The Runaway Girl

New Musical Play

Lyrics by Aubrey Hopwood and Harry Greenbank.

Music by Lionel Monckton and Ivan Caryll.

Beautiful Venice ........................................ 60
The Boy Guessed Right .................................. 60
Cigarette Song ............................................ 60
The Piccaninnies .......................................... 60
Soldiers in the Park ...................................... 60
Sea-Girt Land of My Home ......................... 60
Oh! I Love Society ....................................... 60
Not the Sort of Girl I Care About ................ 60
No One in the World Like You ...................... 60
When the Little Pigs Begin to Fly ............... 60

Boosey & Co
9 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

And

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THE PICCANINNIES.

Words by Aubrey Hopwood. 

Allegretto.

When de twi-light’s fall-in’ an’ de stars a-peeep-in’

out. When de night be-gins. When de night be-gins!

mam-my says de bo-gey-man’s a-bout. And de gob-bel-ins! and de
gob-be-lins! And when de lit-tle pic-ca-nin-nies soft-ly creep a-
round. Dat's what makes 'em hold deir breath 'Cos dey's almost scared to death,

Start-in' when de shadows move, an' feared of ev'-ry sound 'Cos dey know dere's
goblins lurkin' in de woods be-hind de trees where dey a-bound..... Be-

C. 10
-hind de trees  Dey’re sure to seize  Lit-tle colored pic-ca-nin-nies

If dey don’t take care! Way out in de dark  You can hear ’em, hark!

To de gob-lins wait-in’ o-ver dere.  Be-hind de trees

In twos and threes,  For de lit-tle pic-ca-nin-nies
Whom dey mean to seize. Dey'll catch us if we is'n't spry, For de gob-ble-ins are watchin' thro' de corner of deir eye!

When dere aint 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 perk-y lit-tle stars All a-
twink-ling, all a-twink-ling! It's den de pic-ca-ninnies are a-
frad to show them-selves. If dey want to share a kiss In de dark, a-
lone, like this— If dey want to steal de ripe ba-na-nas from de shelves—
'Cos dey know de bogey-man is watchin' out, with all his goblins and elves; behind de trees, Dey wait to seize little colored piccaninies, if dey don't take care! 'Way out in de dark, You can hear 'em, hark! To de goblins
wait-in' o-ver dere. Be-hind de trees,
In
twos and threes. For de col-or'd pic-ca-nin-nies whom dey mean to
seize. Dey'll catch us creep-in'down de lane For to
steal de su-gar, su-gar, su-gar, su-gar from de cane!