THE SHOP GIRL

MUSICAL FARCE

Written by

H.J.W. DAM,

Music by

IVAN CARYLL.

ADDITIONAL NO. 5

By ADRIAN ROSS

AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

Vocal Score, 6/-
Pianoforte Solo, 3/-

LONDON
Hopwood & Crew 42 New Bond Street, W.

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LYRICS - - - - - - - 0 6

London:

HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND STREET, W.
THE SHOP GIRL.

Dramatis Personae.

Mr. Hooley ... ... (Proprietor of the Royal Stores) Mr. Arthur Williams
Charles Appleby ... ... (a Medical Student) ... ... Mr. Seymour Hicks
Bertie Boyd ... ... (One of the Boys) Mr. George Grossmith, Junr.
John Brown ... ... (a Millionaire) ... ... Mr. Colin Coop
Sir George Appleby ... ... (a Solicitor) ... ... Mr. Cairns James
Col. Singleton ... ... (Retired) ... ... Mr. Frank Wheeler
Count St. Vaurien ... ... (Secretary to Mr. Brown) ... ... Mr. Robert Nainby
Mr. Tweets ... ... (Financial Secretary to Lady Appleby) ... ... Mr. Willie Warde
Mr. Muggles ... ... (Shopwalker at the Royal Stores) ... ... Mr. Edmund Payne
Lady Dodo Singleton ... ... (Charlie's Cousin) ... ... Miss Marie Halton
Miss Robinson ... ... (Fitter at the Royal Stores) ... ... Miss Katie Seymour
Lady Appleby ... ... (Charlie's Mother, Wife of Sir George) ... ... Miss Maria Davis
Ada Smith ... ... (An Apprentice at the Royal Stores) ... ... Miss Lillie Belmore
Faith
Hope
Charity ... ... (Lady Appleby's Daughters) ... ... Miss Agatha Roze
Miss Lily Johnson
Miss Maud Hill
Miss Fannie Warde
Miss Maud Sutherland
Miss Helen Lee
Miss Violet Monkton
Miss Louie Coote
Miss Maggie Ripley
Miss Topsy Sinden
Miss Lillie Dickinson
Miss Ada Reeve

Maud Plantagenet
Eva Tudor
Lillie Stuart
Ada Wandesforde
Mabel Beresford
Agnes Howard
Maggie Jocelyn
Violet Deveney
Bessie Brent ... ... ("The Shop Girl") ... ... Miss Ada Reeve

Act I.—The Royal Stores (W. Johnstone).
Act II.—Fancy Bazaar at Kensington (W. Hann).
THE SHOP GIRL.

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Vocal Score.
THE SHOP-GIRL.
MUSICAL FARCE.

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM. MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

ADDITIONAL NUMBERS BY ADRIAN ROSS AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

N° I. — OPENING CHORUS. "THE ROYAL STORES."

Allegro moderato.

1st Sop.

2nd Sop.

This noble institution of financial evolution. Is the

This noble institution of financial evolution. Is the

This noble institution of financial evolution. Is the

This noble institution of financial evolution. Is the

TEN.

BASS.

This noble institution of financial evolution. Is the
glory of our British trade, It's the wonder of the nation As a
glory of our British trade, It's the wonder of the nation As a
glory of our British trade, It's the wonder of the nation As a
glory of our British trade, It's the wonder of the nation As a

mighty aggregation Of all objects grown or made. Ev'ry
mighty aggregation Of all objects grown or made. Ev'ry
mighty aggregation Of all objects grown or made. Ev'ry
mighty aggregation Of all objects grown or made. Ev'ry
product of the planet since geology began it, in our mile on mile of
floors,
From a cat to a cucumber If you on-ly have a num-ber, We will
sell you at the Royal Stores.
The Stores, the Stores, The
sell you at the Royal Stores.
The Stores, the Stores, The
sell you at the Royal Stores.
The Stores, the Stores, The
sell you at the Royal Stores.
The Stores, the Stores, The

loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll
loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll
loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll
loyal Royal Stores, A daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal You'll
find, you'll find At the Royal, loyal Stores You'll find at the Royal
find, you'll find At the Royal, loyal Stores You'll find at the Royal
find, you'll find At the Royal, loyal Stores You'll find at the Royal
find, you'll find At the Royal, loyal Stores You'll find at the Royal

 Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loyal, Royal Stores, A
 Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loyal, Royal Stores, A
 Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loyal, Royal Stores, A
 Stores... The Stores, the Stores, The loyal, Royal Stores, A
dai-ly dress rehear-sal, A dai-ly dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
dai-ly dress rehear-sal, A dai-ly dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
dai-ly dress rehear-sal, A dai-ly dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
dai-ly dress rehear-sal, A dai-ly dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
Dress goods, tinned foods, Bric-a-bric and parrots, Pipe racks, red wax,

Fish ing rods galore, Fresh eggs, wooden legs, Caramels and carrots,

Hair dyes, pork pies, Any number more. China ware and cheese, Oh!

Hair dyes, pork pies, Any number more. China ware and cheese, Oh!

China ware and cheese, Oh!

China ware and cheese, Oh!
Potter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in variety,

Potter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in variety,

Potter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in variety,

Potter-y and peas, Oh! Spring lamb, York ham, Music in variety,

Papers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-China hens, Oh! Sav. e. loys, German toys,

Papers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-China hens, Oh! Sav. e. loys, German toys,

Papers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-China hens, Oh! Sav. e. loys, German toys,

Papers, inks and pens, Oh! Cochin-China hens, Oh! Sav. e. loys, German toys,

cres: 
War\-ran\-ted to go Greeting you by do\-zens and by scores,

War\-ran\-ted to go. Greeting you by do\-zens and by scores,

War\-ran\-ted to go. And by scores,

War\-ran\-ted to go. And by scores,

Reaching from the ceiling to the floors,

At the Stores, the Royal

Reaching from the ceiling to the floors,

At the Stores, the Royal

To the floors, At the Stores, the Royal

To the floors, At the Stores, the Royal
Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A

Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A

Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A

Stores. The Stores, the Stores, The loyal Royal Stores, A

daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
daily dress rehearsal, A daily dress rehearsal, You'll find, you'll find, At the
daily dress rehearsal You'll find, you'll find, At the Royal loyal Stores, You'll find At the Royal Royal Stores.

find At the Royal Royal Stores.
No. 2. — SONG: 
"BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT."

Words by H. J. W. Dam.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Allegretto.

Hooley, if you
Bessie, if a

ever should engage in trade,
You will never find your fortune
little German prince you know,
Whose bank account is rather

made,
If a jeweller or hatter—For the business doesn't matter—Till for
low,
Wants a silver-plated chalice, Or a dust-bin for his palace, Or a

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Roy-al-ty you have pur-veyed,
If you're on-ly pa-tronized by
dag-ger or a horn to blow.
If Mi-ka-do is get-ting out of
them,
Whether H. R. H. or H. I. M.,
Whether H. R. H. or H. I. M.,
If it's
soap,
Or the Shah is run-ning short of
rope,
Why
feath-ers prin-ci-pal-ly,
Feath-ers prin-ci-pal-ly,
Or the "Ho-ni soit qui mal y," As a
ne-ver let them buy it,
But with pro-mp-ti-tude sup-ply it,
It's a
busi-ness de-co-ra-tion it's a
gem, gem, gem,
As a busi-ness de-co-ra-tion it's a
golden op-por-tu-ni-ty you
know, know, know,
It's a golden op-por-tu-ni-ty you
As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!

As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!

As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!

They

As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!

As a business decoration it's a gem!

It's a golden opportunity you know!
give you a kind of a char-ter,  A sort of a se-cond-hand
gar-ter,  Which quick-ly you pop on the front of your shop,  The
sign of your Roy-al ap-point-ment.  Then all of the po-pu-laee
loy-al,  They trade at a shop that is Roy-al,  And
nothing that's made, is so useful in trade As the sign "By Special Appointment!"

Then

Then

Then

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is

all of the populace loyal, They trade at a shop that is
Royal, And nothing that's made is so useful in trade As the sign "By Special Ap-
point ment!"
N° 3. QUARTET. "WE'LL PROCEED TO SEARCH FOR ADA."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  
MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Sir George.

Although I am a man of law, of many years in practice spent,

never heard and never saw, The equal of this strange event.  

But still I think you'll quickly see, .... If you will leave the case to
 Allegro.
 COUNT.

 We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is a-

 Allegro.

 COLONEL.

 above the ground. Though her parents have mislaid her, She must instantly be found.

 Sir GEORGE.

 We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is above the ground,

 COUNT.

 We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is above the ground,

 HOOLEY.

 We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is above the ground,

 COLONEL.

 We'll proceed to search for Ada, If she is above the ground,
Though her parents have mislaid her, She must instantly be found!

This really is most serious, Sur-

passing ordinary bounds, Our duty is im-
—perious, Just think of it—four million pounds! A

hap-py plan I have in view, . . . . Which-la-ter on I'll tell to

HOOLEY.

sir GEORGE.

you.

We'll proceed to search for A-du, This sur-passes

COUNT.

CO-LO-NEL.

common bounds, For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds!
Well proceed to search for Ada, This surpasses common bounds,

For the parents have mislaid her, Fortune of four million pounds.
Count.

My duty to her parent late, He

was a character sublime, Considering the

large estate, Impresses me to lose no time, To

seek a clue at once I go, And what I learn I'll let you
We'll proceed to search for Ada, if she is above the ground,
Though her parents have mistaid her, she must instantly be found.

Sir George.

We'll proceed to search for Ada, if she is above the ground,
DANCE.
N° 4._CHORUS OF STAGE BEAUTIES.

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

mf

In us of
course you see A charming co-terie, Whose fasci-nations all con-

-fess- Please to gaze up on the grace Of each pret-ty lit-tle face, And ad-

-mire our ve-ry dain-ty dress: ... In fact you will not find The

equal of our kind In a-ny part of his-try's page; For
nobody can take such a very heavy cake as we Sirens of the

SOLO Miss PLANTAGENET.

Stage. Most entrancing is our dancing,

So the stalls and boxes say: Our admirers

Would encore us, Even when we shout "Hooray!"
CHORUS.

Most entrancing is our dancing, So the stalls and box- es say:
Our adorers Would en-core us,

Even when we shout "Hur- ray!"... In fact you will not find The e-qual of our kind In any part of his- tory's page; For
nobody can take such a very heavy cake as the Sirens of the Stage.
No. 5. SONG. "SUPERFLUOUS RELATIONS."

Words by Adrian Ross. Music by Lionel Monckton.

Moderato.

Piano.

Charlie.

Out a single mark of your identity,

Think it a calamity unmerited,

Daughter is revolting or refractory,

Hospitable doorstep you are thrown,

And your have not any family estate,

Though the parents may object or even strike;

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pedigree's a practical moneyness, And your property that you would have inherited, Could find it very much more satisfactory, To be

ancestors, if any, are not known, Since your scarcely be particularly great, But your left to do exactly as you like! You can

family is wholly problematical, You may destitution needn't leave you sorrowing, For if have a little harmless bit of fun or two, And you

fancy you were stolen when at nurse, And be ever you have money safe and sure, You have needn't ask mamma before you wed, And you
sure your birth was quite aristocratic, ... Though it
not a poor relation to be borrowing, ... For you
come in with a latch-key, say at one or two, ... And there's

probably was rather the reverse! ... Oh, it's
have n't a relation to be poor ... Not a
nobody to pack you off to bed ... If a

a tempo.

better for you rather, Not to try and find your father, Than to
niece or nephewly, Not a sister feeling sickly, Or a
cigarette should charm you, There is no one to alarm you, Or to

a tempo.

find him picking oakum in a cell; ... So re-
cousin with some fancy work to sell; ... And if
tell you she is poisoned by the smell; ... And in
 refrain from lamentations At your lack of all relations, And you'll you should need a shilling You've an uncle kind and willing, And he'll going out on Sunday, You can laugh at M? ... Grundy, And I

learn to do without them very well, very well, Yes, you'll do the business for you very well, very well, Yes, he'll think you've been and done it rather well, rather well, And I

CHORUS OF FOUNDLINGS.

really do without them very well. And we'll lend you on your ticket very well. And he'll think you've gone and done it rather well. And we

learn to do without them very well, very well, Yes, we'll do the business for us very well, very well, Yes, he'll think we've been and done it rather well, rather well! And we
really do without them very well...

lend us, on our tickers very well...

think we've gone and done it rather well!
No. 6. — The Song of the Shop. (I stand at my counter.)

Words by Adrian Ross.

Music by Lionel Monckton.

I stand at my counter and serve in the Stores, The
But, oh! what a wonderful change you will spy When
ladies flock round me by dozens and scores, I

gentlemen come to my counter to buy! They

turn out the velvets and silks and tussores, Rich
don't seem to care if the prices are high, They

ribbons and laces unfurling,
help me to put the things tidy

Rich ribbons and laces un-
They help her to put the things

Rich ribbons and laces un-
They help her to put the things
Oh, how they stare, And they

Ah!............

Ah!............

frequently dare To wink at the girl in the shop.

Ah!............. Shop, shop, shop.

Ah!............. Shop, shop, shop.
NO. 7. — PERAMBULATOR DUET. "HUSH A BYE."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM. MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Andantino.

BESSIE. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Shut your little eye, dear,

CHARLIE. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, My nerves are all a-jar, dear,

B. Sleep and dream in comfort, baby, while you can.
C. Goodness, oh, my finger Bes-sie can't he bite,

B. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Nursie is close by, dear,
C. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Does he want his Ma, dear, I

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They all come down on the Shop Girl,
They all make eyes at the Shop Girl,
They all come down on the Shop Girl,
They all make eyes at the Shop Girl,

Ladies of rank. Who could
Oh, how they stare, And they
Weak little meek little Shop Girl. Ah!
Neat little sweet little Shop Girl. Ah!
Weak little meek little Shop Girl. Ah!
Neat little sweet little Shop Girl. Ah!
Buy up the bank, they bully the girl in the shop. D.C. 8

Ah! Shop, shop, shop. D.C. 8

Ah! Shop, shop, D.C. 8

2.

Dance.
Oh, how they stare, And they

Ah!...........

frequently dare To wink at the girl in the shop.

Shop, shop, shop.

Ah!............

Shop, shop, shop.
No. 7. — PERAMBULATOR DUET. "HUSH A BYE."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM. 

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Andantino.

BESSIE. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Shut your little eye, dear,

CHARLIE. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, My nerves are all a-jar, dear,

B. Sleep and dream in comfort, baby, while you can.
C. Goodness, oh, my finger Bessie can't he bite.

B. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Nur-sie is close by, dear,
C. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Does he want his Ma, dear, I

Copyright 1895 by Hopwood & Crew.
8. Sleep and don't be fright'ned at the soldier man.

C. couldn't nurse a baby on a winter's night.

8. Hush-a-bye, hush-a...

C. Hush-a-bye, hush-a...

Tempo di Marcia.
When along the street the war drums beat, the grenadiers are coming.
Then the music grand of the big brass band, sets every heart to humming.
When the colours fly athwart the sky. And the

BESSIE.

CHARLIE.
lines of bear-skins loom... All England cheers the Grenadiers, And the

big brass drum goes boom! Rata-plan, rata-plan, plan, Rata-plan, plan,

plan Rata-plan, rataplan, rata-plan, dzing! Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, ta,
Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, Ta, ra-ta, ta, ra-ta, ta, Boom! Rata-plan, plan,

Ta, ra, ta, ta, ta, Ta, ra-ta, ta, ra-ta, ta, Boom! Rata-plan, plan,

plan, Rata-plan, rataplan, rataplan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-ta, ta, ta, Rata-

plan, Rata_plan, rataplan, rataplan, plan, plan, Ra-ta-ta, ta, ta, Rata-

-ta, ta, Rata_plan, rataplan, rataplan, dzing!

-ta, ta, Rata_plan, rataplan, rataplan, dzing!

D.C. for 2nd Verse.
Andantino.

Bessie.

V.3. Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, Dream your pretty dream, dear,

Never mind the cheering when the soldiers come,

Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye, While the rifles gleam, dear,
Sleep and don't be frighten'd at the boom, boom, boom!

Hush-a-bye, hush-a...

Tempo di Marcia.
When along the street the war drums beat, The Grenadiers are coming. Then the music grand of the big brass band, Sets every heart to humming. When the colours fly a-thwart the sky, An the lines of bear skins loom All England cheers the Grenadiers, And the
No. 8. — Valse Song — "Over the Hills."

Words by H.J.W. Dam.                                Music by Ivan Caryll.

Tempo di Valse, Moderato.                              BEATRICE.

Over the hills and over

In to the sunset's glow . . . Leaning upon my lover,

Happily I would go . . . Were it for joy or sorrow,

Over the world so wide . . . Fearing no dark tomorrow,

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If he were by my side... Far... and away... Over

hills... that are dim,... Far... and a-

way... I would wander with him...

Sunshine or cloud... To the world... distant

rim... Heart... against heart... With my
love . . . by my side . . .

Over the seas and o-

ver, Down where the spice winds blow . . . Island I would dis-

cres: 

cover Islands that no men know . . .

Be it for

dim: e rit: a tempo.

cres: 

joy or sorrow Over the world so wide . . .

Fearing no

cres: 

dark to mor row If he were by my side . . .
O- - - - - - - ver the seas... to the far... lands un-

-mf-. spread... Sail- - - - - - ing to wind... that rich

-perfume enfold... Sail- - - - - - ing the

-billows... of silver and gold...

Heart... against heart... with my love... by my side...
Sop.
Over the hills and over, into the sunset's glow.

Ten.
Over the hills and over, into the sunset's glow.

Bass.
Over the hills and over, into the sunset's glow.

Over the hills and over, into the sunset's glow.

Cres:

Leaning upon my lover, happily I would go.

Cres:

Leaning upon her lover, happily she would go.

Cres:

Leaning upon her lover, happily she would go. Happily she'd go.

Cres:

Leaning upon her lover, happily she would go. Happily she'd go.
a tempo.

Were it for joy or sorrow Over the world so wide...

a tempo.

Fearing no dark tomorrow, If he were by my side!

Fearing no dark tomorrow, If he were by her side!

Fearing no dark tomorrow, If he were by her
If he were by my side!

If he were by her side! Ah!

If he were by her. Ah!

If he were by her. Ah!

If he were by my side!
N° 9. — CONCERTED PIECE. "FOUNDLINGS ARE WE."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

FOUNDLINGS.

Foundlings are we, Waiting to see, Who will un-ravel our prenatal
mystery. Truly we'll tell How it befel That we are minus a
family history. Hard though the task, All that they
ask We will reveal with a frankness impor-tun-ate Ev'ry de-tail

We will un-veil. That will explain our po-si-tion un-for-tu-nate. Boundlings are
FOUND?

Sop.

Waiting to see Who will un-ravel our prenatal mystery

Alt.

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-ravel their prenatal mystery

Ten.

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-ravel their prenatal mystery

Bass.

Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-ravel their prenatal mystery

F. dim:

Truly we'll tell How it befel That we are minus a family

Truly they'll tell How it befel That they are minus a family

Truly, they'll tell How it befel Foundlings are they, Foundlings are

Truly they'll tell How it befel Foundlings are they, Foundlings are

Truly they'll tell How it befel Foundlings are they, Foundlings are

Truly they'll tell How it befel Foundlings are they, Foundlings are
Allegro.

Historical Foundlings are we.....

they, yes, Foundlings are they.....

they, yes, Foundlings are they.....

they, yes, Foundlings are they.....

And I am the Johnny who trots 'em round,

Who trots us round,

Who

Who

Who

Who
Here and there and everywhere we have our fling. In
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,
trots 'em round,

close attendance I'm always found.

And

He's always found,

Yes, always found,

Yes, always found,

Yes, always found,
please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing... From
early morning till late at night to do the honours is my delight. At
tea and dinner, at supper and lunch, you'll see me feeding the whole of the bunch!
tea and dinner, at supper and lunch, You'll find him feeding the whole of the bunch!

Oh! I am the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots us round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh! he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots us round, that trots us round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and

everywhere we have our fling... In close attendance I'm
everywhere we have our fling... In close attendance he's
everywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
everywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
everywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's
everywhere they have their fling... In close attendance he's

always found, I'm always found, I'm always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
always found, He's always found, He's always found, And
please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing;
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing;
Tempo I

Foundlings are we, Waiting to see Who will un-
Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-
Foundlings are they, Foundlings, oh! Who will un-

Tempo I?

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel
-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel
-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel

-ravel our prenatal mystery. Truly they'll tell How it befel
That we are minus a family history. Foundlings are

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

Foundlings are they, Foundlings are they, yes, Foundlings are

we, Very unfortunate girls are we.

very unfortunate girls are they.

they, Very unfortunate girls are they.

they, Very unfortunate girls are they.

they, Very unfortunate girls are they.

they, Very unfortunate girls are they.

rall: molto.
EXIT AFTER SCENE.

Moderato.

Foundlings are we, Waiting to see.

Allegro.

Oh I am the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots us round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Oh he is the Johnny that trots 'em round, that

Allegro.
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
trots 'em round, that trots 'em round, Here and there and
ev'ry-where we have our fling... In close attendance I'm

ev'ry-where we have our fling... In close attendance he's

ev'ry-where they have their fling... In close attendance he's

ev'ry-where they have their fling... In close attendance he's

ev'ry-where they have their fling... In close attendance he's

ev'ry-where they have their fling... In close attendance he's
al - ways found, I'm al - ways found, I'm al - ways found, And
al - ways found, He's al - ways found, He's al - ways found, And
al - ways found, He's al - ways found, He's al - ways found, And
al - ways found, He's al - ways found, He's al - ways found, And

please to note that the cut of my coat is quite the thing
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
please to note that the cut of his coat is quite the thing.
N.° 10. — SONG. "THE VEGETARIAN."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

MIGGLES.

(1) It was an evil hour when I met my Mary Ann,

(2) For breakfast we had porridge, for dinner we had fruits,

Oh, woe! woe the day! She was living with her mother on the

Oh woe! woe the day! And if we had a supper it was

vegetable plan, Yea, verily yea!

principally roots Yea, verily yea!

She Each

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said if I would try it, The cold pota-to di-et, I'd re-gu-late my liver and be-
time I ate my dinner I grew a little thinner, To symp-tha-ize with skele-to-nes I

- come an-o- ther man. Though se-ri-ously doubt-ing, I took to Brus-sell sprout-ing, And
ve-ry soon be-gan To win her lo-vely daugh-ter My on-ly drink was, wa-ter And

now you see what's left of me-a Ve-ge-ta-ri-an. I am a ra-dish
now you see what's left of me-a Ve-ge-ta-ri-an.

a tempo.

gone to seed, I am the thin-est of my breed, Roots and fru-its and as-
-pa-ragus, shoots Come all, ye hea-then, come and feed. I am a ra-dish
gone to seed, I am the thin-est of my breed, Roots and fruits and as-
-pa-ragus shoots, Come all, ye hea-then, come and feed.

D.C.for 2d V. §

(3rd Ver.) It
was a dreadful hour when a butcher bold appeared. Oh, woe!

woe the day, He cock'd his eye at Mary Ann exactly as I feared,

Yea, verily yea, My chest was rather narrow From

vegetable marrow But his was broad and bulging like the cover of a van, I
spite of all I hoped One morning theye-lop'd, And now you see what's left of me, a

ve-ga-tar-i-an. I am a ra-dish gone to seed I am the thinnest

of my breed, Root and fruits and as-pa-ra-gus shoots Come all, ye hea-then

come and feed. I am a ra-disd gone to seed, I am the thinnest
of my breed, Roots and fruits and as-pa-ra-gus shoots, Come

all, ye hea-then, come and feed.

DANCE.
N° 11.—SONG: "THE FOUNDLING."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Andantino.

PIANO.

ADA.

Left upon a doorstep at half-past nine—Oh, Goodness! it was
cold! Sleeping in a basket tied with twine—Oh, Goodness! it was
cold! Cold, cold, cold as ice—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!

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Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Cold, cold, cold as ice—Brrr! Goodness! it was cold!

Foundling matron took me in, Because I had no next of kin, And

thus my memories begin, Anonymously—well rather! My
parents' love was words, not deeds, They gave me no thing

for my needs! A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all I got from

Fa-ther!

1st Sop.

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Fa-ther!

2nd Sop.

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Fa-ther!

TEN.

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Fa-ther!

BASS.

A pair of socks, a string of beads, Were all she got from Fa-ther!
I was a poor defenseless child, A little flower,
growing wild, But still I said, "Goo-goo" and smiled, But didn't I thrive well, rather! Of
my belongings they kept track, A lot of bruises blue and black, And a
strawberry mark in the middle of my back, Was all I got from
Father!
1st Sop.

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!
2nd Sop.

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!
Ten.

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!
Bass.

And a strawberry mark in the middle of her back, was all she got from Father!

(Spoken.)

Left up-on a door-step at half-past nine—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!

Tempo I'm o

Sleeping in a basket tied with twine—Oh, Goodness! it was cold!
Cold, cold, cold as ice—Oh, Goodness! It was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! It was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! It was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! It was cold!

Goodness! Brrr! Goodness! It was cold!

Allegro.
N° 12. — FINALE. ACT I. "FAREWELL, FAREWELL."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano:

Sop.

Farewell, farewell, We tender our congratulations

Ten.

Farewell, farewell, We tender our congratulations

Bass.

Farewell, farewell, We tender our congratulations

ff
truly Fare-well, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of
truly Fare-well, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of
truly Fare-well, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of
truly Fare-well, farewell, farewell. You will see no more of
Hoo-ley. Fare-well, farewell, You will see no more of Hoo-ley. Fare-
Hoo-ley. Fare-well, farewell, You will see no more of Hoo-ley. Fare-
Hoo-ley. Fare-well, farewell, You will see no more of Hoo-ley. Fare-
Hoo-ley. Fare-well, farewell, You will see no more of Hoo-ley. Fare-
well, farewell, You will see no more of Hoo-ley. We tender our congratulations.

truly You will see no more of Hoo-ley.
Tempo di Valse.

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Ah! . . . . . . . . She'll now be a lady we understand.

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Ah! . . . . . . . . She'll now be a lady we understand.

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Ah! . . . . . . . . She'll now be a lady we understand.

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Stand among the band that rule the land She'll now be a lady of

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Stand among the band that rule the land She'll now be a lady of

rall. e diminuto

a tempo.

crescendo

Stand among the band that rule the land She'll now be a lady of
man-ners grand, With a four-in-hand and a but-ler bland. She'll now be a

cresc: mf rall: e dim: a tempo.

lady we un-der-stand a-mong the band that rule the land, She'll
now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

Allegretto.

well to the counter fare-well to the shop, no longer a shop girl I'll

Allegretto.

HAROLD.

be. Her laces and ribbons she'll instantly drop, she's promised to mar-ry
Her laces and ribbons she'll instantly drop, She's
Her laces and ribbons she'll instantly drop, She's
Her laces and ribbons she'll instantly drop, She's

con espress:

Oh, pity have on lovers two, Who promised his bride to be.

promised his bride to be.

promised his bride to be.

Andantino.
love as deeply as did you. When love is young and

love is true, Oh, pity have on lovers two, Oh,

a tempo.

pity have on lovers two, Who love as deeply as did you, When

a tempo.

rall; a tempo.

love is young and love is true, Oh, pity have on lovers
two. With this we are not satisfied; We will not thus be

Sir GEORGE.

With this we are not satisfied; We will not thus be

COUNT.

With this we are not satisfied; We will not thus be

Allegretto.

HOOLEY.

Then

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!

put aside, By any world's Provider, Provider, Provider!
friends permit me to declare my thanks for all your wishes

Allegro moderato.

fair, The lady too who is standing here by me Re-

Allegro moderato.

turns congratulations thankfully Returns congratulations

Allegro moderato.

thankfully For

Allegro moderato.

cresc.
gives me a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the garter, No

longer she'll stop at her place at the shop, She's taken another ap-

pointment!

She gives him a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the

She gives him a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the

She gives him a sort of a charter, It's nothing to do with the
Gar-ter, No lon-ger she'll stop at her place in the shop, She's
Gar-ter, No lon-ger she'll stop at her place in the shop, She's
Gar-ter, No lon-ger she'll stop at her place in the shop, She's

Moderato. HAROLD.
My love I will not be denied Why
ta-ken a-no-ther ap-pointment.

Moderato.

dim:
not like her become a bride. The case is different you see,

He hasn't any family. That's right, my dear, don't be a goose. There always time to don the noose. Quite right, quite right, quite right!

Quite right, quite right, quite right!

Quite right, quite right, quite right!
Miccles.

What's this? What's this? To Hooley she's afianced, This

un-der-handed wedding shall not be!

What's this? What's this? The

What's this? What's this? The
I'll not be done; she has been won by fraud and cruel trickery.
I say this marriage shall not be, this marriage shall not
fraud and cruel trickery.

fraud and cruel trickery.

fraud and cruel trickery.

ADA.

HOOLEY. Allegro moderato.

be! Oh, Theodore! Your head is getting too enlarged, Take
Allegro moderato.

care, or you will be discharged! Just wait and see me harry you, No
minister shall marry you.

He says that he will harry them, No minister shall marry them!

He says that he will harry them, No minister shall marry them!

He says that he will harry them, No minister shall marry them!

wait and see! You'll hear from me!

There'll surely be a trage-

There'll surely be a trage-

There'll surely be a trage-
Tempo di Valse.

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of

stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of
manners grand with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a

lady we understand among the band that rule the land, She'll
now be a lady of manners grand, of manners, manners grand.

Happy, happy may they be ever more, Happy, happy may they be
ever-more. May their fate a fair one be, May their fate a

ever-more. May their fate a fair one be, May their fate a

ever-more. May their fate a fair one be, May their fate a

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy

fair one be, Happy, happy may they be ever-more, Happy
happy may they be evermore, Husband and wife for life in

unity. She'll now be a lady we under-

a tempo.

unity. She'll now be a lady we under-

a tempo.

unity. She'll now be a lady we under-

a tempo.
stand among the band that rule the land, she'll now be a lady of manners

stand among the band that rule the land, she'll now be a lady of manners

grand, with a four-in-hand and a butler bland. She'll now be a lady we under-
-stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners

-stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners

-stand among the band that rule the land, She'll now be a lady of manners

grand, of manners, manners grand!

grand, of manners, manners grand!

grand, of manners, manners grand!

END OF ACT I.
N° 13. OPENING CHORUS. ACT II. CHARITY, CHARITY!

WORDS BY H.J.W. DAM.

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

PIANO.
1st Soprano  
Tempo lento

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

2nd Soprano

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

Tenor

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

Bass

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

Tempo lento

In a bazaar  
Do as you like at a charity fair or tea,

In a bazaar  
Do as you like at a charity fair or tea,

In a bazaar  
Do as you like at a charity fair or tea,

In a bazaar  
Do as you like at a charity fair or tea,
Nothing we bar
In a bazaar,
Charity, charity, Fearless we are,
Do as you like at a charity fair. Fearless we are.
In a bazaar,
Do as you like at a charity fair or tea, Charity,
Allegro moderato.

You can have a little "bae," sirs, Petits cheveaux on the track,

We can have a little "bae," And Petits cheveaux on the track,

Lotteries and gay roulette, So your sovereigns we get.

Lotteries and gay roulette, So our sovereigns they get.
For the poor and for the needy, We collect in manner speedy,
For the poor and for the needy, They collect in manner speedy,
Nothing that will pay we bar, In a charity bazaar.
Nothing that will pay they bar, In a charity bazaar.
Charity! 

Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

Charity! 

Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

Charity! But the pen-nies must re-fuse.

Charity! But the pen-nies must re-fuse.

But the pen-nies must re-fuse, But the pen-nies must re-fuse.

But the pen-nies must re-fuse, But the pen-nies must re-fuse.
Charity! Charity! Charity!

Seeking gold they still are willing To accept the humble shilling,

But the pennies must refuse, Pennies only can be used in
rarity, rarity, rarity!

rarity, rarity, rarity!

rarity, rarity, rarity!

rarity, rarity, rarity!

rarity, rarity, rarity!

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless we are

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless they are

Charity, charity, charity, charity, Fearless they are
In a bazaar
Do as you like at a charity fair, or tea.

In a bazaar
Do as you like at a charity fair, or tea.

In a bazaar
Do as you like at a charity fair, or tea.

Nothing we are
In a bazaar Charity! Charity!

Nothing we are
In a bazaar Charity! Charity!

Nothing they are
In a bazaar Charity! Charity!

Nothing they are
In a bazaar Charity! Charity!
Fearless we are, Do as you like at a charity fair!

Fearless they are, Do as you like at a charity fair!

Fearless we are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a

Fearless they are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a

Fearless we are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a

Fearless they are, In a bazaar, Do as you like at a
N. 14—SONG. "THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN."

WORDS BY ADRIAN ROSS. MUSC BY IVAN CARYLL.

PIANO.

I'm a lady not unknown to fame, Critics call me by my Christian name, And you boys you won't be very glad When I'm married to a noble lad, I shall see my photograph on show Just where- ever you may care to go, I've been turn out most singularly prim, And I reckon I'll look af- ter him; Oh, I'll

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taken in my dinner gown, Looking modestly and shyly down, Or
be a very proper sort, Quite propriety itself in short. And

kicking high with petticoats that fly— The smartest girl in town. Oh, there
all the peers shall vote me a success, The grandest dame at Court, Yes, I

never was a tale of a romantic That told of such a fairy as a
think that I shall find the method answer, A Duchess will develop from a
dancer, For a kingdom she enjoys when she's told by all the boys That she's
dancer, All the House of Lords will own that never has been known Such a
ever, ever, ever such a duck. And the millionaires devotedly adore, demure and dainty little duck. And a dancing girl burlesque or opera.

Adore me, And the peerage in a body kneels before me, And the aristocratic, May be mother of a race aristocratic, Who will

rall; a tempo.

little dancing girl may be married to an Earl. For you never, never, never know your have their noble rights to an ancestress in tights. For you never, never, never know your

rall:

1st Verse.

luck, luck, luck, No, you never, never, never know your luck! luck! luck, luck, luck, For you never, never, never know your
**No. 14**—**SONG.** "LOUISIANA LOU."

**WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY**

LESLIE STUART.

 Allegro moderato.

---

I lub a gal, 'spose she lubs me too,
When Lou was born, I was jess so high,
Lou's growed up now, soon she'll marry me
Any-how she say she do,
Any-how I want her be.

She say she do; We calls her Lou
A baby boy Mam says, "My Lor!"
I want her be, For all de nigs
Since that gal was born
Aren't dem children spoons
Lub dat gal ob mine.

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Down Louisiana, 'mong de sugar and de corn.
Down Louisiana, 'mong de cotton and de coons.
Down Louisiana, 'mong de possum and de pine.

Lou, how I lub her true!
Lou, how I lub you true!
Lou, how I lub you true!

Deed I do, I do!
And ev'ry night, when de moon shine,
Deed I do, I do!
In days a-gone to her cot I'd creep,
Deed I do, I do!
So when we're wed and we're spliced in one,

I sing dis little gal dis little song ob mine
And sing dis little song to put dat chile asleep
I'll sing dis little song to bring back days a-gone
CHORUS.

Lou, Lou, I lub you, I lub you, dat's true; Don't cry don't sigh, You'll

see me in de morn-in: Dream, dream, dream ob me, And I'll dream ob you, My


............ Lou, ............

............ Lou, ............

............ Lou, ............
Lou, Lou, I lub you, I lub you, dat's true; Don't cry, don't sigh, You'll see me in de morn-in: Dream, dream, dream ob me, And I'll dream ob you, My Louisiana, Louisiana, Louisiana Lou. . . . .
N°15. DUET. "LOVE ON THE JAPANESE PLAN."

WORDS BY H.J.W. DAM.          MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

VOICE.

Moderato.

Piano.

MCCLES.

I am a Jap, Please notice my cap, 'Twas copied from off a tea-caddy.

MISS R.

I am so shy, A Japanese I, And he is my Japanese lad-die.

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She came to me Enclosed in some tea, But I found it hard to consume her.

Miss R.

This little elf I put on the shelf, This crack'd little bit of Sat-su-ma.

M.

Ho, ho! Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho! her little man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!

R.

Ho, ho! Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho! my little man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!
Sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Ja-pa-nese plan. Ho, ho!

Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho, her lit-tle man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!

sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Ja-pa-nese plan.

Jolly Ja-pan, Ho, ho, my lit-tle man, To-ki-o! To-ki-o!

sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Ja-pa-nese plan.
Ko-ho-nasan She grew on a fan, She's driving me steadily crazy.

Mi-ka-to to me A simili.

He-ra hei, hei! My ninny you see, My little chrysanthemum daisy.
girlie is gay, I'd give a gold teapot to own her.

Kohan-nasan is

not for a man, She loves but a pretty Kimona.

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho, her little man,

Ho, ho! Jolly Japan, Ho, ho, my little man,
To-ki-o! To-ki-o! Sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Japanese plan.

He, he! Jol-ly Ja-pan, He, he, her lit-tle man,

He, he! Jol-ly Ja-pan, He, he, my lit-tle man,

To-ki-o! To-ki-o! Sto-ni-o bro-ki-o! We are in love on the Japanese plan.
No. 16. — Song and Chorus. "Brown of Colorado."

(The Millionaire.)

Words by Adrian Ross.

Music by Lionel Monckton.

Allegro marziale.

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search of gold proceed for to roam,
  I had nothing worth a
  And I sold them an ex
  There are Duchesses in

For to roam!
  He had found!
  Could'n't buy.

For to roam!
  He had found!
  Could'n't buy!

button, but a little tea and mutton, And a copy of the "Miner's Dream of
tension, which I quite forgot to mention Was located on another party's
batches all intent on making matches, And the girls are not particularly
Home,"

So I turn'd the soil and dug it, but I never found a ground!

Then I rig'd a little cor-n' er, like the cure in-vent-ing shy!

I have bought a doz-en pla-c es that be-long'd to no-ble

Dream of Home!

Par-ty's ground!

-lar-ly shy!

mugget, And I near-ly left the diggings in des-pair.

W arner, And I hammer'd ev'-ry man that sold a bear;

ra-c es, And a hun-dred moors and fo-rests here and there!

When with Such a

In des-pair!

Sold a bear!

Here and there!

In des-pair!

Sold a bear!

Here and there!
out the slightest warning, why, I struck the reef one morning, And I left my claim a
skillful o-pe-ra-tion is a ve-ry good found.a-tion For the fortune of a
pay a sum in-ser-nal to sup-port an ev-ning jour-nal, It's the fashion for a

splendid mil-lion-aire! Ah: . . . . ha, ha, A splen-di-d mil-lion-aire, With-
mighty mil-lion-aire! Ah: . . . . ha, ha, A mighty mil-lion-aire, I
modern mil-lion-aire! Ah: . . . . ha, ha, A gorgeous mil-lion-aire, I'm

mil-lion-aire!  
mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!

mil-lion-aire!  
mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!

mil-lion-aire!  
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mil-lion-aire!
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mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!

mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!
mil-lion-aire!

mil-lion-aire!
out a single care, Instead of an unlucky desperate
occupy the chair, With dignity, but no ill-bred brave
master everywhere, As absolute as Kaiser or Mika

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

I strode into the town, No longer Bunco Brown, But
The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
Some day I'll buy a crown, And be a Royal Brown, His

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!
-ra?do: He strode into the town, No longer Bunco Brown, But
-vada!: The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
-kado: Some day he'll buy a crown And be a Royal Brown, His

-ra?do: He strode into the town, No longer Bunco Brown, But
-vada!: The master and the lord, The Boss of Brown's reward, In
-kado: Some day he'll buy a crown, And be a Royal Brown, His

V.2. Then a
V.3. Now to

pluto-cratic Brown of Colorado!
that romantic land of Colorado!
Majesty, King Brown of Colorado!

pluto-cratic Brown of Colorado!
that romantic land of Colorado!
Majesty, King Brown of Colorado!
No. 17. — Trio. “Too Clever by Half.”

Words by Adrian Ross.

Music by Ivan Caryll.
you can fathom fully and sphericity, And
go to Monte Carlo with a system mathematical, In
founded building companies and many a society, All

bluff and spoof and wheedle anybody that you please, count. If
tending every shekel of the company to win, sir. Per-
trading with each other in the Liberator line, count. You

you're a second Grand Old Man for artful ambiguity, And
happens you start by gaining and it makes you feel ecstatic, You
may perhaps imagine that your health requires variety, And

rather more mendacious than a Mephistopheles. col: Then
double and you double and the bankers give a grin. col. And
seek the far secluded of the artless Argentine. sir e. But
listen to my maxim for I think there's not a doubt of it, Al
in a-bont a week or two you go and you ap-PLY to them Of
when you're growing orchids and there's no-thing much ex-ci-

though you're a de-cei-ver di-a-boli-cal-ly deft, sir c. yet mo-
ney and of cre-di-t you are ut-ter-ly be-ref, count. They o-
ther peo-ple charge you with em-bez-zlement and theft, col-

when you try to dupe the world, you find that you are out of it, you
pay your fare to Lon-don and you bid a sad good-bye to them, you
hos-pit-a-ble Ar-gen-tines de-cide on ex-tra-di-t-ing you, you

may be ve-ry cle-ver but you just get left.
may be ve-ry cle-ver but you've just got left.
may be ve-ry cle-ver but you can't get left.

a tempo.
never so clever your aim and endeavour, You finally manage to
tools of playing, so certain of paying, You manage, you manage to

tools of playing, so certain of paying, You manage, you manage to

tools of playing, so certain of paying, You manage, you manage to

cresc.

1st and 2nd time.
just get left.
just get left.
just get left.
just get left.

§ Last time.
just get left.
just get left.
just get left.
just get left.

mf
D.C.
N° 18._CHORUS. _"WE'RE NOW TO HAVE SOME MYSTERY."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.  

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

SOP.

mf

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Dis-

TEN.

mf

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Dis-

BASS.

1st BASS.

mf

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-

2nd BASS.

mf

We're now to have some mystery, The forecast of our history! Di-
vinely plann'd we understand, And written in each person's hand. This

vinely plann'd we understand, And written in each person's hand. This

vinely plann'd we understand, And written in each person's hand. This

stranger gifted mentally, And cultured orientally, Will

stranger gifted mentally, And cultured orientally, Will

stranger gifted mentally, And cultured orientally, Will

stranger gifted mentally, And cultured orientally, Will
read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

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now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The

read each palm and us a- larm, Al- though his art by law is bann'd. We're
now to have some mys- te- ry, Mys- ste- ry, mys- te- ry, mys- te- ry, The
forecast of our history, History, history, history,

forecast of our history, History, history, history,

forecast of our history, History, history, history,

forecast of our history, History, history, history,

Mystery, history, mystery!

Mystery, history, mystery!

Mystery, history, mystery!

Mystery, history, mystery!

Mystery, history, mystery!

Mystery, history, mystery!
N° 19. SONG. "THE MAN IN THE MOON."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.

MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

V. 1. The Man in the Moon is down, ... He is winning a great re-

turned, ... A swell comme il faut, as you instantly know, When you

plan; ... On every first night you may know him by sight, He is

meet him about the town; ... When ladies are pretty and

holding a lady's fan; ... For sweet little sinners, Am-

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things in the City Make husbands scowl and frown;...
If the

pretty one frets at the size of her debts, The Man in the Moon comes down,
eighty champagne and po-tage à la reine The Man in the Moon comes down.

Naught-y, naught-y, Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon,

Ladies, beware, for he's ev-e-ry-where, May-be you married the
Man in the Moon! Naughty, naughty, Man in the Moon!

You will be caught, sir, late or soon, Ladies, beware, for he's everywhere, Maybe you married the Man in the Moon!

D.C. S for 2nd Verse.
L.D.

V.3. An author is he of fame;.... He's a banker, you know his name.... With brother M. P's. at all

L.D.

five o'clock teas He is playing his little game.... When

L.D.

ladies are grieving their sorrows relieving, He buys a new Paris
gown... For a villa and yacht and all things he should not, The

Man in the Moon comes down. Naughty, naughty,

Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon,

Ladies, beware, for he's everywhere,
Maybe you married the Man in the Moon! Naughty, naughty, 

Man in the Moon! You will be caught, sir, late or soon, 

Ladies, beware, for he's everywhere, Maybe you married the 

Man in the Moon!
No. 20. Song. "BEAUTIFUL BOUNTIFUL BERTIE."

WORDS BY GEO. CROSSMITH JUNR.  MUSIC BY LIONEL MONCKTON.

I'm what folks call a "Johnnie," of the title I am proud. My
I'm the patron of the Theatre, so jolly don't o'er know... To
For my little pranks at Eton, I have often got the birch... They
manner's always dainty, though my dress a trifle loud, ... I've a
throw your head back in the stalls and revel in the show, ... Though
plough'd me for the army, and they plough'd me for the church: ... But I've

handsome set of chambers and a balance up at "Coutts" ... But
Shakespeare says "the plays the thing," of course that's awful rot, ... I
got a little place up North with a tidy roll of rent; ... So to

do not shine at anything excepting at the boots ... I've
hate a bally tragedy I loathe a bally plot! ... I
end up matters properly to parliament I went; ... I

join'd the "Junior Pot-house" and drop in when I am by, ... I
like to stroll in half-way through with no one to object ... To
represent a borough, and I've quite forgot it's name ... I
don't possess much brain, but I have got the latest tie... When I've
sit out half an hour or so don't tax the intellect... never catch the Speaker's eye or ask a question tame... I
done my morning Bond Street crawl, I do the thing in style... And
I must confess in "Hamlet" no interest I've found, I never make a rotten speech or even order call... I
give the cab by half-a-crown to drive me half a mile. For I'm
much prefer "The Gaiety Girl," or else "Morocco Bound." For
find it more effective if you never speak at all. But

CHORUS.

Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Best of all the lot!...
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Sits in front and pays....
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie, Some grand ideas have got,....
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie,
Always on the spot!
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie,
Knows the ladies ways...
Beautiful, Bountiful Bertie,
Will show them what is what; A

Thick with all of the girls you know, From Flo and Alice to Gertie. I
Wants to chat with the girls behind, But the stage door Johnny gets shirty He
Cabinet Minister he will be Before he's much over thirty; He'll
tell you straight he is up to date Is Beautiful, Bounding Bertie. tips him a dollar then eases his collar And round to the back goes Bertie.
say when he's Premier Hallo, there! Deen yer, Buck up and vote for Bertie.

Bertie.
Bertie.
Bertie.

D.C.
No. 21. — CHORUS. "THE SHOW, THE SHOW."

WORDS BY H. J. W. DAM.          MUSIC BY IVAN CARYLL.

PIANO:

SOP.

The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The

TEN.

The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The

BASS.

The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The

The show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go; The
play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we all will go, And

truthfully the Richardson C9 Will tell a tale impassioned. The

truthfully the Richardson C9 Will tell a tale impassioned. The

truthfully the Richardson C9 Will tell a tale impassioned. The
play begins in a minute or so, Come and see the show, the show, The

play begins in a minute or so, Come and see the show, the show, The

play begins in a minute or so, Come and see the show, the show, The

show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go, The

show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go, The

show, the show, the show, the show, To see the show we all will go, The
play begins in a minute or so, To see the show we
all will go!
all will go!
all will go!

Words by Adrian Ross.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Voice.

Now, walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen, And fill our booth until it stretches, You

will see lovers united grey-headed, Fathers seeking for erring

daughters, And poetical justice wreak'd up on melodramatic

Allegro.

Copyright 1895, by Hopwood & Crew.
Every species of drama—Comedy, tragedy, comic tragedy, variety show; Opera bouffe, Opera spoof and East Lynne all combined, after the manner associated with the name of the late lamented Richardson into ten minutes.
sketches.

Allegro.

Moderato.

Here's our show and all that's in it, Dramas at an act per minute.

(Drum.)

Pom, pom, pom, pom, tragic or i-ro-nie, Here's your best of plot and passion.
Concentrated in a fashion—Pom, pom, pom, pom! Known as Richardson's

Shakespeare, Old and very mellow, Hamlet blended with Othello,

And Macbeth and "As you like it," which was never seen before.

Then an awful murder follows, and Maria Martin wallows,
As she paints the Red Barn redder with interminable gore. 
Ah! So

(Drum.)

Pom, pom, pom,

Allegro.

mind and book an inside berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This

pom!

All! Pom!

is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an

Pom!
inside berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

Pom!

come and see the show!

Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!

So mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth. So
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth. So
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth. So

Pom!
Pom!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!
mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest show on earth, This Hy! Hy!
Pom! Pom! Pom! Pom!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Hy! Hy! Come and see the show!

Moderato.

With a show so very moral no-body will care to quarrel, Pom, pom, pom, pom!
And we hope to make a fixture of a new dramatic mixture, Pom, pom, pom, pom!

No-body who's seen us! There is not a Tableau topic to offend the philanthropic-
Tragical and mer-ry; Heroines of style audacious, morbid and Can Tanqueraycious,
(Drum.)

Pom, pom, pom, pom! With a girl as Venus!
Pom, pom, pom, pom! Very risky, very!

And the skirts traditionally worn by ladies of the ballet,
Dancing Girls in dresses scanty, Christopher and Charley's Auntie,

We have banished altogether as intolerably scant;
All the Newest Boys and Women ever sung of by the bards;

On the Promenade improper we have sternly put a stopper,
Then at last you won't refuse an instance of Rebellious Susan,
And the only tune permitted is the Ormiston Chant! 
Gambled for by Derby Winner with a pack of Fatal Cards! (Drum.)

Ah! So Pom, pom, pom,

Allegro.

mind and book an inside berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This pom!

All! Pom! Pom!

is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an Pom!


in-side berth, To see our home of harmless mirth, This Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

Come and see the show!

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest

So mind and book an in-side berth, To see the greatest
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So
show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth... So

Pom!

mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest
mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest
mind and book an inside berth, To see the greatest
Now joy is in the air
Their future will be fair,
Look'd after by this kindly despe-
- rado,
No longer fate will frown They've found a friend in
Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

Brown In plutocratic Brown of Colorado. So

All' marcia.

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This

mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth, This
is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an

is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an

is the greatest show on earth... So mind and book an

inside berth To see the greatest show on earth this Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

inside berth To see the greatest show on earth this Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!

inside berth To see the greatest show on earth this Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy!
Come and see the show! So mind and book an inside berth To
see the greatest show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth So
come and see the show! So mind and book an inside berth To
see the greatest show on earth, This is the greatest show on earth So
mind and book an inside berth To see the greatest show on earth
This

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show.

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show.

Hy! Hy! Hy! Hy! Come and see the show.
"Oh! My Dummy!"

Allegro.

You are wooden, you are wiry, Oh, my dummy! Oh, my dummy!

And antipodean. I can only kneel before you, Oh, my dummy! Oh, my dummy!

But you rouse a passion fiery, Oh, my dummy! Oh, my dummy!

And in ecstasy adore you, Oh, my dummy! Oh, my dummy!

There are lovely ladies too. Who in dummy! Oh, my dummy!

But you answer not again, And your dummy! Oh, my dummy!
-spire affection true, Though they're wonder-en-er than you. Which is
look of cold dis-dain, Makes me feel a sort of pain. In my
rum-my, oh, my dummy! Oh, my love! 'swelp me bun-ny! You're a
tum-my oh, my dummy! Oh, my love! you're as chummy! As a
plum-my sort of crum-my Lit-tle Dum-ny, Oh, my dum-my! oh, my
gum-my sort of mum-my Lit-tle Dum-ny, Oh, my dum-my! oh, my
dum-my, dum-my, dum-my, dum-my, dum, dum, dum.
dum-my, dum-my, dum-my, dum-my, dum, dum, dum. (AFTER LAST VERSE.)