CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE

BIRD

BOOK BY R.A. BARNET.

MUSIC BY LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK

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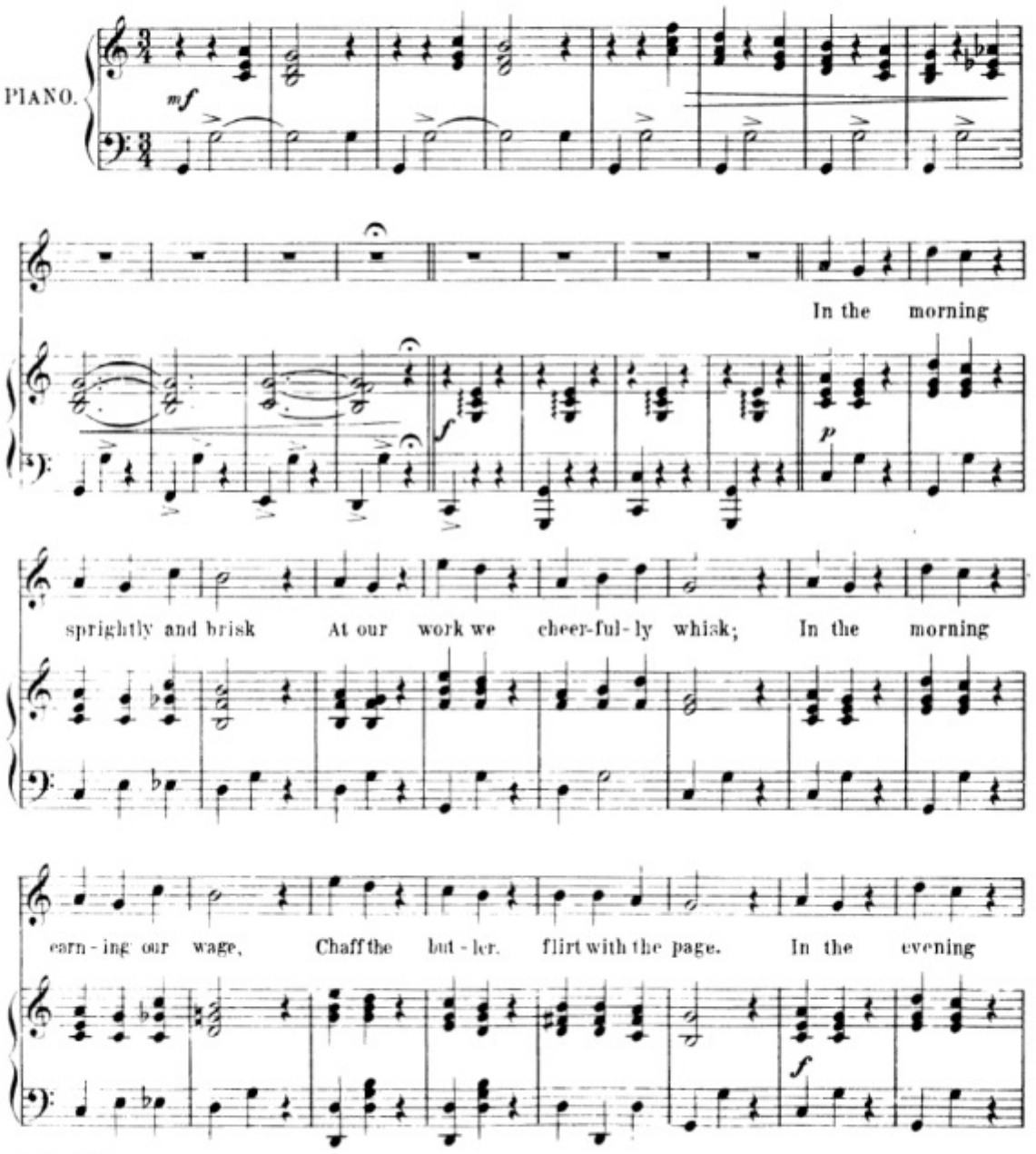
Act II.

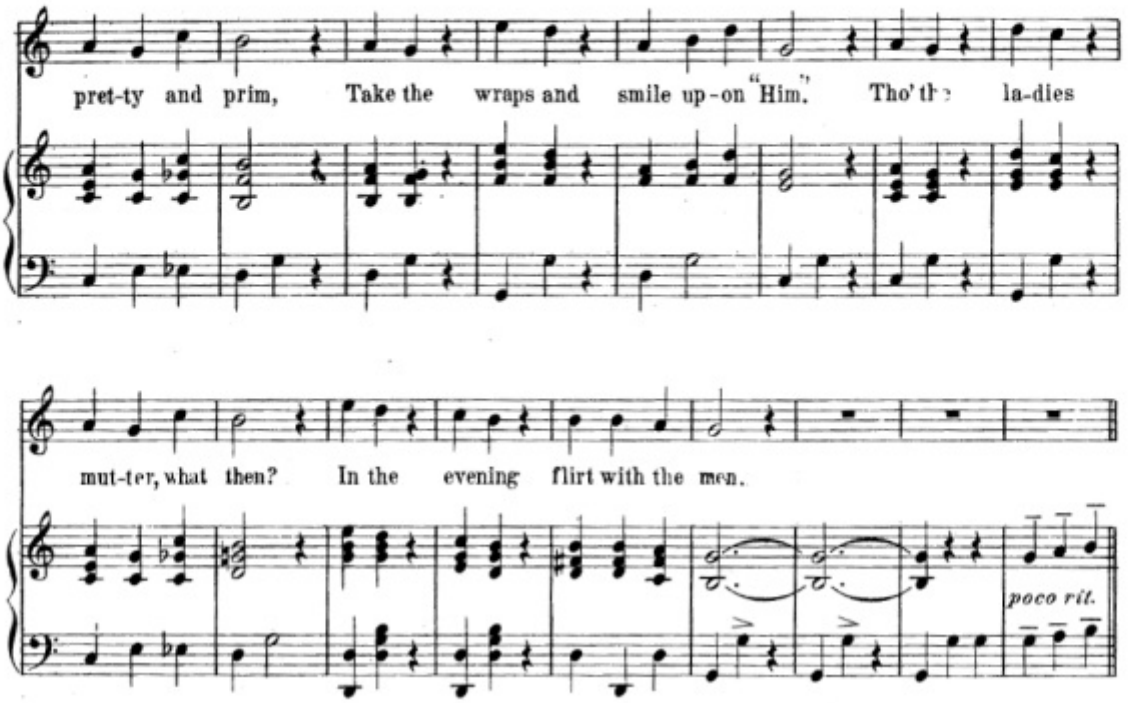
OPENING CHORUS.

In the Morning Sprightly and Brisk.

No. 13. (HOUSEMAIDS.)

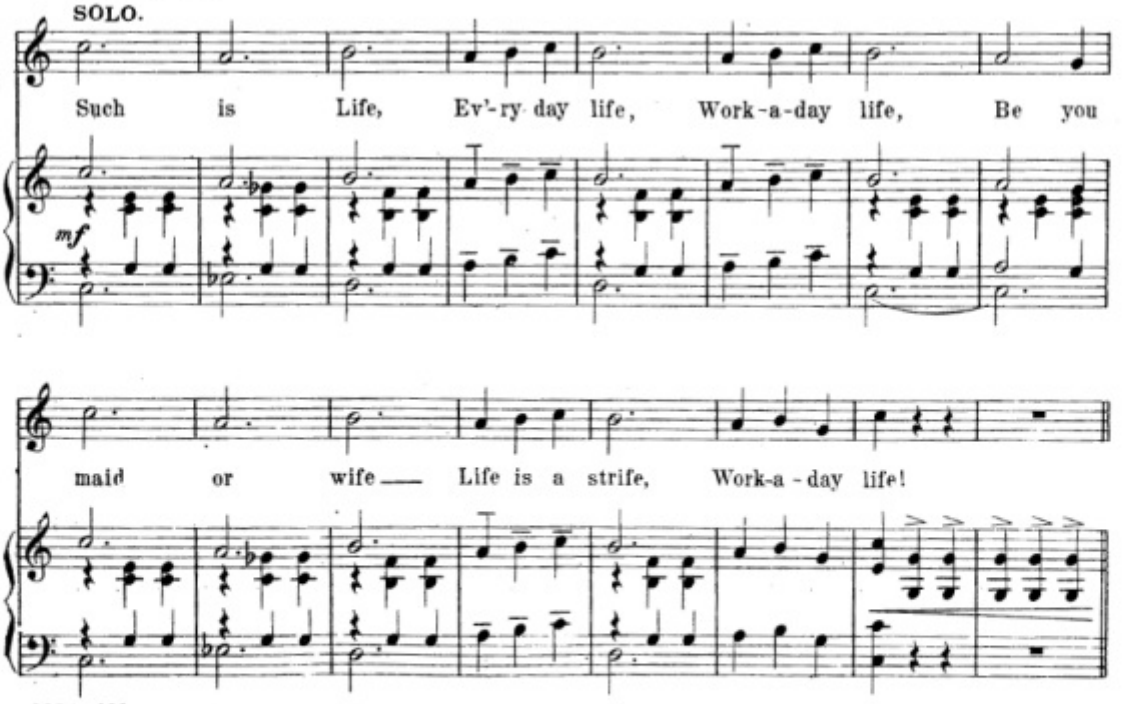
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

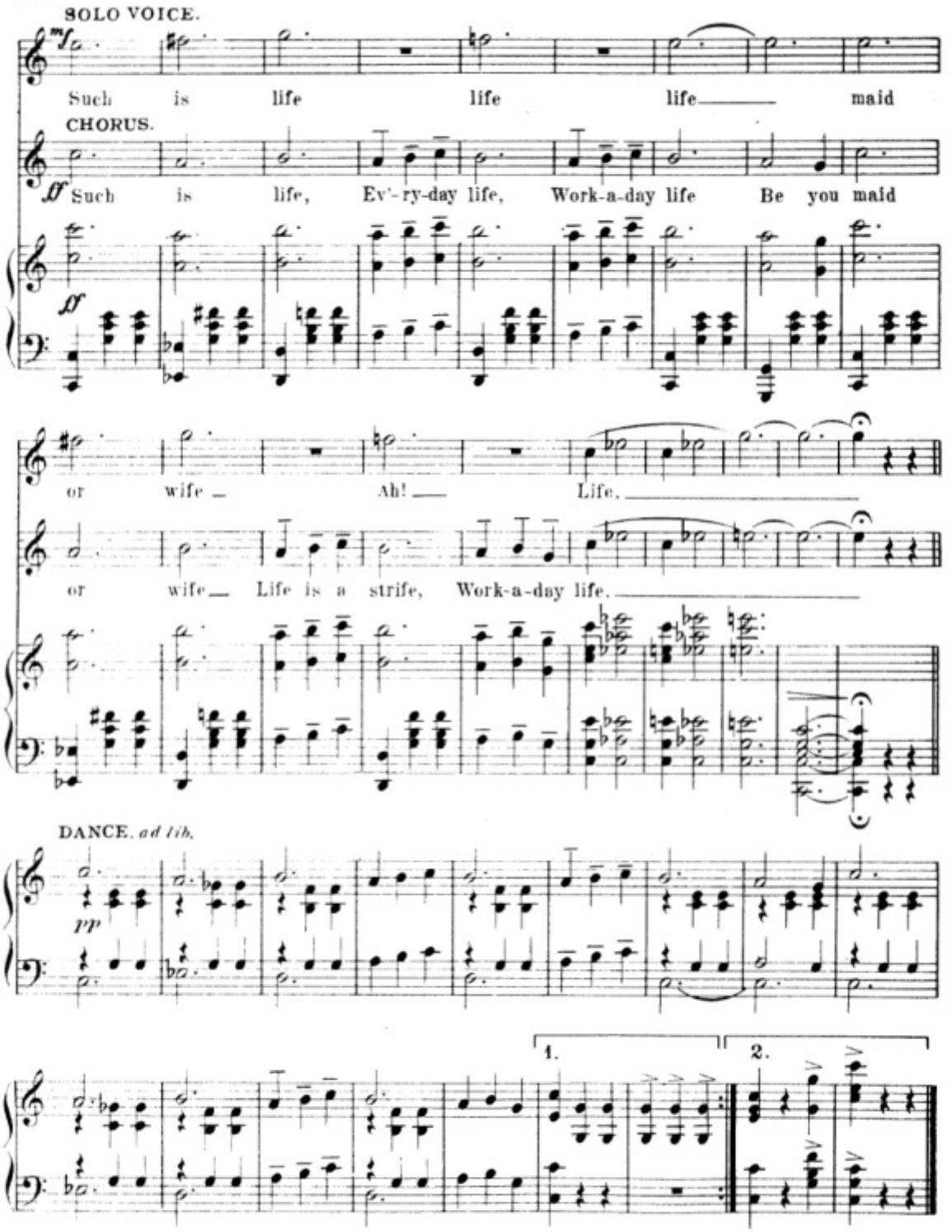




Valse lento.

SOLO.




SOLO VOICE.
mf
Such is life life life maid
CHORUS.
ff
Such is life, Ev'-ry-day life, Work-a-day life Be you maid
ff
or wife Ah! Life.
or wife Life is a strife, Work-a-day life.
DANCE, ad lib.
pp
1.
2.

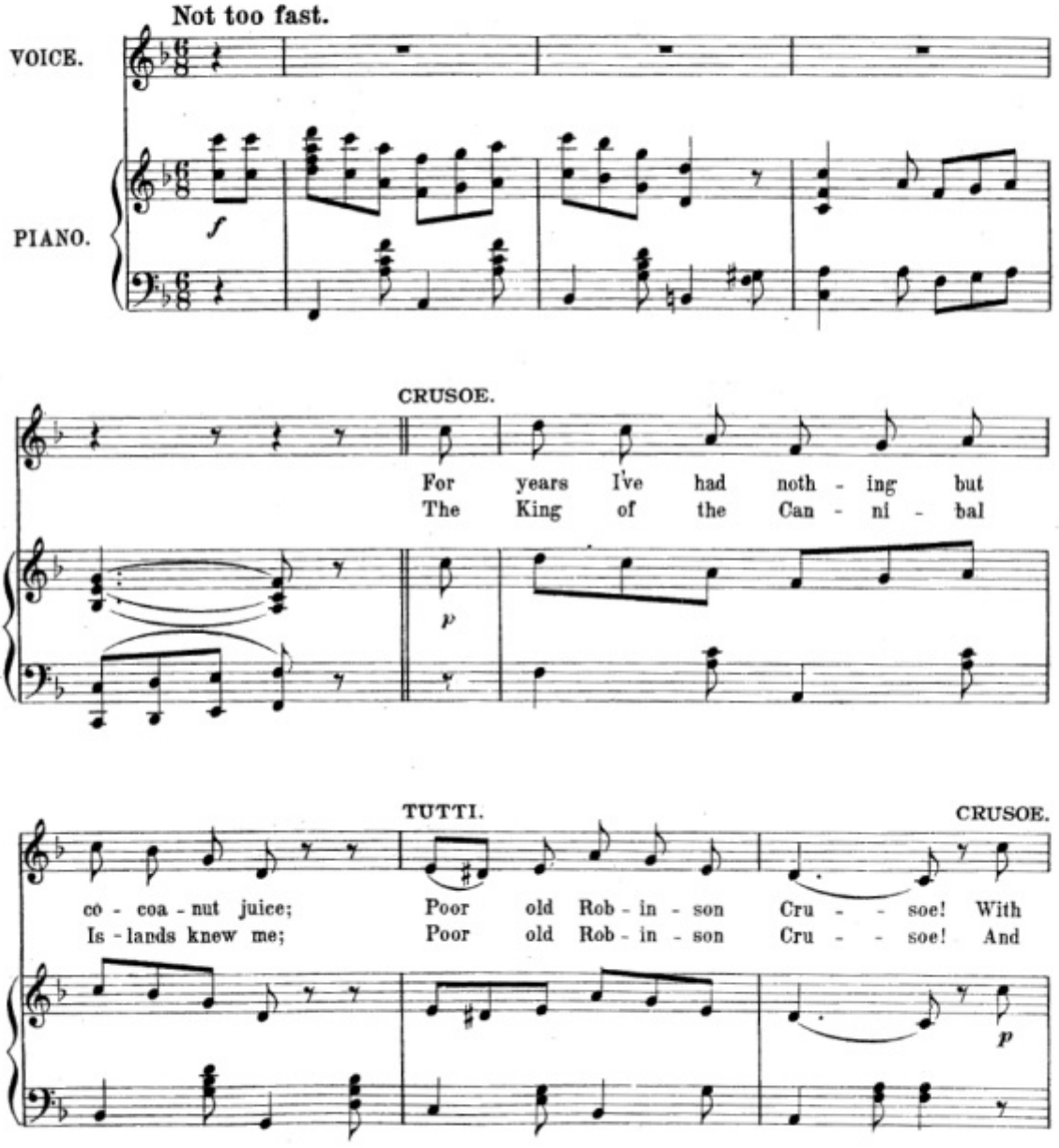
For I am Robinson Crusoe.

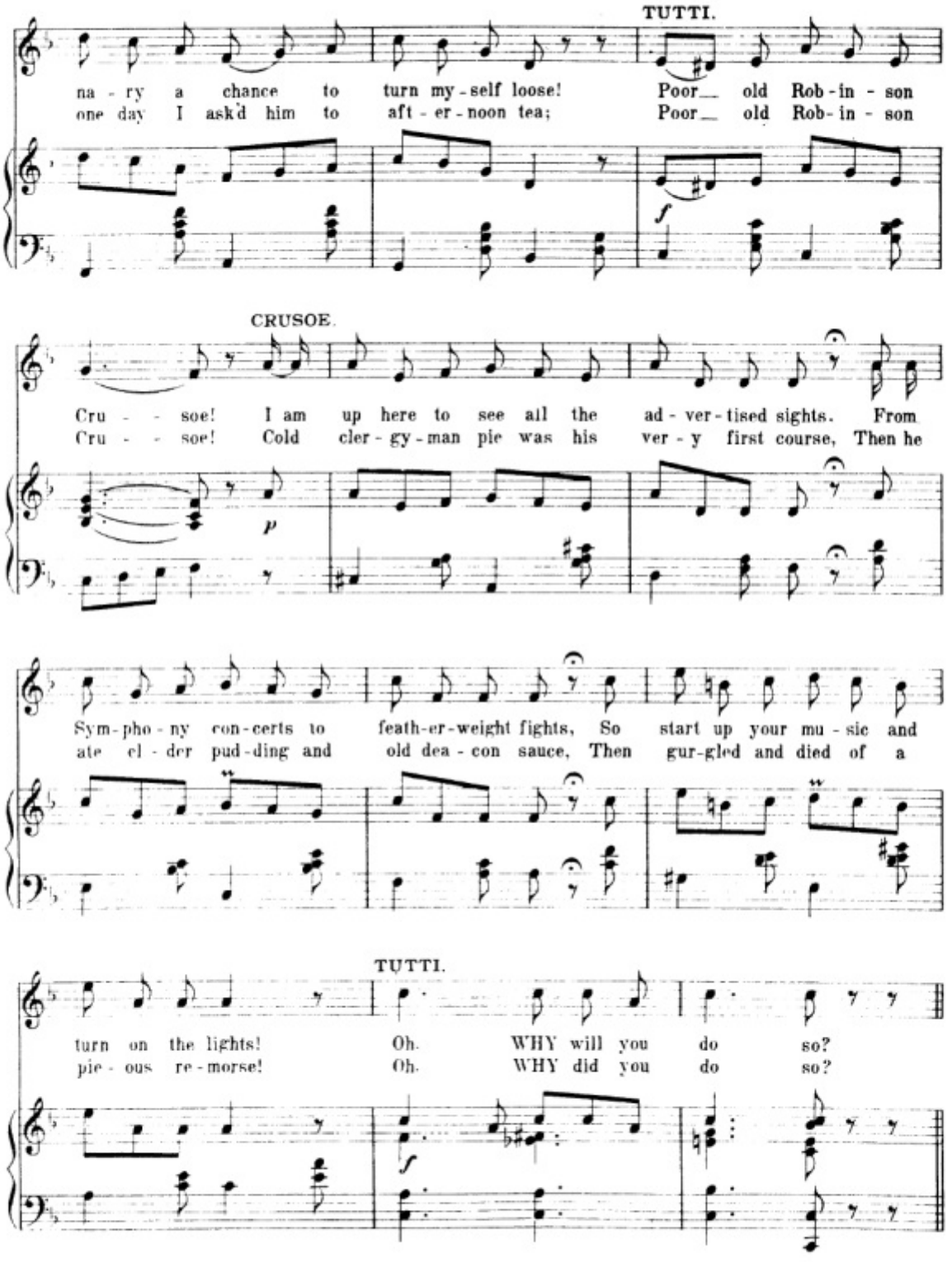
SONG.

(CRUSOE.)

No.14.

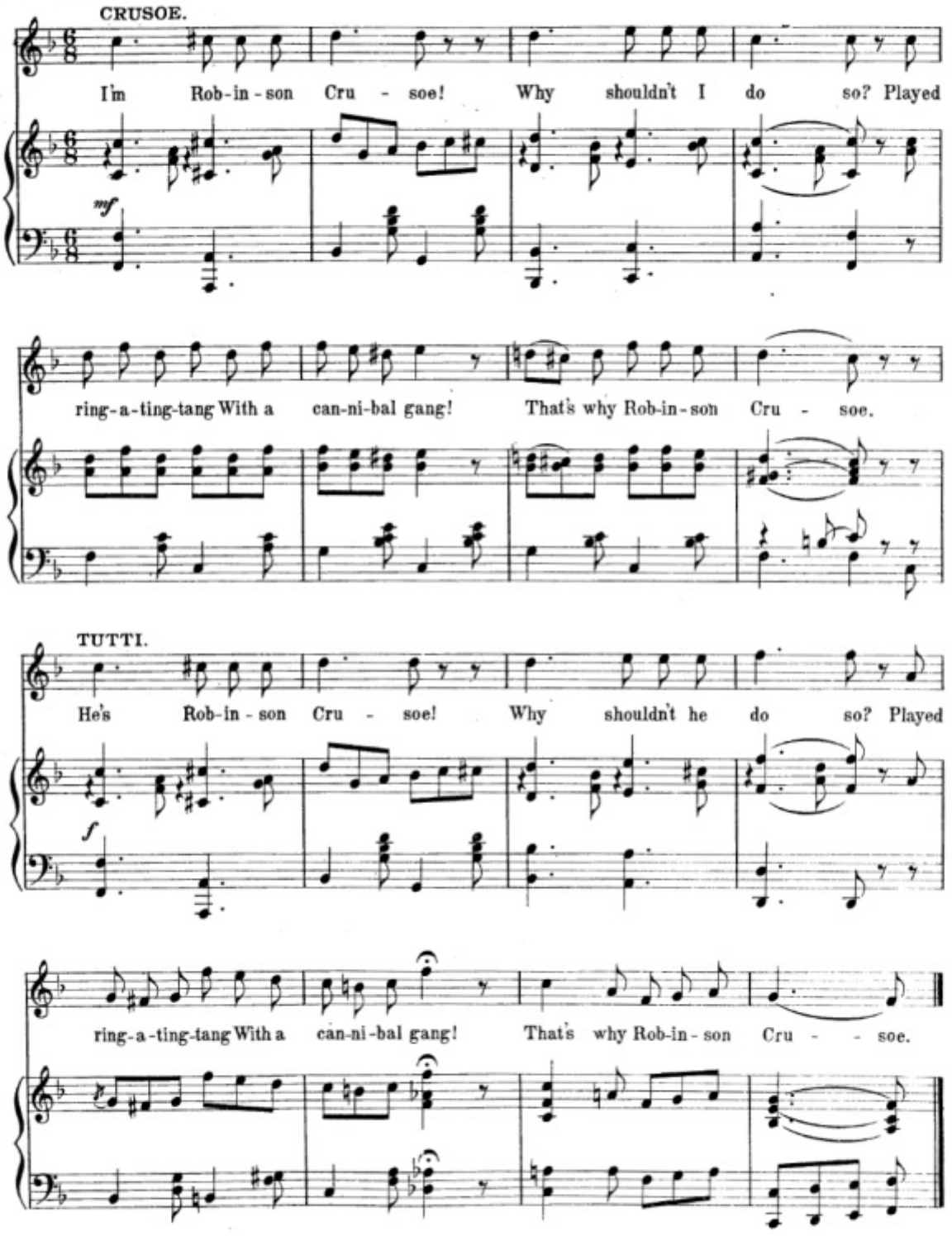
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.




TUTTI.
na - ry a chance to turn my - self loose! Poor_ old Rob - in - son
one day I ask'd him to aft - er - noon tea; Poor_ old Rob - in - son
CRUSOE.
Cru - - soe! I am up here to see all the ad - ver - tised sights. From
Cru - - soe! Cold cler - gy - man pie was his ver - y first course, Then he
Sym - pho - ny con - certs to feath - er - weight fights, So start up your mu - sic and
ate el - der pud - ding and old dea - con sauce, Then gur - gled and died of a
TUTTI.
turn on the lights! Oh. WHY will you do so?
pie - ous re - morse! Oh. WHY did you do so?

REFRAIN.

CRUSOE.



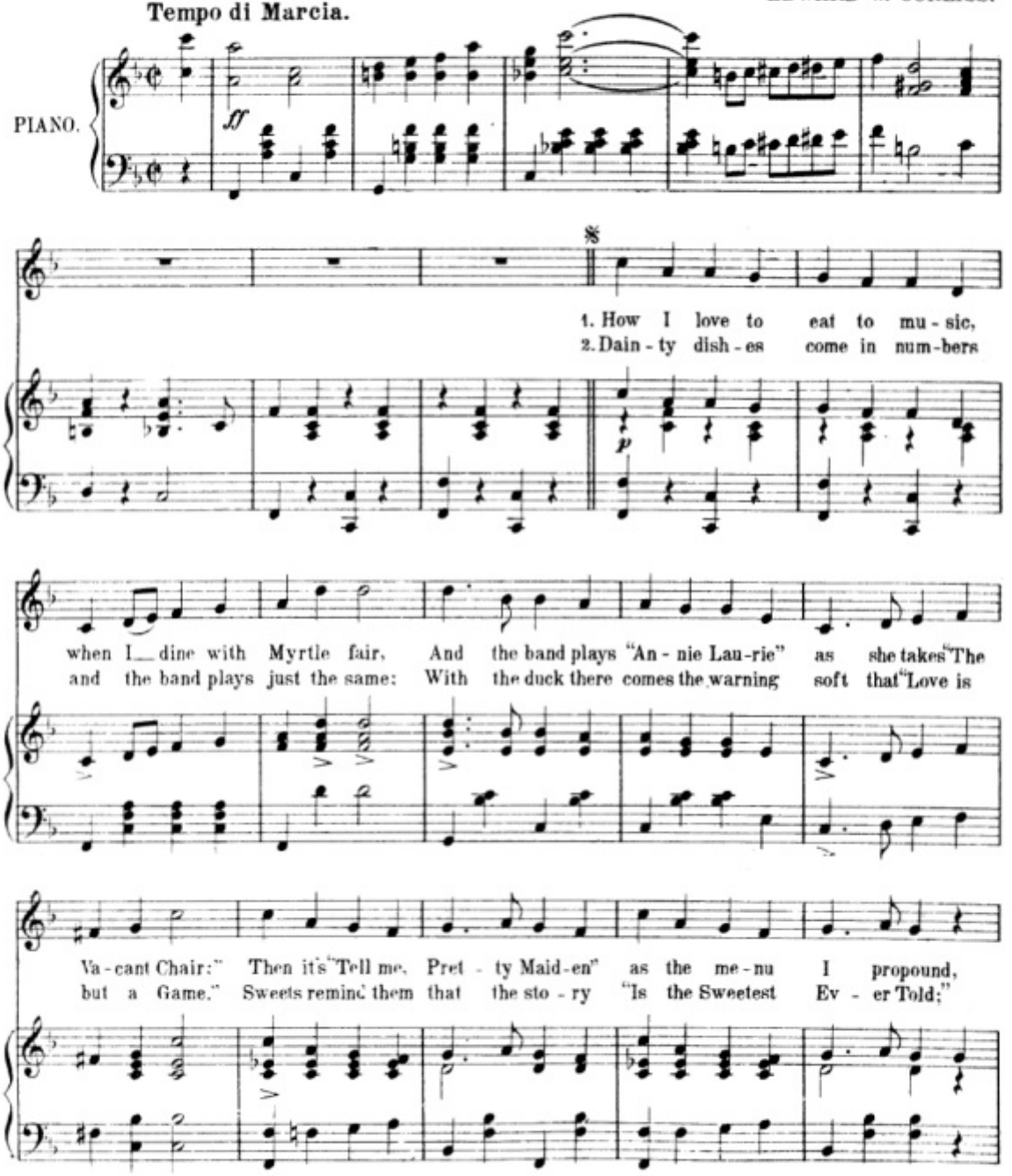
How I Love to Eat to Music.

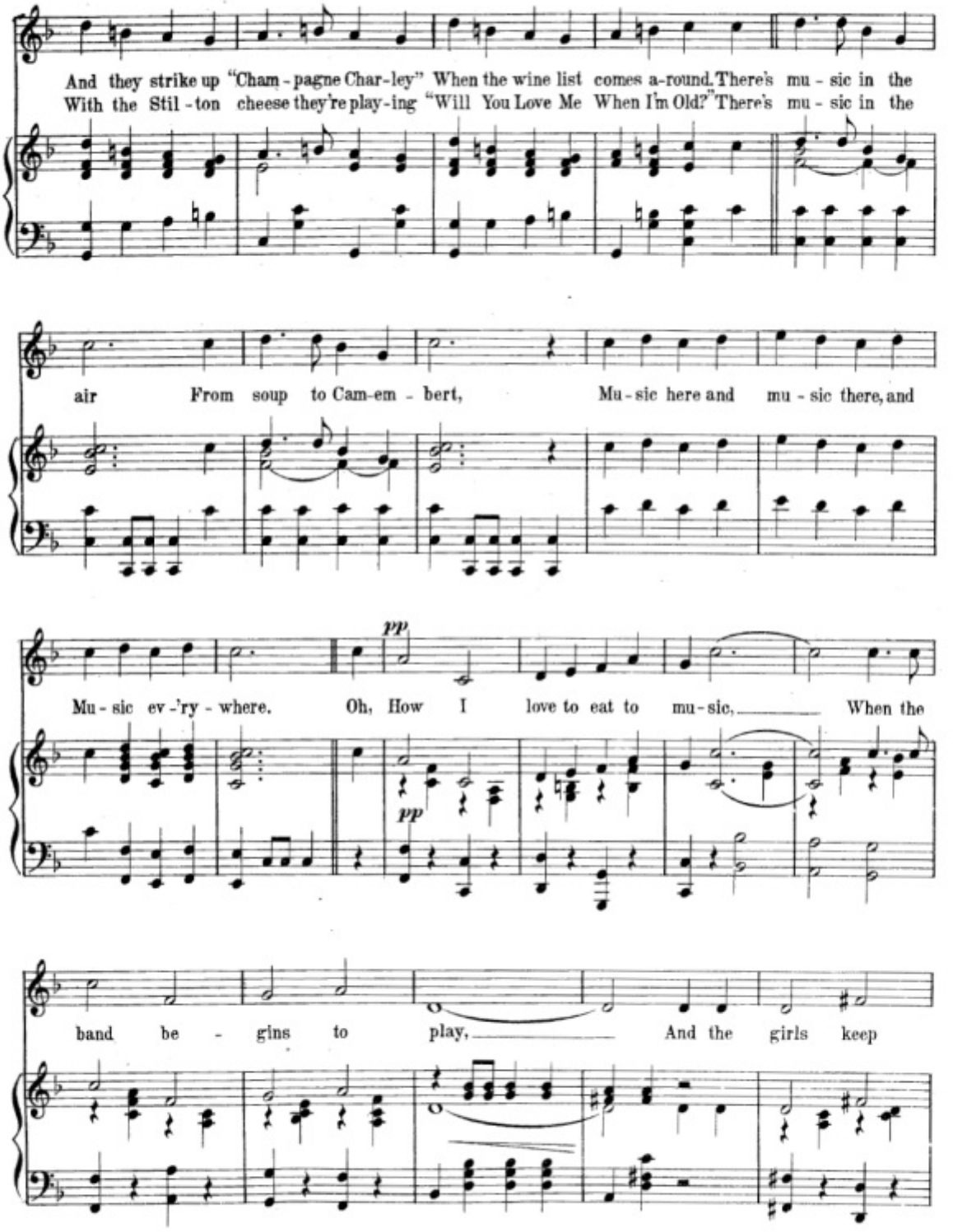
MARCH SONG.

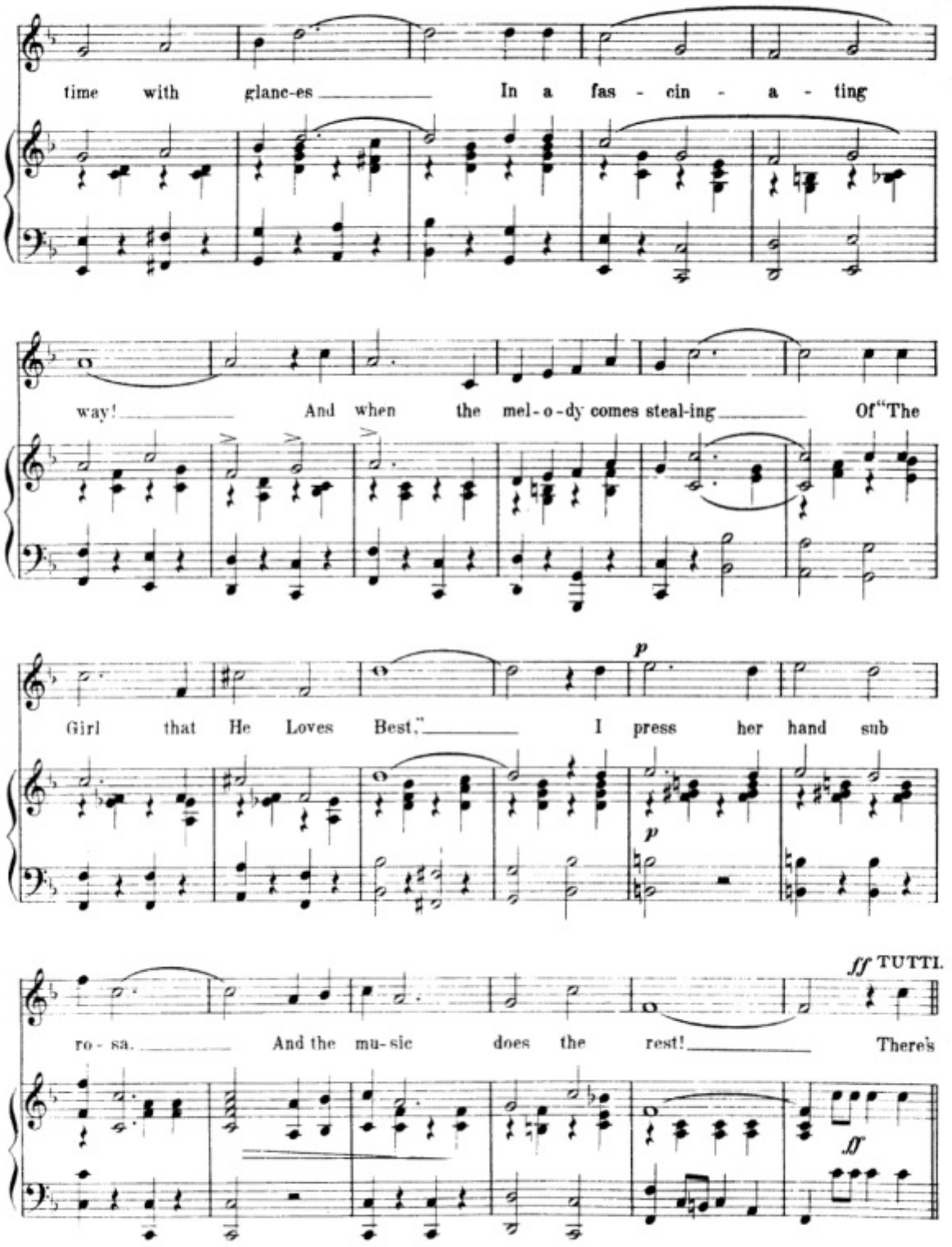
(SANTIE CLAUS.)

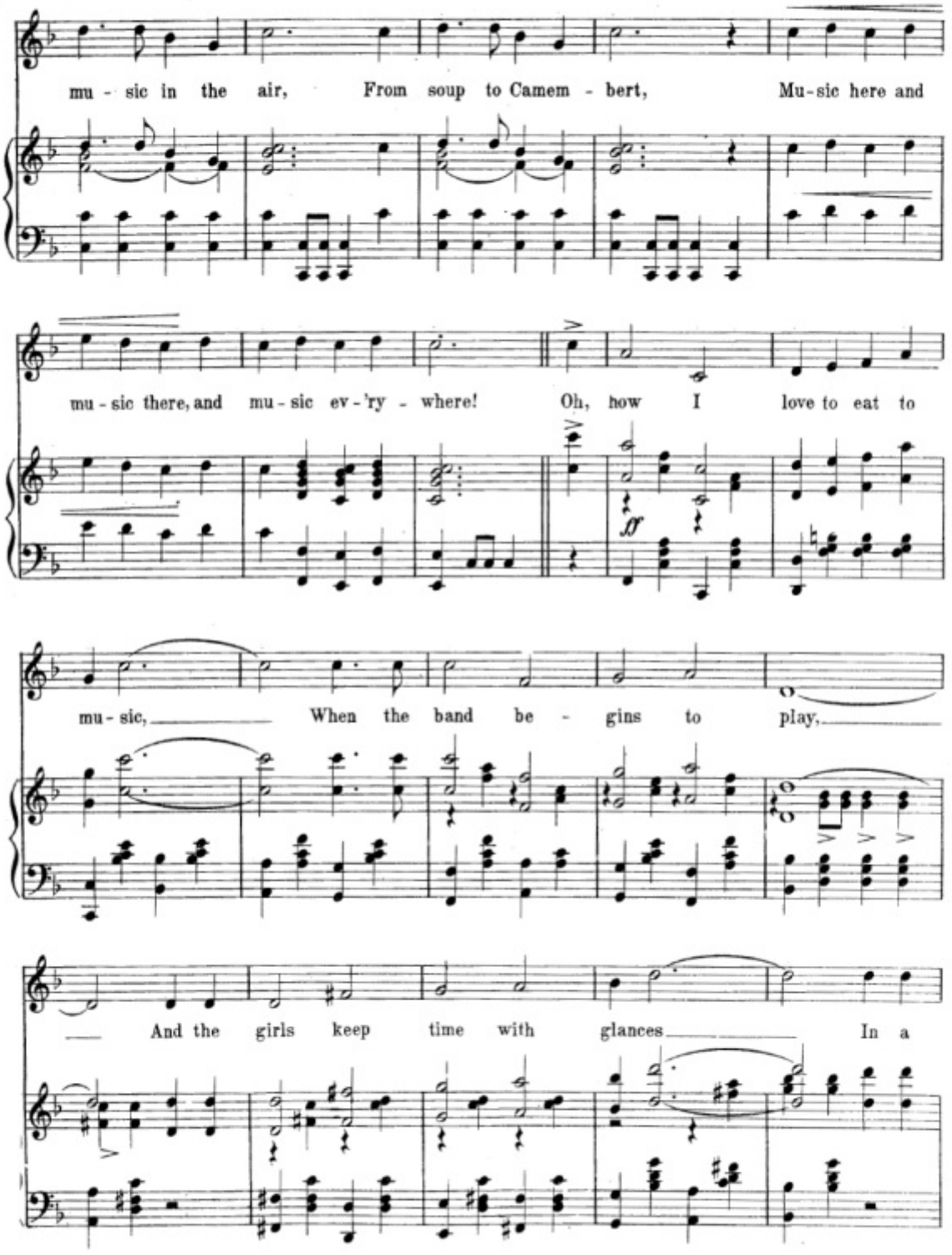
No. 15.

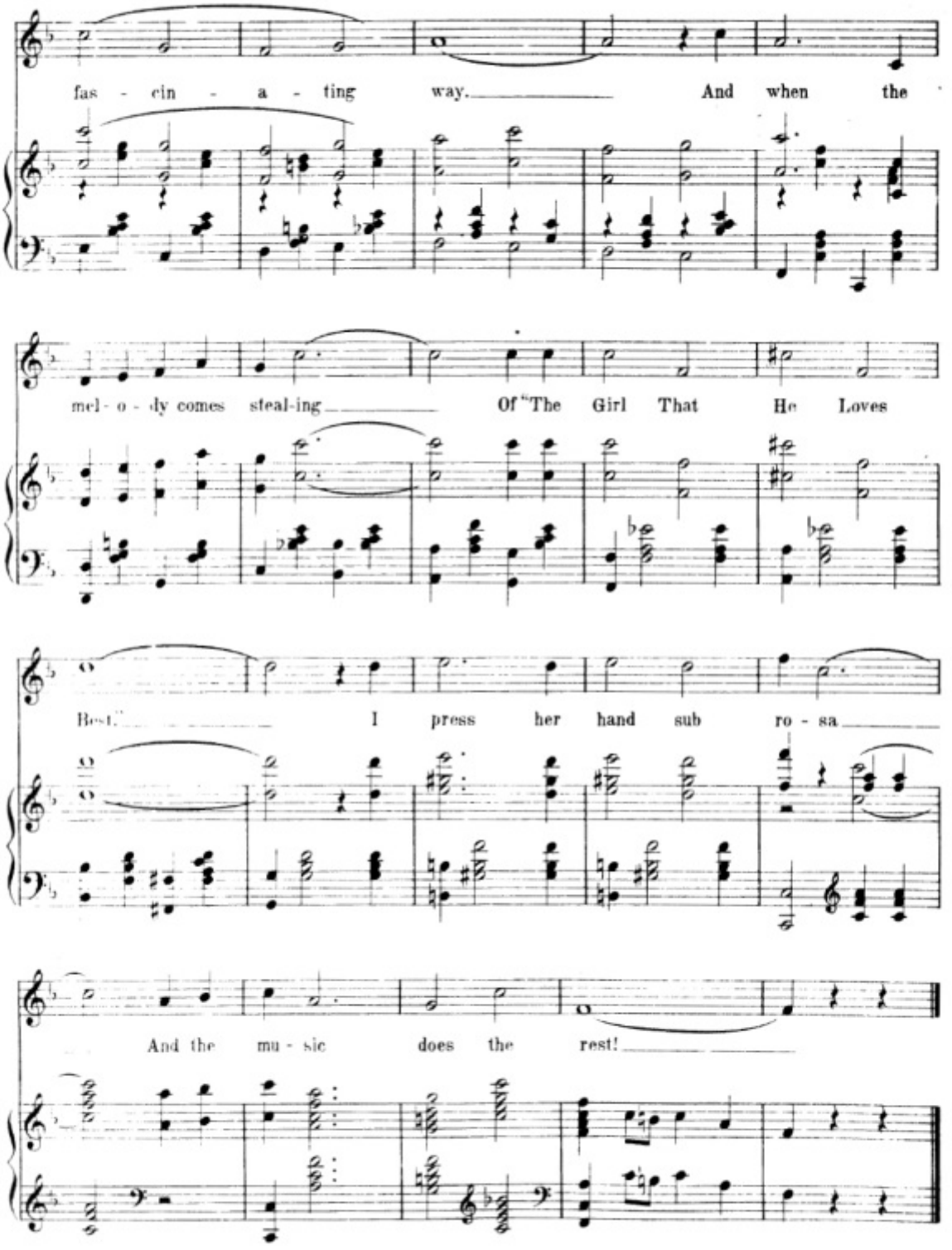
EDWARD W. CORLISS.




And they strike up "Cham - pagne Char - ley" When the wine list comes a - round. There's mu - sic in the
With the Stil - ton cheese they're play - ing "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?" There's mu - sic in the
air From soup to Cam - em - bert, Mu - sic here and mu - sic there, and
pp
Mu - sic ev - 'ry - where. Oh, How I love to eat to mu - sic, When the
pp
band be - gins to play, And the girls keep


time with glanc-es In a fas - cin - a - ting
way! And when the mel-o-dy comes steal-ing Of "The
p
Girl that He Loves Best," I press her hand sub
p
ff TUTTI.
ro - sa. And the mu-sic does the rest! There's
ff


mu - sic in the air, From soup to Camem - bert, Mu-sic here and
mu - sic there, and mu - sic ev - 'ry - where! Oh, how I love to eat to
mu - sic, When the band be - gins to play,
And the girls keep time with glances In a

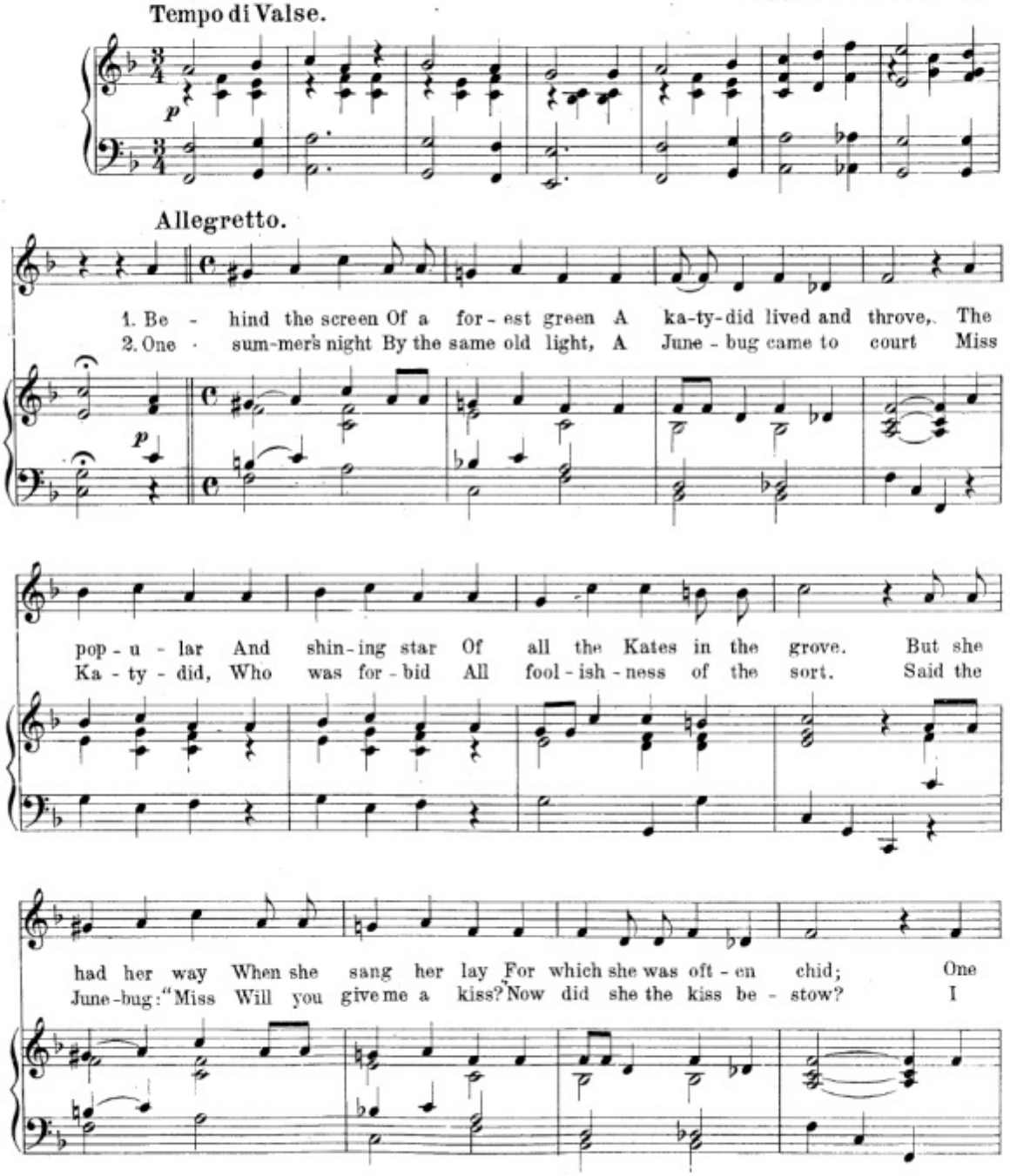

fas - cin - a - ting way. And when the
mel - o - dy comes steal-ing Of "The Girl That He Loves
Best." I press her hand sub ro - sa
And the mu - sic does the rest!

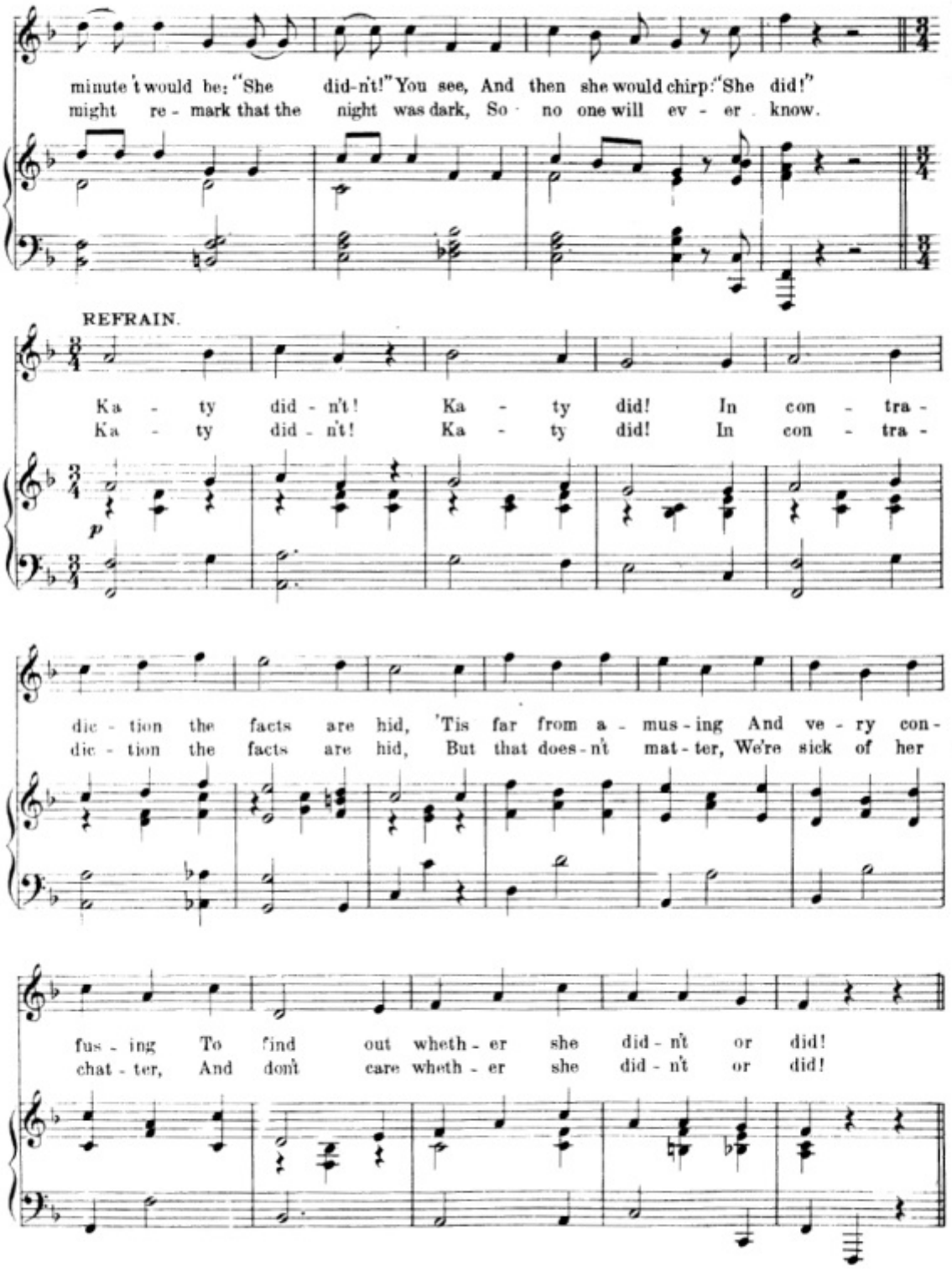
Katy Didn't.

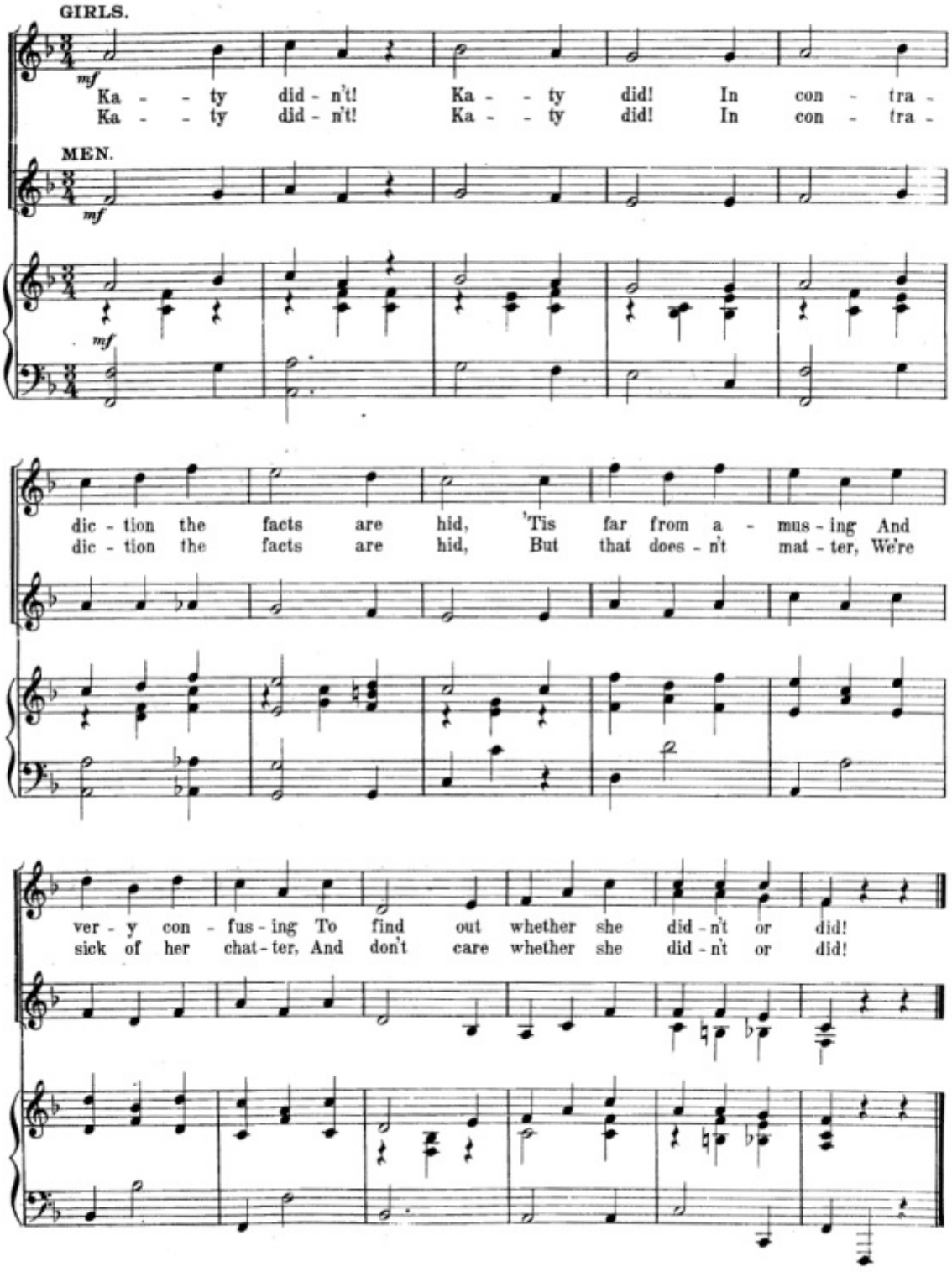
SONG.

No.16. (CINDERELLA.)

LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.




minute 't would be: "She did-n't!" You see, And then she would chirp: "She did!"
might re - mark that the night was dark, So no one will ev - er know.
REFRAIN.
Ka - ty did - n't! Ka - ty did! In con - tra -
Ka - ty did - n't! Ka - ty did! In con - tra -
p
dic - tion the facts are hid, 'Tis far from a - mus - ing And ve - ry con -
dic - tion the facts are hid, But that does - n't mat - ter, We're sick of her
fus - ing To find out wheth - er she did - n't or did!
chat - ter, And don't care wheth - er she did - n't or did!


GIRLS.
mf
Ka - - ty did - n't! Ka - - ty did! In con - tra -
Ka - - ty did - n't! Ka - - ty did! In con - tra -
MEN.
mf
mf
dic - tion the facts are hid, 'Tis far from a - mus - ing And
dic - tion the facts are hid, But that does - n't mat - ter, We're
ver - y con - fus - ing To find out whether she did - n't or did!
sick of her chat - ter, And don't care whether she did - n't or did!

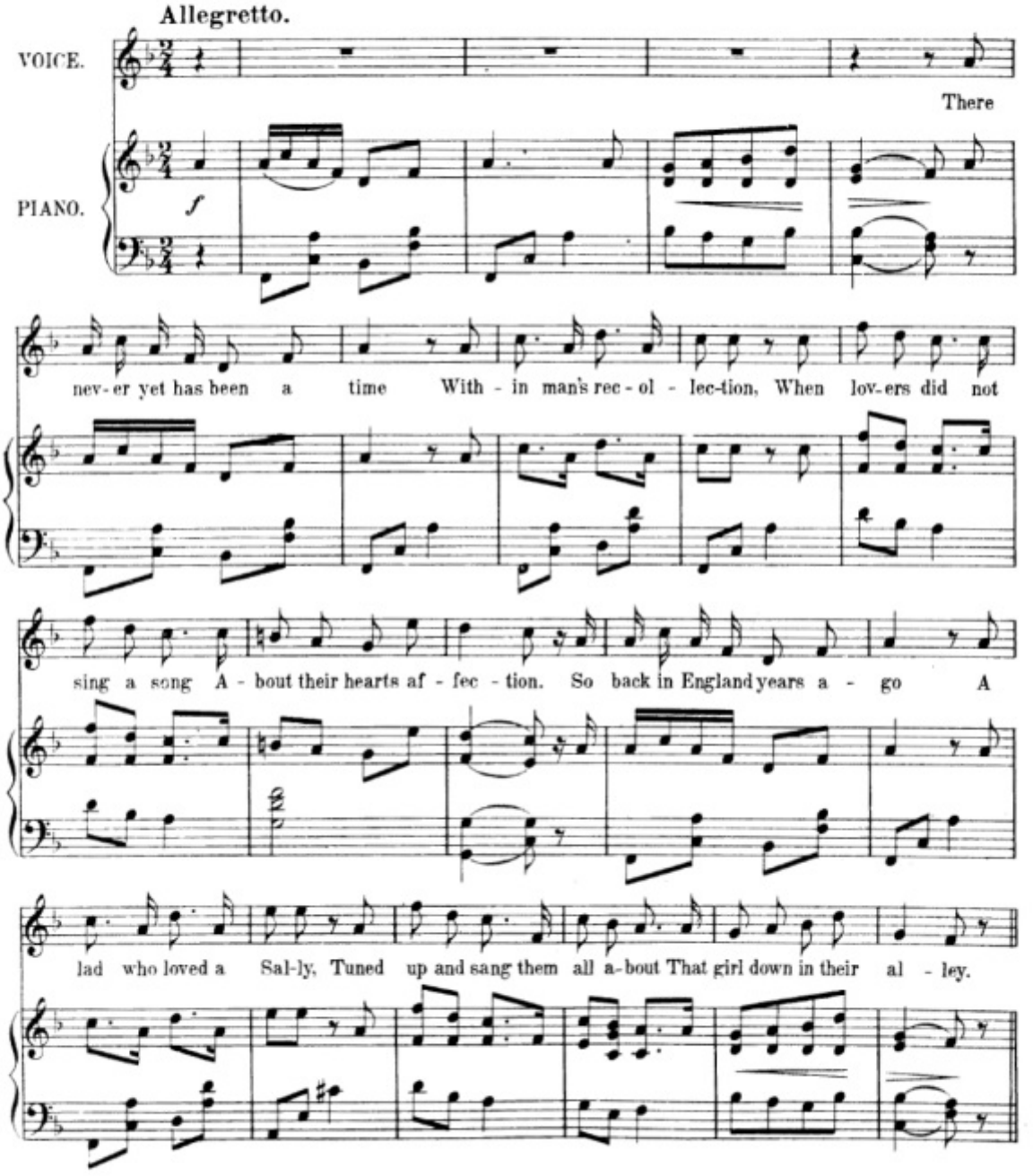
How Lovers Sing about their Heart's Affection.

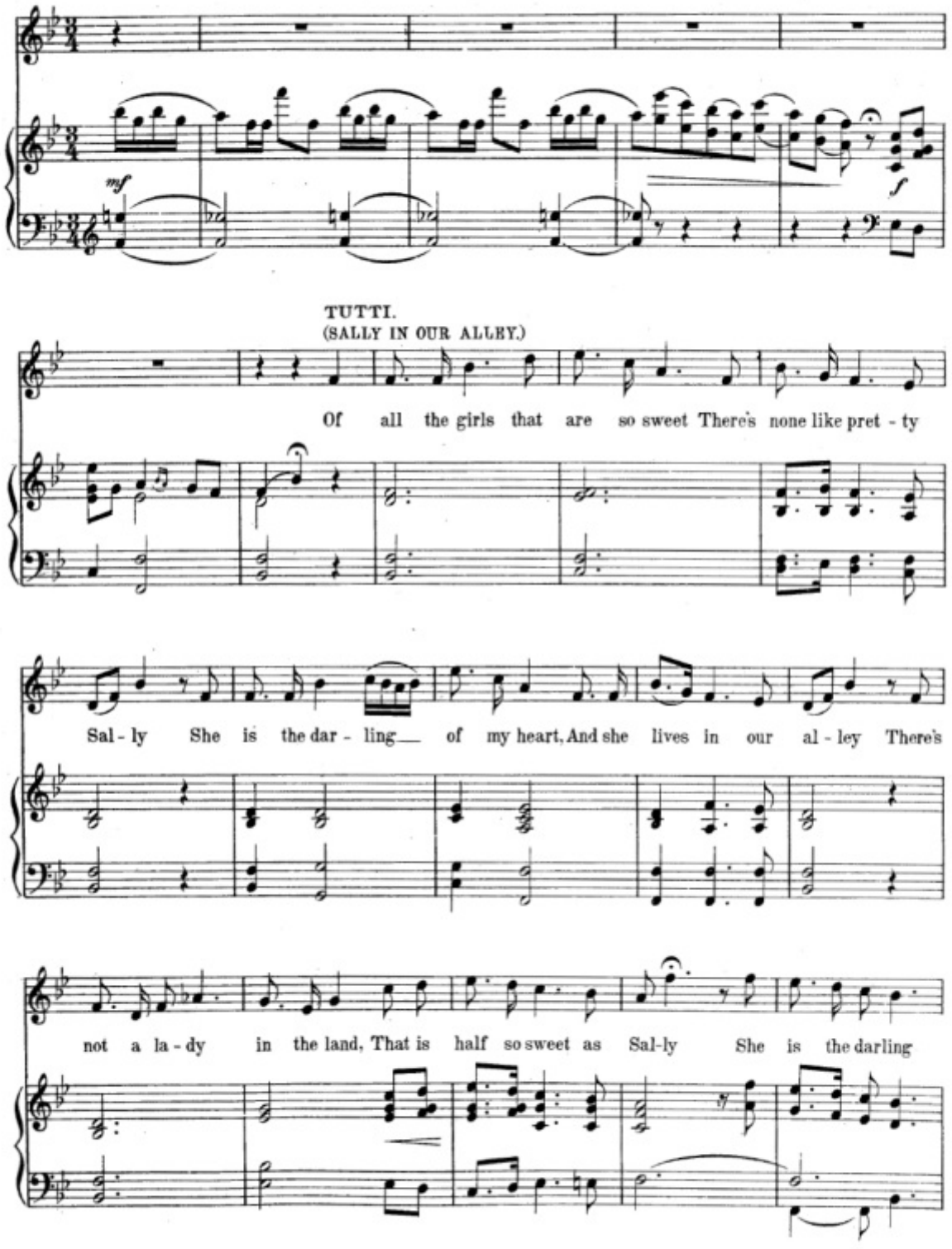
CONCERTED NUMBER.

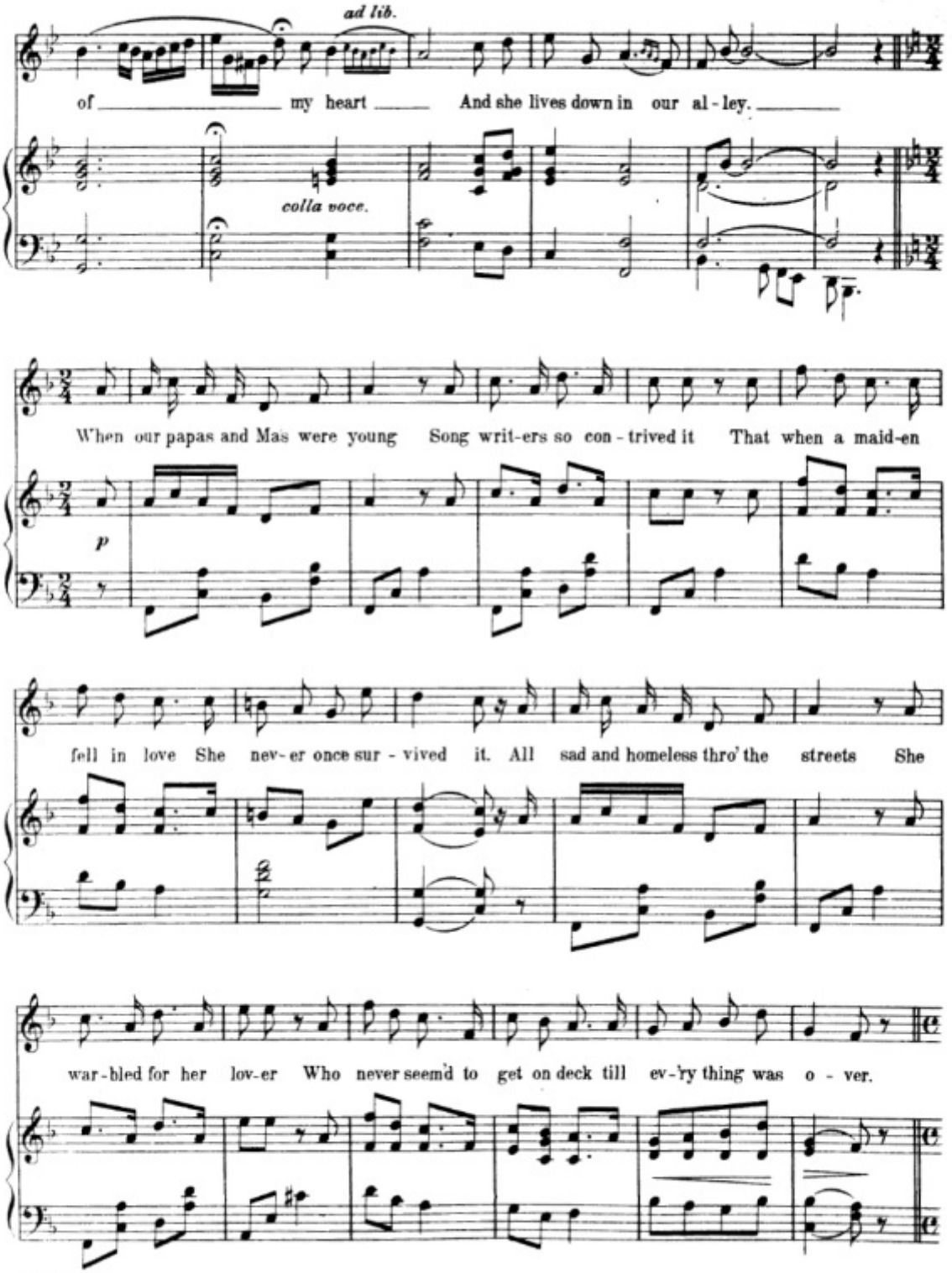
ROBINSON CRUSOE AND CHORUS.

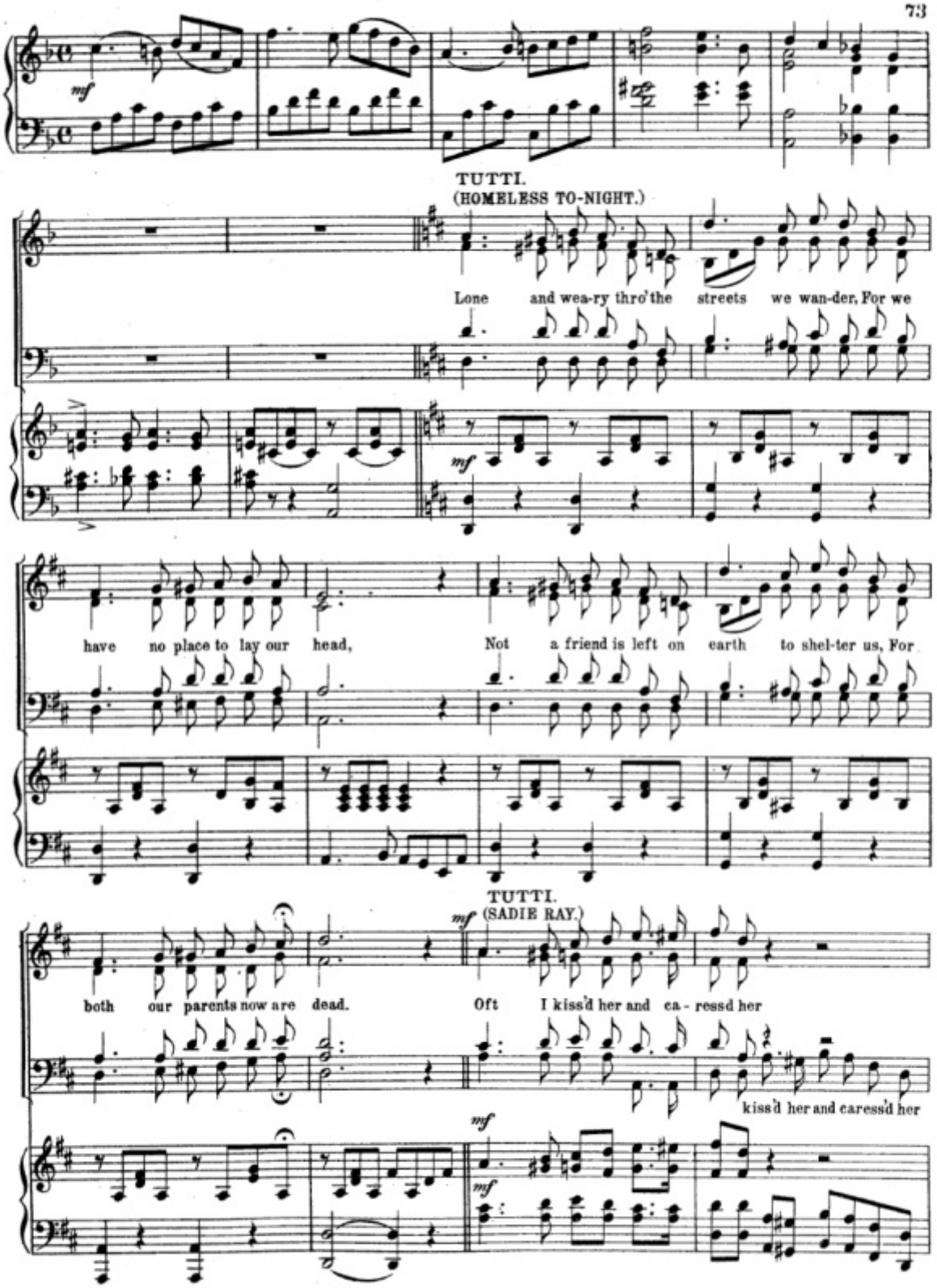
No. 17.

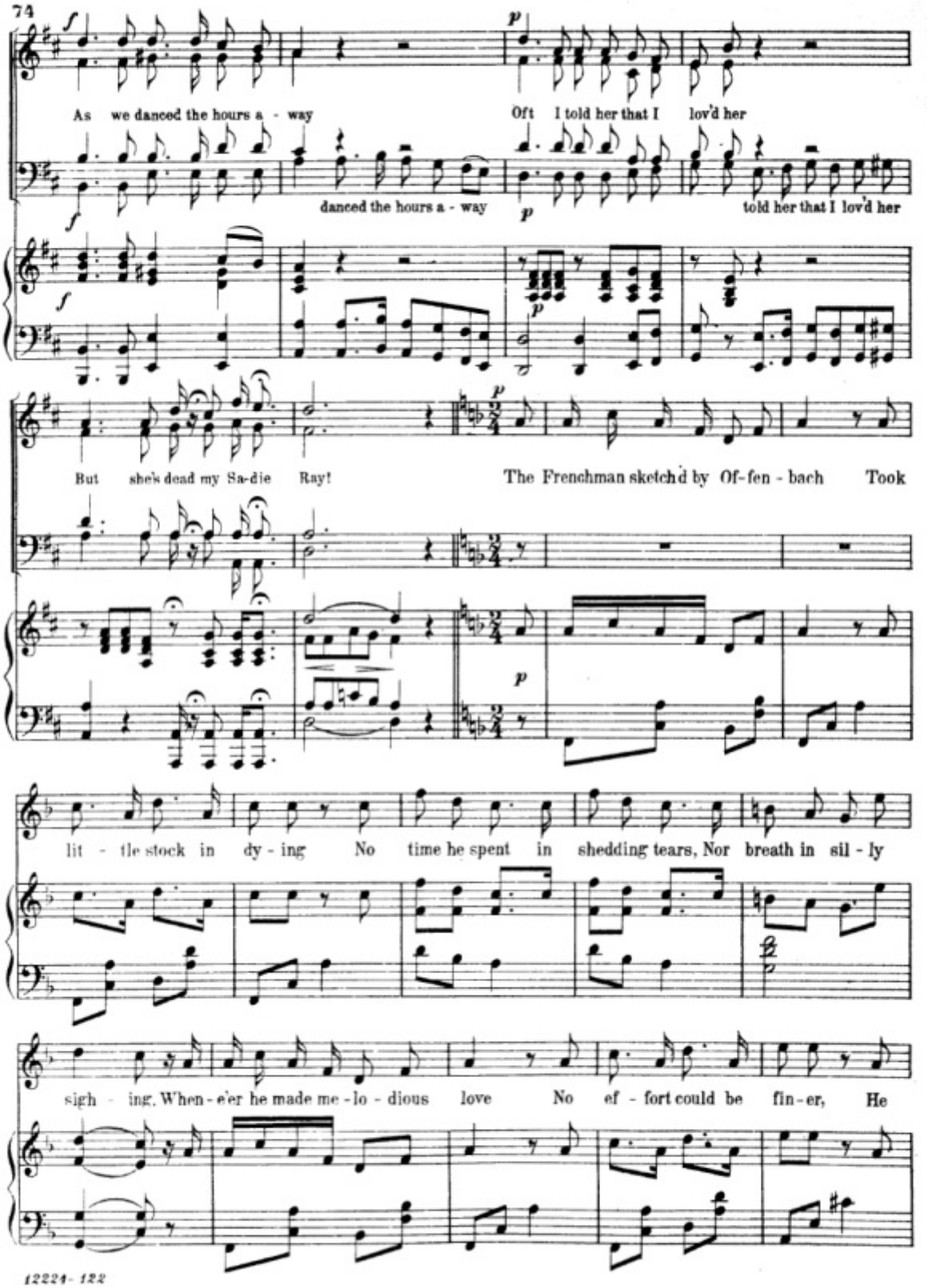
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

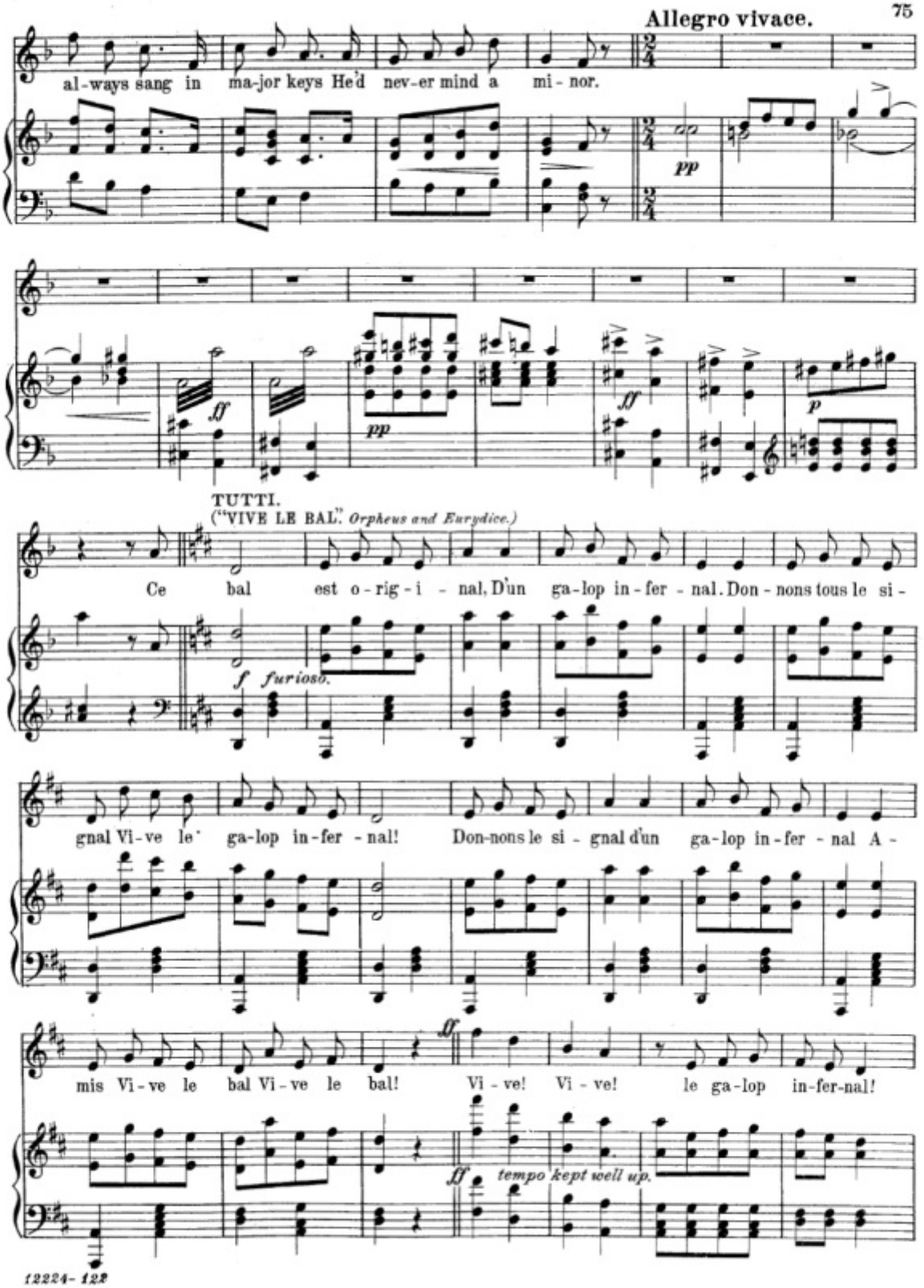


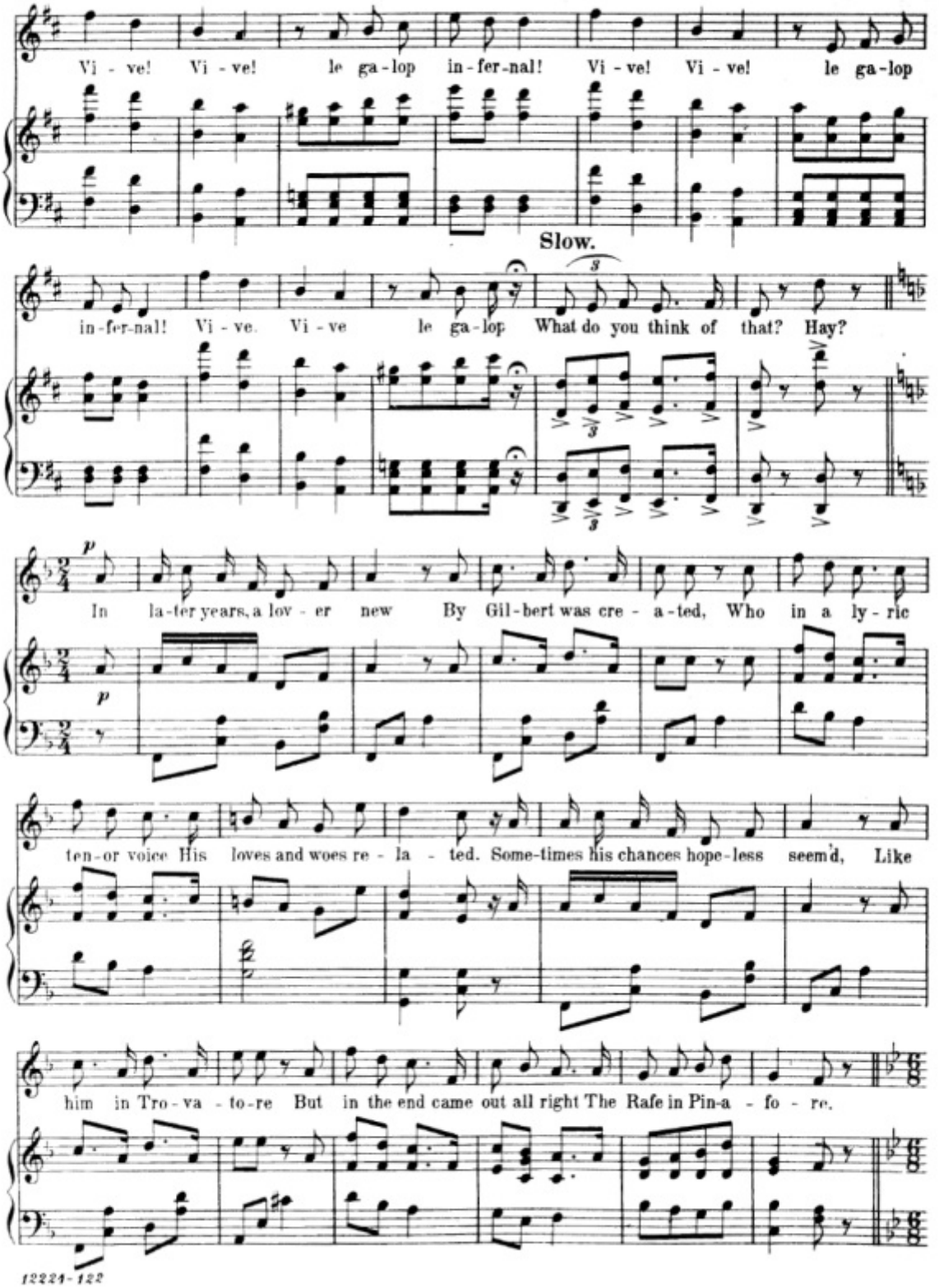

mf
f
TUTTI.
(SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.)
Of all the girls that are so sweet There's none like pret - ty
Sal - ly She is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley There's
not a la - dy in the land, That is half so sweet as Sal-ly She is the darling

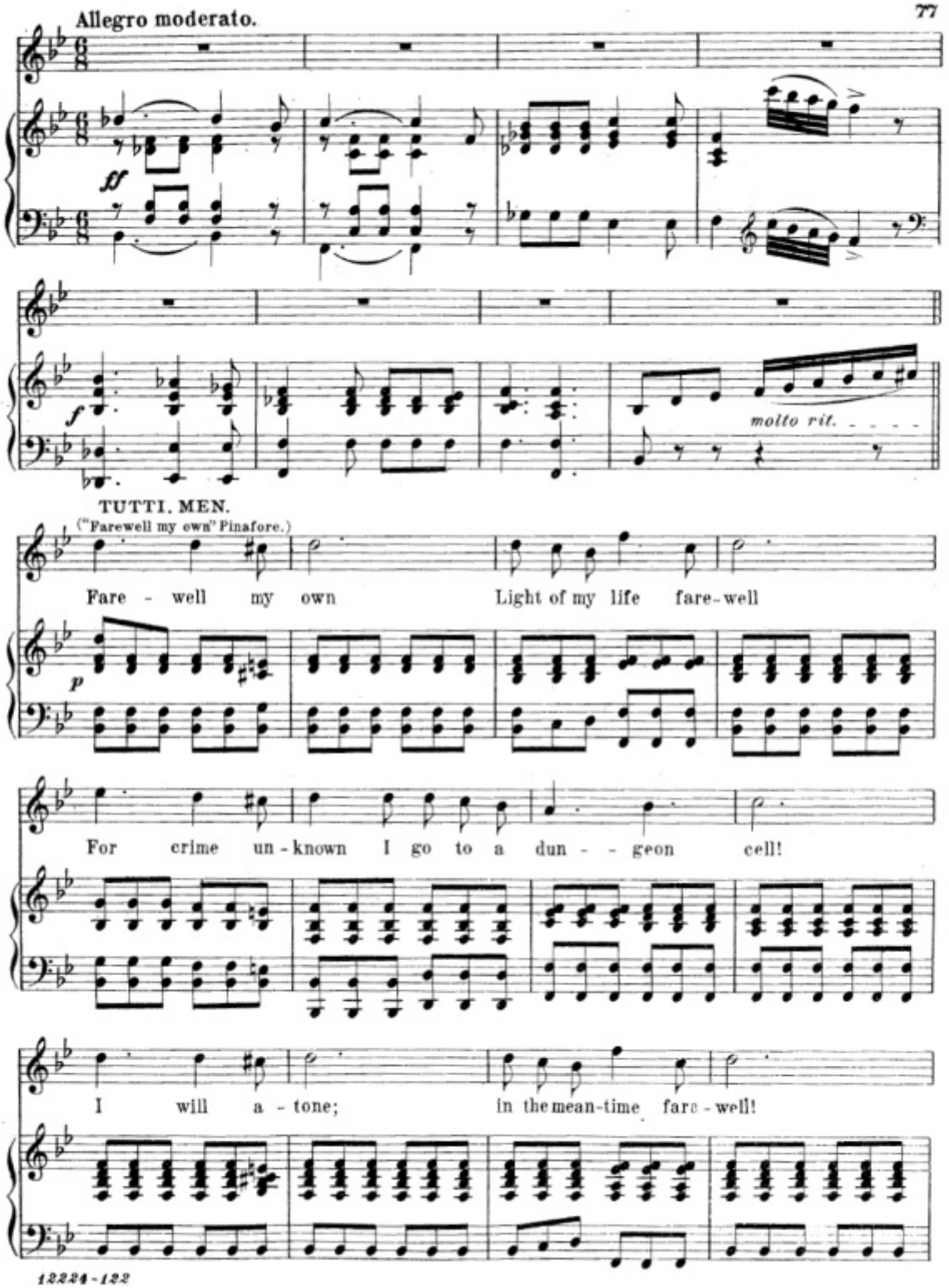

ad lib.
of my heart And she lives down in our al - ley.
colla voce.
When our papas and Mas were young Song writ-ers so con - trived it That when a maid-en
p
fell in love She nev - er once sur - vived it. All sad and homeless thro' the streets She
war - bled for her lov-er Who never seem'd to get on deck till ev - 'ry thing was o - ver.

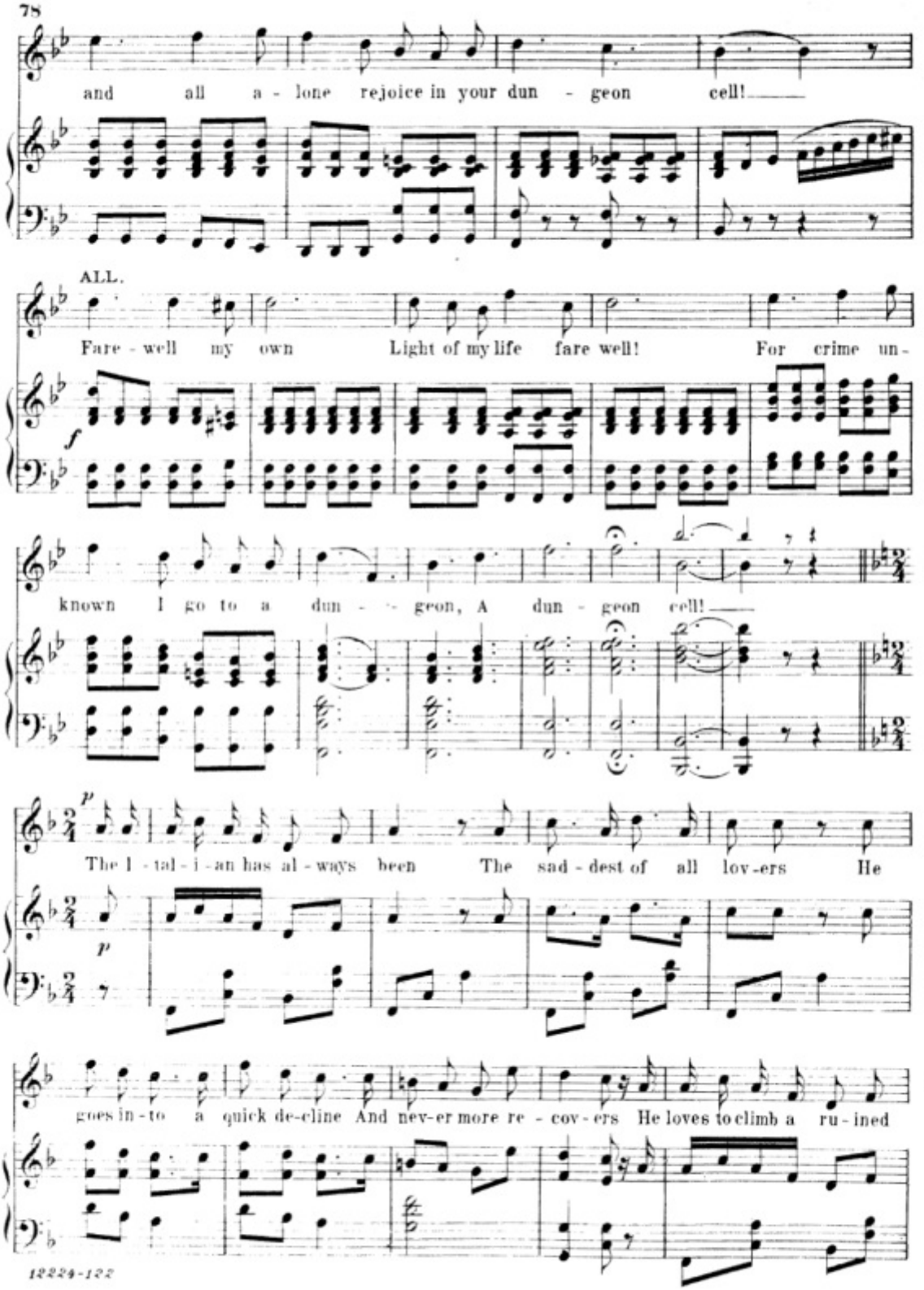

mf
TUTTI.
(HOMELESS TO-NIGHT.)
Lone and wea-ry thro' the streets we wan-der, For we
mf
have no place to lay our head, Not a friend is left on earth to shel-ter us, For
TUTTI.
(SADIE RAY.)
mf
both our parents now are dead. Oft I kiss'd her and ca-ress'd her
kiss'd her and caress'd her
mf
mf

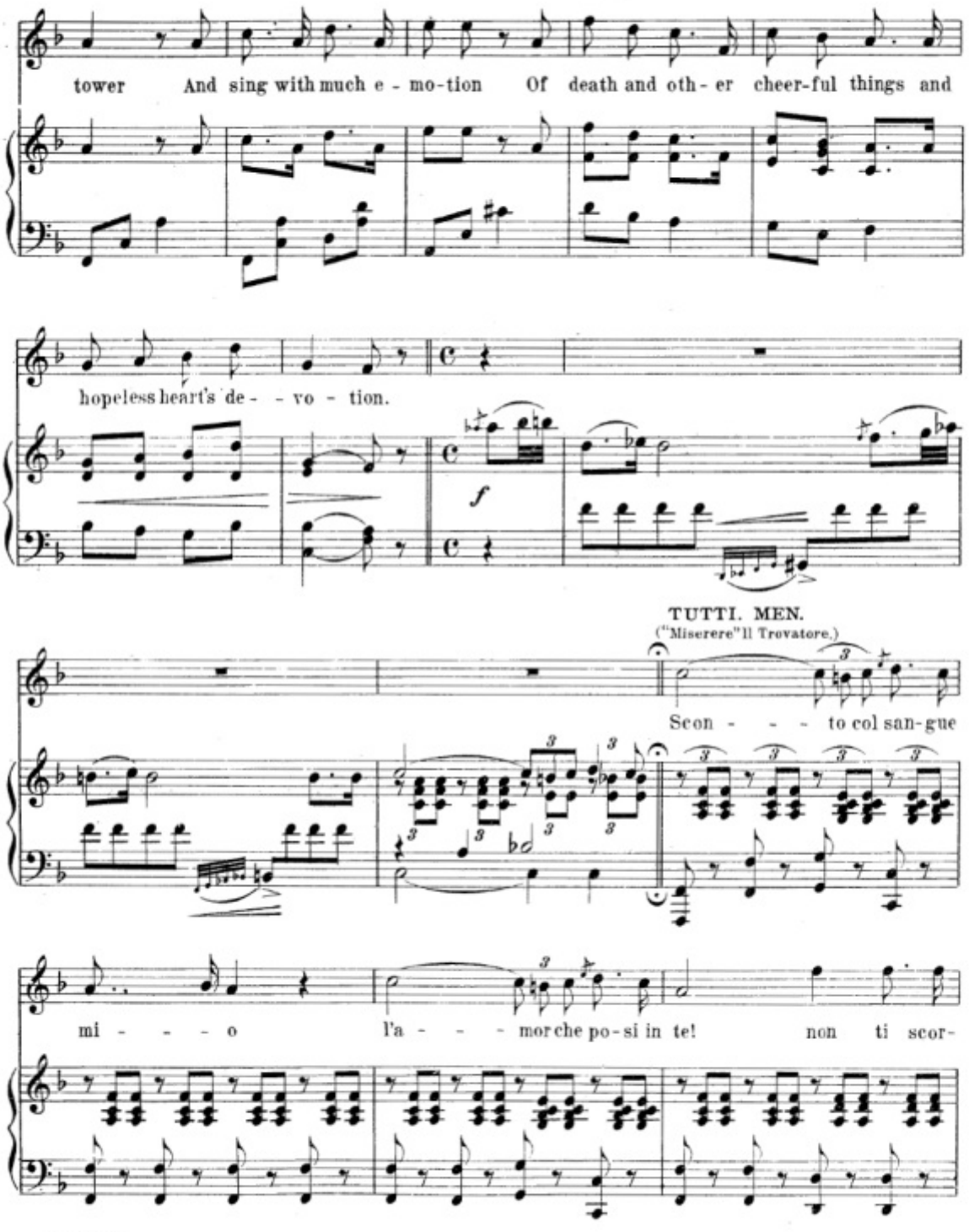

As we danced the hours a - way
danced the hours a - way
Oft I told her that I lov'd her
told her that I lov'd her
But she's dead my Sa-die Ray!
The Frenchman sketch'd by Of-fen - bach Took
lit - tle stock in dy - ing No time he spent in shedding tears, Nor breath in sil - ly
sigh - ing. When - e'er he made me - lo - dious love No ef - fort could be fin - er, He

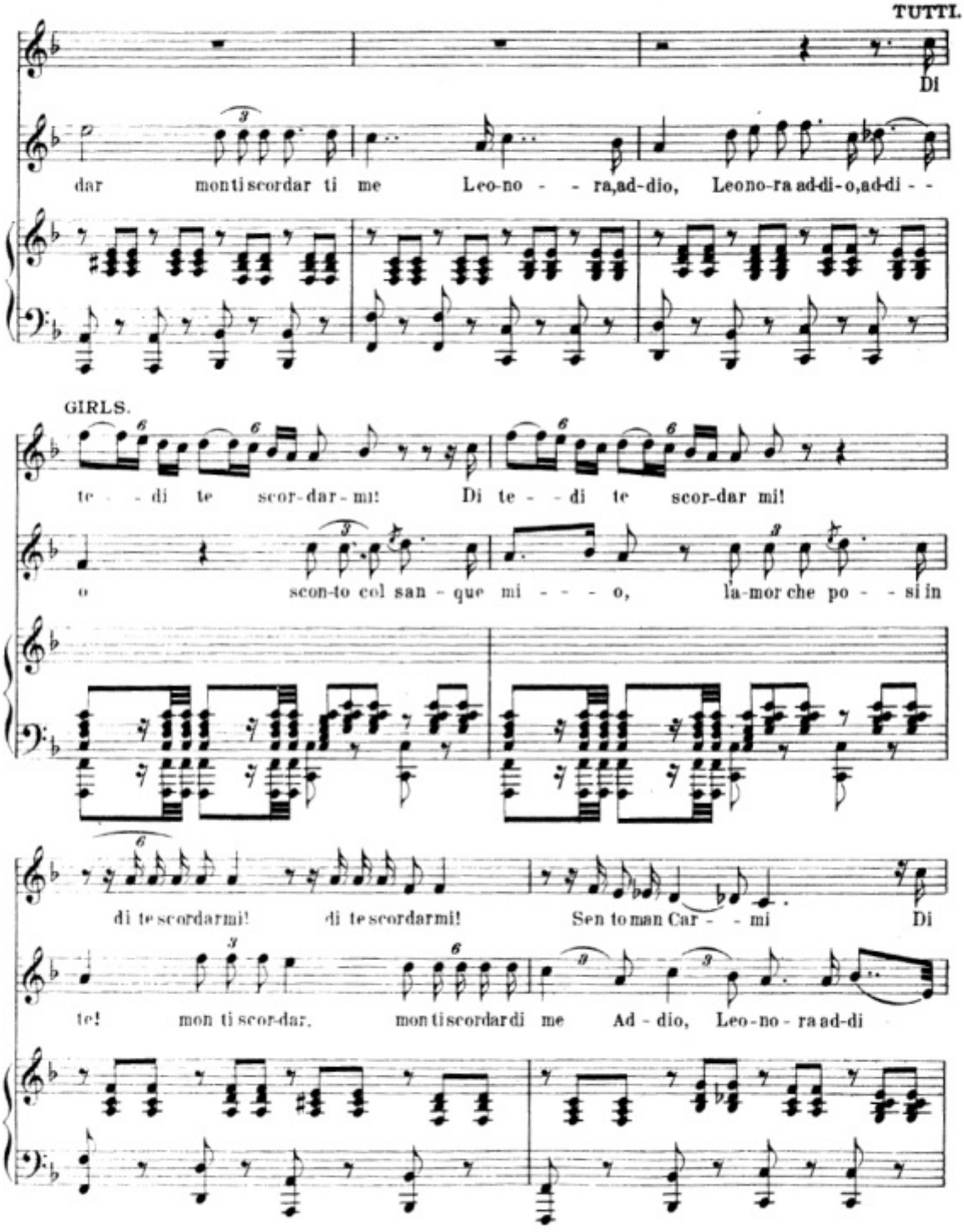

Allegro vivace.
al-ways sang in ma-jor keys He'd nev-er mind a mi-nor.
pp
ff
pp
ff
p
TUTTI.
("VIVE LE BAL." Orpheus and Eurydice.)
Ce bal est o-rig-i-nal, D'un ga-lop in-fer-nal. Don-nons tous le si-
f furioso.
gnal Vi-ve le ga-lop in-fer-nal! Don-nons le si-gnal d'un ga-lop in-fer-nal A-
mis Vi-ve le bal Vi-ve le bal! Vi-ve! Vi-ve! le ga-lop in-fer-nal!
ff
ff tempo kept well up.

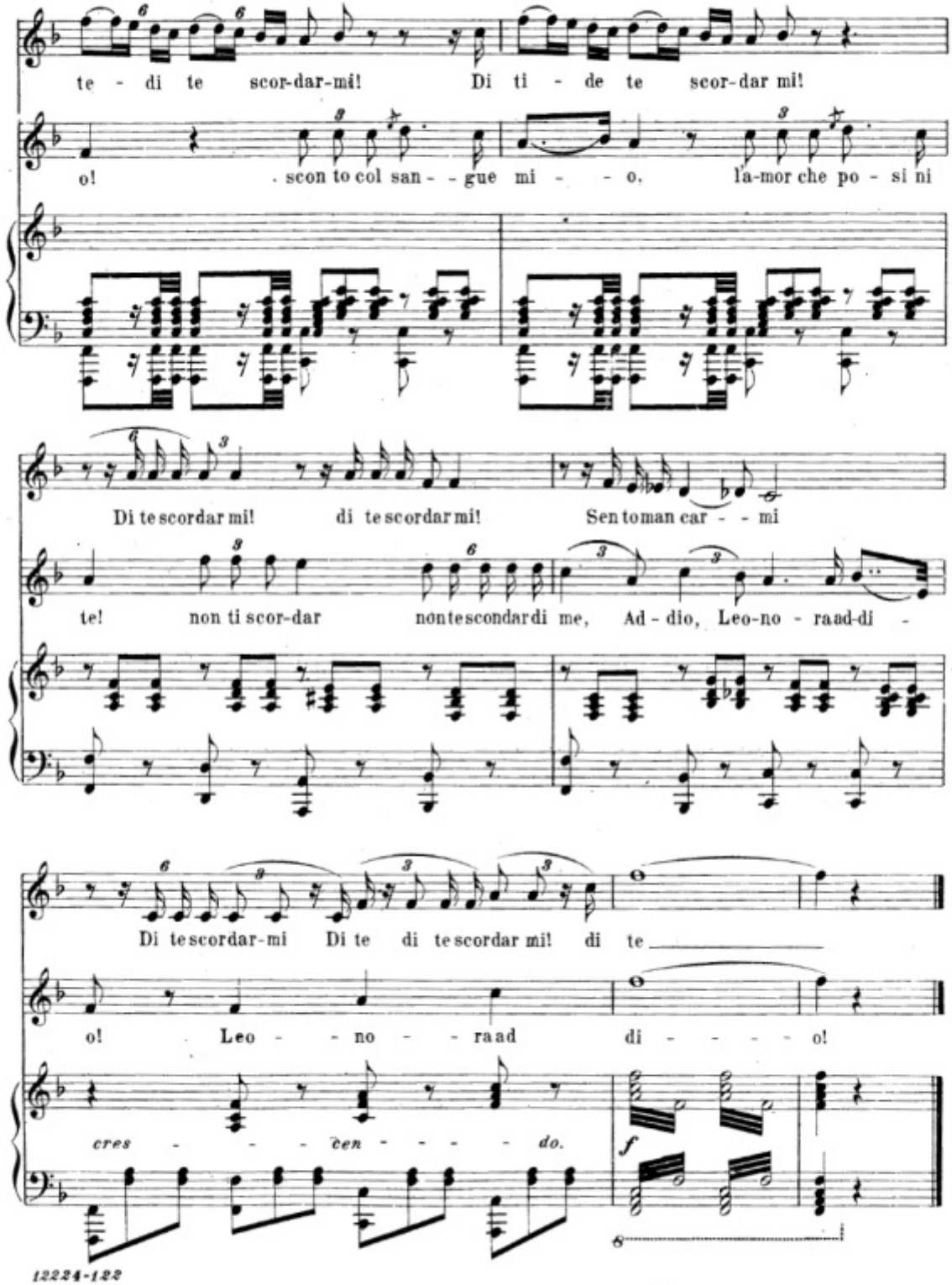

Vi - ve! Vi - ve! le ga-lop in-fer-nal! Vi - ve! Vi - ve! le ga-lop
Slow.
in-fer-nal! Vi - ve. Vi - ve le ga-lop What do you think of that? Hay?
p
In la-ter years, a lov - er new By Gil-bert was cre - a-ted, Who in a ly-ric
p
ten-or voice His loves and woes re - la - ted. Some-times his chances hope-less seem'd, Like
him in Tro-va - to-re But in the end came out all right The Rafe in Pin-a - fo - re.


Allegro moderato.
ff
f
molto rit.
TUTTI. MEN.
("Farewell my own" Pinafore.)
Fare - well my own Light of my life fare-well
p
For crime un-known I go to a dun - - geon cell!
I will a - tone; In the mean-time fare - well!


and all a - lone rejoice in your dun - geon cell!
ALL.
Fare - well my own Light of my life fare well! For crime un-
known I go to a dun - - geon, A dun - geon cell!
The I - tal - i - an has al - ways been The sad - dest of all lov - ers He
goes in - to a quick de - cline And nev - er more re - cov - ers He loves to climb a ru - ined


tower And sing with much e - mo-tion Of death and oth - er cheer-ful things and
hopeless heart's de - - vo - tion.
f
TUTTI. MEN.
("Miserere" Il Trovatore.)
Scon - - - to col san-gue
mi - - - - o l'a - - - - mor che po-si in te! non ti scor-


TUTTI.
Di
dar monti scordar ti me Leo-no - - ra, ad-dio, Leo-no-ra ad-di-o, ad-di - -
GIRLS.
te - - di te scor-dar-mi! Di te - - di te scor-dar mi!
o scon-to col san - que mi - - - - o, la-mor che po - - si in
di te scordarmi! di te scordarmi! Sen to man Car - - mi Di
te! mon ti scor-dar, mon ti scordar di me Ad - dio, Leo-no - ra ad-di


te - di te scor-dar-mi! Di ti - de te scor-dar mi!
o! . scon to col san - - gue mi - - o, l'a-mor che po - si ni
Di te scordar mi! di te scordar mi! Sen to man car - - mi
te! non ti scor-dar non te scondar di me, Ad - dio, Leo-no - ra ad-di -
Di te scordar-mi Di te di te scordar mi! di te
o! Leo - - no - - ra ad di - - - - - o!
cres - - - cen - - - - do.
f

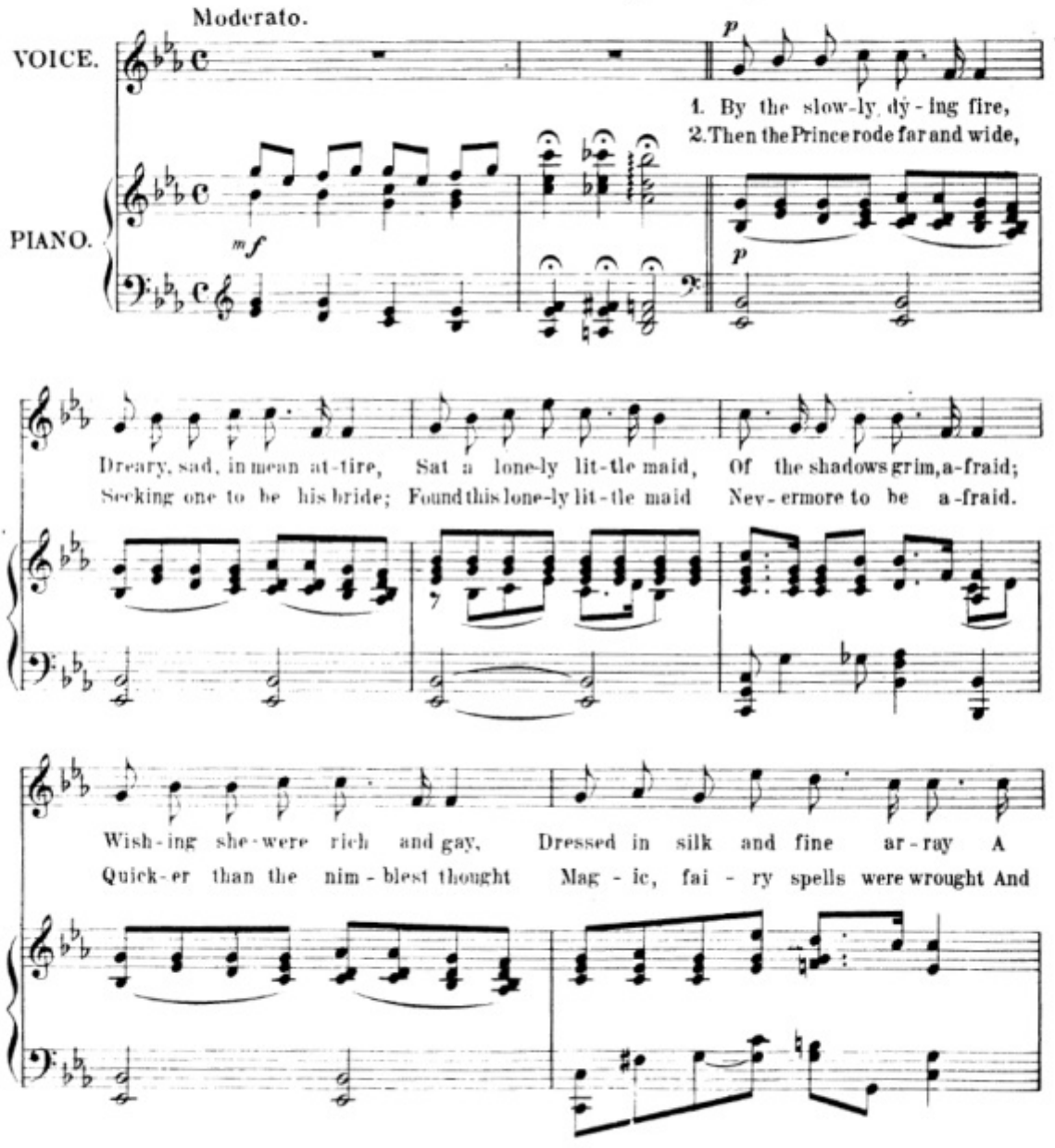
Cinderella.

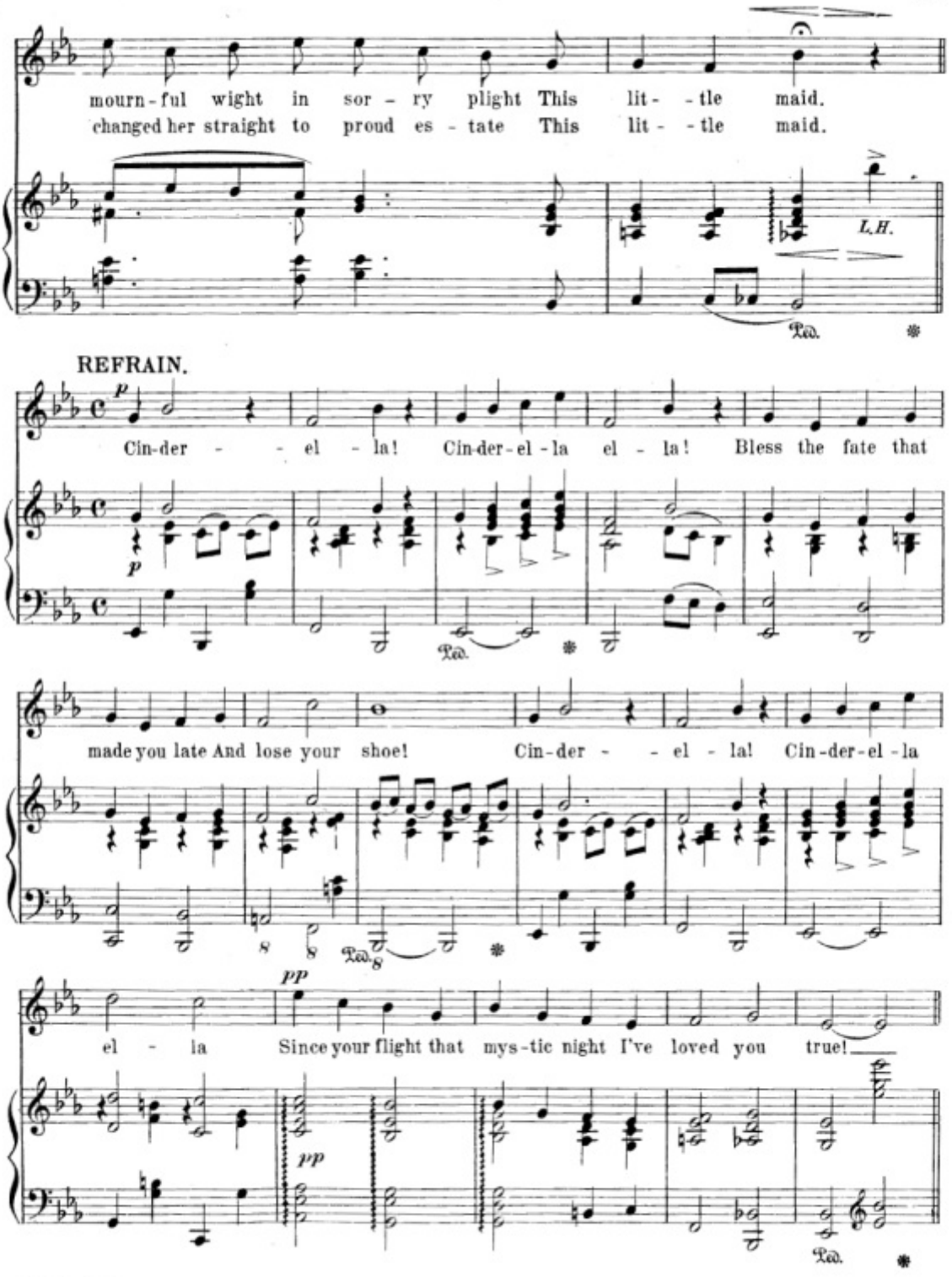
SONG.

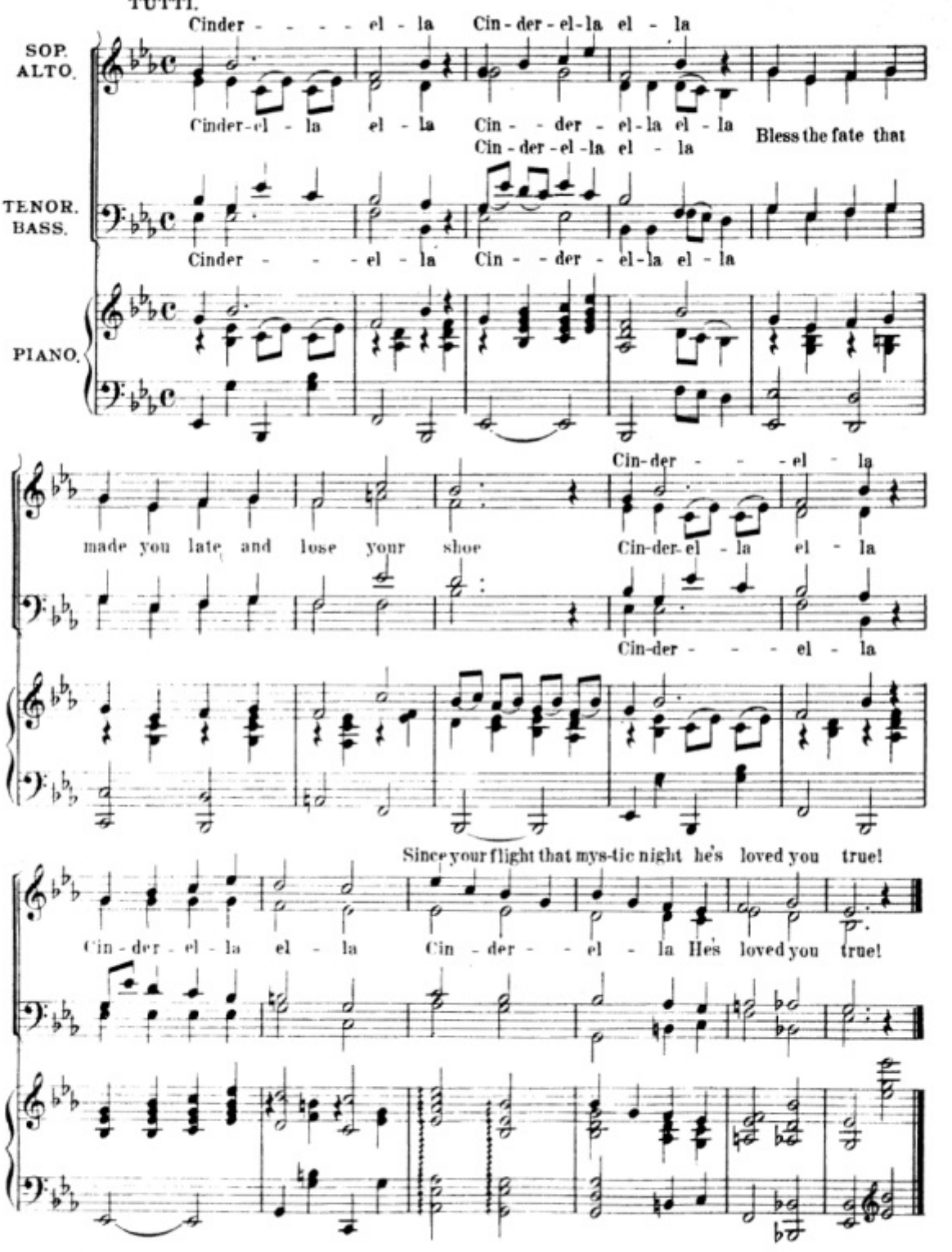
(PRINCE.)

No. 18.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




mourn-ful wight in sor - ry plight This lit- - tle maid.
changed her straight to proud es - tate This lit- - tle maid.
L.H.
Ped.
REFRAIN.
Cin-der - - el - la! Cin-der-el-la el - la! Bless the fate that
made you late And lose your shoe! Cin-der - - el - la! Cin-der-el-la
el - la Since your flight that mys-tic night I've loved you true!


TUTTI.
SOP. ALTO.
TENOR. BASS.
PIANO.
Cinder - - - - el - la Cin - der - el - la el - la
Cinder - el - la el - la Cin - - der - el - la el - la
Cin - der - el - la el - la
Bless the fate that
Cinder - - - el - la Cin - - der - el - la el - la
made you late and lose your shoe
Cin - der - - - el - la
Cin - der - el - la el - la
Cin - der - - - el - la
Since your flight that mys - tic night he's loved you true!
Cin - der - el - la el - la Cin - der - - el - la He's loved you true!

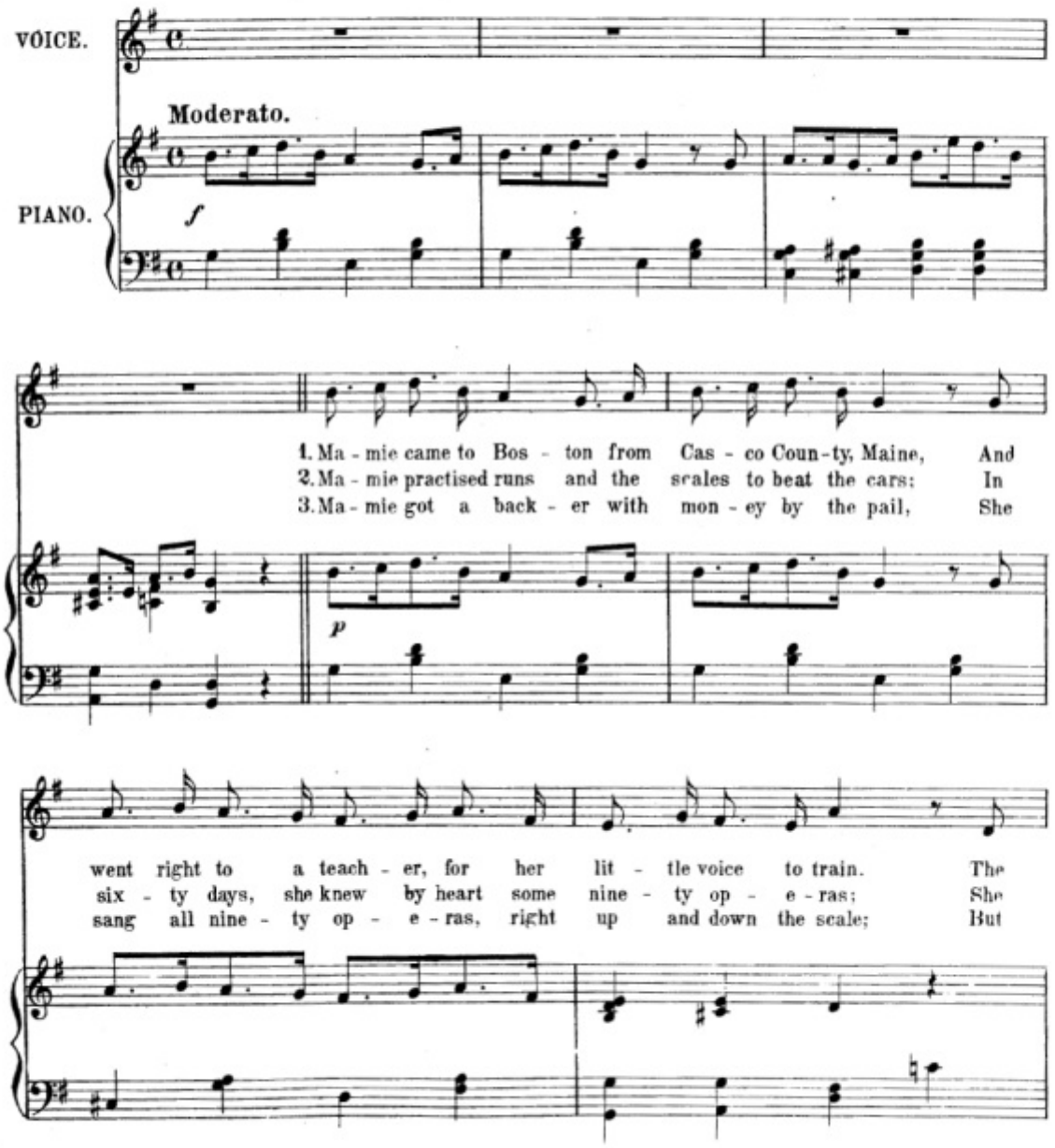
Mamie Hadn't Been, You Know, Very Long in Town.

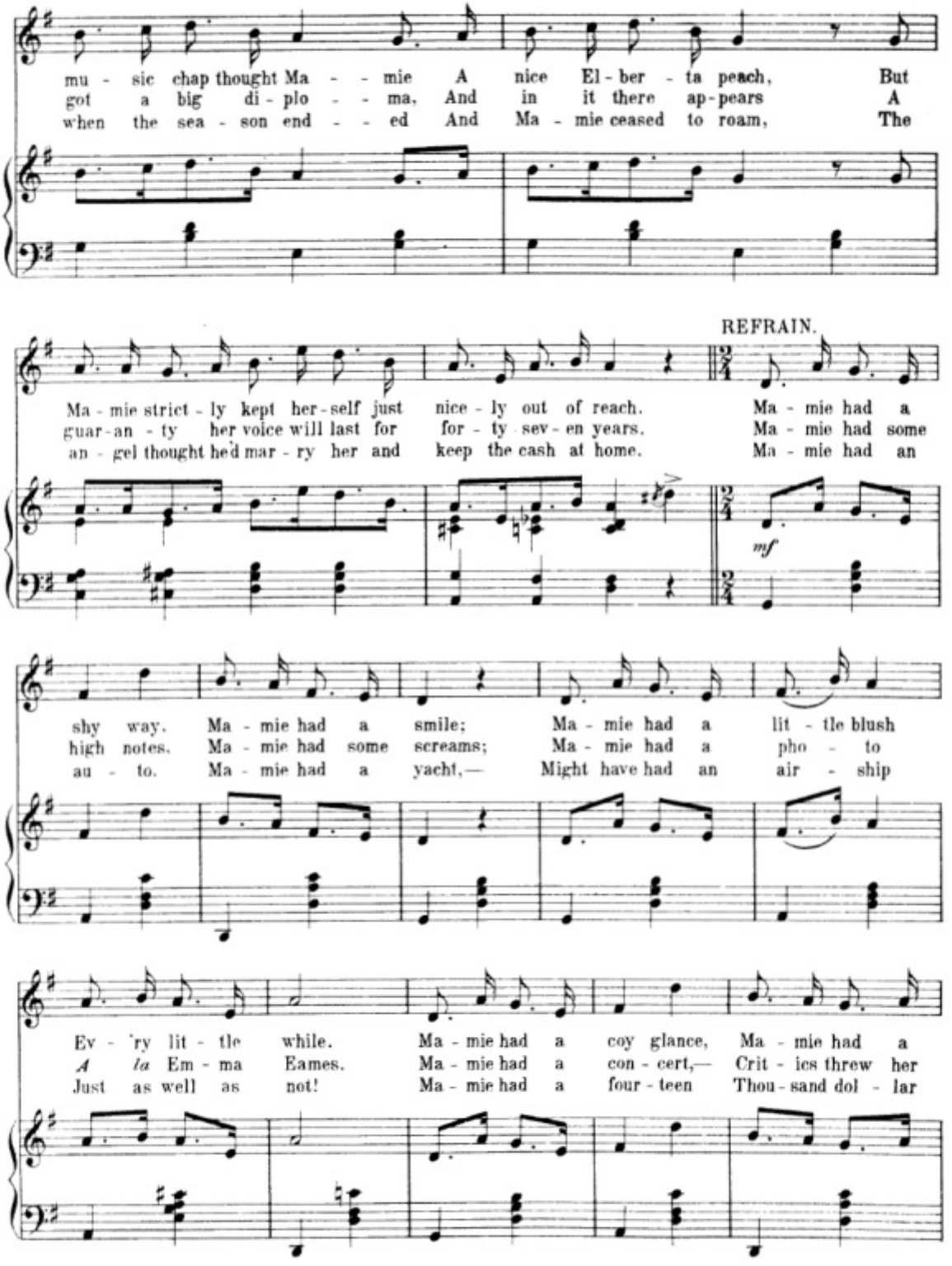
SONG.

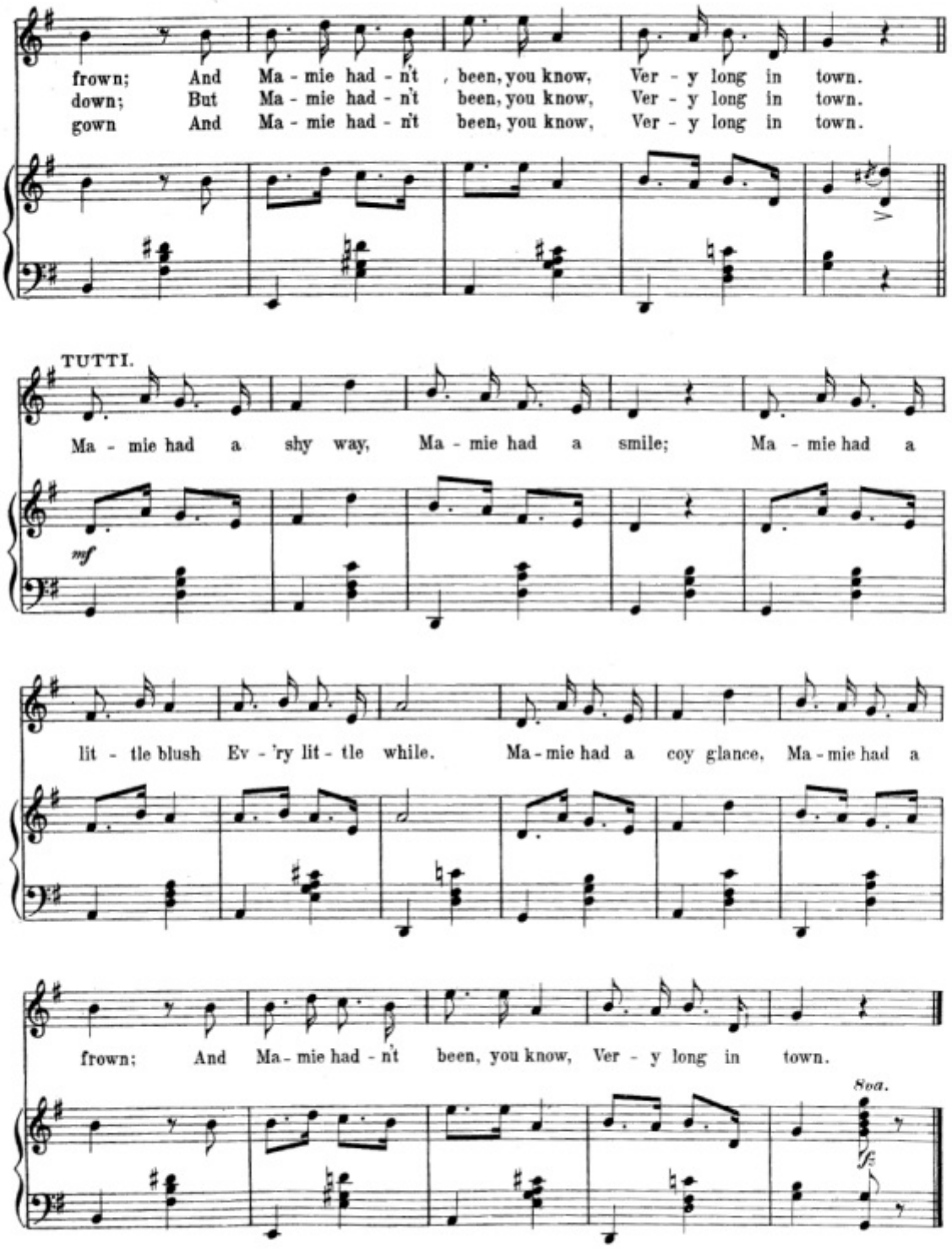
(GOLDEN HAIR.)

No. 19.

LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.



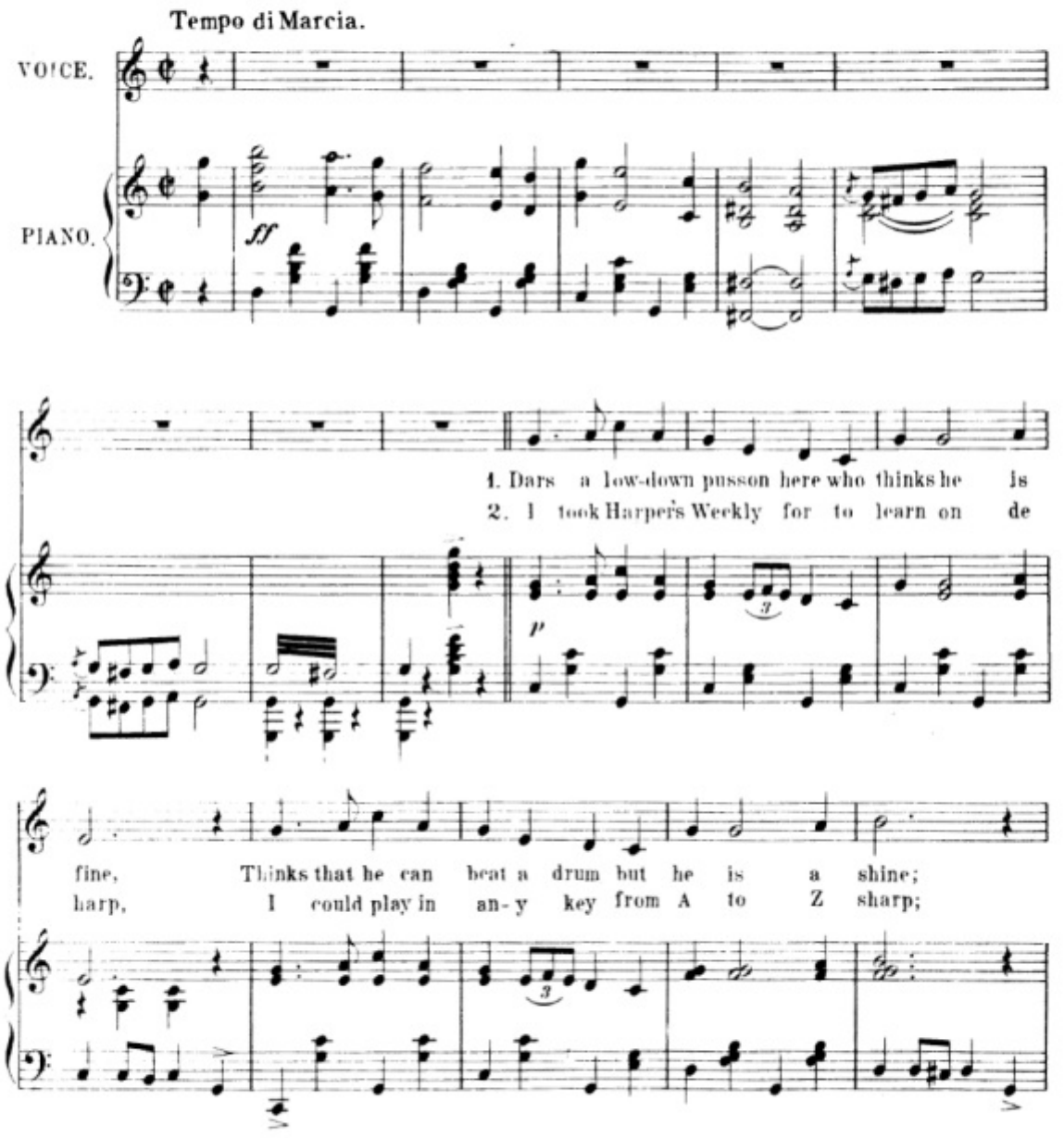

mu - sic chap thought Ma - - mie A nice El - ber - ta peach, But
got a big di - plo - - ma, And in it there ap - pears A
when the sea - son end - - ed And Ma - mie ceased to roam, The
REFRAIN.
Ma - mie strict - ly kept her - self just nice - ly out of reach. Ma - mie had a
guar - an - ty her voice will last for for - ty sev - en years. Ma - mie had some
an - gel thought he'd mar - ry her and keep the cash at home. Ma - mie had an
mf
shy way. Ma - mie had a smile; Ma - mie had a lit - tle blush
high notes. Ma - mie had some screams; Ma - mie had a pho - to
au - to. Ma - mie had a yacht,— Might have had an air - ship
Ev - 'ry lit - tle while. Ma - mie had a coy glance, Ma - mie had a
A la Em - ma Eames. Ma - mie had a con - cert,— Crit - ics threw her
Just as well as not! Ma - mie had a four - teen Thou - sand dol - lar

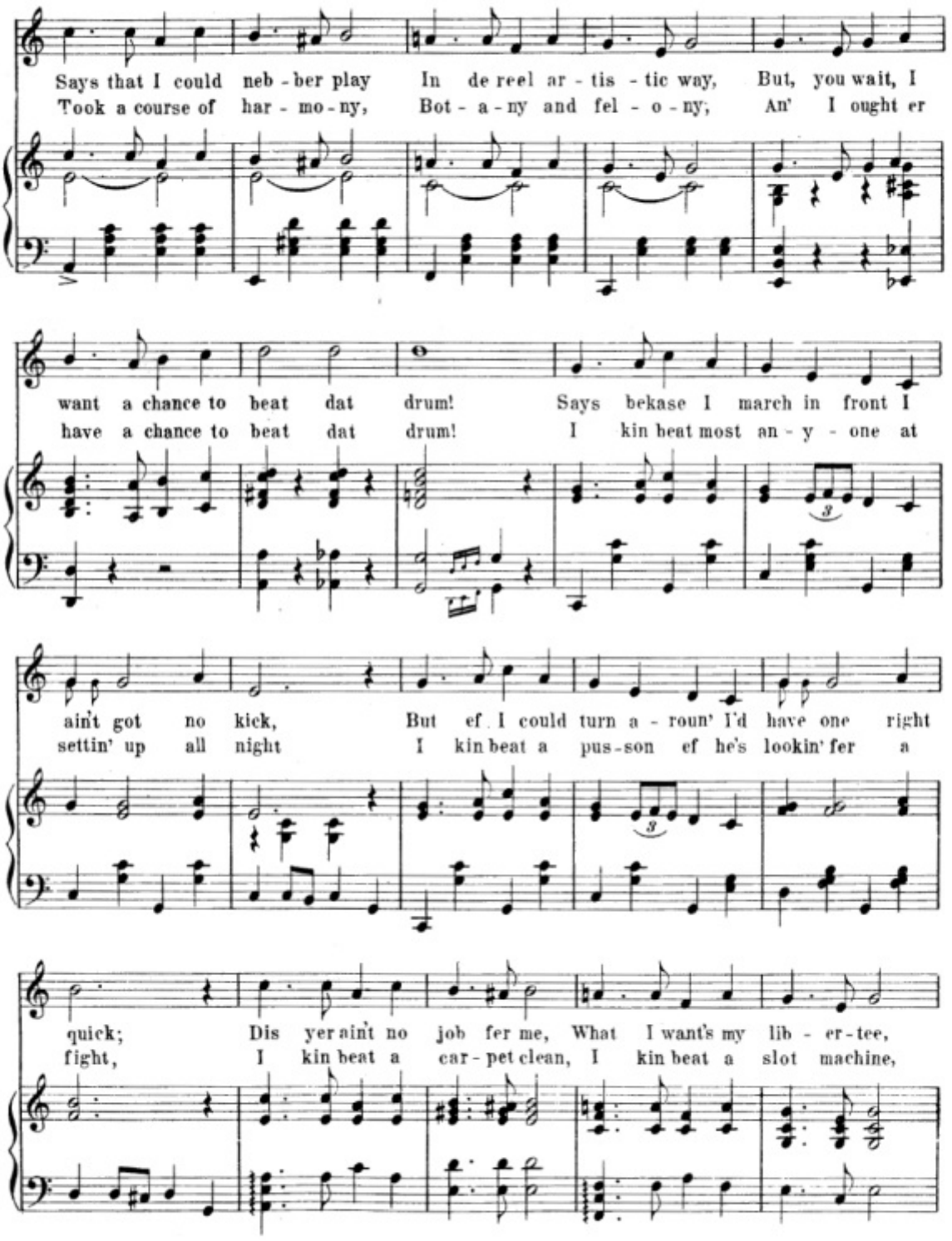

frown; And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
down; But Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
gown And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
TUTTI.
Ma - mie had a shy way, Ma - mie had a smile; Ma - mie had a
mf
lit - tle blush Ev - 'ry lit - tle while. Ma - mie had a coy glance, Ma - mie had a
frown; And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
8va.
ff

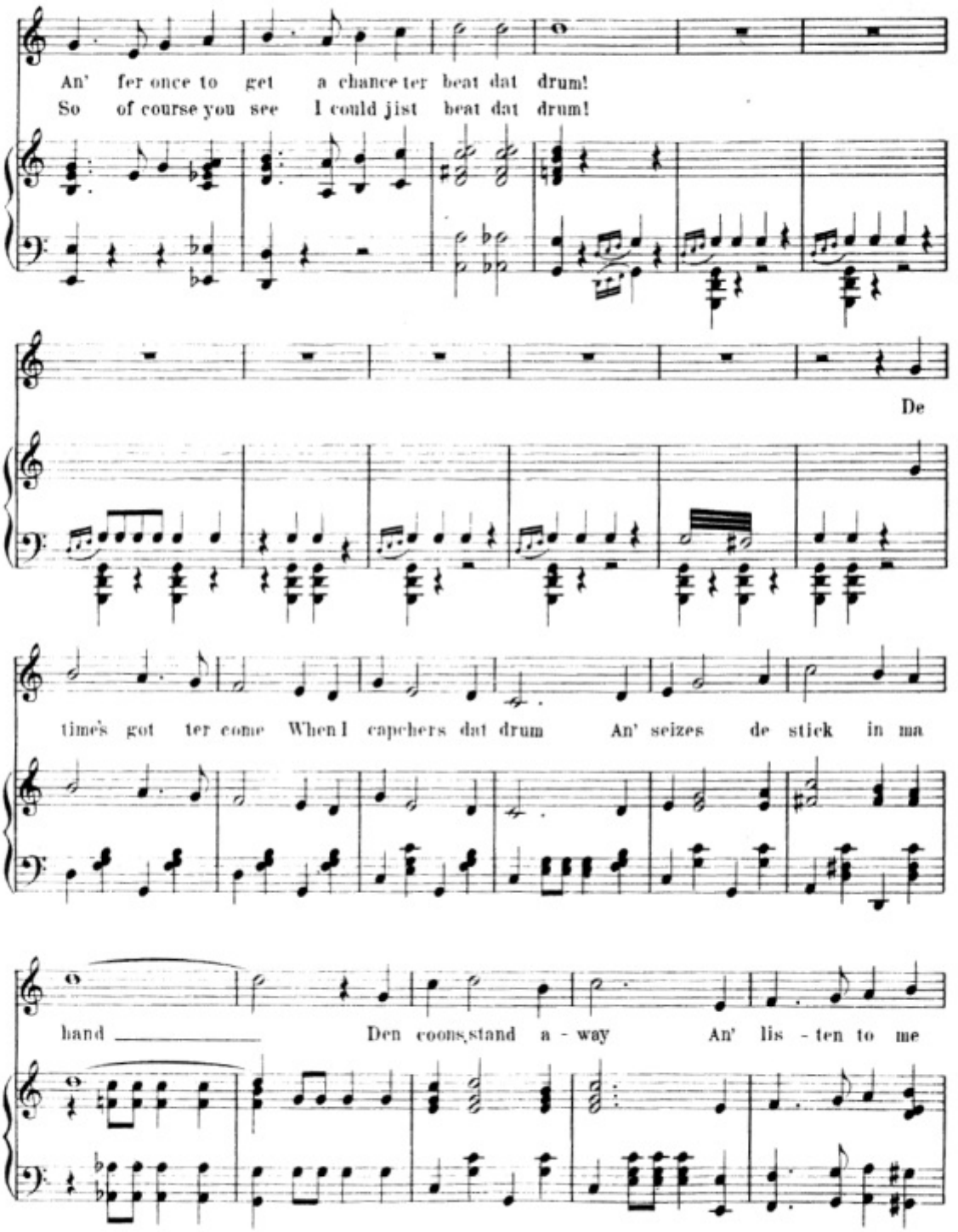
I Want a Chance to beat that Drum.

No. 20.

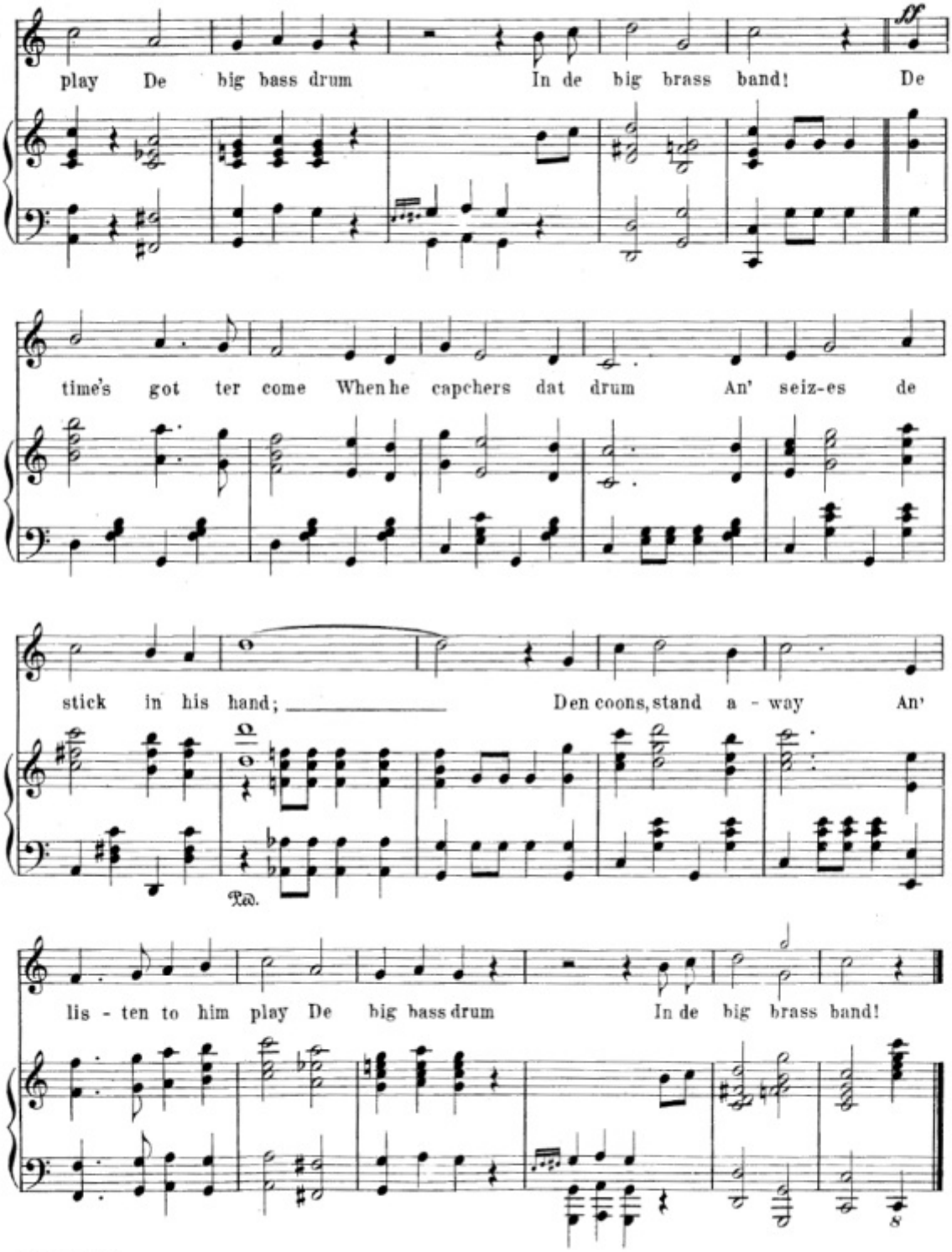
EDWARD W. CORLISS.




Says that I could neb - ber play In de reel ar - tis - tic way, But, you wait, I
Took a course of har - mo - ny, Bot - a - ny and fel - o - ny; An' I ought er
want a chance to beat dat drum! Says bekase I march in front I
have a chance to beat dat drum! I kin beat most an - y - one at
ain't got no kick, But ef I could turn a - roun' I'd have one right
settin' up all night I kin beat a pus - son ef he's lookin' fer a
quick; Dis yer ain't no job fer me, What I want's my lib - er - tee,
fight, I kin beat a car - pet clean, I kin beat a slot machine,


An' fer once to get a chance ter beat dat drum!
So of course you see I could jist beat dat drum!
De
time's got ter come When I capchers dat drum An' seizes de stick in ma
hand Den coons stand a - way An' lis - ten to me

TUTTI.


play De big bass drum In de big brass band! De
time's got ter come When he capchers dat drum An' seiz-es de
stick in his hand; Den coons, stand a - way An'
Ped.
lis - ten to him play De big bass drum In de big brass band!

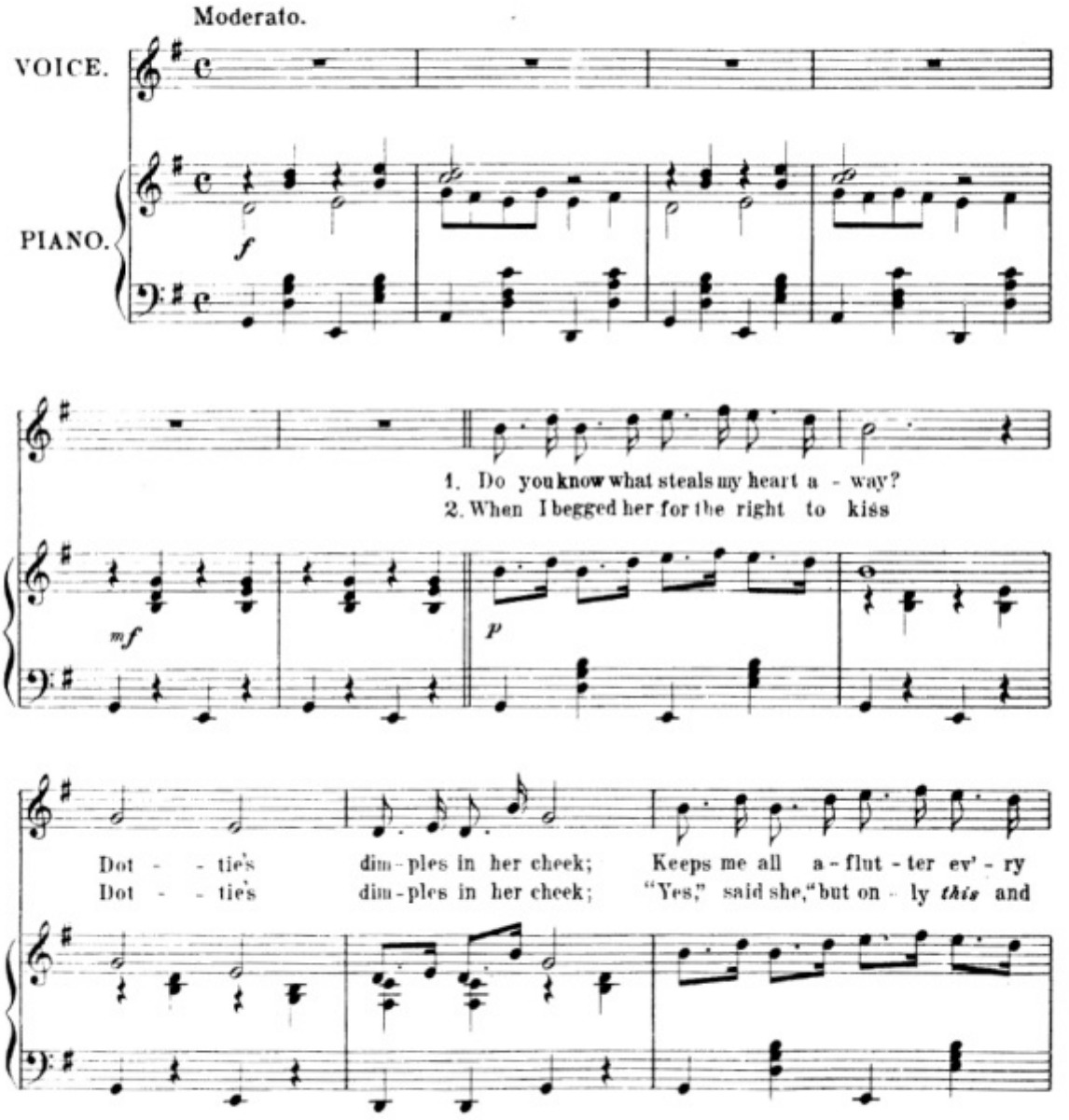
Dottie's Dimples.

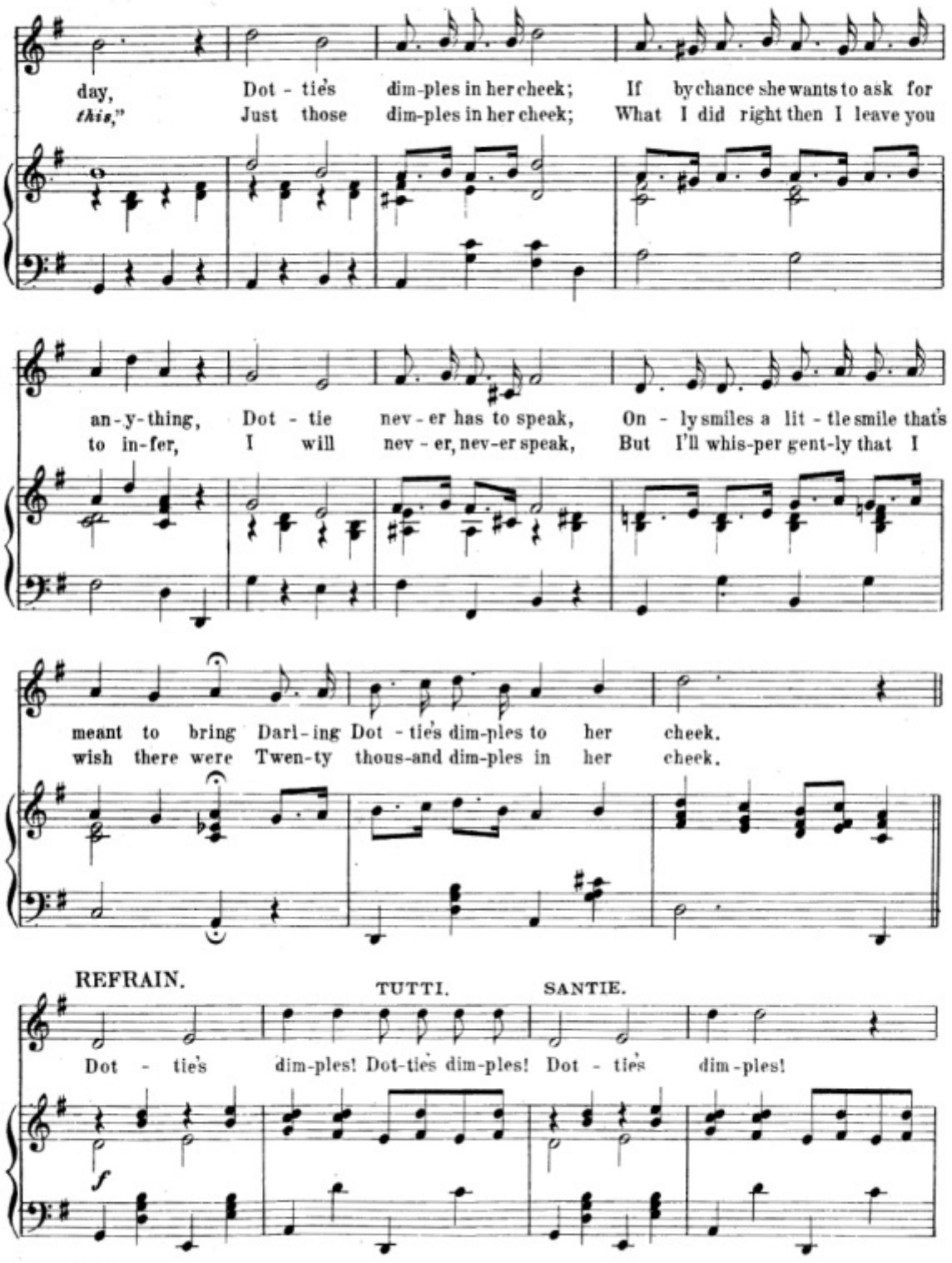
SONG.

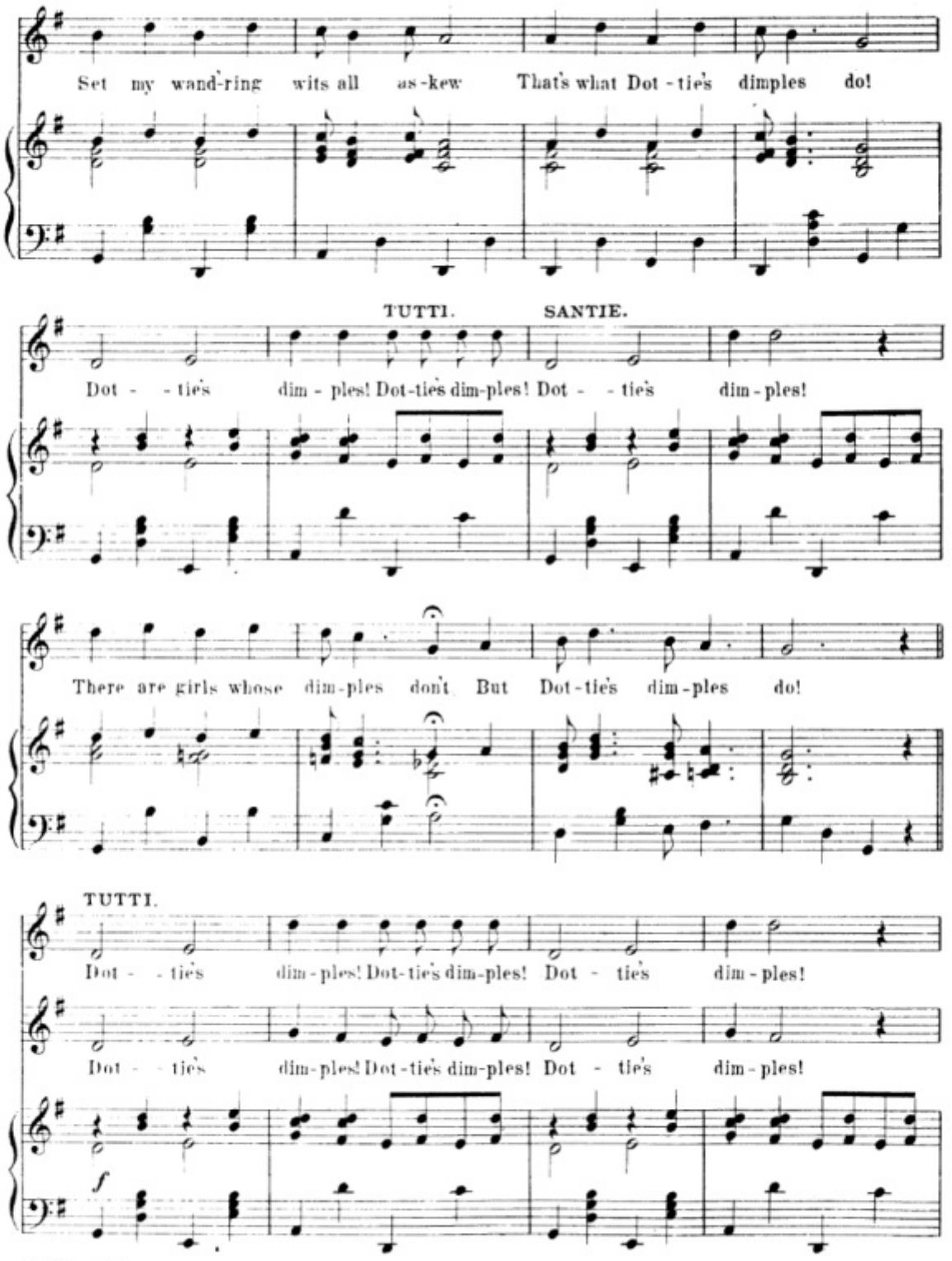
(SANTIE CLAUS.)

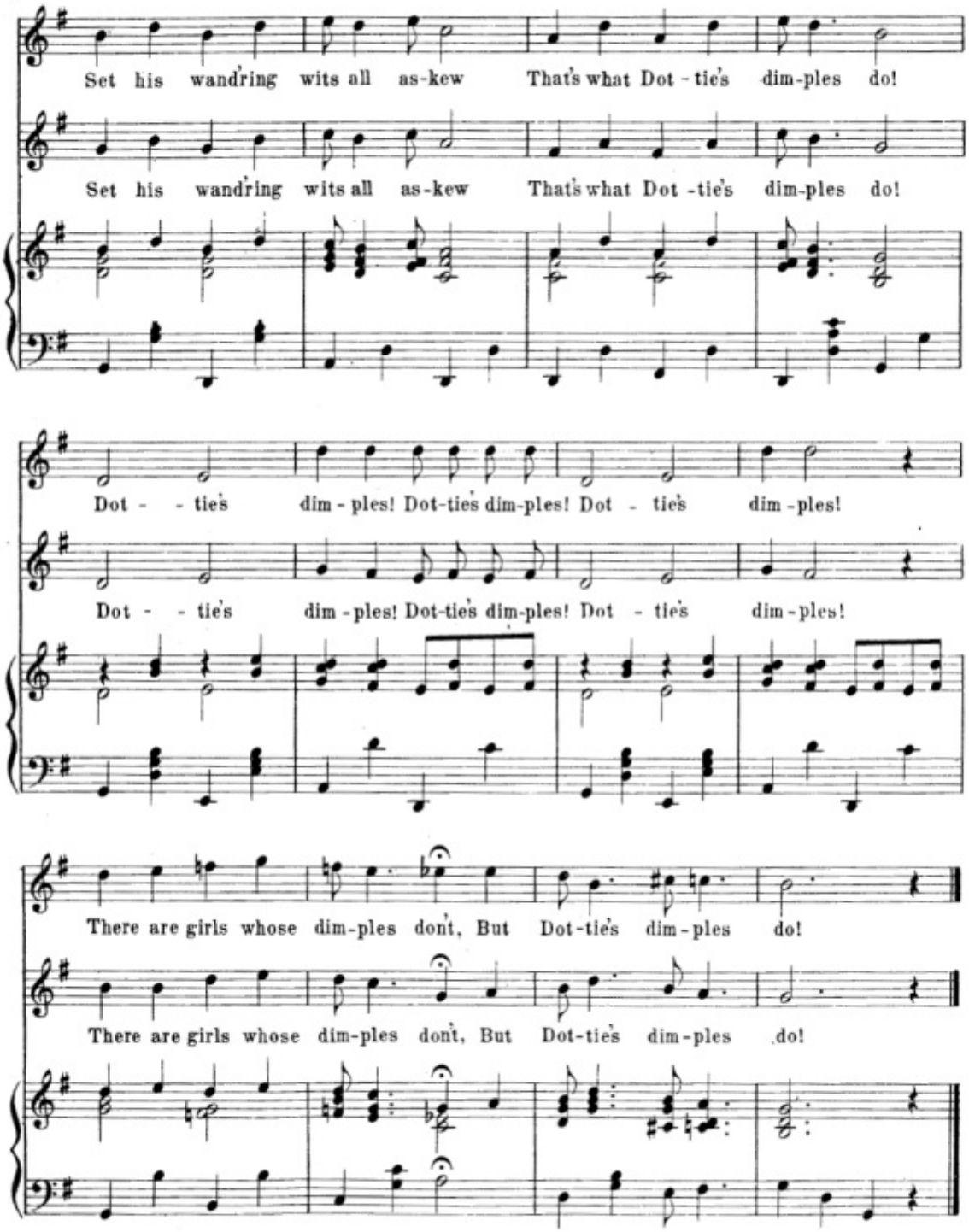
No. 21.

J. S. CHIPMAN.




day, Dot - tie's dim-ples in her cheek; If by chance she wants to ask for
this," Just those dim-ples in her cheek; What I did right then I leave you
an-y-thing, Dot - tie nev - er has to speak, On - ly smiles a lit - tle smile that's
to in-fer, I will nev - er, nev-er speak, But I'll whis-per gent-ly that I
meant to bring Darl-ing Dot - tie's dim-ples to her cheek.
wish there were Twen-ty thous-and dim-ples in her cheek.
REFRAIN.
TUTTI.
SANTIE.
Dot - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
f


Set my wand'-ring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dimples do!
TUTTI.
SANTIE.
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - - tie's dim-ples!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
TUTTI.
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
f

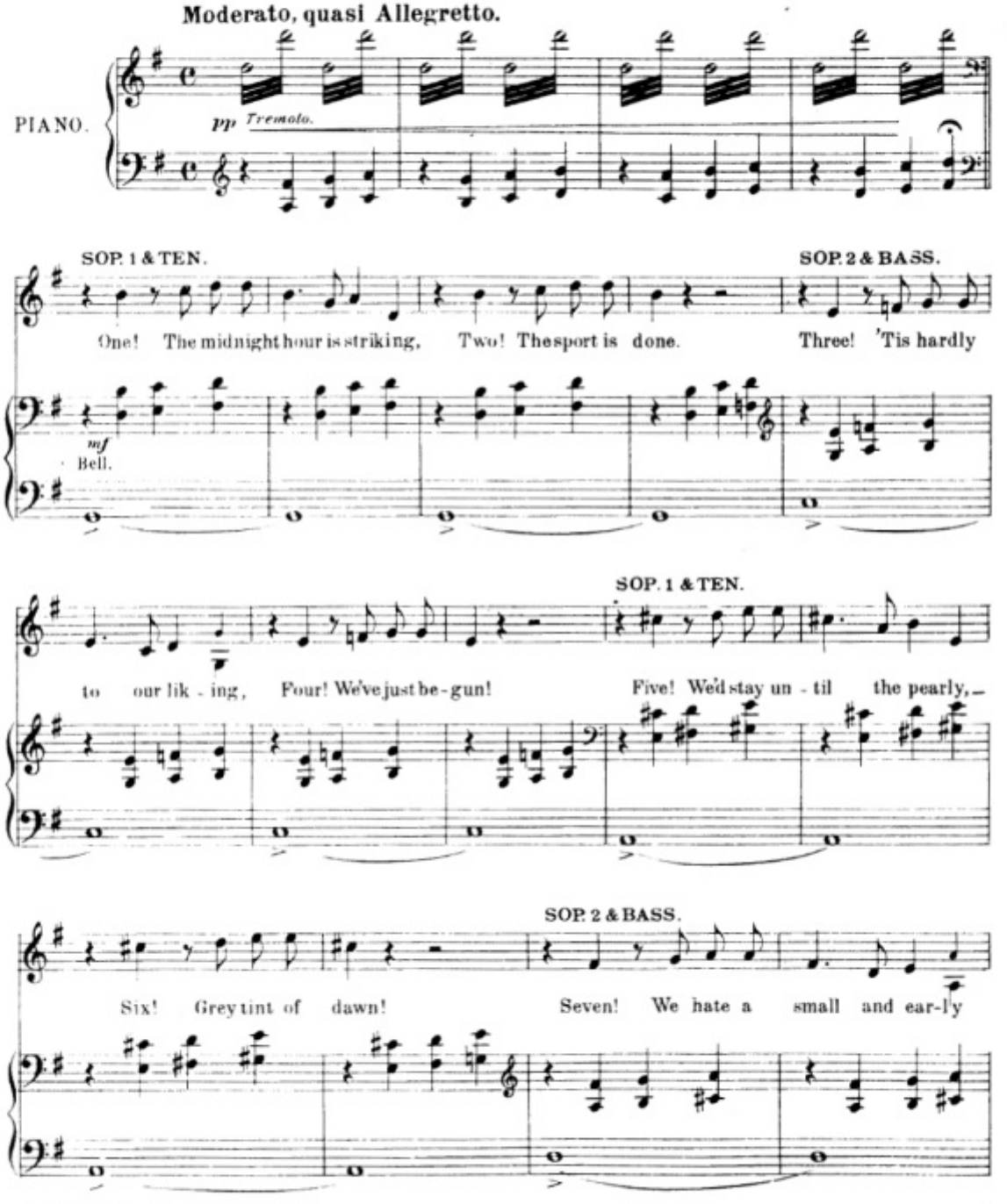

Set his wandring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
Set his wandring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't, But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't, But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!

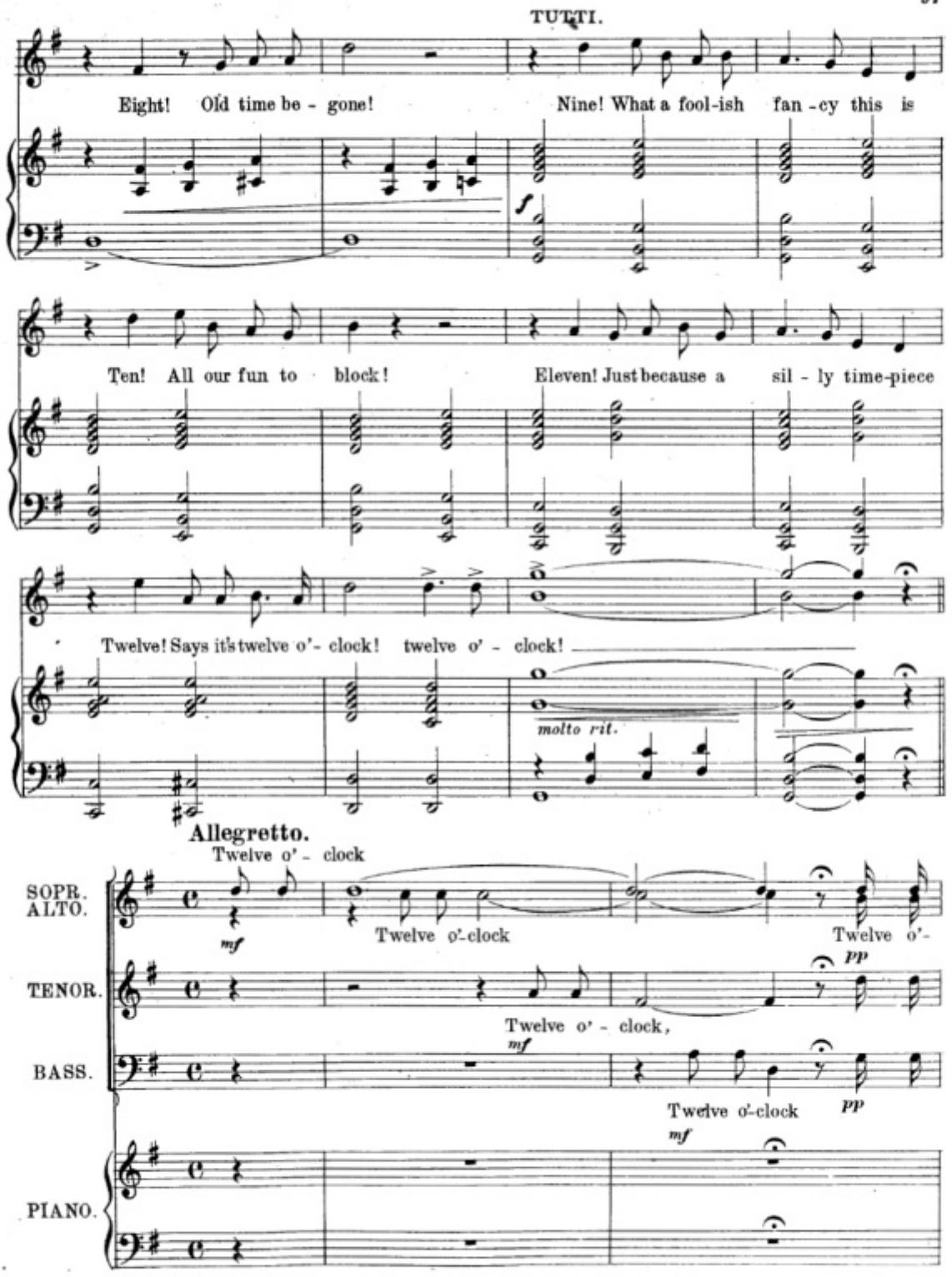
Finale_Act II.

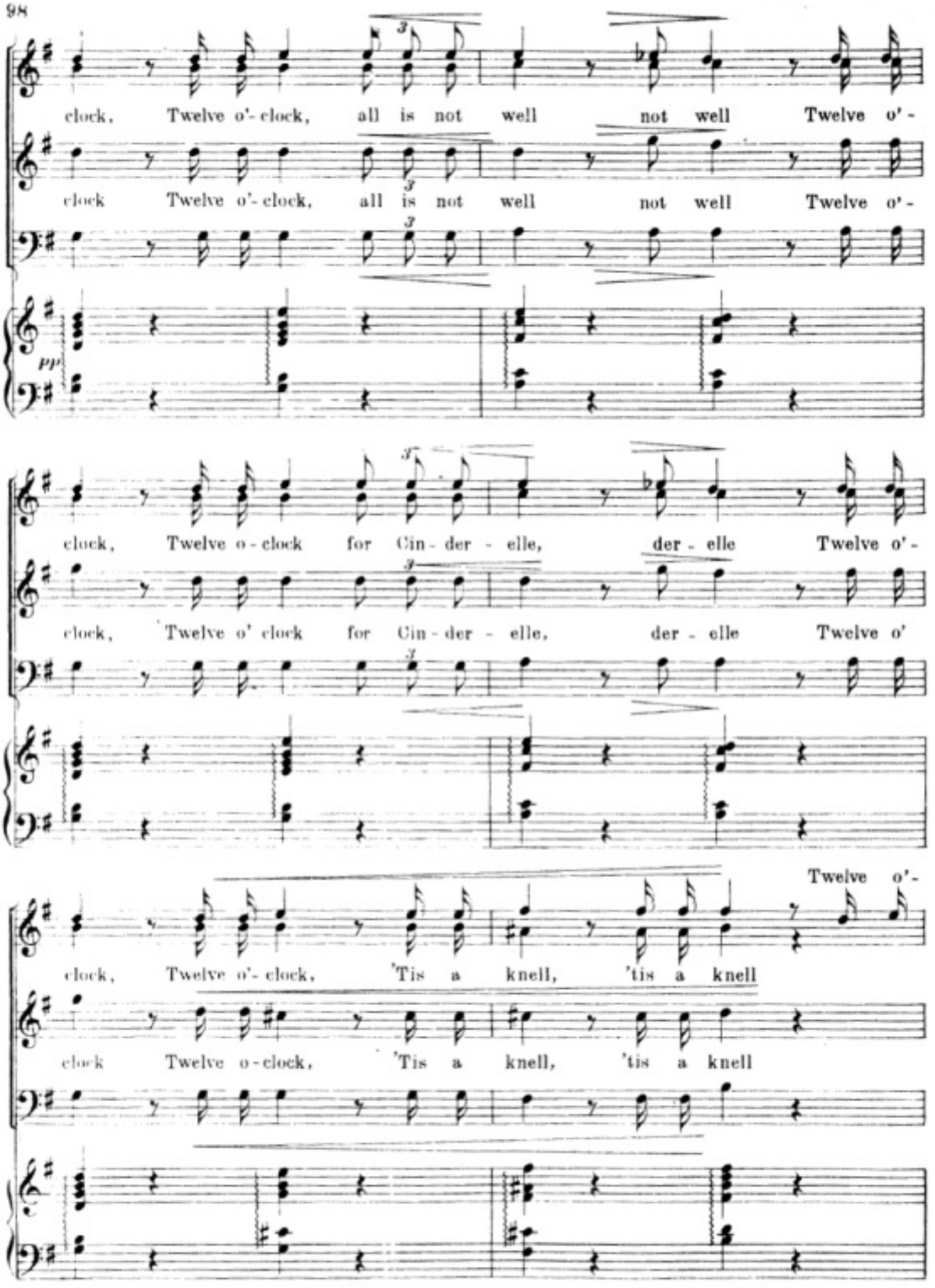
No. 22.

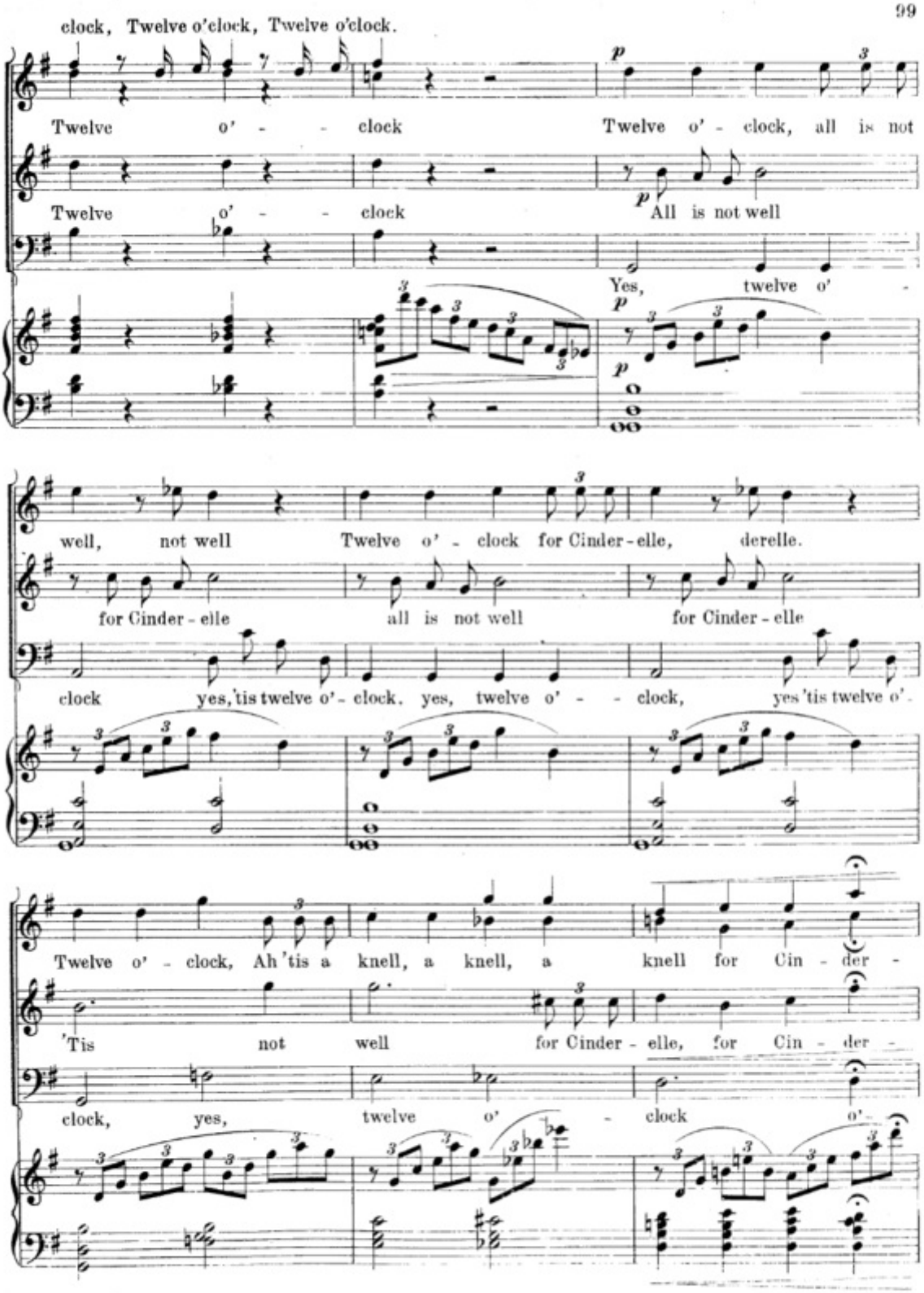
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

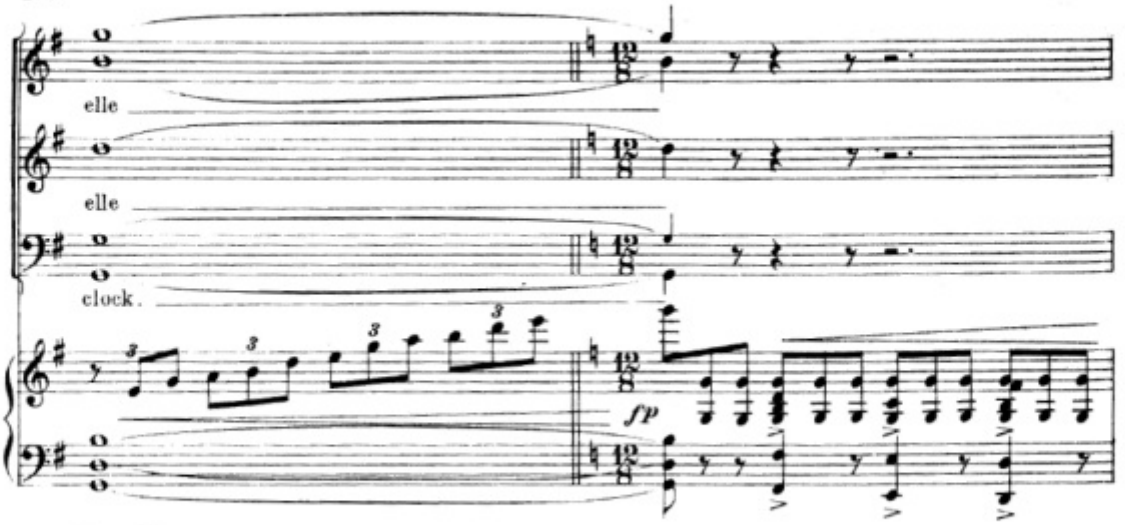
Moderato, quasi Allegretto.




TUTTI.
Eight! Old time be - gone!
Nine! What a fool-ish fan - cy this is
Ten! All our fun to block!
Eleven! Just because a sil - ly time-piece
Twelve! Says it's twelve o'- clock! twelve o' - clock!
molto rit.
Allegretto.
Twelve o' - clock
SOPR. ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO.
Twelve o'-clock
Twelve o'-
Twelve o' - clock,
Twelve o'-clock


clock, Twelve o'- clock, all is not well not well Twelve o'-
clock Twelve o'- clock, all is not well not well Twelve o'-
pp
clock, Twelve o - clock for Cin - der - elle, der - elle Twelve o'-
clock, Twelve o' clock for Cin - der - elle, der - elle Twelve o'
Twelve o'-
clock, Twelve o'- clock, 'Tis a knell, 'tis a knell
clock Twelve o - clock, 'Tis a knell, 'tis a knell


clock, Twelve o'clock, Twelve o'clock.
Twelve o' - - clock
Twelve o' - clock, all is not
Twelve o' - - clock
All is not well
Yes, twelve o' -
well, not well
Twelve o' - clock for Cinder - elle, derelle.
for Cinder - elle
all is not well
for Cinder - elle
clock
yes, 'tis twelve o' - clock. yes, twelve o' - - clock,
yes 'tis twelve o'.
Twelve o' - clock, Ah 'tis a knell, a knell, a
knell for Cin - der -
'Tis not well
for Cinder - elle, for Cin - der -
clock, yes,
twelve o' - clock
o'



Grandioso.

PRINCIPALS.

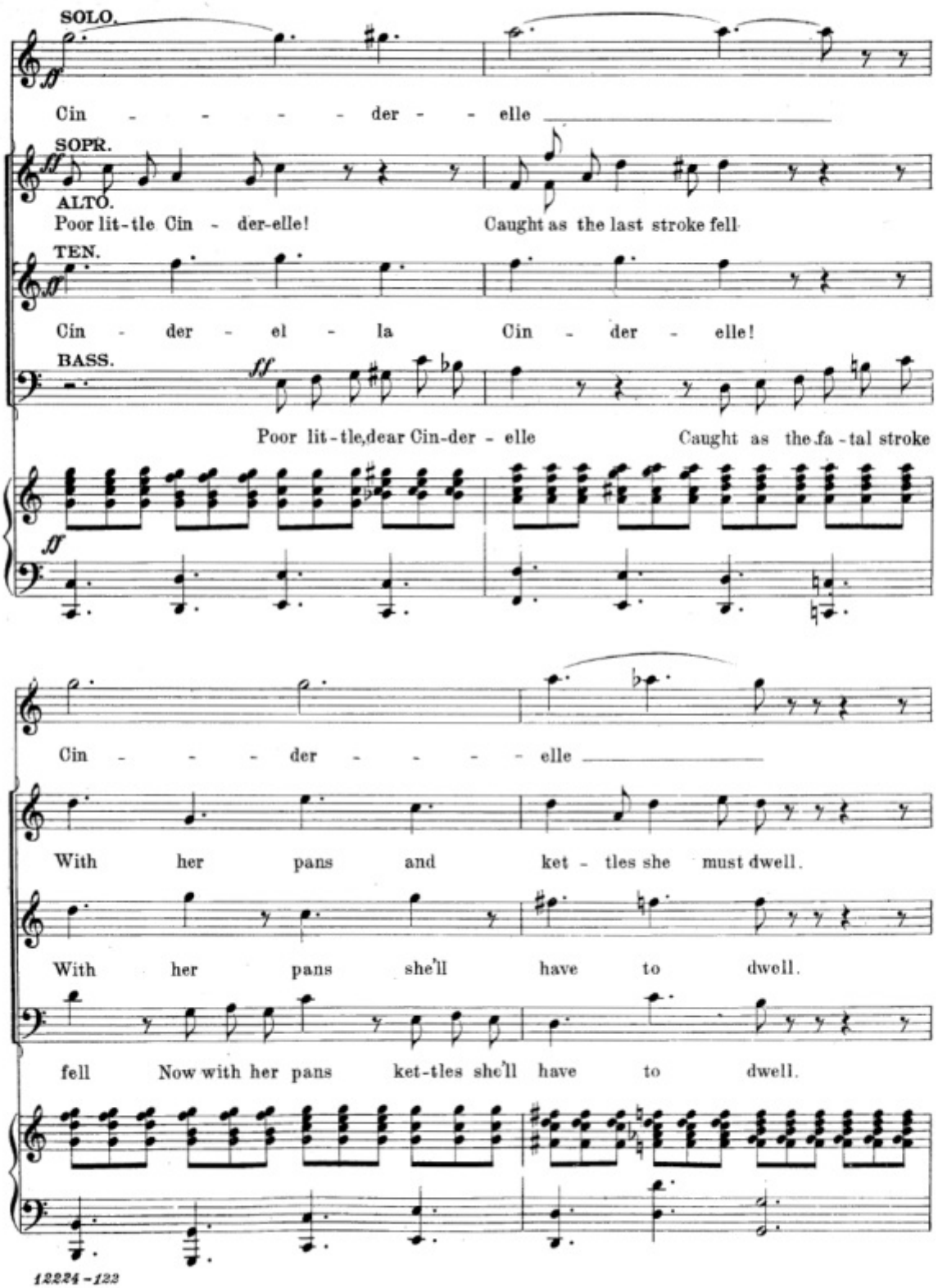
Poor little Cin - derelle Caught as the last stroke fell With her pans and

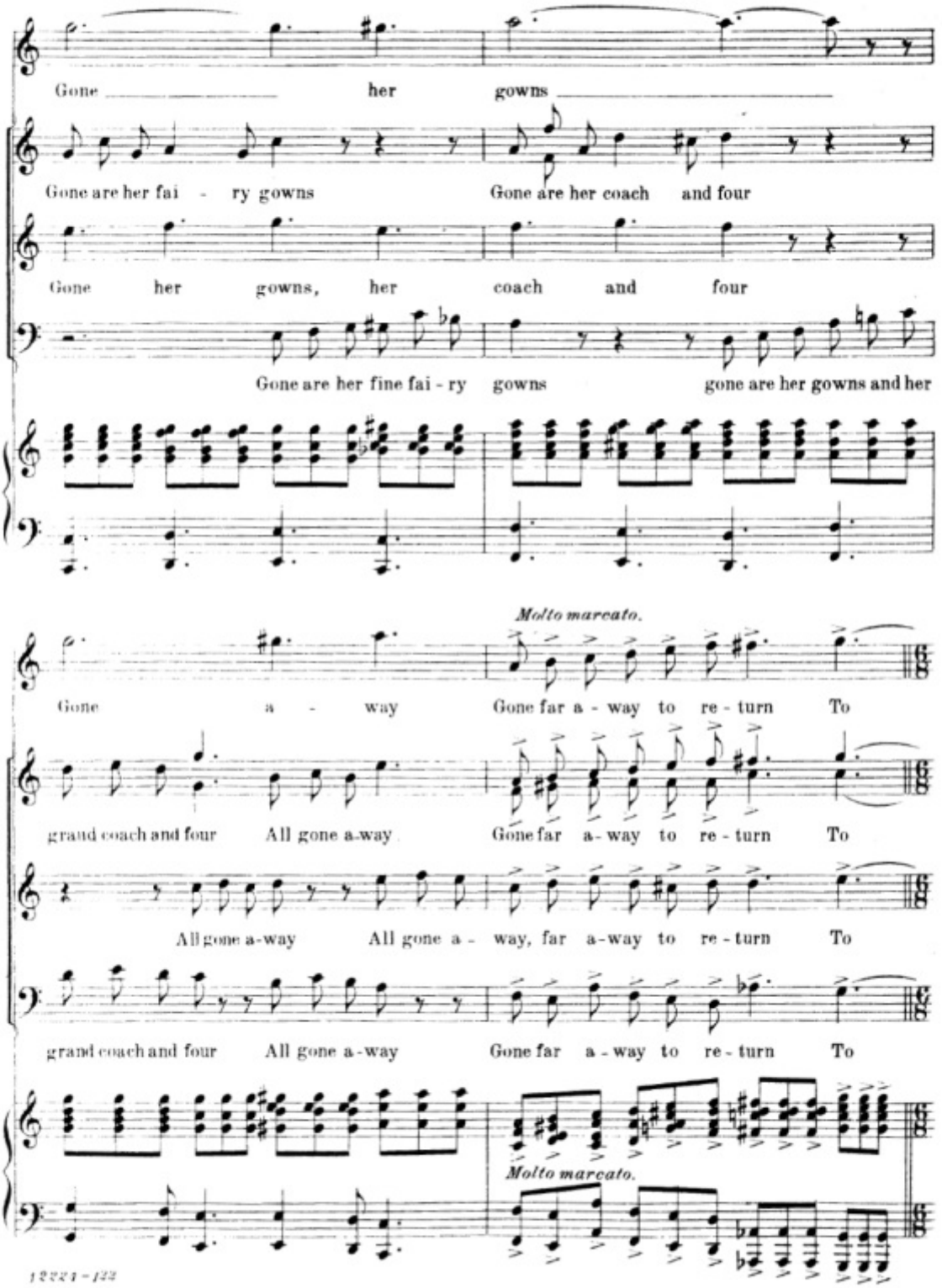
f

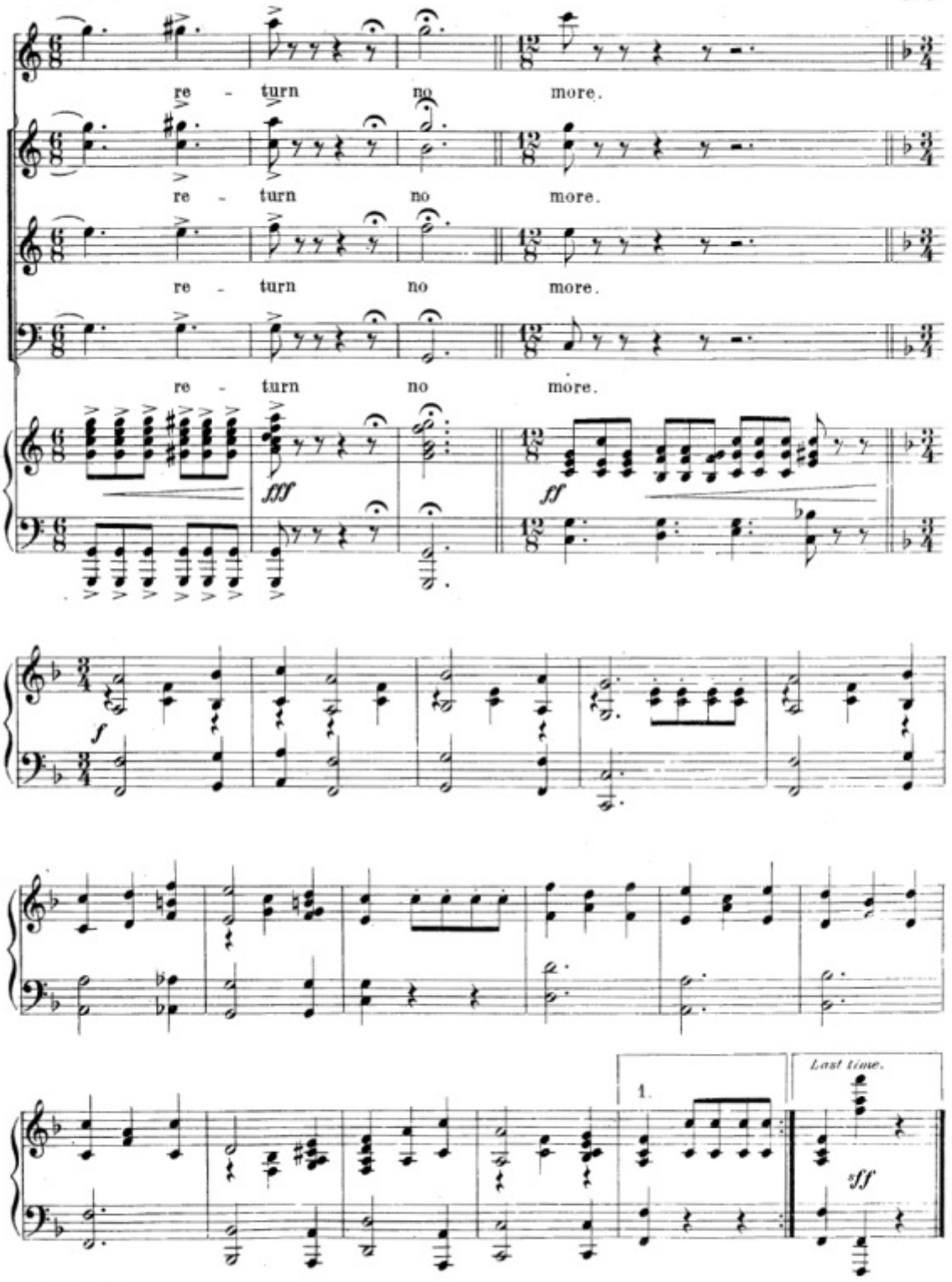
ket - tles she must dwell Gone are her fai-ry gowns Gone are her coach and four.

Off flew her luck when twelve o'- clock struck! Flew off to re - turn no more

poco accel *poco rit.*


SOLO.
Cin - - - - der - - elle
SOPR.
ALTO.
Poor lit-tle Cin - der-elle!
Caught as the last stroke fell
TEN.
Cin - der - el - la
Cin - der - elle!
BASS.
Poor lit-tle,dear Cin-der - elle
Caught as the fa-tal stroke
Cin - - - der - - - - elle
With her pans and ket - tles she must dwell.
With her pans she'll have to dwell.
fell Now with her pans ket-tles she'll have to dwell.


Gone her gowns
Gone are her fai - ry gowns
Gone are her coach and four
Gone her gowns, her coach and four
Gone are her fine fai - ry gowns
gone are her gowns and her
Molto marcato.
Gone a - way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
grand coach and four
All gone a-way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
All gone a-way
All gone a - way, far a-way to re - turn To
grand coach and four
All gone a-way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
Molto marcato.


re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
fff
ff
f
1.
Last time.
sff

Act III.

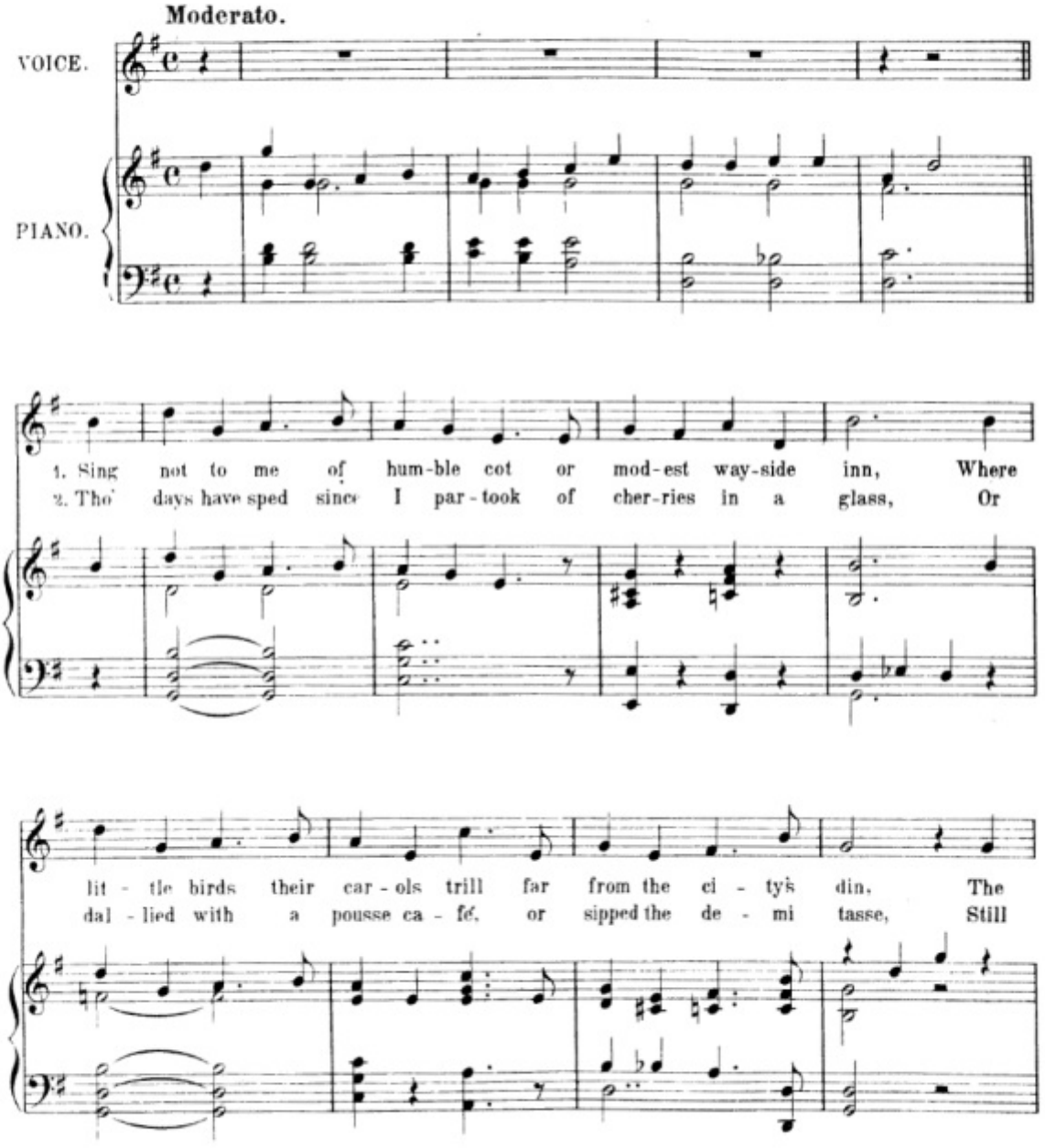
Sing Not to Me of Humble Cot.

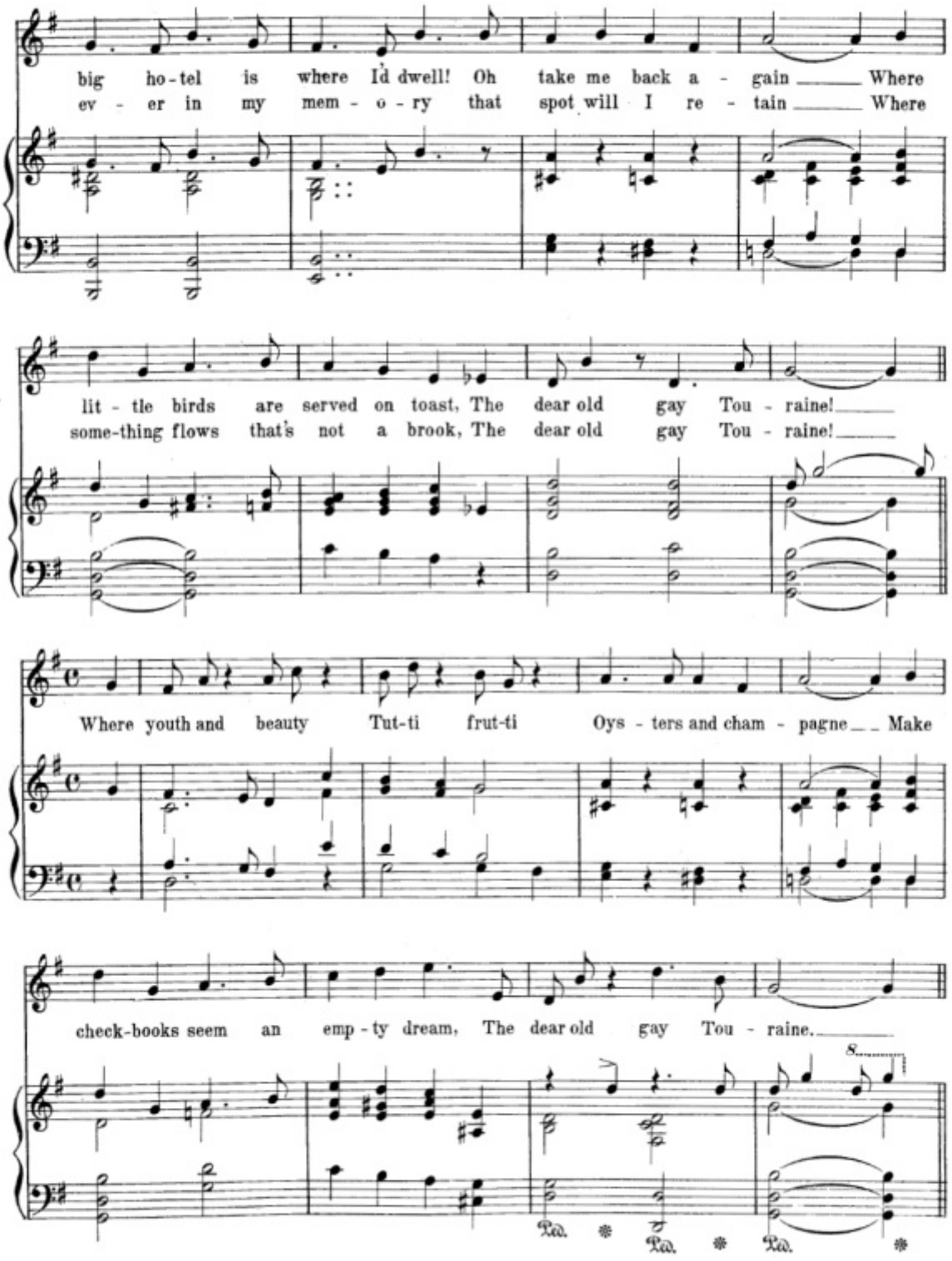
SONG.

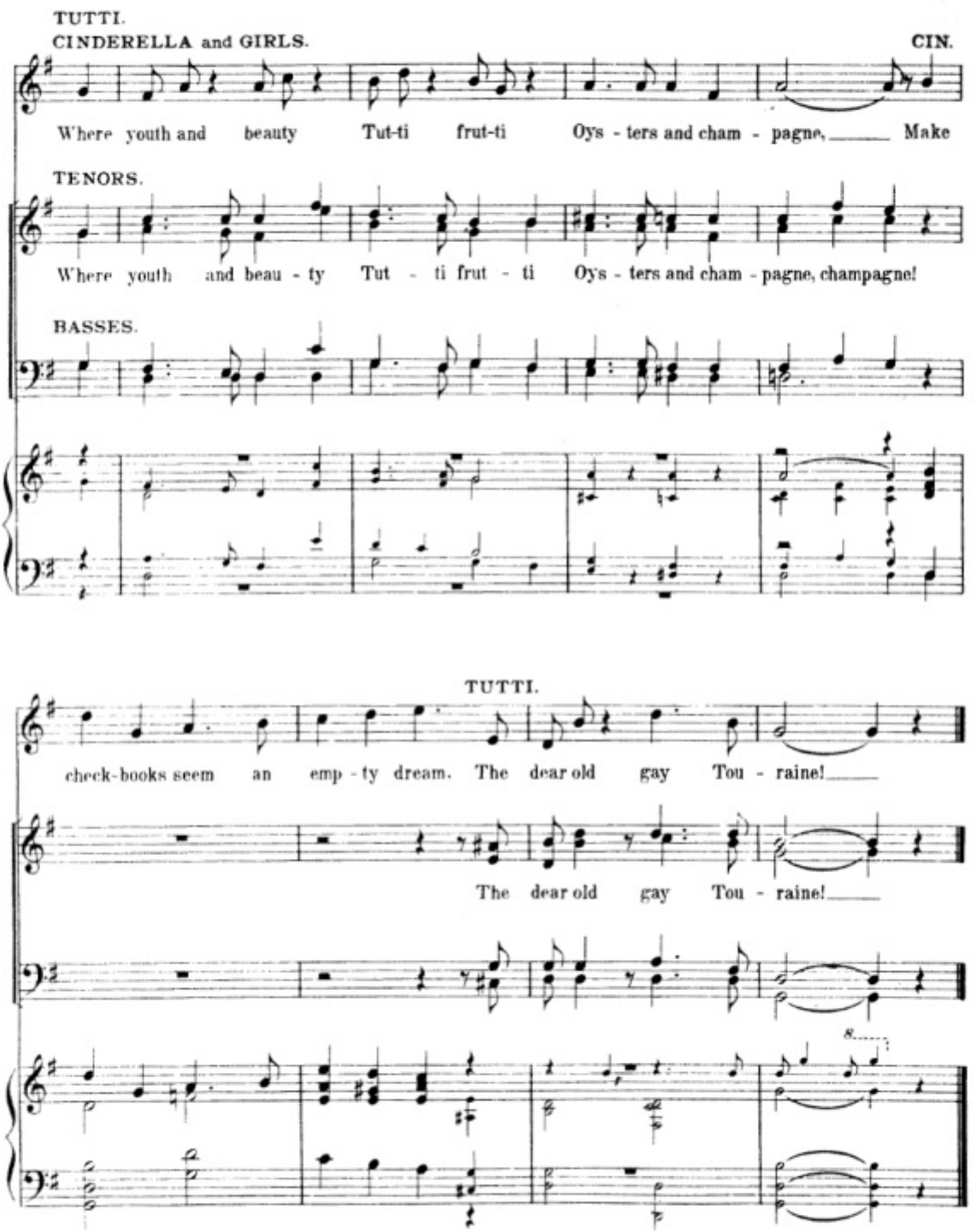
(CINDERELLA.)

No. 23.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




big ho-tel is where I'd dwell! Oh take me back a - gain Where
ev - er in my mem - o - ry that spot will I re - tain Where
lit - tle birds are served on toast, The dear old gay Tou - raine!
some-thing flows that's not a brook, The dear old gay Tou - raine!
Where youth and beauty Tut-ti frut-ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne Make
check-books seem an emp - ty dream, The dear old gay Tou - raine.
8
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


TUTTI.
CINDERELLA and GIRLS.
CIN.
Where youth and beauty Tut-ti frut-ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne, Make
TENORS.
Where youth and beau - ty Tut - ti frut - ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne, champagne!
BASSES.
TUTTI.
check-books seem an emp - ty dream. The dear old gay Tou - raine!
The dear old gay Tou - raine!

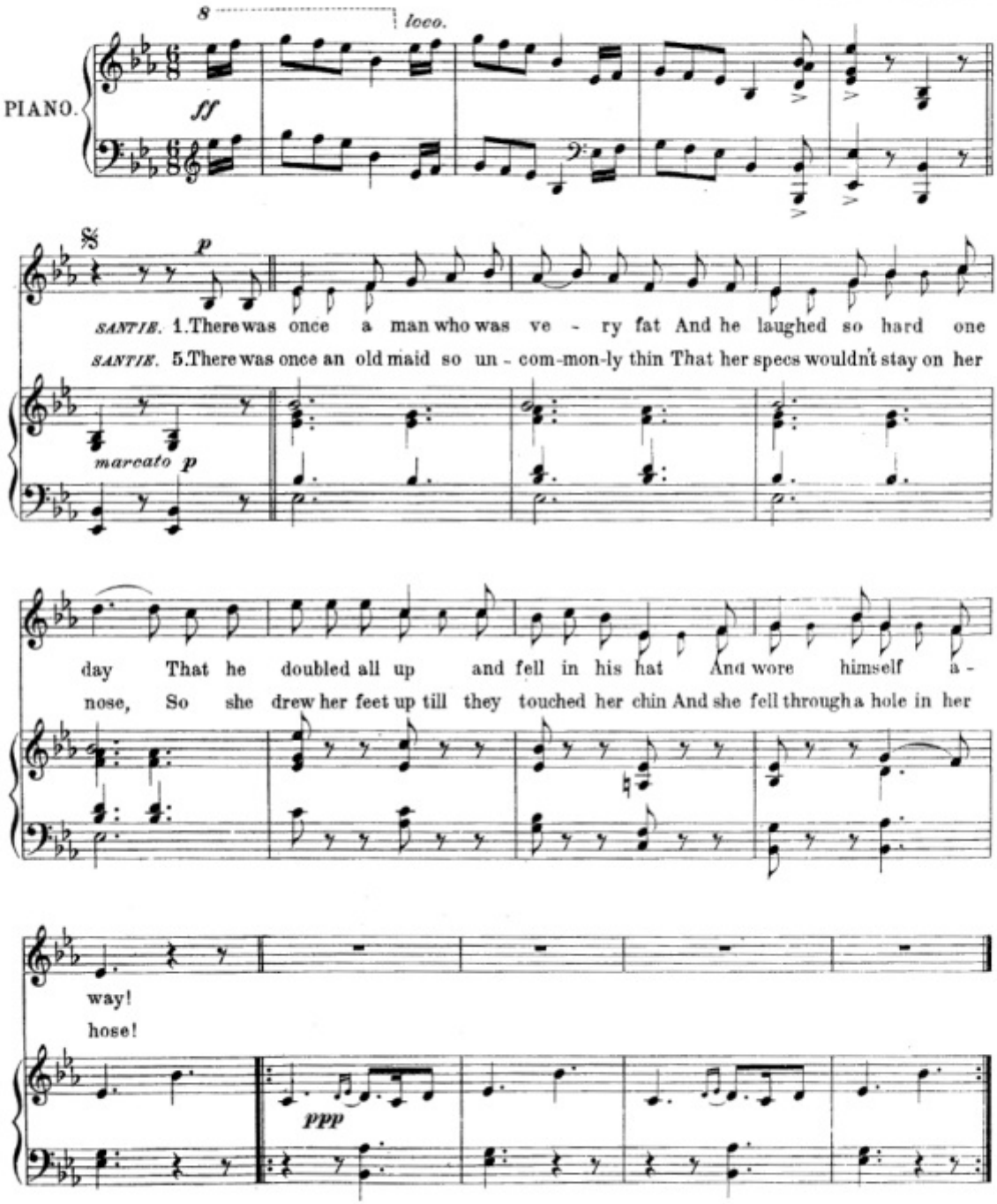
What a remarkable Thing!

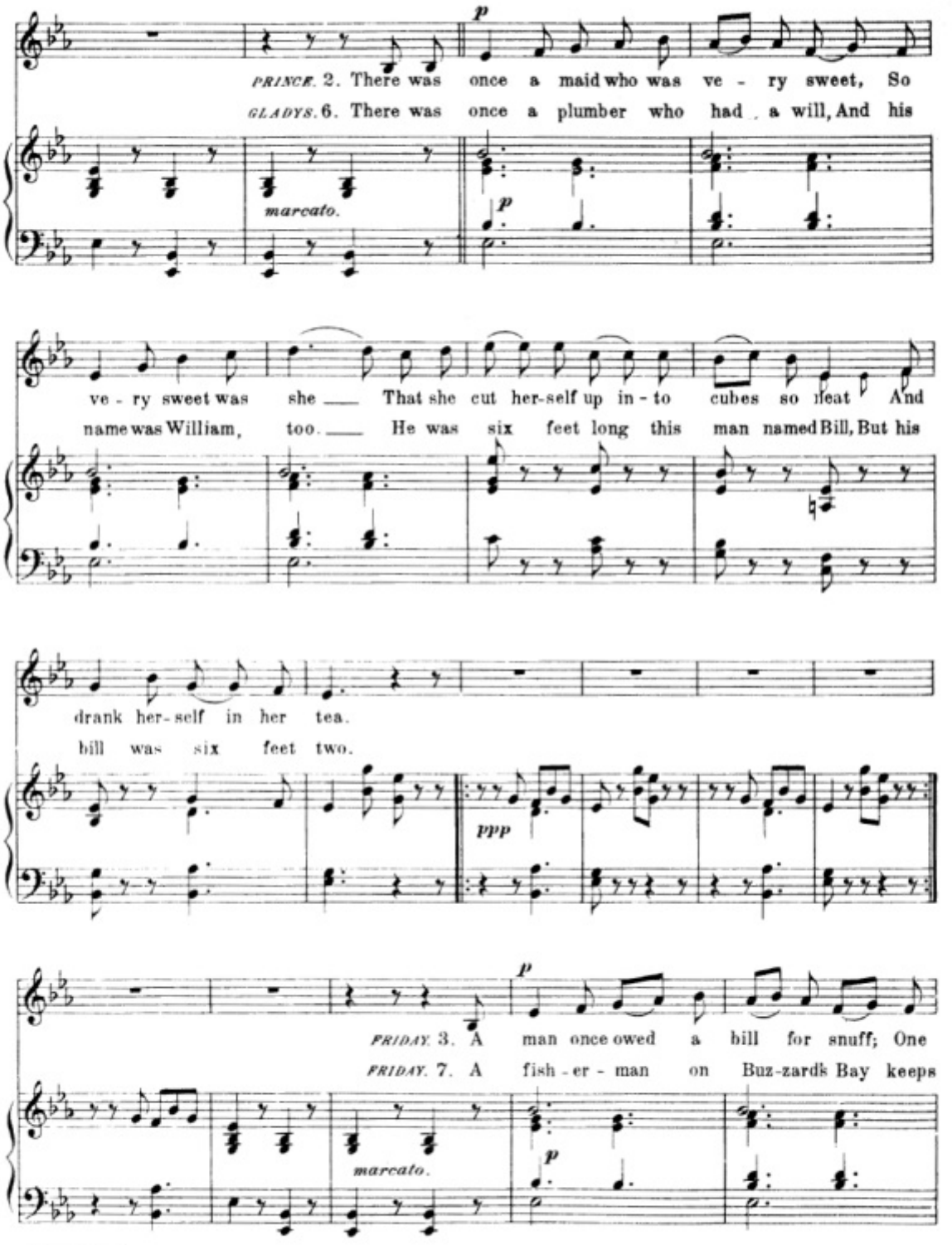
SONG.

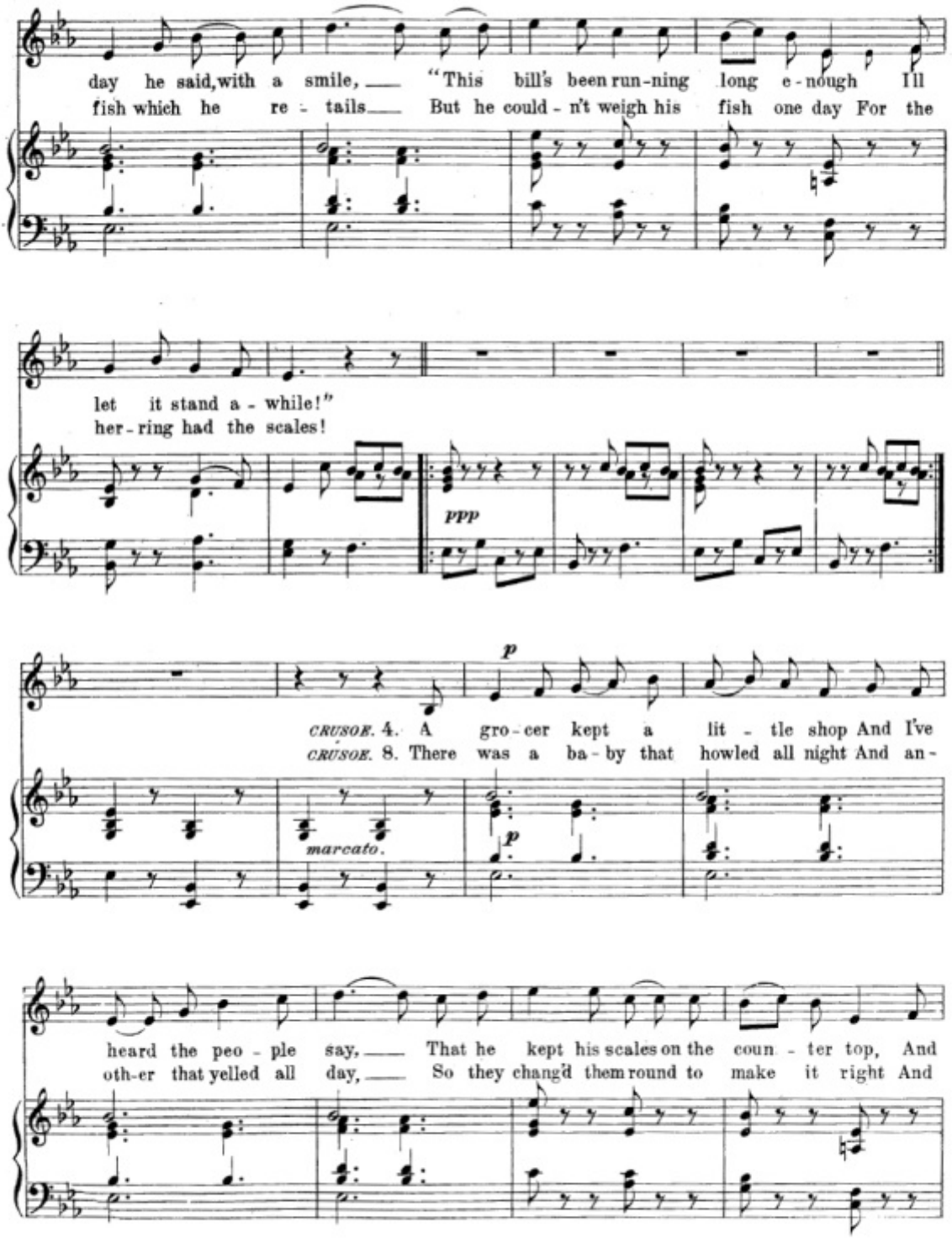
(SANTIE, CRUSOE, PRINCE, FRIDAY, GLADYS et al.)

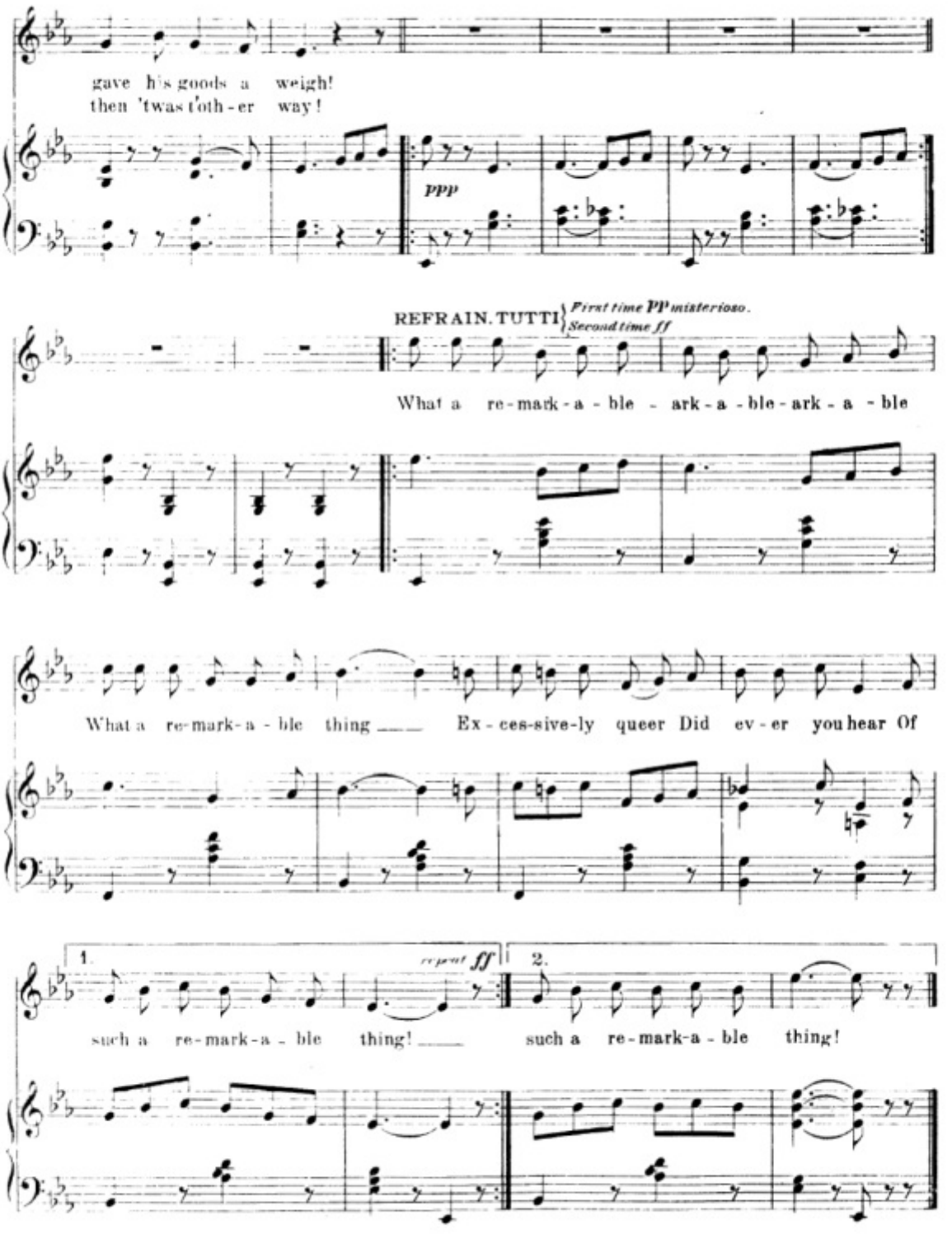
No. 24.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




p
PRINCE. 2. There was once a maid who was ve - ry sweet, So
GLADYS. 6. There was once a plumber who had a will, And his
marcato.
p
ve - ry sweet was she That she cut her-self up in - to cubes so neat And
name was William, too. He was six feet long this man named Bill, But his
drank her-self in her tea.
bill was six feet two.
ppp
p
FRIDAY. 3. A man once owed a bill for snuff; One
FRIDAY. 7. A fish - er - man on Buz-zard's Bay keeps
marcato.
p


day he said, with a smile, — "This bill's been run-ning long e-nough I'll
fish which he re - tails — But he could - n't weigh his fish one day For the
let it stand a - while!"
her - ring had the scales!
ppp
p
CRUSOE. 4. A gro - cer kept a lit - tle shop And I've
CRUSOE. 8. There was a ba - by that howled all night And an -
marcato.
p
heard the peo - ple say, — That he kept his scales on the coun - ter top, And
oth-er that yelled all day, — So they chang'd them round to make it right And

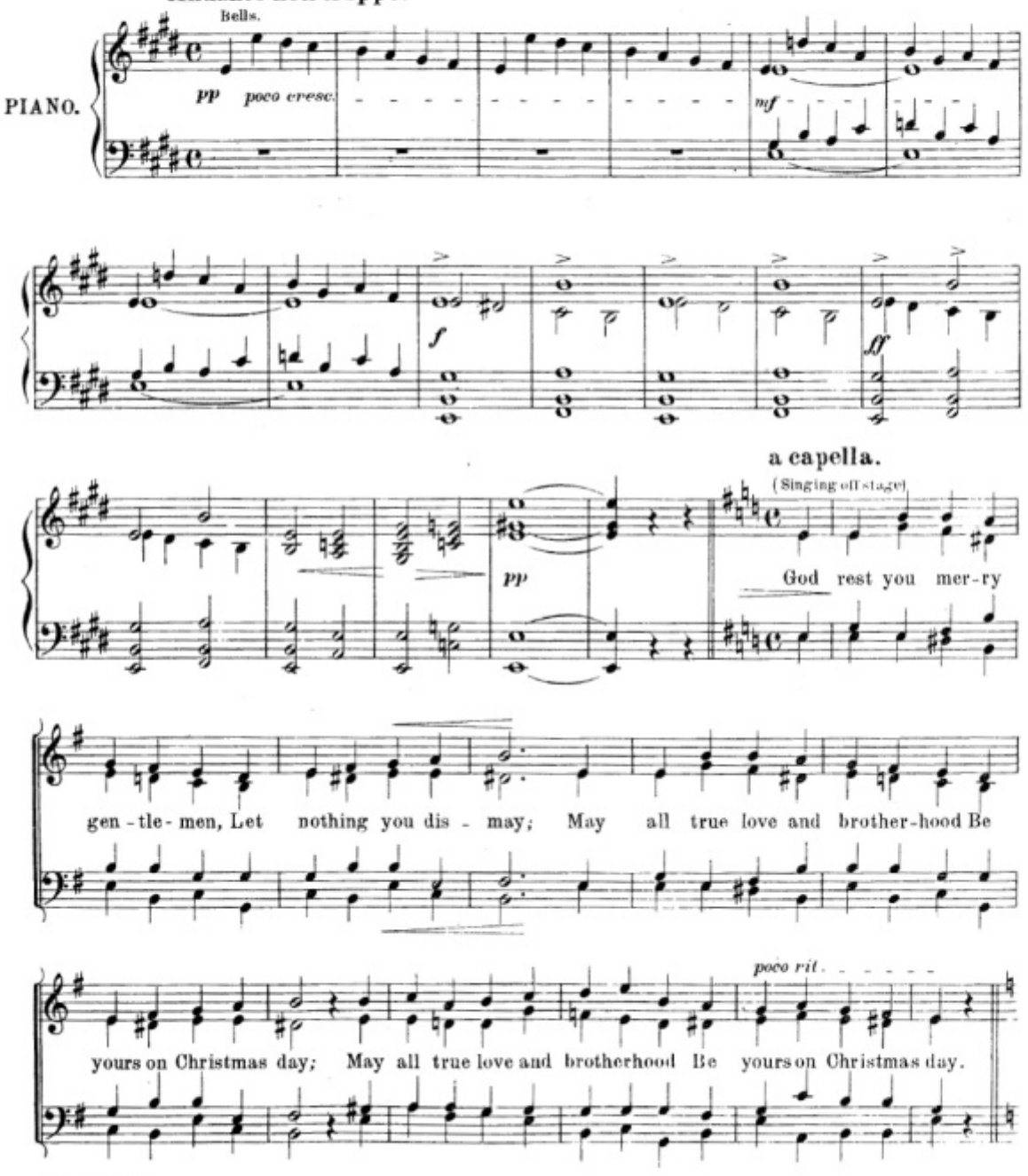

gave his goods a weigh!
then 'twas t'oth-er way!
ppp
REFRAIN. TUTTI
First time PP misteriozo.
Second time ff
What a re-mark-a-ble ark-a-ble ark-a-ble
What a re-mark-a-ble thing Ex-ces-sive-ly queer Did ev-er you hear Of
1.
repeat ff
such a re-mark-a-ble thing!
2.
such a re-mark-a-ble thing!

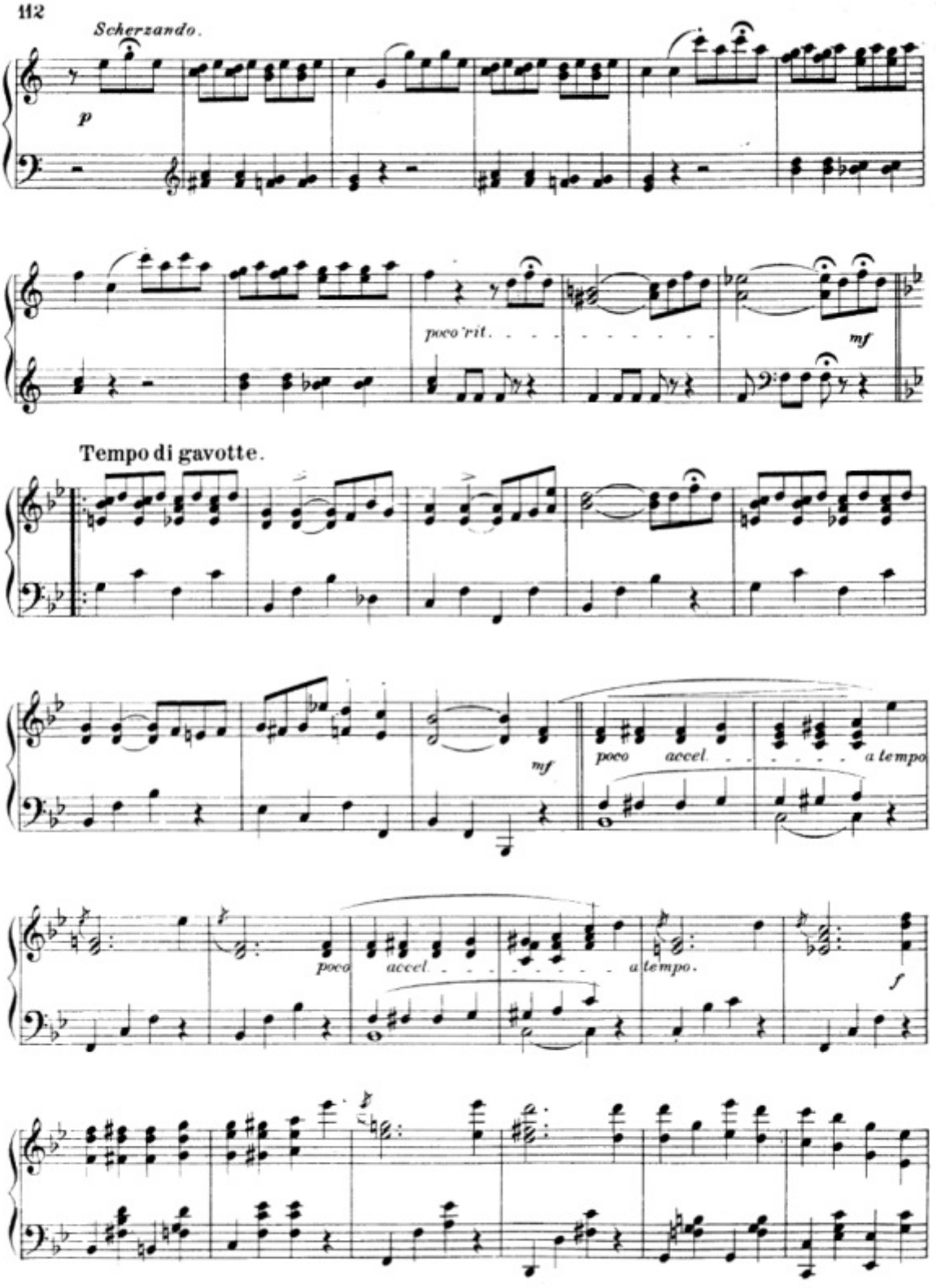
Ballet Music and Finale.

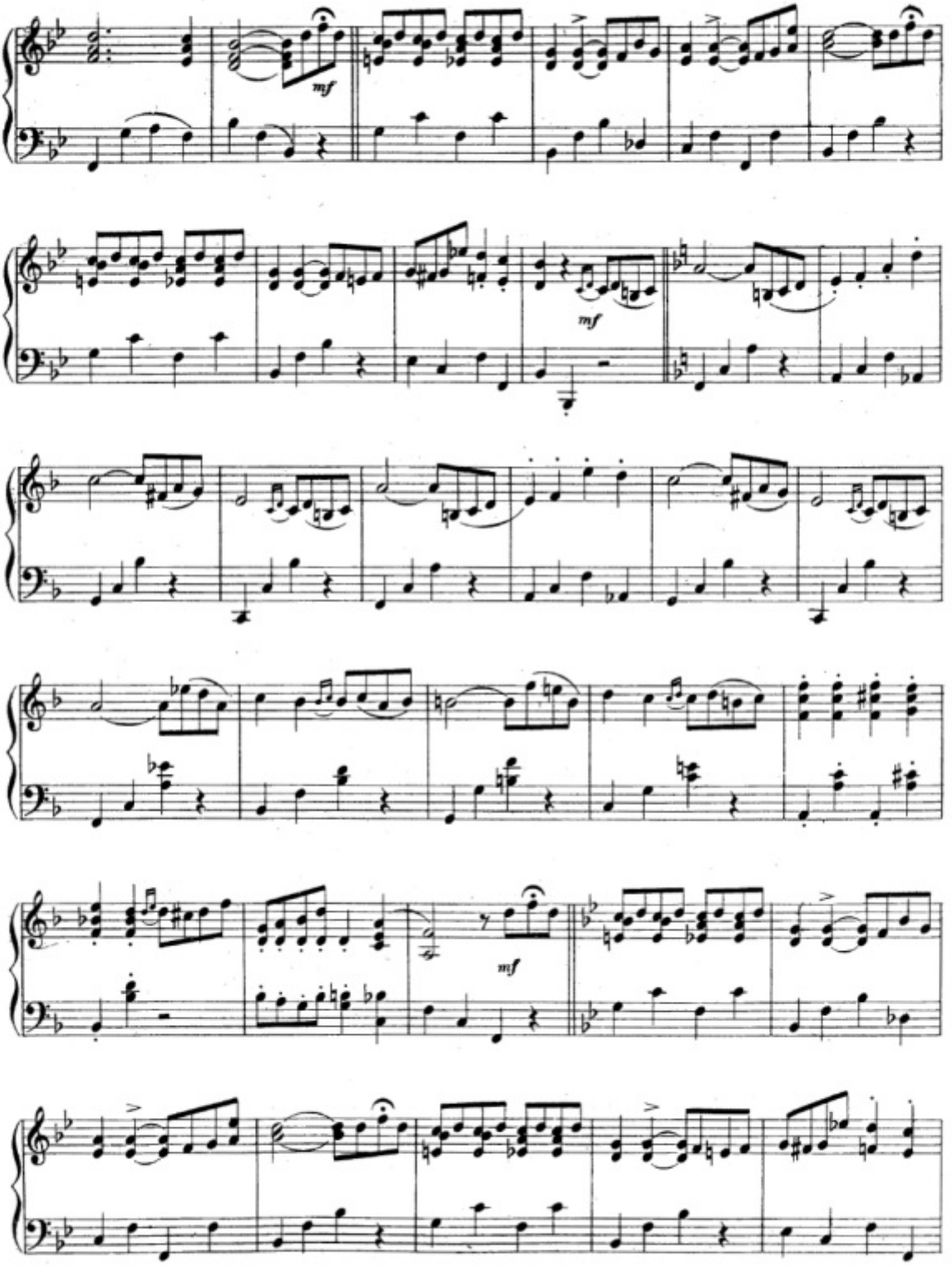
No. 25.

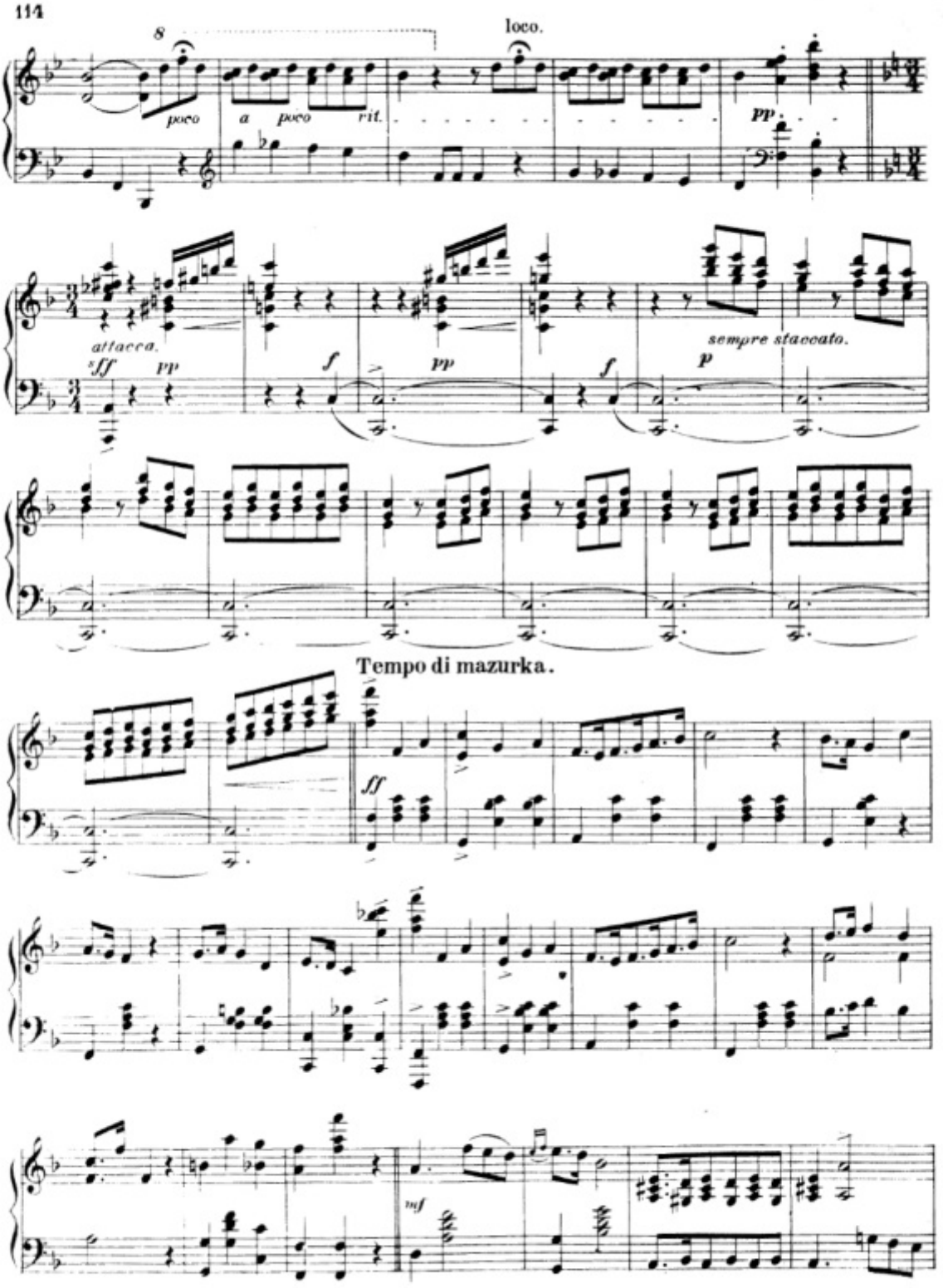
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

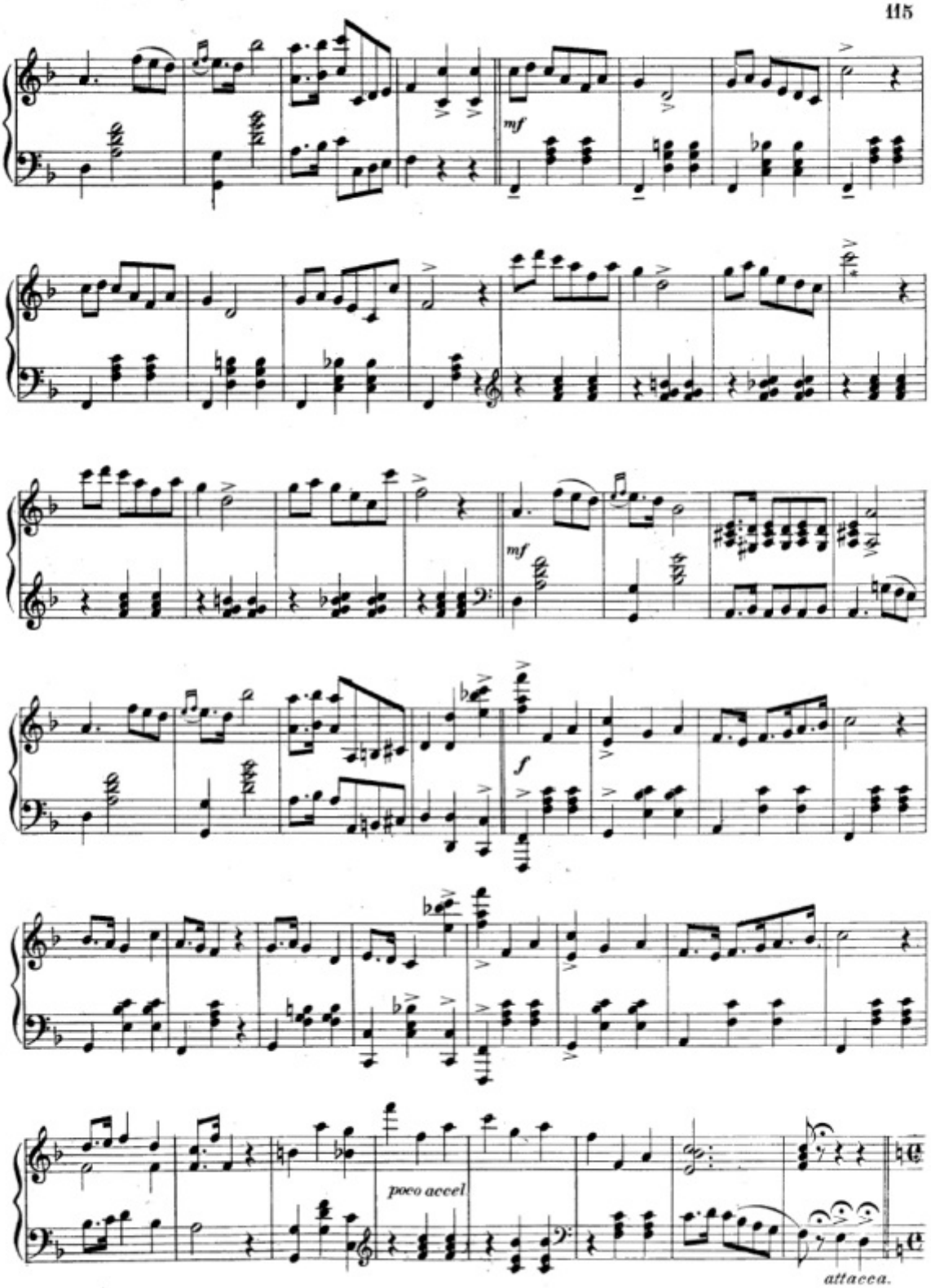
Andante non troppo.

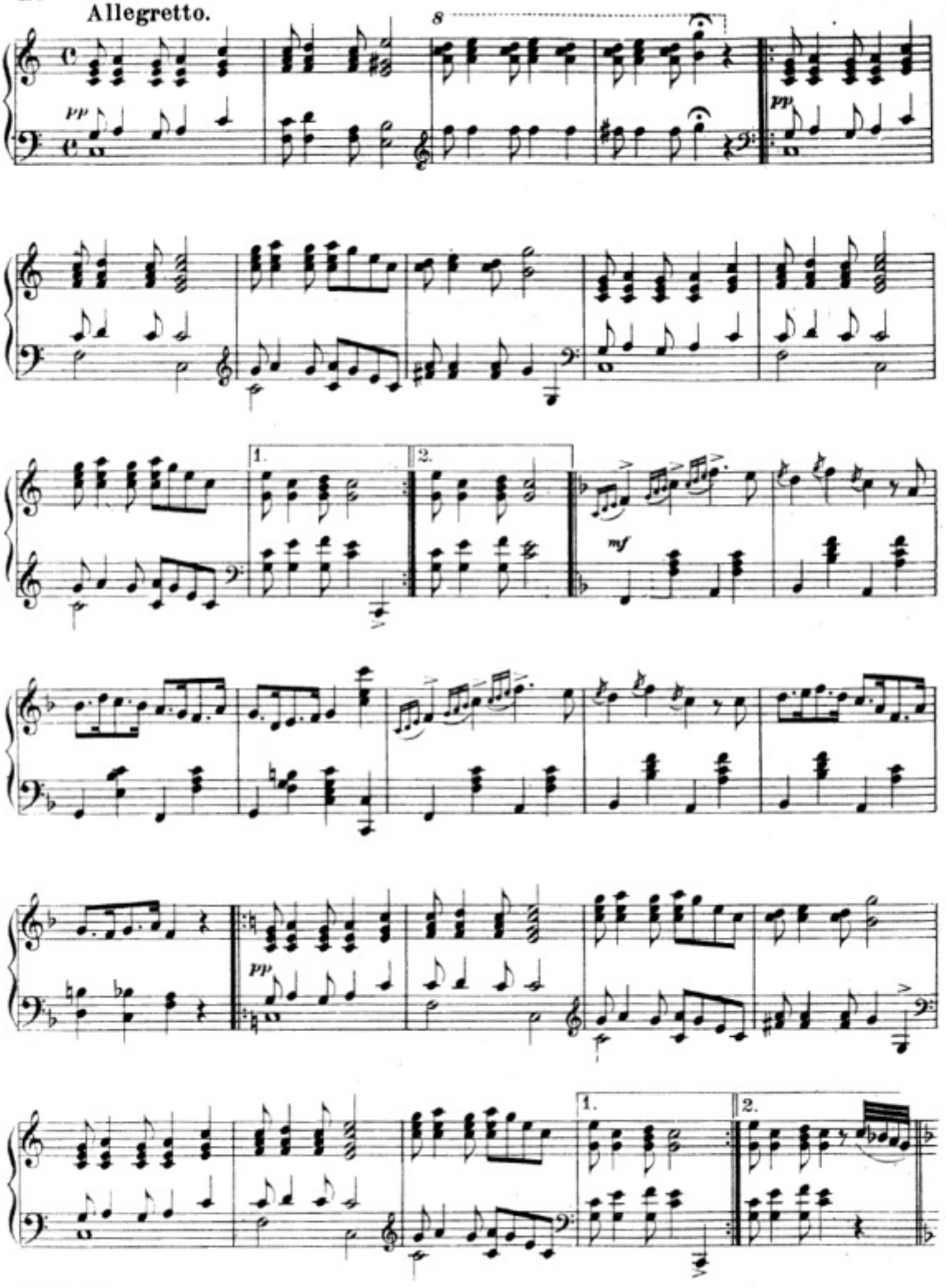


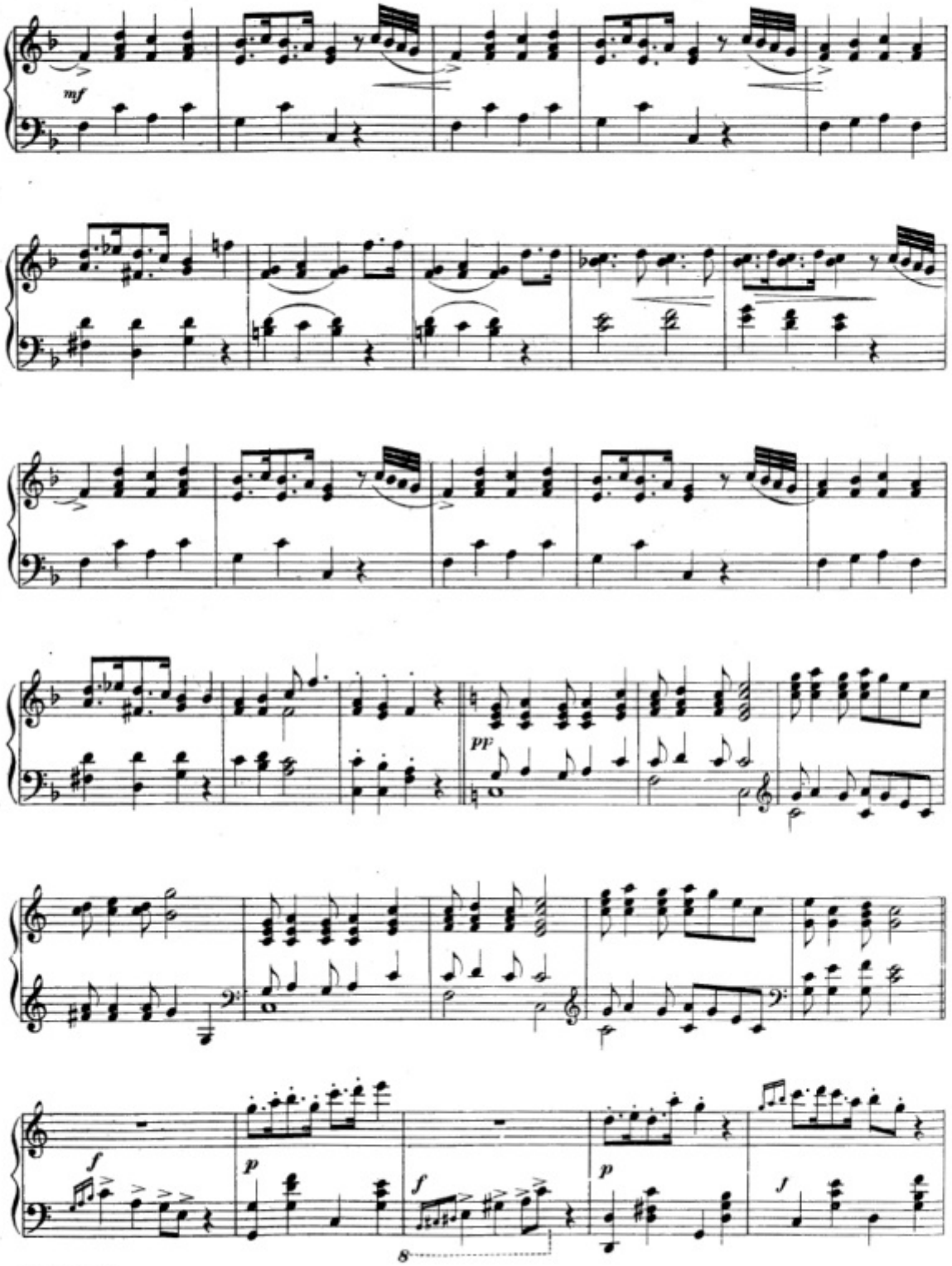

Scherzando.
p
poco rit.
mf
Tempo di gavotte.
mf
poco accel.
a tempo
poco accel.
a tempo.
f

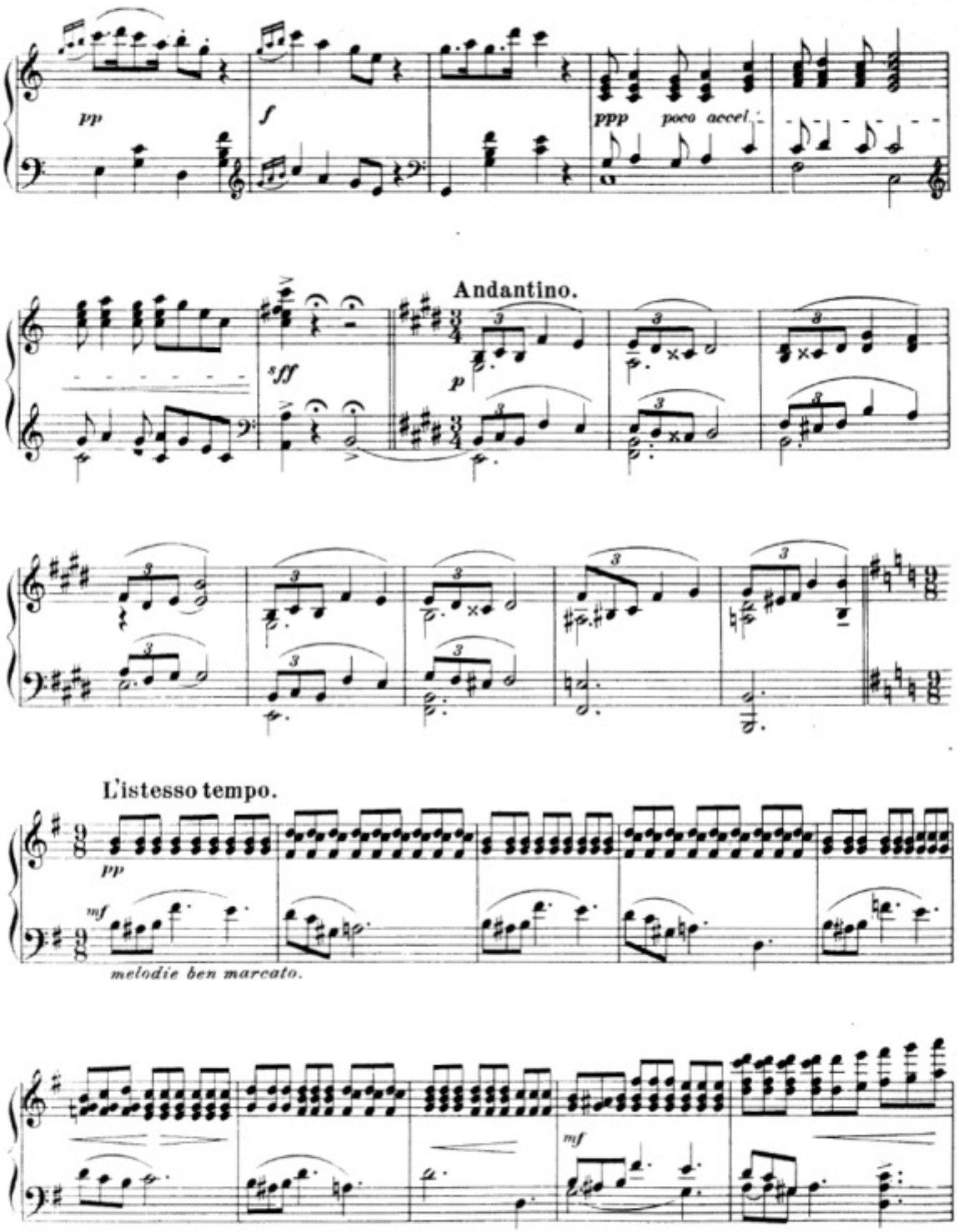

mf
mf
mf

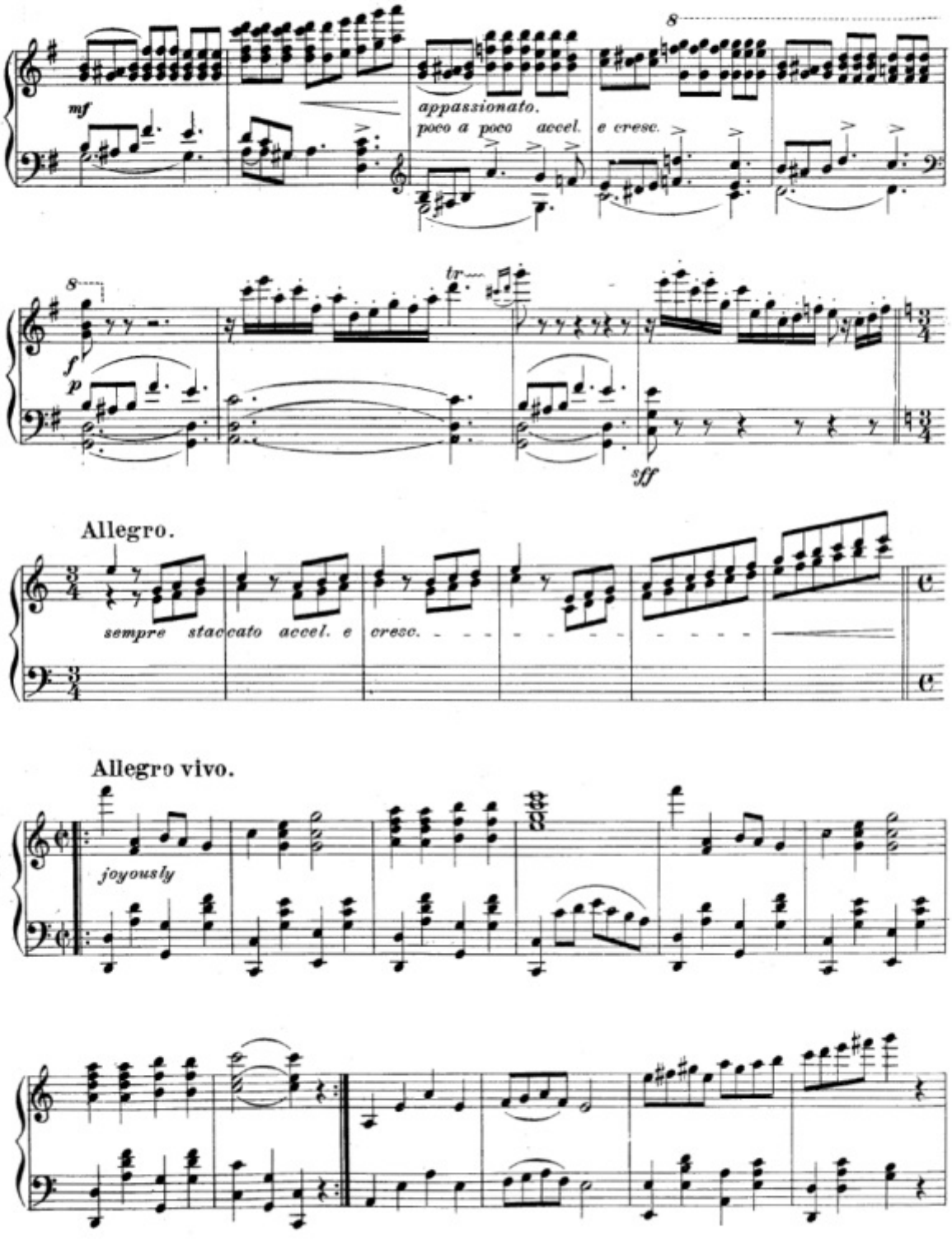

8
loco.
poco
a poco
rit.
pp
attacca.
sff
pp
f
pp
f
sempre staccato.
p
Tempo di mazurka.
ff
mf

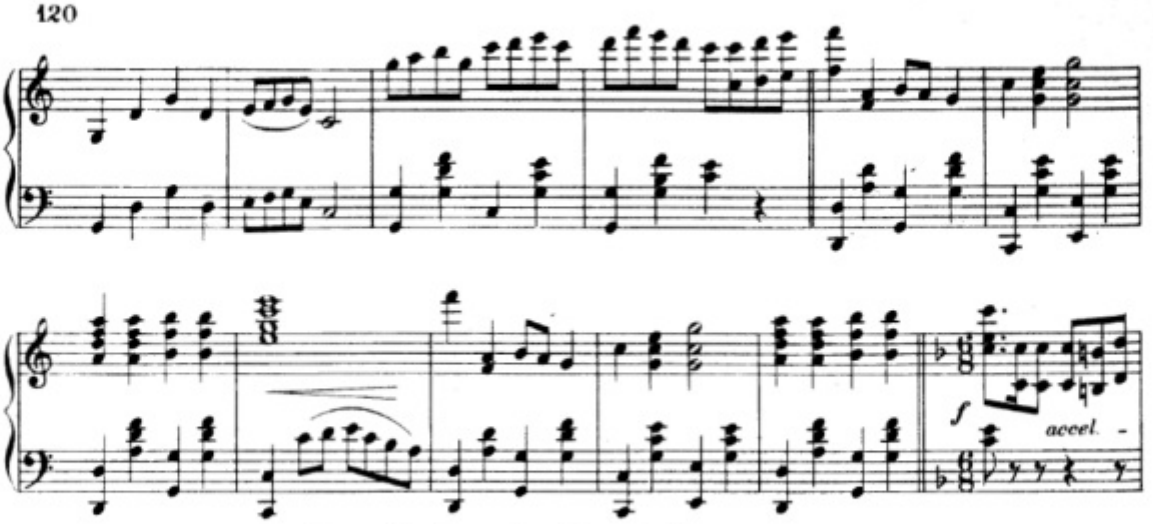

mf
mf
f
poco accel
attacca.


Allegretto.
8
pp
pp
1.
2.
mf
pp
1.
2.

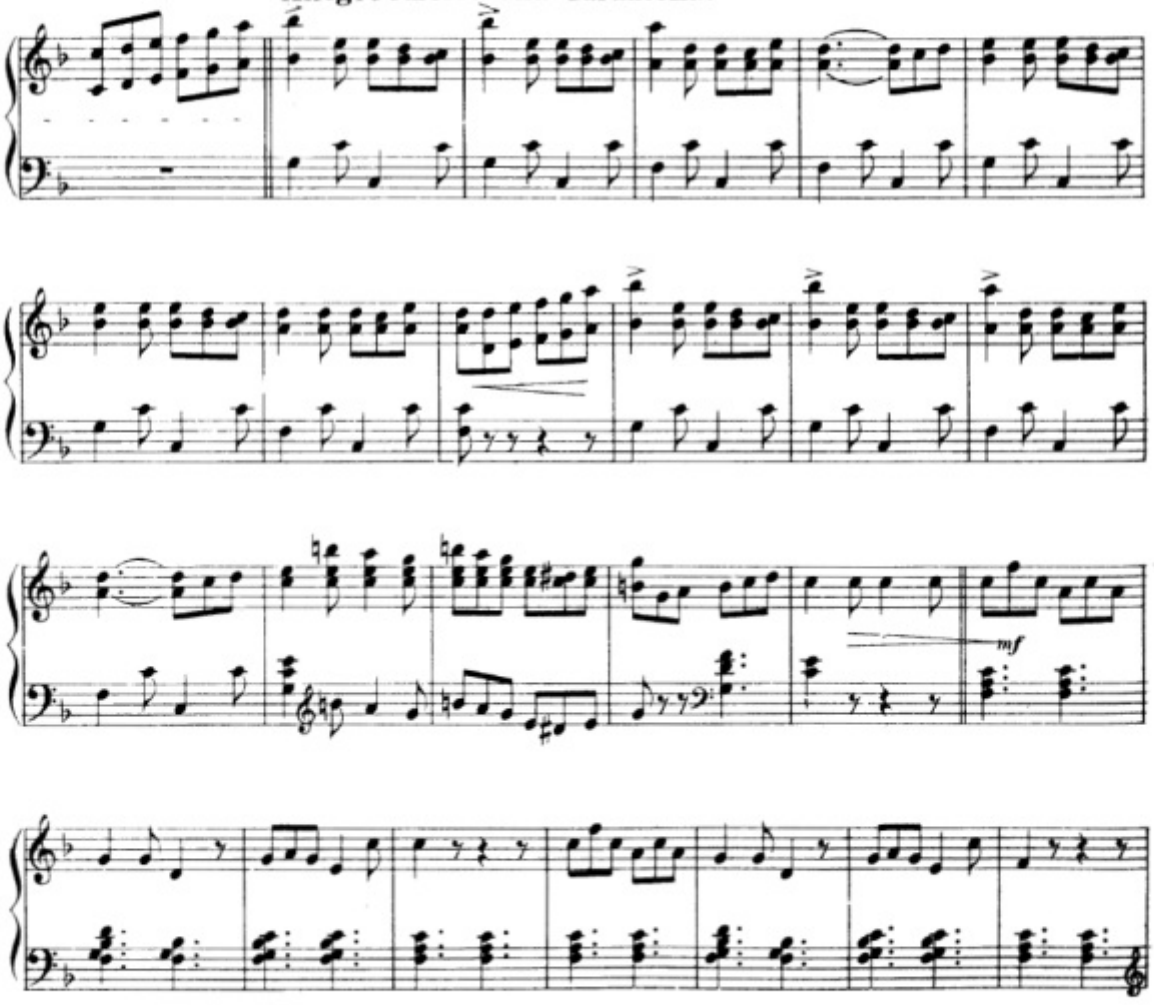

mf
pp
f
p
f
p
f
8

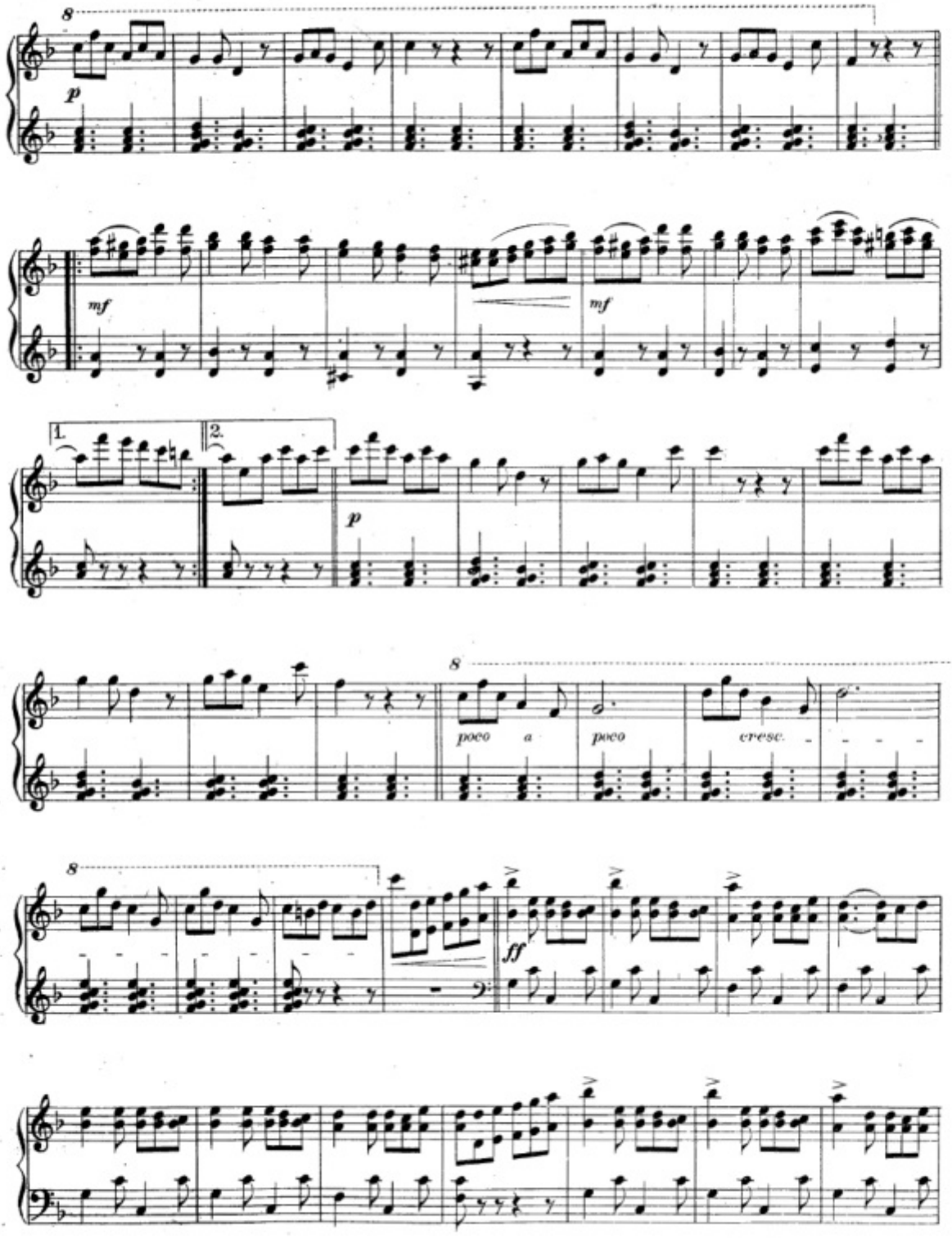

pp
f
ppp
poco accel.
Andantino.
sfff
p
L'istesso tempo.
pp
mf
melodie ben marcato.
mf


mf
appassionato.
poco a poco accel. e cresc.
8
tr
f
p
sff
Allegro.
sempre staccato accel. e cresc.
Allegro vivo.
joyously



Allegro furioso alla Tarantella.

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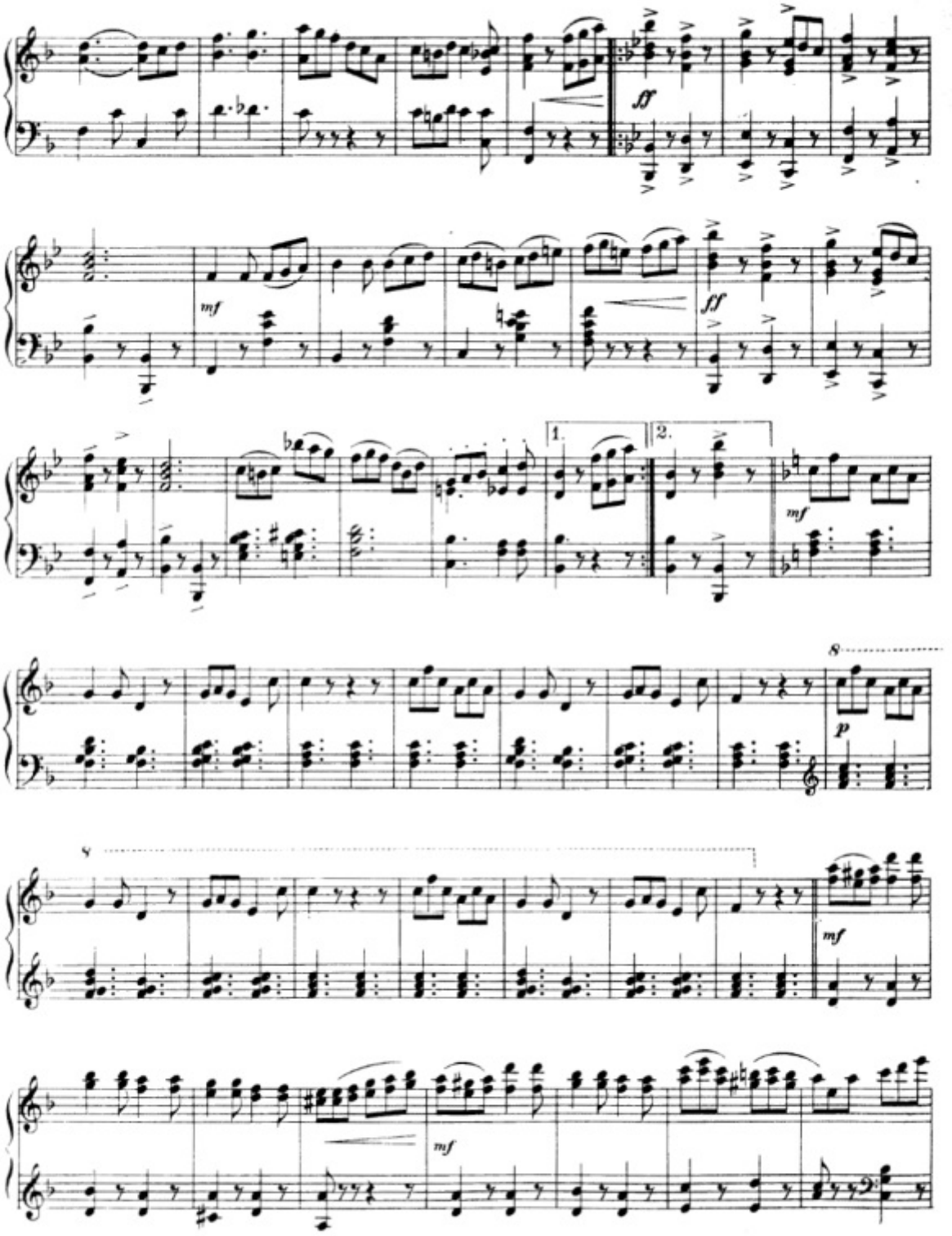
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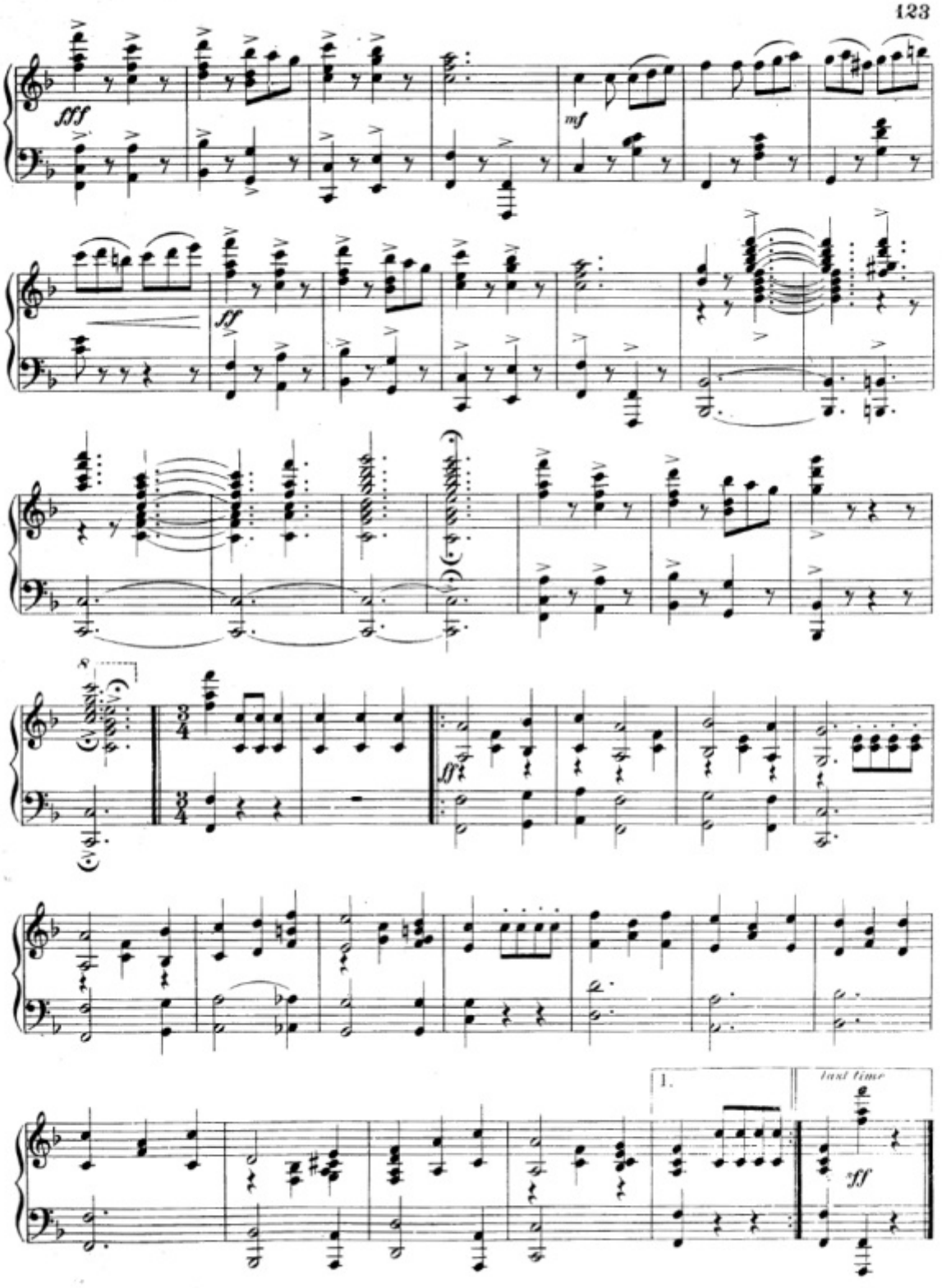
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