THE AMUSEMENT PRODUCING COMPANY, INC. PRESENTS
DIRECTION OF
(JOHN P. SLOCUM)

THE GAY MUSICIAN

A COMIC OPERA

MUSIC BY

JULIAN EDWARDS

BOOK AND LYRICS BY

EDWARD SIEDLE & CHAS. J. CAMPBELL

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON PARIS

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VOCAL SCORE, Pr. $2.00 net.
" 6/= "

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1503

The Gay Musician

A NEW COMIC OPERA IN TWO ACTS

Presented by

THE AMUSEMENT PRODUCING Co, Inc.,

Direction JOHN P. SLOCUM.

Produced under the personal Direction of the Composer.

Book and Lyrics by Messrs. SIEDLE & CAMPBELL. Music by JULIAN EDWARDS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Eugene Dubois, an ambitious young composer . . . . . Walter Percival
Mr. Samuel Lyons, Manager of the Novelty Theatre, N.Y. . . . . Edward Martindell
The Hon. Clarence Beresford . . . . . Chas. Wellesley
Capt. George Fish, Retired Sea Captain . . . . . Joseph C. Miron
A. Corker, Retired Wine Merchant . . . . . Chas. Campbell
Hank Hickory, Policemen of the Village . . . . . L. R. Lefferson
Harry Woods . . . . . F. W. Faber
Walter Baker . . . . . Eugene Herbert
John Smith . . . . . Members of the Glee Club . . . . Thos. B. McCormick
Tom Murray . . . . . A. L. Whitman
Maude Granville, Prima Donna of the Novelty Theatre, N.Y. . . . . Amelia Stone
Marie Dubois, wife of Eugene . . . . . Sophie Brandt
Matilda Yager, his Mother-in-Law . . . . . Martha George
Hilda Brandon, Soubrette of the Novelty Theatre, N.Y. . . . . Olga Von Hatzfeld
Kitty Connor, Servant of Marie . . . . . Dolly Eads
Suzanne, French Maid in service of Maud . . . . . Grace Macartie
Delia, Servant of Maude . . . . . Katherine Howland
Dorothy . . . . . Florence Lindley
Helen Knowles . . . . . Francesca Le Clair
Olie Weber . . . . . Members of the Glee Club . . . . Gabrielle Bacot
Lilly Sherwood . . . . . Jean Erickson

Modistes, Milliners, Shop Girls, Messengers,
Servants, Delivery Drivers, Footmen, Florists, etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

Act I — The Home of Eugene Dubois, Bensonhurst.

Act II — Hall in the Home of Maude Granville, New York City.

Musical Director . . . . . Signor A. D. Novellis

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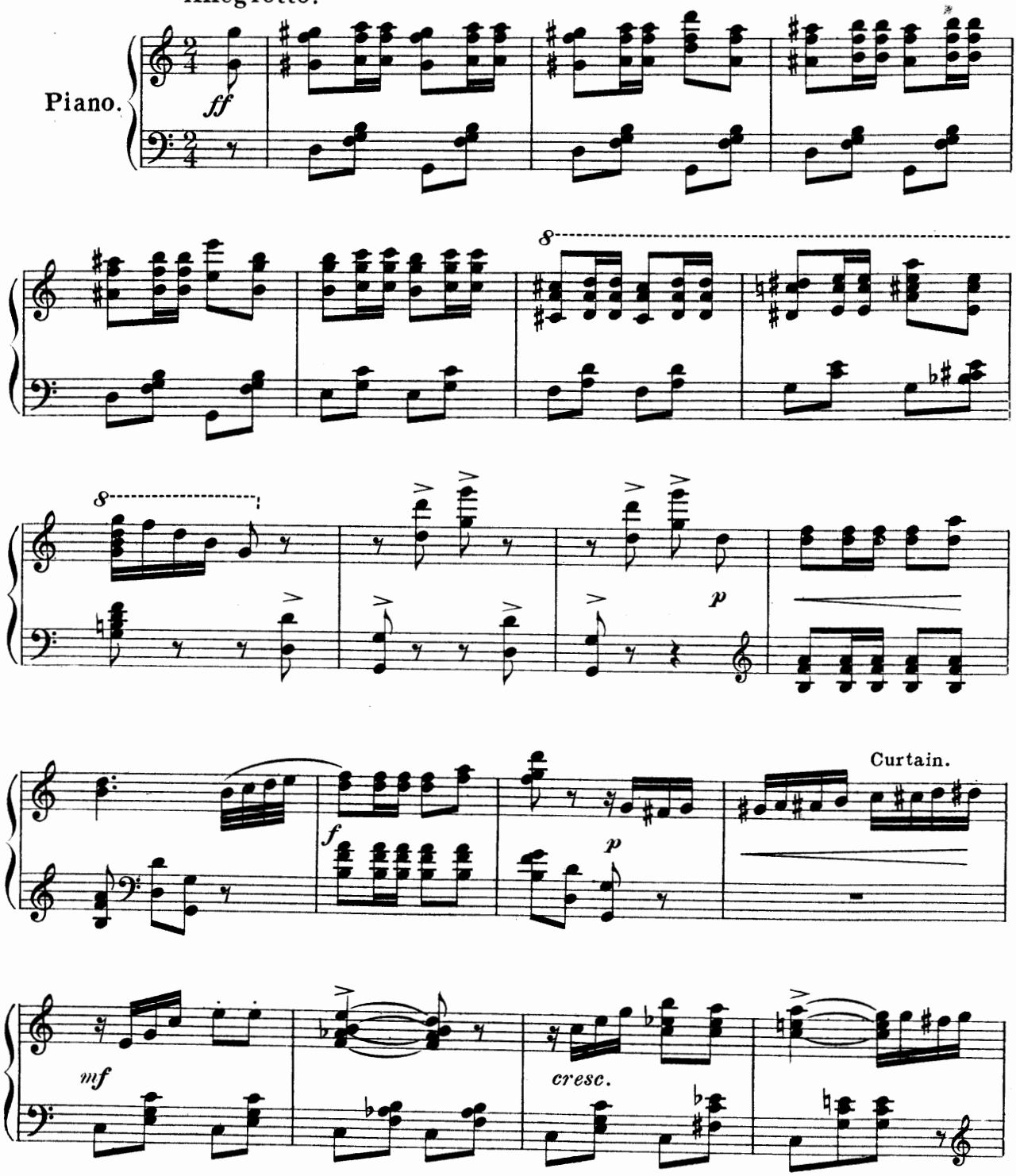
OPENING NUMBER.

No 1. We Won't Do A Thing To His Opera.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegretto.



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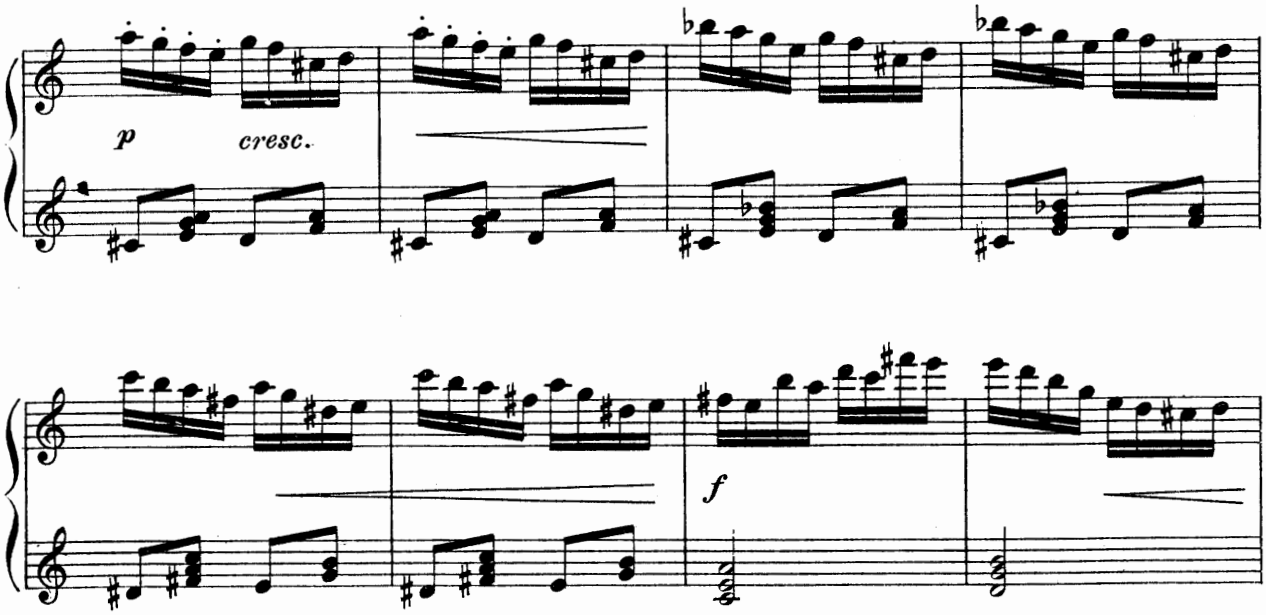
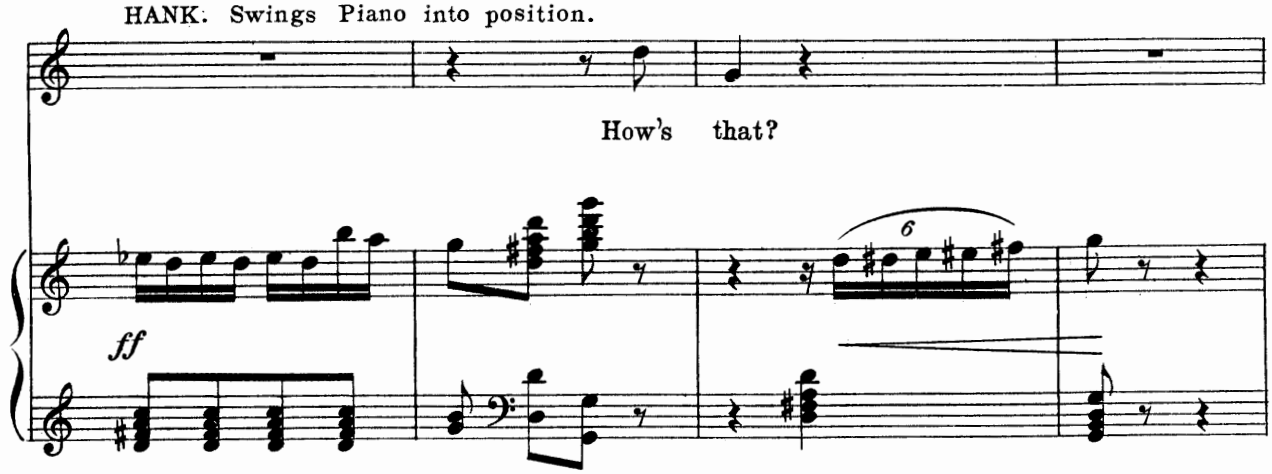


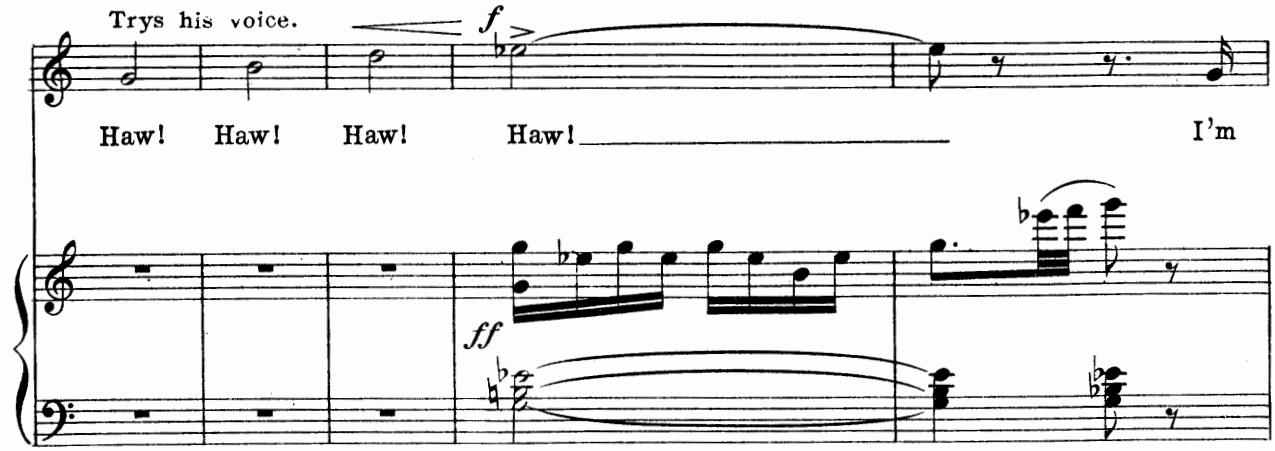
HANK. Swings Piano into position.

How's that?



Trys his voice.

Haw! Haw! Haw! Haw! I'm



KITTY.

just a lit-tle hoarse. A lit-tle horse? More like a donk-ey, Hank! You

pp

She dusts the piano.

bray! and look, all fin-ger-marks!

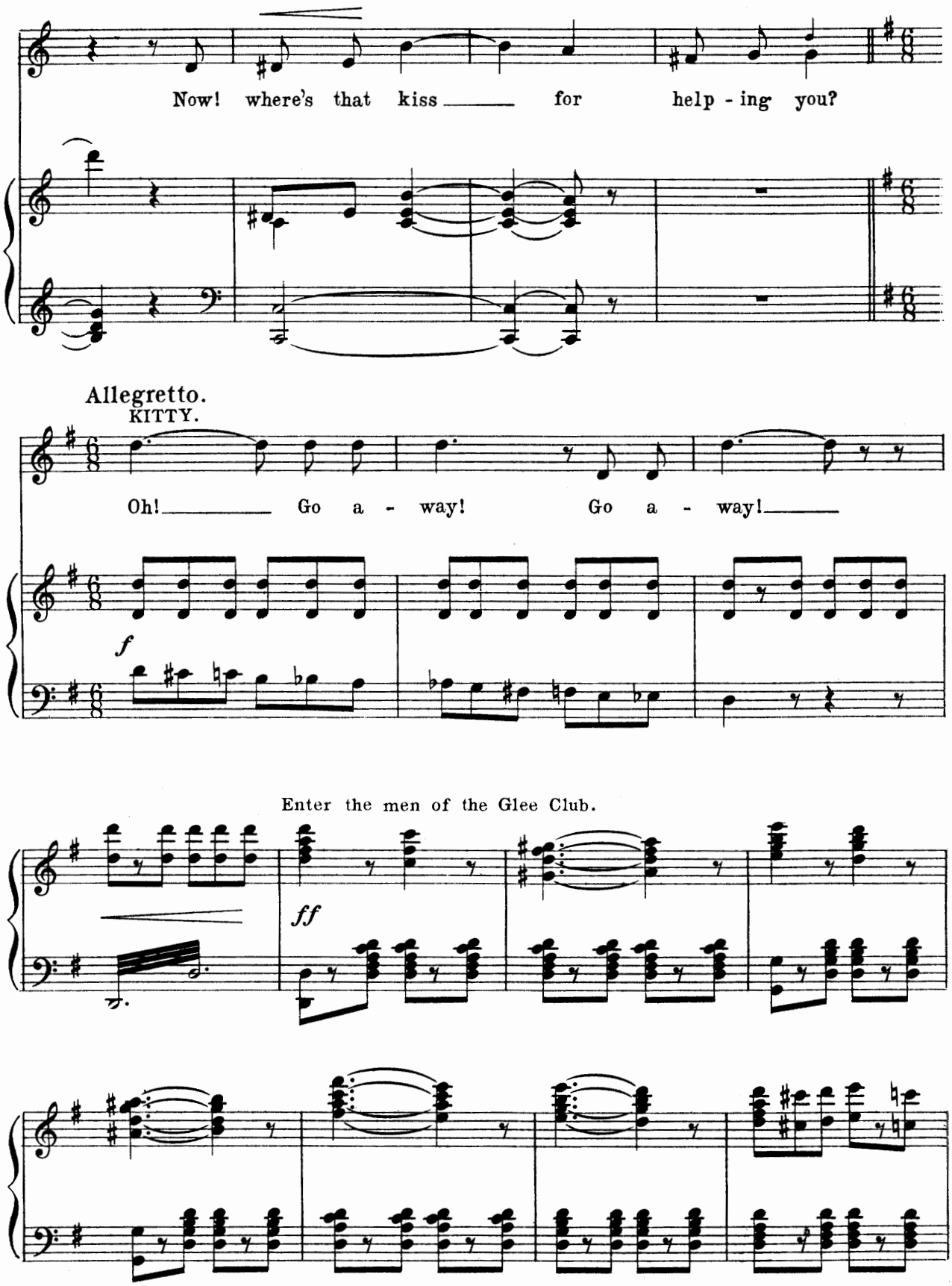
p *p* *f*

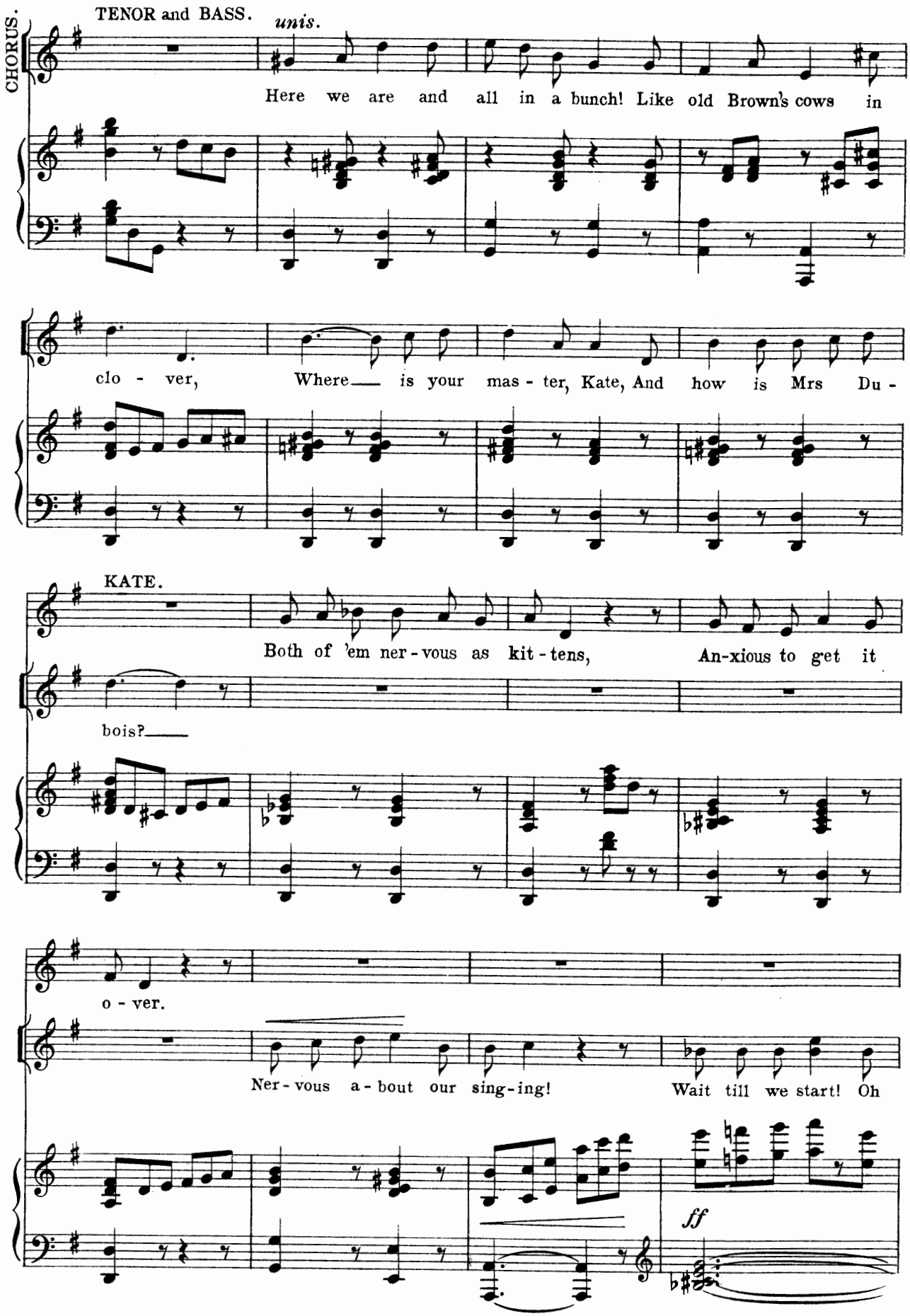
Your dirt-y

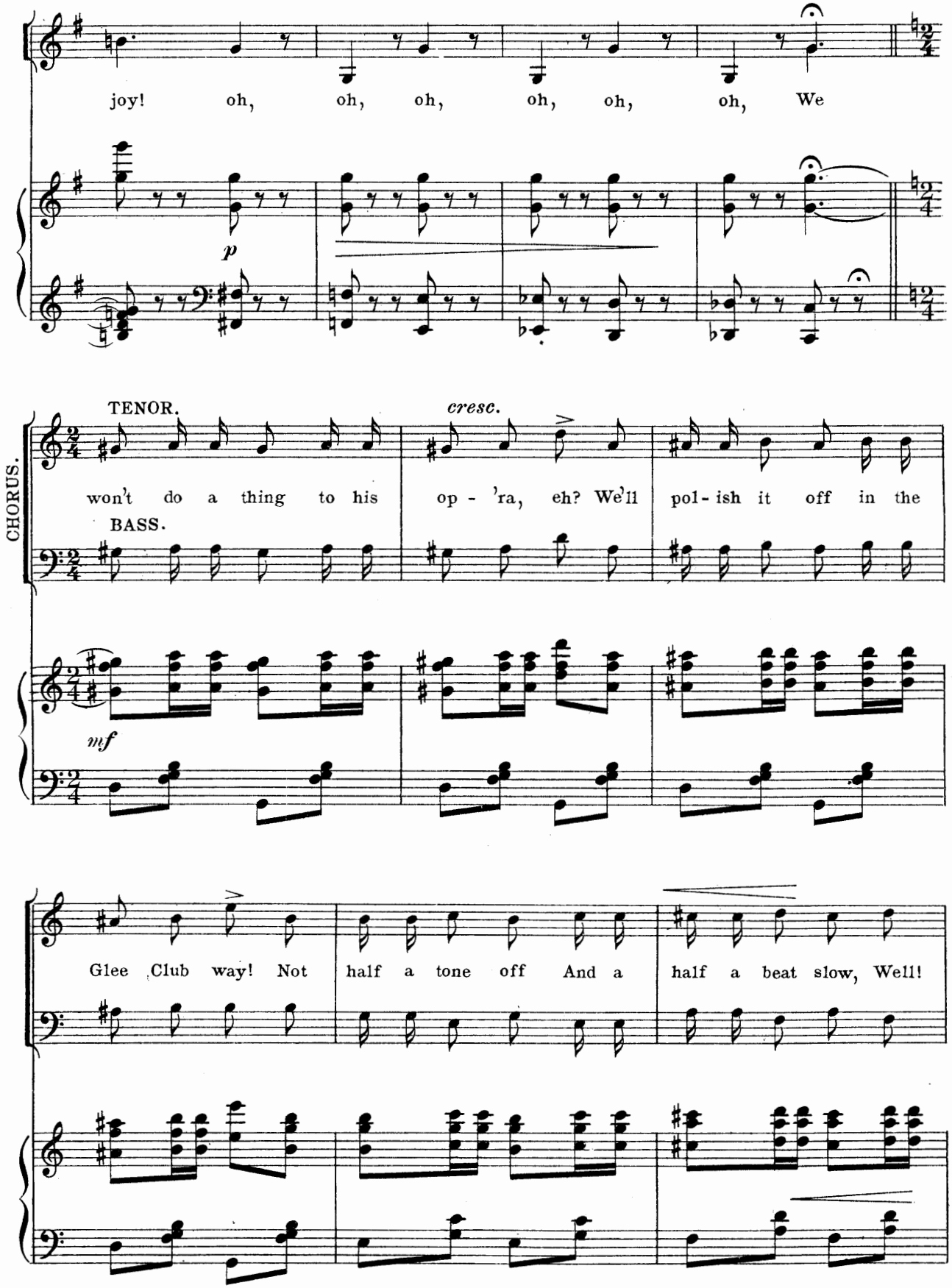
HANK. Taking Kitty's face in his hands.

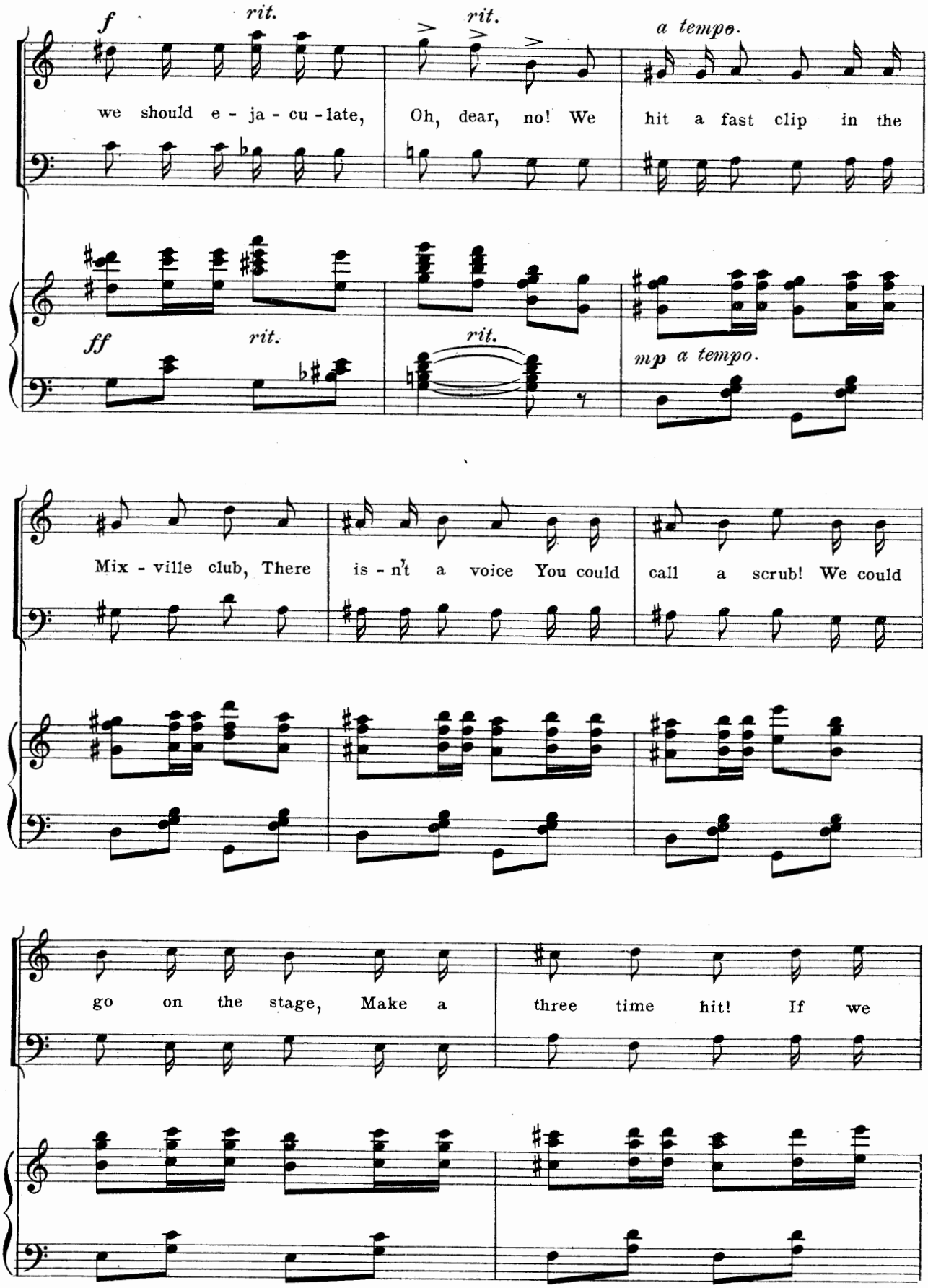
paws of course!

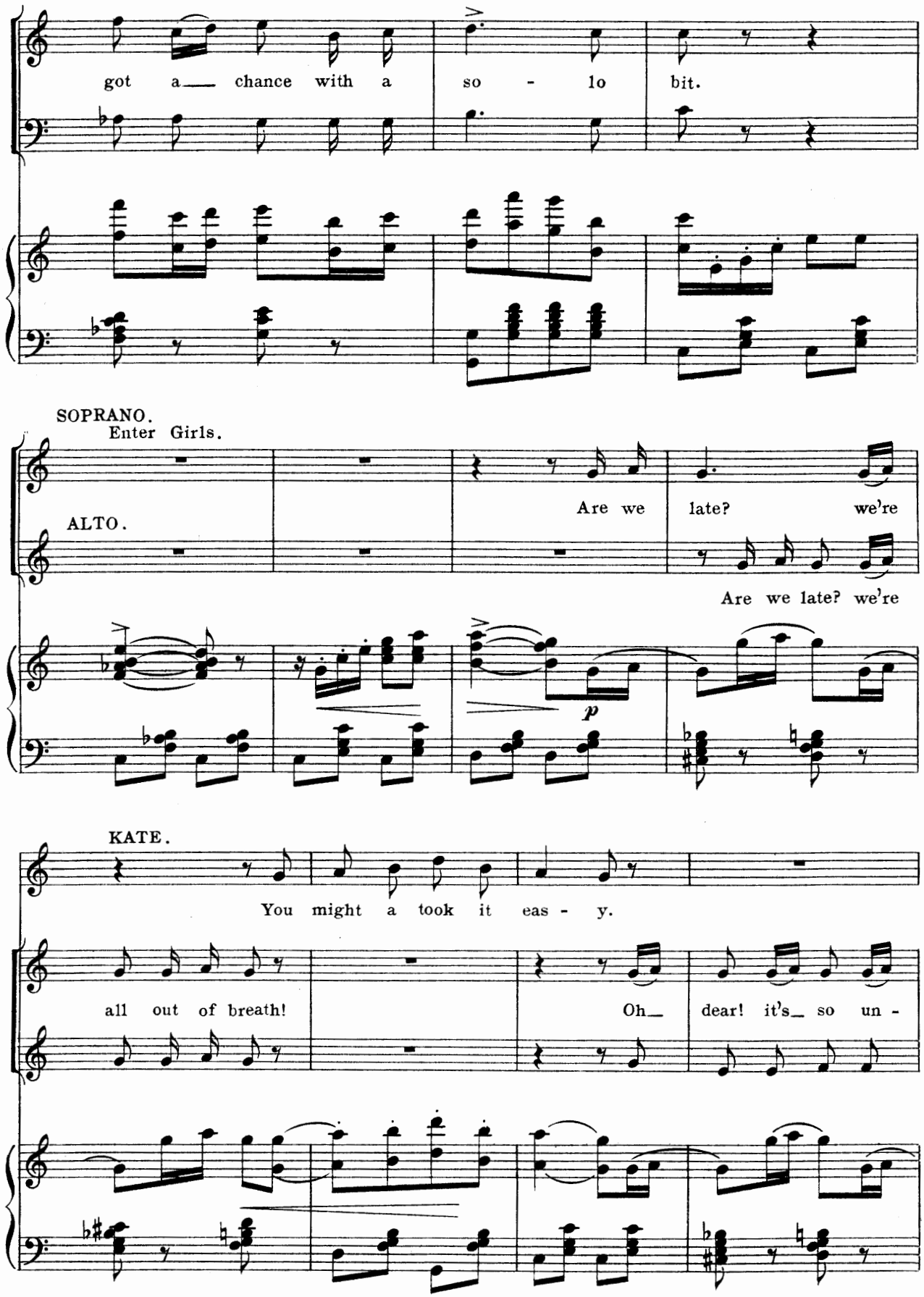
Andante.

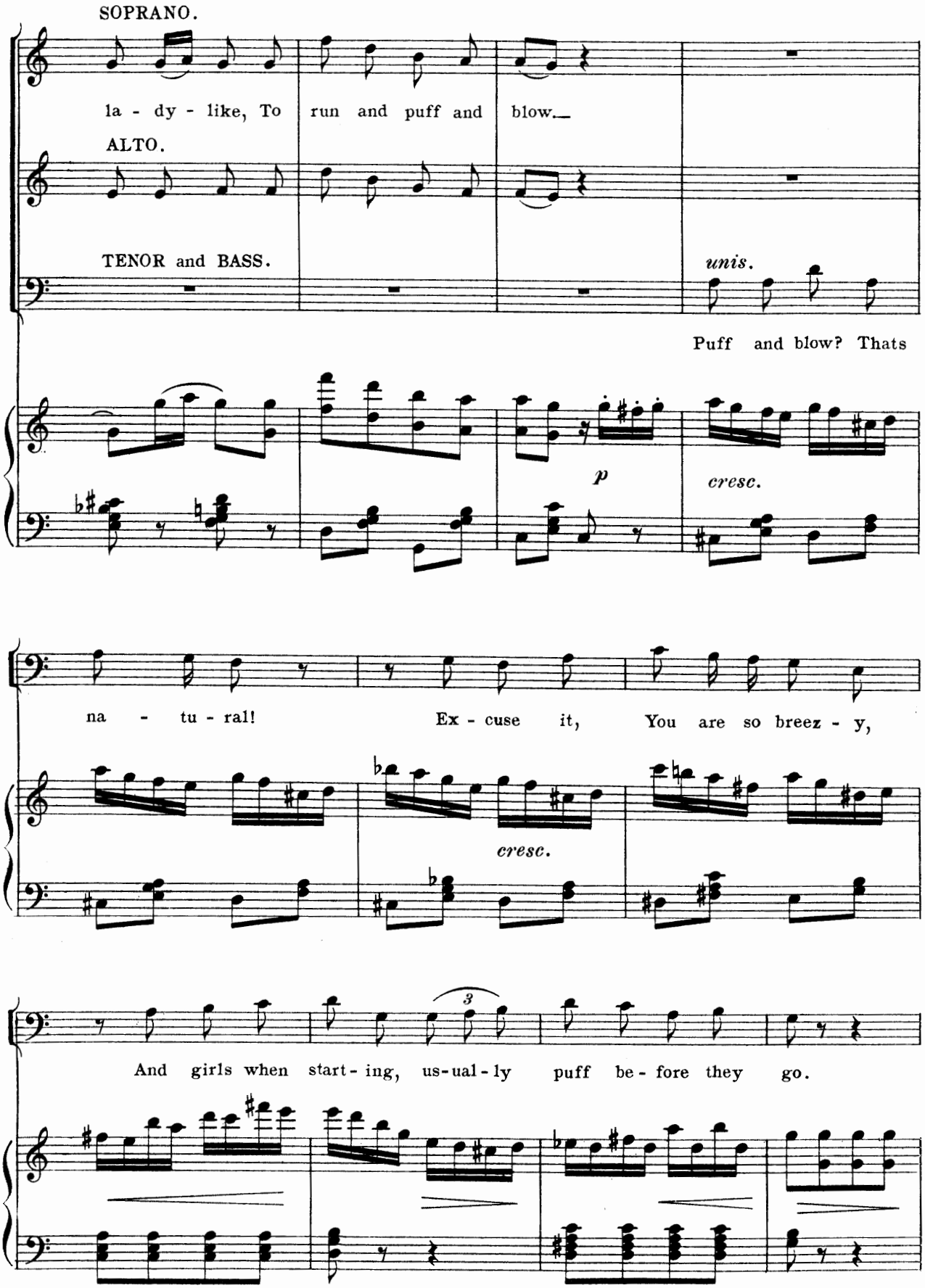

Now! where's that kiss for help - ing you?
Allegretto.
KITTY.
Oh! Go a - way! Go a - way!
f
Enter the men of the Glee Club.
ff

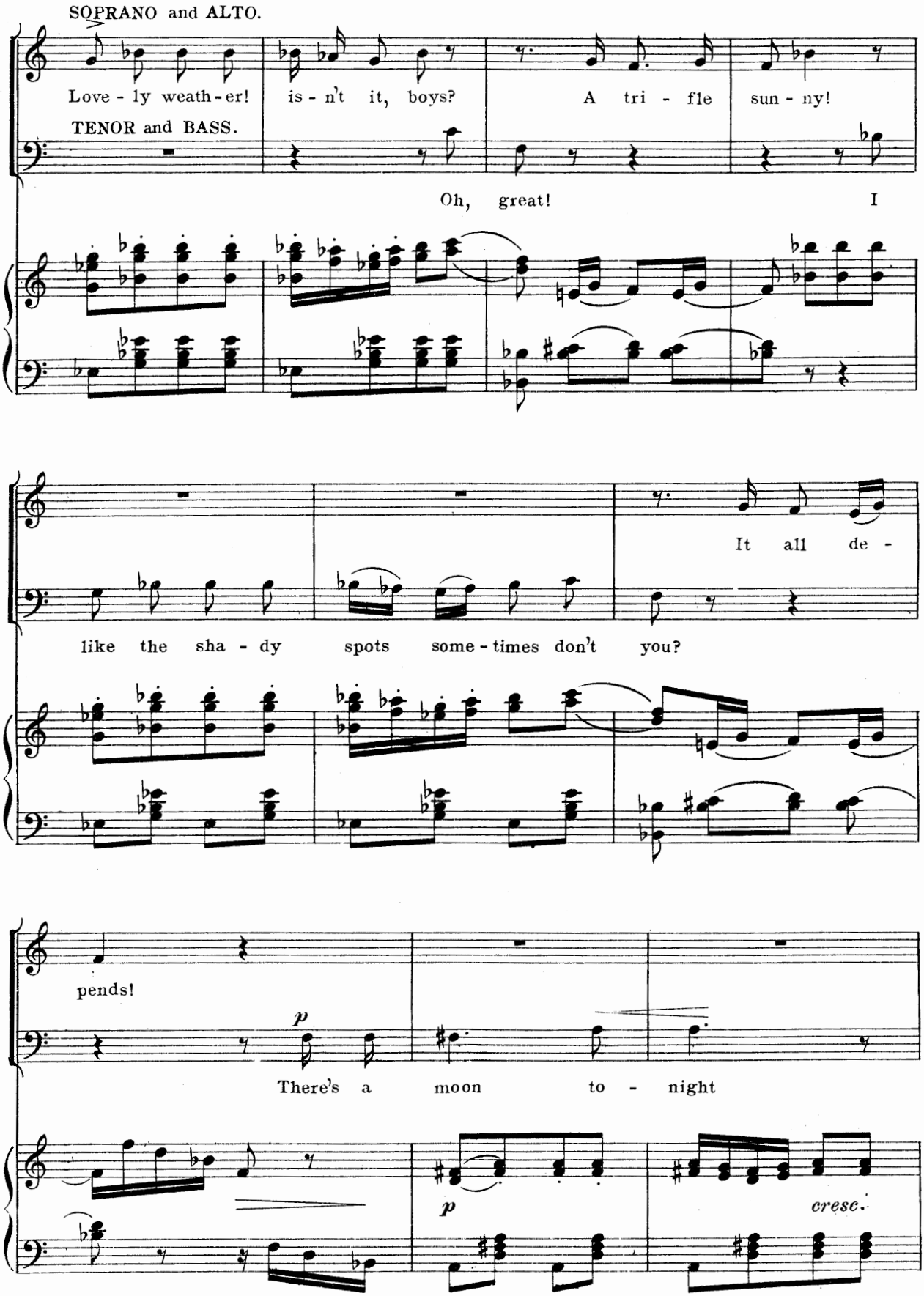

CHORUS.
TENOR and BASS.
unis.
Here we are and all in a bunch! Like old Brown's cows in
clo - ver, Where is your mas - ter, Kate, And how is Mrs Du -
KATE.
Both of 'em ner - vous as kit - tens, An-xious to get it
bois?
o - ver.
Ner - vous a - bout our sing-ing! Wait till we start! Oh
ff

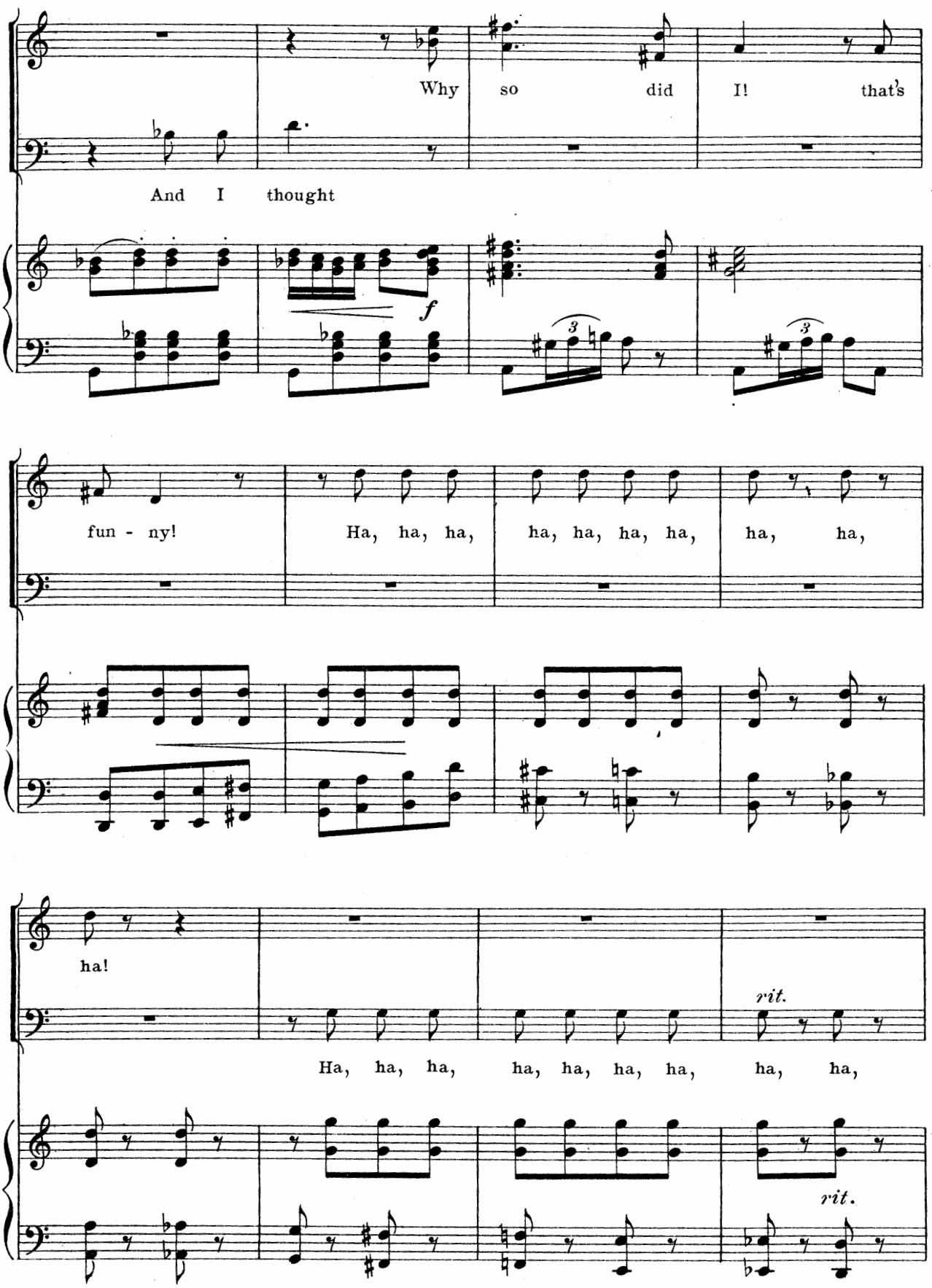

joy! oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, We
p
CHORUS.
TENOR.
BASS.
won't do a thing to his op - 'ra, eh? We'll pol - ish it off in the
cresc.
mf
Glee Club way! Not half a tone off And a half a beat slow, Well!

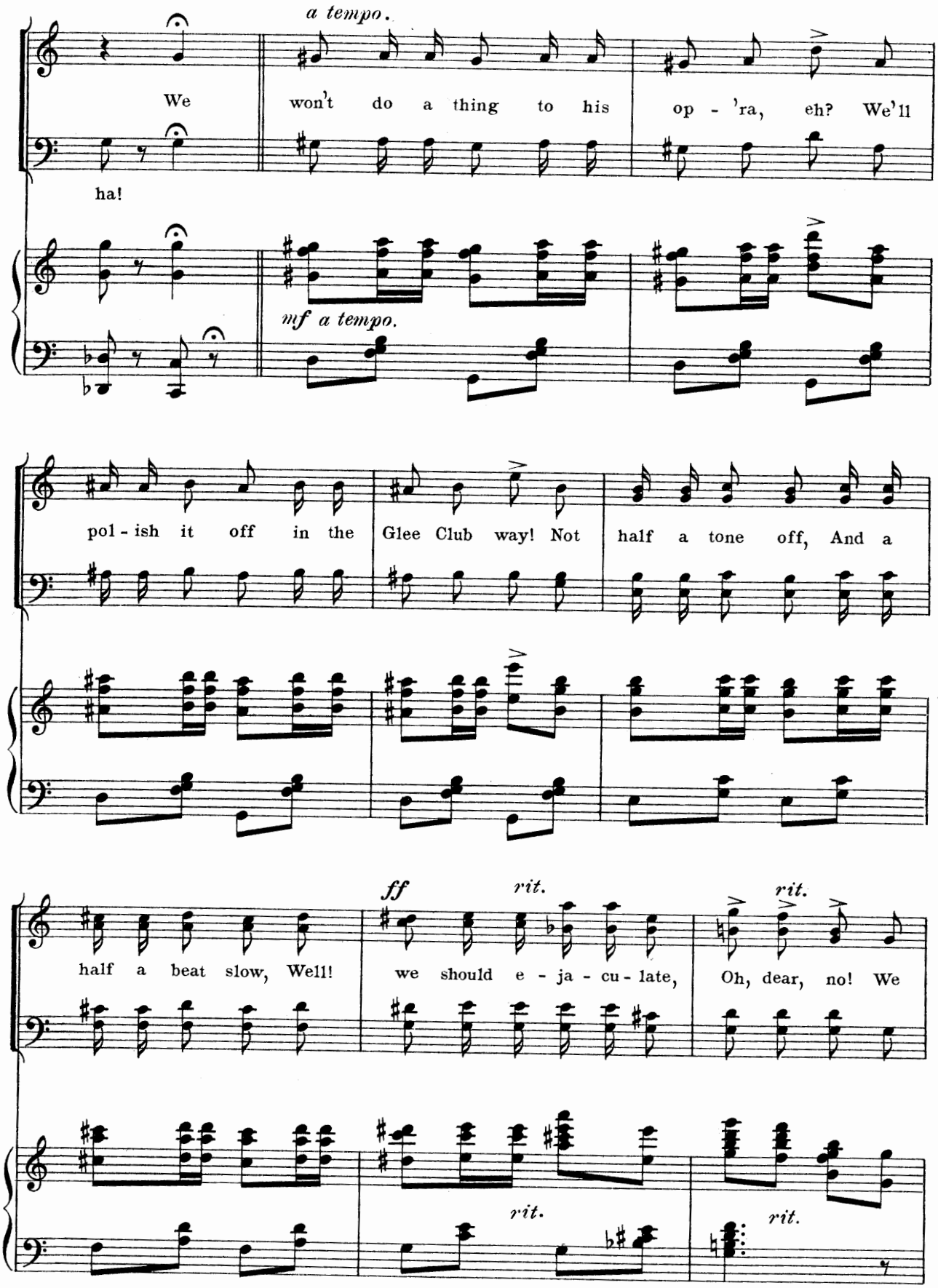

f
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
we should e - ja - cu - late, Oh, dear, no! We hit a fast clip in the
ff
rit.
rit.
mp a tempo.
Mix - ville club, There is - n't a voice You could call a scrub! We could
go on the stage, Make a three time hit! If we

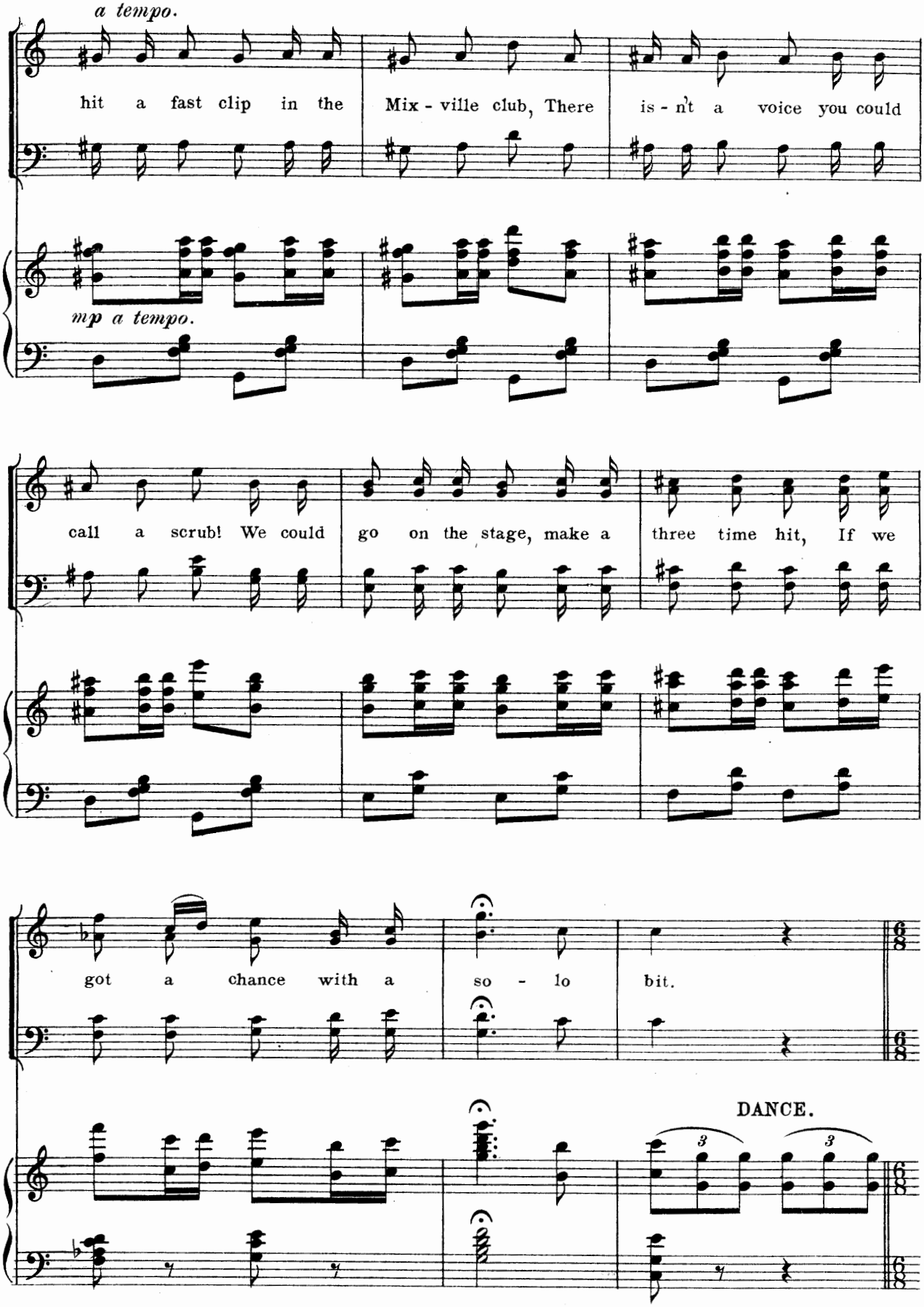

got a chance with a so - lo bit.
SOPRANO.
Enter Girls.
Are we late? we're
ALTO.
Are we late? we're
p
KATE.
You might a took it eas - y.
all out of breath!
Oh dear! it's so un -


SOPRANO.
la - dy - like, To run and puff and blow.
ALTO.
TENOR and BASS.
unis.
Puff and blow? Thats
p
cresc.
na - tu - ral! Ex - cuse it, You are so breez - y,
cresc.
3
And girls when start - ing, us - ual - ly puff be - fore they go.

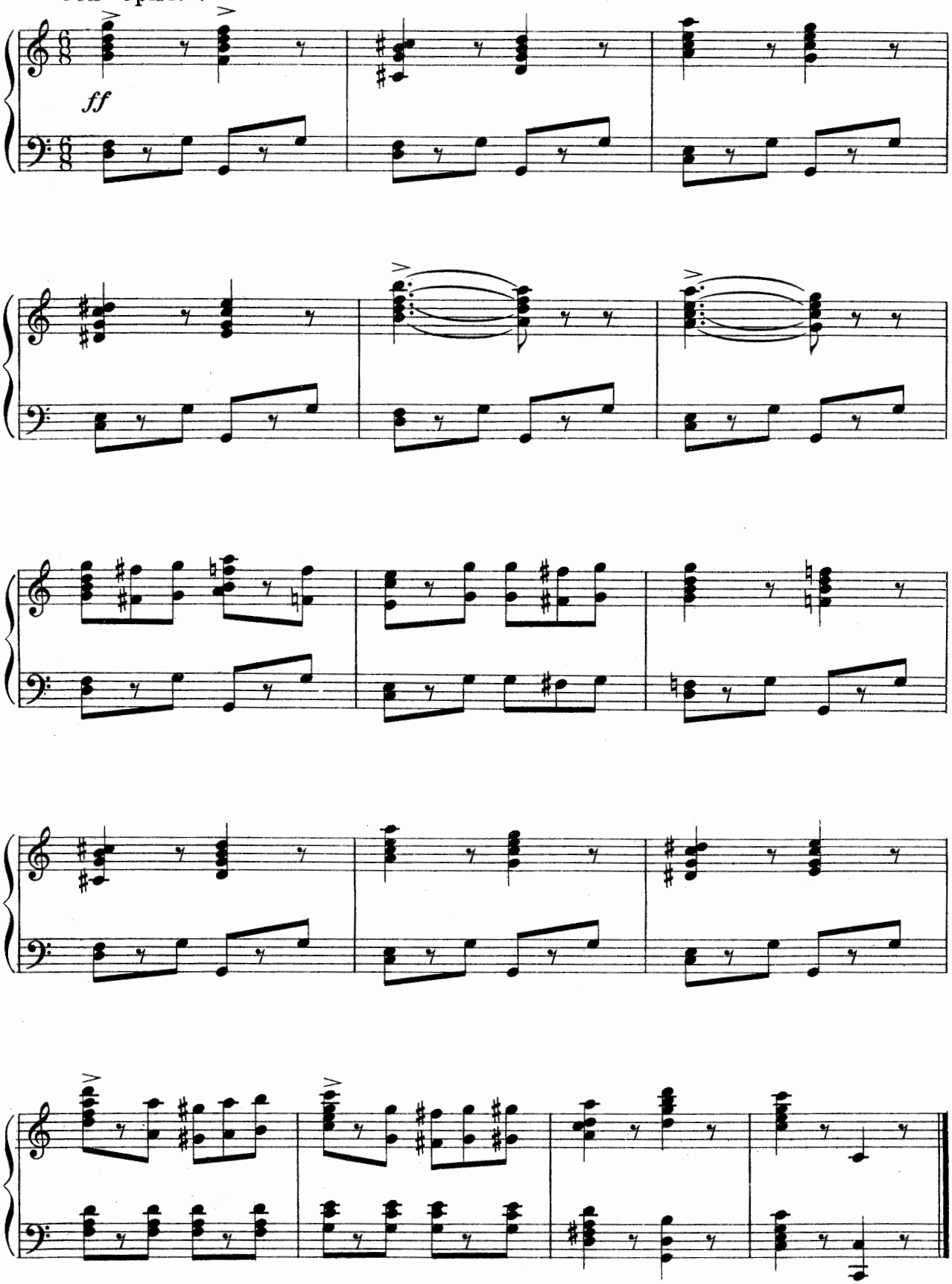

SOPRANO and ALTO.
Love - ly weath - er!
is - n't it, boys?
A tri - fle
sun - ny!
TENOR and BASS.
Oh, great!
I
like the sha - dy
spots
some - times don't
you?
It all de -
pends!
There's a
moon
to - night
p
p
cresc.


Why so did I! that's
And I thought
f
fun - ny! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
ha!
rit.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
rit.


a tempo.
We won't do a thing to his op - 'ra, eh? We'll
ha!
mf a tempo.
pol - ish it off in the Glee Club way! Not half a tone off, And a
ff
rit.
rit.
half a beat slow, Well! we should e - ja - cu - late, Oh, dear, no! We
rit.
rit.


a tempo.
hit a fast clip in the Mix - ville club, There is - n't a voice you could
mp a tempo.
call a scrub! We could go on the stage, make a three time hit, If we
got a chance with a so - lo bit.
DANCE.

Con Spirito.



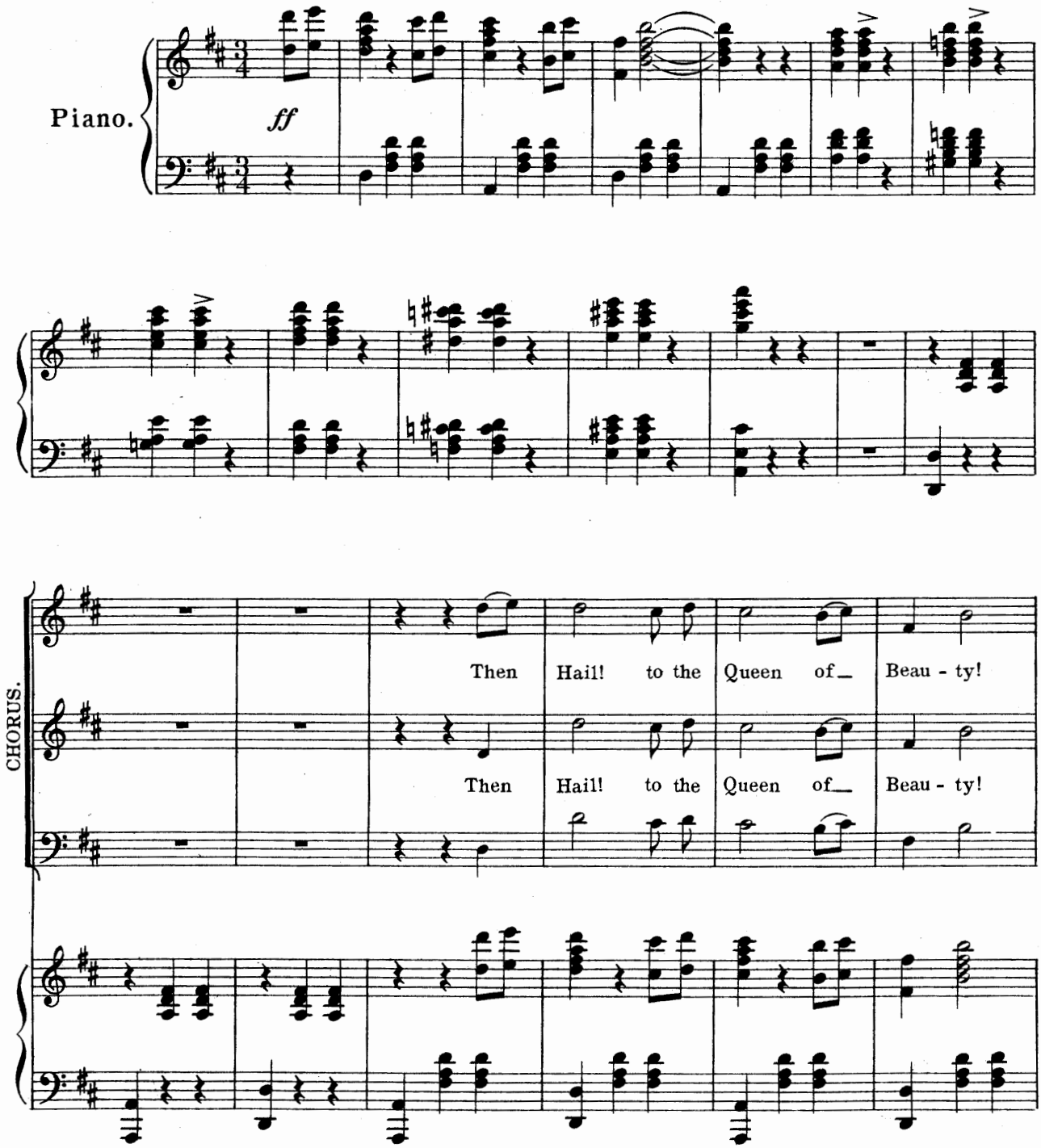
No. 2. Hail! To The Queen Of Beauty.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Vivace.

Marie plays Piano while Eugene directs the Chorus.



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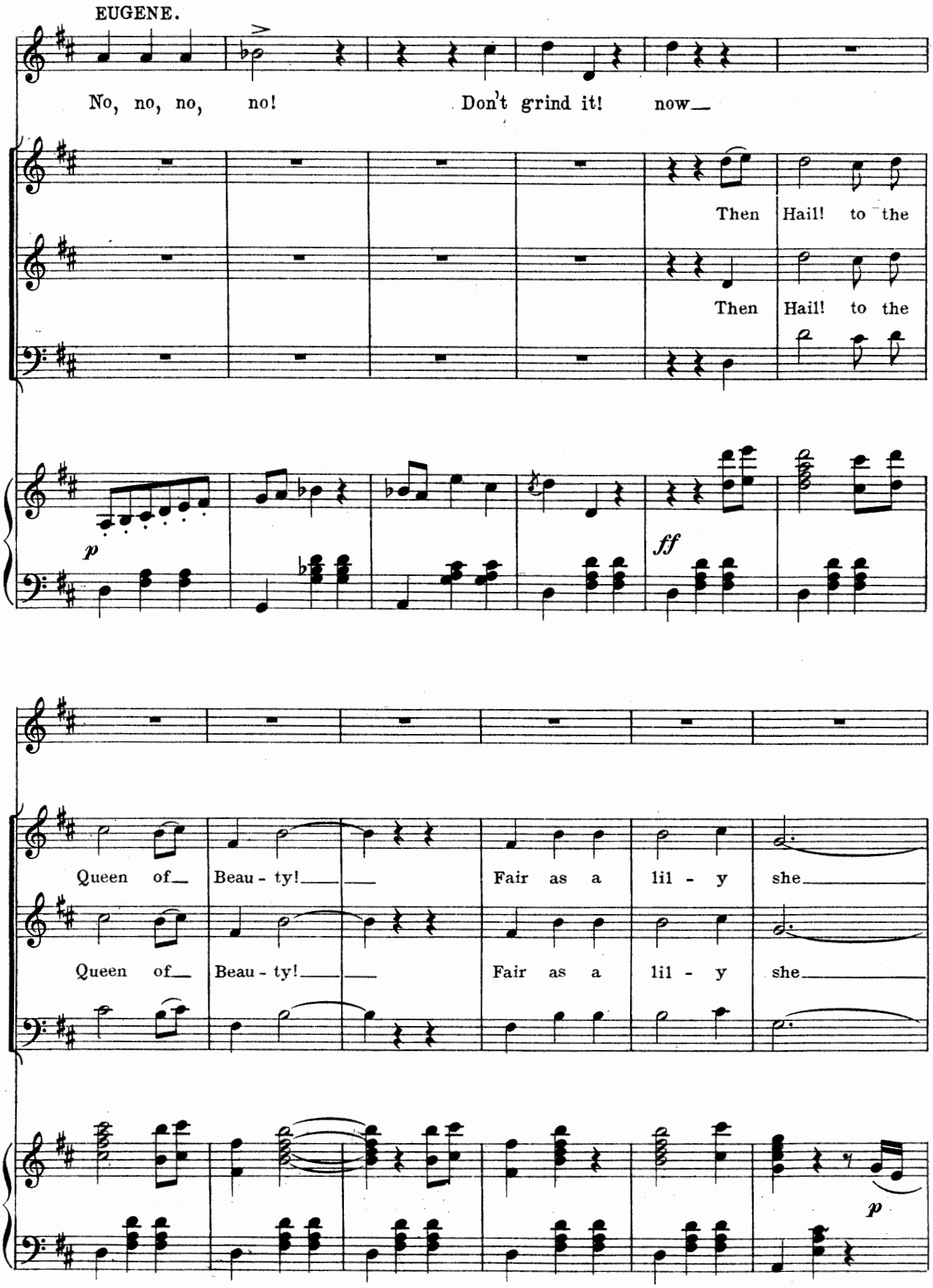
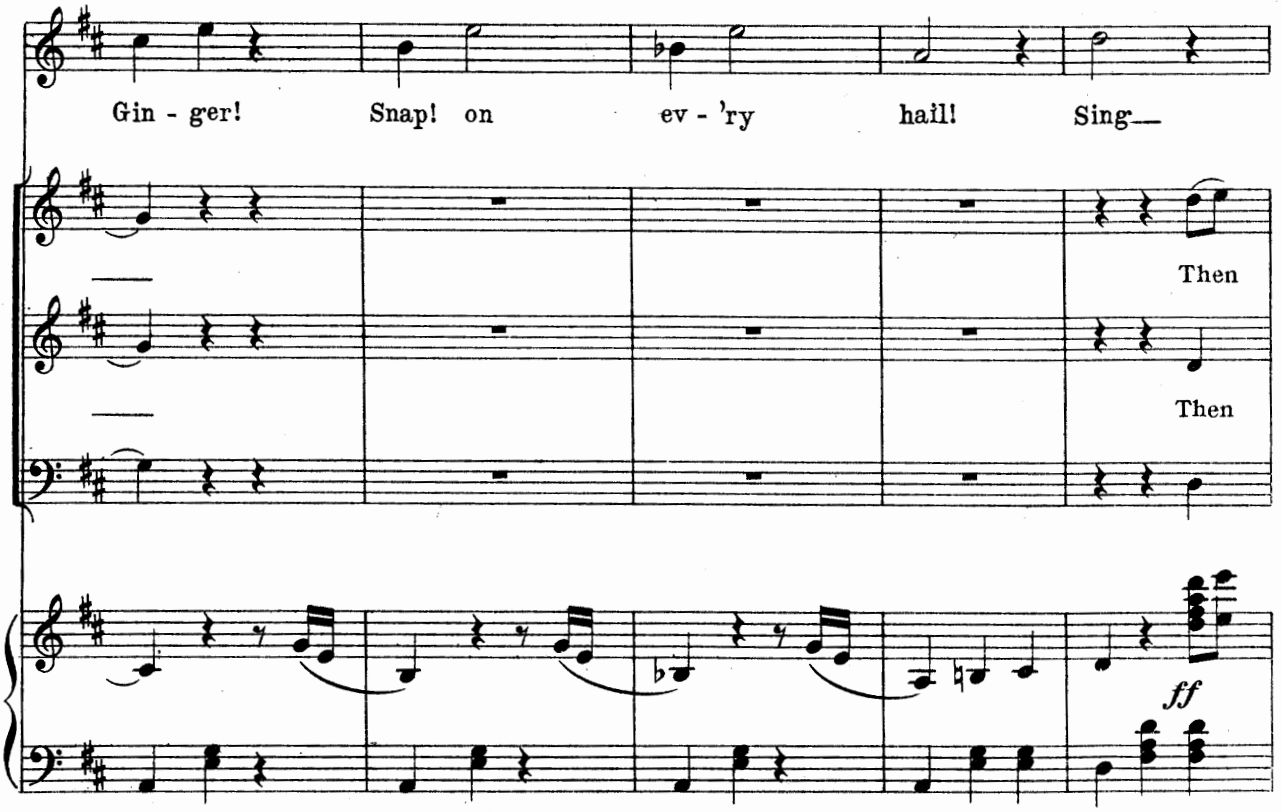
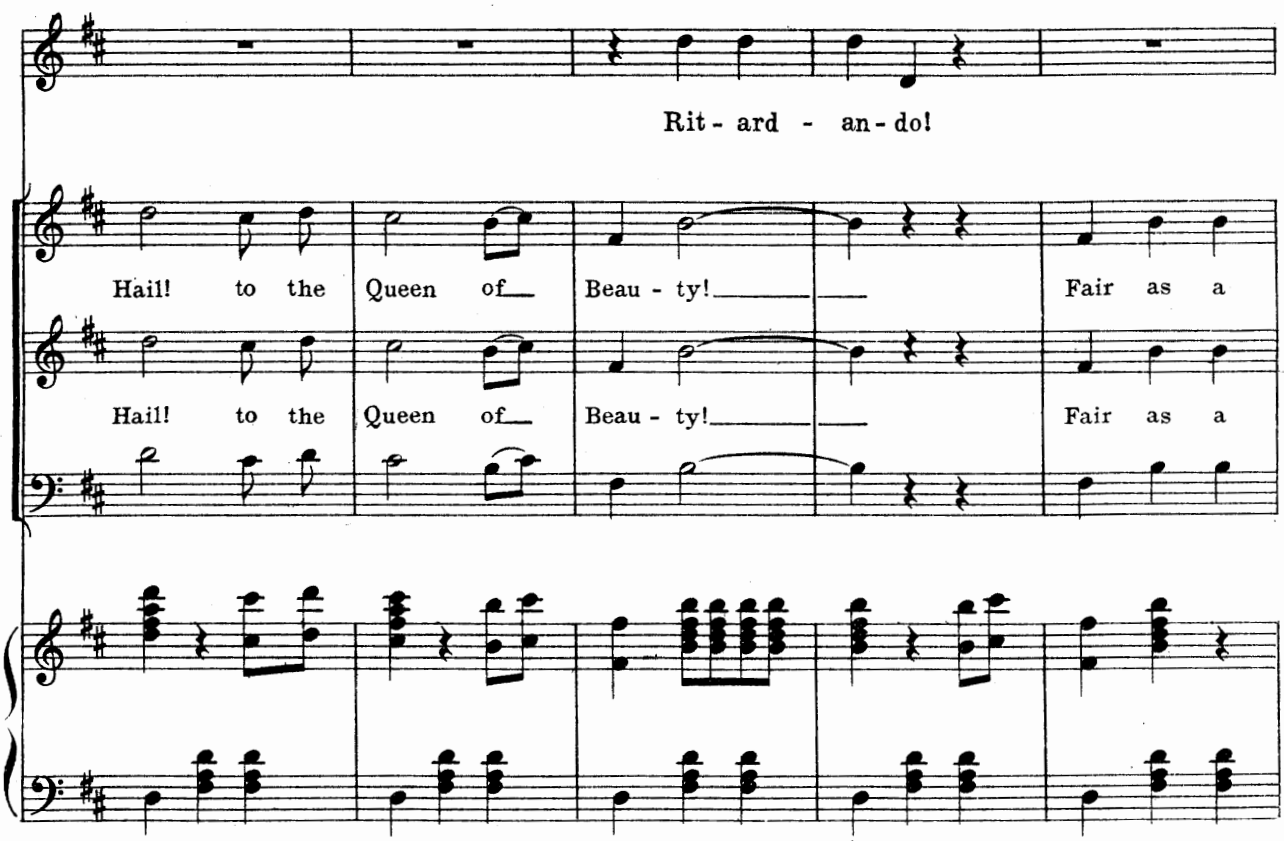
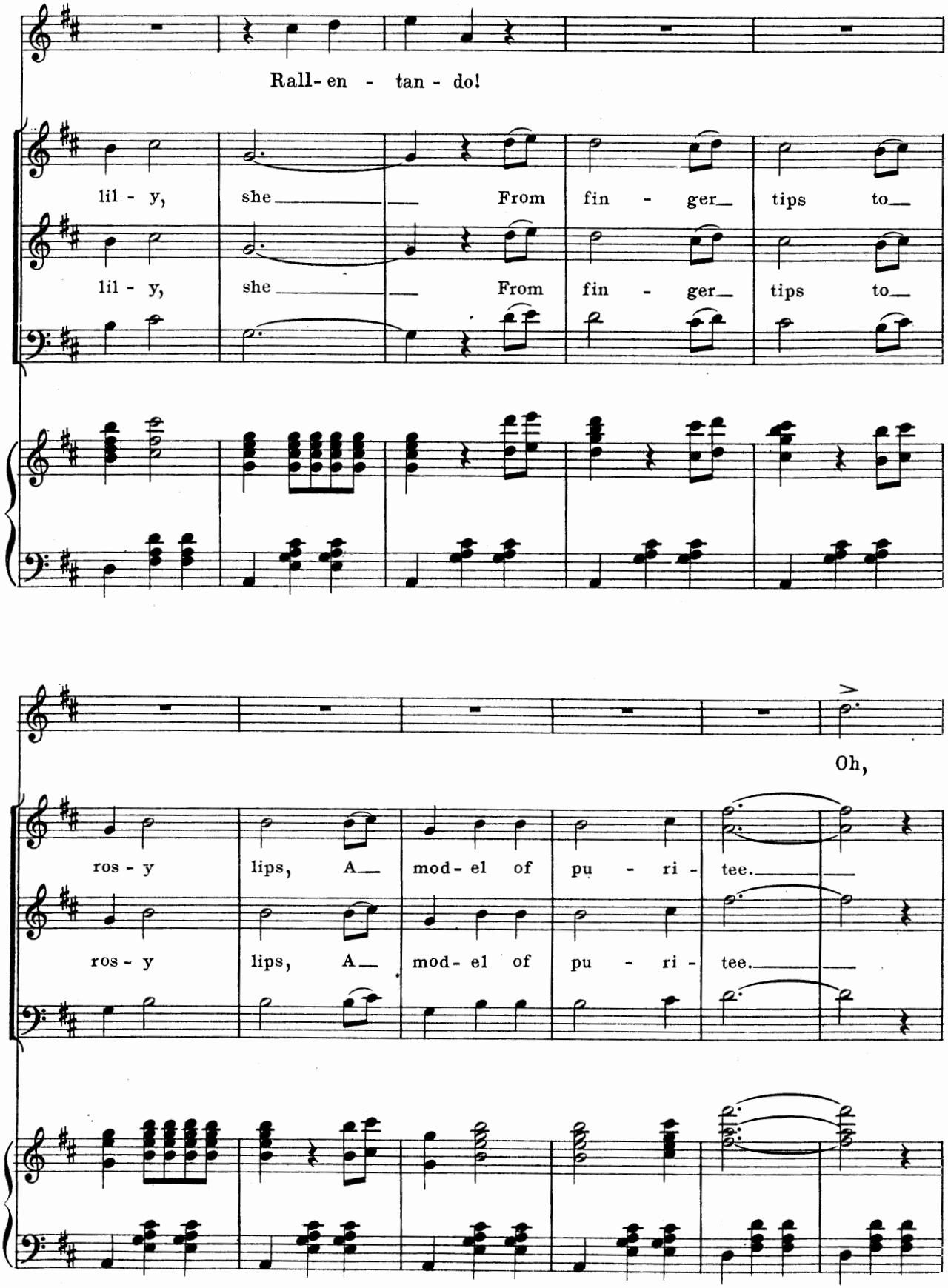
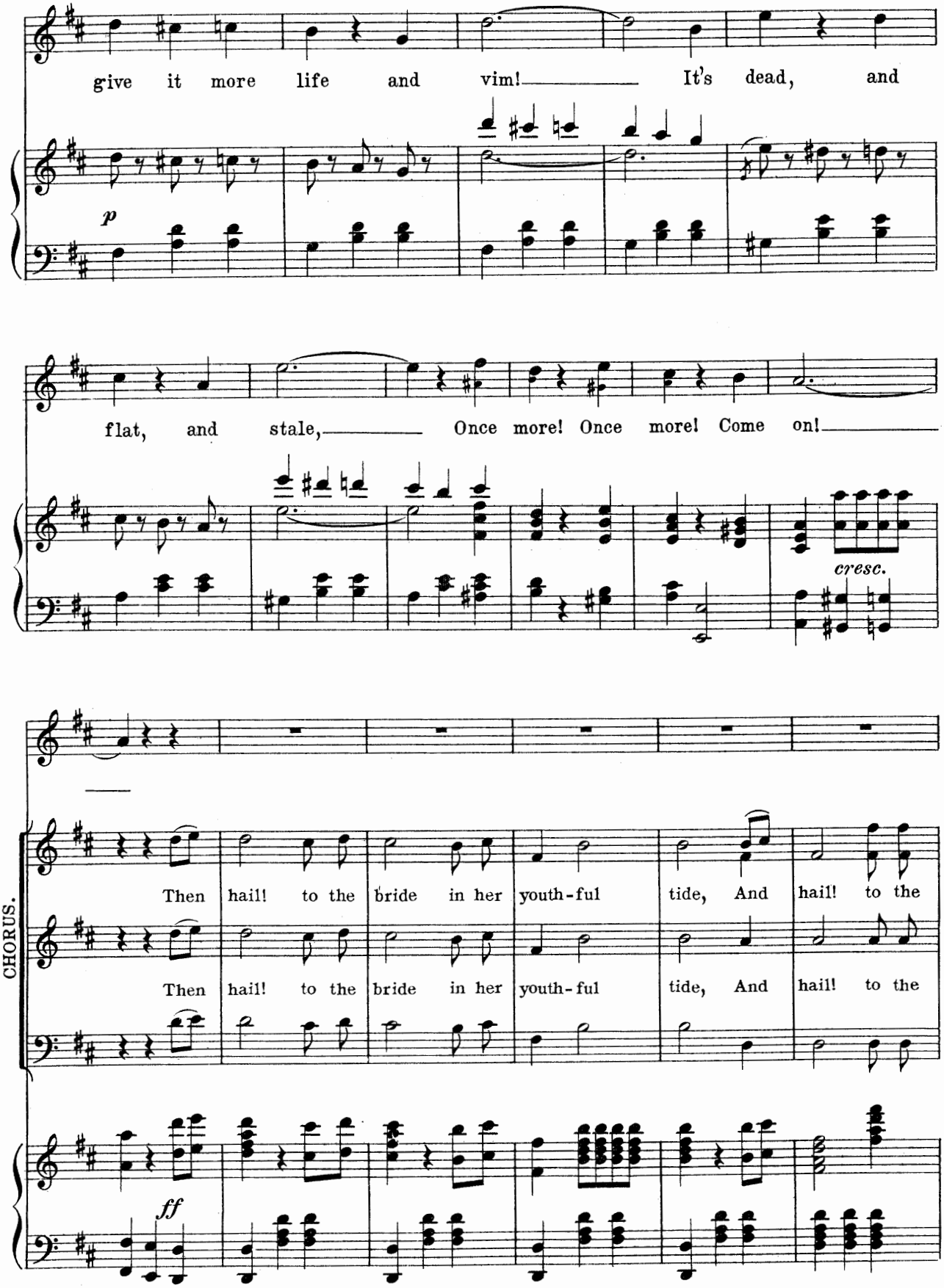
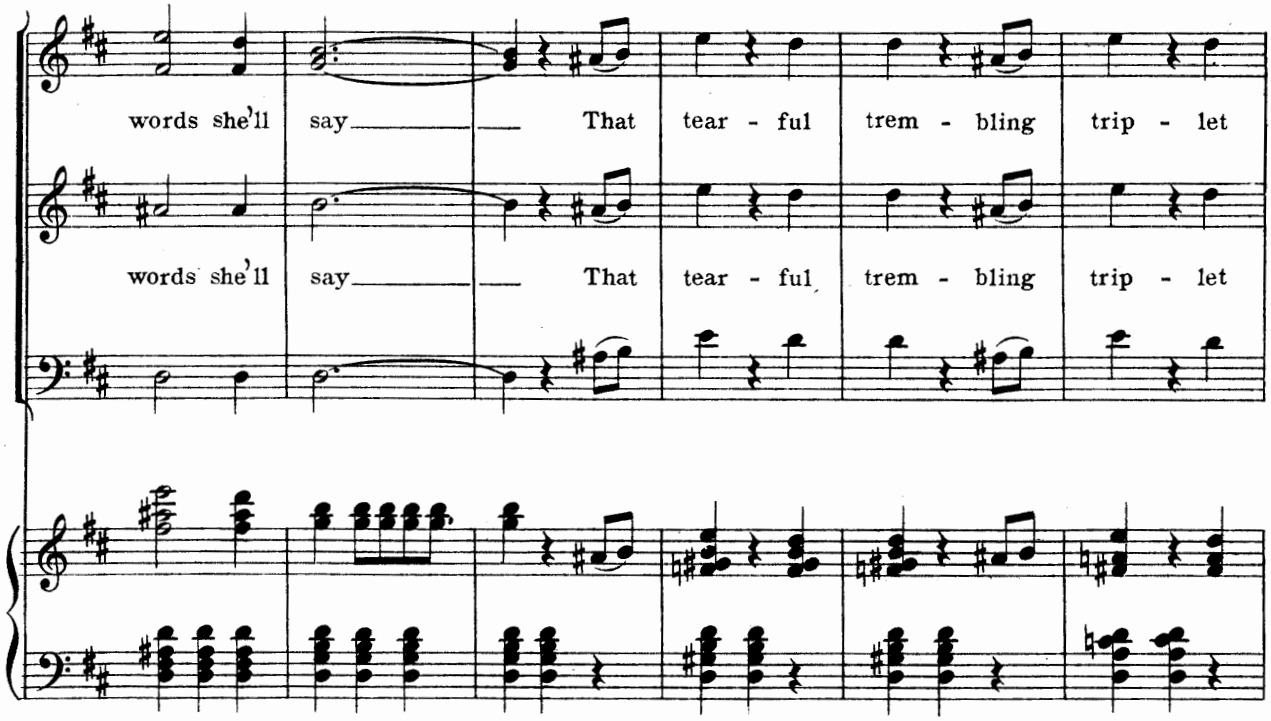

EUGENE.
No, no, no, no! Don't grind it! now_
Then Hail! to the
Then Hail! to the
p
ff
Queen of_ Beau - ty!_ _ Fair as a lil - y she_
Queen of_ Beau - ty!_ _ Fair as a lil - y she_
p


Gin - ger! Snap! on ev - 'ry hail! Sing—
Then
Then
ff

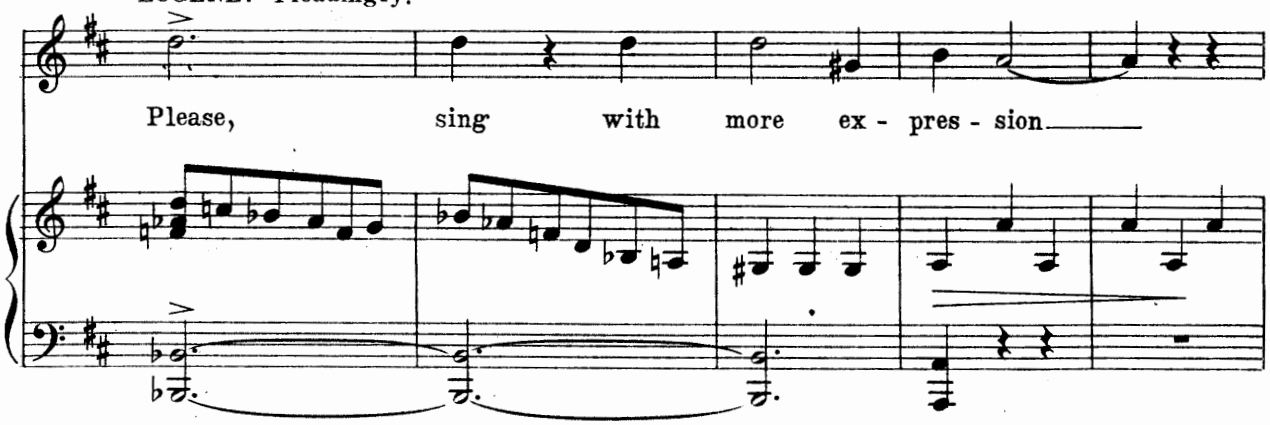

Rit - ard - an - do!
Hail! to the Queen of— Beau - ty!— Fair as a
Hail! to the Queen of— Beau - ty!— Fair as a

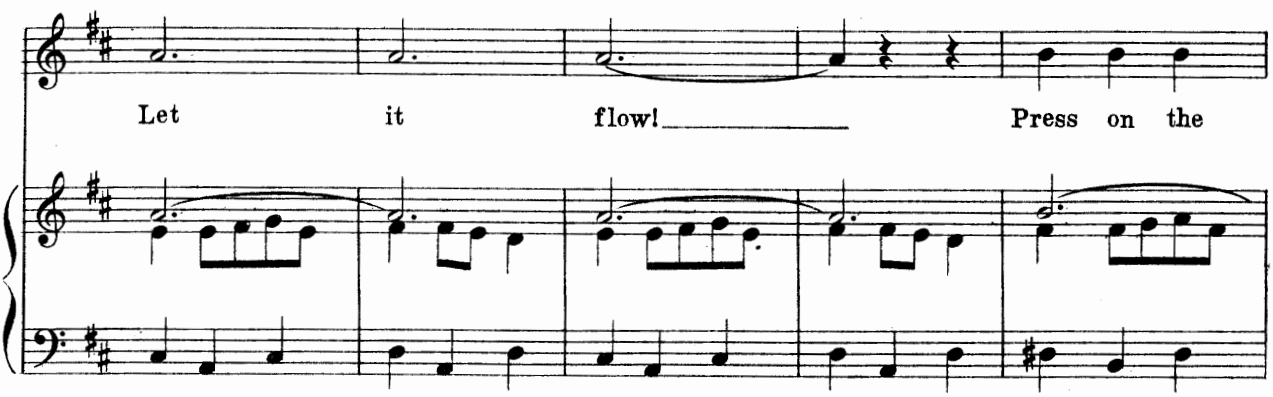

Rall-en - tan - do!
lil - y, she From fin - ger tips to
lil - y, she From fin - ger tips to
Oh,
ros - y lips, A mod - el of pu - ri - tee.
ros - y lips, A mod - el of pu - ri - tee.

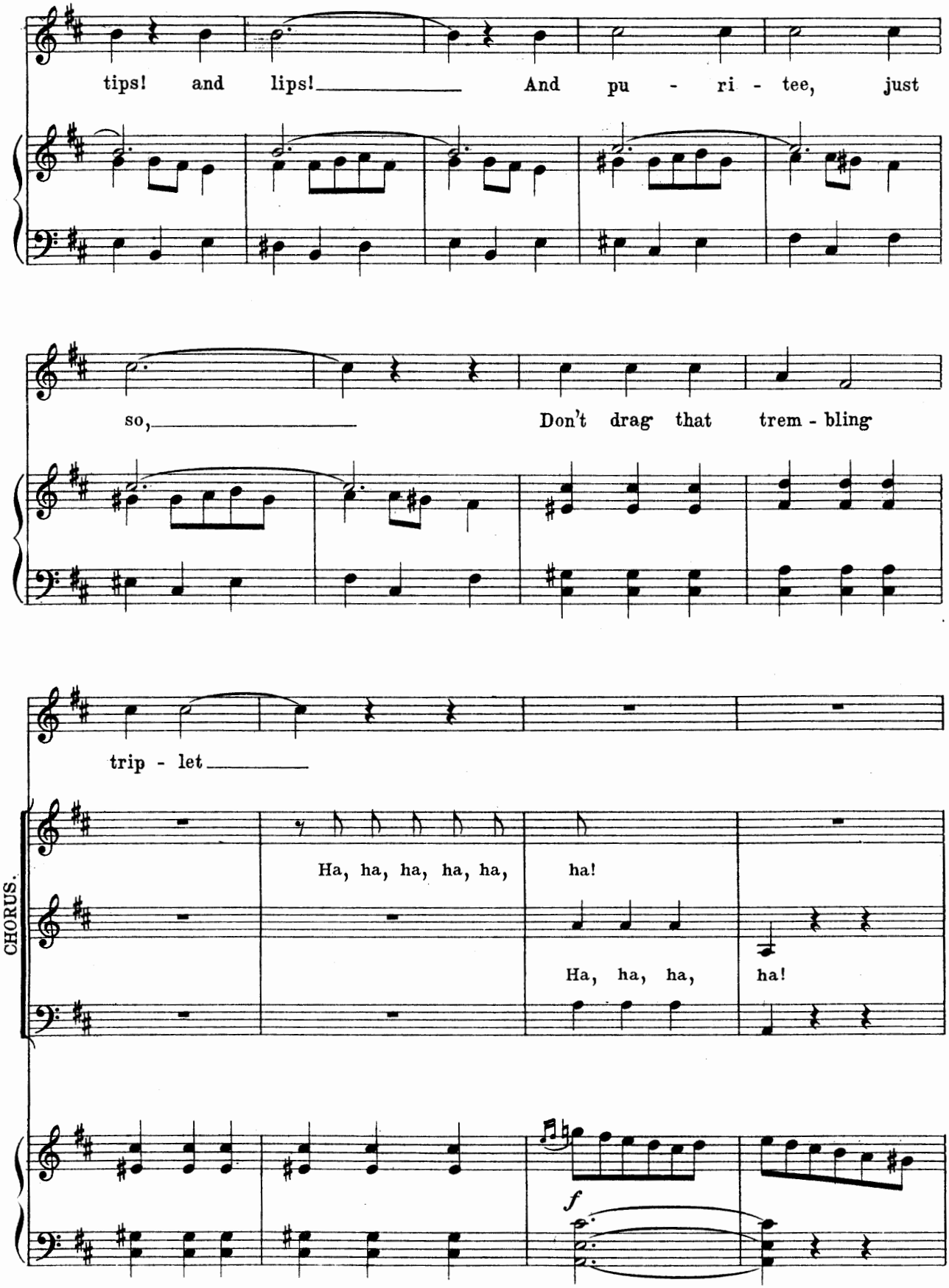

give it more life and vim! It's dead, and
p
flat, and stale, Once more! Once more! Come on!
cresc.
CHORUS.
Then hail! to the bride in her youth-ful tide, And hail! to the
Then hail! to the bride in her youth-ful tide, And hail! to the
ff

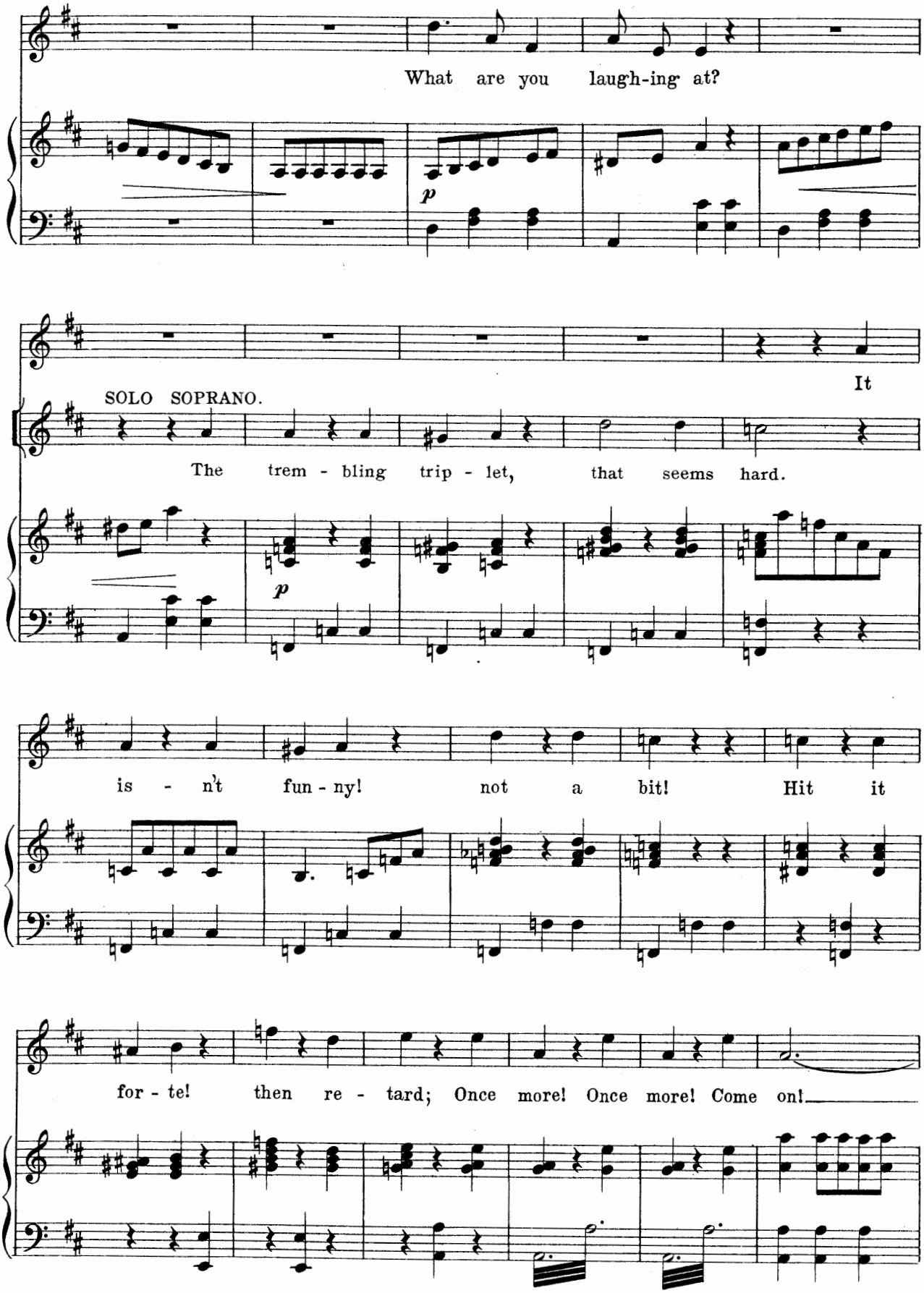


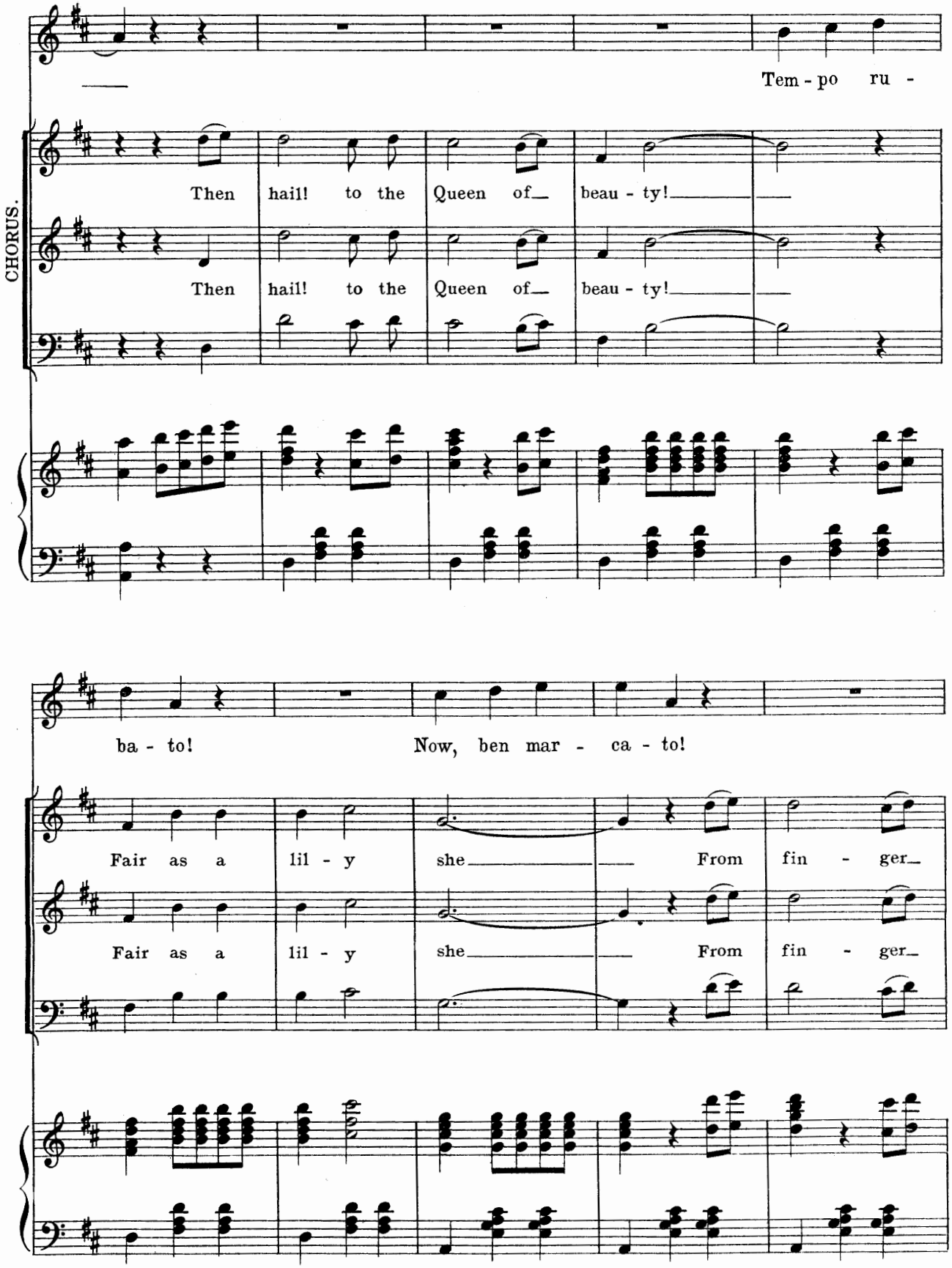
EUGENE. Pleadingly.

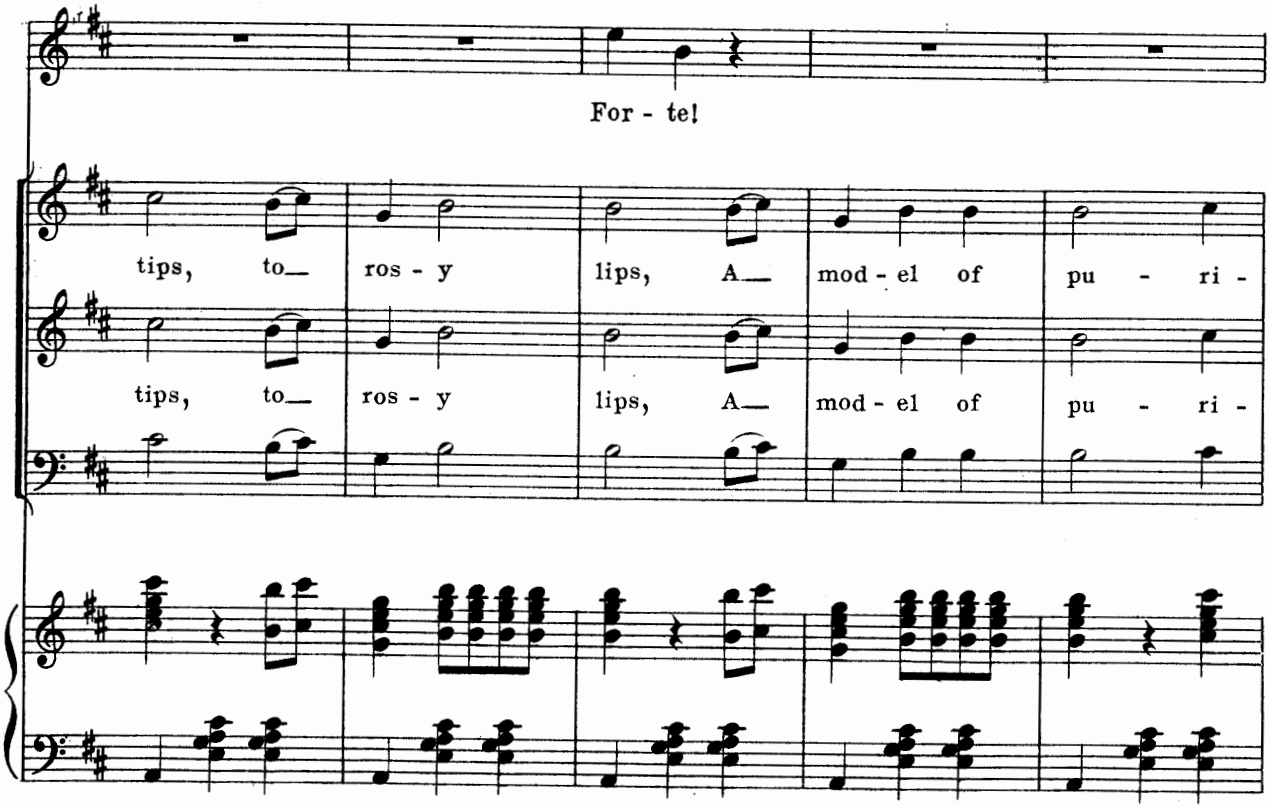


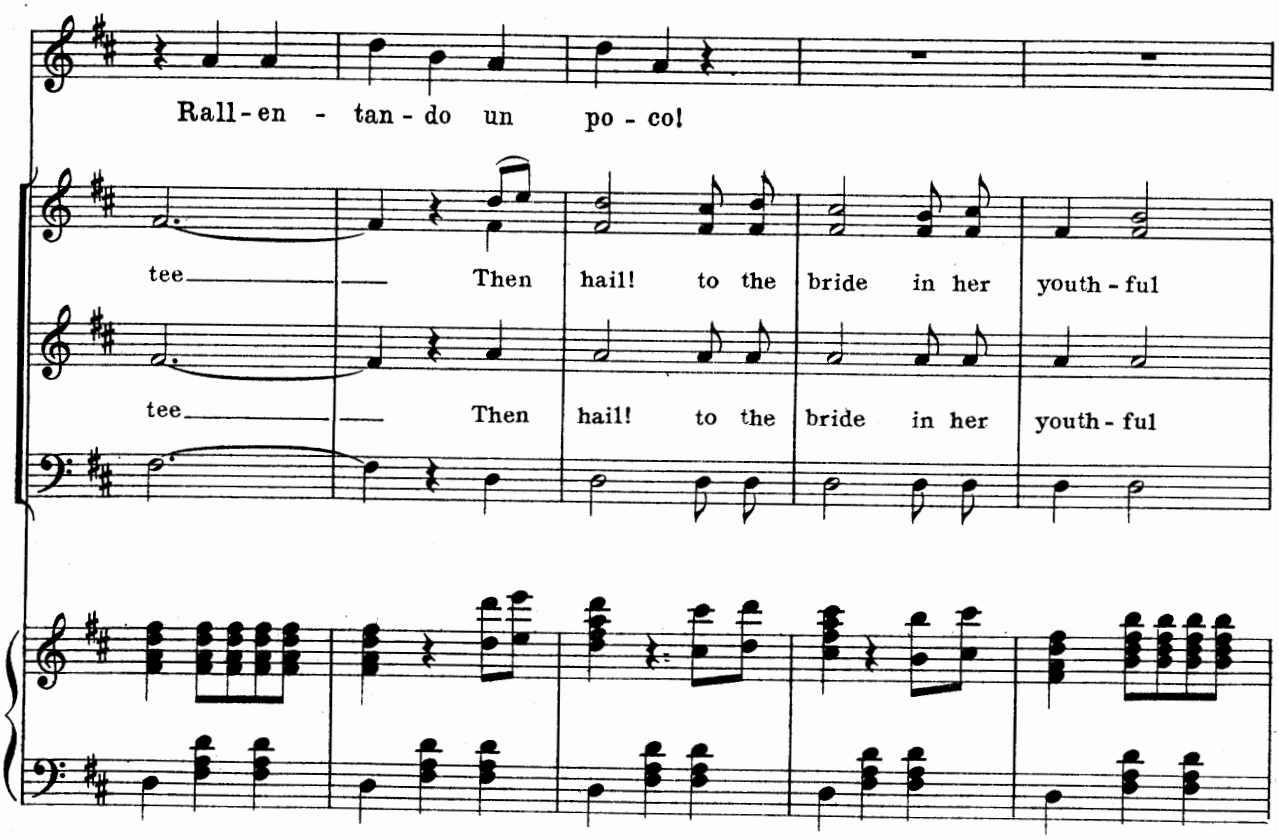


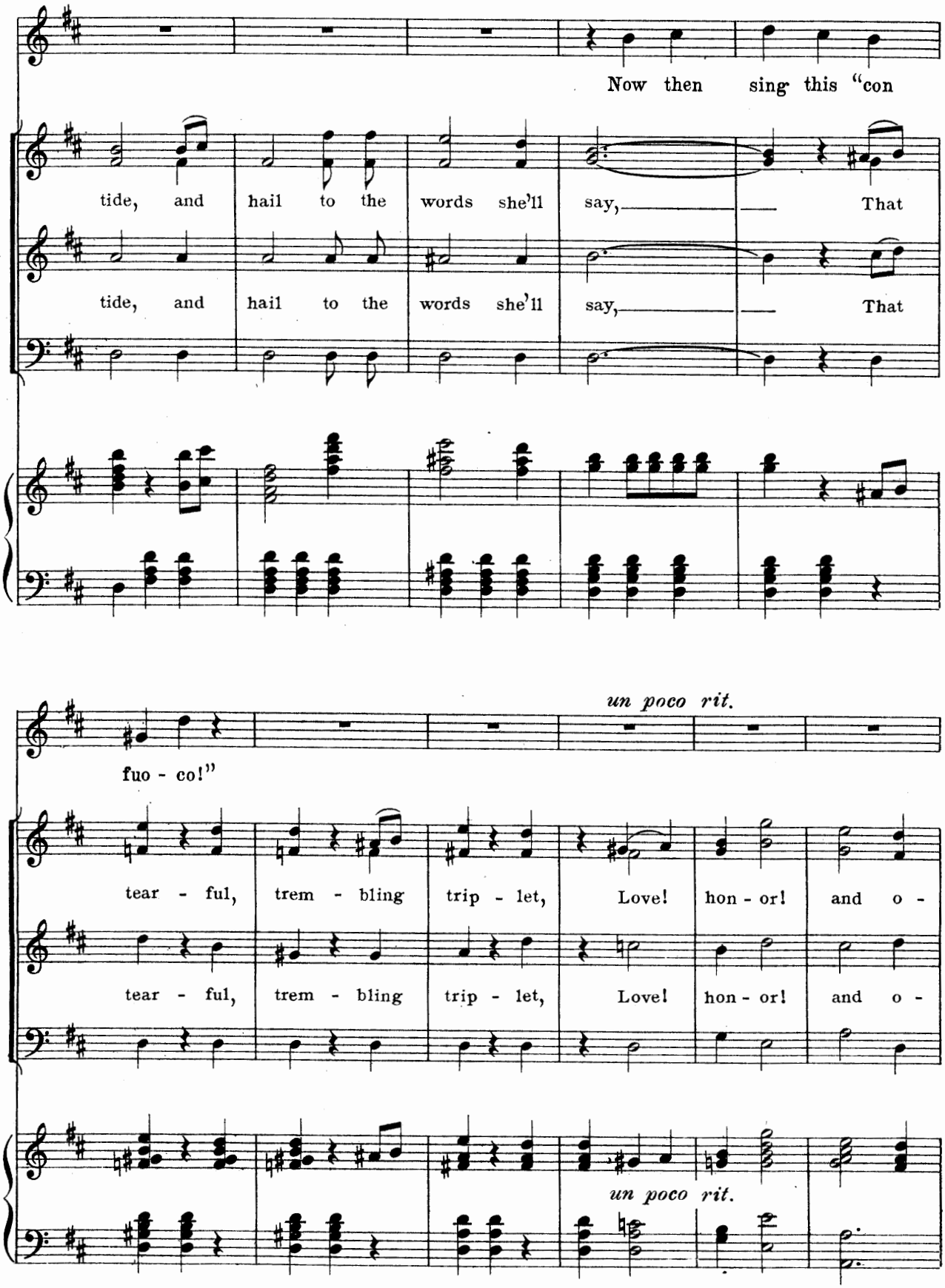

tips! and lips! And pu - ri - tee, just
so, Don't drag that trem - bling
trip - let
CHORUS.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Ha, ha, ha, ha!
f

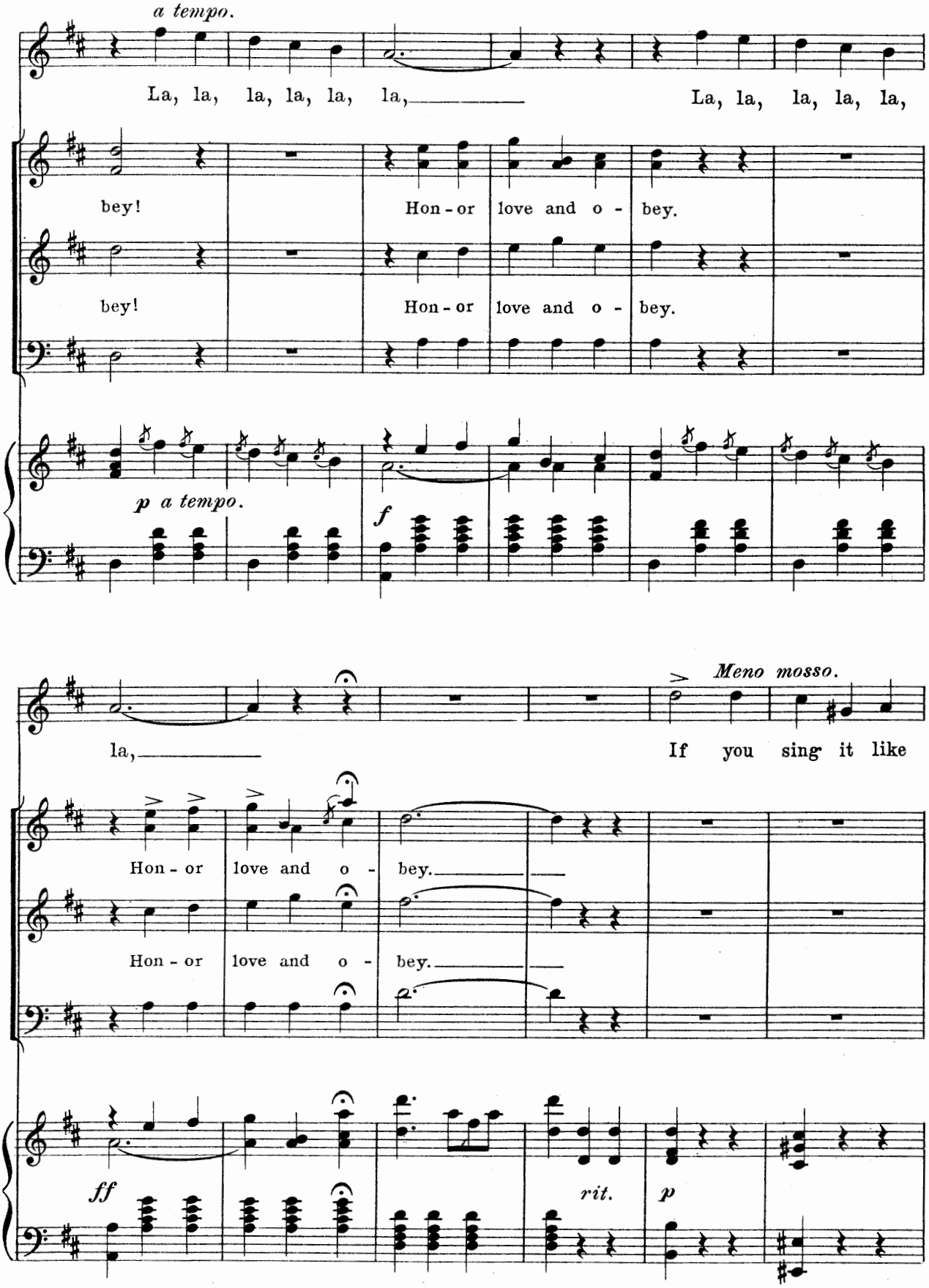

What are you laugh-ing at?
p
SOLO SOPRANO.
It
The trem - bling trip - let, that seems hard.
p
is - n't fun - ny! not a bit! Hit it
for - te! then re - tard; Once more! Once more! Come on!

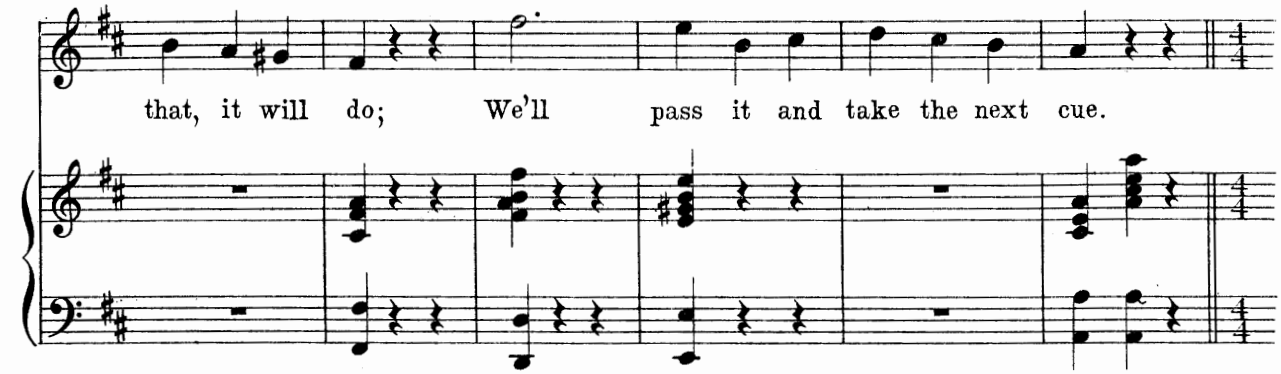

Tem - po ru -
CHORUS.
Then hail! to the Queen of beau - ty!
Then hail! to the Queen of beau - ty!
ba - to!
Now, ben mar - ca - to!
Fair as a lil - y she From fin - ger
Fair as a lil - y she From fin - ger

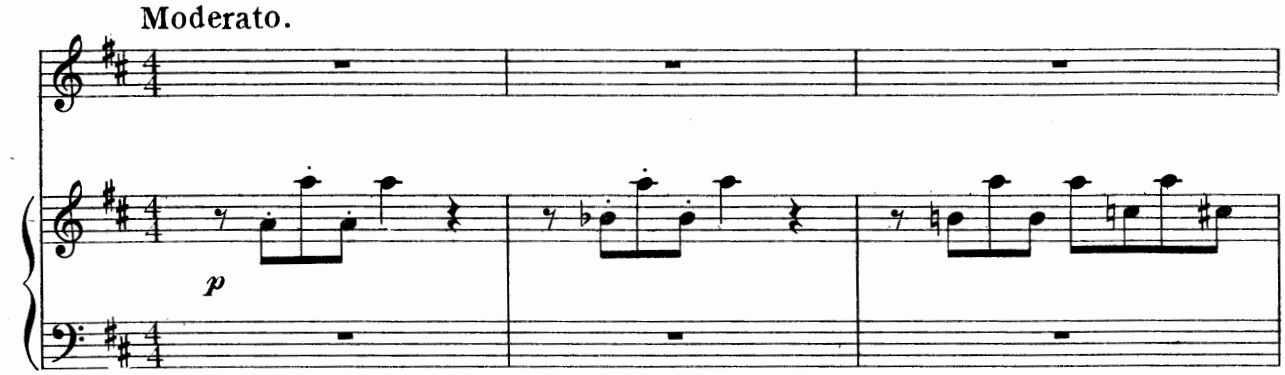

For - te!
tips, to— ros - y lips, A— mod - el of pu - ri -
tips, to— ros - y lips, A— mod - el of pu - ri -

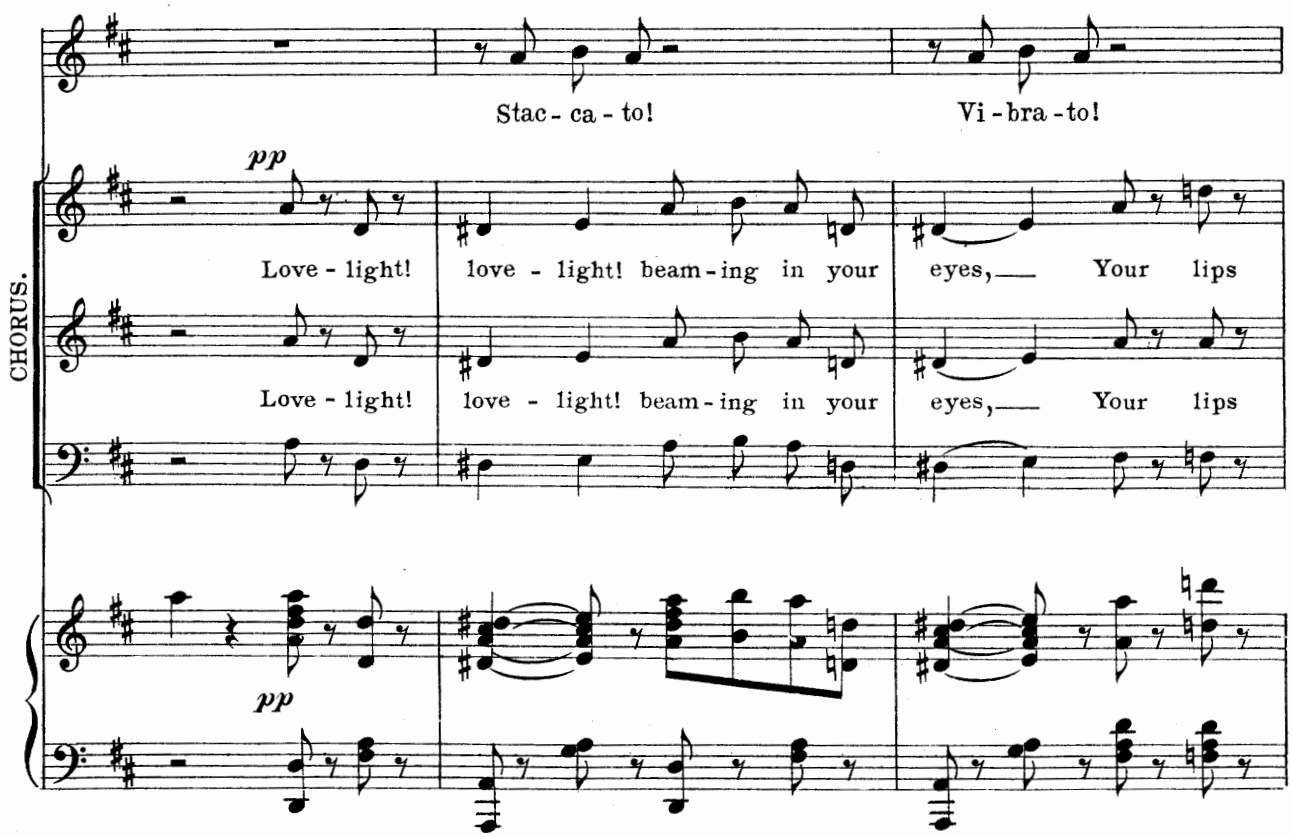

Rall - en - tan - do un po - co!
tee— Then hail! to the bride in her youth - ful
tee— Then hail! to the bride in her youth - ful


Now then sing this "con
tide, and hail to the words she'll say, That
tide, and hail to the words she'll say, That
un poco rit.
fuo - co!"
tear - ful, trem - bling trip - let, Love! hon - or! and o -
tear - ful, trem - bling trip - let, Love! hon - or! and o -
un poco rit.

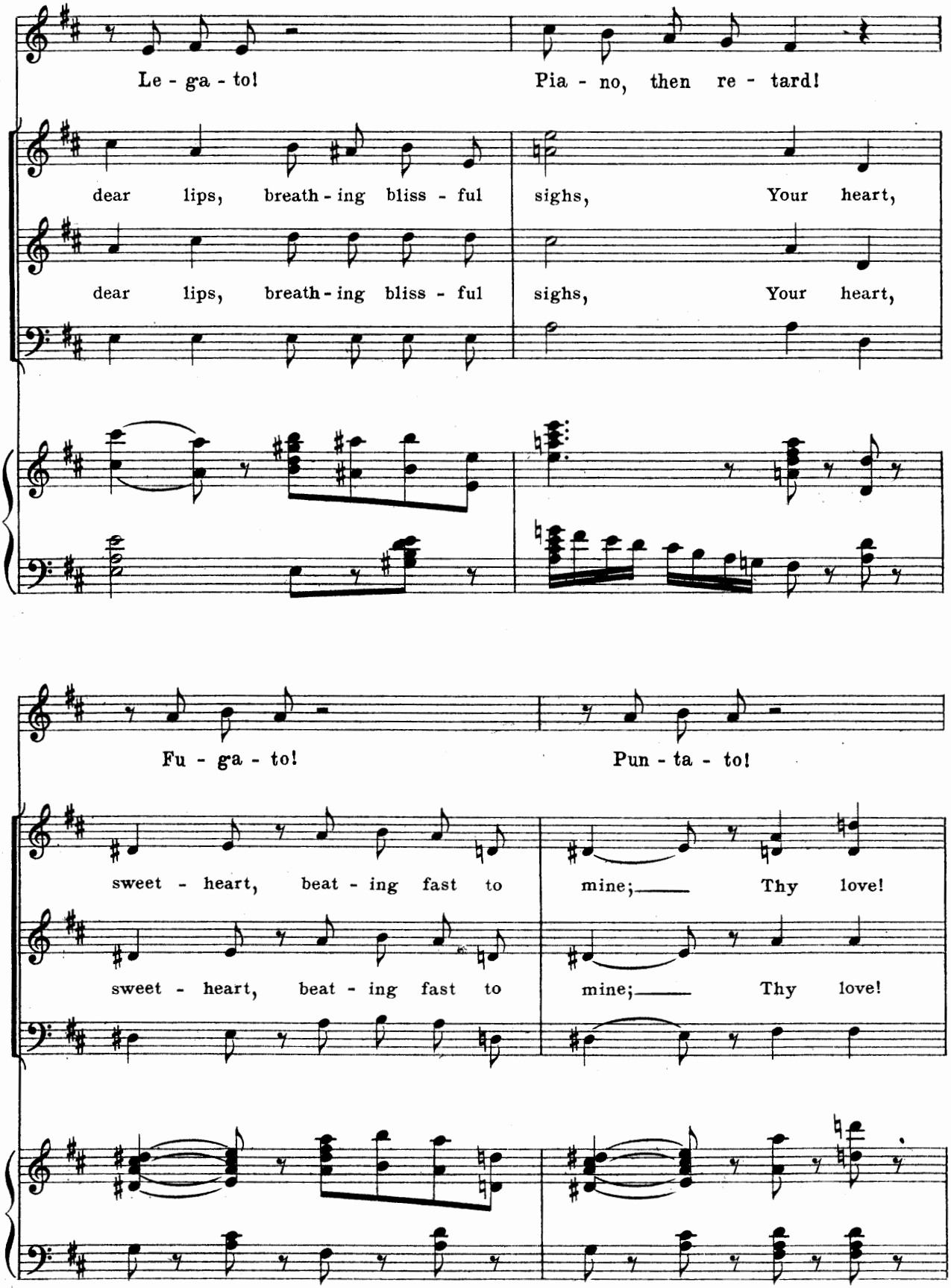

a tempo.
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la,
bey!
Hon - or love and o - bey.
bey!
Hon - or love and o - bey.
p a tempo.
f
la,
Meno mosso.
If you sing it like
Hon - or love and o - bey.
Hon - or love and o - bey.
ff
rit.
p

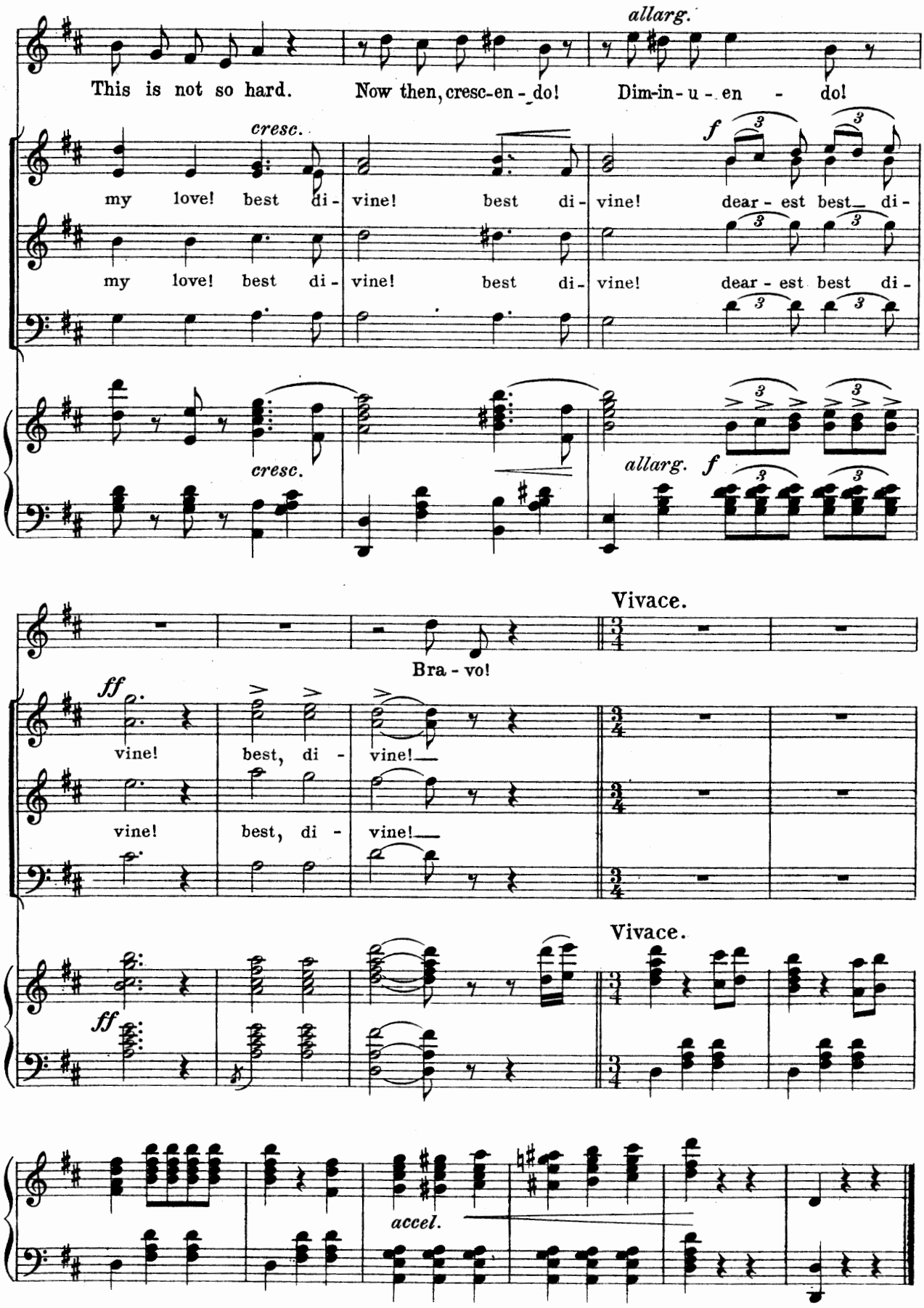

that, it will do; We'll pass it and take the next cue.


Moderato.
p


Stac - ca - to!
Vi - bra - to!
CHORUS.
pp
Love - light! love - light! beam - ing in your eyes, Your lips
Love - light! love - light! beam - ing in your eyes, Your lips
pp

251811


Le - ga - to!
Pia - no, then re - tard!
dear lips, breath - ing bliss - ful sighs, Your heart,
dear lips, breath - ing bliss - ful sighs, Your heart,
Fu - ga - to!
Pun - ta - to!
sweet - heart, beat - ing fast to mine; Thy love!
sweet - heart, beat - ing fast to mine; Thy love!

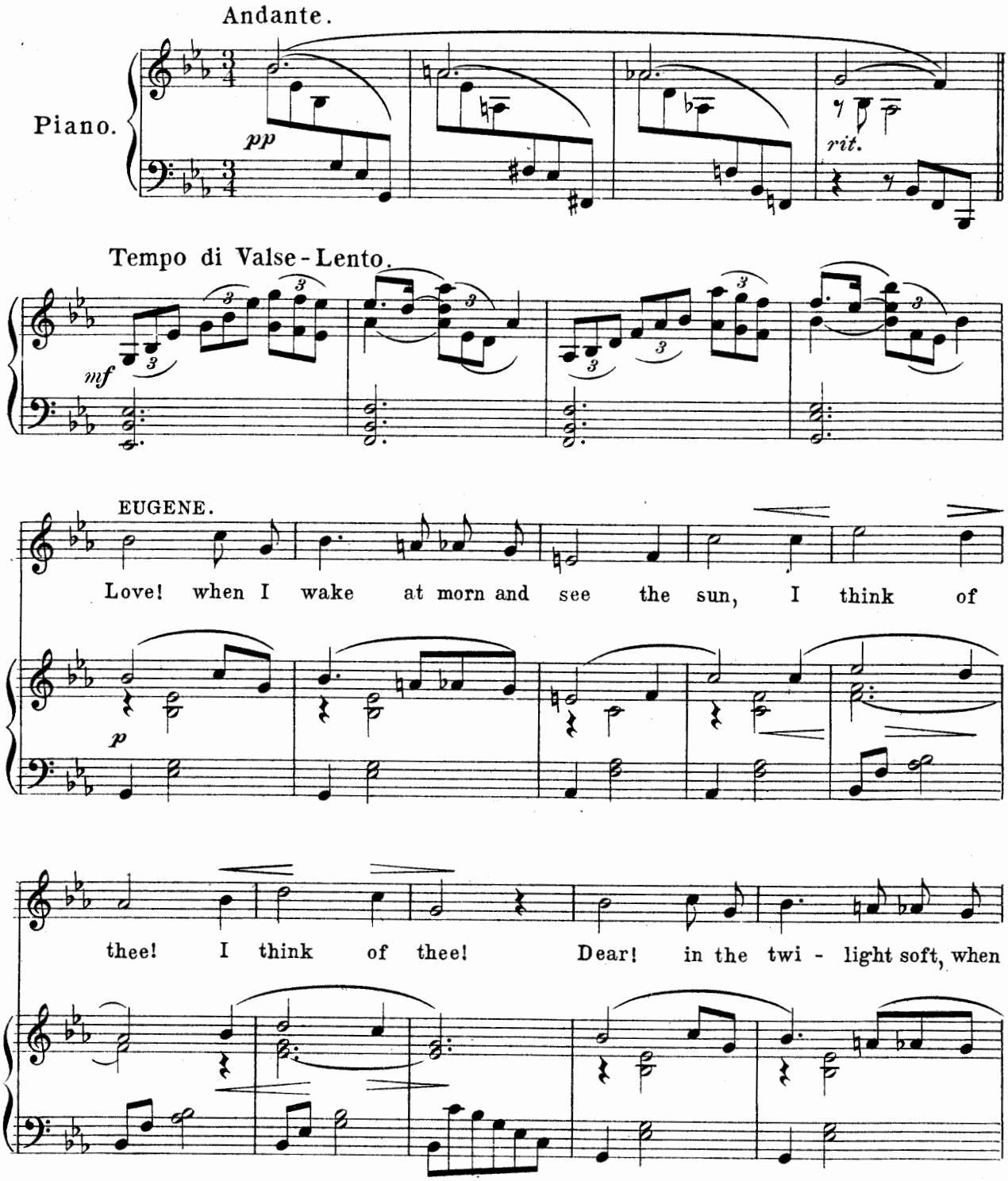

allarg.
This is not so hard.
Now then, cresc-en - do!
Dim-in-u - en - do!
cresc.
my love! best di-
vine! best di-
vine! dear - est best di-
cresc.
allarg.
Vivace.
Bra - vo!
vine! best, di - vine!
Vivace.
accel.

No 3. The Lovelight Beaming From Your Eyes.

(Lovelight.)

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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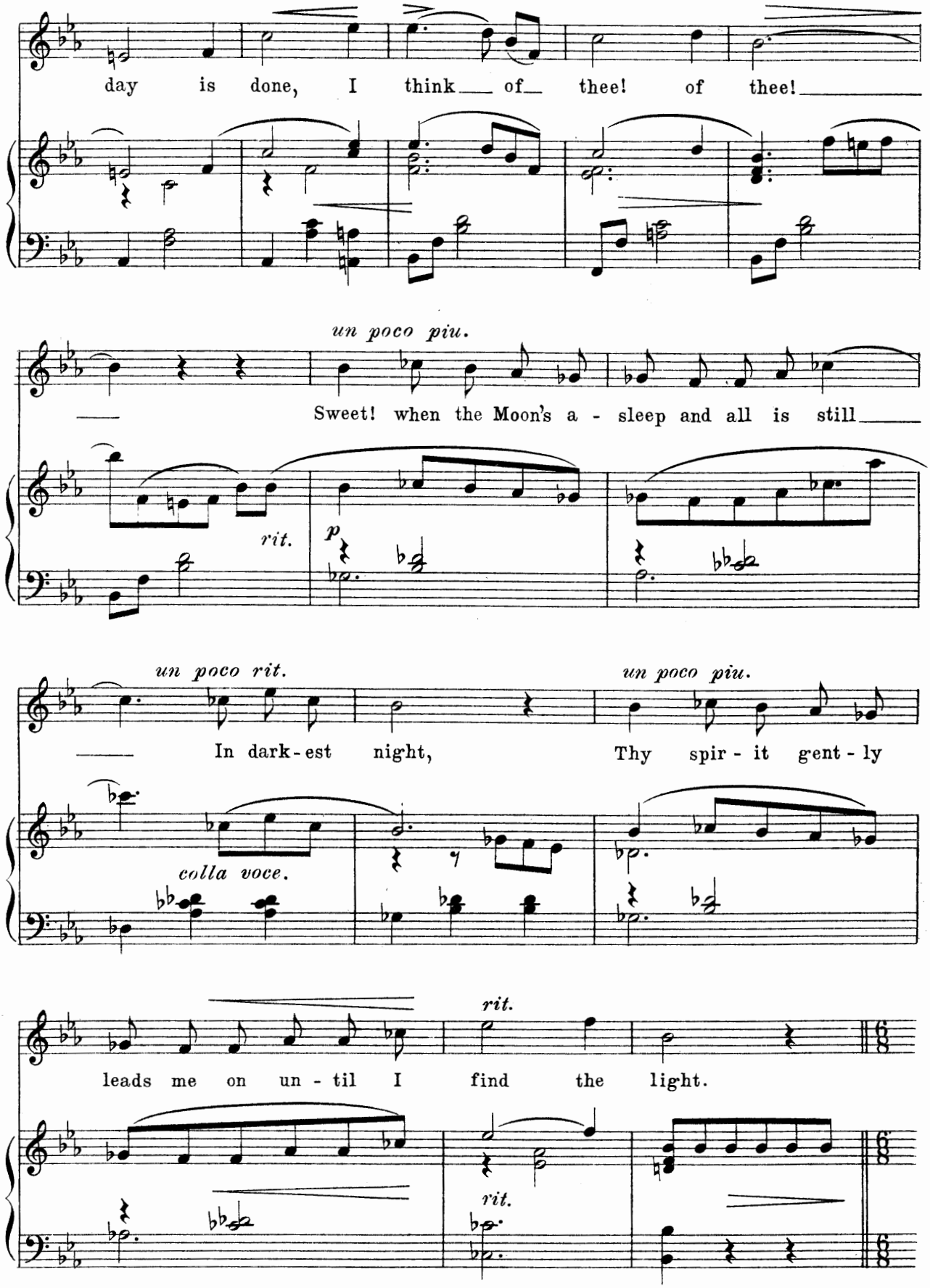
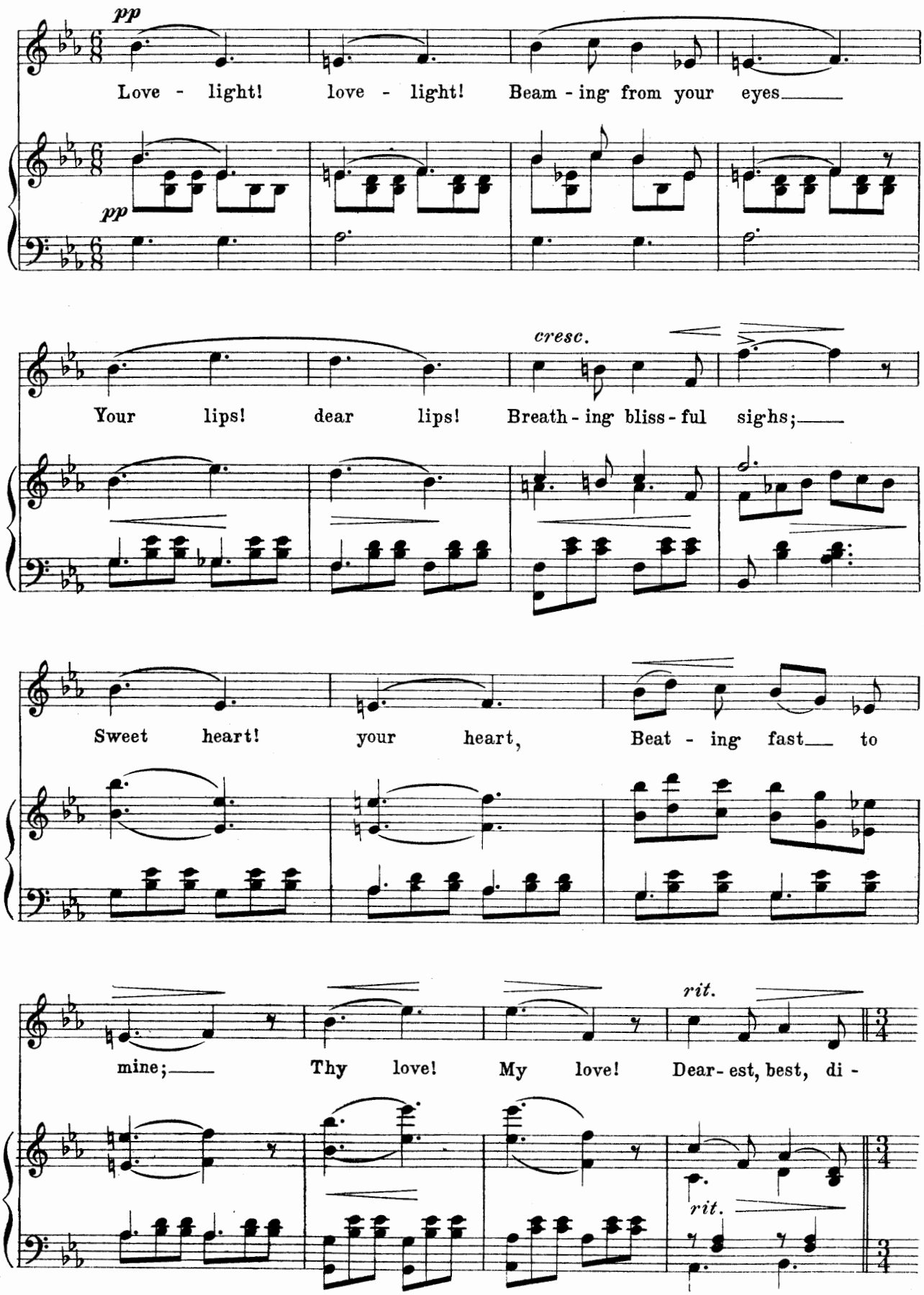
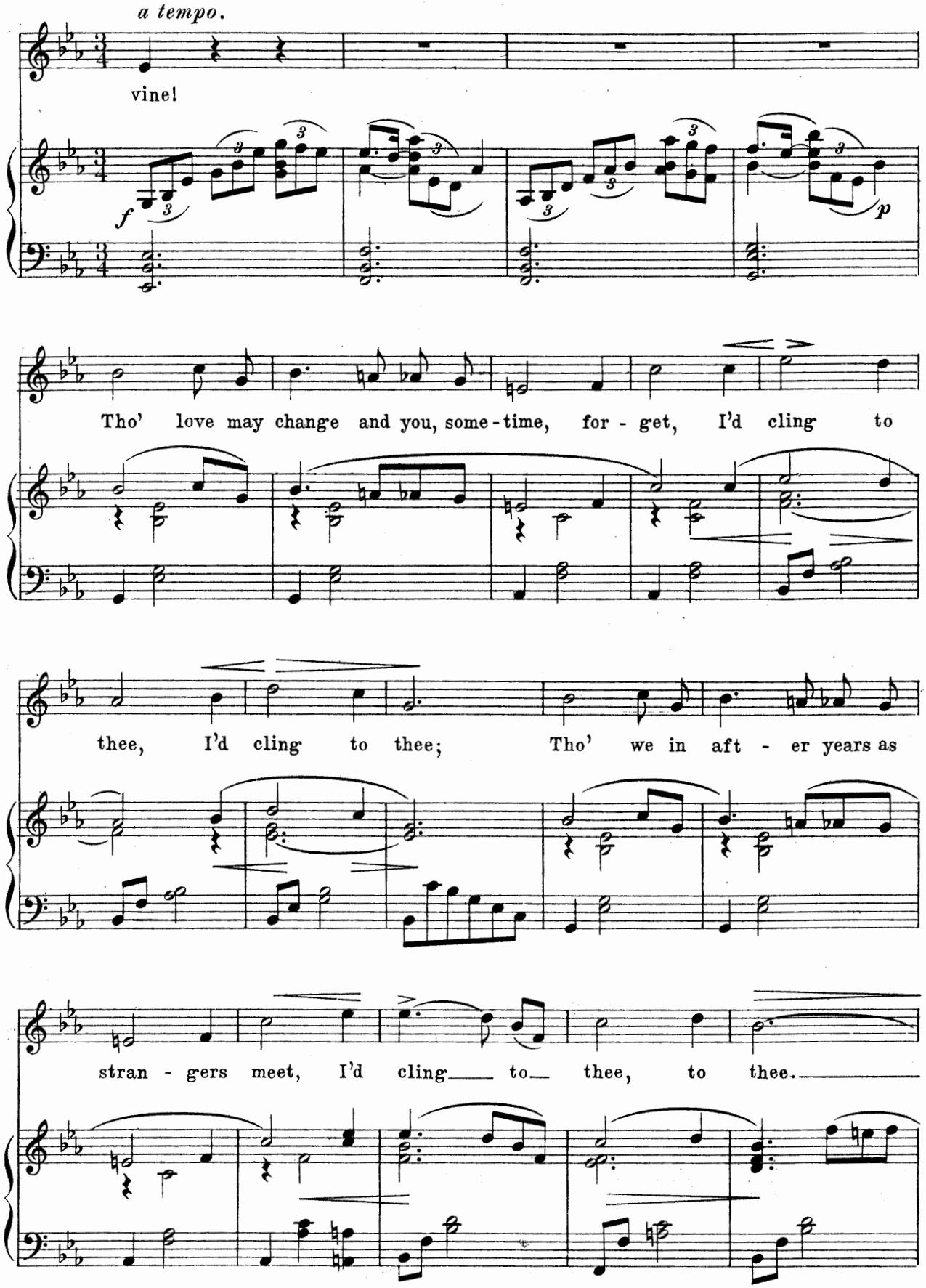
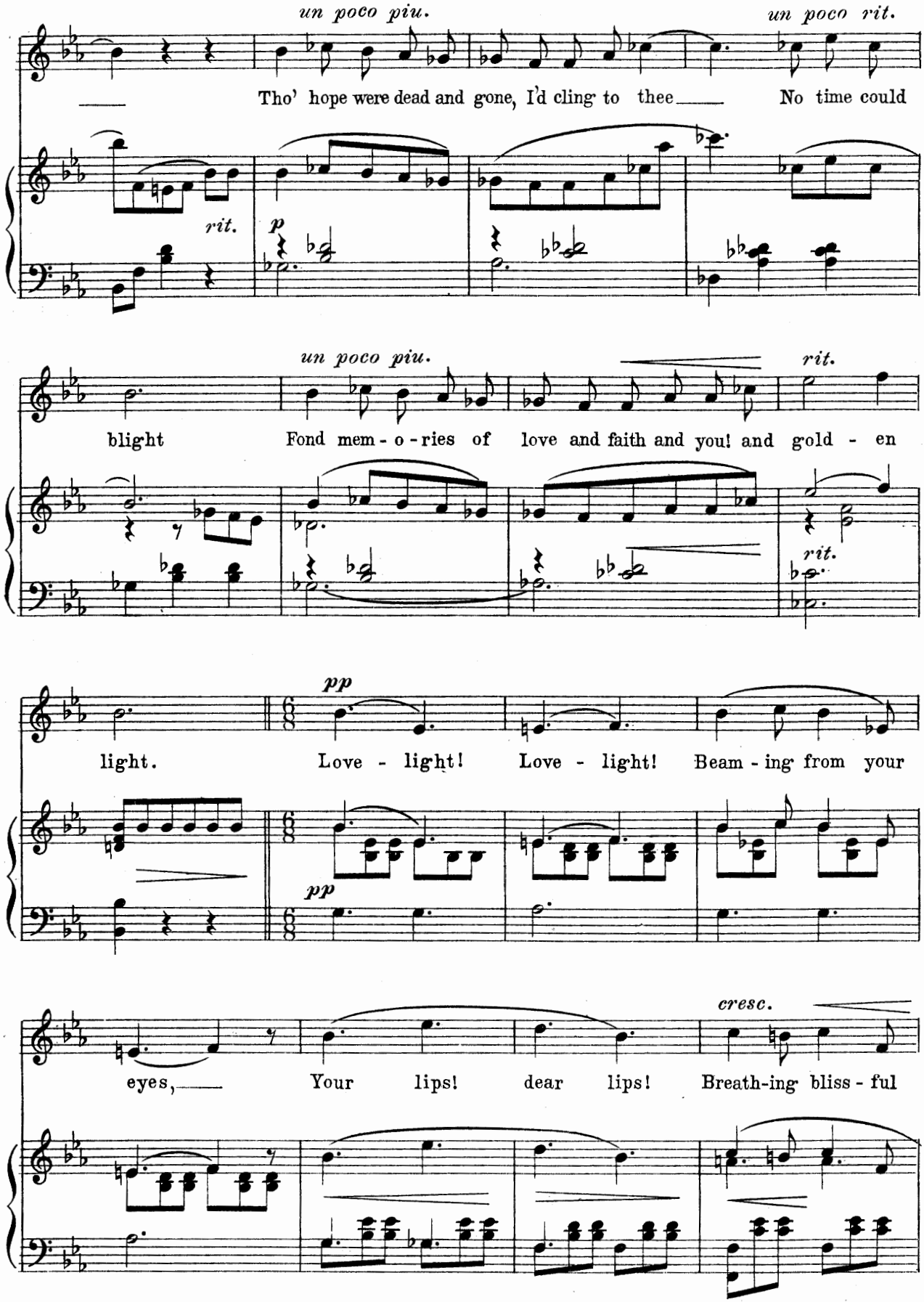
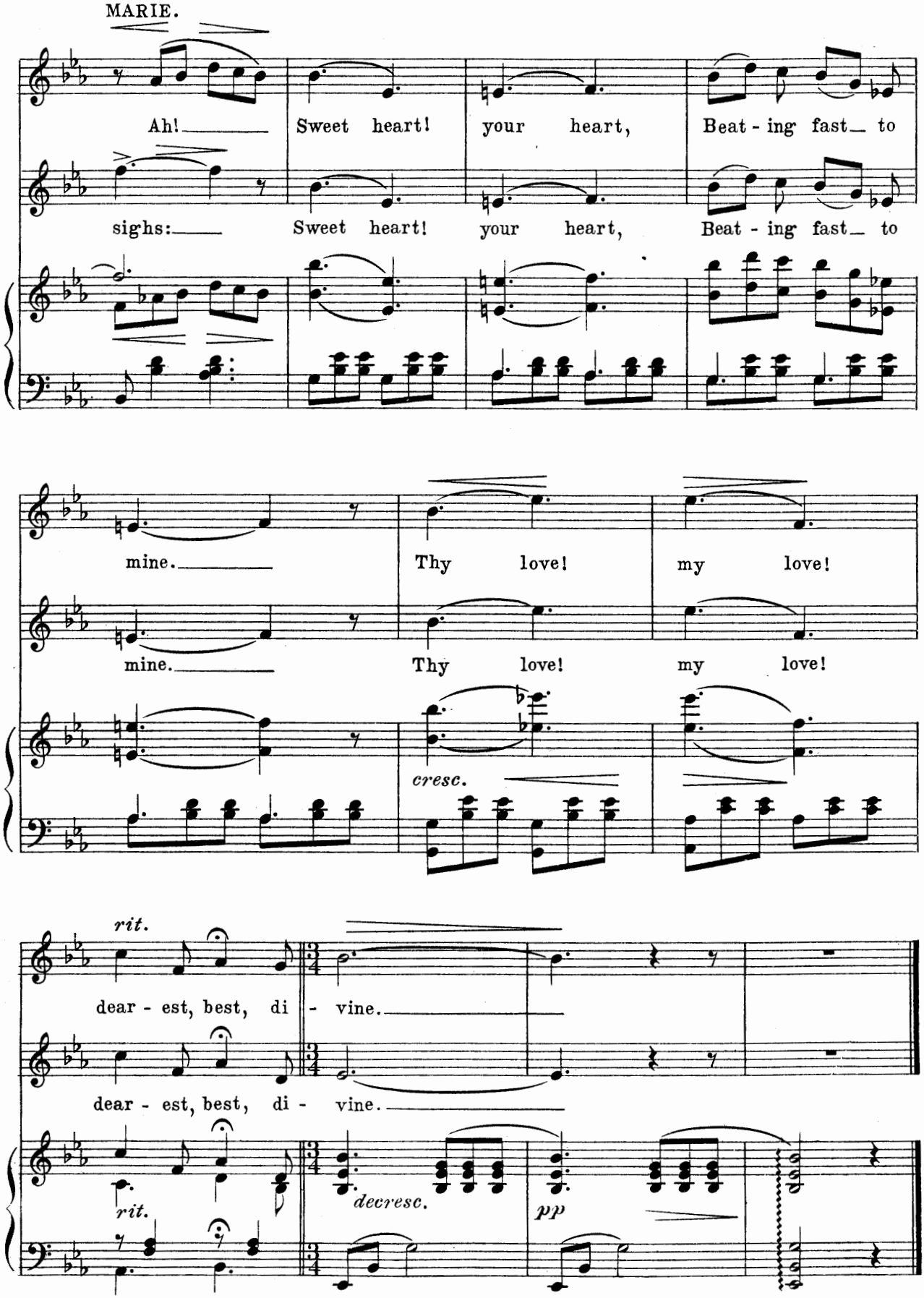

day is done, I think of thee! of thee!
un poco piu.
Sweet! when the Moon's a - sleep and all is still
rit.
p
un poco rit.
un poco piu.
In dark-est night, Thy spir - it gent - ly
colla voce.
rit.
leads me on un - til I find the light.
rit.


pp
Love - light! love - light! Beam - ing from your eyes
pp
cresc.
Your lips! dear lips! Breath - ing bliss - ful sighs;
Sweet heart! your heart, Beat - ing fast to
rit.
mine; Thy love! My love! Dear - est, best, di -
rit.


a tempo.
vine!
f
p
Tho' love may change and you, some-time, for-get, I'd cling to
thee, I'd cling to thee; Tho' we in aft-er years as
stran-gers meet, I'd cling to thee, to thee.


un poco piu.
un poco rit.
Tho' hope were dead and gone, I'd cling to thee No time could
rit.
p
un poco piu.
rit.
blight Fond mem - o - ries of love and faith and you! and gold - en
rit.
pp
light. Love - light! Love - light! Beam - ing from your
pp
cresc.
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! Breath-ing bliss - ful

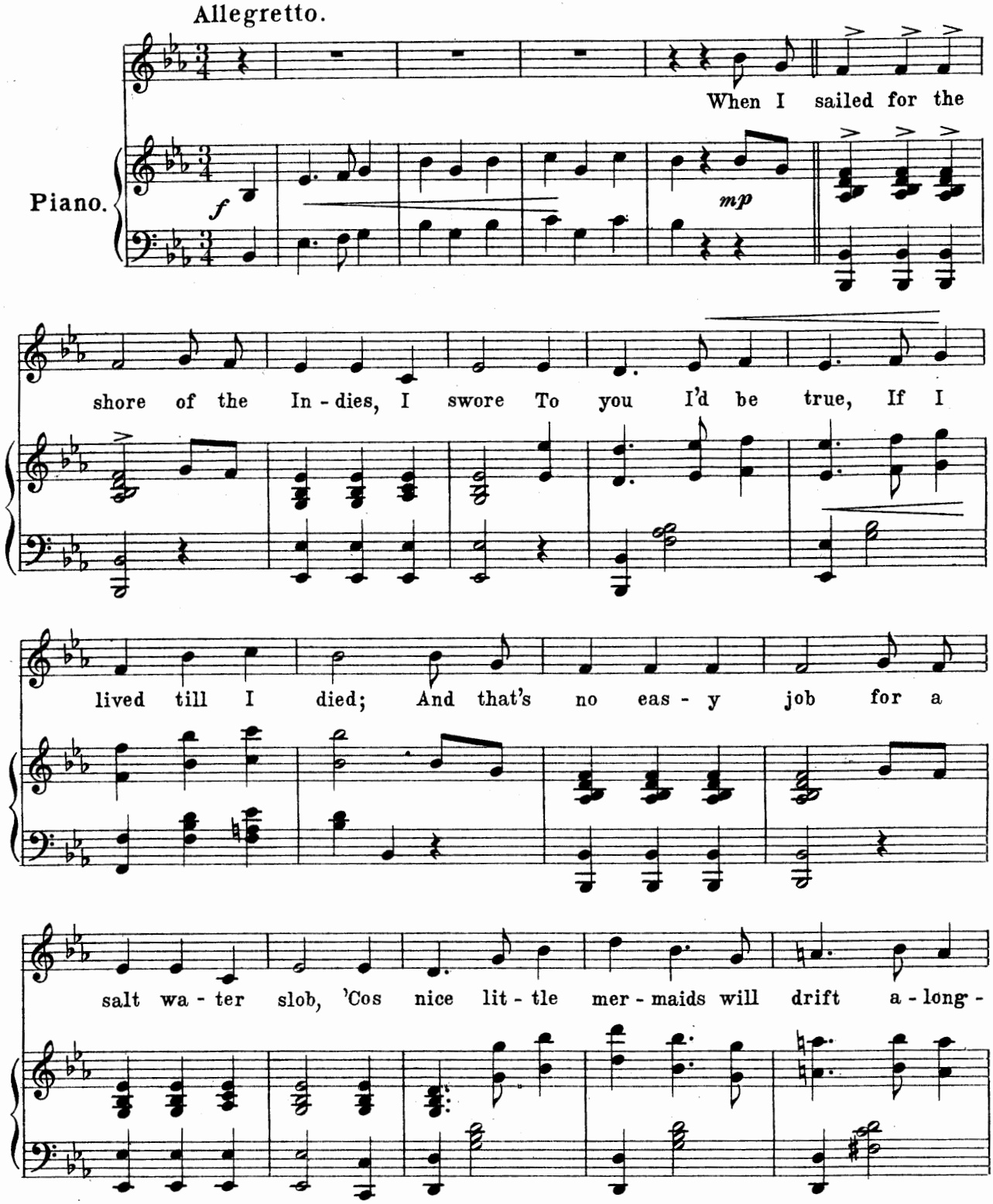

MARIE.
Ah! Sweet heart! your heart, Beat - ing fast to
sighs: Sweet heart! your heart, Beat - ing fast to
mine. Thy love! my love!
mine. Thy love! my love!
cresc.
rit.
dear - est, best, di - vine.
dear - est, best, di - vine.
rit.
decresc.
pp

That's How I Get Treated.

No. 4.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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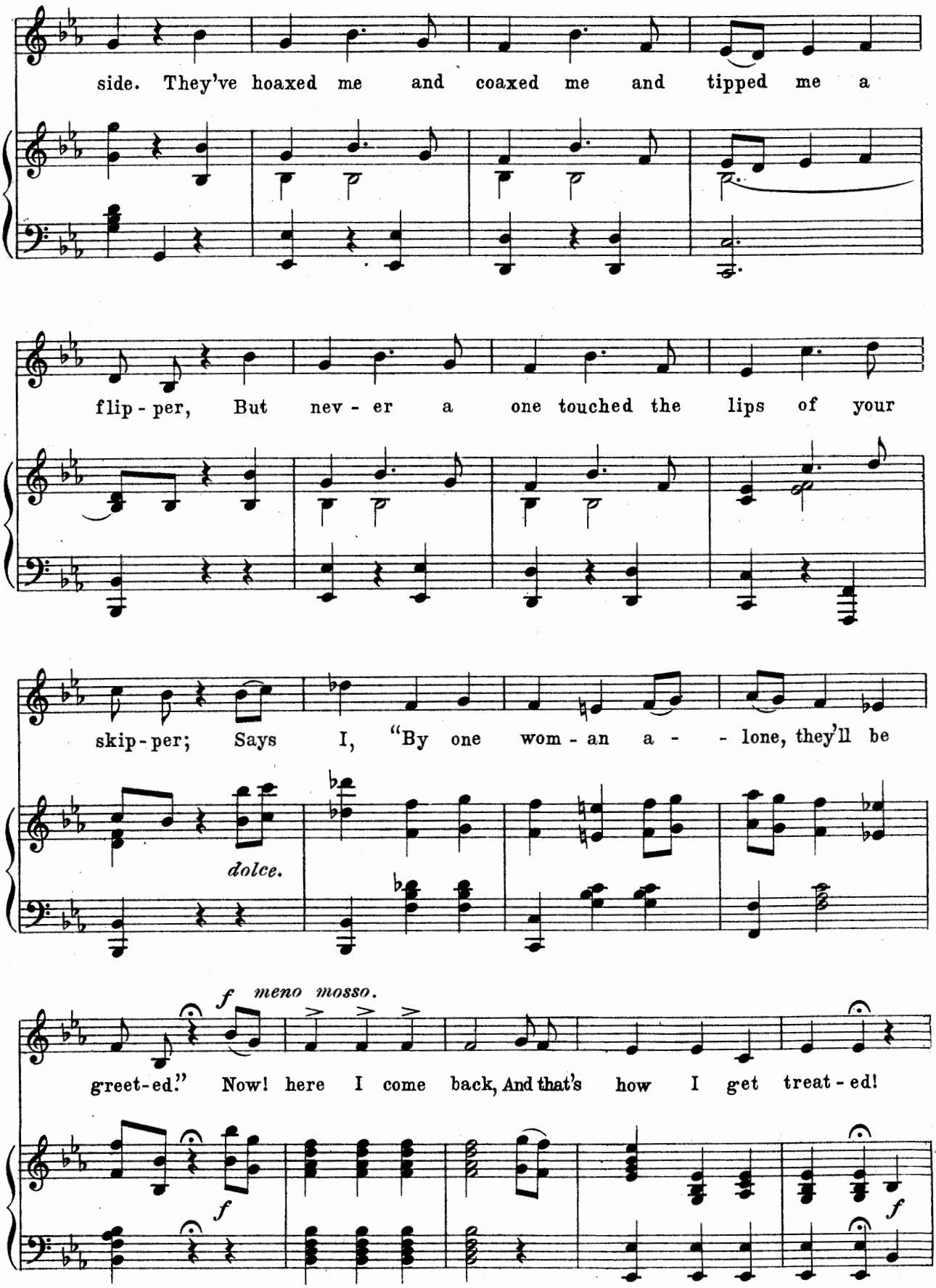
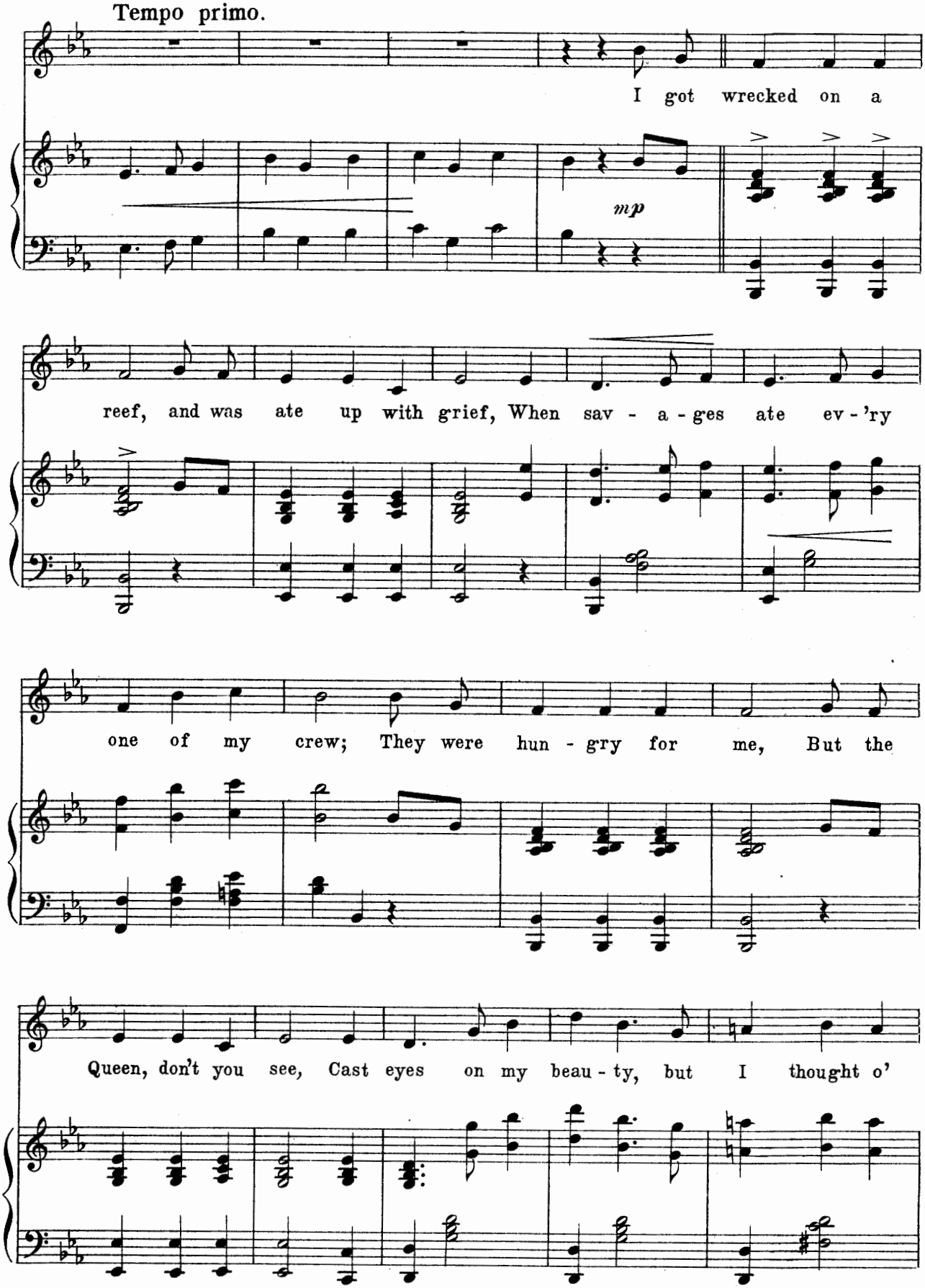
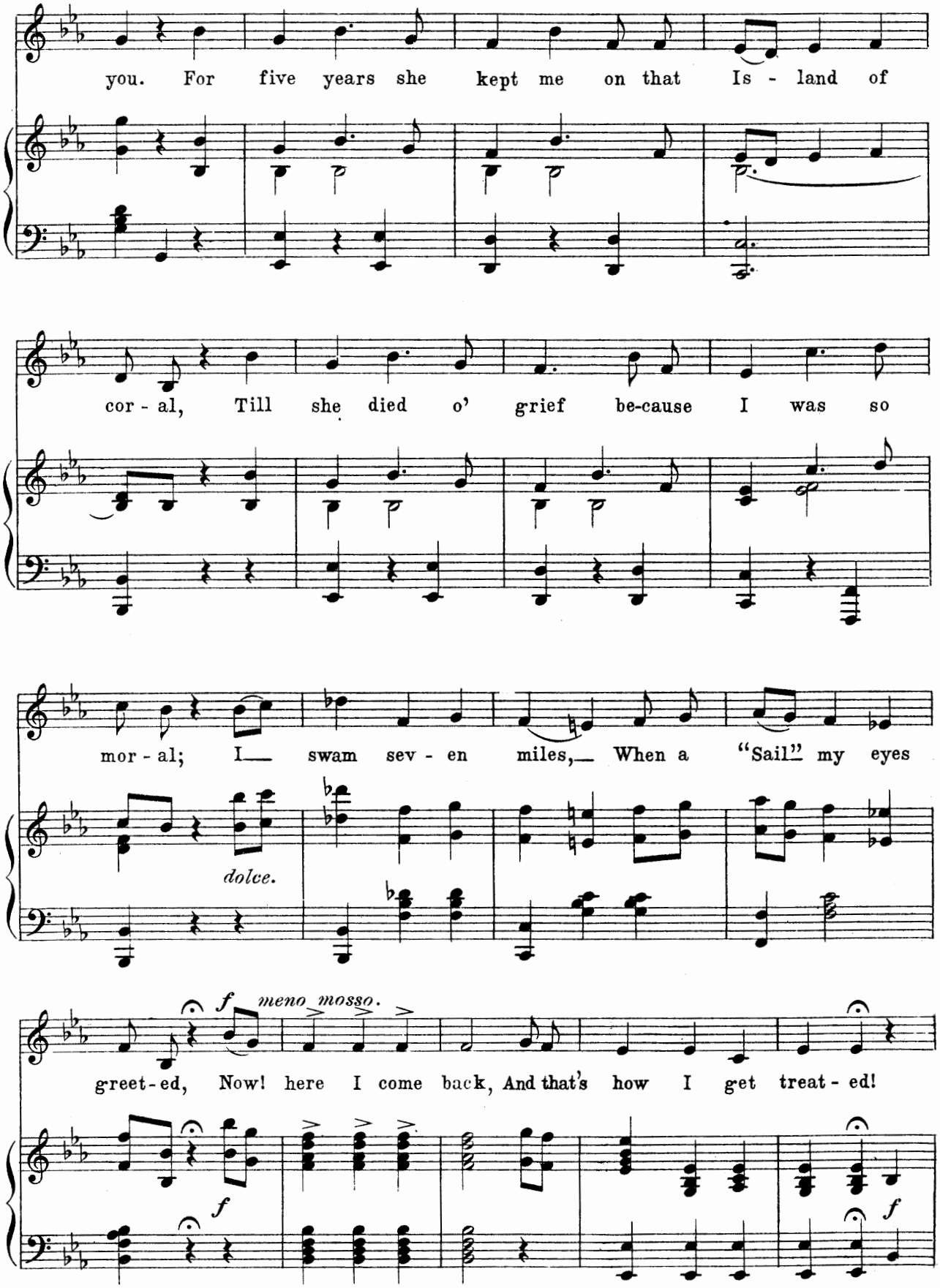
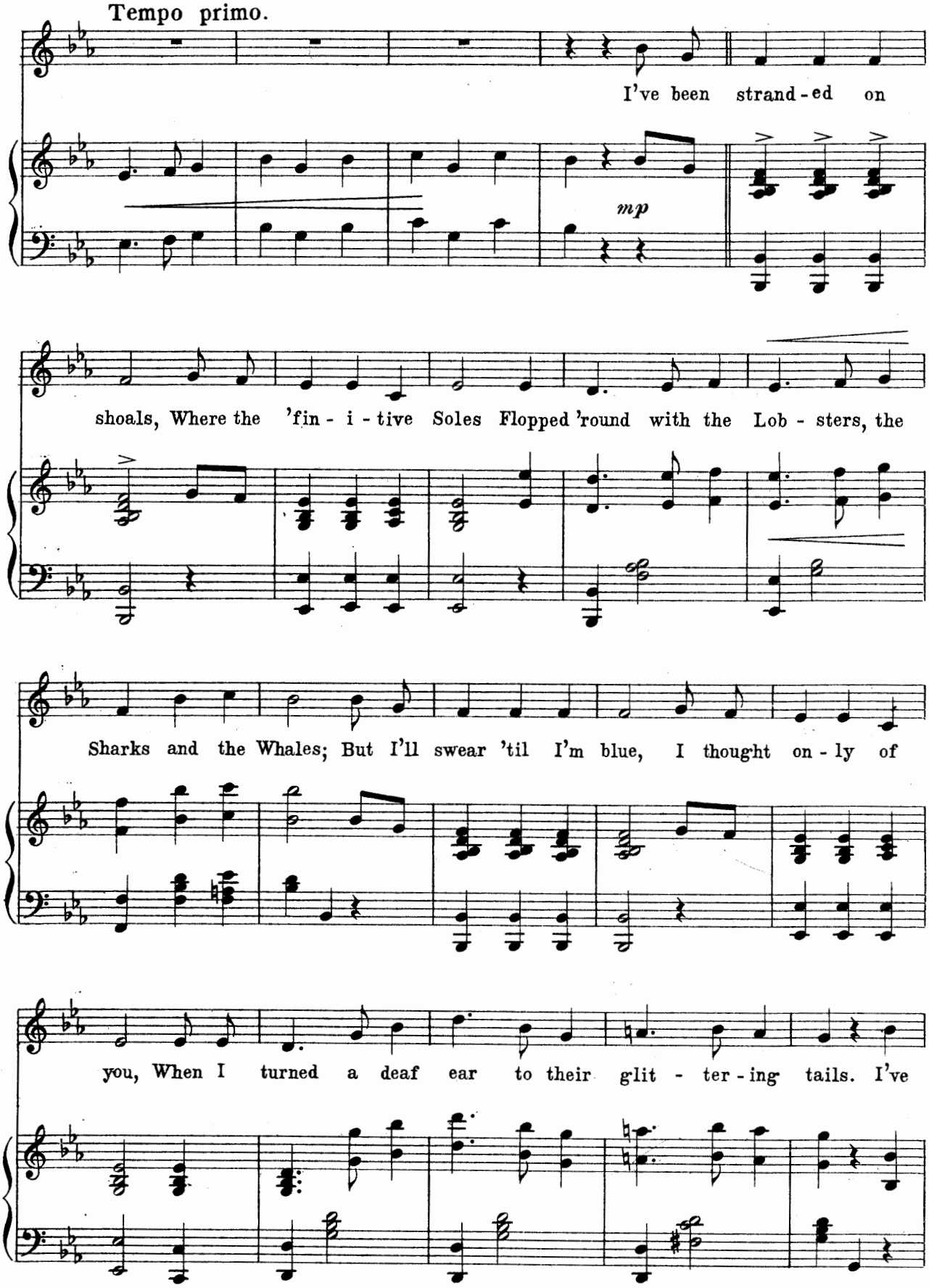
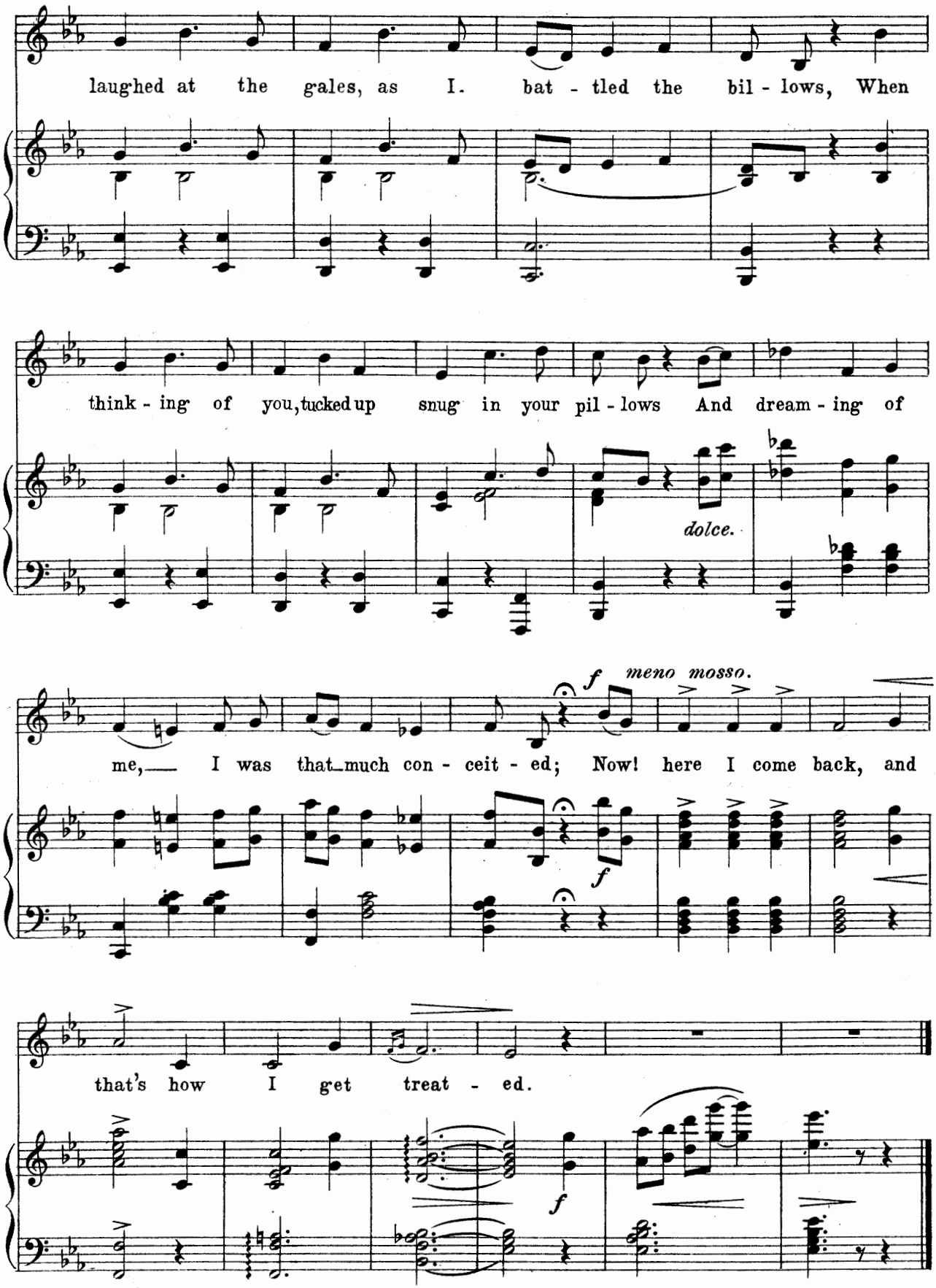

side. They've hoaxed me and coaxed me and tipped me a
flip - per, But nev - er a one touched the lips of your
skip - per; Says I, "By one wom - an a - - lone, they'll be
dolce.
f meno mosso.
greet - ed." Now! here I come back, And that's how I get treat - ed!
f
f


Tempo primo.
I got wrecked on a
mp
reef, and was ate up with grief, When sav - a - ges ate ev - 'ry
one of my crew; They were hun - gry for me, But the
Queen, don't you see, Cast eyes on my beau - ty, but I thought o'


you. For five years she kept me on that Is - land of
cor - al, Till she died o' grief be-cause I was so
mor - al; I swam sev - en miles, When a "Sail" my eyes
dolce.
f meno mosso.
greet-ed, Now! here I come back, And that's how I get treat - ed!
f
f

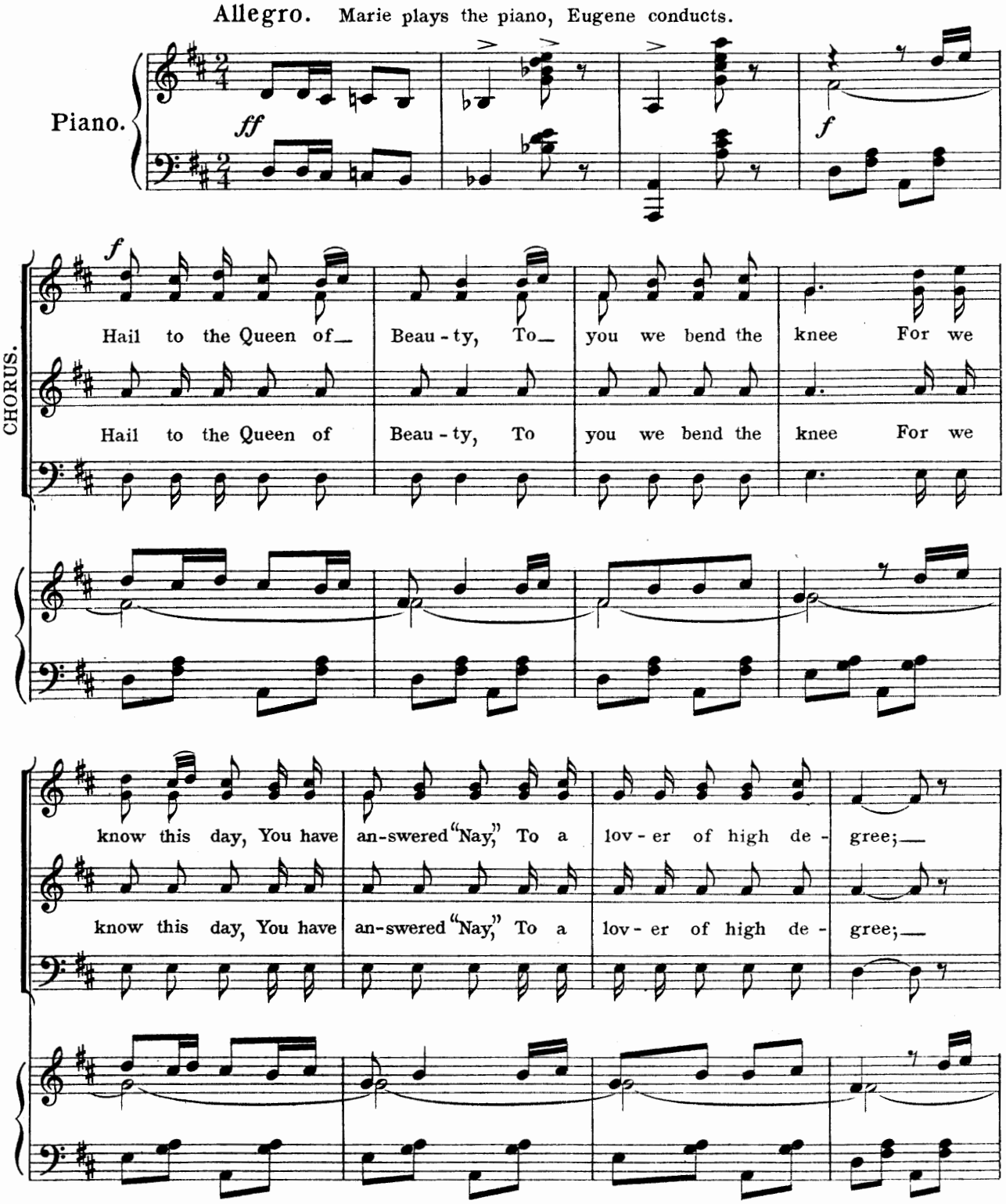

Tempo primo.
I've been strand - ed on
mp
shoals, Where the 'fin - i - tive Soles Flopped 'round with the Lob - sters, the
Sharks and the Whales; But I'll swear 'til I'm blue, I thought on - ly of
you, When I turned a deaf ear to their glit - ter - ing tails. I've


laughed at the gales, as I. bat - tled the bil - lows, When
think - ing of you, tucked up snug in your pil - lows And dream - ing of
dolce.
f meno mosso.
me, I was that much con - ceit - ed; Now! here I come back, and
f
that's how I get treat - ed.
f

No 5. My Soldier Boy.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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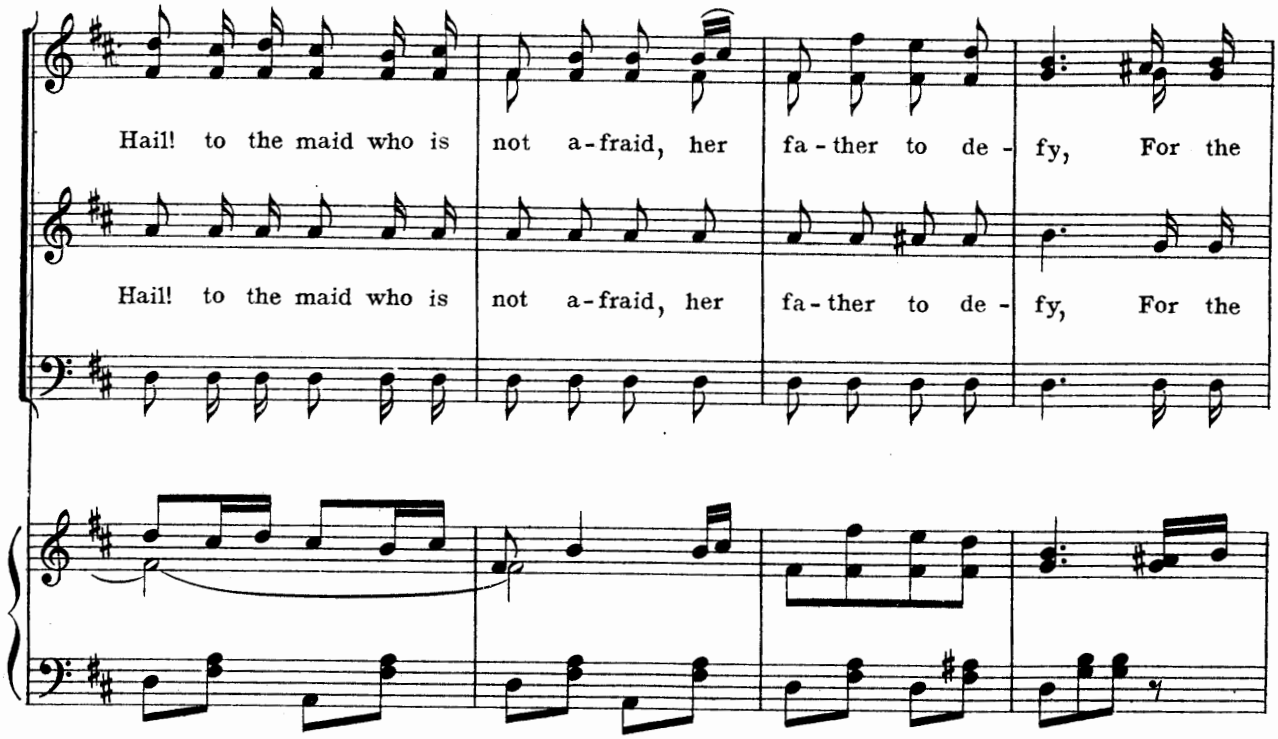
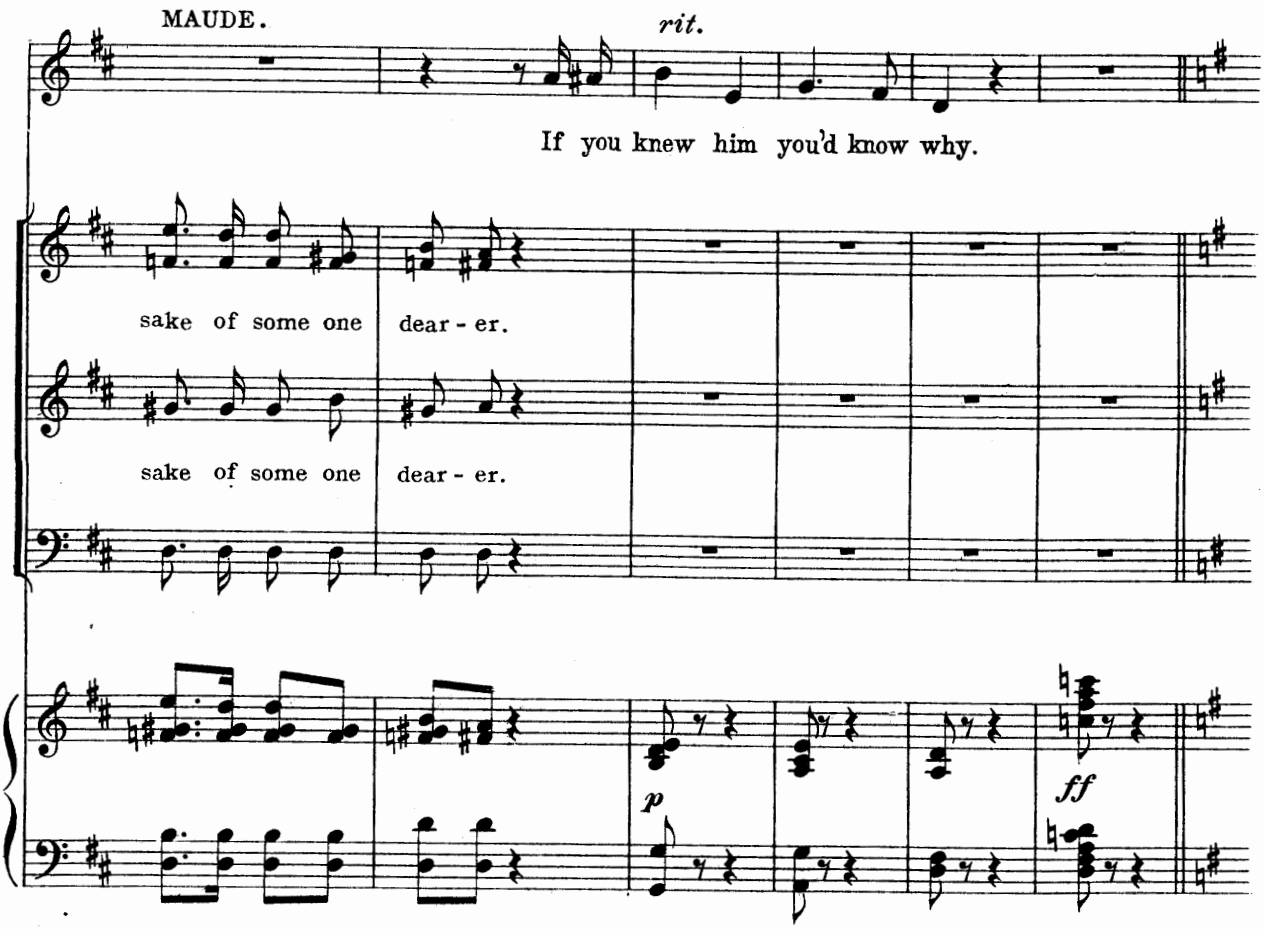
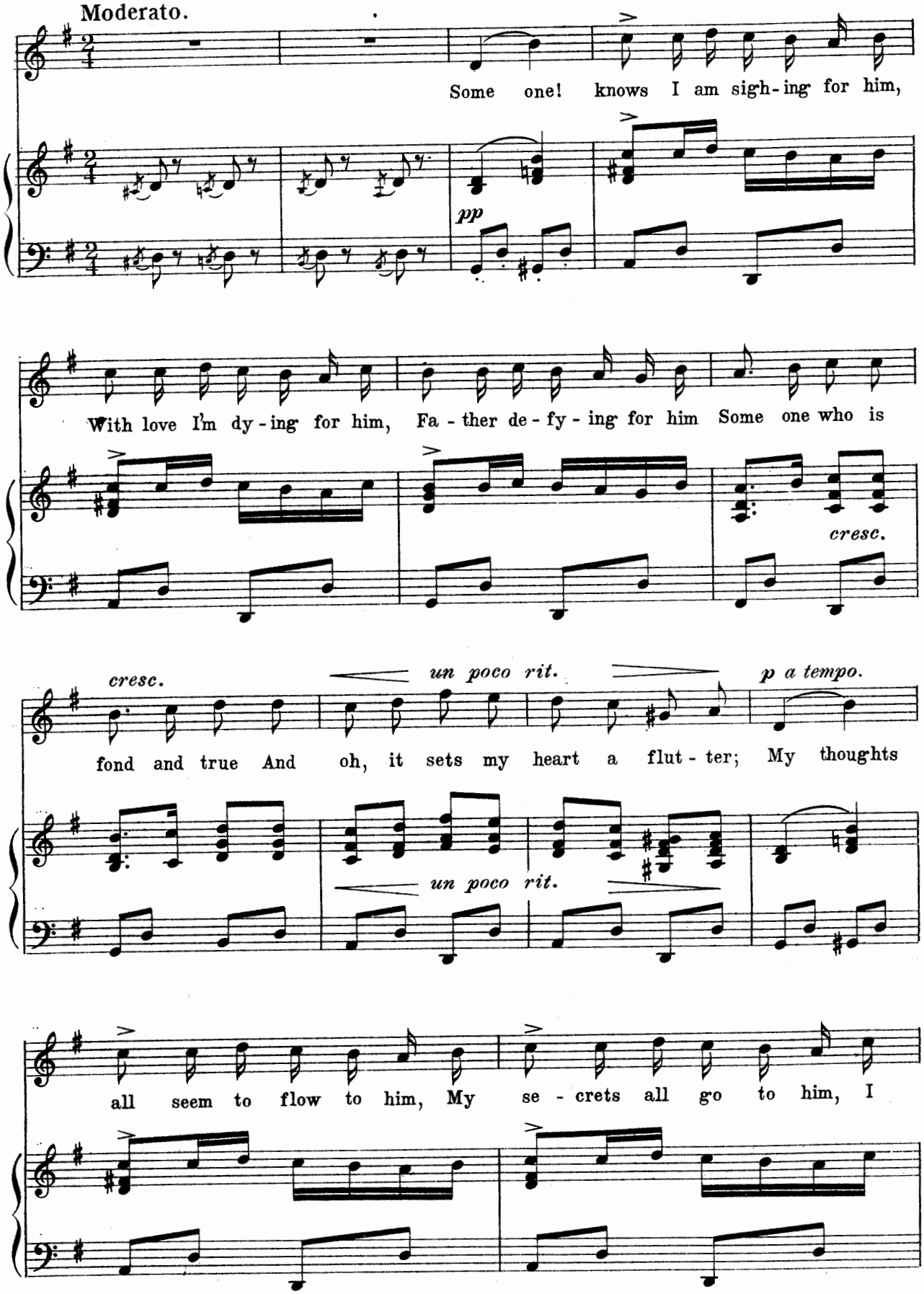
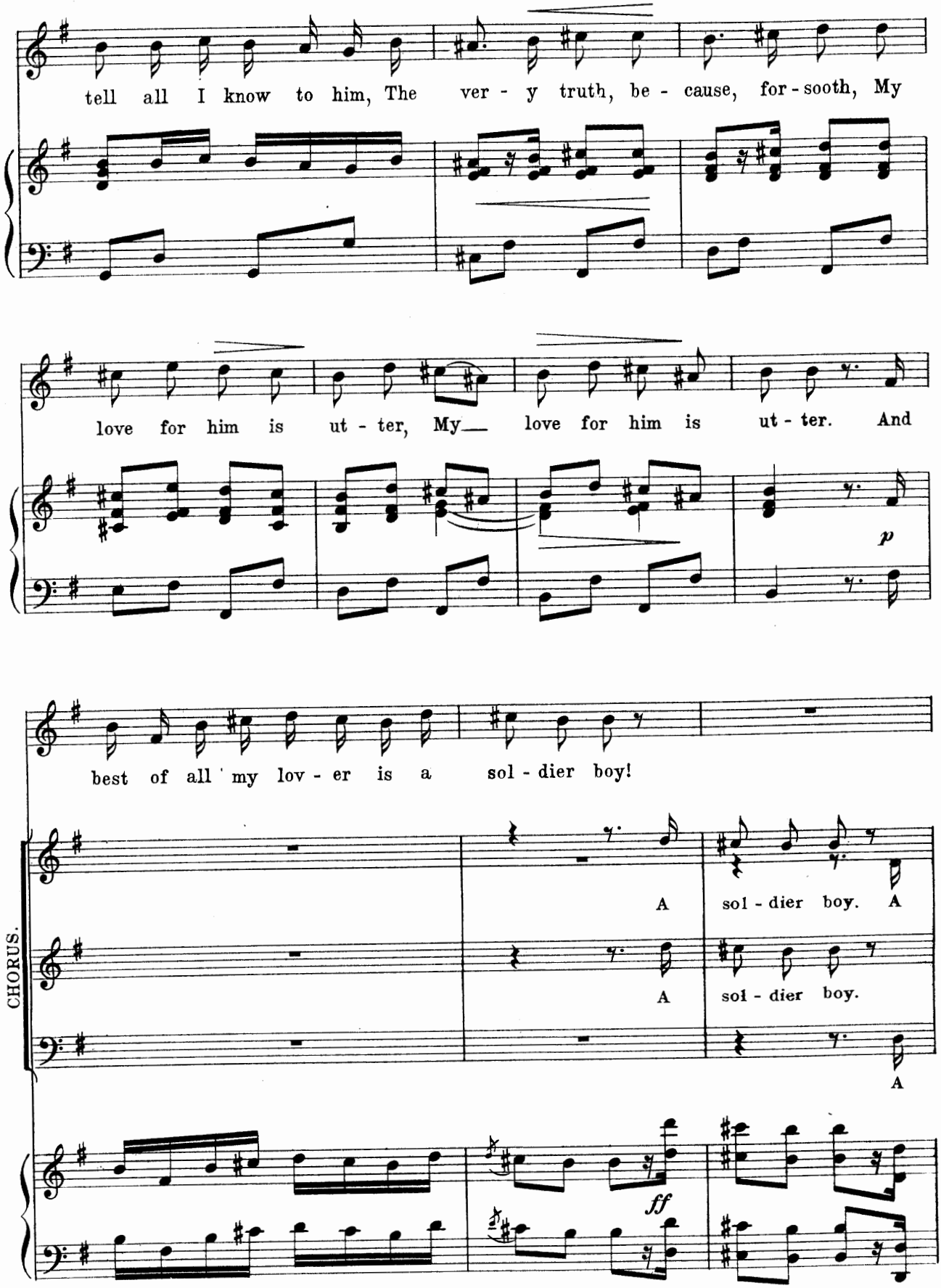
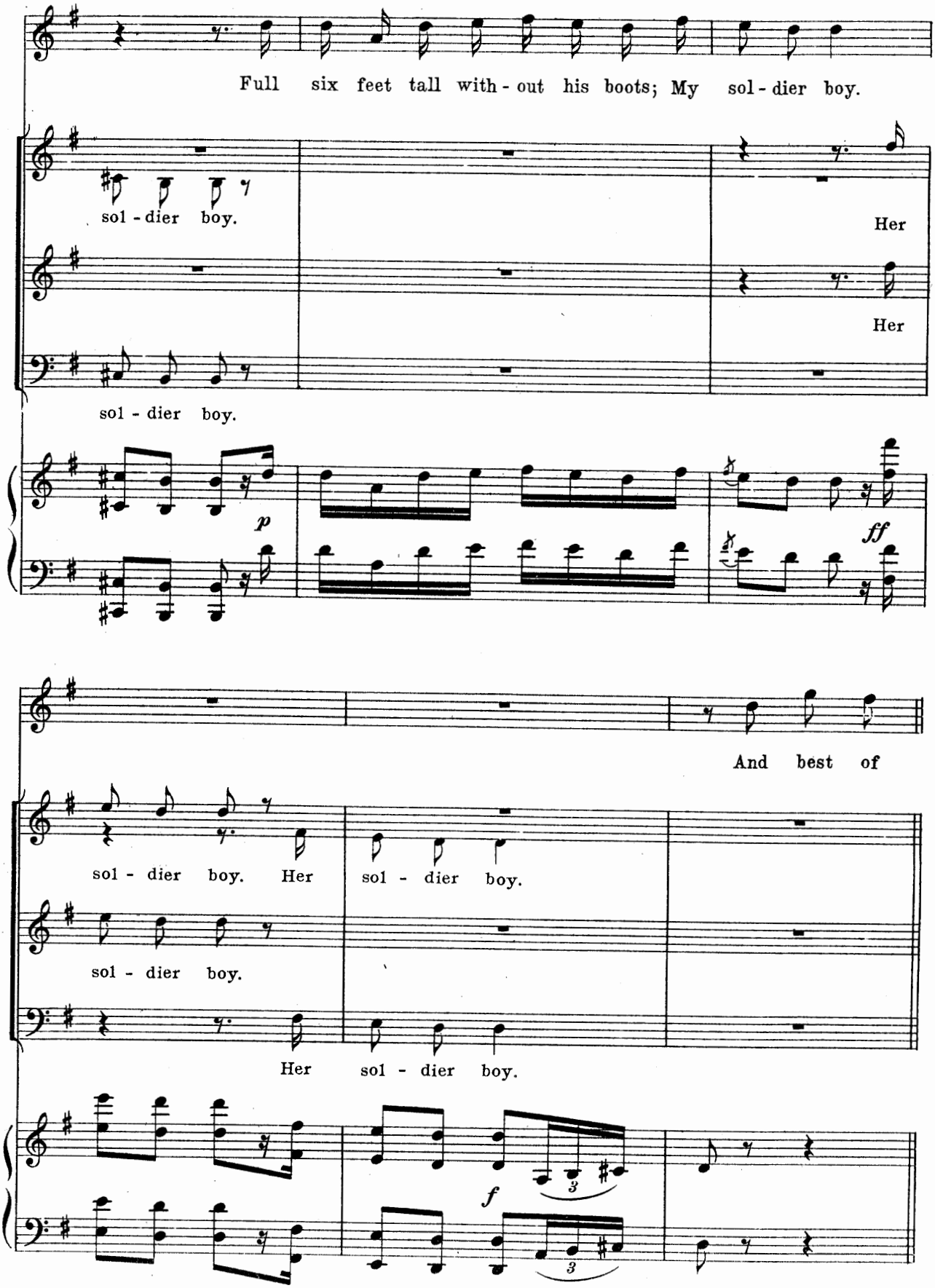

Hail! to the maid who is not a-fraid, her fa-ther to de-fy, For the
Hail! to the maid who is not a-fraid, her fa-ther to de-fy, For the


MAUDE.
rit.
If you knew him you'd know why.
sake of some one dear-er.
sake of some one dear-er.
p
ff


Moderato.
Some one! knows I am sigh-ing for him,
pp
With love I'm dy-ing for him, Fa-ther de-fy-ing for him Some one who is
cresc.
cresc.
un poco rit.
p a tempo.
fond and true And oh, it sets my heart a flut-ter; My thoughts
un poco rit.
all seem to flow to him, My se-crets all go to him, I


tell all I know to him, The ver - y truth, be - cause, for - sooth, My
love for him is ut - ter, My love for him is ut - ter. And
p
best of all my lov - er is a sol - dier boy!
CHORUS.
A sol - dier boy. A
A sol - dier boy.
A
ff


Full six feet tall with - out his boots; My sol - dier boy.
sol - dier boy.
Her
Her
sol - dier boy.
p
ff
And best of
sol - dier boy. Her sol - dier boy.
sol - dier boy.
Her sol - dier boy.
f
3
3

Allegro brillante.

all, there's noth-ing small, A-bout a

mf

dash - ing sol - dier boy! If six feet

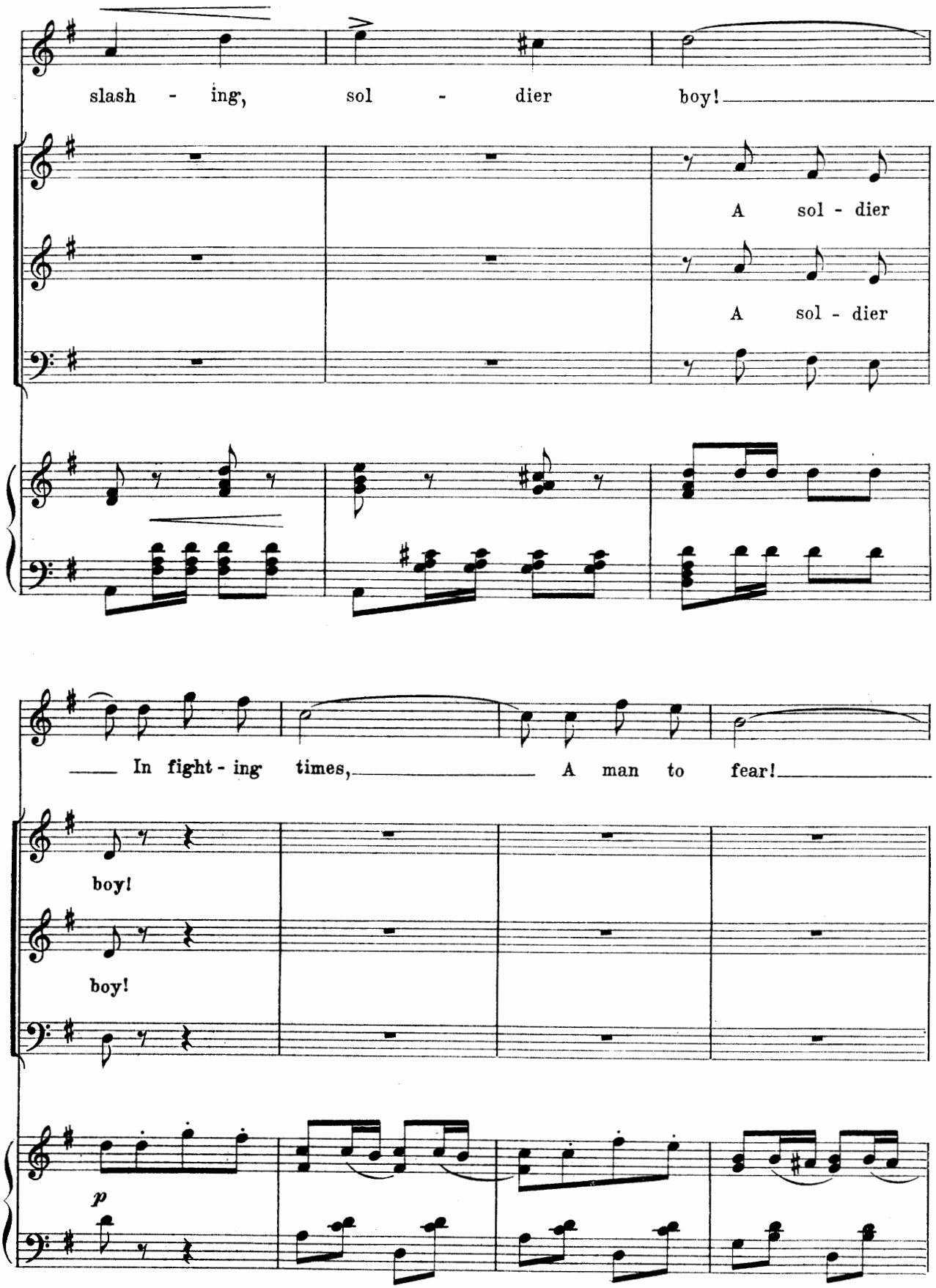
CHORUS.

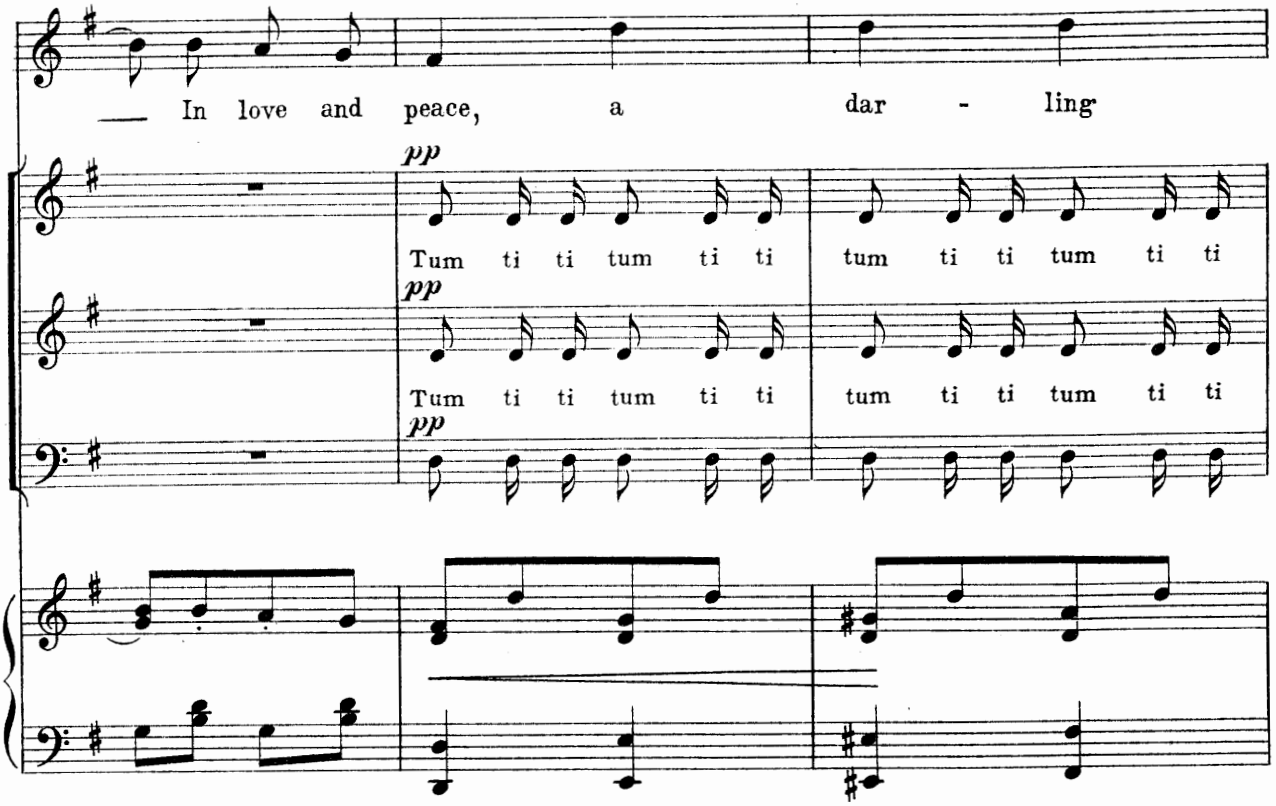
A sol - dier boy!

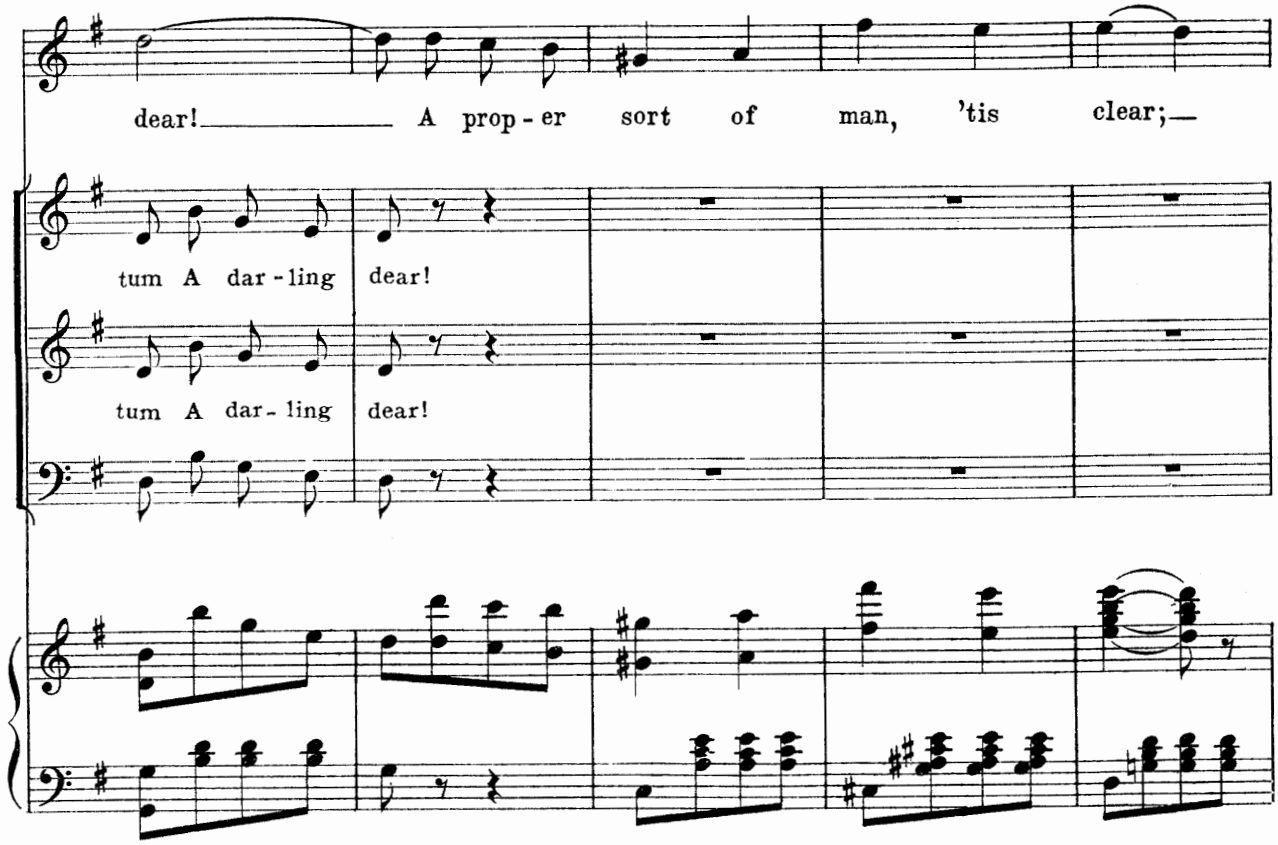
A sol - dier boy!

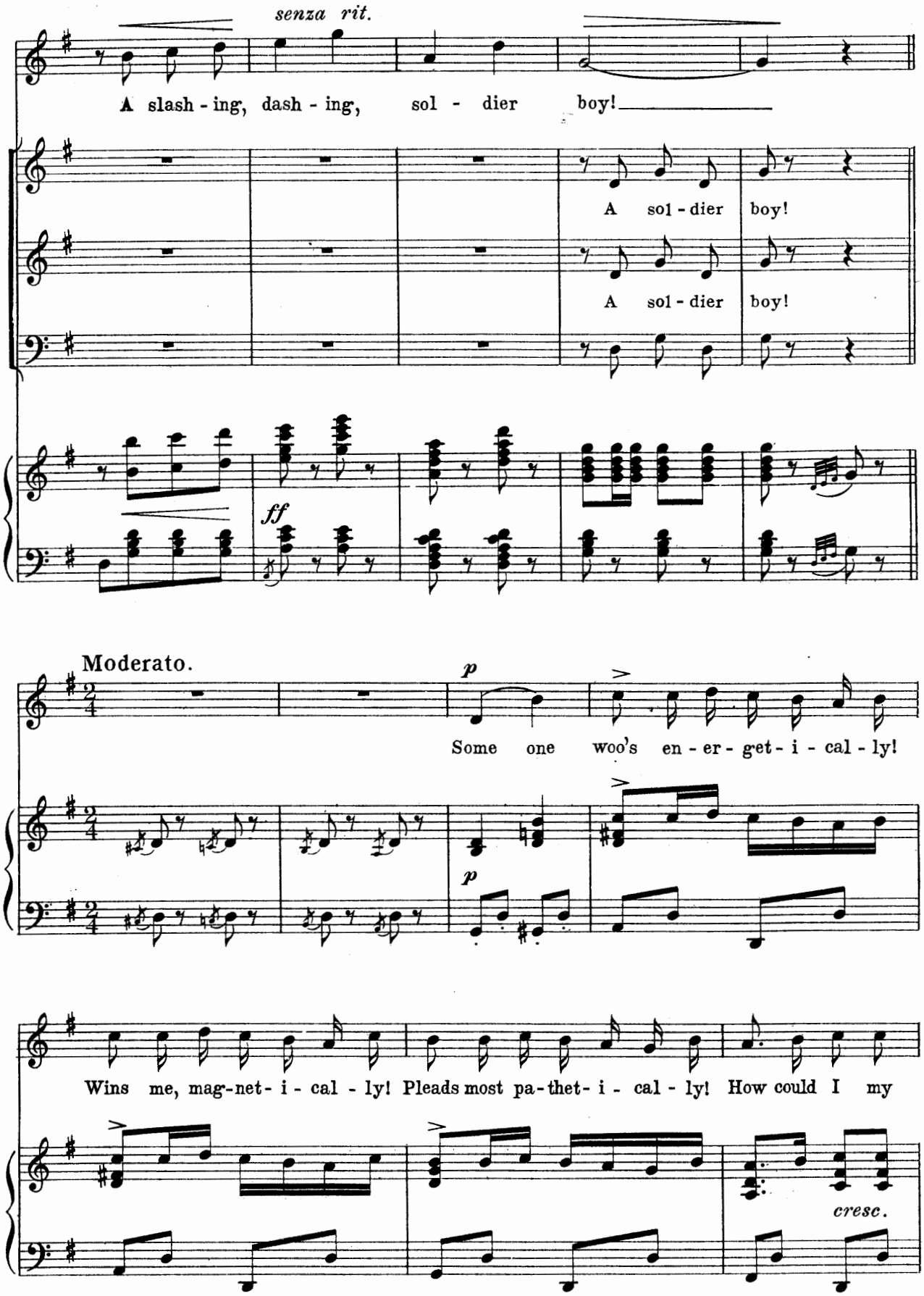
tall with - out his boots, A hand-some,

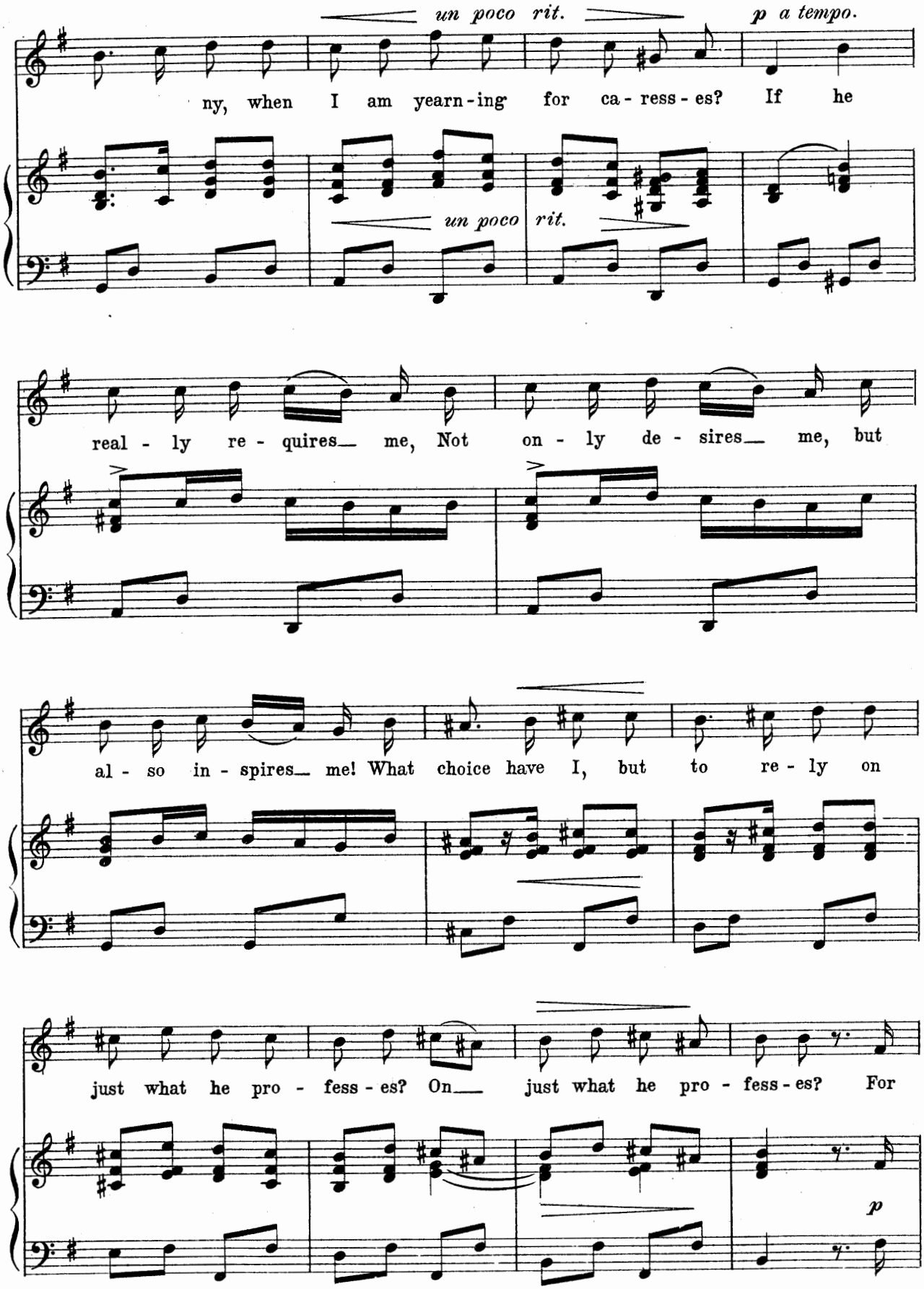
p

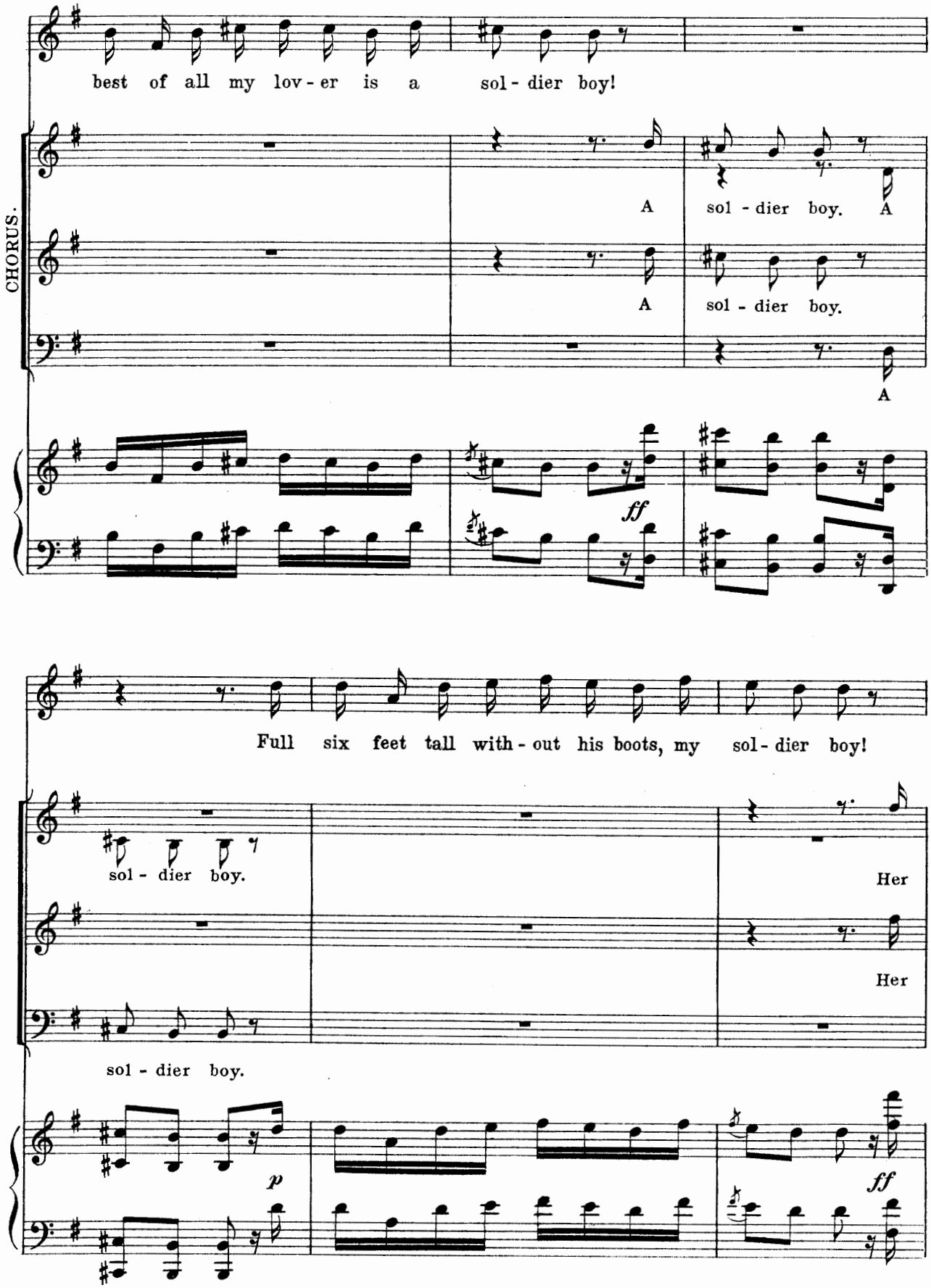

slash - ing, sol - dier boy!
A sol - dier
A sol - dier
In fight - ing times, A man to fear!
boy!
boy!
p

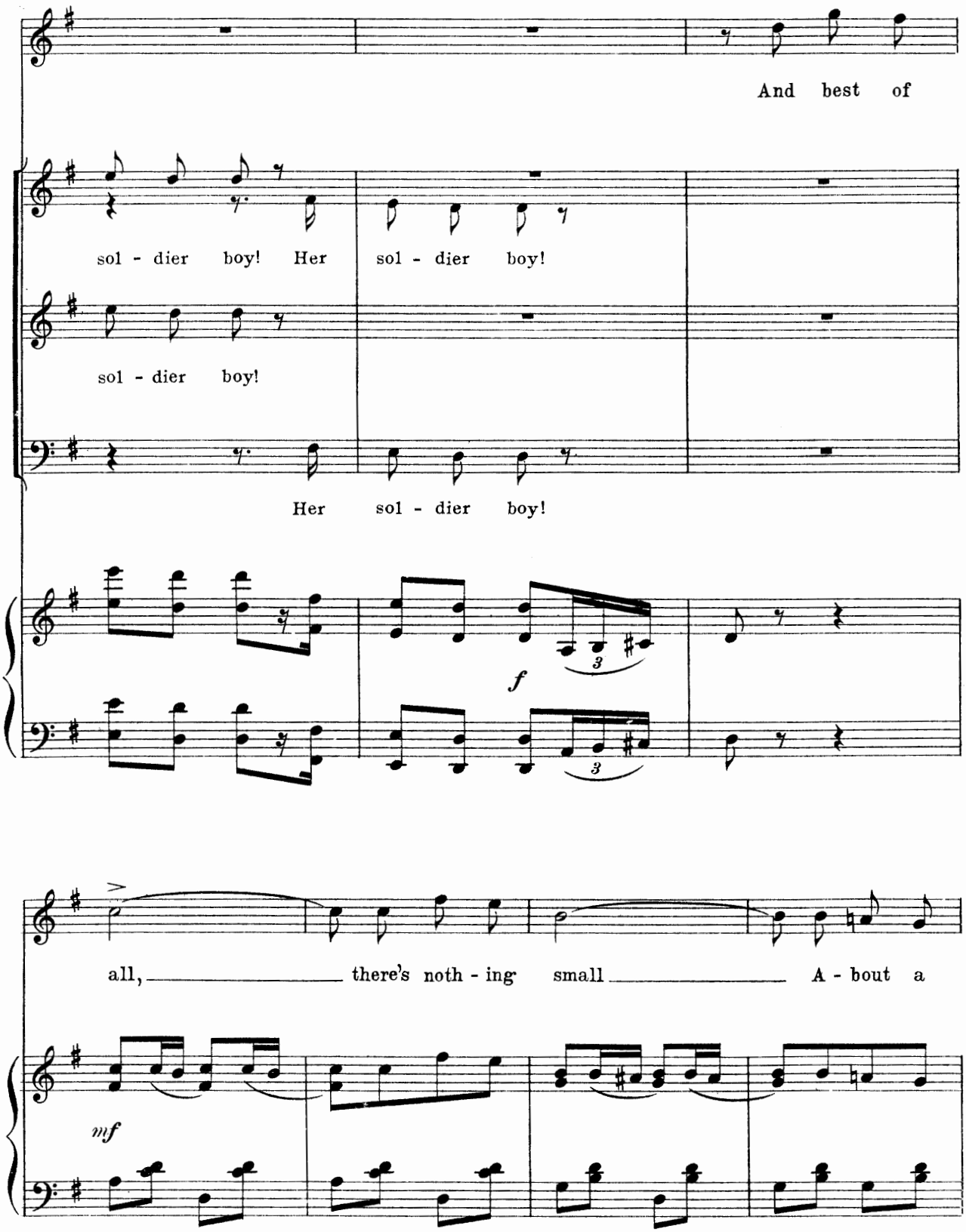

In love and peace, a dar - ling
pp
Tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti
pp
Tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti
pp

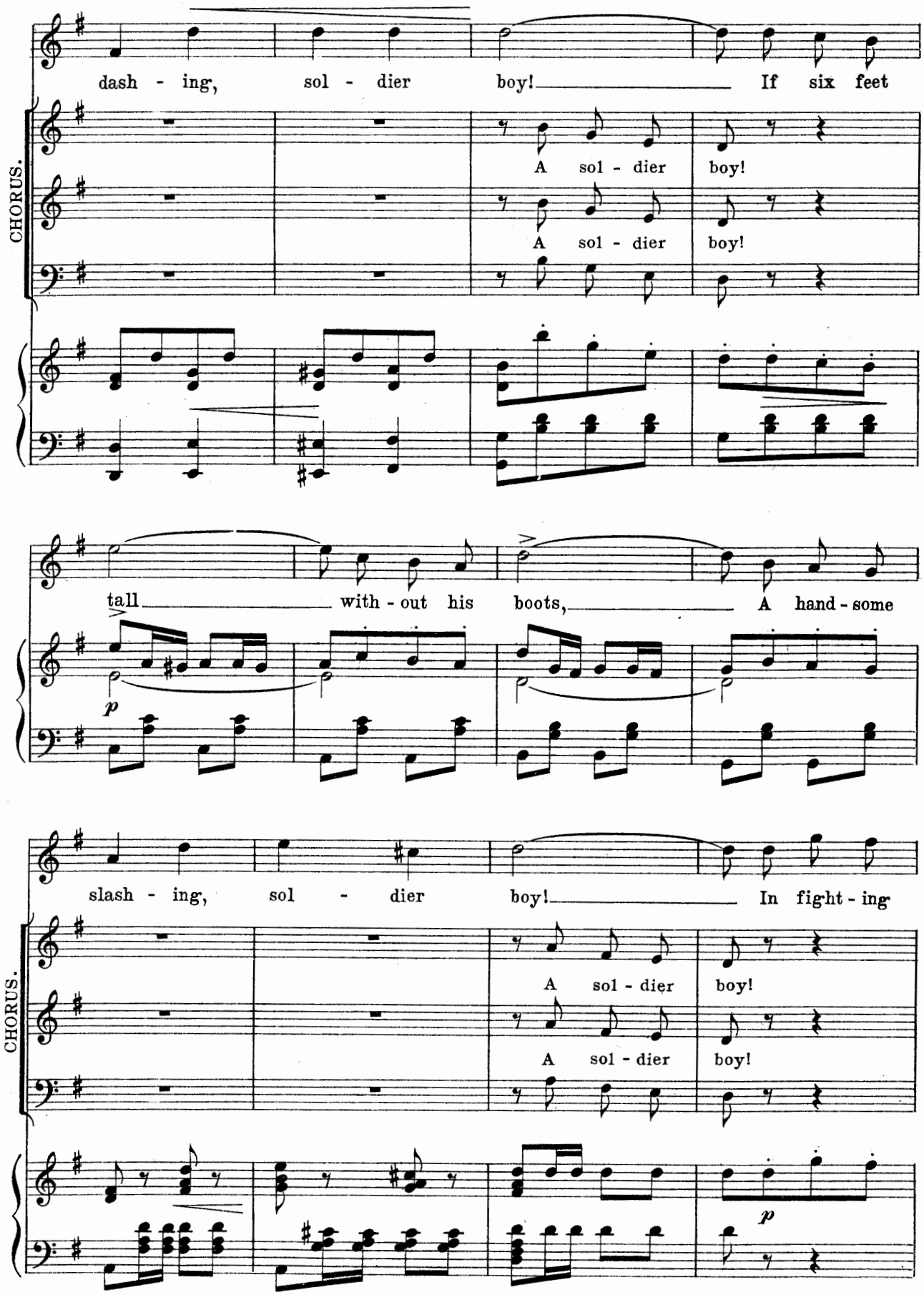

dear! A prop - er sort of man, 'tis clear;
tum A dar - ling dear!
tum A dar - ling dear!

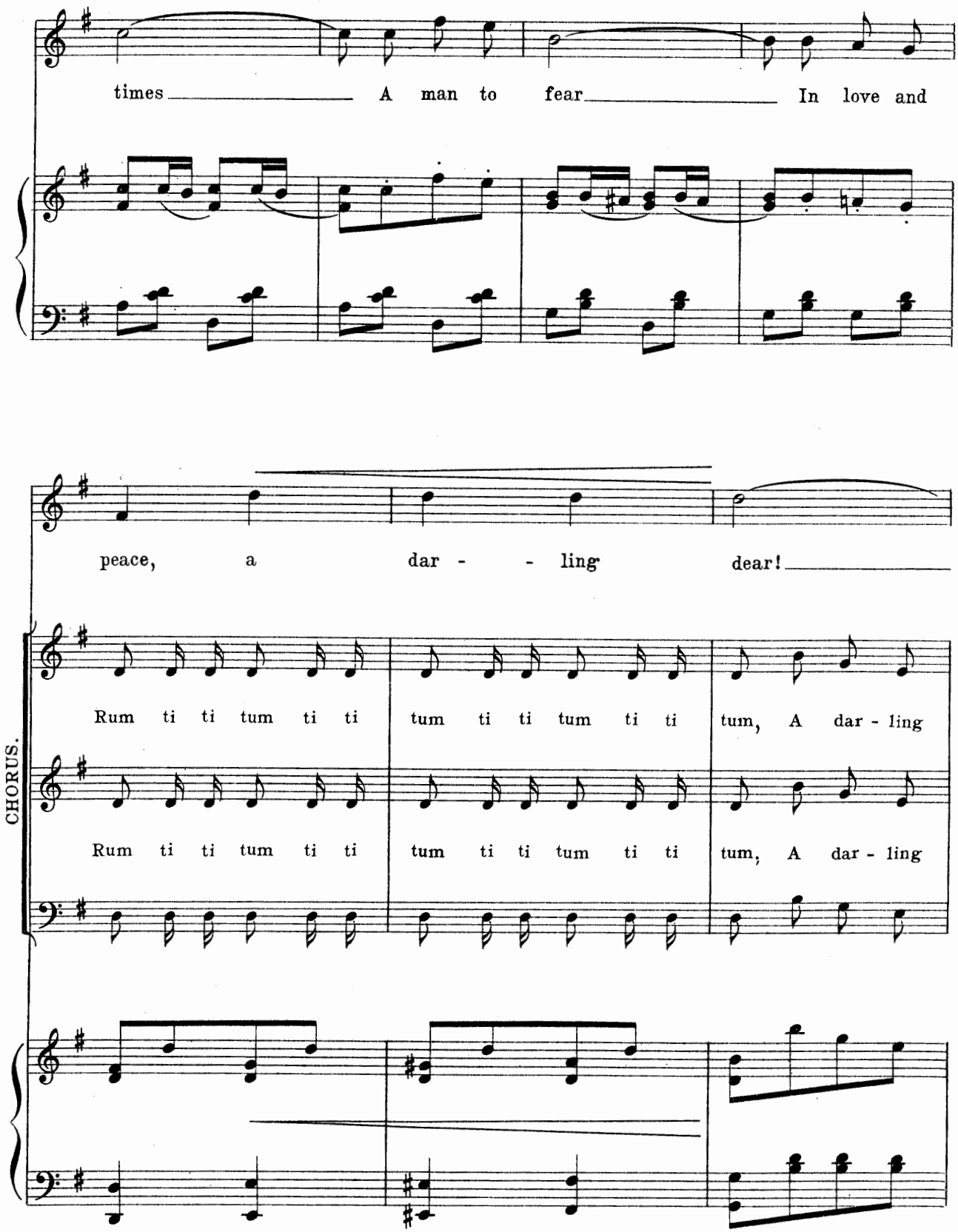

senza rit.
A slash - ing, dash - ing, sol - dier boy!
A sol - dier boy!
A sol - dier boy!
ff
Moderato.
p
Some one woo's en - er - get - i - cal - ly!
p
Wins me, mag-net- i - cal - ly! Pleads most pa-thet- i - cal - ly! How could I my
cresc.

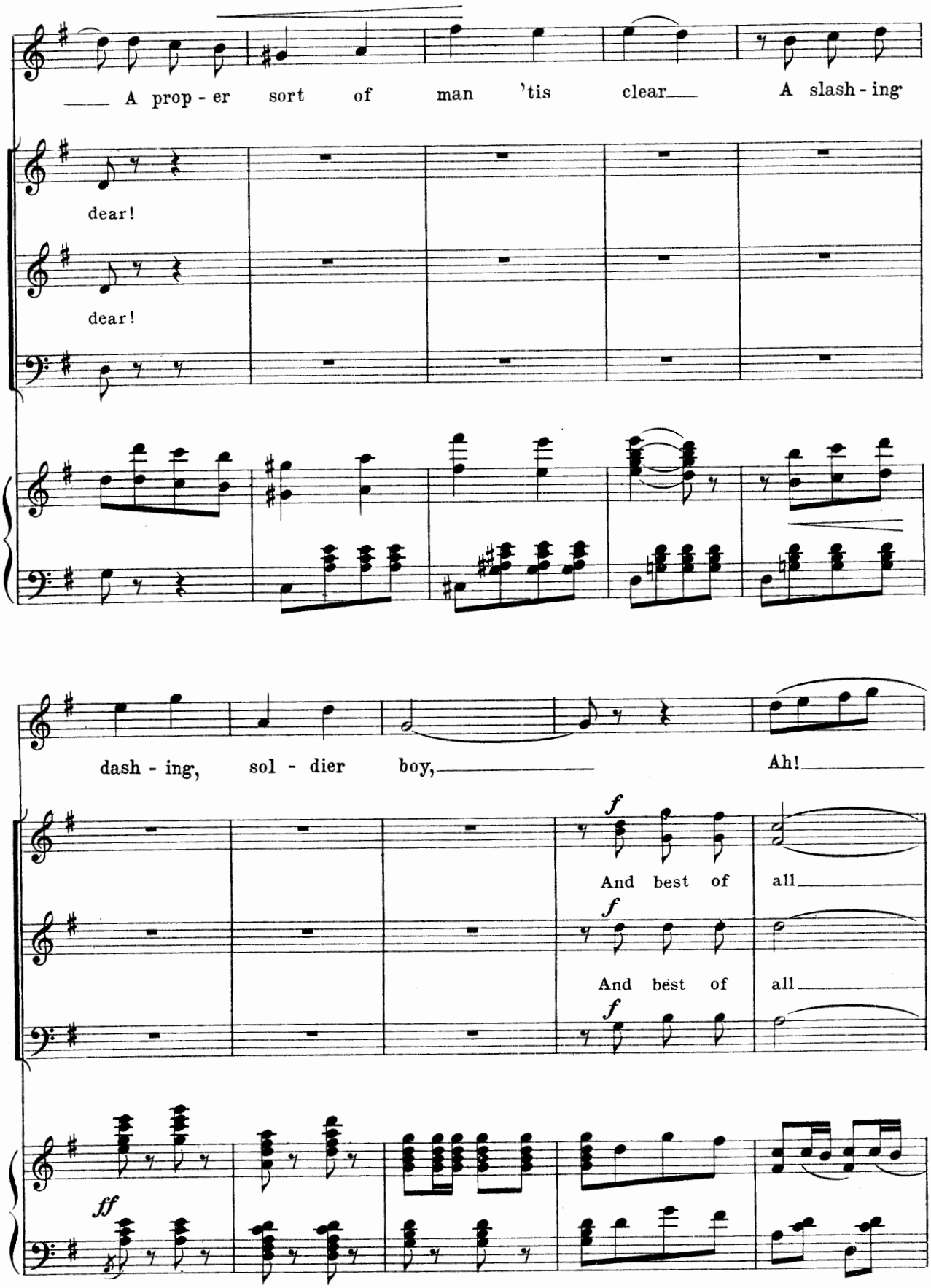

un poco rit.
p a tempo.
ny, when I am yearn-ing for ca-ress-es? If he
un poco rit.
real-ly re-quires me, Not on-ly de-sires me, but
al-so in-spires me! What choice have I, but to re-ly on
just what he pro-fess-es? On just what he pro-fess-es? For
p

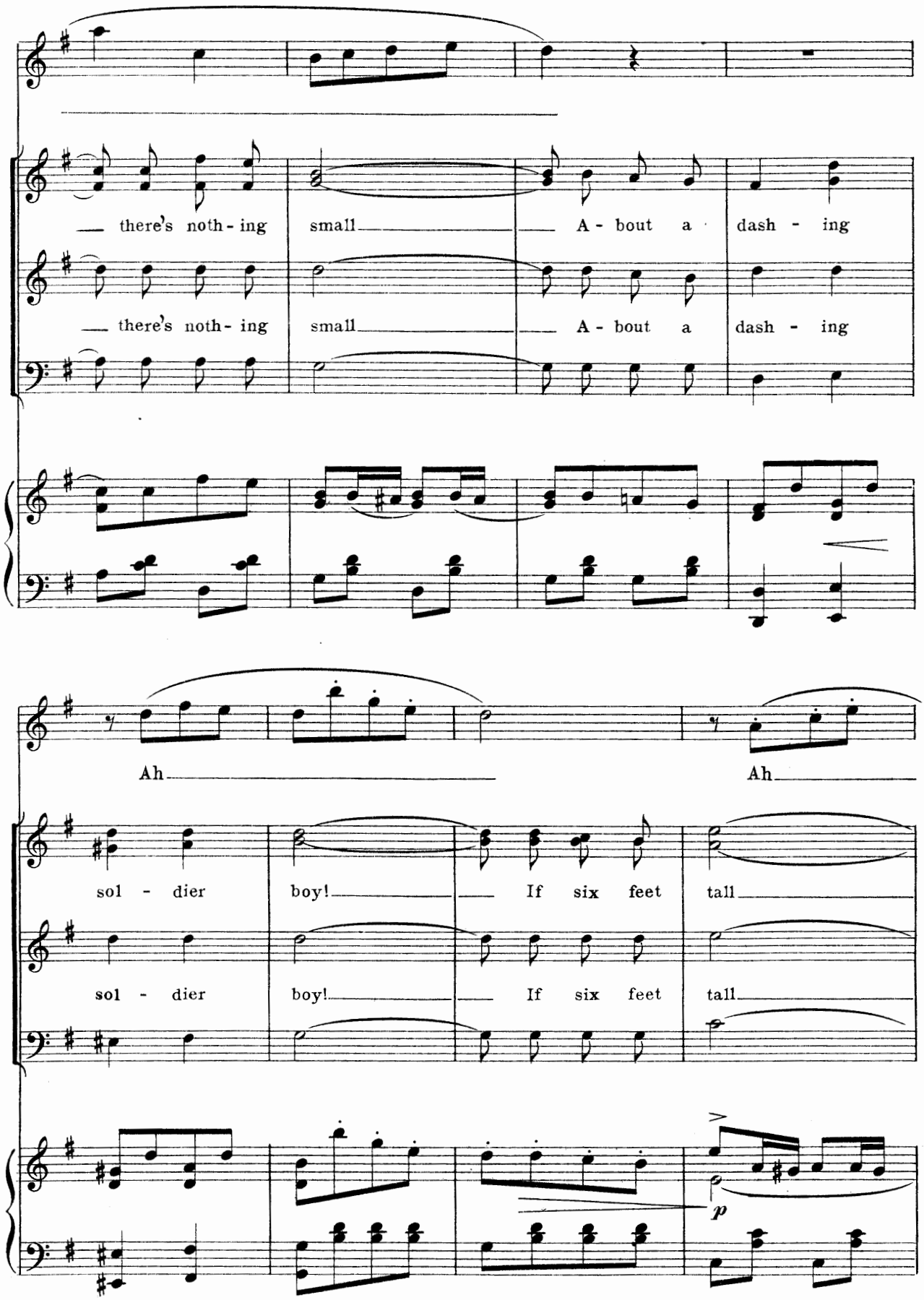

best of all my lov - er is a sol - dier boy!
CHORUS.
A sol - dier boy. A
A sol - dier boy.
A
ff
Full six feet tall with - out his boots, my sol - dier boy!
sol - dier boy.
Her
Her
sol - dier boy.
p
ff

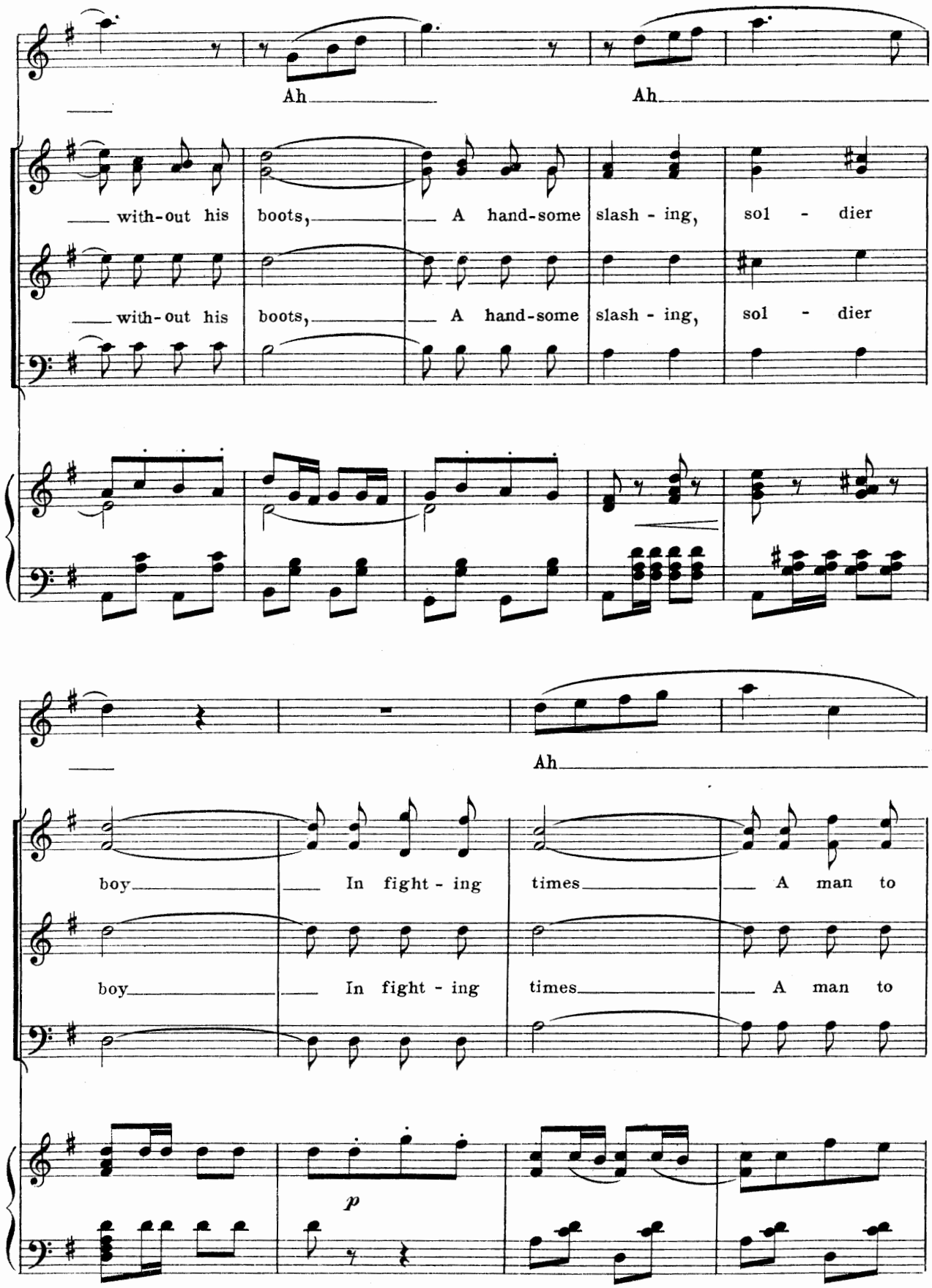

And best of
sol - dier boy! Her sol - dier boy!
sol - dier boy!
Her sol - dier boy!
f
3
3
all, there's noth - ing small A - bout a
mf

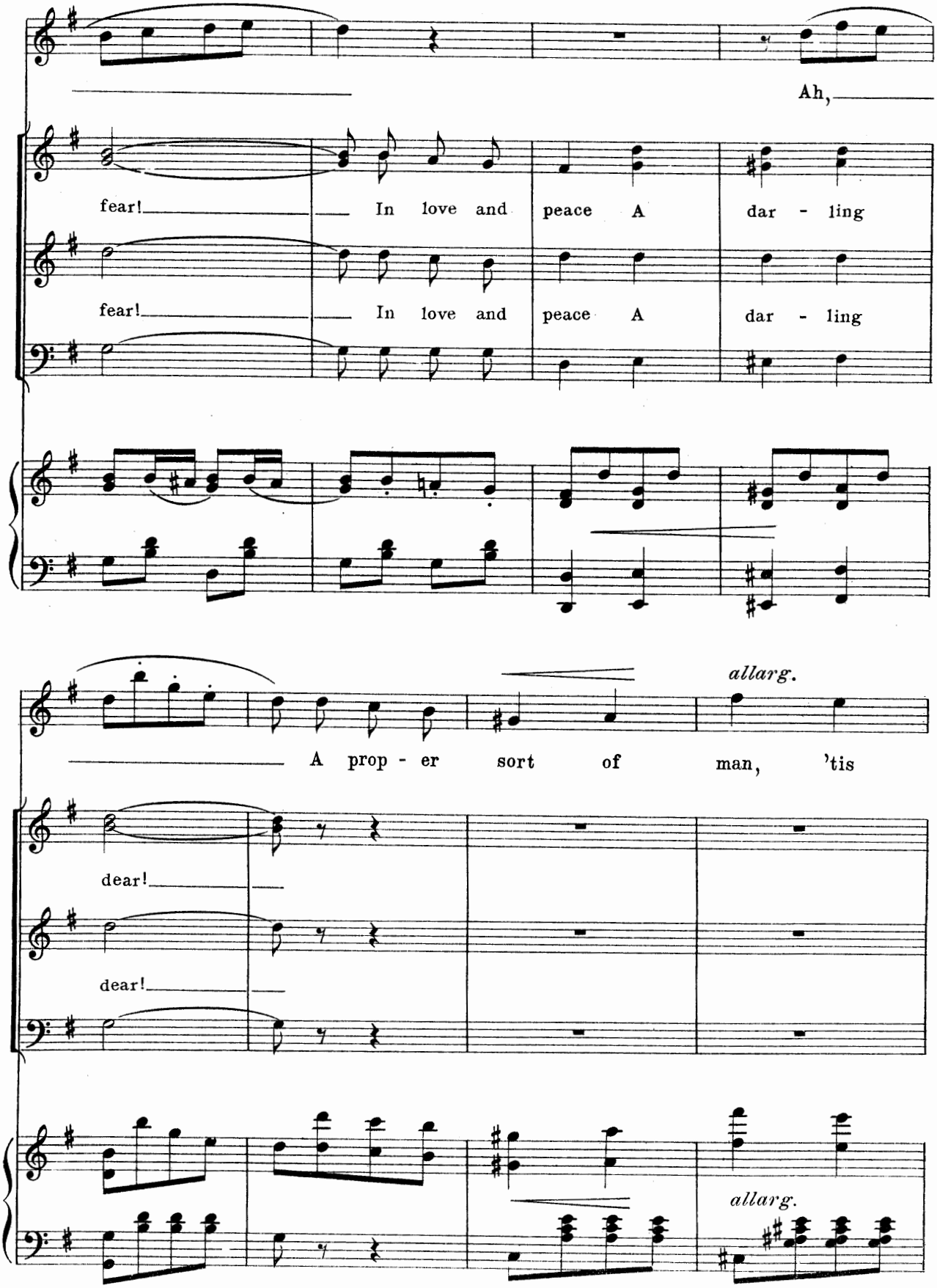

dash - ing, sol - dier boy! If six feet
CHORUS.
A sol - dier boy!
A sol - dier boy!
tall with - out his boots, A hand - some
p
slash - ing, sol - dier boy! In fight - ing
CHORUS.
A sol - dier boy!
A sol - dier boy!
p

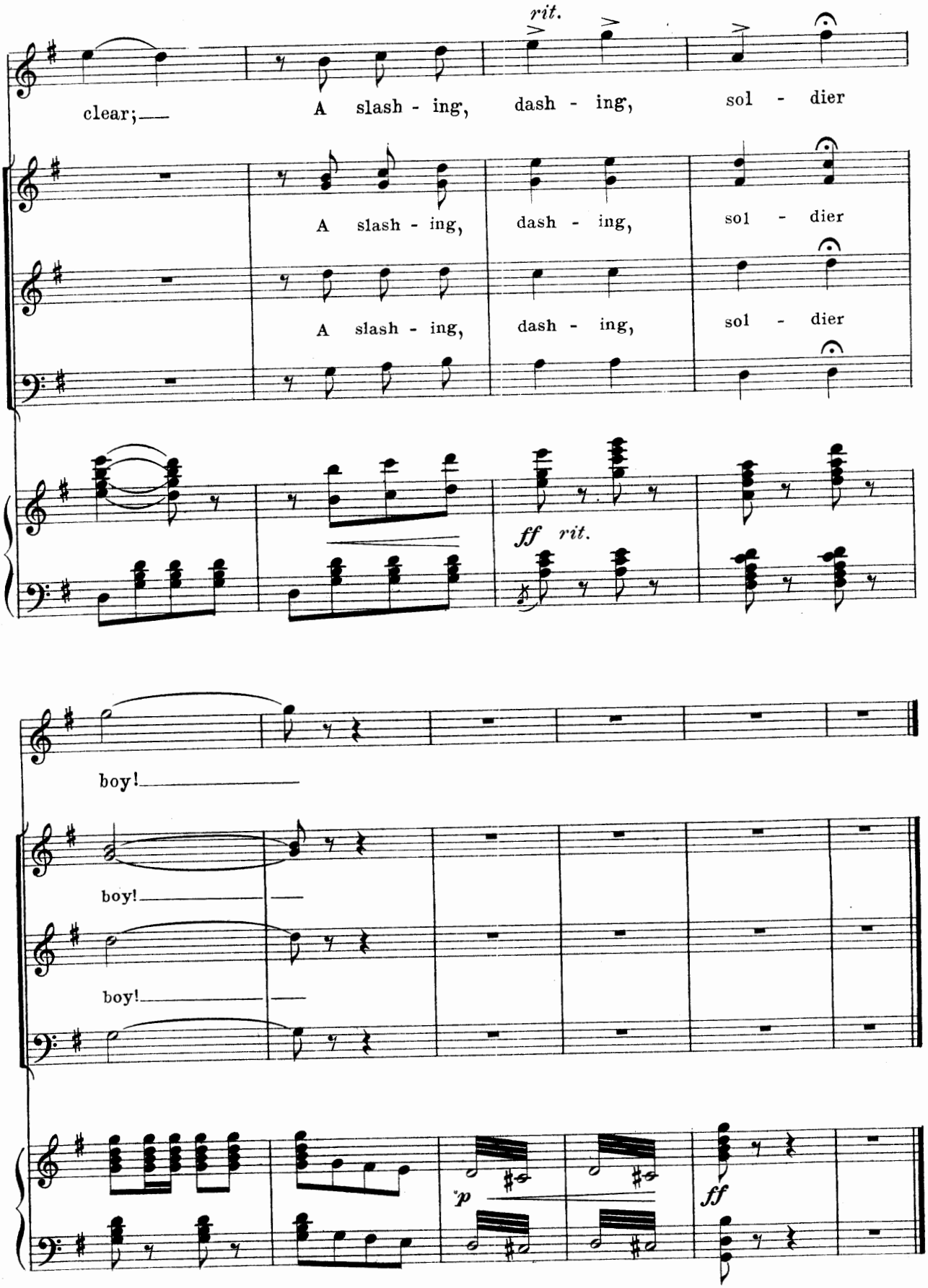

times A man to fear In love and
peace, a dar - - ling dear!
CHORUS.
Rum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum, A dar - ling
Rum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum ti ti tum, A dar - ling


A prop - er sort of man 'tis clear A slash - ing
dear!
dear!
dash - ing, sol - dier boy, Ah!
f
And best of all
f
And best of all
f
ff


there's noth - ing small A - bout a dash - ing
there's noth - ing small A - bout a dash - ing
Ah
Ah
sol - dier boy! If six feet tall
sol - dier boy! If six feet tall
p


Ah
Ah
with-out his boots, A hand-some slash - ing, sol - dier
with-out his boots, A hand-some slash - ing, sol - dier
Ah
boy In fight - ing times A man to
boy In fight - ing times A man to
p


Ah,
fear! In love and peace A dar - ling
fear! In love and peace A dar - ling
allarg.
A prop - er sort of man, 'tis
dear!
dear!
allarg.

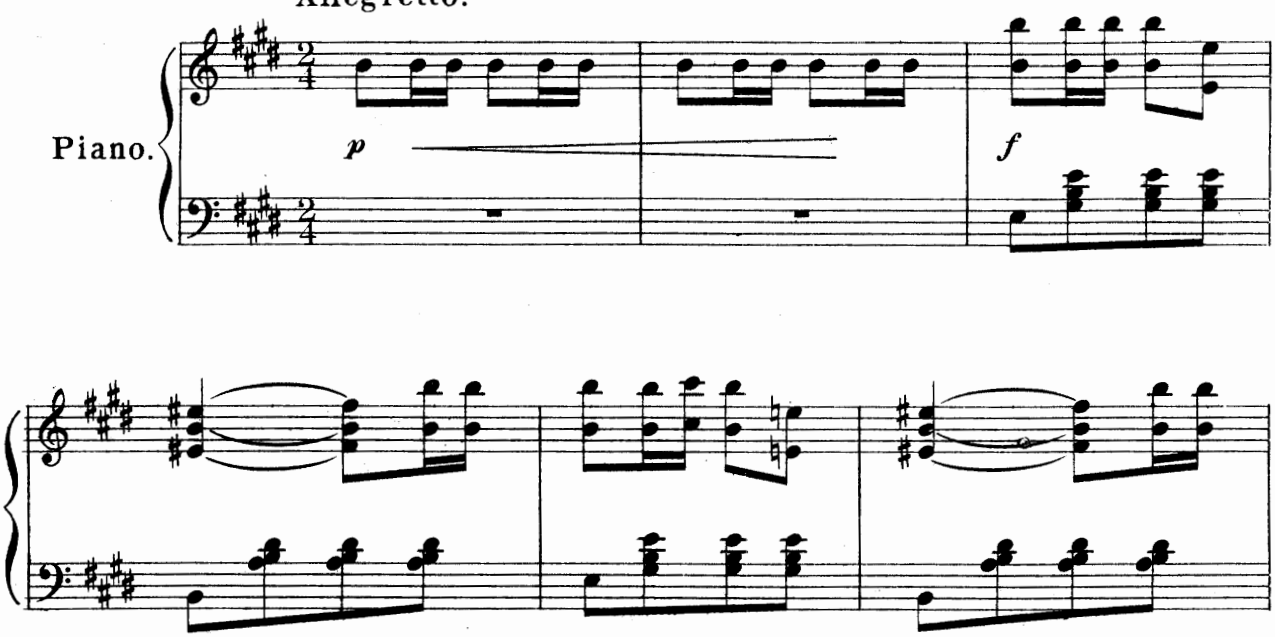

rit.
clear;
A slash - ing, dash - ing, sol - dier
A slash - ing, dash - ing, sol - dier
A slash - ing, dash - ing, sol - dier
ff rit.
boy!
boy!
boy!
p
ff

Entrance.

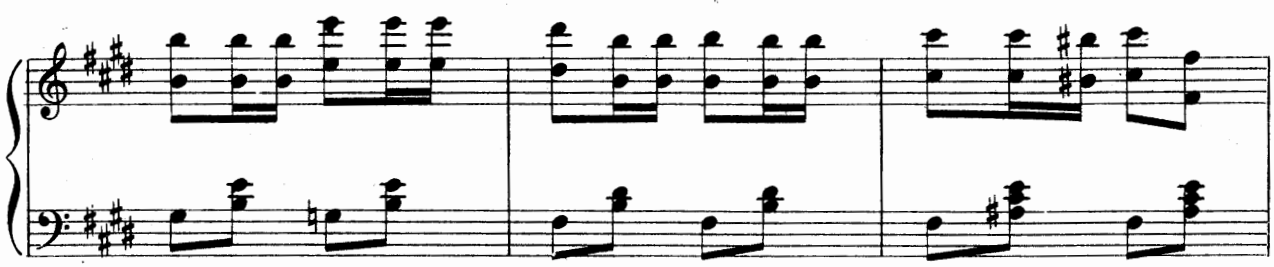
No. 5b.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

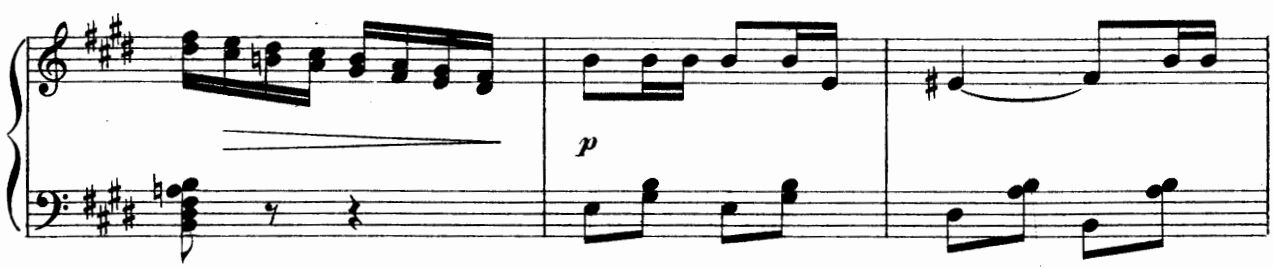
Allegretto.



Enter Maude, Hilda, Mr. Lyons, Clarence over the bridge, followed by the Glee-



Club.



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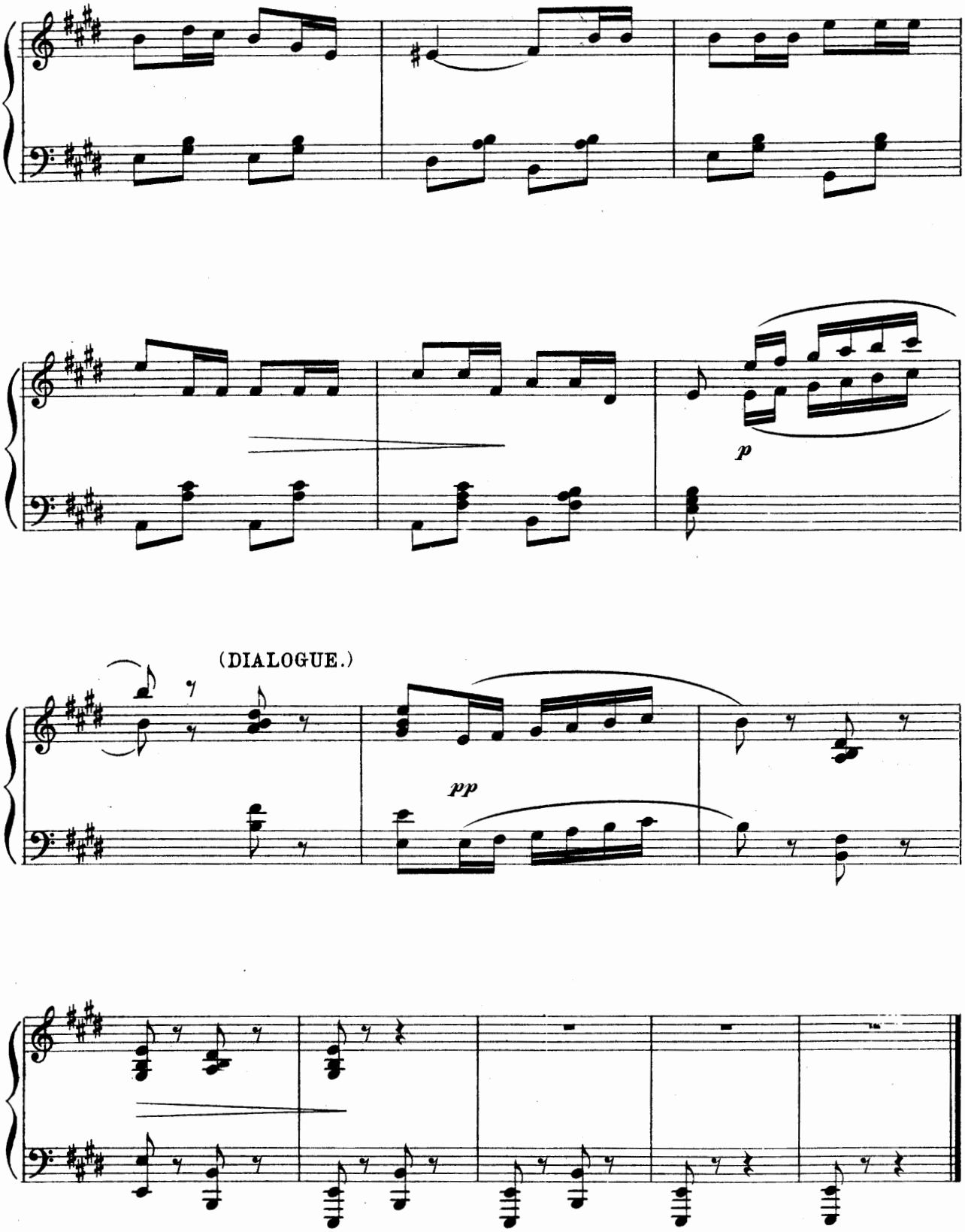

p
(DIALOGUE.)
pp

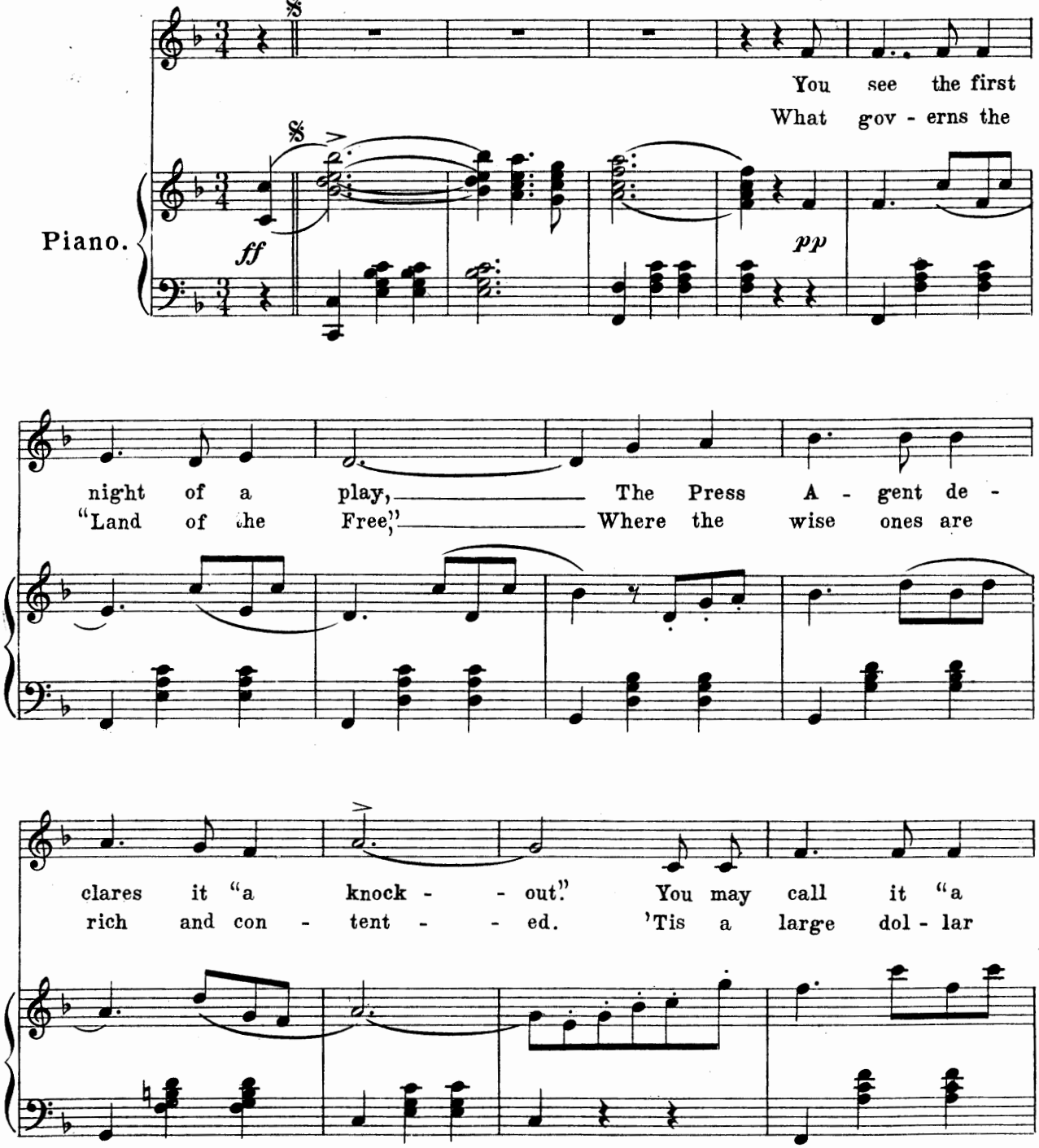
The Box Office Tells The Story.

No 6.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Tempo di Valse.



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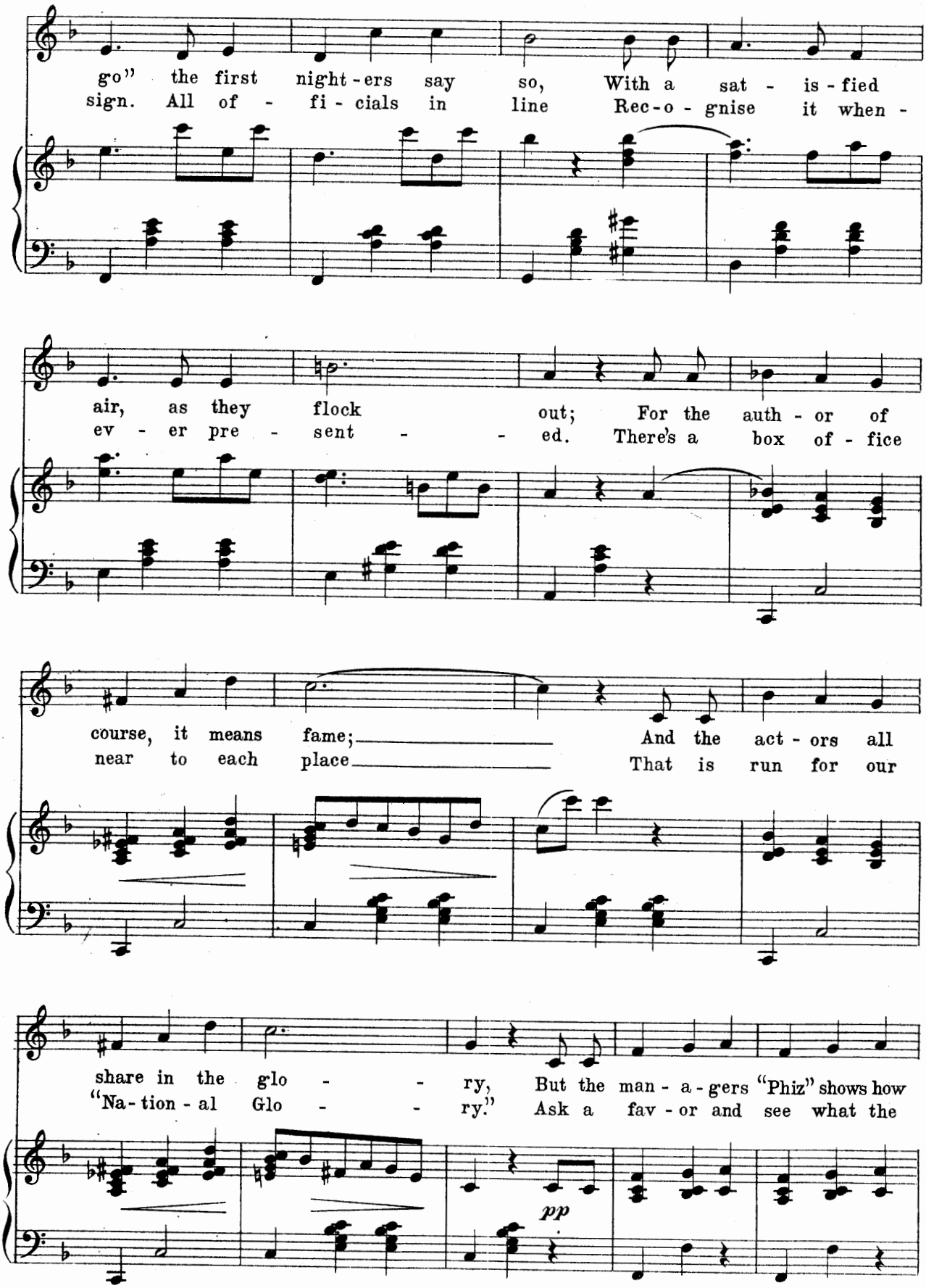

go" the first night-ers say so, With a sat - is-fied
sign. All of - fi - cials in line Rec-o - gnise it when -
air, as they flock out; For the auth - or of
ev - er pre - sent - - ed. There's a box of - fice
course, it means fame; And the act - ors all
near to each place That is run for our
share in the glo - - ry, But the man - a - gers "Phiz" shows how
"Na-tion - al Glo - - ry." Ask a fav - or and see what the
pp

great the hit is When the box of - fice tells the sto - - ry.
an - swer will be? It's the box of - fice tells the sto - - ry.

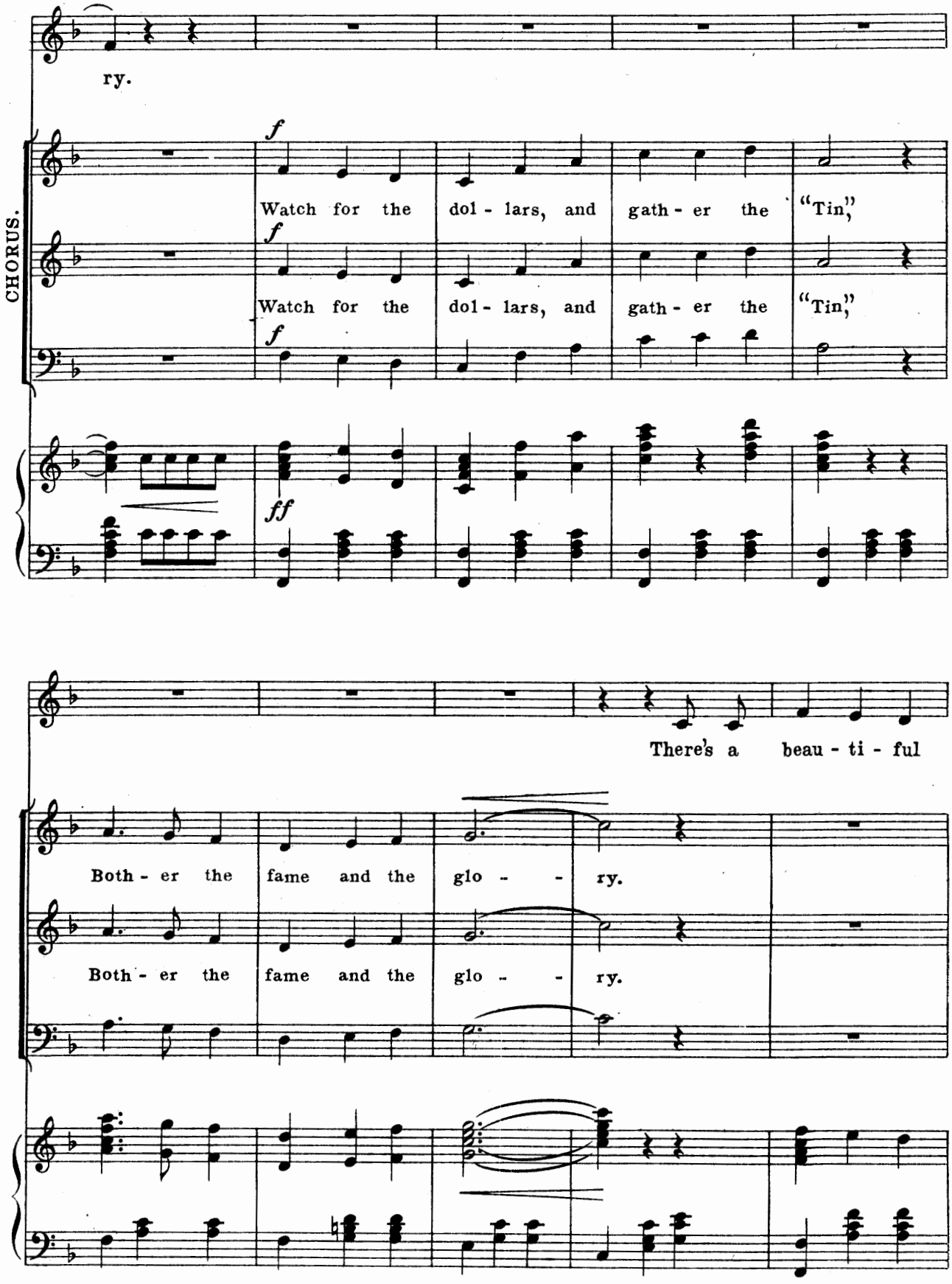
REFRAIN.

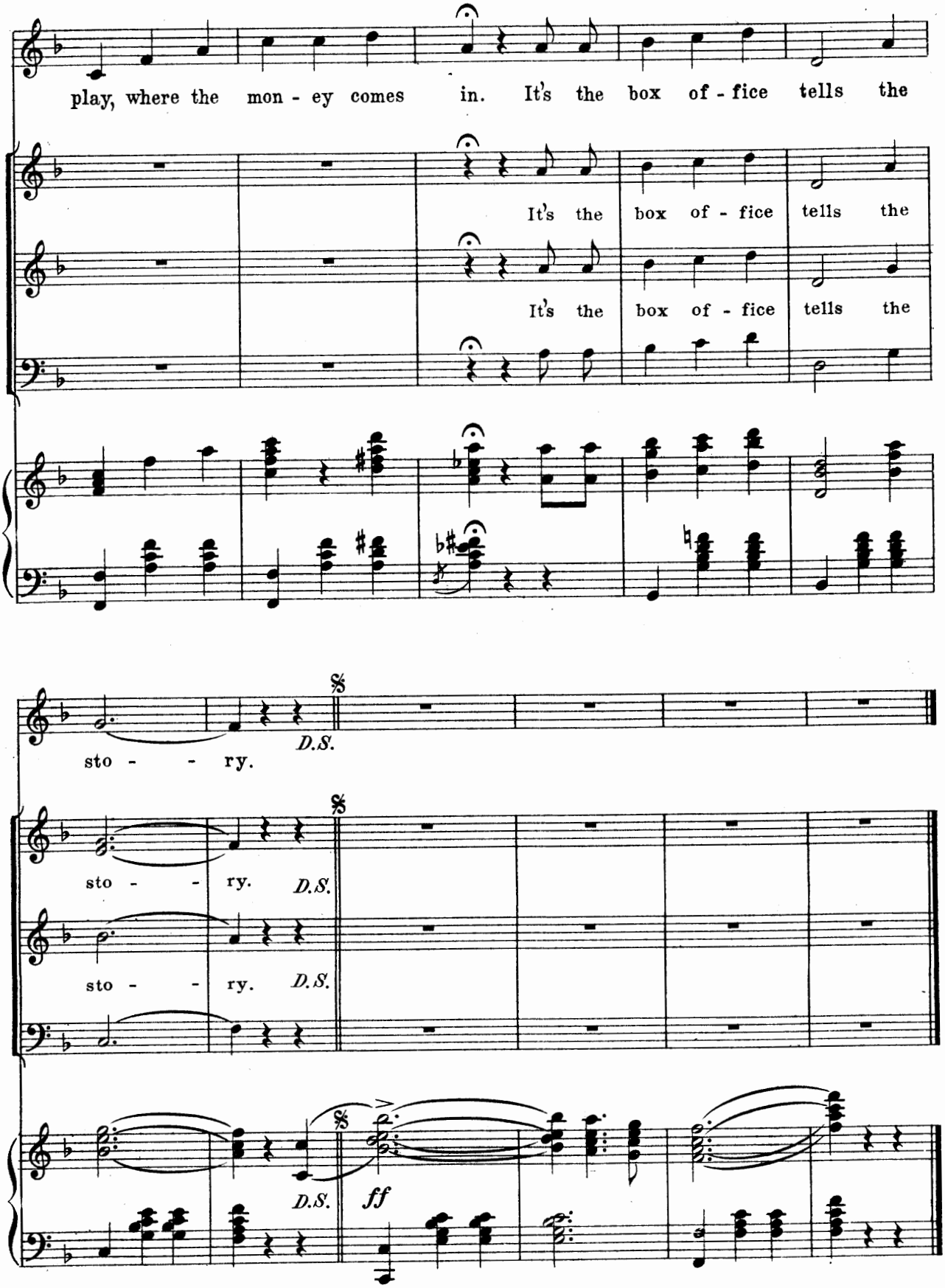
Watch for the dol - lars, and gath - er the "Tin" Both - er the

fame and the glo - - ry; And they all make a play where the

f

mon - ey comes in; It's the Box of - fice tells the sto - -


ry.
CHORUS.
f
Watch for the dol - lars, and gath - er the "Tin,"
f
Watch for the dol - lars, and gath - er the "Tin,"
f
ff
There's a beau - ti - ful
Both - er the fame and the glo - - ry.
Both - er the fame and the glo - - ry.


play, where the mon - ey comes in. It's the box of - fice tells the
It's the box of - fice tells the
It's the box of - fice tells the
sto - - ry.
D.S.
sto - - ry. D.S.
sto - - ry. D.S.
D.S.
ff

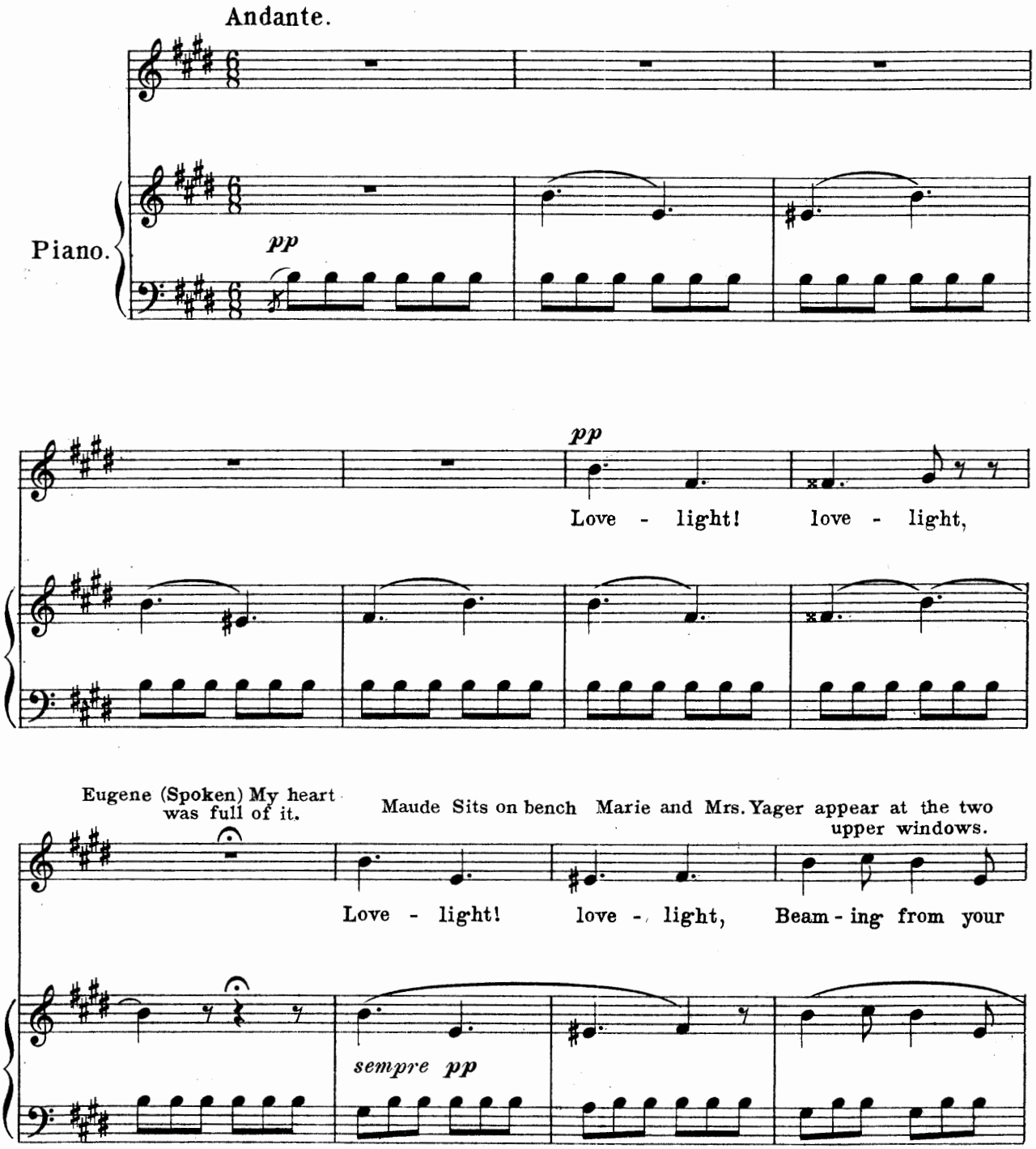
That Melody.

No 7.

QUARTET.

Lyric by
CHAS J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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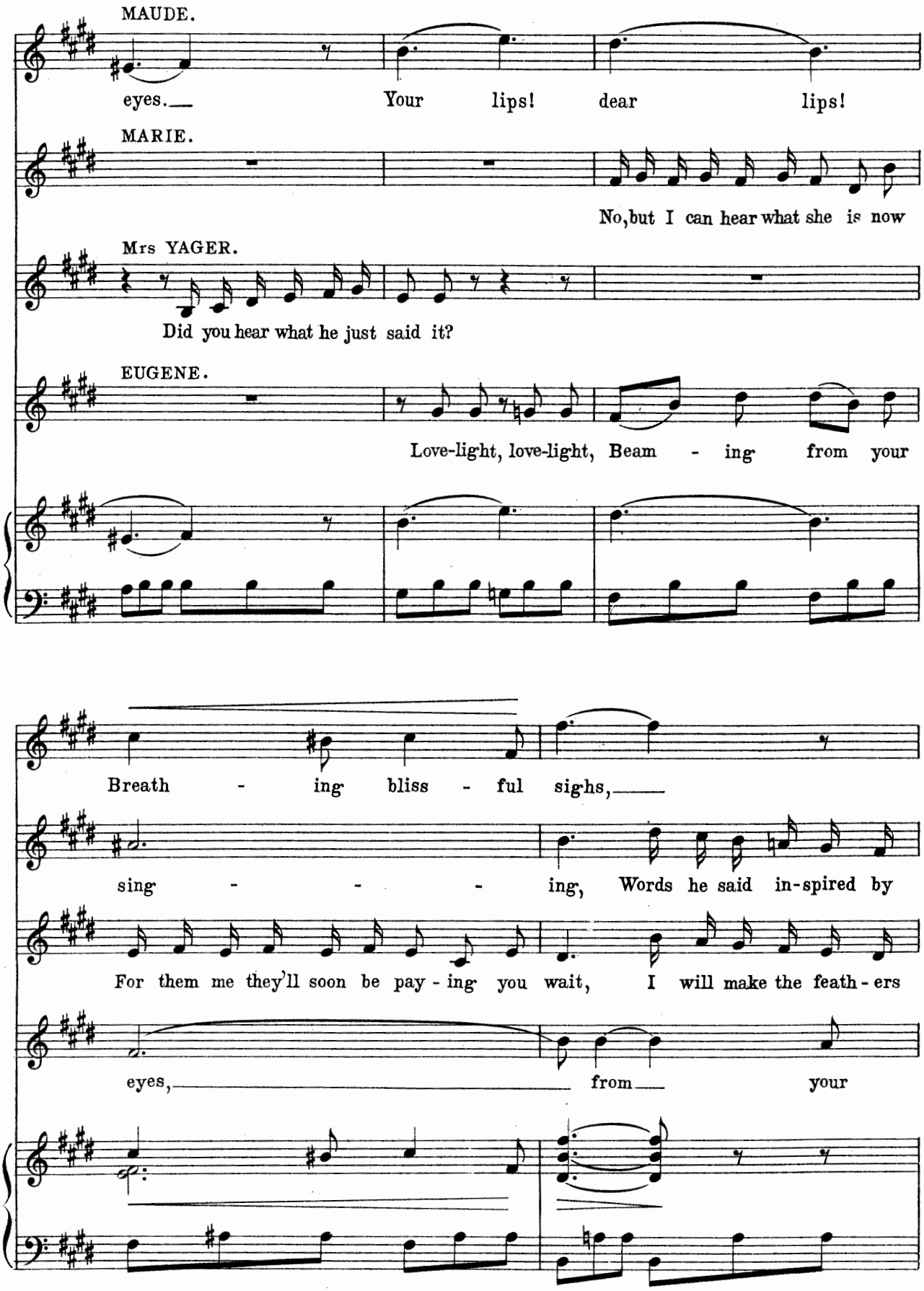
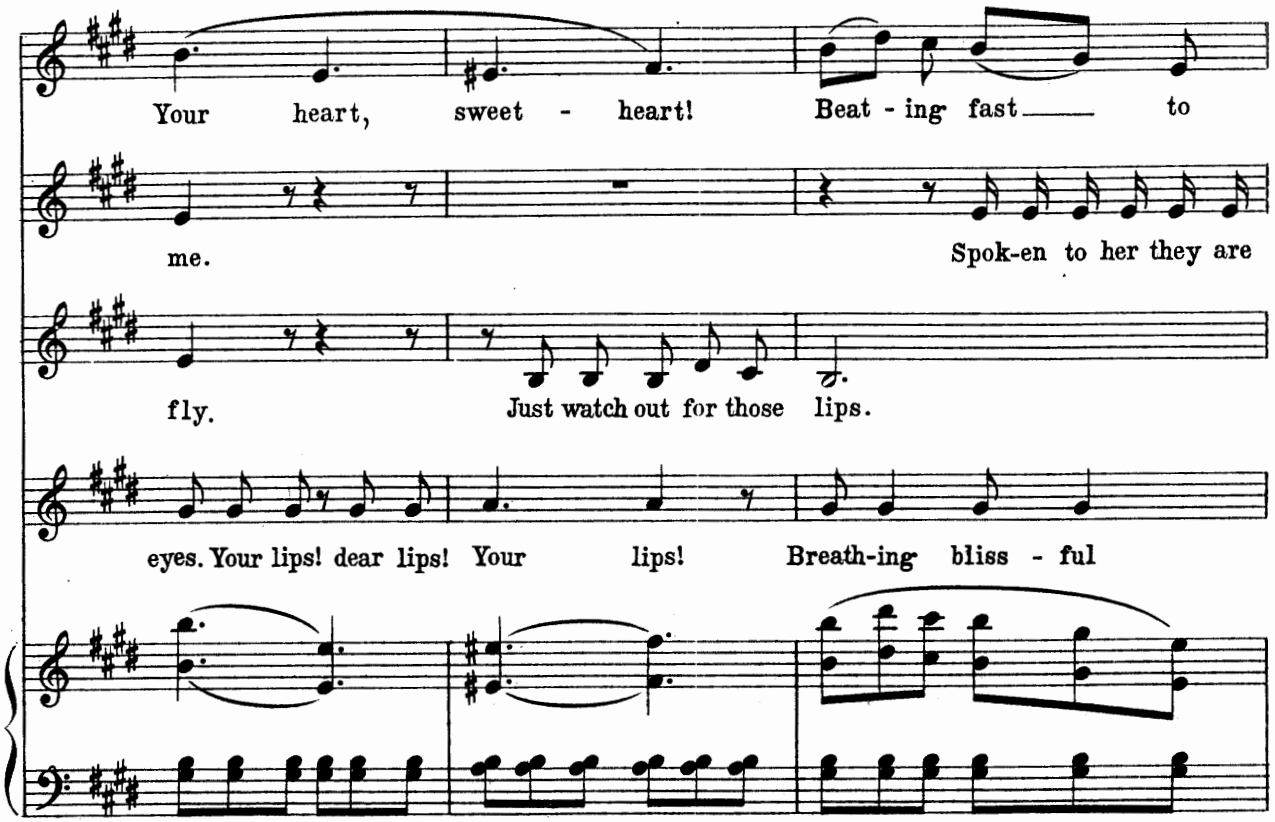
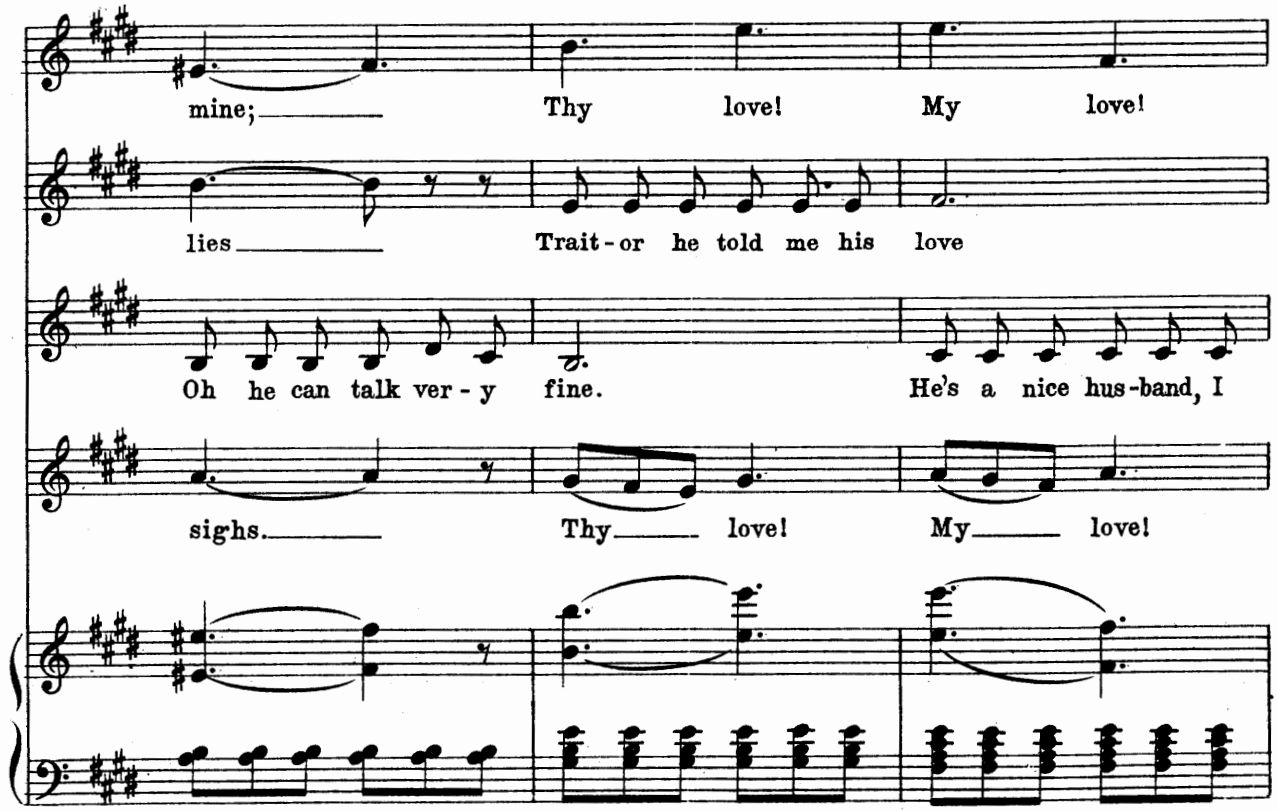

MAUDE.
eyes.
Your lips! dear lips!
MARIE.
No, but I can hear what she is now
Mrs YAGER.
Did you hear what he just said it?
EUGENE.
Love-light, love-light, Beam - ing from your
Breath - ing bliss - ful sighs,
sing - - - ing, Words he said in-spired by
For them me they'll soon be pay - ing you wait, I will make the feath - ers
eyes, from your


Your heart, sweet - heart! Beat - ing fast to
me. Spok-en to her they are
fly. Just watch out for those lips.
eyes. Your lips! dear lips! Your lips! Breath-ing bliss - ful


mine; Thy love! My love!
lies Trait - or he told me his love
Oh he can talk ver - y fine. He's a nice hus-band, I
sighs. Thy love! My love!

Allegretto ma non troppo.

dear - est, best, di - vine! That mel - o - dy of ten - der tho'ts, Sings

was all mine!

think he's fine!

best, di - vine!

Allegretto ma non troppo.

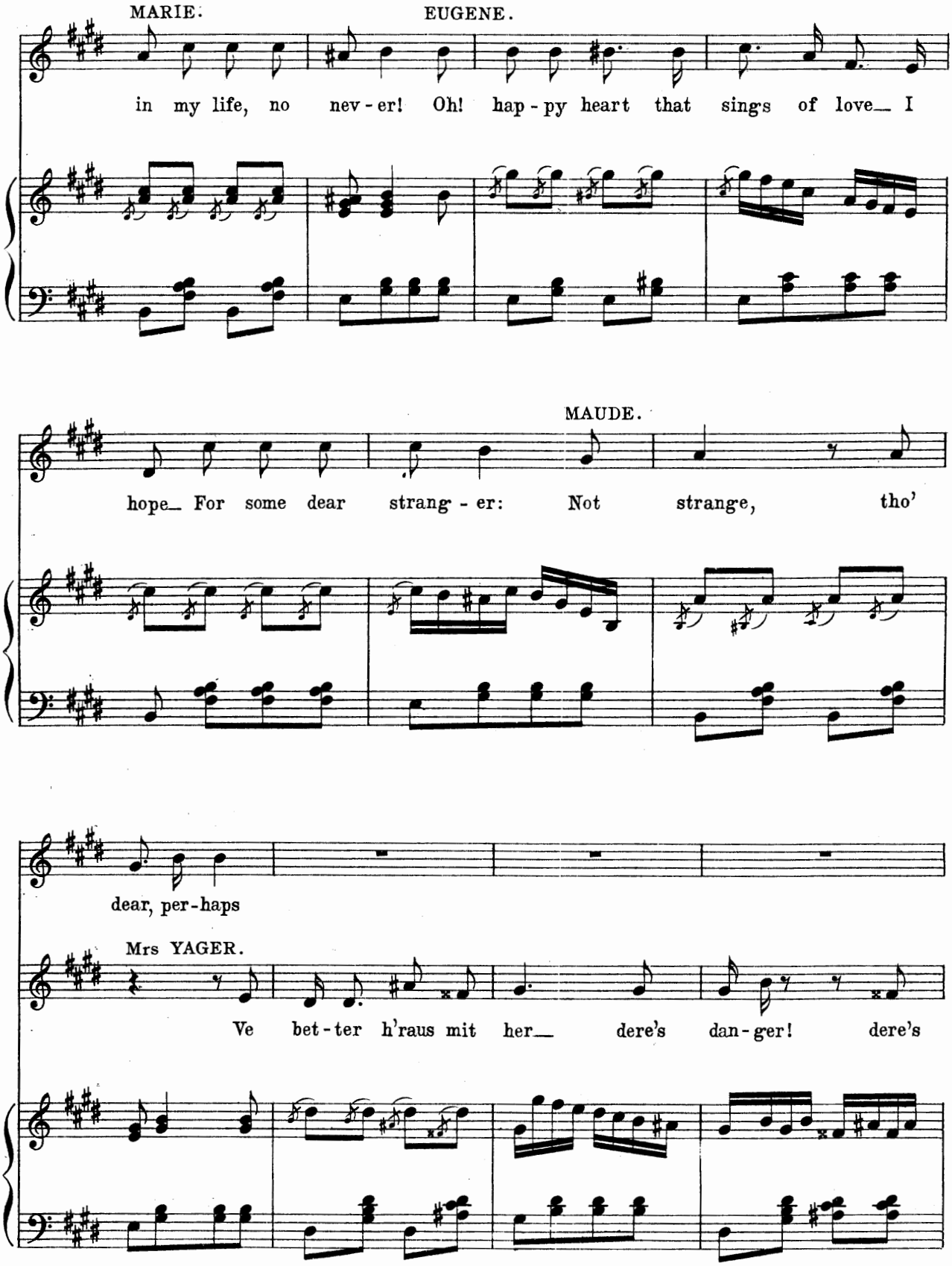
mf

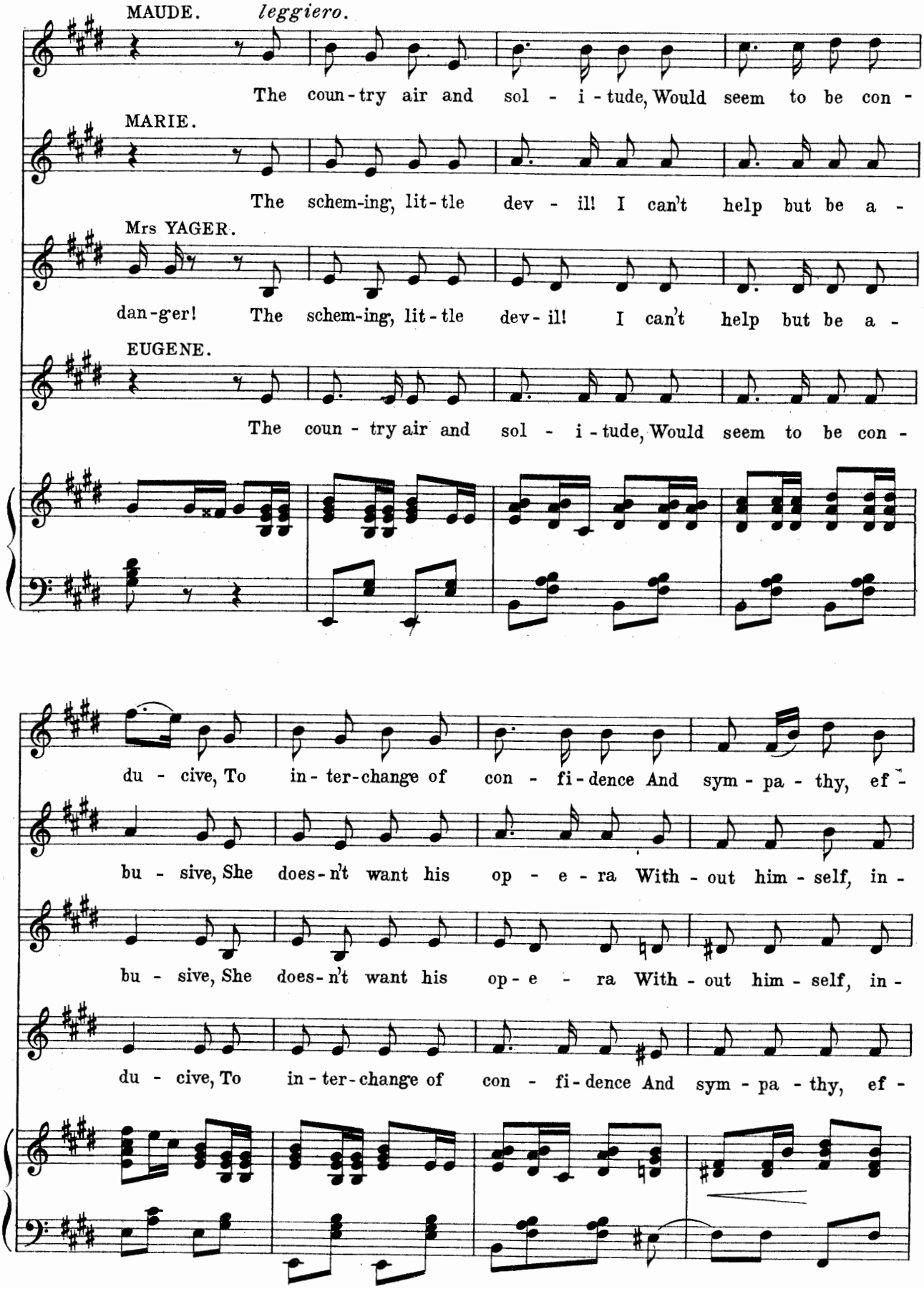
MAUDE.

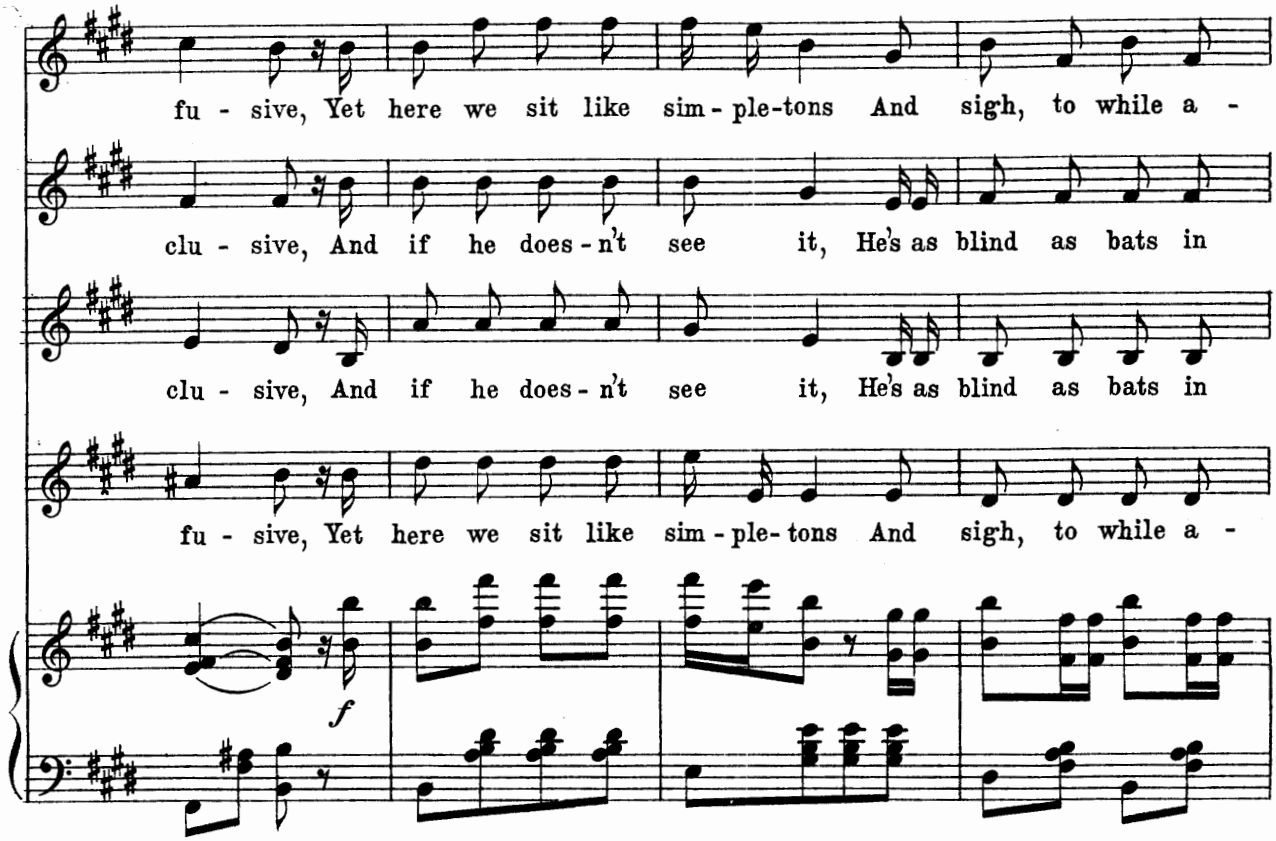
in my heart for - ev - er.

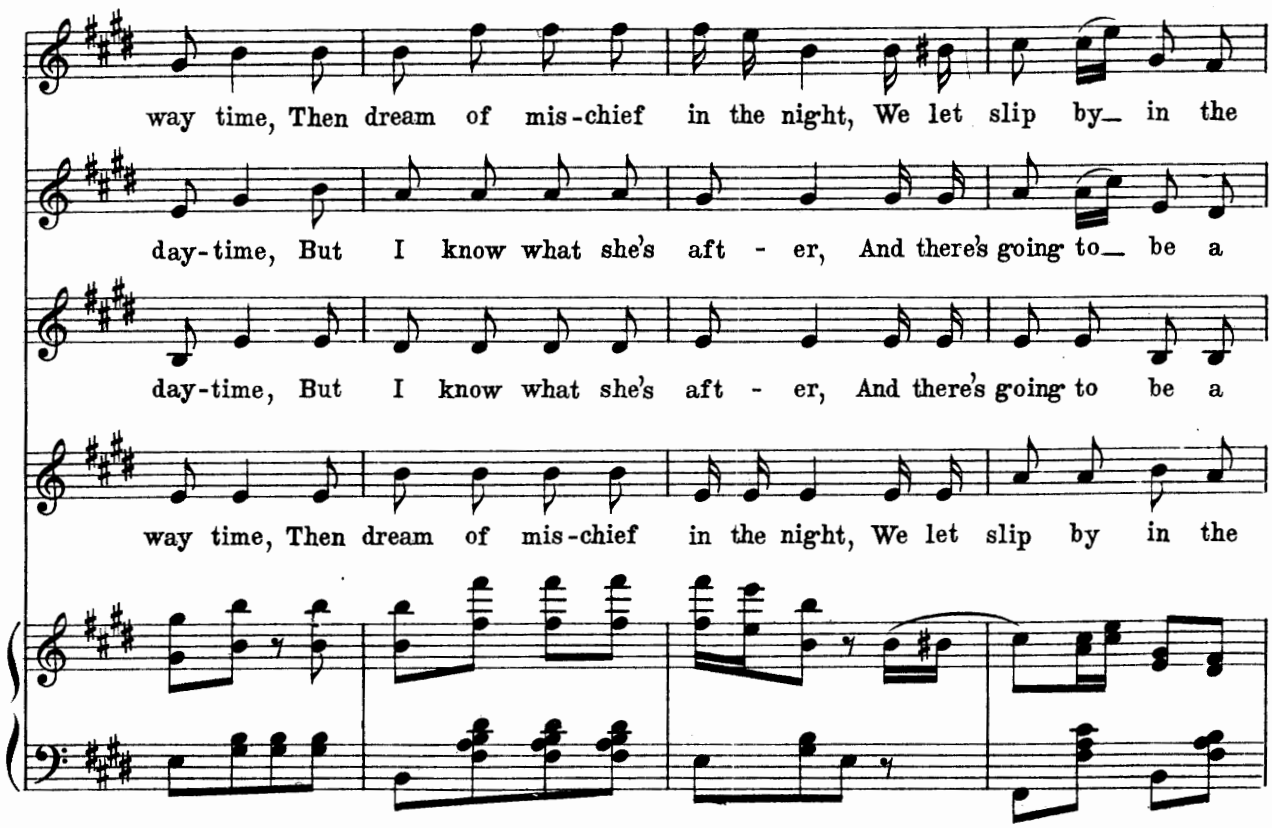
MARIE.

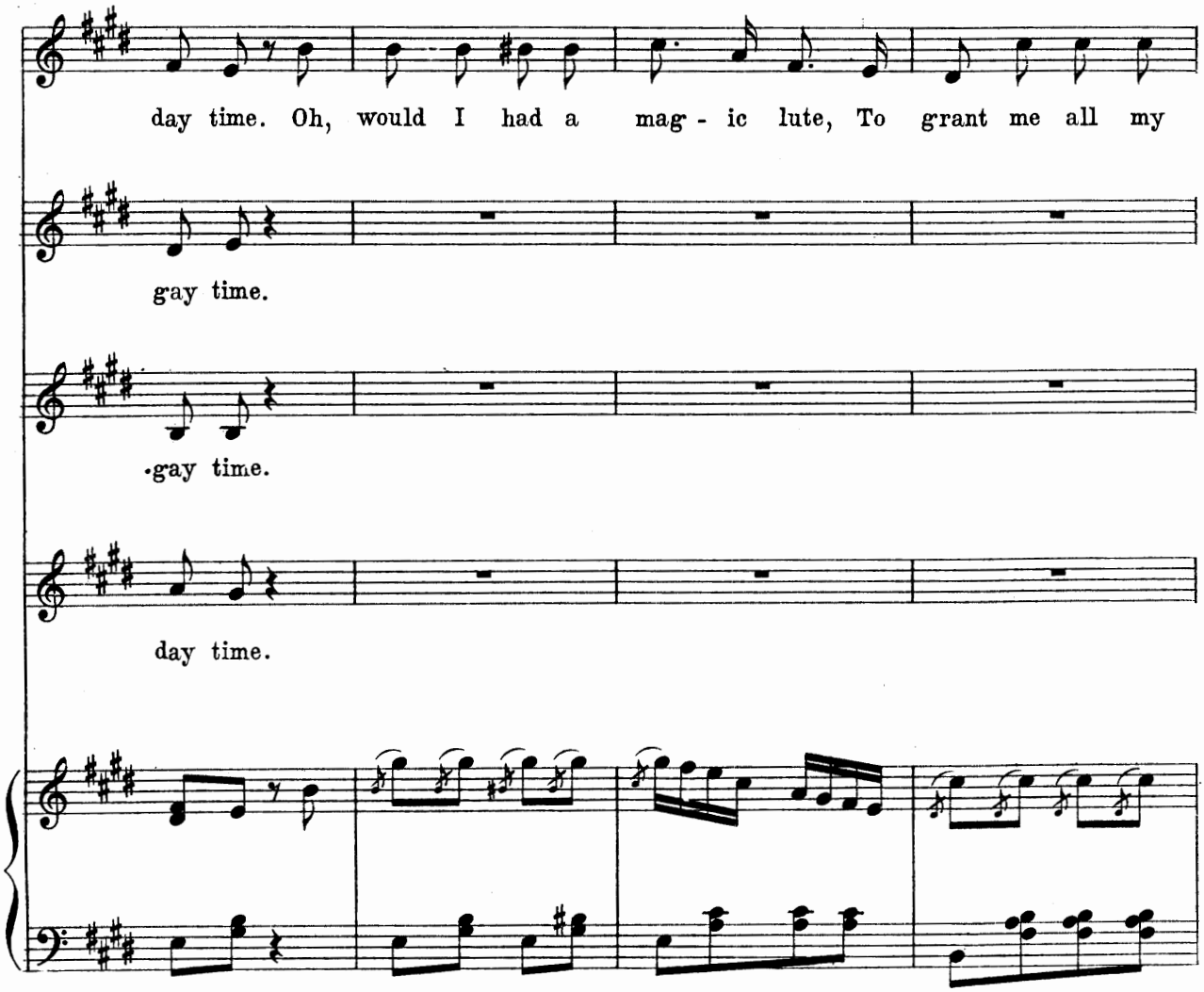
I nev - er saw such braz - en flirt - ing,

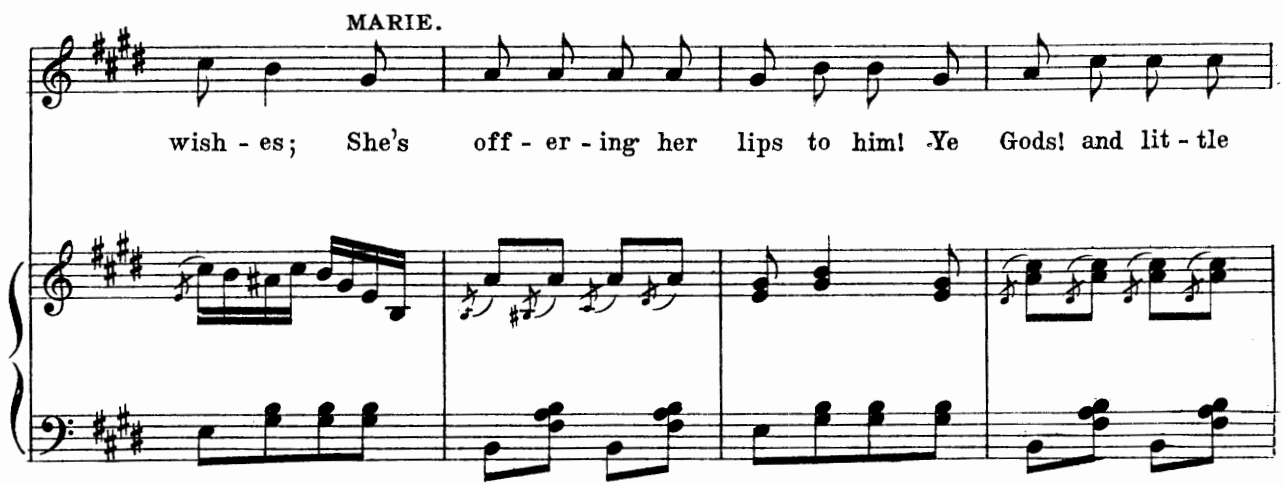

MARIE.
EUGENE.
in my life, no nev-er! Oh! hap-py heart that sings of love I
MAUDE.
hope For some dear strang-er: Not strange, tho'
dear, per-haps
Mrs YAGER.
Ve bet-ter h'raus mit her dere's dan-ger! dere's

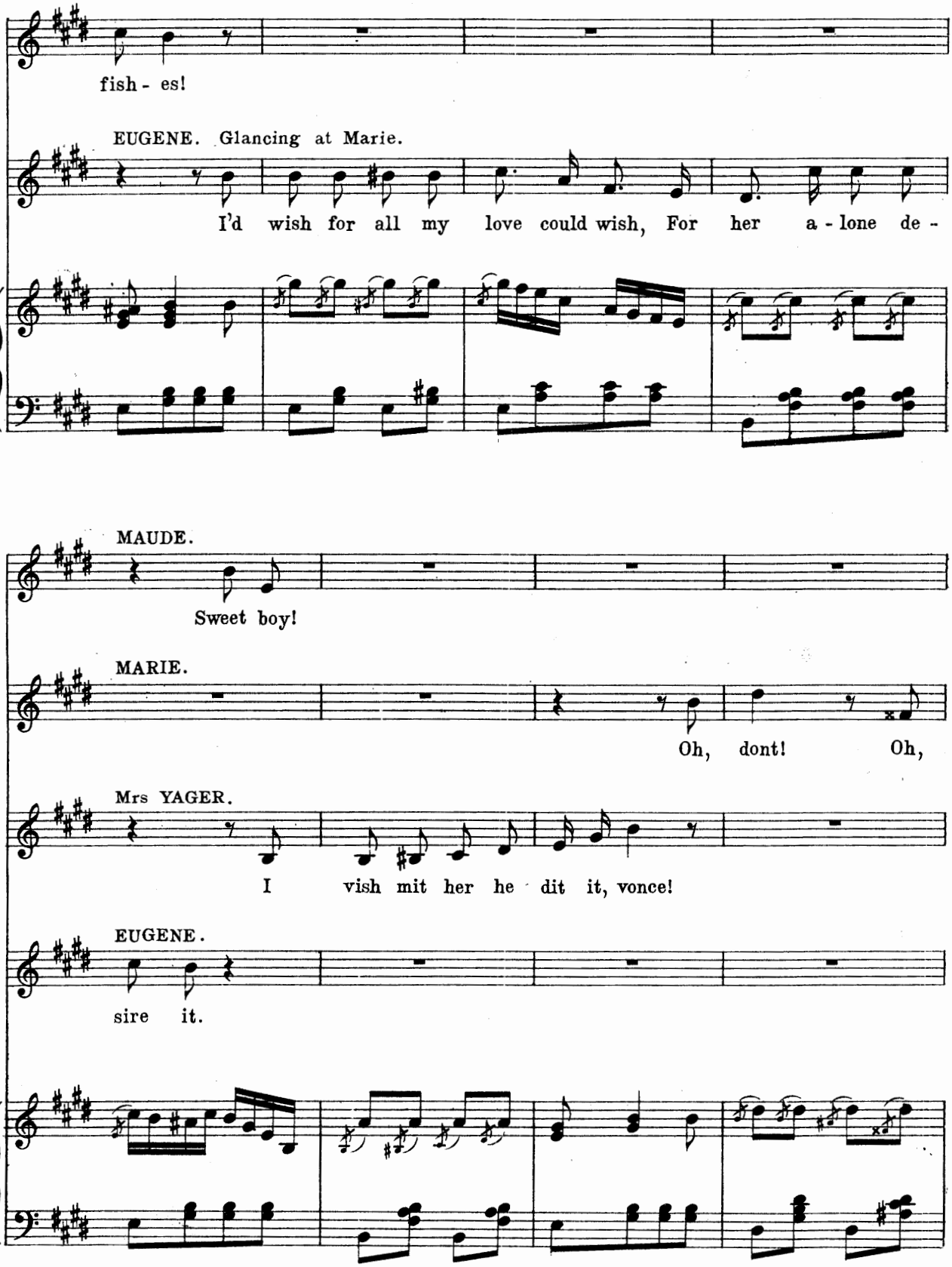

MAUDE. leggiero.
The coun-try air and sol - i-tude, Would seem to be con -
MARIE.
The schem-ing, lit-tle dev - il! I can't help but be a -
Mrs YAGER.
dan-ger! The schem-ing, lit-tle dev-il! I can't help but be a -
EUGENE.
The coun - try air and sol - i-tude, Would seem to be con -
du - cive, To in-ter-change of con - fi-dence And sym - pa - thy, ef -
bu - sive, She does-n't want his op - e - ra With - out him - self, in -
bu - sive, She does-n't want his op-e - ra With - out him - self, in -
du - cive, To in-ter-change of con - fi-dence And sym - pa - thy, ef -

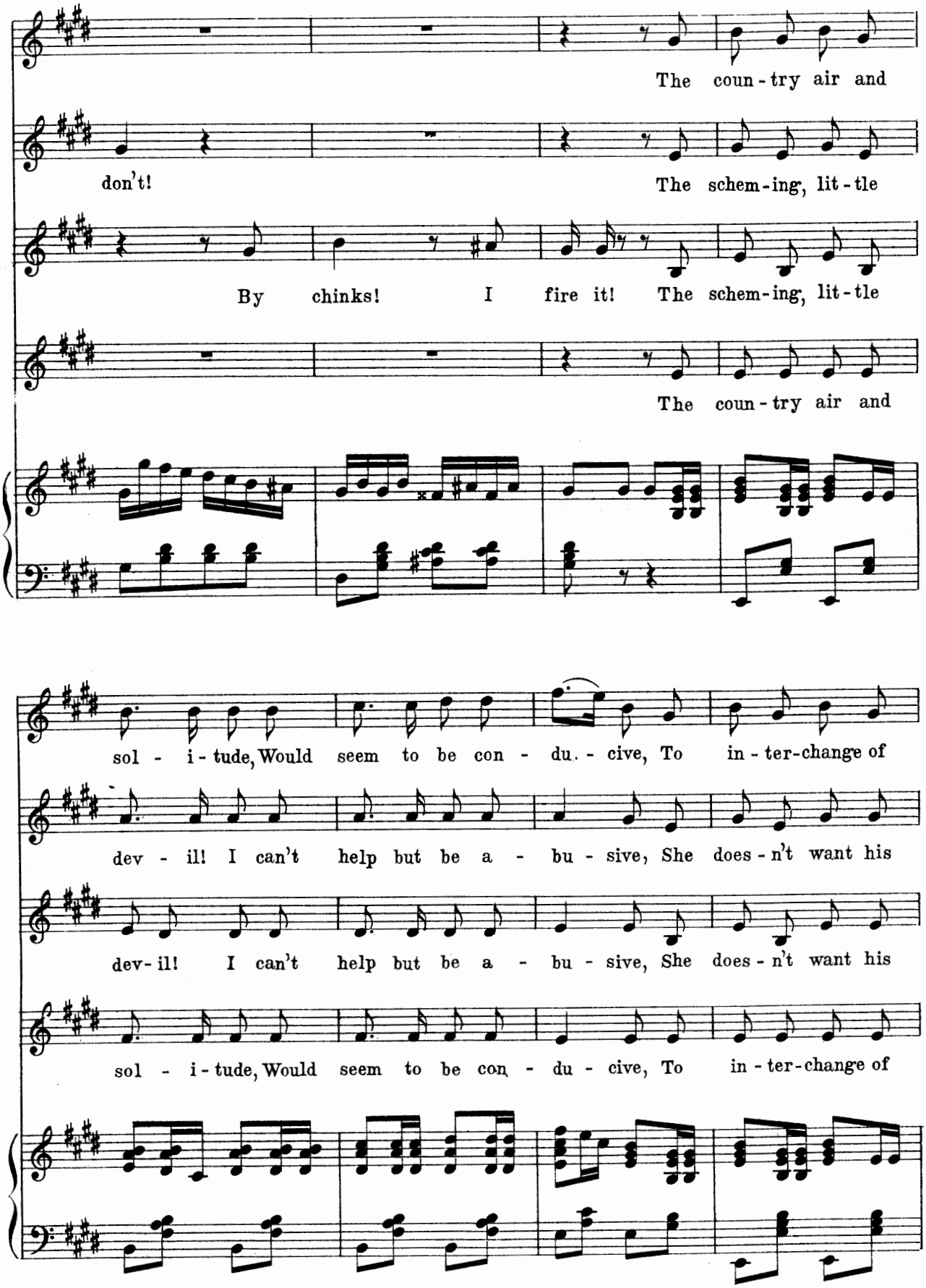

fu - sive, Yet here we sit like sim - ple-tons And sigh, to while a -
clu - sive, And if he does - n't see it, He's as blind as bats in
clu - sive, And if he does - n't see it, He's as blind as bats in
fu - sive, Yet here we sit like sim - ple- tons And sigh, to while a -
f

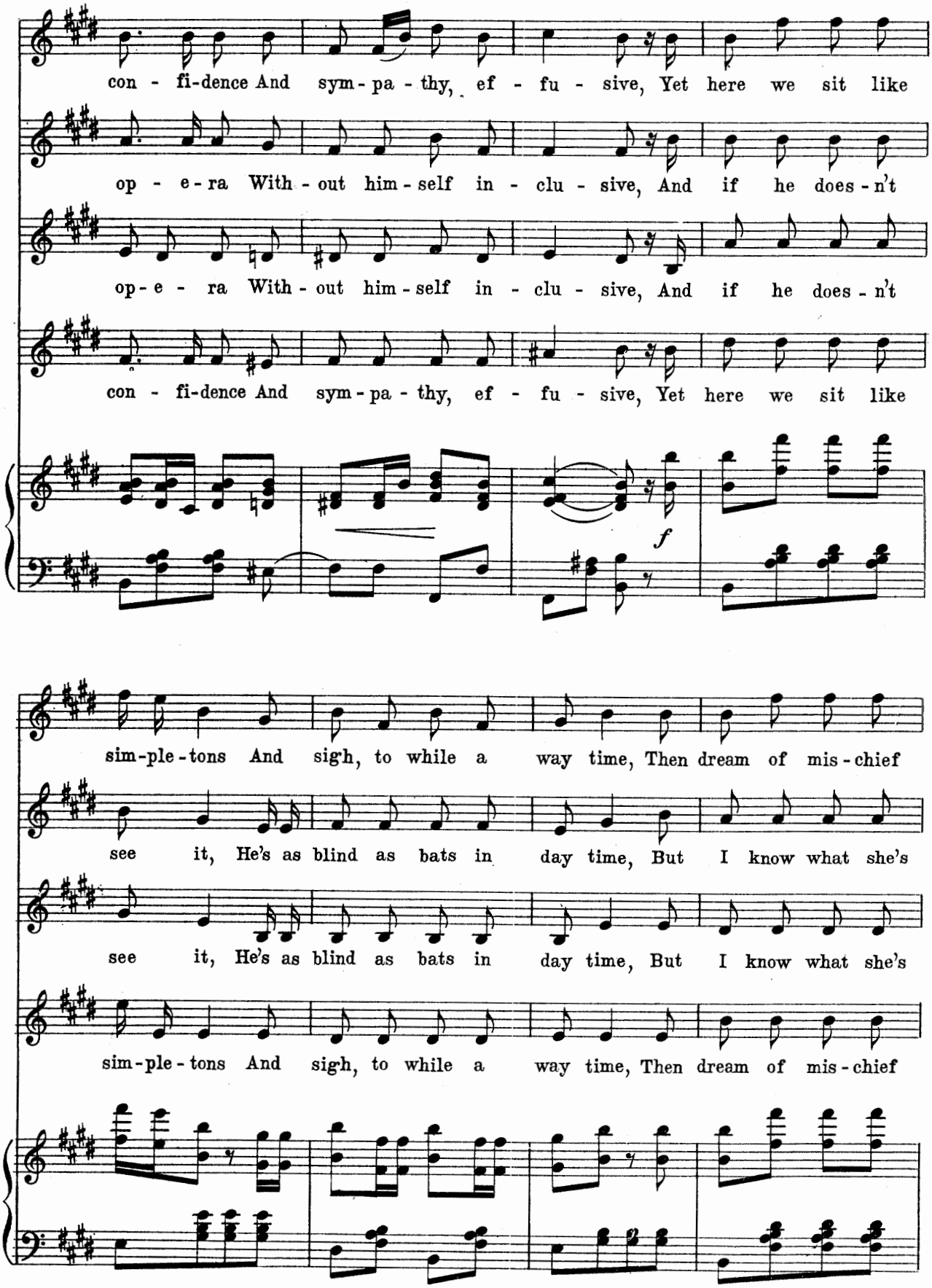

way time, Then dream of mis-chief in the night, We let slip by in the
day-time, But I know what she's aft - er, And there's going to be a
day-time, But I know what she's aft - er, And there's going to be a
way time, Then dream of mis-chief in the night, We let slip by in the

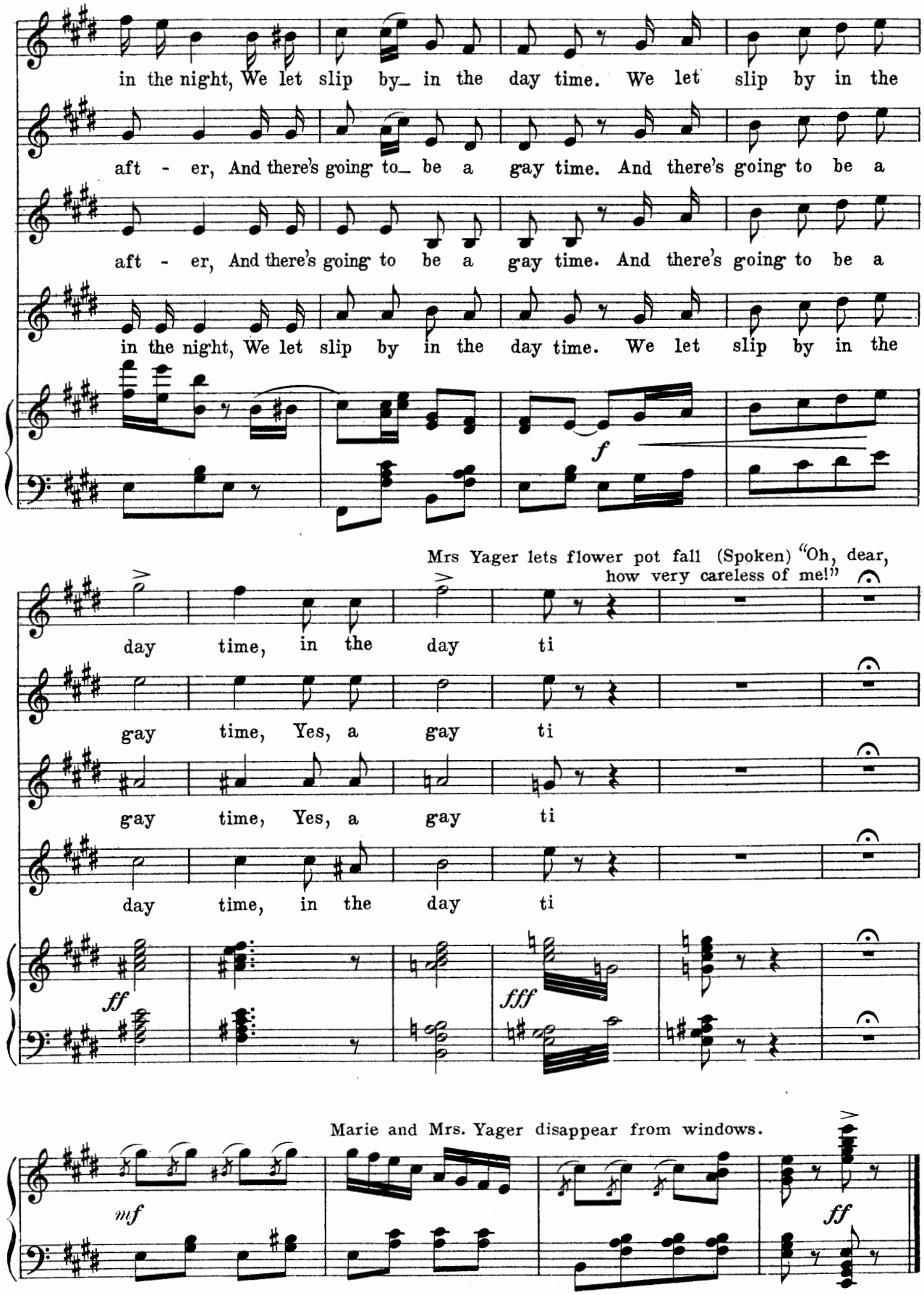

day time. Oh, would I had a mag - ic lute, To grant me all my
gay time.
gay time.
day time.


MARIE.
wish - es; She's off - er - ing her lips to him! Ye Gods! and lit - tle


fish - es!
EUGENE. Glancing at Marie.
I'd wish for all my love could wish, For her a - lone de -
MAUDE.
Sweet boy!
MARIE.
Oh, dont! Oh,
Mrs YAGER.
I vish mit her he dit it, vonce!
EUGENE.
sire it.


The coun - try air and
don't!
The schem - ing, lit - tle
By chinks! I fire it!
The schem - ing, lit - tle
The coun - try air and
sol - i - tude, Would seem to be con - du. - cive, To in - ter - change of
dev - il! I can't help but be a - bu - sive, She does - n't want his
dev - il! I can't help but be a - bu - sive, She does - n't want his
sol - i - tude, Would seem to be con - du - cive, To in - ter - change of


con - fi-dence And sym - pa - thy, ef - fu - sive, Yet here we sit like
op - e - ra With - out him - self in - clu - sive, And if he does - n't
op - e - ra With - out him - self in - clu - sive, And if he does - n't
con - fi-dence And sym - pa - thy, ef - fu - sive, Yet here we sit like
f
sim-ple - tons And sigh, to while a way time, Then dream of mis - chief
see it, He's as blind as bats in day time, But I know what she's
see it, He's as blind as bats in day time, But I know what she's
sim - ple - tons And sigh, to while a way time, Then dream of mis - chief


in the night, We let slip by_ in the day time. We let slip by in the
aft - er, And there's going to_ be a gay time. And there's going to be a
aft - er, And there's going to be a gay time. And there's going to be a
in the night, We let slip by in the day time. We let slip by in the
f
Mrs Yager lets flower pot fall (Spoken) "Oh, dear, how very careless of me!"
day time, in the day ti
gay time, Yes, a gay ti
gay time, Yes, a gay ti
day time, in the day ti
ff
fff
Marie and Mrs. Yager disappear from windows.
mf
ff

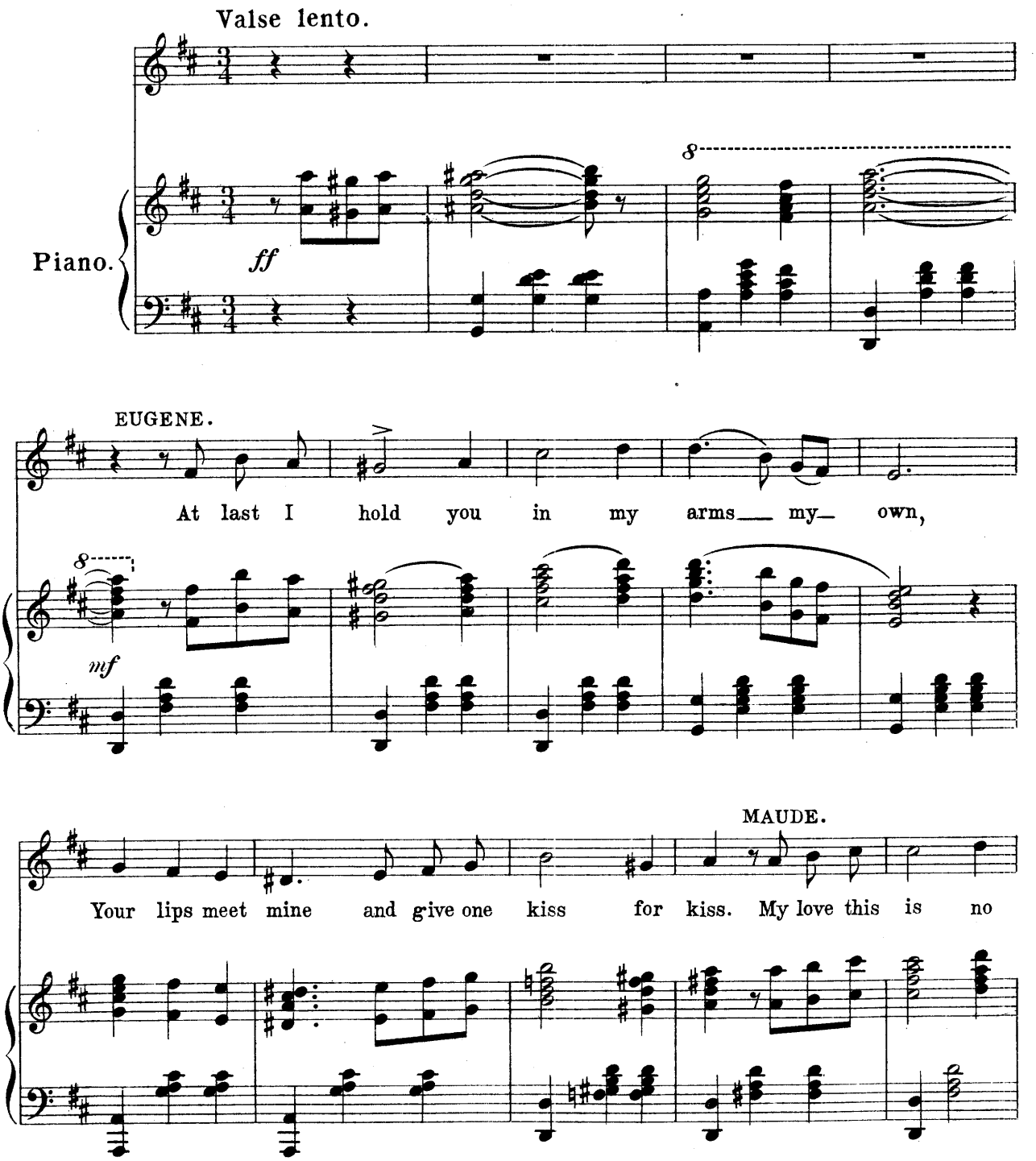
At Last I Hold You.

No. 8.

OCTETTE.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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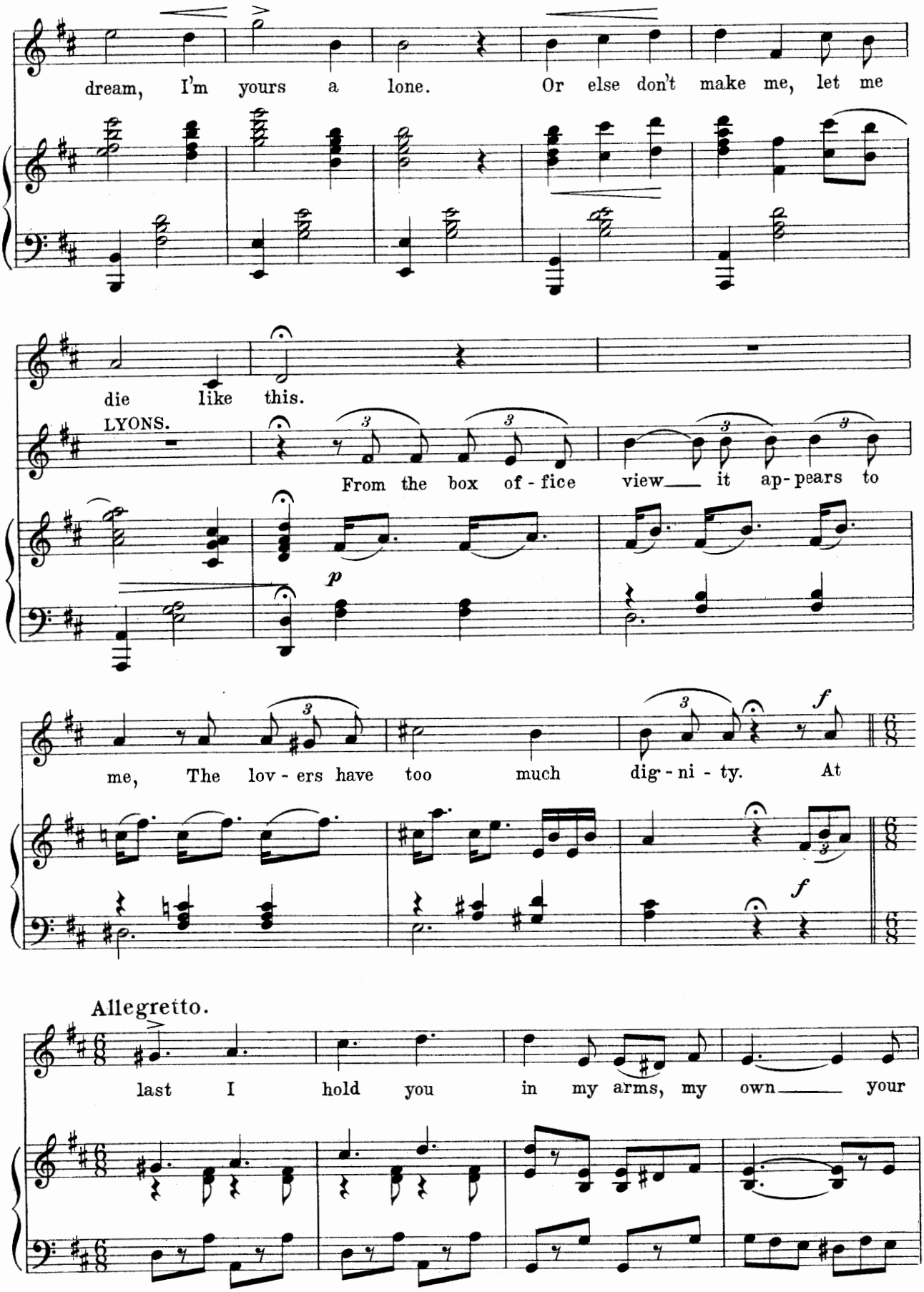
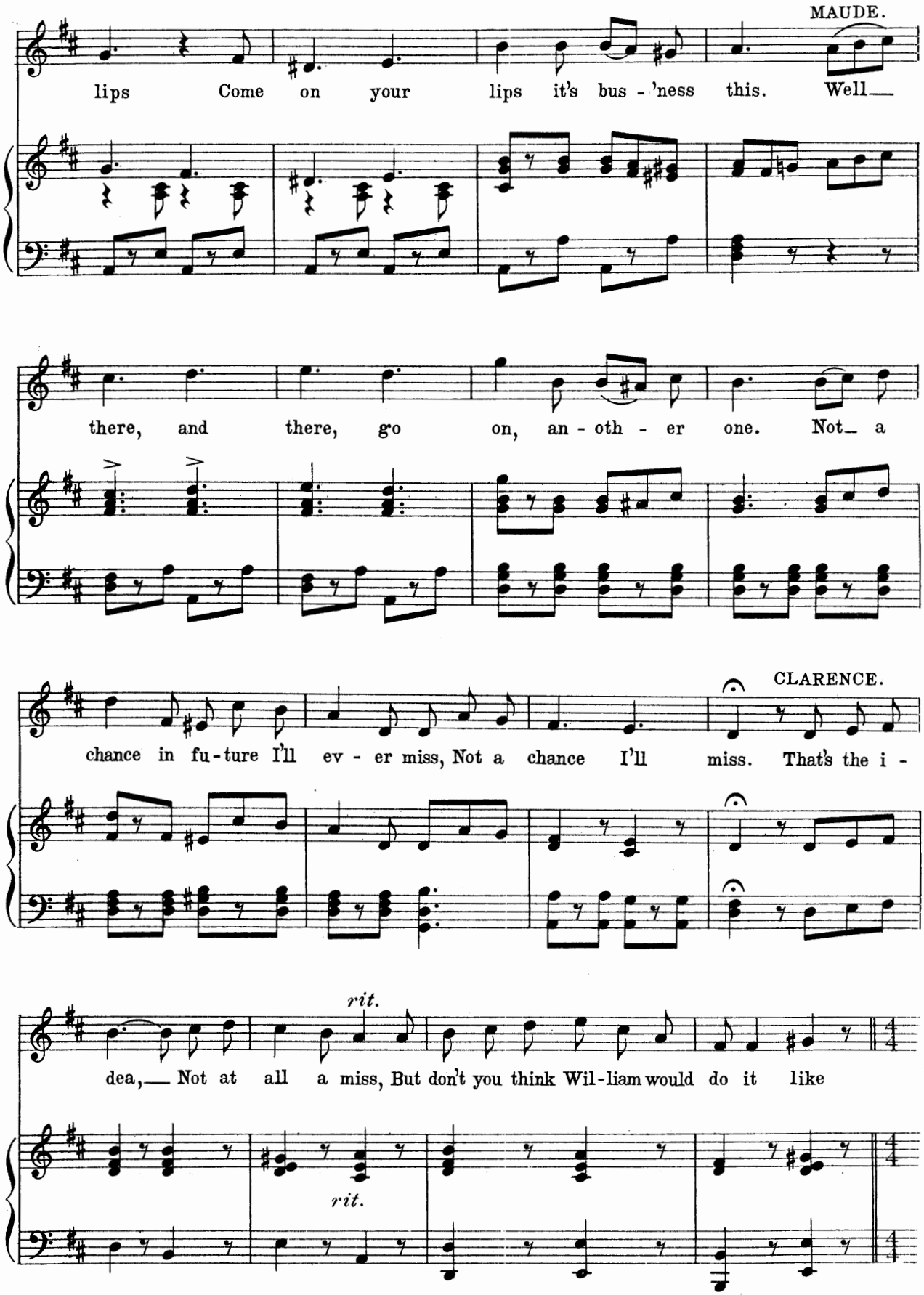
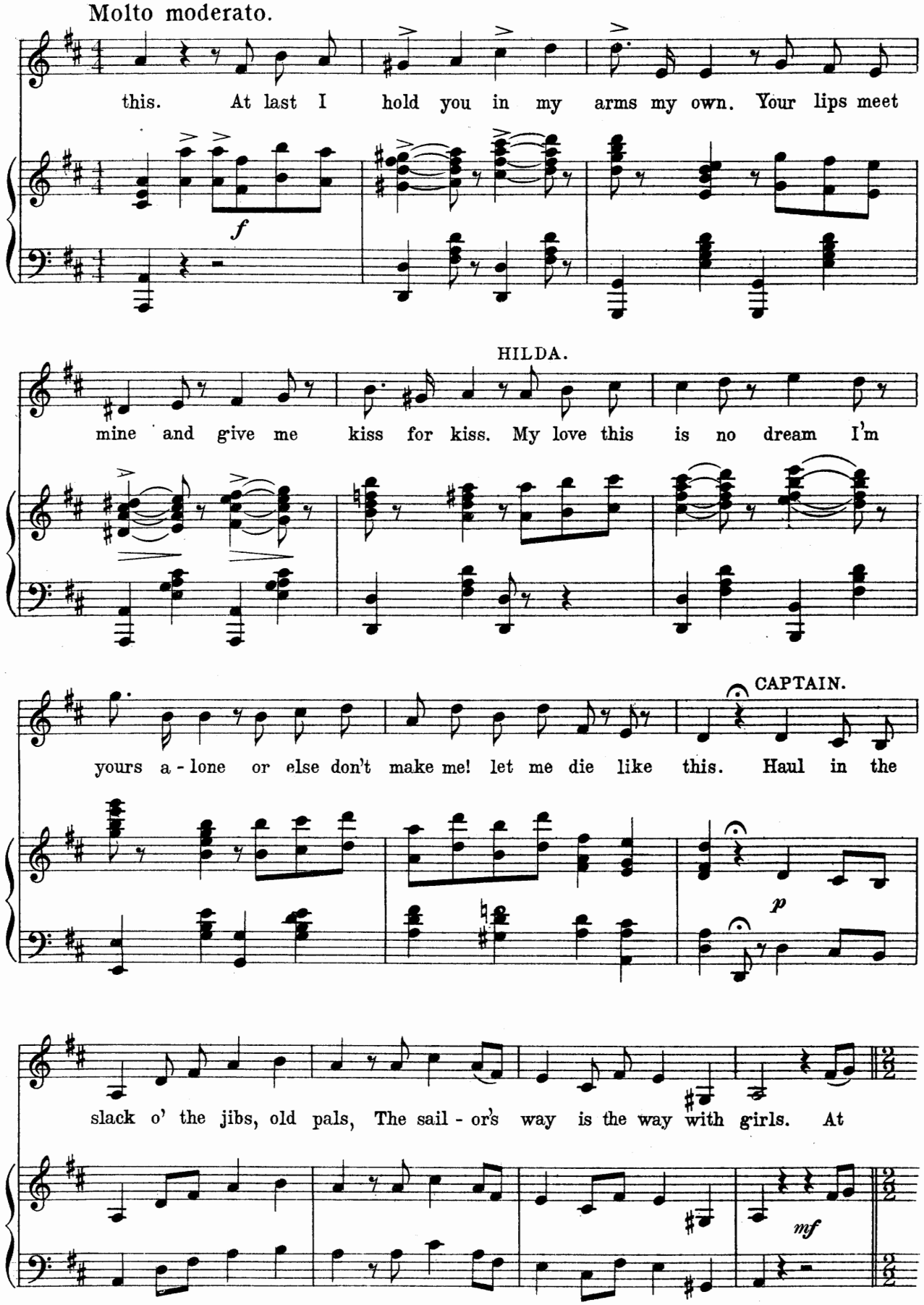
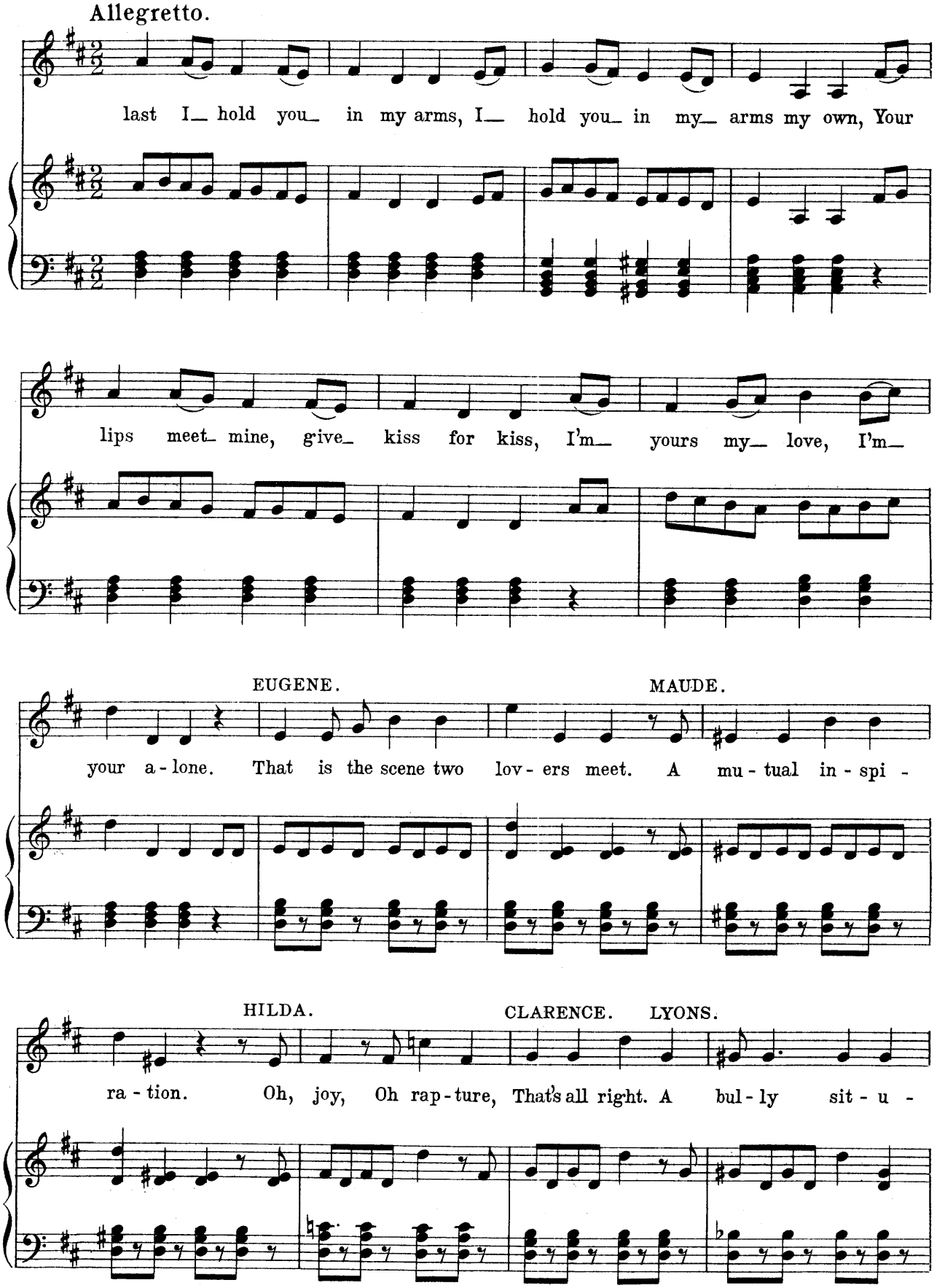
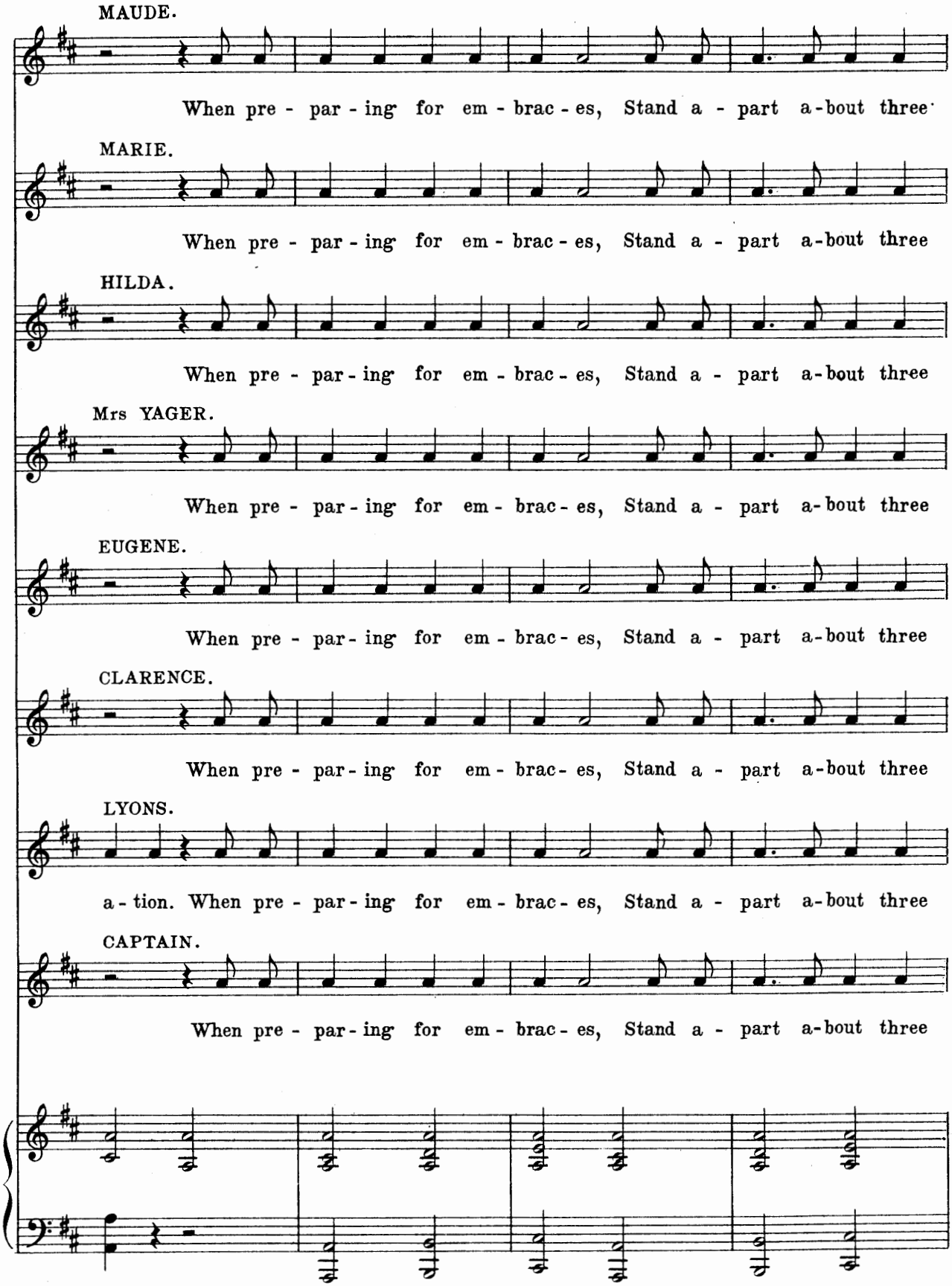
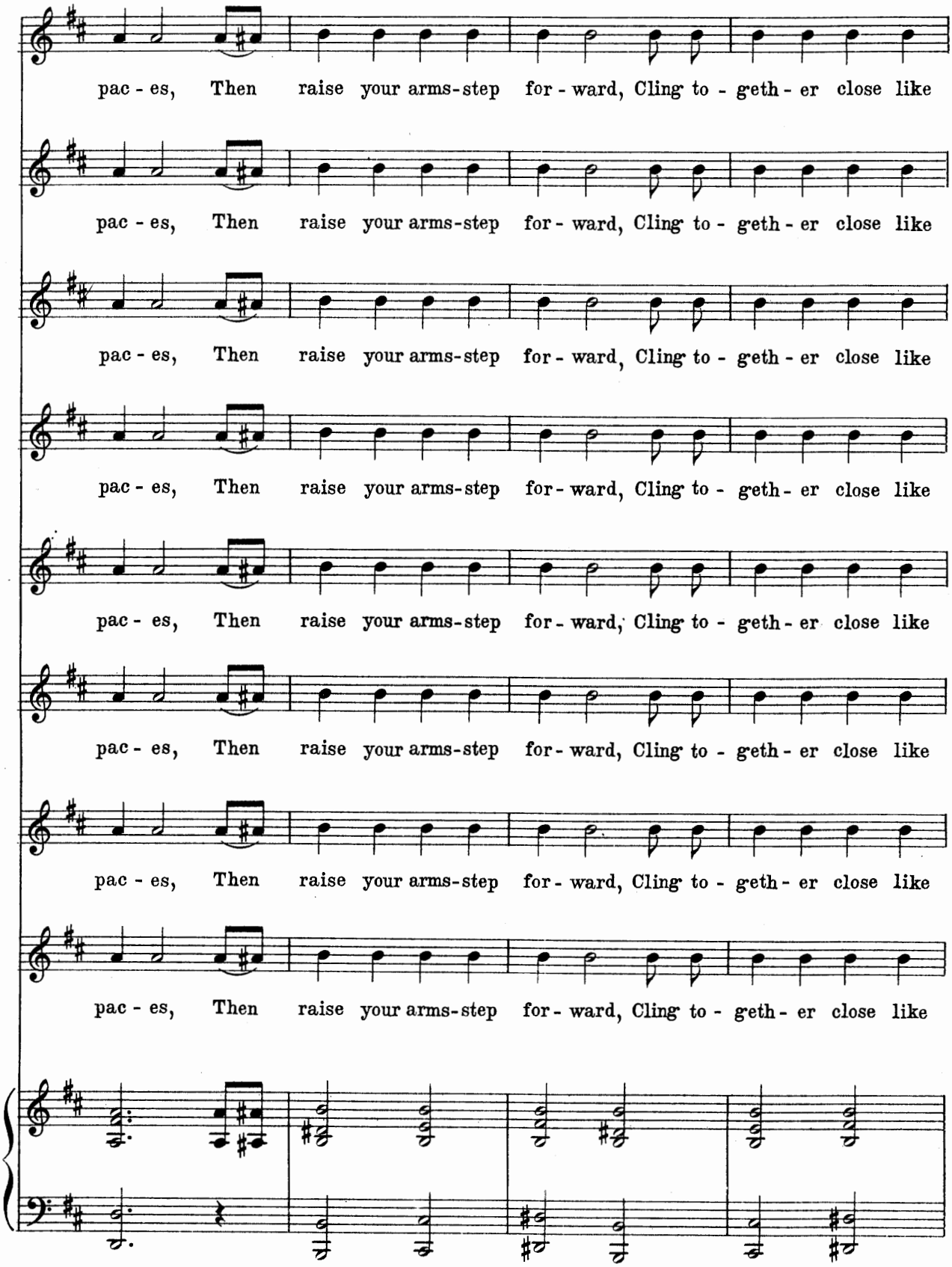

dream, I'm yours a lone. Or else don't make me, let me
die like this.
LYONS.
From the box of - fice view it ap- pears to
p
me, The lov - ers have too much dig - ni - ty. At
f
f
Allegretto.
last I hold you in my arms, my own your

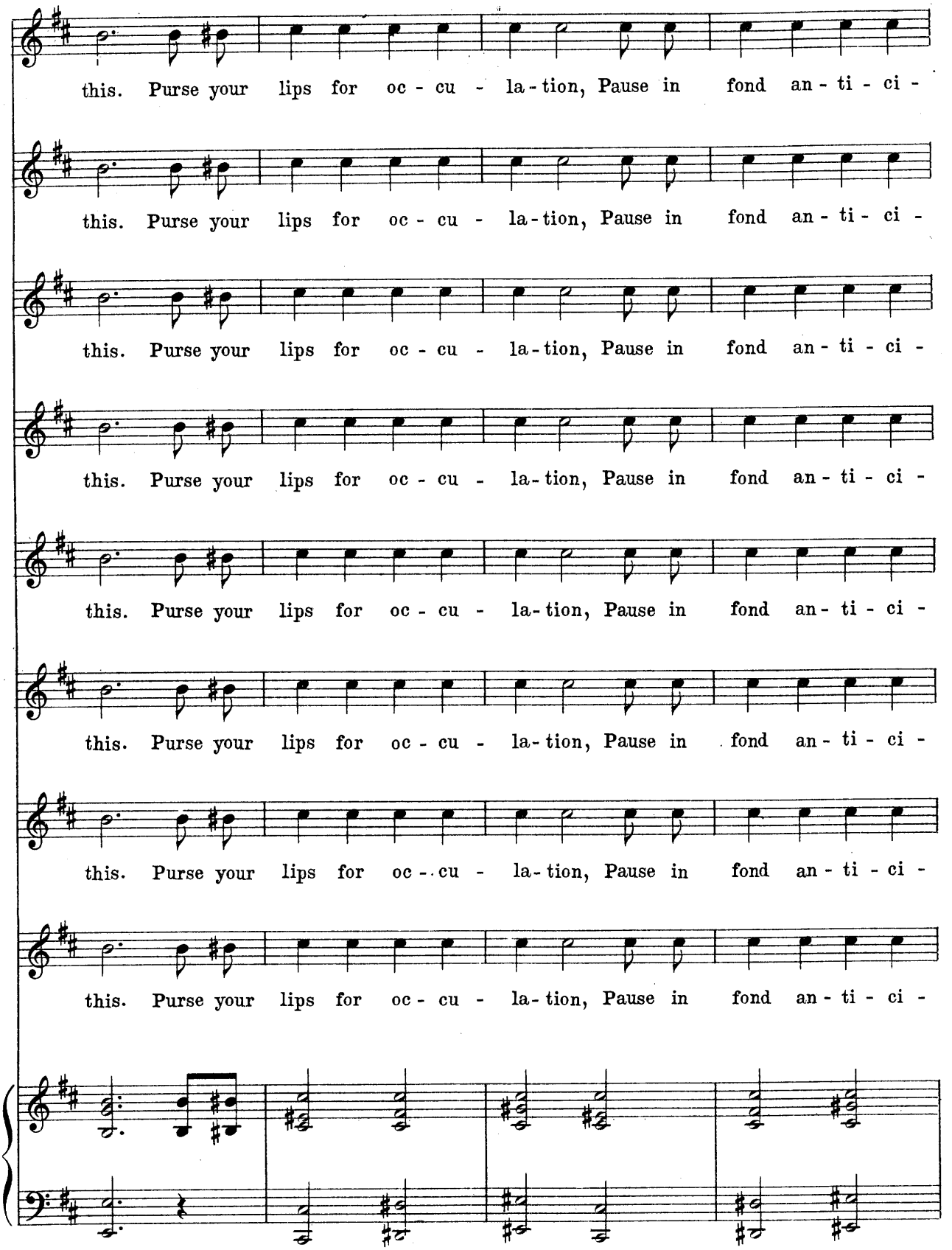

MAUDE.
lips Come on your lips it's bus - 'ness this. Well—
there, and there, go on, an - oth - er one. Not— a
CLARENCE.
chance in fu-ture I'll ev - er miss, Not a chance I'll miss. That's the i -
rit.
dea,— Not at all a miss, But don't you think Wil-liam would do it like
rit.

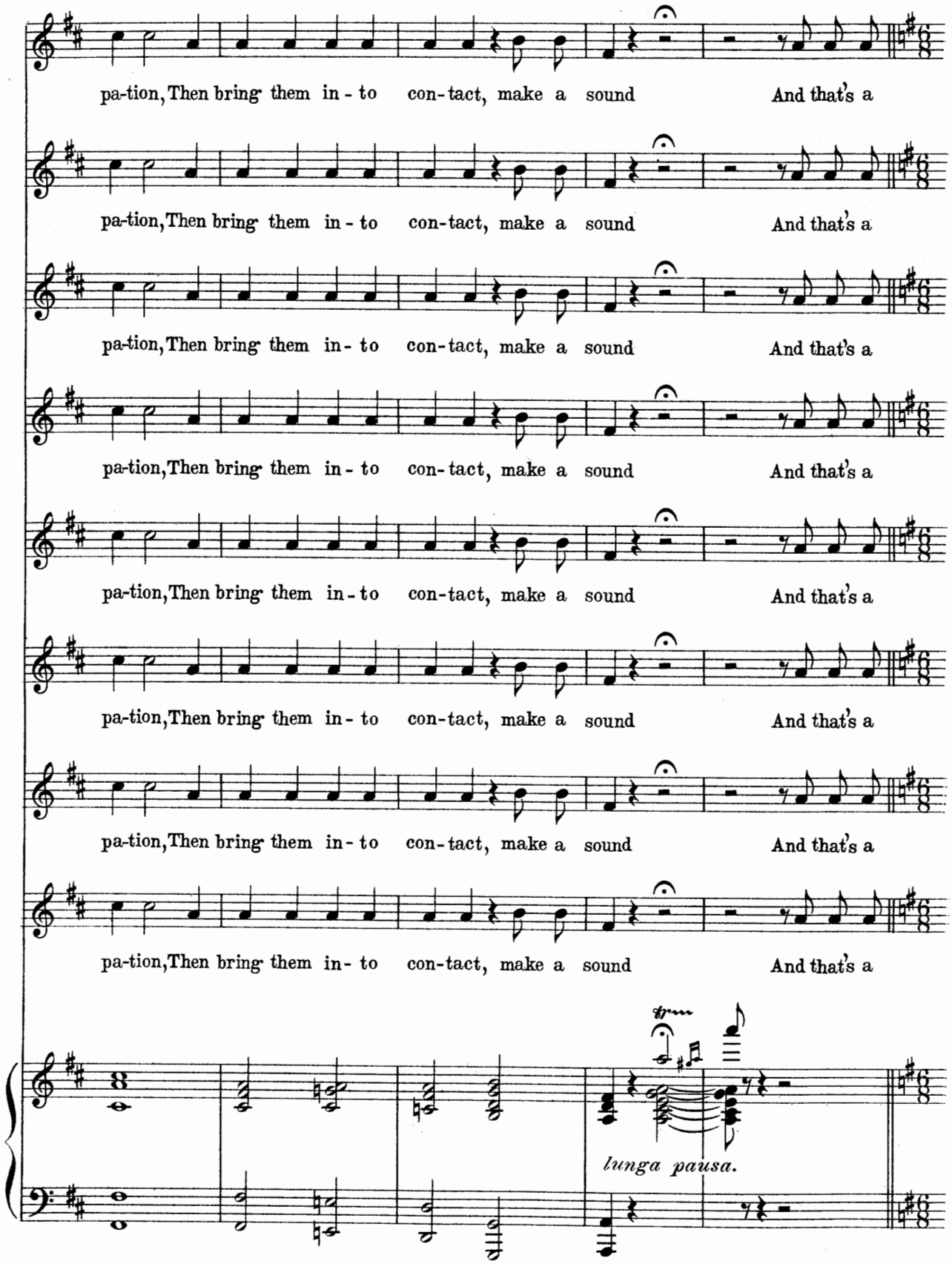

Molto moderato.
this. At last I hold you in my arms my own. Your lips meet
f
HILDA.
mine and give me kiss for kiss. My love this is no dream I'm
CAPTAIN.
yours a - lone or else don't make me! let me die like this. Haul in the
p
slack o' the jibs, old pals, The sail - or's way is the way with girls. At
mf

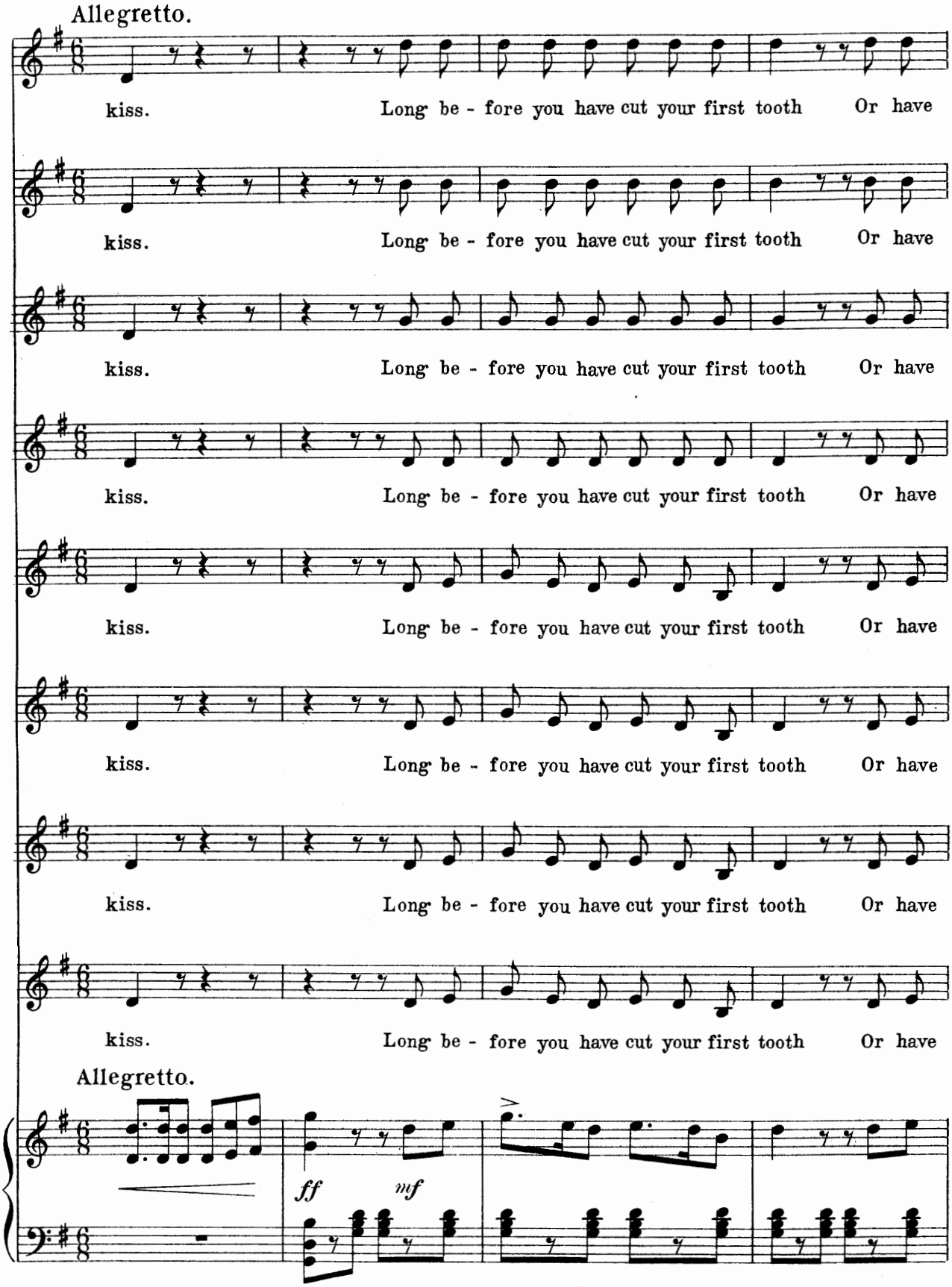

Allegretto.
last I_ hold you_ in my arms, I_ hold you_ in my_ arms my own, Your
lips meet_ mine, give_ kiss for kiss, I'm_ yours my_ love, I'm_
EUGENE.
MAUDE.
your a-lone. That is the scene two lov-ers meet. A mu-tual in-spi-
HILDA.
CLARENCE.
LYONS.
ra-tion. Oh, joy, Oh rap-ture, That's all right. A bul-ly sit-u-

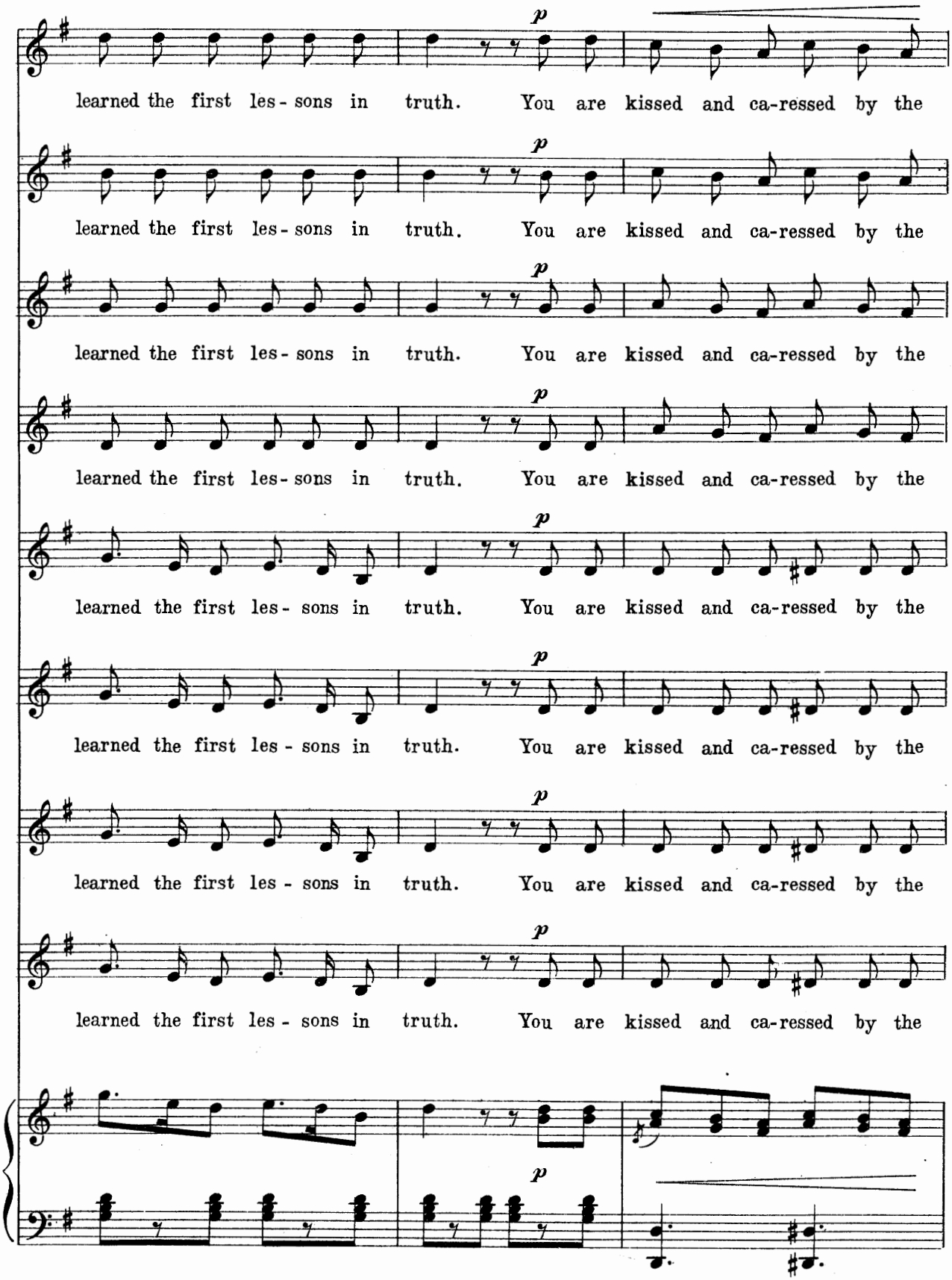

MAUDE.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
MARIE.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
HILDA.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
Mrs YAGER.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
EUGENE.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
CLARENCE.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
LYONS.
a - tion. When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three
CAPTAIN.
When pre - par - ing for em - brac - es, Stand a - part a-bout three

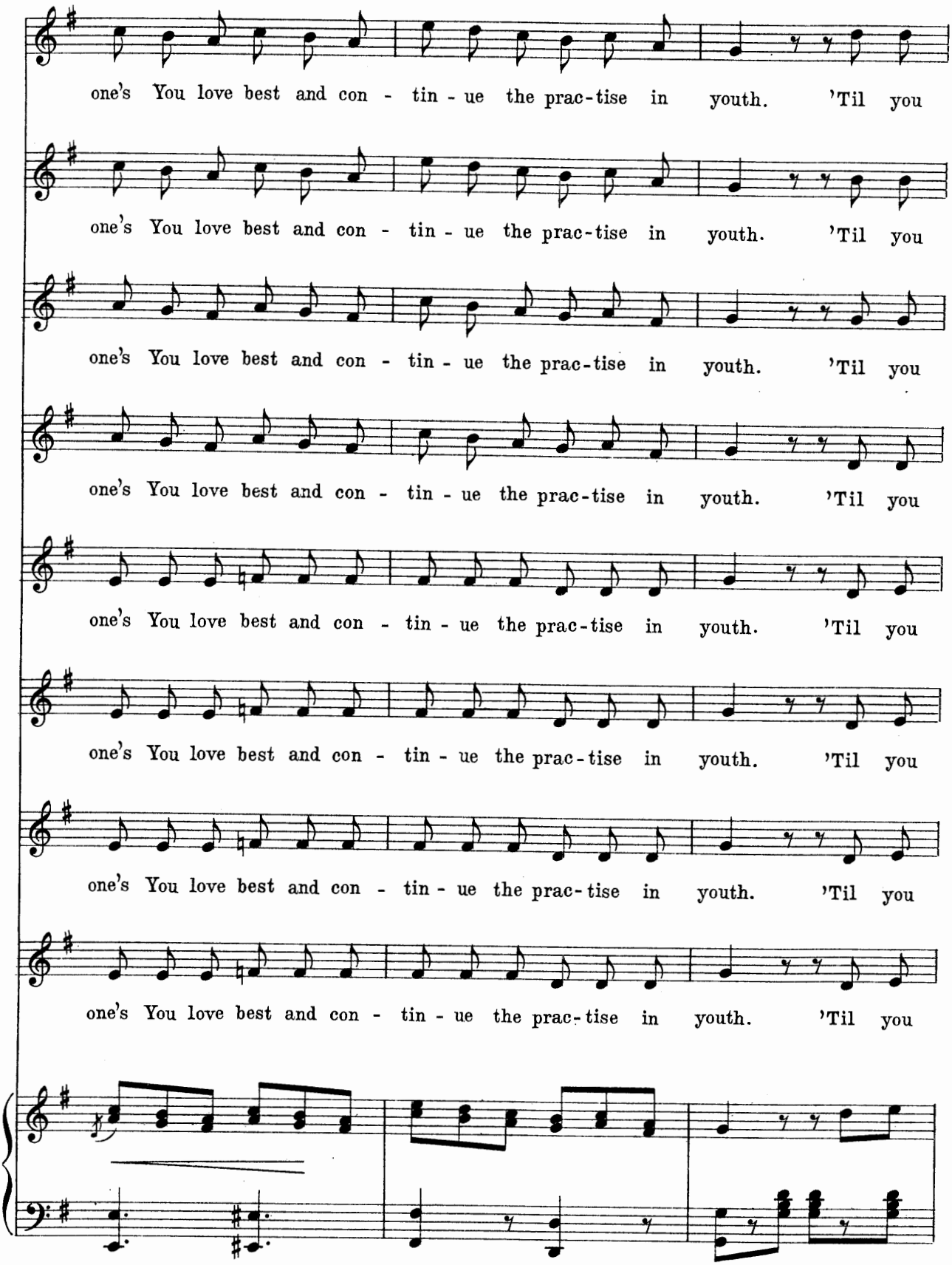

pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like
pac - es, Then raise your arms-step for - ward, Cling to - geth - er close like

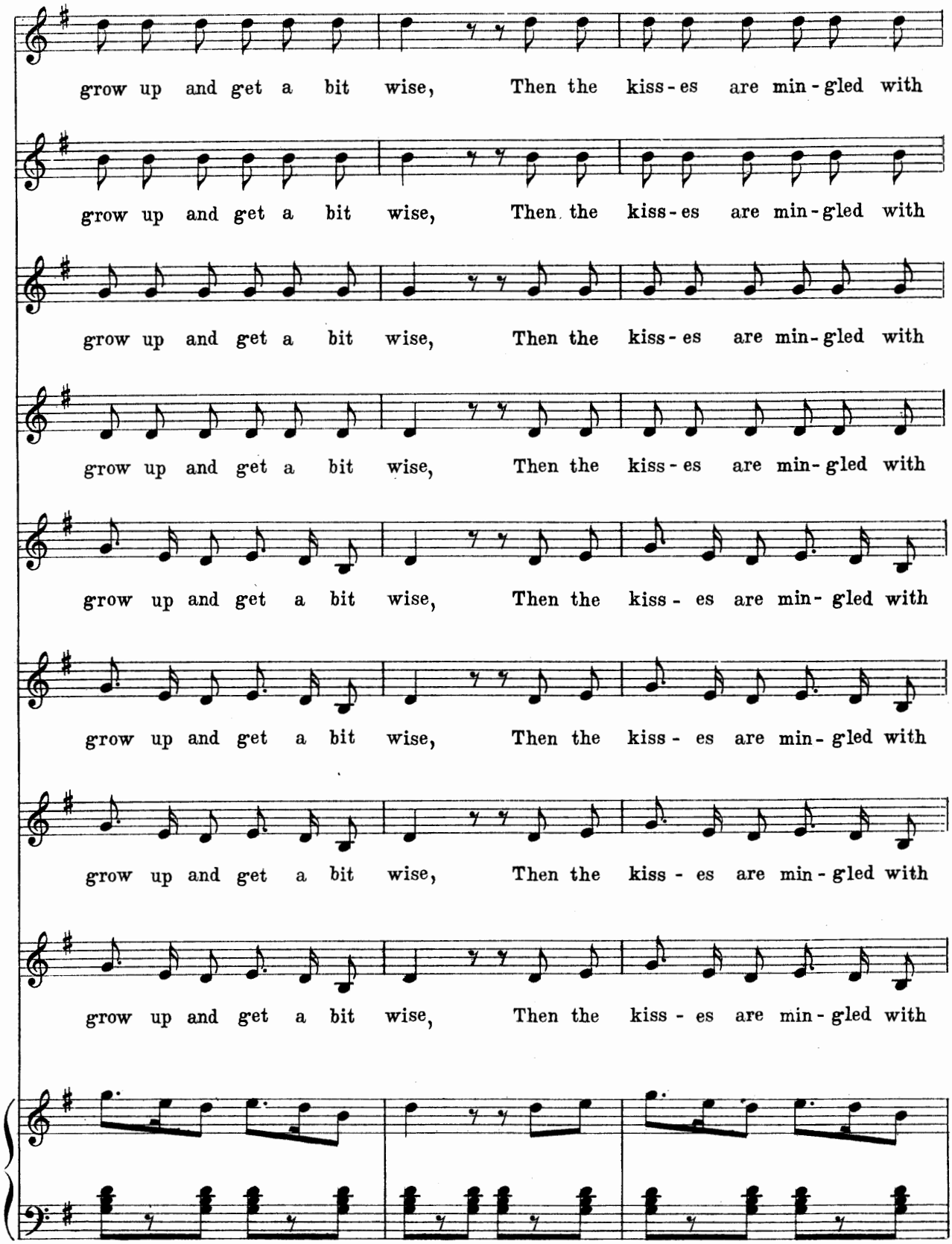

this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -
this. Purse your lips for oc - cu - la - tion, Pause in fond an - ti - ci -

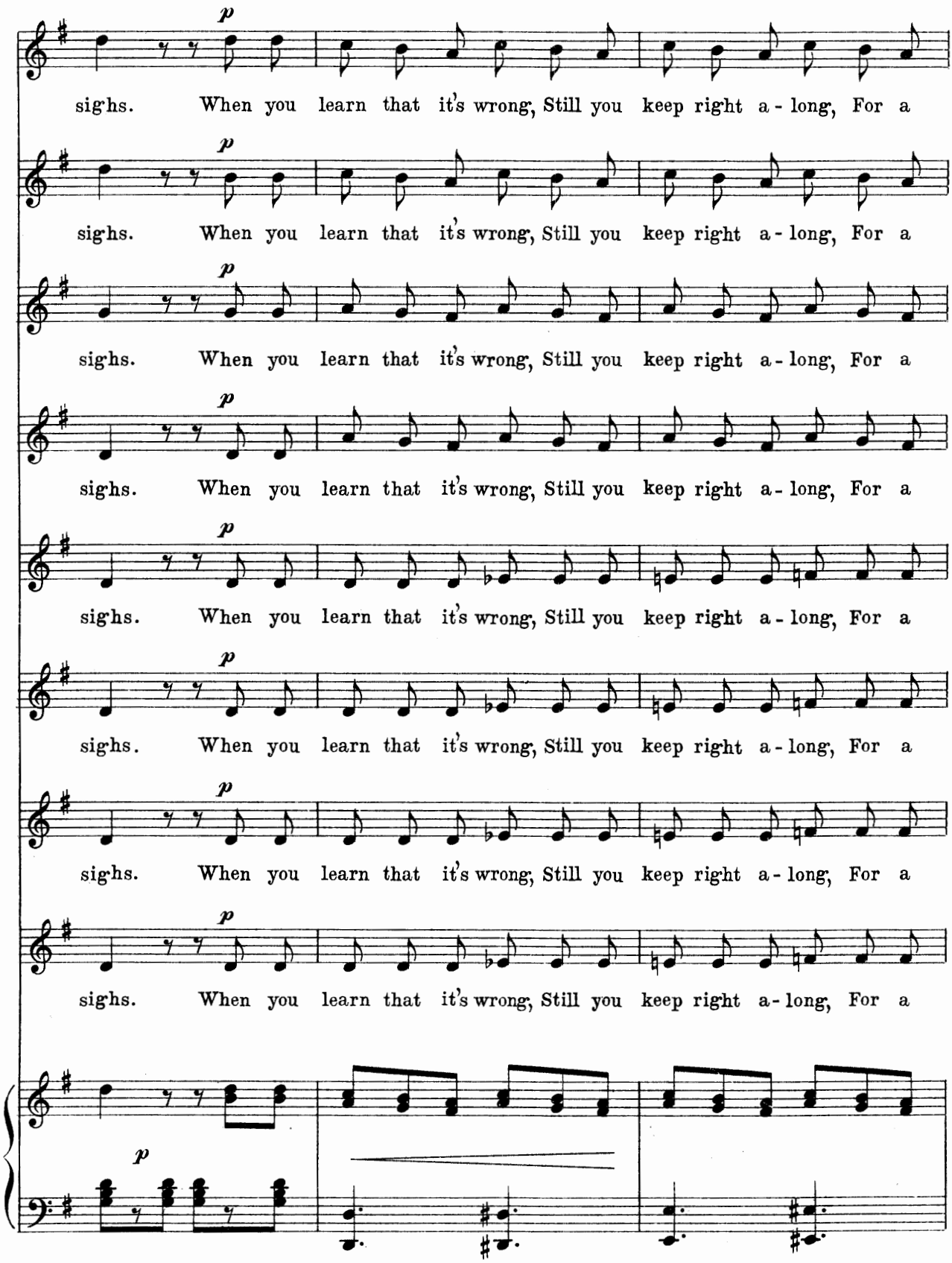

pa-tion, Then bring them in - to con-tact, make a sound And that's a
lunga pausa.

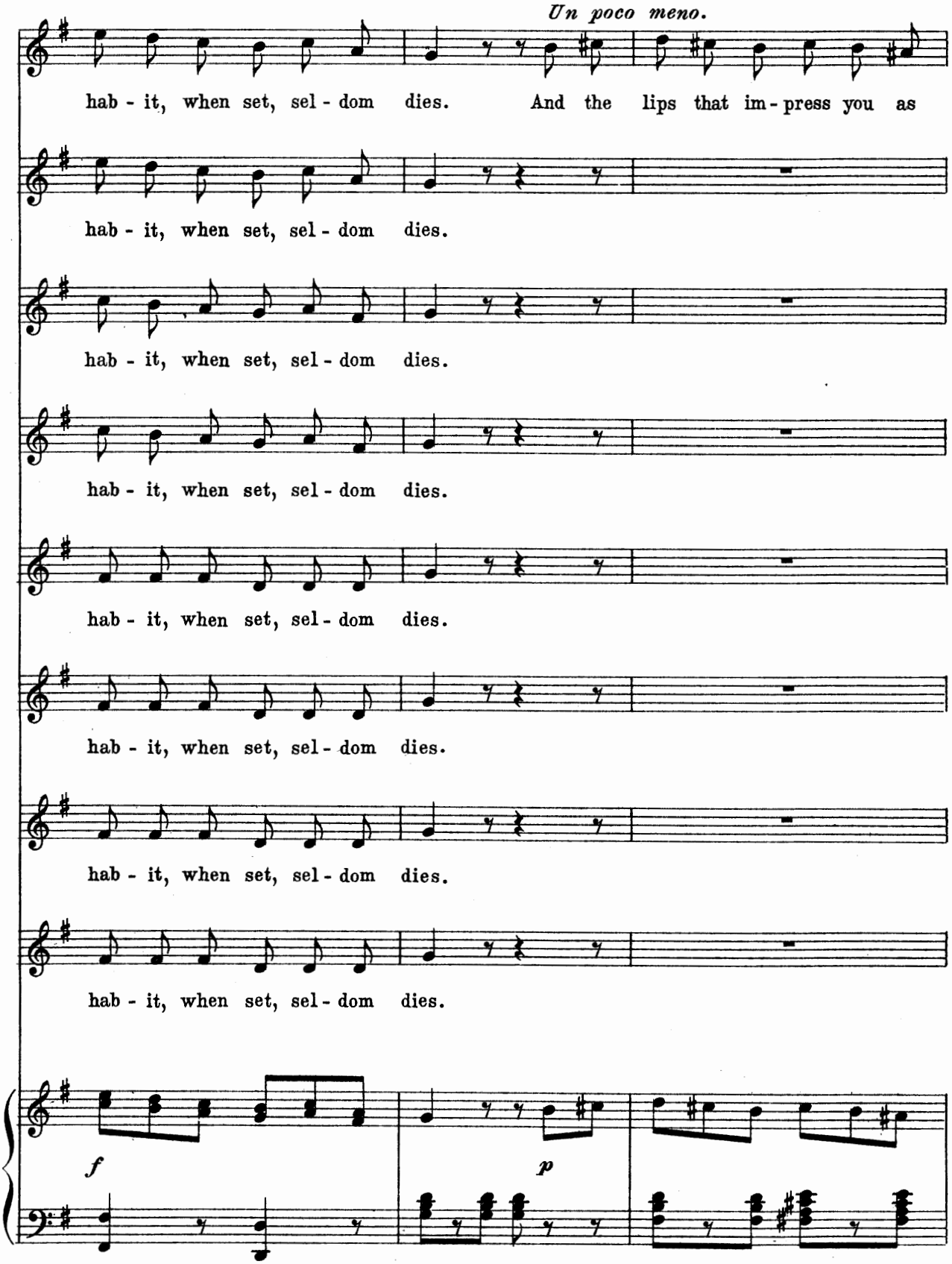

Allegretto.
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
kiss. Long be - fore you have cut your first tooth Or have
Allegretto.
ff
mf

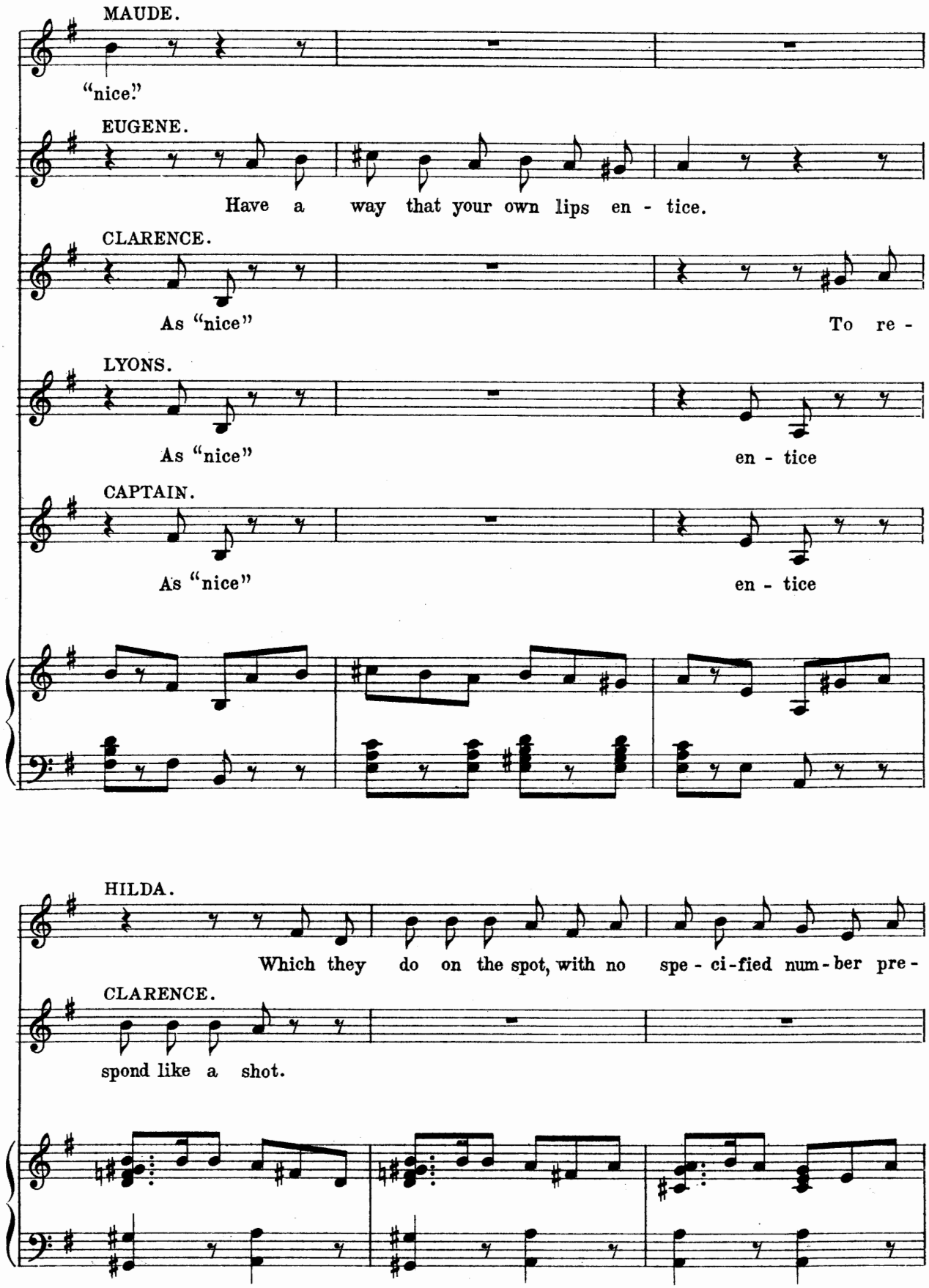

p
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
learned the first les - sons in truth. You are kissed and ca-ressed by the
p
p

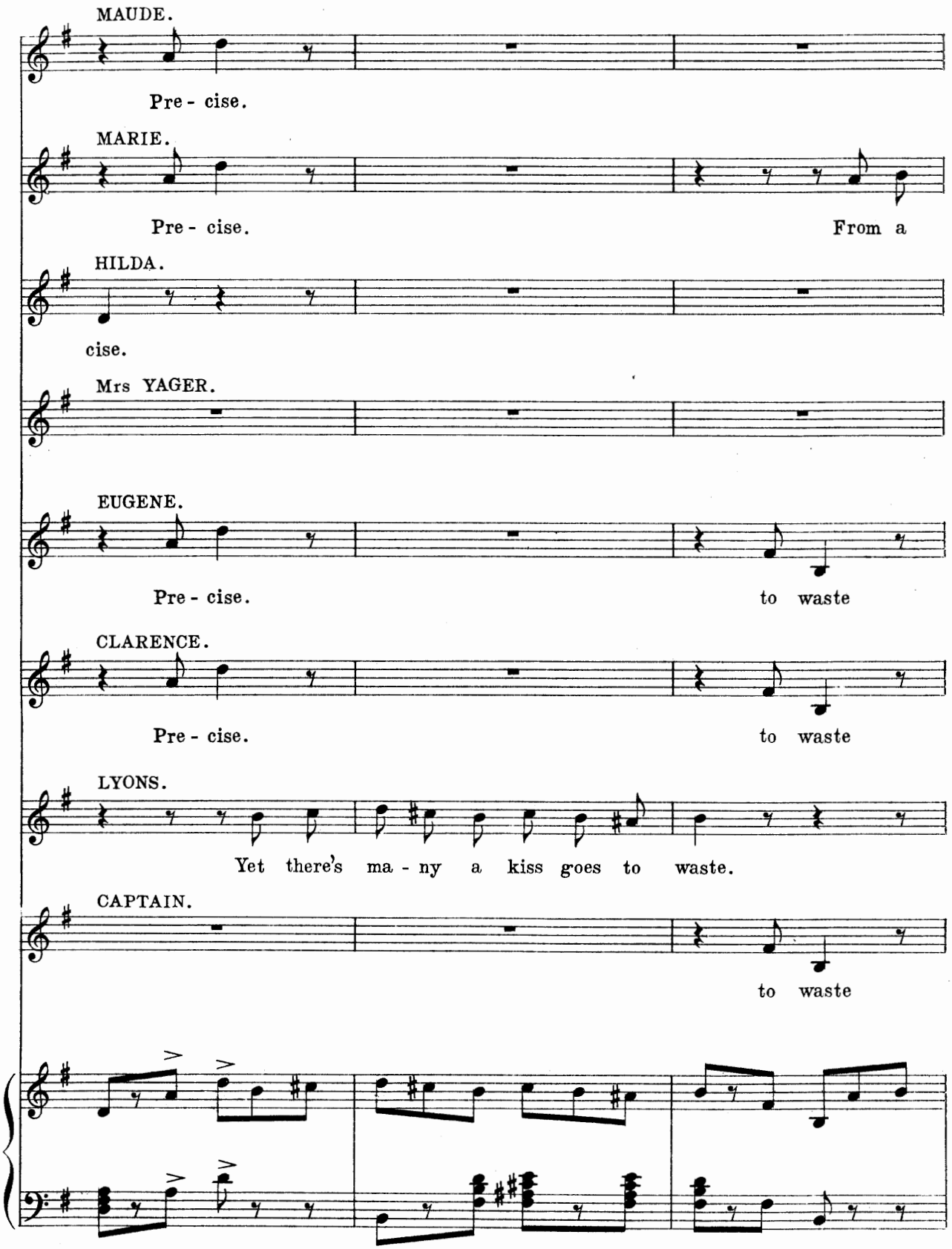

one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you
one's You love best and con - tin - ue the prac-tise in youth. 'Til you

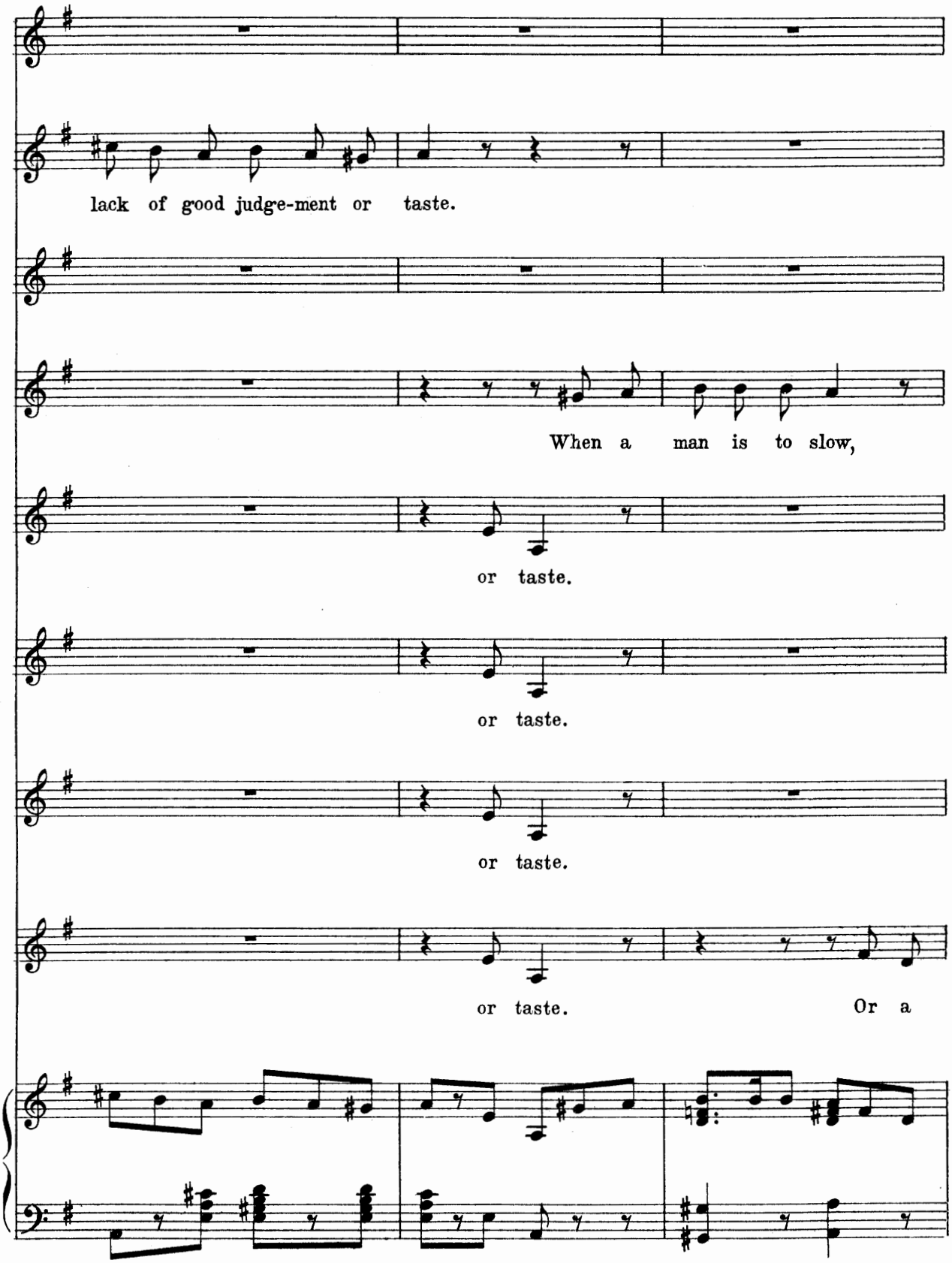

grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with
grow up and get a bit wise, Then the kiss-es are min-gled with

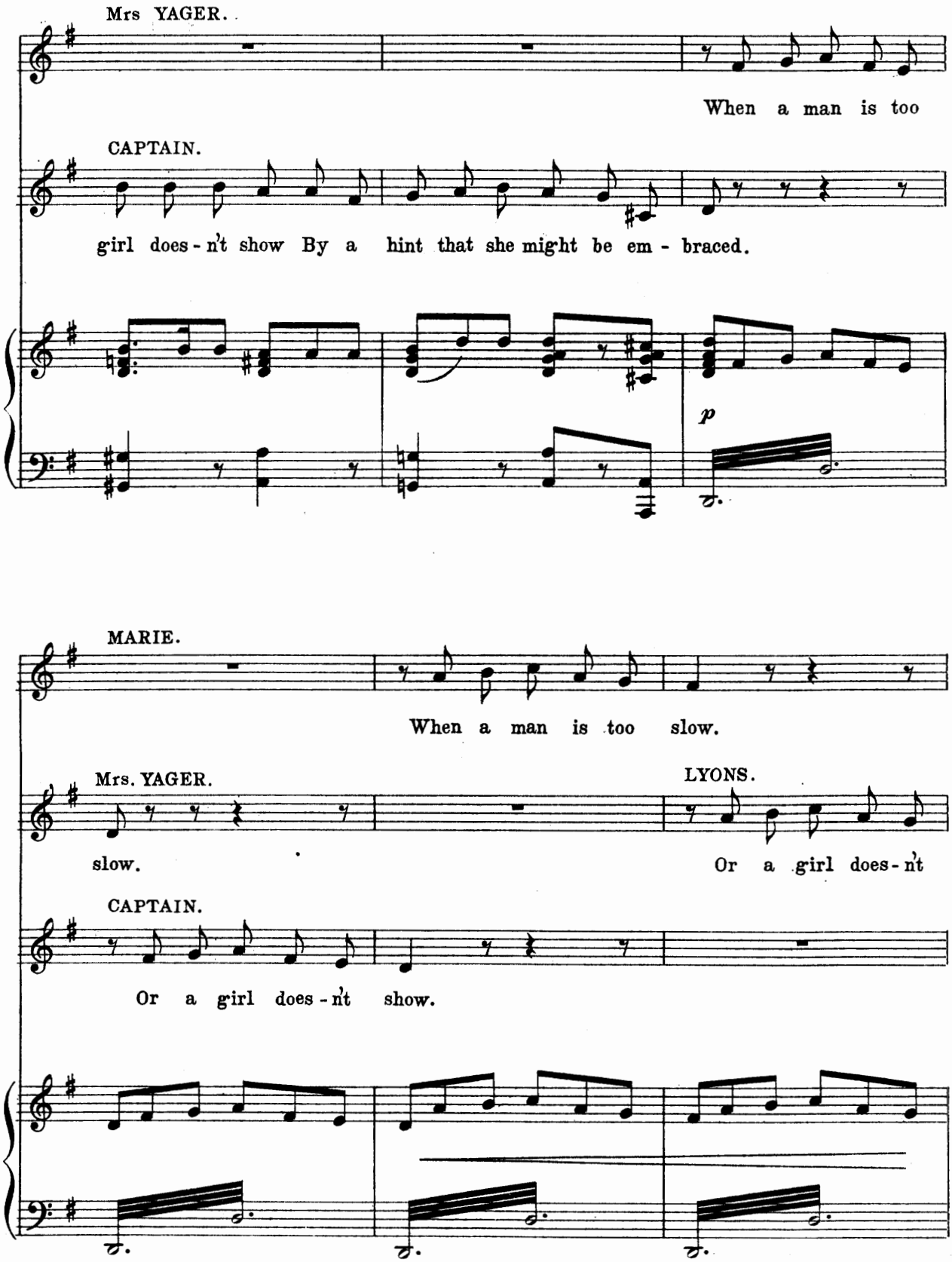

p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p
sighs. When you learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a - long, For a
p

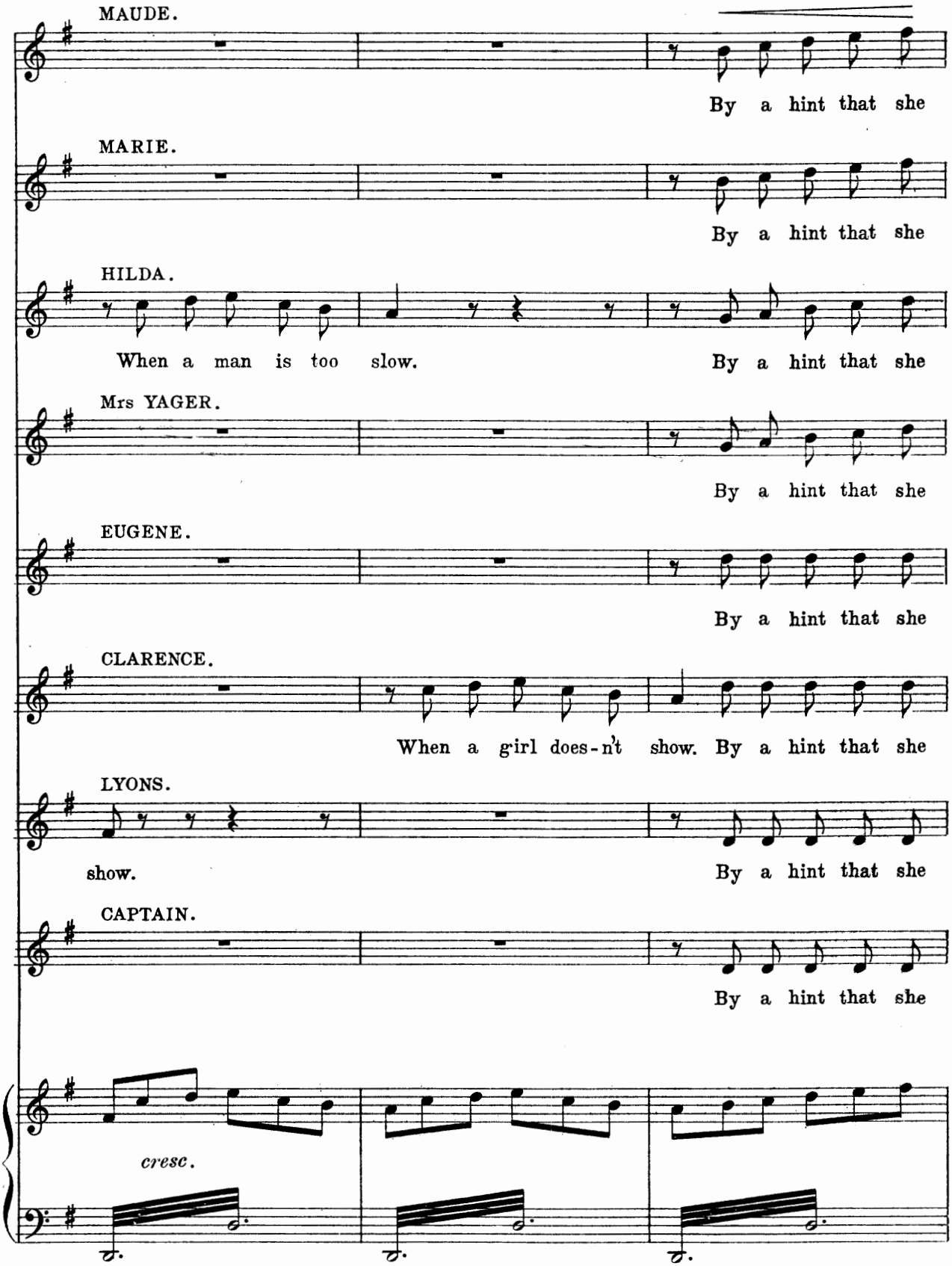

Un poco meno.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies. And the lips that im - press you as
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
hab - it, when set, sel - dom dies.
f
p


MAUDE.
"nice."
EUGENE.
Have a way that your own lips en - tice.
CLARENCE.
As "nice" To re -
LYONS.
As "nice" en - tice
CAPTAIN.
As "nice" en - tice
HILDA.
Which they do on the spot, with no spe - ci-fied num-ber pre -
CLARENCE.
spond like a shot.


MAUDE.
Pre - cise.
MARIE.
Pre - cise.
From a
HILDA.
cise.
Mrs YAGER.
EUGENE.
Pre - cise.
to waste
CLARENCE.
Pre - cise.
to waste
LYONS.
Yet there's ma - ny a kiss goes to waste.
CAPTAIN.
to waste


lack of good judge-ment or taste.
When a man is to slow,
or taste.
or taste.
or taste.
or taste. Or a


Mrs YAGER.
When a man is too
CAPTAIN.
girl does-n't show By a hint that she might be em-braced.
p
MARIE.
When a man is too slow.
Mrs. YAGER.
LYONS.
slow.
Or a girl does-n't
CAPTAIN.
Or a girl does-n't show.


MAUDE.
By a hint that she
MARIE.
By a hint that she
HILDA.
When a man is too slow.
By a hint that she
Mrs YAGER.
By a hint that she
EUGENE.
By a hint that she
CLARENCE.
When a girl does-n't show. By a hint that she
LYONS.
show.
By a hint that she
CAPTAIN.
By a hint that she
cresc.

might be em - braced. Long be -

might be em - braced. Long be -

might be em - braced. Long be -

might be em - braced. Long be -

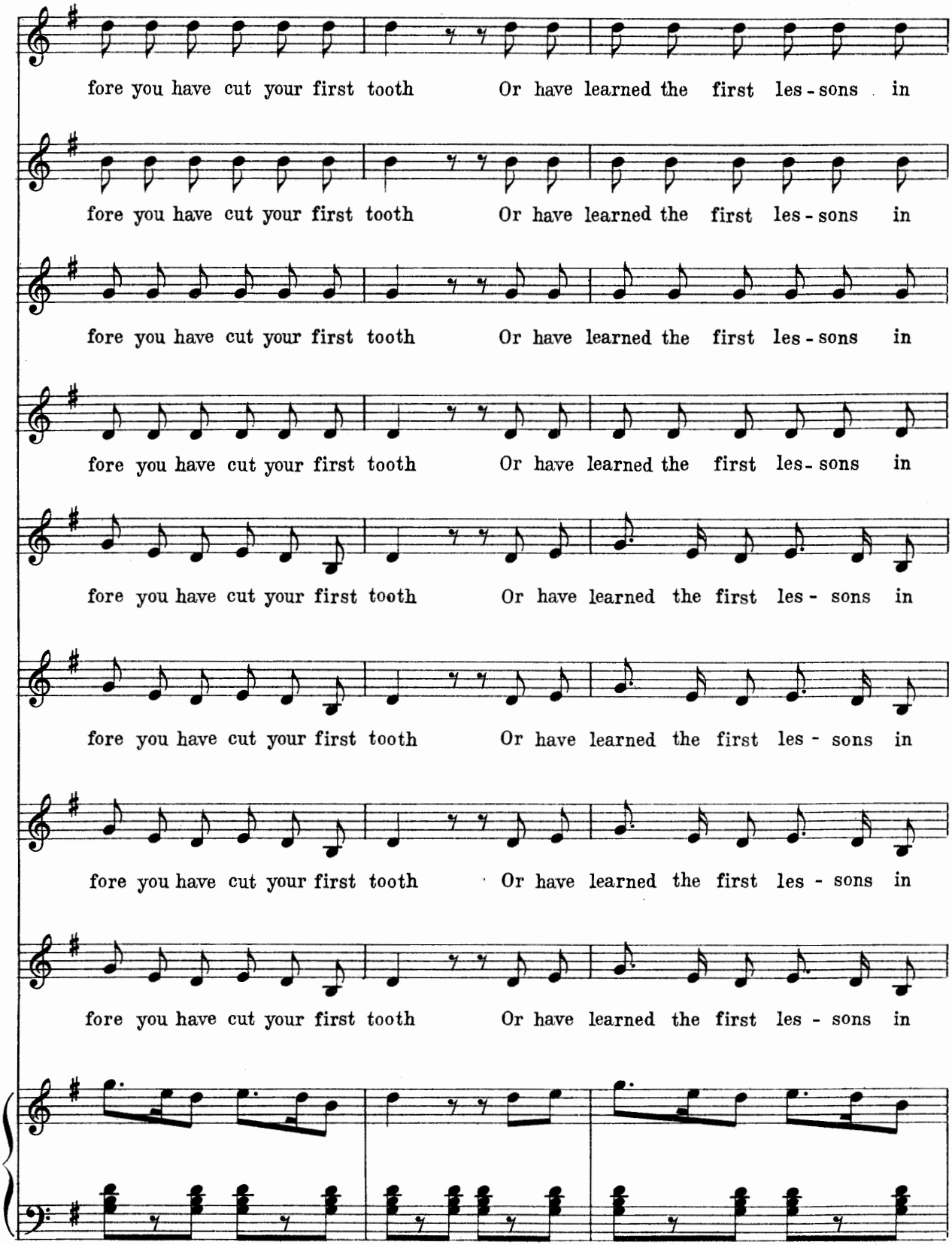
might be em - braced. Long be -

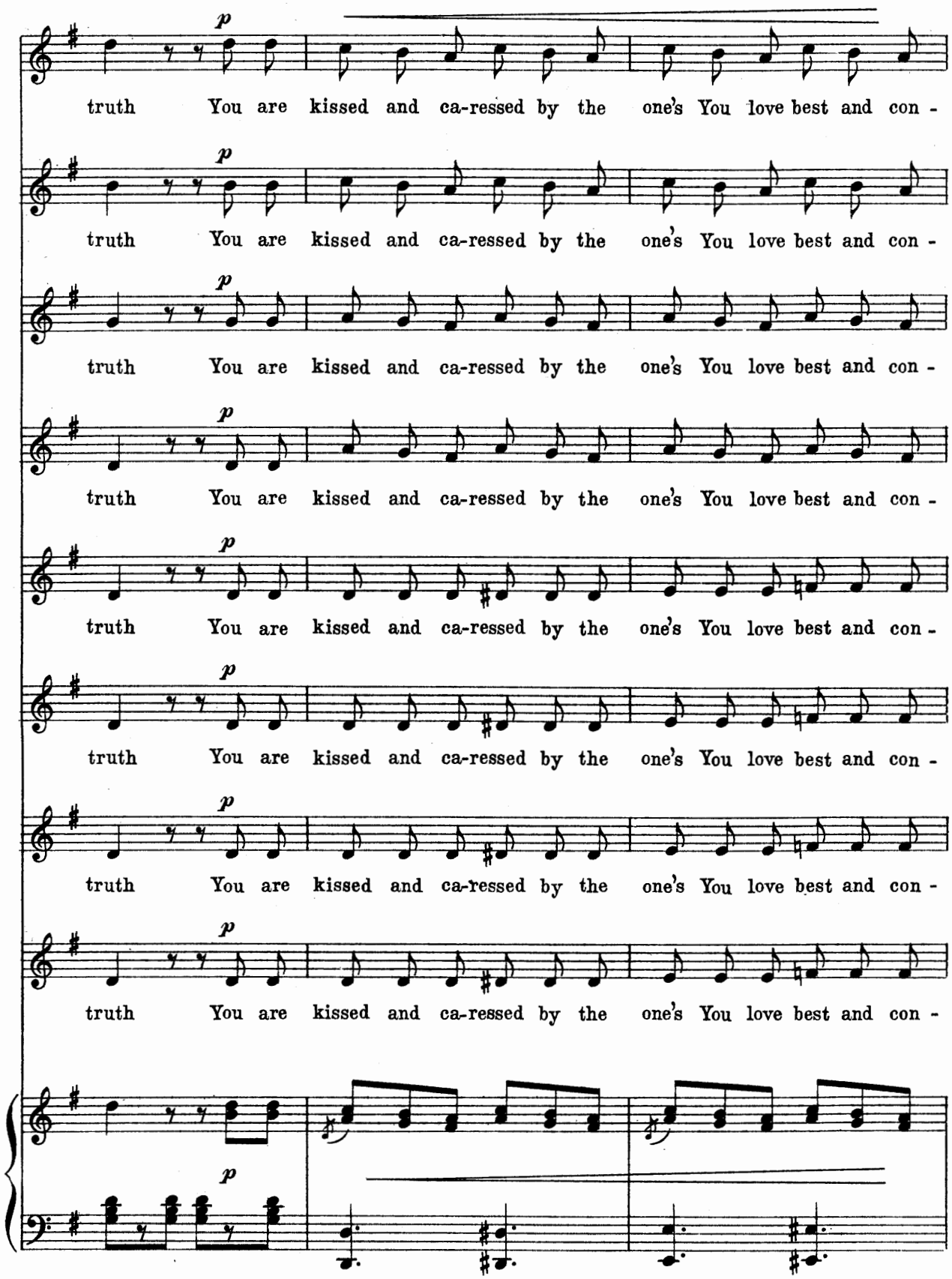
might be em - braced. Long be -

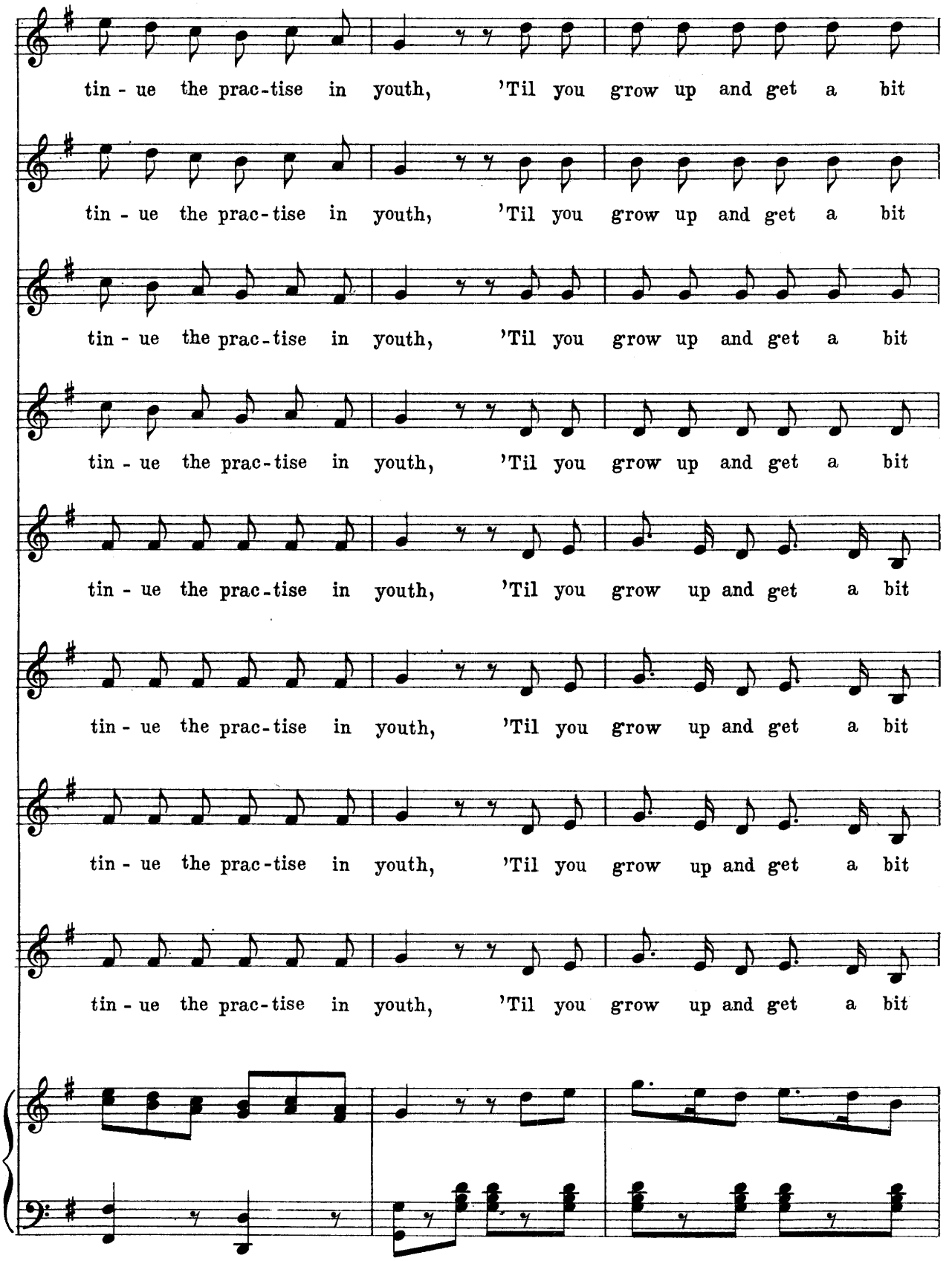
might be em - braced. Long be -

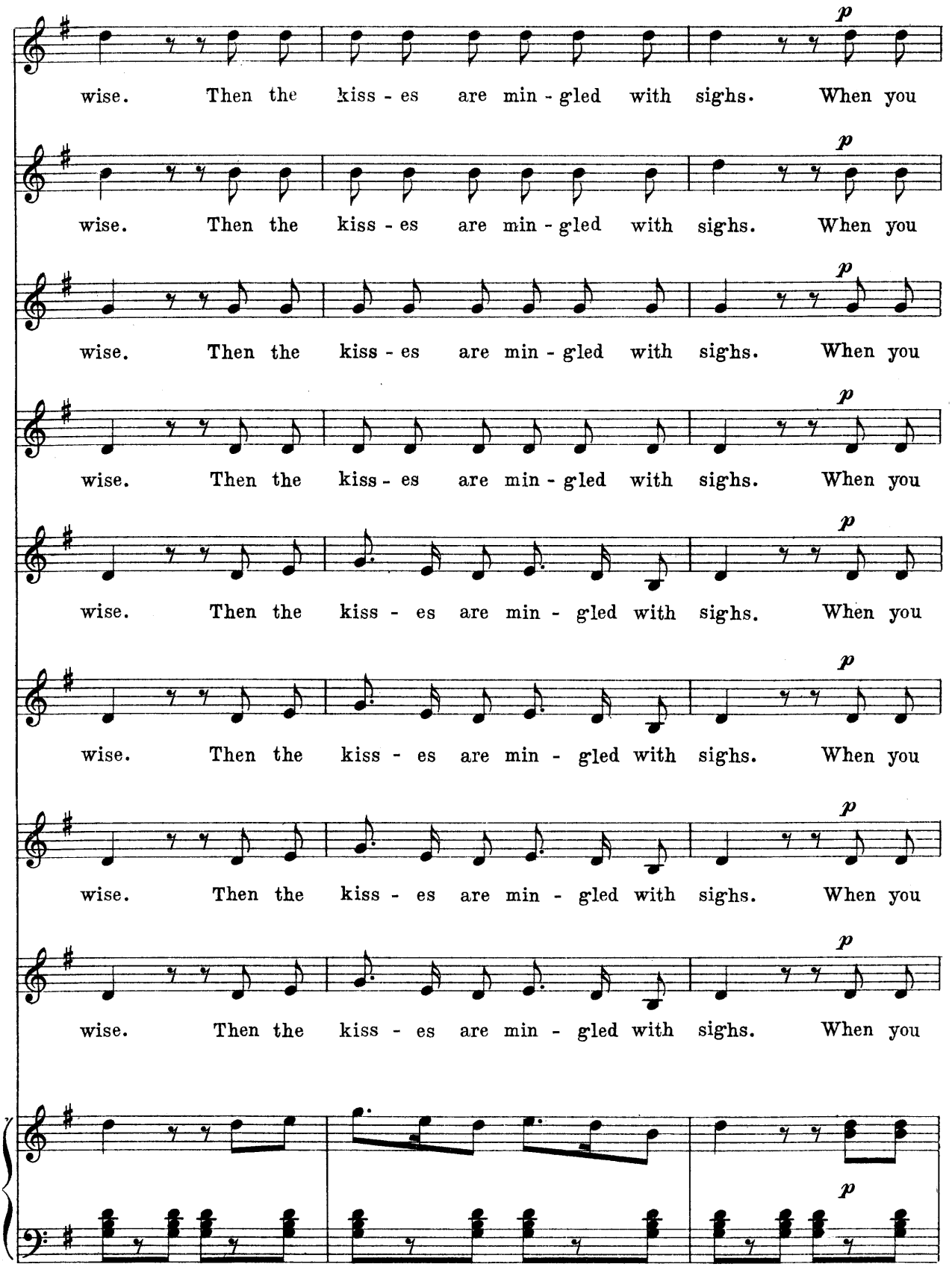
might be em - braced. Long be -

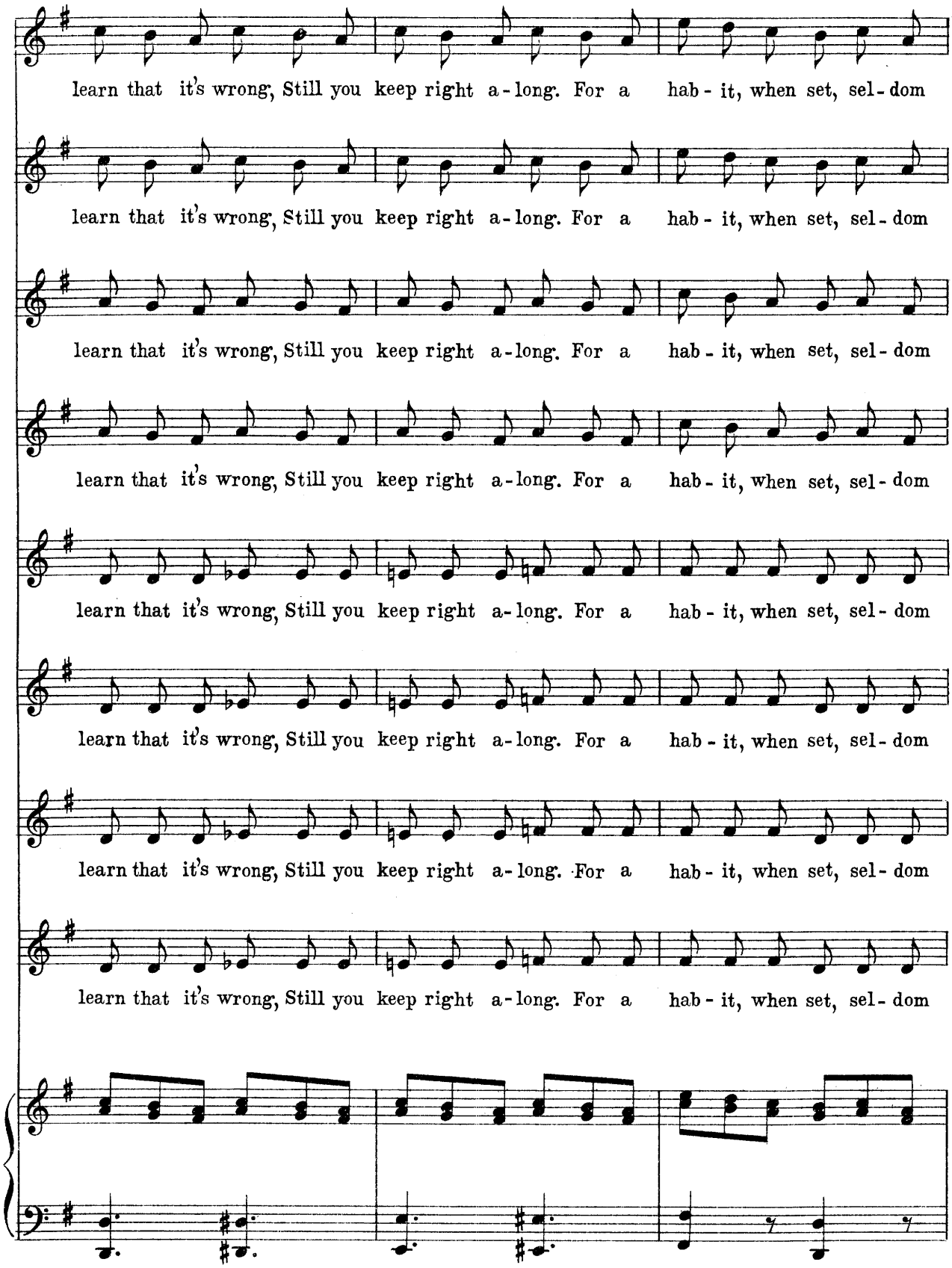
ff *mf*

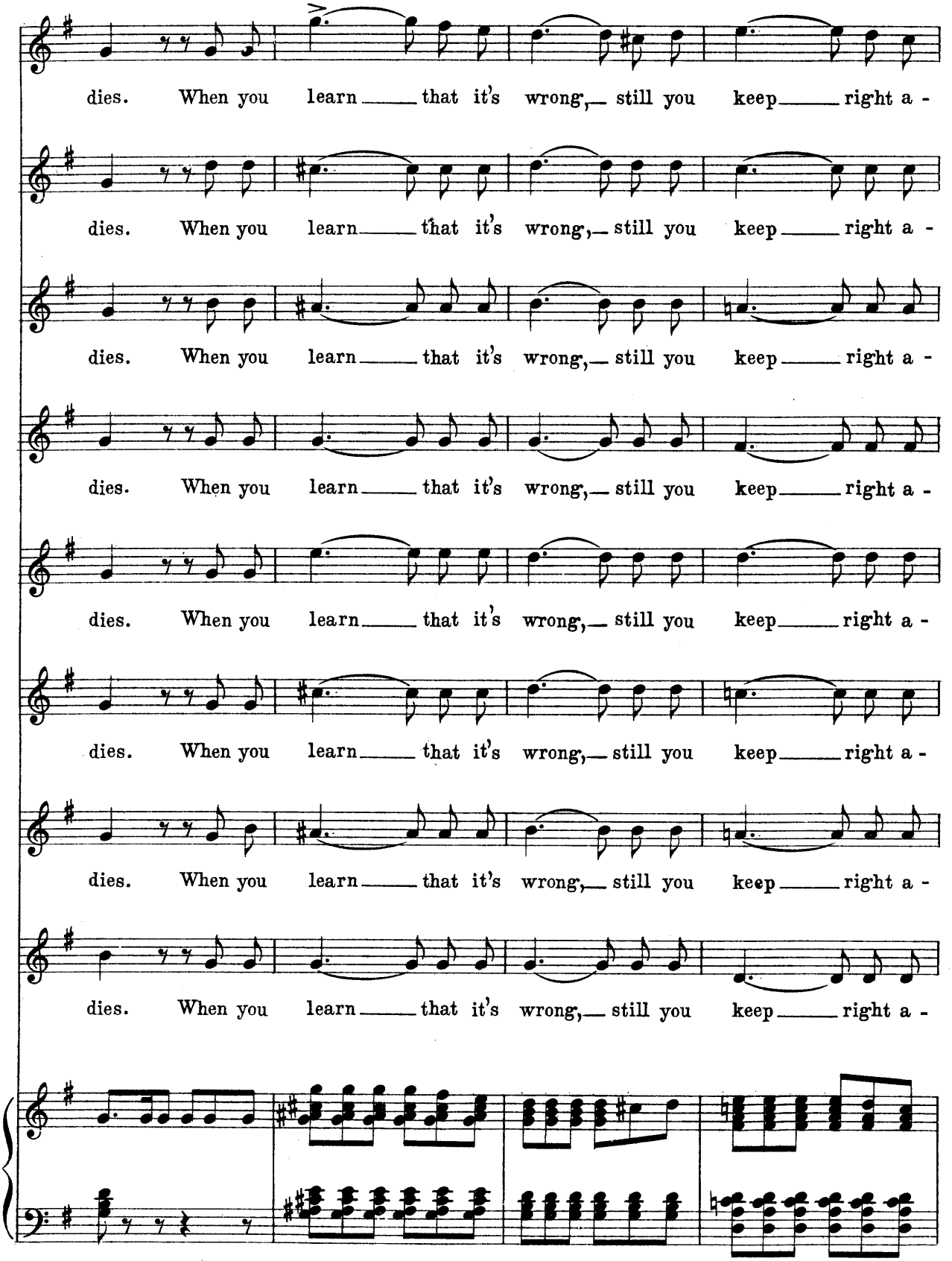

fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in
fore you have cut your first tooth Or have learned the first les - sons in

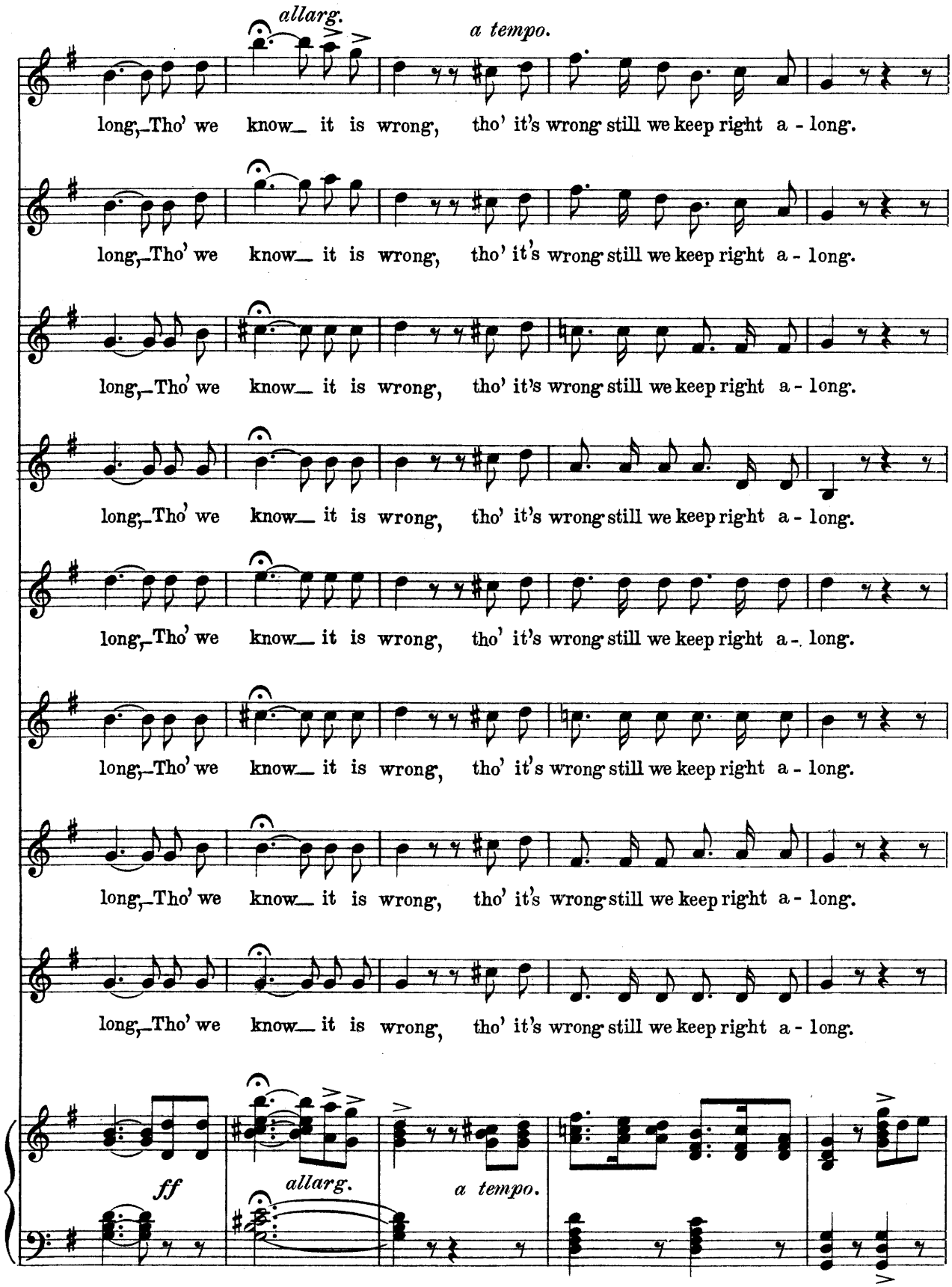

p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
truth You are kissed and ca-ressed by the one's You love best and con -
p
p

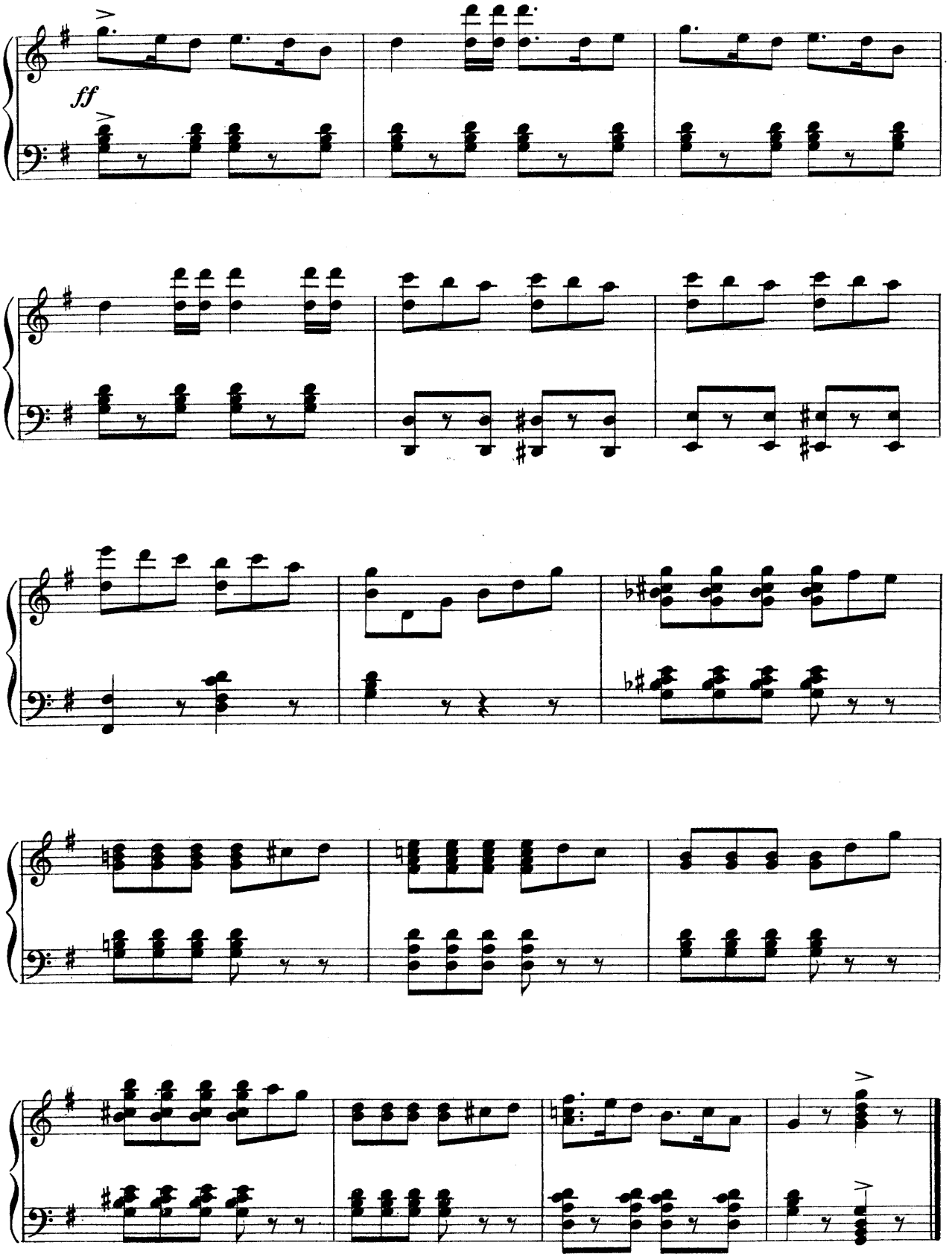

tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit
tin - ue the prac-tise in youth, 'Til you grow up and get a bit


p
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
wise. Then the kiss - es are min - gled with sighs. When you
p


learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom
learn that it's wrong, Still you keep right a-long. For a hab-it, when set, sel-dom


dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -
dies. When you learn that it's wrong, still you keep right a -


allarg.
a tempo.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
long, Tho' we know it is wrong, tho' it's wrong still we keep right a - long.
ff
allarg.
a tempo.


ff

Daintily And Lightly.

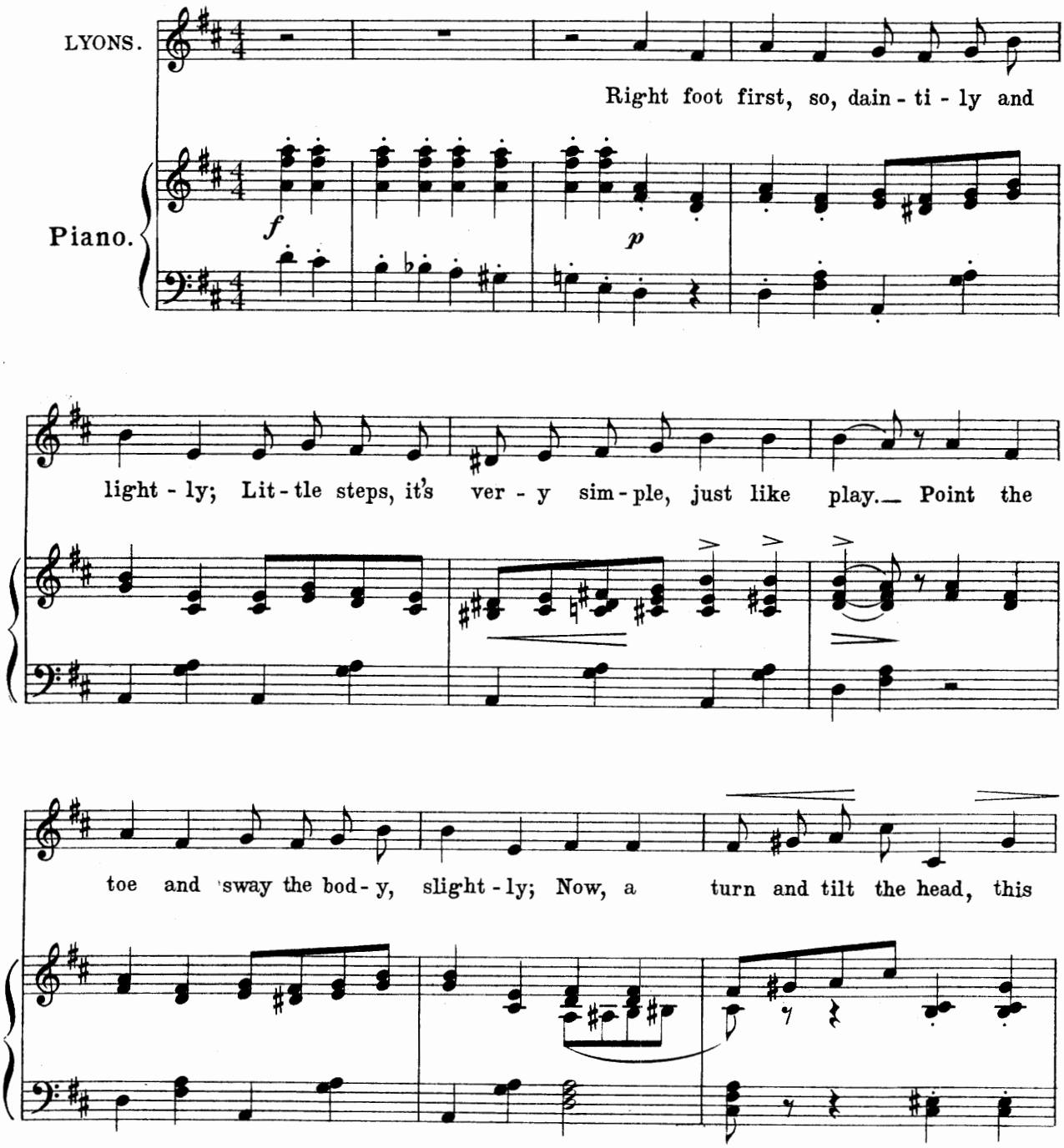
No. 9.

Song with Chorus.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Tempo di Gavotte.



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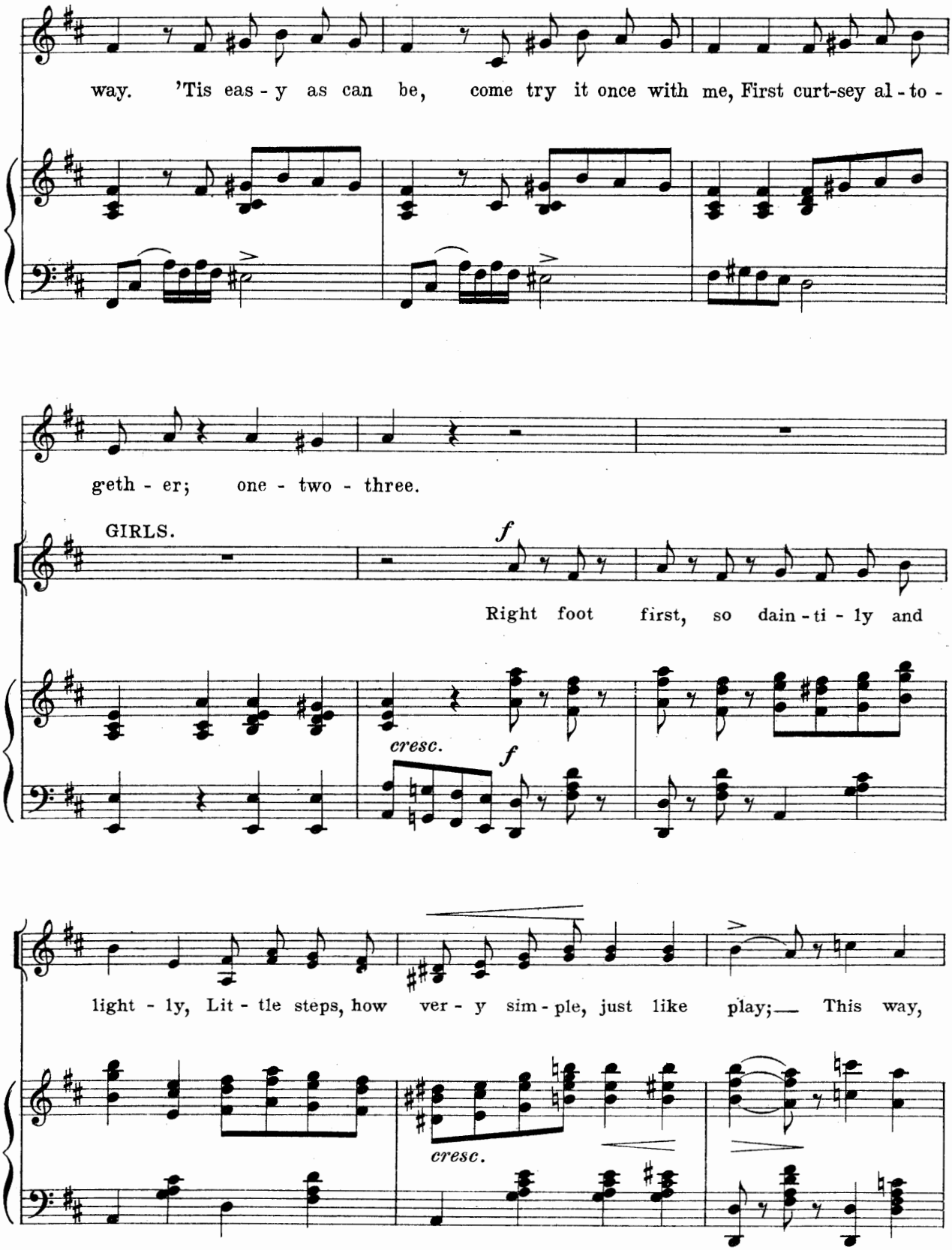
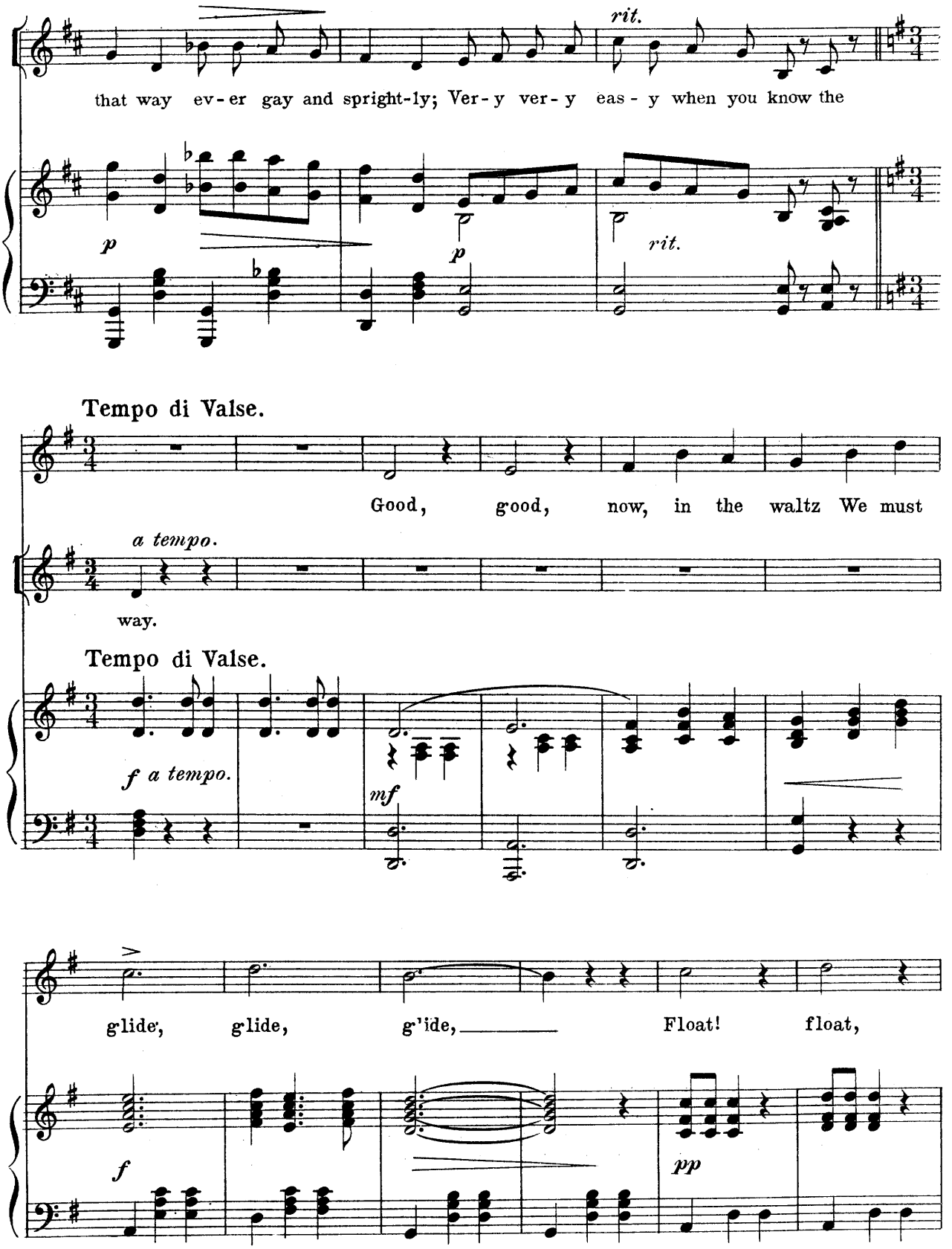
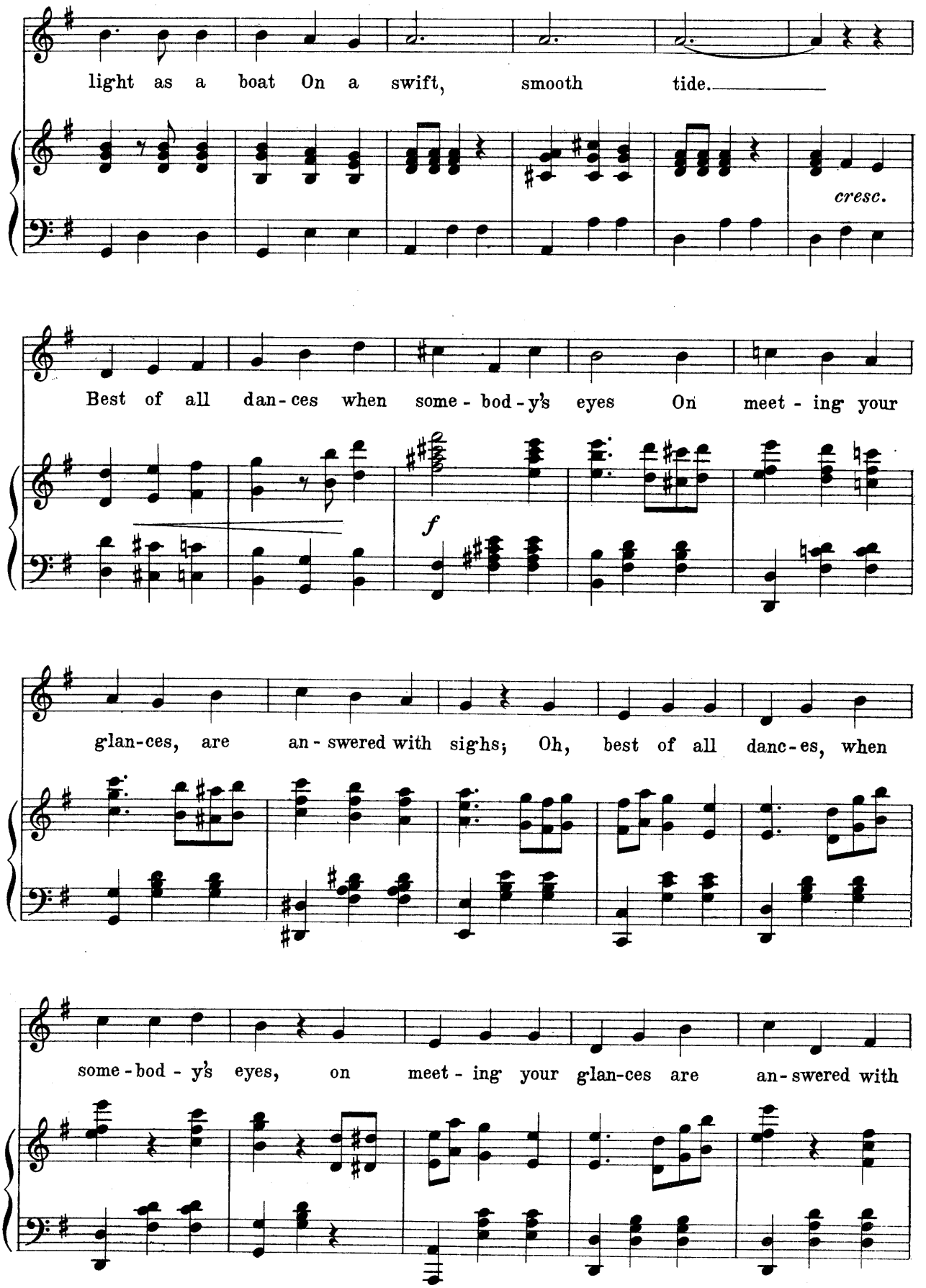
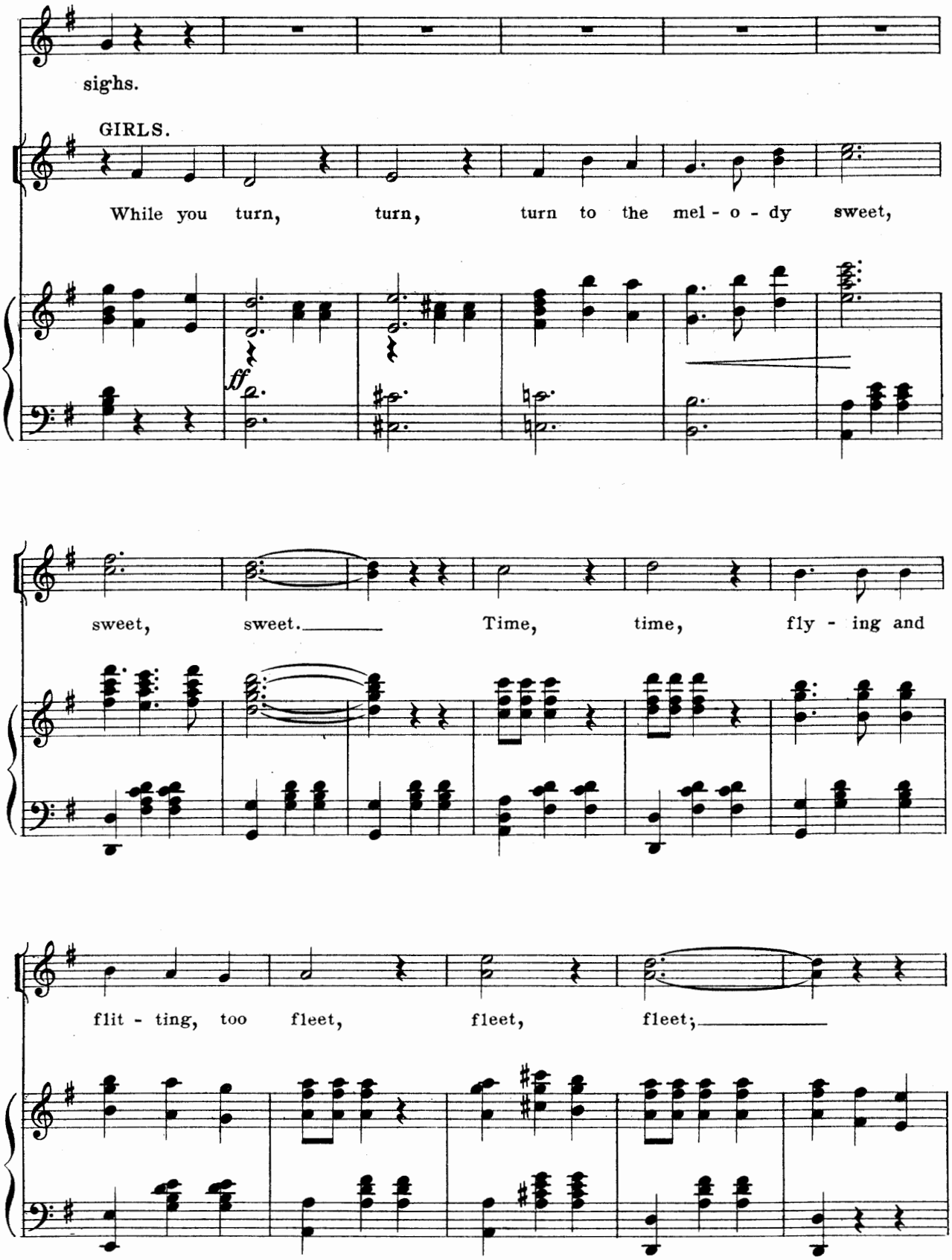
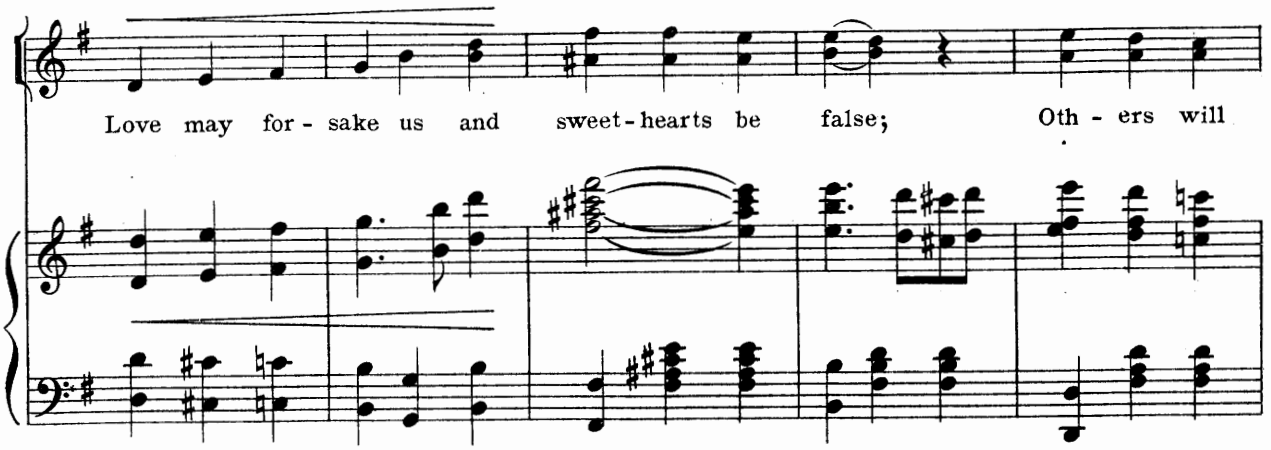
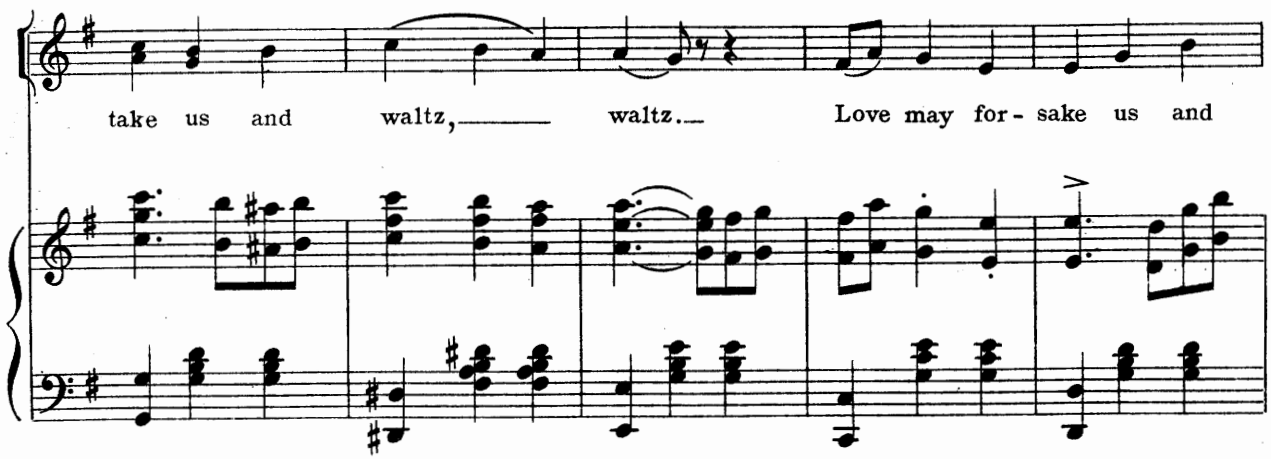

way. 'Tis eas - y as can be, come try it once with me, First curt-sey al - to -
geth - er; one - two - three.
GIRLS.
f
Right foot first, so dain - ti - ly and
cresc.
f
light - ly, Lit - tle steps, how ver - y sim - ple, just like play;— This way,
cresc.

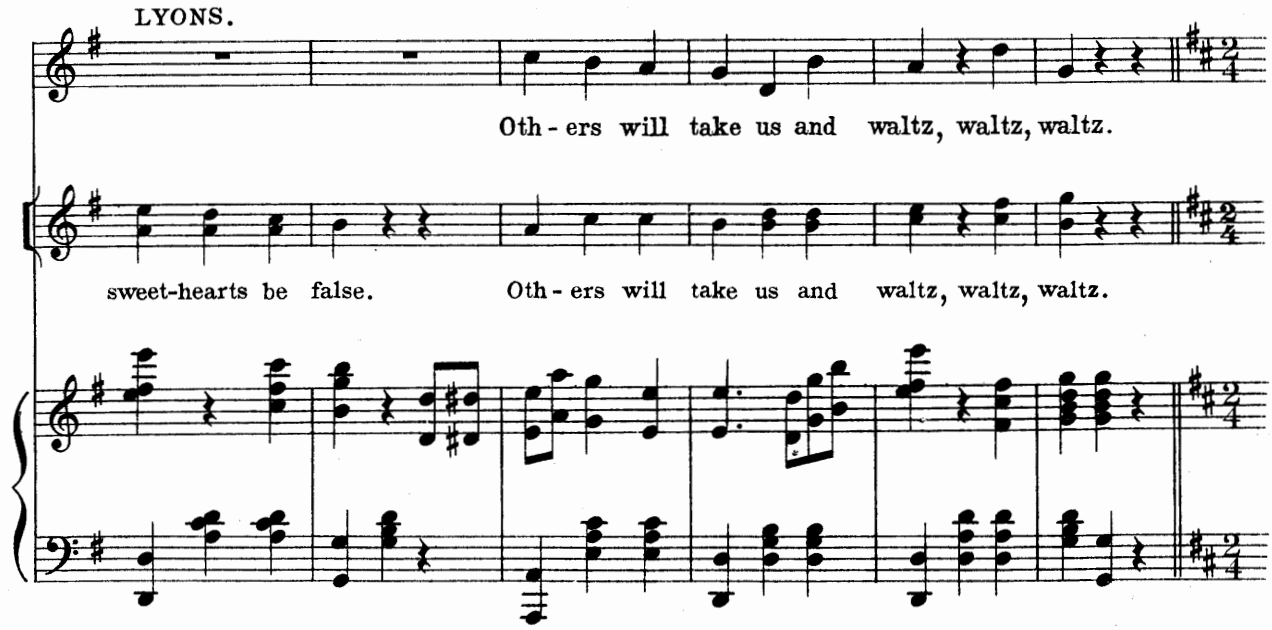

that way ev-er gay and spright-ly; Ver-y ver-y eas-y when you know the
rit.
p
p
rit.
Tempo di Valse.
Good, good, now, in the waltz We must
a tempo.
way.
Tempo di Valse.
f a tempo.
mf
g'lide, g'lide, g'ide, Float! float,
f
pp

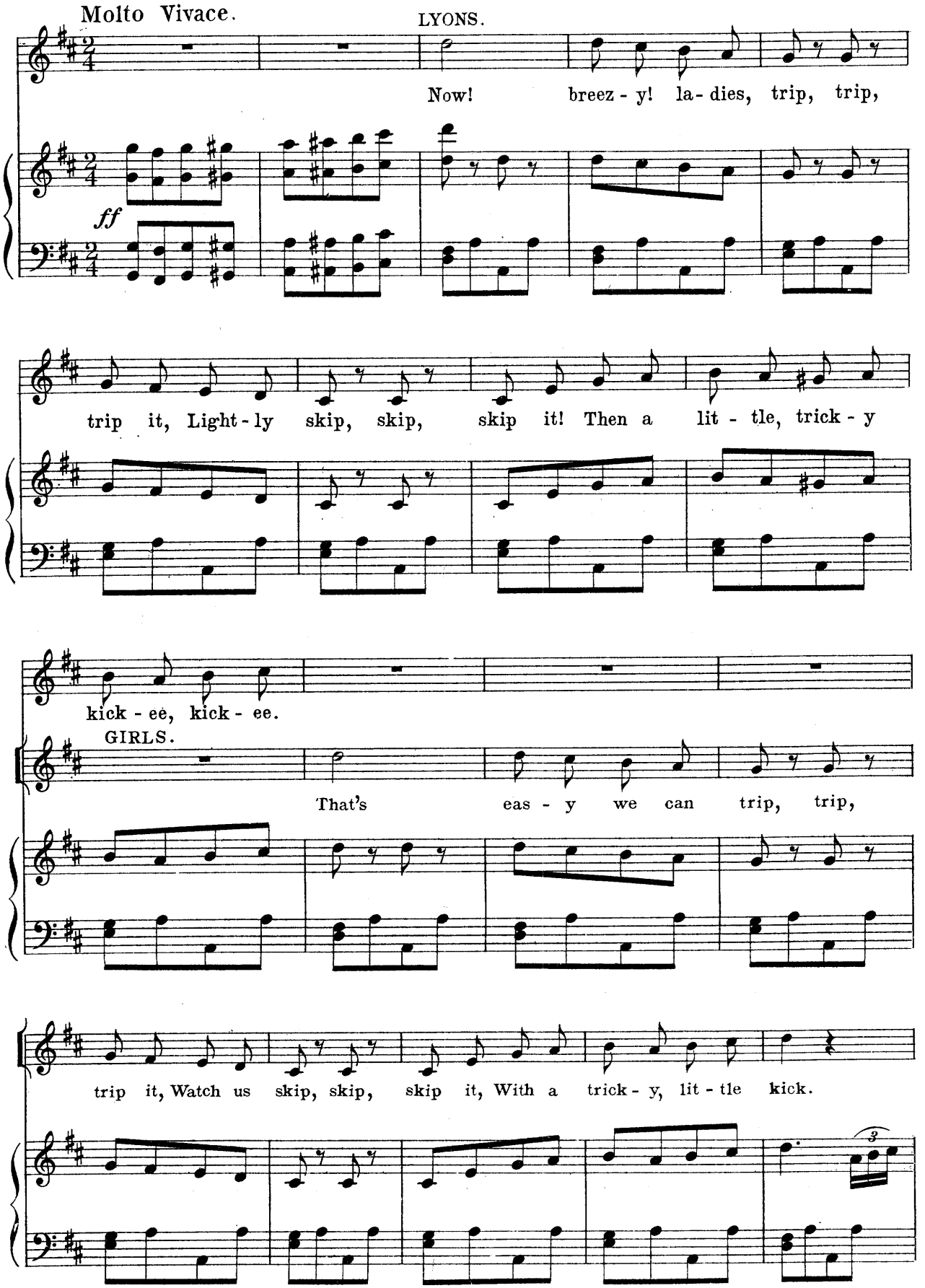

light as a boat On a swift, smooth tide.
cresc.
Best of all dan-ces when some-bod-y's eyes On meet-ing your
f
glan-ces, are an-swered with sighs; Oh, best of all danc-es, when
some-bod-y's eyes, on meet-ing your glan-ces are an-swered with

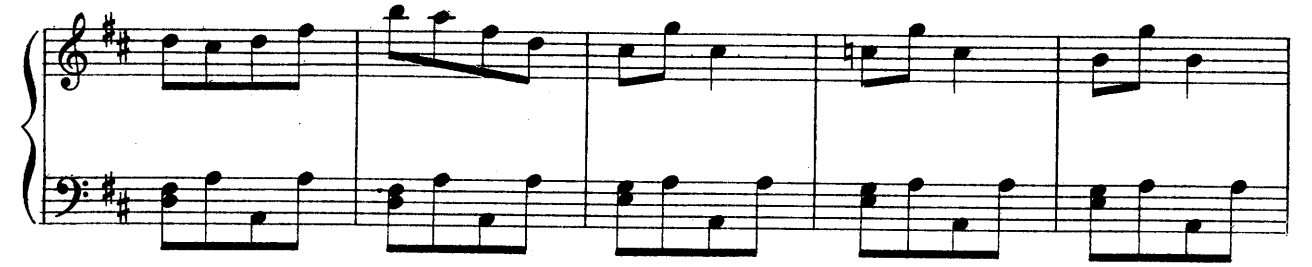

sighs.
GIRLS.
While you turn, turn, turn to the mel - o - dy sweet,
ff
sweet, sweet. Time, time, fly - ing and
flit - ting, too fleet, fleet, fleet;

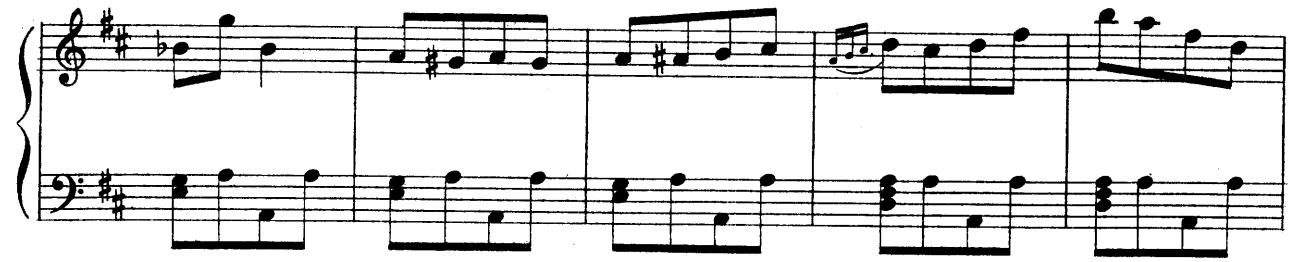

Love may for - sake us and sweet - hearts be false; Oth - ers will

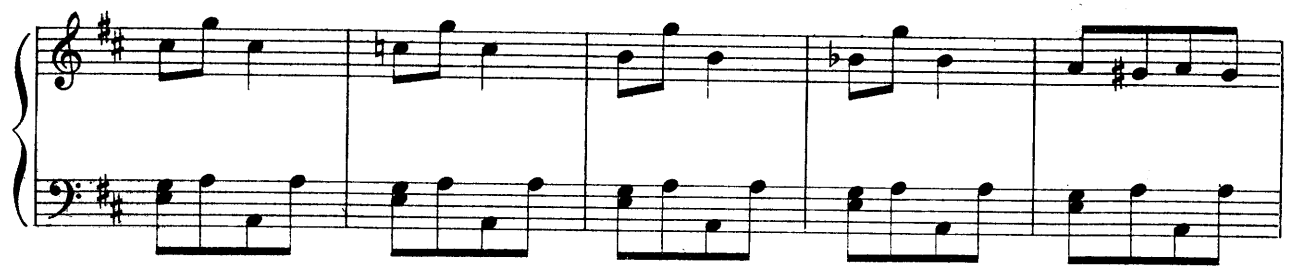

take us and waltz, waltz. Love may for - sake us and

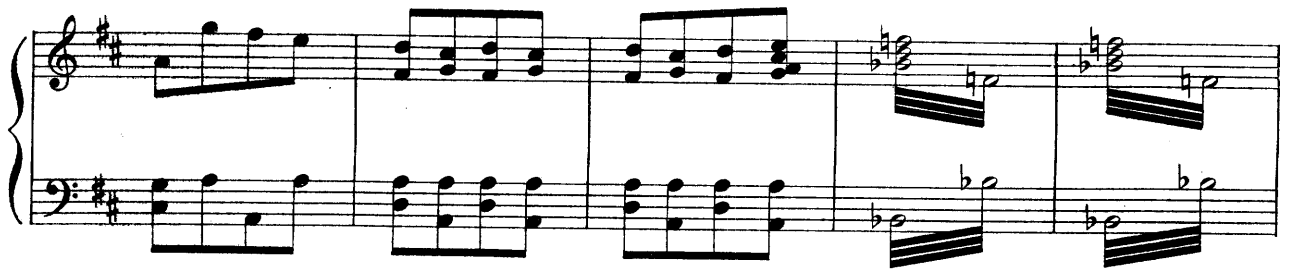

LYONS.
Oth - ers will take us and waltz, waltz, waltz.
sweet-hearts be false. Oth - ers will take us and waltz, waltz, waltz.


Molto Vivace.
LYONS.
Now! breez - y! la - dies, trip, trip,
ff
trip it, Light - ly skip, skip, skip it! Then a lit - tle, trick - y
kick - ee, kick - ee.
GIRLS.
That's eas - y we can trip, trip,
trip it, Watch us skip, skip, skip it, With a trick - y, lit - tle kick.
3

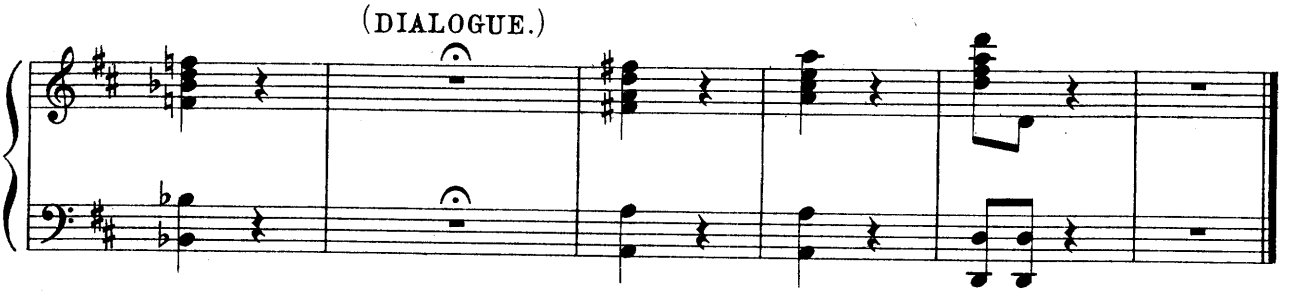








(DIALOGUE.)



4358

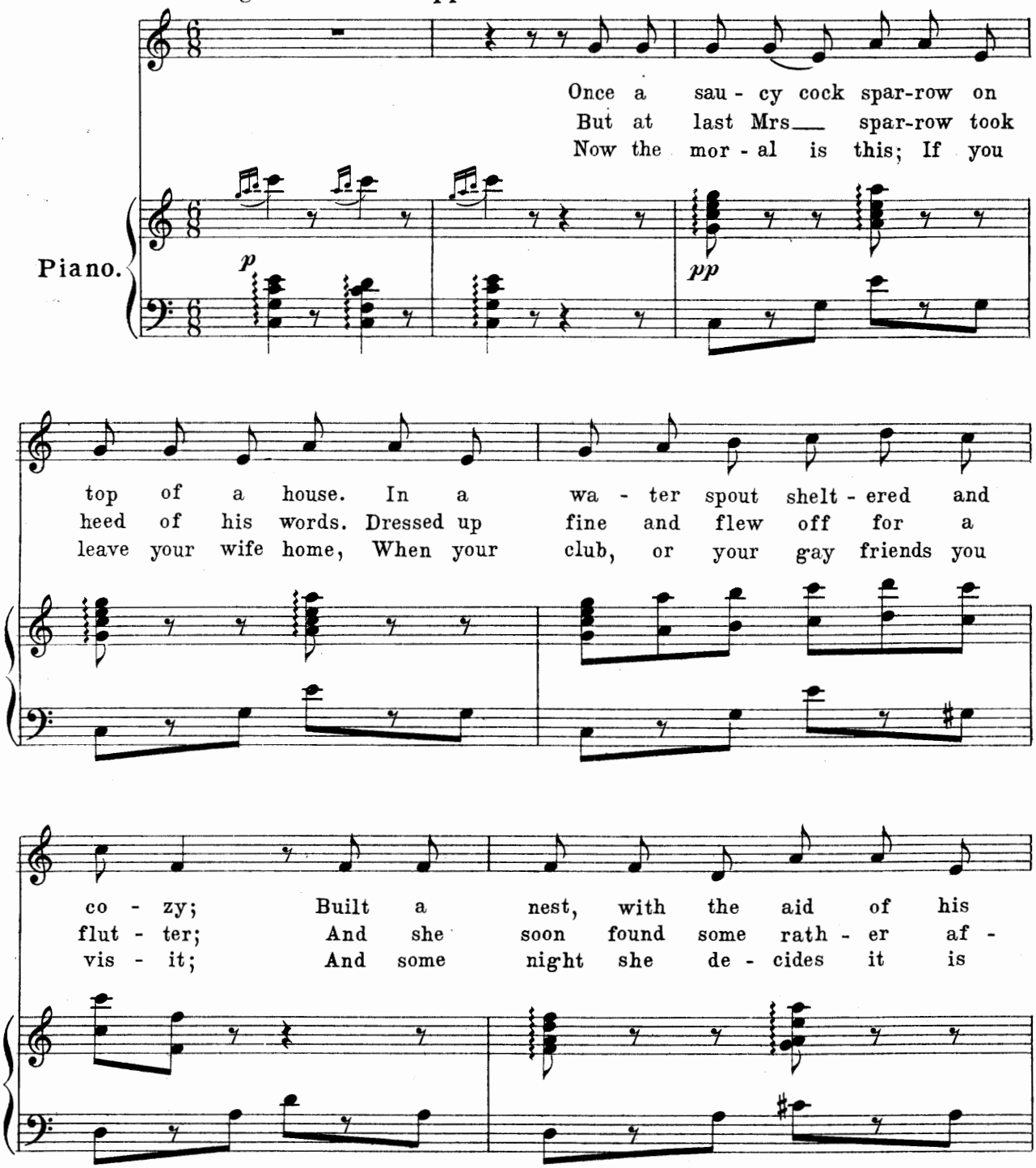
The Saucy Sparrow.

No. 10.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegretto non troppo.



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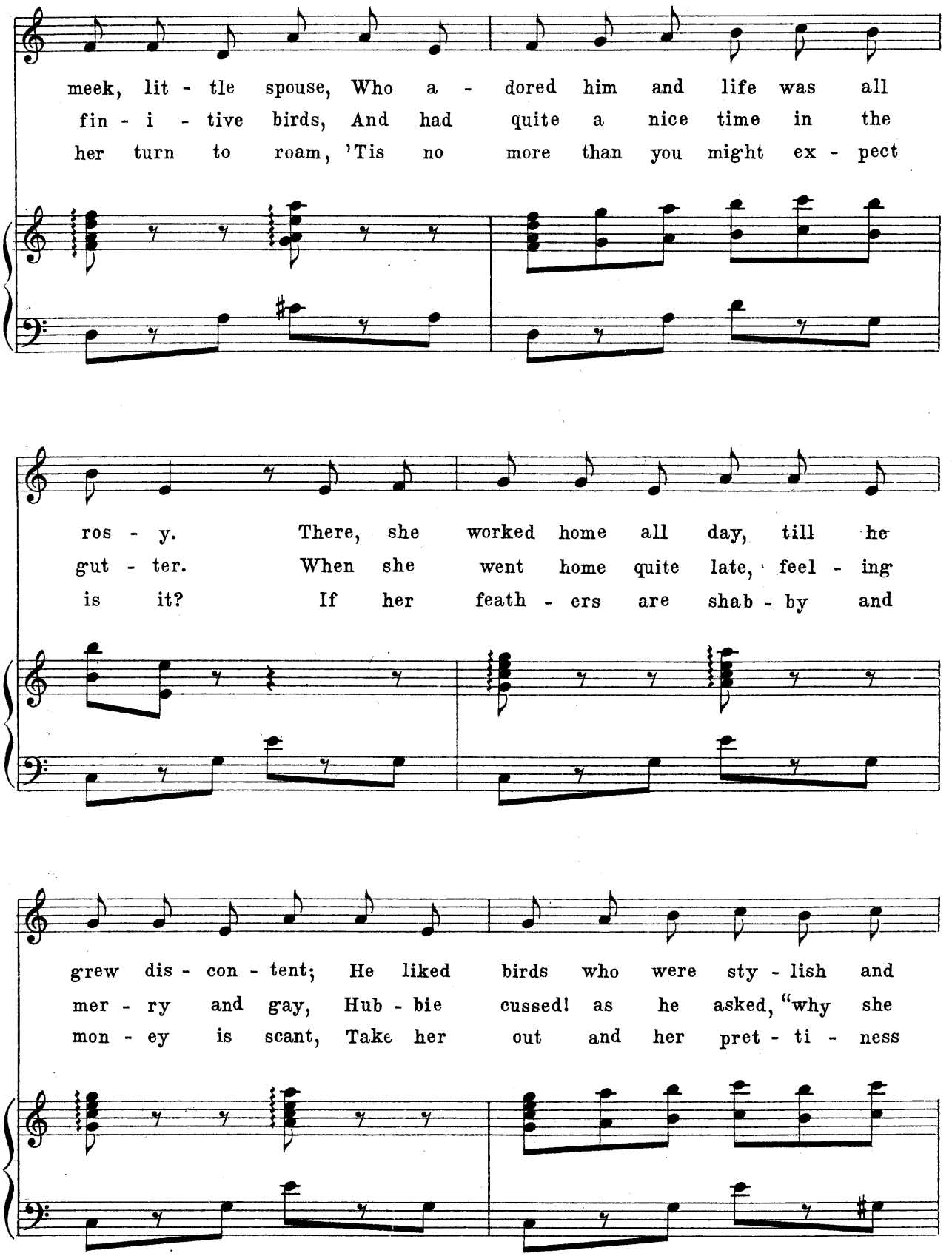
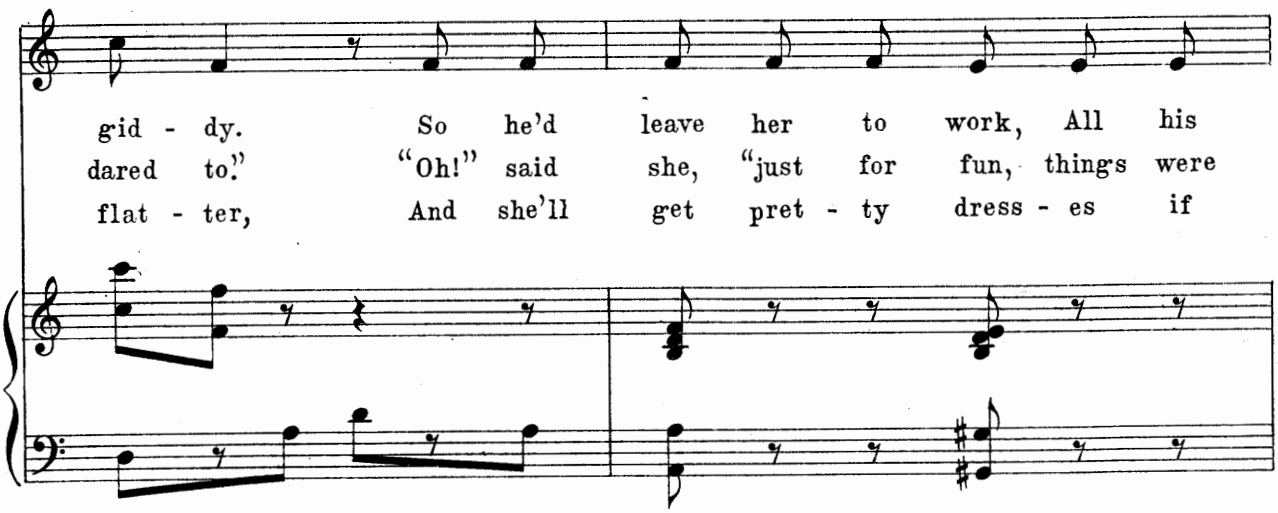
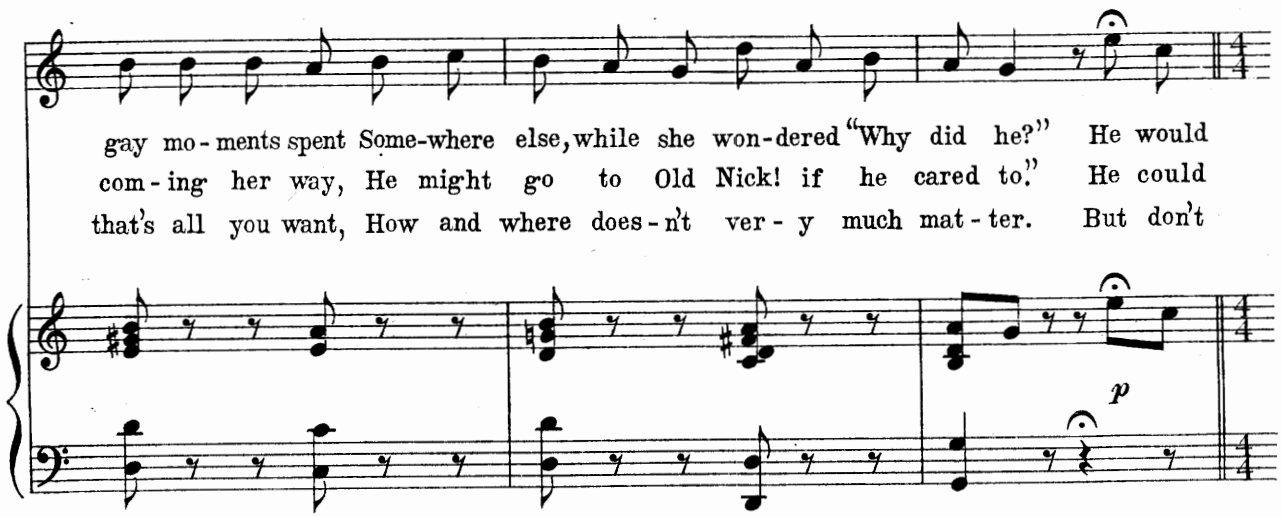
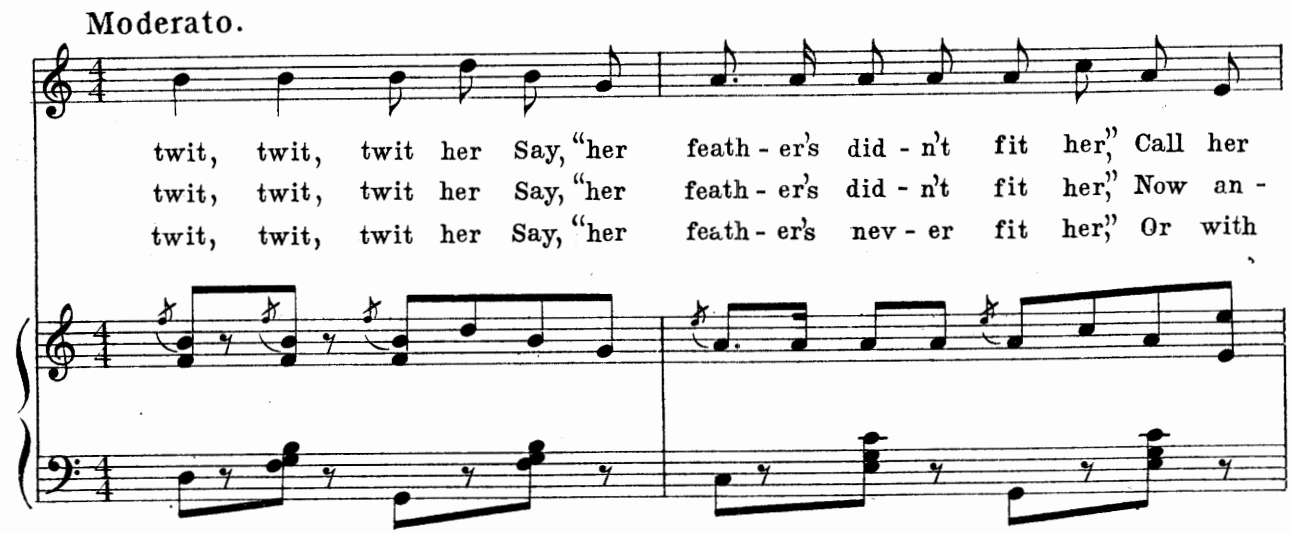
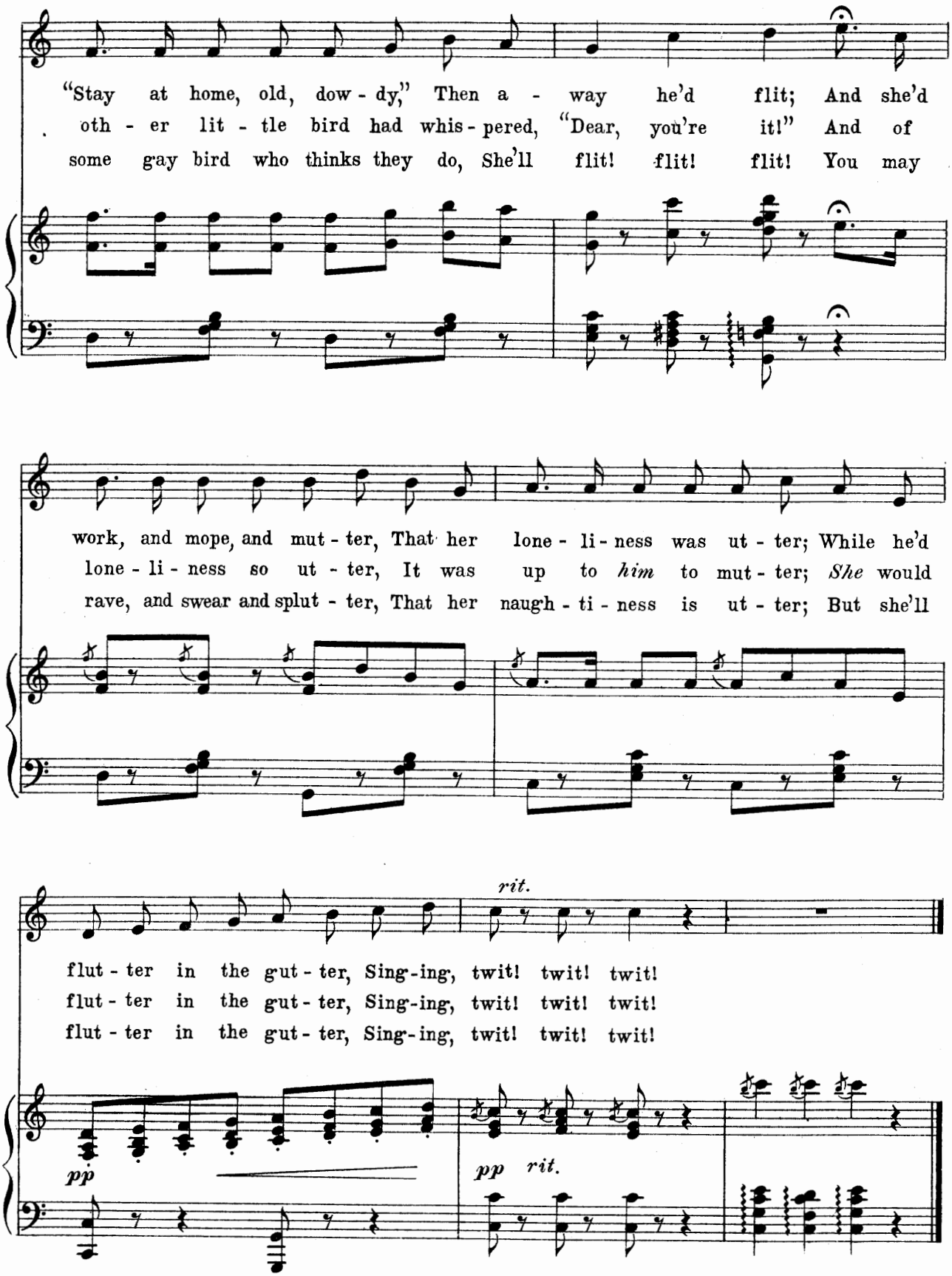

meek, lit - tle spouse, Who a - dored him and life was all
fin - i - tive birds, And had quite a nice time in the
her turn to roam, 'Tis no more than you might ex - pect
ros - y. There, she worked home all day, till he
gut - ter. When she went home quite late, feel - ing
is it? If her feath - ers are shab - by and
grew dis - con - tent; He liked birds who were sty - lish and
mer - ry and gay, Hub - bie cussed! as he asked, "why she
mon - ey is scant, Take her out and her pret - ti - ness


gid - dy. So he'd leave her to work, All his
dared to." "Oh!" said she, "just for fun, things were
flat - ter, And she'll get pret - ty dress - es if


gay mo - ments spent Some-where else, while she won-dered "Why did he?" He would
com - ing her way, He might go to Old Nick! if he cared to." He could
that's all you want, How and where does - n't ver - y much mat - ter. But don't
p

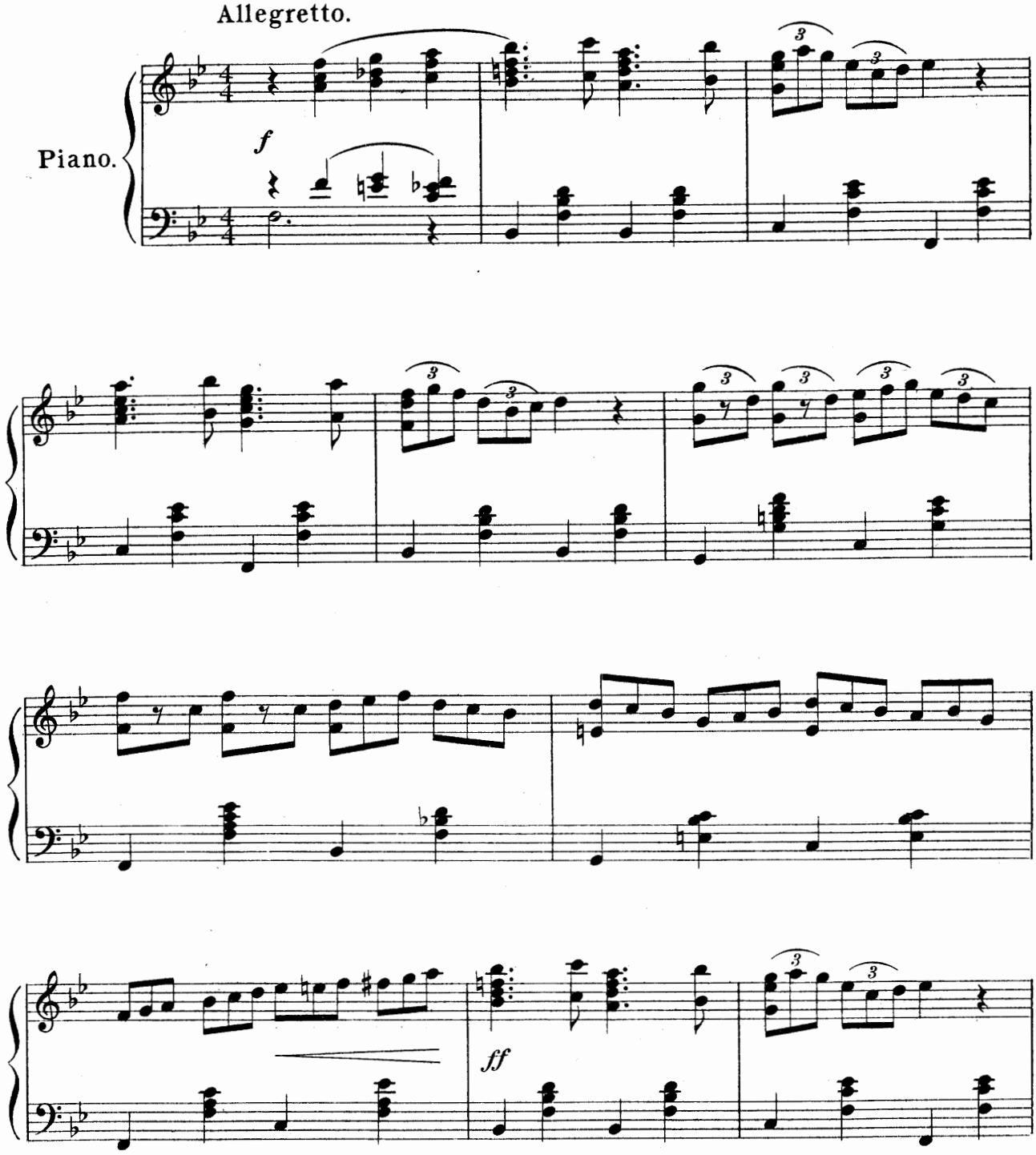

Moderato.
twit, twit, twit her Say, "her feath - er's did - n't fit her," Call her
twit, twit, twit her Say, "her feath - er's did - n't fit her," Now an -
twit, twit, twit her Say, "her feath - er's nev - er fit her," Or with


"Stay at home, old, dow - dy," Then a - way he'd flit; And she'd
oth - er lit - tle bird had whis - pered, "Dear, you're it!" And of
some gay bird who thinks they do, She'll flit! flit! flit! You may
work, and mope, and mut - ter, That her lone - li - ness was ut - ter; While he'd
lone - li - ness so ut - ter, It was up to *him* to mut - ter; *She* would
rave, and swear and splut - ter, That her naugh - ti - ness is ut - ter; But she'll
rit.
flut - ter in the gut - ter, Sing - ing, twit! twit! twit!
flut - ter in the gut - ter, Sing - ing, twit! twit! twit!
flut - ter in the gut - ter, Sing - ing, twit! twit! twit!
pp
pp *rit.*

Nº 11. Danse D'une Coquette.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegretto.



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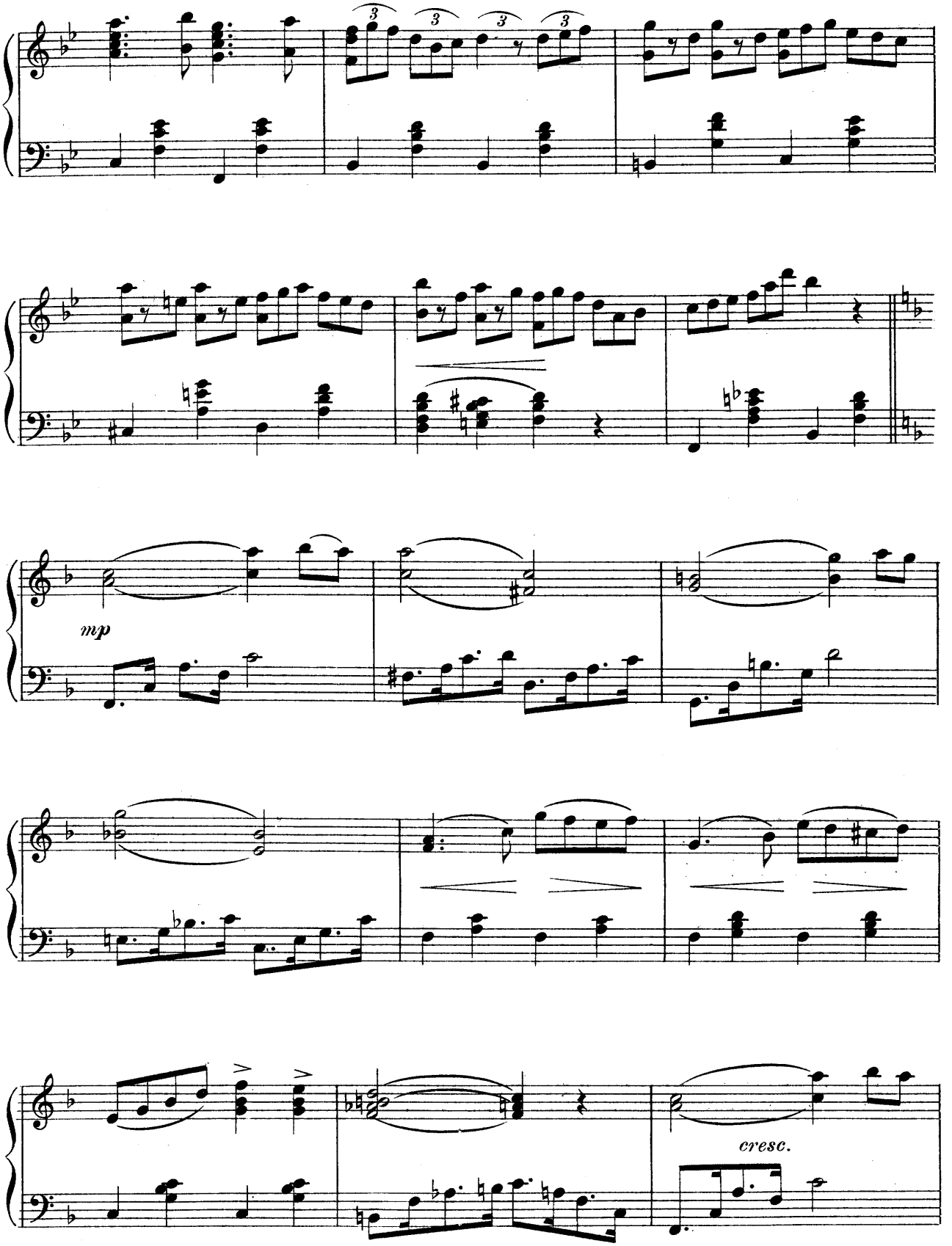
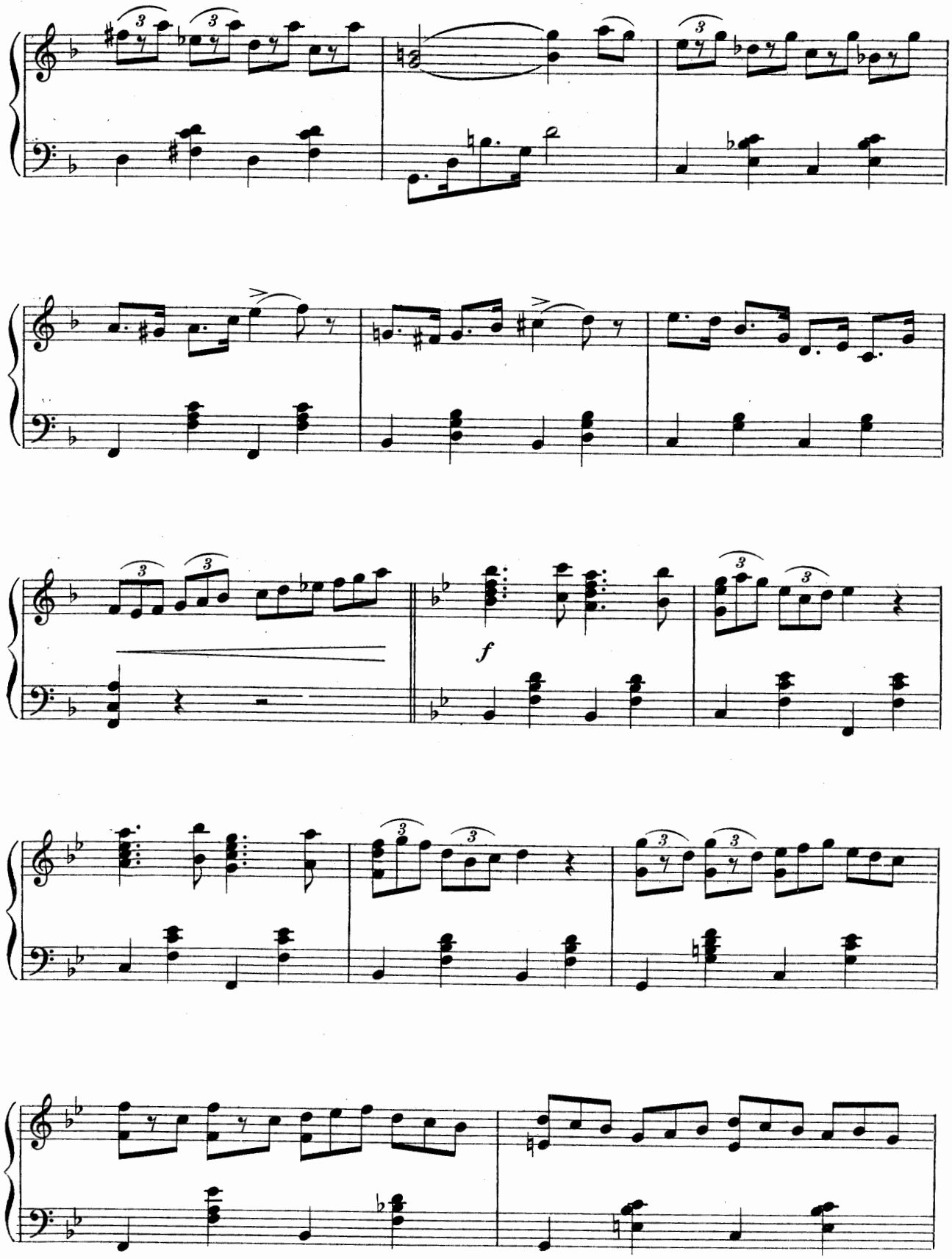
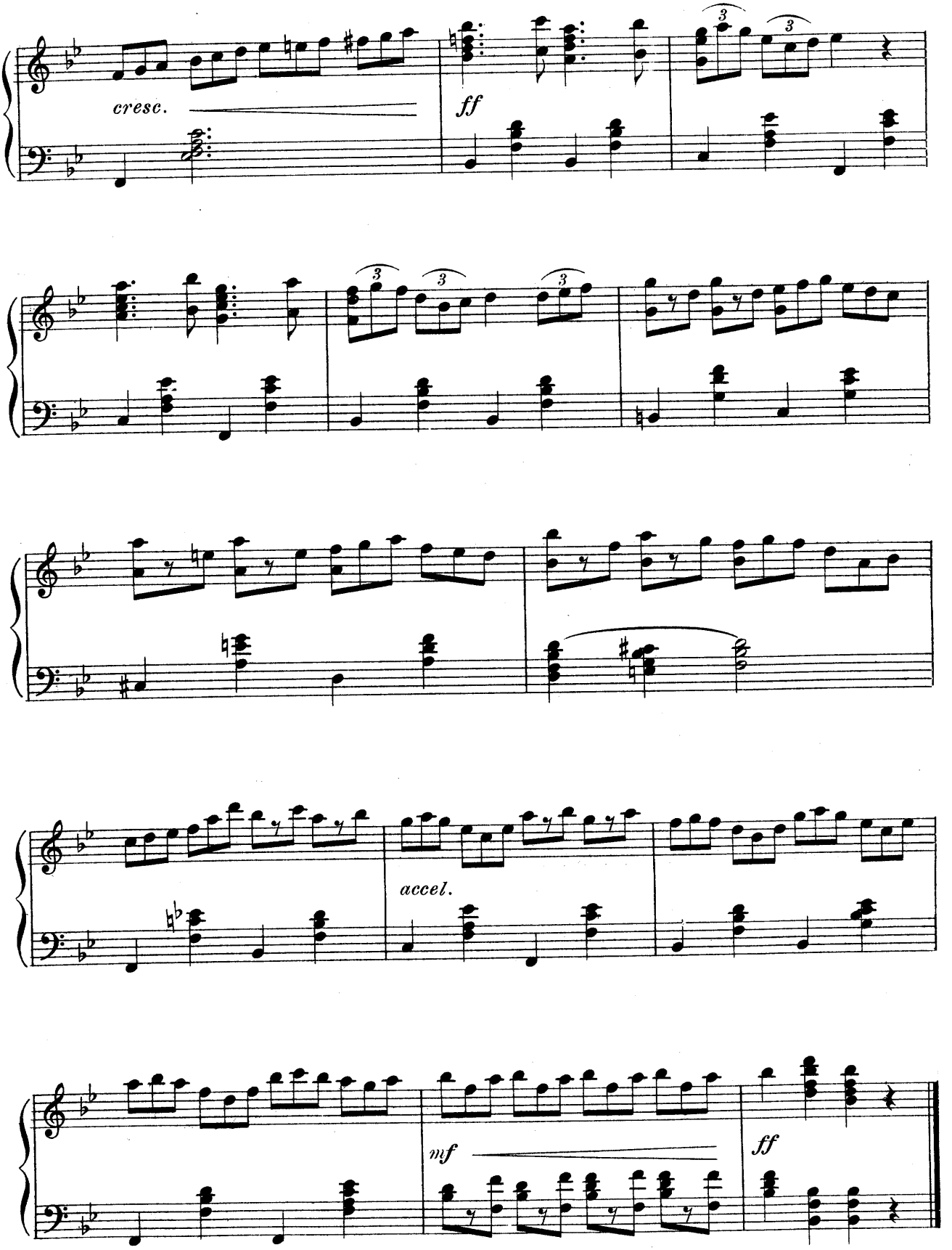

mp
cresc.


f


cresc.
ff
accel.
mf
ff

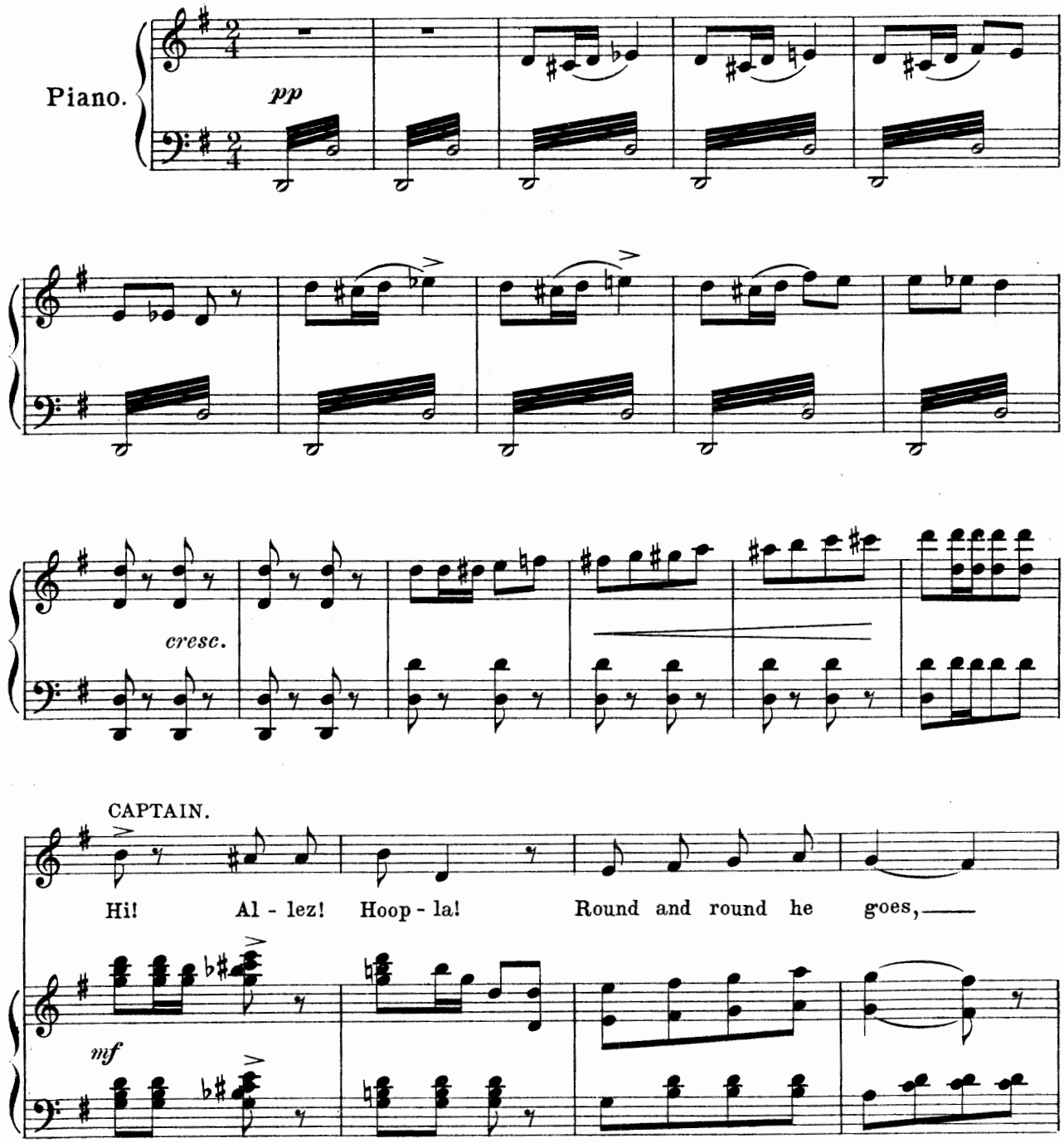
Finale Act I.

No. 12.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.

Allegretto moderato.



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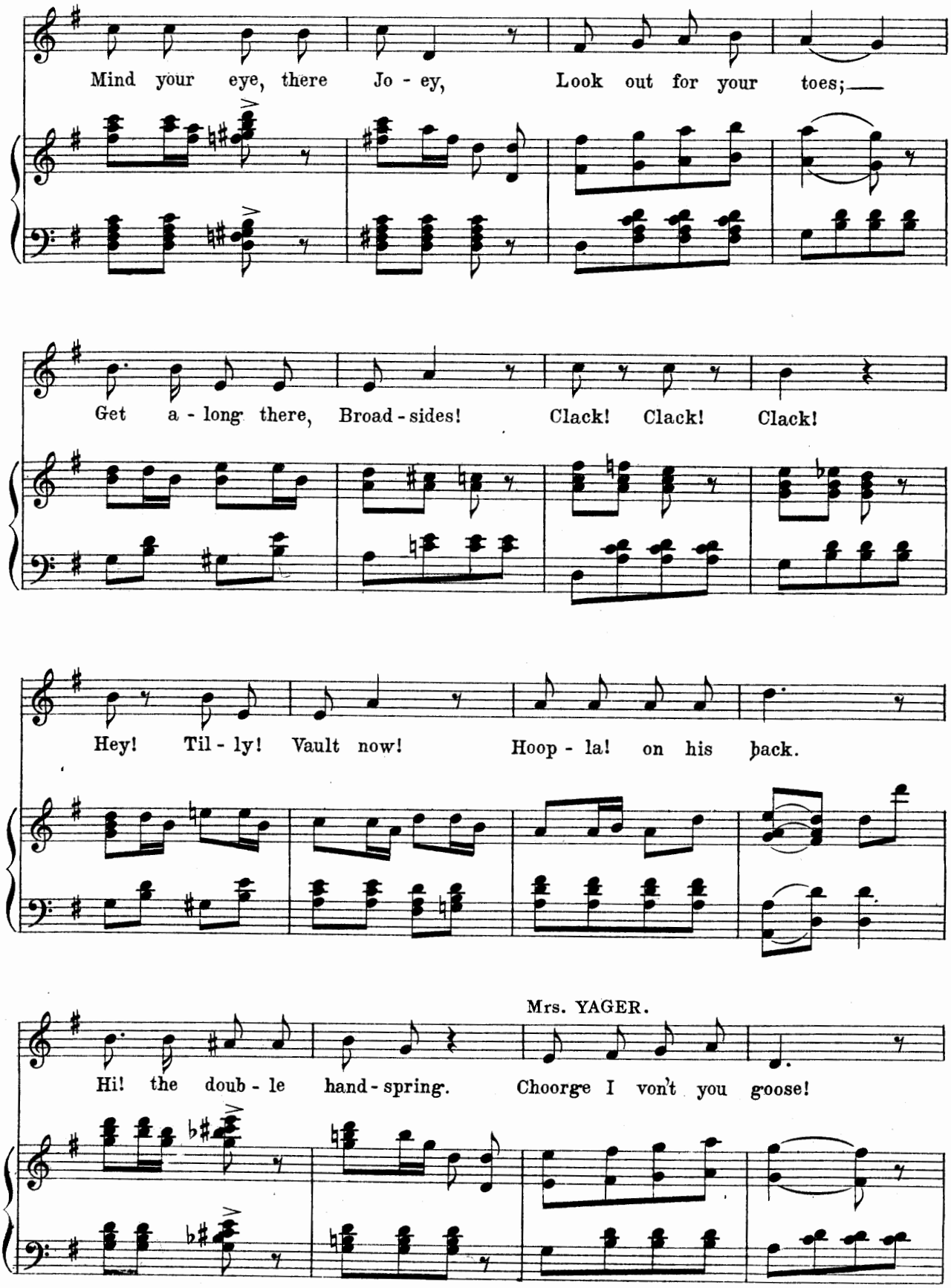
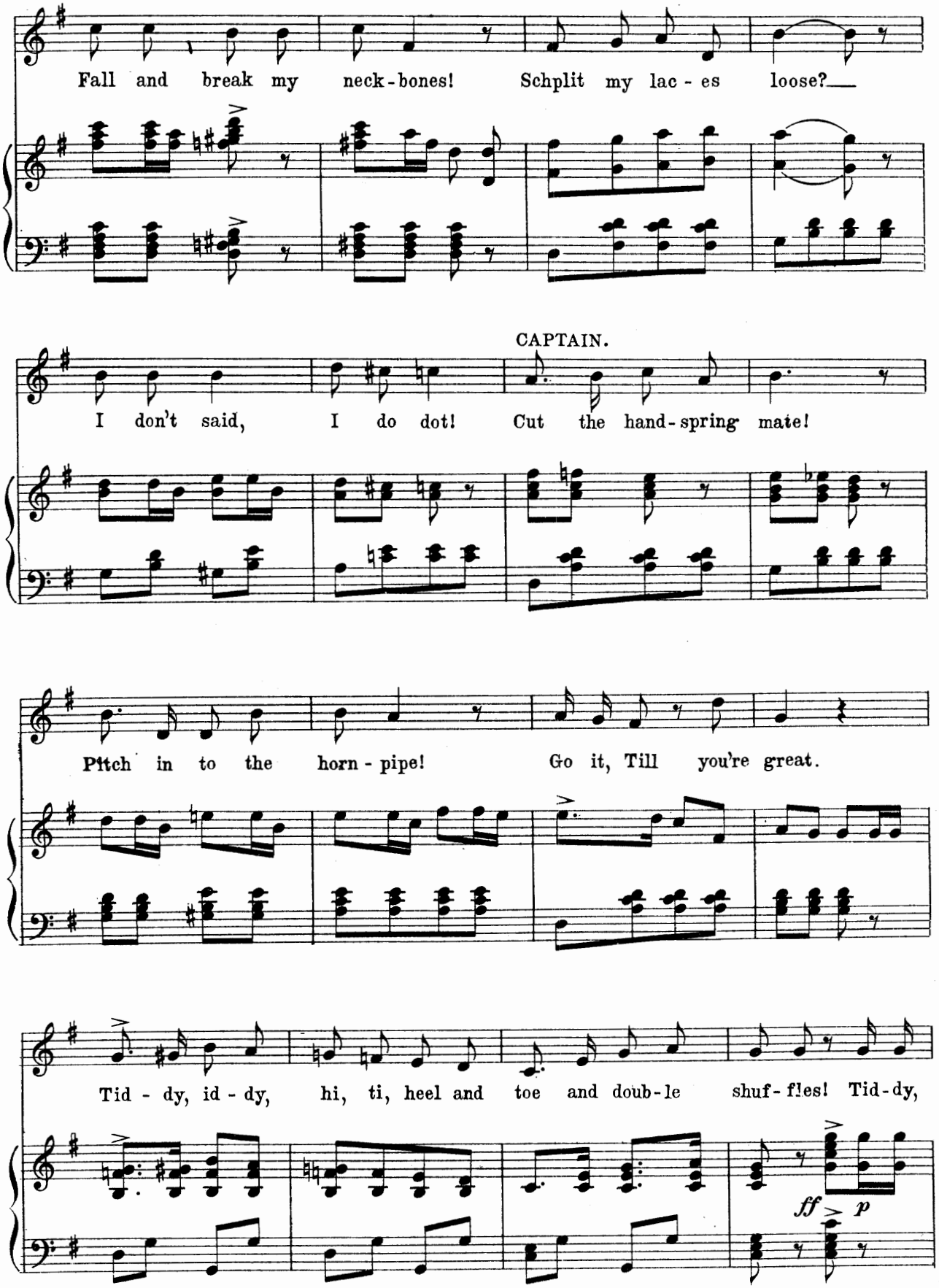
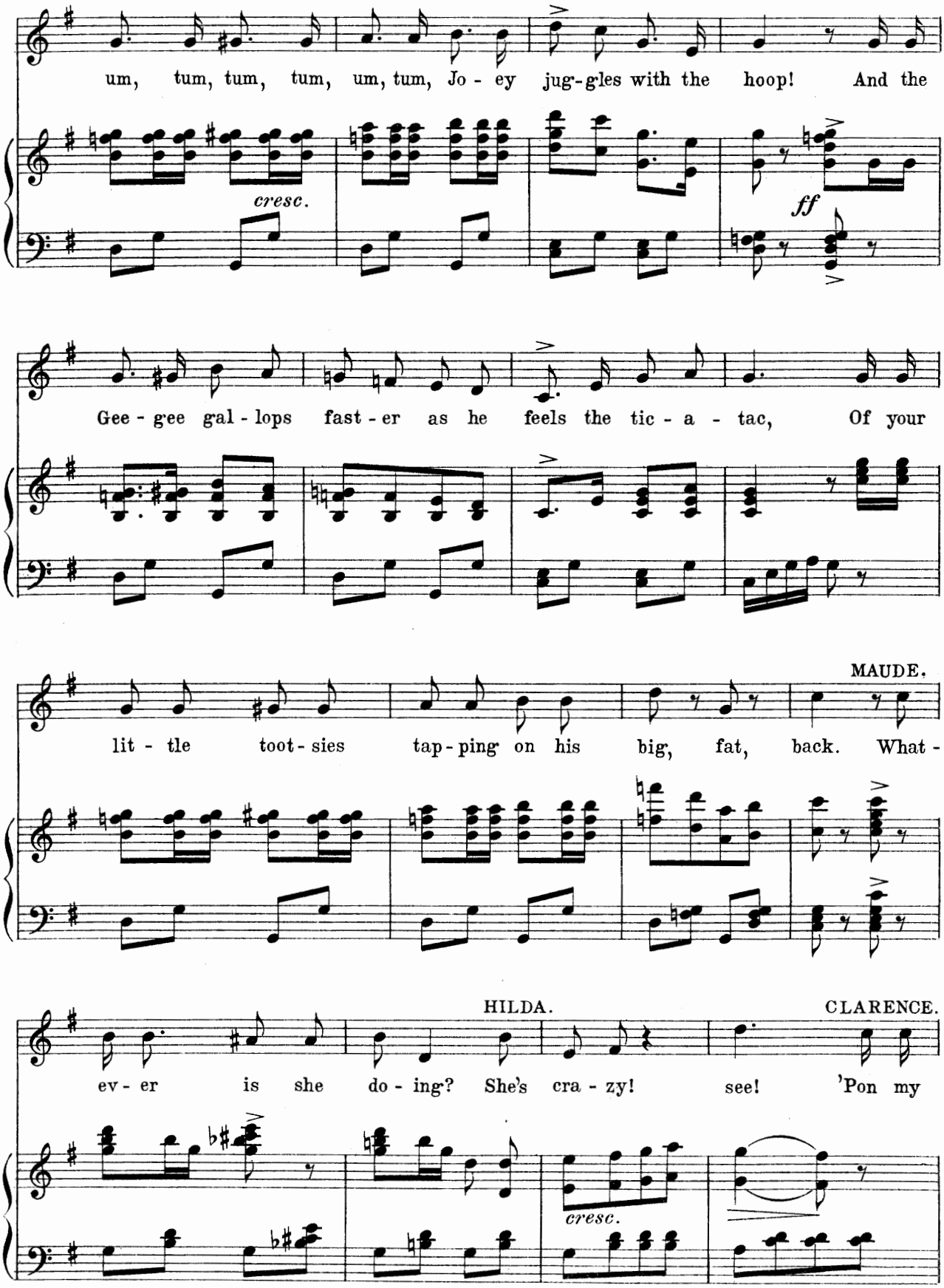

Mind your eye, there Jo - ey, Look out for your toes;—
Get a - long there, Broad - sides! Clack! Clack! Clack!
Hey! Til - ly! Vault now! Hoop - la! on his back.
Mrs. YAGER.
Hi! the doub - le hand - spring. Choorge I von't you goose!


Fall and break my neck-bones! Schplit my lac-es loose?
CAPTAIN.
I don't said, I do dot! Cut the hand-spring mate!
Pitch in to the horn-pipe! Go it, Till you're great.
Tid-dy, id-dy, hi, ti, heel and toe and doub-le shuf-fles! Tid-dy,
ff
p


um, tum, tum, tum, um, tum, Jo - ey jug-gles with the hoop! And the
cresc.
ff
Gee - gee gal - lops fast - er as he feels the tic - a - tac, Of your
MAUDE.
lit - tle toot - sies tap - ping on his big, fat, back. What -
HILDA.
CLARENCE.
ev - er is she do - ing? She's cra - zy! see! 'Pon my
cresc.

LYONS.

life she's play - ing cir - cus! So it seems to me, And she's

CAPTAIN.

real - ly not so dust - y! Till! I think you're get - ting rust - y! I'd

Mrs. YAGER.

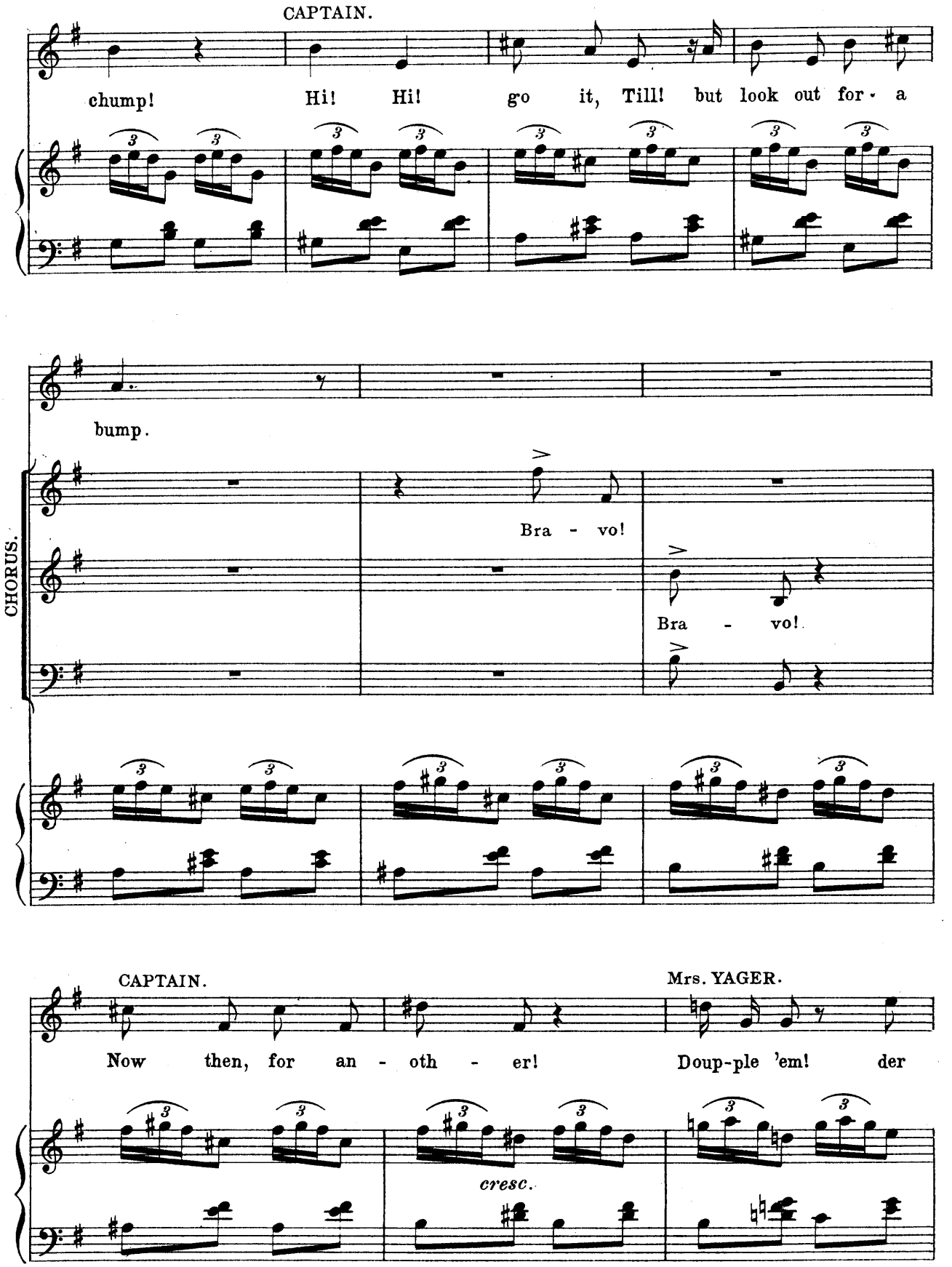
Yust

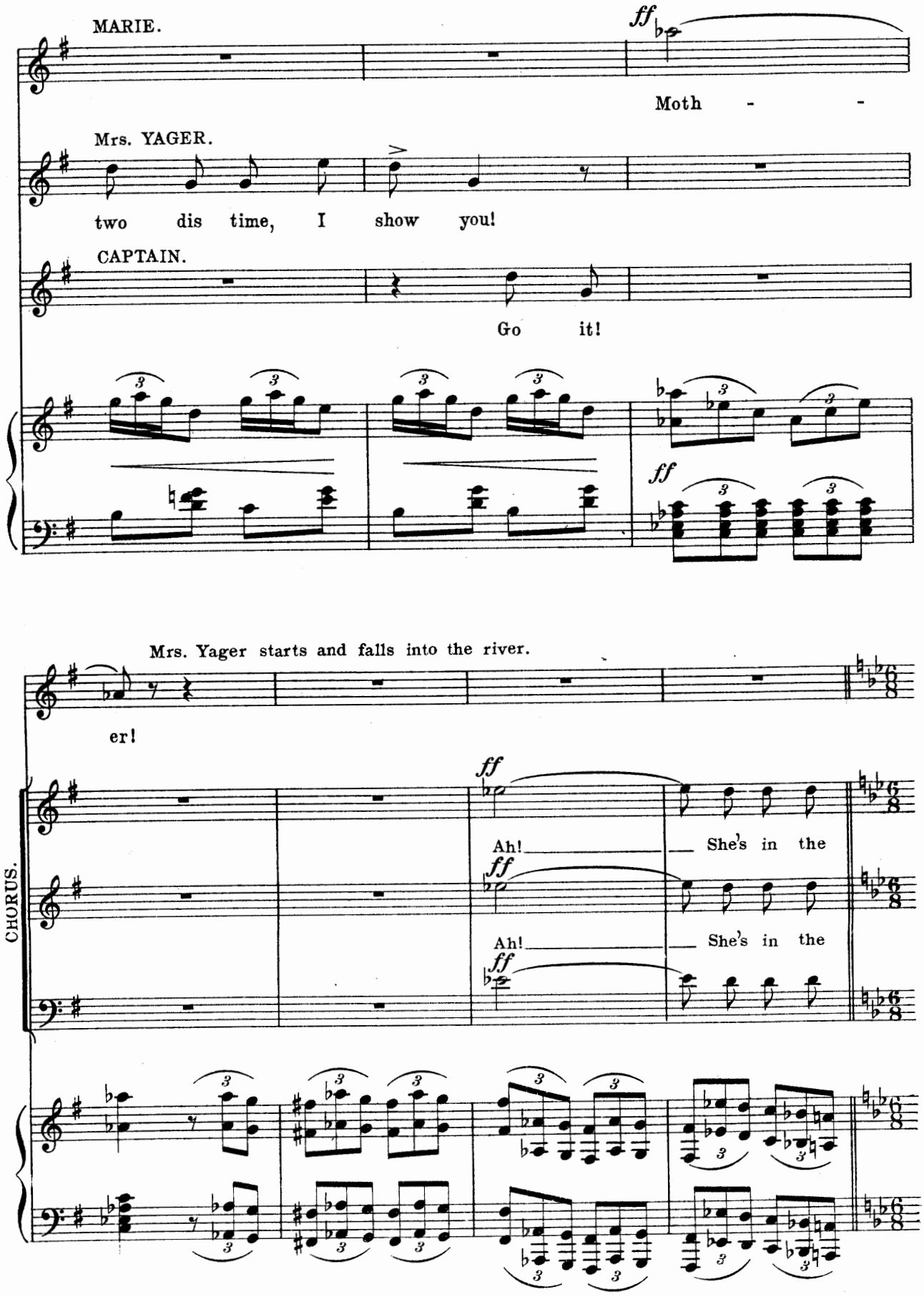
hate to see you try it, On a live Gee - Gee!

p

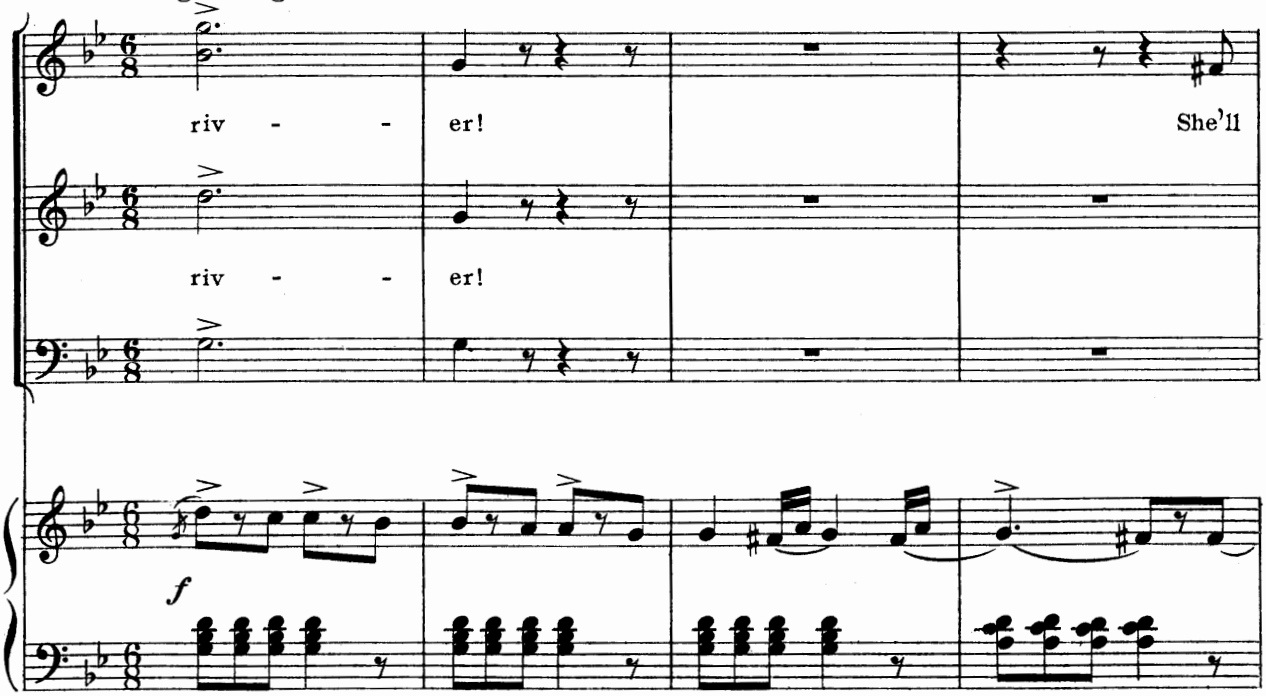
hold for me der hoops, Und I make for you a

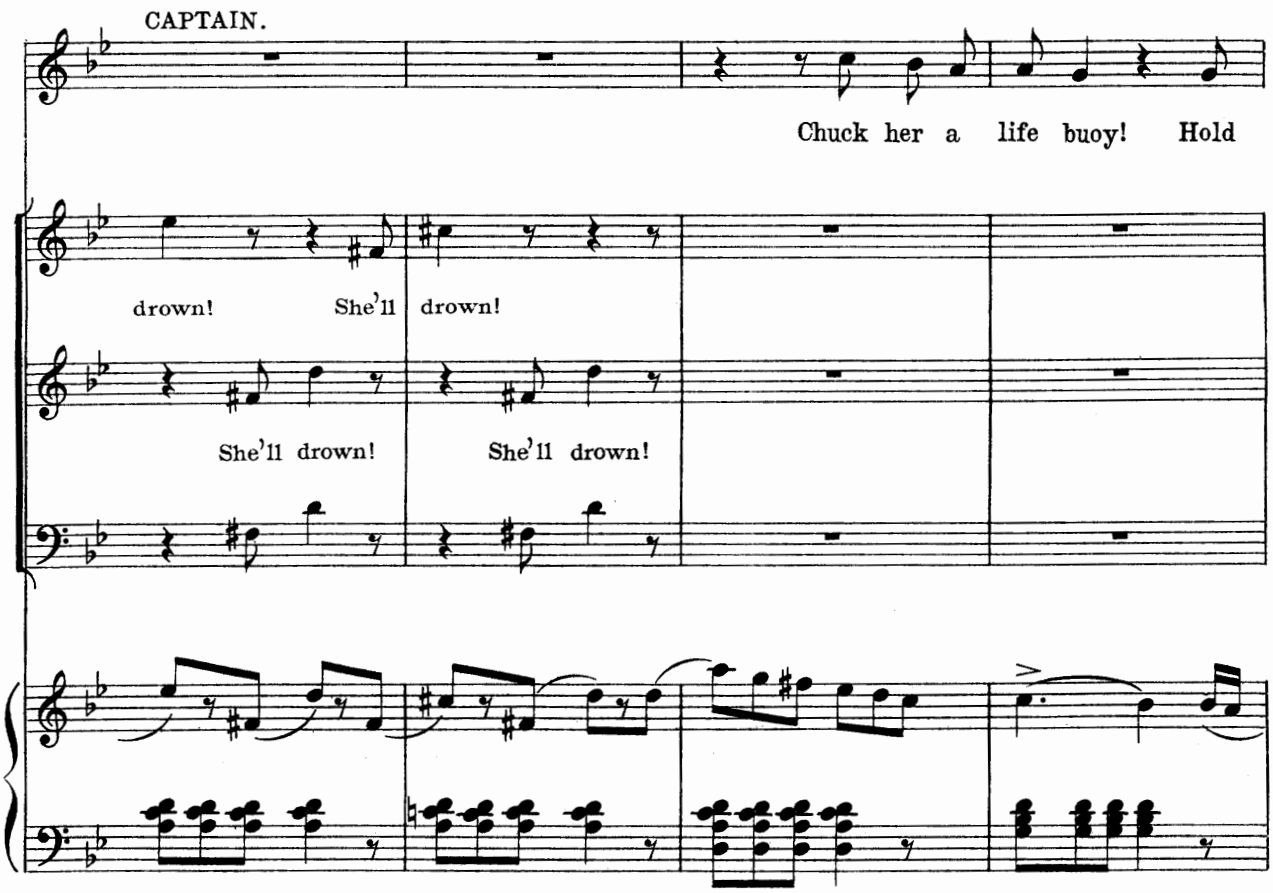
cresc.

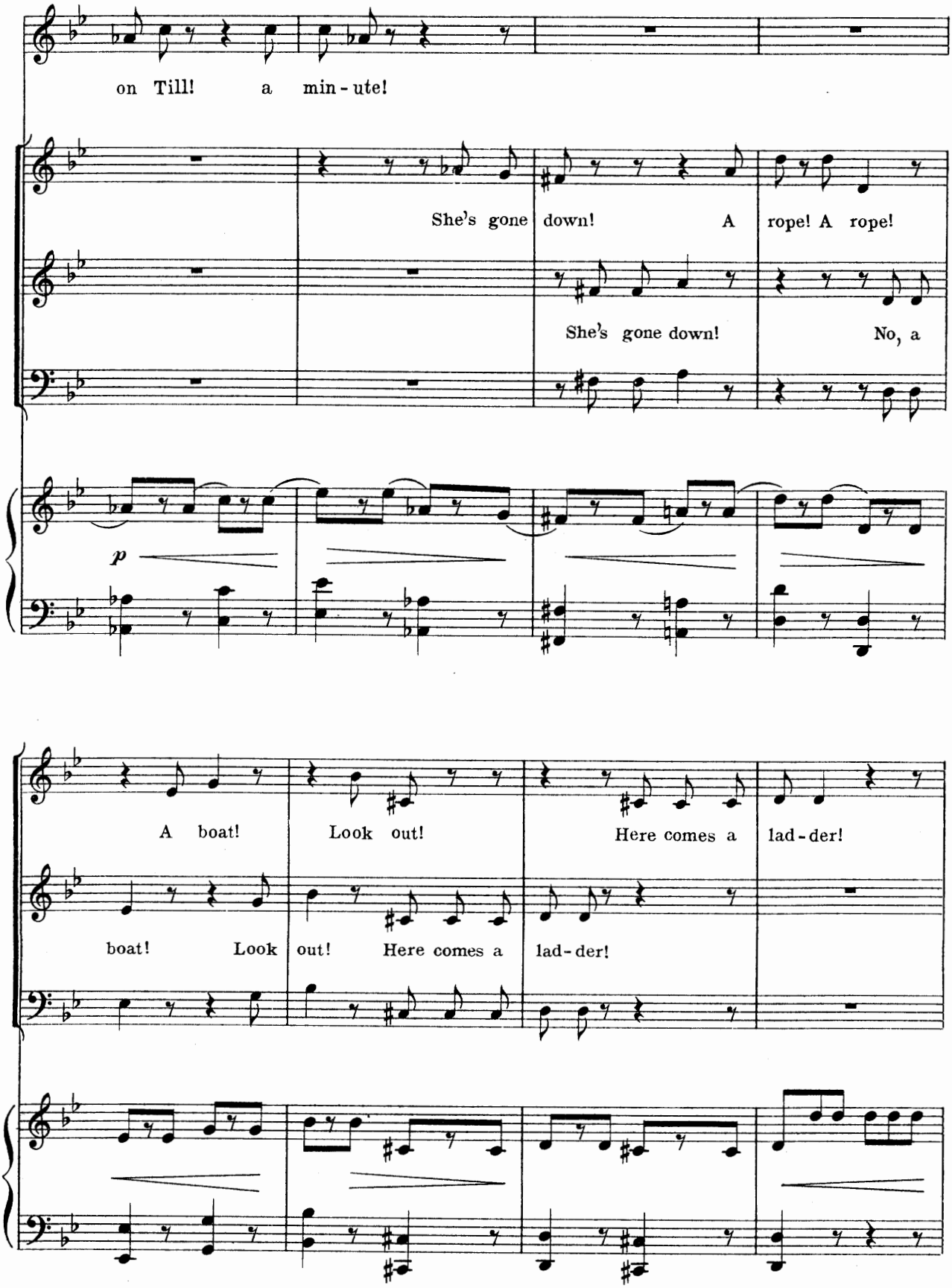

CAPTAIN.
chump! Hi! Hi! go it, Till! but look out for a
bump.
CHORUS.
Bra - vo!
Bra - vo!
CAPTAIN.
Mrs. YAGER.
Now then, for an - oth - er!
Doup-ple 'em! der
cresc.

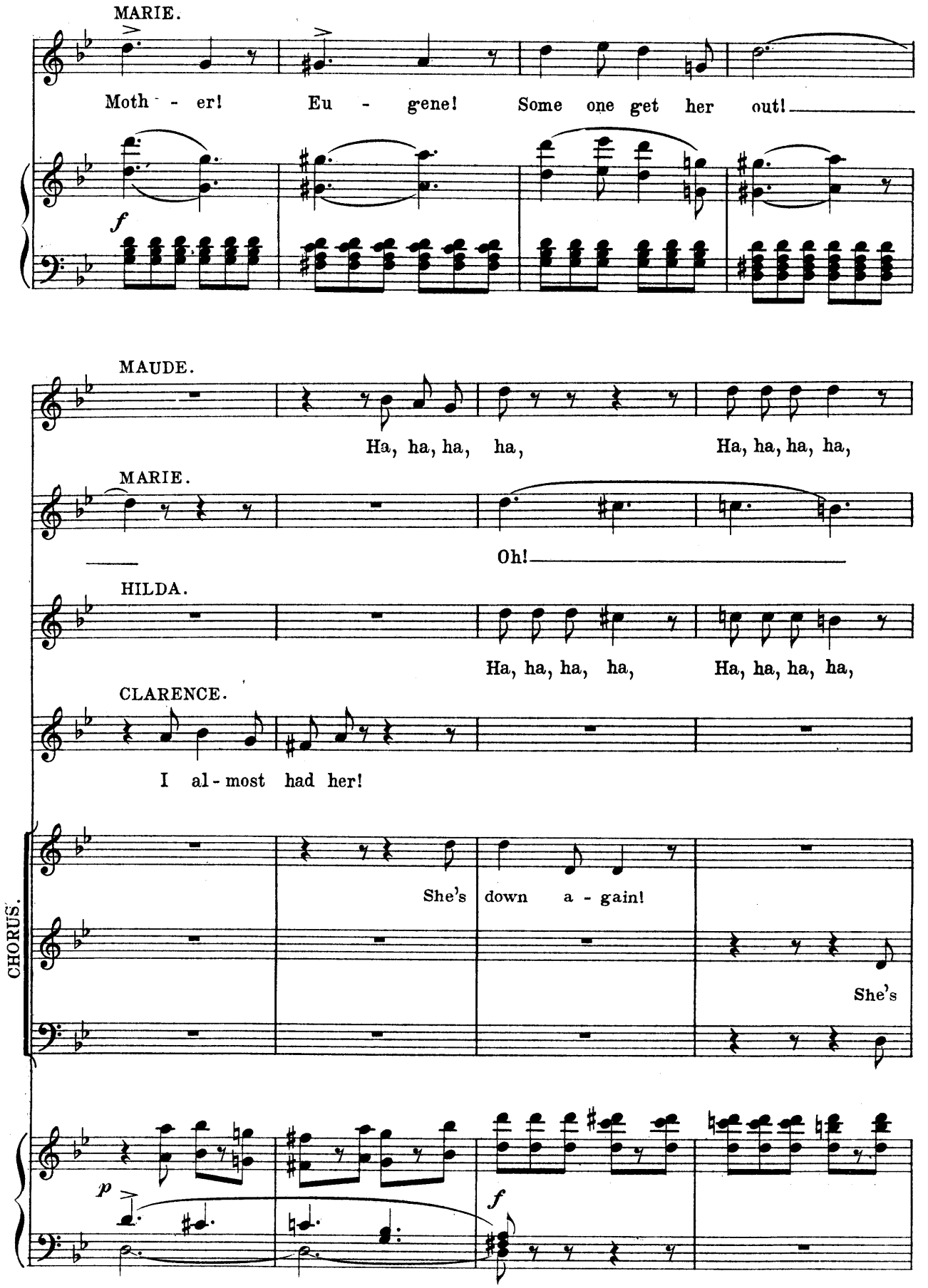

MARIE.
ff
Moth - -
Mrs. YAGER.
two dis time, I show you!
CAPTAIN.
Go it!
ff
Mrs. Yager starts and falls into the river.
er!
CHORUS.
ff
Ah! She's in the
ff
Ah! She's in the
ff

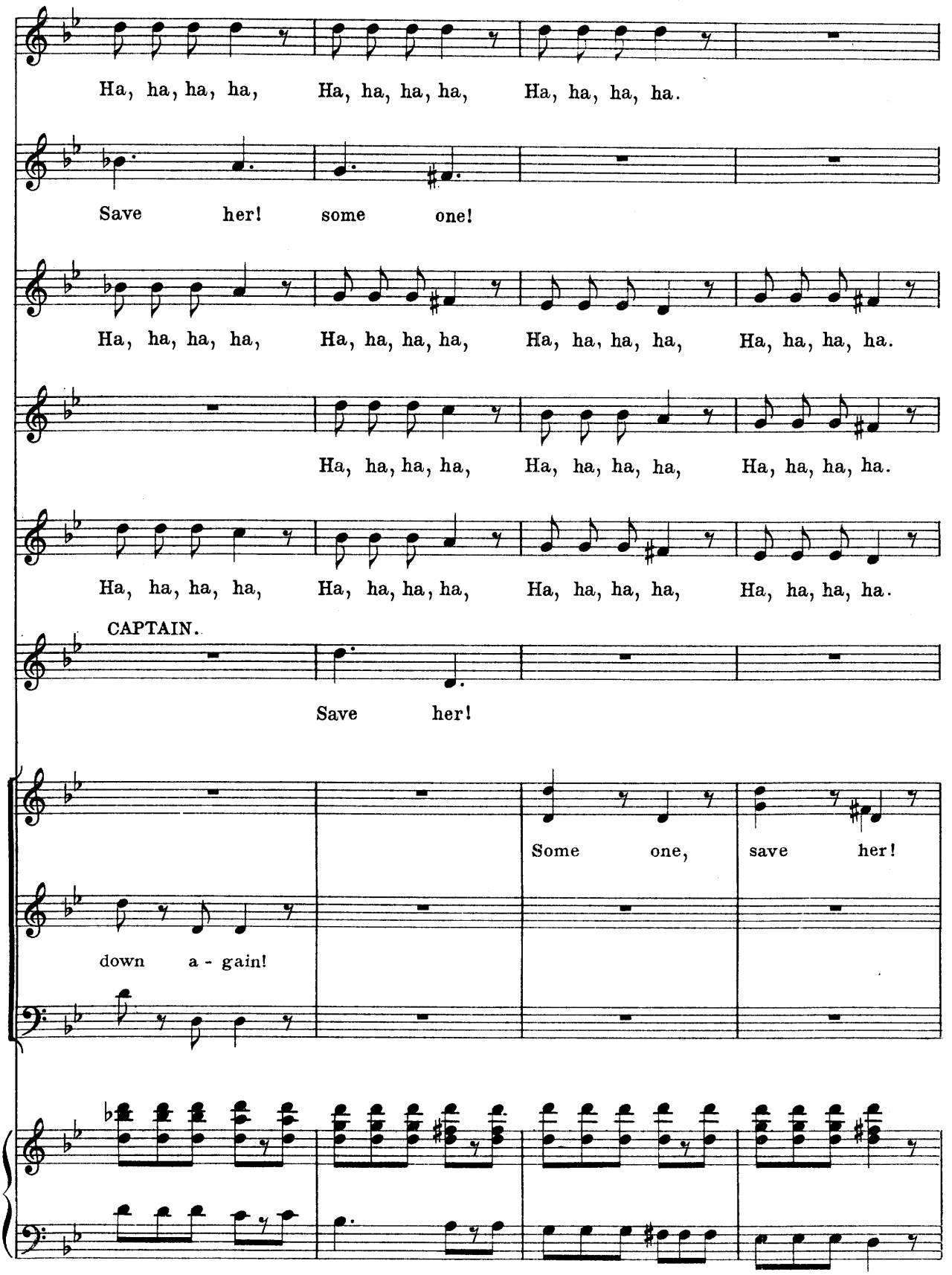
Allegro Agitato.

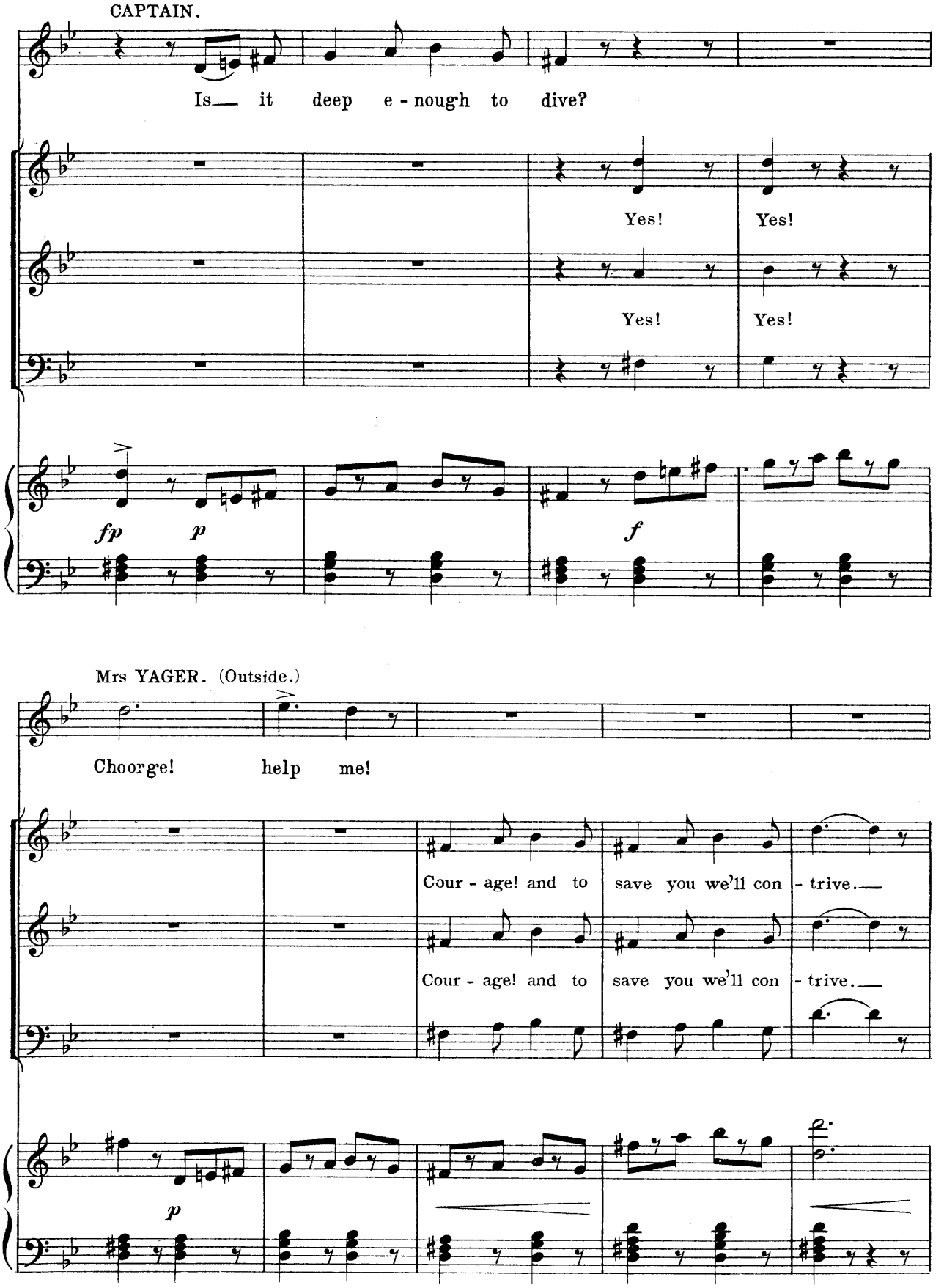





on Till! a min-ute!
She's gone down! A rope! A rope!
She's gone down! No, a
p
A boat! Look out! Here comes a lad-der!
boat! Look out! Here comes a lad-der!


MARIE.
Moth - er! Eu - gene! Some one get her out!
f
MAUDE.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha,
MARIE.
Oh!
HILDA.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha,
CLARENCE.
I al - most had her!
CHORUS.
She's down a - gain!
She's
p
f


Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Save her! some one!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha.
CAPTAIN.
Save her!
Some one, save her!
down a - gain!


CAPTAIN.
Is— it deep e - nough to dive?
Yes! Yes!
Yes! Yes!
fp p f
Mrs YAGER. (Outside.)
Choorge! help me!
Cour - age! and to save you we'll con - trive.—
Cour - age! and to save you we'll con - trive.—
p

MARIE.

Eu - - - gene! Save my moth - - - er! She'll

f

EUGENE.

drown___ in that pool! Serve her right!

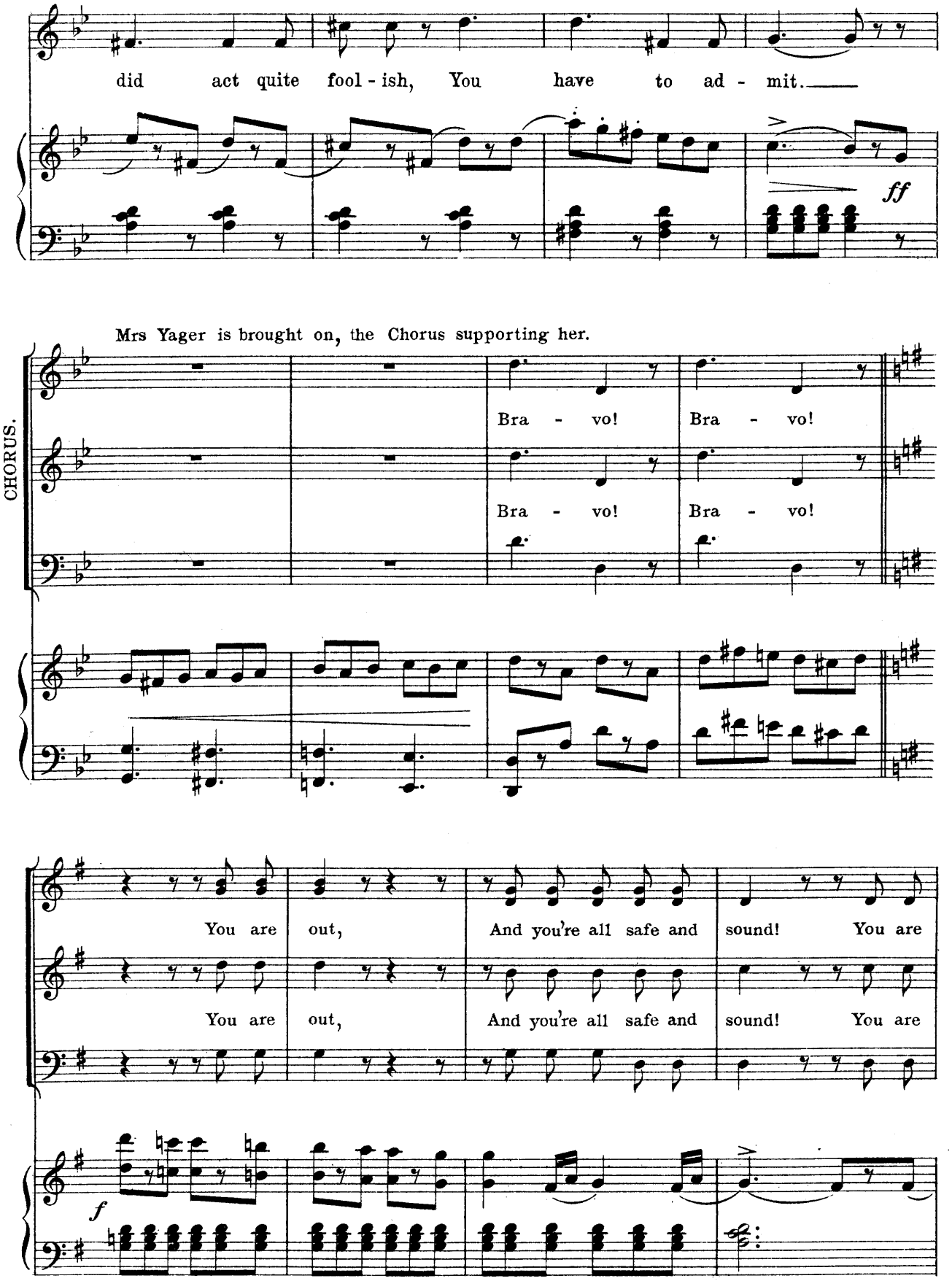
p

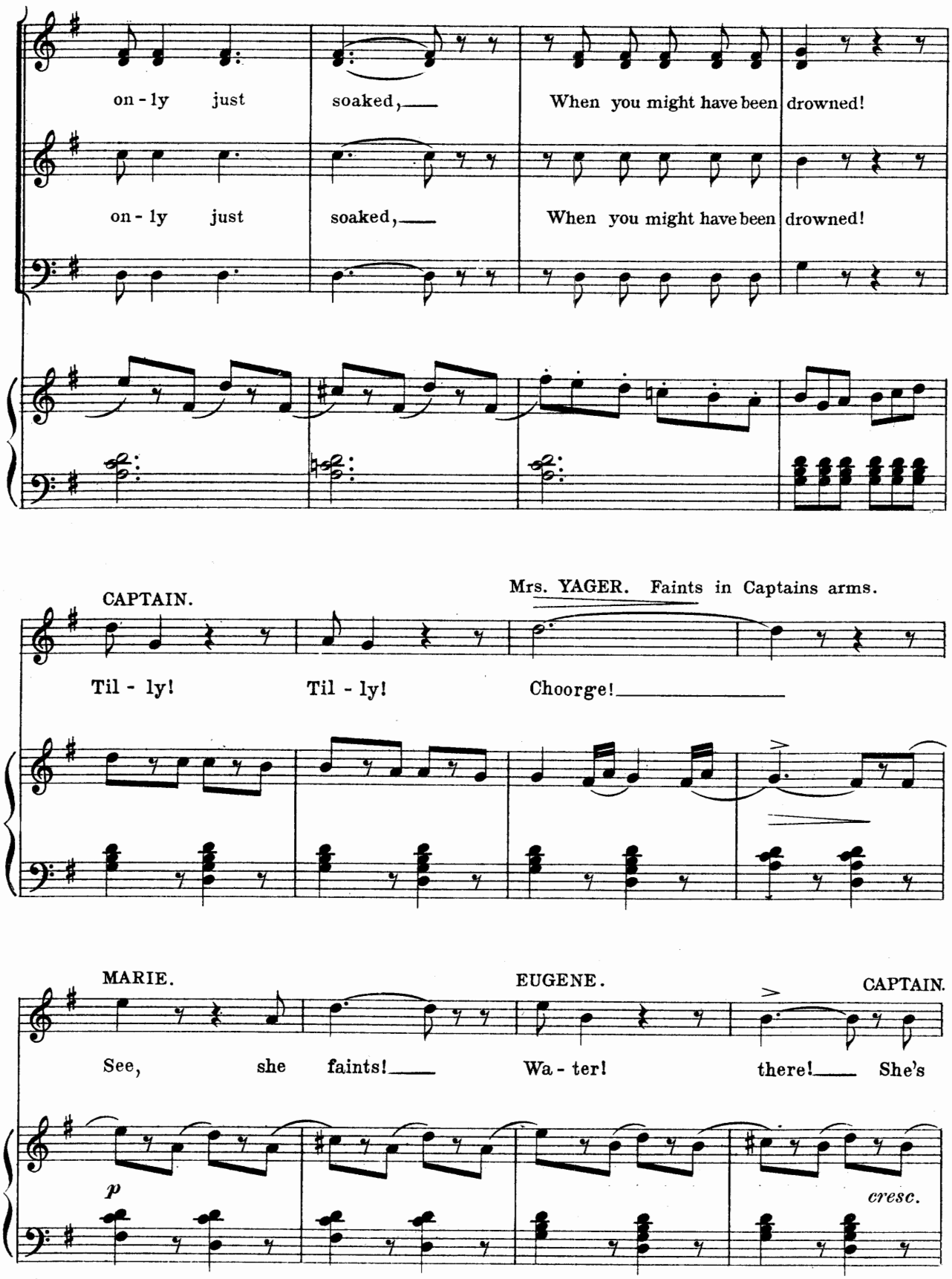
MARIE.

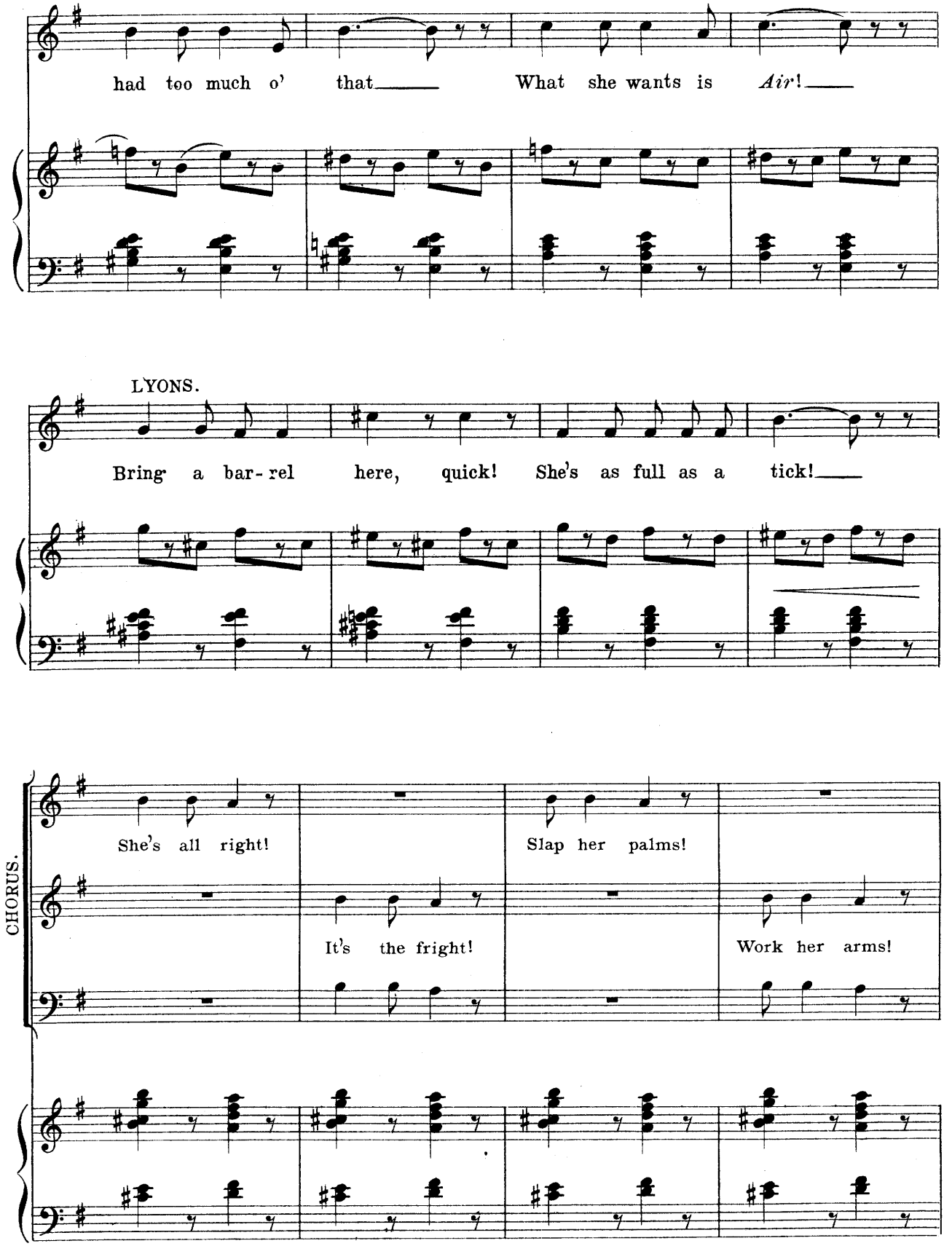
She_____ de - serves too The sil - ly, old fool. Brute!___

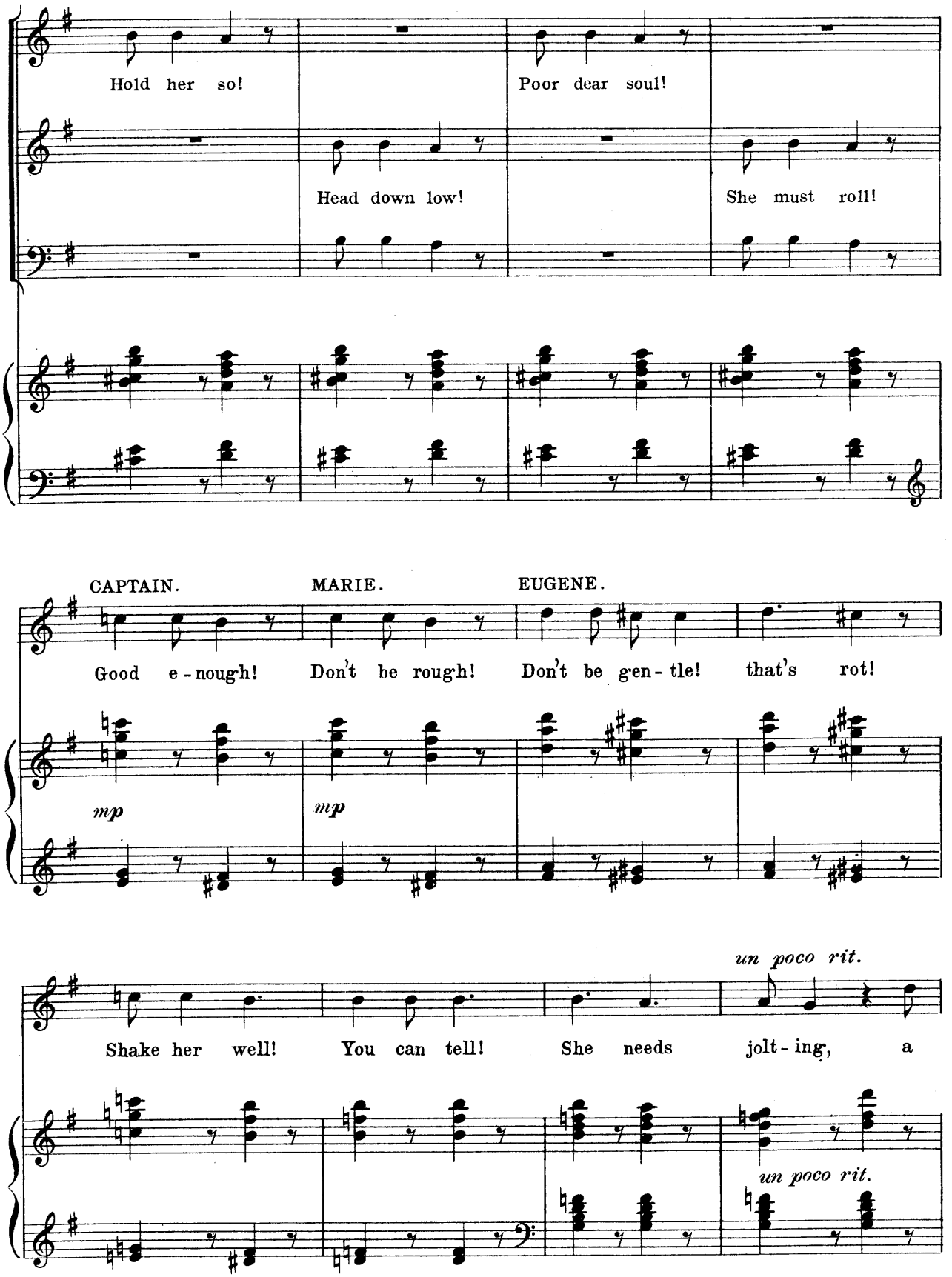
MAUDE.

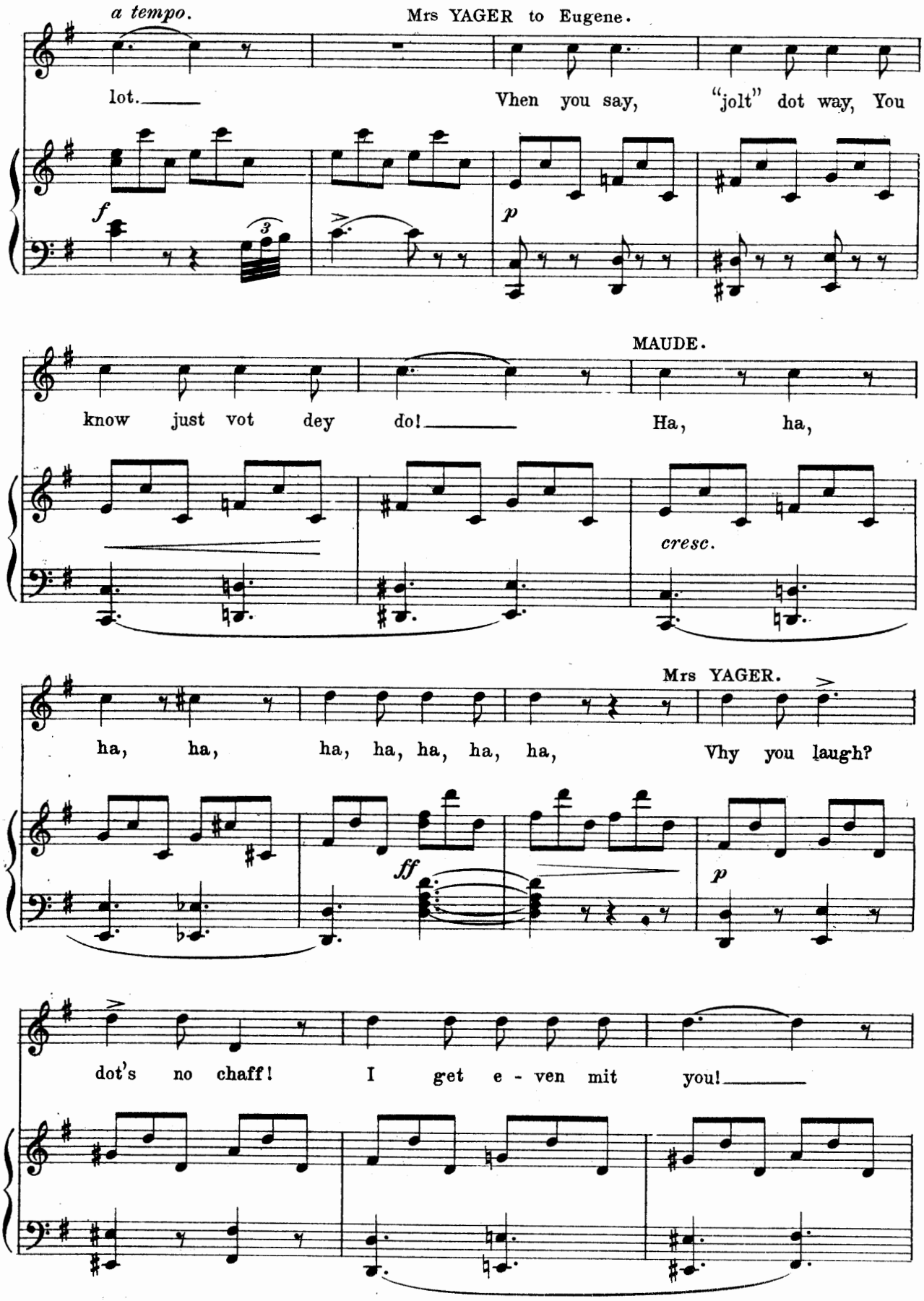
___ He calls her a fool! does - n't help her a bit. She


did act quite fool - ish, You have to ad - mit.
ff
Mrs Yager is brought on, the Chorus supporting her.
CHORUS.
Bra - vo! Bra - vo!
Bra - vo! Bra - vo!
You are out, And you're all safe and sound! You are
You are out, And you're all safe and sound! You are
f


on - ly just soaked, When you might have been drowned!
on - ly just soaked, When you might have been drowned!
CAPTAIN.
Mrs. YAGER. Faints in Captains arms.
Til - ly! Til - ly! Choorge!
MARIE.
EUGENE.
CAPTAIN.
See, she faints! Wa - ter! there! She's
p
cresc.


had too much o' that
What she wants is *Air*!
LYONS.
Bring a bar-rel here, quick! She's as full as a tick!
CHORUS.
She's all right!
Slap her palms!
It's the fright!
Work her arms!


Hold her so!
Poor dear soul!
Head down low!
She must roll!
CAPTAIN.
MARIE.
EUGENE.
Good e-nough!
Don't be rough!
Don't be gen-tle!
that's rot!
mp
mp
un poco rit.
Shake her well!
You can tell!
She needs
jolt-ing,
a
un poco rit.


a tempo.
Mrs YAGER to Eugene.
lot.
Vhen you say, "jolt" dot way, You
f
p
MAUDE.
know just vot dey do!
Ha, ha,
cresc.
Mrs YAGER.
ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
Vhy you laugh?
ff
p
dot's no chaff!
I get e - ven mit you!

MAUDE. (Eugene accidentally throws Marie down.)

Ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha,

cresc.

ff *pp*

Andante.

pp

He struck her! He struck her!

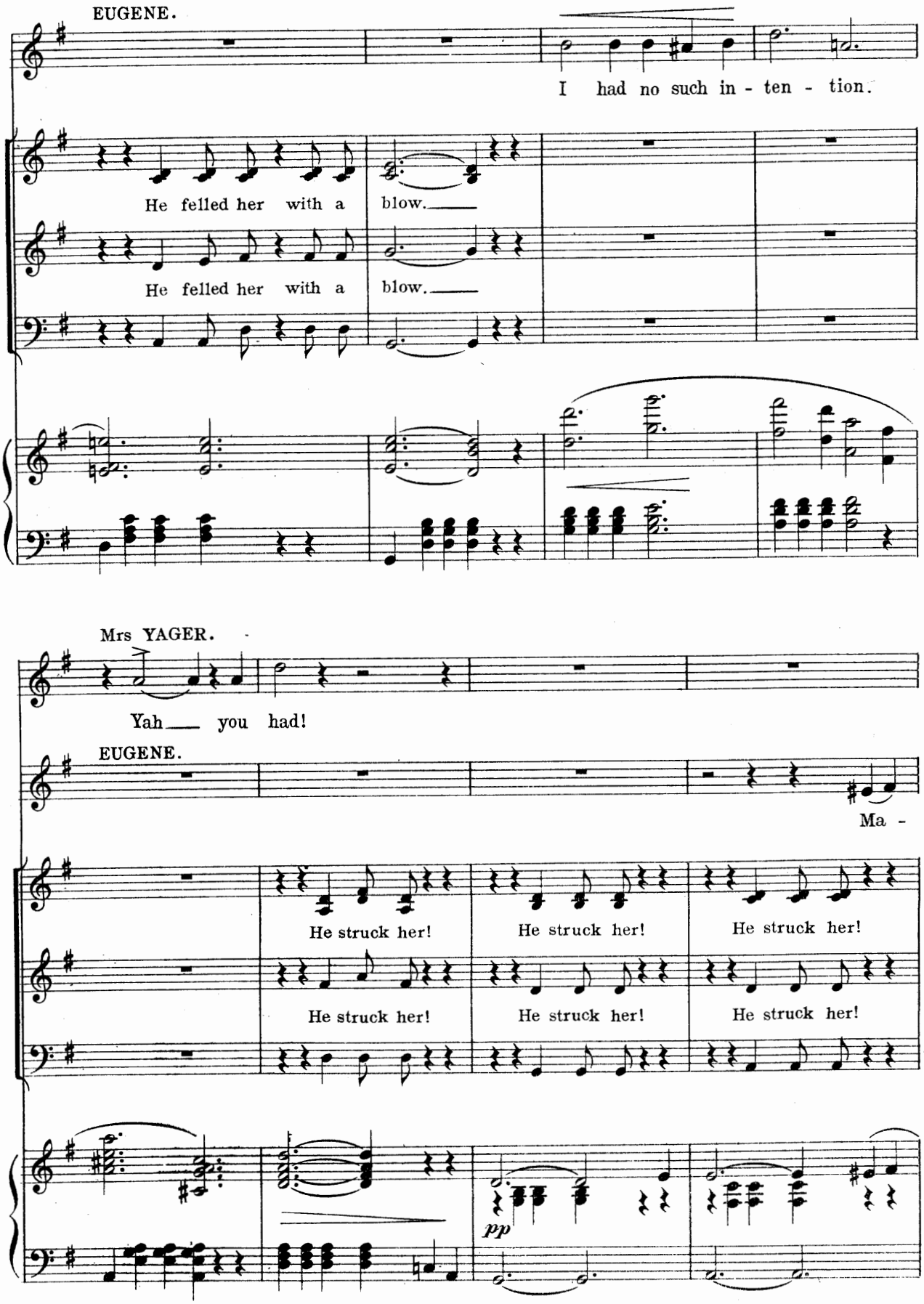
pp

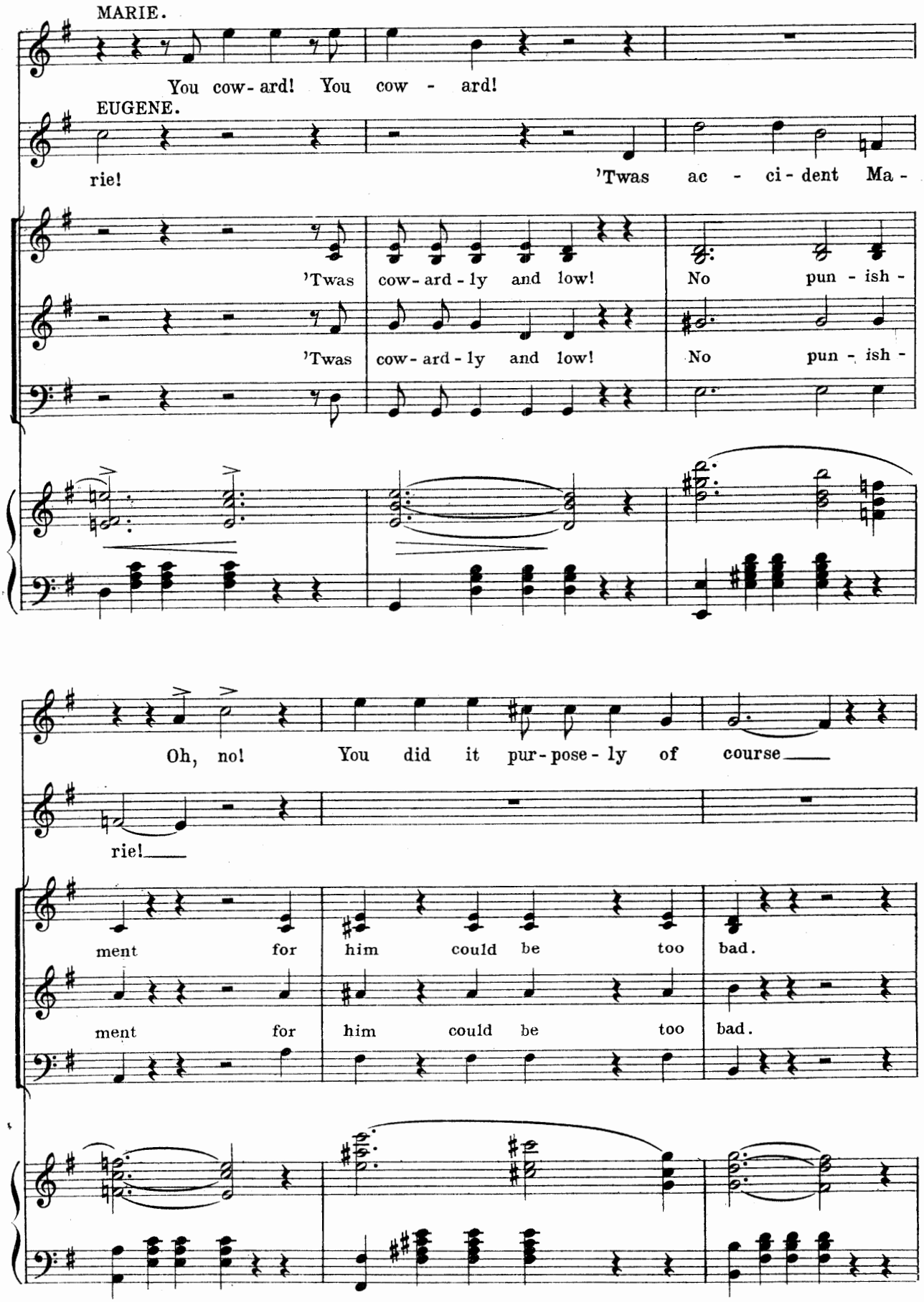
He struck her! He struck her!

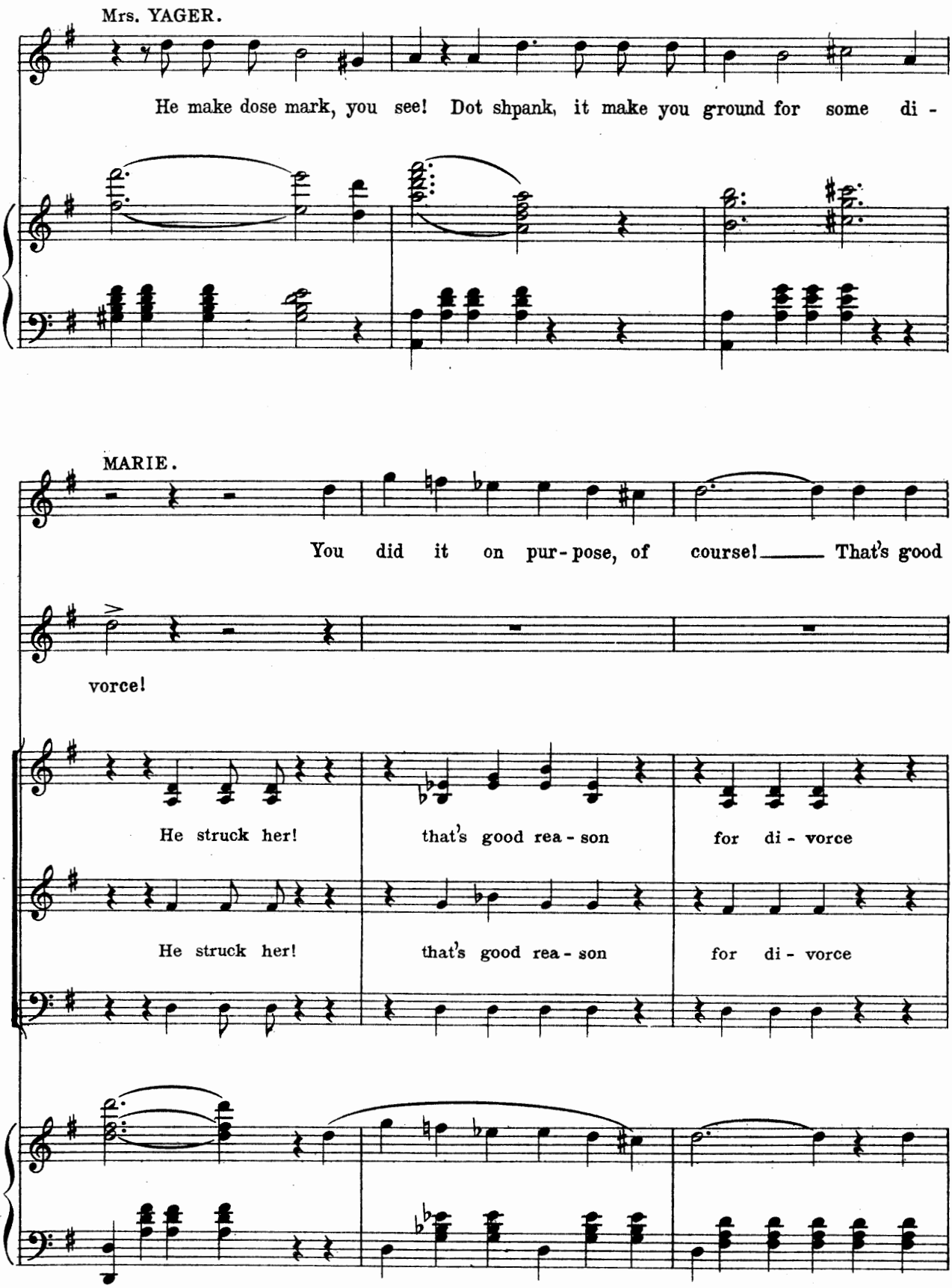
pp

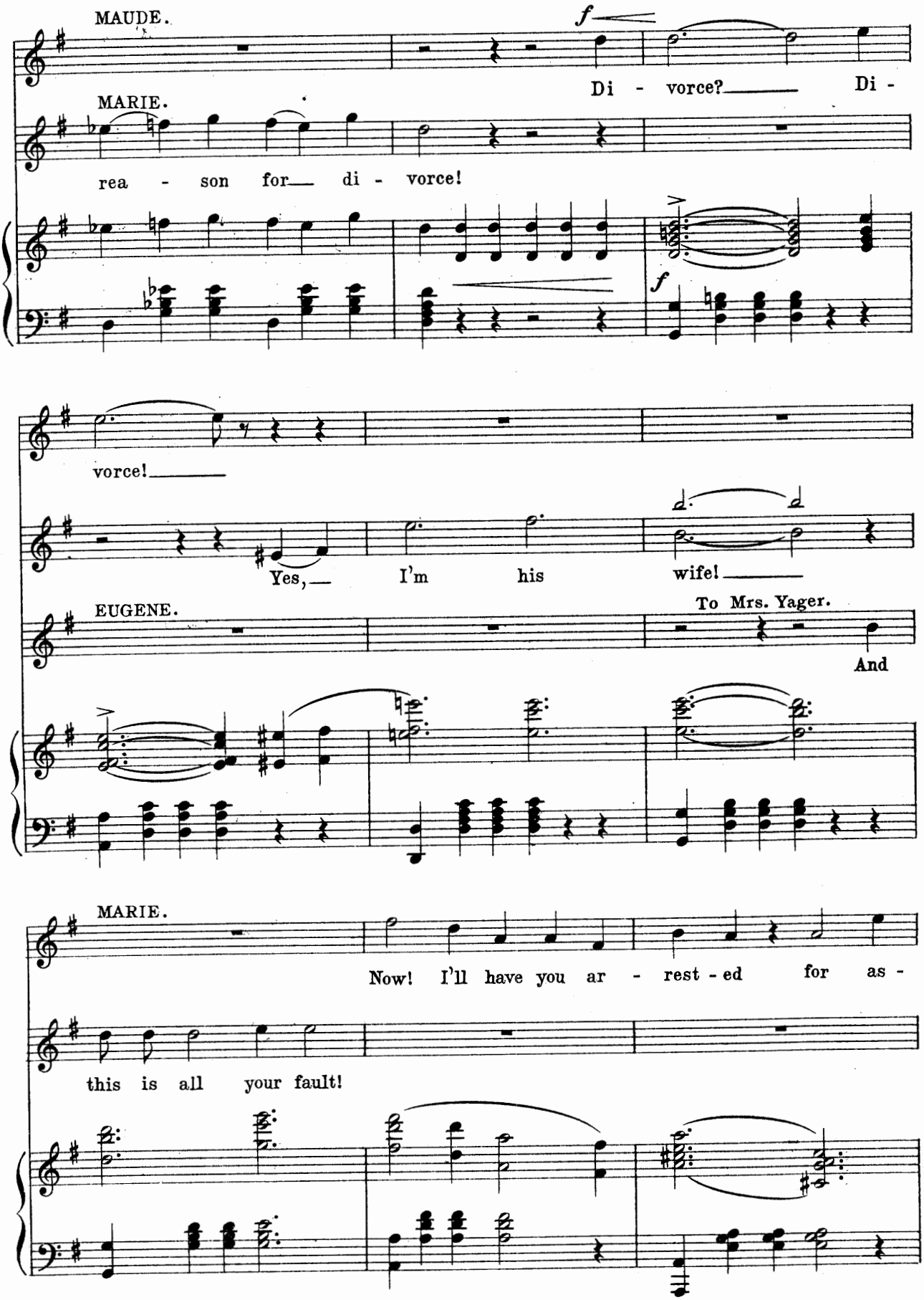
Andante.

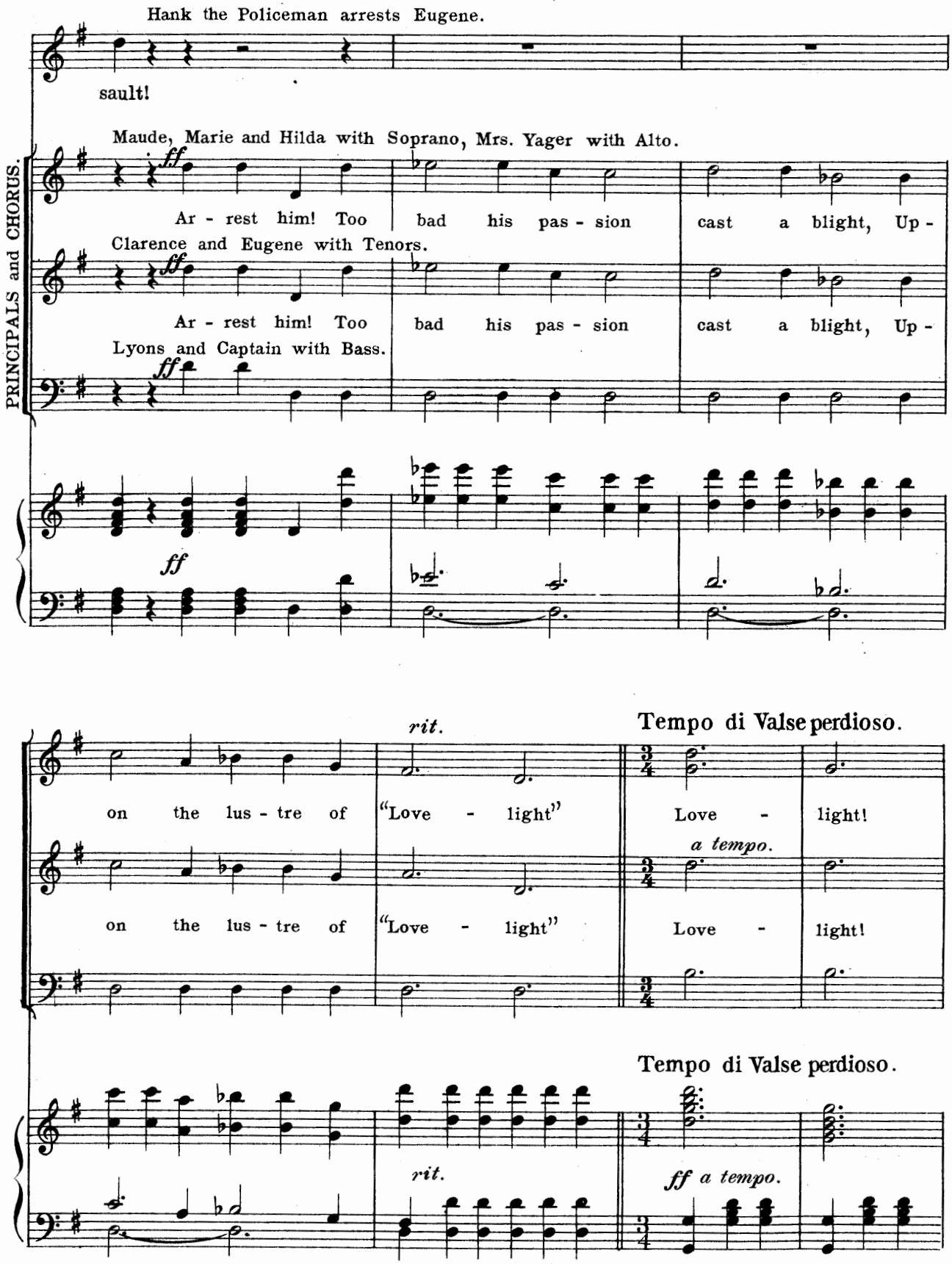
pp *p*

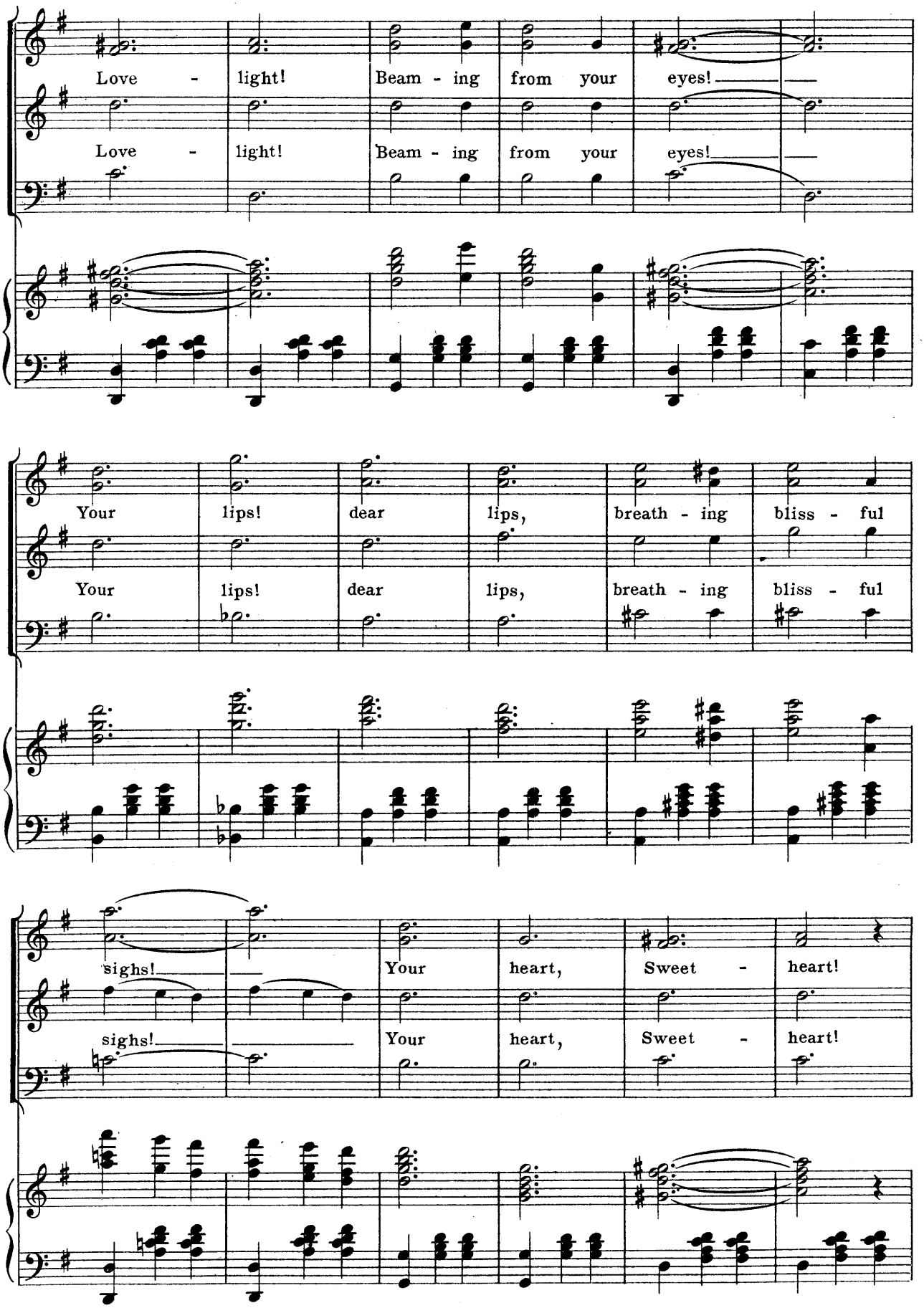

EUGENE.
I had no such in - ten - tion.
He felled her with a blow.
He felled her with a blow.
Mrs YAGER.
Yah you had!
EUGENE.
Ma -
He struck her!
He struck her!
He struck her!
He struck her!
He struck her!
He struck her!
pp


MARIE.
You cow-ard! You cow - ard!
EUGENE.
rie! 'Twas ac - ci-dent Ma -
'Twas cow-ard-ly and low! No pun - ish -
'Twas cow-ard-ly and low! No pun - ish -
Oh, no! You did it pur-pose-ly of course
rie!
ment for him could be too bad.
ment for him could be too bad.

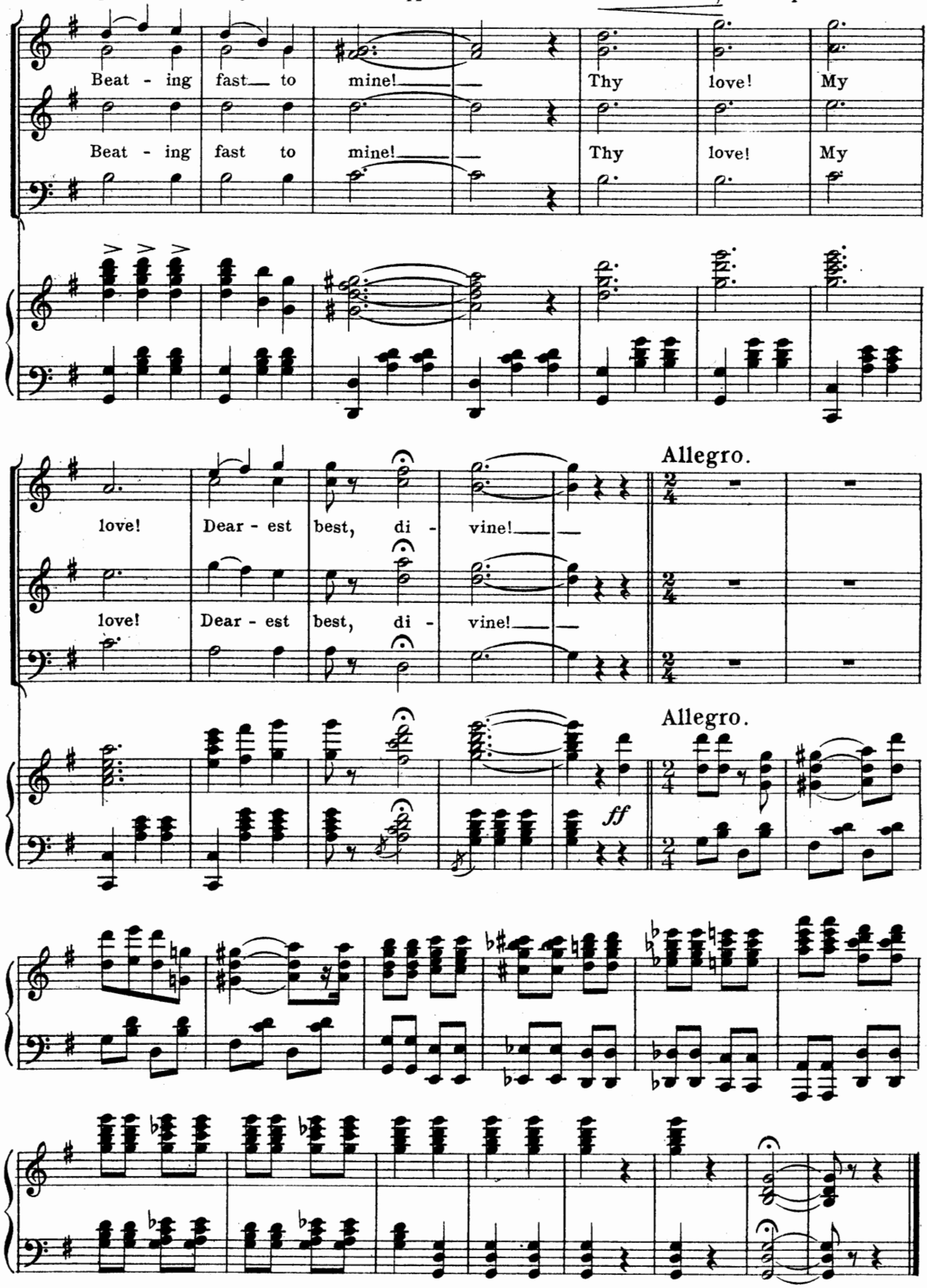

Mrs. YAGER.
He make dose mark, you see! Dot shpank, it make you ground for some di -
MARIE.
You did it on pur-pose, of course! That's good
vorce!
He struck her! that's good rea-son for di-vorce
He struck her! that's good rea-son for di-vorce


MAUDE.
f
Di - vorce? Di -
MARIE.
rea - son for di - vorce!
f
vorce!
Yes, I'm his wife!
EUGENE.
To Mrs. Yager.
And
MARIE.
Now! I'll have you ar - rest - ed for as -
this is all your fault!


Hank the Policeman arrests Eugene.
sault!
Maude, Marie and Hilda with Soprano, Mrs. Yager with Alto.
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
ff
Ar - rest him! Too bad his pas - sion cast a blight, Up -
Clarence and Eugene with Tenors.
ff
Ar - rest him! Too bad his pas - sion cast a blight, Up -
Lyons and Captain with Bass.
ff
ff
rit.
Tempo di Valse perdioso.
on the lus - tre of "Love - light"
Love - light!
a tempo.
on the lus - tre of "Love - light"
Love - light!
Tempo di Valse perdioso.
rit.
ff a tempo.


Love - light! Beam - ing from your eyes!
Love - light! Beam - ing from your eyes!
Your lips! dear lips, breath - ing bliss - ful
Your lips! dear lips, breath - ing bliss - ful
sighs! Your heart, Sweet - heart!
sighs! Your heart, Sweet - heart!

Eugene breaks away from Hank and appeals first to Marie then to Maude, both repulse him.

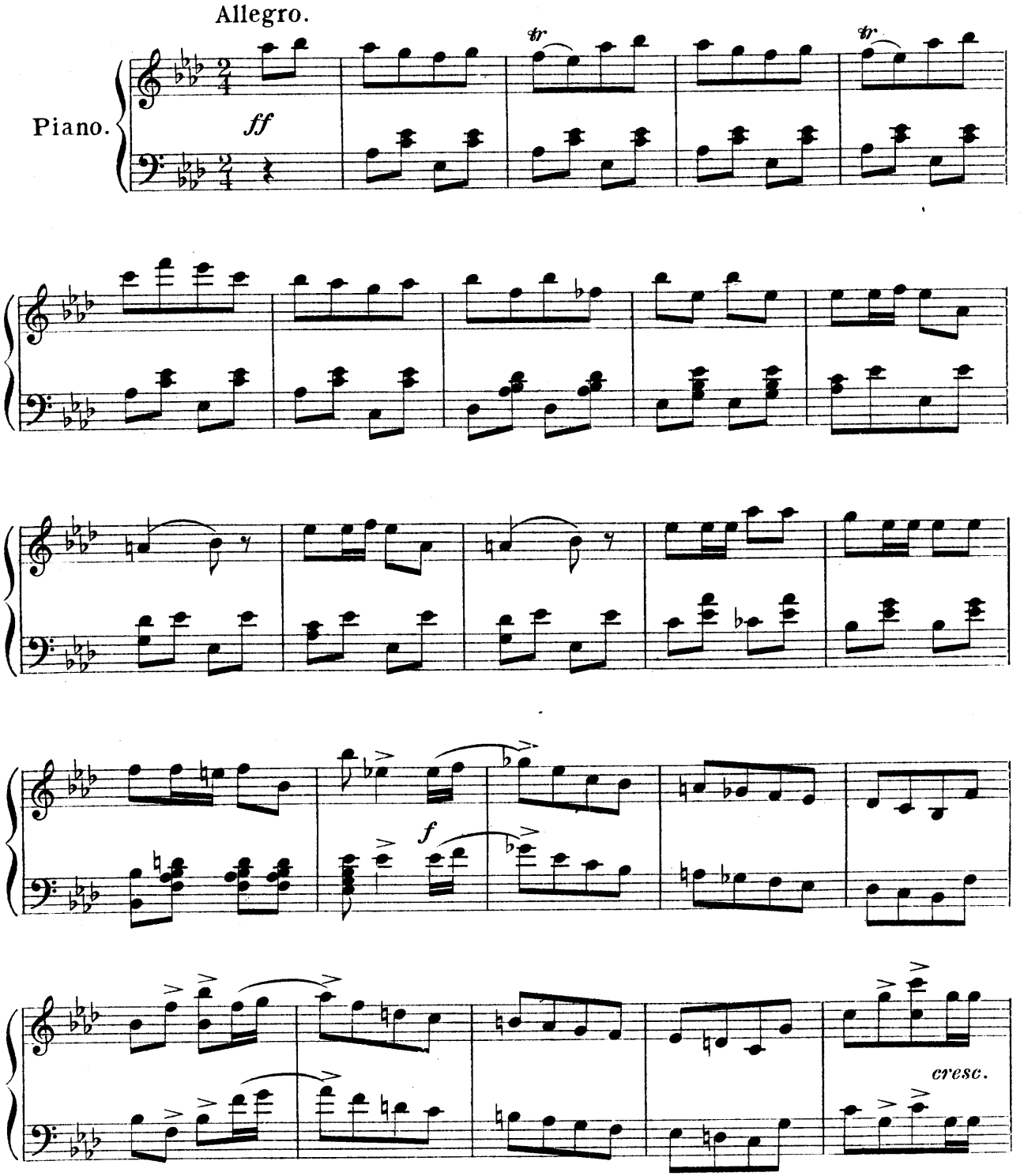


No. 13. What A Dry World This Would Be.

Lyric by
CHAS J. CAMPBELL.

INTRODUCTION AND SONG.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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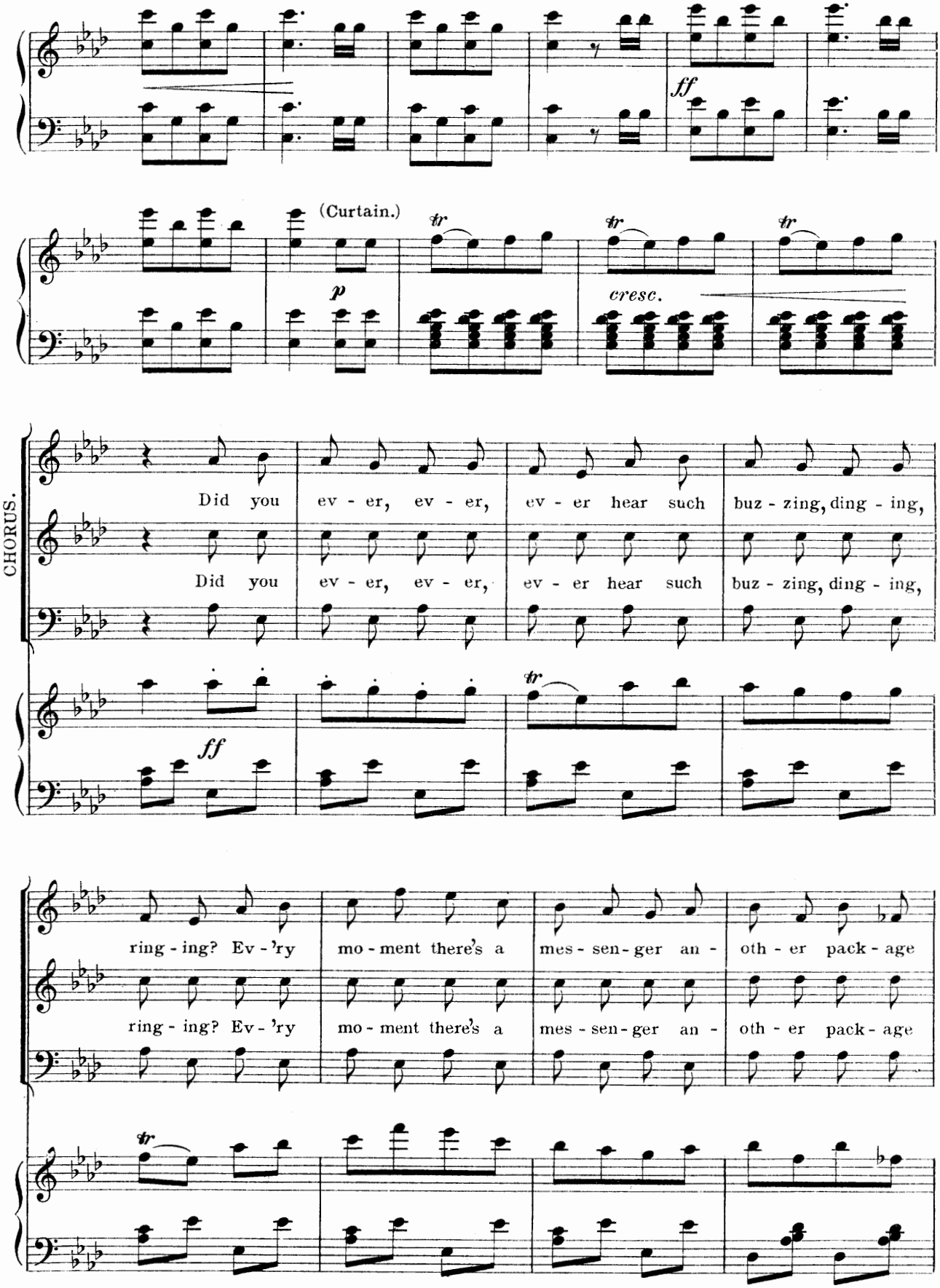
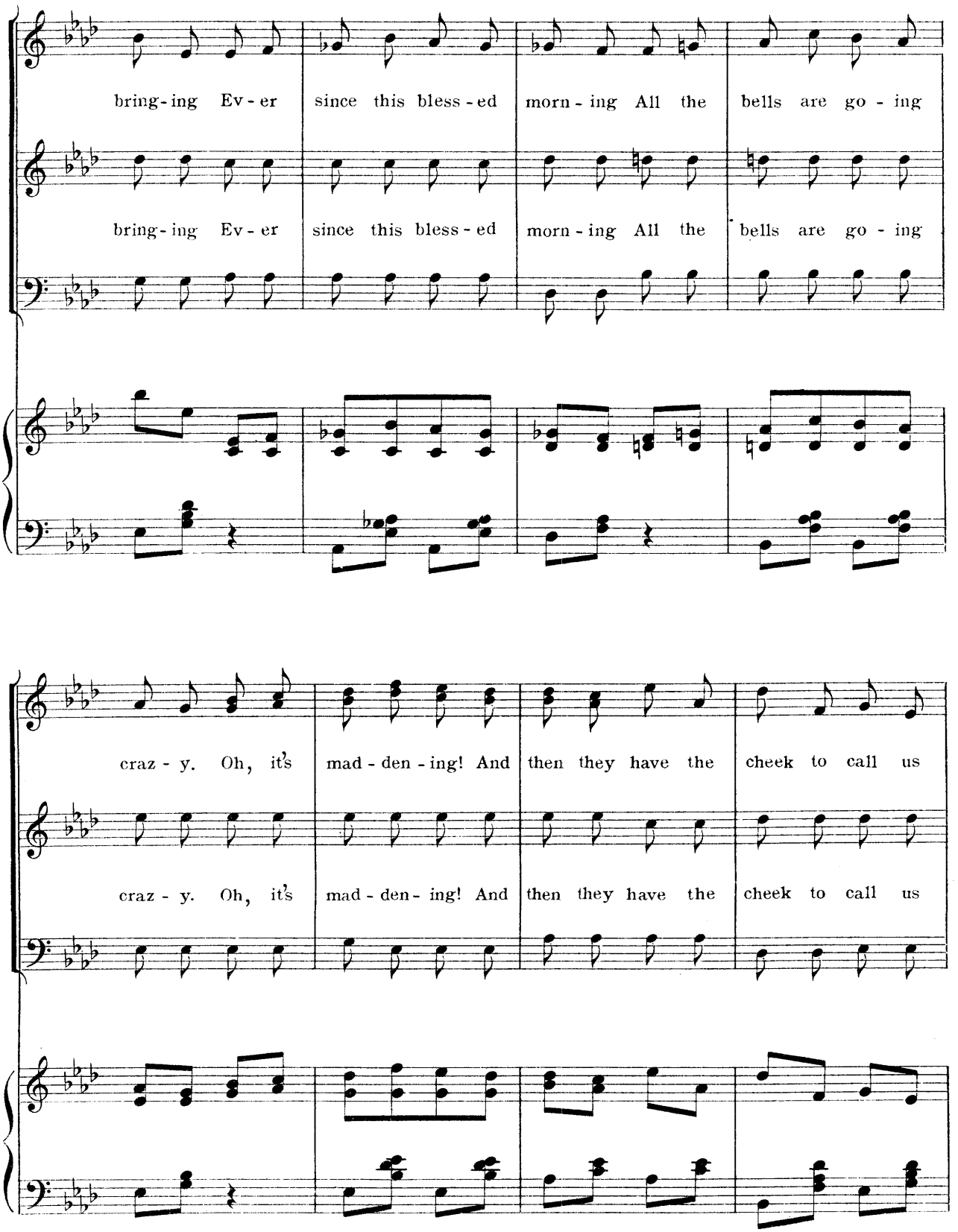
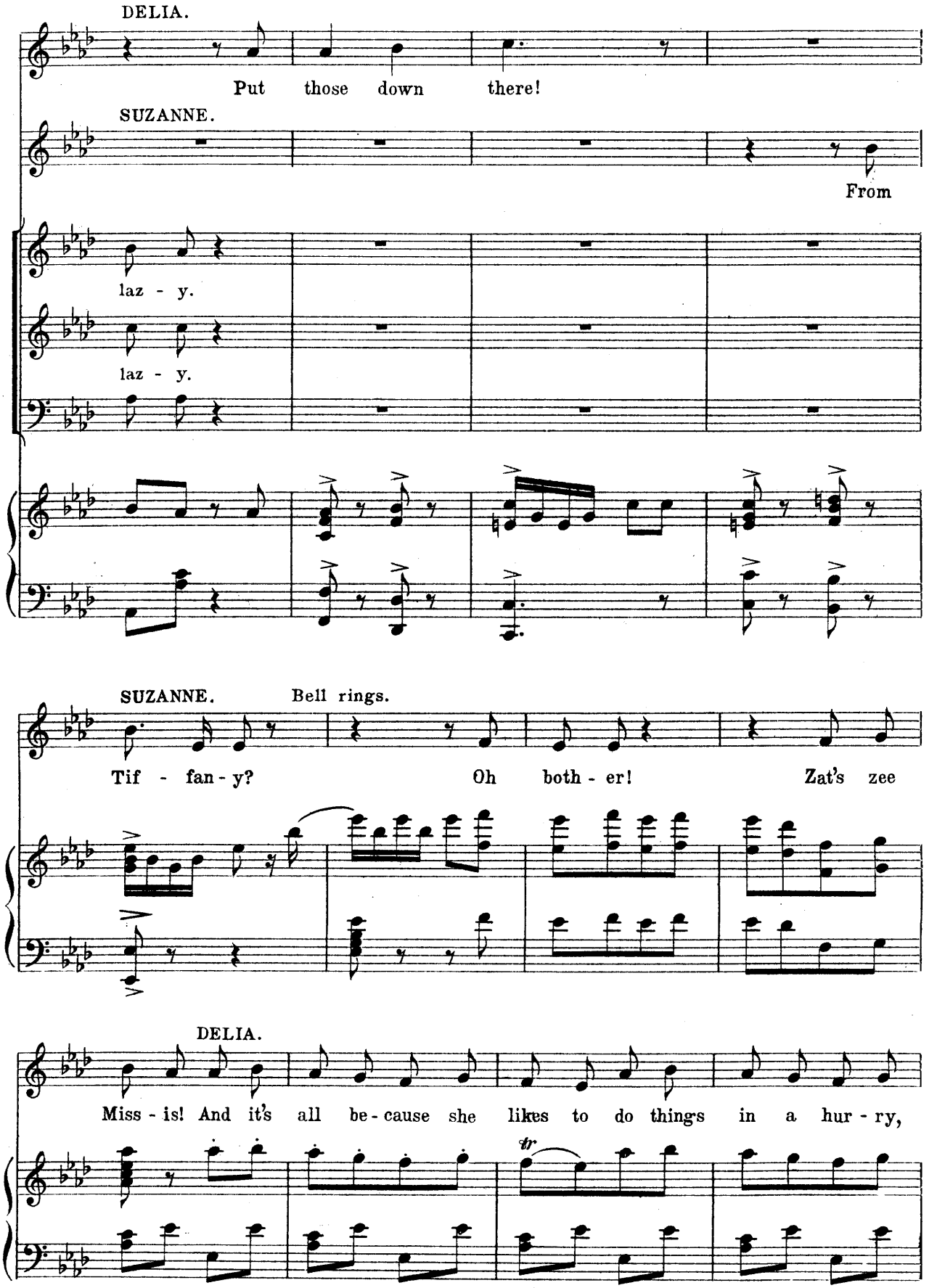
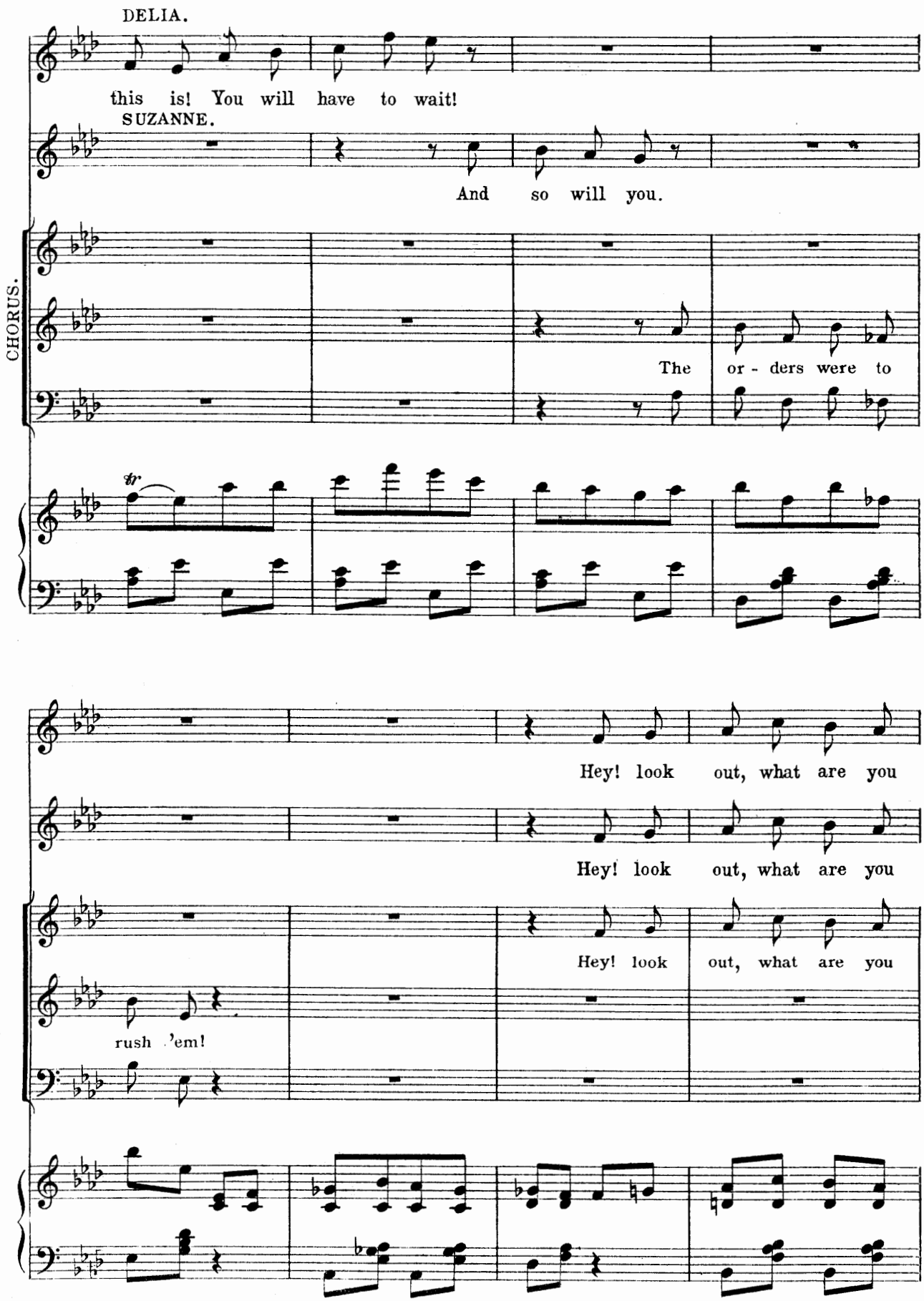
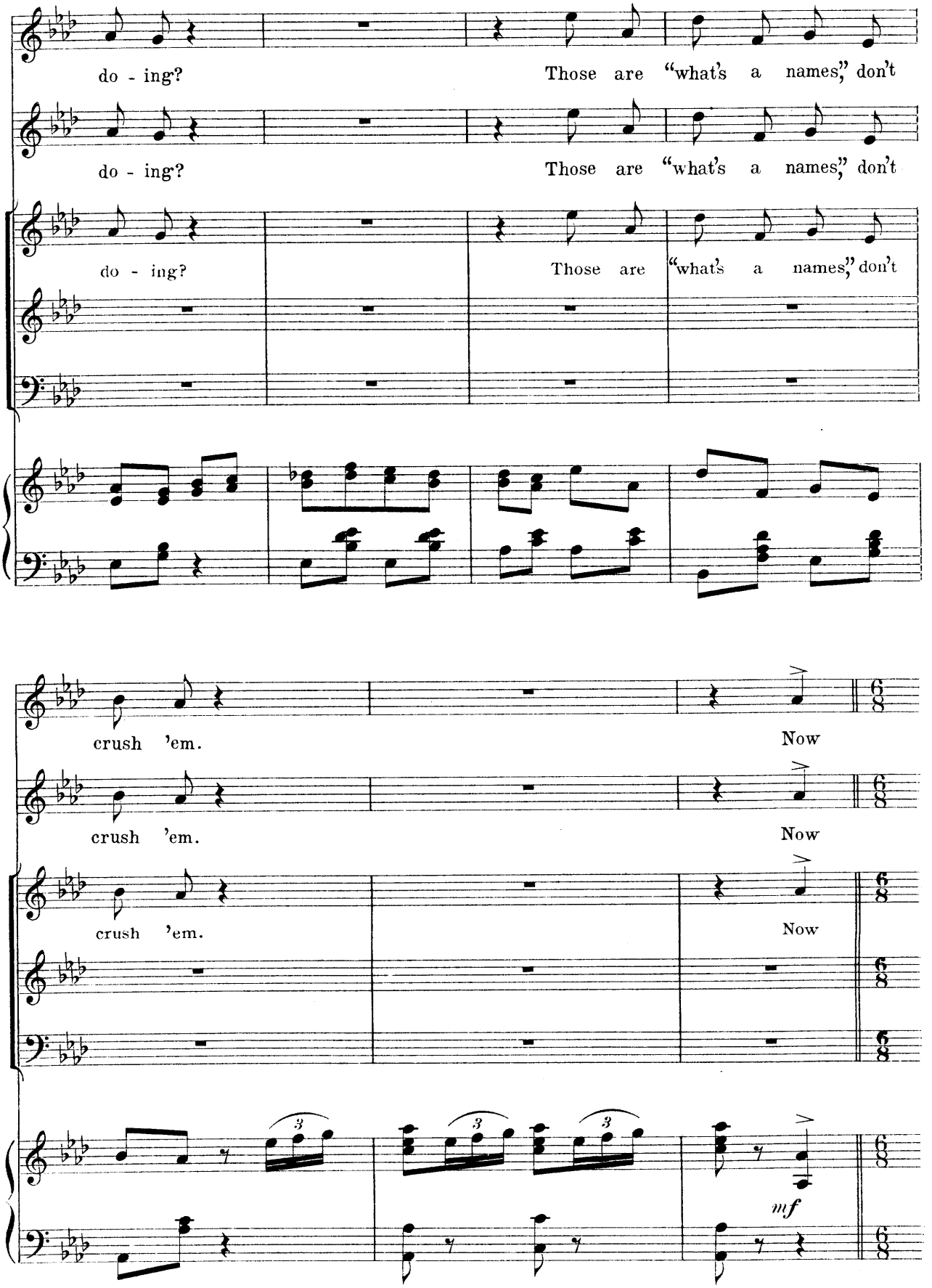

ff
(Curtain.)
tr
p
cresc.
CHORUS.
Did you ev - er, ev - er, ev - er hear such buz - zing, ding - ing,
Did you ev - er, ev - er, ev - er hear such buz - zing, ding - ing,
ff
ring - ing? Ev - 'ry mo - ment there's a mes - sen - ger an - oth - er pack - age
ring - ing? Ev - 'ry mo - ment there's a mes - sen - ger an - oth - er pack - age


bring-ing Ev-er since this bless-ed morn-ing All the bells are go-ing
bring-ing Ev-er since this bless-ed morn-ing All the bells are go-ing
craz-y. Oh, it's mad-den-ing! And then they have the cheek to call us
craz-y. Oh, it's mad-den-ing! And then they have the cheek to call us


DELIA.
Put those down there!
SUZANNE.
From
laz - y.
laz - y.
SUZANNE.
Bell rings.
Tif - fan - y?
Oh both - er!
Zat's zee
DELIA.
Miss - is! And it's all be - cause she likes to do things in a hur - ry,
tr


DELIA.
this is! You will have to wait!
SUZANNE.
And so will you.
CHORUS.
The or - ders were to
Hey! look out, what are you
Hey! look out, what are you
Hey! look out, what are you
rush 'em!


do - ing?
Those are "what's a names," don't
do - ing?
Those are "what's a names," don't
do - ing?
Those are "what's a names," don't
crush 'em.
Now
crush 'em.
Now
crush 'em.
Now
mf

Allegretto.

DELIA, SUZANNE, SOPRANO and ALTO.

Wait while we all get a peep at the dress. Well,

MEN.

I'll bet it's a stun - ner!

I should say, yes! All em - broid - ered with pearls! And it fits like a glove!

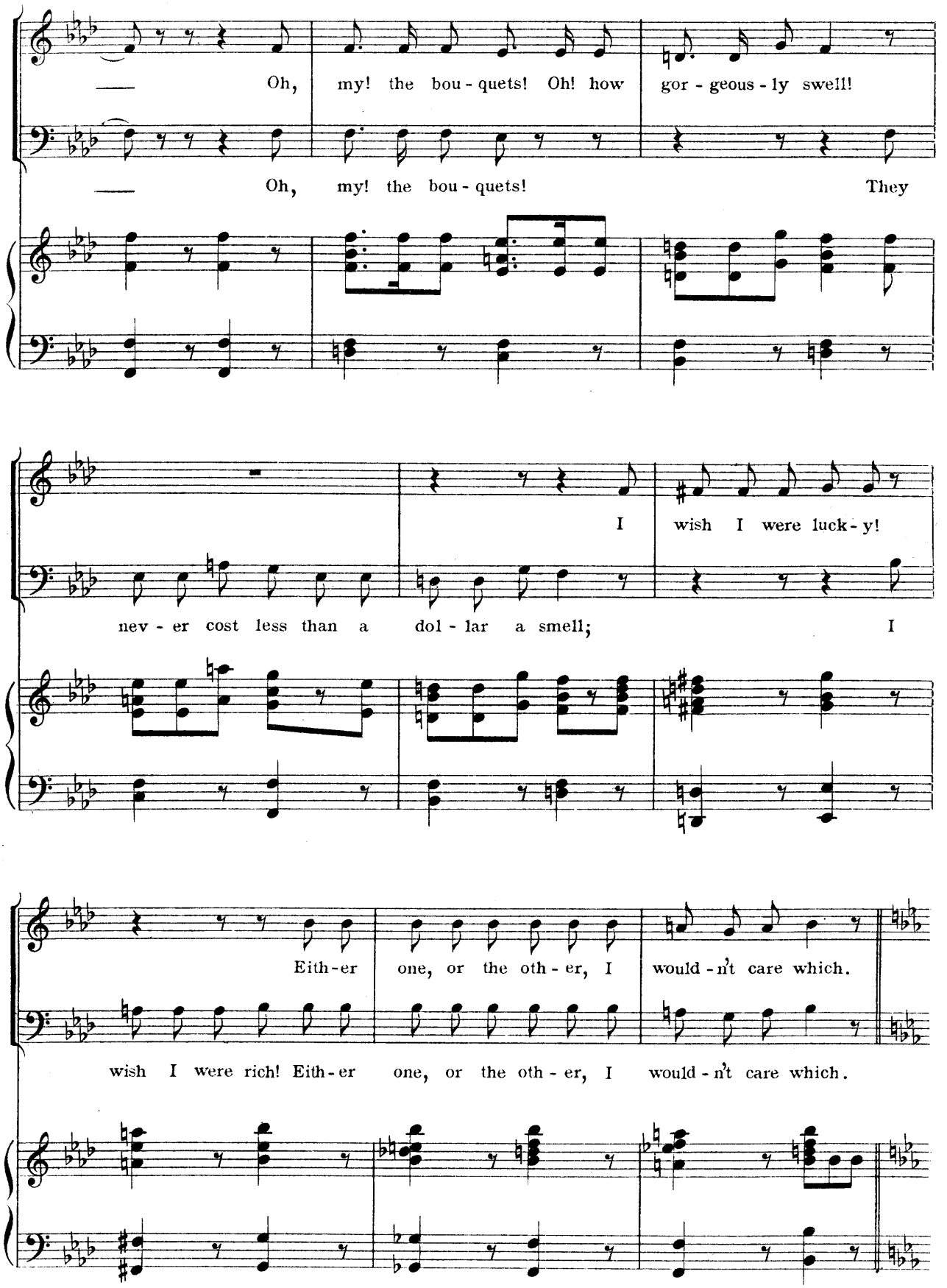
It's a

Enter Boys with bouquets.

It's a dar - 'ling, a love! Oh,

dan - dy you bet! Oh,

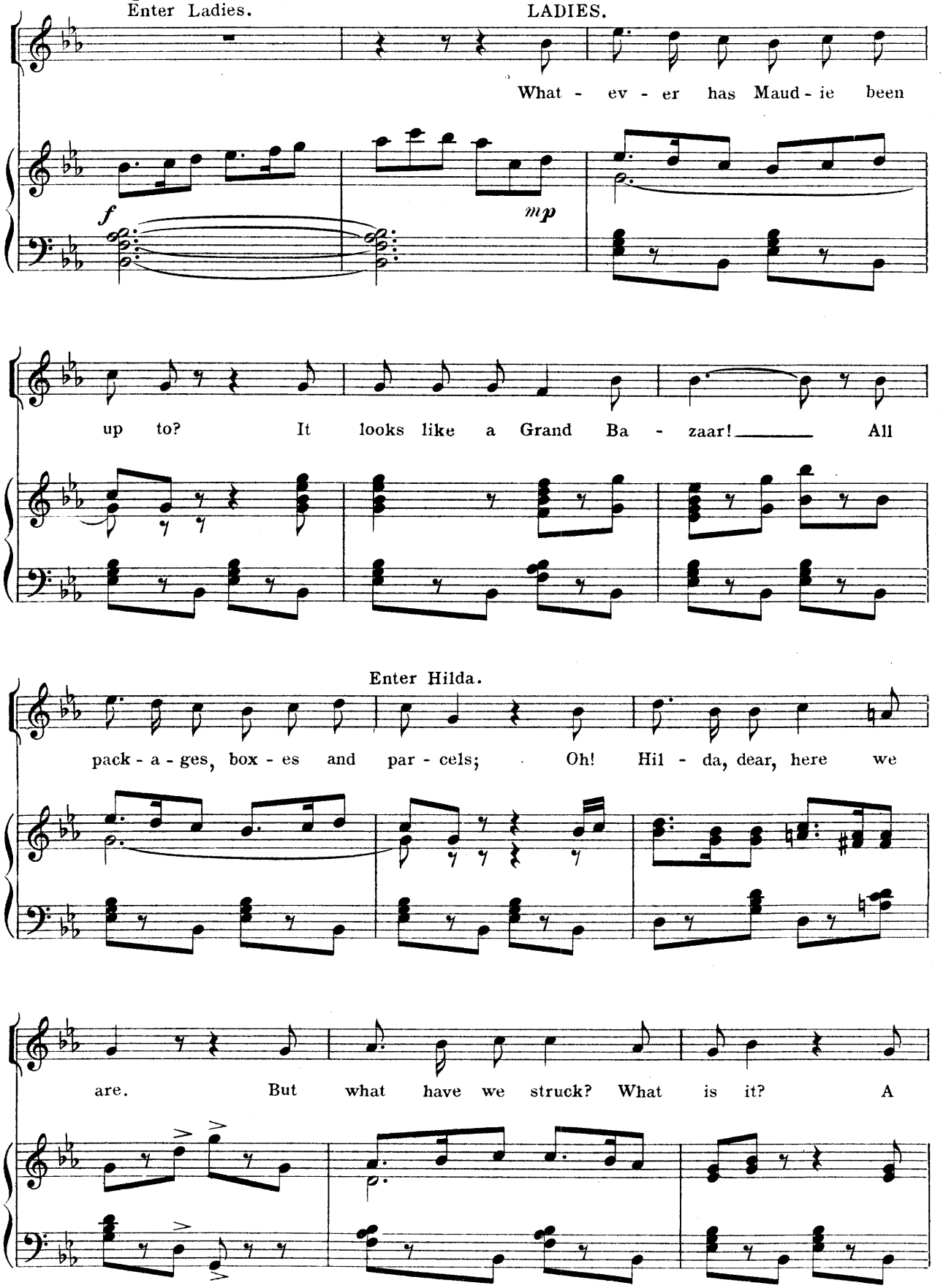
ff

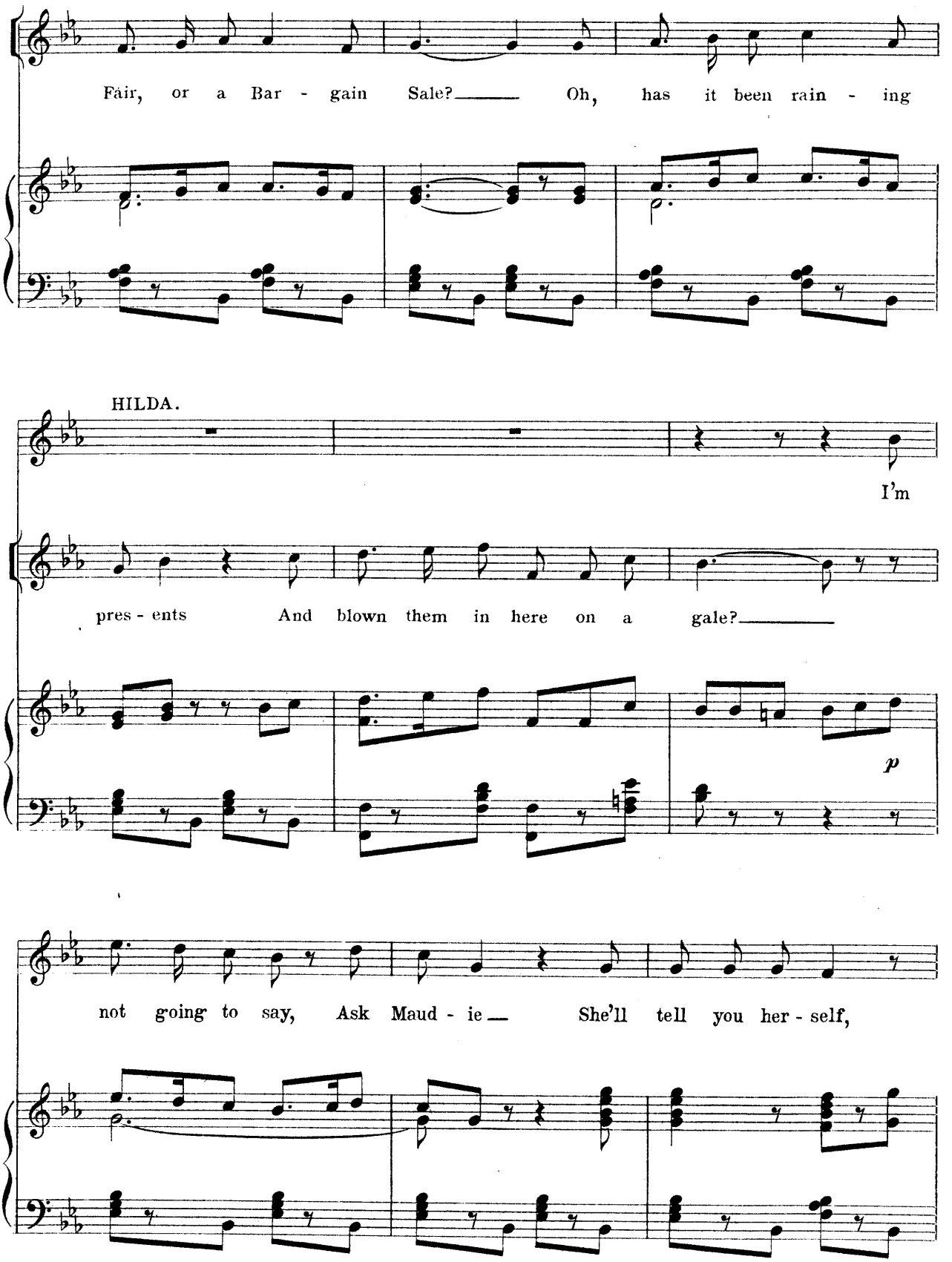

Oh, my! the bou - quets! Oh! how gor - geous - ly swell!
Oh, my! the bou - quets! They
I wish I were luck - y!
nev - er cost less than a dol - lar a smell; I
Eith - er one, or the oth - er, I would - n't care which.
wish I were rich! Eith - er one, or the oth - er, I would - n't care which.

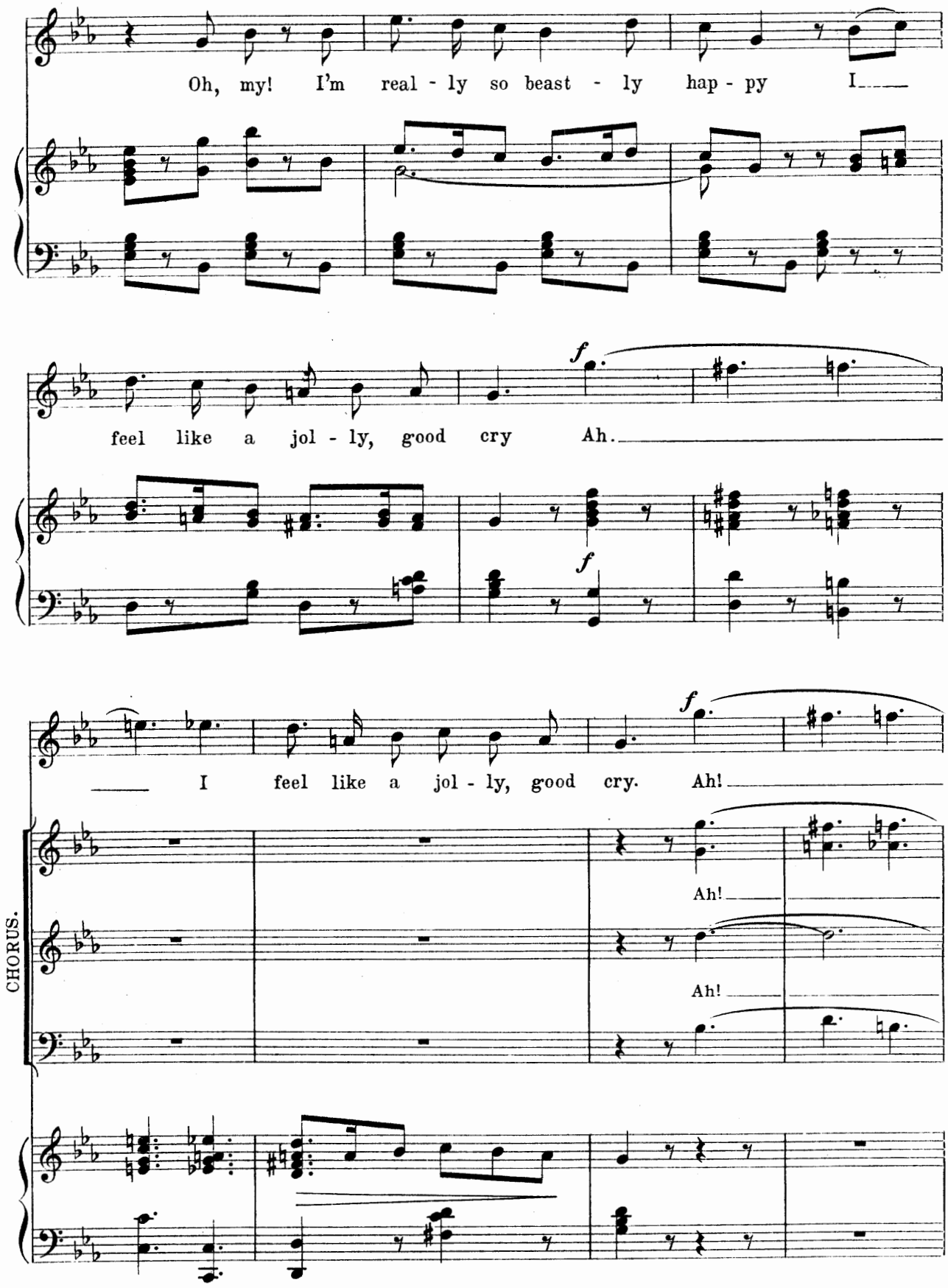
Un poco meno.

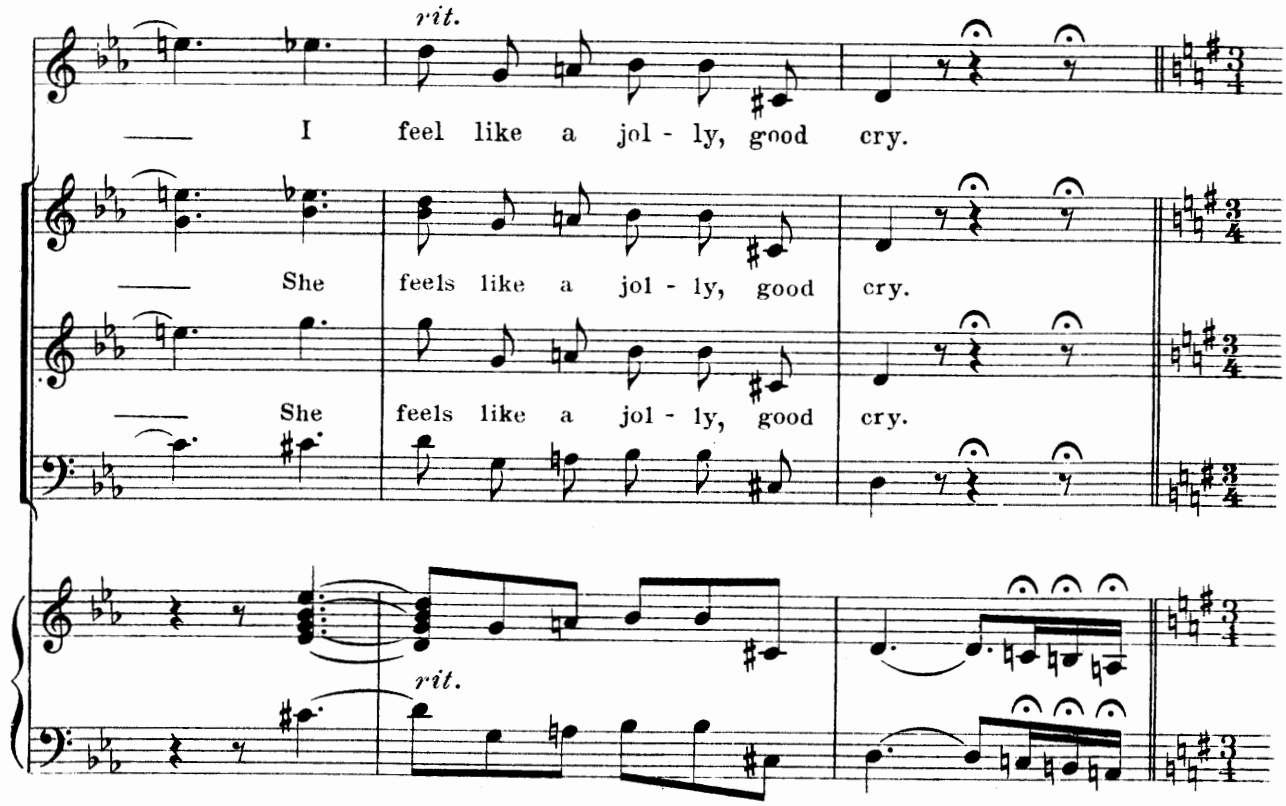
Enter Ladies.

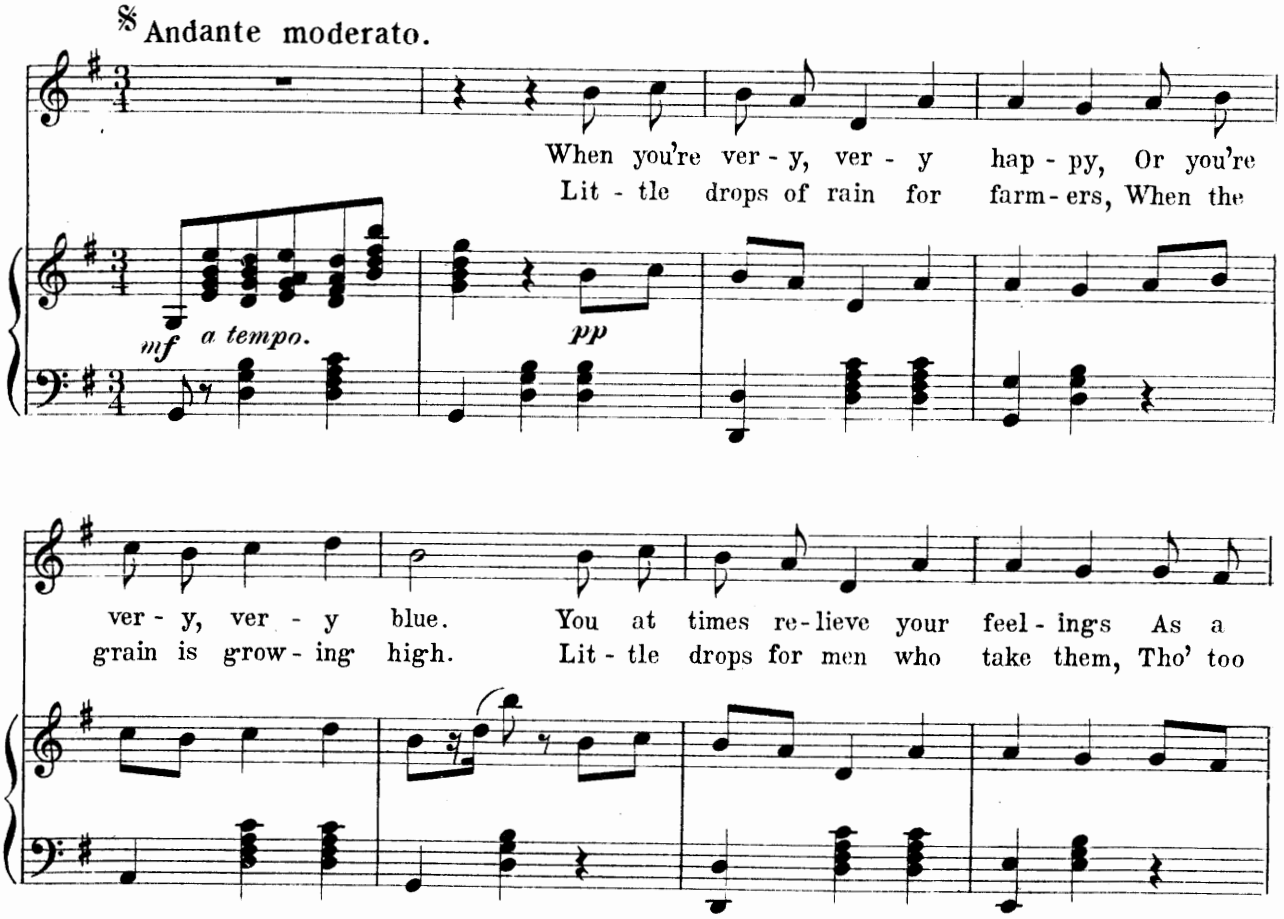
LADIES.

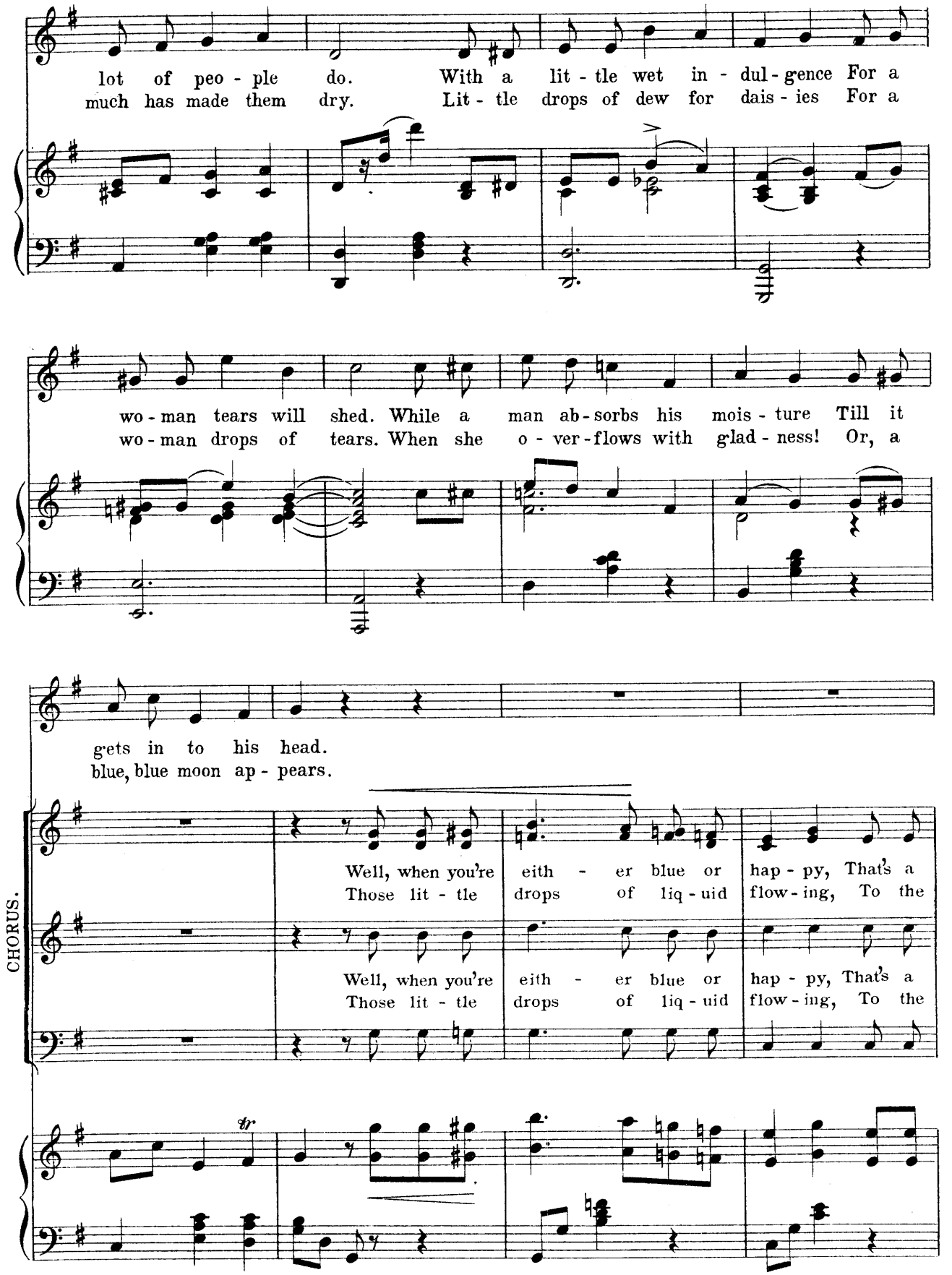


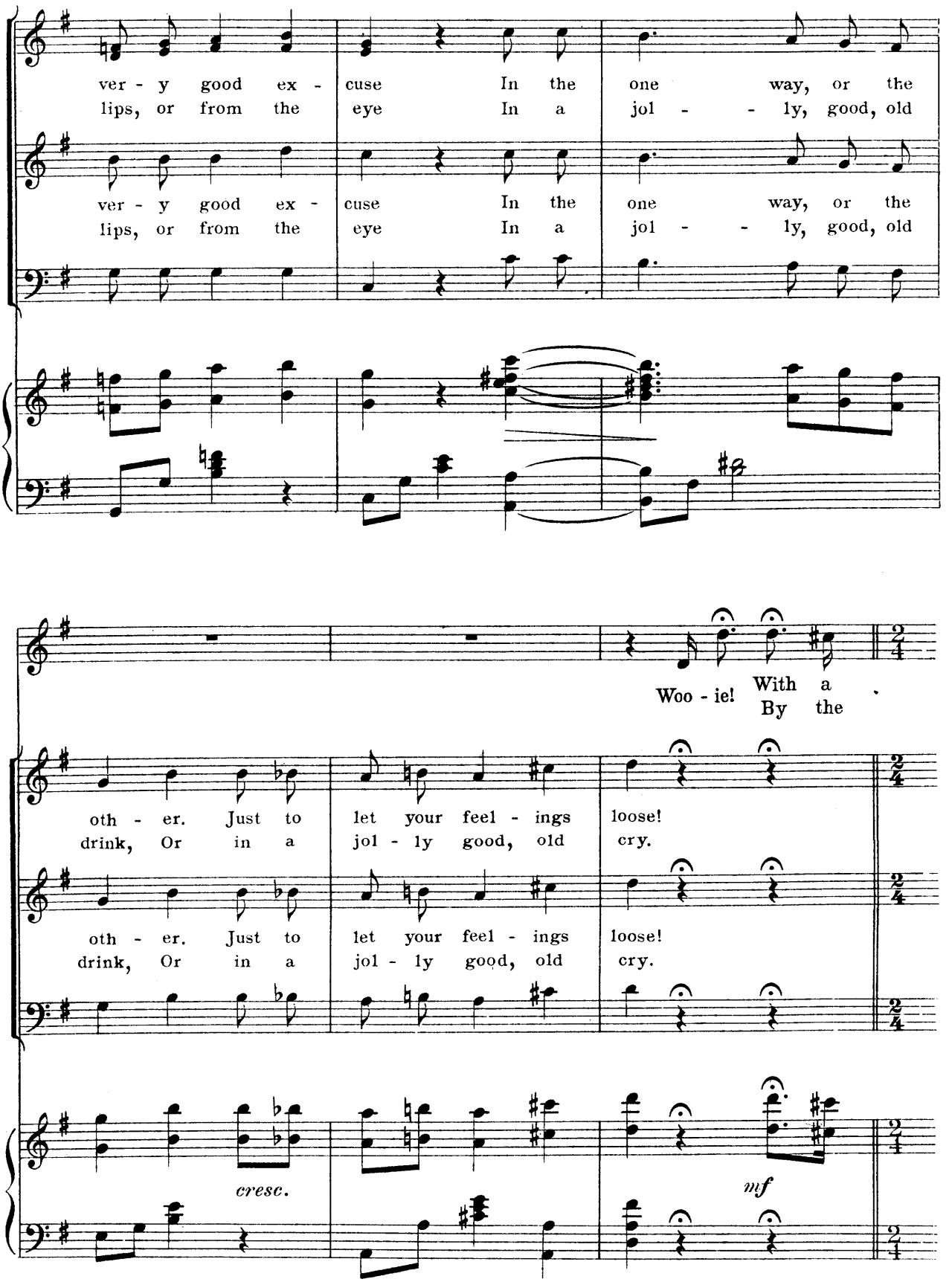

Fair, or a Bar - gain Sale? Oh, has it been rain - ing
HILDA.
I'm
pres - ents And blown them in here on a gale?
p
not going to say, Ask Maud - ie She'll tell you her - self,

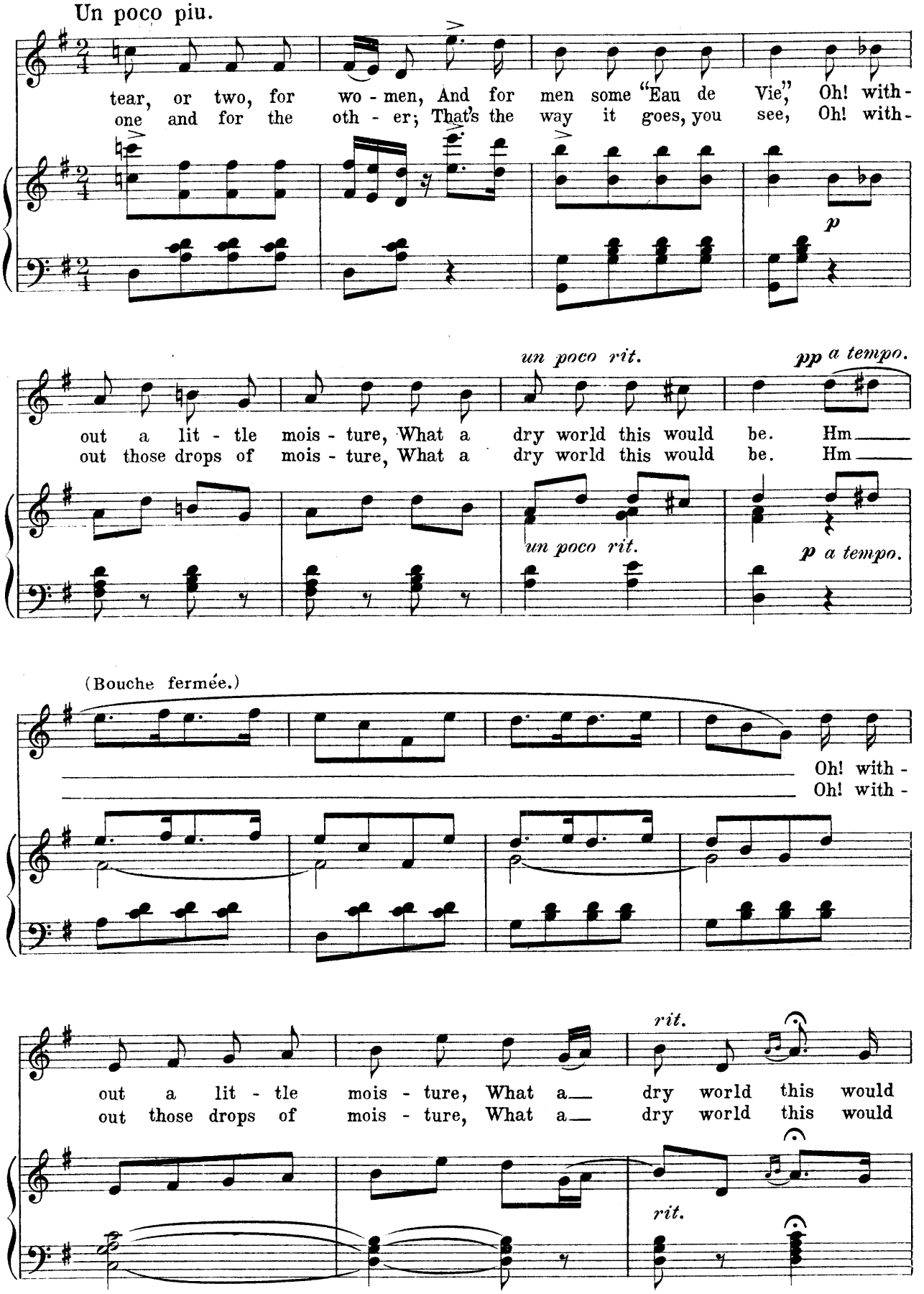

Oh, my! I'm real - ly so beast - ly hap - py I
feel like a jol - ly, good cry Ah.
I feel like a jol - ly, good cry. Ah!
CHORUS.
Ah!
Ah!

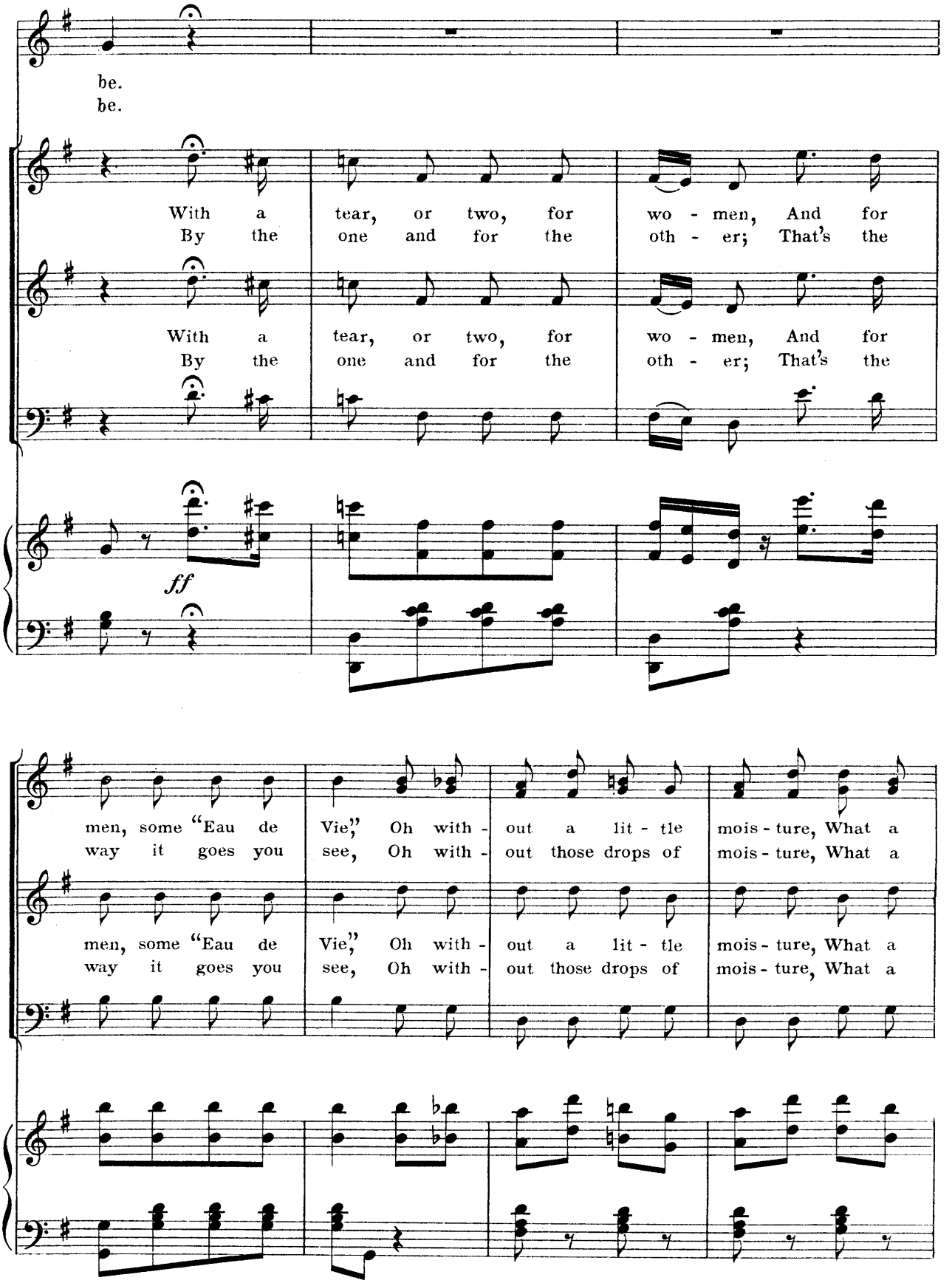

rit.
I feel like a jol - ly, good cry.
She feels like a jol - ly, good cry.
She feels like a jol - ly, good cry.
rit.

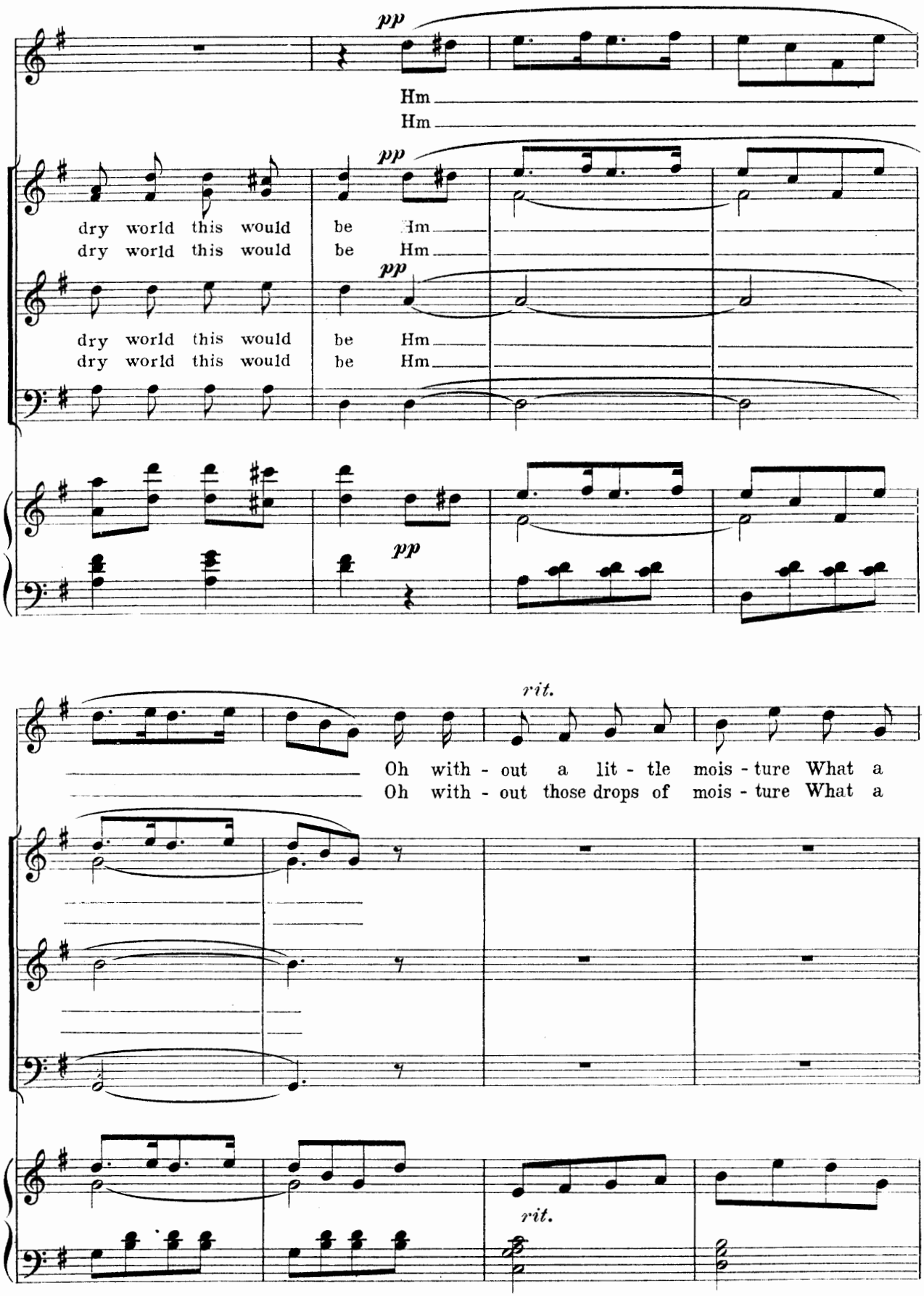

𝄋 Andante moderato.
When you're ver - y, ver - y hap - py, Or you're
Lit - tle drops of rain for farm - ers, When the
mf a tempo.
pp
ver - y, ver - y blue. You at times re - lieve your feel - ings As a
grain is grow - ing high. Lit - tle drops for men who take them, Tho' too

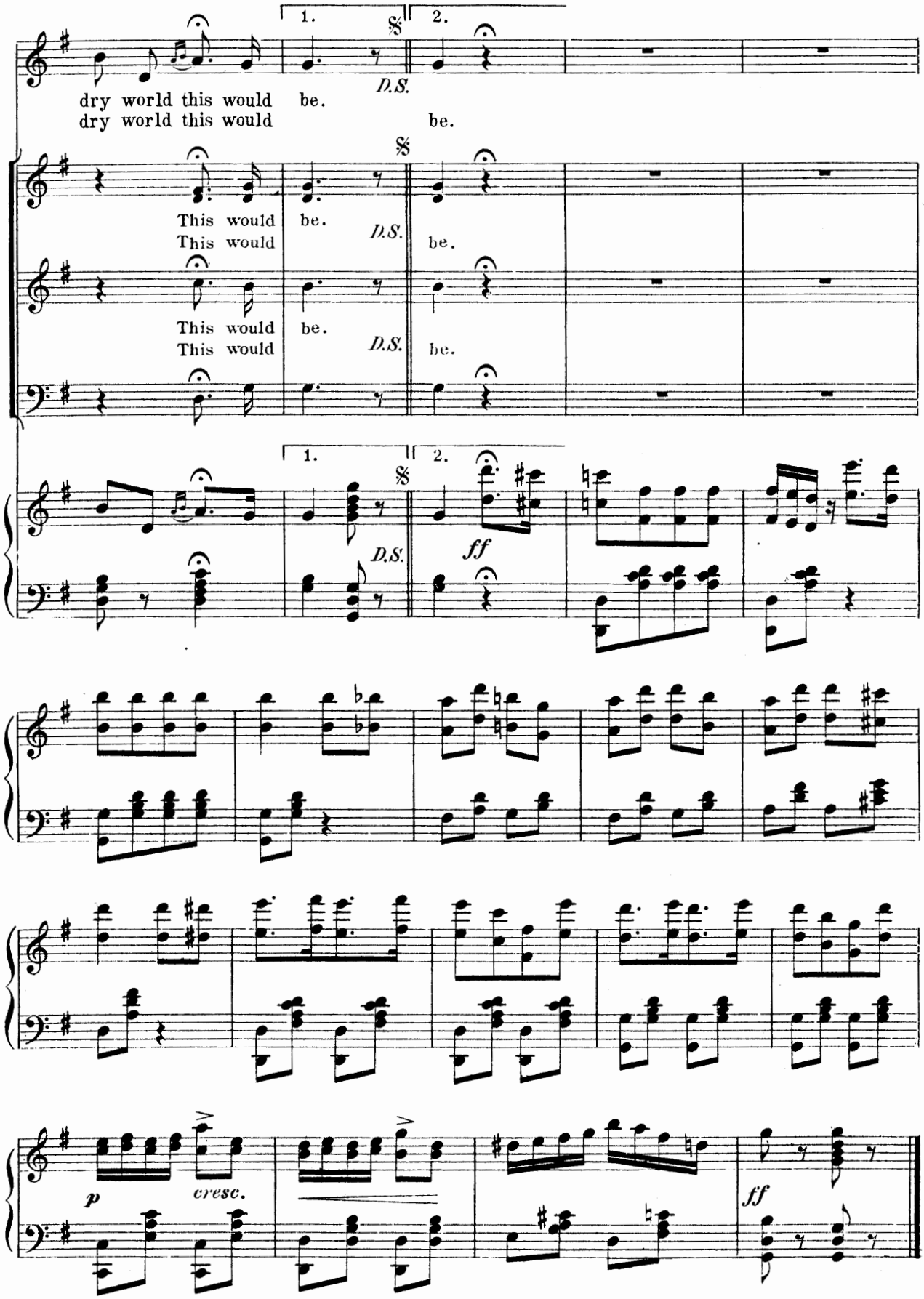

lot of peo - ple do. With a lit - tle wet in - dul - gence For a
much has made them dry. Lit - tle drops of dew for dais - ies For a
wo - man tears will shed. While a man ab - sorbs his mois - ture Till it
wo - man drops of tears. When she o - ver - flows with glad - ness! Or, a
gets in to his head.
blue, blue moon ap - pears.
CHORUS.
Well, when you're eith - er blue or hap - py, That's a
Those lit - tle drops of liq - uid flow - ing, To the
Well, when you're eith - er blue or hap - py, That's a
Those lit - tle drops of liq - uid flow - ing, To the
tr


ver - y good ex - cuse In the one way, or the
lips, or from the eye In a jol - - ly, good, old
ver - y good ex - cuse In the one way, or the
lips, or from the eye In a jol - - ly, good, old
Woo - ie! With a
By the
oth - er. Just to let your feel - ings loose!
drink, Or in a jol - ly good, old cry.
oth - er. Just to let your feel - ings loose!
drink, Or in a jol - ly good, old cry.
cresc.
mf


Un poco piu.
tear, or two, for wo - men, And for men some "Eau de Vie," Oh! with-
one and for the oth - er; That's the way it goes, you see, Oh! with-
p
un poco rit.
pp a tempo.
out a lit - tle mois - ture, What a dry world this would be. Hm
out those drops of mois - ture, What a dry world this would be. Hm
un poco rit.
p a tempo.
(Bouche fermée.)
Oh! with -
Oh! with -
rit.
out a lit - tle mois - ture, What a dry world this would
out those drops of mois - ture, What a dry world this would
rit.


be.
be.
With a tear, or two, for wo - men, And for
By the one and for the oth - er; That's the
With a tear, or two, for wo - men, And for
By the one and for the oth - er; That's the
ff
men, some "Eau de Vie," Oh with - out a lit - tle mois - ture, What a
way it goes you see, Oh with - out those drops of mois - ture, What a
men, some "Eau de Vie," Oh with - out a lit - tle mois - ture, What a
way it goes you see, Oh with - out those drops of mois - ture, What a

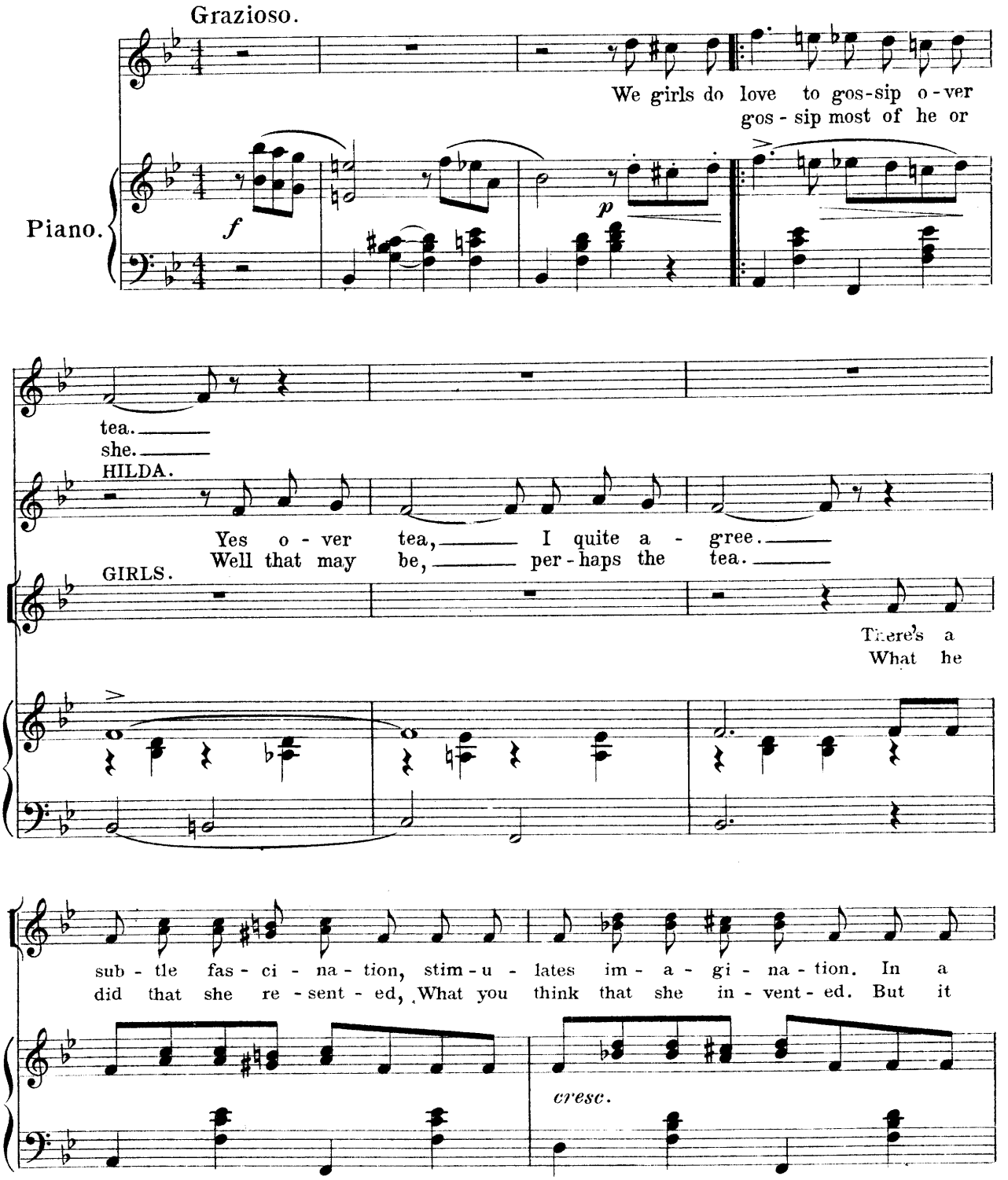

pp
Hm
Hm
dry world this would be Hm
dry world this would be Hm
pp
dry world this would be Hm
dry world this would be Hm
pp
rit.
Oh with - out a lit - tle mois - ture What a
Oh with - out those drops of mois - ture What a
rit.


1.
2.
D.S.
dry world this would be.
dry world this would be.
This would be.
This would be.
This would be.
This would be.
ff
p
cresc.
ff

No. 14. A Cup Of Tea.

Lyric by
CHAS J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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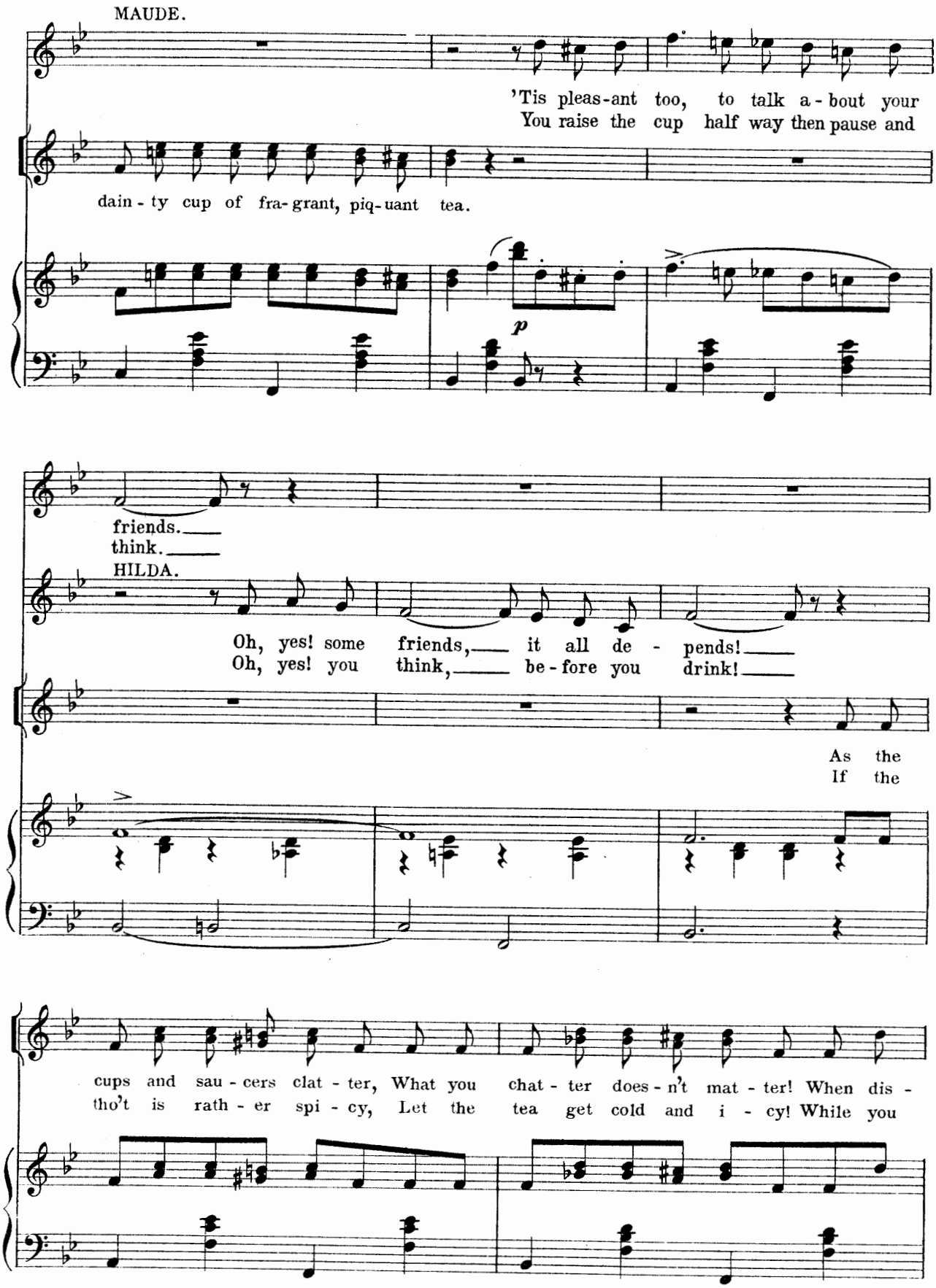
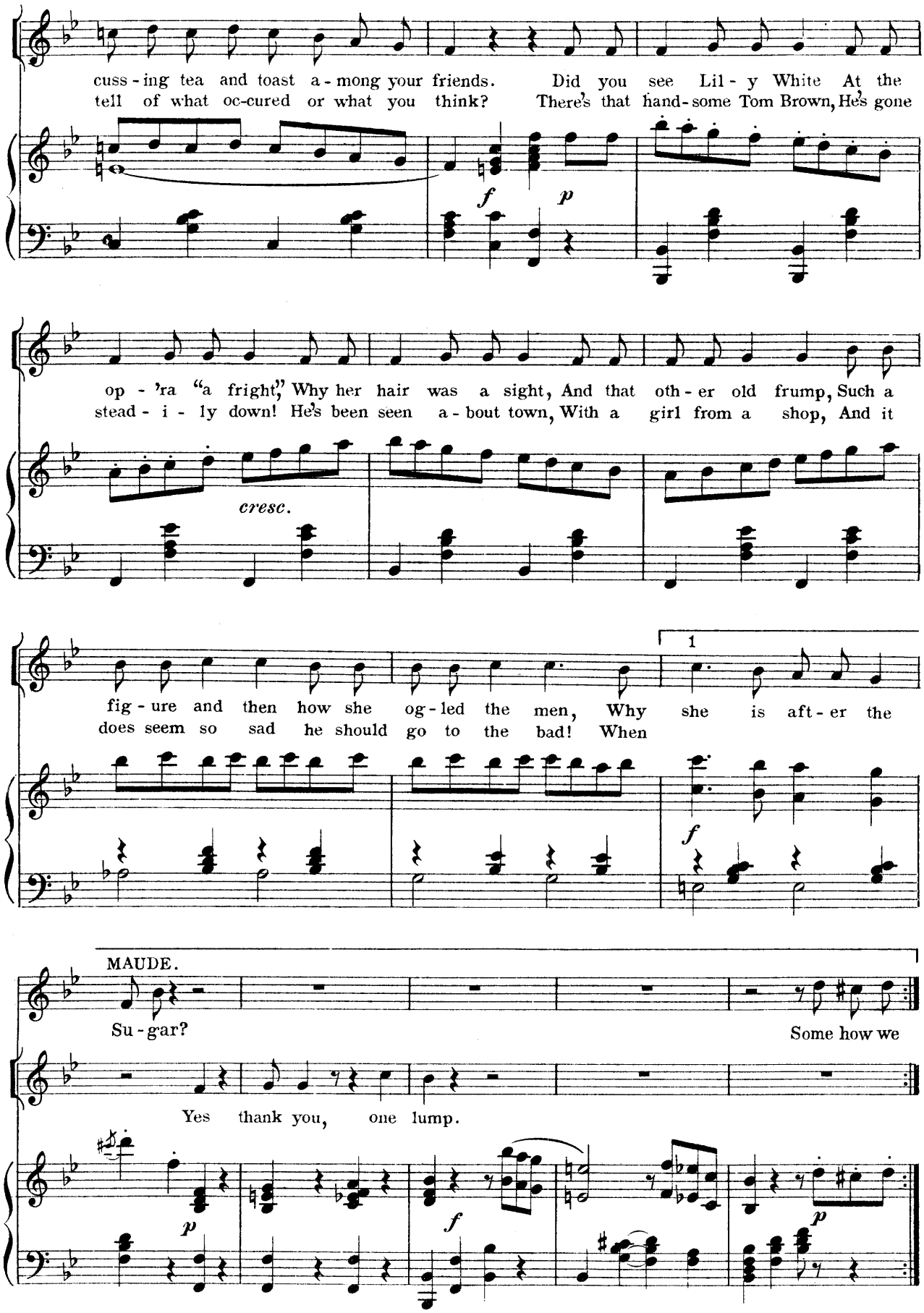
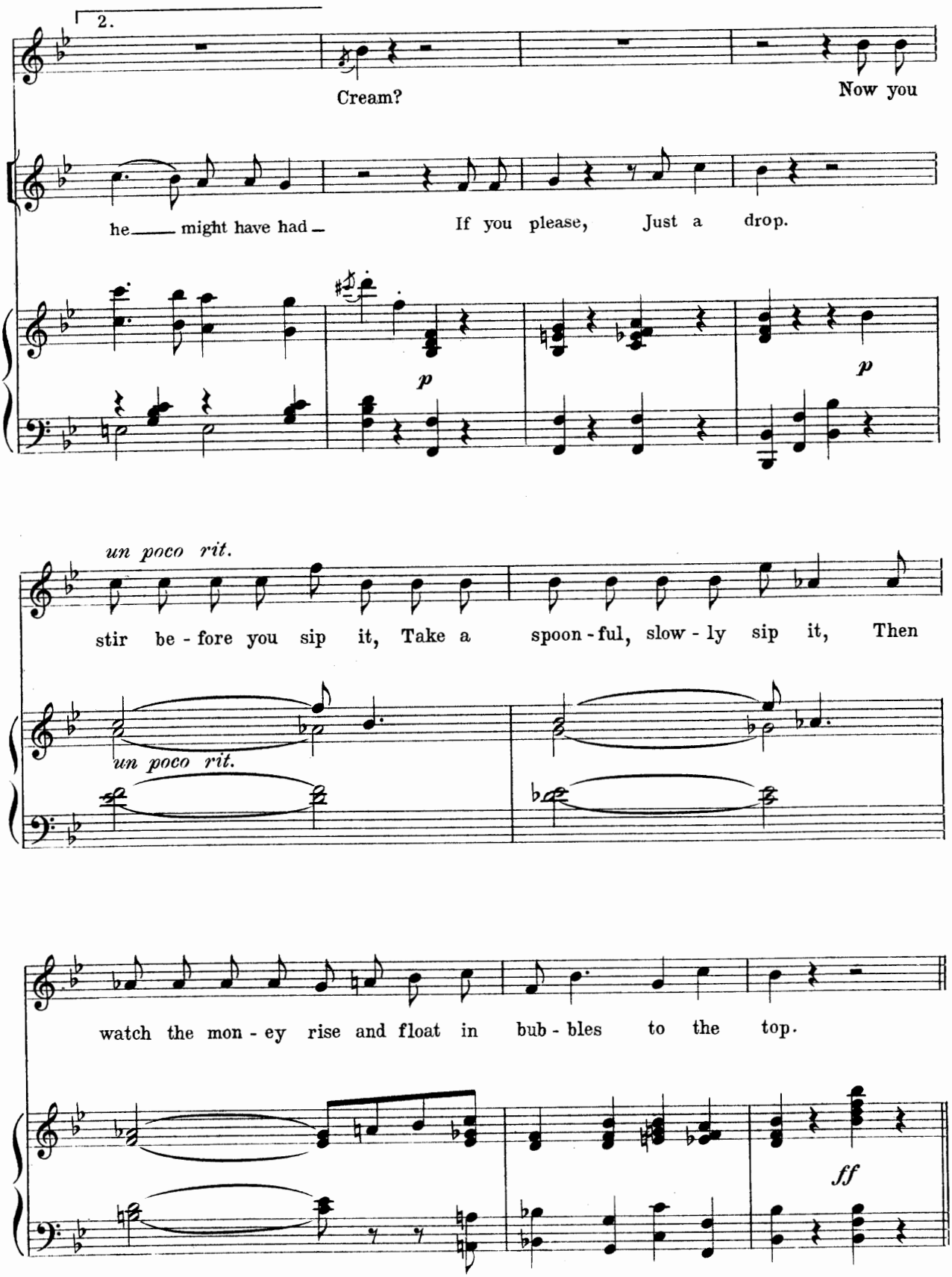
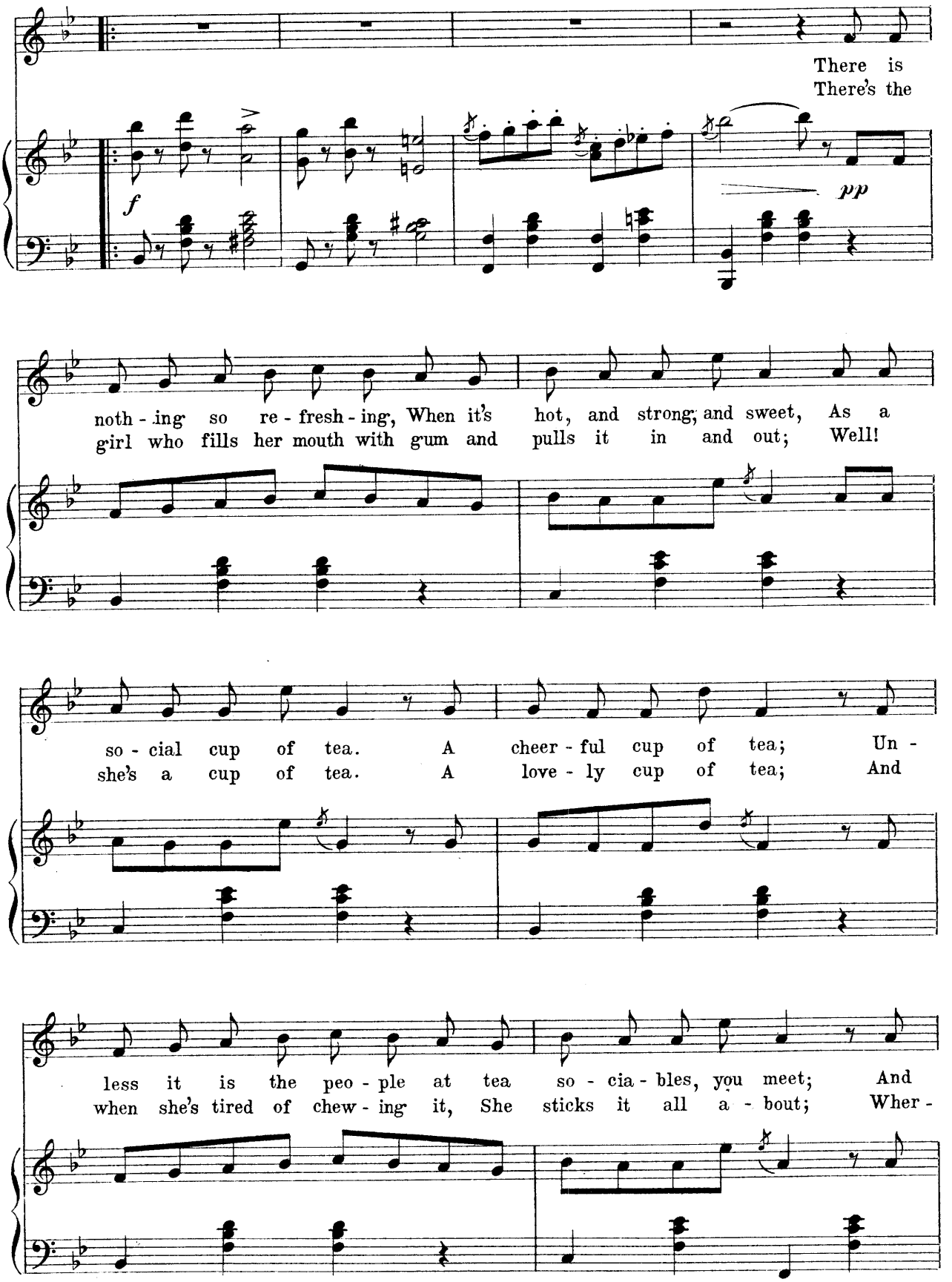
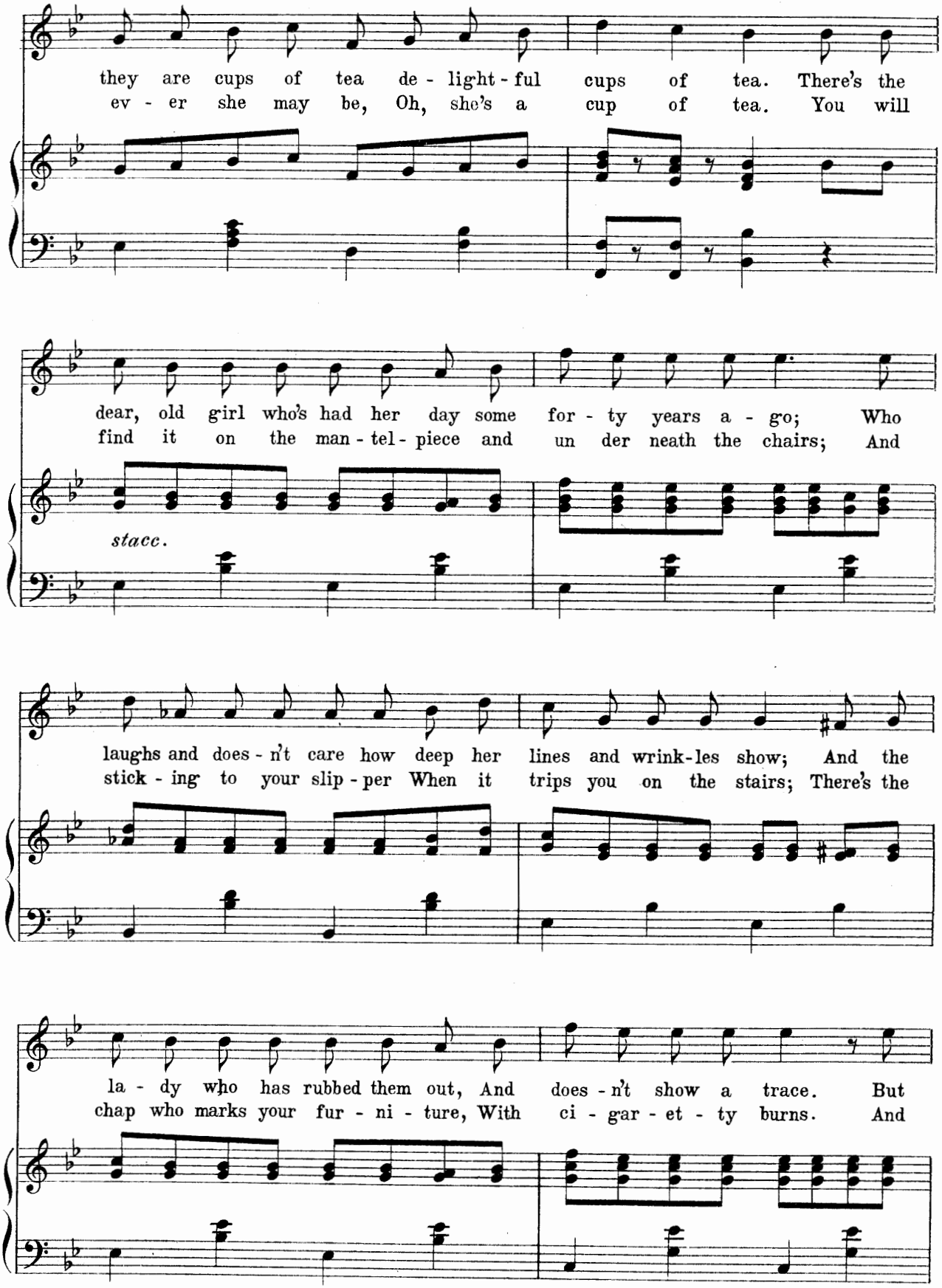

MAUDE.
'Tis pleas-ant too, to talk a-bout your
You raise the cup half way then pause and
dain-ty cup of fra-grant, piq-uant tea.
p
friends.
think.
HILDA.
Oh, yes! some friends, it all de-pends!
Oh, yes! you think, be-fore you drink!
As the
If the
cups and sau-cers clat-ter, What you chat-ter does-n't mat-ter! When dis-
tho't is rath-er spi-cy, Let the tea get cold and i-cy! While you

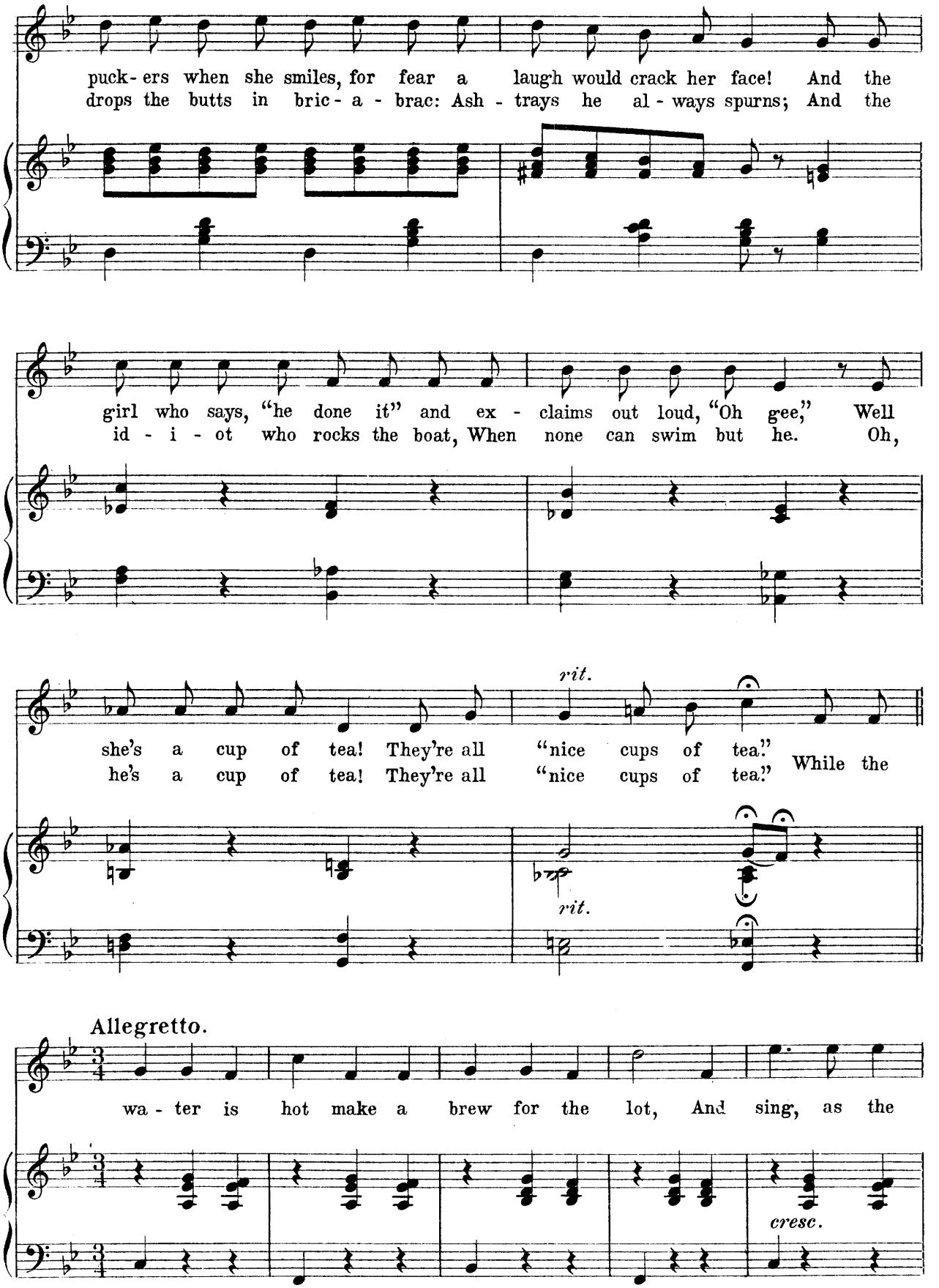

cuss - ing tea and toast a - mong your friends. Did you see Lil - y White At the
tell of what oc-cured or what you think? There's that hand-some Tom Brown, He's gone
f
p
op - 'ra "a fright," Why her hair was a sight, And that oth - er old frump, Such a
stead - i - ly down! He's been seen a - bout town, With a girl from a shop, And it
cresc.
fig - ure and then how she og - led the men, Why she is aft - er the
does seem so sad he should go to the bad! When
1
f
MAUDE.
Su - gar?
Some how we
Yes thank you, one lump.
p
f
p

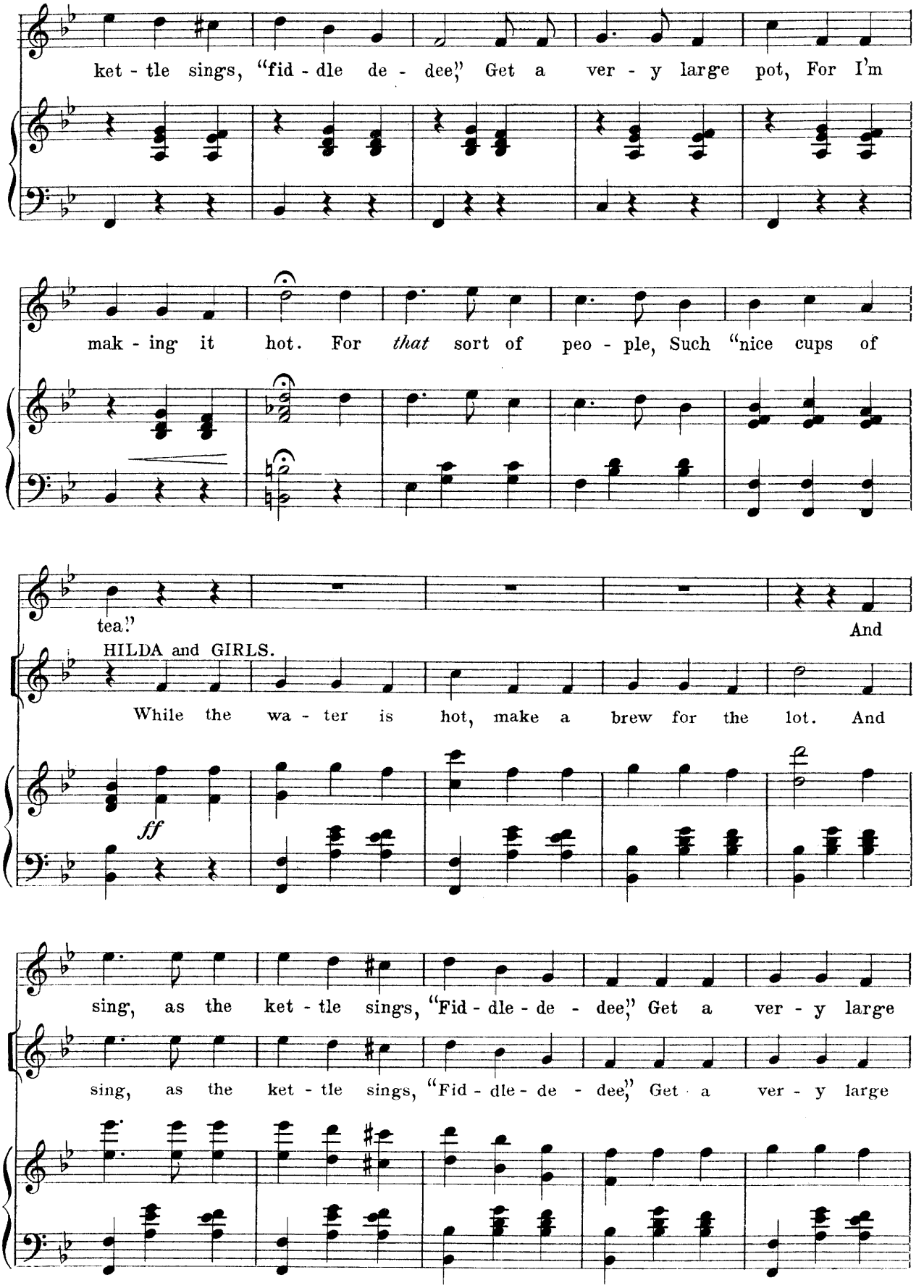

2.
Cream?
Now you
he____ might have had_
If you please, Just a drop.
p
p
un poco rit.
stir be - fore you sip it, Take a spoon - ful, slow - ly sip it, Then
un poco rit.
watch the mon - ey rise and float in bub - bles to the top.
ff

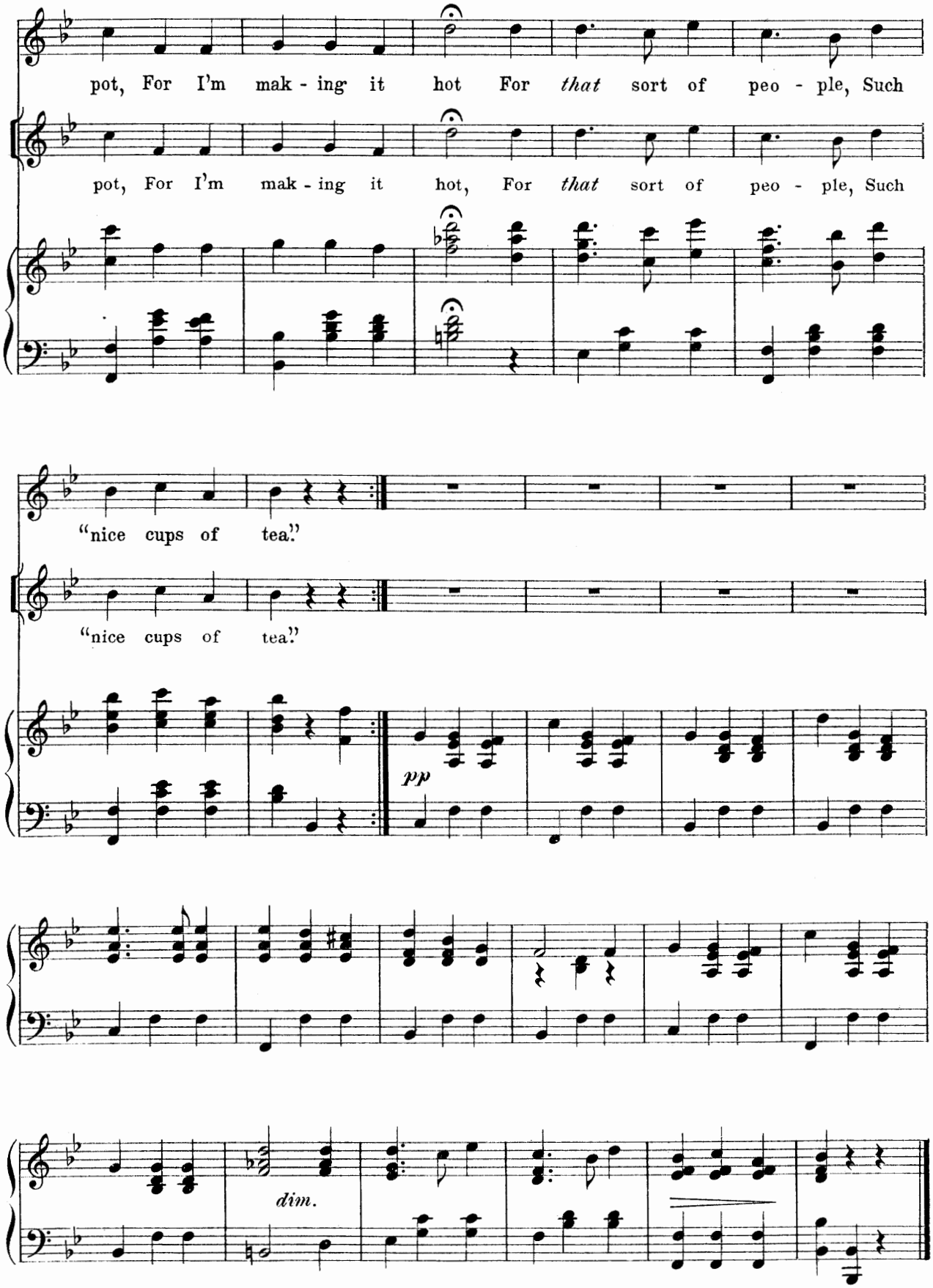
Tempo di Polka.




they are cups of tea de - light - ful cups of tea. There's the
ev - er she may be, Oh, she's a cup of tea. You will
dear, old girl who's had her day some for - ty years a - go; Who
find it on the man - tel - piece and un der neath the chairs; And
stacc.
laughs and does - n't care how deep her lines and wrink - les show; And the
stick - ing to your slip - per When it trips you on the stairs; There's the
la - dy who has rubbed them out, And does - n't show a trace. But
chap who marks your fur - ni - ture, With ci - gar - et - ty burns. And


puck- ers when she smiles, for fear a laugh would crack her face! And the
drops the butts in bric- a - brac: Ash - trays he al - ways spurns; And the
girl who says, "he done it" and ex - claims out loud, "Oh gee," Well
id - i - ot who rocks the boat, When none can swim but he. Oh,
rit.
she's a cup of tea! They're all "nice cups of tea."
he's a cup of tea! They're all "nice cups of tea." While the
rit.
Allegretto.
wa - ter is hot make a brew for the lot, And sing, as the
cresc.


ket - tle sings, "fid - dle de - dee," Get a ver - y large pot, For I'm
mak - ing it hot. For *that* sort of peo - ple, Such "nice cups of
tea."
And
HILDA and GIRLS.
While the wa - ter is hot, make a brew for the lot. And
ff
sing, as the ket - tle sings, "Fid - dle - de - dee," Get a ver - y large
sing, as the ket - tle sings, "Fid - dle - de - dee," Get a ver - y large

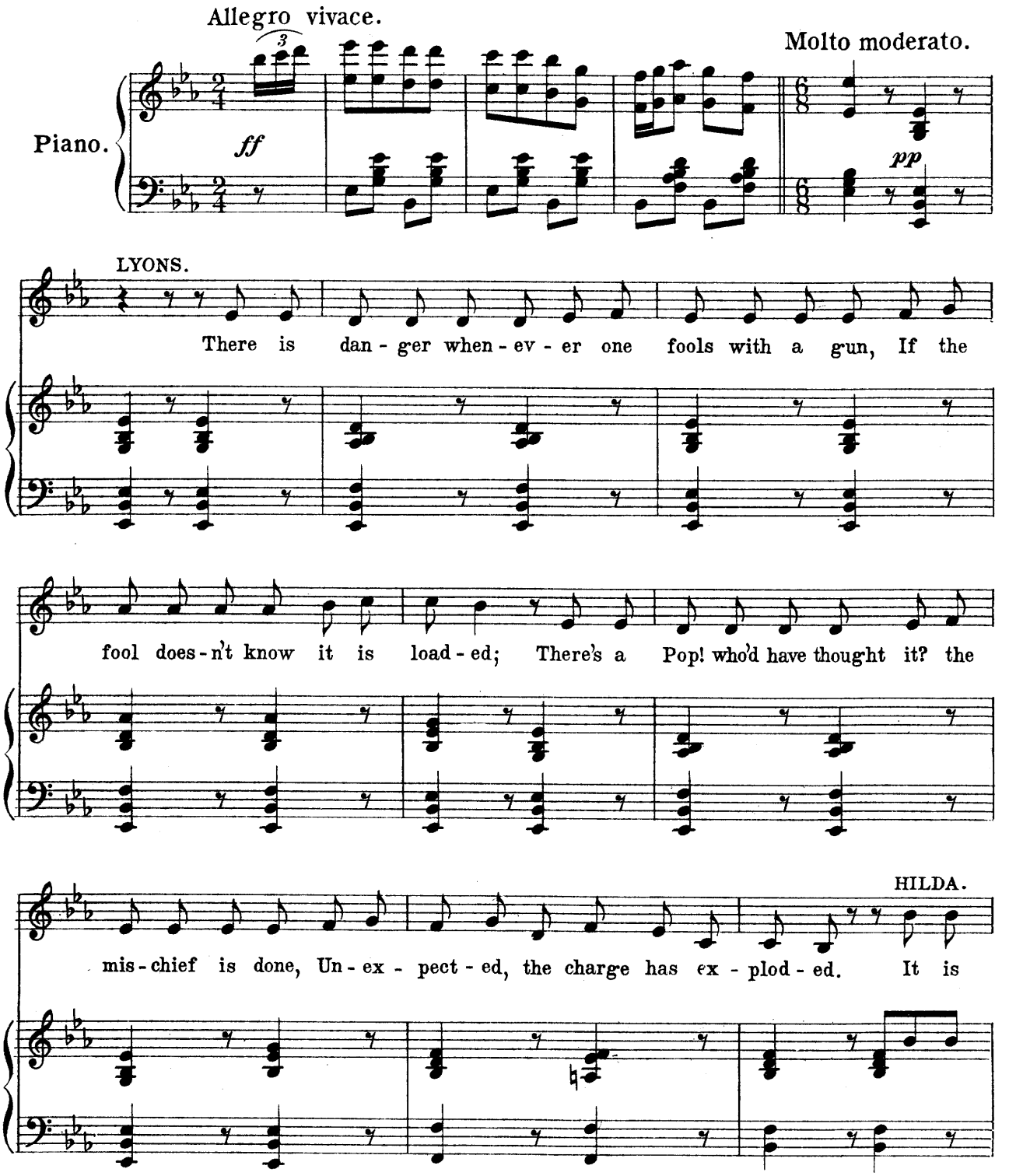

pot, For I'm mak - ing it hot For *that* sort of peo - ple, Such
pot, For I'm mak - ing it hot, For *that* sort of peo - ple, Such
"nice cups of tea."
"nice cups of tea."
pp
dim.

No. 15. It's The Unexpected Happens.

QUARTET.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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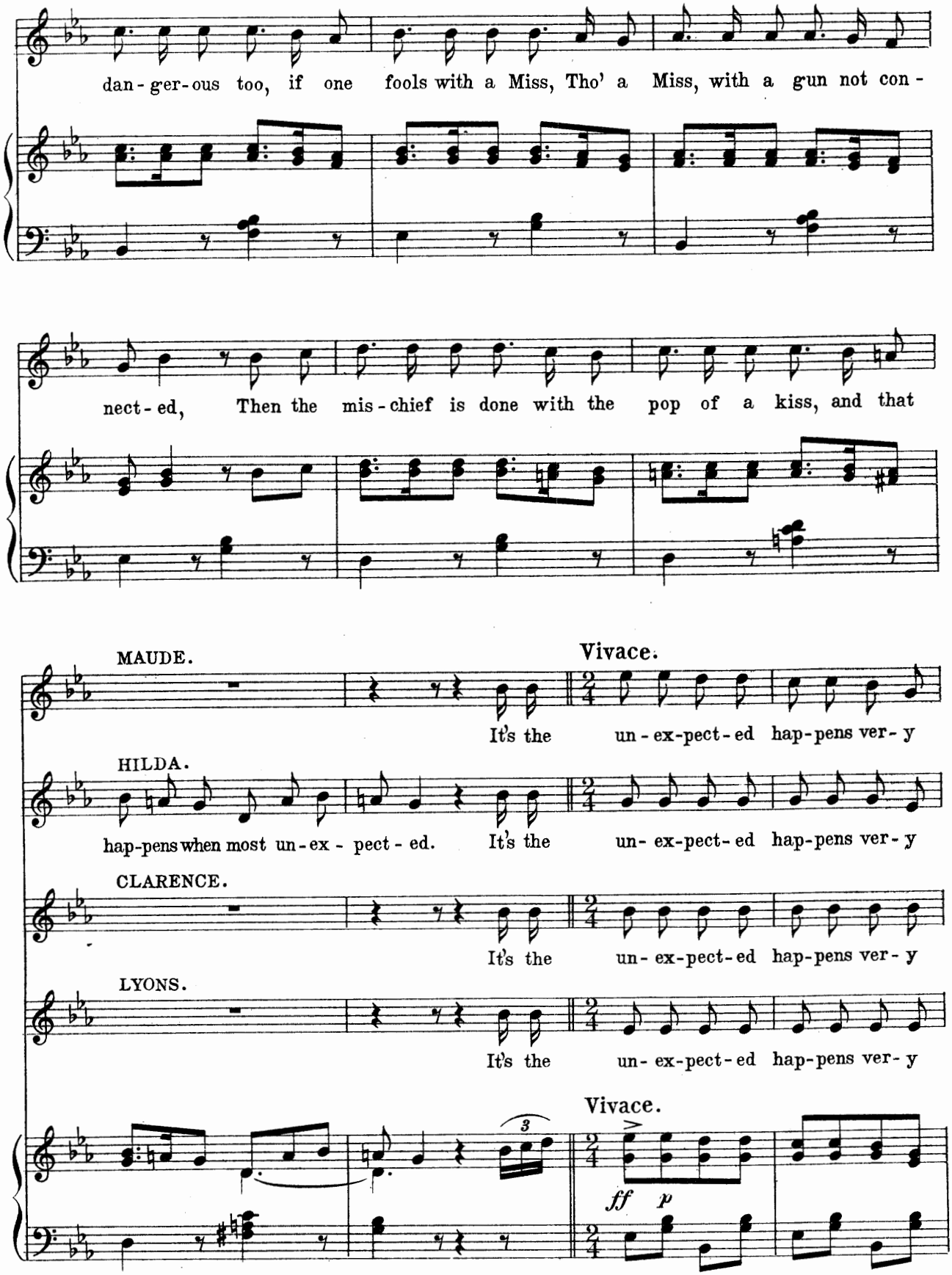
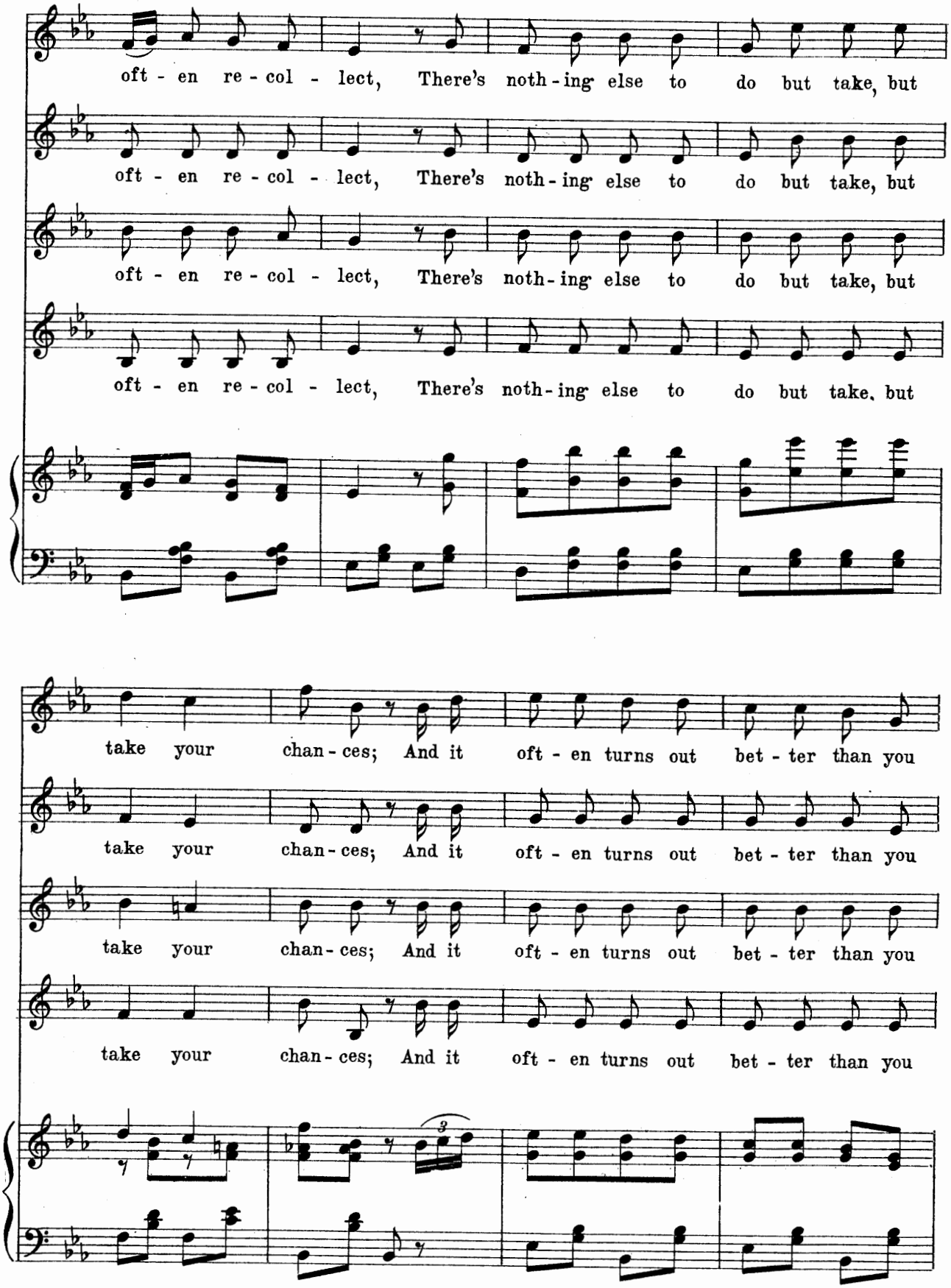
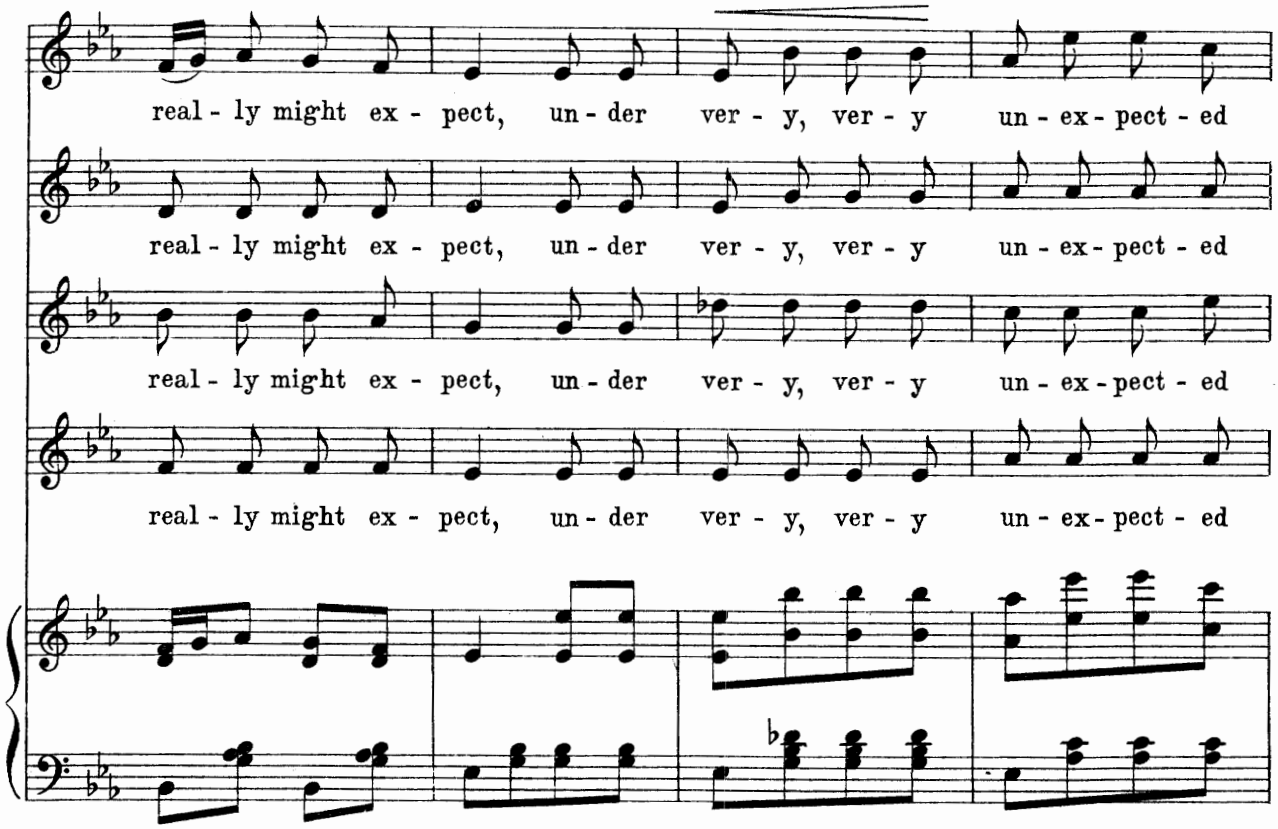
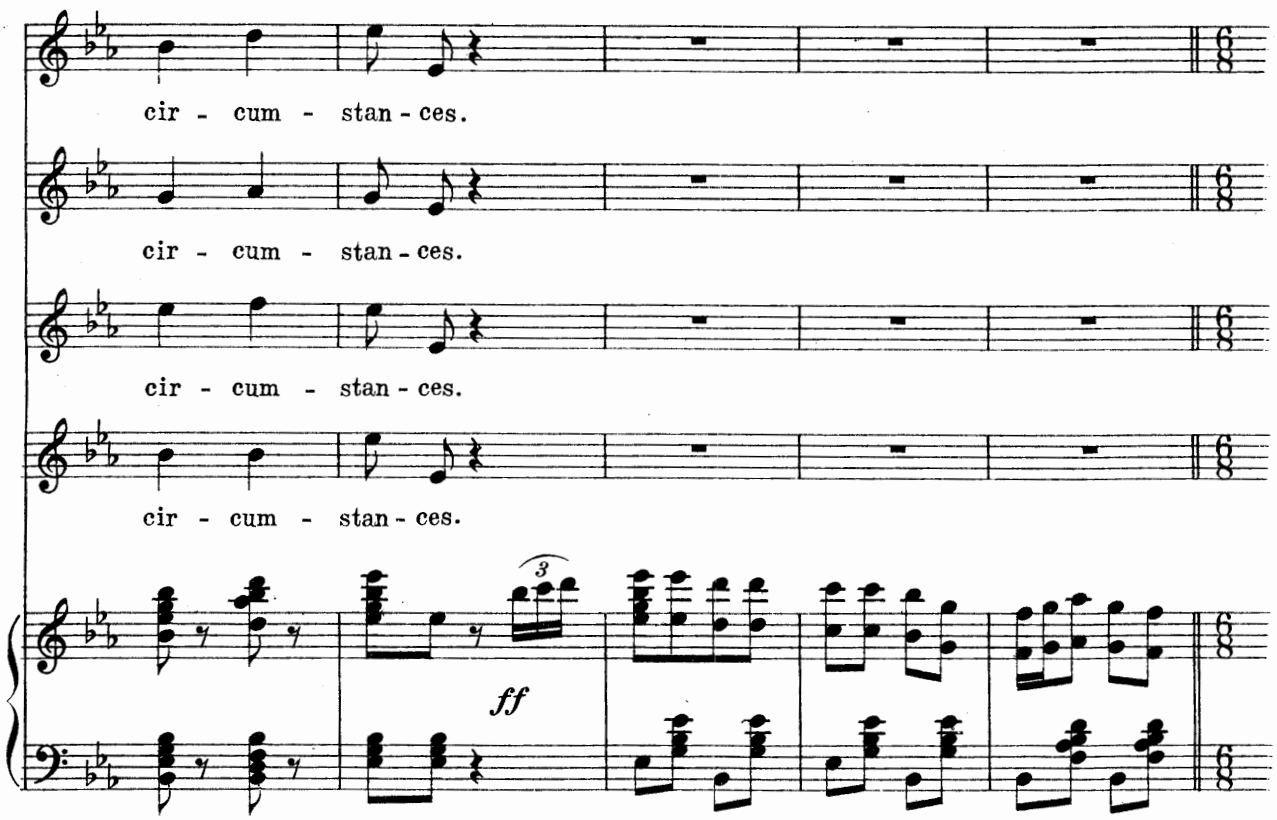
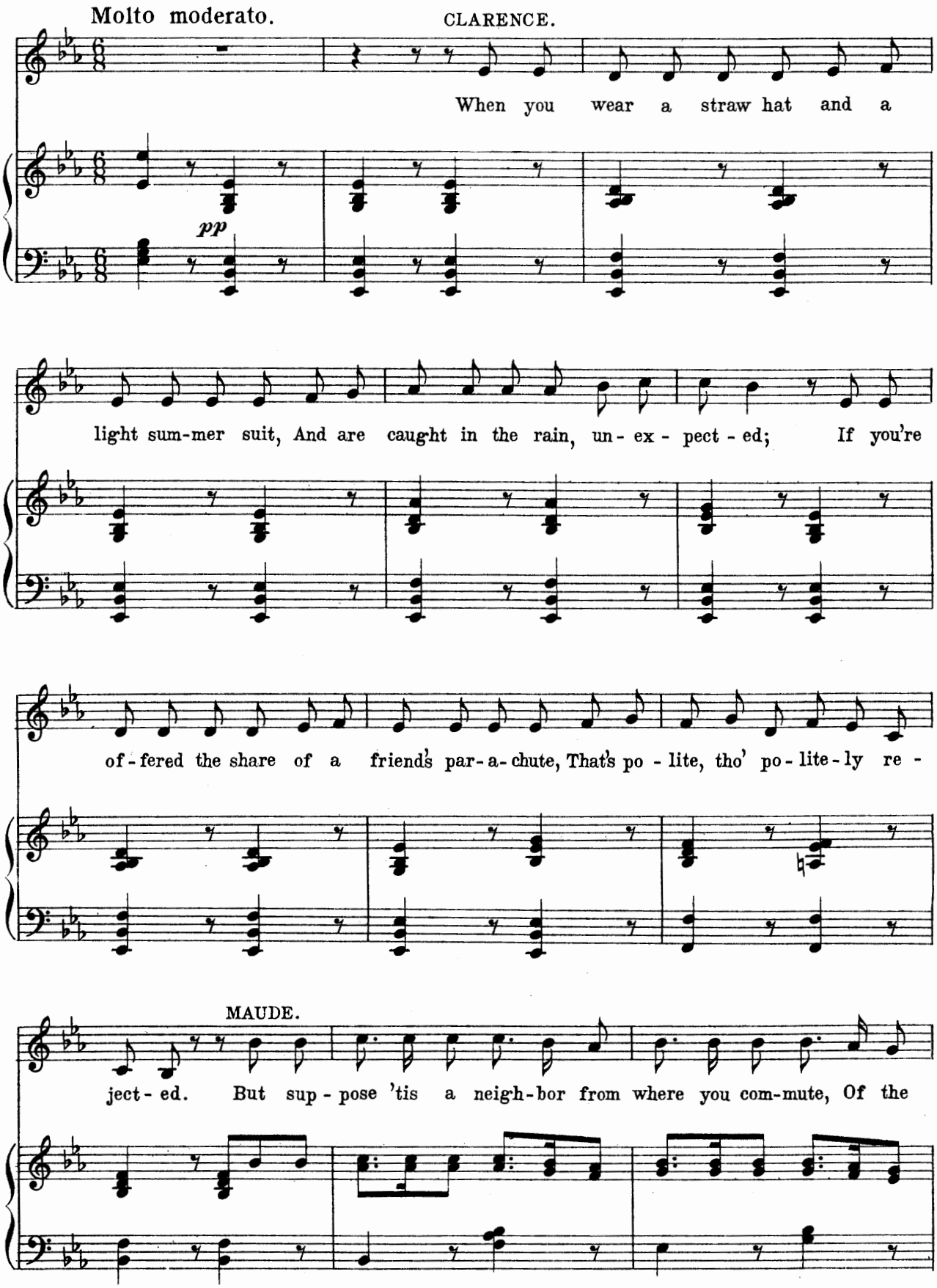
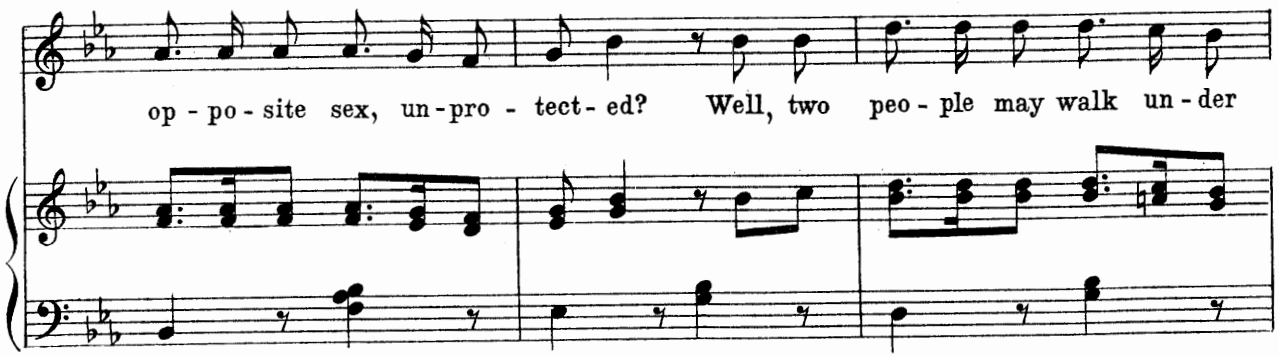

dan-ger-ous too, if one fools with a Miss, Tho' a Miss, with a gun not con-
nect-ed, Then the mis-chief is done with the pop of a kiss, and that
MAUDE.
Vivace.
It's the un-ex-pect-ed hap-pens ver-y
HILDA.
hap-pens when most un-ex-pect-ed. It's the un-ex-pect-ed hap-pens ver-y
CLARENCE.
It's the un-ex-pect-ed hap-pens ver-y
LYONS.
It's the un-ex-pect-ed hap-pens ver-y
Vivace.
3
ff p

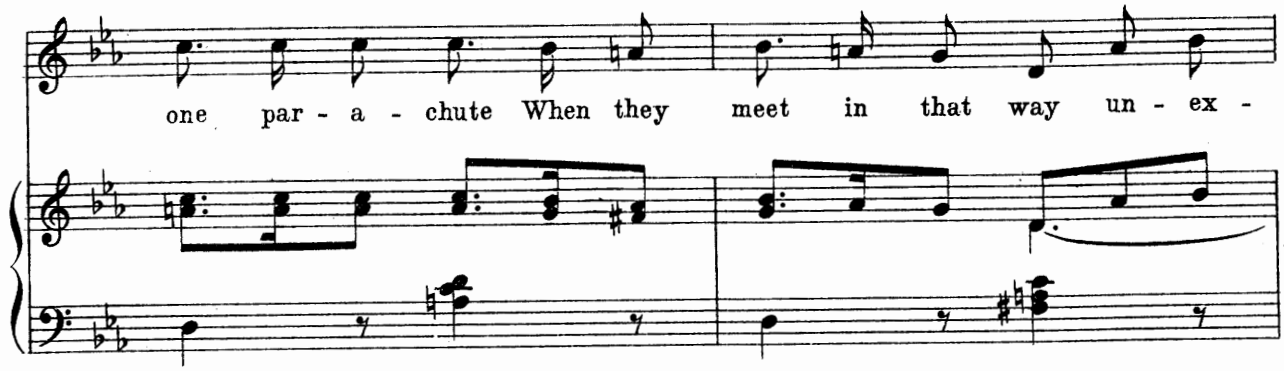

oft - en re - col - lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but
oft - en re - col - lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but
oft - en re - col - lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but
oft - en re - col - lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but
take your chan - ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you
take your chan - ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you
take your chan - ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you
take your chan - ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you

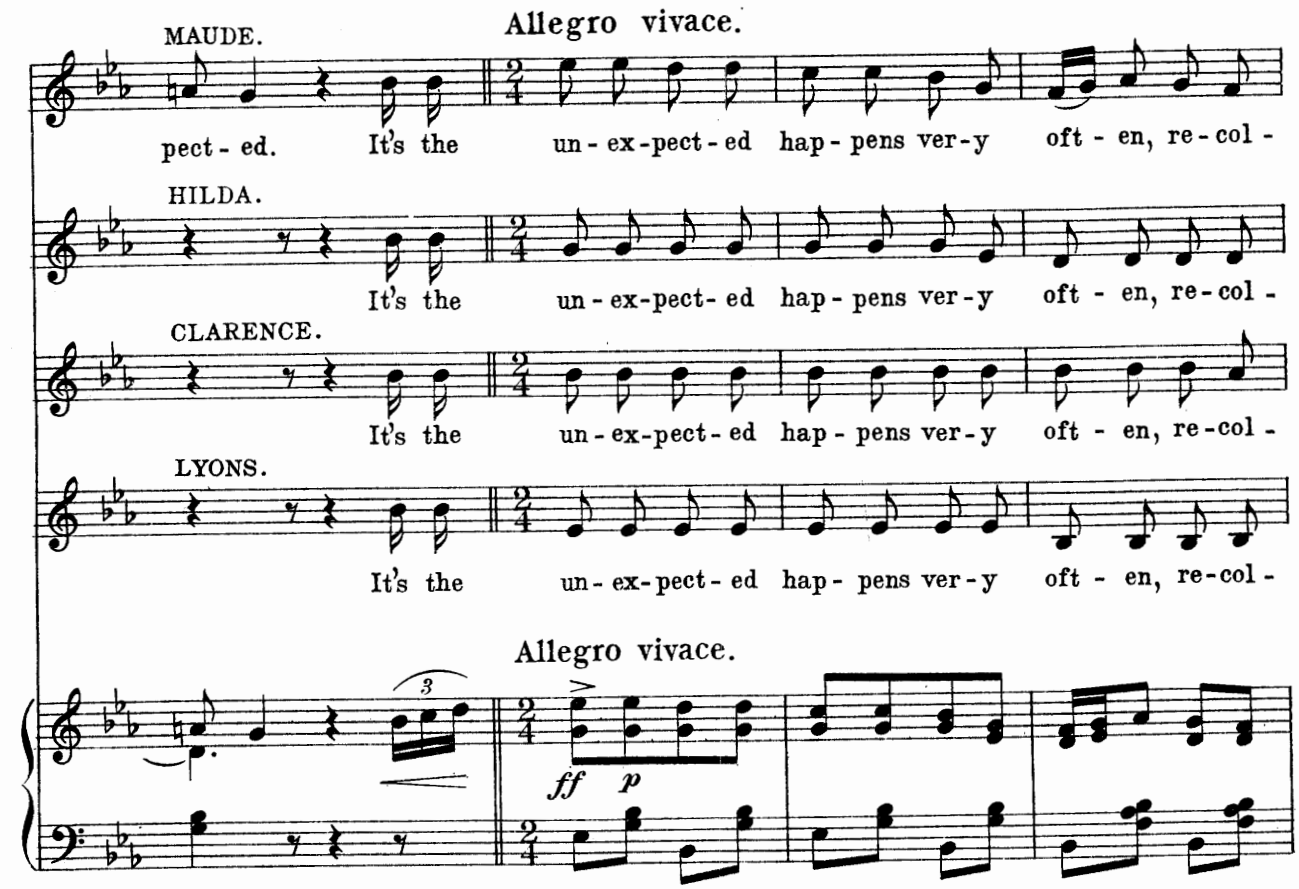

real - ly might ex - pect, un - der ver - y, ver - y un - ex - pect - ed
real - ly might ex - pect, un - der ver - y, ver - y un - ex - pect - ed
real - ly might ex - pect, un - der ver - y, ver - y un - ex - pect - ed
real - ly might ex - pect, un - der ver - y, ver - y un - ex - pect - ed

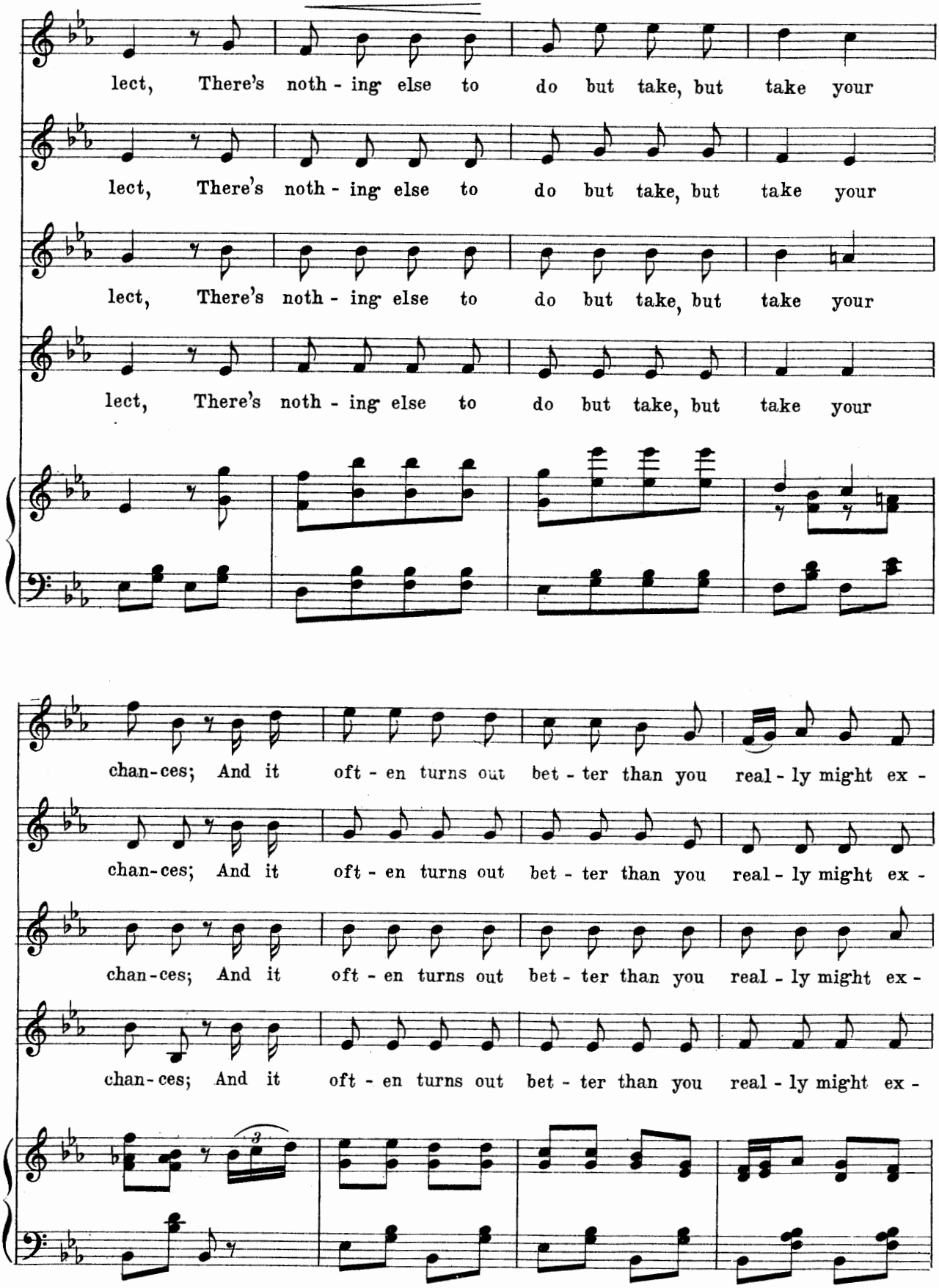

cir - cum - stan - ces.
cir - cum - stan - ces.
cir - cum - stan - ces.
cir - cum - stan - ces.
3
ff

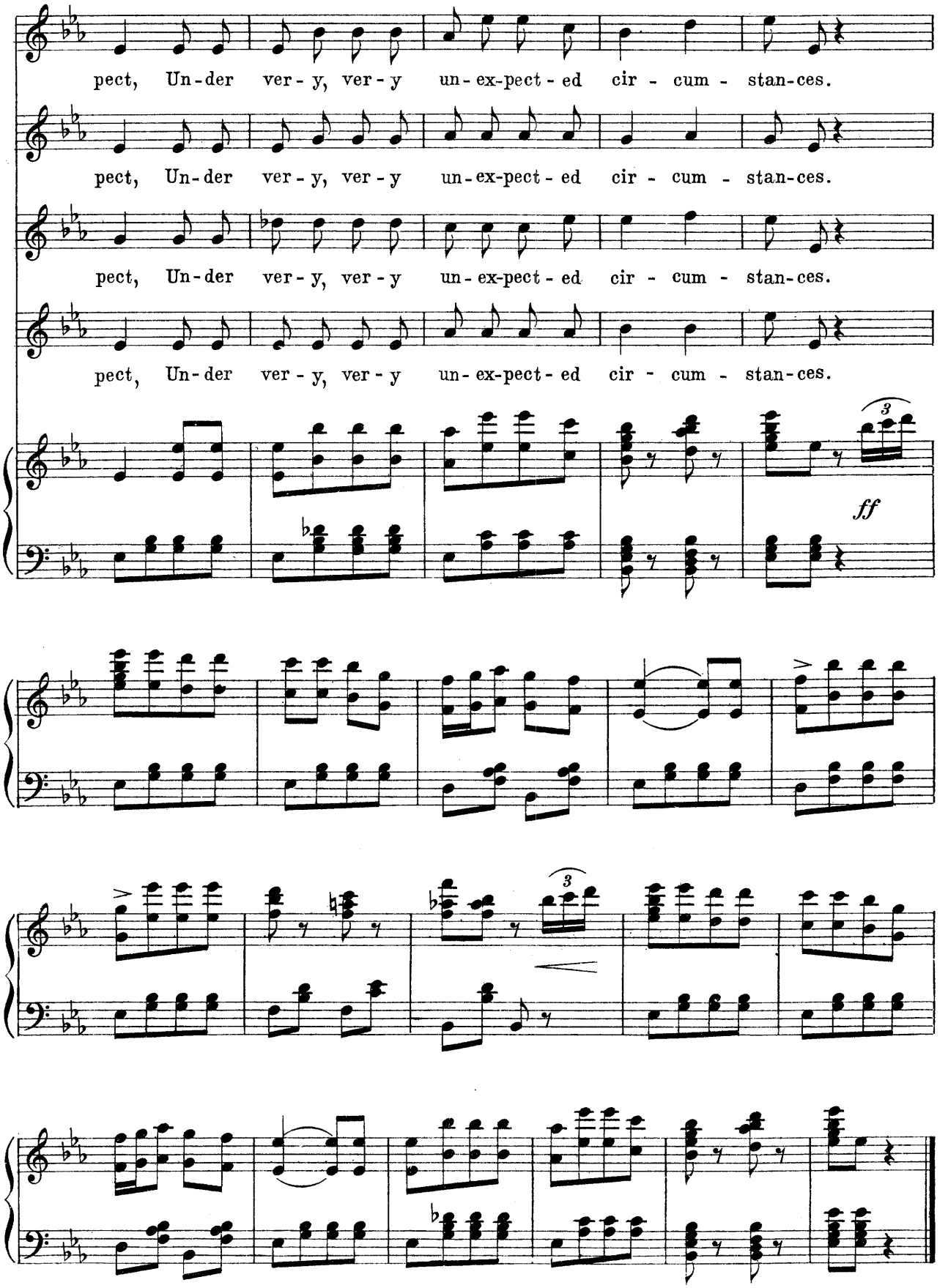

Molto moderato.
CLARENCE.
When you wear a straw hat and a
pp
light sum-mer suit, And are caught in the rain, un - ex - pect - ed; If you're
of - fered the share of a friend's par - a - chute, That's po - lite, tho' po - lite - ly re -
MAUDE.
ject - ed. But sup - pose 'tis a neigh - bor from where you com-mute, Of the


op - po - site sex, un - pro - tect - ed? Well, two peo - ple may walk un - der


one par - a - chute When they meet in that way un - ex -


Allegro vivace.
MAUDE.
pect - ed. It's the un - ex - pect - ed hap - pens ver - y oft - en, re - col -
HILDA.
It's the un - ex - pect - ed hap - pens ver - y oft - en, re - col -
CLARENCE.
It's the un - ex - pect - ed hap - pens ver - y oft - en, re - col -
LYONS.
It's the un - ex - pect - ed hap - pens ver - y oft - en, re - col -
Allegro vivace.
ff p

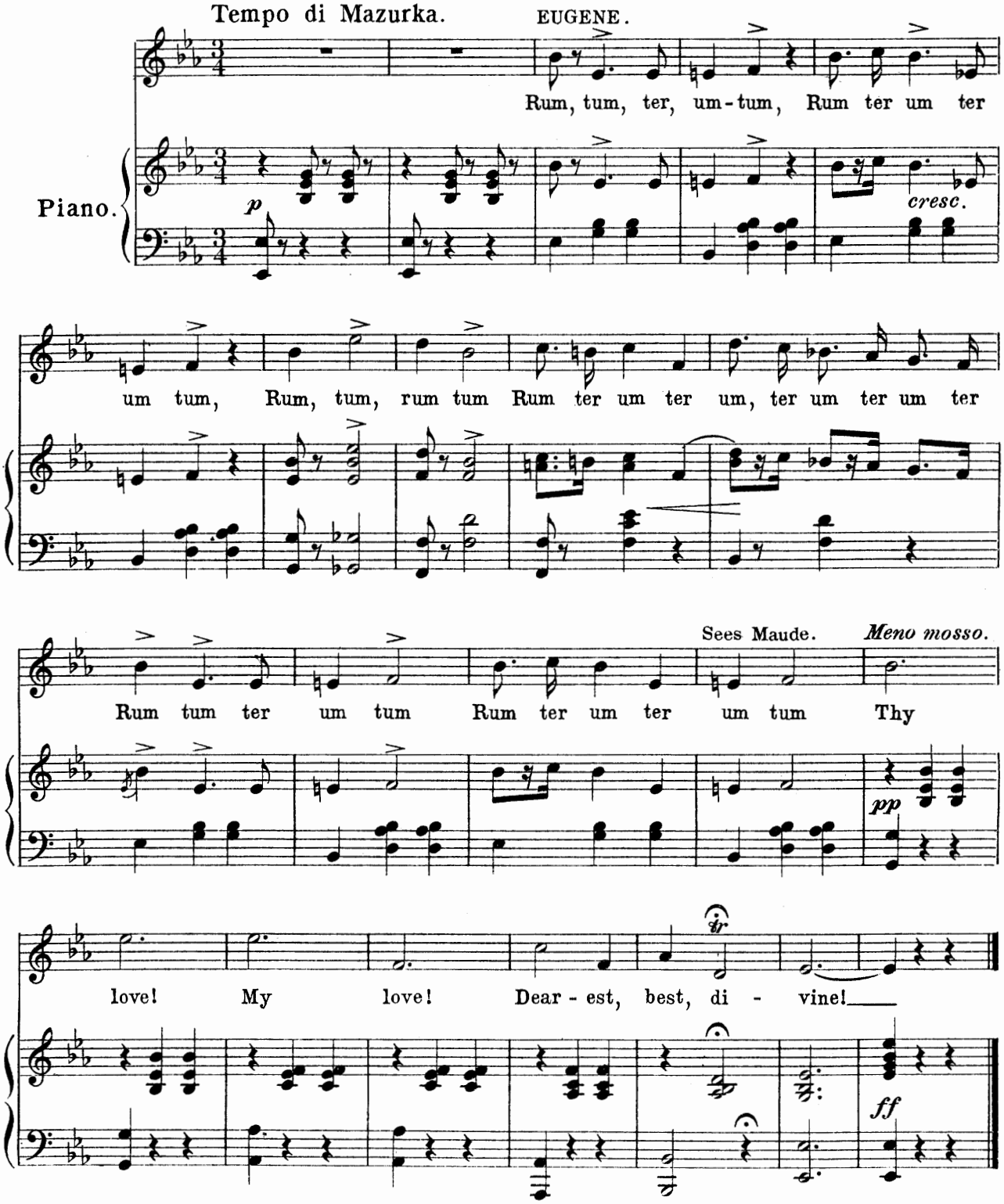

lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but take your
lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but take your
lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but take your
lect, There's noth - ing else to do but take, but take your
chan-ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you real - ly might ex -
chan-ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you real - ly might ex -
chan-ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you real - ly might ex -
chan-ces; And it oft - en turns out bet - ter than you real - ly might ex -


pect, Un-der ver-y, ver-y un-ex-pect-ed cir-cum-stan-ces.
pect, Un-der ver-y, ver-y un-ex-pect-ed cir-cum-stan-ces.
pect, Un-der ver-y, ver-y un-ex-pect-ed cir-cum-stan-ces.
pect, Un-der ver-y, ver-y un-ex-pect-ed cir-cum-stan-ces.
ff

Nº 15b. Dearest Best, Divine.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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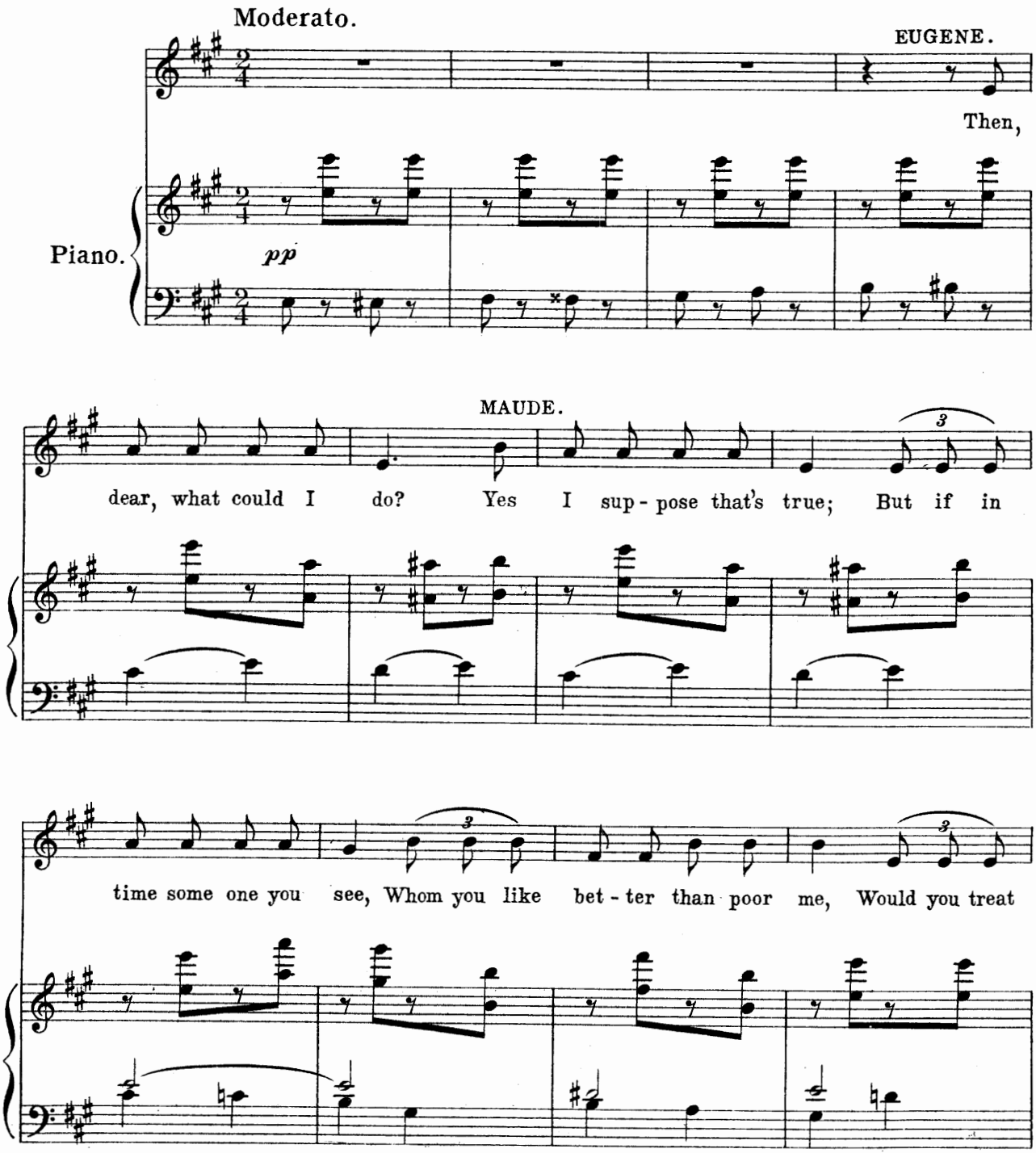
I Have My Doubts.

No. 16.

DUET.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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EUGENE.

me in that same way? Ah! Maude! don't ask such ques - tions, pray, My

sweet! the sub - ject, let's for - get, It is - n't pleas - ant, is it? Pet! Let's

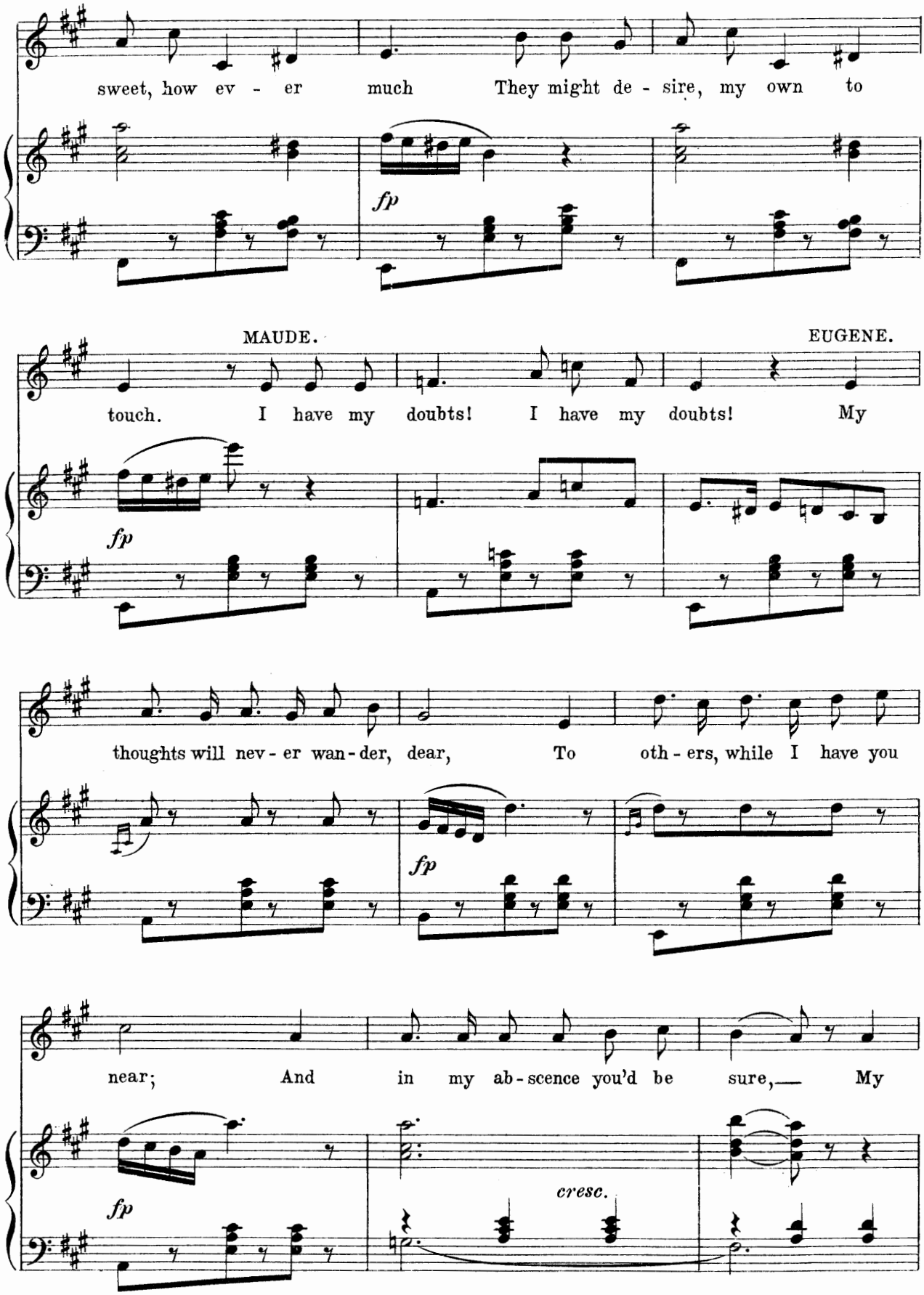
Allegretto, non troppo.

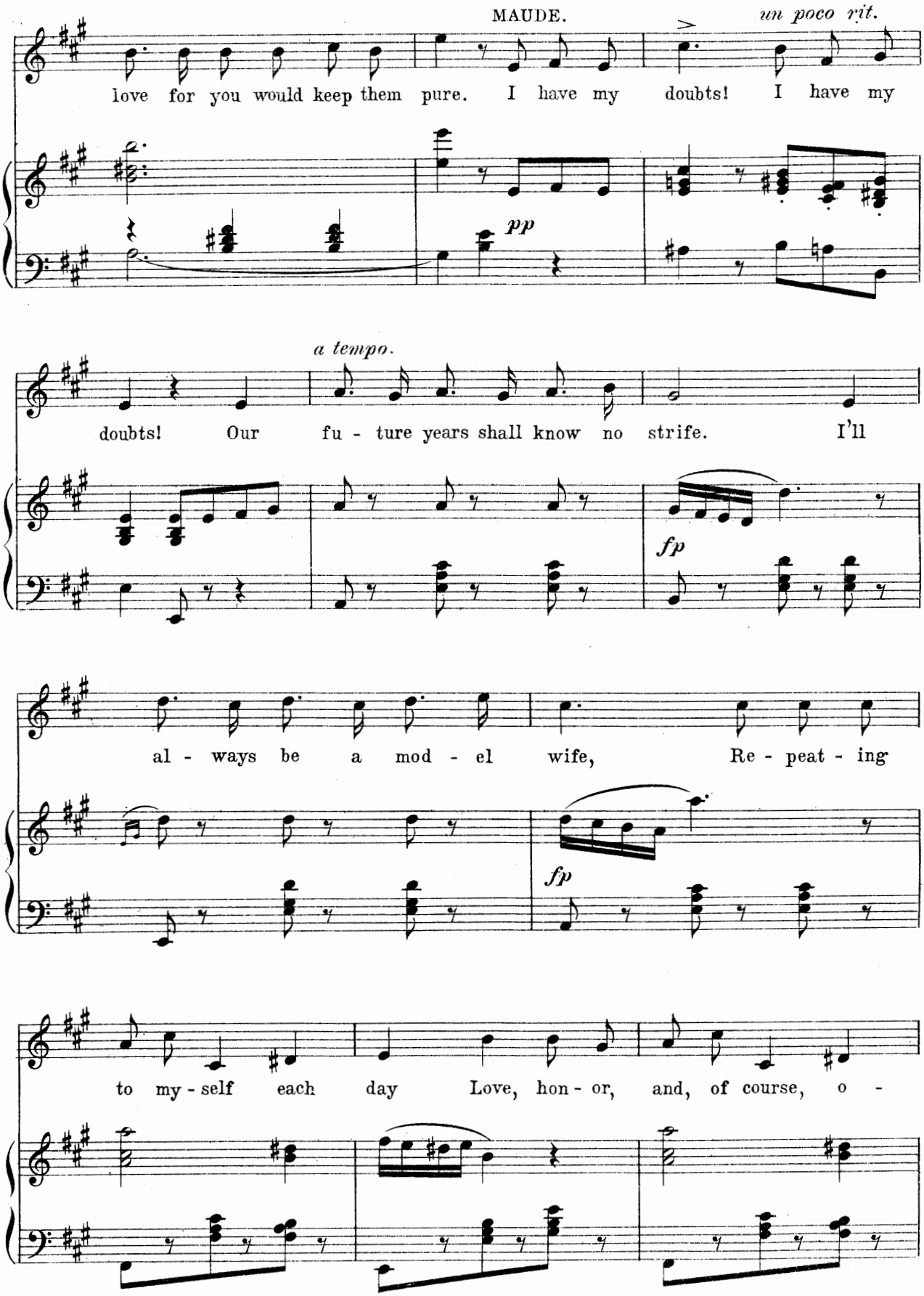
talk a - bout the fu - ture. Since first I pressed your lips I

cresc. *f* *p*

swear I could not kiss an - oth - er pair How ev - er

fp


sweet, how ev - er much They might de - sire, my own to
fp
MAUDE.
EUGENE.
touch. I have my doubts! I have my doubts! My
fp
thoughts will nev - er wan - der, dear, To oth - ers, while I have you
fp
near; And in my ab - scence you'd be sure,— My
fp
cresc.


MAUDE.
un poco rit.
love for you would keep them pure. I have my doubts! I have my
pp
a tempo.
doubts! Our fu - ture years shall know no strife. I'll
fp
al - ways be a mod - el wife, Re - peat - ing
fp
to my - self each day Love, hon - or, and, of course, o -

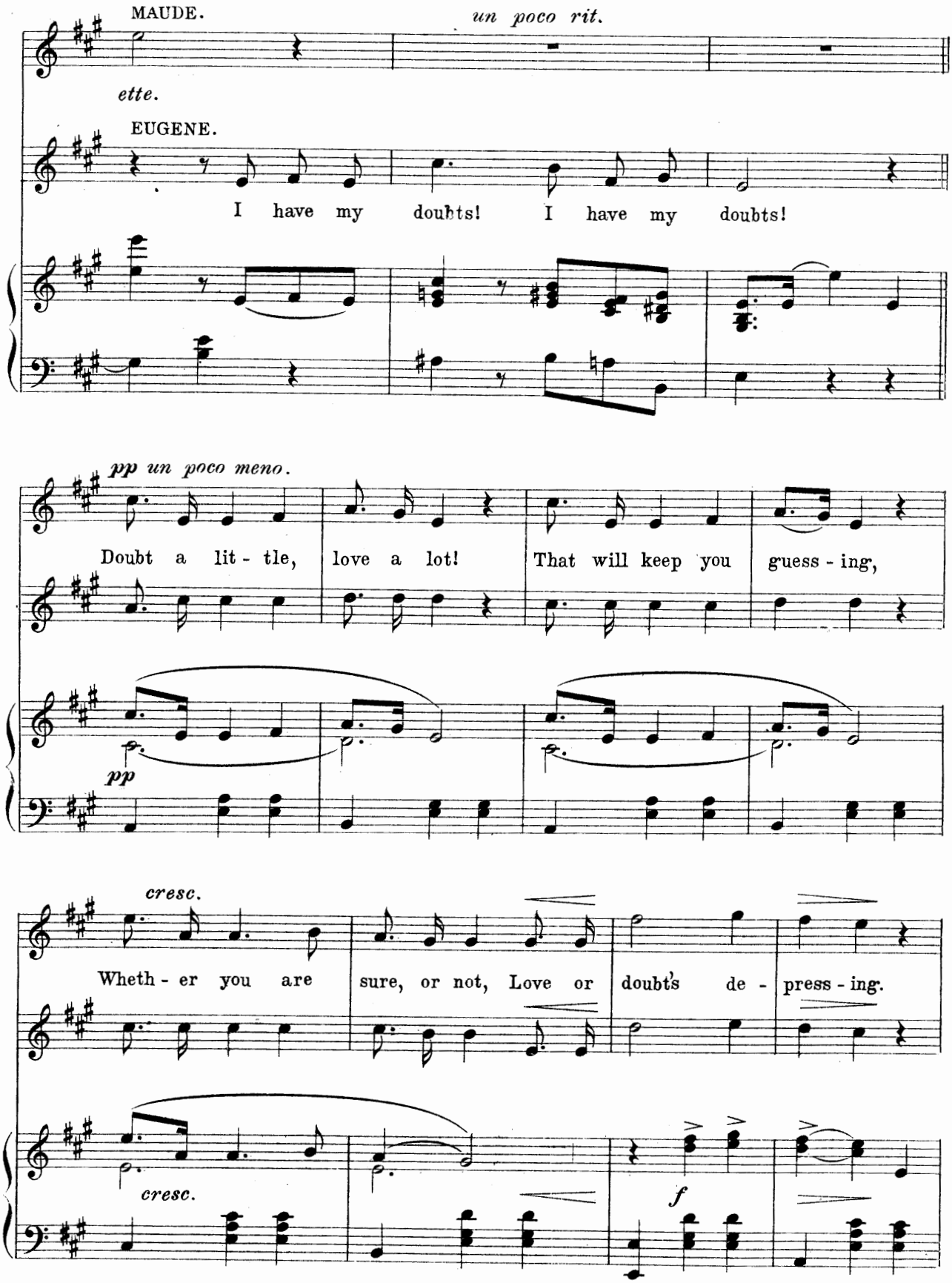
EUGENE. MAUDE.

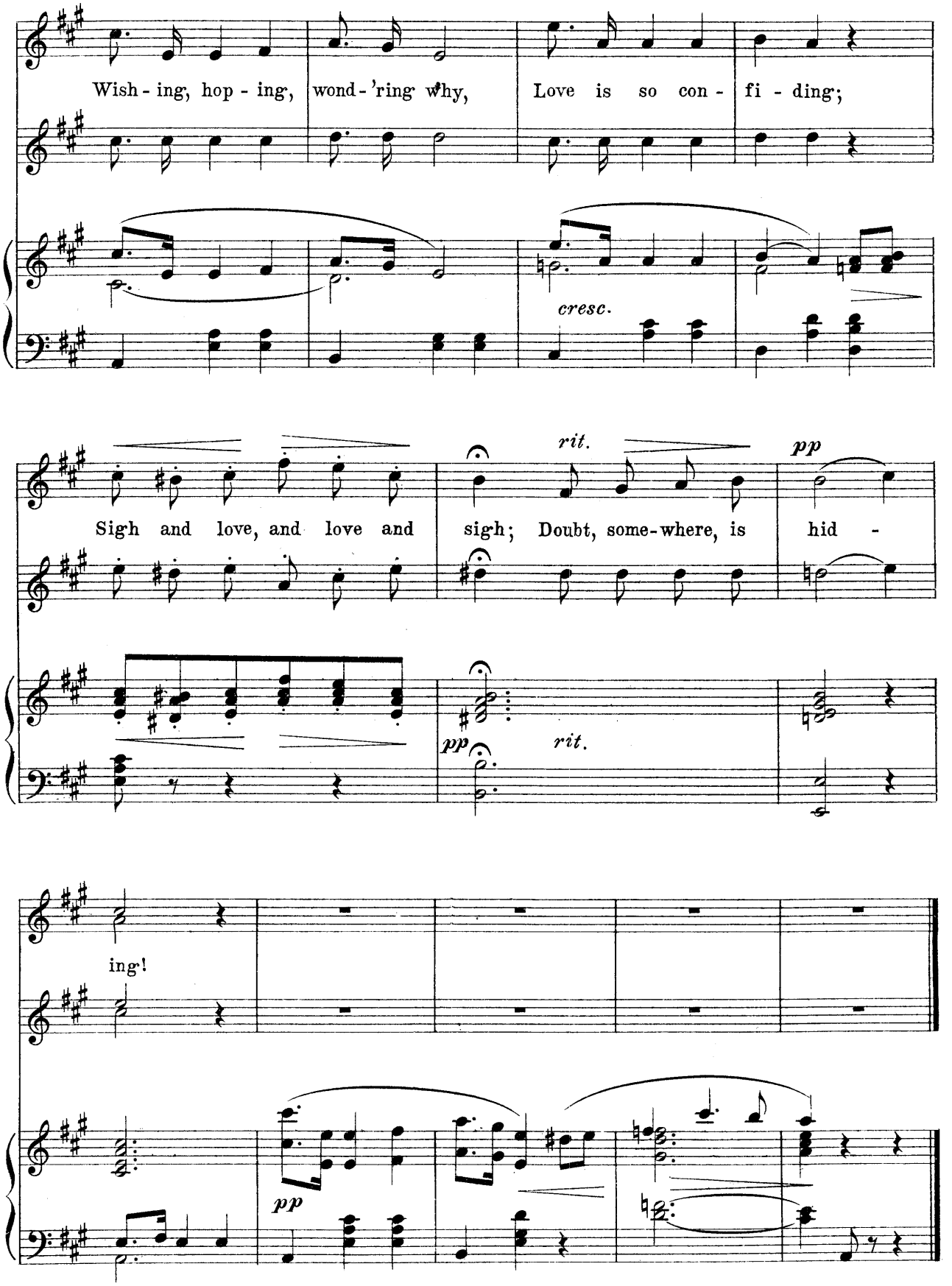
bey! I have my doubts! I have my doubts! My

Lord and Mas - ter, You shall be, Un -

til I find you false to me; And

then we'd die to - geth - er, Pet,— Like Ro - me - o and Ju - li -


MAUDE.
un poco rit.
ette.
EUGENE.
I have my doubts! I have my doubts!
pp un poco meno.
Doubt a lit - tle, love a lot! That will keep you guess - ing,
pp
cresc.
Wheth - er you are sure, or not, Love or doubt's de - press - ing.
cresc.
f

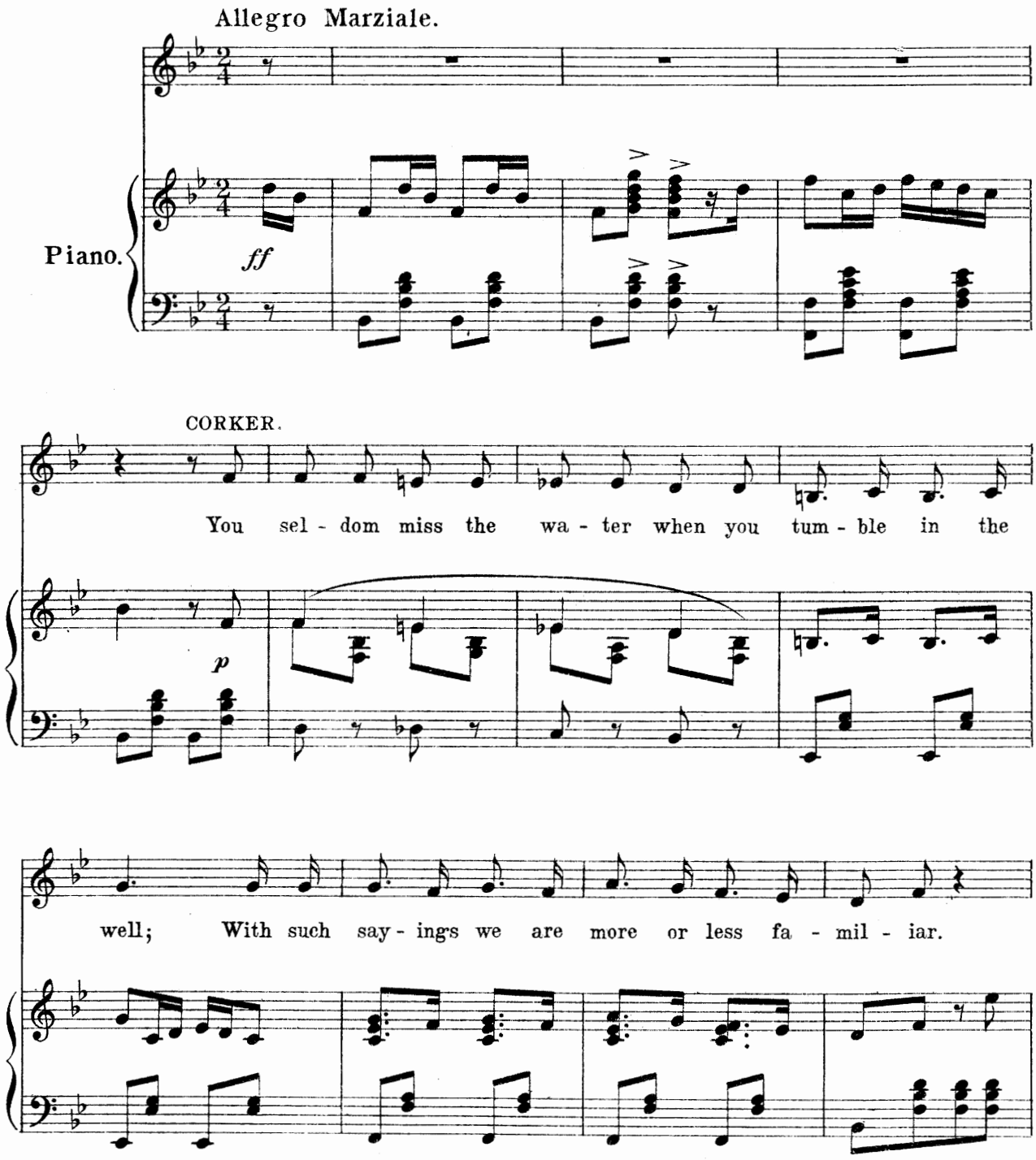

Wish - ing, hop - ing, wond - 'ring why, Love is so con - fi - ding;
cresc.
Sigh and love, and love and sigh; Doubt, some-where, is hid -
rit.
pp
rit.
pp
ing!
pp

No. 17. It's A Long, Long Time.

QUINTETTE.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS



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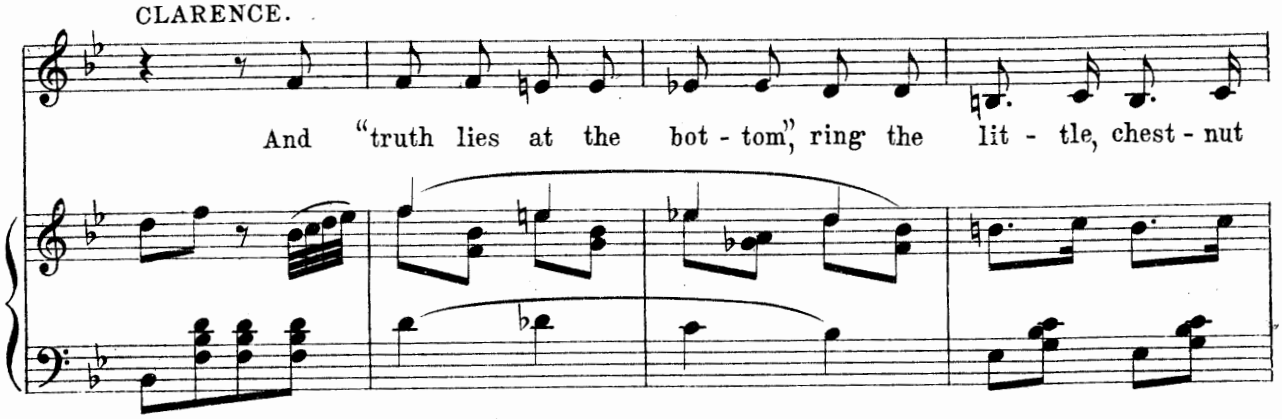
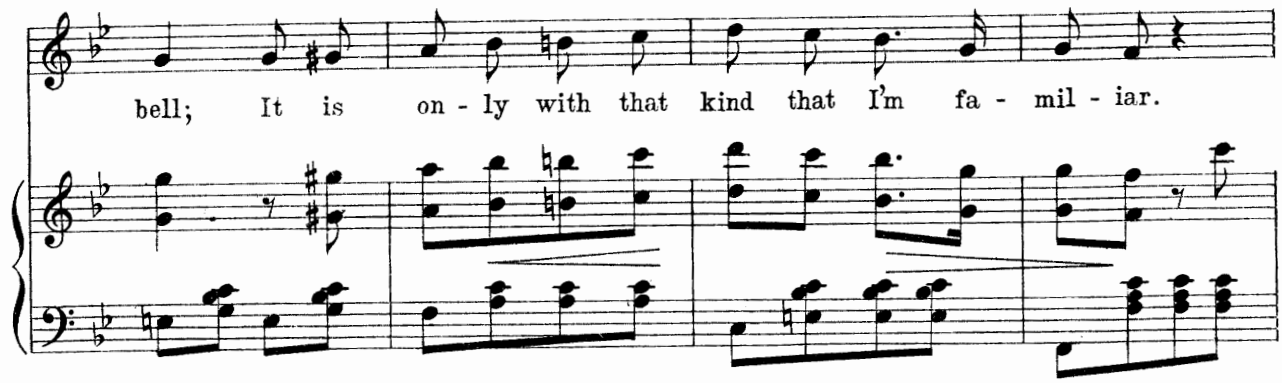
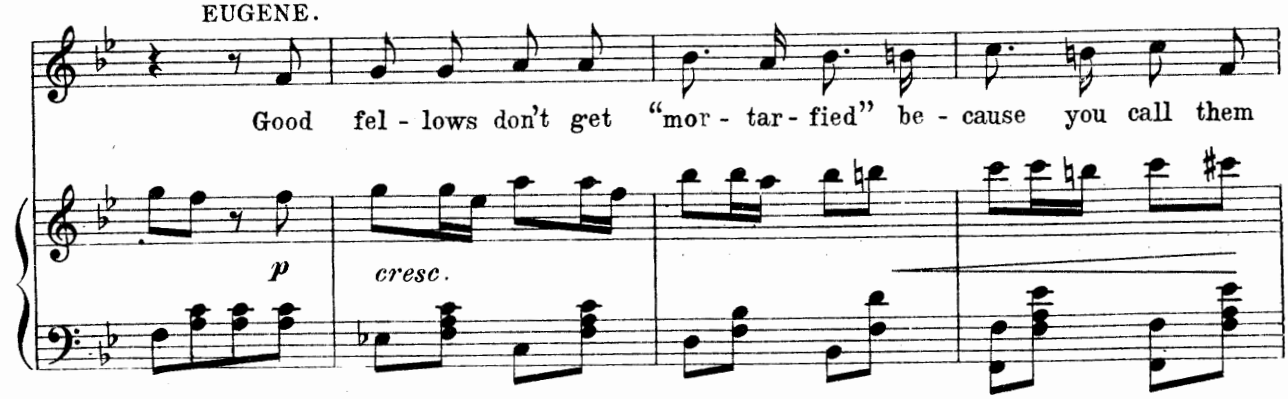
CLARENCE.

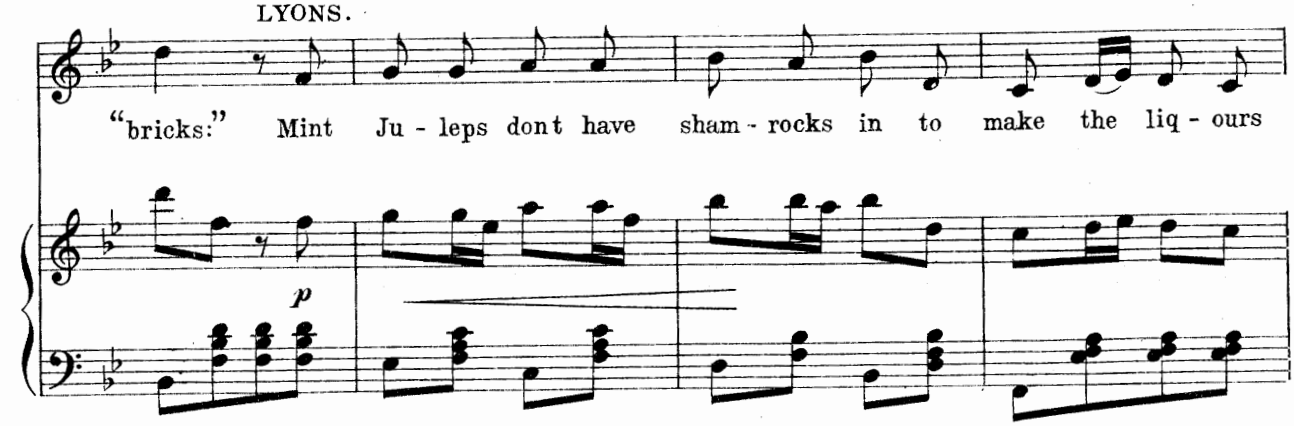


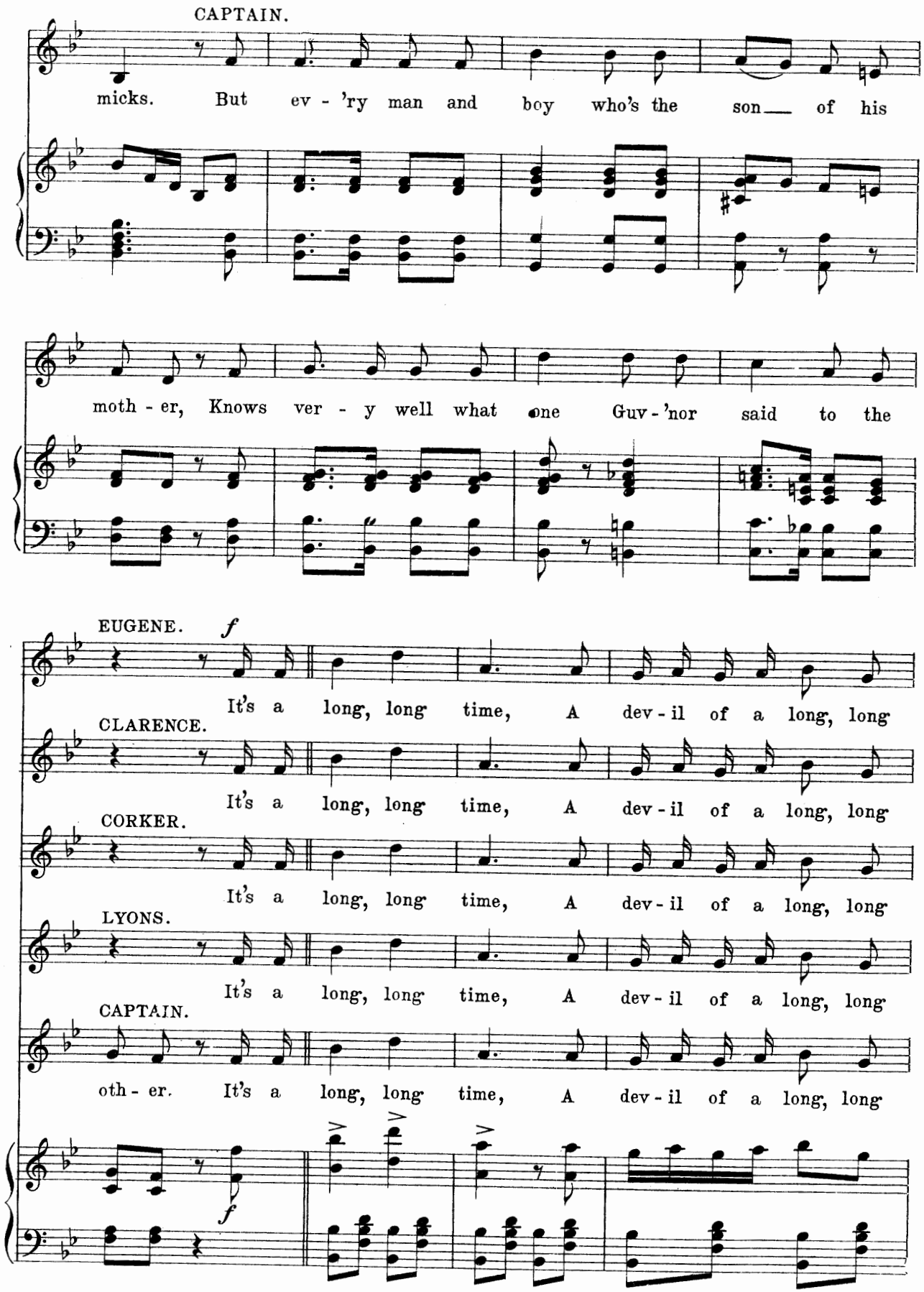


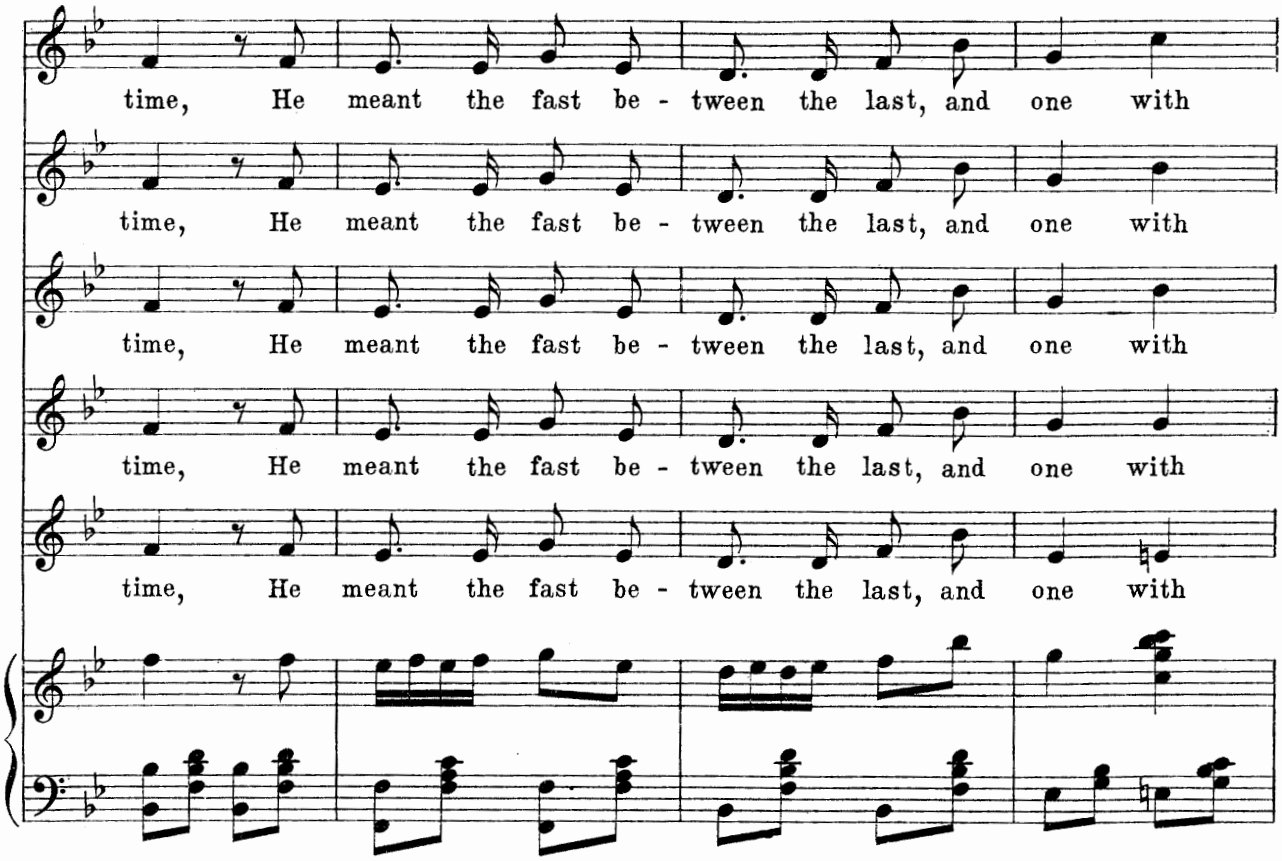
EUGENE.

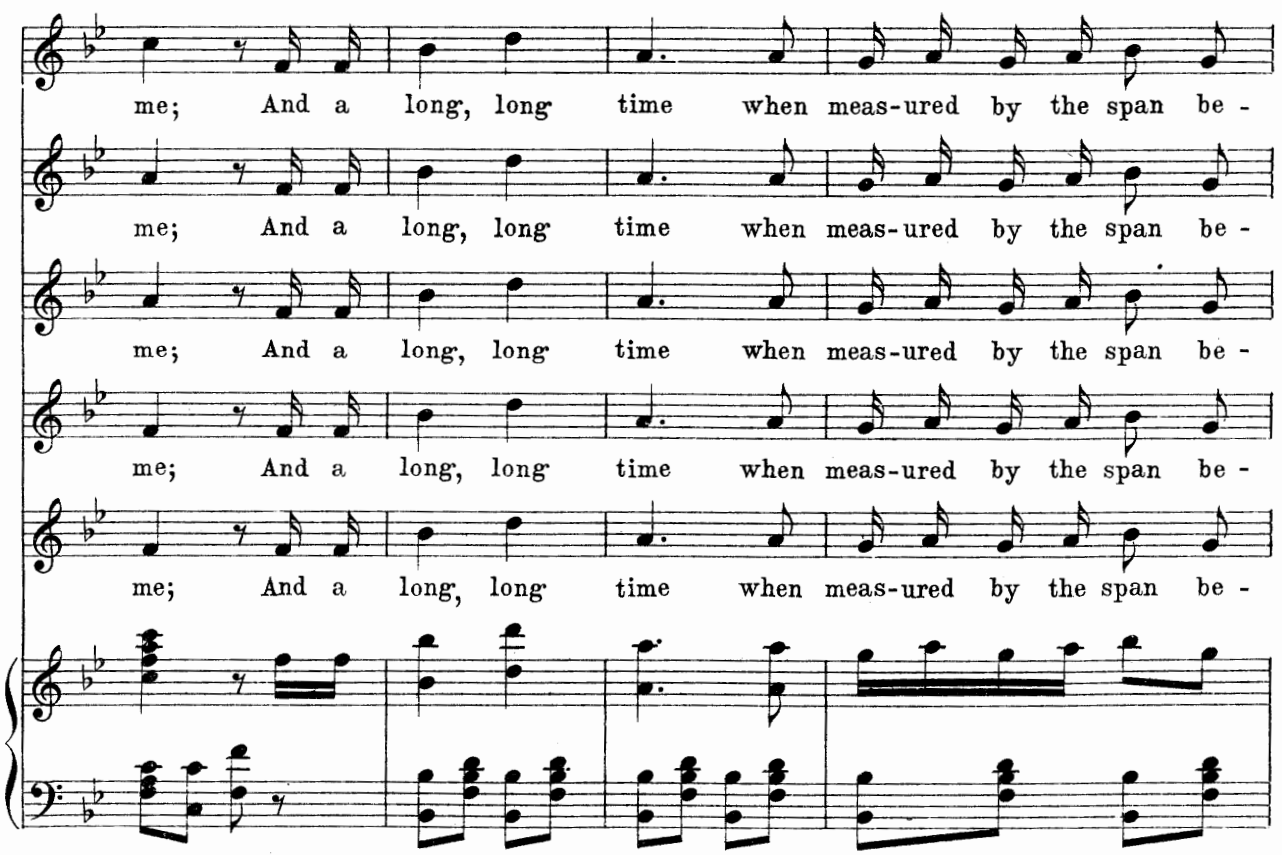


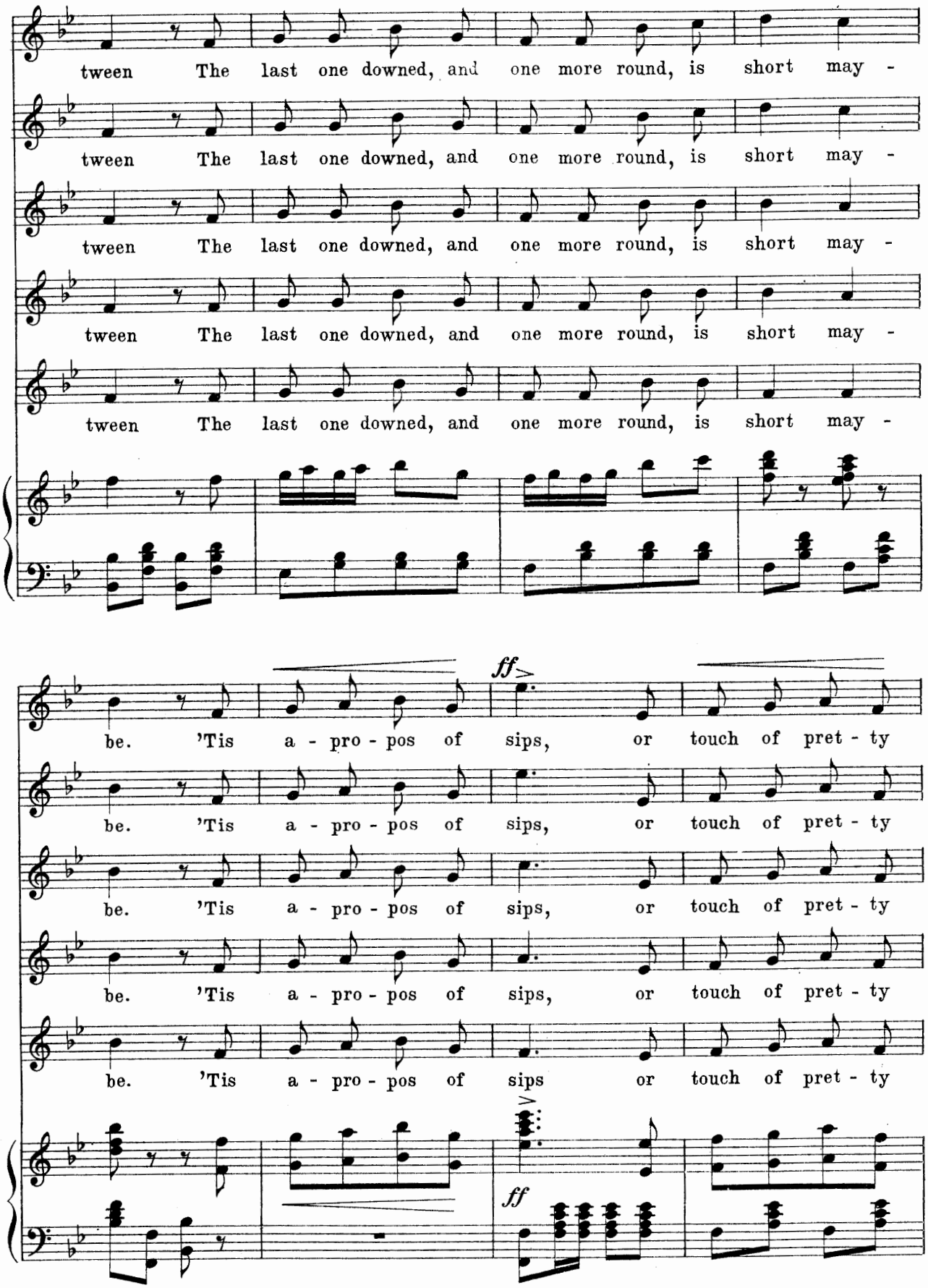
LYONS.

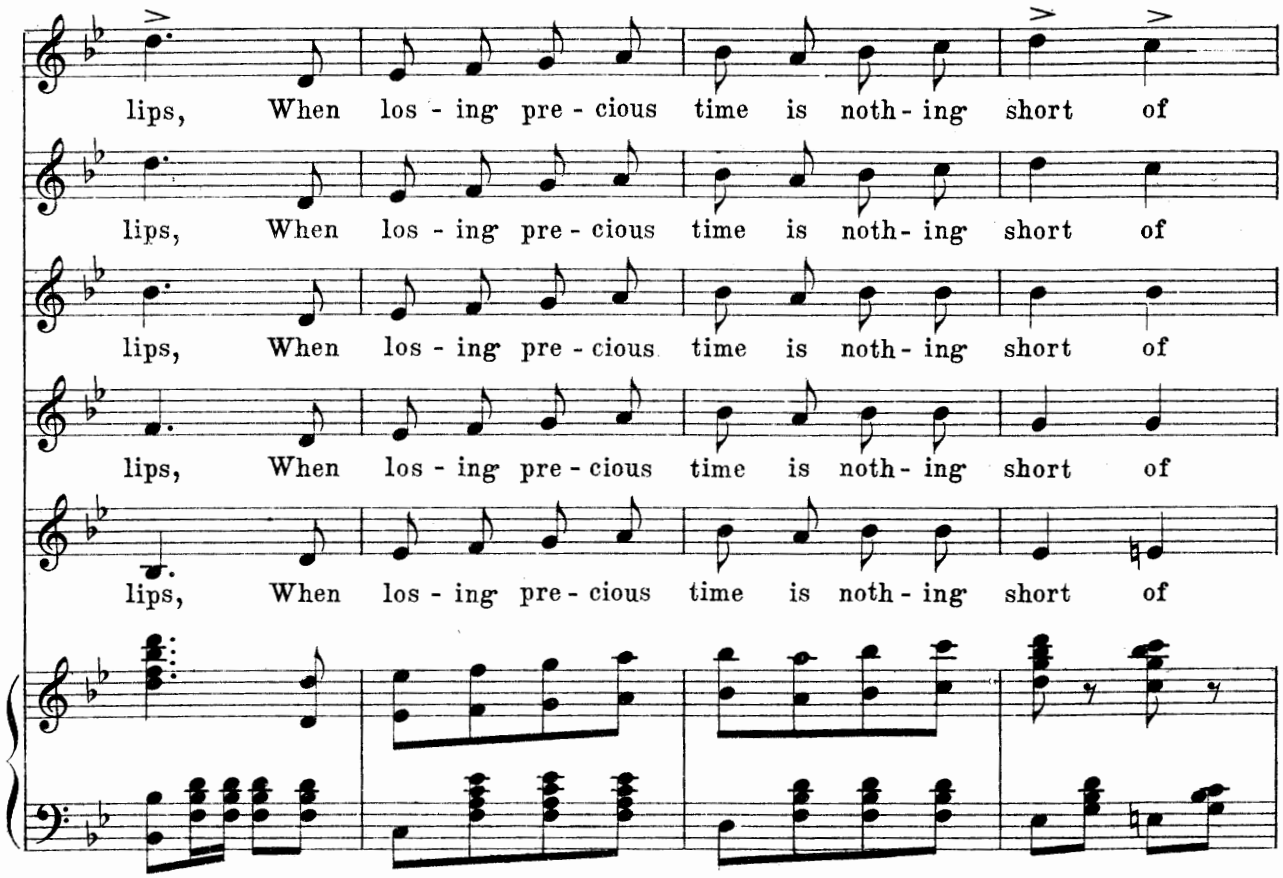


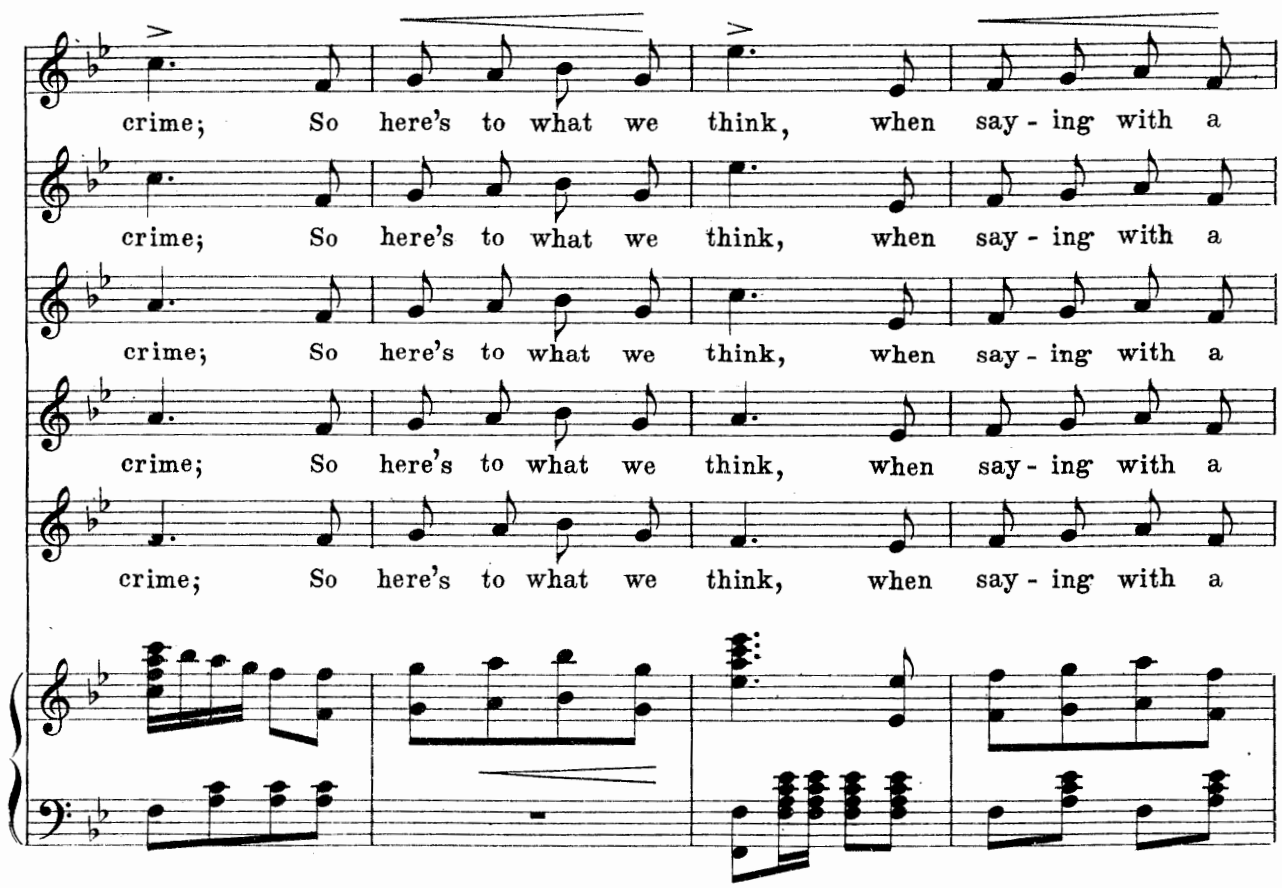

CAPTAIN.
micks. But ev - 'ry man and boy who's the son___ of his
moth - er, Knows ver - y well what one Guv - 'nor said to the
EUGENE. f
It's a long, long time, A dev - il of a long, long
CLARENCE.
It's a long, long time, A dev - il of a long, long
CORKER.
It's a long, long time, A dev - il of a long, long
LYONS.
It's a long, long time, A dev - il of a long, long
CAPTAIN.
oth - er. It's a long, long time, A dev - il of a long, long
f

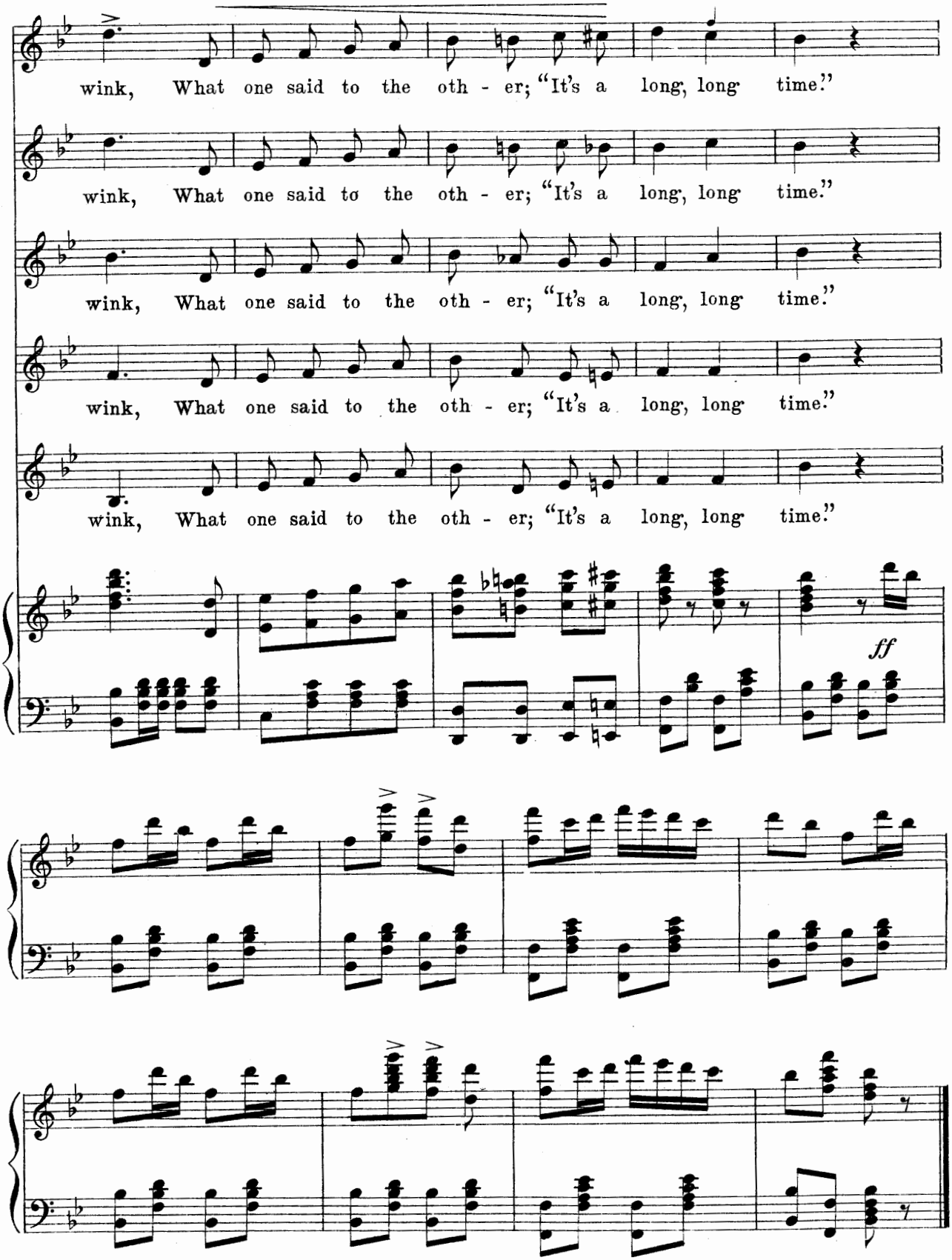

time, He meant the fast be - tween the last, and one with
time, He meant the fast be - tween the last, and one with
time, He meant the fast be - tween the last, and one with
time, He meant the fast be - tween the last, and one with
time, He meant the fast be - tween the last, and one with


me; And a long, long time when meas-ured by the span be -
me; And a long, long time when meas-ured by the span be -
me; And a long, long time when meas-ured by the span be -
me; And a long, long time when meas-ured by the span be -
me; And a long, long time when meas-ured by the span be -


tween The last one downed, and one more round, is short may -
tween The last one downed, and one more round, is short may -
tween The last one downed, and one more round, is short may -
tween The last one downed, and one more round, is short may -
tween The last one downed, and one more round, is short may -
be. 'Tis a - pro - pos of sips, or touch of pret - ty
be. 'Tis a - pro - pos of sips, or touch of pret - ty
be. 'Tis a - pro - pos of sips, or touch of pret - ty
be. 'Tis a - pro - pos of sips, or touch of pret - ty
be. 'Tis a - pro - pos of sips or touch of pret - ty
ff
ff


lips, When los - ing pre - cious time is noth - ing short of
lips, When los - ing pre - cious time is noth - ing short of
lips, When los - ing pre - cious time is noth - ing short of
lips, When los - ing pre - cious time is noth - ing short of
lips, When los - ing pre - cious time is noth - ing short of


crime; So here's to what we think, when say - ing with a
crime; So here's to what we think, when say - ing with a
crime; So here's to what we think, when say - ing with a
crime; So here's to what we think, when say - ing with a
crime; So here's to what we think, when say - ing with a


wink, What one said to the oth - er; "It's a long, long time."
wink, What one said to the oth - er; "It's a long, long time."
wink, What one said to the oth - er; "It's a long, long time."
wink, What one said to the oth - er; "It's a long, long time."
wink, What one said to the oth - er; "It's a long, long time."
ff

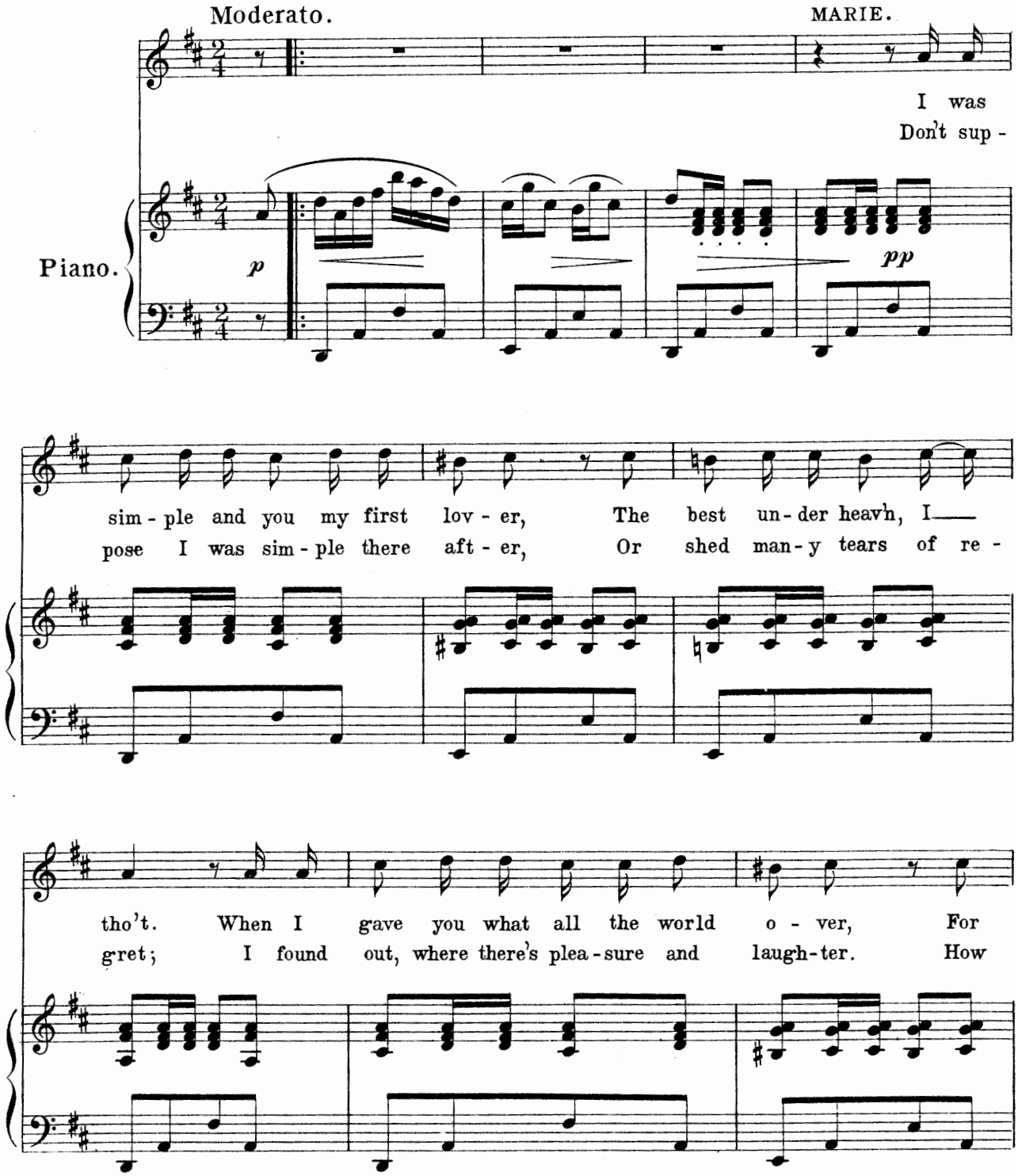
Not As Simple As I Look.

No. 18.

MARIE.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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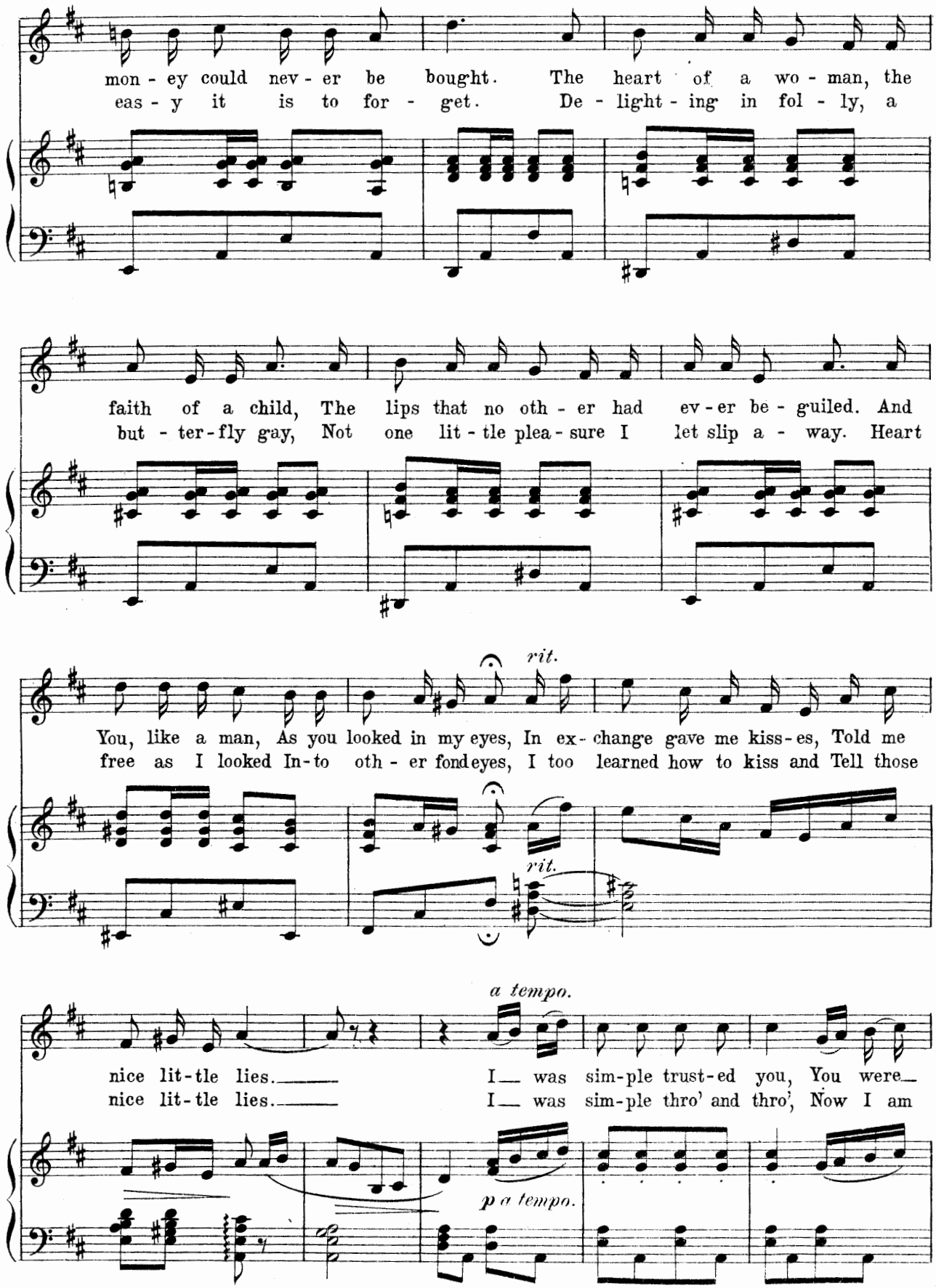
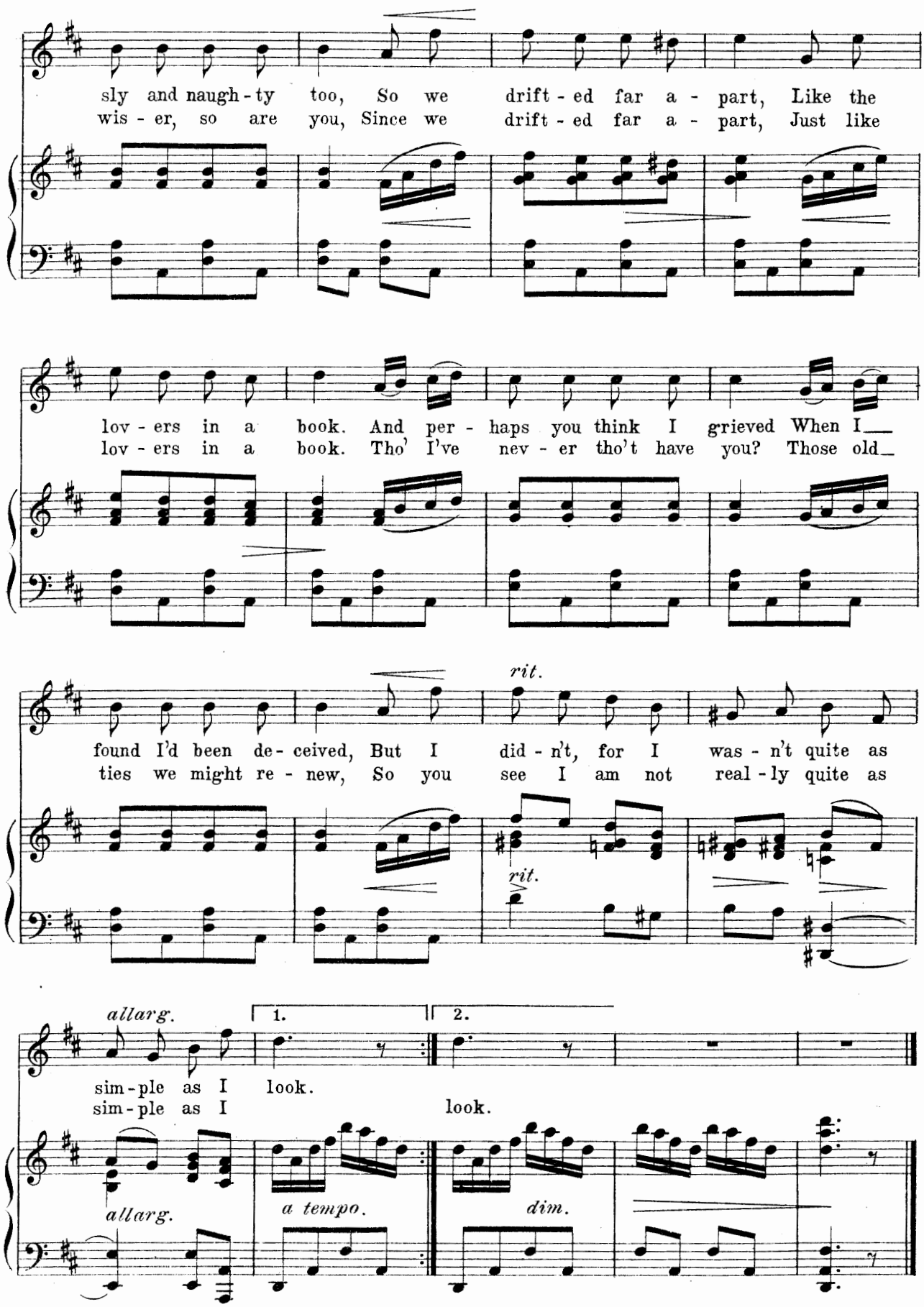

mon - ey could nev - er be bought. The heart of a wo - man, the
eas - y it is to for - get. De - light - ing in fol - ly, a
faith of a child, The lips that no oth - er had ev - er be - guiled. And
but - ter - fly gay, Not one lit - tle plea - sure I let slip a - way. Heart
rit.
You, like a man, As you looked in my eyes, In ex - change gave me kiss - es, Told me
free as I looked In - to oth - er fond eyes, I too learned how to kiss and Tell those
rit.
a tempo.
nice lit - tle lies. I was sim - ple trust - ed you, You were
nice lit - tle lies. I was sim - ple thro' and thro', Now I am
p a tempo.


sly and naugh - ty too, So we drift - ed far a - part, Like the
wis - er, so are you, Since we drift - ed far a - part, Just like
lov - ers in a book. And per - haps you think I grieved When I
lov - ers in a book. Tho' I've nev - er tho't have you? Those old
found I'd been de - ceived, But I did - n't, for I was - n't quite as
ties we might re - new, So you see I am not real - ly quite as
rit.
rit.
allarg.
1.
2.
sim - ple as I look.
sim - ple as I look.
allarg.
a tempo.
dim.

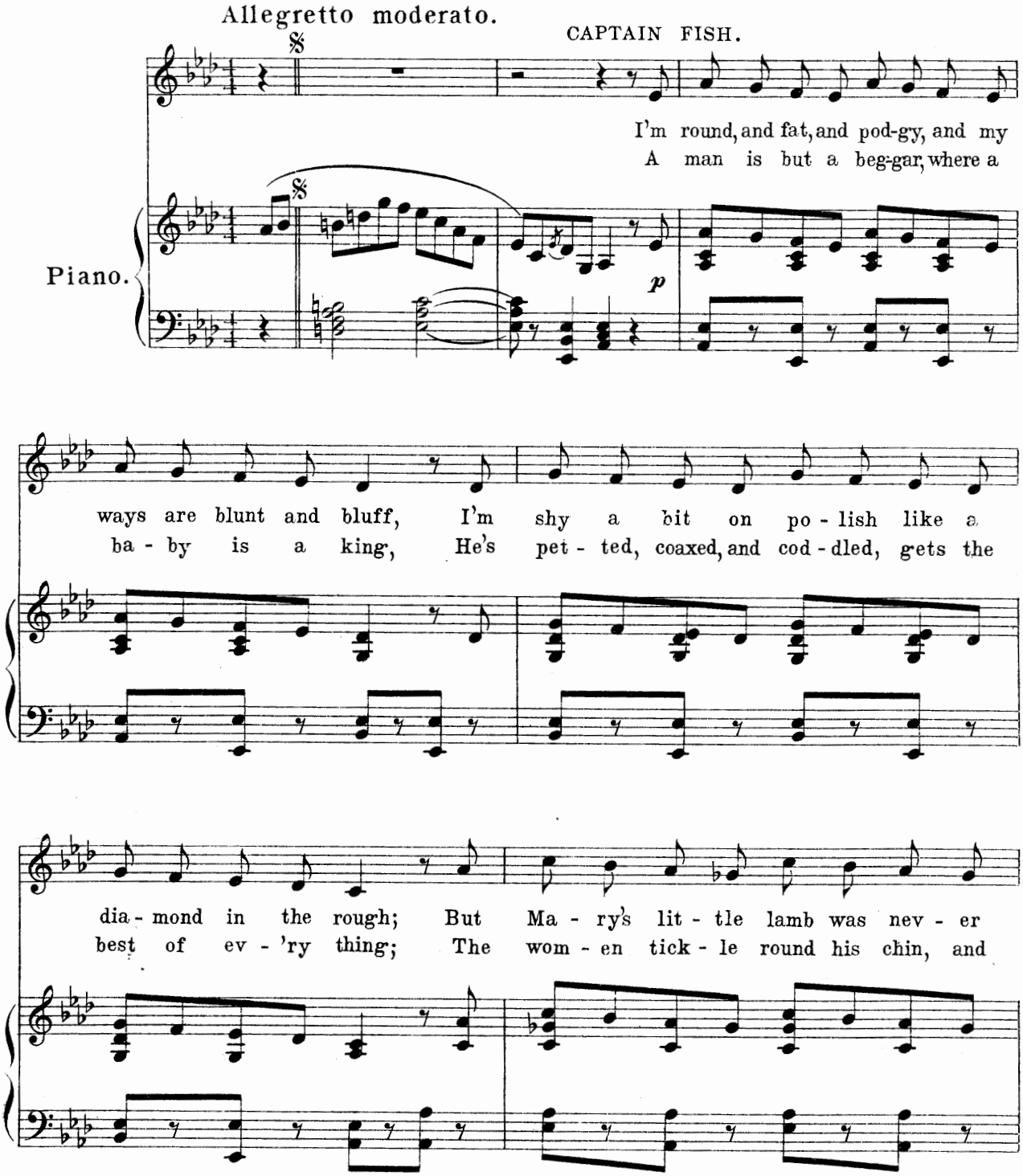
I Want To Be Your Baby Boy.

No. 19.

DUET.

Lyric by
CHAS J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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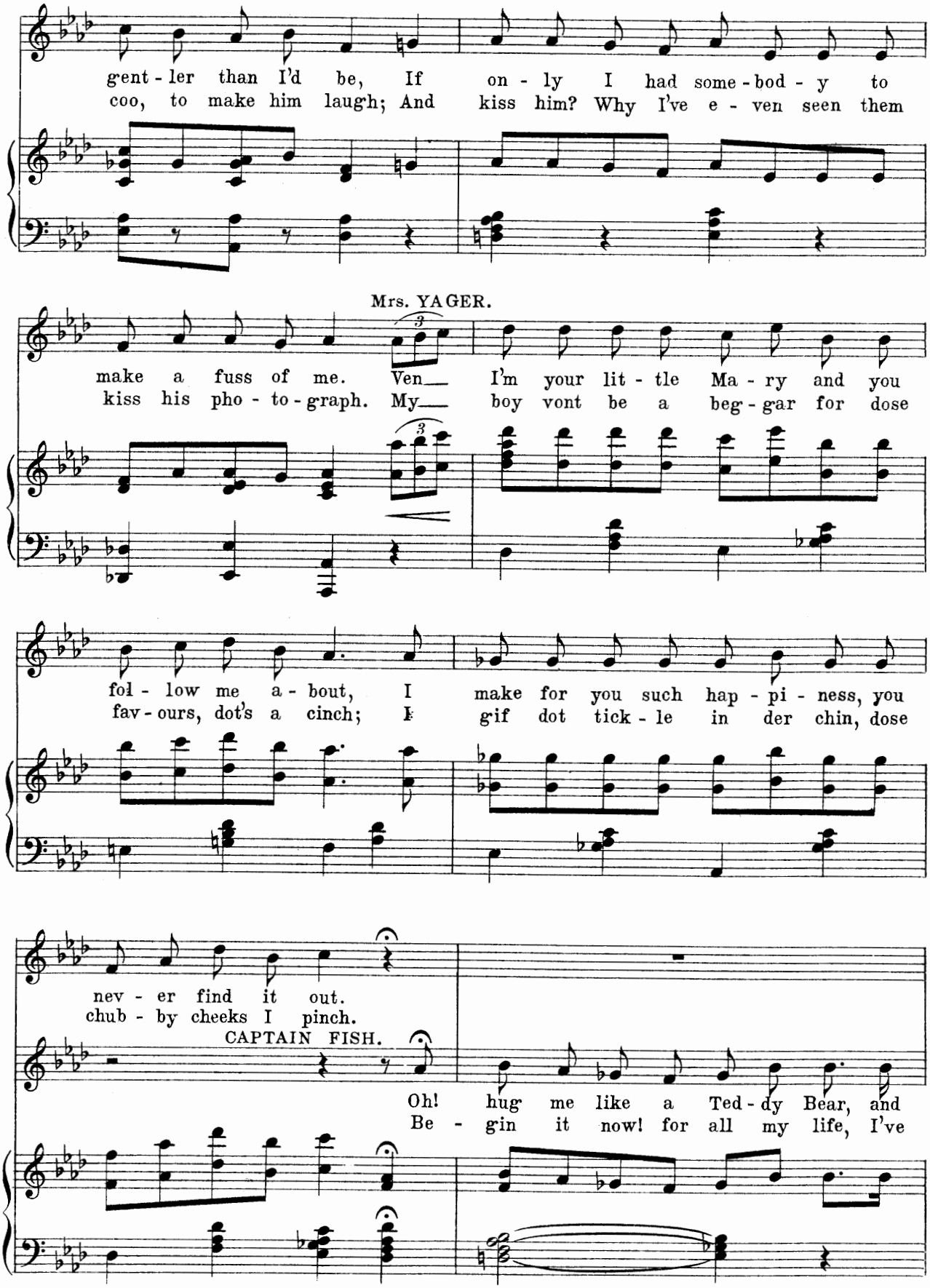
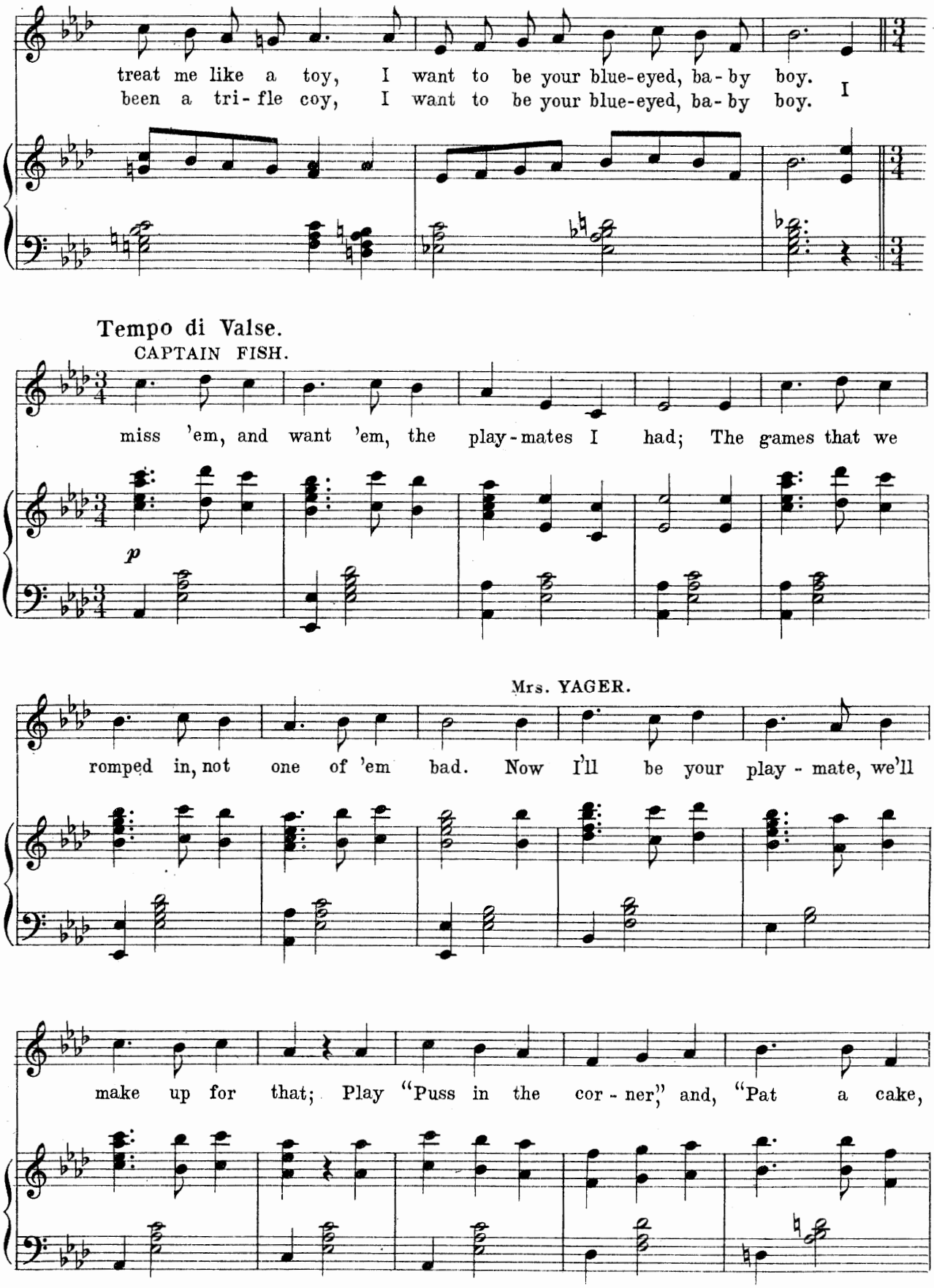
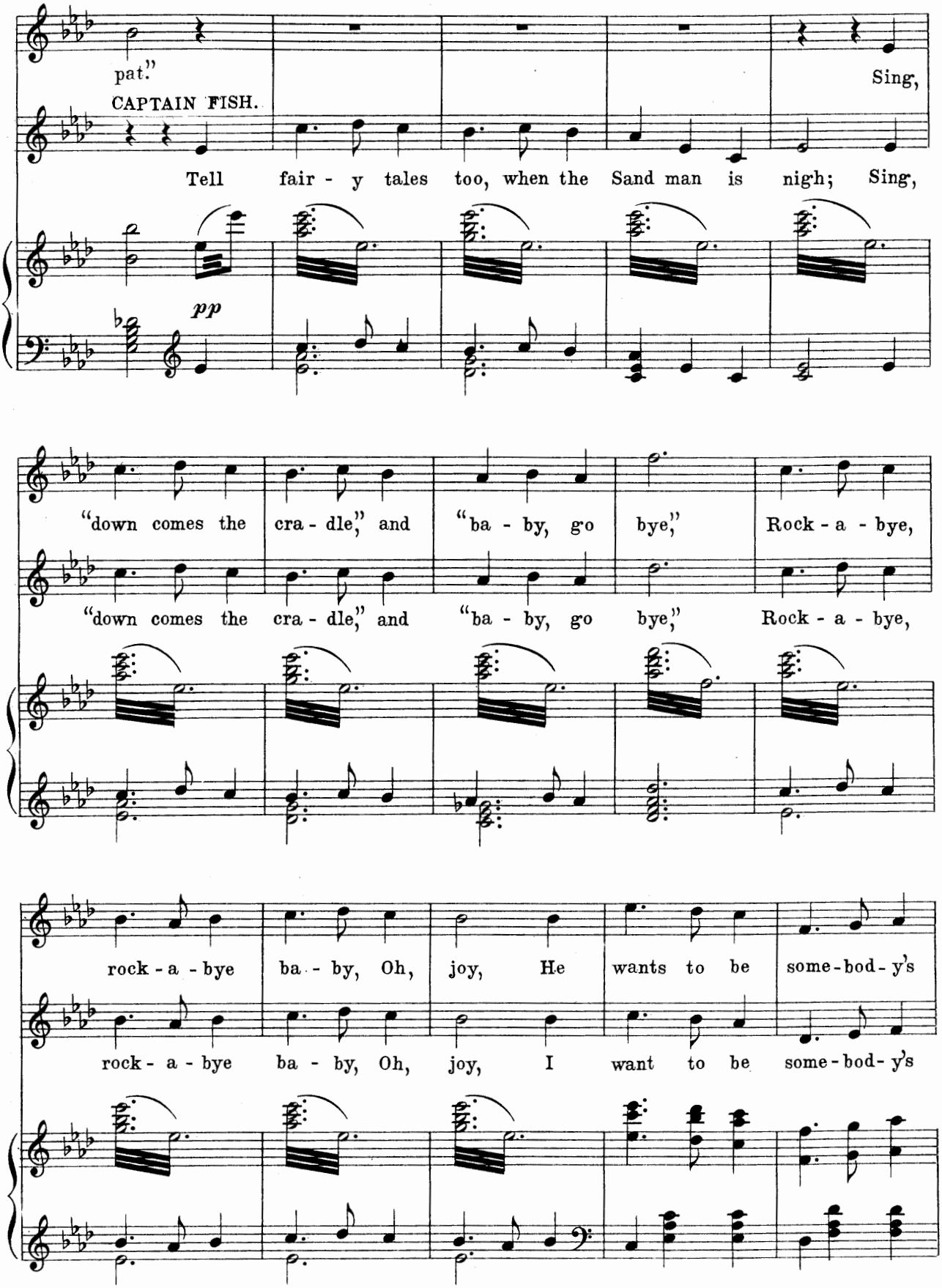
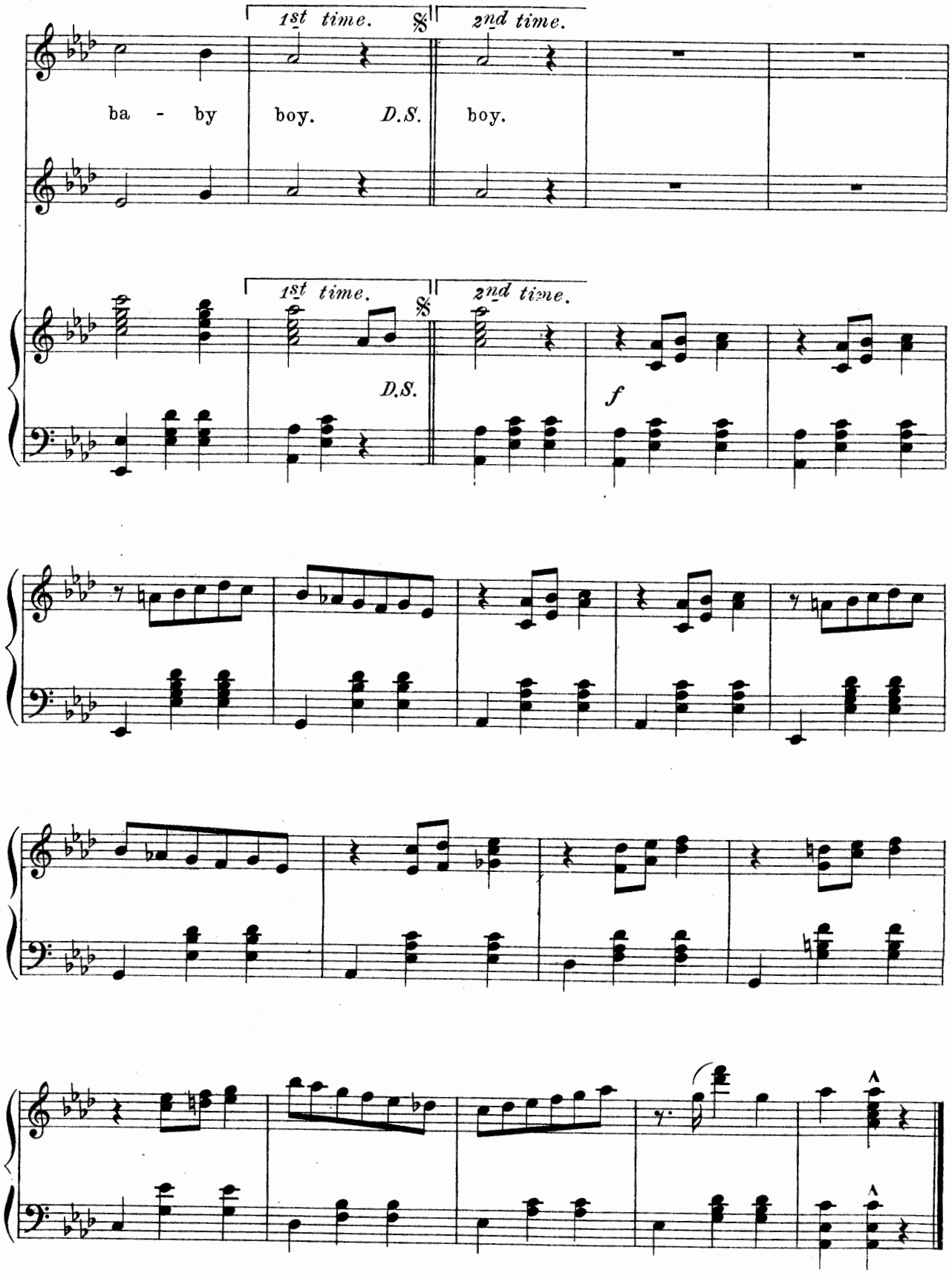

gent - ler than I'd be, If on - ly I had some - bod - y to
coo, to make him laugh; And kiss him? Why I've e - ven seen them
Mrs. YAGER.
make a fuss of me. Ven— I'm your lit - tle Ma - ry and you
kiss his pho - to - graph. My— boy vont be a beg - gar for dose
fol - low me a - bout, I make for you such hap - pi - ness, you
fav - ours, dot's a cinch; I gif dot tick - le in der chin, dose
nev - er find it out.
chub - by cheeks I pinch.
CAPTAIN FISH.
Oh! hug me like a Ted - dy Bear, and
Be - gin it now! for all my life, I've


treat me like a toy, I want to be your blue-eyed, ba-by boy.
been a tri-fle coy, I want to be your blue-eyed, ba-by boy.
I
Tempo di Valse.
CAPTAIN FISH.
miss 'em, and want 'em, the play-mates I had; The games that we
p
Mrs. YAGER.
romped in, not one of 'em bad. Now I'll be your play-mate, we'll
make up for that; Play "Puss in the cor-ner," and, "Pat a cake,

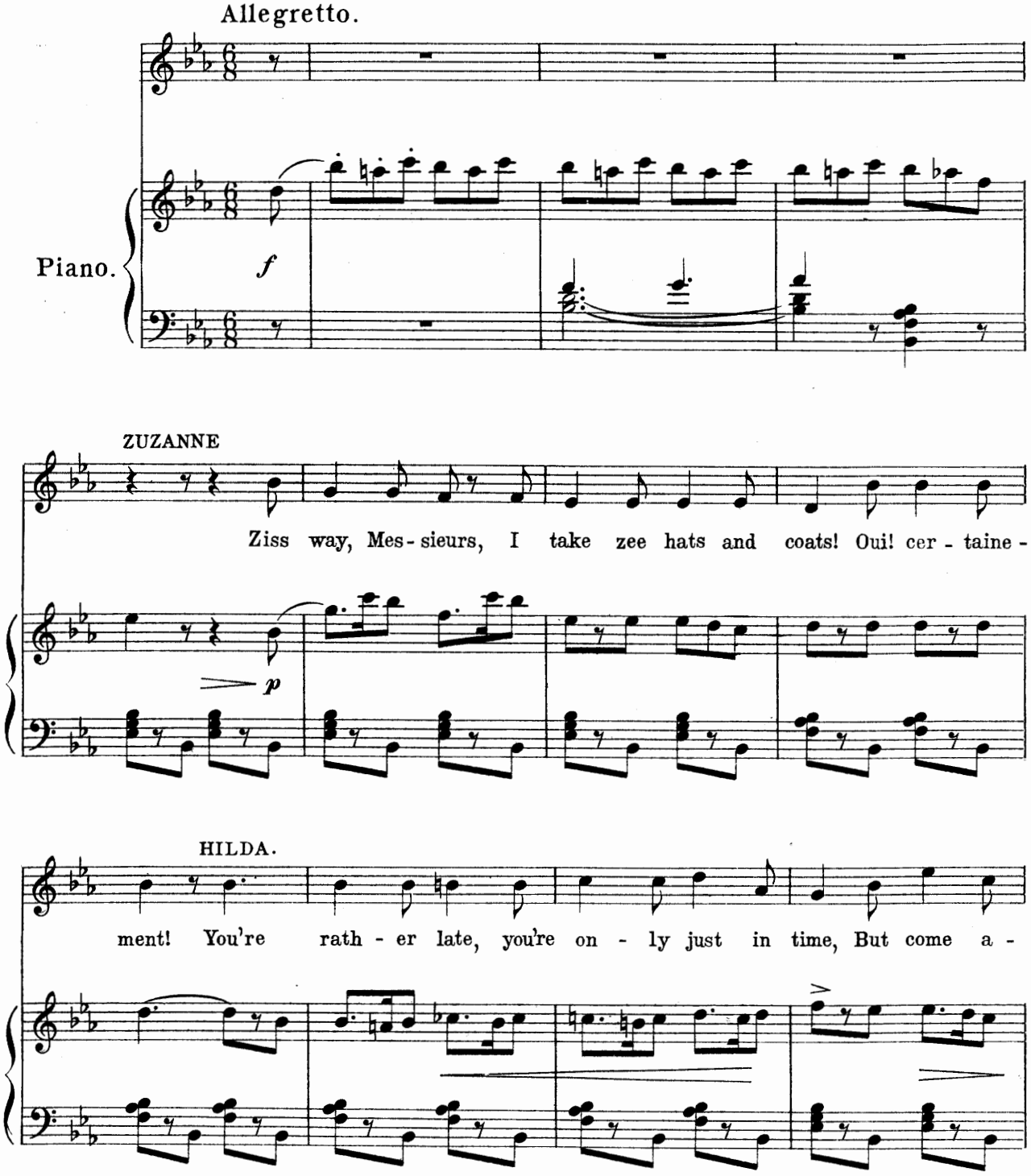

pat."
CAPTAIN FISH.
Sing,
Tell fair - y tales too, when the Sand man is nigh; Sing,
pp
"down comes the cra - dle," and "ba - by, go bye," Rock - a - bye,
"down comes the cra - dle," and "ba - by, go bye," Rock - a - bye,
rock - a - bye ba - by, Oh, joy, He wants to be some - bod - y's
rock - a - bye ba - by, Oh, joy, I want to be some - bod - y's


1st time.
2nd time.
ba - by
boy.
D.S.
boy.
1st time.
2nd time.
D.S.
f

Nº 20. Come Along.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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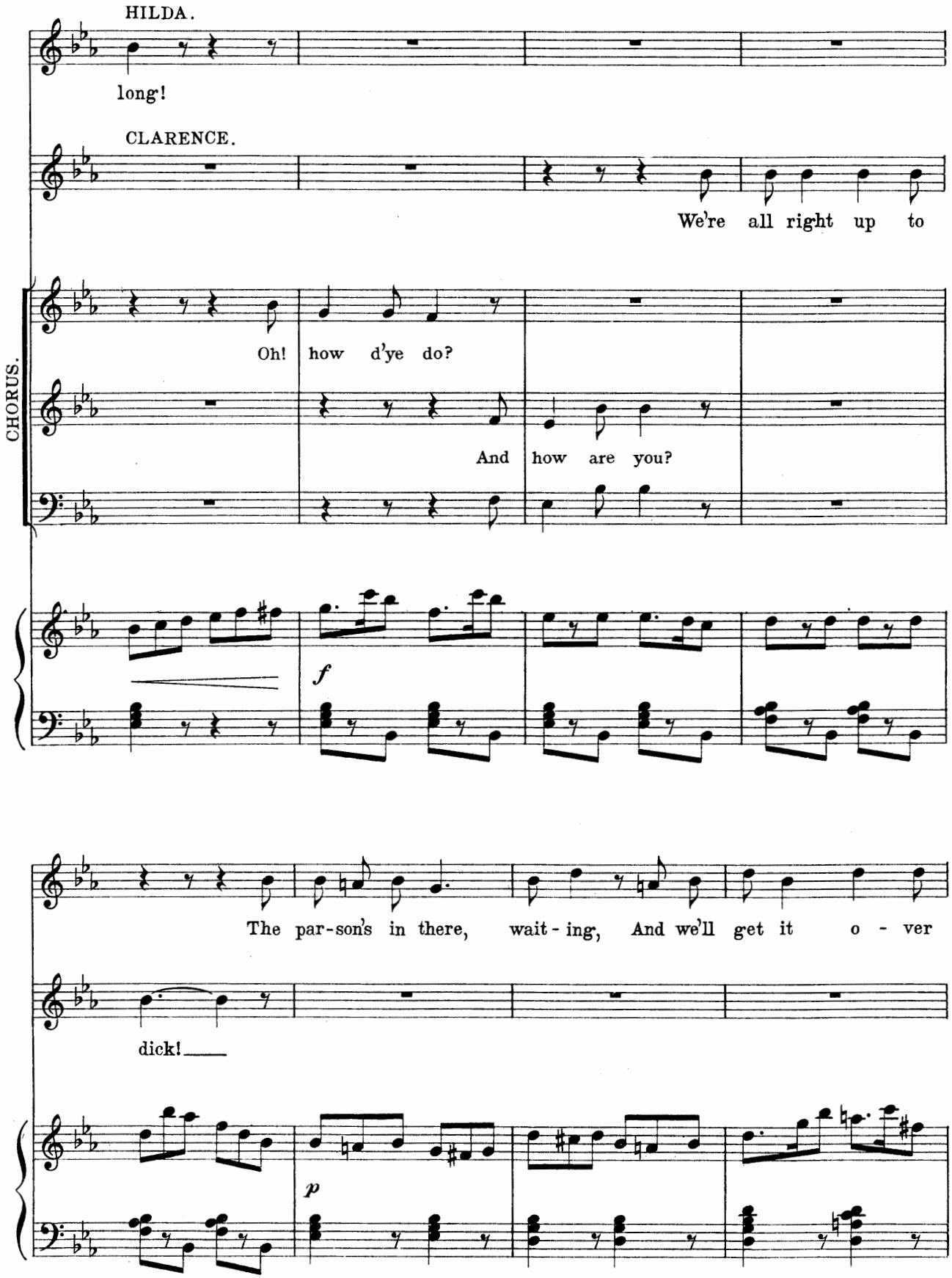
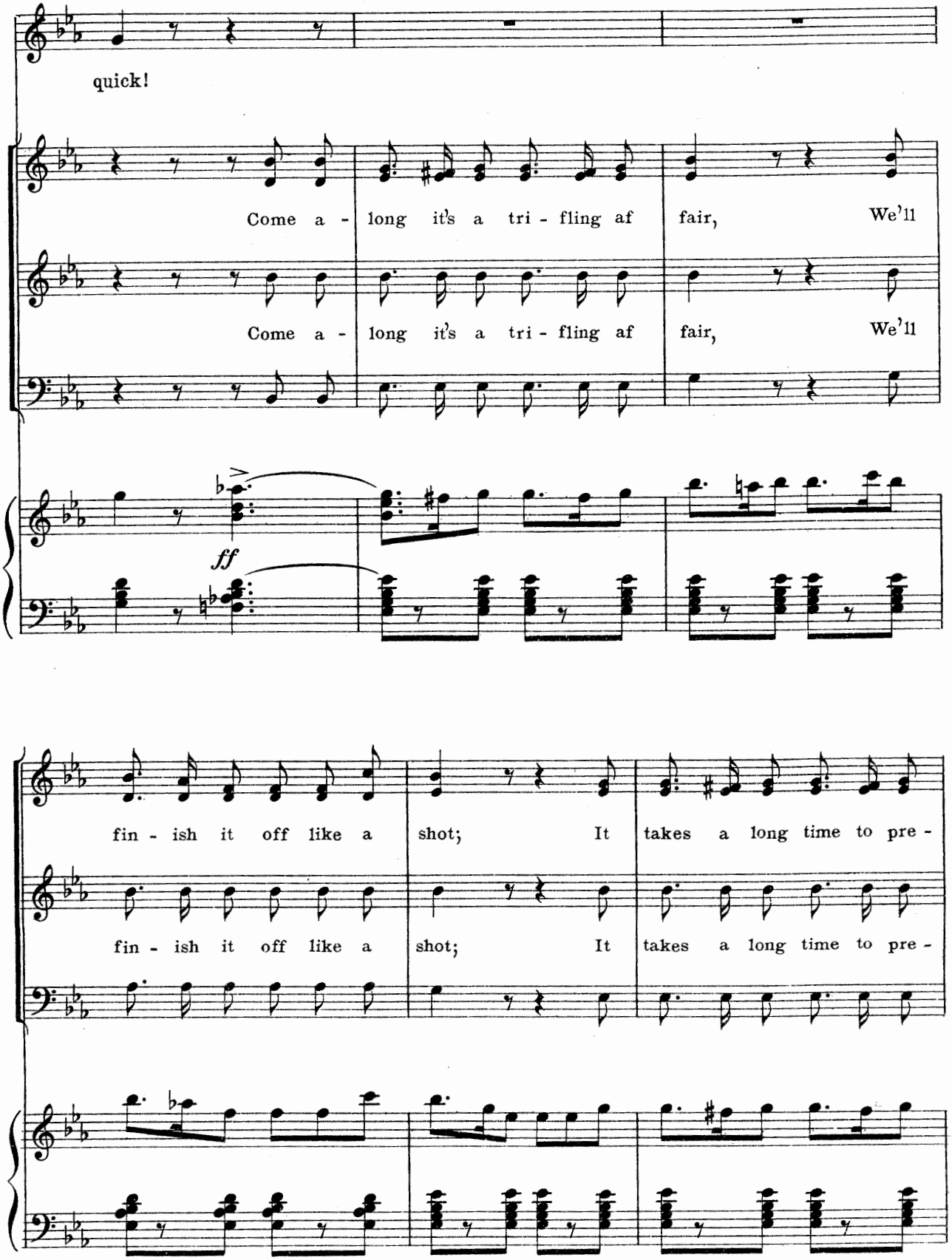
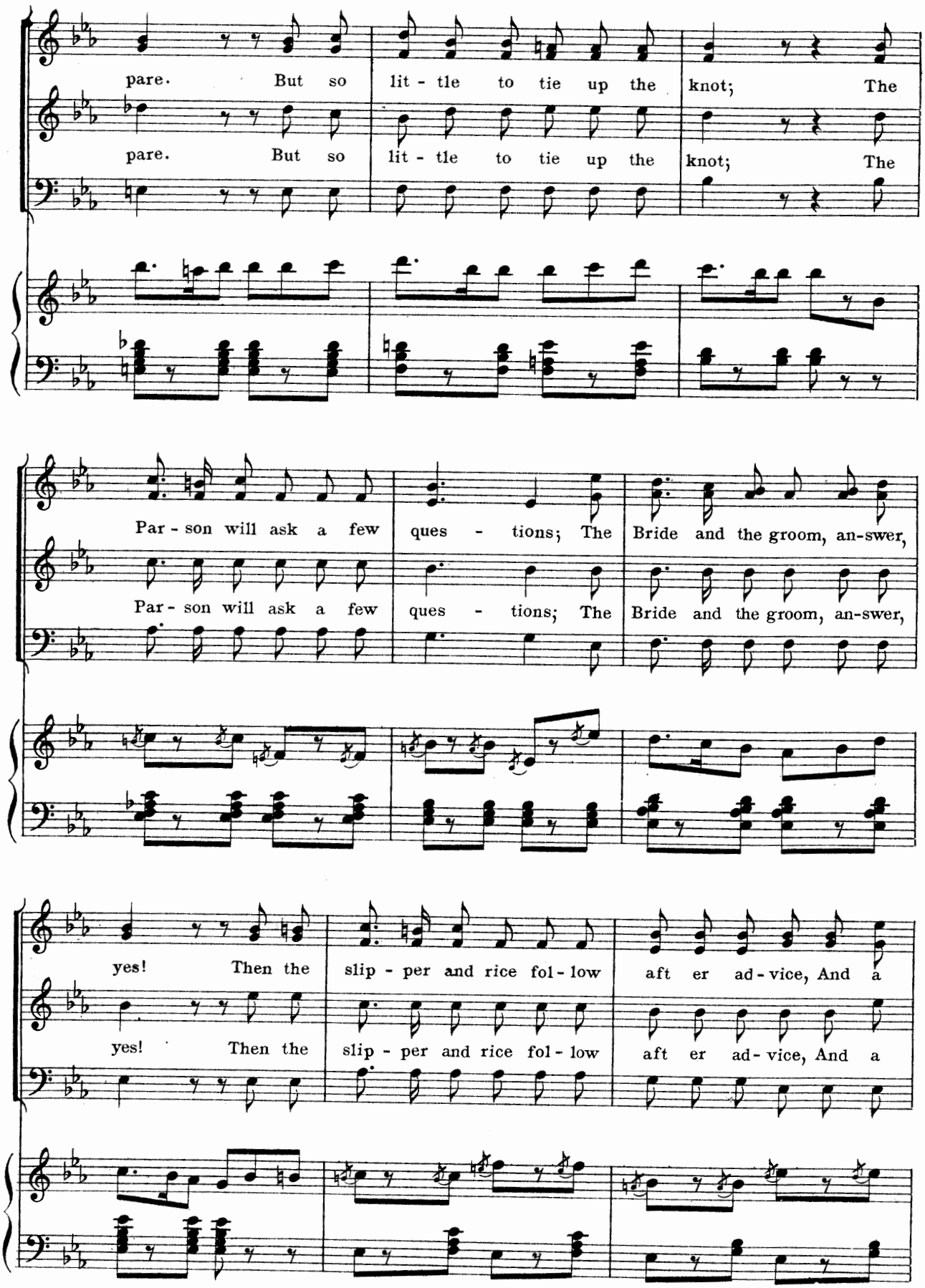
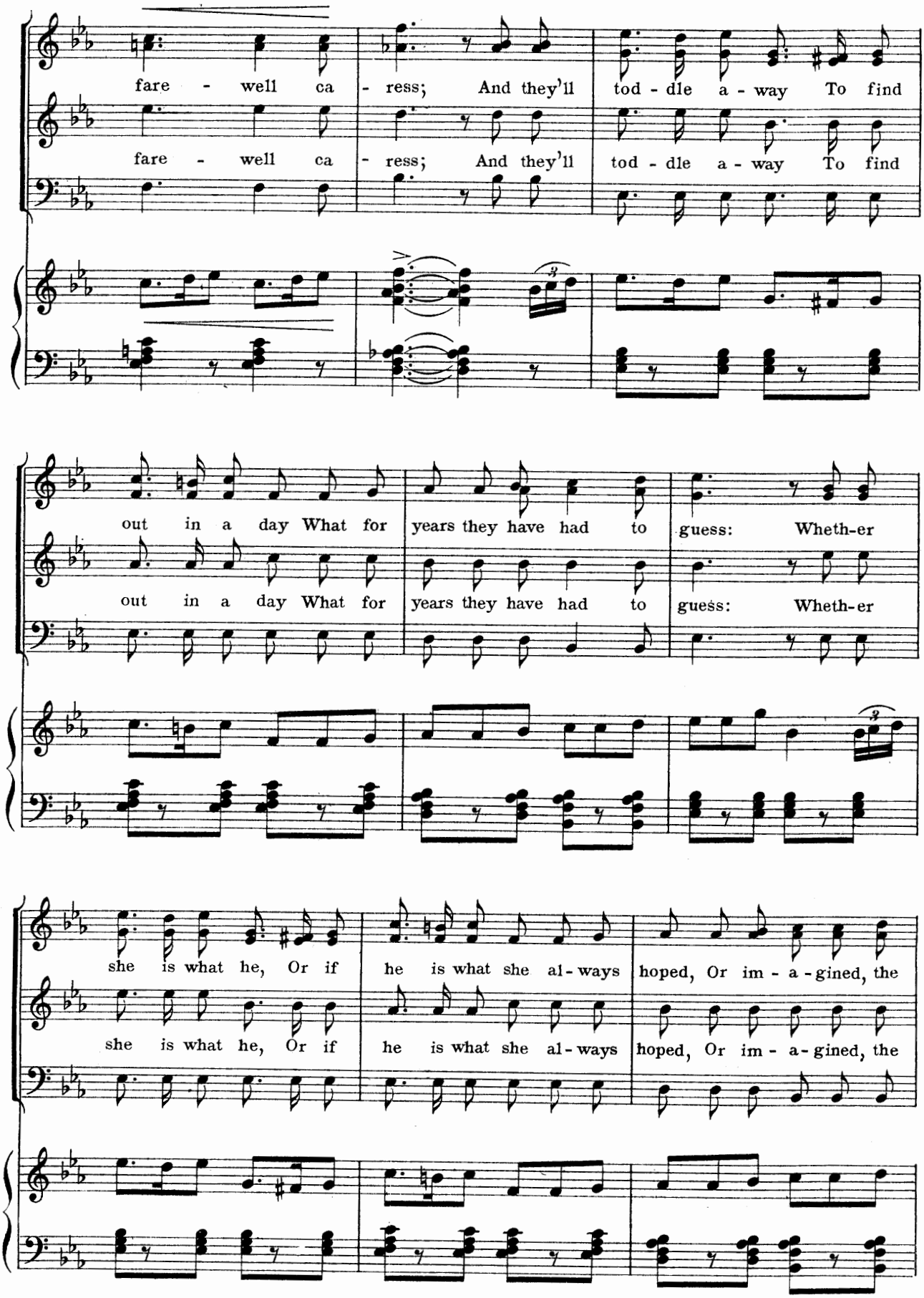
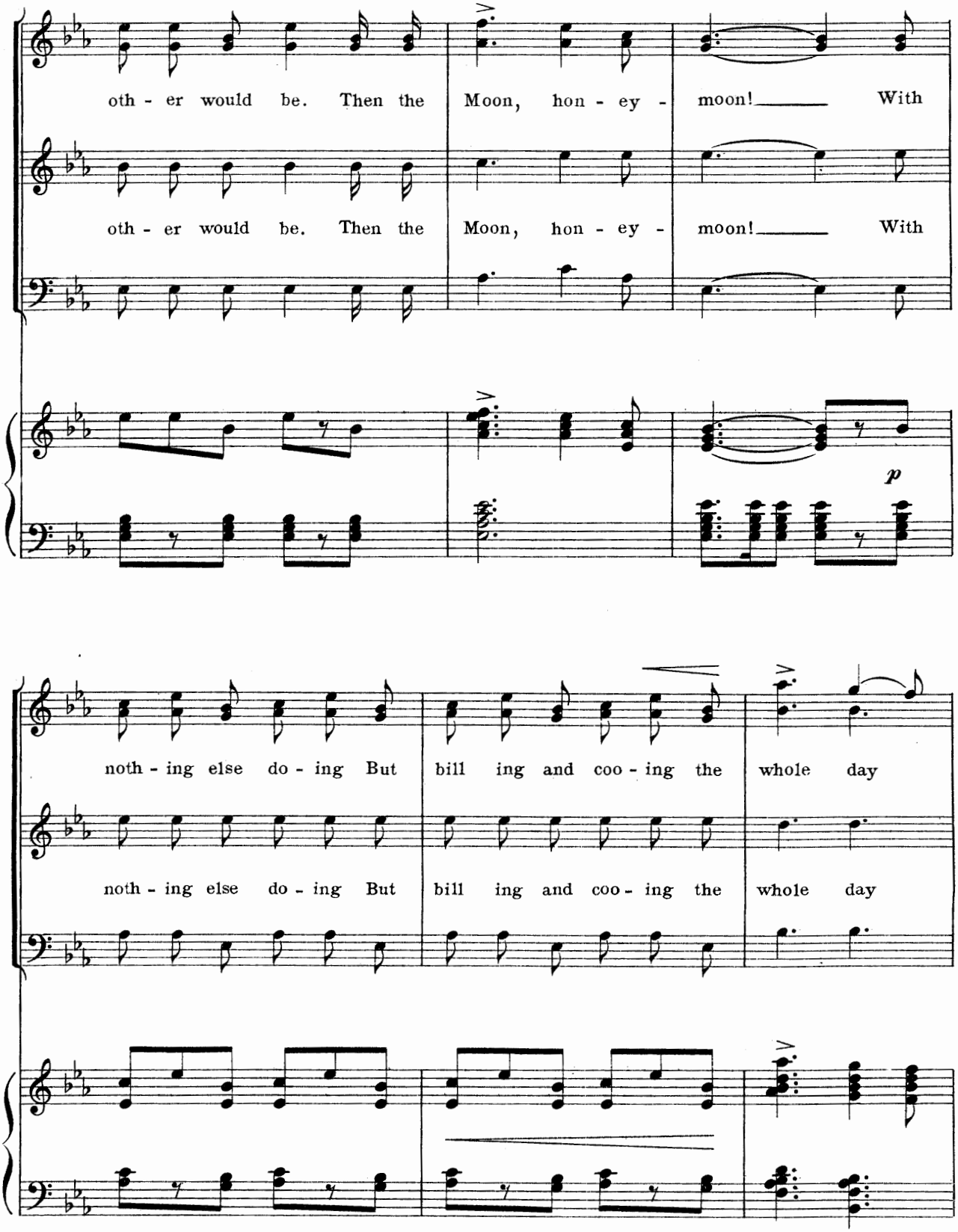
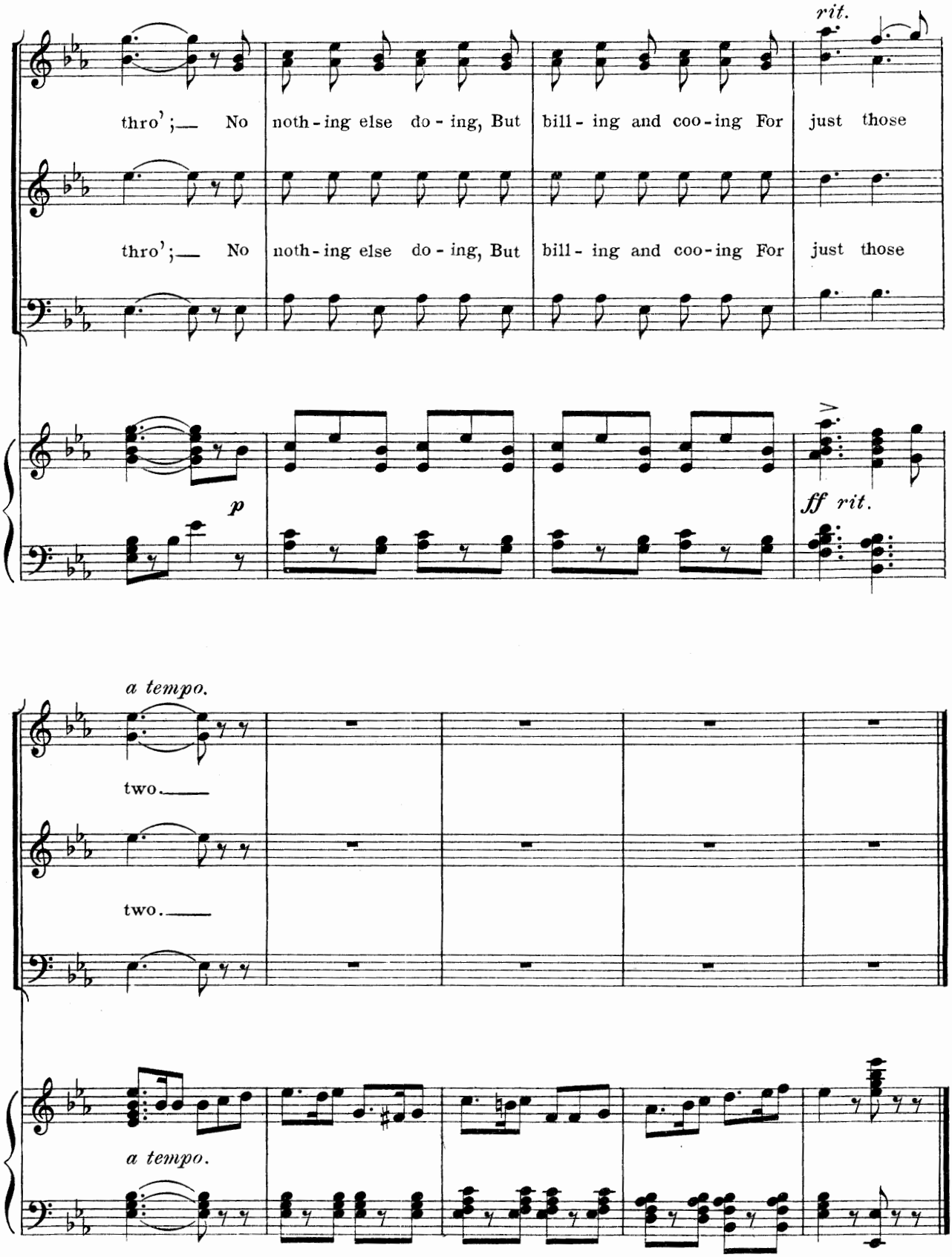

HILDA.
long!
CLARENCE.
We're all right up to
CHORUS.
Oh! how d'ye do?
And how are you?
f
The par-son's in there, wait-ing, And we'll get it o-ver
dick!
p


quick!
Come a - long it's a tri - fling af fair, We'll
Come a - long it's a tri - fling af fair, We'll
ff
fin - ish it off like a shot; It takes a long time to pre -
fin - ish it off like a shot; It takes a long time to pre -


pare. But so lit - tle to tie up the knot; The
pare. But so lit - tle to tie up the knot; The
Par - son will ask a few ques - tions; The Bride and the groom, an-swer,
Par - son will ask a few ques - tions; The Bride and the groom, an-swer,
yes! Then the slip - per and rice fol - low aft er ad - vice, And a
yes! Then the slip - per and rice fol - low aft er ad - vice, And a


fare - well ca - ress; And they'll tod - dle a - way To find
fare - well ca - ress; And they'll tod - dle a - way To find
out in a day What for years they have had to guess: Wheth-er
out in a day What for years they have had to guess: Wheth-er
she is what he, Or if he is what she al - ways hoped, Or im - a - gined, the
she is what he, Or if he is what she al - ways hoped, Or im - a - gined, the


oth - er would be. Then the Moon, hon - ey - moon! With
oth - er would be. Then the Moon, hon - ey - moon! With
p
noth - ing else do - ing But bill ing and coo - ing the whole day
noth - ing else do - ing But bill ing and coo - ing the whole day

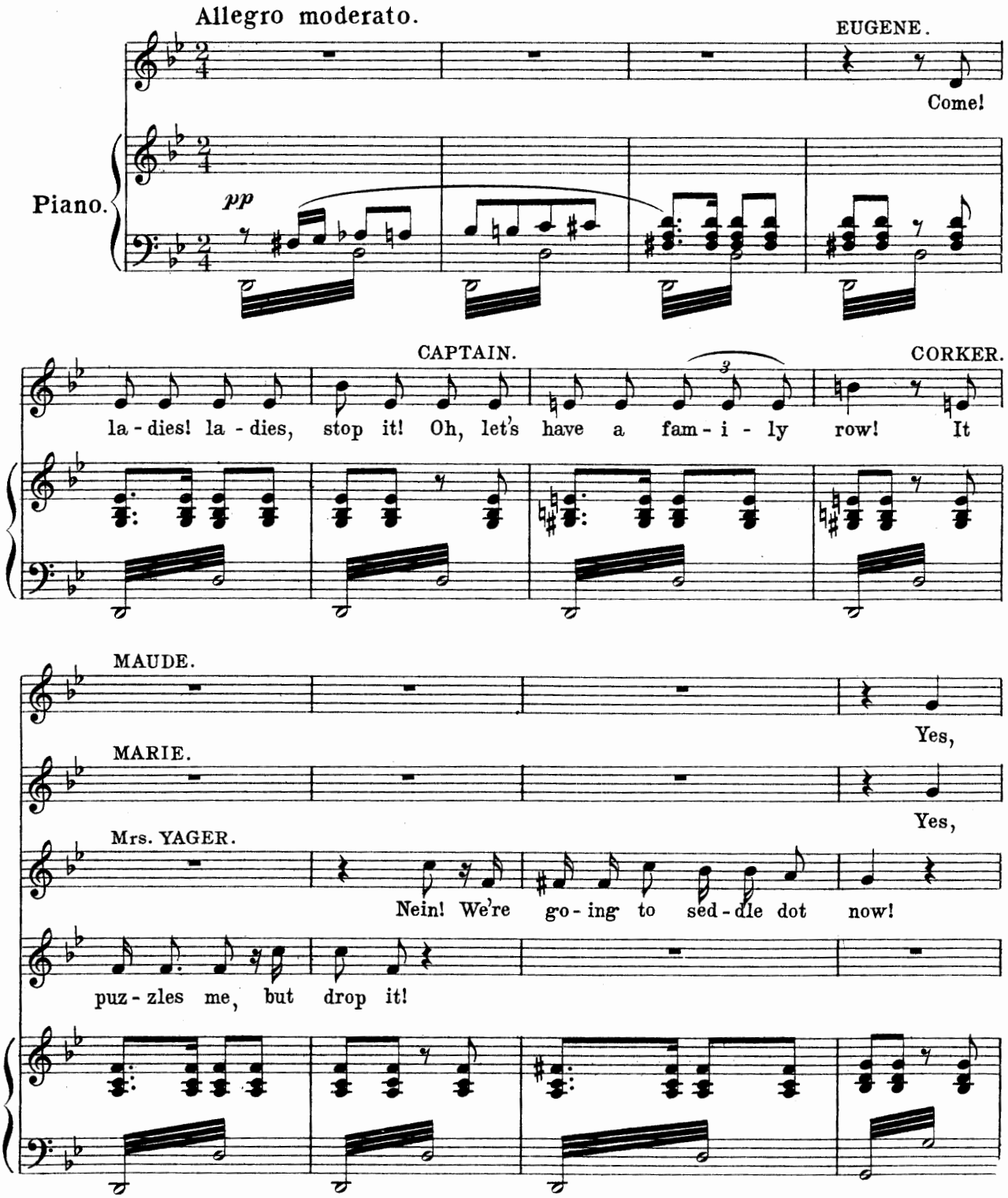

rit.
thro';— No noth-ing else do-ing, But bill-ing and coo-ing For just those
thro';— No noth-ing else do-ing, But bill-ing and coo-ing For just those
p
ff rit.
a tempo.
two.—
two.—
a tempo.

FINALE ACT II.

Nº 21. Take That.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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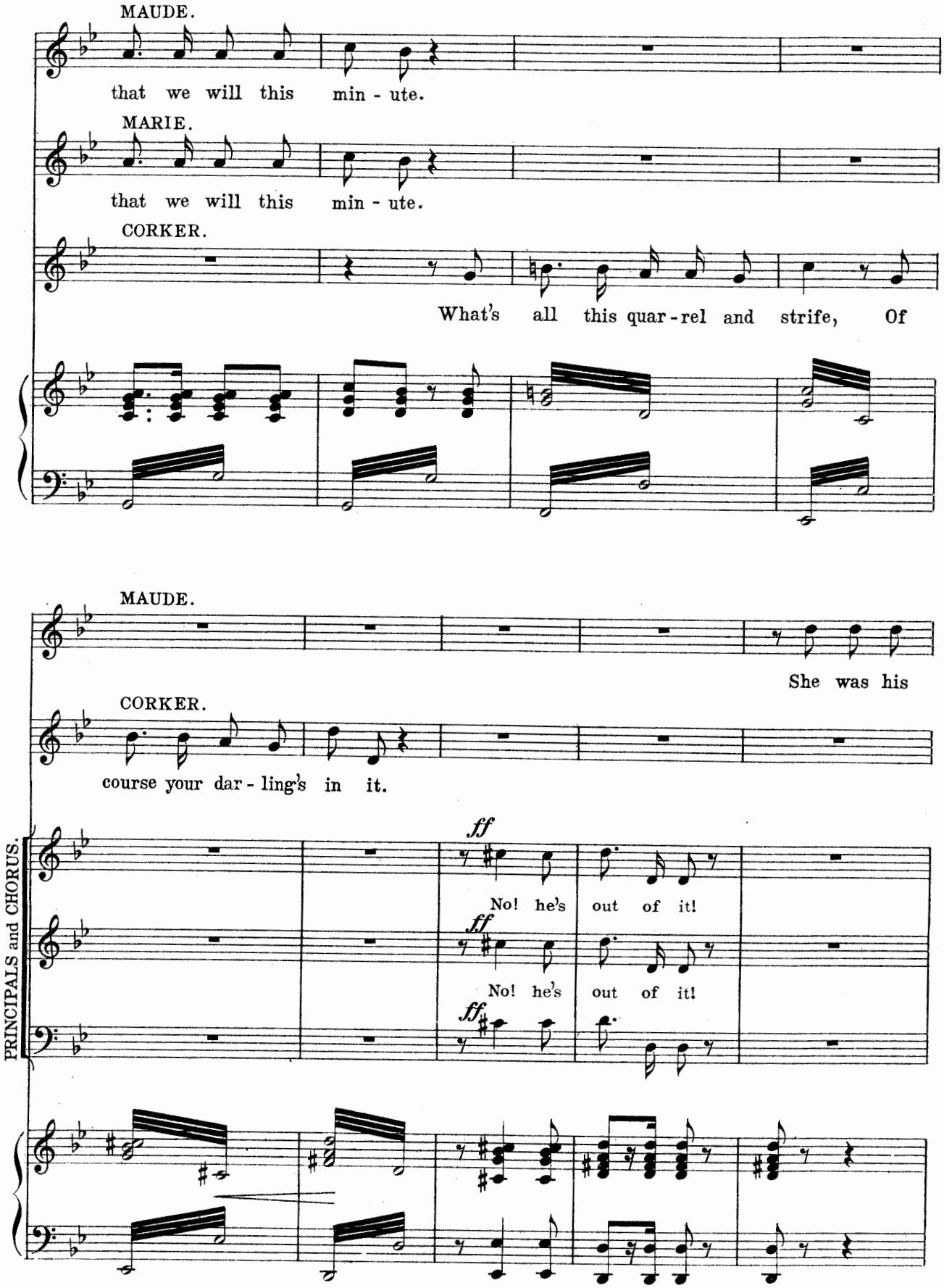
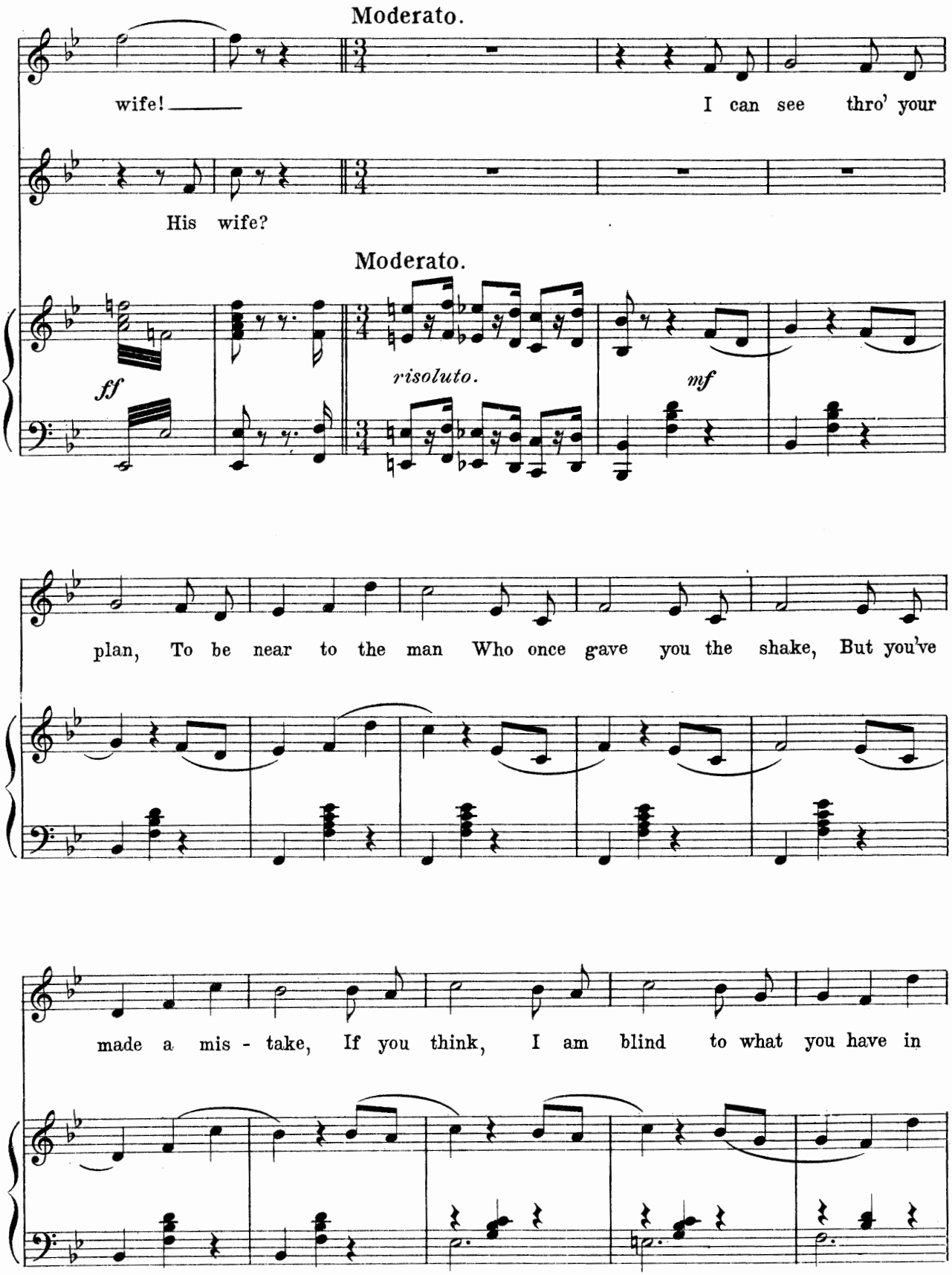
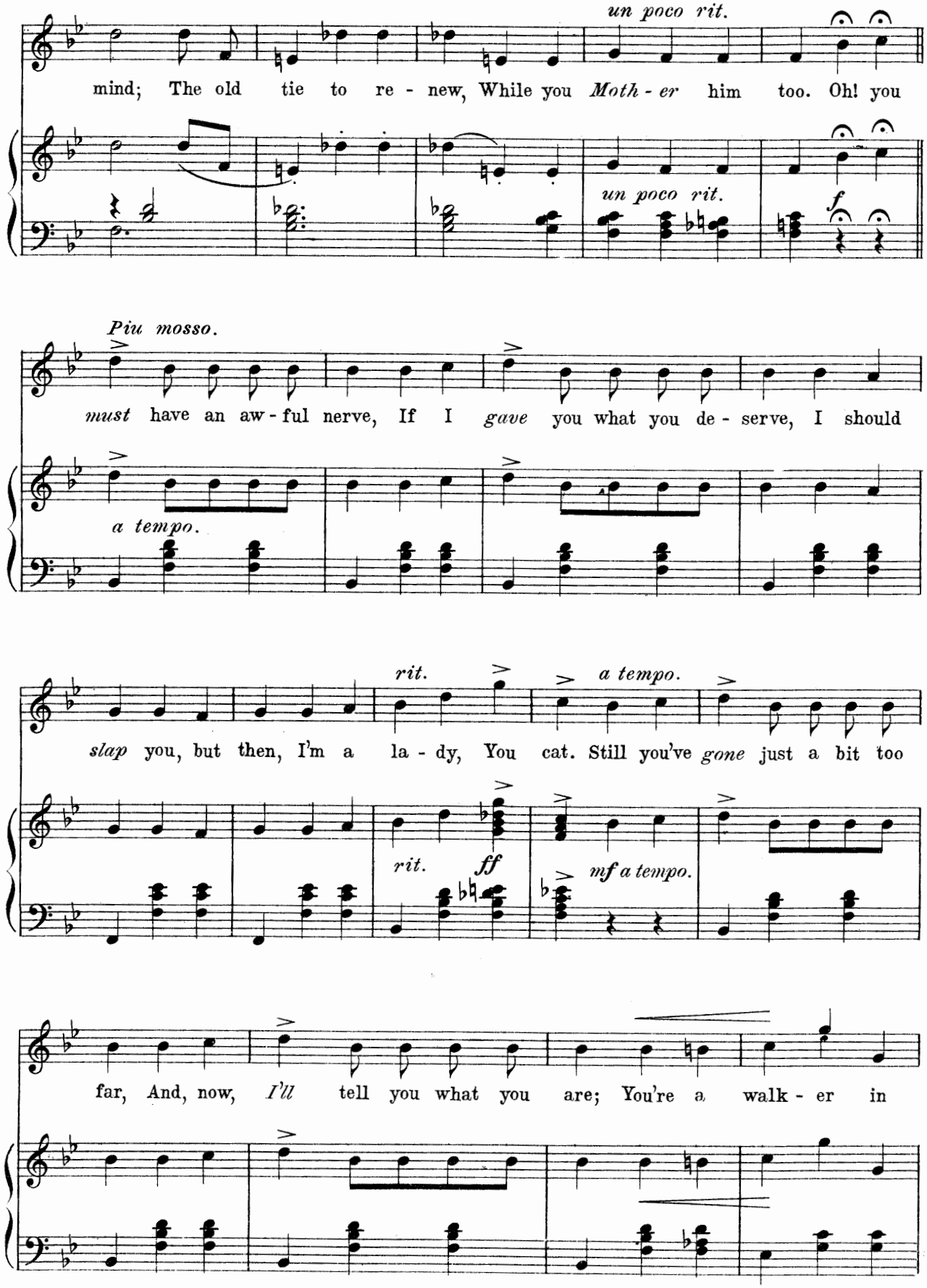
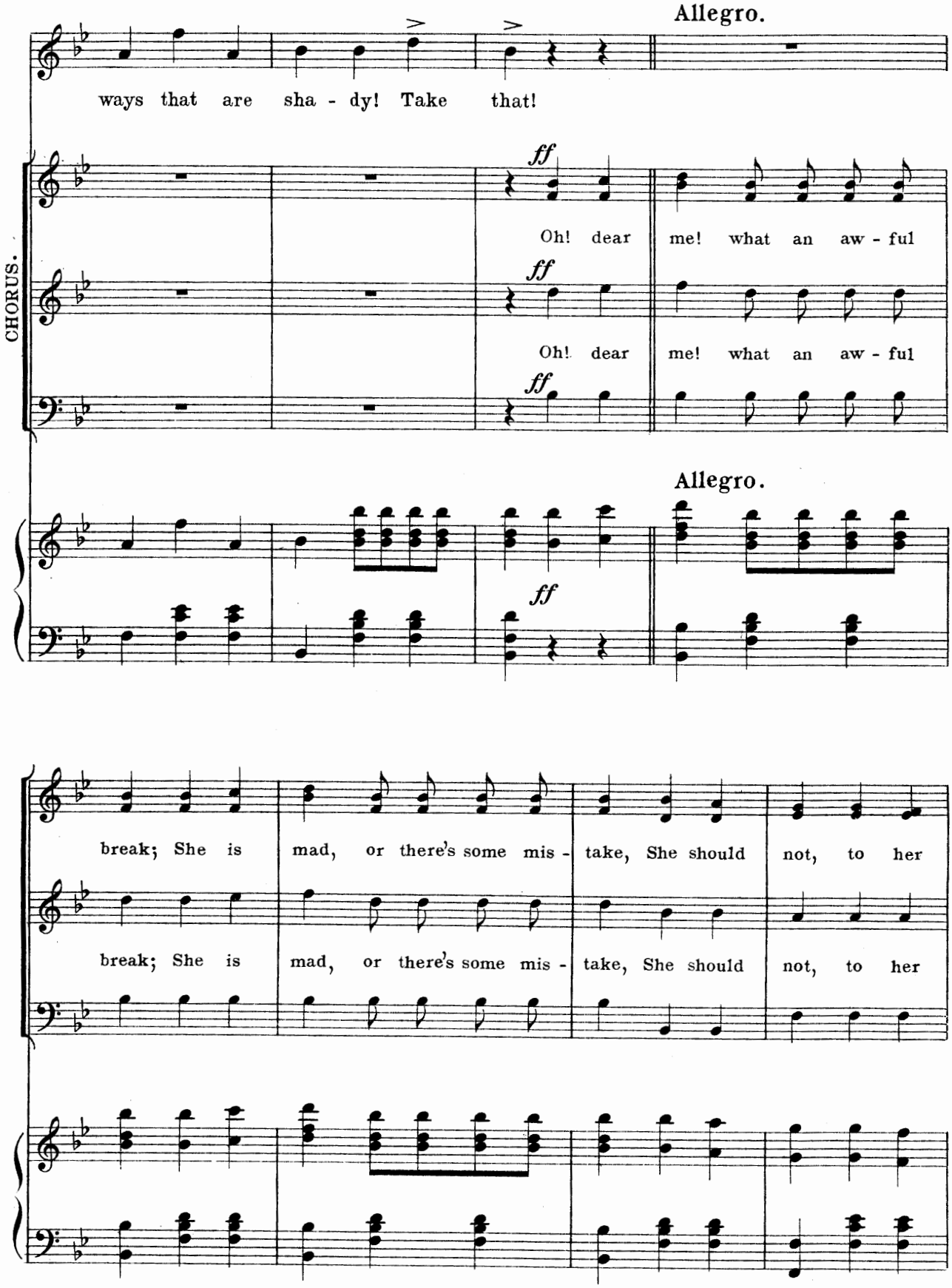
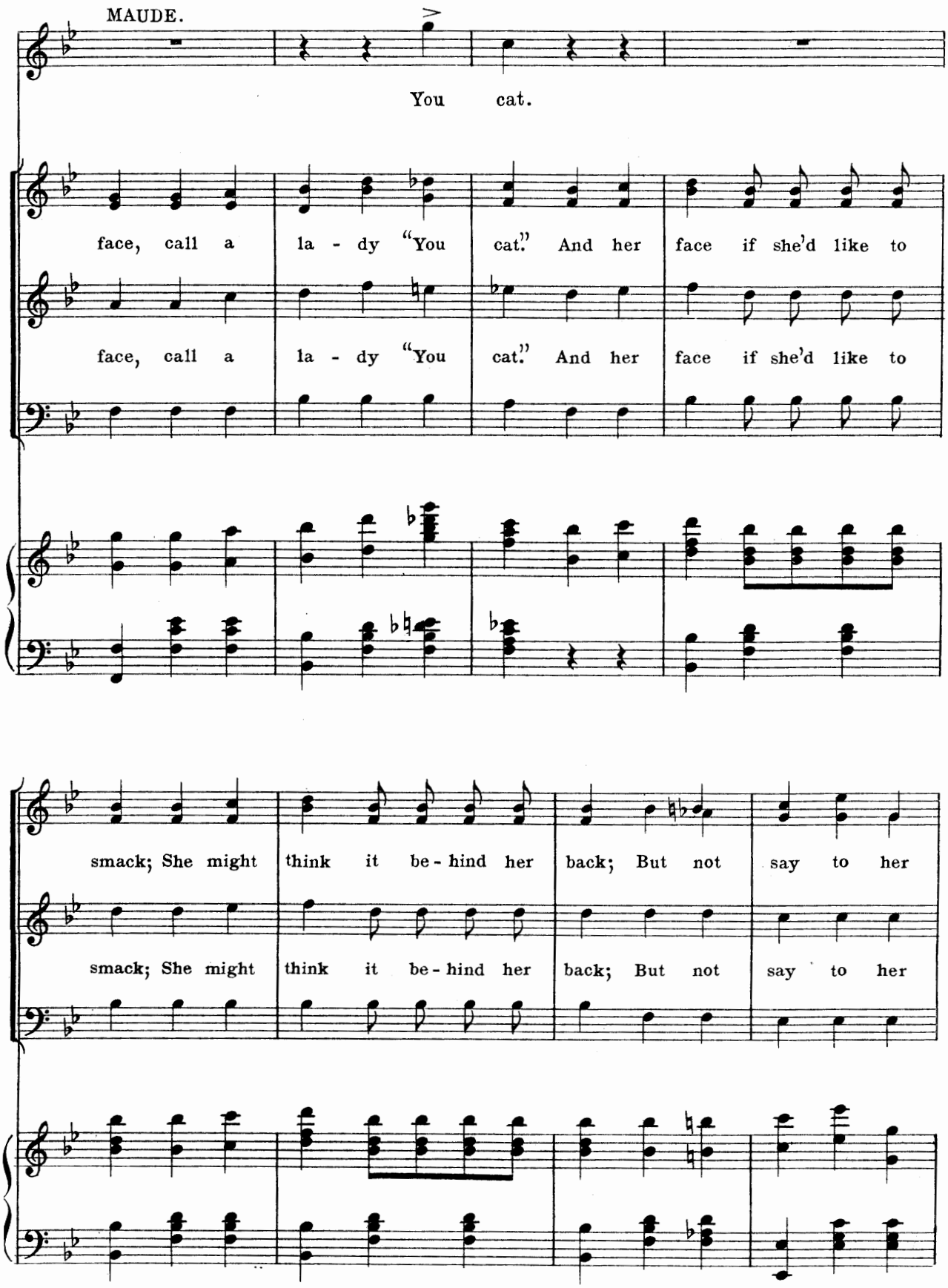
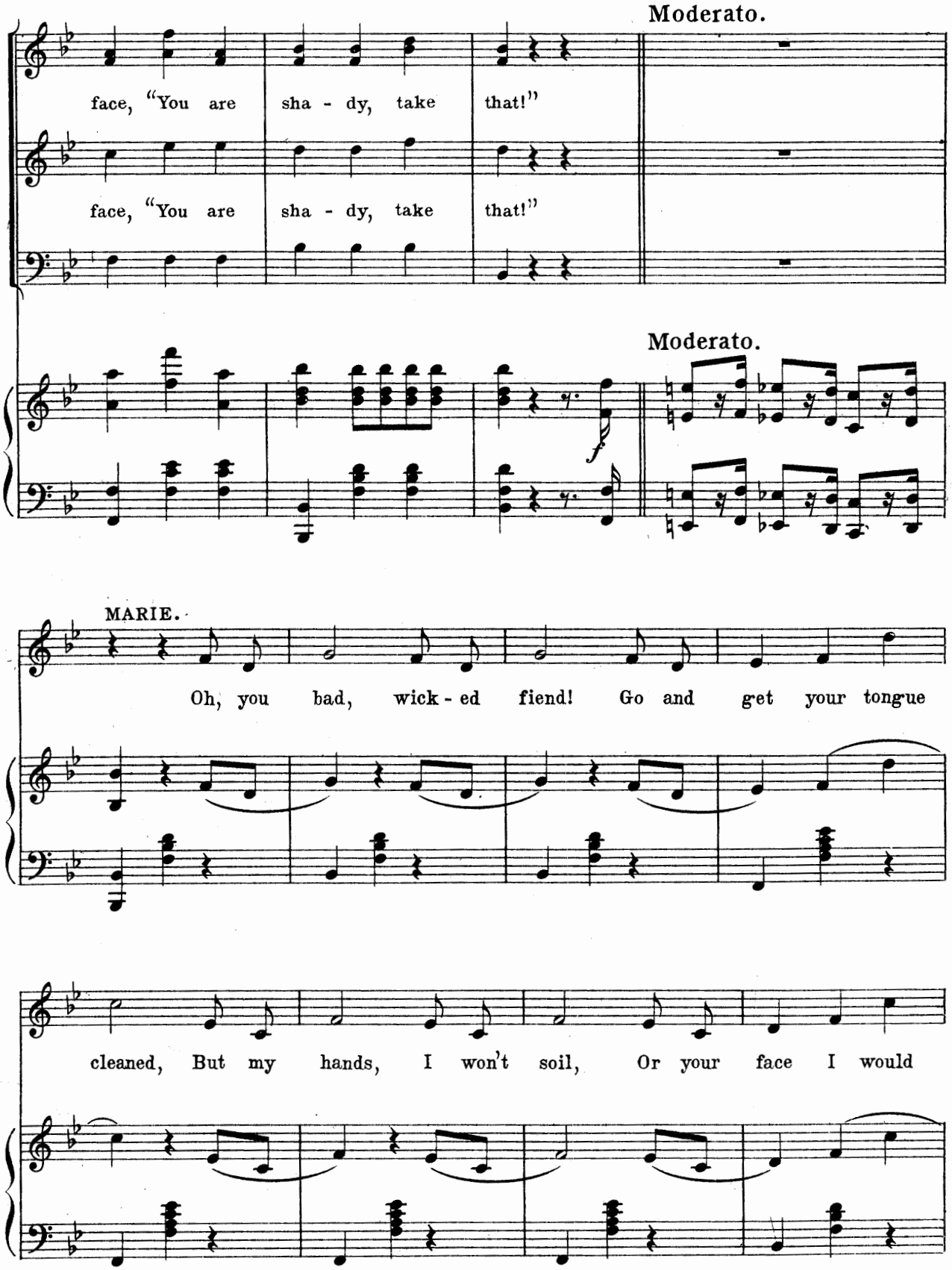

MAUDE.
that we will this min - ute.
MARIE.
that we will this min - ute.
CORKER.
What's all this quar - rel and strife, Of
MAUDE.
She was his
CORKER.
course your dar - ling's in it.
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
ff
No! he's out of it!
ff
No! he's out of it!
ff

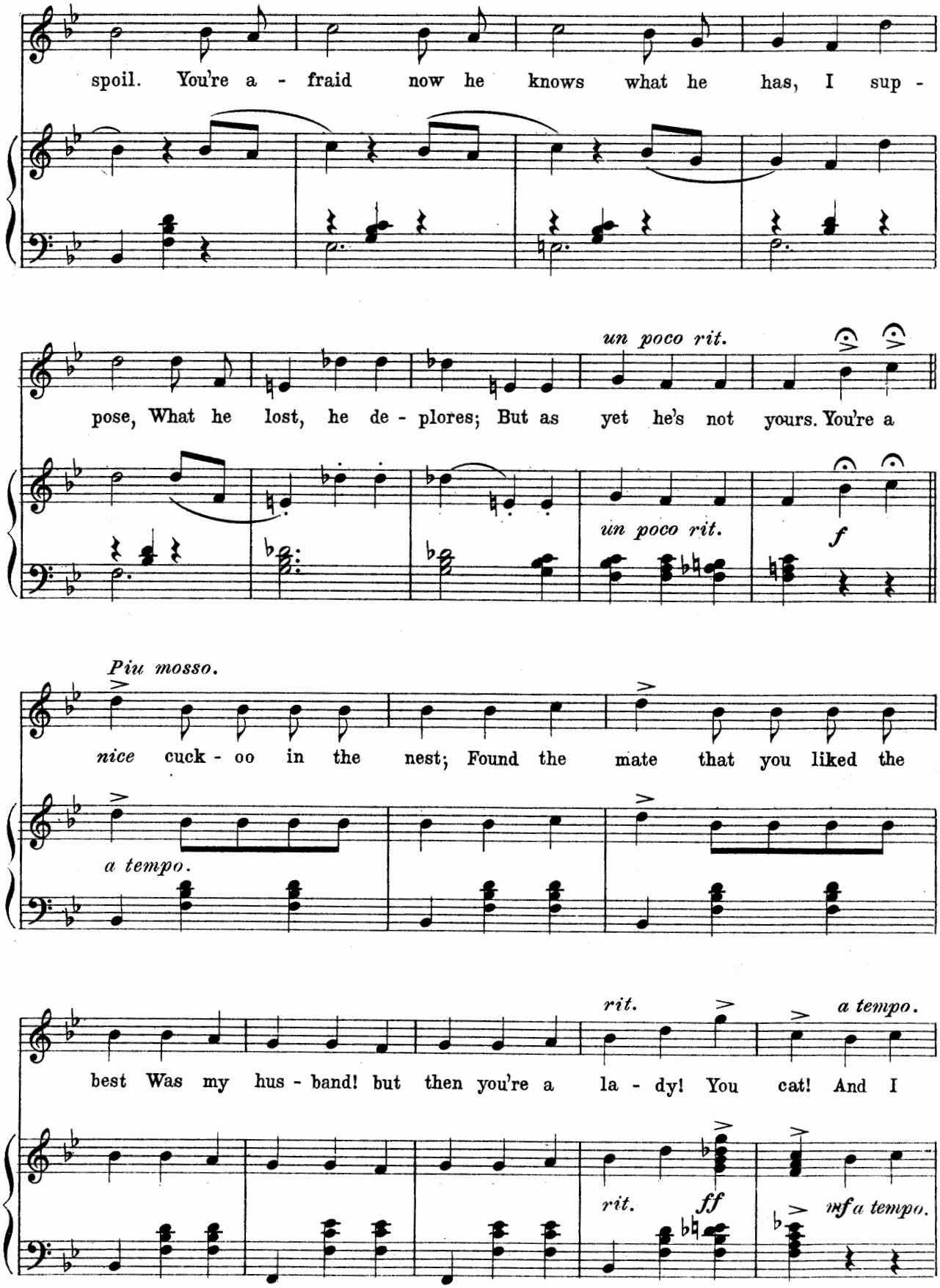

Moderato.
wife!
I can see thro' your
His wife?
Moderato.
ff
risoluto.
mf
plan, To be near to the man Who once gave you the shake, But you've
made a mis - take, If you think, I am blind to what you have in

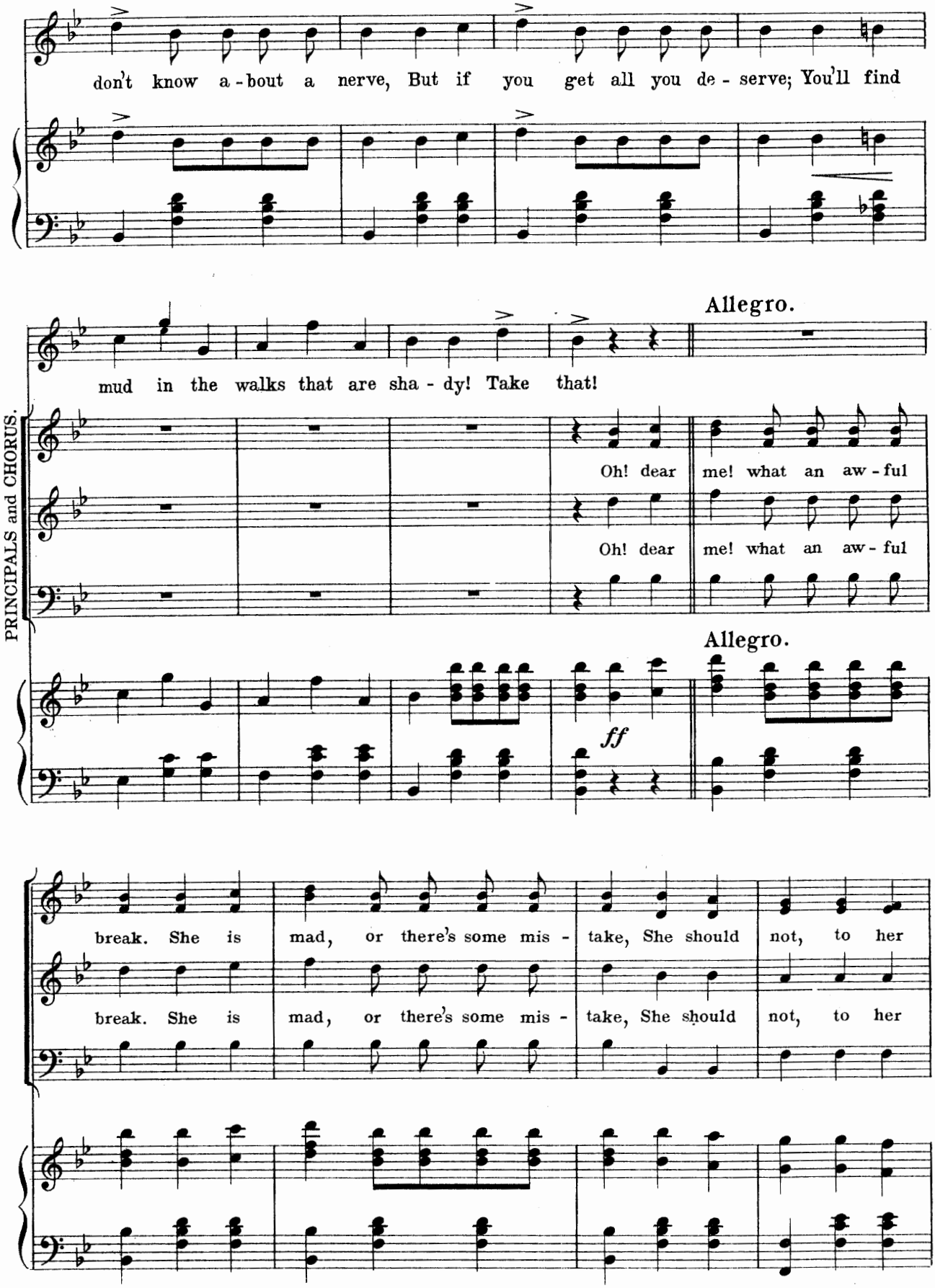

un poco rit.
mind; The old tie to re - new, While you Moth - er him too. Oh! you
un poco rit.
f
Piu mosso.
must have an aw - ful nerve, If I gave you what you de - serve, I should
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
slap you, but then, I'm a la - dy, You cat. Still you've gone just a bit too
rit.
ff
mf a tempo.
far, And, now, I'll tell you what you are; You're a walk - er in

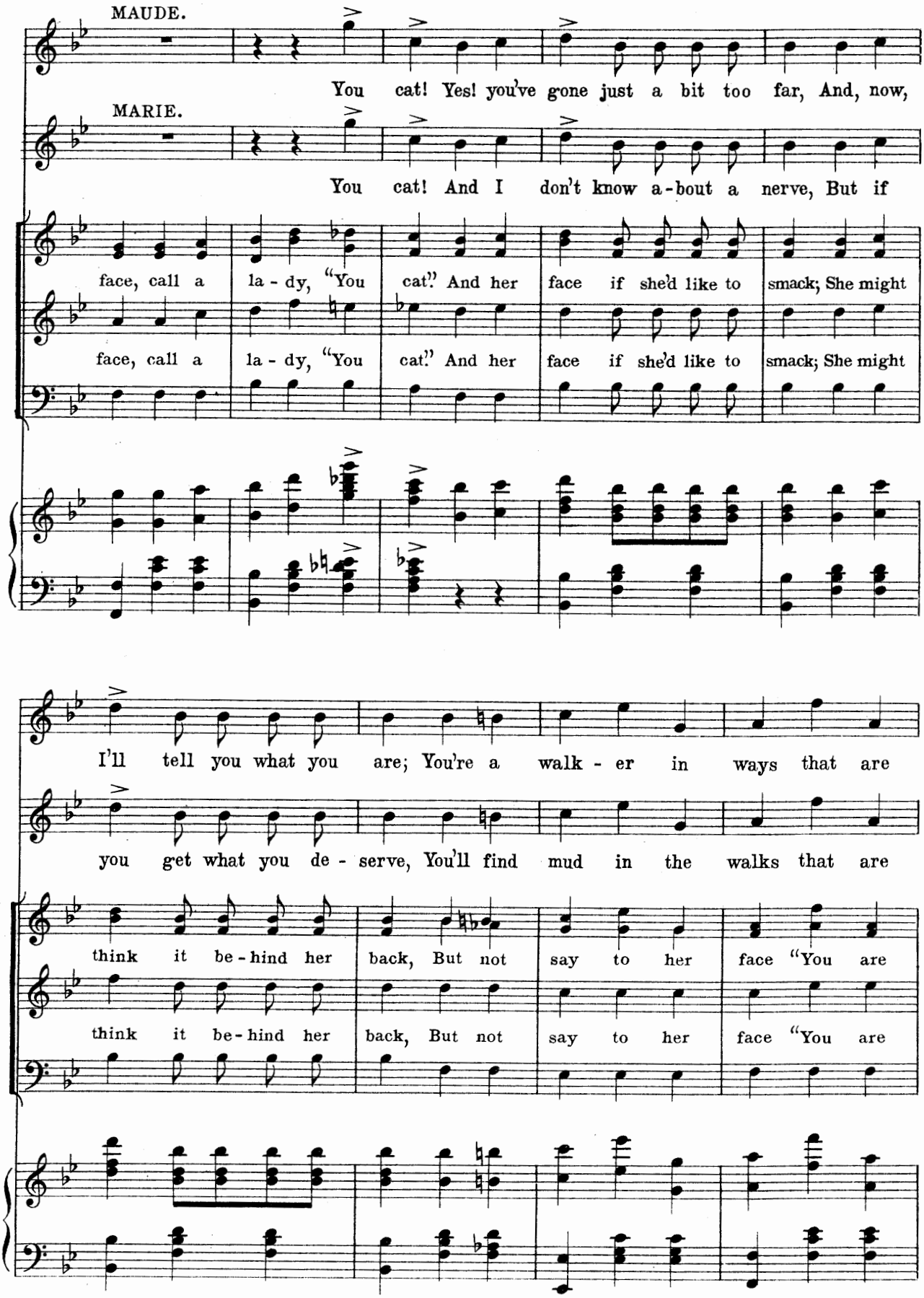

Allegro.
ways that are sha - dy! Take that!
CHORUS.
ff
Oh! dear me! what an aw - ful
Oh! dear me! what an aw - ful
Allegro.
break; She is mad, or there's some mis - take, She should not, to her
break; She is mad, or there's some mis - take, She should not, to her

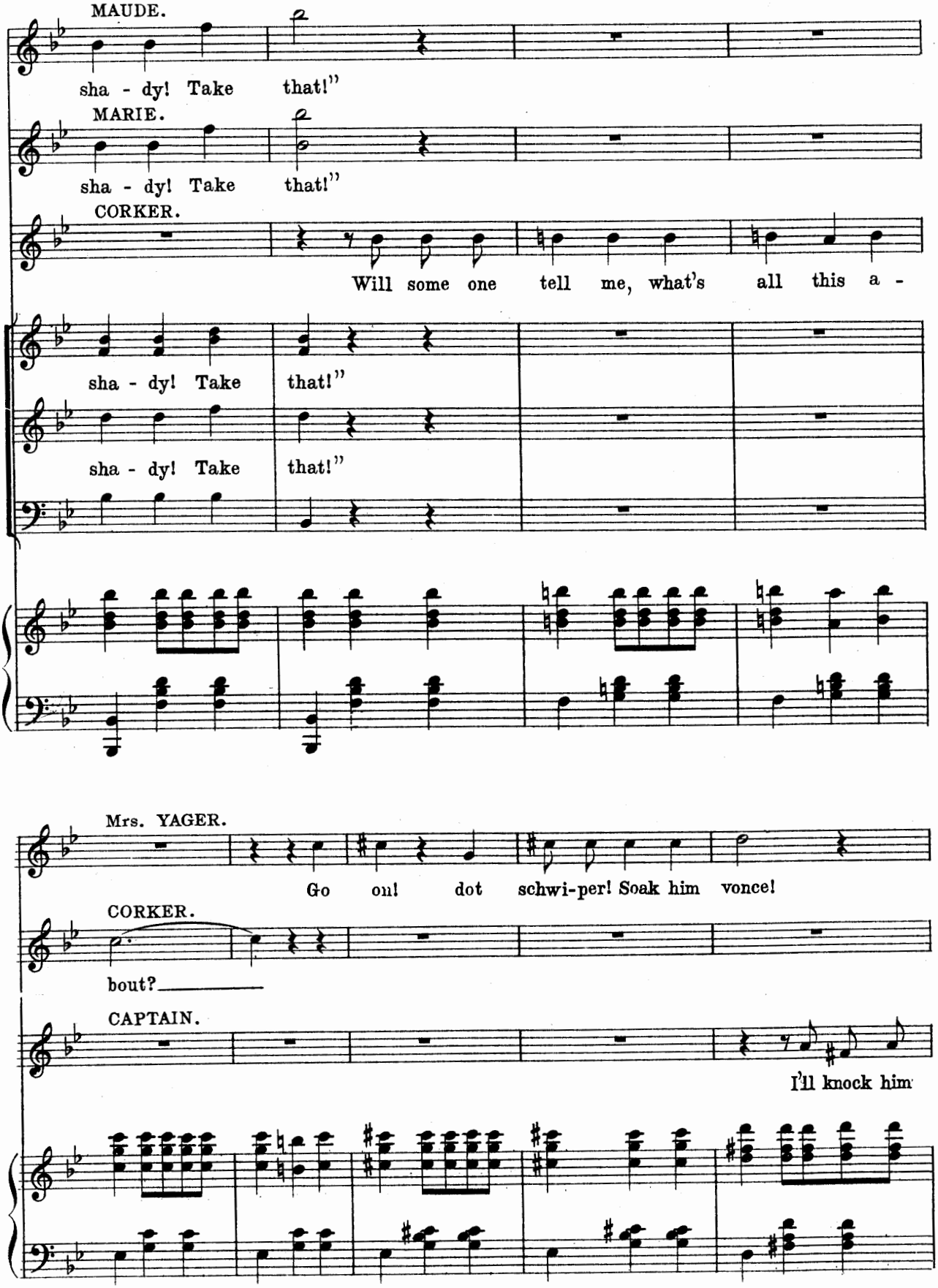

MAUDE.
You cat.
face, call a la - dy "You cat." And her face if she'd like to
face, call a la - dy "You cat." And her face if she'd like to
smack; She might think it be - hind her back; But not say to her
smack; She might think it be - hind her back; But not say to her

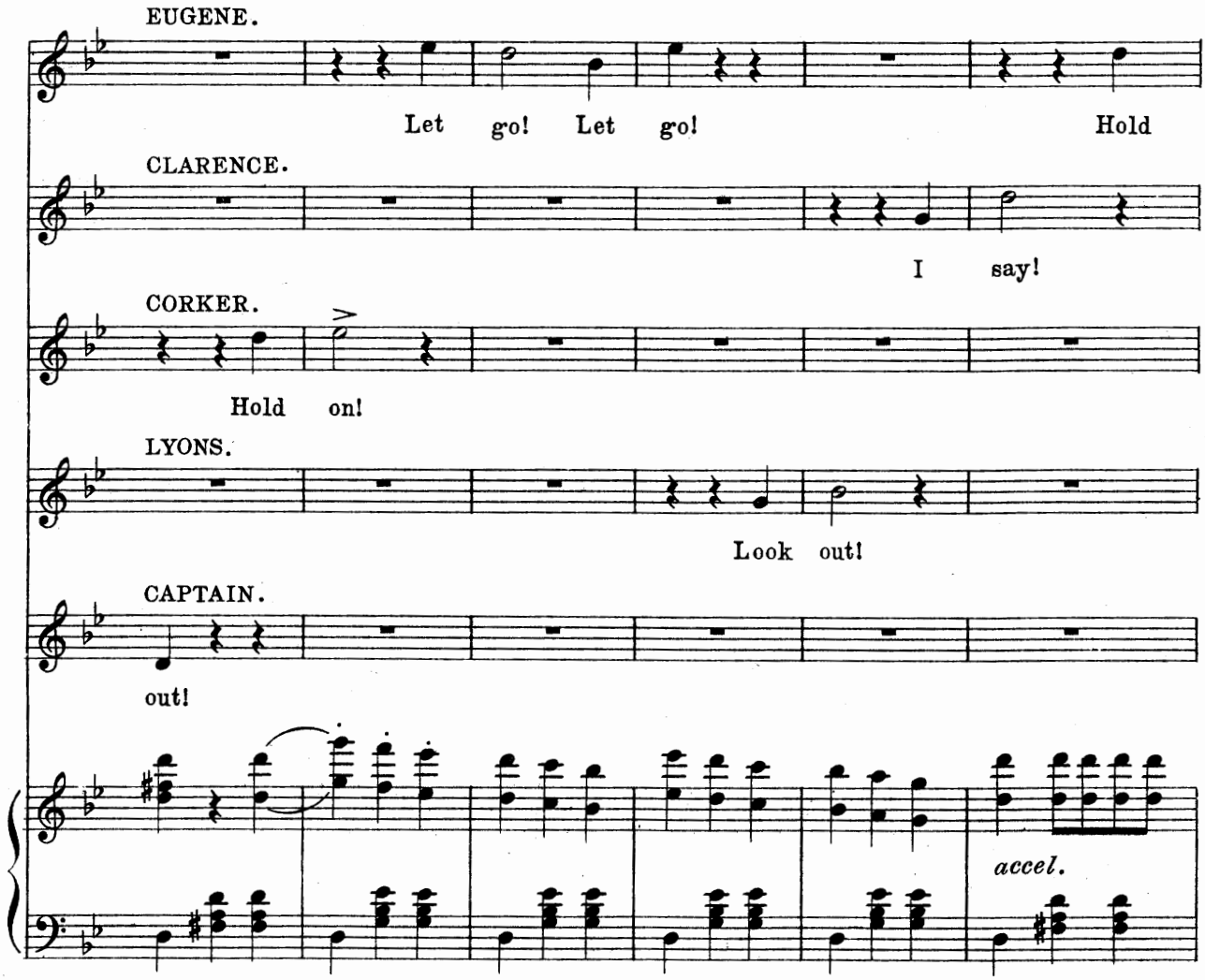

Moderato.
face, "You are sha - dy, take that!"
face, "You are sha - dy, take that!"
Moderato.
MARIE.
Oh, you bad, wick - ed fiend! Go and get your tongue
cleaned, But my hands, I won't soil, Or your face I would


spoil. You're a - fraid now he knows what he has, I sup -
un poco rit.
pose, What he lost, he de - plores; But as yet he's not yours. You're a
un poco rit.
f
Piu mosso.
nice cuck - oo in the nest; Found the mate that you liked the
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
best Was my hus - band! but then you're a la - dy! You cat! And I
rit.
ff
mf a tempo.

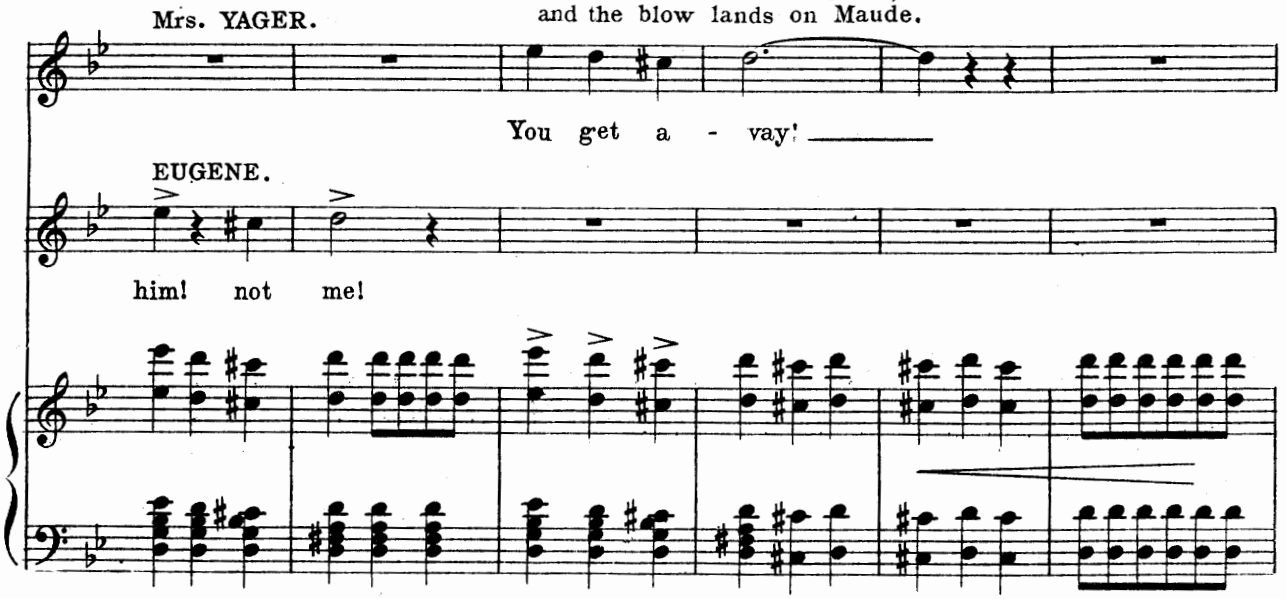

don't know a-bout a nerve, But if you get all you de-serve; You'll find
Allegro.
mud in the walks that are sha-dy! Take that!
PRINCIPALS and CHORUS.
Oh! dear me! what an aw-ful
Oh! dear me! what an aw-ful
Allegro.
ff
break. She is mad, or there's some mis-take, She should not, to her
break. She is mad, or there's some mis-take, She should not, to her

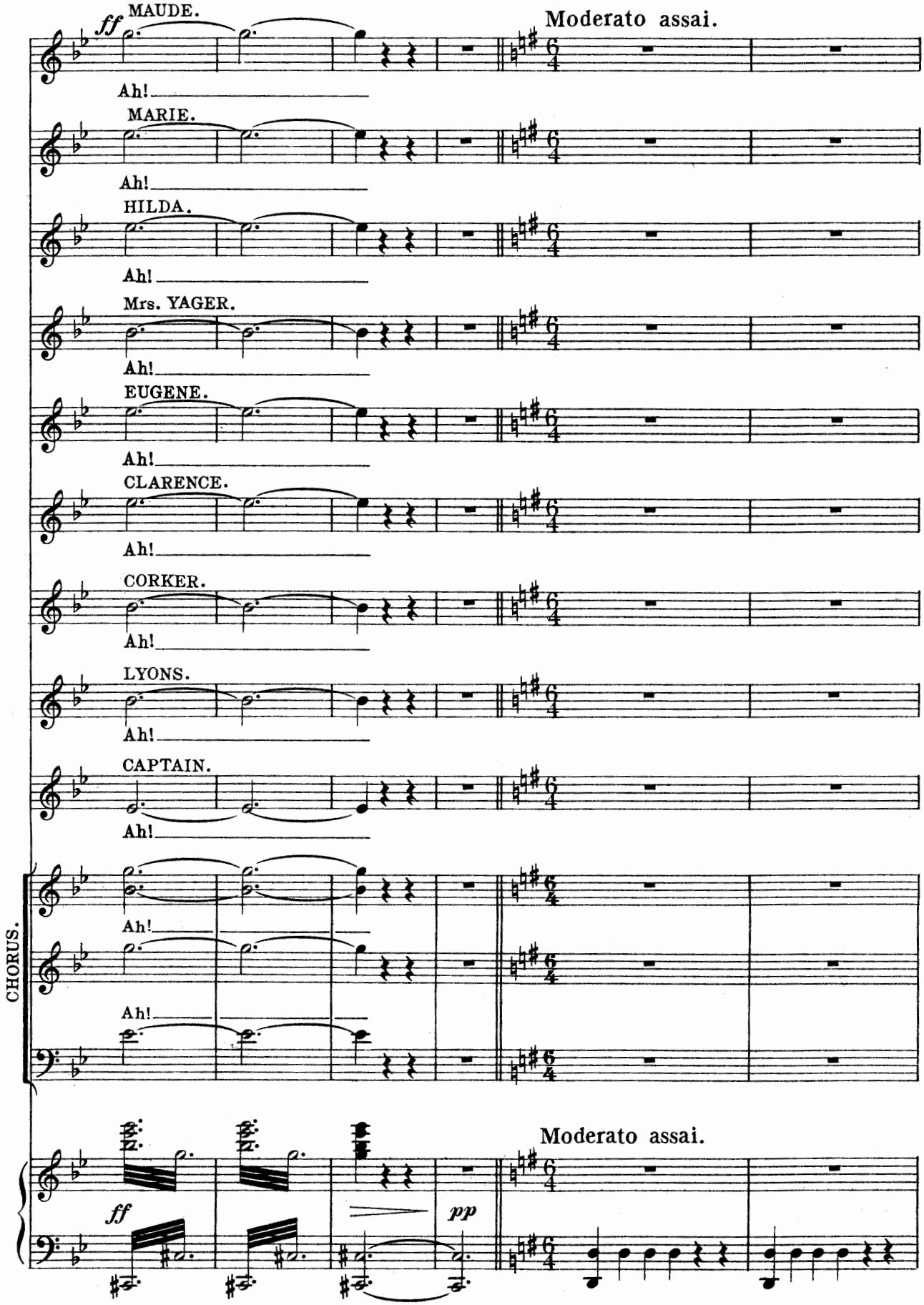

MAUDE.
You cat! Yes! you've gone just a bit too far, And, now,
MARIE.
You cat! And I don't know a-bout a nerve, But if
face, call a la-dy, "You cat!" And her face if she'd like to smack; She might
face, call a la-dy, "You cat!" And her face if she'd like to smack; She might
I'll tell you what you are; You're a walk-er in ways that are
you get what you de-serve, You'll find mud in the walks that are
think it be-hind her back, But not say to her face "You are
think it be-hind her back, But not say to her face "You are

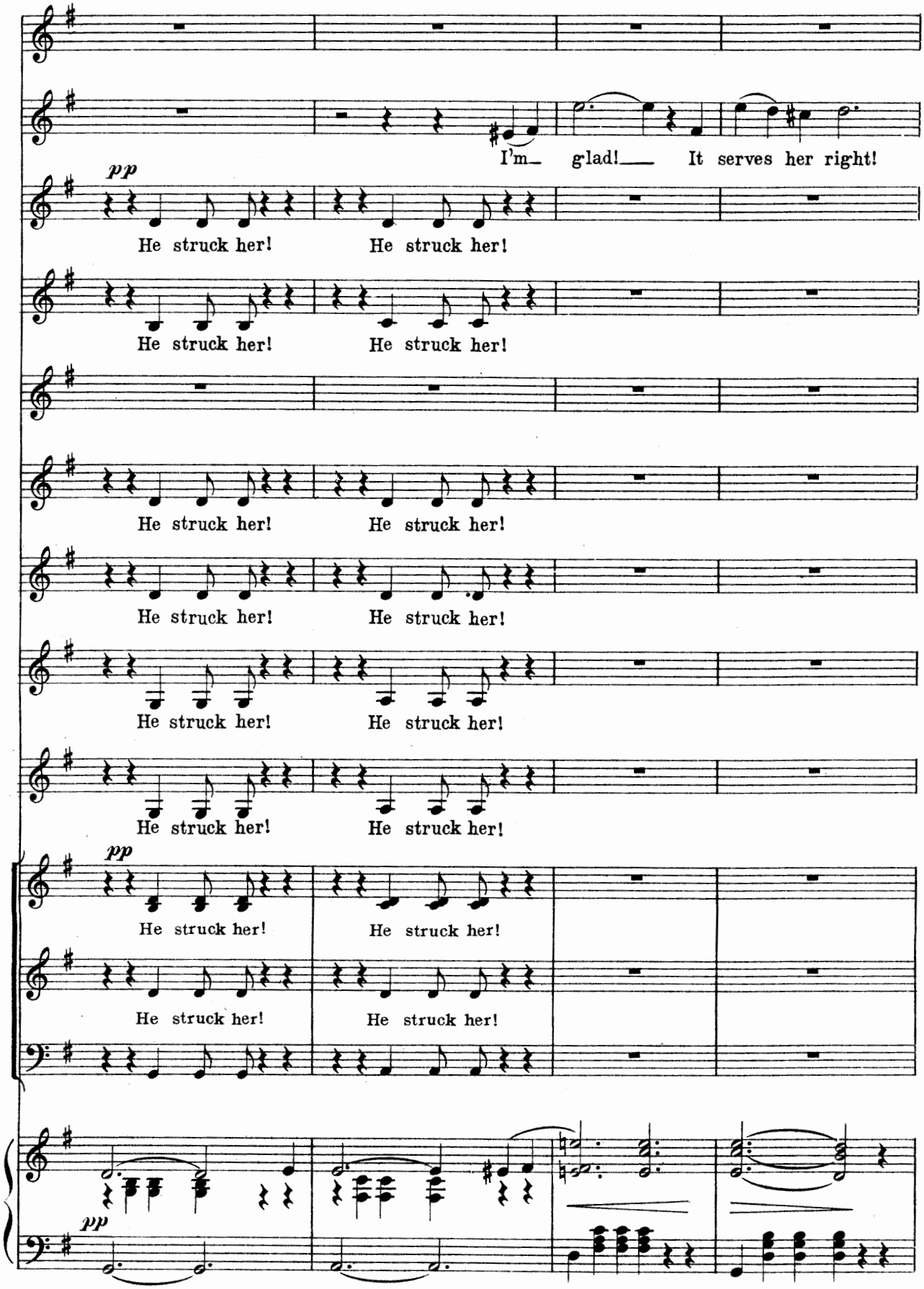

MAUDE.
sha - dy! Take that!"
MARIE.
sha - dy! Take that!"
CORKER.
Will some one tell me, what's all this a -
sha - dy! Take that!"
sha - dy! Take that!"
Mrs. YAGER.
Go on! dot schwi-per! Soak him vonce!
CORKER.
bout?
CAPTAIN.
I'll knock him

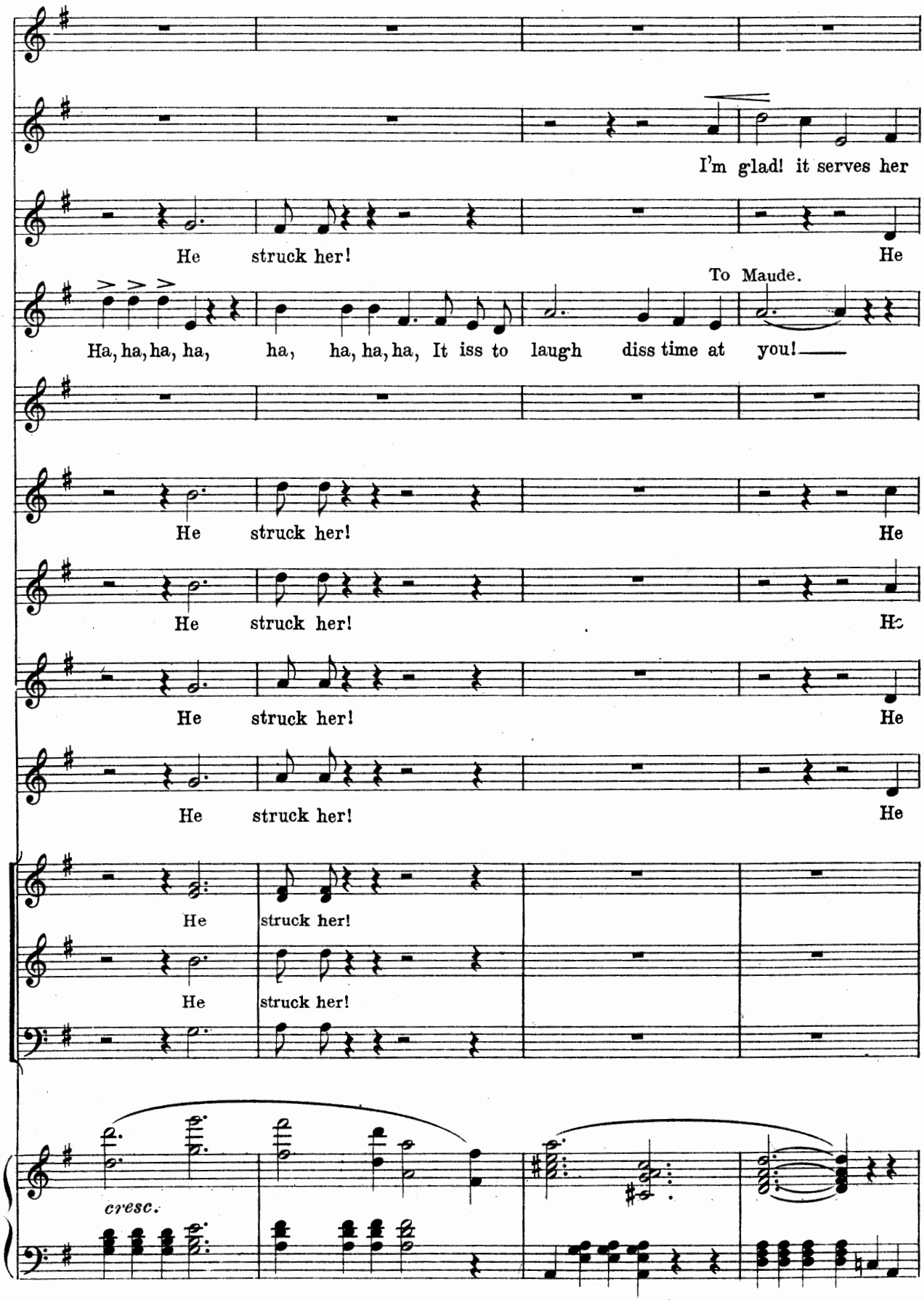


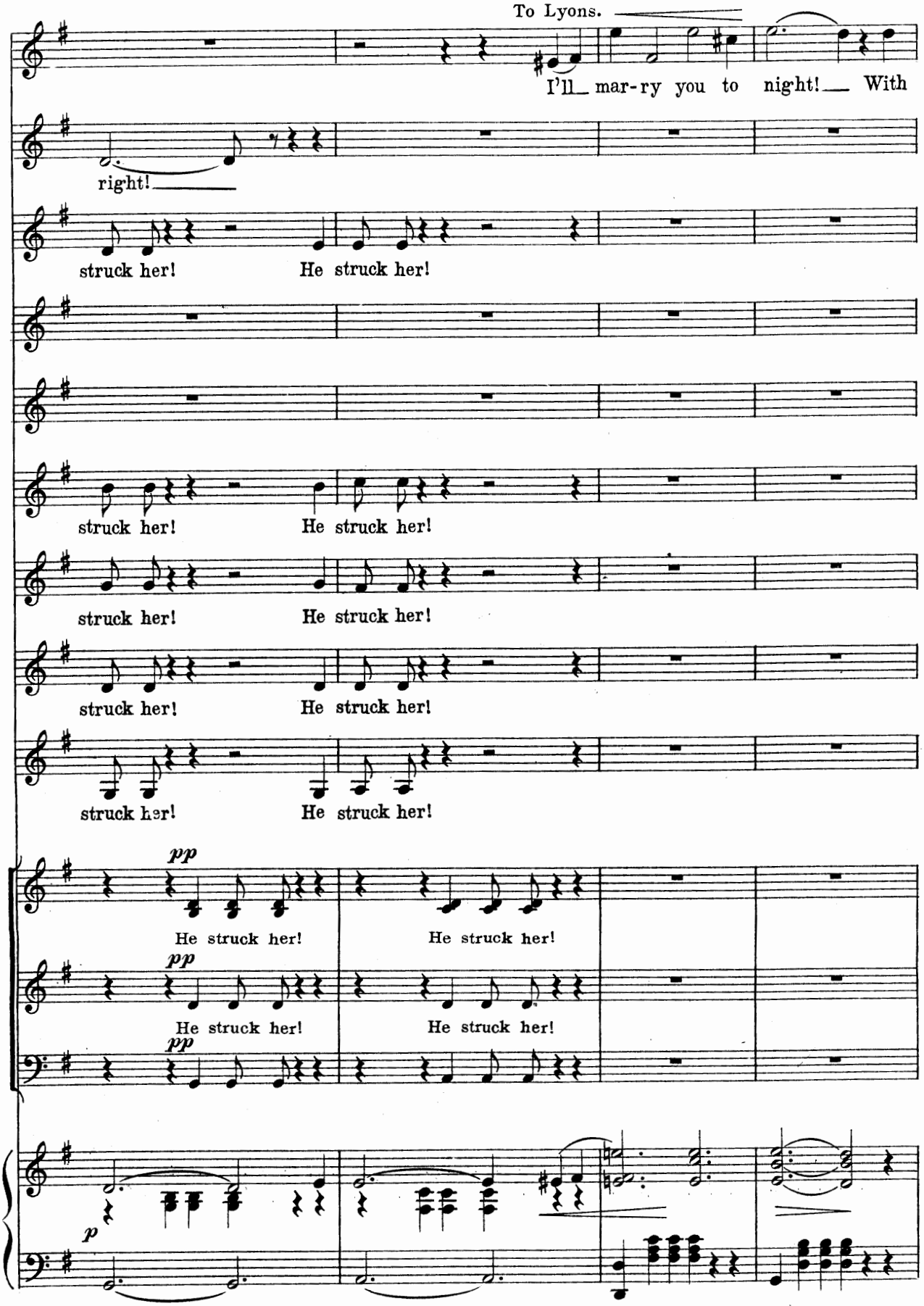
Eugene goes to strike Captain, who ducks and the blow lands on Maude.

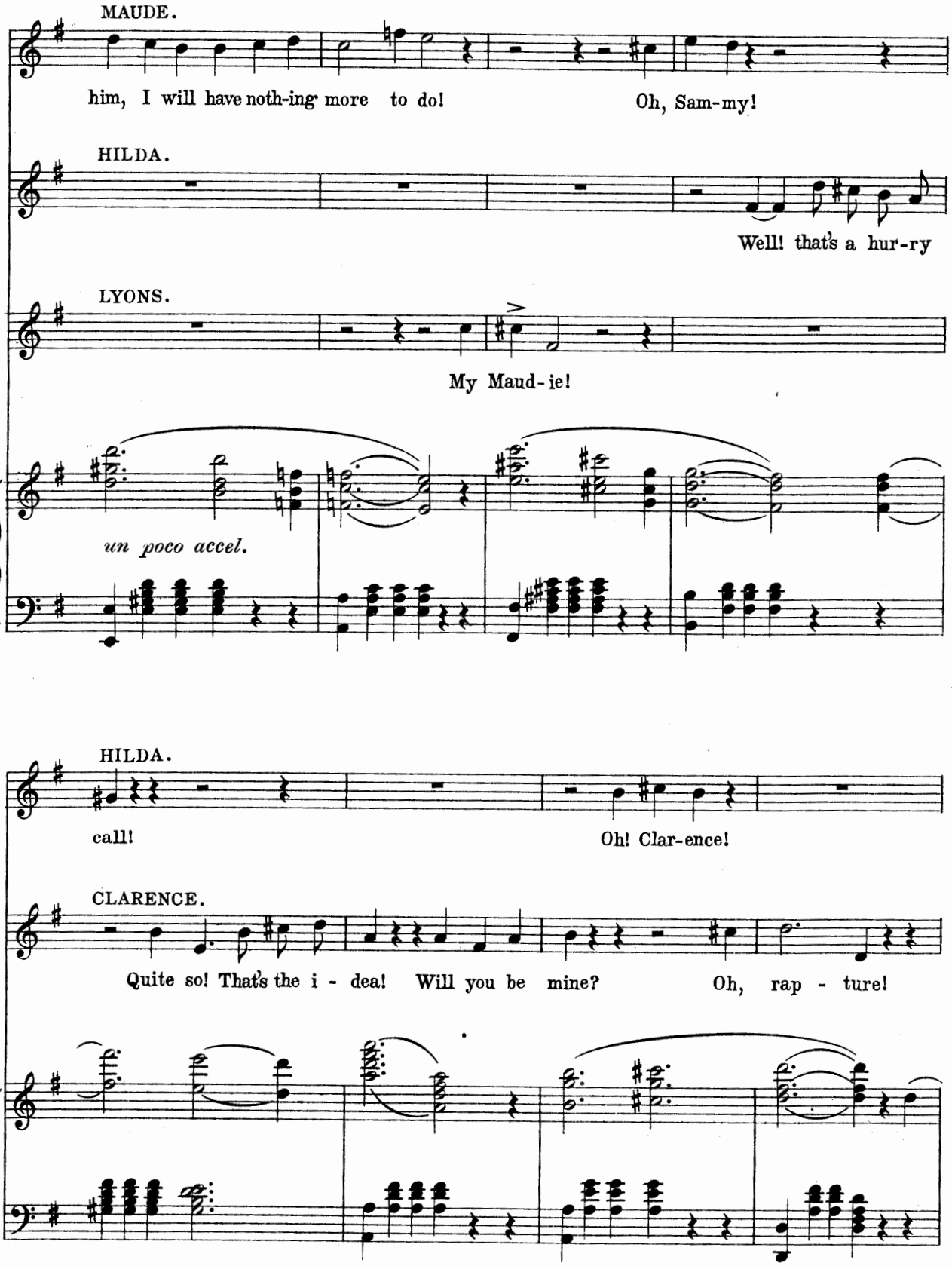


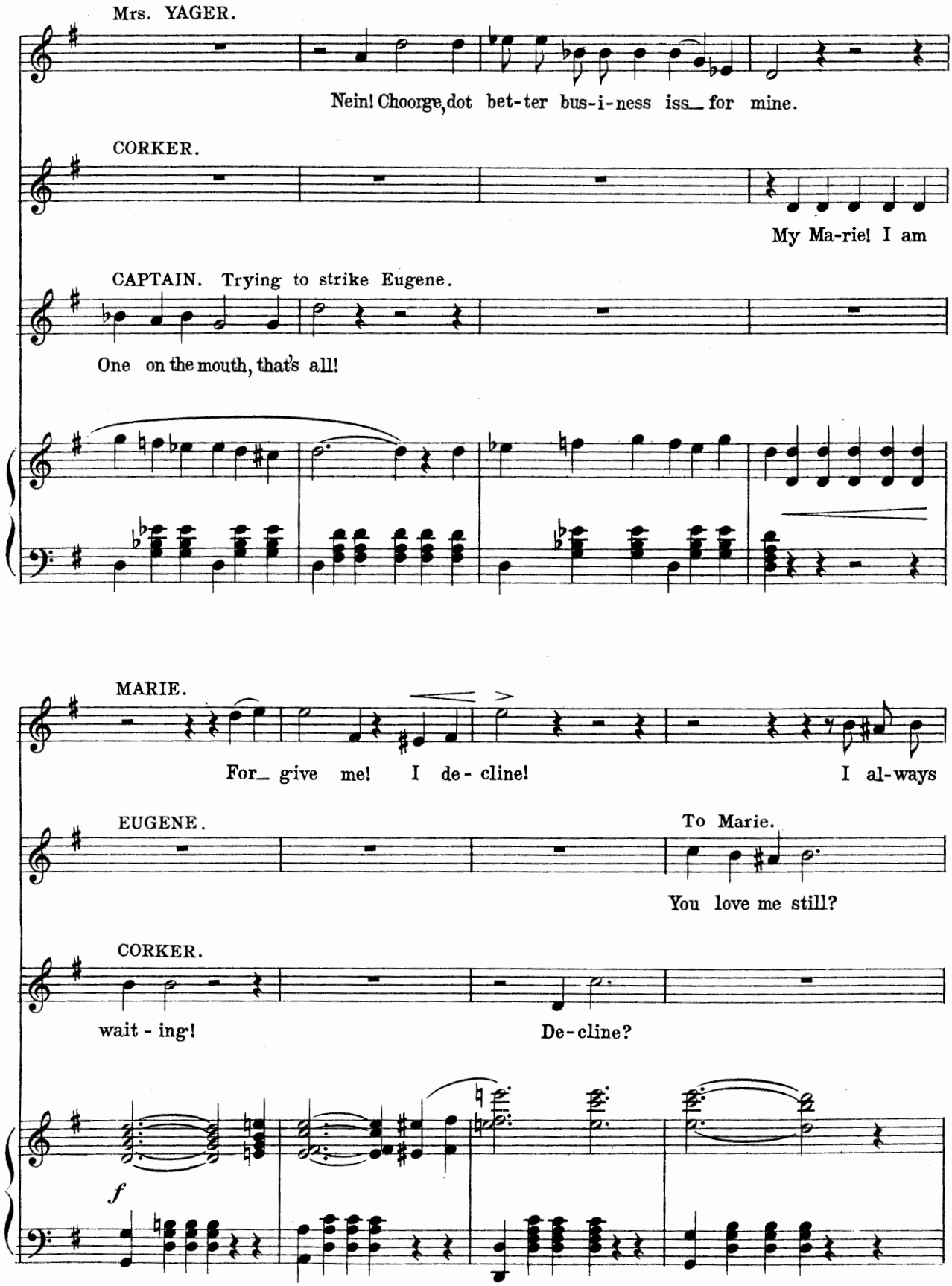

MAUDE.
ff
Moderato assai.
Ah!
MARIE.
Ah!
HILDA.
Ah!
Mrs. YAGER.
Ah!
EUGENE.
Ah!
CLARENCE.
Ah!
CORKER.
Ah!
LYONS.
Ah!
CAPTAIN.
Ah!
CHORUS.
Ah!
Ah!
Moderato assai.
ff
pp

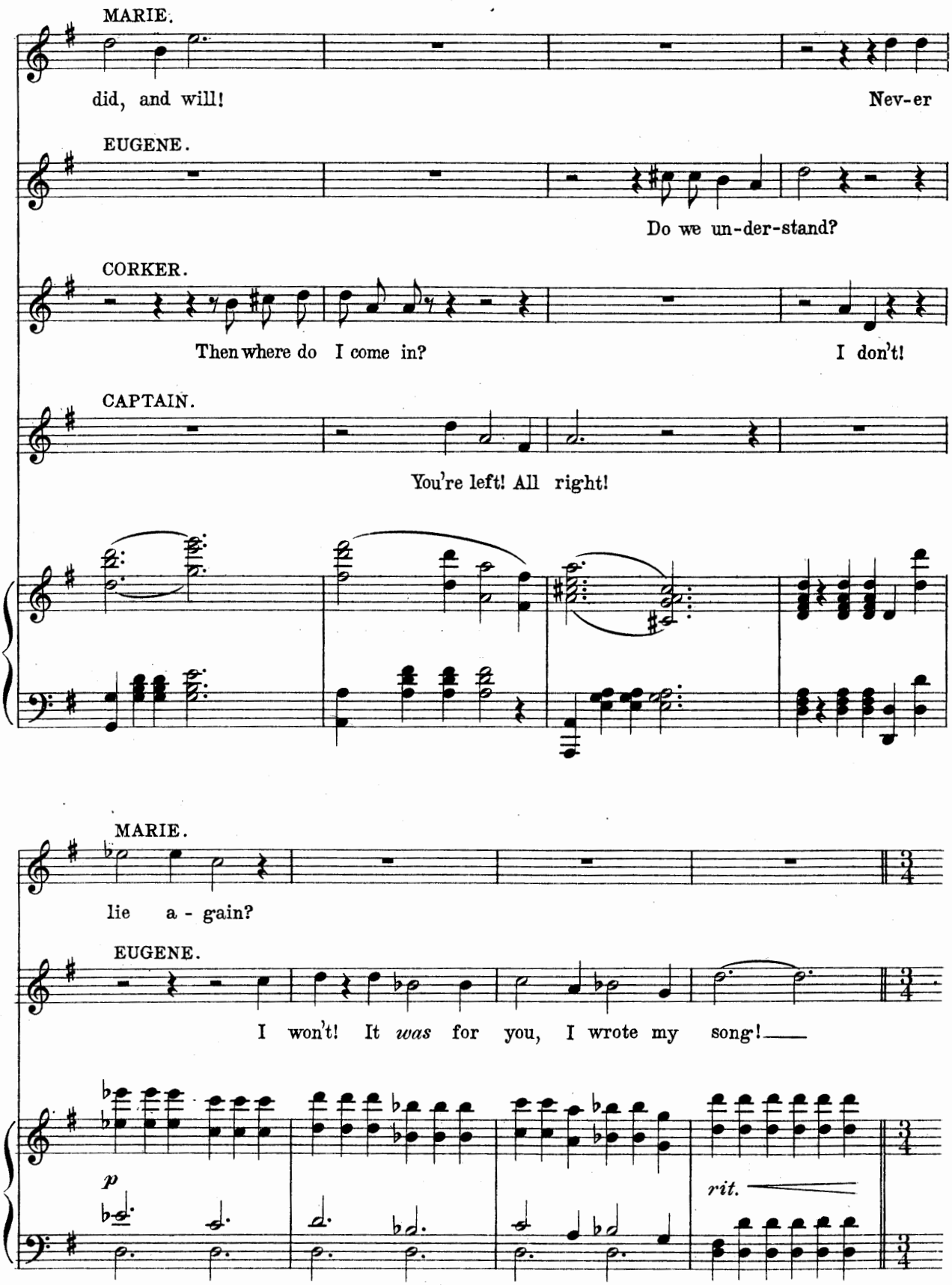

I'm glad! It serves her right!
pp
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
pp
He struck her! He struck her!
He struck her! He struck her!
pp

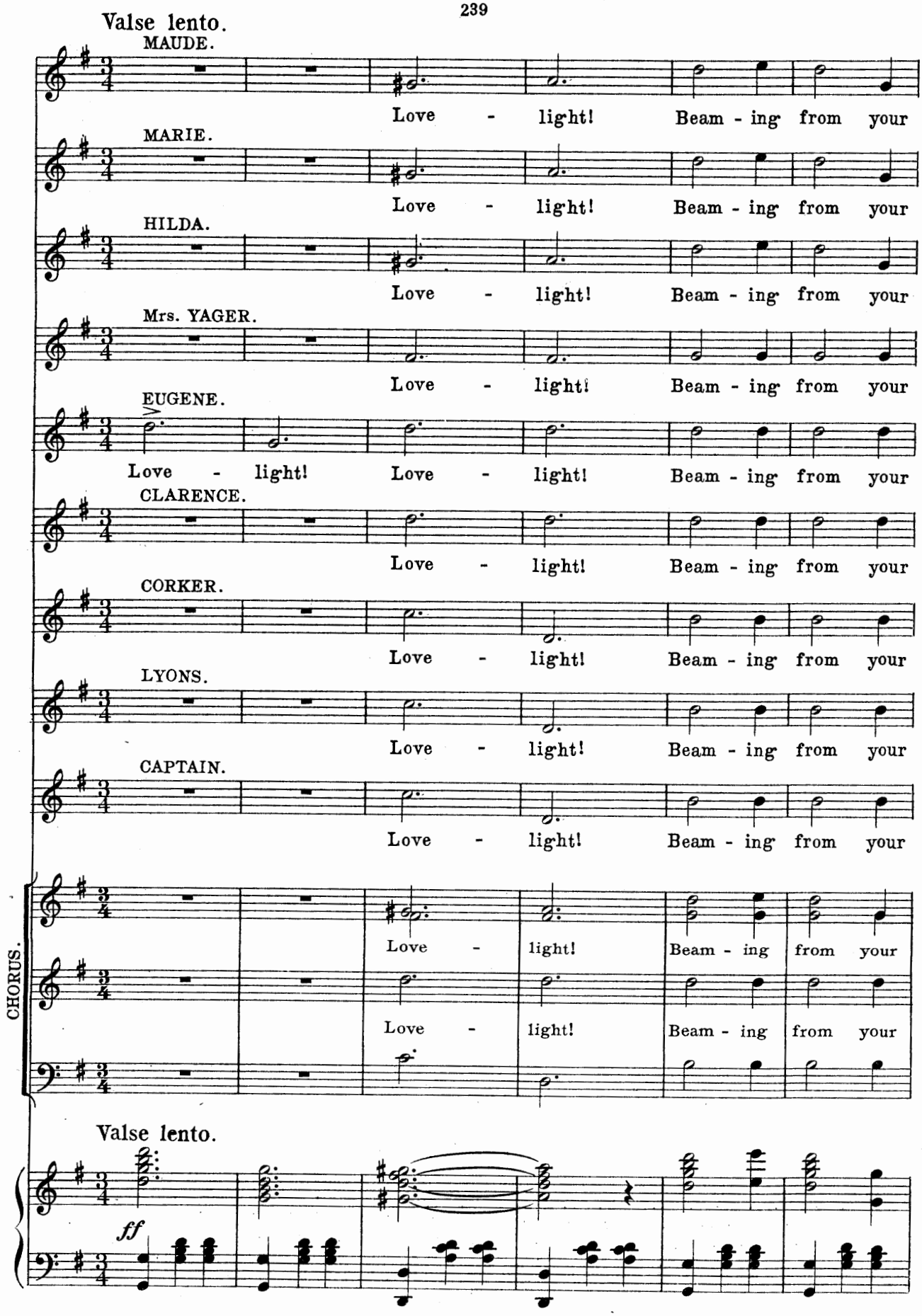

I'm glad! it serves her
He struck her! He
To Maude.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, It iss to laugh diss time at you!
He struck her! He
He struck her! He
He struck her! He
He struck her! He
He struck her!
He struck her!
cresc.

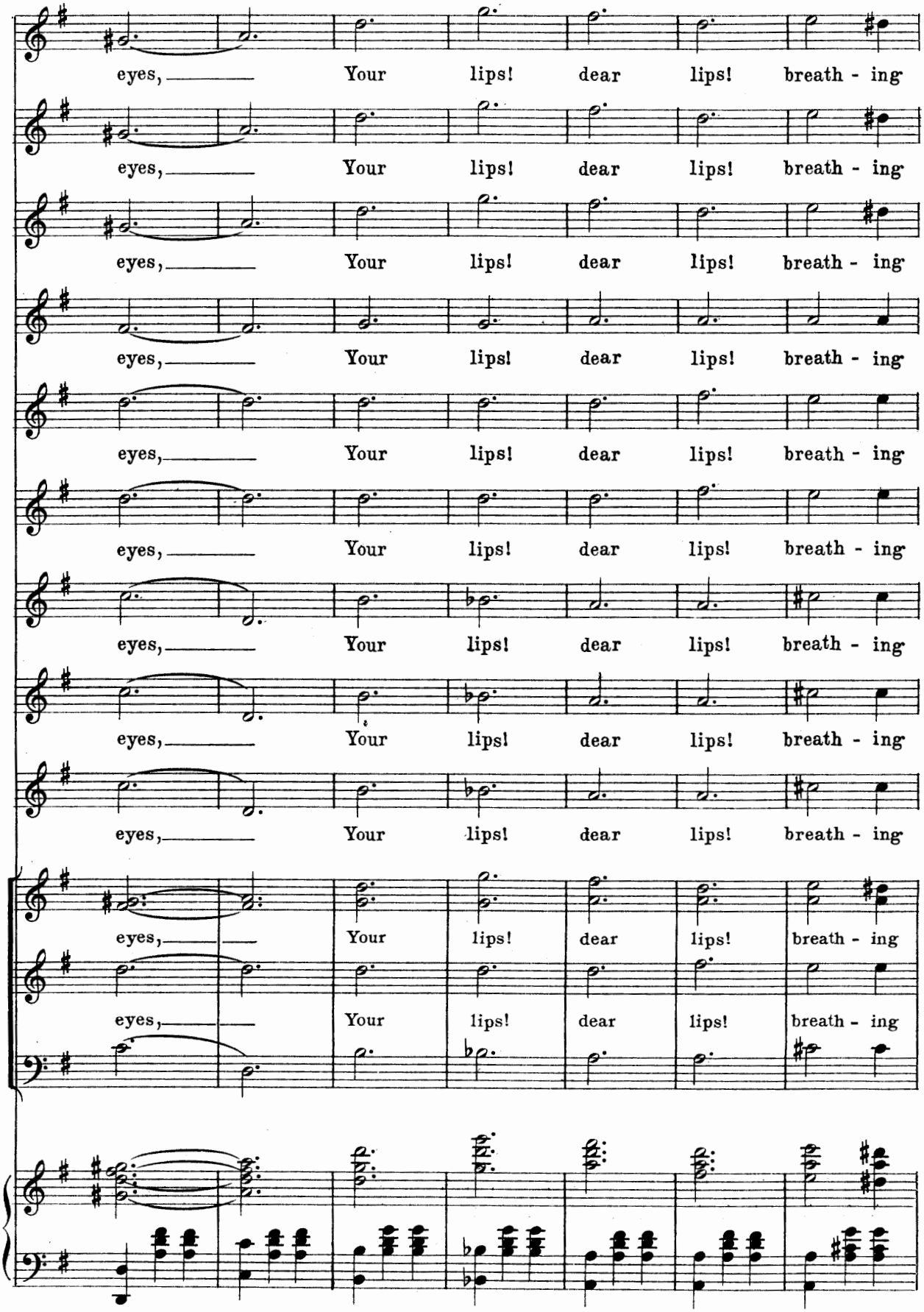

To Lyons.
I'll mar-ry you to night! With
right!
struck her! He struck her!
struck her! He struck her!
struck her! He struck her!
struck her! He struck her!
struck her! He struck her!
pp
He struck her! He struck her!
pp
He struck her! He struck her!
pp
p

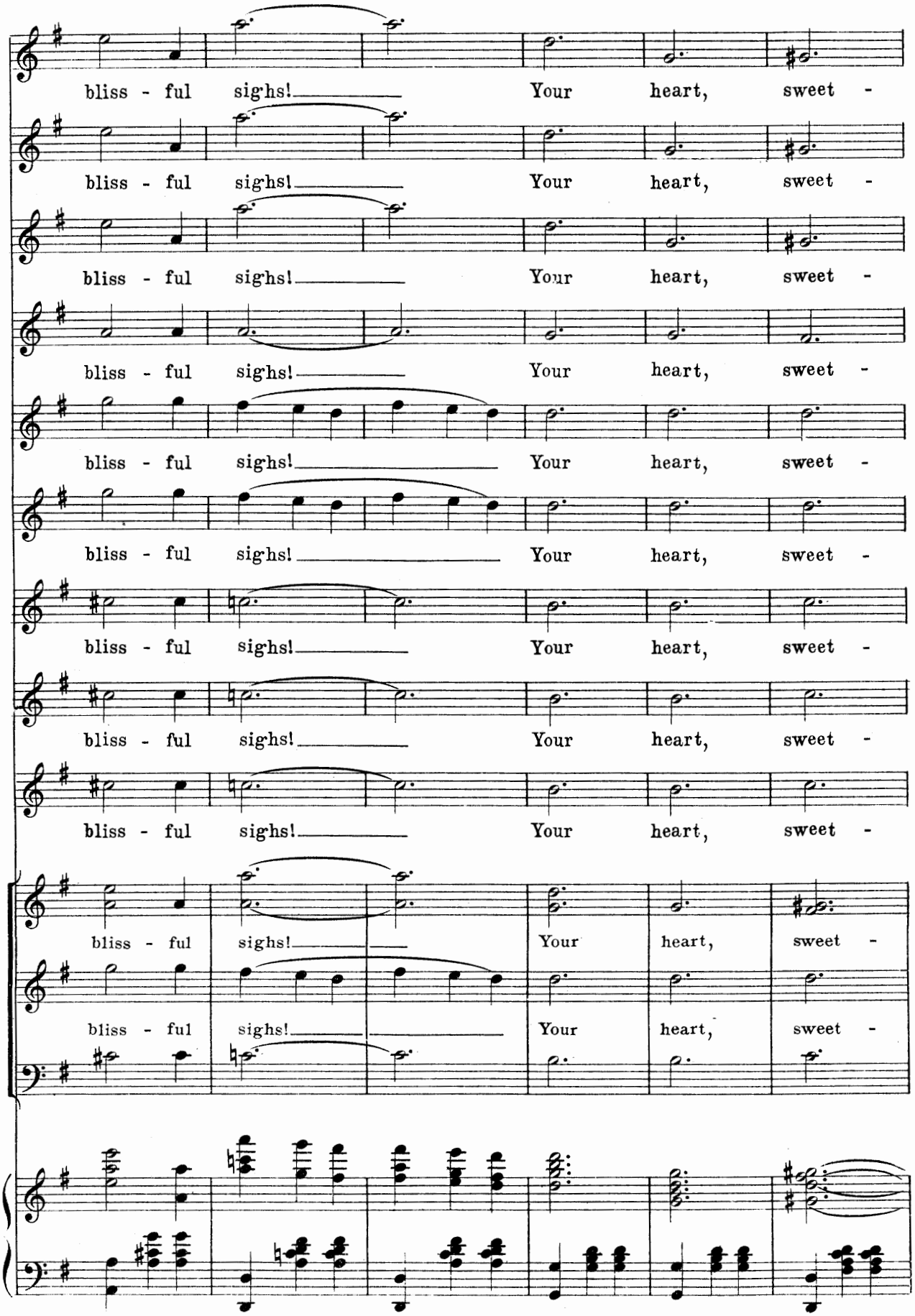

MAUDE.
him, I will have noth-ing more to do!
Oh, Sam-my!
HILDA.
Well! that's a hur-ry
LYONS.
My Maud-ie!
un poco accel.
HILDA.
call!
Oh! Clar-ence!
CLARENCE.
Quite so! That's the i - dea!
Will you be mine?
Oh, rap - ture!

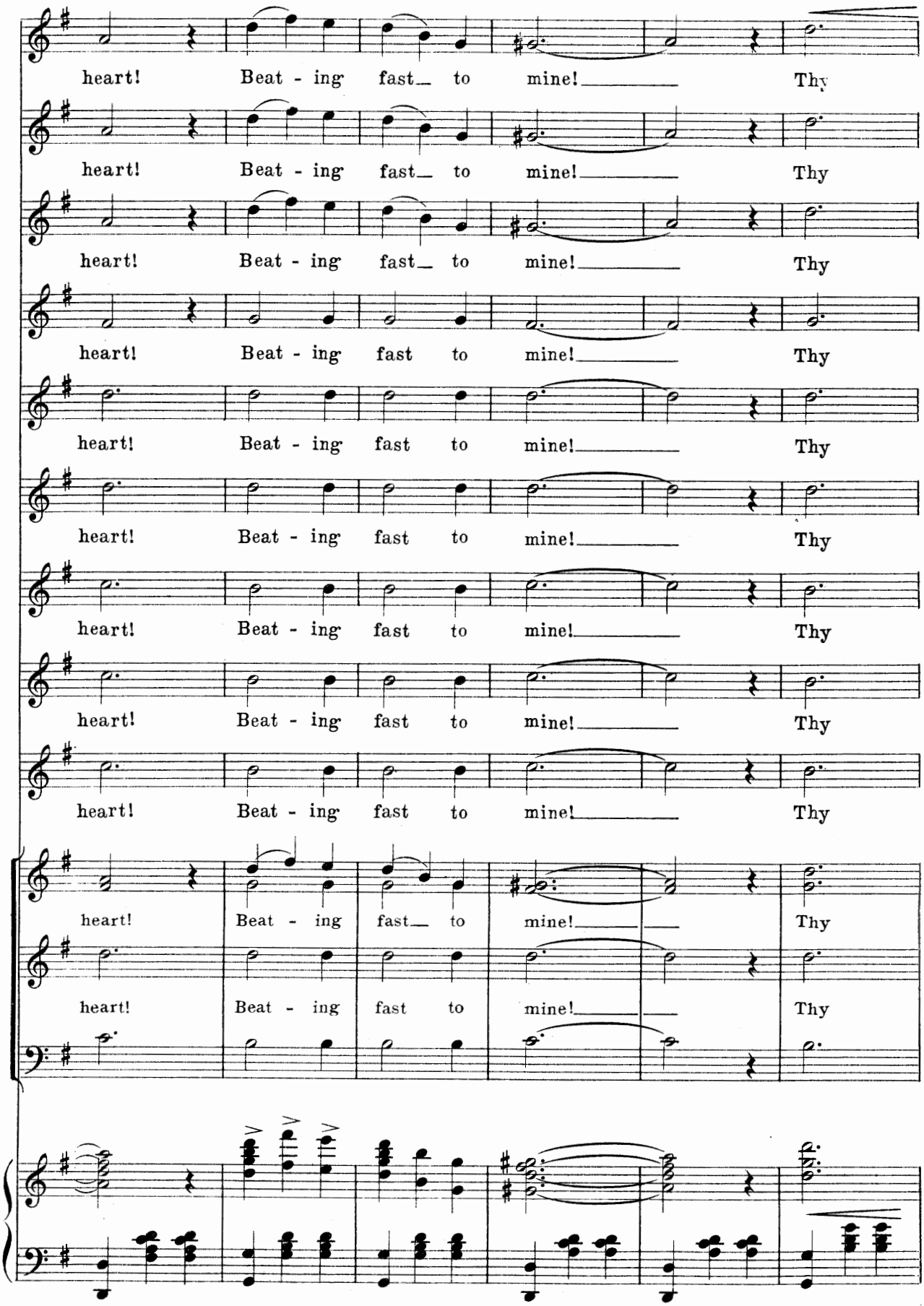

Mrs. YAGER.
Nein! Choorge, dot bet-ter bus-i-ness iss_ for mine.
CORKER.
My Ma-rie! I am
CAPTAIN. Trying to strike Eugene.
One on the mouth, that's all!
MARIE.
For_ give me! I de- cline! I al-ways
EUGENE.
To Marie.
You love me still?
CORKER.
wait - ing!
De-cline?
f


MARIE.
did, and will!
Nev-er
EUGENE.
Do we un-der-stand?
CORKER.
Then where do I come in?
I don't!
CAPTAIN.
You're left! All right!
MARIE.
lie a - gain?
EUGENE.
I won't! It *was* for you, I wrote my song!
p
rit.


Valse lento.
MAUDE.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
MARIE.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
HILDA.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
Mrs. YAGER.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
EUGENE.
Love - light! Love - light! Beam - ing from your
CLARENCE.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
CORKER.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
LYONS.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
CAPTAIN.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
CHORUS.
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
Love - light! Beam - ing from your
Valse lento.
ff


eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing
eyes, Your lips! dear lips! breath - ing


bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -
bliss - ful sighs! Your heart, sweet -


heart! Beat - ing fast to mine! Thy
heart! Beat - ing fast to mine! Thy
heart! Beat - ing fast to mine! Thy
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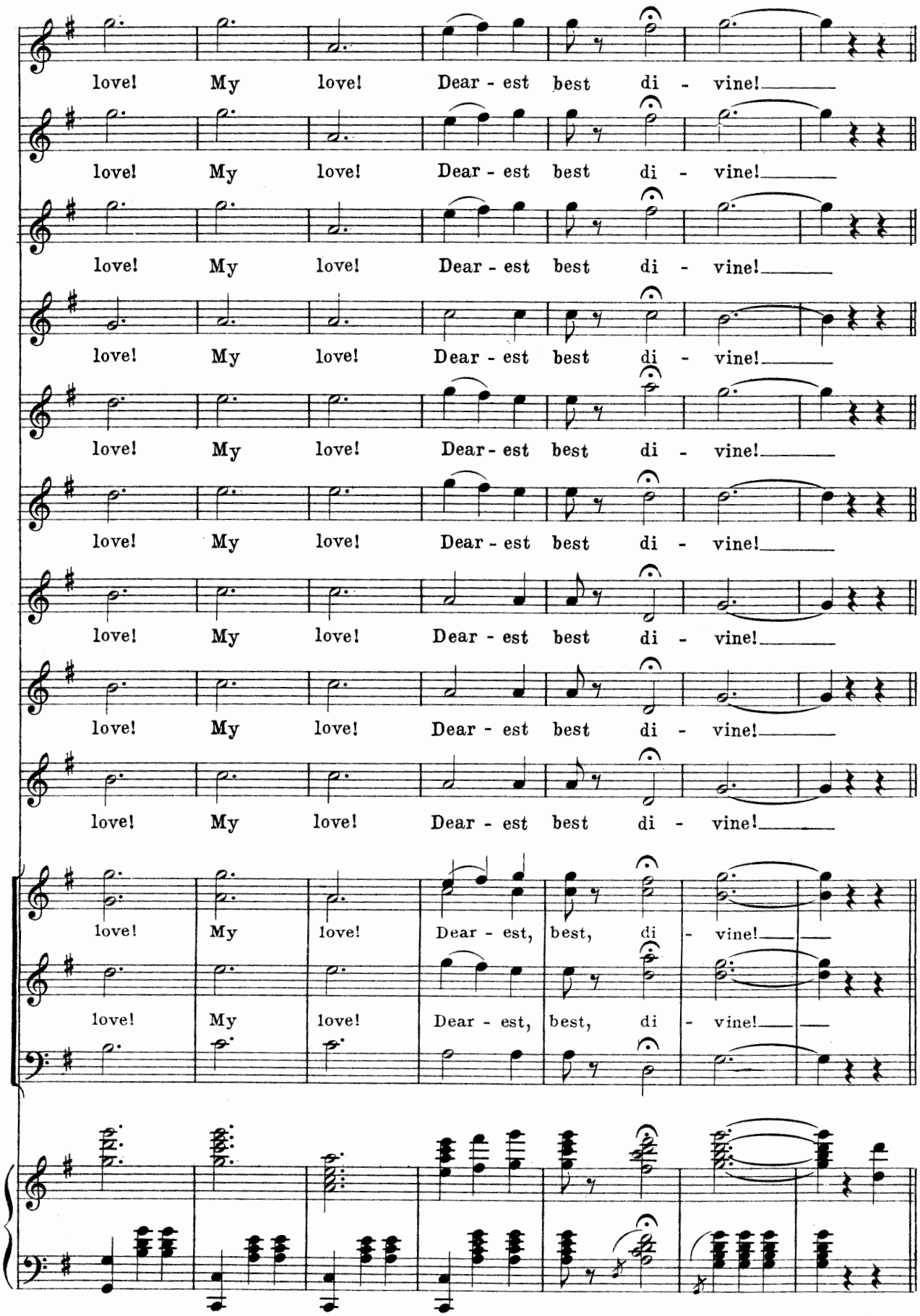
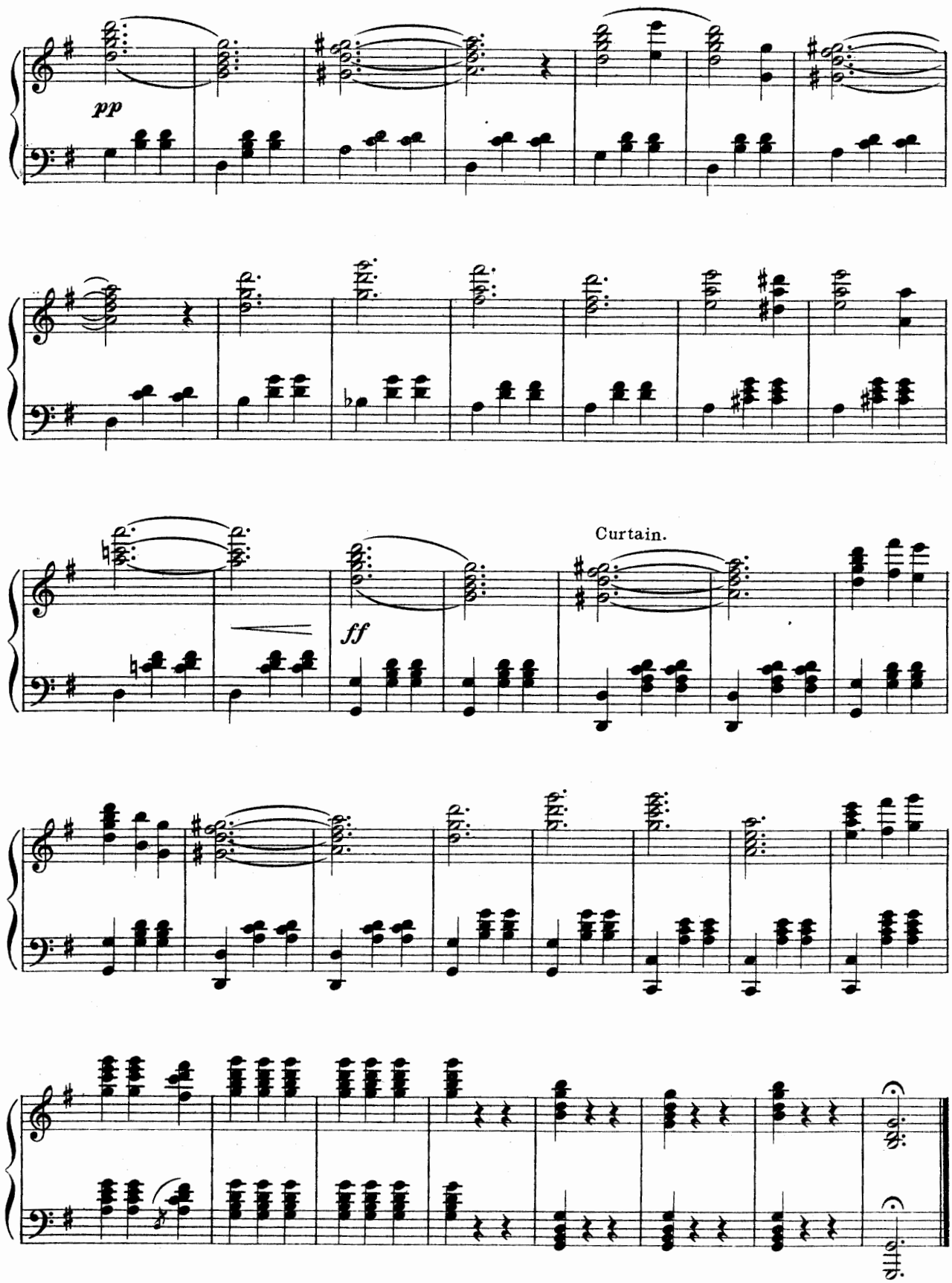
heart! Beat - ing fast to mine! Thy


love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est best di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est, best, di - vine!
love! My love! Dear - est, best, di - vine!


pp
Curtain.
ff