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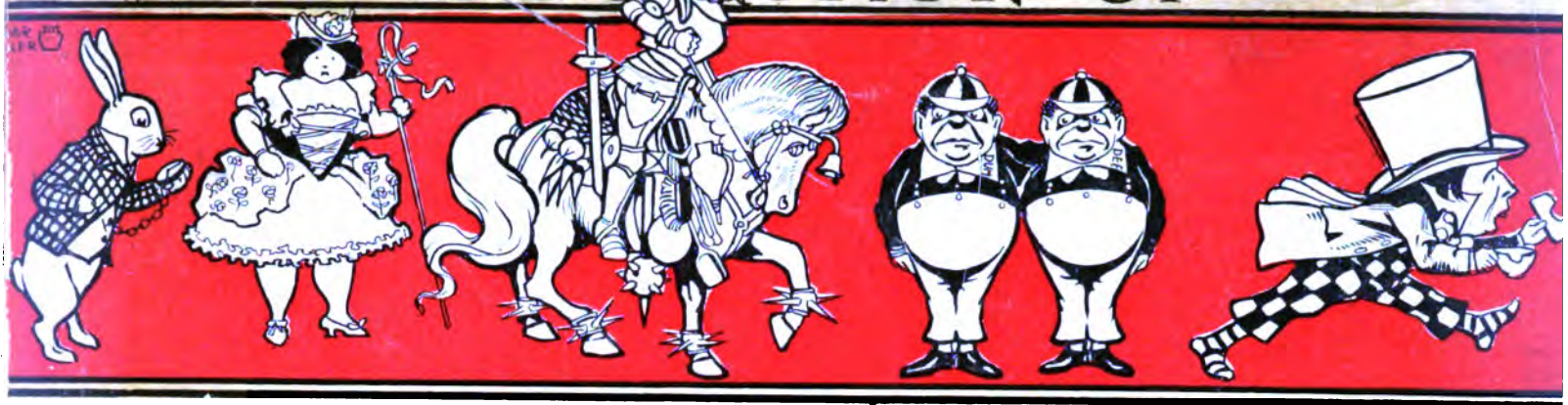
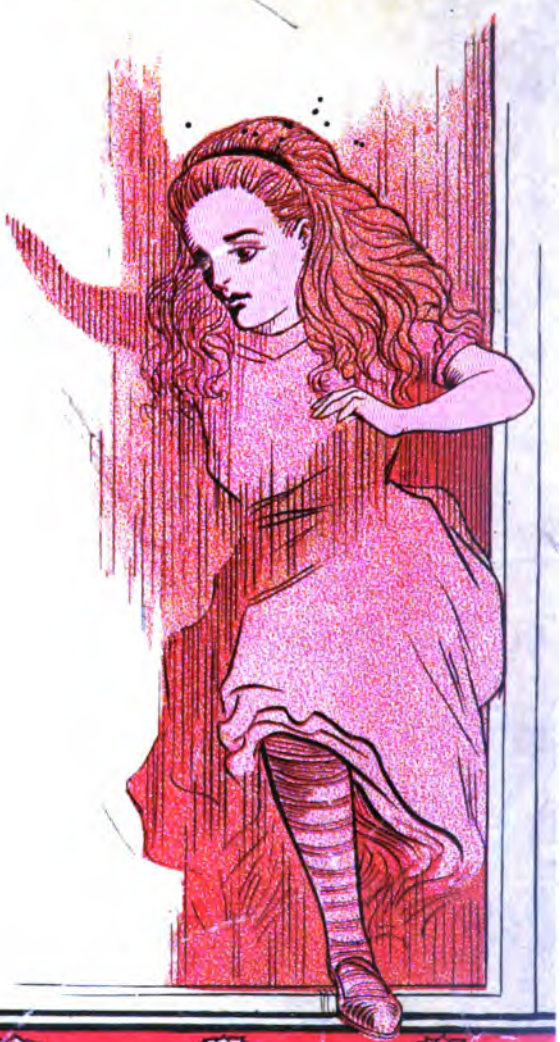
PRODUCTION OF



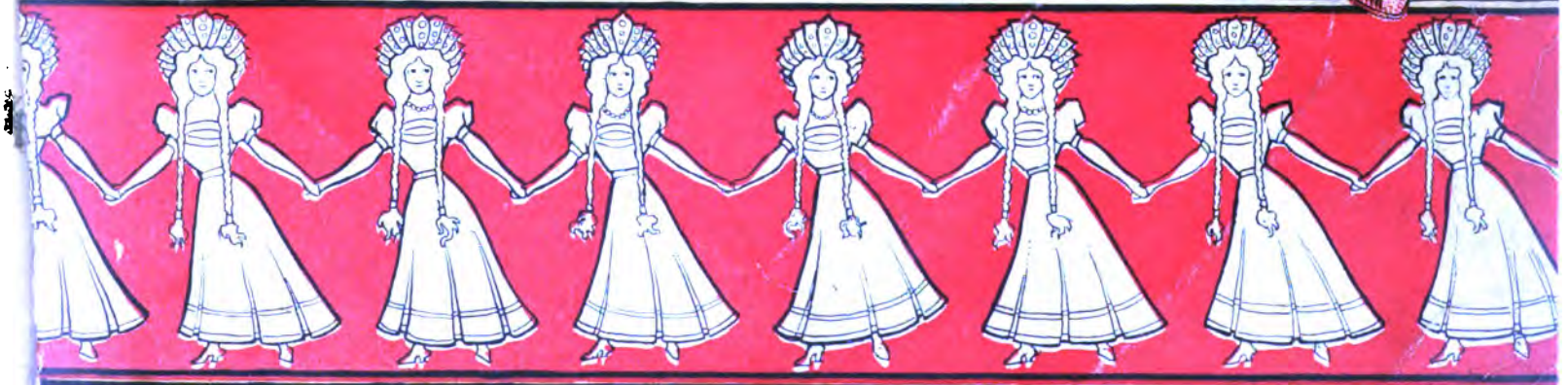
# WONDER LAND

A MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA



MUSIC BY
VICTOR
HERBERT

LYRICS BY
GLEN
MacDONOUGH



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O

JULIAN MITCHELL'S
PRODUCTION OF

# WONDERLAND

A Musical Extravaganza

BOOK & LYRICS BY

## GLEN MacDONOUGH

MUSIC BY

## VICTOR HERBERT

VOCAL SCORE, $ 2.00 net. VOCAL GEMS, Pr. 50c net.
" " " 6/= " " " " 4/= "

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Julian Mitchell's Production

entitled

# "Wonderland"

A Fantastic Musical Play in Three Acts.

Book and Lyrics by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. Fax, a specialist on love and its cure; head of the Hospital for Broken Hearts. | Sam Chip |
| Phyllis, a Dresden shepherdess | Eva Davenport |
| Gladys, Dr. Fax's daughter. | Aimee Angeles |
| Hildegarde Figgers, a teacher at the Asylum for the Children of the Homeless Rich. | Lotta Faust |
| Prince Fortunio. | Bessie Wynn |
| Capt. Montague Blue, Two professional heroes, recently employed as the crew of the airship "Peek-a-boo" | Chas. Barry |
| James, the Stoker | George McKay |
| King of Hearts, disguised as Perrico, a gypsy musician | J. C. Marlowe |
| Leander. | Doris Mitchell |
| Margot, the favorite daughter of the King of Hearts | Sue Kelleher |
| Gertrude. | Hulda Halvers |
| Rollo, Dr. Fax's horse | James Harris and Eugene Kelly |
| Chief of Gendarmes | William Mc Daniels |
| Margaret, Daughters of the King of Hearts. | Emily Fulton |
| Marguerite. | Helen Hilton |
| Meg. | Alice Ess |
| Marjorie. | Lucille Eagen |
| Margherita. | Phoebe Loubet |
| Madge. | Adele Gordon |
| Maggie. | Minnie Woodbury |
| Romeo, The Princes of the Enchanted Castle. | Marie Franklyn |
| Anthony. | Kathryne Howland |
| Orlando. | Georgia Barron |
| Lothario. | Louise Burpee |
| Paolo. | Sadie Emmons |
| Giovanni. | Madge Burpee |
| Bassanno. | Rose Fredericks |
| Monitors. | May Leslie and Lillian Devere |

Students in the Nature Class, Shop Girls, Companions of Prince Fortunio.

## SEQUENCE OF SCENES.

ACT I.—SCENE I—Dr. Fax's Cottage in the King's Park. SCENE II.—The Painted Desert.
SCENE III.—The Square of the Houses that makes Faces.

ACT II—SCENE I—The King's Park. SCENE II—The Exterior of a Department Store.
SCENE III—A Department Store. SCENE IV—The Lake of the Enchanted Castle.

ACT III—Ball Room of the Enchanted Castle.

| | |
|---|---|
| Stage Manager. | Robert Fairchild |
| Musical Director. | Carl Styx |

# CONTENTS.

## ACT I.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| | OVERTURE | | 5 |
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| 4 | THAT'S WHY THEY SAY I'M CRAZY. | Hatter | 30 |
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## ACT II.


| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
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| | | | |
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| 20 | FINALE | | 128 |

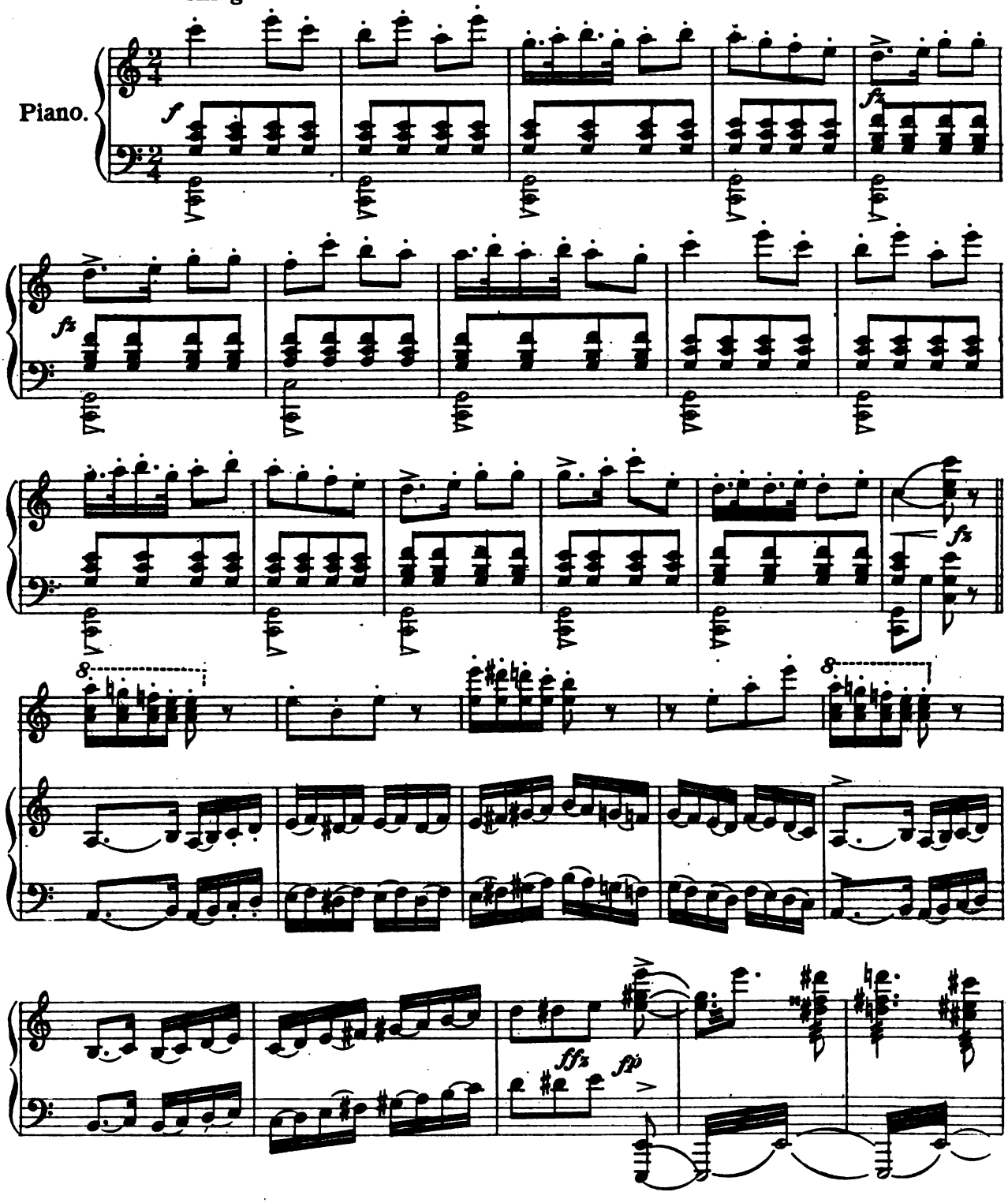
# Wonderland.

Lyrics by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

## Overture.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro.

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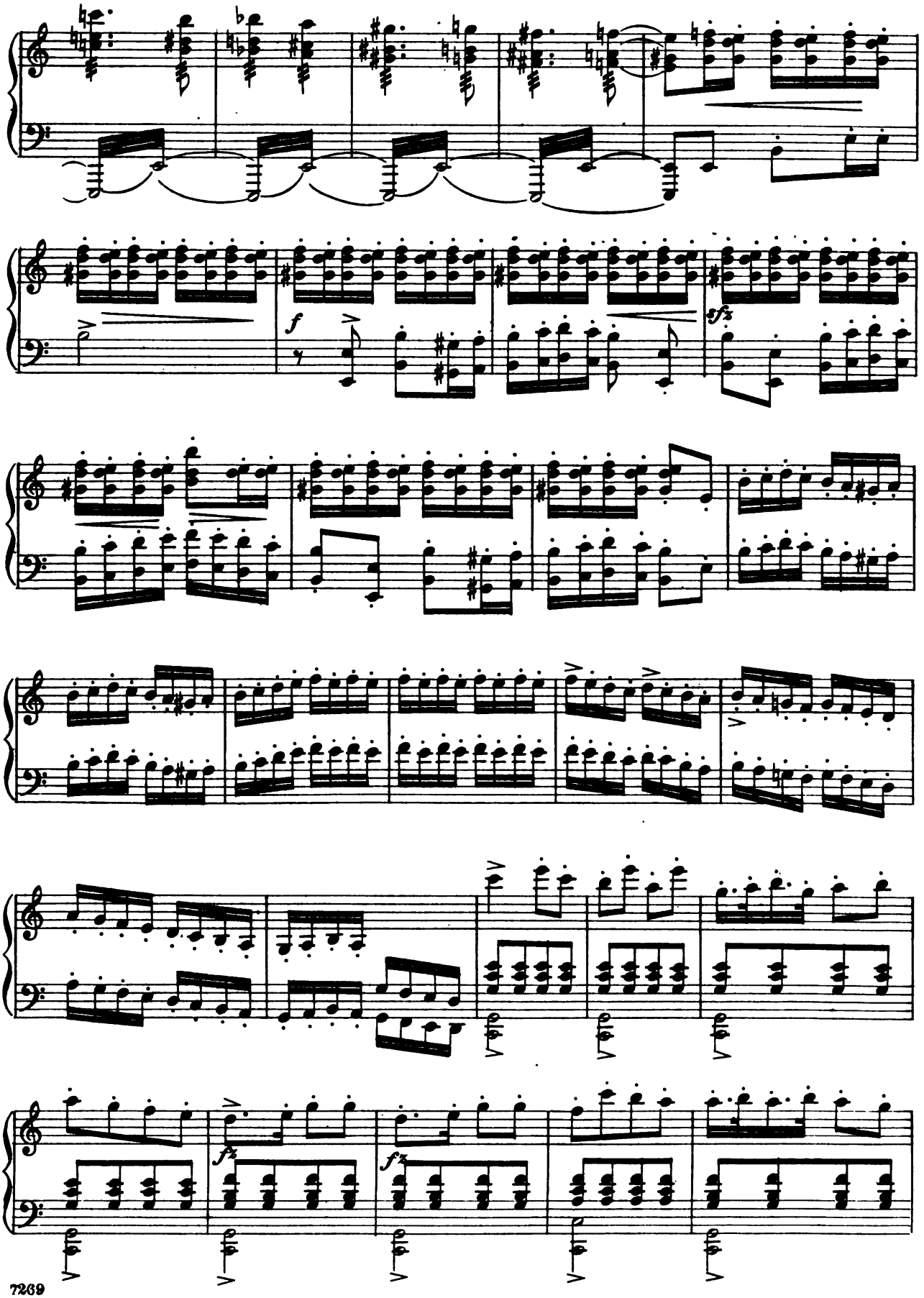
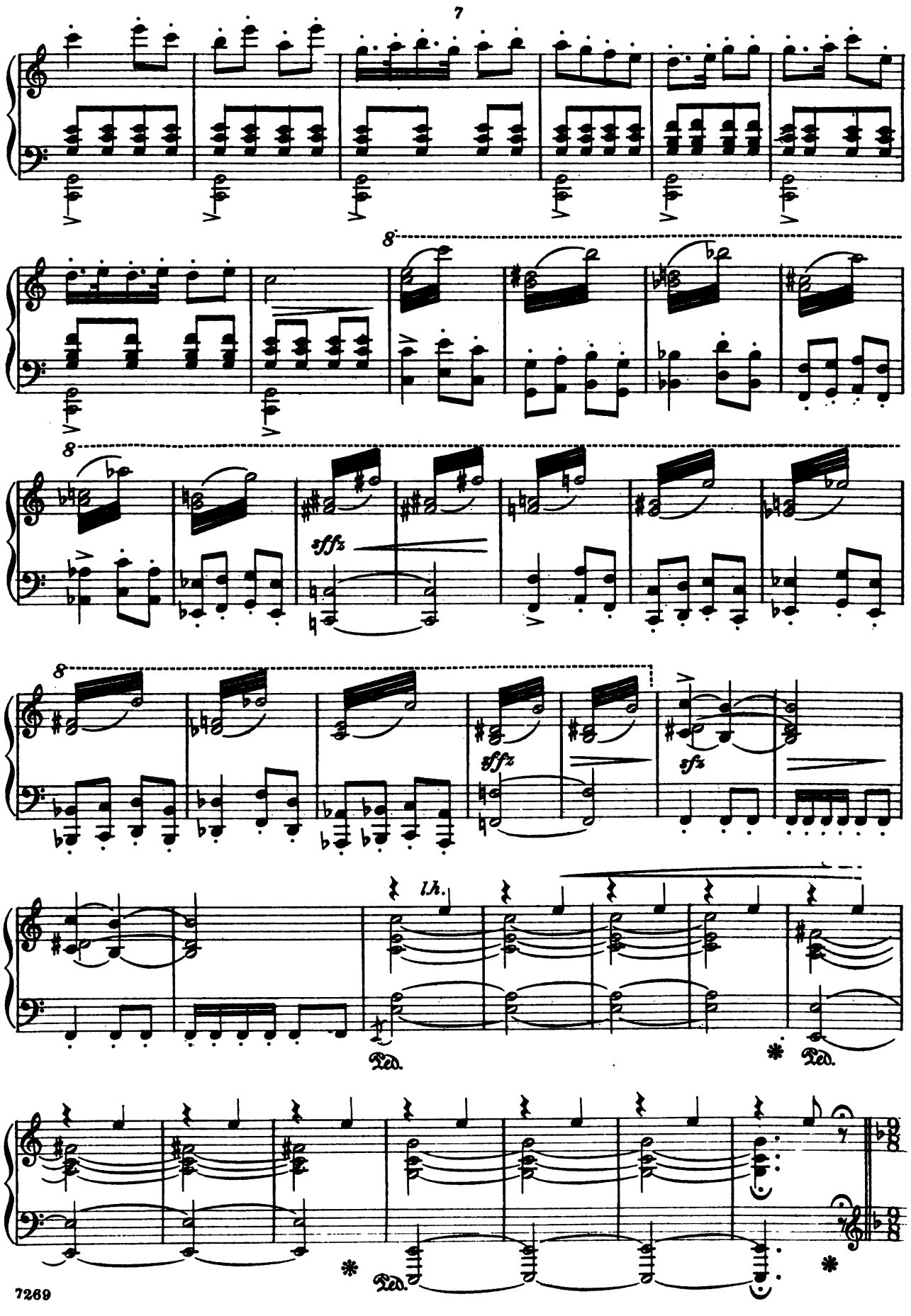
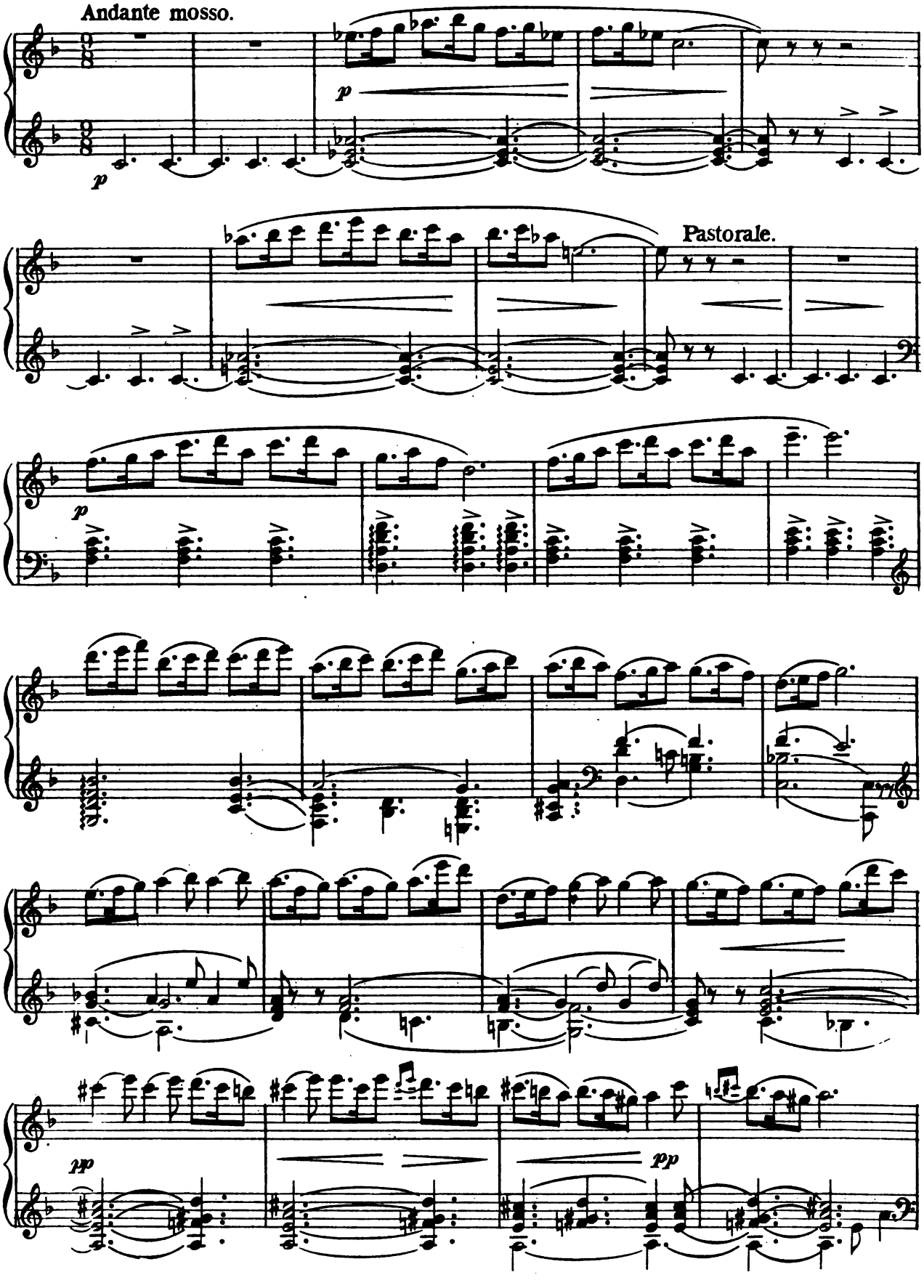
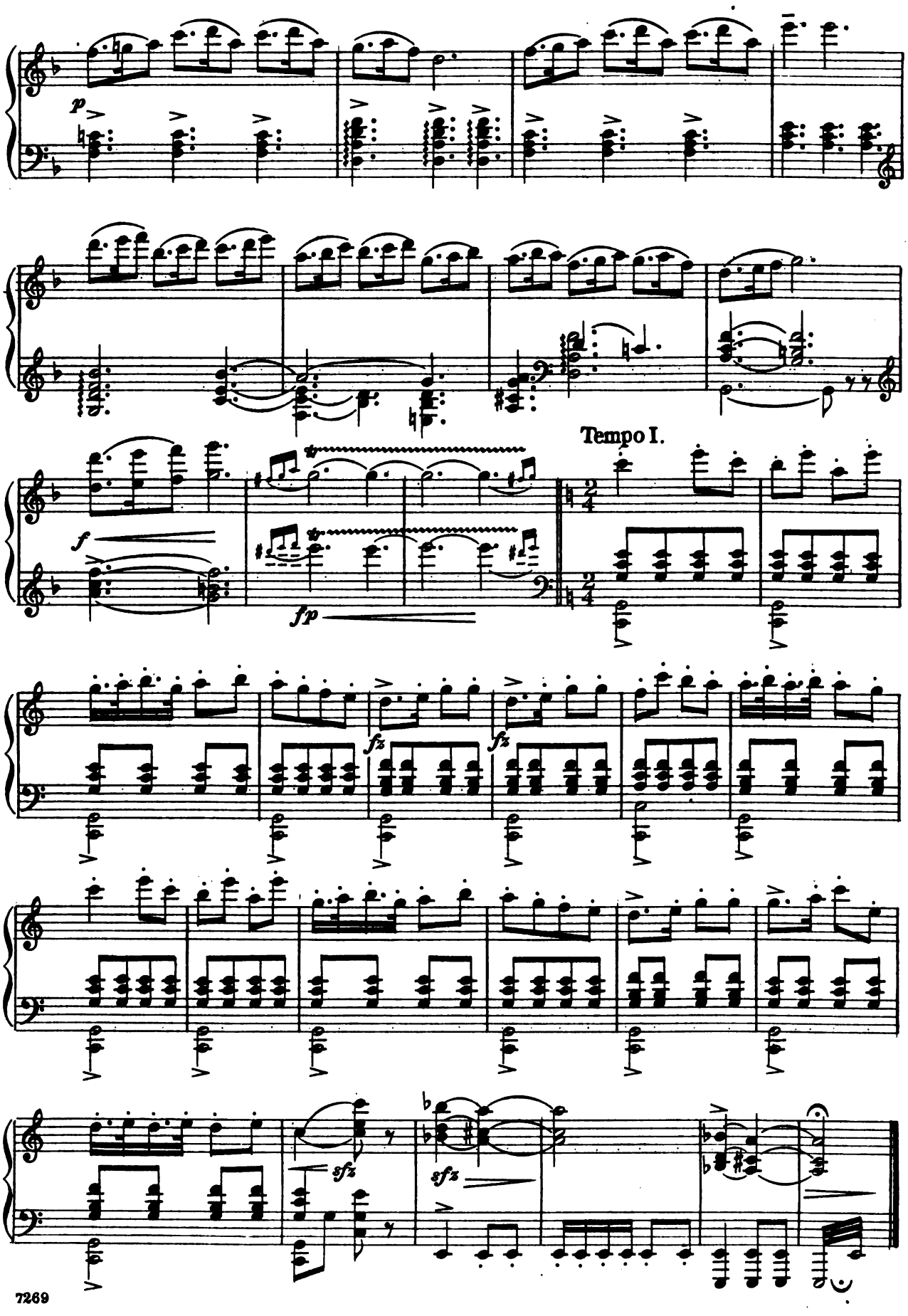

f
sfz
fz
fz


8
8
sffz
8
sffz
sfz
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


Andante mosso.
p
p
Pastorale.
p
pp
pp


p
Tempo I.
f
fp
fz
fz
sfz
sfz

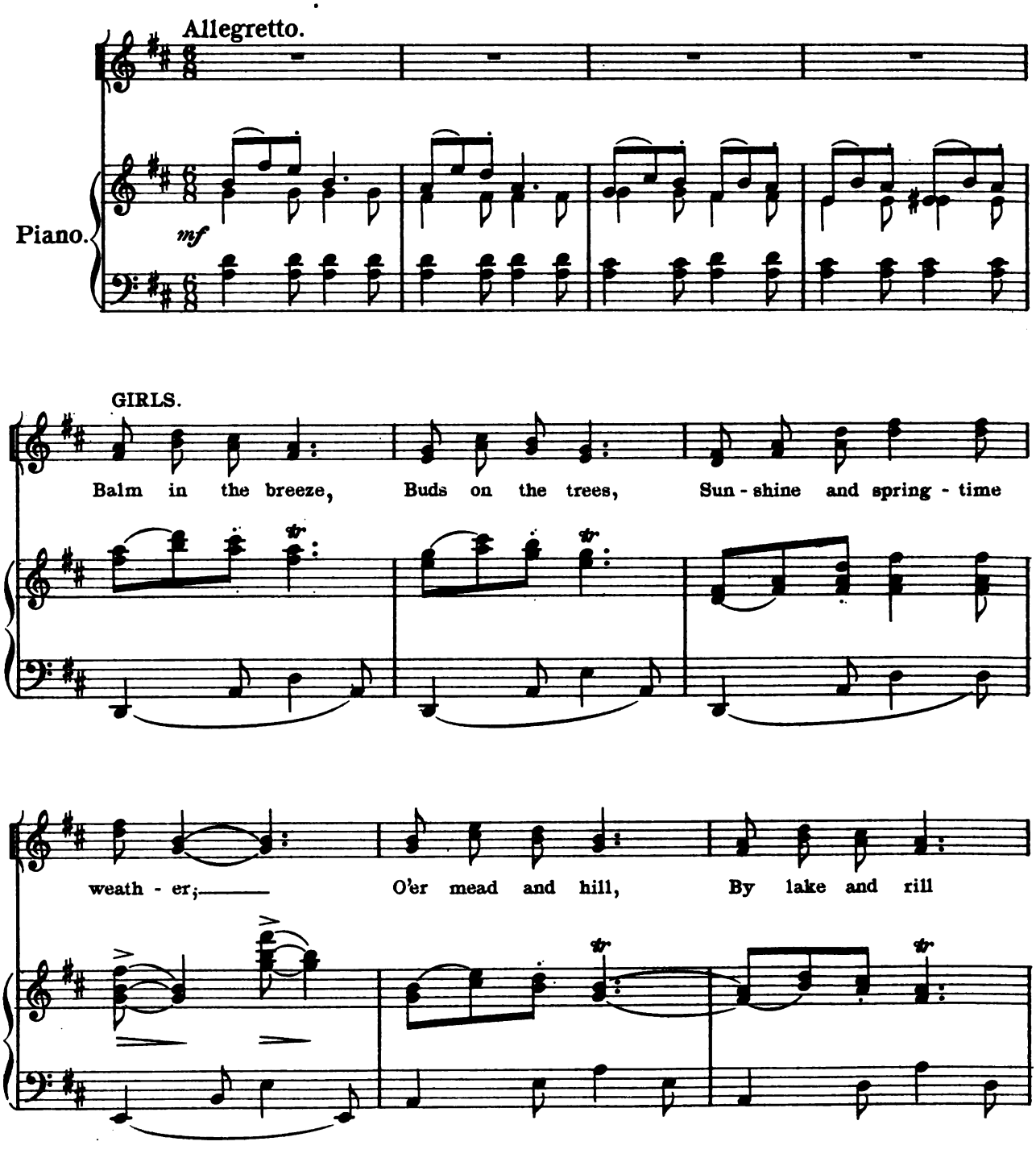
ACT I.

# No. 1. Opening Chorus.

## Until We Meet Again.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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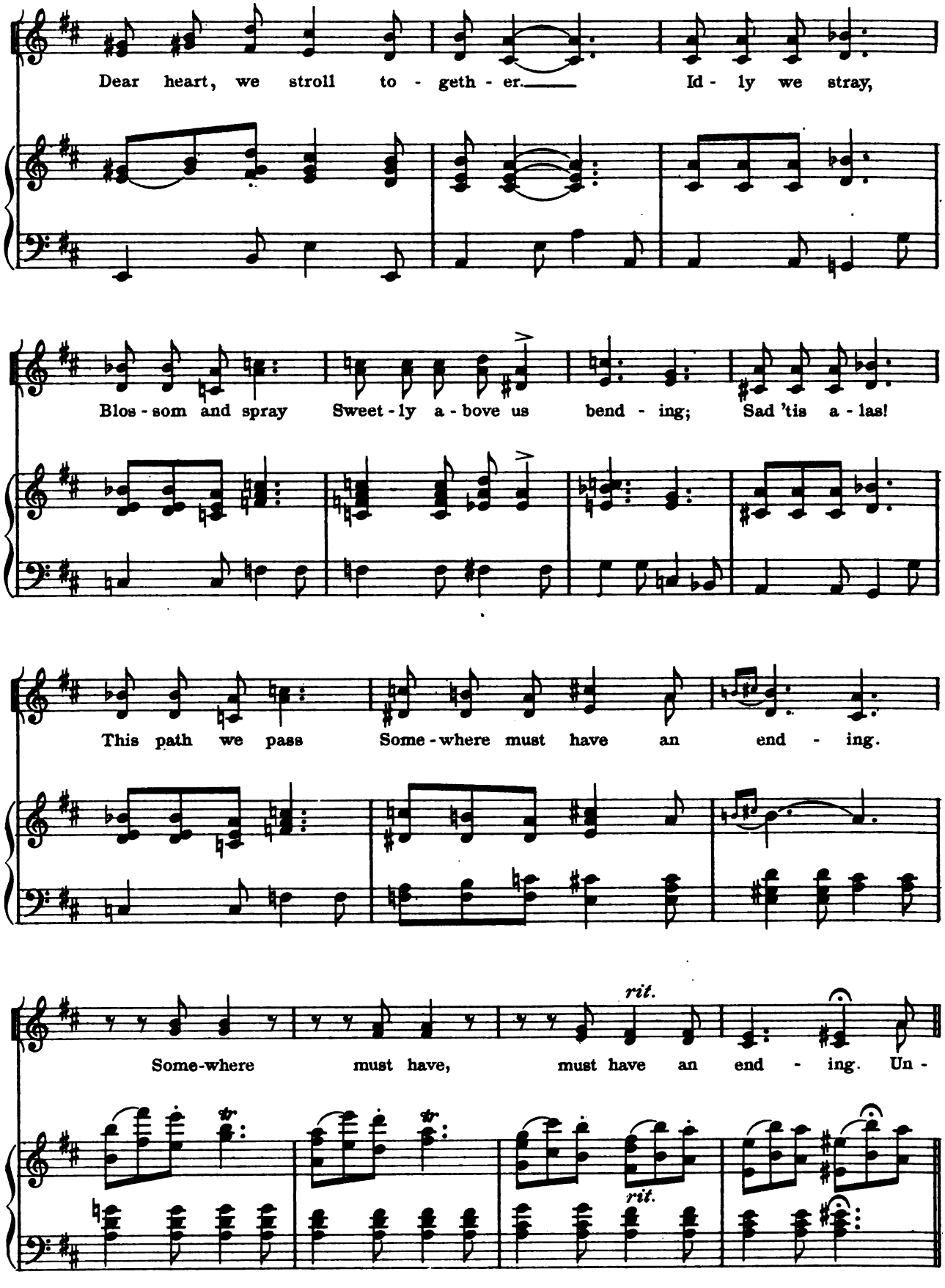
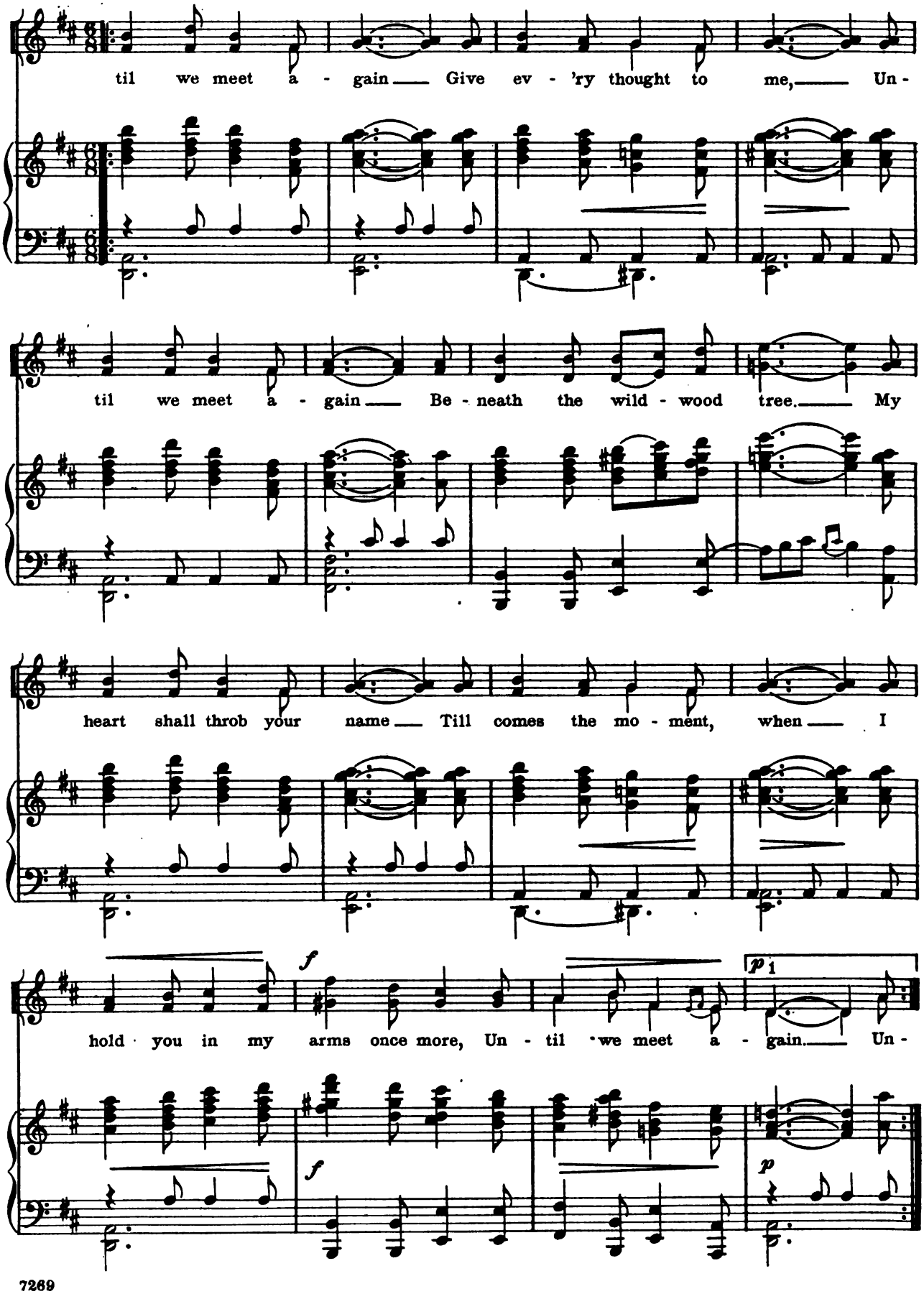
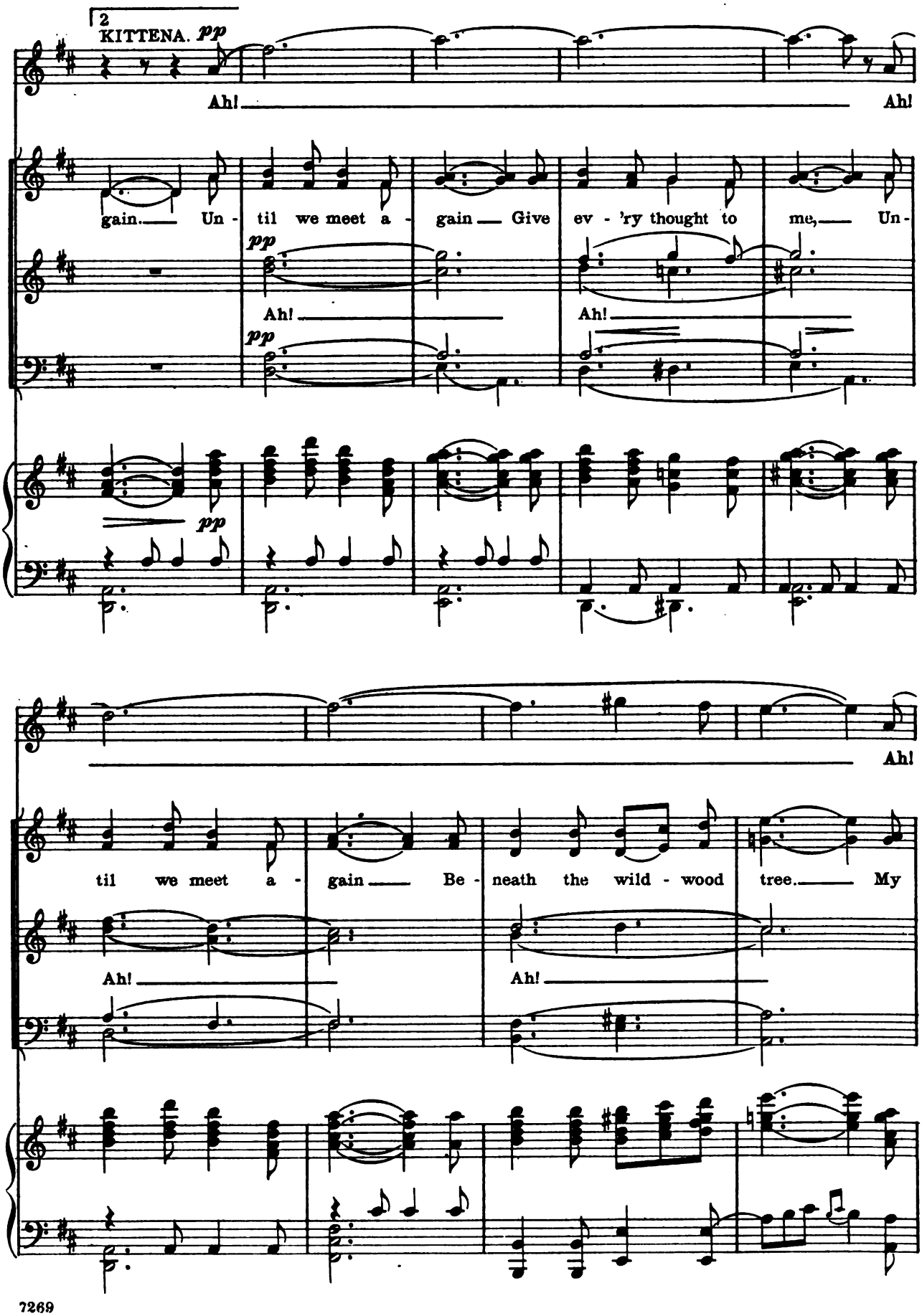
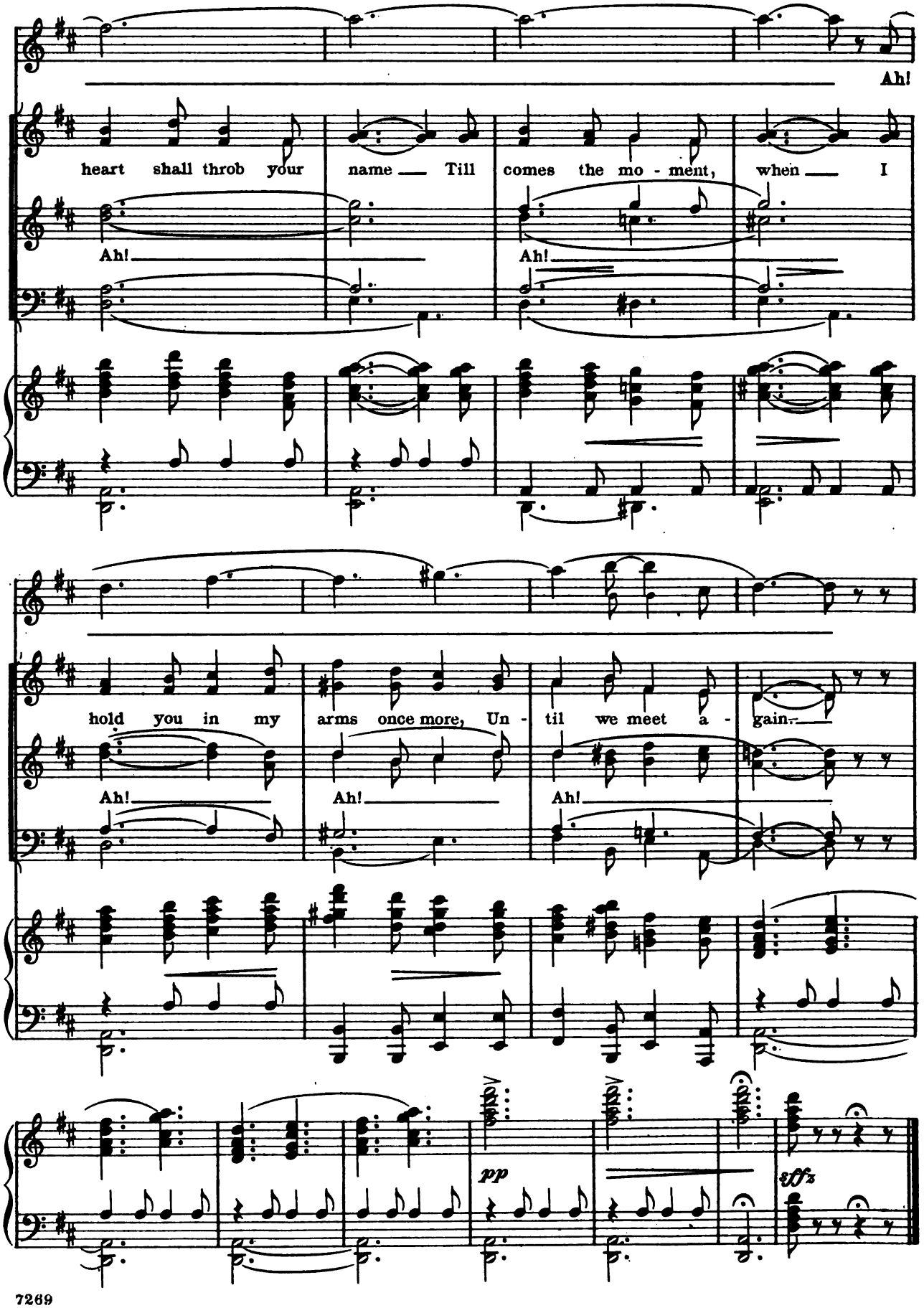

Dear heart, we stroll to - geth - er. Id - ly we stray,
Blos - som and spray Sweet - ly a - bove us bend - ing; Sad 'tis a - las!
This path we pass Some - where must have an end - ing.
Some-where must have, must have an end - ing. Un -
rit.
rit.

REFRAIN.


til we meet a - gain Give ev - 'ry thought to me, Un -
til we meet a - gain Be - neath the wild - wood tree. My
heart shall throb your name Till comes the mo - ment, when I
f
p 1
hold you in my arms once more, Un - til we meet a - gain. Un -
f
p


2
KITTENA. pp
Ah! Ah!
gain. Un - til we meet a - gain Give ev - 'ry thought to me, Un -
pp
Ah! Ah!
pp
pp
Ah!
til we meet a - gain Be - neath the wild - wood tree. My
Ah! Ah!


Ah!
heart shall throb your name Till comes the mo - ment, when I
Ah!
Ah!
hold you in my arms once more, Un - til we meet a - gain.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
pp
sff

# Entrance of Monitors.

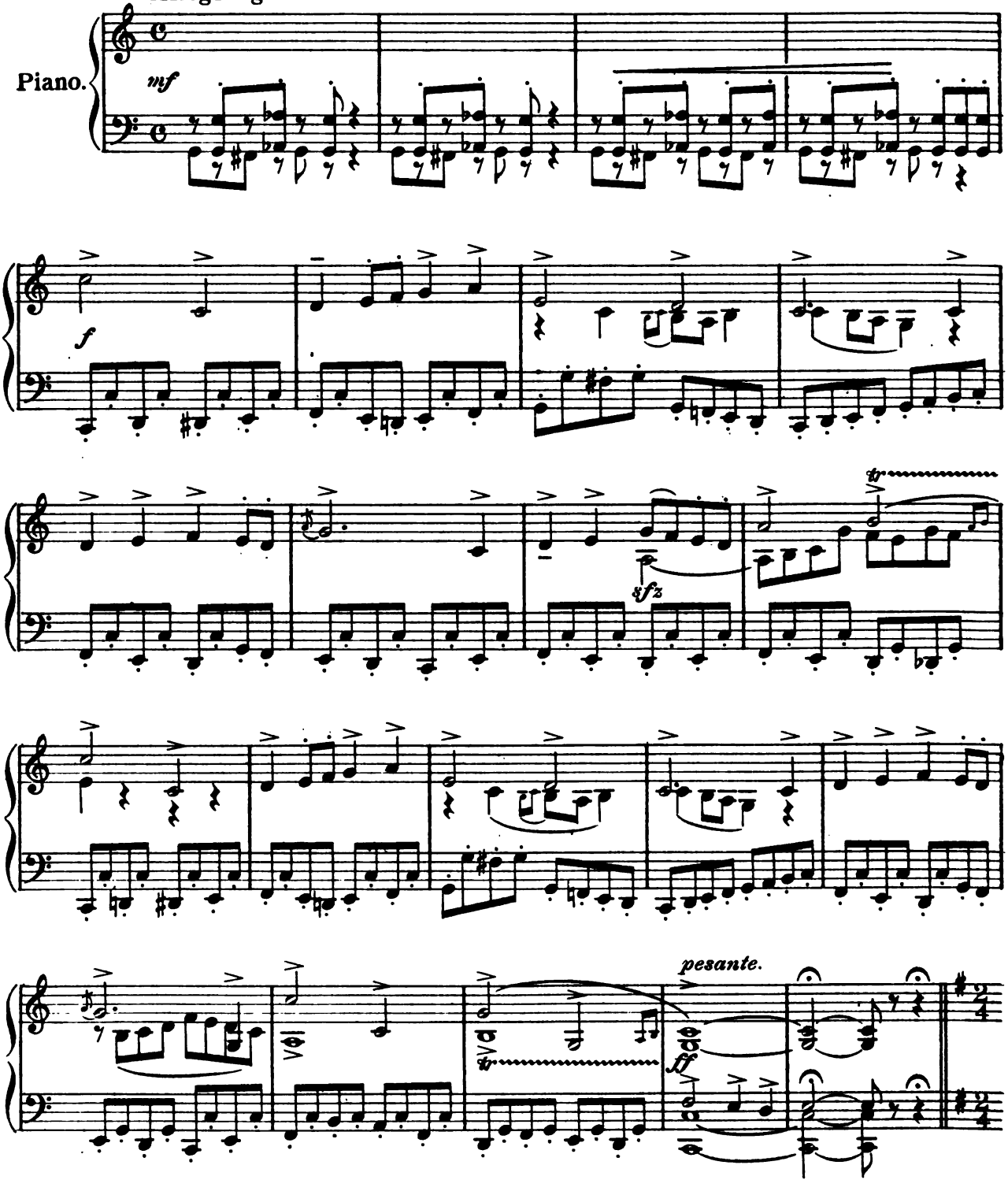
## No. 2a

FOREST SCENE.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro giusto.

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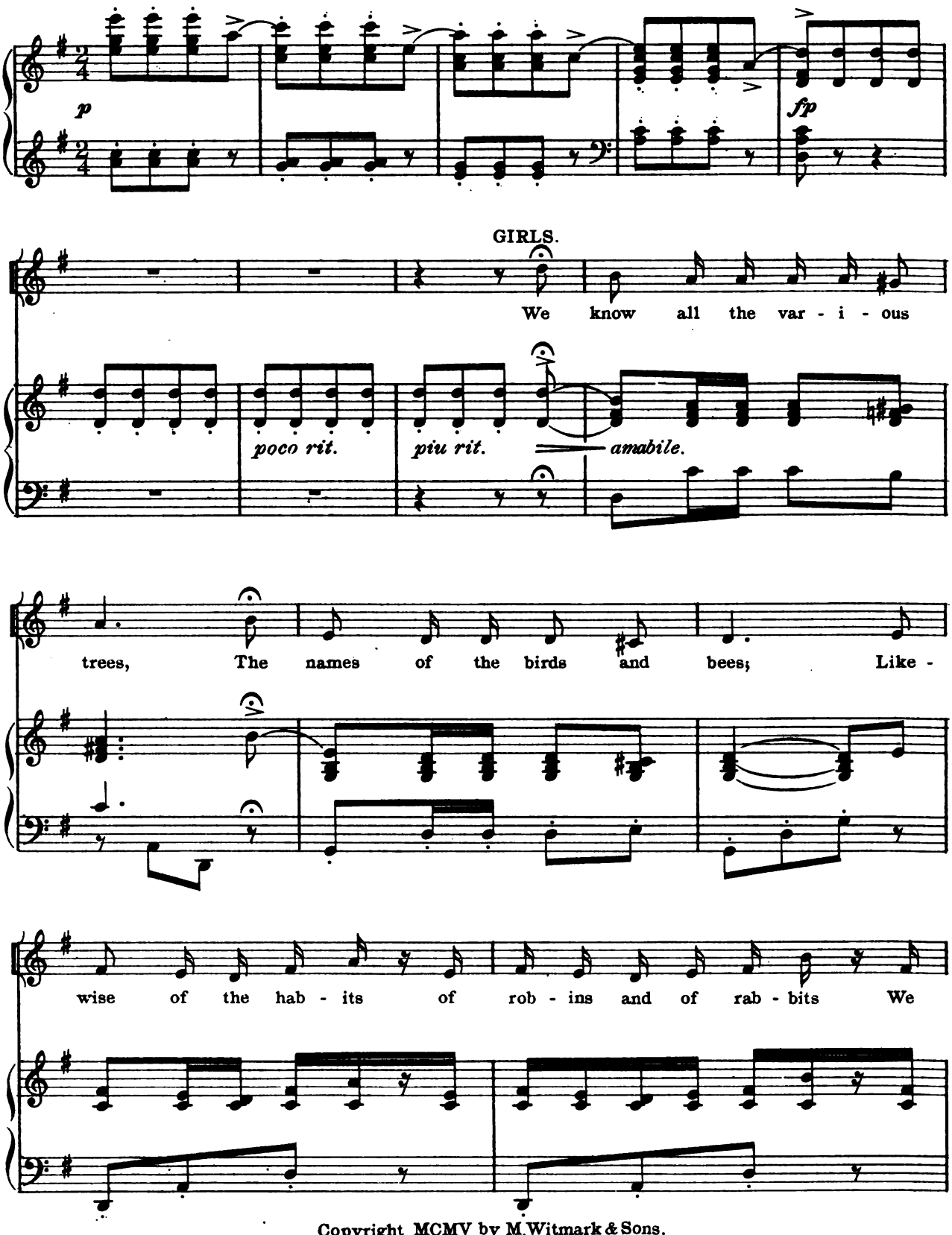
# No 2b. The Nature Class.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Moderato.

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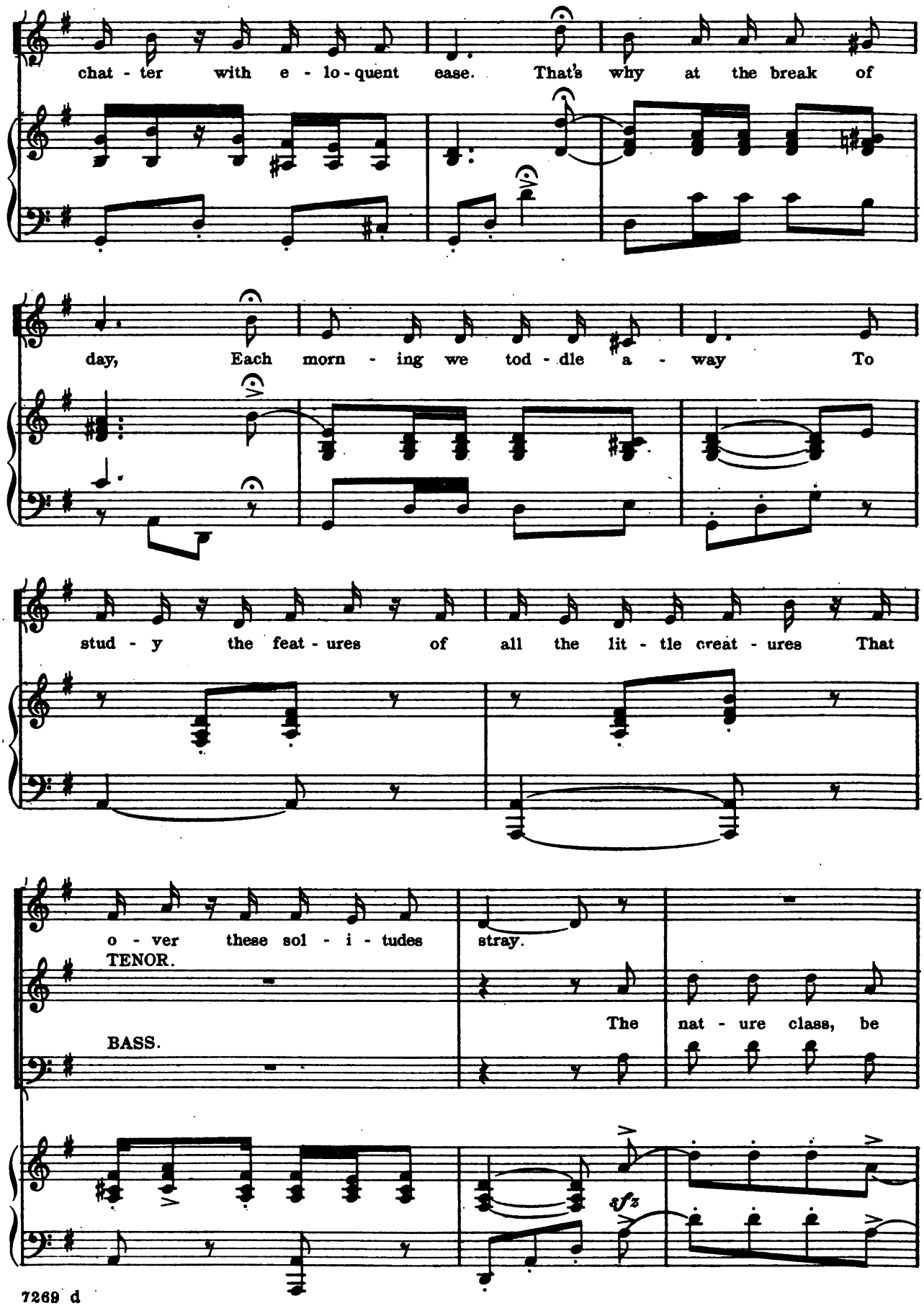
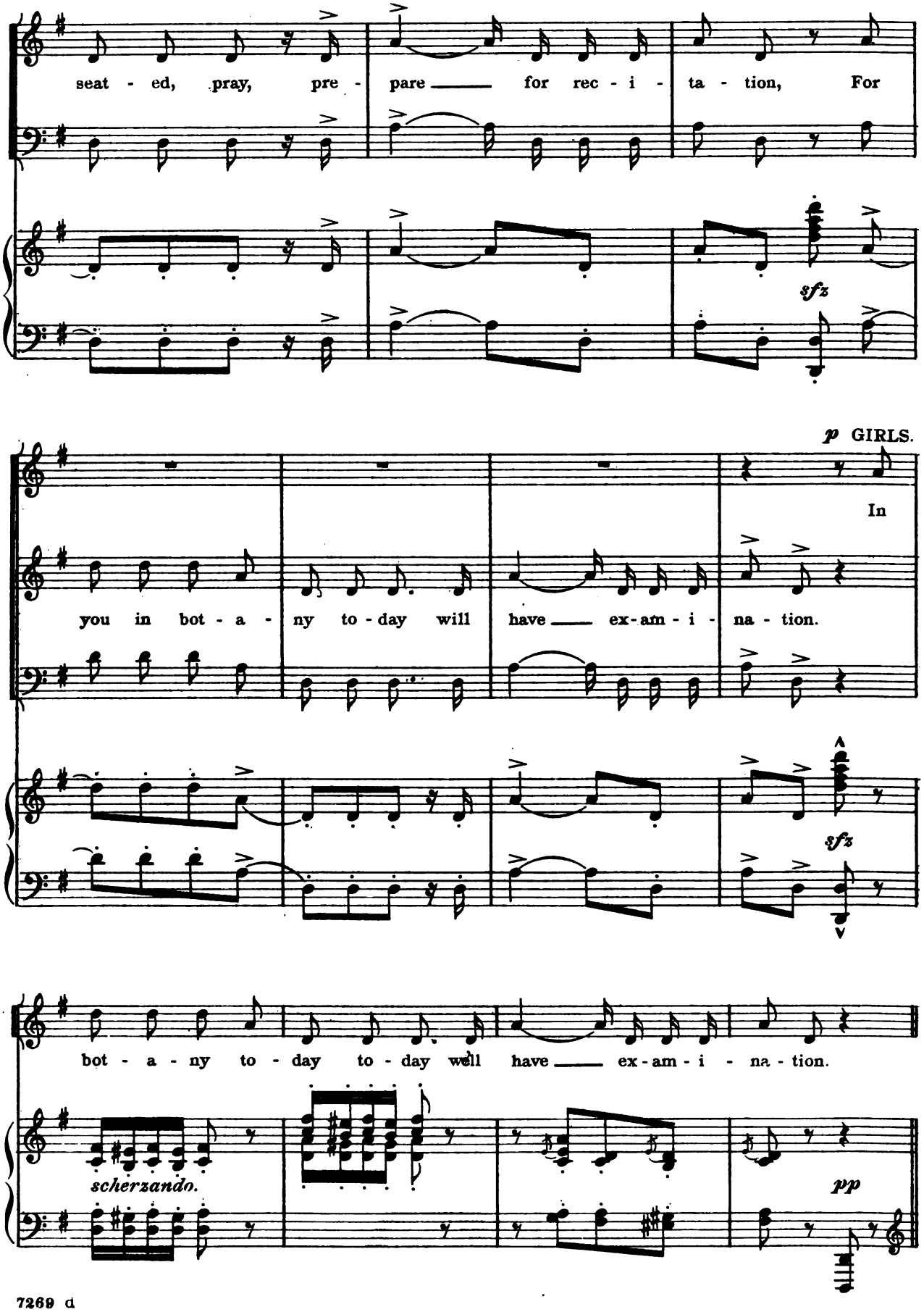
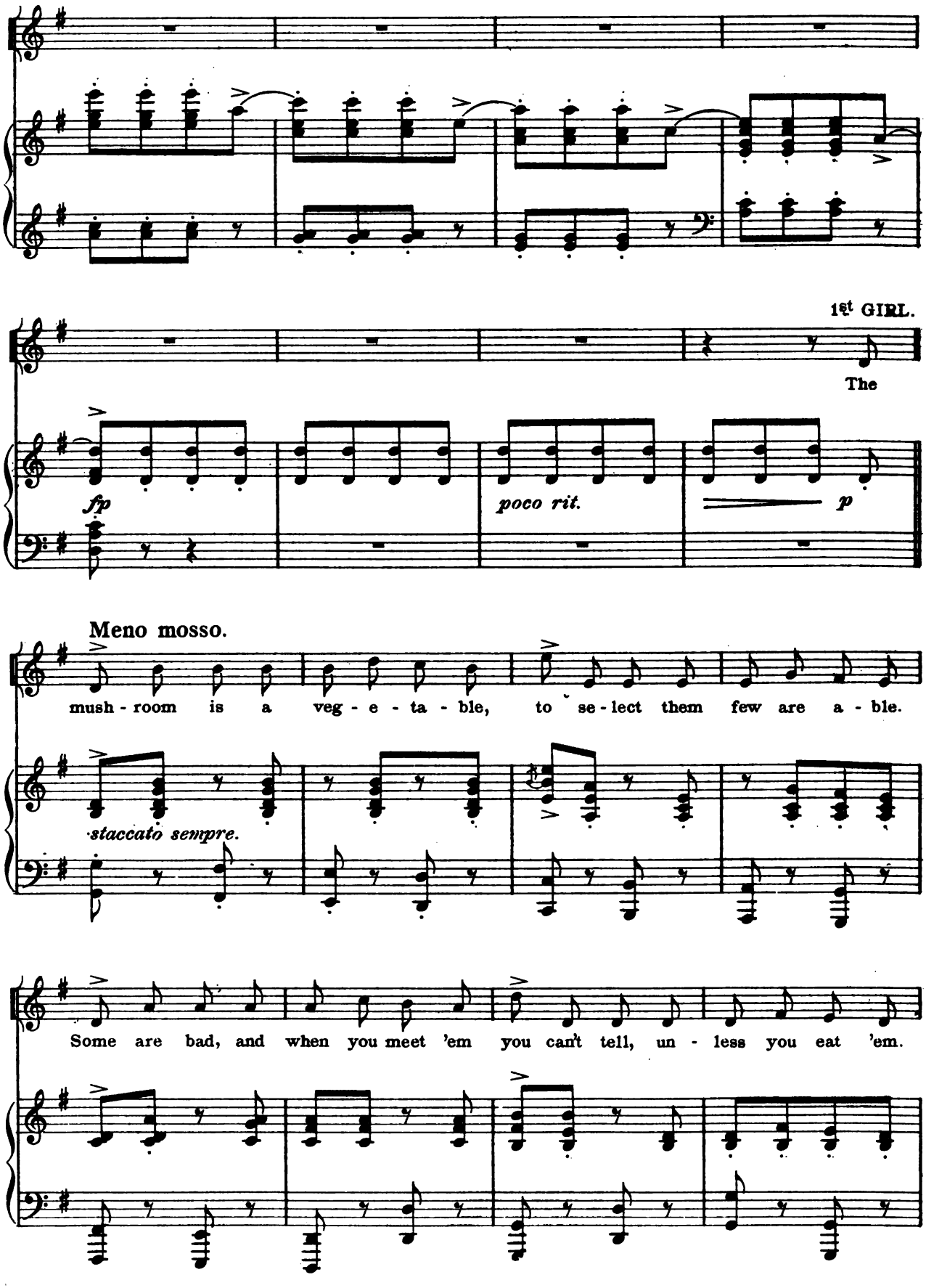
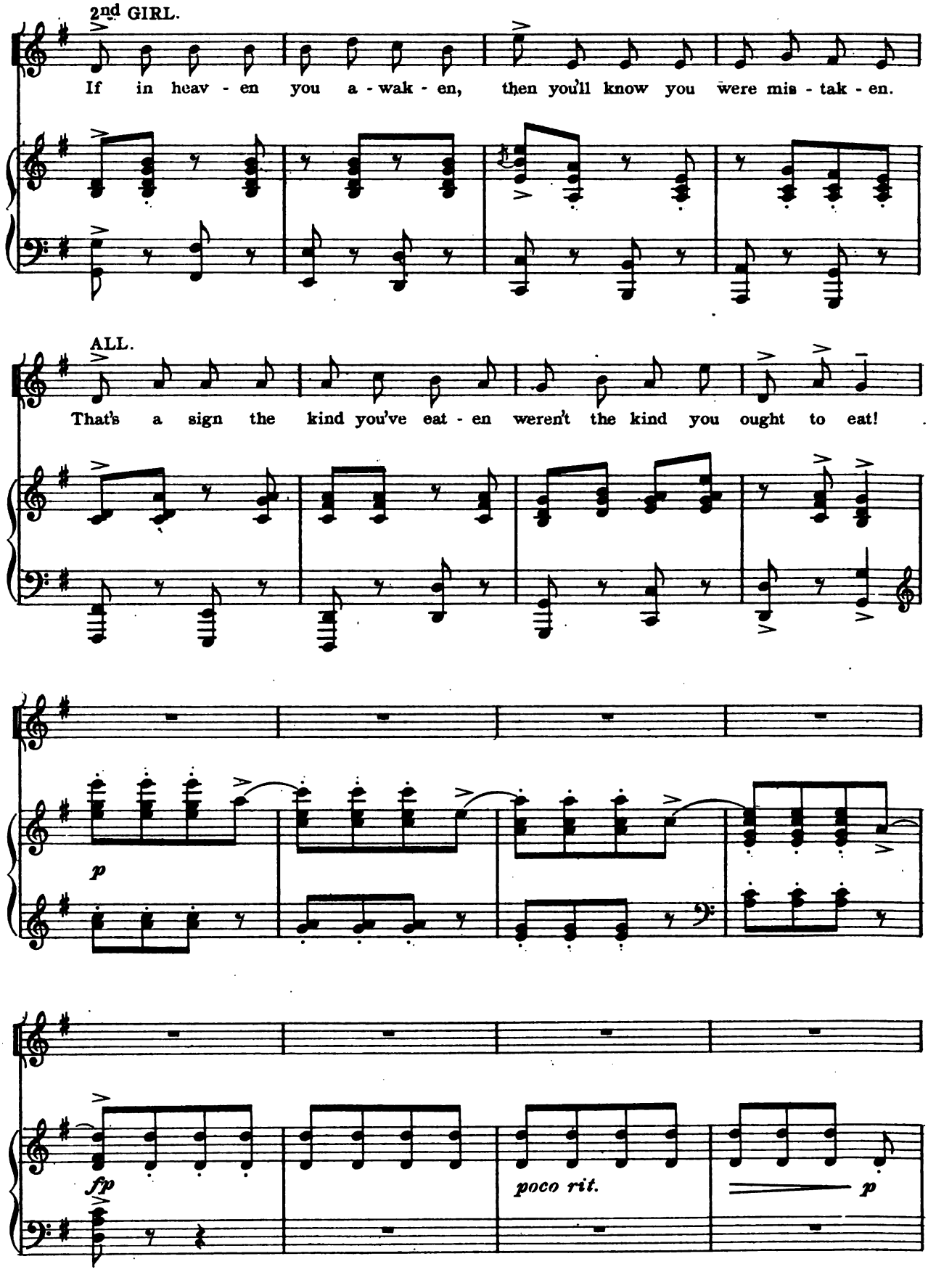
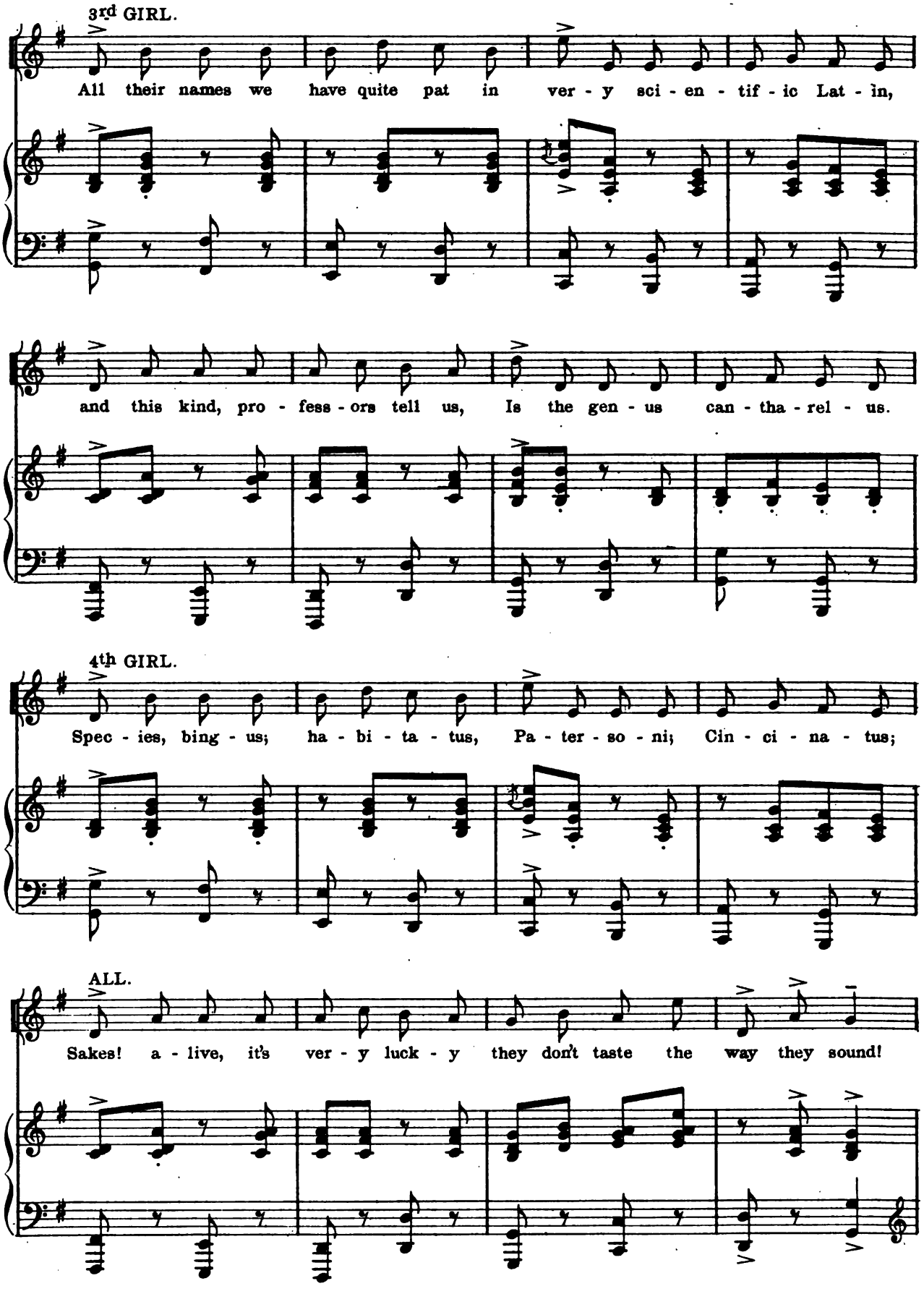
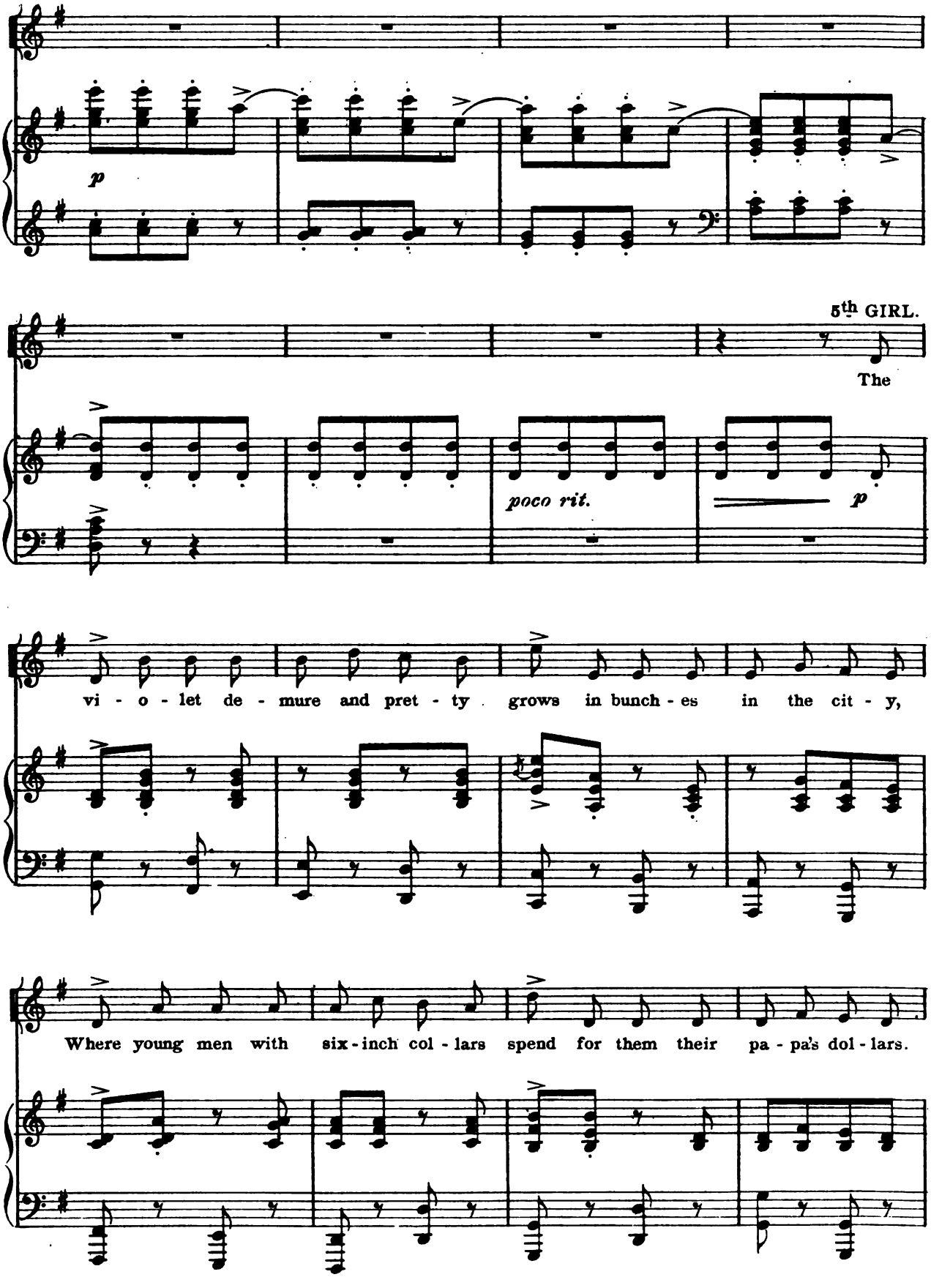

chat - ter with e - lo - quent ease. That's why at the break of
day, Each morn - ing we tod - dle a - way To
stud - y the feat - ures of all the lit - tle creat - ures That
o - ver these sol - i - tudes stray.
TENOR.
The nat - ure class, be
BASS.
sfz

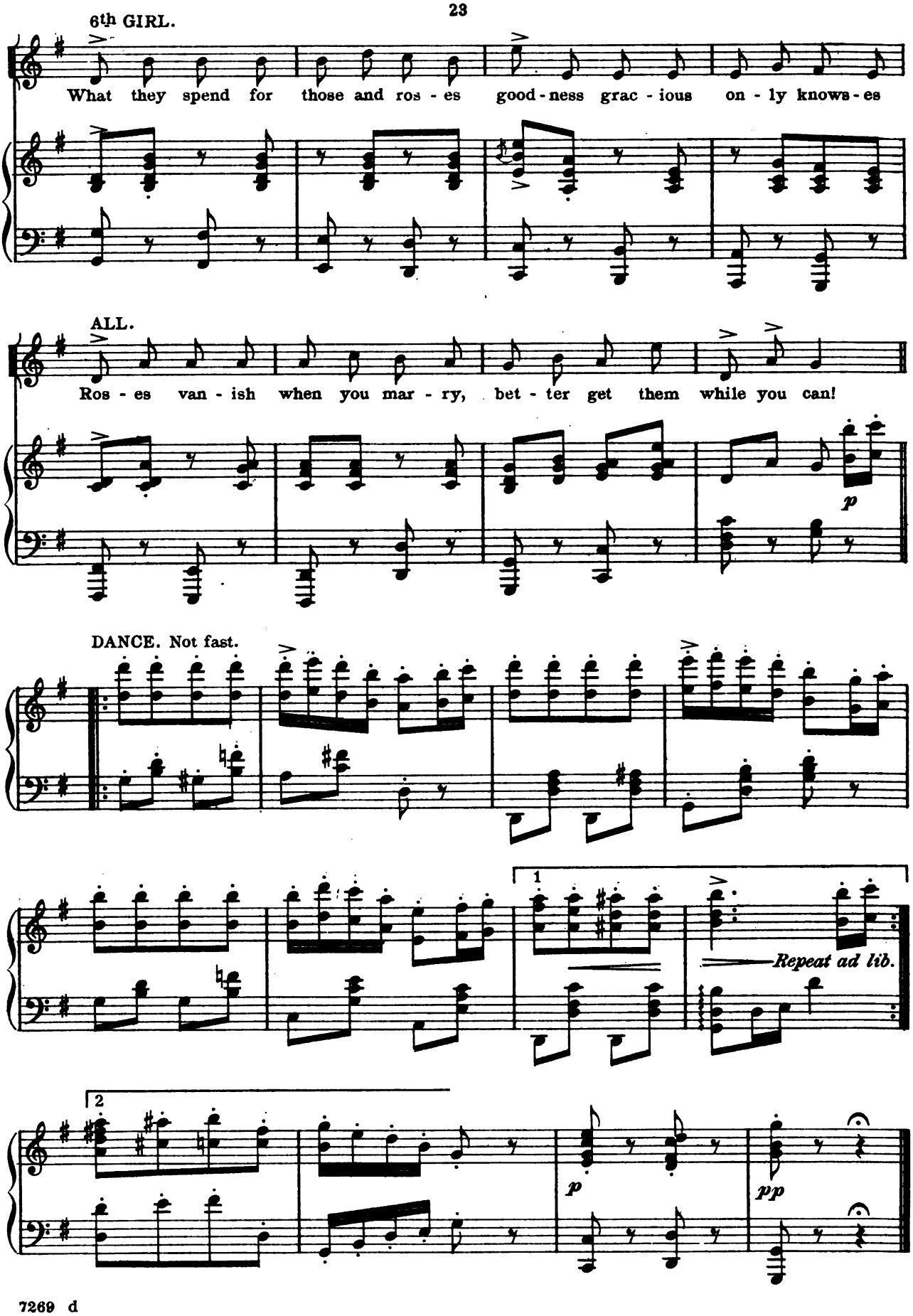

seat - ed, pray, pre - pare for rec - i - ta - tion, For
sfz
p GIRLS.
In
you in bot - a - ny to - day will have ex - am - i - na - tion.
sfz
bot - a - ny to - day to - day will have ex - am - i - na - tion.
scherzando.
pp


1st GIRL.
The
fp
poco rit.
p
Meno mosso.
mush - room is a veg - e - ta - ble, to se - lect them few are a - ble.
staccato sempre.
Some are bad, and when you meet 'em you can't tell, un - less you eat 'em.


2nd GIRL.
If in heav - en you a - wak - en, then you'll know you were mis - tak - en.
ALL.
That's a sign the kind you've eat - en weren't the kind you ought to eat!
p
fp
poco rit.
p


3rd GIRL.
All their names we have quite pat in very-y sci-en-tif-ic Lat-in,
and this kind, pro-fess-ors tell us, Is the gen-us can-tha-rel-us.
4th GIRL.
Spec-ies, bing-us; ha-bi-ta-tus, Pa-ter-so-ni; Cin-ci-na-tus;
ALL.
Sakes! a-live, it's very-y luck-y they don't taste the way they sound!


p
5th GIRL.
The
poco rit.
p
vi - o - let de - mure and pret - ty grows in bunch - es in the cit - y,
Where young men with six-inch col - lars spend for them their pa - pa's dol - lars.


6th GIRL.
What they spend for those and ros - es good - ness grac - ious on - ly knows - es
ALL.
Ros - es van - ish when you mar - ry, bet - ter get them while you can!
p
DANCE. Not fast.
1
Repeat ad lib.
2
p
pp

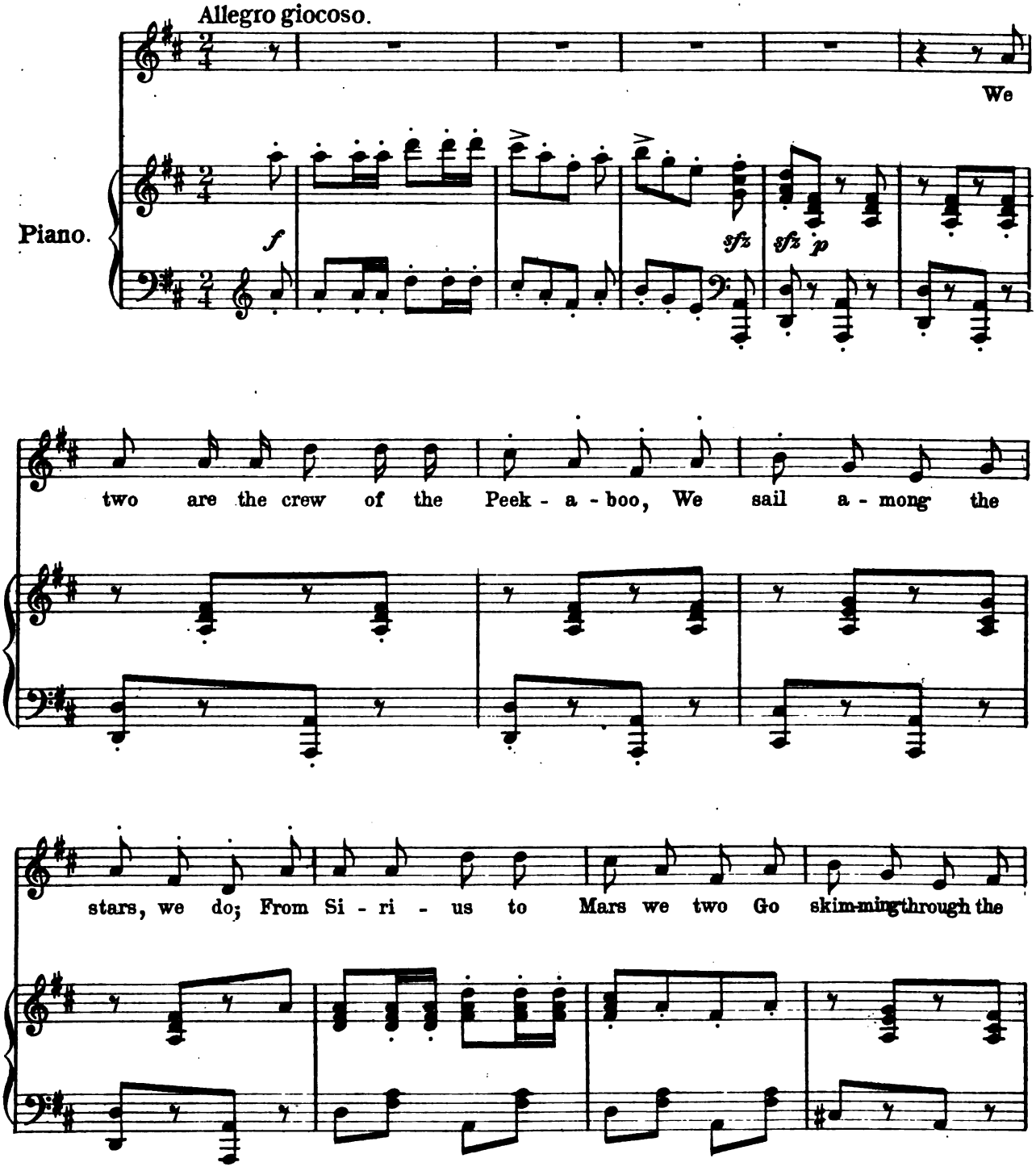
# The Crew of the Peekaboo.

## No 3.

James, Blue, Gladys and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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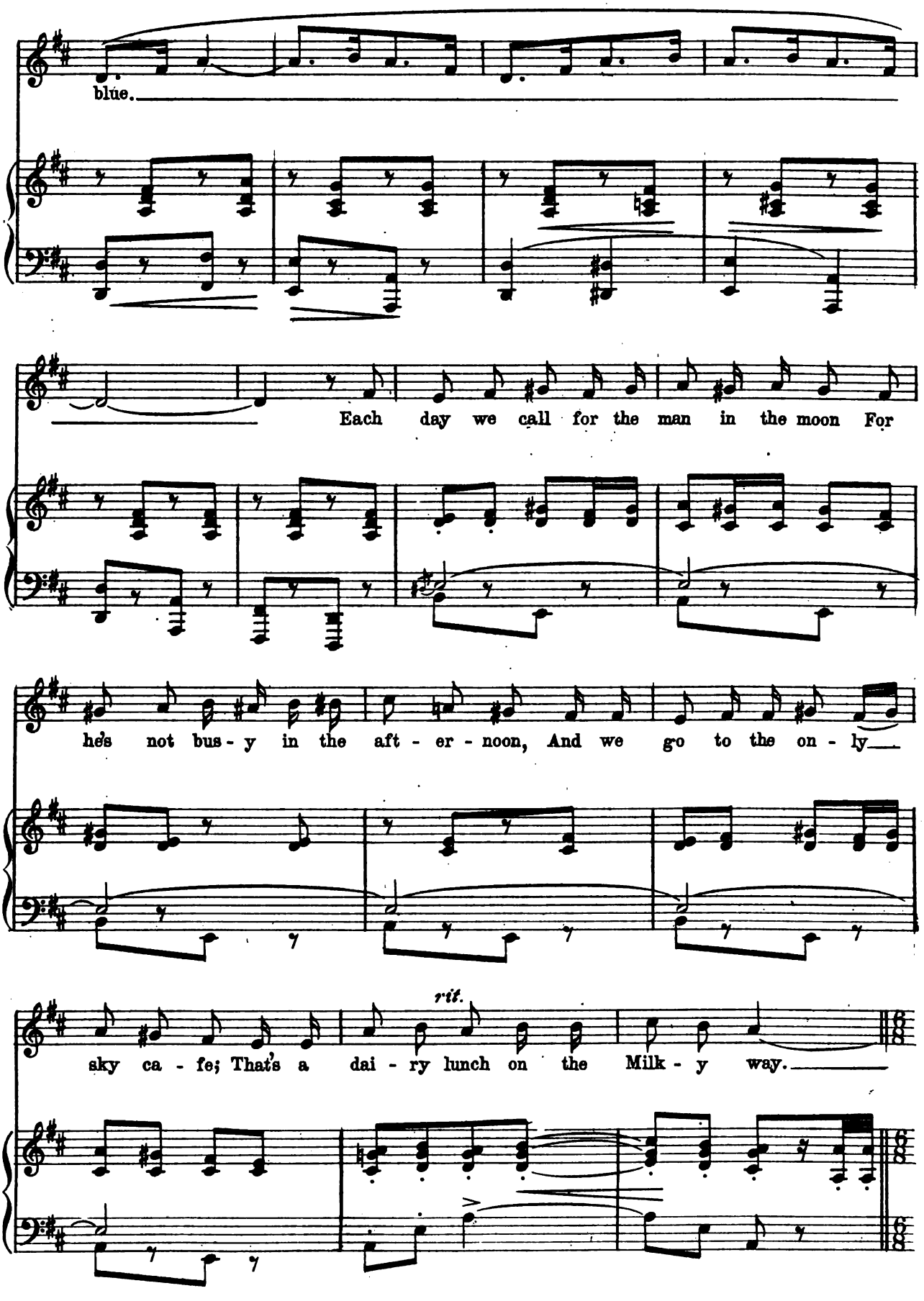
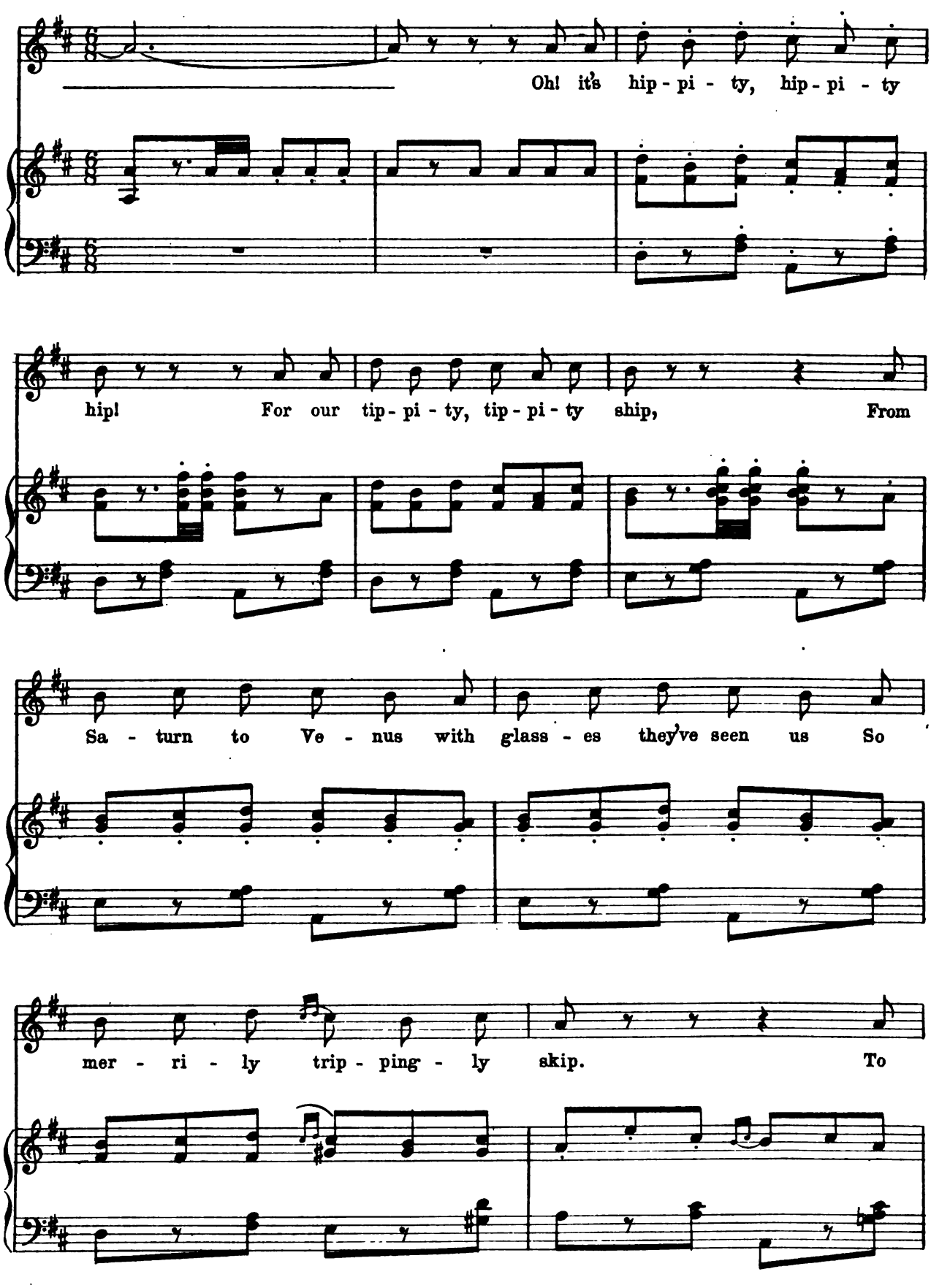
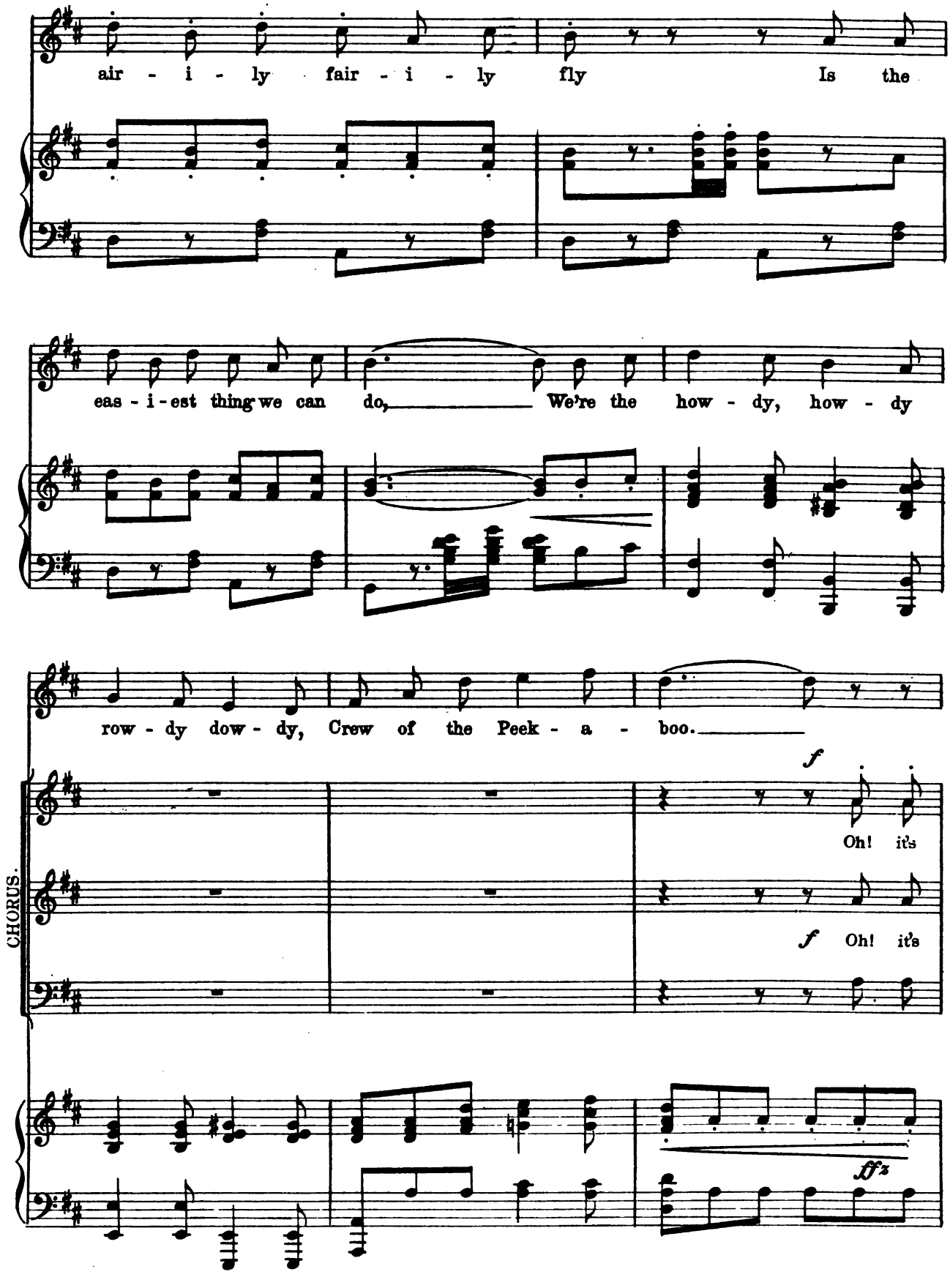
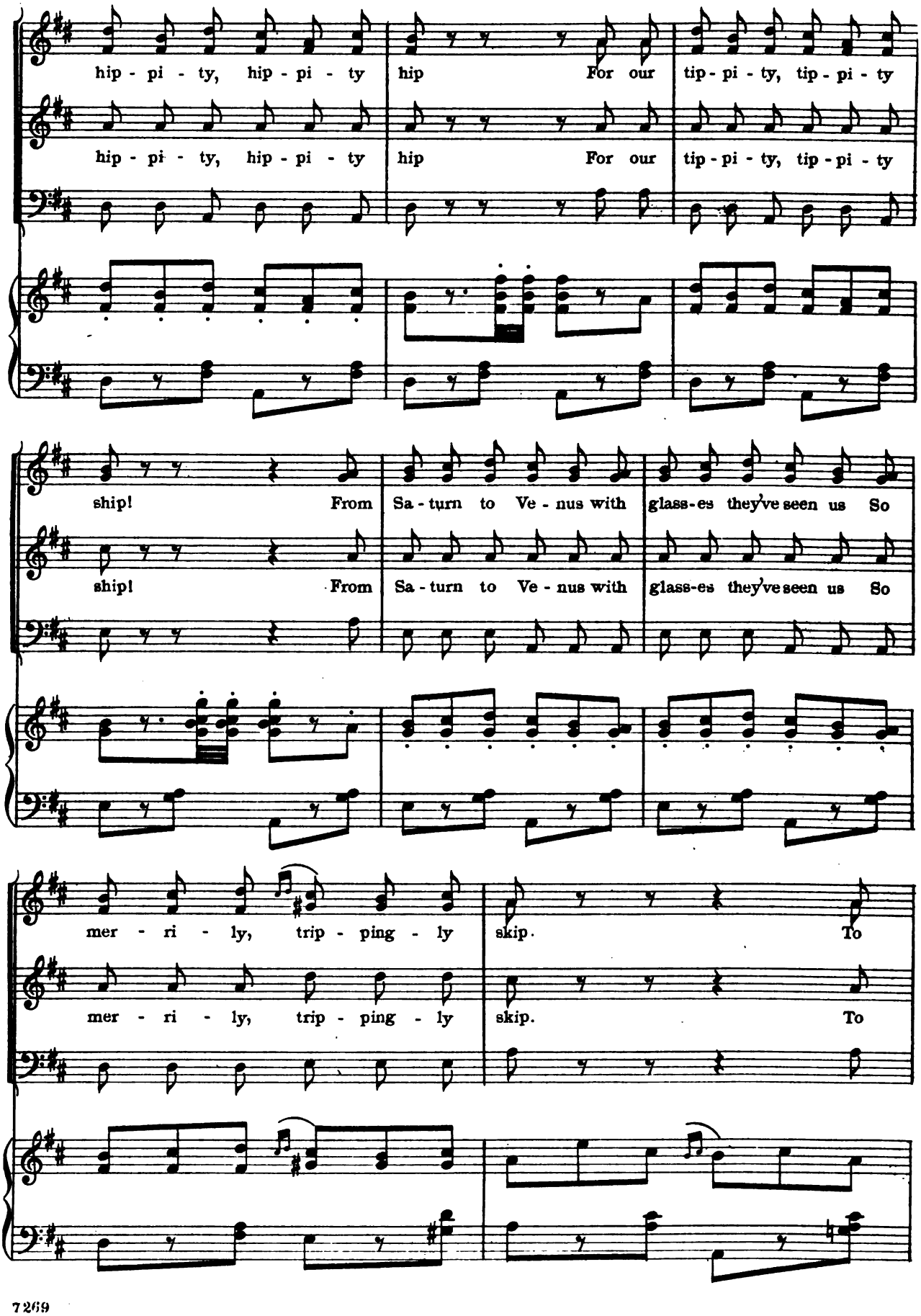
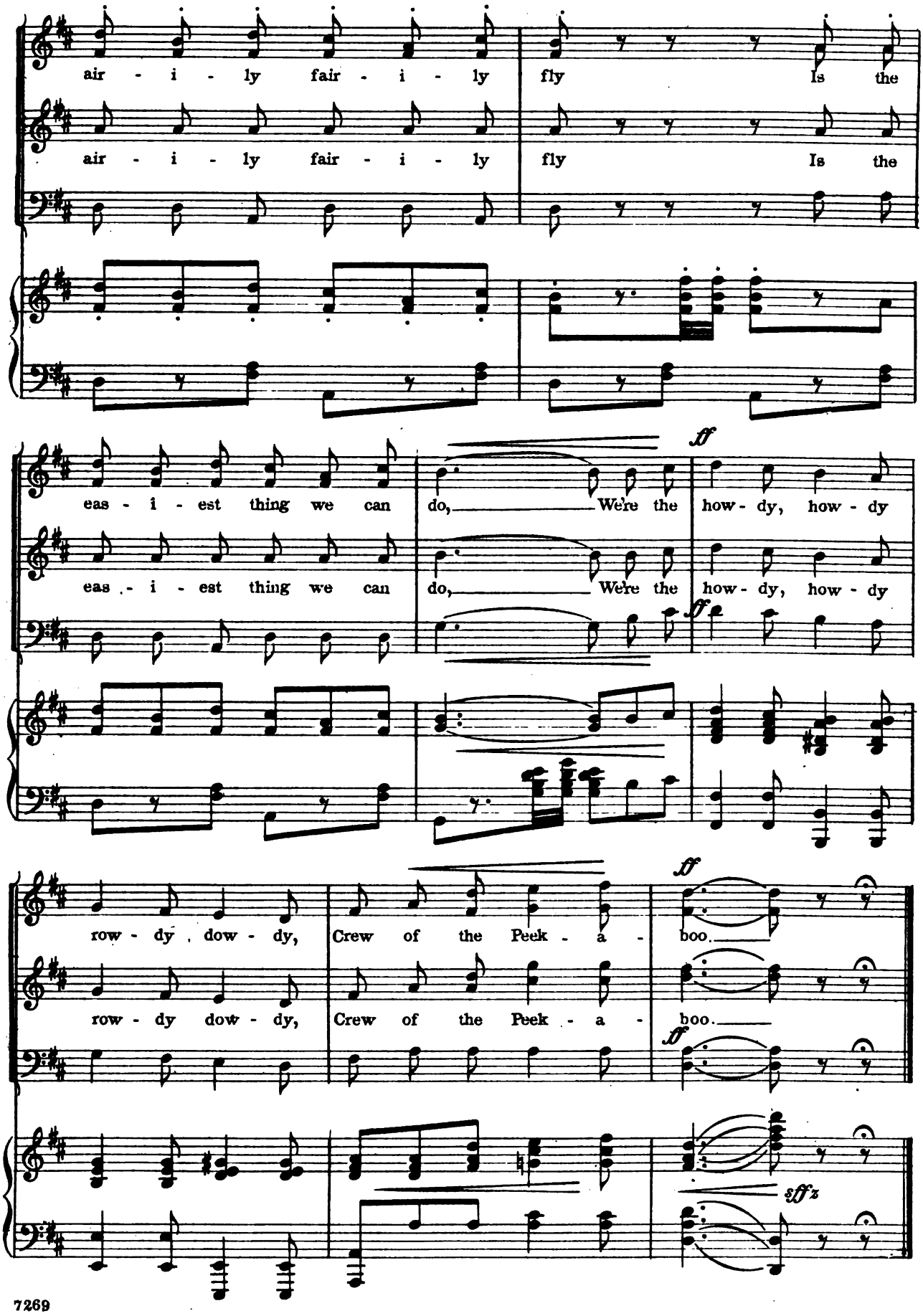

blue.
Each day we call for the man in the moon For
he's not bus - y in the aft - er - noon, And we go to the on - ly
rit.
sky ca - fe; That's a dai - ry lunch on the Milk - y way.


Oh! it's hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty
hip! For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty ship, From
Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass - es they've seen us So
mer - ri - ly trip - ping - ly skip. To


air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the
eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy
row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.
CHORUS.
f
Oh! it's
f
Oh! it's
ff z


hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty hip For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty
hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty hip For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty
ship! From Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass-es they've seen us So
ship! From Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass-es they've seen us So
mer - ri - ly, trip - ping - ly skip. To
mer - ri - ly, trip - ping - ly skip. To


air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the
air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the
eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy
eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy
row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.
row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.
ff
sffz

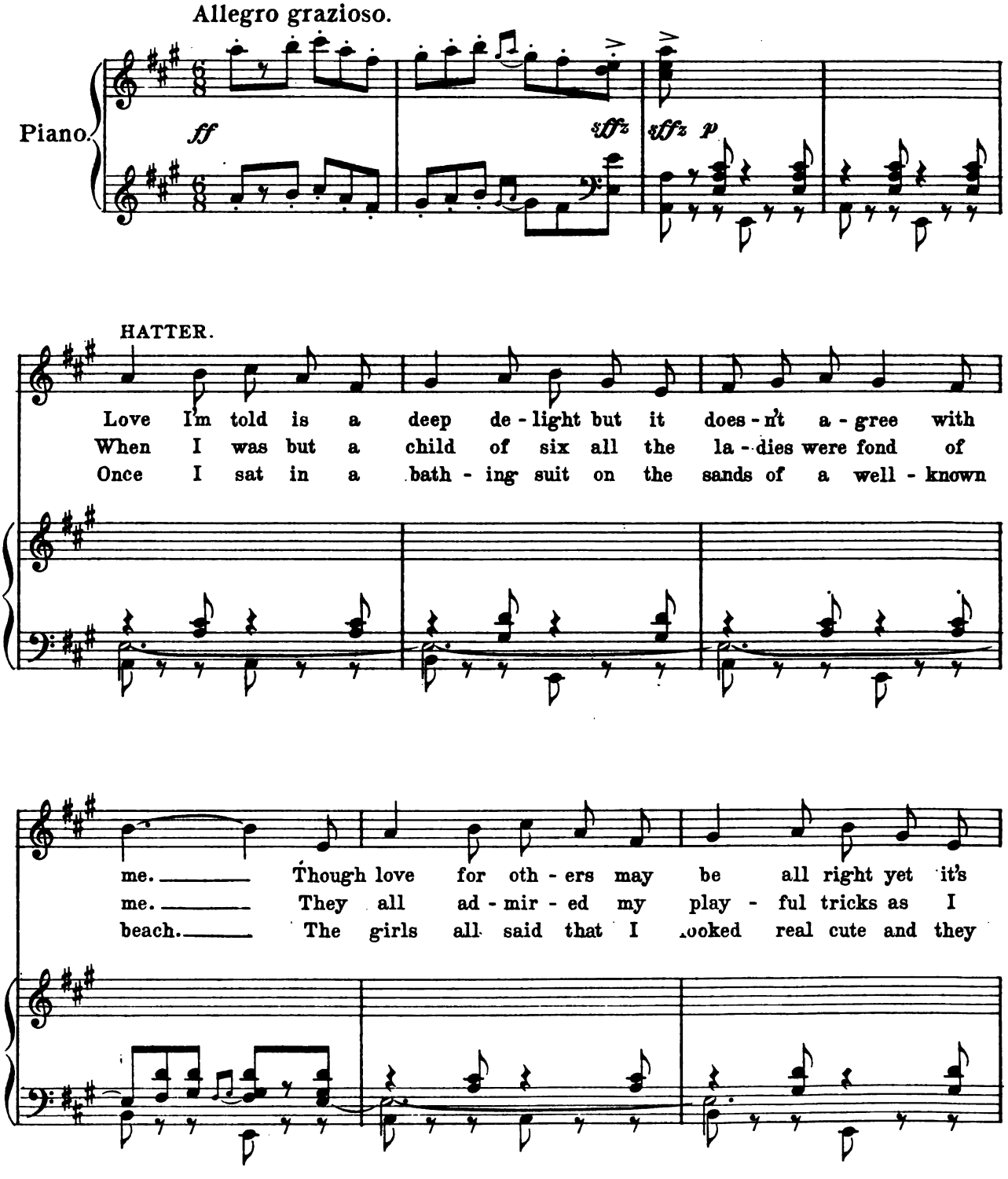
# That's Why They Say I'm Crazy.

## No 4.

Hatter.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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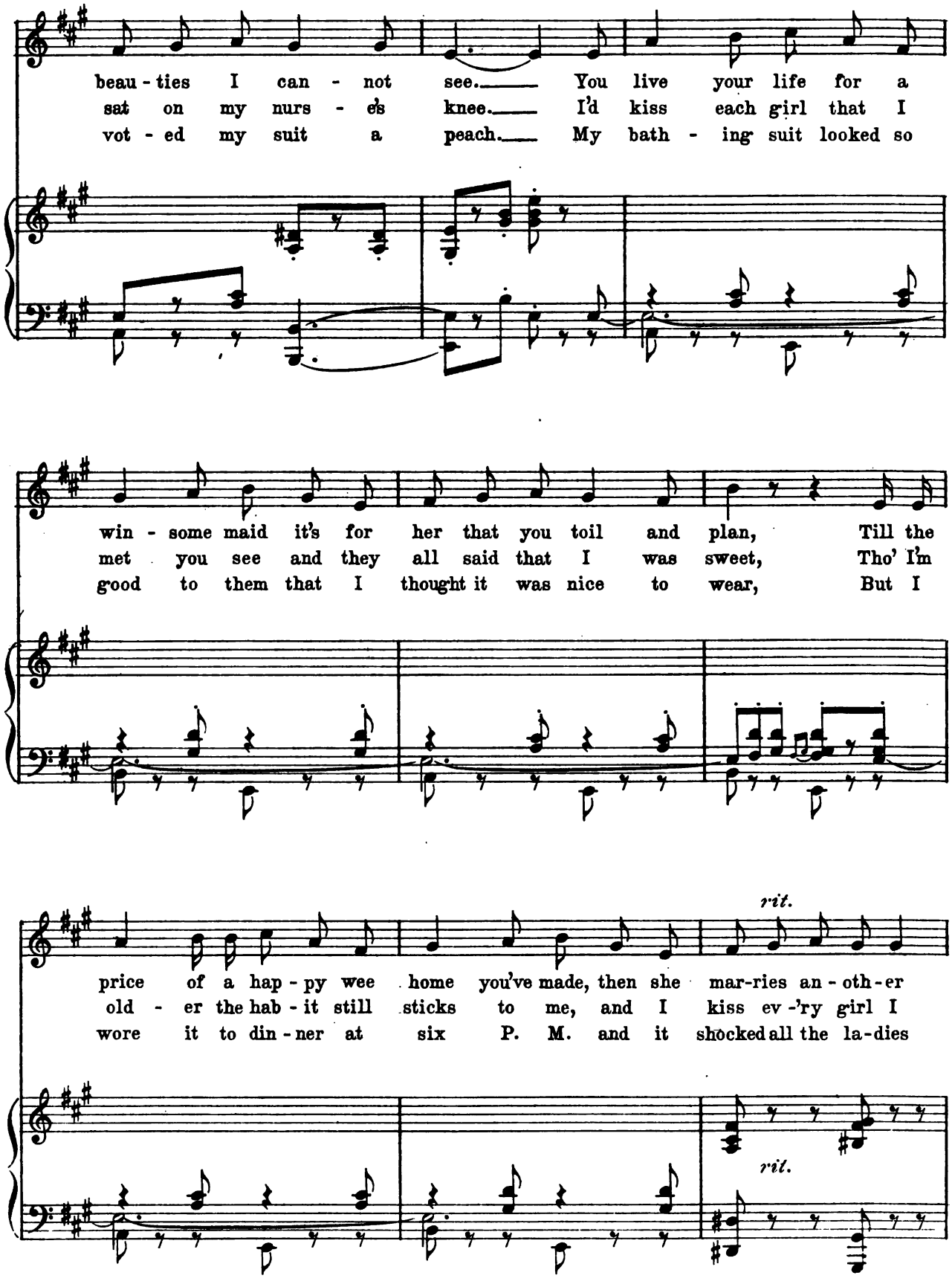
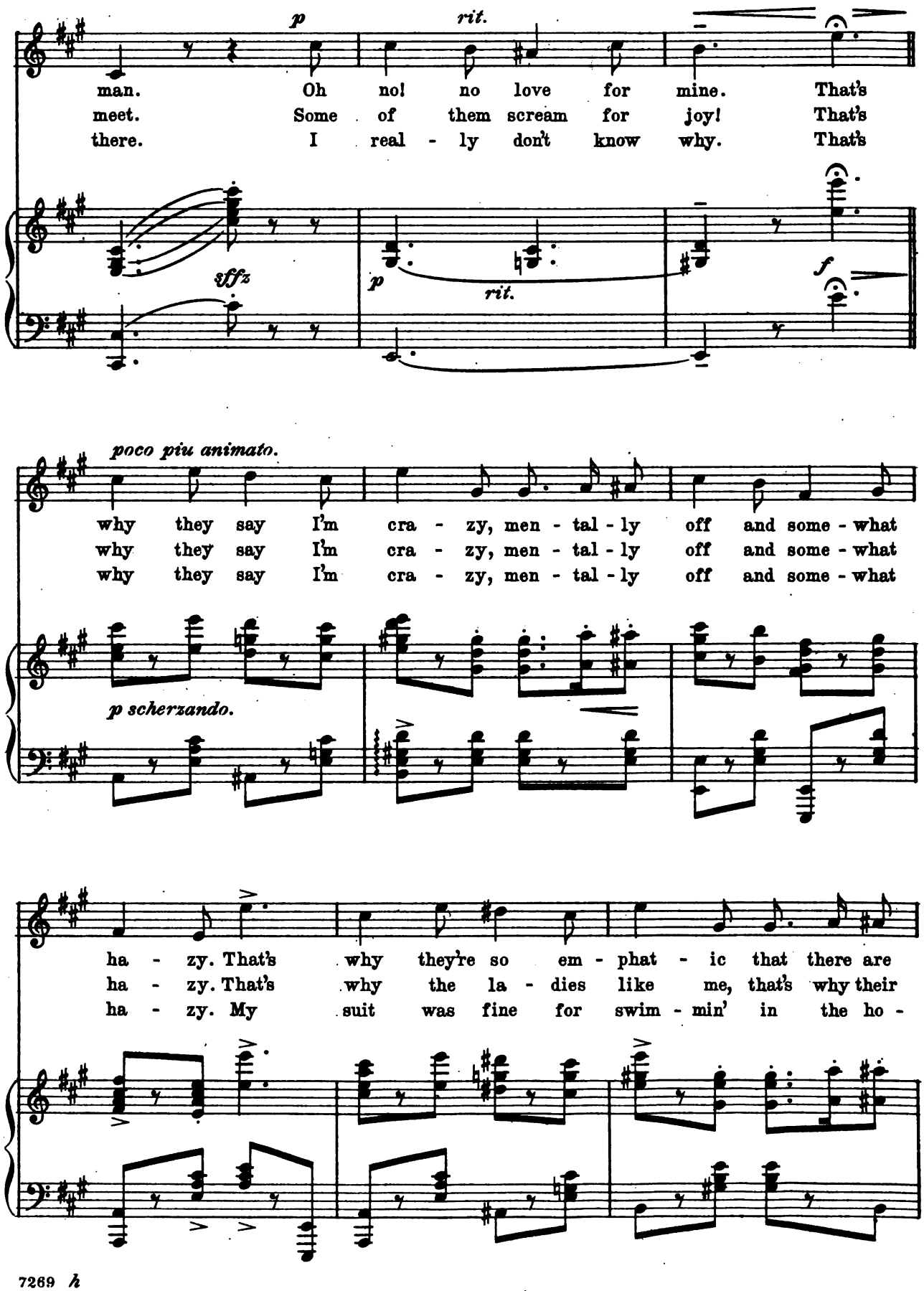
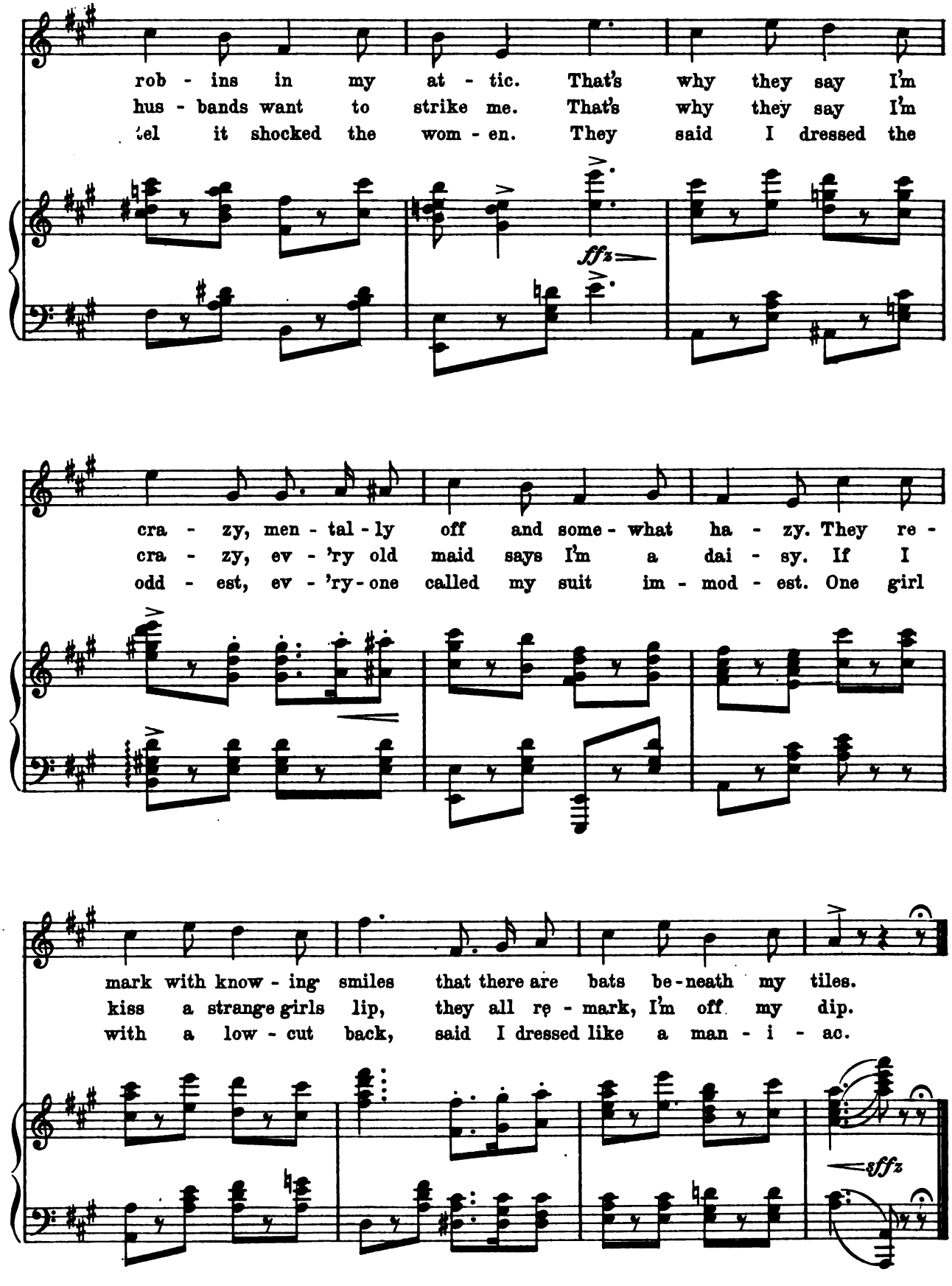

beau - ties I can - not see. You live your life for a
sat on my nurs - e's knee. I'd kiss each girl that I
vot - ed my suit a peach. My bath - ing suit looked so
win - some maid it's for her that you toil and plan, Till the
met you see and they all said that I was sweet, Tho' I'm
good to them that I thought it was nice to wear, But I
rit.
price of a hap - py wee home you've made, then she mar-ries an - oth - er
old - er the hab - it still sticks to me, and I kiss ev -'ry girl I
wore it to din - ner at six P. M. and it shocked all the la-dies
rit.


p
rit.
man. Oh no! no love for mine. That's
meet. Some of them scream for joy! That's
there. I real - ly don't know why. That's
sffz
p
rit.
f
poco piu animato.
why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what
why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what
why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what
p scherzando.
ha - zy. That's why they're so em - phat - ic that there are
ha - zy. That's why the la - dies like me, that's why their
ha - zy. My suit was fine for swim - min' in the ho -

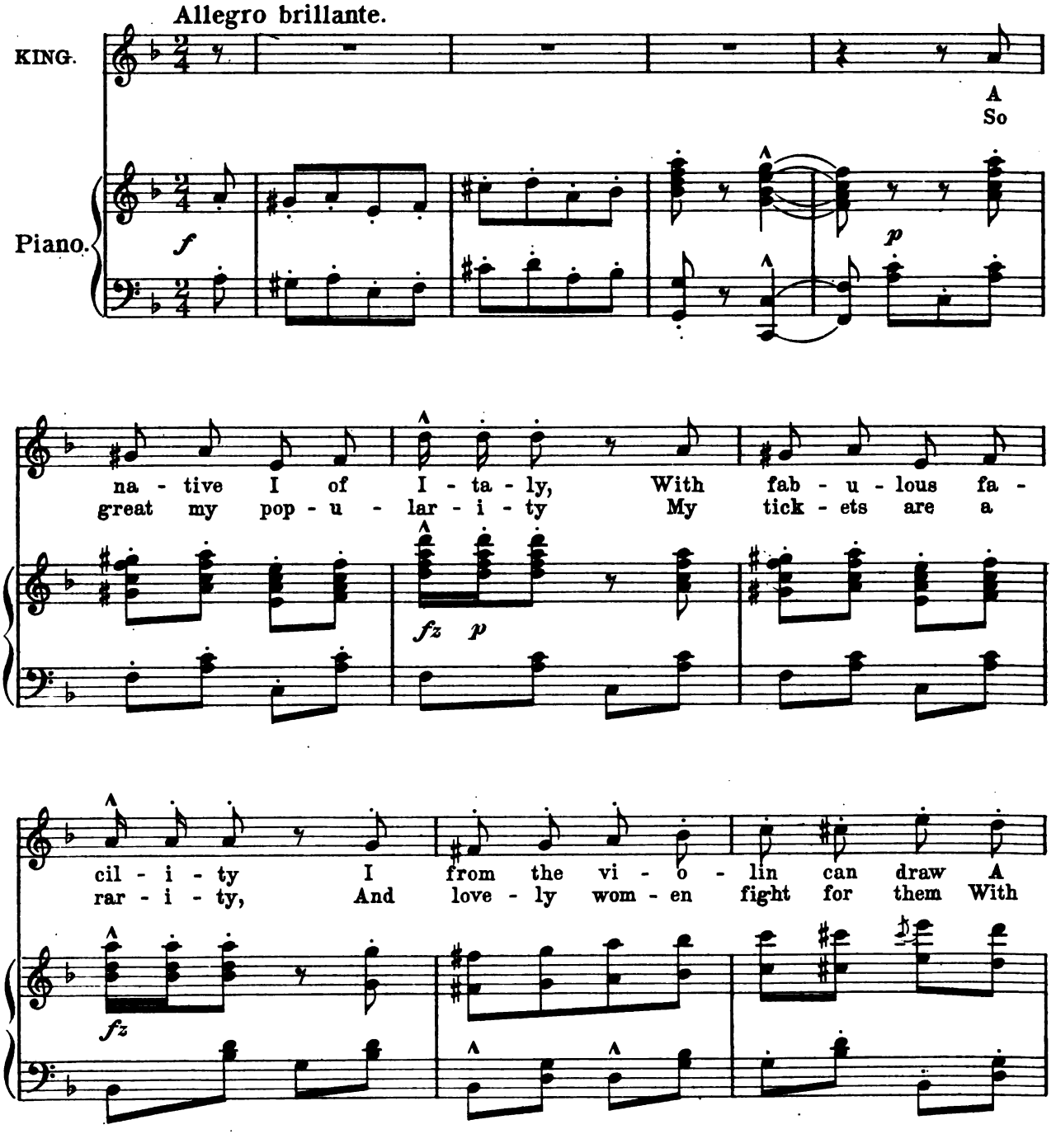

rob - ins in my at - tic. That's why they say I'm
hus - bands want to strike me. That's why they say I'm
'el it shocked the wom - en. They said I dressed the
ffz
cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what ha - zy. They re -
cra - zy, ev - 'ry old maid says I'm a dai - sy. If I
odd - est, ev - 'ry - one called my suit im - mod - est. One girl
mark with know - ing smiles that there are bats be - neath my tiles.
kiss a strange girls lip, they all re - mark, I'm off my dip.
with a low - cut back, said I dressed like a man - i - ac.
sffz

# No. 5. When Perrico Plays.

King and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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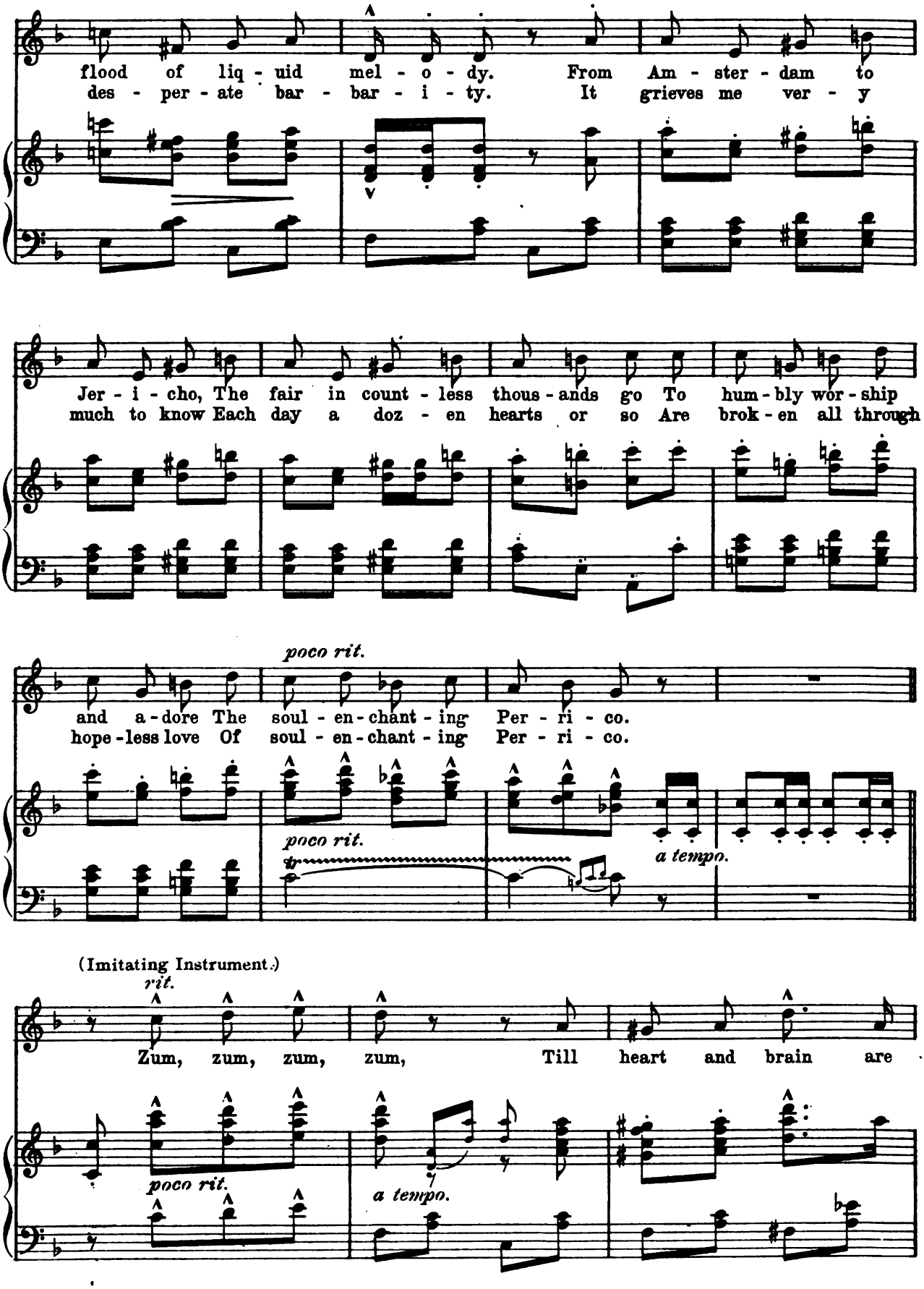
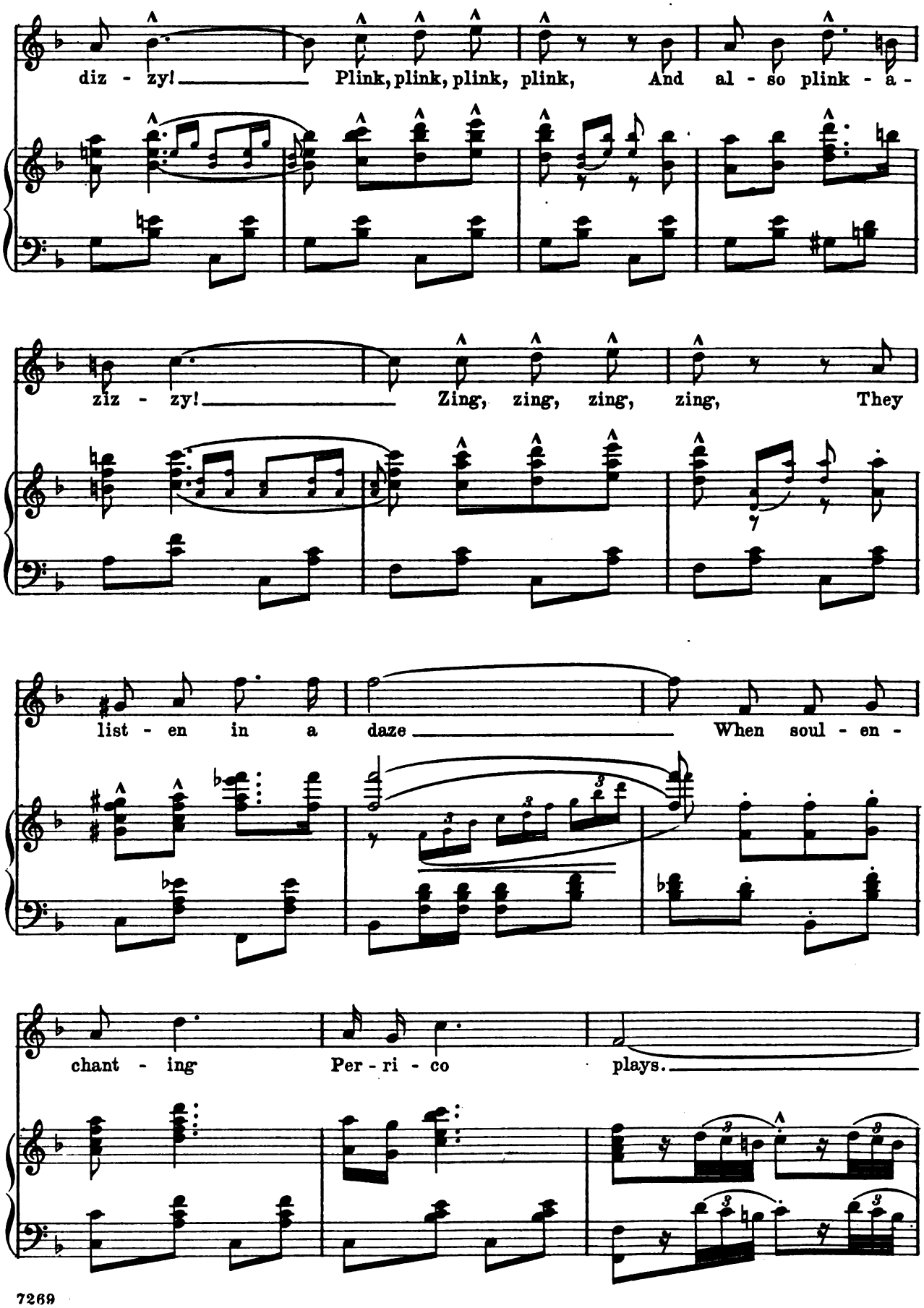
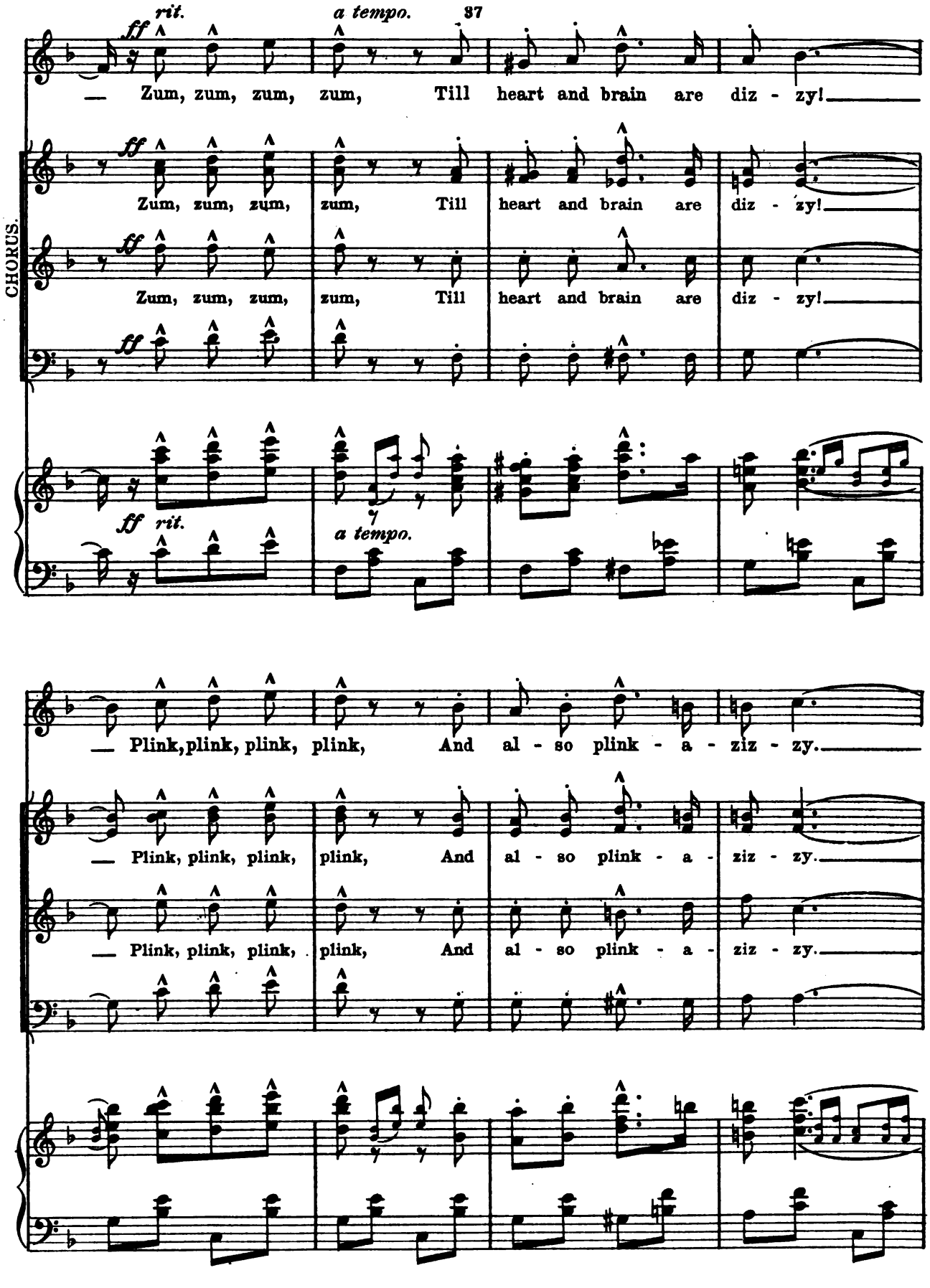
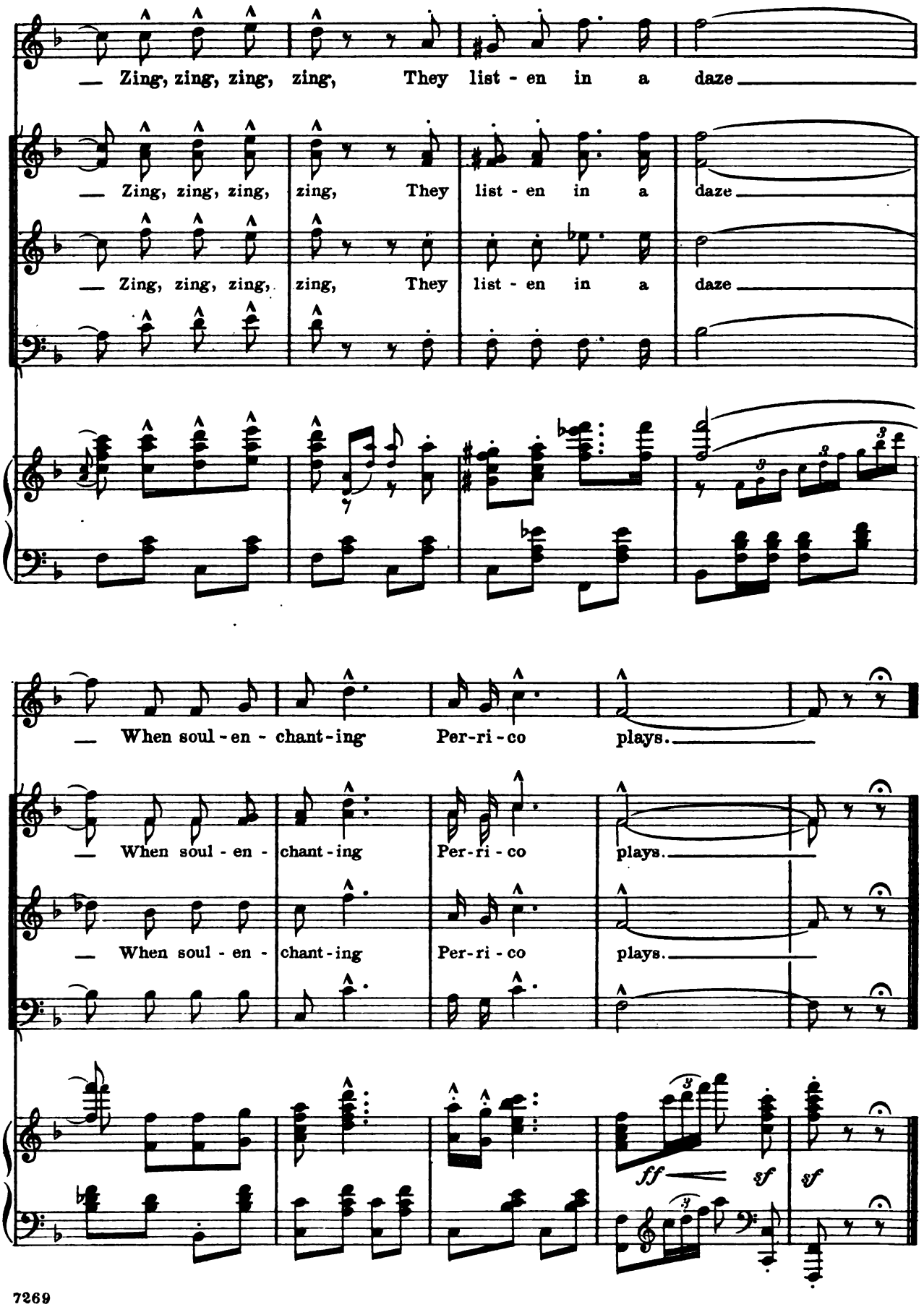

flood of liq - uid mel - o - dy. From Am - ster - dam to
des - per - ate bar - bar - i - ty. It grieves me ver - y
Jer - i - cho, The fair in count - less thous - ands go To hum - bly wor - ship
much to know Each day a doz - en hearts or so Are brok - en all through
poco rit.
and a - dore The soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co.
hope - less love Of soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co.
poco rit.
a tempo.
(Imitating Instrument.)
rit.
Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are
poco rit.
a tempo.


diz - zy! Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a -
ziz - zy! Zing, zing, zing, zing, They
list - en in a daze When soul - en -
chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.


rit.
a tempo.
ff
— Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!
CHORUS.
Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!
Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!
— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.
— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.
— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.

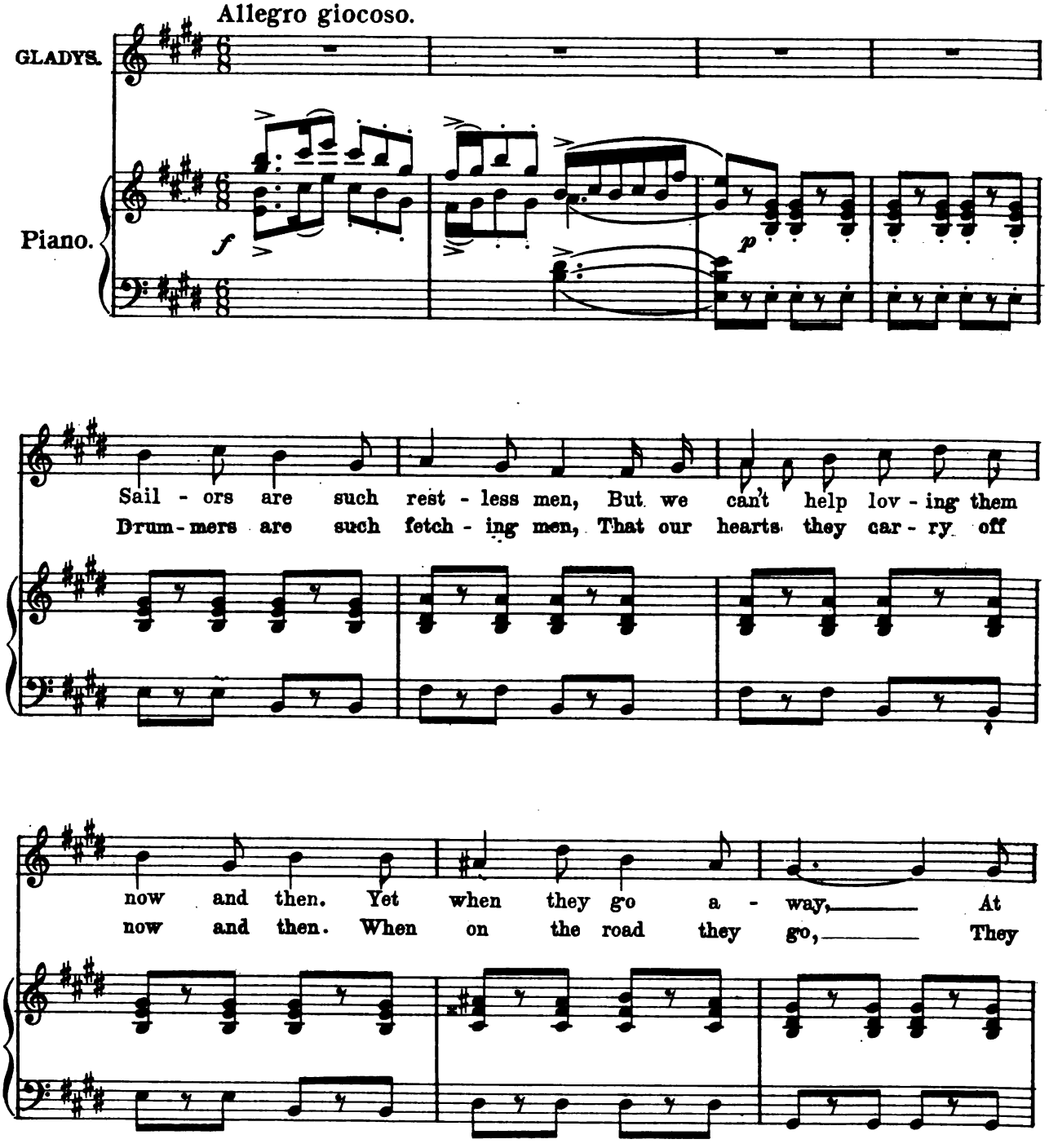

— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze
— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze
— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze
— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.
— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.
— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.
ff
sf
sf

# No 6. Jografree.

Glady's and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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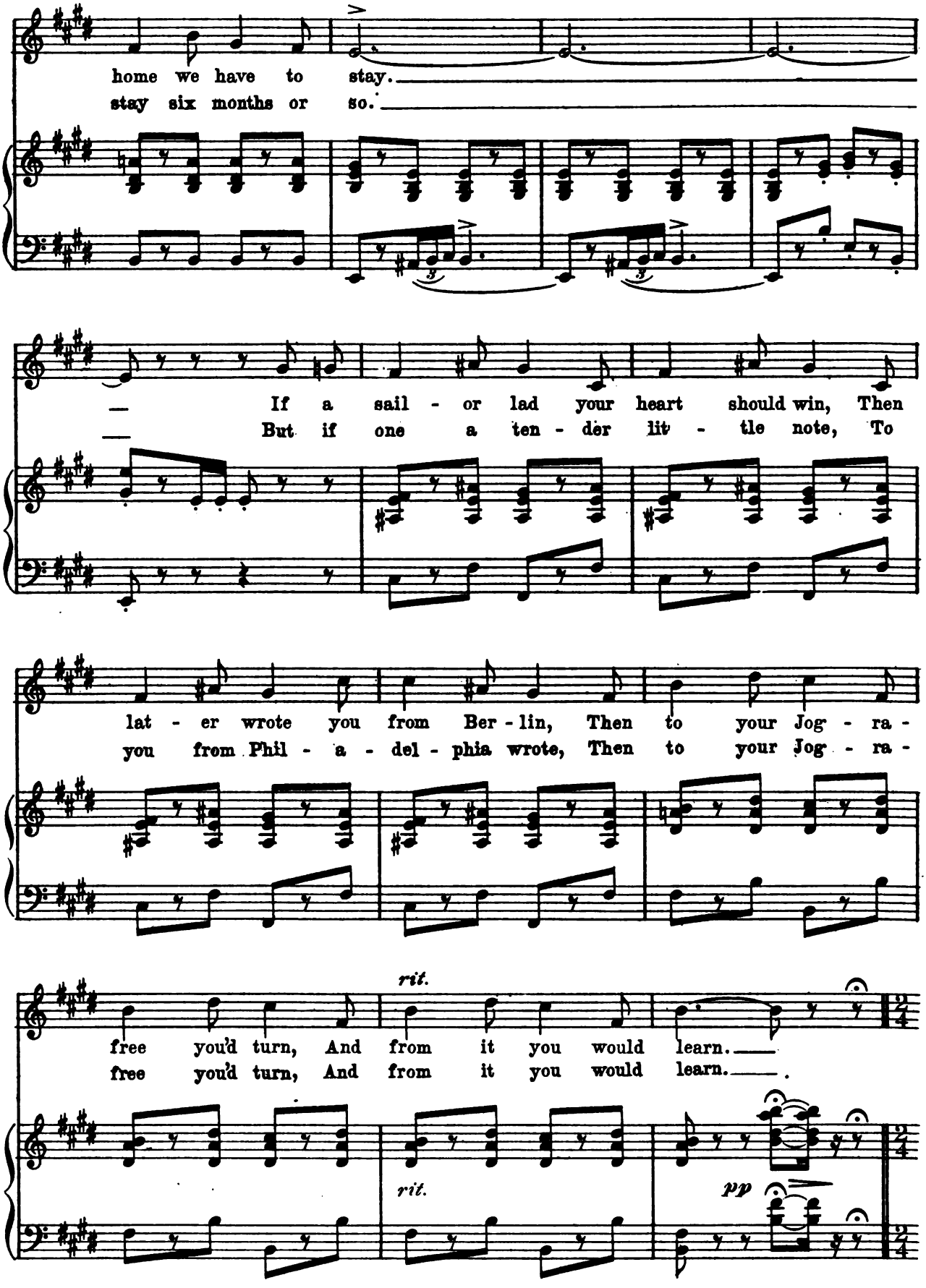
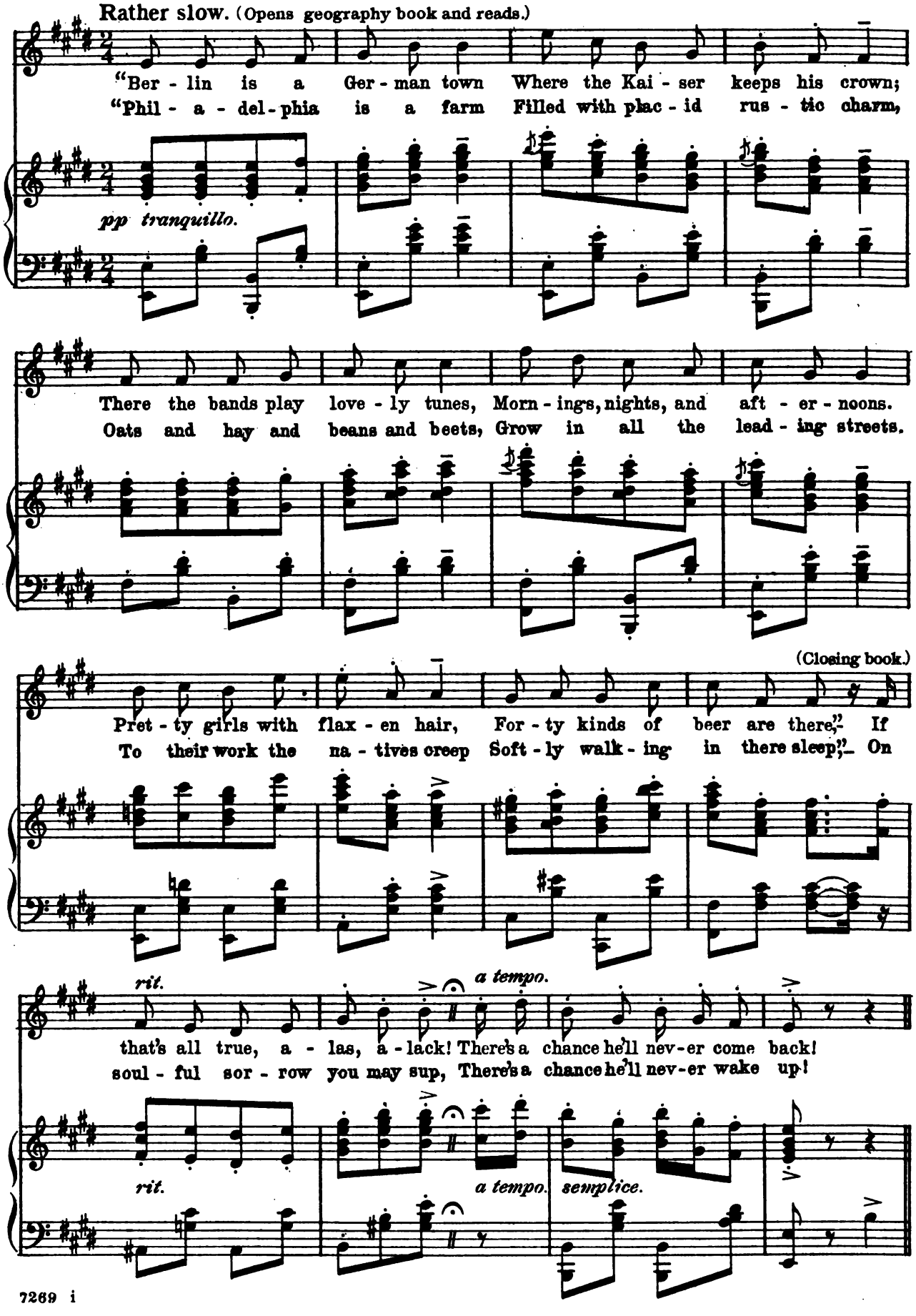
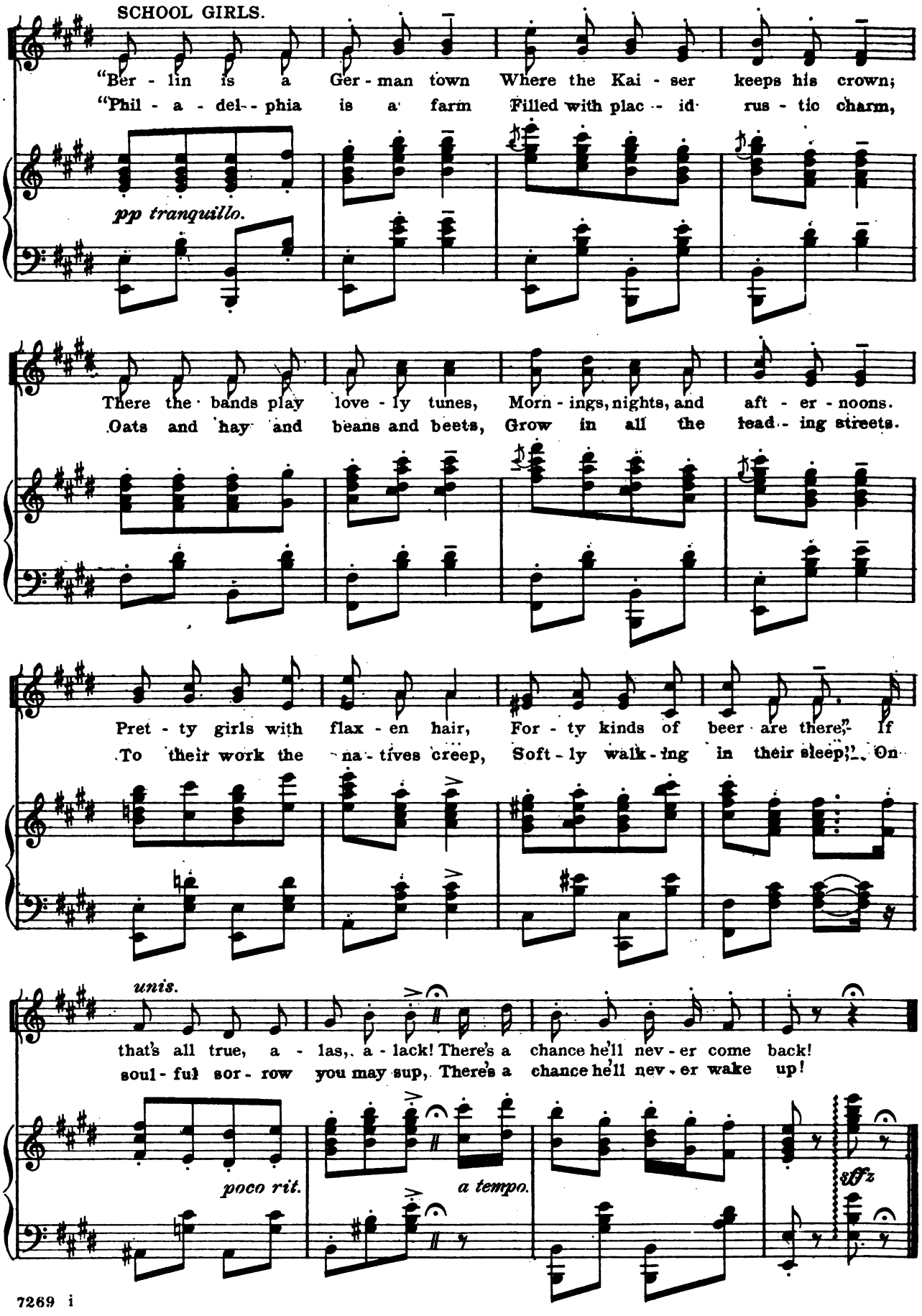

home we have to stay.
stay six months or so.
If a sail - or lad your heart should win, Then
But if one a ten - der lit - tle note, To
lat - er wrote you from Ber - lin, Then to your Jog - ra -
you from Phil - a - del - phia wrote, Then to your Jog - ra -
rit.
free you'd turn, And from it you would learn.
free you'd turn, And from it you would learn.
rit.
pp


Rather slow. (Opens geography book and reads.)
"Ber - lin is a Ger - man town Where the Kai - ser keeps his crown;
"Phil - a - del - phia is a farm Filled with plac - id rus - tic charm,
pp tranquillo.
There the bands play love - ly tunes, Morn - ings, nights, and aft - er - noons.
Oats and hay and beans and beets, Grow in all the lead - ing streets.
(Closing book.)
Pret - ty girls with flax - en hair, For - ty kinds of beer are there;" If
To their work the na - tives creep Soft - ly walk - ing in there sleep;" On
rit.
a tempo.
that's all true, a - las, a - lack! There's a chance he'll nev - er come back!
soul - ful sor - row you may sup, There's a chance he'll nev - er wake up!
rit.
a tempo. semplice.

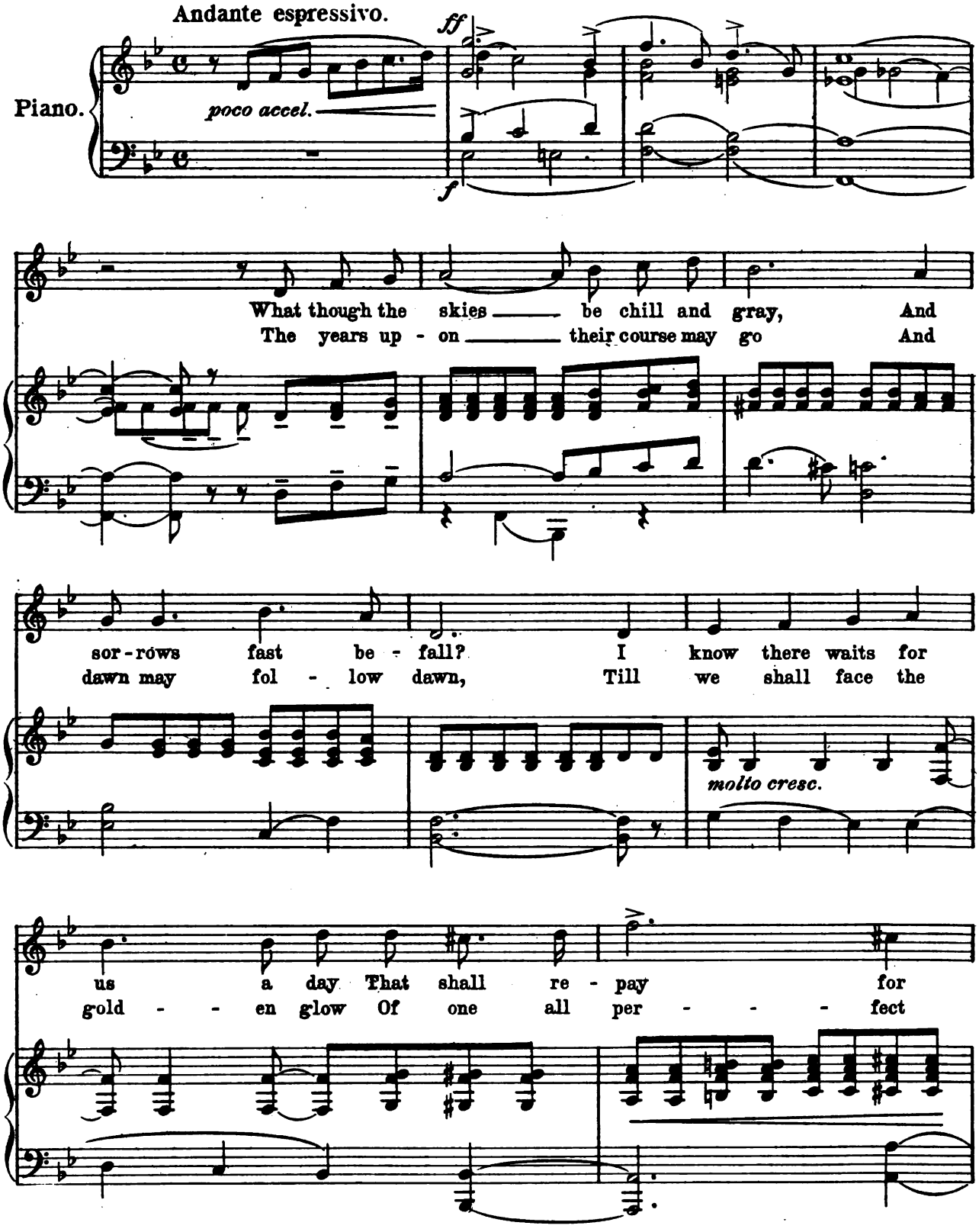

SCHOOL GIRLS.
"Ber - lin is a Ger - man town Where the Kai - ser keeps his crown;
"Phil - a - del - phia is a farm Filled with plac - id rus - tic charm,
pp tranquillo.
There the bands play love - ly tunes, Morn - ings, nights, and aft - er - noons.
Oats and hay and beans and beets, Grow in all the lead - ing streets.
Pret - ty girls with flax - en hair, For - ty kinds of beer are there." If
To their work the na - tives creep, Soft - ly walk - ing in their sleep;" On
unis.
that's all true, a - las, a - lack! There's a chance he'll nev - er come back!
soul - ful sor - row you may sup, There's a chance he'll nev - er wake up!
poco rit.
a tempo.
sffz

# No 7 Love's Golden Day.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Fortunio.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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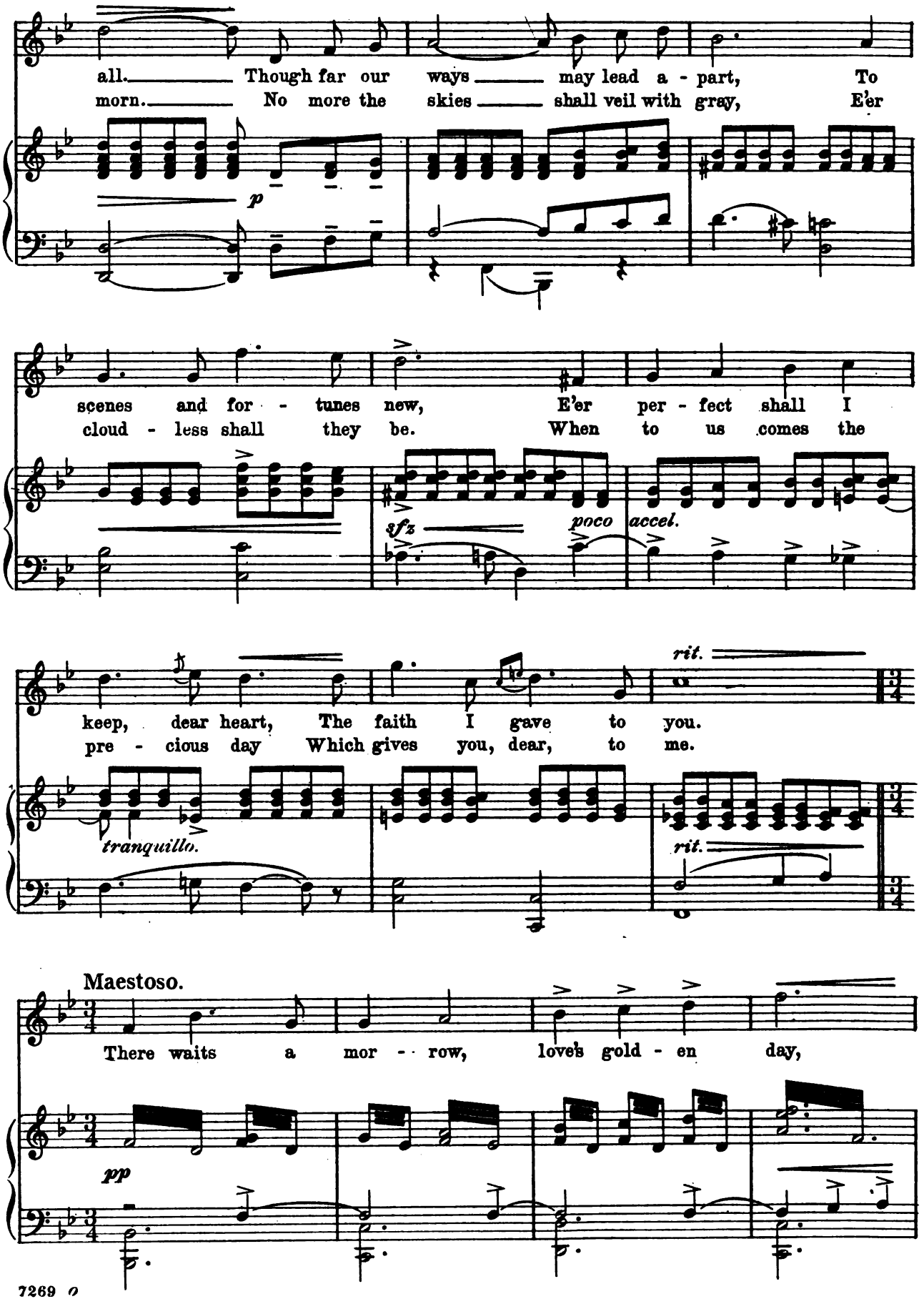
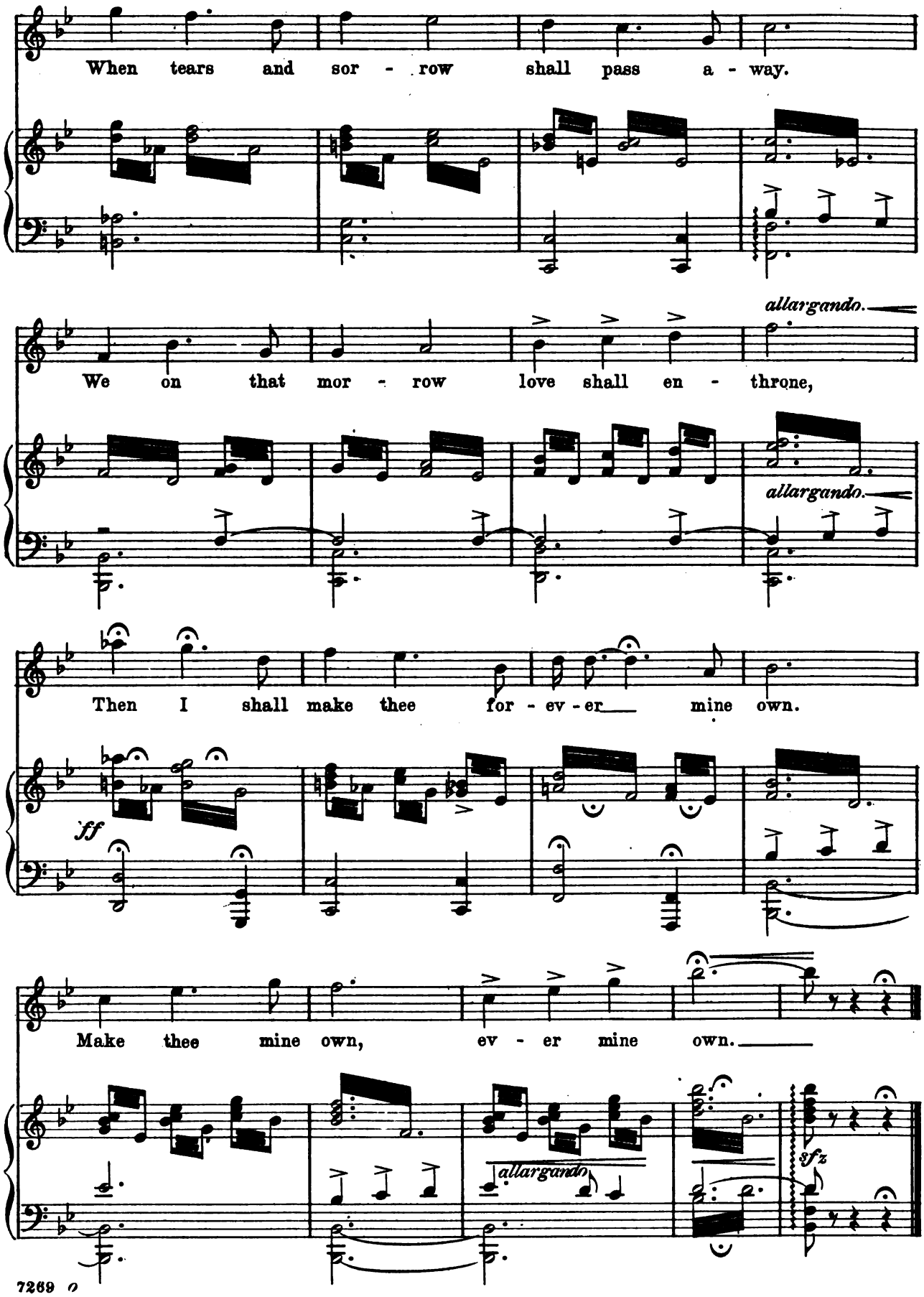

all. Though far our ways may lead a - part, To
morn. No more the skies shall veil with gray, E'er
p
scenes and for - tunes new, E'er per - fect shall I
cloud - less shall they be. When to us comes the
sfz
poco accel.
keep, dear heart, The faith I gave to you.
pre - cious day Which gives you, dear, to me.
rit.
tranquillo.
rit.
Maestoso.
There waits a mor - - row, love's gold - en day,
pp


When tears and sor - row shall pass a - way.
allargando.
We on that mor - row love shall en - throne,
allargando.
Then I shall make thee for - ev - er mine own.
ff
Make thee mine own, ev - er mine own.
allargando.
sfz

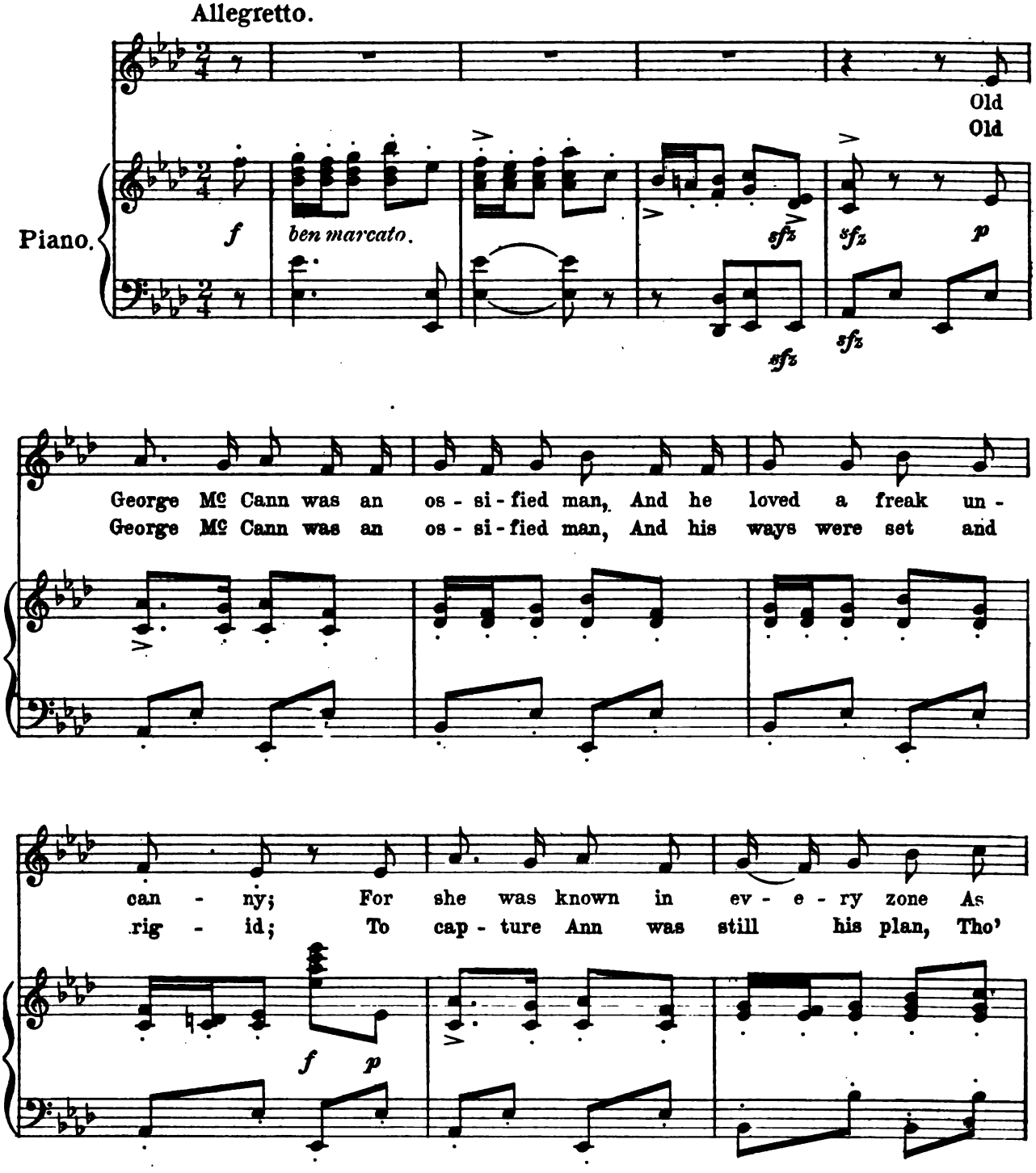
# No 8. The Ossified Man.

TRIO.

Dr. Fax, Blue and James.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



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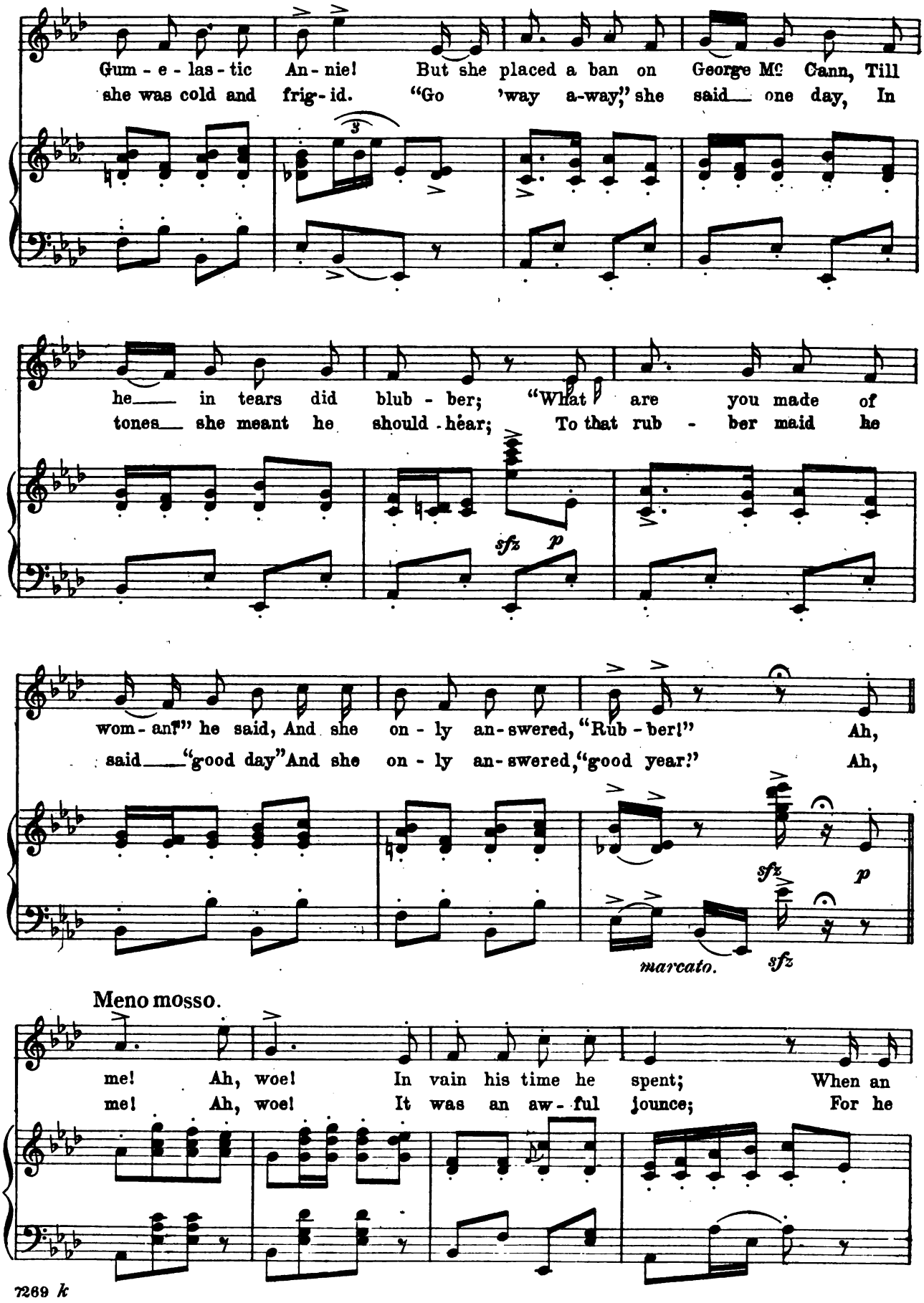
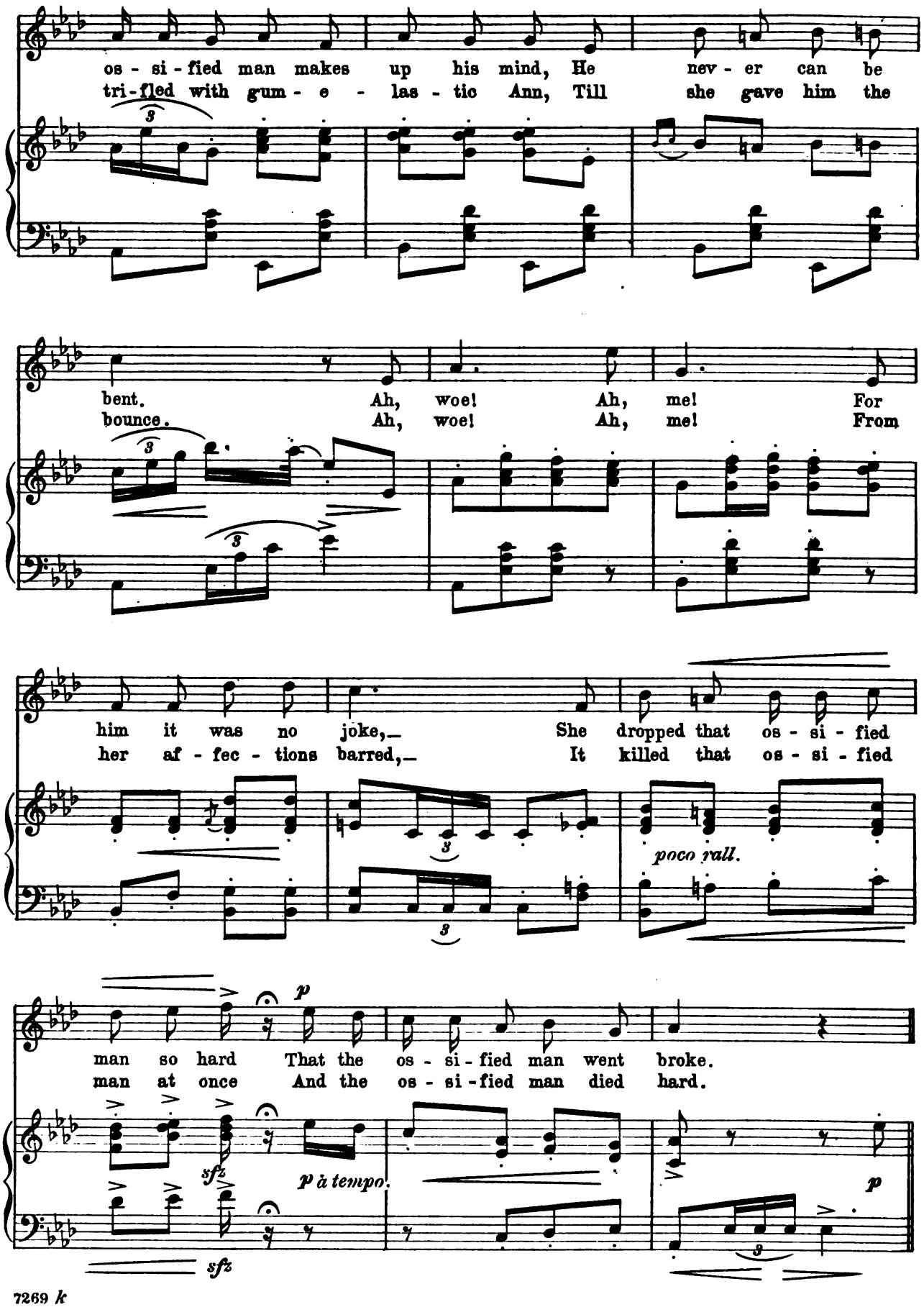

Gum - e - las - tic An - nie! But she placed a ban on George Mc Cann, Till
she was cold and frig - id. "Go 'way a-way," she said one day, In
he in tears did blub - ber; "What are you made of
tones she meant he should hear; To that rub - ber maid he
sfz p
wom - an?" he said, And she on - ly an - swered, "Rub - ber!" Ah,
said "good day" And she on - ly an - swered, "good year!" Ah,
sfz p
marcato. sfz
Meno mosso.
me! Ah, woe! In vain his time he spent; When an
me! Ah, woe! It was an aw - ful jounce; For he


os - si - fied man makes up his mind, He nev - er can be
tri - fled with gum - e - las - tic Ann, Till she gave him the
bent. Ah, woe! Ah, me! For
bounce. Ah, woe! Ah, me! From
him it was no joke,_ She dropped that os - si - fied
her af - fec - tions barred,_ It killed that os - si - fied
poco rall.
p
man so hard That the os - si - fied man went broke.
man at once And the os - si - fied man died hard.
sfz
p à tempo.
p
sfz

DANCE.

*p molto grazioso.*

*sfz* *p*

*fz* *DC*

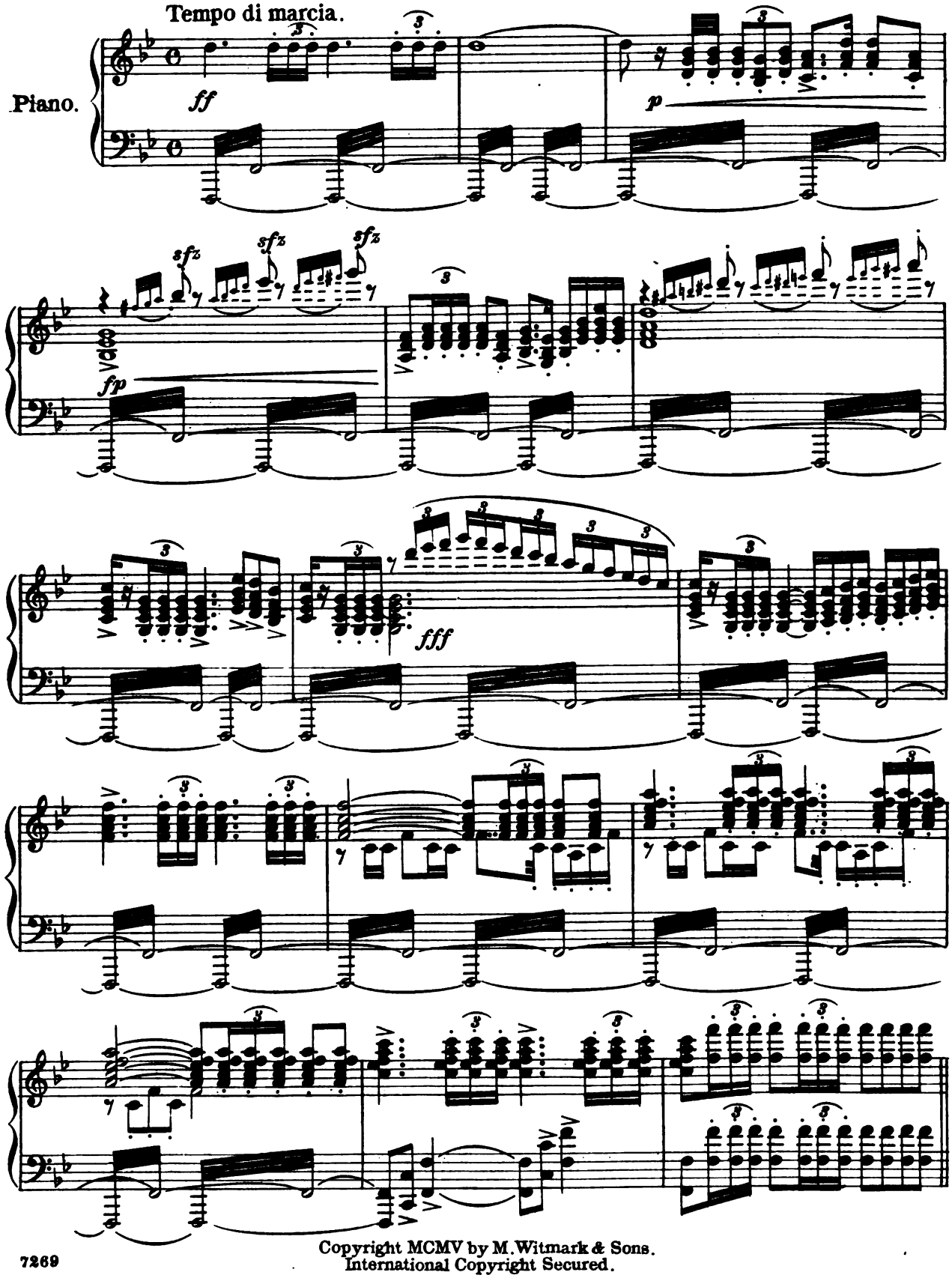
# No 9. Finale I.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.

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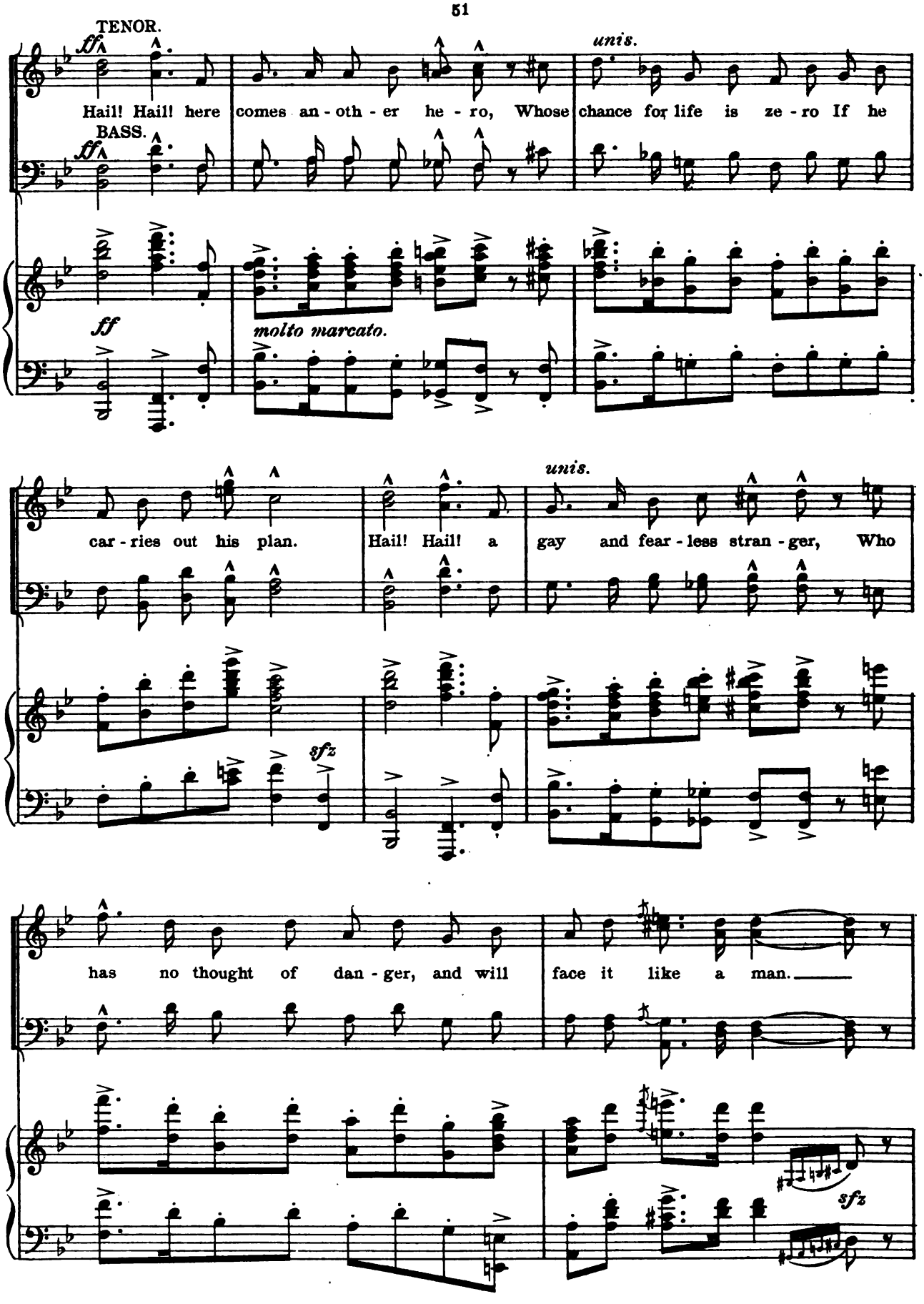
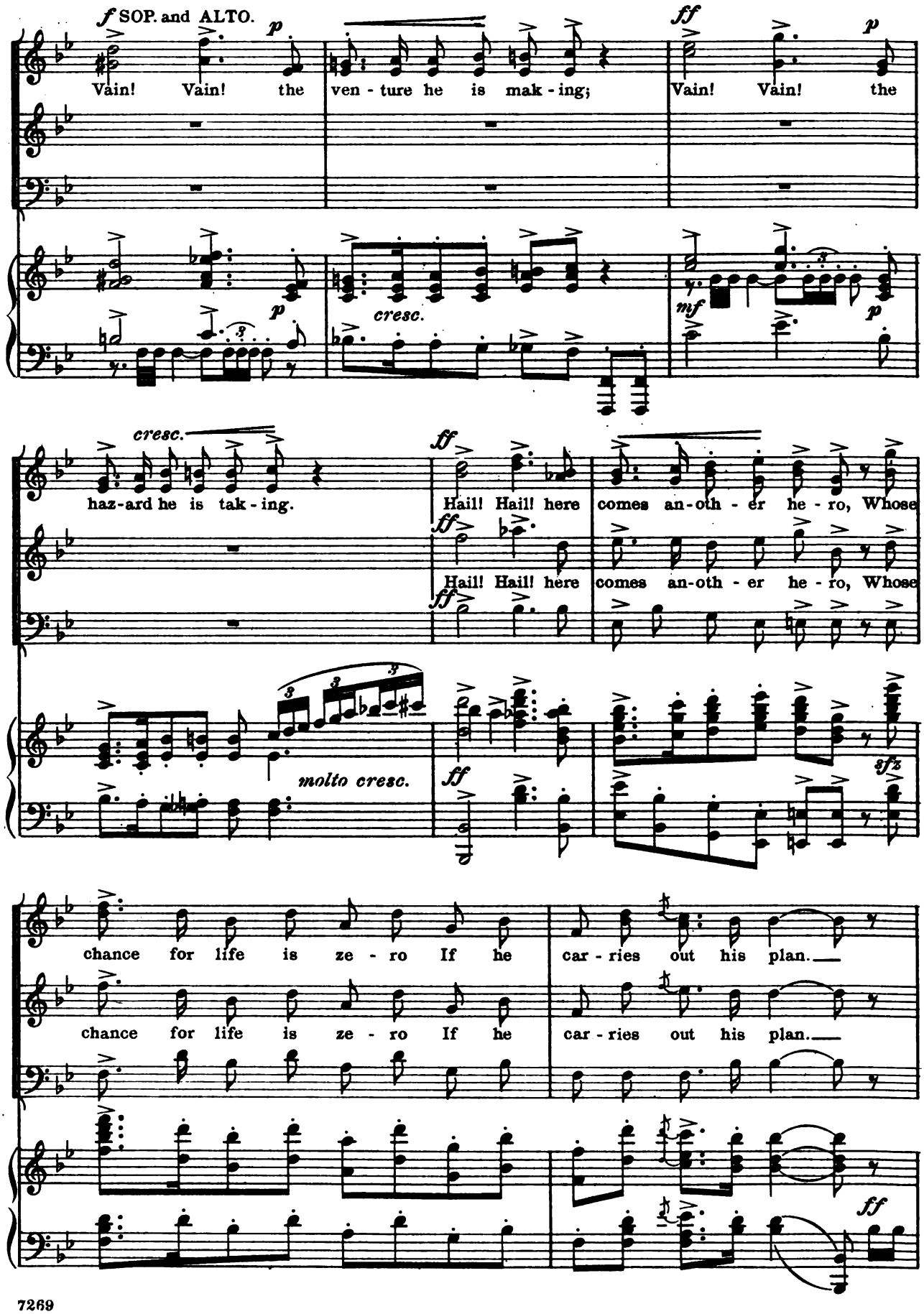

TENOR.
ff
Hail! Hail! here comes an - oth - er he - ro, Whose
unis.
chance for life is ze - ro If he
BASS.
ff
ff
molto marcato.
car - ries out his plan.
Hail! Hail! a
unis.
gay and fear - less stran - ger, Who
sfz
has no thought of dan - ger, and will
face it like a man.
sfz


f SOP. and ALTO.
p
Vain! Vain! the ven - ture he is mak - ing;
ff
p
Vain! Vain! the
cresc.
mf
p
cresc.
haz-ard he is tak - ing.
ff
Hail! Hail! here comes an-oth - er he - ro, Whose
ff
Hail! Hail! here comes an-oth - er he - ro, Whose
ff
molto cresc.
ff
sfz
chance for life is ze - ro If he car - ries out his plan.
chance for life is ze - ro If he car - ries out his plan.
ff

"Companions of The Blade."
Marcia

8 loco.

ff brillante.

ff molto. sfz

♩.=♩ of preceding tempo.
Stesso tempo.

ffz

f FENCING BOYS.

To find where the princ - ess-es dance This

dim.

lad an e - vil fate will chance, For should he tri - umph

p molto cresc.

ff p

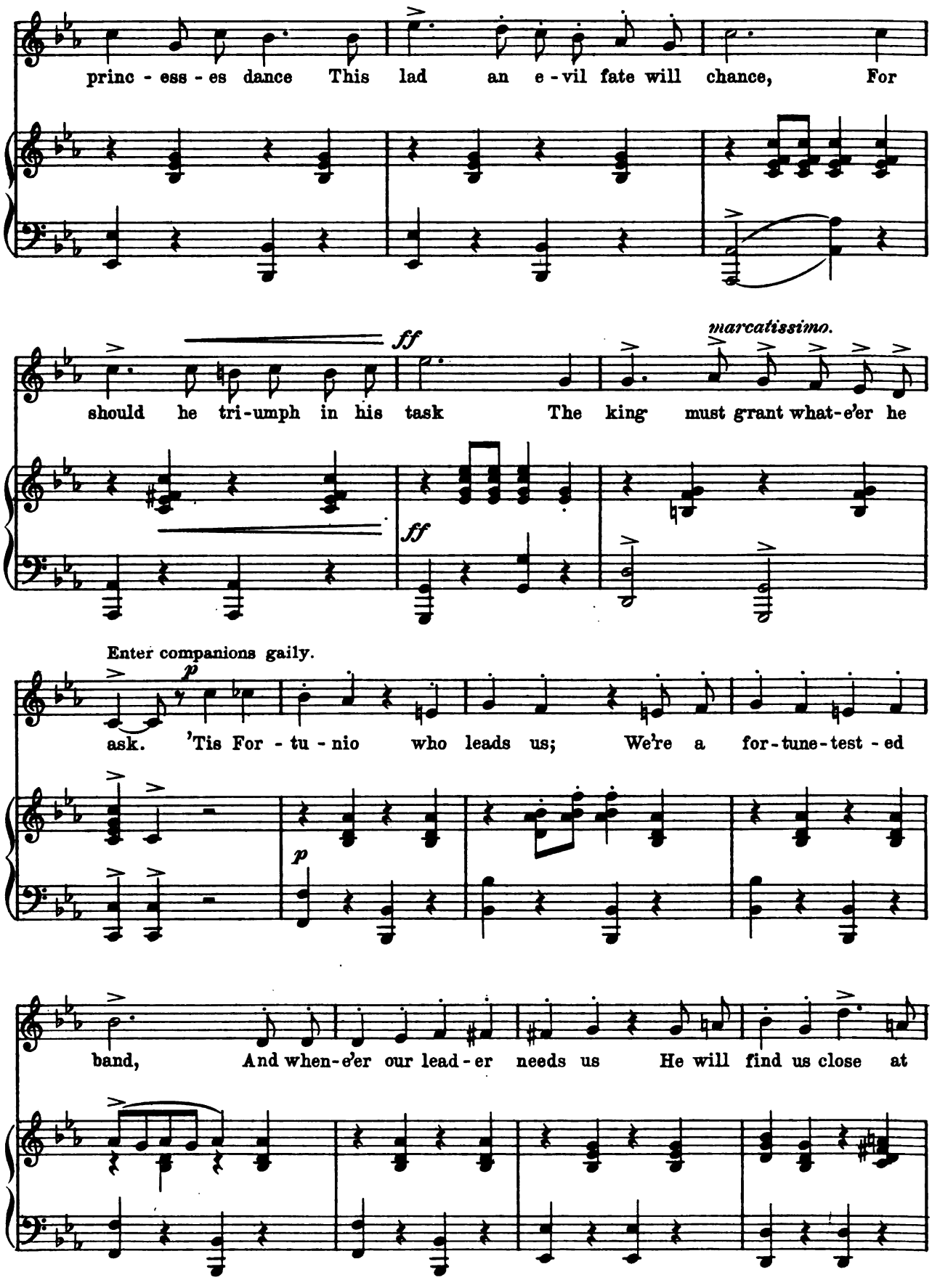
molto cresc.

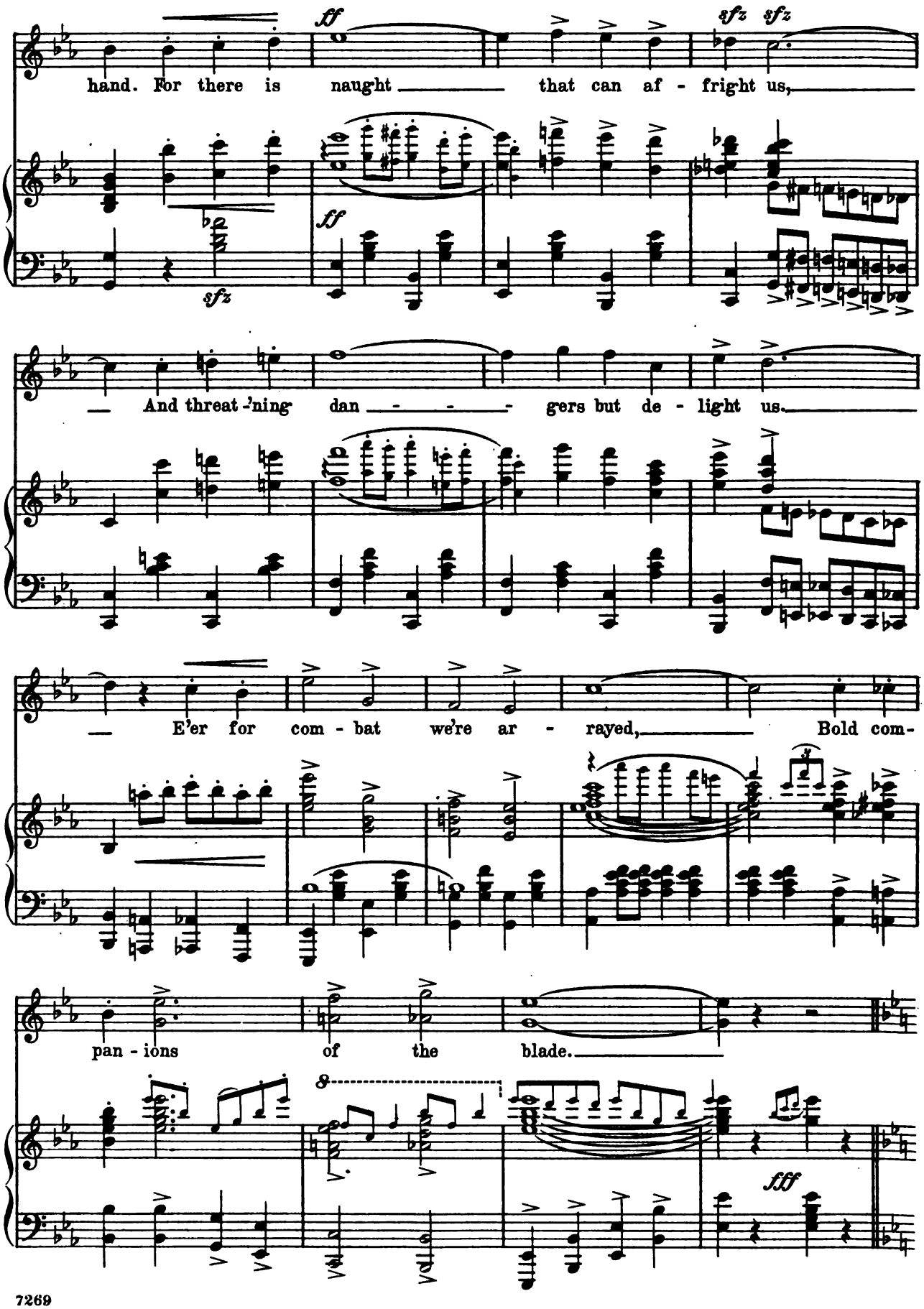
f molto marcato.

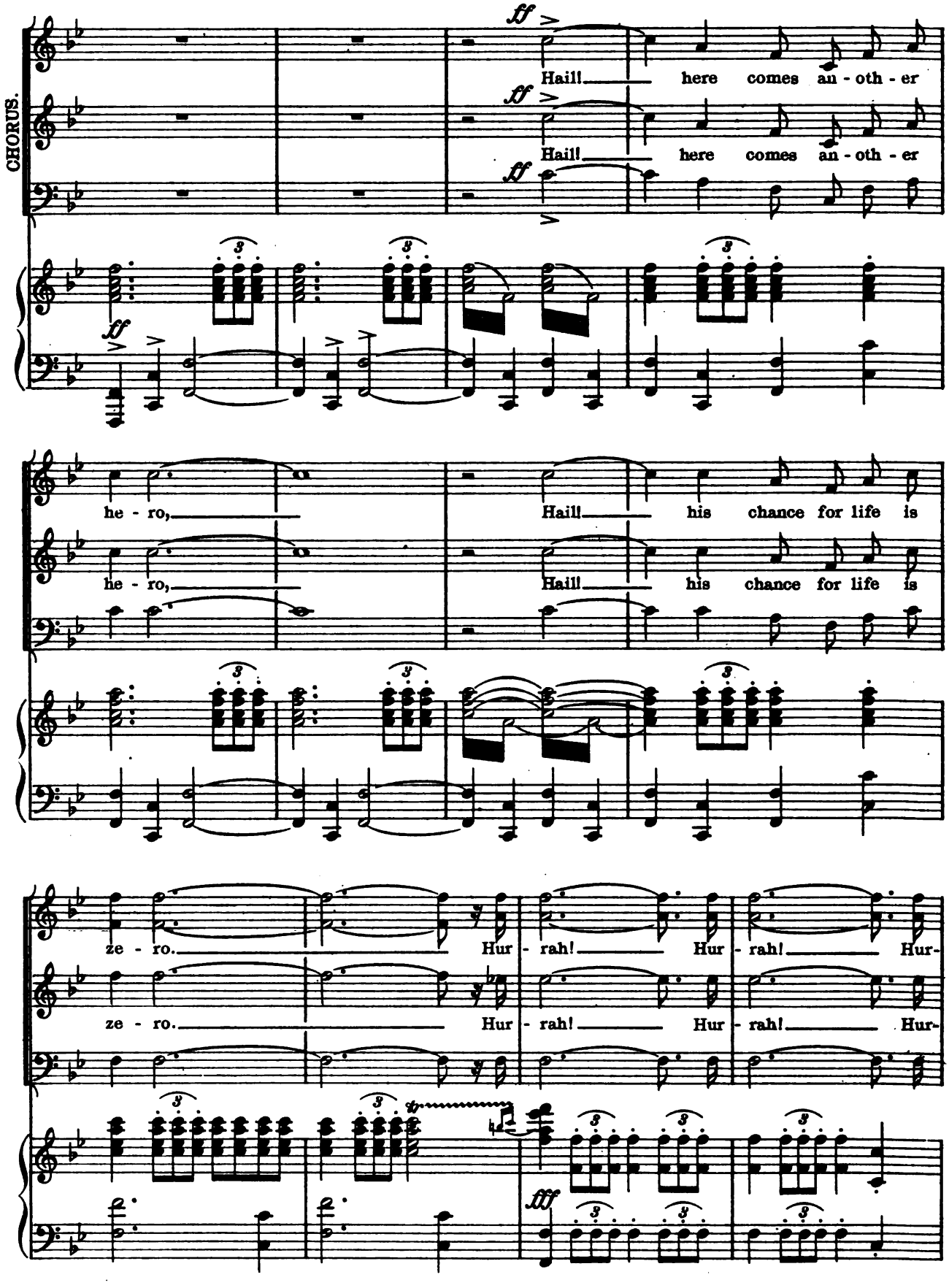
in his task The king must grant what - e'er he ask. To find where the

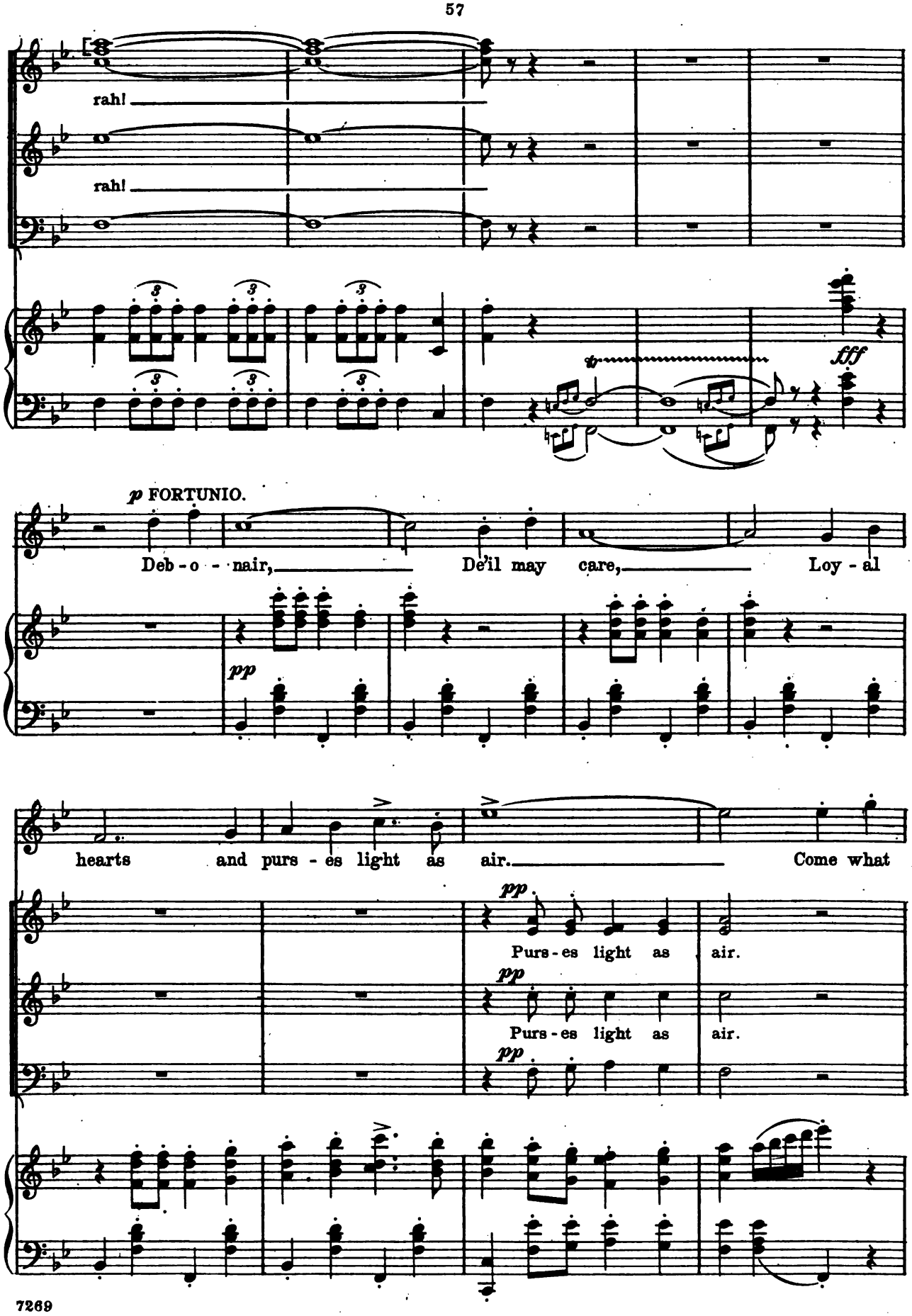
sfz molto marcato.

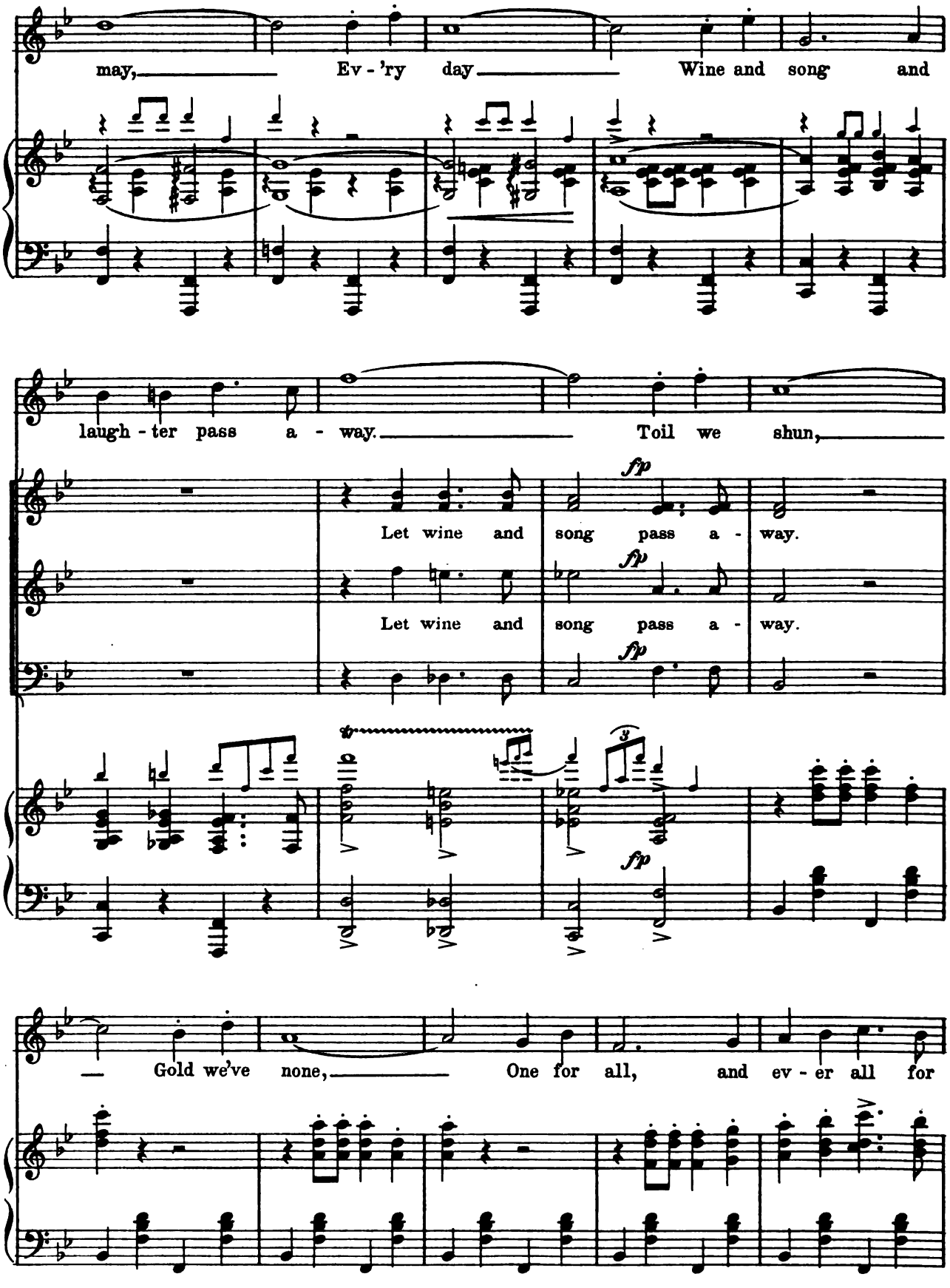
p

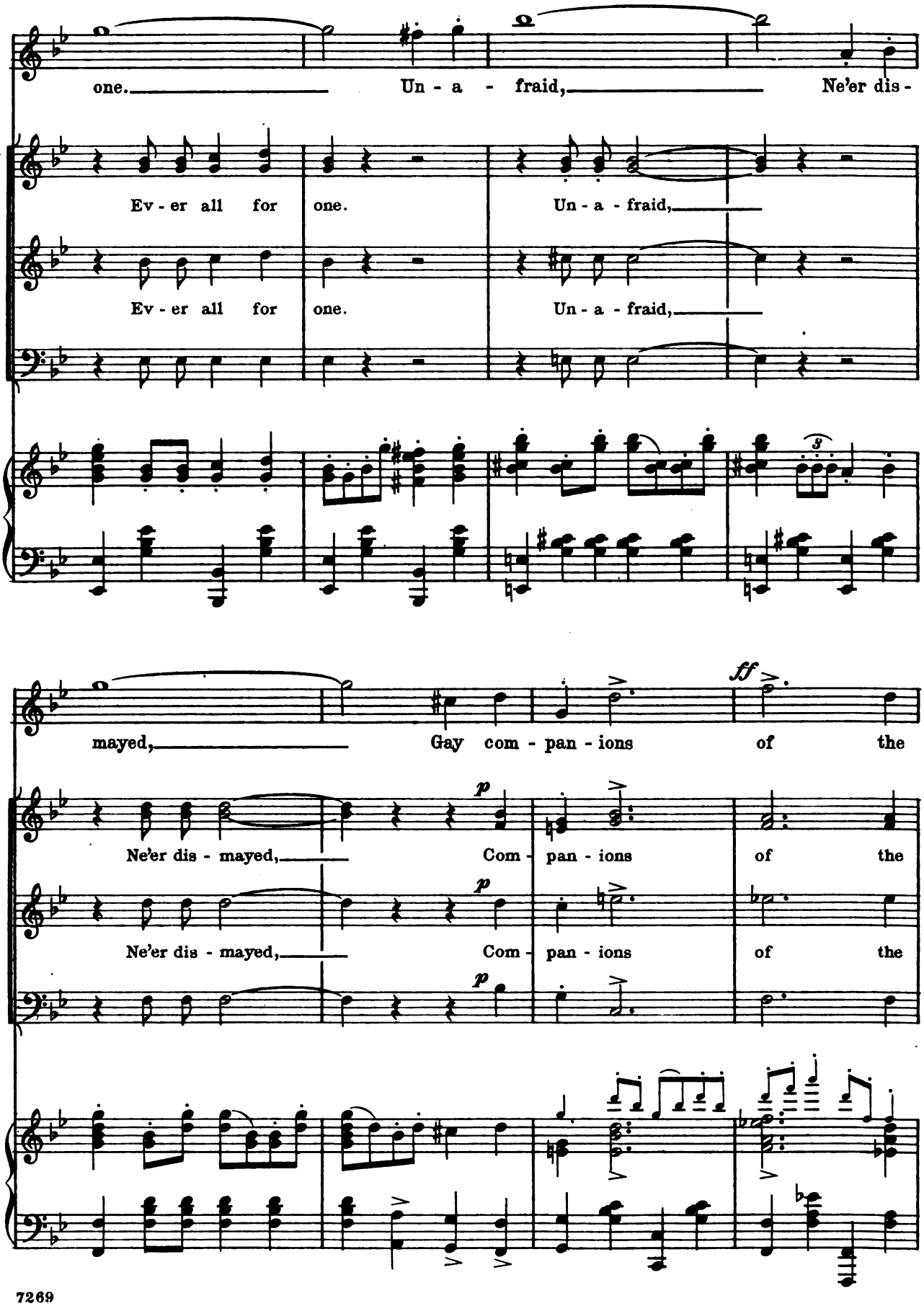

princ - ess - es dance This lad an e - vil fate will chance, For
ff
marcatissimo.
should he tri-umph in his task The king must grant what-e'er he
ff
Enter companions gaily.
p
ask. 'Tis For - tu - nio who leads us; We're a for-tune-test - ed
p
band, And when-e'er our lead - er needs us He will find us close at

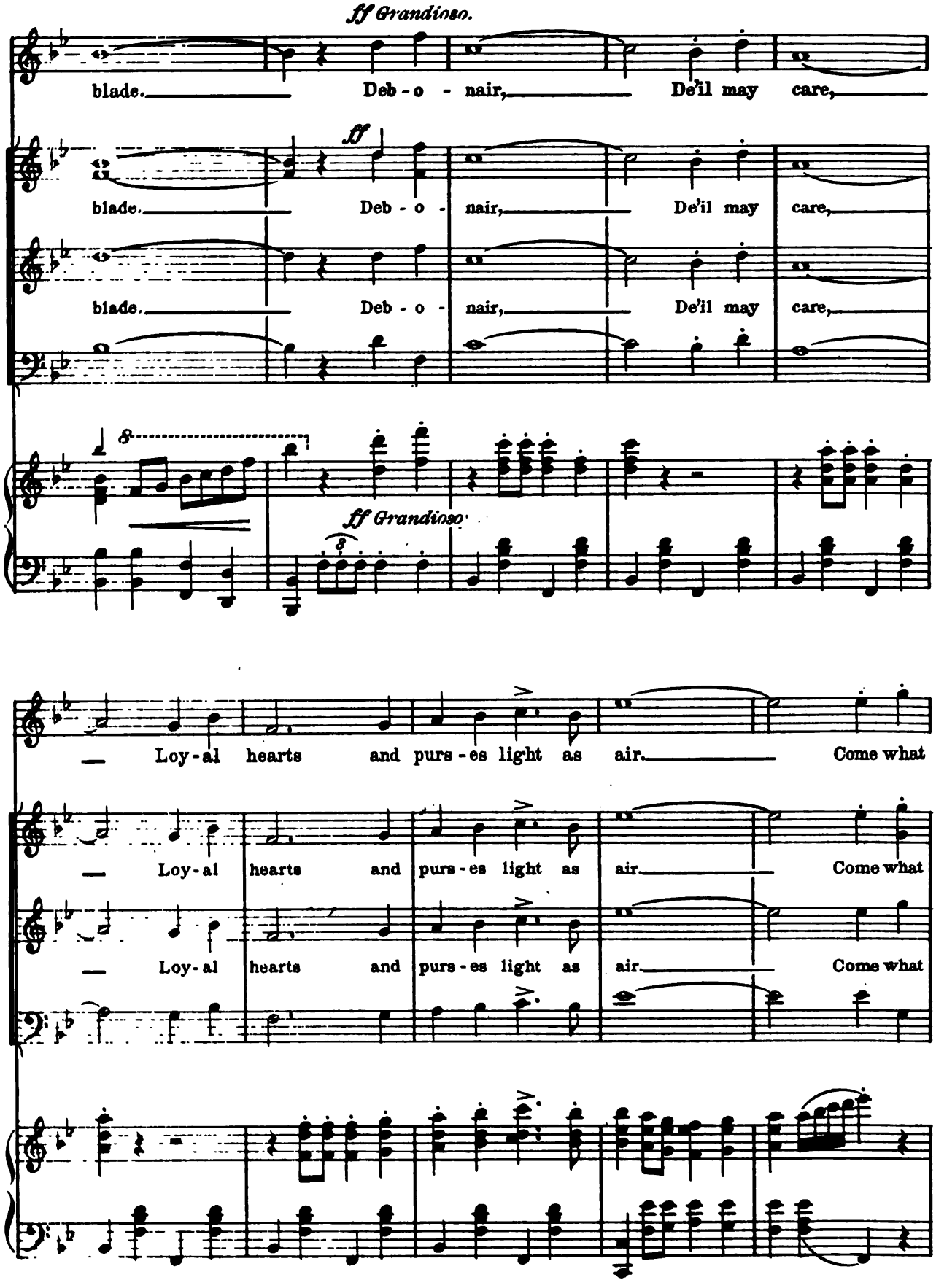

ff
sfz sfz
hand. For there is naught that can af - fright us,
sfz
ff
And threat'ning dan - - - gers but de - light us.
E'er for com - bat we're ar - rayed, Bold com-
pan - ions of the blade.
8
fff

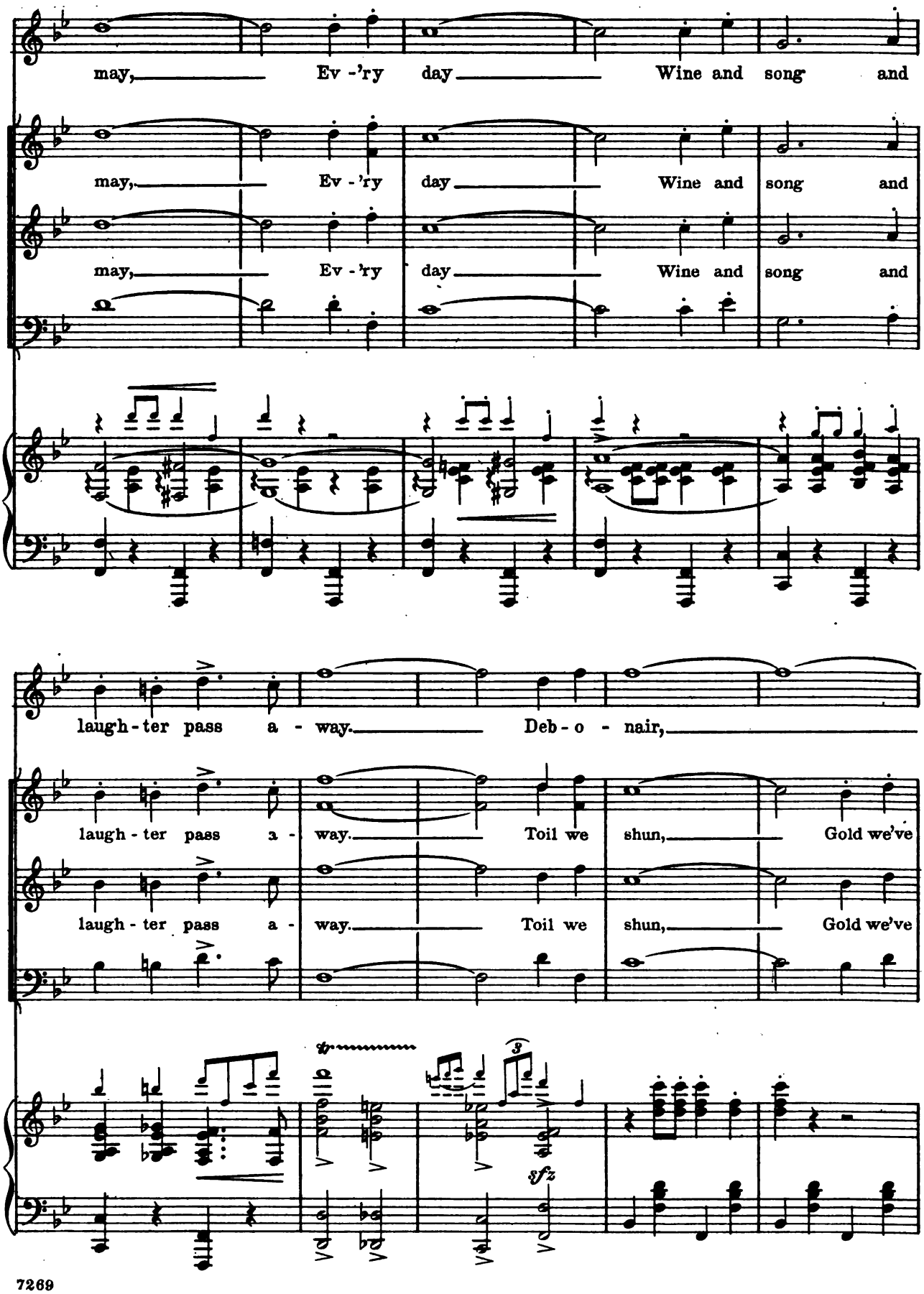

CHORUS.
ff
Hail! here comes an - oth - er
Hail! here comes an - oth - er
he - ro, Hail! his chance for life is
he - ro, Hail! his chance for life is
ze - ro. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-
ze - ro. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-
fff

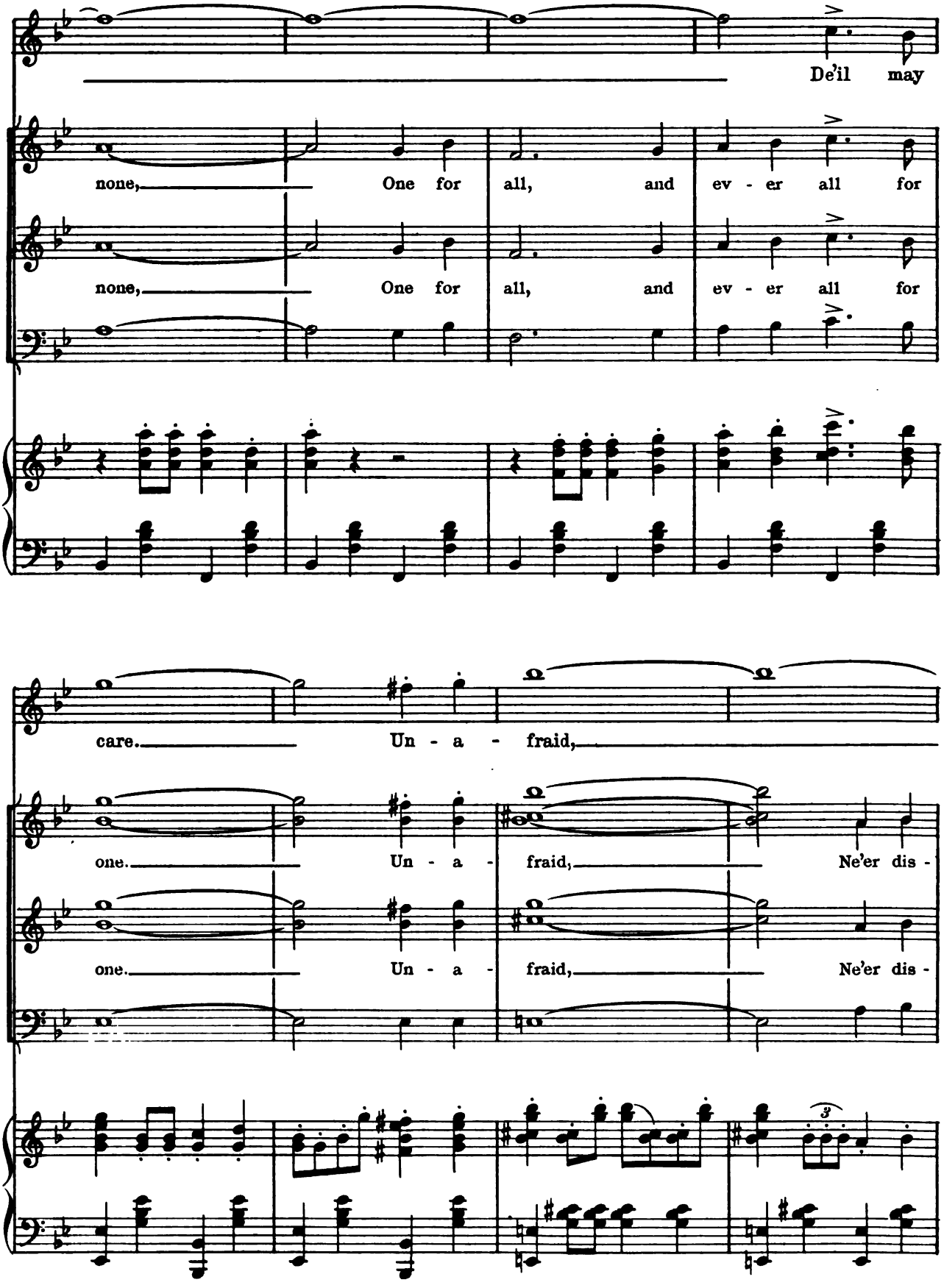

rah!
rah!
fff
p FORTUNIO.
Deb - o - - nair,
De'il may care,
Loy - al
pp
hearts and purs - es light as air.
Come what
pp
Purs - es light as air.
pp
Purs - es light as air.
pp

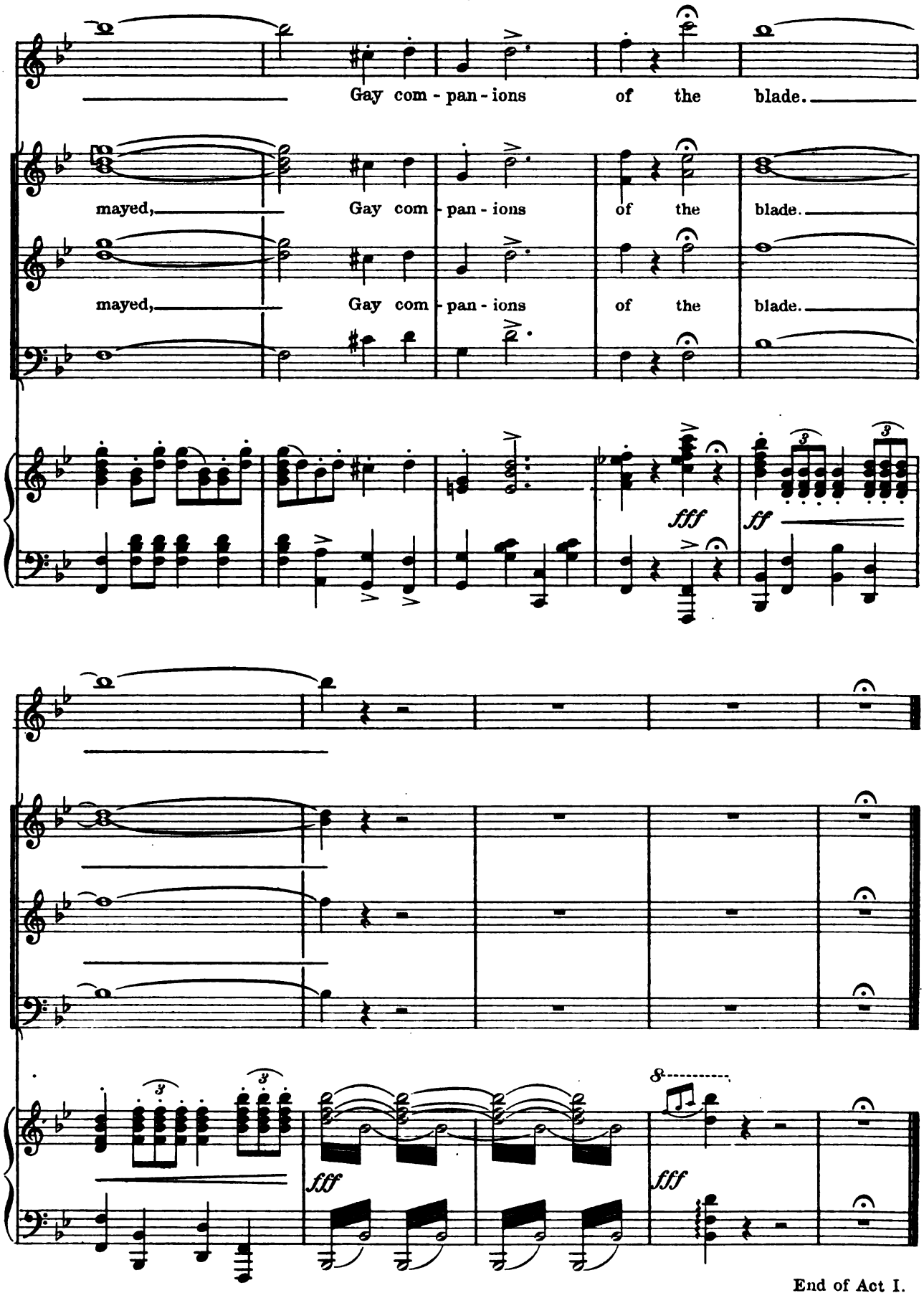

may, Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and
laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun,
Let wine and song pass a - way.
Let wine and song pass a - way.
fp
fp
fp
fp
3
— Gold we've none, One for all, and ev - er all for


one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -
Ev - er all for one. Un - a - fraid,
Ev - er all for one. Un - a - fraid,
mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the
ff
Ne'er dis - mayed, Com - pan - ions of the
p
Ne'er dis - mayed, Com - pan - ions of the
p
p


ff Grandioso.
blade. Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,
ff
blade. Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,
blade. Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,
8
ff Grandioso.
8
— Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what
— Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what
— Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what


may, Ev -'ry day Wine and song and
may, Ev -'ry day Wine and song and
may, Ev -'ry day Wine and song and
laugh - ter pass a - way. Deb - o - nair,
laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've
laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've
sfz


De'il may
none, One for all, and ev - er all for
none, One for all, and ev - er all for
care. Un - a - fraid,
one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -
one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -


Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
fff
ff
fff
fff

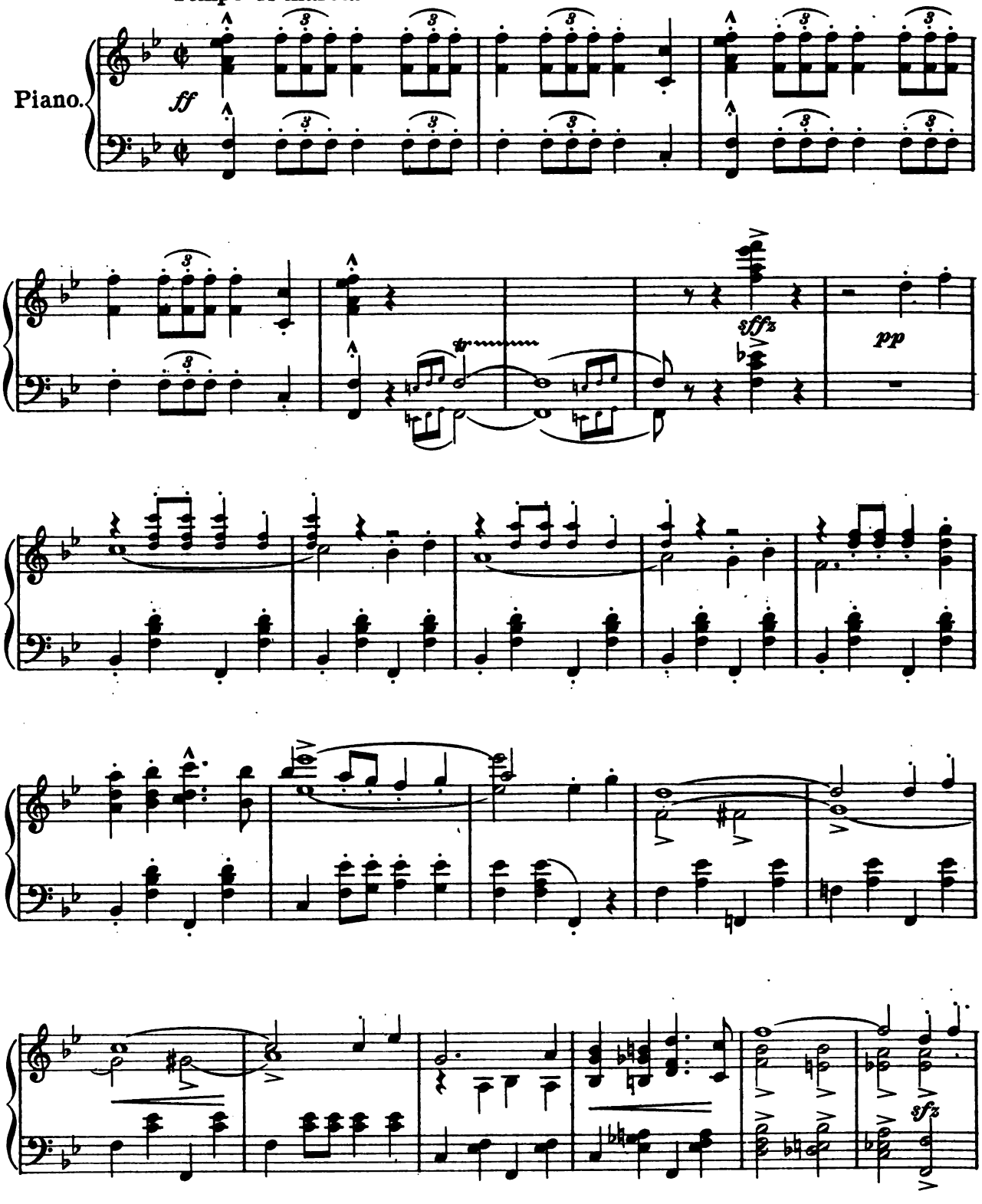
End of Act I.

ACT II.

# № 10. Entr' Acte.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di marcia.

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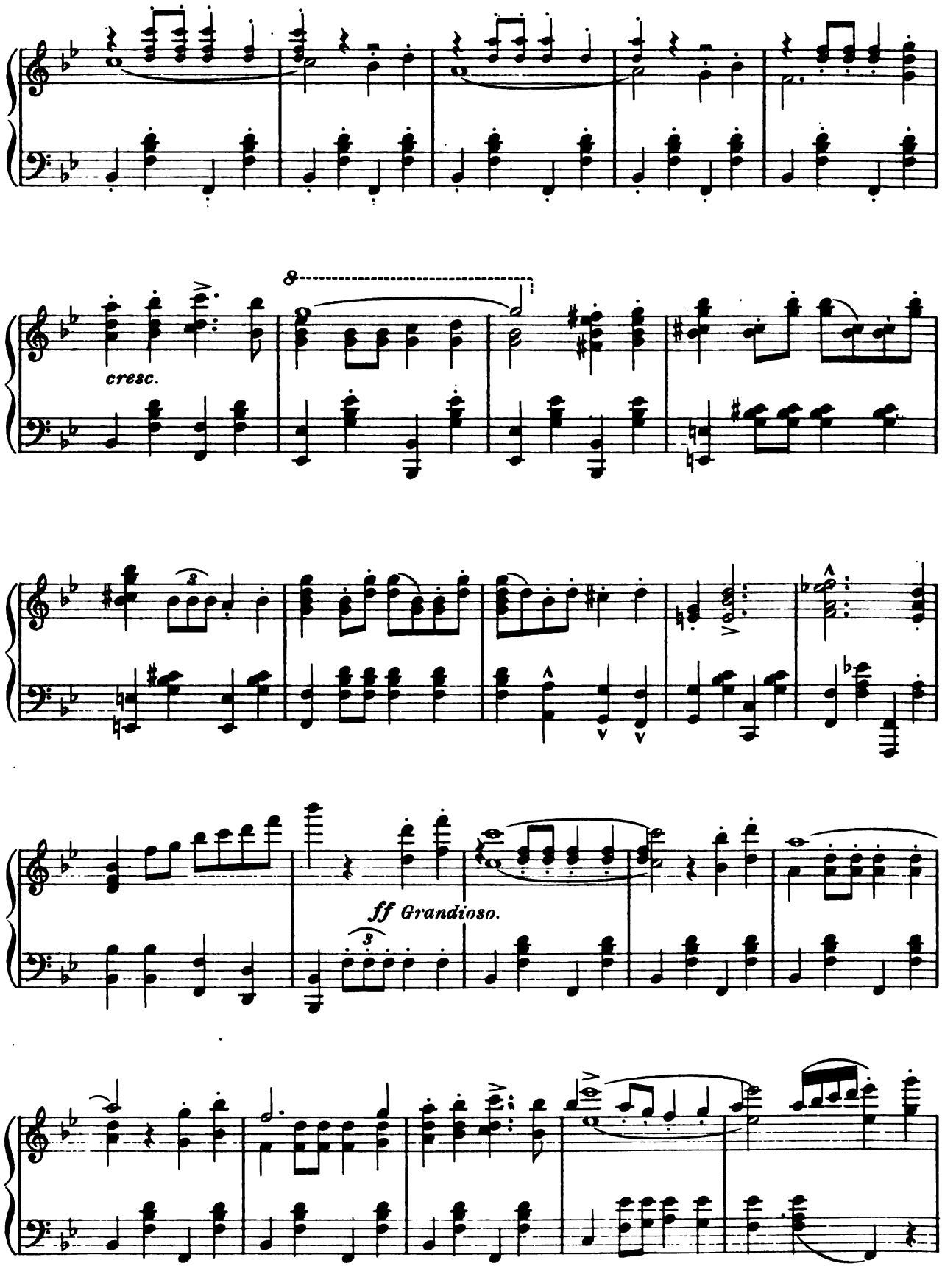
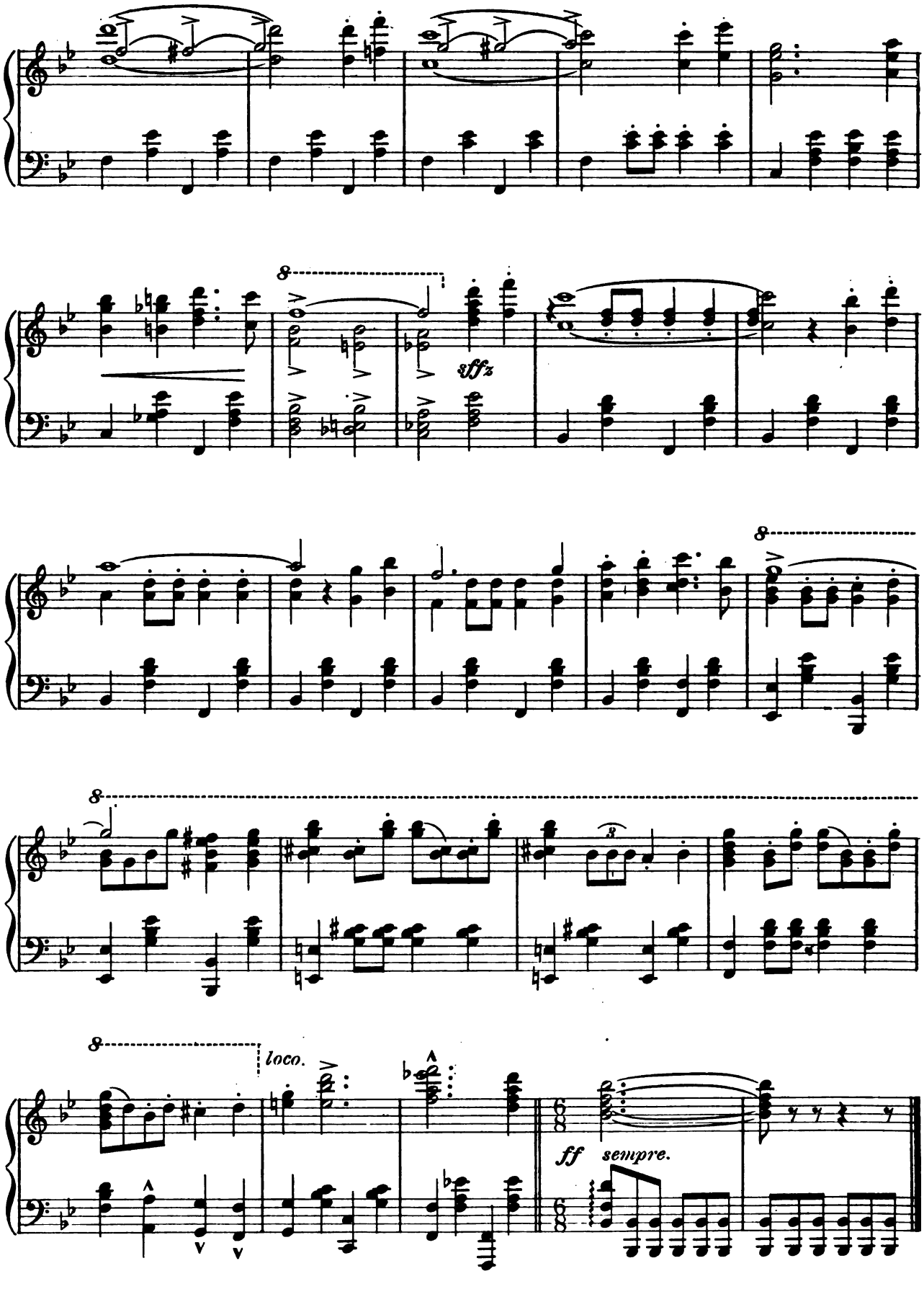
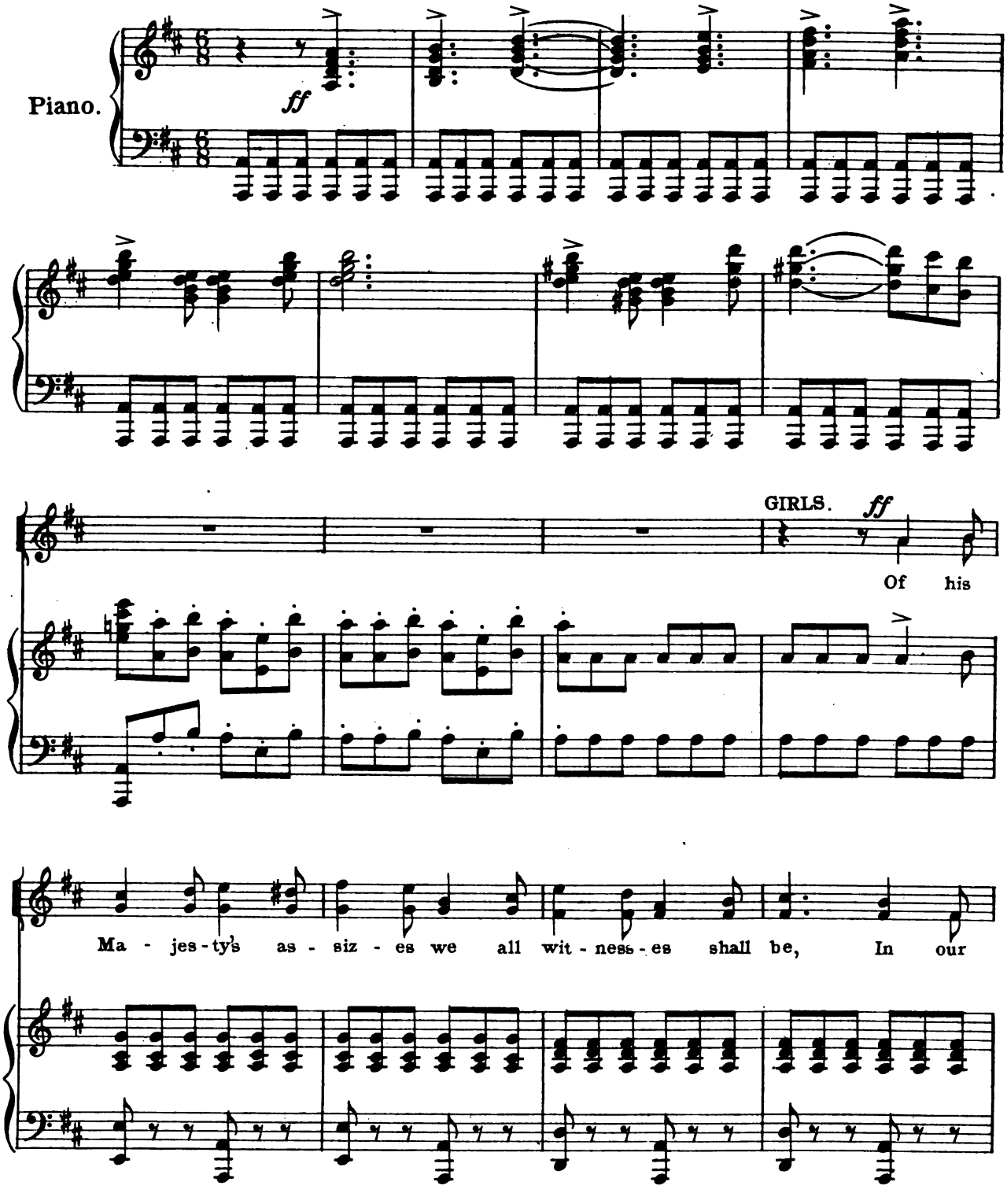

cresc.
ff Grandioso.


8
sffz
8
8
8
loco.
ff sempre.

# No. 11. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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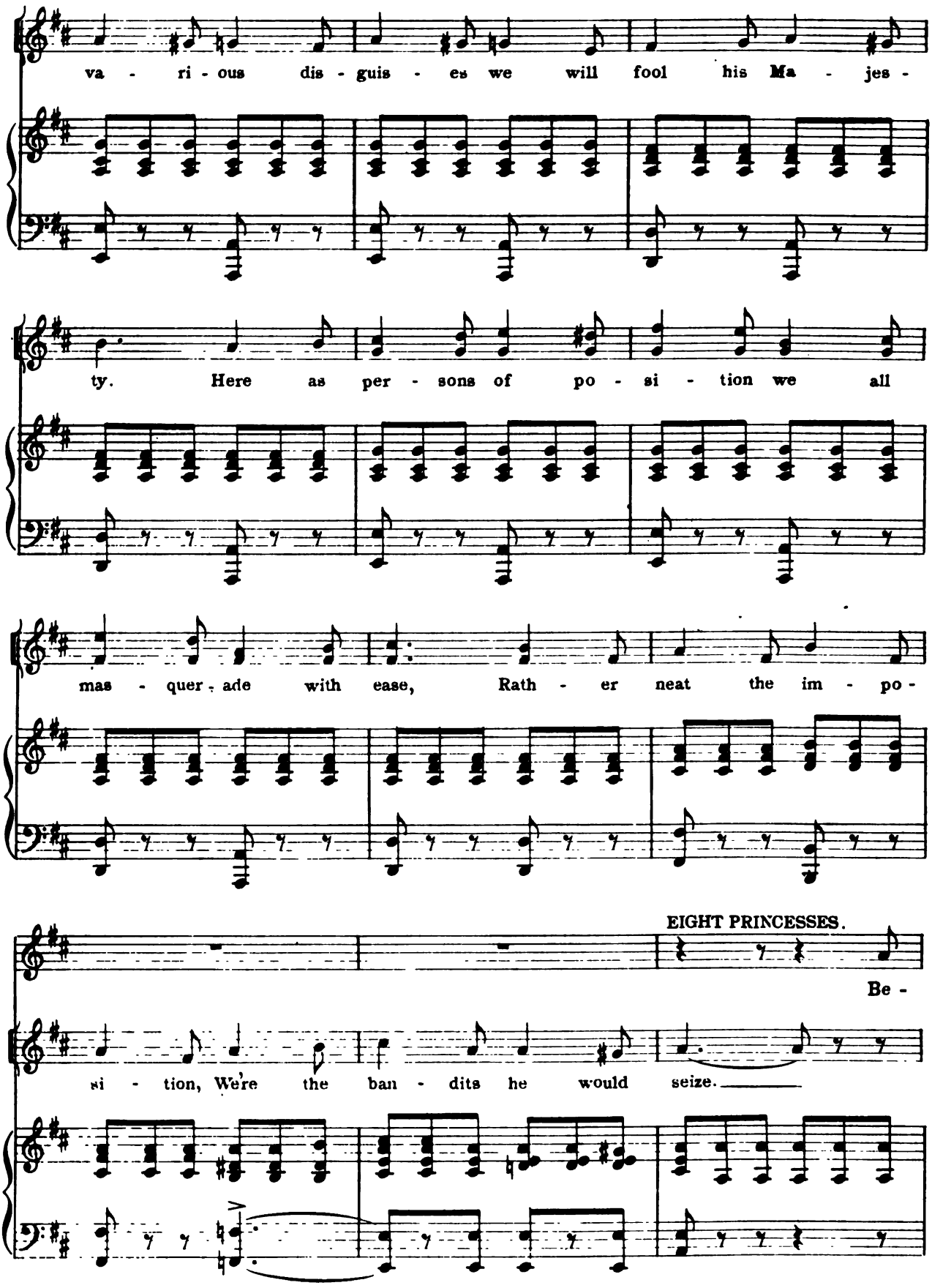
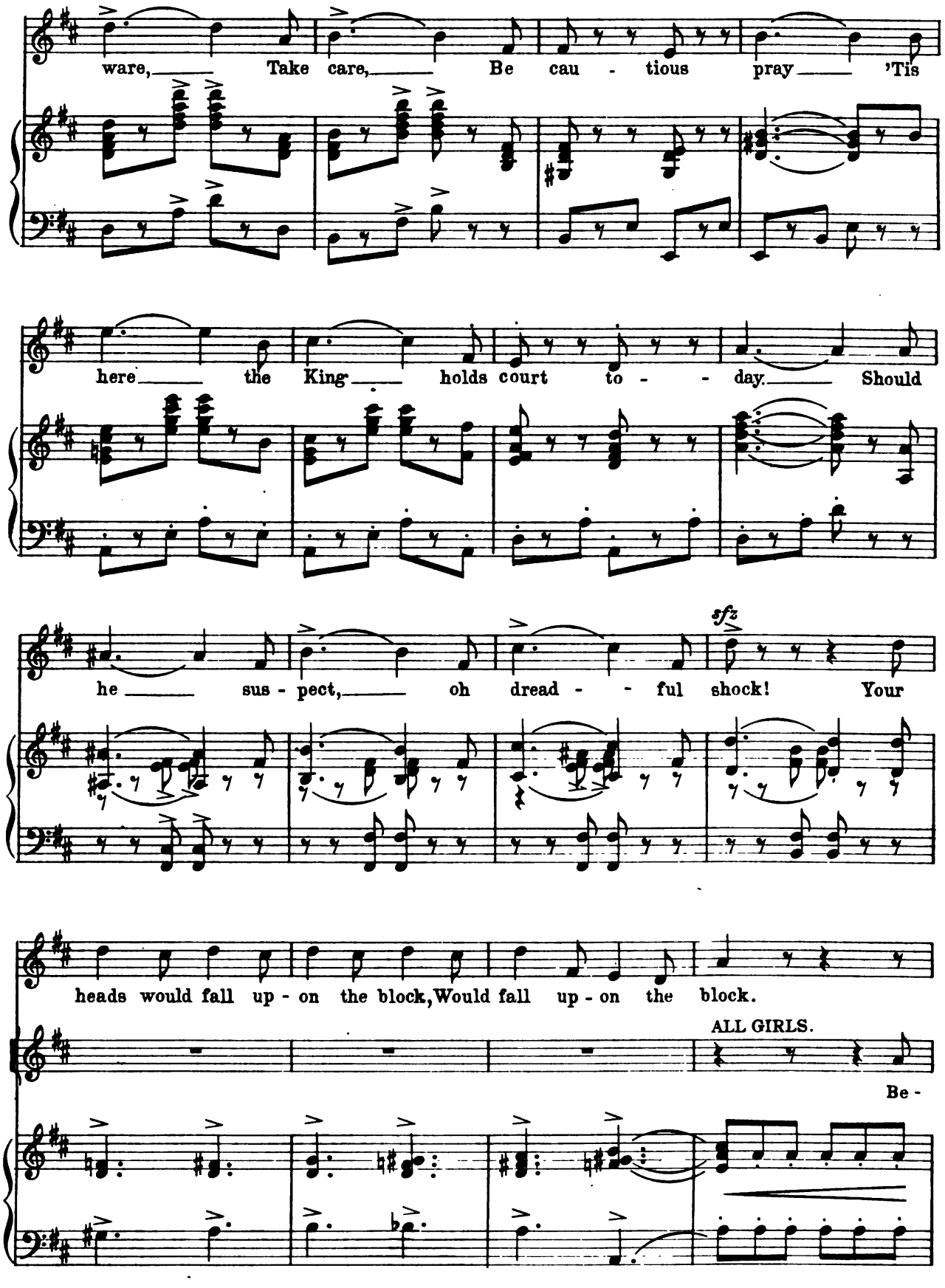
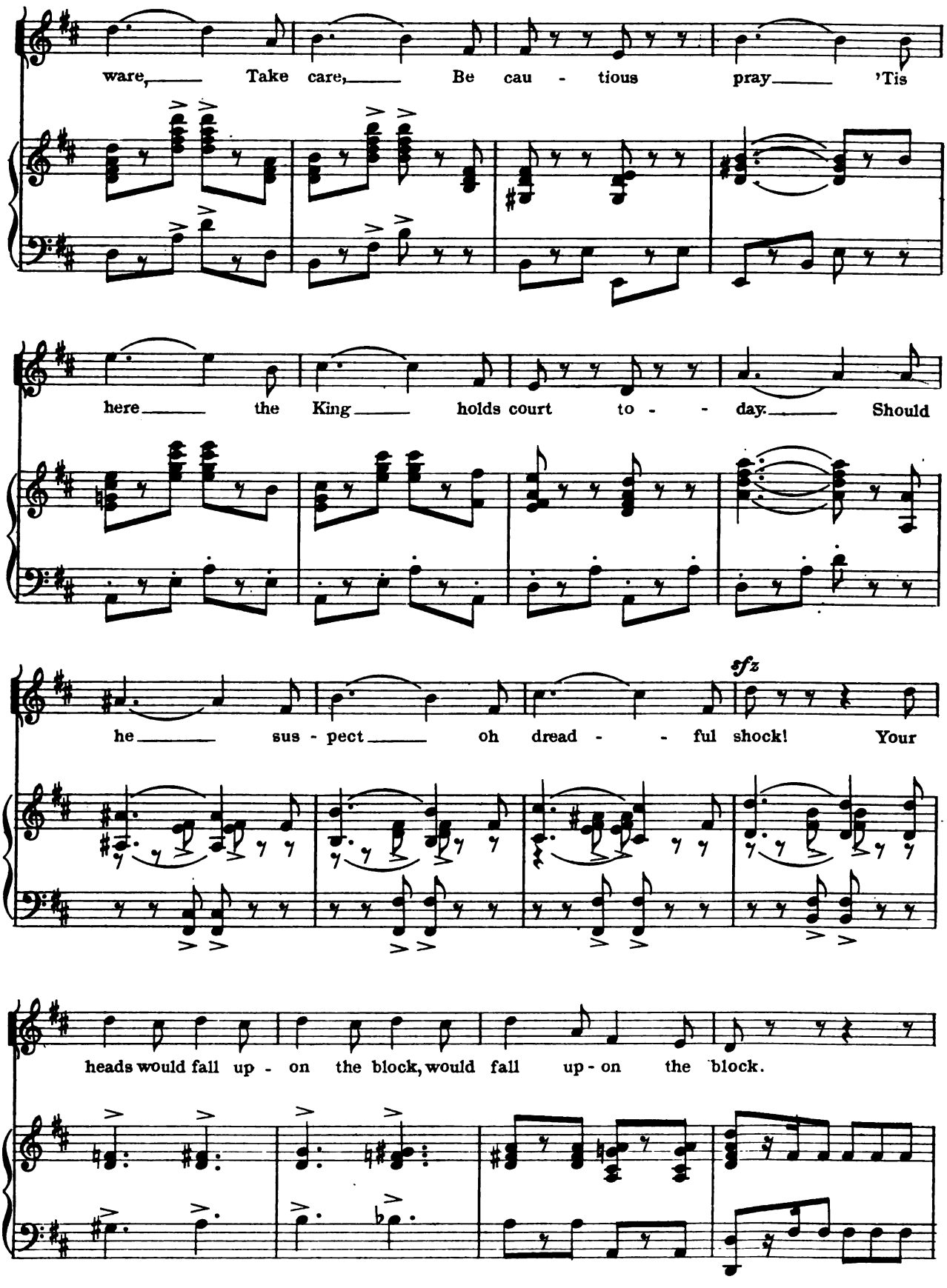
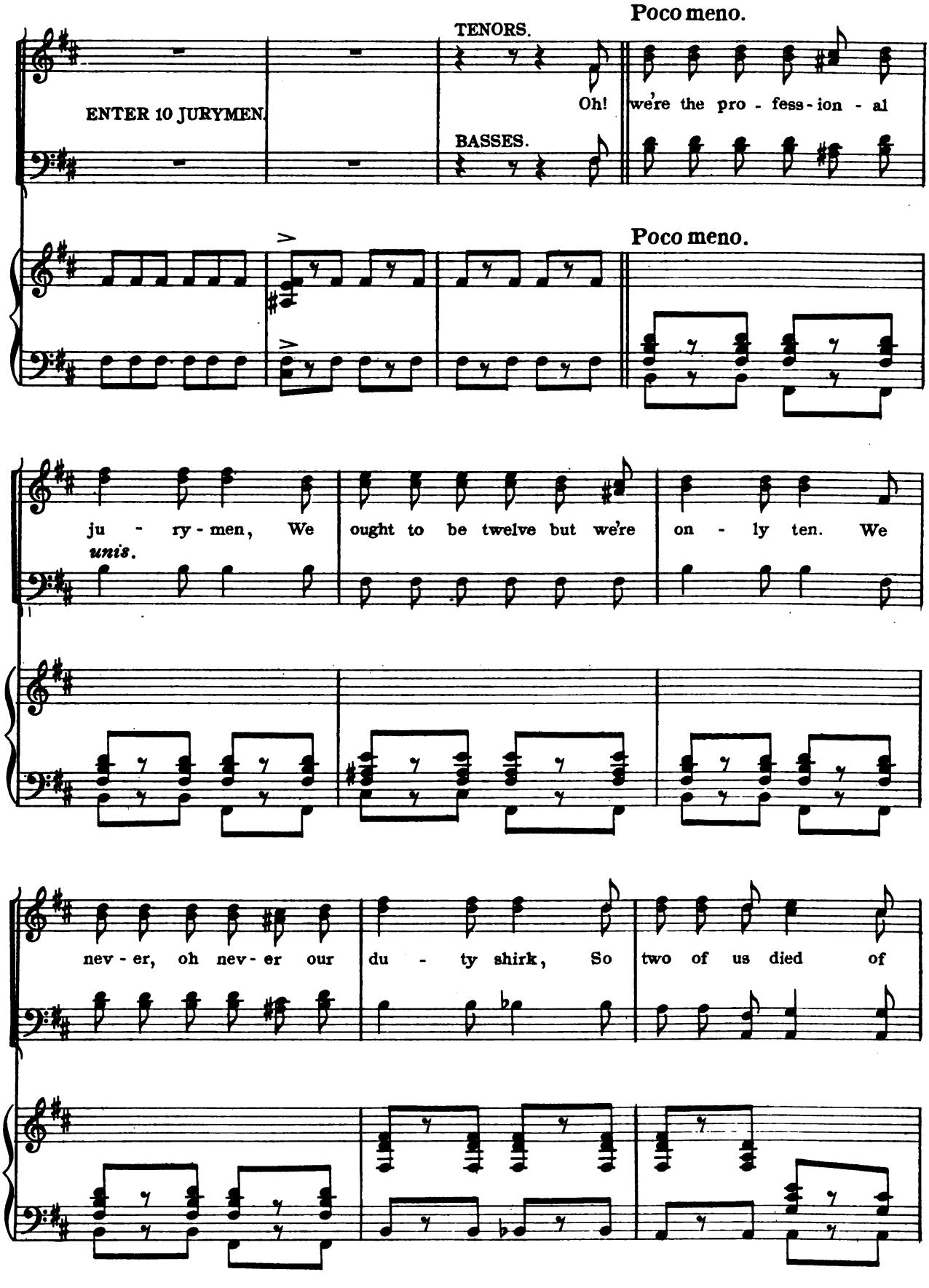
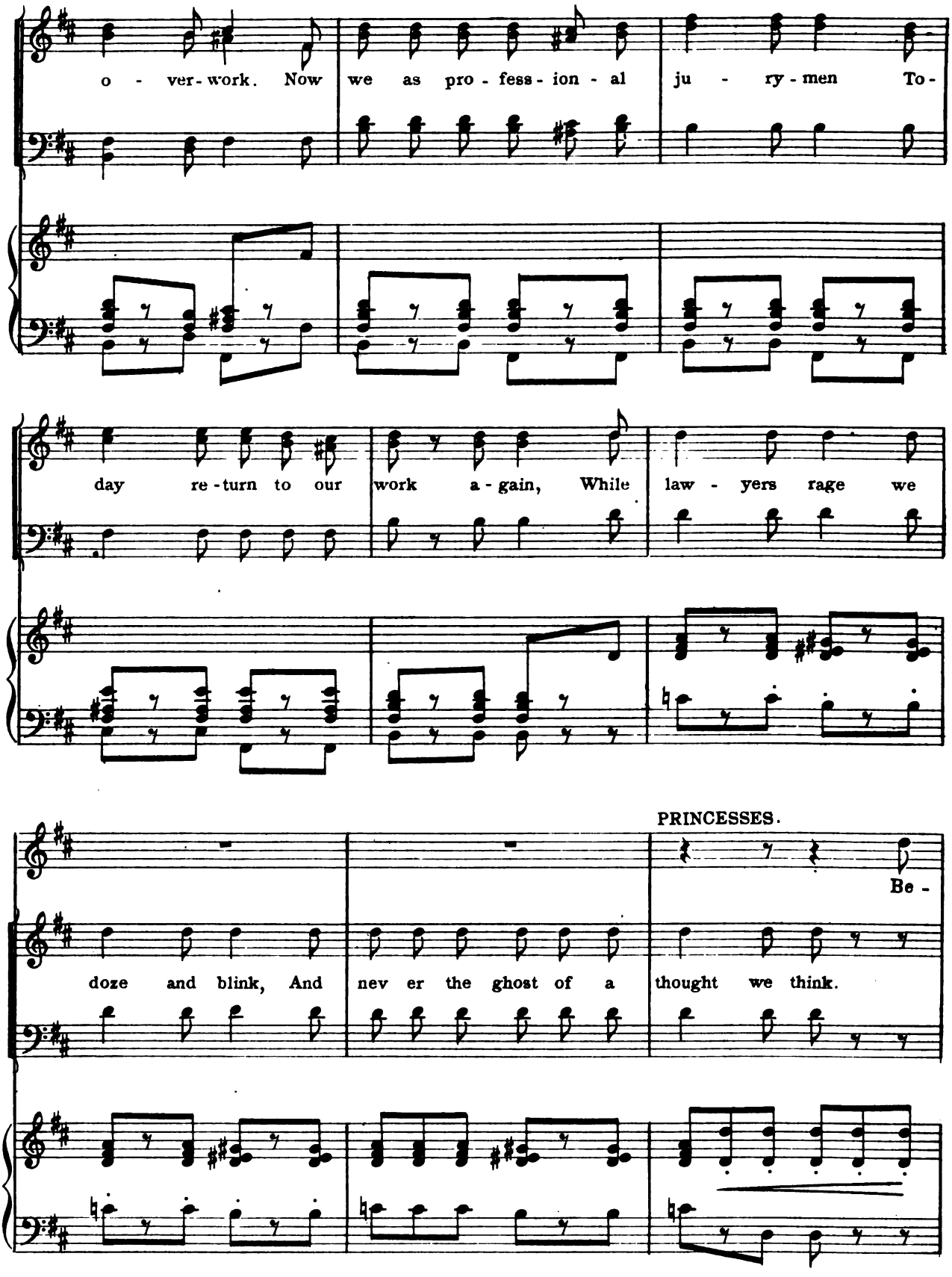
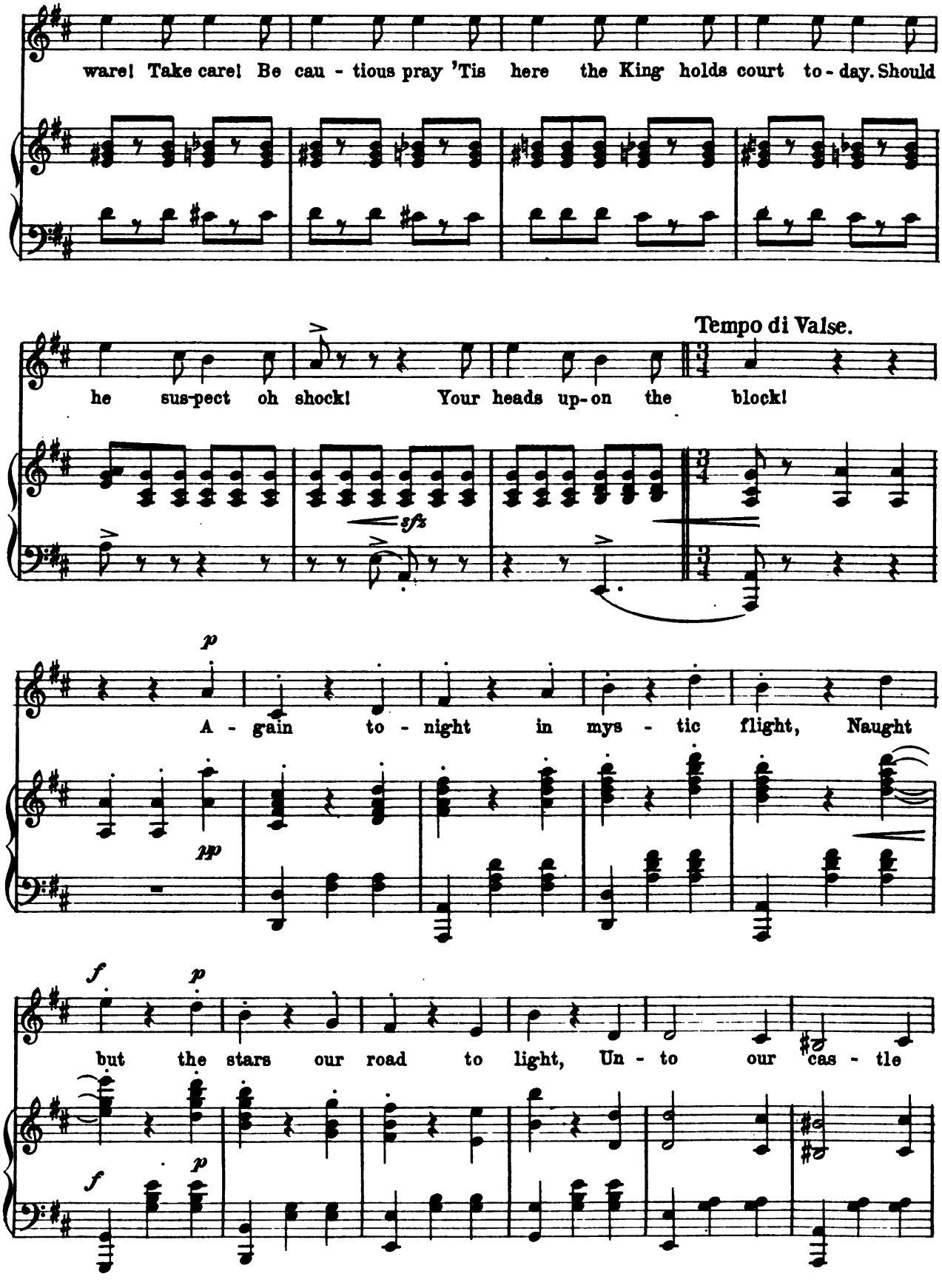

va - ri - ous dis - guis - es we will fool his Ma - jes -
ty. Here as per - sons of po - si - tion we all
mas - quer - ade with ease, Rath - er neat the im - po -
EIGHT PRINCESSES.
Be -
si - tion, We're the ban - dits he would seize.

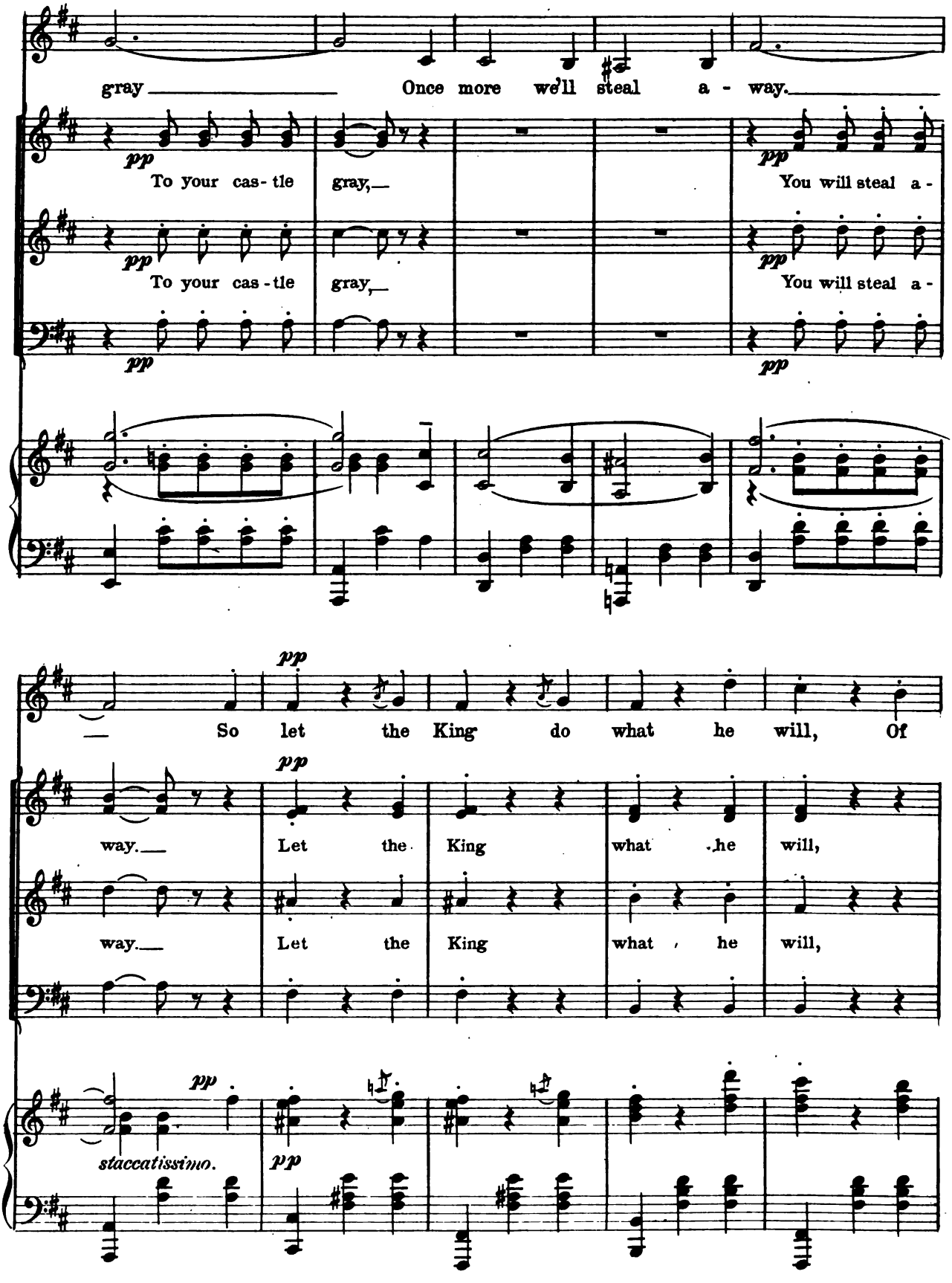

ware, Take care, Be cau - tious pray 'Tis
here the King holds court to - - day. Should
he sus - pect, oh dread - - ful shock! Your
sfz
heads would fall up - on the block, Would fall up - on the block.
ALL GIRLS.
Be -

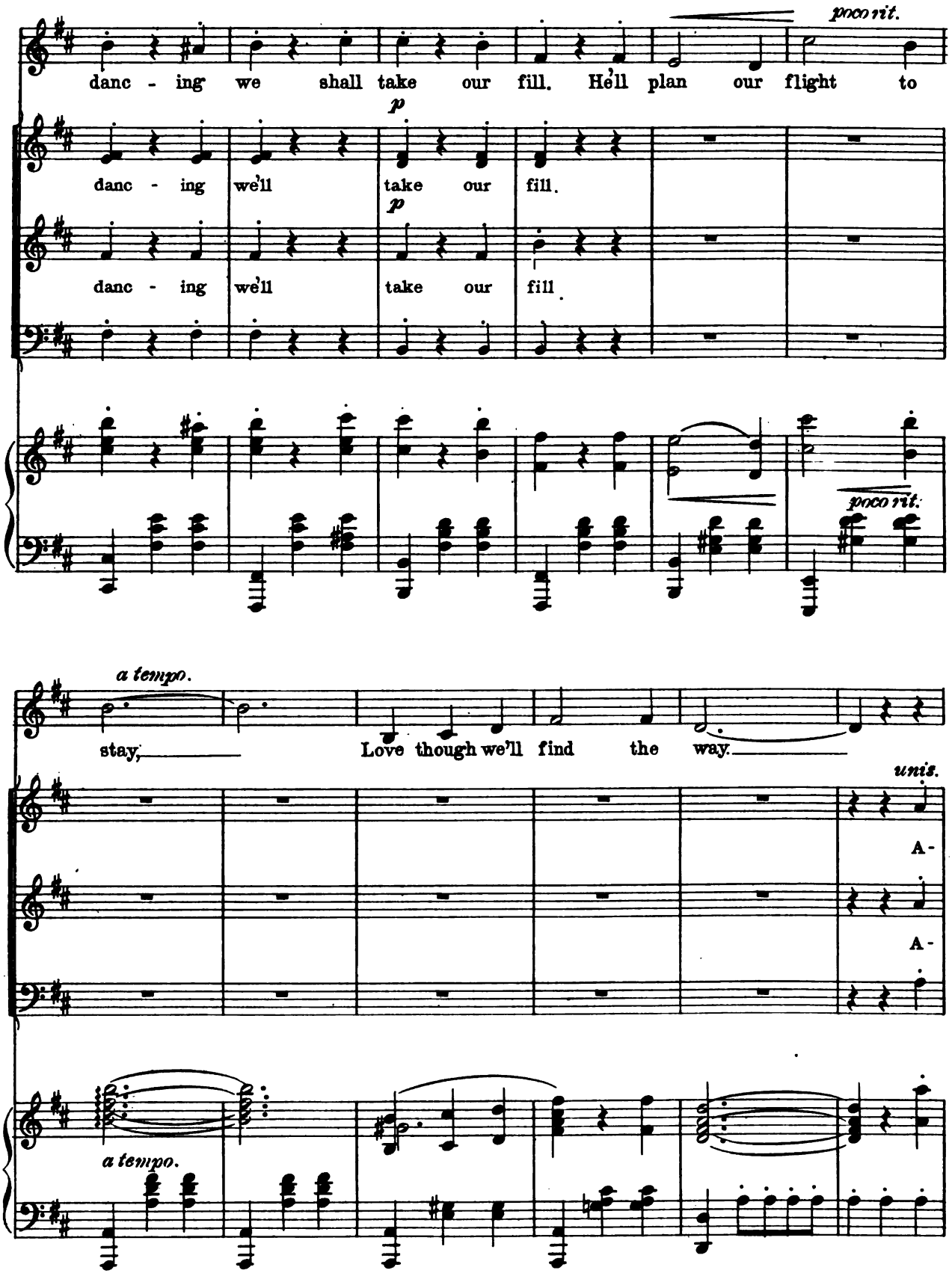

ware, Take care, Be cau - tious pray 'Tis
here the King holds court to - - day. Should
sfz
he sus - pect oh dread - - ful shock! Your
heads would fall up - on the block, would fall up - on the block.

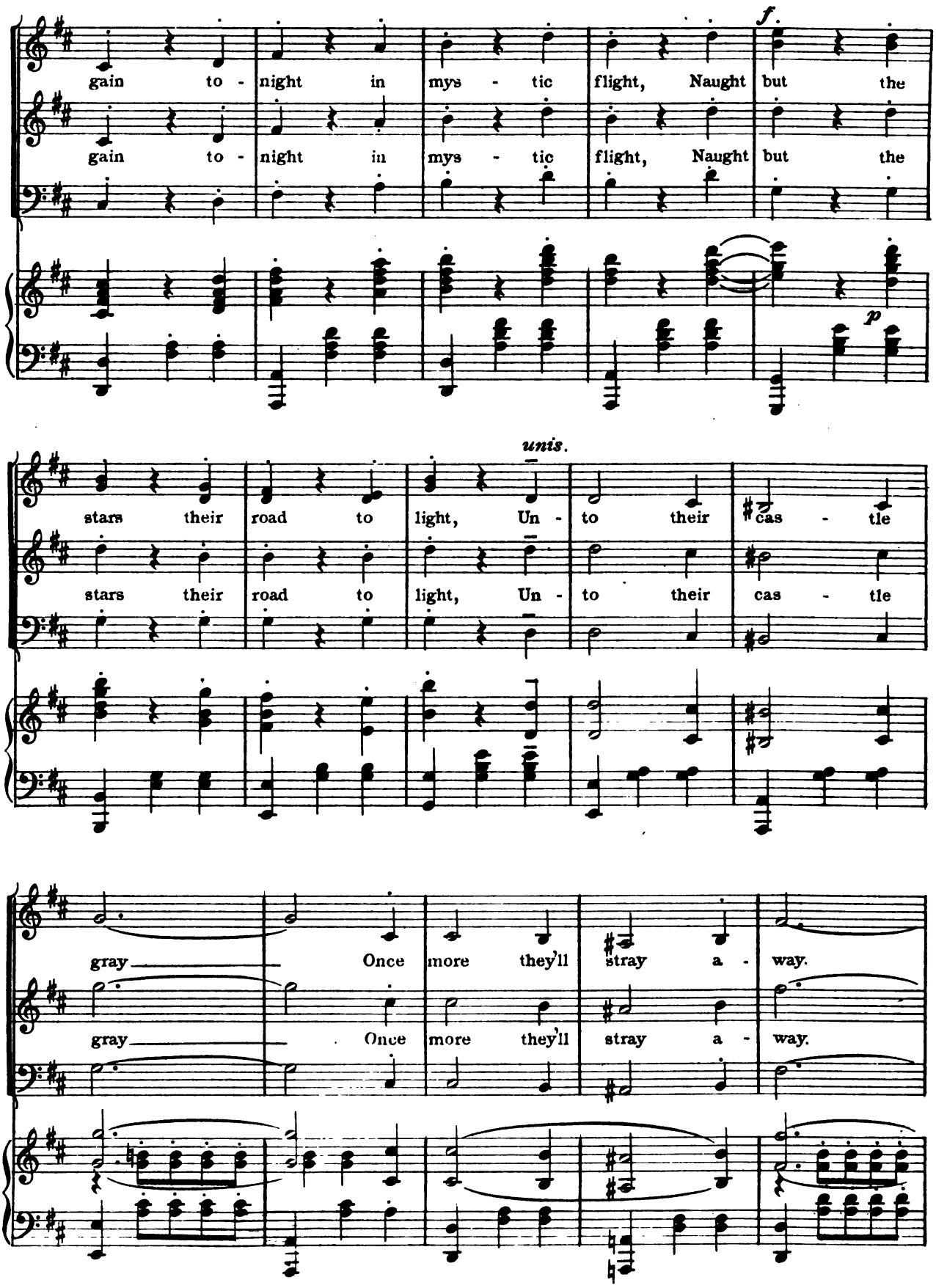

Poco meno.
TENORS.
ENTER 10 JURYMEN.
Oh! we're the pro - fess - ion - al
BASSES.
Poco meno.
ju - ry - men, We ought to be twelve but we're on - ly ten. We
unis.
nev - er, oh nev - er our du - ty shirk, So two of us died of

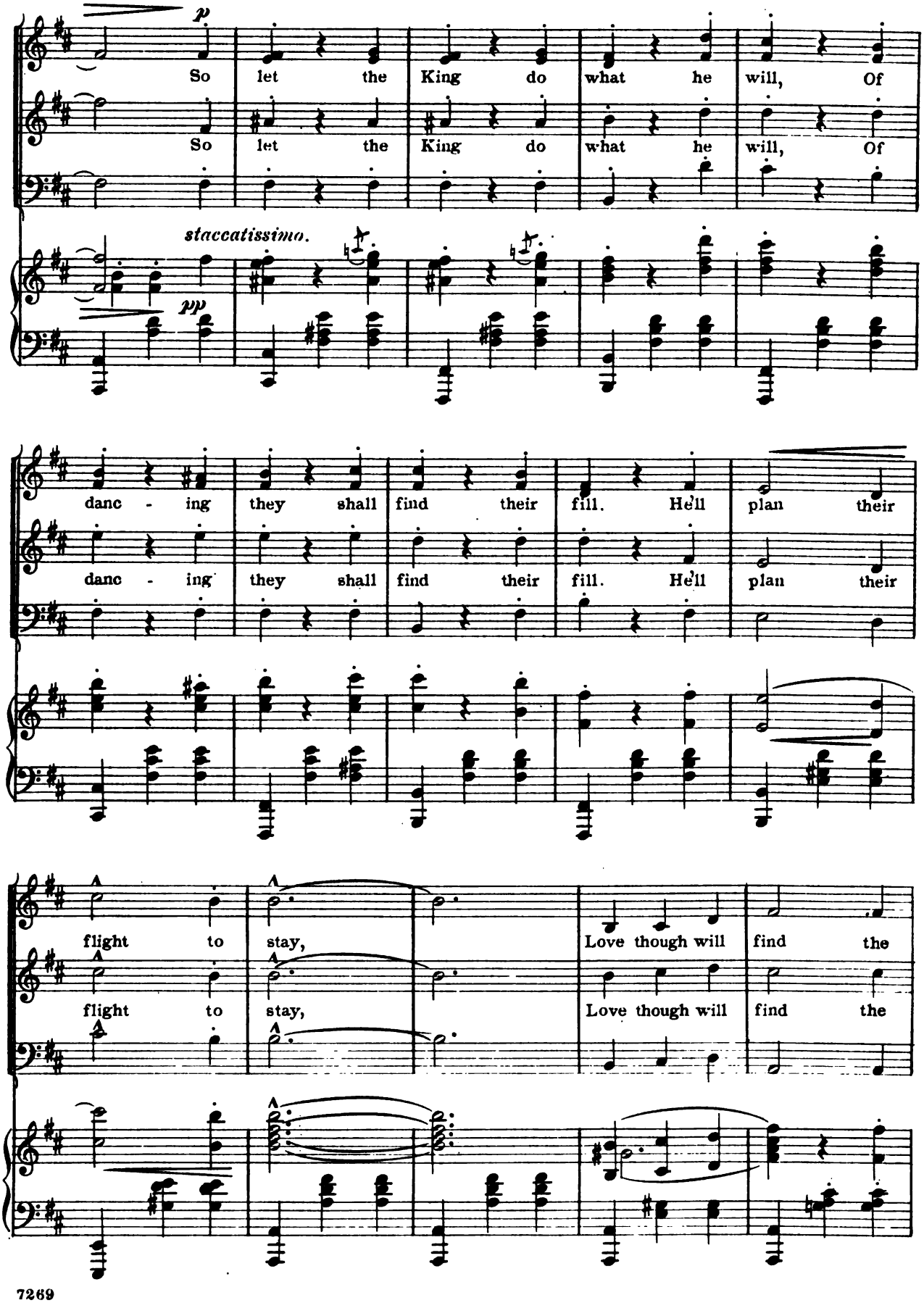

o - ver-work. Now we as pro - fess - ion - al ju - ry - men To -
day re-turn to our work a - gain, While law - yers rage we
PRINCESSES.
Be -
doze and blink, And nev er the ghost of a thought we think.

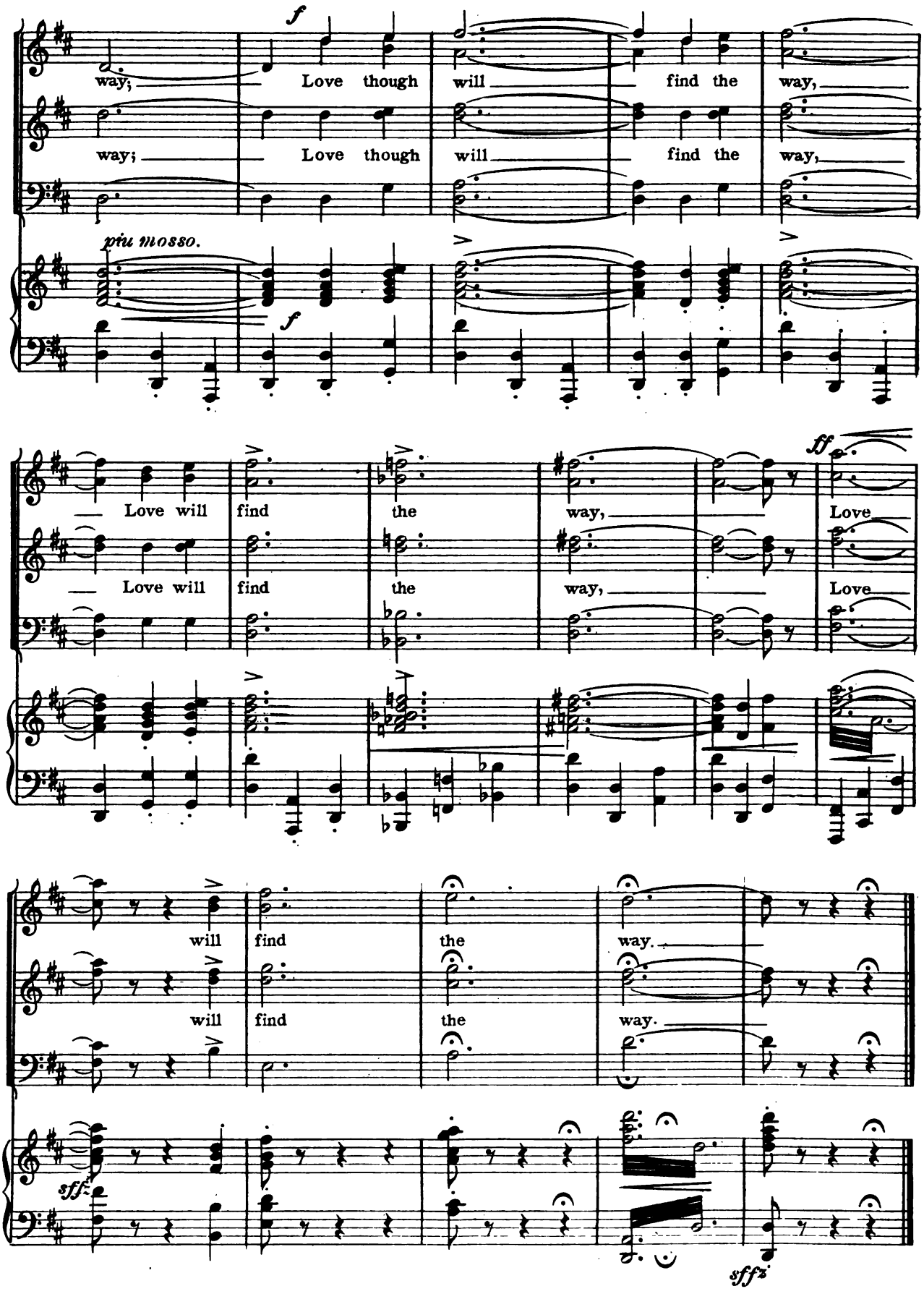

ware! Take care! Be cau - tious pray 'Tis here the King holds court to - day. Should
Tempo di Valse.
he sus-pect oh shock! Your heads up-on the block!
sfz
p
A - gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught
pp
f
p
but the stars our road to light, Un - to our cas - tle
f
p


gray
Once more we'll steal a - way.
pp
To your cas - tle gray,
You will steal a -
To your cas - tle gray,
You will steal a -
So let the King do what he will, Of
way.
Let the King what he will,
way.
Let the King what he will,
staccatissimo.


poco rit.
danc - ing we shall take our fill. He'll plan our flight to
p
danc - ing we'll take our fill.
p
danc - ing we'll take our fill.
poco rit.
a tempo.
stay, Love though we'll find the way.
unis.
A-
A-
a tempo.


gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught but the
gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught but the
f
p
unis.
stars their road to light, Un - to their cas - tle
stars their road to light, Un - to their cas - tle
gray Once more they'll stray a - way.
gray Once more they'll stray a - way.


p
So let the King do what he will, Of
So let the King do what he will, Of
staccatissimo.
pp
danc - ing they shall find their fill. He'll plan their
danc - ing they shall find their fill. He'll plan their
flight to stay, Love though will find the
flight to stay, Love though will find the

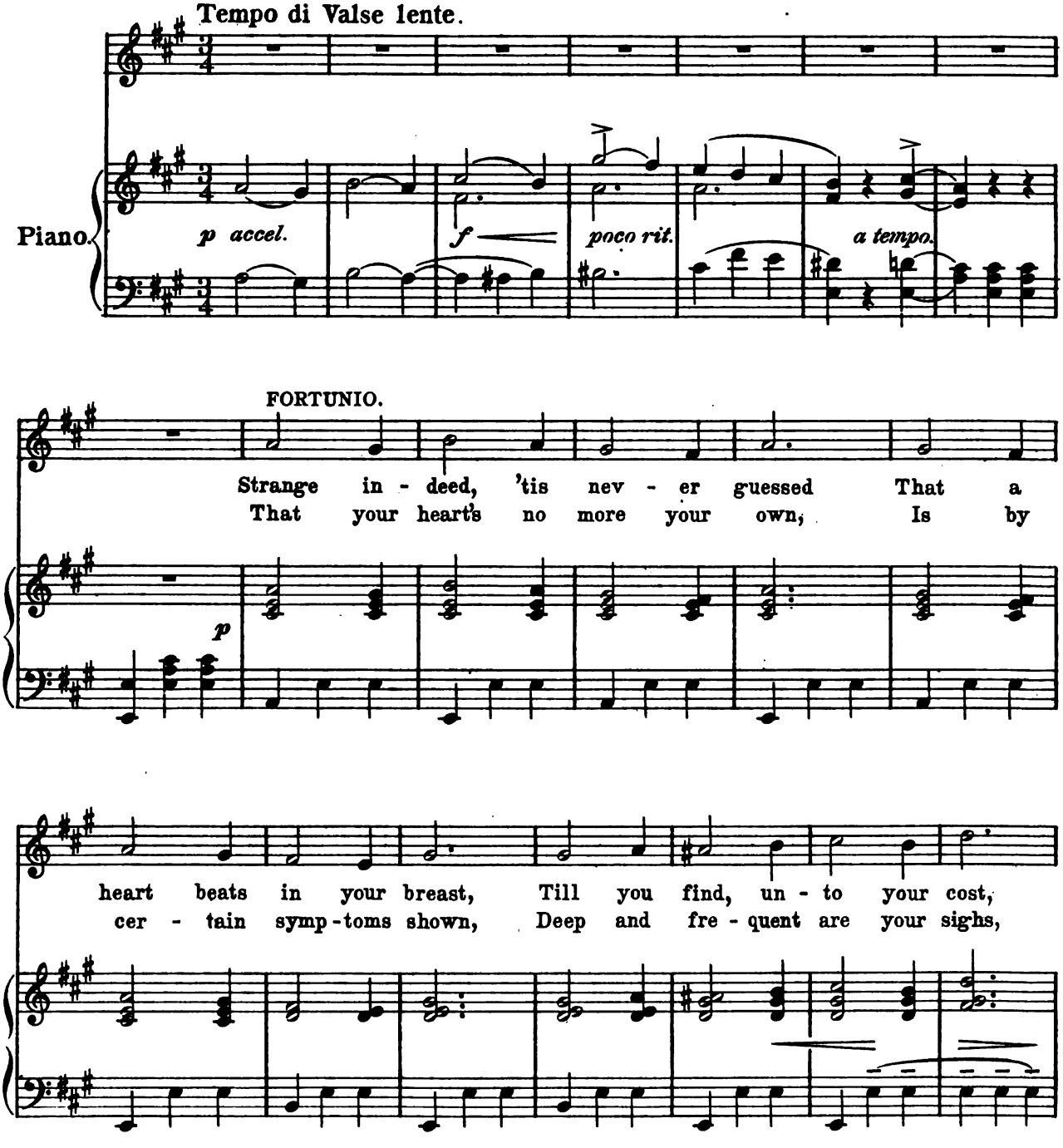

way;
Love though will find the way,
way;
Love though will find the way,
piu mosso.
f
f
Love will find the way,
Love will find the way,
ff
Love
Love
will find the way.
will find the way.
sff
sffz

# No. 12. The Only One.

**Fortunio and Male Chorus.**

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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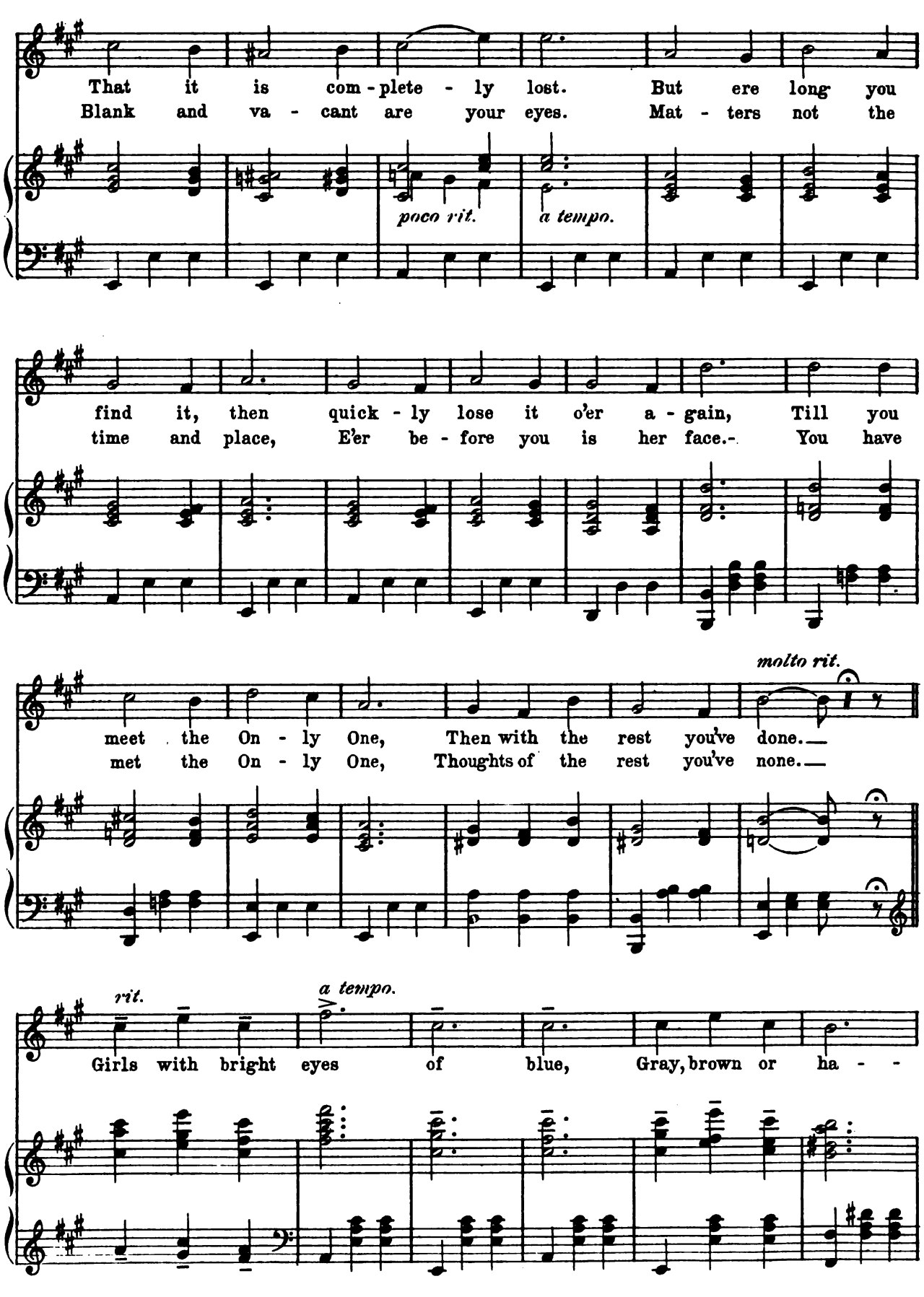
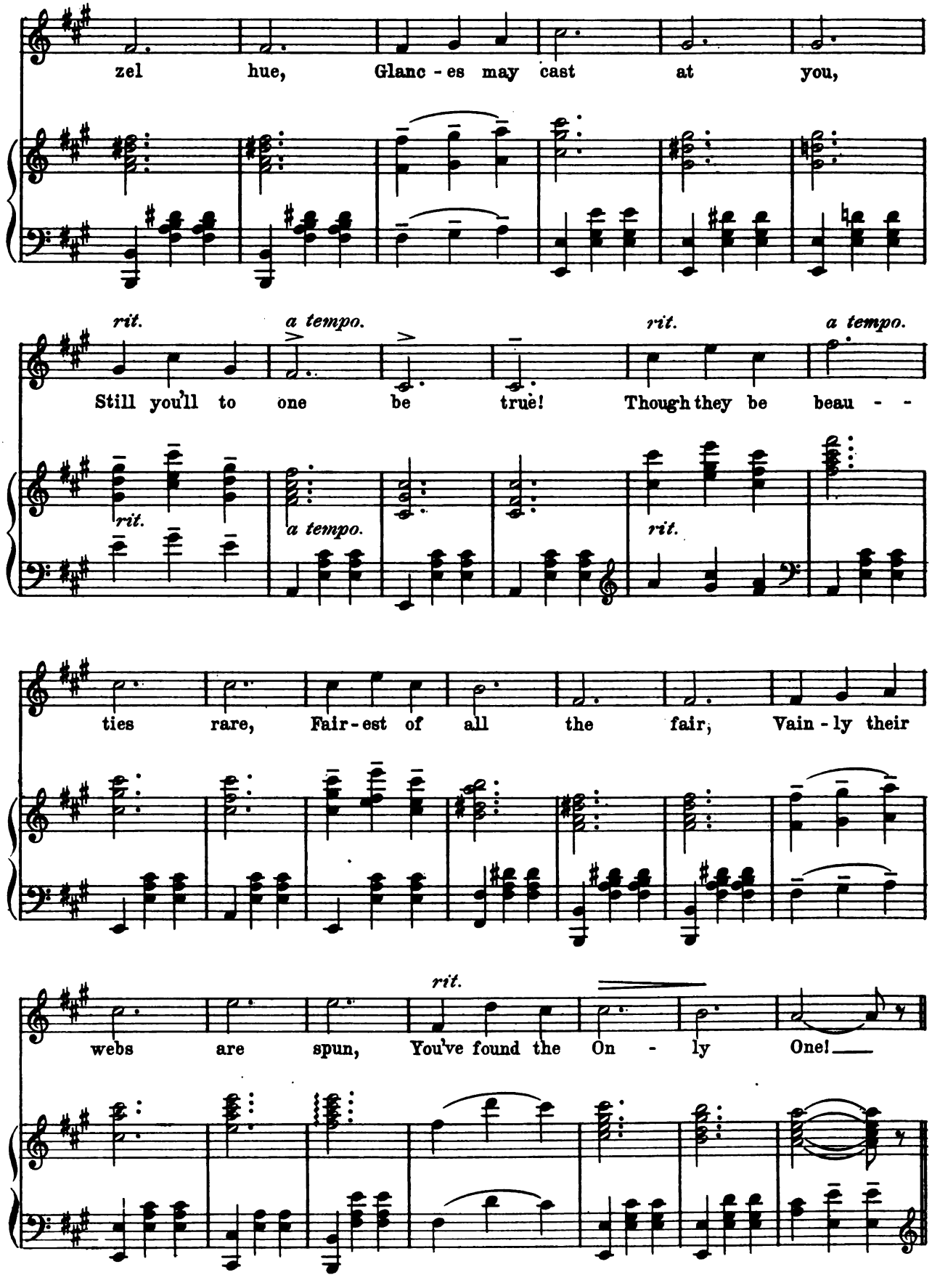
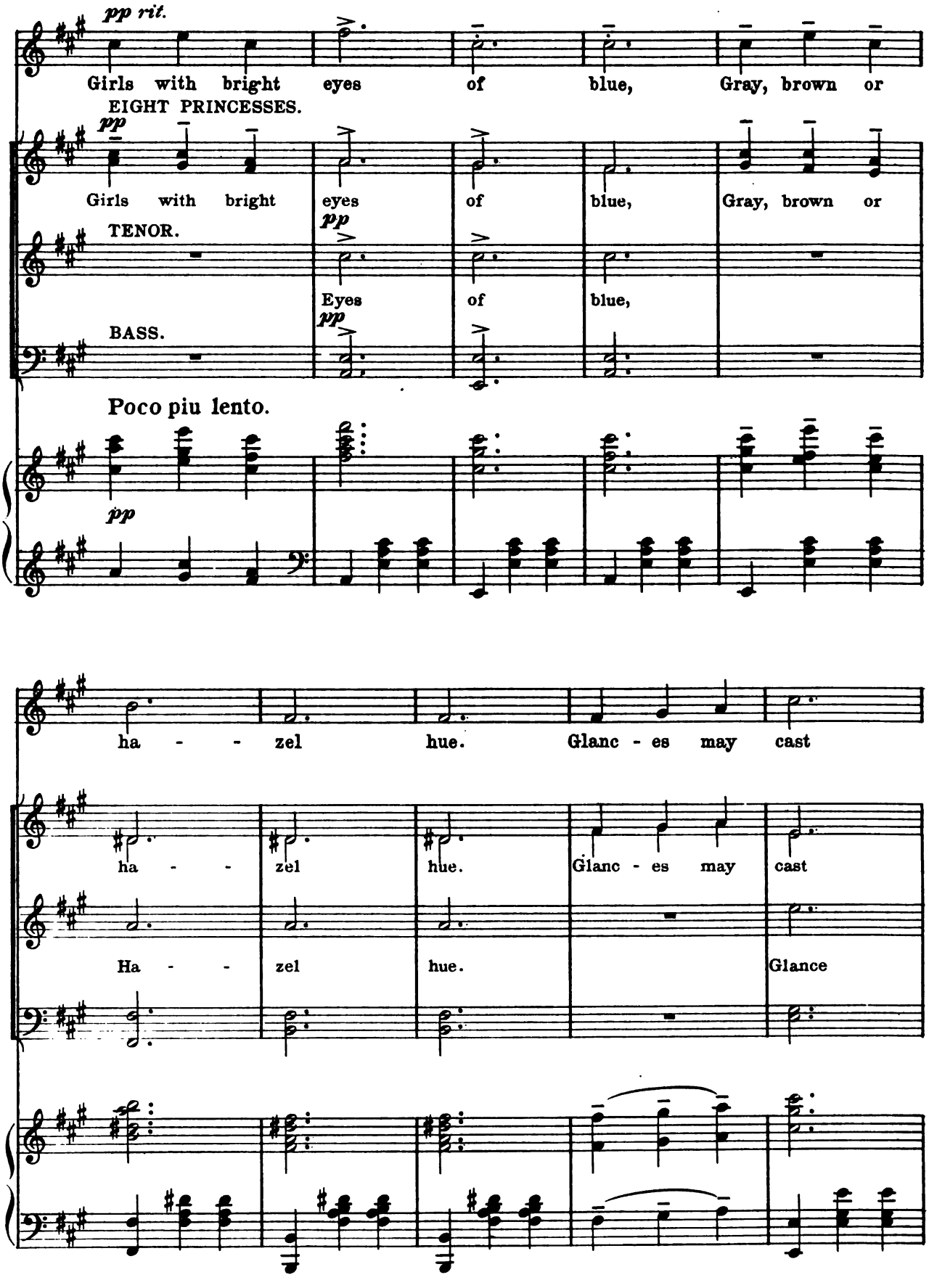
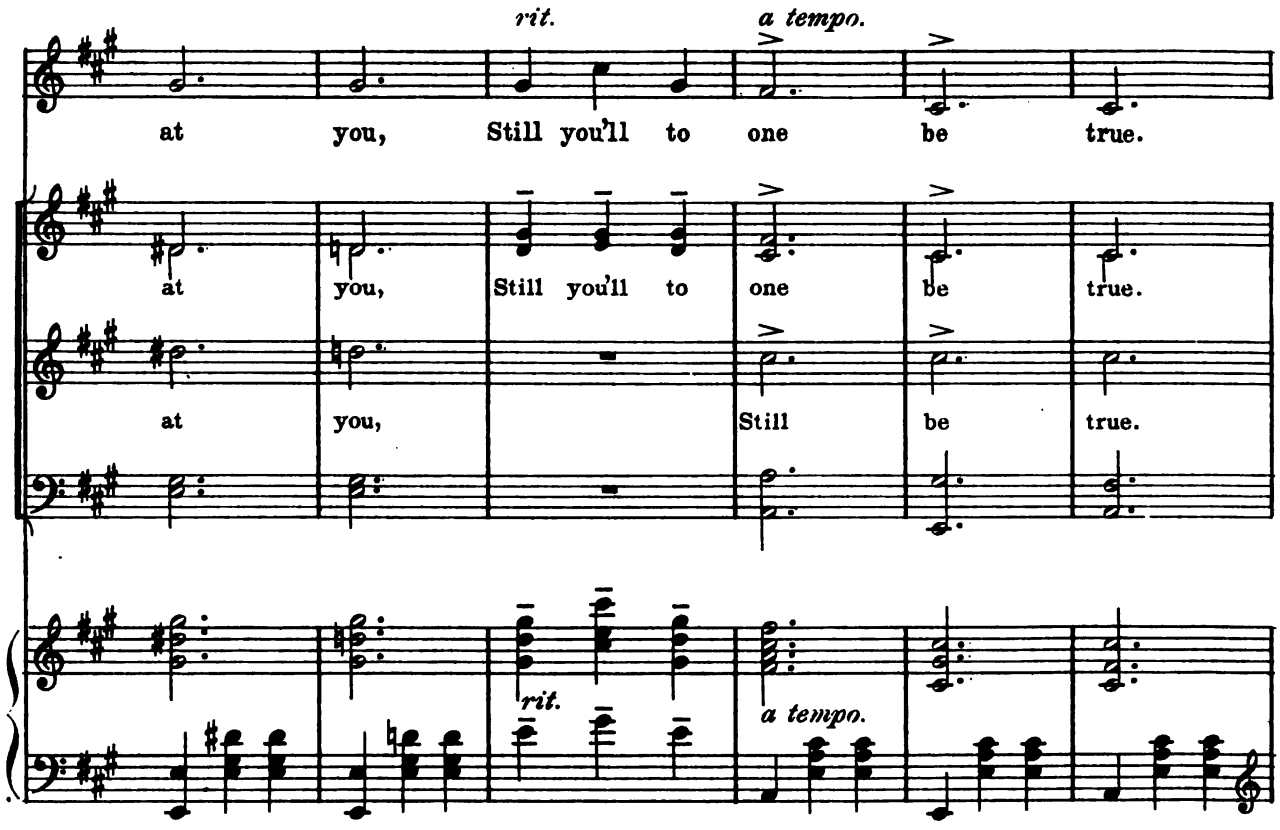
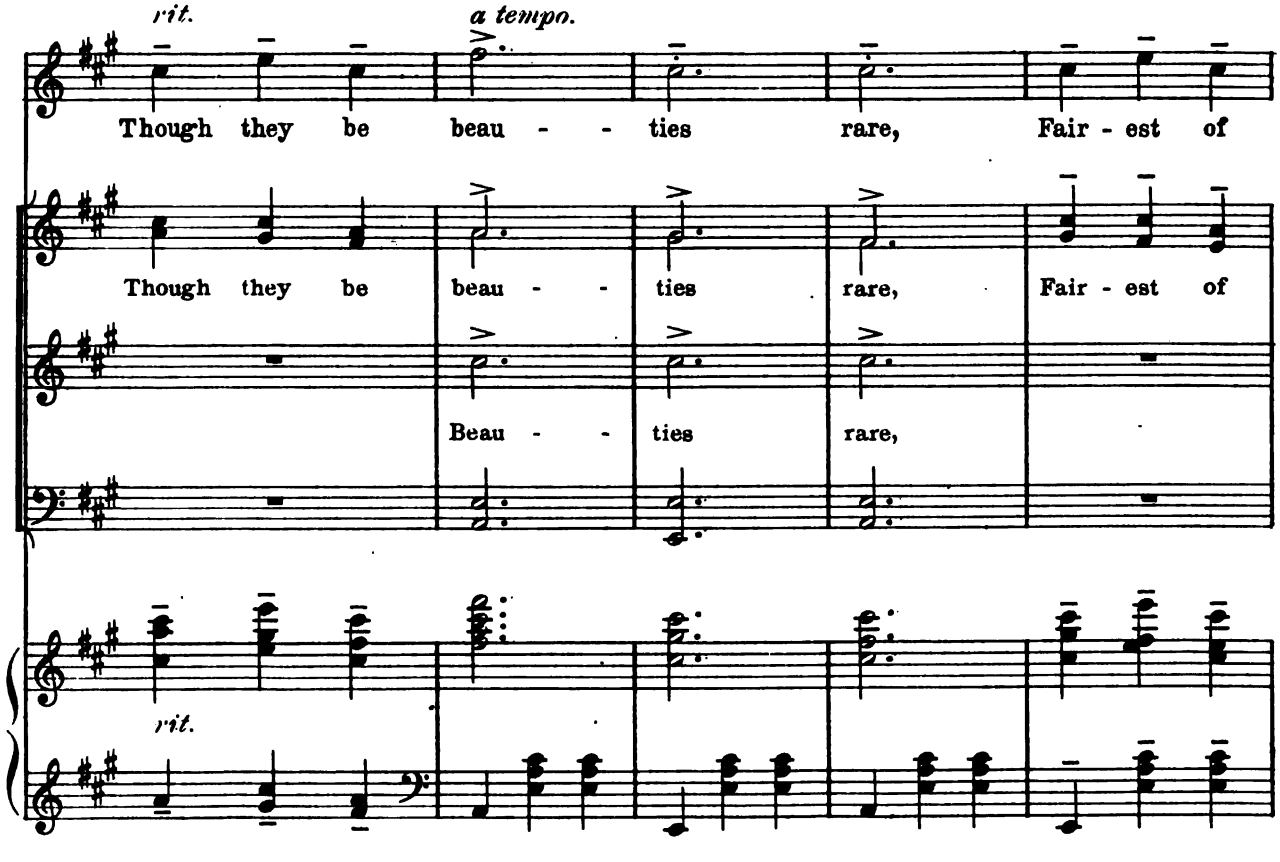
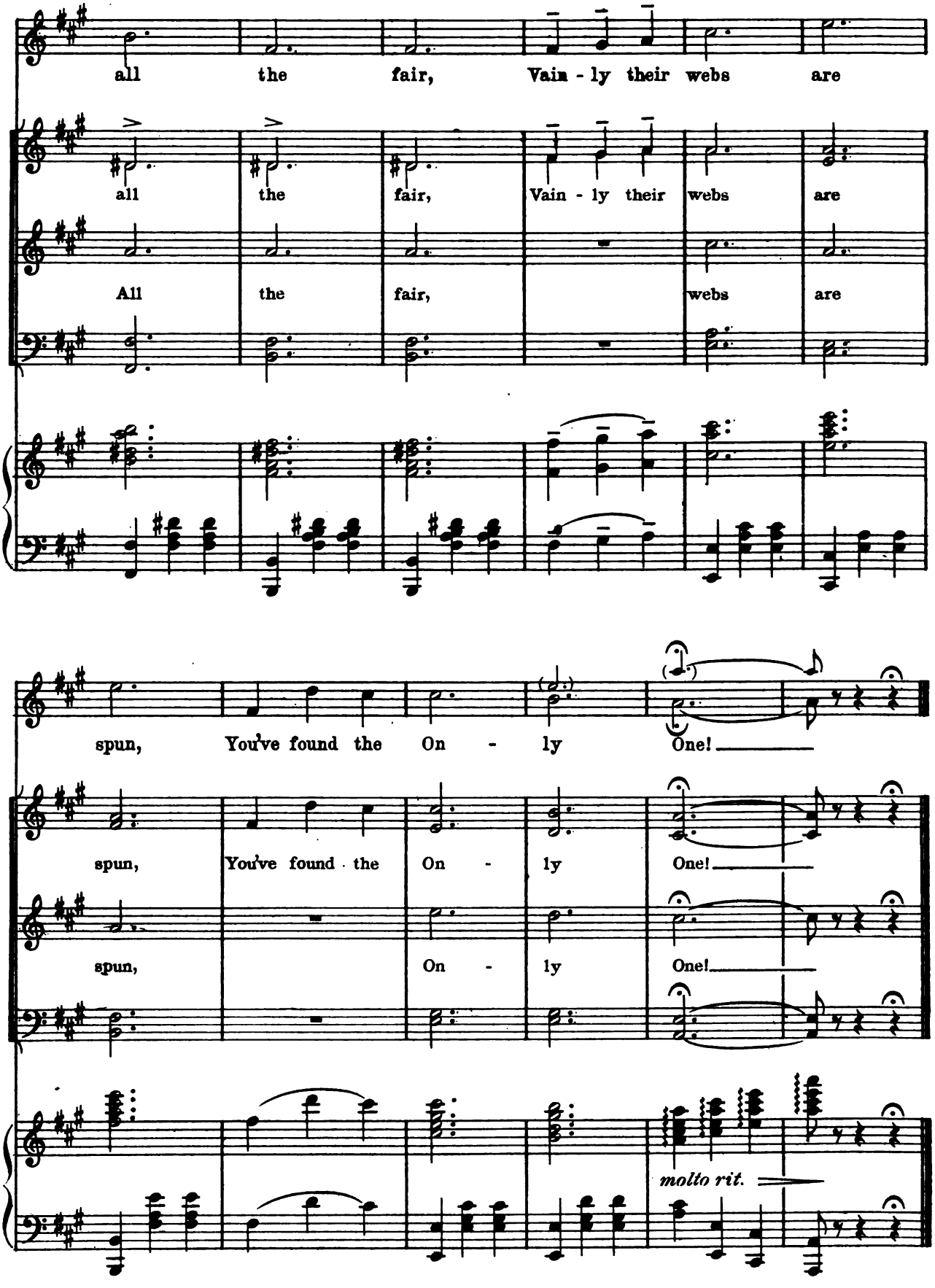

That it is com - plete - ly lost. But ere long you
Blank and va - cant are your eyes. Mat - ters not the
poco rit.
a tempo.
find it, then quick - ly lose it o'er a - gain, Till you
time and place, E'er be - fore you is her face.- You have
molto rit.
meet the On - ly One, Then with the rest you've done.—
met the On - ly One, Thoughts of the rest you've none.—
rit.
a tempo.
Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or ha - -


zel hue, Glanc - es may cast at you,
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
Still you'll to one be true! Though they be beau - -
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
ties rare, Fair - est of all the fair; Vain - ly their
rit.
webs are spun, You've found the On - ly One!


pp rit.
Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or
EIGHT PRINCESSES.
pp
Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or
TENOR.
pp
Eyes of blue,
BASS.
pp
Poco piu lento.
pp
ha - - zel hue. Glanc - es may cast
ha - - zel hue. Glanc - es may cast
Ha - - zel hue. Glance


rit.
a tempo.
at you, Still you'll to one be true.
at you, Still you'll to one be true.
at you, Still be true.
rit.
a tempo.


rit.
a tempo.
Though they be beau - - ties rare, Fair - est of
Though they be beau - - ties rare, Fair - est of
Beau - - ties rare,
rit.


all the fair, Vain - ly their webs are
all the fair, Vain - ly their webs are
All the fair, webs are
spun, You've found the On - ly One!
spun, You've found the On - ly One!
spun, On - ly One!
molto rit.

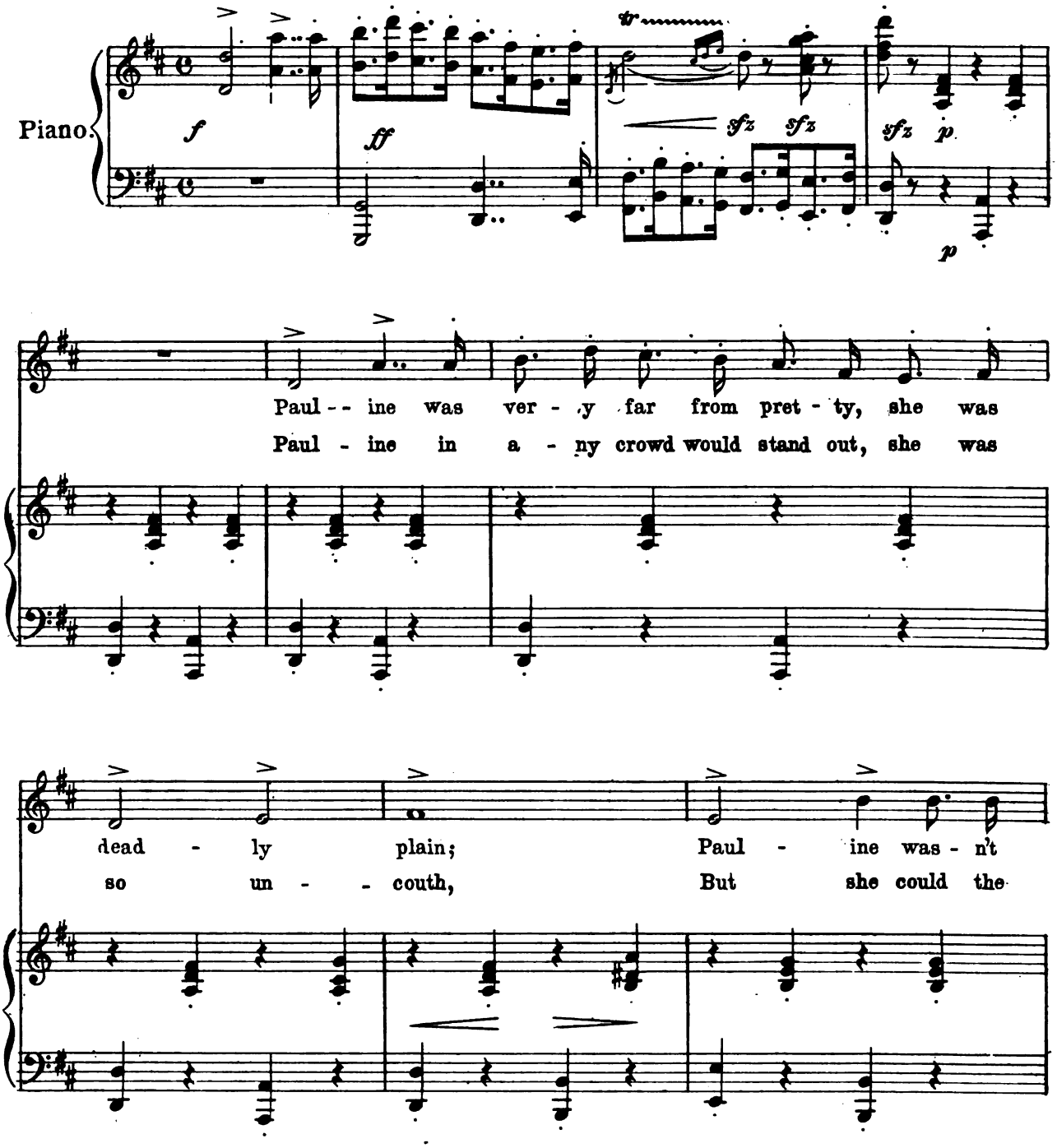
# No 13.

# Popular Pauline.

**Miss Figgers and Chorus.**

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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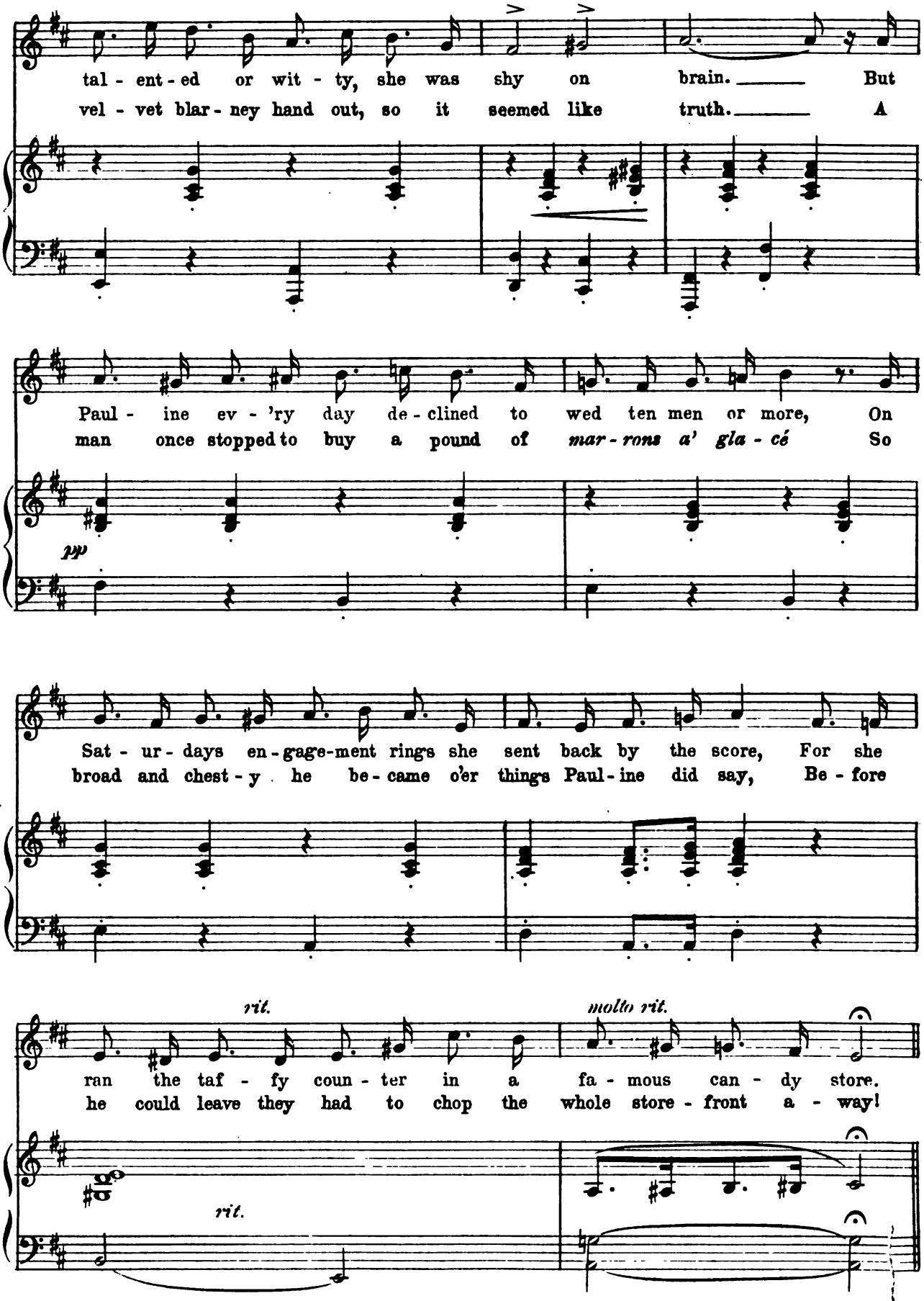
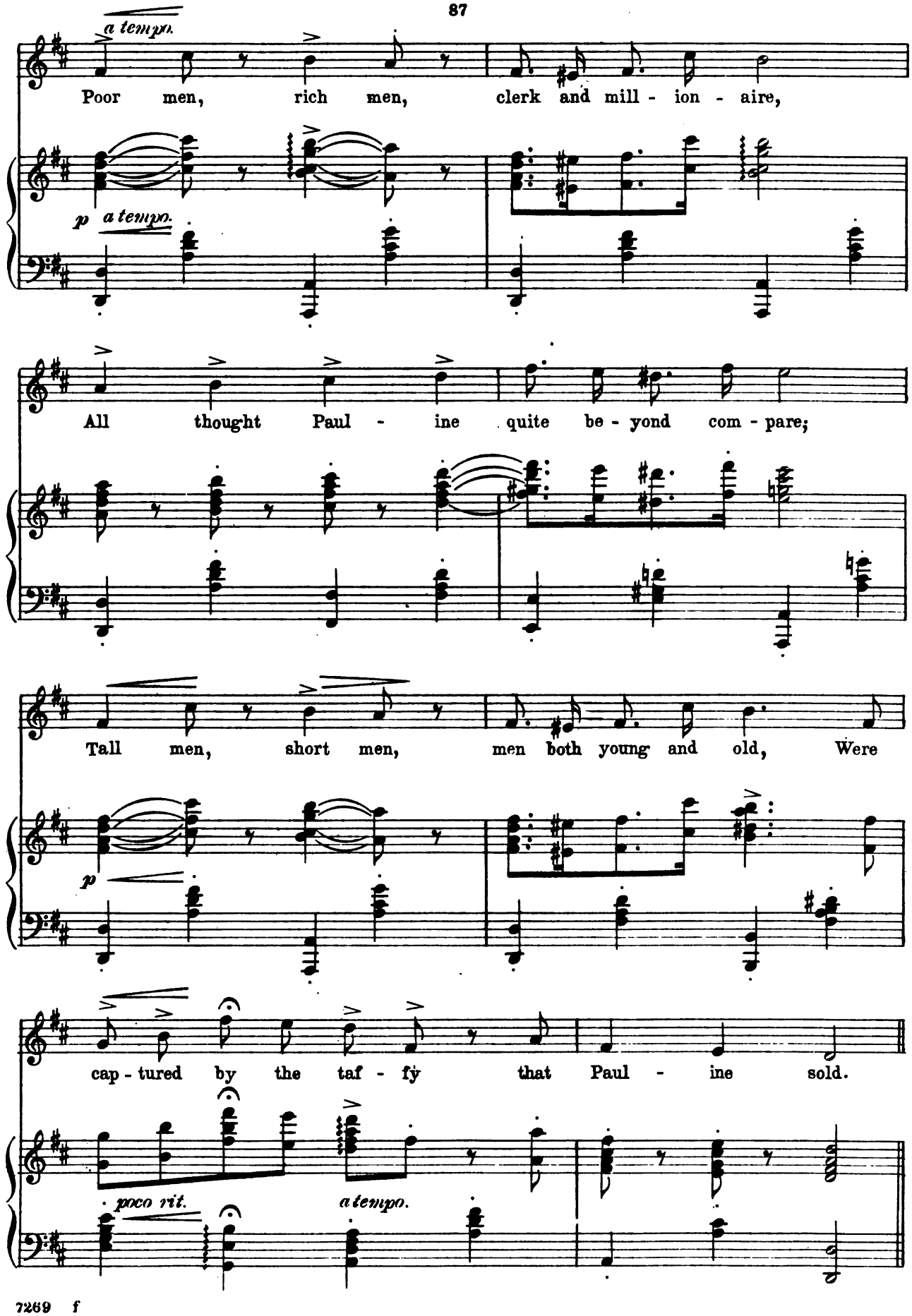
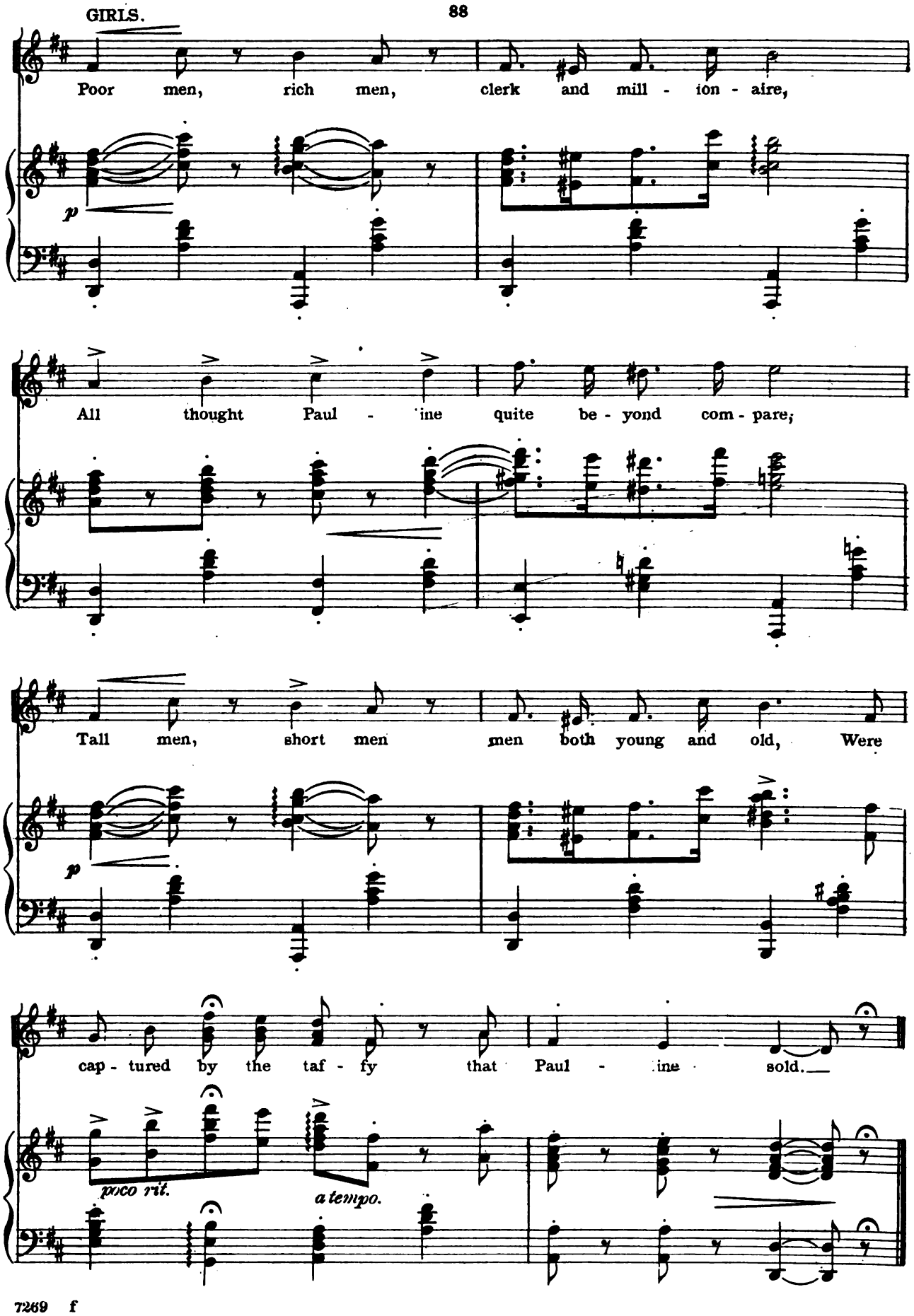

tal - ent - ed or wit - ty, she was shy on brain. But
vel - vet blar - ney hand out, so it seemed like truth. A
Paul - ine ev - 'ry day de - clined to wed ten men or more, On
man once stopped to buy a pound of mar - rons a' gla - cé So
pp
Sat - ur - days en - gage - ment rings she sent back by the score, For she
broad and chest - y he be - came o'er things Paul - ine did say, Be - fore
rit.
molto rit.
ran the taf - fy coun - ter in a fa - mous can - dy store.
he could leave they had to chop the whole store - front a - way!
rit.


a tempo.
Poor men, rich men, clerk and mill - ion - aire,
p a tempo.
All thought Paul - ine quite be - yond com - pare;
Tall men, short men, men both young and old, Were
p
cap - tured by the taf - fy that Paul - ine sold.
poco rit.
a tempo.

GIRLS.

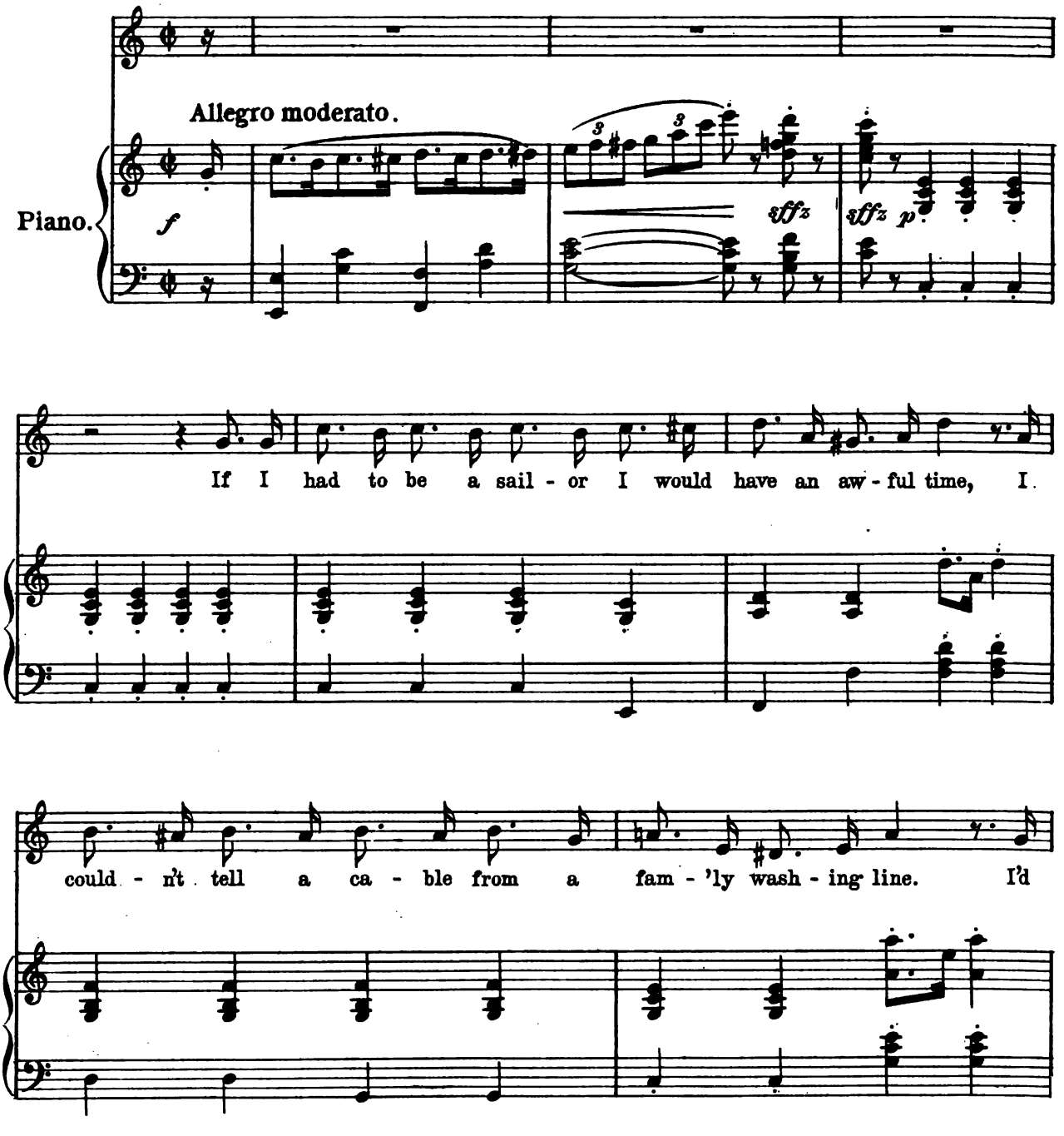

Poor men, rich men, clerk and mill - ion - aire,
All thought Paul - ine quite be - yond com - pare;
Tall men, short men men both young and old, Were
cap - tured by the taf - fy that Paul - ine sold.
poco rit.
a tempo.

# No 14. The Voice For It.

**Dr. Fax, Gladys and Chorus.**

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by.
VICTOR HERBERT

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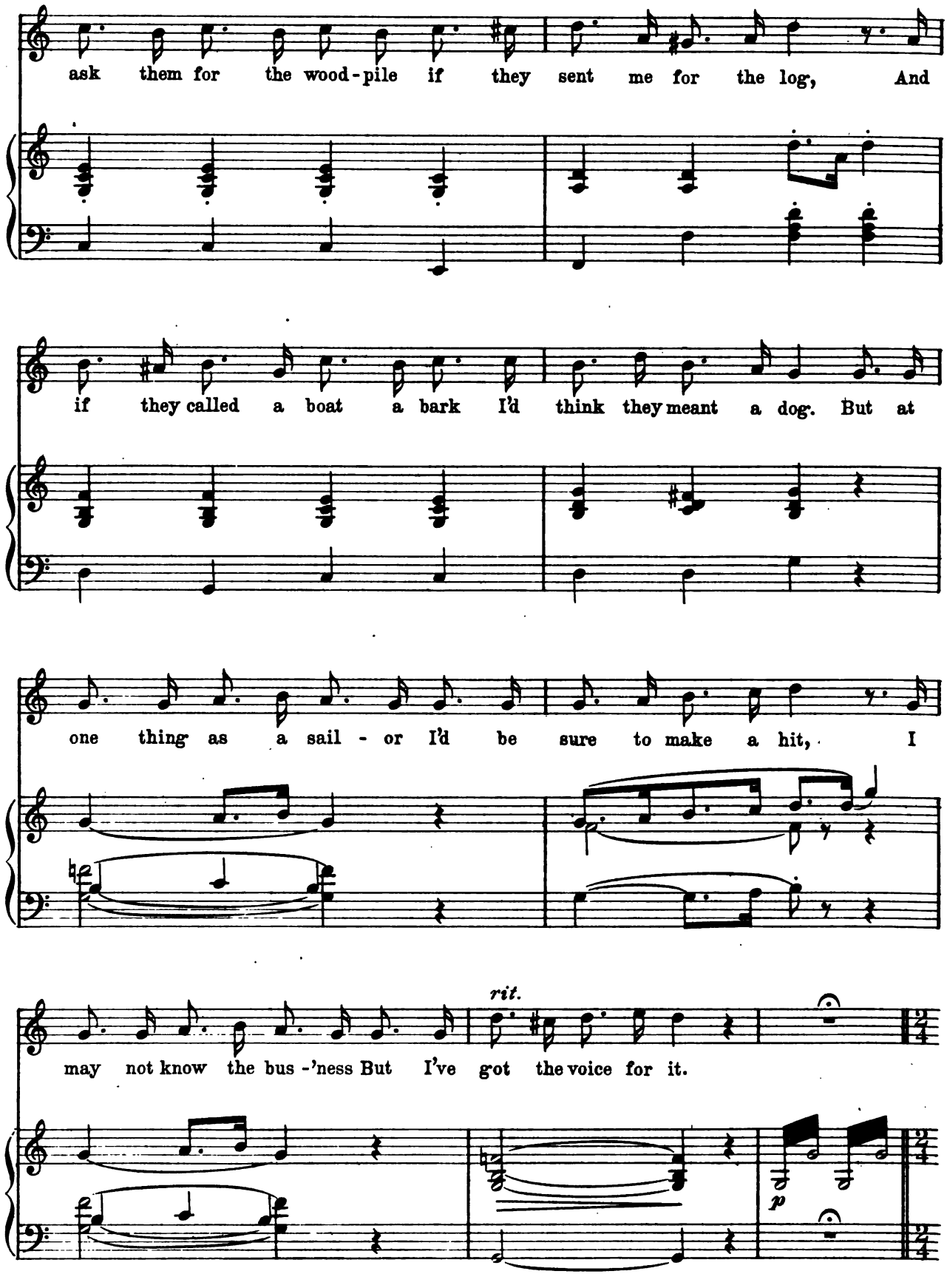

ask them for the wood-pile if they sent me for the log, And
if they called a boat a bark I'd think they meant a dog. But at
one thing as a sail-or I'd be sure to make a hit, I
rit.
may not know the bus-'ness But I've got the voice for it.
p

**Molto moderato.** (Chorus whistle while he sings.)

Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow me down to Ri - o,— Blow! Blow!

*poco pesante.*

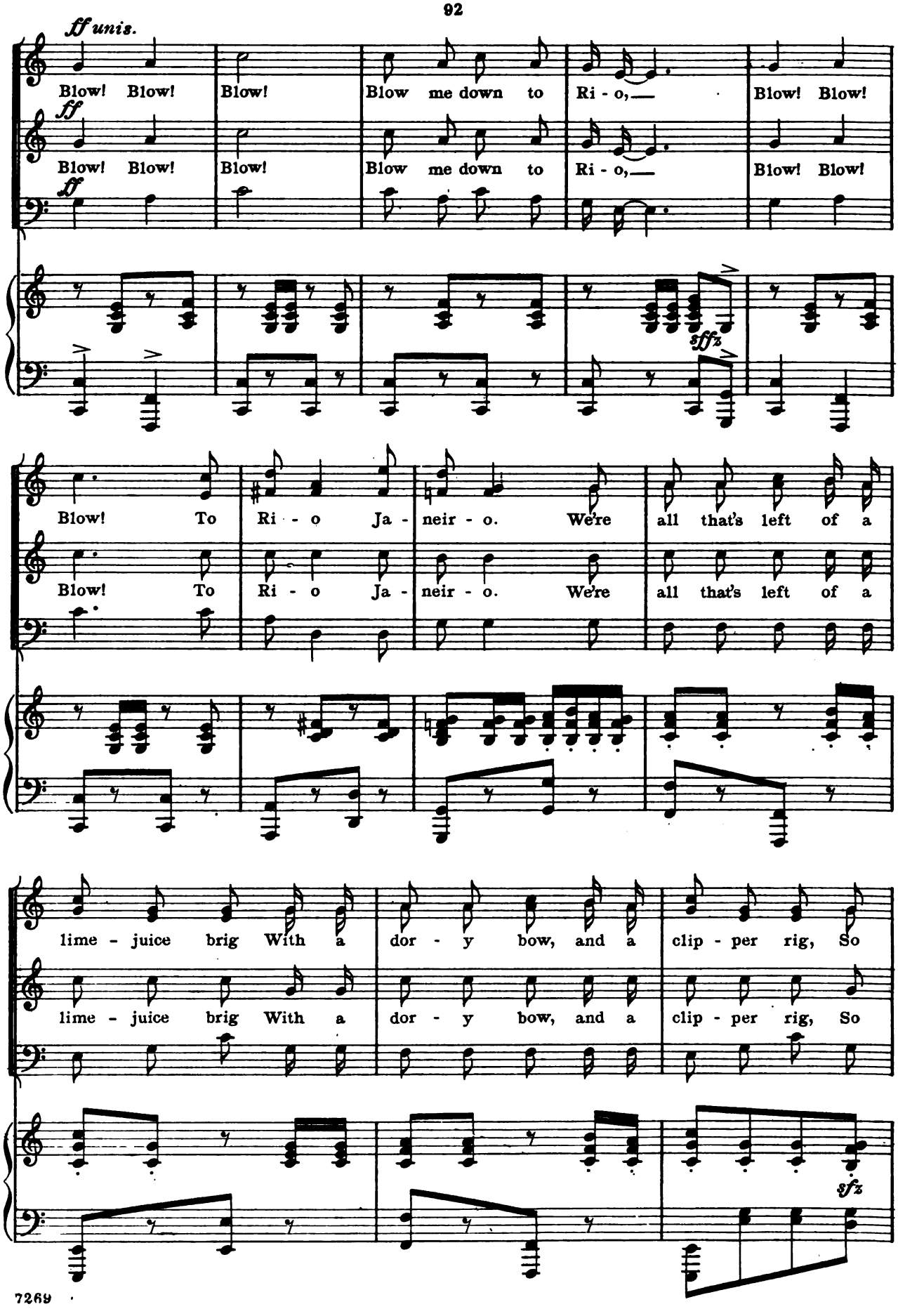
*sffz*

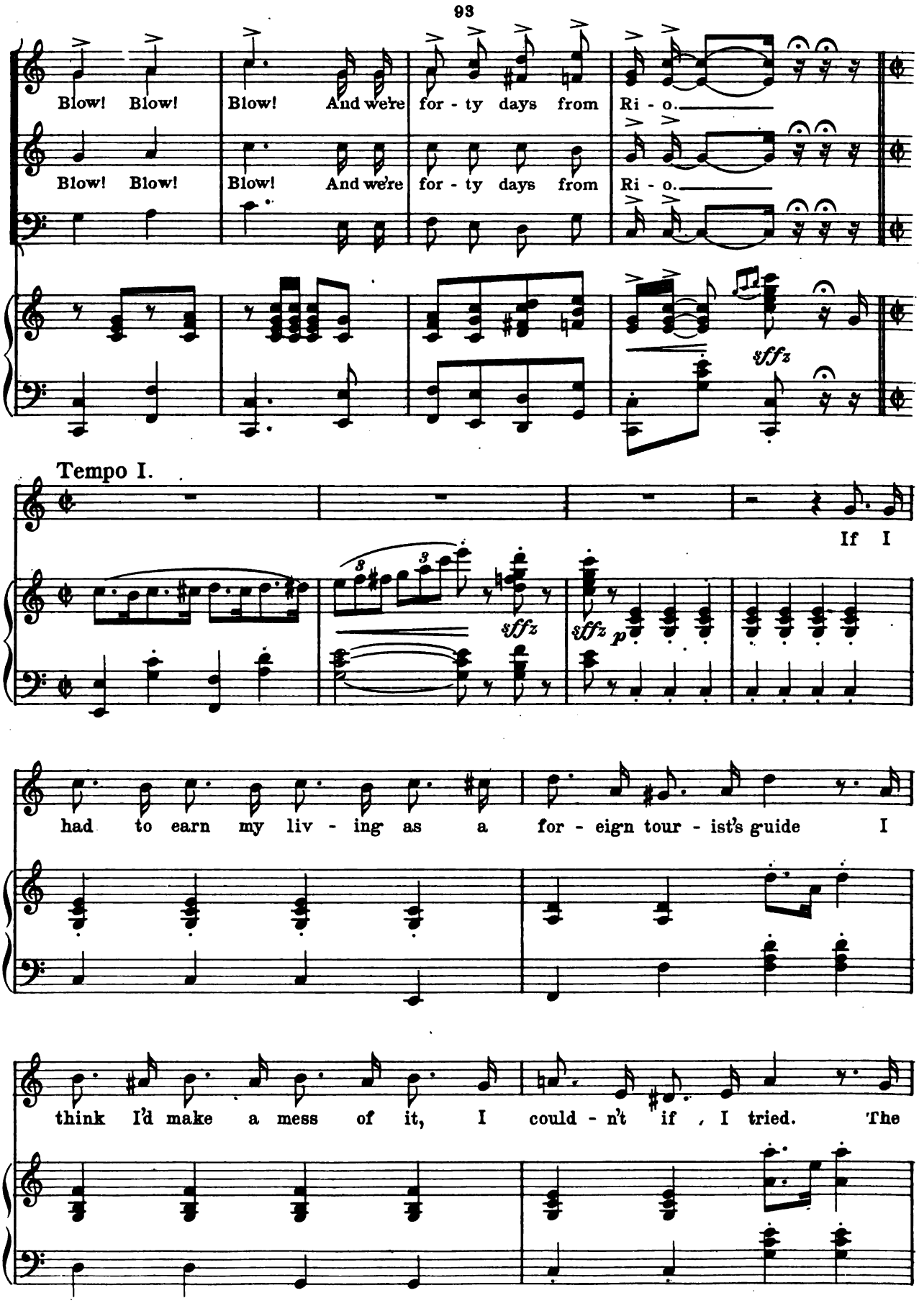
Blow! To Ri - o Ja - neir - o. We're all that's left of a

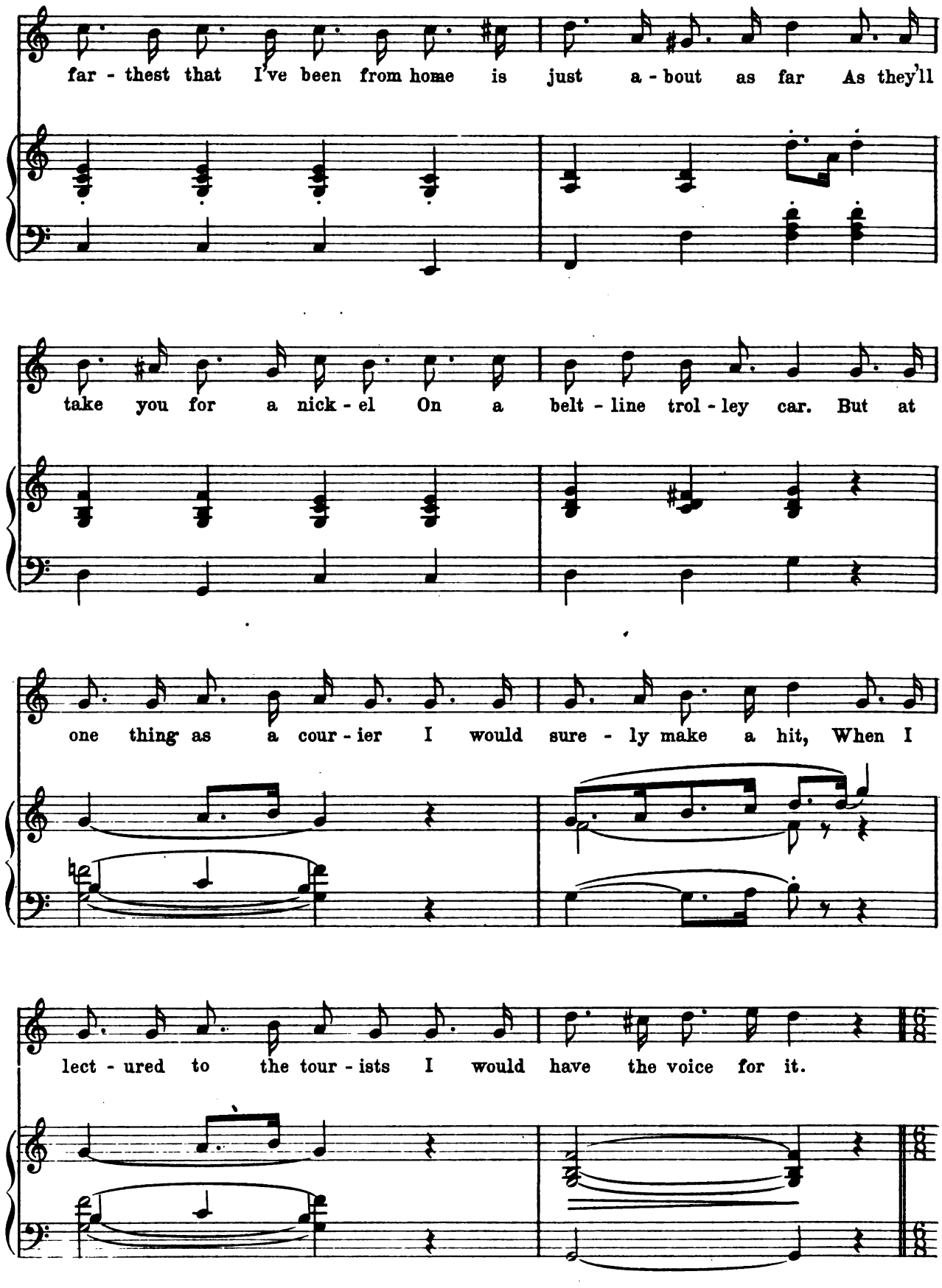
lime - juice brig With a dor - y bow, and a clip - per rig, So

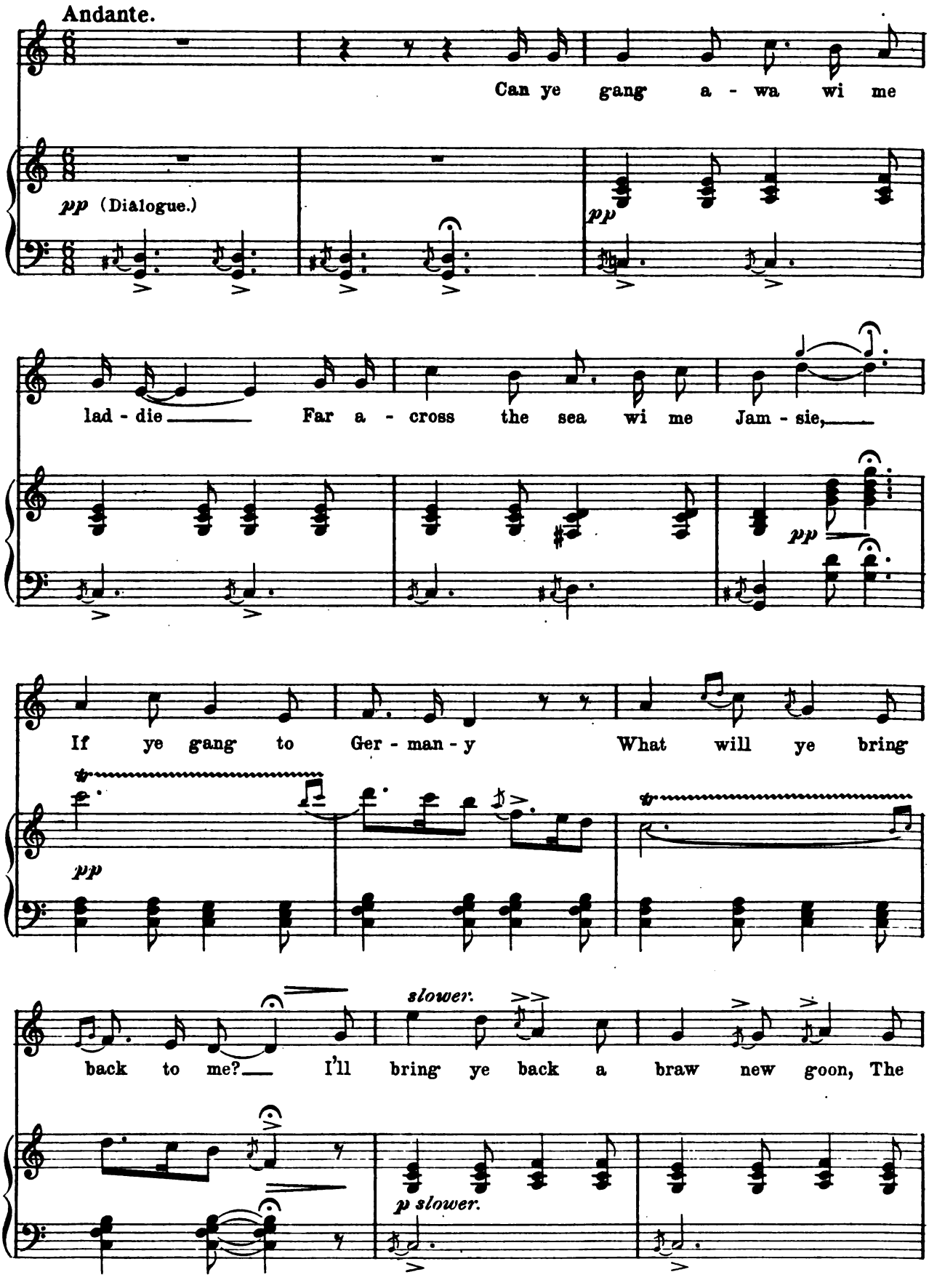
*sfz*

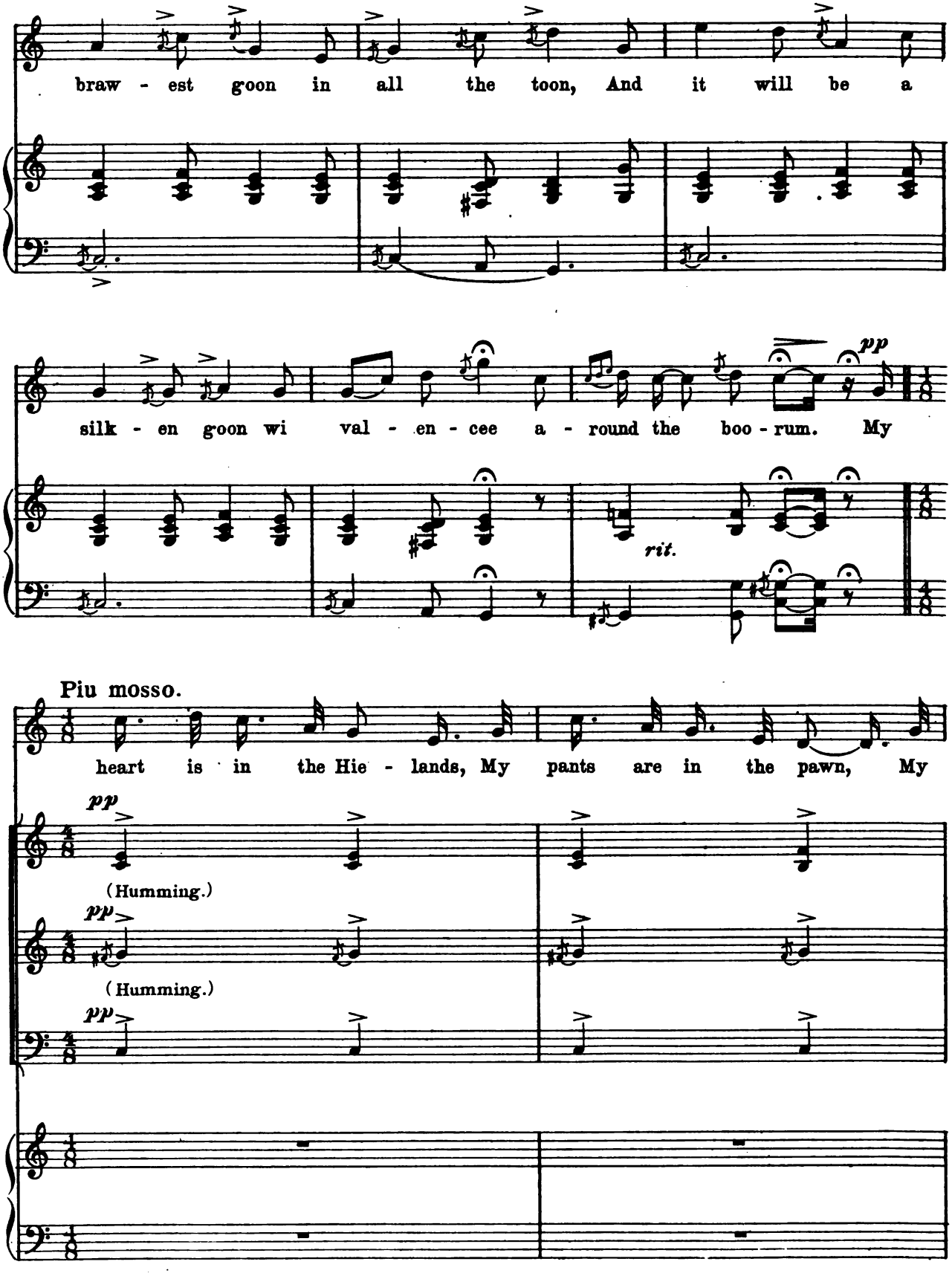
Blow! Blow! Blow! And we're for - ty days from Ri - o.—

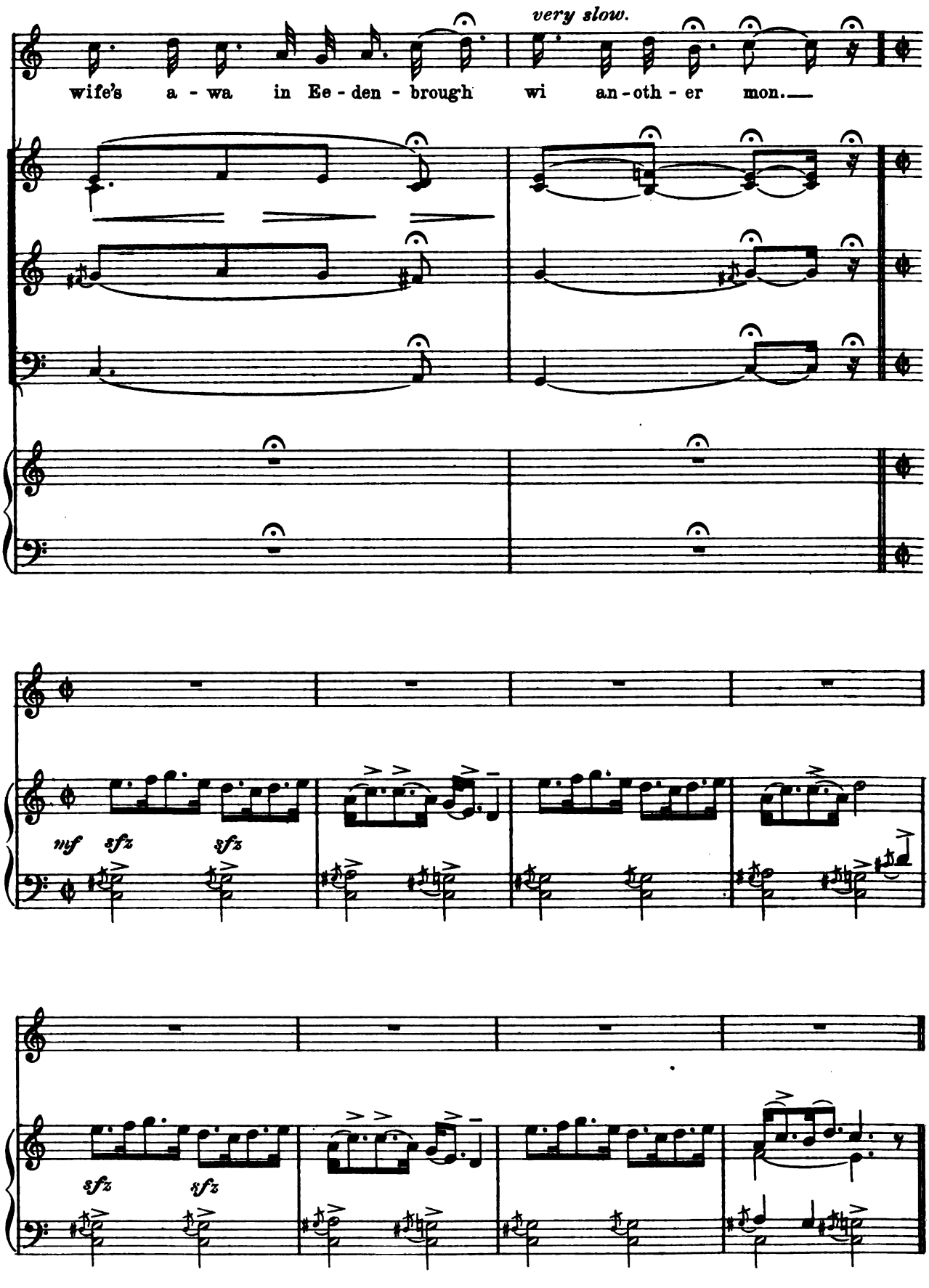

ff unis.
Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow me down to Ri - o,— Blow! Blow!
ff
Blow! Blow! Blow! Blow me down to Ri - o,— Blow! Blow!
ff
sffz
Blow! To Ri - o Ja - neir - o. We're all that's left of a
Blow! To Ri - o Ja - neir - o. We're all that's left of a
lime - juice brig With a dor - y bow, and a clip - per rig, So
lime - juice brig With a dor - y bow, and a clip - per rig, So
sfz

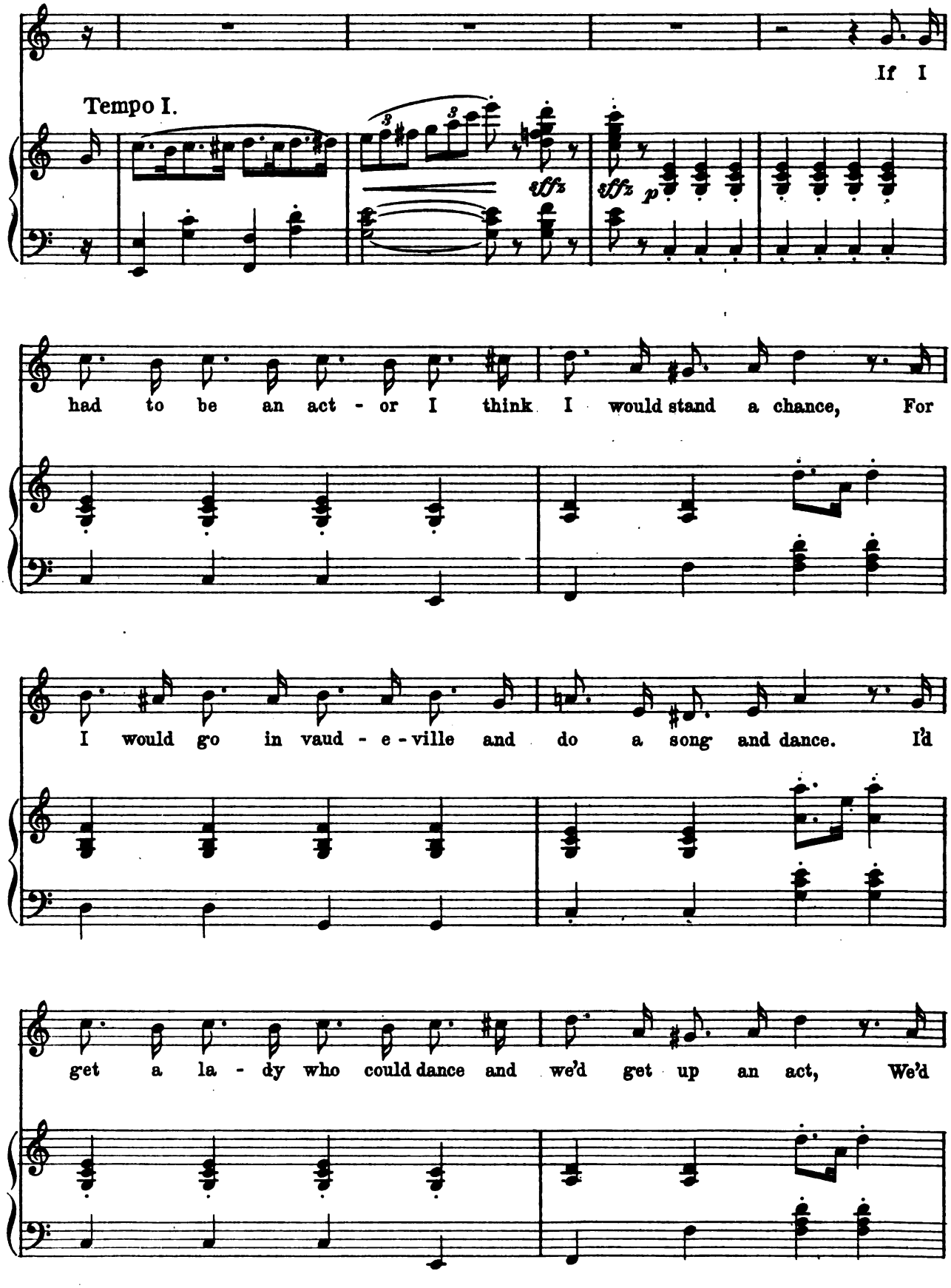

Blow! Blow! Blow! And we're for - ty days from Ri - o.
Blow! Blow! Blow! And we're for - ty days from Ri - o.
sffz
Tempo I.
If I
sffz
sffz p
had to earn my liv - ing as a for - eign tour - ist's guide I
think I'd make a mess of it, I could - n't if I tried. The

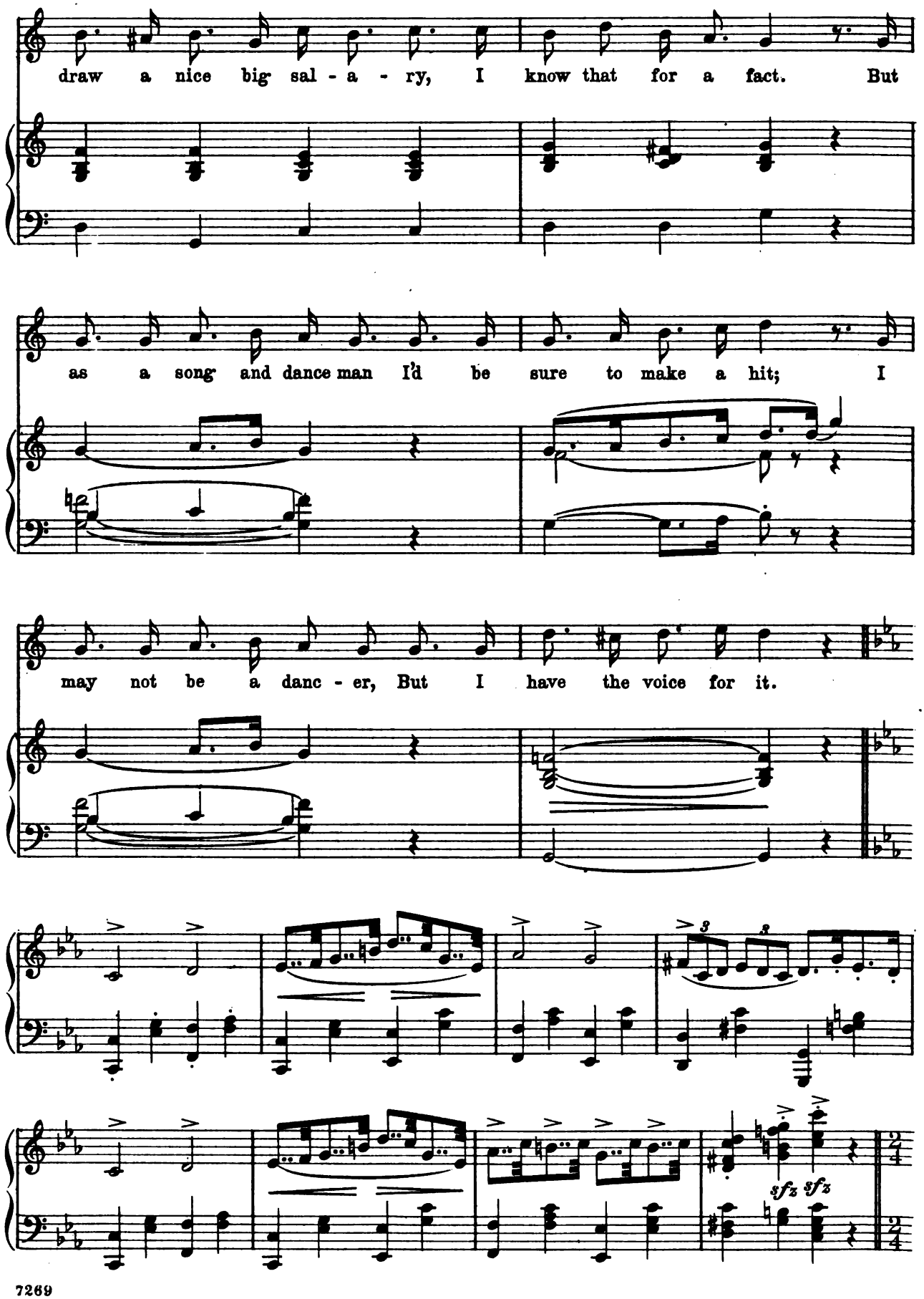

far - thest that I've been from home is just a - bout as far As they'll
take you for a nick - el On a belt - line trol - ley car. But at
one thing as a cour - ier I would sure - ly make a hit, When I
lect - ured to the tour - ists I would have the voice for it.

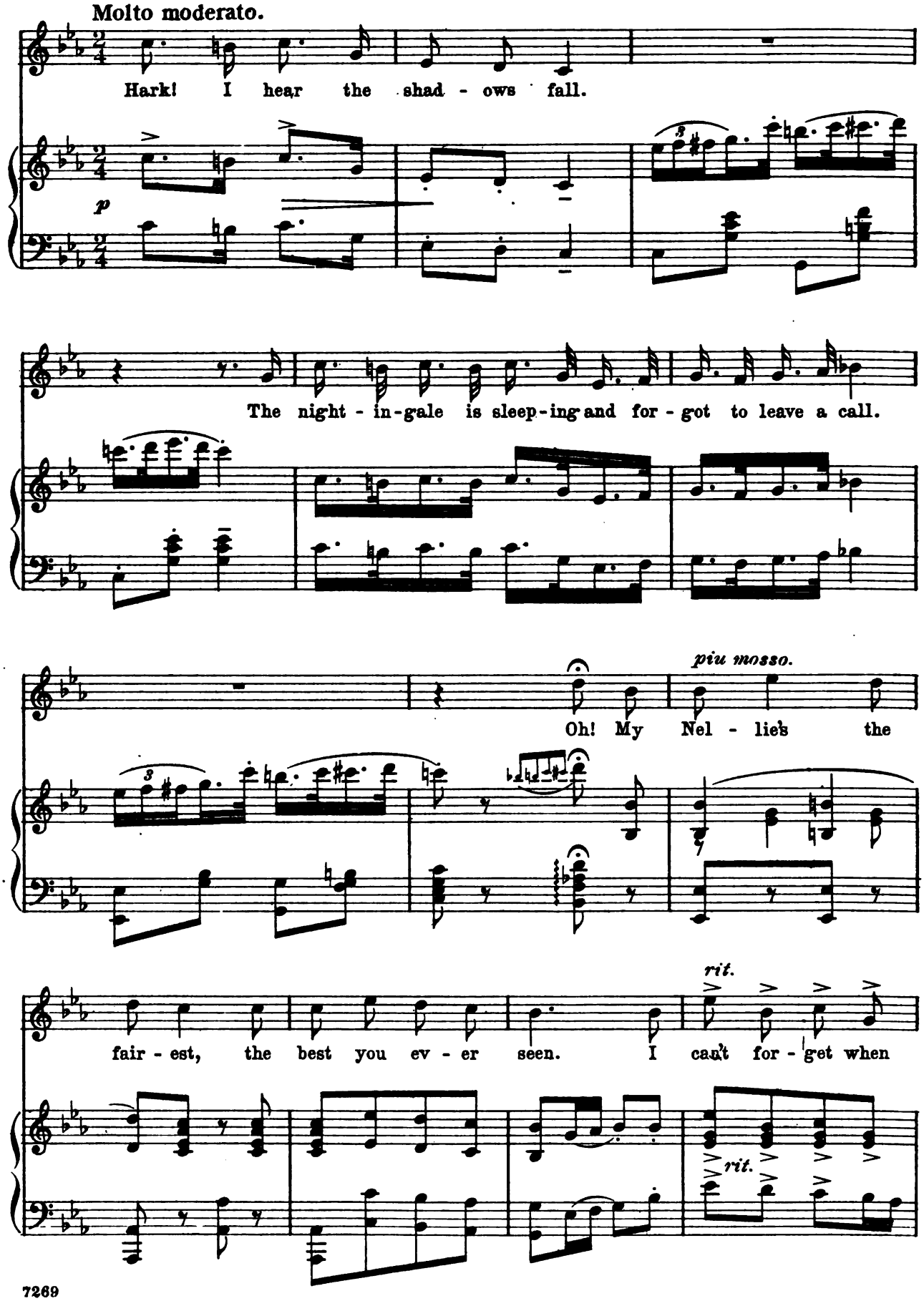

Andante.
Can ye gang a - wa wi me
pp (Dialogue.)
pp
lad - die Far a - cross the sea wi me Jam - sie,
pp
If ye gang to Ger - man - y What will ye bring
pp
slower.
back to me? I'll bring ye back a braw new goon, The
p slower.

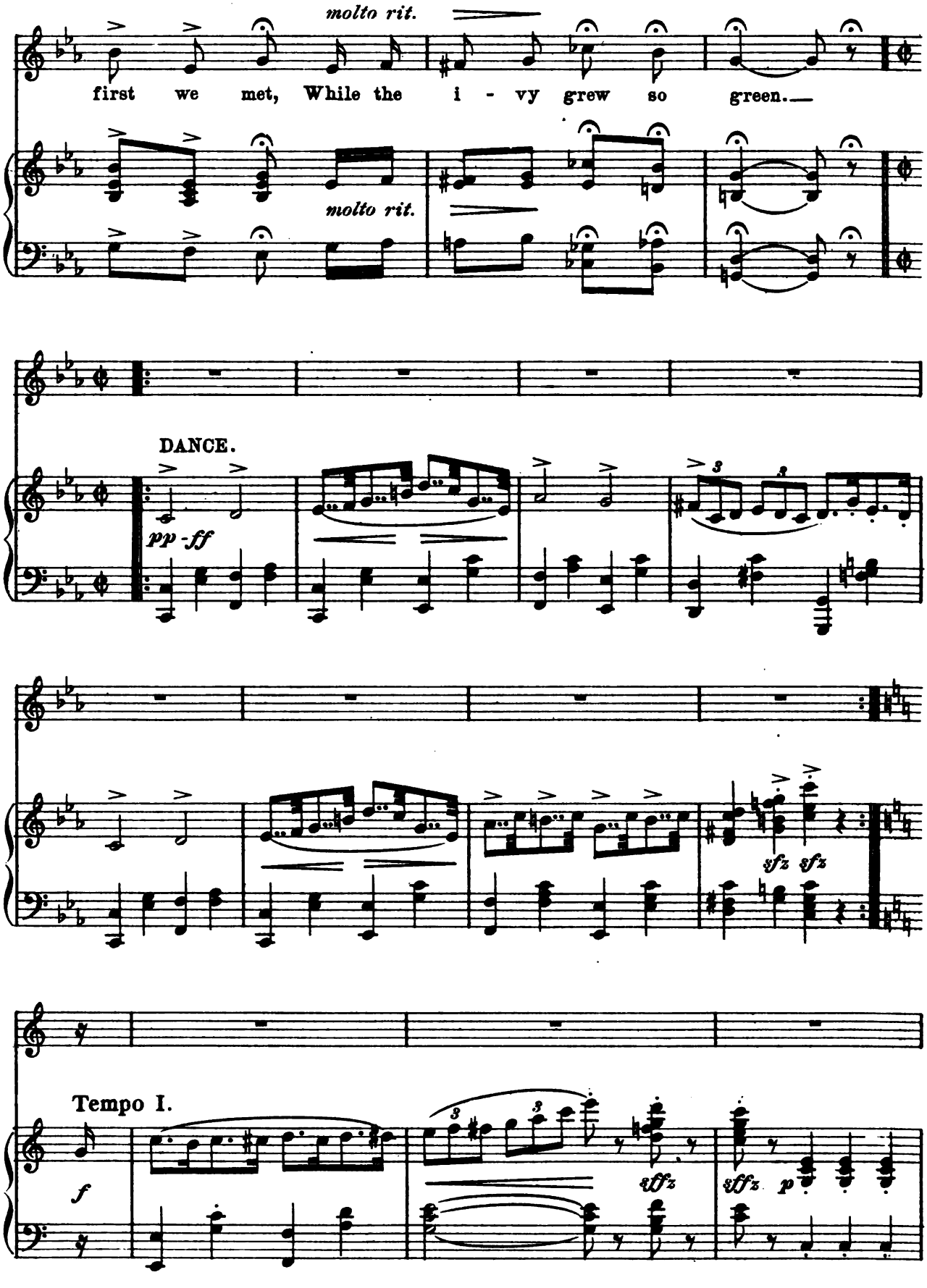

braw - est goon in all the toon, And it will be a
silk - en goon wi val - en - cee a - round the boo - rum. My
rit.
pp
Piu mosso.
heart is in the Hie - lands, My pants are in the pawn, My
pp
(Humming.)
pp
(Humming.)
pp

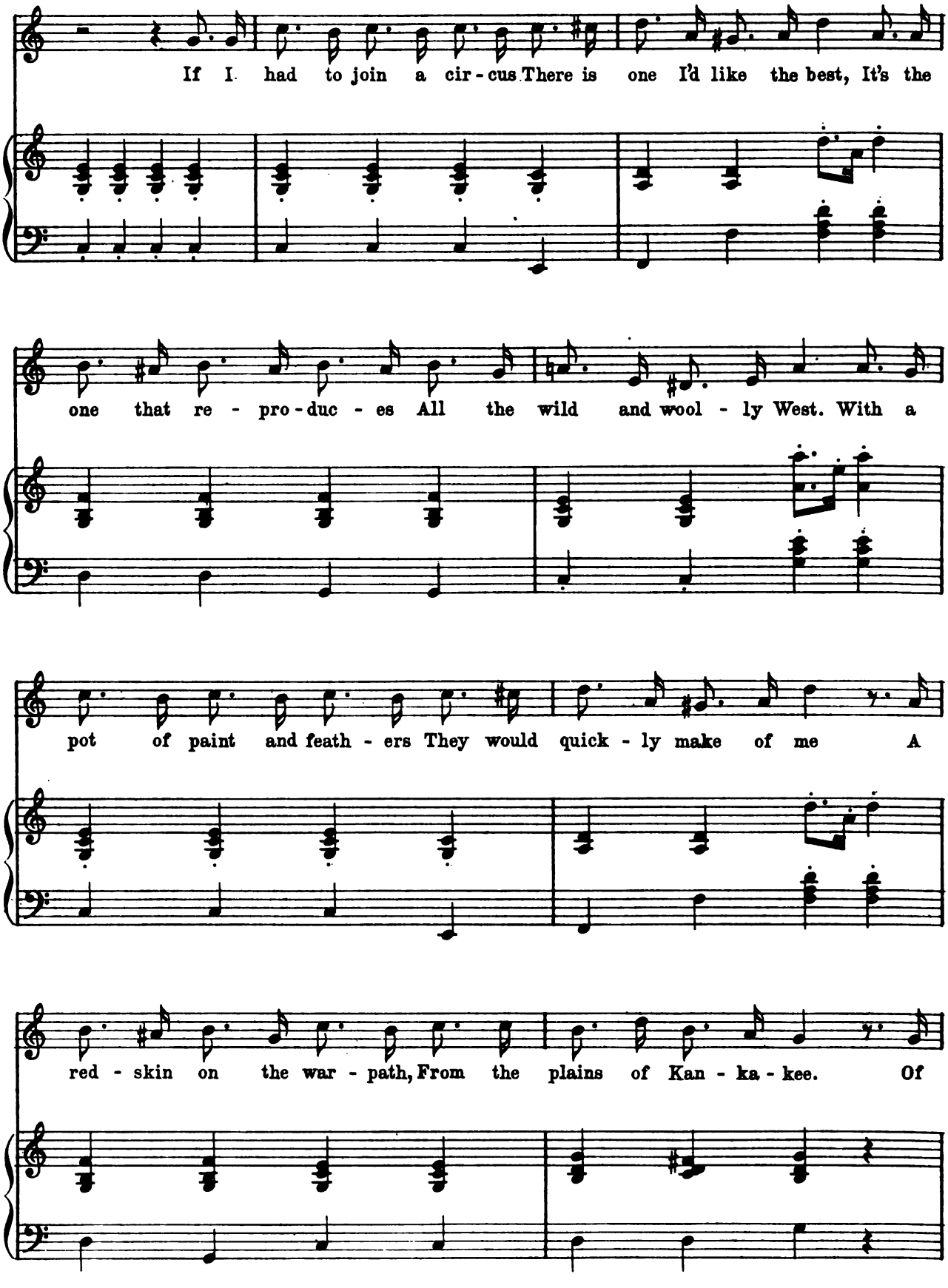

very slow.
wife's a - wa in Ee - den - brough wi an - oth - er mon.
nf sfz sfz
sfz sfz

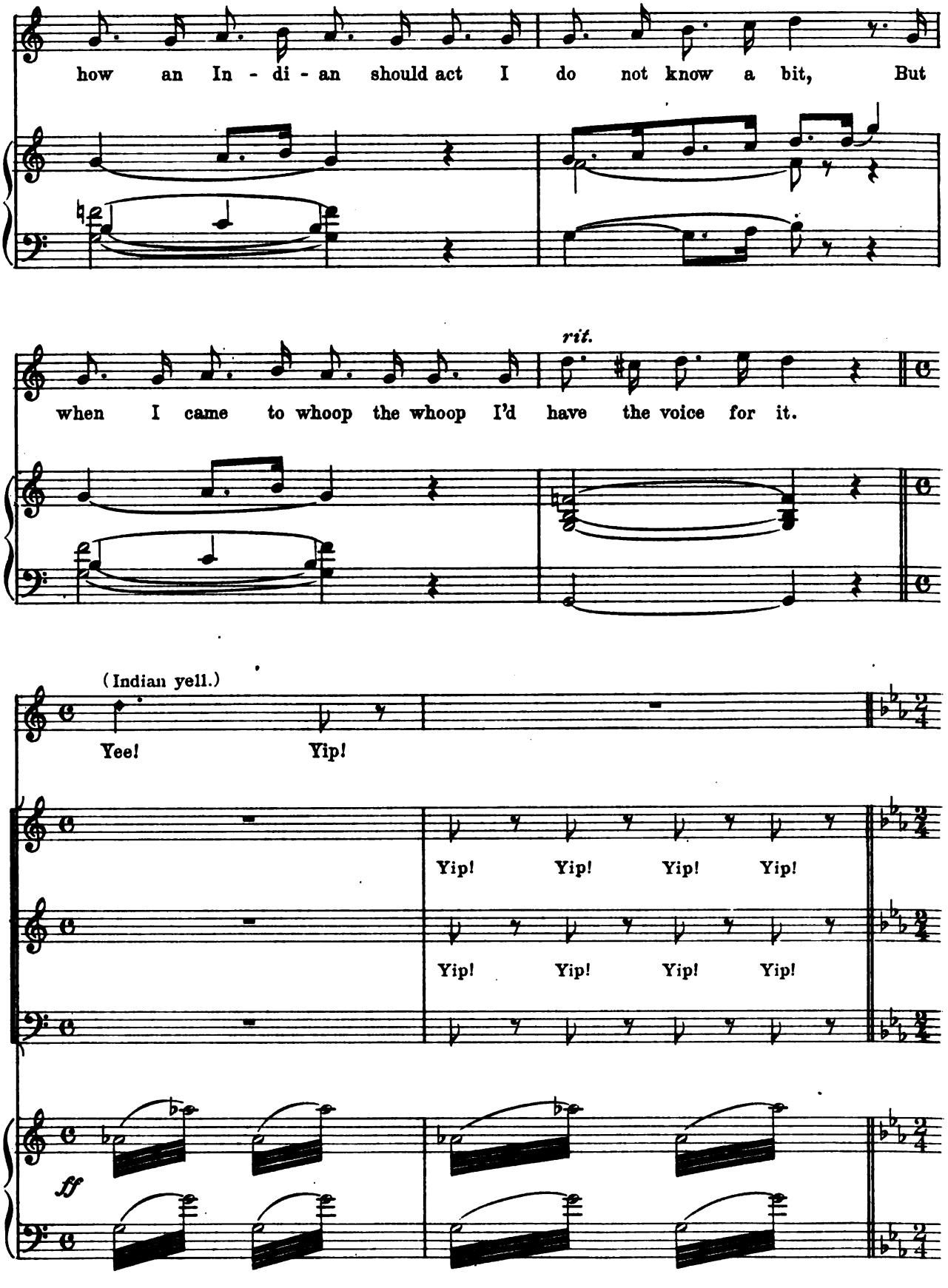

If I
Tempo I.
had to be an act - or I think I would stand a chance, For
I would go in vaud - e - ville and do a song and dance. I'd
get a la - dy who could dance and we'd get up an act, We'd


draw a nice big sal - a - ry, I know that for a fact. But
as a song and dance man I'd be sure to make a hit; I
may not be a danc - er, But I have the voice for it.
sfz sfz

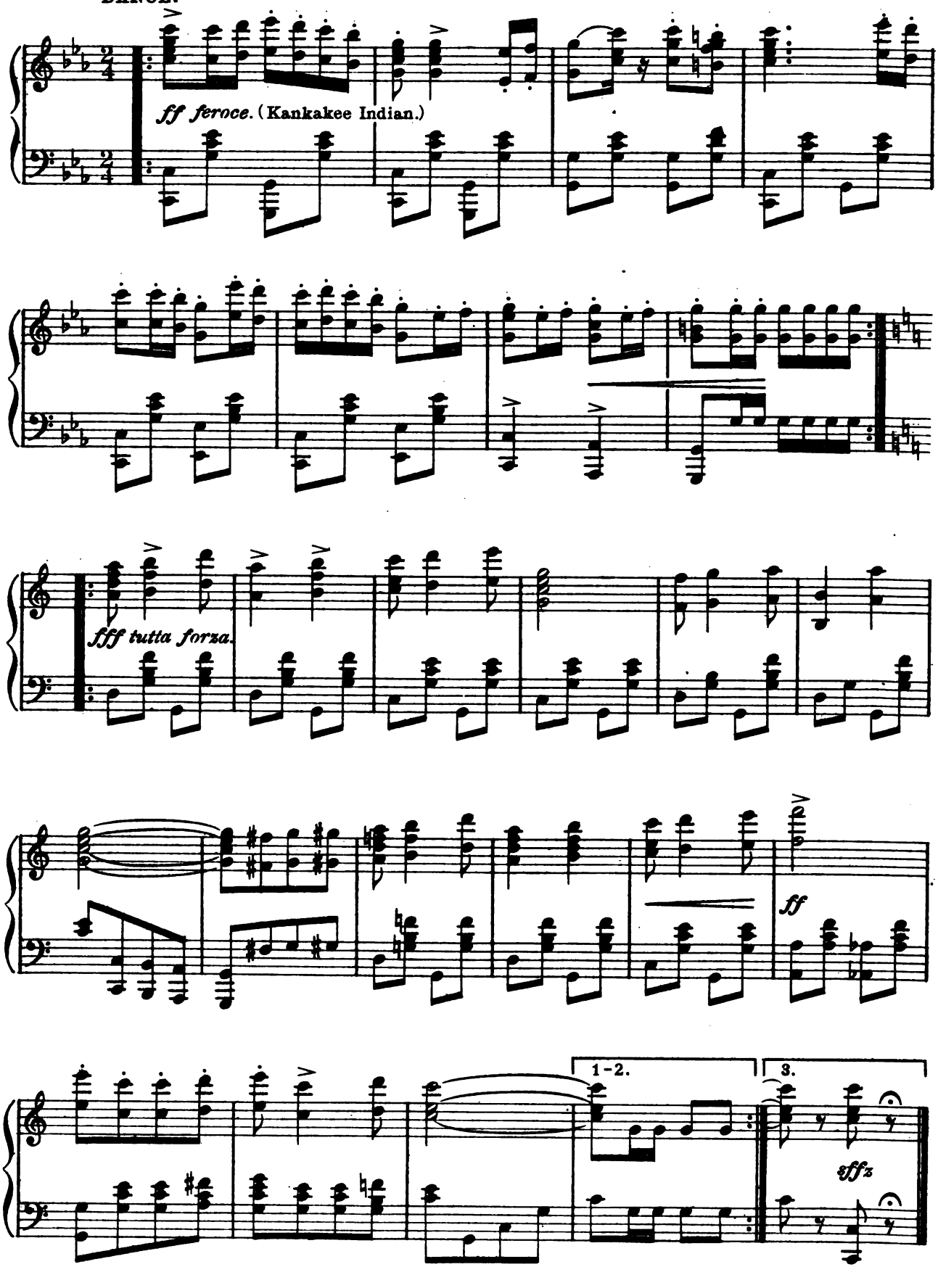

Molto moderato.
Hark! I hear the shad - ows fall.
p
The night - in-gale is sleep-ing and for - got to leave a call.
piu mosso.
Oh! My Nel - lie's the
fair - est, the best you ev - er seen. I can't for - get when
rit.
rit.


molto rit.
first we met, While the i - vy grew so green.
molto rit.
DANCE.
pp - ff
sfz sfz
Tempo I.
f
sffz
sffz p


If I had to join a cir - cus There is one I'd like the best, It's the
one that re - pro - duc - es All the wild and wool - ly West. With a
pot of paint and feath - ers They would quick - ly make of me A
red - skin on the war - path, From the plains of Kan - ka - kee. Of

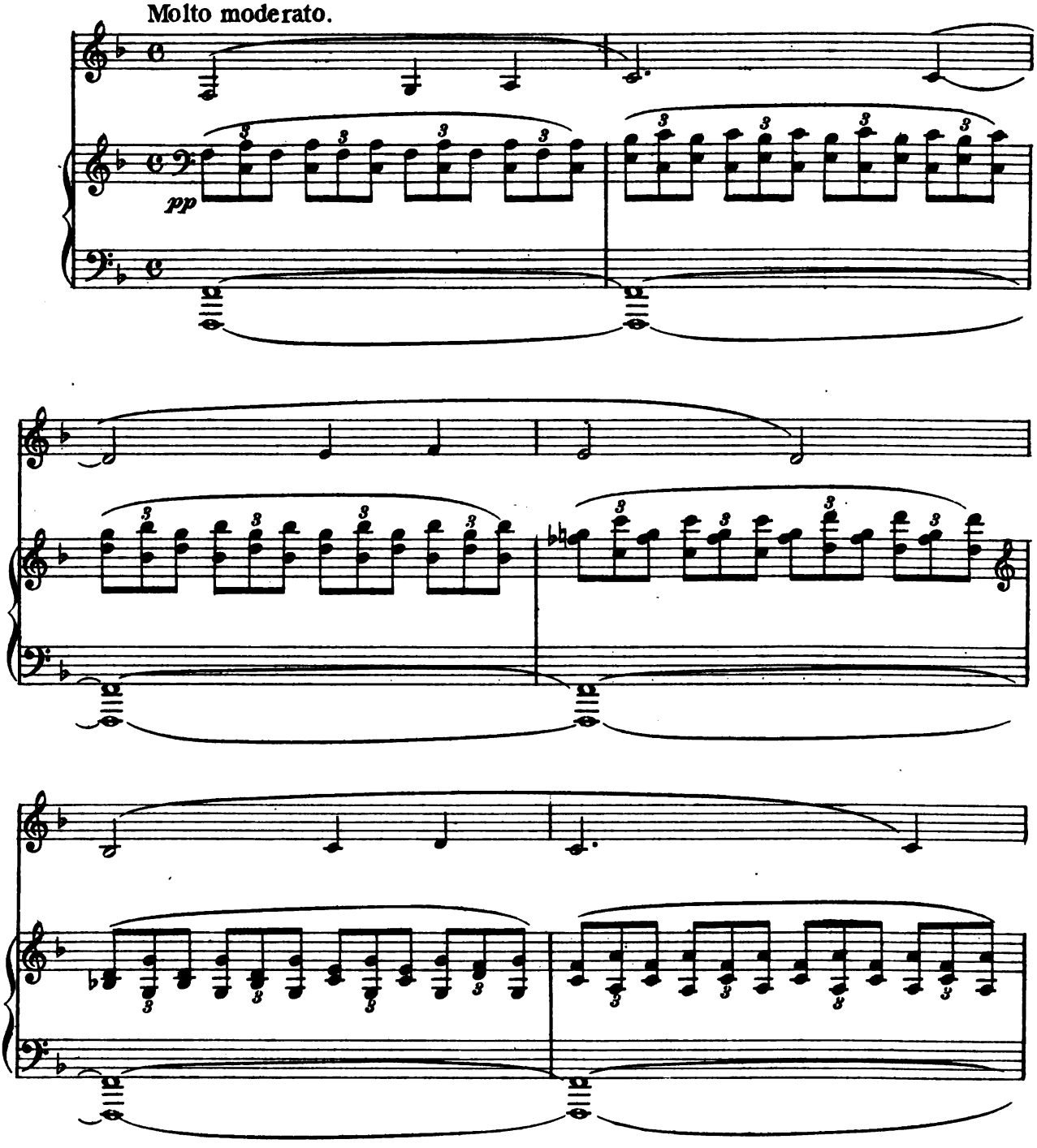

how an In - di - an should act I do not know a bit, But
rit.
when I came to whoop the whoop I'd have the voice for it.
(Indian yell.)
Yee! Yip!
Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!
Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!
ff

DANCE.



# No 15. Finale II.

VICTOR HERBERT

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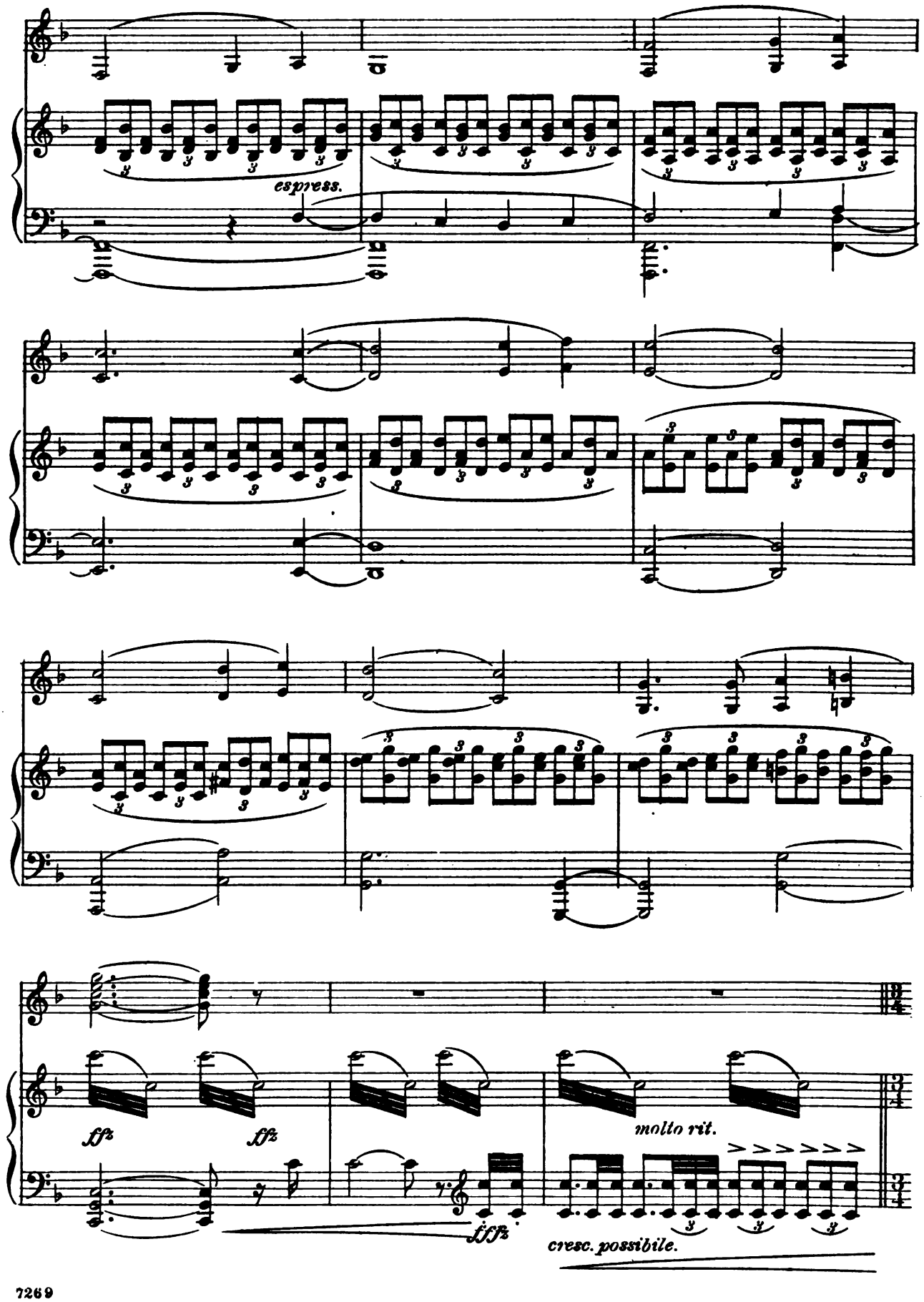
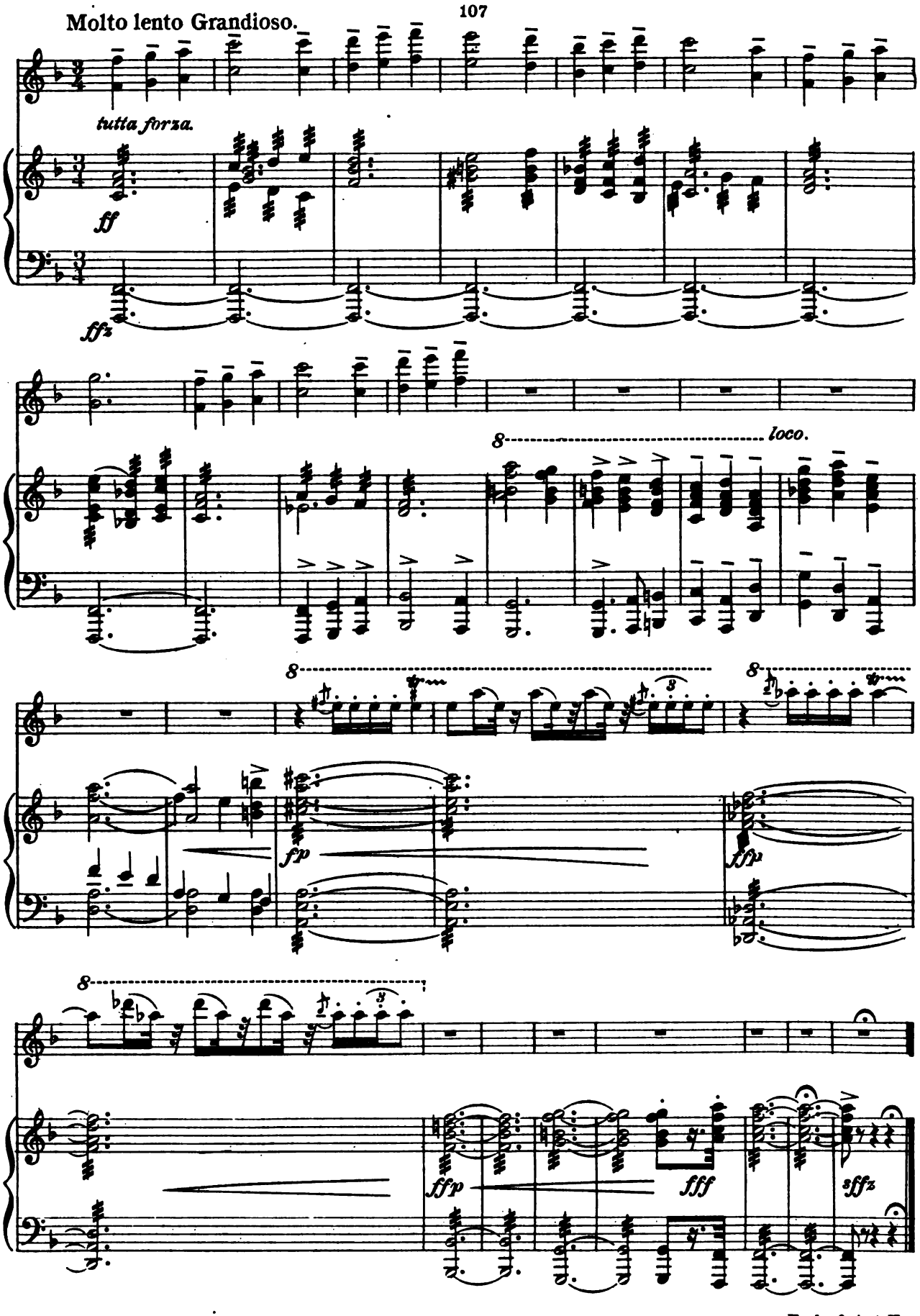

espress.
fff
fff
molto rit.
fff
cresc. possibile.


Molto lento Grandioso.
tutta forza.
ff
ffz
8
loco.
fp
ffp
fff
sffz



End of Act II.

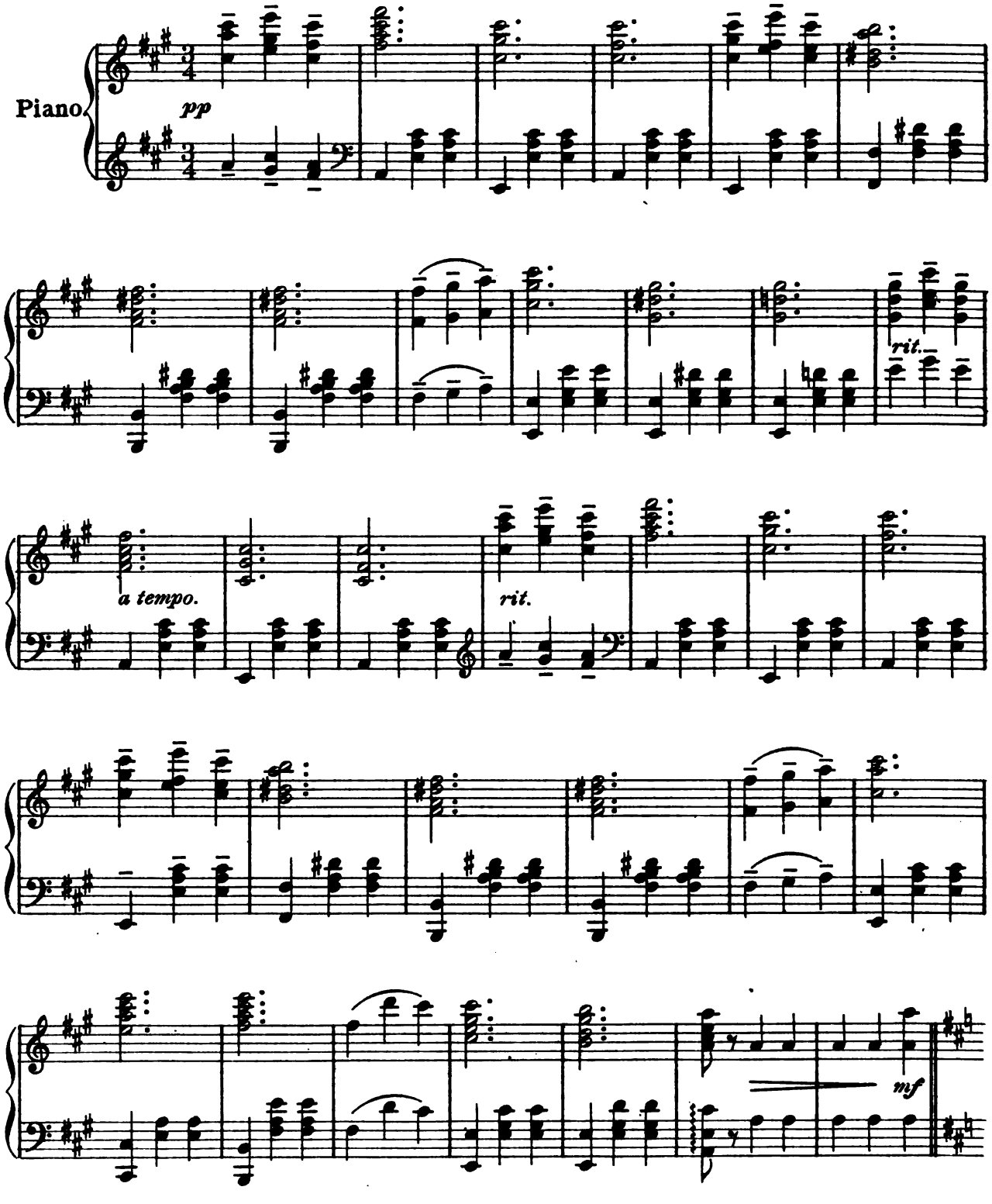
ACT III.

# No. 16. Entr' Acte.

OPENING.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Poco piu lento.

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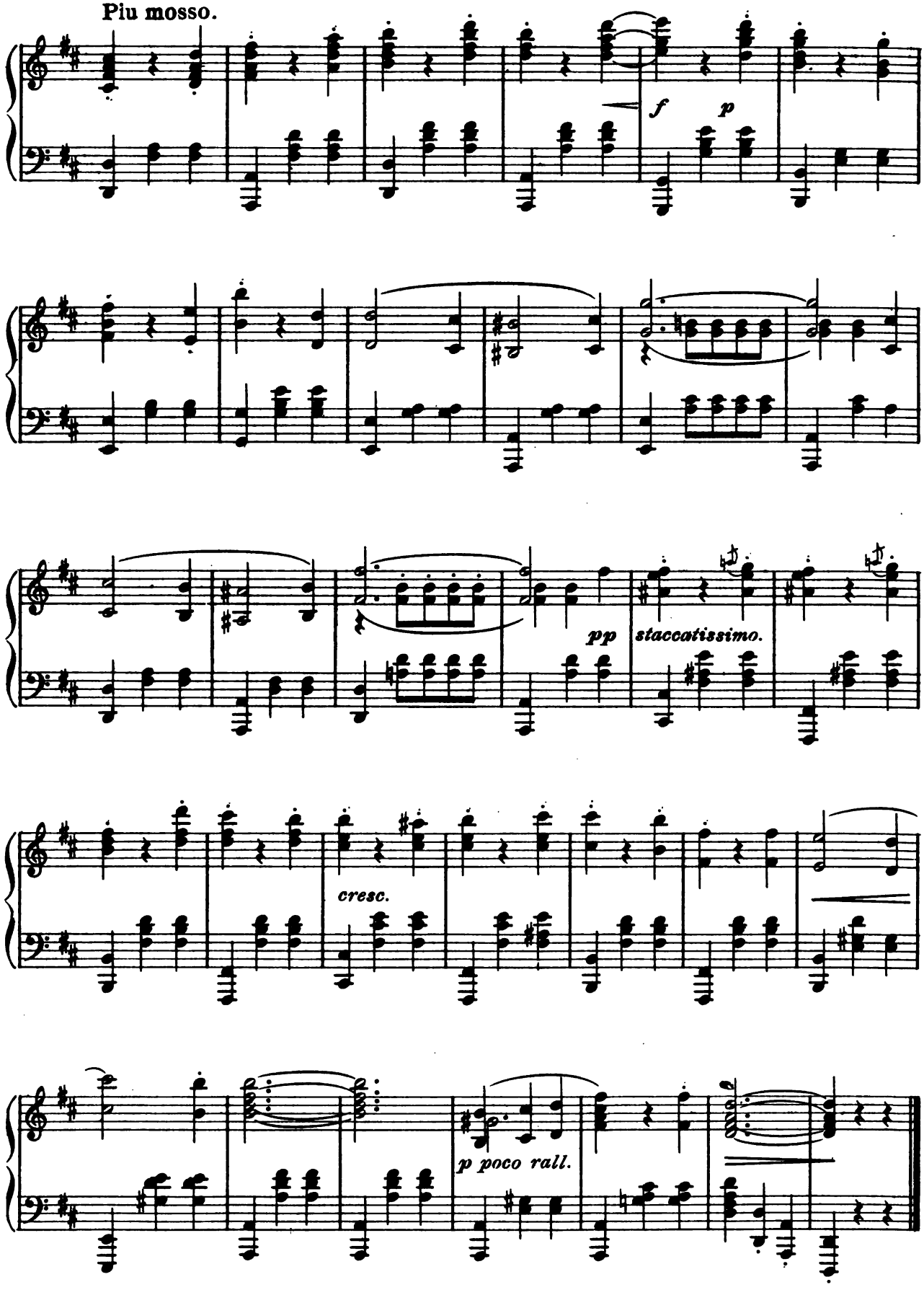
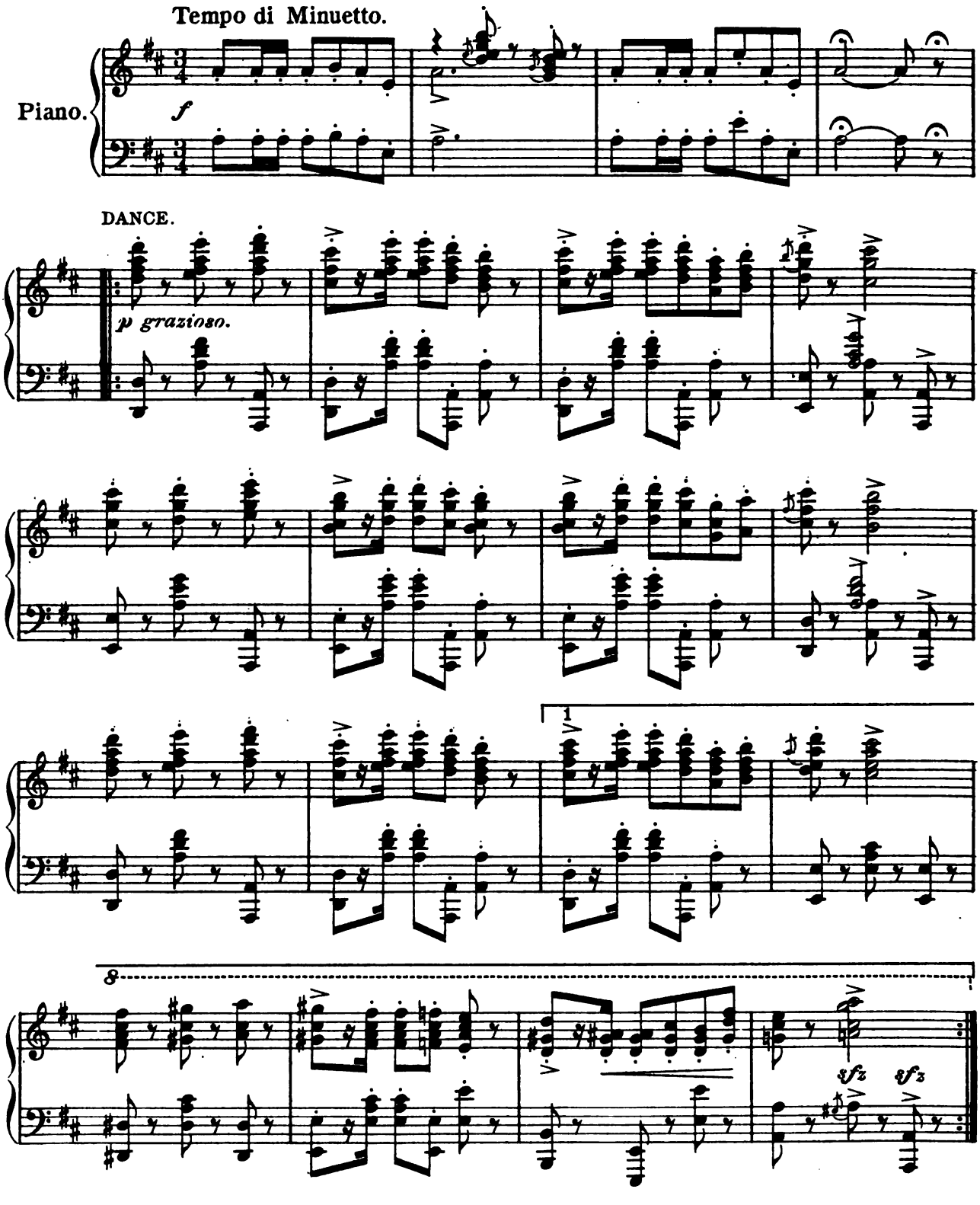

Piu mosso.
f
p
pp
staccatissimo.
cresc.
p poco rall.

# Ball Room Scene.

## №17.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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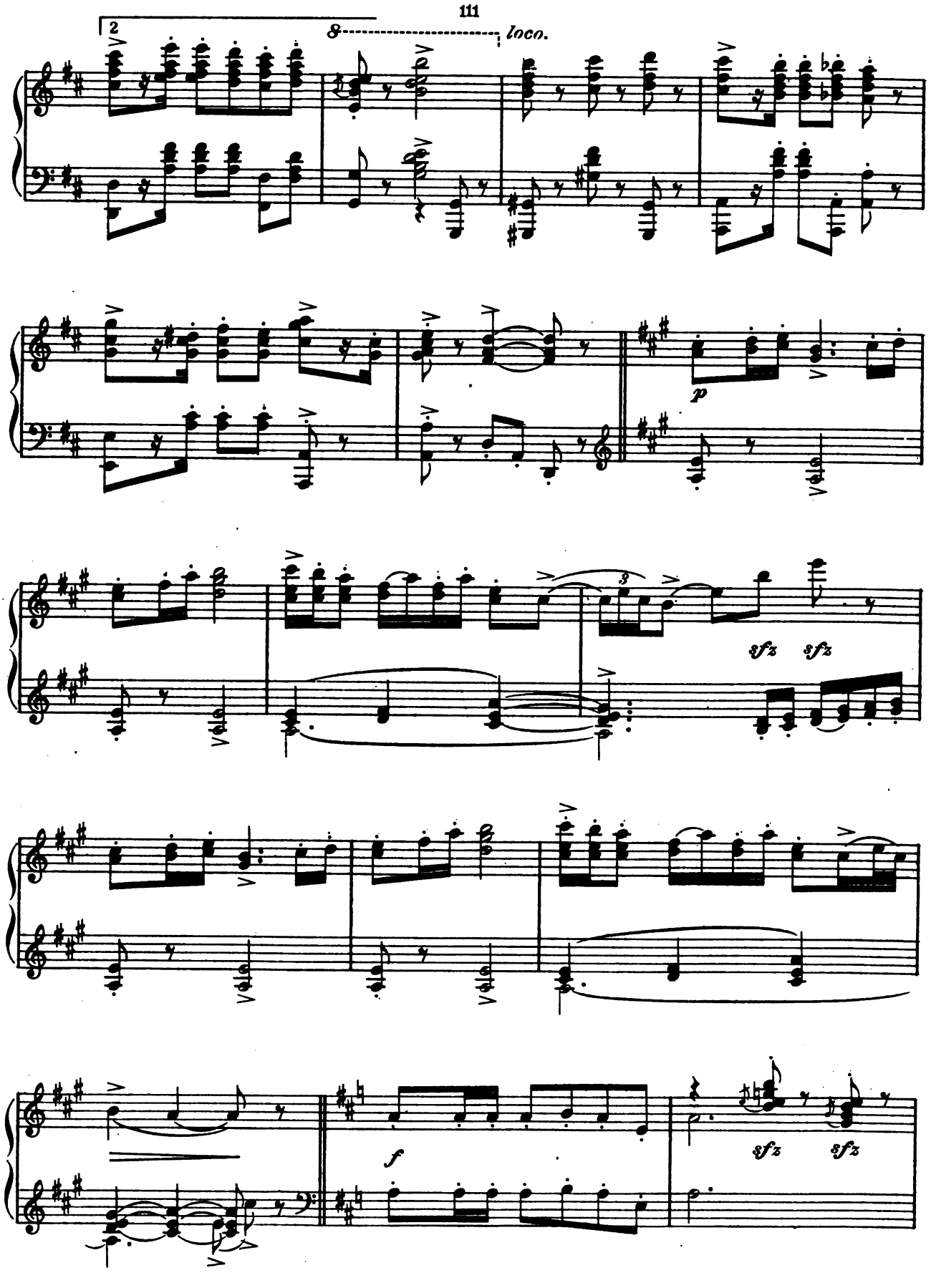
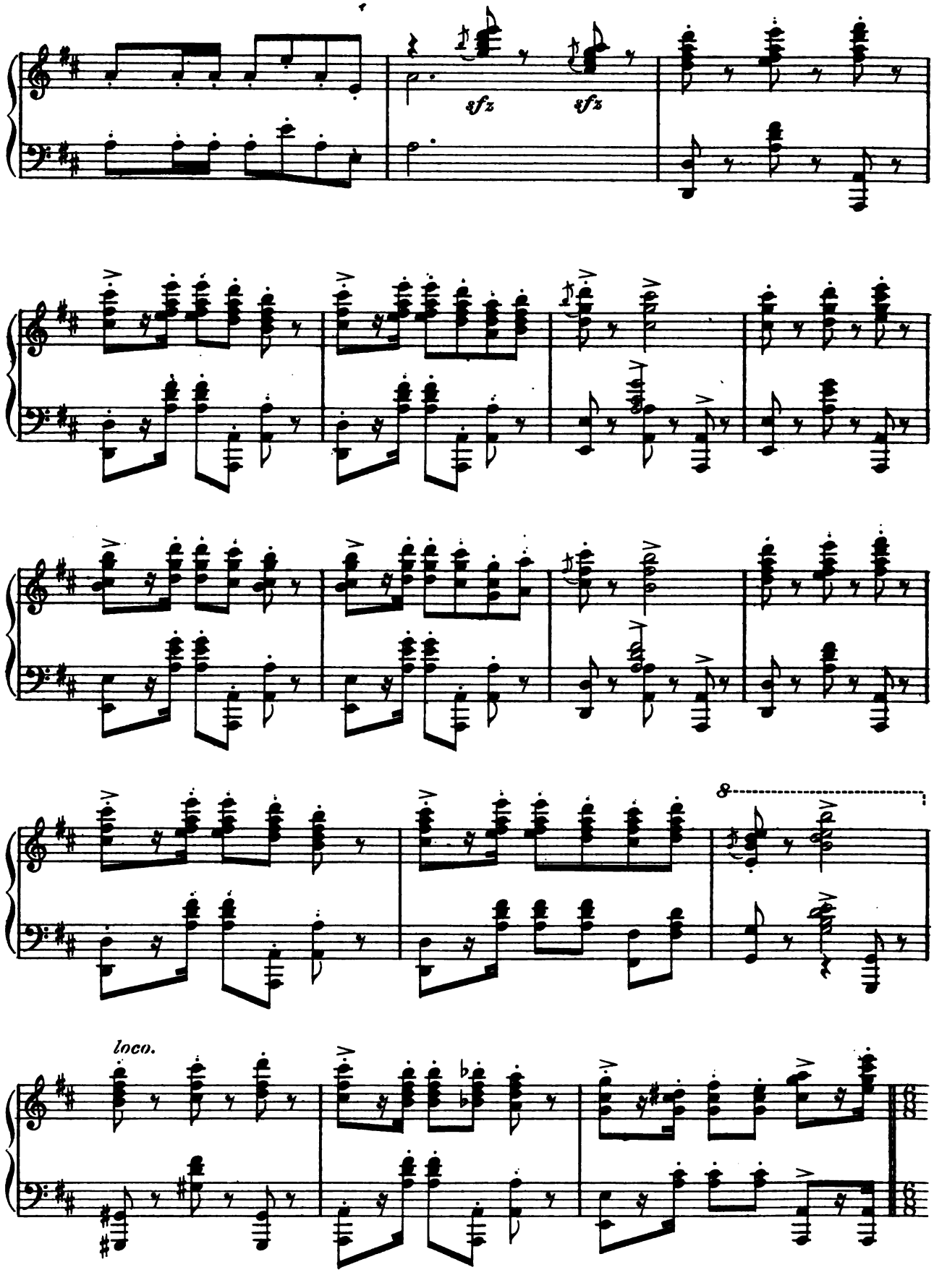
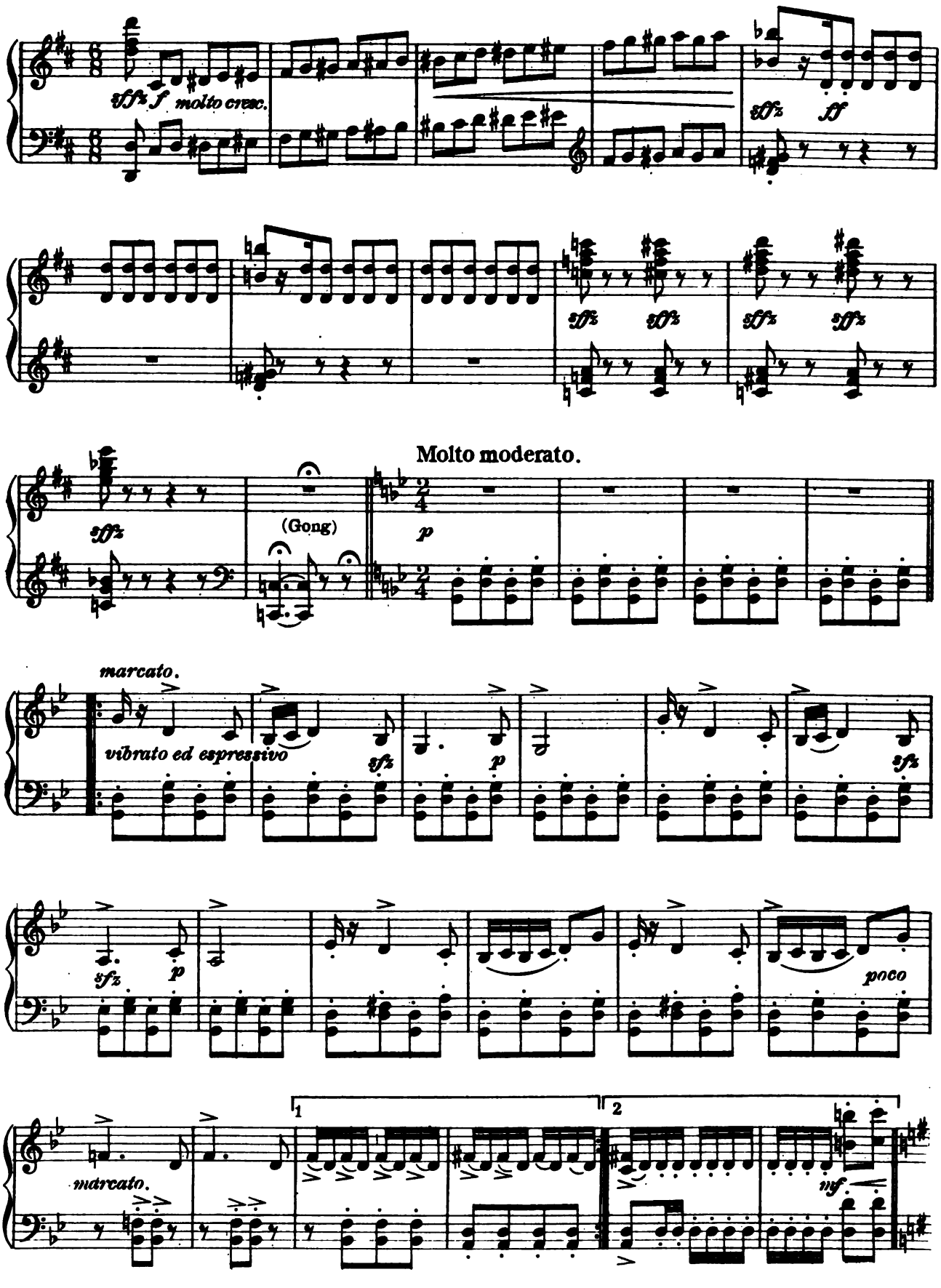
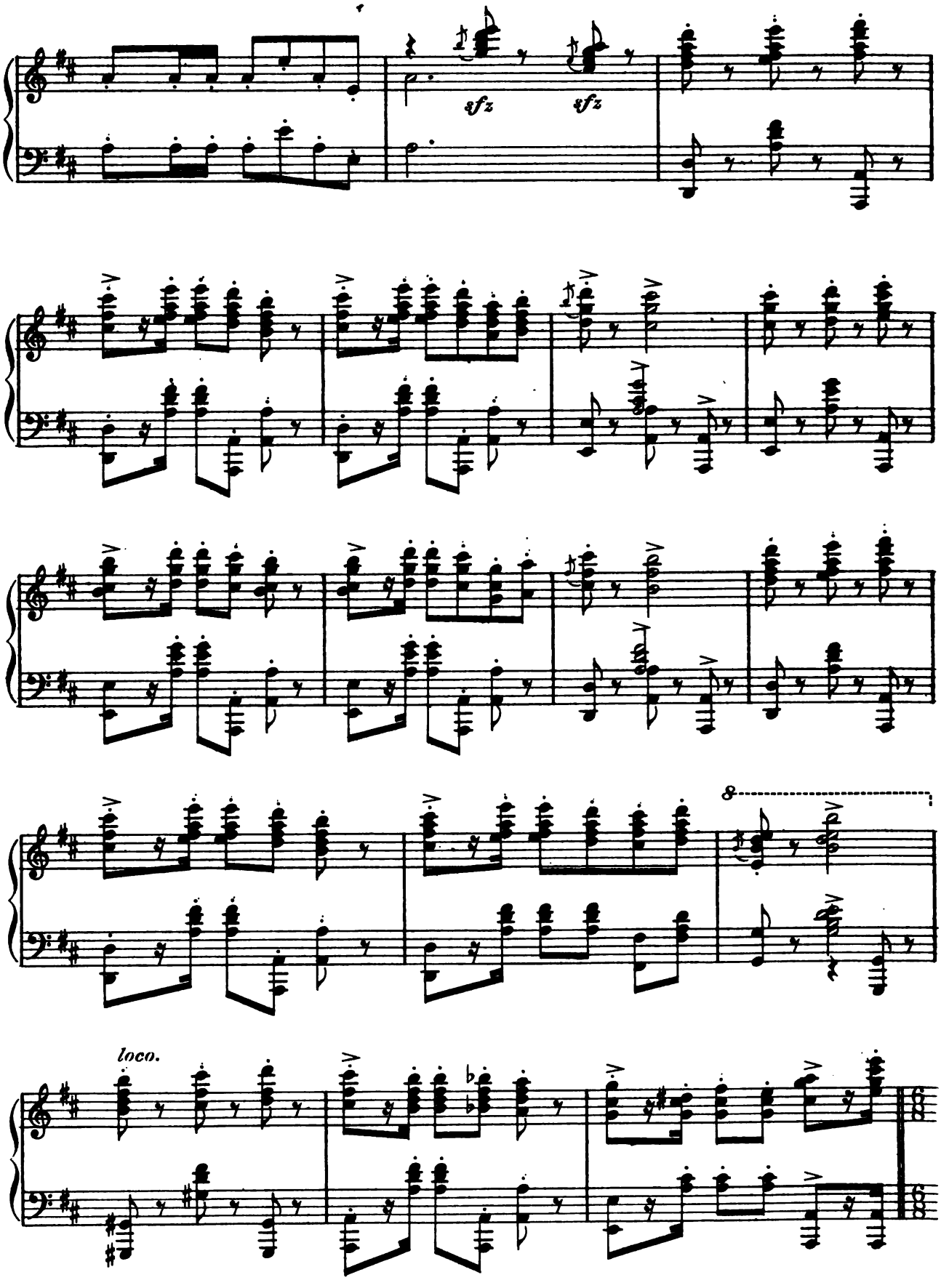
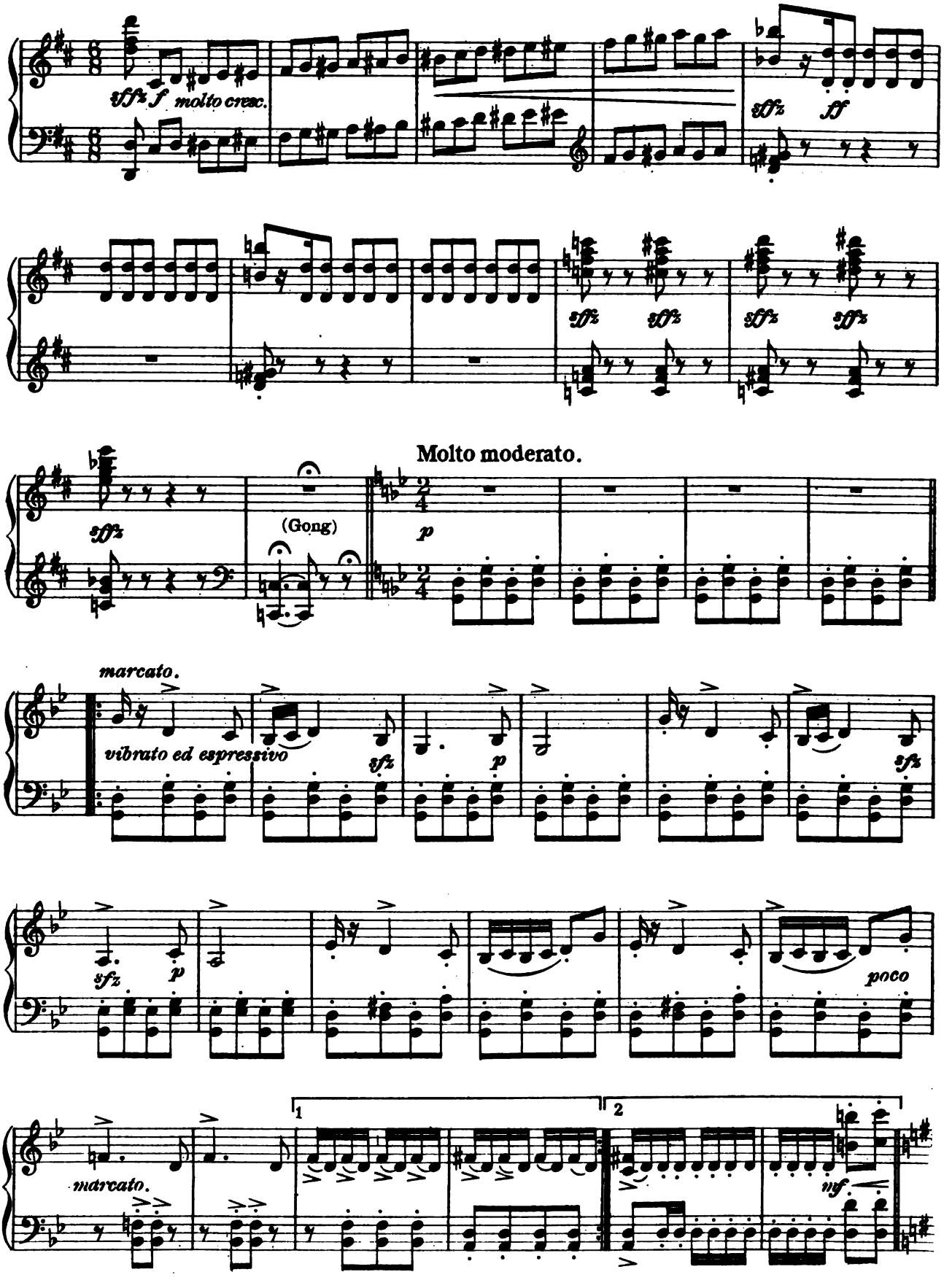
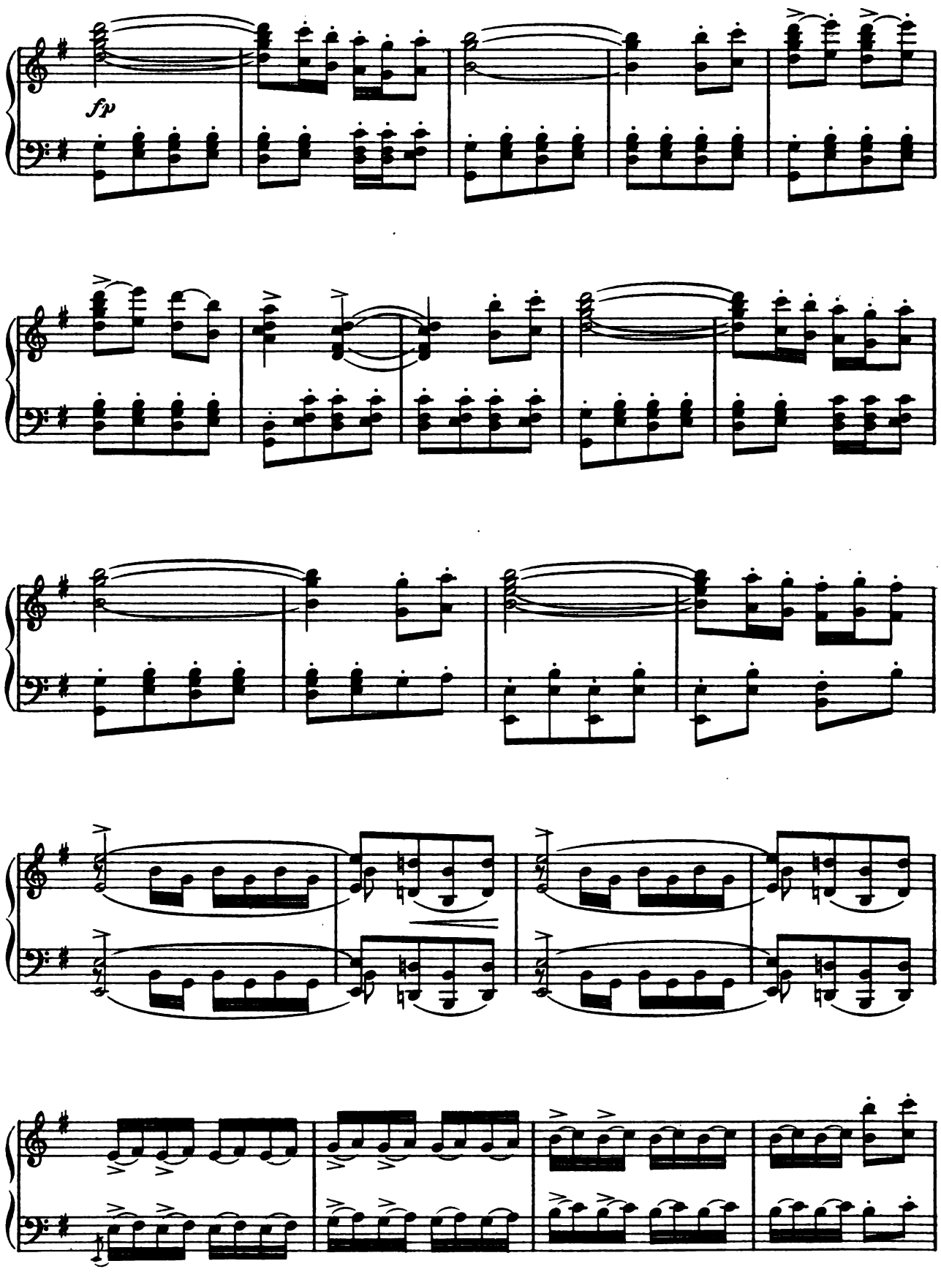

2
8
loco.
p
3
sfz
sfz
f
sfz
sfz

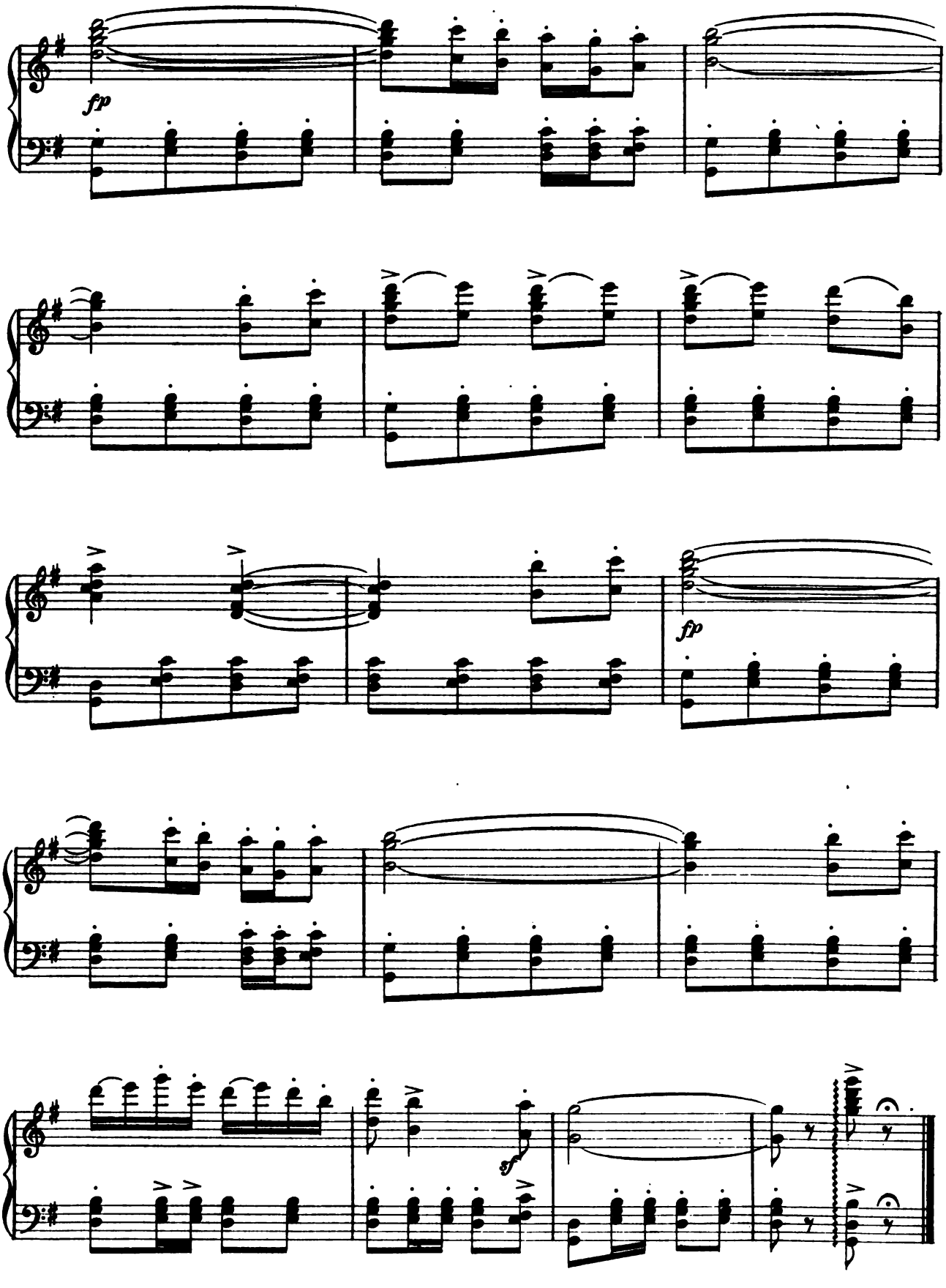

sfz
sfz
8
loco.


sffz f molto cresc.
sffz ff
sffz sffz sffz sffz
Molto moderato.
sffz
(Gong)
p
marcato.
vibrato ed espressivo
sfz p sfz
sfz p
poco
marcato.
1
2
mf


sfz
sfz
8
loco.


sfz f molto cresc.
sfz ff
sfz sfz
sfz sfz
Molto moderato.
sfz
(Gong)
p
marcato.
vibrato ed espressivo
sfz
p
sfz
sfz p
poco
1
2
marcato.
mf


fp


fp
fp
sf

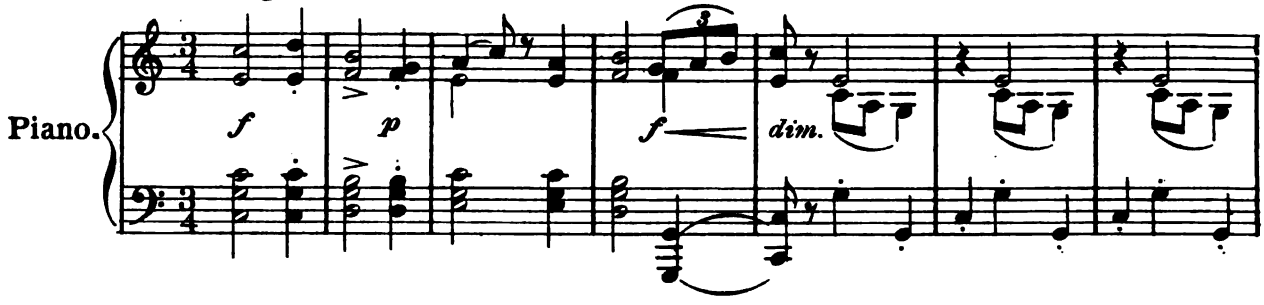
# No. 18. I, and Myself, and Me.

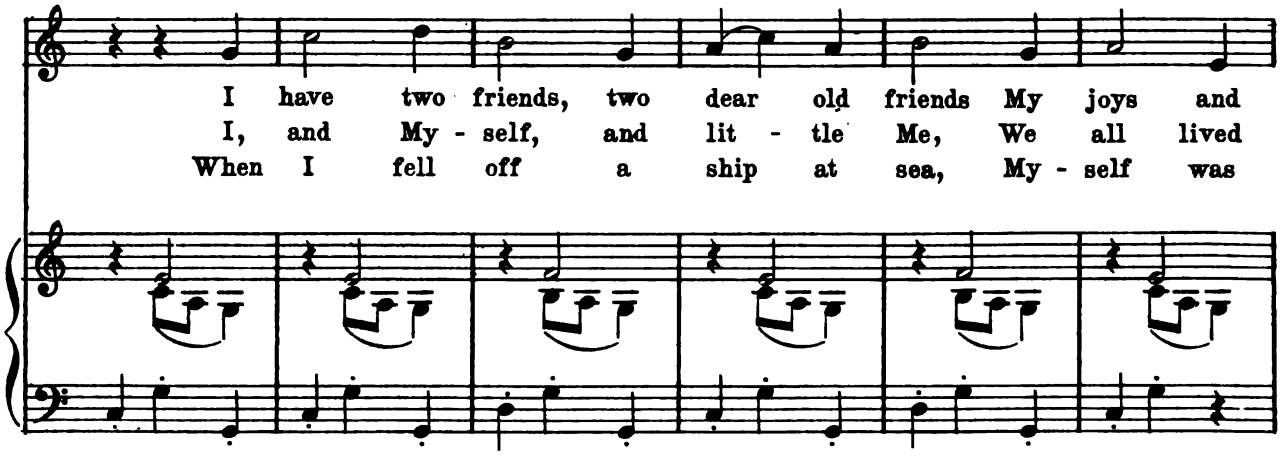
Dr. Fax and Chorus.

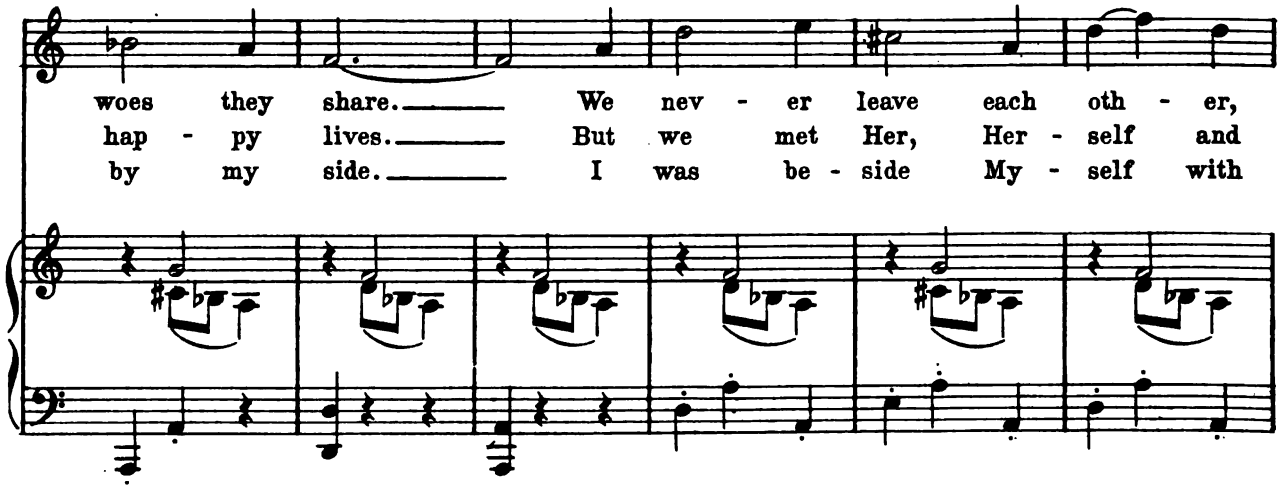
Lyric by
VINCENT BRYAN.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Valse lente.

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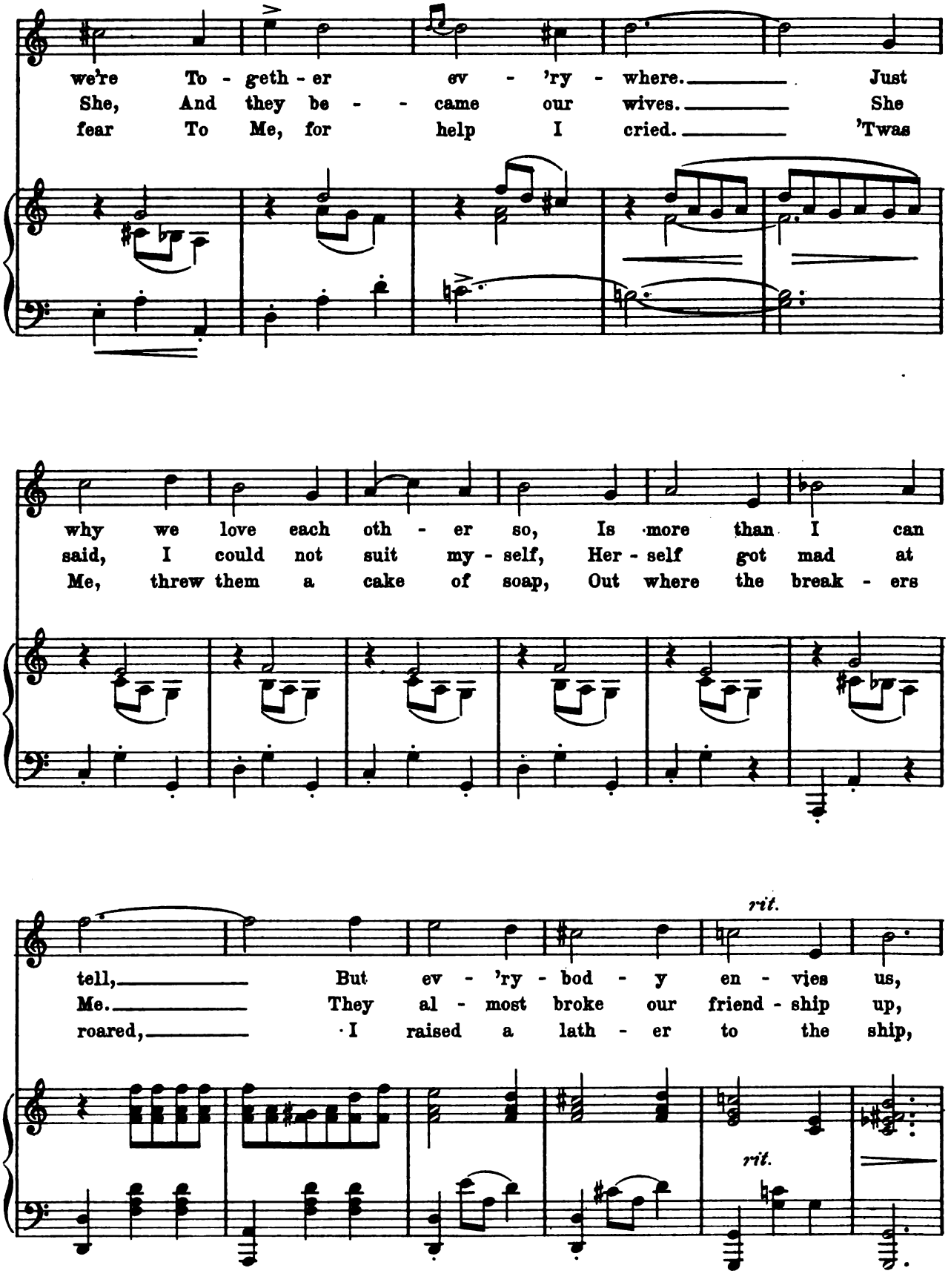
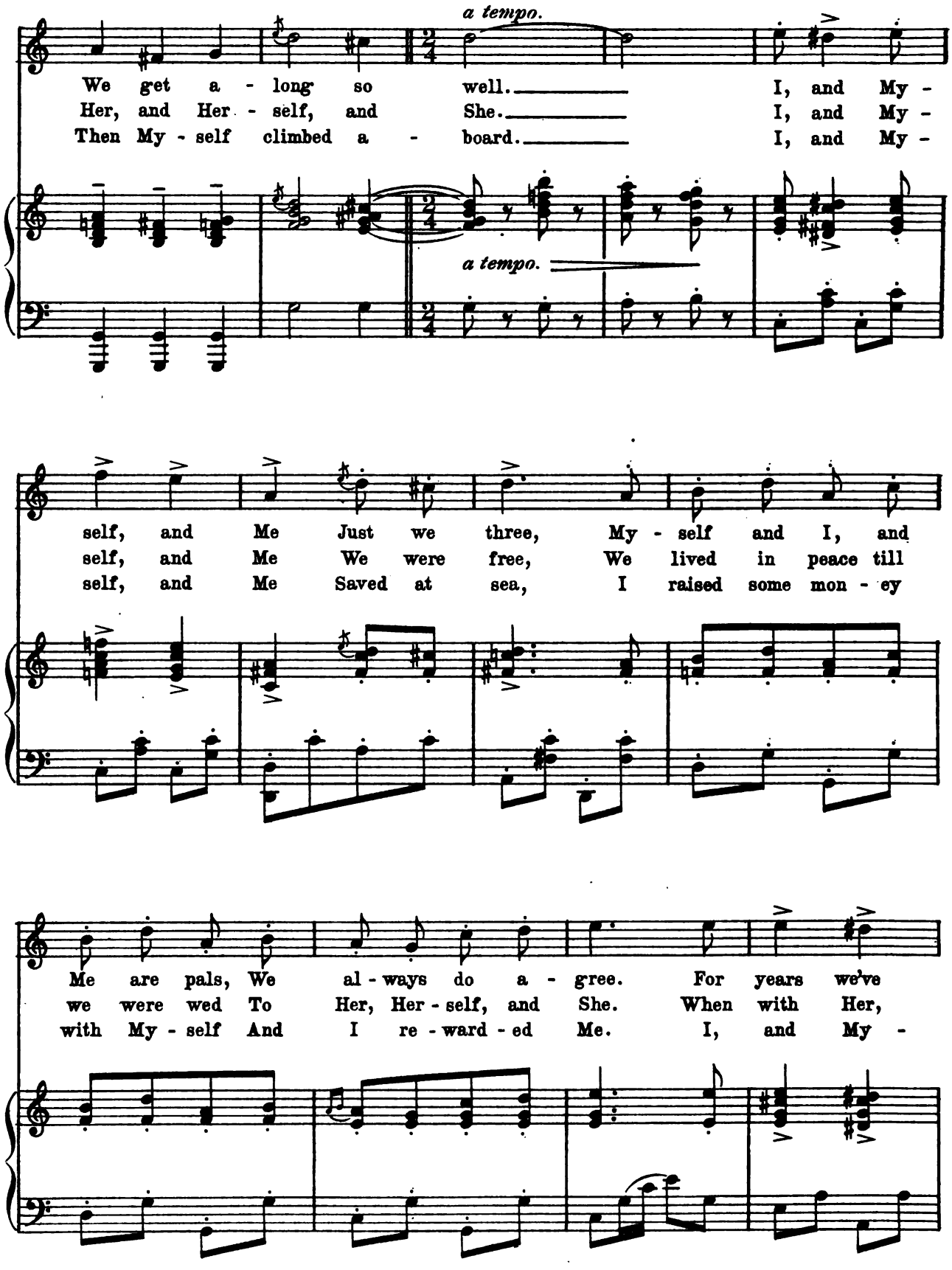
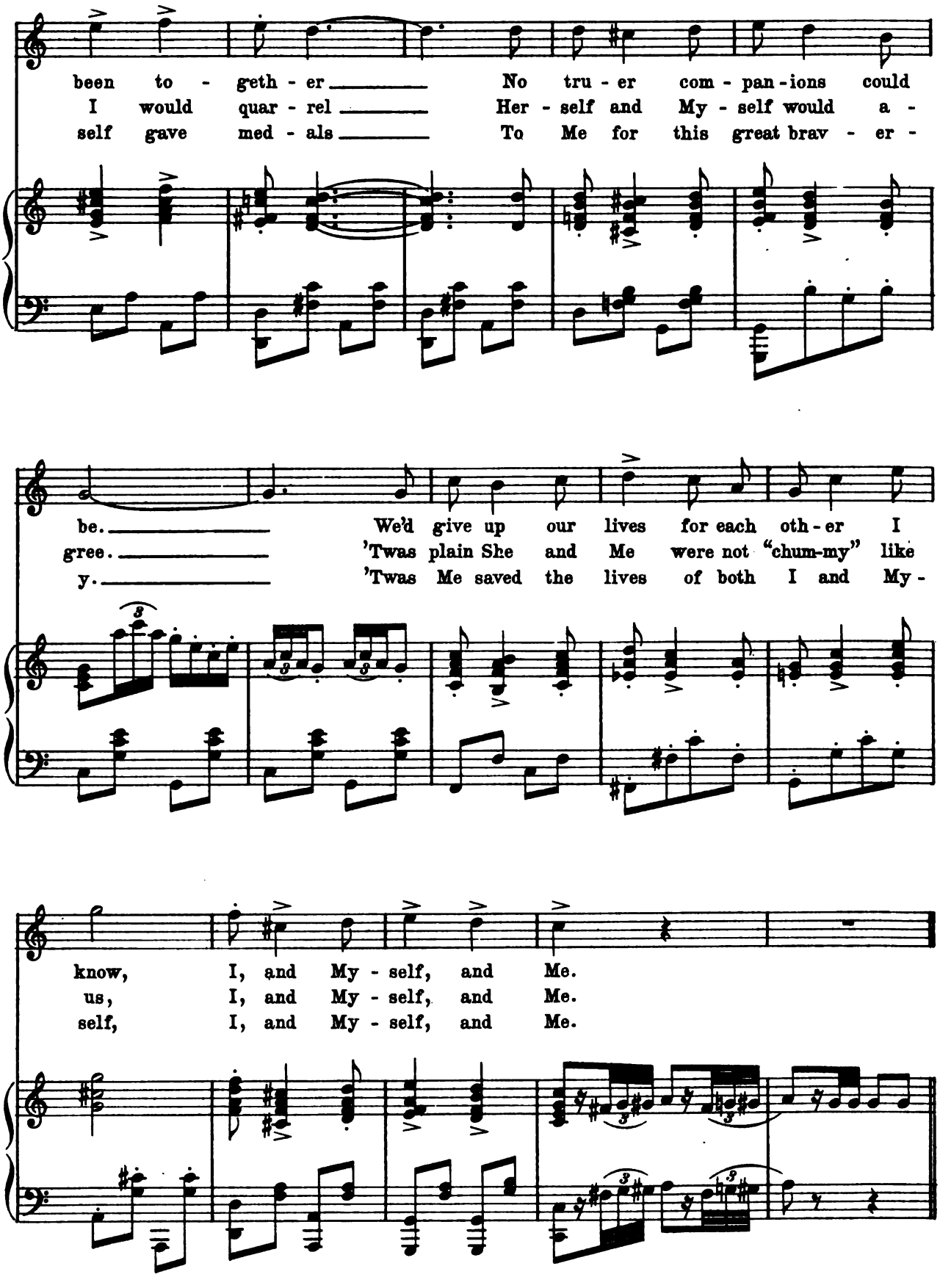
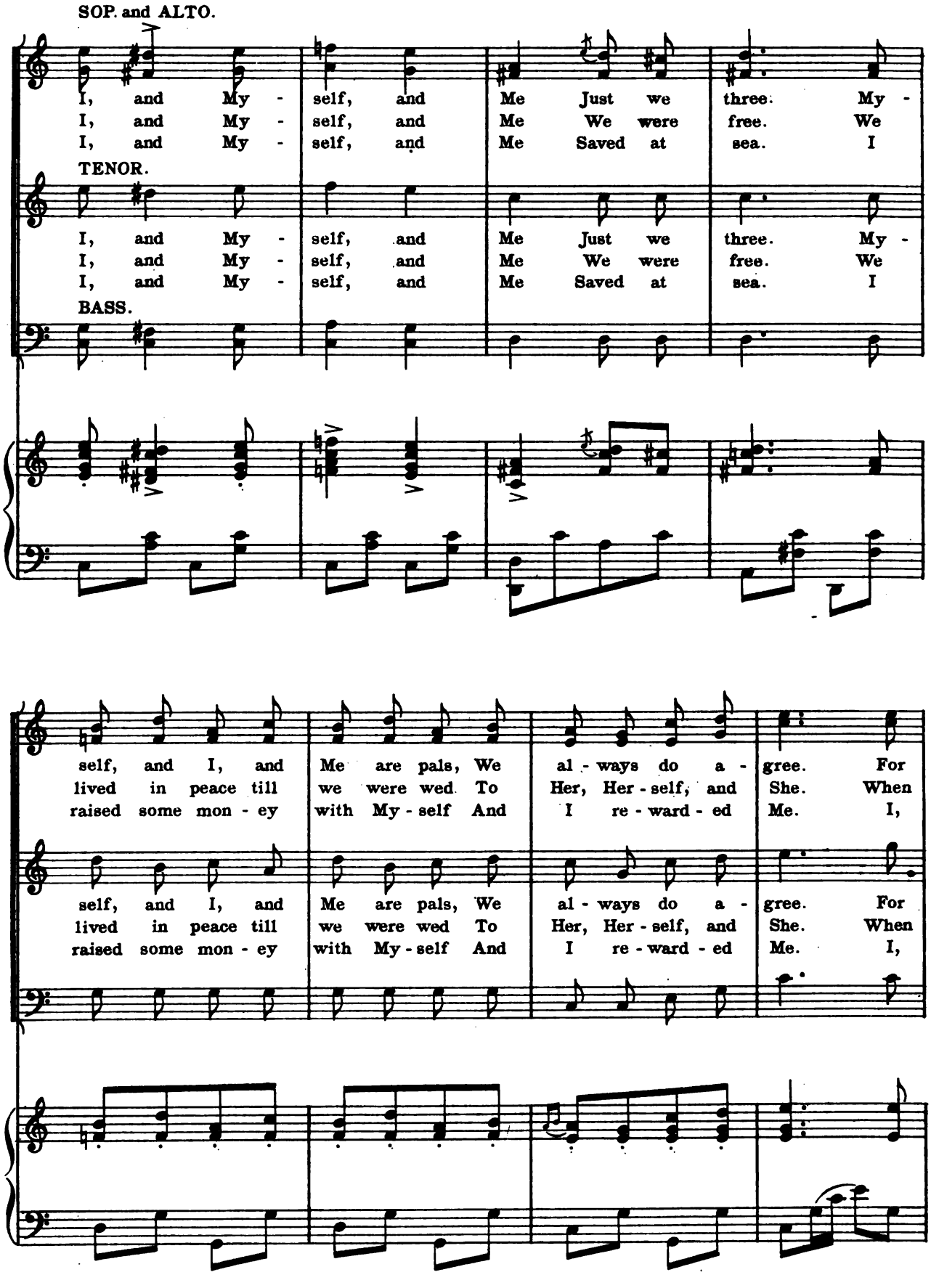
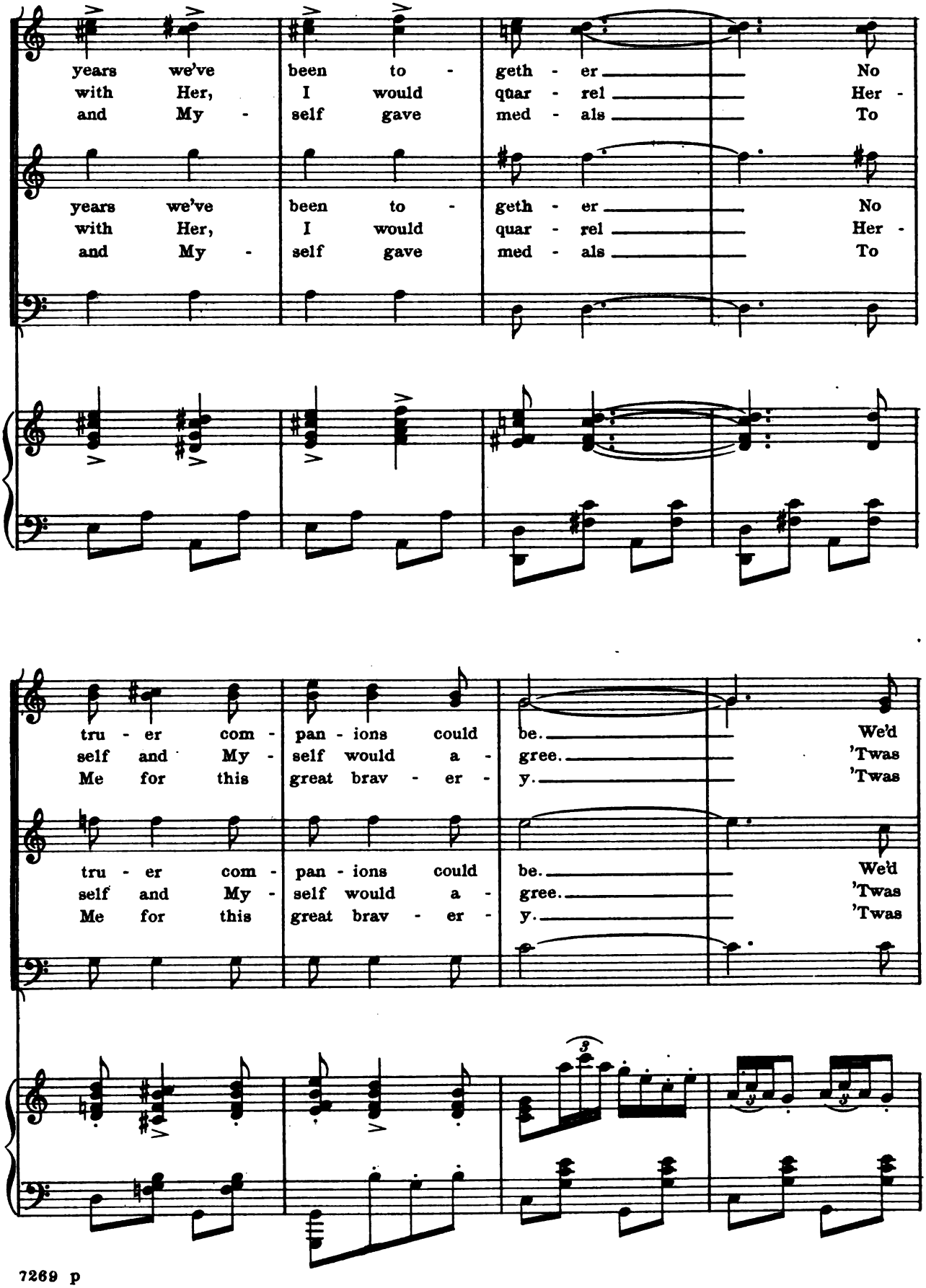
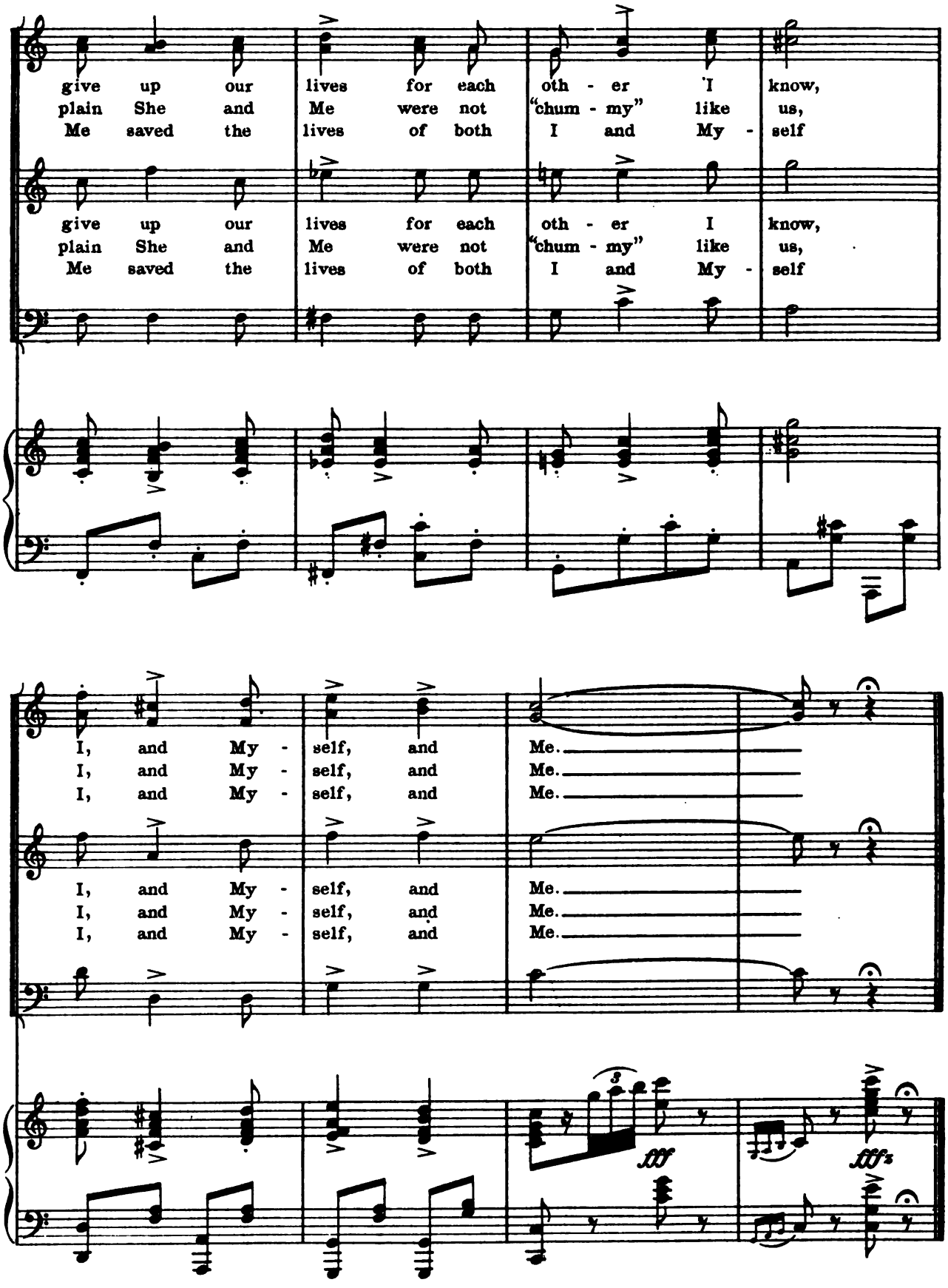

we're To - geth - er ev - 'ry - where. Just
She, And they be - - came our wives. She
fear To Me, for help I cried. 'Twas
why we love each oth - er so, Is more than I can
said, I could not suit my - self, Her - self got mad at
Me, threw them a cake of soap, Out where the break - ers
rit.
tell, But ev - 'ry - bod - y en - vies us,
Me. They al - most broke our friend - ship up,
roared, I raised a lath - er to the ship,
rit.


a tempo.
We get a - long so well. I, and My -
Her, and Her - self, and She. I, and My -
Then My - self climbed a - board. I, and My -
a tempo.
self, and Me Just we three, My - self and I, and
self, and Me We were free, We lived in peace till
self, and Me Saved at sea, I raised some mon - ey
Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For years we've
we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When with Her,
with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I, and My -


been to - geth - er No tru - er com - pan - ions could
I would quar - rel Her - self and My - self would a -
self gave med - als To Me for this great brav - er -
be. We'd give up our lives for each oth - er I
gree. 'Twas plain She and Me were not "chum-my" like
y. 'Twas Me saved the lives of both I and My -
know, I, and My - self, and Me.
us, I, and My - self, and Me.
self, I, and My - self, and Me.


SOP. and ALTO.
I, and My - self, and Me Just we three. My -
I, and My - self, and Me We were free. We
I, and My - self, and Me Saved at sea. I
TENOR.
I, and My - self, and Me Just we three. My -
I, and My - self, and Me We were free. We
I, and My - self, and Me Saved at sea. I
BASS.
self, and I, and Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For
lived in peace till we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When
raised some mon - ey with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I,
self, and I, and Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For
lived in peace till we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When
raised some mon - ey with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I,


years we've been to - geth - er No
with Her, I would quar - rel Her -
and My - self gave med - als To
years we've been to - geth - er No
with Her, I would quar - rel Her -
and My - self gave med - als To
tru - er com - pan - ions could be. We'd
self and My - self would a - gree. 'Twas
Me for this great brav - er - y. 'Twas
tru - er com - pan - ions could be. We'd
self and My - self would a - gree. 'Twas
Me for this great brav - er - y. 'Twas


give up our lives for each oth - er I know,
plain She and Me were not "chum - my" like us,
Me saved the lives of both I and My - self
give up our lives for each oth - er I know,
plain She and Me were not "chum - my" like us,
Me saved the lives of both I and My - self
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
fff
fff

# Hallowe'en.

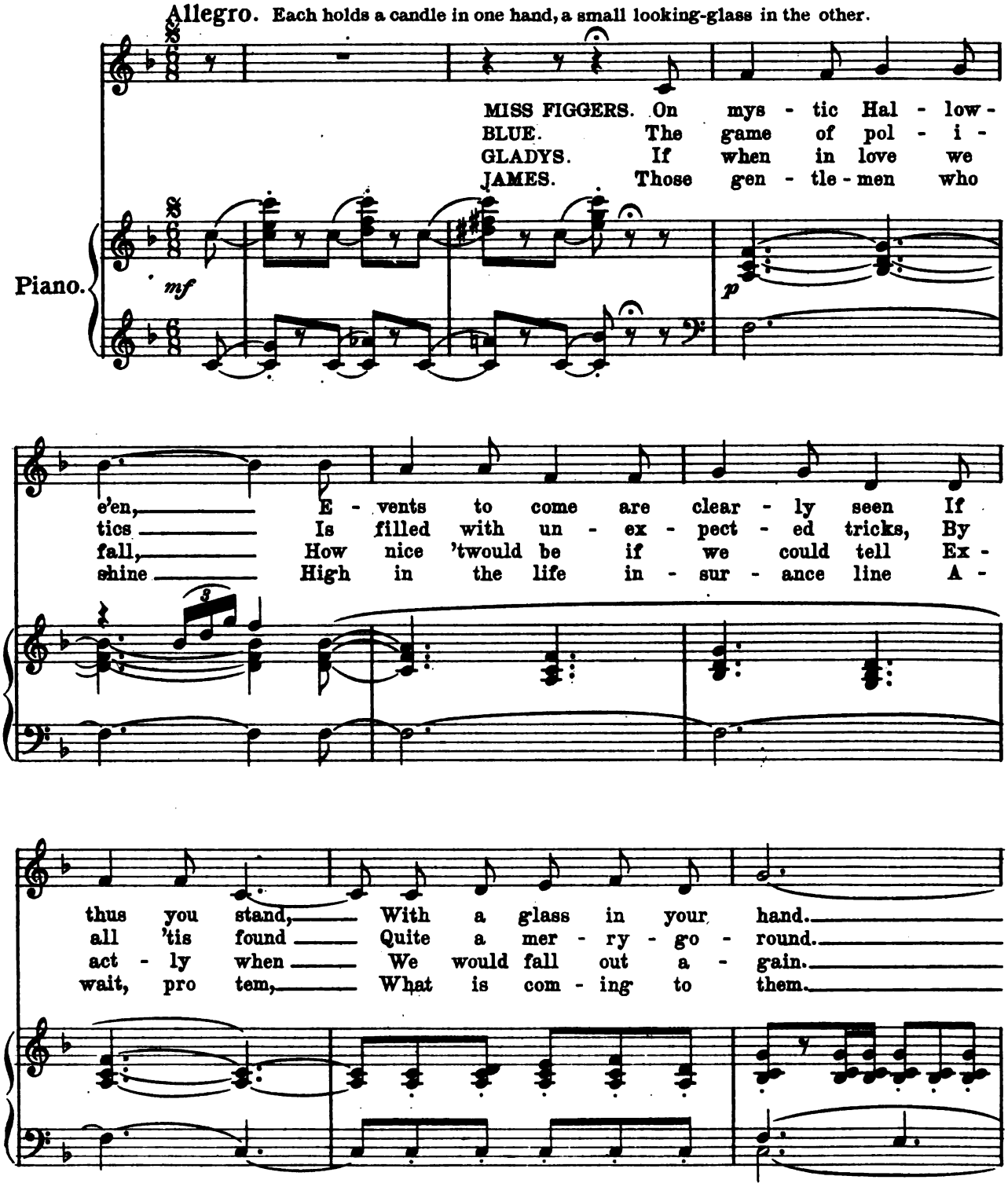
## No. 19.

### TOPICAL QUARTETTE.

Miss Figgers, Gladys, Capt. Blue and James.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

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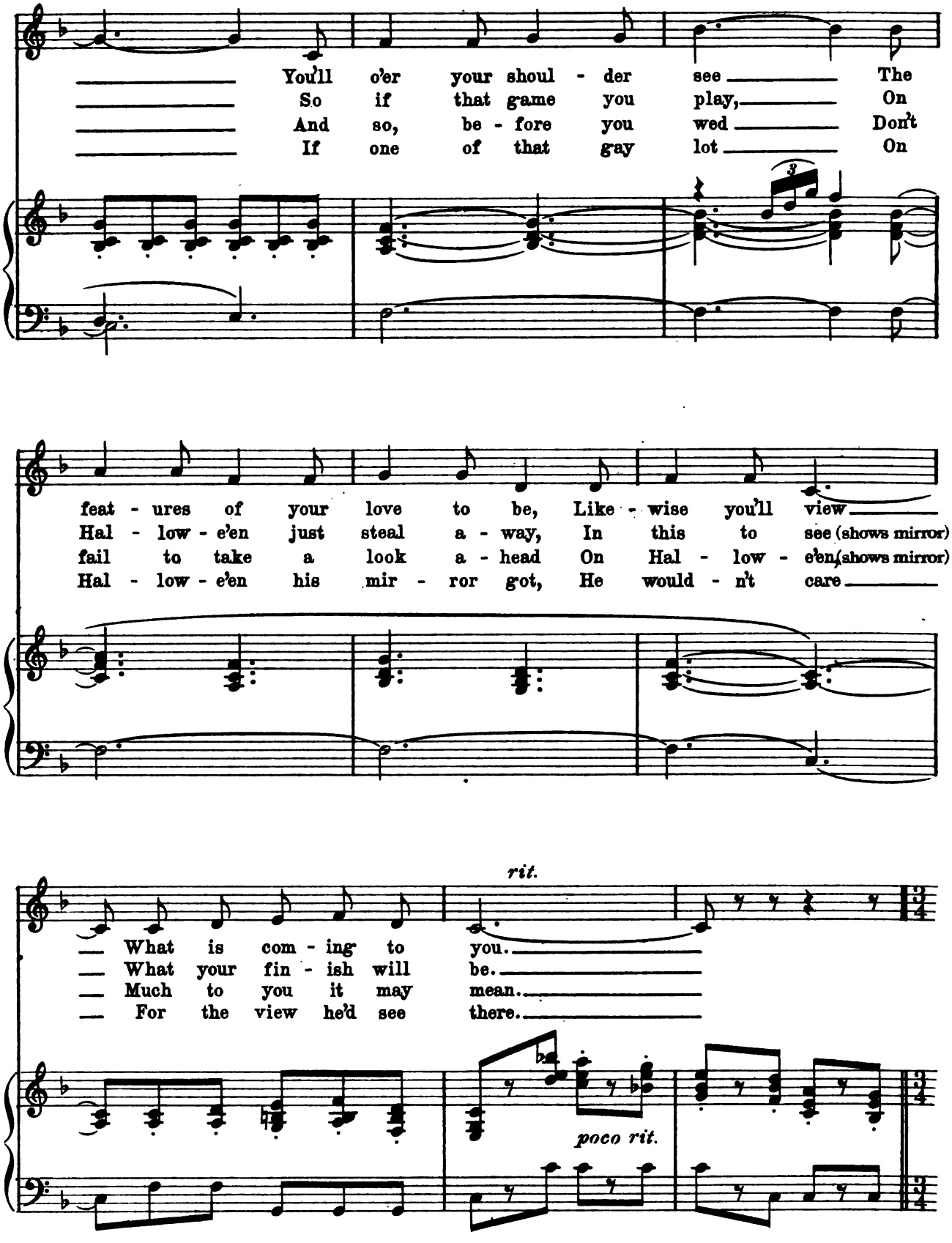
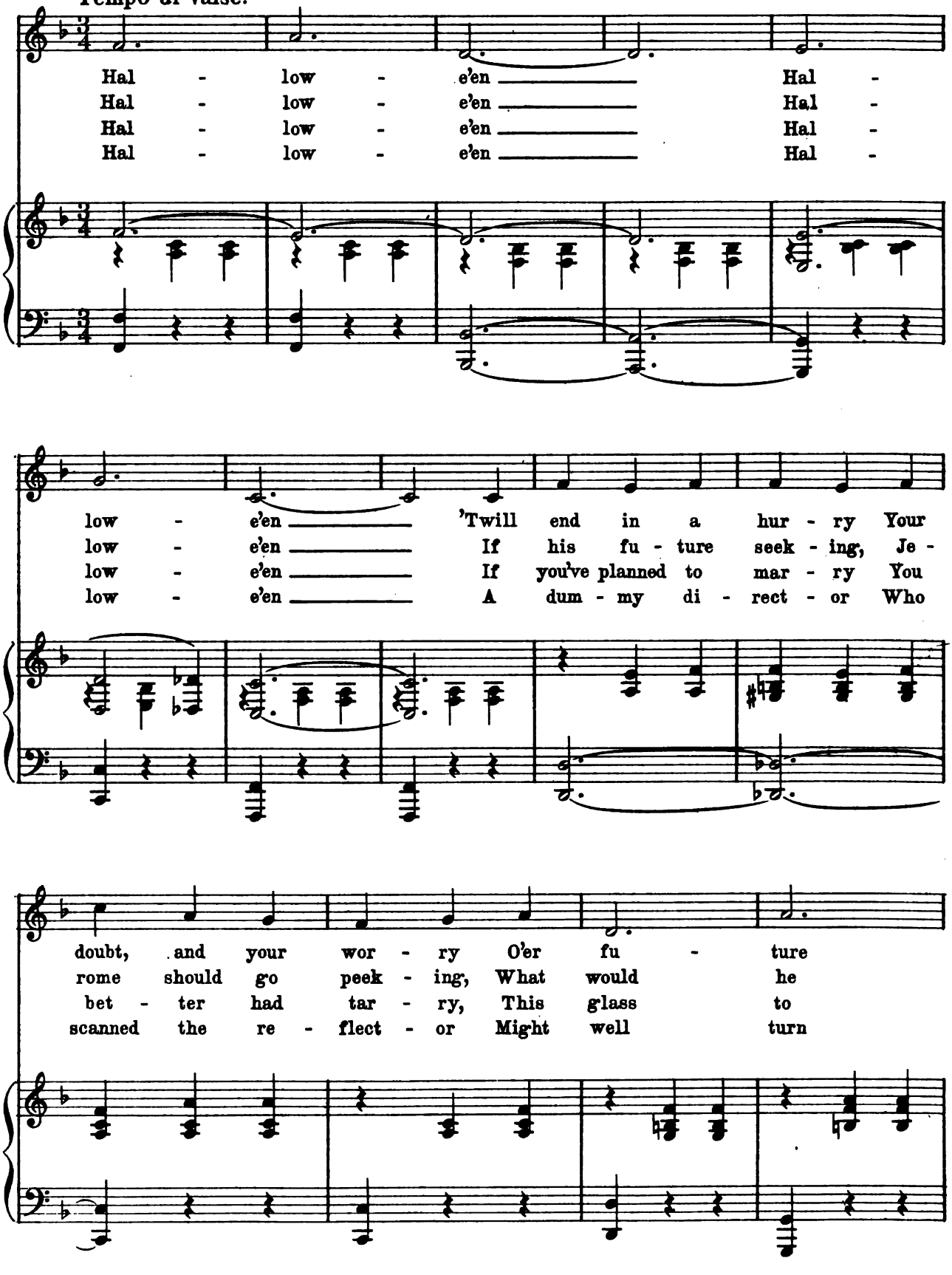
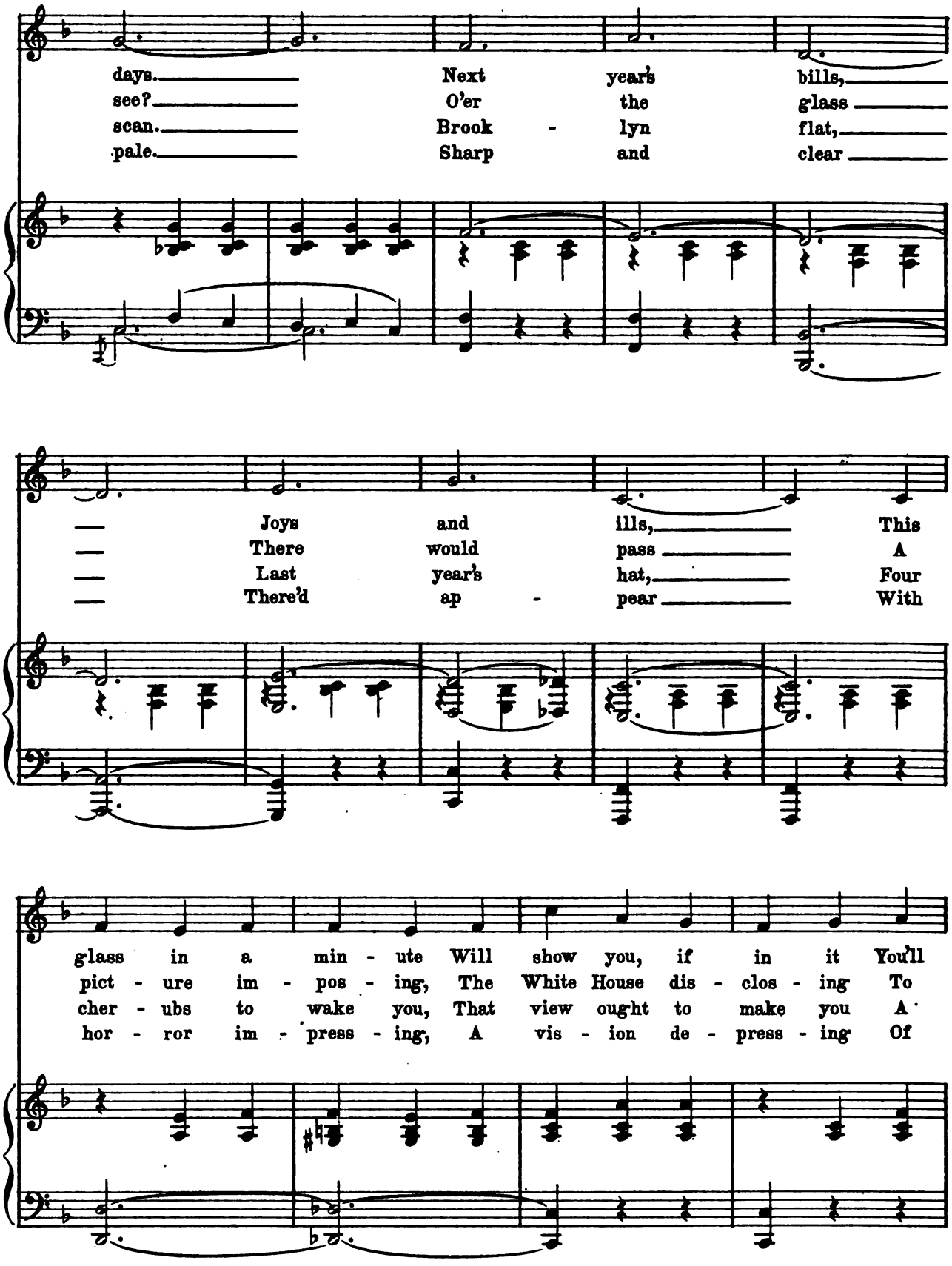
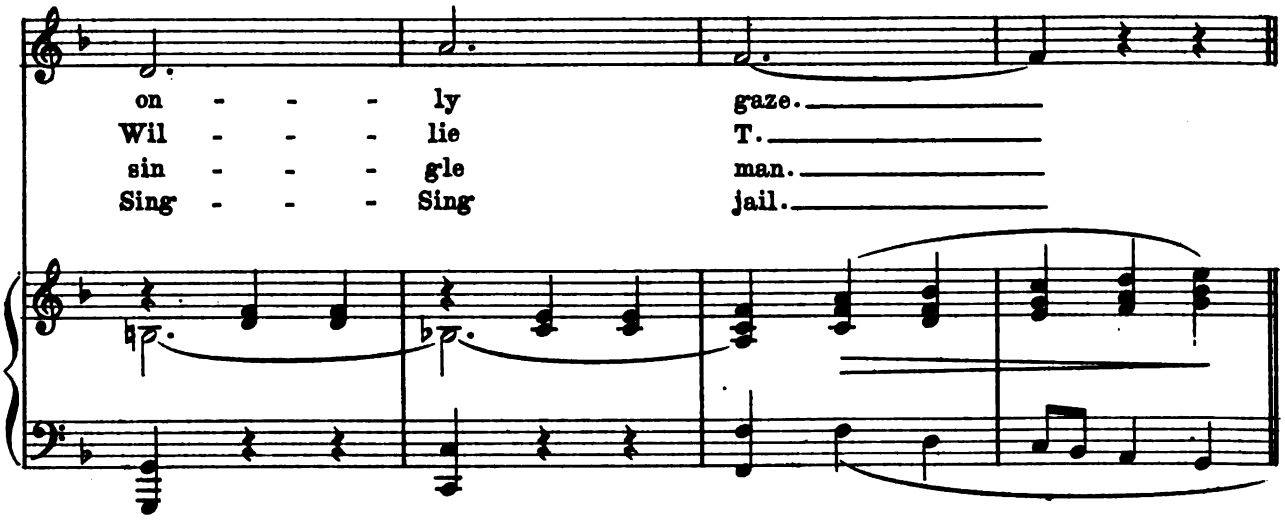

You'll o'er your shoul - der see The
So if that game you play, On
And so, be - fore you wed Don't
If one of that gay lot On
3
feat - ures of your love to be, Like - wise you'll view
Hal - low - e'en just steal a - way, In this to see (shows mirror)
fail to take a look a - head On Hal - low - e'en (shows mirror)
Hal - low - e'en his mir - ror got, He would - n't care
rit.
What is com - ing to you.
What your fin - ish will be.
Much to you it may mean.
For the view he'd see there.
poco rit.

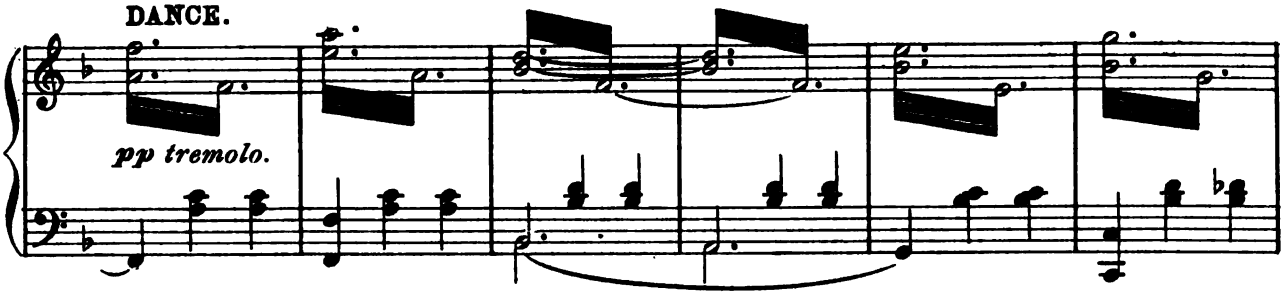
REFRAIN.

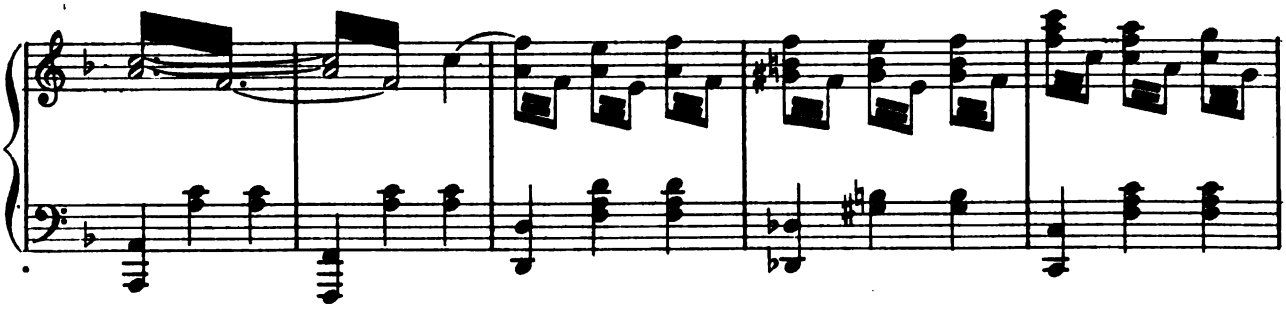
Tempo di Valse.

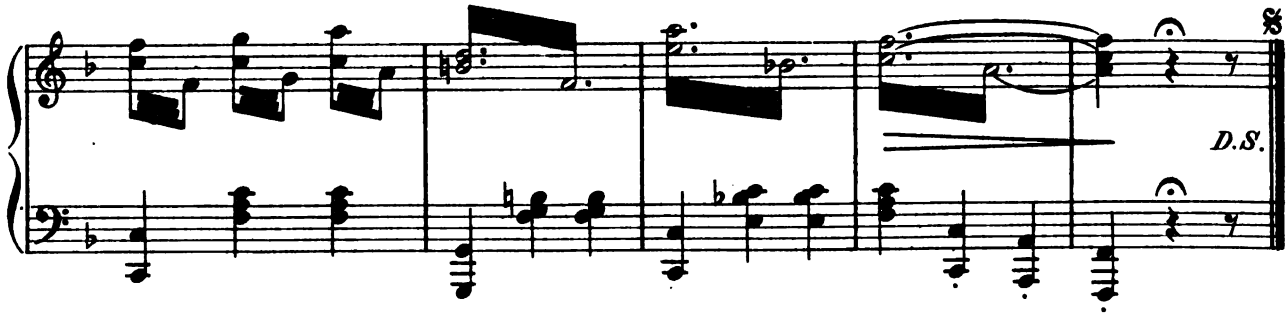



days. Next year's bills,
see? O'er the glass
scan. Brook - lyn flat,
pale. Sharp and clear
Joys and ills, This
There would pass A
Last year's hat, Four
There'd ap - pear With
glass in a min - ute Will show you, if in it You'll
pict - ure im - pos - ing, The White House dis - clos - ing To
cher - ubs to wake you, That view ought to make you A
hor - ror im - press - ing, A vis - ion de - press - ing Of


on - - - ly gaze.
Wil - - - lie T.
sin - - - gle man.
Sing - - - Sing jail.


DANCE.
pp tremolo.

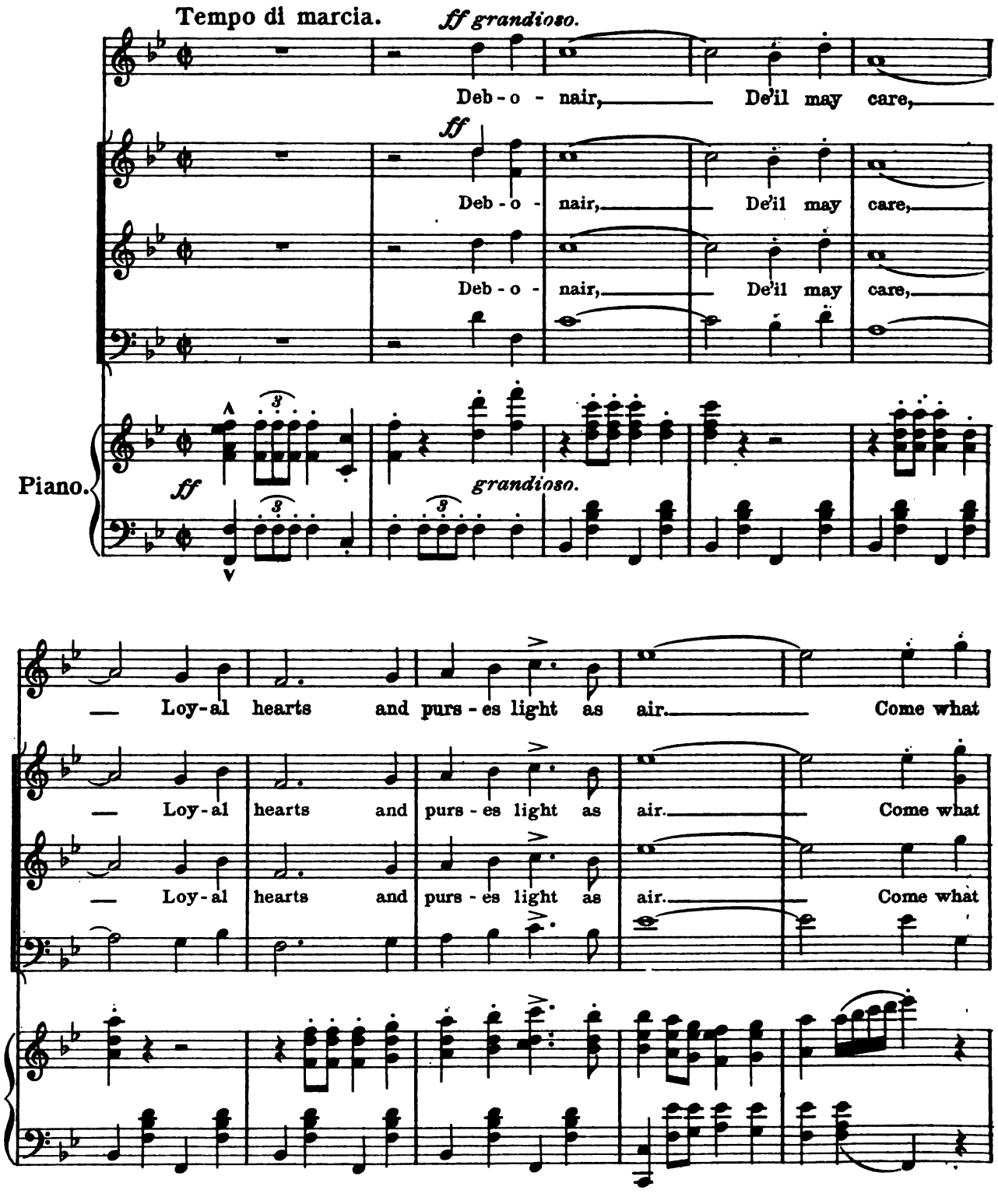



D.S.

# No 20. Finale III.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

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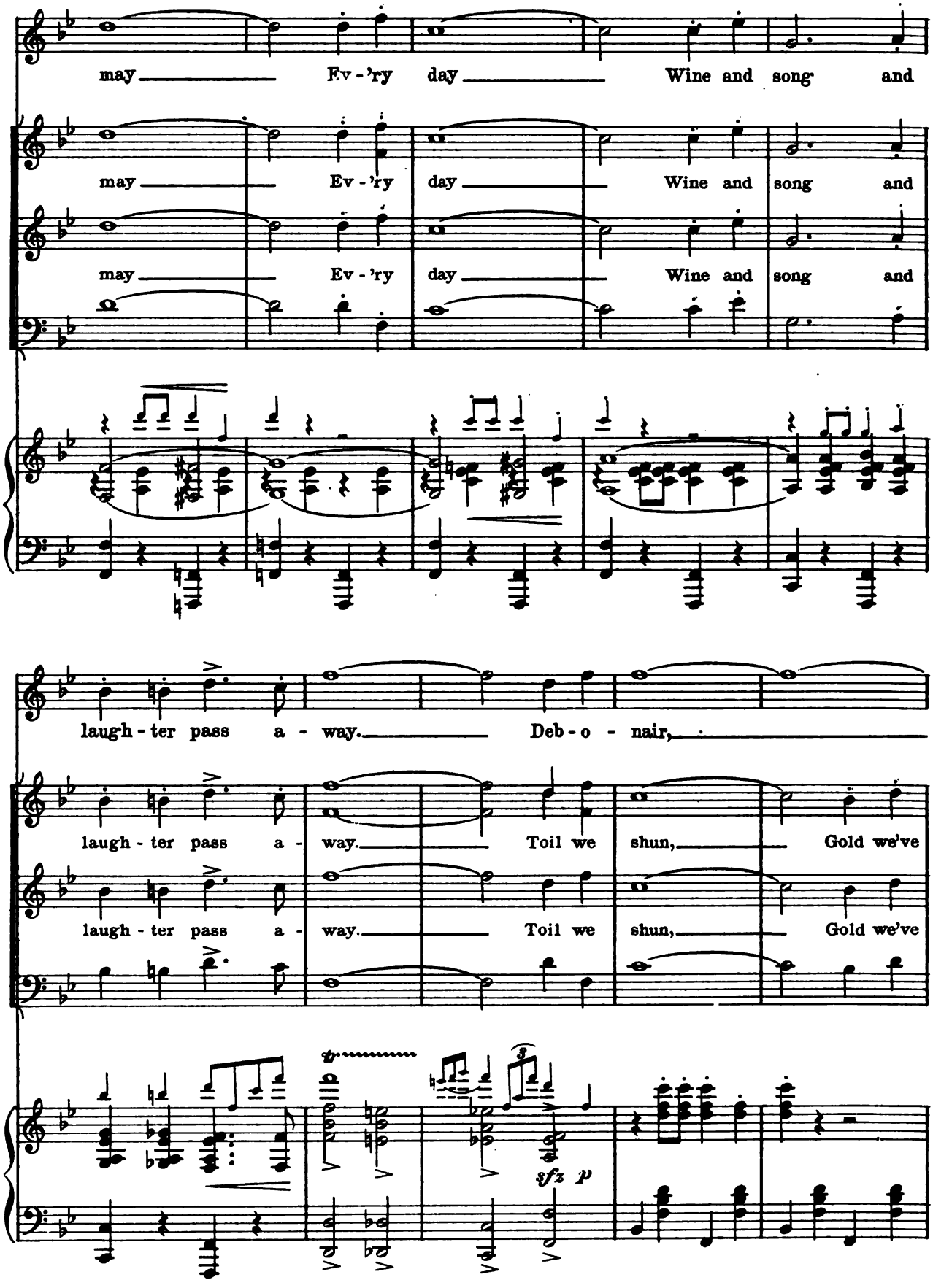
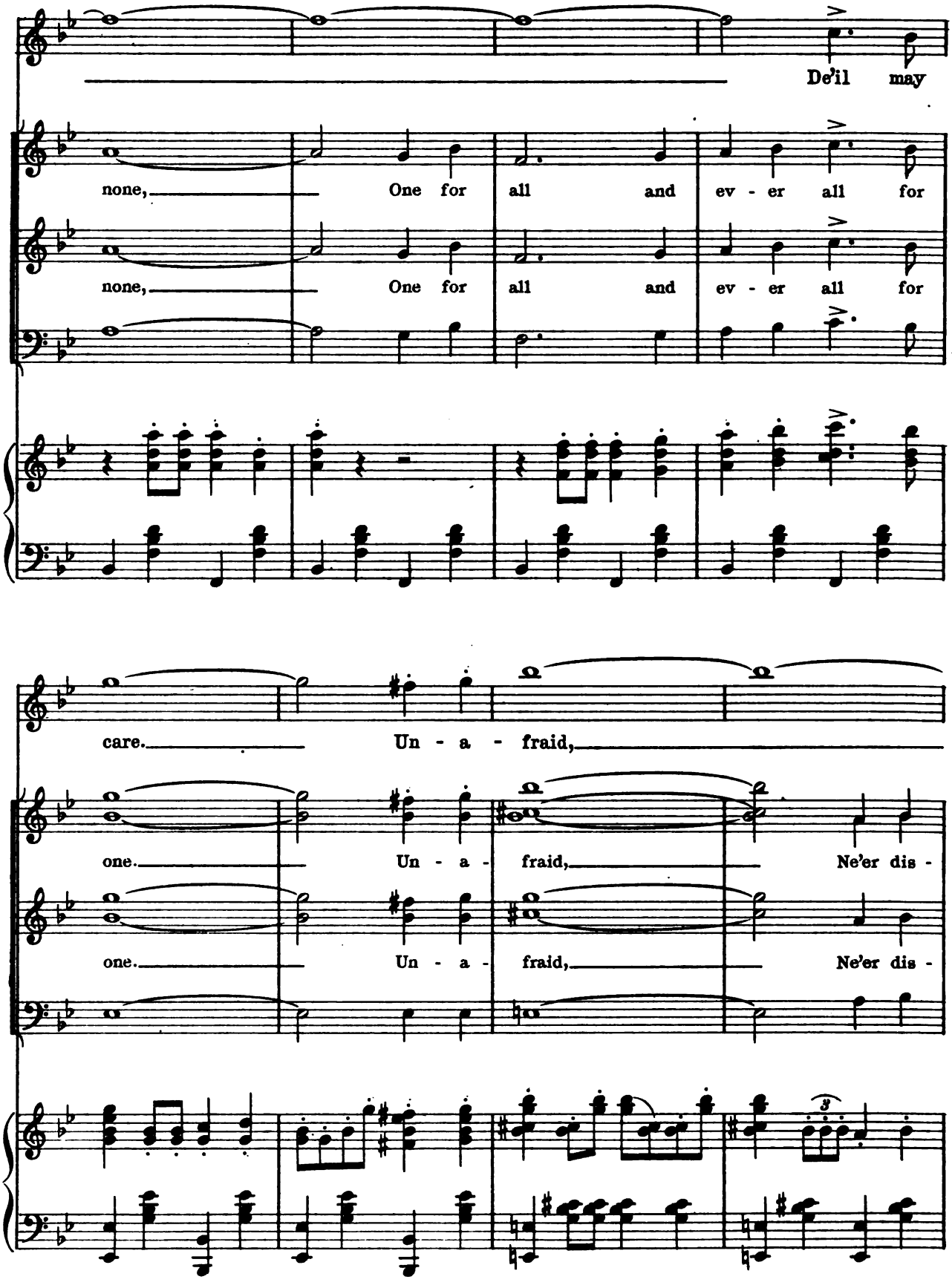
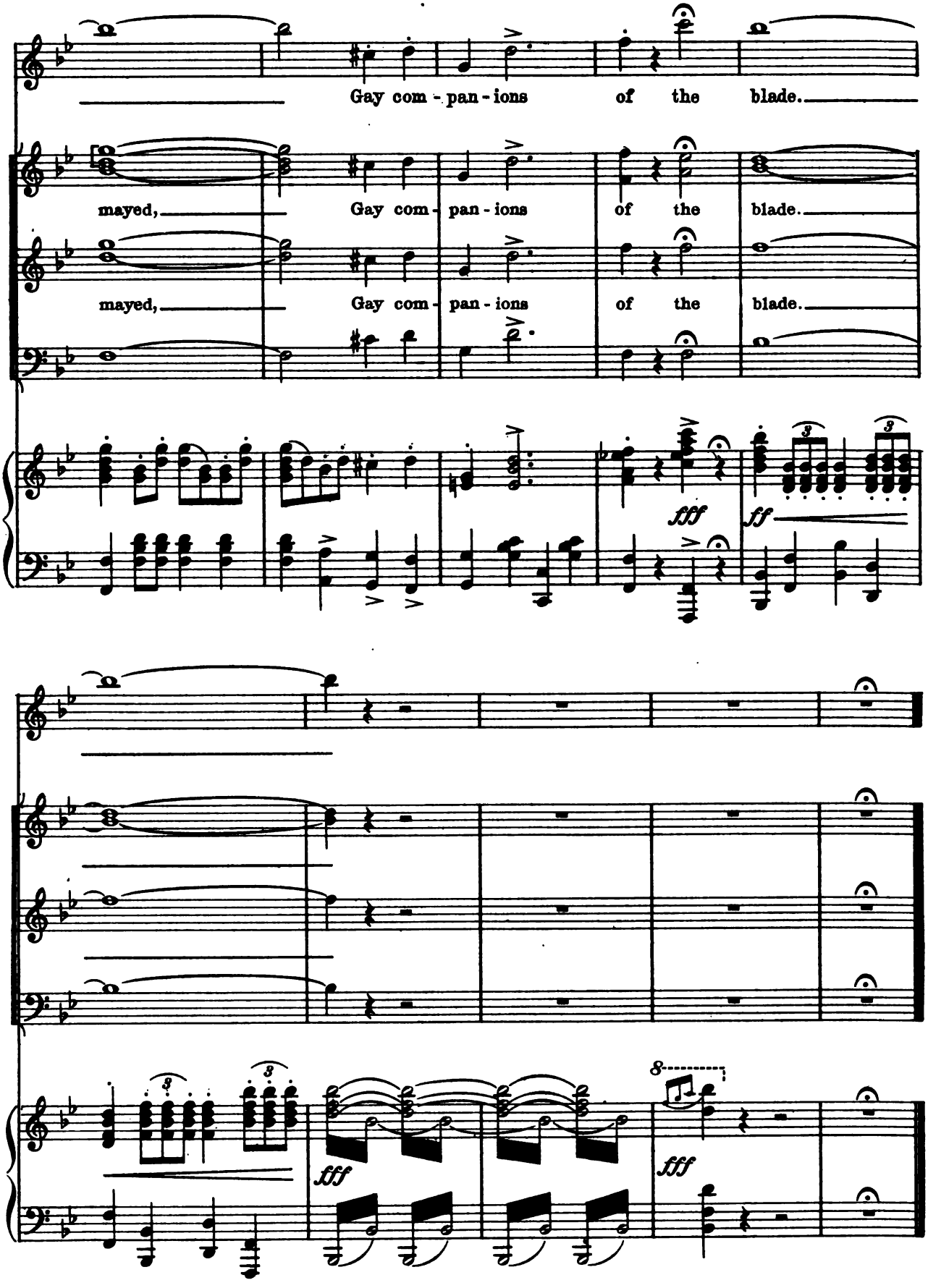

may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and
may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and
may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and
laugh - ter pass a - way. Deb - o - nair,
laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've
laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've
sfz p


De'il may
none, One for all and ev - er all for
none, One for all and ev - er all for
care. Un - a - fraid,
one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -
one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -


Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.
fff
ff
fff
fff



End of Opera.