The Fattest Calf
A MUSICAL FARCE IN THREE ACTS

BOOK BY
D. C. JOSEPHS
J. A. RICHARDS

LYRICS BY
C. HERTER

MUSIC BY
H. H. MEYER
F. VAN S. HYDE

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CAST

ACT I

SADIE . . . . . . J. P. SPANG
ALOYSIUS SWEENEY . . . . . R. CUTLER
HIRAM CRANBERRY . . . . . HAROLD AMORY
MANAGER OF PUDDING TROUPE . . . . . FRANCIS BROOKS
STEVE . . . . . . J. S. N. SPRAGUE
CONDUCTOR . . . . . . W. T. S. THORNDIKE
FIRST BAGGAGERMAN . . . . . P. B. KURTZ

ACT II

ANTONIO . . . . . . D. R. SIGOURNEY
BASSANIO . . . . . . C. F. FARRINGTON
SHYLOCK . . . . . . J. S. N. SPRAGUE
PORTIA . . . . . . F. S. ALLEN
DUKE . . . . . . R. CUTLER
OTHELLO . . . . . . W. T. S. THORNDIKE
MANAGER OF COOK'S TOURISTS . . . . . H. S. STURGIS
LUIGI, an Italian Street-singer . . . . . FRANCIS CAPPER


ACT I Interior of the Station, Warm Water Junction.
ACT II Interior of the Town Hall. Same evening.
Time: Present
Act I

1. OPENING CHORUS  
2. LUNCH GIRLS' GLIDE  
3. PUDDING ENTRANCE  
4. TOWN FACTOTUM  
5. CLOG AND ENCORE  
6. QUAIN'T OLD LOVE SONG  
7. WON'T YOU BE OUR HEROINE  
8. HOBOS' DANCE  
9. FINALE

Act II

1. OVERTURE  
2. ITALIAN STREET SONG  
3. YIDDISHER SONG  
4. COOK'S TOURISTS  
5. EUGENIC LOVE SONG  
6. INCIDENTAL MUSIC  
7. THE DAY HAD NEVER SEEMED SO CLEAR  
8. FINALE
Opening Chorus, Act I.

C. HERTER                        F. HYDE

BAGGAGE MEN & SCRUB-WOMEN (Together)

We're working hard as you can see, We

have n't time for deviltry; Our tasks are very

arduous, And also very hard on us. We
work all day for little pay, And never have a word to say, But just as far as we can see, We're just as happy as can be. Then three long cheers for us baggage men, And three long cheers for us scrub women. We're workmen of the
highest class, And we won't take any one else's sass.

SCRUB-WOMEN
With a rustle and a bustle, and an

BAGGAGE-MEN
With a rustle and a bustle, and an

TILL READY

ever-lasting hustle, We throw our suds about, With a

ever-lasting hustle, We throw the trunks about, With a

shatter and a clatter and a most effective scatter, We

slatter and a datter and a most effective scatter, We
put the dust to rout. If you think we ever let their clothes drop out. If you don't like what we shirk, In a corner gently lurk, There you'll do, There's a place you can go to, For we're see we're most proficient, And more than just efficient And do really most proficient, And more than just efficient, And nothing but hard, hard work. don't care a hang for you.
Pudding Entrance

Words by C. HERTES

Music by F. HYDE

Here we are at last so kindly give us a welcome.

Just why it's so, We none of us know, It's
not of our choosing, Nor yet too amusing,

If you would help us home, Tell us where we are. We're the

CHORUS

Pudding Show, Going to Buffalo, But we've

lost half our players, And all of our dough. But as
long as we're here, Why not keep up our cheer, For the
eating's the test of the Pudding you know,

All us college boys, We must have our joys,

No matter where we go. We're the go.
The Town Factotum

Words by R. CUTLER

Music by H. H. MEYER

1. Say, you guys, don't get so fresh to me

I'm the man that does the work in this town

Understand I'm full of dignity

And on ev'rything that's wrong I'm sure to frown.
CHORUS

I'm the mayor, the justice of the peace,
I'm the only man that is the town police. I'm the railroad agent, you can see

Warm Water Junction all lives in me.

2

Graft they say makes politicians rich
Though I am the mayor I have not a show
If for Kale my palm begins to itch
The copper hands me over to the judge, you know.

3

I can marry any girl I see
If she has a feller that will do
Then they buy their railroad fares from me
And if love's a failure I will work 'em too.
A Quaint Old Love Song

Words by
R. CUTLER

Music by
F. HYDE

In the by-gone days,
Dear romantic days,

In the modern days,
All our rag-time lays,

Love was more than song;
Hearts were strong and men's

Played on grapho-phones,
Tell of Sue and her
friendships were long, Pas and Mas were true,
bou John-ny Jones, Irv-ing Ber-lin's rot,

And the Ren-nos few, And mar-riage vows were
And the Cas-tle's trot, And all this mod-ern

kept up for-ev-er In the days that fa-ther knew.
mу-sic is trash, you know, Real love is quite for-got.

CHORUS

Sing me a quaint old love song, Sing me a song of
yore,
Some-thing not sung by ev-'ry vul-gar throng,

Free from a syn-co-pa-ted score, (my dar-ling) Sing me of An-nie

Lau-rie, Or of Clem-en-tine, Oh! sing me some sweet

song of the past, And tell me you’ll be mine.
Won't You Be Our Heroine

Sadie, won't you be our leading lady?

Won't you star our darkened heaven? Be our heroine
do. Sadie dear, we want you badly,

We need you sadly, For we have

no one here to do Female acting but you. Oh,

Sadie, won't you be our leading lady?
Do not think the stage is shady, be our heroine.

Sadie dear, for you will thank us.

When you are famous, so fairest Sadie, Sadie,

Be our heroine do. Kindly do.
Finale to Act I.

Words by
R. CUTTER

Music by
H. H. MEYER

CORNET SOLO

We're going to stage a play for you, And if it's not ex-act-ly knew, Yet

still we think it ought to please, Be-cause we act it with ease. — Shake-
spear wrote all the lines, they say; The merchant really used to pay. The act is swift, the plot is hot. The parts I'll now allot. You're to be Portia, Belmont's maid, And you are Shylock, I'm afraid. Oh, like to act the ducal part, I'd act it with all Garrick's art. The why give me such an awful part, Steve please have a heart. And part is yours, the lines are few, I'll give the Duke to you. And
you can be Bassanni-o; You must be taught to love, you know. I'd you must lose your calf you know, For you're to be An-to-ni-o. I

rather wreck a train or two, If that would do. I'd thank you Steve, and by your leave: An-to-ni-o.

TRIO

Come to the town-hall We've leased

for to-night, We'll give a
show for you; Something better than others do.

Prices you'll find are not out of sight.

Shakespeare pays in modern days, As you can see tonight.
Italian Street Song

F. HYDE
Yiddisher Chorus

Words by C. HERTER

Music by H. H. MEYER
CHORUS

He'll buy your New Haven stock, Trust in him, trust in him,

He'll take anything in hock, And put you on the auction block.

He is keen on any trade, He'll make most, where any's made,

Trust in him, trust in him, For he's the jew Shylock.
Cook’s Tourist Song

DANCE
INTRO.

What a wondrous place is Venice, Is it not, sister
Cook? Oh, yes, it's so delightful, Is it not, brother Cook? To

come here was very hard, Till we saw 'twas double starred, Was it not, fellows Cook?

ALL

We have dashed about from place to place, An everlasting, endless chase; With

o - ver - sol - emn, si - lent face, And yet we must keep up the pace, For
are we not the chosen race, The hollow chested tourist race.

CHORUS

We have traveled every foreign land, From dear old Persia to Japan, But ev'rywhere they like to

let us know That we're American.
Even though our company they shun, And laugh at our Provincial looks, They rob us of our hard-earned mon, Be cause we come from Cook's. Cook's.
Eugenic Love Song

Words by P. C. JOSEPHS
Music by H. H. MEYER, & S. S. BIGELOW

Portia you know that I respect,
Your overwhelming Bassano
It seems to me, that we are fitted

in - tel - lect, Your mod - ern theo - ries, an - swer quer - ies That I rec - ol - perfected,
No love is needed, scarcely needed, In the mod - ern

lact Which ev - ry one ad - van - ces Gains! Mar - i - tal mis - chan - ces Now
match, The on - ly thing while ma - ting, Is health cer - tif - i - ca - ting, So

don't you think that we could be Married quite eugenic?
I ac - cept your kind re - quest, If you can pass the State strength test.
In fairy tales we read of love, And matches made above,
But we know this is not so, In this modern age.
Strength is what makes marriage go, The strongest pair's the rage,
So let our motto always be, In strength is unity.
Incidental Music

F. HYDE
The Day Had Never Seemed So Clear

Words by P. C. JOSEPHS

Music by H. H. MEYER and L. M. SARGENT

The day had never seemed so clear, The
The sun has never seemed so bright, The

The sky so deeply blue, Until I first met
Dew like diamonds gleam, The trees and flow'rs in
you, my dear, Until I first met you.

Glorious light, Quite new and different seem,

Love is a God that ope's my eyes, Which were so blind before,

Something has changed my narrow view, Has cut the binding ties,

All around to my surprise, I see all love, thro' love of you, Because I sympathize.

See love more and more,
CHORUS

There's love in the meadows fair, And love up in the sky,

Love in the song of birds, As they soar on high. There is

love in my song to you, Love that never dies,

Dearest, I think I see Love in your eyes.
Finale to Act II.

Words by
C. HERTER

Music by
H. H. MEYER

And now good-night, our little farce is c'ér,

We'll have time for the twelve four, So say adieu.

In the line of Shakespeare we've shown you something new.

We've shown you Portia with her caskets three,
We've shown Shylock's usury Upon the calf,
Which he put in lock upon Bassanio's behalf. And

Now we're off for Buffalo When we have heard the whistle blow,

Off—where the white lights glow, Big, bad Buffalo. The
Porter'll take us by the hand, And lead us to the promised land,

We won't have a one nights stand. In big, bad Buffalo.

Tempo di Marcia

Vamp

Chorus

We don't care for these country jays. Give us the cabar-
ets. Gilded knights and girls in tights,

And all the other sights of Broadway. Cows and hens and the

farmer's joys, For us are far too slow. Grab your grip, grab your

grip, We are all off boys, To big, bad Buffalo.