252350

THE SPRING CHICKEN.

A Musical Play in Two Acts.

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

BY

GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN^R.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS, PERCY GREENBANK,
AND GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN^R.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL AND LIONEL MONCKTON.

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THE SPRING CHICKEN.

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Produced by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES at the Gaiety Theatre.

THE SPRING CHICKEN.

CHARACTERS.

GUSTAVE BABORI (*Advocate*)	MR. GEO. GROSSMITH, Jr.
BONIFACE (*his Head Clerk*)	MR. LIONEL MACKINDER.
BARON PAPOUCHE (*his Client*)	MR. HARRY GRATTAN.
FÉLIX (*Head Waiter at "The Crimson Butterfly"*)	MR. ROBERT NAINBY.
STEPHEN-HENRY (*Girdle's Son*)	MR. WILLIAM SPRAY.
PROPRIETOR OF "THE CRIMSON BUTTERFLY"	MR. ARTHUR HATHERTON.
ALEXIS, FERDINAND (*Babori's Clerks*)	MR. GEORGE GREGORY. / MR. HARRY TAYLOR.
WAITER	MR. LEIGH ELLIS.
NAPOLEON (*Office Boy*)	MASTER CROSS.
JOSEPH BONIFACE (*an Artist*)	MR. CHARLES BROWN.
INSPECTOR OF POLICE	MR. R. TREMAYNE.
AND	
MR. GIRDLE (*Babori's Father-in-Law*)	MR. EDMUND PAYNE.
MRS. GIRDLE	MISS CONNIE EDISS.
BARONESS PAPOUCHE	MISS KATE CUTLER.
DULCIE BABORI (*Babori's Wife*)	MISS OLIVE MORRELL.
EMMY-LOU (*Girdle's Niece*)	MISS OLIVE MAY.
LA MODISTE	MISS ISABELLE LIDSTER.
SYLVANA, THÉRÈSE, HENRIETTE (*Clients of Babori*)	MISS GAYNOR ROWLANDS. / MISS GERTRUDE GLYN. / MISS MARGUERITE GRAY.
YVONNE, YVETTE, CÉLESTE (*Grisettes*)	MISS KITTY MASON. / MISS FANNY DANGO. / MISS ETHEL OLIVER.
AND	
ROSALIE	MISS GERTIE MILLAR.

Lady Clients and Grisettes—MISSES DORIS BERESFORD, DAISY HOLLY, ADDIE BAKER, MINNIE BAKER, EDITH NEVILLE, DORIS DEWAR.

ACT I.

SCENE.—OFFICE OF M. BABORI AT HIS RESIDENCE, PARIS ... ... WALTER HANN.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—THE CRIMSON BUTTERFLY RESTAURANT, MALMAISON ... ... JOSEPH HARKER.
„ II.—A STUDIO AT MALMAISON ... ... JOSEPH HARKER.

Stage under the direction of MR. SYDNEY ELLISON.
Musical Director, MR. IVAN CARYLL.

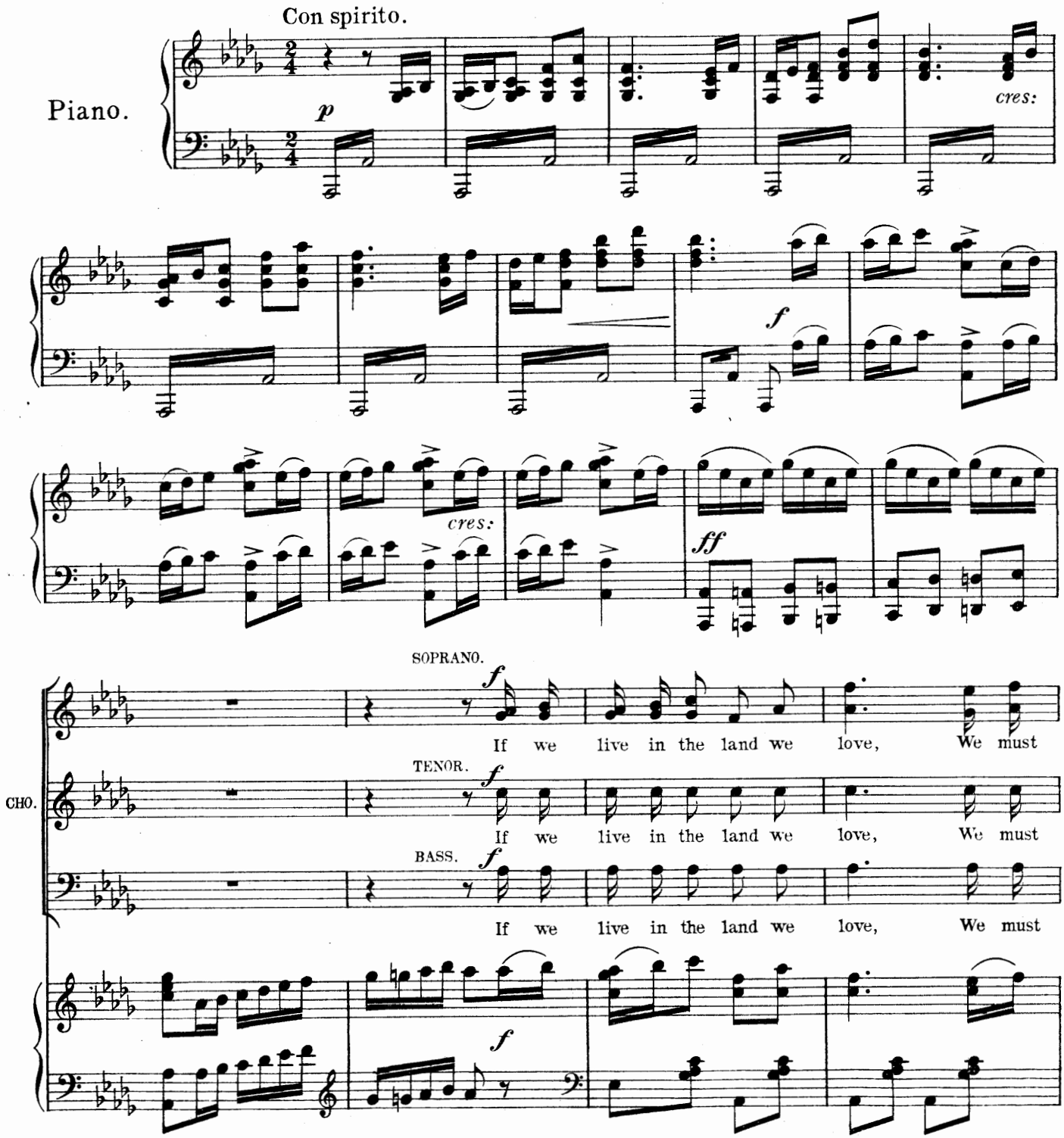
THE SPRING CHICKEN.

Act I.

No 1. OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUNr

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.



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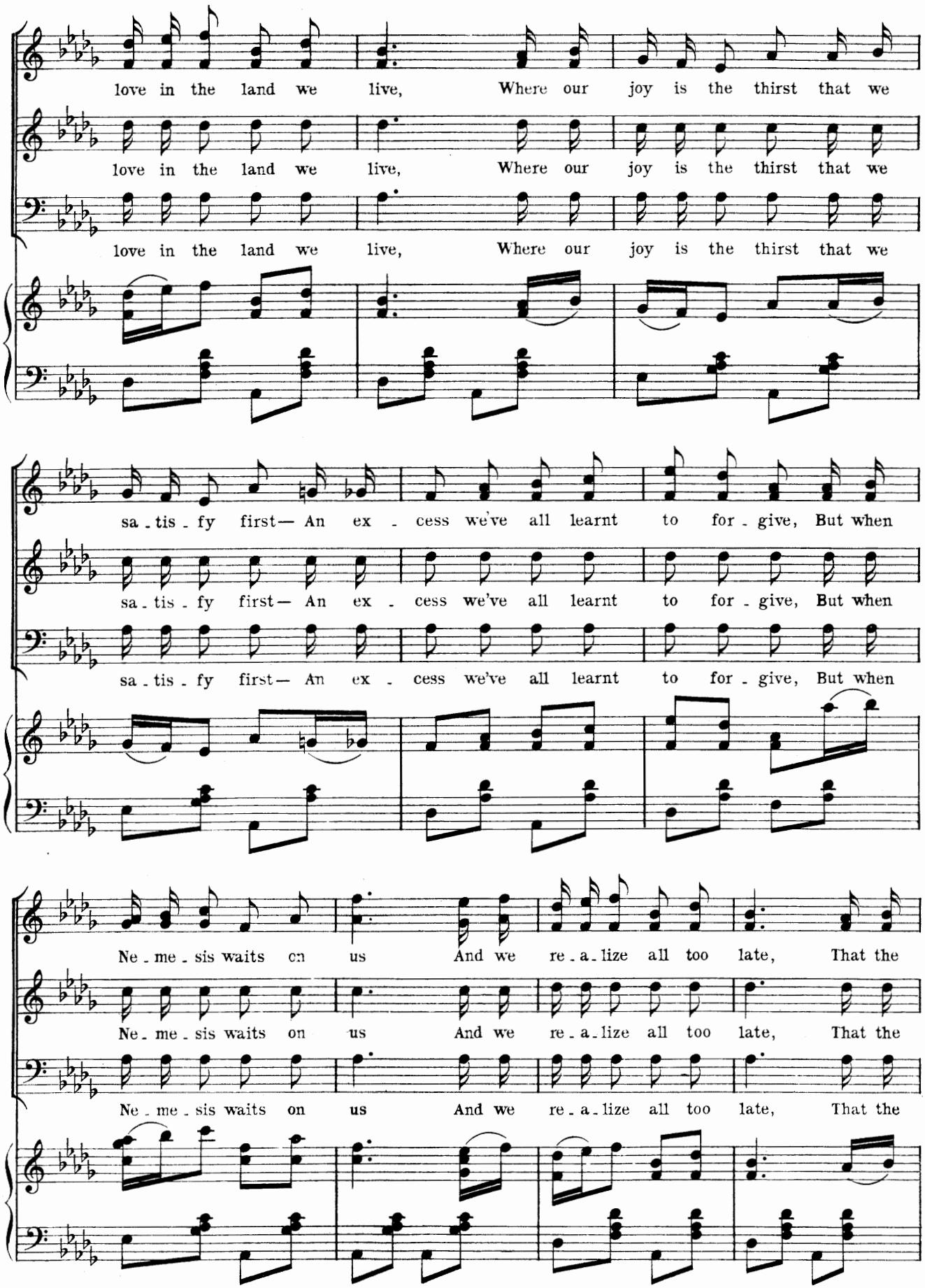
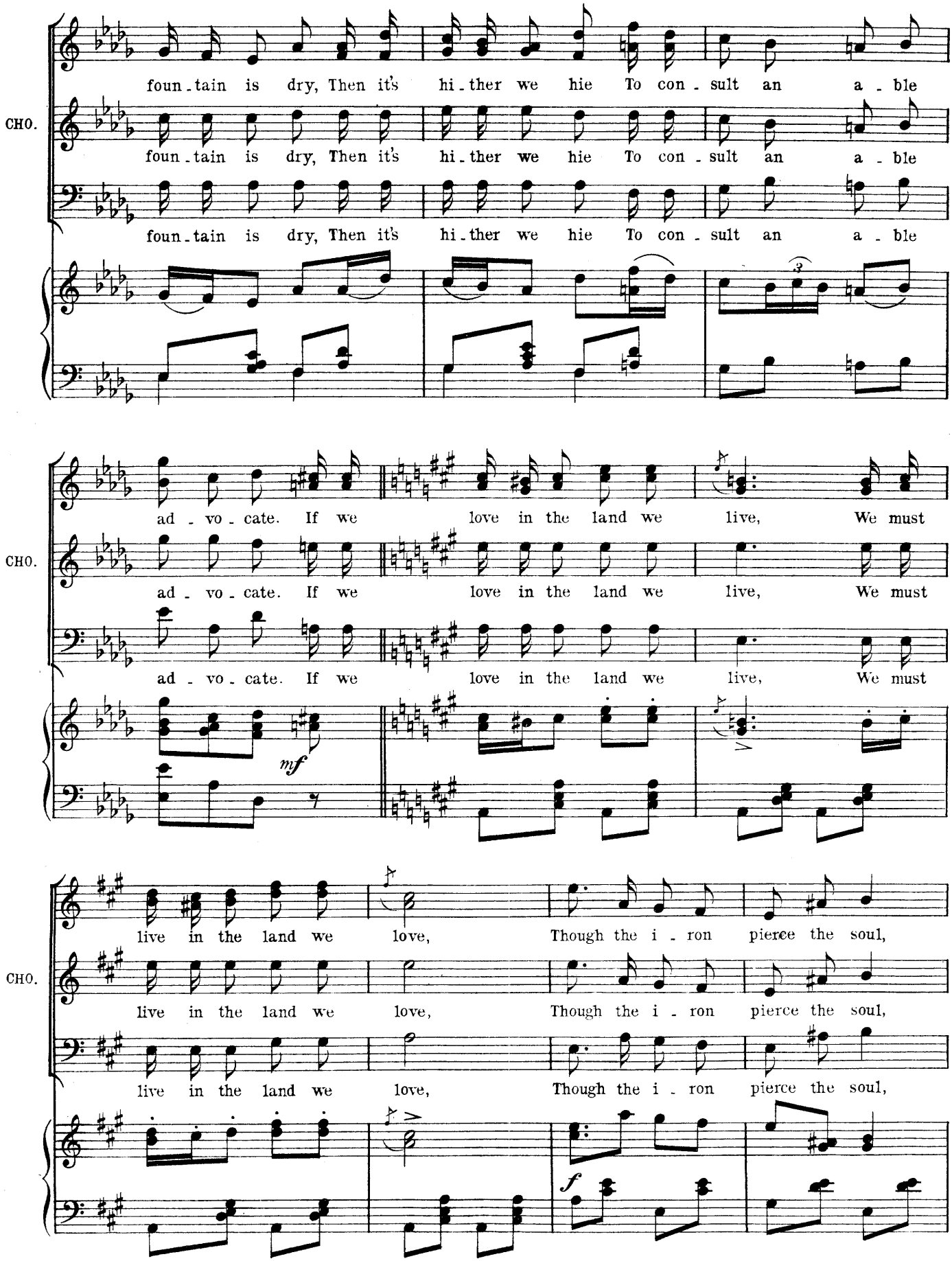
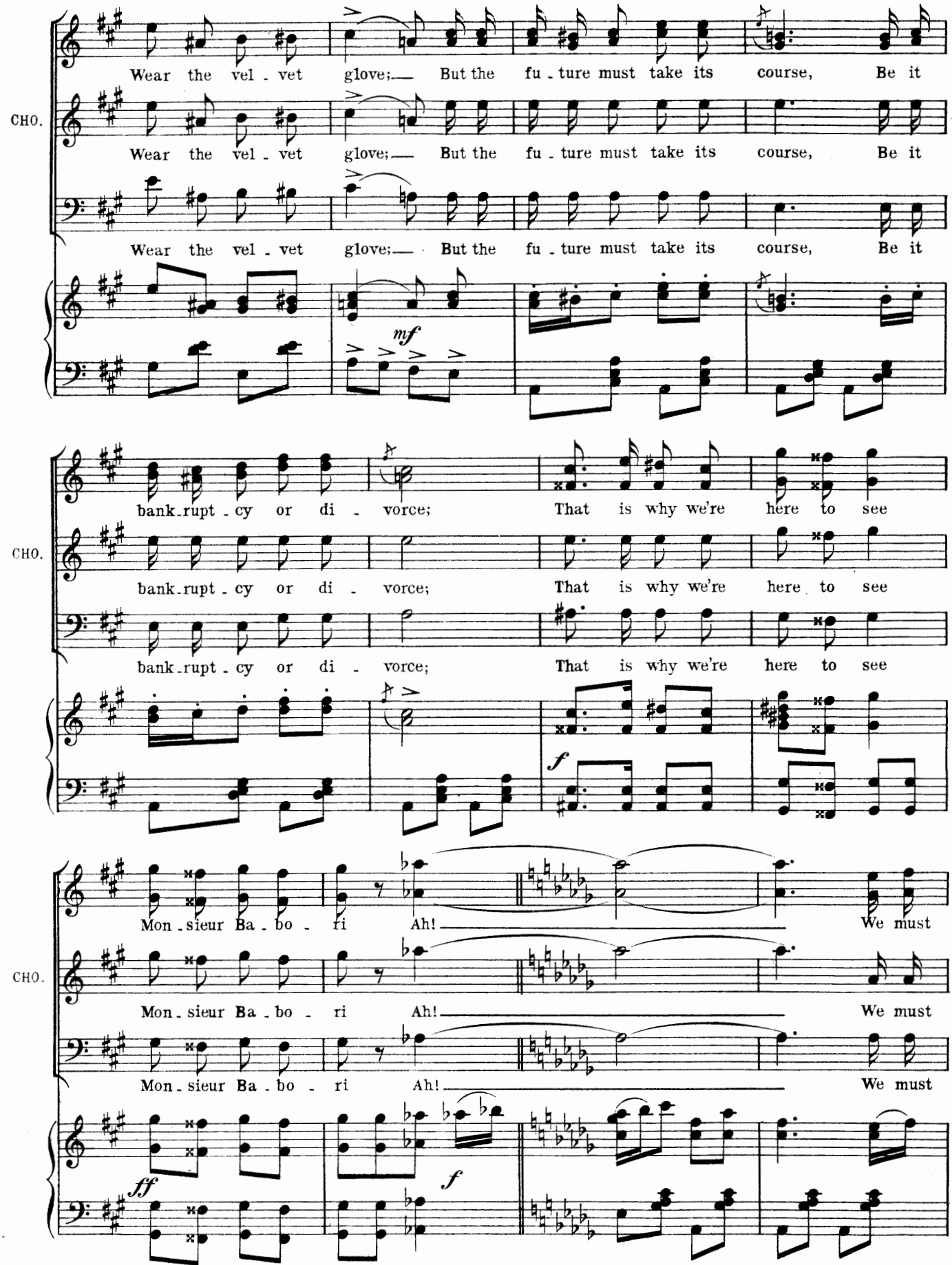
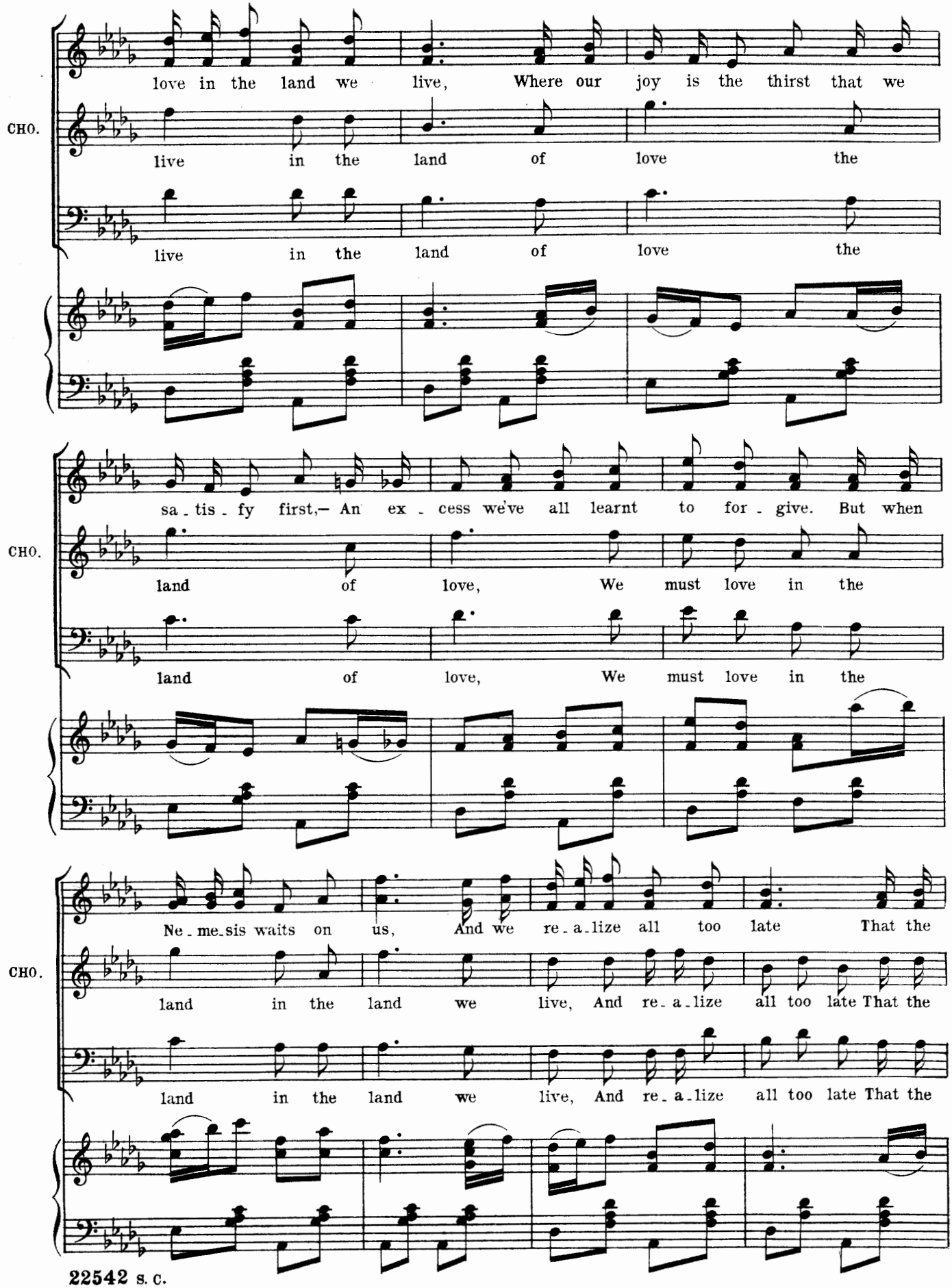
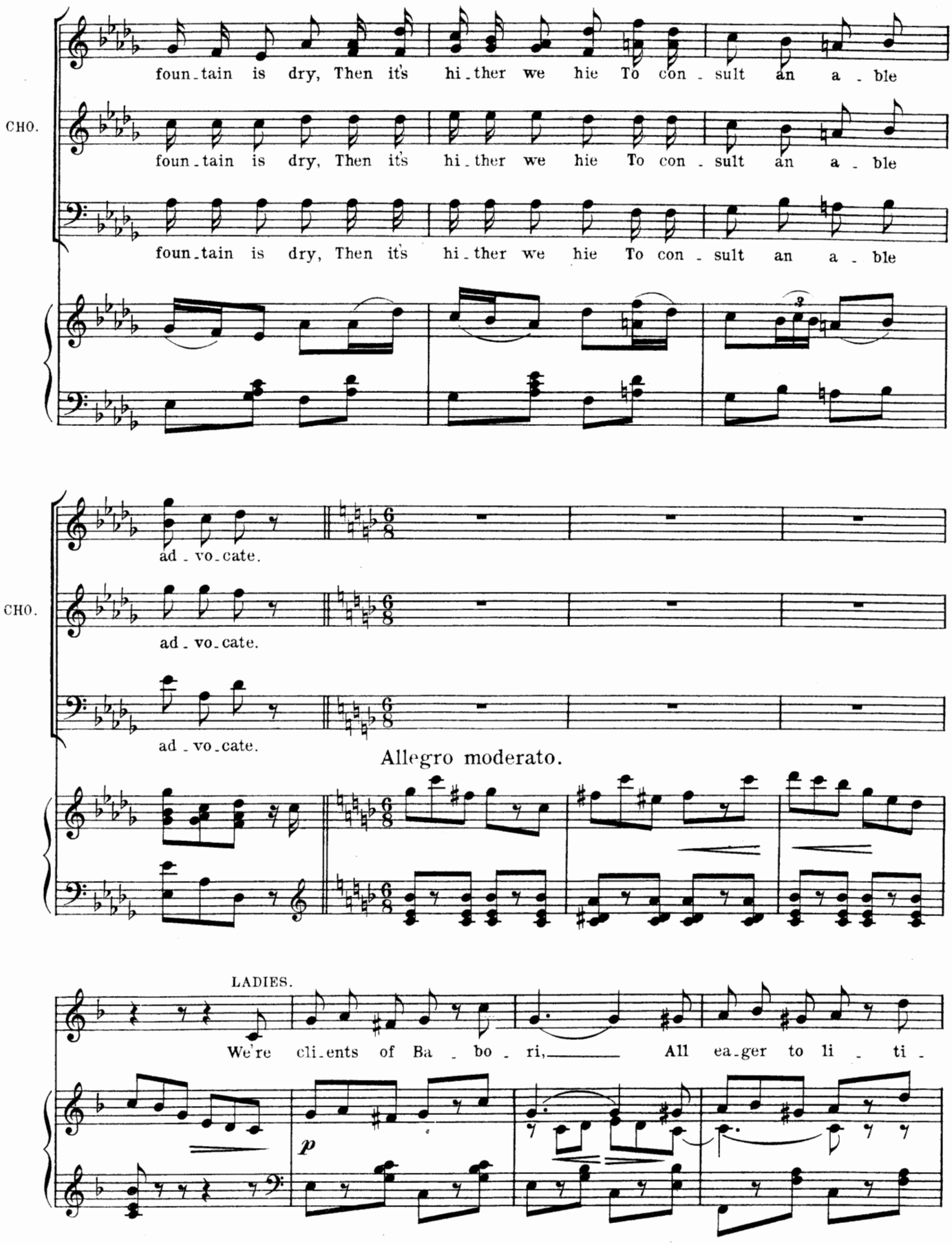
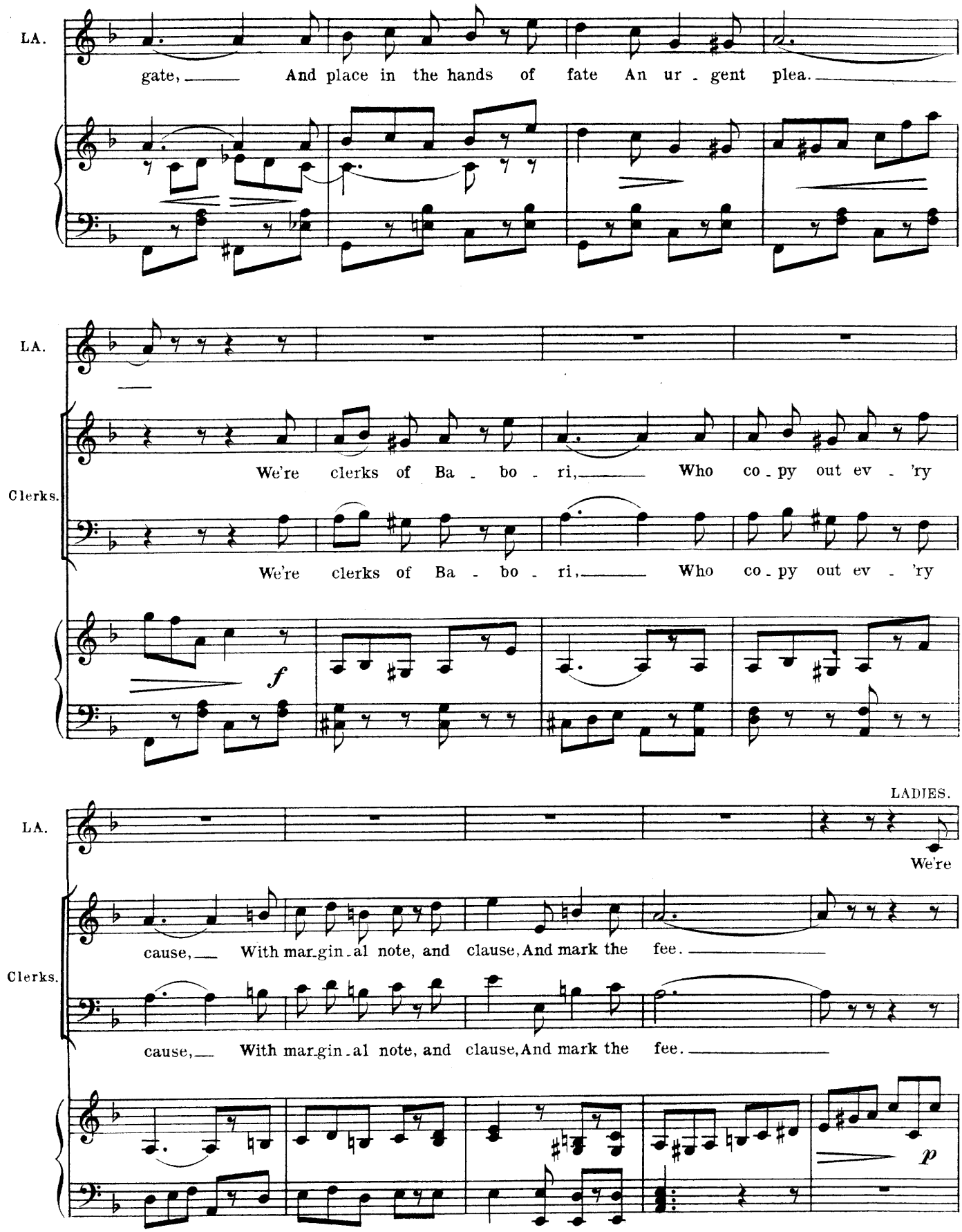

love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
CHO.
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
sa - tis - fy first— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give, But when
CHO.
sa - tis - fy first— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give, But when
sa - tis - fy first— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give, But when
Ne - me - sis waits on us And we re - a - lize all too late, That the
CHO.
Ne - me - sis waits on us And we re - a - lize all too late, That the
Ne - me - sis waits on us And we re - a - lize all too late, That the

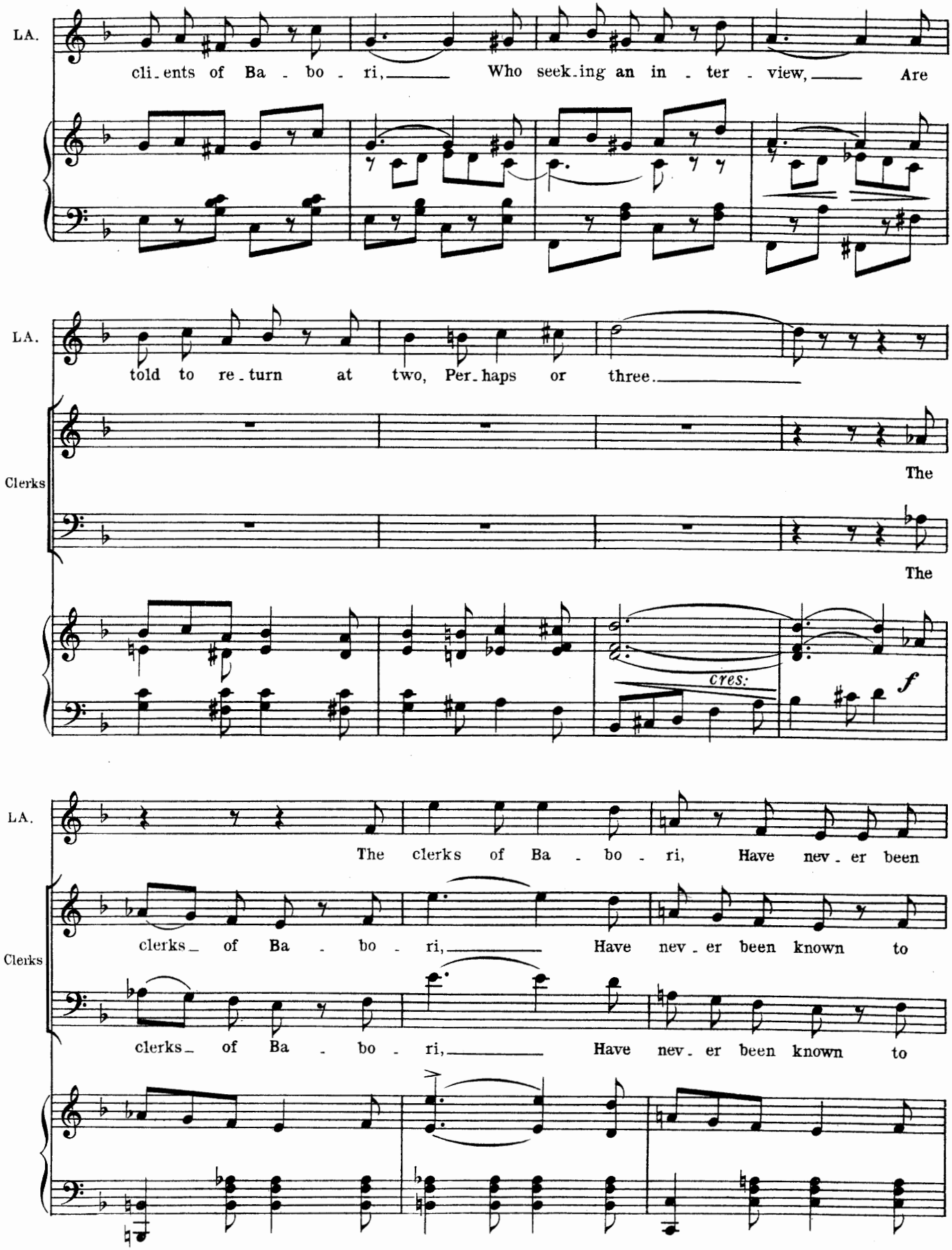

CHO.
foun - tain is dry, Then it's hi - ther we hie To con - sult an a - ble
foun - tain is dry, Then it's hi - ther we hie To con - sult an a - ble
foun - tain is dry, Then it's hi - ther we hie To con - sult an a - ble
3
CHO.
ad - vo - cate. If we love in the land we live, We must
ad - vo - cate. If we love in the land we live, We must
ad - vo - cate. If we love in the land we live, We must
mf
CHO.
live in the land we love, Though the i - ron pierce the soul,
live in the land we love, Though the i - ron pierce the soul,
live in the land we love, Though the i - ron pierce the soul,
f

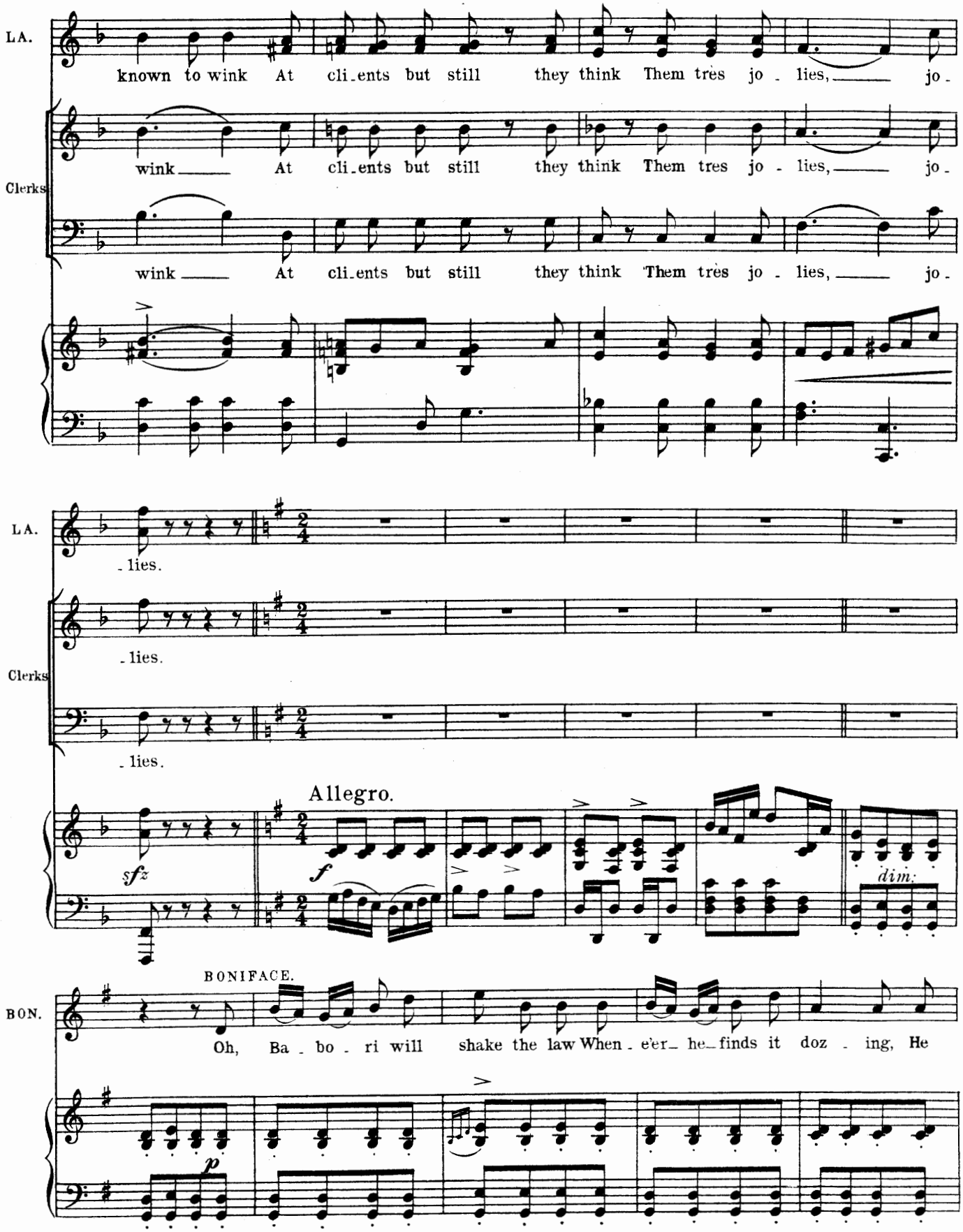

Wear the vel - vet glove; But the fu - ture must take its course, Be it
CHO.
Wear the vel - vet glove; But the fu - ture must take its course, Be it
Wear the vel - vet glove; But the fu - ture must take its course, Be it
mf
bank-rupt - cy or di - vorce; That is why we're here to see
CHO.
bank-rupt - cy or di - vorce; That is why we're here to see
bank-rupt - cy or di - vorce; That is why we're here to see
f
Mon - sieur Ba - bo - ri Ah! We must
CHO.
Mon - sieur Ba - bo - ri Ah! We must
Mon - sieur Ba - bo - ri Ah! We must
ff
f

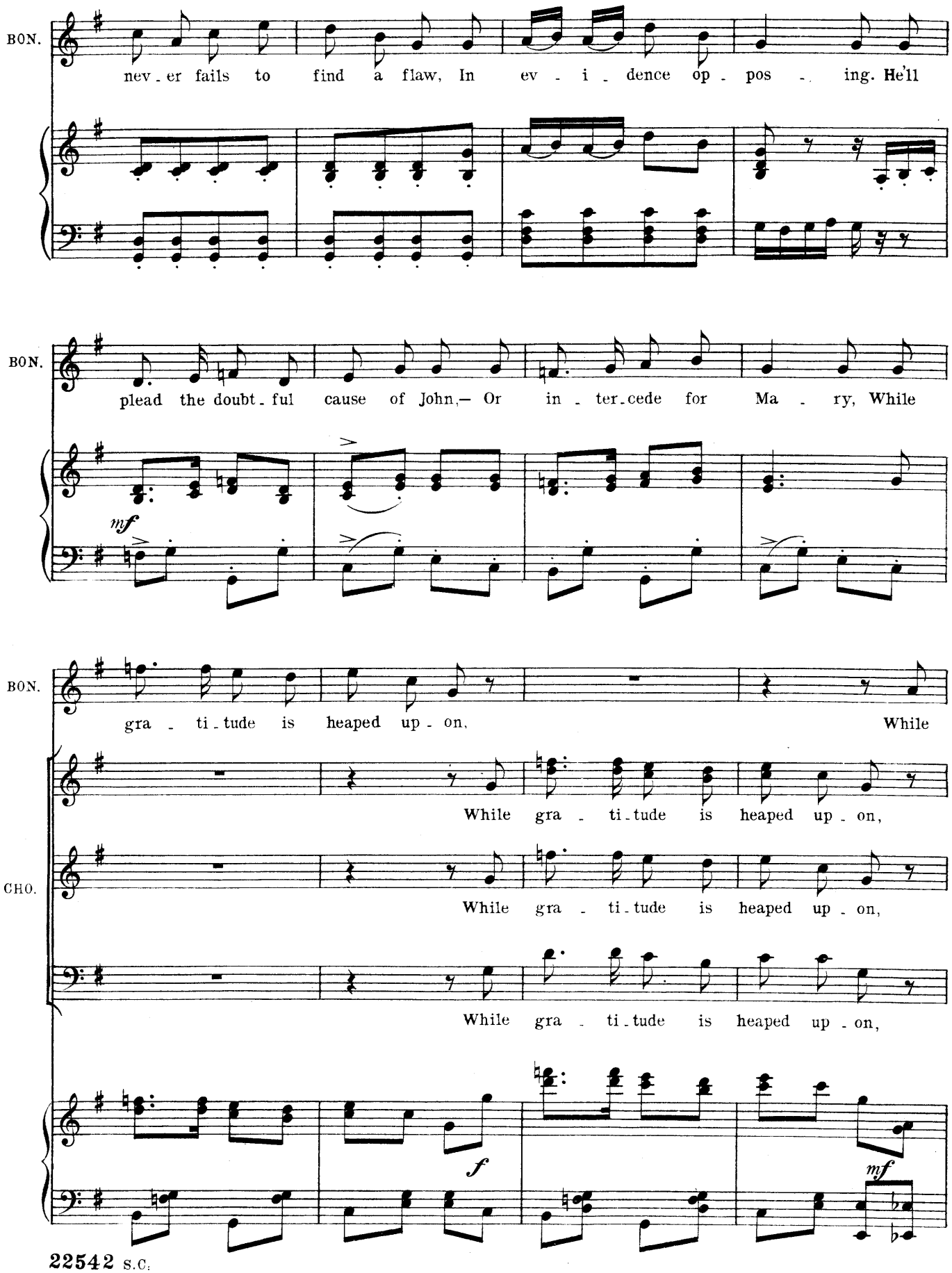

love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
CHO.
live in the land of love the
live in the land of love the
sa - tis - fy first,— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give. But when
CHO.
land of love, We must love in the
land of love, We must love in the
Ne - me - sis waits on us, And we re - a - lize all too late That the
CHO.
land in the land we live, And re - a - lize all too late That the
land in the land we live, And re - a - lize all too late That the

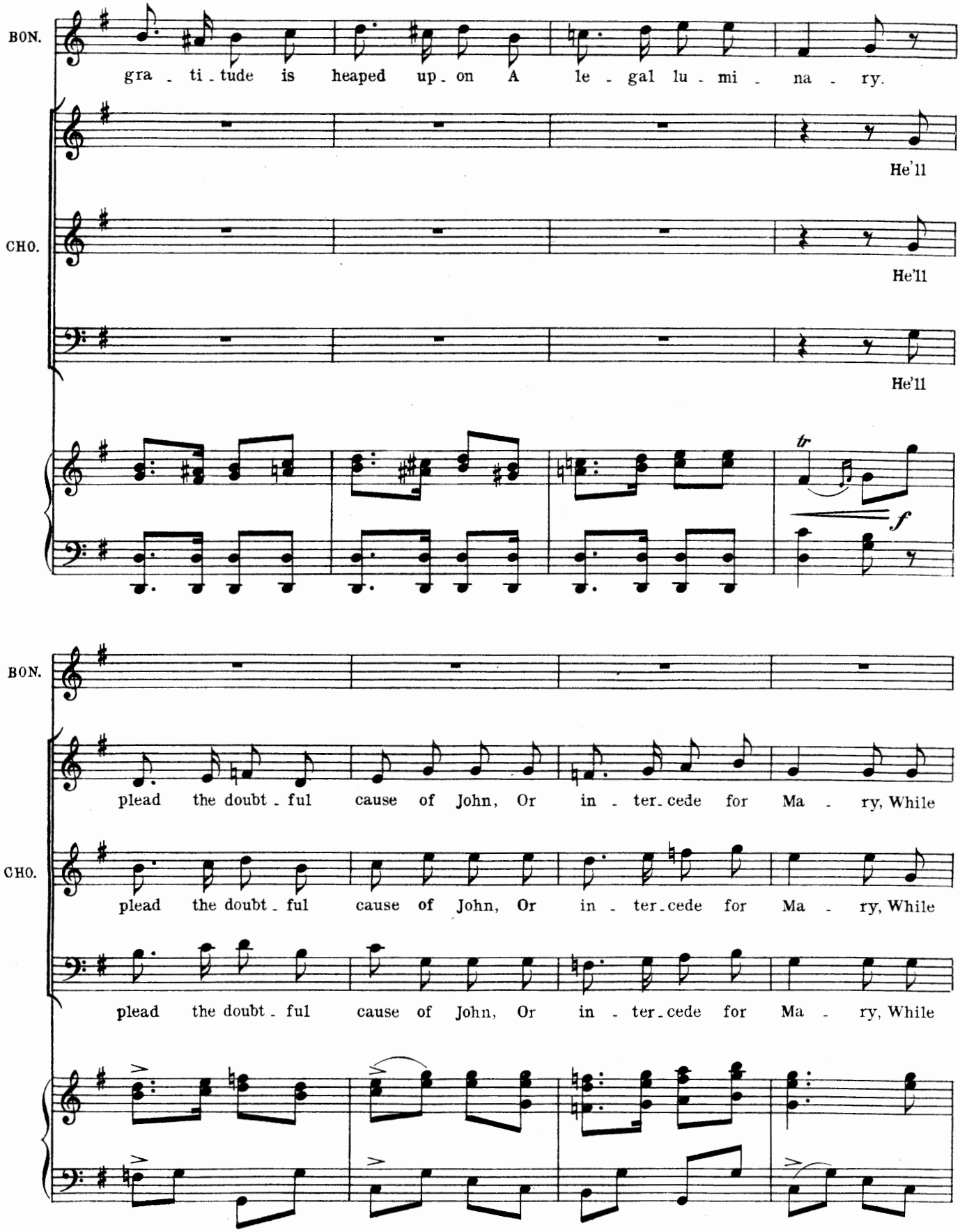

CHO.
foun_tain is dry, Then it's hi_ther we hie To con_sult an a_ble
CHO.
foun_tain is dry, Then it's hi_ther we hie To con_sult an a_ble
foun_tain is dry, Then it's hi_ther we hie To con_sult an a_ble
CHO.
ad_vo_cate.
ad_vo_cate.
ad_vo_cate.
Allegro moderato.
LADIES.
We're cli_ents of Ba_bo_ri, All ea_ger to li_ti_
p

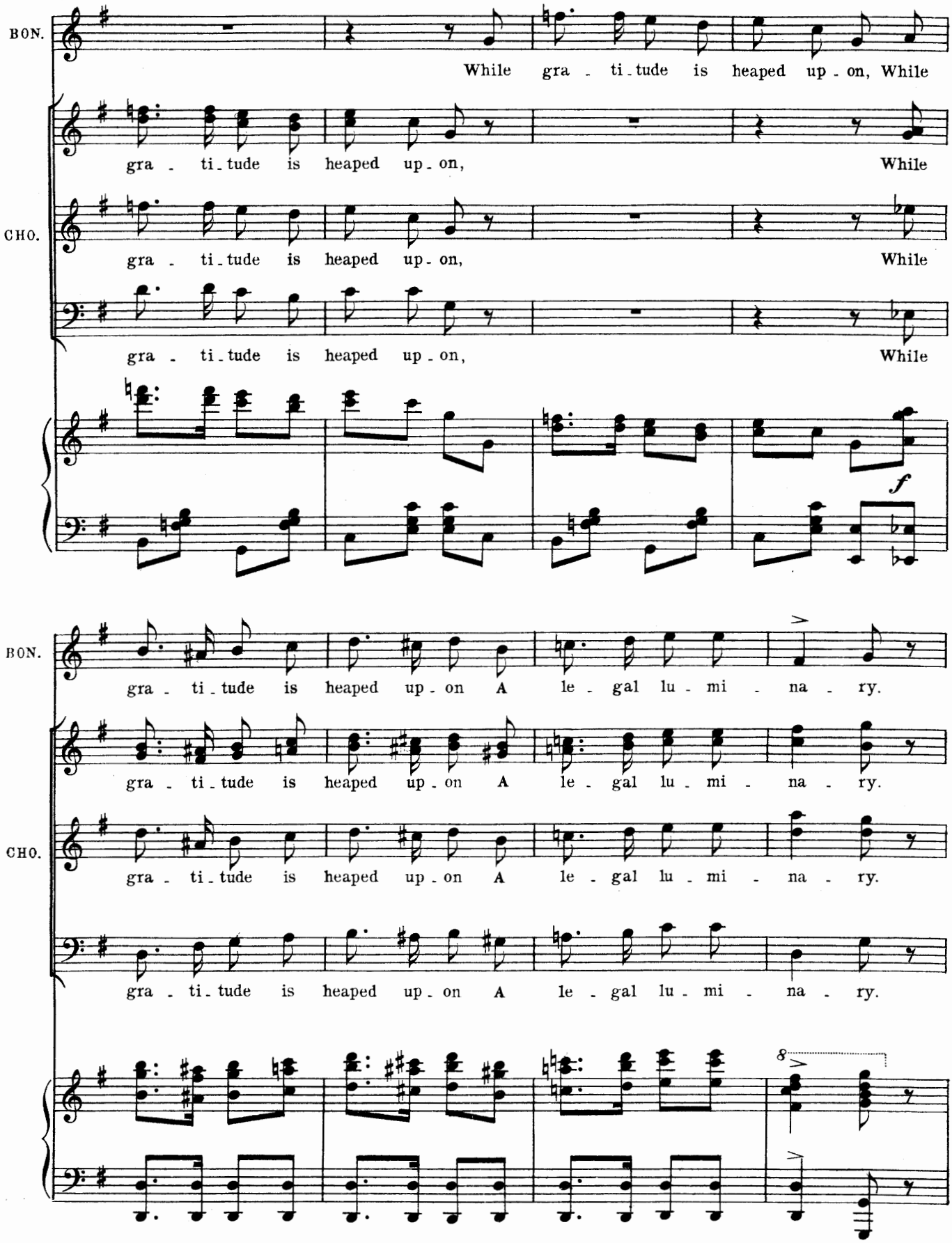

LA.
gate, And place in the hands of fate An ur - gent plea.
LA.
Clerks.
We're clerks of Ba - bo - ri, Who co - py out ev - 'ry
We're clerks of Ba - bo - ri, Who co - py out ev - 'ry
f
LADIES.
LA.
We're
Clerks.
cause, With mar-gin-al note, and clause, And mark the fee.
cause, With mar-gin-al note, and clause, And mark the fee.
p

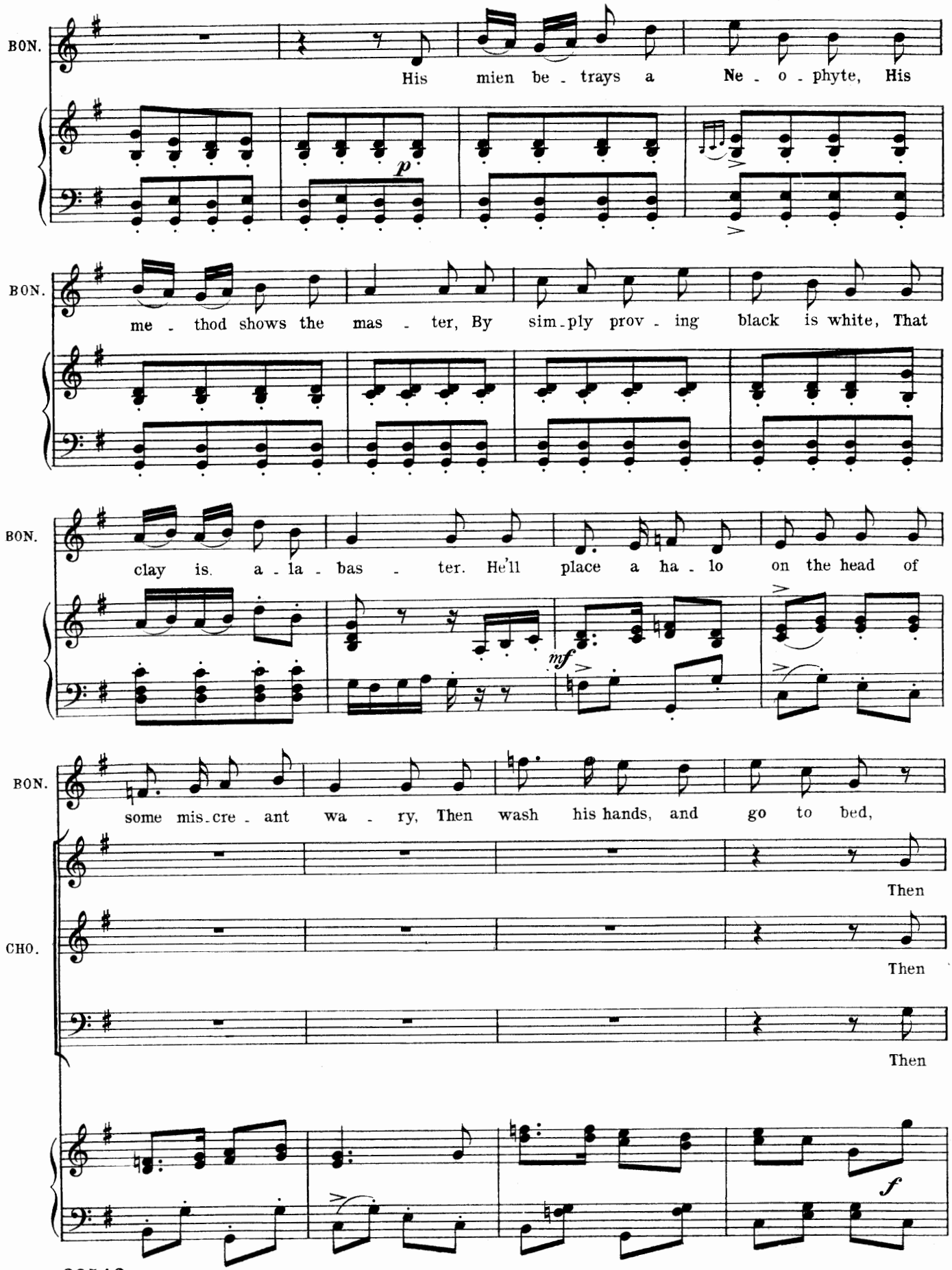

LA.
cli_ents of Ba - bo - ri, Who seek_ing an in - ter - view, Are
LA.
told to re_turn at two, Per_haps or three.
Clerks
The
The
cres:
f
LA.
The clerks of Ba - bo - ri, Have nev_er been
Clerks
clerks_ of Ba - bo - ri, Have nev_er been known to
clerks_ of Ba - bo - ri, Have nev_er been known to

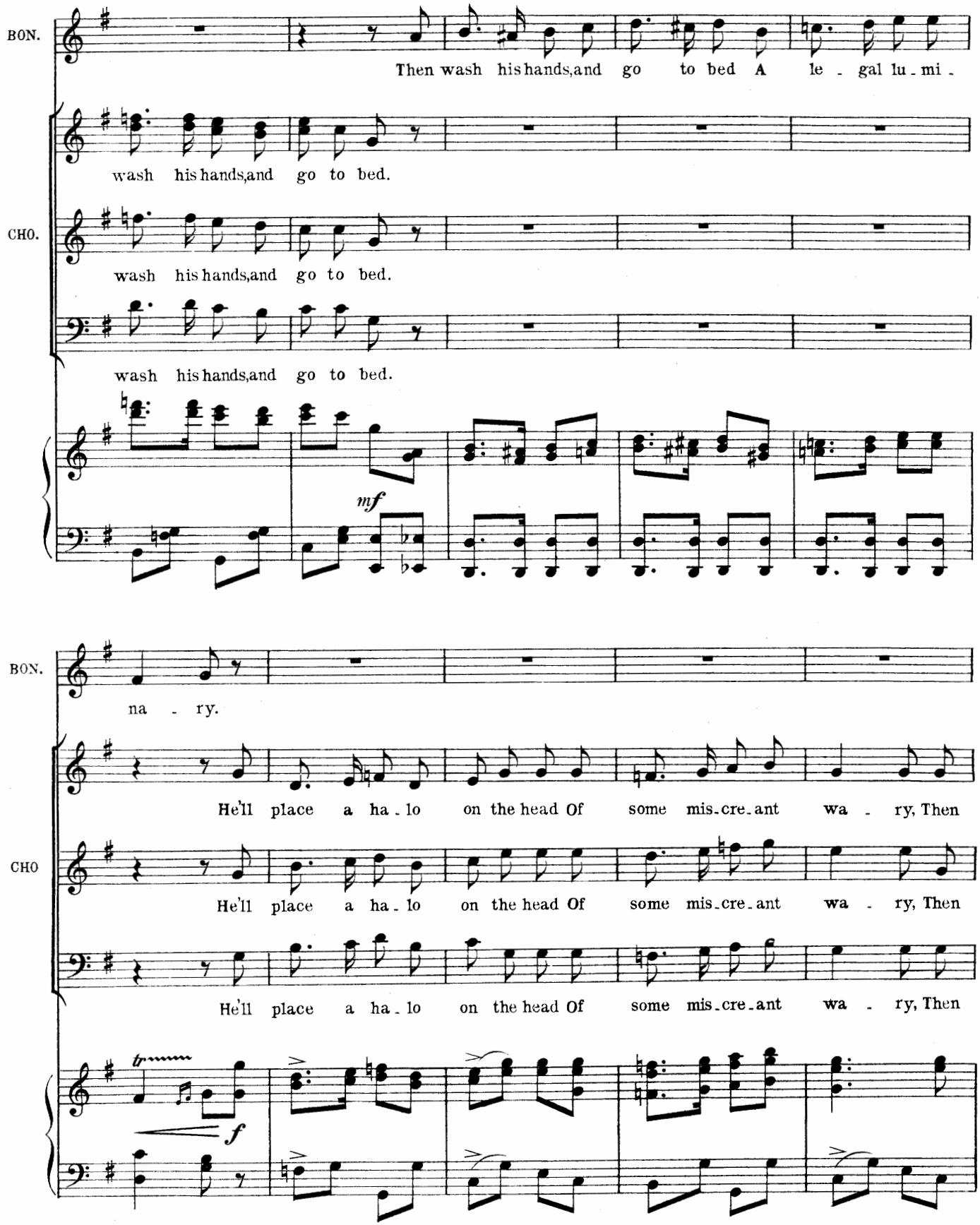

LA.
known to wink At cli-ents but still they think Them très jo - lies, jo -
Clerks
wink At cli-ents but still they think Them tres jo - lies, jo -
wink At cli-ents but still they think Them très jo - lies, jo -
LA.
- lies.
Clerks
- lies.
- lies.
Allegro.
sfz
f
dim.
BON.
BONIFACE.
Oh, Ba - bo - ri will shake the law When - e'er he finds it doz - ing, He
p

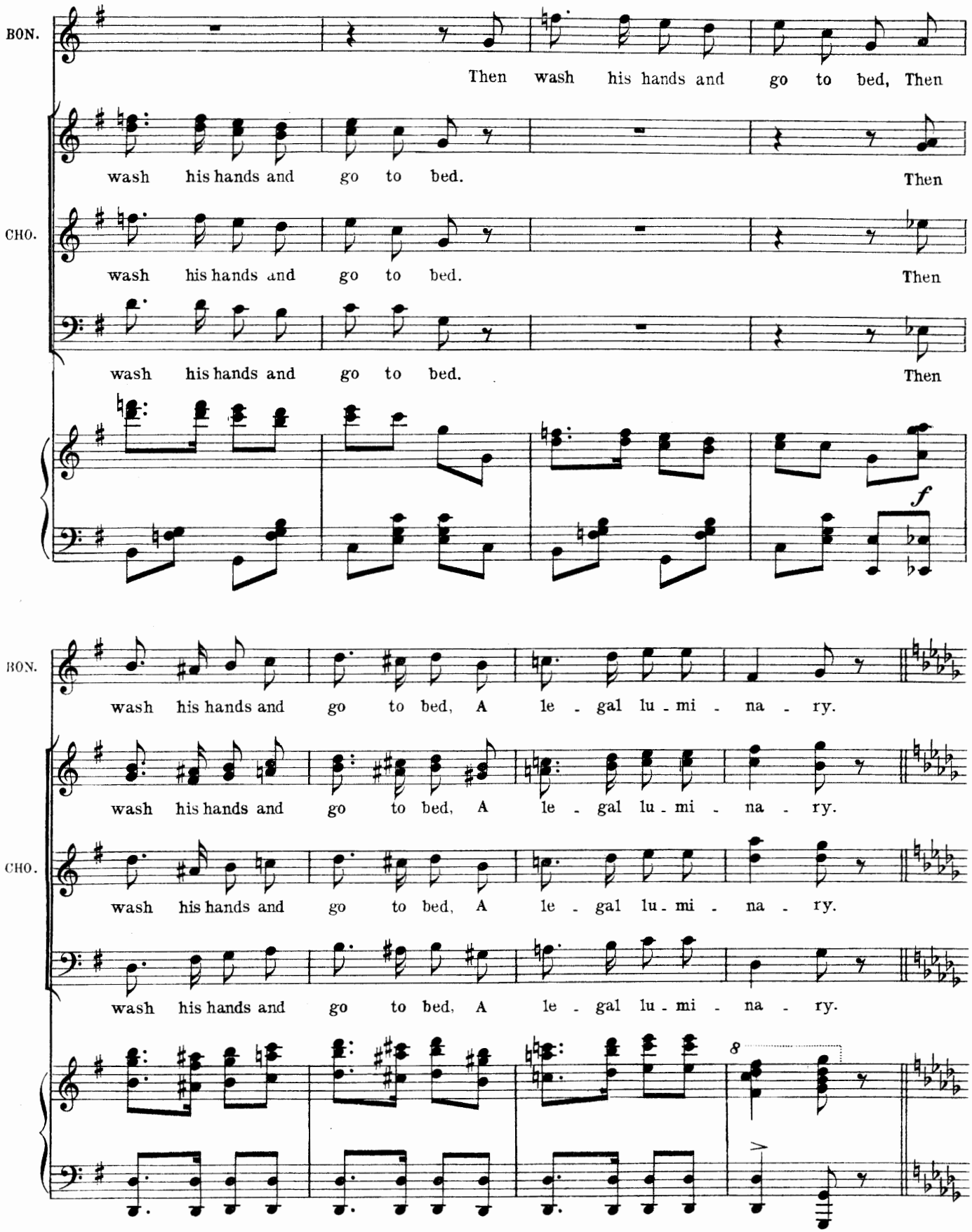

BON.
nev - er fails to find a flaw, In ev - i - dence op - pos - ing. He'll
BON.
plead the doubt - ful cause of John,— Or in - ter - cede for Ma - ry, While
mf
BON.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on, While
While gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on,
CHO.
While gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on,
While gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on,
f
mf

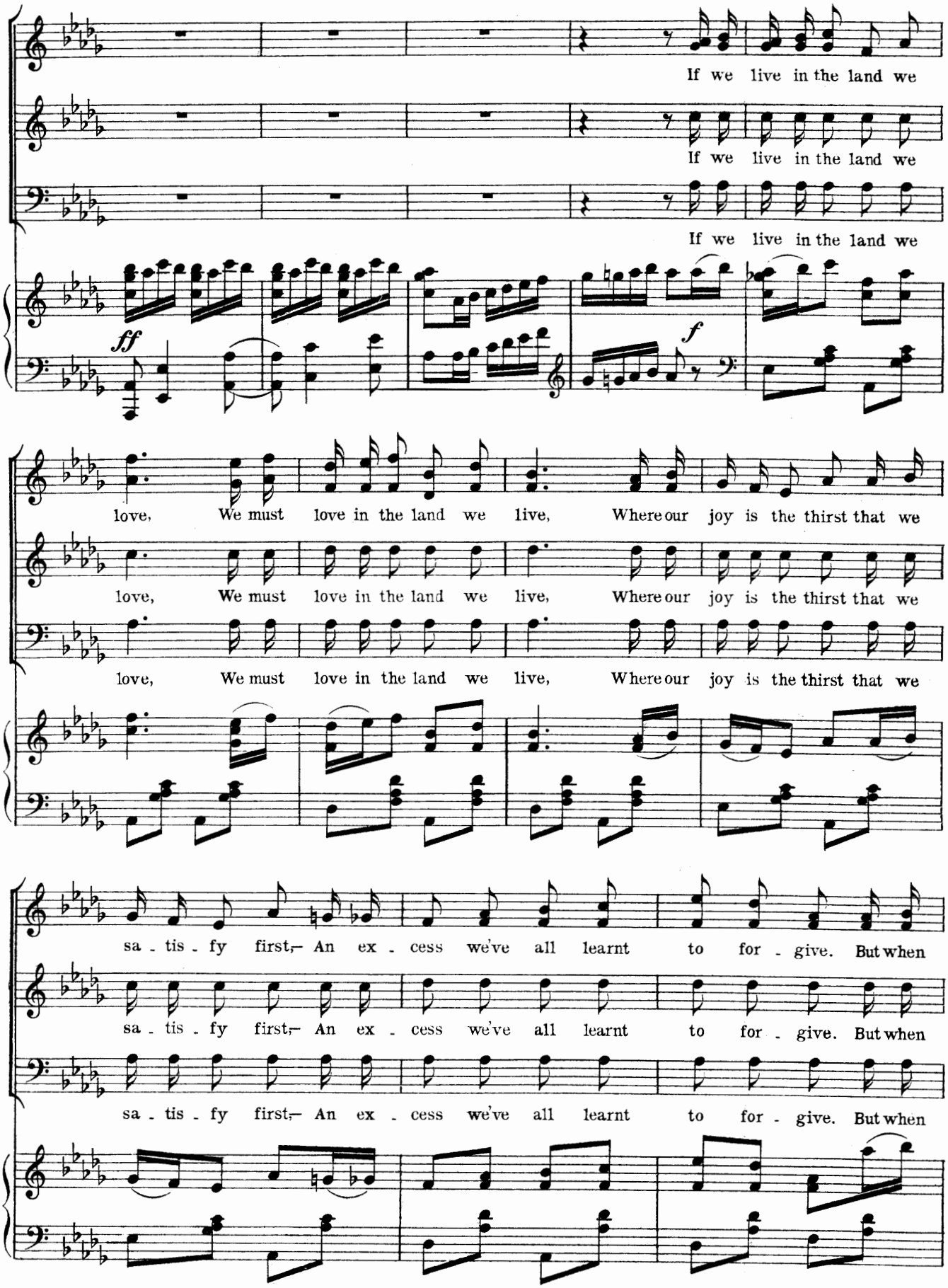

BON.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
He'll
CHO.
He'll
He'll
tr
f
BON.
plead the doubt - ful cause of John, Or in - ter - cede for Ma - ry, While
CHO.
plead the doubt - ful cause of John, Or in - ter - cede for Ma - ry, While
plead the doubt - ful cause of John, Or in - ter - cede for Ma - ry, While

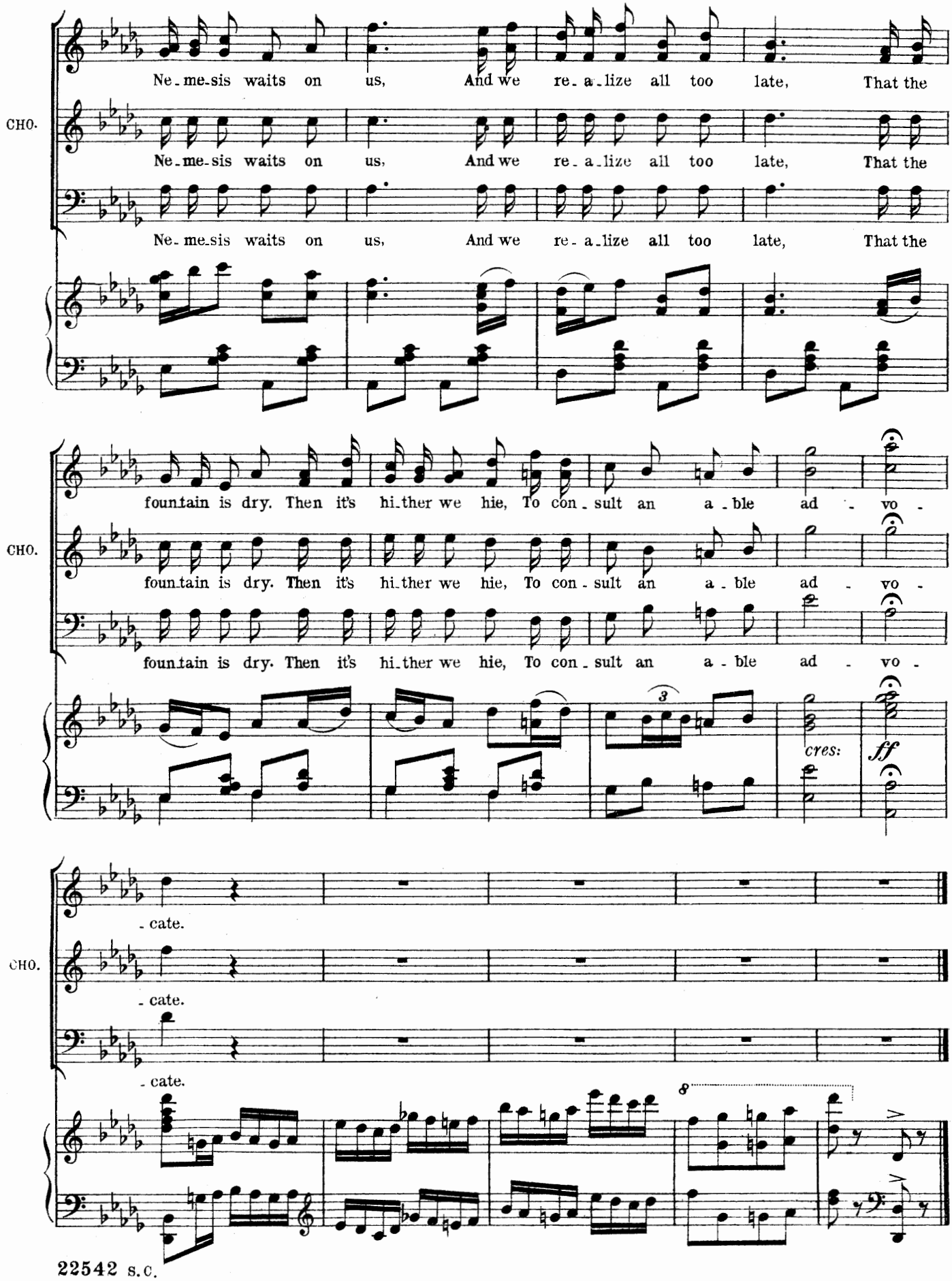

BON.
While gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on, While
CHO.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on, While
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on, While
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on, While
f
BON.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
CHO.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
gra - ti - tude is heaped up - on A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
8


BON.
His mien be - trays a Ne - o - phyte, His
p
BON.
me - thod shows the mas - ter, By sim - ply prov - ing black is white, That
BON.
clay is a - la - bas - ter. He'll place a ha - lo on the head of
mf
BON.
some mis - cre - ant wa - ry, Then wash his hands, and go to bed,
CHO.
Then
Then
Then
f


BON.
Then wash his hands,and go to bed A le - gal lu - mi -
wash his hands,and go to bed.
CHO.
wash his hands,and go to bed.
wash his hands,and go to bed.
mf
BON.
na - ry.
He'll place a ha - lo on the head Of some mis-cre-ant wa - ry, Then
CHO
He'll place a ha - lo on the head Of some mis-cre-ant wa - ry, Then
He'll place a ha - lo on the head Of some mis-cre-ant wa - ry, Then
tr
f


BON.
Then wash his hands and go to bed, Then
wash his hands and go to bed. Then
CHO.
wash his hands and go to bed. Then
wash his hands and go to bed. Then
f
BON.
wash his hands and go to bed, A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
wash his hands and go to bed, A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
CHO.
wash his hands and go to bed, A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
wash his hands and go to bed, A le - gal lu - mi - na - ry.
8


CHO.
If we live in the land we
If we live in the land we
If we live in the land we
ff
f
love, We must love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
love, We must love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
love, We must love in the land we live, Where our joy is the thirst that we
sa - tis - fy first,— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give. But when
sa - tis - fy first,— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give. But when
sa - tis - fy first,— An ex - cess we've all learnt to for - give. But when


CHO.
Ne-me-sis waits on us, And we re-a-lize all too late, That the
Ne-me-sis waits on us, And we re-a-lize all too late, That the
Ne-me-sis waits on us, And we re-a-lize all too late, That the
foun-tain is dry. Then it's hi-ther we hie, To con-sult an a-ble ad-vo-
foun-tain is dry. Then it's hi-ther we hie, To con-sult an a-ble ad-vo-
foun-tain is dry. Then it's hi-ther we hie, To con-sult an a-ble ad-vo-
cres:
ff
-cate.
-cate.
-cate.

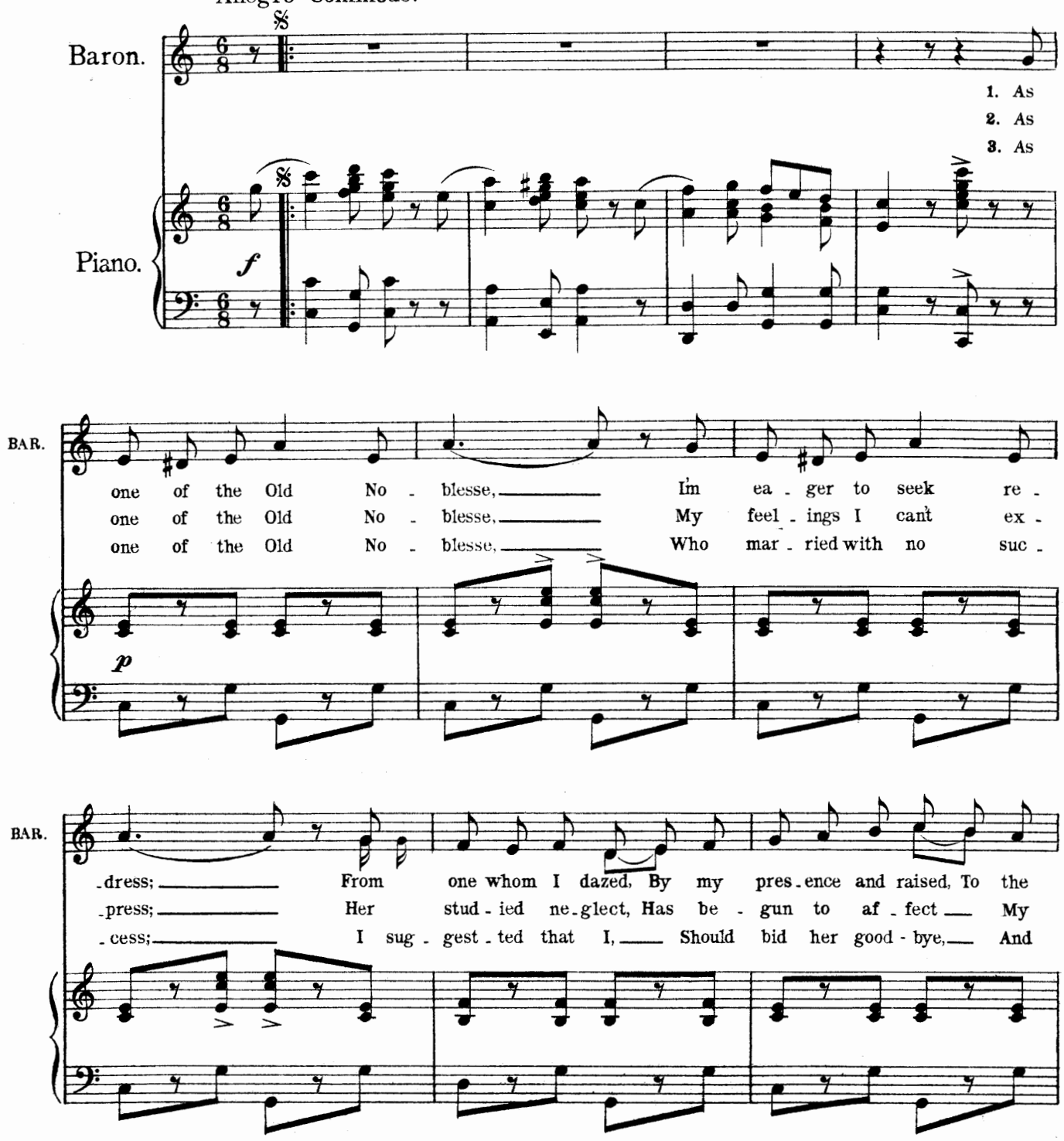
No. 2. SONG.—(Baron) and CHORUS.

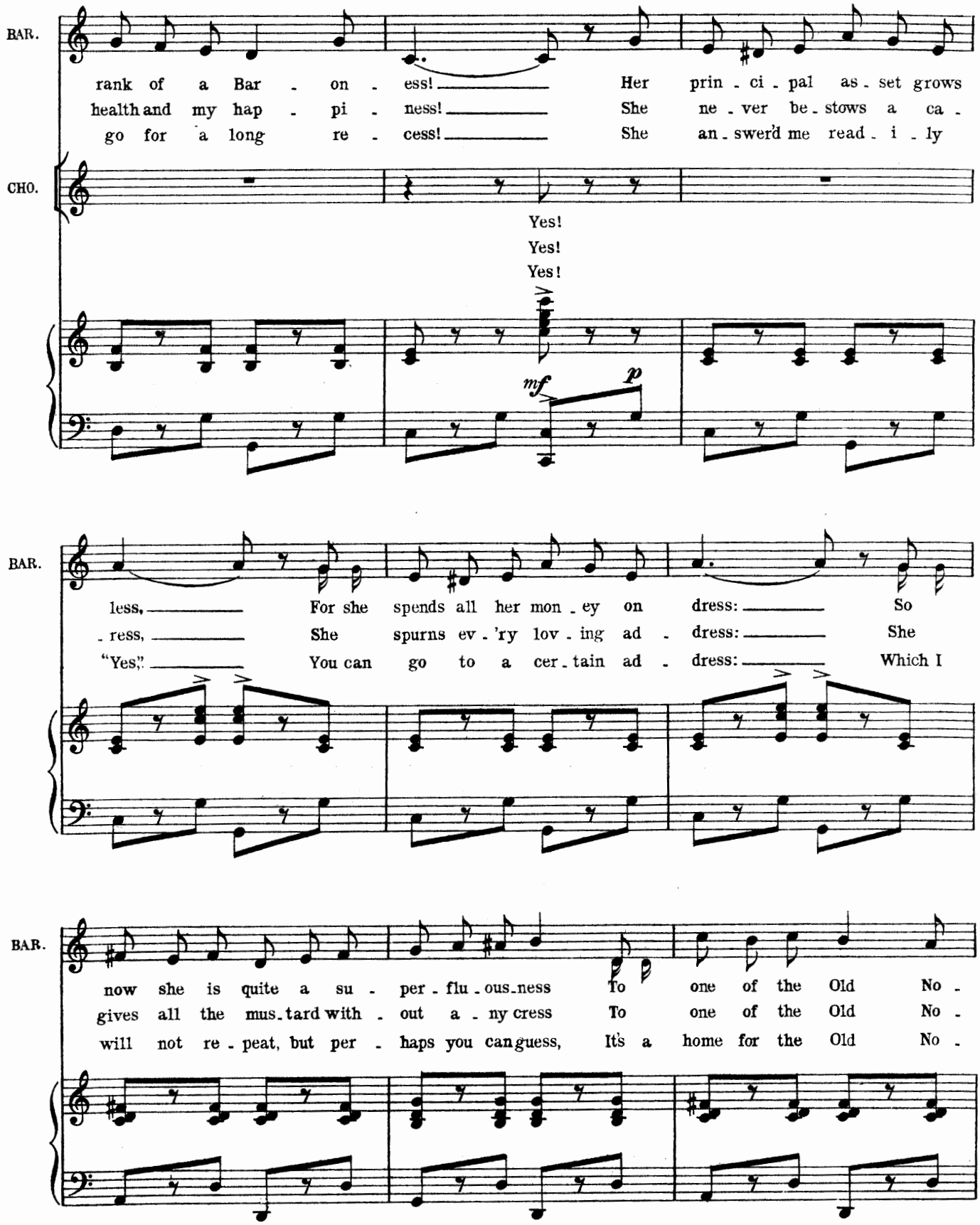
"THE OLD NOBLESSE."

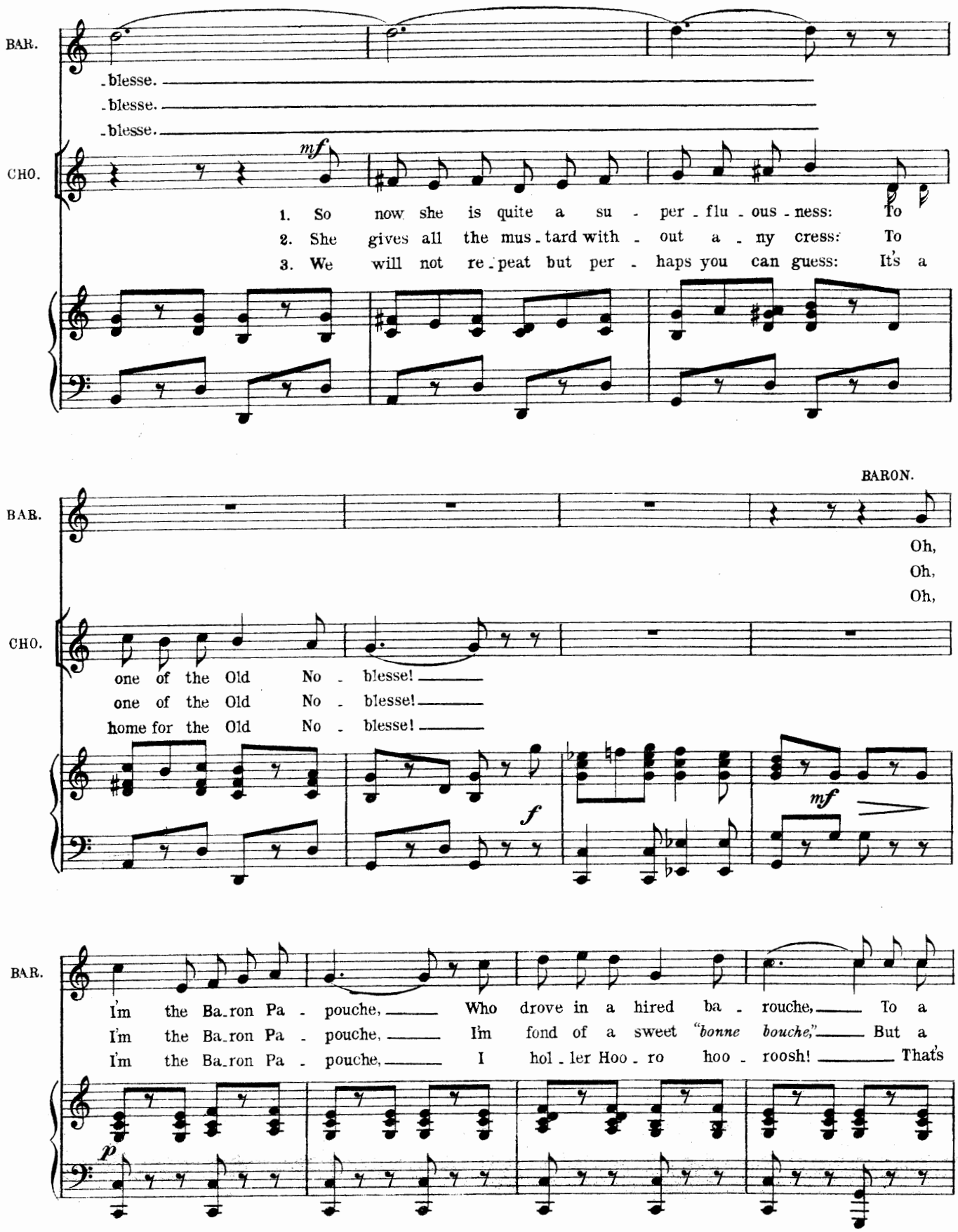
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

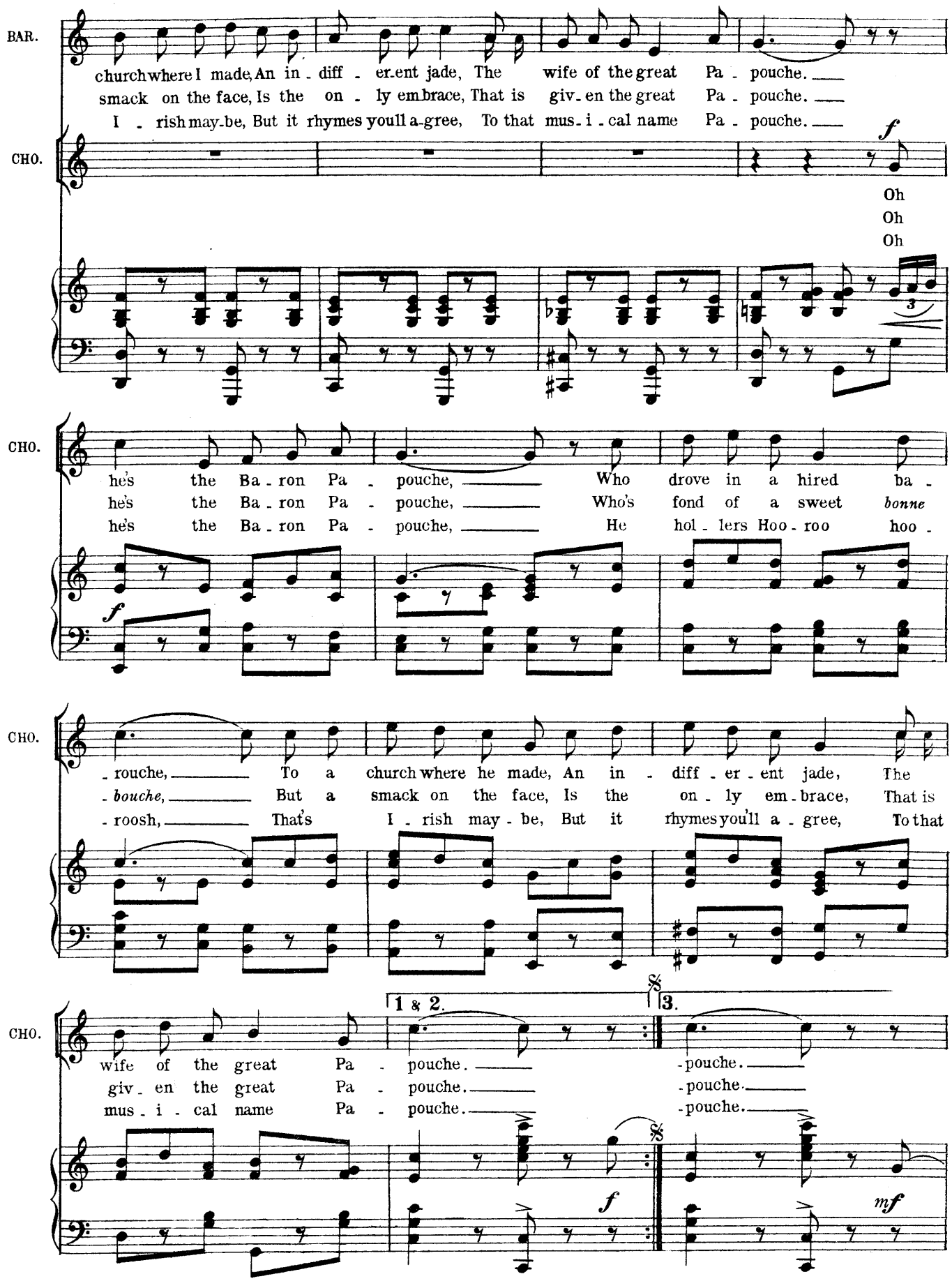
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

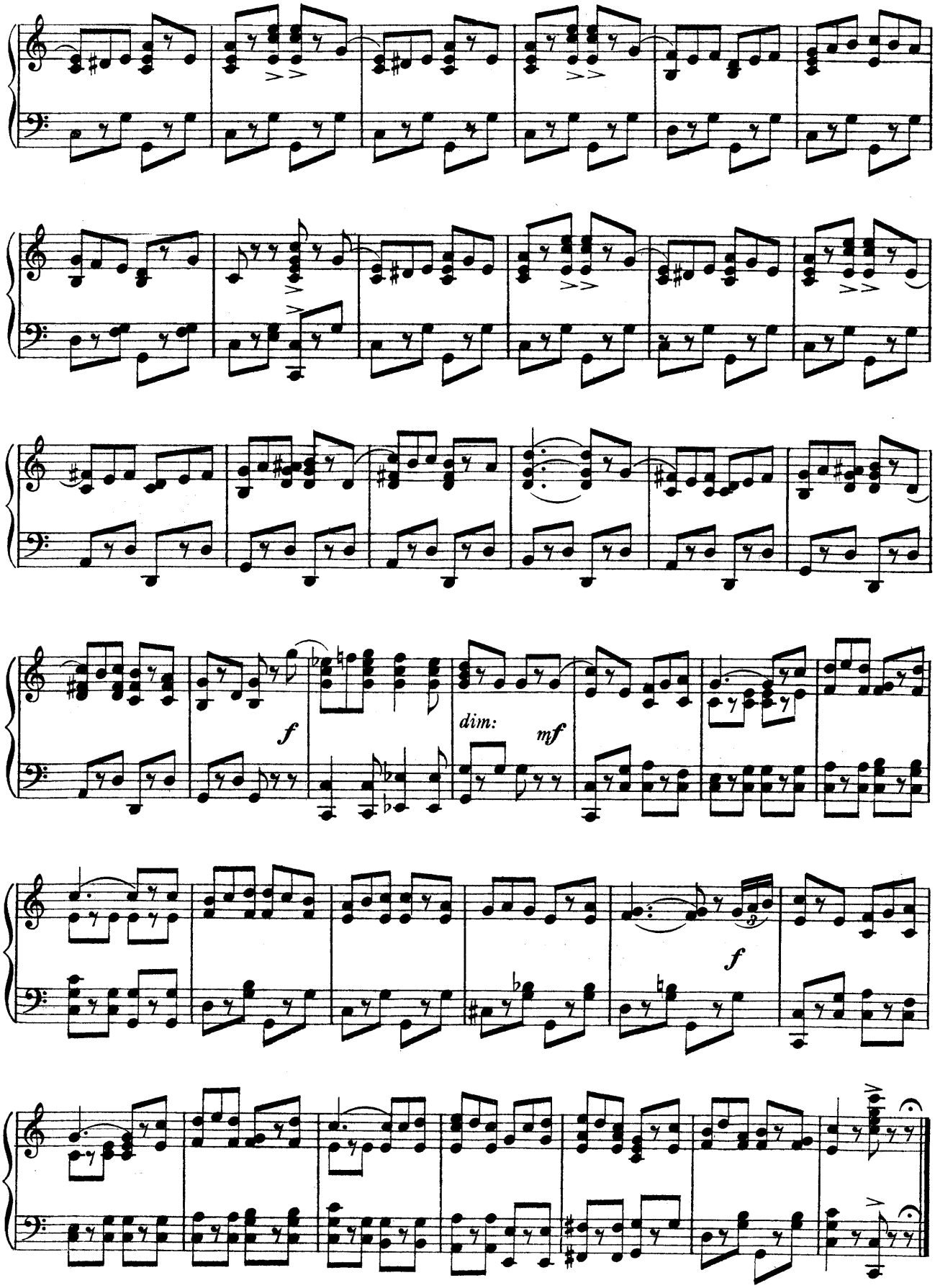
Allegro Commodo.




BAR.
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 - swer'd me read - i - ly
CHO.
Yes!
Yes!
Yes!
mf
p
BAR.
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
BAR.
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 -


BAR.
-blesse.
-blesse.
-blesse.
CHO.
mf
1. So now she is quite a su - per - flu - ous - ness: To
2. She gives all the mus - tard with - out a - ny cress: To
3. We will not re - peat but per - haps you can guess: It's a
BAR.
BARON.
Oh,
Oh,
Oh,
CHO.
one of the Old No - blesse!
one of the Old No - blesse!
home for the Old No - blesse!
f
mf
BAR.
I'm the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, Who drove in a hired ba - rouche, To a
I'm the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, I'm fond of a sweet "bonne bouche," But a
I'm the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, I hol - ler Hoo - ro hoo - roosh! That's
p


BAR.
church where I made, An in - diff - er - ent jade, The wife of the great Pa - pouche.
smack on the face, Is the on - ly em - brace, That is giv - en the great Pa - pouche.
I - rish may - be, But it rhymes you'll a - gree, To that mus - i - cal name Pa - pouche.
CHO.
f
Oh
Oh
Oh
CHO.
he's the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, Who drove in a hired ba -
he's the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, Who's fond of a sweet bonne
he's the Ba - ron Pa - pouche, He hol - lers Hoo - roo hoo -
f
CHO.
- rouche, To a church where he made, An in - diff - er - ent jade, The
- bouche, But a smack on the face, Is the on - ly em - brace, That is
- roosh, That's I - rish may - be, But it rhymes you'll a - gree, To that
CHO.
1 & 2.
3.
wife of the great Pa - pouche. - pouche.
giv - en the great Pa - pouche. - pouche.
mus - i - cal name Pa - pouche. - pouche.
f
mf


f
dim:
mf
f

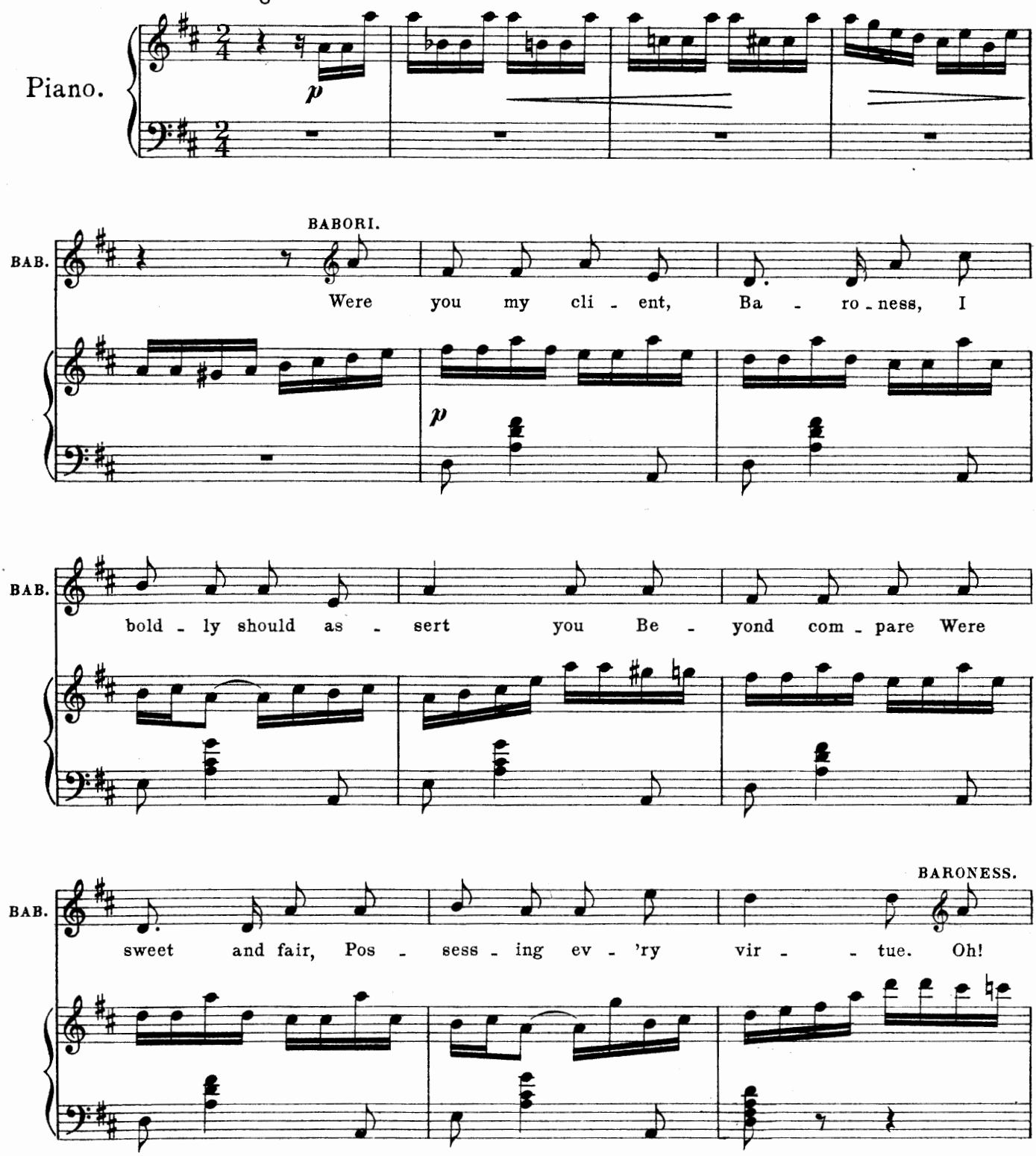
Nº 3. TRIO. (Baroness, Babori and Baron.)

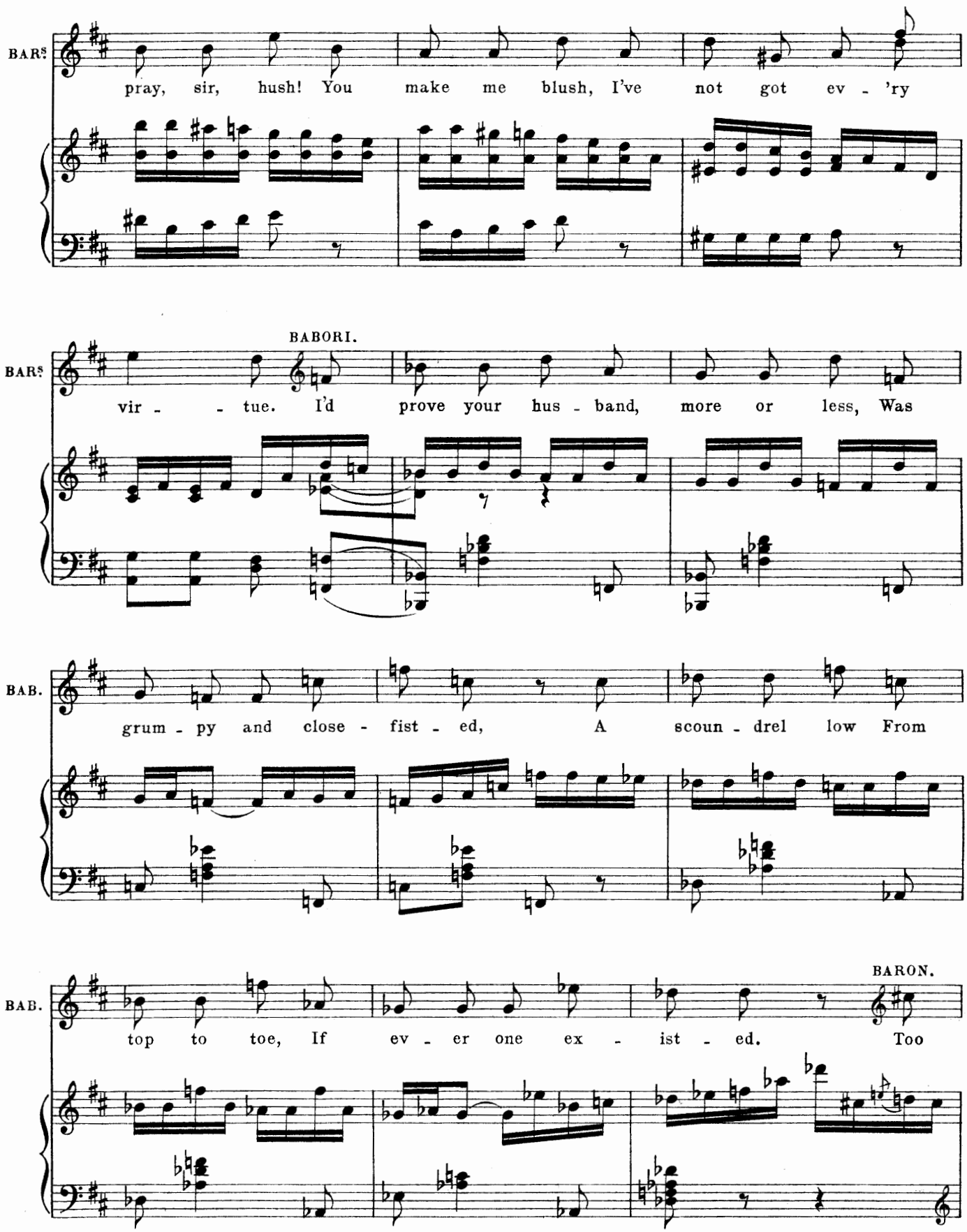
"VICE VERSA."

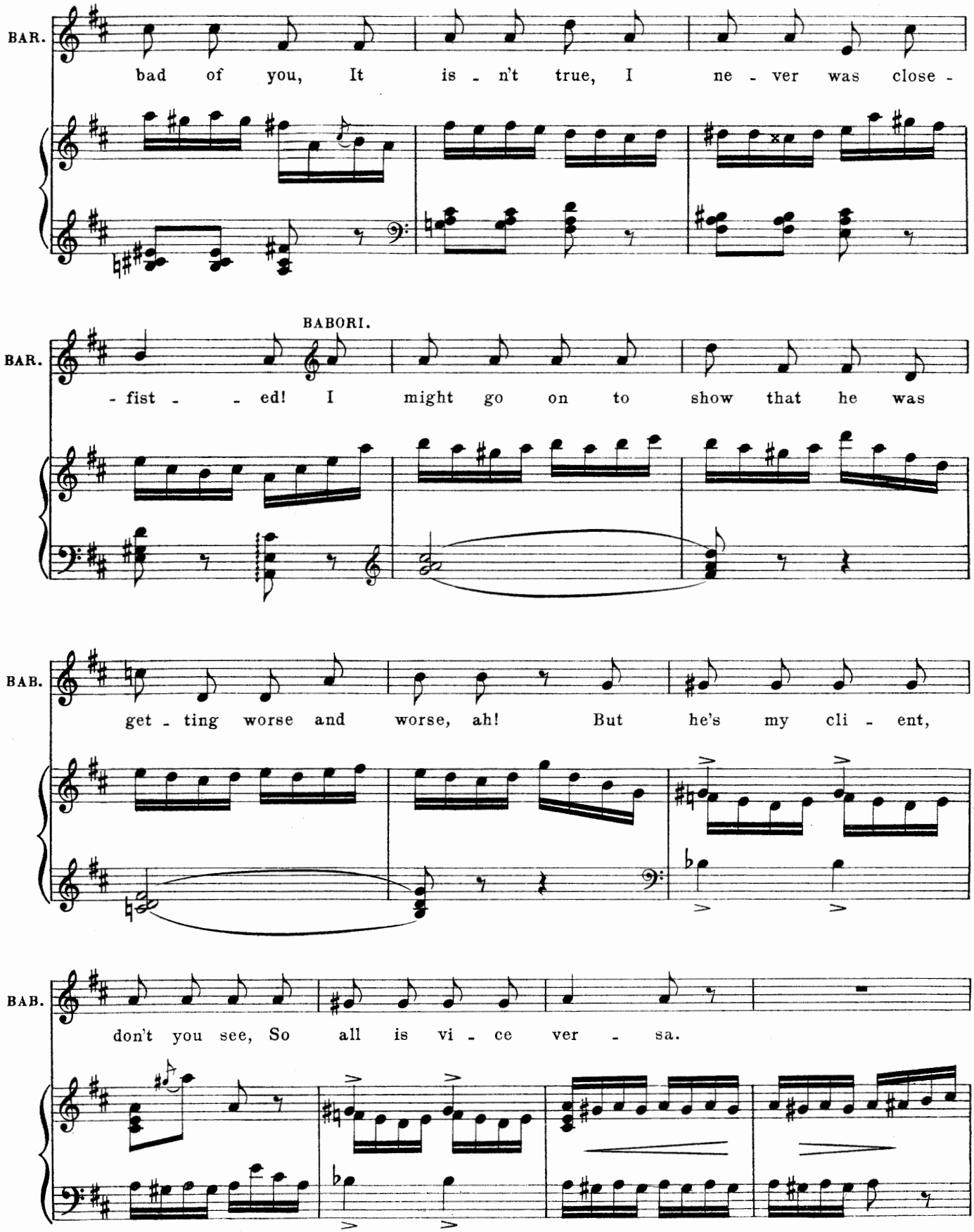
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

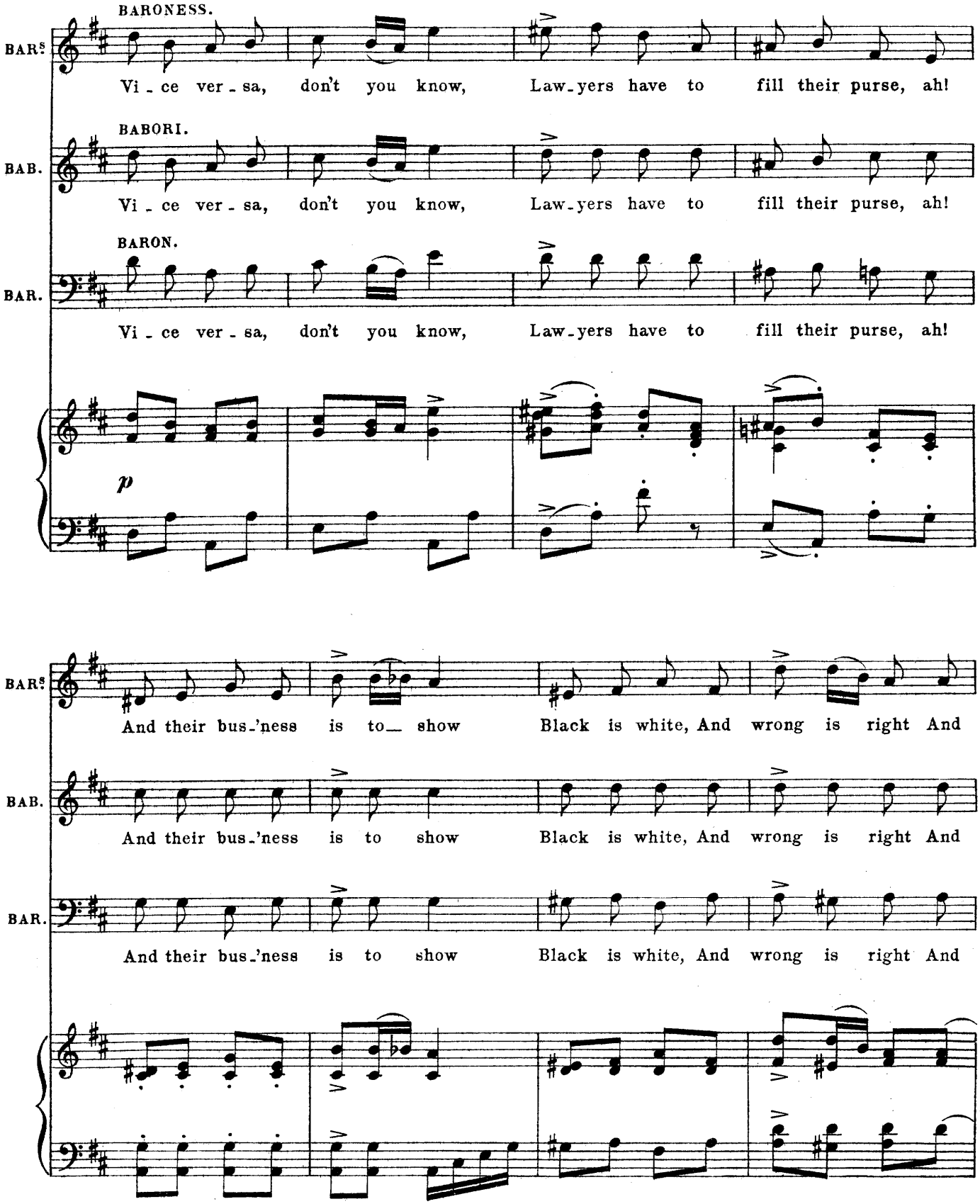
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

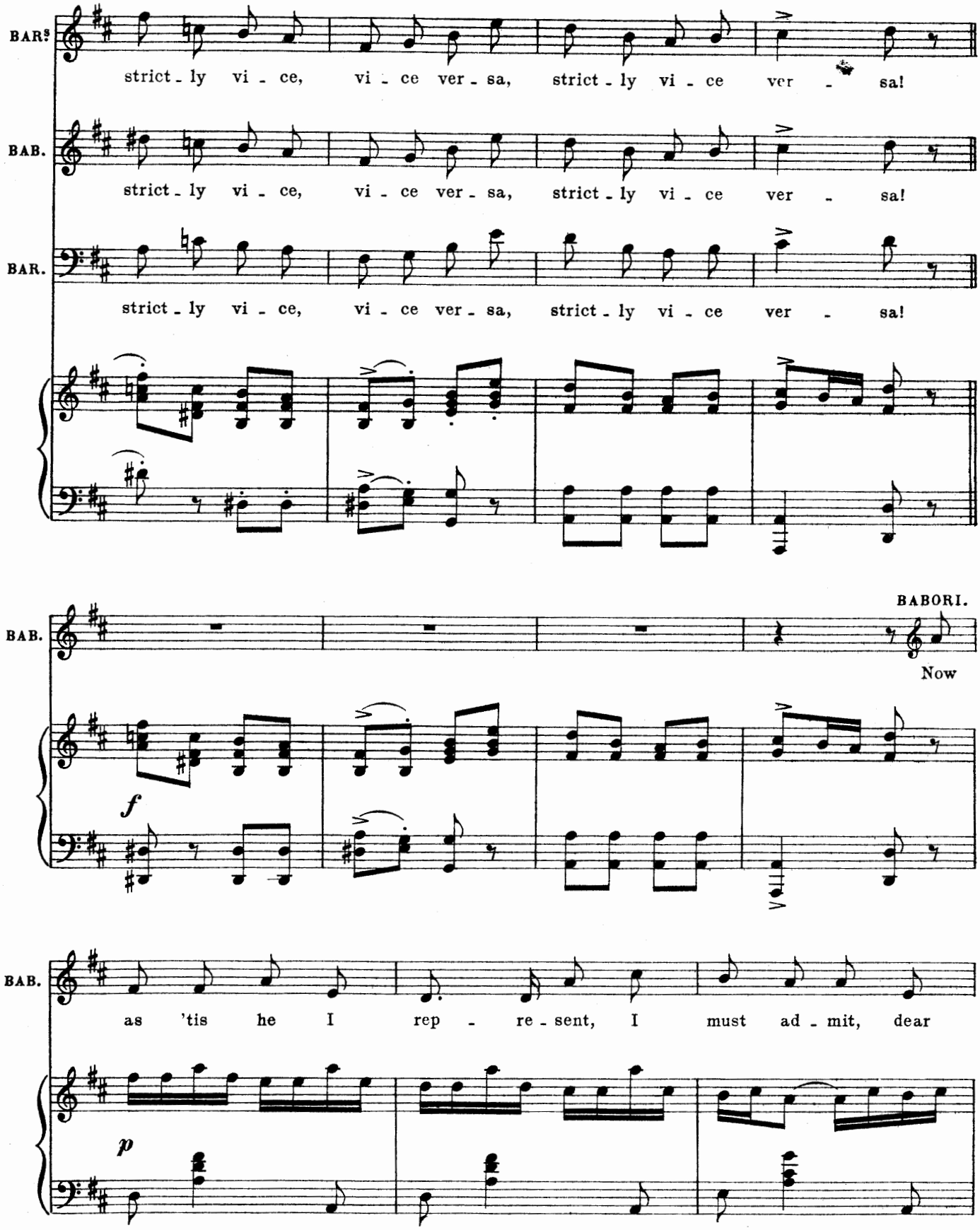
Allegretto moderato.

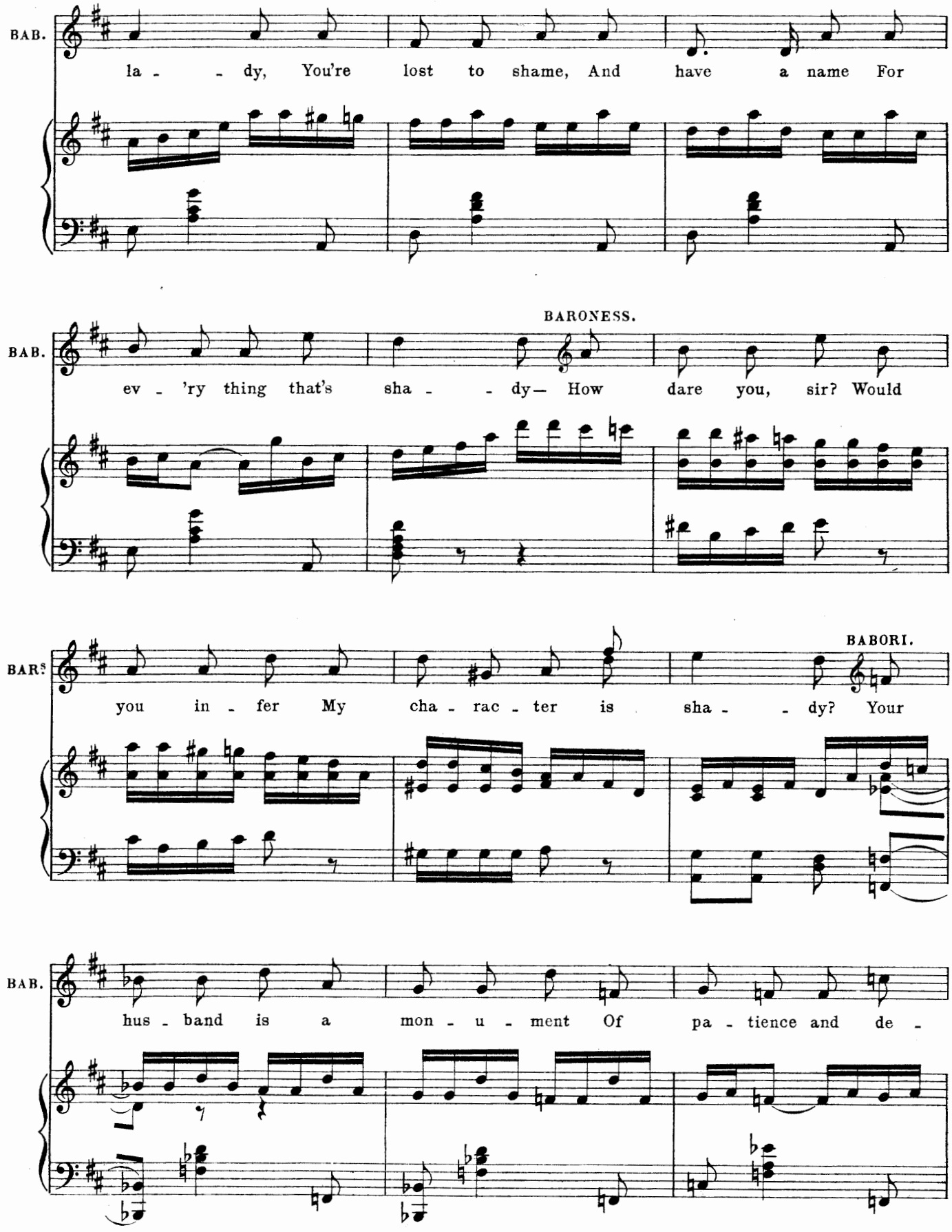


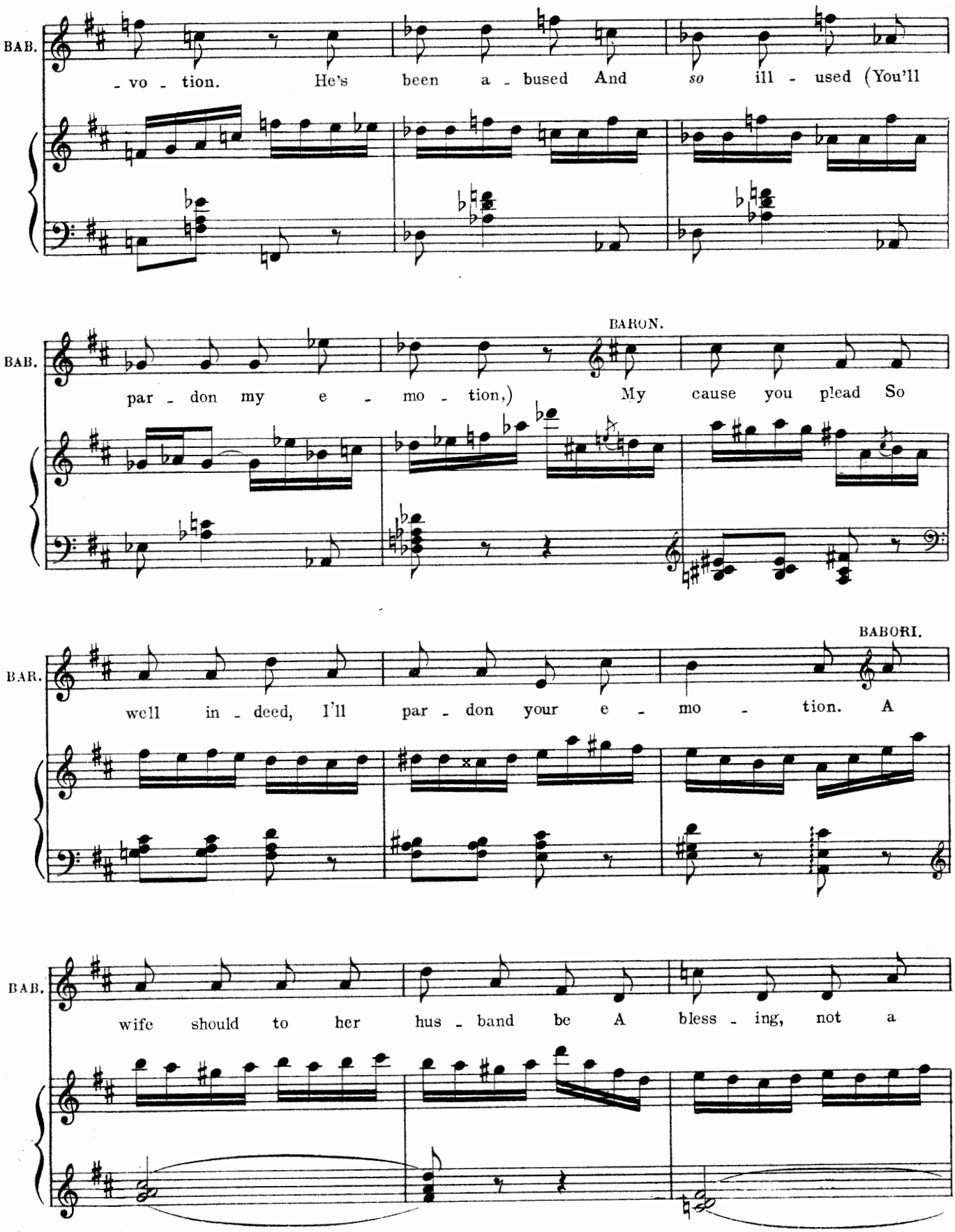

BARS.
pray, sir, hush! You make me blush, I've not got ev - 'ry
BABORI.
BARS.
vir - - tue. I'd prove your hus - band, more or less, Was
BAB.
grum - py and close - fist - ed, A scoun - drel low From
BAB.
top to toe, If ev - er one ex - ist - ed.
BARON.
Too

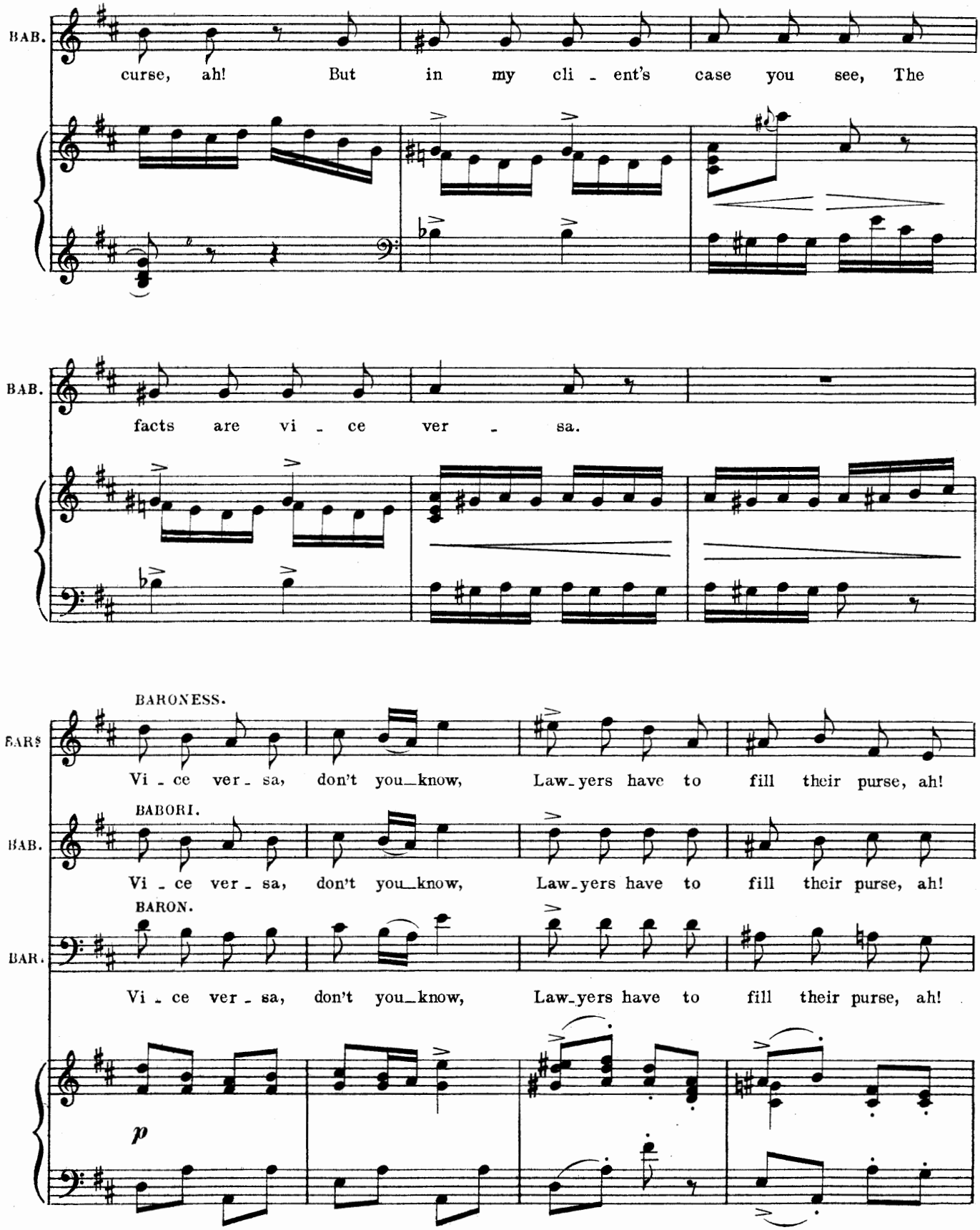

BAR.
bad of you, It is - n't true, I ne - ver was close -
BABORI.
BAR.
- fist - - ed! I might go on to show that he was
BAB.
get - ting worse and worse, ah! But he's my cli - ent,
BAB.
don't you see, So all is vi - ce ver - sa.

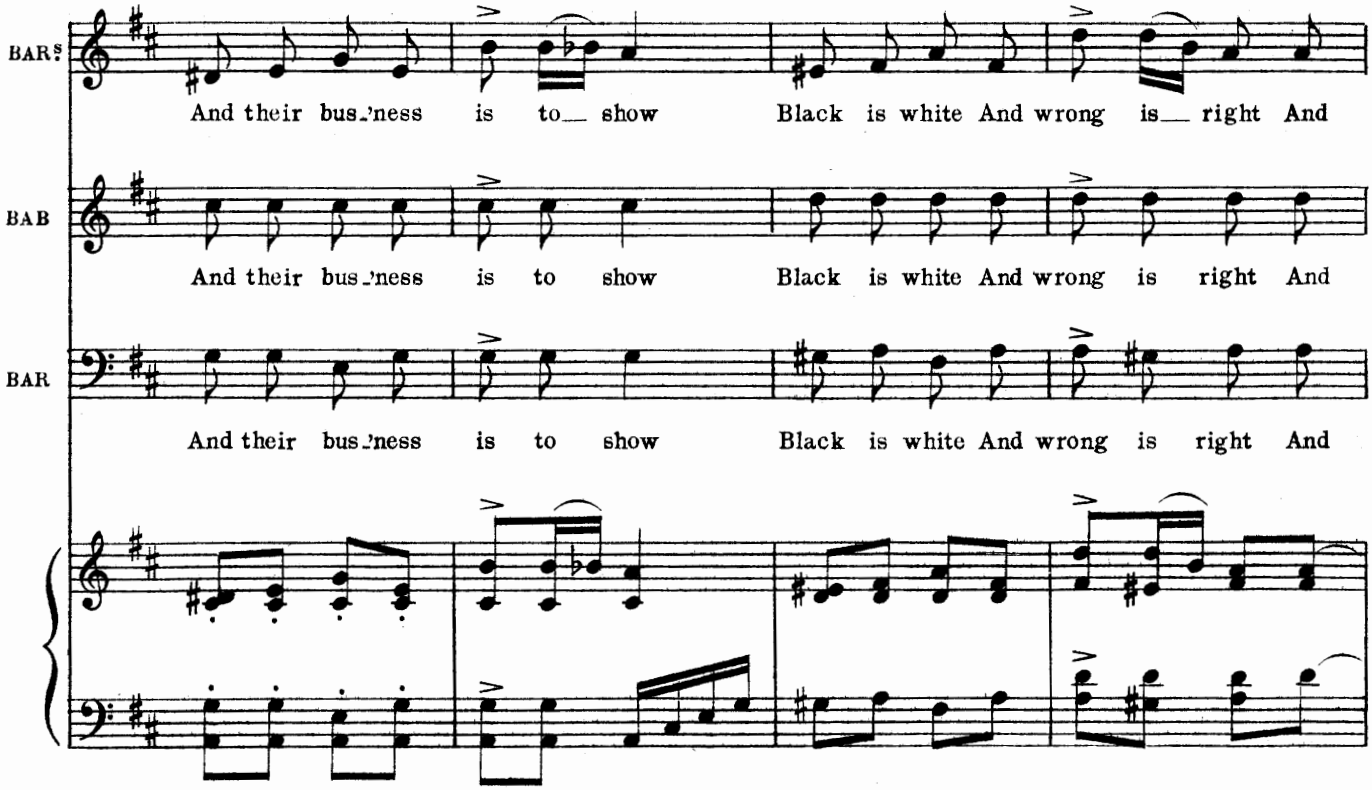

BARONESS.
BAR.
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
BABORI.
BAB.
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
BARON.
BAR.
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
p
BAR.
And their bus-'ness is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And
BAB.
And their bus-'ness is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And
BAR.
And their bus-'ness is to show Black is white, And wrong is right And

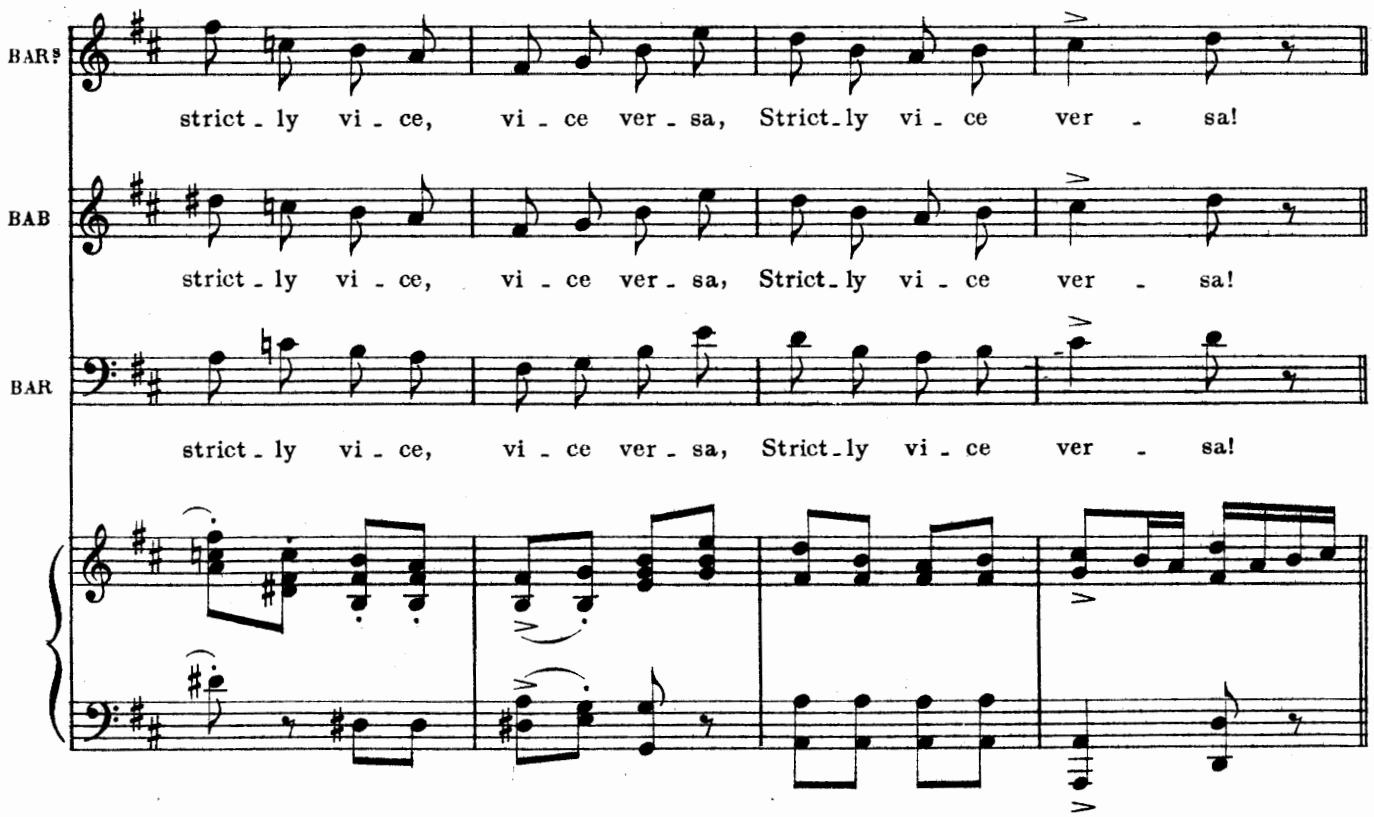

BARS
strict - ly vi - ce, vi - ce ver - sa, strict - ly vi - ce ver - sa!
BAB.
strict - ly vi - ce, vi - ce ver - sa, strict - ly vi - ce ver - sa!
BAR.
strict - ly vi - ce, vi - ce ver - sa, strict - ly vi - ce ver - sa!
BABORI.
BAB.
Now
f
BAB.
as 'tis he I rep - re - sent, I must ad - mit, dear
p


BAB.
la - - dy, You're lost to shame, And have a name For
BARONESS.
BAB.
ev - 'ry thing that's sha - - dy— How dare you, sir? Would
BARS
BABORI.
you in - fer My cha - rac - ter is sha - - dy? Your
BAB.
hus - band is a mon - u - ment Of pa - tience and de -


BAB.
- vo - tion. He's been a - bused And so ill - used (You'll
BAB.
BARON.
par - don my e - mo - tion,) My cause you plead So
BAR.
BABORI.
well in - deed, I'll par - don your e - mo - tion. A
BAB.
wife should to her hus - band be A bless - ing, not a

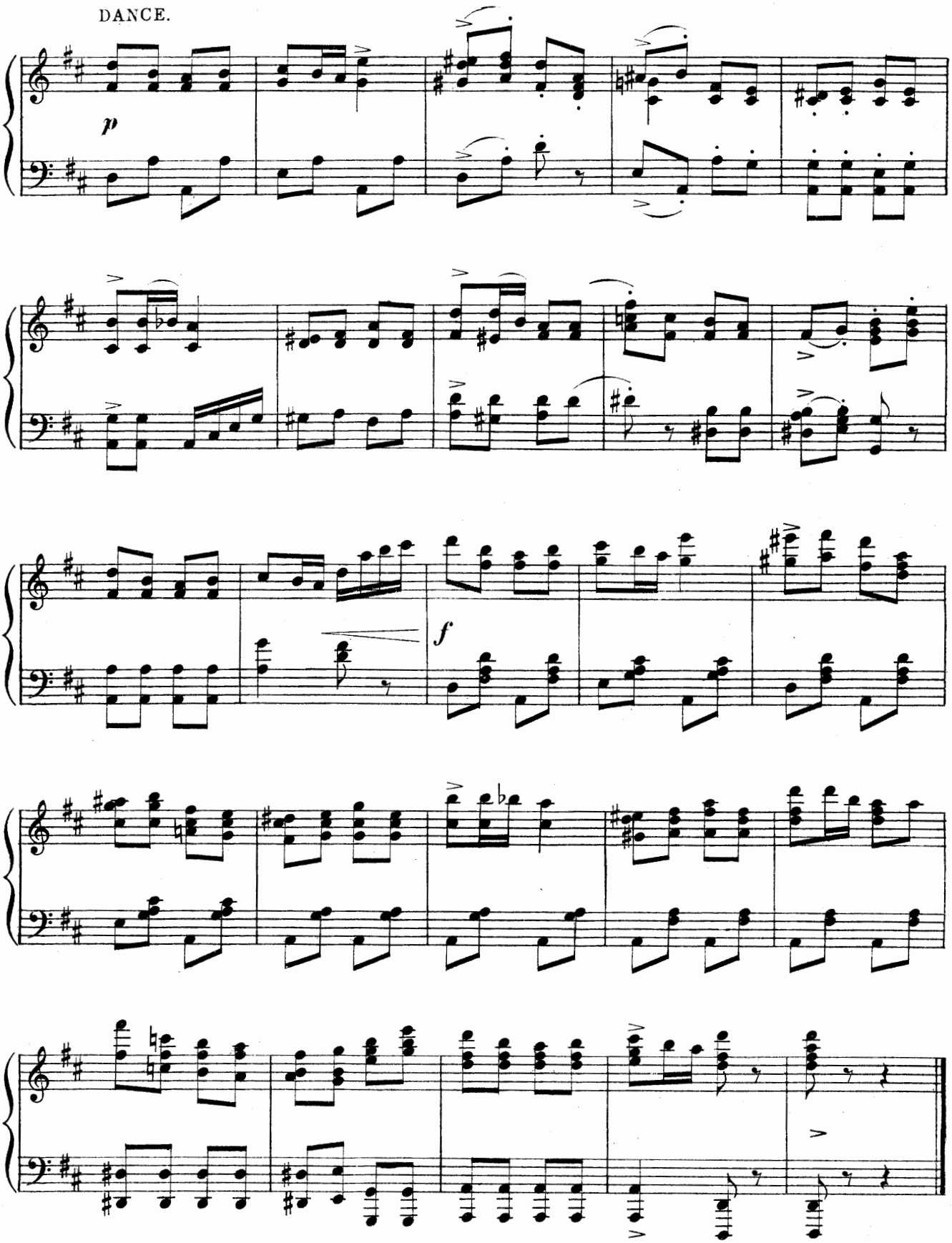

BAB.
curse, ah! But in my cli - ent's case you see, The
BAB.
facts are vi - ce ver - sa.
BARONESS.
BARS
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
BABORI.
BAB.
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
BARON.
BAR.
Vi - ce ver - sa, don't you know, Law-yers have to fill their purse, ah!
p


BARS
And their bus-'ness is to— show Black is white And wrong is— right And
BAB
And their bus-'ness is to show Black is white And wrong is right And
BAR
And their bus-'ness is to show Black is white And wrong is right And


BARS
strict-ly vi-ce, vi-ce ver-sa, Strict-ly vi-ce ver-sa!
BAB
strict-ly vi-ce, vi-ce ver-sa, Strict-ly vi-ce ver-sa!
BAR
strict-ly vi-ce, vi-ce ver-sa, Strict-ly vi-ce ver-sa!

252850

DANCE.



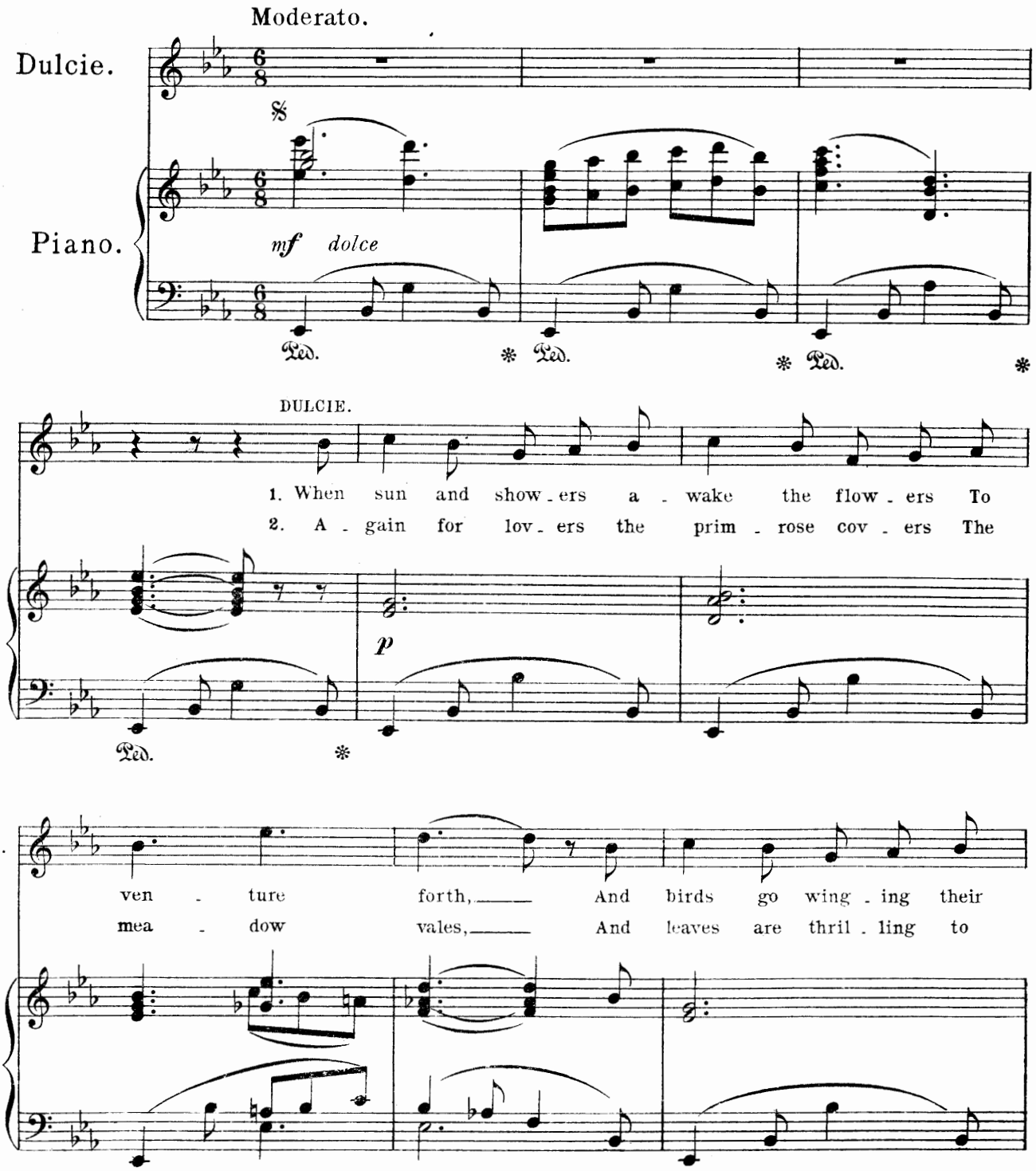
No. 4.

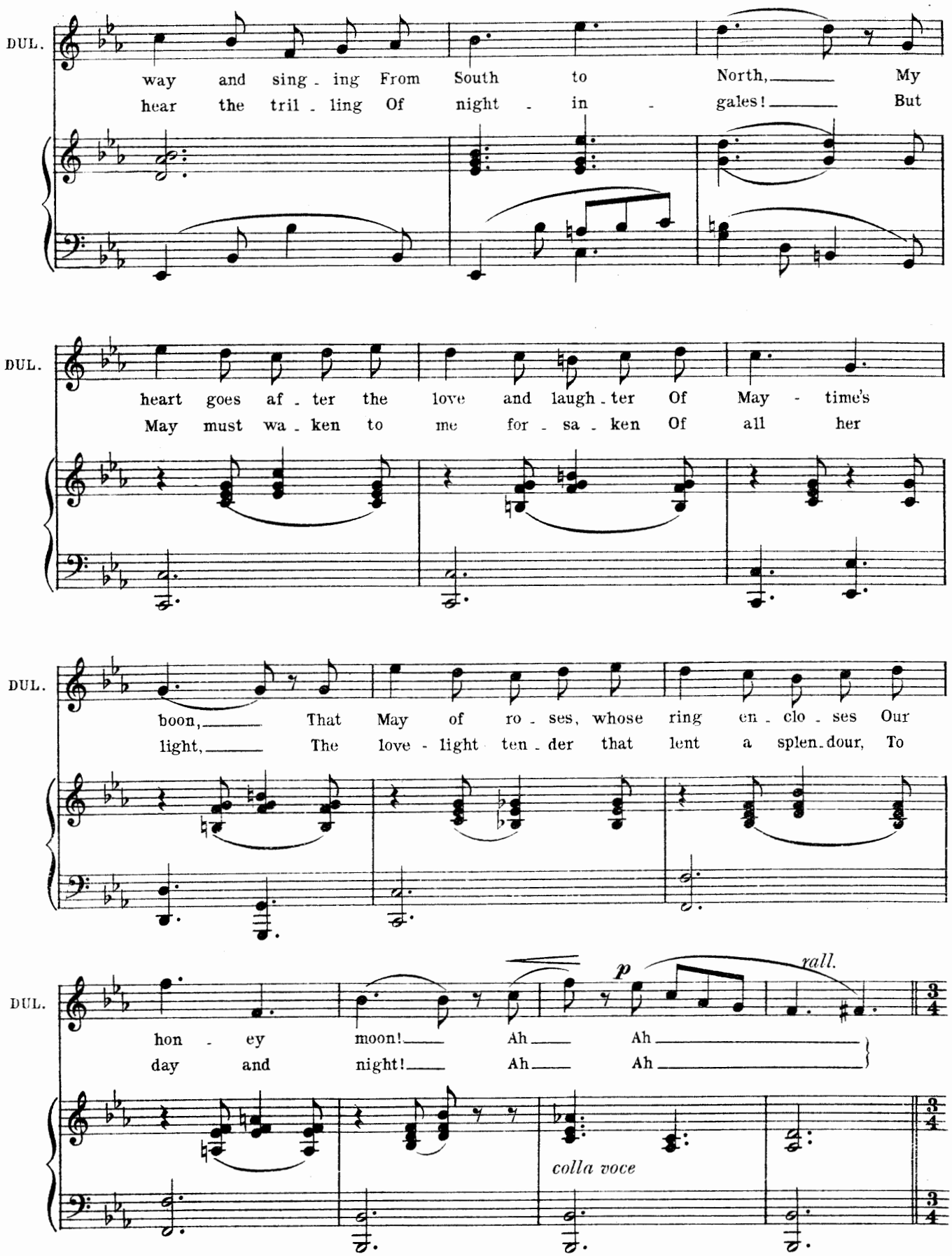
SONG.—(Dulcie.)

"THE MOON OF MAY."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

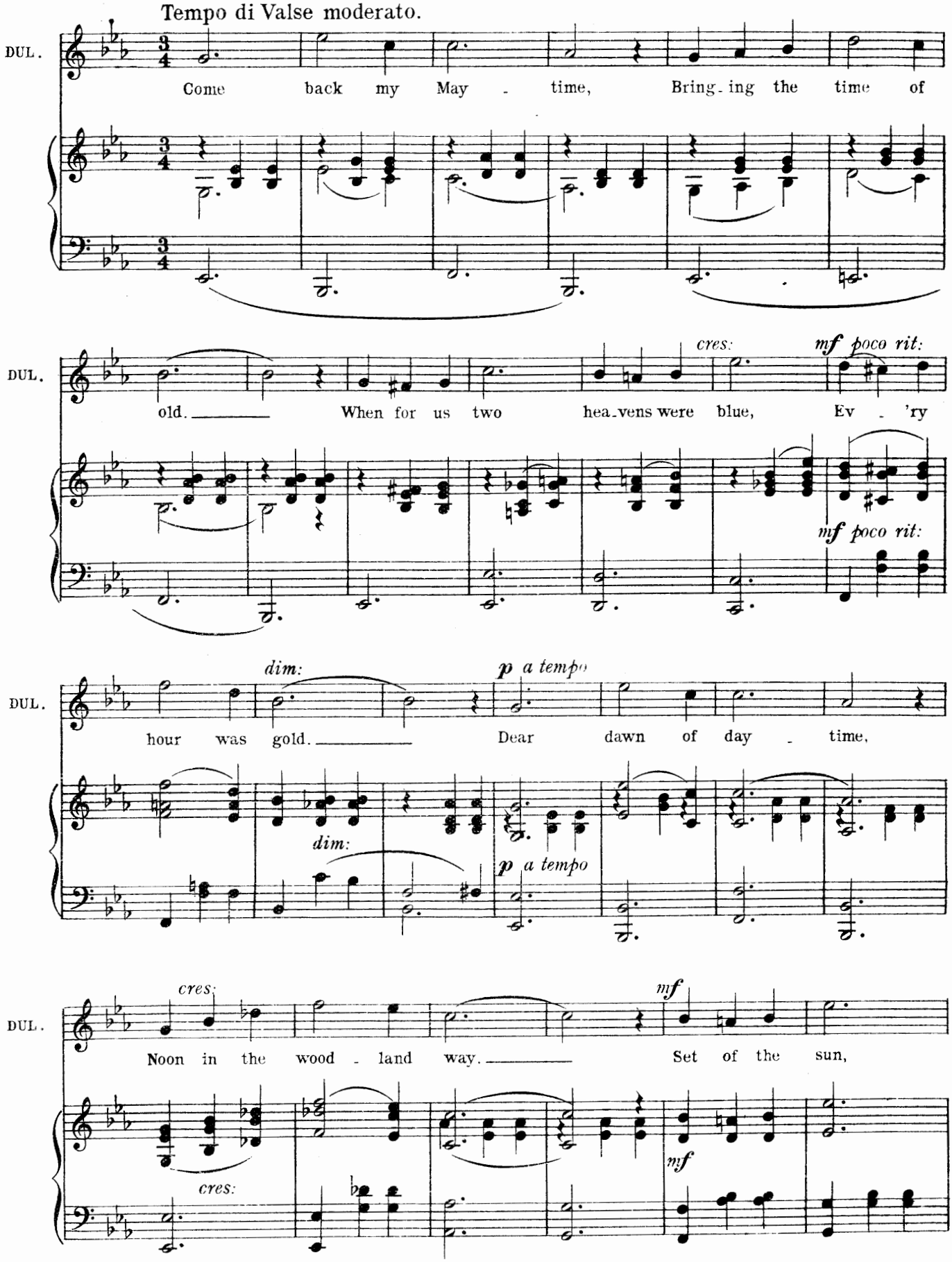
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

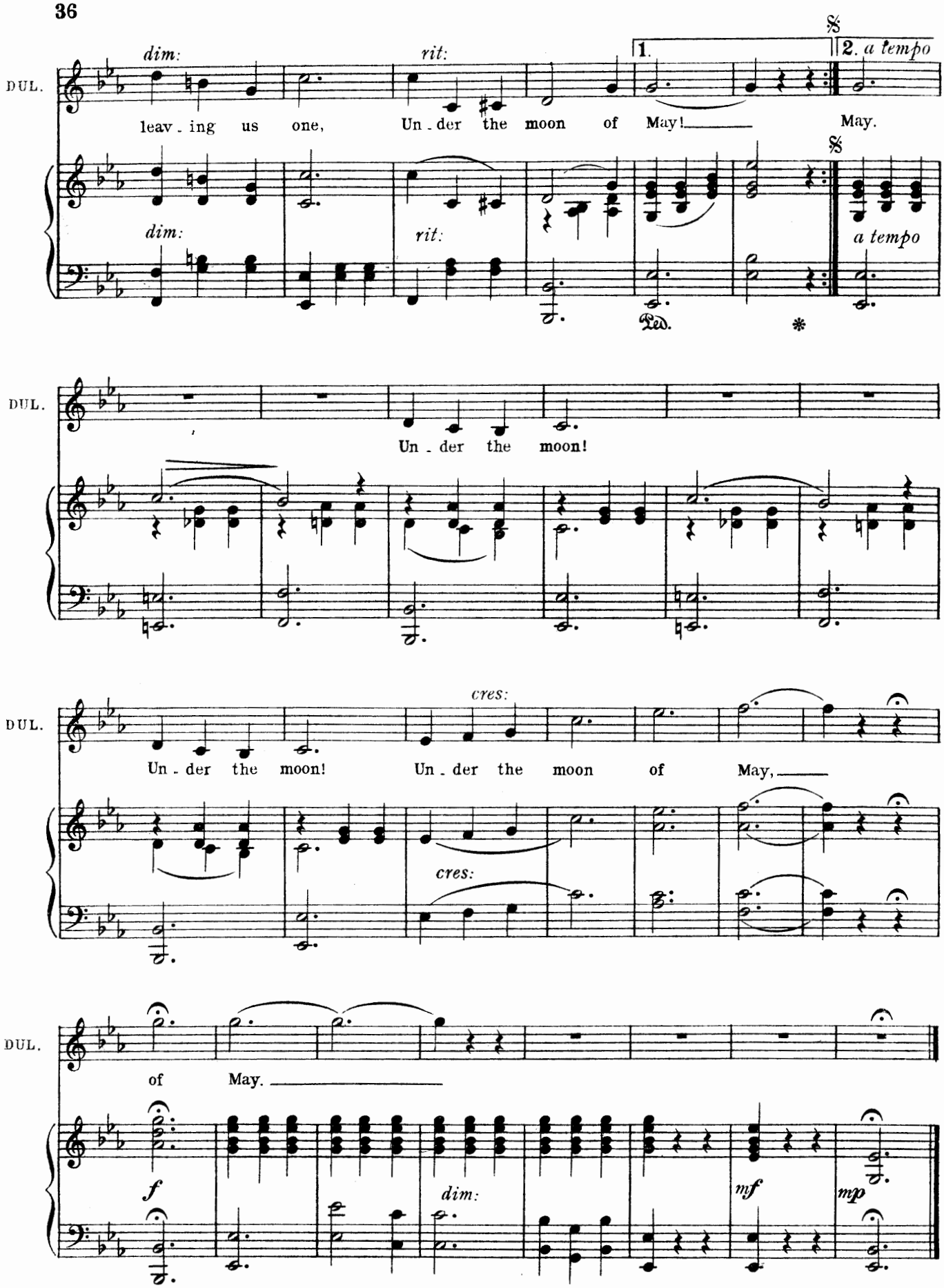



DUL.
way and sing - ing From South to North, My
hear the tril - ling Of night - in - gales! But
DUL.
heart goes af - ter the love and laugh - ter Of May - time's
May must wa - ken to me for - sa - ken Of all her
DUL.
boon, That May of ro - ses, whose ring en - clo - ses Our
light, The love - light ten - der that lent a splen - dour, To
DUL.
p
rall.
hon - ey moon! Ah Ah
day and night! Ah Ah
colla voce

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse moderato.



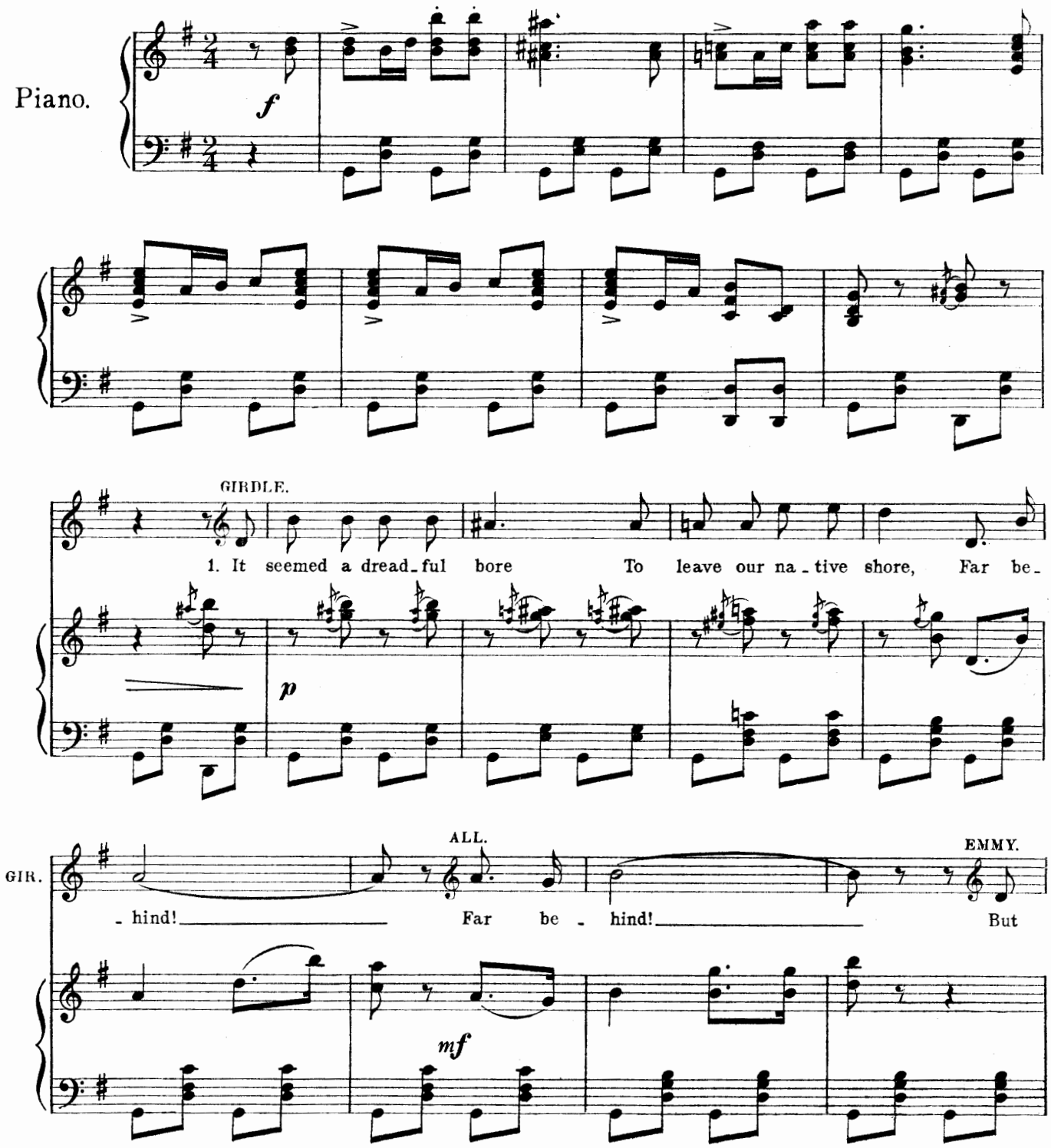

dim:
rit:
1.
2. a tempo
DUL.
leav - ing us one, Un - der the moon of May! May.
dim:
rit:
a tempo
Ped.
*
DUL.
Un - der the moon!
DUL.
cres:
Un - der the moon! Un - der the moon of May,
cres:
DUL.
of May.
f
dim:
mf
mp

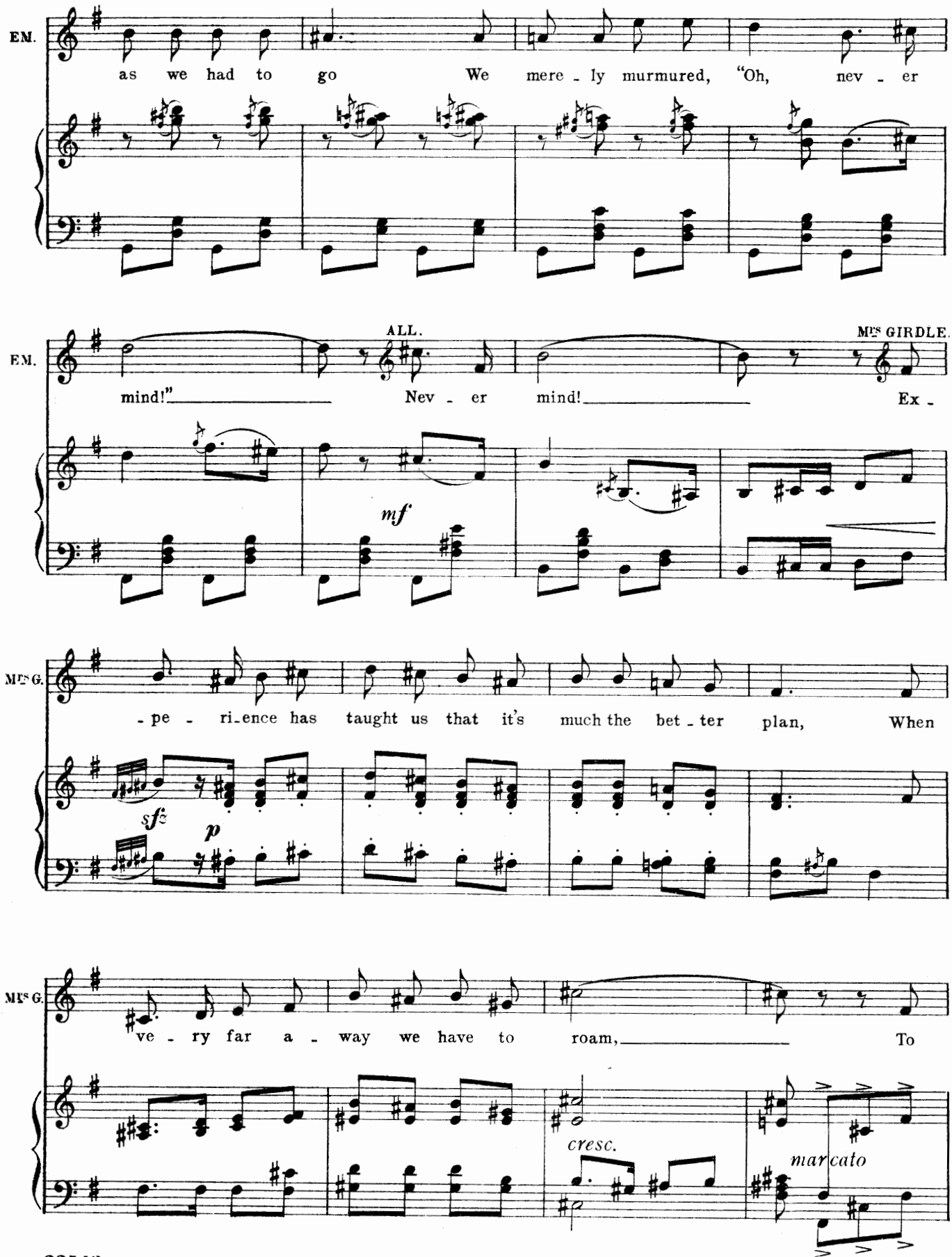
No 5. QUARTET. (Mr & Mrs Girdle, Emmy-Lou and Stephen-Henry.)

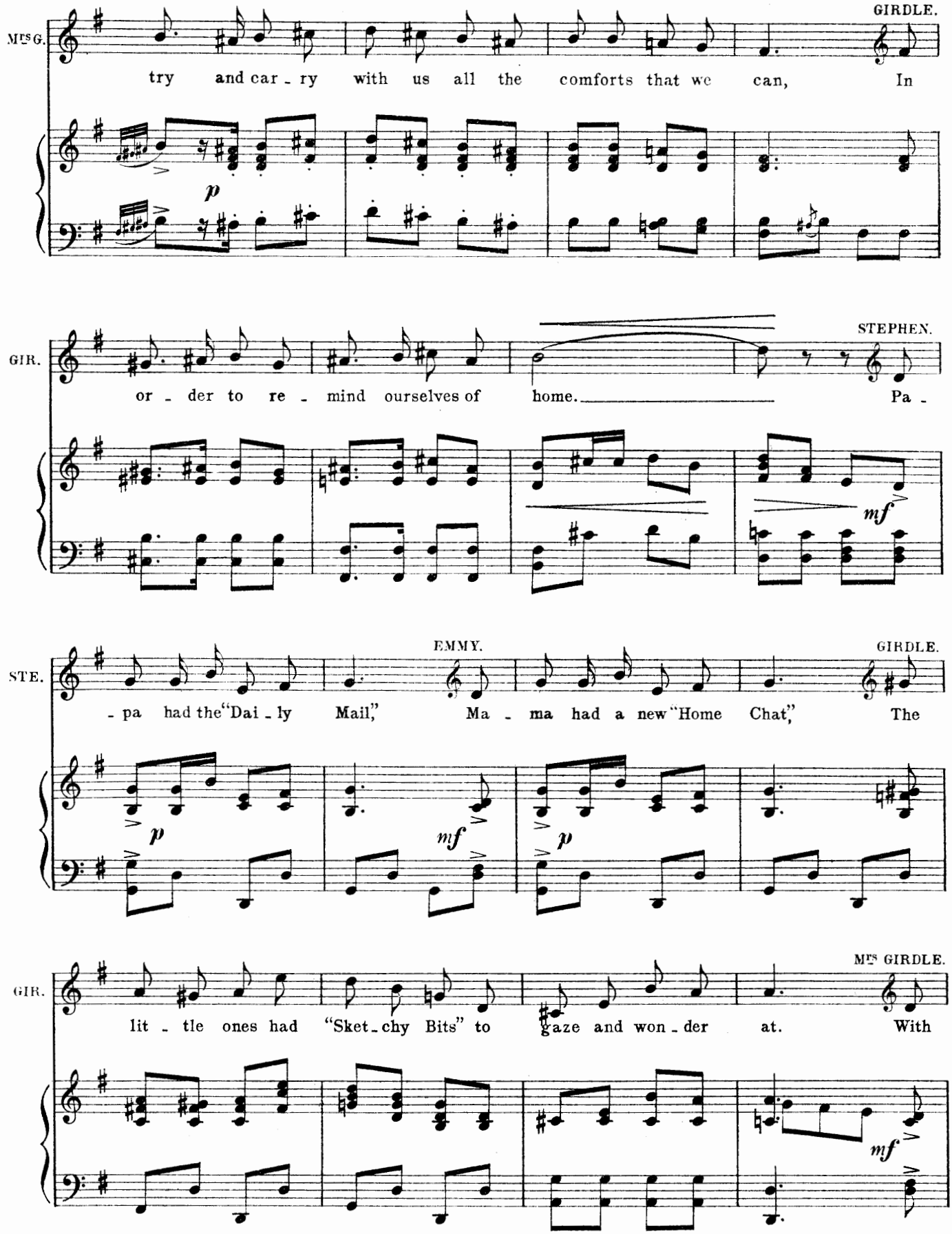
"THE BRITISH TOURIST."

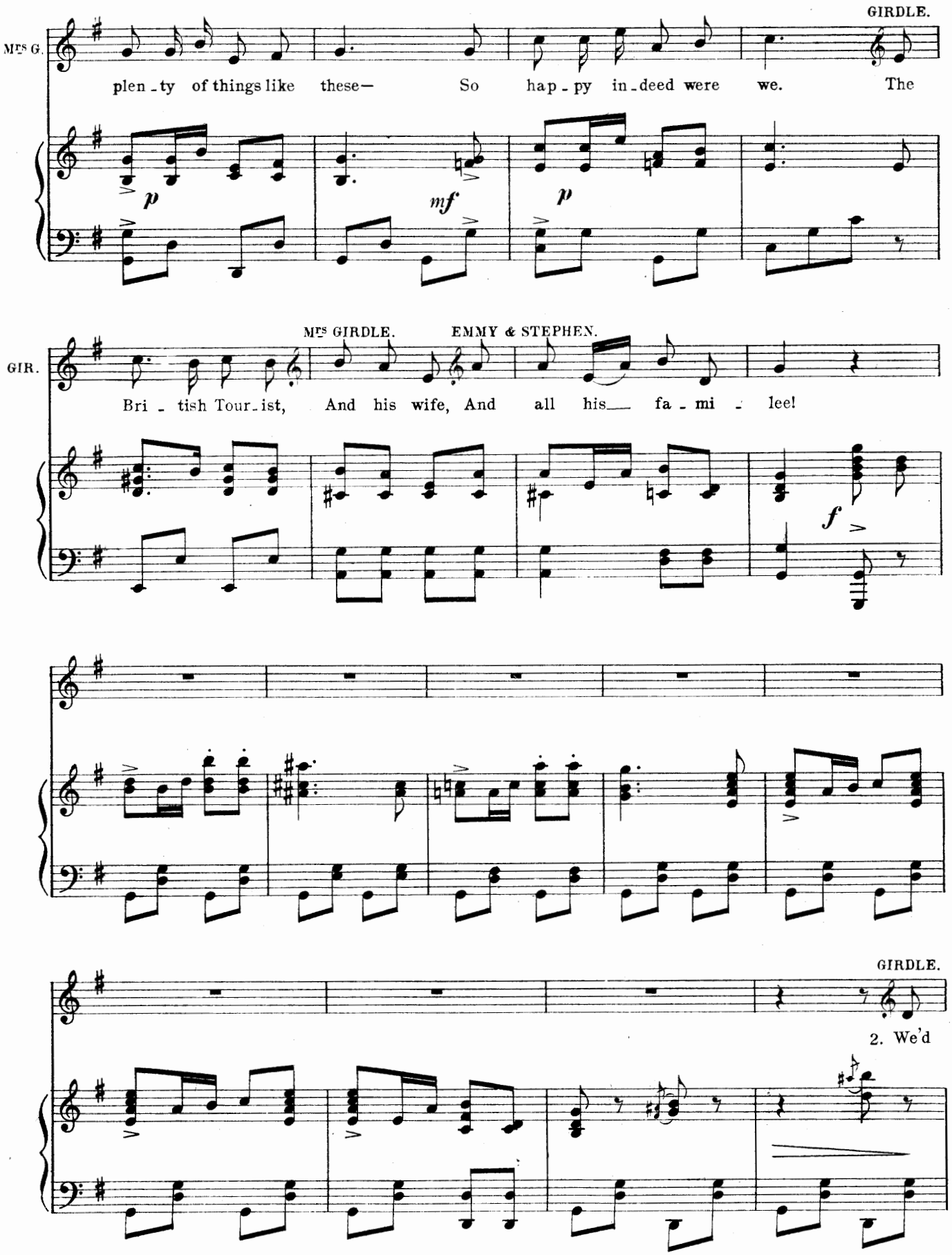
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

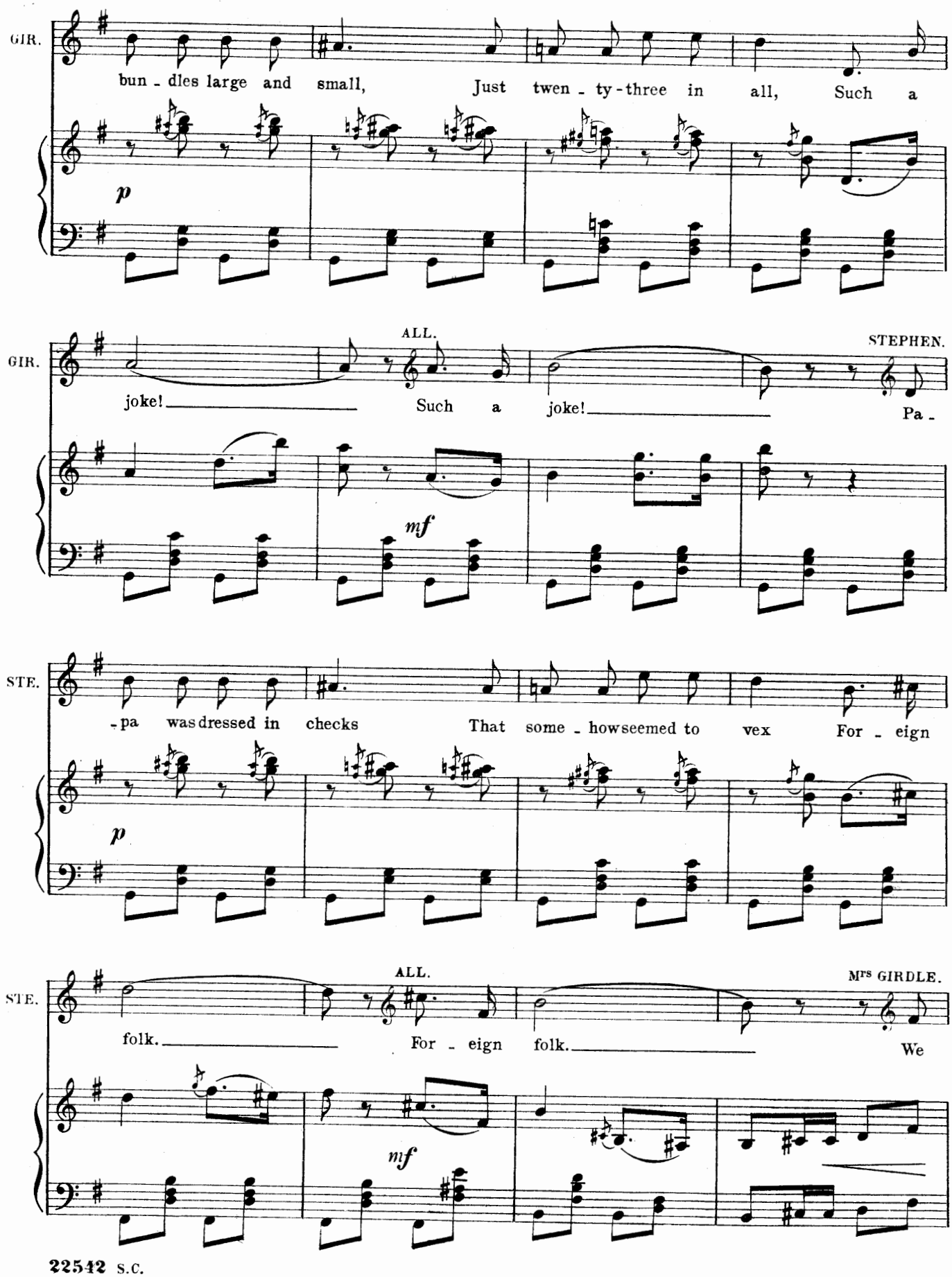
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

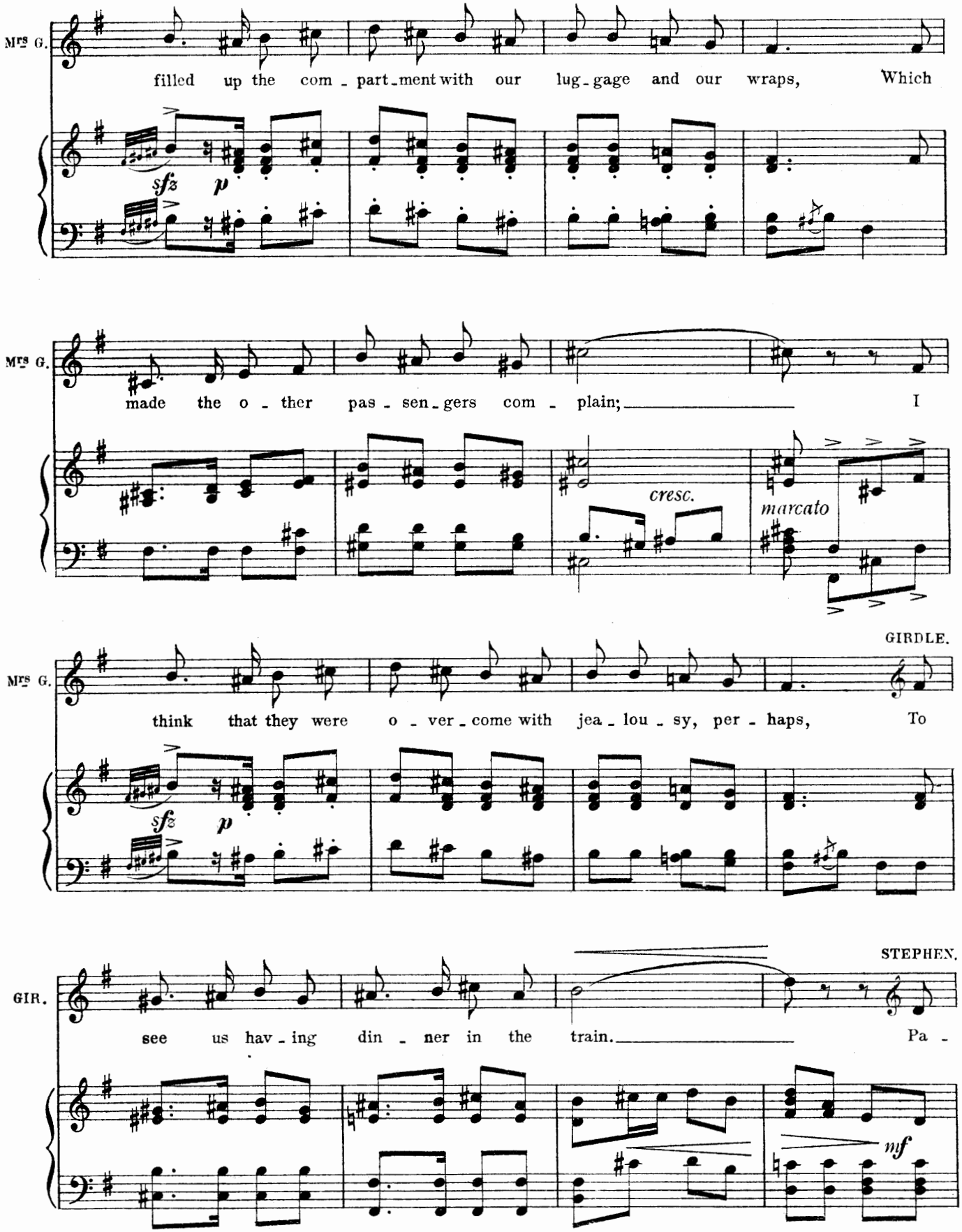


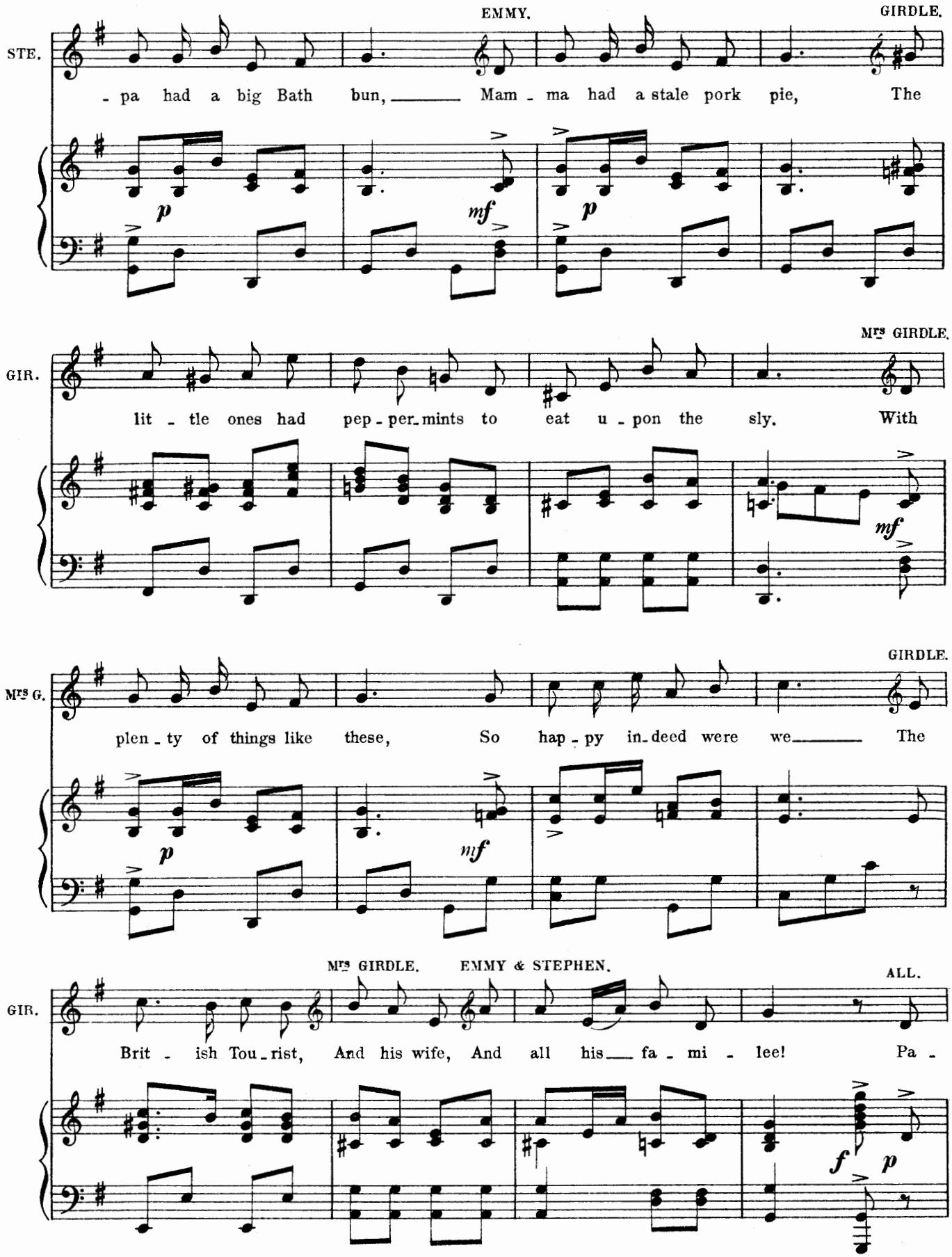

EM.
as we had to go We mere - ly murmured, "Oh, nev - er
EM.
ALL.
MRS GIRDLE.
mind!" Nev - er mind! Ex -
mf
MRS G.
- pe - ri-ence has taught us that it's much the bet - ter plan, When
sfz
p
MRS G.
ve - ry far a - way we have to roam, To
cresc.
marcato

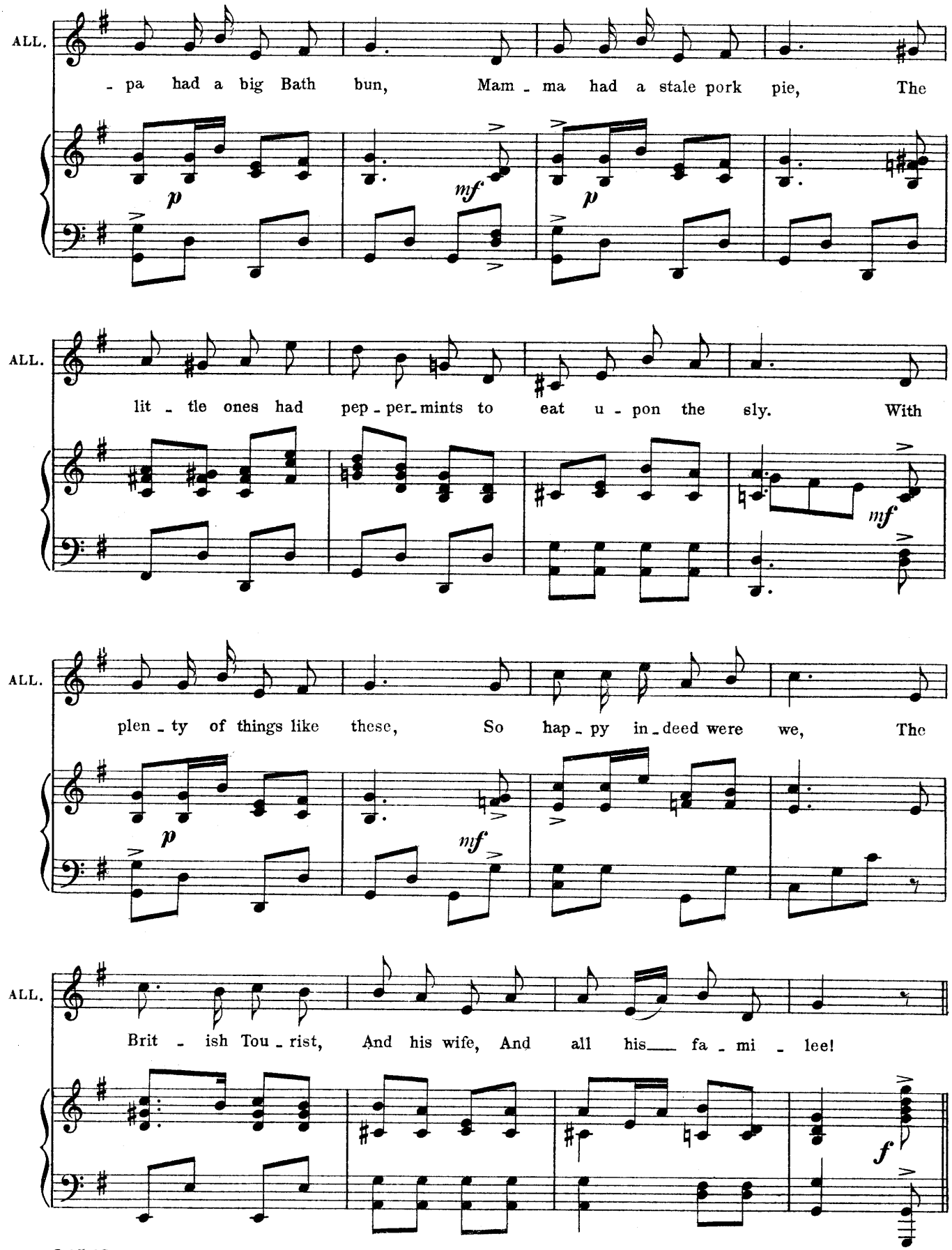

MRS G.
try and car - ry with us all the comforts that we can, In
GIRDLE.
p
GIR.
or - der to re - mind ourselves of home. Pa -
STEPHEN.
mf
STE.
- pa had the "Dai - ly Mail," Ma - ma had a new "Home Chat," The
EMMY.
GIRDLE.
p
mf
p
GIR.
lit - tle ones had "Sket - chy Bits" to gaze and won - der at. With
MRS GIRDLE.
mf


GIRDLE.
MRS G.
plen - ty of things like these— So hap - py in - deed were we. The
p
mf
p
MRS GIRDLE.
EMMY & STEPHEN.
GIR.
Bri - tish Tour - ist, And his wife, And all his fa - mi - lee!
f
GIRDLE.
2. We'd

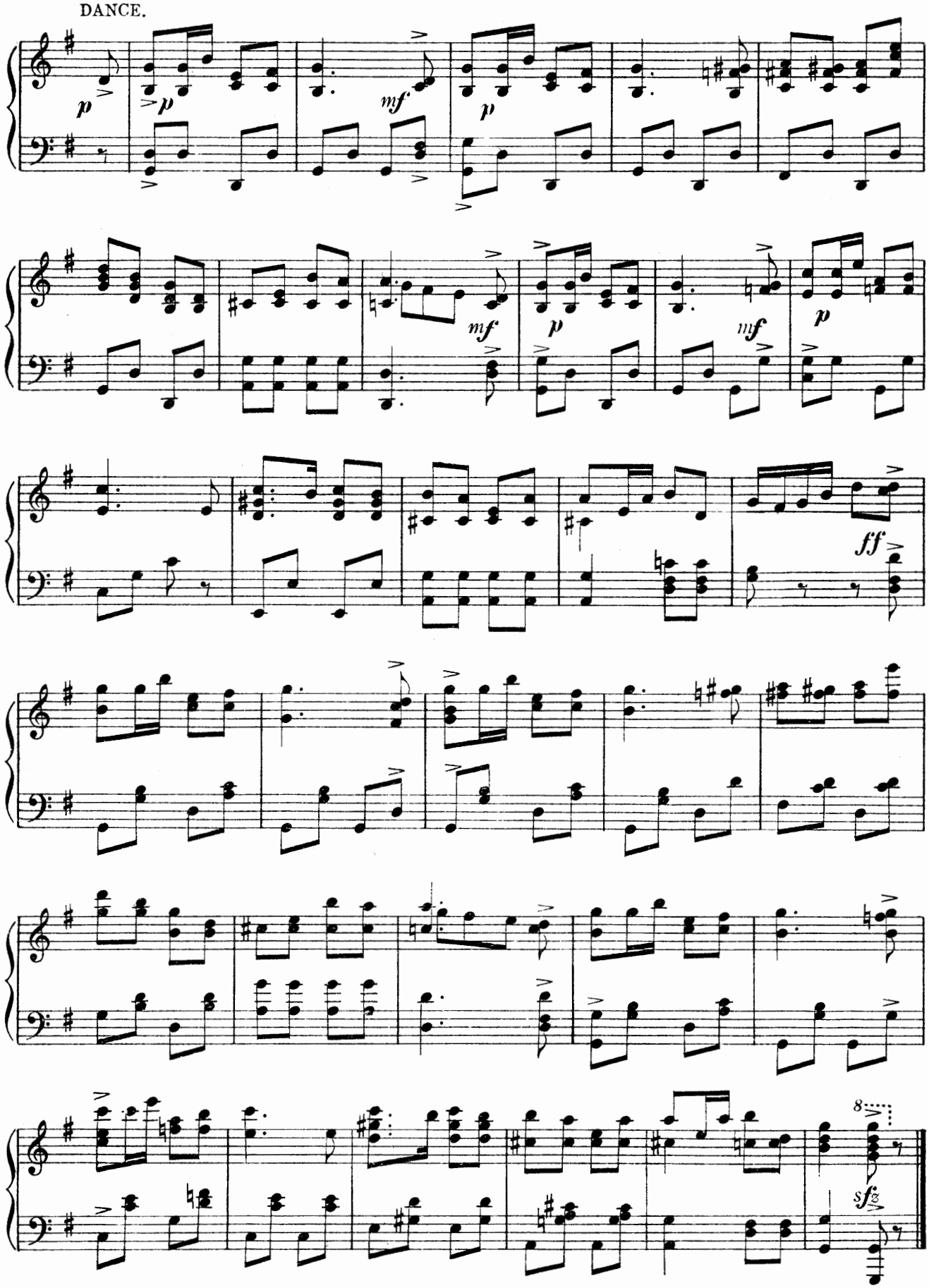

GIR.
bun - dles large and small, Just twen - ty-three in all, Such a
p
GIR.
ALL.
STEPHEN.
joke! Such a joke! Pa -
mf
STE.
-pa was dressed in checks That some - how seemed to vex For - eign
p
STE.
ALL.
Mrs GIRDLE.
folk. For - eign folk. We
mf


Mrs G.
filled up the com - part-ment with our lug-gage and our wraps, Which
sfz
p
Mrs G.
made the o - ther pas - sen-gers com - plain; I
cresc.
marcato
GIRDLE.
Mrs G.
think that they were o - ver-come with jea - lou - sy, per - haps, To
sfz
p
STEPHEN.
GIR.
see us hav - ing din - ner in the train. Pa -
mf


STE.
EMMY.
GIRDLE.
- pa had a big Bath bun, Mam - ma had a stale pork pie, The
p
mf
p
GIR.
Mrs GIRDLE.
lit - tle ones had pep - per - mints to eat u - pon the sly. With
mf
Mrs G.
GIRDLE.
plen - ty of things like these, So hap - py in - deed were we The
p
mf
GIR.
Mrs GIRDLE.
EMMY & STEPHEN.
ALL.
Brit - ish Tou - rist, And his wife, And all his fa - mi - lee! Pa -
f
p


ALL.
- pa had a big Bath bun, Mam - ma had a stale pork pie, The
p
mf
p
ALL.
lit - tle ones had pep - per - mints to eat u - pon the sly. With
mf
ALL.
plen - ty of things like these, So hap - py in - deed were we, The
p
mf
ALL.
Brit - ish Tou - rist, And his wife, And all his fa - mi - lee!
f

DANCE.

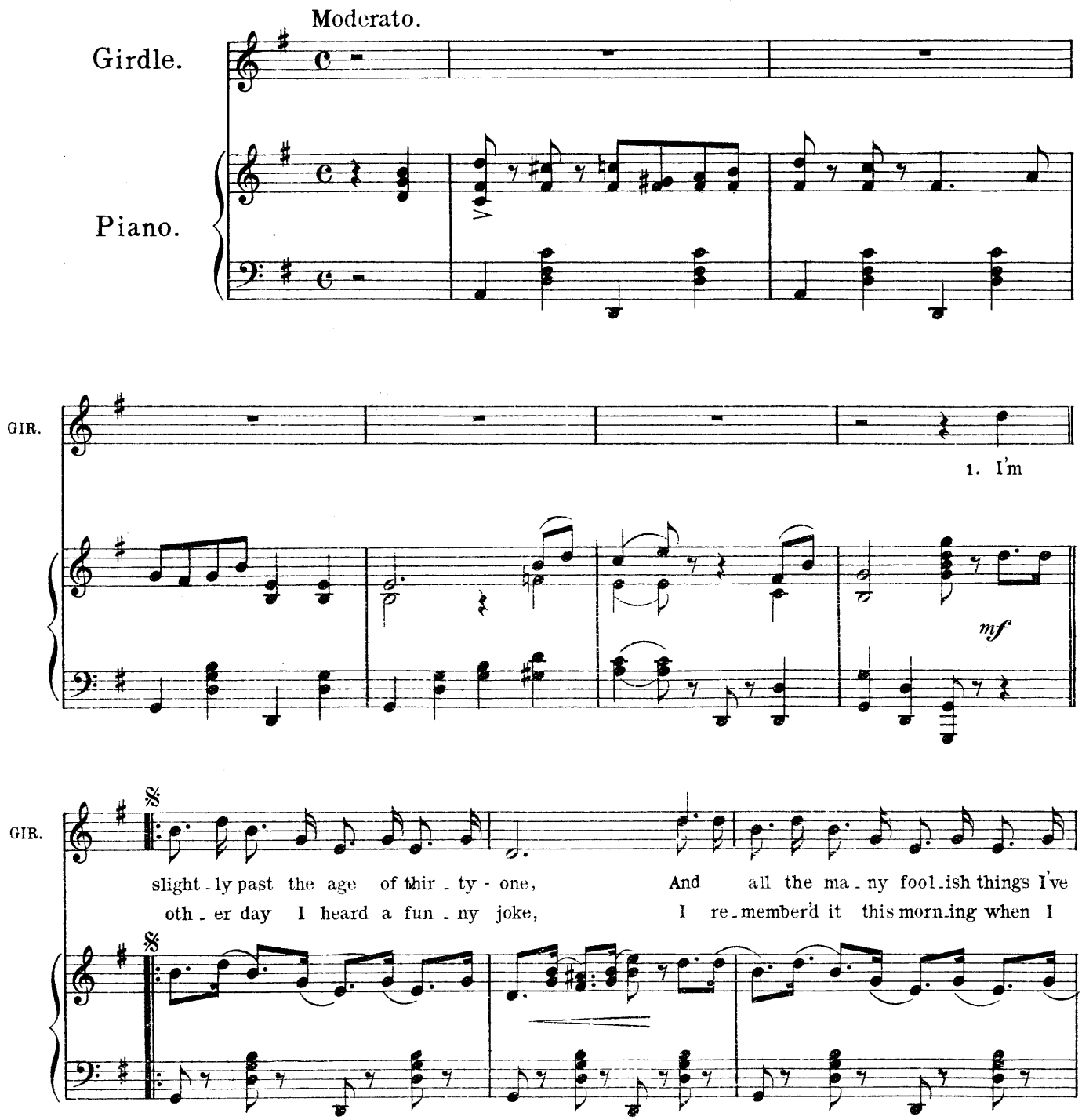


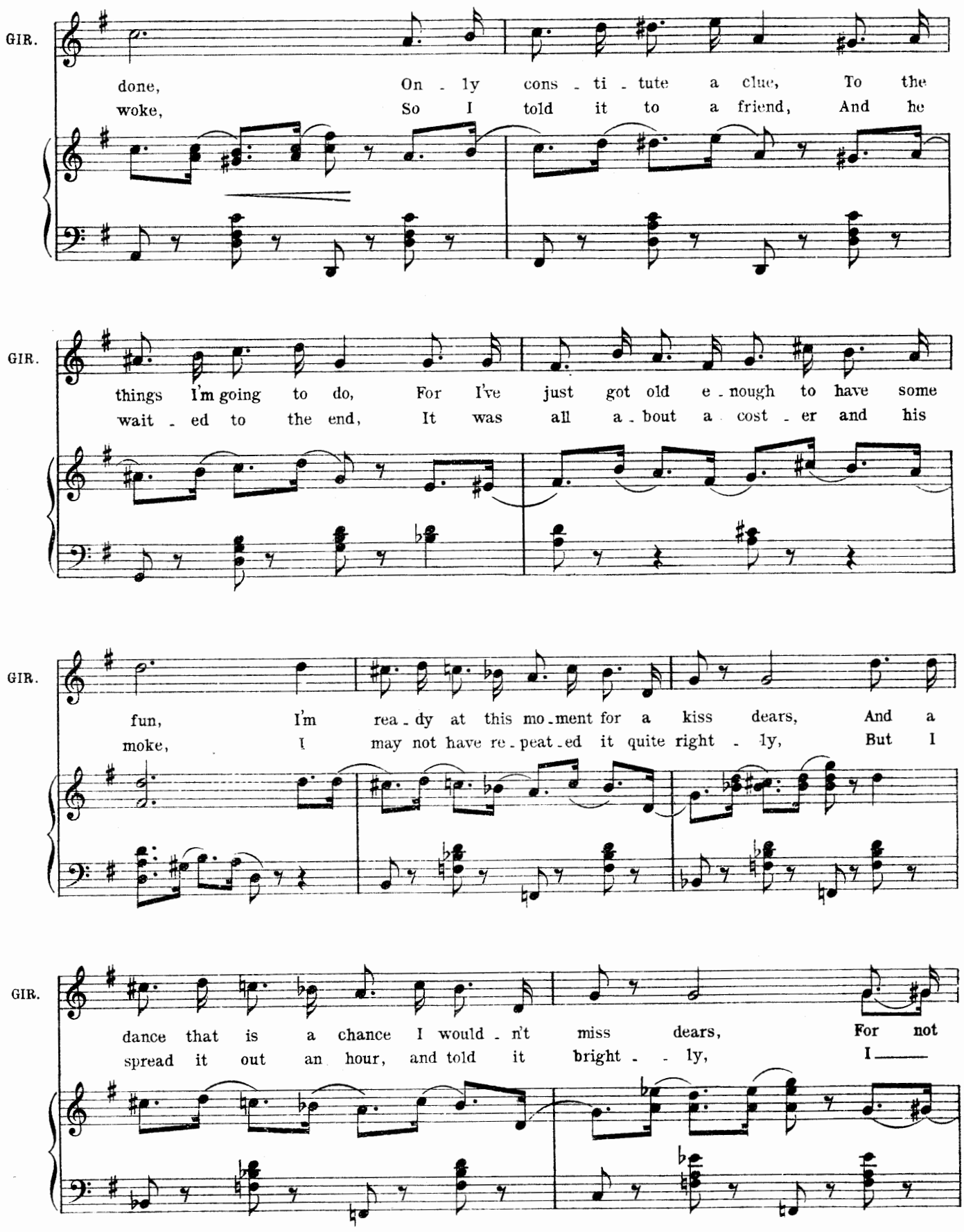
No. 6. SONG.—(Girdle.) and CHORUS.

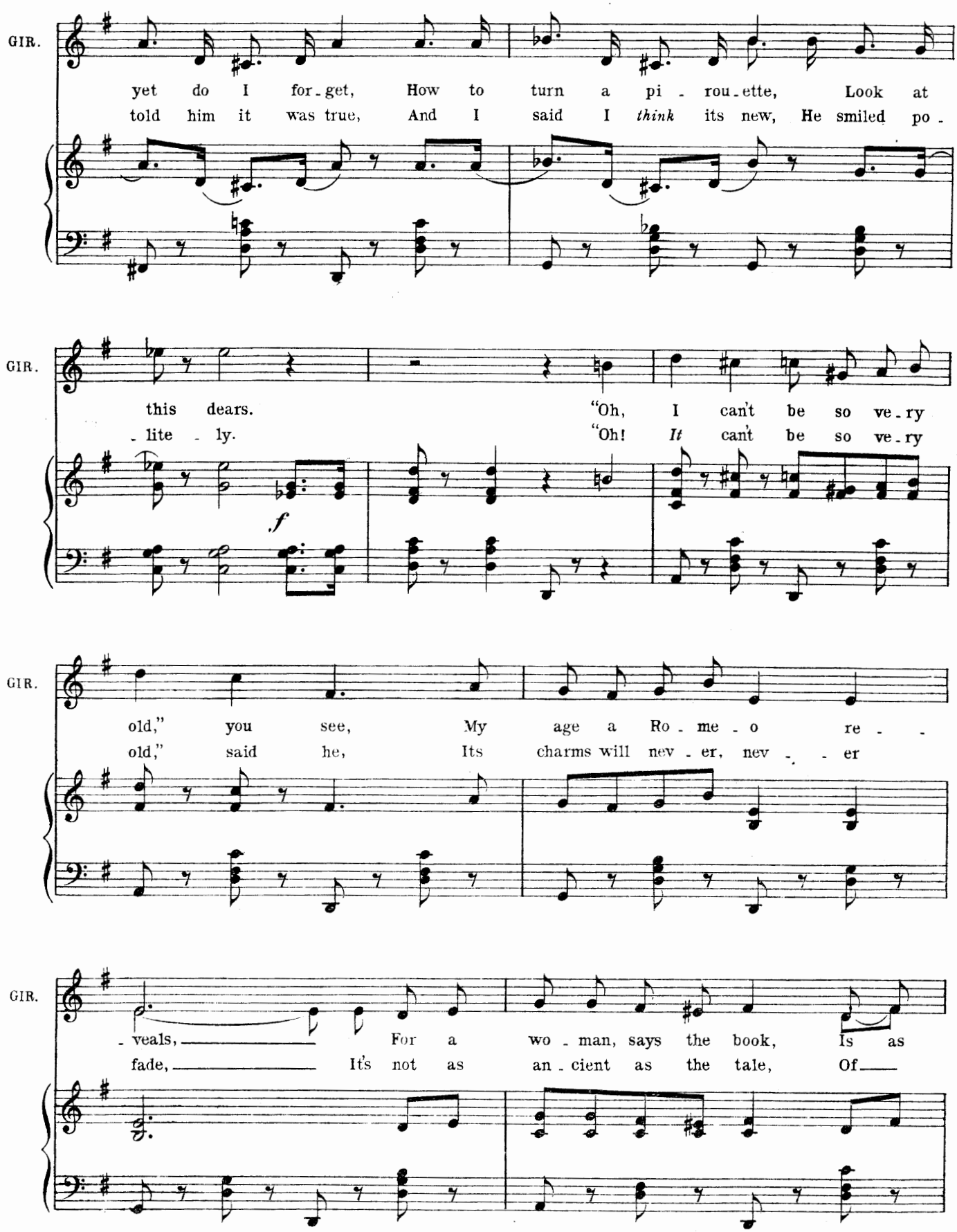
"NOT SO VERY OLD."

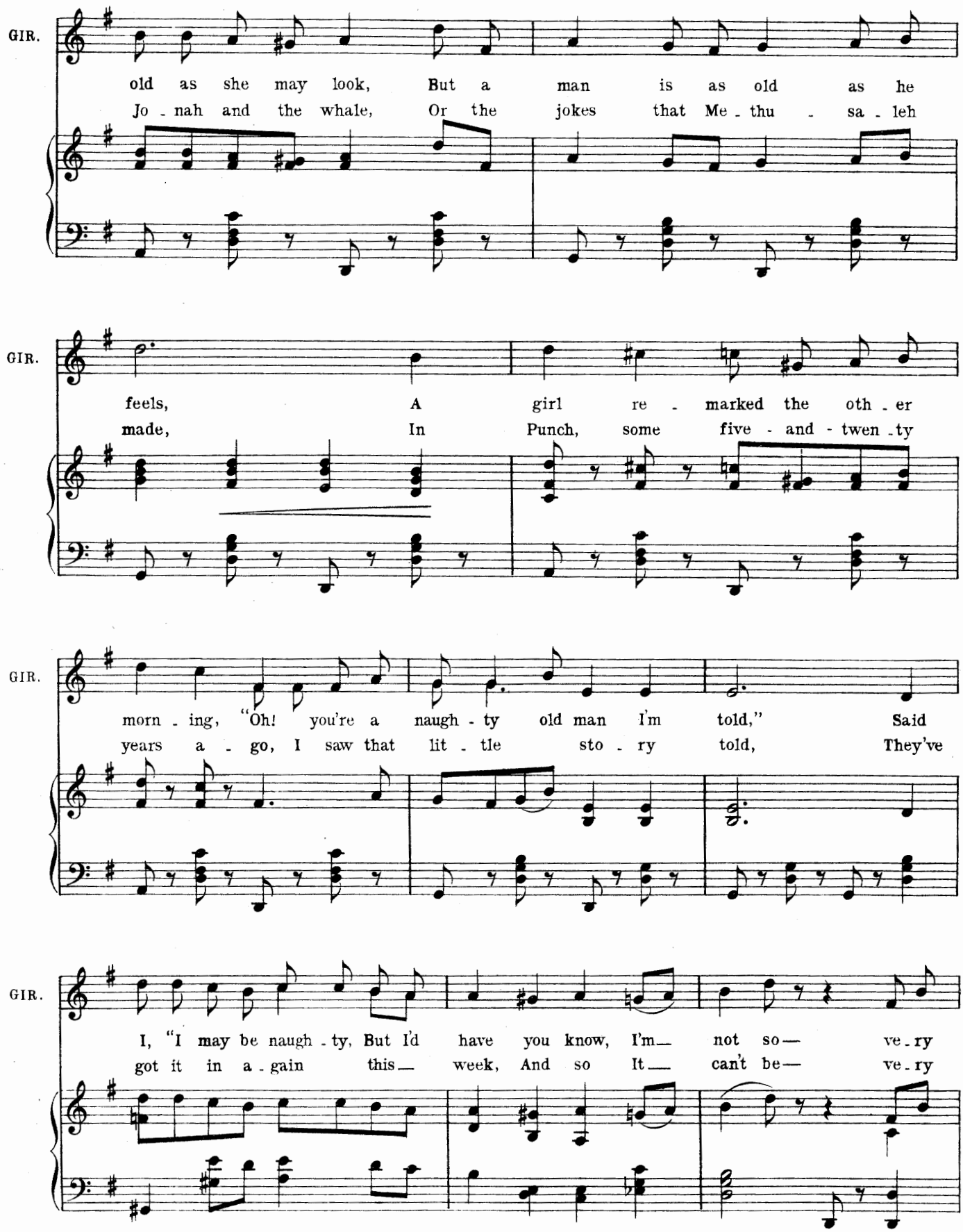
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

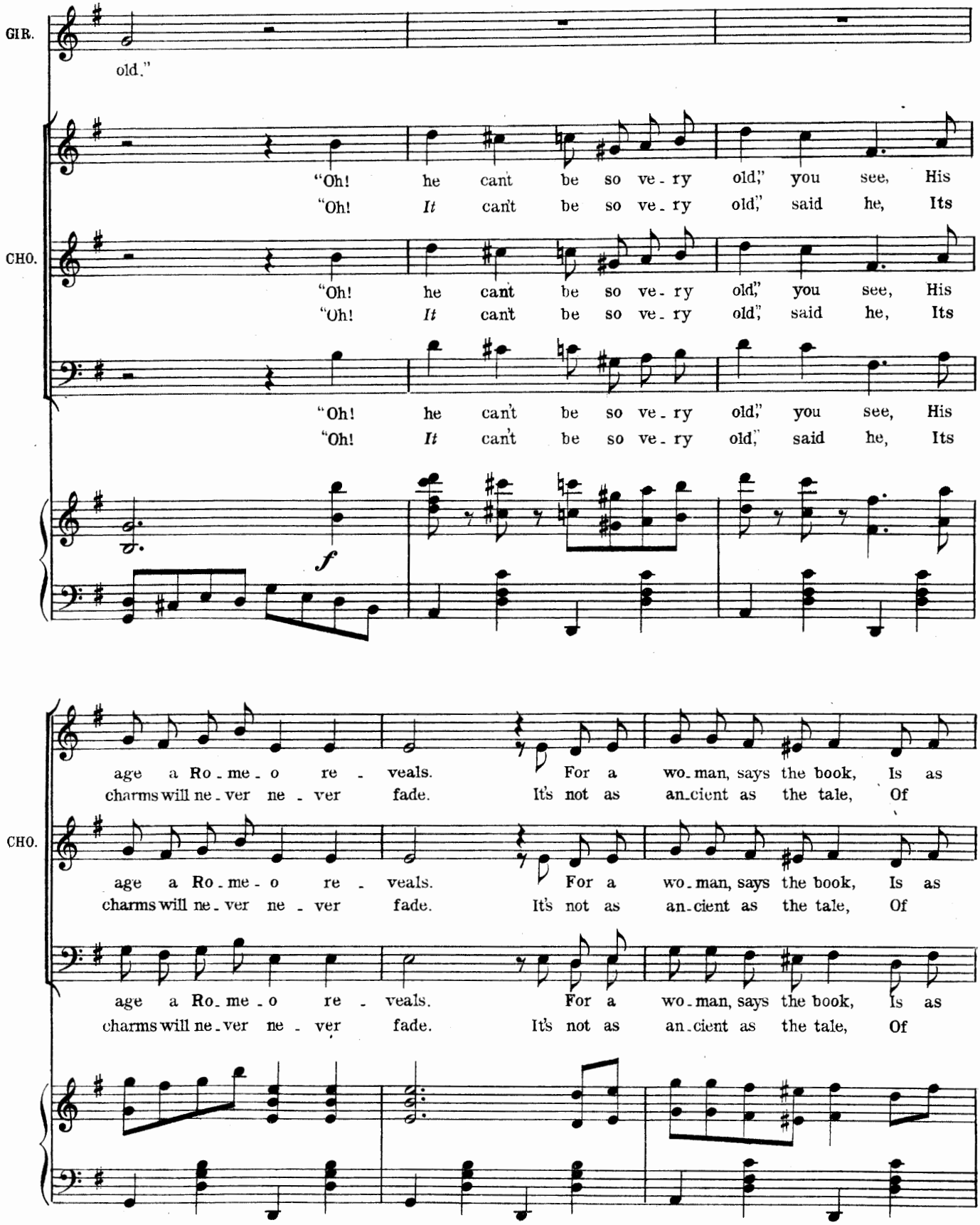
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

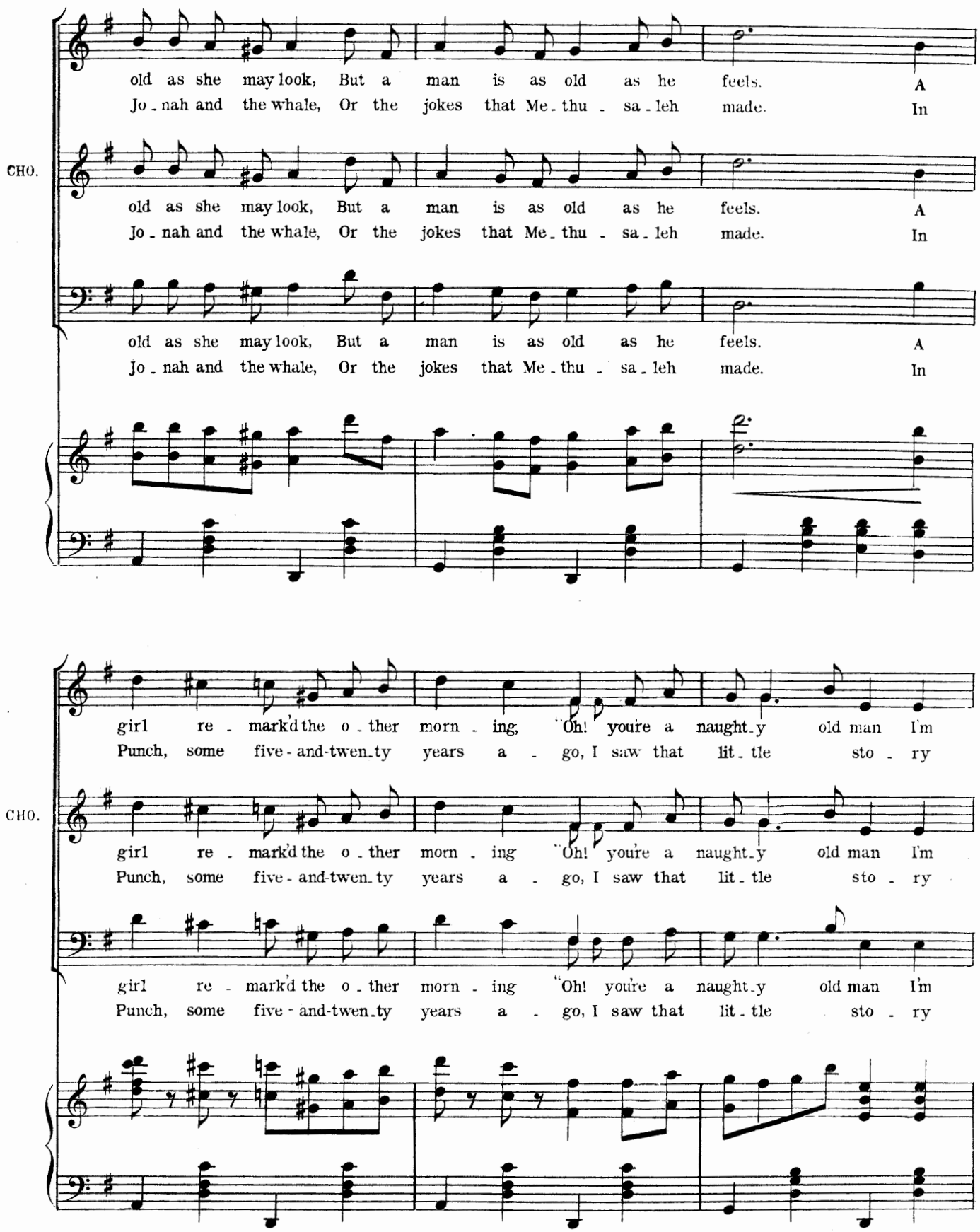


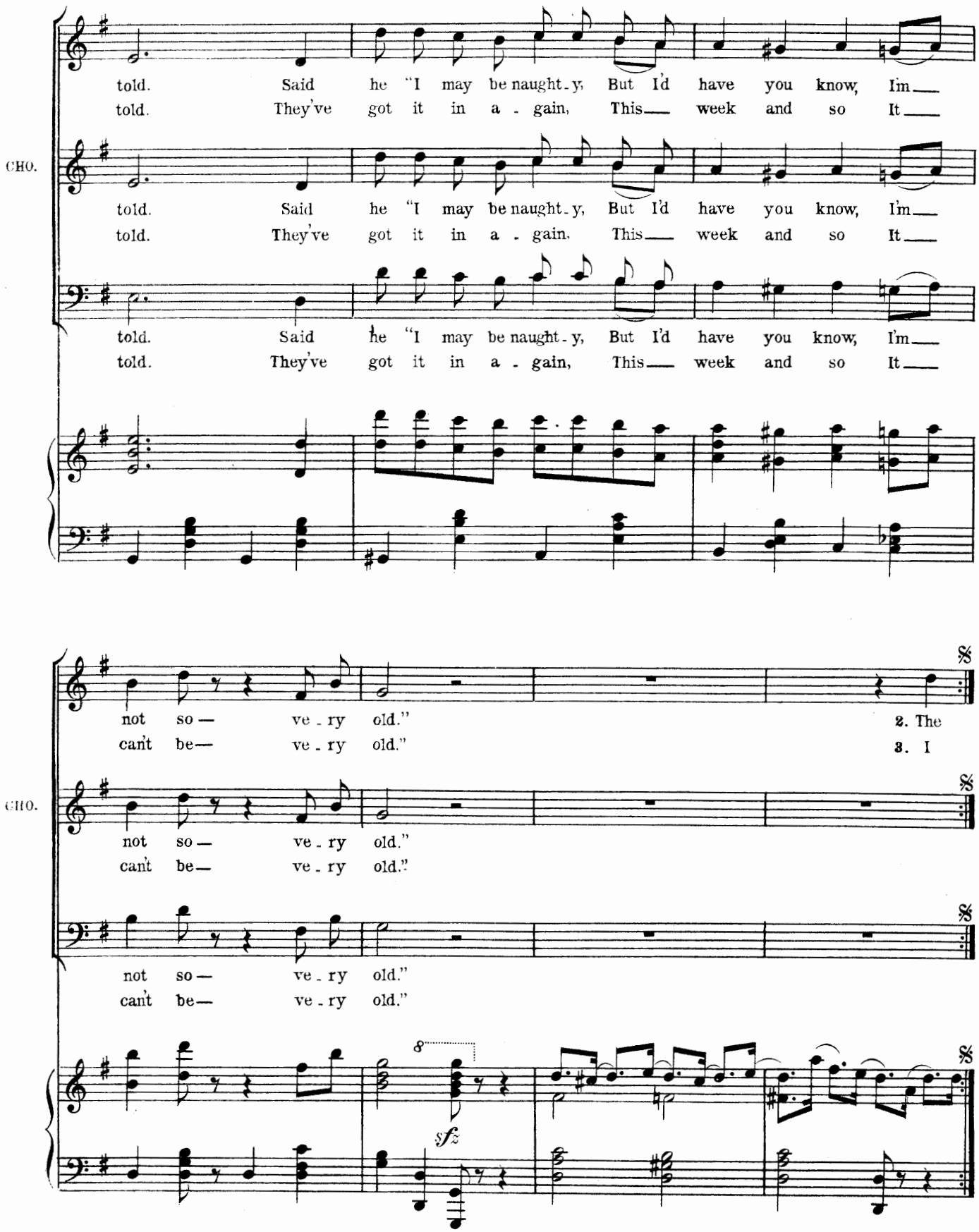

GIR.
done, On - ly cons - ti - tute a clue, To the
woke, So I told it to a friend, And he
GIR.
things I'm going to do, For I've just got old e - nough to have some
wait - ed to the end, It was all a - bout a cost - er and his
GIR.
fun, I'm rea - dy at this mo - ment for a kiss dears, And a
moke, I may not have re - peat - ed it quite right - ly, But I
GIR.
dance that is a chance I would - n't miss dears, For not
spread it out an hour, and told it bright - - ly, I

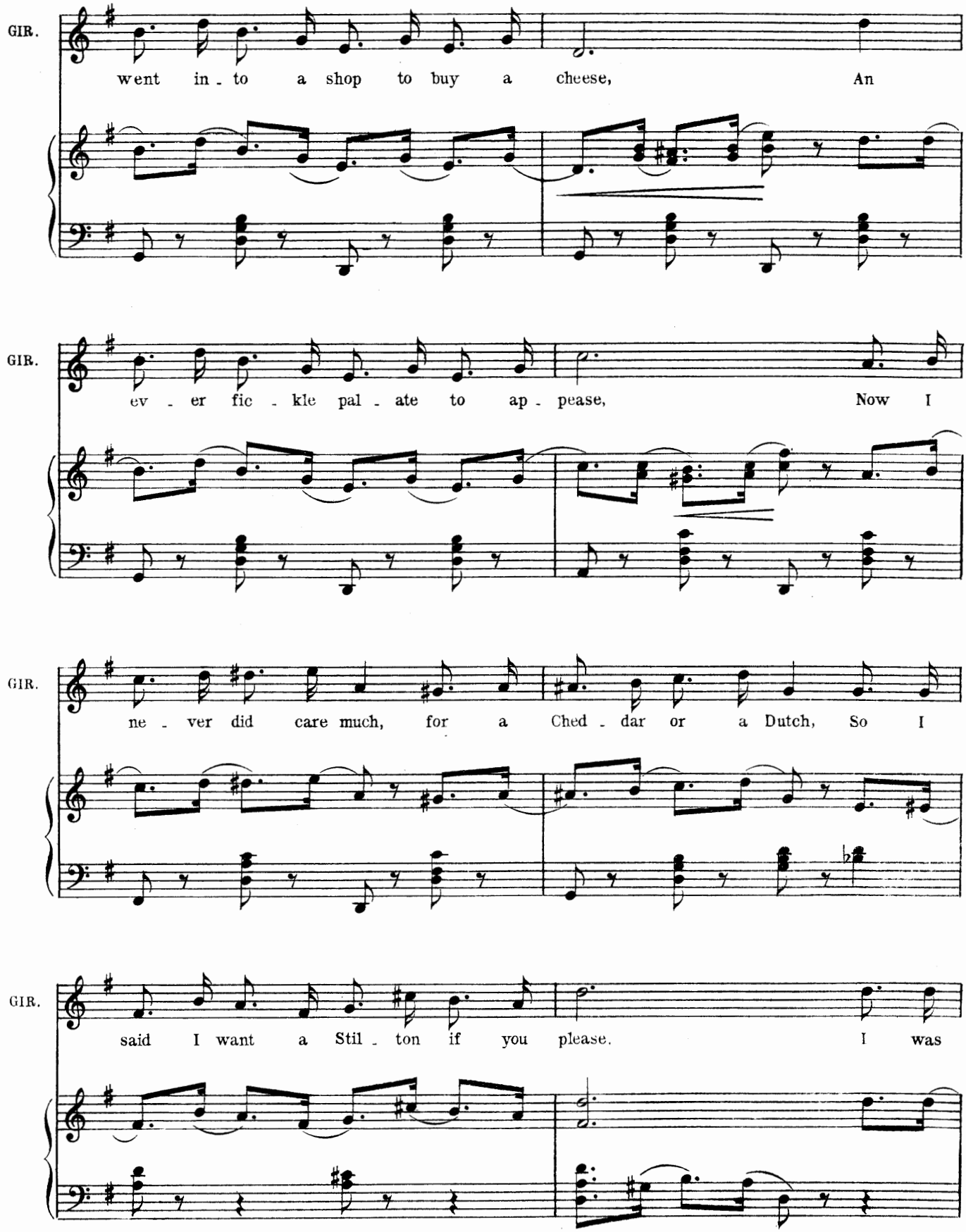

GIR.
yet do I for-get, How to turn a pi - rou-ette, Look at
told him it was true, And I said I *think* its new, He smiled po -
GIR.
this dears. "Oh, I can't be so ve-ry
-lite - ly. "Oh! *It* can't be so ve-ry
f
GIR.
old," you see, My age a Ro - me - o re - -
old," said he, Its charms will nev - er, nev - - er
GIR.
- veals, For a wo - man, says the book, Is as
fade, It's not as an - cient as the tale, Of

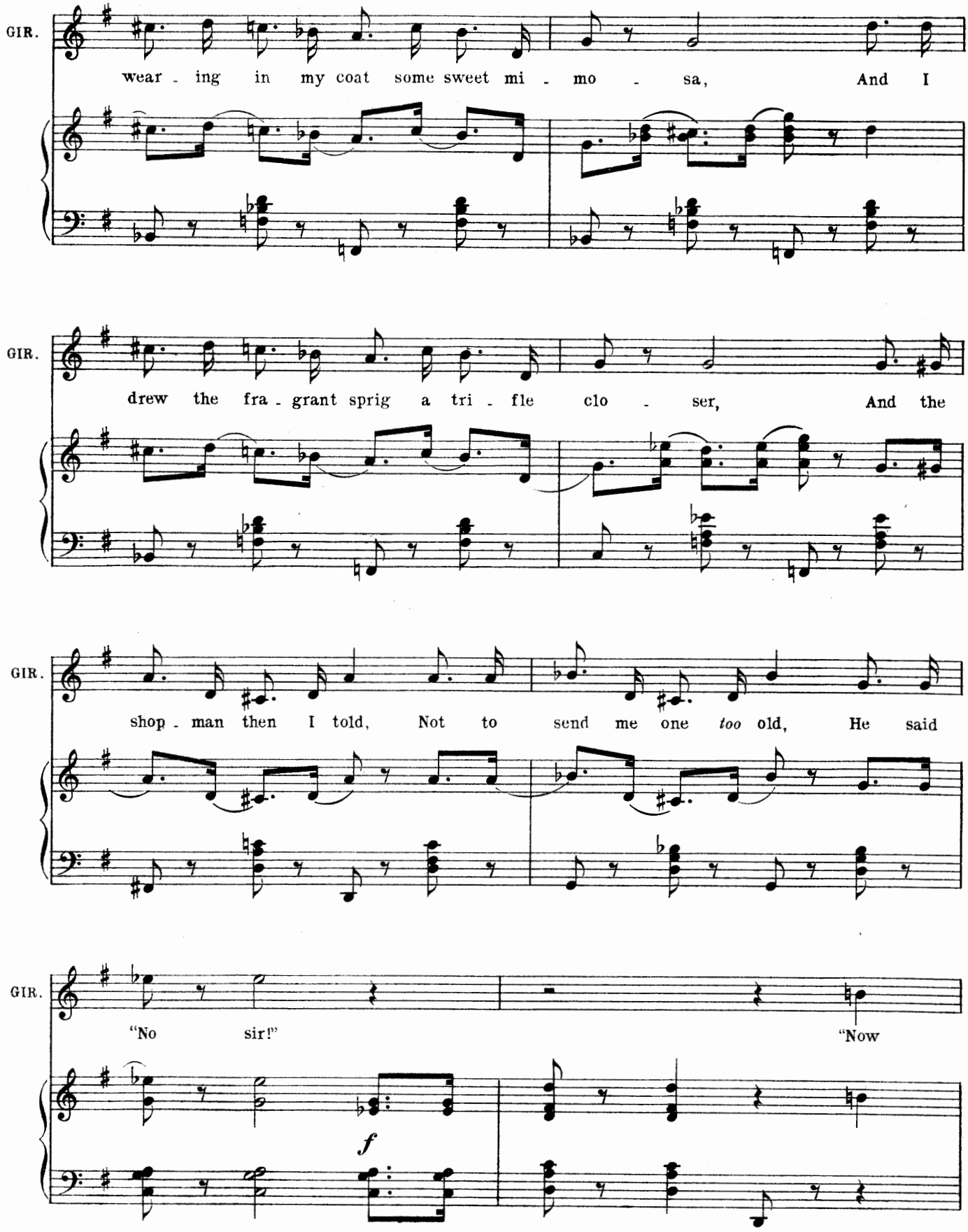

GIR.
old as she may look, But a man is as old as he
Jo - nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me - thu - sa - leh
GIR.
feels, A girl re - marked the oth - er
made, In Punch, some five - and - twen - ty
GIR.
morn - ing, "Oh! you're a naugh - ty old man I'm told," Said
years a - go, I saw that lit - tle sto - ry told, They've
GIR.
I, "I may be naugh - ty, But I'd have you know, I'm— not so— ve - ry
got it in a - gain this— week, And so It— can't be— ve - ry

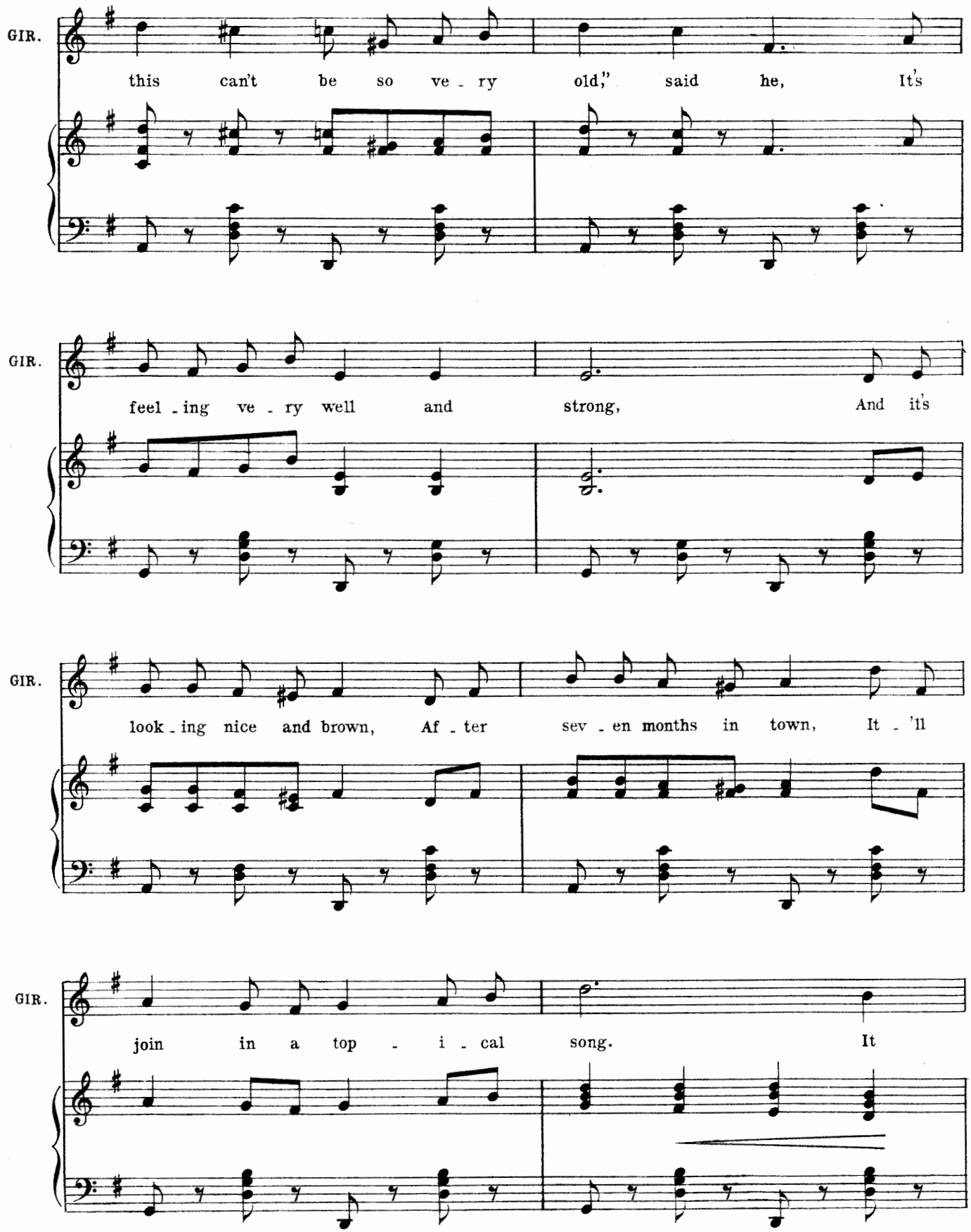

GIR.
old."
"Oh! he cant be so ve-ry old," you see, His
"Oh! It cant be so ve-ry old," said he, Its
CHO.
"Oh! he cant be so ve-ry old," you see, His
"Oh! It cant be so ve-ry old," said he, Its
"Oh! he can't be so ve-ry old," you see, His
"Oh! It can't be so ve-ry old," said he, Its
f
age a Ro-me-o re-veals. For a wo-man, says the book, Is as
charms will ne-ver ne-ver fade. It's not as an-cient as the tale, Of
CHO.
age a Ro-me-o re-veals. For a wo-man, says the book, Is as
charms will ne-ver ne-ver fade. It's not as an-cient as the tale, Of
age a Ro-me-o re-veals. For a wo-man, says the book, Is as
charms will ne-ver ne-ver fade. It's not as an-cient as the tale, Of

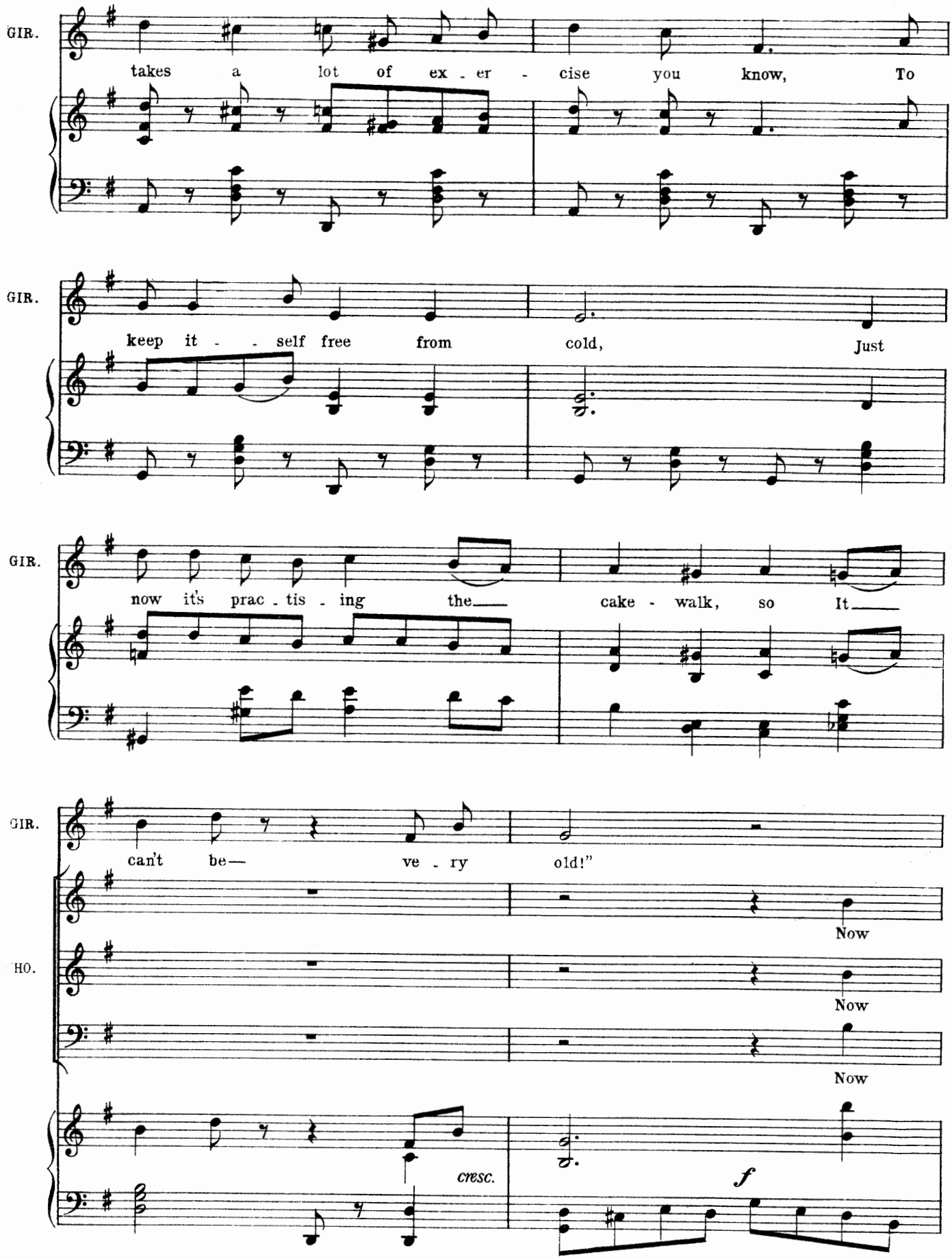

old as she may look, But a man is as old as he feels. A
Jo - nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me - thu - sa - leh made. In
CHO.
old as she may look, But a man is as old as he feels. A
Jo - nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me - thu - sa - leh made. In
old as she may look, But a man is as old as he feels. A
Jo - nah and the whale, Or the jokes that Me - thu - sa - leh made. In
girl re - mark'd the o - ther morn - ing, "Oh! you're a naught - y old man I'm
Punch, some five - and-twen - ty years a - go, I saw that lit - tle sto - ry
CHO.
girl re - mark'd the o - ther morn - ing "Oh! you're a naught - y old man I'm
Punch, some five - and-twen - ty years a - go, I saw that lit - tle sto - ry
girl re - mark'd the o - ther morn - ing "Oh! you're a naught - y old man I'm
Punch, some five - and-twen - ty years a - go, I saw that lit - tle sto - ry

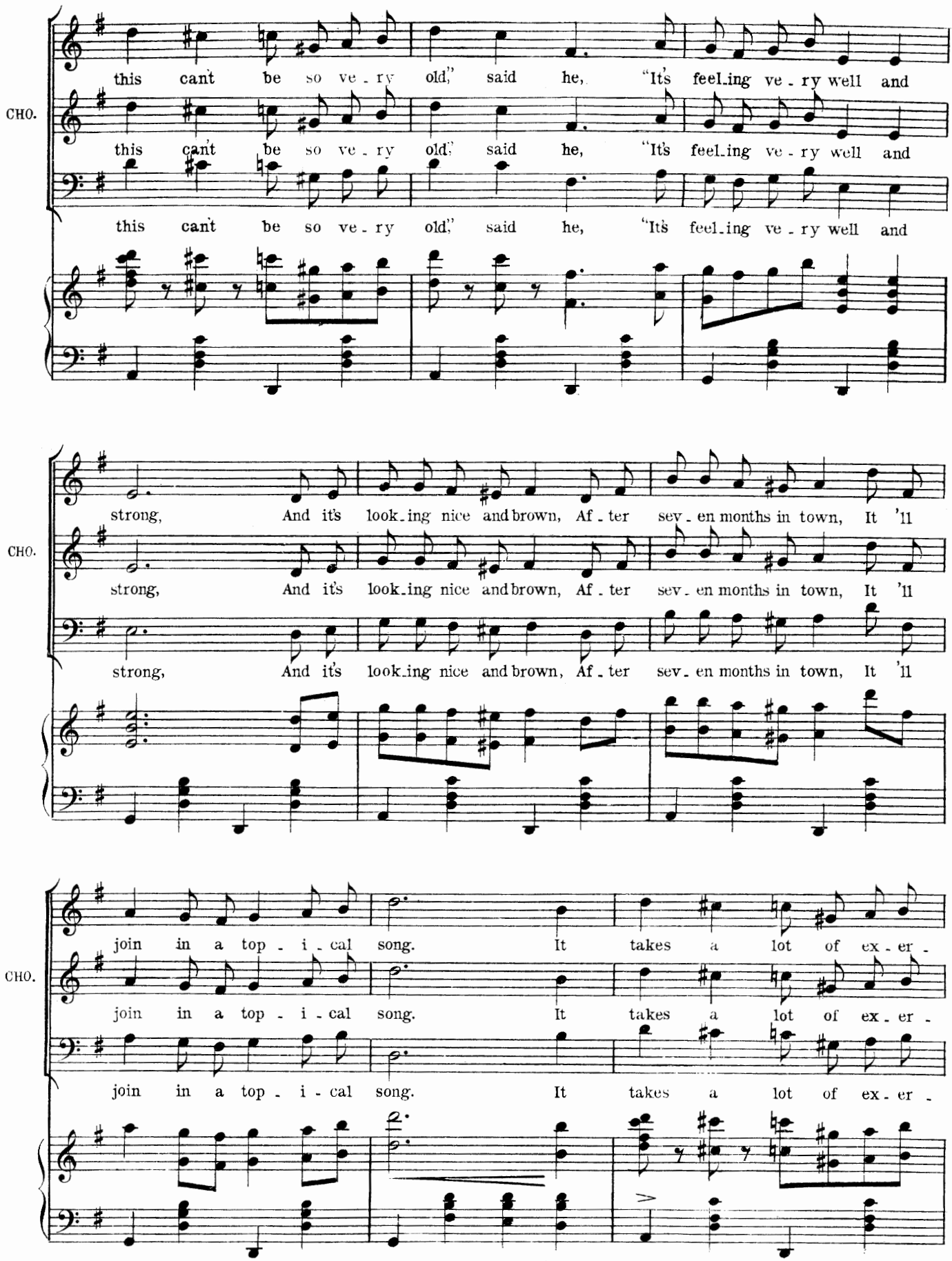

told. Said he "I may be naught-y, But I'd have you know, I'm—
told. They've got it in a-gain, This— week and so It—
CHO.
told. Said he "I may be naught-y, But I'd have you know, I'm—
told. They've got it in a-gain, This— week and so It—
told. Said he "I may be naught-y, But I'd have you know, I'm—
told. They've got it in a-gain, This— week and so It—
not so— ve-ry old."
can't be— ve-ry old."
2. The
3. I
CHO.
not so— ve-ry old."
can't be— ve-ry old."
not so— ve-ry old."
can't be— ve-ry old."
8
sfz

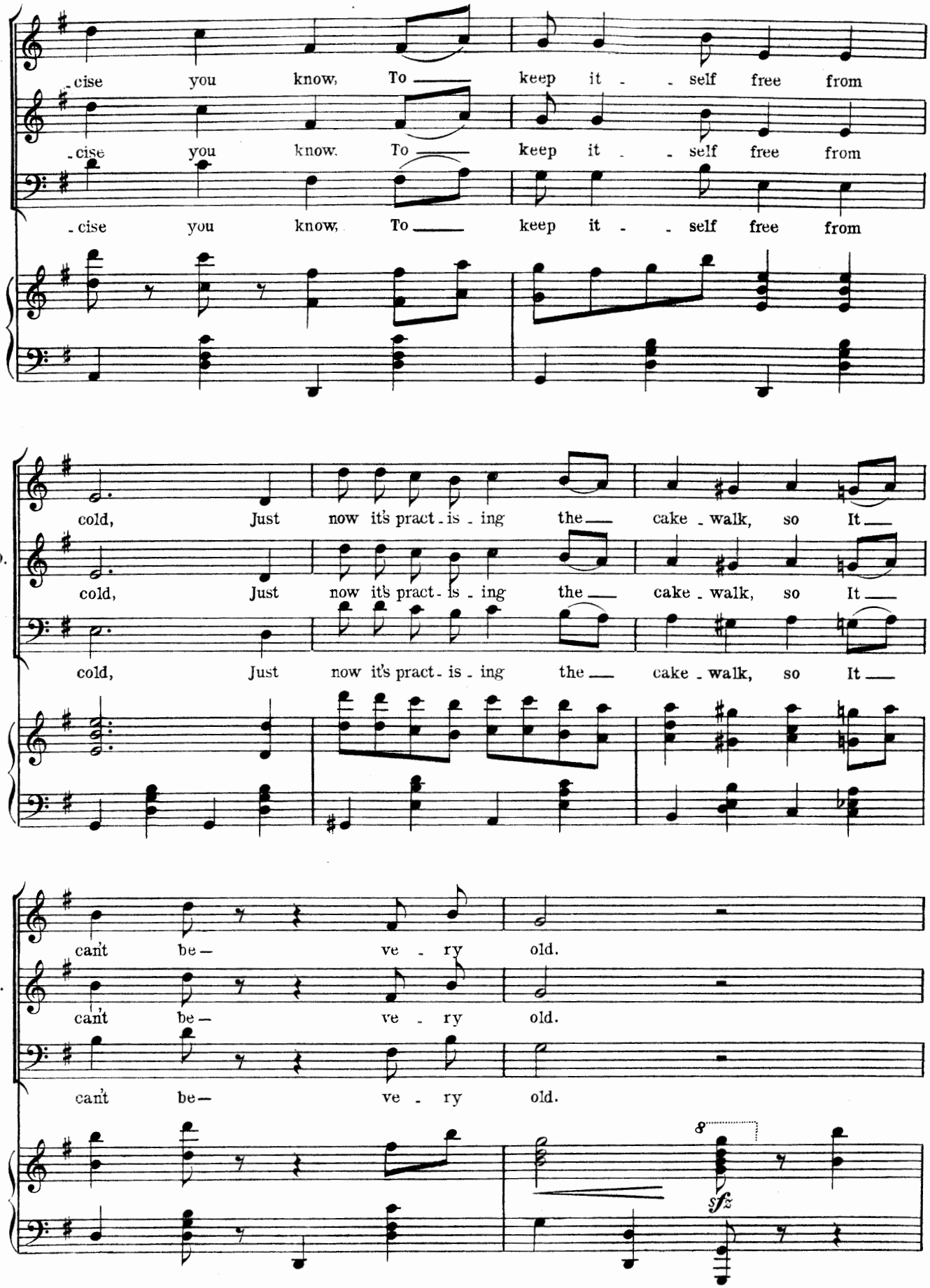

GIR.
went in - to a shop to buy a cheese, An
GIR.
ev - er fic - kle pal - ate to ap - pease, Now I
GIR.
ne - ver did care much, for a Ched - dar or a Dutch, So I
GIR.
said I want a Stil - ton if you please. I was


GIR.
wear - ing in my coat some sweet mi - mo - sa, And I
GIR.
drew the fra - grant sprig a tri - fle clo - ser, And the
GIR.
shop - man then I told, Not to send me one *too* old, He said
GIR.
"No sir!" "Now
f

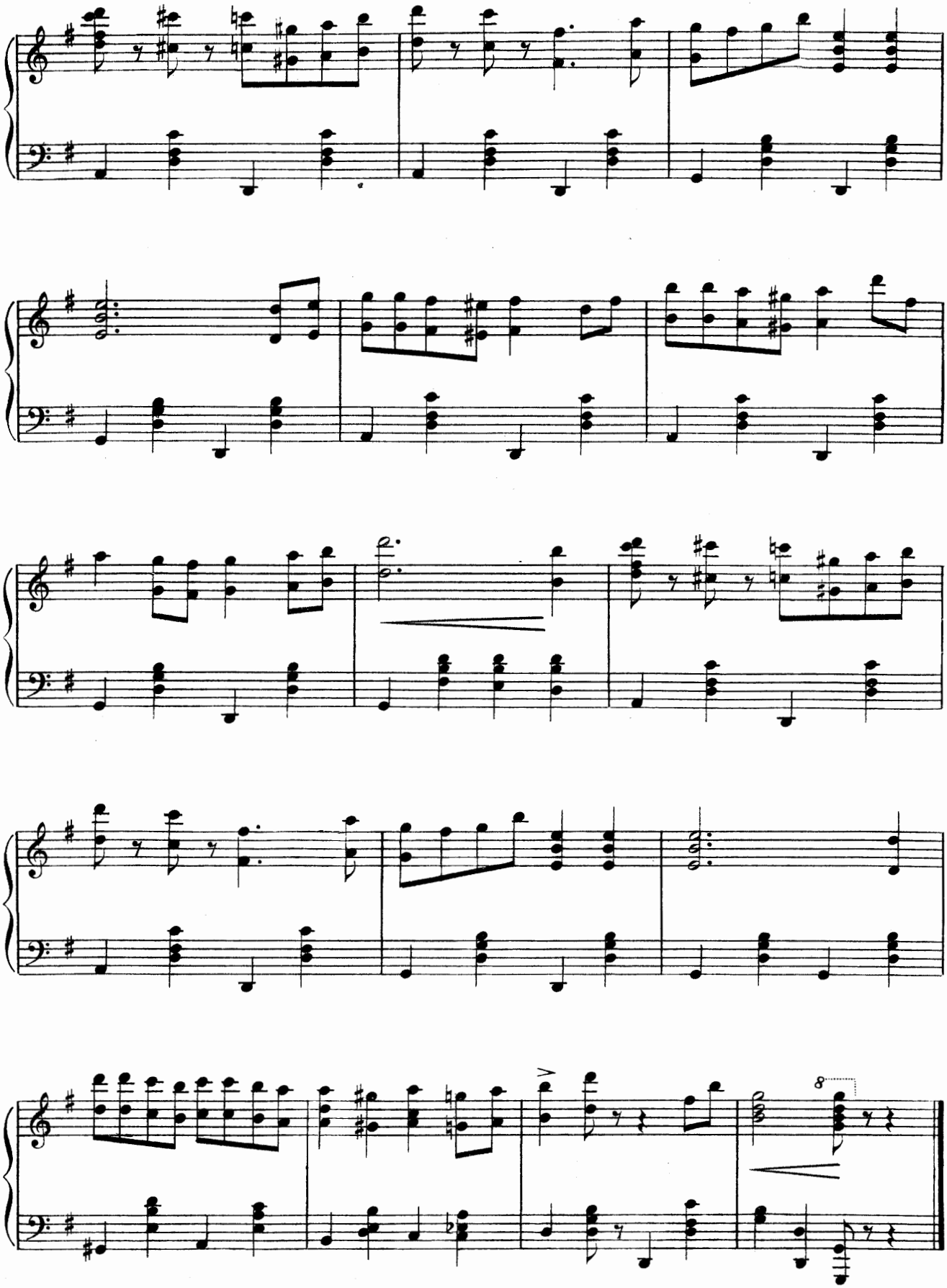

GIR.
this can't be so ve - ry old," said he, It's
GIR.
feel - ing ve - ry well and strong, And it's
GIR.
look - ing nice and brown, Af - ter sev - en months in town, It - 'll
GIR.
join in a top - i - cal song. It


GIR.
takes a lot of ex - er - cise you know, To
GIR.
keep it - - self free from cold, Just
GIR.
now it's prac - tis - ing the cake - walk, so It
GIR.
can't be— ve - ry old!"
HO.
Now
Now
Now
cresc.
f


CHO.
this can't be so ve - ry old," said he, "It's feel-ing ve - ry well and
this can't be so ve - ry old," said he, "It's feel-ing ve - ry well and
this can't be so ve - ry old," said he, "It's feel-ing ve - ry well and
CHO.
strong, And it's look-ing nice and brown, Af - ter sev - en months in town, It 'll
strong, And it's look-ing nice and brown, Af - ter sev - en months in town, It 'll
strong, And it's look-ing nice and brown, Af - ter sev - en months in town, It 'll
CHO.
join in a top - i - cal song. It takes a lot of ex - er -
join in a top - i - cal song. It takes a lot of ex - er -
join in a top - i - cal song. It takes a lot of ex - er -


-cise you know, To keep it - - self free from
CHO.
-cise you know, To keep it - - self free from
-cise you know, To keep it - - self free from
cold, Just now it's pract - is - ing the cake - walk, so It
CHO.
cold, Just now it's pract - is - ing the cake - walk, so It
cold, Just now it's pract - is - ing the cake - walk, so It
can't be - ve - ry old.
CHO.
can't be - ve - ry old.
can't be - ve - ry old.
8
sfz

DANCE.



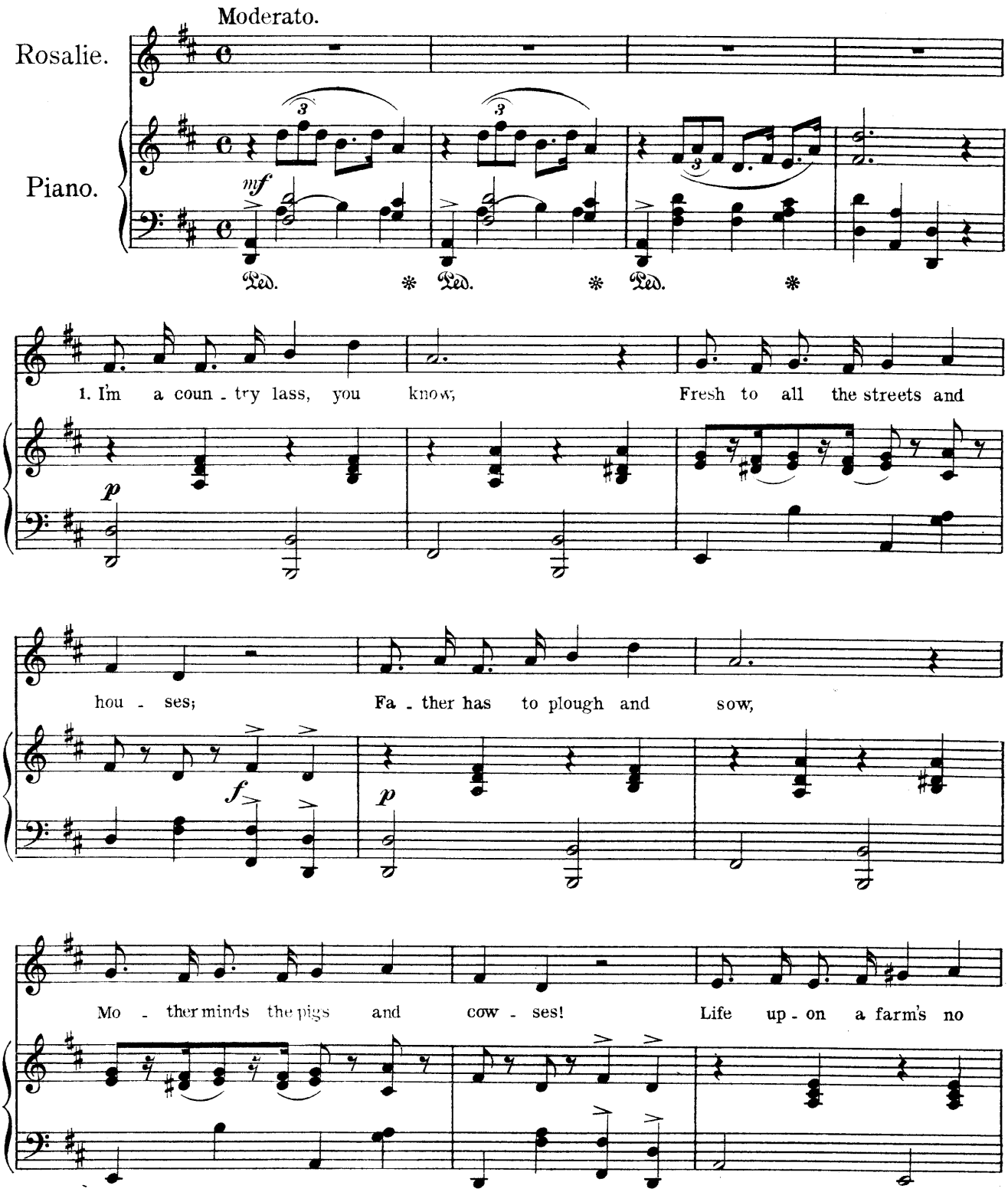
No. 7.

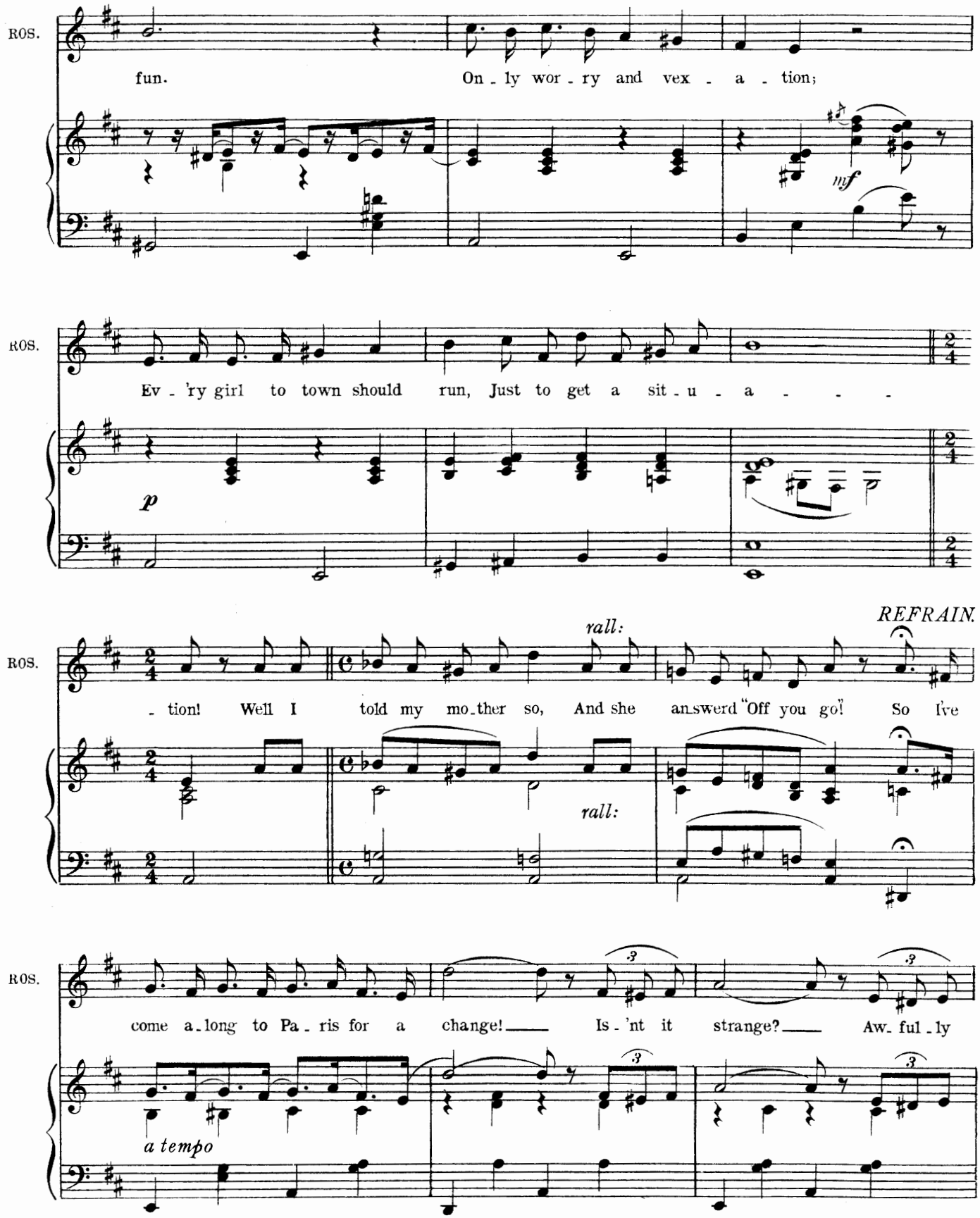
SONG. (Rosalie)

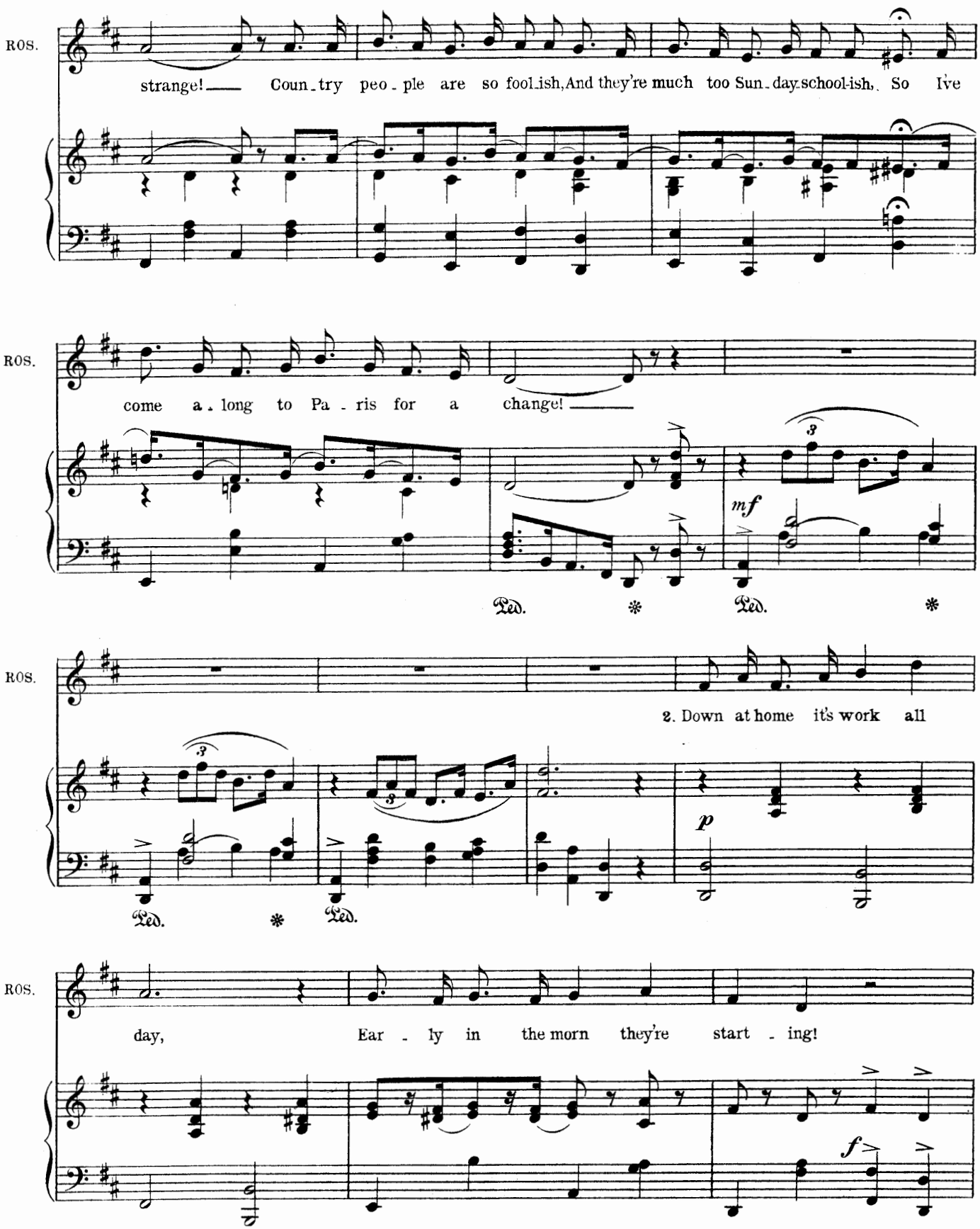
"I'VE COME ALONG TO PARIS."

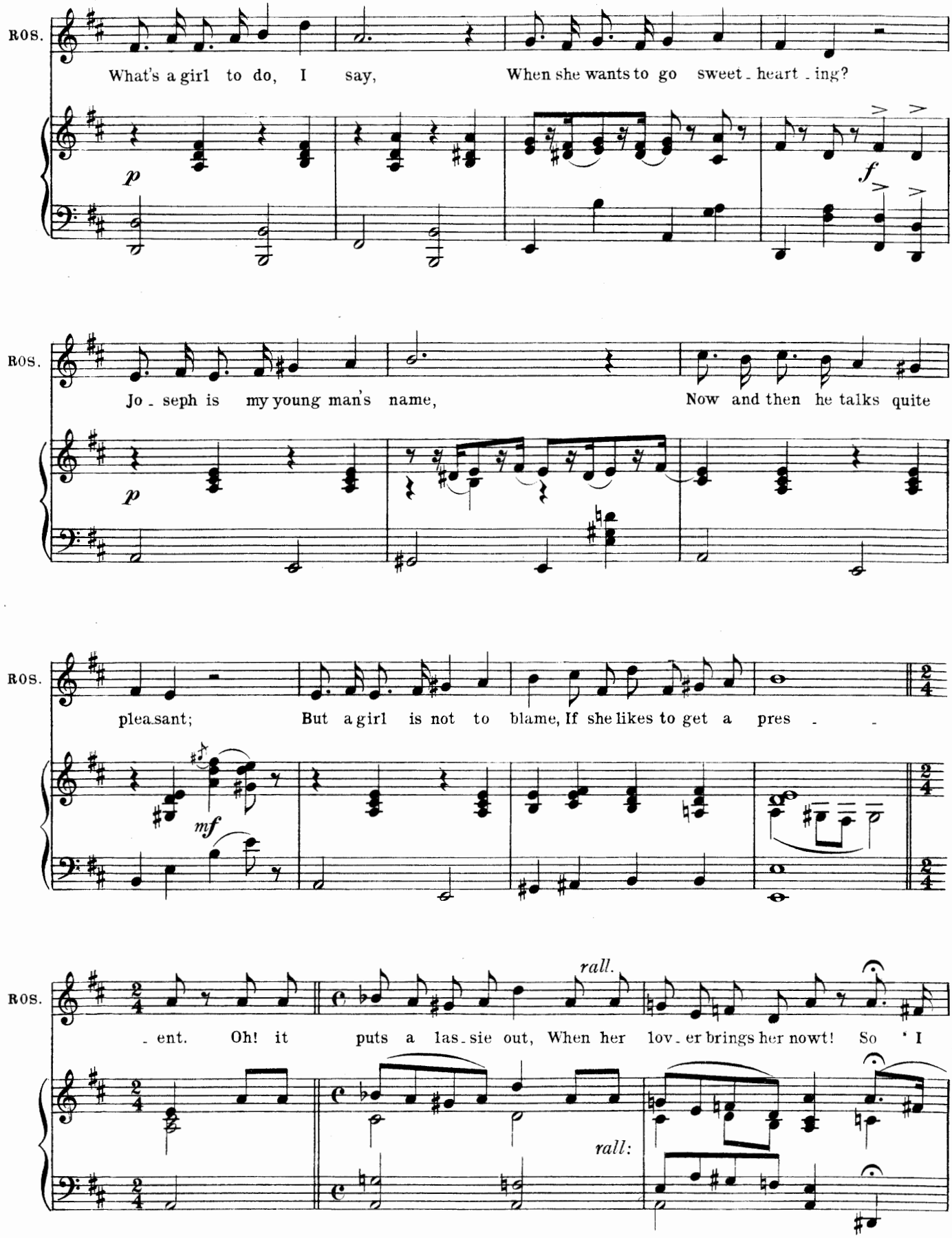
Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

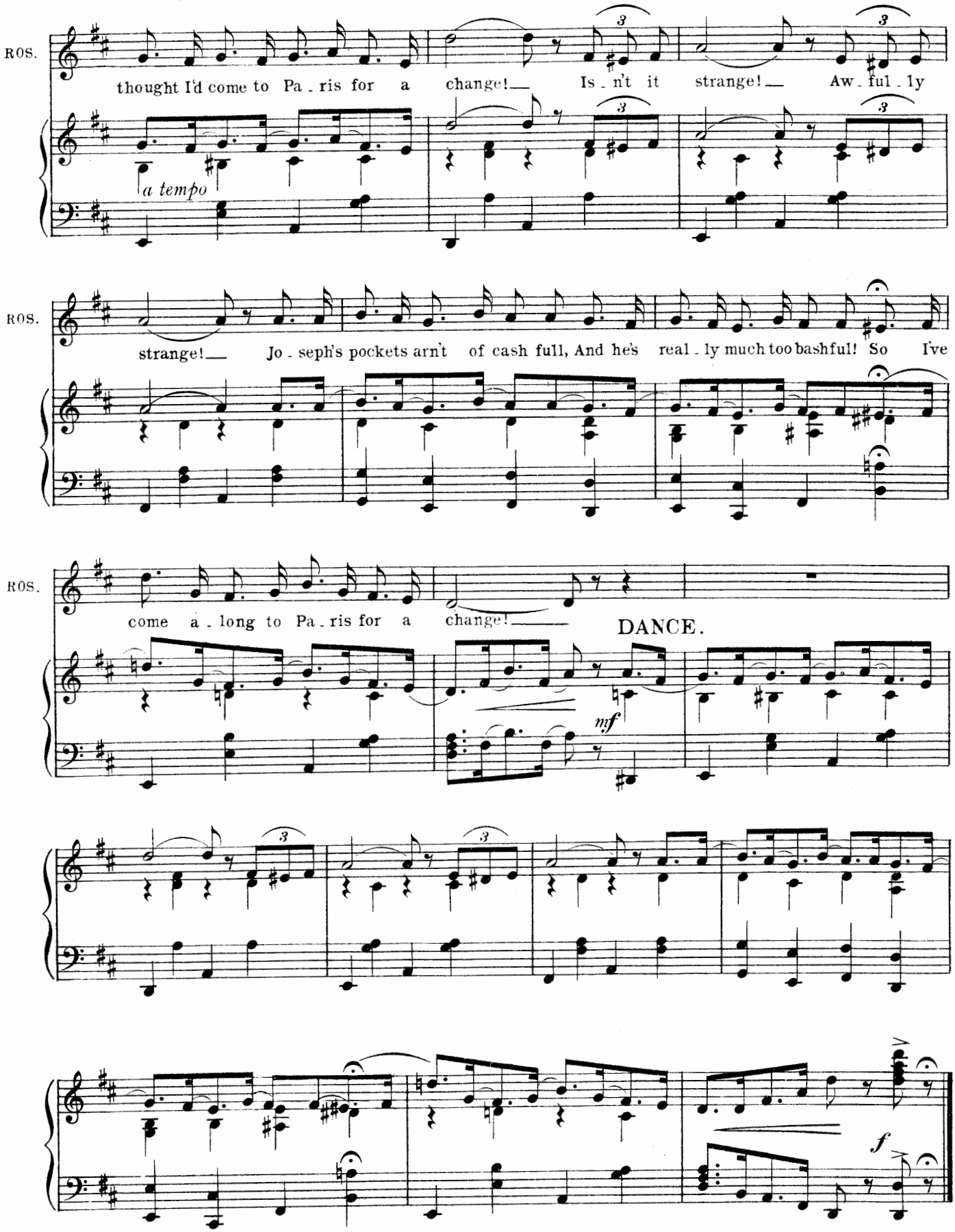
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.




ROS.
fun. On - ly wor - ry and vex - a - tion;
mf
ROS.
Ev - 'ry girl to town should run, Just to get a sit - u - a - - -
p
REFRAIN.
ROS.
- tion! Well I told my mo-ther so, And she answerd "Off you go!" So I've
rall:
rall:
ROS.
come a-long to Pa - ris for a change! Is - 'nt it strange? Aw- ful - ly
a tempo


ROS.
strange! Coun-try peo-ple are so fool-ish, And they're much too Sun-day-school-ish, So I've
ROS.
come a-long to Pa-ris for a change!
mf
Ped. * Ped. *
ROS.
2. Down at home it's work all
p
Ped. * Ped.
ROS.
day, Ear-ly in the morn they're start-ing!
f


ROS.
What's a girl to do, I say, When she wants to go sweet - heart - ing?
p
f
ROS.
Jo - seph is my young man's name, Now and then he talks quite
p
ROS.
pleasant; But a girl is not to blame, If she likes to get a pres - -
mf
ROS.
- ent. Oh! it puts a las - sie out, When her lov - er brings her nowt! So ' I
rall.
rall:


ROS.
thought I'd come to Pa - ris for a change! Is - n't it strange! Aw - ful - ly
a tempo
ROS.
strange! Jo - seph's pockets arn't of cash full, And he's real - ly much too bashful! So I've
ROS.
come a - long to Pa - ris for a change!
DANCE.
mf
f

No. 8.

CONCERTED NUMBER.

"THE BEAUTIFUL SPRING."

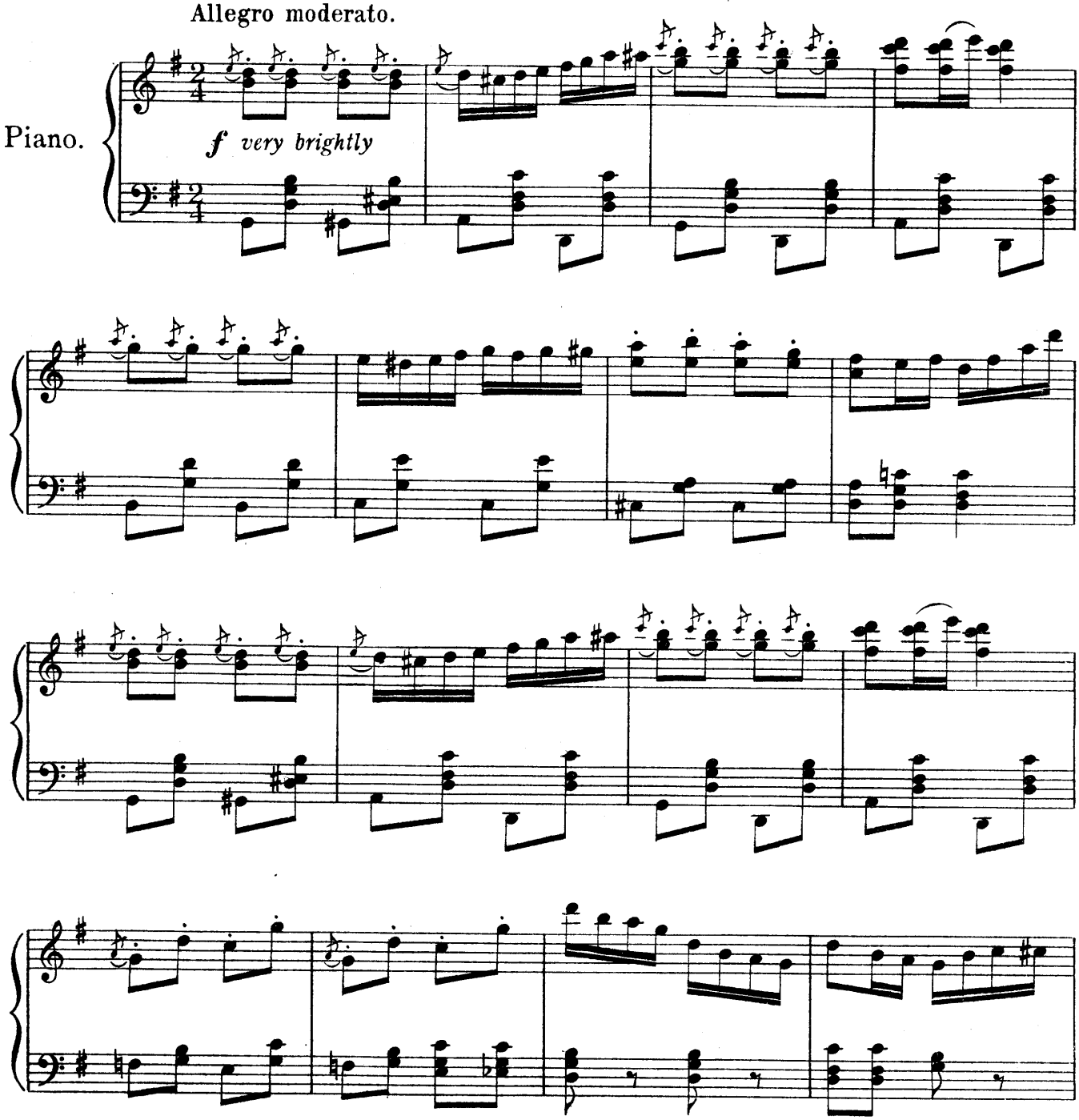
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUNr

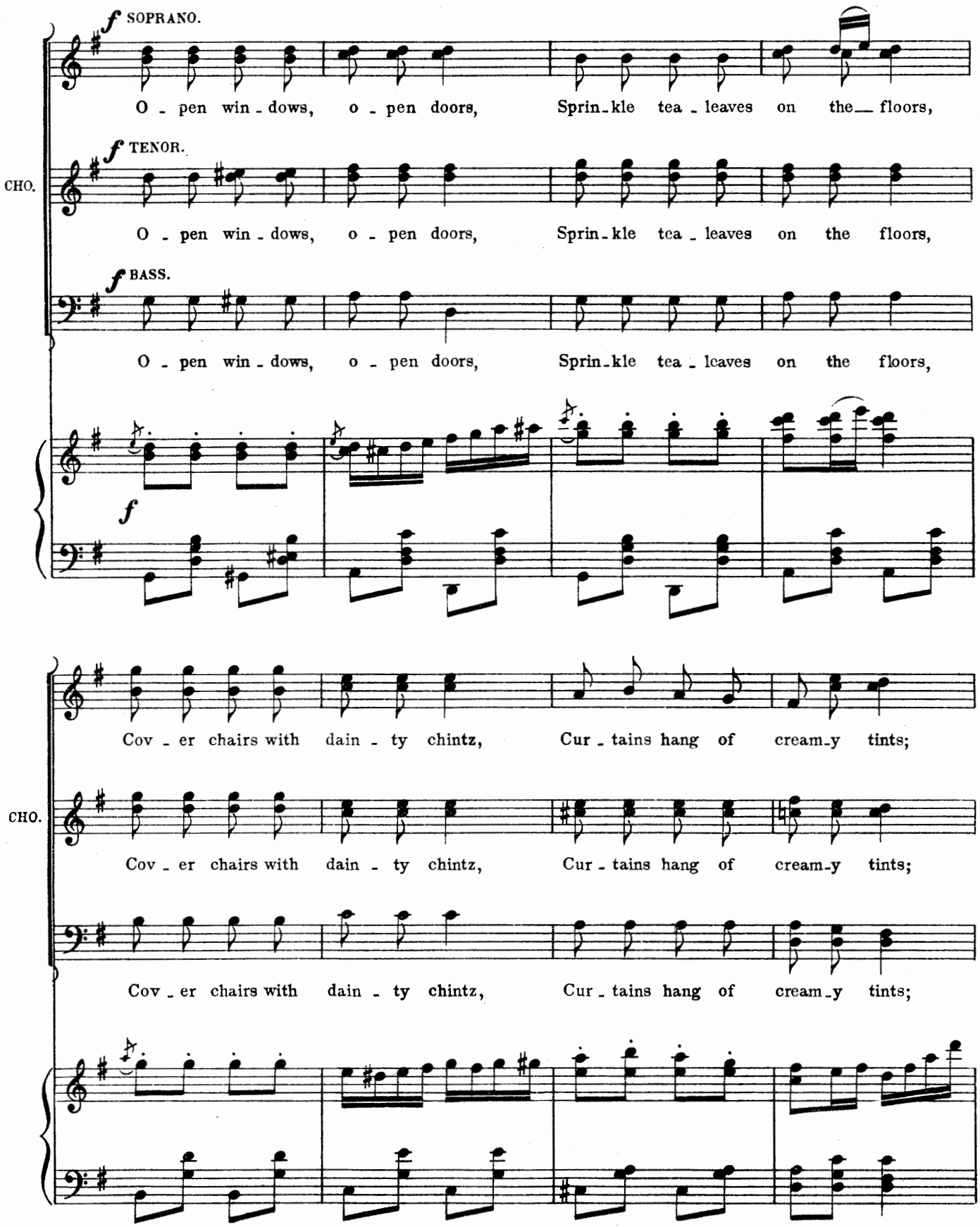
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

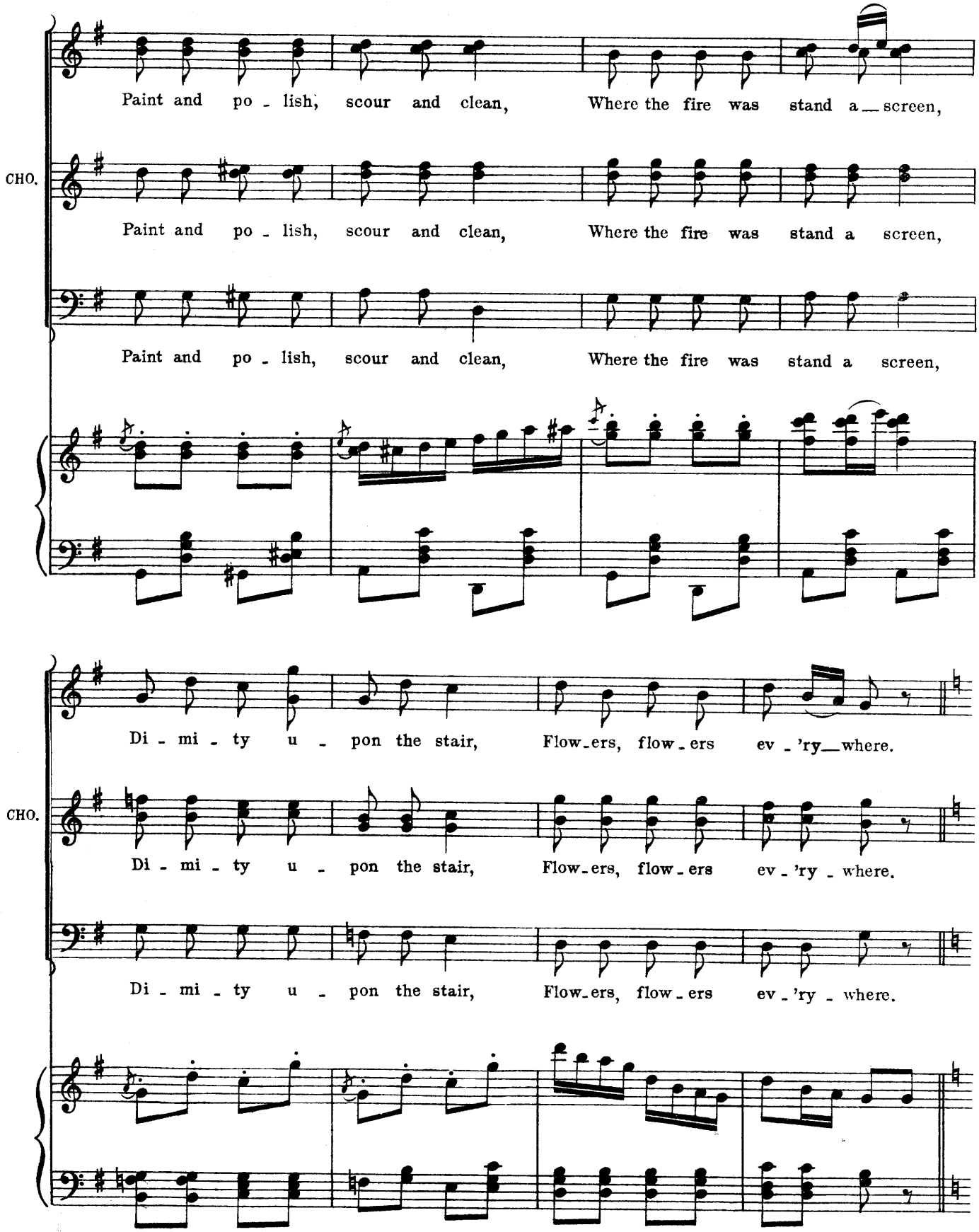
Allegro moderato.

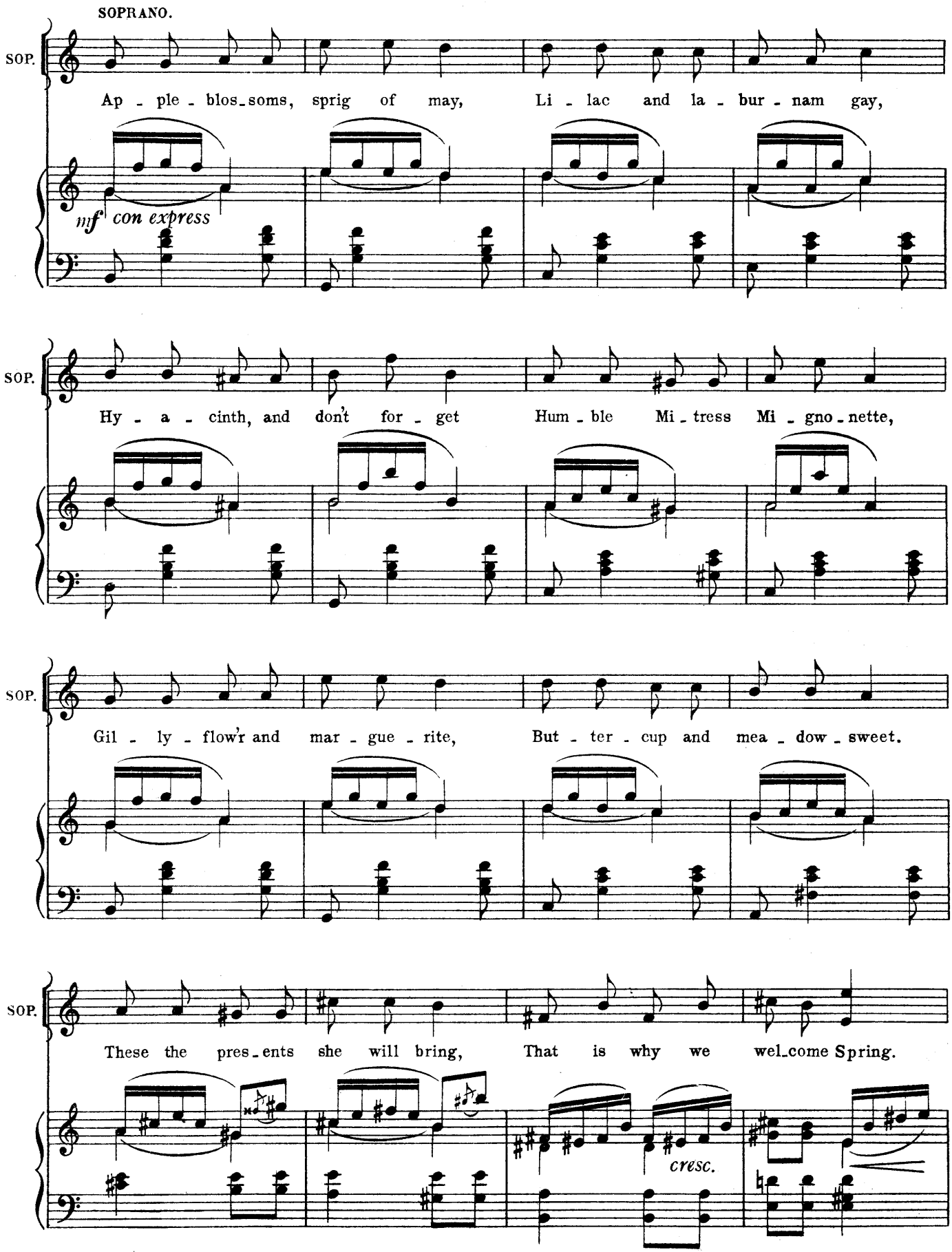
Piano.

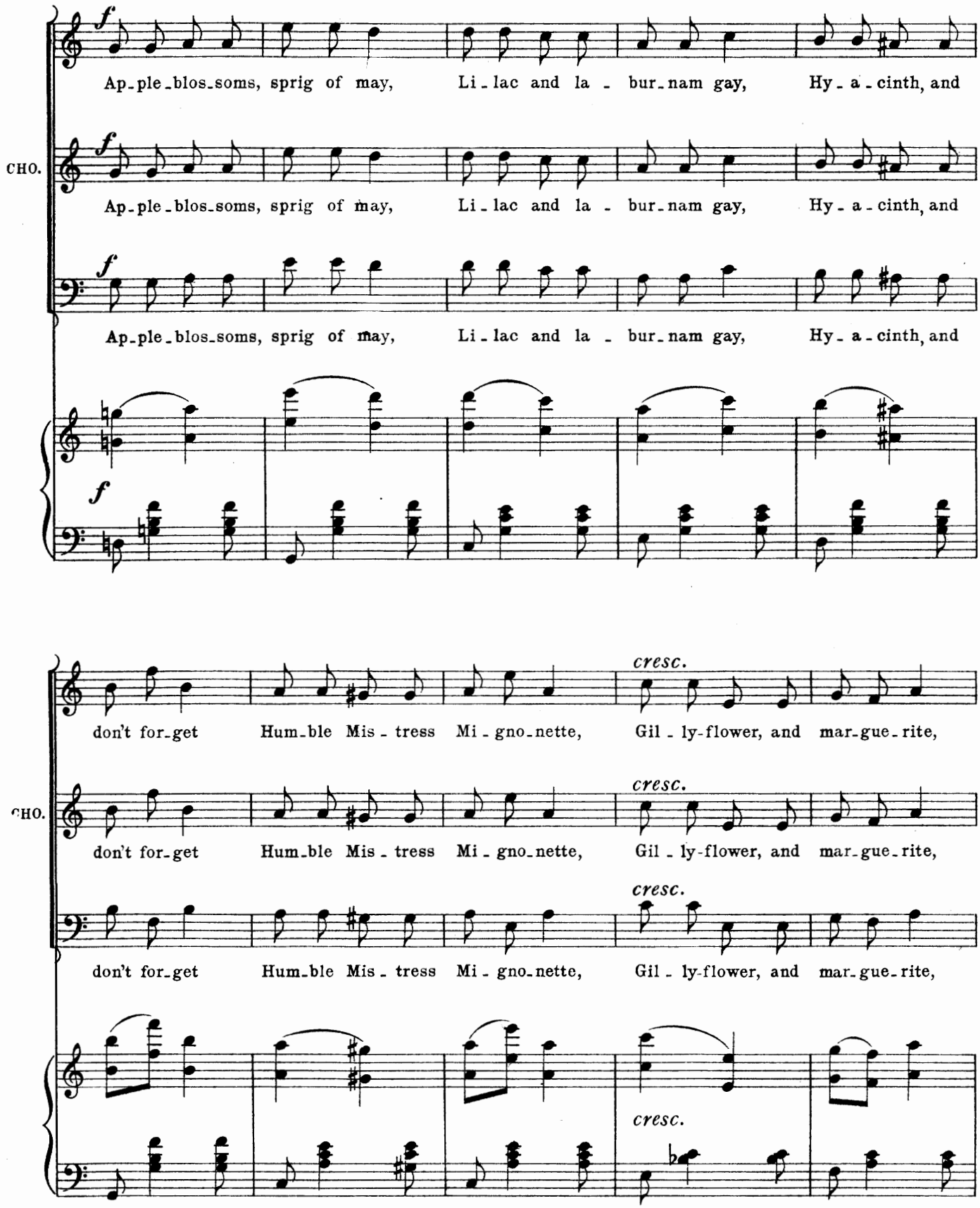
f very brightly

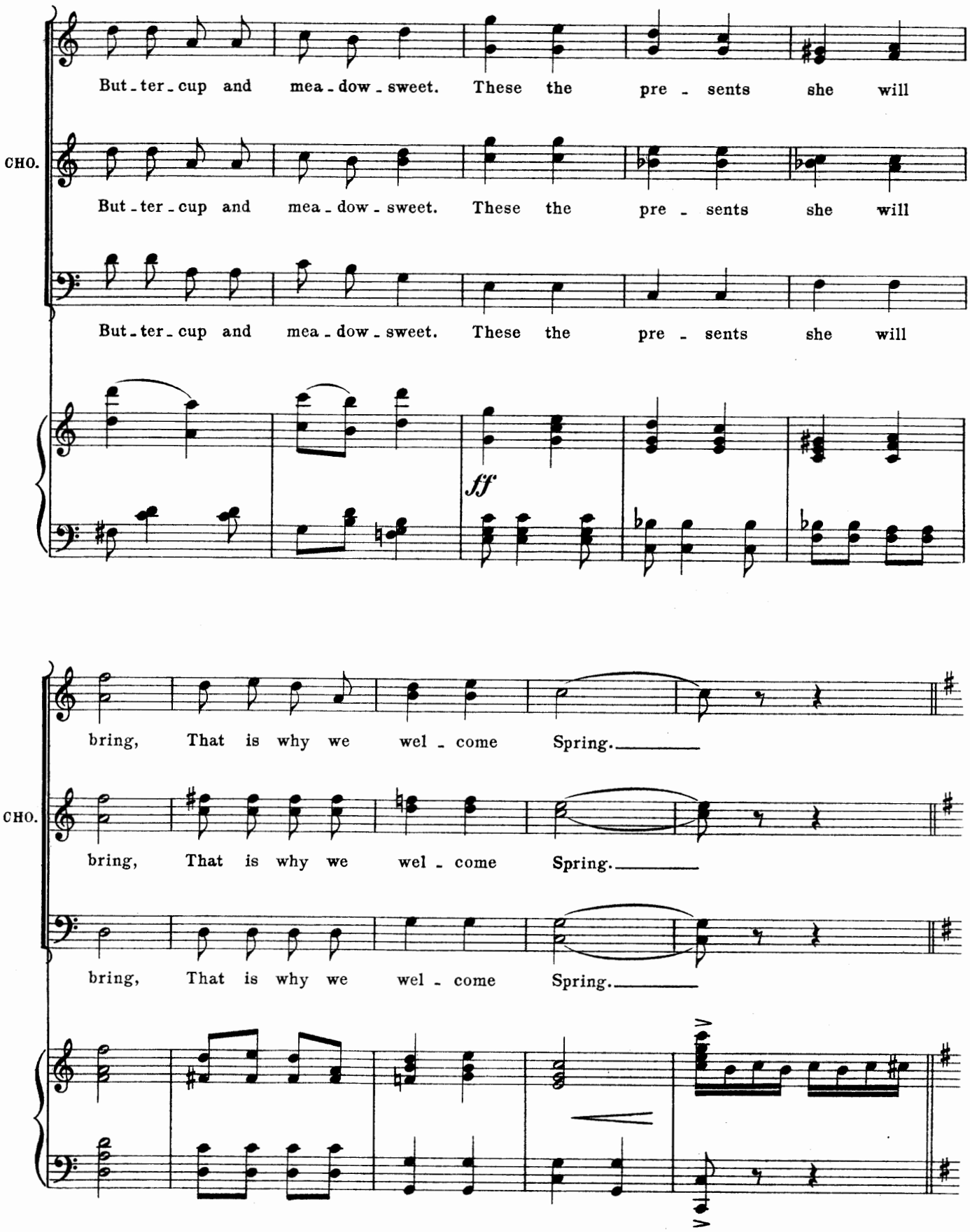


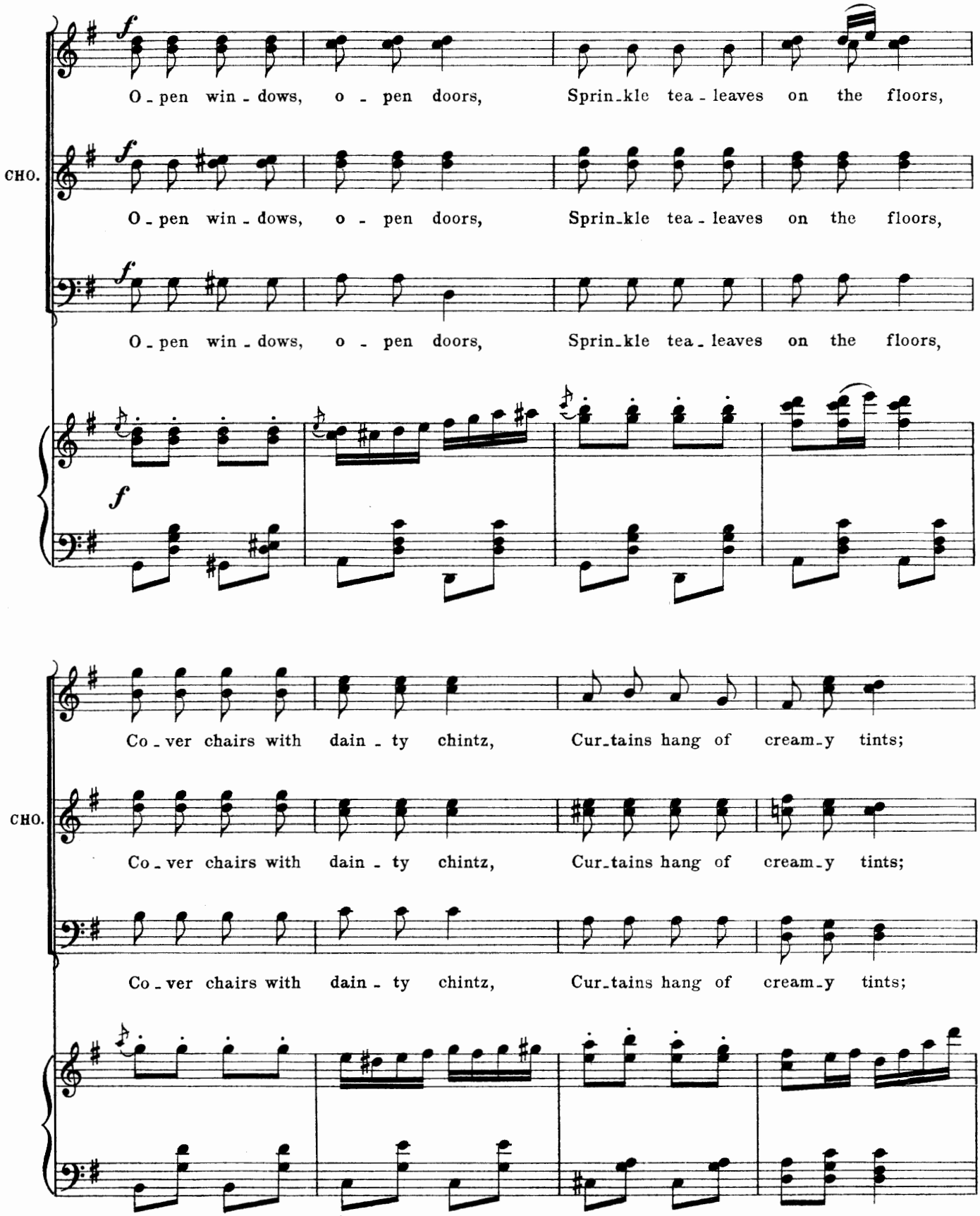

f SOPRANO.
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
CHO.
f TENOR.
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
f BASS.
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
f
Cov - er chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur - tains hang of cream-y tints;
CHO.
Cov - er chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur - tains hang of cream-y tints;
Cov - er chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur - tains hang of cream-y tints;

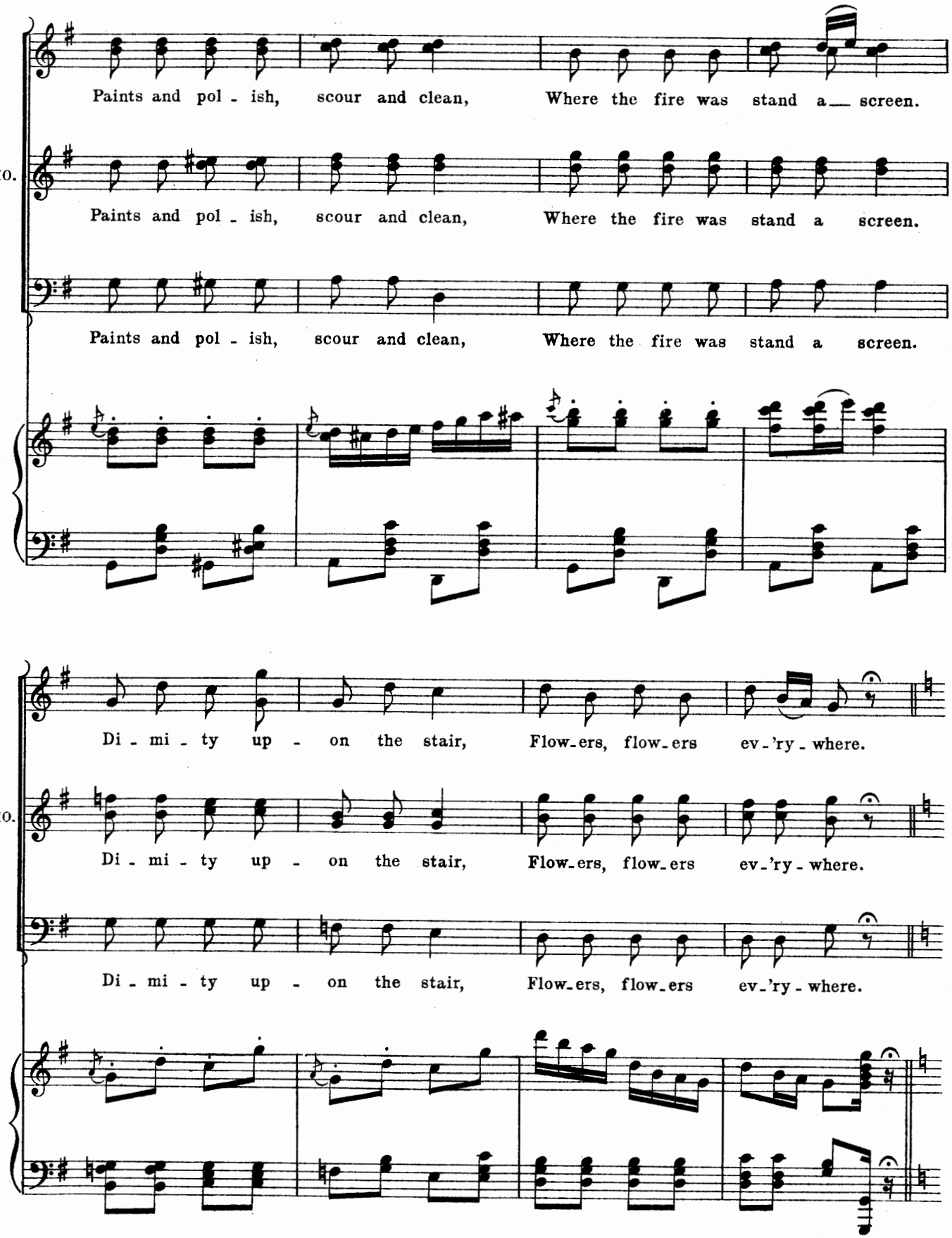

Paint and po - lish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,
CHO.
Paint and po - lish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,
Paint and po - lish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen,
Di - mi - ty u - pon the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev - 'ry where.
CHO.
Di - mi - ty u - pon the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev - 'ry - where.
Di - mi - ty u - pon the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev - 'ry - where.

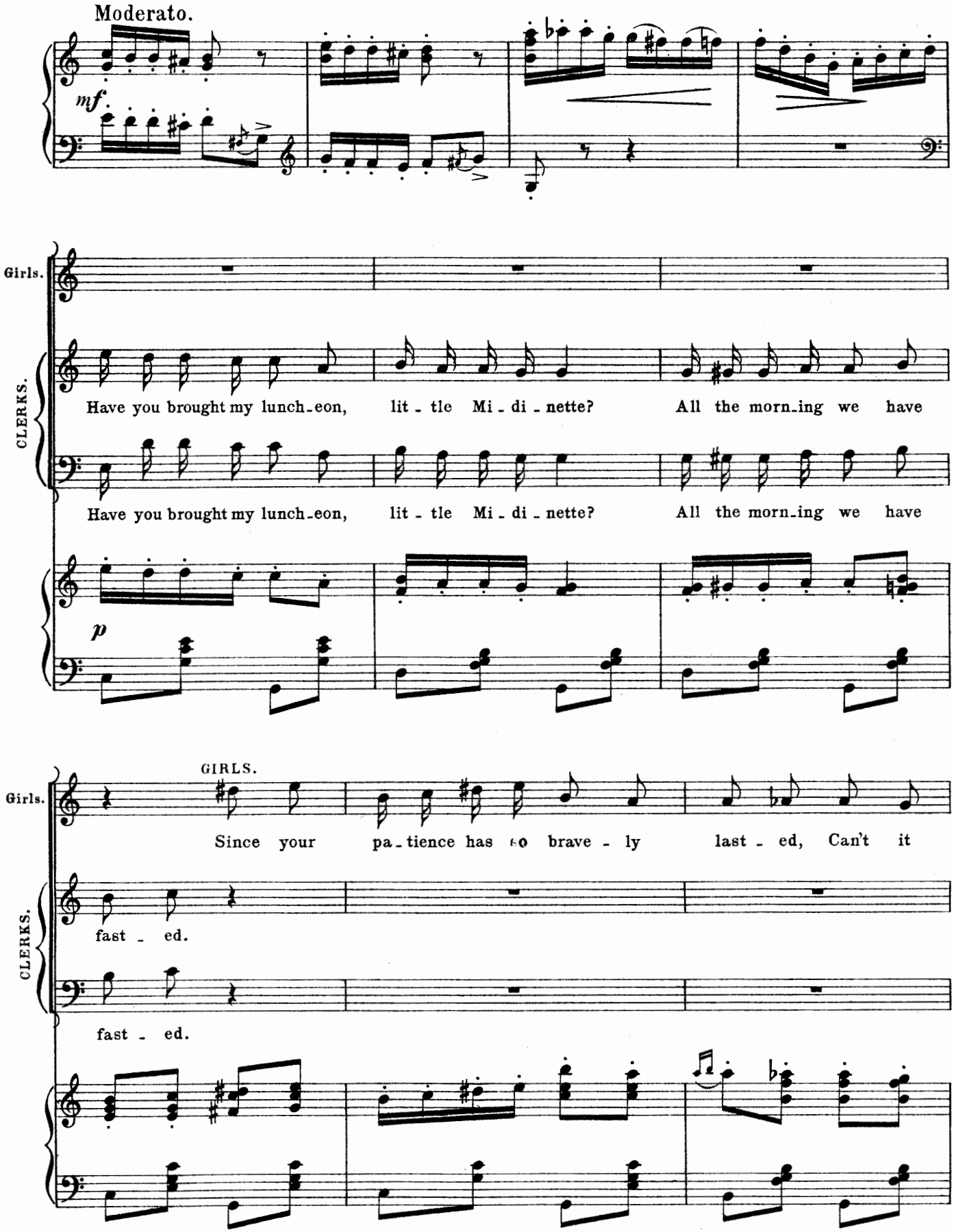

SOPRANO.
SOP.
Ap - ple - blos_soms, sprig of may, Li - lac and la - bur - nam gay,
mf con express
SOP.
Hy - a - cinth, and don't for - get Hum - ble Mi - tress Mi - gno - nette,
SOP.
Gil - ly - flow'r and mar - gue - rite, But - ter - cup and mea - dow - sweet.
SOP.
These the pres_ents she will bring, That is why we wel_come Spring.
cresc.

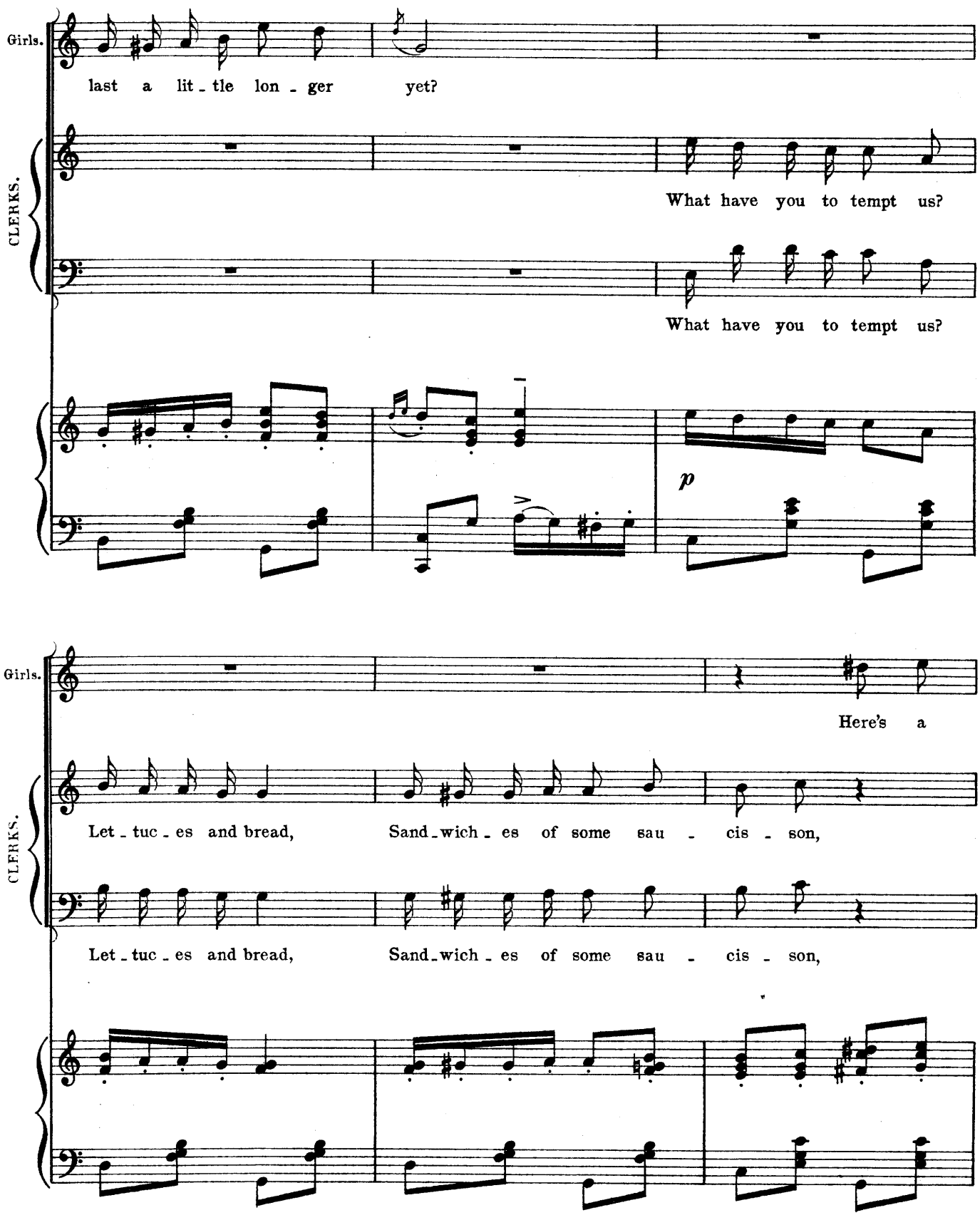

f
Ap-ple-blos-soms, sprig of may, Li-lac and la - bur-nam gay, Hy-a-cinth, and
CHO.
f
Ap-ple-blos-soms, sprig of may, Li-lac and la - bur-nam gay, Hy-a-cinth, and
f
Ap-ple-blos-soms, sprig of may, Li-lac and la - bur-nam gay, Hy-a-cinth, and
f
cresc.
don't for-get Hum-ble Mis-tress Mi-gno-nette, Gil-ly-flower, and mar-gue-rite,
CHO.
cresc.
don't for-get Hum-ble Mis-tress Mi-gno-nette, Gil-ly-flower, and mar-gue-rite,
cresc.
don't for-get Hum-ble Mis-tress Mi-gno-nette, Gil-ly-flower, and mar-gue-rite,
cresc.

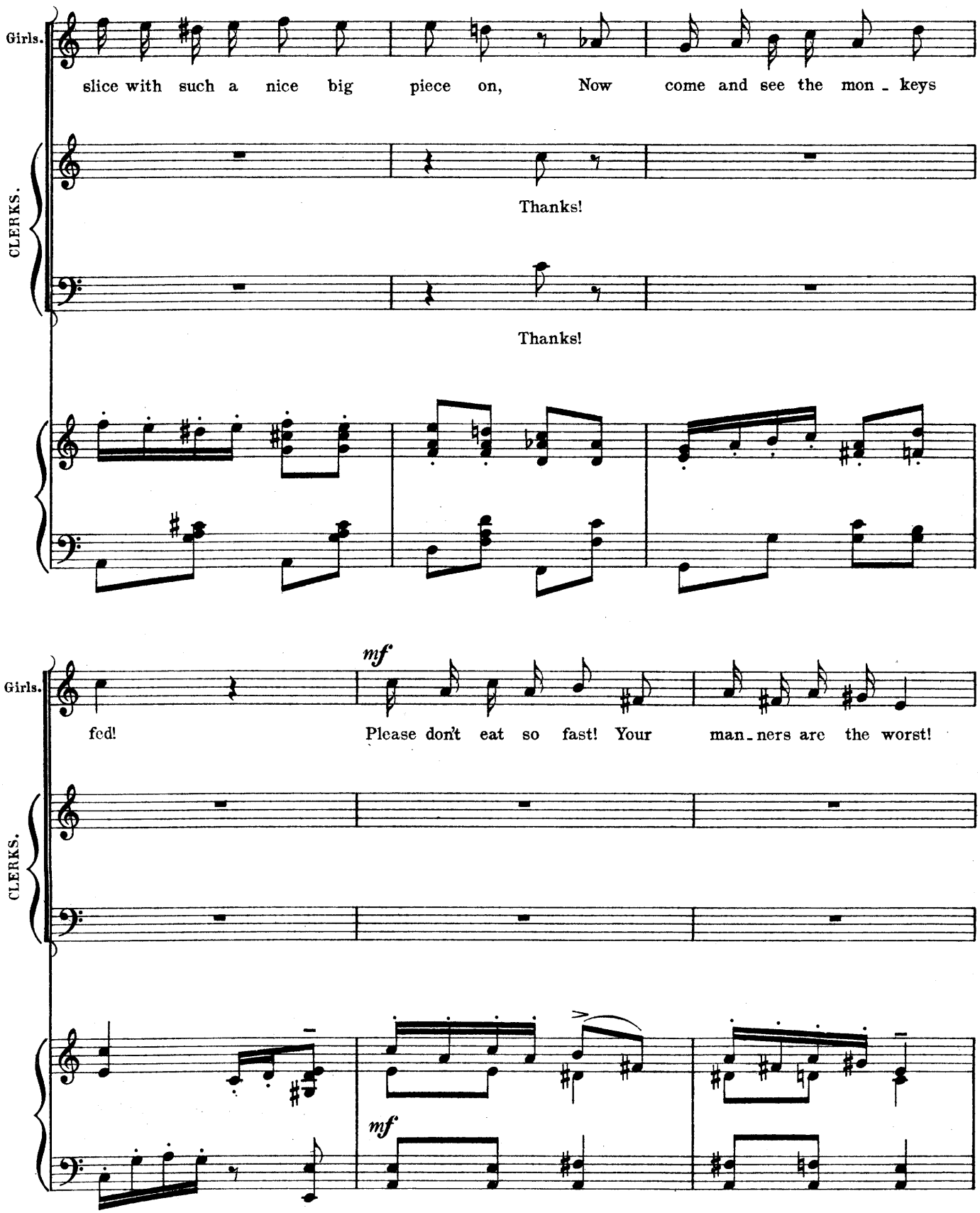

But-ter-cup and mea-dow-sweet. These the pre-sents she will
CHO.
But-ter-cup and mea-dow-sweet. These the pre-sents she will
But-ter-cup and mea-dow-sweet. These the pre-sents she will
ff
bring, That is why we wel-come Spring.
CHO.
bring, That is why we wel-come Spring.
bring, That is why we wel-come Spring.

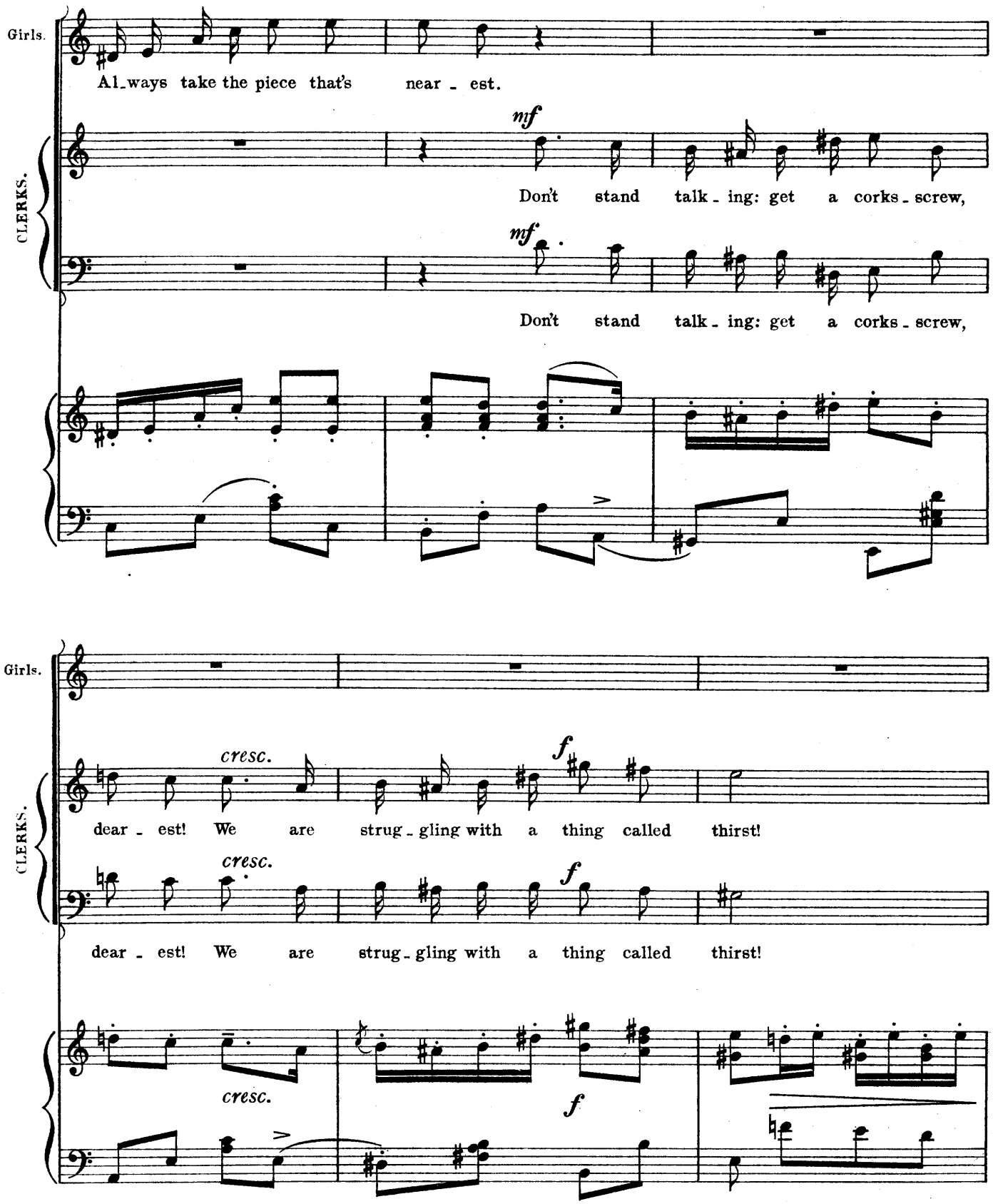

f
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
CHO.
f
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
f
O - pen win - dows, o - pen doors, Sprin-kle tea - leaves on the floors,
f
Co - ver chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur-tains hang of cream-y tints;
CHO.
Co - ver chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur-tains hang of cream-y tints;
Co - ver chairs with dain - ty chintz, Cur-tains hang of cream-y tints;

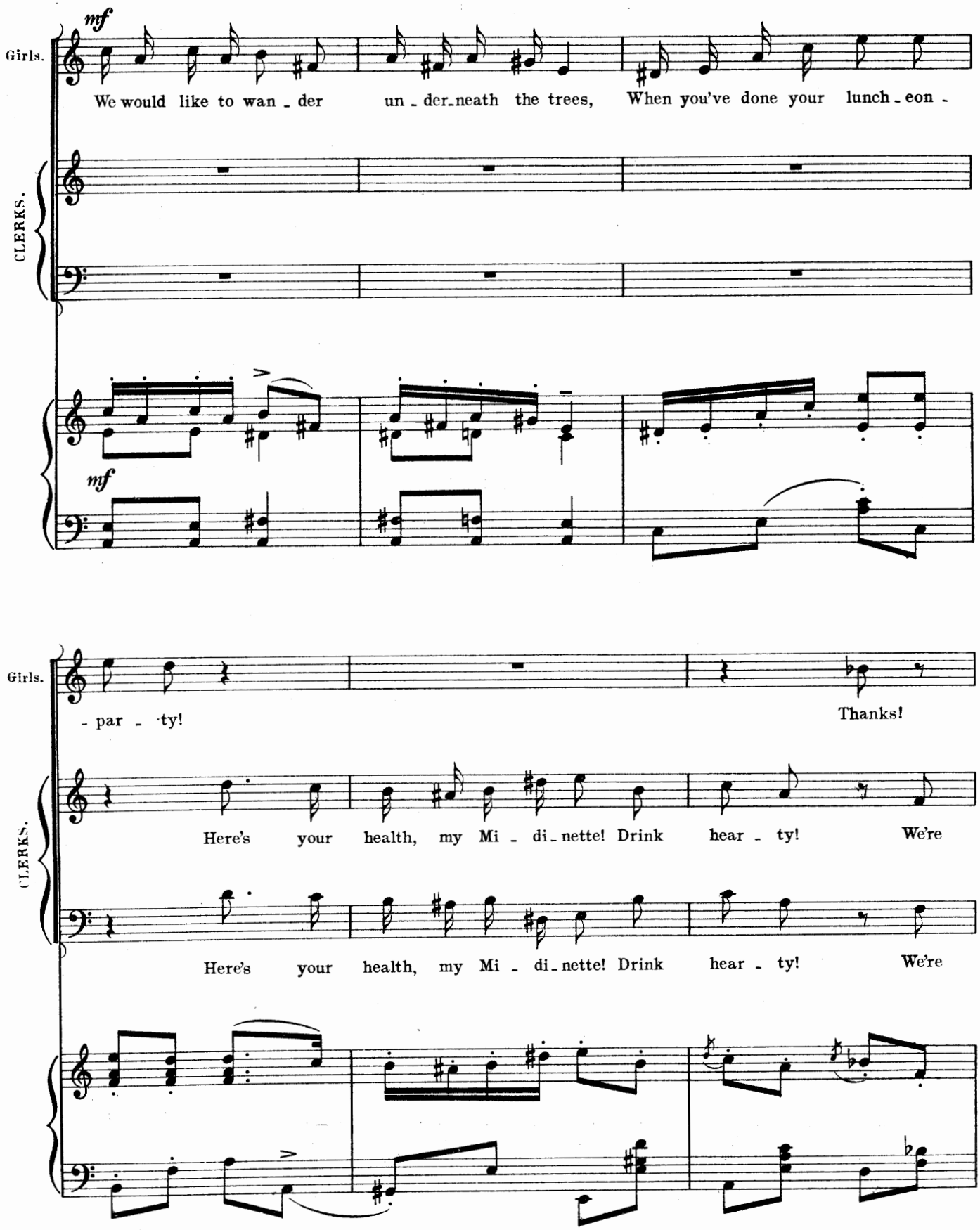

Paints and pol - ish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen.
CHO.
Paints and pol - ish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen.
Paints and pol - ish, scour and clean, Where the fire was stand a screen.
Di - mi - ty up - on the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev-'ry-where.
CHO.
Di - mi - ty up - on the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev-'ry-where.
Di - mi - ty up - on the stair, Flow-ers, flow-ers ev-'ry-where.

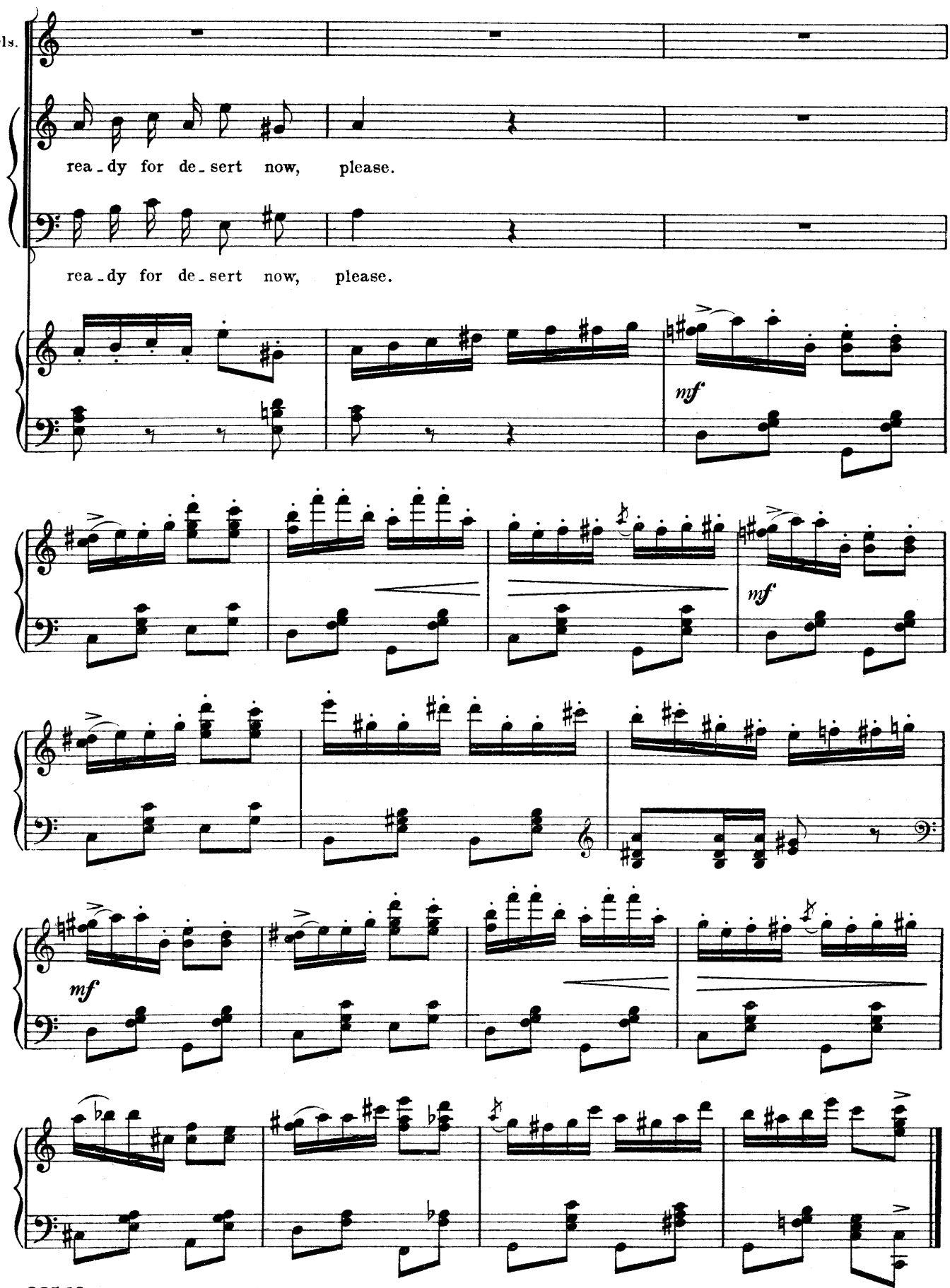

Moderato.
mf.
Girls.
CLERKS.
Have you brought my lunch-eon, lit - tle Mi - di - nette? All the morn-ing we have
Have you brought my lunch-eon, lit - tle Mi - di - nette? All the morn-ing we have
p
GIRLS.
Girls.
Since your pa-tience has so brave - ly last - ed, Can't it
CLERKS.
fast - ed.
fast - ed.


Girls.
last a lit - tle lon - ger yet?
CLERKS.
What have you to tempt us?
What have you to tempt us?
p
Girls.
Here's a
CLERKS.
Let - tuc - es and bread, Sand - wich - es of some sau - cis - son,
Let - tuc - es and bread, Sand - wich - es of some sau - cis - son,


Girls.
slice with such a nice big piece on, Now come and see the mon - keys
CLERKS.
Thanks!
Thanks!
Girls.
mf
fed! Please don't eat so fast! Your man - ners are the worst!
CLERKS.
mf


Girls.
Al_ways take the piece that's near_est.
CLERKS.
mf
Don't stand talk_ing: get a corks_screw,
mf
Don't stand talk_ing: get a corks_screw,
Girls.
cresc.
f
dear_est! We are strug_gling with a thing called thirst!
CLERKS.
cresc.
f
dear_est! We are strug_gling with a thing called thirst!
cresc.
f


Girls.
mf
We would like to wan - der un - der - neath the trees, When you've done your lunch - eon -
CLERKS.
mf
Girls.
- par - ty!
Thanks!
CLERKS.
Here's your health, my Mi - di - nette! Drink hear - ty! We're
Here's your health, my Mi - di - nette! Drink hear - ty! We're

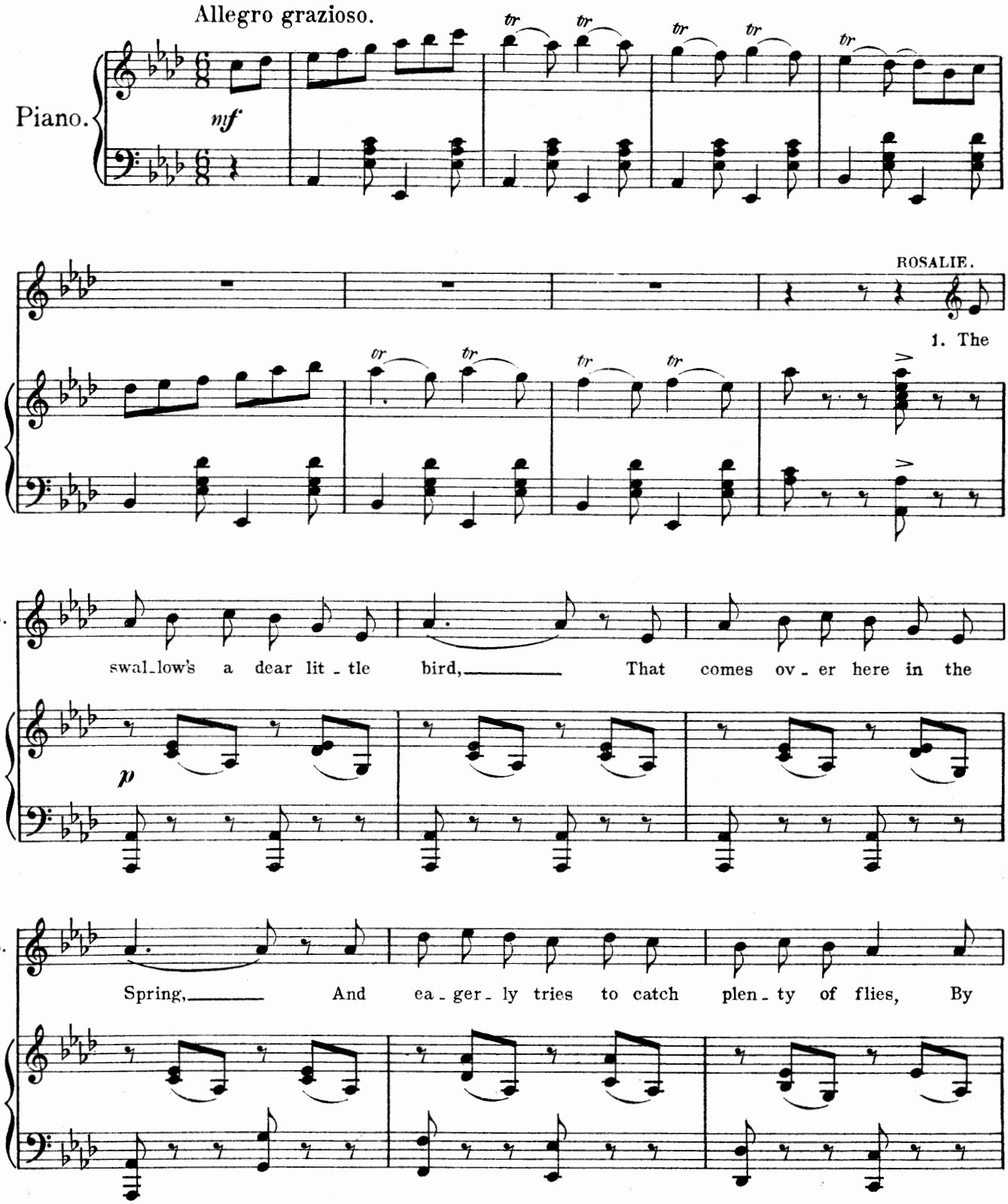

Girls.
CLERKS.
rea - dy for de - sert now, please.
rea - dy for de - sert now, please.
mf
mf
mf

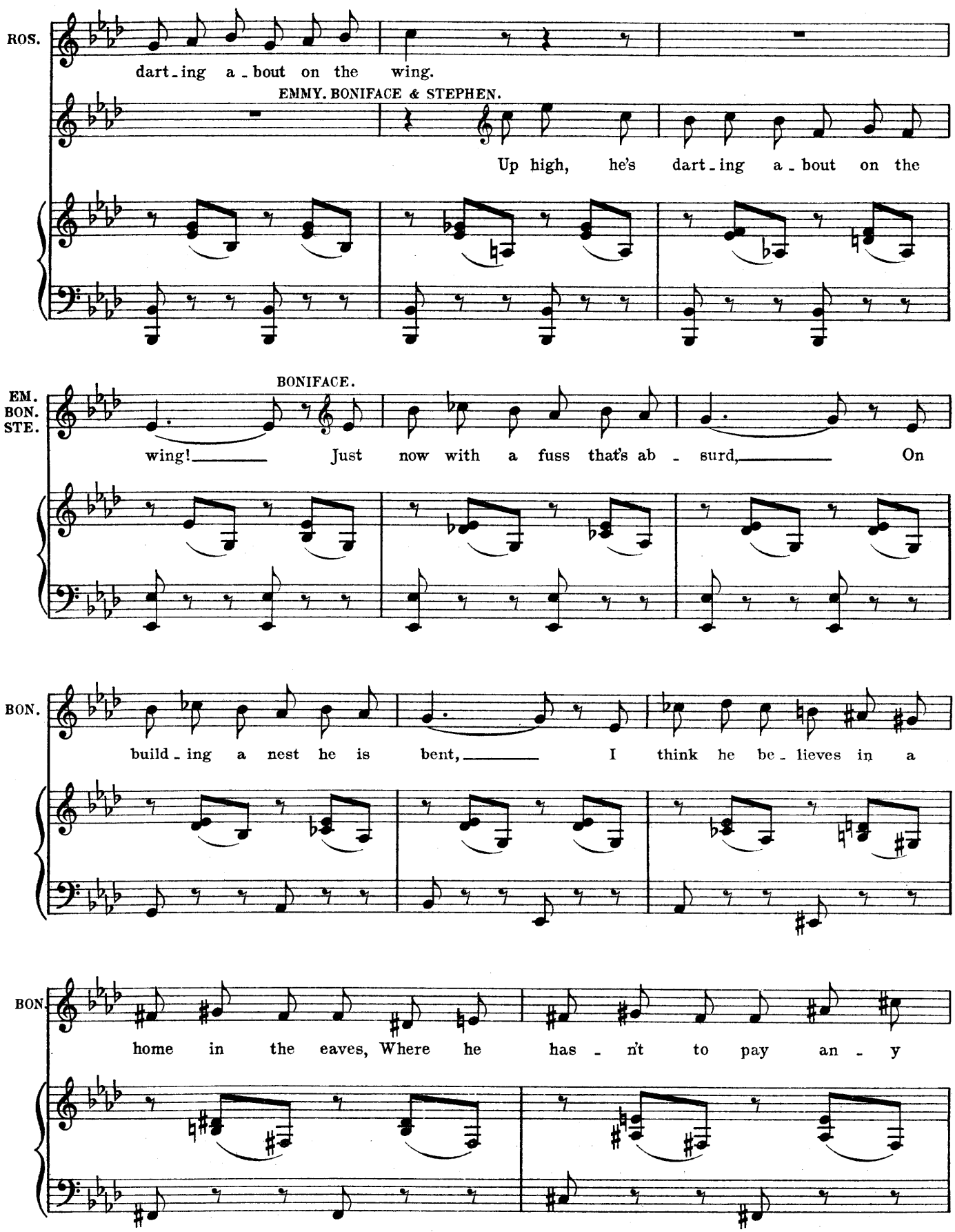
No. 9. QUARTET. (Rosalie, Emmy-Lou, Boniface and Stephen-Henry.)

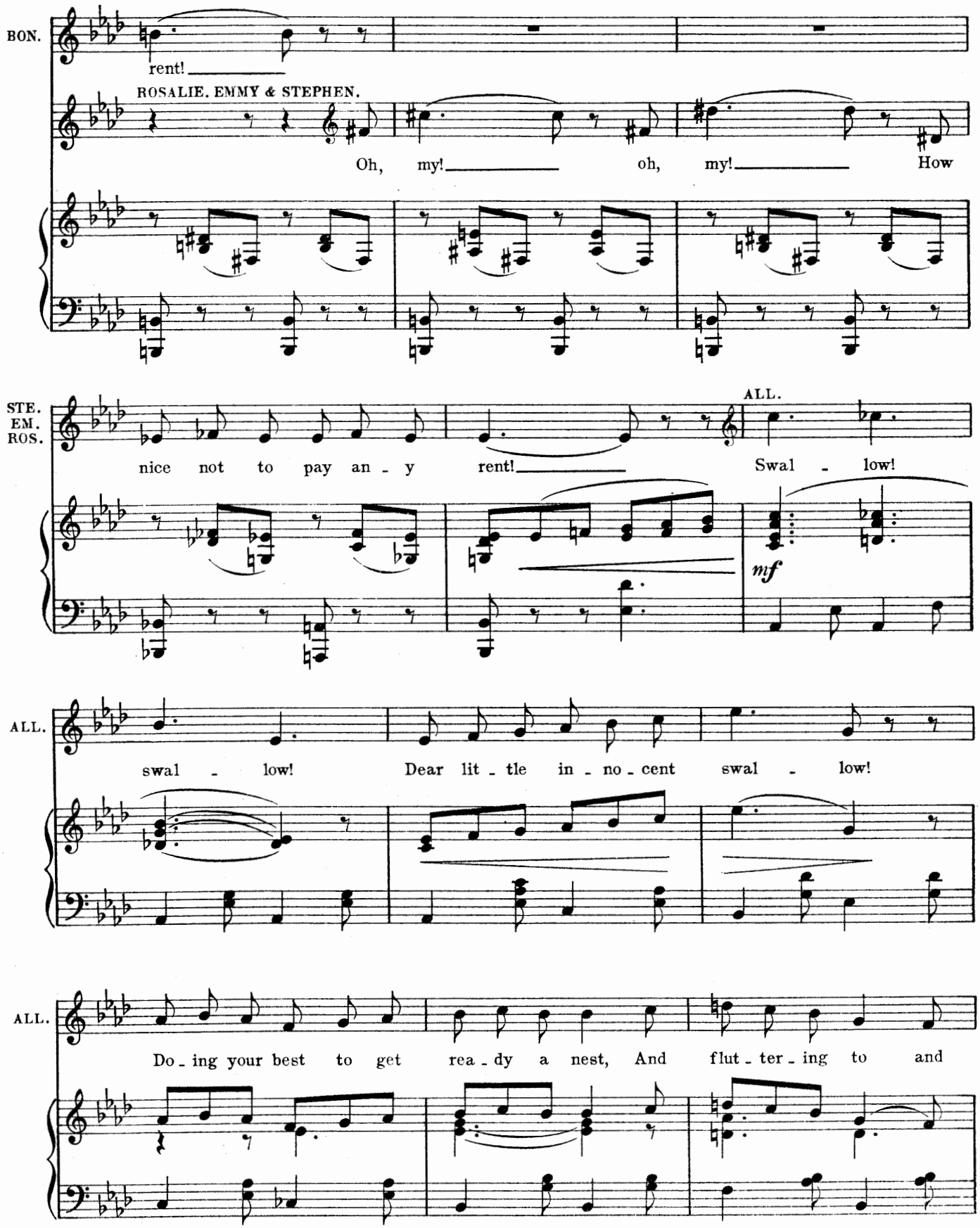
"SWALLOWS."

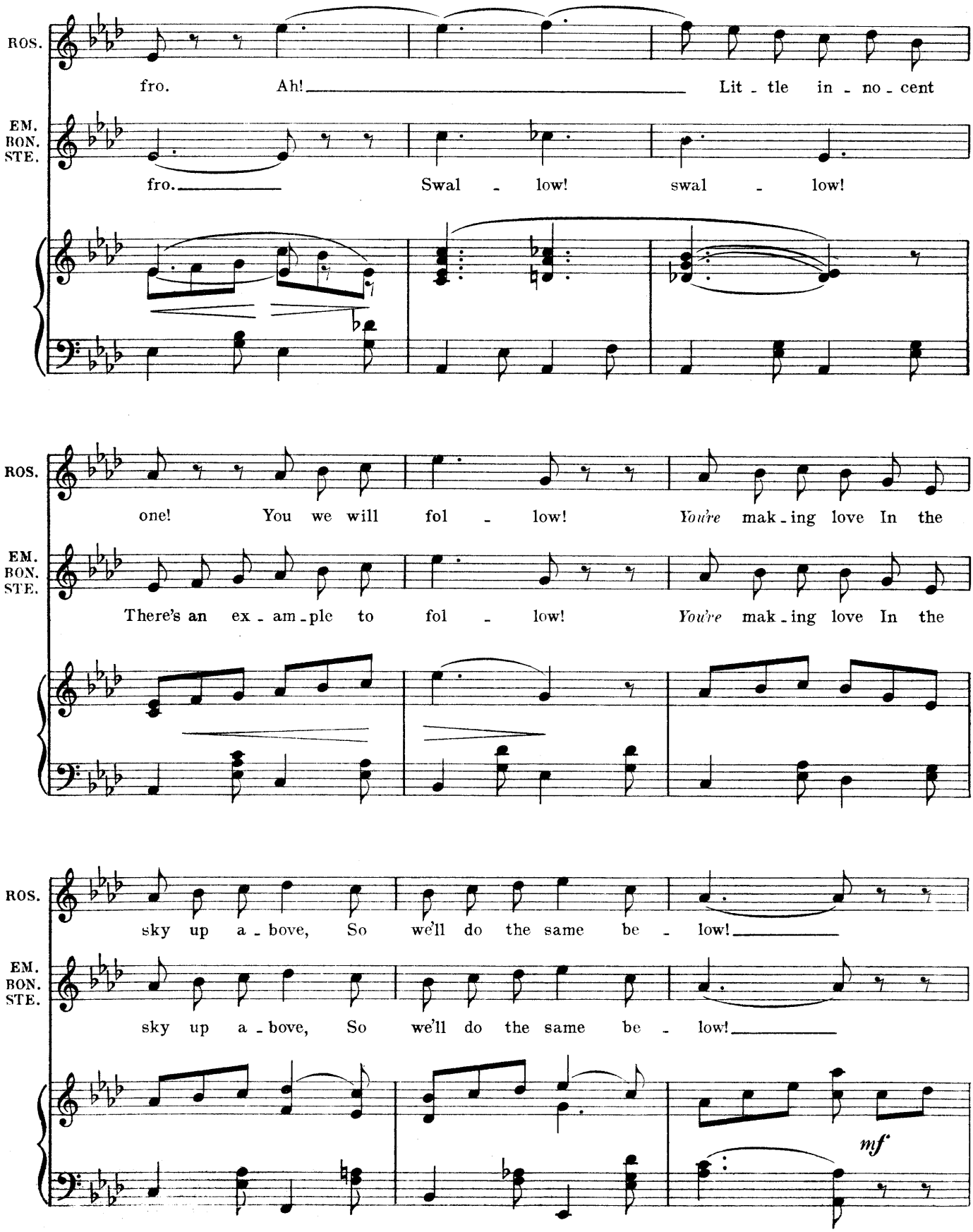
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

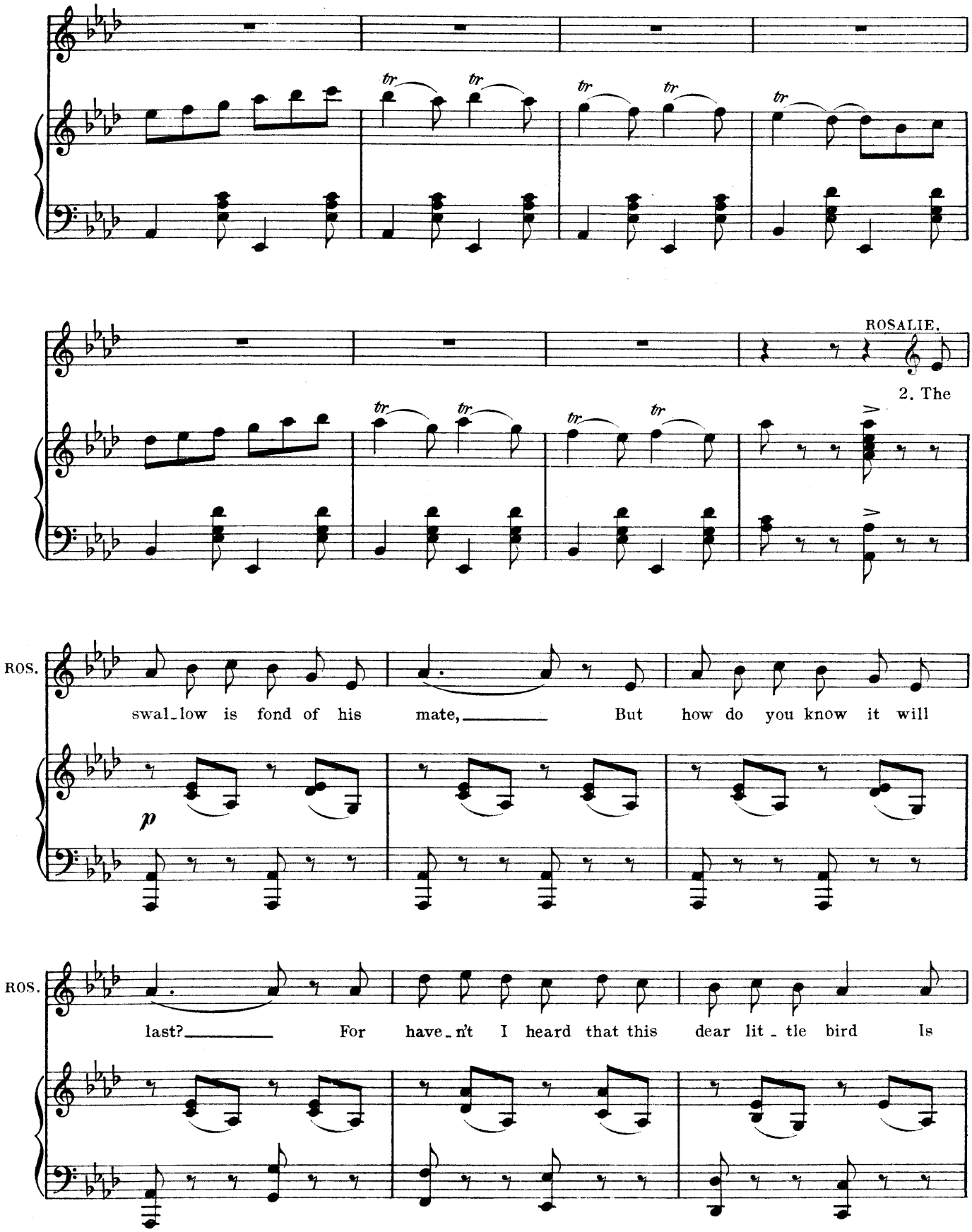
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

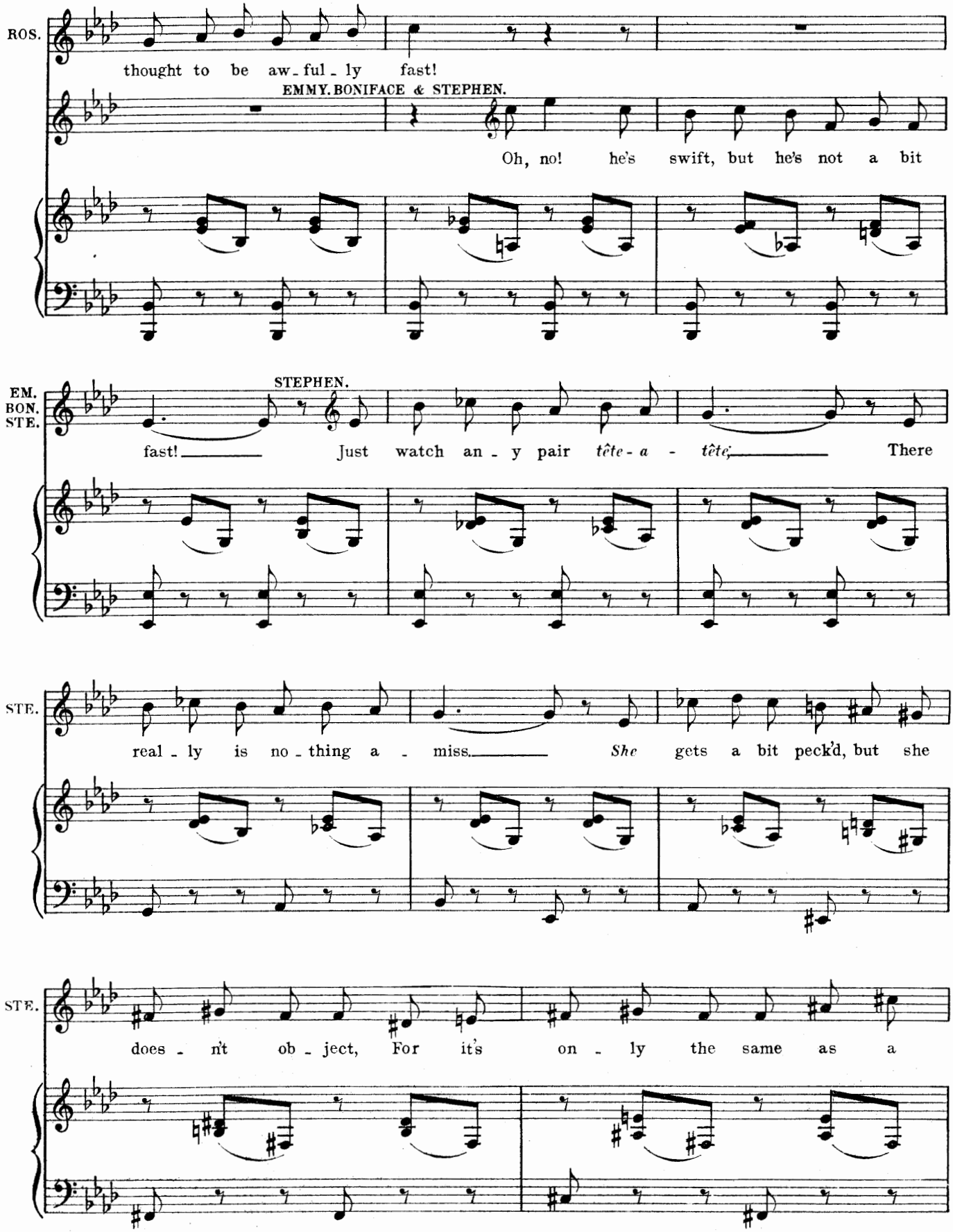


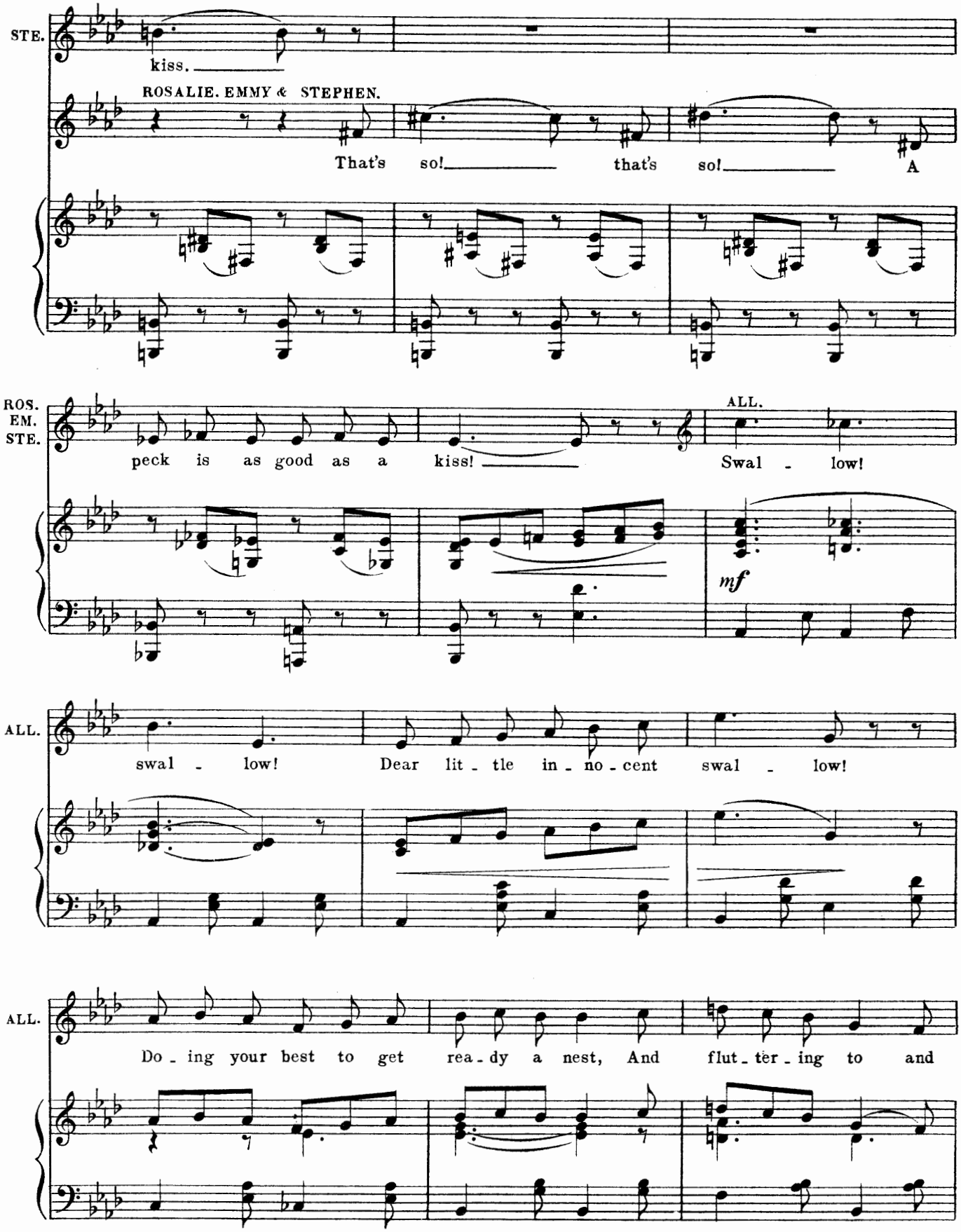

ROS.
dart - ing a - bout on the wing.
EMMY. BONIFACE & STEPHEN.
Up high, he's dart - ing a - bout on the
BONIFACE.
EM.
BON.
STE.
wing! Just now with a fuss that's ab - surd, On
BON.
build - ing a nest he is bent, I think he be - lieves in a
BON.
home in the eaves, Where he has - n't to pay an - y

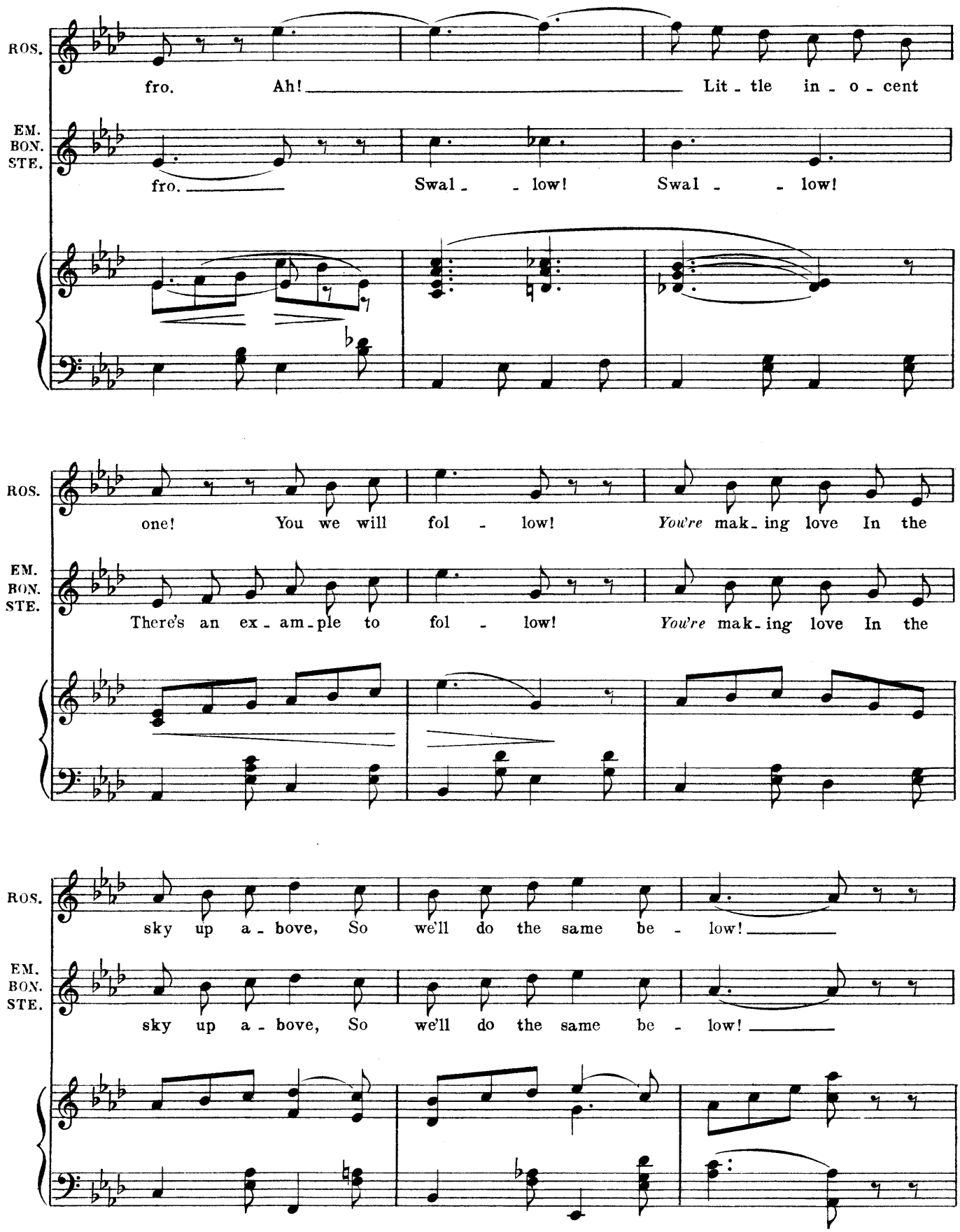

BON.
rent!
ROSALIE. EMMY & STEPHEN.
Oh, my! oh, my! How
STE. EM. ROS.
nice not to pay an - y rent!
ALL.
Swal - low!
mf
ALL.
swal - low! Dear lit - tle in - no - cent swal - low!
ALL.
Do - ing your best to get rea - dy a nest, And flut - ter - ing to and


ROS.
fro. Ah! Lit - tle in - no - cent
EM. BON. STE.
fro. Swal - low! swal - low!
ROS.
one! You we will fol - low! You're mak - ing love In the
EM. BON. STE.
There's an ex - am - ple to fol - low! You're mak - ing love In the
ROS.
sky up a - bove, So we'll do the same be - low!
EM. BON. STE.
sky up a - bove, So we'll do the same be - low!
mf

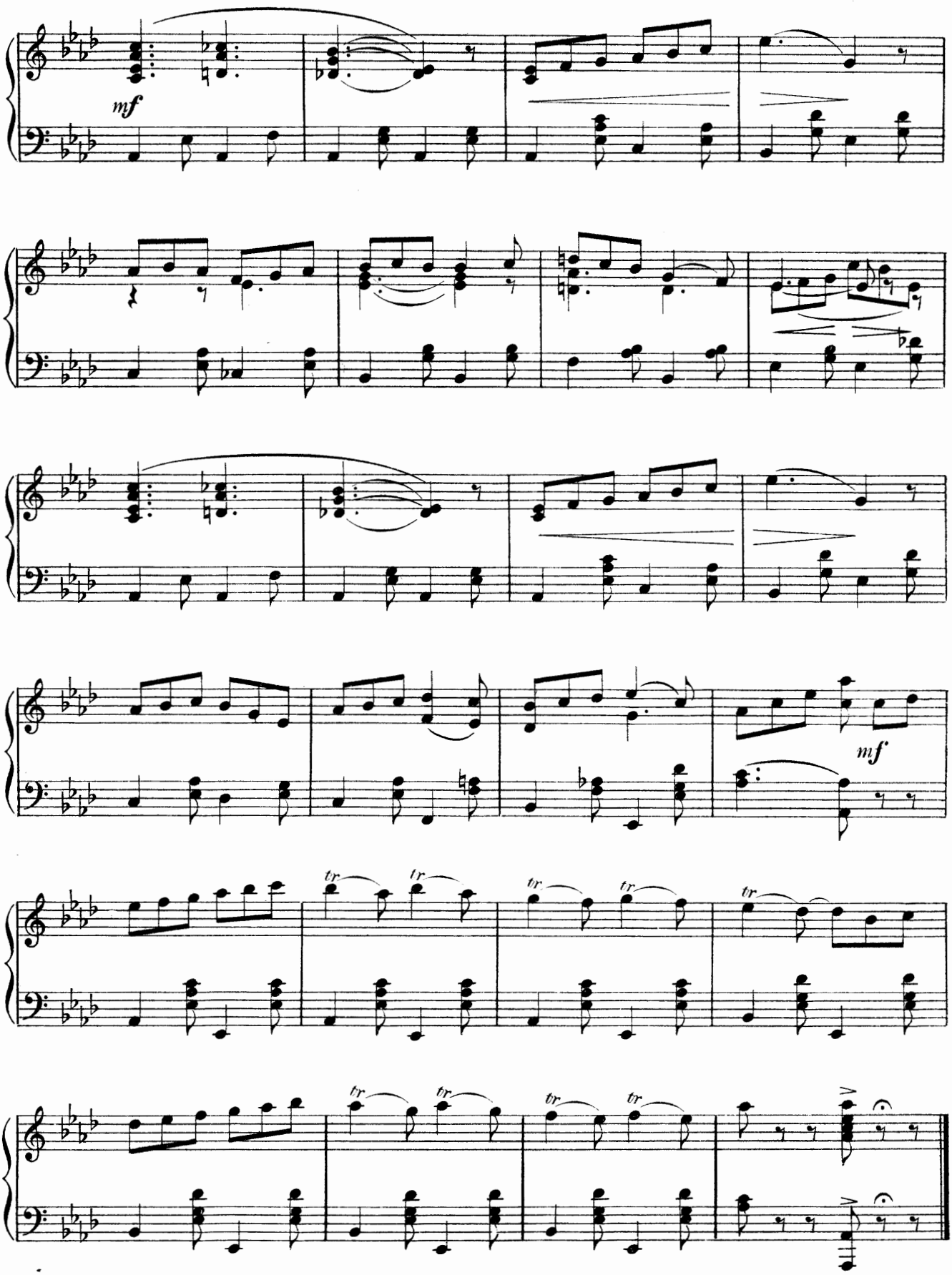

ROSALIE.
2. The
ROS.
swal-low is fond of his mate, But how do you know it will
p
ROS.
last? For have-n't I heard that this dear lit-tle bird Is


ROS.
thought to be aw - ful - ly fast!
EMMY. BONIFACE & STEPHEN.
Oh, no! he's swift, but he's not a bit
EM. BON. STE.
STEPHEN.
fast! Just watch an - y pair *tête - a - tête;* There
STE.
real - ly is no - thing a - miss. *She* gets a bit peck'd, but she
STE.
does - n't ob - ject, For it's on - ly the same as a


STE.
kiss.
ROSALIE. EMMY & STEPHEN.
That's so! that's so! A
ROS.
EM.
STE.
peck is as good as a kiss!
ALL.
Swal - low!
mf
ALL.
swal - low! Dear lit - tle in - no - cent swal - low!
ALL.
Do - ing your best to get rea - dy a nest, And flut - ter - ing to and


ROS.
fro. Ah! Lit - tle in - o - cent
EM. BON. STE.
fro. Swal - - low! Swal - - low!
ROS.
one! You we will fol - low! *You're* mak - ing love In the
EM. BON. STE.
There's an ex - am - ple to fol - low! *You're* mak - ing love In the
ROS.
sky up a - bove, So we'll do the same be - low!
EM. BON. STE.
sky up a - bove, So we'll do the same be - low!

DANCE.

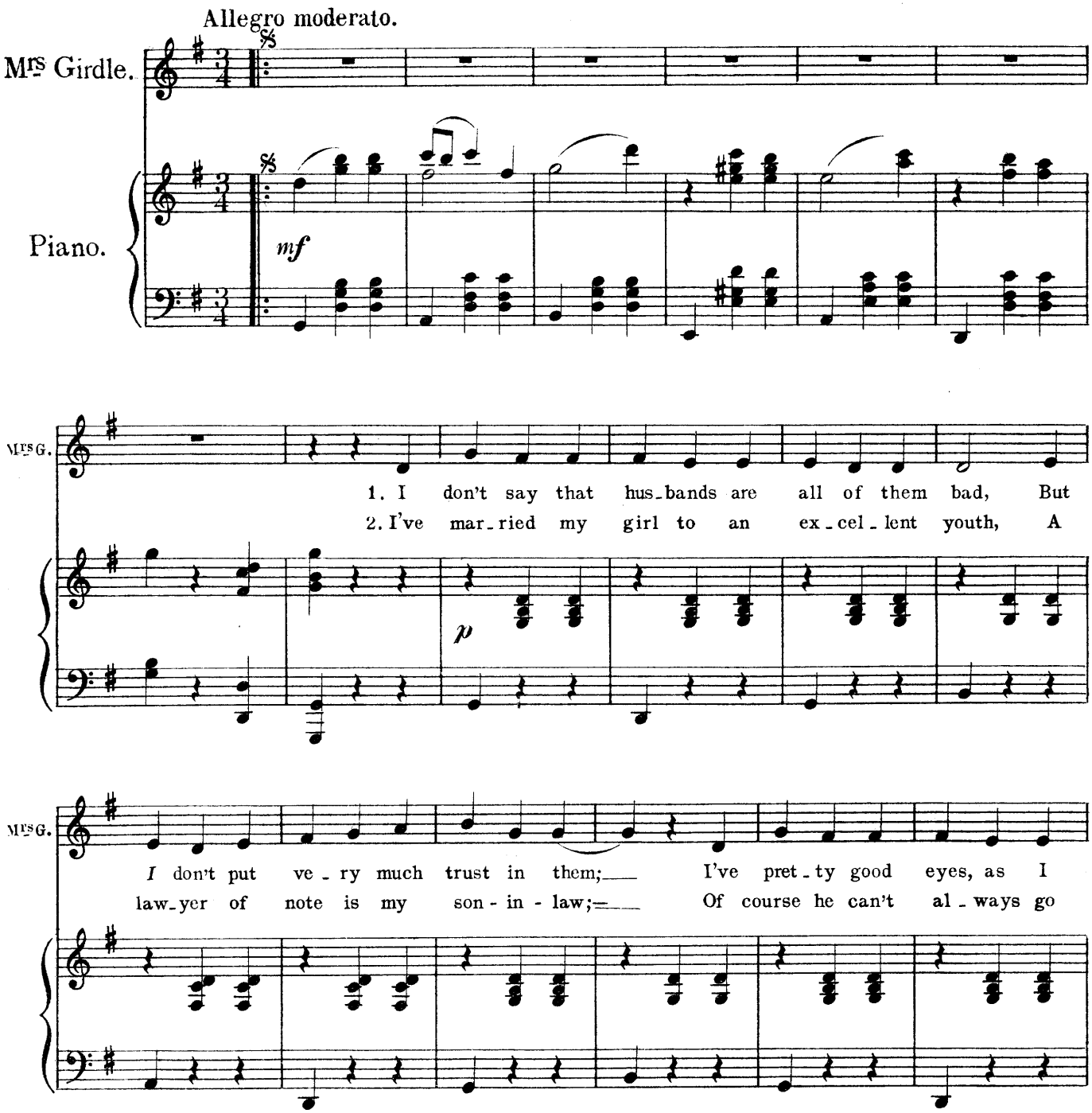


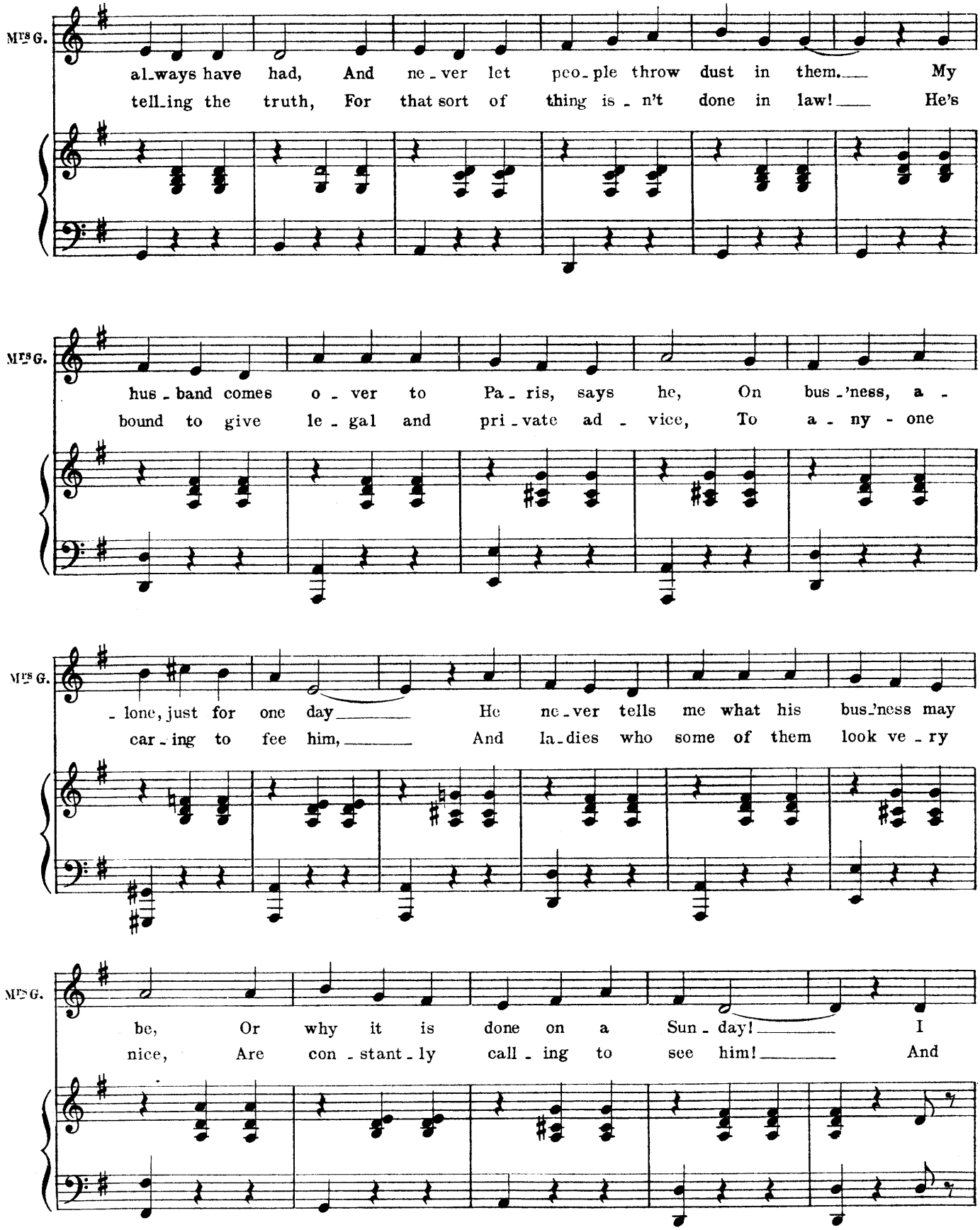
No. 10. SONG (Mrs Girdle) and CHORUS.

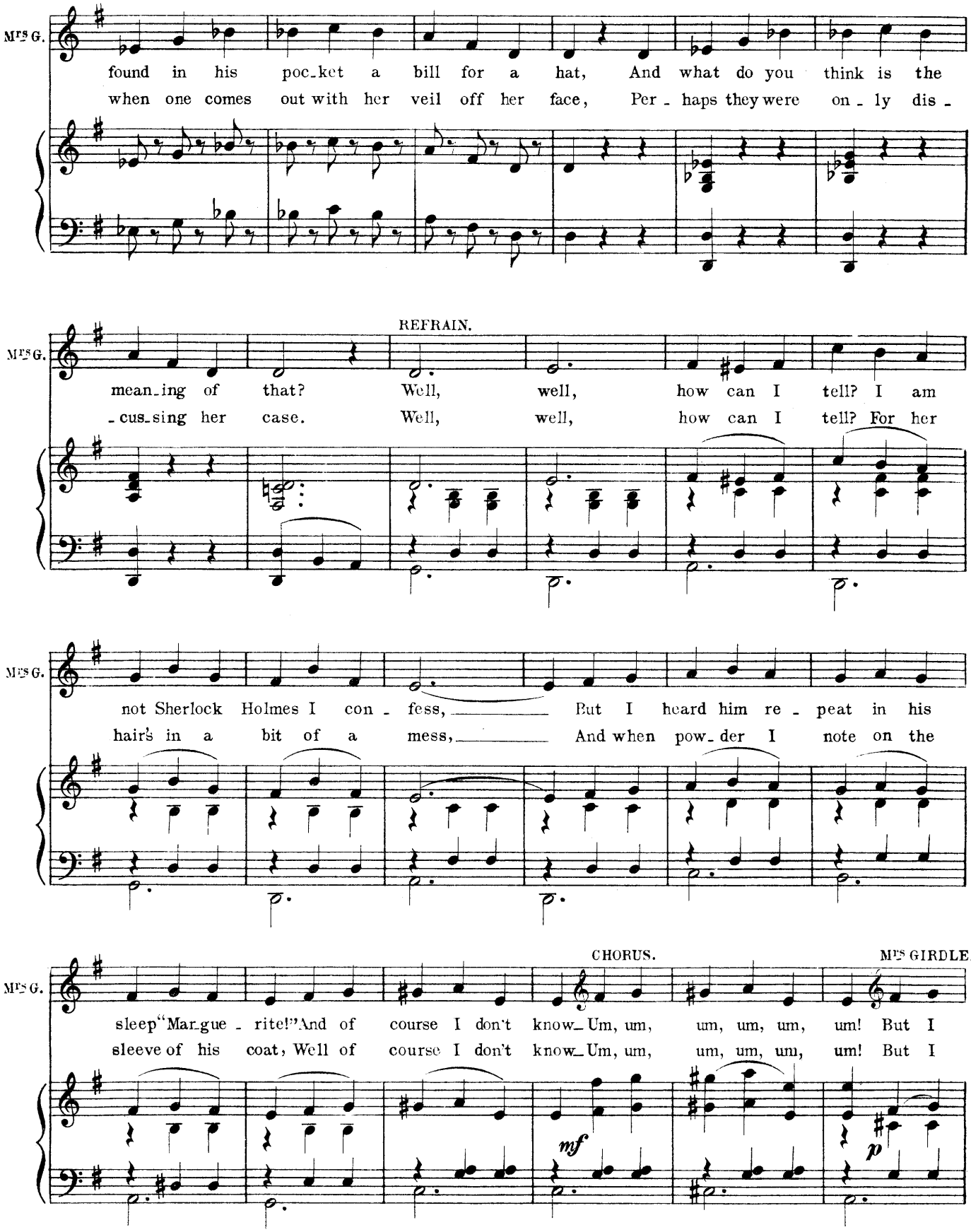
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT I GUESS."

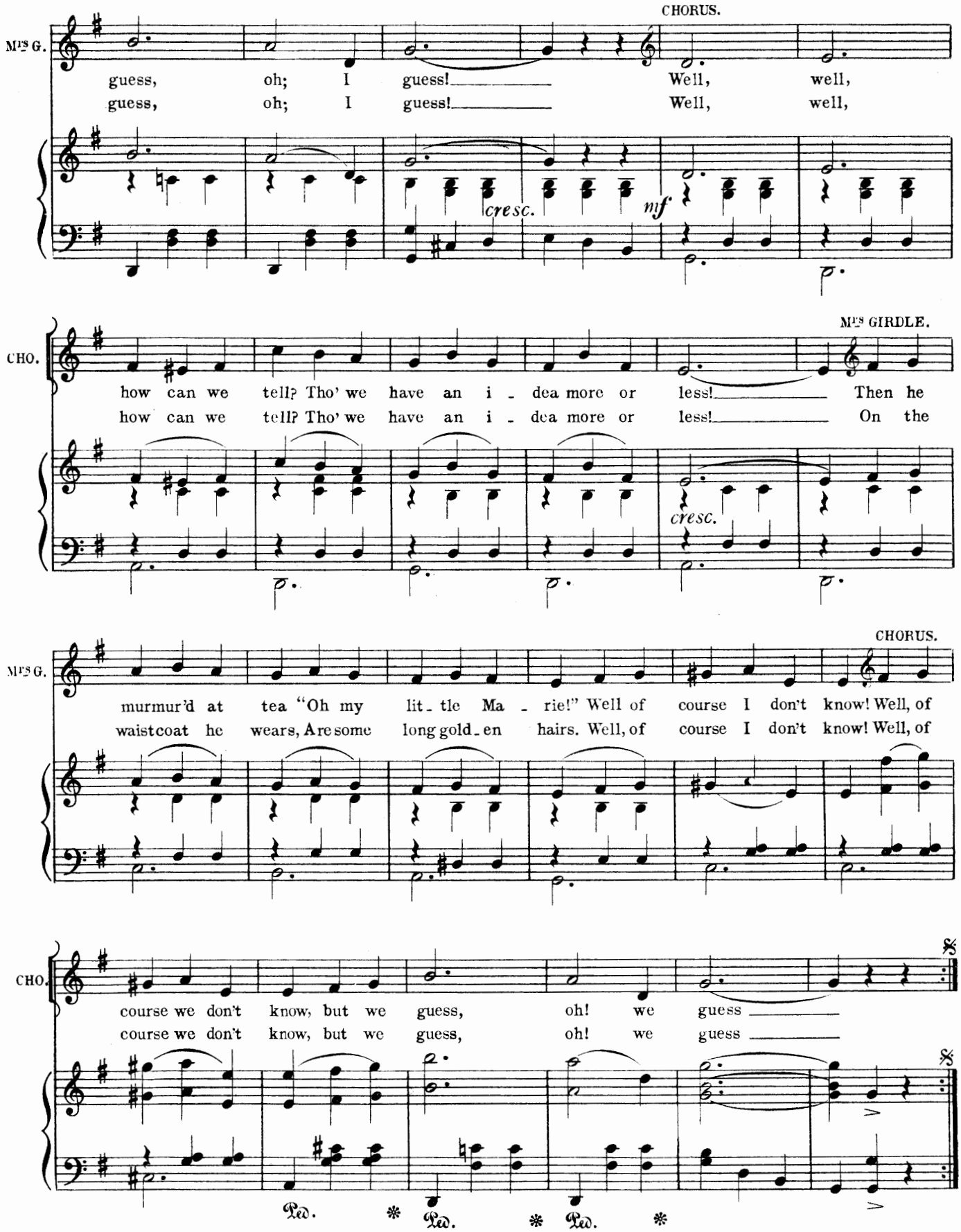
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

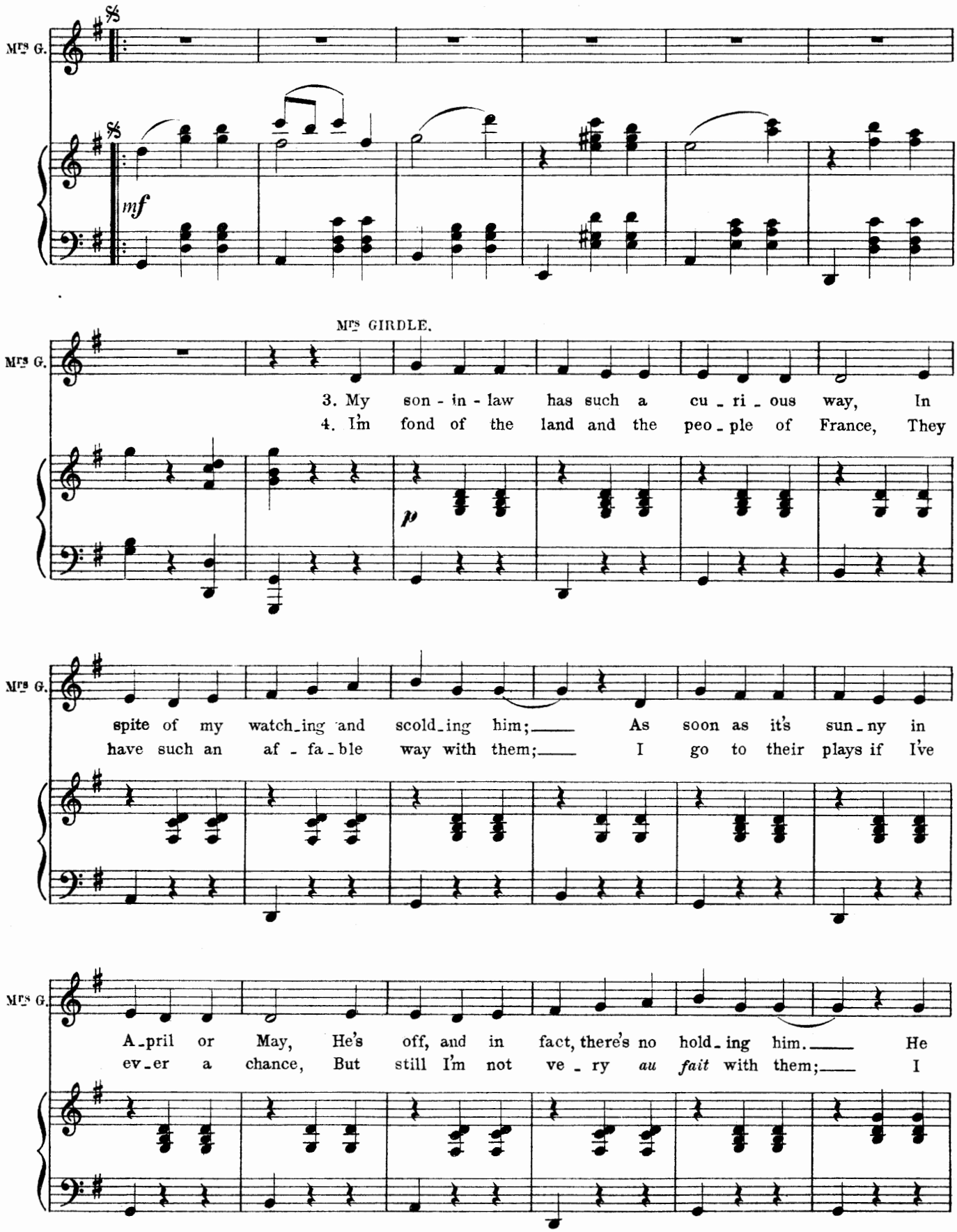
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

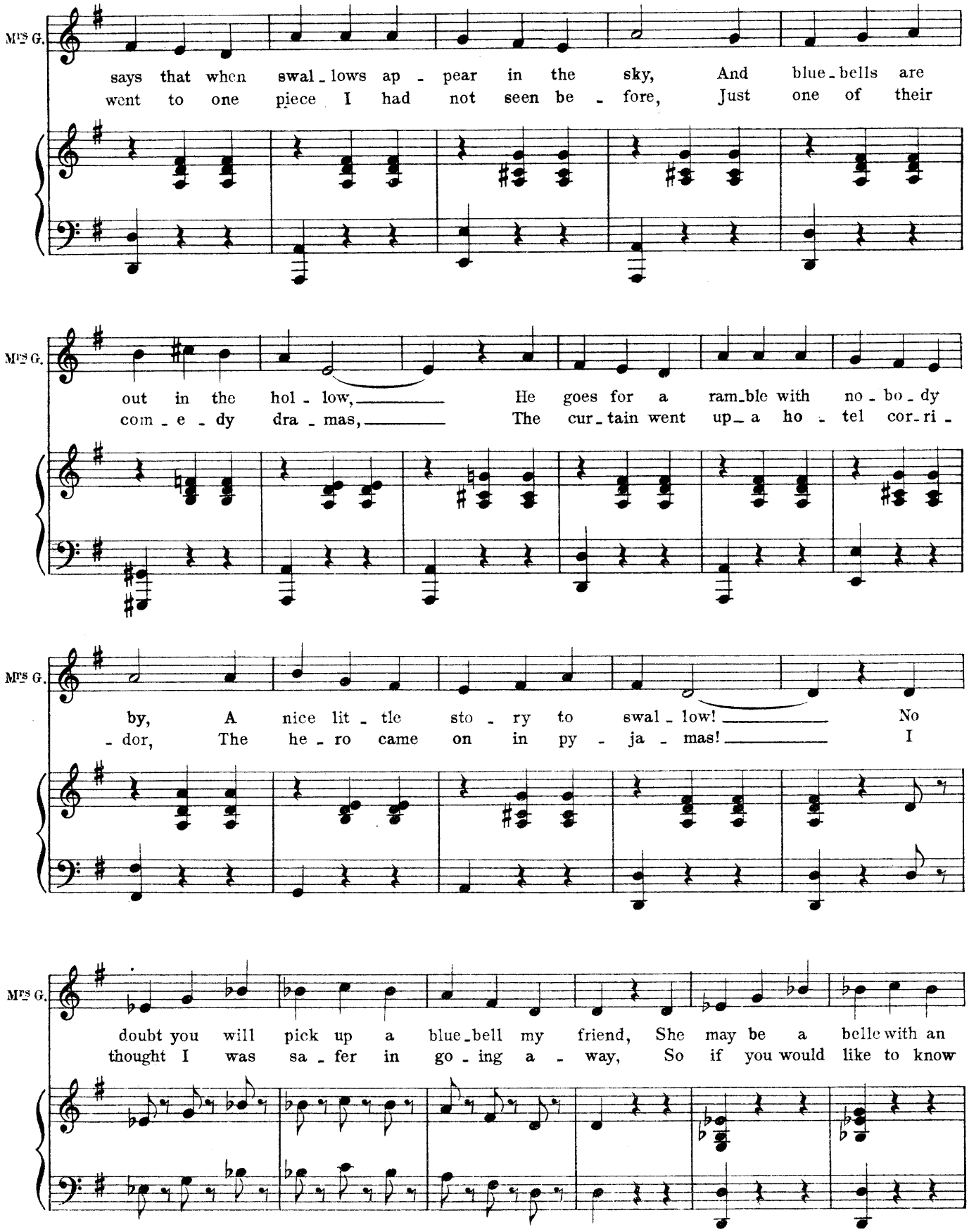


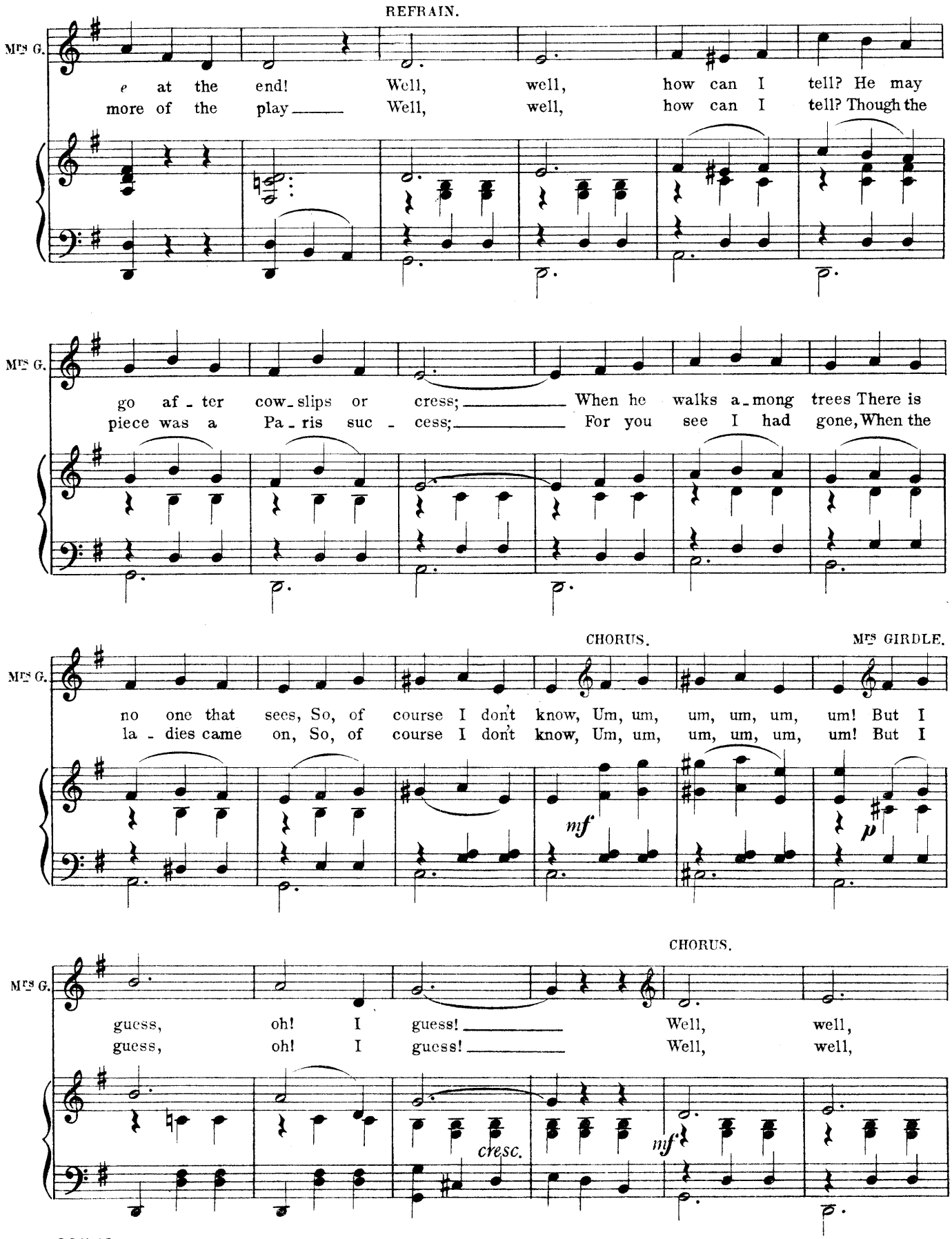

Mrs G.
al_ways have had, And ne_ver let peo_ple throw dust in them. My
tell_ing the truth, For that sort of thing is_n't done in law! He's
Mrs G.
hus_band comes o_ver to Pa_ris, says he, On bus_'ness, a_
bound to give le_gal and pri_vate ad_vice, To a_ny_one
Mrs G.
_lone, just for one day He ne_ver tells me what his bus_'ness may
car_ing to fee him, And la_dies who some of them look ve_ry
Mrs G.
be, Or why it is done on a Sun_day! I
nice, Are con_stant_ly call_ing to see him! And

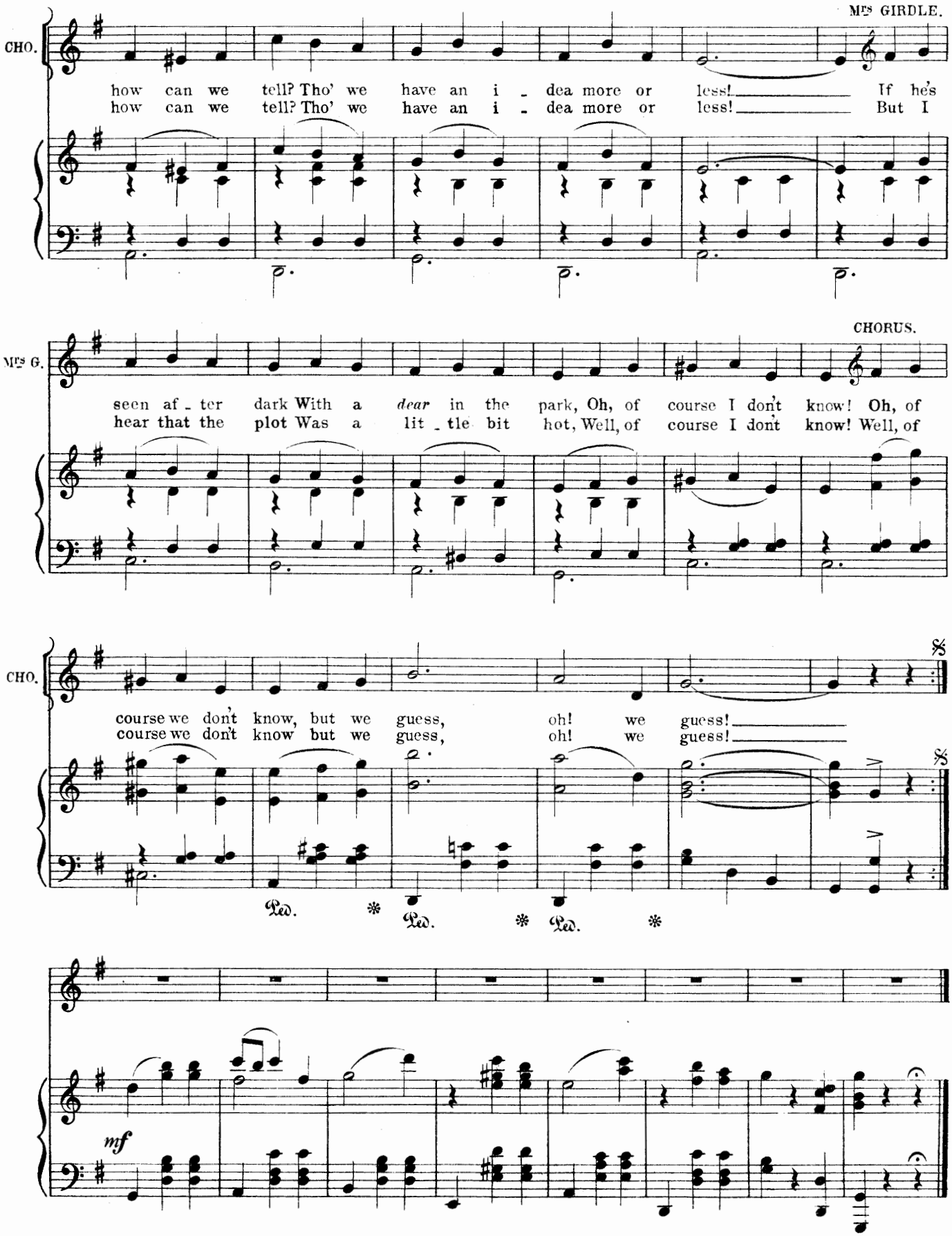

MRS G.
found in his poc-ket a bill for a hat, And what do you think is the
when one comes out with her veil off her face, Per - haps they were on - ly dis -
REFRAIN.
MRS G.
mean-ing of that? Well, well, how can I tell? I am
-cus-sing her case. Well, well, how can I tell? For her
MRS G.
not Sherlock Holmes I con - fess, But I heard him re - peat in his
hair's in a bit of a mess, And when pow-der I note on the
CHORUS.
MRS GIRDLE.
MRS G.
sleep "Mar-gue - rite!" And of course I don't know-Um, um, um, um, um, um! But I
sleeve of his coat, Well of course I don't know-Um, um, um, um, um, um! But I
mf
p


CHORUS.
Mrs G.
guess, oh; I guess! Well, well,
guess, oh; I guess! Well, well,
cresc.
mf
CHO.
Mrs GIRDLE.
how can we tell? Tho' we have an i - dea more or less! Then he
how can we tell? Tho' we have an i - dea more or less! On the
cresc.
CHORUS.
Mrs G.
murmur'd at tea "Oh my lit - tle Ma - rie!" Well of course I don't know! Well, of
waistcoat he wears, Are some long gold - en hairs. Well, of course I don't know! Well, of
CHO.
course we don't know, but we guess, oh! we guess
course we don't know, but we guess, oh! we guess
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


Mrs G.
mf
Mrs GIRDLE.
3. My son - in - law has such a cu - ri - ous way, In
4. I'm fond of the land and the peo - ple of France, They
p
spite of my watch-ing and scold-ing him;— As soon as it's sun-ny in
have such an af - fa - ble way with them;— I go to their plays if I've
A-pril or May, He's off, and in fact, there's no hold-ing him.— He
ev-er a chance, But still I'm not ve - ry *au fait* with them;— I


Mrs G.
says that when swal - lows ap - pear in the sky, And blue - bells are
went to one piece I had not seen be - fore, Just one of their
Mrs G.
out in the hol - low, He goes for a ram - ble with no - bo - dy
com - e - dy dra - mas, The cur - tain went up a ho - tel cor - ri -
Mrs G.
by, A nice lit - tle sto - ry to swal - low! No
- dor, The he - ro came on in py - ja - mas! I
Mrs G.
doubt you will pick up a blue - bell my friend, She may be a belle with an
thought I was sa - fer in go - ing a - way, So if you would like to know


REFRAIN.
Mrs G.
e at the end! Well, well, how can I tell? He may
more of the play Well, well, how can I tell? Though the
Mrs G.
go af - ter cow - slips or cress; When he walks a - mong trees There is
piece was a Pa - ris suc - cess; For you see I had gone, When the
CHORUS.
Mrs GIRDLE.
Mrs G.
no one that sees, So, of course I don't know, Um, um, um, um, um, um! But I
la - dies came on, So, of course I don't know, Um, um, um, um, um, um! But I
nf
p
CHORUS.
Mrs G.
guess, oh! I guess! Well, well,
guess, oh! I guess! Well, well,
cresc.
nf

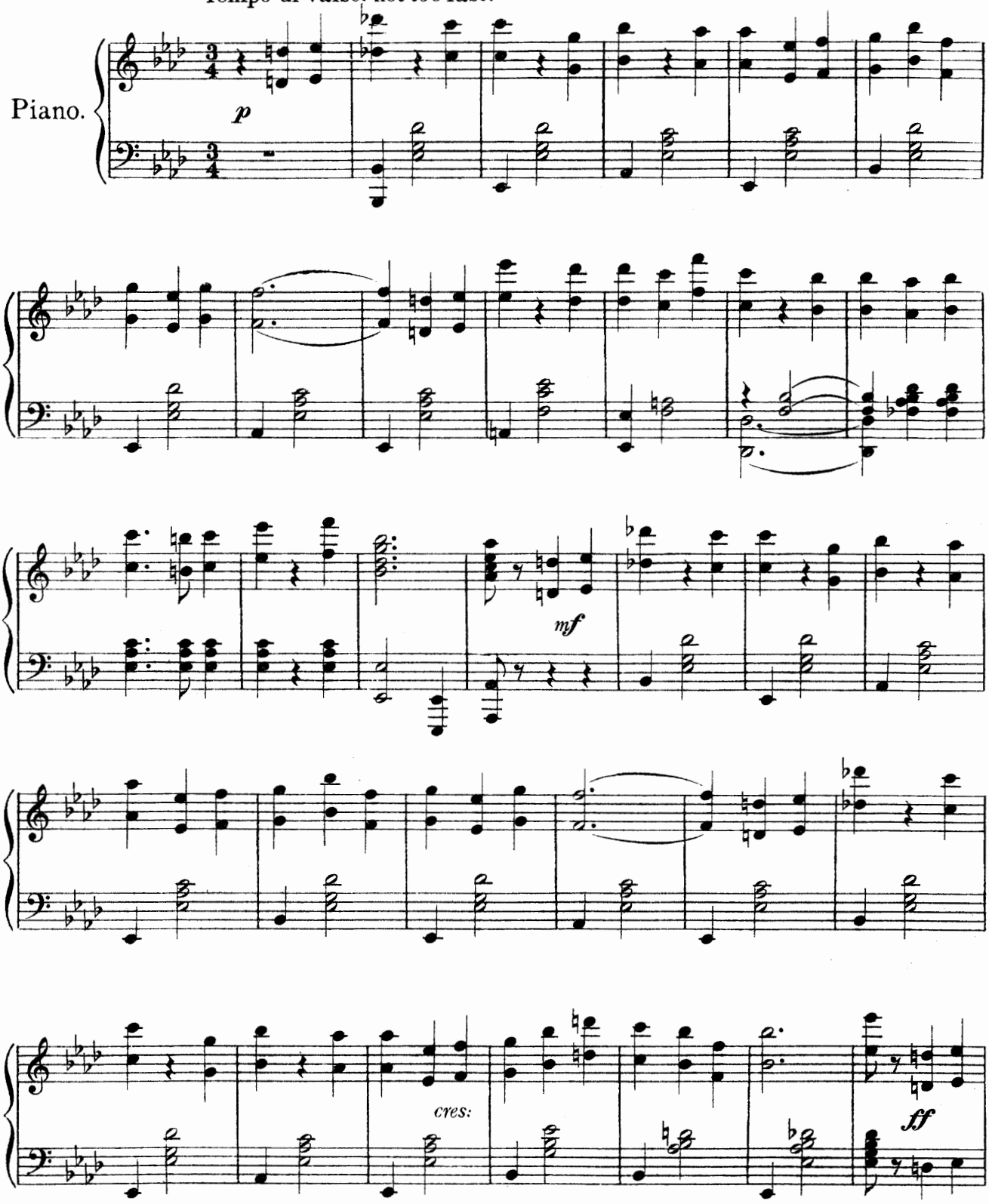

Mrs GIRDLE.
CHO.
how can we tell? Tho' we have an i - dea more or less! If he's
how can we tell? Tho' we have an i - dea more or less! But I
CHORUS.
Mrs G.
seen af - ter dark With a *dear* in the park, Oh, of course I don't know! Oh, of
hear that the plot Was a lit - tle bit hot, Well, of course I don't know! Well, of
CHO.
course we don't know, but we guess, oh! we guess!
course we don't know but we guess, oh! we guess!
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
mf

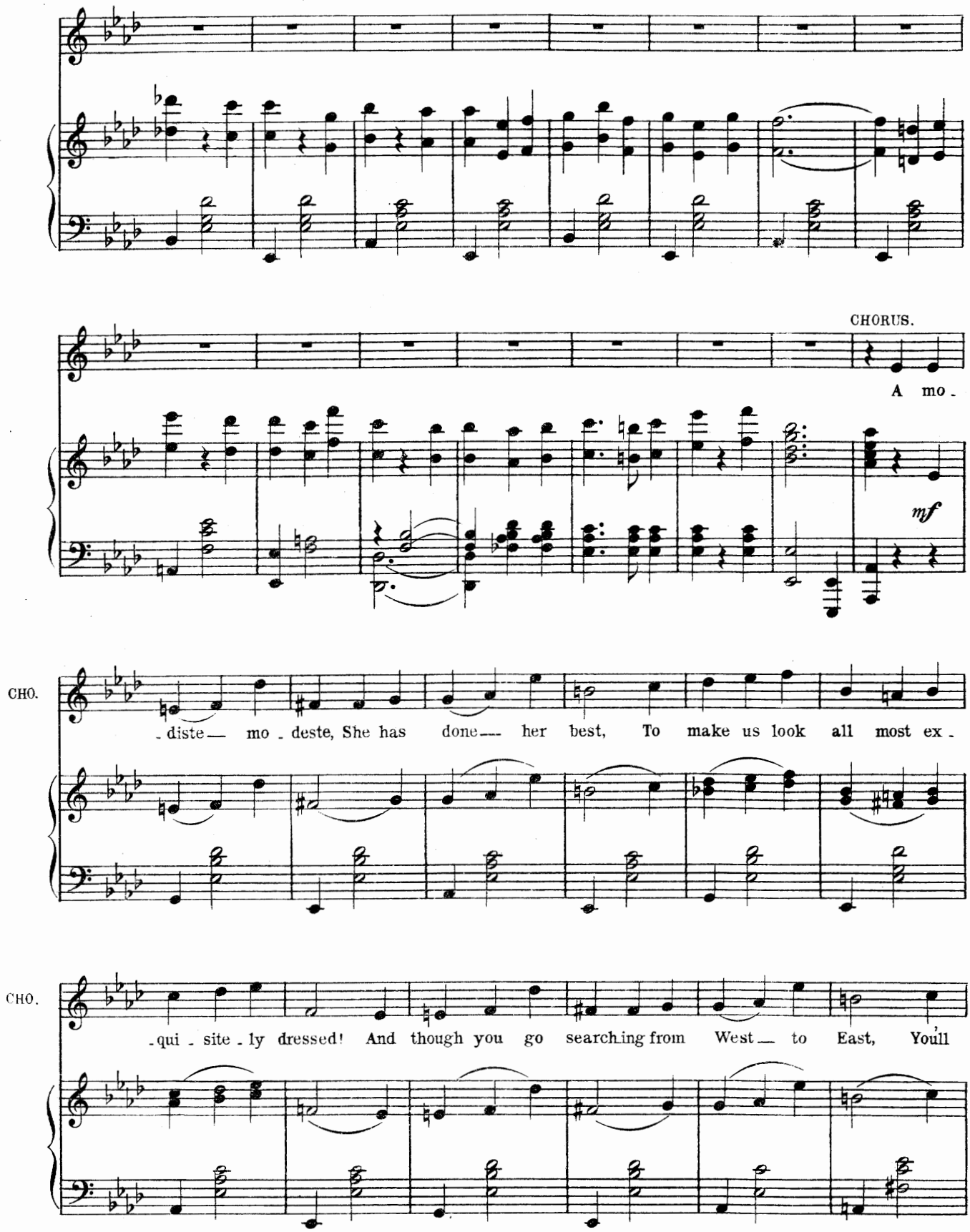
No. 11. CONCERTED NUMBER. (Clients.)

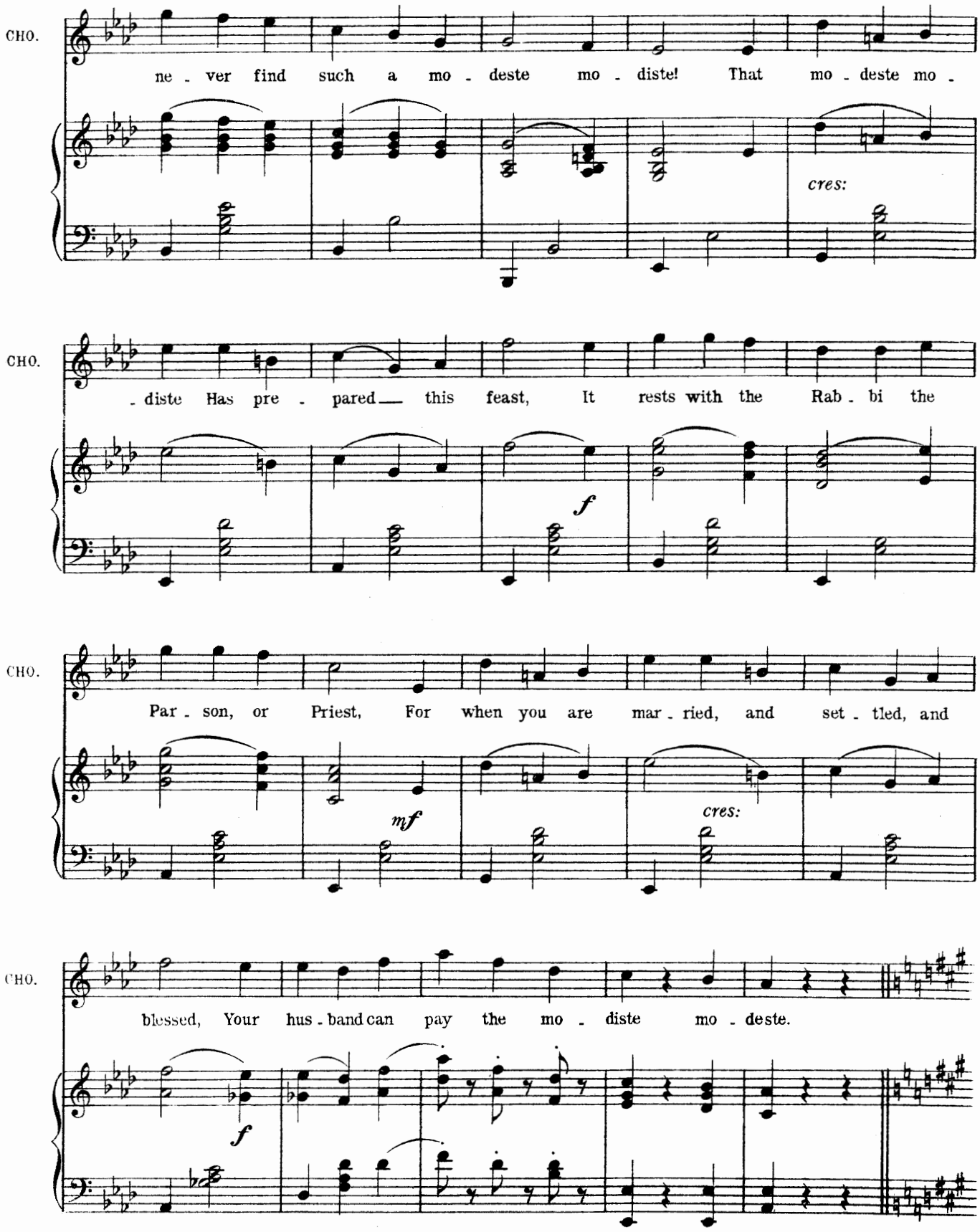
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

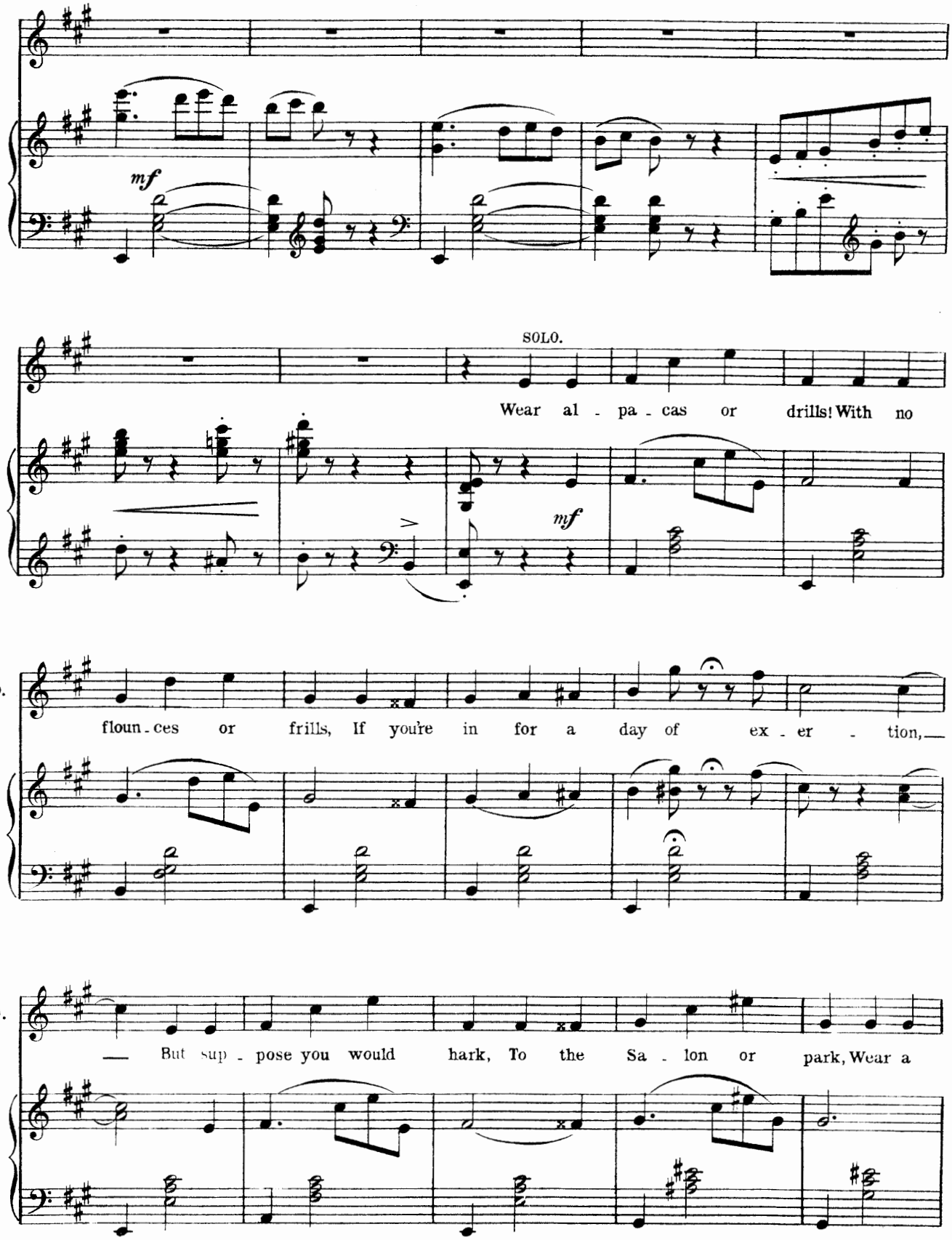
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

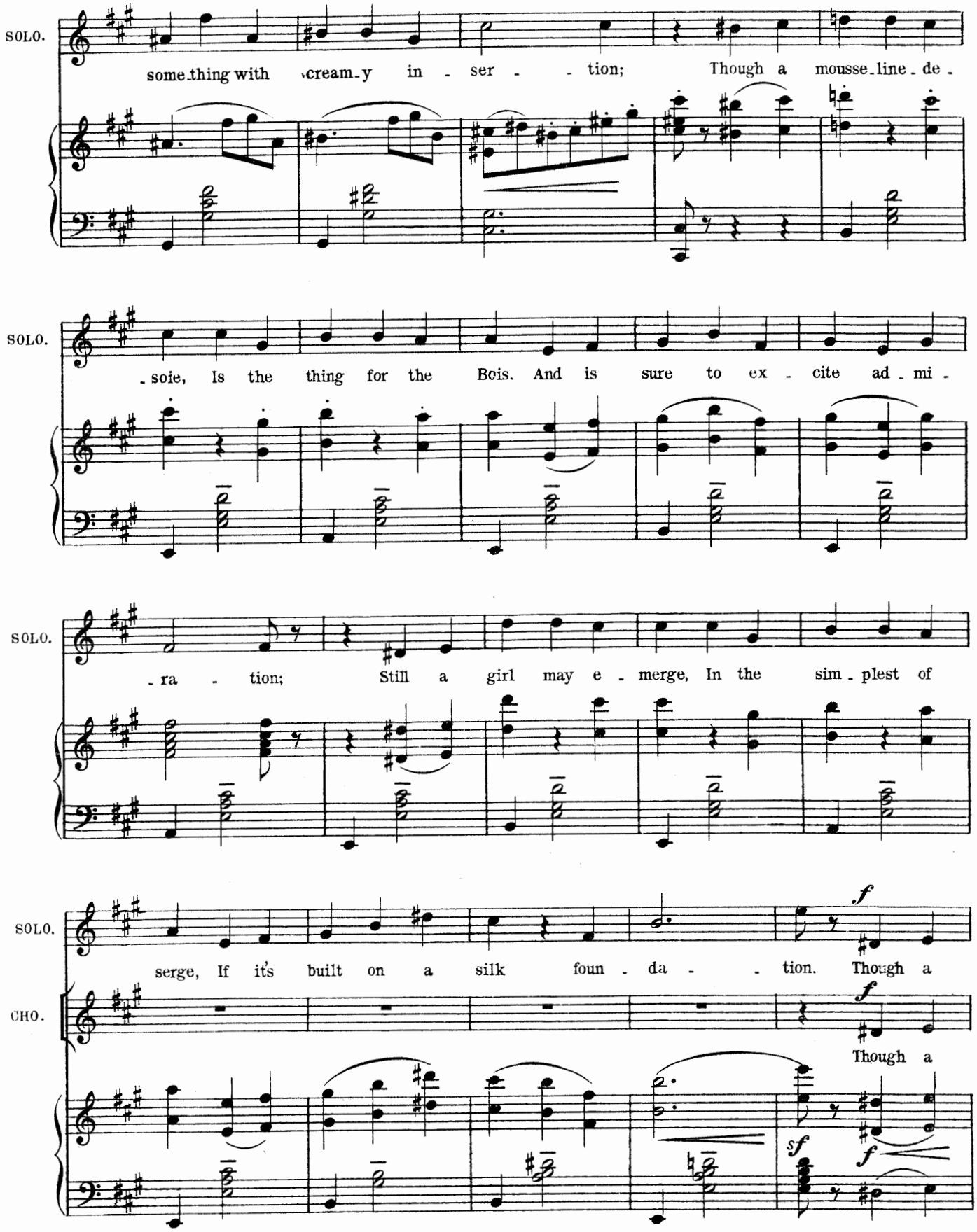
Tempo di Valse, not too fast.

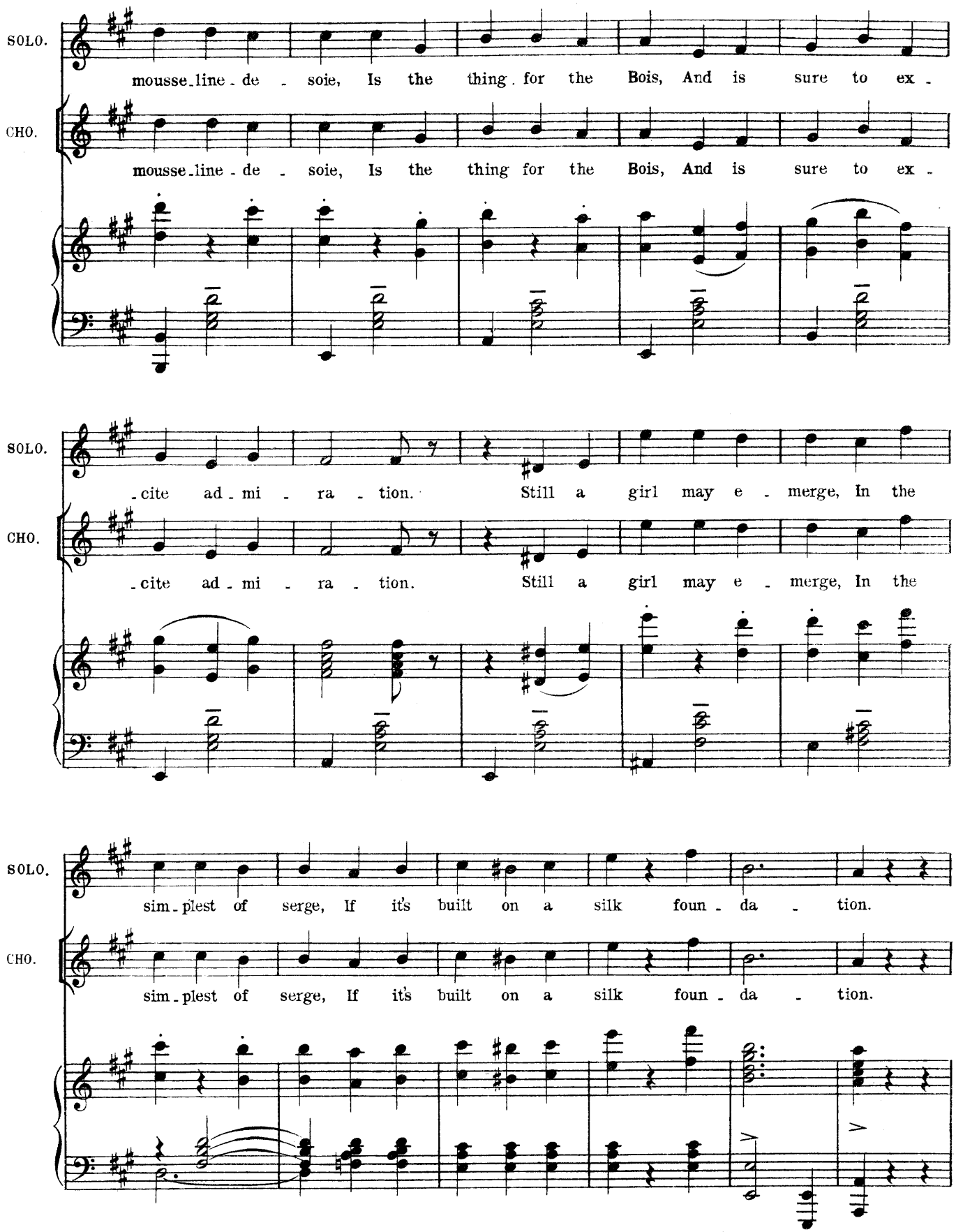


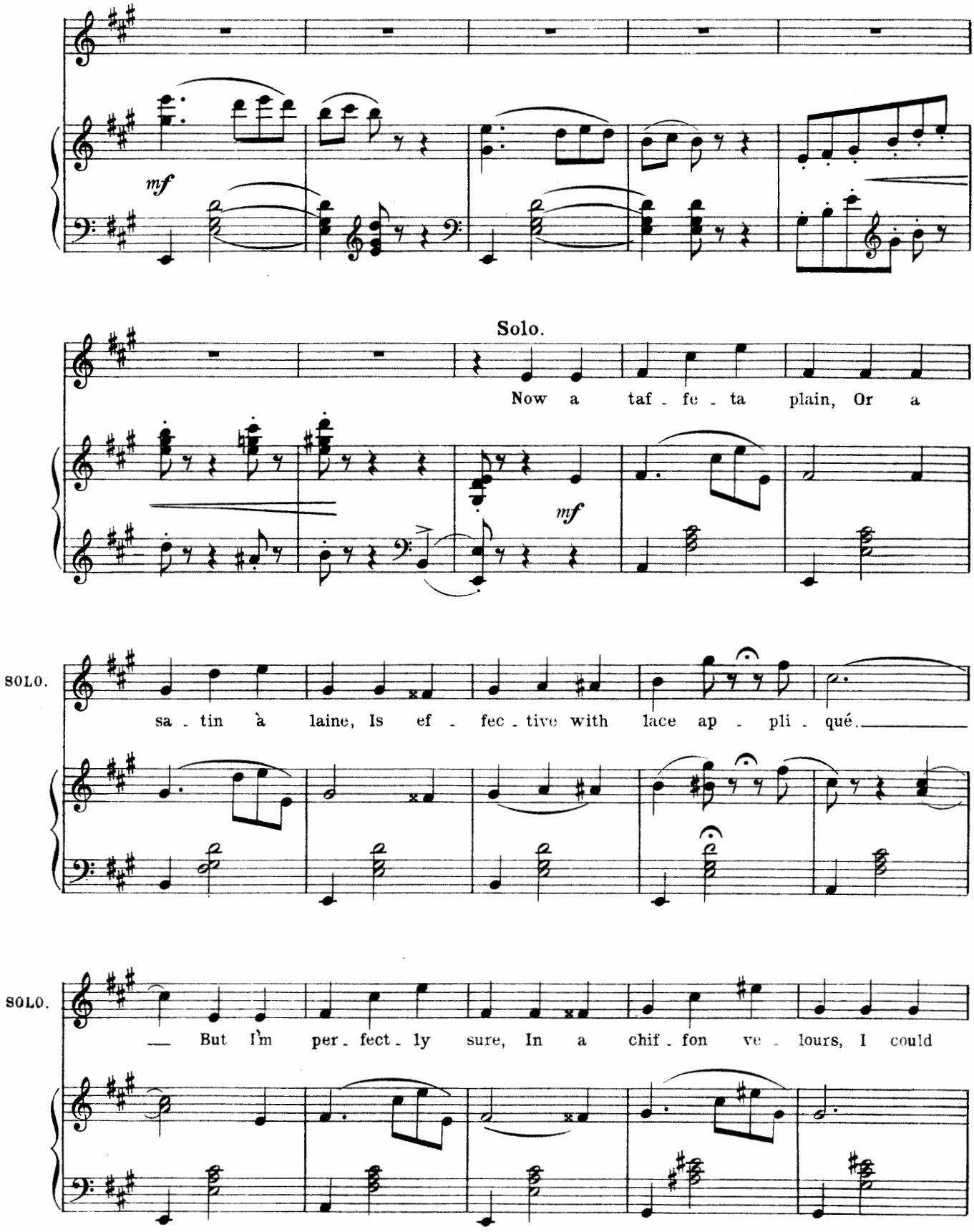

CHORUS.
A mo -
mf
CHO.
- diste — mo - deste, She has done — her best, To make us look all most ex -
CHO.
- qui - site - ly dressed! And though you go searching from West — to East, You'll

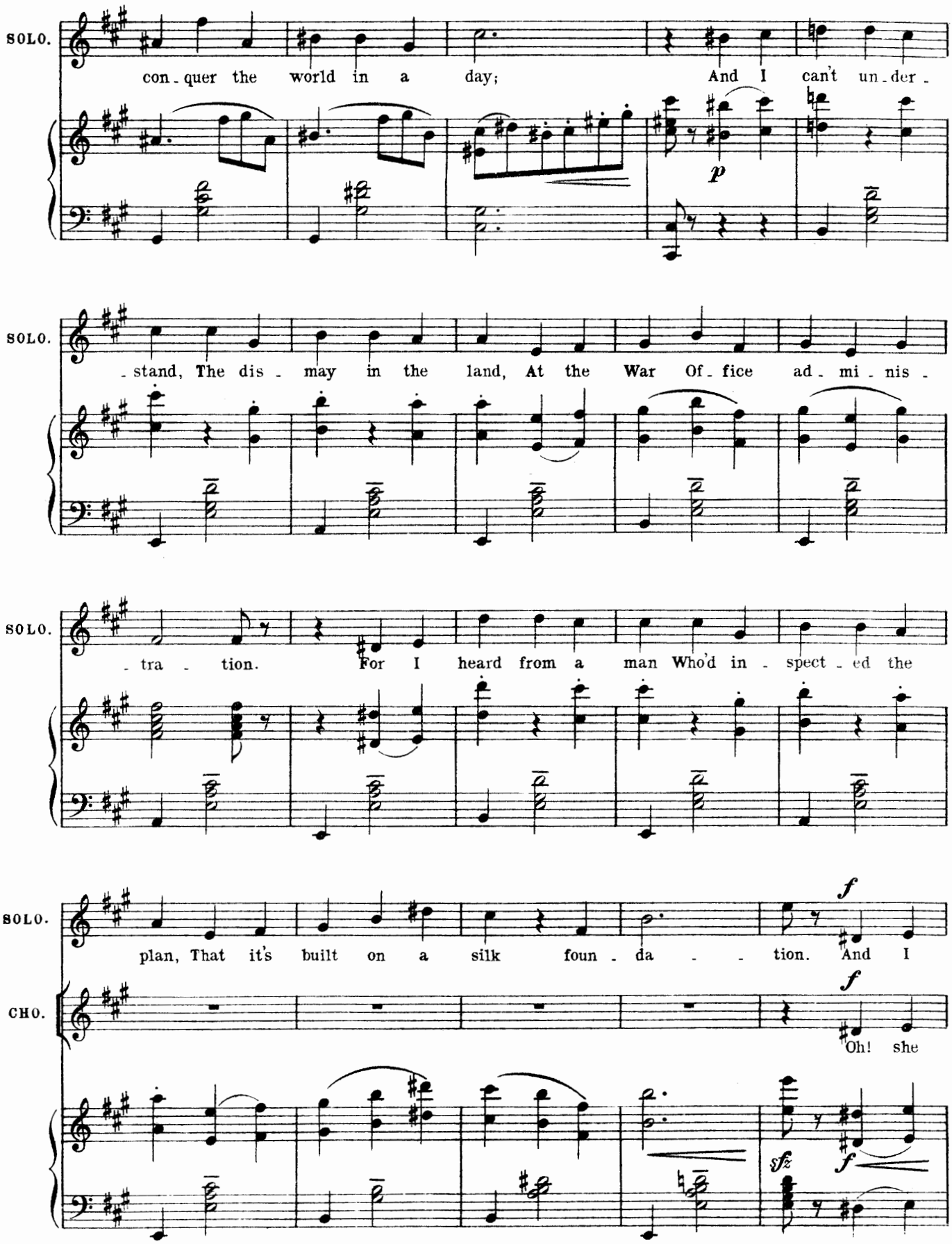

CHO.
ne - ver find such a mo - deste mo - diste! That mo - deste mo -
cres:
CHO.
- diste Has pre - pared this feast, It rests with the Rab - bi the
f
CHO.
Par - son, or Priest, For when you are mar - ried, and set - tled, and
mf
cres:
CHO.
blessed, Your hus - band can pay the mo - diste mo - deste.
f

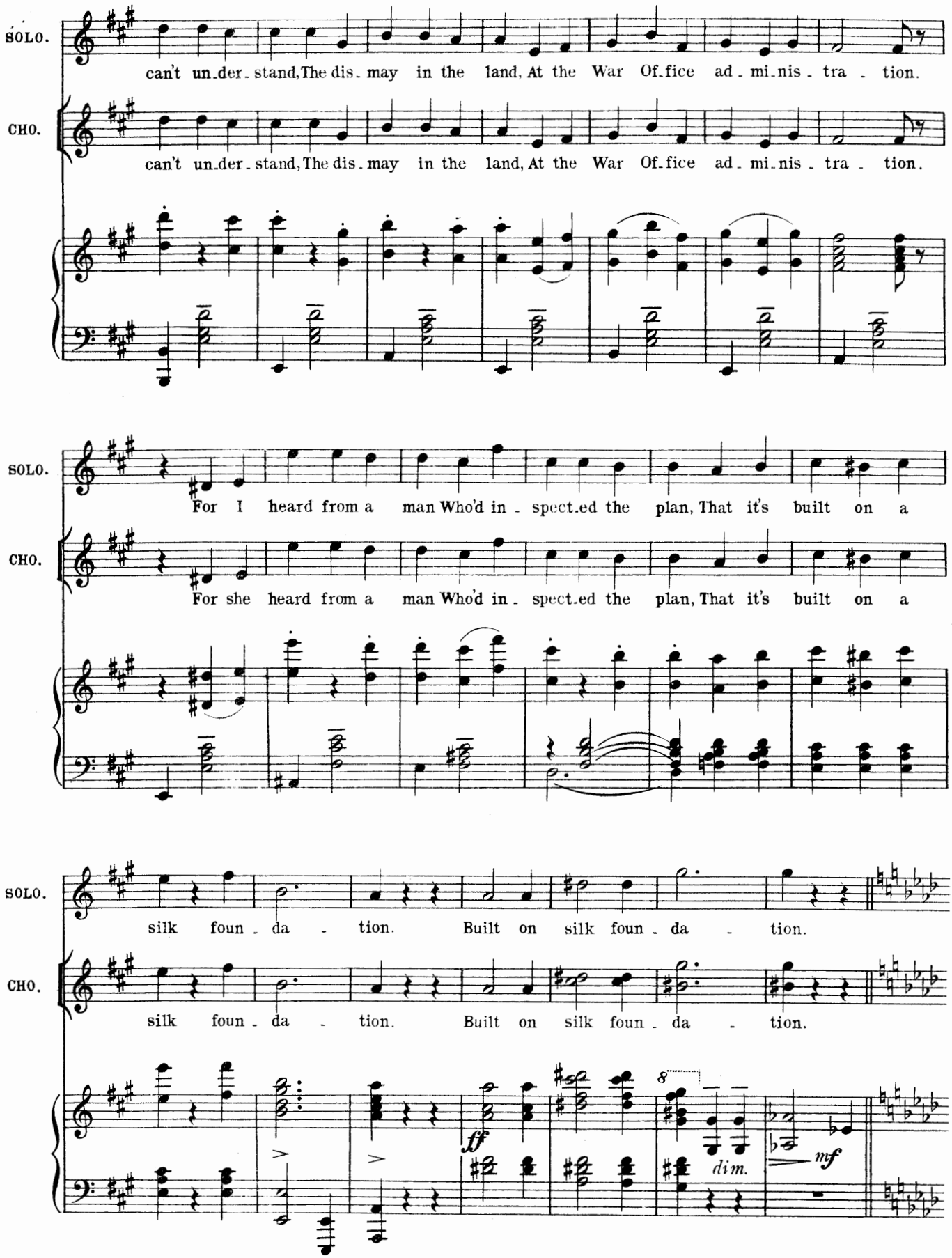

mf
SOLO.
Wear al - pa - cas or drills! With no
mf
SOLO.
floun - ces or frills, If you're in for a day of ex - er - tion,
SOLO.
— But sup - pose you would hark, To the Sa - lon or park, Wear a


SOLO.
some thing with cream y in ser tion; Though a mousse line de
SOLO.
soie, Is the thing for the Bois. And is sure to ex cite ad mi
SOLO.
ra tion; Still a girl may e merge, In the sim plest of
SOLO.
serge, If it's built on a silk foun da tion. Though a
CHO.
Though a
f
sf

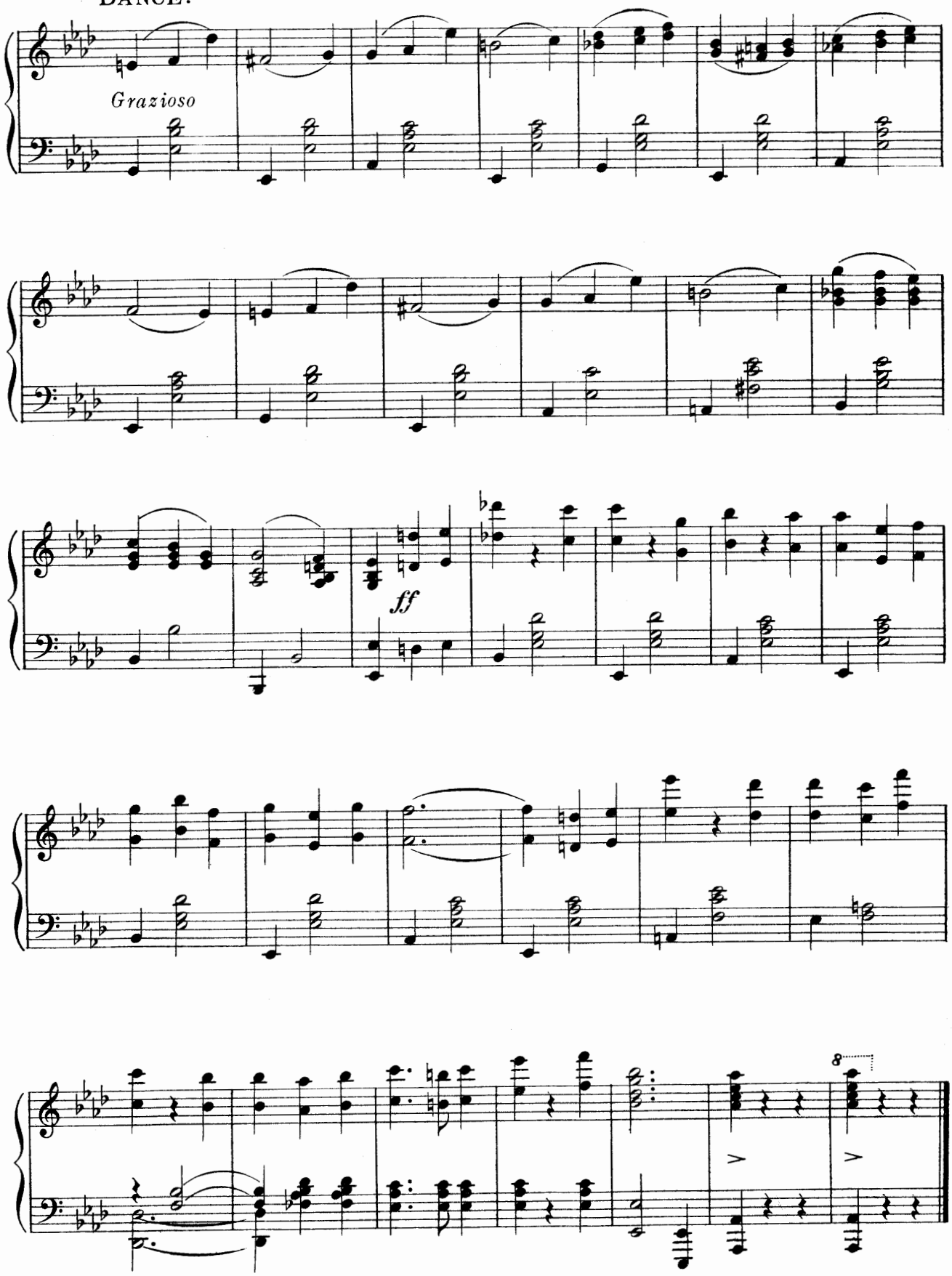

SOLO.
mousse-line-de - soie, Is the thing for the Bois, And is sure to ex -
CHO.
mousse-line-de - soie, Is the thing for the Bois, And is sure to ex -
SOLO.
-cite ad-mi - ra - tion. Still a girl may e - merge, In the
CHO.
-cite ad-mi - ra - tion. Still a girl may e - merge, In the
SOLO.
sim-plest of serge, If it's built on a silk foun - da - tion.
CHO.
sim-plest of serge, If it's built on a silk foun - da - tion.


mf
Solo.
Now a taf - fe - ta plain, Or a
mf
SOLO.
sa - tin à laine, Is ef - fec - tive with lace ap - pli - qué.
SOLO.
But I'm per - fect - ly sure, In a chif - fon ve - lours, I could


SOLO.
con - quer the world in a day; And I can't un - der -
p
SOLO.
- stand, The dis - may in the land, At the War Of - fice ad - mi - nis -
SOLO.
- tra - tion. For I heard from a man Who'd in - spect - ed the
SOLO.
f
plan, That it's built on a silk foun - da - - tion. And I
CHO.
f
Oh! she
sfz
f


SOLO.
can't un-der-stand, The dis-may in the land, At the War Of-fice ad-mi-nis-tra-tion.
CHO.
can't un-der-stand, The dis-may in the land, At the War Of-fice ad-mi-nis-tra-tion.
SOLO.
For I heard from a man Who'd in-spect-ed the plan, That it's built on a
CHO.
For she heard from a man Who'd in-spect-ed the plan, That it's built on a
SOLO.
silk foun-da-tion. Built on silk foun-da-tion.
CHO.
silk foun-da-tion. Built on silk foun-da-tion.
ff
8
dim.
mf

DANCE.



No. 12. MARCH SONG. (Babori.) and CHORUS.

COQUIN DE PRINTEMPS!

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

ff

BABORI.

1. When the Au - tumn leaves are fall - ing,
2. Stern - ly ev - 'ry sense re - fu - ses

p

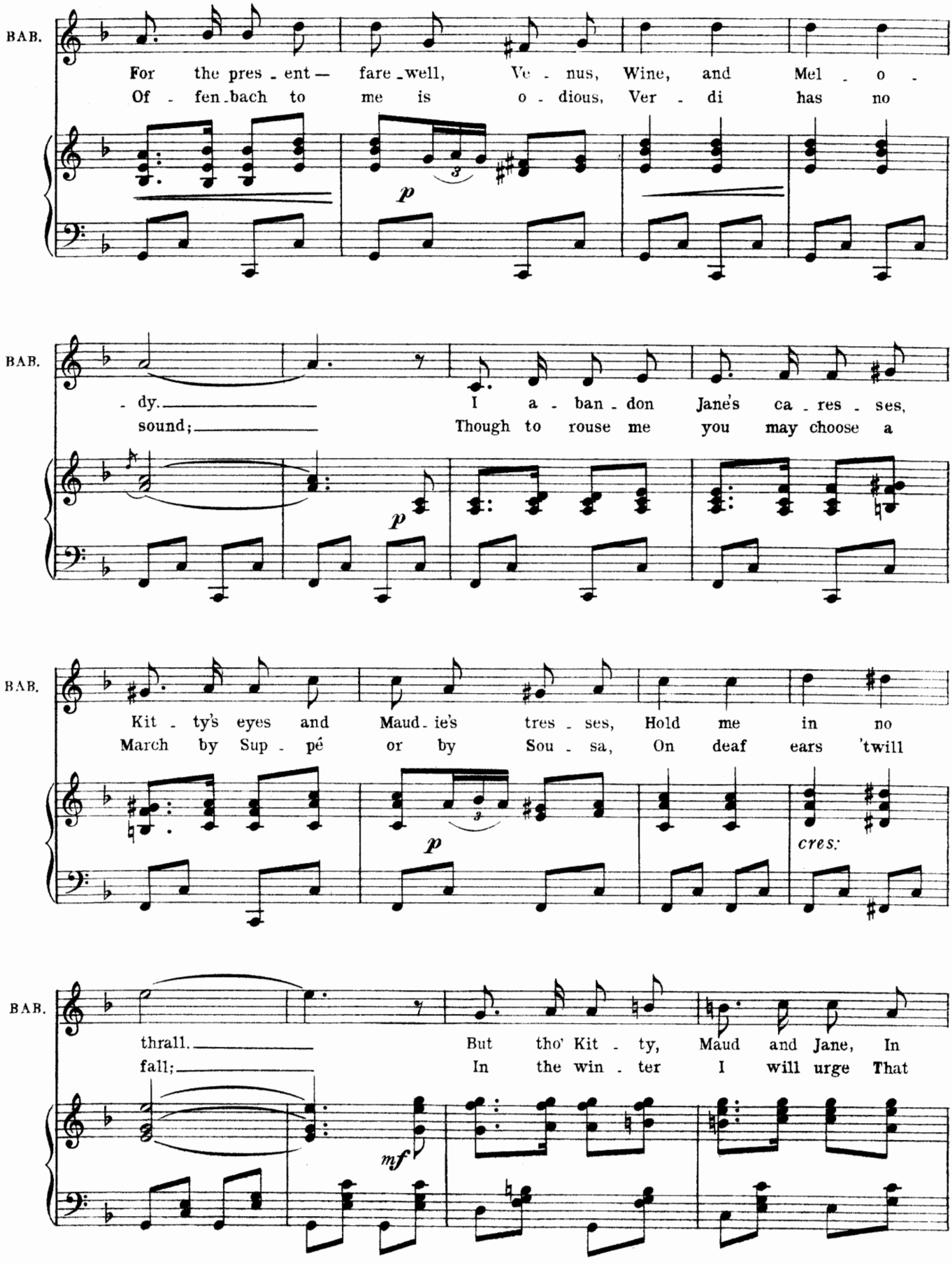
BAB.

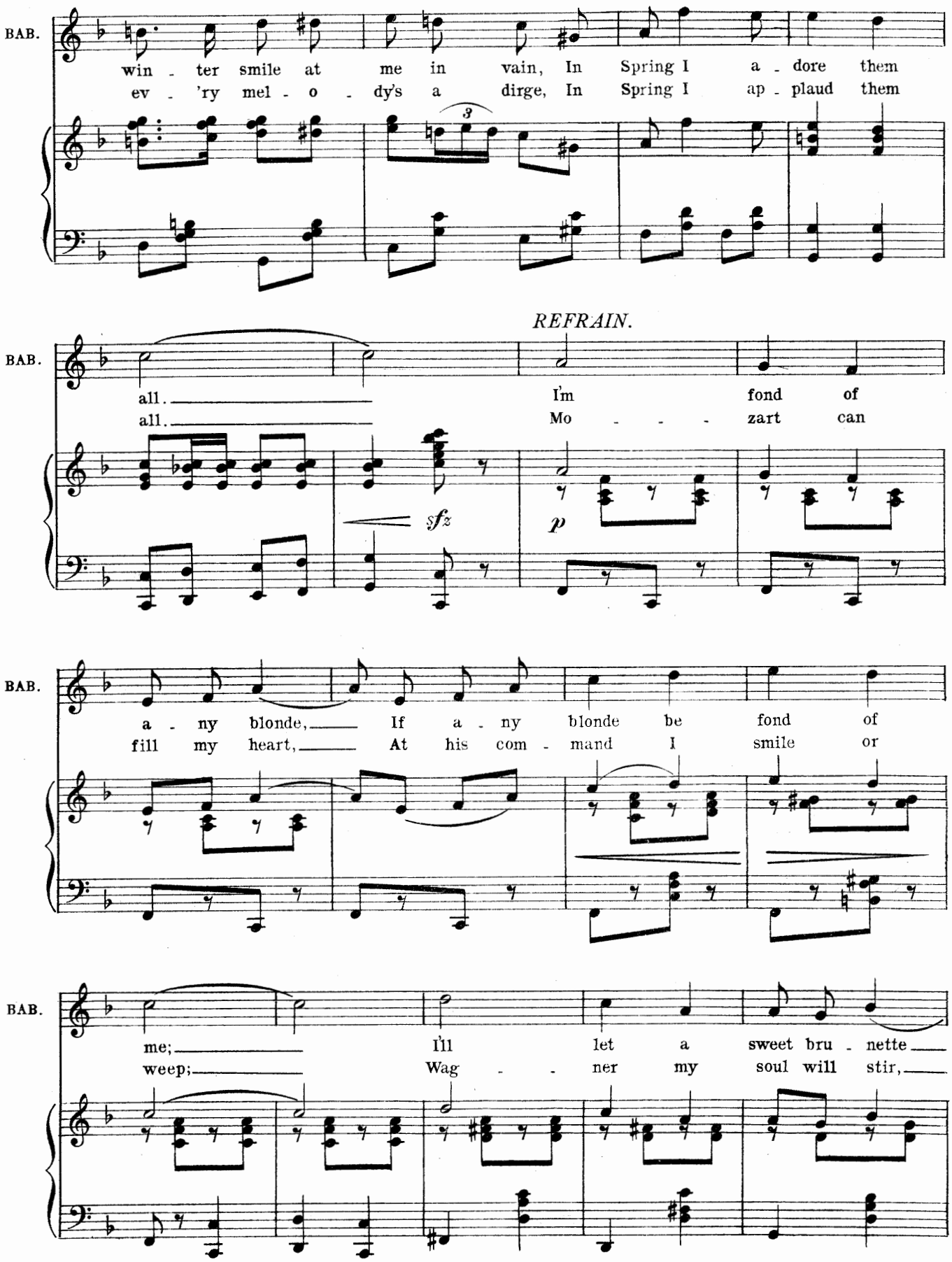
I can hear my con - science call - ing: Du - ty waits for
To be wak - en'd by the Mu - ses, While the snow lies

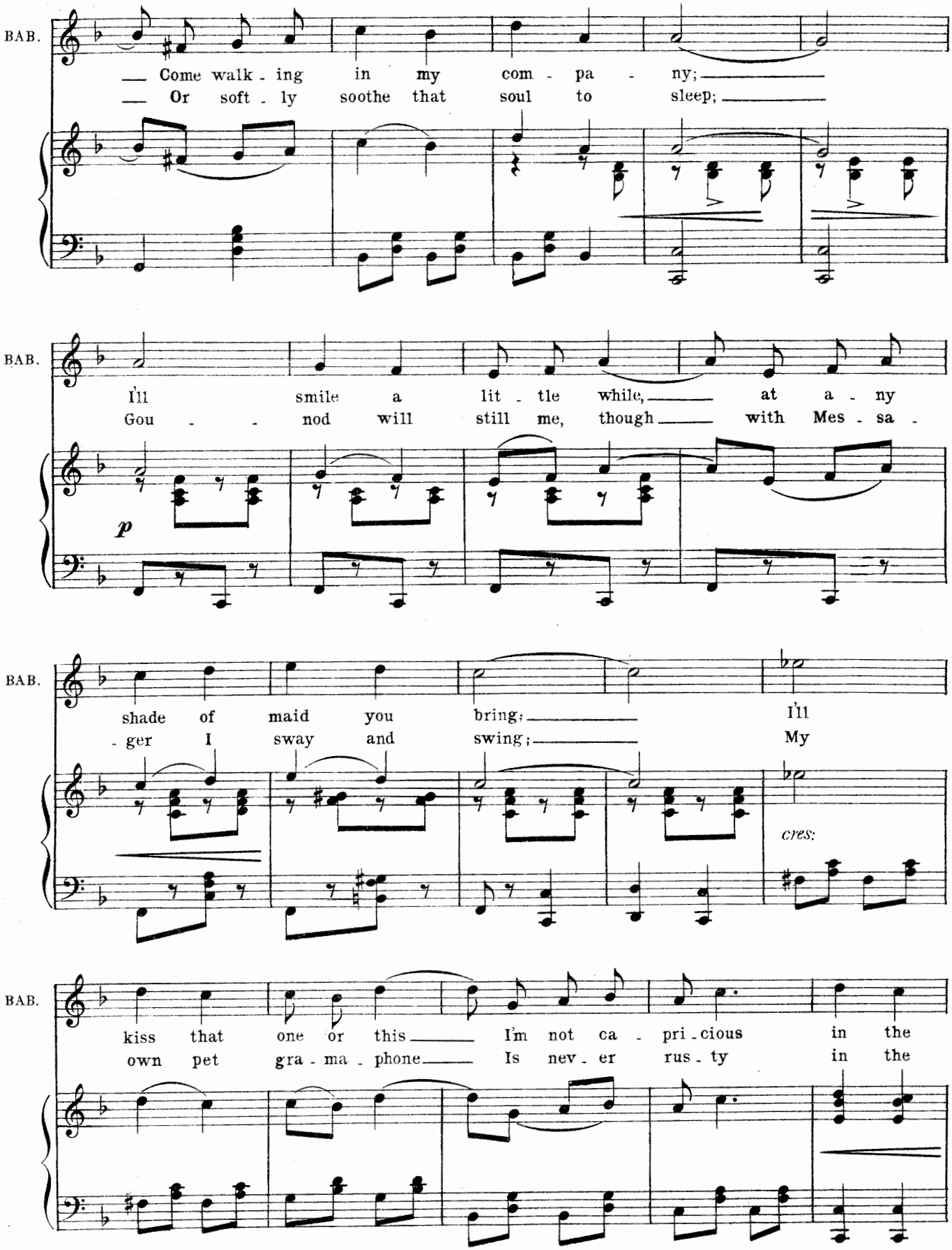
BAB.

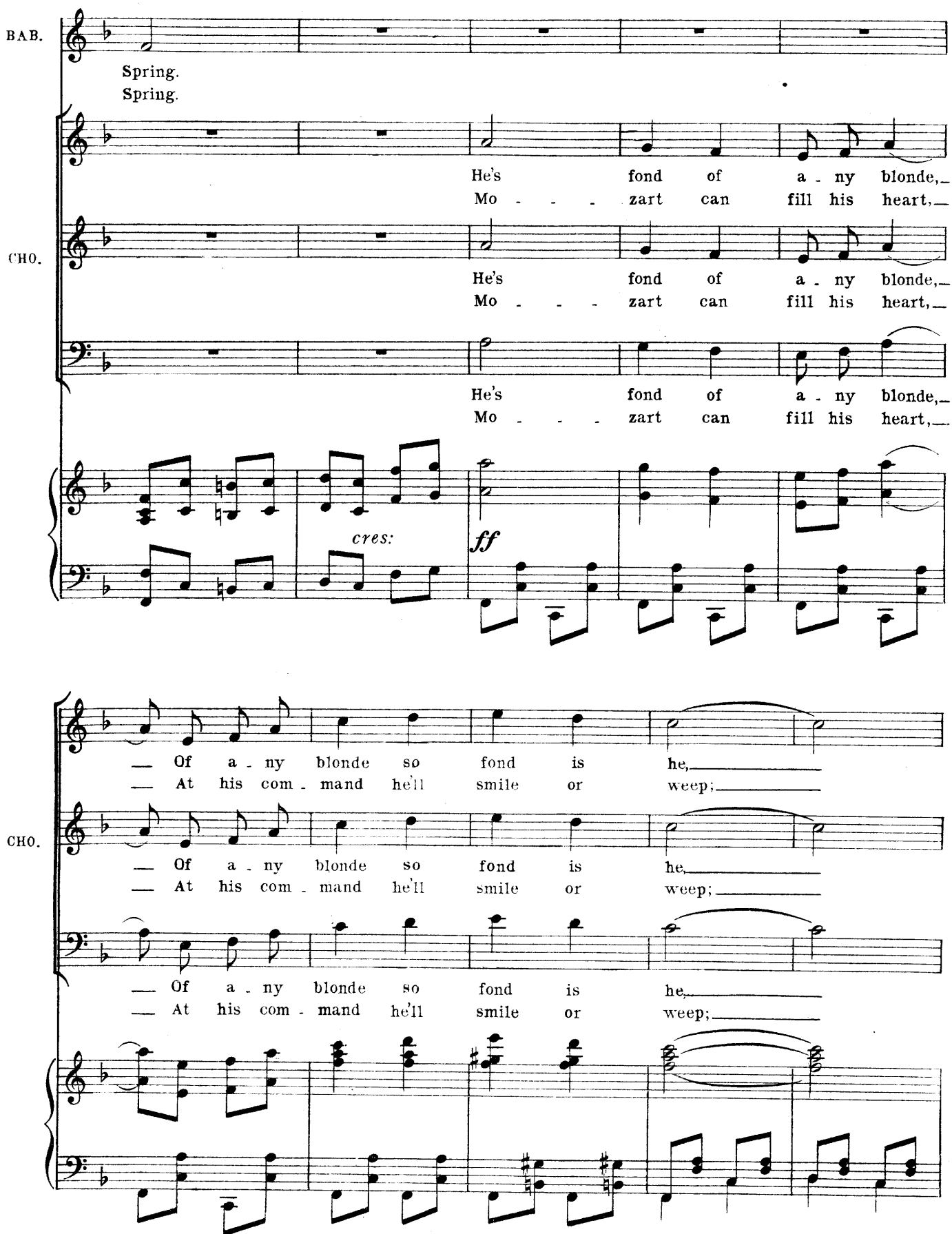
me,
round;
Van - ish all the bars be - tween us.
Men - dels - sohn is un - me - lo - dious,

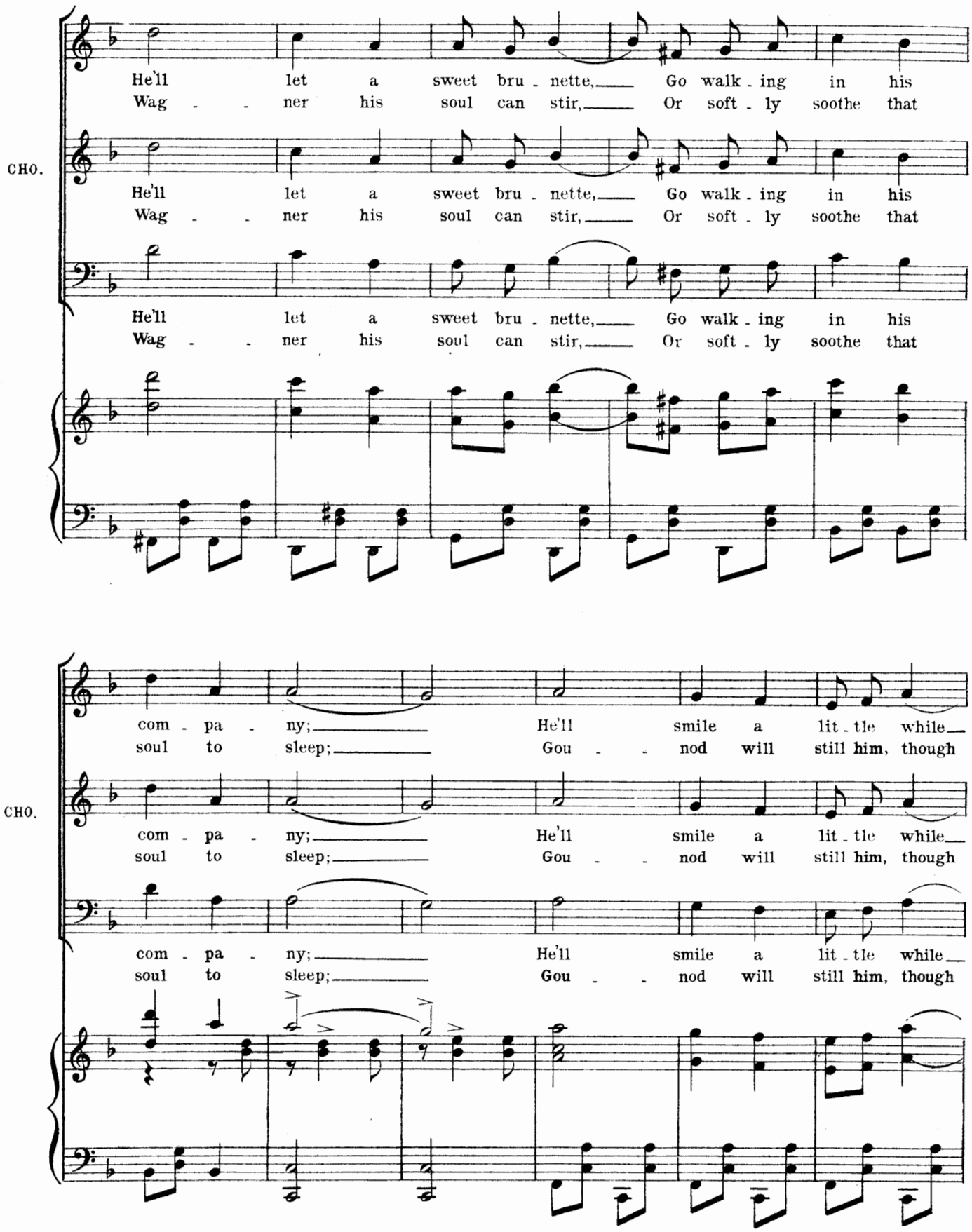
p

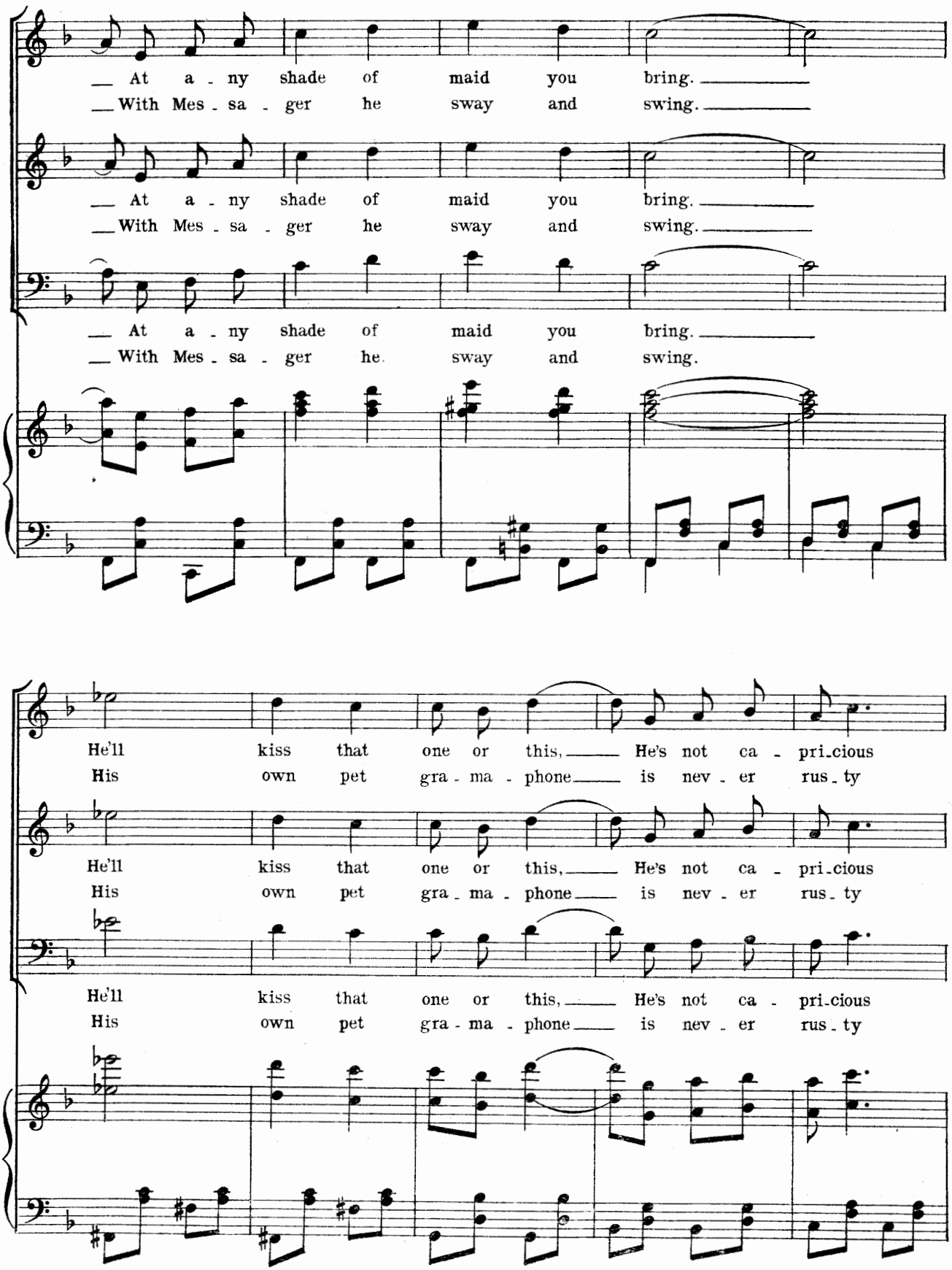

BAB.
For the pres - ent — fare - well, Ve - nus, Wine, and Mel - o -
Of - fen - bach to me is o - dious, Ver - di has no
p
BAB.
- dy. I a - ban - don Jane's ca - res - ses,
sound; Though to rouse me you may choose a
p
BAB.
Kit - ty's eyes and Maud - ie's tres - ses, Hold me in no
March by Sup - pé or by Sou - sa, On deaf ears 'twill
p
cres:
BAB.
thrall. But tho' Kit - ty, Maud and Jane, In
fall; In the win - ter I will urge That
mf

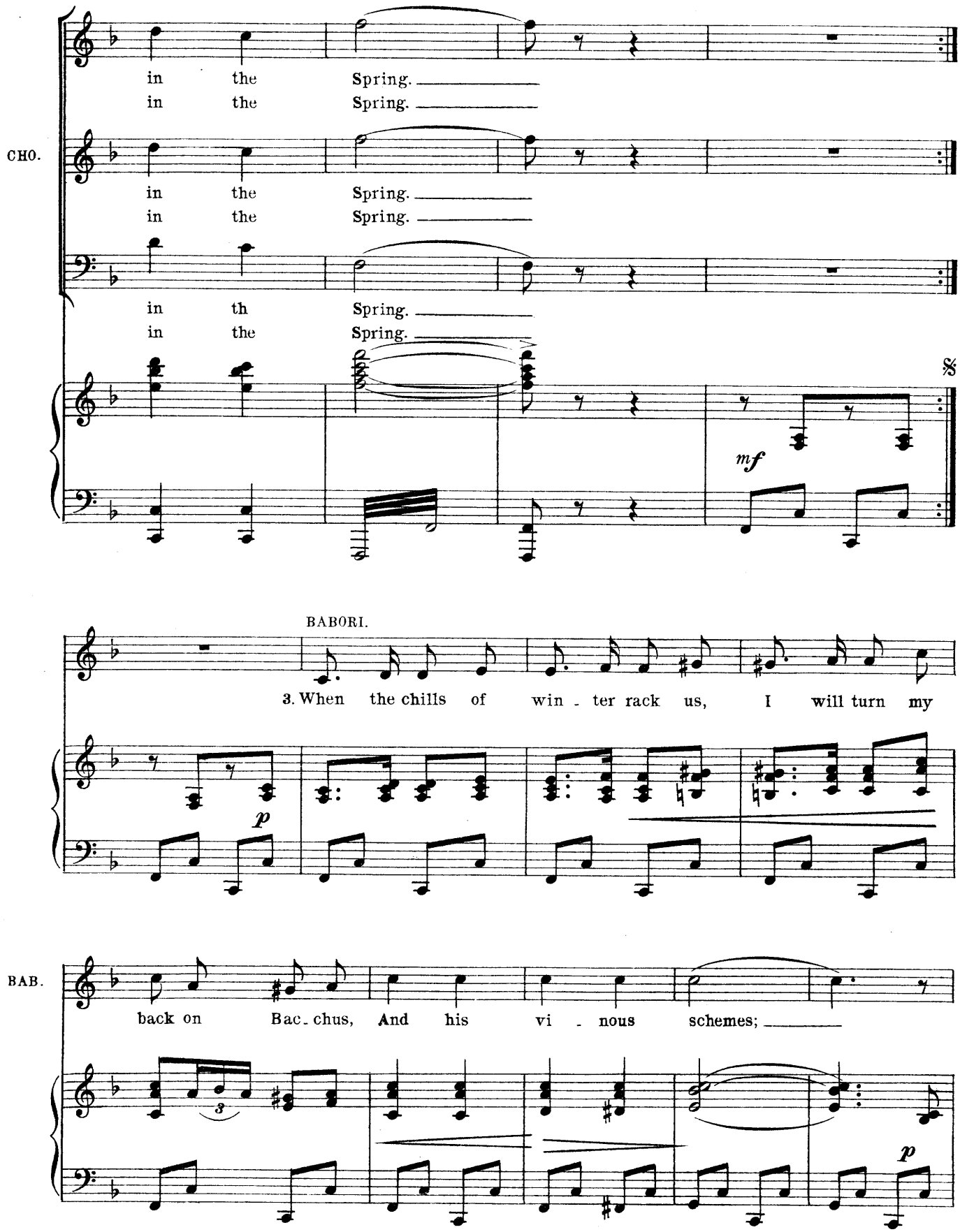

BAB.
win - ter smile at me in vain, In Spring I a - dore them
ev - 'ry mel - o - dy's a dirge, In Spring I ap - plaud them
3
REFRAIN.
BAB.
all. I'm fond of
all. Mo - - - - zart can
sfz
p
BAB.
a - ny blonde, If a - ny blonde be fond of
fill my heart, At his com - mand I smile or
BAB.
me; I'll let a sweet bru - nette
weep; Wag - - ner my soul will stir,

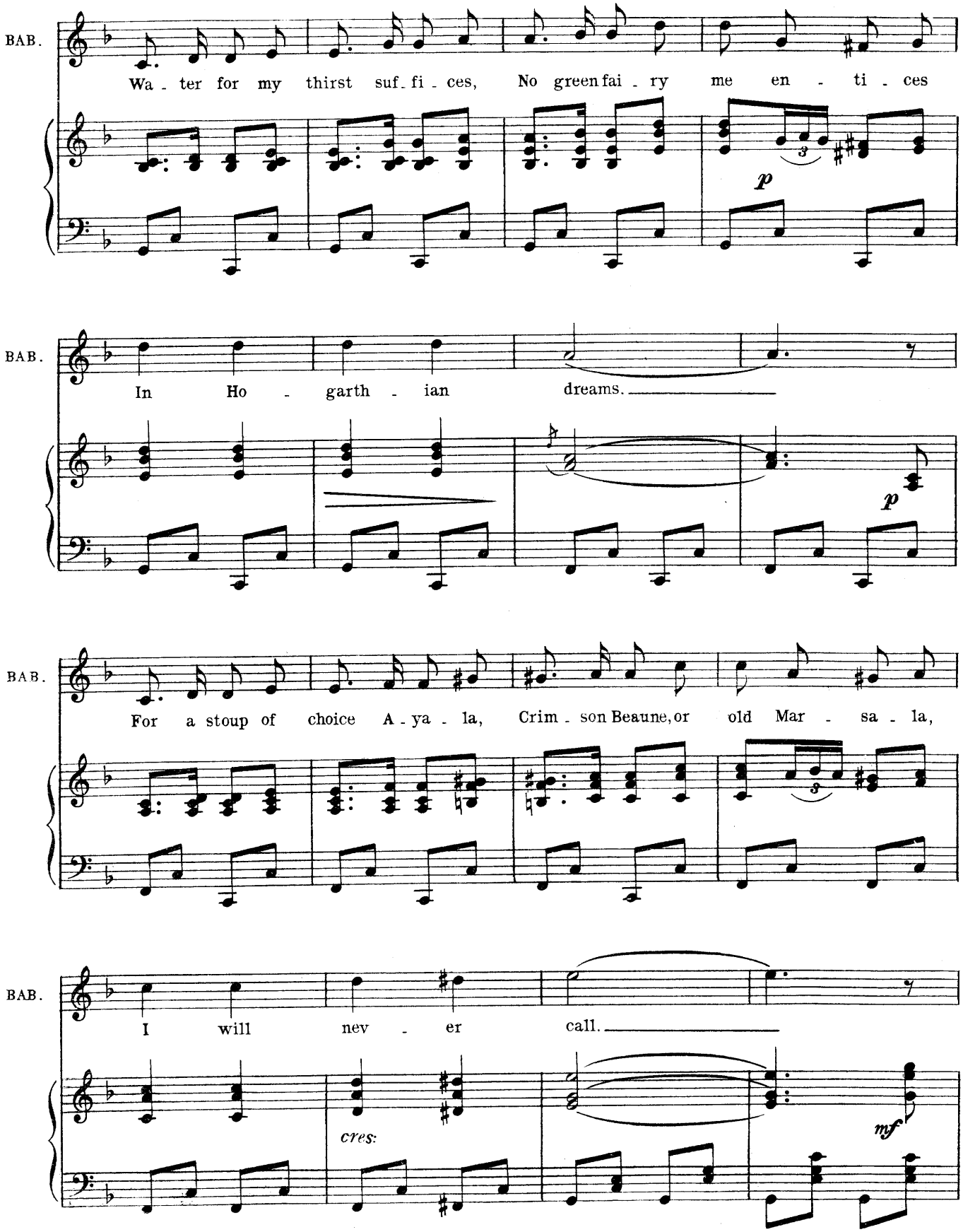

BAB.
Come walk - ing in my com - pa - ny;
Or soft - ly soothe that soul to sleep;
BAB.
I'll smile a lit - tle while, at a - ny
Gou - - nod will still me, though with Mes - sa -
p
BAB.
shade of maid you bring; I'll
- ger I sway and swing; My
cres:
BAB.
kiss that one or this I'm not ca - pri - cious in the
own pet gra - ma - phone Is nev - er rus - ty in the

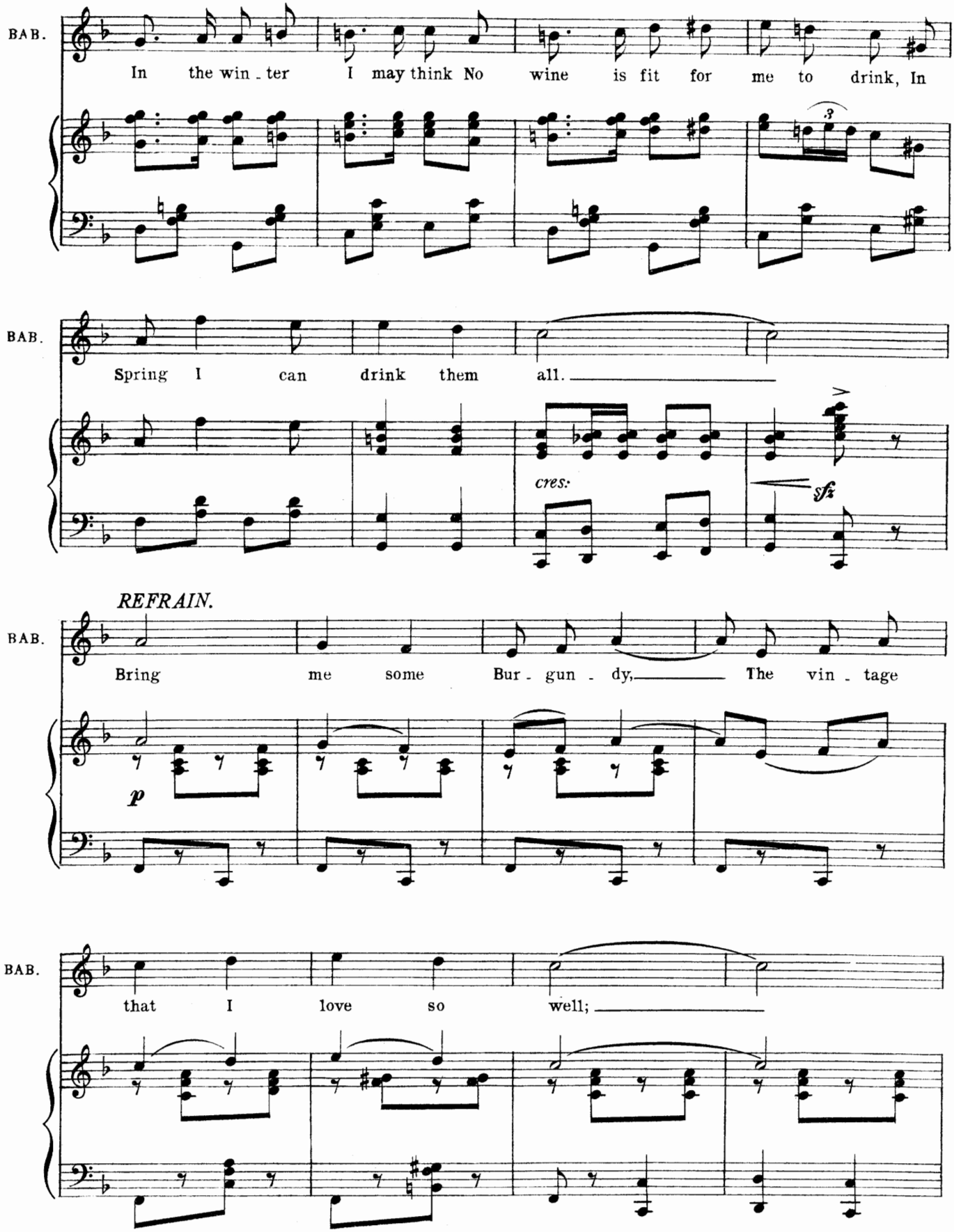

BAB.
Spring.
Spring.
He's fond of a - ny blonde,
Mo - - - zart can fill his heart,
CHO.
He's fond of a - ny blonde,
Mo - - - zart can fill his heart,
He's fond of a - ny blonde,
Mo - - - zart can fill his heart,
cres:
ff
— Of a - ny blonde so fond is he,
— At his com - mand he'll smile or weep;
CHO.
— Of a - ny blonde so fond is he,
— At his com - mand he'll smile or weep;
— Of a - ny blonde so fond is he,
— At his com - mand he'll smile or weep;

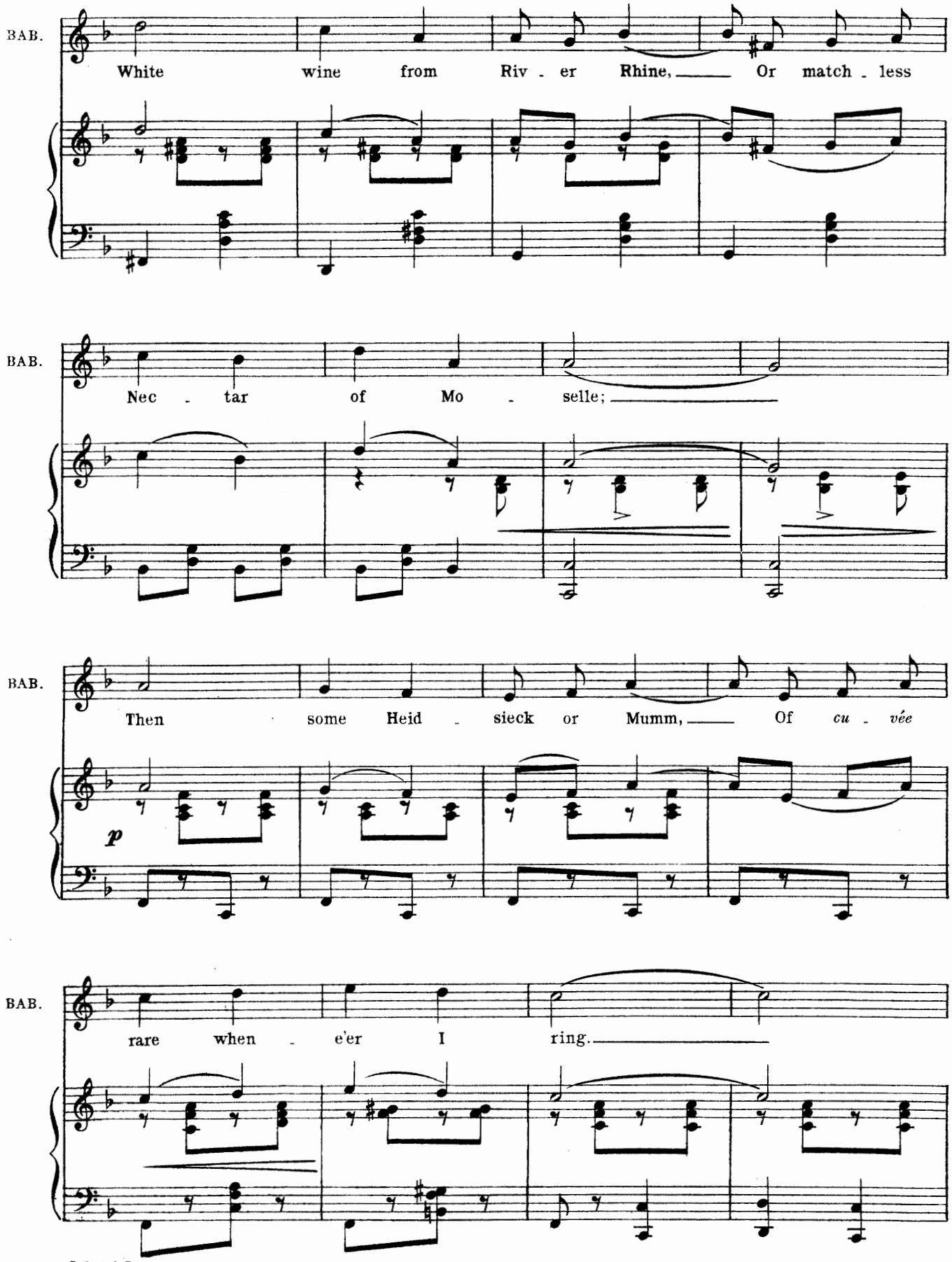

He'll let a sweet bru - nette, Go walk - ing in his
Wag - - ner his soul can stir, Or soft - ly soothe that
CHO.
He'll let a sweet bru - nette, Go walk - ing in his
Wag - - ner his soul can stir, Or soft - ly soothe that
He'll let a sweet bru - nette, Go walk - ing in his
Wag - - ner his soul can stir, Or soft - ly soothe that
com - pa - ny; He'll smile a lit - tle while
soul to sleep; Gou - - nod will still him, though
CHO.
com - pa - ny; He'll smile a lit - tle while
soul to sleep; Gou - - nod will still him, though
com - pa - ny; He'll smile a lit - tle while
soul to sleep; Gou - - nod will still him, though

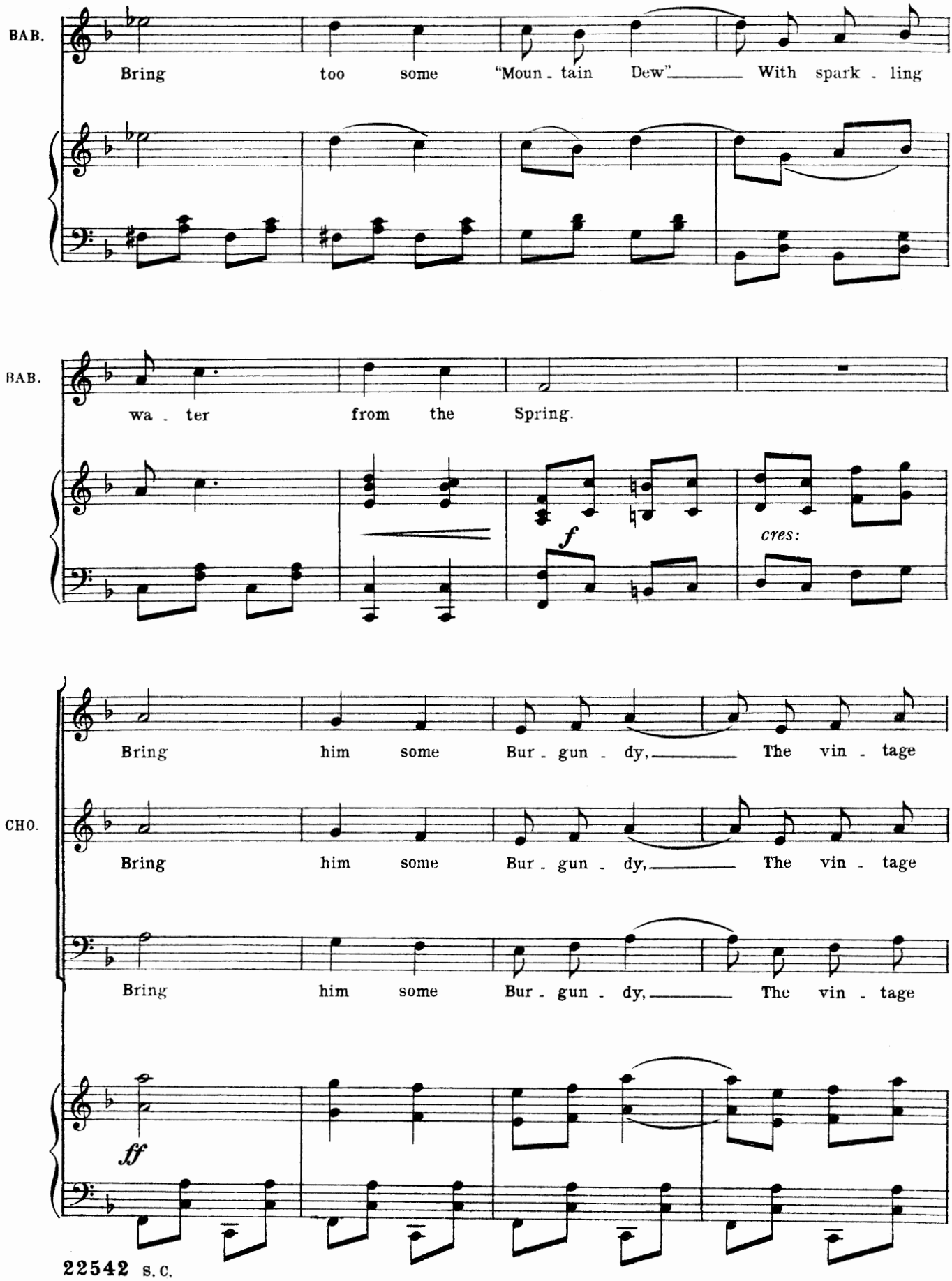

CHO.
At a - ny shade of maid you bring.
With Mes - sa - ger he sway and swing.
At a - ny shade of maid you bring.
With Mes - sa - ger he sway and swing.
At a - ny shade of maid you bring.
With Mes - sa - ger he sway and swing.
He'll kiss that one or this, He's not ca - pri-cious
His own pet gra - ma - phone is nev - er rus - ty
CHO.
He'll kiss that one or this, He's not ca - pri-cious
His own pet gra - ma - phone is nev - er rus - ty
He'll kiss that one or this, He's not ca - pri-cious
His own pet gra - ma - phone is nev - er rus - ty

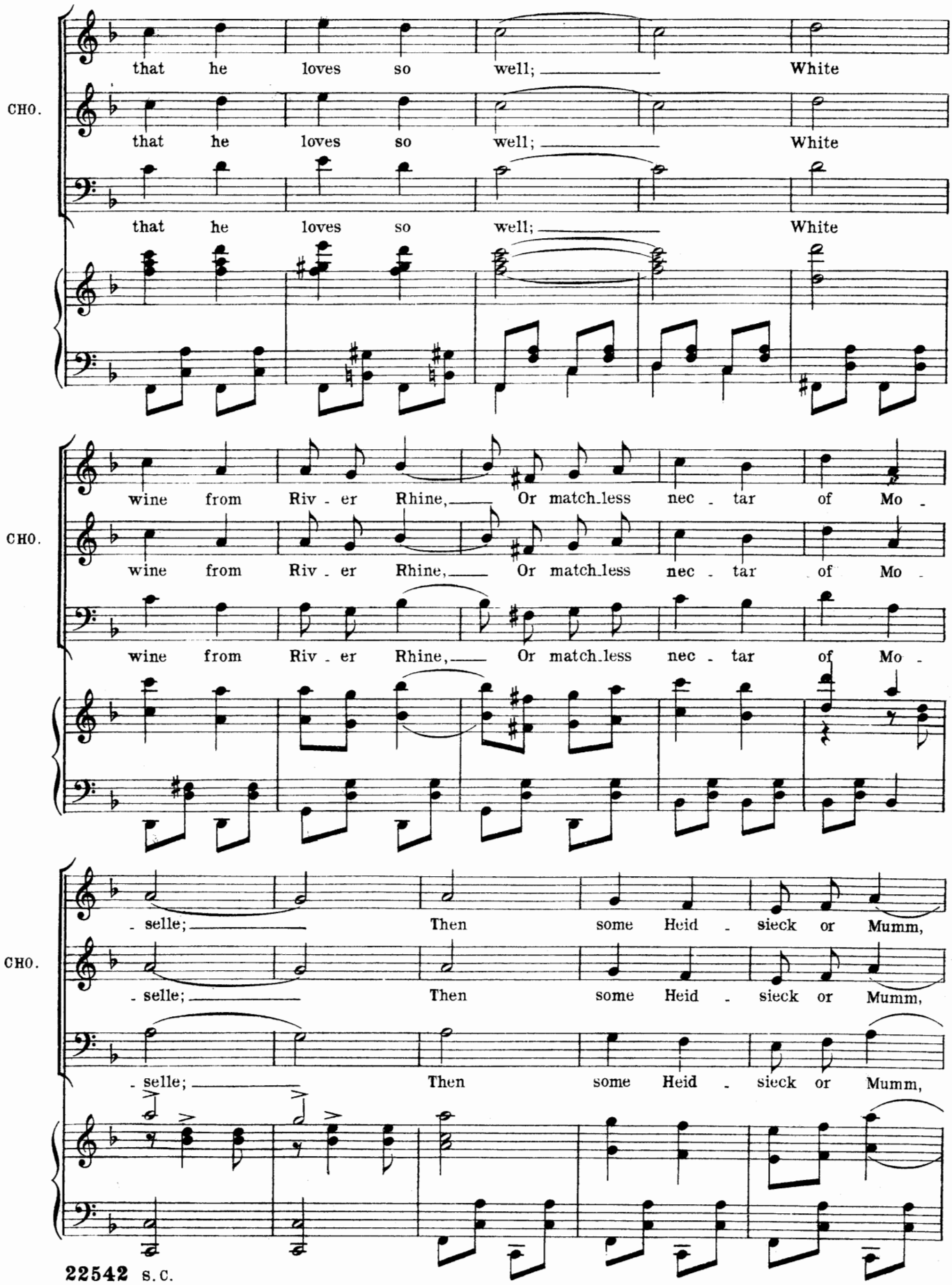

in the Spring.
in the Spring.
CHO.
in the Spring.
in the Spring.
in th Spring.
in the Spring.
mf
BABORI.
3. When the chills of win - ter rack us, I will turn my
p
BAB.
back on Bac - chus, And his vi - nous schemes;
3
p

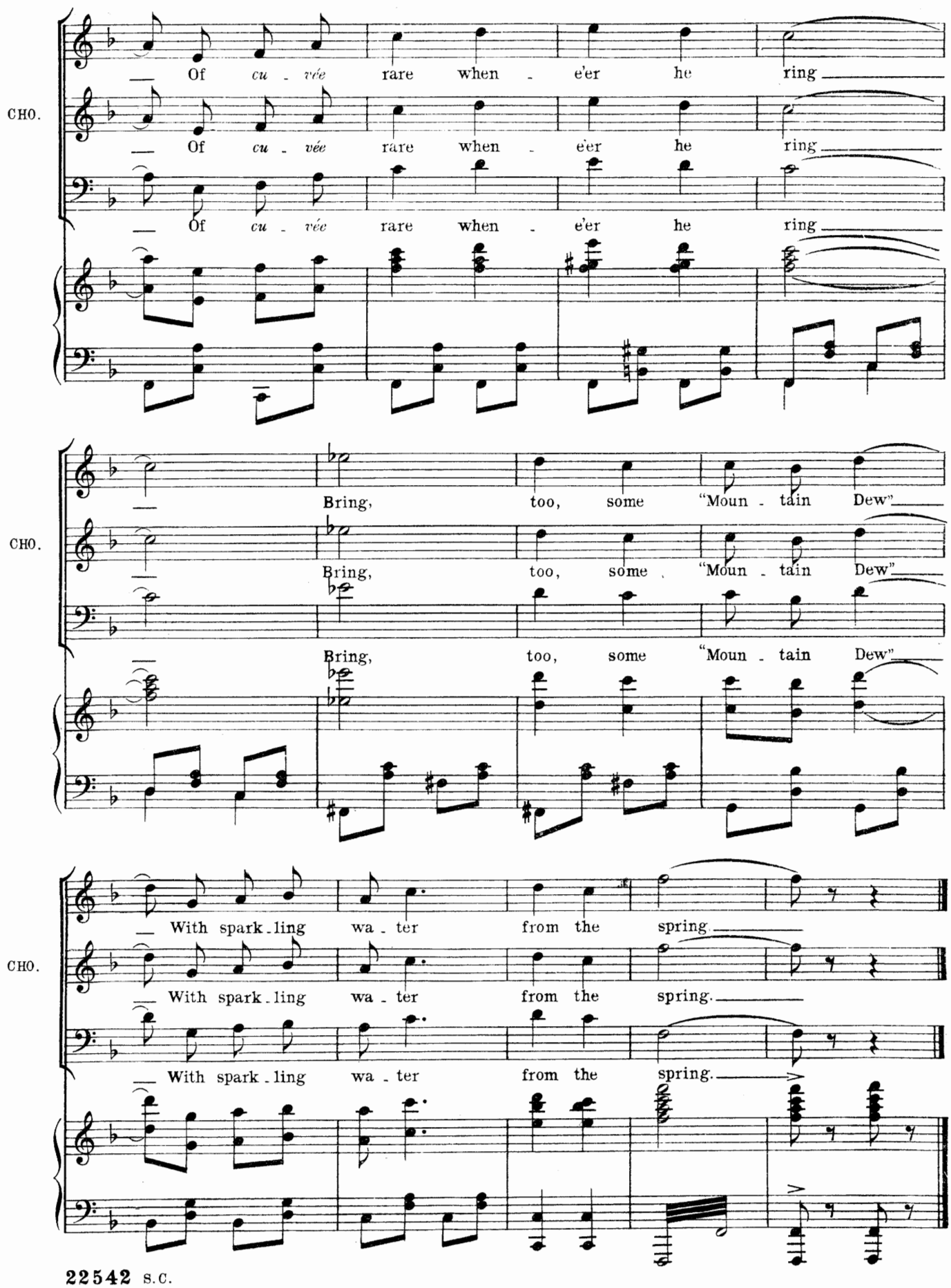

BAB.
Wa - ter for my thirst suf - fi - ces, No green fai - ry me en - ti - ces
p
BAB.
In Ho - garth - ian dreams.
p
BAB.
For a stoup of choice A - ya - la, Crim - son Beaune, or old Mar - sa - la,
BAB.
I will nev - er call.
cres:
mf


BAB.
In the win - ter I may think No wine is fit for me to drink, In
BAB.
Spring I can drink them all.
cres:
sfz
REFRAIN.
BAB.
Bring me some Bur - gun - dy, The vin - tage
p
BAB.
that I love so well;


BAB.
White wine from Riv - er Rhine, Or match - less
BAB.
Nec - tar of Mo - selle;
BAB.
Then some Heid - sieck or Mumm, Of *cu - vée*
p
BAB.
rare when - e'er I ring.


BAB.
Bring too some "Moun - tain Dew" With spark - ling
BAB.
wa - ter from the Spring.
f
cres:
CHO.
Bring him some Bur - gun - dy, The vin - tage
Bring him some Bur - gun - dy, The vin - tage
Bring him some Bur - gun - dy, The vin - tage
ff


CHO.
that he loves so well; White
that he loves so well; White
that he loves so well; White
CHO.
wine from Riv - er Rhine, Or match-less nec - tar of Mo -
wine from Riv - er Rhine, Or match-less nec - tar of Mo -
wine from Riv - er Rhine, Or match-less nec - tar of Mo -
CHO.
- selle; Then some Heid - sieck or Mumm,
- selle; Then some Heid - sieck or Mumm,
- selle; Then some Heid - sieck or Mumm,


CHO.
Of cu - vée rare when - e'er he ring
Of cu - vée rare when - e'er he ring
Of cu - vée rare when - e'er he ring
Bring, too, some "Moun - tain Dew"
Bring, too, some "Moun - tain Dew"
Bring, too, some "Moun - tain Dew"
With spark - ling wa - ter from the spring.
With spark - ling wa - ter from the spring.
With spark - ling wa - ter from the spring.

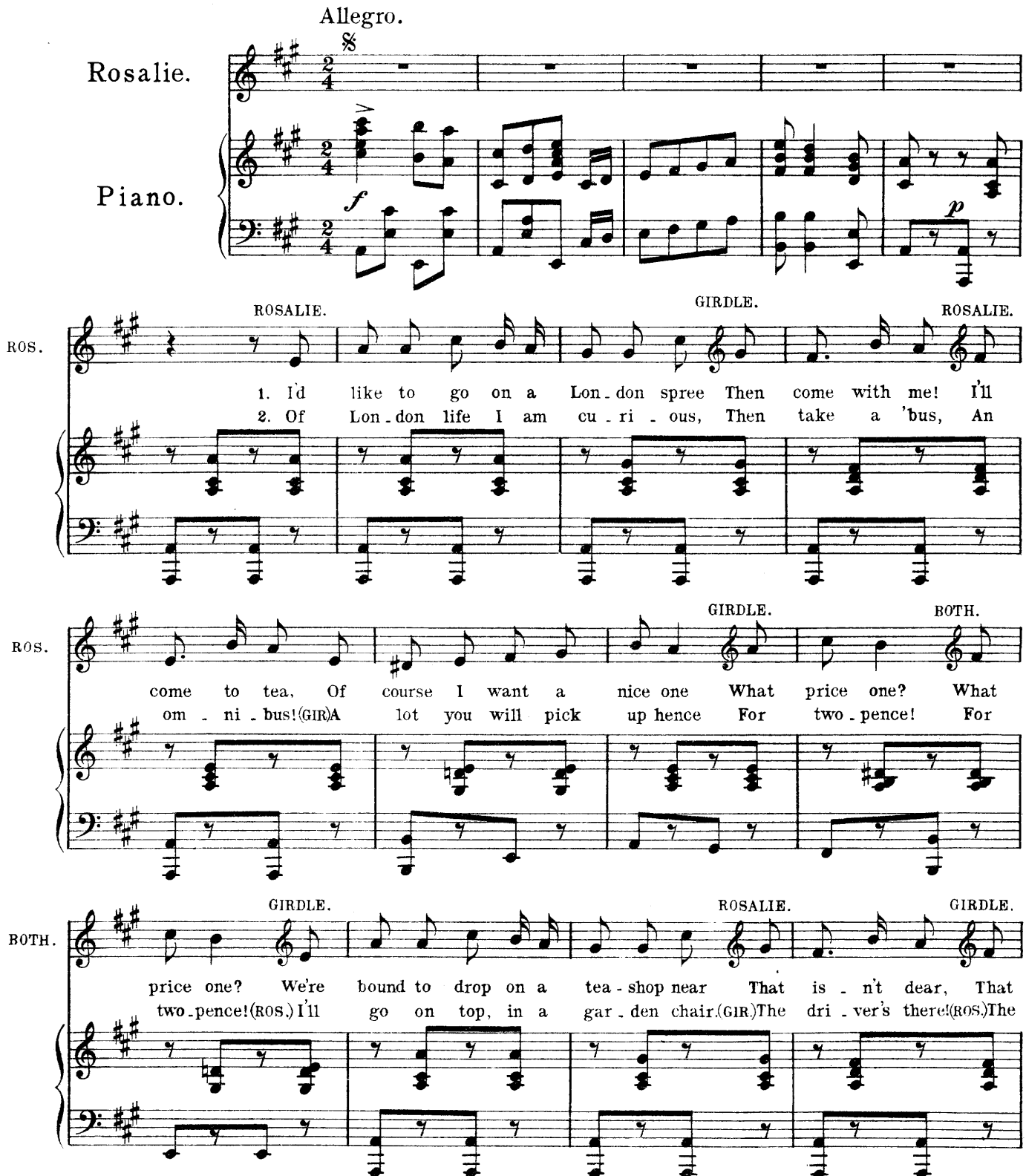
No. 13.

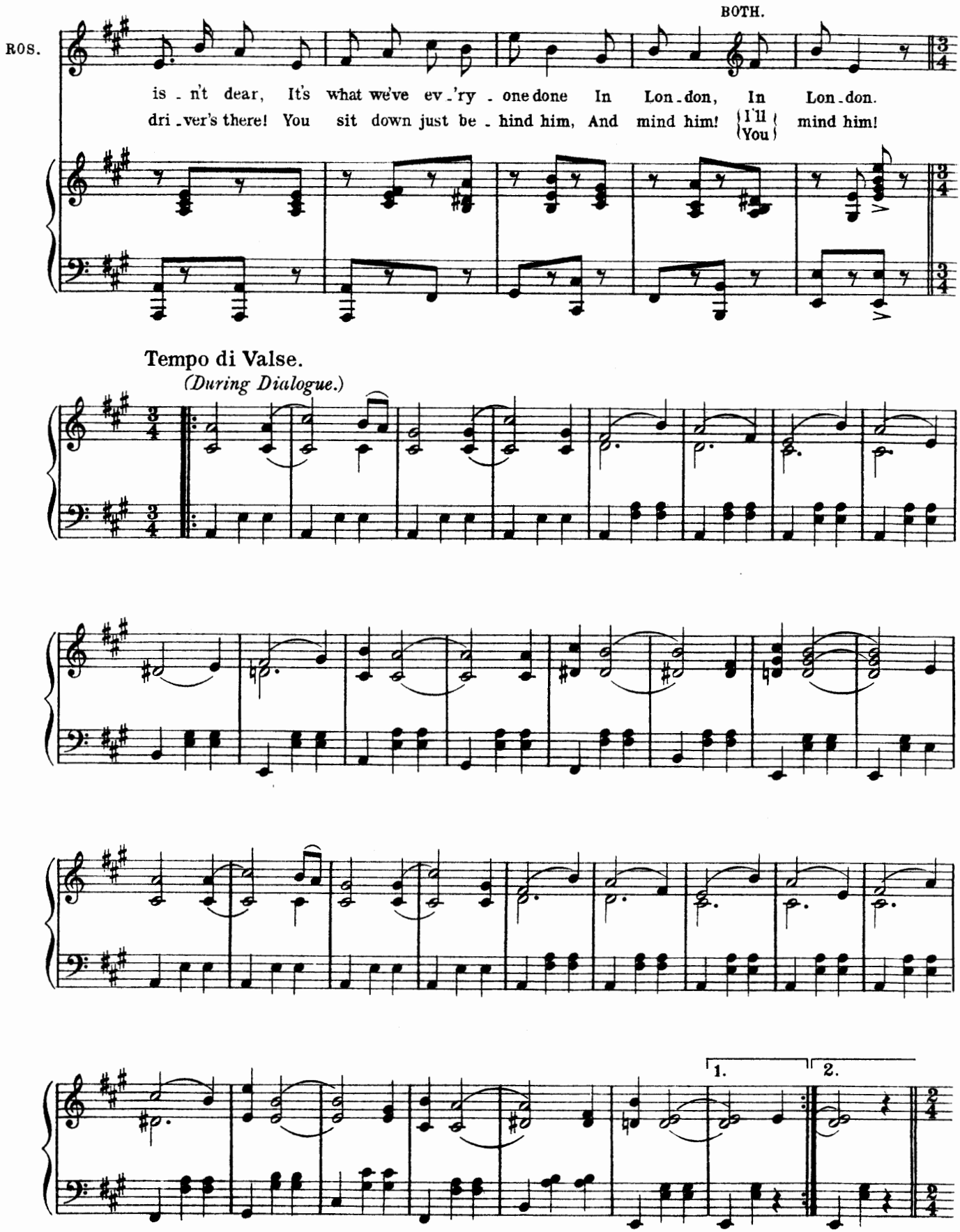
DUET.—(Rosalie and Girdle.)

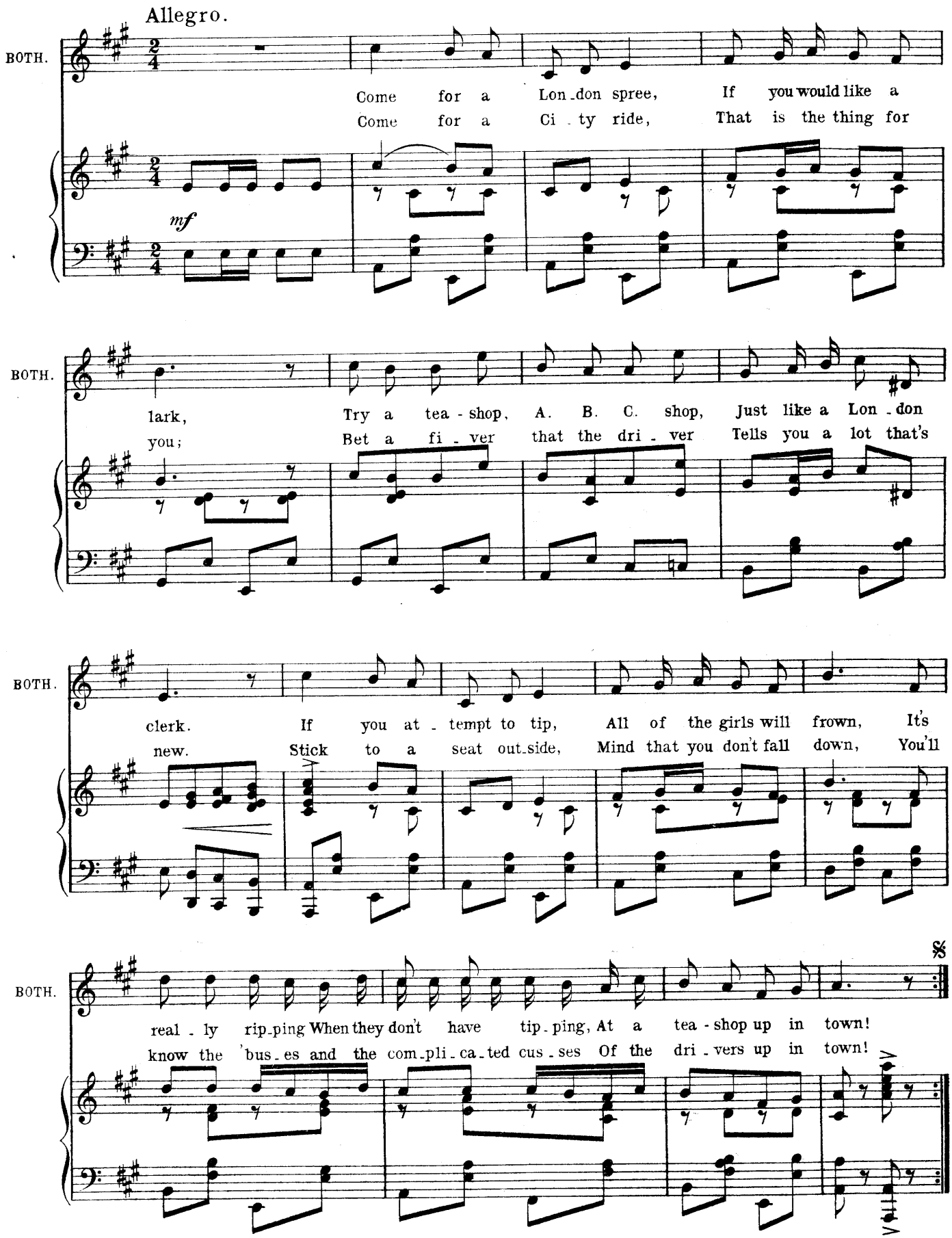
"DELIGHTS OF LONDON."

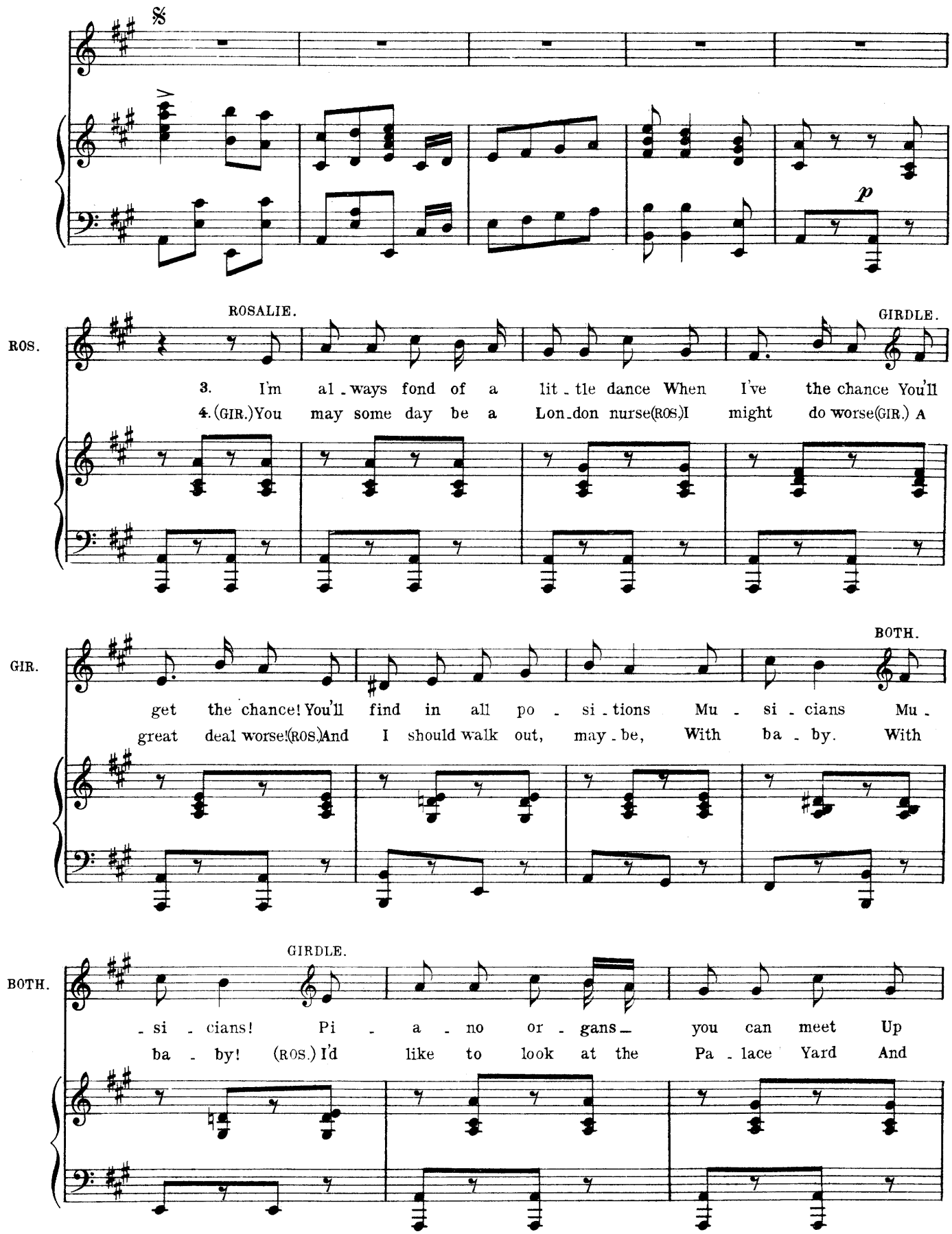
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

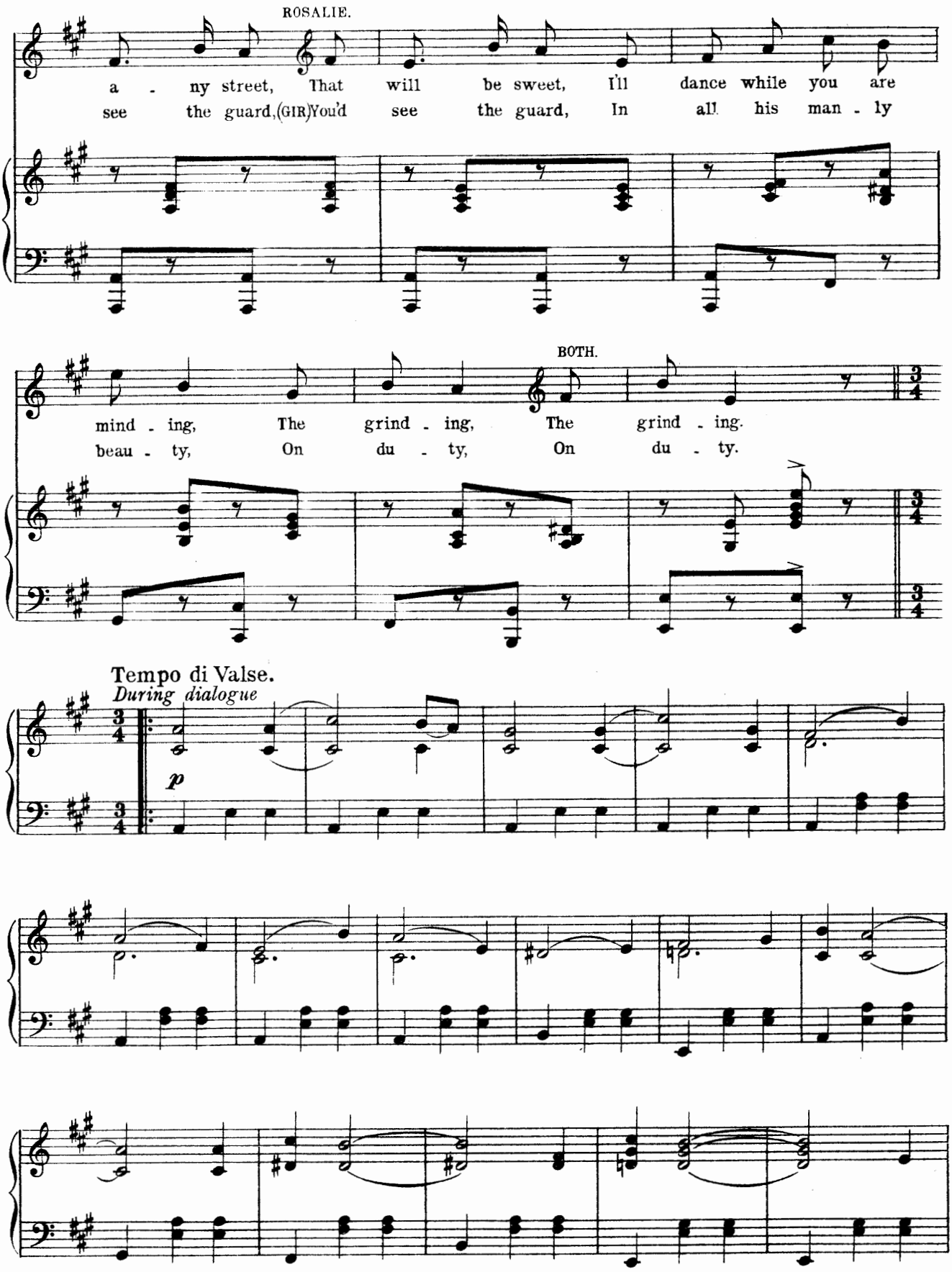
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

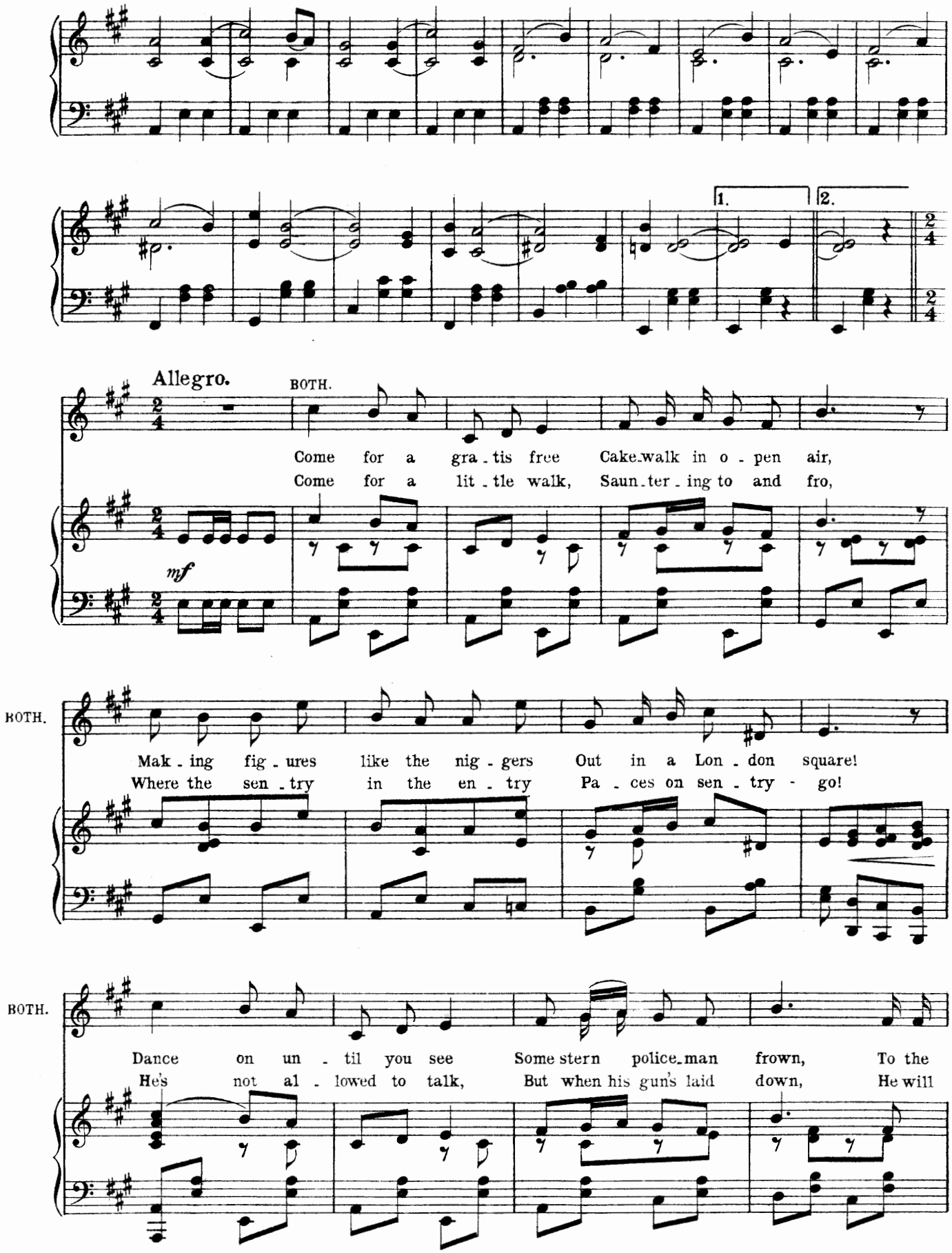


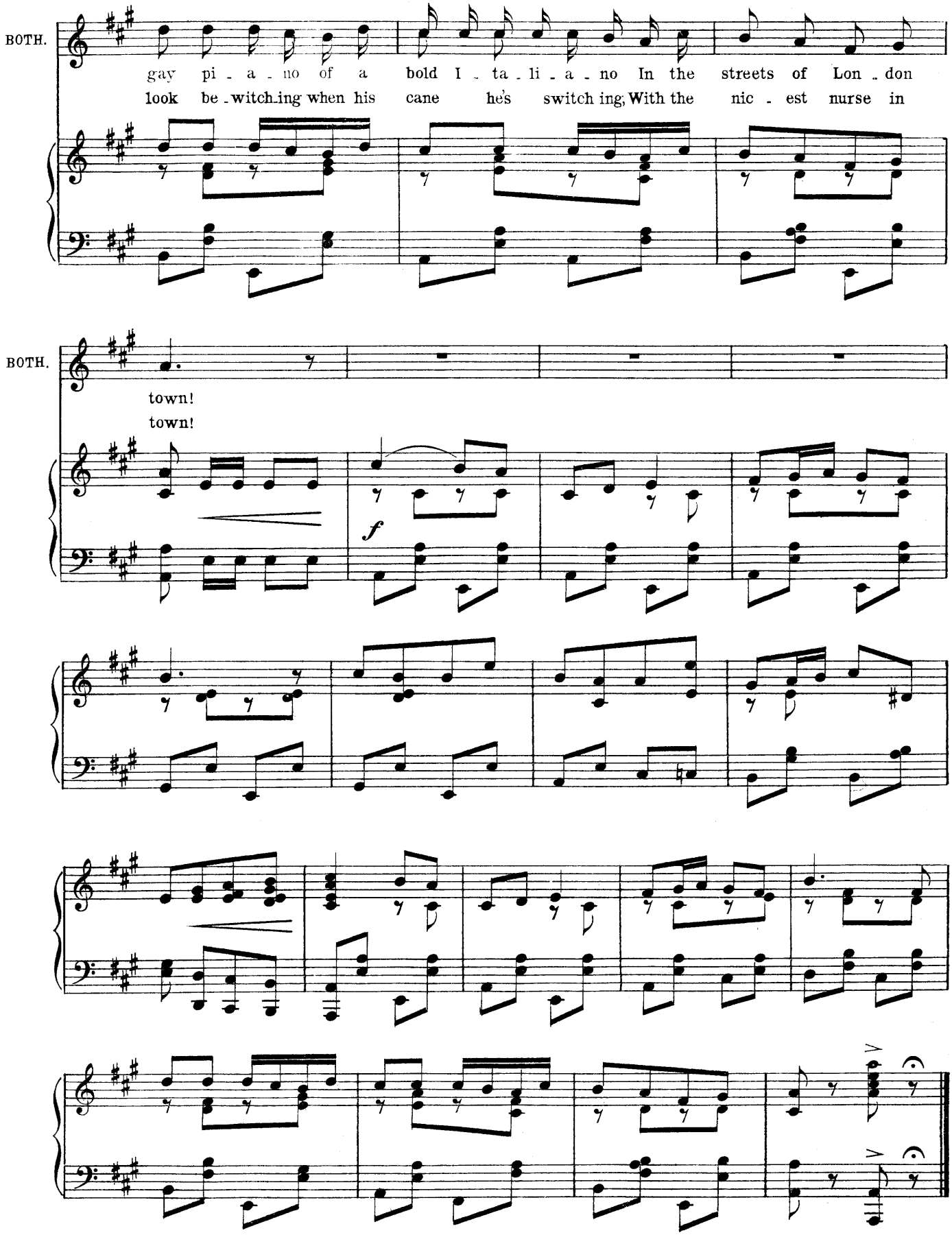

BOTH.
ROS.
is - n't dear, It's what we've ev - 'ry - one done In Lon - don, In Lon - don.
dri - ver's there! You sit down just be - hind him, And mind him! I'll / You mind him!
Tempo di Valse.
(During Dialogue.)
1.
2.


Allegro.
BOTH.
Come for a Lon-don spree, If you would like a
Come for a Ci-ty ride, That is the thing for
mf
BOTH.
lark, Try a tea-shop, A. B. C. shop, Just like a Lon-don
you; Bet a fi-ver that the dri-ver Tells you a lot that's
BOTH.
clerk. If you at-tempt to tip, All of the girls will frown, It's
new. Stick to a seat out-side, Mind that you don't fall down, You'll
BOTH.
real-ly rip-ping When they don't have tip-ping, At a tea-shop up in town!
know the 'bus-es and the com-pli-ca-ted cus-ses Of the dri-vers up in town!


ROS.
ROSALIE.
GIRDLE.
3. I'm al - ways fond of a lit - tle dance When I've the chance You'll
4. (GIR.) You may some day be a Lon - don nurse (ROS.) I might do worse (GIR.) A
GIR.
BOTH.
get the chance! You'll find in all po - si - tions Mu - si - cians Mu -
great deal worse! (ROS.) And I should walk out, may - be, With ba - by. With
BOTH.
GIRDLE.
- si - cians! Pi - a - no or - gans— you can meet Up
ba - by! (ROS.) I'd like to look at the Pa - lace Yard And


ROSALIE.
a - ny street, That will be sweet, I'll dance while you are
see the guard, (GIR) You'd see the guard, In all his man - ly
BOTH.
mind - ing, The grind - ing, The grind - ing.
beau - ty, On du - ty, On du - ty.
Tempo di Valse.
During dialogue
p

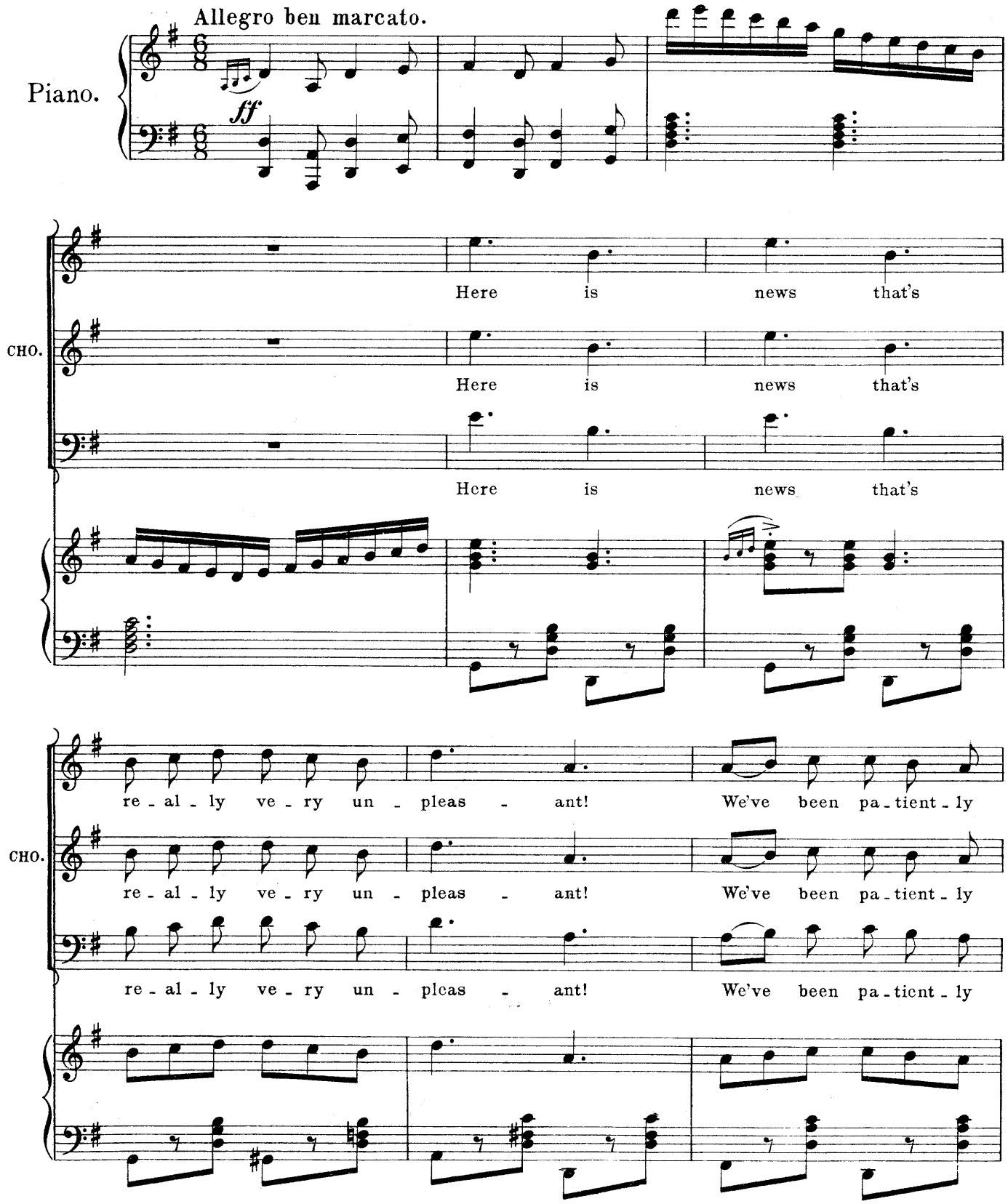

1.
2.
Allegro.
BOTH.
Come for a gra - tis free Cake-walk in o - pen air,
Come for a lit - tle walk, Saun - ter - ing to and fro,
mf
BOTH.
Mak - ing fig - ures like the nig - gers Out in a Lon - don square!
Where the sen - try in the en - try Pa - ces on sen - try - go!
BOTH.
Dance on un - til you see Some stern police-man frown, To the
He's not al - lowed to talk, But when his gun's laid down, He will

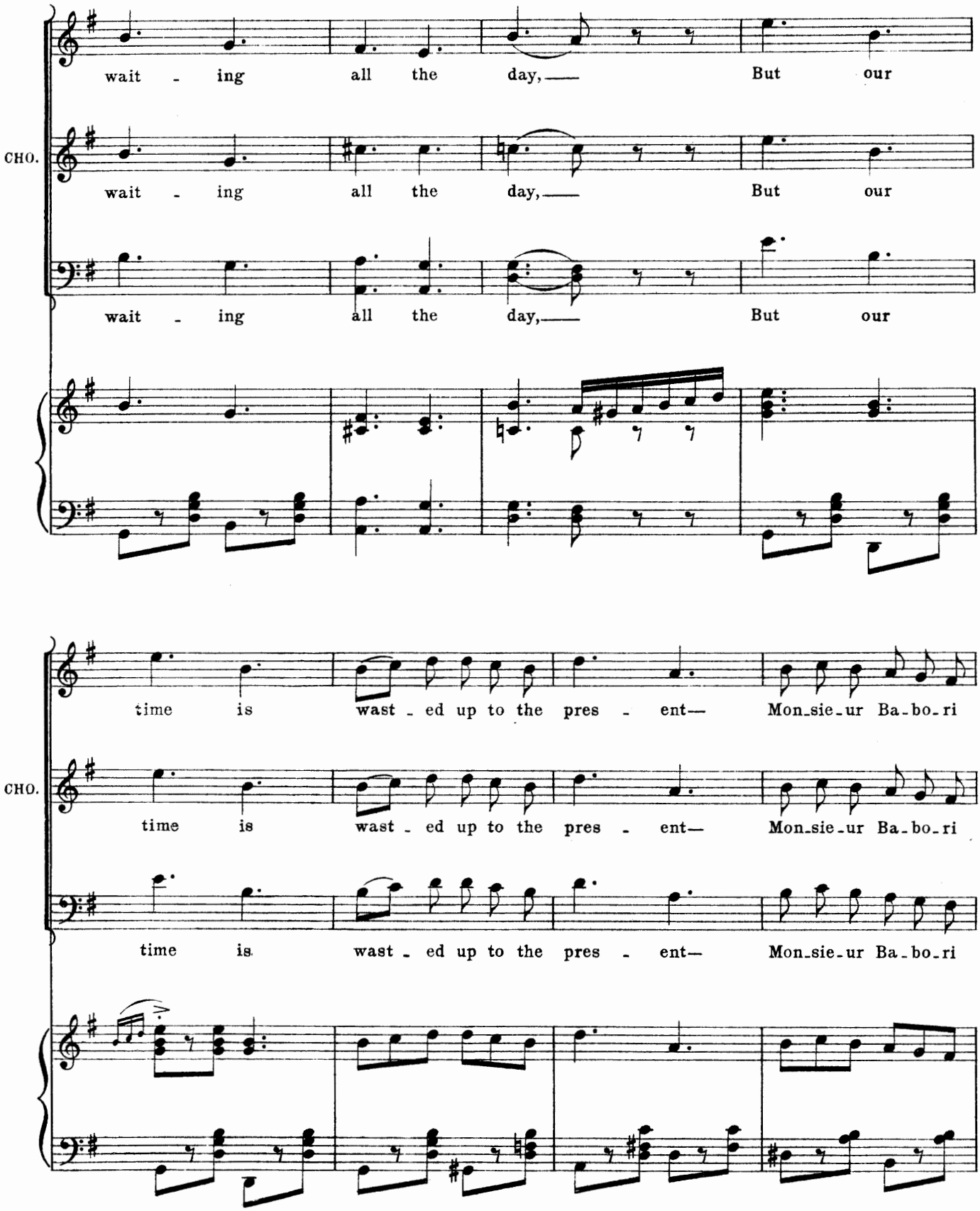

BOTH.
gay pi - a - no of a bold I - ta - li - a - no In the streets of Lon - don
look be - witch - ing when his cane he's switch ing, With the nic - est nurse in
BOTH.
town!
town!
f

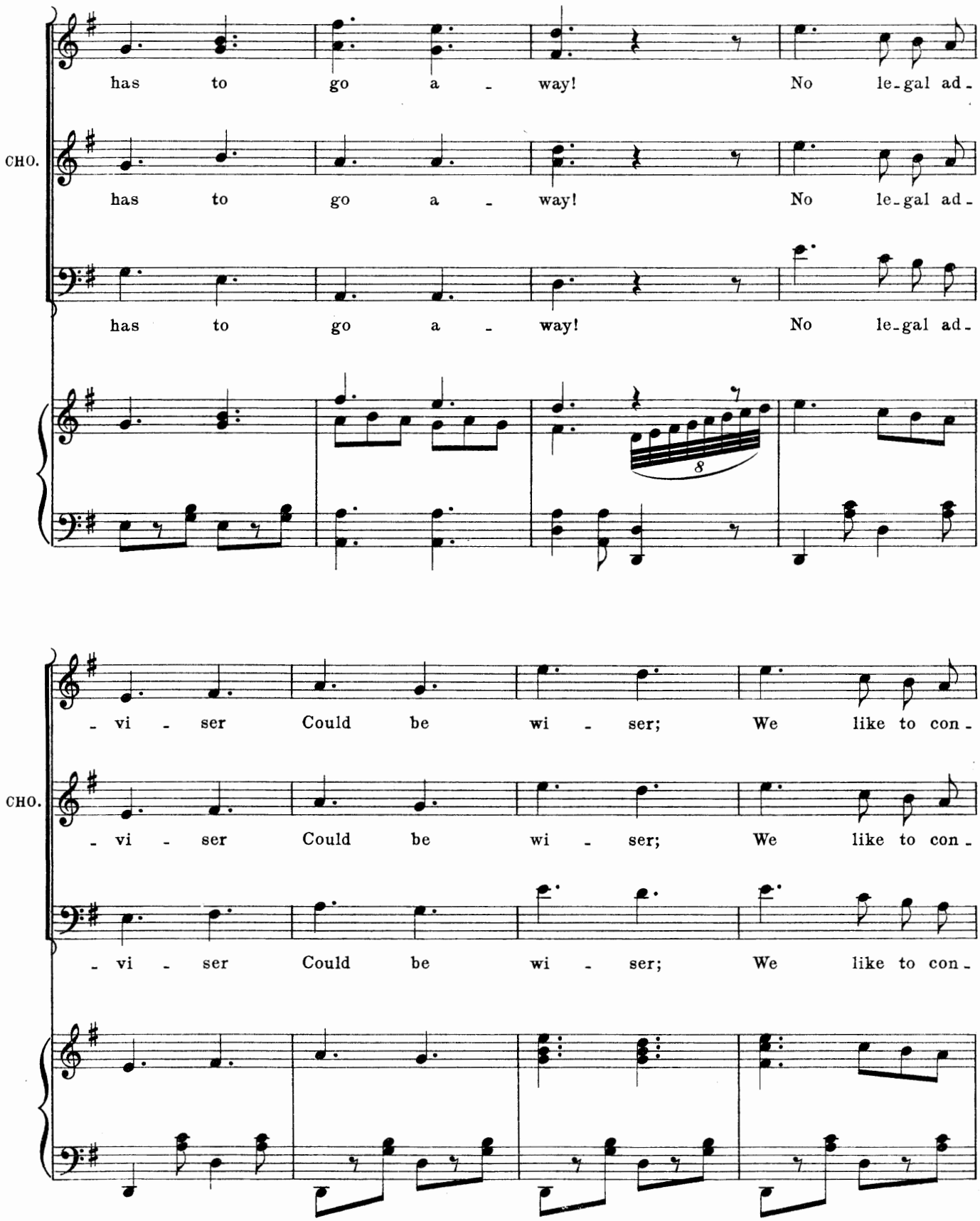
No. 14. FINALE—ACT I.

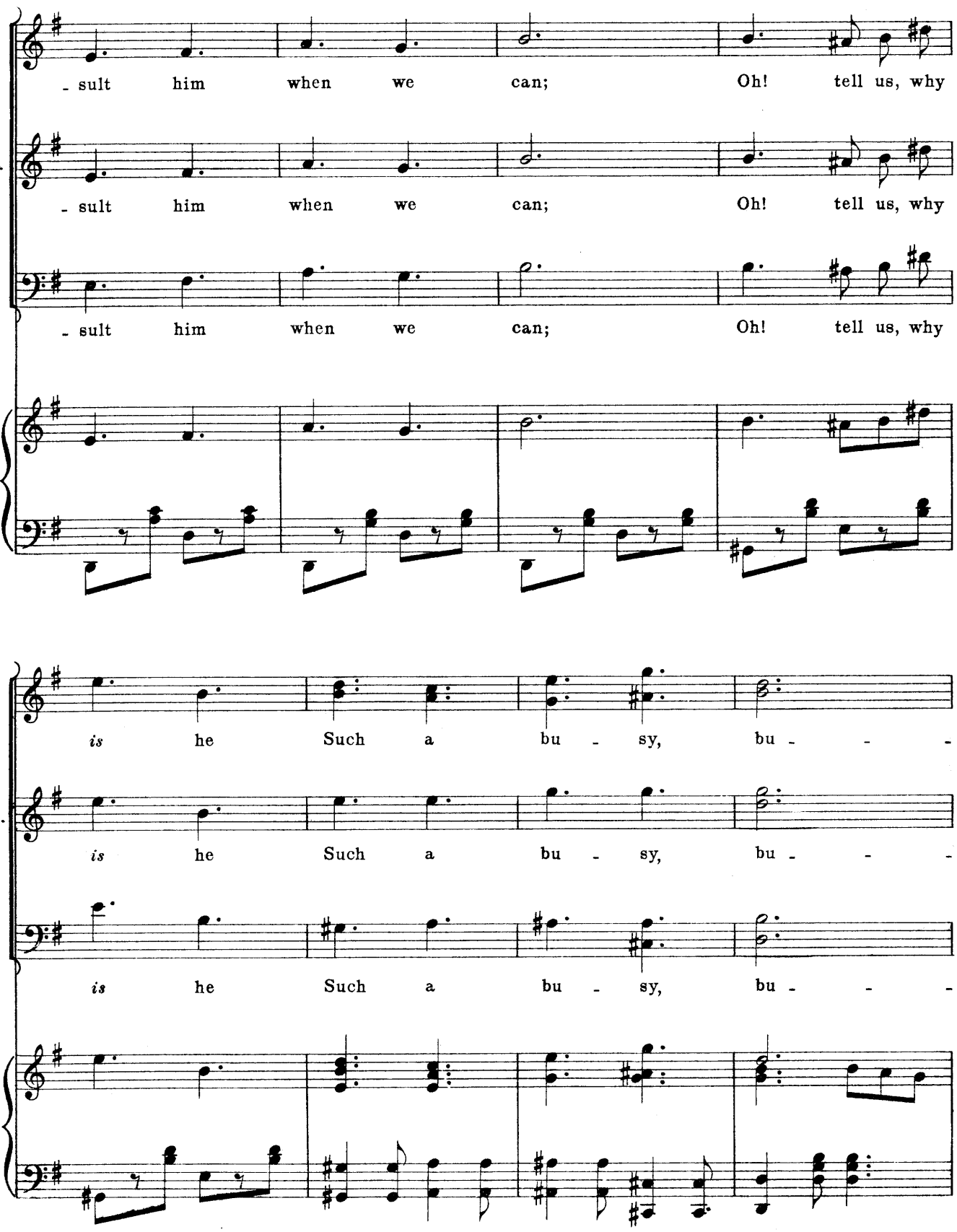
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

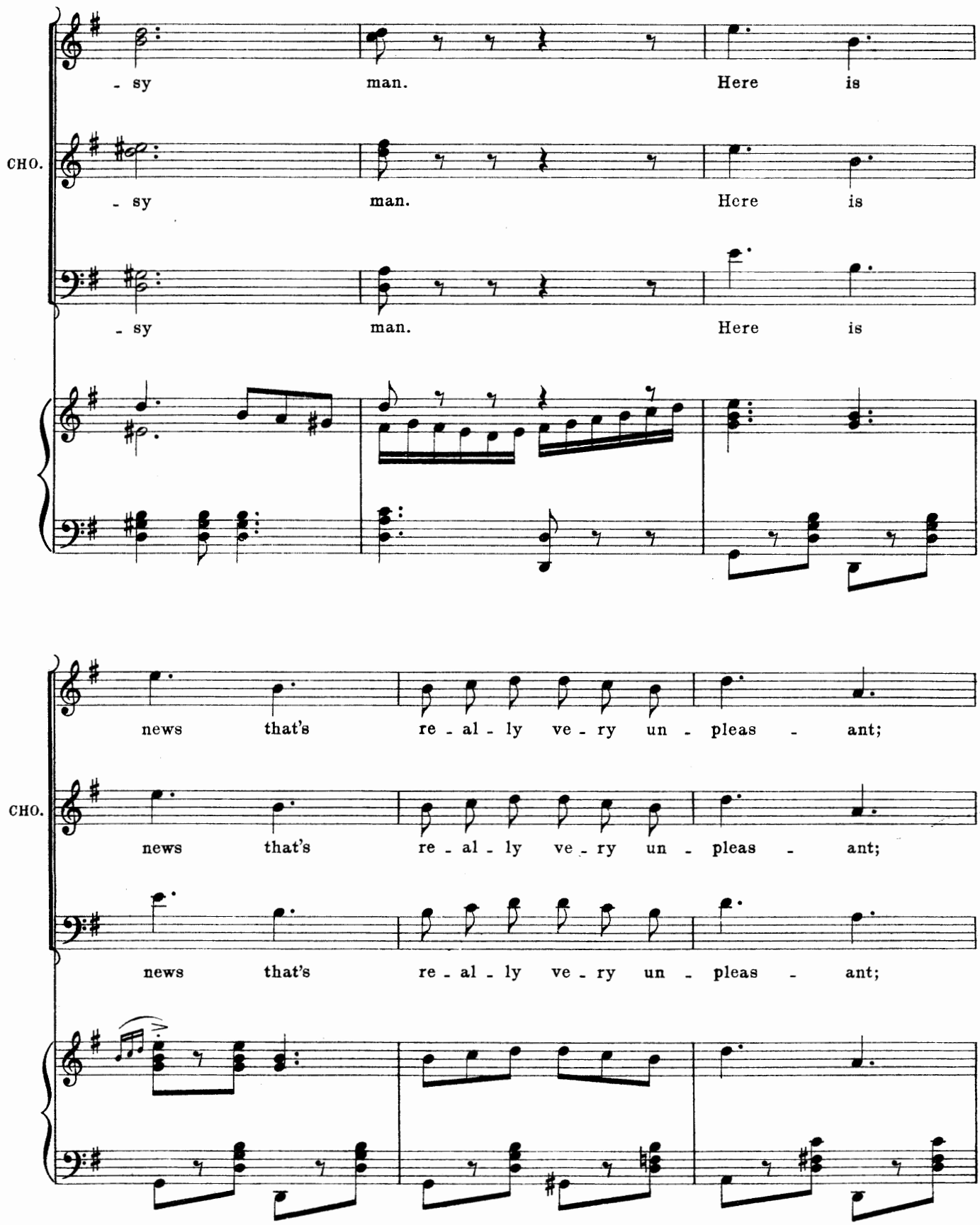
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

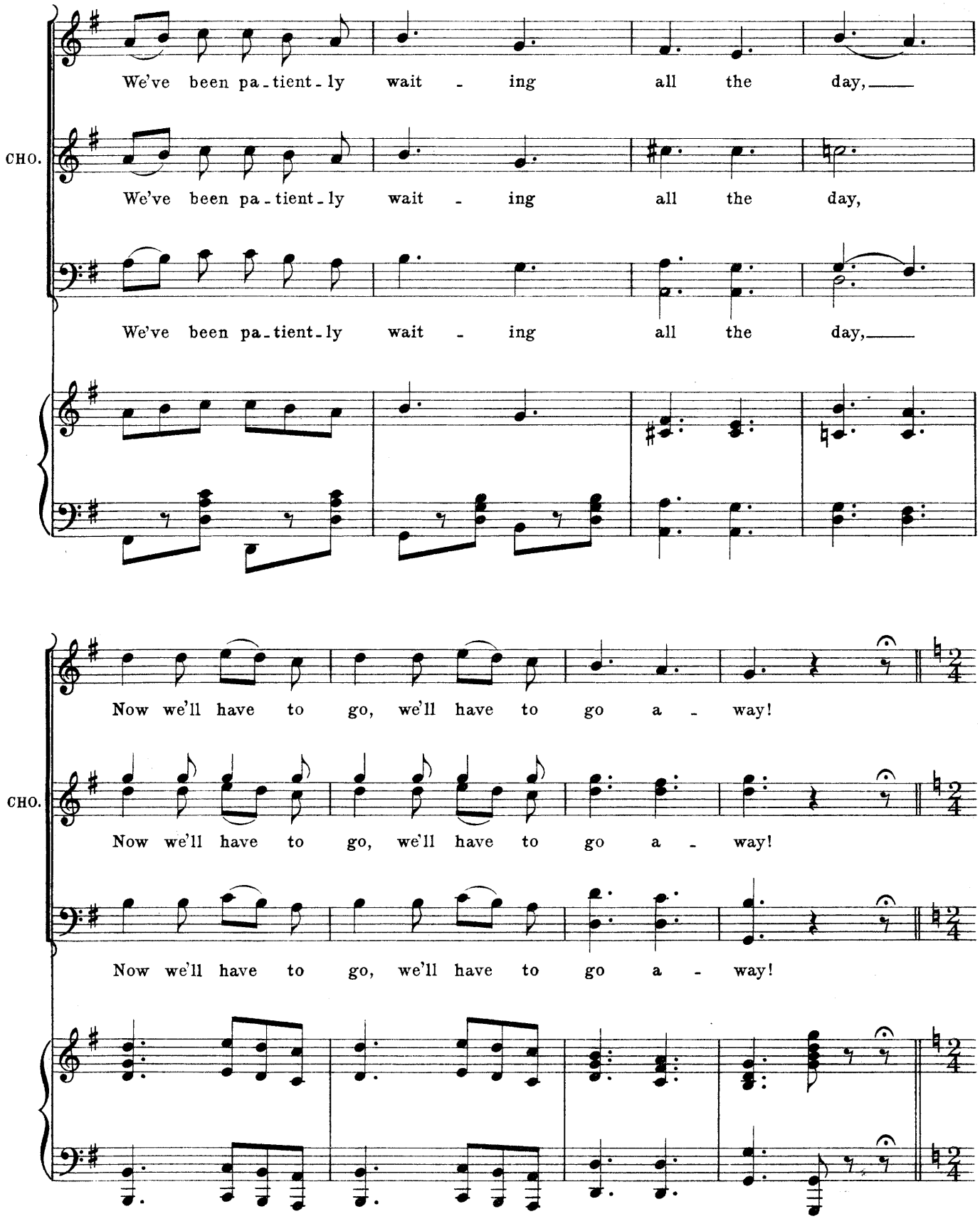


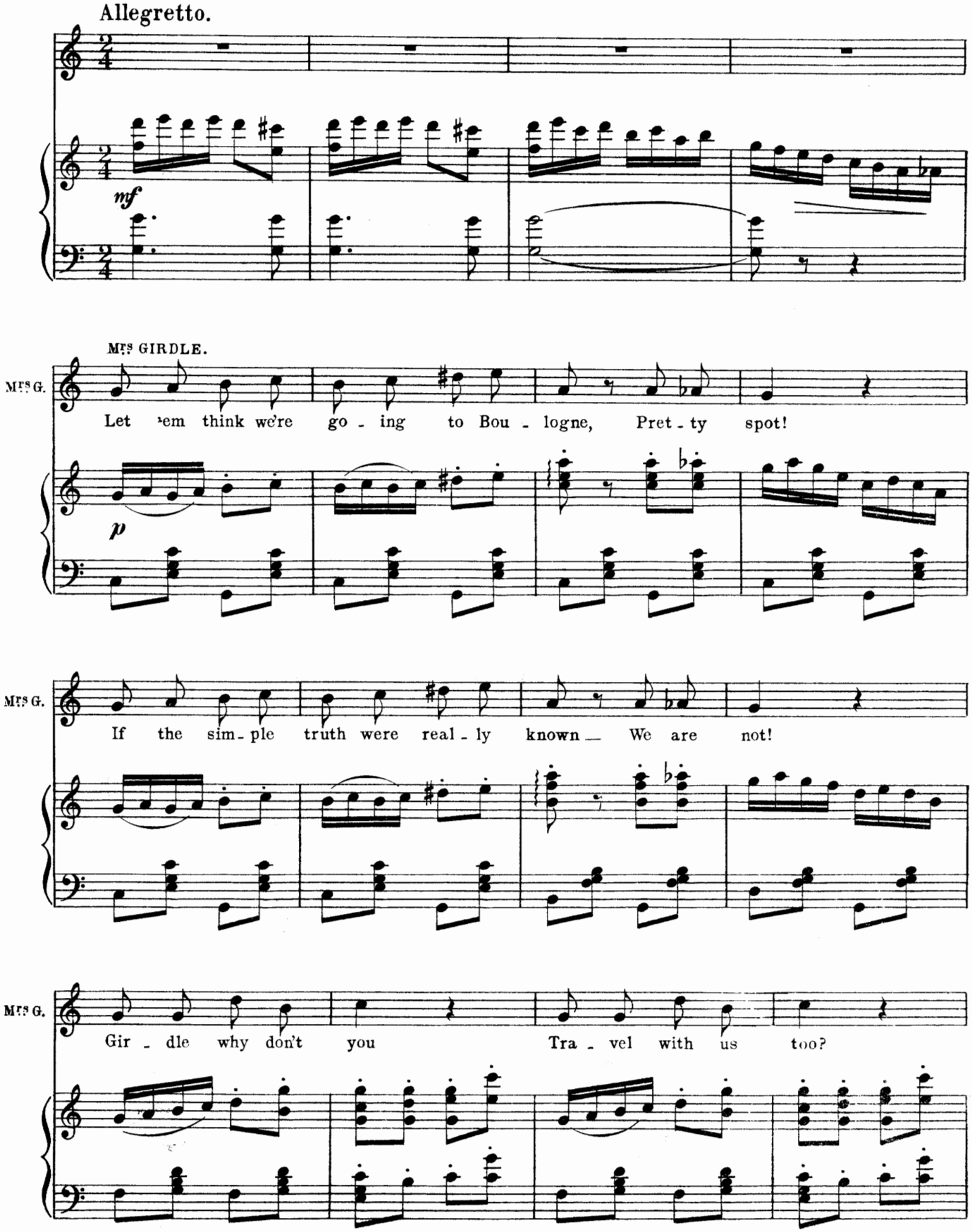

wait - ing all the day, — But our
CHO.
wait - ing all the day, — But our
wait - ing all the day, — But our
time is wast - ed up to the pres - ent— Mon-sie-ur Ba-bo-ri
CHO.
time is wast - ed up to the pres - ent— Mon-sie-ur Ba-bo-ri
time is wast - ed up to the pres - ent— Mon-sie-ur Ba-bo-ri


has to go a - way! No le-gal ad-
CHO.
has to go a - way! No le-gal ad-
has to go a - way! No le-gal ad-
8
- vi - ser Could be wi - ser; We like to con-
CHO.
- vi - ser Could be wi - ser; We like to con-
- vi - ser Could be wi - ser; We like to con-


- sult him when we can; Oh! tell us, why
CHO.
- sult him when we can; Oh! tell us, why
- sult him when we can; Oh! tell us, why
is he Such a bu - sy, bu - - -
CHO.
is he Such a bu - sy, bu - - -
is he Such a bu - sy, bu - - -

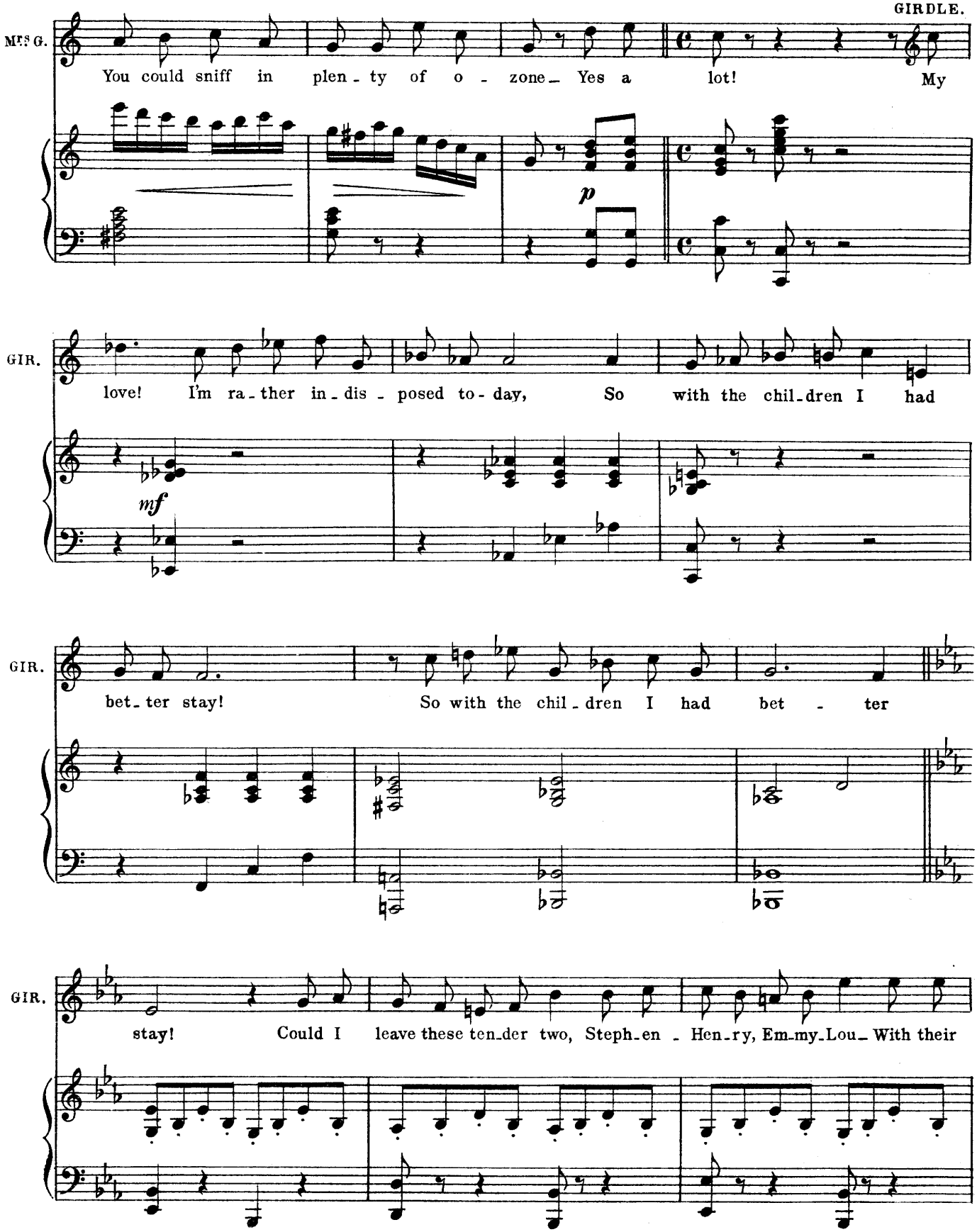

- sy man. Here is
CHO.
- sy man. Here is
- sy man. Here is
news that's re - al - ly ve - ry un - pleas - ant;
CHO.
news that's re - al - ly ve - ry un - pleas - ant;
news that's re - al - ly ve - ry un - pleas - ant;

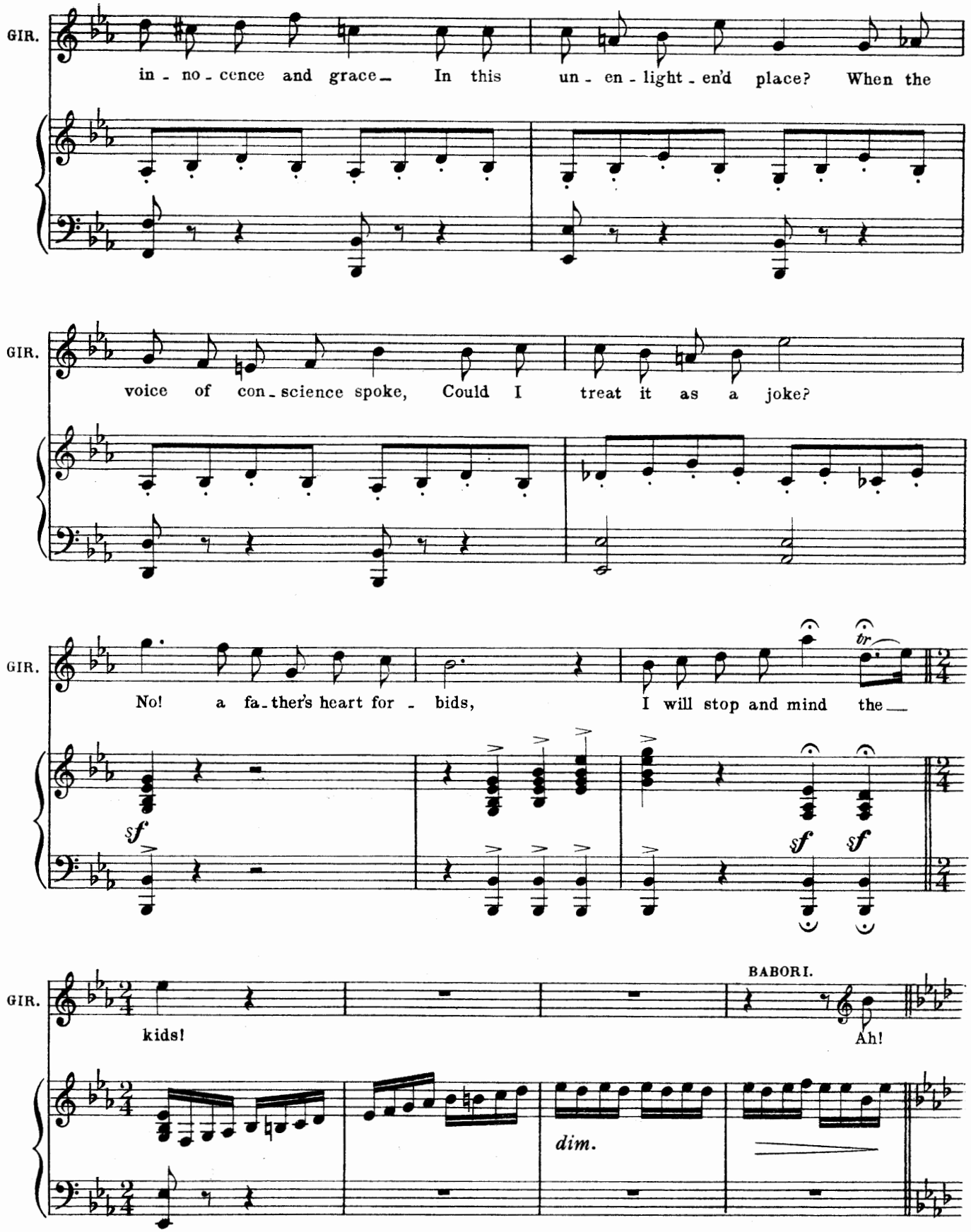

We've been pa-tient-ly wait - ing all the day,
CHO.
We've been pa-tient-ly wait - ing all the day,
We've been pa-tient-ly wait - ing all the day,
Now we'll have to go, we'll have to go a - way!
CHO.
Now we'll have to go, we'll have to go a - way!
Now we'll have to go, we'll have to go a - way!

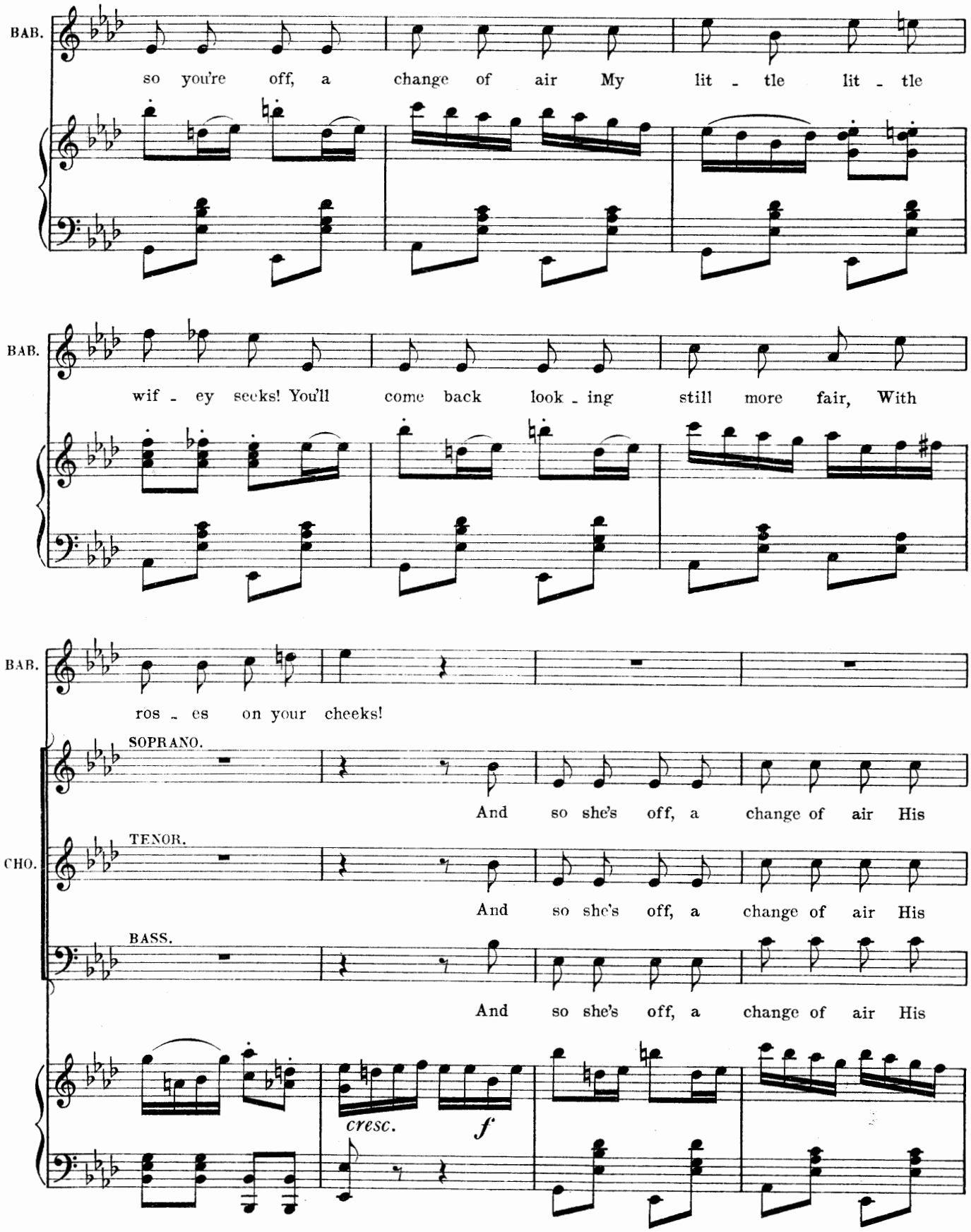

Allegretto.
mf
Mrs GIRDLE.
Mrs G.
Let em think we're go - ing to Bou - logne, Pret - ty spot!
p
Mrs G.
If the sim - ple truth were real - ly known — We are not!
Mrs G.
Gir - dle why don't you Tra - vel with us too?

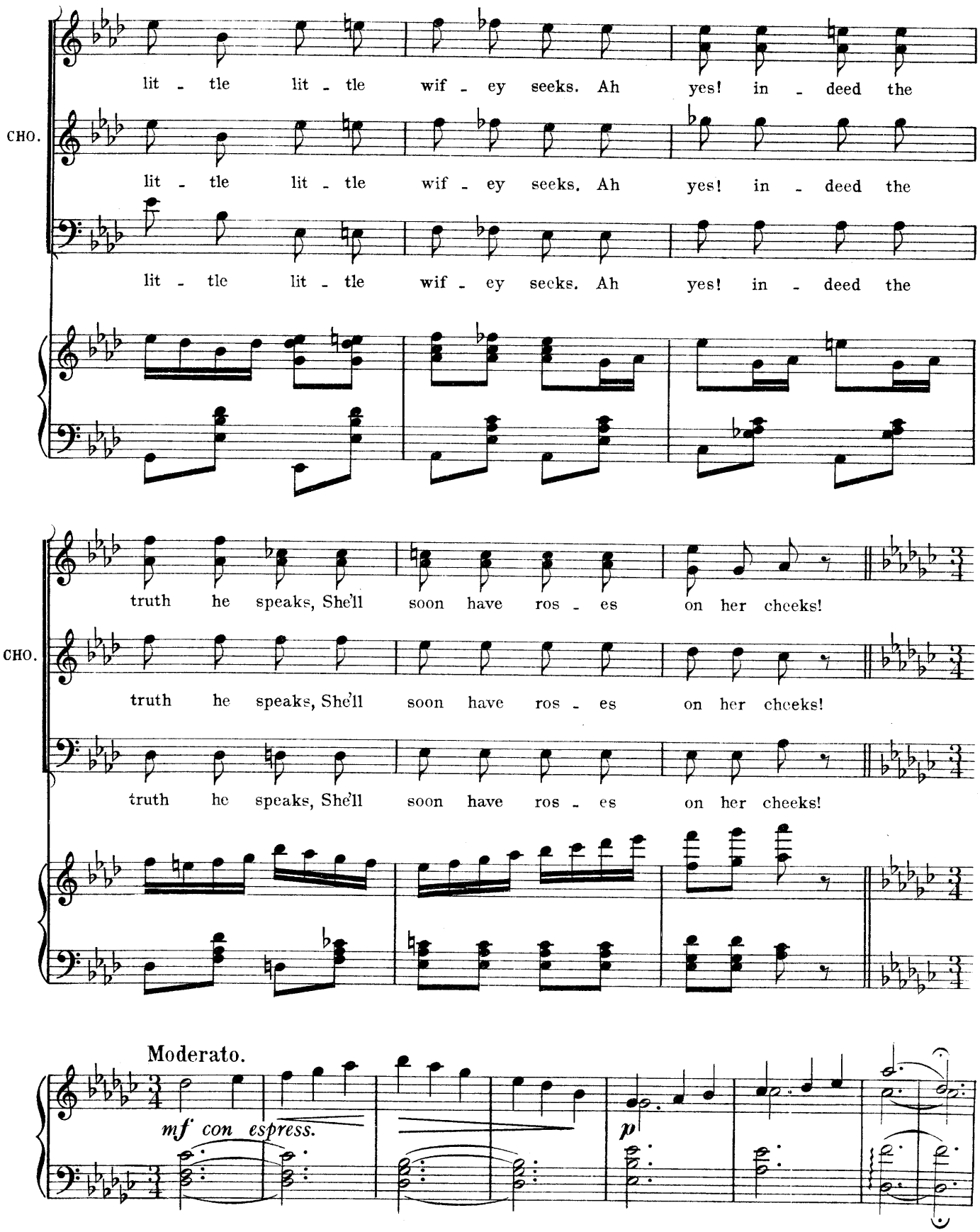
Andantino.

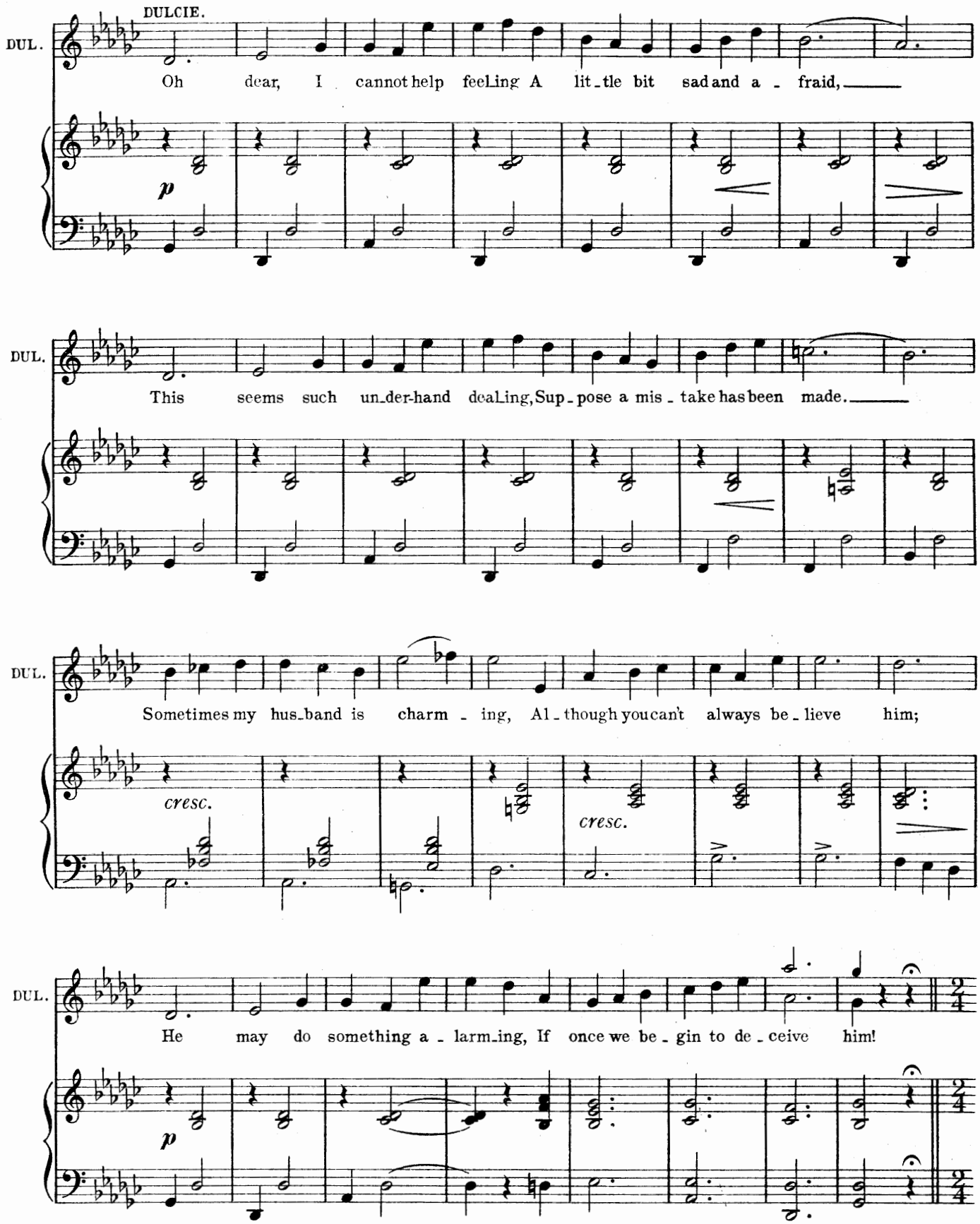
GIRDLE.

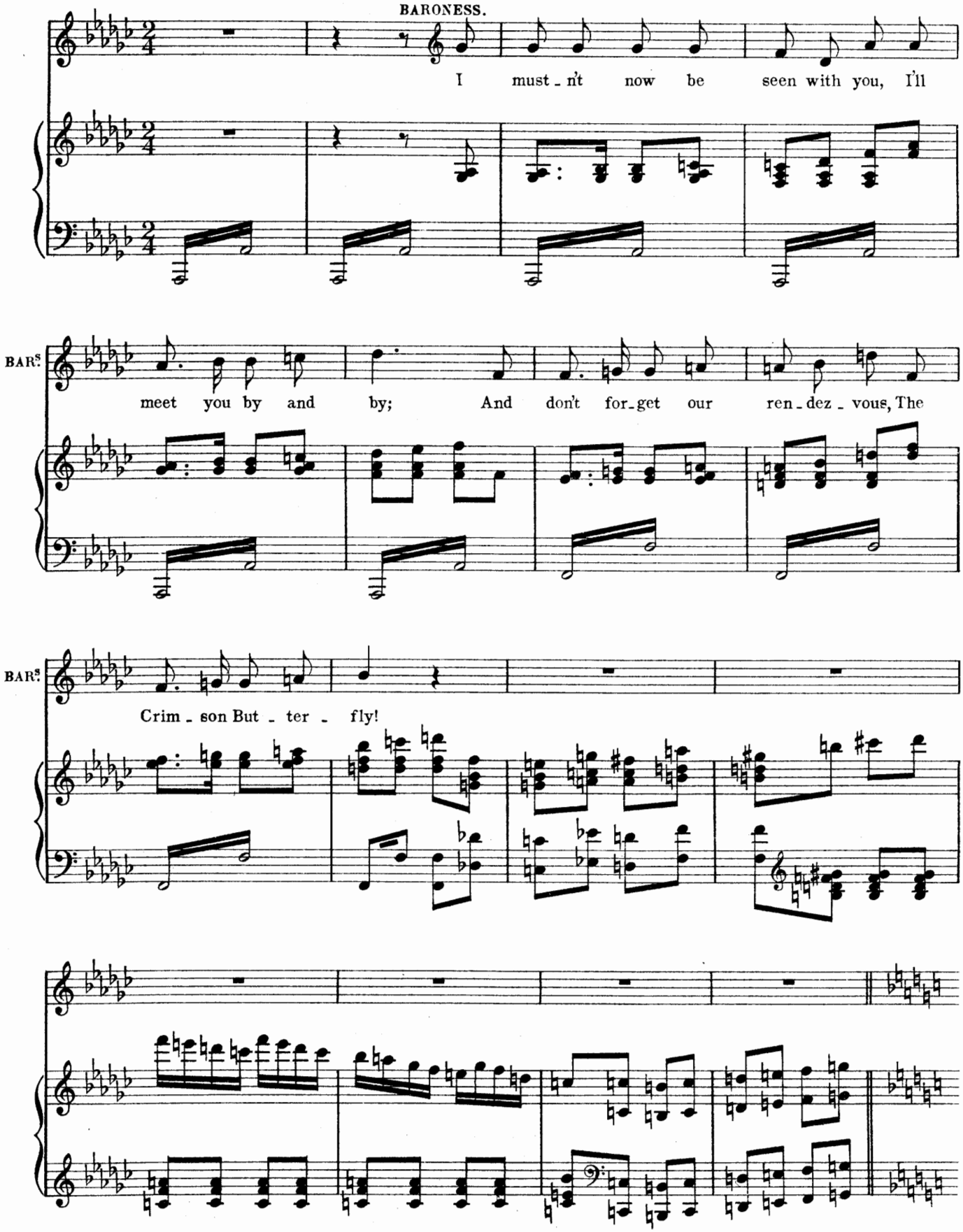


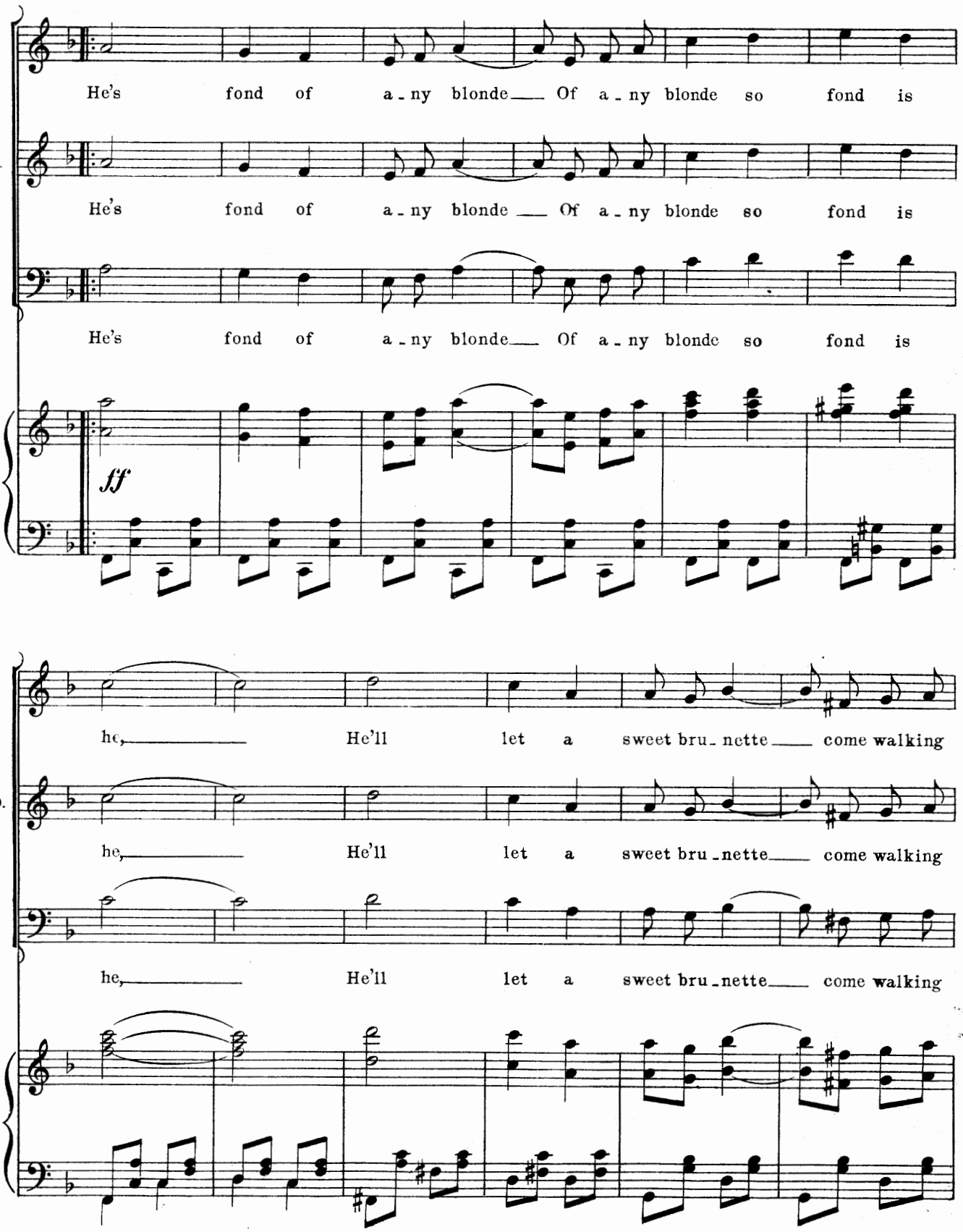

GIR.
in - no - cence and grace— In this un - en - light - en'd place? When the
GIR.
voice of con - science spoke, Could I treat it as a joke?
GIR.
No! a fa - ther's heart for - bids, I will stop and mind the—
tr
sf
sf
sf
GIR.
kids!
BABORI.
Ah!
dim.

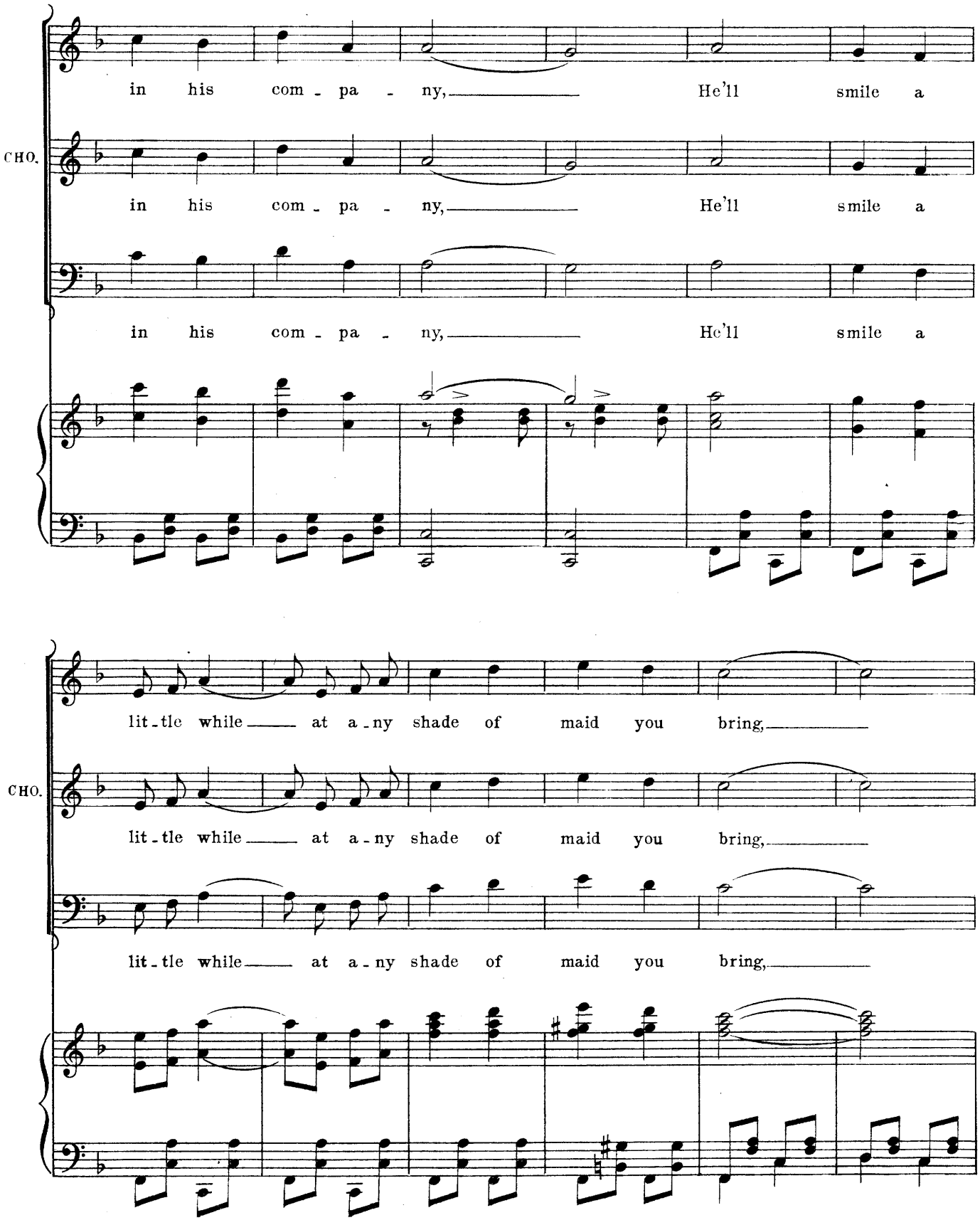

BAB.
so you're off, a change of air My lit - tle lit - tle
BAB.
wif - ey seeks! You'll come back look - ing still more fair, With
BAB.
ros - es on your cheeks!
SOPRANO.
And so she's off, a change of air His
CHO.
TENOR.
And so she's off, a change of air His
BASS.
And so she's off, a change of air His
cresc.
f

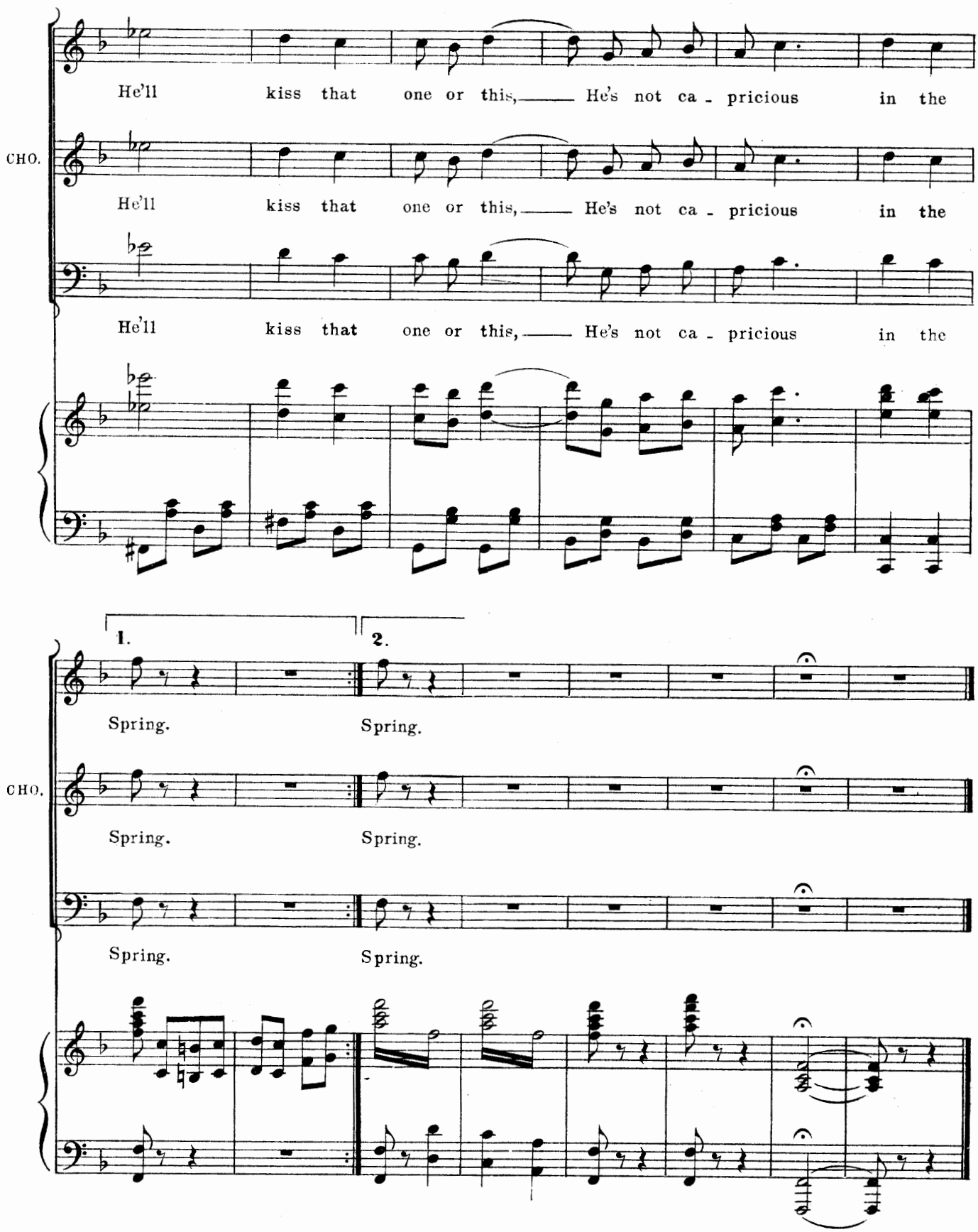

CHO.
lit - tle lit - tle wif - ey seeks. Ah yes! in - deed the
lit - tle lit - tle wif - ey seeks. Ah yes! in - deed the
lit - tle lit - tle wif - ey seeks. Ah yes! in - deed the
truth he speaks, She'll soon have ros - es on her cheeks!
truth he speaks, She'll soon have ros - es on her cheeks!
truth he speaks, She'll soon have ros - es on her cheeks!
Moderato.
mf con espress.
p


DULCIE.
DUL.
Oh dear, I cannot help feeling A lit-tle bit sad and a - fraid,
p
DUL.
This seems such un-der-hand deal-ing, Sup-pose a mis-take has been made.
DUL.
Sometimes my hus-band is charm - ing, Al-though you can't always be-lieve him;
cresc.
cresc.
DUL.
He may do something a - larm-ing, If once we be-gin to de-ceive him!
p


BARONESS.
I must - n't now be seen with you, I'll
BARS.
meet you by and by; And don't for - get our ren - dez - vous, The
BARS.
Crim - son But - ter - fly!


He's fond of a - ny blonde Of a - ny blonde so fond is
CHO.
He's fond of a - ny blonde Of a - ny blonde so fond is
He's fond of a - ny blonde Of a - ny blonde so fond is
ff
he, He'll let a sweet bru - nette come walking
CHO.
he, He'll let a sweet bru - nette come walking
he, He'll let a sweet bru - nette come walking


in his com - pa - ny, He'll smile a
CHO.
in his com - pa - ny, He'll smile a
in his com - pa - ny, He'll smile a
lit - tle while at a - ny shade of maid you bring,
CHO.
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 ca - pricious in the
CHO.
He'll kiss that one or this, He's not ca - pricious in the
He'll kiss that one or this, He's not ca - pricious in the
1.
2.
Spring.
Spring.
CHO.
Spring.
Spring.
Spring.
Spring.

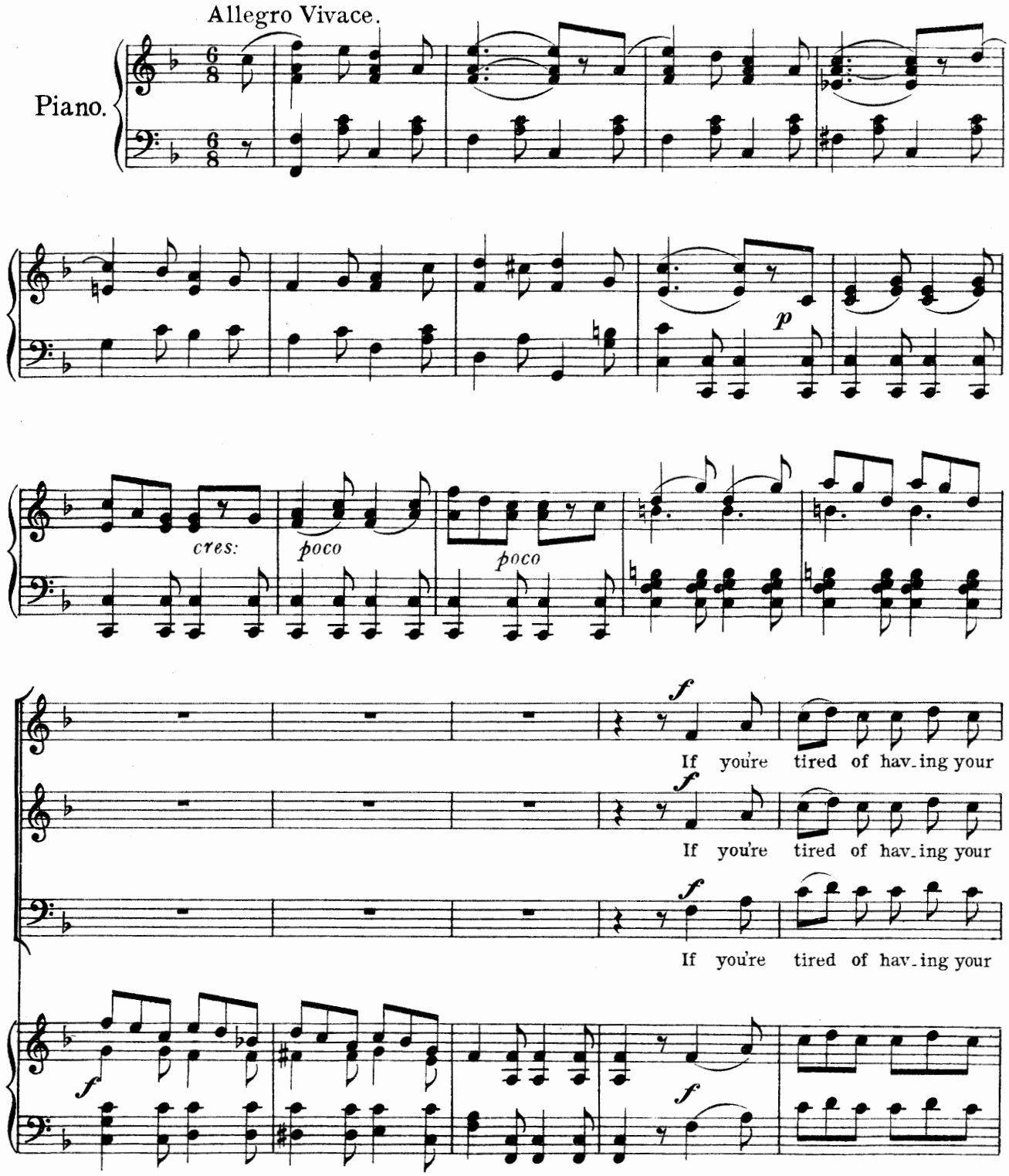
No. 15.

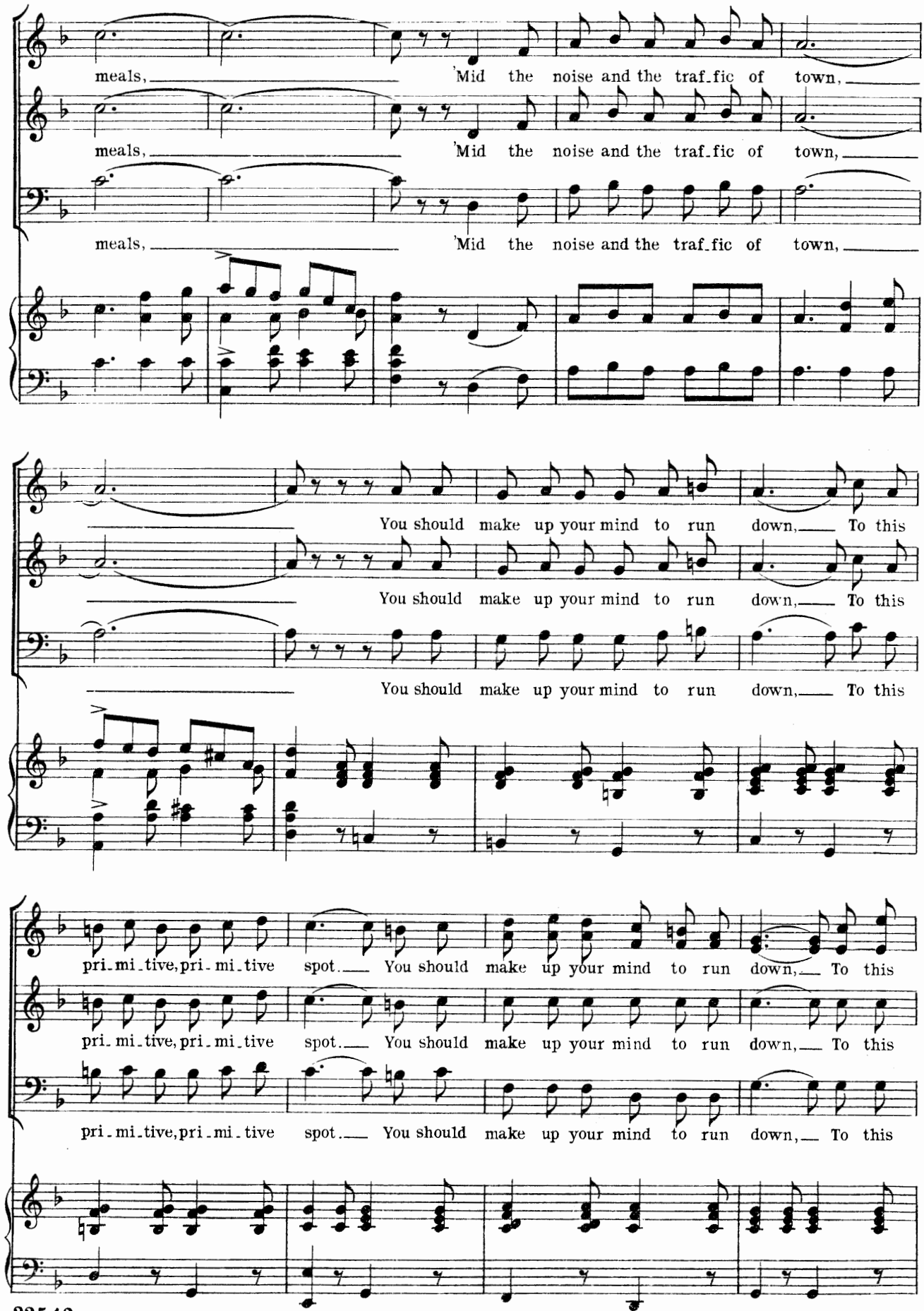
Act II.

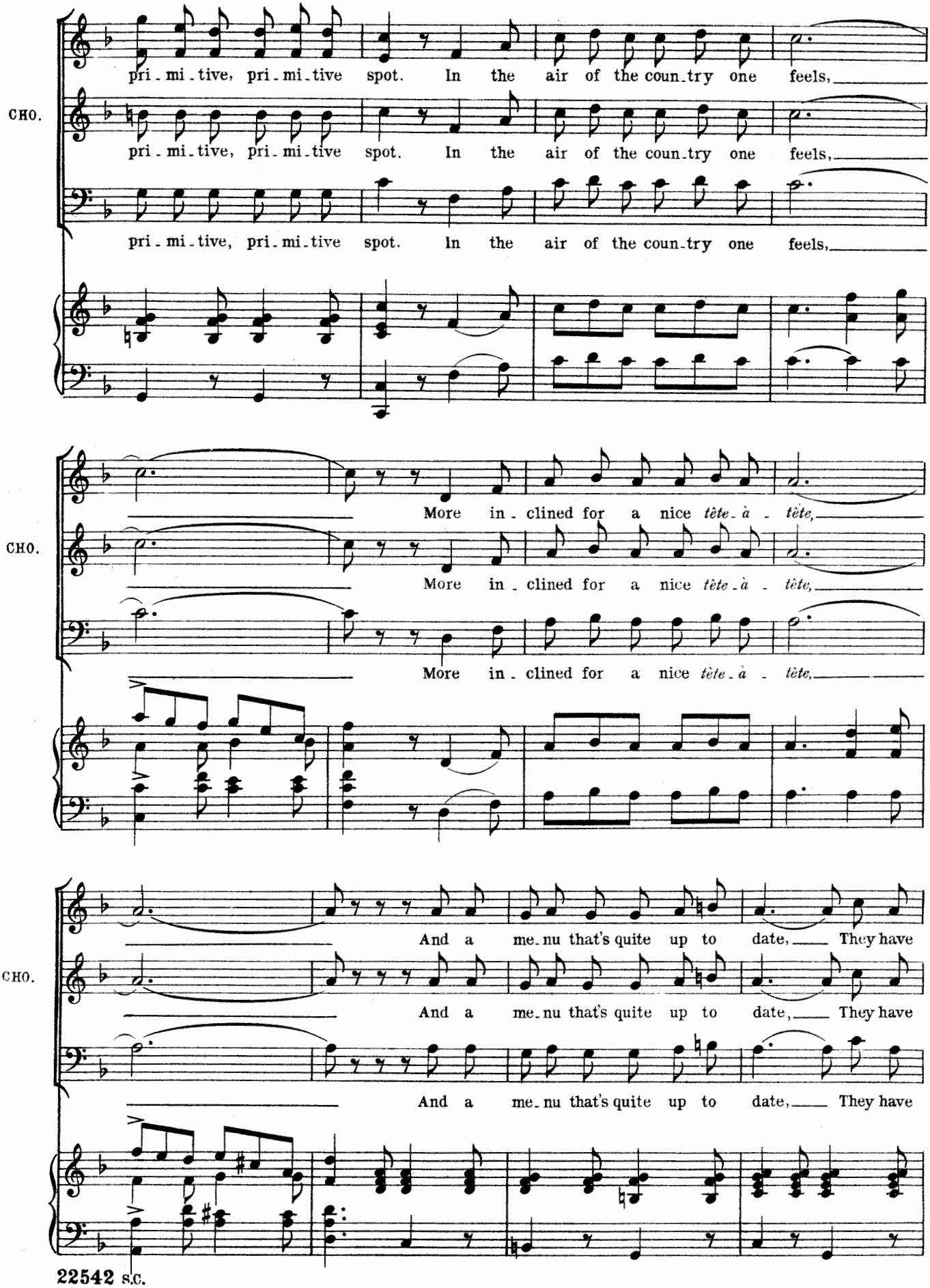
OPENING CHORUS.

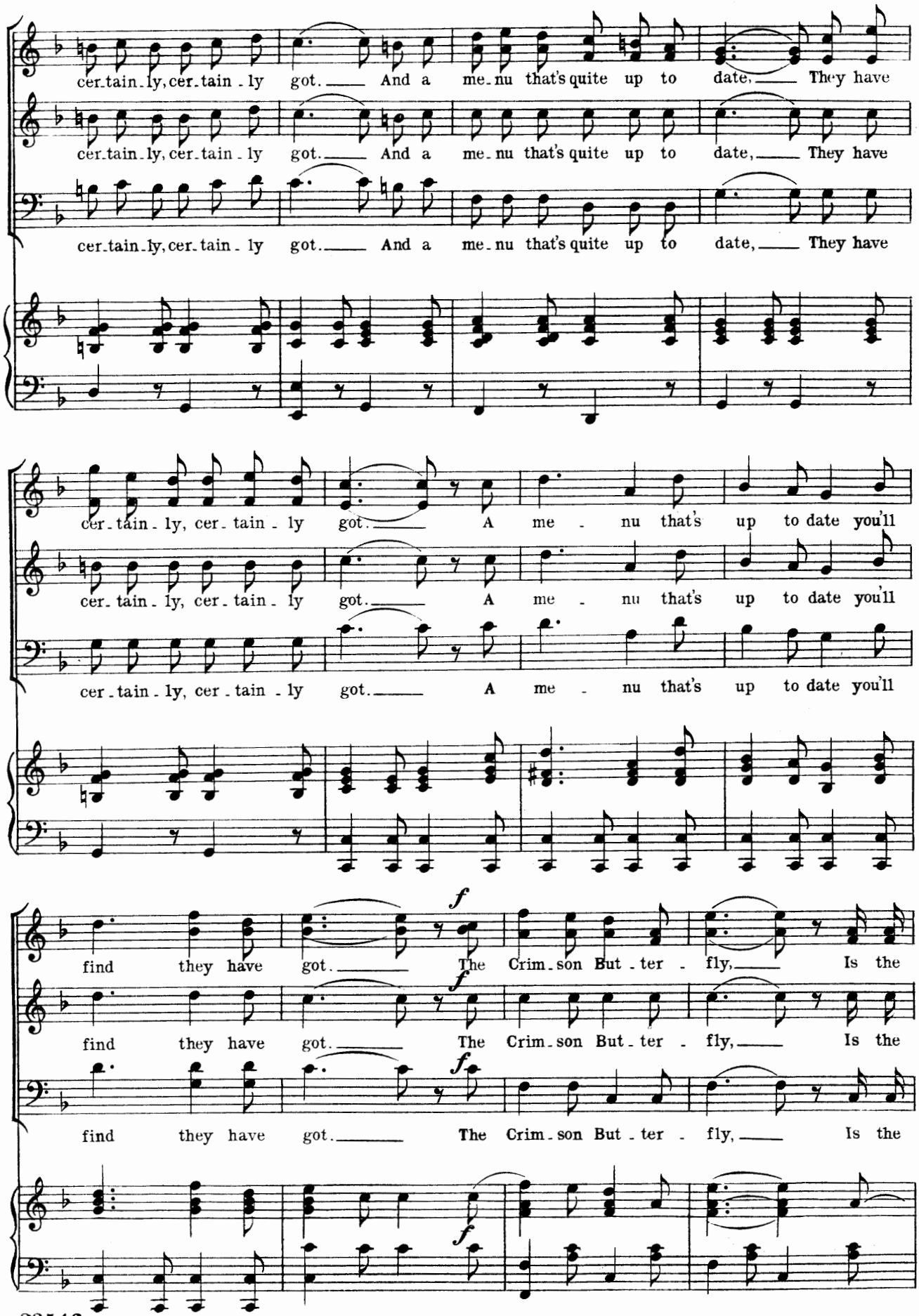
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

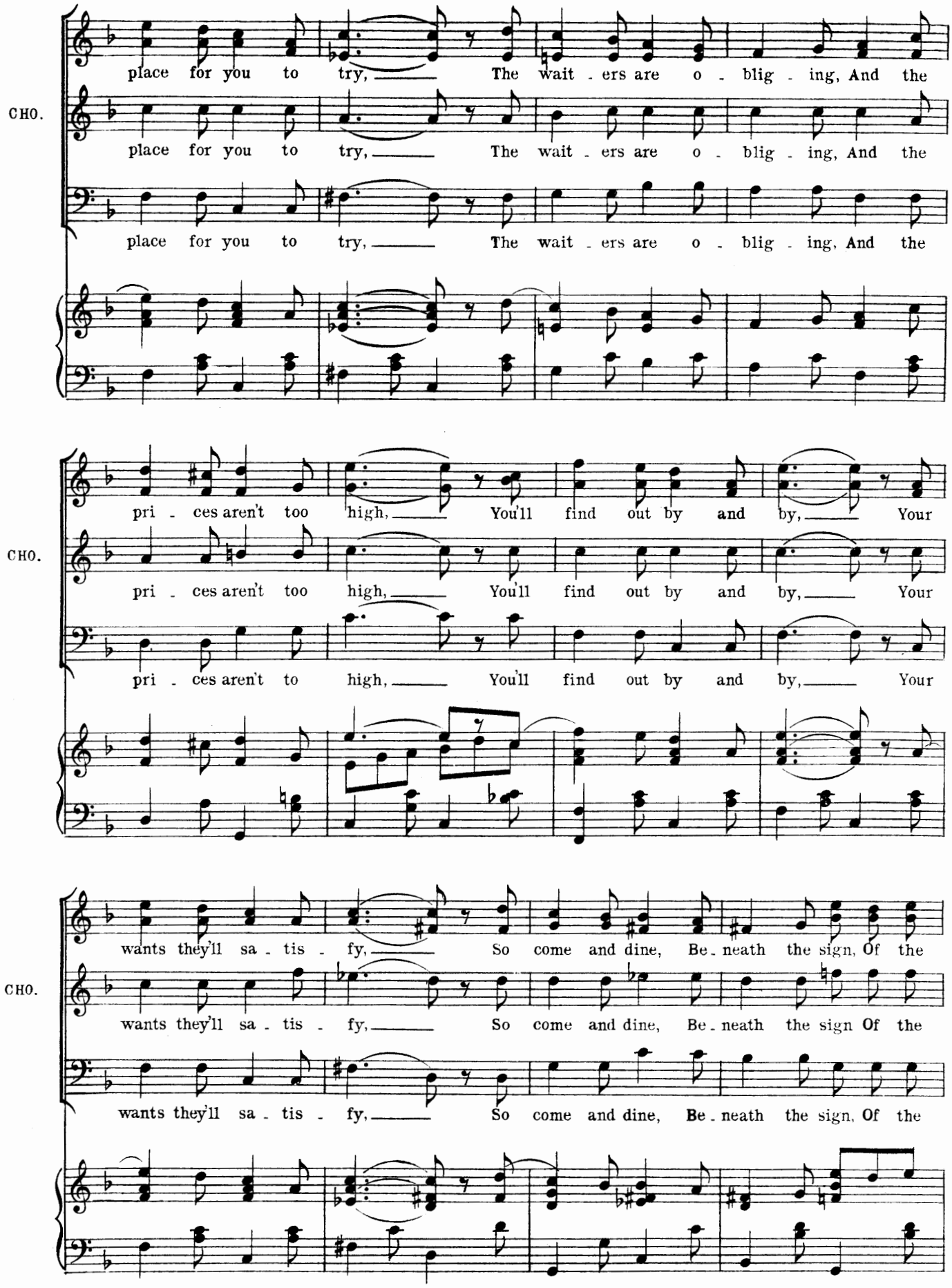
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

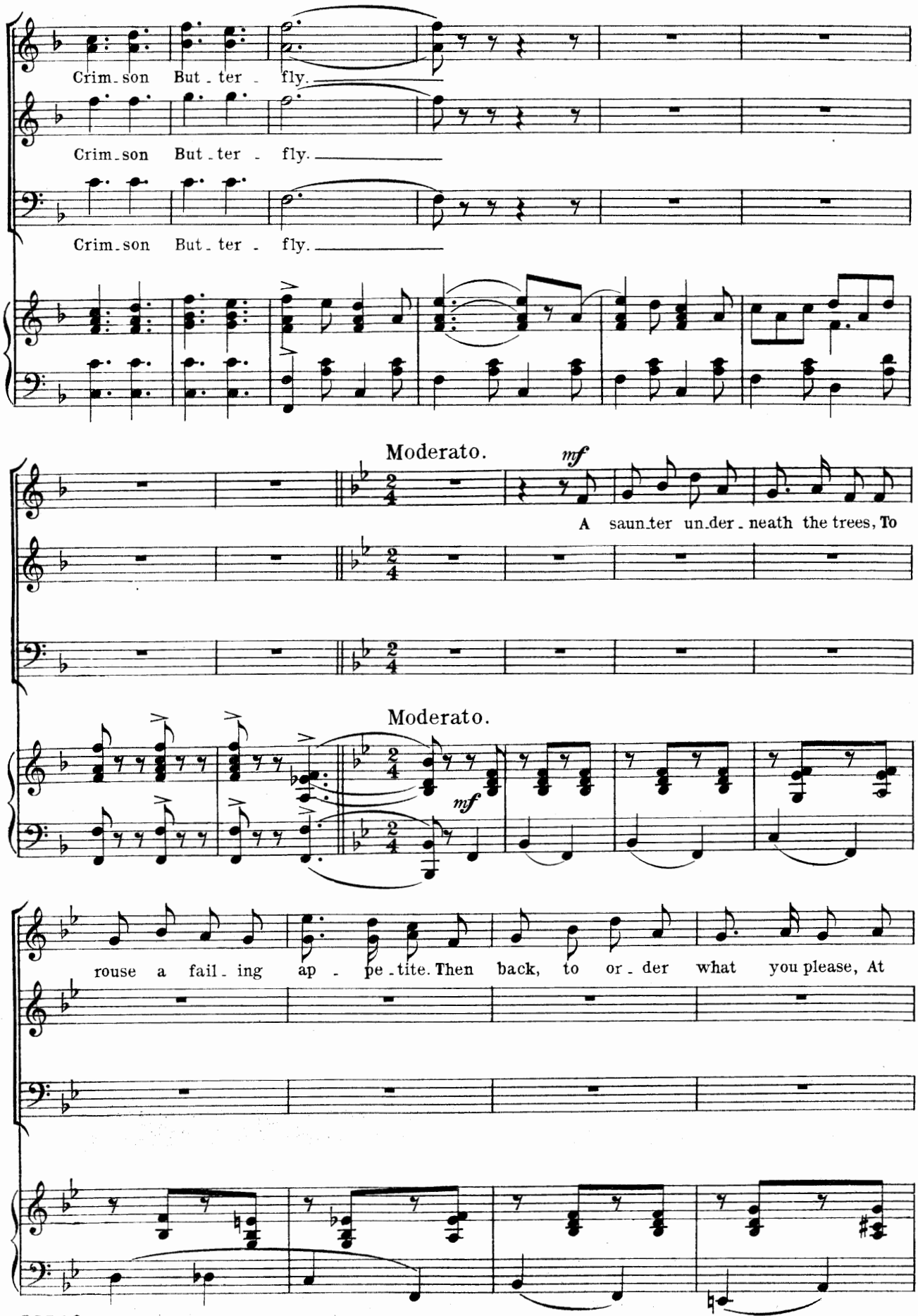


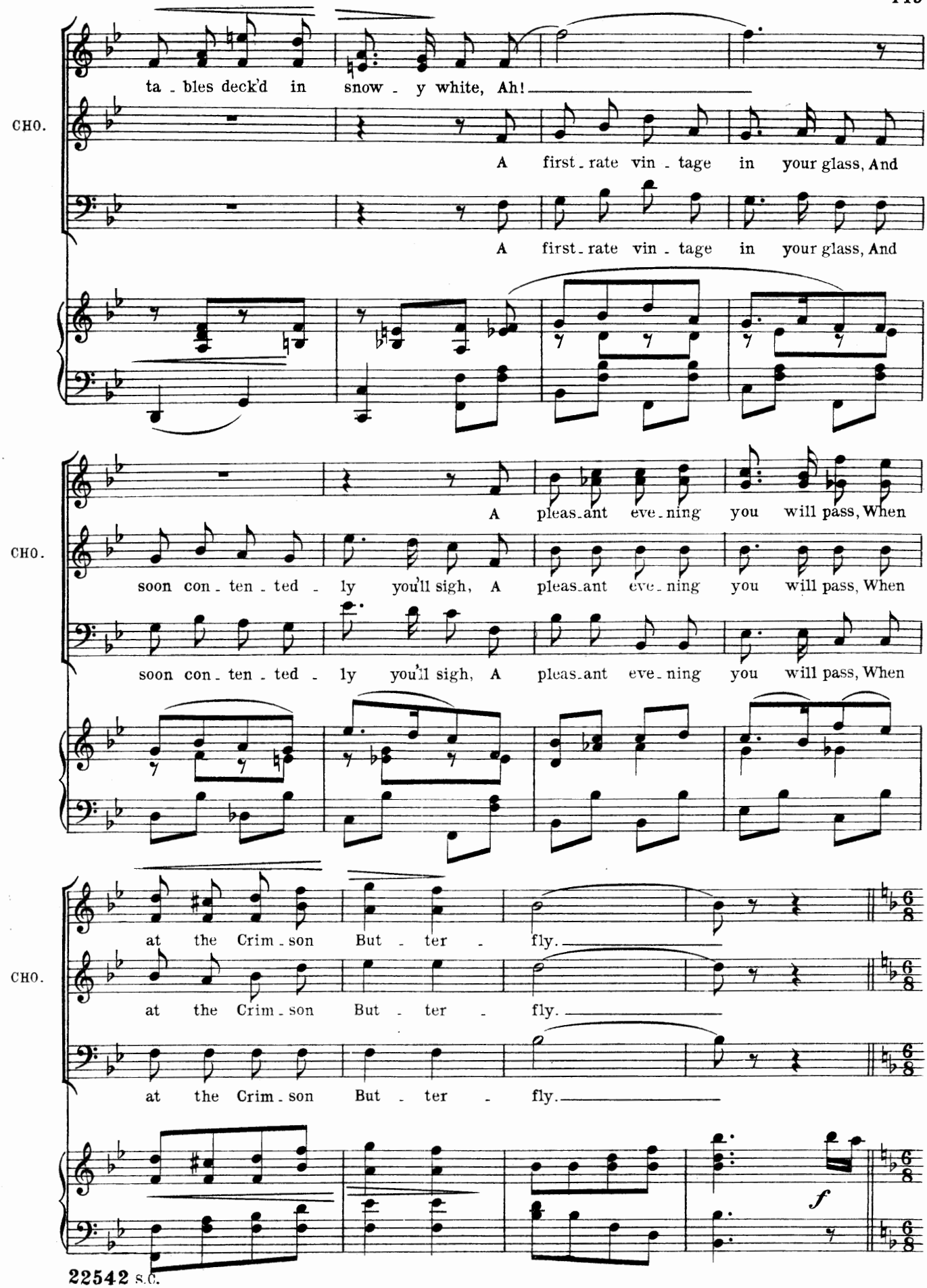

CHO.
meals, 'Mid the noise and the traf_fic of town,
meals, 'Mid the noise and the traf_fic of town,
meals, 'Mid the noise and the traf_fic of town,
CHO.
You should make up your mind to run down, To this
You should make up your mind to run down, To this
You should make up your mind to run down, To this
CHO.
pri_mi_tive, pri_mi_tive spot. You should make up your mind to run down, To this
pri_mi_tive, pri_mi_tive spot. You should make up your mind to run down, To this
pri_mi_tive, pri_mi_tive spot. You should make up your mind to run down, To this


CHO.
pri - mi - tive, pri - mi - tive spot. In the air of the coun - try one feels,
pri - mi - tive, pri - mi - tive spot. In the air of the coun - try one feels,
pri - mi - tive, pri - mi - tive spot. In the air of the coun - try one feels,
CHO.
More in - clined for a nice *tête - à - tête,*
More in - clined for a nice *tête - à - tête,*
More in - clined for a nice *tête - à - tête,*
CHO.
And a me - nu that's quite up to date, They have
And a me - nu that's quite up to date, They have
And a me - nu that's quite up to date, They have


CHO.
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. And a me-nu that's quite up to date, They have
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. And a me-nu that's quite up to date, They have
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. And a me-nu that's quite up to date, They have
CHO.
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. A me-nu that's up to date you'll
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. A me-nu that's up to date you'll
cer-tain-ly, cer-tain-ly got. A me-nu that's up to date you'll
CHO.
find they have got. The Crim-son But-ter-fly, Is the
find they have got. The Crim-son But-ter-fly, Is the
find they have got. The Crim-son But-ter-fly, Is the


CHO.
place for you to try, The wait - ers are o - blig - ing, And the
CHO.
pri - ces aren't too high, You'll find out by and by, Your
CHO.
wants they'll sa - tis - fy, So come and dine, Be - neath the sign, Of the


CHO.
Crim_son But_ter _ fly.
Crim_son But_ter _ fly.
Crim_son But_ter _ fly.
Moderato.
mf
A saun_ter un_der_neath the trees, To
Moderato.
mf
rouse a fail_ing ap _ pe_tite. Then back, to or_der what you please, At


ta - bles deck'd in snow - y white, Ah!
CHO.
A first - rate vin - tage in your glass, And
A first - rate vin - tage in your glass, And
A pleas - ant eve - ning you will pass, When
CHO.
soon con - ten - ted - ly you'll sigh, A pleas - ant eve - ning you will pass, When
soon con - ten - ted - ly you'll sigh, A pleas - ant eve - ning you will pass, When
at the Crim - son But - ter - fly.
CHO.
at the Crim - son But - ter - fly.
at the Crim - son But - ter - fly.
f

Tempo I.

f

CHO.

The Crim - son But - ter - fly, Is the

The Crim - son But - ter - fly, Is the

The Crim - son But - ter - fly, Is the

CHO.

place for you to try. The wait - ers are o - blig - ing, And the

place for you to try. The wait - ers are o - blig - ing, And the

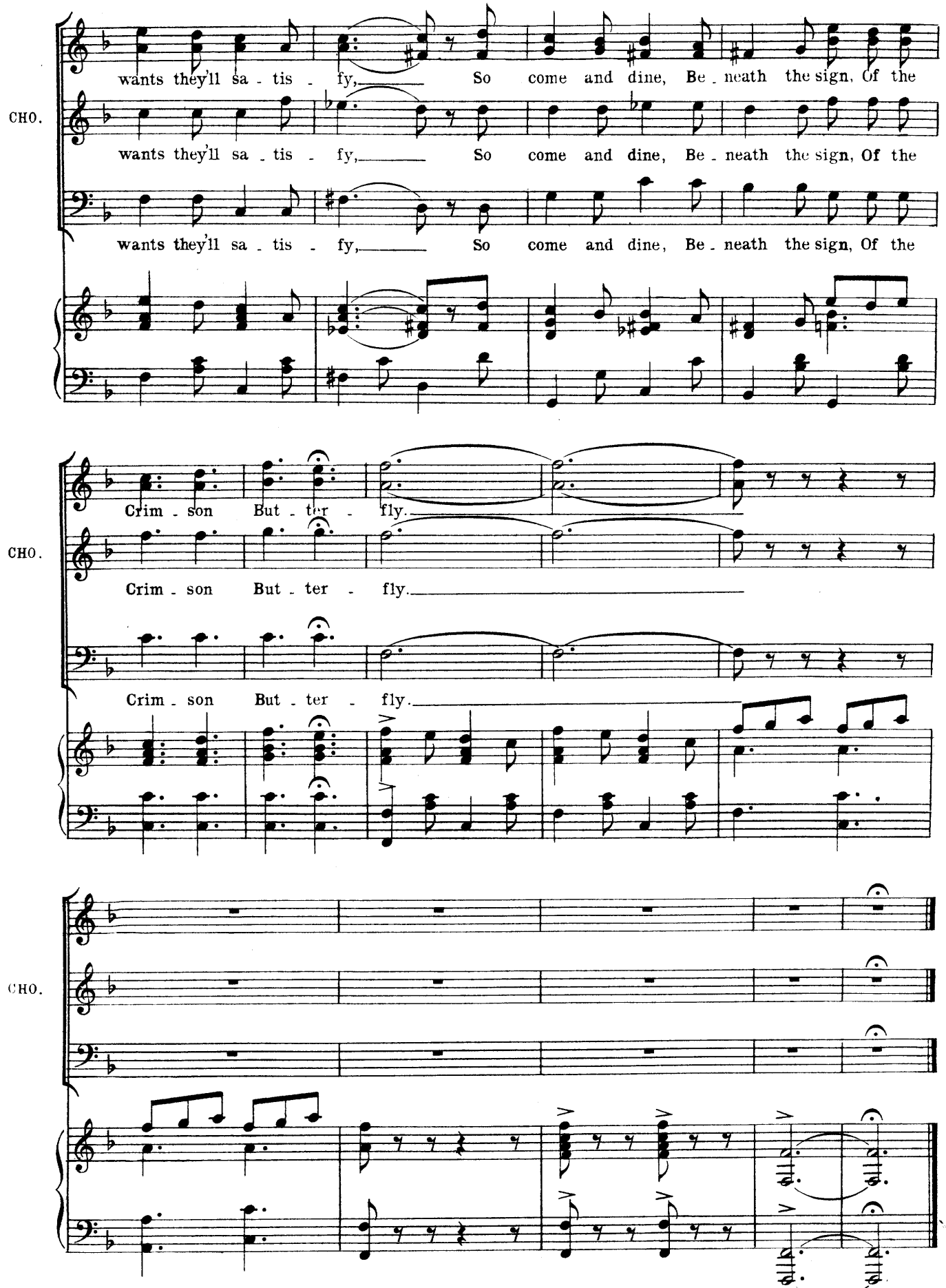
place for you to try. The wait - ers are o - blig - ing, And the

CHO.

pri - ces aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your

pri - ces aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your

pri - ces aren't too high. You'll find out by and by, Your

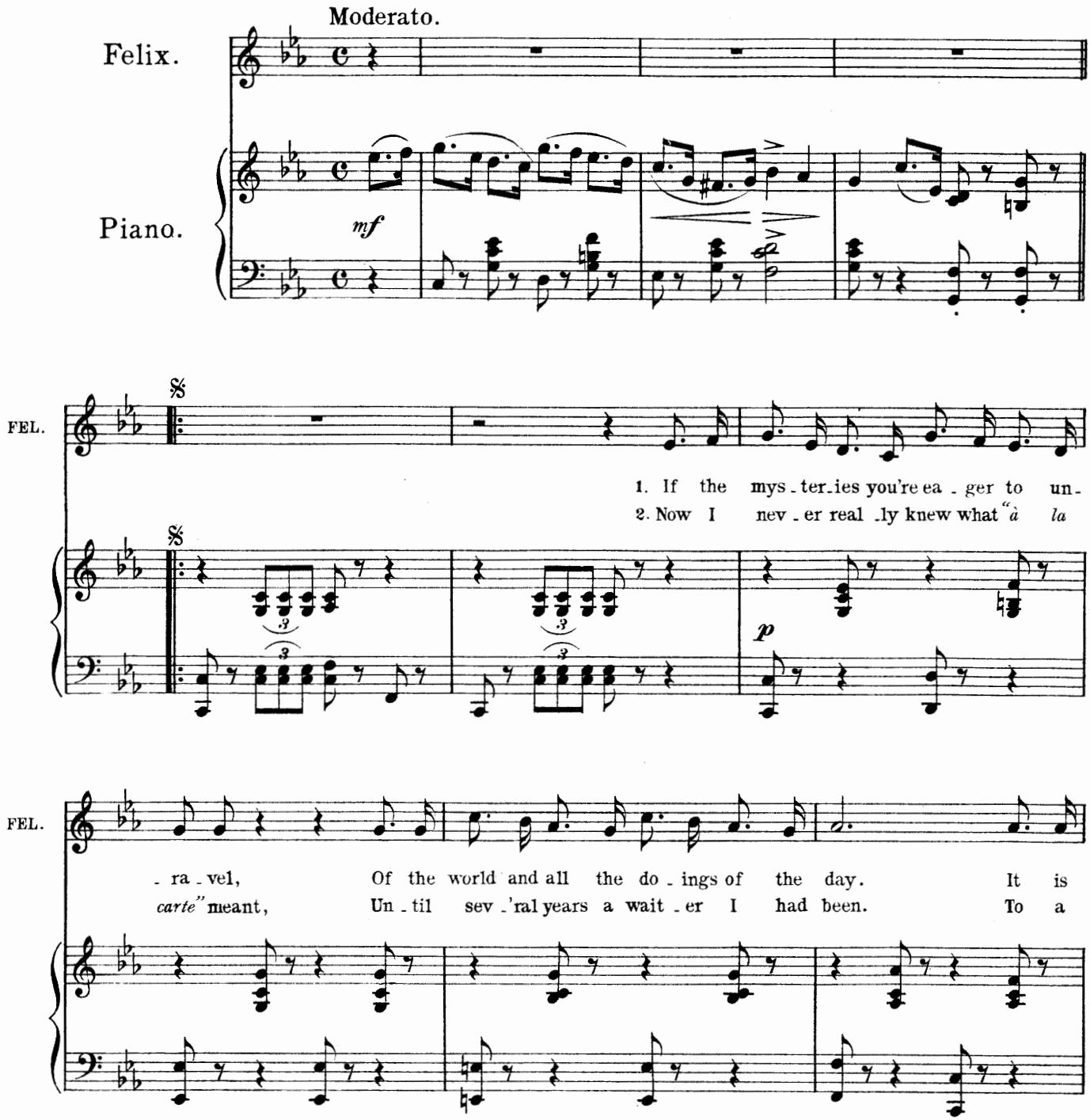

CHO.
wants they'll sa - tis - fy, So come and dine, Be - neath the sign, Of the
wants they'll sa - tis - fy, So come and dine, Be - neath the sign, Of the
wants they'll sa - tis - fy, So come and dine, Be - neath the sign, Of the
CHO.
Crim - son But - ter - fly.
Crim - son But - ter - fly.
Crim - son But - ter - fly.
CHO.

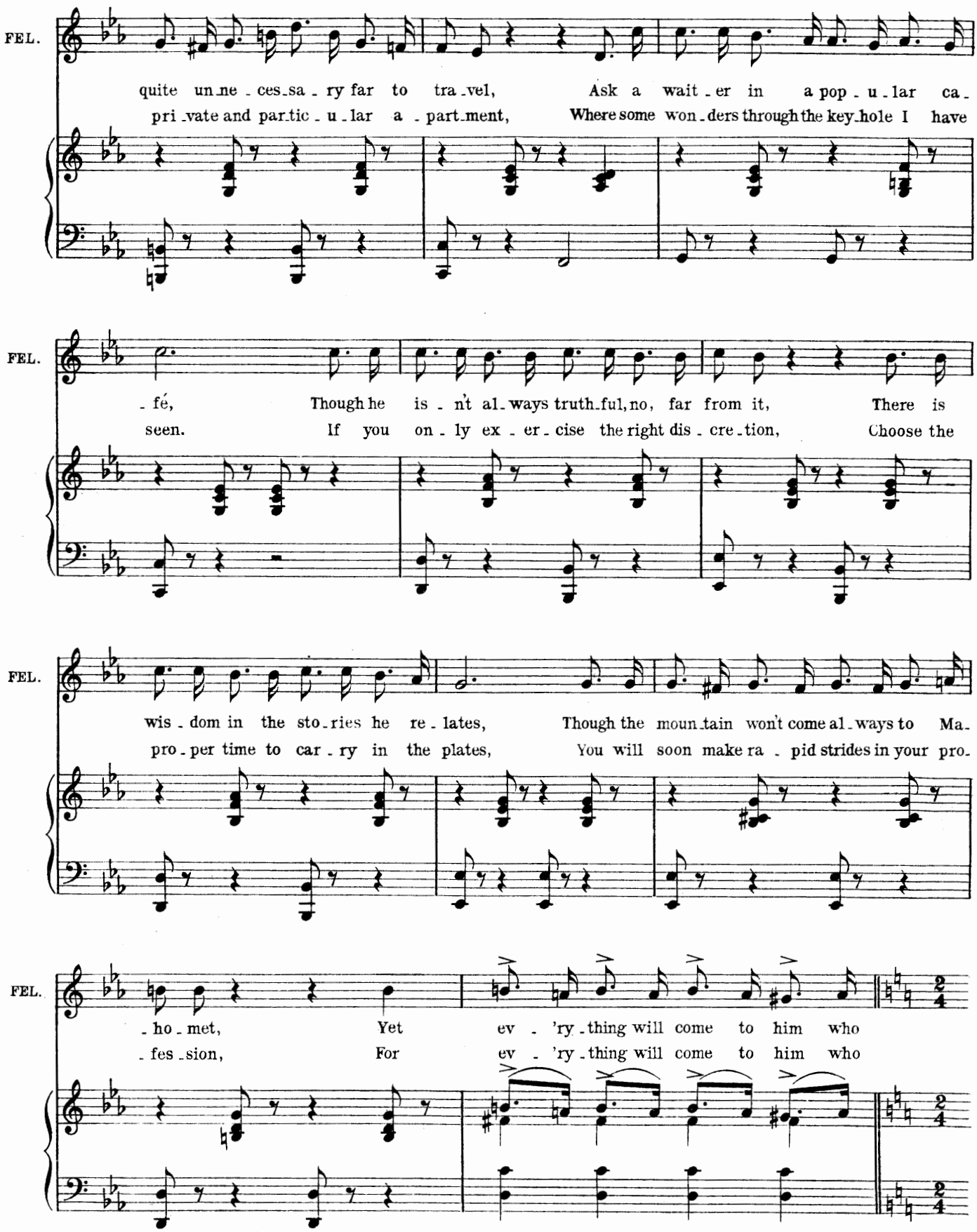
No. 16. SONG.— (Felix) and CHORUS.

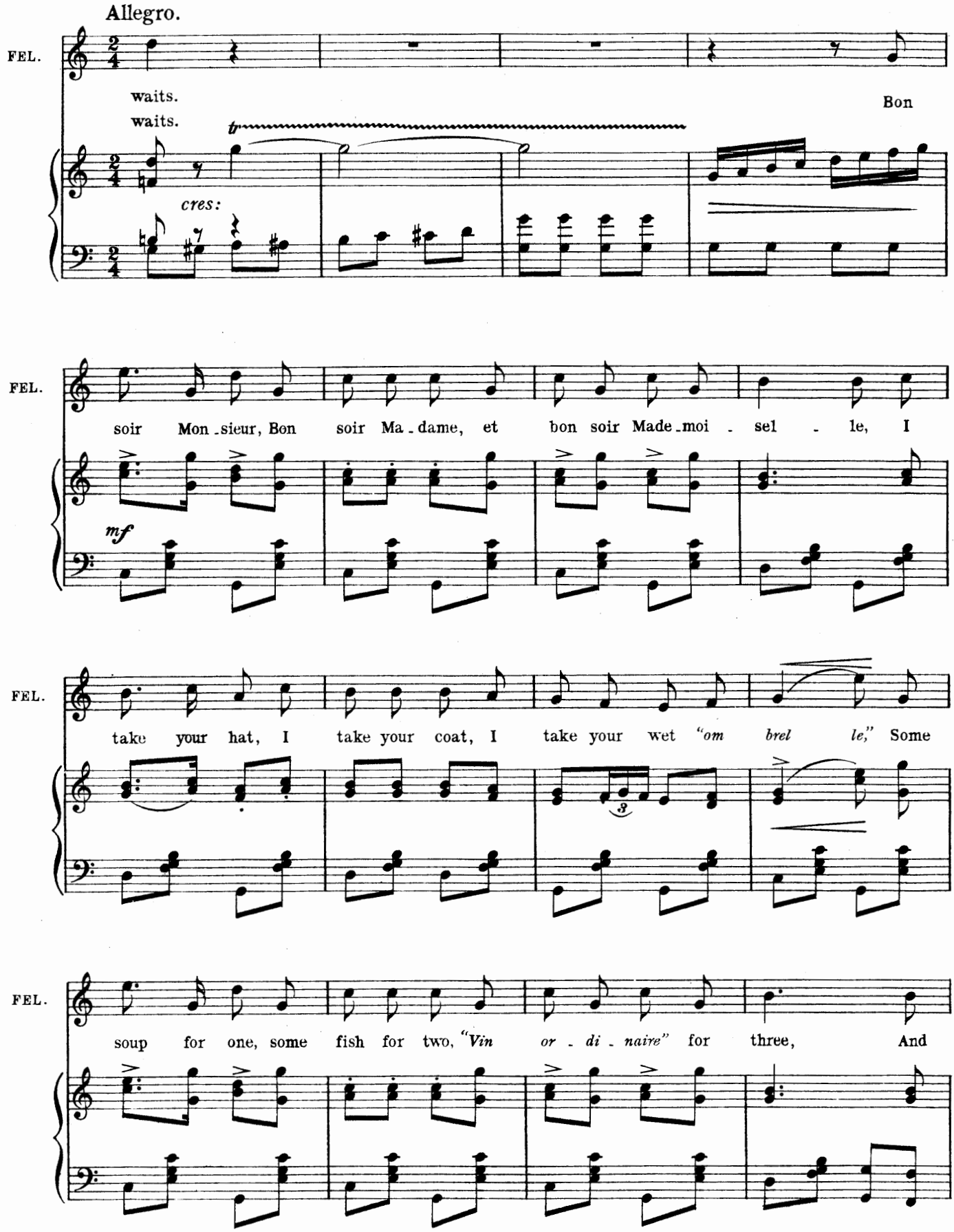
"TRÈS BIEN, MONSIEUR."

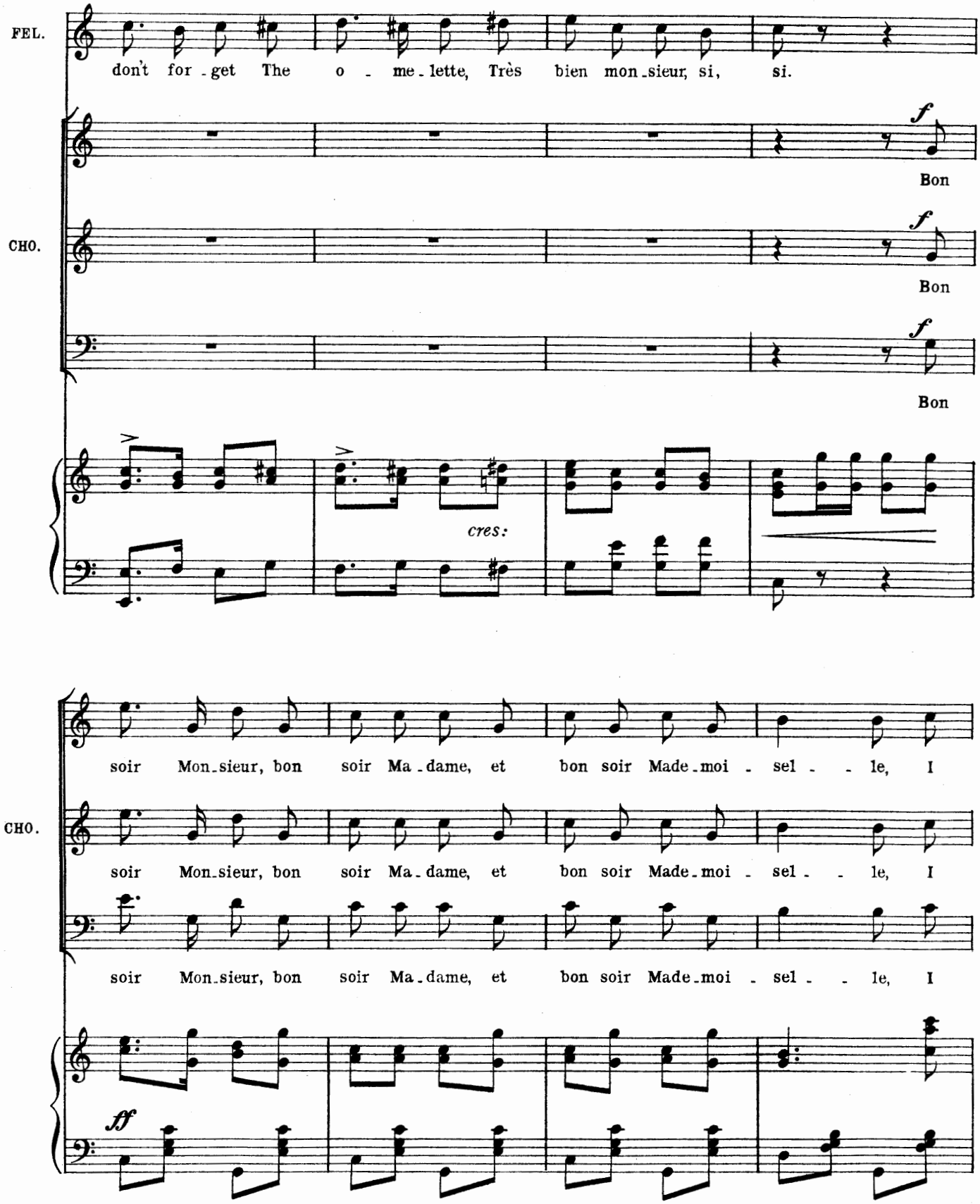
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN?

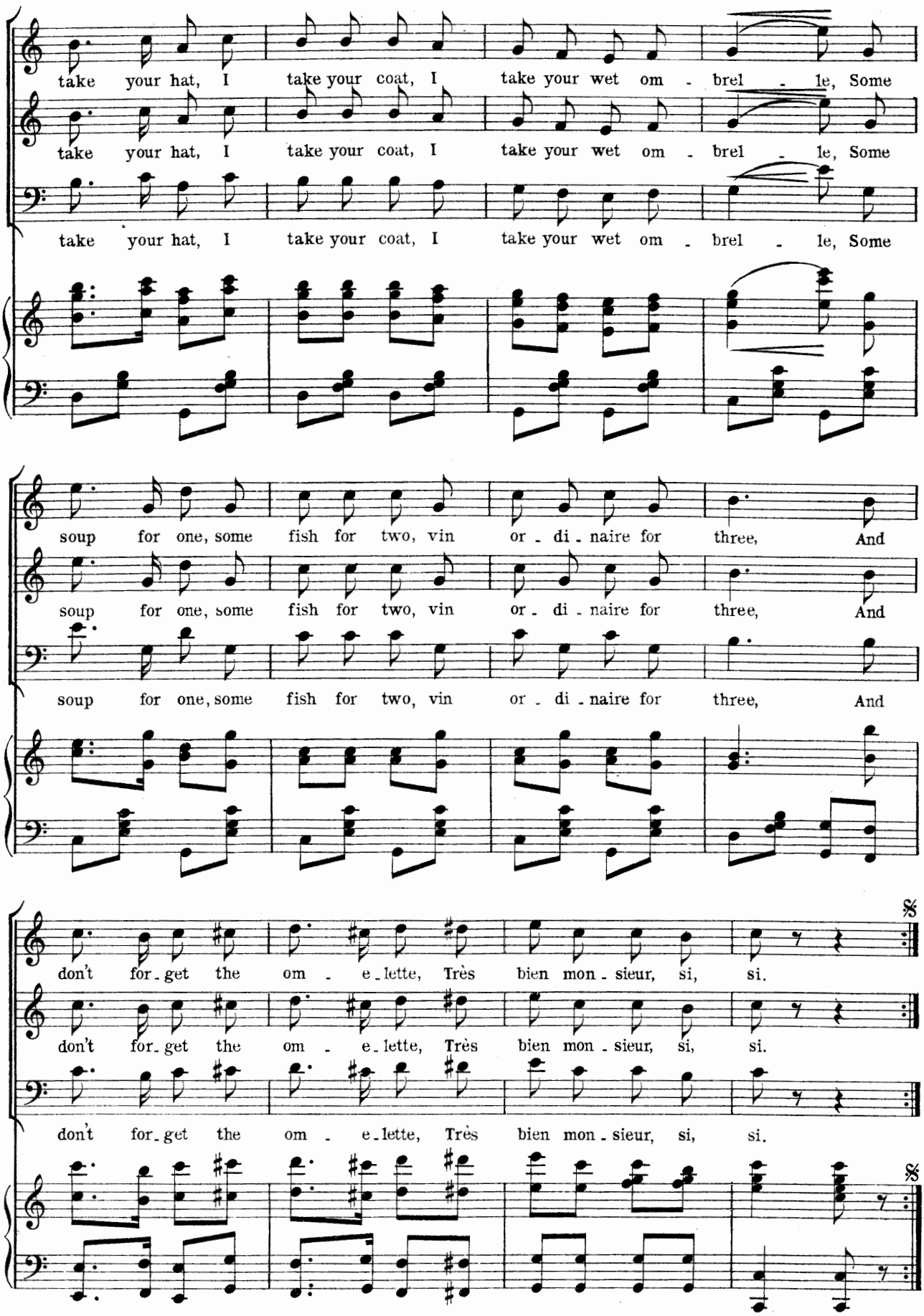
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.



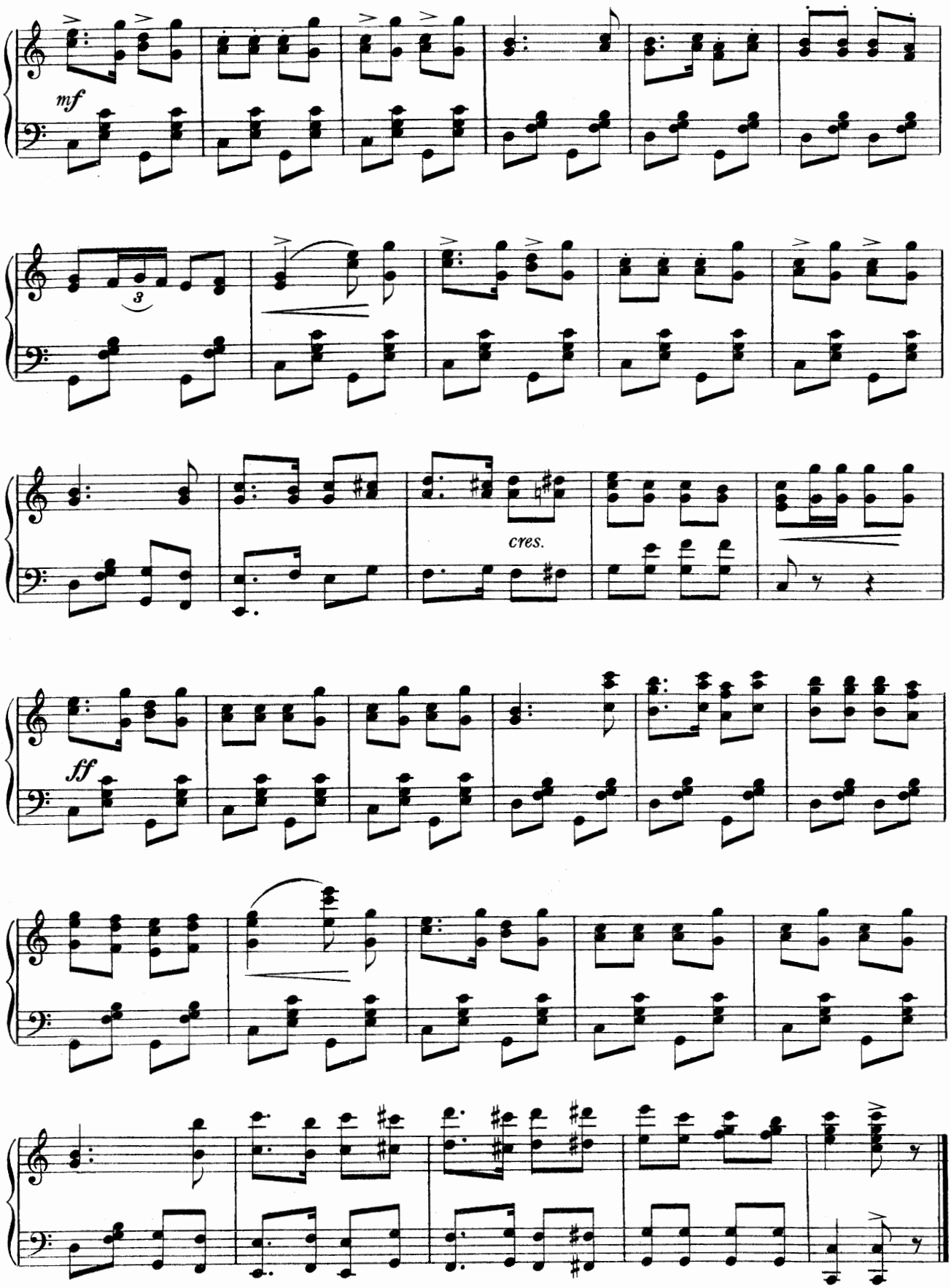

FEL.
quite un ne - ces sa - ry far to tra vel, Ask a wait - er in a pop - u - lar ca -
pri vate and par tic - u - lar a - part ment, Where some won - ders through the key hole I have
FEL.
- fé, Though he is - n't al - ways truth ful, no, far from it, There is
seen. If you on - ly ex - er - cise the right dis - cre - tion, Choose the
FEL.
wis - dom in the sto - ries he re - lates, Though the moun tain won't come al - ways to Ma -
pro - per time to car - ry in the plates, You will soon make ra - pid strides in your pro -
FEL.
- ho - met, Yet ev - 'ry - thing will come to him who
- fes - sion, For ev - 'ry - thing will come to him who


Allegro.
FEL.
waits.
waits.
Bon
cres:
soir Mon - sieur, Bon soir Ma - dame, et bon soir Made - moi - sel - le, I
mf
take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet "om brel le," Some
soup for one, some fish for two, "Vin or - di - naire" for three, And


FEL.
don't for - get The o - me - lette, Très bien mon - sieur, si, si.
f
Bon
CHO.
f
Bon
f
Bon
cres:
soir Mon - sieur, bon soir Ma - dame, et bon soir Made - moi - sel - - le, I
CHO.
soir Mon - sieur, bon soir Ma - dame, et bon soir Made - moi - sel - - le, I
soir Mon - sieur, bon soir Ma - dame, et bon soir Made - moi - sel - - le, I
ff


CHO.
take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet om - brel - le, Some
take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet om - brel - le, Some
take your hat, I take your coat, I take your wet om - brel - le, Some
CHO.
soup for one, some fish for two, vin or - di - naire for three, And
soup for one, some fish for two, vin or - di - naire for three, And
soup for one, some fish for two, vin or - di - naire for three, And
CHO.
don't for - get the om - e - lette, Très bien mon - sieur, si, si.
don't for - get the om - e - lette, Très bien mon - sieur, si, si.
don't for - get the om - e - lette, Très bien mon - sieur, si, si.

DANCE.

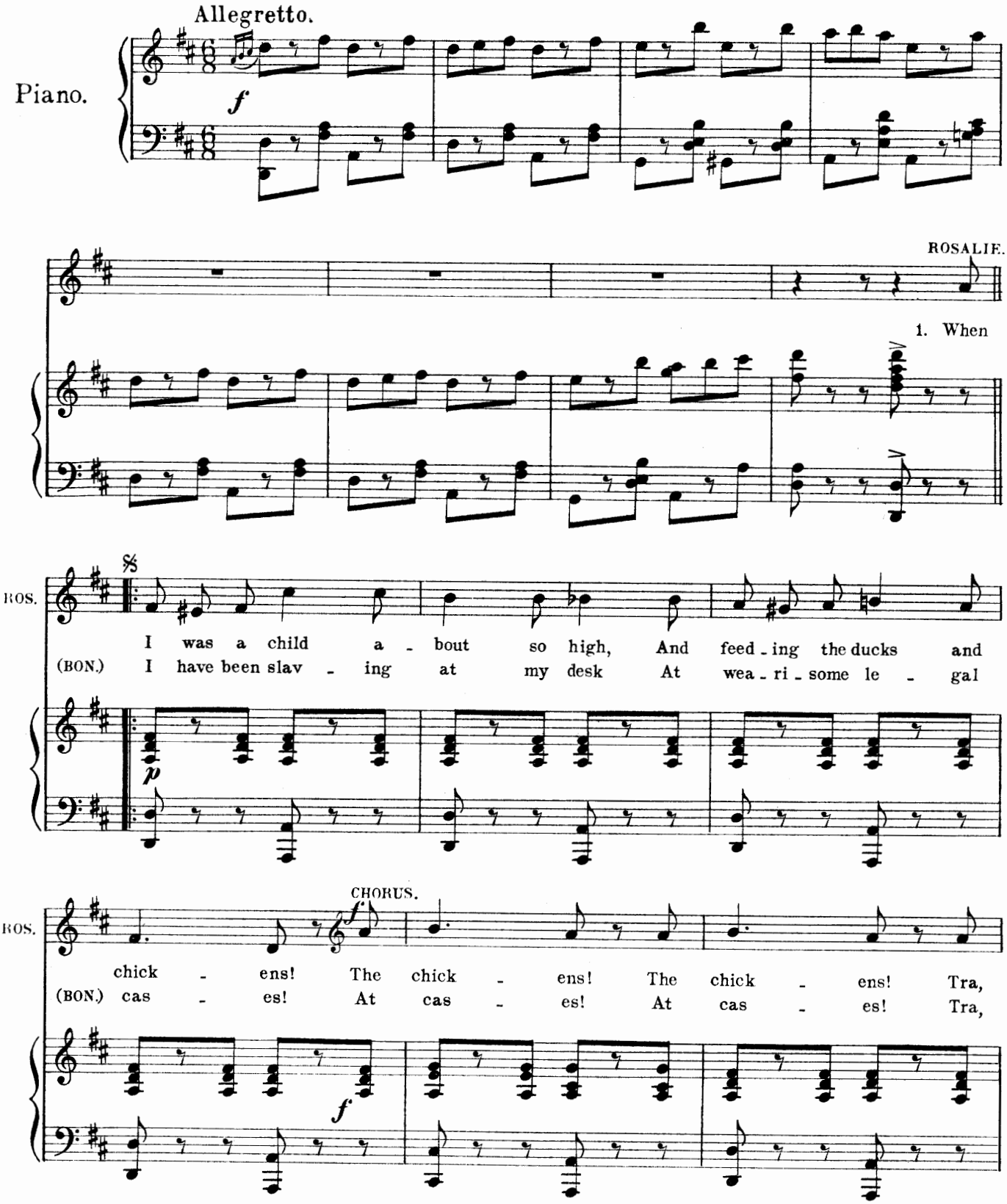


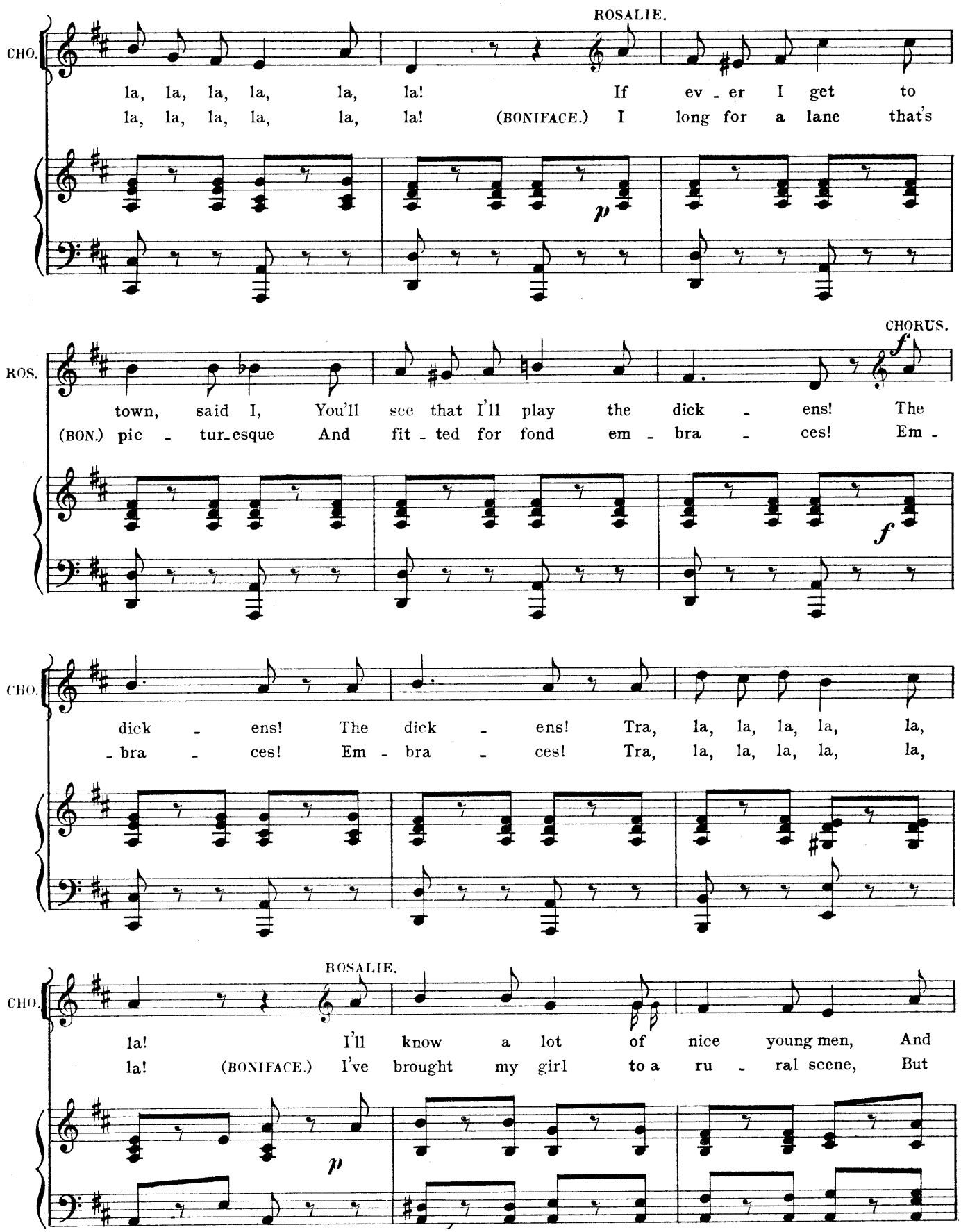
No 17. DUET. (Rosalie, and Boniface) and CHORUS.

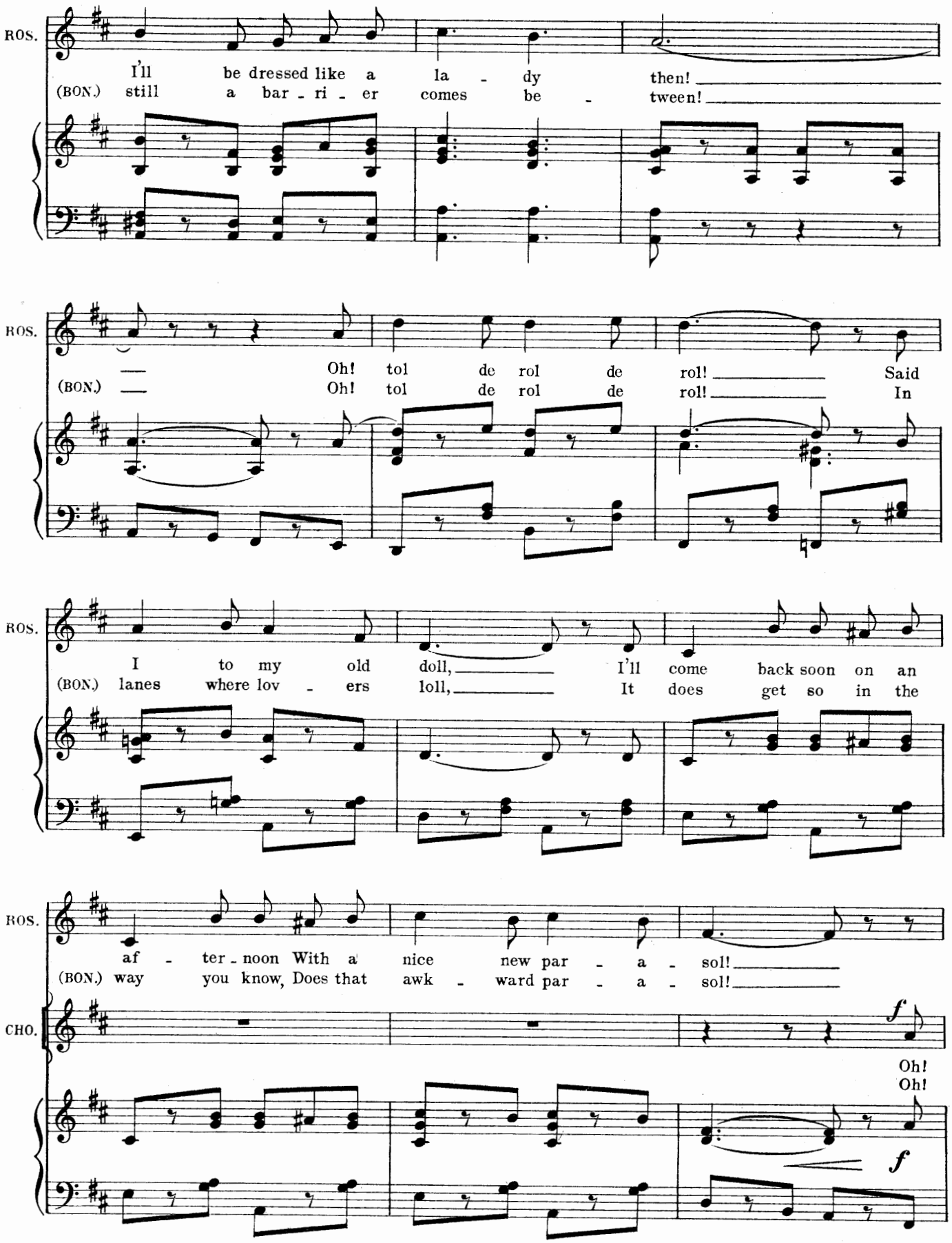
"THE NICE NEW PARASOL."

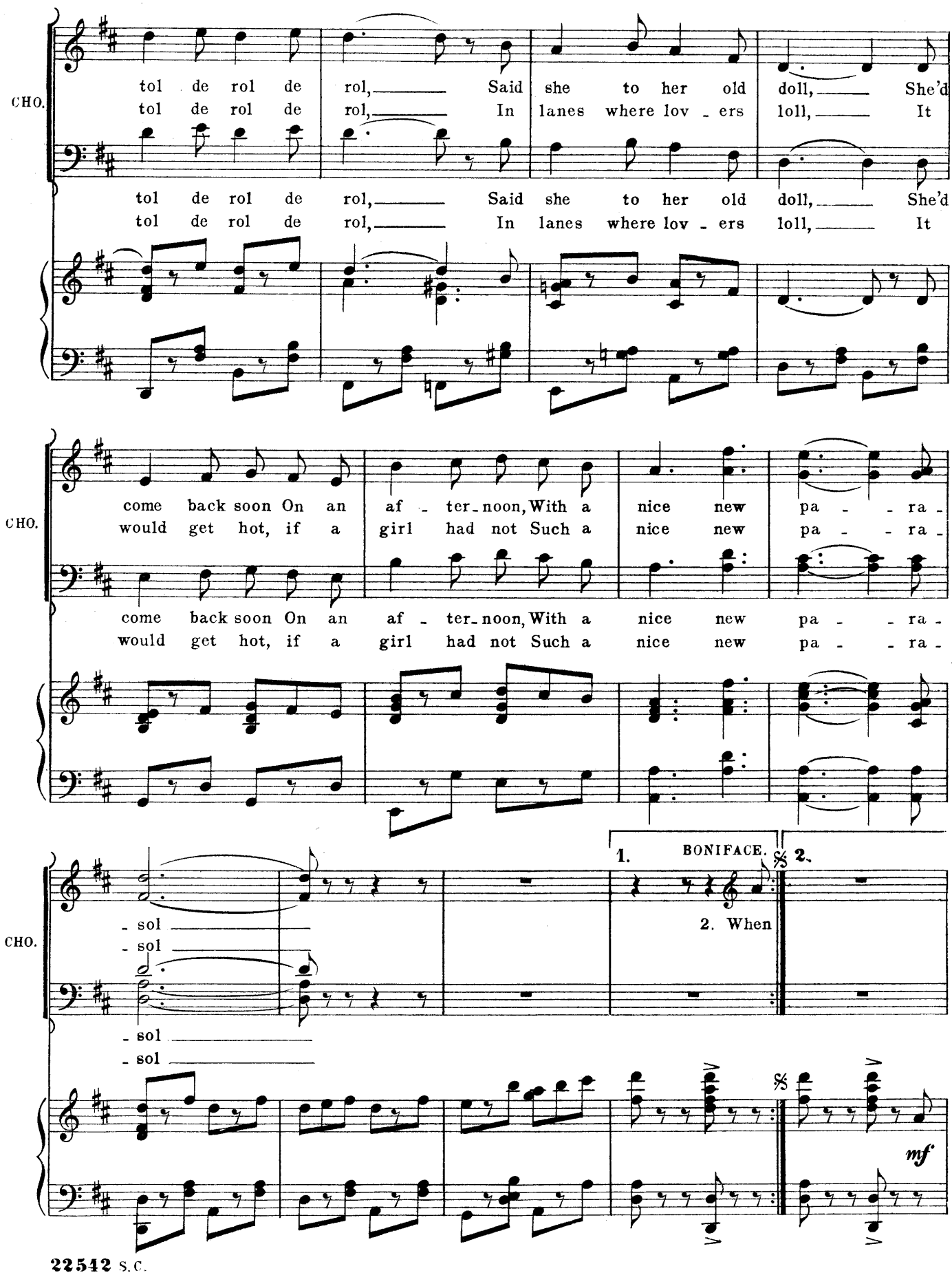
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

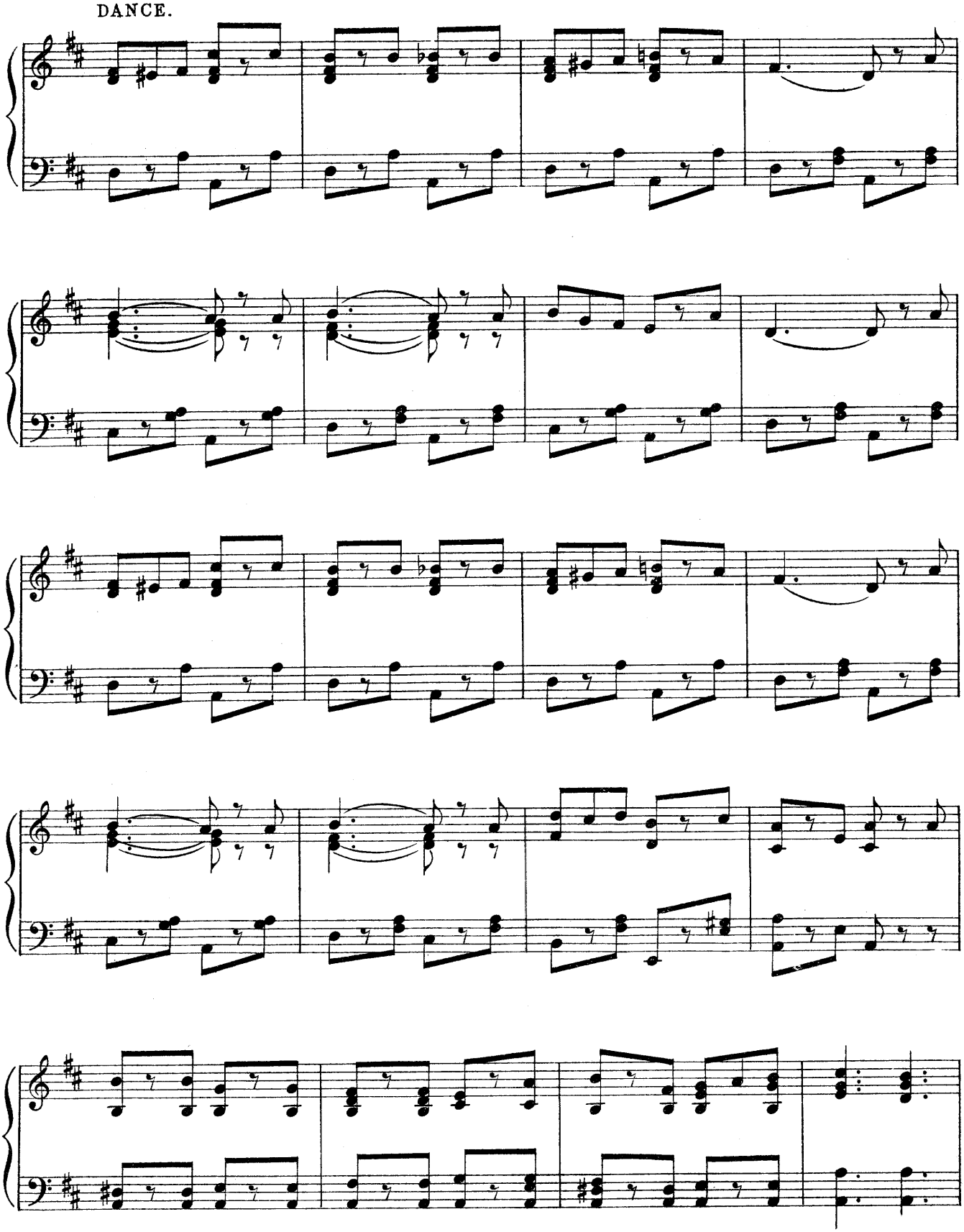


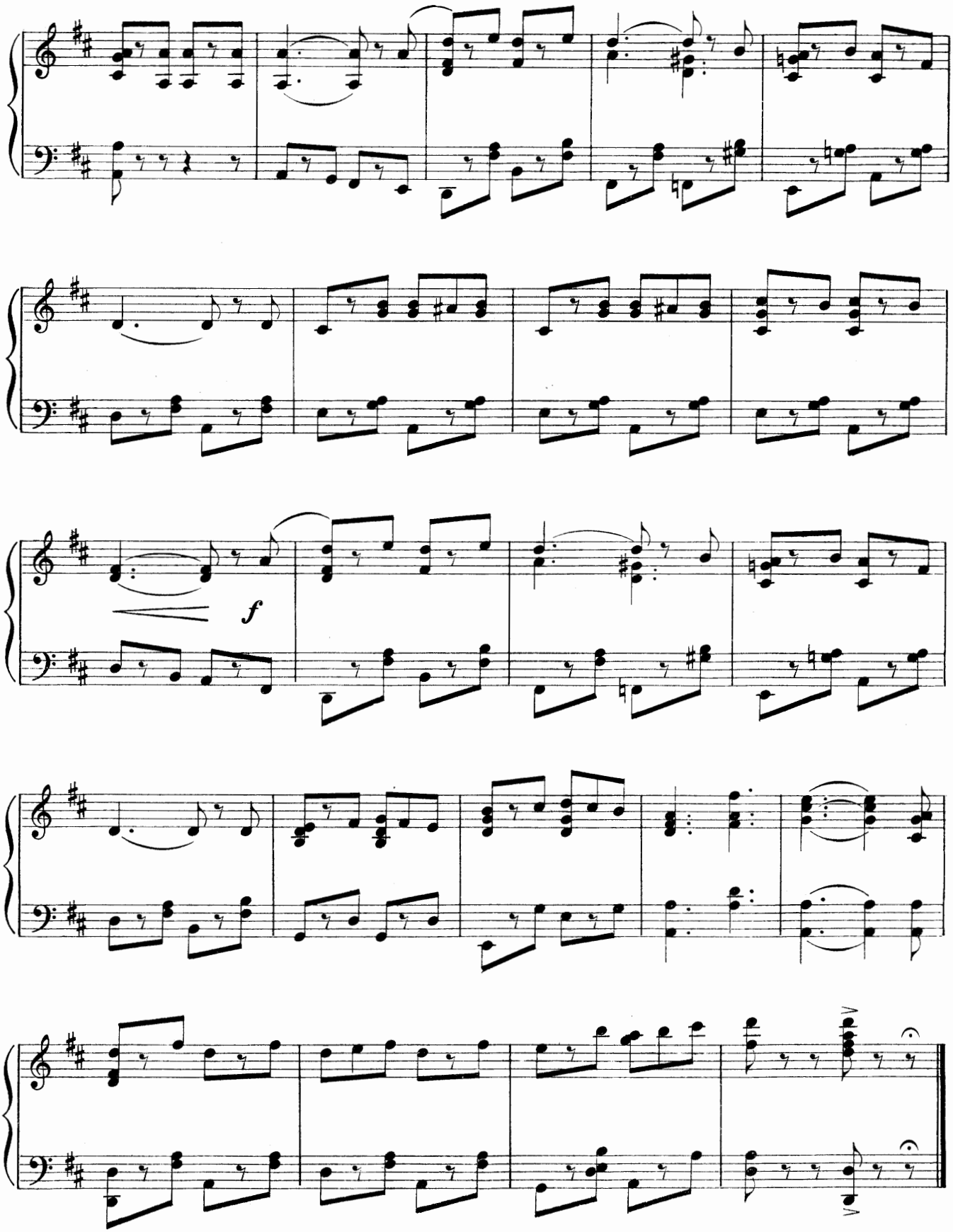

ROSALIE.
CHO.
la, la, la, la, la, la! If ev - er I get to
la, la, la, la, la, la! (BONIFACE.) I long for a lane that's
p
CHORUS.
ROS.
town, said I, You'll see that I'll play the dick - ens! The
(BON.) pic - tur-esque And fit - ted for fond em - bra - ces! Em -
f
f
CHO.
dick - ens! The dick - ens! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
- bra - ces! Em - bra - ces! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,
ROSALIE.
CHO.
la! I'll know a lot of nice young men, And
la! (BONIFACE.) I've brought my girl to a ru - ral scene, But
p


ROS.
I'll be dressed like a la - dy then!
(BON.) still a bar - ri - er comes be - tween!
ROS.
Oh! tol de rol de rol! Said
(BON.) Oh! tol de rol de rol! In
ROS.
I to my old doll, I'll come back soon on an
(BON.) lanes where lov - ers loll, It does get so in the
ROS.
af - ter - noon With a nice new par - a - sol!
(BON.) way you know, Does that awk - ward par - a - sol!
CHO.
f
Oh!
Oh!
f


CHO.
tol de rol de rol, Said she to her old doll, She'd
tol de rol de rol, In lanes where lov - ers loll, It
tol de rol de rol, Said she to her old doll, She'd
tol de rol de rol, In lanes where lov - ers loll, It
CHO.
come back soon On an af - ter - noon, With a nice new pa - - ra -
would get hot, if a girl had not Such a nice new pa - - ra -
come back soon On an af - ter - noon, With a nice new pa - - ra -
would get hot, if a girl had not Such a nice new pa - - ra -
CHO.
- sol
- sol
- sol
- sol
1.
BONIFACE.
2.
2. When
mf

DANCE.



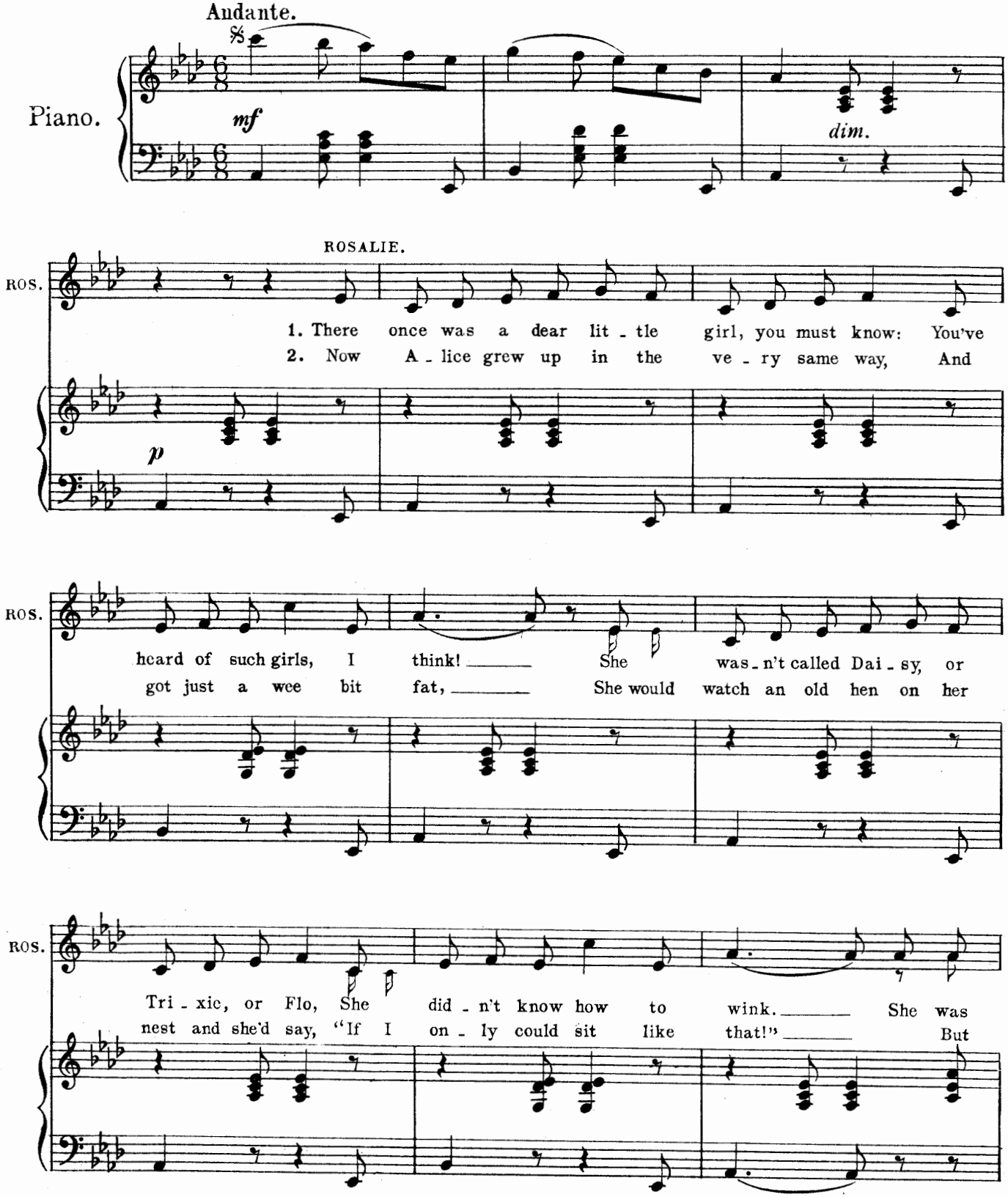

f

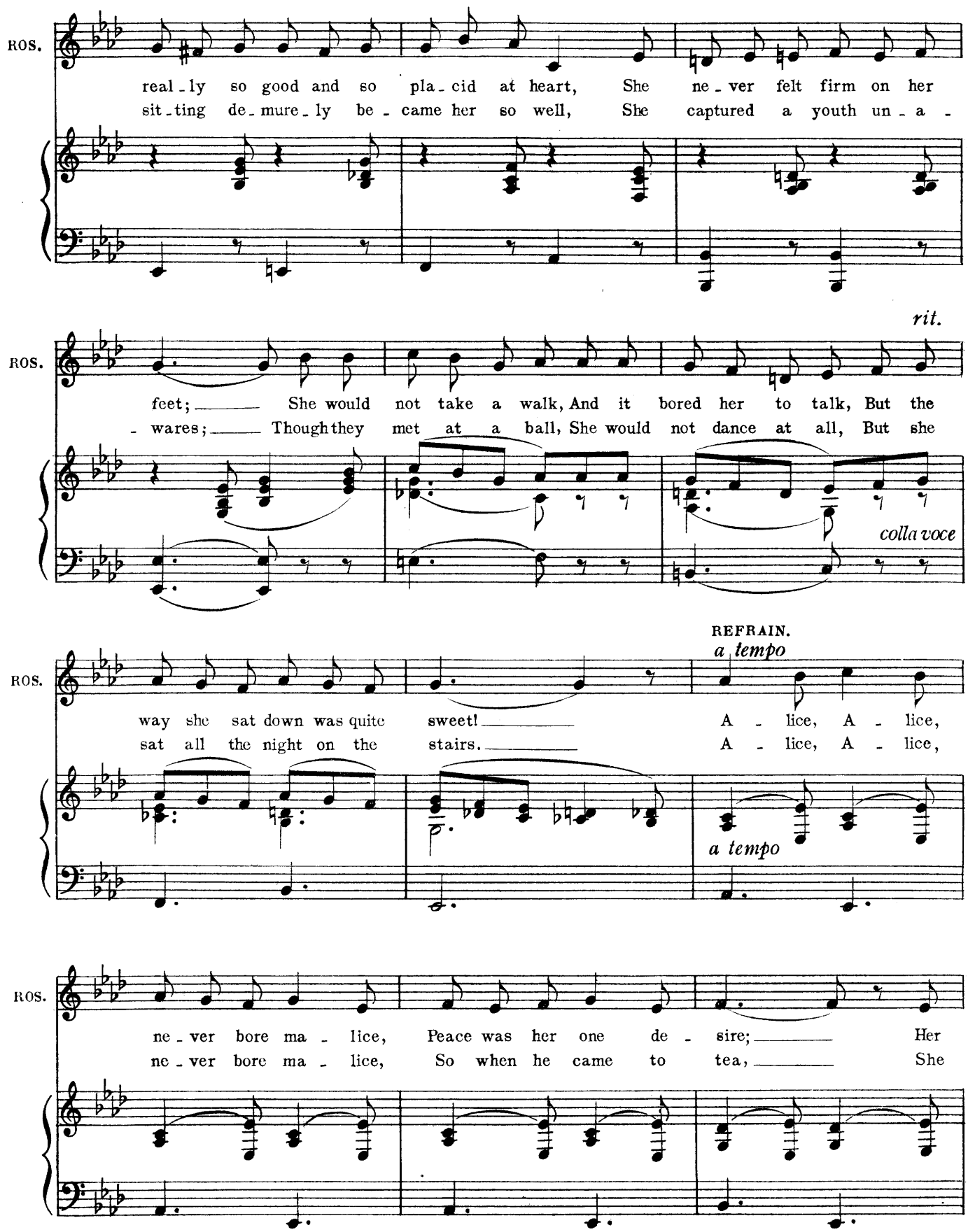
No. 18. SONG (Rosalie) and CHORUS.

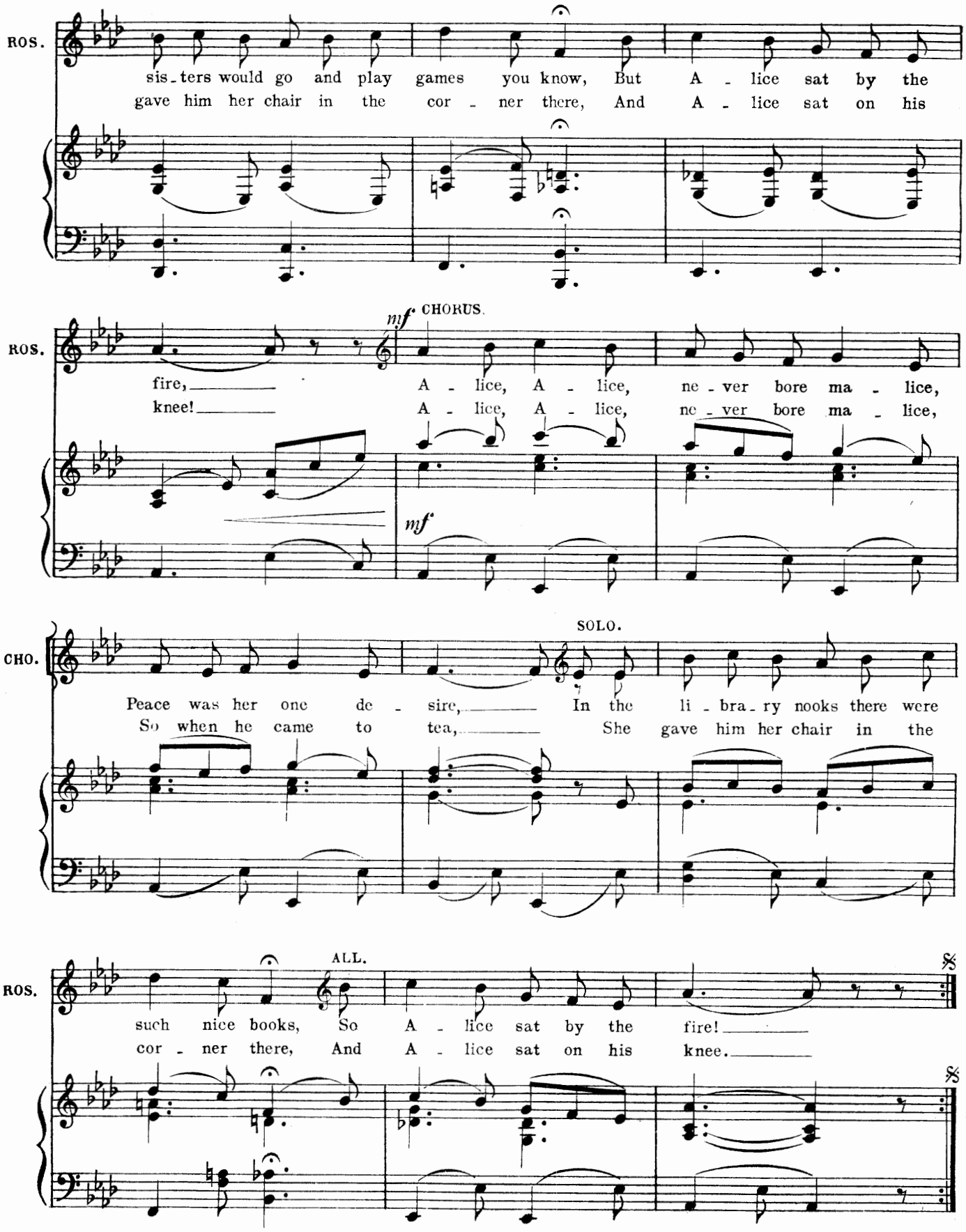
"ALICE SAT BY THE FIRE."

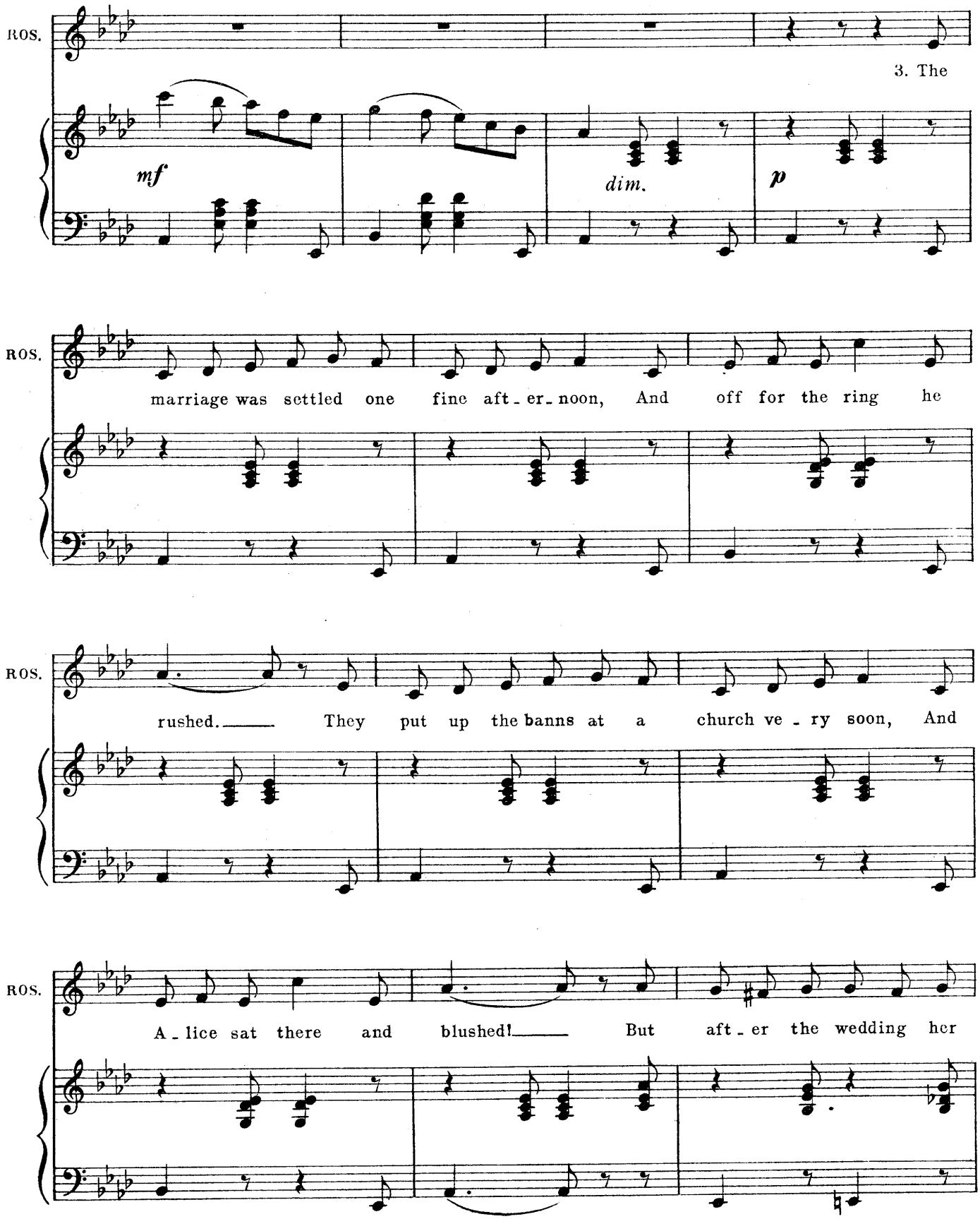
Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

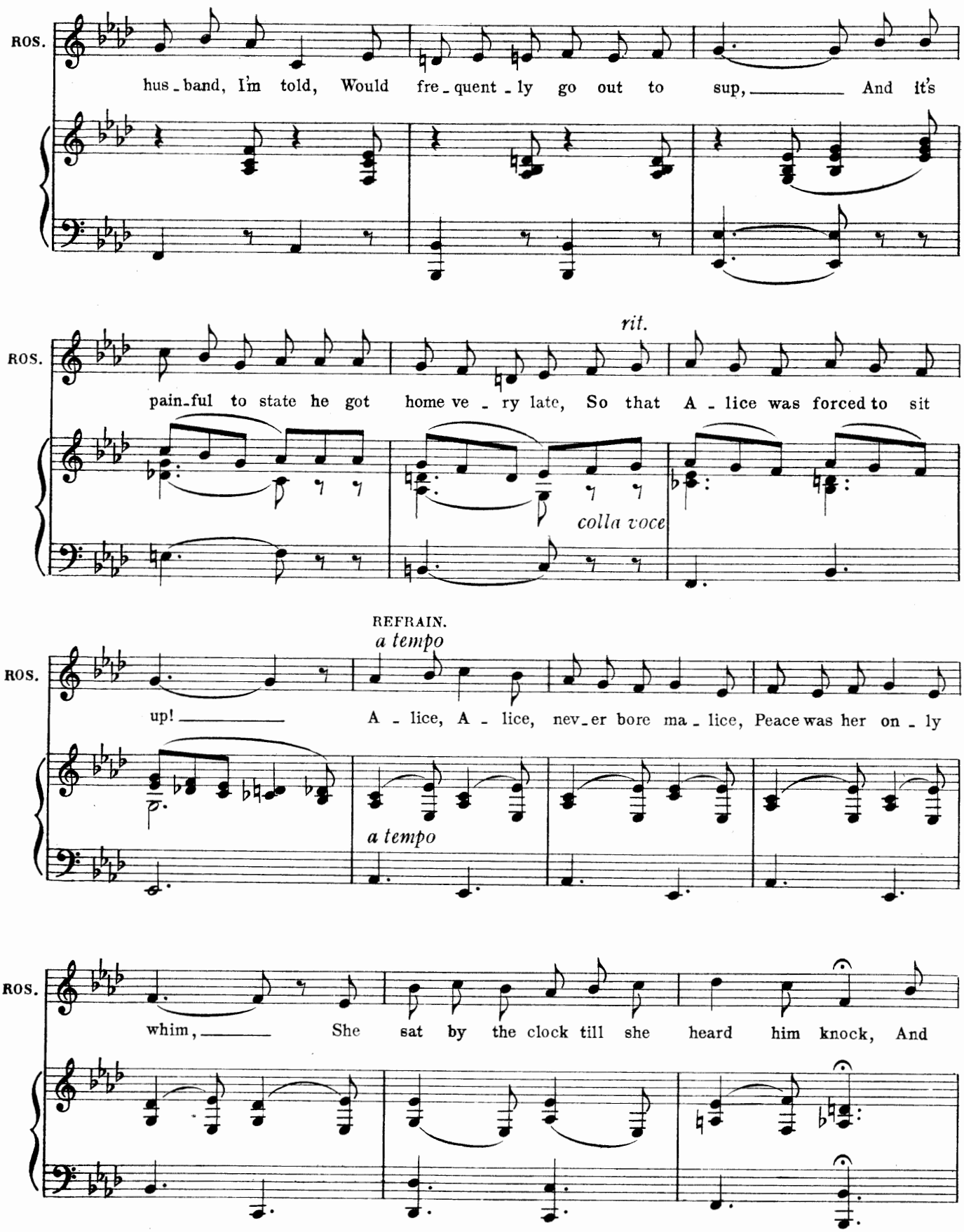
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.

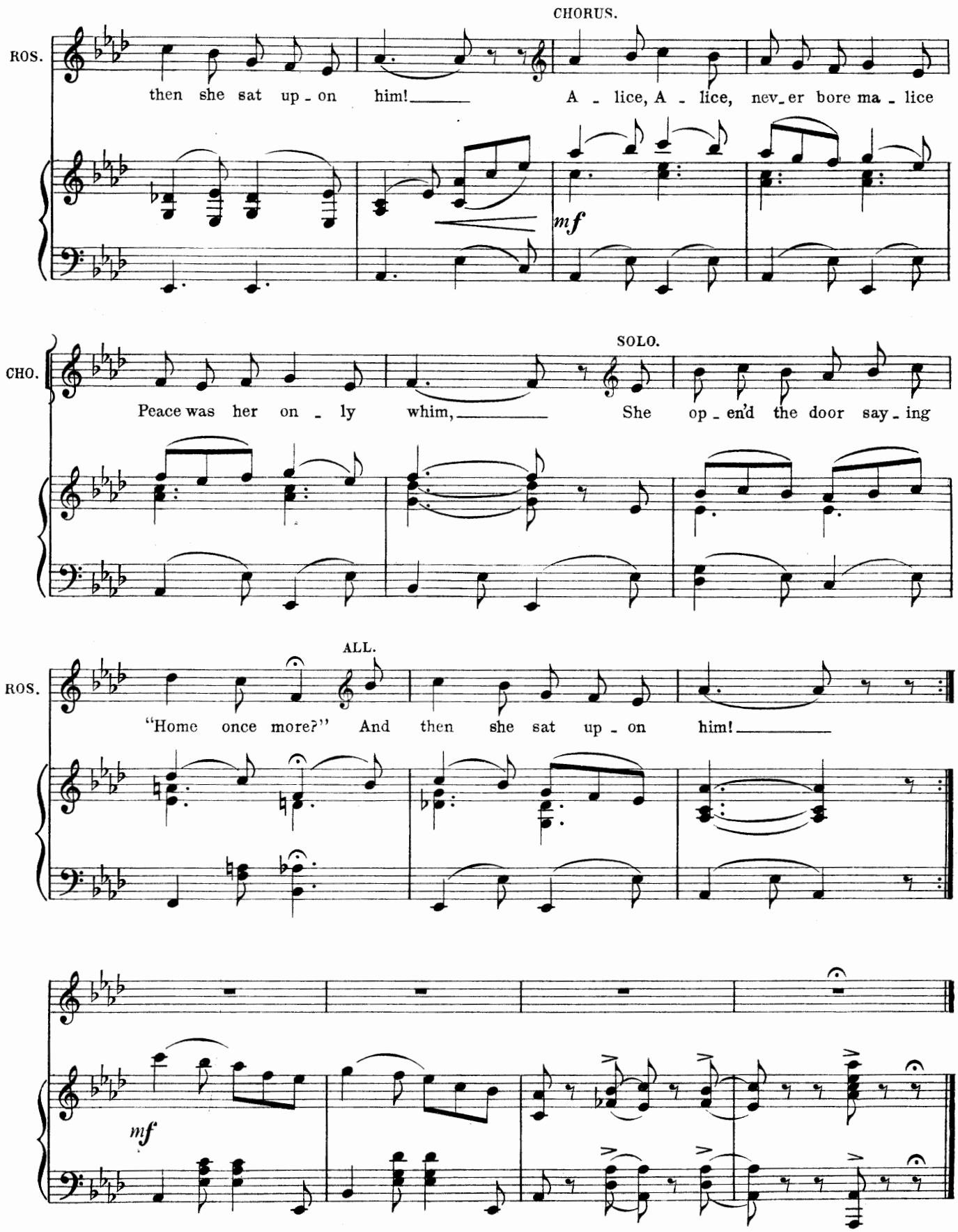



ROS.
real - ly so good and so pla - cid at heart, She ne - ver felt firm on her
sit - ting de - mure - ly be - came her so well, She captured a youth un - a -
rit.
ROS.
feet; She would not take a walk, And it bored her to talk, But the
- wares; Though they met at a ball, She would not dance at all, But she
colla voce
REFRAIN.
a tempo
ROS.
way she sat down was quite sweet! A - lice, A - lice,
sat all the night on the stairs. A - lice, A - lice,
a tempo
ROS.
ne - ver bore ma - lice, Peace was her one de - sire; Her
ne - ver bore ma - lice, So when he came to tea, She


ROS.
sis_ters would go and play games you know, But A - lice sat by the
gave him her chair in the cor - ner there, And A - lice sat on his
mf CHORUS.
ROS.
fire, A - lice, A - lice, ne - ver bore ma - lice,
knee! A - lice, A - lice, ne - ver bore ma - lice,
mf
SOLO.
CHO.
Peace was her one de - sire, In the li - bra_ry nooks there were
So when he came to tea, She gave him her chair in the
ALL.
ROS.
such nice books, So A - lice sat by the fire!
cor - ner there, And A - lice sat on his knee.


ROS.
3. The
mf
dim.
p
ROS.
marriage was settled one fine aft - er - noon, And off for the ring he
ROS.
rushed. They put up the banns at a church ve - ry soon, And
ROS.
A - lice sat there and blushed! But aft - er the wedding her


ROS.
hus_band, I'm told, Would fre_quent_ly go out to sup, And it's
ROS.
rit.
pain_ful to state he got home ve_ry late, So that A_lice was forced to sit
colla voce
REFRAIN.
a tempo
ROS.
up! A_lice, A_lice, nev_er bore ma_lice, Peace was her on_ly
a tempo
ROS.
whim, She sat by the clock till she heard him knock, And

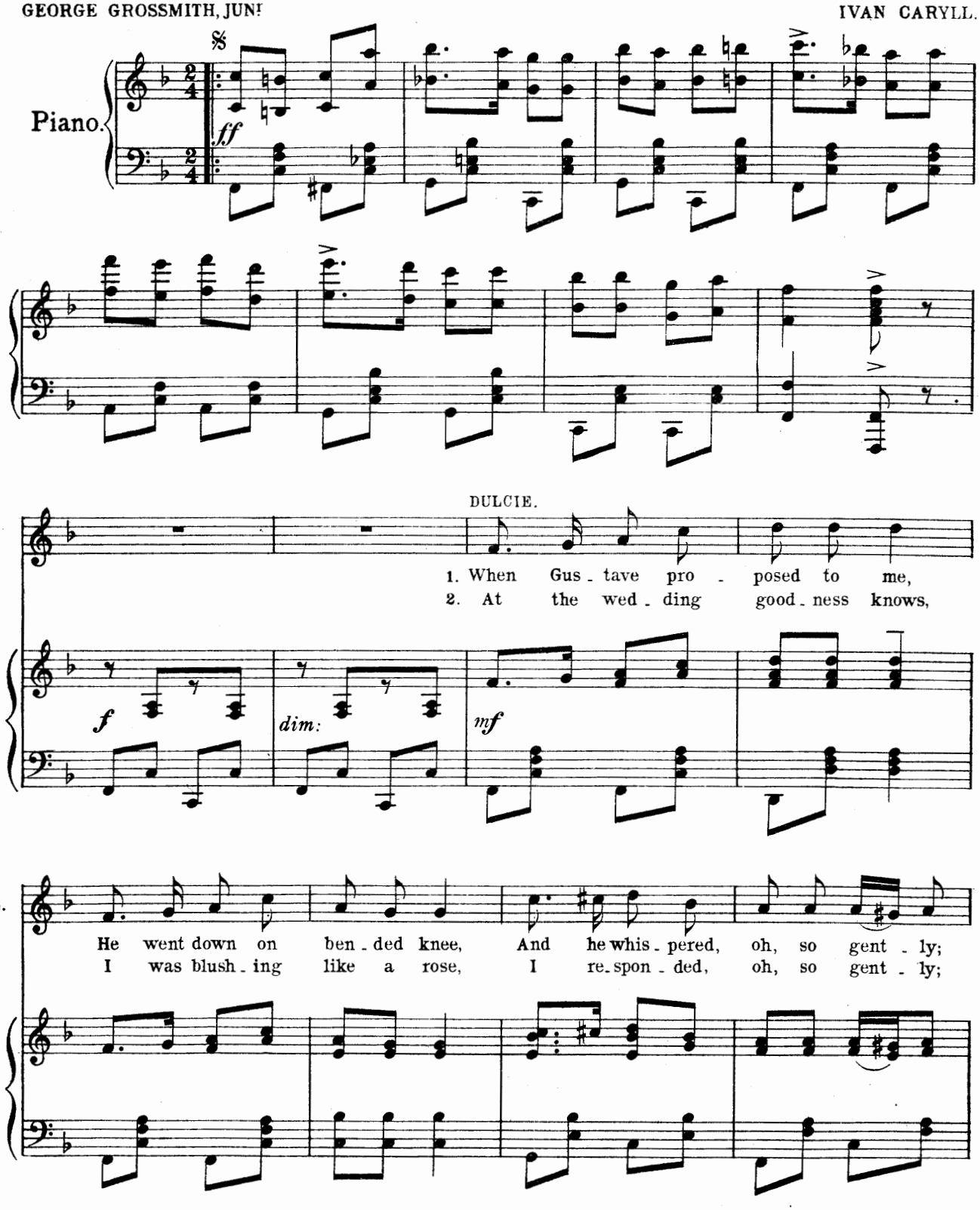

CHORUS.
ROS.
then she sat up - on him!
A - lice, A - lice, nev - er bore ma - lice
mf
SOLO.
CHO.
Peace was her on - ly whim,
She op - en'd the door say - ing
ALL.
ROS.
"Home once more?" And then she sat up - on him!
mf

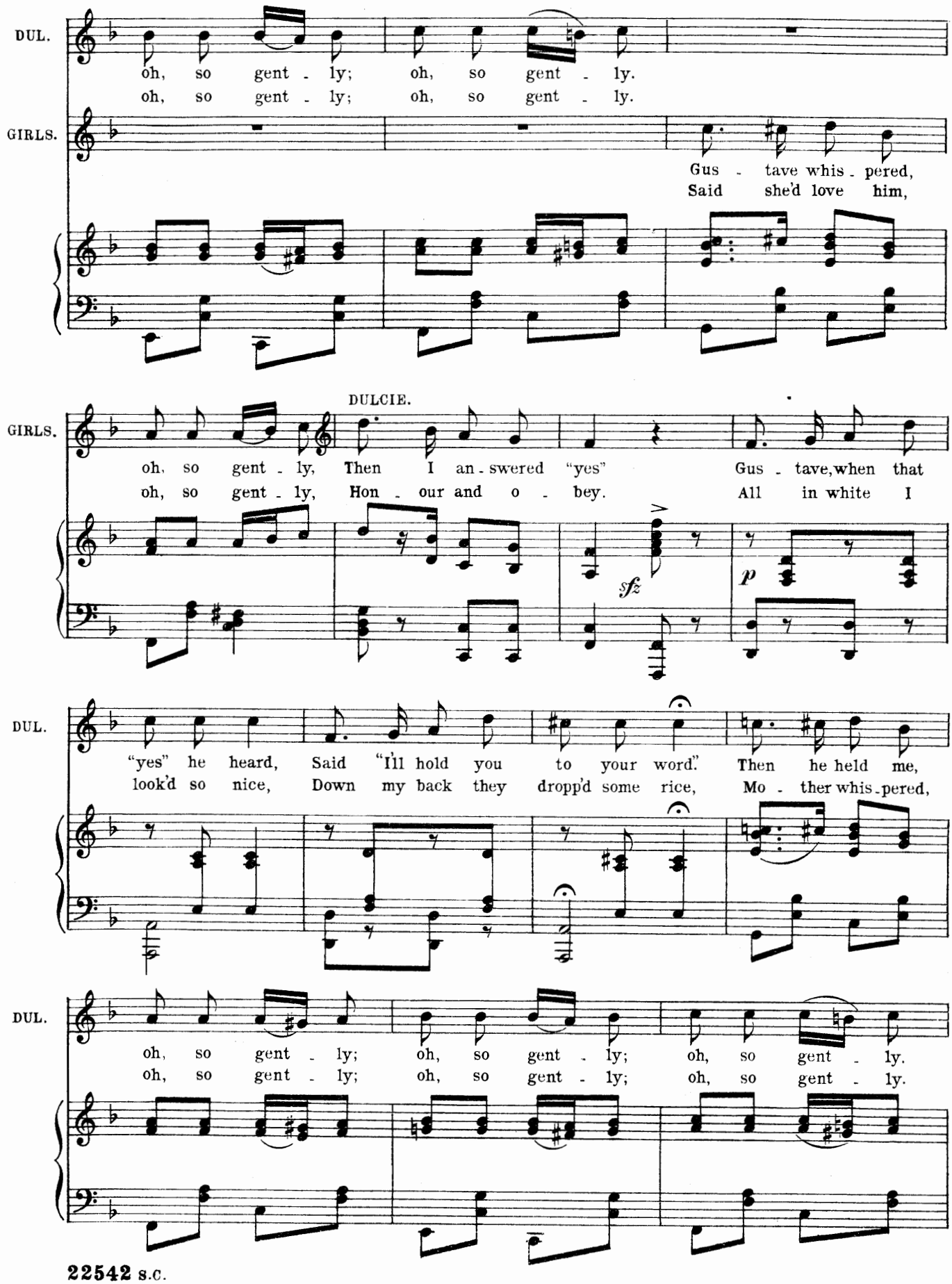
No. 19. SONG.—(Dulcie) and CHORUS.

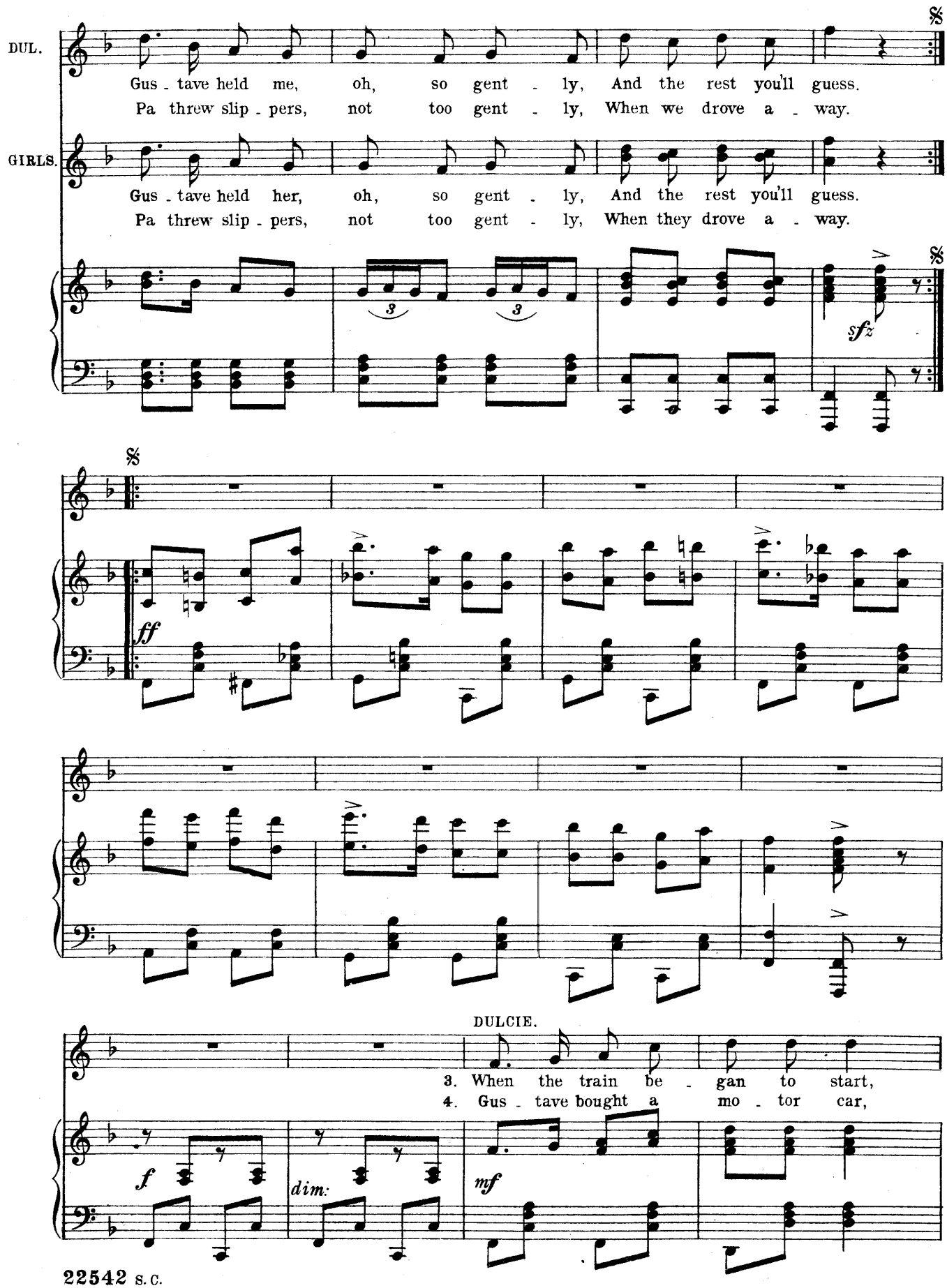
"OH, SO GENTLY."

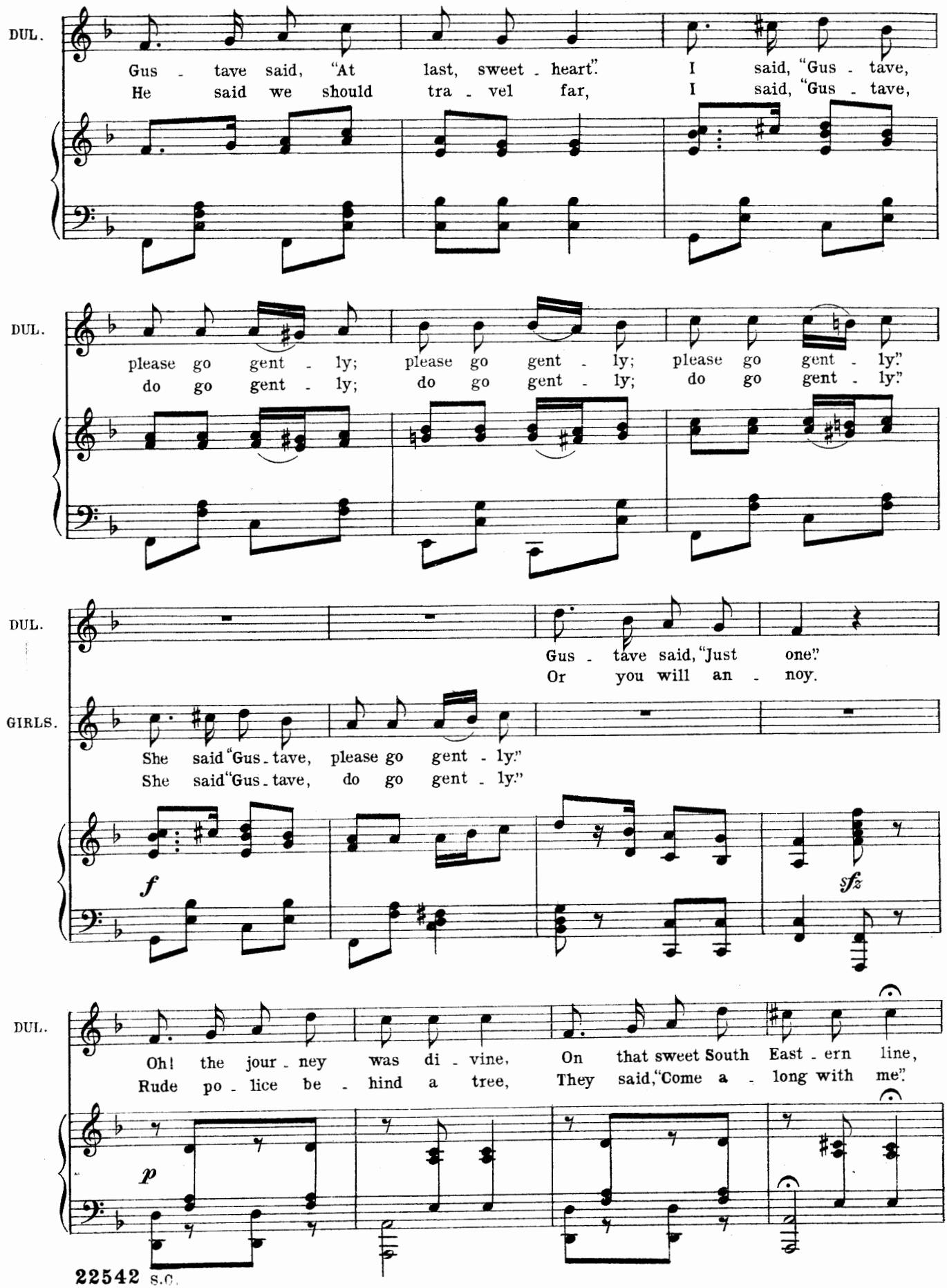
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

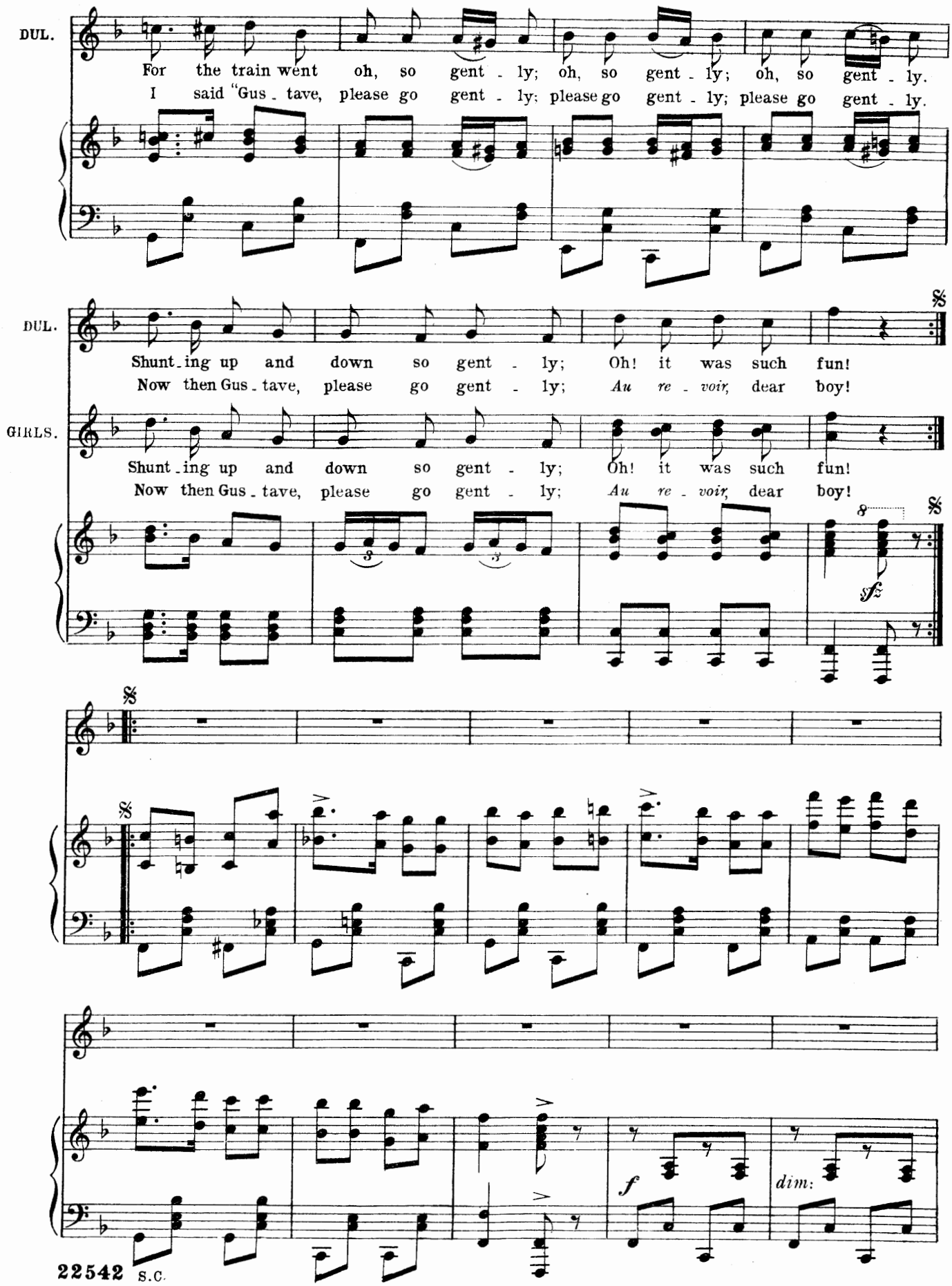
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

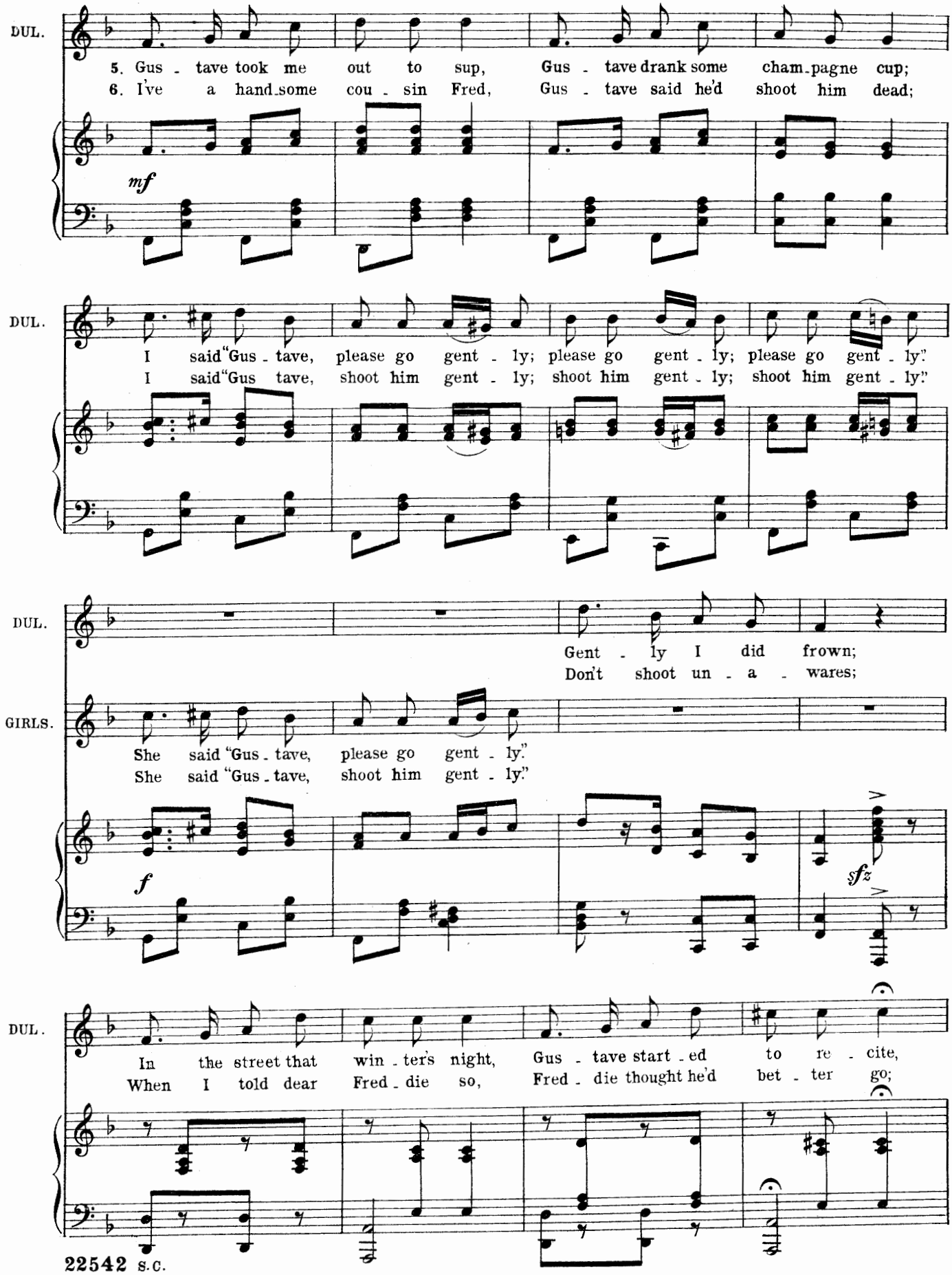


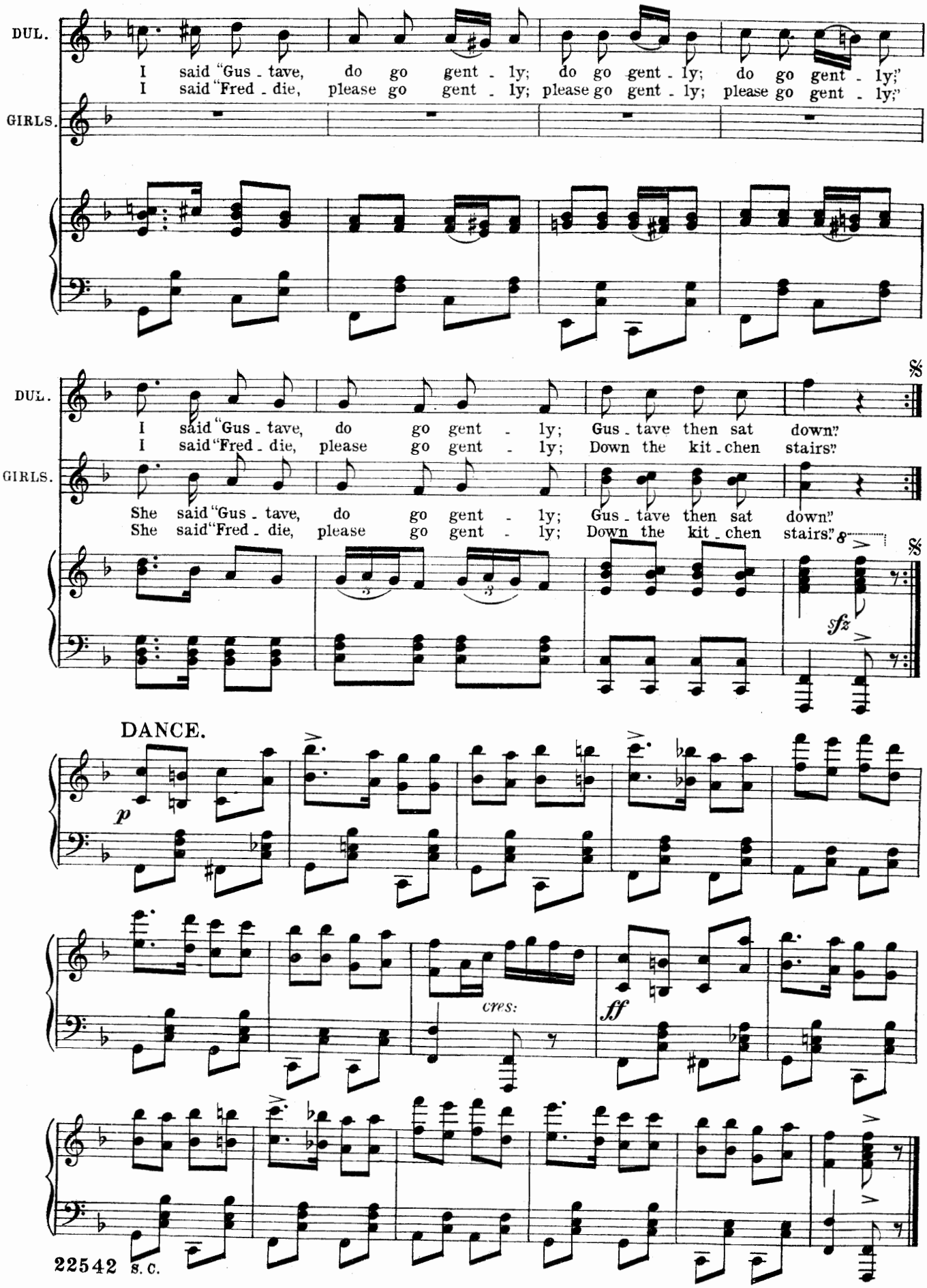

DUL.
oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly.
oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly.
GIRLS.
Gus - tave whis - pered,
Said she'd love him,
DULCIE.
GIRLS.
oh, so gent - ly, Then I an - swered "yes" Gus - tave, when that
oh, so gent - ly, Hon - our and o - bey. All in white I
sfz
p
DUL.
"yes" he heard, Said "I'll hold you to your word." Then he held me,
look'd so nice, Down my back they dropp'd some rice, Mo - ther whis - pered,
DUL.
oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly.
oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly.


DUL.
Gus - tave held me, oh, so gent - ly, And the rest you'll guess.
Pa threw slip - pers, not too gent - ly, When we drove a - way.
GIRLS.
Gus - tave held her, oh, so gent - ly, And the rest you'll guess.
Pa threw slip - pers, not too gent - ly, When they drove a - way.
sfz
ff
DULCIE.
3. When the train be - gan to start,
4. Gus - tave bought a mo - tor car,
f
dim.
mf


DUL.
Gus - tave said, "At last, sweet - heart". I said, "Gus - tave,
He said we should tra - vel far, I said, "Gus - tave,
DUL.
please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly."
do go gent - ly; do go gent - ly; do go gent - ly."
DUL.
Gus - tave said, "Just one."
Or you will an - noy.
GIRLS.
She said "Gus - tave, please go gent - ly."
She said "Gus - tave, do go gent - ly."
f
sfz
DUL.
Oh! the jour - ney was di - vine, On that sweet South East - ern line,
Rude po - lice be - hind a tree, They said, "Come a - long with me".
p


DUL.
For the train went oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly; oh, so gent - ly.
I said "Gus - tave, please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly.
DUL.
Shunt - ing up and down so gent - ly; Oh! it was such fun!
Now then Gus - tave, please go gent - ly; Au re - voir, dear boy!
GIRLS.
Shunt - ing up and down so gent - ly; Oh! it was such fun!
Now then Gus - tave, please go gent - ly; Au re - voir, dear boy!
sfz
f
dim.


DUL.
5. Gus - tave took me out to sup, Gus - tave drank some cham-pagne cup;
6. I've a hand-some cou - sin Fred, Gus - tave said he'd shoot him dead;
mf
DUL.
I said "Gus - tave, please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly."
I said "Gus tave, shoot him gent - ly; shoot him gent - ly; shoot him gent - ly."
DUL.
Gent - ly I did frown;
Don't shoot un - a - wares;
GIRLS.
She said "Gus - tave, please go gent - ly."
She said "Gus - tave, shoot him gent - ly."
f
sfz
DUL.
In the street that win - ter's night, Gus - tave start - ed to re - cite,
When I told dear Fred - die so, Fred - die thought he'd bet - ter go;

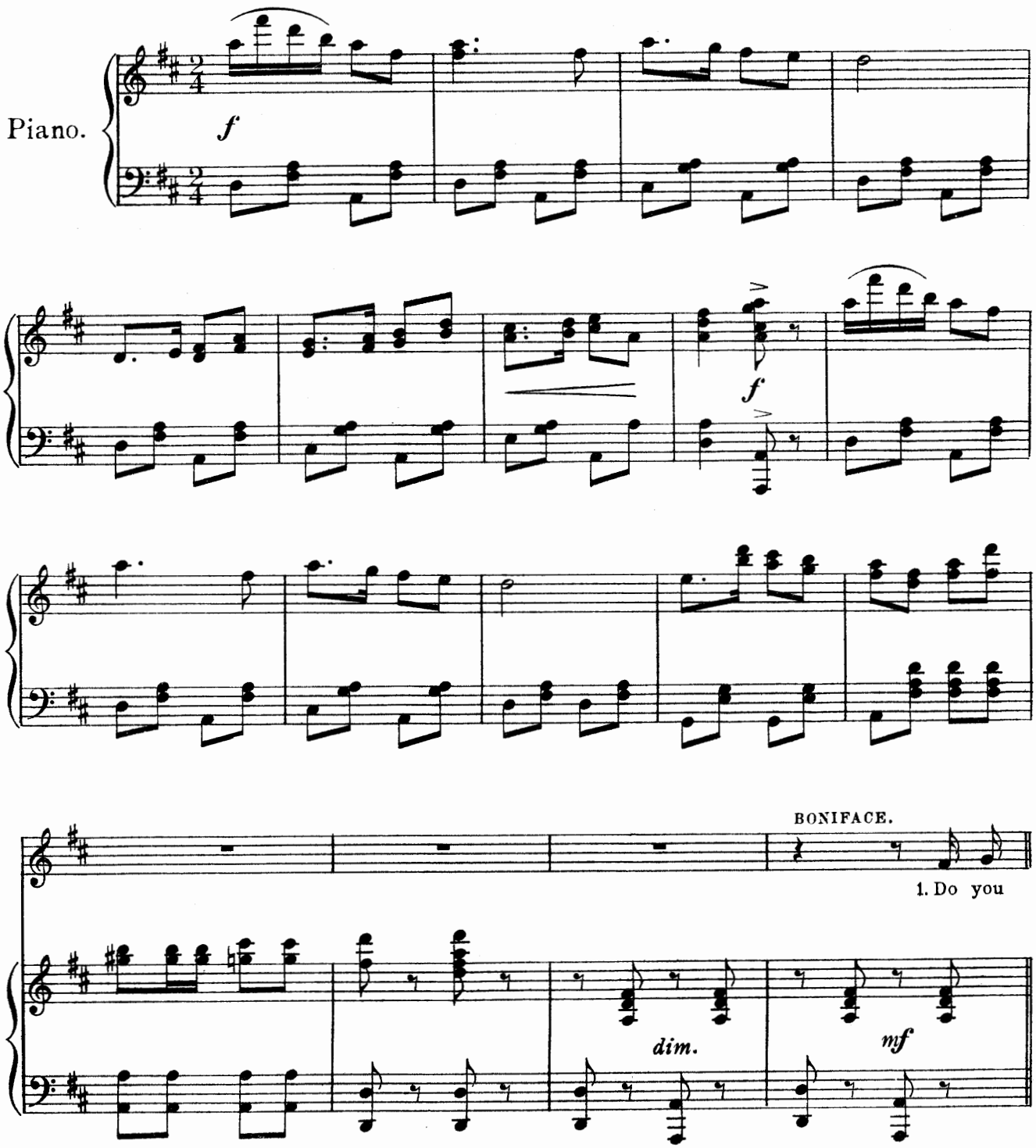

DUL.
I said "Gus - tave, do go gent - ly; do go gent - ly; do go gent - ly;"
I said "Fred - die, please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly; please go gent - ly;"
GIRLS.
DUL.
I said "Gus - tave, do go gent - ly; Gus - tave then sat down"
I said "Fred - die, please go gent - ly; Down the kit - chen stairs"
GIRLS.
She said "Gus - tave, do go gent - ly; Gus - tave then sat down"
She said "Fred - die, please go gent - ly; Down the kit - chen stairs"
8
sfz
DANCE.
p
cres:
ff

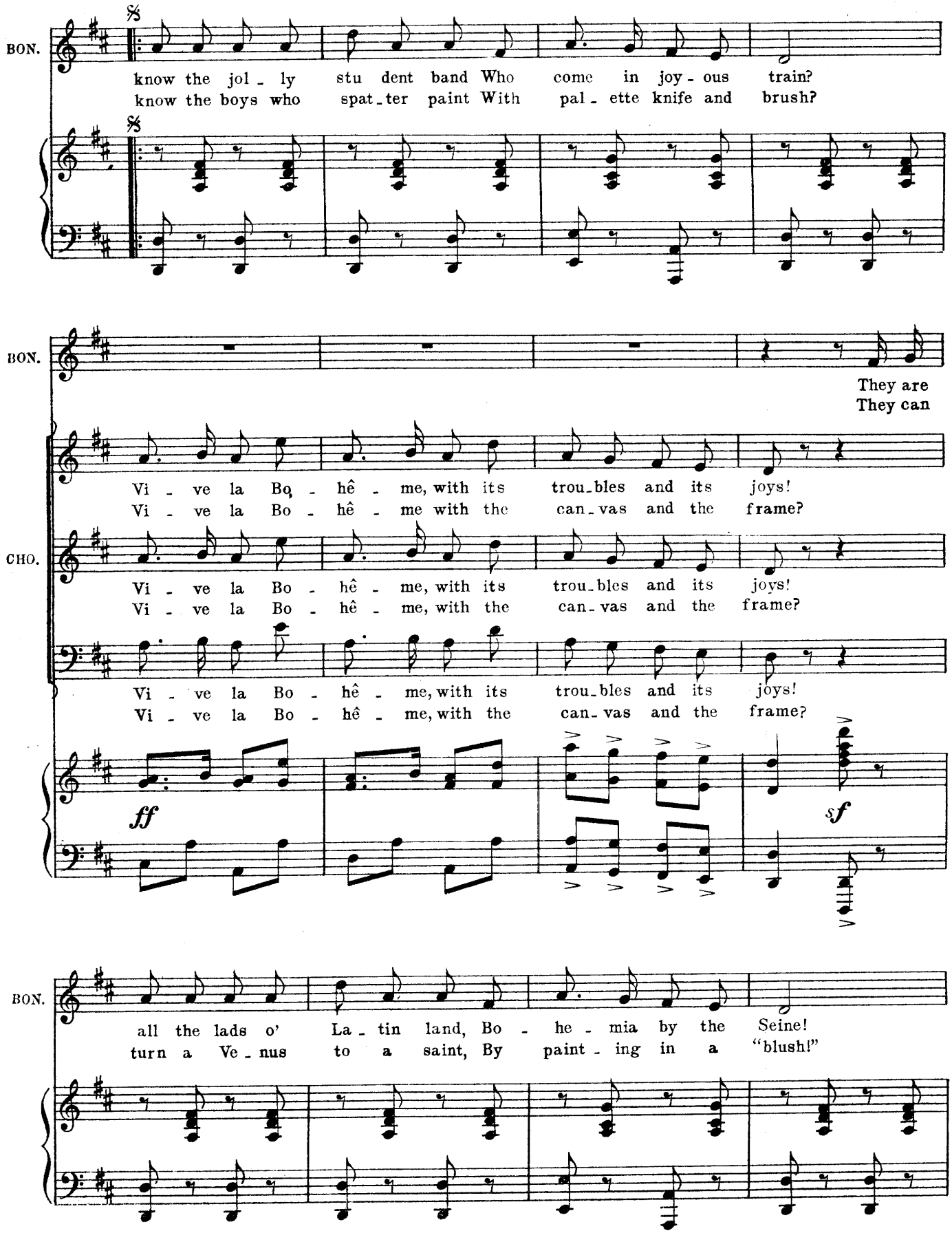
Nº 20. SONG (Boniface) and CHORUS.

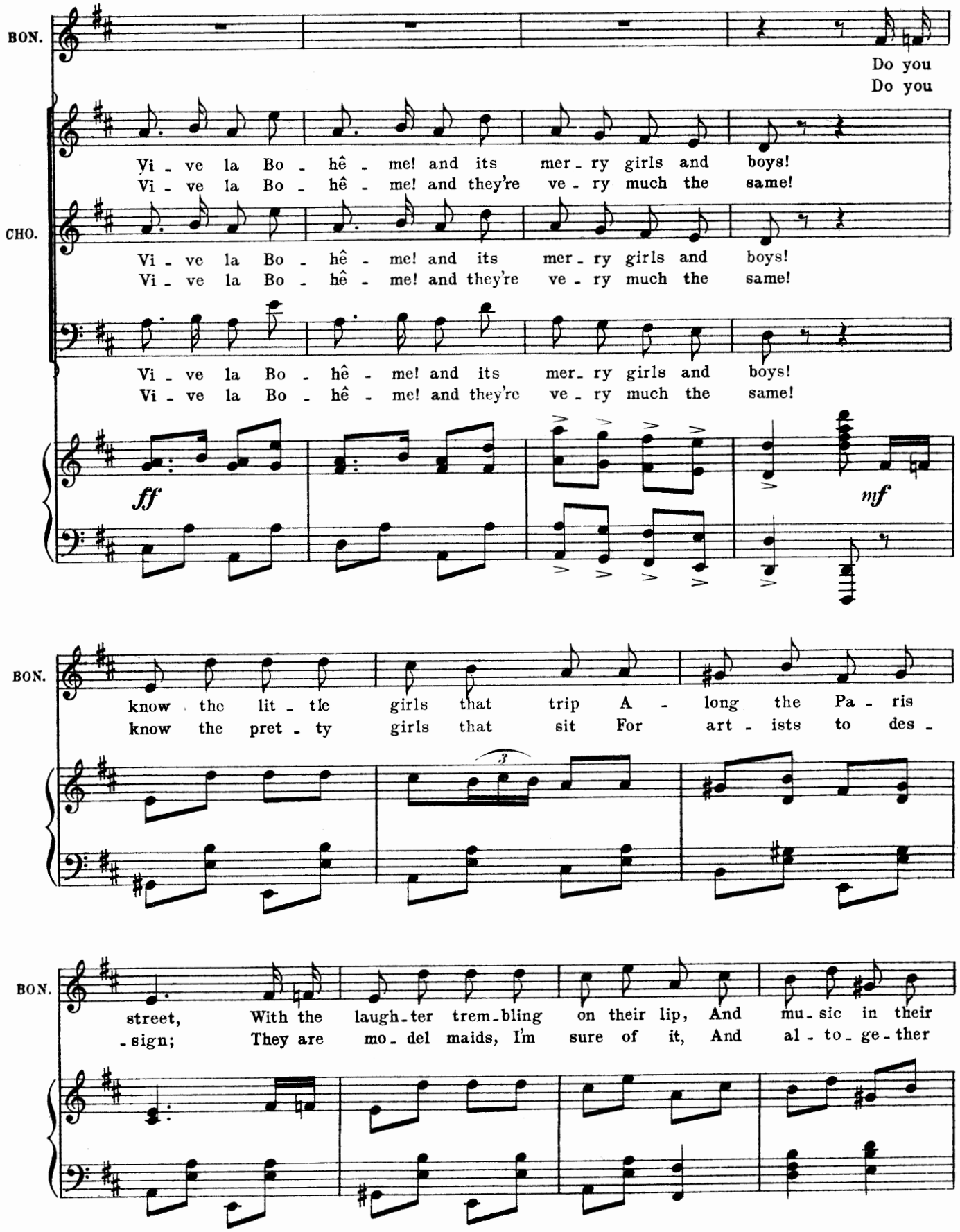
"VIVE LA BOHÊME."

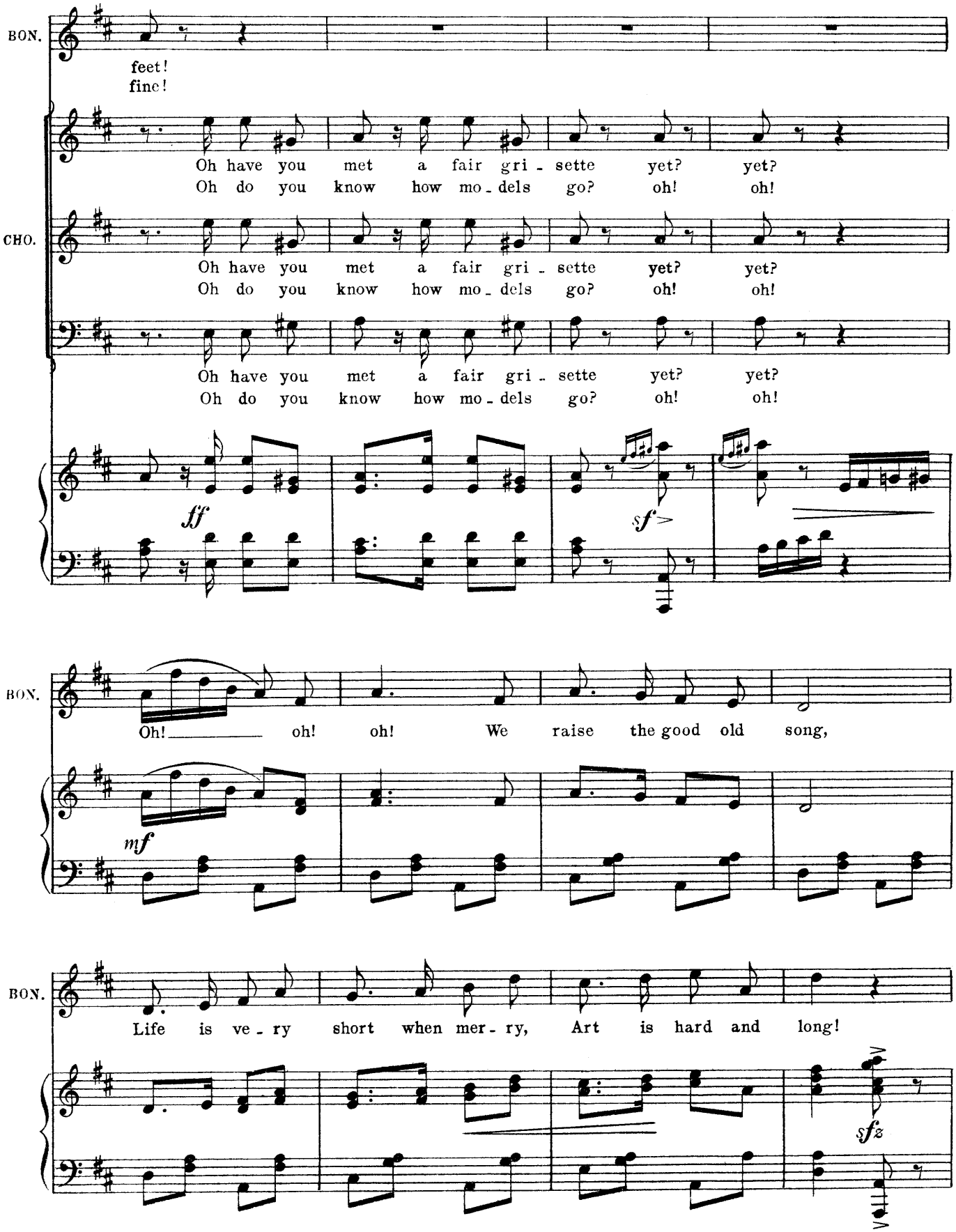
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

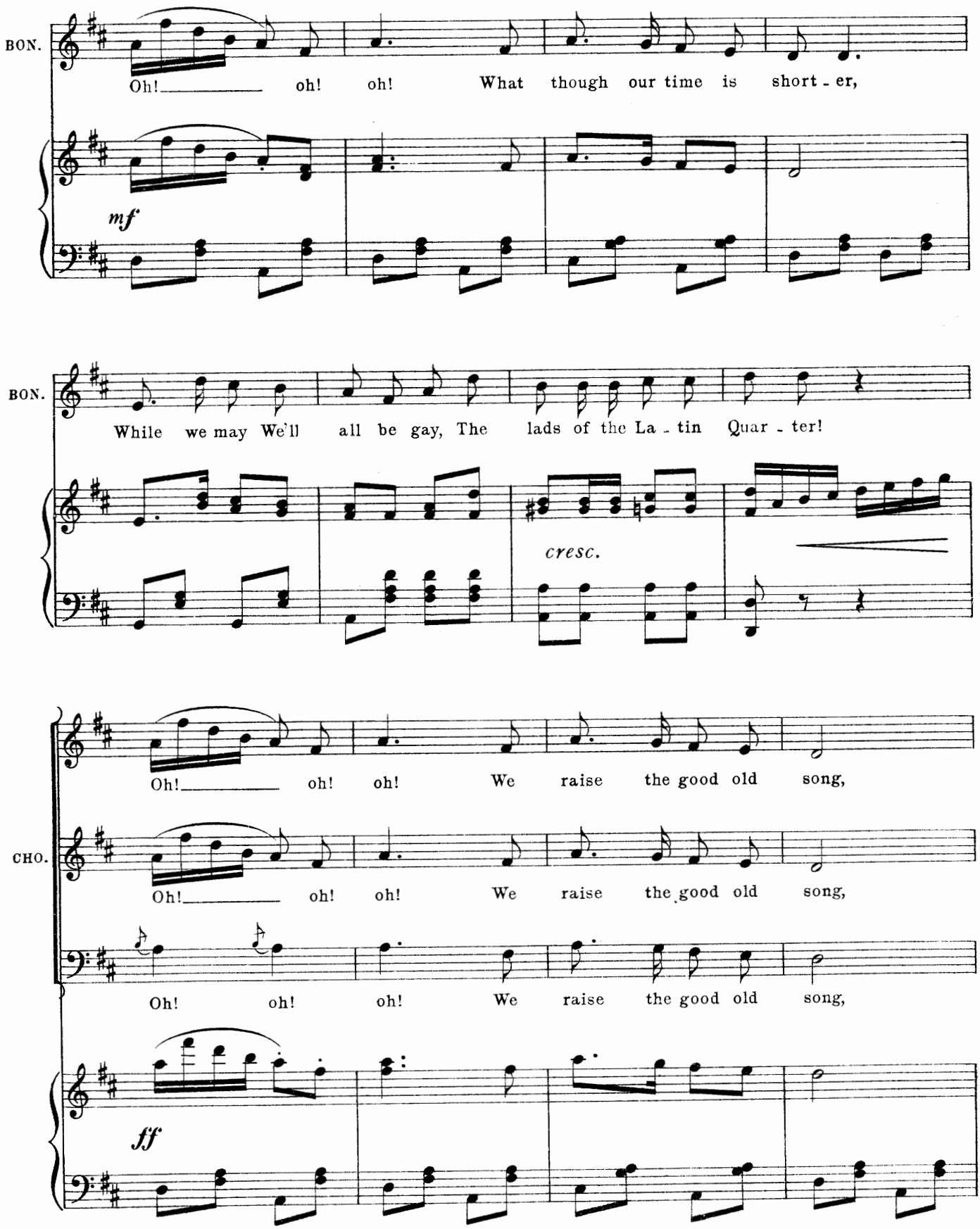
Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

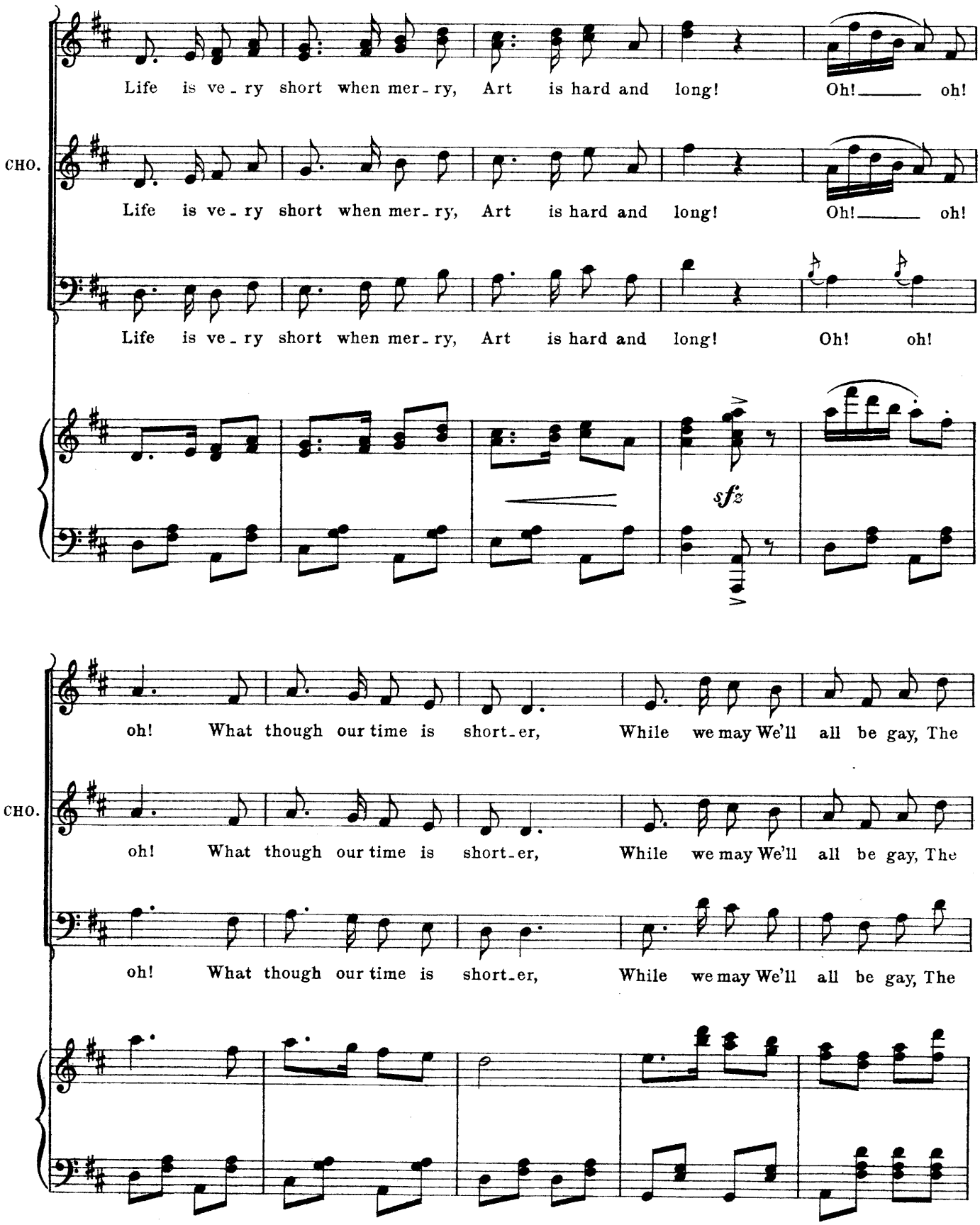


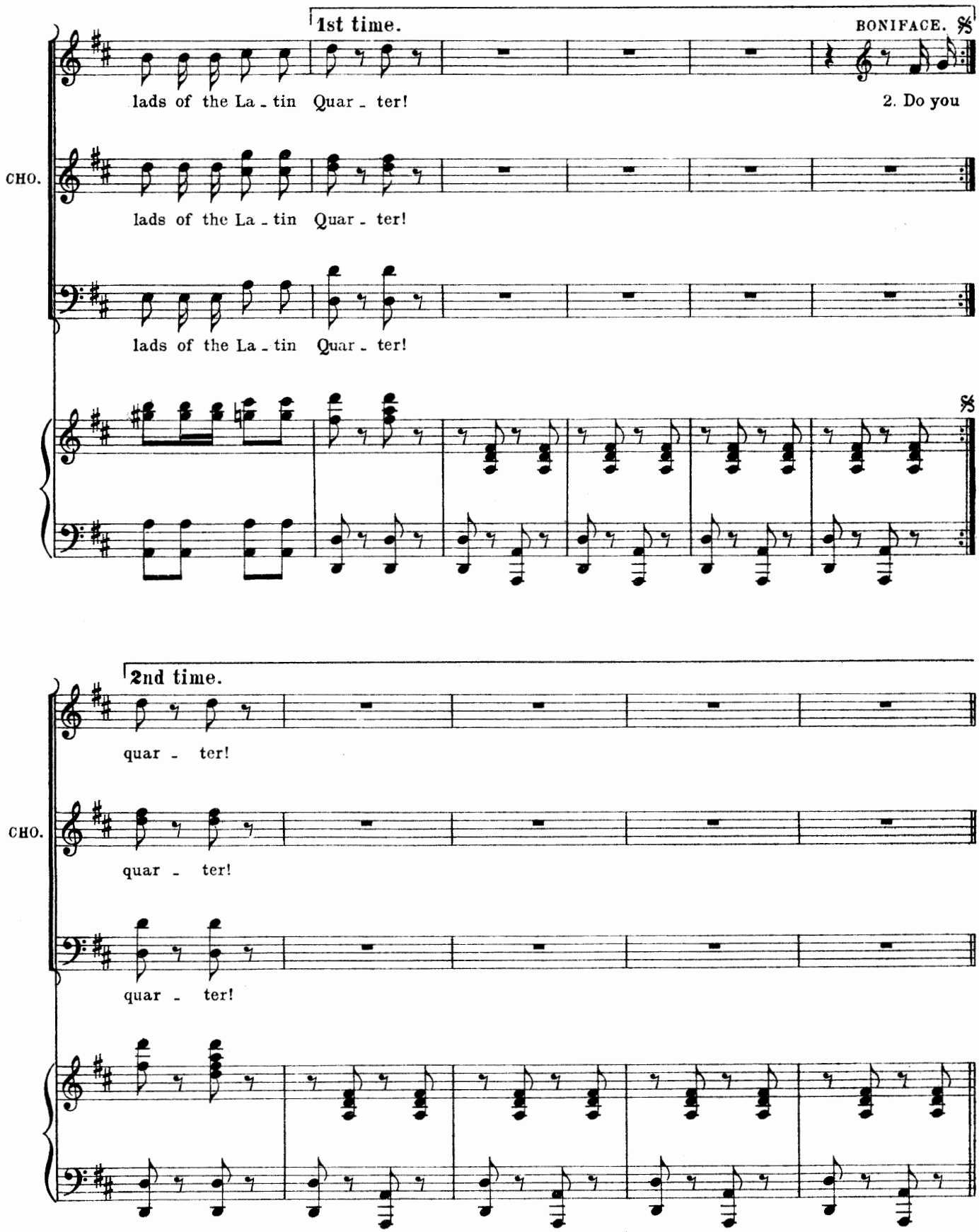

BON.
know the jol - ly stu dent band Who come in joy - ous train?
know the boys who spat - ter paint With pal - ette knife and brush?
BON.
They are
They can
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me, with its trou - bles and its joys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me with the can - vas and the frame?
CHO.
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me, with its trou - bles and its joys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me, with the can - vas and the frame?
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me, with its trou - bles and its joys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me, with the can - vas and the frame?
ff
sf
BON.
all the lads o' La - tin land, Bo - he - mia by the Seine!
turn a Ve - nus to a saint, By paint - ing in a "blush!"


BON.
Do you
Do you
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and its mer - ry girls and boys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and they're ve - ry much the same!
CHO.
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and its mer - ry girls and boys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and they're ve - ry much the same!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and its mer - ry girls and boys!
Vi - ve la Bo - hê - me! and they're ve - ry much the same!
ff
mf
BON.
know the lit - tle girls that trip A - long the Pa - ris
know the pret - ty girls that sit For art - ists to des -
3
BON.
street, With the laugh - ter trem - bling on their lip, And mu - sic in their
- sign; They are mo - del maids, I'm sure of it, And al - to - ge - ther

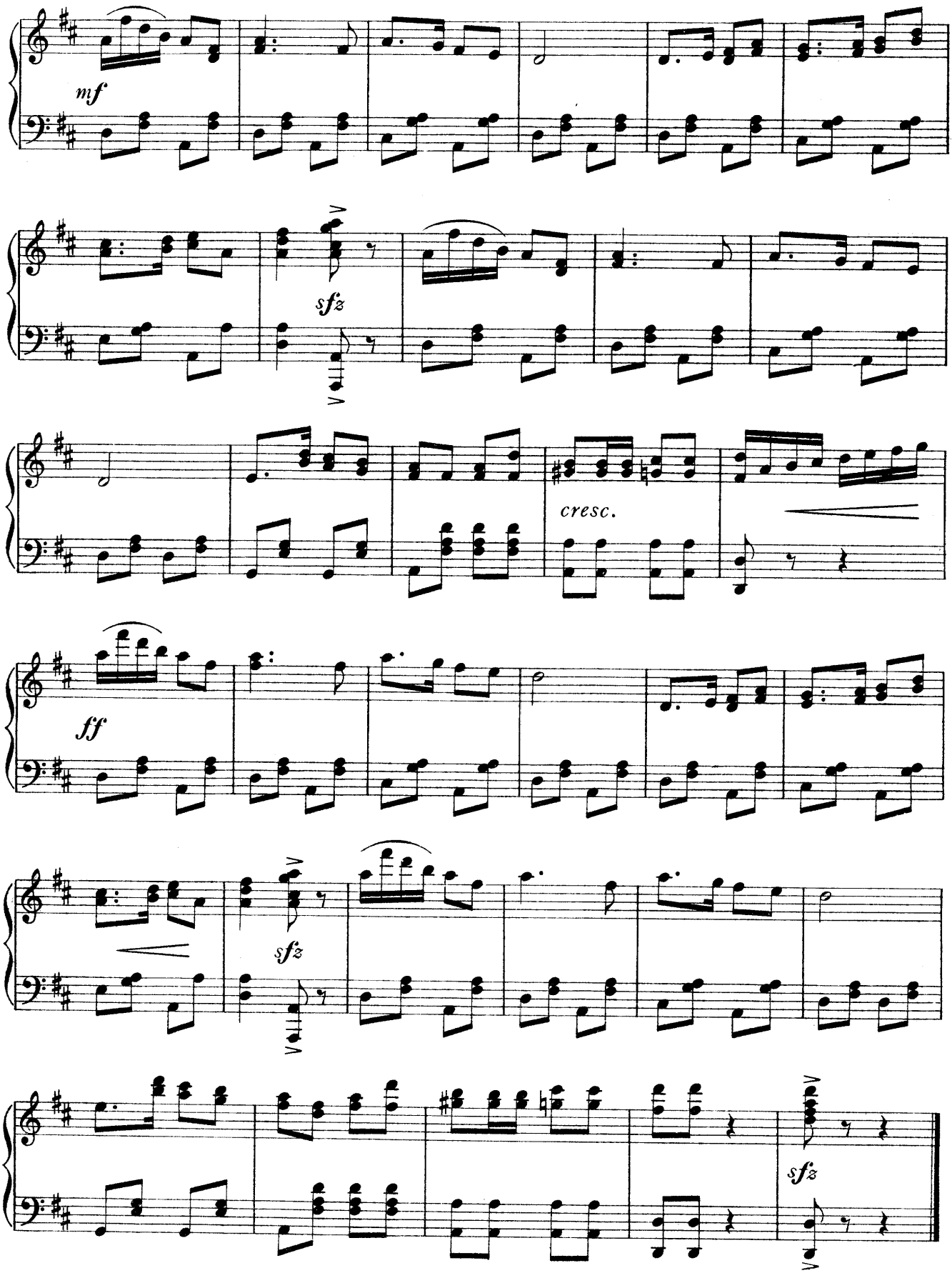

BON.
feet!
fine!
Oh have you met a fair gri - sette yet? yet?
Oh do you know how mo - dels go? oh! oh!
CHO.
Oh have you met a fair gri - sette yet? yet?
Oh do you know how mo - dels go? oh! oh!
Oh have you met a fair gri - sette yet? yet?
Oh do you know how mo - dels go? oh! oh!
ff
sf
BON.
Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song,
mf
BON.
Life is ve - ry short when mer - ry, Art is hard and long!
sfz


BON.
Oh! oh! oh! What though our time is short - er,
mf
BON.
While we may We'll all be gay, The lads of the La - tin Quar - ter!
cresc.
Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song,
CHO.
Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song,
Oh! oh! oh! We raise the good old song,
ff


Life is ve - ry short when mer - ry, Art is hard and long! Oh! oh!
CHO.
Life is ve - ry short when mer - ry, Art is hard and long! Oh! oh!
Life is ve - ry short when mer - ry, Art is hard and long! Oh! oh!
sfz
oh! What though our time is short - er, While we may We'll all be gay, The
CHO.
oh! What though our time is short - er, While we may We'll all be gay, The
oh! What though our time is short - er, While we may We'll all be gay, The


1st time.
BONIFACE.
lads of the La - tin Quar - ter!
2. Do you
CHO.
lads of the La - tin Quar - ter!
lads of the La - tin Quar - ter!
2nd time.
quar - ter!
CHO.
quar - ter!
quar - ter!

DANCE.

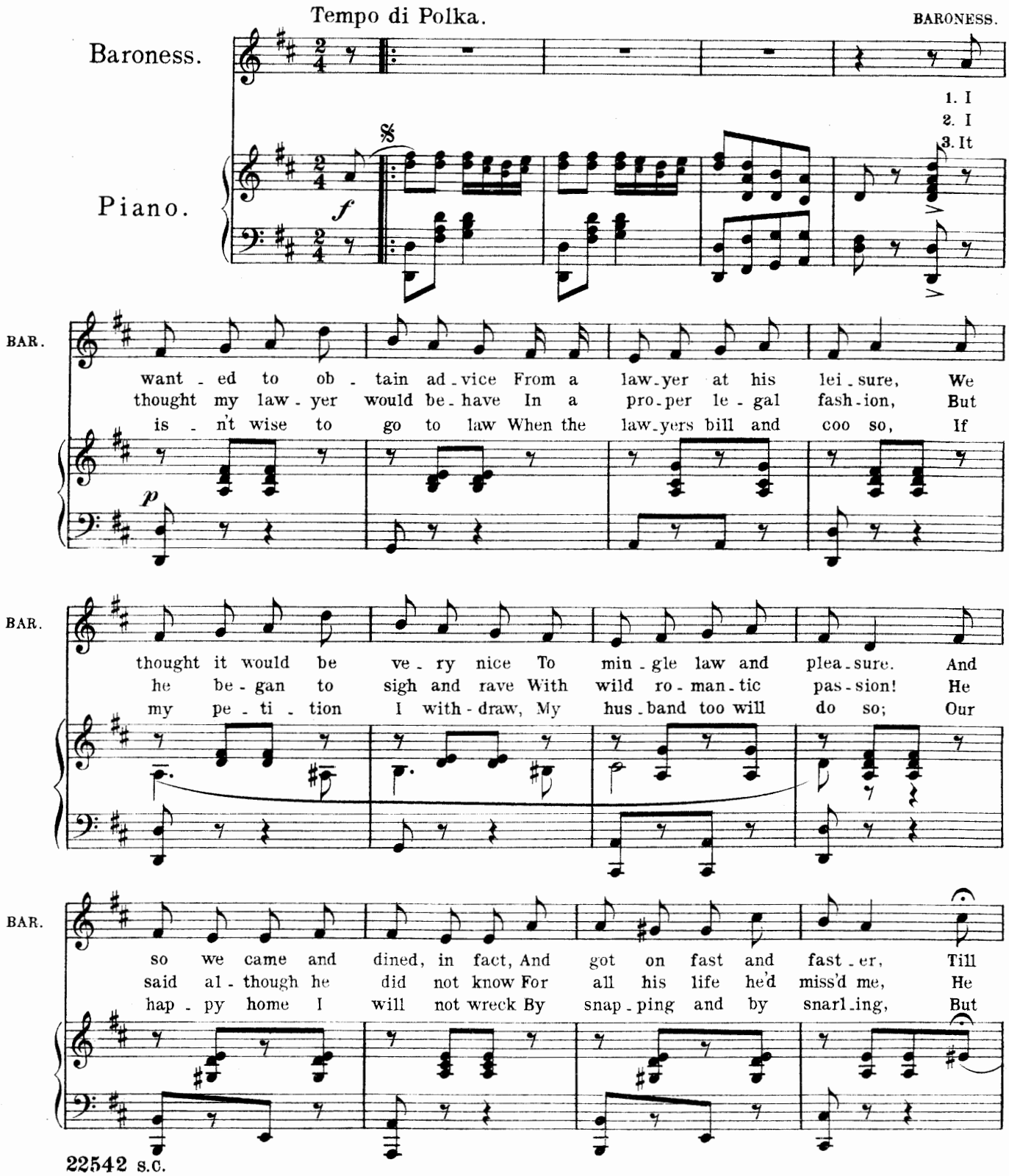


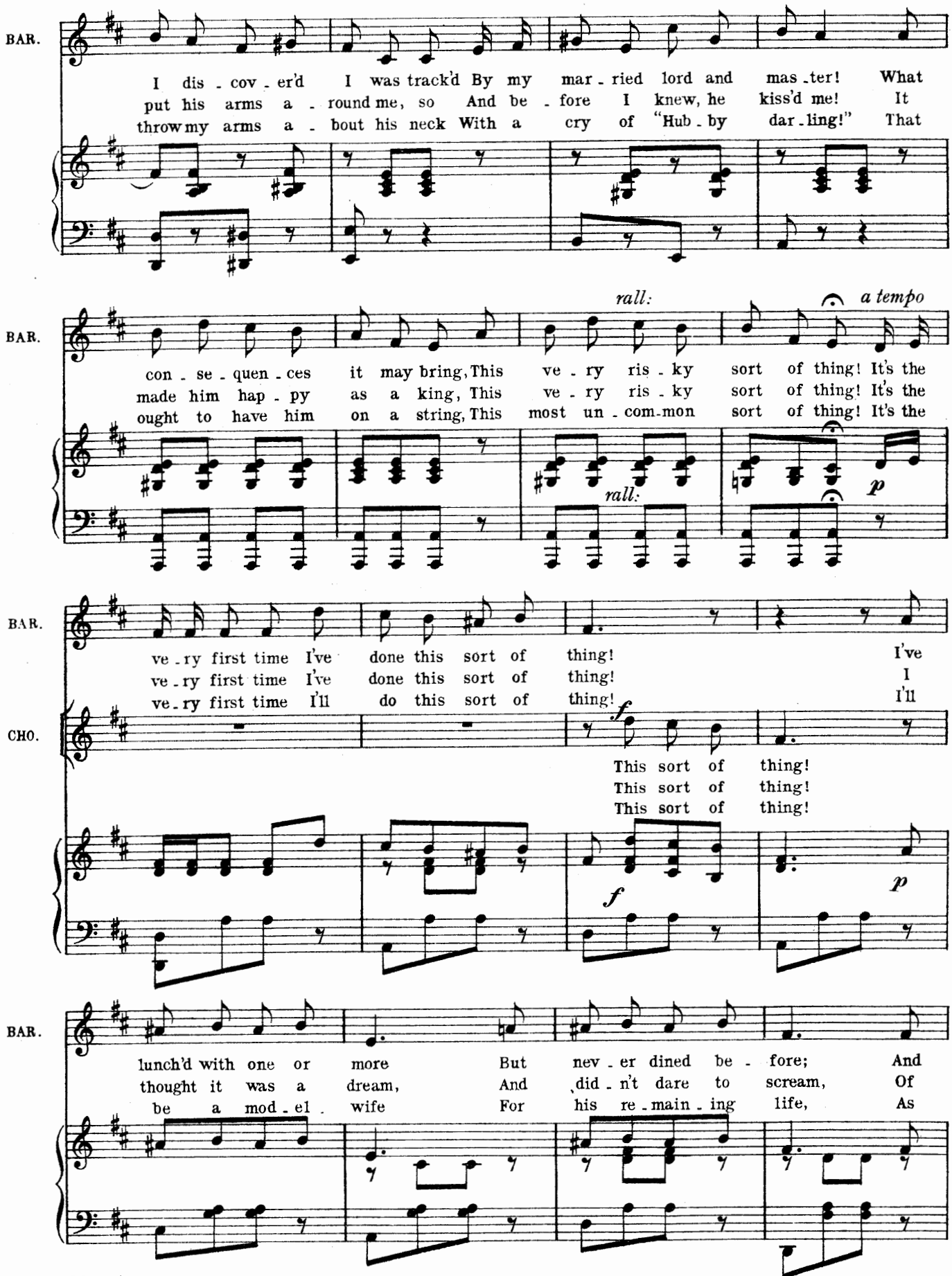
No. 21. SONG.—(Baroness.) and CHORUS.

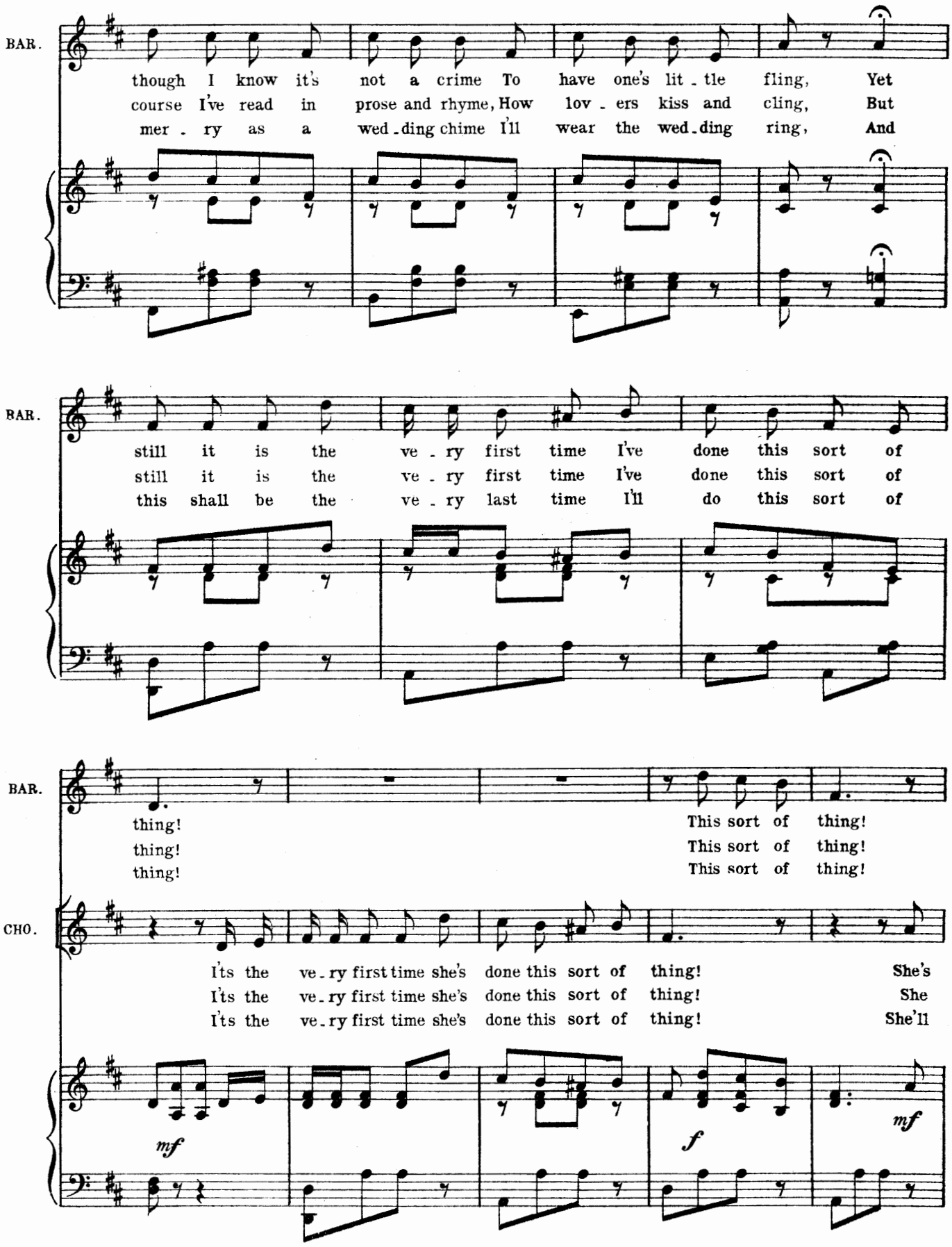
"THE VERY FIRST TIME."

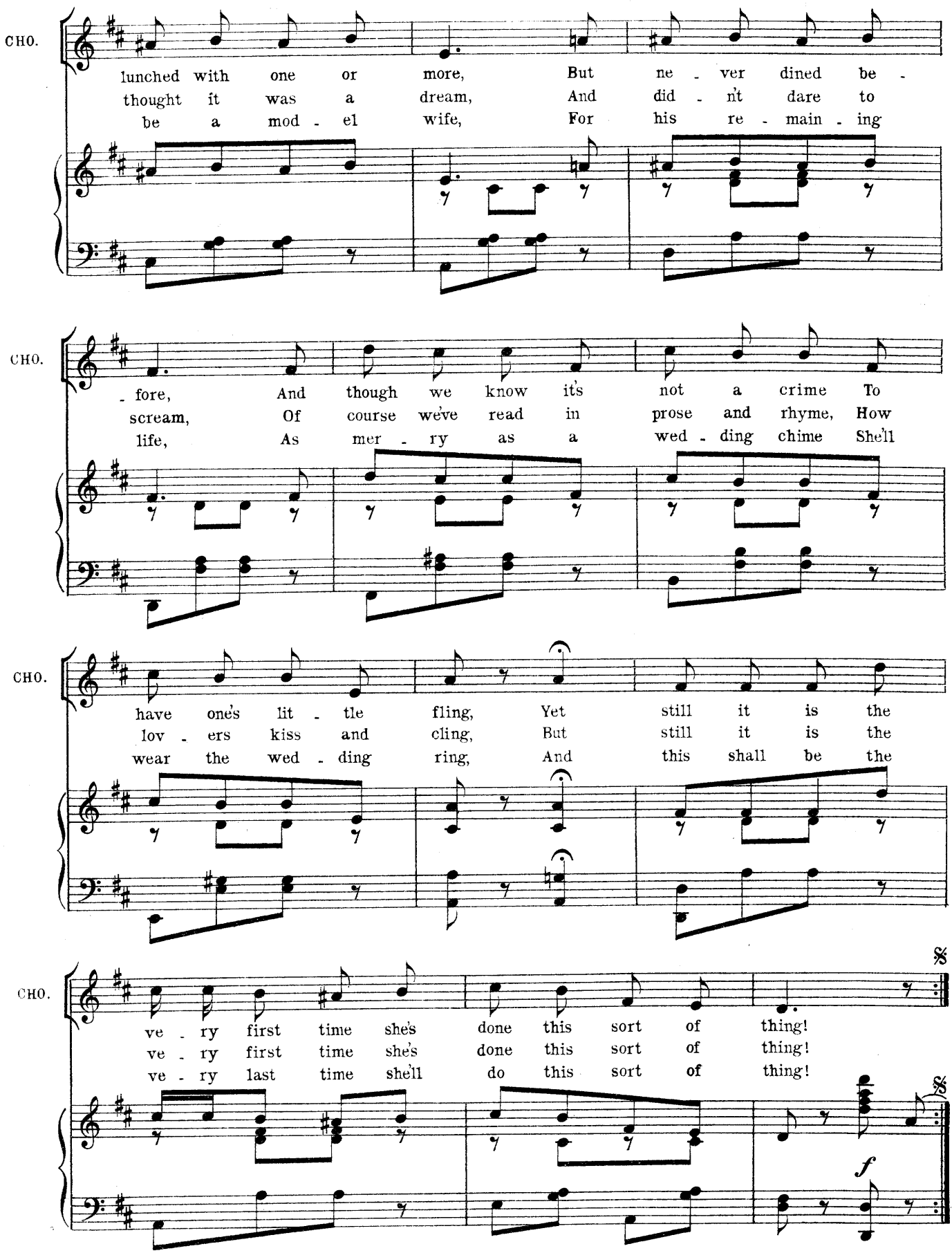
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

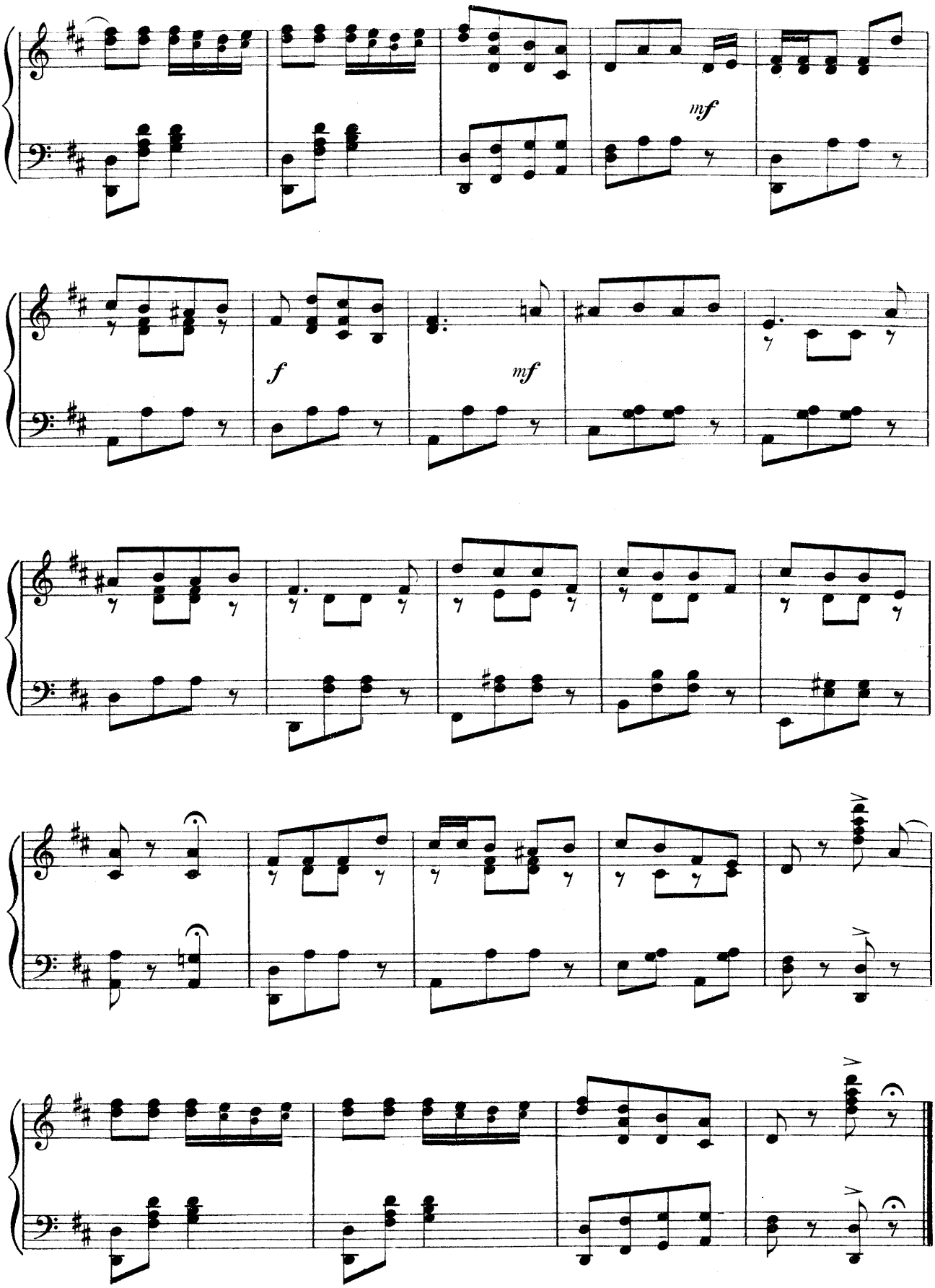
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.




BAR.
I dis - cov - er'd I was track'd By my mar - ried lord and mas - ter! What
put his arms a - round me, so And be - fore I knew, he kiss'd me! It
throw my arms a - bout his neck With a cry of "Hub - by dar - ling!" That
rall:
a tempo
con - se - quen - ces it may bring, This ve - ry ris - ky sort of thing! It's the
made him hap - py as a king, This ve - ry ris - ky sort of thing! It's the
ought to have him on a string, This most un - com - mon sort of thing! It's the
rall:
p
ve - ry first time I've done this sort of thing! I've
ve - ry first time I've done this sort of thing! I
ve - ry first time I'll do this sort of thing! I'll
CHO.
f
This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!
f
p
lunch'd with one or more But nev - er dined be - fore; And
thought it was a dream, And did - n't dare to scream, Of
be a mod - el wife For his re - main - ing life, As


BAR.
though I know it's not a crime To have one's lit - tle fling, Yet
course I've read in prose and rhyme, How lov - ers kiss and cling, But
mer - ry as a wed - ding chime I'll wear the wed - ding ring, And
BAR.
still it is the ve - ry first time I've done this sort of
still it is the ve - ry first time I've done this sort of
this shall be the ve - ry last time I'll do this sort of
BAR.
thing!
thing!
thing!
This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!
This sort of thing!
CHO.
It's the ve - ry first time she's done this sort of thing! She's
It's the ve - ry first time she's done this sort of thing! She
It's the ve - ry first time she's done this sort of thing! She'll
mf
f
mf


CHO.
lunched with one or more, But ne - ver dined be -
thought it was a dream, And did - n't dare to
be a mod - el wife, For his re - main - ing
CHO.
- fore, And though we know it's not a crime To
scream, Of course we've read in prose and rhyme, How
life, As mer - ry as a wed - ding chime She'll
CHO.
have one's lit - tle fling, Yet still it is the
lov - ers kiss and cling, But still it is the
wear the wed - ding ring, And this shall be the
CHO.
ve - ry first time she's done this sort of thing!
ve - ry first time she's done this sort of thing!
ve - ry last time she'll do this sort of thing!
f

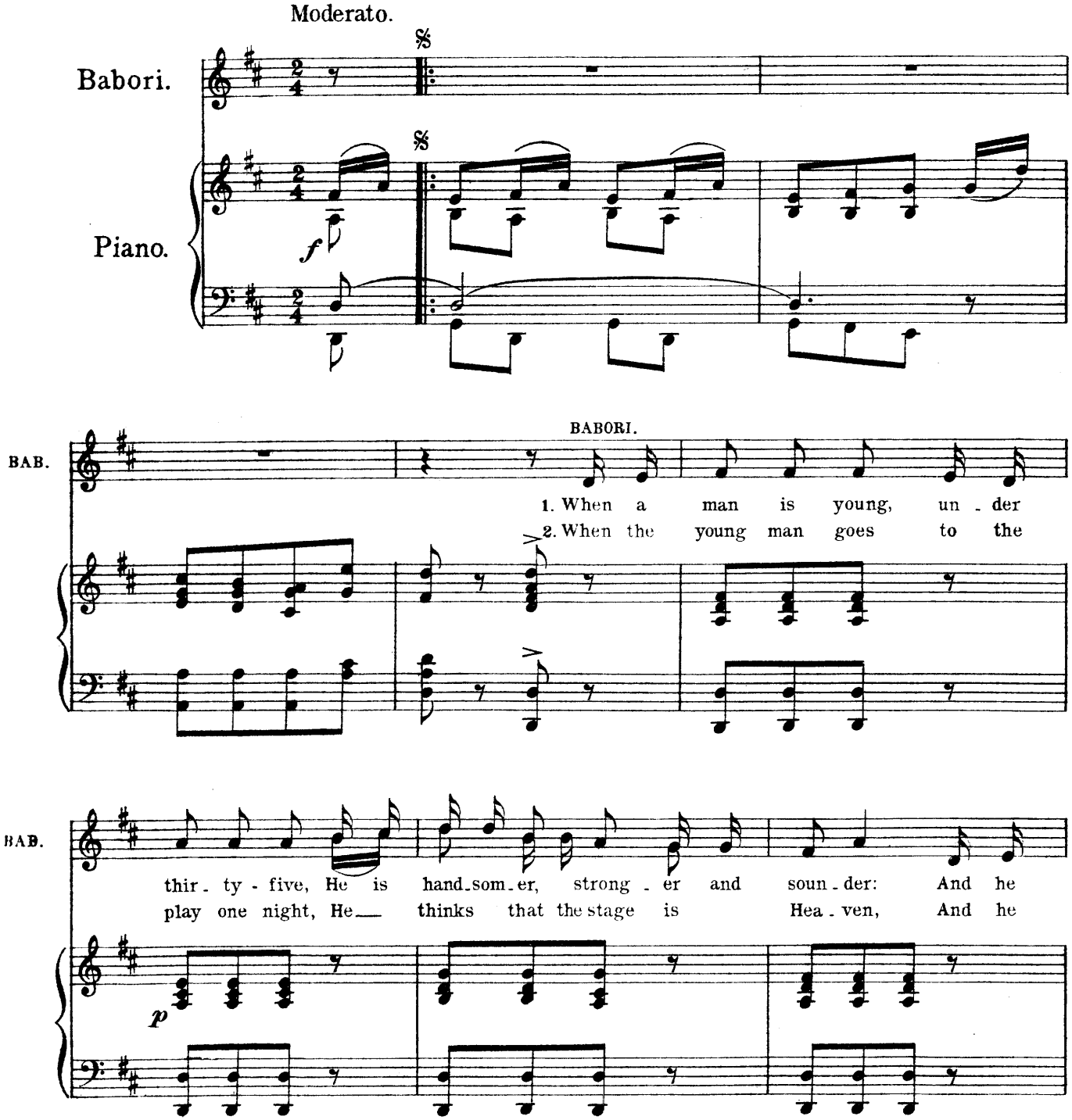

mf
f
mf

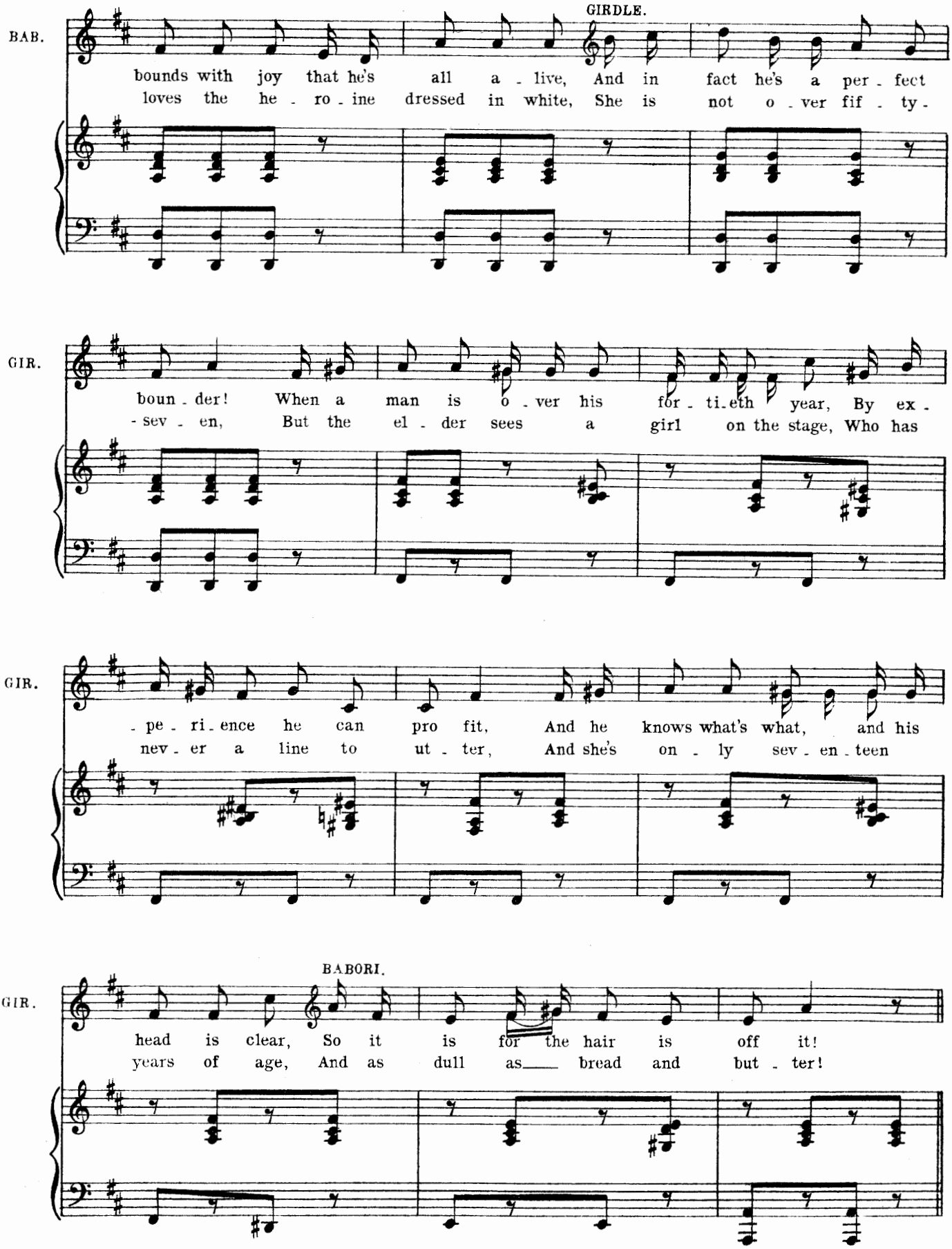
No. 22. DUET.—(Babori and Girdle.)

"UNDER AND OVER FORTY."

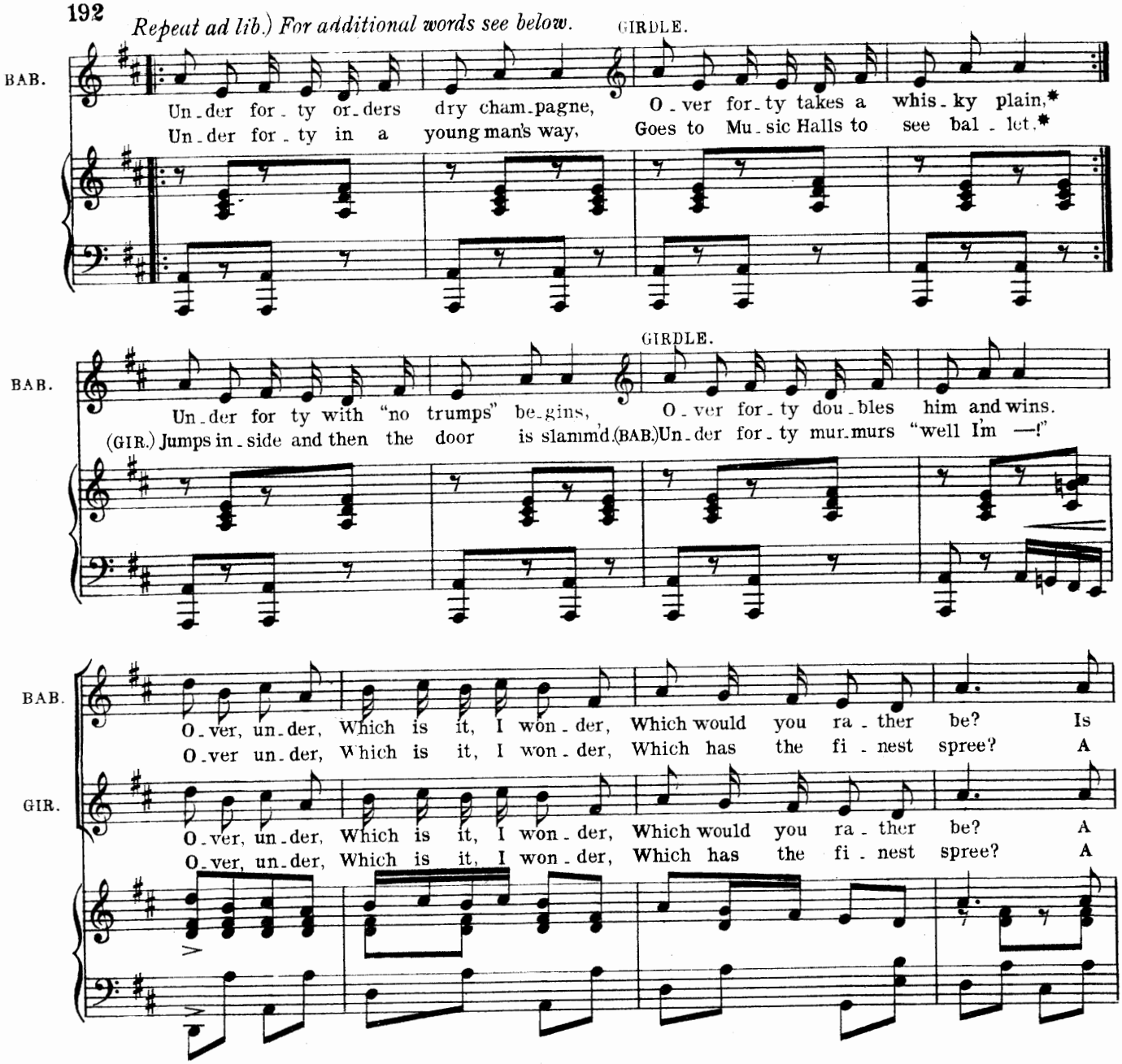
Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.




BAB.
GIRDLE.
bounds with joy that he's all a - live, And in fact he's a per - fect
loves the he - ro - ine dressed in white, She is not o - ver fif - ty -
GIR.
boun - der! When a man is o - ver his for - ti - eth year, By ex -
- sev - en, But the el - der sees a girl on the stage, Who has
GIR.
- pe - ri - ence he can pro fit, And he knows what's what, and his
nev - er a line to ut - ter, And she's on - ly sev - en - teen
BABORI.
GIR.
head is clear, So it is for the hair is off it!
years of age, And as dull as bread and but - ter!

Repeat ad lib.) For additional words see below.

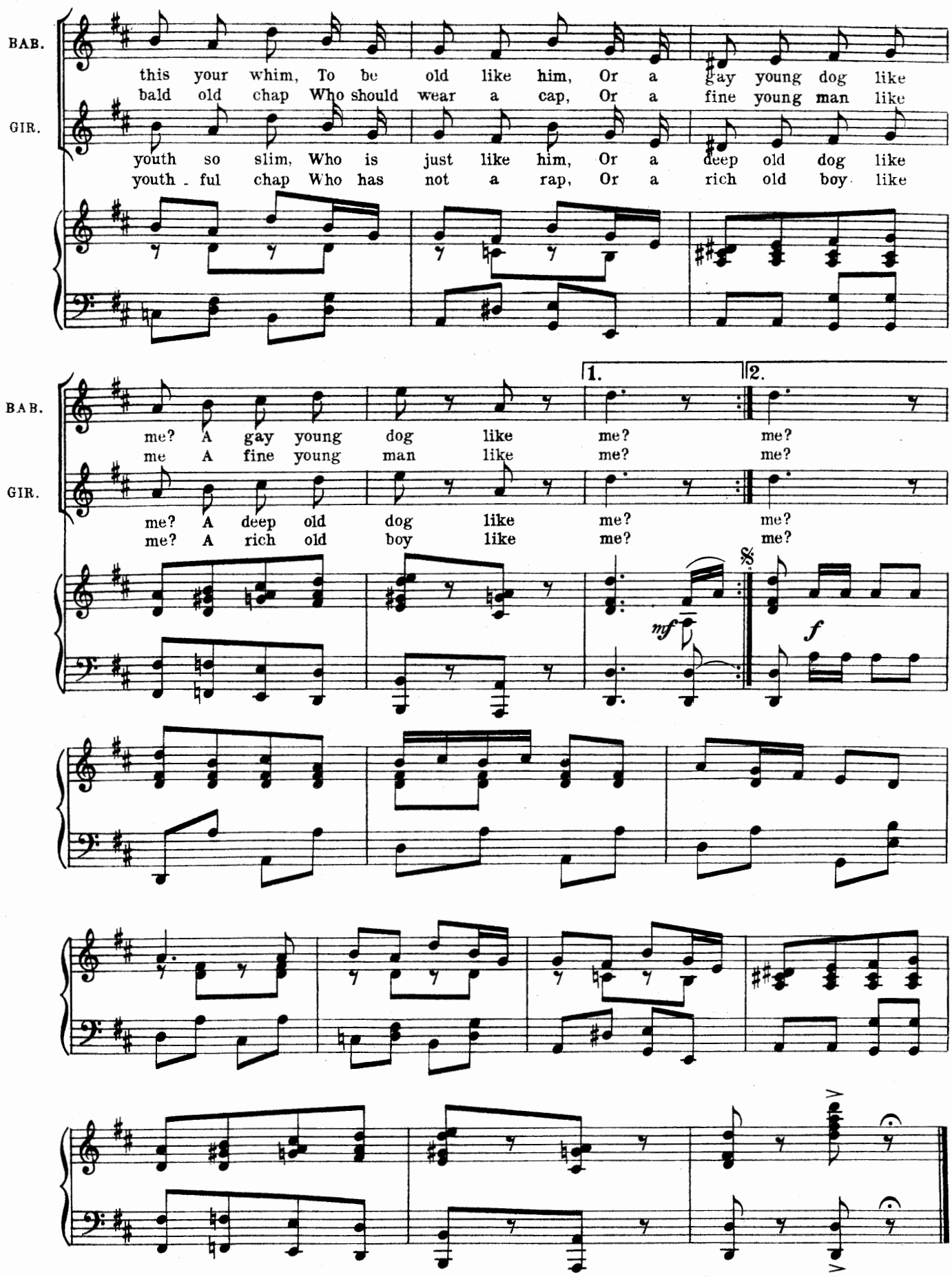


Additional words for 1st Verse.(ad lib.)

* 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 hours,
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,

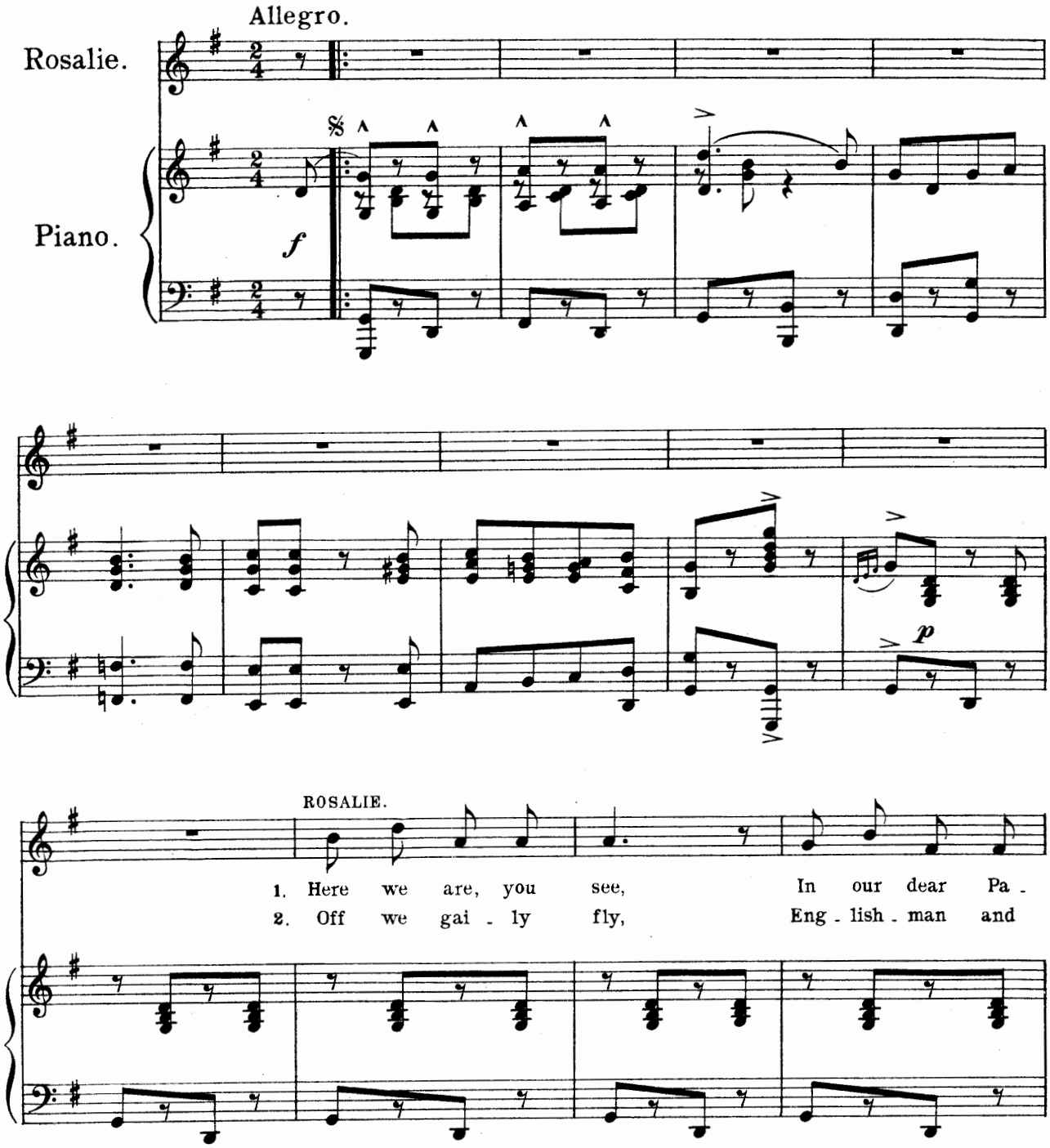

BAB.
this your whim, To be old like him, Or a gay young dog like
bald old chap Who should wear a cap, Or a fine young man like
GIR.
youth so slim, Who is just like him, Or a deep old dog like
youth - ful chap Who has not a rap, Or a rich old boy like
BAB.
me? A gay young dog like me? me?
me A fine young man like me? me?
GIR.
me? A deep old dog like me? me?
me? A rich old boy like me? me?
1.
2.
mf
f

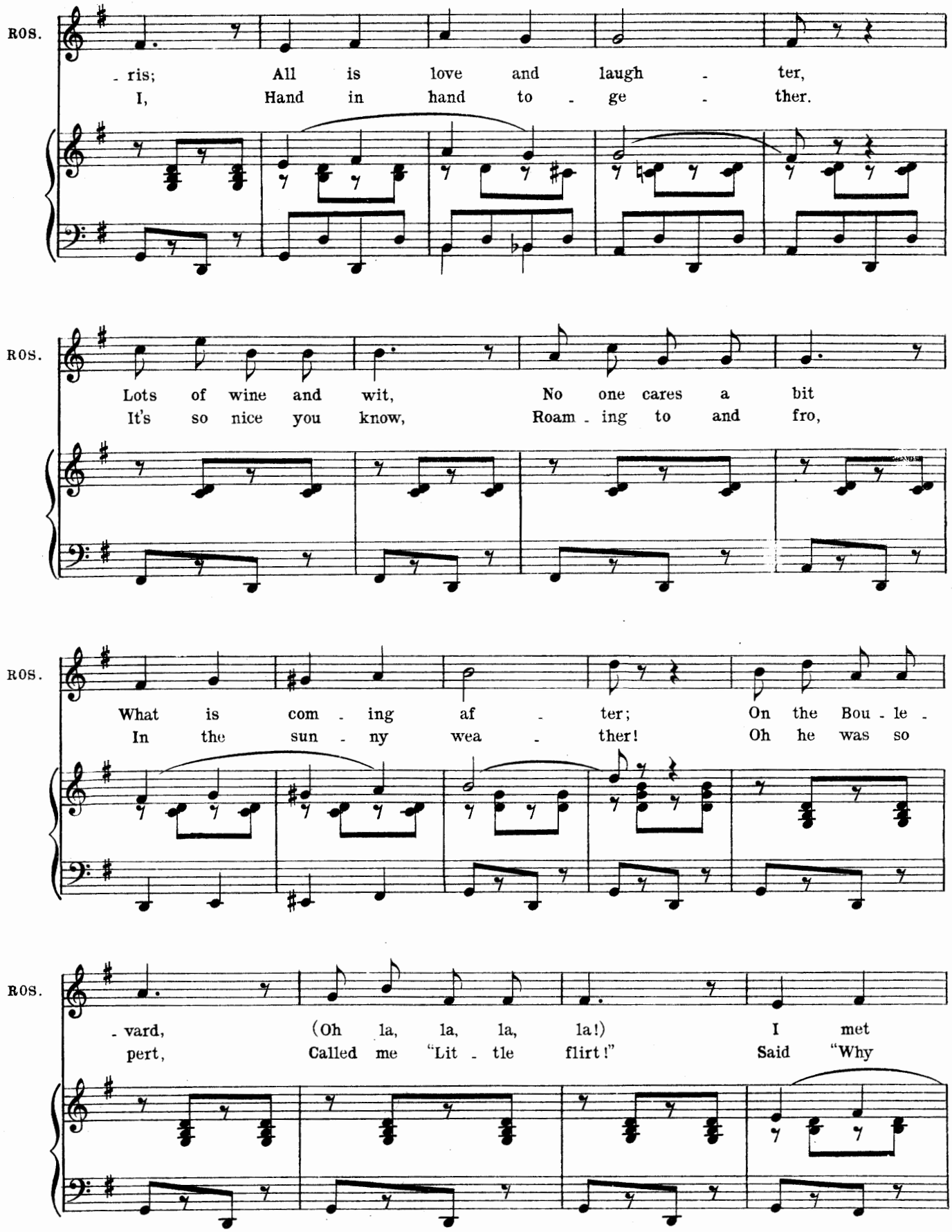
No. 23. SONG. (Rosalie.) and CHORUS.

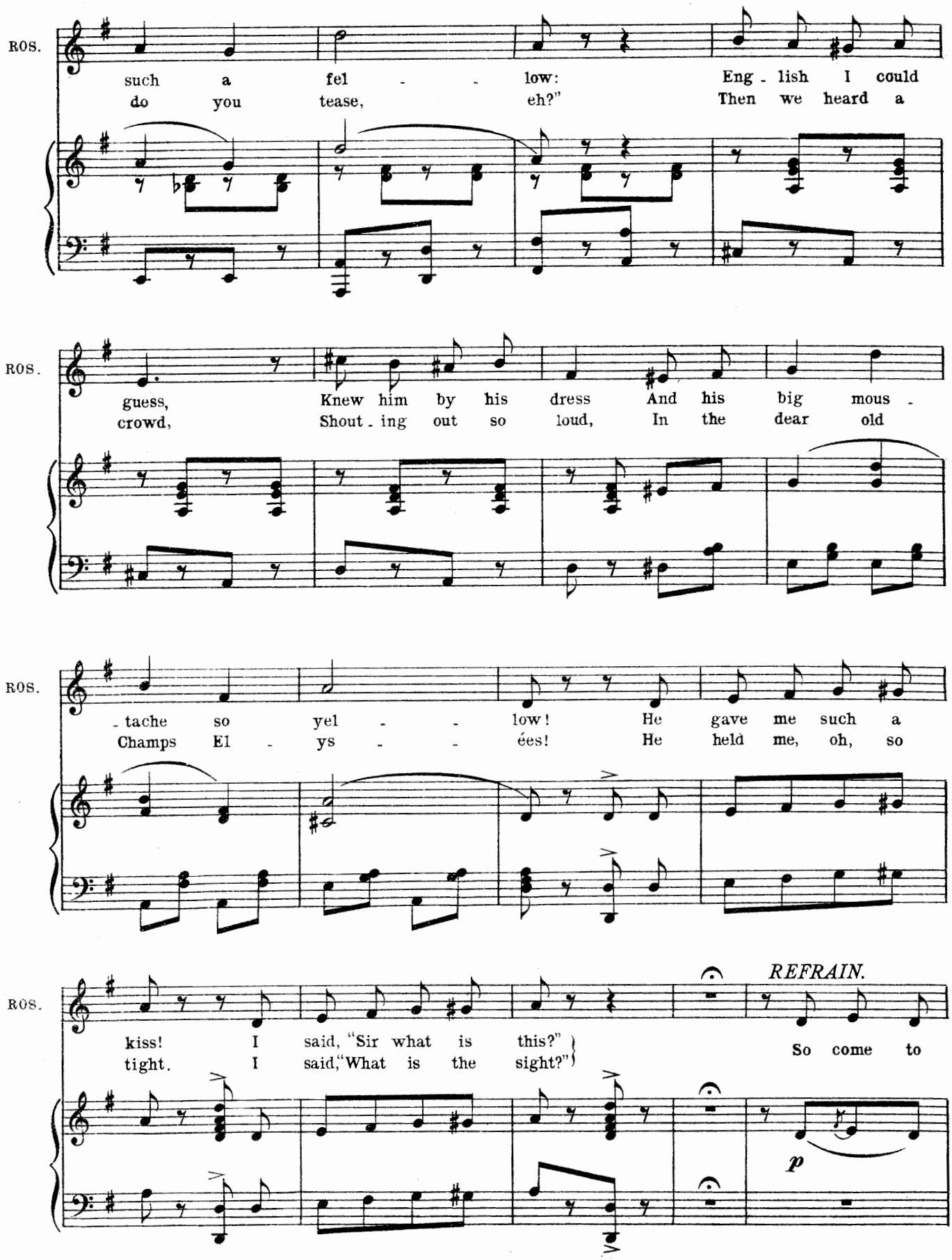
"THE CORDIAL UNDERSTANDING."

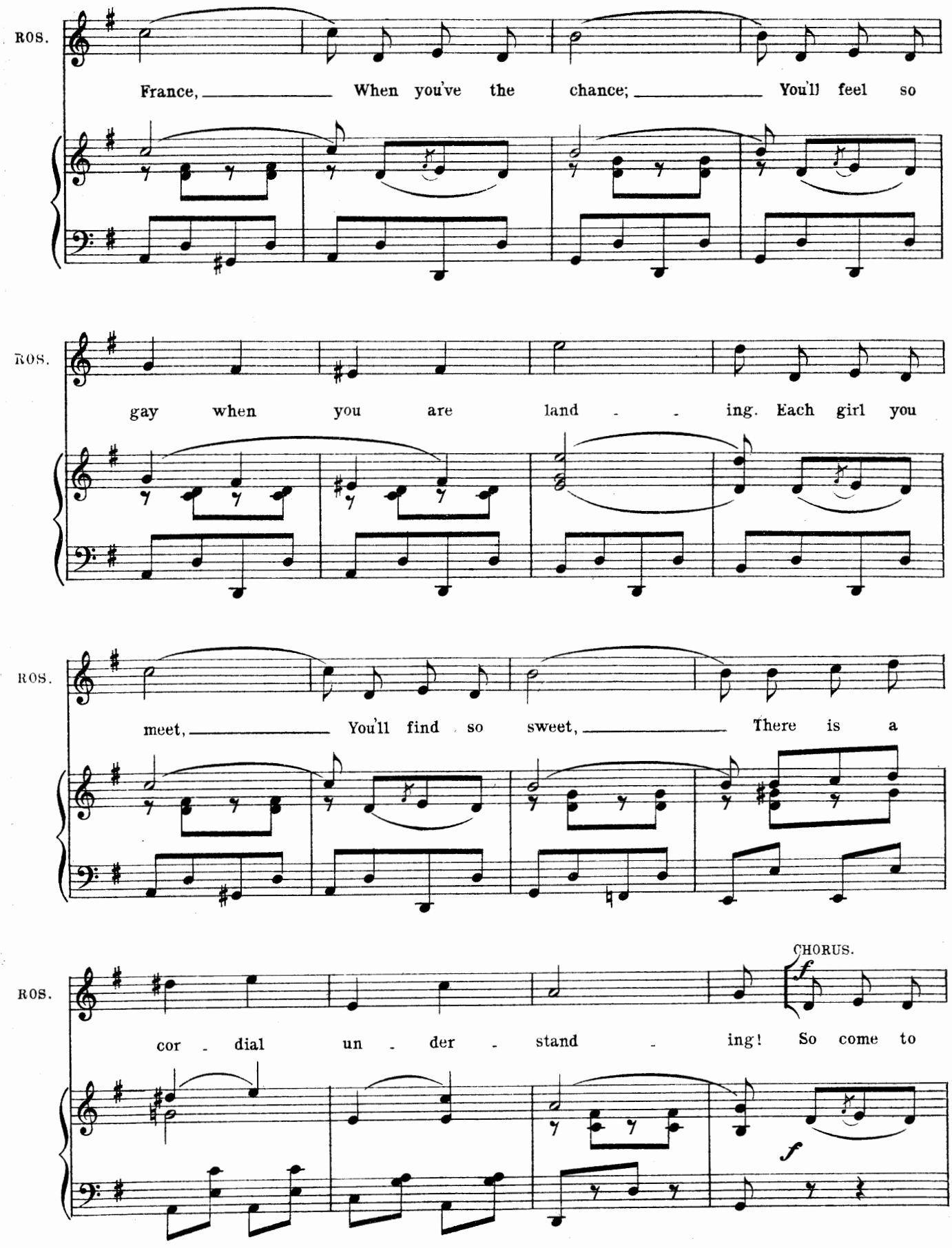
Words by
LESLIE MAYNE.

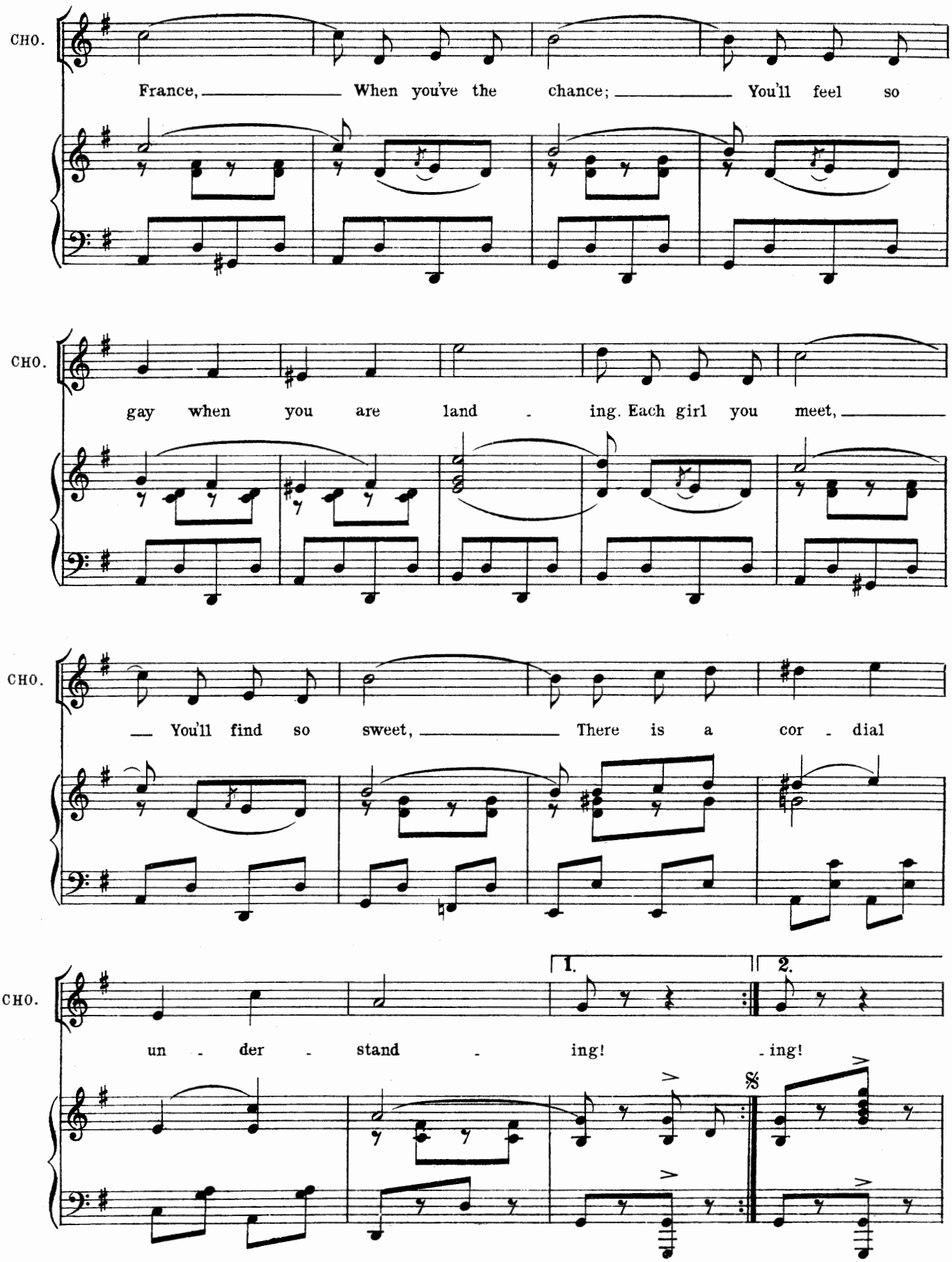
Music by
LIONEL MONCKTON.



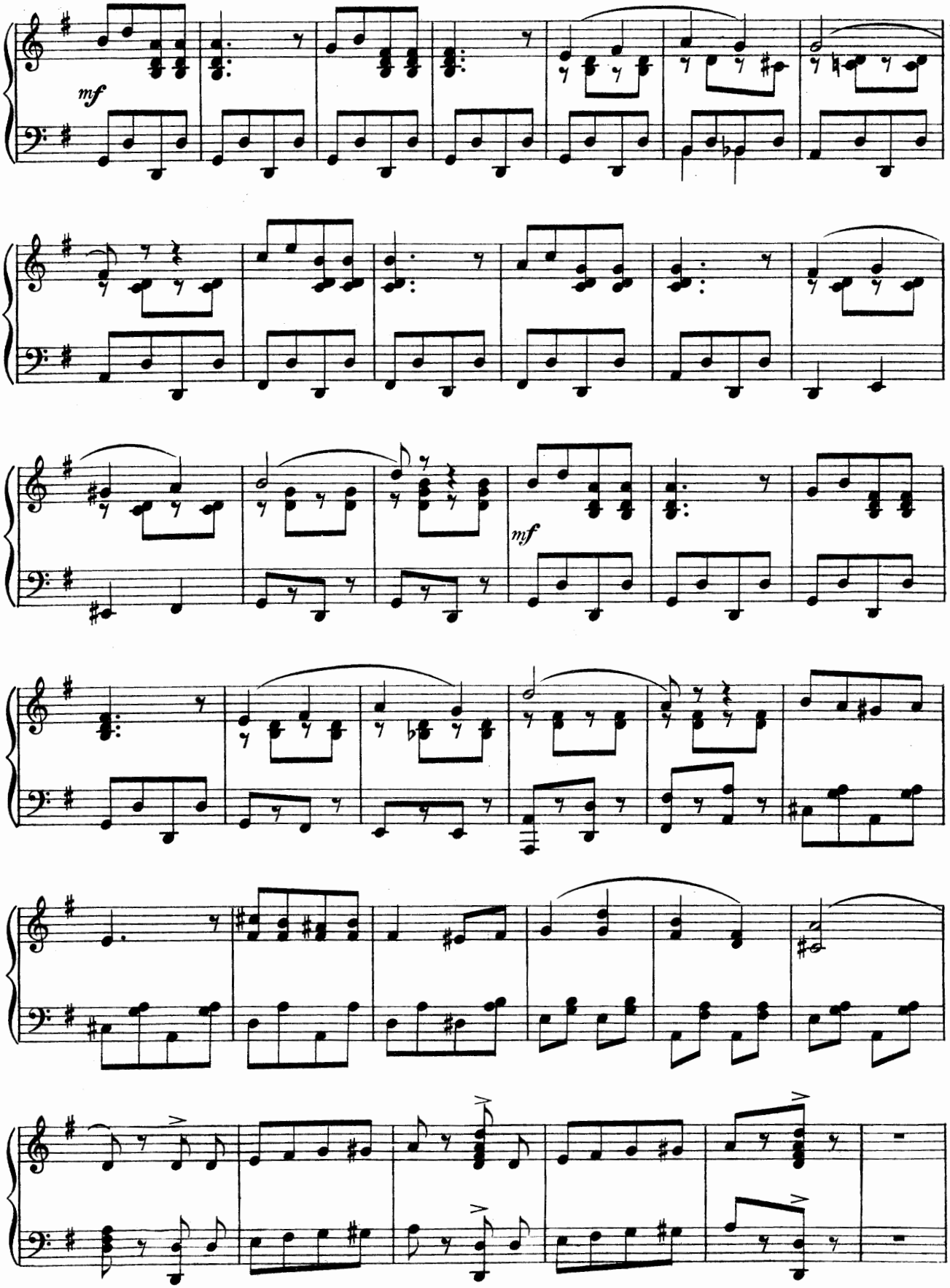

ROS.
- ris; All is love and laugh - ter,
I, Hand in hand to - ge - ther.
ROS.
Lots of wine and wit, No one cares a bit
It's so nice you know, Roam - ing to and fro,
ROS.
What is com - ing af - ter; On the Bou - le -
In the sun - ny wea - ther! Oh he was so
ROS.
- vard, (Oh la, la, la, la!) I met
pert, Called me "Lit - tle flirt!" Said "Why

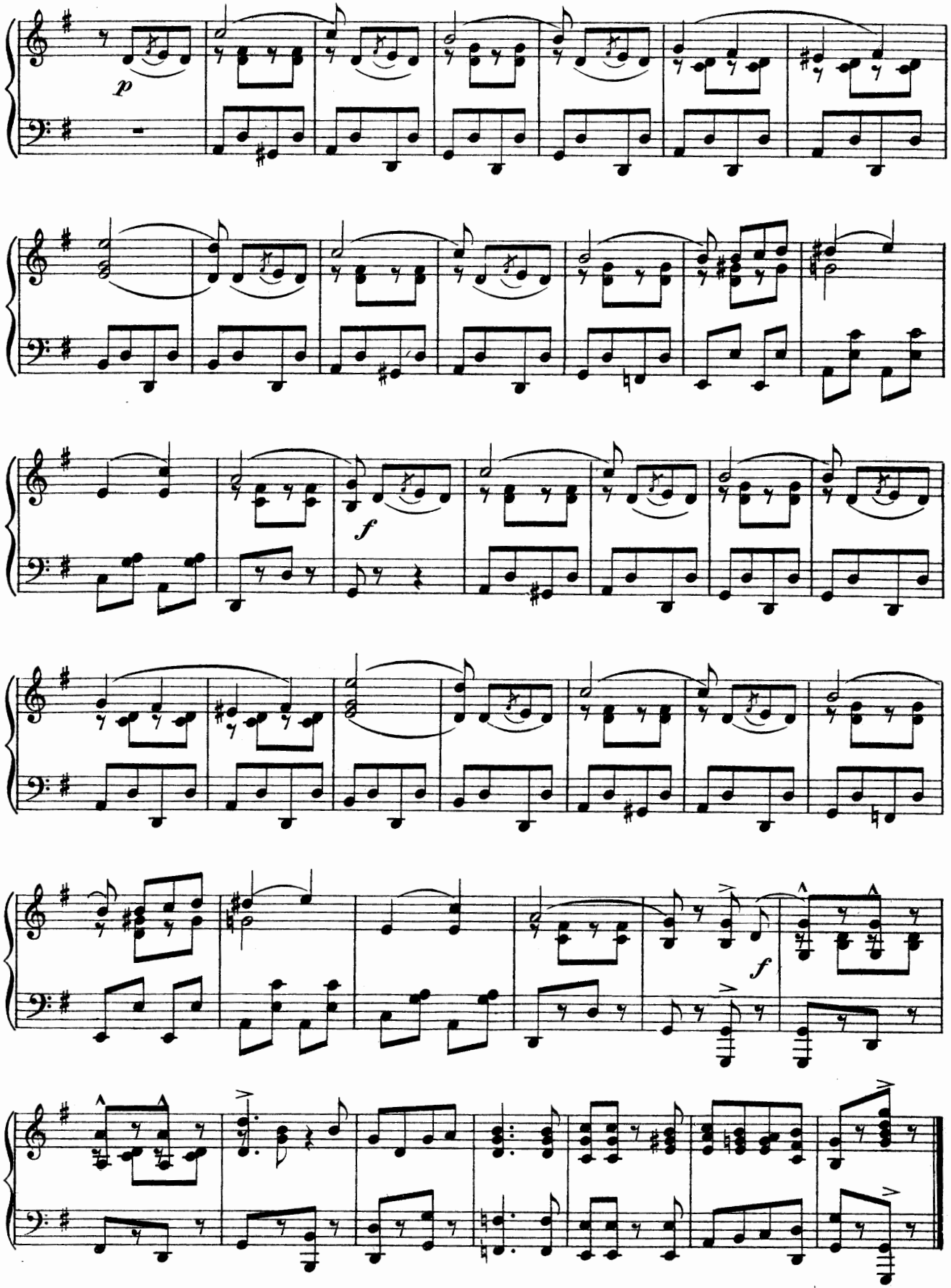

ROS.
such a fel - - low: Eng - lish I could
do you tease, eh?" Then we heard a
ROS.
guess, Knew him by his dress And his big mous -
crowd, Shout - ing out so loud, In the dear old
ROS.
- tache so yel - - low! He gave me such a
Champs El - ys - - ées! He held me, oh, so
ROS.
kiss! I said, "Sir what is this?"
tight. I said,"What is the sight?"
REFRAIN.
So come to
p


ROS.
France, When you've the chance; You'll feel so
ROS.
gay when you are land - - ing. Each girl you
ROS.
meet, You'll find so sweet, There is a
ROS.
CHORUS.
cor - dial un - der - stand - ing! So come to


CHO.
France, When you've the chance; You'll feel so
CHO.
gay when you are land - ing. Each girl you meet,
CHO.
You'll find so sweet, There is a cor - dial
CHO.
1.
2.
un - der - stand - ing! - ing!

DANCE.

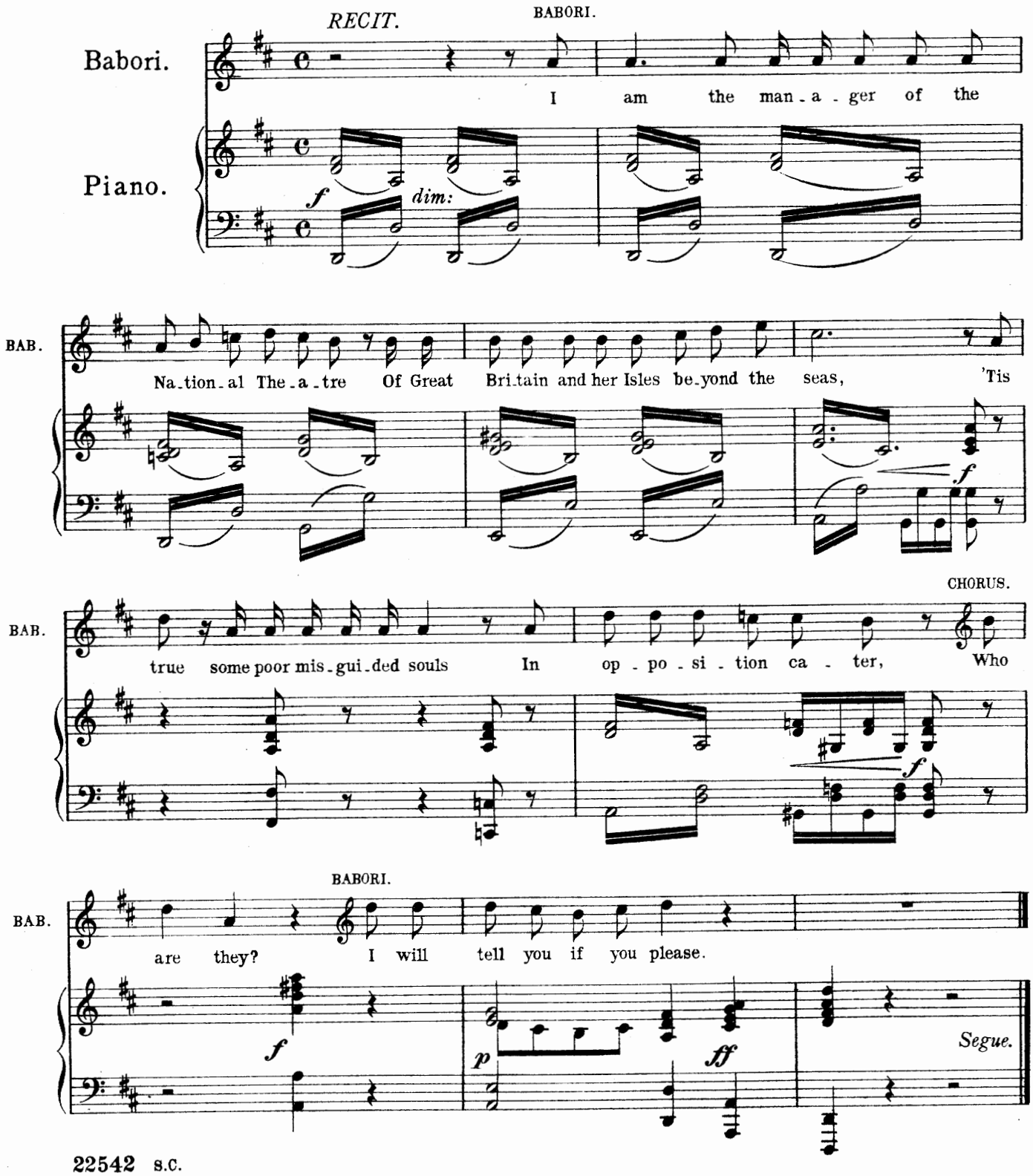



p
f
f

No. 24. RECIT.– (Babori.) and CHORUS.

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.

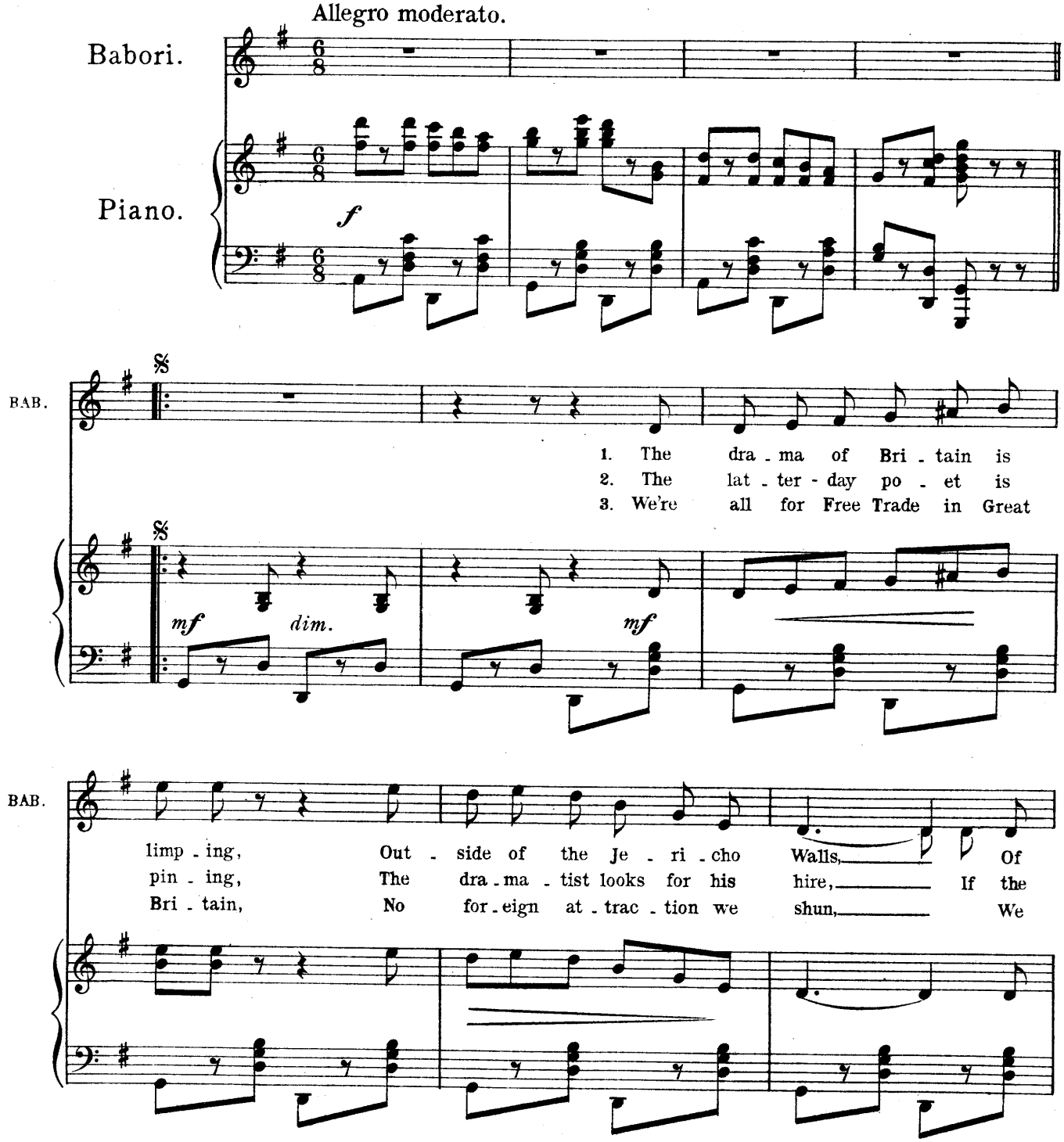


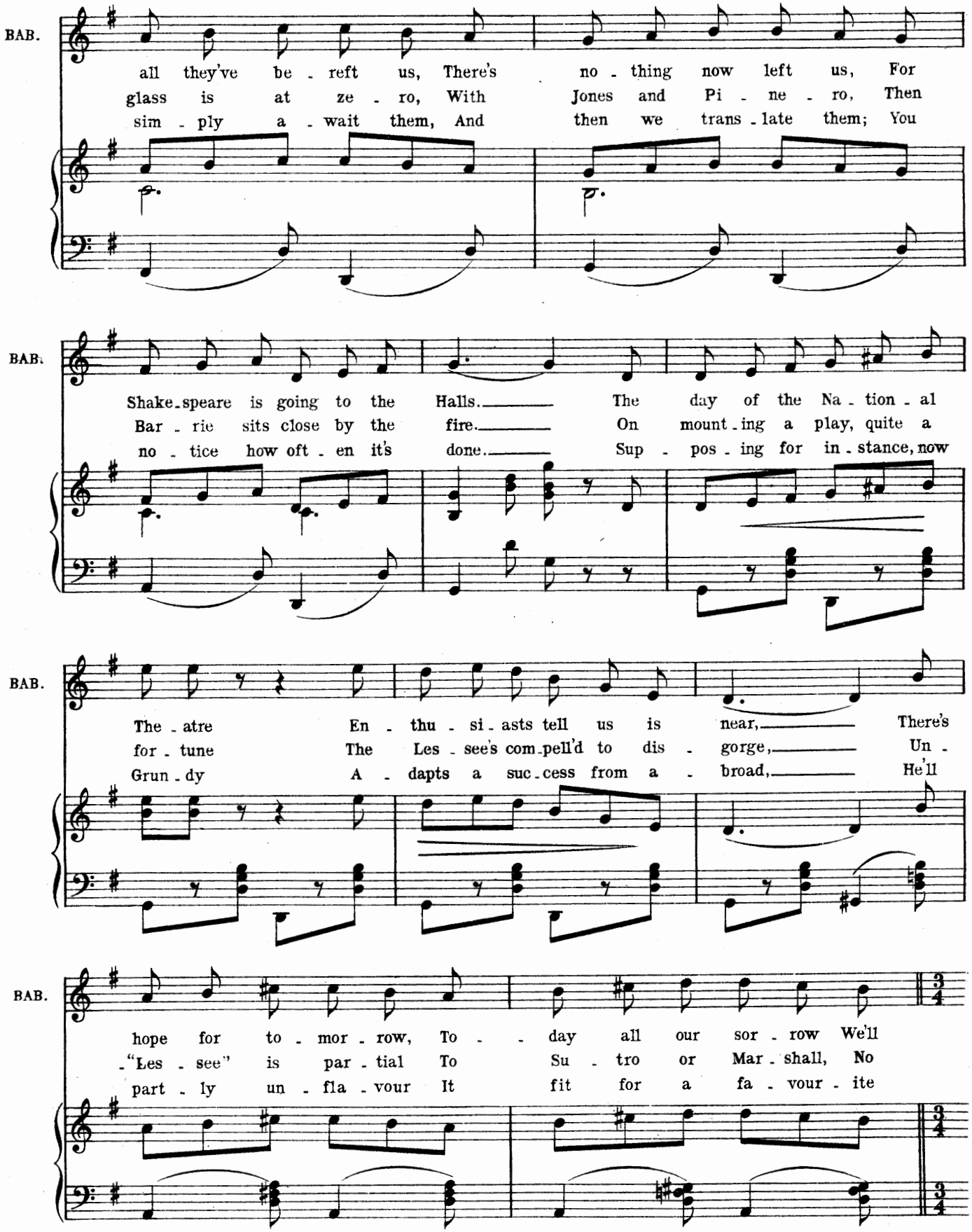
No. 24a SONG.—(Babori.) and CHORUS.

"THE NATIONAL THEATRE."

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL.




BAB.
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
BAB.
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
BAB.
The - atre En - thu - si - asts tell us is near, There's
for - tune The Les - see's com - pell'd to dis - gorge, Un -
Grun - dy A - dapts a suc - cess from a - broad, He'll
BAB.
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

REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse.

rall:

BAB.

drown in a bum-per of beer. Beer, beer,
won-der he mut-ters "By George!" George, George,
Plea-sing to Ma-bel or Maud. Maude, Maude, It's

rall: *mf*

BAB.

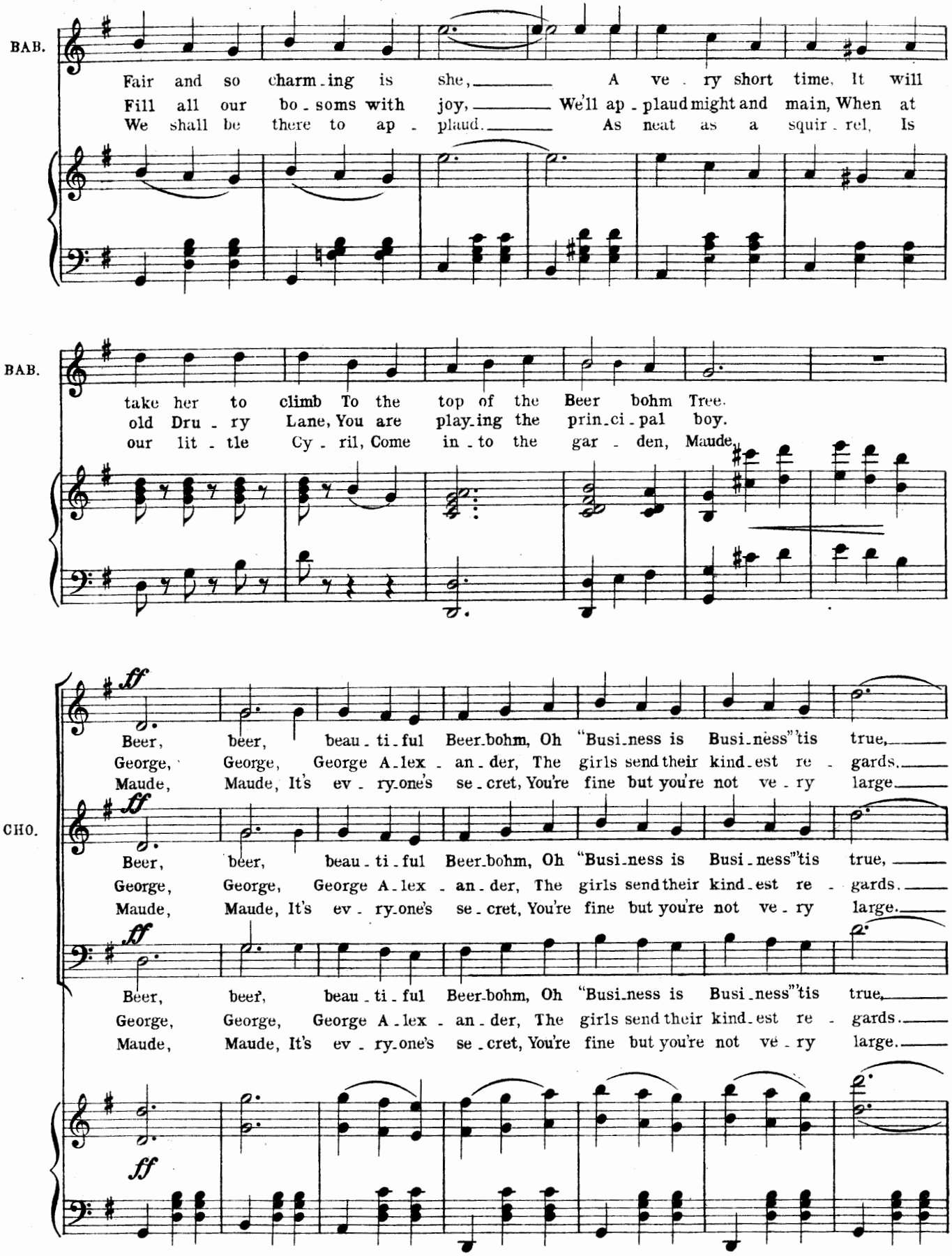
beau-ti-ful Beer-bohm, Oh "Busi-ness is - Busi-ness" tis true,
George A-lex-an-der, The girls send their kind-est re-gards, Oh,
ev-ry-one's se-cret, You're fine but you're not ve-ry large.

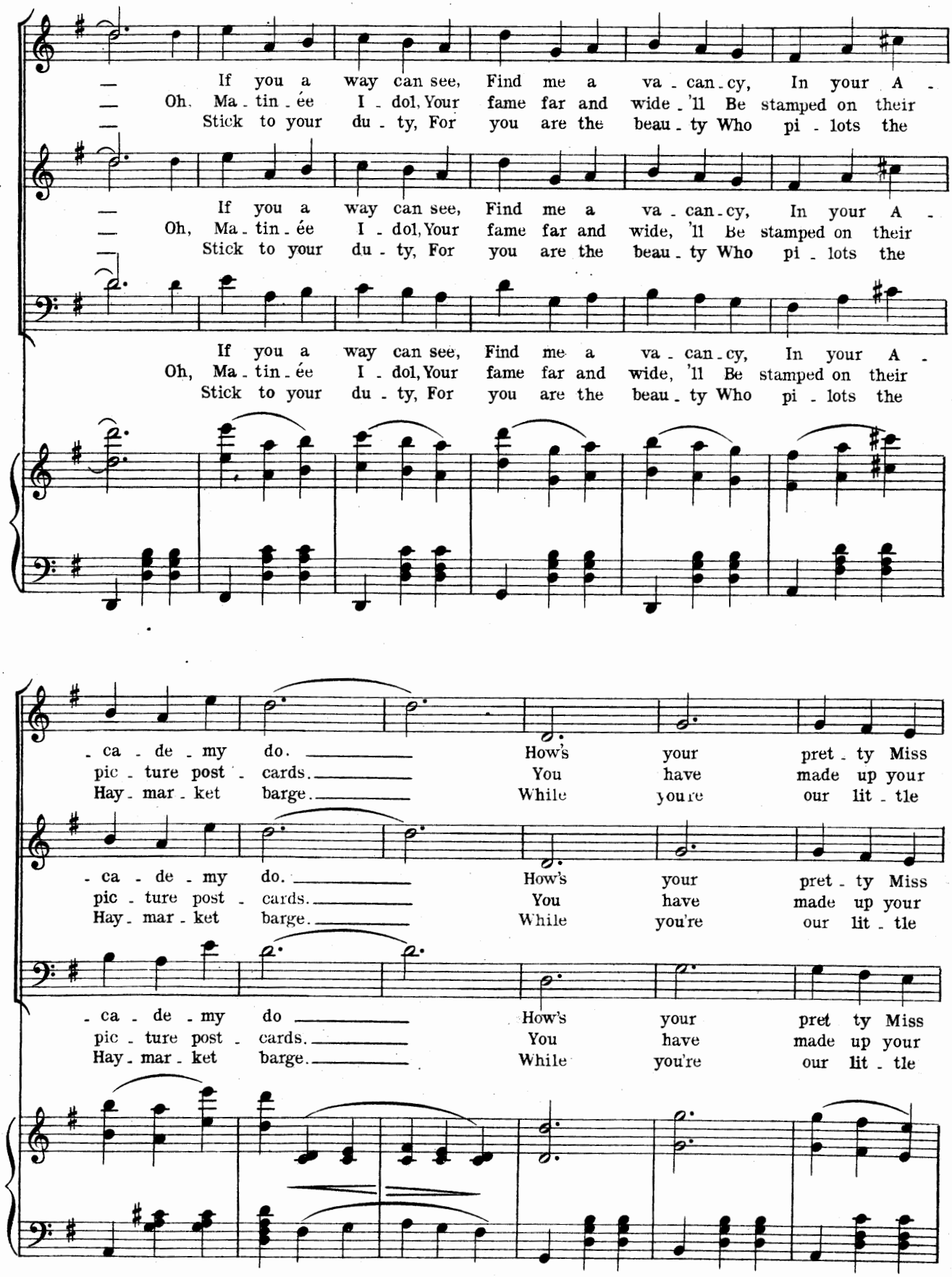
BAB.

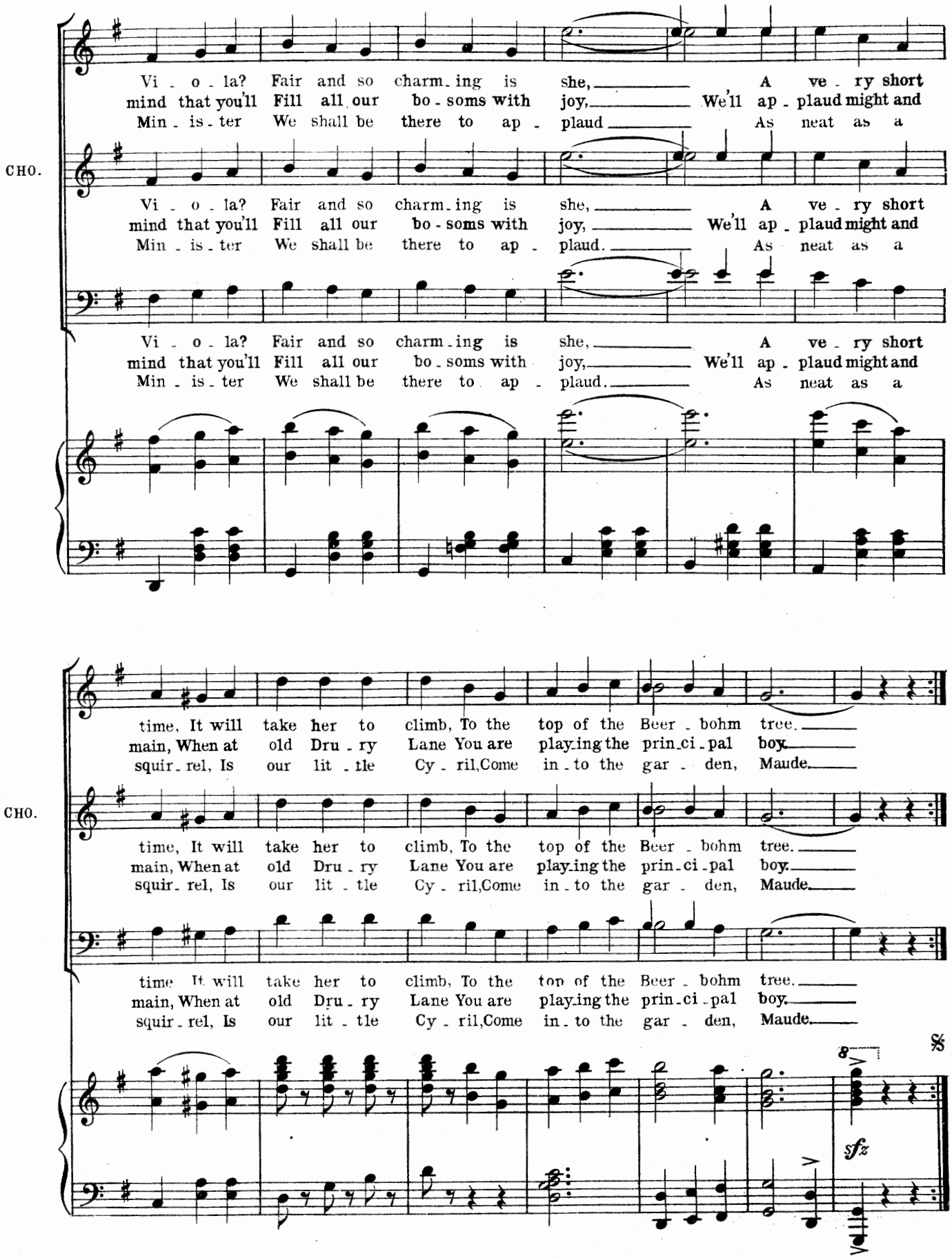
If you a way can see, Find me a va-can-cy, In your A-cad-e-my
Ma-tin-ée I-dol, Your fame far and wide-'ll, Be stamped on their pic-ture post-
Stick to your du-ty, For you are the beau-ty, Who pi-lots the Hay-mar-ket

BAB.

do. How's your pret-ty Miss Vi-o-la?
-cards. You have made up your mind that you'll
barge. While you're our lit-tle min-is-ter


BAB.
Fair and so charm-ing is she, A ve-ry short time, It will
Fill all our bo-soms with joy, We'll ap-plaud might and main, When at
We shall be there to ap-plaud. As neat as a squir-rel, Is
BAB.
take her to climb To the top of the Beer bohm Tree.
old Dru-ry Lane, You are play-ing the prin-ci-pal boy.
our lit-tle Cy-ril, Come in-to the gar-den, Maude,
CHO.
ff
Beer, beer, beau-ti-ful Beer-bohm, Oh "Busi-ness is Busi-ness" tis true,
George, George, George A-lex-an-der, The girls send their kind-est re-gards.
Maude, Maude, It's ev-ry-one's se-cret, You're fine but you're not ve-ry large.

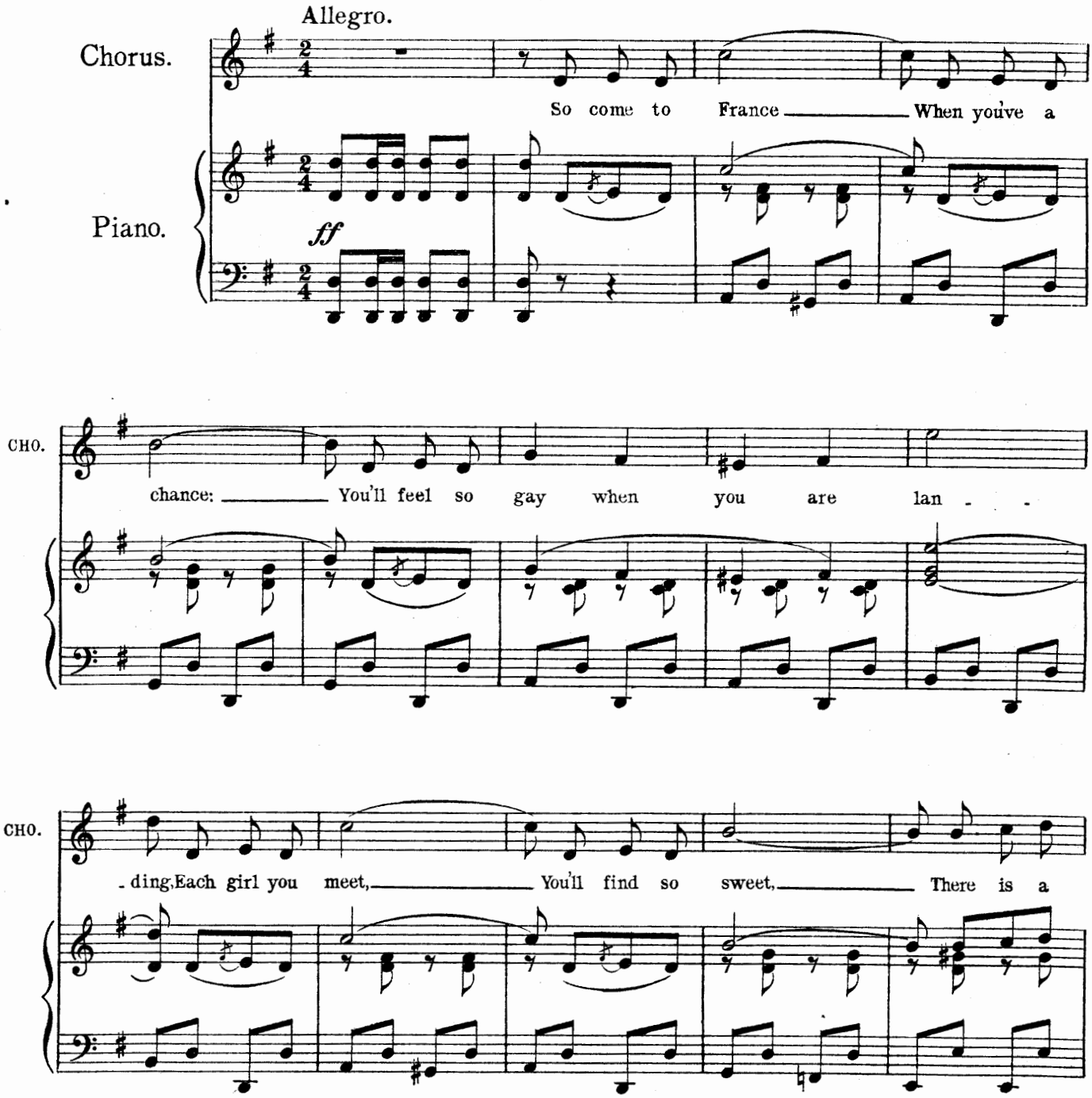

If you a way can see, Find me a va - can - cy, In your A -
Oh, Ma - tin - ée I - dol, Your fame far and wide, 'll Be stamped on their
Stick to your du - ty, For you are the beau - ty Who pi - lots the
CHO.
If you a way can see, Find me a va - can - cy, In your A -
Oh, Ma - tin - ée I - dol, Your fame far and wide, 'll Be stamped on their
Stick to your du - ty, For you are the beau - ty Who pi - lots the
If you a way can see, Find me a va - can - cy, In your A -
Oh, Ma - tin - ée I - dol, Your fame far and wide, 'll Be stamped on their
Stick to your du - ty, For you are the beau - ty Who pi - lots the
- ca - de - my do. How's your pret - ty Miss
pic - ture post - cards. You have made up your
Hay - mar - ket barge. While you're our lit - tle
CHO.
- ca - de - my do. How's your pret - ty Miss
pic - ture post - cards. You have made up your
Hay - mar - ket barge. While you're our lit - tle
- ca - de - my do How's your pret ty Miss
pic - ture post - cards. You have made up your
Hay - mar - ket barge. While you're our lit - tle

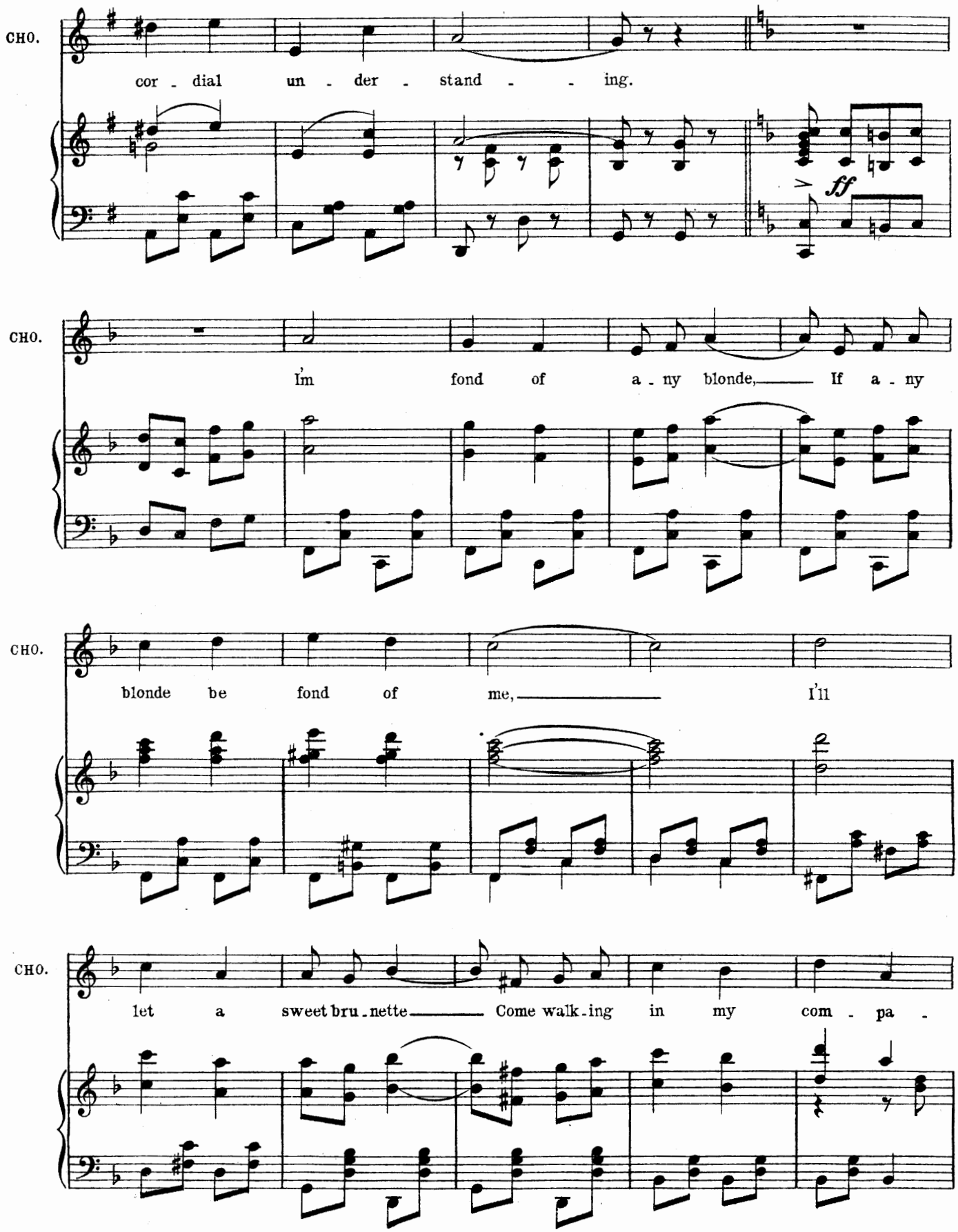

CHO.
Vi - o - la? Fair and so charm - ing is she, A ve - ry short
mind that you'll Fill all our bo - soms with joy, We'll ap - plaud might and
Min - is - ter We shall be there to ap - plaud As neat as a
CHO.
Vi - o - la? Fair and so charm - ing is she, A ve - ry short
mind that you'll Fill all our bo - soms with joy, We'll ap - plaud might and
Min - is - ter We shall be there to ap - plaud. As neat as a
Vi - o - la? Fair and so charm - ing is she, A ve - ry short
mind that you'll Fill all our bo - soms with joy, We'll ap - plaud might and
Min - is - ter We shall be there to ap - plaud. As neat as a
time, It will take her to climb, To the top of the Beer - bohm tree.
main, When at old Dru - ry Lane You are play - ing the prin - ci - pal boy.
squir - rel, Is our lit - tle Cy - ril, Come in - to the gar - den, Maude.
CHO.
time, It will take her to climb, To the top of the Beer - bohm tree.
main, When at old Dru - ry Lane You are play - ing the prin - ci - pal boy.
squir - rel, Is our lit - tle Cy - ril, Come in - to the gar - den, Maude.
time It will take her to climb, To the top of the Beer - bohm tree.
main, When at old Dru - ry Lane You are play - ing the prin - ci - pal boy.
squir - rel, Is our lit - tle Cy - ril, Come in - to the gar - den, Maude.
8
sfz

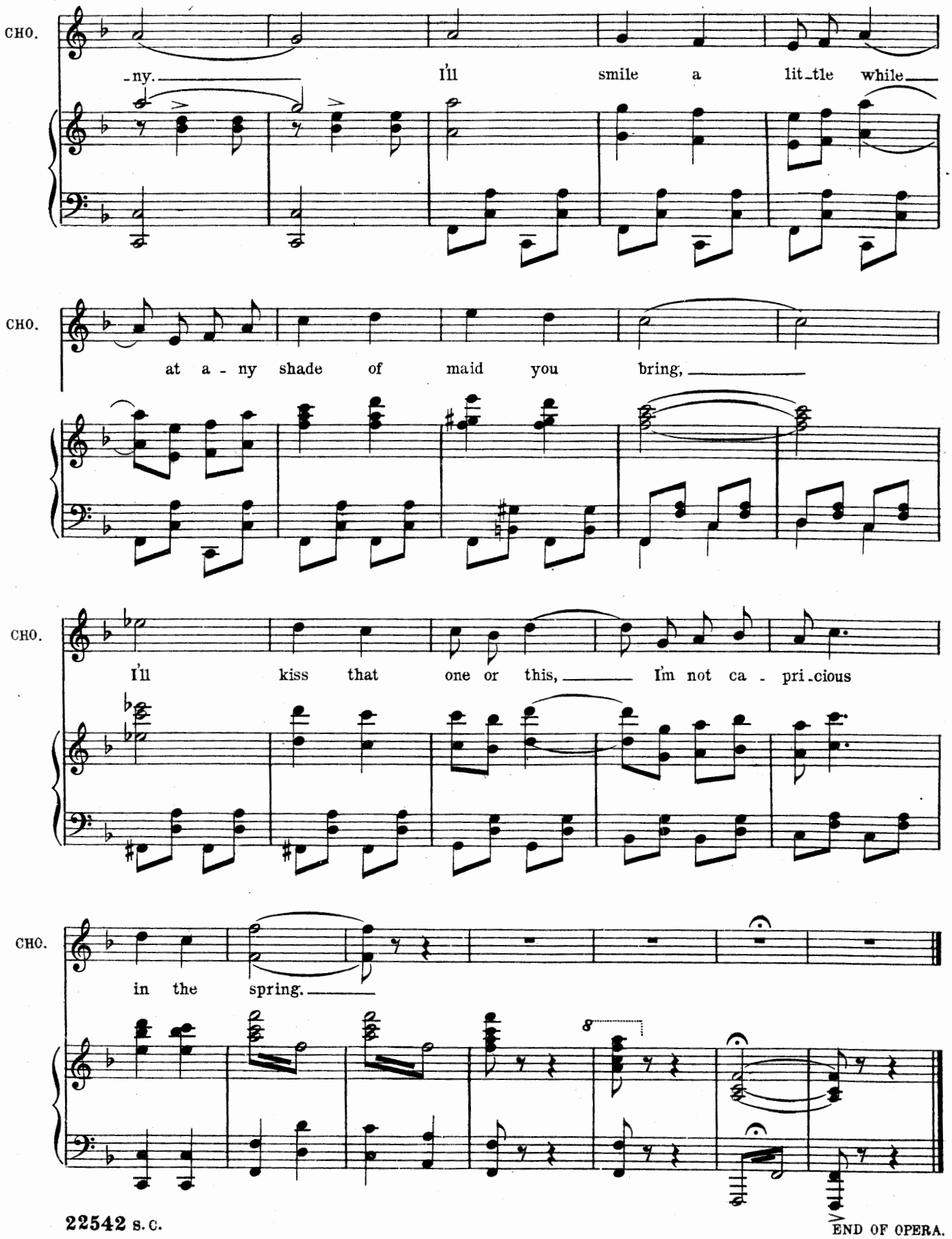
Nº 25. FINALE.–ACT II.

Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUNr &
LESLIE MAYNE.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL. &
LIONEL MONCKTON.




CHO.
cor - dial un - der - stand - - ing.
ff
CHO.
I'm fond of a - ny blonde, If a - ny
CHO.
blonde be fond of me, I'll
CHO.
let a sweet bru - nette Come walk - ing in my com - pa -


CHO.
-ny. I'll smile a lit-tle while
CHO.
at a - ny shade of maid you bring,
CHO.
I'll kiss that one or this, I'm not ca - pri-cious
CHO.
in the spring.
8

END OF OPERA.