.
(All)

Paree! Paree!
The place where ev’rybod’y likes to tarry.

Where cost-ly things are cost-li-est, And

pret-ty wom-en bet-ter dressed, That’s where to buy your trousseau when you mar-ry, (In

H.P.)
(All)  
Pa-ree!  Pa-ree!  Pa-ree!  You're

(Men)  
sure to run a-cross Tom, Dick, and Harry. (Yes, Har-ry.) Where you're mon-e-y's spent like

Water On some oth-er fel-low's daugh-ter, So it's Pa-ree! for

Andante

me.

H.P.
When the Girl I left behind me,
Meets the Man from Home, Sweet Home

No. 2
Lyrics by
J. K. HODGES

Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

Allegro

Piano

Moderato

Till ready

Far from

home in a land that is grand where the band is play-ing the mar-seil-laise,
You for-get for a time, Feel sub-lime in a clime where all the nights turn into
days,

That a
girl all alone, way back home while you roam, is waiting there so patient and true; Till she

gives you the slip takes a tiny, tiny trip across the ocean back to you.

REFRAIN
Moderato

When the girl I left behind me meets the man from home, sweet home,
In some way off distant Country far across the briny

\( \text{[Musical notation]} \)
foam

Though the man likes girls in Paris,
And the girl seeks Countinon

Rome
It's the girl I left behind who takes me back to

Home, Sweet Home,
Yes, who

rit.
slowly f

takes me back to Home, Sweet Home.

When the Home,

E.P.
Variety

No. 3

Lyrics by J. K. Hodges

Music by Vinton Freedley

Allegro

Moderato

I've a dash-ing way a-bout me,

Women cannot do without me, People ev'-ry-where, Turn a-round and stare;

H. P.
I oppose conjugal blisses, Marriage hugs, betrothal Kisses,

I'd not choose myself a Mrs., I'm different now, so there! Im-

Allegretto

against me while strong and able, Seated at the breakfast table

opposite one Dame, Ev'ry day the same.
I like waists of different sizes, Kiss-es that are new sur-pris-es,

Hugging in its different guises, It's a most ex-cit-ing game.

REFRAIN
Allegretto

Chorus Louis Chorus

This girl I'd choose for kissing, (kissing,) That has a waist so slim, (so slim,)

H.P.
This little girl has a cute little curl, And this has a figure

Chorus trim. No girl is best at all things (all things,)

I like variety, Each has defects you are

bound to detect, And each has her specialty! ————

H.P.
Isabelle Wake

No. 4
Lyrics by
J. K. HODGES

Music by
S. L. M. BARLOW

VOICE

Wake, wake, ev'ry-one wake, Great prepar-

PIANO

a-tions and haste we'll make, To set her at ease, and we'll

all try to please, Wake, wake, ev'ry-one wake.

REFRAIN

Hail, pret-ty crea-ture, hail, pret-ty crea-ture; We'll be your teacher, We'll be your teacher;

H.P.
Well make a feature, We'll make a feature, Try to beseech her, Try to beseech her;

Now she's in Paris, Shall have to awake. Wake, wake,

Isabella wake, A very great interest in you will take; If

you have the money you'll think Paris funny, Wake, wake,
REFRAIN

Isabelle, wake! You will dance a little, You will prance a little,

You will glance a little, While in France a little. Won't you take a little

tango with me? There's nothing to fear if you'll be of good

cheer. You're welcome to gay Paris!
That Rubinstein Rag

No. 5

Words and Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

In a rag-time parlor of the old East Side, Sits a coon called Washington Lee. His
place is at the keyboard of an old tin pan, That

looks as though it travelled through the third degree, But of

all the music that you’ve ever heard, From a

Beethoven Sonata to George Cohan and his flag, The
flashiest, the crashiest, the mashiest, the dashy is when

rail.

Washington Lee plays that Rubinstein Rag!

rail.

s...!

REFRAIN

Play me that tune. It's a strain I love to

That's the tune I love to hear, That dreamy music in my ear, that strain that flows along so sweet and

hear;

When you play that lovin' Rubinstein, My

low. Oh Mister play it slow, I feel myself a-slippin', goodbye boys, I'm off for Heaven, When you

H. P. 50720
feet will keep a-tapping to that syncopated time, So play me that
tickle that pianista, in an Ethiopian manner. Mister, play that tune again, for

strain and though I hate to nag,
I must hear that sweet refrain It's got me by the heart I don't know why, I'm going to sigh and cry, It

Play once more just a sweet encore To that
makes me feel so funny, But I'll give you all my money, Keep a-

Rollicking Rubinsteina Rag. Rag.
play-in' me that Rubinstein Rag. 

H.P.
No. 6
Lyrics by
J. K. Hodges

Music by
Vinton Freedley

Following Isabelle

Moderato

VOICE

The Lady screamed; Distrait she seemed; She

PIANO

must have met the Prince before, Perhaps she is a creditor; Can we help

Isabelle

you my pretty Lady, The Prince's reputation shady. You

Vivace

wretch, I see your horrid machinations. She calls me a

H. P.
wretch, But I can live without your fascinations.

He's not such a catch, Now you will please me greatly if you'll leave me; If you'll explain this anger you'll relieve me. Don't say another word or you'll grieve me.

Shell soon start to scratch.
Chorus
Allegro

Sophia
Oh what a day! Take the Prince far away, or I'll call the Police.

Isabelle
Antonio
Louis
I don't understand. Please explain. I demand. What's wrong with your niece? There's

Chorus
Sophia
Chorus
some big mistake. Oh Prince, you're a rake. Oh dear, what a day!

Let us
stay here a while. Let us laugh, let us smile, And we'll see what the Prince will

Louis

say. There really must be some mistake, I don't know what you

Chorus

mean; The Lady seems to know me, But I've never seen. He

Isabelle

Moderato

says he's never met her, what can she really mean? You followed me to

H.F.
Eng-land; I fol-lowed you to Eng-land? He fol-lowed her to Eng-land. And then to Ger-ma-ny. He's nev-er been to Ger-ma-ny. And then he went to Ams-ter-dam. How can you say that thing Ma-dame? Now don't you "Ma-dame" me! Largo: Ta-via, Thy. Tre-as-ury we bid good-bye to thee!
No. 7

All Right

Words by
JOHN K. HODGES

Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

Moderato

When your One

Until ready P

work is o'er and you toddle home,
And you say to yourself tonight
I'm
day a friend comes round to you
He owns a new aeroplane
He's

H.P.
going to stay at home and rest And you think that you are only had it just a week. In every limb he's right But just as you settle down in a chair with a lame But he's what you call an enthusiast, and he book and a good cigar A friend arrives and tries to make one of you He says it's just the tempts you to come out and see the bar Your best sport that a man like you can do At

H.P.
resolutions vanish as your hat comes off the first you're rather doubtful when he says "now try one

hook And you smile up at your friend and say "All flight" Oh pshaw! you'll have to die some time So you

right, I'll take one look." All right, all right, I'm

answer him "all right." All right, all right, I'll

off with you to-night I want to stay at home and rest But I'll just go for one flight And that's the only one there'll be For

K.P.
go with you if you think best
that will be the end of me

just go for a sight, the flesh is weak, the spirit too
sit here and hold tight, there's consolation in this too

wouldn't gal-a-vant with you
last I'll ever see of you

But I'll go and look on, perhaps
But I'll take one good look around

take one or two (perhaps) All right, my friend, all right.
before I strike the ground, All right, my friend, all right.

H.P.
No. 8

Lyrics by
J. K. HODGES

Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

Moderato

(Ferdinand) Once lived a Prince of long ago, Who loved a maid of
(Isabelle) This Prince he did not treat her fair, He should have made this

low degree; His Father made him choose a bride, A Princess fair, of
girl his bride; If love cares not for royalty, He should have cast his

royalty, The maid knew not he was a Prince, And when he wrote her
throne a side, For Love is greater than a crown, His Queen would be his

H.P.
they must part, She died of grief, this village maid, A with'er'd
village maid; The cottage would his palace be, The rose would

rose, A broken heart. (Isabelle) He never should have
bloom, And never fade. (Ferdinand) That is another

met her, And spared this tragedy; The Prince should never have
story, This time a comedy. No Prince should e'er be

loved her, This maid of low degree.
part To a gruesome tragedy.
REFRAIN
Ferdinand and Isabelle Moderato

Love was old when the world yet was young.

Romance started the first song ever sung.

A Prince may love a peasant, A Queen may love her page,

For Love sees...
not conventions rules, So come,

(I hate you) (I hate you)

Dear,

I will not give Romance my

a tempo

love to engage.

H.P.
Finale Act I

No. 9

Allegretto

Moderato

(Isabelle)

So come, rall.

Lento

Moderato (Isabelle)

Love was old when the world

VINTON FREEDLEY
yet was young. Romance

started the first song ever sung,

A Prince may love a peasant, A

dim.

Queen may love a page. For love sees

accel.
not conventions rules. So come.
Andante Grandioso
ACT II
Opening Chorus

Words by
J. K. HODGES

Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

Tempo di Marcia

PIANO
laugh and sing, we're free from cares; We trade our stock, we sell our wares.

This is our Election Day, We're here in costumes bright and gay, And people come from ev'ry land For our Election Day.
Tempo di Valse

Twin Prince Taverns now complete, With all the best to drink and

mf well marked

eat; Let everybody laughing and jest; I welcome all to

rit.

Peasants

Ronterest. The Twin Prince Taverns now complete, With all the

rit.

best to drink and eat; We'll dance, we'll sing, we'll laugh and jest, We'll
all be Merry in Ron - ter - est. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Three

cheers for E-lec-tien Day!

Tempo di Marcia

We are the gen-darmes
of our Fatherland, The strong-arm squad of the Iron hand, Our

plumes are very cocky and our bayonets are sharp. And like the twins of Siam, we are

never seen a part. We're not noted for our bravery, Nor pointed out for skill, We've been

never known to mutilate, to confiscate, or kill. We have never been immortalized in
poetry prose or books. But we gather all the prizes when it comes to looks!

Peasants

They are the gendarmes

of our Fatherland. The strong-arm squad of the Iron hand, Their

humesare very cock-y, and their bay-o-nets are sharp, And like the twins of Siam, they are

H.F.
never seen apart. They're not noted for their bravery, nor pointed out for skill, they've been
never known to mutilate, to confiscate or kill; they've never been immortalized in
poetry, prose, or books, but they gather all the prizes when it comes to looks!

H.P.
Allegro Entire Chorus

Here we gather all the year, We eat our cakes, we drink our beer, We

laugh, we sing, we're free from cares; We trade our stock, we sell our wares;

This is our Election Day, We're here in costumes bright and gay, And

people come from every land for our Election Day!
No. 11

Loravia

Lyrics by J.K. HODGES

Music by VINTON FREEDLEY

Andante Grandioso

VOICE

Lo - ra - via, Our Fath - er - land, We

pledge to Thee our heart and hand, Whose skies are bluer,

trees more tall, For Thee we gladly fight and fall. Lo -
ra - vie, Our Fath - er - land, Her snow crowned peaks so

high Cry out Her strength, Her lib - er - ty, For
cresc. ---
    fff

Her we live, we die.

Lento - ff

H.P.
No. 12
Lyrics by
J. K. HODGES
Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

The Legend of the Tree

Moderato Mysterioso

Before the dawn of History, In the dark age

of Fantasy, A Prince of our Loravian blood,

Before this Tree of Legend stood; His enemies

were round about, His army they had put to rout,

E. P.
And so alone he stopped to think How to avert Destructionsbrink;

When lo! a voice beside him spoke! "Fear not, our land will bear no
yoke of any power of Tyranny.

Loravia's strength is Liberty." The Prince, he turned and there beheld A nymph, of beauty unexcelled;

Tempo di Mazurka
She said; 'There lies within this Tree, The secret of thy destiny; The method
to regain thy power, and make thy foes before thee cower."

Allegro

with that she called upon the Tree In magic words of mystery.

A flash of light, a fearful rend,  The Tree was split from end to end.

A golden scroll was found within, These prophecies were writ therein;

Andante
Tempo di Marcia

"An army in the South awaits, Lead on and trust unto the Fates."

There is well known history, Loravia gained her Victory.

Lento

The Prince he thanked most gratefully, This nymph, the guardian of the Tree, she said; "Oh

Allegretto

Moderate

Prince there's one thing more, Before you seek victorious war, For each fifth

mp con espressione

H.P.
hundred years shall see a national catastrophe. In every case the remedy will lie within this sacred Tree. And in that year, and on this day this Tree its secret will display.

Before the Prince could interfere, the Nymph contrived to disappear.
Allegretto

Five hundred years ago

go today this

land was plunged in

civil fray;

And true to Legends

prophesy

The

H.P.
Vivace

Today it rests upon the Tree, To render us a just decree;

What government shall rule our Land, A Republic, or Prince Ferdinand.
Here's to the Girl

J. K. Hodges

Andante

Moderato

1. I have met many girls from the
2. You have met many couples and
3. The old knights in armor who

fair sunny South, And girls from the cold rising Sun,
happy, untrue, Whose lives are but lived as a sham,
fought for the maid, With battle-axe, maces, and spears,

I've loved and I've rollicked in many a clime, But'twas
You've met many men who've been driven to drink, And
Are tales that we love in our hot-headed youth, But they

H. P.
love making only for fun, It's by chance that you
women who don't give a damn, For the love of a
all end in anguish and tears. The truth is not ro-

met her. The girl of your choice; It's a love which will cut like a
toy, It but lasts for a day, The flower that's pretty, will
man-tis. But yet it is real, Which we see in our ev'ry day

knife, It's the sight of this girl is which makes me re-
fade, But the right kind of love, for the right kind of
life, It's the girl who's your comrade in age and in

joke: It's the girl that you want for your wife. For it's
girl, It's the best work the Lord ever made.
youth: That's the girl whom you want for your wife.

H.P.
REFRAIN
Moderato
1st Tenor

one bumper up to the prettiest girl, And two to the light in her

2nd Tenor

1st Bass (Melody)

one bumper up to the prettiest girl, And two to the light in her

2nd Bass

Moderato

eyes, in her eyes, three for the girlie that's crazy for men, And

eyes, And three for the girlie that's crazy for men, And

H. P.
four for the girl that's wise.  
Now let each man to him-

four for the girl that's wise.  But now let each man to him-

a tempo

self think a name that is dear-er to him than life.

a tempo

self think a name that is dear-er to him than life.  So

H. P.
now follows up, Let us lift up the cup; Here’s a girl each man wants for his wife all his life; Here’s a girl each man wants for his wife.
Id Rather Get Inti with Auntie

No. 14
Lyrics by
J. K. HODGES

Vivace

Music by
VINTON FREEDLEY

Moderato

used to think that as a gal-lant beau,
I far outclassed the gay Loth-a-ri-
long-er can I go on youth-ful sprees,
The rheu-ma-ti-sm gets with-in my

o.
That I was quite the Mon-te,
I've had to cut out dan-cing I get

knees.
every doubt, And I even could give points to Rome
wind ed when at prancing I had to sit in draughts which made me

o, But after several unsuccessful tries I sneezed. I find I'd rather go around to tea, And

found I had outworked my goo-goo eyes. 'Till I discovered Auntie with her have my Auntie sitting next to me. For with her I'd rather chatter, Than

manner diletante, And I found her much the best to my surprise. seek out girls to flutter, It's not Roman but its harsh reality. I'd
REFRAIN

Rath-er be in-ti with Auntie, Than flirt with the young girls I know. She's not so demure when I hold her secure. But she's great on a party. She's hale and she's hearty. I'd rather be in-ti with Auntie. She's
one that you never can daunt,

So I'll
give up the chickens, and run like the dickens, To

staccato

try to get in - ti with Tan - te, with Aunt - ie, To

f

try to get in - ti with Aunt.

H.P.
No. 15
Lyrics by
J. K. Hodges
Music by
Vinton Freedley

The Modern Play

Allegretto

Villain
I am the villain, The villainess am I,

Villainess

p staccato

I am the Hero, With lover's weary sigh.

Hero

molto rall.

I am the heroine, The apple of his eye. And we make up the

Heroine

All

Vivace

R.P.
plot of any show. It's just the same in Opera, or

the Legitimate, in Comedy, in Tragedy, We

do not hesitate To mix the plot, to mystify, To make men weep and

women cry, For virtue lives, and villains die In the plot of any show. The
REFRAIN

Heroloves the Hernoine, The villain's bad and bold, And

Villainess

tries to break the poor girl's aching heart.

The

Villainess loves the villain, She's jealous, hard and cold, She

tries to kill the Heroine at the start. But

Heroine

H.P.
virtue always triumphs, The Hero gets his Maid, The
All
villain and his siren's led away. Now
season well with bitters, With Crooks and Counterfeitors; And you

have the plot of any modern play.

R.F.
No. 17

Lyrics by
J. K. Hodges

Music by
Vinton Freedley

I'm so tired of you, Mr. Moon

She

In the days gone by, ev'ry

lover's sigh was accompanied by the silver rays of moonlight; Ev'ry

serenade, to a winsome maid, was inspired by the deepening shades of
twilight. Ev'ry show we saw, 'twas an awful bore To

K. P.
see the Hero praising Mister Moon; Every Romeo on his old banjo, Would sing "shine on you Moon, I want to spoon, dear." We have passed those days, 'tis the Rag-time craze which has robbed us of your glory, Mister Moon Man. Now 'tis "I don't care, dance that Grizzly Bear," We have
put the "go" in Tanggo and the Cancan. Instead of "Creson that tune, Let us
wed in June" We have "Snap your fingers, shoulders in the air; I could
dance all night, Honey hold me tight" Poor Silvry Moon it real-ly isn't fair.

REFRAIN Slowly

In so tired of you, Mr-ter Moon, You ap-pear in each mus-i-cal

ff
play, As a help to your tune, There's the "Calcium Moon," or the paddies chunkin' to the tune of "Moon-light Bay." There's the "Harvest Moon. Where I want to spoon, And you, "Silver Moon so bright." I'm so tired of your Moon, that I will very soon make love in the broad daylight.
Dance

No. 17½

Moderato _ well marked

VINTON FREEDLEY

PIANO

mf brightly

cresc.
The Nicest Girl I Know

Moderato

I've loved a little girl who lived in Dublin town
I've forgot her when I came to

written notes to a foot-light

I've had business men propose to

loved a little girl who lived in Dublin town. For - got her when I came to
writ - ten mash notes to a foot - light. Rom - e - o

I've had business men propose to

loved a little girl who lived in Dublin town For - got her when I came to
writ - ten mash notes to a foot - light. Rom - e - o

I've had business men propose to

lived a little girl who lived in Dublin town. For - got her when I came to
writ - ten mash notes to a foot - light. Rom - e - o

I've had business men propose to

H. P.
not a patch on those of old New York,
flirt-ed with the Count of gay Par-ee,
You're the only girl-ly who can
None of them could hold a candle

beat them all; I love you best where'er I go,
up to you; You make the others seem de-trap;
You're

really only look at them, my heart is all for you, For you're the nic-est girl I
not as bril-liant, not as handsome as the rest, But you're the nic-est girl I

know. I love you in the Coun-try, I love you back in

REFRAIN. Slowly

II. P.
town. I love you in the moonlight. When the in-candescent lights go down, You bet I love you on the ocean. On steamers fast or slow; By shipboard, land, or rail, My love can never fail. For you're the nicest girl I know.
Whirl, met a girl Way out wonder in a jay-town, But he
Whirl, wed his girl And they started for the City, When in
learned that she turned That old jay-town into gay-town:
town, went around And they drove old Gotham dippy;
For ev'ry evening she had a dance,
She put poor Bill
In every Dance Hall Cabaret,
They always set

--- ly into a trance,
He forgot how to trot
the pace in a sway;
What a sight, ev'ry night

taught him that fan-dan-go,
She would cease,
The Max-ixe
Then she'd introduce some new steps.
They were proud,

While the crowd would be

start him on the Tan-go,
At last he said, "You
struggling with a few steps,
And as the peo-ple

H.P.
May be a jay, But you're faster than the Great White
left them the floor, Billy grab his girl and proudly

REFRAIN Moderato
Way! roar!
For I could dance with you to any

music In the Good Old Summer-time, I could
dance, glance, prance, and Honey take a chance in any

H.P.
land or clime, (A little rag-time,)
You're a hum-mer
You know the

last rose of Summer fades, And autumn leaves will fall,

For I could dance with you in any East-side Dance Hall, or the

Mil-lion Dollar Ball.

For I could