LADY TATTERS

Romantic Light Opera

BOOK BY
HERBER LEON TARD

LYRICS
ROLAND CARSE

Music by
ALTER LIGHTER

Miss CLAUDIA LASELL as Tatters

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FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER

LONDON & NEW YORK
LADY PATTERS

HERBERT LEONARD

Romantic Light Opera

IN THREE ACTS.

LYRICS BY

ROLAND CARSE

Music by

Walter Slaughter.

VOCAL SCORE 6/6 NET. | PIANO SCORE 3/6 NET.
VOCAL SCORE BOUND IN CLOTH 8/6 NET.

London:
FRANCIS DAY & HUNTER.
142 CHAING CROSS ROAD W.C.
NEW YORK 15, WEST 30TH STREET.

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**BOOK BY**

HERBERT LEONARD.

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WALTER SLAUGHTER.

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**Characters.**

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<td>Lord Rochester</td>
<td>Mr. Herbert Sparling</td>
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<tr>
<td>Earl Ludlow</td>
<td>Mr. Oscar Adye</td>
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<td>Captain Walter Somerville</td>
<td>Mr. Ivor Foster</td>
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<td>Sergeant Tom Gunney</td>
<td>Mr. Johnny Danvers</td>
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<td>Matthew Scraby</td>
<td>Mr. Powis Pinder</td>
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<td>Landlord Simon</td>
<td>Mr. Algernon Newark</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seth Lewys</td>
<td>Mr. Walter Passmore</td>
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<td>Dick Herrold</td>
<td>Mr. Courtice Pounds</td>
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<td>Poll Merrie</td>
<td>Miss Marie George</td>
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<td>Isobel Scraby</td>
<td>Miss Louie Pounds</td>
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<td>Tatters</td>
<td>Miss Claudia Lasell</td>
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*Courtiers, King's Guards, Sailors, King's Watermen, Townsfolk and Gamekeepers, Court Ladies, Trulls, Bridesmaids.*

---

**ACT I.—YE RED LYON INN, NEAR WHITEHALL.**

**ACT II.—GILCHRIST HALL, ESSEX.**

**ACT III.—THE ROYAL GARDEN.**

---

Production by Mr. HERBERT COTTESMORE.
# LADY TATTERS.

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*Vocal Score.*
LADY TATTERS.

Act I.

Book by HERBERT LEONARD.
Lyrics by ROLAND CARSE.

Music by WALTER SLAUGHTER.

No 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

Copyright MCMLVII, in the United States of America by Francis, Day & Hunter.
F. & B. 9997.
CHORUS.

\begin{align*}
\text{Make holiday! make holiday! Make holiday! make holiday!}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{No sombre visage here, we pray. Dull}
\end{align*}
Tempo di Marcia.

GIRLS.

So smart, so bold, The soldier goes marching in shining cuirass, His helmet and gun

Glint in the sun, While eyes shining bright Dance with delight And

F. & D. 9987.
left and right Are smiles at the sight From ev - er - y pret - ty
lass Of ev - er - y sta - tion, ev - er - y class When
-
-
-
ev - er the sol - diers come With the pomp and the rat - tie Sug
-
-
-
gest - tive of bat - tle To the mu - sic of the drum. So neat they

F. & D. 9997.
come to beat of drum. 'Tis sweet, the

beat of the rum-tum-tum-ming of the drum.

F. & D. 9997.
GIRLS 2nd time only with SAILORS.

So smart, so bold, The soldier goes marching in

With anchor down, Off Stepney town, All a-swinging with the

shining cuirass, His helmet and gun Glint in the sun, While
tides, Our ship rides free, So we think, thinks we, As
eyes shining bright Dance with delight And left and right Are

...we'd take the opportunity To see the King And a...

F. a D. 9297.
smiles at the sight From every pretty lass Of every station,

-long side bring Our sweet hearts and our brides. Yeo-ho! you

ever y class When ever the soldiers come With the

know, Our hearts as been our guides. Yeo-

pomp and the rattle Suggestive of battle To the music of the drum. So

-ho! and so We've brought lots more besides. So

F. & D. 9997.
neat, they come
To beat of the drum. 'Tis
Sue, and Pru and Nan, ey too, Are here along o' Jack. To

sweet, the beat of the rum-tum-tum-ming of the drum,

cheer him, and to lend a hand When on the home ward tack.
Make holiday! make holiday! No sombre visage
here, we pray, Dull thought and care cast ye away, And
let your laughter ring For England's freedom from the ban Of

F. & O. 1897.
Cromwell, cant and Puritan, while executing

all that clan, We welcome Charles our King.

Tempo di Marcia.

(Spoken.)
The King is proclaimed.

Long life unto His

mf

Gun.

F. & D. 9987.
Ma - jes - ty May Provi - dence be - stow! Through

pe - ril and ad - ver - si - ty May be all tri - um - phant

go. In bat - tle grant him vic - tor - ous. in

go. In bat - tle grant him vic - tor - ous vic - tor - ous in

F. & D. 9997.
No. 2. CONCERTED NUMBER. (Seth, Poll, Dick and Chorus.)

"WALK UP! WALK UP!"

1. (SETH.) Walk
2. (DICK.) Walk
3. (DICK.) Walk

up! Walk up! ye gez-tle men Of low es-tate and high de-greet! (Poll.) Walk
up! Walk up! if grue-some fare Ac-cords more with your frame of mind, (Seth.) We've
up! Walk up! if your de-sire The sooth-ing charms of mu-sic be, (Seth.) You'll

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F. & D. 9997.
up, ye ladies one and all! Wife, widow, maid or what ye be.(Diek.) We he roes, villains, heroines, And plots of every sort and kind.(Poll.) Fair find our leading lady will entrance you with sweet melody.(Poll.) Bra.

give ye acting of the best, Gay quip and crank and maids and gallants gay attacked, Stabbed, smothered, shot or -vu-ra, ballad, recitative, To make you glad, or

TRIO.

mer-ry jest. Walk up! walk up! we pray ye test Our latest com- e.-drowned in fact, We pour out blood in every act In our new trag-e.- make you grieve, Of love, and lovers who deceive, Or love with con-stan.

F. & D. 9997.
CHORUS.

...Their latest come... Their latest come...
In their new trag... In their new trag...
Or love with con... Or love with con...

- dee. Walk up! walk up! Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll cause ye laugh till
- dee. Walk up! walk up! Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll drain the tears from
- cee. Walk up! walk up! Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll every sort of

TRIO.

fit to dw. Walk up! we pray, Your mo - ney pay. We
ev - 'ry eye. Walk up! we pray, Your mo - ney pay. We
song sup - ply. Walk up! we pray, Your mo - ney pay. We

F. & D. 9997.
start at once, there's no delay. So pass not by Hi!
start at once, there's no delay. So pass not by Hi!
start at once, there's no delay. So pass not by Hi!

Hi! Hi! Hi! Walk up, and see the play.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Walk up, and see the play.
Hi! Hi! Hi! Walk up, walk up this way.

CHORUS:
Walk
Walk

up! walk up! Hi? Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll cause ye laugh un-
up! walk up! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll drain the tears from
up! walk up! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! They'll every sort of

F. & D. 8997.
SONG. (Tatters.)

"'ER THE COUNTRYSIDE WE WANDER."

Con spirito.

A life that is gay - er Than that of a play - er Where

else will you find? No trou - ble or sor - row, Or

thought of the mor - row. When for - tune is kind

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F. D. 9997.
fate of ten va. ries, We treat its va. ga. ries In sto. ic.al way. If

no bed to go to, Or vic. tu. ls, we know too We've no. thing to pay.

Whi. ther, thi. ther, hi. ther, yon. der, O'er the coun. try. side we wan. der;

Tears and laugh. ter free. ly squan. der Where so. c'er we stay.

F. & D. 9997.
Ere there's time to sit and ponder What we do and say.
Whether, whether,

Bither, yon. der We've passed on our way, on our way.

As free as the air, Without

Wor - ry or care, Facing mis. for. tune, and for. tune in turn:

F. 4 B. 9997.
Scattering laughter, And merrily after Sharing the proceeds of all that we earn.
Roaming from town to town, Earning an honest crown,

Tramping thro' rest, thro' frost and thro' heat, On we light-hearted go,

Hoping next time we show We shall have money and plenty to eat. Ah!

F. & P. 9997.
merry the life we lead. "Never say die," our creed, As over hill and dale
gaily we roam; Happy companions all, Welcome wh' er we call;
All are our friends, and the world is our home, All are our friends, and the
world is our home. Whither, thither, hither, yonder,
O'er the countryside we wander, Tears and laughter freely squander

Where so e'er we stay, Ere there's time to sit and ponder

What we do and say, Whither, thither, hither, yonder

We've passed on our way, on our way,

F. & D. 9997.
No. 4. QUINTETTE. (Landlord, Tatters, Dick, Seth, and Poll.)

"TO SUP."

Voice.

Piano.

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F. & D. 9997.
would not do,
So, as we both embrace that view,

These folks will sup— with me.
(POLL.) With

what then, sir. Would you be served? We've ca—pon—ized, tripe in stew, A

sad—die hot—
(SETH.) We'll have the hot!
(DICK.) Go,

F. & D. 9997.
fetch up ev 'ry-thing you've got! (POLL) And see it served up

piping hot! (TAT) And, pry thee, quickly, too! (ALL) And,

(TAT) pry thee, quickly, too!

(POLL) pry thee, quickly, too!

(DICK) pry thee, quickly, too!

(LAND, &c.) pry thee, quickly, too!

F. & D. 9997.
We are to sup, sup, sup, sup,
They are to sup, sup, sup, sup,
We are to sup, sup, sup, sup,
They are to sup, sup, sup, sup,

Sup in regal state, Without a bite since yesterday Our
Sup in regal state, Without a bite since yesterday Their
Sup in regal state, Without a bite since yesterday Our
Sup in regal state, Without a bite since yesterday Their

F 4 D 9997.
appetite's in ordinate, So up, up, up, up,

appetite's in ordinate, So up, up, up, up,

appetite's in ordinate, So up, up, up, up,

appetite's in ordinate, So up, up, up, up,

Up without delay! Oh! here's a treat, We're going to eat, And

Up without delay! Oh! here's a treat, They're going to eat, And

Up without delay! Oh! here's a treat, We're going to eat, And

Up without delay! Oh! here's a treat, They're going to eat, And

F. A. D. 9997,
All all vanished from our view? Glick! They'll vanish, lass, Right

quickly too. If 'twas a dream, 'twill be deemed, In

art of cooking every supreme Of

capon and of stew. (Seth) What do you think They will

F. & D. 9997.
give us to drink—(TAT) To wash down such excellent cheer?

(DICK) Port, Al - i - can - te,

To - Kay, Chi - an - ti!(SETH) The quality's naught if the quantity's scanty, So I'll be contented with beer.

F. A. P. 9997
(SETH): I'll be contented with beer.
OTHERS: He'll be contented with beer.

(LAND, Spoken.) Supper is served. (DICK.) Friends, pray be seated. Pray be seated.

(SETH): We are to sup, sup, sup.
(POLL.) They are to sup, sup, sup, sup.
(DICK.) We are to sup, sup, sup, sup.

(LAND & SETH) They are to sup, sup, sup, sup.

F. & D 8997.
Sup in regal state, without a bite Since yester-night, Our
Sup in regal state, without a bite Since yester-night, Their
Sup in regal state, without a bite Since yester-night, Our
Sup in regal state, without a bite Since yester-night, Their

appetite's inordinate, So, up, up, up, up,
appetite's inordinate, So, up, up, up, up,
appetite's inordinate, So, up, up, up, up,
appetite's inordinate, So, up, up, up, up,

'F & D. 9997.
Up with out delay! Oh! here’s a treat, We’re going to eat And
Up with out delay! Oh! here’s a treat, They’re going to eat And
Up with out delay! Oh! here’s a treat, We’re going to eat And
Up with out delay! Oh! here’s a treat, They’re going to eat And

some body else will pay, And some body else will pay,

some body else will pay, And some body else will pay,

some body else will pay, And some body else will pay,

some body else will pay, And some body else will pay.

F. a D. 9097.
Someone else will pay, will pay, Someone else will
Someone else will pay, will pay, Someone else will
Someone else will pay, will pay, Someone else will
Someone else will pay, will pay, Someone else will

pay will pay
pay will pay
pay will pay
pay will pay

F. & D. 9997.
NO. 5.  

SONG. (Tatters.)

"I'M A LADY NOW"

Voice.

Audante.

Piano.

1. I'm a lady now. That fact, you'll allow,

2. I shall have to know How to curtsey low,

Is one that cannot disputed be.

And get up without capsizing too;

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F. & D. 8997.
Yet some doubt I've get,  As to if, or not,
Learn to scandal bear,  Cultivate a stare,

In the character I'll suited be.  Shall I
Flattery and criticizing too.  Show much

walk it?  Act it, talk it  With due
interest How my hair's drest, And the

haughtiness?  Shall I feel it And re-
gowns I wear.  Life of ladies, I'm a-

F. & D. 1907.
-veal it In right man-ner and dress?
-fraid, is Full of wor ries and care.

Still, you see, I have to be A la-dy so, Ha! ha! De-light I show— Ha! ha! Rags a-side I set For
Still, you see, I have to be A la-dy so, Ha! ha! Joy I should show— Ha! ha! Rags a-side I set For
silk and cor-o-net. And yet— Ha! ha!
silk and cor-o-net; And yet— Ha! ha!

SONG. (Walter and Chorus.)

"BOOT, SADDLE, TO HORSE AND TO BUTY!"

Come, fill up your bums, pers.

Come.

Come, fill to the brim.

Let them.

Come, fill up your bums, pers.

Come, fill to the brim.

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F. & D. 9997.
flow with the liquor to suit yet I give you no toast to the feminine

a tempo

host, but a bumper to all who respond to the call

A bumper to all who res.

A bumper to all who res.

F. & D 9997.
Tempo di Marcia.

Then here is a toast to the gay cavalier

Tempo di Marcia.
loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the

Plan-plan-plan-plan-plan!

Plan-plan-plan-plan-plan!

bu-gle sounds clear— "Boo-t, sad-dle, to horse and to du-ty!"


F. & P. 9997.
here is a toast to the gay cavalier, gay cavalier, gay cavalier, gay cavalier

loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the

loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the

Sounds "Boot, saddle, to horse and to duty!"

brigade sounds clear: Sounds "Boot and duty!"

brigade sounds clear: Sounds "Boot and duty!"

F. & D. 9997.
When the fighting is done, And the pike and the gun, With the helmet and sword are reckoning, The soldier is found Fast in Love's fetters bound. All his thoughts to the maiden confining, Or chanting a song, Or with draughts deep and strong, Or delighting in dices or a roystering brawl; Yet you
find he will fling All a-side for his King, For he holds duty dear, er than all. Then
here is a toast to the gay cavalier Who
Plan-plan-plan-plan, gay cavalier
Plan-plan-plan-plan, gay cavalier

loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the
Plan-plan-plan-plan-plan:
Plan-plan-plan-plan-plan:

F A P. 9997.
bu - gle sounds clear-

"Boots, saddle, to horse and to duty!"

Plan - plan - plan - plan - plan - plan - plan
Then

Plan - plan - plan - plan - plan - plan - plan
Then

ff

here is a toast to the gay cavalier, gay cavalier Who

here is a toast to the gay cavalier, gay cavalier Who

ff

loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the

loves without favour, and fights without fear, Whose heart beats with joy when the

F. & D. 9997.
Sounds "Boot, saddle, to horse!

"To saddle,

horses and to duty!"

horses and to duty!"
DUET. (Tatters and Walter.)

"BEAUTY'S WEALTH:"

Piano.

1. Rich are they held who

TATTERS.

2. If Nature, with ap

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Y & D 9997
But who would dare to true as see Such wealth as
What seed have I for riches while I have love and

thine? Tho' lowly thou in worldly sense,
thee? Yet, if your beauty theme be true, 'Tis

Nature, with true munificence,
then my fortune, sir, you woo.
Giveth thee wealth all else above.

Beauty's wealth that may fleeting prove, Can it ace.

beauty, wealth of love. Tho' poor thee be in all this world ac.

quire a constant love. Tho' poor I be in all this world ac.

F. & B. 9997.
And as love's offering before thy beautiful

Should it but to my loving custody as

I lay this heart of mine.

A faithful heart in thine.

faithful heart in mine.

faithful heart in thine.

F.a D.9997.
DUET. (Seth and Poll.)

"THE VOLLY—FOLLY—FOLLY OF FLIRTAION."

Piano.

(SETH) Sup- pos-ing (POLL): Well, sup-pos-ing? (SETH): There's a maid en (POLL): And a man: (SETH) Sup-

- pos-ing (POLL): Yes, sup-pos-ing (SETH): Well, sup-pos-ing he be-gan To

pos-ing (POLL): Yes, sup-pos-ing (SETH): Hub by was't there to see And she

find the maid at trac-tive (POLL): And the maid to find his arm (BOTH): Was

found the man at trac-tive, (POLL): Would the con-se-quences be Shold

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F. & B. 9997.
gently placed a round her waist—Well! where would be the harm? (SETH) Sup

-posing (POLL) Well, sup-posing? (SETH) That the fel low stole a kiss, (POLL) And sup

-posing (SETH) Well, sup-posing? (POLL) That the la dy changed to smile, And sup

-posing (SETH) Yes, sup-posing? (POLL) That the maid re plied like this (BOTH) Sup

-posing (SETH) Yes, sup-posing? (POLL) Hub by's watch ing all the while, (SETH) And sup

-posing he pro-posing that the maid en ac qui sced, The pos ing with you clos ing— he should fell you with a blow, (BOTH) Then the

fol - ly— fol - ly— fol - ly of flirt a tion may be guessed, fol - ly— fol - ly— fol - ly of flirt a tion you would know.

F. & D. 9997.
REFRAIN.

Flirting's like careering round a bee hive,
Flirting round another fellow's bee hive.

Love's the bumble bee up on the wing;
May be fun when no one's there to see;
When it ends in marriage you perhaps may find the honey;
But the isn't half so jolly, when indulging in the folly, if you're chances are you only find the sting,
suddenly confronted with the bee.

F & D. 9997.
SONG. (Isobel and Chorus of eight Maids.)

"A LADY OF FASHION."

Piano.

ISOBEL.

1. A very great lady am I
2. If I go to Vauxhall, or the Row,
3. I'm busy from morning till night:

el - e - gant man - ners and gra - ces, All the gal - lan - ty are - gree None can
Park, or the Mall, or the City, Why, I vow and de - clare That there's
no time to moan or be lone - ly, For I break fast, I shop, Then I

em - u - late me In po - e - try, mus - ic, or smart re - par - tee, Or in
so - bo - dy there In man - ner and style, with me can com - pare, Or is
lunch, and I pop In a call or two - din, then proba - bly drop In a

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F. & D. 9997.
anything fashion embraces. My gown (quite the smartest in
half so attractive and pretty. Where I am, all other girls
conversation I one. Then of course there's a bull, or a
town). The hearts of the women embrace. My
have In comparison nothing but trash on. When
out. Or the tables, to risk one's loose cash on. Then
dress is the code of the style à la mode. Eight maidens, attentions on
I'm at a dance I have every man's glance. To faint I may find it ef-
supper, you know. Will be due, and I go to bed, when the cocks are just
me are beset, towed. As be-fitting a lady of fashion.
fee, live, perchance. As be-fitting a lady of fashion.
starting to crow, As be-fitting a lady of fashion.

F. & D. 9997.
This the maid with wire and curls,
This the maid the vinegar pours
This the maid my cloak to doff,
This with jewels rare I

This adjusts my cap of pearls,
This conveys the antidotes,
This takes my complexion off,
This ad

This puts my complexion on,
This applies them to my nose,
This one—ill and another
This the powder

This the fan with
This sprays on por

pull applies,
This one sees the patches spread,
This one puts me in repair,
This puts eight caps on my head

F. & D. 9997.
This the mirror's aid supplies,
This one sees the monkey
This late hour vigil fires,
This one calls my lady's
This puts on my rove of snuff,
This one puts me into

MAIDS.
fed. chair. bed.
We're here tiring maids eight.

ISOBEL.
Tire her early, tire her late. A tiring task we beg to state—At

...tiring a lady of fashion.

F. & D. 9997.
FINALE—ACT I.

Voice.

Piano.

TATTERS.

DICK.

SEMG!

make. No, so!

What's this? There's some mistake. Not so. Stand

WALTER.

SEMG!

back! a prisoner she. But, Sergeant, for what reason?

ALL.

SEMG!

regicide accomplice. I arrest her—Yes, for high treason! High

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F. & D. 9997.
treason! Ha! ha! ha! well, really, that's amusing. It is true. And

who this maiden is accusing? Your pardon, Captain, it is I. And

this old man can tell you why. Speak, then, and tell us who she be.

She is my mistress. Your mistress, sirrah! What's her name? Me.

F. & D. 9997.
WALTER.  

THINKS IT'S ONE THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW. HER NAME, I SAY!  

YES, YES, HER NAME!  

HER NAME IS—  

LA. D Y B E TTY L U D L O W.  

YES?  

LA. D Y B E TTY  

YES?  

LA. D Y B E TTY  

L U D L O W?  

L U D L O W?  

L U D L O W?
Lady Betty Ludlow, Will be far and near
Lady Betty Ludlow, Will be far and near

Toasted Queen of Beauty By each cavalier. Homage all accord her,
Toasted Queen of Beauty By each cavalier. Homage all accord her,

Kneeling at her throne; Lady Betty Ludlow Makes all hearts her own.
Kneeling at her throne; Lady Betty Ludlow Makes all hearts her own.

F. & D. 9297.
WALTER.

And can it be that she is a suspected person?

SEKIG!

Yes, Captain. Suspected of treasonable designs or His Majesty at Dover or

WALTER.

May the twentieth. You are mistaken,

Tempo di Marcia.

I can swear to seeing this lady that very day at

F. & D. 9997.
Berkshre, a hundred miles away from Dover. Release your
prisoner! Release your prisoner!

Tatters.

Sir, for your kind attitude

Accept my gratitude, Ere I depart. I

F. & J. 9997.
thank you sincerely, Thou not with words merely, But all my heart. From this accusation, To your mediation My freedom's due. And thee we may sever, To

CHORUS

(unscored)

meet again se'm ver, My thoughts will be ev'er Of you. Sir, Sir,

F. & D. 9997.
for your kind attitude, Accept her gratitude, Ere she de-

part._ She thanks you sincerely, Tho' not with words merely, But

part._ She thanks you sincerely, Tho' not with words merely, But

all her heart. From this accusation, To your mediation Her

all her heart. From this accusation, To your mediation Her

F. = D. 9397.
freedom's due... And thou mayst never, To meet again never, Her
thoughts will be ever of you... Her thoughts will be ever of you...

F. & D. 9997.
Lady Betty Low, Will be far and near

Toasted Queen of Beauty By each cavalier. Homage all accord her,

Kneeling at her throne; Lady Betty Low Makes all hearts her own.

F. & D. 9997.

END OF ACT I.
Act II.

No. 11.

OPENING CHORUS.

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P. & D. 9967.
will be bringing Here a blushing bride,

will be bringing Here a blushing bride,

-ly approaches the cup'bial hour. May Fate on Bride and Bride-groom show'r

All that is blissful within its pow'r.

F. & D. 9997.
CHORUS.

Hail this union! Sweet communion Of two happy hearts

Scatters sadness, And its gladness

To us all imparts. Joy and laughter constitute your
Conduct everywhere, Emblematic of the future

Conduct everywhere, Emblematic of the future

Of the happy pair.

Of the happy pair.

F. & D. 9897.
SONG. (Scraby.)

"THE EMOLUMENTS OF STEWARD."

guests who are invited to this function matrimonial Will
if you should be handing, well, suppose we say asparagus-A

soon be now arriving, so your ears to me incline, Upon
very dainty luxury, to waste which is a crime: So in

very such occasion, I find guests make no evasion Of the
serving it sparing; If there be a guest so daring As to

F. & D. 9997.
In interesting details of the victuals and the wine. Go and take some more of it, you mustn't give him time. Then serving out the latter, I do pray you be particular. Disjelly too, which probably has got some fine liqueur in it. Should

- criminate discreetly as to status of the guest; Any one suggest to you "Another helping please!" While

portion cheap libations to the tenants and relations; To handing it, just wobble it, And ere there's time to gobble it, You

F. & D. 9997.
wealthy friends and country folk of course you give the best. The e-
hastily remove it, while interrogating "Cheese?" The e-

molements of steward are invariably secured. If an
molements of steward are invariably secured. If an

interest in matters of economy is shown. Should a
interest in matters of economy is shown. And he

visitor's gustation show a lack of education, Then the
checks all prodigality. Of master's hospitality In

E. & D. 9997.
steward serves a liquor of a lower valuation; The ev'ry way conceivable, and metaphorically he Con-

wine he saves his master will of course become his own. The Con-

wine he saves his master's interest but actually his own. Con-

F. & D. 9897.
Hail this union! Sweet communion Of two happy hearts
Scatters sadness, And its gladness
To us all imparts. Joy and laughter

F. & D. 9997.
constitute your conduct everywhere.

Emblematic of the future of the happy pair.

F. e D. 9987
Duet. (Scraby and Isobel.)

"Puritan and Cavalier."

1. A Puritan is usually seen of saintly bearing, sober in his mien. Good
   saintliness imbued, goes on his way in moral rectitude. Al-

2. The Puritan, with counsel he dispenseth as he goes, religious discourse,
   luresments he avoids with downcast eyes, first seeing how the

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F. & D. 9997.
spoken thro' his nose. A cavalier is quite the other way,
situation lies. A cavalier his energies devotes To

Handsome, careless, jovial and gay. Tis kiss ev'ry dis-
fighting, flirting, plays and petticoats. Allurements he a-

SCRABY.

peneth as he goes. You don't, my dear, I hope, partici-
volts when none arise. And lo! the awful fate a waiting

pate in those!
his demise.

F & D 9297.
ISOBEL.

Puritan And Cavalier

Puritan And Cavalier

Saintly man, And

Prudent man! De-

SCRABY.

rake, I fear. Seizes opportunities to moral ise-

void of fear. Fighting eloquently against all sinful guile.

ISOBEL.

Sees his opportunities in maid en's eyes. Cavalier And

Cavalier And

SCRABY.

Fighting hard frequently for a lady's smile. Cavalier And

F. a P. 1917.
SCRABY.

Which way should a maid's affection steer, To Puritan!
Which doth most desirable appear? The Puritan!

ISOBEL.

Ca - va - lier, Ca - va - lier.
Ca - va - lier, Ca - va - lier.

SCRABY. ISOBEL.

Puritan! Ca - va - lier!
Puritan! Ca - va - lier!

F. & D. 9997.
ROMANCE. (Dick)

"WOULDST THOU RECALL THE PAST?"

Wouldst thou fore-go what Fortune's granting— All the delights that wealth can
give?
Wouldst thou recall, those joys supplanting, The waning

life thou used to live? Wouldst thou forego this regal

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F. & D. 9997.
Servants, horses, equipage, jewels, wealth and silk at tire?
Wouldst thou retain all that thou hast, or once again recall the past? Or once again recall the past?
F. & D. 9997.
No. 14.

BALLAD. (Tatters.)

"THE DAWNING OF LOVE."

Tempo di Valse.

Tatters.

Piano.

1. There comes a time to
2. Though by-gone years have

one and all When happy reigns supreme,
And

dreamt been, Like unto an endless night,

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F. & D. 9997.
all life's stern realities Are but a
dream. The song of birds are brighter, The
Yet up on life's horizon gleams A glorious light. It spreads in a roseate splendor, And
flowrets more fragrant grow. The world is all end
darkness has passed away; The heart rejoicing
-weloped in A roseate glow. ’Tis the
wakes to find A newborn day. ’Tis the

F. & D. 9997.
Valse tempo.

When hearts o'er flow with glad ness, For there's no thought of its blushing beams bestow ing On hearts all gladly sad ness in the dawn ing of love, In the dawn ing of love.

F. & D. 9907.
No. 15.

SONG. (Poll)

"CHARITY."

Poll.

1. Charity Muir, A dainty, pure, And seemingly as simple as a

2. Charity Muir, You may be sure, As every pretty maiden is, was

3. Charity Muir Possessed a wooer With a coro net, a title, city

Lit the maid should be, So prim, so sweet, So trim, so neat, As

Pensively sought By love-sick swain, And not in vain, For

Property and farms. When ever she found Him hanging round She

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F. & D. 9997.
quaint a lit. tle Pu. ri. tan as you could wish to see. Her life was spent in
she had far more lov. ers than a sim. ple maid. en ought. Though so de. mure, I
lost no op. por. tu. ni. ty so li. cit. ing his alms. And when he placed A-

good in. tent, De. void of all ap. proach to sec. u. lar i. ty. And she
ne. ver knew a Case she thought a kis. ir. reg. u. lar i. ty. She would
round her waist His arms in sym. pa. thetic cir. cu. lar i. ty, And pro-

al. ways un. der. stood It was pro. per, it was good, To get
say "Make no mis. take, All the kiss. es that I take Are en.
posed, she an. swered "Yes, For the wealth that you pos. sess Will be

F. & B. 9997.
ev'ry thing she could For Char - ri - ty. For
. tire - ly for the sake Of Char - ri - ty. For
aw - fly nice, I guess, For Char - ri - ty. For

Char - ri - ty, sweet Char - ri - ty, Was her one thought and aim, And
Char - ri - ty, sweet Char - ri - ty, All of - fer - ings she'd claim, And
Char - ri - ty, sweet Char - ri - ty, A peer - ess she be - came, And

Char - ri - ty - yes, Char - ri - ty, You'll no - tice, was her name.
Char - ri - ty found Char - ri - ty A ve - ry pleas - ant game.
Char - ri - ty found Char - ri - ty A ve - ry pay - ing game.

F. & D. 9997.
"THE FIDDLER AND HIS DOG."

A fiddler fiddled fast and slow,
Yet fiddled he no air.
He fiddled high, he fiddled low,
But why, I'm not aware.

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E & B. 9997.
had an old decrepit dog Which had no hair, nowhere; The hide of all

hair was bare, The dog was bare of hair. Piano. Orch.

So hair restored, rub'd he well On that dog every...

where, And soon that bald old spaniel Was nothing else but hair.
fiddler's weary fiddling. The dog it couldn't bear.

The fiddler couldn't bear the dog. It looked so like a bear.

Piano

Orch.  Piano.  Orch.

So

F. & B. 1907.
to a barber he repaired, To shave off all its hair, Re-

marking. When the dog is bare, It's much less like a bear.

Piano.

The

barber shaved the dog all day, From morning until dark; He

F. a D. 9997.
shaved the poor dog all away and only left its bark.
Slower.

The fiddler and his fiddle are now the worse for wear; the feeble barking of a dog accompanies the pair; and passers-by who hear that bark astonished stand and stare: you see, they cannot see the dog, because it is not there!

Pian. Orch. Yet

F. A. D. 9997.
Violin.

morn-ing, night, and af-ternoon The fid-dler on must jog With a

Sot-die that's with-out a tune, And a bark with-out a dog.

Tempo di Valse.
"IF I WERE A KING."

Piano.

If I were a King, The genuine thing, With a crown on my head, and no thing to do I'd always have near A flagon of beer, And

under the throne have a barrel or two, From morning till night, To

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F & D. 9997.
left and to right, Would del - i. cate dain - ties his pal - ate pro - voke. And

rail.

un - der his head, When he was in bed, He'd have a cold chicken in case he a - woke.

rail.

F. 59997.
with the fairest maids care;ess;ible, Daint;ies rich and in;digestible

He'd have a reg;u;lar fling! He'd go in for knight;ly val;i;ance,

I'd have a reg;u;lar fling! I'd go in for knight;ly val;i;ance,
Music, flirting, love and dalliance, If he were a

Music, flirting, love and dalliance, If I were a

Music, flirting, love and dalliance, If I were a

King, a King, If he were a King.

DICK.

King, a King, If I were a King.

If

King, a King, If I were a King.

F. & D. 9997.
SOLO.

I were a King, I'd dance and I'd sing.

And live in a palace of marble and gold, With

Barons and Earls, And beautiful girls At.

- tend ing up on we but none of them old. The

E. D. 9997.
ladies would be of exalted degree, and

noted for beauty all maidens above; my

elegant court would be the resort of
gallantry, poetry, beauty and love.

F. & D. 9997.
Tempo Imo

POLL.

With the rarest wines possible,

DICK.

with the rarest wines possible,

SETH.

With the rarest wines possible,

With the fairest maids carlessible, Dainties rich and

With the fairest maids carlessible, Dainties rich and

With the fairest maids carlessible, Dainties rich and

P. & D. 19997.
Indigestible

He'd have a regular fling!

Indigestible

I'd have a regular fling!

Indigestible

I'd have a regular fling!

He'd go in for knightly valiance, music, flirting,

I'd go in for knightly valiance, music, flirting,

I'd go in for knightly valiance, music, flirting,

F. A. B. 8607.
love and dalliance, If he were a King, a
love and dalliance, If I were a King, a
love and dalliance, If I were a King, a

King, If he were a King.
King, If I were a King.
King, If I were a King.

F. & D. 9497.
No. 18. TRIO. (Tatters, Dick and Walter.)

"TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY."

Tatters.

Dick.

Walter.

Piano.

'Tis a day of perfect joy, Happiness without alloy. Life's to us a

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F. & D. 9997.
rall.

Gladsome toy, Painted bright and gay. 'Tis a day of perfect joy.

rall.

Gladsome toy, Painted bright and gay. 'Tis a day of perfect joy.

rall.

Gladsome toy, Painted bright and gay. 'Tis a day of perfect joy.

a tempo

Painted bright and gay. And joy for thee, Joy for both of us.

a tempo

Painted bright and gay. And me.

a tempo

Painted bright and gay. Joy for thou, Joy for both of us.

F. & D. 9997.
To a limited degree I convey.

Happy he!

Happy she!

'Tis our wedding day.

Happy, happy, happy me!

'Tis their wedding day.

'Tis our wedding day.

F & D your
Wedding day. Ding-a-ding-ding-ding-ding-dong!

Wedding bells merri ly play. Sing-a-sing-a-sing-a-sing a sweet song;
Haste to the wedding away.
Bring a ring—bring a ring,

Haste to the wedding away.
Bring a ring—bring a ring,

Haste to the wedding away.
Bring a ring—bring a ring,

Haste to the wedding away.
Bring a ring—bring a ring,

bring it along, Danger may lurk in delay.

bring it along, Danger may lurk in delay.

bring it along, Danger may lurk in delay.

F. & D. 6987.
Ding-a-ding-ding-a-ding-dong! We're going to be married to-

Ding-a-ding-ding-a-ding-ding-dong! They're going to be married to-

Ding-a-ding-ding-a-ding-ding-dong! We're going to be married to-

- day. Be married, Be married, We're

- day. Be married, Be married, They're

- day. Be married, Be married, We're
going to be married today, today.  

going to be married today, today.  

going to be married today, today.

very slowly

They're going to be married today!

very slowly

F. & D. 9997.
No 19.

SONG. (Walter.)

"CAPTIVE AM I."

Walter.

"Captive am I, Bound in the

chains Of him who reigns All the world o'er. What tho' I

try My self to free, They a round me Bind me the more.

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F. & D. 9997.
With passion.

What is this bondage My being enthralling, Holding me fast in its arrogant power? What this subjection In which I am falling, Asserting its sway o'er me hour after hour? Who is the tyrant, The despot who holds me

F. a D. 9997.
Fettered and shackled by rigid decree?
Why am I tranquil? What magic enfolds me, making me loth from my bonds to be free? Captive am I, bound in the chains. Of him who reigns All the world

F. B. 9697.
"Oh!"—What the' I try—My'self to free. They a-

round me Bind me the more. Yet were I told Free I may go, I'd answer

"No!"—By fate impelled. Fetters of gold My heart enfold, It

is by love I am a prisoner held, a prisoner held.
Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

CHORUS.

RIng out, ye bells, Proclaiming this rejoicing.

RIng out, ye bells, Proclaiming this rejoicing.

Peal forth your joy, Each clanging, clam'rous tongue!

Peal forth your joy, Each clanging, clam'rous tongue!

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F & D. 9997.
Sing out, ye birds, congratulations voicing.

Let brightest poems to the happy pair be sung.

GIRLS.

Joy to the Bride! And may naught presume to

Darken her fair young life with grief or care.

F. D. 9997.
MEN.

May fate provide a future for the Groom too,

Crowded with all that fortune has to spare.

CHORUS.

What e'er betide, Groom and Bride.
What e'er betide, Groom and Bride.

Ever abide a model married pair!

F. a P. 8967.
WALTER.

Oh! happy hour Of sweet anticipation,

Bring ing fel  ic ity, all joys far above.

TATTERS.

Oh! happy hour, My heart's culation Binds me implicitly in fet ters of love. No dark clouds low' A cross the sky

WALTER.

No dark clouds low' A cross the sky
In this sweet hour, To — you and I. No dark clouds low — A —

— cross the sky — In this sweet hour — In this sweet hour —

— cross the sky — In this sweet hour — In this sweet hour —

To you and I, — To — you and I.

To you and I, — To — you and I.

F. x D. 9997.
NOTARY.

All is prepared, the covenant is waiting The

sealing and signing by parties to the deed. So, if you please, with-

out more hesitating, let the wedding ceremony now proceed.

CHORUS.

Let the wedding ceremony now proceed.

Let the wedding ceremony now proceed.

F. & D. 9997.
CHORUS.

Take up the pen, dip it in ink. Don't give yourselves leisure to think.

F. & D. 9297.
Sign your names boldly, Then seal with a kiss, Don't be

(Enter Soldiers.)

(Scream.)

nor-vous-

nor-vous-

Good gracious! what's this?

Good gracious! what's this?

SERGEANT.

Sir, I am sorry, but

Good gracious! what's this?

F. & D. 9997.
WALTER.

I must do my duty. I arrest you. Arrest me for what?

SERGEANT.

WALTER.

High treason! High treason? High treason?

CHORUS.

What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? What is it? Then I must come, but, Sergeant, don't disgrace me be.

F. & D. 9997.
Andante moderato.

For her whom I love so well. I love so well.

WALTER.

Duty's call receiving,

Thy side am leaving; Thy grief my heart be

Against fate there's no contend ing. For his

F. & D. 9997.
all, s'en love transcend ing. When duty

TATTERS.
calls. By fate separated. My

heart is desolated. But love's subordinated

...nated When duty calls.

F. & D. 9997.
Yet (sub)brave (sub) it's (sub) hard to keep
But (sub) I'll (sub) try (sub)

not to weep, For duty calls. For
duty calls.

CHORUS.

Love must obey
Duty's com.

Love must obey
Duty's com.

F. & D. 9997.
mand; Ye must a way. Your hearts in clin.

mand, duty's command; Ye must a way. Your hearts in clin.

ation spurning. Love must a

ation spurning. Love must a

bide. Sorrow with stand.

bide, love must a bide. Sorrow with stand.

F. & D. 9997.
Till fate decide — The joy-ful hour of thy true love's re-

accel.

— turn-ing. Thy true love's re-

accel.

— turn-ing. Thy true love's re-

accel.

— turn-ing, Thy true love's re-turn-ing, thy true love's re-turn-ing.

roll.

— turn-ing, Thy true love's re-turn-ing, thy true love's re-turn-ing.
By fate separated

My heart is desolate

Duty's call receiving, the call receiving, the call receiving, the call receiving (Bouche fermée)

Grieving, grief my heart be rending

Grieving, the call, grief my heart be rending, tho'
(After Wedding Ceremony.)

No wedding bells for you—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! No

wedding bells— for you.

wedding bells— for you.

F. A. Bishop.
TRIO. (Tatters, Dick and Seth.)

"HEY! DOWN DERRY."

Vivace.

1.

TAT.) Oh! for the times we used to see Ere I became a lady. When
(GICK.) Oh! for the things we used to do When bus. ness was n't boom. ing. (SETH.) When

F & D. 9997.
he and you, (HICK.) And you and me Were such a "Hey-go-
me and you, (DICK.) And Tatters too, Would steal a turnip-

-lucky" three, (SETH.) And chance of dinner used to be (TAT.) Ex-
(SETH.) Or a few. (TAT.) And then our on ward way pur sue. Our

DICK & SETH. Ex-

Our

-ception all ly shady. (DICK.) The
bur gla ry consum ing.

-ception all ly shady.
bur gla ry consum ing.

F. and D. 9997.
"pitch - es," (TAT.) The end - less tramps o'er road and mead (DICK.) With

veld it, (DICK.) Be -neath a hedge or tree we'd get, (SETH.) And

"Shanks -'s mare" our on - ly steed, (SETH.) And when too wea - ry

catch a cold to dodge the wet, (TAT.) Be parched with heat or

rall. ALL.

to pro - ceed (ALL.) We slept in fields and ditch - es.

frozen. (ALL.) Yet We tho.rough.ly en - joyed it. | Sing

We slept in fields and ditch - es.

We tho.rough.ly en - joyed it. |
hey down der. ry-der. ry-der. ry-der. ry-down! For the he. ro. ine, the he. ro and the

mel. an. cho. ly clown, For the duch. ess, or the a. bi. gail, The

yeo. men, or the knight in mail. The ser. ving man, the thief in jail, Or

mon. arch with a crown, Sing hey! sing hey! For the

F. & D. 9997.
Wandering existence in the country and the town, For the pleasure it reveals, The uncertainty of meals, Hey der-ry-der-ry-down, der-ry-der-ry-down at huels. Sing hey, sing hey, der-ry-der-ry-down!

F. A.: 9997.
Concerted Number. (Tatters, Walter and Chorus.)

"LADY LUDLOW, CAN THIS BE?"

Presto.

Moderato.

WALTER.

Lady Ludlow, can this be? At

last your charac-ter I know, I who risked my

lib-erty, My very life for you To

F. & D. 9997.
find you but a wanton!

Ah!

WALTER.

Walter, 'tis not true! But list— To what? Can you ex-

plain— Your conduct vindicate; The intimacy

you attain. With that old reprobate, with that old reprobate?

F. & D. 9997.
TATTERS.

Stop! list to me, if I must speak, Know then this is my

CHORUS.

father!

He is her father!

He is her father!

WALTER.

No Lady Betty Ludlow then art thou?

TATTERS.

No Lady Betty only "Tatters" now!

F. a D. 9997.
La. dy Bet ty Lud low was but mas querd ac e. I am on ly "Tatters," low ly

play er maid. Tho de cep tion scorn ing. Pri thee pi ty me,

Enter KING.

In my de gra da tion and hu mil i ty.

"Long live the King!"

F. & D. 9997.
Long life unto his Majesty May
Long life unto his Majesty May

Providence bestow! Through peril and ad
Providence bestow! Through peril and ad

Verity, May he all triumphant go In
Verity, May he all triumphant go In

F. & D 9997.
battle grant him victorious. In council wise and la-

battle grant him victorious, victorious, In council wise and la-

bo-ri-ous, To reign beloved and glo-ri-ous, We

bo-ri-ous, la-bo-ri-ous, To reign beloved and glo-ri-ous, We

pray long live the King! Long live the King!

pray long live the King! Long live the King!

F. & B. 9997. END OF ACT II.
Act III.

No. 21.

OPENING MUSIC.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Piano.

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F. & D. 9997.
CEORUS.

Joyful time of Spring is seen, When we find the joyful time of Spring is seen, When we find the

rit. a tempo

earth renew Garments of resplendent green, earth renew Garments of resplendent green,

ris. a tempo

Crimson, yellow, white and blue, Blushing roses
Crimson, yellow, white and blue, Blushing roses.

F. & D. 9997.
scent the breeze, spreading forth their petals fair.

Song of birds and drone of bees, life and sunshine everywhere.

F. & D. 9897.
SONG. (Isobel.)
"IN MAY."


Young men's fancy turns to love in May;
Maidens will more willingly prove, They say.
Cupid gentle Spring endows To untrue in lovers' bowers,
And his arrows it empowers To slay, in May. Lovers' hearts the tyrant god

-bey;
Flowrets in the sunshine nod And away;

F. & D. 8997.
Winter smiling Earth forsakes, Nature of new joy partakes,

Life to love and mirth awakes, In May, in May.

CHORUS.

From the glad some earth today Its blithe some mood well

From the glad some earth today Its blithe some mood well

borrow; Here's to the merry month of May, For

borrow; Here's to the merry month of May, For

F. & D. 9997.
sum mer comes to mor row. From the glad some earth to day Its

sum mer comes to mor row. From the glad some earth to day Its

blithe some mood we'll bor row; Here's to the mer ry

blithe some mood we'll bor row; Here's to the mer ry

month of May, For sum mer comes to mor row.

month of May, For sum mer comes to mor row.

F. & D. 9997
ISOBEL.

Young men's fancy turns to love in May; maid ens will more willing prove, They say.

Cupid gentle spring endows to intrude in lovers' bow'rs,

And his arrows it empowers to slay, in May.

F. & D. 9997.
CHORUS.

Youthful hearts inclined to love Daily with god Cupid's flame;

Eyes as blue as skies above Glares dart with fatal aim.

Age from out the inglenook Tott'ring forth in joy, survey

F. & D. 9997.
Daisied field and sun-kiss’d brook
Freed from winter’s fetters grey.

Spring has come, cast care away,
Life and love and mirth hold sway.

F. A D. 9997.
No. 22.

SONG. (Dick.)

"NEVER LAUGH AT LOVE!"

Con espressione.

Dick.

DICK.

Never laugh at

Love, it is a madness, 'Tis a badness, 'Tis a

badness, A sorrowing and sadness;

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F. & D. 9997.
Love is an ache-ing, Love is a quak-ing, Love's a cause of hearts a-break-ing, Love is a rul-ing, Love is a pul-ing,
'Tis a dal-li-ance be-fool-ing, Love's a no-tion,
Love's e-mo-tion, 'Tis re-jection, 'Tis de-vo-tion,
F. & E. 9897.
It is poverty, 'tis wealth, 'Tis infirmi-
-ty, 'tis health. Never laugh at love! Never laugh at love!

Never laugh at love! Love it is a treasure, 'Tis a

F. & D. 9997.
pleasure, 'tis a pleasure, A joy beyond all measure.

Love, it will joke you, just to provoke you; Love, it will strike you,

but to stroke you. 'Twill restrain you,

Just to gain you; It will woo you, to disdain you.
Love will chill you, Love will thrill you,

Love will kiss you, yet will kill you. 'Tis tranquility, 'tis strife,
'Tis omnipotence, 'tis life.

Never laugh at love! Ah! Never laugh at love!

F. & B. 9997.
No 23.

SONG. (Tatters.)

"SHOULD HE PROVE FALSE."

Andante con espress.

Piano.

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F x D, 9957.
Loyal and true, Brave friend, and noble foe,

Loyal and true In every way he'll prove.

He must be so, The proving I can show.

He is the man, he is the man I love,
He that is true To all that honour holds

Sacred and due To men, all else above,

He that will cling To love and to his King— He is the man I love.

F & D. 9997.
DUET. (Seth, Poll, and Chorus.)

"A BUNCH OF BLUE RIBBONS!"

(Seth) I. Have you heard of the news And the varying views Which the
(Seth) II. Fret, ty Prue had from Hugh Her gay ribbons of blue, Yet
(Seth) III. Have you heard of the news And the woe that ensues From what

...gossip villains tell? How rollicking Hugh And
joy from her bosom has fled Since finding that Hugh Brought
...gossip villains say? How Prue will with Hugh Have

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F. & D. 9997.
sweet little True Bade each other a dies in the dell? (POLL: How
Bes sie home too A gay bunch of ribbons of rest. (POLL: I've
nothing to do, And sits silently sobbing all day? (POLL: How
Hugh was away For the whole of the day. And how
al so to add That now Bes sie is sad, And re
Bes is no less In heart broken distress. How

True the fact could n't disguise Of strange co ult a tion And
systems in con sol a ble quite. Since Hugh she's a ware brought for
Phyl lis keeps fainting a way; And how it's all due to the

an ti ca tion To shine in her bonny blue eyes
Phyl lis's hair A gay bunch of ribbons of white
promises Hugh gave to bring them all ribbons so gay

F. & D. 1867.
CHORUS.

Oh, my! what could the matter be? Oh, my!
Oh, my! what can the matter be? Oh, my!
Oh, my! what can the matter be? Oh, my!

what could the matter be? Oh, why ever could that all be?
what can the matter be? Oh, why should such a matter be?
what can the matter be? Oh, why should there such a matter be?

(set) Hugh had gone off to the fair. He'd promised to try and be
(poll) Hugh has come back from the fair. He'd promised to be to each
(poll) Hugh is right off with the fair. He'd promised to marry them

F. & D. 9997.
constant and ever true, Promised to tie back again to his pretty Phoe.  
constant and ever true, Promised to bring back to Phyllis and Bess and true 
all, Phyllis, Bess, and Fru. They've promised him they'll for breaches of promise sue.

Promised to buy her a bunch of blue ribbons to Tie up her bonny brown
Bunches of ribbons of red, white, and blue, for to Tie up their bonny back
Each with a bunch of red, white, and blue ribbons, too Tied in a bow in her

CHORUS.

hair. To tie up her bonny brown hair.
hair. To tie up their bonny back hair.
hair. Tied in a bow in her hair.

F. & D. 9997.
SONG. (Walter and Chorus.)

"DANCE AND BE GAY!"

WALTER.

Dance and be gay! Pipe ye and play!

CHORUS.

Dance, dance! Dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance! Dance, dance, dance!

WALTER.

Dance to your pleasure And drink at your leisure; Make most of life while ye

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F. & B. 9997.
may.

The moment is

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

ours.

Why should we fear?

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

E. & D. 9997.
Life is a sadness, a sigh and a tear.

Death may be all holiday.

Dance!

Quaff ye the wine! Bacchus we praise.

Dance!

F. & D. 9897.
Liquor divine, trouble dismay.

Haste ye to pleasure, no delays!
Haste ye to pleasure, no delays!

Life passes quickly away, dance, dance, dance!
Dance, ye patrician, and also ye peasant,
Dance!
Dance!

Scorning the future, exist for the present.
Dance!
Dance!

'Tis but a fool who is worried by sorrow.
Dance!
Dance!

F. & D. 9997.
E'en tho' he die and be buried tomorrow.

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

TUTTI. CHORUS in UNISON.

Dance, ye patrician, and also ye peasant.

Scorning the future, exist for the present.

F. & D. 9997.
"Tis but a fool who is worried by sorrow.

E'en tho' he die and be buried tomorrow.
WALTER.

Dance and be 'gay! Pipe ye and play!

Dance, dance!
Dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance!
Dance, dance, dance!

Dance to your pleasure, and drink at your leisure; Make most of life while ye may.

WALTER.

Dance and be gay! Pipe ye and play!

Dance, dance!
Dance, dance, dance!

Dance, dance!
Dance, dance, dance!

F. & D. 9997.
Dance to your pleasure, and drink at your leisure; Make most of life while ye may.

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance!

F. D. 9967.
No. 26.

FINALE. (Ensemble.)

"HERE'S HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY!"

Voice.

Piano.

F. & D. 9987.
bat - tle grant him vic - to - rious, In coun - cil wise and la.

bo - ri - ous. To reign be - loved and glo - ri - ous, We

pray long live the King! Long live the King!