HER LITTLE HIGHNESS

Music by
REGINALD DE KOVEN

Book by
CHANNING POLLOCK AND RENNOLD WOLF

Vocal Score

Price Two Dollars

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
NEW YORK DETROIT
Her Little Highness

Book and Lyrics by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and
RENNOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD DE KOVEN

VOCAL SCORE
Price Two Dollars.

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NEW YORK DETROIT.

J. W. NEALE.
Music
115 W. 57 St. N.Y.C.
WERBA and LUESCHER PRESENT

HER LITTLE HIGHNESS

with MIZZI HAJOS

A Musical Play in Three Acts

by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

Based upon Mr. Pollock's story "Such A Little Queen"

with music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Production Staged by George Marion and Julian Mitchell
Orchestra, Direction of Max Bendix

THE PERSONS
HERZOGOVINANS

ANNA VICTORIA, Queen of Herzegovina............................................ Fraulein Mizzi Hajos
BARON COSACA, Her Prime Minister................................................ Mr. Neal McCay
GENERAL MYRZA, Commanding the Army........................................ Mr. W. P. Struntz
HERR RUMLER, Lord Mayor of Mostar........................................... Mr. W. P. McCarty
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN..................................................................... Mr. Francis J. Tyler
A CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.................................................................. Mr. George Dunston
FIRST LADY IN WAITING..................................................................... Miss Mac Emory
FIRST MISTRESS OF THE WARDROBE................................................ Miss May McCarty
FIRST LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER.................................................. Miss Jane Elliott
A GROOM OF THE STOLE.................................................................... Mr. Harry Wagner

BOSNIANS

STEPHEN IV, King of Bosnia................................................................. Mr. James Davis
PRINCE NIKLAS.................................................................................. Mr. Holton Herr
THE DUKE OF RAVANICA................................................................. Mr. Francis Bolger

AMERICANS

ADOLPH LAUMAN, of Leuman & Son.................................................... Mr. Willard Lewis
ELIZABETH LAUMAN, His Daughter.................................................. Miss Louise Kelly
ROBERT TRAINOR, General Manager for Leuman & Son..................... Mr. Wallace McCutcheon
MADELINE SCHUYLER (Miss Ethel May Davis)................................... Miss Mae Murray
ETHEL WINTON (Miss Ethel May Davis)............................................ Mr. W. P. McCarty
NATHANIEL QUIGG........................................................................... Mr. McCarty
MARY ANN........................................................................................ Miss Delta Niven

Officials of the Court of Herzegovina, Funkeys, Soldiers, Peasants, Tourists, Shop-Girls, Draymen, A Messenger, Neighbors of the Queen, Friends of Leuman, etc. etc.

THE PLACES

ACT I. Throne Room of the Palace at Mostar, Herzegovina.
ACT II. Living Room of an Apartment in Amsterdam Ave, New York. Two months later.
ACT III. Grounds of the Leuman Residence, Irvington-on-Hudson. The following evening.
MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

1. Opening Chorus and Ensemble

2. Quartette: “Practical Patriots” Nikitas, Rumler, Ravonica, Myrza

3. Entrance and Song “When You’re Sweet Sixteen” Queen and Girls

4. Song “A Self Made Man” Lauma, Elisabeth and Chorus

5. Song “My Fairy Prince” Queen

6. Entrance of King, Scene and Gavotte Queen, King, Court

7. Finale I

ACT II

1. Introduction, Opening Ensemble and Song “Mary Ann” Mary, Cosaca and Chorus

2. Song “C.O.D.” Queen, Cosaca and Girls

3. Duet “Come Along, Tell Me” Elisabeth and Trainor

4. Chansonette “One Little Girl” Elisabeth and Girls

5. Scene and Song “When the Landlord Comes Knocking at the Door” Queen, King

6. Duet “My King Can Do No Wrong” Queen and King

7. Finale II

ACT III

1. (a) Opening Ensemble Lauma

2. Romanza “Heimweh” Queen and Chorus

3. Song “The Ladies” Cosaca and Chorus

4. Song with Chorus “Drink and Be Merry” Trainor, Myrza, Rumler and Male Chorus

5. Finale III
Act I  
HER LITTLE HIGHNESS
A Musical Play
in Three Acts
Prelude

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

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Alegro commodo

Deciso poco rubato
Allegretto con moto

Allegro come I.

Prelude 7
Pressando e dim.

Valse moderse

L'istesso tempo animando

Prelude. 7
Valse modersi

Tempo di Marcia

Preludio, 7
Act I. No. 1

Opening Chorus and Ensemble

Book and Lyrics by
CHANTING POLLOCK
and 2ENOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegretto con moto

Piano

SOP I & II

Voices off Stage
(Semi Chorus or Quartet)

Tenors

Basses

Deciso

Gal-l-y we sing, Greet-ing our Re-vel-ling.
Gar-lands are ev-ry where, We are sing-ing!

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Rev- el - ry in the air. is ring - ing! Wel - come the King, Who with a ring, air.

dim.

Più Allegro

Pled - ges his love for aye. From our dis - tant hills and val - leys fair, so gaily,

Più Allegro

dim.

We have come to hail the hor - py pair, so gaily. Flow - ers so rare, gaily we bear,

dim sempre

Tempo I

dim sempre

Tempo I
Guard her from the foe, and from traitor blow.
Guard her from the foe! Guard her from the foe!
From the foe or from blow, Guard her from the foe!

Guard her from the foe!
By palace walls we stand,
A waiting

her command. When the foe is righ,
Ours to do and die; Ours to fight and die.
Danger nigh, Do and die; Ours to fight and die.

Tempo di Marcia

Cavalry officers, fighting is our employment.

Tempo di Marcia

leggiero ben rilmato

To the fair debonair, flirting is our enjoyment!

Chatter-y, chatter-y, All love's battery Naught us bars! We're the

Mussa

Dashing, slashing, mashing gay Hussars. Gallant mien, For our Queen, We are

Poco rall. stentato

Sons of Mars! Frequently clamorous, Always amorous Gay Hussars.

Poco rall. a tempo

Allegro con spirito

Captain (speaking through music)

Halt! by files right, Forward march!

(Trumpets on stage)

Halt! Relieve guard, Forward march! Halt! Att.

cresc.

Then Hur-rah! For the gay, the gay Hus-sars!
Then Hur-rah! For the gay, the gay Hus-sars!

Then Hur-rah for our Queen, We're sons of Mars, We are!
Then Hur-rah for our Queen, We're sons of Mars, We are!

Then Hur-rah for our Queen, We're Gay Hus-sars!
Then Hur-rah for our Queen, We're Gay Hus-sars!

Entrace of Girls etc.

FOREST QUEEN our throne has borne, To thee we bring, this festive morn, Silks and laces

Tempo di Mazurka

[mf gracioso]

From far places Your sweet beauty to adorn, Silks and laces from far places

All your beauty to adorn

BEAUTY TO ADORN

Allegro commodo

poco rit.

MISTRESS of the WARDROBE & TIREFROMEN

Mistress of the wardrobe, she opens the chest with a golden key. When the Queen wakes up in the morning!

CHAMBERLAINS

We the royal Chamberlains three, pass the robes of State that she takes from the chest with a golden key, when the Queen wakes up in the morning.

CAPTAIN with TENOR I

In the morning.

RUSSELLS

In the morning.

Ladies in waiting

La - dies in wait - ing, fair to see, Are gi - ven the robes by the
CAPTAIN

La - dies in wait - ing, gi - ven the robes, by
3rd LORD

La - dies in wait - ing

La - dies in

cham - ber-lains three, Who pass the garments of state that she Takes from the chest with a gold - en key

cham - ber-lains three,

wait - ing.

In the morning.

When the Queen wakes up in the morning.

In the morning.

In the morning.

Grooms of the stole, on bended knee, Be-

In the morning.

In the morning.

Act I, No. 27
Women of the bedchamber, I am Mistress of the Wardrobe, you see.

Ladies in waiting, ladies in waiting fair to see, are we.

Women of the bedchamber, when the Queen wakes up in the morn, you see.

When the Queen wakes up in the morn! When the Queen wakes up, you see.

When the Queen wakes up, you see.

receive from the Ladies, fair to see, the garments obtained from Chamberlains through whose care the robes of

When the Queen wakes up, you see.

When the Queen wakes up in the morn! When the Queen wakes up, you see.
Ope's the chest with golden key! In the morning.

state that she Takes from the chest with a golden key! When the Queen wakes up in the morning.
Allegro poco pomposo

Morning... Morning...

Morning... Morning...

Morning... Morning...

Morning... Morning...

How so? How so?

How so? How so?

How so? How so?

How so? How so?

Allegro poco pomposo

Allegro con spirito

Foes! Treason, treachery! baseness shocking! The Queen's inviolate, royal stock. With a great hole

Act I, No. 1 - 27
A hole! A hole! To the
A hole! A hole! To the

Andante

Tower with the traitor, Who so carelessly can cater, To a
Tower with the traitor, Who so carelessly can cater, To a

Andante con moto

f pesante
majesty that should be kept serene! kept serene! So that justice be not

baffled, Let the Hang-man mount his scaffold! And avenge this deadly

Act I. №1 - 27

445917
Allegro con Spirito

Our Queen is missing!

in-sult to our Queen, To our Queen!

What?

Аgain, Аgain!

Act I, No 1 - 27
Allegretto gracieoso

Tap'd I rapp'd Up-on her chamber door Then threw it wide, And

Leggiero

Tap, Tap! Rap, Rap!

Tap, Tap! Rap, Rap!

Allegretto gracieoso

cresc.
poco rubato

coll' voce

cresc.

look'd in-side To find her gone once more! I stepp'd I crept! No

poco rit.
a tempo

a tempo

Stepp'd, stepp'd! Crept, crept!

Stepp'd, stepp'd! Crept, crept!

poco rall.

Act I, No. 1 - 27
"Twix ver-y plain — The Queen had gone!

The Queen had gone again — We must seek her, we must find her;
Tempo di Marcia

151.4

(con spirito)

Now away, away.

Rea-di-ly, stea-di-ly, ev'ry-where we are

Ev'ry-where

Tempo di Marcia

(seek - ing)

War-i-ly, char-i-ly, in-to all cor-ners

Ev'ry-where, we are

Act I. No. 1 - 27
peek-ing. Chat-ter-ing, clat-ter-ing, all doors bat-ter-ing, naught us

ter.
bars! They are dash-ing, crash-ing, smash-ing Sons of Mars. Till we've seen our dear

Act I. No. 1 - 27
Queen, Forward Sons of Mars! Go! nor danger mind, Now

Queen, Forward Sons of Mars! Go! nor danger mind, Now

SOE poco rall. ff a tempo stentato

Queen, Forward Sons of Mars! Chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing, all doors bat-ter-ing.

TENORI

FORWARD Sons of Mars! Chat-ter-ing, chat-ter-ing, all doors bat-ter-ing.

BASSI

crese.

Our Queen to find, A-way, we

Act I. No. 1 - 27
go! Our Queen to find. Away, Away,

molto * rall. molto a tempo

Pressando

way!

Pressando

Act I No. 1 - 27
Act 1. No 2
QUARTET
Practical Patriots
Niklas, Rumler, Ravanica, Myrza

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK

and
RENNOJ WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro commodo

NIKLAS

1. I'm a
2. If you

Rum.
Myr.

Allegro commodo

PIANO

states—man so in-tense—ly pat—ri—otic
That I

think you see in me a vul—gar trai—tor
I'll con

want to run the coun—try all a— lone
fess to you most free—ly that I'm not

RAVANICA

I'm an
For the

Copyright MCMXIII by JEROME H. REMICK & Co., New York & Detroit
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Altruist so foolishly Quixote
people cause my love could not be greater

"For the

bolish all the graft except my own
We'd all

cause" I urge them, come out and be shot
We'd all

bolish all the graft except our own
Peoples cause come out then and be shot
I've arrived

So this

Practical Patriots 6
ranged the details of a revolution, For a
morning half the city's population, Will at-
country's muscles harden in a fight,
tack the Queen and burn the palace down.
And to give the mob a perfect constitution,
Lest allegiance to the crown cause han-
toxon, I prescribe a daily dose of dynamite!
tation, I've arranged to take possession of the crown.
We're patriots all and be it understood,
To credit heroes all the world is slow.

Our only aim to do our country good.
We'll take the cash and let the credit go.

Do it good.
We're not slow.

Practical Patriots 6
Moderato con moto

Lord save our native land, guard valley, hill, and strand. We carol thus.

Allegro con spirito

Lord save our shore and sea; also the Treasury,
Lord save each rill and range; also the Stock Exchange,

Allegro con spirito

Lord save our shore and sea
Lord save each rill and range

Allegro con spirito

Al - so the Treas - u - ry!
Al - so the Stock Ex - change!

Practical Patriots 6
Act 1 No. 3

**Entrance and Song**

*Queen and Girls*

**Lyric by**
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

**Music by**
REGINALD de KOVEN

---

**Larghetto**

**PIANO**

---

**Allegro commodo**

**Girls 1st Group**

*Here's a stranger from afar, Born beneath a lucky star.*

**Allegro commodo**

*f scherzando*

---

*Some one they say, Found her to-day, Vending in our bazaar.*

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She, she comes! Here's a maid of royal mien, Who to-day by all was seen.

In peasant dress, How could we guess? She was our little Queen, our Queen!

If of love you seek a vendor, Dealer in Cupid's arts. If you long for glances tender,

Come to me—I deal in hearts! If your love has gone a-far, Careless grown or cold.

Come to her—She deals in hearts! Allegro con spirito Careless grown or cold.

Entr'acte & Song - 7
Seek my stall in the ba-zaar, where new love is sold. I've a balm for ev'-ry ill,

Fil-ters, potions, what you will. If you on-ly trust my skill, you nev-er will grow old.

Ho-la— A
Allegretto con moto e rubato

dealer I in phil-ters, its po-sions brew'd a-bove. Who trusts in me will

Allegretto con moto

find me a dealer in Love. When life no lon-ger blesses, 'Twere wise my wares to

When life no lon-ger blesses, 'Twere wise my wares to

try. Win kis- ses or car-res-ses; For I sell hearts, who'll buy!

try. When

Entr'd Song —
Win kis-ses or car-resses;

life no lon-ger bess-es, Twere wise her wares to try: Win kis-ses or car-resses;

deal it hearts, com'e buy! Live a life that’s love-less, And love-less you will die.

Your hearts will buy! And love-less

Lov-ing hearts I of-fer! Come quickly, Wholl buy.

die. Hear her of-fer! Wholl buy.

Entr. & Song 7
Tempo di Valse con brio.

It's hard to be quite queenly, When you keenly feel sixteenly. Youth is a time en-

trancing. For dancing, Romancing. All
life and love before you, Men adore you And im-

ple you And thrones and such things bore you When you're

sweet sixteen And thrones and such things bore you When you're sweet sixteen.
Act 1, No. 4

SONG

A Self Made Man!

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by REGINOLD DE KOVEN

Leuman Elisabeth and Chorus

Allegro con spirito

I was
I shall

poor at birth I swear. But I'm now a millionaire. I've a tour this foreign land. With a check book in my hand. And per-

man-sion and we call it Leuman Hall!

haps I'll buy a kingdom cheap. in debt.

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There's a color most ly red in Lau man Hall in Lau man Hall.
If my dis count off for cash you bet hell get. Hell get you bet!

But ler and four cooks, I've a half a mile of
daughter wants to wed. A dis tinguished tial ed

cresce.
books. And the bind ings match the pa per on the wall.
head, I will buy for her a crown or a corn net.

cresce.
They will stay there till the leaves begin to fall, begin to fall.
Its a cinch some pauper prince will get me yet, will get me yet.

Allegro commodo

ELISABETH

Self made man, Im his daughter, only one. Built on

LAUMAN

my own plan! And I like the job hes done. Nature

ELISABETH

LAUMAN

A self made man, 4
never made my equal, Napoleon also ran!
ever have a sequel deny it if you can!

In Parlez-vous, A Self made man!

DANCE
Allegro moderato

molto cresc.
Act 1. No 5

MY FAIRY PRINCE

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

VOICE

Con sentimento

Con sentimento

PIANO

Allegro moderato

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1. A wonder-ful land is fai - ry land, On
top of a gol - den hill For the way you must look in a fai - ry book, Where

2. Ah fai - ry land how soon for-got, The
gi - ants and o - gres grim For when child - hood is gone and our lives flow on, it's

fan - cy can roam at will Where fan - cy can roam at will There are
pictures and tales grow dim The pictures and tales grow dim But a
Poco deciso

Dwarfs and giants and ogres grim, and minstrels and knights so
woman waits for her fairy Prince, the lover so gay and

mf deciso

brave But best of all is the fairy Prince, the Princess who comes to
bold Till her eyes grow dim at the thought of him, and all but her heart is

poco rit. tend. a tempo con tenerezza

save The Princess who comes to save.
old And all but her heart is old.

rit. ral. con sentimento

Tempo I

Valse moderato
cresc.

Every girl dreams of a prince, to come some day ——— A
Fairy Knight in armor bright, or home spun gray. Ah

If he love her truly, though lowly and poor he seems

He will always be the hero of her dreams.

He will be, will be the Hero of her dreams.

My Fairy Prince 3
Act I. № 6

MARCH and ENSEMBLE

Entrance of King

Lyrics by CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro con spirito

PIANO

RAVANICA

NIKLAS

Give a shout and a cheer the King draws near

CHAMBERLAIN

MYRZA

Give a shout and a cheer the King draws near

Allegro a la Marcia

Pomposo

SOP I & II

MAR. col Sop. I

Lift your voices loud in greeting

Let the air with glad-some

RAV. col I

NIK-I col II

BASSI CHAM. col I

Lift your voices loud in greeting

Let the air with glad-some

Allegro a la Marcia

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SONG RE-SOUND!

Heaven smiles upon this meeting,
O-mens of great joy a-

bound.

Two nations join in welcome,
A welcome to our

And pray Fortune to bless with complete happiness
d poco

Bless him, He who comes now to be our King! Ah!

King.

Bless him!
no-bler prince or mon-arch fair-er, Nev-er came with-in these pal-ace walls;

no-bler prince or mon-arch fair-er, Nev-er came with-in these pal-ace walls;

(The King enters)

Tempo giusto  

altargando  
cresc. molto

Tempo giusto

altargando  
cresc. molto

Nobile

Queen, we greet; The fair-est la-dy in the na-tion. Our

Ent. of King 16
joy complete. To give our troth with you we now con-

vene. At last we meet Accept our royal sal-

Royal ly spoken. Last ing this meeting, Now see his sal-

ta tion. On our sword we pledge our life to you, our Queen, to you ev er now, Our

Our Queen, Hur rah! Our

Ent. of King 16
In a manner polite, we rend the air with acclamation,

Queen.

Con Spirito

Q. Welcome to our land!

K. Gracious Queen I bow!

Welcome to our land!

Welcome here!

Tho' the greeting be trite, 'tis only

Tho' the greeting be trite, it is the

Ext. of King 16
What an awful row!

Welcome to our land!

Welcome grand!

due his state. Welcome grand!

one that's due his station Welcome grand!

Tempo I

Lift your voices loud in greeting Let the air with glad-some song re-sound

Lift your voices loud in greeting Let the air with glad-some song re-sound

Tempo I

Ent. of King 16
King.
Ragtime's more in my line, A music hall always for

Hsh! Hsh! Hsh!

Allegretto grazioso

mine. For this honor gracious Sire, our thanks are due.

Hsh! Hsh! Hsh!

Allegretto grazioso

Wel-come are you cousin, and your ret-i-nue!

We were prom-is'd in af-fi-ance

Ent. of King 19
Tempo I

May I hope that this alliance no regret in-

by our noble Sires. This alliance no regret in-

Tempo I

Allegro moderato

Q.

spires... I must be discreet. 

Ha-ting

K.

spires...

That was rather neat! 

Ha-ting

Mar.

MARISEA & SOPRAN

Bowl!

This al-

Rux.

This al-

This al-

Cup.

This al-

This al-

Gu.

This al-

This al-

Allegro moderato

Ent. of King 16
custom obsolete! Ancient rules of etiquette obsolete!

li-ance gives us our desires.

li-ance gives us our desires.

li-ance gives us our desires.

li-ance gives us our desires.

Tempo di Gavotte.

serving, All court forces preserving;

serving, I may kiss your hand. Do you

Ent. of King 16
find these old conventions more or less unnerving? more I could not stand. Thou no

In this way my mother met my sire. Tis
think we're near the end, and he now the knee must bend, and from dancing we can then retire.

Well I'm near the end, the knee I bend from dancing we now retire.

glad that's done!

Royal calling is no fun. Ancient

When I'm out for fun! Royal calling I will shun. Ancient

Bow! Royal ceremony do not shun. Ancient

Bow! Royal ceremony do not shun. Ancient

Bow!
forms of et-i-quet ob-serv-ing All court forms pre-serv-ing You may kiss my
forms we are ob-serv-ing. He must now Kiss her
forms we are ob-serv-ing. He must now Kiss her
forms we are ob-serv-ing. He must now Kiss her
forms we are ob-serv-ing.
We are ob-serv-ing. Kiss her

rit. > a tempo cresce.

hand. Do you find these old con-ven-tions more or less un-nerv-ing More we could not
hand. Do you find these old con-ven-tions more or less un-nerv-ing More we could not
hand. Et-i-quet we must ob-serve. Most un-nerv-ing, to with-
hand. Et-i-quet we must ob-serve. Most un-nerv-ing, to with-
hand. Et-i-quet we must ob-serve. Most un-nerv-ing, to with-
hand. Et-i-quet we must ob-serve. To with-

Ent. of King: 16
Q. stand.

K. stand.

Mar. Miss stand.

Rav. Nik stand.

Cap. Rom stand.

Chn. Myt stand.

George

Ent. of King 16
Act 1. No 7

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Tempo di Gavotte
grazioso

Ancient forms of et-iquet ob-

QUEEN

Tempo di Gavotte
grazioso

Ancient forms of et-iquet ob-

KING

PIANO

mf grazioso

 mf a tempo

Q. serving, All court forms preserving...

K. serving, All court forms preserving...

What's this!

CHAMBERLAIN

Your

Allegro commodo

Chn. Maj-es-ties, for-give this in-ter-
ruption, But the sen-try at the gate has just been

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Just been shot!

Just been shot!

shot! Your advisers are ambitions, half the populace seditions. So it

It is certainly suspicious he was

Oh, what rot! Oh, what rot! What

seems a bit suspicious, does it not? So, it seems a bit suspicious, does it

Act I, No. 7 - 38
shot.

Our ga-

rot! Please re-tire! Please re-tire! Our ga-

not? Listen, Sire! Listen, Sire!

Exit Chn

rall. \(\text{Tempo I}\)

vote we really can't get! Ancient rules of et-i-quet, ob-

vote we really can't get! Ancient rules of et-i-quet, ob-

rall.

Tempo I

ser-ving All court forms pre-ser-ving.

ser-ving All court forms pre-ser-ving, I may kiss your hand!
Allegro con moto
K.

Sir, you In-trude!
You're ver-y rude!

Allegro con moto

There's some-thing wrong—
I'll not be long—

Pray let him speak, Pray let him speak!

I real-ly beg your par-don, I was

Allegro commodo

stand-ing in the gar-den, When there came a sort of pat-ter, And then

shots be-gan to scat-ter, Yes to scat-ter up and down. Then I

Act I, No. 7 - 38
heard a faint hallooing, like a mob when troubles brewing, and I said: There's something doing, something

'\textit{Tis for my Crown!}"

Not in the Town! Your soldiers are in full retreat, the

doing in the Town!

mob is coming up the street, the mob is coming up the street!

\textit{Woman enter screaming} \textit{r\^e LADY & SOP. I.}

Act I, No. 38
Allegro con spirito

'Tis some traitor has undone us!

'Tis some traitor has undone us!

Hear the mobs upon us!

Hear the

Yes some traitor has undone us!

This is fearful news, you stun us!

Yes, fearful news!

Yes, fearful news!

Hear the rattling of the gat-ting!

Hear the rattling of the gat-ting!

Act I. No. 7 - 38
Q. Saved an I!

E. Yours to fight, or die.

K. Save the Queen, or die!

here to do or die! Here to do, or die, Yes, here to do, or die!

Tr. here to do or die! Here to do, or die, Yes, here to do, or die!

here to do or die! Here to do, or die, Yes, here to do, or die!

Sop. I. fight or die!

Sop. II. fight or die!

Ours to fight or die!

Ours to do or die!

Ours to fight, or die, or die!

Ours to do, or die!

Ours to do, to die!

Do, or die! Ours to fight or die!

pesante

Act I. No. 7 - 38
ranged a plan To take over ev'ry one Of the bonds you have been float-ing; You
won't pay if you can! Now, that is no way To treat a gray old self-made
man!

You'd best not wait — The mob has passed — the out-er

What's that? We'd best not wait! The mob has passed!

What's that? We'd best not wait! The mob has passed!

Allegro agitato

Act 1, No. 7 - 38
The gate!

The gate!

The gate!

We are un-done!

The gate!

We are un-done!

We are un-done!

The outer gate!

The gate!

We are un-done!

The outer gate!

The gate!

We are un-done!

Lord save our

Act I No. 7 - 38
Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Oh, listen!
Swords glisten!
They would be present.

Act I, No. 7 - 38
free! That drum-ming! They're coming!

free! That drum-ming! They're coming!

free! That drum-ming! They're coming!

free! That drum-ming! They're coming!

free! That drum-ming! They're coming!

Lord lay the tyrants low! Help us to strike this blow! For lib-er-

free! That drum-ming! A- alarm doth ev-er grow!

free! That drum-ming! A- alarm doth ev-er grow!
Allegro vivace

Con spirito

for liberty!

for liberty!

for liberty!

COSACA

Your Majesty had better flee, Your army's in disorder! And

Allegro vivace

Con spirito

for liberty!

for liberty!

for liberty!
from the court Comes the report Of war across the border.

CAPTAIN

Now

hear the word the couriers bring, that Bosnia's risen against the King! Five

minutes we can hold the gate; Unless you fly 'twill be too late.

SOPR & II

Un.

TENORI

Un.

BASSI

Act I, No. 7 - 28
less we fly 'twill be too late!

less we fly 'twill be too late!

less we fly 'twill be too late!

less we fly 'twill be too late!
Tis even now too late! Here is treason without reason! Here is

less we fly 'twill be too late!
Tis even now too late! Here is treason without reason! Here is

less we fly 'twill be too late!
Tis even now too late! Here is treason without reason! Here is

Andante con moto

Andante con moto

Andante con moto
trea-son with-out rea-son! 'Tis too late to fly, The mob has pass'd the gate! 'Tis too late!

'tis too late to fly, The mob has pass'd the gate! 'Tis too late!

'tis too late to fly, The mob has pass'd the gate! 'Tis too late!

'tis too late to fly, The mob has pass'd the gate! 'Tis too late!

'tis too late to fly, The mob has pass'd the gate! 'Tis too late!
Valse lente

For I am such a little Queen, The littlest Queen of all!

'Tis too late!

Valse lente

And I stand alone On a tottering throne, In a Kingdom about to

Queen of all!

Queen of all!
It seems unfair, That woe and care Should come to a girl eighteen

Soon to fall! Just eight-

Soon to fall! To such a little Queen

Soon to fall! Just eight-

Seems unfair! That woe and care, Oppress our little Queen!

Seems unfair! That woe and care, Oppress our little Queen!

* * *
— And a world at war Should be crying for, The life of one little Queen.

El: World at war! Crying for, The life of one little Queen.

K: And a world at war Should cry for The life of one little Queen.

Cap: Crying for, The life of one little Queen.

La: Crying for, The life of one little Queen.

Act I, No 7 - 38
Allegro agitato

Too late!

Fly, or it will be too late!

Allegro agitato

Too late!

Act I, No. 7 - 38
Where's my little bird?

Fly! fly, 'tis too late!
And my Ermine gown? My velvet toque,

Here

Here!

My bag and cloak, My sceptre, my sceptre and my crown. My dresses there in

Tempo i con spirito

that box! Pack my crown up in the hat box! Now well go! Come, we'll

Act I. No 7 - 38
KING

In there! I'll guard the door with my life!

TRAINOR

has forced the gate!

has forced the gate!

Allegro agitato

use! Quick! Behind the curtains! Now guard the door! As

though the Queen had gone before!
Allegro con spirito a la marcia

We're lost!

They have come against your

We're lost!

They have come against our

We're lost!

They have come against our

Now we have carried all before us, Now we have come for a tyrant

We're lost!

They have come against our

We're lost!

They have come against our

Allegro con spirito a la marcia

We're lost!

They have come against our

Tenors

They have come against our

Basses

They have come against our

Allegro con spirito a la marcia

Now we have carried all before us, Now we have come for a tyrant

Tenors

Myrza and Basses

Now we have carried all before us, Now we have come for a tyrant

Allegro con spirito a la marcia

Aet I. No. 7-38
Queen! Let us cry out, cry out; The right for us, For

Queen, our little Queen! Let us cry out, cry out; The Queen for us, For

Queen, our Queen! Let us cry out, cry out; The Queen for us, For

Queen! Let us cry out in mighty chorus: For

Queen, our Queen! Let us cry out, cry out, The Queen for us! For

Queen, our little Queen! Let us cry out in mighty chorus: For

Queen, our Queen! Let us cry out in mighty chorus: For

Queen Let us cry out in mighty chorus: For

Queen Let us cry out in mighty chorus: For

Act I, No. 7 - 38
Act I, No. 7 - 38
Q. till I die Ne'er desert my land.

El. 1 Lyr. Mist.
till we die Ne'er desert our land.

K. Tr.
till we die Ne'er desert our land.

Take her break her! Make her leave the land!

Cap. Cos.
till we die Ne'er desert our land.

La. Chin.
till we die Ne'er desert our land.

Take her, never Will she leave our land! Leave our land!


chorus poco rit.

Take her, break her! Make her leave the land!

mob

Take her, break her! Make her leave the land!
We may as well surrender.

His plan to

There is still time my plan to try.

His plan to

His plan to

Act I, No. 7 - 38
They will fight for me or
try—
We will fight for her or
try—
You had best resist no more, For we mean to pass that door! We will fight until we
try—
We will fight for her or
try—
We will fight for her or
You had best resist no more, For we mean to pass that door! We will fight until we
You had best resist no more, For we mean to pass that door! We will fight until we
You had best resist no more, For we mean to pass that door! We will fight until we
You had best resist no more, For we mean to pass that door! We will fight until we

Act I No. 7 - 38
now will de-fy! For the cause we love is holy We'll

They will de-fy! For the cause we love is holy We'll

They will de-fy! For the cause we love is holy We'll

Act I. No. 7 - 39
cresc. molto
pressando

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

fight for right, we'll fight for right! for right we'll fight! For

pressando

cresc. molto

Act I, No 7 - 38
Moderato con moto *poco maestoso*

Lord save our native land, Save valley hill and strand, Leave us serene!

Lord save our native land, Save valley hill and strand, Let us be free!

Moderato con moto *poco maestoso*
Lord lay the traitors low, Help us to strike this blow For God and Queen!

Lord lay the tyrant low, Help us to strike this blow For Liberty!
Act II. No. 1

Introduction
Opening Ensemble
and Song Mary Ann

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and REMNOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro con spirito

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Più Allegro

Allegro commodo
(Mechanical Piano behind Scenes)

cresc.

Allegro vivace

mf con delicatezza

f cresce. e pressendo

f marc. poco rit.

Act II, No. 1 - 15
Allegro non troppo

Bills from gro-ce, Bills for gas! Bills from... No! Sir, Let that pass. Bills for laun-dry here a-gain! E-

ough to drive a man in-sure. Five and two and one make eight. Bet-chers bills are ne-ver straight. Five and two and one make eight. It's ne-ver straight!

Tempo di Valse

Bills, bills, e-ter-nal-ly bills, The worst of all our life's ills. You get them, re-gret them and try to for-get them, Your bills, bills, bills.
Allegro commodo
(MARY ANN enters)

Allegro con spirito

(COSACA)

Go a-way, go a-

The Murphys gave a

way Im oc-cu-pied! Go a-way!

par-ty, And in- vi-ted Ma-ry Ann. Her "steady" was Mc Carthy, But she went with Pat Mc

poco rit. ff a tempo

Cann. When the band struck up the Ga-by glide, Pat grabbed her and be-gan to slide, But

poco rit. ff a tempo

Act II, No. 1-15

* * * * *
Mary Ann stood on the floor; such steps she had not seen before. Such
steps she had not seen before.

Oh!

Four and two and one make eight!

Allegro commodo

Mary Ann Mc Carthy with her fist struck Pat Mc Cann. Mary Ann — Mary
Ann. "Da-cent jig steps I will do, But I'll try no Coo-chee

(GAS METRE MAN enters)
Allegro come I°

COSAGA

Hea-ven, what a hor-rid tune. I get it morn-ing night and noon!

Allegro come I°

That's

poco rit.

Three and two and one make six, We are in an aw-ful fix

true!

Ye are!
Tempo di Valse

Bills, Bills, in - fer - nal - ly Bills, The worst of all our life's ills You

get them, re - gret them and try to for - get them These bills, bills, bills.

Allegro con spirito
(Business with dusting, etc)

When

Go a-way, go a-way! as I said be - fore I'm en - gaged!

Allegro con spirito

all the guests were mel - low Dan Mc Car - thy reached the hall, Though Ma - ry's stead - y
fellow he brought Nora to the ball, And when Dan and Nora danced the Bear, Poor

Mary watched them in despair And cried I'll wriggle with you Dan, I'll lose my soul to

win me man, I'll lose my soul to win me man!

Go away! What a bore you are.

Allegro commodo

Mary Ann Mc Cartney tore Miss Nora from her Dan. Mary Ann Mary

( Messenger boy and Lift boy enter quarreling)

Allegro commodo
Mr. Ann

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Ann}: 
\textit{If I must, to save me home, I will even do Salome.} Said Mary
\end{quote}

Miss Ann

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Ann}: 
\textit{McCarty Mary Ann.}
\end{quote}

Miss Ann

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Ann}: 
\textit{McCarty Mary Ann.}
\end{quote}

Miss Ann

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Ann}: 
\textit{McCarty Mary Ann.}
\end{quote}

Miss Ann

\begin{quote}
\textbf{Ann}: 
\textit{McCarty Mary Ann.}
\end{quote}
1st Encore
Allegro commodo

Allegro con spirito

(Grocer boy whistling presents bill)

Go away for I

Now Mary has the
can-not pay to-day!

Go away!

fever, and she Turkey's all the while, The habit will not leave her, and she dips in ev'ry

style. She will Tango round the washing tubs, And Bun-ny hug while floors she scrubs and

Act II. Not - 15
when death did poor Dan o'er-take She Tex-as Tom-mied at the wake, She

Tex-as Tom-mied at the Wake.

Here is one threat-ens suit, the Brute!

Allegro commodo

Ma-ry Ann Mc Car-thy as a sim-ple girl be-gan. Ma-ry Ann Ma-ry

(Tradesman with bills enters)

(Whistling)

Allegro commodo

Oh, these bills!

Act II No. 1 - 15
Ann. — Now she's wed an A. P. A. And they run a cabaret, Oh Mary

Cos. — Tis an awful tune I swear! I must really get some air!

Ann — Mary Mary Ann!

T. — Ann — Mary Mary Ann!

Chorus — (Chorus open windows at back and sing)

Mary Ann Mo Carthy as a

Mary Ann Mo Carthy as a

Act II. No. 1 - 15
After Encores COSACA
alone on stage
Mechanical piano
plays in street

(COSACA begins to whistle)

(ho tries to dance a step or two)

Says Mary Ann Mo Cluskey Mary Ann.

Act II. No 1 - 15
Act II. No 2

SONG

C. O. D.

Queen, Cosaca and Girls

Music by
KEGINALD de KOWEN

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Allegretto grazioso

PIANO

Moderato con moto con grazia

QUEEN

A lot of ar-ti-cles

Sent C. O. D!

COSACA

What have you there?

GIRLS

What can they

Moderato con moto

sent C. O. D!

mf leggero con grazia

Q.

Some things to wear; a few choice ar-ti-cles of lin-

Cos

be?
rie. Of lin-ge-rie. I was pas-sing a S. H. O.

O, gra-cious me!

Senst C. O. D!

And I saw a lot of love-ly things dis-play'd there— Such a

S. H. O. P.

won-der-ful N. I. T. E, And I said "I'd like to trade there." A

She means Nightie!"
wo-man tried to sell to me, And I told her I'd no mon-ey to be

poco ad lib.

paid there. So she said It seem'd so fun-ny. "If you hav'n't an-y mon-ey, Why

colla voce

f rit.mf a tempo

don't you or-der what you want and send it C. O. D."

C. O. D.

rit. a tempo

C. O. D.

C. O. D.

Act II. No 2 - 10
Allegretto gracioso

C. O. D.   That really is a lovely scheme of buying.

Oh, C. O. D.

C. O. D.   Why need one ever pay, when there's such a simple way

Oh, C. O. D.

Of supplying.

Here are stockings, frockings, collars.
"If Girl"

Which you needn't pay, you see,

Here's a bill for twenty dollars!

"Cause the things were sent to me,

They were sent me, They were sent me,

COSACA & GIRLS

They were sent her,
That's very nice!

It is emphatically!

We got them free!

Moderato con moto

But still the price if viewed practically is high, you see.

Oh, gracious

Sent C. O. D.

Sent C. O. D!

I am told that no H. E. A. D.

of a

QUEEN & GIRLS

H. E. A. D.

Act II No. 2 - 19
sunny. Wifey's bought a new lace collar - Which disposes of the dollar. And you

Sun - ny!

tap the baby's bank to finish up that C. O. D.

C. O. D.

C. O. D.

And all the other signals for assistance

Oh, C. O. D.

Oh, C. O. D.

Act II, No. 2 - 10
Oh, C. O. D! Why don't some married man try to figure out a plan.

Of resistance!

Here are bracelets, rings and lockets!

Here are bracelets, rings and lockets!

Here are seven empty pockets, so 'twere better far if you

So 'twere better far if you

Act II. No. 9 - 10
Duet

Act II. No. 3

Come Along And Tell

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Elizabeth and Trainor

Music by
REGINALD de KOVENV

ELIZABETH

Allegretto con moto

One you'd like to guess.

TRAINOR

You've a little secret, dear,

PIANO

Grazioso

a tempo

I would, indeed, I would!

Something I am keen to hear,

There's one I confess.

I thought I understood.

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Then swear by the stars a

I will keep your confidence, won't tell it 'round the town—

Is it just a girl-ish thing, about a hat or gown, or

Yes, like love!

Come Along - 6
mf

Con grazioso

Why shall I tell you?

mf leggiero

Come along, tell me! Come along, tell me! Come along tell me what's his name!

Ah! What's his name!

Where did you meet him, how do you treat him?

An old time flame

Is he new or an old time flame.

How long have you known him?

Come Along And Tell. 8
I would like to own him, I'll never tell.

Think you're going to own him, Is he poor or a titled swell?

You're aggravating. Don't keep me waiting, Come along, come along, tell

There is something on my mind

Oh, I wonder what?
About a certain man,
You could see if you weren't blind!

Now, who may he be?
I

I fear you never can
can't make out the plot.
I never can!

Hats and gowns are trivial, for those things one may buy!

I might guess with just a start.

Come Along And Tell, 8
Here's a hint to help you out if you would like to try. It is a matter that concerns my heart. Yes my heart!

Come a-long, tell me!

Her heart!

Come a-long, tell me! Come a-long, tell me what's her name, Yes what's his name!

Come Along And Tell, 8
Where did you meet her, how do you treat her? Is she new or an old time flame?

Where did you meet him, how do you treat him?

I would like to own him!

An old time flame? How long have you known him, Think you're going to own him?

He's not poor, not a titled swell, not a swell! You're aggravating,

Is he poor, or a titled or a titled swell? You're aggravating,

Come Along And Tell, S
DANCE

Come along, come a-long, tell!

mf a tempo

mf a tempo

mf

poco cresc.

dim

mf
CHANSONETTE
One Little Girl

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENOLD WOLF
Allegro gracios

Elisabeth and Girls

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Copyright MCMXIII by JEROME H. REMICK & Co., New York & Detroit
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sees a lord, feel quite sure
And says, "Dad-dy will you buy me that?"
That he loves the girl for all she's worth.

sees a lord, feel quite sure,
It's manners may be shady,
If to Society's centre

Not o-ver nice!
You want to go!
Morals not o-ver nice,
you really want to go,
Real-ly it's worth the price,
Thats on-ly fare you know.

People then will call me."My La-dy!"
You will find you pay as you en-ter,
People call me."My La-dy!"
You must pay as you en-ter,
It's worth the price, worth the price, the price!
Thats on-ly fare, on-ly fare you know!

Act II. No 4-4
Tempo I

One little girl wants a marquis
And one little girl wants a knight, any kind of lord, Father

Tempo I

poco rit.

can afford, Swear this little girl all right!

poco rit.  a tempo

All right and one little girl wants a viscount.

One wants a baron of course.

But this little girl, Wed a naughty Earl! Now she

One wants a baron of course.

Naughty Earl!

Act II, No 4 *
wants a quick divorce.

Wed an Earl!

Little girl!

Naughty Earl of course, Now divorce, Now she wants a quick divorce.

Naughty Earl of course, Now divorce.
SCENE and SONG

When the Landlord comes a Knocking at the Door

Act II. No. 5
Queen, King, Cosaca, Quigg and Chorus

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

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Allegretto con moto

My native land!

I am so happy, as

Vienna, My native land!

Allegretto con moto

Our troubles now are over.
And now for home away.

Happy as the day,
Our troubles now are over.

On Saturday! We'll take it.

There is a steamer for Trieste on Saturday.

We'll take it.
Moderato deciso

Then for home away.
Oh, I have here a writ of eviction!

Go away! Oh, go away! We're busy!

I have here a writ of e-
What does he say, oh dear what is he saying?

What does he say, oh dear what is he saying?

What does he say, oh dear what is he saying?


My Errand

'Tis glorious News!

We can't refuse!

What glorious News!


Foimposo

You've guessed no doubt, For I have come To move you

Act II. No 5 - 19
Q. We can't re-fuse!

K. That meets my views

Q. We get our dues!

K. You're fif-ty shy, Up-on your reat. This is the

Q. out!

K. * Come let's be gone!

Q. * Come let's be gone!

K. * Tis ours to choose, Come let's be gone!

Q. * kind of news I meant, move on! Come on
Allegro giocoso

I'll send the poor a

in, boys, and hush-te out this ta-

Allegro giocoso

ble.

thousand crowns by ca-

Get it down to the Street and do it

KING

I'll en-dew a nur-sing home for infants sick-

quick-ly.

Act II, No 5 - 19
Moderato con moto

I much regret to contradict you, But we are ordered to evict you!

QUEEN & KING

COSACA

Now for heaven's sake please go away! This is Cosaca's busy day!

Tempo come I

QUEEN

This is Cosaca's busy day! I do not

This is Cosaca's busy day!”

I have the writ here in my hand!

MEN BASSES

He has the writ! Here in his hand:

Tempo come I

Act II No. 5-13
like this foreign land

KING & COSACA

We do not like this foreign Land!

The writ I serve May seem se-

The writ we serve

The service here, is awful queer, So queer!

The service here, So queer!

May seem se-vere

Act II, No. 19
Allegro moderato con spirito

When the landlord comes a knocking at the door---

Move on! That expectant knock you've heard before!

Move on?

Move on?

And the door-knob loud he rattles, loud he rattles, just be-

Loud he rattles!
Pack your chickens.

Gin to pack your chickens, pack your chickens. For you knew you'll change your

Pack your chickens.

What a bore!

Home address once more,

Move on, move

Your home address once more

Move

Act II. No. 5 19
Say no more.

or! For you know you'll change your home address once more...

Move on, Move on!

At the door!

At the door!

on! When the Landlord comes a knocking at the door!

At the

on! When the Landlord comes a knocking at the door!

At the door!
Don't you dare.

And that sofa over there.

Don't you dare.

Out of our sight you ill-bred menial.

Now beware! Out of our sight you ill-bred menial.

Ov'er there.
Your presence here is not congenial. Will he dare? Take care!

Don't you dare!

Care!

Don't you dare!

Care!

Stop you fool! Don't you dare!

Take that stool!

Swift e-

Move on!

MEN
Now beware! This is no time to vio- tion is our rule.
And our care!

Serve your writ on, The Em-bas-sy needs chairs to sit on, The Em-bas-sy
serve your writ on, The Em-bas-sy needs chairs to sit on, The Em-bas-sy
serve your writ on, The Em-bas-sy needs chairs to sit on, The Em-bas-sy

Move on, Move on, Move

Act II, No 5 - 19
as-per-a-ting man said that be-fore!   Move on. Oh, no!

as-per-a-ting knock you've heard be-fore!   When the

Move on, Move on.

To e-vict us he won't dare!   Or to move our

door knob loud he rat-tles, loud he rat-tles, Just be-gin to pack your

Loud he rat-tles,

Act II. No. 5 - 19
chat-tles there.

chat-tles, pack your chat-tles, For you know you'll change your home ad-dress once more. Your

Pace your chat-tles, For you know you'll change your home ad-dress once more. Your

move is such a bore! Be-gone! Be-gone Let us

move is such a bore! Be-gone! Be-gone Let us

home ad-dress once more! Move on, Move on, You will

home ad-dress once more! Move on, Move on, You will

Act II. No. 5 - 19
When the landlord comes a knocking, comes a knocking, When the

Landlord comes a knocking at the door. Be gone!

Landlord comes a knocking at the door. Move on!
Act II. No. 6

DUET

My King Can do no Wrong

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

King and Queen

Music by REGINALD de ROVEN

Andante con moto

PIANO

mf graciosso

dim. e rall.

QUEEN

Listesso tempo

Con sentimento

The man I love may not be crown'd

Nor set up on a

KING

Listesso tempo

Largamente

May not be crown'd

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may no sceptre own, no sceptre own.

\[ \text{But he'll be a King to} \]

\[ \text{Piu mosso ed animato} \]

me a King, And this, and this my joyful song. My heart his monarchy will

\[ \text{Yes, a King, her King he'll be!} \]

be, will be; My King, my King can do no wrong.

\[ \text{For my} \]

To her heart a King I'll be, For her King can do no wrong.

\[ \text{Act II, No 6 - 4} \]
Valse lento  tempo rubato

King must be true  ever loyal, And so brave that no fate casts him down.

Must love right more than Caro-snets royal, And love me better.

Ever brave!

Love her far than a crown.

If he be brave and defiant, more than a crown, Love her more than a crown. He'll be defiant and brave,

Act II, No. 6 - 4
Con tenerezza

If he be tender and true,
Then the man that I sing,
Will be truly a

Ever tender and true,
With the love that I bring,
I'll be truly her

King And my King can do no wrong!
My King can do no wrong!

King And her King can do no wrong!
Loving can do no wrong!

My King can do no wrong!
Do no wrong!

Loving I do no wrong!
Do no wrong!
Act II. No. 7

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Finale II

Allegro commodo—*a la marcia*

Piano

Kvasica
Niklas
Captain and Tenors

Poco rubato ritard. ten

Over land and over sea, we

Ruzler
Myrza
Chamberlain and Easses

Poco rubato ten

come to seek our King.

From a sorely troubled state a message now we

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A message chosen we by public vote.

If bring

Public sentiment we quote

Sure you'll only be content,
Your mistakes to own, to own
Will consent

Più Allegro

to restore your throne. We are the embassy, you surely will a-

Più Allegro

cresc. sempre

mf
gree, That what we ask to-day, you can-not well re-fuse.

With pow-ers

We come to press our suit If dis-cor-te-ous we
ab-so-lute, Our suit.

QUEEN You're wel-come

seem to you, 'Tis on-ly thus we're true; So you must ex-cuse.

Act II No. 7 - 34
We bow. We bow. We bow.

Oh not at all! Oh not at all! And

Our attendance at this ball. And

To have in mind. Our presence small. And

so to-morrow night with great delight, To this national fete, please come.

so to-morrow night with great delight, To this national fete, please come.

so to-morrow night with great delight, To this national fete, We'll come.

so to-morrow night with great delight, To this national fete, We'll come. And

Roll.

Act II. No 7. - 34
Moderato con moto

now the conditions I'll explain, on which you may resume your reign. If you as-

Now the conditions he'll explain, on which we

Now the conditions on which they

Now the conditions on which we

Now the conditions he'll explain, on which we

sent to all the three, Very glad, we'll be.

Now the con-

Now the conditions on which they

Now the conditions on which they

cresci.
resume our reign. If we will assent to all three, very glad they'll be.

may resume their reign.

resume their reign. If you will assent to all three, very glad we'll be.

if I will assent to all three, very glad they'll be.

dictions explain!

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

dictions explain!

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

dictions explain!

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

dictions explain! If you will assent to all three, very glad we'll be.

A

may resume their reign.

resume their reign.

resume their reign.

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

Ve-ry glad we'll be.

Act II, No 7 - 34
Piu moto

Parliament with your consent, soon convened shall be.

Piu moto

measure with much pleasure, I instantly agree.

We

pray you relax the border tax, make our imports free.

Act II, No7 - 34
rule of your mission, seems very fair to me.
di-tion of your mission, seems very fair to me.
This con-di-tion, seems fair to me.
His mission, is fair you see!
His mission, is fair you see!
His mission, is fair you see!
My mission, seems fair to me you see! And last-ly with me, you must agree,
This con-di-tion, seems fair we see!
His mission, seems fair we see!

Act II. №7 - 34
Andante con moto

My soul is numb with pain Can it be true...

Never see my home again never with

Yet Sire, your country's plea... is heard across the foam,

What ever comes to me You must go home.

Ah!

No! No! I'll not leave you. No! No! I'll not go.
Ah, he says he'll not
To this condition my answer now and forever is "No!" Ah, no! I'll not

Ah, he says he'll not

Though you say you'll not

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

Ah

piu tranquillo
Moderato agitato

No, he will not go!

Hear now, Tis my answer ever, I refuse, yes I refuse to go!

How can he not go?

What this means is not

Cap. Ah yes he's refused to go!

Myr. Will he dare not go?

Oh hear now his answer, ne'er to go!

Act II. No. 7 - 84
Allegro moderato poco agitato

con passione

It is quite useless Sire, for you to stay. The heart that you require has gone a-

I will stay! Your love I desire all-

She repulses him!

She repulses him!

Will he stay? Her love I would win for

She repulses him!

She repulses him!

She repulses him!

She repulses him!

Allegro moderato poco agitato
stray.

Go back while yet you can,
It is another man;

way.

Go back you think I can,
Tis another!

Will he stay?

Come back while yet you can!

Will he stay?

Come back while yet you can!

aye.

Go back while yet you can!

Come back while yet you can!

stay.

Come back while yet you can!

Will he leave her for aye?
For aye, to leave her!

Will he leave her for aye?
For aye, to leave her!
It is another man that I prefer.

That you prefer. I know not what this is! 'Twas

Ha, ha, ha!

What another man? that you prefer!

Ha, ha, ha!

That you prefer!

Ha, ha, ha!

Ha, ha, ha!
Q.  
Say you so!

K.  
but a short time ago
You held up your lips to my kisses, my kisses, your eyes with surprise al-

I. Ly.
Mist.  
He will go!

Rav.
Nik.  
He will go!

Tr.  
He will go!

Cap.
Run.  
He will go!

Nyr.  
He will go!

Act II. No. 7 - 34
Allegro commodo a la marcia

Poco rubato

rit.

ten

a tempo

All these kisses were a lie, A lie I blush to own.

glow!

Could she deceive him so?

How cruel!

Allegro commodo a la marcia

Poco rubato

Could she deceive him so?

All a lie!

Could she deceive him so?

All a lie!

Allegro commodo a la marcia

Poco rubato

mf

rit.

f deciso

rit.

ten

a tempo

Act II, No. 7 - 34
Love you Sir! No, no! Not I And so go home a-lone!

First tell me who has taken you

Go a-lone!

She sends him home a-lone!

Go a-lone!
'Tis him I love! The one I love!

from me. You cannot love this plebeian! Ah

Who does she love? The one she loves!

'Tis true I love. 'Tis her I love!

The one she loves!

What a What a

Act II, No. 34
Q.  

It is so. You must go!

K.  

no Tis not so! Tis not so! You can-not love this ple-be-ian!

I. La 

Nun  

What a blow! He will go!

Ror 

Nik  

What a blow! He will go, will go!

Tr.  

What a blow! He will go, will go!

Cav 

Rus  

What a blow! He will go, will go!

Ch. 

Myn  

He will go, will go!

Act II. N°7 - 34
Valse modérée

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, who'll come some day

Yes, the

Can it be that she loves me? Gives me her hand Who could

Now he will gladly re-

Listesso tempo animando

— A fairy knight, in armor bright, or homespun

man you can love must be, a gallant knight!

Now ord-stand.

turn a-gain.

Listesso tempo animando

Act II. No 7 - 34
Now you've heard, will you turn!

'Tis not true! No! No!

Turn, will return, will return For his love she doth spurn!
A la Valse

Q.

\[ \text{go! Sire, now believe me!} \]
\[ \text{The truth now you know.} \]

K.

\[ \text{No! I'll not believe you! Yet if this is so} \]

I. Ly. Min.

\[ \text{Not believe! Can this be so} \]

Rav. Nik.

\[ \text{Not believe!} \quad \text{Never!} \]

Tr. Cap.

\[ \text{No he will never leave her! How can he go} \quad \text{Never!} \]

Rom. Ch. Hi.

\[ \text{Not believe!} \quad \text{Never!} \]

Myz.

\[ \text{Go, for your country calls you! The truth you know} \]

A la Valse

\[ \text{How can she bid him go!} \]

\[ \text{Never!} \]

A la Valse

\[ \text{Act II, No. 7} \]

* * *
If you remain, it will grieve me, I now implore you to go!

I ne'er will grieve her, I'll say farewell dear and go!

He ne'er will grieve her, Now say farewell Sire, and go! We implore you Oh

We implore you Oh

He ne'er will grieve her, Now say farewell Sire, and go!

We implore you oh

'Tis well, you must go!

We implore you, oh!

We implore you, oh!

mf Piu tranquillo
cresc.  
mf Piu tranquillo
cresc. molto  

Act II. No7 - 34
I love him alone.

Can I ever leave you now I love you alone.

Come back to your Kingdom! Come back to your throne.

Can he ever leave her now Leave her all alone.

Come back to your Kingdom! Come back to your throne.

Come back to your Kingdom! Come back to your throne.

Act II. No. 7 - 34
allargando    \hspace{1cm} \textit{dim. e rall. a tempo cres.}

Go, go, tho' my heart is break-ing, They im-plore, yes they im-plore you come.

I go, tho' my heart is break-ing, To im-plore, you need no more I come.

Come back to your crown and sceptre, We im-plore, yes we im-plore you come.

Yes come back to your crown and sceptre, We im-plore, yes we im-plore you come.

Yes go back to your crown and sceptre, We im-plore, yes we im-plore you come.

Come back to your crown and sceptre, We im-plore, yes we im-plore you come.

Yes come back to your crown and sceptre, We im-plore, yes we im-plore you come.

\textbf{Act II No. 7 - 34}
Andante

The right, the right alone.

Away, Away!

Away, Away!

What have you done

Away, Away!

Away, Away!

Away, Away!

Act II. No. 34
Allegro a la Valse

The only thing there was to do!

Allegro a la Valse

Then you really care for

mf gracioso

Quasi recitativo

mf con tenerezza

Ah no my friend I only love my King.

Quasi recitativo

me?

Valse modéré

Ev'ry girl dreams of a prince to come some day

Act II. No. 7 - 44
Fairy Knight, In armor bright or home-spun gray.

If he love her truly, Though lowly and poor he seems.

He will ever be the hero of her dreams.
Act III No. 1

Opening Ensemble

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by REGINALD de KOVZEN

Andante con moto

PIANO

Allegro

Allegretto (Tempo di Habanera)

1st LADY

MIST. W. The night is young and so are we.

SOP I & II

TENOR And so are we!

ALLEGRO

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Let songs be sung of jolli ty
Soon moons grow

Of jolli ty

cold and gray the sea
Soon love grows old!

And grey the sea!

Act III No 1 - 21
And so do we!

Soon love grows old! And so do we!

And so do we!

Tempo di Valse

cold!

Too soon true love grows old.

Too soon true love grows old.

Tempo di Valse
Come dance well dance, All the

ff marcato

short night through, To the sound of the gay tambourine, tambourine With a cresc.

To the sound of the gay tambourine With a cresc.
With a

With a

With a

With a

Then we'll dance 'til the skies are blue. Life's a

We'll dance 'til the skies are blue. Life's a
joke, and true love is a jest!

With a tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

joke, and true love is a jest!

With a tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Laugh the last, Laugh the best, Dance with no chance of a rest

Laugh the last, Laugh the best, Dance with no chance of a rest

Laugh the last, Laugh the best, Dance with no chance of a rest
Tra, la, la, la, la. With a
cresc.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la! With a
cresc.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! With a
cresc.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! With a
cresc.

march. poco pesante

a tempo

(Launian enters with Elizabeth)

tra, la, la, We dance.

a tempo

tra, la, la, We dance.

a tempo

tra, la, la, We dance.

a tempo

march, accel.

rit.
Tempo di Habanera

ELISABETH

LAUMAN

mf

Se late at night!

This will or gee so late at night! Don't seem to

CHORUS

Tempo di Habanera Come Imo

mf

So late at night!

So late at night! So late at night! Our Host protests!

Oh no! no! No! Dear me exactly right
poco rit.  

Dad please don't forget; To check your guests is never et-i-quette! To check your guests is

a tempo

I don't see what's the

never et-i-quette! And it really is im-port-ant; to re-mem-ber Et-i-quette!

use of et-i-quette!

And it really is im-port-ant; to re-mem-ber Et-i-quette!
1. If you happen with the smart set to be thrown,
   Just remember that your conduct must have tone.

2. At a formal dinner act with greater strain,
   You may think that eating's easy but it ain't!

   Your high brow, every movement has a meaning of its own.
   Use a Rhine wine glass for sherry, Then the hostess and the guests fall in a

   poco parlando

   rit.
own. For your ver-

bosity is sure to show your class,

Oh nev-

er 'round the ta-

ble, and yell out "Two Beers"

Words that folks don't un-
derstand are coups de grass! To be cer-
tain that you've got 'em Pull an

When the soups brought on do not prop-

ose three cheers! Never start a naugh-
ty ballad, Don't mis-

in - for dig-
i-ta-

tum, It's a cinch they'll put you in the de-

mi-tass!

So

The de-

mi-tass!

For sou-

ve-nirs!

So

The de-

mi-

tass!

For sou-

ve-nirs!

roll.
Allegro gracioso

Get, Etiquette, If you'd be a social pet. With skill and tact, just try to act. Like

Allegro gracioso

You try to act!

Allegro gracioso

Everybody you've met. You bet, get in debt. Call around and set and set! Then

Everybody you've met. You bet, get in debt. Call around and set and set!

Then
make a faint at things you aint. For that is Et-i-quette.

For that is Et-i-quette I quette.

stand for things you aint. For that is Et-i-quette quette. Then get, Et-i-quette, if you'd

You make a faint at things you aint! For that is Et-i-quette!

You make a faint at things you aint! For that is Et-i-quette!

be a so-cial pet And stand for things you aint! For that is Et-i-quette!
Allegro con moto

This fete's entrancing, And now for more dancing With somebody here oblige?

Allegro con moto

This fete's entrancing, And now for more dancing With somebody here oblige?

Let's show you an American fane.

Traitor! Come dance!

Traitor! Come dance!

A dance that we've adapted call'd the Tango.

Tra-dan-ge! Go on!

Tan-dan-ge! Go on!
Allegro moderato

You're strangers here, and like as not, Have never seen a

Allegro moderato

Turkey trot
A Turkey trot!

Turkey trot, A Turkey trot, go on.

A Turkey trot, A Turkey trot, go on.

Attacca No. 2
Turkey Trot.
Tempo di Mazurka

With
dances such as that the rage, at home and on the public stage. One

smiles that once good folk found faults, in aught so simple as the Waltz.

Come now a Waltz!

Come now a Waltz!

Attacca No. 3
Valse Lente
Allegretto

Trainor

And now the latest dance of trop-ic

mil-lions — A kind of tang-o fam’d with the Bra-zil-lians.

This dance we’ll see! A nov-el-ty!

This dance we’ll see! A nov-el-ty!

This dance we’ll see! A nov-el-ty!

Attacca N° 4
Bresilienne
Bresillienne

Allegro moderato

poco rit.  a tempo

Fine
Act III, No. 2

Romanza

Queen and Chorus

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Andante con moto

QUEEN

con sentimento

TENOR I & II

Native land, there you lie far a-

BASSES I & II

Sad is she!

cross the sea, Where your waving trees bent by each breeze now beckon me.

SOP. I & II

Far across the sea!

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Ev'ry brook that ripples down your hills, Sings to me of my home with melody that lures and thrills. Golden fields I can hear its melody! Hear its melody! Now hear—

see in harvest time; Mountains high rear their heads in might sublime,
I know well thy mystic spell, All in my heart for

I know well, all thy spell, In my heart for

I know well, all thy spell, In my heart for

f cresc. poco agitato

f cresc. poco agitato

rail. molto
dim.

ever, Ev'ry land and clime, Dear Fa-ther-land of mine

aye. Each land and clime. Return to thee, Fa-ther-land of mine.

aye. Re-turn! Return to thee, Fa-ther-land of mine.
Andantino
con tenerezza

Of a land that's teeming With old friends, in dreaming, Friendly voices I may
never hear again

Lilies there are rarest,

Again the flowers rare, and

Again the flowers rare, and

Roses bloom the fairest, In the valleys joy and gladness reign

Roses fair, In valleys bloom.

Roses fair, In valleys bloom.
Piu allegro lusinghando

Sad my heart with all the grief and pain, For the home I ne'er may

Chorus

Piu allegro

cresc. rit. ar - dan - do

see a - gain. Fa - ther - land I now im - plore, Oh Fa - ther - land of

Act III. No. 2
mine, I now implore. Oh take me home once more.

Now take her home! For

Tempo I

I'm long-ing for my home a-

Sad her heart with all the grief and pain, For the home she may ne'er

sad her heart with all the grief and pain, For the home she may ne'er

Tempo I
again, Oh Fa-ther-land
I now im-ple, Oh Fa-ther-land

see a-gain, Oh we now im-ple, Oh Fa-ther-land.

see a-gain, Oh we now im-ple, Oh Fa-ther-land.

Once more, once

Home once

Home once

Act III. No 2
a tempo

more.

Now she must say goodbye to all she loves so well.

More.

Now, to all she loves so well.

Dear native land to you, I bid a long farewell.

To all farewell. To you a long farewell.
Act III. No. 2
Act III. No 3

SONG

The Ladies

Cosaca and Chorus

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOld WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

COSACA

Allegro commodo

Con spirito

Tempo di Valse

rit.

La-dies, Lord bless 'em! We love to ca-

sus-an near caught me! For she it was taught me! Of moon-light and

men-tette!

There's some-thing a-bout 'em, We can't do with-out 'em, Ex-

she said "I don't doubt you, I can't live with-out you." She

SOZIAI

For the

The co-

men!

TERORI

For the

The co-

men!

BASSI

For the

The co-

men!

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cept at the club now and then. But those who seek marriage all grieve

did, and is doing it yet. Fair Helen thought me she would cap

Now and then! At it yet!

Now and then! At it yet!

me; My way is the a la carte plan For women I know, and be-
ture, By her all my life would be bossed. When danger was near, then 0

Clever plan! Would be bossed!

Clever plan! Would be bossed!
lieve me, That's why I'm an un-married man!
rap-ture! I found that my fingers were cross'd.

An His un-married fingers were
An His un-married fingers were

An un-married man, That's why I'm an un-married man!
My fingers were cross'd, I found that my fingers were cross'd....

Their

man! An un-married man, That's why I'm an un-married man!
cross'd! His fingers were cross'd, He found that his fingers were cross'd.

cross'd! His un-married man, That's why I'm an un-married man!
cross'd! His un-married man, That's why I'm an un-married man!
cross'd! He found that his fingers were cross'd.

Act III. No. 8 - 7
Moderato con moto

love is like no other,
Their affection has no end.

like to have 'em near me all my life,

He'd like to have 'em near him!

love 'em as a mother,
As a sister, or a friend.

But I

Act III. No. 8 - 7
sort o' seem to dread 'em as a wife!

Their affection has no end

Chorus

sort o' seem to dread 'em as a wife!

Their affection has no end
I like to have 'em near, I
like to have 'em near him all his life.

He
He

love 'em as a mother, As a sister, or a friend,
loves 'em as a mother, As a sister, or a friend,
loves 'em as a mother, As a sister, or a friend,
Act III. No 4

SONG with CHORUS

Drink and be merry

Trainor

Lyric by CHANNING POLLOCK and BENNO LD WOLF

Music by REGINALD de KOVEN

Allegro moderato

Gentlemen lift your glasses

mf gracios

We're going to chat and think, and think!

leggiero

Poco meno quasi un Gavotte

Of chatting the use is, As an excuse to drink

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Our chat-ting an ex-cuse is To drink! To drink!

To drink

TENORI I & II To drink! To drink! To

BASSI I & II

Deciso più moto

cresc.

Meno mosso come Imo

They say re-bel-ious na-tions spurn, The

drink, to drink, to drink!

drink, to drink, to drink!

drink, to drink, to drink!

Meno mosso come Imo

Act III, No 4 - 12
Queen. Well we do not. And if they plot for her return, Why

RAVA NIK. (aside) Ah, he does not!

CAPT & RUM. Ah, he does not!

CH'N & MYR.

Tr.
don't you coun-ter-plot

RAVA NIK.

We'll coun-ter-plot!

CAPT & RUM. We'll coun-ter-plot!

CH'N & MYR.

MYRZA

I don't see that I gain a jot if
Of course if you should counter-plot, You'd
these things I surmount.

be a plot-ter Count
A plot-ter Count!

I'd be a plot-ter Count!
A plot-ter Count!

It's nice to be a Count

Act III, No. 12
And while you're thinking just one drink—For it's
Pray let me think! Pray let me think!
Myrza col Bassi

Allegro spirito

drink, drink, drink, when you're merry, And it's drink, drink, drink, when you're blue!—When the

maid in mind to another's kind, And when she is kind to you—When
luck is for or against you. Here—after there—after or
now In joy or regret, To think or forget, Lift your

glass—en and say “Here’s how!”

That really is a

The peasants surve out side my gates!
It is a sin!

It is a sin!

Can starve with-in!

Can starve with-in!

You are a merchant, Sir I see, The state will buy no

more From others so your shop will be A state department store!
De-part-ment store!

NIK.

Fray let me think!

state de-part-ment store.

De-part-ment store!

It ne'er was that be-

fore.

And while you're thinking just one drink For it's

Pray let me think!

Pray let me think!

Pray let me think!

Act III. No. 4 - 12
Allegro con spirito

drink, drink, drink, when you're merry; And it's drink, drink, drink, when you're

blue When the maid in mind, to another's kind, And

when she is kind to you When luck is for or against you, Here

Kind to you. When luck's against you

Act III, No 4 - 12
And when she is kind to you. Where
other's kind, And when she is kind to you, to you. Where

luck is for or against you, Here after there after or
luck is for or against you, Here after there after or

now, in joy or regret, to think or forget! Lift your
now, in joy or regret, to think or forget! Lift your

Act III. No 4 - 12
Act III. No 5

Lyric by
CHANNING POLLOCK
and RENNOLD WOLF

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN

Finale III

Allegro Moderato

KING

TRAINOR

MYRZA

Allegro Moderato

It is the Queen!

It is the Queen!

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drink, drink, drink to our Queen! For her country's gain she re-
cresc.

drink, drink, drink to our Queen! For her country's gain she re-
cresc.

drink, drink, drink to our Queen! For her country's gain she re-
cresc.

drink, drink, drink to our Queen! For her country's gain she re-
cresc.
You drink! You drink!
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen!
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen!
Queen! Then well drink! So well drink. To the health of our little Queen!
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen!
Queen! Then well drink! To the health of our little Queen!
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen!
Mist. of W. Then well drink! To the health of our little Queen! The
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen! The
Well drink! Well drink, To the health of our little Queen! The
Allegro con moto

Most gracious majesty, your exiles o'er. Your subjects pray you betheir

Queen! Our Queen! Queen! Queen! Queen! Queen! Queen! Queen! Queen!

Allegro con moto

And

I, Queen once more! Be Queenonce more! Be Queenonce more! Our Queenonce more!

Queen once more. Queen once more. Queen once more! Queen once more!

Our Queenonce more!

Our Queenonce more!

Finale III 23
Allegro Con moto

Q.

do you share the throne with me?

K.

Your majesty it cannot be!

But

Allegro Con moto

Q.

He says it cannot be!

K.

to this union we agree!

MIST. of W. To this union they agree!

TRA. & COS.

CHAM & LAU. To this union they agree!

cresc. rit. To this union they agree!

Finales III 28
I am such a little Queen, The last of all my race.

And I'm forced to own, That an old maid's throne is a terribly lonely race!

Finale III 23
It seems unfair. That none should share. The

Lonely place.

She

Lonely place.

Lonely place.

Lonely place.
thron of a girl eight-teen
Yet my crown I'd give, If I

(aside)

is my little Queen,
Yet his crown he'd give, If he

Just eighteen! Yet her crown she'd give, If she

Just eighteen! Yet his crown he'd give, If he

Just eighteen! Yet his crown he'd give, If he

Just eighteen! Yet his crown he'd give, If he

Crown I'd give!

Crown I'd give!

Finale III 23
Could but live in his heart as his little Queen.

Could but live in the heart of my little Queen.

Could but live in the heart of his little Queen.

Could I live for her who's my little Queen, little Queen.

Finale III 23
Allegro a la Valse

Sire, Sire, Let me now enquire, Why do you not see the truth, She loves you with all the ardor.

Yes, all the ardor of youth, Ah, no! She neer yet she swore she loved you!

Me alone! She ever loved you alone, you alone! She
tried to deceive you so you would return, and take again your throne.

Allegro moderato

Tis true! I love but you.

Can this be true!

My Queen! And

Allegretto grazioso

you, sir, who have been so loyal with us stay, in a manner

poco rit.

royal we will you repay.

Sire, I thank you, sire, I thank you.
But I greatly fear, The reward you promise me, I must stay and find here!

Moderato Deciso

The motors are waiting Tis time to go,

Allegro con Brio

Tis time to go!

Allegro con Brio

Finale III 23
Allegro moderato gracioso

Where's my coat and hat?  
For I must have that!

There!

Allegro moderato gracioso

It can do no harm!  
Now to the stair!

Come take my arm!  
To the Stair, to the stair!

Allegro agitato

Well go our selves our leav-ing ex-pe-dite  
Please wait, please wait. And

Allegro agitato

Fine: C 23
Moderato con moto  

Lord save our King and Queen, Long may they reign serene, To them we sing!

Finale III
Allegro con moto

The world is sweet, blue skies above me; will you say, "My dear I...

Queen con sentimento

love you! In you I see my Fairy Prince, My Prince who's come at

Allegro moderato

Did you see! Gracious me! Oh, gracious me...

Did you see! Gracious me! Oh, gracious me...

Allegro moderato

Finale III 23
Allegro commodo

slave in love's a duke or Earl. A King and Queen are

go to court, and suit is given And

Valse Moderato

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Ev'ry girl dreams of a Prince, to come some day.

Finale III 23
Finale III
If he love her truly. Though lowly and poor he seems.

Ah yes
Allargando

He will ever, Be the hero, of her dreams.

He will ever, Be the hero of all my dreams.

He will ever, Be the hero of all her dreams.

He will ever, Be the hero of all her dreams.

He will ever, Be the hero of all her dreams.

He will ever, Be the hero of all her dreams.

Allargando

a tempo

Finale III 23

End of Play