MISS SIMPLICITY

A . . . . MUSICAL COMEDY

BY

R. A. Barnet

Music by

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ

With Additional Numbers by E. W. CORLISS and CLIFTON CRAWFORD

Lyrical Assistance by EDW. A. CHURCH and D. K. STEVENS

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OPENING CHORUS.

Philippe comes today!

CHORUS AND FOUCHE.

No. 1.

INTROD.
Allegro.

HAREY LAWSON HEARTZ.

PIANO.

melodie marcato.

cresc. poco a poco e molto ritard.

Allegrò moderato.

TUTTI.

Oh, cit-i-zens of Sau-ter-elle, All loy-al men are wel-

Who'er is King, we'll love him well, And hum-ly bow the knee!

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Who-ever reigns, he always finds Us most entirely true; We've

ne'er been known to change our minds When we had a thing else to do!

GIRLS. a tempo.

Let ev'ry man go change his mind, Another plan's to us assigned; With
sunny smiles and summer flowers, We'll make the town like Eden's bowers! With palm and pine prepare the way, With eg-lantine a-dorn the day! From wood and vale your garlands bring, Let roses hail the coming King!

Allegro, POUCHÉ.

Come, cease your chatter! magpies all! Or I by name on you may call!

1516 - 112
Hang up your weeds! And hang them true! Then hang yourselves when you are through!

TUTTI. Tempo di Marcia. (Entrance of MICHEL, Soldiers and Fieandires.)

The "King's Own" comes with the great Michel! Out loyal voices in high chorus swell!

Tempo di Marcia.

Throw out your flags, let every one get gay! We're all imperial on this holiday!

marcatto.

With pride, let every bosom grasp! The "King's Own" enters like a royal flush! A
full house greets them on their glorious way, For coro-nations come no ev-ery day!

Tempo di Valse.

Oh, girls' ad-mire our friend Mi-chel! Your ros-es shall his wel-come tell!

Tempo di Valse.

There nev-er shone a braver blade Than our Mi-chel on dress pa-rade!

Sog-dy girls, gay gar-lands wave, And raise a song to rouse the brave;

11046 - 112
We love ourselves, we love our joys, But most we love our solemn boys!

FOUCHE. Allegro.

Go a-way! Stay a-way! And keep your clatter down, O great

FOUCHE soon will show you that he runs this little town! You che!

Moderato. TUTTI

runs this little town! You know 'tis so! We know 'tis so!

\( f \)
GIRLS. Vivace.

Hur-ry! Hur-ry! Skip and scur-ry! Such a flur-ry! Susn af-feins!

Here or hith-er! There or thith-er! Where or weth-er No one cares!

We must make prep-a-ra-tion. For the new King's cor-o-na-tion, Nev-er

mind-ing rank or sta-tion! Phi- lippe com-es to-day!
Rustle! Rustle! Make a bustle! Get a bustle Ev'ry man!

It is very necessary, To be merry. If we can!

We must make preparation, For the new King's coronation, Never

mind ing rank or station! Philippe comes to-day!
TUTTI.

Bar-ry! Bar-ry! Skip and scur-ry! Such a flur-ry! Such af-fairs!

Rus-tle! Rus-tle! Make a bus-tle! Get a bus-tle Ev-ery man!

Here or bith-er! There or thith-er! Where or whith-er No one cares!

It is ver-y Nec-es-sa-ry, To be mer-ry, If we can!

We must make prep-a-ra-tion, For the new King's cor-o-na-tion, Nev-er
mind-ing rank or sta-tion! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

mind-ing rank or sta-tion! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

accel. e cres.

Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

accel. e cres.

marcato e rit.

Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

Phil-ipe comes to-day! Phil-ipe comes to-day!

marcato e rit.
Stand Back! Bow Low!

ROSALIE AND CHORUS.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

No. 2.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

Aunt says a King Cophetua a dear, unmarried King. Once
Aunt says Maud Mulher met a Judge, all on a summer's day. And

saw a lovely beggar girl, and did the proper thing; Be
when she might have raked him in, she only raked the hay! She

fell in love with her at sight, and on his royal knees, Said:
took a fancy later to a regular country guy, Who
"Will you be my wife and queen, and add—ed, if you please?" The beggar girl was wore a shirtwaist to his meals, and breakfasted on pie! But Maud was rather disgraced, and answered with a smile, "I'm yours, my worthy Sovereign, if you sorry she had married the ga—lot, when the Judge's au—to—mobile left her real—ly like my style?" He said: "I like it ver—y much! And she became his plo—ding on a—foot! Well I am not con—structed in the Maud—ie Mul—ler Queen, So Aunt—ie says, that "beggar girls should let themselves be seen!" way, And I don't care much for Judges when I've got a King to play!
**REFRAIN.**

Tempo di Valse.

Stand back! Bow low! Honour to a Queen! The merriest, tidiest.

love - less ever seen! Now run a-

long get ready for the Coronation show; I
Hope to be your Queen to mor - row! Stand back! Bow low!

TUTTI.

Honour to a Queen! The merriest, tidiest, loveli -
etc. ever seen! Now run along get ready for the Coronation show! She hopes to be our Queen tomorrow!
You'd better take it back.

SONG and DUET.

CLAIREE AND PATTY.

No. 3.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Andante.

Moderato.

A maid-en and her lov-er Have a fall-ing out one day, She
How oft a man, when mar-ried, On a nice mid-sum-mer's day, Just
If some young man just think-ing That you real-ly would-n't care, Just

says he is an aw-ful flirt And ver-y much too gay; The
ranks he'll take a sweet young thing To some-where down the Bay; Some-
places on your ro-sy lips A kiss, quite un-a-ware; His

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maid-en then dis-solves in tears, For which she has a knack, But she
how his wife gets wind of it And is there, by the truck, He
gift you have no use for, you Re-turn it with a whack, And

thinks it o-ver for a while And then she takes it back.
takes the cars to Win-throp Beach And then he takes them back.
in the row that fol-lows, he Will sure-ly take it back.

REFRAIN. Tempo di Schottische.

So-ber sec-ond thoughts are best, you'll find it ev-er true; The

im-pulse of the mo-men-t you are ver-y apt to rue. So

So

So
if your ring's a diamond And you have a row with Jack
when you're caught a training On a sur-rup-tious track, If you
when 'tis placed up on your lips, A nice for-bid-den smack, Just

make a bluff re-turn-ing it, You'd bet-ter take it back.
"cha-cha" is re-turn-ing soon You'd bet-ter take it back.
tell him you are very vexed, He'd bet-ter take it back.

CLAIRe AND PATTy.

So her sec ond thoughts are best, you'll find it ev er true; The
im-pulse of the mo-ment you are ver-y apt to rue. You

If you
bring a sweet bouquet in front, She did not come, a-lack! Oh,
wif - ey aims a cam - e-ra. To, both of you, "ko-dak," Just
go to see a bal - let grande And hair on head you lack. Oh

DUET.
do not let that bouquet fade, You'd bet - ter take it back! You'd
try to turn the young thing's head, She'd bet - ter take her back. She'd
do not take a seat in "A!" You'd bet - ter take it back. You'd

DANCE.

better take it back!
better take her back!
better take it back!
With all Proprietee!

Montfort, Lord Bob, Lady Dorothea, Tammons, English Girls and Maids.

No 4.

Allegro...

Harry Lawson Heartz.

Mont, Lord B., and Tams.

We are three swells from London Town!

Come on to pinch a crown!

Lady D.

And I've a scheme on come down just for proprietee!
ENGLISH GIRLS & MAIDS.

They are young ladies

LADY D.

come from town To cap-ti-vate a crown! And I re-peat, I'm chap-er-on Just

TUTTI.

for pro-pri-e-tee! Just for pro-pri-e-tee-ee-ee! We're English you can see-ee-ee! We dance and sing. But the thing With all pro-pri-e-tee!
MONT.

I am the second son of a noble English gun.

TUTTI.

heavily fond am I of fun. With all propriety!

LORD B.

I

am a British peer: My folks brewed bitter beer, And

TUTTI.

that is why I swagger here With all propriety!

LADY B.

cresc.
am a no-ble dame
With Wal-sing-ham for name,
Though Bagges was quite un-

TUTTI.

ENGLISH GIRLS AND MAIDS.

known to fame But he had pro-per-tee!
Were they joly English girls,
We who

TUTTI, rit. e cresc.

love the so-cial whirls, Where we can be with dukes and earls,
With all pro-pri-e-

a tempo.

tee! Just dear pro-pri-e-tee-ee-ee! So English you can see-ee-ee! We
dance and sing, but do the thing with all propriety!

DANCE

\( \text{a tempo} \)

With all propriety!
Charity.

No. 5.

Audante Moderato.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

A lone, un-friend-ed, through the town, I stray in grief and fear! No
Once I had gowns and jew-els rare And lived in pride and state! Ac-

face I see but wears a frown, No gen-tle words I hear! These
cus-tomed I to ten-drest care, Nor feared the flings of fate! Then

cheeks once fair and ros-y red, By hun-ger now are worn! The
fell, on my de-fenceless head, Mis-for-tunes cruel blow; And
cheerless street must be my bed: My lot's in deed for -lorn!
now a - les! I sing for bread! Ah! bit - ter is my woe!! Oh, char - i - ty! Sweet char - i - ty! I ask not much for char - i - ty! A pen - ny here! A pen - ny there! I want as more than you can spare for char - i - ty! Sweet char - i - ty! She asks not much for char - i - ty! A pen - ny here! A pen - ny there! Is all she asks for char - i - ty!
Some De! Some Don't!

MONTFORT AND CLAIRE.

Andante moderato.

CLAIRE. Some like to walk at noon-day; Some like to walk at night.

MONT. Some like to cast shy glances; Some like to act de-mure.

CLAIRE. Some do! Some don't!

MONT. Some don't!

Some like to sit in darkness, Some dare not make advances;

Some like to dazzle light! Some don't! Some do!

CLAIRE. Some think they're you se-cure! Some do!

MONT. Some
Some like a lot of men a-bout; Some don't!
Some only want to hold your hand, Some don't!

like just on-ly one! To call her "Sweetie," "Pet" and "Love," From
like to gaze and smile! Some swagger round in costume grand, And

rise to set of sun; Some murmur, "Dear, I'm yours for life! All
travel in their style! Some are in quiet dress and bland, And

others men I'll shun! MONT. Some do!-claire. Some don't!
get there by their guise! claire. Some do! MONT. Some don't!
REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse.

Oh! This is a very funny world it's funny through and through! It's funny what the people are it's funny what they do! MONT. It's funny when a girl says "Yes!" When you whisper, "I love you!" CLAIRE. It's funny when a man don't see it's time to say "A - diet!"

CLAIRE. Some don't! MONT. Some do!
CLAIRE. Some don't! CLAIRE. Some do!
Don't mind me.

BLOOMS.

CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

No. 7.

1. Some
2. I
3. My

folks get quick-ly worried if they go, a lit-tle shock. — But
once went to a "tea-fight" and it real-ly made me sore — While
mas-ter has a cook just now that's hand-y, rice and meat — But
I’m among the numbers that are firm as my rock.

For waiting for the hostess to receive me at the door.

O she’s fairly mashed up on the copper on our street.

The instance, yes — ter — day when I got home it strack my gaze.

My lady weighing three-nought-nought extinguished me completely.

Other night I went into the kitchen suddenly.

There brother Bill with kerosene was setting the house a blaze.

Just lift her elbows in my eyes and stood up on my feet.

Was the "cop" at supper with our cook right on his knee.
REFRAIN. (I said)

Don't mind me! Don't mind me!
Don't mind me! Don't mind me!
Don't mind me! Don't mind me!

Just go on; don't mind our Pa: He's not a bit particular. The
plenty to dirty the nice clean stair: I've still got an inch of boot to spare.
sorry the chicken pie is cold, And last night's liver a trifle old. The

house is insured ten thousand plunks, And it's worth at most just three,
Can I lie down and let you stand On my jugular vein — to break? My
family plate is in Number Two, The wine's in Number Three, But the

on, my son, and continue the fun And don't mind me!
Pa-pa and Ma-ma might miss me perhaps, But don't mind me!
only spare room at the top of the house But don't mind me!
The Chestnutty Language of Lovers.

BLOSSOMS AND CHORUS.

H. L. HEARTZ.

Allegro.

1. From the glittering hair of the polar she-bear To haunts of the gay kangaroo.

There's the fur-covered beau that we call Esqialman; When passion he chances to

roar.

From the favorite plant of the huge elephant To the feel.

Woes his darling in grunts and presents her at once With a

nest of the cooing mee-koo, I have flown in my travels a-

slab from the side of a seal. While the sepulchral youth from Bon-

1/540-151
far— far,... And have gathered the lore of all ro-vers,... But the
bay— Bom-bay— When his long-ing is too deep to ut-ter,... Sul-lies

wea-ri-est thing I ob-served while on wing Was the chest-nut-ty lan-guage of
forth to the mart-picks a girl to his heart And buys her as if she were

REFRAIN.

lov-ers.
Oh! Hold me clos-er, clos-er yet! Gaze in-to my
but-ter.

eyes!... Call me "Toot-sie—Woot-sie Pet" And breathe a yard of
sighs! Whisp'er "Oose a lov'in' bo?" "Kiss me, Queen-ie
Queen!" THAT, what'er they say or do, is what they ALWAYS mean!

CHORUS unaccompanied.

PP
Hold me clos'er, clos'er yet! Gaze in - to my eyes! Call me Toot-sie

PP
Hold me, Gaze in - to my eyes! Call me

Woot-sie Pet! And breathe a yard of sighs! Whisp'er "Oose a lov'in' bo?"
with a yard of sighs! Whisp'er! Kiss me!

Kiss me, Queenie—Queen!" THAT, what'er they say or do, is what they ALWAYS mean!

Queen - ie Queen! THAT, is AL - ways what they mean!
Roses Begin With R, Love.

DOUBLE QUINTETTE.
TAMMONS, MARGERY AND ENGLISH PARTY

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro.

Moderato.

T.A.M. Come, let me tell you something new and old; 'Tis something al-pha-bet-i-cal I'd
M.A.I.R. Oh, that was not so ver-y hard to learn Be-cause I knew it all be-fore, you

T.A.M. That new is old and old is new I'm told, I'm told; I'll glad-ly
M.A.I.R. In you a pu-pli apt. Love, I dis-cern; In Cu-pli's Chasicles

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learn if it's with-in my reach.
you're a head of me!

T.A.M. 'Ts hard to learn and ea-sy
M.A.B.G. And when the game of love is

M.A.B.G. You
T.A.M. In

so for-get, so pray at-tend while I the creed re-played, in short. The girl can give you nine points out of ten.

can-not tell you have'n tried me yet; I'll lis-ten well and try to learn it
teach-ing you a less-son I've been taught. That women es-er get the best of
Tempo di Valse.

TAM. Oh, ros-es be-

MARO. Em-brac-ing be-

MARO. Au-dacious be-gins with A.

TAM. Allurement be-gins with A.

gin with R.

gin with "Oh!"

Love.

Love!

TAM. And

MARO. All

MARO. And kiss-es be-gin with

TAM. And jol-ly be-gins with

hon-ey be-gins with H.

flirt-ings be-gin with eyes,

Love.

Love.
Tho' that's what the books all teach,
That's not what the books all teach,

Love, It
Love, But

never-less is true.
That all of the sweet-est

things in life Begin with you.
things in life Begin with you.

MEN. Oh, roses begin with R.
MEN. Al-lure-ment be-

GIRLS. Au-da-cious be-
GIRLS. Em-brac-ing be-gins with “Oh!

Lavee!”

Lavee!”

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MEN. And honey begins with A.

GIRLS. All firstlings begin with H.

MEN. And jolly begins with J.

GIRLS. And kisses begin with K.

H. eyes, Love, Love,

MEN. The book teaches, Love, It

GIRLS. That's not what the book teaches, Love, But
nevertheless, it is true,
And all of the dearest
And all of the sweetest
That all of the

things in life begin with you.
things in life begin with you.

SOP.

Oh, roses begin with R. Love, Audacious be-

ALT.

Embracing begins with "Oh! Love? Allurement be-

TEN.

Oh, roses begin with R. Love, Audacious be-

Embracing begins with "Oh! Love? Allurement be-

BASS.

Audacious be-

Embracing be-

Oh, roses begin with R. Love, Audacious be-

Embracing begins with "Oh! Love? Allurement be-
gins with A. 
And hon-ey be-gins with H. 
Love, And

kiss-es be-gin with K. 
The' that's what the books all

jol-ly be-gins with J. 
That's not what the books all

kiss-es be-gin with K. 
The' that's what the books all

jol-ly be-gins with J. 
That's not what the books all

love, And

love, And
teach, Love, It never-the-less is true.
And all of the

sweet-est things in life Begin with you.

dear-est things in life Begin with you.

teach, Love, But never-the-less it is true.

And all of the

sweet-est things in life Begin with you.

dear-est things in life Begin with you.
An Innocent City Girl.

ROSA AND CHORUS.

ENSEMBLE.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

No. 9.

Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

GIRLS.

At

MEN.

last our curiosity will soon be satisfied! Will
GIRLS.
soon be satisfied! Our eyes with Paris' latest styles will

MEN.
soon be gratified! Will soon be gratified.

GIRLS
For Clair de Loinville, laughty maid, in

MEN. GIRLS.
ev'ry thing au fait. In ev'ry thing au fait: Will
IN UNISON

show us what is what in town, the mode a la Francais, a la Fran-
cais! For Claire de Lein - ville, haugh - ty maid, in
ev - 'ry - thing au fait, in ev - 'ry - thing au fait: Will show us what is
what in town. The mode a la Francais, a la Fran - cais!
The Good Little Sunday School Boy.

1. A good little boy was a-
2. When Bobbie had spotted these
3. Then Bobbie laid lesson and

walk-ing down street, Just out from the Sun-day School When some
ver-y bad men, Just out from a game of pos-
bynum book one side, Just brought from the Sun-day School While those

wicked young fel-low he — happened to meet, Just out from a game of
knew at a glance they were on-to him then, Just out of the Sun-day
naught-y fel-lows he — pi-ous-ly eyed, Just out from a game of
They were Walter and Richard and Henry likewise. And the
School! They guyed his good clothes and they mocked his good face. Their
pool. He first tackled Walter and made of him meat. With

good boy was Bobby, as you may surmise, And he frequently took some re-
manners were low, and their language was base, And they frequently mentioned a
Richard and Henry he wiped up the street, And then he returned all so

markable prize Out of the Sunday School!
very bad place Far from the Sunday School!
quiet and neat Back to the Sunday School!
REFRAIN.

Andante.

Out of the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Out of the Sun-day School! The
Far from the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Far from the Sun-day School! A
Back to the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Back to the Sun-day School! While the

good lit-tle boy, That we al-ways en-joy Out of the Sun-day School!
ver-y bad place, All a bar-on-ed by grace, Far from the Sun-day School!
boys he did drop Were pulled in by a cop Back of the Sun-day School!

CHORUS. (unaccompa nied.)

Out of the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Out of the Sun-day School! The
Far from the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Far from the Sun-day School! A
Back to the Sun-day School, Bobbie! Back to the Sun-day School! While the
good little boy That we always enjoy Out of the Sunday School!
very bad place All abandoned by grace Far from the Sunday School!
boys he did drop Were pulled in by a cop Back of the Sunday School!

DANCE *after 3d verse*
Without a Chaperon.
CLAIRE, MONTFORT AND CHORUS.

No. 11.

Allegro.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ

Moderato. CLAIRE.

In the dark and mystic ages, very many years ago,
Of course there was a rumor sent abroad by idle tongue.

As you'll read in history's pages, if you really care to know,
That Cupid served her badly and her tender feelings wrong.

Psyche stirred the tender passion in the heart of Cupid gay. And he
It even was asserted that they quarreled and they fought. But
lov'd her in a fashion that would hardly go to day. Psycha
I have information there was nothing of the sort; They

did not know her lover for in fact they'd never met; She
met when e'er they wanted to, they had their own sweet way, And

did not know him e'en by sight, he wasn't in her set,
led a life of hon-eyed bliss I don't care what they say!

But their tryst was kept in darkness, and he stay'd ex-treme-ly late For they
They had nothing to disturb them, they were al-ways let alone And

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had no chap-er-on to spoil their lit-tle tête-a-tête
all be-cause they got a-long with-out a chap-er-on

CLAIRE.
REFRAIN (Duet)

How nice to be a-lone With-out a chap-er-

MON.

Real nice to be a-lone

on,

When all your tire-some rel-a-tives

no chap-er-on!

When all your tire-some rel-a-tives
Have business of their own! To steal a way like this
And snatch a little kiss.

To steal a way like this And snatch a kiss,

And never have to reckon with The proper chap-er-on!
And never have to reckon with The proper chap-er-on!
CLAI RE.

MONT.

Real nice to be a - lone!

CHORUS.

How nice to be a - lone
Without a chap - er.

To be a - lone!

no chap - er - on! When all our tire - some rela - tives

on When all their tire some rela - tives

A - lone! A - lone!
Have business of their own! To steal away like this And snatch a little kiss.
And never have to reck on with The proper chap-er-on!

DANCE.
Finale.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro.

King select of Sauterelle! Sauterelle!

Hear the coronation bell! Hear the bell! Now has come the time to
toodle: Crown is waiting for your nodde! Phil-ippé One of Sau-ter-

elle! Sau-ter-elle! Hear the cor-o-na- tion bell! Hear the bell!

Phil-ippé One of Sau-ter-elle, Hear the summons of the bell! Of the bell!
BELLES & CHORUS.

(CHORUS) Allegro Mod.

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

BLOSSOMS, ROSALIE & BELLES.

Brightly draws the festal day, the

LORD BOB, TAMMONS &c.

Brightly goes the game today, and

PLOTSKY, MICHEL &c.

Brightly draws the festal day, the

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

SOLDIERS.
fatal hour is due; Fer while at royalty we
by the powers 'twill do; So Blossoms for the King we
fatal hour is due; For royalty we'll slyly

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

play, be sure and face it through!
play, we hope he'll bloom it through!
bay, and to our vow be true!

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!
Hon - or to the Mon - arch bring, but let us fox - y
Hon - or to the Mon - arch bring, and let us fox - y
Hon - or to the Mon - arch bring, but let us fox - y
Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong!

poco a poco

be: And raise a cho - rus to the King, and
be: And raise a cho - rus to the King, and
be: And raise a cho - rus to the King, and
Ding! Dong! And raise a cho - rus to the King, and
cresc.
BLOOMS. Vivace.

There is something rath - er roy - al in my pose!

CAST. TUTTLE. BLOS.

Roy - al in his pose! Roy - al in his pose! And what - ev - er I may
CAST.

say I guess it goes! 
Rath-er guess it

TUTTI. 

ROSA.

goos! Goes! Goes! And for el-e-gant de-me- nor He's a ver-i-ta-ble

CAST.

dream-a From his gai-ters to his roy-al Ro-man nose! Roy-al

TUTTI.

Ro-man nose! Nose! Nose! There is some-thing rath-er roy-al in his
pose, And whatever he may say we guess it goes!

And for elegant demeanor. He's a veritable dream. From his gal-ters to his royal Roman nose! From his
gaiters to his royal Roman nose! Roman nose! From his gaiters to his
royal Roman nose! Roman nose! And for elegant demeanor he's a
veritable dream—a from his gaiters to his royal Roman nose!
Andante moderato.

**MONT. CLAIRE AND PATTY.**

**SOPRANOS.**

Once we had gowns and jewels rare,

**ALTOS.**

Once they had gowns and jewels rare,

**TENORS.**

Once they had gowns and jewels rare,

**BASSES.**

Once they had gowns and jewels rare,

**SOPRANO.**

Such a

**ALTO.**

Such a
And lived in pride and state! Accustomed to

Pride and state! Ac-

Pride and state! Ac-

Lived in pride and state! Ac-

Lived in pride and state! Ac-

pretty lot of gowns and jewels rare! Pride and state! Pride and state!

pretty lot of gowns and jewels rare! Pride and state! Pride and state!
ten-drest care,  Nor  fear'd the flings of
cus-ton'd they to  ten-drest care,  Nor
cus-ton'd they to  ten-drest care,  Nor
cus-ton'd they to  ten-drest care,  Nor

Ac - cus-ton'd they to  tend'nest, tend'nest care!

Ac - cus-ton'd they to  tend'nest, tend'nest care!
Then fell on our defenseless heads. Misfortune's cruel fear'd the flings of fate! On their defenseless heads, a cruel fear'd the flings of fate! On their heads a cruel fear'd the flings of fate! Upon their heads a cruel Nor fear'd the flings of fate! | Nor fear'd the flings of fate! |
blow! And now, a-la! We sing for bread! Ah, bitter is our woe!

blow! And now, a-la! They sing for bread! Ah, bitter is their woe!

blow! And now, a-la! They sing for bread! Ah, bitter is their woe!

blow, a cruel blow! And now, a-la! They sing for bread! Ah, bitter is their woe!

A cruel blow! And now, a-la! They sing for bread! Ah, bitter is their woe!
Andante. (Unaccompanied.)

SOPRANO.

Out of the Sun-day School, Bob-bie!

ALTO.

Out of the Sun-day School, Bob-bie!

TENOR.

Out of the Sun-day School, Bob-bie!

BASS.

Out of the Sun-day School! The good lit-tle boy, That we

Out of the Sun-day School! The good lit-tle boy, That we

Out of the Sun-day School! The good lit-tle boy, That we

al-ways en-joy, Out of the Sun-day School!

al-ways en-joy, Out of the Sun-day School!

al-ways en-joy, Out of the Sun-day School!

\[646-138\]
Tempo di Valse.

Out of the Sunday School, Bobbi! Out of the Sunday School!

School! The good little boy that we always enjoy.

School! The good little boy that we always enjoy.
Out of the Sunday School! Out of the Sunday School.

Out of the Sunday School! Out of the Sunday School.

Out of the Sunday School. The good little boy that we always enjoy.

Out of the Sunday School. The good little boy that we always enjoy.
ACT II.

Entr'acte and Opening.

No. 43.

Tempo di Valse.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ

PIANO.

DANCE.

PP a tempo.
Foreign Ditties.

BLOSSOMS, ROSA AND CHORUS.

No. 14.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

Allegro.

PIANO.

Moderato.

BLOSSOMS.

ROSA.

While I've travel'd 'round the world I've learnt a song or two! Song or two?

BLOSSOMS.

ROSA.

Song or two! To sing when I am thinking of the places I've been through!

ROSA.

BLOSSOMS.

You've been through? I've been through! I've learnt sweet Irish melodies. I've learnt some Deutsche

1844-124

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tunes. In Mus-sic Al-is the cho-rus-es. And I've warbled with the coons!

Andante moderato.

Ar-rab, down by the gas house she lives. Oh! be-ger-ra! be-ja-bers! and 0

hon! She's an I-rish girl. And tho' you wouldn't think it Her
name's Rachel Rosenberg Cohn! Howly Moses! she is me dar-lin'! Arrah-be-
ja-bere! Arrah be gra- cious! Arrah be gorr-ra! Dar-lin'

Rachel! And her dad-ly howld's the fuse! Arrah be Jove!

DANCE.

repeat Te! ff

repeat ff

P

1547-194
Tempo di Valse.

Seltzer und Rhine wein.

Seltzer case, too! Pretzels und ein stein! Ja! make it two! Bring'oudt dose sault oewnt.


Seltzer und Rhine wein. Seltzer case, too! Pretzels und ein stein!

Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja!
Sweet Mae! O my sweet Mae! My Mamie Ma - mie Mae! I se a
lub-in and a lub-in and a lub-in and a lub-in and a lub, lub, lub, lub,
lub, lub, lub-in! I se a lub-in you sweet Ma - mie Mae! You se fer
dearest, der scrumpiest, neatest, Der yel-low-est maiden in Al-a-

bun'! I am your Bil-ly-do! Deed I am! And I

lub yer, yer bet I do! Lub yer enough for two! Lub yer yes Bil-ly-do!
But He Said It So Politely.

MICHEL, PLOTSKY AND CHORUS.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

No. 15.

Allegro.

Moderato.

1. Pol-i-ness, let me tell you, is a ver-y gen-tle art, It
2. A youth who loved a maid-en and was seek-ing for her hand, To

To a pa-per, where he thought they'd be con-sid-ered quite the thing, A

soft-ens all as-per-i-ties and heals the wound-ed heart; For
in-ter-view her sav-age “Pa,” at last ac-quired the sand;
po-et took some ver-ses once, en-ti-led “Gen-tle Spring;” He

in-stance when an Em-per-or, up-on his lord-ly head, Re-
fa-ther list-ened for a while, with stern and bale-ful glare. And
said they were the best that a-ny bo-dy ev-er wrote. The

1540-112
ceived a pot of yellow paint, what do you think he said? He
then he most ab rupt ly took the young man by the hair; He
ed it or pe rused them, then he fed them to the goat. Though

fixed the luck less painter with his Basil isk lae eye And
said his daughter stood a bet ter chance of wed ded joy If he
they were aw ful tom my rot and fee ble mind ed mush. And

called him names to mention which, I would ni dare to try: He
mar ried her to Jo Jo the fa mous dog faced boy. And
rub bish, stuff and driv el and ex as per a ting slush, He

called the chap O rang on tang, a jack ass rab bit too. A
said al so, he knew that times were get ting rath er hard: So he
said un to the poet Po et, do not stand a loof! Oh,
REFRAIN. Tempo di Schottische. PLOTS. MICH.

said it so po-lite ly Po-lite ly? Po-lite ly! He
did it so po-lite ly Po-lite ly? Po-lite ly! And

p Tempo di Schottische.

said it so po-lite ly that the paint-er stopped to hear: He
said it so po-lite ly that the lov-er stopped to hear: He

potted as po-lite ly says "I'm car-ried quite a-way!" No

called the man a lob-ber, A diz-zy, daz-zy lob-ber. But he
said: "You hear me yells, sir. That you can go to liz-mither's!" Well, he
"Gen-tle Spring" was his name Just a hard fall and a pris'n Made the
TUTTI.

said it so po-lite-ly; it was mu-sic to the ear. But he
TUTTI.

PLOTS. (with sarce.)

said it so po-lite-ly? Po-lite-ly! Po-lite-ly! He

said it so po-lite-ly? Po-lite-ly? Po-lite-ly? And


said it so po-lite-ly that the paint-er stopped to hear; He

said it so po-lite-ly that the low-er stopped to hear; He

po-et as po-lite-ly says: "I'm car-ried quite a-way!" No

\[\text{music notation}\]
called the man a lobster, A dizzy, dizzy debster; But he
said. "You hear me, yell sir. Tho you can go to— Well, he
"Gentle Spring" was his h Just a hard fall and a prison Made the
said it so politely, it was music to the ear.
said it so politely, it was music to the ear.
finish so politely of the Poet and his Lay.

DANCE. Allegro.
Ways to Catch a Man.

ROSAIE AND CHORUS.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

No. 16.

Moderato.

1. I am not full of wisdom on the Woman's College plan. It's a

2. And then there is the gen'le girl with man-ner so de-mure And a

3. There's the ed-u-ca- ted maid-en with the es-o-ter-ic brain Who pro-

fact that I'm con-sid-er-ill rath-er slow; But I've learn'd that there are

soul-ful, sad ex-pres-sion in her eyes; She wears a sort of

jects a bod-y as-tral in a trice; On the sub-ject of psy.
several different ways to catch a man And that's a thing it's worth your while to have lo and you can't help feeling sure That she's training for a mansion in the choly she's more or less in some And she wouldn't have a man at any

know. The vivacious and flirty, goodness-gracious little skies. She doesn't know a thing about the wicked ways of price. But just the same she watches out and never skips a

maid Has a saucy glance for every man she meets; She has men, If you kiss her, she would make a great deal; But chance Upon a man to show her gems of thought; And

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foot and shapely ankle, well, I guess she's not afraid To cross the very
when she has you landed all securely it is then you begin to think she
then she fascinates him with her hypnotizing glance, And he sometimes falls a

REFRAIN: a tempo

muddiest streets! That's one way! one way to catch a man! And
knows a thing or two! That's one way! one way to catch a man! And
vicious on the spot! That's one way! one way to catch a man! And

that's the way it's very often done When a liar you see, Just a
that's the way it's very often done Be the shy and timid miss, Till you've
that's the way it's very often done And when his struggles cease, Call a
DANCE.
Allegro.

rit.  a tempo

Glimpse of linger-ice! There are sev'-ral ways, and that is one!  

got him just like this! There are sev'-ral ways, and that is one!

Justice of the Peace! There are sev'-ral ways, and that is one!

mf  cresc.  f  mf
Mamie and Jamie.

BLOOMS, ROSA, FOUCHE, NAN AND JEAN.

No. 17. CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

Tempo di Polka.

Piano.

BLOOMS.

1. There was once a girl and she was a pearl By the
   2. Now we fell on a big boy Where the
   3. Now as you know, the summer show Be

common name of Mamie she was just plain Mamie! Oh, just plain
f 'ole were all flamey and they raved on Mamie Yes, mad on
gas to get too tamey I'll propose thought Mamie Good boy....
Ma-mie! And she fell in love with a Scotch boy. By the
Ma-mie, Of her jewels and horses and foot-man as well. And it
Ja-mie! For she may go, so here goes, you know. "May I

Rosa and Others.

can-ny name of Ja-zie such a "Douse" boy. Ja-mie! Scotch boy.
quite knock'd o-ver Ja-mie such a nice boy. Ja-mie! Nice thing,
hope a bit," says Ja-mie, "It is time!" thought Ma-mie. "Time," says

Blossom.

Ja-mie! His family tree was a num-ber one And she had gold by the
Ja-mie! So he talk'd of his ancestors the Mack-in-on. Of his fa-th'rs hills and the
Ma-mie. They were wed and her hair was so ad-mired Like her teeth were false, it
soldier And Jamie thought 'twouldn't be bed fun to marry Ma-mie!

dear there-on But he didn't mention his things in pawn, shy boy, Jamie!

so transpired, Her jewels 'Fakes' and her horses hired, a tired boy, Jamie!

REFRAIN.

1 & 2. Jamie thought he knew his game; Ma-mie, Jamie's game!

3. Jamie thought he knew his game; Ma-mie, Jamie's game!

really, he was not to blame having such an aim, eh?

really, he was not to blame having such an aim, eh?
Took her walks and in his room had Ma-mie in a frame-y—But
Mar-ried her and found out that aft-er Ma-mie had his name-y—That

just the sa-mey Ja-mie's game-ly did-n't work on Ma-mie!
Ma-mie's game was just the sa-mey— who was most to blame, eh?

TUTTL

Ja-mie thought he knew his game; Ma-mie, Ja-mie's game-y!
Ja-mie thought he knew his game; Ma-mie, Ja-mie's game-y!
Really, he was not to blame having such an aim, eh?

Tried to walk and
Married her and
just the same
Ma-mie's game was
just the same,
who was most to blame, eh?

Ma-mie in a frame.
That didn't work on Ma-mie!
Moderato.

MONT. Last night a vision came to me.

CLAIRE. Ah! Do I hear the voice of Love?

While lost in sleep I

That calls me to his

by, side,

A dream that lightened all my care

And bids me break my cool reserve,

Dear

turned night into day.

My longing for Love was by my

Now shall your love be told a -

Venus be my guide!
MONTFORT.

REFRAIN. Waltz tempo.

When will my dream come true, Love? When will my dream come true?

When shall I feel her soft caress Thrilling me through and through?
When shall my empty heart, Love, 0-pen its door a - now?

When will she take and keep it, Love? When will my dream come true?

CLAIRE.
2nd V. REFRAIN.

Now has your dream come true, Love? Now has your dream come true?

Now has my dream come true, Love? Now has my dream come true?

Now shall you feel my soft ca - ress Thrilling you through and through!

Now shall I feel your soft ca - ress Thrilling me through and through!
Now shall your empty heart, Love, O-pen it's door a-new!

Now shall my empty heart, Love, O-pen it's door a-new!

cresc.

Now will I take and keep it, Love, Now has your dream come true!

Now will you take and keep it, Love, Now has my dream come true!

cresc.

TUTTI.

Now has your dream come true, Love, Now has your dream come true!

Now has your dream come true, my Love, Now has your dream come true?
Now shall you feel my soft caress
Thrilling you through and through!

Now shall your empty heart, Love,
through!

Now shall my empty heart, Love,
Open it's door a new! Now will I take and keep it, Love. Now has your dream come true!
Open it's door a new! Now will you take and keep it, Love. Now has my dream come true!

1546 : 112
And You Were Shy Eighteen.

LORD BOB, LADY DOROTHEA AND ENGLISH PARTY.

No. 49.

Andante.

HARRY LAWSON HEARTZ.

钢琴谱

LORD B. The good old times! The bloom-in' days! Of health and good di-
LADY D. While I, in this my la- ter youth. Am "Dig-ni-fied and
LORD B. Yes, mer- ry times they were in-deed. But aw- ful-ly im-

ges-Lon! No hyp-no-tist! No sci-ence craze! No
state-ly?
prop-er.

And go to church.—in sol-emn truth.—And
Why, oft a maid I'd just pick up. And
female suffrage question! Upon one simple
like the care great-ly; That mer-ry time is
often I would drop her. My poor pa-pa was
rub we thrived,—What ev-er is, it right is;
the past, my lord! And you are some-thing older.
in des-pair, I cost him so much mon-ey;
mi-crobe had not then arrived; Nor yet ap-pen-di-
sis.
just as gid-dy, on my word, and not a lit-tle bold-er!
mam-ma tore her auburn hair; Twas false, but it was fun-ny.
LADY D.
REFRAIN. Tempo di Valse. LORD B.
When you were twen-ty-one, my lad! And eight-teen you, my
BOTH.

Girl! We took in all the fun of life in one con-

LORD B. When you, my dear, tho' very
LADY D. Do you recall one night; Rea-
LORD B. And later when you married

LADY D.

Gay, With all had modest mien! When you were
Letter: Some guineas left us, clean! Your loss was
Baggies: Your age you gave the Dean! Just one and

LORD B.

twen-ty-one, my boy!
twen-ty-one, my boy! And you were shy eighteen!
twen-ty years, my lord!
The Nursery Grenadiers.

No. 20.

CLAIRE AND CHORUS.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.

Tempo di Marcia.

CLAIRE.

In the nursery days we children play'd at soldiers big and grand: With battle is over the victory won to mamma's arms they go, And

SOP. ALTO.

TENOR. BASS.

Too-toot too-toot too-toot too-toot!
one or two chairs we build a fort to make a final stand:—
The softly she sings and rocks each little soldier to and fro:

Too-te-toot-toot-toot-toot!

coal hod was our maxim gun and the quick we made them run! With
trumpet and gun are laid away to serve again another day.

potter's sword the Captain kills the foe in every hand! A
a-tirred eye lids slowly close as both kneel down to pray.

And
cross the floor on hobbly horse he leads a gallant charge, And
in to the trundle bed they go to wake in early morn, And
Toot-toot-toot-toot-toot-toot!

followed by lit-tle troopers all con- ra-gous but not large; They
mas-sa kisses each sol- dier dear with hear-y heart for-lorn; For
Toot-toot-toot-toot-toot-toot-toot!

seize on grand-ma's rock-ing chair sure-ly the foe is lurk-ing there! They
while the chil-dren blithely play she thinks of one whom far a-way is
charge and rally lead and fire the nursery Grenadiers!

fighting in deadly earnest at the game the children

Solo 1st time.
Tutti 2nd time.

diers! Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! The
play. Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! Tara! The

bugle loudly calls!

For ward

Too-te-toot!
march with roll of drum! Heads erect! we
Too-te-too!

proudly come! Stern command! Army grand! Flay fight um,
Too-te-too! Too-te-too!

TUTTI 2.
till the sand-man slowly comes, Tucomes.

4. 4 4. 4.

11569 - 116
The Interrogative Child.

No. 21.

PLOTSKY. ROSA, NAN AND JEAN. CLIFTON CRAWFORD.

Allegretto moderato.

PIANO.

1. Mrs. Whim-ple has a daugh-ter, and the daugh-ter has a gift Of
   ask-ing sil-ly ques-tions, so they say; And she'll

2. Mrs. Whim-ple has a bro-ther, and the bro-ther came to stay With
   Toil-ing in the ci-ty all the week; He

3. Mrs. Whim-ple has a hus-band and the hus-band is in "bus"_
   in-ter-est her Pa-pa if she wakes up in the night
   joint a com-bi-na-tion called the "Whoop-er In-dian League;" That

sometimes works till twelve o'clock and then comes home so tired And
Asking things got ten in the day
League was sort of frisky, don't you know!
Weary so that he can hardly speak.

The other day when
For Dol-ly's big pro-

She woke up she heard the strangest sound,
Then in - za - ded Mam - ma's
Pen - si - ty gets scope e - nough, I swear,
In - ter - ro - ga - tive

Wimple thought? New Pa - pa's work - ing late:
Ill take our lit - tle

Bed room in a fuss;
Found a brand - new ba - by in a
Fac - ul - ty im - mense:
She met me on the street to day and

Dol - ly to the play?
They went, and in the Or - chestra as-

Ca - rious nurse's arms,
And she opened fire in injured whimpers thus:

Pinned me right just there,
Ask - ing me with in - ter - est in - tense:

Ion - isid was Mam - ma
When Dol - ly's voice re - sound - ed in this way:
REFRAIN. Slower.

Where did you find us that?
What is a "ho - ly jag-o"?
Who is that there with Pa?

Where does the squeak come out?
Does ev - er a key - hole jump?
Why don't he take you, too?

Why has it got no hair on its head and wob - bles its arms a - bout?
Why does my Un - cle fall up-stairs and say he came home in a lump?

Why are you kicking the man in front, and why is she young - er than you?
Is it saw - dust all in - side Can you wind it with a key?

How do you Whoop her up? How can you paint the town?
What is a sten - o - graph - er for? Why do I make you tired?

Who pulld its teeth all out of its head? And did you buy that for me?
How does my Un - cle "Car - ry a bun!" And the taste in his mouth "go brown."
Who's an in - hu - man mon - ster? And why will the girl be fired?
Rosalie.

MONTFORT AND FEMALE CHORUS.

EDWARD W. CORLIS.

VOICE.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

There is a girl the sweetest one in all the world And she is wondrous fair Her

Now this dear girl the only one in all the world Among the girls for me Is

eyes so blue, Her lips so red, And wavy is her golden hair Her
deal to all My words of love I'll never marry Rosalie But

feet they twin-kle in the dance As the mu-sic of the wa- ters play Her
her dear face shall be my dream Always to re-mind me of this day You'll

proud head ne'er Bends to catch the low sweet whisper as I fond-ly say
then my Rose Bend to catch the low sweet whisper as I'll fond-ly say

Allegretto.

Ro-sa-lie, The moon is shin-ing The stars they do glit-ter

bright Come, my Rose! I am call-ing And
meet me in the moon's pale light!

Ros - sa - lie, the

moon is shin-ing, The stars they do glit - ter bright, glitter bright! Come sweet

Rose! He is calling And meet him in the moon's pale light.
Love Me, Sweetheart, in Sweet Song.

DUET AND CHORUS.

TAMMONS, MARGERY AND ENGLISH PARTY.

H. L. HEARTZ.

Moderato.

Love me a little, love me long, Love me, sweetheart,

in sweet song: Love me sleeping, dear, or waking,

Love me, other loves forsaking Love me, a
love or in a throng, Love me, love me, right a - long:

And though you love me but a lit - tle, dear, Be sure you love me

CHORUS.

long.

Love me lit - tle, love me long,

Love me, sweet - heart, in sweet song; Love me
sleeping, dear, or waking, Love me, oth-er loves for-sak-ing;

Love me a-lone or in a throng, Love me, love me, right a-long;

And though you love me but a lit-tle, dear, Be sure you love me long.
Words by ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Kate Vannah has written many songs that have attained great popularity, but this musical setting of Adelaide Procter's beautiful poem is, in our opinion, her best effort. No one can ever forget the deep charm of Miss Vannah's "Good-bye Sweet Day," so also, will it be with "Three Red Roses," for wherever sung it will readily be recognized as a song-gem of equal beauty.

Three Red Roses.

Music by KATE VANNAH.

Andante con moto. poco rit. a tempo.

Voice.

Just when the red June rose bloomed, She gave me one a year a-

Piano.

... a tempo.

A rose whose crimson breath re-

The

veals ... a tempo.

so - oped that its heart con - seals, And whose half sky, half

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