The Girl from Utah

Sidney Jones  Paul A. Rubens

CHAPPELL
THE GIRL FROM UTAH

New Musical Play
IN TWO ACTS.

BY

JAMES T. TANNER.

DIALOGUE WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION WITH PAUL A. RUBENS.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS, PERCY GREENBANK,
AND
PAUL A. RUBENS.

MUSIC BY

SIDNEY JONES
AND
PAUL A. RUBENS

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The Play produced by Mr. J. A. E. MALONE
FOR
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.

THE GIRL FROM UTAH

Dramatis Personae.

LORD AMERSHAM ...
LICEMAN P.R. 38...
COLONEL OLDHAM-PSYCR ...
PAGE ...
COMMISSIONER ...
DETECTIVE SHOOTER (of Scotland Yard) ...
LORD OBINGTON ...
ARCHIE TOOTH ...
DOUGLAS NOEL ...
BOBBIE LONGSHOT ...

AND

TRIEMIT (of Brixton Rise) ... Mr. EDMUND PAYNE
SANDY BLAIR (Leading Man at the Folly Theatre) ...
Mr. JOSEPH COYNE

Una Trance (The Girl from Utah) ...
Clancy (Miss Munster's Maid) ...
Lady Amersham (Lord Amersham's Mother)
Miss Mona West
Miss Sylvia Page
Miss Lydia Savile
Miss Alma Cavendish (Actresses at the Folly Theatre)
Miss Violet Verby
Miss Rosie Jocelyn
A Waitress ...
Lady Muriel Chesterove ...
Hon. Miss St. Aubyn ...
Lady Mary Nowell ...
Mrs. Forsonoff ...

AND

Dora Manners (Leading Lady at the Folly Theatre) ...

Dances and Chorus Business arranged by WILLIE WARDE and WILL BISHOP.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—Dumpleymeyer's.
ACT II. SCENE I.—A Street in Brixton.
SCENE II.—A Mormon's House.
SCENE III.—The Arts Ball.

Time—The Present Day.

Musical Director ... Mr. CARL KIEFFERT.
THE GIRL FROM UTAH

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Vocal Score.
THE GIRL FROM UTAH.

Act I.
OPENING CHORUS.
"PUMPELMEYERS!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
1st PARTY

Have you booked our table, Number Four?

Have you booked our table, Number Four?

2nd PARTY

Guess whom we have seen here! Count de

Guess whom we have seen here! Count de

WAITRESSES, GIRLS

Tea and brand, here they are—
1st P. Oh, we didn't want it in the centre!

2nd P. Trop, With a lady from the Russian

WAIT Foie gras, sandwich, caviar,

1st P. Get one, if you're able, near the door.

2nd P. ballet. He has never been here Once, you

WAIT Mushroom, salmon, cucumber;

25668
1st P. We can see the people as they enter!

2nd P. know, Since the Countess bolted with the

WAIT Pot - ted prawns, if you pre - fer;

1st P. Sit down, La - dy A - lice, Pour out tea.

2nd P. va - let! There's the Duke of Lew - es, With his

WAIT Egg and cress, an - cho - vy, ham;
1st P.  Mind and leave a corner for the Pater,

2nd P.  son,

WAIT  Coupé St. Jacques for you, madame;

1st P.  He is at the Palace—It's Levee,

2nd P.  fillers Anybody who is Anybody

WAIT  Buttered toast and mazagon—
But he promised he would join us later.

You are sure to see that electric fan!

You've Meyers.
BOTH PARTIES TOGETHER.

SOP. read a - bout the Mar-quis? No, I have - n't seen a word of it! They

CON. read a - bout the Mar-quis? No, I have - n't seen a word of it! They

TEN. Heard how Al - gy qual - i - fied

BASS. 

SOP. say his aunt, the Duch-ess, had neu - ri - tis when she heard of it. He's

CON. say his aunt, the Duch-ess, had neu - ri - tis when she heard of it. He's

TEN. For his last di - vorce?

BASS. 

25683
SOP.
married Dolly Delamere, who dances at the Vanity; He

CON.
married Dolly Delamere, who dances at the Vanity; He

TEN.
I see Smith is not to ride-

BASS.

SOP.
hasn't got a bean, and it is absolute insanity! But

CON.
hasn't got a bean, and it is absolute insanity! But

TEN.
Did he pull that horse?

BASS.
Did he pull that horse?
SOP.

that's what always happens to the fellows who adore us girls, They

CON.

that's what always happens to the fellows who adore us girls, They

TEN.

Scandal in the Cabinet—

BASS.

Scandal in the Cabinet—

SOP.

go off to the registrar's and marry little chorus girls! I'm

CON.

go off to the registrar's and marry little chorus girls! I'm

TEN.

Fairly on the boil!

BASS.

Fairly on the boil!

25663
sure we're just as lively as these creatures in variety, But

Quite the worst there has been yet-

really we have not a chance because we're in society! But

No, it isn't, No, it isn't

No, it isn't, No, it isn't
Allegro moderato.

real-ly we have not a chance be-cause we're in so-ci-e-ty.

real-ly we have not a chance be-cause we're in so-ci-e-ty.

oil! No, it is - n't, no, it is - n't oil!

oil! No, it is - n't, no, it is - n't oil!

Enter Matinie Girls.
MATINÉE GIRLS.

SOP.

Well, did you get seats at the Fol-ly? Oh, jol-ly! We'd no-where to sit, We

CON.

Well, did you get seats at the Fol-ly?

TEN.

Well, did you get seats at the Fol-ly?

BASS.

Well, did you get seats at the Fol-ly?

stood in the pit, But still we en-joyed it in-tense-ly, Im-mense-ly! Im-

CHORUS.

25663
They'd nowhere to sit, So they stood in the pit; For they did not care, We saw Sandy Blair, And we think he's so quaint and so funny! He's funny, very funny! When he

poco rit. tenuto mosso
sings of a girl as "his honey." With a truly American charm! It's delightful to see how he can go.

In

Tango, Tango, Tango. All the matinee girls would give half of their curls for a dance upon Sandy's arm! Well, Temp.
He may be funny and ever so clever, But still, anyway, He

isn't the play! There's only one girl that is in it A

minute And you will admit Miss Dora is It When she

gives us a little love ditty Well, she a tempo

25663
Poco meno mosso.

looks most un - com - mon - ly pret - ty, And she

fetch - es us all with a dance. All the bach - e - lor peers of Great

Brit - tain. Are smitten, deep - ly smitten! If an

en - try she makes for the Co - ro - net Stakes, Then the
No man can be So nice as
others would have a chance!

Più mosso.

It's always

he!

Well, we prefer To vote for her!

25668
he We go to see!

But they pre-

They say it's he They go to

They say it's he They go to

-fer To look at her yes, they pre-fer To look at

-fer To look at her yes, they pre-fer To look at

see, They say it's he They go to see! We much pre-

see, They say it's he They go to see! We much pre-

25663
her  It's al-ways he  We go to see!  He is the
her  It's al-ways he  We go to see!  He is the
fer  To look at her, we look at her!  She is the
fer  To look at her, we look at her!  She is the

craze at mat - i - nees  For he
craze at mat - i - nees  For he
craze at mat - i - nees  Oh, she
craze at mat - i - nees  Oh, she

25663
sings of a girl as "his honey." With a truly American
looks most uncommonly pretty. And she fetches us all with a
charm. It's delightful to see how he can go in
dance. All the bachelor peers of Great Britain are
Tango, Tango, Tango! All the smitten, deeply smitten! If an

matinee girls would give half of their curls To

entry she makes for the Coronet Stakes The
dance with their Sandy, dance with their Sandy, When he's a hand

do others won't have, The others won't have So much as a out

do others won't have, The others won't have So much as a out

dy arm.

side chance.

side chance.
No. 2

SONG.— (Amersham to Lady Amersham)

"MOTHER WILL BE PLEASED."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Voice.

Piano.

AMERSHAM.

legato

There's a little maid, And I dream about her Ev'rywhere I go.

LADY A. (spoken.)

AMERSHAM.

Take care where you go! Really, I'm afraid I can't do with—
LADY A. (spoken) rail.

-out her, For I love her so. That's as well to know.

AMERSHAM.

Oh! mother dear, she's quite divine—My heart it reassures To

think, when she's a wife of mine, She'll be a friend of yours. For

REFRAIN.

Slower. legato

she's just the sort of girl you'll fancy, Genuine and sweet all through; I feel
sure you'll love and pet her, And I thought when first I met her, "Mother will be pleased,

Very, very pleased, Mother will be pleased with you!"

Other girls there are, I have met with many charming as can be;
LADY A. (spoken.)

AMERSHAM.

There I quite agree. Some-how she is far Dain-ti-er than

LADY A. (spoken) roll.

any—She's the girl for me. Well, we soon shall see.

AMER.

AMERSHAM.

Her mod-est air, her win-some way, Her soft, en-chant-ing voice— Oh,

AMER.

mother, I do hope you'll say That you ap-prove my choice. For
REFRAIN.
Slower. legato

she's just the sort of girl you'll fancy,

Genuine and sweet all through; I feel

sure you'll love and pet her, And I thought when first I met her, "Mother will be pleased,

Very, very pleased, Mother will be pleased with you!"
No. 3

CHORUS AND ENTRANCE OF ACTRESSES.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Piano.

Oh, what a party is coming to tea now!
GIRLS:
Who are the ladies, and what can they be now?

TENORS.

MEN.
Well, on my word, this is

BASSES

Well, on my word, this is

sempre sfuoco

MEN.
awfu-ly jolly, there are the six pret-ty girls from the Fol-ly!

awfu-ly jolly, there are the six pret-ty girls from the Fol-ly!

SOME LADIES.

Ladies.
Real-ly, you needn’t be anx-i-ous to show them. They’re not our class, and we
Ladies:
don't want to know them!

MEN.
Don't be so down on their birth and their station,

MEN.
Each of them shortly may be your relation! Yes, in a year—

MEN.
Less than a year— Each will have probably married a Peer!
SOPRANO I & II.

Yes, in a year—less than a year—

MEN.

Yes, in a year—less than a

SOPRANO I & II.

Each will have probab - ly mar - ried a Peer!

MEN.

year,— will have probab - ly mar - ried a Peer!
ACTRESSES.

Isn't there a crowd, Very swell and

proud, Countesses and Marchionesses,

and Marchionesses? Some of them, we

know, Have been at our show—
We can tell them by their
dresses!

What they're like at tea

As they chatter, eat and drink so;

If we have to play,

Duchesses some day,

We can do it, or we think so!
ACTRESSES.

They are really not

MEN.

I say, they are very jolly,

SOPRANO I & II.

They are really not such a vulgar lot

TENOR.

I say, are they not Rip-ping girls, eh what?

BASS.

I say, are they not Rip-ping girls, eh what?

SOPRANO I & II.

They are really not such a

TENOR.

I say, are they not Rip-ping

BASS.

I say, are they not Rip-ping
Such a dreary lot

Girls are ripping at the Fol-ly!

As we had at first ex-pect-ed!

Quite the very best se-lect-ed!

Quite the very best se-lect-ed!

Vulgar lot As we had at first ex-
girls, eh, what? Quite the very best se-
girls, eh, what? Quite the very best se-
We're inclined to wonder whether

They're so free and unaffected,

Though of humble rank They are frank and free,

Not a bit of swank, Very free and frank,

Not a bit of swank, Very free and frank,

Though of humble rank They are expected!

Not a bit of swank, Very expected!

Not a bit of swank, Very expected!
to wonder whether

Just the very best selected!

Absolutely unaffected!

Absolutely unaffected!

Absolutely unaffected!

free and frank, Absolutely unaffected!

free and frank, Absolutely unaffected!

free and frank, Absolutely unaffected!
ACT.

Really they and we

MEN.

Though our people would be snif-fy

So that if they can Catch a no-ble man

They've a smile that can Fasci-nate a man,

They've a smile that can Fasci-nate a man,

-fect-ed. So that if they can Catch a

-fect-ed. They've a smile that can Fasci-

-fect-ed. They've a smile that can Fasci-
ACT.
a family

MEN.
We would take one in a jiffy.

We're inclined to wonder whether

And it makes us wonder whether

nate a man, And it makes us wonder

nate a man, And it makes us wonder

25668
ACT.

Wouldn't get on well together

MEN.

We think actresses and we might

Actresses and we mightn't all agree

Anyone could be happier than we,

Anyone could be happier than we,

whether actresses and we might

whether Happy we should be if

whether Happy we should be if
ACT.

Tolerably well, Tolerably well,

MEN.

Get on very well, Exceedingly well,

Tolerably well, Tolerably well,

If we set up house, If we set up house,

If we set up house, If we set up house,

If we set up house, If we set up house,

Get on very well, Get on very

If we set up house, If we set up

If we set up house, If we set up
Tolerably well together.

If we could pair off together.

Tolerably well together.

If we set up house together.

If we set up house together.

Well, very well together.

House, set up house together.

House, set up house together.
SONG.—(Dora) and CHORUS.

“ONLY TO YOU.”

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Dora. Brightly.

Piano.

Moderato.

Truthful men you are

Dora. hard to find, Lovers, husbands, or brothers;

25683
Dora: I thought you were a different kind. You're the same as the others. I did trust you.

Thought you were unique, fondled and fussied you—Why on earth was I so weak?
Tempo di Valse.

Only to you, I gave a little kiss one day; You gave that little kiss away. She gave it to.
DORA.

Some man I knew. So I've got the little

kiss again That I gave to you.

25663
you, I gave a little kiss one day;

you, One kiss one day;

For you only, One kiss one day;

you, One kiss one day;

You gave that little kiss away, She gave it

You gave a kiss away, She gave it

You gave a kiss, a kiss away

You gave a kiss away, She gave it
SOPHIE

TO SOME MAN I KNEW

ALTO

TO SOME MAN I KNEW

TENOR

SHE GAVE IT SOME MAN I KNEW

BASS

TO SOME MAN I KNEW

SOPHIE

got the little kiss again That I gave to you.

ALTO

got the kiss again That I gave to you.

TENOR

got the kiss again That I gave to you.

BASS

got the kiss again Gave to you.

25663
Brightly.

Moderato.

Truthful men when the truth you tell,

You're so proud of the glory; You have studied the part so well,

Till it sounds like a story! I believed you,
Surely I was mad! Never de-

Oh, I only wish I had!

Tempo di Valse.

Only to you, only for

you, I gave a little kiss one day;

25663
DORA

You gave that little kiss away. She

DORA

passed it on. To my brother

DORA

John, who gave me the little kiss again

DORA

That I gave to you.
REFRAIN.

SOP.
On - ly to you.

ALTO.
On - ly to you.

TEN.
On - ly to you. To you on - ly

BASS.
On - ly to you.

SOP.
-ly for you, I gave a lit - tle

ALTO.
-ly for you.

TEN.
For you on - ly,

BASS.
-ly for you.
Kiss one day, You gave that little kiss a-

Kiss one day, You gave a kiss a-

Kiss one day, You gave a kiss a-

Kiss one day, You gave a kiss a-

Way, She gave it to.

Way, She gave it to.

Way, She gave it to.

Way, She gave it to.
DORA.

Some man I knew.

SOp.

Some man I knew.

ALTO.

Some man I knew, Some man

TEN.

Some man I knew.

BASS.

Some man I knew.

DORA.

kiss a - gain That I gave to you.

SOp.

That I gave to you.

ALTO.

That I gave to you.

TEN.

That I gave to you.

BASS.

gave to you.

25663
"THE DAY I WAS BORN."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

1. I remember quite
2. I was wrapped up in

clearly the time I was born, It was one gloomy day in December, stuck with pins, tied with strings; Pushed about, taken out in the

There was fog in the Park, And the house was all dark, And my air; Held by men now and then, upside down like a clown, Shown to

25663
mother was there, I remember! There were doctors and
friends at both ends in my where! I was plump, I was

nurses, my uncle and aunt, And everyone seemed to be
prime, people hoped that in time Better looking I'd possibly

kissing, And I know that my dad Frank the health of his
be; Then I looked at my dad and my ma, and was

lad, 'Cause the key of the cellar was missing.
sad—They were ten times as ugly as me!
Refrain.
Tempo di Mazurka, very slow and staccato.

Oh, the
day of
my
birth
was a
very
dull
affair,
I
as

Oh, the
day of
my
birth
was a
very
dull
affair,
I
as

2nd time f

Sure you
got
one
single
friend
of
mine
was
there,
And
I

Sure you
not
one
of
my
lady
friends
was
there;
So
I

hadn't
get
a
dollar,
or
any
trousers—or
a
collar,
On
the

did
without
a
dollar,
a
pair
of
trousers,
and
a
collar,
On
the

day
I
was
born!

day
I
was
born.

Oh,
the
born!

Oh,
the
born.

25663
Tempo di Mazurka.

SANDY

time I was born it rained all the day long. And it

SANDY

rained for a year pit - a - pat! And I

SANDY

think that it would have gone on, if it could, But Lloyd
George put a tax upon that. I caused nothing but grief from the hour of my birth. People all seemed to wish I'd been drowned. Why, a man ran away from his wife one fine day. And the day I was born he was found!
REFRAIN.
Tempo di Mazurka: very slow and staccato

Oh! the day of my birth was a very dull affair. Neither

Gabry Deslys nor Jack Johnson was there; And all

-though I was rather pale then. Father read me the "Daily Mail" then, On the
day when I was born.

Oh, the born.
No 6. DUET—(Clancy and Trimmit.)

"OUT OF IT!"

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Voice. Allegro.

Piano

"Clancy." 1. I've had enough of this
(Trimmit.) 2. If I should go to the

very swag-ger-place, I feel that I'm quite de trop!

Fancy Ball to-night, I'll feel ra-ther awk-ward there!

25663
(TRIM) All of the folk sort of stare you in the face And turn up their noses,
(CLAN) Sure you will look quite a fascinating sight, Just think of the clothes you'll
so.
(CLAN) I'm like a sardine that's taken from its tin, (TRIM) And wear!
I'll dance the jig till they're fairly on the jump. (TRIM) And

I'm like the tin, done in! (BOTH) Oh! We both feel
I'll do the Brixton jump! (BOTH) Then We shan't feel

out of it, Quite out of it! No doubt of it! (TRIM) It's
out of it, Not out of it, No doubt of it! (TRIM) So
not the place to take a chap, You make a chap Look
we will proudly glance a-bout And dance a-bout The

small! (CLAN.) There's not much to see a-bout, Just
Hall! (CLAN.) The swells we shall meet a bit, And

you a-bout and me a-bout, (TUNE) And a few cups of
give them all a treat a bit! (TUNE) We'll tread on their

tea a-bout—(BOTH.) Oh! I don't like this at all!
feet a bit—(BOTH.) And they won't like that at all!

25663

D.C.
SONG—(Una) and Chorus.

"A GIRL FROM UTAH."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

1. Where do you think I've come from?
2. I'm very pleased with London,

And ever

We've not guess'd!
We're so glad!

35663.
Salt Lake City, In the wild, wild West.
since I've been here Such a time I've had.

What do you think my name is?
All of the men seem friendly.

My friends all call me Una, (That's)
A change from noisy cowboys, Who

We can't tell!
We dare say!

when they knew me well),
ride and shoot all day,
The mountains rise

25663.
UNA.

Towards the skies
Wild buffalo
When I go out for walks,

SOP. & 2.

All round her
When she goes

TENOR.

All round her
When she goes

BASS.

All round her
When she goes

UNA.

Where grizzly bears
Nor Indian brave
have got their

dis - tant home.
out for walks.

NOR.

dis - tant home.
out for walks.

BASS.

dis - tant home.
out for walks.

25663.
I'm a girl From Utah, in the U. S. A.,

ever so far away, over the airy Prairies.

I'm a girl From Utah, in the U. S. A.,

ever so far away, over the airy Prairies.
Now I'm here, in England I would like to stay, I don't want to go back to Utah!

She's a girl from Utah, in the U.S.A., ever so
far away, Over the airy Prairie

Now she's here, in

England she would like to stay, We don't want

he: to go to Utah!
QUARTET—(Una, Dora, Clancy, and Sandy.)

"WHEN WE MEET THE MORMON!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

1. I know a Mormon Who wants to marry me;
   But

2. He may be hiding Well, no one quite knows where;
CLO.

that de-pends On wheth-er your friends A- pree.

hind set-tees Or un-der an ea-Sy chair

DORA.

He is a scoun-drel, A craf-ty sort of man, But

Wrapp'd in a cur-tain, Or croach-ing on the floor, Per-

DORA

have no fear. We'll man-age to queer His plan, With

haps you'll find Him peep-ing be-hind The door, So

SANDY

flats I'm reck-oned han-dy. And if it comes to blows, A

si-lent-ly he steals on In-tent on his pur-suits, He
right and left from Sandy Will tap the Mormon nose. Will may have rubber heels on His pair of Mormon boots. You'll

SAND.

SAND.

rap, tap, tap, tap on the Mormon hear no tap, tap, tap of the Mormon

SAND.

nose! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

boots! Boots, Boots, Boots, Boots or Shoes! Oh!

2nd Verse. Voice only

ALL.

REFRAIN.

when we meet the Mormon, Our welcome will be a warm fan, We

25863.
won't shout out "Good-day" to him, We've so much else to say to him; The

Mormon madly murmurs of marriages by the score, But the

moment we meet the Mormon, The Mormon will murmur no more! The Mormon will murmur, Will murmur No more! Pomi
DUET—(Dora and Trimmit)

"WE'RE GETTING ON VERY WELL!"

Words by
PAUL A. RUBENS & PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Voice.

Piano.

Più anima.

DORA.

Heart of my heart, Life would be blank Were we to part!

TRIMMIT.

DORA.

Can this be swank? Come, let us fly Over the foam,
TRIMMIT.

DORA. \textit{legato and grandly}

Just you and I! I want to go home! My Phoe - bes A - pol - lo, my

DORA. \textit{forte}

dream of de - light! I don’t much like Phoe-bus A - pol - lo’s all right!

REFRAIN.

BOTH.

We’ve get - ting on ve - ry well, Aren’t we? We

BOTH.

DORA. \textit{forte}

Do you want an - y o - ther thing but me? I’d

TRIMMIT.
DORA.

TRIMMIT.

gladly give a six-pence for a cup of tea! Clasp me and cling to me

DORA.

TRIMMIT.

BOTH. \textit{a tempo}

close—Mind my cigar! We're getting on very well, very well! Well, aren't we? We are!
What woman could
help loving you?
You're so true and good!
Too
good to be true!
Pleasures like this
Calling to us

Why should we miss?
Well, I've missed my bust!
Ah! when I'm with you, love, what

more do I want?
I feel that I'm drowning in hot crème de menthe!
REFRAIN.
BOTH.

We're getting on very well,
Aren't we? We are!

DORA.

Dame Tussaud.
Comme je vous aime, mon chéri,
Oh, ja, nicht wahr!

TRIMMIT.

Over in Paris all the stars you'll know,
I've heard of Sarah Bernhardt and Ma-

TRIM.

BOTH. a tempo

We're getting on very well, very well, Well, aren't we We are!
BOTH.

We're getting on very well, very well. Well, aren't we? We are!

col voce rall. a tempo

25663
DUET.—(Una & Sandy).

"D'YOU FOLLOW ME?"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Voice.

Allegro.

Piano.

UNA.

1. If my cunning foes lay traps about
   -lute of you,

2. Really it is most po-
   Thankyou, Mis- ter San-dy Blair;

Well, I may get caught some day.
SANDY.

Please re-mem-ber while this chap's a-bout
I don't fan-cy los-ing sight of you,
They won't take you far a-
E-ven in the streets out

SAN.

-away.
Do you real-ly mean you'll fol-low on my track?
there.
Lon-don is a place that's dan-ger-ous, no doubt,

SANDY.

What is more, I'll bring you back.
Till you know your way a-bout.
Would you
Would you

Allegro vivace.

UNA. roll.

fol-low me through Eu-rope or through A-sia?
Would you
fol-low me down Pall Mall or through Bond Street?
Would you
SANDY.

Follow me to Spain or Timpocktoo? I would
Follow me to Hampstead or to Kew? I would

SAN.

Follow you to any place you mention, I've no in-
Follow you to Camberwell or Chelsea, I could n't

SAN.

Ten tion Of losing you Would you
Well see Too much of you Would you

UNA.

Follow me across the Rocky Mountains? Only
Follow me by tube or train or taxi? On a

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SANDY.

think about the hills you'll have to climb, if I happen to get
water-plane perhaps you'd like to climb, if I have to do a

SAN.

snowed up Or I come across a road up, Still I'll follow you, do you
swop with Mr. Graham White or Sopwith, Still I'll follow you, do you

SAN.

follow me? I thought you said you'd follow me! I'm the fellow who'll follow you,
follow me? I thought you said you'd follow me! I'm the fellow who'll follow you,

SAN.

(Fol-low me?) All the time! (Fol-low me?) All the time!

25663
DANCE.

[Musical notation image]

cresc. poco a poco al fine

[Another musical notation image]
No. 11.

FINALE—ACT I.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Soprano I & II.

Chorus.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

We really must go; We've taken, we know, A
terrible time for tea;  But then there has been  So much to be seen— We

simply had to see!  Girls from the theatre, each with a history,

simply had to see!
That is a tit-bit for tea of a brand which is

Maid-en from U-tah, whose life is a mys-te-ry. That is a tit-bit for tea of a brand which is

Tas-ti-er far than the cakes and the sand-wich-es!

But

Tas-ti-er far than the cakes and the sand-wich-es!

But

Tas-ti-er far than the cakes and the sand-wich-es!
now it's so late; We're dining at eight, Then off to the Op'ra House, To

now it's so late; We're dining at eight, Then off to the Op'ra House, To

now it's so late; We're dining at eight, Then off to the Op'ra House, To

sit in a box And show our best frocks, And talk through a drama by Strauss! We

sit in a box And show our best frocks, And talk through a drama by Strauss! We

sit in a box And show our best frocks, And talk through a drama by Strauss! We

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SOP. I & II

know it will make Our heads sim- ply ache- He's ter- ri-bly noi- sy,

TEN.

know it will make Our heads sim- ply ache- He's ter- ri-bly noi- sy,

BASS.

know it will make Our heads sim- ply ache- He's ter- ri-bly noi- sy,

SOP. I & II

ter- ri-bly noi- sy, is Straus!

TEN.

ter- ri-bly noi- sy, is Straus!

BASS.

ter- ri-bly noi- sy, is Straus!
Slower, ACTRESSES.

Well, we must hurry off to dress and rat-tie throughout parts, And

ACT.
then we’re due at midnight at the ball they call “The Arts!” We’ll

ACT.
come in all together, and we’ll make a big success, For

ACT.
each of us has got a very fetching fancy dress! I’m

25663
1st ACT.
go ing as the Necklace of the Missing Paris Pearls! And

ALL.
so we rather fancy will a dozen other girls I'll

2nd ACT.
go as Rare Refreshing Fruit, because I'm such a peach—
The

ALL.
sort you price at nine-pence and you'll sell for four-pence each, I'll

3rd ACTRESS.
3rd ACTRESS.  be a "Marriage Market" Girl!—You mean you'll be one still. I'm

4th ACTRESS.  going as the "Tango"—With a nut from far Brazil! I'm

5th ACTRESS.  going in as Cupid—I shall be a French Com-mère—

ALL.  muff and bow and arrows will be all you want to wear! I'm
very sorry, dears, I cannot share a cab with you,
For somebody will call for me— I mustn't tell you who.
It's rather like a chapter in a feuilleton romance,
But

I will introduce you when you meet us at the dance!

just

Just SOP.

Just TEN.

Just BASS.
fancy! you all Will go to the ball—We wish we could come with you.

Well,

fancy! you all Will go to the ball—We wish we could come with you.

fancy! you all Will go to the ball—We wish we could come with you.

why should you not? There's room for the lot—And any old dress-es will do!
SOP.

none of us care, We mean to be there, And that's what we're going

TEN.

none of us care, We mean to be there, And that's what we're going

BASS.

none of us care, We mean to be there, And that's what we're going

That's what we're going to do!

TEN.

That's what we're going to do!

BASS.

That's what we're going to do!
AMERSEAM.

For she's just the sort of girl you'll fancy So generous and sweet all through;

I feel sure you'll love and pet her, And I thought when first I met her,

"Mother will be pleased, Very, very pleased, Mother will be pleased with..."

25663
Tempo di Valse.

AMERSHAM.

Do - ra, what does it mean This that I have

DORA.

seen? Wait a lit-tle pray, Till you choose to say No, no,

AMER.

no, I will go! Wait for a while, and

DORA.

you shall know You have no cause to judge me so

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DORA. many a part I have to play I am but

AMERSHAM. playing one today! You are an actress,

AMER. I can see, And you have played a part with

AMER. me; Now you would have me wait my cue,
PIU MESO.

Play-ing the fool for you!

No, no, no! Tell me now, or I go!

No, no, no, Do not speak to me so! a tempo

Now then, young man, you just let her
CLANCY (to Trimmit)
be, She's engaged to me! To you? My

CLAN
mistress?
Yes, your mistress,

TRIM (to Trimmit)
my good girl! I will have a word with you

AMESHAM (to Trimmit)

PORA.
meet again! Only let me explain!

poco rit.
a tempo  DORA (to Amersham)

Is your pride so

a tempo  CLANCY (to Trimm)

Can’t you see through

TRIM (to Clancy)  a tempo

I have no use for you. you

a tempo  AMERSHAM (to Dora)

Can not I

DORA

great

Is your

CLAN.

How she fools you? You are so

TRIM.

see, This is the girl that

AMER.

see How you’d fool me?
DORA. 
faith so small That you can't ev - en

CLAN. 
green, Sil - ly spal - peen!

TRIM. 
goes with me; On - ly we

AMER. 
It is in vain. Nev - er a -
cresc.

DORA. 
wait And love through all?

CLAN. 
Na - tu - ral! I de - spise you!

TRIM. 
two-- We shan't take you!

AMER. 
gain We will meet-- this is a - dieu!
Più mosso.

Go then, if you won't believe me, That I'm

Don't try, for you can't deceive me, So don't

No more can your words deceive me, As they

true as before—— I'll let you sus——
told you before!—— Your coming to
talk any more!—— I'll leave you, if
did when you swore—— You'd give me your

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Non-trivial text extraction from musical notation

Dora:pect and grieve me No more!

Clan: grief won't grieve me No more!

Trim: you won't leave me—Song swore!

Ames: heart and leave me No more!

Chor: It is strange How their love seems to

It is strange How their love seems to

It is strange How their love seems to

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Then you may go, if go you must, You can-not love un-

You be a fool then, if you must, Won't you be sor-ry

Well, you be jeal-ous, if you must-- I mean to have a

Then I will go, for go I must, Though I can love, I

change! Say good-bye, then, if you must, You will be wis-er

change! Say good-bye, then, if you must, You will be wis-er

change! Say good-bye, then, if you must, You will be wis-er

Say good-bye, then, if you must, You will be wis-er
-less you trust! You will not wait till you can know-

after, just! Over to gay Paree you go,

gor-geous bust! Over to gay Paree we go-

cannot trust! Since you have trick'd and fooled me so,

soon, we trust! Lovers will al-ways quar-rel so,

soon, we trust! Lovers will al-ways quar-rel so,

soon, we trust! Lovers will al-ways quar-rel so,
So it is best that you should go!

When you get there, why then you'll know!

You stay at home, for you've done wrong!

What is there left but just to go?

Then make it up again, we know!

Then make it up again, we know!

Then make it up again, we know!
You would not doubt me, once you swore—

Then you'll come back to England's shore,

As I don't want to see you more,

Should you repeat what once you swore,

Then they repeat the vows they swore,

Then they repeat the vows they swore,

Then they repeat the vows they swore,
Now you shall break your word no more!

Want to make up with me once more!

I say good-bye no: o restore!

I could believe you now no more!

Quarrel, and make it up once more!

Quarrel, and make it up once more!

Quarrel, and make it up once more!
DORA.

Don't interfere He is a

What's doing here? There seems a storm on!

CBO.

What's doing here? There seems a storm on!

What's doing here? There seems a storm on!

DORA.

Mormon!

A wicked man.
Who tries to lure a maiden pure By some vile plan-

He is a Mormon!

DORA, SANDY & FULL CHORUS.

Don’t you try To decay,

DORA.

SANDY.

Don’t you hope for pity! He’s a Mormon Yes, a warm un-
DORA & SANDY.

DORA & SANDY.

Hot from Salt Lake City! He's a Mormon! Yes, a

worn - un! Hot from salt Lake City! Where did you

DORA & SANDY.

take her to? How did you entrap her? I don't know! Let me

TRIM.

Vil - lain - ous kid - napper!

TRIM.

got! Vil - lain - ous kid - napper!

CHO.

Vil - lain - ous kid - napper!

CHO.

Vil - lain - ous kid - napper!
(TRIM. shakes himself free and speaks.)
I came in here for a cup of tea!

SOP. I & II.

CHORUS. ff

Don't you de-n-ny! That is a lie!

TENORS.

ff

Don't you de-n-ny! That is a lie!

ff

ff

You must con-fess - Say No or Yes! How have you played Tricks on the maid?

CHO.

You must con-fess - Say No or Yes! How have you played Tricks on the maid?

CHO.

How was it done? Who is the one? You will be ve-ry much

CHO.

How was it done? Who is the one? You will be ve-ry much

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Cho.

dead - er than Brigham is If you go in for your
dead - er than Brigham is If you go in for your

Cho.

precious polygammies! Trim. (I came in here for a cup-
precious polygammies!

Bass.

That isn't true! What did you do? How did you get

Bass.

Her in your net? Look at his hat, What is in that?

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Say you're no Mormon? Well, you are a pretty man!

See, it was made by a real Salt Lake City man!

TRIM. I came—

Has he confessed? Jump on his
SOP.

Did you ever hear of any trick that could be sly-er

TEN.

Did you ever hear of any trick that could be sly-er

BASS.

Did you ever hear of any trick that could be sly-er

SOP.

Than to lure a maiden from the house of Dum-pel-mey-er?

TEN.

Than to lure a maiden from the house of Dum-pel-mey-er?

BASS.

Than to lure a maiden from the house of Dum-pel-mey-er?
SOP.
Don't you wonder how he has deceived her or compelled her?

TEN.
Don't you wonder how he has deceived her or compelled her?

BASS.
Don't you wonder how he has deceived her or compelled her?

SOP.
That's the crafty cunning of a wicked Mormon Elder!

TEN.
That's the crafty cunning of a wicked Mormon Elder!

BASS.
That's the crafty cunning of a wicked Mormon Elder!

SOP.
Down upon the Mormon! Rush like a thunderstorm on!

TEN.
Down upon the Mormon! Rush like a thunderstorm on!

BASS.
Down upon the Mormon! Rush like a thunderstorm on!
SOP.
You'll look high and low for him, And then we hope you'll go for him! Get

TEN.
You'll look high and low for him, And then we hope you'll go for him! Get

BASS.
You'll look high and low for him, And then we hope you'll go for him! Get

SOP.
on to where he's gone to, Follow him to his door, And when

TEN.
on to where he's gone to, Follow him to his door, And when

BASS.
on to where he's gone to, Follow him to his door, And when

The Mormon won't want any

SOP.
once you have met the Mormon, He won't He won’t want any

TEN.
once you have met the Mormon, The Mormon won’t want any

BASS.
once you have met the Mormon, He won't He won’t want any

25663.
Act II.
SCENE I.

No. 12. BARCAROLLE. (Dora, Clancy, Amersham, Trimmit & Sandy.)

"UNA!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Voice. Slowly.

Piano.

| U - na, U - na, poor lit - tle U - na be? |
| U - na, U - na, your lit - tle U - na be? |

She just slipped a - way while no one was there to see;
From her Mor - mon foe we're long - ing to set her free.
Though we followed the trail yet we lost it later on,
She's got plenty of friends that she may rely upon,

Where has Una, Una, poor little Una gone?
Where has Una, Una, poor little Una gone?

(CLANCY) Where can Una, Una, poor little Una be?
(SANDY) Where can Una, Una, poor little Una be?

Have they locked her up and was I feel sure that girl was
Act II.
SCENE II.

No 13.

SONG—(Una) and Girls.

"CALL RIGHT HERE."

Words by
PAUL A. RUBENS & PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

UNA.

1. In the street, down below, There's a voice that I seem to know,
2. Though I list with delight To that voice in the pale moonlight,

I can't tell, I must own, If it's bass or a baritone.
I'm not sure, by the way, What the folks all around will say.
Still it seems to cheer me up no end—
In their sleep you'll be disturbing them—
Long after all, it is the voice of a friend.
Is that a voice? A sort of a voice—It's the voice of a friend.
Not quite twelve, eleven thirty p.m. I hear you calling
I hear you calling

In the street outside!
In the street outside!

It's near-twelve. Well, it's struck eleven p.m.
What a pity that the window doesn't open.
But I fancy all the neighbours will be terrible.

I hear you calling. I hear you calling.

Don't be crazy, dear; 'Stead of standing there a-
Don't be crazy, dear; 'Stead of standing there a-

Why don't you call right here? Why don't you call right here?
3. At this time, as a rule, Out of doors it is rather cool.

UNE.

You'll catch cold, I declare, Standing under the lamp-post there.

UNE.

And your overcoat you've just left off—
I feel sure I heard you starting to cough.

Was that a cough? A sort of a cough—More a sneeze than a cough. I bet you sneezing, In the street outside;

—Praps if you get influenza, You'll be satisfied.
I hear you sneezing

Do be careful, dear, 'Stead of standing there a-

Why don't you sneeze right here?
TRIO - (Una, Sandy & Trimmit)

"THE GARDEN GATE."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK and ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Sandy.

Moderato.

Piano.

front door's bolted and the front door's barred, So we
landlord's calling for his quarter's rent, And he's

SAN.

can't get along out! Get along out! Get along out! But the
there out in the street - Out in the street! - Out in the street! - Then you

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gate stands open in the small back yard, And there's
go out at the back by accident And you

no-body about Body about! Ob! so softly down the
don't happen to meet Happen to meet! If you're courting with a

stair-case go, Treading silently up-
nice young man— Poppa says he'll kill him

on tip-toe! While the folks are sleeping We will all go creeping Thro' the
if he can— He comes round the corner, Whistles up to warn her He is
TRIM.

gate that leads to the garden!
at the gate of the garden!
Oh! that
Oh! that

ALL.

handy little garden gate!
handy little garden gate!
Open the
Open the

ALL.

latch, No one will catch You if you're quick about it!
latch, No one will catch You if you're quick about it!

ALL.

Pop through without a sound,
Pop through without a sound,
ALL.

Don't stop to look around, For the hour is getting rather
Don't stop to look around! Though the hour is getting rather

ALL.

late, They will catch us if we
late, You can have your tele-

ALL.

wait. Don't go thro' the hall,
- tele. Don't you say a word,

ALL.

That's no good at all, Just pop through (elic) the garden gate!
You'd be over-heard—Just kiss through (of kiss) the garden gate!
ACT II. SCENE III. OPENING CHORUS.

"THE ARTS BALL"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Alla Marcia.

Piano.

CHO.

Ball Of the Arts, Quite a feast of fancy dress, And were

Ball Of the Arts, Quite a feast of fancy dress, And were

Ball Of the Arts, Quite a feast of fancy dress, And we're

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all Playing parts Oriental, more or less! All night

long We shall dance in a blaze of modern lights, Like a

throng Of romance In the old Arabian Nights! It's the

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Ball Of the Arts, And we hear the music chime, So we
It is the Ball And we hear music chime,
It is the Ball And we hear music chime,

All, As it starts, Mean to have a splendid time! West and
And so we all, Mean to have a good time:
And so we all, Mean to have a good time:

East Blend tonight In a magic carnival It's a
For West and East Blend in this carnival It's a
For West and East Blend in this carnival It's a

25663
feast Of de-light, This en-tran-cing fan-cy ball!

How we love to be dress-ing up this way!

We're so tired of the fash-ions of to-day.
We don't care if we go a bit too far,
It will pass just the same, For it's all in the game,
No one's going to trouble who we are!
Who will
mind if a dress is too outré?

Who will mind if a dress is too outré?

mind if a dress is too outré?

That's all right in a pageant or a play!

That's all right in a pageant or a play!

That's all right in a pageant or a play!

If we possibly over-

or a play!

If we possibly over-

If we possibly over-
play our part.

And a

possibly over-play our part, And a

play our part And a

friend should object That we're not quite correct, Then we

friend should object That we're not quite correct, Then we

friend should object That we're not quite correct, Then we say, we

say it is only modern art! It's the

say it is only modern art! It's the

say it is only modern art! It's the
Ball of the Arts, quite a feast of fancy
dress, and we're all playing parts or i -
ental, more or less! All night long we shall dance in a

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blaze of modern lights, Like a throng Of ro-

mance In the old Arabian Nights! It's the

Ball Of the Arts, And we hear the music

It is the Ball And we hear music

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chime, So we all, As it starts, Mean to have a splendid
c
chime, And so we all Mean to have a good
c
chime, And so we all Mean to have a good
c

CHO.
time! West and East Blend tonight In a magic carni-
time! For West and East Blend in this carni-
time! For West and East Blend in this carni-

CHO.

- val- It's a feast Of delight This en-
- val- It's a feast Of delight This en-
- val- It's a feast Of delight This en-
transc - ing fanc - cy ball, This en - tranc - ing
transc - ing fanc - cy ball, This en - tranc - ing
transc - ing fanc - cy ball, This en - tranc - ing

fanc - cy, fanc - cy ball!
fanc - cy, fanc - cy ball!
fanc - cy, fanc - cy ball!

25663
SONG.—(Dora and Chorus.)

"WHAT A DREADFUL THING TO DO!"

Words by
PAUL A. RUBENS & PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Dora. Tempo di Polka.

Piano.

\[\text{Allegro moderato.}\]

1. If you’re a girl and on the
2. They think you’re wrong to ask your

DORA.

stage you go,

DORA.

You’ll think it lovely for a
And not quite nice to read the

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DORA.

month or so, But you get tired,

A. B. C; While if you take

DORA.

there's not a doubt, Of being talked a -
a Turkish bath You're on the down - ward

DORA.

-bout! The things that or - di - na - ry
path! They think you gam - ble if at

DORA.

people do Are thought re - mark - a - ble when done by you;
draughts you play, And if they see you in the Tube one day
Dora.

If you should breathe, or brush your hair.
They say you're ill, because you sniff'd.

Dora.

The public cry, "Well, there!" "Oh, I
While you were in the lift! "Oh, I

Refrain.
Marked Polka time.

say! Oh, I say!" That's the way that people always
say! Oh, I say!" That's the way that people always

Dora.

talk, When they find I'm inclined To ride in a
talk, When they find I'm inclined To pop in a
DORA. 'Bus or take a walk! "Did you see Her at shop or take a walk! "Have you heard? 'Pon my

DORA. tea? And at lunch the other morning too? She ask'd the word—Ah, the story, I'm afraid, is true! Why, the housemaid

DORA. waiter For one potato— "Oh, what a dreadful thing to caught her washing in soot— "Oh, what a dreadful thing to

DORA. do!" "Oh, I do!" Oh, I do!"
SONG.—(Clancy)

"NOTHING AT ALL, AT ALL."

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

With slow swing

Piano.

1. I belong to the Emerald Isle,
   And the
2. I did work for a lady, I did,
   And the

Clan

Emerald Isle's all right,
Lady she said one day:

25663.
met a b'oy in Lon-
don, And he kiss'd me on the
check; But, be-

thought that you was hon-
est, But I'm that a-
shamed of you. It's

-gor-ra, hard-
ly no-
ticed it, So my mind I had to
speak! Says Oi, "I'm
lies you've seen tell-ing the
mas-
ter new, And lies that were all un-
true!" Says Oi: "I'm

Refrain.
With emphasis.

only an I-
rish girl, An in-
co-
cent I-
rish girl;" But I
only an I-
rish girl, An in-
co-
cent I-
rish girl; It's

said, "You don't think I'm A-
way from Cle-
to waste my
time. And if
just a big sur-
prise. If I have told the mas-
ter lies. They

25663.
that's what you call a kiss, Well, all I can say is this; It's
may have been praps un-true, But com-par'd with what I've told you, They were

no-thing at all, at all, at all, Es-toire-ly! no-thing at all, at all, at all, Es-toire-ly!

D.C.

23663.
3. I once walk'd with a Lim-er-ick bboy._ With a
4. Sure, I went to a pan-to-mime once._ And it's

Lim-er-ick bboy called Pat._ He was nev er a-gain I'll do._ The

al ways af ter fight-ing. But one night it got a bout._ He
la-dies of the bal let Were shiv-ring. I be-lieve._ It was

shruck a bboy from Coun ty Down And Pat was "count-ed out!" Says Oi: "I'm
Christ-mas time and ev 'ry girl Look'd like a Christ-mas Eve! Says Oi: "I'm
Refrain.
With emphasis.

on - ly an I - rish girl, An in - no-cent I - rish girl;
But,
on - ly an I - rish girl, An in - no-cent I - rish girl;

oh, my dar - ling Pat, What - ever on earth have you been at? Why,
when the show I'd seen I knew what first turn'd Ire - land green.

one of your eyes is black, And the other's push'd so far back,
It's la - dy stood there dis - closed In a won - der - ful dress com - posed

no - where at all, at all, at all, En - toire - ly;
no - thing at all, at all, at all, En - toire - ly!

25668.
WALTZ DUET— (Una and Sandy.)

"KISSING TIME!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES.

Rather slow waltz time.

Voice.

Piano.

(SANDY.) 1. It is hard
just to say
What's the right

(SANDY.) 2. Let us start
very soon

On a big

time of day

Wether you're on land or wa-

bon - ey - moon,

We will go the wide world o-

ver!
But at sea it is done
From the church we will dance
When a man takes the sun-
All the way off to France-

I prefer to take the daughter!
Shall we sit it out from Dover?

Well, you're mine anyway,
Paris time in the past
So we won't worry now rather fast-

What's the hour of daylight or night
Now you'll have to take some more time!
(EXA.) We have still got to wed! You're a clear day ahead—
Then we'll waltz off once more To the blue Danube shore.

I must put you back to right time!
Where it's always just three-four time!

Tempo di Valse.

But when I've married you, Then any time will
If I can dance with you, Then any time will

BOTH.

dol. Till life is done we will stay at one.
dol. Over the floor we will go three-four,
BOTH.

That's what has just struck two!
One step or even two!
How ever
Won't it be

\[\text{\textit{clocks may chime,}}\]
\[\text{\textit{just sublime}}\]
Surely the hour is
Waltzing to this re-

BOTH.

plain
train.
For it's half past kissing
When it's half past dancing

BOTH.

time-
time-
Time to kiss again!
Time to dance again?

\(\text{D.C.}\)
DANCE.

\[ \text{nf a tempo} \]

\[ \text{L.H.} \]

\[ \text{nf leggero} \]
SONG.— (Trimmit) and CHORUS.

"AT THE BOTTOM OF BRIXTON HILL"

Words by
PAUL A. RUBENS & PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Trimmit. Moderato.

Piano.

1. Oh,
2. Now

TRIM

if you come to Brixton There are lots of sights to
once I had a rival Who tried to do me

TRIM

see; There's the Bon Marché and the Public Baths, And
down, For I lent him a bob and he paid me back With a
then there's me. And all the way to Brixton, The
bad half-crown. It rankled in my bosom, "Re-

people flock in shoals To just get a peep at
vengeance? I thought, "Is sweet!" And so I re-mark'd the

my little face Among the sausage rolls.
following day When I met him in the street:

REFRAIN.

Stop At my little shop, If you're passing Brixton way.
Stop At my little shop, If you're passing Brixton way.
There I am hacking at the ham And slicing at the beef all day.
My pork pies Take a prize, And my one pork pie Caught his eye, So he swallowed it and lay quite still.
Sausages are finer still; So mind you stop At
Well, he lay for a year With a

my little shop At the bottom of Brixton Hill!
pain right here At the bottom of Brixton Hill!
3. If foreign foes invade us And on our shores should land, Well, it seems to me I shall have to take The job in hand. Though they descend on London, There's
hope for England yet; For if they approach from the
Brixton road, No further will they get. Dey'll

REFRAIN.
Shtop At mein lid-dle shop, When down Brixton way dey go.
Dey will eat Mein tas-ty pot-ted meat, And

25663
probable me also. Though I'm not Appenrod, When the enemy have had their fill, Dey will fall asleep In a sauerkraut heap, At the bottom of Brixton Hill!
DUET.—(Dora and Amersham.)

"THE MUSIC OF LOVE."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

DORA.

When two hearts in perfect harmony

AMERSHAM.

sing a song of love,    Dreaming dreams of
future happiness 'neath the stars above,

Then who can read the messages eyes and lips con-

Tender glance and fond caresses,

Think of all they can express! Words, vain
words, there is no need to say. Um

Più lento.

25663
That's the real music of love!

Oh! it's just a simple
DORA.

melody every lover hears,

AKERSHAM.

And the sound goes faintly echoing through the

AMER.

golden years:

DORA.

The breeze will

DORA.

softly murmur it on a night in June.
Every streamlet rippling by Seem to

whisper in reply, All the

world sings to a joyful tune.

Um um

Più lento.

25663
Both.

Um

Both.

That's the real music of love!
No 23.  CONCERTED NUMBER— (Una, Dora, Clancy and Men.)

"OUR DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS THE LADIES!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

1. (Melody whistled by men.)

(GIRLS) 2. You have said in chorus That you all adore us,

(MEN) And you can't ignore us, For the truth we tell!
(GIRLS) It is not resented, We feel complimented,

(MEN) We're contented Mes'dames!

(GIRLS) When you speak so gushingly We must answer blushingly,

(MEN) Still you know we mean it well!
REFRAIN.

(Men) Wo-men were made for men to woo,
Tho' we at times may doubt them,
What should we do without them?
Lives are blanks,

(Girls) Wo-men ex-pect the men to woo,
Tho' they at times may doubt us,
What would they do without us?
Lives are blanks,

Wo-men are sweet the whole world thro',
Men are the same the whole world thro',
When they're a-way, our lives are blanks,
Ev'-ry thing gloom and shade is,

When we're a-way, their lives are blanks,
Ev'-ry thing gloom and shade is,

254683
So well propose a vote of thanks To our dear little friends, the
So they propose a vote of thanks To their dear little friends, the

ladies! (MEN) Women were made for men to woo,

Though we at times may doubt them, Women are sweet the

whole world through, What should we do without them?

25883
When they're away, our lives are blank,

Everything gloom and shade is, So well propose a

vote of thanks To our dear little friends the ladies.
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
SIDNEY JONES & PAUL A. RUBENS.

No. 24.  FINALE—ACT II.

All.  [Musical notation]

She's a girl from Utah, in the U. S. A.,

But on an early day

She'll marry sandy Sandy! Now she's here, we

Piano.
reck- on she has come to stay! She won't have to go back to

Piu vivo.

U- tall! Wo- men were made for men to

woo, Woo- ing must end in win- ning;

May they be hap- py all life through,
All.

As in their love's beginning! Each man must

All.

take a winsome wife, Married each charming

All.

maid is; So [you] will wish good luck for

All.

life To [your] dear little friends, the ladies!
Curtain.
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Princess Caprice.
Music by LEO FALL.

The Pink Lady.
Music by IVAN CARYLL.

The Count of Luxembourg.
Music by FRANZ LEHAR.

The Quaker Girl.
Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

The Arcadians.
Music by LIONEL MONCKTON and HOWARD TALBOT.

The Merry Widow.
Music by FRANZ LEHAR.

Our Miss Gibbs.
Music by IVAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON.

Tom Jones.
Music by EDWARD GERMAN.

Véronique.
Music by ANDRÉ MESSAGER.

The Orchid.
Music by IVAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON.

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Here's to Love ... ... ... ... ... Sung by Miss VIOLET ESSEX
I've been to the Durbar ... ... ... ... Sung by Miss CONNIE EDBRICK
Little girl, mind how you go ... ... ... ... Sung by Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH
Lazy! ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Sung by Mr. EDMUND PAYNE
Josephine ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Sung by Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH
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