The Princeton University Triangle Club

Presents

His Honor, The Sultan

A Musical Comedy, in Two Acts

Book by

Cyrus McCormick, '12

Music by

E. P. Nevin, '12

Lyrics by

J. F. Thompson, '11

Interpolated Numbers by

C. C. Peirce, '09  L. P. Mills, '12
J. M. Allison, '10  E. Gray, Jr., '11
H. C. Burr, '11    L. Shidmore, Jr., '11

The Princeton University Triangle Club

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HIS HONOR THE SULTAN
OPENING CHORUS, ACT I.

Lyrics by J. F. THOMPSON
Music by E. P. NEVIN

Allegro.

(WIVES)
Poco maestoso

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(Wives)

Allegro moderato

We are happy, Oh! so happy, We are happy, Oh, so happy

Day by day, We spend our time in joyful singing,

Laughing gaily, voices ringing; Dancing, swirling, tripping lightly,

Merry glances flashing brightly, For the mighty Sul-tan's wives are
Poco maestoso

(Enter Marmara)

(Ahh!) Ahh! Ahh!

(Wives)

Marmara! My mothers I greet you.

(Song)

"The Sultan's Favorite"

Have you ever met, Pouring in a fret, Something that is called a spoiled child? Always has her way, Till the neighbors say;

Still for all of this, There is much I miss, in my sorry little life; For I may not say, Whom I may obey, That
Hon-est-ly she'd drive me wild. Now per-haps you see.
is when I be-come a wife: Now I don't know why,

That ap-plies to me; For a fav'-rite child am I, Yet
I should like to try To fall in love with you, or you; Pa-

I don't need to pout, Or stamp a-round and shout, For the way I rule pa-pa Oh
pa may say "nay, nay!" But I will have my way, For he's the eas-iest thing I

my! do.
I'm the Sultan's favorite daughter, Only child of a favored wife.

Favorite child of a lonely sultan, Think of leading such a life.

Every man who knows me, loves me, Pa's the only man I know.

As for him, I snap my fingers, All I say must go.
She's the Sultan's favorite daughter, Only child of a favorite wife,

Favorite child of a lonely sultan, Think of leading such a life!

Every man who knows her, loves her, 'P's the only man she knows,

As for him she snaps her fingers, All that she says, goes.
Allegro

We're the noble palace guard, And we're sturdy, stanch, and hard, And our,

glory is the kind that never wanes, We pro-
tect the dough-ty sultan From the wars that are re-sult-in' From the en-e-my a scout-in' 'round the plains. Tho' our tribe is most no-mad-ic, And with-out a doubt spo-rad-ic, We o-

bey our rul-er's back-sheesh and his brains. We
mitigate the mus-sel-men, With mighty bul-gin' mus-cle, an' We

Toss our sun-burnt cap-tives in-to chains.

ALL Poco maestoso

Ahh!

Ahh!
Don't Let It Happen Again

(SULTAN)

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Allegro Moderato

Sultan's lives are not, believe me, Roseate as they appear.
Now my son named Theodore second Shoots a gun most gallantly, And

Here's an incident that happened When my father "kinged" it here.
"Prince" it around my land, And thinks he's heir, apparently.
Once while arm in arm we sauntered Father, foolish,
Once while shooting captive camels My game keeper

Ly: polite
made a mark, So son-ny just to show his prowess,

That they killed him in my sight.
Shot the old Jay for a lark.

CHORUS.

That's funny, It's queer, It took me by sur-
That's funny, It's queer, The way he blazed a
prise, way, 

Before I really turned around His

He shot the old boy in the side, Who,

head was bouncing on the ground. That's funny,

just to spite him, calmly died. That's funny,

It's queer, I criticised the men: "I'm not the one To

queer, I slapped his wrist, and then: "I know you claim The

stop your fun, But don't let it happen again:" D.S.

man was game, But don't let it happen again:" D.S.
The Ways Of American Men

(DUET)

(MARMARA AND HAMMOND) AND GIRLS

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Allegretto

MARM. If you may, Tell me, pray
MARM. You're so gay, So they say,
What the people in your country say,
And you stay,
When they woo,
How they way.
And you play,
And for -

16499-62
ever get along without you. Hammond Lady fair, Over
get about their wives all day. Hammond Goodness me, Now I
there, Why the ladies never seem to care (Ham) What they
see That you've only heard it partially, Goodness
w oo,
me.
do, when they woo, Over there,
me, goodness me, Partially
Over there.

over there. Ham. In return for such neglect, We
partially? Ham. We never can forget, Our
think it quite correct, To fall in love with girls like
love-ly wives but yet There are some men who try, you

you, like you, you see, you see, you see, like you.

CHORUS

That's the way of Amer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men, Amer-
That's the way of Amer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men, Amer-

mer-i-can men, EAM & GIRLS (Each time you say: "Why how de-do!") They
mer-i-can men, EAM (And tho' at you his heart, he hurls, He's
al-ways tip their hats to you. \textit{That's the way of Amer-i-can men.}

thrown that bluff at oth-er girls. \textit{That's the way of Amer-i-can men.}

mer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men. \texttt{They're}

mer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men, Amer-i-can men. \texttt{You}

aw-fal-ly nice, \texttt{But you must think twice,}

take a chance \texttt{With gay ro-mance.} \texttt{When you play, play,}

play, play, play with Amer-i-can men. \texttt{When you play, play, play with Amer-i-can men.}

18798-62
Friendship

Lyrics by
J. M. S. ALLISON.

Valse moderato

Music by
C. C. PEIRCE

Allegretto

I had a friend once long ago At least he was sort of a
I had a friend too long ago The very same sort of a
friend. Who used to blow me to the show, And
friend. I took her where-er she wanted to go And I
had lots of money to spend. He bought me wine and
promised to love to the end. I lent her my rings and

16296-02
good ciga - r - ses _ I nev - er could de - cline.
He
sa - ble furs _ I asked her home to tea._ She

 gave me dogs _ and mo - tor cars._ He sure was a friend of mine._
knew I was _ a friend of hers._ I thought she was a friend to me._

CHORUS
Valse mode

I nev - er knew till then what Friend - ship is But he _ found
She fol - lowed me high and she fol - lowed me low But I _ found

out one time, That I was _ not so much a
out one time, That I was much more of a
friend of his As he was a friend of mine.
friend of her's Than she was a friend of mine.

DANCE  After 2nd Verse
Moderato
Be a Suffragette

Lyrics by J. F. THOMPSON

Music by E. P. NEVIN

(MES. STRAIGHTEN)

Moderato

Ever since Adam, and even before, We
Each woman keeps on attempting to be A

women have waited to settle a score, We're
beacon of light in a turbulent sea. She

petted all day And praised by the men, And they
leaves her own home, and the dishes unwashed, And for
tell us they love us again, and again, But
gets she's a lady unless she is quashed She

if you will just consider with me, You'll
leaves hubbly home, saying "Dog bake the bread;" Tho' he

find that they're fooling you awfully. They pet us 'tis true, But what
should make the money he kneads dough instead. Then she shows some surprise, When the

else do they do? Nothing that I can
bread doesn't rise, And she loses a meal and her
CHORUS
Poco Allegretto

When your temper's bad, And you're just so mad, That your
wrongs you can't forget, Don't just demand your right, But
holier kick and fight. If you can't be a lady be a suffragette!
Wooing the Girls

(SULTAN, SCHLITZ, MAC TAVISH, GROSVENOR & HAMMOND)

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Allegretto eon moto

Now if you have travelled at all in your life, you've
Now if you imagine that you are the ring that

noticed the girls of each land. You
hangs in a debutante's ear. You

swear every time you will make one your wife, And you
surely would catch all the offers of love, That the
hand her your heart in your hand. There are
blushing young beauty would hear. "My
some that you cuddle and some that you squeeze, They
in come's a million" says Algernon Rich The
all set your heart in a whirl. Repeat breathes "Love I am thine." While the
member however, when ever you woo, There's a
social dog, Cholly, of four hundred fame, Says "with
poco rit.
diff-er-ent way for each
girl.
out you we're three ninety
nine.

CHORUS
Poco più animato
Ways, ways, millions of ways, Try ev'ry one 'til you
find one that pays. Coax em' with diamonds or
bribe them with pearls. When you're hum hum woo-ing the girls.

D.S.
Hero and Leander

*MARMARA & HAMMOND*

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN.

Moderato

VAMP

Now I tell you what let's do; Speak, O my com-mand-er.
Why, your clothes are sim- ply drenched; Shall I dis- re-gard her?

I'll be He-ro, and you, Can make be-lieve Le-an-der.
Has it damp-ened your love? No just whet my ar-dor.

Can you tell me where he lived? Just a-cross the bay, ma'am
Do you rea-ly love me so? Well, I love you so, so;

19298-62
MAR.

Ver - y well then you must swim, If you wish to co - py him;
Oh, but that is not e - nough, Love must be of stern - er stuff,

BAM.

I o - bey what ev - er you may say, madam.
Do you think that you can dic - tate? O, no!

DANCE (lightly)
CHORUS

Tell me is Miss Hero home? Really I don't know, sir.
You demand too much of love, You're so thoughtless of me.

Then will you be good enough? Very well, I go sir!
I can't frivol all the time, That means you don't love me:

Why, Leander, how do you? Thank you, I'm in love with you,
O this is a cruel blow! My, I guess I'd better go.

But remember, just remember that we are pretending.
Wait! Remember, just remember that we are pretending.
Allegro non troppo

SULTAN
(Shouting) Guards! Guards! I'll show you who's master here!

HEINRICH
Please, Mister Sultan man, Give me all the news you can.

For, by such philanthropy, You are making history.
PRINCIPIES

Yes by this you plainly see, You are making history.

HARRY

Valse Allegretto

Hear me I pray. Turn not away. Pay more respect to a stranger's plea. Let them alone, I will alone.

poco rit.

Twas the strength of my love that betrayed me.
Stop your chattering, Useless flattering. You shall have the darkest cell!

For such chattering, and such chattering, He shall have the darkest cell!

SULTAN

ALL
Listen while I tell a tale to you. While she tells to us a tale.

In the days of old, Once a Sultan bold Took a child upon his knee,

Said if ever she Brought him any plea, He would grant it willingly.

But remember now, That ancient vow, Set these guiltless people

MARMARA

ALLEGRETTO

MARMARA & HARRY (to Sultan)
MARMARA (to Barry)

free. Ah, do not despair, He really doesn't dare, But

if he does, why just watch me!

For

Moderato (Quasi Marcia)

I'm the Sultan's favorite daughter, Only child of a favorite wife,

Favorite child of a lonely sultan, Think of leading such a life
Ev'ry man who knows he loves me, Pa's the only man I know,

As for him I snap my fingers, All I say must go.

She's the Sultan's favorite daughter, Only child of a favorite wife.

Fav'rite child of a lonely sultan, Think of leading such a life!
Ev'ry man who knows her, loves her, 'Pös the only men she knows.

As for him she snaps her fingers, All that she says goes.
HIS HONOR THE SULTAN
OPENING CHORUS, ACT II.

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Allegretto

SOLO

There's a story told of the days of old, How the rulers used to
To watch the whirl of the dancing girl
And listen to her song.
And so as the night draws near,
This song you'll often hear.

Allegretto

L'istesso tempo
CHORUS

Valse Allegretto.

Through twisting smoke, with flashing glance, We gaily

sing we madly dance, The sleepy incense

fills the air; Yet still we sing forgetting

care To happy days We sing in praise. To
veiled face and gentle grace, To dreamy hours in lofty towers, To every thing we laugh and sing

Allegretto

SOLO

I am ever whirling singing as I go. As I
sway and glide through the never-ending dance. And my veil hangs free as I dance with glee, And captivate the watchers with a glance.

DANCE

16298-02
Hunting high, hunting low, hunting high,
hunting low,

Every hiding place we know,
everywhere a man might go;

Tho' we've searched in
every plain. We have sought for him in vain.
Married Life
(SULTAN AND MRS. STRAIGHTON)

Lyrics by
J. E. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Allegro

Slowly

Pray con-sid-er if you will All the joys of mar-ried life,
Ex-hib-it "B": Ah, what a change! They've been married sev-ral years;

Bliss and rap-ture, nev-er end-ing, When at last you're man and wife. Ex-
Love-ly wife, she now plays bridge, Hus-band sheds un-heed-ed tears.

hib-it A: Ah how en-tran-cing, Plan-ning for the hon-ey-moon,
Clock is mid-night, house de-sert-ed, Man re-turns a-lone and sick,
Por ing o ver maps and rail roads, Life is one time ta ble spoon.
Sinks in chair, de ject ed, wait ing, For her latch key's rasp ing click.

Repeat during Dialogue, till Cae

CHORUS

Hoo ray! What can you say? When you're mar ried, that's the way!

D.S.
One Little Lonely Maid
(MARMARA & FOUR AMERICAN MEN)

Lyrics by
J. M. ALLISON

Music by
C. C. PEIRCE

Valse moderato

Allegretto

(MARM) I'm but a timid and shy little maiden, (MEN) Just
(MEN) You are a rich little Princess of twenty, (MARM) It's

so, quite so. (MARM) I've seen so little, oh
true, quite true. (MEN) So I would now offer my

really so little of the world, you know; self as a lover to you to

90299-04
world, you know. But if you wish it will you, to you.

(MKN) Oh you're mis-tak-en, I'm

will-ing-ly teach you what you should know. (MAR) You're sure there is plen-ty of time la-ter will do. (MAR) I

so ve-ry kind, sirs, I hope you don't mind sirs; (MKN) Oh, real-ly must wait, sirs, I'll not an-ti-quate, sirs. (MKN) That's

no, Oh ne! true, quite true.
CHORUS

One little lonely maid, Dreaming

all alone, Dreaming sweet dreams of

unseen lands, Dreaming all alone.

Tell us, oh lonely maid.
What you would wish to know,

But make suggestions, we'll answer your questions, Oh, dainty

Princess of fair Tanjo

poco pressando
Ach, How I Lofe a Dreamy Valse

(SCHLITZ)

Lyrics by
J. F. THOMPSON

Music by
E. P. NEVIN

Moderato

La-dies dear, List-en here, I'll tell you all a-bout the
Now back home when you roam, To listen to the mu-sic of a

Vat-er-land. Mu-sic is a thing we eat, On
Ger-man band. Ev-ery one is ov-er come.
all occasions, it is meet
By the music of the drum
Yet, ach Gott,
He who hears,

Tell you vat, There's something I don't understand. Why
Sits in tears, The music is too sweet to stand. But

you prefer a tra-la tune To the music of a big bassoon,
over here, I don't know why, Your taste for music isn't high.

CHORUS.

If this is orient, Gif me the occident.
Tom-Tom music may be fine, But houth-y couth is
not for mine, Ach, how I love a dream-y
valse.
Money Makes the World Go 'Round

(SCHLITZ)

Lyrics by
SKIDMORE Jr.

Music by
E. GRAY

Tempo di Marcia

Now money is the root of every
capital is the root of every
Now money is the root of every
capital is the root of every
Now money is the root of every
A financier fell over board while
evil, as I am told,
nefarious as I am told,
To
The

crossing the ocean blue,
find how to extract it is the task of young and wom-an screamed and fainted, and the men were fran-tic.

old.

Men call it "fil-thy lu-cre" but if too;

He had no life pre-ser-ver, but he

you watch them a bit.

You'll find they al-ways

man-aged to hold his own.

He'd spent his life in

look a-round to find some more of it.

Wall street, so he knew how to float a loan.
CHORUS

Cash, coin, rocks or dough, whatever it may be called.

If you have it round, you know, you'll never on earth get stalled.

Take your roll along, you'll always be safe and sound. For

money makes, the world go 'round 'round.

D.C.
Valse

Allegretto

I call to praise thee,
I call to praise thee,

I call to praise thee,

lit - tle maid; The vel - vet sky a - bove,
lit - tle maid; The dain - ty night born flower,

While
all the timid twinkling stars, Bear witness to my love. And
On whose waxen fragile cheek, A dew tear shines this hour. For
by the light of saber bright That gleams clear at my side. I
at the break of early dawn, Frail beauty fades away. And
pledge my life to live for thee, My little Tango Bride.
frightened by the rising sun, It hides itself from day.

CHORUS
Valse moderate

Little maid of dusky hue, With bright and glittering
eyes. A noble chieftain prays for you To Allah in the skies.
For you he'd fight with all his might, For you he'd fall and die.
He longs, he yearns he lives for you, My little Tanjo Bride.

D.S.
In the Eastern land, lived a Sultan grand, Who was
He sang of his own quiet happy home, On the

Little known to fame; With his daughter there, a
Old New England shore, They would leave these powers for
maid so fair, And Mar-ma-ra was her name; One
hap-pier hours, Their trou-bles would all be o'er: In a

lucky day From the U - S - A Came a
new ma-chine 'Mid the moun-tains green They would.

Yank ee lad a-long; Saw the cute lit-tle maid, Lost his
spend their hon-ey moon, Neath the stars up a-bove. She would

bold heart and stayed, And sang to her this song; Oh,
know of his love, When she heard him sing this tune; Oh,
CHORUS

Marmara, My Marmara, Just listen to my pleading,

Come and be my Yankee bride Time for us is speeding.

Neath skies so glorious Tropic stars shine o'er us,

Fly with me, across the sea My oriental queen.