TABASCO-LAND

A MUSICAL COMEDY
Presented by

THE TRIANGLE CLUB

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY

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Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Moderato pastorale.

PROLOGUE.

Copyright, MCMVI, by The John Church Company.
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here today Pray cease your conversation, And in our humble
sort of way We'll now present our little play for your consider-

poco più mosso

ation. A song a dance, a little fun must take the place of

story; Our aim is to amuse each one And if you cry Bra-

5285 - 7
vol! Well done!! We ask no greater glory. And as your interest is inten
tense. Now let the play commence.

Tempo di Marcia Moderato.

CHORUS.

Mexico, Mexico, there is nothing that is slow in our fair Ta-
Come what may, every day we are jovial and gay
In a way that is simply grand.
Starry skies, loving sighs, and the Spanish sort of eyes
Are the things we
un - der - stand;
And we sit at our

case and do as we please
In fairest Ta-
bas - co - land
So give a

cheer, cheer, cheer for Mex - i - co
For she is
dear, dear, dear, we love her so          And

when we are leaving, then we are grieving,

Then we're receiving a blow          And we will

fight, fight, fight, for fatherland    With all our
might, might, might, you understand. There's no other nation in all creation Just like Tabasco-
I'm all alone.

Words by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Music by
HERBERT L. DILLON.

Moderato con grazia.

[Music notation]

1. Have you ever felt quite stranded when you found that you had landed, In a

2. On the desert it is lonely from the fact that you have only, Just a

large and busy city far from home; And the

camel for your steady company; It is

men are all around you and the noises all confound you, Yet you

lonesome on the ocean, for you've nothing but the motion Of the

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never felt more terribly alone, So you
vessel as it ploughs along the sea.
In the

search thro' all the places for some old familiar faces, And you
country fresh and vernal where the stillness is eternal, You are

scan in vain the many passers-by; Then you
apt to get more lone-some ev'ry day; But with-

seek your room beggary on the twenty-seventh story, And in
in a city's hustle, where it is all noise and bustle, You will
CHARACTERS.

I'm all alone, far, far from home, sweet home, A

flower-bed or family tree, Would seem just like a home to me, For

everywhere I get the glassy stare; Up-
on my soul I swear I'm all alone (poor me)

DANCE.

Allegro moderato.
My Parasol.

Allegro moderato.

Till voice.

No shady nook.
Come stroll with me.

No babbling brook
Down by the sea

No apple tree for
Down by the ocean

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I wend my way
Tell me sweet lies
I have instead

But every day,
Gaze in my eyes,

Over my head
To steal a kiss

Not a miss

Shine,
Too,

Only a gay sun
Under my gay sun

Instead
shade,

Come take a walk,
For goodness knows,

And have a talk
With this young parasol
Anything goes
With every parasol

maid,

Just we alone without a
Just we alone without a

CHORUS.

chap - e - rone
When you come wooing,

poco rit
There's something doing Under my parasol.

We'll have a gay time.

Evening or daytime Any old time at all.

If you will woo, love.
I'll be your true love From early Spring till Fall;
And you'll feel right at home,
In the shade of my para-
Shifty Sadie.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Tempo di Valse.

Till voice.

I'm called Shift-y
I've knocked out each

Sadie and I am a lady That knows just how to
fighter and each dynamite That e'er was known to
fight, And when I am scraping I catch them all
fame, I put Mr. Abel right under the

napping and beat them out of sight. My

table When I was raising Cain I

right arm's a daisy my left sets them crazy When I am
gave Alexander a lovely left hander Right under -
in the ring; And all the spectators and
neath the eye; And gave Et tu brute such a

par ti ci pa tors Stand up on their seats and sing:
smack in the snout that He had to sit down and cry:

CHORUS.

Get wise to Shift y Sadie, She is a perfect

la dy; But when she lands on your coun te nance.
You will go home in an ambulance! She is the real Naco;

bis—co From Hack-en-sack to Frisco;

co; No other scraper can capture the wrapper as

poco a poco cresc.

well as Shifty Sadie. Get die.
Yankee-Dixie.

Marcia a.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Solo.

The Yankee sailor on a whaler.

Loves the raging foams; He loves his mother and his brother.

And his home, sweet home. While he is on the ocean.

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He has a great devotion For his true sweetheart To

whom his fancies rove He loves the gallant Yankee lad Who's

fighting at his side To win the day for U. S. A. Up-

on the ocean wide; But far above the others
Sweet-hearts or even mothers
He loves his country
His
(Chorus)
Yankee-Dixie pride. Yo-ho, yo-ho, Yo-
ho, my lads, yo-ho. Here’s to Yankee-
Dixie land, The only land for
Here's to Teddy,

Always ready, Always strenuous.

There's a man behind the gun From Maine to Alabama.
Ham. He's a relation.

To all the nation, Dear old Uncle Sam.

CHORUS.

Oh, Uncle Sam Dear Uncle Sam, Our
hearts are true to you

marcato il bassa

sea and land you beat the band And

win the banner too From

Boston beans to New Orleans There's
no more blue and gray. We're through and through, Red, White and Blue. In

U. S. A.
Oh, Uncle Sam, Dear

Uncle Sam, Our hearts are true to you,

On sea and land You beat the band And
Floating on a Marcel Wave.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Tempo di Valse.

1. When I was a lad-die I fol-lowed my dad-dy who
2. When I was in Ven-ice I sim-ply played ten-nis with
sailed on the raging sea; I found that the 
all the Italian beaux; And in old Ha-

e-cean, with all its com-mo-tion, was just the right place for 
van-a the charm of my man-ner was great-er than Ro-

me, For in ev'-ry na-tion fair maid-ens of sta-tion Said, 
o's, I made ev'-ry lov-er skid-doo un-der cov-er In
"You're the one I adore!" Though Jack is quite sporty, one
sauerkraut German;

And in Matapulu the little girl in each porty, Yet I sometimes had three or four.

Princess Laloooloo, Was dafy about little me.

CHORUS.

And it's oh, my lads, yo-ho, How the ladies all par-
sue me; And it's every where I go, They are
always clinging to me — As a breaker up of homes. — I'm a reckless sort of knave. — When e'er I go a-floating on a Mar...
Molly Malone.

Words by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Music by
HERBERT L. DILLON.

1. Had a conversation on the telephone,
Molly dear,
With my own
Sound ed so clear.

2. While I was talking to my
Molly Malone; didn't have the nerve to tell her
seemed so near,

One of Molly's suitors tried to

at her home,

just what I had to

interfere

and pop the question

say.

then.

Got my lady's number and I

But she said, "Just tell him to get

said "Hello!"

off the line,

Don't you know?

You for mine,
This is your beau?
Then I asked the ques·tion that I
ev·ry time,
And to be your blus·hing bride I
long'd to know,
In this pec·ul·iar way:
won't de·cline,
If you should say a·gain:

CHORUS.
Moderato con moto.

Mol·ly Ma· lone,
Come be my
own,
When the bell is ring-ing ding-a-ling!
Can you tell it is a wedding ring? If you'll be true Trouseau for you; Darn it all I love you; Molly, I do...
Miss Muffet.

Words by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Moderato.

Music by
HERBERT L. DILLON.

Allegretto grazioso.

On a far away strand of
The story you've heard tells

nursery land There lived a young maiden one day,
never a word Of what was the end of the tale,

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little Miss Muffet who sat on a tuffet While eating her curds and whey.

And while she sat there as pretty and fair As jail.

But nevertheless we're able to guess That any wildflower in bloom.

A wicked old spider then must have had a great fall.

To go on alarming a maiden so charming.

He frightened her out of the room.

that's all.
REFRAIN.

Suppose I were Miss Muffet, Demurely shy and sweet
Who sat upon a tuffet And ate her shredded wheat.
If she should coyly ask you, "Oh, how are you today?"
And if you were a spider and you sat down beside her would you...
fright-en poor Miss Muf-fet a-way, A-way, aay, nay.

DANCE.

Moderato commodo.
Finale Act 1.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Allegro moderato.

CHORUS.

In the land of Mexico,

Where the hot tamales grow,

There's a mine of purest gold,

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And it's wealth is quite untold.

But this Yankee sailor man,

Stole the only mining plan,

And his troubles then began, In Ta-
Slowly.

Solo

If I did wrong, I'd own right up and shun it. 'Twixt me and you this much is true I wish that I had done it.

CHORUS.

Young sailor lad you should be glad, You
are a 'Yan-kee' tar; If you were
not you'd soon be shot Or hung right where you
are. But as it is, this press-ing
"biz" Must come some oth-er day; Your
president must give consent in far off

ten.

TOREADOR Solo.

Tempo well measured & marked.

U. S. A. At the loud cry of war we as-

quasi brusca

semblable. Each son of old Mexico, And the

centre shall tremble. When we go to meet her

18865-12
foe
In time of peace we are gentle
And
do just as we are told,

But when cannons roar we are

broad.

CHORUS.

steeped in gore Each son is a soldier bold.

There's a

Allegro grandioso.

friendship between each nation Of the
wild western hemisphere, for they fear the intimidation of fees that are far from here. So they have a Confederation from the
Gulf up to Canada There's but one place in all creation America

Brightly.

Away up North in Yankee Doodle 'way down South in Dixie, It's
CHORUS.

Marcia.

Here's to Yankee Dixie Land the only land for us

Here's to Teddy always ready,

always strenuous
There's a man behind the gun from Maine to Alabama. And he's a revelation to all the nation. Dear old Uncle Sam.

Oh, Uncle Sam, dear.
Uncle Sam Our hearts are true to you.
On sea and land you beat the band And win the banner
too from Boston beans to
New Orleans There's no more blue and gray
We're through and through Red,
White and Blue In U. S.

Oh say can you see Yan-kees - Dix - ie land.

poco rall. e cresc.

roll.

con tutti forza

Gesu basso
Opening Chorus. Act II.

Words and Music by
R. C. VEIT.

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CHORUS.
Valse Moderato.

Tabasco, Tabasco, The land of sun and

flow - ers, Love - light up - on us and moon - light a -
bove, Ta-bas-co, Ta-bas-co, I love your ro-sy bower-s, Land of en-chant-ment the land that I love.

Land of en-chant-ment the land that I love.
Allegretto.

The world may go singing and dancing,

I sit by myself alone,
The girls I considered earning,

Have married away and gone,

I
look o'er the rim of my bubbling brim, And my troubles go fading a-
way, I've given my life to my briar-wood wife And to

Valse Allegretto (rather dreamily)

her I fondly will say: A pipe and a

glass for me, A tribute unto your
worth, Your smoke rings will show such visions I

know As never were seen on earth, The

world will go dancing on, An old friend may
prove untrue. Good-bye to my lass, I'll

stick by my glass, My friend, here's a health to you.

My friend, here's a health to you.
The Rose of Mexico.

Moderato.

Long ago in this land of song and

flow'rs Lived a maid, of Aztec blood was

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she spent her life beneath the rose-clad bow'rs Fairer

than the fairest rose was she.

Then there came a caballero to this little

animato.

e delicato.
maid,
When he'd meet her he would greet her

with this serenade.

REFRAIN.
Modéré.  English.

My little rose of Mexico,
My little

maid of long ago,
I want you for my bride,
I need you by my side; \[\text{Come fly with me to Spain, There as my queen you'll reign,}\]

You are the rose, you know, \[\text{of Mexico, My little co.}\]
Laddie Boy.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Allegretto.

1. Far off in bon-nie Scot-land, There lived a lass they say; Whose
2. One sun-ny day in Spring-time, His ship came home a-gain, And

lad-die boy had left her, And sailed far, far a-way. And
waiting on the sea-shore, He found his las-sie then. Said
morn-ing soon and night-time, She stood down by the sea, And
he "While I was gone, dear, I knew your love was strong, For

for her lad's re-turn-ing. She made this yearn-ing plea:
deep down in my heart, dear, I heard your yearn-ing song:"

CHORUS.
Moderato.

Lad-die boy, my lad-die boy, Come a-

gain to me; Bless your heart I'm
wild with joy, Your bonnie face to see.

Laddie boy, my laddie boy,

Sail across the sea, Night and day I

watch and pray, For you, my laddie boy.
Moderato.

(Till Voice.)

1. I am a fortune-telling gipsy,
2. I know a good man when I see one,

A-round this cruel world I know a wicked man like-

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The birds and flowers are my 
By feeling bumps upon his 

kinsmen, 
The rustic woodland is my 
Or by the color of his 

home, 
And in my many journeys I 

meet a lot of men, To sigh in vain to win my gypsy 
looking at his hand, I also know his family and
heart;  I simply tell their fortunes and
rank;  And when he pops the question I

signify to them,  They cannot hope to
always understand,  Just how much gold and

win my heart with Master Cupid's art,  But
wealth untold He has down in the bank,  But

every day the men all say when 'er they come my way:
every day the men all say when 'er they come my way:

15268-5
CHORUS.

There's Flora and Dora, Lucindy and Lou,

Caroline and Clementine, Dinah and Sue,

Summer and winter, Spring-time and Fall, This

gypsy Carita, whenever you meet her Is
DANCE.
Allegretto moderato.
Mr. Indian.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Allegretto con moto.

1. Back in fourteen ninety two,

2. Talk about your pedigree,

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C' lum-bus sail'd the o-cean blue, Just to find some crea-tures new,
In-di-ans lived in A. B. C. When the New-port fam-ly tree,

In the west-ern Isles. And he found the In-dian race,
Was-n't on the map. They were elev-er klep-to-mames,

Who had so much breath-ing space, Each one had a coun-try place of
Just like old friend Jes-se James, And for life in-sur-ance games they

man-y thou-sand miles. did not care a rap.
CHORUS.

Mister Indian he is American, Mister Indian he is alright, For he used to be in North America When so-

ciety was out of sight, As a poco cresce.
potentate of Yankee real estate,
He was just as great as any man.
But the

only thing he's wanted for, Is to stand in front of a cigar store.
on-ly place he's all the cream, Is the Carlisle Indian football team.

Poor Mister Indian. Mister an.
DANCE.
Tempo di War Dance.
Java.

Words & Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

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As stories tell Miss Caramel, The sail-or heard her every word, And belle of sunny Java, Had such a way that every day young thought 'Oh this is easy?' So he confessed 'I love you best of suitors came to woo, But I'm afraid this Eastern maid was all the girls I've seen?' The maiden sighed and then replied, 'Oh too extremely Western: She always said, 'A prince I'll wed, No this is all so sudden? I'm quite insane to change my name and...
other man will do." But when one day a Yankee sail or be your future queen. But very soon this gallant prince she

came a shore loved so well caramel for him was very ran a way to some far distant

strong; And when he said "I am the prince of baltimore;"

And with him went her jewels and her cash as well,

She sang to him this serenading song:

He only left his footprints in the sand.
CHORUS.

Ship a-hoy, sail-or boy, come and marry me,

Very soon honey moon on the briny sea.

Rain or shine sweet-heart mine, True to you I’ll be,

If you’ll only have a Java Princess.
A Fair Señora.

Words and Music by
RUSSELL C. VEIT.

Valse Moderato.

Moderato.

1. I am a fair Señora, My
2. Delmonico is famous On

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mirror tells me so, My fatal gift of beauty Has both sides of the sea, His very best creation Is caused me many a woe. I'm graceful as a willow That just plain little me. The lily's stem is slender, The grows down by a brook, And though I am no chicken, I'm No violet is shy, The rose is blushing, for she knows She's old er than I look. not as fair as I.
CHORUS.

Valse Moderato.

As I sit in my fairy castle,

On the banks of the old Rio Grande,

As I puff at a light cigarillo,

To the tune of a Mexican band.
All the men they come flocking around me, oh,

And they vow for my smile they would die,

This devotion to me goes but to show,

What a sweet little fairy am I.  

D.S.
Gin.

Words and Music by
KENNETH S. CLARK.

Moderato.

Till ready.

1. A negro loves his chicken and he loves his possum
2. Jim Johnson has a cranky wife who don't want him to

too; A juicy watermelon he can
But does he lead the simple life, does

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eat right through and through, He loves to eat sweet
he? well I don't think! When Jim and she go

'ta - ters and some hoe - cake now and then, But
out to dine in proud - est rags ar - rayed, He

what he loves the best of all is just plain g - i - n.
always drinks"gin - rick - y" cause it looks like lem - on - ade.

CHORUS.

Ev - 'ry nig - ger loves his gin,
Sticks to it through

mf f marcato il basso
thick and thin; Gin am good for ev'ry man,

'Special-ly_ the Af-ri-can. When you're feel-in'

kind of blue And you don't know what to do Gin will

pull you through That's why ev'-ry nig-ger loves gin. gin.