F. C. Whitney presents
The Alfred E. Aarons Musical Comedy Co.

A China Doll

With

Josephine Hall

Book and Lyrics by
Harry B. and Robert B. Smith

Music by
Alfred E. Aarons

M. Witmark & Sons

New York, Chicago, London, San Francisco

Joseph Winther, Leipzig, and Vienna

Allan's Co., Melbourne, Australia

Copyright 1900, renewed 1928 M. Witmark & Sons
A CHINA DOLL

A MUSICAL COMEDY

BOOK & LYRICS BY
HARRY B. AND ROBT. B. SMITH

MUSIC BY
ALFRED E. AARONS.

VOCAL SCORE, Pp. 2.50 net.  VOCAL GEMS, Pp. 50c net.
F. C. WHITNEY.

PRESENTS

Josephine Hall

IN

"A China Doll"

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

Lyrics by
HARRY B. and ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Walker Foote, manager of the Trans-Pacific All Star Co.

Samson Muckles, known as "Handsome Samson" the strong man.

Daniel Gagga, the clown.

Barker, the glass eater.

La Belle Daley, a tight-rope artist and juggler.

Sing Lo, Mandarin of Hong Kong.

Hi See, his son.

Wing Lee, Mandarin of the Red Button.

Pee Chee San, his daughter.

Kwei Tsi, Proprietor of a tea house.

Wee Wee Wun, a dancing girl.

Wun Hook, a fisherman.

Dr. Teo Yee.

Dr. Chin Chin.

Dr. Ah Cut.

Dr. Song.

[Four doctors.]

and

Bonnie Eriery, an American Vaudeville Singer.

JOSEPHINE HALL


SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Market Place in Hong Kong.

ACT II.—Palace of Sing Lo.

Time—Present.
CONTENTS.

Act I.
1. OPENING CHORUS. .......................... 5
2. SONG. "I Want to See the Happy Man."  Pee Chee San and Chorus 18
3. QUARTET. "How to be Happy Though Married." Hi See, Pee Chee San, Sing Lo, Wing Lee 21
4. ENTRANCE. "Apple Mary Maguire."  Bonnie 26
5. SONG. "I Never Took a Lesson in My Life!"  Bonnie 32
6. DUET. "One Umbrella Would Be Big Enough For Two." Hi See, Pee Chee San and Chorus 38
7. SONG. "If I Only Had a Theatre on Broadway." Walker, Gaggs, Muckles, Barker, Daisy and Chorus 42
8. SONG. "If You Only Know the Way to Pull the Wires." Bonnie 48
9. FINALE I. .................................. Principals and Chorus 81

Act II.
10. OPENING CHORUS. ......................... 67
11. DUET. "The Tale of the Wedding Bell." Hi See, Pee Chee San and Chorus 80
12. SONG. "My Little China Doll."  Pee Chee San and Chorus 86
13. TRIC AND DANCE. "Pfft! Hiss! Hiss!" Walker, Daisy and Barker 90
14. SONG. "That Man!"  Bonnie 95
15. SONG. "A Lady With Money!"  Gaggs and Chorus 99
16. SONG. "My Lucky Star!"  Hi See and Chorus 103
17. CCTETT. "What Will China Do?"  Hi See, Pee Chee San, Sing Lo, Wing Lee, Walker, Muckles, Gaggs and Barker 106
18. SONG. "Le Café Chantant!"  Bonnie 114
19. FINALE II. ................................ Principals and Chorus 118
Allegro con spirito.

SOFR. & ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

CHORUS.

In Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong, The

In Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong, The

days are bright, The days are long, In Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong,

The days are bright, The days are long, In Hong-Kong,

Hong-Kong,

The days are long, In Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong, The

Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong, In Hong-Kong, The

The days are long,
In the jolly old town of Hong Kong, In Hong Kong,

In the jolly old town of Hong Kong, In Hong Kong,

The days are bright, The days are long, And life is light as a popular song.

The days are bright, The days are long, And life is light as a popular song.
In Hong Kong, in the popular song,
In Hong Kong, in Hong Kong,
In the popular song,
In Hong Kong, in Hong Kong.

Jolly old town of Hong Kong,
Jolly old town of Hong Kong,
Jolly old town of Hong Kong.
Here we all devote our labors, To doing

up our friends and neighbors.

We're getting quite a

civilized way. And the popular game is rob the jay.
The solitary tipple that we take is tea.

Aiaḥ! Aiaḥ!
Aiaḥ! Aiaḥ!

The cup that cheers, yet never leads to deeds that are erratic. It's
flavor so delicious and its odor aromatic.

lit our encomiums decidedly emphatic.

Aiah!  Aiah!  Aiah!
Allegro a la Marcia.

Bac-chana-lian toast we bring you. A
Bac-chana-lian toast we bring you. A

Allegro a la Marcia.

com-bi-na-tion toast and tea, toast and tea, It's
com-bi-na-tion toast and tea, toast and tea, It's

prais-es we de-light to sing you.
prais-es we de-light to sing you.
Better than wine for you and me.

Better than wine for you and me.

fact we are teetotalers, teetotalers, teetotalers, Oh,
fact we are teetotalers, teetotalers, teetotalers, Oh,

yes we are teetotalers, Who emphasize the
yes we are teetotalers, Who emphasize the
tea. Bring Oo-long tea. And Sou-chong tea. In

mf a tempo

Hong Kong we delight in tea. Oh yes we are tea-
totallers. Who emphasize the tea.
No 2. I Want To See The Happy Man

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Entrance Song.
Pee-Chee Sun.

Piano.

Since a very wee Chinese, I have
They expect a girl to say She will

led a life of ease, They have done their best to please Pee Chee Sun; I've had
honour and obey One she, till her wedding day, Never knew, I am

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
all that cash could bring, From a rattle to a ring, I have sure I cannot see Just what harm that there could be, If I

had most everything That I saw him and he saw me, Now do you? And

so, I don't know As my wedding time draws nigh, Whether yet, Etiquette Quite insists it should be so, And of

I should sob and sigh Or rejoice Because you see, as yet I've course I do not know My own mind. So when I cannot see The
never even met the noble object of my fisher's choice.

Now I want to see the happy man,
Now I want to see the happy man,

Want to learn to love him if I can. Is he small, is he tall? Think that
Want to learn to love him if I can. Does he drink, do you think? Will he

CHORUS.

we Will agree? You will see.
be Good to me? You will see.
How to be Happy Though Married.

No 3.

Hi See, Pee Chee San, Sing Lo, Wing Lee.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.  
International Copyright Secured.
based on the experience I had with your mamma.

based on the experience your mother had with me.

To make your life one dreamy dore From
Be sure you let her have her way, Do

which you never wake.
what you can to please.

Don't
End

try to make your husband's clothes. Don't make him eat your cake. If
courage her in getting gay At ladies' clubs and

And
he comes home at break of day Believe him to the end When
if your house is over-run With yelping pets of hers, Pre-

he says he was called a-way To nurse a dying friend Tend you think it's lots of fun Ama love the little curs

At dinner if the soup is hot Don't be careful what you say and do And

throw the carving knife Remember dear, that that is not Your you may live in peace, But (whisper) I suggest that you Stand

poco rall.
pro - per aim in life. (GIRLS.) Ah! woe is me. We
in with the pol - ice. (MEN.) Ah! woe is us. A

grive to see Mar - riage is not what it's thought to be. (PEE.) But
las! A luck! Mar - riage re - sem - bles the tor - ture rack! (HI S.) But

REFRAIN.
Tempo di valse.

is there no eas - i er form of de - vo - tion. Where life is a
I thought that mar - riages were made in Heav - en, Per - haps I shall

pleas - ure un - har - ried? (WING L.) Yes; liv - ing on op - po - sit e
wish I had tur - ried. (SING L.) Let bus - ness de - tain you eigh!

618°
sides of the ocean. That's how to be happy though married. But
nights out of seven. That's how to be happy though married. But

is there no easier form of devotion. Where life is a
I thought that marriages were made in Heaven. Perhaps I shall

pleasure unhurried? Yes: living on opposite
wish I had married. Let business detain you eight

sides of the ocean. That's how to be happy though married.
nights out of seven. That's how to be happy though married.
Apple Mary Maguire.

Entrance of Bonnie.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by ALFRED E. AARONS.

Voice. Allegretto.

To

Piano.

sing in public on the stage With any marked success, The

tastes of every class and age, A girl must rightly guess. You_

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
see the sentimental pair The fellow and his steady. They

like the sentimental waltz So you must have one ready. In a

PARODIE. Valse.

corner of the city, Where all is rich and

poor. There dwells a simple maiden Whose
smile is bright and pure.
And as the boys pass by her stall To work at break of day,
They simply steal her apples, And to her they simply say: ay:

REFRAIN.
a tempo
You is the Angel of Mulberry Avenue You is de girl for
Give youse me word dat I would'n't mind havin' you sit fer a while on me knee. You may not be such a much of a look-er, Nor 'zack-ly the style I ad-mire. But in spite of your freck-les I'm sav-in' me sheek-les For you App-le Ma-ry Ma-guir'e.
You is de Angel of Mulberry Avenue, you is the

gurl for me, gurl for me. Give youse me word dat I

wouldn't mind havin' you sit for a while on me knee.
You may not be such a much of a look-er Nor 'zack-ly the

SOLO.

style I ad-mire. But in spite of your freck-les I'm

style I ad-mire.

CHORUS.

sav-in' me sheck-les For you Ap-ple Mary Ma-guire.

For you Ap-ple Mary Ma-guire.

#189-
They tell me I have talent, I think I have in fact,
When I go out to supper with dukes and earls and counts,
Why

when I sing the rafters ring, And I certainly can act,
My
work is so artistic I show such real good sense, I
call for "Pa-tie pois-son" Some "Carte de jour cro-chette," And

hate to talk about myself. Well then, well I'm in-mean.
al-ways eat it even when I don't know what I get.

REFRAIN.
Slowly.

Don't you think I'm clever? Don't you think I'm wise? I
Don't you think I'm clever? Don't you think I'm bright?
think it's quite remarkable, In one my size. All the
can't say which is the worst, my thirst or appetite. All the
fellows in my set, say I'm sharper than a knife, Yet I
Johnnies that I know, say I'd make a model wife, Yet I
never took a lesson in my life.
never took a lesson in my life.
CHORUS.

Don't you think she's clever?
Don't you think she's clever?

Don't you think she's wise?

We

think it's quite remarkable.
Can't say which is the worst, her thirst or appetite. All the

one her size. All the
fellows in her set, Say she's sharper than a knife, Yet she
john-nies that she knows, Say she'd make a model wife, Yet she
fellows in her set, Say she's sharper than a knife, Yet she
john-nies that she knows, Say she'd make a model wife, Yet she
never took a lesson in her life. D.C.
never took a lesson in her life. D.C.
never took a lesson in her life. D.C.
never took a lesson in her life. D.C.

1. last time.

6189-
No 6.
One Umbrella Would Be Big Enough For Two.
Duet.
High-See and Pee-Chee San.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegretto grazioso.

Voice.

Piano.

Little Pee-Chee San, if you ever go a-walking. On those
Little Pee-Chee San, finds it dreadful to be lonely. For the

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
tiny little feet. You should have an escort, or
men so rudely wink. But there'd be a place for—

people will be talking And their gossip is not sweet.
one companion only, Two is company, I think.

You should have a man, Oh, my little Pee-Chee San.
Little Pee-Chee San, Doesn't like the average man.

Then you'd gaily stroll along together.
And they couldn't get along together. But she
You could wake a fun, While to carry he would plan, An um-thinks you'd do perhaps, Better than a lot of chaps, To-

rith.

brel-la, for it might be rainy weather. Be a long in case of rainy weather.

RFFPAIf.

a tempo

But the rain might fall, Or the sun might shine. I wouldn't mind the sun might shine. You'd certainly pro-
weath-er, dear, If oan-ly you were mine, all mine, So-
tect me, And I think it would be fine, so fine, It-
close-ly we would cling. You to me, and I to
wouldn't be just prop-er. For a girl to cling to
you,
That just one small um-brel-la, Would be
you,
Still I fan-cy one um-brel-la, Might be

big e-nough for two. But the two.
big e-nough for two. Then the two.

Repeat Chorus for Dance.
No. 7. If I only had a Theatre on Broadway.

Walker, Gaggs, Mackles, Barker, Daisy and Chorus.

Words by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by ALFRED E. AARON.

I'm looking for a theatre to manage in New York,
Where -
give 'em Annie Russell and her pretty sister Lil,
With -
in - tro - duce a feature that I'm ver - y sure attracts,
Pre -

I'll present attractions that will make the public talk,
The
their two Russell Brothers all together in one bill,
I'd
vent - ing thirst - y men from going out between the acts.
A

Copyright MCXIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
great Sir Henry Irving from across the sea I'll fetch, And
have 'em do a slide for life from way up near the done, Wher
make the mer - ry show girls do the work and win re - down, The
pipe line from the near - est bar will run to ev - ry guest, You

with the Rogers Brothers be shall do a German sketch, Miss
Lil - lian walks the tight - rope not a soul there will go home. Of
prin - ci - pals and star could all so way back and sit down. And
on - ly press the but - ton and the bar - keep' does the rest. So

Ter - ry shall come o - ver, I will glad ly pay the freight, I'll -
course Oi - lette would be a - mong my ga - lax - y of stars. I'd -
when the John - nies down in front be - gin to leer and smile. I'd -
you can get most an - y - thing from Bur - gund - y to Russ. By -
Have her lead the cake-walk; she and Mansfield would look great.
John
Make him play a smoking part, and furnish his cigars.
While
Make 'em come up on the stage, and sing with as a while.
No
Just pretending to look through my patent opera glass. 'Twill

Drew and Leslie Carter in one cast; I will combine, In as
Fauset and Hackett, those Adonis correct, Would do
One but I shall ever have a voice in anything, And
Save the men some trouble and protect the ladies' feet. The

Listessso tempo.

Operatic spectacle by Oscar Hammerstein. If I
Sidewalk conversations in an Irish dialect. If I
No one in my company shall have a voice to sing. If I
Stingy ones will like it, because they will not have to treat. If I
REFRAIN.

Only had a theatre on Broadway, I'd show the public
Only had a theatre on Broadway, A knock-out show I
Only had a theatre on Broadway, I'd have to an a-
Only had a theatre on Broadway, My patrons should be

I was there to stay. With Mrs. Patrick Camp-bell I would
Surely would display. I'd drive the public woo-ly, With
Tomial display. Those skinny half-starved sup-ers, Should
Alway's blithe and gay. Those tick-et spec-u-la-tors, Should

Do a Lamb's Gaml-bol, If I only had a the-a-tre on Broad-way.
Coon songs sung by Duse, If I only had a the-a-tre on Broad-way.
All be down at Huser's, If I only had a the-a-tre on Broad-way.
All get jobs as wait-ers, If I only had a the-a-tre on Broad-way.
If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,

If he only had a theatre on Broadway,
With Mrs. Patrick Campbell He would do a Lamb's... coon song sung by
He'd drive the public woozy. With... all be down at
Those skinny half-starved superiors. Should... all get jobs as
Those tick- et spec- u- la- tors. Should... all get jobs as

Gambol, if he on- ly had a the-
Bus- e- rs, if he on- ly had a
Hu- bers, if he on- ly had a
wait- ers, if he on- ly had a the-

a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.

a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.
a- tre on Broad- way.

sfs. F.T.
NO. 8. If You Only Know the Way to Pull the Wires.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS

Voce.

Molto moderato.

Piano.

Some folks are always occupied, and have no time to play. Why

They persons drop that word "obey." What will the poor men do? Why

seem to take peculiar pride in working night and day; But

Even now, she makes you pay For every kiss to you. She
I can't see a little bit. This slaveing like a Turk. When
gets her bonnets gowns and rings, With no effort at all. She

REFRAIN.

you can have the best of it Without a stroke of work. If you
simply calls you pretty things And you return the call. If she

Allegretto

only know the way to pull the wires. You can
only knows the way to pull the wires. She can

have most everything the heart desires. Not a
have most everything her heart desires. When her

49
thing for you to do. It is "hand-ed-cut" to you. If you
mother comes for keeps in the bath-tub hub-ly sleeps. If she

only know the way to pull the wires.
only knows the way to pull the wires.

last time only.

wires.
wire.

D.C.  

pp

km

km

km
No. 9.  Finale I.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegro agitato.

WING LEE.

Now then, to the palace, And draw the bridal veil. And

let these craven criminals Be led away to

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
jail.

CHASE.

Arrest them! Arrest them! And refuse them bail.

Arrest them! Arrest them! And refuse them bail.

BONNIE.

What! Take Muck-les? Where's my hat? Gosh darned if I'll

FOOTE.

stand for that! Don't you budge! Fudge! Now

WING
as our criminal court believes. No punishment too great for

thieves, In this particular case the price is The hundred

MUCKLES.

slices.

Your

The hundred slices! The hundred slices!

CHORUS.

The hundred slices! The hundred slices!
GAGGS.

Majesty I'm overcome! Yes, can you cut those slices some?

The hundred slices! The hundred slices!

hun - dred slic - es! The hun - dred slic - es!

hun - dred slic - es! The hun - dred slic - es!
Maestoso.

WING LEZ.

Of course the law we must obey;
But we might try some other way.
Why yes; you might be boiled alive.
A sentence very few survive;
Or taken some time after dark.

Fed in piece-meal to the shark, But really you don't know how nice is,

The
hun-dred slices!

The hun-dred

The hun-dred

MUCKLES.

Oh

slices!

The hun-dered slices!

slices!

The hun-dered slices!

6188
quasi recit.

clemency Your Majesty, I ask for clemency! What's

colla voce

Vivace.

that? He asks for clemency! Now who on earth can

mf molto cresc.

that girl be? Holó your tongue! Stung!

Allegretto grazioso.

Now my little Pee-Chee-San, You have seen the happy man. Won't you

6189
love him if you can? Won’t you try? Why, I might admit I do, And perhaps it might be true, I might tell you I love you But I’m shy. Now whate’er may be-true, May the radiant moon above, May the sacred star of love, Be your
Then let your joy abound, and let the trumpets sound. All

Then let your joy abound, and let the trumpets sound. All

Tempo di Marcia.

Hail the happy bridegroom and the bride.

Hail the happy bridegroom and the bride.

Tempo di Marcia.

rall.

rall.
While we ring the merry marriage bell

For a wedding up-to-date and swell,

For these culprits there shall wait An altogether different fate, For

they shall dwell within a dungeon cell.

And
PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

while we're drinking wine and eating cake

In our happiness no part they'll take.

Cresc.

Listesso tempo.

They'll live in dread and fear in prison dark and drear, The

torture soon will make them ache.
Hail, happy pair! Good fortune is your share. You certainly belong your life with prospects more than fair. While us for you whose crimes are more than few, We hate to tell the things that they will do to you.
PRINCIPALS 1st time. ALL 2d time.

Sound then the trumpet and beat on the gong. In a

wild Chinese jubilation. Varied en-

joyment. Gives all hearts employment. And fills everyone with

happy expectation.
ALL WOMEN.

Hail! Hail! That is something new.

ALL MEN.

A wedding and a torture too. That is something new.

Hail! Hail! That is true.

Yes, there will be a lot to do. That is true.

It is a prospect we enjoy.

A is a prospect we enjoy.
PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

Sound then the trumpet and beat on the gong In a wild Chi-
none jubilation, Varied enjoyment gives-
all hearts employment and fills everyone, yes everyone wish happiness, with
Happy expectation. All hail the groom and hail the bride! Off with them one and all. To altar or to prison go.

End of Act I.
№ 10.

ACT II.

Opening Chorus.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Con spirito.

Piano.

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Waiting simply waiting, For the bright particular,
Waiting simply waiting, For the bright particular,

For the scintillating, Blushing bridal star. Whose
For the scintillating, Blushing bridal star. Whose

beauty breath abating, Stands without a par._
beauty breath abating, Stands without a par._

6189
And of course creating, jealousy afar. Ding dong dell.

And of course creating, jealousy afar.

Ding dong dell.

Sound the merry wed-ding bell. Ev'ry thought of care dis-pel.

Banish sadness, welcome.
Banish sadness, welcome.
Be you very, very merry, Ding dong, Ding dong,
SOPRANO.

Ding dong dell,
ALTO.
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,

TENOR.
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,

BASS.
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,

f

molto rit.

Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell.

Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell.

Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell,
Ding dong dell.

molto rit.

dim.

pp
ppp
Allegro a la marcia.

BRIDES-MAIDS.

Here we come with presents

rarest, Which society provides.
Wedding presents for the fairest,
Of the seasons' brides.
Such a lot of gifts have made.

Great expense we must confess.
But we know we'll feel re-

Allegretto.

said. When we see her dress.
MANDARIN.

See the blushing bride is here

Hail hail the bride

Hail hail the bride

Let your welcome be sincere.

Hail hail the bride.

Hail hail the bride.
Wish her joy and happiness.

It can do no harm I guess she may

Find it, more or less she may

Chorus:

Hail the bride.

Hail the bride.
find it, more or less.

Hail the bride.

Kow tow

We bow

We bow

molto rit.
Solo.

Menu mosso.

form us You who have tried How does it seem To be a

Peechee.

bride? You know, some how I must admit En frightened now, a little

Cog moto. Hi-Lee.

Then listen dear, and I will tell The tale of the

6159
No. 11. The Tale Of The Wedding Bell.

Words by ROBERT B. SMITH.

Hi See and Pee Chee Sun. Music by ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegro moderato. tempo rubato

Voice.

Piano.

tempo rubato

note that sounds of the wedding bell is a token of plighted

love And it casts its spell over hill and dale From the

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
bel - fry up a - bove As your heart re - sponds to its joy - ful ring And you gaze in your loved one's eyes Your

thoughts take wing and seem to bring A vis - ion of Par - u - dise

Refrain.

Ding dongs! Ding dongs! Sounding the notes of a

6189 jj
love song, sending forth a merry strain.

"Love, true love" in its sweet refrain, Ding dong!

Ding dong! Gay as the merriest spring song; "Mar-ry for love! "Mar-ry for love!" That is the tale of the wedding bell.
My Little China Doll.
Pee Chee San and Chorzs.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano:

PEE-CHEE SAN.

In a shop where we children used to stop 'Cause we
She had eyes of such a wondrous size Lovely

could not pass it by: Saw in there a
lips of coral red. Cheeks so pink and

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
China doll so fair,  Hanging on a shelf up all her own I think,  Golden locks upon her

hight.  At first sight I lost my heart outright,  Head.  Home I went and saved up every cent.

Would have made her mine;  But for expense,  They in vain I hoped.  For just when I Had

wanted fifty cents,  And I had only nine,  Saved enough to buy,  I called and she eloped.
REFRAIN.

PEE-CHEE SAN.

Dei-ly if I on-ly knew A girl like you. Whe

Oh! on-ly knew A girl like you.

would be true. I would see as lov-ers do, Un-der-

Who would be so true.

neath a sha-dy par-a-sol. But of course there

Sha-dy par-a-sol

6189
could't be A girl for me, So fair to see.

There couldn't be A girl for me Oh, so fair to

What a pity! None are pretty, Like my little China see.

(\textit{After 1st verse only, After 2d verse only, rit.})

doll. little, little China, little China doll.
No 13. Hist! Hist! Hist!

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Walter, Daisy and Barker.

Allegro moderato.

In the dime and nick-el pa-pers you may read a-bout my cu-pers, For I
In a bar-room I go straying, And if free-lunch they're dis-play-ing I de-

Copyright MCMIV by M. Wiltmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
do some deeds to make you hold your breath. There is
tect it soon as I go in the place. There of

surely no detective who is nearly as effective, For I
sandwiches are traces; But when I arrive it's access. Is a

certainly have got 'em skinned to death. I first
minute more there will not be a trace. If you
learned my trade de-
tec-tion In an Un-
cle Tom col-
lec-tion, Where I
miss a chain or lock-
et I can
tell the bold pick-
pock-et By
who

played the sec-
ond blood-
hound once or
twice;
And I
ever has a tak-
ing way with
me.
You of

hun- ed down E-
liz-
a In a way that did sur-
prise her, And
course have been dis-
cern-ing That I'm
ver-
y quick at learn-
ing, Why in

cut a lot of arti-
fi-cial Ice.
Then it's
fact I pick up ev-
'ry thing I see.
REFRAIN.

hist! hist! hist! or I'll slap you on the wrist On the trail of ev'-ry crim-i-nal we strike, Oh, we do not tell you whop-pers When we say of all the cop-pers, We're the best that ev-er came down the Pike, Pike, Pike, Pike, We're the best that ev-er came down the Pike.

6189.
That Man.
Bonnie.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Valse molto moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

I am in love with a life has no loftier heartless Le Tha rio By his art
prouder position To offer me

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
He has conspired to play the "Old Harry" oh!
Than to sit always without intermission Up -

With my heart. He has a figure Like Hack-ett, but bigger, The pose of Beau Brummell, The
on his knee. It really would fill me With feelings most jolly To act as a Trilby To

head of Abe Hummel, And I mean to follow This modern A - such a Sven - gal - li, I'd crawl through the transom To see handsome
pol-lo
Be-cause we can-not live a-part.
Sam-son, But what does he care a-bout me?

CHORUS.

That man! That man! My, how I love that man!
That man! That man! But it's not requited.

love that man! dore that man! Such rare perfection flies the collection.
My life's been blighted since I fell for my Willie.
gan.
Some who play Mat - i - nee Are O. K. In their
gan.
In vain do I sigh For one glance of his

way, But are built on a far diff'rant plan. Not a
eye, I am sure that I do all I can. It is

beau that I know Has a ghost of a show With that
just like my luck To go and get stuck On that

man! That man! That man! man!
man! That man! That man! man!

6189 C
No 15.

A Lady With Money.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Moderato con moto.

Piano.

My dear old papa was a self-made man; I'd
When in winter I sit in my opera box, Every
When I go out to shop on a bargain day, Through the
rather not say how he first began. I think he was something like
girl in the parquet looks up and knocks. My gown is so low it excrowd I just elbow and fight my way. You bet those poor women

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
there nev-er mind. To pry in the past isn't wise or kind. He cites their wrath. And they say that I look as if in my bath. My make way for me, I'm not of their sort as they plain-ly see. They

couldn't spell much but he wasn't a fool, For he chest dé-col-ette they re-mark with a laugh, Re -
mutter a lot, and they think it stings; But I

gath-ered to-geth-er a mil-lion cool, In stocks, and sub-ur-ban lots sem-bles a ver-y bad pho-to-graph, Be-cause. Oh, why should he do not care that for the jeal-ous things, Pa - pa may have done things a
both full of water, Which he left to yours truly, his beautiful daughter.
truth be glazed, It's badly developed and over-exposed.
里 t'e bit shady, But I, as you see, am a perfect lady.

Valse moderato.
(2d Time Chorus unis.)

Now they follow me every where, The lords and the dukes and the
Still they follow me every where, Opera glasses up on me they
So they follow me every where, They size up my rubies and

earls; They say I'm pretty and clever and witty; I'm
bend, With careful aim they all stare through the same, Tho' some
pearls, I walk 'round proudly scold floor-walkers loudly, And

0180 b
en-vied by all oth-er girls, The news-pa-per tribe, My dress-es de-
say they took through the wrong end, While sin-ger all shriek, I just talk a bhe
bul-ly the wea-ry shop girls i give ev-ry clerk sev-ral hours ex-tra

scribe, What I say is called bril-liant or fun-ny, i go round ev-ry-where, With my
streak, When the audience kiss-es it’s fun-ny, I’ll eat pea-nuts at Par-si-fal
work, Till I spoil dis-po-si-tions most sun-ny, Then I say I shan’t step in your

nose in the air. For I am a la-ty with mon-ey, mon-ey.
too, if I like. For I am a la-ty with mon-ey, mon-ey.
how-rid old shop. For I am a la-ty with mon-ey, mon-ey.
Allegretto.

How well I remember repeating in my nursery time. A verse on the first star of evening, making a wish in rhyme. And

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
even now when I'm older I satisfy all of my
now every night in the summer I take some nice man along with

fears And make my wish over my
me And stroll in the cool of the

shoulder, On the very first star that appears.
evening, Just to wish on the first star I see.

REFRAIN.

Starlight, star bright, Up in the heavens a

p f a tempo
Shining, I say I wish I may, I wish I might

Only have the wish I wish to-night. You could never

See me a sighing and pining, There is nothing denied me when

You're there to guide me. You're my luck - y star.
No 17.
What Will China Do?
Sing Lo, Hi See, Pee Chee, Wing Lee.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARON.

Allegretto.

Voice.

If's
Then the

Piano.

rum-ored that some na-tion Will soon rule the poor Chi-nee, And
Ger-man-y can't lick 'em There's an-oth-er land that can, And
Chink will have to whis-tle If the Scotchman wins the day, He will

all the world is won-der-ing Which na-tion it will be. If
Chi-na won't be in it with The fight-ing Ir-ish-man. He'll
sit him on a this-tle in a ver-y awk-ward way. He'll

Copyright MCMIV by M. Wettmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Germany should have a turn Of course she will determine That
take out his shillelagh And he'll beat 'em to a jelly, And
have to learn the Highland Fling His path will not be flow'ry, And

every Chinaman must learn To speak and dance the German,
make 'em sing "Come all yez" and Then dance a reel like Hel-lye.
going home from work he'll sing The strains of "Annie Laurie!"

AFTER 1st VERSE ONLY.

Now, just imagine if you can, Words like these from your laun-dr-y-man.

Tempo di valse.

Wollen sie be rei-nen Für ein glass of
Hier?

Gretchen, ich bin deinen, sprechen

sie zu mir.

Ach, du lieber Louie,

Lieben, sie mich viel?

Himmel, ich bin fertig.

Hier! Noch einmal! Spiel!
AFTER 2nd VERSE ONLY.

Just picture such a thing in vogue As a Ch'na-man with an Ir-ish brogue.

Moderato.

There's going to be a wake to-night In the shanty of O'Hs, And
er-ry Ir-ish-man in sight Has promised he will go. So

bring your best shil-le-lah 'long And come with Ker-ry Gow, And
after we have had a song We'll end up in a row. In the

shanty of O' Ho, Down fer-niest Ma-gin-nis row.

Allegro.
AFTER 3rd VERSE ONLY.

Sit still and pipe the melody, As piped by some hot Scotch Chinese.

Andante.

There's dew upon the heather, lassie, There's dew upon the brae, So sit we doon together lassie, And both catch cold that way. Ye would nae gang away bonnie, And leave me here to dee! For
I'm too strong and braw, my bonnie, And canna dee for thee.

Allegro moderato.
No 18.

Cafe Chantant.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegro a la marcia.

Piano.

In ze little cafe' chantant la ze

In the little cafe, he sings always for you.

Rue St. Honore, All the fine messieurs they
call un peu risque, But these are all the people

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
come to hear me sing, you know the way. Oh, I like zee and they never go away. Zee A-
sing you wish my shoulder. For my voice is verynericaines zee always find me "bully," tout a
veek. But zee beau messieurs zey sny "Comme elle est fait, But zee never bring zere wives a-long, "you
belle, tres chic." Ta, ta ta! Ta, ta ta! Ta, ta ta! Oh, la, la,"bet!" Jamais.

CHORUS.
la
Par-don-ez
moi.
Je suis tres
bien oui, oui
N'est cepas?
Oh, la la

la!
Comme ça, comme ça!
Tout le

monde zey ery "Voi-
la!"
Je suis char-

6189-b
No 19.

Finale II.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegretto.

Voice.

Piano.

Star light, star bright,

Up in the heavens shining, I

say I wish I may, I wish I might

Copyright MCMIV by M. Witmark & Sons.
International Copyright Secured.
Only have the wish I wish tonight.

You could never see me sighing and

pinching. There is nothing desired me when

you're there to guide me. You're my lucky star.
Star light, star bright, Up in the heavens a-
shining I say I wish I may, I
wish I might Only have the wish I wish to-night,

6180
You could never see me a sighing and
pinning. There is nothing denied me when

you're there to guide me, You're my lucky star.

Tempo di Marcia.
SOLO.

Oh, la, la, la

Pardonnez

môi.

Je suis très

bien oui, oui

N'est-ce pas?

Oh, la la

la!

Comme ça, comme ça!

Tout le

monde zey say "Voi-

la!"

Je suis char-


8189
nante, tres elegante! And all ze

con-nois-seurs zey all me ravi-s-sante O ma

foi! je vous adoré! Et que vou-lez vous en-

core! Jui me tou-jours la mil-it-taire.
call me ravis - sante O ma foi! Je vous a -
call me ravis - sante O ma foi! Je vous a -
dore! Et que vou - lez vous en - core! Jai - me tou -
dore! Et que vou - lez vous en - core! Jai - me tou -
jours la mie - taire.
jours la mie - taire.

The end.