THE TOREADOR.

An entirely New and Original Musical Play
IN TWO ACTS.

BY

JAMES T. TANNER & HARRY NICHOLLS.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS & PERCY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL & LIONEL MONCKTON.

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Produced at the GAIETY THEATRE, LONDON, under the management of
Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES.

THE TOREADOR.

Characters.

Augustus Traill (of the British Consulate at Villaya) ... ... ... Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER
Pettifer (a Dealer in Wild Animals) ... ... ... Mr. FRED. WRIGHT, Junr.
Sir Archibald Slackitt, Bart. (Lieut. Welsh Guards) ... ... Mr. GEO. GROSSMITH, Junr.
Rinaldo (Carlist) ... ... ... ... ... Mr. ROBERT NAINBY
Governor of Villaya ... ... ... ... ... Mr. HARRY GRATTAN
Bandmaster ... ... ... ... ... Mr. WILLIE WARDE
Carajola (a Toreador) ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. HERBERT CLAYTON
Mr. Proibitt (Solicitor) ... ... ... ... ... Mr. A. HATHERTON
Moreno (Carajola's Friend) ... ... ... ... ... Mr. SYDNEY BRACY
Waiter ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. FRANK GREENE

Sammy Gigg (a Tiger) ... ... ... ... ... ... Mr. EDMUND PAYNE

Dora Selby (a Ward in Chancery) ... ... ... ... ... Miss MARIE STUDHOLME
Susan (Propriestress of the Magasin des Fleurs, Grand Hotel, Biarritz) ... ... Miss VIOLET LLOYD
Mrs. Malton Hoppings (a Widow) ... ... ... ... Miss CONNIE EDWNS
Dona Terisa ... ... ... ... ... Miss QUEENIE LEIGHTON
La Belle Bolero ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss MAIDIE HOPE
Cora Bellamy (a Bridesmaid) ... ... ... ... ... Miss GERTIE MILLAR
Ethel Marshall ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss MAIE SAQI
Isabella ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss SYBIL ARUNDALE
Inez ... ... ... ... ... ... Miss KITTY MASON

Nancy Staunton (Friend of Dora) ... ... ... ... ... Miss FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE

Visitors—Misses HILDA CORAL, GAYNOR ROWLAND, KITTY MASON, MINNIE BAKER,
OLIVE MAY, FLORENCE WARDE.

Bridesmaids—Misses D. BERESFORD, K. VINCENT, F. ALLEYNE, H. JEFFREYS, E. CORRI,
S. MISKEL, F. ALLAN, NELLIE PRYOR.

Dresses designed by WILHELM. Dances arranged by WILLIE WARDE.

ACT I.—INTERIOR OF SUSAN'S FLOWER SHOP, BIARRITZ ... ... ... Mr. JOSEPH HARKER
ACT II.—MARKET SQUARE, VILLAYA ... ... ... ... ... Mr. HAWES CRAVEN
# The Toreador

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THE TOREADOR.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano:

Where the gigantic Ocean Atlantic Breaks in a beautiful bay.

Where the gigantic Ocean Atlantic Breaks in a beautiful bay.

In the department Now on the chart meant By the name Basses Pyrenees,

In the department Now on the chart meant By the name Basses Pyrenees,

21326 T.

Copyright. MCMI, by Chappell & Co.
Over its sands Biarritz stands,Dear to the wealthy of numberless lands;

Very tip-top Visitors stop, Look, and look in at this favourite shop!

Allegro.

fa.vour.ite, fa.vour.ite shop!
Bridal bouquets, All roses and maiden-hair, Clusters and
sprays To suit any shade in hair! Pinks that denote Con.
spirators sinister, Orchid for coat of Cabinet Minister!
Ev'ry flower that's down in the botany, Sent in an hour If any one's got any! Do not forget The shop in which we are, it's

Run by Suzette, near Grand Hotel, Biarritz!

Run by Suzette, near Grand Hotel, Biarritz!
Allegro.

(Enter VISITORS.)

If you love a maiden And would win her, pray, Roses

perfume-laden Bring her ev'ry day! When their bloom uncloses All you'd

say is said; Only send her roses. White and pink and red!

21326 T.
Lady VIS.

Ah!

GENTLEMEN. (To Ladies, offering flowers.)

If you care to make us Happy as a king You have

If you care to make us Happy as a king You have

TEN.

You may call us fair. er

You may call us fair. er

BASS.

but to take us With the flow'rs we bring.

but to take us With the flow'rs we bring.

LADIES. (Taking flowers.)

21326 T.
Lady VIS.

Than the flow'rs of spring. But to win the wear' er,

Lady VIS.

Than the flow'rs of spring. But to win the wear' er,

TEN.

Yes, to win the wear' er.

BASS.

Yes, to win the wear' er.

Lady VIS.

that's a no'ther thing!

Lady VIS.

that's a no'ther thing!

TEN.

That's a no'ther thing!

BASS.

that's a no'ther thing!

SO.P.

Oh, Su.

TEN.

Oh, Su.

BASS.

Oh, Su.

SOP.

Oh, Su.

TEN.

Oh, Su.

BASS.

Oh, Su.

Oh, Su.

Oh, Su.

Oh, Su.

ff moll:

21326 T.
Allegro moderato.

SOP.

zette is quite unique in the dainty floral art, And the English call her "chic," And the

TEN.

French pronounce her "smart!" If you're married, born, or dead, If you're

BASS.

court ing a co quette, Very nasty things are said By the fashion able
No. 2

CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Tempo di Valse moderato.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

We're all of us lovely and young.

So draw no dis...
dress we admit, Would hardly be fit For dear Miss Hopkins's bridesmaid.

1st BRIDESMAID.

We're in fact Just the kind To attract Heart and mind, Just the

sort Men like you Come to court, Wish to woo. If you do, I'm a

afraid That I too, Though so staid, May decide To be bride, Not a
ALL BRIDESMAIDS.

B. M.  poco rit:  mf a tempo
maid. Ah!—We're perfectly dressed for our part. With

SOP.  poco rit:  mf a tempo
Ah!—They're perfectly dressed for their part. With

TEN.  poco rit:  mf a tempo
Ah!—They're perfectly dressed for their part. With

BASS.  poco rit:  mf a tempo
Ah!—They’re perfectly dressed for their part. With

B. M.  mf a tempo
nothing that's formal or stiff on. But lace that is quite a

SOP.  mf a tempo
nothing that's formal or stiff on. But lace that is quite a

TEN.  mf a tempo
nothing that's formal or stiff on. But lace that is quite a

BASS.  mf a tempo
nothing that's formal or stiff on. But lace that is quite a
dream of delight. And charming confections of chiffon — You'll own that the

dressmaker's art — Has really remarkable strides made — No
No. 3

SONG: (Mrs Hoppings) and CHORUS.

"I'M ROMANTIC"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONKTON

Allegro.

Mrs Hoppings.

Piano.

I have always had a passion for a man of rank and fashion. Like the
heroes of the stories in the "Herald," or the high and haughty nobles of the
pressure with a sentimental feeling; And his manner did unnerve me as he

Novellette and "Bow-Bells," like Sir Rupert, or the Viscount of Fitz.
ask'd if he could serve me, And before my very feet I saw him
I expected to discover I was kneeling. But I thought it rather shocking. When he followed by a lover. Who was Marquis, Duke, or even Royal said 'remove your stocking!' So I told him his request was hardly Highness, So I looked across my shoulder just to make him rather bolder. But he modest; Then he answered, 'I assure you, if you don't I cannot cure you.' And I never seemed to overcome his shyness. I'm romantic! found that he was just a chiropodist. I'm romantic!
I should like to ride to marriage
But I felt a perfect ninny

She's romantic,
She's romantic,

She's romantic,
She's romantic,

She's romantic,
She's romantic,

In a corseted carriage, I'm romantic,
But I've never yet have been
When he said 'my fee's a guinea,' I'm romantic,
And I shan't forget how I

wedded by the hero of a penny novel ette.
took him for the hero of a penny novel ette.
She's romantic! So romantic! She would like to ride to marriage
She's romantic! So romantic! But she felt a perfect misery

In a coronated carriage, She's romantic, But she never yet has been
When he said my foe's a guinea! She's romantic, But she won't forget How she

In a coronated carriage, She's romantic, But she never yet has been
When he said my foe's a guinea! She's romantic, But she won't forget How she

wedded to the hero of a penny novel ette!
took him for the hero of a penny novel ette!

wedded to the hero of a penny novel ette!
took him for the hero of a penny novel ette!

wedded to the hero of a penny novel ette!
took him for the hero of a penny novel ette!

2:326 T. D. C.
3. Then a foreign party eyed me and would try to walk beside me, And I thought his look was full of love unusually strong and heartily. Though he said he lived on beans and soda.

4. I was courted by a party looking spoken; And I wondered what he needed, but I wondered why he was always on the topic of his did not know if he did. For his English was uncommon badly mission philanthropic, That would put an end to crime and war and
brok'en. Till he said, 'Oh Sig. no. ri. na. I can play ze con. cer. ti. na. But I
slaughter. And of course it was, n't fun. ny that the cause de. mand. ed mon. ey, He was
plai.z a ve. ry bad and not in one key; Lend a
al. ways on the beg or on the bor. row; And I
me u. no so. vra. no for me. can. i. co pli. a. no, And I
stood it up to twen. ty, then I said that it was plen. ty, And he
give your name. a to ze bloom. ing mon. key—— I'm ro. man. tic,
promised he would pay me back to. mor. row!—— I'm ro. man. tic,
It was such a sharp reminder,
But I caught the worthy hero.

She's romantic,
She's romantic,
She's romantic,
She's romantic,

Finding him an organ-grinder!
I'm romantic,
But it's safe to bet
That I'm
Supping at the Trocadero!
I'm romantic,
But the girl he met
Was the

not the silly maiden of the penny novel-ette,
golden-haired Delilah of the penny novel-ette.
SONG.—(Carajolo) and CHORUS.

"THE TOREADOR'S SONG."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

CARAJOLO.

I'm the
glo·ry and pride of the land of Spain,

A

21326 t.
When monarch of men with a mighty train,
Ta.ran.ta.ran.ta.ra.ta.
Ta.ran.ta.ran.ta.ra.ta.
Ta.ran.ta.ran.ta.ra.ta.

I appear and I slay the Bull, With ladies' roses the ring is full. They

cast their fans and their hearts before the Tor.ea.do. ra.ble tore.a.dor! O.
Oh, for I am the Tor.e.a.dor, I am fa.mous on ev.ery

.shore, There is no one that's worshipped more, In the pa.lace, or in the po.

sa.da; For the la.dies will blush be.fo.re The a.dor.a.ble To.re.a.
dor. And a welcome the ring will roar To its hero, the gallant Es.

There is no one on earth to match my fame,
The bravest of men at the boldest game!

The soldier hides in the ground to slay An...
unseen enemy miles away. But hand to horn is the deadly war Of the
tor. ea.do. ra.ble To re.a. dor. O la! O la!

21326 T.
Oh, for I am the Torero,
I am famous on every shore. There is no one that's worshipp'd

more In the palace or in the farada; For the

ladies will blush before The adorable Torero,

21326 r.
wel.come the ring will roar
To its he.ro the gal.liant Es. pa.

dda. For I am the To.re.a dor, I am famous on e.ve.ry

For he is the To.re.a dor, He is famous on e.ve.ry

For he is the To.re.a dor, He is famous on e.ve.ry

For he is the To.re.a dor, He is famous on e.ve.ry

shore, There is no one that's worshipped more In the palace or in the po.sa.da. For the

shore, There is no one that's worshipped more In the palace or in the po.sa.da. For the

shore, There is no one that's worshipped more In the palace or in the po.sa.da. For the

shore, There is no one that's worshipped more In the palace or in the po.sa.da. For the

21326 T.
Car.  
Ladies will blush before the adorable Toreador, and a

Sop.  
Ladies will blush before the adorable Toreador, and a

Ten.  
Ladies will blush before the adorable Toreador, and a

Bass.  
Ladies will blush before the adorable Toreador, and a

Car.  
Welcome the ring will roar to its hero, the gallant Es.

Sop.  
Welcome the ring will roar to its hero, the gallant Es.

Ten.  
Welcome the ring will roar to its hero, the gallant Es.

Bass.  
Welcome the ring will roar to its hero, the gallant Es.

Car.  
Pa.  

Sop.  
Pa.  

Ten.  
Pa.  

Bass.  
Pa.  

21326T.
"A RIDE IN THE PUFF-PUFF"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

DORA.

1. Oh, a journey by train is a
2. If you travel by night then your

terrible strain, I object to the fuss and the flurry. There's the
slumbers are slight, For the rest of the passengers snore, so, When it's

MI Probitt.
chance of mis.haps To your lug.gage and wraps, When you all have to change in a
cold, you may freeze And get cramp in your knees, While the foot.warm.ers leak on the

NANCY.

hur.ry, The com.part.ments aren't wide, And they're stuf.fy in.side, Your en
floor, so. Then the nov.els and fruit That they bring you en route, And the

PORTER.

joy.ment this fre.quent.ly hin.ders, If you
milk that you just eat a bun
with; And the

let down the sash It's re.mark. ab. ly rash, For you prompt.ly get smothered with
por. ters you tip In the course of your trip, Oh, you're glad when the whole thing is
Oh, for a ride in the puff—puff,
Oh, for a journey by rail,
The jolting and shaking, will set you all aching,
Your face will get dusty and pale,
Your sandwich is always stale.
And
If you're inclined to be
every thing's frightful ly
tough - puff,

P as - sen - gers of - ten com -

vain, You will be dis - tres sed, For you don't look your best, When you've
plain: You real ly don't feel Quite in - clined for a meal, Till you've

been for a trip in the train.

DANCE.
TRIO.—(Dora, Nancy, and Susan.)

"WON'T IT BE A LARK."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

DORA.

We're dear little girls, you know,
And dear little lives we've led.
But still, I'm afraid, each dear little maid Has brains in her dear little head.

21326 T.
now for a day or so. One dear little maid's inclined to try, if she can. A dear little plan she's got in her dear little mind.

Oh, she and I and you have such a lot to do; And

Oh, she and I and you have such a lot to do; And

Oh, she and I and you have such a lot to do; And
we must not Re - veal the plot. But try to keep it dark. I

DORA

think, be - fore we're done we're sure to have some fun, We

NAN

all a - gree, oh, won't it be, yes, won't it be a lark.

SUS

all a - gree, oh, won't it be, yes, won't it be a lark.

NAN

all a - gree, oh, won't it be, yes, won't it be a lark.

SUS

all a - gree, oh, won't it be, yes, won't it be a lark.

SUS

all a - gree, oh, won't it be, yes, won't it be a lark.

21326 T.
Yes, won't it be a lark!

Yes, won't it be a lark!

Yes, won't it be a lark!

That dear little girl, today,

As part of her deep laid plan,

Will don, more or less, A mas. cu. line dress And
NANCY: (Pointing to DORA.)

look like a dear little man. This other will have to say That

she is a wife, you see; Her dear little friend will try and pretend Her

DORA.

Oh, she and

dear little husband to be Oh, she and

NAN.

I and you have such a lot to do; And we must not re

21326 T.
DORA. \[\text{real the plot But try to keep it dark. I think be.}\]

NAN. \[\text{real the plot But try to keep it dark. I think be.}\]

SUS. \[\text{real the plot But try to keep it dark. I think be.}\]

DORA. \[\text{fore we're done We're sure to have some fun. We all agree Oh.}\]

NAN. \[\text{fore we're done We're sure to have some fun. We all agree Oh.}\]

SUS. \[\text{fore we're done We're sure to have some fun. We all agree Oh.}\]

DORA. \[\text{won't it be. Yes, won't it be a lark!}\]

NAN. \[\text{won't it be. Yes, won't it be a lark!}\]

SUS. \[\text{won't it be. Yes, won't it be a lark!}\]
DORA: Yes, won't it be a lark!

NAN: Yes, won't it be a lark!

SUS: Yes, won't it be a lark!

DANCE.
SONG (Archie.)

"EVERYBODY'S AWFULLY GOOD TO ME."

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. I'm an awf'ly simple fellow As I'm
sure you'll all agree; And I really don't know what My various
friends can see in me. My acquaintances are endless And their
simply "full of birth;" I've got a bit of money, But my
names I quite forget. For one half I only know by sight. And the friends are not unkind. I think money's rather vulgar. But

rest I've never met. But everybody's awfully good to they don't seem to mind. Why, everybody's awfully good to

me, Don't you know; I'm just about as spoilt as I can me, Don't you know; I'm just about as spoilt as I can

be, Don't you know. If I go out, say to Prince's, and a be, Don't you know. I lent a chap a monkey once, quite

21326. T.
other day out shooting I was standing near a friend; Some
know a little lady Who is absolutely sweet;

partridges came over, But they flew the other end; I
introduce her proudly, To each decent chap I meet; They

tried to get a shot in And I shifted from my place, When my
all say they're delighted, And it makes me feel so vain When I

friend quite gaily blazed away And got me in the face!
hear them make arrangements To meet very soon again! Oh,
Everybody's awfully good to me, Don't you know: I'm just about as spoilt as I can be, Don't you know; It really was a most unpleasant thing to have occurred, It was my fault absolutely, for I quite obscured his bird. Still he didn't lose his temper, why, he actually looked after her while I was out of town. It was so unselfish of him, for he's never said a word!

Ev'ry-body's awfully good to me, married too, is Brown! Oh, ev'ry-body's awfully good to me.
DUET-(Susan and Gigg.)

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON.

No. 8.

Allegretto.

Susan.

Piano.

SUS.

ever I marry, my husband must be in some occupation at.
sometimes I think I would marry for choice An opera singer, with

tractive to me; I'm sure I should dote on an artist of note, With
beautiful voice, Whod work with the whole of his heart and his soul in

21326 t.
wonderful ties and a velvet coat!
rendering, say, a Wagnerian rôle.

Oh, that sort of man wouldn't suit you a bit. He'd
For choosing a singer your motif is life. Re-

always be trying to get you to sit. And painting away for-
member that he would be out every night; The daytime, at last! I

sending in day: You know the Academy opens in May!
fear he would pass Rehearsal expression in front of a glass.
(Dialogue and Business)

1.

SUSAN.

I think I see that

GIGG.

Now don't you see that

2.

I think I see that

Now don't you see that

mf
I should be unhappy with such a celebrity, His
You would be unhappy with such a celebrity, His
language artistic, would fall rather flat! I shouldn't get on with a
Though he would probably never sing flat, I shouldn't get on with a
man like that!
man like that!

D.C. S. S.

21326 T.
sure you'd find no one more suitable than A highly respectable
not try a judge very learned and bland The Law Courts, you know, are not

medical man, Whose praise would be sung By the old and the young;—Your
far down the Strand, And there he'd preside. Looking most dignified, And
pulse he would feel and examine your tongue.
listen while different cases were tried.

SUSAN.
Well, I should get dreadfully jealous, you know, for
Yes, judges are wonderful persons, no doubt, but

SUS.
popular doctors are flirted with so; Some ladies, you see, will
they've got a habit of finding things out; And I should object to

SUS.
ask them to tea, And fully describe what their symptoms may be.
have him suspect. Supposing my conduct was not quite correct.
3.  

4.  

SUSAN.

I think I see that

I think I see that

GIGG.

Now don't you see that

Now don't you see that

21326 T.
I should be unhappy with such a celebrity! With
you would be unhappy with such a celebrity! He'd

patients he'd always be having a chat, I should
always be finding out what I was at, I should.

patients he'd always be having a chat, you would
always be finding out what you were at, you would.

man like that!
man like that!
man like that!
man like that!

D. S.
No. 9.

SONG.- (Pettifer) and CHORUS.

"MY ZOO"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

PETTIFER.

When ever you're my way, quite close to Ratcliffe

PET.  High way, Just look at my large stock-in-trade, I've

SOP.  trade, trade, trade, trade,

TEN.  trade, trade, trade, trade,

BASS.  trade, trade, trade, trade,
all things on sale Oh! A winkle or a whale Oh! I'll forward at once, carriage paid.

A lamb, or a lion, I'm ready to supply on demand, or a nice little bow.

-wow, wow,
You'll find that mine are not
   At all ex-pen-sive terms,

   A ma-rmo-set, an
   A ca-mel, or a cow.
   or a cow, cow,

   A lo-pard first-rate, or a fine al-li-ga-tor,
For early birds I've got some extra special worms.

And then I've safe and snug a Polar bear or two.

So poor old maids may get a hug in side my zoo, zoo, zoo.
his are not At all expensive terms, For early birds he's got

Some extra special worms And then he's safe and snug — A Polar

bear or two So poor old maids may get a hug In side his zoo, zoo, zoo.
I've always been noted, when companies are

floated, for finding a nice guinea-pig.

My pig, pig!

pig, pig!

pig, pig!

pig, pig!
storks more or less\' I'll recall the Hotel Cecil. Their bills are so

long and so big. Card-sharpers may meet. Ah! With such a cunning

big, big!

big, big!

big, big!

big, big!

check! And gamblers can play ducks and drakes, If

drakes, drakes!

drakes, drakes!

drakes, drakes!
drunkards should roam there, they'll feel quite at home there, And even strict ab.

stain.ers may see a lot of snakes,

lot of snakes, snakes,

lot of snakes, snakes,

lot of snakes, snakes,

I've r.a.v.e.n.s black as night; There al.so may be seen

snakes!

snakes!

snakes!

21226 T.
Some cock-a-toes in white, some parrots red and green,

But all their splendour pales, with my macaws in view;

I call them "Pink'uns" for their tails are short and blue, blue, blue!

He's ravens
black as night; There also may be seen Some cock-a-toos in white,

black as night; There also may be seen Some cock-a-toos in white,

black as night; There also may be seen Some cock-a-toos in white,

Some Parrots red and green. But all their splendor pales, With his ma.

Some Parrots red and green. But all their splendor pales, With his ma.

Some Parrots red and green. But all their splendor pales, With his ma.

caws in view. He calls them “Pink’uns” for their tails are short and blue, blue, blue.

caws in view. He calls them “Pink’uns” for their tails are short and blue, blue, blue.

caws in view. He calls them “Pink’uns” for their tails are short and blue, blue, blue.
No. 10.

DUET.—(Dora and Nancy.)

"HUSBAND AND WIFE."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Dora.

Allegretto.

Piano.

DORA. 1. Now I have married you, Sir!
DORA. 2. If you should look at a maid,

NANCY. Now I have married you, Madam! DORA. We'll be a pair
NANCY. If I have carelessly kissed her, DORA. I am not hard;
Such as we've never heard of, since Eve and her Adam,
I can regard any such girl as a sister!

Nancy, just as oases occur,
Dora. Out in a wilderness
Nancy, I too shall not be dismay'd,
Kate. Though at a man you may.

Dora.
Nancy. We shall display,
What is the way,
wink so.
Dora. You're very kind.
If you don't mind

Dora.
How to be happy though married,
How to be happy, I think so.

How to be happy though married,
You mean to try it? though married.
NANCY. I will come home to tea.
DORA. I'll make the tea for you.
NANCY. I may be late.
DORA. If other chaps scold my boy!
NANCY. I'll never beat my wife.

Sevens or Eight, DORA. I will sit up till half past seven, perhaps.
NANCY. That will not spoil her husband's joy.

KATE. If I return at three o'clock, DORA. So we will pass our life...
NANCY. Flushed with unruly mirth. DORA. Never you fear I'll
NANCY. Flirting for all we're worth DORA. Merry at heart and

DORA. laugh with you, dear, The happiest pair on earth.
always apart, The happiest pair on

NAN. The happiest pair on earth,
The happiest pair on

DORA. 2. earth. The happiest pair,

NAN. earth. The happiest pair,
The happiest pair. 

Ah! Ah! Ah!

The happiest pair,

Ah! Ah! Ah!

The happiest pair, The happiest pair.

cres:

The happiest pair, The happiest pair.

cres.

The happiest pair, The happiest pair.

cres.

on earth.

on earth.

21326
QUARTET- (Dora, Nancy, Gus, and Archie.)

"ESPAÑA."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYIL.

Allegretto.

NANCY.

Away to España, Today or Ma.

DORA.

Nan-na-na. That's Spanish, you know, for "tomorrow."

WELL

sit in the fore rows Of Plaza de toros. And gaze on the
bull-fight with sorrow.
Then hey! for Leria, And

olla podrida, Madrid, and Seville, and Santona!

The merry mantilla. The gallant guerrilla, And

beauties of bright Barcelona.
Pour the Amontillado Sherry, Dance on the festive

Pra . do . mer . ry. Wo . man and man go In for fan dan go.
Smoking a Colorado, very. Come where the gay Gitana.

Smoking a Colorado, very. Come where the gay Gitana.

Smoking a Colorado, very. Come where the gay Gitana.

Smoking a Colorado, very. Come where the gay Gitana.

NAN.

NAN.

joaking! Lighting a real Cabaña, smoking. Joins the torero

joaking! Lighting a real Cabaña, smoking. Joins the torero

joaking! Lighting a real Cabaña, smoking. Joins the torero

joaking! Lighting a real Cabaña, smoking. Joins the torero

GUS.

GUS.

21336 T.
In a bolero, viva, Viva España.

Across the frontier, The gay cria.
DORA.
best on the whole is A dish of fri - jo - les, A food that is

ARCHIE.
fit for the fair - i - ess!
And if down at Ca - diz A

ARCH.
hun - dred in shade is The heat by Ne - gret - ti and Zam - bra,
We'll fly to Grenada And drink limonada, While strolling about the Alhambra!

Pour the Amontillado Sherry, Dance on the festive

Pour the Amontillado Sherry, Dance on the festive

Pour the Amontillado Sherry, Dance on the festive

Pour the Amontillado Sherry, Dance on the festive

21326 T.
Jo king! Lighting a real Cabaña, smoking, Joins the torero

In a bole ro, vi va, Vi va Espa ña.

In a bole ro, vi va, Vi va Espa ña.

In a bole ro, vi va, Vi va Espa ña.

21326 T.
SONG - (Nancy) and CHORUS.

"THE LANGUAGE OF THE FLOWERS."

No. 12.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Nancy.

Piano.

1. If you want to show your passion in a flor. al kind of fashion, you must
2. Then to prove that your af. fection will not fall, you make se. lection of a

choose the pro. per blooms for your bou.quet. There are sev. er. al I know of, with a
vi. o.let of deep de. lic.ious blue; And a pan. sy, for the lat. ter may throw

mean. ing à pro. pos of just the sort of thing that lov. ers like to
light up on the mat. ter. It will say to her, "My thoughts are all of

21326T.
a tempo

say Though of feelings rather rashful, Yet you can't help feeling bashful, Now a
you!
Then I really don't see why you, If you chance to have it by you, Shouldn't

pe o ny that word will re pre sent, Then a
send a bit of sweet for get me not, And, un

ve ry choice car na tion will ex press your ad mir a tion. And I'm
less you think that it'll be sug ges tive, add a lit tle Piece of

poco rit:
sure the girl will ga ther what is meant.
dain ty or an ge blos som to the lot.

21326 T.
Every flower has a meaning, more or less. That is not so very difficult to guess.

If you love a maiden dearly, but you don't know what to say, I advise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet.

Chorus.
Soprano & Contralto.

Every flower has a meaning, more or less. That is not so very difficult to guess.

If you love a maiden dearly, but you don't know what to say, I advise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet.
meaning, more or less. That is not so very difficult to guess, you may guess. If you
meaning, more or less. That is not so very difficult to guess, you may guess. If you

love a maiden dearly And you don't know what to say, We ad.
love a maiden dearly And you don't know what to say, We ad.

-wise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet!
-wise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet!
-wise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet!
-wise you just to send the girl a beautiful bouquet!
3. Now this sort of conversation ought to meet with approbation. From those gentlemen who very often find that their fancy's rather fickle, and they get into a pickle just because they really can't make up their...
mind. On a maiden you may shower any sentimental flower. Of the
consequences do not be afraid. She can
not get satisfaction in a breach of promise action. For your
poco rit:
gifts are all so liable to fade.

21326 T.
If you've sent her a note of any sort. It may be produced as evidence in court.

...And some rather heavy damages perhaps you'll have to pay. But there's nothing compromising in a beautiful bouquet.

If you've sent her a
note of any sort. It may be produced as evidence in court, and some

SANCY.

But there's

rather heavy damages perhaps you'll have to pay. But there's

NANCY.

nothing compromising in a beautiful bouquet!

CHO.

nothing compromising in a beautiful bouquet!

21326 r.
Scena.—(Teresa and Gigg.)

Words by Percy Greenbank.

Music by Ivan Caryll.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Teresa.

Oh, Senor, pray be bold of heart. Do not delay. But make a start. 'Twill be your loss if you don't seize this chance to cross the Pyrenees.

21326 T.
must confess You're not aware What happiness awaits you

there A dream of joy Your life will be, Ah,

be not coy, But come with me.

rall; A la Havaneaise.

For there both by day and night Many at

...tractions invite; All other dreams of delight They will eclipse. Come where the
sky is a glow, Warm are the breezes that blow, Come where the oranges grow. Also the pips. Think of the old Spanish wine, Surely that's quite in your line. Flavour exceedingly fine. Splendid bouquet, Senor, be bashful no more. You've never been there before. Listen to me, I implore, Ah, do come away.
Tempo I.

When they've the chance Fair ladies will

With

tender glance Your senses thrill.
The hot blood through Their veins will

run;
You'll find that you Their hearts have won.
soft caress They'll often try

give, unless There's someone by: Indeed, how can They callous

be When such a man As you they

see? If you ob.
A la Havaneise.

TER.

Serve every style in which a maiden can smile, it might be

TER.

Well worth your while, well, so it might. Think of the languishing eyes, of most re-

TER.

markable size, gazing at you in surprise, this is all

GIGG.

right! If round your neck you should feel lily white

TER.

arms softly steal, would you object a great deal? Oh, no, not

21326 T.
We're just in time for the train. Let's go together to Spain. For I have met! We're just in time for the train. Let's go together to Spain. For you have

made it quite plain. There is lots there to see.

made it quite plain. There is lots there to see.
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN GARYLL.

Carajolo. Allegro molto.

Hear me, Am.

Piano.

When you saw me lately, Appearances might seem against me.

greatly! The lady loved me, but I merely kissed her, To

They did!

They did!
show that I regard her as a sister!

Oh, dear!

must I plead in vain?
The bravest man in

Spain. The bravest man in Spain.

Andantino.
Oh, do not be hard on your lover. He's sorry for what he has done; forget what you chanced to discover. And life will be bright as the sun.

Your natural jealousy smother, and happier days may begin; but wed him, or marry another. Or
where do the bridesmaids come in?

Oh, look

on the tears he is shedding. Oh, pity his passionate

pain.

You asked us to come to your

wedding, You offered to take us to Spain. You

ordered us dresses and brooches.

And now will you
BRI.

tear them away? Oh! think of the cake and the

BRI.

to... And come and be married today!

PETTIFER.

Allegro molto.

PET

possibly may, (some day) Be a call for the service you

PET

tender; And your bridal array (some day) Will ap...

21325 t.
FULL CHORUS.

PET.

pear in ad.dition.al splen.dour. Then with rea.diness gay (some

CHO.

day) We'll go through ad.dition.al shop.pings, And as

CHO.

fresh as the May, (some day,) We'll fol.ow our dear Mes. Hoppings.

CHO.

(All laugh) (some day!)

21326 T.
Pour the Amontillado

Sherry, Dance on the festive Prado, merriy. Woman and man go

In for dan go. Smo.ing a Colorado, ve ry.
Come where the gay Gitana, joking, lighting a real Calella.

Come where the gay Gitana, joking, lighting a real Calella.

Come where the gay Gitana, joking, lighting a real Calella.

- ba - na, smoking, joins the to - re - ro In a bo le - ro.

- ba - na, smoking, joins the to - re - ro In a bo le - ro.

- ba - na, smoking, joins the to - re - ro In a bo le - ro.

O - la! O - la!

vi - va, Vi - va Es - pa - ra!

vi - va, Vi - va Es - pa - ra!

vi - va, Vi - va Es - pa - ra!
am the To.re.a.dor, I am fa.mous on ev.ery shore, There is

no one that's worshipped more In the pal.ace, or in the Po.sa.do; For the

la.dies will blush be. fore The a.dora.ble To.re.a.dor, And a

wel.come the ring will roar To its he.ro, the gal.lant Es. fa.

21326 T.
NAN. da

SOP.

TEN.

For he is the Toreador, He is

BASS.

For he is the Toreador, He is

SOP. famous on every shore, There is no one that's worshipped more

TEN. famous on every shore, There is no one that's worshipped more

BASS. famous on every shore, There is no one that's worshipped more

SOP. palace, or in the posada. For the ladies will blush before

TEN. palace, or in the posada. For the ladies will blush before

BASS. palace, or in the posada. For the ladies will blush before

21326 T.
End of Act I.
Act II.

No. 15.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.

21326. т.
With all the town in bright array Upon this most auspicious day.

With all the town in bright array Upon this most auspicious day.

With all the town in bright array Upon this most auspicious day.
Our admiration we will show For wonderful Carajo.

21326. T.
The banners flutter in the breeze, The streets are very gayly
deeded..........................

The banners flutter in the breeze, The streets are very gayly
deeded..........................

The banners flutter in the breeze, The streets are very gayly
deeded..........................

21326.t.
For on occasions such as these We like to get a

good effect.

good effect.

21326. T.
And if you don't appreciate the reason

And if you don't appreciate the reason

And if you don't appreciate the reason
why we decorate,
It is, you

why we decorate,
It is, you

why we decorate,
It is, you

may be glad to know,
In honour

may be glad to know,
In honour

may be glad to know,
In honour
of Carajo-lo, It is in honour of Carajo-lo, It is in honour of Carajo-lo, It is in honour

With all the town in bright array Upon this most auspicious day.

Our admiration.

21326. T.
SOP.

ration we will show For wonder ful Car a jo lo

TEN.

ration we will show For wonder ful Car a jo lo

BASS.

ration we will show For wonder ful Car a jo lo

SOP.

......

The ban ners

TEN.

......

The ban ners

BASS.

......

The ban ners

21326. T.
flutter in the breeze, The streets are very gaily decked..............

For on oc...
ca.sions such as these We like to get a good ef.fect. With

all the town ............... in bright ar-ray Up - on this most .............

21326. t.
aus.pic.ious day, Our adm.i.ration we will show For won.de.rful Ca.ra.jo.
No. 16.

SONG: (Governor) and CHORUS.

"THE GOVERNOR OF VILAYA."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro.

We are that person glorious,

The Governor,

And no one dares to equal us The Governor of Vil...
We keep the peace or wage the war,

The Governor, the Governor, the Governor,

And common people bow before the Governor of Villeroy,

The Governor, the Governor, the Governor,

We are the greatest man that is living.
at the present day. Ah! We wonder how we can do it upon our official pay, Ah!

Stern in the battle's roar. On a holiday we're bright and gay. Ah! We are the Governor of the interesting city of Villalaya.
He is the greatest man That is living at the present day, Ah! We wonder how he can Do it up.

on his official pay. Ah! Stern in the battle's
roar. On a holiday he's bright and gay. Ah!

He is the Governor Of the interesting city of Vil...

la...ya

la...ya.
GOVERNOR.

But if a nice young girl trips by,

The Governor, the Governor, the Governor, the Governor.

There's a wink in the naughty wicked eye Of the Governor of Vil.

SOP.

Governor;

TEN.

Governor;

BASS.

Governor;

21326 T.
La ya! At night we wander round her door.

The Governor, the Governor, the Governor,

At serenades we rather score; The Governor of Vil-

Governor;

Governor;

Governor;

La ya! We take our light guitar, And a pretty
Prelude thus we play, Ah! We call her Sun and Star, Not to mention Moon and Milky Way, Ah!

She sighs when we implore, And the sequel we decline to say, Ah! We are the Governor Of the exalted city of Villalaya.
He takes his light guitar
And a pretty prelude tries to

play, Ah! He calls the girl his Star,
Not to mention

Moon and Milky Way, Ah! She calls for an en.
core. That, at least, is what he means to say, Ah!

Fie, on the Governor Of the highly moral city of Vil.

Fie, on the Governor Of the highly moral city of Vil.

la-ya-vi-va!

la-ya-vi-va!

la-ya-vi-va!

allegro
TRIO.—(Gus, Archie and Gigg.)

"BLANKS!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Piano.

(Gus.) 1. Oh, memory's a funny thing in—

(Gigg.) 2. Suppose I live in town, and one fine

indeed, his very often feeble and uncertain; (Archie) When
day I hail a hansom cab by outside my gate; (Gus.) And
in- cidents oc- cur O-ver which you would pre- fer In the
then re- quest the man, Just as quick- ly as he can, Say, to
fu- ture, so to speak, to draw a cur- tain. (Gigg.) If
drive you all the way from there to High- gate. (Archie) He
cre- dit- ors for set- tle- ment should press, One
does his best your or- ders to o- bey,
He
need- n't stop to lis- ten to their chat- ter! Just
knows the jour- ney's worth a lot of mon- ey; (Gigg.) But
tell them you regret That you can't recall their debt, For your
when he puts me down, And I hand him half a crown, The ex-

mind is quite a blank upon the matter.
pression on his face is rather funny.

GUS.

It's
It's

GIGG.

absolutely blank!
absolutely blank!

GUS.

blank,

GUS.

ARCH.

blank,

blank,

blank,
Look them in the face With an expression that is frank. It's con-

GUS. Look them in the face With an expression that is frank. It's con-

ARCH. Look them in the face With an expression that is frank. It's con-

venient to find, On occasions, that your mind makes a lot of noise, And the language he employs

GUS. venient to find, On occasions, that your mind makes a lot of noise, And the language he employs

ARCH. venient to find, On occasions, that your mind makes a lot of noise, And the language he employs

21326. T
(Gus) 3. In racing, or in betting on a horse, You
(Archie) 4. Perhaps you're one of those who long to show The
may not take the interest that heaps take, (Archie.) But,
Drama is in need of much improvement; (Ins.) Of a

all the same, you may Be prevailed upon one day Just to
theatre, then, may be, You become the sole les - see, And re-

enter for a harmless little sweepstake; You hope to draw the favourite, of
-solve to be the leader of the movement. You wouldn't stage a com - e - dy, oh,

course, You're told there's really nothing that can lick it; (Archie.) But
no! Or even melodrama that's exc - it - in; The

21326. t
when the draw takes place, On the day before the race, You are play that you rehearse Is a tragedy in verse. — Well, you
shocked to find on looking at your ticket, know the sort of verse some poets write in.

GUS

It's

GUS.

absolutely blank.

GIGG.

absolutely blank.

ARCH.

blank,

blank,

21326. T.
Gigg.

Still, you feel you've only got your wretched luck to thank. There are

Certainly it won't improve your balance at the bank. When the

Gus.

Still, you feel you've only got your wretched luck to thank. There are

Certainly it won't improve your balance at the bank. When the

Arch.

Still, you feel you've only got your wretched luck to thank. There are

Certainly it won't improve your balance at the bank. When the

Gigg.

prizes, one or two, But the number drawn by you

piece has run a bit, Stalls and gallery and pit

Gus.

prizes, one or two, But the number drawn by you

piece has run a bit, Stalls and gallery and pit

Arch.

prizes, one or two, But the number drawn by you

piece has run a bit, Stalls and gallery and pit
DANCE.

GIGG.

GUS.

ARCH.

blank, absolutely blank. Absolutely blank.

blank, absolutely blank. Absolutely blank.
SONG (Pettifer) and CHORUS.

"WHEN I MARRY AMELIA."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Pettifer.

Allegro gioviale.

Piano.

PET.

1. Oh,

2. We'll

when I marry my blushing bride, It will cost a monarch's have the usual little lunch Of a about a thousand
ransom; I hate your people who put on side, But I
co
vers, With tur
tiles float
ing in Ro
man punch, And a

mean to do things hand
some! I mean to mar ry her
lot of eggs of plo
vers. A case of Pom mer
y

in St. Paul's, Tho' the place is ra ther din
gy, But I'm
'seven ty-four, For who e ver cares to take it, And if

go ing to white wash all the walls, For a bride
groom can't be
Pom mer y says he's got no more, Well, I guess he'll have to

21326. T
Won't we have the dome

Newly decorated

Won't there be a feed?
Prawns in Aspic jelly,

And electroplated?

Crème de Vermicelli,

You may bet! The place will be just like

You may bet! It will be a time in

home, When I marry America.

indeed, When I marry America.
Newly decorated
Prawns in Aspic jelly,
Crème de Vermi-

Newly decorated
Prawns in Aspic jelly,
Crème de Vermi-

Newly decorated
Prawns in Aspic jelly,
Crème de Vermi-

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3. The wedding presents will
4. And when we go on our

Come in stacks, They'll be all of precious
wedding trip We shall cause a perfect

21326. T.
Metals! Ten golden hat and umbrella racks, And a panic, For I'll build ten times as big a ship As the

hundred diamond kettles! I'll send each person of liner Oceanic! No choppy weather my

note a card To inspect the wealth I'm showing, And bride need fear, When we both are crossing over. The

hire detectives from Scotland Yard Who will search the guests when bow... will be along Calais pier As the stern is leaving

21326. T.
When he marries Amelia, Amelia,
When he marries Amelia, Amelia,
When he marries Amelia, Amelia,
When he marries Amelia, Amelia,
When I marry Amelia, Amelia,
When I marry Amelia, Amelia,
When I marry Amelia, Amelia,
When I marry Amelia, Amelia,
Won't there be a show?.......... Clocks with ruby
Won't we have a yacht!.......... Steaming quarter

faces, Emerald dressing cases!
power.......... Fifty knots an hour.......... You may bet! The jewelers' stocks are
You may bet! It will be a lively

low.......... When I marry Amelia
lot.......... When I marry Amelia
Amelia, When he marries Amelia,
Amelia, When he marries Amelia,
Amelia, When he marries Amelia,
Amelia, When he marries Amelia,
Clocks with ruby faces,  
Emerald dressing  
Steaming quarter power......

SOP.

You may bet!  
The jewelers' stocks are
hour...........

TEN.

You may bet!  
The jewelers' stocks are
hour...........

BASS.

You may bet!  
The jewelers' stocks are
hour...........

You may bet!  
Fifteen knots an

It will be a lively
No. 19.  

SONG (Nancy) and CHORUS.

"IT DOES AMUSE ME SO!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Nancy.

Piano.

1. Oh,
2. At

NAN.

I'm a little maid Who's not at all afraid Of balls I often find Some gentleman inclined To

NAN.

what my friends may think or say; Though sit out dances, one, or two; A

21320 T.
sober minded folk Can never see a joke, I
good excuse he's got, "The room is rather hot!" I

come across a lot each day. I'm
know what's coming next, don't you? Con

always more than half Inclined to have a laugh, What
servatory cool He chooses as a rule, "There's

never the result may be. If
such a draught upon the stairs!"

21336. T.
other people stare, Well, really I don't care, For
know the place he means, With palms and folding screens, And

everything amuses me. Ah!
comfortable, easy chairs. Ah!

I laugh at them; Ah!
I laugh at him; Ah!

you know, Many
you know, If his

21326. T.
people have agreed. Life is very dull indeed. But it
conduct clearly shows. That he's going to propose. Well, it

does amuse me so! Ah!......
does amuse me so! Ah!......

she laughs at them; Ah!......
she laughs at him; Ah!......

you know; Many
you know; If his
People have agreed Life is very dull indeed, But it conducts clearly shows That he's going to propose, Well, it

does amuse her so!

does amuse her so!

DANCE.
SONG (La Belle Bolero.)

"MY TOREADOR."

Words and Music by

PAUL A. RUBENS.

Piano.

Hark to the sound of multitudes as...

Assembling, keen with excitement, burning for the fray,

No fear for To - re - a - dor, tho'

21326 T.
female heart be trembling, Waiting the glorious issue of the day.

In the arena all is expectation, Now the eventful fight is to begin,

Somebody's heart is filled with exultation.
He is about to fight, and he must win. On, on he's dashing, See, his eyes are flashing.
The bull approaches with a roar.
The crowds delighting, For... me he's.
fighting, my heart and soul go out to you, my Tor-
What is the sound on ev'-ry side ascending?

What is the look of fear on ev'-ry face?

What means that piercing... shriek, The spell-bound silence rend ing?

See, ev'-ry-one stands up-right in his place!
Who can it be there on the cold ground lying?

Heaven forbid, it is my Tormentor!

See, now at last to gain his feet he's trying,

Eager to fight and win for me once more, On, on he's
2nd time Chorus.

...dashing... see, his eyes are flashing... The bull approaches with a roar...

...The crowds delighting for... me he's fighting, My heart and soul go... out to you, my Toreador... My heart and soul go... out to you, my Toreador!

I.

CHORUS.

Last.
No. 21.

DUET. - (Susan and Gigg.)

"PUNCH AND JUDY."

Words by PERCY GREENBANK. Music by IVAN CARYLL.

Gigg. Allegro.

Piano.

You all know me, I'm

Mr. Punch, you see; Observe the funny hump up on my

back. And I'm his wife, He leads me such a life, My

21326 T.
SUS

GIGG.

poor old head he of. tently tries to crack. You hit me first, you know, but that is.

SUSAN.

GIGG.

may - be, Because we dis - a.greed about the ba. by.

Still

near. ly ev. 'ry day You take the stick a. way, And beat me till I'm blue and

SUS

BOTH.

black. Whack! whack! Sil. ly old Punch and Ju - dy! Oh,

BOTH.

must n't they get knocked a. bout and bruised a bit! Though it's her fault first.
Yet she gets the worst, for he seems to be such a nasty sort of brute.

Whack! whack! silly old Punch and Judy! But after all the children are a...

Mused a bit; and they always shout, when Punch pops about, he'll speak with a squeak and a roo-ti-too-ti-toot!

And

21326 T.
when I've done With you, then one by one, A lot of other friends of mine ap

SUSAN.

pear. It's such a shame, You treat them all the same, And

SUS.

talk them flat as anything, I fear. Still, where on earth would our familiar

GIGG.

show be Without our little pet, the clever Toby? But

21326 T.
when the doggie goes And gets you by the nose, Oh! how do you like that, my
dear? Whack! whack! silly old Punch and Judy! Oh,

mustn’t they get kicked about and bruised a bit! Though it’s her fault first,

Yet she gets the worst. For he seems to be such a nasty sort of brute.

21326 T.
Whack! whack! silly old Punch and Judy! But after all the children are amused a bit; And they always shout, When Punch pops about, He'll speak with a squeak And a roo-ti-too-ti-toot! DANCE.
SONG.—(Cora and Bridesmaids.)

"KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

 Allegretto.

Cora.

Piano.

1. When the children go to play in summer time, They will
2. Now it's very much the same When boys grow up; But they

frolic all the day. The trees they'll climb. Round the garden they will
play their racing game For Plate or Cup. On the turf they love to

race, With joyful cheers, Till the gardener gives chase, And
meet, And bet so high, Till the "certainty" gets beat, And

21326 T.
picks their ears,  Hi! little boys,  Hi! little boys,  Hi!
then goodbye!  Hi! little boys,  Hi! little boys,  Hi!

Care, now, Keep off the grass,  Keep off the grass,
Care, now, Keep off the grass,  Keep off the grass,

Conduct like this I won't pardon.
Plunging your pocket won't harden.

Play at your ease,  But if you please,  Keep off the
But, as a rule,  Keep off the

21326 T.
grass in the garden!
grass in the garden!
Keep off the grass,
Keep off the grass,

Keep off the grass,
Keep off the grass,
Conduct like this I won't par-
Plunging your pocket won't har-

...don.
...den.
Play at your ease,
But when your cool,

Keep off the grass in the garden!
Keep off the grass in the garden!

1 & 2. D.C.

21326 T.
3. In the merry month of May When coos the dove, Young men's fancy, so they say, Will turn to love, But to flirt may cost you dear, So I've been taught; For she sheds an artful tear, And
then you're caught! Hi! little boys, Hi! little boys, Hi! Take care now, Keep off the grass, Keep off the grass, Quickly your heart you must harden.

If she should sigh, Don't catch her eye, Keep off the
CHORUS OF BRIDESMAIDS.

CORA.

Grass in the garden! Keep off the grass,

CHO.

Keep off the grass, quickly your heart you must harden.

CHO.

If she should sigh, don't catch her eye,

CHO.

Keep off the grass in the garden.

DANCE.
No 23.

GRAND CHORUS and MARCH.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

Allegro moderato.

mf

 Cresc.

21326. t.
Here they come in glittering glory, Bound to battle

Here they come in glittering glory, Bound to battle

Here they come in glittering glory, Bound to battle

Here they come in glittering glory, Bound to battle

grim and gory, Marching on in soldierly manner,

grim and gory, Marching on in soldierly manner,

grim and gory, Marching on in soldierly manner,

grim and gory, Marching on in soldierly manner,
Lance and dart and sword and banner! Men acclaim them,
ladies adore them, throwing fans and flowers before them.
SOP.
Raise the shout, Roll it out, For our brave Toreros!

TEN.
Raise the shout, Roll it out, For our brave Toreros!

BASS.
Raise the shout, Roll it out, For our brave Toreros!

SOP.

TEN.
Picadors serene and steady, Meet the bull with knightly... lance!

BASS.
Picadors serene and steady, Meet the bull with knightly... lance!

21326. T.
Chulos shun his charges... heady, Teasing him with mocking... dance!

Banderilleros are... daring, Prick him with the ribbon'd dart!

21326. T.
Matadors, the rapier bearing, Strike him through the savage heart!

O la! A welcome, a welcome to gallant To...
SOP.

On they go, in glittering glory, Bound to battle grim and gory,

TEN.

On they go, in glittering glory, Bound to battle grim and gory,

BASS.

On they go, in glittering glory, Bound to battle grim and gory,

21326. T.
Marching past in soldierly manner, Lance and dart and sword and banner, Men acclaim them, ladies adore them,
Throwing fans and flow'rs before them. Raise the shout,

Roll it out; For our brave Toreros!

21326. T.
Yet there is one we're longing at last to behold, Famous from

Yet there is one we're longing at last to behold, Famous from

Yet there is one we're longing at last to behold, Famous from

21326. T.
SOP.

Pam-peluna far away to Cadiz;

TEN.

Pam-peluna far away to Cadiz;

BASS.

Pam-peluna far away to Cadiz;

SOP.

Shout...... to greet...... Cara-jo-lo the bold...... The

TEN.

Shout...... to greet...... Cara-jo-lo the bold...... The

BASS.

Shout...... to greet...... Cara-jo-lo the bold...... The

21326. T.
SOP.

turns again within our olden portals,

TEN.

turns again within our olden portals,

BASS.

turns again within our olden portals,

SOP.

Shout....... again....... to wish the hero joy,........... The

TEN.

Shout....... again....... to wish the hero joy,........... The

BASS.

Shout....... again....... to wish the hero joy,........... The
king of the ring, and the bravest of mortals. The Es-
king of the ring, and the bravest of mortals. The Es-
king of the ring, and the bravest of mortals. The Es-

—pada! Ca-ra-jo-lo! Hail! For he
—pada! Ca-ra-jo-lo! Hail! For he
—pada! Ca-ra-jo-lo! Hail! For he
is the Toreador, He is famous on every shore;
There is no one that's honoured more In the
SOP.  palace or in the posada! All the ladies will blush be-
TEN.  palace or in the posada! All the ladies will blush be-
BASS. palace or in the posada! All the ladies will blush be-

SOP.  -fore The adorable Toreador, And a
TEN.  -fore The adorable Toreador, And a
BASS. -fore The adorable Toreador, And a
cresc.
NO 24.

SONG (Sir Archie) and CHORUS.

Words by
GEO. GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Piano.

SIR ARCHIE.

Archie was a subaltern who saluted to the
Archie left his native shore such tears were seldom

Sir A.

South, A sword about his waist, a cigar seen;
He said "Good-bye" to Flossie, and he
ette inside his mouth; he got some cuts and kissed Evangelia, and he booked a little

scratches, and was mentioned in despatches. For he table for a tête-à-tête with Mabel, and he

always takes a chance when e'er he sees one. He bid farewell to others much in that form.

He left some girls behind him 'cause he
He told them all they'd never meet a

21326. T.
Sir A.

could n't take them too, He tried to get per-
again, what should he do? But when his ship got

Sir A.

-mis-sion, but they thought it wouldn't do. So he
home at last he booked to Wa-ter-loo, And his

Sir A.

did his share of duty and returned to home and
feel ings tried to smo-ther When he saw his dar-lin-

Sir A.

beaut-ty; If there is a gal-lant of-fi-cer, well
mo-ther And his o-ther la-dy friends up-on the
Sir A.

he's one. Ar - chie!
plat - form. Ar - chie!

Sir A.

Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain! The
Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain! The

Sir A.

i - dol of the la - dies and the en - vied of the
por - ter gent - ly asked him if he'd like a han - som

Sir A.

men,. He does - n't rea - ly care a jot If a
then;.. Said Ar - chie: "That's no good to us, You'll

21326. T.
Sir A.
girl is dark or fair or what, For they all look
have to hire an omnibus, For the girls have

Sir A.
beau ti ful to Ar - chie.
come to wel come Ar - chie."...............

SOP.
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The

TEN.
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The

BASS.
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The
Ar - chie! Ar - chie! He's in town a - gain,........... The
i - dol of the la - dies and the en - vied of the men. He
por - ter gently asked him if he'd like a han - som th en;........... Said

i - dol of the la - dies and the en - vied of the men. He
por - ter gently asked him if he'd like a han - som th en;........... Said

idol of the ladies and the envied of the men. He
porter gently asked him if he'd like a handsome then;...... Said

does - n't re - ally care a jot if a girl is dark or
Ar - chie: "That's no good to us, You'll have to hire an

does - n't re - ally care a jot If a girl is dark or
Ar - chie: "That's no good to us, You'll have to hire an

doesn't really care a jot If a girl is dark or
Archie: "That's no good to us, You'll have to hire an

21326. T.
SOP.

fair or what, For they all look beau. ti. ful to Ar.

om. ni. bus, For the girls have come to wel. come Ar.

TEN.

fair or what, For they all look beau. ti. ful to Ar.

om. ni. bus, For the girls have come to wel. come Ar.

BASS.

fair or what, For they all look beau. ti. ful to Ar.

om. ni. bus, For the girls have come to wel. come Ar.

SIR ARCHIE.

2. When
3. Now

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

chic. ...........

p
Archie wanted clothes and so his tailor went to

takes his recreations in a pleasant sort of

see,.......................... He slapped him on the back and said: "You
way,...................... He'll always make a fourth at Bridge and

don't remember me!".............. Said the tailor: "Yes, we
knows the way to play;............. He can sing a gentle

do, sir; we've a small account for you, sir, And we
so-lo, and can hold his own at polo, And the

21326. T.
hope in future that you won't ignore us.

other things an Englishman is made for;

So Archie paid him like a trump and
He'll sport the light fantastic to ad-

dressed himself up grand............ To see his fair com-

van-tage with the rest............ A Covent Gar-

panions at a theatre in the Strand. When the
Ball will always see him at his best. He'll in -
Sir A.

Ladies saw him seated all their pretty heads got
invite a little party of some damsel bright and

heat ed........ And this is how they jumbled up the
hearty To a box some other silly mug has

chorus: ARCHIE, ARCHIE, ARCHIE,
paid for: ARCHIE, ARCHIE, ARCHIE,

Sir A.

ARCHIE, he's in town again! ARCHIE, ARCHIE, he beats them at it all! When
promised that he'd marry me, but didn't mention
taking on the Lancers at a Covent Garden

when; Oh, soldiers are such silt my things, He'll Ball;
You'll find about the hour of four A

have to take and buy me things, And they won't be
tangled mass upon the floor, And the sportsman

chocolates from Archie! underneath is Archie!
Archie! Archie! He's in town again!...... He promised that he'd
Archie! Archie! beats them at it all!...... When taking on the

Archie! Archie! He's in town again!...... He promised that he'd
Archie! Archie! beats them at it all!...... When taking on the

merry me, but didn't mention when;...... Oh, soldiers are such
Lancers at a Covent Garden Ball;...... You'll find about the

merry me, but didn't mention when;...... Oh, soldiers are such
Lancers at a Covent Garden Ball;...... You'll find about the

21326. T.
slimy things, He'll have to take and buy me things, And they won't be
hour of four A tangled mass upon the floor And the sportsman

slimy things, He'll have to take and buy me things, And they won't be
hour of four A tangled mass upon the floor And the sportsman

21326. T.
FINALE—ACT II.

Allegro.

Nancy.

I'm a little wife, I'll have some fun in life, I

know what husbands are, you see.

we are married too, We can't explain to you How

21326 T.
funny every thing will be! The very thought of Spain will make us laugh again when back up on the English shore! And we will laugh at last for all the trouble past when you were a torero.
Ahh! we laugh at it! Ah!

You, know! The battle with the bull Of
danger may be full, But it does amuse us so! Ah!

21326 T.
We laugh at it! Ah!
You know. The battle with the bull. Of
danger may be full, But it does amuse us

21326 T.
SOP.  dango, Smoking a Colorado, very.

TEN  dango, Smoking a Colorado, very.

BASS  dango, Smoking a Colorado, very.

SOP.  Come where the gay Gitana, joking, Lighting a

TEN  Come where the gay Gitana, joking, Lighting a

BASS  Come where the gay Gitana, joking, Lighting a

SOP.  real Cabana, smoking, Joins the torero

TEN  real Cabana, smoking, Joins the torero

BASS  real Cabana, smoking, Joins the torero

21326 T.
SONG.- (Mrs Hoppings) and CHORUS.

SHE LAY LOW.

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Allegretto.

1. Mai die’s just the
test thing that I have ever met,
Mai die’s very deep.

2. Mai die met a
gentle man to whom she lost her heart,
Mai die knows a heap,

3. Mai die always
likes to read the very latest book,
(Well, it was a change,) Mai die said on

When she can afford,

When she can afford.

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sort of kind of face you can't forget.  
looks demure and
second thoughts she ought to make a start.
All her friends en.
news-paper, so if Mama should look,
"see what I have

shy.
(Maidie's awful sly.)
All the little
ragged,
Maidie got engaged
When they were at

got
Darling Walter Scott!"  
When she goes to

stories that you've heard throughout your life,  
She can also
Folk-stone once he took her for a sail,
Sea was rather
Paris she will go to every play,
Always takes a

tell.  
(Don't she tell them well!)  
Maidie has been
rough,  
He had quite enough,
Steamer rolled from
stall  
At a Music Hall,  
Thinks she's rather
heard to say she'll never be a wife, Mai die's not a side to side and he began to pale, He went down be. deaf and so "she can't hear what they say!" That's why she won't

Refrain slower.

fool, Mai die's been to school. No one is 'cu ter than low Mai die mur mured oh! No one was 'cu ter than go In the sec ond row! No one is 'cu ter than

Mai die, Her's is a deep lit tle game, She's a u nique lit tle Mai die, Her's was a deep lit tle game, Such a u nique lit tle Mai die, Her's is a deep lit tle game, She's a u nique lit tle

lady, Nev er two mo ments the same. Wher ever she's been And what lady, Nev er two mo ments the same. She flirt ed like mad With some lady, Nev er two mo ments the same. Once she went to a play That was

21326 T.
ever she's seen. She has never let anyone know. For
good-looking lad While the tempest continued to blow. She
rather risqué. And the other girls got up to go. But she

she had a habit Like little "Brer Rabbit," And she lay
knew that her lover Could never discover. For he lay
knew for a fact There was still a worse act, and So she lay

low. low. low.

CHORUS, UNISON.

No one is 'cu'ter than Mai'die,
No one was 'cu'ter than Mai'die,
No one is 'cu'ter than Mai'die,

CHO.

Her's is a deep little game,
She's a unique little

Her's was a deep little game,
Such a unique little

Her's is a deep little game,
She's a unique little
Lady, Never two moments the same. Wher-
Lady, Never two moments the same. She
Lady, Never two moments the same. Once she

Ever she's been And what ever she's seen, She has
Flirted like mad With some good-looking lad While the
went to a play That was rather risqué. And the

Never let anyone know, For she had a habit Like
tempest continued to blow; She knew that her lover Could
other girls got up to go, But she knew for a fact There was

Little "Brer Rabbit," And she lay low.
never discovered, For he lay low.
still a worse act, So she lay low.
SONG. (Cora.)

I'M NOT A SIMPLE LITTLE GIRL.

Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

Cora.

Piano.

Lively.

love to see young people good, It's really so amusing. I've

tried to be quite good myself, But found it too confusing. To

have to stop and think each time, It takes me far too long, It's

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much more fun to know what's right, And then to do what's wrong.

REFRAIN. Slower.

For I'm not a simple little girl, I'm not a good-y-good-y girl, I know exactly what is what, I know what's right but I prefer what's not!
Ought to see me at a ball, I'm absolutely proper

Til I'm asked to have a dance, And then I tell a whopper. But,

Later on, when someone comes to take me down to sup,
really don't know how it is, I seem to liv'en up!

REFRAIN.

For I'm not a simple little girl, I'm not a

good-y-good-y girl, Good men are wonderfully few, I

hate bad men, but still I do love you!

21326 T.
DUET. (Cora and Dora.)

"CAPTIVATING CORA"

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. At a
wedding that is smart If you want to lose your heart
2. When the
service all is done And the feasting has begun,

Keep your eye on Cora, do She's a
Keep your eye on Cora, do Though she

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Among the girls who glide In attendance on the bride.

Tries to hide away Everybody seems to say:

Keep your eye on Cora, do. She is
Keep your eye on Cora, do. There is

Only just a bridesmaid, Such a modest little thing, But as
gen- er-al rejoicing that the nup-tial knot is tied, And they

Soon as she approaches all the Choir forget to sing, And the
compliment the husband on the lady by his side, He af.
parson when he ought to keep his eye upon the ring. Well! he
—

keeps his eye on Cora too.
keeps his eye on Cora too.

Cora! Cora! captivating Cora!

Just a little bridesmaid for you all,
With a smile-a, walking down the aisle-a,

Captivating Cora makes the bride look small!

Soon will come the day When she'll give her heart a-way

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Keep your eye on Cora, do.
For you'll find that all the men Will propose to her, and then

Keep your eye on Cora, do.
There'll be very little need the wedding service to rehearse, For she
knows the way to softly say for better or for worse. But her
husband, if he's wise will keep his eye upon his purse, And he'll
keep his eye on Cora too.

Cora! Cora! captivating Cora!
How can one resist a girl so smart?

With a smile—
a, walking up the aisle—

Captivating Cora makes you lose your heart!

DANCE. After 3rd Verse only.

21326 T.
SONG. (Mrs Hoppings)
"BOOKS."

Words and Music by BERNARD ROLT.

Allegretto.

Piano.

1. Never thought I'd
2. Missis Grudsen
3. My last coachman

live to see
fancies tracts,
went away
Such a time as this is,
"Char- ring's" her voca-
don
On account of marriage,

All my servants seem to me,
I confess the way she acts,
So the new man drove to-day-
Born to vex their Missis.
Fires my indig nation.
'Twas the open carriage.

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If you want to know what "Cook" does to earn her wages, wa—
"Do read this one, Mum," says she, warn—
Off we went, a break—neck pace, know—
"Called the Tippler's "Books" I says, well

Just you go down—stairs and look,
"Thanks," I an—swered Mis—sis G.
When I told him not to race,

There's "My la—dy" with a book, Turn—ing o'er the pa—
"If you come a warn—ing me. You'll take your's this
"Wait" says he, "I've lost my place;" morn—
So he has, he's go—

21326. T.
There she sits, as reading on the fender, Which must
She's about as well informed on tippling. As is
Oh! I gave him one with my umbrella, And I

make things tender For her poor old back, I re-
Rudyard Kipling Upon general facts, And I'm
says, "Young feller, Now just you go slow." "Gracious

mind ed her the kitchen's Not the place for "Robert Hichens," And I've
sure that Missis Gruden Must have changed her habits sudden, But to-
me! we'll come a bowler, If you sit there reading "Zola." For that's
searched her box, and given her the sack.
what it was, and now he's got to go.

[2.

given her the sack.
off "My la dy" packs.

Last time.

now he's got to go.

D. C.
DUET. (Archie and Gigg.)

"THE EAST END AND THE WEST."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JR.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Voice.

Piano.

1. When ex-

2. Now sup-

3. Now of

trem-i-ties en-coun-ter there is sure to be some fun,
Sup-
pose you're at a play you've wit-ness'd sev-ral times be-before,
The
all the mod-ern cra-zes there is none so pop-u-lar,
As the
-pose you go to Epsom Downs to see the "Der- by" run, Then
music is a chestnut And the comic man a bore, Then
fascinating fashion Of the mighty motor-car. On a

watch the people driving on each other they encroach, The
study with attention from the box in which you sit, The
Daimler or a Panhard you can see the look of pride On the

coster on his barrow And the Marquis on his Coach,
"Jeunesse Dorée" in the stalls, And Tommy in the pit,
autoocratic driver and the chauffeur at his side.
There's the West End And the East End In Canada
In the West End And the East End They will
There's the West End And the East End You probably

Tooting Square or Hackney you can do yourself the best,
You can snivel at the sentiment and chortle at the jest,
If you're sincere a pair of goggles and an extra flannel vest,
And the

buy your shrimps and chew 'em, With a crest upon your brougham,
In the running a theatre You will find you have to cater For the car when once you're in it Will transport you in a minute From the

East End or the West.
East End and the West.
East End to the

Last time.

21326 T.