A Runaway Girl

New Musical Play

by Seymour Hicks and Harry Nicholls
Lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood and Harry Greenbank

Musical Numbers by Lionel Monckton

AND

Ivan Caryll.

Vocal Score 6/6 Net. (2.00)
Piano Score 3/6 Net. (1.00)

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A Runaway Girl.

Dramatis Personæ.

Brother Tamarind .................................................. (A Lay Brother of St Pierre) ........................................... Mr. Harry Monkhouse.
Guy Stanley ......................................................... (Lord Coodle's Nephew) .................................................. Mr. W. Louis Bradfield.
Lord Coodle ........................................................... Mr. Fred Kaye.
Signor Paloni .......................................................... (Consul at Corsica) ..................................................... Mr. Robert Nainby.
Hon. Bobby Barclay .................................................. Mr. Lawrance D'orsay.
Mr. Creel ............................................................... (An Entomologist) ...................................................... Mr. Willie Warde.
Sir William Hake .................................................... (A Cook's Tourist) ....................................................... Mr. Fred Wright.
Mr. Arthur Haslock .................................................. (A Cook's Tourist) ....................................................... Mr. Harry Phydora.
Count Ehrenbreitstein von der Höhe ................................ (A Cook's Tourist) ....................................................... Mr. Fritz Rimma.
Santa Cruz ................................................................ (Three Musicians of a Wandering Troupe) ......................... Mr. R. Selby.
Boccaccio ................................................................ (Head of the Troupe) ....................................................... Mr. A. F. Cramer.
Doloroso ................................................................ (Also of the Troupe) .......................................................... Mr. John Coates.
Leonello ................................................................ (At Hotel Ajaccio) ............................................................. Mr. W. F. Brooke.

AND

Flipper ................................................................. (A Jockey) ........................................................................ Mr. Edmund Payne.
Alice ................................................................ (Lady Coodle's Maid) ....................................................... Miss Katie Seymour.
Dorothy Stanley ......................................................... Miss Ethel Haydon.
Carmenita ................................................................. (A Street Musician) ......................................................... Miss Connie Ediss.
Lady Coodle .............................................................. Miss M. Talbot.
Fraulein Ehrenbreitstein von der Höhe ................................ (A Cook's Tourist) ....................................................... Miss Grace Palotta.
Agatha ................................................................ (A Schoolgirl) ................................................................. Miss Margaret Fraser.
Mrs. Creel ............................................................... (At St. Pierre) ................................................................. Miss Maidie Hope.
A Serving Maid .......................................................... Miss Daisy Roche.

The Two Miss Hakes ................................................. (Miss Marie Fawcett. Miss Emilie Hervey.
Marietta ................................................................ (A Flower Girl) ............................................................... Miss Rosie Boote.

And

Winifred Grey .......................................................... (An Orphan) ................................................................. Miss Ellaline Terriss.

ACT I.—CORSICA.

Scene I.—A Wood near the Convent of St. Pierre.
Scene II.—Ajaccio.

ACT II.—VENICE.
# A Runaway Girl.

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A RUNAWAY GIRL.

No 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

Andantino.

Piano.

Breathe soft,

wind of the south, blossoming branches are bending and listening,
a tempo

Breathe soft, pursing thy mouth, Drink from the cups where the dew drops are glistening.

Seas moan, soothing and slumberless,

Bees drone, drowsy and numberless, Booming along as they murmur the song.
of a dream-lullaby, Booming along as they

dream-lullaby, Booming along as they

mur-mur the song of a dream-lullaby;
a tempo

mur-mur the song of a dream-lullaby;
a tempo

Allegretto.
In convent education,

- ca - tional Rout - ine is not sen - sa - tion - al, And pas - time re - cre - tional A

ve - ry plea - sant ploy, We like to taste its qual - i - ty In mirth and fun and
jollity, For a picnic means frivolity, And that's what we enjoy.

Allegretto.

Such wonderful things our hampers contain, The
greatest girl can hardly complain, with chickens and tongues, and even champagne, we've
plenty to drink and to eat. When we sit round the cloth we spread on the grass, a
stranger might guess, who happened to pass, from the click of the plate and the clink of the glass, that the
school-girls are having a treat! Click, clack!

school-girls are having a treat! Click, clack!

click, clack! Rattle the knives and the forks. And hark to the pop of the corks. While everyone chatters and talks.

click, clack! cick, clack! cick, clack!
Musical melody rings! While ev'ry one jabbers, and laughs, and sings!
No 2.

SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS of GIRLS.

"THE SLY CIGARETTE."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Winifred.

Allegretto.

Piano.

won't.

imo.

wo.

low.

ng.

EDWIN.

If

ripen: mf a tempo

w.

girls and boys Were asked what joys They found the most en- trancing. Each
boy would name His favourite game, From "Ducks and Drakes" to dancing; But
girls with me Would all agree, Although you'll think I'm joking, With

poco rall:
twinkling eye They'd make reply, "The best of all is smoking." Ah!

poco rall:

Tempo di Valse.

Oh, sly cigarette!

Oh fie, cigarette!
Why did you teach me to love you so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know? Oh, sly cigarette! Oh fie cigarette!

Why did you teach me to love you so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know?
Oh, after school To garden cool How sweet it is to vanish; To

dream away Our time of play, In smoke our lessons banish. My

head you turn’d When first I learnt My little friend, to pet you; I

poco rall;

cough’d and chok’d Each time I smok’d, But still I’m glad I met you. Ah!

poco rall:
Tempo di Valse.

Oh, sly.

-- cigarette! Oh fie, cigarette!

Why did you teach me to love you

so, When I have to pretend that I don't, you know? Oh,
love you so, when I have to pretend that I don't.

Why did you teach me to

cl.-gar - ettel

Oh, fie,
No. 3.

SONG. (Leonello) and CHORUS.

"SEA-GIRT LAND OF MY HOME."

Andantino.

Piano.\footnote{mf con espress:}

LEONELLO.\footnote{con espress:}

Sea - girt land of my home,

When thy val - leys I roam,

Wide world's mon - arch am

Blue vault of heav - en my ca - no - py.

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What king's sceptre and throne Stand so firm as my own?
Free from strife and from care.

Tempo I.
Show me a kingdom with mine to compare.
Wild birds

lullabies sing to me; Daylight dies!
Shine bright eyes in the twinking skies.

Night falls; visions to bring to me, Where I rove,
Dreams of love, from the stars above.
What though homeless I be? Roofed by sheltering tree.
Grass-grown couches my bed.

Green leaves twining above my head, None dare question my sway. None my rule to gainsay.
Free my kingdom to range Many a monarch his own would exchange. Wild birds lullabies sing to me; Daylight dies! Shine bright eyes in the twinkling skies.
Dreams

Where he'll rove!

Dreams

Dreams

Dreams

Of love from the stars a

Dreams of love

Dreams of love

Dreams of love
above from the stars above!

from above, from the stars above!

from above, from the stars above!

from above, from the stars above!
No. 4.

CHORUS.

"THE CONVENT BELL"

Hark! the convent bell is ringing. Time its course is swiftly winging, End of recreation bringing.

Hark! the convent bell is ringing. Time its course is swiftly winging,
SOP.

Sounding pleasure's knell!
Seek we

CON.

Hark!
Sounding pleasure's knell!
Seek

SOP.

Hark! the convent bell,

all our home of learning,
Seek we all our home of learning. Hark! the convent

CON.

we,
Seek we all our home of learning. Hark! the convent

SOP.

Hark! the convent bell!

CON.

bell, Hark! the convent bell!

90525
No. 5.

OPENING CHORUS—SCENE II.

Allegro.

Piano.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

Bright and blue our sunny skies
Brighter still our maidens eyes;

Bright and blue our sunny skies
Brighter still our maidens eyes;

Bright and blue our sunny skies
Brighter still our maidens eyes;

20525
see them go to and fro, and hear their laughter ring

All the town's in bright array Decked out for a holiday

Loud we laugh joke and chaff cheerful songs we gaily sing
Through the market place,
Note their dainty grace,

Maidens fair light as air,
Pick their way

all the street's alive,
Hums the busy hive,
up and down, Through the town, comes the sound of laughter gay.

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens eyes,

see them go to and fro and hear their laughter ring,
All the town's in bright array, Decked out for a holiday,

Loud we laugh, joke and chaff, Maidens fair beyond compare,
Trip it to and fro in beauty
SOP.

rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair,

TEN.

rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair,

BASS

rare with dancing eyes and nut brown hair,

Tempo di Valse.

FLOWER GIRLS. f leggiero

We've
but - ton - holes of ro - ses rare with myr - tle leaves and
maid - en - hair, Un - less you're quick they'll all be gone.

And if you please we'll pin them on!

Ah! And half a franc it
glad - ly fol - low your ad - vice, But half a franc's too
Flr. G.

is our price Unless you're quick they'll all be gone!

So

MEN.

low a price For so much perfection tis clear!

You

Cresc.

Flr. G.

we know our business 'tis clear!

MEN.

don't know your business my dear!

Allegro moderato
whips we crack, And we gallop away from the laughter gay of the
whips we crack, And we gallop away from the laughter gay of the

chattering girls who would hold us back, There's a wonderful swing in the
chattering girls who would hold us back, There's a wonderful swing in the

hoofbeats ring, And the echoes wake, as we speed along. From the
goofbeats ring, And the echoes wake, as we speed along. From the
cres.

to.

rocks above all the joys we love, The magic of women, and wine, and song!
rocks above all the joys we love, The magic of women, and wine, and song!
Market Girls.

Merry, merry maids in bright array, Firm of foot and fair of face;

Fascinating footfalls day by day, Echo in the market place. For the
jing-ling jog of our clat-ter-ing clog is a song that you all must
know,
And our charm is found in the mu-si-cal sound
of the
tap of its tune-ful toe, And the clat-ter of our sa-
bots, sa-bots, And the clat-ter of our sa-
bots, And the
clatter of our sabots! sabots! And the clatter of our sabots!

Bright and blue our sunny skies, Brighter still our maidens' eyes,
See them go to and fro And hear their laughter ring,

All the town's in bright array, Decked out for a holiday; Loud we laugh, joke and chaff,
Maids' ens fair, beyond compare.

Trip it to and fro in beauty rare, With dancing

eyes and nut brown hair.
SONG. (Guy) and CHORUS of GIRLS.

"NOT THE SORT OF GIRL I CARE ABOUT."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Guy.

Piano.

GUY.

1. There are girls of ev'ry station, with a
2. There's a wealth of adoration in your
3. There's a liberal education in the
liking for flirtation, In whose company a pleasant hour I've spent, From their
youthful admiration For the deity who dances at the Hall, While you
modern affection Of the maiden who's a little past her prime, And who
charms I'm not de.tract ing tho' I may ap pear ex. act ing. But I've cul ti vate de.votion to the po et ry of mo tion, And you knows her charms are fail ing in the ef fort un a vail ing. To se

GUY. nev er found one yet I'd care to wed. Take the spend a lit tle for tune in the stalls. For there's -cure a wealth y hus band while there's time. For there's

type that's sprung up late ly ra ther mas cu line and state ly. With a some thing in her dan cin g so u nique and so en tran cing. That you some thing quite pa thetic in the waste of good cos met ic. Tho' her

GUY. well de vel oped chin and close cro pp'd hair; In a cos tume bifur ca ted which her wor ship ev ry evening at her shrine; And in ec sta sy you mut ter that the pa tron age of course is good for trade; For her fav rite pre par a tion pack'd se
tailorimitated, From the model which her brother used to fascinat ing flutter. Of her petti coats is perfectly di- cure from observa tion, Costs her twenty francs a bottle, post age

twell, she rises with the lark and she wear. She can charm you with a glance, she can

養 paid, She's as girl ish as can be, and she

scorch es in the Park, She's a lady there's a lot of wear and sup and she can dance. She's a lady there's a lot of golden says she's twenty-three Though her age is really thirty-five or


tear about But her boots a number nine for her hair about She's admirers by the score, knows that there about She prefers a shaded light and her
clatter of our sabots! sabots! And the clatter of our sabots!

Bright and blue our sunny skies,
Brighter still our maidens' eyes,

Bright and blue our sunny skies,
Brighter still our maidens' eyes,
See them go to and fro And hear their laughter ring,

All the town's in bright array, Decked out for a holiday; Loud we laugh, joke and chaff,
SONG. (Guy) and CHORUS of GIRLS.

"NOT THE SORT OF GIRL I CARE ABOUT."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

1. There are girls of ev'ry station, with a
2. There's a wealth of a-do-ra-tion in your
3. There's a lib'-ral ed-u-ca-tion in the
lik-ing for flir-ta-tion, In whose com-pa-ny a pleas-ant hour I've sped;  From their
youth-ful ad-mir-a-tion For the de-lity who dan-ces at the Hall,  While you
mo-der-naf-fec-ta-tion Of the maid-en who's a lit-tle past her prime.  And who
charms I'm not deducting tho' I may appear exacting, But I've cultivated devotion to the poetry of motion, And you knows her charms are failing in the effort unavailing, To see

never found one yet I'd care to wed, Take the spend a little fortune in the stalls, For there's cure a wealthy husband while there's time, For there's

type that's sprung up lately rather masculine and stately, With a something in her dancing so unique and so entrancing, That you something quite pathetic in the waste of good cosmetic, Tho' her

well developed chin and close cropped hair, In a costume bifurcated which her worship every evening at her shrine, And in ecstacy you mutter that the patronage of course is good for trade, For her favorite preparation so
tailorimitated, From the model which her brother used to fascinating flutter. Of her petticoats is perfectly discernible from observation. Costs her twenty francs a bottle, postage.

wear.______Well, she rises with the lark, and she

vines.______She can charm you with a glance, she can

paid._______She's as girlish as can be, and she

scorches in the Park, She's a lady there's a lot of wear and sup and she can dance. She's a lady there's a lot of golden

says she's twenty-three Though her age is really thirty-five or

tear about____But her boots a number nine for her

hair about____She's admirers by the score, knows that

there about____She prefers a shaded light and her

20525
foot's as big as mine. So I don't think that's the sort of girl I
two and two make four. But I don't think she's the sort of girl I
hair takes off at night, So I don't think that's the sort of girl I

CHORUS.

care a bout, Well she rises with the lark and she
care a bout, She can charm you with a glance, she can
care a bout, She's as girl ish as can be and she

corch es in the Park, She's a la dy there's a lot of wear and
sup and she can dance, She's a la dy there's a lot of gold en
says she's twen ty-three, Though her age is really thirty-five or

tear a bout, But her boot's a num ber nine for her
hair a bout, She's adm irers by the score, knows that
there a bout, She pre fers a sha ded light and her
foot's as big as mine, So I don't think that's the sort of girl I care about.
two and two make four, But I don't think she's the sort of girl I care about.
hair takes off at night, So I don't think that's the sort of girl I care about.

care about.
care about.
care about.
DANCE.
No 7

SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"THE SINGING GIRL."

Winifred.

My friends, you're far too kind to

greet The singing girl with words so sweet

Piano.
simple song's the only way My debt of gratitude to pay.

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

A song! a song! as you suggest, Let's have, let's have a

To please you all, I'll do my best!

song!

song!

song!
I'm only a poor little singing girl
who wanders to and fro,
Yet many have heard me with
hearts a-whirl,
At least, they tell me so. For
ever I meet with a kindly word From strangers near and far.
And ever the question is, "have you heard the singing girls guitar?"
For the crowds in the street Say my music is sweet.
Tho' they flatter me greatly I fear.
For the
song that I sing is no wondrous thing But it's simple enough, as you hear

hear it's simple enough, as you hear And greatly they flatter, I fear. I'm

only a poor little singing girl Who wanders to and fro, Yet,
ma ny have heard me with hearts a whirl, At least, they tell me

so.

Bra vo! Bra vo! The charming

Bra vo! Bra vo! The charming

Bra vo! Bra vo! The charming

lit tle sing ing girl. Bra vo! Bra vo! For ev ry

lit tle sing ing girl. Bra vo! Bra vo! For ev ry

lit tle sing ing girl. Bra vo! Bra vo! For ev ry

2025
SOP.

heart she sets a whirl, She charms them near and

TEN.

far with her guitar!

BASS.

far with her guitar!

far with her guitar!
In many a town where I ply my trade
To earn my daily bread, From ladies in beautiful

clothes arrayed, Men turn to me instead. Some

say they're in love with my simple dress, And some pretend to
be In love with my singing; and some confess That they're in love with me.
I have songs, to be sure, Both for rich and for poor, And I know how to pick and choose:
For the handsome young swell I've a love-tale to tell And his heart he is certain to lose;
heart he is certain to lose! I know how to pick and to choose.

I'm only a poor little singing girl Who wanders to and fro. Yet, many have heard me with hearts a whirl, At least, they've told me so.

Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing
SOP.
girl Bravo Bravo For every heart she sets a whirl, She

TEN.
girl Bravo Bravo For every heart she sets a whirl, She

BASS.
girl Bravo Bravo For every heart she sets a whirl, She

SOP.
charms them near and far With her guitar!

TEN.
charms them near and far With her guitar!

BASS.
charms them near and far With her guitar!

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

20525
No. 8.

Duet. (Guy and Winifred.)

"No one in the world like you."

Music by

Alfred D. Cammeyer.

Guy.

Piano.

Of all the girls I've ever seen in

All the climes I've roved, believe me, dearest, you're the Queen, the only one I've loved. It
may be true, though I've been told That's what men always say, In
fairytale tales of suitors bold Who love and ride away.

But I think I'd break my heart If we ever had to part, And there's

nothing you can ask I wouldn't do. No, it isn't fair to chaff For I
vow though you may laugh, That I mean them ev’ry word I say to

WINIFRED.

Oh, I think I’d break my heart If we ever had to part, And there’s

you. Oh, I think I’d break my heart If we ever had to part, And there’s

nothing you can ask I wouldn’t do, For I love but you alone And I

nothing you can ask I wouldn’t do, For I love but you alone And I
want you for my own, 'Cos there's no one in the world like you.

I wonder if there'll come a day When

you will half regret Those whispered words that lovers say But husbands may forget. How
shall I make you understand That I'd lay down my life To clasp in mine your little hand And

claim you for my wife.

Oh, I think I'd break my heart if we ever had to part, And there's nothing you can ask I wouldn't do.

Oh, it wasn't fair to chaff And I didn't mean to laugh For I know that every word you said was
true. Oh, I think I'd break my heart If we e - ver had to part, And there's

no - thing you can ask I would n't do, For I love but you a - lone And I

want you for my own, 'Cos there's no - one in the world like you.

20525
CONCERTED PIECE and DANCE.

Flipper, Alice, Lord C, Lady C, Paloni, Fraulein E, Dorothy, & Mr Creel.

"FOLLOW THE MAN FROM COOK's"

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.

(FLIPPER) 1. Ladies and gentlemen leave it to me, Follow the man from

(FLIPPER) 2. If you're inclined for a bicycle ride, Follow the man from

(FRAUE) 3. Weary and lame at the end of the day, Bother the man from

Cook's! (ALICE) Nobody else is as clever as he, Follow the man from

Cook's! (DOROTHY) Leave the direction to him to decide, Follow the man from

Cook's! (LORD C) Worried to death you will probably say, Bother the man from
Cooks! (LORD C.) How can I tell if his duties he knows? Surely his manner is.
Cooks! (ALICE.) Bae, de, ker's only advice, as a rule, leads to a palace, a
Cooks! (LADY C.) Hurried along when you wanted to stop (CREEL) Loaded with half the con-

-tel li-gence shews! (PALONI.) If you go wrong, sir, I ponche you ze nose!
church, or a school; (FLIPPER.) Who says a ride on a Cor. si. can mule?
-tents of a shop (PALONI) Bus. tled a bout till you're rea. dy to drop,

TUTTI. FLIPPER.

Fol-low the man from Cook's! Fol-low the man from Cook's! Oh,
Fol-low the man from Cook's! Fol-low the man from Cook's! Oh,
Bo. ther the man from Cook's! Bo. ther the man from Cook's! Oh,

follow the man from Cook's! The won-der ful man from Cook's! And
follow the man from Cook's! The won-der ful man from Cook's! And
bo. ther the man from Cook's! The wor. ry ing man from Cook's! For
follow the man from Cook's, The wonderful man from Cook's; And
follow the man from Cook's, The wonderful man from Cook's; And
bother the man from Cook's, The worrying man from Cook's; For
whether your stay be short or long, He'll show you the sights, He
whether your stay be short or long, He'll show you the sights, He
whether he's booked by week or day, He'll tire you to death And

can't go wrong; Oh, follow the man from Cook's, The wonderful man from

can't go wrong; Oh, follow the man from Cook's, The wonderful man from
call it play, Oh, bother the man from Cook's! The worrying man from

Cook's: It's twenty to one You've plenty of fun, So
Cook's: It's twenty to one You've plenty of fun, So
Cook's! It's twenty to one You say when he's done, Oh

20525
DUE T. (Carmenita and Tamarind)
But we're dressed in our best Spanish liv'ry, With gay castanets and giddy guitar. Ho! la! la! Vive Cadiz, though we don't know where it is! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! Cresc.
Vive Navarre! which is just about as far!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

DANCE.
FINALE - ACT I.
"TO VENICE."

Guy.

It's

Piano.

time that a rapid departure we took; I've one idea only and that's a

Suggestion to fly with those coupons of Cook! To Venice, St. Mark's, and Piazza!

WINIFRED.

We're
sure to be safe on its famous canal, Concealed in a gondola

But if those musicians detect us, we shall get worse than a hiding for

To Venice! To Venice! The

To Venice! To Venice! The

To Venice! To Venice! The

To Venice! To Venice! The
boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

boat is at the quay! The captain will surely ac-

- com.m.o_date three! He'll quite un.d.er.stand it's to baf.fle these ban.dits, We

- com.m.o_date three! He'll quite un.d.er.stand it's to baf.fle these ban.dits, We

- com.m.o_date three! He'll quite un.d.er.stand it's to baf.fle these ban.dits, We

has. ten, To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice the queen of the

has. ten, To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice the queen of the

has. ten, To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice the queen of the

20525
To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!
To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!
To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!
To Venice! To Venice! The boat is at the sea!

Quay The captain will surely accommodate three, He'll
Quay The captain will surely accommodate three, He'll
Quay The captain will surely accommodate three, He'll
Quay The captain will surely accommodate three, He'll
Quay The captain will surely accommodate three, He'll

20525
My feelings I cannot express! She's

blessed—there isn't a doubt of it! As you've got me into the

mess, I'll thank you for getting me out of it!

Well follow wherever they

I'll just put a hat and a wrapper on; It
wouldn't be proper, you know, unless the poor girl had a

Tempo I. TAMARIND.

chap - pe - ron! But ere we fly 'twere best for

both That you and I Should plight our troth! Oh! dear one,

hush! Though o - live-skinned, you make me blush, My Ta - ma - rindi!
sweetly trips a lover's bliss! Two pairs of lips and one long kiss!

How sweetly trips a lover's bliss! And one long kiss!

How sweetly trips a lover's bliss! And one long kiss!

How sweetly trips a lover's bliss! And one long kiss!

DOROTHY
any-one tell if my brother's been here, or where that most fickle of men is? He's gone with the singing girl down to the pier. They're bolting.

together.

bolling? together? where?
A. Venice!

To Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

SOP.

To Venice, to Venice, the queen of the

TEN.

sea,

BASS.

sea,

DOROTHY.

Far away o'er the sea

D. pp

20525
Venice, the wondrous lies,
Of the waves, bride is she,
Blue are her beautiful skies.

And 'tis there we would go,
There we would make our home.
Hear how the soft winds blow
Greeting across the foam.
Hark to the song of the surf on the shore—Winds that are ever—

Hark to the song of the surf on the shore—Winds that are ever—

Hark to the song of the surf on the shore—Winds that are ever—

Greeting, Waves that are ever beating; Whispering secrets un—

Greeting, Waves that are ever beating; Whispering secrets un—

Greeting, Waves that are ever beating; Whispering secrets un—

 Whispered before—Told by the tideless sea—

 Whispered before—Told by the tideless sea—

 Whispered before—Told by the tideless sea—

20525
Hark to the echoes that wake from the caves.

Sink ing away, and swelling louder again and telling Tales that they learn from the gossip ing waves, Roaming un fet tered and free.
Tempo I.

Far away o'er the sea,
Venice, the
don-der-ful lies
Of the waves,

bri-ide is she,
blue are her beau-ti-ful skies
And 'tis there we would go, there we would go,
And 'tis there we would go, there we would go,

make our home, make our home, make our home,

Hear how the soft winds blow, soft winds blow, soft winds blow,
greeting a-cross the foam, greeting a-cross the foam, greeting a-cross the foam,

rall: rall: rall:
CAR.

Oh! here's a nice to-do; The boat's gone off without us.

SOP.

And

TEN.

TAMABIND.

here's your gipsy crew—They're sure to set about us!

BASS.

Allegro.

PIERRO.

Clearly that dashing young don
Can't be depended upon. Flirting is funny; but where is our money? And

where is our singing girl?

Where is our singing girl?

Where is our singing girl?

Where is our singing girl?

gone!

gone!

gone!

cresc.
PIE.
what! Where is our singing girl? Misery, agony,

MUS.
what! Where is our singing girl?

SOP.
gone!

TEN.
gone!

BASS.
gone!

PIE.
woe! After the villain we'll go! Corpo di Bacchus! We'll
get on his track—oh! And hurry from Corsica!

No!

Hurry from Corsica!

Hurry from Corsica!

Hurry from Corsica!

Hurry from Corsica!
Tell us the truth if you
Hurry from Corsica!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!
Not!

And when did your charge of her cease?
Answer at once or I...
CARMENITA. (Spoken)

swear-

Tamarind, help me! Tamarind, help me!

(Spoken)

Police!

Misery, agony woe! Just as they're anxious to

Misery, agony woe! Just as they're anxious to

Misery, agony woe! Just as they're anxious to

Corpo di Baccho! To get on his track-o! The Sig. nor Pa.lo.ni says

Corpo di Baccho! To get on his track-o! The Sig. nor Pa.lo.ni says

Corpo di Baccho! To get on his track-o! The Sig. nor Pa.lo.ni says
PIE.

Damn!

MUB!

Damn!

SOP.

"No!"

(Shouted)

"No!"

(Ten.)

"No!"

BASS.

"No!"

"No!"

Sig., nor Pa-lo-ni says

Sig., nor Pa-lo-ni says

Sig., nor Pa-lo-ni says

Sig., nor Pa-lo-ni says
W.

baf.fle these ban.dits we has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

GUY.

baf.fle these ban.dits we has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

F.

baf.fle these ban.dits we has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

SOP.

baf.fle these ban.dits they has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

TEN.

baf.fle these ban.dits they has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

BASS.

baf.fle these ban.dits they has. ten  To Ve.nice, To Ve.nice, the queen of the

W.

sea!

GUY.

sea!

F.

sea!

SOP.

sea!

TEN.

sea!

BASS.

sea!

20525
Far away o'er the sea, Venice, the wonderful

lies Of the waves, she is bride,

lies Of the waves, she is bride,

lies Of the waves, she is bride,

blue are her beautiful skies! And 'tis there

blue are her beautiful skies! And 'tis there

blue are her beautiful skies! And 'tis there

20525
we would go. There we would make our home! Hear

we would go. There we would make our home! Hear

we would go. There we would make our home! Hear

rall:
how the soft winds blow greeting across the foam.

rall:
how the soft winds blow greeting across the foam.

rall:
how the soft winds blow greeting across the foam.
Act II.

No 12.

OPENING CHORUS.

Moderato ben marcato.

Piano.

SOP.

TEN.

BASS.

In Venice when fêtes are in swing
We

In Venice when fêtes are in swing
We

In Venice when fêtes are in swing
We

20525
worship our carni-val king!
Gondolas gay In

festive ar-ray, With laugh-ter and song, Go glid-ing a-

long. The water-ways spar-kle at night With
SOP. lan.terns and tor.ches a.light Gleam.ing and

TEN. lan.terns and tor.ches a.light Gleam.ing and

BASS. lan.terns and tor.ches a.light Gleam.ing and

SOP. gold, Num.bers un.told, With ban.ners un.rolled, 'Tis a

TEN. gold, Num.bers un.told, With ban.ners un.rolled, 'Tis a

BASS. gold, Num.bers un.told, With ban.ners un.rolled, 'Tis a

GIRLS. won.der.ful sight!

The

TEN. won.der.ful sight!

BASS. won.der.ful sight!
fête we keep today Is such a

grand display. You'll find, so we're told, Young and

old, Shy and bold, Will be there To

young and old, Shy and bold,

young and old, Shy and bold,

young and old, Shy and bold,
join our masquerade
You need not be afraid
Wait till the set of the sun,
For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!

Set of sun, For the fun, of the fair!
In Venice when fêtes are in swing

We worship our carnival king!
Gondoliers gay, in festive array, with laughter and song, gliding along. The ways sparkle at night with lanterns and torches alight.
Gleaming and gold, Numbers untold, With banners untold, 'Tis a wonderful sight!
No. 13.  
TRIO. (Winifred, Guy, and Flipper.)

Allegro con brio.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Winifred.

Piano.

WIN.

F.

GUY.

We have left pursuit behind us, O'er the sea! O'er the sea!
WIN.

Don't know where to find us, You and me, You and me!

F.

You and me!

GUY.

You and me! For we

WIN.

It was quite a pleasant trip,

F.

And we

GUY.

travelled here by ship,

WIN.

Don't you see?

F.

gave 'em all the slip, Don't you see? Don't you see?

GUY.

Don't you see?
WIN.

wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For where there's a will there is

F.

al-ways a way: Oh, ne-ver was seen such a glo-ri-ous day, So

GUY.

al-ways a way: Oh, ne-ver was seen such a glo-ri-ous day, So

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Now we're safe in sunny Venice, free and fair, free and fair. And I think it's pounds to pennies they'll swear, that they'll swear. Naught can separate us but no matter what they do,
WIN.  

two.

F.  

They may talk until they're blue, We don't care! we don't

GUY.  

we don't

WIN.  

care!

F.  

care!

GUY.  

care!

WIN.  

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For

F.  

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For

GUY.  

No wonder we're merry and happy and gay, For
where there's a will there is always a way; Oh, never was seen such a
glorious day, So tol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lay!
Tol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lol-de-rol, lay!

Ah! tol-de-rol,
SONG. (Hake) and CHORUS.

"YOU KNOW?"

1. When you're out on the spree it's a
2. If I chance on a maiden to

first rate plan To make sure that you see all the fun you can, You
cast my eye Who is not too demure, and who's not too shy. You
know what I mean?
know what I mean?
And I ain't never been to a
You'll remember I wish to be

SOP.

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

TEN.

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

BASS.

Yes, we know what you mean.
Yes, we know what you mean.

wa-ter fête So I want to be pos- ted and up to date. You know what I mean?
left al- one, I'll dis-pense with the aid of a cha-per-one. You know what I mean?

SOP.

Oh, we

TEN.

Oh, we

BASS.

Oh, we

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Well, what's the proper thing to do? Fancy dress?
For I intend to make things hum, That's my game!

Know what you mean.

You stick to us; we'll pull you through, See you don't stray.
You'll find us all both deaf and dumb, Most discreet, we.

Eh? see?  

Good    Good

You stick to us; we'll pull you through, See you don't stray.
You'll find us all both deaf and dumb, Most discreet, we.
girls! that's right We'll have some fun to-night;  

All the plans I leave to you, Paint the town Ven-e-tian blue; I'll

Don't forget my wealth's immense, Paint the town at my ex-pense, I'll

pay my way— I mean to see the show,

pay my way— Because I like to show

When the Wa-ter Fête be-gins, I mean to— You

All the world Sir Wil-liam Hake is quite the— You
Know! know!

Good girls! that's right, We'll have some fun to-night;

Good girls! that's right, We'll have some fun to-night;

Good girls! that's right, We'll have some fun to-night;

Good girls! that's right, We'll have some fun to-night;

All the plans he leaves to you, Paint the town Venetian blue, He'll pay his
Don't forget my wealth's immense, Paint the town at my expense, I'll pay my

All the plans he leaves to you, Paint the town Venetian blue, He'll pay his
Don't forget my wealth's immense, Paint the town at my expense, I'll pay my

All the plans he leaves to you, Paint the town Venetian blue, He'll pay his
Don't forget my wealth's immense, Paint the town at my expense, I'll pay my
way - He means to see the show, When the Wa - ter Fête be - gins, he
way - Be - cause I like to show All the world Sir Wil - liam Hake is

way - He means to see the show, When the Wa - ter Fête be - gins, he
way - Be - cause I like to show All the world Sir Wil - liam Hake is

means to - you know! 1. 2.
quite the - you know!

means to - you know!
quite the - you know!

means to - you know!
quite the - you know!

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No 15.

SONG. (Dorothy) and CHORUS.

"SOLDIERS IN THE PARK."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro marziale.

Dorothy.

Piano.

1. Where's the music that is half so sweet-
2. How the children and the maids run,

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta!
Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!
Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta, ta!
As the trample of the soldiers' feet?
See their faces as they cry "what fun!"

Ta ra ra, ta ta,
Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta,
Ta ra ra, ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta, ta!
Come and listen to the
Crowds are flocking from the

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!

Ta ra ra, ta, Ta ra ra, ta, ta!
March they play-

Marble Arch,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,

Ta ra ra, ta ta, Ta ra ra, ta ta,
gay taran-ta-ra, And I know they’re coming nearer, for they always pass this see the soldiers pass, For there’s magic in the music of a military way. Tarata! Tarata! Tarata!
march. Tarata! Tarata! Tarata!
Oh, listen to the band! How merrily they play!
“Oh, don’t you think it grand?” Hear everybody
say.

Oh, listen to the band!

Who doesn't love to hark
To the shout of 'Here they come!' And the

bang- ing of the drum? Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!

CHORUS.

Oh, listen to the band—
How merrily they

marcato
"Oh! don't you think it grand?"

Hear ev'ry body say.

Oh! listen to the band!

Who doesn't love to hark To the shout of "Here they come" And the bang ing of the drum? Oh,

listen to the soldiers in the park!
NO. 16.  GONDOLA SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"BEAUTIFUL VENICE."

Andantino.

Winifred.

Piano.

The lazy town is dreaming, And

Nature is sleeping. Across the waters gleaming Black
shadows are creeping—I catch, where the dim shapes darken, Gentle
sensation of oar-blades swinging. And, watching their flight, I hearken, To the

Tempo I.

gondoliers softly singing. Shadows are falling, Boatmen are calling;

Soft in its lifting strain, Echoes their old refrain; Swelling and sighing and

waning and dying. Backward and forward, seaward and shoreward, Faintly I hear their call
Fading away, on the breast of the bay
Where the shadows fall.

When hushed in silent slumbers
The city is lying.
And still in countless numbers
Those dim shapes are plying,
While
None but the night-winds listen, And the moon creeps out of hiding. Then

Silvery wakes will glint From the gondolas onward gliding.}

Tempo I.

Shadows are falling, Boatmen are calling; Soft in its lilt ing

strain E - choes their old re - frain,

p Echoes the old re -

Soft in its lilt ing strain

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Swell-ing and sigh-ing and wan-ing and dy-ing, Back-ward and for-ward,

Se-a-ward and shore-ward, Faint-ly I hear their call,

Faint-ly I hear their call.

Fad-ing a-way On the breast of the bay Where the sha-dows fall.

Faint-ly I hear their call.
Shadows are falling, Boatmen are calling, Soft in its lilt ing

Ah!

Ah!

E choes the old re

Soft in its lilt ing strain

E choes the old re

Soft in its lilt ing strain

E choes the old re

Soft in its lilt ing strain

E choes the old re
Swell'ing and sigh'ing and wan'ing and dy'ing, Backward and for'ward, Seaward and shoreward,

Ah!

Faint'ly I hear their call,

Faint'ly I hear their call,

Faint'ly I hear their call,

Faint'ly I hear their call,

Faint'ly I hear their call,

Faint'ly I hear their call.
breast of the bay Where the shadows fall

Faintly I hear their call

Faintly I hear their call

breast of the bay Where the shadows fall

Faintly I hear their call

Faintly I hear their call

DANCE.
CARNIVAL CHORUS.

"WELCOME TO THE WATER FÊTE."

Piano.

TEN.

BASS.

Wel come to the wa ter fête, Naught but plea sure here you'll find;

"goes ad lib."
TEN.  
Gondolas with joyous freight, Leaving care and grief behind,

BASS.  
Gondolas with joyous freight, Leaving care and grief behind,

TEN.  
Full of jest and mirth and song, Come to swell the merry throng,

BASS.  
Full of jest and mirth and song, Come to swell the merry throng,

TEN.  
See them glide, With the tide, Joyously along,

BASS.  
See them glide, With the tide, Joyously along,
Hear their merry throng, Welcome all, Great or small,

Hear their merry throng, Welcome all, Great or small,

Welcome all!

Welcome all!

We

We

We
keep the feast Of Carnival so gay, From work we've ceased.

At least We've only time for play Today. What

sport on earth With Carnival can vie For joy and
mirth? From birth the hours too quickly fly.

Full of life and fun, Now the fête's begun.

Eager feet, restless beat, Gaily tripping down the street.
all! come, see the sight, Ho-la! Ho-la! To left and right; To-gether they dance a mea-sure wild.

As they raise their feet so
dance a mea-sure wild.

dance a mea-sure wild.

dance a mea-sure wild.
deft, Ho - la! Ho - la! To right and left, Oh, which of you all is not be - guiled?

Oh, which of us all is not be - guiled?

Oh, which of us all is not be - guiled?

Up and down, Fal - la, la, la, Up and down, Fal - la, la, la,
Brava! Brava! See them wildly dancing.
Eyes merrily glancing, gaily around!

Brava! Brava! Saltarello sprightly,

Feet tripping it lightly, easily skimming the ground.
Feet tripping it lightly,
Easily skimming the

Comrades all! Come, see the sight! Ho-la! Ho-la! To left and

right. Together they dance a measure wild,

Together they dance a measure

Together they dance a measure

Together they dance a measure
Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To
wild. Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To
wild. Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To
wild. Merrily trip the girls on nimble feet, To

watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a
watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a
watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a
watch them move is a treat. Gaily they go, Pointing a
toe, Ankle to show, Brava!

Presto.

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No. 18.  

SONG. (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"THE BOY GUESSED RIGHT."

Words and Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Winifred.

Piano.

Moderato.

1. There once was a little boy who went to school, And he grew older and he fell in love, With a boy got married in a year or so, He

he was an aggravating lad! girl just as pretty as a rose, He was

found her a treasure of a wife, They
smashed every window and he broke each rule; His be-
sure he adored her all the world above, But
lived in a happy little flat you know,

behaviour was really very bad. So the
yet he was frightened to propose. He
Their was a happy little life. And

master invited him to come one day. For a
paid her some tender little compliments, Said her
one fine morning people came and said, That they'd

private little inter view: And he
eyes were of a lovingly blue, So the
got to show him something new, And they
welcomed master Jack, With his hand behind his back, saying
maiden growing bold, Laid her head on his shoulder, saying
let him have a peep, At a bundle half asleep, saying

"Guess what I've got for you!" And the
"Guess how I dream of you!" And the
"Guess what we've got for you!" And the

boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,
boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,
boy guessed right the very first time, very first time,

very first time. He guessed right away it was not a cricket bat, I
very first time, He guessed right away that he'd got to take a flat, A
very first time, He knew by the sound it was not a pussy cat, It's
wonder how he came to think of that! And the boy guessed right the
husband always has to think of that! And the boy guessed right the
funny how he came to think of that! And the boy guessed right the

very first time very first time very first time He
guessed right away it was not a cricket bat, I wonder how he came to think of
guessed right away that he'd got to take a flat, A husband always has to think of
knew by the sound it was not a pussy cat, It's funny how he came to think of

1 and 2.

3.
DUET. (Flipper and Alice.)

"THE PICCANINNIES"

Flipper and Alice. Allegretto.

Piano.

When de twilight's fallin' and de stars a peepin' out, When de night begins, When de night begins, Is the
Deh a bound, behind the trees,
    Dey're sure to seize little colored piccaninies,
If dey don't take care, way out in de dark,
    You can hear 'em, hark!

to de goblins, waitin' over dere, behind de trees,
    In twos and threes, for de little piccaninies,
Whom dey mean to seize, Dey'll catch us if we isn't spry. For de gob-be-lins are watch-in' thro de corner of deir eye!

When dere ain't no sound except de ban-joes and gui-tars Soft-ly tink-ling, soft-ly tink-ling! And dere ain't no
light except de perky little stars All a-twinkling,

all a-twinkling! It's den de picca-
nin-nies are afraid to show dem-selves If dey want to

share a kiss In de dark, a-lone, like this— If dey want to

steal de ripe bananas from de shelves— 'Cos dey know de

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bogey-man is watchin' out with all his goblins and elves!

Behind de trees Dey wait to seize Little

coloured piccaninies If dey don't take care! Way out

in de dark You can hear 'em-hark! To de goblins
waitin' over dere, Behind de trees In
twos, and threes, For de coloured pic-can-nies whom dey mean to
seize, Dey'll catch us, creepin' down de lane, For to
steal de sugar, sugar, sugar, sugar from de cane!
SONG. (Carmenita) and CHORUS.

"SOCIETY."

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Carmenita.

Tempo di Valse.

Piano.

1. Though my family's pedigree
2. I'm so fond of the upper ten,
3. To the Derby I like to go
4. At the theatre I always sit
Isn't all that it ought to be, I've a face that is not so bad.
Both the ladies and gentlemen! And a figure that is not so bad.
With the aristocrats, you know, Breathed by people in Epsom, I gaily start.
In the front of the dear old pit; With a nice little eye very quickly falls. On the swells in their drive them mad.
There my manners are so refined,

Grosvener Square, To the park I have of ten horse and cart, Side by side with a four in 
velvet stalls, How they titter and stare at Dukes and Duchesses fill my mind;

been, Just to look at our gracious Queen,
hand, I can hear all the talk so grand,
me When I'm shock'd at the things I see,

20525
CAR.

With the swells I would dine and dance, If they'd
When I saw her I raised a shout. So they
If their blood is a brilliant blue, So's their
"Shame!" I cry, with a maiden blush, They just

CAR.
give me a chance! Oh! I
bundled me out! Oh! I
language too! Oh! I
shout at me "Ush!" Oh! I

CAR.

Love Society! High Society! High Society! High Society!
Love Society! Good Society! Good Society! Good Society!
Love Society! Real Society! Real Society! Real Society!
Love Propriety! Strict Propriety! Strict Propriety! Strict Propriety!

CARMENITA.

-society! Lots of new dresses I could afford
-society! I should be called an attractive girl
-society! I'd ride on horses with fine long tails
-propriety! Musical farces I'd quickly stop

20525
CHORUS.
If my papa had been born a Lord!
Oh! she
If my papa was a noble Earl!
Oh! she
If my papa was the Prince of Wales!
Oh! she
If my papa was an Archbishop!
Oh! she

loves Society! High Society! High Society!
loves Society! Good Society! Good Society!
loves Society! Real Society! Real Society!
loves Society! Strict Society! Strict Society!

She'd ride on horses with fine long tails
Lots of new dresses she could afford
She would be called an attractive girl
Musical farces she'd quickly stop

1. 2. & 3. 4.
If her papa had been born a Lord!
If her papa was a noble Earl!
If her papa was the Prince of Wales!
If her papa was an Archbishop!
With the swells I would dine and dance, If they'd
When I saw her I raised a shout, So they
If their blood is a brilliant blue, So's their
"Shame!" I cry, with a maiden blush, They just

give me a chance! Oh! I
bundled me out! Oh! I
lan guage too! Oh! I
shout at me "Ush!" Oh! I

Love Society! High Society! High So-
Love Society! Good Society! Good So-
Love Society! Real Society! Real So-
Love Propriety! Strict Propriety! Strict Pro-

CARMENITA.
- society! Lots of new dresses I could afford society! I should be called an attractive girl society! I'd ride on horses with fine long tails society! Musical farces I'd quickly stop

20525
CHORUS.

If my papa had been born a Lord! Oh! she
If my papa was a noble Earl! Oh! she
If my papa was the Prince of Wales! Oh! she
If my papa was an Archbishop! Oh! she

loves Society! High Society! High
loves Society! Good Society! Good
loves Society! Real Society! Real
loves Society! Strict Society! Strict

Society! Lots of new dresses she could afford
Society! She would be called an attractive girl
Society! She'd ride on horses with fine long tails
Society! Muscial farces she'd quickly stop

1 2 3 4.

If her papa had been born a Lord!
If her papa was a noble Earl!
If her papa was the Prince of Wales!
If her papa was an Archbishop!
No 21.

FINALE - ACT II.

Winifred.

I'm only a poor little singing girl, Who wanders to and fro, Yet,

Piano.

many have heard me with hearts a-whirl, At least, they tell me
Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing

Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing

Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing

girl, Bravo! Bravo! For every heart she sets a-whirl, Both

girl, Bravo! Bravo! For every heart she sets a-whirl, Both

girl, Bravo! Bravo! For every heart she sets a-whirl, Both

near and far, with her gul-

near and far, with her gul-

near and far, with her gul-
CHORUS.

Oh, listen to the tar.

Oh, listen to the tar.

Oh, listen to the tar.

Tempo di marziale.

in unis.

band!

How merrily they play!

marcato

"Oh, don't you think it grand?"
Hear everybody say.

Oh, listen to the band! Who doesn't love to

hark To the shout of "here they come" and the

bang of the drum? Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!
With the swells I would dine and dance,
When I saw her I raised a shout,
If their blood is a brilliant blue,
"Shame!" I cry, with a maiden blush,

I give me a chance!
Bundled me out!
Ranguage too!
Shout at me "Ush!"

Love Society! High Society!
Love Society! Good Society!
Love Society! Real Society!
Love Propriety! Strict Propriety!

-Ci-e-ty! Lots of new dresses I could afford
-Ci-e-ty! I should be called an attractive girl
-Ci-e-ty! I'd ride on horses with fine long tails
-Pr-i-e-ty! Musical farces I'd quickly stop
If my pa - pa had been born a Lord! Oh!  
If my pa - pa was a no - ble Hearl! Oh!  
If my pa - pa was the Prince of Wales! Oh!  
If my pa - pa was an Arch - bi - shop! Oh!  

CHORUS.

loves So - ci - e - ty! High  
loves So - ci - e - ty! Good  
loves So - ci - e - ty! Real  
loves Pro - pri - e - ty! Strict

- ci e - ty! Lots of new dress - es she could af - ford  
- ci e - ty! She would be called an at - trac - tive girl  
- ci e - ty! She'd ride on hors - es with fine long tails  
pro - pri - e - ty! Mu - sic - al far - ces she'd quick - ly stop

1. 2. 3. 4.

If her pa - pa had been born a Lord!  
If her pa - pa was a no - ble Hearl!  
If her pa - pa was the Prince of Wales!  
If her pa - pa was an Arch - bi - shop!
No 21.

FINALE - ACT II.

Winifred.

im only a poor little

Piano.

f

p

w.

singing girl, Who wanders to and fro, Yet,

w.

many have heard me with hearts a-whirl, At least, they tell me
Bravo! Bravo! The charming little singing girl, Bravo! Bravo! For every heart she sets a-whirl, Both near and far, with her
CHORUS.

Oh, listen to the star.

Oh, listen to the star.

Oh, listen to the star.

Tempo di marziale.

in unis.

band!

How merrily they play!

Oh. don't you think it grand?
Hear everybody say.

Oh, listen to the band! Who doesn't love to

Hark to the shout of "here they come" and the

Bang of the drum? Oh, listen to the soldiers in the park!
SONG: (Winifred) and CHORUS.

"WHEN THE LITTLE PIGS BEGIN TO FLY."

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro moderato.

Winfred.

1. When I was quite a tiny little mite, Each

nursery romance I knew: There was sweet Bo-peep with her

wandering sheep, And delightful Cinderella too, I
used to say, I was long-ing for the day. When a fair-y prince should meet my
eye, But they'd an-swew, me, "Such a sight you'll on-ly see. When the
lit-tle pigs be-gin to fly! When the lit-tle pigs be-gin to fly! Which is sure to hap-pen by and by.

Won't the
coun·try peo·ple stare, At the ba·con in the air, When the lit·tle pigs be·gin to

fly, When the lit·tle pigs be·gin to fly. Which is

sure to hap·pen by and by. Won't the coun·try peo·ple stare, At the

ba·con in the air. When the lit·tle pigs be·gin to fly.
2. If pigs wore wings We'd just half grown, I'd a

see some funny things, And what a chance for all good shots. With the piggy of my own, Like Mary and her famous lamb. He was

pigs at their ease Building nests in trees. And perching on the chimney fat you know, And I loved him so, Till they turned him into sausage and

pots,

The sporting boys will forget their former joys, And no ham,

But now I'm big There's another kind of pig, Which I
longer look for birds in the sky,
Not a soul will care, For a
fancy I should like to try.
He'll be not too old, Very

pheasant or a hare, When the little pigs begin to fly,
When the handsome, rather bold, And I don't intend to let him fly,

little pigs begin to fly,
which of course will happen by and
little pigs begin to fly,
there'll be lots of trouble by and

by,
we shall see the Duke of York, In the season shooting pork, When the
by,
I shall have to tie his wing, With a little bit of string, If my
CHORUS.

little pigs begin to fly, When the little pigs begin to fly.

If my little pig begins to fly, Which of course will happen by and by,

We shall see the Duke of York, In the season shooting pork. When the little pigs begin to have to tie his wing, With a little bit of string, If my naughty pig begins to fly.

last time

1. 

2. When fly!

20525
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A Little Longer.

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Nini, Ninette, Ninon.

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WALTER SLAUGHTER
Curly Head.
Two Flowers.

P. MARIO COSTA
Pierrot's Serenade.

CHARLES DEACON
Autumn Days.

C. PASTON-COOPER
We are not sure of Sorrow.
In some far land.

J. M. CAPEL
Love, could I only tell Thee.
If all the To-morrows.
Mary Adenea.
Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorraine.

FREDERICK BEVAN
The Old Soldier.
Kate Dalrymple.

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Did one but know.

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Ellen Bawn.

A. L. (Arranged by)
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Beloved, it is Morn.

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This Green Lane.
Don't forget me, Robin.
River of Dart.

GUY D'HardeLot
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Slumber Song.

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Love is a Bird.
My Gentle Child.

ELLEN WRIGHT
An Unforgotten Song.
O my Beloved.
With my Guitar.
The Dawn of Life.

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Tell me, thou Soul, of her I love.

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She is far from the Land.
Father's Lullaby.
I meant the words I said.
Don't be afraid to try.
Speak but one word.

C. B. HAWLEY
Before I loved you.

CLOWES BAYLEY
Come unto Me.

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