A Madcap Princess

COMEDY OPERA
IN THREE ACTS

Founded upon Charles Major's New Novel
"When Knighthood was in Flower"

The Libretto by
HARRY B. SMITH

The Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER

Vocal Score $2.00 Net
3/4 Net

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A MADCAP PRINCESS

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARY TUDOR, Princess of England ......................... LULU GLASER
HENRY VIII., King of England ................................ WILLIAM PRUETTE
CHARLES BRANDON ........................................... BERTRAM WALLIS
SIR EDWIN CASKODEN, Master of Dance .................. DONALD MCLAREN
SIR ADAM JUDSON ............................................... HOWARD CHAMBERS
WILL SOMERS, the King’s Jester ............................ FRANK REICHER
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM ........................................ ARTHUR BARRY
CARDINAL WOLSEY .............................................. RALPH LEWIS
DUKE DE LONGUEVILLE, Envoy of France ............. GUY B. HOFFMAN
CAPTAIN BRADHURST .......................................... H. CHAMBERS
FARMER BLAKE .................................................. HERBERT FREER
A FRIAR ................................. MAURICE SIMS
LANDLORD OF “THE BOW AND STRING TAVERN” .... REGINALD BARLOW
GOODY BLAKE .................................................... ELSIE THOMAS
QUEEN KATHERINE ............................................ MAUD REAM STOVER
LADY JANE BOLINGBROKE .......................... MARY CONWELL
MISTRESS JANE SEYMOUR .......................... OLIVE COX
MISTRESS ANNE BOLEYN .......................... ETHEL WYNNE
A PAGE .................................................... LILLIAN LIPEYAT

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Court, Country Folk, Flower Girls, Attendants, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. — Windsor Park on May-Day Morning.
ACT II. — Princess Mary’s Apartment in Bridewell House, London.
ACT III. — “Bow and String” Tavern at Bristol.
PLACE — England  
TIME — The Sixteenth Century

Scenery by EMENS & UNITT  
Musical Director Signor A. De NOVELLIS

The production staged under the direction of E. P. TEMPLE.
# A MADCAP PRINCESS

## CONTENTS

### ACT I.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Performer(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Prelude</td>
<td></td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening Ensemble</td>
<td>May Day is Hey Day</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>I'm Bluff King Hal</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chorus</td>
<td>May Day Processional</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Entrance Song</td>
<td>A MADCAP PRINCESS</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>That Beautiful Isle of the Sea</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>Sir! You Wear a Sword</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>{If I Marry the King of France, Let a Good Ship Be Made Ready}</td>
<td>47, 53</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ACT II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Performer(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Entr'acte</td>
<td></td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening Ensemble</td>
<td>Maids of Honor to the Princess</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>Woman Rules the King</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song</td>
<td>If You Were Mine Alone</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>Thrice Noble is He</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ACT III.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Performer(s)</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Entr'acte</td>
<td></td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opening Ensemble</td>
<td>Come, Fill Up a Brimming Flagon</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song and Chorus</td>
<td>The Kings of the Sea</td>
<td>121</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song and Chorus</td>
<td>Cavalier Song</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Finale</td>
<td></td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A Madcap-Princess.
Comic Opera in 3 Acts.
Prelude and Opening Ensemble.

Libretto by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

Allegro.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

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May day is hey day, O! May day is hey day; Come gather up on the green!
Come lads with the maids, 'Neath Wind-sor's old shades, We'll
dance till the stars are seen; May day's a gay day, O!

May day's a gay day, the merriest day of spring!
So come ye together, O'er blossom-ing heather, Your jolliest faces bring!
Farmer Blake.
Bustle here and bustle there! Lazy lads make better haste; For
all our guests we must prepare; there's little time to waste.

Young and old, we shall regale, With a cask of nut brown ale!

Young and old, we shall not fail To be here to taste that ale;

Young and old, we shall not fail To be here to taste that ale;
Allegro vivo.
Farmer Blake.

Now to see, if this same ale, Shall turn out neither flat nor stale, To

Guard against such sad mishap, This goodly cask I'll

Straight-way tap, With lusty blow and vigorous rap.

Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap, This

Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap, Rap tap Rap tap, This
Farmer Blake.

I faith 'tis good! Egad 'tis grand! No better rap!

Quasi Recit.

Dame Blake.

Just wait a while in all the land! I'll try again!
bit, Before you sample all of it.

Farmer Blake.

What!

Ma-dame, am I not to try my brew? I'll know the reason why!

(Quarrel ad lib.)
May day is hey day, O!
May day is hey day, O!
May day is hey day, Come gather upon the green, Come
Lads with the maids, neath Windsor's old shades, We'll dance till the stars are seen;

Lads with the maids, neath Windsor's old shades, We'll dance till the stars are seen;

May day's a gay day, O! May day's a gay day, the merriest day of spring; So come ye to-geth-er, O'er blossom-ing heath-er, Your
Let all ranks be level to-day, in honor.

Let all ranks be on to-day, in honor.

Let all ranks be on to-day, in honor.

Let all ranks be on to-day, in honor.

Jolliest faces bring——

Jolliest faces bring——

Jolliest faces bring——

Jolliest faces bring——

Of the Queen of May, The gallants of Court, With your
rustic sort, May mingle in sport to-day. Come all ye ladies of

high degree, Come Courtiers grand to see; Both wedded and single, in

gaiety mingle, The Princess our Queen shall be!

gaiety mingle, The Princess our Queen shall be!
Maids of Honor.

Come now, Will Somers fiddling wight, We'll make you play for us till night.

Courtiers.

Come Will, good lad, we wait for you, Come jester, play a jig or two. Play! lad, play!

Will Somers.
Moderato.

Very well, since I am pressed. To inspire all I'll do my best.

Allegro.

Will Sumers.

When I draw a lively bow, Over the creaking strings lad! Every foot in time doth go, While the music pa - ges! Come let folly be your guide, That's advice of
Rings lads! Roger there shall dance with Joan, Ronald he shall sag-es! Lady May shall dance with Tom, Lady Maud shall trip with True, While I poor devil am left alone, To smile on me, And Milkmaid Sue be merry too, With scrape the fiddle for you! Lords of high degree! Then it's swing your partners, left and right, Hands round and dos a dos; Round the May-pole.
trip-ping right, Lords and Lad-ies go; You may Kiss the girl you love the best, She will not say you may; You can take a chance, in a mer-ry dance, Up-on the first of May!

Then it's swing your part-ner's
Then it's swing your part-ner's
take a chance, in a merry dance, Upon the first of May.

take a chance, in a merry dance, Upon the first of May.
I'm Bluff King Hal.

Be-hold in me a po-ten-tate Or lineage old and sti-endid. From
own no sway of priest or monk. I hold them cheap. Of ver-y.

Kings, a line, With right di- vine, I am of course des-cend-ed. I'm
me they curse, I just get worse And burn a mo-nas-te-ry. The

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England's eighth King Henry called; King Hal or sometimes Harry; And
monks are good old friends of mine, As long as they do my way; But

Chorus.

when I'm bored By cares and horde, An other wife I marry; And
if they doubt, I turn them out, To beg along the high-way; But

Solo.

when he's bored, By cares and horde, An other wife he marries. Oh!
if they doubt, He turns them out To beg a long the high way. For

(Chorus 2nd time.)

I am Bluff King Hal! A mighty monarch I. I'm gruff and I'm grim And it's
I am Bluff King Hal! A Brit- on through and through. My will is law, To—
woe to him, Who would my will defy. I'm ready for a battle, A
overawe, My subjectsgood and true. But just set out a flagon And you'll

bottle or a gal, Oh! a paragon of potentates, Is Bluff King
find a hearty pal, In this courtly somewhat portly monarch Bluff King

Ha! Oh! Hal! Ha! Ha!
Fine.
May Day Processional.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Let every voice welcome our Princess to-day, Condor.

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Scend-ing, to be Queen for us and our May day fete at-tend-ing,

May all of her reign be a glad ho-li-day, nev-er

end-ing, glad-ly hom-age to our Princess Ma-ry we pay.
Let spring-time blossoms make her path-way fair, While the birds with song, fill the balm-y air.
She has a tem- per so the gossips say, 'Tis bet-ter
Her tem - per gossips say, 'Tis bet-ter

with the Prin - cess May to give her, to give her, her own sweet
with the Prin - cess May to give her, to give her, her own sweet
Let every voice welcome our Princess to-day, Conde-

Let every voice welcome our Princess to-day, Conde-

Sending to be Queen for us and our May day fete attending,

Sending to be Queen for us and our May day fete attending,
May all of her reign be a glad ho-ly-day, Give greeting to the Queen of

Allegro.

May.

Allegro.
A Madcap Princess.

Entrance Song.

Allegro vivo.

Voice.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

people think a Princess should be tall and straight and stout.

people think a Princess never ought to fall in love.

tremendously proud and haughty and not the least bit naughty. They
disposition rigid her heart should be so frigid.

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She should pose, so stately
And curt-sy so sedate-ly; But
Lot of fun one misses, Who frowns on love and kisses; Now

Mary quite contrary is the name they give to me; But
Why should girls in humble life have all the fun on earth, While

Cause I'm always chaffing, At dignity e'er laughing, I'm
Princesses are moping, For some old husband hoping, I

Highly independent and from etiquette I'm free And
Love a gay flirtation and I flirt for all I'm worth And
dignity yes digni-ty does not agree with me!
break ing hearts yes break ing hearts, I think a theme for mirth!

They call me the Mad-cap Princess, I really can't see why...
I do what I like, I say what I please. And e- tiquette I de-

I'm fond of having my own sweet way, I always get it
Still they call me the Mad-cap Princess, I don't see why, Do you?

They call me the Mad-cap Princess, I really can't see why.

They call me the Mad-cap Princess, I really can't see why.

I do what I like, I say what I please And etiquette defy. I'm

I do what I like, I say what I please And etiquette defy. I'm

I do what I like, I say what I please And etiquette defy. I'm
fond of having my own sweet way I always get it too. Still they
fond of having my own sweet way I always get it too. Still they
fond of having my own sweet way I always get it too. Still they

call me the Mad-cap Princess, don't see why, Do you? Some you!
call me the Mad-cap Princess, Do you? you!
call me the Mad-cap Princess, Do you? you!
That Beautiful Isle of the Sea.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Piano.

Moderato.

1. There is a land that we visit in fancy, A beautiful isle of the
2. In that beautiful, beautiful island, If a tradesman is there to be
3. In that almost impossible island, That beautiful island so

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hap-py, as hap-py can be; There, the lo-tos flow’r blooms With its
ounces or so to the pound; There, the neighbors who sing the last
money. There’s some for the rest; In that sin-gu-lar land, There’s no

lul-ling per fum-es And one wears a per-pet-u-al smile, For there’s
po-pu-lar thing, Nev-er war-ble a mile off the key, If they
plu-to-crat grand, A law li-cen-sed bri-gaud can be, For the

nev-er a care To in-trude on you there, in that beau-ti-ful ra-di-ant
do, without bail They are led off to jail, In that sen-si-ble isle by the
laws are so fair, Ev-ry man has his share In that cu-ri-ous isle of the
Tempo di Valse moderato.

isle. Oh! hap-py is-lan-d! Would that
sea. Oh! hap-py is-lan-d! Would that
sea. Oh! hap-py is-lan-d! Would that

I were there,
I were there,
I were there,
All the girls there are pret-
All the girls there are pret-
All the mil-lion-a-ires try

ty,
not Tax-es off to swear;
All men are square;
That land for
That land for
That land for
My land, glad-I-y there I'd be, there's nothing to do but love and be true. In that isle of the sea.

My land, glad-I-y there I'd be, there's no one for gets to pay up his old debts, in that isle of the sea.

"Rocks, there's no "fell-er" that mocks at the laws of that isle of the sea."
Finale Act I.
A Madcap Princess.

Allegro.

Judson.

Sir! You wear a

Piano.

Buckingham.

A chance this doth af-

sword! A duel you can't re-

fuse it.

ford, To prove it you can use it.

Brandon.

Oh! yes a sword I

wear, stained by no duels—shady, Till life shall end, I
will defend the honor of a lady.  En

Garde!
En Garde!

En Garde!
En Garde! En Garde!

Swords are flashing, cutting, slashing, hear the ring of steel!

flash ing, slash ing, hear the steel!
Now my lord with thrust and parry, Make the foe-man reel.

Nerves are steady, keen and ready, Let the duel begin.

Fight him fairly, Fight him squarely, May the best man win!

Fight him fairly, Fight him squarely, May the best man win!
What will he do? What will he say? Some-

What will he do? What will he say? Some-

one shall rue this duel to-day. The King, the King, the King, His Majesty!

one shall rue this duel to-day. The King, the King, the King, His Majesty!

Allegretto.

I am bluff King Hal, A mighty monarch I. I'm gruff and I'm grim and it's

King.

Oh!
woe to him who would my will defy! I'm ready for a battle, a

bot-tle or gal, Ohl a par-a-gon of poten-ta-tes, Is bluff King

Hal! What means, I say, this strange af-fray? My

Your Majes-ty!
Your Majes-ty!

ang-er it is fueling! Who dares for-get all eti-quet-te, and
laws against all dueling? Who e'er it be shall rue the day and
meet retaliation. Of each and all, I now demand, at
once an explanation. Reply! Reply! Reply! Who

Buckingham.

Thy royal liege, I beg you list, Ere
doth my law defy?
you impose the prison fetter, The cause of this, if you insist, you'll
find Sir, if you read this letter. Brandon.

Trait or! Defam or! The

King.

Silence understand! The

princess would you shame her?

is your King's command!
It is our King's command!
It is our King's command!
If I marry the King of France.

The man I choose to marry may be an ancient king is fragile and

Tom or Dick or Harry, providing he's a young and handsome

very far from agile, he'll have to hurry to catch up with

chop. The main thing I must like him. Perhaps some day I'll

I'll keep him good and busy, till his poor brain is

A handsome chap! That cannot be!

A handsome chap! That cannot be!
strike him, For rank and gold I do not care a rap!
diz-zy, He'll send me home in two days you shall see!

For rank she She's home in
For rank she She's home in

He may think me far above him But I'll gently hint I
As I shall need diverting, I'll do a lot of
does not care a two days you shall rap!
does not care a two days you shall see!

poco rit. a tempo
love him, Our honey-moon shall be a dream divine; The flirt-ing, I'll pick out all the worst rou-es at court; I'll

A dream divine; Rou-es at Court;

King of France rheuma-tic, I say with vim empha-tic, Is be so gay and grid-ly, He'll make me soon a wid-ly And not a hus-band strictly in my line, wid-ows seem to have most all the sport. If I

poco rit

marry the king of France, I'll cer-tain-ly lead him a dance, He'll
poco ral

have to be skit-tish, He'll have to be gay, He'll have to throw doc-tors and

a tempo

crutches a-way, Youth ev-er must have its fling, And I will have mine at the

King, Some high old times in France there'll be, If I mar-ry his doddering

Ma- jes-tee!

Youth ev-er must have it's fling, And she will have hers at the
If I marry his doddering King. Some high old times in France there'll be, If she marries his doddering King. Some high old times in France there'll be, If she marries his doddering Mary. Majesty. This

Moderato.

Let ships be prepared, To carry her to France, Be ready All!

Allegro.

read-y All!

Allegro.
Let a good ship be made ready, With a crew and captain steady, We'll cure our sister's petulance, By sending her to France. Then we shall live in Clover. So a-way to Dover And straight set sail, With a favoring gale to cross the channel.
Princess Mary.

I have to go o-ver the rol-ling sea, With the

Brandon.

When you are far o-ver the rol-ling sea, When the

Jane.

It's ho! Ho! for a rol-ling sea, With the

King.

It's ho! Ho! for a rol-ling sea, With the

Buckingham.

It's ho! Ho! for a rol-ling sea, With the

Will Somers.

It's ho! Ho! for a rol-ling sea, With the

Judson.

It's ho! Ho! for a rol-ling sea, With the
bil-lows toss-ing high! A ter-rible fate will a-wait for me. To my
bil-lows are toss-ing high! A dread-ful fate will a-wait for me. In a
bil-lows toss-ing high! It's ho! Yo ho! when the wind blows free And the
bil-lows toss-ing high! It's ho! Yo ho! when the wind blows free And the
bil-lows toss-ing high! It's ho! Yo ho! when the wind blows free And the
bil-lows toss-ing high! It's ho! Yo ho! when the wind blows free And the
love I say good bye;
I'll save you I swear from the prison cell, So be cheerful I'm waiting

prison cell I'll lie
But give me a thought when far away, for my heart and soul you en-

clouds are black on high
It's little will care the bold ships crew, they'll be proud indeed of the

clouds are black on high
It's little will care the bold ships crew, they'll be proud indeed of the

clouds are black on high
It's little will care the bold ships crew, they'll be proud indeed of the

clouds are black on high
It's little will care the bold ships crew, they'll be proud indeed of the
chance, And fear not for me, for I never shall be, The bride of the King of
trance, So do not forget when you're far away, The bride of the King of
chance, To carry the English Princess May, To marry the King of
chance, To carry the English Princess May, To marry the King of
chance, To carry the English Princess May, To marry the King of
chance, To carry the English Princess May, To marry the King of
poco rit.
France. I have to go over the rolling sea, with the billow-tossing
France. When you are far over the rolling sea, when the billows are toss
France. It's ho! Yo ho! for a rolling sea, with the billow-tossing
France. It's ho! Yo ho! Yo ho! for a rolling sea, with the billow-tossing
France. It's ho! Yo ho! Yo ho! for a rolling sea, with the billow-tossing
France. It's ho! Yo ho! Yo ho! for a rolling sea, with a billow-tossing
high;

A terrible fate will await me, to my love I say goodbye. I'll

high;

A dreadful fate will await me, in a prison cell I'll lie. But

high;

It's ho! Ye ho! When the wind blows free, and the clouds are black on high.

high;

It's ho! Ye ho! When the wind blows free, and the clouds are black on high.
Save you I swear from the prison cell, So be cheerful I'm waiting a

give me a thought when far away, for my heart and soul you en-

lit-tle will care the bold ship's crew; they'll be proud in-deed for the

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chance, To carry the English Princess May. To marry the King of

chance, To carry the English Princess May. To marry the King of

chance, To carry the English Princess May. To marry the King of

poco rit.
Princess Mary

Fear not I'll save you, I shall find a way,

What-so-ever betide you, Trust me I pray!

Though time and distance, May our lives divide,

I'll wait, ever for you, To be your bride.

To you, I will be true, My Queen my bride.
Princess Mary.

Fear not I'll save you, I shall find a way,

Brandon.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

Jane.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

King.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

Buckingham.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

Will Somers.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

Judson.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

Chorus.

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,

'Tis time for parting, To go over sea,
What-so-ever betide you Trust me I pray!

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free;

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free;

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free;

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free;

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free;

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free:

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free:

Hearts the truest and dearest oft are not free:
Though time and distance, May our lives divide,

Though time and distance, May our lives divide,

Though time and distance, May their lives divide,

Though time and distance, May their lives divide,

Though time and distance, May their lives divide,

Though time and distance, May their lives divide,
I'll wait ever for you, To be your bride. To

To you I will be true, My Queen my bride. My

Fond hearts ever are true, What e'er betide. What

Fond hearts ever are true, What e'er betide. What
be your bride! To be your bride!
Queen my bride! My Queen my bride!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!
e'er betide! What e'er betide!

[S transcription]
Act II.

Entreat Act and Opening Ensemble.

A Madcap Princess.

Allegro.

Tempo di Valse.

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Maids of Honor.

Maids of honor, to the Princess, We are damsels, most industrious;

Here all day, we sew away, For our sweet Mistress so illustrious; Oh!

Sew all day and never tarry, On her robes of elegance, For the

Princess is to marry, With the ancient King of France. Oh!
Moderato.

Maids of honor, most domestic, Help the Princess with her trousseau; It is right And quite polite, In damsels of the Court to do so. While the Princess, proud and haughty, Hates the match so it is said And displays a temper naughty, Just because she's to be wed.

--

Allegro vivo
1st time All small Princip.
2nd time Principals & Girls.

But it is stitch, stitch, stitch, And the thread and needle ply, Yes it's

stitch, stitch, stitch, For the hours too swiftly fly; O! we must make the Princess

lovely, She is England's joy and pride, So stitch away, till the wedding-day, Of the

1.

All Princip. and Girls.

2.
rare and radiant bride. But it is radiant bride.
Entrance of Courtiers and Pages led by Will Somers.

Maestoso.

Courtiers and Pages.

Cavalières of Henry's Court, Noble Lords and pages,

We go in for love and sport, Do not pose as sages.
Yet we are but half the time, With the books you see,

Will Somers.

Telling of the distant clime, Far across the sea.

Princess

Mary has a notion, That she fain would know about, of the

lands beyond the ocean, Books she cannot do without; Bring the
charts and bring the maps! Ready for inspection. It will

please her well perhaps, to find a big, a big collection.

Courtiers and Pages.

Then it is books, books, books; 'Tis a dull and endless strife,

Books, books, books; not for me a scholar's life. I'd rather woo a pretty
girl, In some sweet-shady hook, Than spend a single hour of

life, On any printed book. Then it is

But it is stitch, stitch, the needle ply,
books, books, books. 'Tis a dull and endless strife:
Yes it is stitch, stitch, the hours fly,
books, books, books, Not for me a scholar's life. I'd rather

She is England's joy and pride,
woo a pretty girl, In some sweet shady nook, Than spend a
Stitch a-

England's joy and pride, she is our lovely bride. Any

single hour on any books,

way, stitch away for the lovely bride! Stitch a-

Stitch, stitch, for the bride.

books, any books, any printed books, Any

books, books, printed books.
Stitch, stitch, stitch, yes stitch away, yes stitch away,
books, any books, any books,
books, books, books, for any books, for any books,

away, we stitch away, we stitch away,
books, books, no single hour for any books.
Woman rules the King.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

Moderato.

King may rule his army, A King may rule his navy, He
King may conquer tyrants, Defeat an upstart neighbor, His

may command a force on land, Or on the ocean wave; All
subjects all both great and small, He'll crush with little labor; To

though so great a potentate, To friend and foe I am. To
battles grand by seacoast and, He may devote his life, But you may swear He will not dare To

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Tempo di Valse moderato.

be a perfect lamb, Oh! woman, lovely

talk back to his wife.

woman, You're the Queen above us Kings, You

overawe our will and law, Our dignity takes wings;

A King may sway the church and state, his fame all men may
Sing, A King may rule a nation great, But woman

rules the King. Oh! woman, lovely woman,

You're the Queen above us Kings, You overawe our

will and law. Our dignity takes wings; A King may
saw the church and state, His fame all men may sing,

...a King may rule a nation great, But woman rules the...
If You Were Mine Alone.

Voice. Moderato.

Piano. mf

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Oh! vainly I strive to read, What you will not
tell; gold; There's sometimes a glance for me, Oh! fleet-ing but so

own, Oh! are your smiles for all in-deed or
dear, Oh! am I on-ly like the rest, or

but for one a-lone? If you were mine a-lone, Oh!
just a thought more near? If you were mine a-lone, Oh!

years might come and go, If you were mine a-lone,
All life's joy I'd know;—Still in the after years,—The

star of Love divine,—Would lead me on.

1. dark to dawn, If you were mine a lone.

2. dark to dawn, If you were mine a lone.
Finale Act II.
A Madcap Princess.

Trpte on the Stage.

Piano.

Thrice no-bè is he, the great
Tu-dor king So ty-ran-nic,
With a tem- per, that can cause a pan-iè. All men may trem-ble, at

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his slightest sign; He's satanic; If folks to obey him decline.

Just now his sister dares defy the king, An unheard of thing, Which will

She dares defy the king, An unheard of thing, Which will

trouble bring; She is as haughty and as proud as he, And

trouble bring; She is as proud as he, And
now we soon shall see, What ever her
punishment shall
now we soon shall see, What ever her
punishment shall
be.

Thrice noble is he, the great Tudor king So tyr-
be.

Thrice noble is he, the great Tudor king So tyr-
ran-nic.

With a temper that can cause a panic.
ran-nic.

With a temper that can cause a panic.
All men may tremble, at his slightest sign, If his folks to obey do

King.

Where is the jade, the saucy minx, Who

cline.
cline.
at our mandate merely winks? I give her now this final chance, To

wed our friend, the King of France. And if she fails within the hour, She

goes forth-with to London Tower!

The Tower! the Tower! oh! hapless fate, She

The Tower! the Tower! oh! hapless fate, She
Come forth, you young disturber, Of
goes to London tower!
goes to London tower!
this our commonwealth, This is your chance, To Louis of France, I
bid you pledge a health!
A health to the King! All
We know you hear us, sister mine, I raise this cup of old French wine, and when the chorus we begin, 'Tis your chance my girl to join in.

Pray you take heed, O-be-di-ent be, Oh! pray join in.
Allegro.

From the vineyards fair of Burgundy, This flask of vintage came; The golden cup, I hold it up, It glows with ruby flame. And I o-pine, This good French wine, is the fit and proper thing. For Louis' bride, In joy and pride. To drink to France!
King.

Fill up! Fill up! A brimming golden cup!

Fill up! Fill up! A brimming golden cup!

here's to the Princess of England, Who has beauty and youth for two—And

here's to the Monarch of France, Whose years may be more than a few;—But the
crows well unite, in this same marriage rite. the pow'r of great britain ad-

vance;—so drink i command you! or traitor i brand you! a

health to king louis of france!

Oh! here's to the princess of england, who has

Hail our princess dear.
beauty and youth for two And here's to the Monarch of France. Whose
She's so beautiful, Hail to Louis the great

years may be more than a few, ahh!
King of France But the crown's well unite, in this

So

The power of great Britain advance,
same marriage rite, The power of great Britain advance
drink I command you! Or traitor I brand you! A health to King Louis of France! The

A health to King Louis of France!

A health to King Louis of France!

Princess dear, does not appear, 'Tis evident she's mocking; She ridicules Her monarch's rules. 'Tis very rude and
shocking.

'Tis ver-y rude and ver-y shocking,

rude sorude

nies us And wrong-fu-lly de-fies us, I'll have her out, Be-

yond all doubt, My word as King I give!
"King Henry speaking through music." With draw yester curtains. The curtains are pulled aside Princess Mary is disclosed in Page's dress.

My A page! A page!

gal-lants and ladies fair, I've sought the Princess ev'ry where, I

on-ly find these words which tell, That she has sought a convent cell.
King. She'll make a very lively

What has she done?

Convent cell?

Convent cell?

nun. Here's one who can corroborate. The tidings of the

Princess's fate: You saw her to the convent go?

Ay, verily these eyes did
Moderato.

With saint-ly mien, And eyes se-rene, Our Prin-cess has de-
so.

Moderato.

part-ed, A while to dwell, In con-vent cell, A - mong the pi-ous
part-ed, de-parted

heart-ed. Where all is peace, Where troubles cease And nothing can a -
miss come; Where worldly ear, With joy can hear, The blessed Pax no_

miss come, a-miss come

bis - cum Pax no - bis - cum, Pax no - bis - cum, May your hearts be

no-bis-cum

blest. Oh! Pax no-bis-cum, Here for-get, The wick-ed world’s un-

may your hearts be blést.
rest.

Oh! this wicked world,

May your hearts be blest,

Pax no-bis-cum,

Pax no-bis-cum,

May your hearts be blest,
Pax nobis-cum, Here forget, The wicked world's unrest.

Pax nobis-cum, Here forget, The wicked world's unrest.

Pax nobis-cum, Here forget, The wicked world's unrest.

(Storm effects, Lightning scene at the windows.)

King.

Now by knightly crown and sceptre, After the minx, and inter-
cepther, In what-er con-vent she is found, I'll raze the walls e'en
to the ground, but I will find her!
Yes, he will find her!
Yes, he will find her!

(spooken through Musie Buckingham: "Sis, it's Charles Brandon!"
"Jessee, and this the Princess. "Princes! We are lost!"

Vivace
Swords are flash-ing, cut-ting, slash-ing, hear the ring of steel;
Flash-ing, slash-ing, hear the steel;

Now my lord, with thrust and par-ry, make the foe-man reel.
Now my lord, with thrust and par-ry, make the foe-man reel.

(Storm and Rain)
(Lightning)

Cue Princess
(spoken)

Princess Mary: "Brother, my love to Louis of France!"

(They are ready to jump)

Pesante.

Allegro molto.

End of Act 2.
Act III.

Entree Act and Opening Ensemble.

A Madcap Princess.
Allegro moderato.

Come fill up a brimming flag-on, Toss a Bumper down lads!

Old Dame Care is like a dragon, That we fain would drown lads; In the bay till dawn of day. Our good old ship lies anchored, Drink

Allegro moderato.
All to our enterprise, In a parting tankard!

Over sea aye, over sea aye, soon shall we be faring,

Trust-ing, trust-ing any wind that blows, Ev'-ry dan-ger dar-ing
OVER THE SEA

Over the sea aye, over the sea aye, not a heart despairing.

[Music]

Where the good ship taketh me, knowing not nor caring.

[Music]

Over the sea aye, aye, over the sea yo' ho!

[Music]
(1. Cavalier.)

ah!

ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

leave a jilt-ing jade behind Whom to spurn me was in-chmed.

(2. Cavalier.)

Naught to lose and all to gain, I set sail for this New Spain. O!
I have creditors, a score, who are eager for my gore,
It will cause them lots of grief and pain,
My departure for New Spain.

You put it nicely. Your case my

ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
ladd. Is ours precisely, I have a wife, a

plague to life. With a temper, that's a Cane; O! gladly will I

welcome strife of any kind in this New Spain.

Ha! Ha! Ha! You escape the fetter You can't do worse, you may do

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You escape the fetter You can't do worse, you may do
better, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
better, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Come fill up a brimming flagon, Toss a bumper down lads!

Old Dame Care is like a dragon, That we fain would drown lads. In the bay, till dawn of day. Our good old ship lies anchored; Drink...

Old Dame Care is like a dragon, That we fain would drown lads. In the bay, till dawn of day. Our good old ship re-anchored; Drink...
all to our enterprise, in a parting tankard!

Hornpipe.

Fine.
The Kings of the Sea.

Voice. Allegro.

Piano.

rot-llick-ing old sea-dog am I, Of the gallant and dare devil
lands-men bid ing by hearths so bright, Who nev er a dan ger

kind. The laws of all na tions I de- fy And I
know. Who die in your beds, who shun a fight And

do as I feel in chined; Oh my crew they are hard y and
live la zy lives and slow; Ye know not the joy of a

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King may command all you lords of the land, But we are the Kings of the sea.

Chorus.
Ay we are the Kings of the sea, ho! ho!

Then it's ho! yo! ho! For a moving life On the sea.
 bil-low-y boundless sea; It may be a life that is rife with strife, But

oh, it's the life for me, We sail to the East and we

sail to the West, our quarry is gold and fame; Rough and

read-y we are, But we're spreading a-far, The glory of England's
name!

Then it's ho! yo! ho! For a moving life On the bil-low-y bound-less sea; It may be a life that is rife with strife But oh it's the life for me, We...
sail to the East and we sail to the West, Our quarry is gold and

Rough and ready we are, But we're spreading afar, The
glory of England's name.

Rough and ready we are, But we're spreading afar, The
glory of England's name.

Rough and ready we are, But we're spreading afar, The
glory of England's name.

Rough and ready we are, But we're spreading afar, The
glory of England's name.
Cavalier's Song.

Allegro.

I've a to a

To a

name that's known at Court, In both rumor and report, As a dem--oise--lle or Dame, Who for beauty has a name, I lay

man who has a touchy disposition, disposition! I ad-
siege and she is certain to surrender, surrender! I have

mit, I'm rather savage And my enemies I ra-vage, Re-
yet to--see the coldness, That will nev--er yield to Boldness, The
Chorus.

venge I seek with greatest expedition; expediency! Our proudest has for me a smile that's tender, that's tender! So

all the British nation, I have made a reputation. As a morning, noon, and night, I'm able to sit genteely at the table. To

Chorus.

cavalier who's fond of a duel, duel! With the call for wine when comrades all are mellow, are mellow! At

slightest cause for action, I demand full satisfaction, in cards, I love a battle, I adore the dice's rat-tle, in
fact I am a dangerous sort of fellow, Such fellow! such fellow! a dangerous sort of man.
Oh! with my cloak and sword and plum-ed hat, They all may see I'm an aristocrat; I am always flirting,
All girls deserting, knowing neither care nor fear,
I'm full of swagger, fire and reckless dash;
I'm ever fond of all adventure rash, A des- per-
a-do, Fall of bravado, I am a typical
ca - va - lier,
Oh! with his cloak and - sword and
plumed hat,
They all may see he's an a - ris - to - crat.
he is al - ways flirt - ing, All girls de - sert - ing,
know-ing neither care nor fear, He's full of
swagger, fire and reckless dash; He's ever fond of all adventure rash, A desperado Full of bravado, he is a typical Cavalier.
Finale Act III.
A Madcap Princess.

Voice.

Princess Mary.

Oh with my cloak and sword and plumed hat,

Piano.

They all may see I'm an aristocrat,

I am always flirting, All girls deserting, knowing neither

care nor fear; I'm full of swagger, fire and
reckless dash, I'm ever fond of all adventure rash;

A des-pa- do! Full of bra-va-do! I am a

ty-pi-cal ca-val-ler!

Oh with his cloak and sword and
Plumed hat, we all may see he's an aristocrat. He is
plumed hat, we all may see he's an aristocrat. He is
always flirting, all girls deserting, knowing neither care nor fear;
always flirting, all girls deserting, knowing neither care nor fear;

He's full of swagger, fire and reckless dash, He's ever
fond of all adventure rash,  A des-per-a-dol!  Full of bra-
va-dol! he is a typi-cal ca-valier.
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