HE SPRING CHICKEN.

A Musical Play in Two Acts.

(Adapted from JAIME and DUVAL'S "COQUIN DE PRINTEMPS").

BY

GEORGE GROSSMITH, JR.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS, PERCY GREENBANK,
AND GEORGE GROSSMITH, JR.

MUSIC BY

IAN CARYLL AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

SCORE ... net 6 0 ($2.00)
0., Cloth ... 8 0 ($2.50)
Pianoforte Solo ... net 3 6 ($1.00)
Lyrics ... ... ... ... 0 6 ($0.25)

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
W BOND STREET, LONDON, W., AND MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Agenis—New York: BOOSEY & CO.—Berlin S.W. 12: C. M. ROEHR.

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public Performance of all or any part of the work strictly forbidden. Applications for the right of performance must be made to "Mr. George Edwardes, Gaiety Theatre, Strand, London."

COPYRIGHT, MCMV., BY CHAPPELL & CO.
Produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at the Gaiety Theatre.

THE SPRING CHICKEN.

CHARACTERS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Voice</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gustave Babori (Advocate)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Geo. Grosssmith, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boniface (his Head Clerk)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Lionel Mackinder.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baron Papouche (his Client)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Harry Grattan.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Félix (Head Waiter at &quot;The Crimson Butterfly&quot;)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Robert Nainby.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stephen-Henry (Girdle's Son)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. William Spray.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Proprietor of &quot;The Crimson Butterfly&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Arthur Hatherton.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexis</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. George Gregory.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ferdinand (Babori's Clerks)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Harry Taylor.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiter</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Leigh Ellis.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Napoleon (Office Boy)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Master Cross.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Joseph Boniface (an Artist)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Charles Brown.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inspector of Police</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. R. Tremayne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Girdle (Babori's Father-in-Law)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Mr. Edmund Payne.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Girdle</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Connie Ediss.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baroness Papouche</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Kate Cutler.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dulcie Babori (Babori's Wife)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Olive Morrell.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emmy-Lou (Girdle's Niece)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Olive May.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>La Modiste</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Isabelle Lidster.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sylvana</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Gaynor Rowlands.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thérèse (Clients of Babori)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Gertrude Glyn.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henriette</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Marguerite Gray.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvonne</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Kitty Mason.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yvette (Grisettes)</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Fanny Dango.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Céleste</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Ethel Oliver.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rosalie</td>
<td></td>
<td>Miss Gertie Millar.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>


ACT I.

SCENE.—Office of M. Babori at his Residence, Paris ... Walter Hann.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Crimson Butterfly Restaurant, Malmaison ... Joseph Harker.

SCENE II.—A Studio at Malmaison ... Joseph Harker.

Stage under the direction of Mr. SYDNEY ELLISON.

Musical Director, Mr. IVAN CARYLL.
THE SPRING CHICKEN.

CONTENTS.

Art I.

1. Opening Chorus
2. Song (Baron) and Chorus
3. Trio (Baroness, Babori, and Baron)
4. Song (Dulcie)
5. Quartet (Mr. and Mrs. Girdle, Emmy-Lou, and Stephen-Henry)
6. Song (Girdle) and Chorus
7. Song (Rosalie)
8. Concerted Number
10. Song (Mrs. Girdle) and Chorus
11. Concerted Number (Clients)
12. March Song (Babori) and Chorus
13. Duet (Rosalie and Girdle)
14. Finale

... The Old Noblesse...
... "Vice Versa"...
... "The Moon of May"
... "The British Tourist"
... "Not so very old"
... "I've come along to Paris"
... "The Beautiful Spring"
... "Swallows"
... "I don't know, but I guess"
... "Coquin de Printemps"
... "Delights of London"

... If we live in the land we love...
... (As one of the old Noblesse)...
... (Were you my client, Baroness)...
... (When sun and showers awake the flowers)...
... (It seemed a dreadful bore to leave)
... (I'm slightly past the age of forty-one)
... (I'm a country lass you know)
... (Open windows, open doors)
... (The swallow's a dear little bird)
... (I don't say that husbands are all of them bad)
... (A modiste modest, she has done her best)
... (When the autumn leaves are falling)
... (I'd like to go on a London spree)
... (Here is news that's very, very unpleasant)

Art II.

15. Opening Chorus
16. Song (Felix) and Chorus
17. Duet (Rosalie and Boniface) and Chorus
18. Song (Rosalie) and Chorus
19. Song (Dulcie) and Chorus
20. Song (Boniface) and Chorus
21. Song (Baroness) and Chorus
22. Duet (Babori and Girdle)
23. Song (Rosalie) and Chorus
24. Recit. (Babori) and Chorus
24A. Song (Babori) and Chorus
25. Finale

... "Très bien, Monsieur"
... "The Nice New Parasol"
... "Alice sat by the fire"
... "Oh, so gently"
... "Vive la Bohème"
... "The very first time"
... "Under and over forty"
... "The Cordial Understanding"
... "The National Theatre"

... If you're tired of having your meals...
... (If the mysteries you're eager to unravel)...
... (When I was a child about so high)...
... (There once was a dear little girl you must know)...
... (When Gustave proposed to me)...
... (Do you know the jolly student band?)...
... (I wanted to obtain advice from a lawyer)...
... (When a man is young, under thirty-five)...
... (I'm the manager of the National Theatre)...
... (The drama of Britain is limping)...
... (It's the very last time)...

Vocal Score.
THE SPRING CHICKEN.

Act I.

OPENING CHORUS.

No 1.

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Con spirito.

Piano.

Soprano.

If we live in the land we love,
We must

Tenor.

If we live in the land we love,
We must

Bass.

If we live in the land we love,
We must

Copyright, MCMIV, by Chappell & Co.
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
satisfy first—An excess we've all learnt to forgive, But when
satisfy first—An excess we've all learnt to forgive, But when
satisfy first—An excess we've all learnt to forgive, But when
Nemesis waits on us And we realize all too late, That the
fountain is dry, Then it's hither we hie To consult an able
fountain is dry, Then it's hither we hie To consult an able

advocate. If we love in the land we live, We must
advocate. If we love in the land we live, We must

live in the land we love, Though the iron pierce the soul,
live in the land we love, Though the iron pierce the soul,
live in the land we love, Though the iron pierce the soul,

22542 s.c.
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
live in the land of love the
land of love, We must love in the
land in the land we live, And realize all too late That the

satisfy first. An excess we've all learnt to forgive. But when

Ne. me. sis waits on us, And we realize all too late That the

land in the land we live, And realize all too late That the
fountain is dry, Then it's hither we hie To consult an able

fountain is dry, Then it's hither we hie To consult an able

fountain is dry, Then it's hither we hie To consult an able

ad. voc. ate.

ad. voc. ate.

ad. voc. ate.

Allegro moderato.

LADIES.

We're clients of Babori, All eager to li...
gate,
And place in the hands of fate An urgent plea.

We're clerks of Babylon, Who copy out every cause,
With marginal note, and clause. And mark the fee.
clients of Babori, Who seeking an interview, Are
told to return at two, Perhaps or three.
The clerks of Babori, Have never been
clerks of Babori, Have never been known to
known to wink At clients but still they think Them tres jolies.

wink At clients but still they think Them tres jolies.

L.A.

lies.

lies.

Clerks

Allegro.

BONIFACE.

Oh, Babori will shake the law When ever he finds it dozing. He

22542 s.c.
never fails to find a flaw. In evidence opposing. He'll
plead the doubtful cause of John. Or intercede for Mary. While

gratitude is heaped upon. While

While gratitude is heaped upon,

While gratitude is heaped upon,

While gratitude is heaped upon,

While

22542 s.c.
gratitude is heaped up on a legal luminary.

He'll

plead the doubtful cause of John, or intercede for Mary, while

plead the doubtful cause of John, or intercede for Mary, while

22542 s.c.
While gratitude is heaped upon, While

gratitude is heaped upon,

While

gratitude is heaped upon,

While

gratitude is heaped upon A legal luminary.

gratitude is heaped upon A legal luminary.

gratitude is heaped upon A legal luminary.

gratitude is heaped upon A legal luminary.

22542 s.c.
His mien betrays a Neophyte. His method shows the master. By simply proving black is white. That clay is alabaster. He'll place a halo on the head of some miscreant wary. Then wash his hands and go to bed. Then
Then wash his hands, and go to bed A le gal lu mi

wash his hands, and go to bed.

wash his hands, and go to bed.

na ry.

He'll place a halo on the head of some mis cre ant wa ry, Then

He'll place a halo on the head of some mis cre ant wa ry, Then

He'll place a halo on the head of some mis cre ant wa ry, Then

22542 s c.
Then wash his hands and go to bed. Then
wash his hands and go to bed.

Then wash his hands and go to bed. Then
wash his hands and go to bed. A legal luminary.

Then wash his hands and go to bed. Then
wash his hands and go to bed. A legal luminary.

Then wash his hands and go to bed. Then
wash his hands and go to bed. A legal luminary.

22542 s.c.
If we live in the land we love,
We must love in the land we live,
Where our joy is the thirst that we satisfy first—An excess we've all learnt to forgive.
But when
SONG—(Baron) and CHORUS.
"THE OLD NOBLESSE."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro Commodo.

Baron.

Piano.

one of the Old Noblesse, in eager to seek re-
one of the Old Noblesse, My feelings I can't ex-
one of the Old Noblesse, Who married with no suc-

dress; From one whom I dazed. By my presence and raised. To the
press; Her studied neglect. Has begun to affect. My
cess; I suggested that I. Should bid her good-bye. And

22542 s.c.
rank of a Bar . on - ess! Her prin - ci - pal as - set grows
health and my hap - pi - ness! She ne - ver be - stows a ca -
go for 'a long re - cess! She an - swerd me read - i ly

Yes!
Yes!
Yes!

less, For she spends all her mon - ey on
dress: So
ress, She spurns ev - 'ry lov - ing ad - dress: She
"Yes," You can go to a cer - tain ad - dress: Which I

now she is quite a su - per - flu - ous - ness To one of the Old No.
gives all the mus - tard with - out a - ny cress To one of the Old No.
will not re - peat, but per - haps you can - guess, It's a home for the Old No.

22542 s.c.
1. So now she is quite a superfluousness: To
2. She gives all the mustard without any cress: To
3. We will not repeat but perhaps you can guess: It's a

BARON.

Oh. Oh. Oh.

BAR.

one of the Old No. blesses!
one of the Old No. blesses!
home for the Old No. blesses!

BAR.

I'm the Baron Papouche, Who drove in a hired barouche, To a
I'm the Baron Papouche, I'm fond of a sweet "bonne bouche," But a
I'm the Baron Papouche, I holider hoo ro hoo roosh! That's
church where I made, An indifferent jade, The wife of the great Papouche.
smack on the face, Is the only embrace, That is given the great Papouche.
Irish may be, But it rhymes you'll agree, To that musical name Papouche.

He's the Baron Papouche, Who drove in a hired bar.
He's the Baron Papouche, Who's fond of a sweet bonne.
He's the Baron Papouche, He hol'ers Hooroo hoo.

To a church where he made, An indifferent jade, The
bouche, But a smack on the face, Is the only embrace, That is
roosh, That's Irish may be, But it rhymes you'll agree, To that

wife of the great Papouche.
given the great Papouche.
musical name Papouche.

22542 s.c.
TRIO. (Baroness, Babori and Baron.)

"VICE VERSA!"

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.  
Music by IVAN CARYLL.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

BABORI.

Were you my cli-ent, Ba- ro-ness, I

BAB.

bold-ly should as-sert you Be-yond com-pare Were

BAB.

sweet and fair, Possess-ing ev-ry vir-tue. Oh!

BARONESS.
pray, sir, hush! You make me blush, I've not got ev-'ry

domestic virtue. I'd prove your husband, more or less, Was

grumpy and close-fisted. A scoundrel low From

top to toe, If ev-er one ex-ist-ed. Too

22512 s.c.
bad of you, It is'n't true, I never was close-
fist ed! I might go on to show that he was
getting worse and worse, ah! But he's my cli ent,
don't you see, So all is vice versa.
Baroness.

Vice versa, don't you know, Lawyers have to fill their purse, ah!

Barbori.

Vice versa, don't you know, Lawyers have to fill their purse, ah!

Baron.

Vice versa, don't you know, Lawyers have to fill their purse, ah!

And their business is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And

Barbori.

And their business is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And

Baron.

And their business is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And
strictly vice, vice versa, strictly vice versa!

strictly vice, vice versa, strictly vice versa!

strictly vice, vice versa, strictly vice versa!

BABORI.

Now

as 'tis he I represent, I must admit, dear
BAB.

Lady, You're lost to shame, And have a name For

BARONESS.

every thing that's shady—How dare you, sir? Would

BABORI.

you infer My character is shady? Your

BAB.

husband is a monument Of patience and de-

22542 S.C.
But in my client's case you see, The facts are vice versa.

Vice versa, don't you know, Lawyers have to fill their purse, ah!

Vice versa, don't you know, Lawyers have to fill their purse, ah!
And their business is to show Black is white And wrong is right And

strictly vice, vice versa, Strictly vice versa!

strictly vice, vice versa, Strictly vice versa!

strictly vice, vice versa, Strictly vice versa!
SONG.—(Dulcie.)

"THE MOON OF MAY."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Dulcie.

Moderato.

DULCIE.

1. When sun and showers awake the flowers To
2. Again for lovers the primrose covers The

DUL.

venture forth, And birds go winging their
meadow vales, And leaves are thrilling to
way and singing From South to North.
My hear the trilling Of night in gales!

heart goes after the love and laughter Of Maytime's
May must waken to me for sa.ken Of all her

boon,
That May of roses, whose ring encloses Our
light,
The love-light tender that lent a splendor, To

honey moon! Ah
Ah
day and night! Ah
Ah
REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse moderato.

Come back my May time,

Bringing the time of old,

When for us two heavens were blue,

Every hour was gold.

Dear dawn of day time,

Noon in the woodland way.

Set of the sun,

22542 s.c.
leaving us one. Under the moon of May! May.

Under the moon!

Under the moon! Under the moon of May,

of May.

22542 s.c.
QUARTET. (Mr & Mrs Girdle, Emmy-Lou and Stephen-Henry.)

"THE BRITISH TOURIST."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

1. It seemed a dreadful bore
To leave our native shore, far be-

GIRDLE.

22342 S.C.
as we had to go We merely murmured, "Oh, never mind!"

Never mind! Ex.

experience has taught us that it's much the better plan, When

very far away we have to roam, To
try and carry with us all the comforts that we can, In

order to remind ourselves of home.

pa had the "Daily Mail," ma ma had a new "Home Chat," The

little ones had "Sketchy Bits" to gaze and wonder at. With

22542 s.c.
plenty of things like these—

So happy indeed were we.

The

British Tourist, And his wife, And all his family!

GIRDLE.

2. We'd
bundles large and small, Just twenty-three in all, Such a

joke! Such a joke! Pa.

-pa was dressed in checks That somehow seemed to vex Foreign

folk. Foreign folk. We

22512 s.c.
filled up the compartment with our luggage and our wraps, Which

made the other passengers complain; I

think that they were overcome with jealousy, perhaps, To

see us having dinner in the train.

GIRDLE.

STEPHEN.

GIRL.
STE.

- pa had a big Bath bun, Mamma had a stale pork pie, The

GIRDLE.

Mm GIRDLE.

lit - tle ones had pep - per.mints to cat u - pon the sly. With

GIRDLE.

Mm G.

plen - ty of things like these, So hap - py in - deed were we. The

GIRDLE.

Mm GIRDLE. EMMY & STEPHEN.

ALL.

Brit - ish Tour. ist, And his wife, And all his fa - mi - lee! Pa -

22512 S.C.
pa had a big Bath bun, Mamma had a stale pork pie, The little ones had peppermints to eat upon the sly, With plenty of things like these, So happy indeed were we, The British Tourist, And his wife, And all his family!
No. 6.

SONG.—(Girdle.) and CHORUS.

"NOT SO VERY OLD."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Moderato.

Girdle.

Piano.

1. I'm slightly past the age of thirty-one,
   And all the many foolish things I've
   Other day I heard a funny joke,
   I remember'd it this morning when I

22542 s.c.
done, only constitute a clue. To the
woke.

things I'm going to do. For I've just got old enough to have some
waited to the end. It was all about a coster and his

fun. I'm ready at this moment for a kiss dears, And a
moke, I may not have repeated it quite rightly. But I

dance that is a chance I wouldn't miss dears. For not
spread it out an hour, and told it brightly,
yet do I forget, How to turn a pirouette, Look at
told him it was true, And I said I think it's new, He smiled po.

this dears. "Oh, I can't be so very
. lite . ly. "Oh! It can't be so very

old," you see, My age a Ro . me . o re .
old," said he, Its charms will nev . er, nev . er

reveals. For a wo . man, says the book, Is as
fade, It's not as an . cient as the tale, Of
old as she may look, But a man is as old as he
Jo·nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me·thu·sa·ley

feels, A girl re·marked the oth·er
made, In Punch, some five·and·twenty

morn·ing, "Oh! you're a naugh·ty old man I'm told," Said
years a·go, I saw that lit·tle sto·ry told, They've

I, "I may be naugh·ty, But I'd have you know, I'm not so·very
got it in a·gain this·week. And so it can't be·very

22542 S. C.
"Oh! he can't be so very old," you see, His age a Romeo reveals. For a woman, says the book, Is as charms will never never fade. It's not as ancient as the tale, Of
old as she may look, But a man is as old as he feels.
Jo. nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me. thu. sa. leh made.

girl re. markd the o. ther morn. ing. "Oh! you're a naugh. ty old man I'm
Punch, some five-and-twenty years a. go, I saw that lit. tle sto. ry

22512 s c.
told.  Said he:  "I may be naught, y, But I'd have you know, I'm__
told.  They've got it in again.  This week and so it__

told.  said he:  "I may be naught, y, But I'd have you know, I'm__
told.  They've got it in again.  This week and so it__

not so- ve ry old."  
can't be- ve ry old."  

not so- ve ry old."  
can't be- ve ry old."  

not so- ve ry old."  
can't be- ve ry old."  

2. The
3. I
went into a shop to buy a cheese.

ever fickle palate to appease,

never did care much, for a Cheddar or a Dutch. So I

said I want a Stilton if you please.

I was
wear ing in my coat some sweet mim osa, And I
drew the fragrant sprig a trifle closer, And the
shop man then I told, Not to send me one too old, He said

"No sir!" "Now
this can't be so very old," said he. It's

feeling very well and strong. And it's

looking nice and brown. After seven months in town. It'll

join in a topical song. It
takes a lot of exercise you know, To

keep it self free from cold, Just

now it's practising the cake-walk, so it

can't be very old!"

Now

Now

Now
this can't be so very old," said he, "It's feeling very well and
this can't be so very old," said he, "It's feeling very well and
this can't be so very old," said he, "It's feeling very well and

strong. And it's looking nice and brown. After seven months in town, it'll
strong. And it's looking nice and brown. After seven months in town, it'll
strong. And it's looking nice and brown. After seven months in town, it'll

join in a topical song. It takes a lot of ex-
join in a topical song. It takes a lot of ex-
join in a topical song. It takes a lot of ex-

22542 s.c.
to keep it self free from cold, just now it's pract'ising the cake walk, so it can't be very old.
SONG. (Rosalie)

"I'VE COME ALONG TO PARIS."

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Rosalie.

Piano.

Moderato.

1. I'm a country lass, you know,
Fresh to all the streets and
houses;
Father has to plough and sow;
Mother minds the pigs and cows!
Life upon a farm's no

22542 s.c.
fun. On-ly wor-ry and vex-a-tion.

Ev'-ry girl to town should run, Just to get a sit-u-a-

-tion! Well I told my mother so, And she answered 'Off you go!' So I ve

come a-long to Par-\(\text{\textasciitilde s}}\) for a change! Is-\(\text{\textasciitilde n}}\) it strange? Aw-fu-ly
strange! Country people are so foolish. And they're much too Sunday-schoolish. So I've come along to Paris for a change!

2. Down at home it's work all day. Early in the morning they're starting!
No. 8.

CONCERTED NUMBER.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

\textit{\textit{f} very brightly}
Soprano.

*Open windows, open doors, sprinkle tea leaves on the floors,*

Tenor.

*Open windows, open doors, sprinkle tea leaves on the floors,*

Bass.

*Open windows, open doors, sprinkle tea leaves on the floors,*

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;

22512 s.c.
Paint and polish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,

Paint and polish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,

Paint and polish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,

Dimity upon the stair, Flowers, flowers ev'rywhere.

Dimity upon the stair, Flowers, flowers ev'rywhere.

Dimity upon the stair, Flowers, flowers ev'rywhere.
Soprano.

Apple-blossoms, sprig of may, Lilac and laburnum gay,

Hyacinth, and don't forget Humble Mistress Mignonnette,

Gilly-flower and marguerite, Buttercup and meadow-sweet.

These the presents she will bring, That is why we welcome Spring.
Apple blossoms, sprig of May, Lilac and Laburnum gay, Hyacinth, and

Andante

Apple blossoms, sprig of May, Lilac and Laburnum gay, Hyacinth, and

Cresc.

Don't forget Humble Mistress Mignolette, Gilly-flower, and Marguerite,

Cresc.

Don't forget Humble Mistress Mignolette, Gilly-flower, and Marguerite,

Cresc.

Don't forget Humble Mistress Mignolette, Gilly-flower, and Marguerite,

22542 s.c.
But ter cup and mead ow sweet. These the pre sents she will bring, That is why we wel come Spring.

22542 s.c.
Open windows, open doors, sprinkle tea leaves on the floors,

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;

Cover chairs with dainty chintz, curtains hang of creamy tints;
Paints and polish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen.

Dimity upon the stair, Flowers, flowers ev'rywhere.
Moderato.

Have you brought my lunch, little Midi-nette? All the morning we have

Have you brought my lunch, little Midi-nette? All the morning we have

Since your patience has so bravely lasted, Can't it

Modern.

22542 s.c.
last a little longer yet?

What have you to tempt us?

Here's a

Lettuces and bread, Sandwiches of some saucisson,

Lettuces and bread, Sandwiches of some saucisson,
slice with such a nice big piece on, Now come and see the monkeys

Thanks!

Thanks!

fed!

Please don't eat so fast! Your manners are the worst!
Girls:
Always take the piece that's nearest.

CLERKS:
Don't stand talking: get a corkscrew.

Girls:

Clerks:
Dear est! We are struggling with a thing called thirst!

22542 S.C.
Girls.

We would like to wander underneath the trees, When you've done your luncheon.

Girls.

-party!

Thanks!

Here's your health, my Mine-ette! Drink heartily! We're

Here's your health, my Mine-ette! Drink heartily! We're

22542 s.c.
ready for desert now, please.
QUARTET. (Rosalie, Emmy-Lou, Boniface and Stephen-Henry.)

"SWALLOWS."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro grazioso.

Piano.

Rosalie.

Swallow's a dear little bird,
That comes over here in the Spring.
And eagerly tries to catch plenty of flies,
By
ROS.

dart'g a'bout on the wing.

EMMY, BONIFACE & STEPHEN.

Up high, he's dart'g a'bout on the

BONIFACE.

wing! Just now with a fuss that's ab'surd, On

BON.

build'g a nest he is bent, I think he be'lieves in a

BON.

home in the eaves, Where he ha'sn't to pay an-y

22542 s.c.
ROSALIE. EMMY & STEPHEN.

Oh, my! oh, my! How nice not to pay any rent! Swallow! Dear little innocent swallow!

Do ing your best to get ready a nest, And fluttering to and
Ros.  

fro. Ah! Little innocent

Em. Ron. Ste.  

fro. Swallow! swallow!

Ros.  

one! You we will follow! You're making love In the

Em. Ron. Ste.  

There's an example to follow! You're making love In the

Ros.  

sky up above, So we'll do the same below!

Em. Ron. Ste.  

sky up above, So we'll do the same below!

22542 s.c.
2. The swallow is fond of his mate. But how do you know it will last? For haven't I heard that this dear little bird is
ROSE.

thought to be awfully fast!

EMMY, RONIFACE & STEPHEN.

Oh, no! he's swift, but he's not a bit

STEPHEN.

fast! just watch any pair tête-a-tête. There

STEPHEN.

really is nothing amiss. She gets a bit peck'd, but she

STEPHEN.

doesn't object. For it's only the same as a
kiss.

ROSALIE, EMILY & STEPHEN.

That's sol... that's sol... A

peck is as good as a kiss! Swallow!

swallow! Dear little innocent swallow!

Do - ing your best to get rea - dy a nest, And flut - ter - ing to and

22512 S.C.
Ah! Little innocent
Swallow! Swallow!

You're making love In the

There's an example to follow! You're making love In the

sky up above, So we'll do the same below!

sky up above, So we'll do the same below!
SONG (Miss Girdle) and CHORUS.

"I DON'T KNOW, BUT I GUESS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro moderato.

Miss Girdle.

Piano.

1. I don't say that husbands are all of them bad, But
2. I've married my girl to an excellent youth, A

I don't put very much trust in them; I've pretty good eyes, as I
lawyer of note is my son-in-law; Of course he can't always go
always have had, And never let people throw dust in them. My
telling the truth, For that sort of thing isn't done in law! He's

husband comes over to Paris, says he, On business, a-
bound to give legal and private advice, To any one

...just for one day... He never tells me what his business may
caring to see him... And ladies who some of them look very

be... Or why it is done on a Sunday... I
nice... Are constantly calling to see him... And
found in his pocket a bill for a hat, And what do you think is the
when one comes out with her veil off her face, Per. haps they were on ly dis -

REFRAIN.

meaning of that? Well, well, how can I tell? I am
-cussing her case. Well, well, how can I tell? For her

not Sherlock Holmes I confess, But I heard him repeat in his
hair's in a bit of a mess, And when powder I note on the

CHORUS.

sleep'Marguerite!' And of course I don't know... Um, um, um, um! But I
eel of his coat, Well of course I don't know... Um, um, um, um! But I
CHORUS.

guess, oh; I guess! Well, well,
guess, oh; I guess! Well, well,

MRS. GIBBUL.

how can we tell? Tho' we have an idea more or less! Then he
how can we tell? Tho' we have an idea more or less! On the

MRS. GIBBUL.

murmur'd at tea "Oh my little Maria!" Well of course I don't know! Well, of
waistcoat he wears, Are some long golden hairs. Well, of course I don't know! Well, of

CHORUS.

course we don't know, but we guess,
course we don't know, but we guess,

22542 s.c.
3. My son-in-law has such a curious way, In
4. I'm fond of the land and the people of France, They

spite of my watching and scolding him; As soon as it's sunny in
have such an affable way with them; I go to their plays if I've

April or May, He's off, and in fact, there's no holding him. He
ever a chance, But still I'm not very at fault with them; I
says that when swallows appear in the sky, And bluebells are
went to one piece I had not seen before, Just one of their

out in the hollow, He goes for a ramble with nobody
comedy dramas, The curtain went up a hotel corridor.

by, A nice little story to swallow! No
donor, The hero came on in pyjamas! I

doubt you will pick up a bluebell my friend, She may be a belle with an
thought I was safer in going away. So if you would like to know
REFRAIN.

more of the play____ Well, well, how can I tell? He may
tell? Though the

go after cow-slips or cress:____ When he walks among trees There is
piece was a Paris success:____ For you see I had gone, When the

CHORUS.

no one that sees, So, of course I don't know, Um, um, um, um, um! But I
ladies came on, So, of course I don't know, Um, um, um, um, um! But I

CHORUS.

guess, oh! I guess!____ Well, well,
guess, oh! I guess!____ Well, well,
how can we tell? Tho' we have an idea more or less.

If he's seen after dark with a dear in the park, Oh, of course I don't know! Oh, of

hear that the plot was a little bit hot, Well, of course I don't know! Well, of

course we don't know, but we guess, oh! we guess!

23512 s.c.
No. 11.

CONCERTED NUMBER. (Clients.)

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Tempo di Valse, not too fast.

Piano.
CHORUS.

A mo.

modeste, She has done her best, To make us look all most ex.

qui. sitely dressed! And though you go searching from West to East, You'll
Chorale 98

Never find such a modestie! That modestie modestie.

Has prepared this feast, It rests with the Rabbi the

Parson, or Priest, For when you are married, and settled, and

blessed, Your husband can pay the modestie modestie.
Wear al-pa-cas or drills! With no

flounces or frills, if you're in for a day of exer-tion.

But suppose you would hark, To the Sal-on or park, Wear a
something with scream-y insertion; Though a mousse line de

sole, is the thing for the Bois. And is sure to excite adm.

ration; Still a girl may emerge, In the simplest of

serge, If it's built on a silk foundation. Though a

22548 s.c.
Mousse línea desoe, Is the thing for the Bois, And is sure to excite admiration. Still a girl may emerge, In the simplest of serge, If it's built on a silk foundation.
Solo.

Now a taf-fe ta plain, Or a

satin à laigne, Is ef-fec-tive with lace ap-pli-qué.

— But I'm per-fect-ly sure, In a chif.on ve-lours, I could
conquer the world in a day;
And I can't un-der.

stand, The dis-may in the land, At the War Of-fice ad-mi-nis-

tra-tion. For I heard from a man Wh'od in-speeted the

plan, That it's built on a silk foun-da-tion. And I
can't understand, the disaster in the land. At the War Office administration.

For I heard from a man who inspected the plan, That it's built on a silk foundation. Built on silk foundation.

For she heard from a man who inspected the plan, That it's built on a silk foundation. Built on silk foundation.
MARCH SONG. (Babori.) and CHORUS.

COQUIN DE PRINTEMPS!

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

BABORI.

1. When the Autumn leaves are falling,
   Sternly every sense refuses

2. I can hear my conscience calling; Duty waits for
   To be waked by the Muses. While the snow lies

BAB.

 me.

Vanish all the bars between us.
Men. dels. sohn is un. mel. dious.

22542 s.c.
For the present fare well, Venus, Wine, and Melo.
Of *en*bach to me is odious, Verdi has no
dy.
I abandon Janes ca. res. ses.
Though to rouse me you may choose a

Kitty’s eyes and Maudie’s tres ses. Hold me in no
March by Suppé or by Sousa, On deaf ears ’twill
cres:

But the Kitty, Maud and Jane, In
In the winter I will urge That

22542 s.c.
winter smile at me in vain, In Spring I adore them
every melody's a dirge, In Spring I applaud them

REFRAIN.

all, all,
I'm fond of Mo...zart can

any blonde, If any blonde be fond of
fill my heart, At his command I smile or

me; I'll let a sweet brunette weep;
Wagner my soul will stir;

22542 s.c.
Come walking in my company;
Or softly soothe that soul to sleep;

I'll smile a little while; at any
Gou mod will still me, though with Mes sa.

shade of maid you bring; I'll
ager I sway and swing;
My

kiss that one or this. I'm not capricious in the
own pet gramophone. Is never rusty in the

22542 s.c.
He's fond of any blonde,
Mozart can fill his heart,

Choral Part:
Of any blonde so fond is he,
At his command he'll smile or weep;

Of any blonde so fond is he,
At his command he'll smile or weep;

Of any blonde so fond is he,
At his command he'll smile or weep;

22542 s.c.
He'll let a sweet brunette, Go walking in his
Wagner his soul can stir, Or softly soothe that

He'll let a sweet brunette, Go walking in his
Wagner his soul can stir, Or softly soothe that

company; He'll smile a little while
soul to sleep; Gounod will still him, though

company; He'll smile a little while
soul to sleep; Gounod will still him, though

company; He'll smile a little while
soul to sleep; Gounod will still him, though

22542 s.c.
At any shade of maid you bring.
With Messenger he sway and swing.

He'll kiss that one or this. He's not capricious
His own pet gramophone is never rusty

---22542 s.c.
in the Spring.

3. When the chills of winter rack us, I will turn my

back on Bacchus, And his vinous schemes;

22542 s.c.
Water for my thirst suffices, No green fairy me entices.

In Hogarthian dreams.

For a stump of choice Ayala, Crimson Besume, or old Marsala,

I will never call.
In the winter I may think No wine is fit for me to drink, In

Spring I can drink them all.

REFRAIN.

Bring me some Burgundy. The vintage

that I love so well;

22542 S.C.
White wine from River Rhine, Or matchless Nectar of Moselle; Then some Heidsieck or Mumm, Of cuvée rare when e'er I ring.
Bring some "Mountain Dew" with sparkling water from the Spring.

Bring him some Burgundy, The vintage

Bring him some Burgundy, The vintage

Bring him some Burgundy, The vintage

22542 s.c.
that he loves so well; White

wine from River Rhine, Or matchless nectar of Mo.

selle;

Then some Heidsleck or Mumm,
Oft came rare when e'er he ring

Bring, too, some "Mountain Dew"
No. 13.

Duet.—(Rosalie and Girdle.)

"Delights of London."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegro.

Rosalie.

Piano.

1. I'd like to go on a London spree Then come with me! I'll
2. Of London life I am curious, Then take a 'bus, An

Rosalie.

Girdle.

Both.

come to tea. Of course I want a nice one What price one? What
om. ni. bus! GIRA lot you will pick up hence For two pence! For

Rosalie.

Girdle.

Both.

price one? We're bound to drop on a teashop near That is n't dear. That
two pence! Ros will go on top, in a gar. den chair (GIR) The driver's there! (ROS) The

22542 s.c.
is n't dear. It's what we've ev'ry one done in London, in London.
driver's there! You sit down just behind him. And mind him! I'll mind him!

Tempo di Valse.
(During Dialogue.)

22542 s.c.
Allegro.

Come for a London spree, If you would like a
Come for a City ride, That is the thing for
lark,
Try a tea-shop, A. B. C. shop, Just like a London
you;
Bet a five that the driver tells you a lot that's
clerk.
If you attempt to tip, All of the girls will frown. It's
new.
Stick to a seat outside, Mind that you don't fall down. You'll
really ripping When they don't have tipping, At a tea-shop up in town!
know the buses and the complicated uses Of the drivers up in town!
3. I'm always fond of a little dance When I've the chance You'll
4.(GIR.) You may some day be a London nurse (ROS) I might
do worse (GIR.)

get the chance! You'll find in all positions Musicians Mu.
great deal worse (ROS) And I should walk out, may be, With ba.

Both.

.gicians! Piano organs— you can meet Up
baby! (ROS) I'd like to look at the Palace Yard And
Rosalie.

any street. That will be sweet. I'll dance while you are
see the guard. (Girl) You'd see the guard, in all his manly

mind. The grinding. The grinding.

Tempo di Valse.
During dialogue

22542 s.c.
Allegro.

Both.

Come for a gratis free Cake-walk in open air,
Come for a little walk, Sauntering to and fro,

Both.

Making figures like the niggers Out in a London square!
Where the sentry in the entry Faces on sentry go!

Both.

Dance on until you see Some stern policeman frown, To the
He's not allowed to talk, But when his gun's laid down, He will

22542 s.c.
gay piano of a bold Italiano in the streets of London
look bewitching when his cane he's switching, with the nicest nurse in town!
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

No. 14.

FINALE—ACT I.

Allegro ben marcato.

Here is news that's

re-ally very un-pleas-ant!

We've been pa-tient-ly

cho.

Here is news that's

re-ally very un-pleas-ant!

We've been pa-tient-ly

re-ally very un-pleas-ant!

We've been pa-tient-ly

22542 s.c.
Waiting all the day, But our time is wasted up to the present—Monsieur Babozi
has to go away!

viser Could be wiser; We like to con.
Oh! tell us, why sult him when we can; is he Such a busy, bu_
Here is sy man.
Here is sy man.
Here is sy man.

news that's re al ly ve ry un pleas ant;
news that's re al ly ve ry un pleas ant;
news that's re al ly ve ry un pleas ant;

22542 s.c.
We've been patiently waiting all the day,

Now we'll have to go, we'll have to go away!

Now we'll have to go, we'll have to go away!
Allegretto.

MRS. GIRDLE.

Let 'em think we're going to Boulogne, Pretty spot!

If the simple truth were really known—We are not!

Girdle why don't you Travel with us too?

22542 s.c.
MEN.
You could sniff in plenty of ozone. Yes a lot! My

GIR.
love! I'm rather indisposed today. So with the children I had

GIR.
better stay! So with the children I had better

GIR.
stay! Could I leave these tender two, Stephen, Henry, Emmy, Lou. With their

22512 S.C.
in no cence and grace. In this un en light end place? When the

voice of con science spoke, Could I treat it as a joke?

No! a fa ther's heart for bids, I will stop and mind the

kids!

Ah!

22542 s.c.
so you're off, a change of air My little little

wifey seeks! You'll come back looking still more fair, With

roses on your cheeks!

And so she's off, a change of air His

And so she's off, a change of air His

And so she's off, a change of air His

22542 s.c.
little little wifey seeks. Ah yes! indeed the
little little wifey seeks. Ah yes! indeed the
little little wifey seeks. Ah yes! indeed the
truth he speaks, She'll soon have roses on her cheeks!
truth he speaks, She'll soon have roses on her cheeks!
truth he speaks, She'll soon have roses on her cheeks!

Moderato.
 mf' con espress.  

22542 s.c.
DULCIE.

Oh dear, I cannot help feeling a little bit sad and afraid.

This seems such underhand dealing, suppose a mistake has been made.

Sometimes my husband is charming, although you can't always believe him;

He may do something alarming, if once we begin to deceive him!
I must not now be seen with you, I'll meet you by and by; And don't forget our rendezvous, The Crimson Butterfly!
He's fond of any blonde—Of any blonde so fond is

He'll let a sweet brunette come walking
in his company, He'll smile a

in his company, He'll smile a

lit.tle while at a.ny shade of maid you bring,

lit.tle while at a.ny shade of maid you bring,
He'll kiss that one or this, he's not capricious in the

1.  
   Spring.

2.  
   Spring.

Spring.

Spring.
Act II.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by LIONEL MONCKTON

Allegro Vivace.

Piano.

If you're tired of having your
meals. Mid the noise and the traffic of town.

meals. Mid the noise and the traffic of town.

meals. Mid the noise and the traffic of town.

You should make up your mind to run down. To this

You should make up your mind to run down. To this

You should make up your mind to run down. To this

pri.m.i.t.ive.pri.m.i.t.ive spot. You should make up your mind to run down. To this

pri.m.i.t.ive.pri.m.i.t.ive spot. You should make up your mind to run down. To this

pri.m.i.t.ive.pri.m.i.t.ive spot. You should make up your mind to run down. To this

pri.m.i.t.ive.pri.m.i.t.ive spot. You should make up your mind to run down. To this

225±2 s.c.
primit.ive, primit.ive spot. In the air of the coun.try one feels.

More in. clined for a nice tête à tête.

And a me.nu that's quite up to date. They have

22542 sc.
Certainly, certainly got. And a menu that's quite up to date. They have certainly, certainly got. And a menu that's quite up to date. They have certainly, certainly got. And a menu that's quite up to date. They have certainly, certainly got. And a menu that's quite up to date. They have

Certainly, certainly got. A menu that's up to date you'll certainly, certainly got. A menu that's up to date you'll certainly, certainly got. A menu that's up to date you'll certainly, certainly got. A menu that's up to date you'll

Find they have got. The Crimson Butterfly. Is the find they have got. The Crimson Butterfly. Is the find they have got. The Crimson Butterfly. Is the find they have got. The Crimson Butterfly. Is the

22542 s.c.
place for you to try, The waiters are obliging, And the
place for you to try, The waiters are obliging, And the
place for you to try, The waiters are obliging, And the

prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your
prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your
prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your

wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the
wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the
wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the

22542 s.c.
Crimson Butterfly.

Moderato.

A saunter underneath the trees, To

Moderato.

rouse a failing appetite. Then back, to order what you please, At
tables deck'd in snowy white, Ah!

A first-rate vintage in your glass, And

A first-rate vintage in your glass, And

A pleasant evening you will pass, When

soon contentedly you'll sigh, A pleasant evening you will pass, When

soon contentedly you'll sigh, A pleasant evening you will pass, When

at the Crimson Butterfly.

at the Crimson Butterfly.

at the Crimson Butterfly.
Tempo I.

The Crimson Butterfly, Is the

The Crimson Butterfly, Is the

The Crimson Butterfly, Is the

place for you to try. The waiters are obliging. And the

place for you to try. The waiters are obliging. And the

place for you to try. The waiters are obliging. And the

prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by. Your

prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by. Your

prices aren't too high. You'll find out by and by. Your
wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the
wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the
wants they'll satisfy, So come and dine, Beneath the sign. Of the
Crimson Butterfly.
Crimson Butterfly.
Crimson Butterfly.
No 16.

SONG.—(Felix) and CHORUS.

"TRÈS BIEN, MONSIEUR."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Felix.

Moderato.

Piano.

1. If the mysteries you're eager to un-
2. Now I never really knew what "à la
ra vel,
Of the world and all the doings of the day.
It is
carte" meant,
Until several years a waiter I had been.
To a

22542 s.c.
quite unnecessary far to travel,

private and particular apartment,

Where someone wonders through the keyhole I have

. fe,

Though he is not always truthful, no, far from it.

If you only exercise the right discretion,

Choose the

wisdom in the stories he relates,

Though the mountain won't come always to Ma.

proper time to carry in the plates,

You will soon make rapid strides in your pro.

ho met,

Yet everything will come to him who

fes sion,

For everything will come to him who
Allegro.

wait.
wait.

Bon

soir Mon.sieur, Bon soir Ma.dame, et bon soir Made.moi.sel.le, I

take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet "om brei le," Some

soup for one, some fish for two, "Vin or . di .naire" for three, And
don't for-get Thé o-me-lle, Très bien mon-sieur, si, si.

Bon

Bon

Bon

soir Mon-sieur, bon soi-r Ma-dame, et bon soi-r Ma-de-moi-sel-le, l

soir Mon-sieur, bon soi-r Ma-dame, et bon soi-r Ma-de-moi-sel-le, l

soir Mon-sieur, bon soi-r Ma-dame, et bon soi-r Ma-de-moi-sel-le, l

22542 s.c.
take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet umbrella, Some
soup for one, some fish for two, vin ordinaire for three, And
don't forget the omelette, Tres bien monsieur, si, si.
DANCE.

mf

cres.

ff

225·22 s.c.
DUET. (Rosalie, and Boniface) and CHORUS.

"THE NICE NEW PARASOL."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Allegretto.

Piano.

Rosalie.

I was a child about so high, and feeding the ducks and
(BON.) I have been slaving at my desk at wearisome legal

Chorus.

chickens! The chickens! The chickens! Tra,
(BON.) cases! At cases! At cases! Tra,

22542 s.c.
ROSALIE.

la, la, la, la, la! If ever I get to
la, la, la, la, la! (BONIFACE.) I long for a lane that's

town, said I. You'll see that I'll play the dickens! The
(BON) picturesque And fitted for fond embraces! Em-

Dickens! The dickens! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
embraces! Embraces! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

ROSALIE.

la! I'll know a lot of nice young men, And
la! (BONIFACE.) I've brought my girl to a rural scene, But
I'll be dressed like a lady then!

still a barrier comes between!

Oh! tol de rol de rol!

Said In

I to my old doll,

lanes where lovers loll,

It does get so in the

afternoon With a nice new parasol!

way you know, Does that awkward parasol!

Oh! Oh!
SONG (Rosalie) and CHORUS.

"ALICE SAT BY THE FIRE"

Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Audante.

Piano.

ROSALIE.

1. There once was a dear little girl, you must know: You've

2. Now Alice grew up in the very same way, And

heard of such girls, I think! She wasn't called Daisy, or
got just a wee bit fat, She would watch an old hen on her

Trixie, or Flo, She didn't know how to wink. She was
nest and she'd say, "If I only could sit like that!" But
really so good and so placid at heart, She never felt firm on her sitting demurely became her so well, She captured a youth un-a-

feet; She would not take a walk, And it bored her to talk, But the wares; Though they met at a ball, She would not dance at all, But she
collavoce

way she sat down was quite sweet! Alice, Alice, sat all the night on the stairs. Alice, Alice,
a tempo

never bore malice, Peace was her one desire; Her never bore malice, So when he came to tea, She
sisters would go and play games you know, But Alice sat by the

gave him her chair in the corner there, And Alice sat on his

fire.

Alice, Alice, never bore malice,

knee!

Alice, Alice, never bore malice,

Peace was her one desire, In the library nooks there were

So when he came to tea, She gave him her chair in the

such nice books, So Alice sat by the fire!

corner there, And Alice sat on his knee.
3. The marriage was settled one fine afternoon, And off for the ring he rushed. They put up the banns at a church very soon, And Alice sat there and blushed! But after the wedding her

22542 s. c.
husband, I'm told, Would frequently go out to sup, And it's

painful to state he got home very late, So that Alice was forced to sit

colla voce

REFRAIN.
a tempo

up _ _ _ _ Alice, Alice, never bore malice, Peace was her only

a tempo

whim, She sat by the clock till she heard him knock, And
then she sat upon him! Alice, Alice, never bore malice

Peace was her only whim, She opened the door saying

"Home once more?" And then she sat upon him!

22542 s.c.
SONG. — (Dulcie) and CHORUS.

"OH, SO GENTLY."

Words by
GEORGE GROSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

DULCIE.

1. When Gustave proposed to me,
2. At the wedding goodness knows,

DUL.
He went down on bended knee. And he whispered, oh, so gently;
I was blushing like a rose. I responded, oh, so gently;

22542 s.c.
oh, so gently; oh, so gently.
oh, so gently; oh, so gently.

Gustave whispered,
Said she'd love him.

oh, so gently. Then I answered "yes."
Gustave, when that
oh, so gently. Honour and obey.
All in white I

"yes" he heard. Said "I'll hold you to your word."
look'd so nice. Down my back they dropped some rice.
Mother whispered.

oh, so gently; oh, so gently; oh, so gently.
oh, so gently; oh, so gently; oh, so gently.
Gus tave held me, oh, so gently. And the rest you'll guess.
Pa throw slip pers, not too gently. When we drove a way.

Gus tave held her, oh, so gently. And the rest you'll guess.
Pa throw slip pers, not too gently. When they drove a way.

3. When the train began to start,
4. Gus tave bought a mo tor car,
Gustave said, "At last, sweet heart." I said, "Gustave,
He said we should travel far, I said, "Gustave,
please go gently; please go gently; please go gently; do go gently; do go gently; do go gently;"
For the train went oh, so gently; oh, so gently; oh, so gently.
I said "Gus, tave, please go gently; please go gently; please go gently.

Shunting up and down so gently; Oh! it was such fun!
Now then Gus, tave, please go gently; Au revoir, dear boy!

Shunting up and down so gently; Oh! it was such fun!
Now then Gus, tave, please go gently; Au revoir, dear boy!
5. Gustave took me out to sup, Gustave drank some champagne cup;
6. I've a handsome cousin Fred, Gustave said he'd shoot him dead:

I said "Gustave, please go gently; please go gently; please go gently."
I said "Gustave, shoot him gently; shoot him gently; shoot him gently."

Gently I did frown;
Don't shoot unawares:

She said "Gustave, please go gently."
She said "Gustave, shoot him gently."

In the street that winter's night, Gustave started to recite,
When I told dear Fred to die so, Fred thought he'd better go.
I said, "Gus, tave, do go gently; do go gently; do go gently; do go gently;"
I said, "Fred, die, please go gently; please go gently; please go gently;"

She said, "Gus, tave, do go gently; Gus, tave then sat down;"
She said, "Fred, die, please go gently; Down the kitchen stairs;"

DANCE.
No. 20.

SONG (Boniface) and CHORUS.

"VIVE LA BOHÈME."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Piano.

\[ \text{BONIFACE.} \]

1. Do you
know the jolly student band Who come in joyous train?
know the boys who spatter paint With palette knife and brush?

Vive la Bohème, with its troubles and its joys!
Vive la Bohème with the canvas and the frame?

Vive la Bohème, with its troubles and its joys!
Vive la Bohème, with the canvas and the frame?

Vive la Bohème, with its troubles and its joys!
Vive la Bohème, with the canvas and the frame?

all the lads o' Latin land, Bohemia by the Seine!
turn a Venus to a saint, By painting in a "blush!"

They are They can

22542 s.c.
Vive la Bohème! and its merry girls and boys!
Vive la Bohème! and they're very much the same!

Vive la Bohème! and its merry girls and boys!
Vive la Bohème! and they're very much the same!

know the little girls that trip Along the Paris
know the pretty girls that sit For artists to des-

street, With the laughter trembling on their lip, And music in their
-sign; They are model maids, I'm sure of it, And al-to-ge ther

22542 s.c.
Oh have you met a fair grisette yet? yet?
Oh do you know how models go? oh! oh!

Oh have you met a fair grisette yet? yet?
Oh do you know how models go? oh! oh!

Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song,

Life is very short when merry, Art is hard and long!
Oh! oh! oh! What though our time is shorter,

While we may We'll all be gay, The lads of the Latin Quarter!

Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song.

Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song.

Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song.

22542 s.c.
Life is very short when merry, Art is hard and long!
Oh! oh!

Life is very short when merry, Art is hard and long!
Oh! oh!

Life is very short when merry, Art is hard and long!
Oh! oh!

oh! What though our time is shorter,
While we may we'll all be gay, The

cho.

oh! What though our time is shorter,
While we may we'll all be gay, The

oh! What though our time is shorter,
While we may we'll all be gay, The

cho.

22542 s.c.
1st time.

lads of the Latin Quarter!

2nd time.

quarter!

22542 s.c.
No. 21

SONG.—(Baroness.) and CHORUS.

"THE VERY FIRST TIME."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Tempo di Polka.  

BARONESS.

B AR.

1. I wanted to obtain advice From a lawyer at his leisure. We
thought my lawyer would behave in a proper legal fashion. But
is it wise to go to law When the lawyer's bill and coo so. If

B AR.

thought it would be very nice To mingle law and pleasure. And
he began to sigh and rave With wild romantic passion! He
my petition I withdraw, My husband too will do so: Our

B AR.

so we came and dined, in fact, And got on fast and faster. Till
said although he did not know For all his life he'd missed me. He
happy home I will not wreck By snapping and by snarling. But

22542 a.c.
I discovered I was track'd by my married lord and master! What
put his arms around me, so And before I knew, he kiss'd me!
It threw my arms about his neck With a cry of "Hubby darling!" That

consequences it may bring, This very risky sort of thing! It's the
made him happy as a king, This very risky sort of thing! It's the
ought to have him on a string, This most uncommon sort of thing! It's the

very first time I've done this sort of thing! I've
very first time I've done this sort of thing! I'll
very first time I'll do this sort of thing!

This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!

lunch'd with one or more But never dined before; And
thought it was a dream, And didn't dare to scream, Of
be a model wife For his remaining life, As
though I know it's not a crime To have one's little fling. Yet course I've read in prose and rhyme, How lovers kiss and cling, But merryness as a wedding chime I'll wear the wedding ring, And

still it is the very first time I've done this sort of thing! still it is the very first time I've done this sort of thing! this shall be the very last time I'll do this sort of thing!

This sort of thing! This sort of thing! This sort of thing!

It's the very first time she's done this sort of thing! She's It's the very first time she's done this sort of thing! She It's the very first time she's done this sort of thing! She'll

22542 s.c.
lunched with one or more, But never dined be-

thought it was a dream, And didn’t dare to be a model wife, For his remaining

fore, And though we know it’s not a crime To scream, Of course we’ve read in prose and rhyme. How life, As merry as a wedding chime Shell

have one’s little fling, Yet still it is the lovers kiss and clinging, But still it is the wear the wedding ring, And this shall be the

very first time she’s done this sort of thing! Very first time she’s done this sort of thing! Very last time she’ll do this sort of thing!

22542 s.c.
Duet. — (Babori and Girdle.)

"Under and Over Forty."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

Moderato.

Babori.

Piano.

BABORI.

1. When a man is young, under thirty-five, He is handsome, stronger and sounder. And he play one night, He thinks that the stage is Heaven. And he

2. When the young man goes to the
 bounds with joy that he's all alive, And in fact he's a perfect love! The heroine dressed in white, She is not over fifty.

boundary! When a man is over his fortieth year, By seven, But the elder sees a girl on the stage, Who has

experience he can profit. And he knows what's what, and his never a line to utter, And she's only seventeen.

head is clear, So it is for the hair is off it! years of age. And as dull as bread and butter!
Additional words for 1st Verse (ad lib.)

BABORI. Under forty loves the ladies well—
GIRDLE. Over forty doesn't care to tell!
BABORI. Under forty every girl adores!
GIRDLE. Over forty is the man that scores!
BABORI. Under forty likes to back a horse—
GIRDLE. Over forty always lays of course!
BABORI. Under forty goes and plays roulette—
GIRDLE. Over forty sticks to bridge, you bet!

Additional words for 2nd Verse (ad lib.)

BABORI. He's in love with some one dancing there!
GIRDLE. Over forty, too, can do his share!
BABORI. Under forty for a box will call!
GIRDLE. Over forty has a front row stall!
BABORI. Under forty dreams of her for houts.

BABORI. Gets a gorgeous bunch of hothouse flowers,
Then he throws them as he sees her come.
GIRDLE. Whack they go into the big bass drum!
Over forty knows what she prefers,
Gets a box, but at a jeweller's;
Then she calls him "such a darling man!"
It's a diamond!

BABORI. Parisian!
Under forty waits an hour or more
Just to catch her at the old stage door;
Till at last the door is opened wide.
GIRDLE. Out comes over forty at her side!
BABORI. Under forty has a face of gloom!
GIRDLE. Over forty calls his motor brougham,
this your whim. To be old like him, Or a gay young dog like
bald old chap Who should wear a cap, Or a fine young man like
youth so slim. Who is just like him, Or a deep old dog like
youth ful chap Who has not a rap, Or a rich old boy like

me? A gay young dog like me? me?
me? A fine young man like me? me?
me? A deep old dog like me? me?
me? A rich old boy like me? me?
SONG. (Rosalie.) and CHORUS.

"THE CORDIAL UNDERSTANDING."

Words by
LESLEdrop MAIYNE.

Music by
LIONEld MONCKTON.

Rosalie.

Allegro.

Rosalie.

Piano.

ROSALIE.

1. Here we are, you see, In our dear Pa.
2. Off we gaily fly, Englishman and
Ros.

Ris;
All is love and laughter,

1, Hand in hand togeth-

er.

Ros.

Lots of wine and wit,
No one cares a bit

It's so nice you know,
Roaming to and fro,

Ros.

What is coming after;
On the Boule-

In the sunny weather!
Oh he was so

Ros.

ward,
(Oh la, la, la!)

pert, Called me "Little flirt!"

I met

Said "Why
such a fellow, English I could do you tease, eh? Then we heard a guess, crowd, Knew him by his dress And his big mous.

Champs Elysées! He gave me such a tache so yell— low! He held me, oh, so

kiss! I said, "Sir what is this?"
tight. I said, "What is the sight?"

So come to
France, When you've the chance; You'll feel so gay when you are landing. Each girl you meet, You'll find so sweet, There is a cordial understanding! So come to
France. When you've the chance: You'll feel so gay when you are landing. Each girl you meet, you'll find so sweet. There is a cordial understanding!
No. 24.

RECIT.—(Babori.) and CHORUS.

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Babori.

RECIT.

I am the manager of the

Piano.

dim:

BAB.

National Theatre Of Great Britain and her Isles beyond the seas,

Tis

true some poor misguided souls In opposition cater,

Who

BAB.

are they? I will tell you if you please.

Segue.
No 24a

SONG.—(Babori.) and CHORUS.

"THE NATIONAL THEATRE."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN Caryll.

Allegro moderato.

Babori.

Piano.

1. The drama of Britain is
2. The latter-day poet is
3. We're all for Free Trade in Great

limping,

outside of the Jericho

walls,

Of

pinning,

the dramatist looks for his

hire,

If the

Britain,

no foreign attraction we

shun,

We

22542 s.c.
all they've be . reft us, There's no . thing now left us, For
glass is at ze . ro, With Jones and Pi . ne . ro, Then
sim . ply a . wait them, And then we trans . late them; You

Shake . speare is going to the Halls. The day of the Na . tion . al
Bar . rie sits close by the fire. On mount . ing a play, quite a
no . tice how oft . en it's done. Sup . pos . ing for in . stance, now

The . ate En . thu . si . asts tell us is near. There's
for . tune The Les . see's com . pel'd to dis . gorge. Un .
Grun . dy A . daps a suc . cess from a . broad. He'll

hope for to . mor . row. To . day all our sor . row We'll
"Les . see" is par . tial To Su . tro or Mar . shall, No
part . ly un . fla . vour It fit for a fa . vour . ite

22542 s.c.
REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse.

**B.A.B.**

Drowned in a bumper of beer.
Beer, beer,
George, George,
Maude, Maude, It's

**B.A.B.**

Beautiful Bohm, Oh "Business is Business" it's true,
George Alexander, The girls send their kindest regards,
Oh, every one's secret, You're fine but you're not very large.

**B.A.B.**

If you a way can see, Find me a vacancy, In your Academy,
Matinee Idol, Your fame far and wide, It'll be stamped on their picture post,
Stick to your duty, For you are the beauty, Who pilots the Haymarket.

**B.A.B.**

How's your pretty Miss Vicosa?
You have made up your mind that you'll
While you're our little minister

22542 s.c.
Fair and so charming is she,
A very short time, it will
Fill all our bosoms with joy,
We'll applaud might and main. When at
We shall be there to applaud,
As neat as a squirrel is.

take her to climb To the top of the Beer bohm True.
old Druery Lane, You are playing the principal boy.
our little Cyril, Come into the garden, Maude.

Beer, beer, beautiful Beerbohm, Oh "Business is Business"'tis true,
George, George, George Alexander, The girls send their kindest regards.
Maude, Maude, It's everyone's secret. You're fine but you're not very large.

Beer, beer, beautiful Beerbohm, Oh "Business is Business"'tis true,
George, George, George Alexander, The girls send their kindest regards.
Maude, Maude, It's everyone's secret. You're fine but you're not very large.
Vi-o-la? Fair and so charming is she, A very short
mind that you'll Fill all our bosoms with joy, We'll applaud might and
Min-is-ter We shall be there to applaud, As neat as a

Vi-o-la? Fair and so charming is she, A very short
mind that you'll Fill all our bosoms with joy, We'll applaud might and
Min-is-ter We shall be there to applaud, As neat as a

time. It will take her to climb, To the top of the Beethoven tree.
main, When at old Drury Lane You are playing the principal boy.
squirrel, Is our little Cyril. Come in to the garden, Maude.

Vi-o-la? Fair and so charming is she, A very short
mind that you'll Fill all our bosoms with joy, We'll applaud might and
Min-is-ter We shall be there to applaud, As neat as a

time. It will take her to climb, To the top of the Beethoven tree.
main, When at old Drury Lane You are playing the principal boy.
squirrel, Is our little Cyril. Come in to the garden, Maude.

Vi-o-la? Fair and so charming is she, A very short
mind that you'll Fill all our bosoms with joy, We'll applaud might and
Min-is-ter We shall be there to applaud, As neat as a

22542 s.c.
So come to France

When you've a chance:

You'll feel so gay when you are land-

ing each girl you meet,

You'll find so sweet.

There is a
cordial understanding.

If any blonde be fond of me, I'll let a sweet brunette come walking in my company.