THE ORCHID.

A Musical Play

IN TWO ACTS

BY

JAMES T. TANNER.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS AND PERCY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

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THE ORCHID.

CHARACTERS.

The Hon. Violet Anstruther (Principal Pupil at the Horticultural College) ... Miss Gertie Millar.
Caroline Twining (of a matrimonial turn) ... ... ... ... Miss Connie Ediss.
Zelie Rumbert (an Adventuress) ... ... ... ... Miss Hilda Jacobsen.
Thurie Private Secretary to Mr. Chesterton) ... ... ... ... Miss Gabrielle Rav.
Countess Anstruther (Violet’s Mother) ... ... ... ... Miss Phyllis Blair.
Billy Dr. Fausset’s Buttons) ... ... ... ... Miss Lydia West.
Lady Warden (of the Horticultural College) ... ... ... ... Miss Gertrude Aylward.
Joséphine Zaccary (Pupil Teacher at the Horticultural College) ... ... Miss Ethel Sadney.

The Hon. Guy Scramble (Mr. Chesterton’s Nephew) ... ... ... ... Mr. Geo. Grossmith, Jun.
Dr. Ronald Fausset (a Country Practitioner) ... ... ... ... Mr. Lionel Mackinder.
Mr. Aubrey Chesterton (Minister of Commerce) ... ... ... ... Mr. Harry Grattan.
Comte Raoul de Cassignat (of the Quai d’Orsay) ... ... ... ... Mr. Robert Namby.
Zaccary (a Professional Orchid Hunter) ... ... ... ... Mr. Fred Wright, Jun.
M. Frontenas ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. George Gregory.
M. Merignac (Comte Raoul de Cassignat’s Second) ... ... ... ... Mr. Charles Brown.
Registrar ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Arthur Hatherton.
Master of Ceremonies ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Will Bishop.
M. D’Avville (French Minister of State) ... ... ... ... Mr. H. Lewis.
Meakin Gardener at the Horticultural College) ... ... ... ... Mr. Edmund Payne.

Débutantes—Misses Kitty Mason, Blanche Carlow, Doris Beresford, Olive May, Daisy Holly, Florence Warde.

Visitors and Pupils—Misses Daisy Denvil, Winifred Carruthers, Marguerite Gray, Winifred Larter, Doris Dewar.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.—The Countess of Barwick’s Horticultural College.
ACT II.—Scene I.—Place Massena ... ... ... ... ... ... Hawes Crayon.
Scene II.—Promenade des Anglais ... ... ... ... ...
Scene III.—Interior of the Opera House at Nice ...

Musical Director ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. Ivan Caryll.
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THE ORCHID.
Act I.

No. 1.
OPENING CHORUS.
"THE HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Soprano.

Tenor.

Bass.

This high horticultural college is

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powers, (Like Eve in the poem of Milton.)

powers, (Like Eve in the poem of Milton.)

powers, (Like Eve in the poem of Milton.)

learning the culture of flowers!
This horticultural
learning the culture of flowers!
This horticultural
learning the culture of flowers!
This horticultural

college is formed with the excellent plan
Of

college is formed with the excellent plan
Of

college is formed with the excellent plan
Of

22038
giving young ladies the knowledge That makes them the equal of man!

LADIES.

It's

Moderato.

paradise! Extremely nice! What plants, and what bouquets too!
What suits a mind that's quite refined. And then, you know, it pays too!

stacks and sheaves of flowers and leaves, What wealth of bud and blossom!

see that rare cabbage there, and that odon to glos sum! Oh,

ALL
happy horticulture, Though science, like a vulture, May

seem to ravage beauty, And scorn the artist's call; Yes,

beauty here and science Are found in close alliance, U.

22038
Under palm trees arching, See the warden now appear, with the pupils

Marching! Here they come! Can't you hear!

Here we come on parade, Just like some bold brigade,
Dark and short, Fair and tall, Highly horticultural!

In complete uniform, Which is neat, Also warm,

It's the sort You would call Highly horticultural!

All growing, and blowing too.

Lovely flowers, Really ours, Show what we can do!
All growing, taking, taut and trim,

If some Adam wants a madam Here's a chance for him.

All growing And blowing too!

All growing And blowing too!
Beds and bow'ers Full of flowers Show what we can do!

Beds and bow'ers Full of flowers Show what we can do!

Beds and bow'ers Full of flowers Show what we can do!

Beds and bow'ers Full of flowers Show what we can do!

All a-glowing, Maidens fair to see, I should chuc.kle,

All a-glowing, Maidens fair to see, I should chuc.kle,

All a-glowing, Maidens fair to see, I should chuc.kle,
On the stalk By the gravel garden walk! Roses fair

Look our girls; Maiden hair Waves and curls! You'll report

Look the girls; Maiden hair Waves and curls! We'll report

Look the girls; Maiden hair Waves and curls! We'll report
We are all so very highly horti.

They are all so very highly horti.

They are all so very highly horti.

They are all so very highly horti.

PUP.

cultural!

PUP.

cultural!

CHO.

cultural!

CHO.

cultural!

cresc.
N° 2.

SONG (Thisbe) and CHORUS.

"THE LADY SECRETARY."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Thisbe
Moderato.

Piano

statesman in the Cabinet wants plenty of as-

To

assistance.

assistance!

assistance!

assistance!

assistance!

22038 o.
think of things he might forget, And keep the bores at

distance.

distance!

distance!

distance!

has a man to pull the wires, And write a speech or
letter; For social matters he requires A

helper rather better. And that is

why, and that is why,

a tempo

I am the Minister's Lady Secretary!

a tempo
Playing a sort of a good attendant tary!

TEN. tary!

BASS. tary!

fairy! Taking him out to

SOP. CON. fairy!

TEN. fairy!

BASS. fairy!
ball or play, Then if he has to go, I stay As the

Minister's charming Lady Secretary!

She is the Minister's Lady Secretary!

She is the Minister's Lady Secretary!
Playing a sort of a good attendant

Playing a sort of a good attendant

Playing a sort of a good attendant

Playing a sort of a good attendant

Taking him out to

Taking him out to

Taking him out to
bells and plays, Then if he has to go, she stays As the
bells and plays, Then if he has to go, she stays As the
bells and plays, Then if he has to go, she stays As the
Minister's charming Lady Secretary!
Minister's charming Lady Secretary!
Minister's charming Lady Secretary!
often join him in his box To see the last successes;
wear the newest Paris frocks, The chief provides the

dress-es!

If
dress-es!

dress-es!

called away by news of weight, No trouble he e-
vinces, He says: "Perhaps I may be late, I'll
pick you up at Prince's." Of course it's
right, Of course it's right!

I am the Minister's Lady Secretary!
Always exceedingly circumspect and wary!

If he should order
icd champagne, Nobody, surely, can complain of the

Minister's charming Lady Secretary!

She is the Minister's Lady Secretary!

She is the Minister's Lady Secretary!

She is the Minister's Lady Secretary!
Always exceedingly circumspect and wary!

If he should order iced champagne, Nobody, surely, can complain of the
NO. 3.

SONG. (Jo) and CHORUS.

"NOBODY AND SOMEBODY."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Jo.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. If I could be a girl in high so-

2. If I were rich I'd let him pine de-

...ci...ty. Whose pedigree included a peer or two, I'd have the ject edly. And when he came one day to propose to me, I'd answer
men about in great variety, And keep them

"Sir! this comes so unexpectedly! I'll faint if

dangling on for a year or two! But as you

you say such words as those to me?" But when my

see, I have no pedigree with me, When any

boy inquired if I'd been wed to him, And begged a

nice young man comes a-wooing now, I say: "I
hope you'll wait and take some tea with me. And tell me arms a round him, and I said to him: "Why couldn't

e v - r y thing you are do ing now?" And so, and you have asked me for one be fore?" And so, and

so, you know, Al though a no bo dy, a no bo dy! Whose so, you know, Al though a no bo dy, a no bo dy! Whom

A no bo dy! A no bo dy!

TEN.

A no bo dy! A no bo dy!

BASS.

A no bo dy! A no bo dy!

22038 o.
blood is very far from being blue, from being nobody would pay attention to, attention

blue, I own it true, I've to, or care to woo, I

met, I've met, you bet, I'll get a somebody! And that I think the yet may get, you bet, I'll get a somebody! And that's exactly

A somebody!
A somebody!
A somebody!
A somebody!
A somebody!
A somebody!
proper thing to do, Don't you? don't you?
what I mean to do, Don't you? don't you?

And And
And And
And And
And And

so, although, and so, although A nobody, a
so, although, and so, although A nobody, a
so, although, and so, although A nobody, a
so, although, and so, although A nobody, a

22088 o.
A nobody!
A nobody!

Whose blood is very far from being blue, from nobody!
Whom nobody would pay attention to, at.

low body!
low body!

Whose blood is very far from being blue, from
low body!
low body!

Whom nobody would pay attention to, at.

low body!
low body!

Whose blood is very far from being blue, from
low body!
low body!

Whom nobody would pay attention to, at.

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

being blue,
She may become, she

tention to,
Or care to woo, she

22038 o.
Big drum body!
Big drum body!

may become A some body, no slum body,
yet may get, We bet, she'll get a some body,

And that's exactly
And that's exactly

may become A some body, no slum body,
yet may get, We bet, she'll get a some body,

And that's exactly
And that's exactly

may become A some body, no slum body,
yet may get, We bet, she'll get a some body,

And that's exactly
And that's exactly

Don't you?

what she means to do!

what she means to do!
Quite so!

what she means to do!
what she means to do!
Quite so!

what she means to do!
what she means to do!
Quite so!

what she means to do!
what she means to do!
Quite so!

what she means to do!
what she means to do!
Quite so!

D.S.
SONG.-(Meakin.) and CHORUS.
"I DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

Meakin.

Piano.

a. m.a.t.e.u.r.s who try to run a gar. den, Can ne. ver guess where all the work that's
some of you are fool . i.sh and ro. man - tic, And with your bless ed love af. fairs em-

dir. ty lies. You talk a lot, but beg gin' of your par. don, You have n't
ploy yourselves. Al. though at times you near . ly drive me fran - tic, I al . ways

had to dig, or drain, or fer ti.lize. You're so migh ty proud, you know, try and help you to en . joy yourselves. Ma . ny, ma . ny times have I
When you plant a seed, or so,
Carried notes upon the sly,
We can use spade and trowel, too!
We'll have some for you presently!

If your fingers you should mess, Off you run in great distress,
Half-a-crown I gets from you, That ain't very much, it's true,
For some soap, and a
Still, you smile very

22038
But I do all the dirty work.
Oh, I do all the dirty work!

towel, too!
pleasantly!

You never
You never
You never

I never shirk the dirty work.
I dig, and drain, and I

shirk, shirk,

All sorts of jobs I am
root up all the weeds. And I nurse them bloom'in' lit the seeds. And
called up-on to do, So that maid and man may bill and coo. If

when they just begin to sprout,
there should come a wedding day,
Then round a-bout I thin them
Then couples gay Will drive a-

Then round a-bout,
Then couples gay,

Then round a-bout,
Then couples gay,

Then round a-bout,
Then couples gay,

out. I chase the grubs from the corners where they lurk, For
-way. They quite forget, as they nod and bow and smirk, That
I do all the dirty work.
I did all the dirty work!

Yes! you do all the
Yes! you do all the

Yes! you do all the
Yes! you do all the

Yes! you do all the
Yes! you do all the

I never shirk,
I never shirk,

dirty work.
dirty work.

You never shirk the dirty work.
You never shirk the dirty work.

You never shirk the dirty work.
You never shirk the dirty work.

You never shirk the dirty work.
You never shirk the dirty work.

You never shirk the dirty work.
You never shirk the dirty work.

All
All

All
All

22038
dig, and drain, and you root up all the weeds. And you nurse them bloom'in little
sorts of jobs you are called up on to do. So that maid and man may bill and

dig, and drain, and you root up all the weeds. And you nurse them bloom'in little
sorts of jobs you are called up on to do. So that maid and man may bill and

I thin them
Then couples

seeds. And when they just begin to sprout,
coo. If there should come a wedding day,

seeds. And when they just begin to sprout,
coo. If there should come a wedding day,

seeds. And when they just begin to sprout,
coo. If there should come a wedding day,
No. 5. QUINTET (Jo, Lady Violet, Guy, Ronald and Meakin.)

"OH, MY REGISTRAR!"

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

Lady Violet. Allegretto.

Piano.

Lady V. stylish and up-to-date wedding—Ev'ry well-to-do girl is in—

220380.
clined. It's her dearest delight to be married in white. With a bevy of beauty behind. But if relatives' wrath one is

dreading. Such proceedings of course are absurd. It is

not very far to the gay registrar. And re.
Mum is the word!

Mum is the word!

Oh, Mister Registrar, what a very obliging man you are!

Oh, Mister Registrar, what a very obliging man you are!
Lady V. JO.

Couples come from near and far, You save them a lot of fuss! Ah!

GUY.

Couples come from near and far, You save them a lot of fuss!

RON.

MEA.

Lady V. JO.

A family row we always bar!

GUY.

We're not particular. But a family row we always bar!

RON.

MEA.

Lady V. JO.

So Mister Registrar, You are the man for us.

GUY.

So Mister Registrar, You are the man for us.
LADY VIOLET.

Now when

happy young couples go flocking To his office, in Coun try or

GUY.

Town, You have got to declare certain
GUY. things, you're a-ware, And the re-gis-trar jots them all
down. Then you sign with a pen that is shock-ing. And be-

RONALD.

JO. before you have time to say "knife," In a grim sort of way he will

MEAKIN.
mur-mur "good-day," And you're le-gal-ly hus-band and

22038 o.
LADY VIOLET & JO.

Husband and wife!

GUY, RONALD & MEAKIN.

Husband and husband and wife.

Lady V. JO.

wife!

GUY. RON. MEA.

Husband and wife!

Oh, Mister

Husband and wife!

Oh, Mister

Lady V. JO.

Registrar, what a very obliging man you are!

GUY. RON. MEA.

Registrar, what a very obliging man you are!
Couples come from near and far, you save them a lot of fuss! Ah!

A family row we always bar!

We're not particular, but a family row we always bar!

So Mister Registrar, you are the man for us.
NO. 6.

CHORUS and SCENE.

"THE DÉBUTANTES."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Soprano.

Contralto.

Tenor.

Bass.

Piano.

Come! come!

Come! come!

Come! come!

Come from confidential talks In the arbours and the walks,

Come from confidential talks In the arbours and the walks,

Come from confidential talks In the arbours and the walks,
SOP.

CON.

All the little shady bowers That flirtation oft en
haunts,

TEN.

All the little shady bowers That flirtation oft en
haunts,

And a-

BASS.

All the little shady bowers That flirtation oft en
haunts,

See the noble Countess come, Like a tall chry-san-the mum,
Round her all the flowers,
Round her all the flowers,
Round her all the flowers,

Of her train of Début
DÉBUTANTES.

We are little ladies in Society, Always everywhere,

They are little ladies in Society, As we are aware,

With a blasé air, Taking social pleasures to satisfaction,

By their blasé air, Bored with social pleasures to satisfaction,

Going where the Countess goes!

Going where the Countess goes!
This is one of Lady Something's.

Now they come to see our ladies' colleges,
Teaching gardening.

Underneath her wing.

What a splendid thing!
See our gardening.

What a splendid thing!
See our gardening!
How improving all this useful knowledge! And is that an orchid or a

tough the sum of their botanical knowledge, If they know an orchid from a

rose?

We are little ladies in So-

rose!

They are little ladies in So-

icity,

always everywhere With a blase air.

icity,

as we are aware By their blase air.
Taking social pleasures to satiety,
And bored with social pleasures to satiety,
And going where the Countess goes.
We are little ladies,
They are little ladies.

Ladies in Society, with a blasé air!

a tempo
Con grazia.

1st GIRL STUDENT.

There's the Minister for Trade, Don't you hear the shouting?

2nd GIRL STUDENT.

Such a fuss is always made When he takes an outing!

220838
Friends with joy and foes with fear, Own him cool and clever, Give a hearty, rousing cheer.

When you see his form appear — He is coming, he is here. Chesterton for ever!
SOP.
CON.

Hail! Hail! Chester-ton for ev-er! Hail! Hail!

TEN.

Hail! Hail! Chester-ton for ev-er! Hail! Hail!

BASS.

Hail! Hail! Chester-ton for ev-er! Hail! Hail!

SOP.
CON.

Chester-ton for ev-er!

TEN.

Chester-ton for ev-er!

BASS.

Chester-ton for ev-er!
No. 7.  

SONG (Chesterton.) and CHORUS.

"PUSHFUL"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Chesterton.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. From the start of my existence I was noted for persistence. Whether found my native city wasn't either clean or pretty. Or as

learning, or engaging in a game, And my healthy as I thought it ought to be; So I
juvenile ambition Often met with opposition, But I
pushed into a station On the City Corporation, And the

gen.er.al-ly got there all the same!_ Then to fortune, I may mention, I at
sub.se.quent results are there to see! Gas and water, street and sewer, All are

- tained by the in.ven.tion Of a sim. ple but in.gen.ious safe- ty
big-ger, bet-ter, new-er, And the smoke is not al-low.ed to hide the

pin;_ It's what ev.ry la.dy u.ses For her dress.es and her blouses, And it
sun;_ Tho' the dull and un-progressive Thought the cost would be ex.ces.sive, Yet we
a tempo

Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful. First I land the bird in hand, and
then I bag the bushful. If you'd try to rise as high in
credit and appearance, Pray pursue the pathway of a pushful perseverance!
exquisite appearance, That is just the product of a pushful perseverance.
CHORUS.

Chorus.

Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful. First we land the bird in hand, and
Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful. First we land the bird in hand, and

then we'll bag the bushful, If you'd try to rise as high in
then we'll bag the bushful. If you mark a city park of

credit and appearance, Pray pursue the pathway of a
exquisite appearance. That is all the product of a

pushful perseverance.
pushful perseverance.

CHESTERTON.

2. Then I
3. Now by

22038 o.
efforts well directed, I was very soon elected as a former friends at present are sarcastic and unpleasant. When they

member of the British Parliament. And my see that I am going in to win, I ig

labours were so heart y. That the leaders of my party turned the more their aimless chatter. For I know it doesn't matter. And I

other people out, and in they went! But their stand up for the Empire thick and thin! I'm de.
policy quixotic Seemed to me unpatriotic, And I announced in songs and sermons By the French and by the Germans, For my

viewed them with considerable doubt; And in monstrous Mephistophelean aims, But I

rows with foreign nations They were seized with perturbations; As I let them go on writing, For I find when two are fighting It is

couldn't push them in, I pushed them out! not the one who wins who calls the names!
Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful.
Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful.

First I land the bird in hand, and then I bag the bushful.
First I land the bird in hand, and then I bag the bushful.

At the next election there was quite a sweeping clearance,
If the foes of Britain make a sudden disappearance,

That was all the product of my pushful perseverance.
That is all the product of my pushful perseverance.
CHORUS.

Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful, First we land the bird in hand, and
then we'll bag the bushful! At the next election there was
quite a sweeping clearance, That was all the product of a
pushful perseverance! pushful perseverance!

CHO.

then we'll bag the bushful! If the foes of Britain make a
sudden disappearance, That is all the product of my

CHO.

Then we'll bag the bushful! At the next election there was

CHO.

quite a sweeping clearance, That was all the product of a

CHO.

pushful perseverance! pushful perseverance!

CHESTERTON. 4.

4. Tho' my
No. 8. QUARTET.- (Lady Violet, Jo, Guy and Ronald.)

"OUR MARRIAGE LINES."

Words by ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by IVAN CARYLL.

Violet. [Moderato.]

Piano.

VIOLET. Our marriage lines! our

marriage lines! The magic in those simple signs Can make our life a heaven. Can

Can

Can

Can
seven! We're married now, though not a vow was said in state!

seven! We're married now, though not a vow was said in state!

seven!
marriage lines, oh! marriage lines, What fond romance Around you twines! We

marriage lines, oh! marriage lines, What fond romance Around you twines! We

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

would not give for Africa's mines Our marriage lines, Our marriage lines! We

would not give for Africa's mines Our marriage lines, Our marriage lines! We

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

22038
treasure them in rapture fond, and scorn to change that written bond.

For Ding! Ding! Ding! For

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! For

all the bonds of steel "combines—Our marriage, marriage lines!"

all the bonds of steel "combines—Our marriage, marriage lines!"

all the bonds of steel "combines—Our marriage, marriage lines!"

all the bonds of steel "combines—Our marriage, marriage lines!"
That Registrar, that Registrar, Has broken every hateful bar That kept our hearts a sunder, That
kept our hearts a sunder!

kept our hearts a sunder! Some words he said, some fees he took. He

kept our hearts a sunder!

And

And

made some entries in a book, And worked the happy wonder— And

And
worked the happy wonder!

worked the happy wonder! No sort of strain can break the chain The

worked the happy wonder!

worked the happy wonder!

We're just as glad as if we'd had a

mild official forges!

mild official forges!

We're just as glad as if we'd had a
Registrar! oh! Registrar! You sit beneath a happy star: We

Ding! Ding! Ding! Ding!

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong!

Honour more than King or Czar that Registrar, that Registrar. And

Ding! Ding! Ding!

Dong! Dong! Dong!

22038
when his term of office ends, we hope to see his grateful friends Pre.

Ding! Ding! Ding! Pre.

Dong! Dong! Dong! Dong! Pre.

sent him with a motor car, that Registrar!

sent him with a motor car, that Registrar!

sent him with a motor car, that Registrar!

sent him with a motor car, that Registrar!
DUET. (Caroline and Meakin.)

"FANCIES."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Caroline.

Allegretto.

The cuckoo is calling aloud to his mate, The turtle dove coos in its nest;

And oh! I am longing to meet with my fate, Whose Its nest!
photo lies hid in my breast.  Ah, will he be tender and

Her breast!

loving and sweet, To one so unworthy as me.  And

fondle me much as I sit at his feet, Or sometimes, perhaps on his

knee!  Sometimes, perhaps on his knee!
Tempo di Valse.

Life is a pudding, Love is a plum.

Into my brain, Now and again, Fancies like this will come.

Often I wonder, Hour after hour,

When with my thumb I pull out a plum, Will it be sweet or sour?
Allegretto.

The sunbeams are wooing with tender caress
The blossoms that aren't in the shade.

The dragon-fly, in an extravagant dress, keeps buzzing a sweet serenade.

There's Serenade.
love in your heart and there's love on the breeze,

love 'mid the flowers that bloom;

love 'neath the shade of the whispering trees, Oh, love takes up far too much room!

Love takes up far too much room!
Tempo di Valse.

Life is an omelet; Love is an egg.

Oh what a true Practical view, Listen to me, I beg.

Excellent cooking Will not a wall;

All will depend On this in the end. Is the egg fresh or stale?
DANCE.
Allegretto.

Will it be sweet or sour?

Will it be sweet or sour?

molto rall.
CAROLINE.

molto rall.
MEAKIN.
a tempo
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

CHORUS.
"PRIZES."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Now the

Chorus.

Now the

Piano.

Now the

speechifying's done, And the prizes we have won Have been

speechifying's done, And the prizes we have won Have been

speechifying's done, And the prizes we have won Have been

22038 o
given for our labour and invention, Quite a

number of us rise To the honour of a prize, And the

rest have each an honourable mention. Some have

rest have each an honourable mention.
presentation spades. Trowels, too, with plated blades.

There are tinsy copper cans for holding water.

prizes ranging up to the College silver cup.
Now the
Countess should have given to her daughter.

Now the
Countess should have given to her daughter.

speechifyings done. And the prizes we have won Have been
speechifyings done. And the prizes we have won Have been

given for our labour and invention. Quite a number of us
given for our labour and invention. Quite a number of us

22038 o
rise To the honour of a prize, And the rest have each an
honourable mention. Quite a number of us rise To a
prize.

rise To the honour of a prize, And the rest have each an
honourable mention. Quite a number of us rise To a
prize.

rise To the honour of a prize, And the rest have each an
honourable mention. Quite a number of us rise To a
prize.
SONG. (Zaccary.)
"FROM FAR PERU."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYL.

Zaccary.

Allegro.

Piano.

ZACCARY.
I've travelled far where panthers are
That

jump on you and catch you! And snakes that twist about your

wrist And kill you if they scratch you! I've
run for miles from crocodiles. That came with jaws ex-

tended; But I have brought the flower I sought, The

orchid rare and splendid!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

220;SS
In the wilds of far Peru,

It was there the orchid grew!

Where the
vampire bats flew Through the va. pours of blue, In the woods of far Pe.

In the wilds of far Pe. ru,
It was there the orchid grew!

Where the vampire bats flew through the vapours of blue,
In the
woods of far Peru!

woods of far Peru!

woods of far Peru!

Go.

rilla hordes with poisoned swords

By day and night at
.tacked me! At dawn and dark Peruvian bark I

heard as bloodhounds tracked me! I climbed for weeks the icy

peaks, And reached the top a victor; And

lastly, I was swallowed by A monstrous boa con.
In the wilds of far Peru,
He had room inside for two!

But my trowel I drew, And I dug my way through To the light of far Pe.
In the wilds of far Peru!

He had room inside for two!

He had room inside for two!
But my trowel I drew, and I dug my way

But his trowel he drew, and he dug his way

But his trowel he drew, and he dug his way

But his trowel he drew, and he dug his way

through To the light of far Peru!

through To the light of far Peru!

through To the light of far Peru!

through To the light of far Peru!
CAROLINE.

1. I was tired of living single. Never putting up the bans.
2. When they called it summer lately, I was on a seaside trip.

I'd a heart that longed to mingle With a suitable young man's.
And I wanted very greatly To enjoy a quiet dip.
But my love remained internal, In my heaving bosom pent,
I'd a bathing dress of flannel, And the folks that sold it said I could swim across the Channel,

Till I noticed in a journal, Such a nice advertisement!
And it wouldn't turn a thread.

(Spoken.)

Well, it seems a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
Well, it seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.

22038 o.
He has everything to make a wife content.
So I gaily put it on, and in

But this photographic art often went.
But when I came out and dressed, it was

leaves you in the carte when the goods aren't like a baby's vest. Which was not quite

up to the advertisement! Well, it nice as an advertisement! Well, it

22038 o.
seems a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.

He has ev'rything to make a wife content. But this
So she gaily put it on and in she went. But when

photographic art Often leaves you in the carte. When the
she came out and dressed, It was like a baby's vest, Which was

goods aren't up to the advertisement!
not quite up to the advertisement!
CAROLINE.

3. I was told that my complexion
4. I was walking out one morning
5. There's a new straight-fronted corset

Wasn't worthy of my face,
In a meditative mood,
That is billed on every wall;

So I took it
When I saw a
Fashion papers

for correction To a Beauty Doctor's place.
post warning Folks to take a patent food!
will endorse it As the very best of all.
She massaged me with her knuckles, Said my cheeks were very thin, But her "Bloom of Honey suckles"
It was light and satisfying, Mixed with butter, And you found that after trying
Well, I thought it was de rigueur To avoid all jam or cream, So I'd have the Yankee figure

(Spoken.)
Was the stuff for rubbing in!
You could jump the widest stream!
With a sort of overhang!

Seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
Seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
Seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.

22038 o.
It was something soap-y, with a pleasant
So a little fortune on that food I
I was straight in front as far as all that
scent. It would clear my skin, she said. But it
spent. When I tried to take a leap I went
went. But I didn't bear in mind How it

cleared it off my head. And she don't quote
over in a heap. And the boys said,
made me look behind, Like an air bal

CHORUS.

me in her advertisement! Well, it
Oh! what an advertisement! Well, it
loon with an advertisement! Well, it
seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.
seemed a bit of all right, Just a bit of all right.

It was something soap-y, with a pleasant scent. It would
So a little fortune on that food she spent; When she
She was straight in front as far as all that went; But she

clear her skin, she said. But it cleared it off her head, And she
tried to take a leap, She went over in a heap. And the
did n't bear in mind How it made her look behind, Like an

don't quote her in her advertisement!
boys said, Oh! what an advertisement!
air-balloon with an advertisement!
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

SOP.
What a most romantic history! Solving all the recent mystery!

TEN.
What a most romantic history! Solving all the recent mystery!

BASS.
What a most romantic history! Solving all the recent mystery!

22038 0
Violet has played the run-a-way, Marrying her mother's choice.

Though in thought we did not image her Going off with Mf._ Scrti.ma.geour,

Let us send our fairest one a-way, Cheer ing her with heart and voice!
Let us send our fairest one away, Let us send our fairest one away.
Cheering her with heart and voice!
Cheering her with heart and voice!
Cheering her with heart and voice!
Cheer ing her with heart and voice, Cheer ing her with heart and

Cheer ing her with heart and voice, Cheer ing her with heart and

Cheer ing her with heart and voice, Cheer ing her with heart and

Tempo di Valse.

voice!

voice!

voice!
Now you must not wait, But a-way to the station, For the

ZAC.

I'll be rich and great By this last operation! I have

VIO. GUY

Just a moment wait For a full explanation, We're in-

JO &

MEAK.

Just a moment wait For a full explanation, We will

CHRI.

You must stay and wait, I'm in such perturbation, Or as

CAR.

Now we will not wait, But a-way to the station! For we

EMIL.

Now we will not wait, But a-way to the station, It is

&

CAST.

Now you must not wait, But a-way to the station, It is

CHO.

Now you must not wait, But a-way to the station, It is

Now you must not wait, But a-way to the station, It is

22088
time's too late— For our congratulation! You can.
served my state— I'm the pride of my nation! And there's

voluted by fate— In a odd complication! There's the

soon relate— All his vile operation! For he

sure as fate— I shall get palpitation! Do not

loathe and hate— Their absurd exultation! But they

far too late— For a long explanation! At a

far too late— For a long explanation! At a

far too late— For a long explanation! At a
not delay. For the sake of the nation. Though you're more to pay. It's a sure expectation. I can
deuce to pay When each friend and relation Gets us
stole away. What, in my expectation, Made me
go away. From my fond admiration; If you
shall not say They're the best of our nation. We will
future date We will pay salutation, But you
future date We will pay salutation, But you
future date We will pay salutation, But you

22088 o.
sent away On your bright wedding day! Now you

safely say This is my lucky day! I'll be

mixed this way On our bright wedding day! Just a

hope to say This is my wedding day! Just a

like, you may Name our bright wedding day! You must

steal away Cette afreus orchi dier. Now we

cannot stay On your bright wedding day! Now you

cannot stay On your bright wedding day! Now you

cannot stay On your bright wedding day! Now you
must not wait, But away to the rich and great By this last oper.
moment wait For a full explanation
moment wait For a full explanation
stay and wait, I'm in such pertur.
will not wait, But away to the
must not wait, But away to the
must not wait, But away to the
must not wait, But away to the

22088 o.
con - grat. u. la - tion! You can not de - pride of my na - tion! And there's more to odd comp. li - ca - tion! There's the deuce to vile op. er. a - tion! For he stole a -

get pal - pa - ta - tion! Do not go a - such ex. ul - ta - tion! But they shall not

long ex. pla - na - tion! At a fu - ture

long ex. pla - na - tion! At a fu - ture

long ex. pla - na - tion! At a fu - ture
-lay For the sake of the nation, Though you're pay, It's a sure expectation, I can pay When each friend and relation Gets us way What, in my expectation, Made me way From my fond admiration. If you say They're the best of the nation. We will date We will pay salutation, But you date We will pay salutation, But you
sent away     On your bright wedding day.

ZAC.
safely say     This is my wedding day.
mixed this way     On our bright wedding day.

MEAK.

hope to say     This is my wedding day.

CAR.

like you may    Name our bright wedding day.

EMIL.

steal away    Cette offeuse orchiée.

CAST.

cannot stay    On your bright wedding day.

CHO.

cannot stay    On your bright wedding day.

cannot stay    On your bright wedding day.

Allegro vivo.
So goodbye once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we speed away!

So goodbye once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we speed away!

So goodbye once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we speed away!

So goodbye once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we speed away!
Bye, bye a

Bye, bye, once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we

Speed away! And we hope you'll find the Car n i a

Bye, bye, once more, And may your trip be sunny, To the Southern shore we

Speed away! And we hope you'll find the Car n i a

Bye, bye a
-val is funny, And be glad and gay as lovers may. For we rep-

sent the nation, For we represent the nation, So we fly a

sent the nation, For we represent the nation, So we fly a

22038 o.
way with a hip. hip. hip hoo-ray! with a hip. hip.

way with a hip. hip. hip hoo-ray! with a hip. hip.

way with a hip. hip. hip hoo-ray! with a hip. hip.

way with a hip. hip. hip hoo-ray! with a hip. hip.
Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro vivace.

Piano.
Up and down, over the town,

Motley and merriment speed along, Everybody comes the fun, Nobody cares what is right or wrong.

22038 o.
Just for to·day  Folly is king!

Let us be gay, That is the thing!

Just for to·day, to·day.  Let us be gay, be

Just for to·day, to·day.  Let us be gay, be
Gay, Oh! up and down, Over the town,

Cho.

Motley and merriment speed along, Everybody

wEL comes the fun, Nobody cares what is right or wrong.

Cho.

Wel comes the fun, Nobody cares what is right or wrong.

Cho.

Wel comes the fun, Nobody cares what is right or wrong.
No body cares what is right or wrong.
For Carnivals reigning, and

La, mirth de rides The gloomy complaining of sober sides! We

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

22038 o.
want no permission to banish hence. The faintest suspicion of

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

common sense.

Your friends and relations no
doubt confess They like the sensations of fancy dress,
doubt confess They like the sensations of fancy dress,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

While sweetheart and brother will gaily throw Con.

22038 o
La, la, la, la, la,
let-ti that smother from top to toe!
just for to-day, Let us be gay.
Let us be gay, be gay, be gay!
No body cares! Nobody cares what is right or wrong, Nobody cares.

Cares, Right or wrong, Nobody cares.

Cares! Cares! Cares!
PAS DE TROIS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Piano.
No. 15.

SONG (Caroline) and CHORUS.

"FANCY DRESS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Caroline.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

§§ CAROLINE.

1. I've a passion for fancy dress, More or less!
2. I would dress like a girl of mark, Joan of Arc!
CHORUS.

More or less!
Joan of Arc!

CAROLINE.

I look sweet as a shepherdess.
Riding out in St. James's Park.

That's made by a Dresden potter.
Waving a flowing banner!

I have ribbons in
I'd have armour in

CAR.

made by a Dresden potter.
I have ribbons in

brows and knots.
Lots and lots!
lovely taste.
Highly chased.

CAROLINE.

Like Elizabeth, Queen of Scots.
If it pinched me about the waist, I'd

CHORUS.

Lots and lots!
Highly chased!

Lots and lots!
Highly chased!
Oliver Cromwell shot her! Oh, only fancy,
loosen it with a spanner. Oh, only fancy,

fancy dress. Fancy me as Good Queen Bess!
what a lark! Fancy me as Joan of Arc!

Only I never could get my breath with a waist like Queen E-
I should have never a bruise or scar If I fell beneath a

CHORUS.

Elizabeth! Only fancy, fancy dress!
motor car! Only fancy, what a lark!
3. I might dress as the Empress Queen, Josephine!
4. There's a dress I could wear, I'm sure, Pompadour.

CHORUS.

Josephine!
When a maiden of seventeen To
Pompadour!
As she looked in her odd amour With

CAR.

Julius Caesar wedded!
I could put on an
Alfred, the Young Pretender!
I'd have hoops that would

CAR.

Empire gown, Quite low down!
stand about Five feet out!

22038 o.
CAROLINE.

And the beautiful ruby crown She wore when she was be-
Mak-ing peo-ple look ra ther stout, Un less they are tall and

head-ed! Oh, on-ly fan-cy, don’t you know, Fan-cy me as-
slen-der! Oh, on-ly fan-cy; if you please, Fan-cy me as

Em-press Jo! On-ly it would n’t im-prove my charms if I
La Mar-quisé! Would n’t the Cav-al-lers make a fuss if they

wore my waist just un-der my arms! On-ly fan-cy,
saw me climb on top of a bus! On-ly fan-cy,
don't you know, Fancy her as Empress Jo!
if you please, Fancy her as La Marquisel

Only it wouldn't improve her charms if she wore her waist just
Wouldn't the Cavaliers make a fuss if they saw her climb on

under her arms!
Top of a 'bus!
NO. 16.

SONG (Lady Violet) and CHORUS.

"LITTLE MARY."

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Piano.

LADY VIOLET.

1. There's a certain little lady who's already known to fame As Little

2. I've a jolly sort of uncle who is rather old and stout, It's all thro'

Lady V.

Marry,

Marry,

Though she

And the

CHORUS.

As Little Mary.

Thro' Little Mary.

22038 o.
Lady V. may not be romantic, yet it's such a pretty name, Is Little only girl he takes with him whenever he goes out, Is Little

Lady V. Mary, Mary. CHORUS. Now I Now he

Is Little Mary. Is Little Mary.

Lady V. want you all to know her when I mention her again, But ex-
doesn't buy her diamonds or silly things like that, And he

Lady V. act-ly who she is it isn't easy to explain. Let me never goes and purchases a pretty Paris hat. But he

22038 o.
Lady V.

merely say that baby often has a tiny pain in Little

drives her to a restaurant, And, Oh! she's getting fat, is Little

Lady V.

Mary.

Mary.

Mary! Mary!

Mary! Mary!

CHORUS.

In Little Mary.

Is Little Mary.

con espressione

CHO.

Dainty Little Mary! She's a fickle but a fascinating

dainty little Mary! She's a fickle but a fascinating

CHO.

fairy. So if baby boy should cry, And you

fairy. And my Uncle, with a sigh, Says he'll

22038 o.
Lady V.

want to find out why, Please enquire of Little Mary.
live for her or die, He's so fond of Little Mary.

CHORUS.

Mary! Mary! Dainty Little Mary! She's a fickle but a fascinating
Mary! Mary! Dainty Little Mary! She's a fickle but a fascinating

CHOR.

fairly. So if baby boy should cry. And you
fairly. And my Uncle, with a sigh, Says he'll

CHOR.

want to find out why, Please enquire of Little Mary.
live for her or die, He's so fond of Little Mary.
LADY VIOLET.

3. Now mamma is very delicate, as anyone can see, because of

Lady V. Mary!

CHORUS.

Of Little Mary!

Lady V. It's not her fault she's given up her coffee and her tea, It's Little
Lady V.

_When we came across the other day the sun was nice and hot, And I quite enjoyed the journey, tho' the steamer rolled a lot; But mam_

_maley down and murmured, "Oh, I wish I hadn't got A Little_
Lady V.

Mary!

CHORUS.

A Little Mary.

Dainty Little Mary, She's a fickle but a fascinating fairy.

When you're crossing o'er the Channel, you must wrap her up in flannel; Oh, take care of Little Mary.
Ma - ry! Ma - ry! Dain - ty Lit - tle Ma - ry! She's a fíc - kle but a fas - ci - na - ting

fai - ry. When you're cross - ing o'er the Chan - nel, You must

wrap her up in flan - nel, Oh, take care of Lit - tle Ma - ry.
No. 17.

DUET (Guy and Meakin.)

"THE UNEMPLOYED."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

1. We're true British labourers honest and free, but a -

2. We was mending a hole in the roof of a house at

...las, we are both un-em-ployed, It's not the least use of us mid-night, one evening last year; And I hap-pened to car-ry some
trying to work, for the "cop.pers" at once get an. noyed. They
fa.mily plate that be long'd to my poor Mo. ther dear. A po.

shove us in gaol with out a kind word, and I'm cer. tain there's
lice man come up with a hor ri ble face I gave it just

no luck a bout, for the mo. ment we both of us get set.tled
one or two rubs, What was the re. suit? Twelve bright sum. mer
down, I'm blest if they don't let us out. When will jus.tice be
months, wast.ed in Worm wood Scrubbs. When will jus.tice be
done to England? Why don't they allow us to earn our own
bread. It ain't much enjoyment To ask for employment And
rain, And both of our sisters, Are passive resisters, And
only get work instead!
Mother's got married again.

3 One
4. One
morning last winter we asked an old lady who lives at a house close to
day we was starving, no morsel of food we had touched for a hour or

here. For a small drop of something to keep out the cold as we'd
two. When an old gent who noticed our pitiful plight said he'd

both of us come over queer. Said she; 'Here's a shovel, now try and see what he could do.

We went to his house. He

clear off the snow and you'll both have some nice lemonade.' My

gave us a meal. The salad was all full of oil.

We
heart was so brimful of honest disgust, I walked off with her blooming
gave him a pitiful look of reproach and drove straight to the Café Roy.

spade. When will justice be done to England? The
animal. When will justice be done to England? We

pure milk of kindness we will not discuss. But we don't want a dairy. For
lay down at night with a sigh and a tear. At Rowton's dox houses, We

our Little Mary, It doesn't agree with us.
take off our waistcoats, And dream that the Thames is beer.
No 18.

SONG. (Zaccary) and CHORUS.

THE EMPEROR OF SAHARA.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

I'm monarch of many a million,
Especially put in francs;
My
revenue comes to fabulous sums, My capital bursts the banks!

Though only a common civilian, I mean to do something grand,

By having a throne That's all on my own, And building it up on sand! sand!
Plenty of palms and sand.

ZAC.

Emperor of Sahara, Ta ra ra, Ta ra ra, His Majesty Jacques of lions and blacks, The prince of the present day. I'll rule to the far At...
ZAC.

*ba-ra, Ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra, So*

ZAC.

give me room, For Sa-ha-ra boom, The Sa-ha-ra boom de-

ZAC.

-ay.

SOPE.

He's the Em-per. or of Sa-ha-ra, Ta-ra-ra! Ta.

TEX.

He's the Em-per. or of Sa-ha-ra, Ta-ra-ra! Ta.

BASS.

He's the Em-per. or of Sa-ha-ra, Ta-ra-ra! Ta.
ra - ra, His Majes - ty Jacobs of lions and blacks, The prince of the pres - ent
day. He'll rule to the far At - ba - ra, Ta - ra - ra, Ta -
ZAC.

buying a big population,
And welcome recruits with

If you would come too,
You've nothing to do But

telegraph "Sand, Savoy!"
And ladies of rank and of

station,
Had better apply in haste; I

22038 o.
mean to import A beautiful Court, To sugar the sandy 

waste! waste! Taking them round the waste.

I'm the Emperor of Sahara, Ta-ra-ra! Ta.

You'll find you have less to spend on dress. The climate is built that
ZAC.

way! So toddle along, mia ra ra! Ta ra ra, Ta ra ra, So give me room for Sahara boom, The Sahara boom de-

ZAC.

ay.

SOP.

CON.

TEN.

BASS.

So we'll come and see Sahara, Ta.

So we'll come and see Sahara, Ta.

So we'll come and see Sahara, Ta.

So we'll come and see Sahara, Ta.
SOP.

CA RA, TA RA, TA RA, AND

TEN.

CA RA, TA RA, TA RA, AND

BASS.

CA RA, TA RA, TA RA, AND

SOP.

give him room for SA ha ra boom, The SA ha ra boom de ay!

TEN.

give him room for SA ha ra boom, The SA ha ra boom de ay!

BASS.

give him room for SA ha ra boom, The SA ha ra boom de ay!
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

DUET. (Ronald and Jo.)

"A-LACK-A-DAY."

1. I never was so thoroughly wretched and
2. For six-and-thirty hours— I haven’t had

sad in all my life. — Ah me! A —
half a chance to flirt. — Ah me! A —
lack-a-day! A las!
lack-a-day! A las!
It's A

such a nuisance having to travel with someone else's
hon. ey-moon's not quite so romantic as foolish folk as

wife. Ah me! A lack-a-day! A
assert. Ah me! A lack-a-day! A

Though rudeness as a
las!
las!
We look a most at.

22038 o.
general thing I very much deplore. You'll
tractive young pair, As every one agrees. But

pardon me for mentioning that I find you such a
what's the use in having a "hub" You're not allowed to

RONALD.

bore! I feel the same, but didn't see how I could squeeze? There's not much fun in having a wifey who

BOTH.

tell you so before. Ah me! Ah won't sit on your knees. Ah me! Ah
Jo.

Lack a day! A las!

Allegro.

Both.

But we must relieve our feelings just a

Both.

Little, little bit, There are such a lot of

22038 0.
things we want to see.

As we find it rather slow,

You and I had better go on the spree, spree,

spree, spree, spree!
No 20.

DUET (Lady Violet and Zaccary.)

"LIZA ANN."

Words by

LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by

LIONEL MONCKTON.

Lady Violet.

Moderato.

Piano.

LADY VIOLET.

1. There's a Yorkshire town, very bleak and brown, Where your
life is not too gay. For the wheels go round with a

2. Now there's work to do all the long day through, And it's
Li. za does her share; For you must have bread and a

LADY VIOLET.
Lady V.

ZAC.

buz'zing sound, And the chimneys smoke all day.

Lady V.

there's a lass, in that dull place,

ZAC.

buz'zing sound, And the chimneys smoke all day.

close warm bed, And you must have clothes to wear.

Lady V.

there's a lass, in that dull place, Who liv'en's up the neighbours with her

ZAC.

buz'zing sound, And the chimneys smoke all day.

close warm bed, And you must have clothes to wear.

Lady V.

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buz'zing sound, And the chimneys smoke all day.

close warm bed, And you must have clothes to wear.

Lady V.

there's a lass, in that dull place, Who liv'en's up the neighbours with her

ZAC.

buz'zing sound, And the chimneys smoke all day.

close warm bed, And you must have clothes to wear.
LADY VIOLET.

Liza Ann is a neat young lass, And she's

Lady V.

working up at Briggs's mill,

ZACCARY.

Every morning at six o'clock you can

ZAC.

see her walking up the hill.
LADY VIOLET.

There she goes, with her turn'd up nose! And her

ZACCHARY.

ROTH.

dinner in a nice tin can, Oh, you'll

ROTH.

all of you be mad When you see an-o-ther lad Is a-

ROTH.

taking out Liz-a Ann! Ann!
No. 21. SONG (Guy.)

"BEdelia."

New Gaiety Version of William Jerome's Song by
GEORGE GROSSMITH Jun!

Music by
JEAN SCHWARTZ.

Allegro.

By arrangement with Shapiro, Bernstein & Co New York and Francis, Day & Hunter, London, W.C.

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1. There's a charming little lady who's a patron of the play, She goes homey is by far her favorite play, But ad-

2. She declares that Charlie Hawtrey is the only Romeo, She's in love with Wilson Barrett that's a
to the actress every night, and admits that on the whole it's very

3. She says that In "Da every matinée. Her little fact I know. Of his

like "The only Way!"
Guy.

name it is Bedelia, and I wish she were my manly head and shoulders he sent her a photo-
music there is no one more conservative than

Guy.

own, But her eyes are always on the bar-
graph, And she's now gone out to buy the other she, For she loves the "Honey suckle and the

poco rit.

tone, But she says his Hamlet half, But she wants to hear it Bee,"

poco rit.

Guy.

let the man alone? never made her laugh.
sung by Beerbohm Tree.

22038 o.
BEFRAIN.

a tempo

GUY.

Be de lia, I'm going to steal yer! Be de lia,
Be de lia, I'm going to steal yer! Be de lia,
Be de lia, I'm going to steal yer! Be de lia,

a tempo mf 2nd time f

GUY.

you are a Queen! I'll be your Hay den
next Sat ur day, I'll be your Mau rice
the way is clear, I'll be your Mar tin

GUY.

Cof fin, If you'll be my E vie Greene,
Far koa, If you'll be my Ed na May,
Har vey, If you'll be my Lou ie Freear,

GUY.

Say some thing sweet, Be de lia,
Be kind to me, Be de lia,
For you, my sweet Be de lia,
Your voice I want to hear,
I've got a pain just here.
I've waited half the year.
Oh! Bedelia, Bedelia,
Bedelia, I've made up my mind to steal yer, steal yer, Steal yer, Bedelia,
dear! Be dear!
SONG. — (Jo)

I MUST PROPOSE TO YOU.

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Very slowly.

Lively.

sort of sign That you want this little heart of mine;

Daily, weekly, humbly, meekly,
I've been waiting—won't you answer? Love is blind, but I can plainly see you are really quite in love with me. I love you, dear. That you knew, dear; Won't you say one word?
REFRAIN, very slowly and softly.

You're fond of me I know, And I'm fond of you;

What is the only thing for us two to do?

If you do not propose what you mean to do,

I must propose to you.
Lively.

Don't you think you're just the least unkind,

Though I beg you fondly, You don't mind.

Sweetly, gently, innocently,

I implore you, don't ignore me:
Wont you, please, find me an answer soon?

Shall it be the end of May, or June?

Must you grieve me, Wont you leave me—

Time to order things!

rall.
REFRAIN. very slowly and softly.

You're fond of me I know, And I'm fond of you;

What is the only thing for us two to do?

If you do not propose What you mean to do,

I must propose to you, you.
Very slowly.
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

No. 23

CHORUS.

We are going to the Ball all in white,

For the crown of Carnival is to night;

mf

22038 o.
We're in white below; But we go, we go. In the
glowing Domino, Domino.

We are going to the Ball All in white,

For the crown of Carnival is tonight.
To the measures of the music As they rise and
cresc.
dim:
fall, Stepping light, stepping light, To the bright,
dim:
white ball.
NO 24. SONG.- (Thisbe.)

"ROSE-A RUBIE."

Written and Composed by

BERNARD ROLT.

Allegro moderato.

Thisbe.

Piano.

There's a girl I want you all to know. Rose - a - Rubie is her name.

Just because her skin is pink and snow.
And her lips are like a flame.

All night long, when ever she's the chance,
She'll get out and go and play.
All the boys want her to dance.

This is what you hear them say:
Rose-a-Rubie, D'you mean to dance to-night? The band's a-playin', and the feet move light. All the other boys and girls are there. And if you are not ready, Do be! Steal out softly, We
hav'nt far to go, And bring your slippers with the pointed toe. When you start tripping, it's simply tripping. Come along, my Rose-a-Ruby.
In and out she'll pirouette and whirl.

Holding up her pretty gown,

Much more like a feather than a girl,

Or a piece of thistle down.
If she comes to London bye-and-bye,

When you see her fresh and sweet,

Everybody of you will sigh—

Kneeling at her dainty feet:
Rose-a-Rubie, d'you mean to dance to-night? The band's a-playin', and the feet move light.

All the other boys and girls are there, And if you are not ready, Do be!
Steal out softly, we haven't far to go. And bring your slippers with the pointed toe.

When you start tripping, it's simply tripping.

Come along, my Rose-a-Rubie.
NO. 25

OCTET.

"OFF TO THE BALL!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

Piano.

MEAKIN.

Oh dear! have you heard of it? There's a ball we
ought to see. I knew not a word of it,

Tell me what it is to be! All white

— you must wear at it. Please yourself about the rest!

Then I will be there at it, I'm already
underdressed!

We're going to see the famous ball in white, tonight! We hope they will think of sending all the right invites!
Many a girl is sure to go,
Dressed as a fleecy flake of snow,
Won't she be melted then you know,
Not quite, tonight!
I'll go as a moonbeam all a slant, so bright
And light! And
He as a big white elephant, All right and tight.
I'll be a plaster cast or bust,
He'll be a miller white as dust,
She'll be a miller's daughter, just Tonight, in white!
ZELIE.

Oh my! how delightfully,

FRON. & MER.

ZELIE.

I shall flirt with all the men! Some girls will be frightfully

FRON. & MER.

ZAC.

Jealous if they see you then! I'll take the Princesses on,

ZAC.

That's the sort to touch my heart! Come then, get your dresses on,
Or we all shall miss the start!

We're off to the great and splendid ball
Tonight, in white! The cream and the crown of Carnival

When quite at height!
Some will be dress'd as White Hussars, All over ribbons,
lace and stars, Gal•lant and gorgeous sons of Mars, Who
fight at sight! Ill She'll go as a candle
with a wick A light to night. Then

22038 o.
I'll be the china candle stick, what bright delight!
I'll be a summer cloud of dew,
Up in a sky extremely blue, possibly that may just show through The white tonight.
Carnival is nearly ended, Now we drop our colours splendid,
And to-night dance in white, Blue for innocence intended,

Dance until the room is reeling, And the lights around the ceiling

Are like you, dancing too, Gliding, leaping, whirling, wheeling,
DUET—(Jo and Guy.)

"WALIZING."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Jo.

When I go to a ball, although I'm the keenest of the dancers, I sit...
treat from the polka beat, For I nev'er can keep in it. When it

halts, and they start a waltz, I am on it in a minute!

Tempo di Valse

Waltzing, waltzing,

Swinging in time together, Do not stop
Till you drop, or the music halts.

Swaying, saying Something about the

weather, Never mind what, Chilly or hot,

That is the way we waltz.
Waltzing, swinging in time together.

Do not stop till you drop, or the music halts. Sway.

22038 o.
Saying something about the weather, Never mind what, Chilly or hot.
That is the way we waltz.
NO 28.

SONG (Lady Violet.) and CHORUS.

"COME ALONG WITH ME."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Lady Violet.

Piano.

LADY VIOLET.

1. When I was extremely small, Only three or four,

2. I was at a school while young, With a garden fair,
I did nothing wrong at all For a week or more. 
Rosy apples overhung, From the orchard there.

Auntie brought my cloak and hood, Brushed my hair out neat, 
But we knew they must belong To the other side.

Saying, you have been so good, You shall have a treat! I will 
So to gather them was wrong, Yet I fear we tried. When we

go with you, To the Zoo! Zoo, Zoo, 
went to play. Some one used to say:

220380.
Lady V.

Come along with me, To the Zoo, dear;
Come along with me, By the wall, dear;

El-e-phants you'll see, Great big bears and ti-gers,
No-bod-y you'll see, I hear Mам'-selle snor-ing.

We will have some tea, Tea for two, dear!
You can reach the tree, You're so tall, dear;

You've been a good lit-tle girl, So come along with me!
Apples are just get-ting ripe, So come along with me!
CHORUS.

Come along with me,
To the Zoo, dear!

Come along with me,
By the wall, dear!

CHO.

Elephants you'll see,
Great big bears and tigers,

Nobody will see,
I hear Mam'selle snoring.

CHO.

We will have some tea,
Tea for two, dear.

You can reach the tree,
You're so tall, dear;

CHO.

You've been a good little girl, So come along with me!

Apples are just getting ripe, So come along with me!
LADY VIOLET.

3. When I grew an older girl,
    Eager for romance,
I was in a perfect whirl At my first big dance!

One young man whose eyes were dark, Look'd extremely nice,

And I meet him in the Park Only once or twice! But I

... turned so red When one day he said;
Lady V.

Come along with me, Will you not, dear?

Married we will be, Then go honey-mooning.

Italy we'll see, That's the spot, dear!

You've been a good little girl, So come along with me.

220380.
CHORUS.

Come along with me,
Will you not, dear?

CHOR.

Married we will be,
Then go honey-mooning;

NO.

Italy we'll see,
That's the spot, dear!

CHO.

You've been a good little girl.
So come along with me!
SONG—(Ronald.)

"I'M JUST AN ORDINARY MAN"

Word and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

1. There are lots of fellows in the
2. I can't give you all the par-

world today, But there very few about like me. I don't

mind a bit what I do or say. I'm as simple as a man can

Ronald.

Piano.
be. My tailor's an ordinary man who makes Very
erat. I can't owe a bill for a year or so, And

ordinary clothes, like these, With all the ordinary
never pay a single cent; For I'm such a common place

bad mistakes. And extraordinary baggy at the knees. Oh!
fool, I know That I should go and pay by accident. For

I'm not the sort of man to go by, I'm not the
kind of man you know by New boots of black and tan. No, I'm just an
kind of man you know by New boots of black and tan. I'm not a

ordinary man. Yes, I'm quite a common sort of penny thing.
sporting kind of man. Why, I've never even shot a keeper.

I'm not particular good at anything, I'm just well
I find that rabbits work out cheaper. I know it

what on earth am I? I'm just an ordinary man.
isn't half as smart. But I'm such an ordinary man.
3. There are lots of very decent
chaps I've met who have no idea what hardships mean;

There are
lots of fellows who are quite upset if they haven't got a flying ma...
There are men who make a cabman drive like mad. And always pay them half-a-crown. I must confess I'm always drenched glad if the silly horse don't tumble down. Oh!

Slower.

I'm not the sort of man to go by, I'm not the
kind of man you know by New boots, of black and tan,
No, I'm just an ordinary man. Yes, In politics there's lately been a stir.

And things are looking rather sinister. Why can't they

just make me Prime Minister?—I'm quite an ordinary man.
Nº 30

FINALE ACT II.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL and LIONEL MONCKTON.

Chorus.

At the fancy,

fancy ball, happiness has come to all,

So we may hope that in any case You're contented with the
orchid chase
At the fancy, fancy ball,

Happiness has come to all,
So we may hope that in

any case—You're satisfied with the

orchid chase!
So we
join in a ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra, Ta-
ra-ra, And merrily sing, "Long life to the King, And

Pres-i-dent Lou-bet!" Till we're dry as the Sa-

-ha-ra, Ta-ra-ra, Ta-ra-ra, We'll
dis-

dsi-
pate
gloom

With

Tar-

ra-

boom,

With

Tar-

ra-

boom,

de-

ay.

ay.