KLA W and ERLANGER

PRESENT

The New Musical Comedy

"THE LITTLE CAFÉ"

BOOK AND LYRICS BY

C. M. S. M C L E L L A N

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL

Story of the Play from the French Farce

"LE PETIT CAFÉ"

by Tristan Bernard

VOCAL SCORE $ 2.50

CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd.
41 East 34th St. New York

London
Toronto
Melbourne

347 Yonge St.

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public performance of all or any part of the work strictly forbidden. Applications for the right of performance must be made to MESSRS. KLA W and ERLANGER. The adaptation of this composition to any form of mechanical instrument either for private or public performance is strictly prohibited.

COPYRIGHT MCMLXII BY CHAPPELL & CO. LTD.
THE LITTLE CAFE.

Characters.

In the order of their appearance.

VEAUCHEMI, an old Cafe Lounger.
CELESTE, Cashier in The Little Cafe.
PHILIBERT, Proprietor of The Little Cafe.
GASTON, an Artist.
YVONNE, Philibert's daughter.
ALBERT LORIFLAN, Waiter in The Little Cafe.
KATZIOINKA, a Hungarian singer.
ILSA
ALMA
LOUKA
ZORA
THYRZA
OOLA
ISABEL, a Midinette.
BIGREDON, a Promoter.
POSTMAN.
ADOLPHE, Glass Washer in The Little Cafe.
ANATOL.
MARCEL.
MAURICE.
DURAND, a Detective.
EDMOND, a Young Man about Town.
GABY GAUFRETTE, Queen of the Night Restaurants.
LOULOU MILLEFLEURS, her Friend.
LEONCE, Head Waiter at the Restaurant Grand Gala.
BARON TOMBOILA, Major Dozo of Prince Max.
PRINCE MAX OF GALMANIA.
COLONEL KLING, his Aide-de-camp.
GODINARD, a Notary.
NINA.
ZAZA.

Mr. Jose Monohan.
Miss Marjorie Gateson.
Mr. Vizard.
Mr. H.P. Woodley.
Miss Alma Francis.
Mr. John E. Young.
Miss Grace Leigh.
Miss Eleanor St. Clair.
Miss Ethel Davies.
Miss Trixie Whitford.
Miss Lillian Rice.
Miss Alya Belga.
Miss Lorayne Leslie.
Mr. Tom Graves.
Mr. Chas. Morris.
Mr. Harry Depp.
Mr. Albert Stuart.
Mr. John H. Roberts.
Mr. Maurice Cass.
Mr. William Doyle.
Mr. H.R. Woodley.
Miss Hazel Dawn.
Miss Marie Empress.
Mr. Eddie Morris.
Mr. Fred Graham.
Mr. John Deverell.
Mr. F. Stanton Heck.
Mr. Jose Monahan.
Miss Marjorie Gateson.
Miss Charlotte Carter.

Synopsis of Scenery.

Act II. The Restaurant Grand Gala, Paris.
Act III. The Gardens of the Chateau Sans Souci, Marly.

Musical Director Mr. Anton Heindl.
THE LITTLE CAFÉ

CONTENTS

ACT I

1. Opening Chorus Act I . . . . . . . . . . . . . (The Sun first shone) 1
2. Song (Yvonne & Chorus) "I Wonder Whom I'll Marry" (Oh! Ooh! such gay Bouquets) 20
3. Song (Katsiolinka, Belles of Hungary & Chorus) "I’m A Hunting Jaguar" (When first I saw Albert) 31
4. Song (Albert & Chorus) "You Little Café, Good Day" (Taly-ho! we’re away) 41
5. Finale Act I . . . . . . . . . . . (Perhaps you have talents) 51

ACT II

6. Opening Chorus Act II . . . . . . . . . . . . . (To-night we fill and raise) 73
7. Song (Katsiolinka & Chorus) "Do You Call That Dancing" (Do you call that dancing) 93
8. Song (Albert & Chorus) "Serve The Caviar" (My friend the Czar) 105
9a. Chorus . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . (There never has been in Paris) 115
9b. Song (Yvonne & Chorus) "This Gay Paree" (My dear it’s rumoured) 118
10. Octet (Yvonne, Gaby, Loulou, Albert, Prince Max, Adolphe, Baron Tombola & Colonel Klink) "The Midnight Butterfly" (I've a wish to utter) 129
11. Song (Gaby & Chorus) "Thy Mouth Is A Rose" (Thy mouth is a rose) 136
12. Finale Act II . . . . . . . . . . . (Now which of the three) 142

ACT III

13. Opening Chorus Act III . . . . . . . . . . . . . (From the sky he falls) 172
14. Waltz-Song (Gaby & Chorus) "Just Because It's You" (Why should I whom you treat) 183
15. Song (Albert & Chorus) "They Found Me" (When I started as a youth) 198
16. Finale Act III . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
THE LITTLE CAFÉ.

Words by
C.M.S. McLellan.

Music by
Ivan Caryll.

Act I.
OPENING CHORUS.

No 1

Moderato

Piano.

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
C 6541

The sun first shone on fair Yvonne
In
In Eighteen-ninety-five,
At
Eighteen-ninety-five,

Just high noon The ninth of June Did

Fair Yvonne arrive,

Did fair Yvonne arrive, And

Did fair Yvonne arrive, And
thus you see Y-vonne will be Sweet sev-en-teen to-day.

thus you see Y-vonne will be Sweet sev-en-teen to-day.

sev-en-teen to-day. To cel-e-brate The hap-py date We

To cel-e-brate The hap-py date We

bring her flowers gay, We bring her flow-ers gay.

bring her flowers gay, We bring her flow-ers gay.

bring her flowers gay, We bring her flow-ers gay.
Moderato.

Oh,

Oh,

Oh,

Oh,

Pretty Yvonne, we come to bring you roses, Oh, pretty Yvonne, Come

Pretty Yvonne, we come to bring you roses, Oh, pretty Yvonne, Come

Pretty Yvonne, we come to bring you roses, Oh, pretty Yvonne, Come

Pretty Yvonne, we come to bring you roses, Oh, pretty Yvonne, Come
PHIL.  
Hush! She plays her scales!

SOP.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She... plays her... scales!

TEN.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She... plays her... scales!

BASS.  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She... plays her... scales!
PHIL.  Hush! She never fails To

SOP.  re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, She never fails!

TEN.  re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, She never fails!

BASS.  re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re, She never fails!

PHIL.  play her scales, On birthdays as on other days My daughter's diligence is quite immense Beyond all praise, The
PHIL.

man she weds will be the very luckiest of

cresc.

PHIL.

males,


mf

Hush! She plays her scales!

SOP.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She plays her scales!

TEN.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She plays her scales!

BASS.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, fa, mi, re, do, She plays her scales!

C 6541
neighbours all say She is second unto none.
And we all drop
And we all drop
And we all drop

PHIL.

SOP.
in To admire every day His family of one at the

TEN.
in To admire every day His family of one at the

BASS.
in To admire every day His family of one at the
PHIL.  
She is growing quite tall as a family will

SOP.  
little Ca-te-

TRN.  
little Ca-te-

BASS.  
little Ca-te-

PHIL.  
do, Many people now call Where there formerly were few,

SOP.  

Though his

TEN.  

Though his

BASS.  

Though his

C 6641
beer is bad and sour is his wine, His family of

one is really very fine! very fine! very fine!
Oh, my pretty little family of one! The very fine! very fine! one!

fine! very fine! very fine! one!

fine! very fine! very fine! one!

highest of art I've taught her. She plays and sings and does more things than

Baron de Rothschild's daughter, it's better to have a
daughter Than an awi-ward ug-ly son, As all a-gree When

one!

one!

one!

once they see My pre-tty lit-tle fam-i-ly of one!

Oh, his

Oh, his

Oh, his
pretty little family of one! The highest of art he's taught her, She

plays and sings And does more things Than Baron de Rothschild's daughter, It's
plays and sings And does more things Than Baron de Rothschild's daughter, It's

C 6541
better to have a daughter than an awkward ugly son,

all agree when once they see his pretty little family,
SOP.  pretty  little  fam-i-ly,  pretty  little  fam-i-ly  of  one!

TEN.  pretty  little  fam-i-ly,  pretty  little  fam-i-ly  of  one!

BASS.  pretty  little  fam-i-ly,  pretty  little  fam-i-ly  of  one!

SOP.  of  one!

TEN.  of  one!

BASS.  of  one!

C 0541
SONG.—(Yvonne) and CHORUS.

"I WONDER WHO I'LL MARRY."

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by
IVAN GARYLL.

Yvonne.

Piano.

- Allegretto.

VYON.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Oh! oh! such gay bouquets! what do they mean?

That

That

That

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
you to-day, dear friend, are seventeen,
We offer them with all our hearts to you.

The hands that offer them we offer, too
YVON.

hands you of-fer, too? What, with your roses

Am

YVON.

I to un-der-stand each man pro-poses to mar-ry

me?

SOP.

Yes, gen-tle soul!

TEN.

BASS.

Yes, gen-tle soul!

Phil mosso.
YVON.

Allegro moderato.

That's very, very droll! That's very droll!

I'm very much flattered and

thank you sincerely, I call this a compliment, rather!

But

there are so many to choose from I really prefer to refer you to

J 6541
YVON,

father

Besides, I doubt whether I would

make a good wife till I try,

The chance we would take, and were

sure you would make The very best wife 'neath the sky.

Meno mosso.

The chance we would take, and were

sure you would make The very best wife 'neath the sky.
Allegretto

want to be a comfort to my husband dear, But he must never roam,
people he was fond of 'ere he liked me best. He still may have them call,

Always stay at home, With none of his diversions shall I interfere, That
I shan't care at all, His former friends I'll never teach him to detest, That
is, you see, unless I think I should, He'll
is, you see, unless they're feminine, If
And then she will!
And then she will!
And then she will!
And then she will!

be allowed the freedom of his single days, But while he's gay and free,
in his coat I ever find a lady's glove, Or handkerchief of lace,

He must be with me I won't attempt to alter all his
I'll not scratch his face Not even though I find there letters
youthful ways. That is, you see, unless it's for his good; I
fill'd with love. That is, you see, unless they are not mine, I

And then she will! And then she will!
And then she will! And then she will!
And then she will! And then she will!
Tempo di Valse.

wonder whom I'll marry! Will he be dark or fair? I
wonder whom I'll marry! Will he be good and true? I

wonder what's the name I'll take in place of Philibert! Though
wonder if he'll always do as I expect him to. If

C 6541
doubtful whom I'll marry. I'm very sure I'll

be very careful. Then I will also

be particularly careful of the

man who marries me!

The mel.
YVON.

SOP.

She wonders whom she'll marry Will he be good and true?

TEN.

She wonders if he'll always do as she expects him to.

BASS.

She wonders whom she'll marry Will he be good and true?

She wonders if he'll always do as she expects him to.

If he'll be very careful Then

C 6541
SOP.

she will al-so be Oh, ve-ry, ve-ry care-ful

TEN.

she will al-so be Oh, ve-ry, ve-ry care-ful

BASS.

she will al-so be Oh, ve-ry, ve-ry care-ful

SOP.

of her hus-band she will be!

TEN.

of her hus-band she will be!

BASS.

of her hus-band she will be!
SONG.—(Katsiolinka.) Belles of Hungary and CHORUS.

"I'M A HUNTING JAGUAR"

Words by
C. M. S. M'LELLAN

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Moderato

Katsiolinka

Belles of Hungary

Soprano

Tenor

Bass

Piano

1. When
2. The

KAT.

first I saw Albert I merely scorned him!

B.H.

princes of the earth have sought my favours!

And

1. She scorned him!
2. Her favours!

SOP.

1. She scorned him!
2. Her favours!

TES.

1. She scorned him!
2. Her favours!

BASS

1. She scorned him!
2. Her favours!

C 6541

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
KAT.
he'd been mine I sure - ly would have pawned him!
love I've known in all it's diff'rent fla - vours!

B.H.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Have pawned him!
It's fla - vours!

Have pawned him!
It's fla - vours!

Have pawned him!
It's fla - vours!

Have pawned him!
It's fla - vours!

KAT.
sin - gle charm of form er face, No pride of mien, no touch of grace,
hasle no-blesse of Bu - da-Pest would nev - er give me an - y rest, And

B.H.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

G 6641
KAT.

Any trace of noble race adorned him!

But over me two Emperors were ravens!

B.B.

Adorned him!

A-dorned him!

SOP.

Were ravens!

A-dorned him!

TEN.

Were ravens!

A-dorned him!

BASS.

Were ravens!

A-dorned him!

KAT.

When I watched him spill the soup at table,

last Albert appeared and wrecked my system,

B.B.

At table,

For

SOP.

At table,

Her system,

TEN.

At table,

Her system,

BASS.

At table,

Her system,
kitten heart leaped up and broke its cable, and
many days I struggled to resist him, but

its cable! resist him!

its cable! resist him!

its cable! resist him!

its cable! resist him!

when I saw him serve the fish, and every time upset the dish, no
when he landed on my feet, and turned a somersault complete, and
KAT.

long-er to re-sist him was I a-ble!
hurled the soup at me, I seized and kissed him!

B.H.

Not a-ble! She kissed him!

SOP.

Not a-ble! She kissed him!

TEN.

Not a-ble! She kissed him!

BASS.

Not a-ble! She kissed him!

And

And
Allegro moderato

KAT.
now a hunt-ed stag you are!
now you're on the list, you are!

B.N.
A stag you are!
The list you are!

SOP.
A stag you are!
The list you are!

TEN.
A stag you are!
The list you are!

BASS.
A stag you are!
The list you are!

KAT.
I'm a hunt-ing jag-u-ar!
vic-tim I in-sist you are!

B.N.
A jag-u-ar!
Insist you are!

SOP.
A jag-u-ar!
Insist you are!

TEN.
A jag-u-ar!
Insist you are!

BASS.
A jag-u-ar!
Insist you are!

With Too

C 6541
KAT. sinuous and stealthy glide I'll creep until I reach your side, Then
late a struggle now to make For I'm an undulating snake, And

B. H.

SOP. And

TEN. And

BASS. And

KAT. worry you and love you till a rag you are! And
in my coils you're destined to be kissed— you are! And

B. H. And

SOP. And

TEN. And

BASS. And

C 6541
sinuous and stealthy glide I'll creep until I reach your side, then
late a struggle now to make for I'm an undulating snake, and

sinuous and stealthy glide she'll creep a long and reach your side, then
late a struggle now to make for she's an undulating snake, and

sinuous and stealthy glide she'll creep a long and reach your side, then
late a struggle now to make for she's an undulating snake, and

sinuous and stealthy glide she'll creep a long and reach your side, then
late a struggle now to make for she's an undulating snake, and

KAT.  
wor-ry you and love you till a rag, you are! kissed, you are!
in my coils you're des-tined to be

B.H.  
wor-ry you and love you till a rag, you are! kissed, you are!
in her coils you're des-tined to be

SOP.  
wor-ry you and love you till a rag, you are! kissed, you are!
in her coils you're des-tined to be

TEN.  
wor-ry you and love you till a rag, you are! kissed, you are!
in her coils you're des-tined to be

BASS.  
wor-ry you and love you till a rag, you are! kissed, you are!
in her coils you're des-tined to be

C 6541
SONG.—(Albert) and Chorus.

"YOU LITTLE CAFÉ, GOOD-DAY."

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano

ALBERT.

1. Ta-ly-ho! we're a-way, tra-la!
   Say lit-tle A-dolphe and

SOPRANO.

2. To the beer in the mugs, ta-tal!
   Say lit-tle A-dolphe and

CHO.

1. Ha, ha!
2. Ha, ha!

BASS.

1. Ha, ha!
2. Ha, ha!

Copyright, MCMLXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
I, To the little Café, Ta, ta! Say lit-tle A-dolphe and
I, To the milk in the jugs, Ta, ta! Say lit-tle A-dolphe and

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

ALB.

I, To min-gle with the gay and kick our heels, and
I, No long-er on the hop with cups and plates, but

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!
tinkle with the joy that right conceals, Oh, toodle-oo-dle-oo, we're flitting where the bright world jubilates, Oh, toodle-oo-dle-oo, we're off on wheels, My little Adolphe and I.
off on skates, My little Adolphe and I.
To-day to the little Café Adolphe and I will bid good-

- la! whoop! Ah!
- la! whoop! Ah!
- la! whoop! Ah!
- la! whoop! Ah!
stay, but a whoop-did-ay A-dolphe and I have got to try, and
Ah!
so we say o-hé! o-hé! you little Ca-fé, Good-day!
To A-
o-hé!
o-hé!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!
day to the little Café In spirits high They bid goodbye, They're
way to the giddy Abbaye In spirits high They mean to fly, Where

say to the little Café In spirits high They bid goodbye, They're
way to the giddy Abbaye In spirits high They mean to fly, Where

on their way, o-hé! o-hé! To revelry gay, Hooray, Hooray! They'd
ladies gay, o-hé! o-hé! Will never say nay, Hooray, Hooray! They'd

on their way, o-hé! o-hé! To revelry gay, Hooray, Hooray! They'd
ladies gay, o-hé! o-hé! Will never say nay, Hooray, Hooray! They'd

C 6541
Away to the giddy Abbey in spirits high They mean to fly, Where ladies gay, o - he! o - he! Will never say nay, Hoo - ray, Hoo - ray! They'd stay, but a whoop - did - dy - ay That splits the

Away to the giddy Abbey in spirits high They mean to fly, Where ladies gay, o - he! o - he! Will never say nay, Hoo - ray, Hoo - ray! They'd stay, but a whoop - did - dy - ay That splits the
They've got to try, And so they say, o-he! o-he! you
They've got to try, And so they say, o-he! o-he! you
They've got to try, And so they say, o-he! o-he! you

Little Café, Good day!
Little Café, Good day!
Little Café, Good day!
FINALE—ACT I.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

Words by C. M. S. M'LELIAN.

No. 5

Allegro moderato.

Perhaps you have talents to

Piano.

Perhaps your ambition will make you a great and illustrious

Yvonne.

take you to heights of exceptional fame,
name

I can't say what you'll become later, But

one thing I certainly know, You'll never become a good

waiter, So, take off your apron and go!

Go, Go, Go, where the world is waiting Don't wait while the world's waiting for you

C 0041
Here you're simply exasperating; Slow, dull, awkward is

all that you do; Go. Go. Go, where the world can use you,

Go where life sets the heart in a glow, Don't wait, I will at

once excuse you, Go, Go, take off your apron and go!
Go, Go, Go, where the world is waiting Don't wait, while the world's waiting for you,

Go, Go, Go, where the world is waiting Don't wait, while the world's waiting for you,

Go, Go, Go, where the world is waiting Don't wait, while the world's waiting for you,

Here you're simply exasperating, slow, dull, awkward in all that you do;

Here you're simply exasperating, slow, dull, awkward in all that you do;

Here you're simply exasperating, slow, dull, awkward in all that you do;

Here you're simply exasperating, slow, dull, awkward in all that you do;

C 6541
Go, Go, Go, where the world can use you, Go where life sets the heart in a glow,

Don't wait, I will at once ex-cuse you, Go! Go! take off your a-pron and go!
Until, M'mlles--you spoke, I was in doubt, What course to take I still was hesitating, But now I'll go, One moment, hear me out—
Till Nine-thirty-Two I'll go on

© 6541
ALB. WAITING! When I tell you to go do you mean that you'll stay? Till the

SOP. What! waiting?

TEN. What! waiting?

BASS. What! waiting?

Ninth day of June, twenty years from to-day! Twenty years from to-

Allegretto.

ALB. - day! When the clock strikes twelve on the Ninth day of June In
Nineteen-Thirty-Two! Like a bird I'm off for a big afternoon, and

Oh! what won't I do! But I've got to wait for a little while still, In

fact for twenty years, As a gay garçon I must linger here till that

Ninth of June appears. Oh, that lovely Ninth of June! That
i love-ly Ninth of June! The day that I fly will burst from my co-coon, Oh, the years will pass, it will seem very soon. And my good time come due, When the clock strikes twelve on the Ninth day of June, In nineteen-thirty.
When the clock strikes twelve on the Ninth day of June In

When the clock strikes twelve on the Ninth day of June In

When the clock strikes twelve on the Ninth day of June In

Nine-teen-Thir-ty -Two! Like a bird he's off for a big after-noon, and

Nine-teen-Thir-ty -Two! Like a bird he's off for a big after-noon, and

Nine-teen-Thir-ty -Two! Like a bird he's off for a big after-noon, and

C 6541
SOP
love-ly Ninth of June.
That love-ly Ninth of June!
The

TEN
love-ly Ninth of June.
That love-ly Ninth of June!
The

BASS
love-ly Ninth of June.
That love-ly Ninth of June!
The

day hell try Like a butterfly To burst from
day hell try Like a butterfly To burst from
day hell try Like a butterfly To burst from

cocoon, Oh, the years will pass, it will seem very soon, And
cocoon, Oh, the years will pass, it will seem very soon, And
cocoon, Oh, the years will pass, it will seem very soon, And
YVON:

simple...on you are, or something worse, you really should have nev...er

left your nurse. But since you have, and we must care for you,

YVON.

Be-gin to make your-self of use here, do!

(Albert)

Mes-sieurs, mes-sieurs, your or-ders, please! All drinks are
free! Choose an - y-thing your fan - cy sees! It's all on

(ALB.)

me!

Now what's your li - quid fire?

Bring me a bock, Al -

(VAUGHAN.)

(Al - bert!)

VAU.

SOP.

Bring me a bock, Al -

TEN.

Bring me a bock, Al - bert!

BASS.

Bring me a bock, Al - bert!
SOP:
- bert!

TEN:
Bring me a bock, Al - bert! Al - bert!

BASS:
bring me a bock, Al - bert!

SOP:
- bert!

TEN:
- bert!

BASS:
- bert!

SOP:

TEN:

BASS:

C. 0541
Orders! orders! What'll you take?

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Earlier! Earlier! Keep me awake.

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

C 6541
Bocks by the dozen, cool and fizzy, I've got a lot to spare.

Order 'em up, there, keep me busy!

Bring me a Bock, Albert! Albert! We'll

Oh, bring me a bock, Albert! Albert! Albert! We'll
linger a while today, you're beating the clock, Al-

bert! Albert! And we've got nothing to pay, We

think by the end of twenty years We'll make you a waiter rare, So.
SOP.

skip and hop and never stop, But hustle along un-

TEN.

skip and hop and never stop, But hustle along un-

BASS.

skip and hop and never stop, But hustle along un-

SOP.

-till you drop, And bring me a bock, Al-bert! Do-

TEN.

-till you drop, And bring me a bock, Al-bert! Do-

BASS.

-till you drop, And bring me a bock, Al-bert! Do-

SOP.

hustle a-long, Al-bert! And bring me a bock, Al-

TEN.

hustle a-long, Al-bert! And bring me a bock, Al-

BASS.

hustle a-long, Al-bert! And bring me a bock, Al-

C 6541
SOP.

Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert!

TEN.

Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert!

BASS.

Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert! Albert!

SOP.

Albert! Albert!

TEN.

Albert! Albert!

BASS.

Albert! Albert!

C 6541

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!

Bring me a bock, Albert!
No 6

Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
C.M.S. McLellan.

Music by
Ivan Caryll.

Piano.

Curtain

Copyright MCMXIII by Chappell & Co Ltd.
morrow we wear the ashes; From Tuesday fat to

morrow we wear the ashes; From Tuesday fat to

morrow we wear the ashes; From Tuesday fat to

morrow we wear the ashes; From Tuesday fat to

Wednesday lean An interval brief we measure. With dance and song and

Wednesday lean An interval brief we measure. With dance and song and

Wednesday lean An interval brief we measure. With dance and song and

Wednesday lean An interval brief we measure. With dance and song and

other keen expressions of youthful pleasure; From

other keen expressions of youthful pleasure; From

other keen expressions of youthful pleasure; From

other keen expressions of youthful pleasure; From

C 6841
Tuesday fat to Wednesday lean An interval brief we measure. With
dance and song and other keen expressions of youthful pleasure; To
sight we fill and raise the glass, Tomorrow it drops and smashes, To
how do you do, and here we are! Good evening to

you, it's Mardi Gras! We haven't been introduced to

you, but don't be too particular! We've
been to the Bal de l'Opèra, But when you go home don't tell mam-ma, Come on and we'll soon get used to you, For tral la! la! la! la! it's Mardi Gras!
how do you do, and here we are! Good evening to

how do you do, and here we are! Good evening to

SOP.

you, it's Mardi Gras! We haven't been introduced to

you it's Mardi Gras! We haven't been introduced to

TES.

you But don't be too particular! We've

you But don't be too particular! We've

BASS.
been to the Bal de l'Ope-ral! But when you go

home don't tell mam-ma, Come on and we'll soon get used to

you, For tral la! la! la! la! it's Mar-di Gras!
Moderato.  

EDMUND. 

SOP.  

The Queen of hearts is here!  Who is she?  

Ten.  

Ed.  

Well, you've  

dear!  Ga-by dear!  

BASS.  

Ga-by dear!
guess'd it rather near, And you'd see her now appear

Then the

Then the

Then the
gerise.

glass we raise again, To the usual refrain Gabby

glass we raise again, To the usual refrain Gabby

glass we raise again, To the usual refrain Gabby

C 6341
SOP.

dear! Ga-by dear! In champagne! In champagne!

TEN.

dear! Ga-by dear! In champagne! In champagne!

BASS.

dear! Ga-by dear! In champagne! In champagne!

Allegretto moderato.

BERENGERE.

Oh, hap-py is the la-dy who has se-ven-teen Ai-grettes, and

SÉR.

she's the most a-gree-a-ble of girls, Who owns a few chin-chil-la coats and
many sable sets, and hasn't got the time to count her pearls,

one can always wear the finest dress that's in the room, Then

one can always wear the brightest smile, For

certainly the mental state that's wholly free from gloom, Is
when you cost a lot and lead the style. So I smile, All the

Smile, smile!

Smile, smile!

Smile, smile!

while With a smile that's rather noted for its luster, As I

While, while!

While, while!

While, while!
BER.  
wear  In my hair,  This ex-ten-sive and ex-pen-sive fea-ther

SOP.  
Where, where?  Hair, hair!

TEN.  
Where, where?  Hair, hair!

BASS.  
Where, where?  Hair, hair!

BER.  
dust-er,  Take a glance,  As I dance  And you'll

SOP.  
Glance, glance!  Dance, dance!

TEN.  
Glance, glance!  Dance, dance!

BASS.  
Glance, glance!  Dance, dance!

C 95-1
see at once why I am never tearful For I've got, quite a

Got, got.

Got, got.

Got, got.

lot, Of the little things that keep a lady cheerful!

Lot, lot!

Lot, let!

Lot lot!
SOP.

Allegro moderato.

Oh, how do you

doo, and here we are! Good evening to you, it's Mardi Gras!

TEN.

Oh, how do you

doo, and here we are! Good evening to you, it's Mardi Gras!

BASS.

Oh, how do you

doo, and here we are! Good evening to you, it's Mardi Gras!

We have't been introduced to you, But don't be

We have't been introduced to you, But don't be

We have't been introduced to you, But don't be


C6541
SONG.—Katziolinka (and CHORUS.)

"DO YOU CALL THAT DANCING?"

Words by
C.M.S. McNELLAN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato. (DIALOGUE.)

Piano.

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
call that dancing?  What you do every night Two by
call that dancing?  Guess again, It is not, That's a
two? It's a sight that would make the people laugh in Hungary; Do you
pain you have got, We should know it was a pain in Hungary; If you

smile

make the people snore in Hungary, I believe you're dying! As you
give you castor-oil in Hungary; It's because you're bilious That you

C 6541
KAT.

squeak you've a look Like a worm on a hook, Like a feeble lit-tle worm in
crawl like a fly on a wall, That is why, You should go and learn to dance in

KAT.

Hung-a-ry; I am sure you're dy-ing! That's the way we be-have On the
Hung-a-ry; I can tell you're bili-ous, You're as gay as a shrimp Yes, the

KAT.

day That the grave is a-wait-ing our ap-proach is Hung-a-ry, Come a-
way That you limp Is pre-cise-ly like a shrimp in Hung-a-ry, Come a-

KAT.

-long, Come a-long, get a-wake with me! Let your hearts and your hands and your
-long, Come a-long, get a-wake with me! Let your hearts and your hands and your
limbs go free! Ho-la! Ho-la! Come a-long, come a-long, get a-

-wake with me!
-wake with me!

ends with a great big crash! Rise up and ex-tend your wings, Don't
dance in the o-p en air, And not like a tip-sy hen, And

prowl like a sick A-pache! Rise up on your toes and crow! Rise
not like a griz-ly bear; I'll play you a tune that whirls, And
up on your toes and dance, Ho-la! Will you let it
swirls like a leaping flame, Ho-la! It's a tune for

-wake with me, Let your hearts and your hands and your limbs go free! And
-wake with me, Let your hearts and your hands and your limbs go free! And

dance! and prance! As they dance and prance in
dance! and prance! As they dance and prance in
Hungary!

Hungary!

Yes! play us a tune that swings, And ends with a great big

Yes! play us a tune for men To dance in the open

Yes! play us a tune that swings, And ends with a great big

Yes! play us a tune for men To dance in the open

crash! And then we'll extend our wings, Not prowl like a sick Apache! We'll

air, And not like a tipsy hen, And not like a grizzly bear, Oh,

crash! And then we'll extend our wings, Not prowl like a sick Apache! We'll

air, And not like a tipsy hen, And not like a grizzly bear, Oh,

crash! And then we'll extend our wings, Not prowl like a sick Apache! We'll

air, And not like a tipsy hen, And not like a grizzly bear, Oh,
Hungary!

2. If you Hungary!
Come a-long, come a-long, get awake with me! Let your
hearts and your hands And your limbs go free! And dance! and prance! As they
hearts and your hands And your limbs go free! And dance! and prance! As they
hearts and your hands And your limbs go free! And dance! and prance! As they
hearts and your hands And your limbs go free! And dance! and prance! As they

rail.

dance and prance in Hung-a-ry!

dance and prance in Hung-a-ry!

dance and prance in Hung-a-ry!

dance and prance in Hung-a-ry!

C 6541
SONG.—(Albert) & CHORUS.

"SERVE THE CAVIAR"

Words by C. M. S. McLellan.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Allegro moderato.

Albert.

Piano.

1. My friend the Czar and Ga-by De-lys, and got a yacht, three au-to-mo-biles, a

ALB. ev-e-ry swell like that, They al-ways start an eve-ning meal with sta-ble of ra-cers, too, But they don't stand me much com-pared with

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
Unless you do you instantly cease to
My wealth took wings in various deals but

With Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;

be an aristocrat,
You must begin your evening meal with
never precisely flew,
Till all the friends who supped with me took

C5541
To prove myself a perfect nut, with caviar;
I plunged at first on plover's eggs and

With Russian caviar;
Took Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;
Took Russian caviar;

With Russian caviar;
Took Russian caviar;

half a dozen banks. And make the Paris waiters know my name,
I had them serv'd like beans. Which as a reckless sport, gave me a name,

I always ordered caviar each night at seven francs. And
not till I bought caviar did I know what it means. To
saw when I approach they all exclaim; Oh!
hear a famous Maître d'Hotel exclaim; Oh!

REFRAIN.

here comes the Count de Lorifian, Put! Put! His
here comes the Count de Lorifian, Put! Put! A

table is the first one over there! Call
client of the very highest rank! His

SOP.

Put! Put!

TEN.

Put! Put!

BASS.

Put! Put!
all the waiters up, For the Count intends to sip, And he party numbers four six or eight and sometimes more, Of the

orders like a New York Millionaire; The best for the Count de Lori-kind that make a dent upon a bank; The best for the Count de Lori-

flam! Flam! Flam! His lady friends are most particular! Bring.

flam! Flam! Flam! At easy breezy buying he's a star! Let

Pat! Pat! Pat! Pat! Pat!

Pat! Pat!
ALB.

cushions for their backs, See that Madam no thing lacks and Psst! Psst! Serve the ca-vi-

SOP.

-o- ther peo- ple wait, Group the glass-es round his plate and Psst! Psst! Serve the ca-vi-

TEN.


BASS.

cresc.
cresc.

ALB.

-arl! The ca-vi-arl!
-arl! The ca-vi-arl!

SOP.

Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! His
Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! A

TEN.

Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! His
Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! A

BASS.

Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! His
Oh! here comes the Count de Lo- ri-flan! Psst! Psst! A

C 6541
SOP.

*Table is the first one over there!* Call all the wait-ers up, For the cli-ent of the ve-ry high-est rank! His par-ty num-bers four Six or

TEN.

*Table is the first one over there!* Call all the wait-ers up, For the cli-ent of the ve-ry high-est rank! His par-ty num-bers four Six or

BASS.

*Table is the first one over there!* Call all the wait-ers up, For the cli-ent of the ve-ry high-est rank! His par-ty num-bers four Six or

SOP.

Count in-tends to sup, And he or-ders like a New York mil-lion-aire; The eight, and some-times more, Of the kind that make a de-st up-on a bank. The

TEN.

Count in-tends to sup, And he or-ders like a New York mil-lion-aire; The eight, and some-times more, Of the kind that make a de-st up-on a bank. The

BASS.

Count in-tends to sup, And he or-ders like a New York mil-lion-aire; The eight, and some-times more, Of the kind that make a de-st up-on a bank. The
best for the Count de Lori-fian! Pet! Pet! His lady friends are most par-ti-u-
best for the Count de Lori-fian! Pet! Pet! At ea-sy breez-y buy-ing he's a

best for the Count de Lori-fian! Pet! Pet! His lady friends are most par-ti-u-
best for the Count de Lori-fian! Pet! Pet! At ea-sy breez-y buy-ing he's a

-sarf Bring cush-ions for their backs See that Ma-dame no-thing lacks, And
star, Let o-th-er peo-ple wait, Group the glass-es round his plate, And

-sarf Bring cush-ions for their backs See that Ma-dame no-thing lacks, And
star, Let o-th-er peo-ple wait, Group the glass-es round his plate, And

-sarf Bring cush-ions for their backs See that Ma-dame no-thing lacks, And
star, Let o-th-er peo-ple wait, Group the glass-es round his plate, And
Pat! Pat! Serve the caviar! The caviar!
Pat! Pat! Serve the caviar! The caviar!
Pat! Pat! Serve the caviar! The caviar!
Pat! Pat! Serve the caviar! The caviar!

2. I've
A. CHORUS.

B. SONG (Yvonne) & CHORUS.

"THIS GAY PARIS."

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by
IVAN GARYLL.

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
There never has been In Paris a queen like

this little queen of today, Again and again We've had them from Spain, From Holland and Greece and Norway, But

this little queen of today, Again and again We've had them from Spain, From Holland and Greece and Norway, But

this little queen of today, Again and again We've had them from Spain, From Holland and Greece and Norway, But
they were a kind So ve-ry re-fined you could-n't go near them at
all! While here is a ques  So jol-ly and keen She
sups with us after the ball Of queens we have seen This
nice little queen is much the best queen of them all!

No. 9b

Listesso tempo

My dear, it's rumoured

round the town that nothing good is missed, When girls go out with me,
MAX.

You've seen it all, so kindly murmur to the journalist. Your

YVONNE.

views of gay Paris! Ah! no! They'd shock the

YVONNE.

journalist, and all these people here, Most scandalized would be, Most

YVONNE.

scandalized would be, Besides, I haven't time tonight! It would take me quite a year!

C 6541
Mm! Mm! Oh! This gay Paree!

1. I thought I knew a little of the
2. A pale young man was rushing to the

world this morning. But oh! what I've been through. Since ringing as the
railway station. He cried! 'Since life began. I've seen a lot of

day was dawning. You know has proved to me. I didn't know a
dissipation. But I'd soon buried be. Did I not cut a
thing about it, Oh dear! This gay Pa-ree you'd bet-ter try to
way and far go, Out West, From gay Pa-ree I'm get-ting back to
do with out it, That's clear! You'd bet-ter stay at home with
old Chi-ca-go, To rest! You get a lit-tle rest there one day-
sis-ter and bro-ther, You'd bet-ter set-tle down in Lon-don-
short nap on Sun-day, The doc-tor says if I don't go there, I'll

Allegro moderato.

some place or oth-er! Mm! Mm! Mm! Mm! This gay Pa-ree! Don't ask me
drop dead next Mon-day! Mm! Mm! Mm! Mm! This gay Pa-ree! If you are
ques-tions! Co-nn-drams! And don't ex-pect sug-ges-tions, For, be-lieve me all the
health-y, And stealth-y, And world-ly-wise and wealth-y, If you've got a
word, a
language I could find Would not de-scribe the pan-ic of my mind
bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to go and look for fun;
Mm! Mm! The things you see! Each girl that passes you're
Mm! Mm! It's done for me! I need the best cure I'm
a-ble To see with-out your glasses, And the men! Well,
tak-ing Chi-ca-go as a rest cure, If the ship goes
C 6541
there now, all you'll hear from me is sim - ply, Mm! Mm! This guy Pa-
down, Well, all you'll hear from me is sim - ply, Mm! Mm! That guy Pa-

ree l! ree l!

Mm! Mm! This guy Pa - ree l
Mm! Mm! This guy Pa - ree l
Mm! Mm! This guy Pa - ree l
Mm! Mm! This guy Pa - ree l

Don't ask me ques - tions! Co - mun - drums! And don't ex -pect sug - ges - tions, For, be -
If you are health - y, And stealth - y, And world - ly - wise and wealth - y, If you've

Don't ask me ques - tions! Co - mun - drums! And don't ex -pect sug - ges - tions, For, be -
If you are health - y, And stealth - y, And world - ly - wise and wealth - y, If you've

Don't ask me ques - tions! Co - mun - drums! And don't ex -pect sug - ges - tions, For, be -
If you are health - y, And stealth - y, And world - ly - wise and wealth - y, If you've
SOP.

- li-eve me all the language I could find would not de-scribe the
got a sword, and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to

TEN.

- li-eve me all the language I could find would not de-scribe the
got a sword, and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to

BASS.

- li-eve me all the language I could find would not de-scribe the
got a sword, and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to

SOP.

pa-nic of my mind; Mm! Mm! The things you
Mm! Mm! It's done for

TEN.

pa-nic of my mind; Mm! Mm! The things you
go and look for fun; Mm! Mm! It's done for

BASS.

pa-nic of my mind; Mm! Mm! The things you
go and look for fun; Mm! Mm! It's done for
see! Each girl that passes you're able To see without your me! I need the best cure, I'm taking Chi-ca-go as a see! Each girl that passes you're able To see without your me! I need the best cure, I'm taking Chi-ca-go as a

glasses, And the men! Well! there, now, all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply rest cure, If the ship goes down, well all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply glass-es, And the men! Well! there, now, all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply rest cure, If the ship goes down, well all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply glass-es, And the men! Well! there, now, all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply rest cure, If the ship goes down, well all you'll hear from me, Is sim- ply
It's done for me! I need the best cure, I'm taking Chi -
OCTET.
(Yvonne, Gaby, Loulou, Albert, Prince Max, Adolphe, Baron Tombola, & Colonel Klink.)

"THE MIDNIGHT BUTTERFLY."

Words by
C. M. S. LEILLAN.

Music by
IVAN GARYLL.

Yvonne.
Moderato.

Piano.

1. I've a wish to utter, I want to be a butterfly,
2. When the birds are in the nest, when the good folk go to rest,
YVON.

But the sort of butterfly, that chooses right to flutter by,
That's the time, I fear, this butterfly is apt to like the best,

BARON TOMBOLA.

That's the kind that's not so rare One can find them every where,
When my genial midnight host Orders wine and quail on toast,

But to make a strong collection one should be a millionaire;
That I really grieve to say's the time that interests me most;

GABY.

Watch the midnight taxis race To the favorite meeting place
When the bands begin to play And the world is on its way
"GABY.

Of the butterflies that sail on wings of satin, silk and lace,
To the place where I am singing, then I'm gay, I blush to say,

"COLONEL KLING.

Too-ty too-ty, goes the horn, To the wakeful ear it's borne,
When a taxi stops for us, Any time from twelve to three,

"COLL.K.

From the time the theatres close until the grey and chill'y morn,
And I join the gay procession, then, Oh shame, I'm filled with glee.

"ALL.

Too-ty too-ty too! too! too! too! Too-ty too-ty too! Where fairy
Too-ty too-ty too! too! too! too! Too-ty too-ty too! Where crystal
lights are softly burning, Where the rarest
mirrors brightly gleaming, Multiply the

roses scent the air, Again tonight the
faces fresh and fair, Where violins are

world is turning, Eagerly to seek those gardens
always dreaming, All the taxis are, I have found

fair, With motor cars the streets are teeming,
there, In one direction they are racing,
ALL.
Sci - en - ti - fic men are flash - ing by,
And the fact is clear, as they flash by,

GABY.
En - to mo - lo - gists are out to hunt The Mid-night But - ter -
Na-ture lov - ers have come out to hunt The Mid-night But - ter -

GABY.
-fly! Where fai - ry lights are soft - ly burn - ing, Where the nar - est
-fly! Where crys-tal mir - rors bright - ly gleam - ing, Mul - ti - ply the

ALL.
ros - ses scent the air... A - gain to - night the world is
fa - ces fresh and fair... Where vi - o - lins are al - ways
ALL.

turning, eagerly to seek those gardens fair.
With motor

dreaming, all the taxis are, I fear, bound there.
In one dir-

cars the streets are teeming, scientific men are flashing
recognition they are racing, and the fact is clear, as they flash

ALL.

by, entomologists are out to hunt the
by, nature lovers have come out to hunt the

ALL.

Midnight butterfly!
Midnight butterfly!
Dance.
Thy Mouth is a Rose.

SONG. (Gaby and Chorus.)

Words by C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

1. Thy mouth is a rose in May
   Awaiting a perfect noon,
The kiss when it comes should sting
   My lips like an angry bee,

2. Thy noon of a perfect day,
The day of a perfect June,
   Yet would the rain but bring
   The sweetest of joys to me.

Copyright 1913 by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
All rights reserved.

C 6541
waiting a warm caress, It's glory to then disclose, And
ardor I can't conceal, I long to be only thine, Oh

oh! that I might possess the glory of such a rose!
be a bad bee and steal the honey that may be mine! 

REFRAIN. After 1st Verse.

Rose Rose Like a rose waking is thy sweet mouth...

Rose Rose Filled with the love of the sunlit south...

C 6541
All the sweets of a garden thy lips en-close Yes, en-
close Like the leaves of a wonderful rose!

Rose Rose Like a rose waking is thy sweet mouth

C 6541
Rose, Rose... Filled with the love of the sun-lit south.

All the sweets of a garden thy lips en-close Yes, en-

close Like the leaves of a wonderful rose!

Wonderful rose!
REFRAIN. After 2nd Verse.

Bee— Bee— giver of kisses that scorch and burn— Bee— Bee—

Here am I waiting to take my turn! All the best of my honey I've saved for thee,

saved for thee Sting, oh sting me thou wonderful Bee!

SOPRANO.

Bee— Bee— giver of kisses that scorch and burn—

BASS. Bee— Bee— giver of kisses that scorch and burn—
Bee, Bee, here am I waiting to take my turn.

All the best of my honey, I've saved for thee, saved for thee.

Sting, oh! sting, me thou wondrous, wondrous Bee.

Wonderful,
FINALE - ACT II.

Words by
C.M.S. MCELLAN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Now which of the three of the

ladies we see is the lady possessing your heart!

Have

Copyright, MCXIII, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
you unto each, like the third of a peach that is large, only given a

If that is the case, I will say to your face, that I
KATZ: If it's a fact then my very next act will consist of uprooting your hair.

Look out for your beautiful hair,

Un-bert!

KATZ: Look out for your beautiful hair,

Un-bert!
KATZIOLINKA.

TEN.

trou-bles you've more than your share,
You're deep in a tragic af-

SOP.

Al- bert!

TEN.

Al- bert!

BASS.

Al- bert!

GABY.

TATZ.

-fair,
Three ladies at once are a scare.

SOP.

Be-ware!

Ten.

Be-ware!

JASS.

Be-ware!

mon cher!
Look

mon cher!
Look

mon cher!
Look

C 6541
out for your beautiful hair, Albert! Look

Allegro moderato.

out for your beautiful hair, Albert!}

ALBERT.

One moment
please, for I intend to turn As worms will do when

they forget their shyness I find that I with sudden fury

burn To knock the napper off His Royal Highness!

BARTON TOMBOLA.

Which prove to us the lady you prefer
this fair queen who's won the Prince's favour
Your seconds will with

Col'nel Klink confer,
For as a swordsman you must show your

flavour!
Your flavour! yes, as a swordsman you must show your flavour!
Your flavour! yes, as a swordsman you must show your flavour!
Your flavour! yes, as a swordsman you must show your flavour!
Allegretto.

ALBERT.

I'll fight him to-morrow with-

COL. K.

out for-ther par-ley! Three-thir-ty p. m. at the Château at Mar-ly

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Moderato.

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!

Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!
rah! for the Count de Loriflan! Flan! Flan! The

raha! for the Count de Loriflan! Flan! Flan! The

lahy's pet and hero of the night! Go

lahy's pet and hero of the night! Go

Tell the chef to cook all the dishes in the book, For he's

tell the chef to cook all the dishes in the book, For he's

tell the chef to cook all the dishes in the book, For he's

tell the chef to cook all the dishes in the book, For he's
SOP.  

got to go in training for a fight!  

TEN.  
got to go in training for a fight!  

BASS.  
got to go in training for a fight!  

SOP.  

best for the Count de Loriflan! Flan! Flan! Get  

TEN.  

best for the Count de Loriflan! Flan! Flan! Get  

BASS.  

best for the Count de Loriflan! Flan! Flan! Get  

SOP.  

busy in the kitchen and the bar,  

TEN.  

busy in the kitchen and the bar,  

BASS.  

busy in the kitchen and the bar,  

C #541
SOPH.  
make the wait-ers hop, set the mag-nums on the pop, And

TEN.  
make the wait-ers hop, set the mag-nums on the pop, And

BASS.  
make the wait-ers hop, set the mag-nums on the pop, And

SOPH.  
quick! quick! Serve the ca-vi-ar! The ca-vi-ar!

TEN.  
quick! quick! serve the ca-vi-ar! The ca-vi-ar!

BASS.  
quick! quick! Serve the ca-vi-ar! The ca-vi-ar!

C6541
'Skuse me please, I've got a word to say; Skuse me please, you've got to keep away!

Oh! tell us what you mean to do, you lady most emphatic,

Oh! tell us what you mean to do, you lady most emphatic,

Oh! tell us what you mean to do, you lady most emphatic,

mean to take revenge upon my lover acrobatic,
BIGREDON.

'Skase me, please it's time for me to speak!''Skase me, please, go off and stay a week!'

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

KATZJOLINKA.

I do, and when I do it, I shall

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

lady looks as if she meant her audience to stagger

lady looks as if she meant her audience to stagger

lady looks as if she meant her audience to stagger
KAT.  

do it with a dag-ger!  

A dag-ger! I knew she had a dag-ger!

SOP.  

A dag-ger!

A

TEN.  

A dag-ger!

A

BASS.  

A dag-ger!

A

KATZIOLINNA.

A dag-ger!

cresc.

dag-ger! Great Scott! she's got a dag-ger! A

cresc.

dag-ger! Great Scott! she's got a dag-ger! A

cresc.

dag-ger! Great Scott! she's got a dag-ger! A

cresc.

C 6541
Moderato.

KAT. And now you're on the list, you are!

SOP. dagger!

TEN. dagger!

BASS. dagger!

Moderato.

KAT. My victim I insist you are!

SOP. list, you are!

TEN. list, you are!

BASS. list, you are!
Too late a struggle now to make, your

sist you are!

sist you are!

sist you are!

life's the thing I've got to take, come on, my lad you're destined to be

C 6541
KAT.  Oh, dash! and oh, drat it, and rot it! The dagger! I
SOP.  Well!
TEN.  Well!
BASS.  Well!

KAT.  have-n't got it! I have-n't got it!
SOP.  For-
TEN.  For-
BASS.  For-

C 6541
SOP.  - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it! For-

TEN.  - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it! For-

BASS. - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it! For-

SOP.  - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it!

TEN.  - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it!

BASS. - got it, Ha, ha! For-got it, Ha, ha! When need-ed she went and for-got it!

GABY.  Meno mosso.

Well,
Moderato.

being much smarter, I don't wear a garter in which I could possibly

carry a knife, so you may look pleasant I make you a present of

what now remains of your dear little life; it seems that tomorrow to

somebody's sorrow you're due to cross swords with this dueling prince, he
killed I remember Two men in September And something like ten or a
doz-en more since, So, Ta! to you, Ta ta! to you, Al- bert! It's time to
part! And though I smile, and smile, and smile, I hope you'll think that
all the while, It's with a sad, sad heart, I say, Ta ta! to you! Ta
tal to you, Al bert! Ta ta to you!

Ta! to you, Ta ta! to you, She says it's time to part! And

Ta! to you, Ta ta! to you, She says it's time to part! And

Ta! to you, Ta ta! to you, She says it's time to part! And
though she wears a steady smile, She hopes you'll think that
cresc.

all the while, It's with a sad, sad heart she says Ta
cresc.

ta! to you! So Ta! to you! Al-bert! Ta ta! to

ta! to you! So Ta! to you! Al-bert! Ta ta! to
These gentle ladies both have had their 
you!
you!
you!

ALB.  

say,  
And now the final word is left to 

YVONNE.

you—well then—what will it be?  
The
only thing I've said the live-long day The only thing I'll
say to-morrow, too, Mm! Mm! Oh! this gay Pa-

Allegro moderato.

Reel! Mm! Mm! This gay Pa-reel.

Allegro moderato.

When once you're start-ed They tell me you must be tri-ple heart-ed, For if
in one heart your love you try to squeeze in gay Purée you'll

die of heart disease. Mm! Mm! I quite a-

agree! But hearts for girls are not nearly such useful things as

pearls are. Send your heart, my dear, to the bottom of the sea. And then it's

C 6541
Gaby

Ma! Ma! This guy Paree!

Soprano

Ha! Ha! This guy Paree! If you are healthy, And

Tenor

Ha! Ha! This guy Paree! If you are healthy, And

Bass

Ha! Ha! This guy Paree! If you are healthy, And

Soprano

healthy, and worldly wise and wealthy, If you've got a

Tenor

healthy, and worldly wise and wealthy, If you've got a

Bass

healthy, and worldly wise and wealthy, If you've got a
SOP
sword and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to go and look for

TEN
sword and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to go and look for

BASS
sword and a bull-dog and a gun Then it's the place to go and look for

SOP
fun; Ha! Ha! at two or three, If you're a

TEN
fun; Ha! Ha! at two or three, If you're a

BASS
fun; Ha! Ha! at two or three, If you're a
far-mer from Dix-ie. Put on a suit of ar-mour, Lock your wife in
bed and throw a-way the key, and then it's Ha! Ha! This gay Pa-
SOP: Reel! This gay Paree! This gay Paree! This gay Paree!
TEN: Reel! This gay Paree! This gay Paree! This gay Paree!
BASS: Reel! This gay Paree! This gay Paree! This gay Paree!

Curtain

ff a tempo

End of Act II.
Act III.

No. 13

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Copyright, MCMXII, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
From the sky he falls like a shooting star,

Whoo-oo, see him come! It's the Prince who flies in the winning car, Whoo-oo, hear it hum! Now a
big long plunge and he whirls right round, Whoo - oo, what a 

big long plunge and he whirls right round, Whoo - oo, what a 

big long plunge and he whirls right round, Whoo - oo, what a 

whizs! Now the mo - tor stops and he planes to ground.

whizs! Now the mo - tor stops and he planes to ground.

whizs! Now the mo - tor stops and he planes to ground. 

Hip, hur-rah! here he is!

Hip, hur-rah! here he is!

Hip, hur-rah! here he is!
Hip, hur-rah! here he is!

Allegro moderato.

Are the cameras all in place? Give the

They are! Give the
camer- as all the space; For the Prince is it In his fly- ing kit. So
don't from the cam- era- s hide his face. Are the cam- era- s point- ing straight? Let the
camer- as then vi- brate For the Prince must race In a stee- ple- chase. So

C 6541
BABON TOMBOLA.

SOP.  
ad tempo

don't let the cam-er-as be too late!

TEN.  
ad tempo

don't let the cam-er-as be too late!

BASS.  
ad tempo

don't let the cam-er-as be too late!

Moderato.

Bar. T.  
when he's won the stee-ple-chase I should re-mark in so-lo His

Colonel Klink.

Bar. T.  
Royal High-ness then will change And play a game of po-lo On

Col. K.  
top of which to add un-to the fete a Lit-tle fu-el With
Col.K.

Count de Loriflan at half-past three he'll fight his

Allegro moderato.

du-el.

With Count de Loriflan at half-past three he'll fight his

With Count de Loriflan at half-past three he'll fight his'

Allegro moderato.

Are the camer- as all in place? Give the
du-el.

They are! Give the
du-el.

They are! Give the
Meno mosso.

don't let the cam-er-as be too late!

Meno mosso.

TRE Sourdeme

don't let the cam-er-as be too late!

BARON TOMBOLA.

The Beau-ty con-test next. Please cast your votes!

No, the term de-

What votes for wo-men?

What votes for wo-men?

Piu mosso.

notes a vote for one fair wo-man, the fair-est here to-day. Which one you
Ga-ga, or Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or

Ga-ga, or Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or

Ga-ga, or Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or

BARON TOMBOLA.

Ev-ry
dew-y Du-du, Is it Da-da or Di-di who pleases you?
dew-y Du-du, Is it Da-da or Di-di who pleases you?
dew-y Du-du, Is it Da-da or Di-di who pleases you?

one of them has perfect features, And the lot of them are love-ly crea-tures, your
best judgment use between them to choose, As the pretty ladies pass before you, if the vision doesn't simply floor you, Their graces please note and then cast your vote.

Is it Lola, or Fifi, or beautiful Claire, Is it Lola, or Fifi, or beautiful Claire, Is it Lola, or Fifi, or beautiful Claire, Is it

C 6541
Cor a or, Mi mi, you say is most fair Is it Na za, or Ni ni, or

dain ty Zou zou, Is it Za za, or Zi zi whose beauty is

dain ty Zou zou, Is it Za za, or Zi zi whose beauty is

dain ty Zou zou, Is it Za za, or Zi zi whose beauty is

true. Is it Ba ba, or Bi bi, or sweet Se ra phine, Is it Ga ga or

ture. Is it Ba ba, or Bi bi, or sweet Se ra phine, Is it Ga ga or

ture. Is it Ba ba, or Bi bi, or sweet Se ra phine, Is it Ga ga or
Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or
Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or
Ki-ki, who's most like a queen, Is it Lo-la, or Li-li, or

dew-y Du-du, Is it Da-da, or Bi-di, who most pleas-es you?
dew-y Du-du, Is it Sa-da, or Bi-di who most pleas-es you?
dew-y Du-du, Is it Da-da, or Bi-di who most pleas-es you?

Allegro moderato.

Are the
cam-er-as all in place? Give the cam-er-as all the space, For the

They are! Give the cam-er-as all the space, For the

They are! Give the cam-er-as all the space, For the

world can't sleep Till it gets a peep, So don't let the cam-er-as

world can't sleep Till it gets a peep, So don't let the cam-er-as

world can't sleep Till it gets a peep, So don't let the cam-er-as

miss a face Are the cam-er-as point-ing straight? Let the

They are! Let the

They are! Let the

C 6541
Just Because It's You

Valse Song (Gaby and Chorus.)

Words by
C. M. S. MCLELLAN

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Tempo di Valse Moderato

PIANO

GABY

Why should I, whom you treat with disdain,
In a world where the youth are so fair,
Love you still, though my love is but pain,
Where there's love to be found everywhere,

If to love you is torture and woe,
Why must I to it all be so blind,
Why do

Copyright 1913 by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
All rights reserved.
answer is simple and true,
Because it's
cause love could never be true,
Except with
you! Just because it's you that's why I
you! Just because it's you that's why my
love you so! Just because it's
heart beats strong! Just because it's
you I can't forget you, no!
you That's why for love I long!
Just because it's you
Through all my life I'll

Just because it's you
Life would be like a

good Loving you, just because it's
song Lived with you, just because it's

you! You!

Though you pass me
If you pass me

by, though you are lost to view,
by, then life and love pass too,
Though you're never nigh, constant I'll be and
'Neath a sunless sky hope will elude my

true, though our lives are spent apart,
view, dark as night will be my days

I shall keep you in my heart, for, love you I
If we go our different ways, for, love you I

must, simply because it's you!

C. 6541
CHORUS
SOPRANO

Just because it's you that's why my heart

TENOR

Just because it's you that's why my heart

BASS

beats strong!

Just because it's

beats strong!

Just because it's

you that's why for love I long!

you that's why for love I long!

C. 6541
Just because it's you, life would be like

Just because it's you, life would be like

a song Lived with you, just be-

a song Lived with you, just be-

cause it's you!

cause it's you!
If you pass me by, then life and love
pass too, 'Neath a sunless sky
Hope will elude my view.
Dark as night will be my days
If we go our different ways,
For, love you I

must, simply because it's you!

C. 6541
No 15

SONG—(Albert) & CHORUS.
"THEY FOUND ME."

Words by
C. M. S. McLELLAN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Moderato

ALBERT.

1. When I started as a youth
Well, I

2. There are more than ten per cent Act-

ALB. didn't have a face like Apollo has,

Soprano.

And to

You must

TENOR.

1. Like Apollo has;

BASS.

2. Than of men there are;

1. Like Apollo has;

2. Than of men there are;

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
tell the simple truth I was lacking in the grace that a swallow has,
be a lively gent to escape them, for a rare busy ten they are,

That a Busy

In engagements of the heart 'twas predicted I would be never
You may have the facial gear of a poiseless golliwog, yet they'll

swallow has; ten they are;

C ü5A!
overlooked
call you pet,

And that Cupid with his dart wouldn't

SOP.

Never overlooked
Yet they'll call you pet;

TEN.

Never overlooked
Yet they'll call you pet;

BASS.

Never overlooked
Yet they'll call you pet;

ALB.

take a shot to me, I'd be overlooked,
lose them in a fog, you will lose your bet,

Of a

SOP.

He'd be overlooked.
You will lose your bet.

TEN.

He'd be overlooked.
You will lose your bet.

BASS.

He'd be overlooked.
You will lose your bet.
REFRAIN.

Ro- me- o I did- n't have the cut-
me, you would- n't crack me for a nut-

But! They
But! They

(pizz.)

a tempo

found me- the la- dies found me-
While search- ing through the town-

Right
Right

found me- the la- dies found me-
When they went out to look-

a tempo

round me They gathered round me. And looked me up and down, "We've
round me They gathered round me. And one good long look took-

"He's

Cresc.

got one" They said "We've got one- A blue-eyed, ea- sy kid-
aw- ful" They said "He's aw- ful- That fact can- not be hid-

His
He
blue eyed, easy kid-
fact cannot be hid-
blue eyed, easy kid-
fact cannot be hid-

His beauty is - n't true, But
His beauty is - n't true, But
He surely spoils the view, But
He surely spoils the view, But

we will make him do - And we should say he did!
we will make him do - And we should say he did!
he will have to do - And we should say he did!
he will have to do - And we should say he did!

DANCE.
Finale Act III.

Words by C.M.S. McLELLAN.
Music by IVAN CARYLL.

TUTTI.

Oh! here comes the Count de Lori-

flan, Pat! Pat! His ta-

ble is the first one o-

ver there Pat! Pat! Call all the wait-
ers up, For the Count in-tends to sup, And he or-ders like a New York mil-

lionaire;

The

Copyright 1913 by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
best for the Count de Lori fran! Pst! Pst! His

lady friends are most particular! Pst! Pst! Bring

cushions for their backs, See that Madame nothing lacks and

Pst! Pst! Serve the caviar, The caviar!
Mm!  Mm!  This gay Pa - ree!  Don't ask me ques-tions!  Co-

mands!  And don't ex-pect sug-ges-tions, For, be - lieve me all the

lan-guage I could find would not de-scribe the pan - ic of my mind.

Mm!  Mm!  The things you see!  Each girl that passes you're
able to see without your glasses, And the men! Well! there, now,

all you'll hear from me, Is simply Mn! Mn! This gay Pa-reel!

Tempo di Valse non troppo. Just because it's you that's why I love

you so! Just because it's you I can't for-
get you; No! Just because it's you

Throughout my life I'll go Loving you, just be

cause it's you! Though you

pass me by, though you are lost to view,
Though you're never nigh, constant I'll be and true,

SOPRANI

Though our lives are spent apart, I shall keep you in my heart,

TENORI

Though our lives are spent apart, I shall keep you in my heart,

BASSI

Though our lives are spent apart, I shall keep you in my heart,

For, love you I must, simply because it's you!