THE SHOP GIRL.

Musical Farce.

WORDS BY

H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL.

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY

ADRIAN ROSS & LIONEL MONCKTON.

VOCAL SCORE - - - - - - - 6 0
PIANOFORTE SOLO - - - - - - 3 0
LYRICS - - - - - - 0 6

London:

HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W.
THE SHOP GIRL.

Dramatis Personae.

Mr. Hooley ... (Proprietor of the Royal Stores) Mr. Arthur Williams
Charles Appleby ... (a Medical Student) Mr. Seymour Hicks
Bertie Boyd ... (One of the Boys) Mr. George Grossmith, Junr.
John Brown ... (a Millionaire) Mr. Colin Coop
Sir George Appleby ... (a Solicitor) Mr. Cairns James
Col. Singleton ... (Retired) Mr. Frank Wheeler
Count St. Vaurien ... (Secretary to Mr. Brown) Mr. Robert Nainby
Mr. Tweets ... (Financial Secretary to Lady Appleby) Mr. Willie Warde
Mr. Miggles ... (Shopwalker at the Royal Stores) Mr. Edmund Payne
Lady Dodo Singleton ... (Charlie's Cousin) Miss Marie Haltom
Miss Robinson ... (Fitter at the Royal Stores) Miss Katie Seymour
Lady Appleby ... (Charlie's Mother, Wife of Sir George) Miss Maria Davis
Ada Smith ... (An Apprentice at the Royal Stores) Miss Lillie Belmore
Faith
Hope
Charity
Maud Plantagenet
Eva Tudor
Lillie Stuart
Ada Wandesforde
Mabel Beresford
Agnes Howard
Maggie Jocelyn
Violet Devenev
Bessie Bentley ... ("The Shop Girl")

ACT I.—The Royal Stores (W. Johnstone).

ACT II.—Fancy Bazaar at Kensington (W. Hann).
# THE SHOP GIRL.

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Vocal Score.
THE SHOP-GIRL.
MUSICAL FARCE.

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.
MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY ADRIAN ROSS AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

NO. I. — OPENING CHORUS. "THE ROYAL STORES."
Allegro moderato.

PIANO:

1st Sop.

This noble institution of financial evolution, is the

2nd Sop.

This noble institution of financial evolution, is the

TEN.

This noble institution of financial evolution, is the

BASS.

This noble institution of financial evolution, is the
The glory of our British trade, it's the wonder of the nation as a mighty aggregation of all objects grown or made. Every
product of the planet Since ge-o-lo-gy began it, In our mile on mile of

product of the planet Since ge-o-lo-gy began it, In our mile on mile of

product of the planet Since ge-o-lo-gy began it, In our mile on mile of

floors, From a cat to a cucumber If you only have a number, We will

floors, From a cat to a cucumber If you only have a number, We will

floors, From a cat to a cucumber If you only have a number, We will

floors, From a cat to a cucumber If you only have a number, We will
sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

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sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The

sell you at the Royal Stores. A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll

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sell you at the Royal Stores. A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll

sell you at the Royal Stores. A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll
find, you'll find At the Royal, loy-al Stores You'll find at the Roy-al
find, you'll find At the Royal, loy-al Stores You'll find at the Roy-al
find, you'll find At the Royal, loy-al Stores You'll find at the Roy-al
find, you'll find At the Royal, loy-al Stores You'll find at the Roy-al

Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loy-al, Roy-al Stores, A
Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loy-al, Roy-al Stores, A
Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loy-al, Roy-al Stores, A
Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loy-al, Roy-al Stores, A
daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

Roy.al, loy.al Stores, You'll find at the Roy.al Stores!

Roy.al, loy.al Stores, You'll find at the Roy.al Stores!

Roy.al, loy.al Stores, You'll find at the Roy.al Stores!

Roy.al, loy.al Stores, You'll find at the Roy.al Stores!

dim:
SOPRANOS.

Dress goods, tinned foods, Brie-brie and par-rots, Pipe-racks, red-wax,

Fish-ing rods ga-lore, Fresh eggs, wood-en legs, Ca-ra-mels and car-rots,

Hair dyes, pork pies, A-ny number more. Chi-na ware and cheese, Oh!

Hair dyes, pork pies, A-ny number more. Chi-na ware and cheese, Oh!

Chi-na ware and cheese, Oh!

Chi-na ware and cheese, Oh!
Pot-ter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in var-i-e-ty,

Pot-ter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in var-i-e-ty,

Pot-ter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in var-i-e-ty,

Pot-ter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in var-i-e-ty,

Pa-pers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-Chi-na hens, Oh! Sav-e-loy's, German toys,

Pa-pers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-Chi-na hens, Oh! Sav-e-loy's, German toys,

Pa-pers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-Chi-na hens, Oh! Sav-e-loy's, German toys,

Pa-pers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-Chi-na hens, Oh! Sav-e-loy's, German toys,
War. ran. ted to go. Greeting you by do. zens and by scores,

War. ran. ted to go. Greeting you by do. zens and by scores,

War. ran. ted to go. And by scores,

War. ran. ted to go. And by scores,

Reaching from the ceiling to the floors, At the Stores, the Roy. al

Reaching from the ceiling to the floors, At the Stores, the Roy. al

To the floors, At the Stores, the Roy. al

To the floors, At the Stores, the Roy. al
The Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A

daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the

daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
Royal loyal Stores, You'll find at the Royal Stores... The
Royal loyal Stores, You'll find at the Royal Stores... The
Royal loyal Stores, You'll find at the Royal Stores... The
Royal loyal Stores, You'll find at the Royal Stores... The

Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A
Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A
Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A
Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A
daily dress rehearsal you'll find, you'll find, at the Royal loyal Stores, you'll find at the Royal loyal Stores.
N° 2. — SONG: "BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegretto.

PIANO.

WOODLEY. If you
BESSIE. If a

never should engage in trade,
You will never find your fortune
little German prince you know,
Whose bank account is rather

made,
If a jeweler or batman—For the business doesn't matter—Till for
low,
Wants a silver-plated chalice, Or a dust-bin for his palace, Or a

Copyright 1895, by Hepwood & Crew.
Roy-al-ty you have pur-veyed.
If you're on-ly pa-tronized by
dag-g-er or a horn to blow.
If Mi-ka-do is get-ting out of
them,
Whether H. R. H. or H. I. M.,
Or the Shah is run-ning short of rope,
If it's
feath-ers prin-ci-pal-ly, Or the "Ho-ni soi-que mal y,"
As a ne-ver let them buy it, But with prompt-itude sup- ply it, It's a
busi-ness de-co-ra-tion it's a gem, gem, gem, As a busi-ness de-co-ra-tion it's a
golden op-por-tu-ni-ty you know, know, know, It's a golden op-por-tu-ni-ty you
As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!
give you a kind of a charter,
A sort of a second-hand

garret,
Which quickly you pop on the front of your shop,
The

sign of your Royal appointment.
Then all of the populace

loyal,
They trade at a shop that is Royal,
And
nothing that's made is so useful in trade As the sign "By Special Appointment"

Then

Then

Then

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is
Royal, And nothing that's made is so useful in trade As the sign "By Special Ap-
No. 3. QUARTET. "WE'LL PROCEED TO SEARCH FOR ADA."

VOICE.

SIR GEORGE.

PIANO.

S.G.

man of law, Of many years in practice spent,

S.G.

never heard and never saw, The equal of this strange event.

S.G.

still I think you'll quickly see, ... If you will leave the case to
Allegro.

COUNT.

HOOLEY.

me.

Well proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-

Allegro.

-

COLONEL.

Sir GEORGE.

bove the ground. Though her parents have mislaid her, She must instantly be found.

Sir GEORGE.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-bove the ground,

COUNT.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-bove the ground,

HOOLEY.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-bove the ground,

COLONEL.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-bove the ground,
Though her parents have mislaid her, she must instantly be found!

This really is most serious, Surgeon.

Passing ordinary bounds, our duty is...
-per-ri-ous, Just think of it—four million pounds! A

hap-py plan I have in view, . . . Which—later on I'll tell to

HOOLEY.

Sir GEORGE.

you. Well proceed to search for Ada, This sur-passes

COUNT.

COLONEL.

common bonds, For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds!
Sir George.

Will proceed to search for Ada, This surpasses common bounds,

Count.

Will proceed to search for Ada, This surpasses common bounds,

Hooley.

Will proceed to search for Ada, This surpasses common bounds,

Colonel.

Will proceed to search for Ada, This surpasses common bounds,

For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds.

For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds.

For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds.

For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds.
COUNT.

My duty to her parent late, He

was a character sublime, Considering the

large estate, Impresses me to lose no time, To

seek a clue at once I go, . . . . . And what I learn I'll let you
Allegro.
We'll proceed to search for Ada, if she is above the ground, though her parents have mislaid her, she must instantly be found.

Sir George.

Count.

Hookey.

Colonel.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, if she is above the ground.
Though her parents have mislaid her, She must instantly be found!

DANCE.
No. 4. CHORUS OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

Words by H. J. W. Dam.  
Music by Lionel Monckton.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano:

In us of
course you see A charming co-te-rie, Whose fas-ci-na-tions all con-

fess. Please to gaze up-on the grace Of each pret-ty lit-tle face, And ad-

mit our ve-ry dain-ty dress: ... In fact you will not find The

equal of our kind In a-ny part of his-try's page; For
nobody can take such a very heavy cake as we sirens of the

SOLO Miss PLANTAGANET.

Stage.

Most entrancing is our dancing,

So the stalls and boxes say: Our adorers

Would encore us, even when we shout "Hooray!"
CHORUS.

Most entrancing is our dancing, So the stalls and

box—es say; Our aud —I —ers Would en —core us,

E—ven when we shout "Hark —ray!"... In fact you will not find The

equal of our kind In any part of his —try's page; For
nobody can take such a very heavy cake as the Sirens of the

Stage.
No. 5. SONG. "SUPERFLUOUS RELATIONS."

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS.

MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

CHARLIE.

Out a single mark of your indentity,
On a

think it a calamity unmeritted,
That you

daughter is revolting or refractory,
Then her

hospitable doorstep you are thrown,

And your

have not any family estate,

Though the

parents may object or even strike;

You will

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pectures a prae-ti-cal no-men-ti-ty, And your proper-ty that you would have in-he-ri-ted, Could find it ve-ry much more sa-tis-fac-to-ry, To be

ance-stors, if a-ny, are not known, Since your scarce-ly be par-tic-ular-ly great! But your left to do ex-act-ly as you like! You can

fa-mi-ly is whol-ly pro-blem-a-ti-cal, You may des-ti-tu-tion needn’t leave you sor-row-ing, For if have a lit-tle harm-less bit of fun or two, And you

fan-cy you were sto-len when at nurse, And be ev-er you have mo-ney safe and sure, You have needn’t ask mam-ma be-fore you wed, And you
sure your birth was quite aristocratic... Though it not a poor relation to be borrowing... For you come in with a latch-key, say at one or two... And there's

probably was rather the reverse!... Oh, it's have'n a relation to be poor... Not a nobody to pick you off to bed... If a

a tempo.

better for you rather, Not to try and find your father, Than to niece or nephew, Not a sister feeling seedy, Or a cigarette should charm you, There is no one to alarm you, Or to

a tempo.

find him picking oakum in a cell... So recent cousin with some finery work to sell... And if tell you she is poisoned by the smell... And in
-frain from men-ta-tions At your lack of all re-la-tions, And you'll you should need a shil-ling, You've an un-cle kind and will-ing, And he'll go-ing out on Sun-day, You can laugh at Me... Grundy, And 1

learn to do with-out them ve-ry well, ve-ry well, Yes, you'll do the busi-ness for you ve-ry well, ve-ry well, Yes, he'll think you've been and done it ra-ther well, ra-ther well, And 1

CHORUS OF FOUNDLINGS.

real-ly do with-out them ve-ry well. And we'll lend you on your tick-ver ve-ry well. And he'll think you've gone and done it ra-ther well. And we

learn to do with-out them ve-ry well, ve-ry well, Yes, we'll do the busi-ness for us ve-ry well, ve-ry well, Yes, he'll think we've been and done it ra-ther well, ra-ther well! And we
No. 6. — THE SONG OF THE SHOP. (I STAND AT MY COUNTER.)

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS.

MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro moderato.

VOICE.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

I stand at my counter and serve in the Stores. The
But, oh! what a wonderful change you will spy When

Copyright 1895, by Hopwood & Crew.
Ladies frown round me by dozens and scores,
I

Gentlemen come to my counter to buy!

They

Turn out the velvets and silks and tussores,
Rich

Don't seem to care if the prices are high,

They

Ribbons and laces uncurling
Help me to put the things tidy

Rich ribbons and laces un-
They help her to put the things
They handle the goods for a morning or so, And
They say I am working too hard for my pay, And

furling.
tidy.

ask if I've anything better to show, Then buy half a yard of blue
ask if I can't get out early some day, And have a nice dinner and

ribbon and go, Which is cash three pence half penny,
go to the play—Say Saturday—No Well, then,
ster-ling, And they all come down on the Shop Girl. Weak little meek little
Fri-day And they all make eyes at the Shop Girl. Sweet little neat little

Shop! Shop!
Shop! Shop!

Shop Girl! Making her bring Ever-y-thing Till she is ready to
Shop Girl! That’s what they do, Married men, too— Really they never will

Shop! Shop!
Shop! Shop!
drop............
stop............

They all come down on the Shop Girl,
They all make eyes at the Shop Girl,
They all come down on the Shop Girl,
They all make eyes at the Shop Girl,

cresc.

f rall.

Ladies of rank, Who could
Oh, how they stare, And they

Weak little meek little Shop Girl.
Neat little sweet little Shop Girl.
Ah!............

Weak little meek little Shop Girl.
Neat little sweet little Shop Girl.
Ah!.............

Weak little meek little Shop Girl.
Neat little sweet little Shop Girl.
Ah!...............
buy up the bank, They
frequent. ly dare To wink at the girl in the shop.

Ah! Shop, shop, shop.
Ah! Shop, shop, shop.
Ah! Shop, shop, shop.

D.C. %

shop.
shop.
shop.

DANCE.
Oh, how they stare, And they

Ah!

frequently dare To wink at the girl in the shop.

Ah!

Shop, shop, shop.

Ah!

Shop, shop, shop.
No. 7. — Perambulator Duet. "Hush A Bye."

Words by H. J. W. Dam.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Andantino.

Bessie. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Shut your little eye, dear,

Charlie. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, My nerves are all a-jar, dear,

8. Sleep and dream in comfort, baby, while you can.

6. Goodness, oh, my finger Bessie can't he bite,

8. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Nurse is close by, dear,

6. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Does he want his Ma, dear, I

Copyright 1895, by Hopwood & Crew.
8. Sleep and don't be fright'ned at the soldier man.
   c. couldn't nurse a baby on a winter's night.

   Hush-a-bye, hush-a....
   c. Hush-a-bye, hush-a....

Tempo di Marcia.
BESSIE.

When a-long the street the war drums beat, The

CHARLIE.

When a-long the street the war drums beat, The

Gren-a-di-ers are com-ing. Then the mu-sic grand of the big brass band, Sets

ev-ry heart to humming. When the co-lours fly a-athwart the sky. And the

Gren-a-di-ers are com-ing. Then the mu-sic grand of the big brass band, Sets

ev-ry heart to humming. When the co-lours fly a-athwart the sky. And the
lines of bear skins loom... All England cheers the Grenadiers, And the big brass drum goes boom! Rata-plan, rata-plan, plan, Rata-plan, plan,

lines of bear skins loom... All England cheers the Grenadiers, And the big brass drum goes boom! Rata-plan, rata-plan, plan, Rata-plan, plan,

plan Rata-plan, rata-plan, rata-plan, dzing! Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, plan Rata-plan, rata-plan, rata-plan, dzing! Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta,
Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, ta, Ta, ra-ta, ta, ra-ta, ta, Boom! Rata-plan, plan,

Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, ta, Ta, ra-ta, ta, ra-ta, ta, Boom! Rata-plan, plan,

plan, Rata-plan, rataplan, rataplan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-ta, ta, ta, Ra-ta-

plan, Rata-plan, rataplan, rataplan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-ta, ta, ta, Ra-ta-

-ta, ta, Rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, ding!

-ta, ta, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan, ding!

D.C. for 2nd Verse.
Andantino.

BESSIE.

V.3. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Dream your pretty dream, dear,

Never mind the cheering when the soldiers come,

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, While the rifles gleam, dear,
Sleep and don't be frightened at the boom, boom, boom!

Hush-a-bye, hush-a...

Tempo di Marcia.
When along the street the war drums beat, The Grenadiers are coming, Then the
music grand of the big brass band, sets ev'ry heart to humming. When the colours fly a-
thwart the sky, An the lines of bearskins loom All England cheers the Grenadiers, And the
No. 8.—Valse Song—"Over the Hills."

Words by H. J. W. Dam.

Tempo di Valse, Moderato.

Beatrice.

Over the hills and over

Tempo di Valse, Moderato.

Voice.

Over the world so wide... Fearing no dark to-morrow,

Into the sunset's glow... Leaning up on my lover,

Happy I would go... Were it for joy or sorrow,

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If he were by my side... Far... and a way... Over

hills... that are dim... Far... and a-

way... I would wonder with him...

Sunshine or cloud... To the world... distant

rim... Heart... against heart... With my
love... by my side... Over the seas and o-

ver, Down where the spice winds blow... Island I would dis-

cover Islands that no men know... Be it for

joy or sorrow Over the world so wide... Fearing no

dark tomorrow If he were by my side...
a tempo.

Were it for joy or sorrow Over the world so wide...

a tempo.

Were it for joy or sorrow Over the world so wide...

a tempo.

Were it for joy or sorrow Over the world so wide...

a tempo.

Were it for joy or sorrow Over the world so wide...

Fearing no dark to-morrow, If he were by my side...

Fearing no dark to-morrow, If he were by her side...

Fearing no dark to-morrow, If he were by her
N.° 9. — CONCERTED PIECE. "FOUNDLINGS ARE WE!"

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

PIANO.

FOUNDLINGS.

Foundlings are we, Waiting to see, Who will un-veil our pre-natal
mystery. Truly we'll tell How it befel That we are minus a

family history. Hard though the task, All that they

ask We will reveal with a frankness importunate Every detail

e and a tempo. We will unveil. That will explain our position unfortunate Foundlings are

a tempo.
Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will unravel their prenatal mystery

Truly we'll tell how it befell
That we are minus a family

Truly they'll tell how it befell
That they are minus a family

Truly they'll tell how it befell
Foundlings are they, Foundlings are

Truly they'll tell how it befell
Foundlings are they, Foundlings are

Truly they'll tell how it befell
Foundlings are they, Foundlings are
Allegro.

history Foundlings are we.
history Foundlings are they.
they, yes, Foundlings are they.
they, yes, Foundlings are they.
they, yes, Foundlings are they.

BERTIE.

And I am the Johnny who trots 'em round,

Who trots us round,
Here and there and everywhere we have our fling. In
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,

close attendance I'm always found.
And

He's always found,
Yes, always found,
Yes, always found,
Yes, always found,
Yes, always found,
please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing... From early morning till late at night to do the honours is my delight. At tea and dinner, at supper and lunch, you'll see me feeding the whole of the bunch!
Oh! I am the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots us round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
trot 'em round, that trot 'em round, Here and there and
ev'rywhere we have our fling... In close attendance I'm
ev'rywhere we have our fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
always found, I'm always found, I'm always found, And

always found, He's always found, He's always found, And

always found, He's always found, He's always found, And

always found, He's always found, He's always found, And

always found, He's always found, He's always found, And

please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing;

please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;

please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;

please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;

please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
Tempo I'

Foundlings are we, Waiting to see Who will un-

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Tempo II

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly we'll tell How it bef-

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it bef-

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it bef-

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it bef-

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it bef-

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it bef-
That we are minus a family history

Foundlings are

That they are minus a family history

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

Very unfortunate girls are we,

Very unfortunate girls are they,

Very unfortunate girls are they,

Very unfortunate girls are they,

Rall: molto.
Exit after scene.

Moderato.

Found lives are we, Waiting to see.

Allegro.

Oh I am the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots us round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Allegro.
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
ev'rywhere we have our fling... In close attendance I'm
ev'rywhere we have our fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
ev'rywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
always found, I'm always found, I'm always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And

please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
No. 10. — Song. "The Vegetarian."

Words by H. J. W. Dam.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Moderato.

PIANO.

8 MICKLES.

(1) It was an evil hour when I met my Mary Ann,

(2) For breakfast we had porridge, for dinner we had fruits,

Oh, woe! woe the day! She was living with her mother on the

Oh woe! woe the day! And if we had a supper it was

vegetable plan, Yes, verily yea!

principal roots Yes, verily yea!

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said if I would try it, The cold po-ta-to di-et,  I'd re-gu-late my liver and be-
time I ate my dinner I grew a little thinner, To sympathize with skeleton I

- come an-o-ther man. Though se-ri-ously doubting, I took to Brus-sels sprout-ing, And ve-ry soon be-gan To win her lovely daugh-ter My on-ly drink was, wa- ter And

now you see what's left of me—a Ve-ga-ta-ri-an. I am a ra-dish
now you see what's left of me—a Ve-ga-ta-ri-an.

a tempo.

gone to seed, I am the thin-nest of my breed, Roots and fru-its and as-
-pa-ragus, shoots Come all, ye hea-then, come and feed. I am a ra-dish

gone to seed, I am the thin-nest of my breed, Roots and fruits and an-

-pa-ragus shoots, Come all, ye hea-then, come and feed.

D.C. for 24V.

(3rd Ver)
was a dreadful hour when a butcher bold appear'd. Oh, woe!

woe the day, He cock'd his eye at Mary Ann exactly as I feared,

Yea, verily yea, My chest was rather narrow From

vegetable marrow But his was broad and bulging like the cover of a van, I
spite of all I hoped One morning theye-loped, And now you see what's left of me, a

vege-ta-ri-an. I am a ra-dish gone to seed I am the thinnest

of my breed, Root and fruits and as-par-a-gus shoots Come all, ye hea-then

come and feed. I am a ra-disd gone to seed, I am the thinnest
of my breed,
Roots and fruits and asparagus shoots,
Come

all, ye heathen, come and feed.

DANCE.
N° II. SONG. "THE FOUNDLING."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  
MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

PIANO.

Ada.

(Spoken.)

Left up-on a door-step at half-past nine—Oh, Goodness! it was

Ada.

Cold! Sleeping in a basket tied with twine—Oh, Goodness! it was

Ada.

Cold! Cold, cold, cold as ice—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!

Copyright 1895, by Hopwood & Crew.
Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness, it was cold!

Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness, it was cold!

Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness, it was cold!

Foundling matron took me in, Because I had no next of kin, And

thus my memories begin, Anonymously well rather! My
Parents' love was words, not deeds, They gave me nothing

for my needs! A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all I got from

Father!

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Father!

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Father!

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Father!
I was a poor defenseless child, A little flower
growing wild, But still I said, "Goo-goo" and smiled, But did not I thrive well, rather!

my belongings they kept track, A lot of bruises blue and black, And a

strawberry mark in the middle of my back, Was all I got from
And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!

(Spoken.)

Left upon a doorstep at half-past nine—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!

Tempo I°.

Sleeping in a basket tied with twine—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!
Cold, cold, cold as ice— Oh, Goodness! it was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Allegro.
No. 12. — FINALE. ACT I. "FAREWELL, FAREWELL."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM. 
MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

SOP.
Ten.
Bass.

Farewell, farewell, We tender our congratulations
truly Farewell, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of

truly Farewell, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of

truly Farewell, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of

truly Farewell, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of

Hooly. Farewell, farewell, You will see no more of Hooly. Fare-

Hooly. Farewell, farewell, You will see no more of Hooly. Fare-

Hooly. Farewell, farewell, You will see no more of Hooly. Fare-

Hooly. Farewell, farewell, You will see no more of Hooly. Fare-

Hooly. Farewell, farewell, You will see no more of Hooly. Fare-
- well, farewell, you will see no more of Hoo-ley. We tender our congratulations

truly you will see no more of Hoo--

truly you will see no more of Hoo--

truly you will see no more of Hoo--

truly you will see no more of Hoo--
Ah! Now she'll be a lady under the head of stand among the band that rule the land. She'll now be a lady of stand among the band that rule the land. She'll now be a lady of
manners grand, With a four-in-hand and a butler bland, She'll now be a

lady we understand among the band that rule the land, She'll

lady we understand among the band that rule the land, She'll
BESSIE.

Now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

FORE.

Now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

Now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

Allegretto.

Well to the counter fare, well to the shop, No longer a shop girl I'll

Allegretto.

HAROLD.

Her laces and ribbons she'll instantly drop, She's promised to marry
Her laces and ribbons shall instantly drop, She's

Her laces and ribbons shall instantly drop, She's

Her laces and ribbons shall instantly drop, She's

\( \text{LADY DODO} \)

Oh, pity have on lovers two, Who

promised his bride to be.

promised his bride to be.

promised his bride to be.

\( \text{Andantino.} \)
love as deeply as did you. When love is young and
love is true, Oh, pity have on lovers two, Oh,

a tempo.
pity have on lovers two, Who love as deeply as did you, When

love is young and love is true, Oh, pity have on lovers
two. With this we are not satisfied, we will not thus be.

Sir GEORGE.

With this we are not satisfied, we will not thus be.

COUNT.

With this we are not satisfied, we will not thus be.

Allegretto.

HOOLEY.

Thus

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!
do your worst I'll not divide, I now present you

to the Bride Who wins the world's Provider, Provider, Provider!

He is the world's Provider, Provider!

He is the world's Provider, Provider!

He is the world's Provider, Provider!

Dear
friends permit me to declare my thanks for all your wishes

Allegro moderato.

fair, The lady too who is standing here by me Re-

Allegro moderato.

turns congratulations thankfully Returns congratulations

Allegro moderato.

thankfully For . . . . . . . . She

Allegro moderato.
gives me a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the garter, No

longer she'll stop at her place at the shop, She's taken another appointment!

She gives him a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the
Garter, no longer shall stop at her place in the shop. She's
Garter, no longer shall stop at her place in the shop. She's
Garter, no longer shall stop at her place in the shop. She's

Moderato. Harold.

My love I will not be denied. Why

Taken another appointment.

Taken another appointment.

Taken another appointment.

Taken another appointment.

Moderato.
BEATRICE.

not like her become a bride. The case is different you see,

LADY DODO.

He has't any family. That's right, my dear, don't be a goose. There always time to don the

Allegro moderato.

noose. Quite right, quite right, quite right!

Quite right, quite right, quite right!

Quite right, quite right, quite right!

.ff
Migges.

What's this? What's this? To Hooley she's af-fianced, This

un-de-r-handed wedding shall not be!

What's this? What's this? The

What's this? What's this? The

What's this? What's this? The
wedding shall not be! What's this? What's this? The wedding shall not be!

wedding shall not be! What's this? What's this? The wedding shall not be!

wedding shall not be! What's this? What's this? The wedding shall not be!

not be done, she has been won by fraud andawantrickery.

He'll not be done, she has been won by

He'll not be done, she has been won by

He'll not be done, she has been won by
M. RECIT. (ad lib.)
I say this marriage shall not be, this marriage shall not
fraud and cruel trickery.

fraud and cruel trickery.

fraud and cruel trickery.

ADA. HOOLEY. Allegro moderato.
be! Oh, Theodore! Your head is getting too enlarged, Take

Allegro moderato.

H. NOCLES.
care, or you will be discharged! Just wait and see me harry you, No
minister shall marry you.

Just

He says that he will marry them, No minister shall marry them!

He says that he will marry them, No minister shall marry them!

He says that he will marry them, No minister shall marry them!

Hooly.

wait and see! You'll hear from me!

There'll surely be a trage-

There'll surely be a trage-

There'll surely be a trage-
Tempo di Valse.

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of
manners grand with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a


cresc:

lady we understand among the band that rule the land, She'll
now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

Happy, happy may they be ever more, Happy, happy may they be

Happy, happy may they be ever more, Happy, happy may they be

Happy, happy may they be ever more, Happy, happy may they be
ever-more. May their fate a fair one be, May their fate a

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy
happy may they be evermore, Husband and wife for life in

happy may they be evermore, Husband and wife for life in

happy may they be evermore, Husband and wife for life in

dilly, ff a tempo.

un-ni-ty.  She'll now be a lady we under-

dilly, ff a tempo.

un-ni-ty.  She'll now be a lady we under-

un-ni-ty.  She'll now be a lady we under-

un-ni-ty.  She'll now be a lady we under-

un-ni-ty.  She'll now be a lady we under-


Stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

Stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

Stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

Grand, with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a lady we understand.

Grand, with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a lady we understand.

Grand, with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a lady we understand.
stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners.

grand, of manners, manners grand!

grand, of manners, manners grand!

grand, of manners, manners grand!

Presto.

a l'larg!
N° 13. OPENING CHORUS. ACT II. CHARITY, CHARITY!

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

PIANO.
lst Sopr. Tempo IImpo

2nd Sopr.
Char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, Fearless we are

Ten.
Char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, Fearless we are

Bass.
Char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, char-ity, Fearless we are
Tempo IImpo

In a bazaar Do as you like at a char-i-ty fair or tea,

In a bazaar Do as you like at a char-i-ty fair or tea,

In a bazaar Do as you like at a char-i-ty fair or tea,

In a bazaar Do as you like at a char-i-ty fair or tea,
Nothing we bar
In a bazaar, Charity, charity, Fearless we are,
Do as you like at a charity fair. Fearless we are,
Do as you like at a charity fair. Fearless we are,
In a bazaar, Do as you like at a charity fair or tea, Charity,

In a bazaar, Do as you like at a charity fair or tea, Charity,

In a bazaar, Do as you like at a charity fair or tea, Charity,

In a bazaar, Do as you like at a charity fair or tea, Charity,

charity, charity, charity, charity!

charity, charity, charity, charity!

charity, charity, charity, charity!

charity, charity, charity, charity!
For the poor and for the needy, We collect in man-ner spee-dy,

For the poor and for the needy, They collect in man-ner spee-dy,

Nothing that will pay we bar, In a char-i-ty ba-zaar.

Nothing that will pay they bar, In a char-i-ty ba-zaar.
Charity!

Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

Charity!

Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

Charity! But the pen' nies must re-fuse.

Charity! But the pen' nies must re-fuse.

But the pen' nies must re-fuse, But the pen' nies must re-fuse.

But the pen' nies must re-fuse, But the pen' nies must re-fuse.
Charity! Charity! Charity!
Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

But the pennies must refuse, Pennies only can be used in
In a bazaar Do as you like at a charity fair, or tea.

Nothing we are In a bazaar Charity! Charity!

Nothing they are In a bazaar Charity! Charity!
Fearless we are, Do as you like at a charity fair!

Fearless they are, Do as you like at a charity fair!

Fearless we are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a

Fearless they are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a

Fearless they are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a
NO. 14.—SONG: "THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN."

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS.

IM A

Ah, dear

I'm a

I'm a

lady not unknown to fame, Critics call me by my Christian name, And you boys you won't be very glad When I'm married to a noble lad, I shall

I've been

I've been

I've been

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taken in my dinner gown, Looking modestly and shyly down. Or
be a very proper sort, Quite propriety itself in short. And

kicking high with petticoats that fly— The smartest girl in town. Oh, there
all the peers shall vote me a success. The grandest dance at Court, Yes, I

never was a tale of a romancer That told of such a fairy as a
think that I shall find the method answer; A Duchess will develop from a
dancer. For a kingdom she enjoys when she's told by all the boys That she's
dancer. All the House of Lords will own that there never has been known Such a
ever, ever, ever such a duck. And the millionaires devoutly adore, demure and dainty little duck. And a dancing girl burlesque or op e

dore me, And the peerage in a body kneels before me. And the aristocracy, May be mother of a race aristocratic. Who will

lit the dancing girl may be married to an Earl. For you never, never, never know your have their noble rights to an ancestor in tights, For you never, never, never know your

luck, luck, luck, No, you never, never, never know your luck! luck! luck, luck, luck, For you never, never, never know your
\(\text{No. 14:-- Song. "LOUSIANA LOU."}\)

\text{Written and Composed by \hspace{1cm} Leslie Stuart.}

\textit{Allegro moderato.}

\textbf{Piano.}

\textit{I lub a gal, 'spose she lubs me too, A-ny-how she say she do}
When Lou was born, I was Jess so high, I was but a ba-by boy;
Lou's grewed up now soon she'll marry me A-ny-how I want her be,

\textit{She say she do; We calls her Lou since that gal was born}
a ba-by boy Mam says, "My Lor; aren't de-n child-en spoons
I want her be, For all de nigs lub dat gal ob mine,

\text{Copyright 1894, in the United States of America, by Francis, Day & Hunter.}
\text{By arrangement with Francis, Day & Hunter, 195, Oxford St. W.}
Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Down Louisiana, 'mong de possum and de pine.

Lou, ...... how I lub her true! Lou, ......
Lou, ...... how I lub you true! Lou, ......
Lou, ...... how I lub you true! Lou, ......

deed I do, I do! And eb'ry night, when de moon shine,
deed I do, I do! In days a-gone to her cot I'd creep,
deed I do, I do! So when we're wed and we're Spicer in one,

I sing dis little gal dis little song ob mine
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days a-gone

rall.
CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you, I lub you, dat's true; Don't cry don't sigh, You'll

see me in de morn-in: Dream, dream, dream oh me. And I'll dream oh you, My


Lou, ............

Lou, ............

Lou, ............
Lou, Lou, I lub you, I lub you, dat's true; Don't cry, don't sigh, You'll see me in de morn-in'. Dream, dream, dream ob me, And I'll dream ob you, My Loui-sian-a, Loui-sian-a, Loui-sian-a Loui-sian-a Loui-sian-a Loui-sian-a Loui-sian-a

3rd verse

D.C.
N°15. DUET. "LOVE ON THE JAPANESE PLAN."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

VOICE.

Moderato.

PIANO.

I am a Jap, Please notice my cap, ’Twas copied from off a tea-caddy.

Miss R.

I am so shy, A Japanese I, And he is my Japanese lad-dye.

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She came to me kuo-closed in some tea, But I found it hard to consume her.

This little elf I put on the shelf, This crack'd little bit of Sat-su-ma.

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho! her little man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho! my little man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!
Sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Ja-pan-ese plan. Ho, ho!

Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho, her lit-tle man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!

Sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Ja-pan-ese plan. Ho, ho!

Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho, my lit-tle man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!
Ko-bonacci She

grew on a fan, She's driving me steadily crazy.

Mikato to me A

He-ra hei, hei! My

ninny you see, My little chrysan-themum daisy.
girlie is gay, I'd give a gold teapot to own her.

Ko-han-na-san is

not for a man, she loves but a pretty kimono......

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho, her little man,

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho, my little man,
Tokio! Tokio! Stonio brokio! We are in love on the Japanese plan.

Tokio! Tokio! Stonio brokio! We are in love on the Japanese plan.

Tokio! Tokio! Stonio brokio! We are in love on the Japanese plan.

Tokio! Tokio! Stonio brokio! We are in love on the Japanese plan.

He, he! Jol-ly Ja-pan, He, he, her little man,

He, he! Jol-ly Ja-pan, He, he, my little man,

He, he! Jol-ly Ja-pan, He, he, my little man,
 Allegro marziale.

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search of gold proceeded for to room; I had nothing worth a
-ve-lop the ha-nan-za I had found; And I sold them an ex-
hard-ly a-ny-thing I couldn't buy! There are Ducciess-es in

For to room!
He had found!
Couldn't buy.

For to room!
He had found!
Couldn't buy.

button, but a little tee and met-tom, And a c-o-gy of the Miser's Dream of
tension, which I quite for-get to men-ion Was lo-ca-ted du an- other per-ty's
hatches all in-ten-t on mak-ing matches, And the girls are not par-tie-u-lar-ly
"Home,"
So I tried the soil and dug it, but I never found a
ground!
Then I rigged a little cor-nel, like the cure in-ven-ting
shy!
I have bought a dozen places that be-long to no-ble

Dream of Home!
Par-ty's ground!
lar-ly shy!

nugget, And I nearly left the diggings in des-pair.
Warner, And I hammer'd ev-ry man that sold a bear;
ra-ces, And a hundred moors and fo-rests here and there!
In des-pair!
Sold a bear!
Here and there!

When with
Such a
And I

In des-pair!
Sold a bear!
Here and there!
out a single care, Instead of an unlucky despatch,
occenpy the chair, With dignity, but no ill-bred bravado,
master everywhere, As absolute as Kaiser or Mikasa,

 Yes! Yes! Yes!

 I strode into the town, No longer Ban-co Brown, But
 do! The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
 do! Some day I'll buy a crown, And be a Royal Brown, His

 Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

 mf
pluto-crate Brown of Colo-ra-do!
tho Roman-tic land of Colo-ra-do!
Mas-sive King Brown of Colo-ra-do!

A splendid million.
A mighty million.
A gorgeous million.

A splendid million.
A mighty million.
A gorgeous million.

-ai-re, With-out a sin-gle care, In- stead of an un-luck-ty de-spa-ai-re,
-ai-re, He oc-cu-pies the chair With dig-ni-ty, but no ill-bred bra-
-ai-re, He's mas-ter ev-ry where, As ab-so-lute as Kaiser or Mi-

-ai-re, With-out a sin-gle care, In- stead of an un-luck-ty de-spa-ai-re,
-ai-re, He oc-cu-pies the chair With dig-ni-ty, but no ill-bred bra-
-ai-re, He's mas-ter ev-ry where, As ab-so-lute as Kaiser or Mi-
ra-do. He strode into the town, No longer Bunuco Brown, But
va-do! The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
ka-do. Some day he'll buy a crown And be a Royal Brown, His
ra-do. He strode into the town, No longer Bunuco Brown, But
va-do! The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
ka-do. Some day he'll buy a crown And be a Royal Brown, His

V. 2. Then a
V. 3. Now to

pluto-crat Brown of Co-lo-ra-do!
that romantic land of Co-lo-ra-do!
Majesty, King Brown of Co-lo-ra-do!

pluto-crat Brown of Co-lo-ra-do!
that romantic land of Co-lo-ra-do!
Majesty, King Brown of Co-lo-ra-do!
N° 17. — TRIO. "TOO CLEVER BY HALF."

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS.  

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegretto.  
tres-delicat.  
simili.

PIANO.

SIR GEORGE.
COUNT. IF YOU.

COLONEL. IF YOU'VE
you can ful-
ly fa-
thom hu-
man fol-
ly and fa-
tu-
i-
ty, And
go to Mon-
te Car-
lo with a sys-
tem ma-
the-
ma-
ti-
cal, In-
found-
ed build-
ing com-
pa-
ny and ma-
ny a So-
eci-
ey, All

bluff and spoof and whee-
dle a-
ny-
bo-
dy that you please, COUNT. If

tend-
ing ev-
ry she-
kel of the com-
pa-
ny to win; SIRE. Per-

tra-
ding with each o-
ther in the Li-
be-
ra-
tor line, COUNT. You

you're a se-
cond Grand Old Man for art-
ful am-
bi-
gu-
i-
ty, And

haps you start by gain-
ing and it makes you feel ec-
sta-
ti-
cal, You.

may per-
haps im-
a-
gine that your health re-
quires va-
ri-
e-
ty, And

ra-
ther more men-
da-
cions than a Me-
phis-
to-
phes.

COL. Then
don-
ble and you don-
bble and the bank-
ers give a grin.

COL. And

seek the far se-
clus-
io-
of the artless Ar-
gen-
tine, SIRE. But
Listen to my maxim for I think there's not a doubt of it, Al-
in about a week or two you go and you apply to them Of
when you're growing orchids and there's nothing much ex-
citing you, Tom-

though you're a deceiving boilidly deat, sir. Yet
money and of credit you are utterly bereft, count. They
other people charge you with embezzlement and theft, colonel. Your

when you try to dupe the world you find that you are cut of it. You
pay your fare to London and you bid a sad goodbye to them. You
hostile Argentine decide on extraditing you. You

may be very clever but you just get left.
may be very clever but you've just got left.
may be very clever but you can't get left.

a tempo.
Allegretto.

Then men will give and jeer and laugh, When
And friends at home are sure to chaff, A
Then men will give and jeer and laugh, When
And friends and foes will say and laugh, That

Allegretto.

you're too clever, too clever by half, Though never so clever your
chap too clever, too clever by half, By methods of playing, so
you're too clever, too clever by half, Though skilfully shaping your
chap too clever, too clever by half, By methods of playing, so
you're too clever, too clever by half, Though skilfully shaping your
chap too clever, too clever by half, By methods of playing, so,
aim and en-dea-vour, You fi-nal-ly manage to just get left. Then
cer-tain of pay-ing, You ma-nage, you manage to just get left! And
plan for es-cap-ing, You ma-nage, you manage to just get left. And

men will gibe and jeer and laugh, When you're too clever, too
cle-ver by half, Tho'
friends at home are sure to chaff, A chap too clever, too
cle-ver by half, By
friends and foes will say and laugh, That you're too clever, too
cle-ver by half, Tho'

men will gibe and jeer and laugh, When you're too clever, too
cle-ver by half, Tho'
friends at home are sure to chaff, A chap too clever, too
cle-ver by half, By
friends and foes will say and laugh, That you're too clever, too
cle-ver by half, Tho'

never so clever your aim and endeavor, you finally manage to
methods of playing, so certain of paying, you manage, you manage to

never so clever your aim and endeavor, you finally manage to
methods of playing, so certain of paying, you manage, you manage to

never so clever your aim and endeavor, you finally manage to
methods of playing, so certain of paying, you manage, you manage to

1st and 2nd time.
just get left.
just get left.

just get left.
just get left.

just get left.
just get left.

just get left.
just get left.

just get left.
just get left.

just get left.
just get left.

Last time.
just get left.

just get left.

just get left.

$\text{ref}$

D.C.
No. 18. CHORUS. "WE'RE NOW TO HAVE SOME MYSTERY."

Words by H. J. W. D. A. M. 

Music by Ivan Caryll.

PIANO:

SOP.

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-

TEN.

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-

1st BASS.

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-

2nd BASS.

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-
vinely plan'd we understand, And written in each person's hand. This

stranger gifted mentally, And cultured orientally, Will
read each palm and us a-larm, Al-though his art by law is ban'd. We're

now to have some my-stic-ry, My-stic-ry, my-stic-ry, The
forecast of our history, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry,
forecast of our history, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry,
forecast of our history, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry,
forecast of our history, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry, His-ty-ry,

{DRUM SOLO

Myst-er-y, His-ty-ry, Myst-er-y!
Myst-er-y, His-ty-ry, Myst-er-y!
Myst-er-y, His-ty-ry, Myst-er-y!
Myst-er-y, His-ty-ry, Myst-er-y!

ff ff turni.
N° 19. SONG: "AND HER GOLDEN HAIR WAS HANGING DOWN HER BACK."

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS.           MUSIC BY FELIX MCCLENNON.

Moderato.

By arrangement with Francis, Day & Hunter, 195, Oxford St. W.
Copyright 1894 in the United States of America by Frank Tousey.
There was once a country maiden came to London for a trip, And her
She had a country accent and a captivating glance, And her
She met a young philanthropist, a friend of Mlle. Chat—And her
And London people were so nice to artless little Flo, When her

Her golden hair was hanging down her back; She was
Her golden hair was hanging down her back; She
Her golden hair was hanging down her back; He
That she

Weary of the country so she gave her folks the slip, And her
Were some little diamonds that came from sunny France, And her
Lived at Peckham Rye with an extremely maiden aunt, Who had
Now has been persuaded to appear in a tableau, Where her

It was
She
The
She's
once a vivid sunburn but her rivals call'd it red, So she wan-dered out in Lon-don for a breath of ev'-ning air, And la- dy look'd up- on him in her fas-ci-na-ting way; And posed be-side a mar-ble bath up- on some mar-ble stairs, Just thought she could be hap-pier with an-o-ther shade in stead; And she strayed in- to a pal-ace that was fine and large and fair; It what the con-se- quences were I rea-lly can-not say, But like a wa- ter nymph, or an ad- ver-tise-ment of Pears; And stole the wash-ing so-da and ap-plied it to her head, And her might be in a Cir-cus- or, it might be in a Square! But her when his wor-thy maid-en aunt re-mark'd his seat next day, Well, some if you ask me to de-scribe the cos-tume that she wore Well, her
gold-en hair was hang-ing down her back!
gold-en hair was hang-ing down her back.
gold-en hairs were hang-ing down the back.
gold-en hair is hang-ing down her back!
CHORUS.

But oh! Flo, such a change, you know! When she left the village she was shy;...... But a-less end a-lack! she's gone back with a

accel:

naugh-ty lit-tle twinkle in her eyes....... (Last time only.)

DC.
N° 20. SONG. "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

 Allegro moderato.

 L.D.

 V. 1. The Man in the Moon is down . . . He is winning a great re-

 V. 2. Perhaps he's a married man . . . On the modern Pa-

 L.D.

 -nown . . . . . . A swell commen faut, as you in-

 L.D.

 meent him a-bout the town . . . . . . . . . When la-

 L.D.

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things in the City Make husbands seowl and frown;... If the
-phi-try-on dinners, He gives their care to drown;... For the

pretty one frets at the size of her debts, The Man in the Moon comes down,
eighty champagne and po-tage à la reine The Man in the Moon comes down.

Naughty, naughty, Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon,
Man in the Moon! Naugh - ty, naugh - ty, Man in the Moon!

You will be caught, sir, late or soon, Ladies, be ware, for he's

rail:
ev-e-ry-where, May - be you mar - ried the Man in the Moon!

rail:

D.C.S for 2nd Verse.
V.3. An author is he of fame; He's a banker, you know his name. With brother M. P.'s, at all

five o'clock teas He is playing his little game. When

ladies are grieving their sorrows relieving, He buys a new Paris
gown. . . . For a villa and yacht and all things he should not, The

Man in the Moon comes down. Naugh-ty, naugh-ty,

Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon,

Ladies, beware, for he's ev-e-ry-where,
Maybe you married the Man in the Moon! Naughty, naughty,

Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon,

Ladies, beware, for he's everywhere, Maybe you married the

Man in the Moon!
No. 21. SONG. "BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BERTIE."

WORDS BY GEO. GROSSMITH JUNR.  
MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

VOICE.

Allegro.

PIANO.

I'm what folks call a "Johnnie," of the title I am proud. My
I'm the patron of the Theatre, so jolly don't o'er know! To
For my little pranks at Eton, I have often got the birch... They

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manner's always dain-ty, though my dress a tri-fie loud, ... I've a
thrown your head back in the stills and re-vel in the show, ... Though
plough'd me for the ar-my, and they plough'd me for the church; ... But I've

handsome set of chambers and a bal-lance up at "Court." ... But
Shakespeare says' the plays the thing,' of course that's swell
get a lit- tle place up North with a ti-dy roll of rent; ... So to
do not shine at a- ny-things ex-cept-ing at the boots, ... I've
hate a bal-ly tra-ge-dy I loathe a bal-ly plot! ... I
end up mat ters pro- per-ly to par-lis-ment I went; ... I

join'd the 'Ju-nior Pot-house' and drop in when I am by, ... I
like to stroll in half-way through with no one to ob-ject ... To
re-pre-sent a bo-rough, and I've quite for-got its name ... I
don't possess much brain, but I have got the last tie... When I've
sit out half an hour or so don't tax the intellect...
never catch the Speaker's eye or ask a question tame... I.

done my morning Bond Street crawl, I do the thing in style... And
I must confess in "Hamlet" no interest I've found. I
never make a rotten speech or even order call... I

give the cab by half-a-crown to drive me half a mile. For I'm
much prefer "The Gay Girl," or else "Morocco Bound." For
find it more effective if you never speak at all. But

CHORUS.

Beautiful, Beautiful Ber- tie, Best of all the lot!...
Beautiful, Beautiful Ber-tie, Sits in front and pays.
Beautiful, Beautiful Ber-tie, Some grand ideas have got,...

2nd time, ff
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Always on the spot!
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Knows the ladies ways.
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Will show them what is what.

Thick with all of the girls you know, From Flo and Alice to Gertie. I want to chat with the girls behind, But the stage door Johnny gets shir-ty He

Cabinet Minister he will be Before he's much o-ter thir-ty; He'll

tell you straight he is up to date Is Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, tips him a dollar then eases his collar And round to the back goes Bertie.

Say when he's Premier Hallo, there'd dem yer, Buck up and vote for Bertie.

Bertie.
Bertie.
Bertie.
No. 22. CHORUS. "THE SHOW, THE SHOW."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Piano:

Soprano:
The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The

Tenor:
The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The

Bass:
The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The
play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

truthfully the Richardson C? Will tell a tale impassioned. The

truthfully the Richardson C? Will tell a tale impassioned. The

truthfully the Richardson C? Will tell a tale impassioned. The
play begins in a minute or so, Come and see the show, the show, The
show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go, The
Play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we

all will go!

all will go!

all will go!
THE SHOW SONG. "WALK UP, WALK UP!"

WORDS by ADRIAN ROSS.  
MUSIC by IVAN CARYLL.

Now, walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, And fill our booth until it stretches, You will see lovers united grey-headed, Fathers seeking for erring daughters, And poetical justice wreak'd up on melodramatic wretches.

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fact, every species of drama. Comic tragedy, tragedy, comic tragedy variety show; Opera bouffe, Opera spoof and East Lynne all com-
pressed, After the manner associated with the name of the late lamented Richardson into ten minute
Here's our show and all that's in it, Dramas at an act per minute,
Pom, pom, pom, tragic or ironic, Here's your best of plot and passion
Concentrated in a fashion—Pom, pom, pom, pom! Known as Richardsonie.

Shakespeare, Oli and very mellow, Hamlet blended with Othello,

And Macbeth and "As you like it," which was never seen before.

Then an awful murder follows, and Maria Martin wallows,
As she paints the Red Barn redder with in-credible gore. Ah! So
(Drum.) Pomp, pomp, pomp,

Allegro.

mind and book an in-side berth, To see our home of harm-less birth. This
pomp.

Allo: Pom!

is the great-est show on earth. So mind and book an

Pom!


in-side berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

Pom!

come and see the show!

Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

Pom!
Pom!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!
Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Moderato.

With a show so very moral nobody will care to quarrel, Pom, pom, pom, pom!
And we hope to make a fixture of a new dramatic mixture, Pom, pom, pom, pom!

Nobody who's seen us! There is not a tableau topic to offend the philanthropic—
Tragical and mer. ry; Heroines of style audacious, morbid and Can Tamqueraycious,

(Drum.)
(Drum.)

Pom, pom, pom, pom! With a girl as Venus!
Pom, pom, pom, pom! Very ris - ky, ve - ry!

And the skirts tra - di - tion - al ly worn by ladies of the bal - let,
Dancing Girls in dress es scant - ty, Chris - to - pher and Charley's Auntie,

We have benn - ough al - to - gether as in - tu - le - ra - bly scant;
All the New - est Boys and Women ev - er sung of by the bards;

On the Pro - me - nade im - pro - per we have stern - ly put a stop - per,
Then at last you won't re - fuse an in - stance of Re - bel - lious Sus - an,
And the only tune permitted is the Or-mis-to-nian Chant! Ah! So
Gambled for by Der-by Winner with a pack of Fa-tal Cards! (Drum)

Pom, pom, pom,

Allegro.

mind and book an in-side herth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This

Pom!

All!

is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an

Pom!
in - side berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

Pom!

Come and see the show!
Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!
Pom!

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

Pom!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest
show on earth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show on earth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show on earth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show on earth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show, the show!
show, the show!
show, the show!
show, the show!
No. 23. — FINALE. ACT II. "NOW JOY IS IN THE AIR."

Now joy is in the air Their

future will be fair, Look'd after by this kindly despe-

future will be fair, Look'd after by this kindly despe-

ra----do, No longer fate will frown They've found a friend in

ra----do, No longer fate will frown They've found a friend in
Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

All! marcia.

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This
Come and see the show!  So mind and book an inside berth To
see the greatest show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth So
mind and book an in-side berth To see the greatest show on earth This

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show....

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show....

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show....
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Eleventh Album
Of
Popular Comic Songs

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