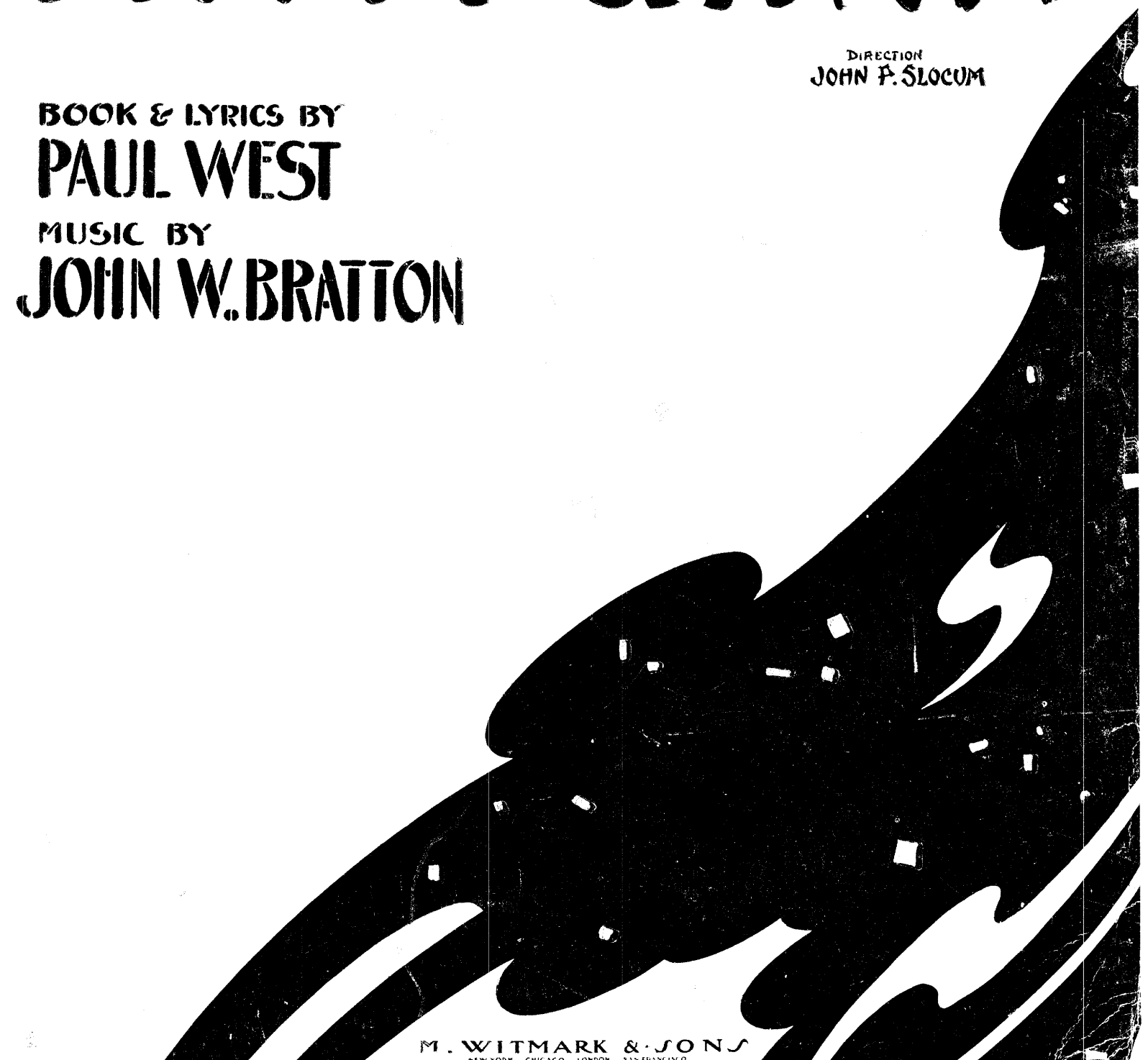
MELVILLE B. RAYMOND
PRESENTS
CHAS. A. BIGELOW
IN THE
MUSICAL COMEDY

THE MAN FROM CHINA

DIRECTION
JOHN P. SLOCUM

BOOK & LYRICS BY
PAUL WEST

MUSIC BY
JOHN W. BRATTON



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THE MAN FROM CHINA

A MUSICAL COMEDY

BOOK & LYRICS BY

PAUL WEST

MUSIC BY

JOHN W. BRATTON.

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

VOCAL GEMS, Pr. 50¢ net.
" " 2/- "

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MELVILLE B. RAYMOND

Presents

Charles A. Bigelow

in

"The Man from China."

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

(Direction of John P. Slocum.)

—◇—

Book and Lyrics by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PETER PUDGE, an itinerant musician, the "Human Band".	CHARLES A. BIGELOW.
GUSTAVUS GILTEDGE, a multi-millionaire the "Peach King".	HARRY S. RICHARDS.
REGGY VAN PELT, a handy young man in Palm Beach society.	EDGAR ATCHISON-ELY.
COUNT LUIGI DI SPAGHETTI, a nobleman out of work, formerly Peter's partner.	EUGENE REDDING.
TOMMY DODD, Peter's assistant.	WILLIAM B. TAYLOR.
SING HI, } two Celestial detectives	JOHN GORMAN.
SING LO, } two Celestial detectives	GEORGE GORMAN.
FREDDY FOLSOM, an athletic youth, engaged to Claudia	JOHN TAYLOR.
ALGY DE PEYSTER, a pampered young man, Janet's finacee	WILLIAM F. ARMSTRONG.
BENT BOLT	ALLSTON BENT.
BILL BARNACLE.	RADFORD D'ORSAY.
BOB BOBSTAY.	ARTHUR ENGLE.
BICK BICKERSTAFF.	JOHN DRURY.
AMOREL, Giltedge's only daughter.	VERA MICHELENA.
ANASTASIA, Giltedge's sister	STELLA MAYHEW.
CERISE, Amorel's maid	AIMEE ANGELES.
CLAUDIA, Freddy's fiancee	FRANCES R. KING.
JANET, engaged to Algy	DIAMOND DONNER.
MRS. MADDOX } Young matrons.	CAROLINE Mc CORD.
MRS. FADDISH } Young matrons.	HELENE CURZON.
MRS. GAZZAM } Young matrons.	DOROTHY ZIMMERMAN.
MRS. UPPERCRUST } Young matrons.	ALINE BOYT.
MRS. INNITT } Young matrons.	ANNA F. TYLER.
MRS. STOCKONBONDS } Young matrons.	NORMA SEYMOUR.

Fashionables, Golfers, Automobilists, Bathers, Humming Birds, Columbine Flowers, Clorinda Girls, Continentals, Yachtsmen, Yachtswomen, Sailors, Servants, Esquimaux etc.

—♦—

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I — Garden of Gustavus Giltedge's Villa, Palm Beach, Fla.
ACT II — Aboard Giltedge's steam yacht, The "Peach."
PERIOD — The Present, a summer afternoon and evening.

Staged by	BARNEY FAGAN.
Musical Director	GUSTAVE SALZER.

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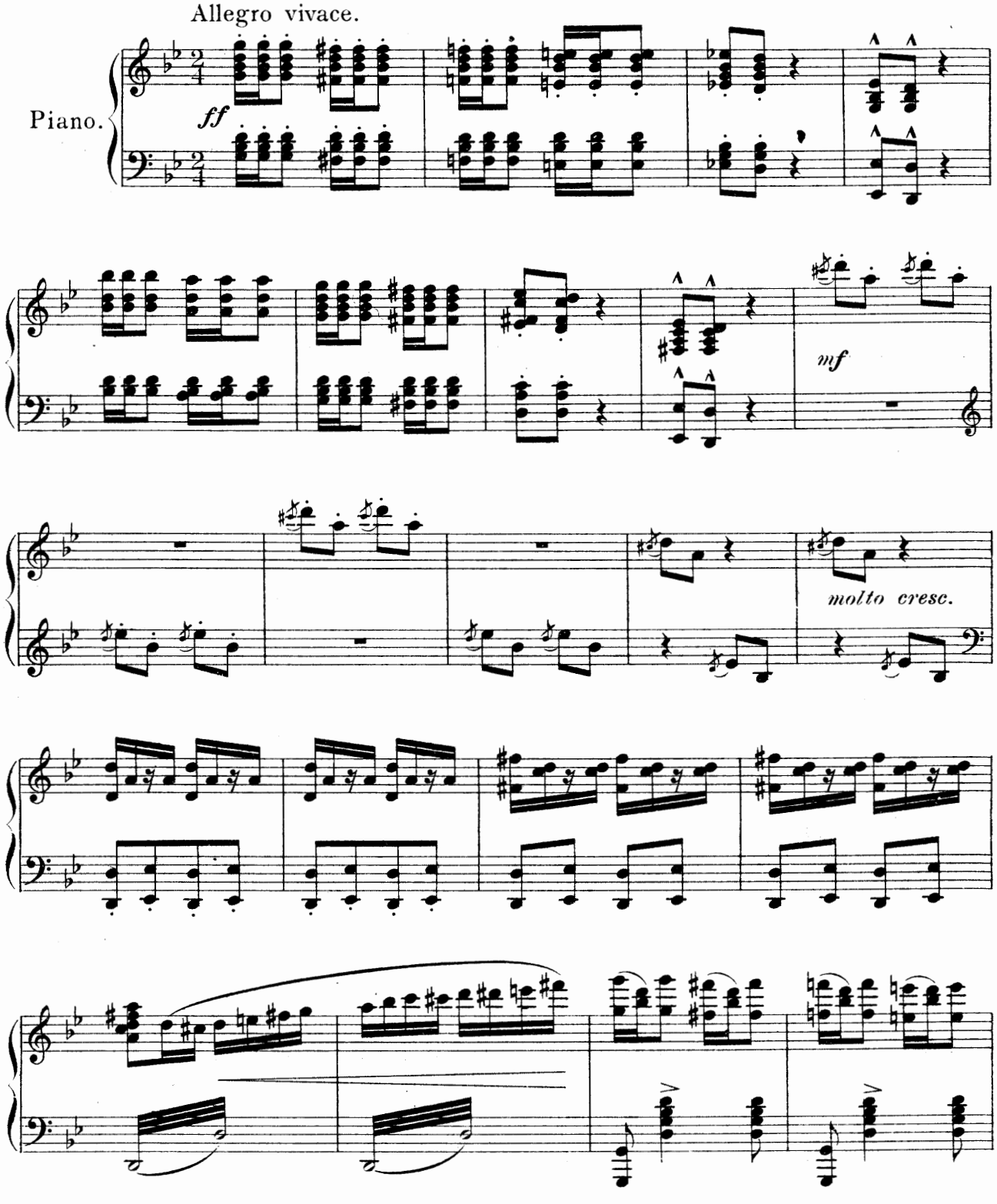
"The Man from China."

Overture.

By JOHN W. BRATTON.



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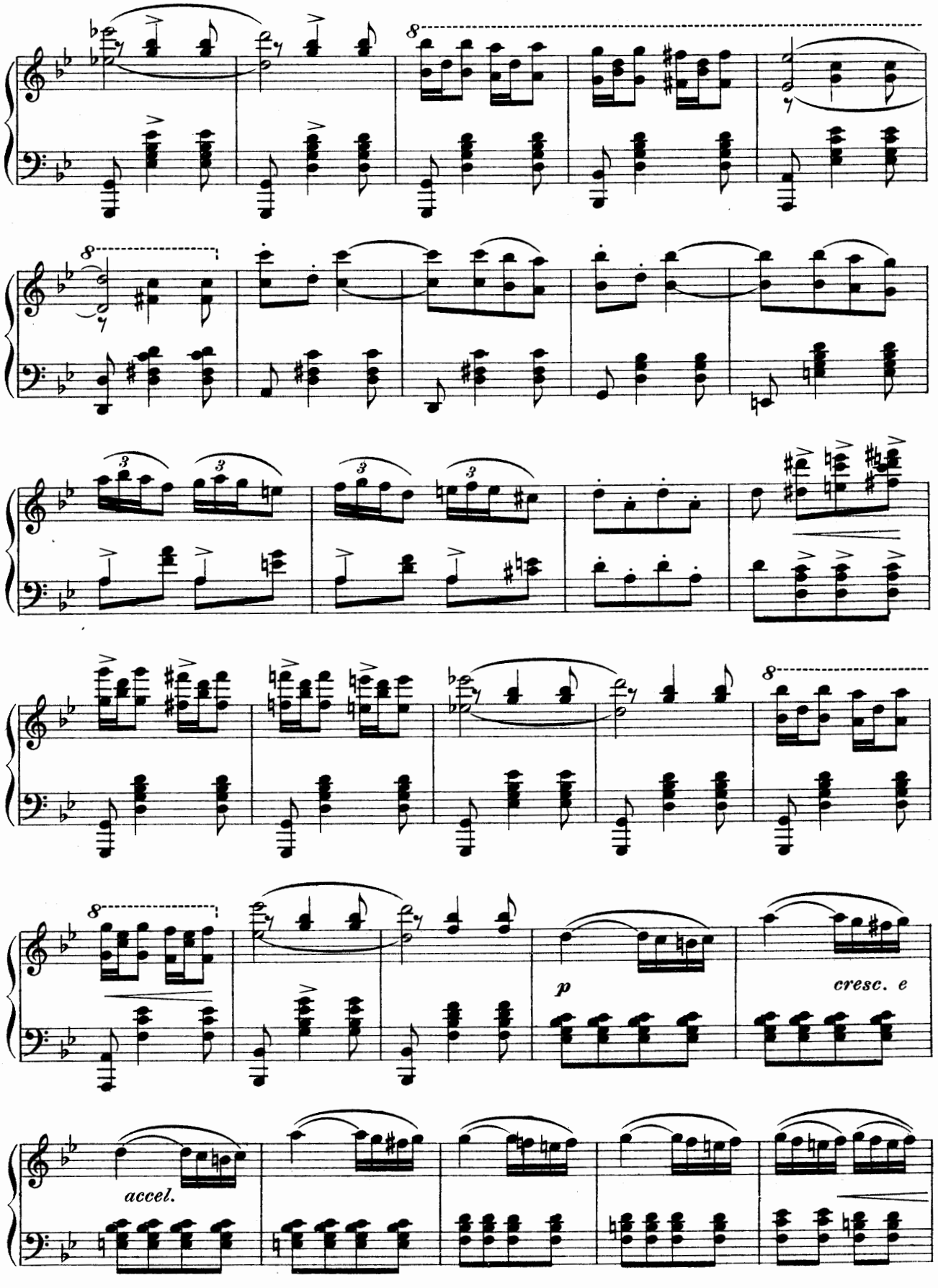
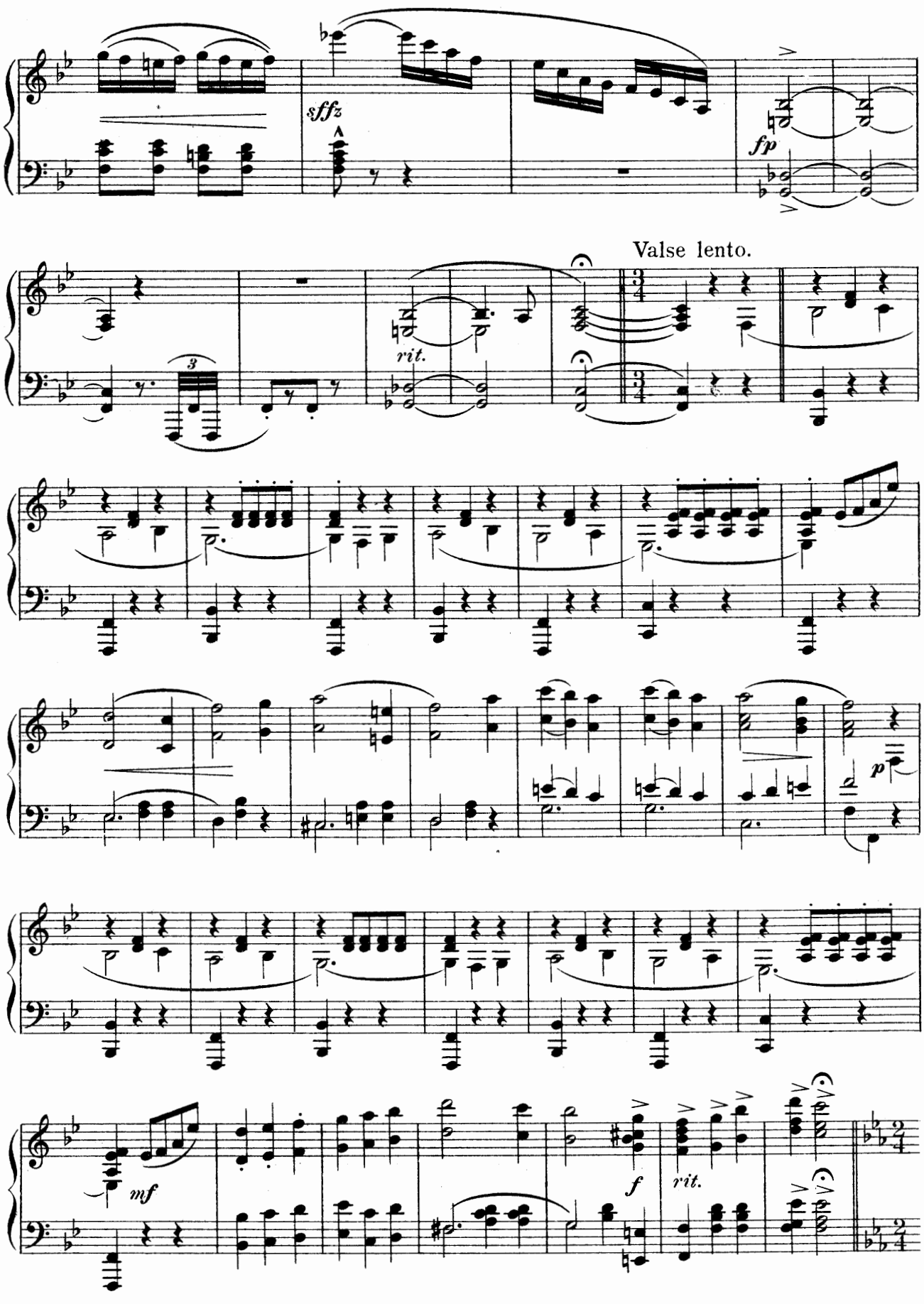
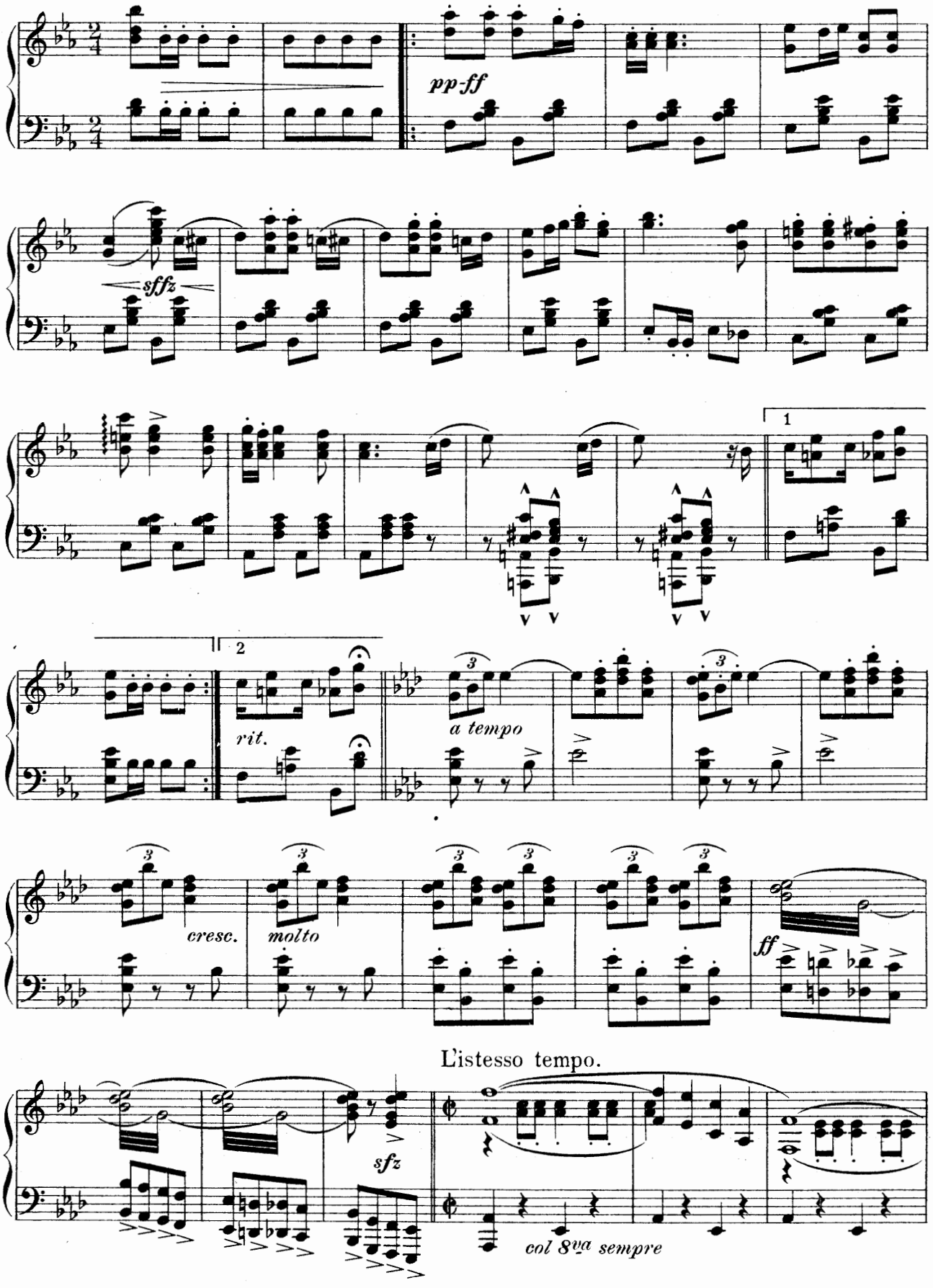
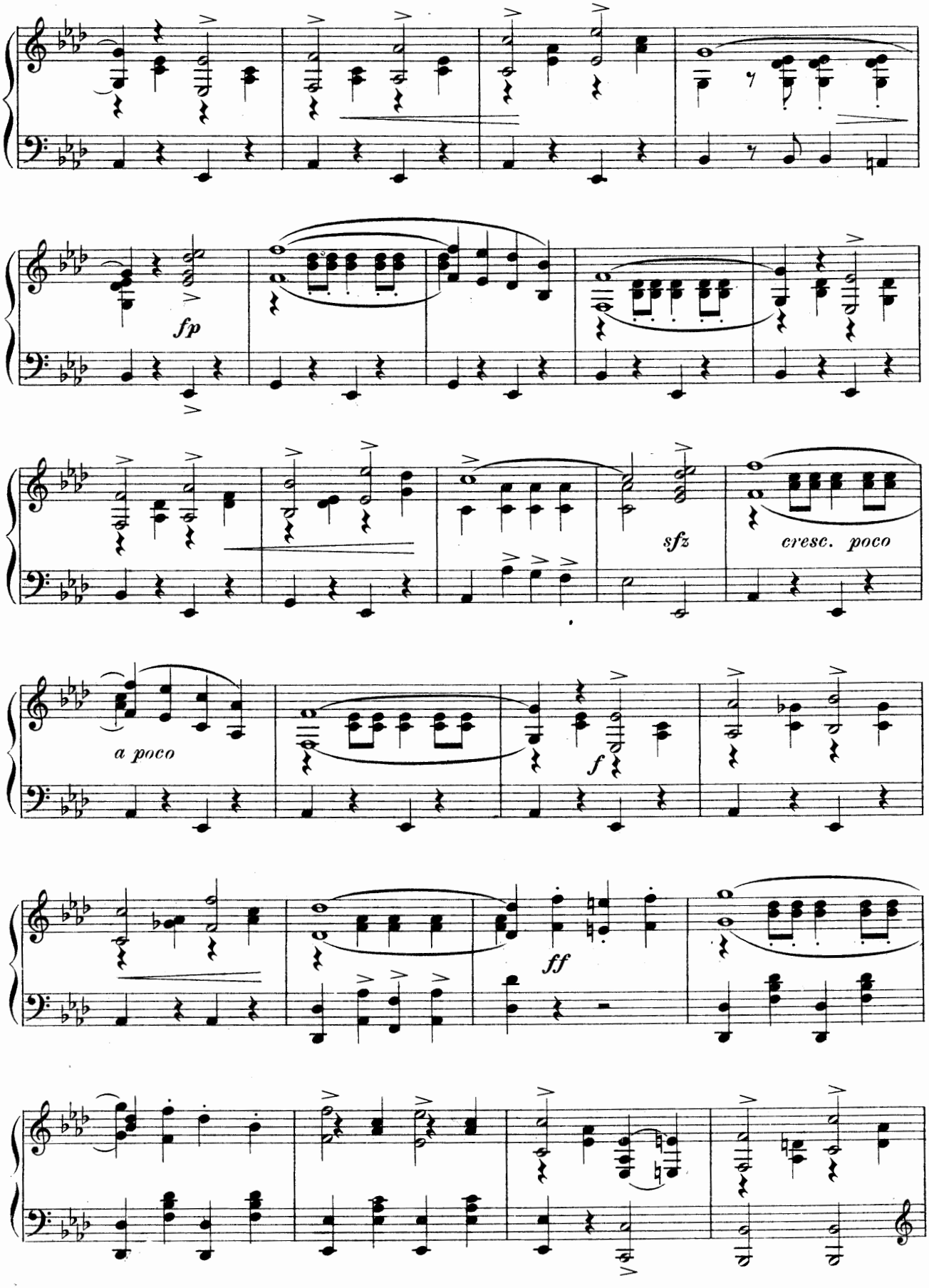
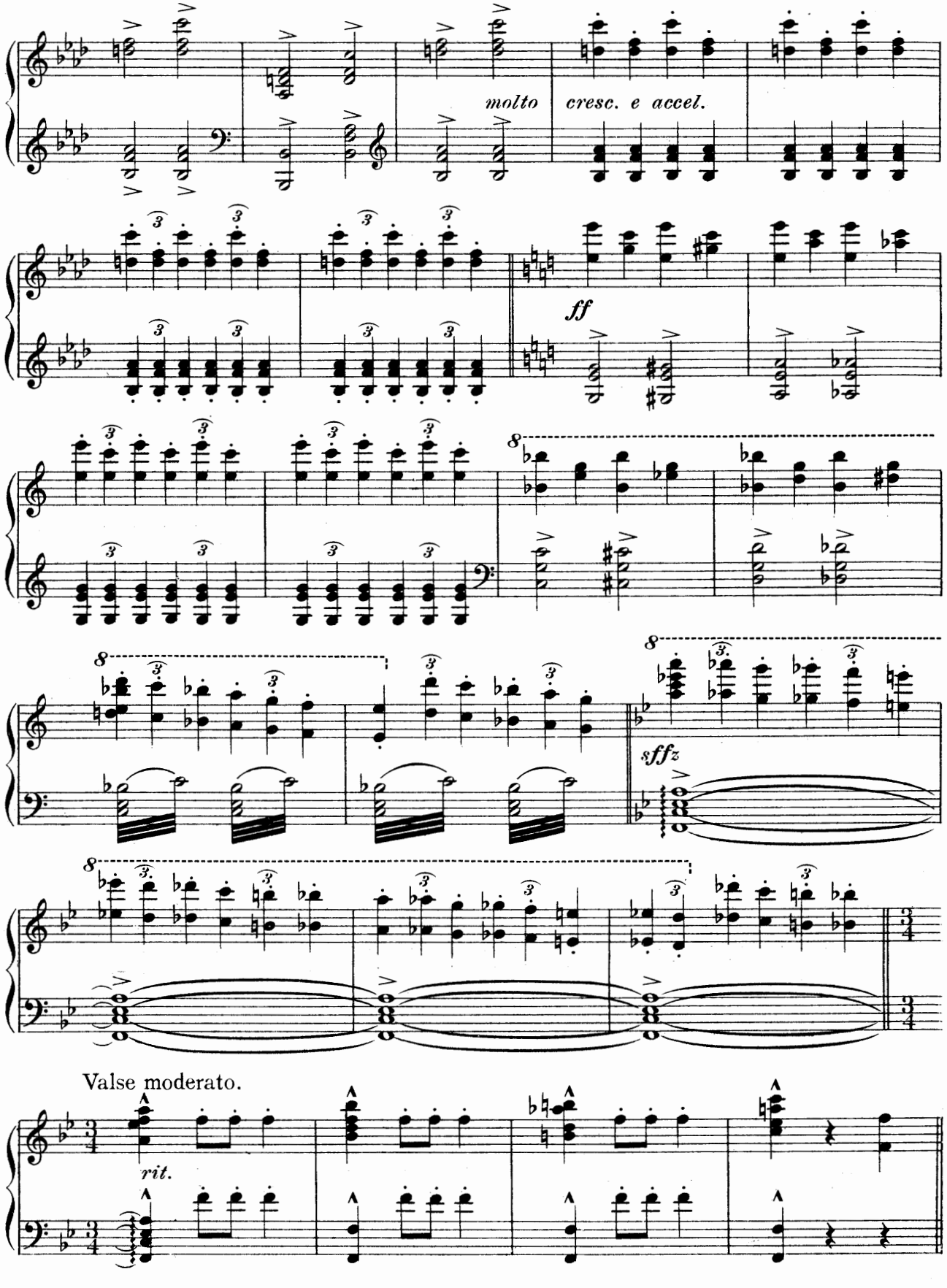

8
8
3
3
3
8
8
p
cresc. e
accel.

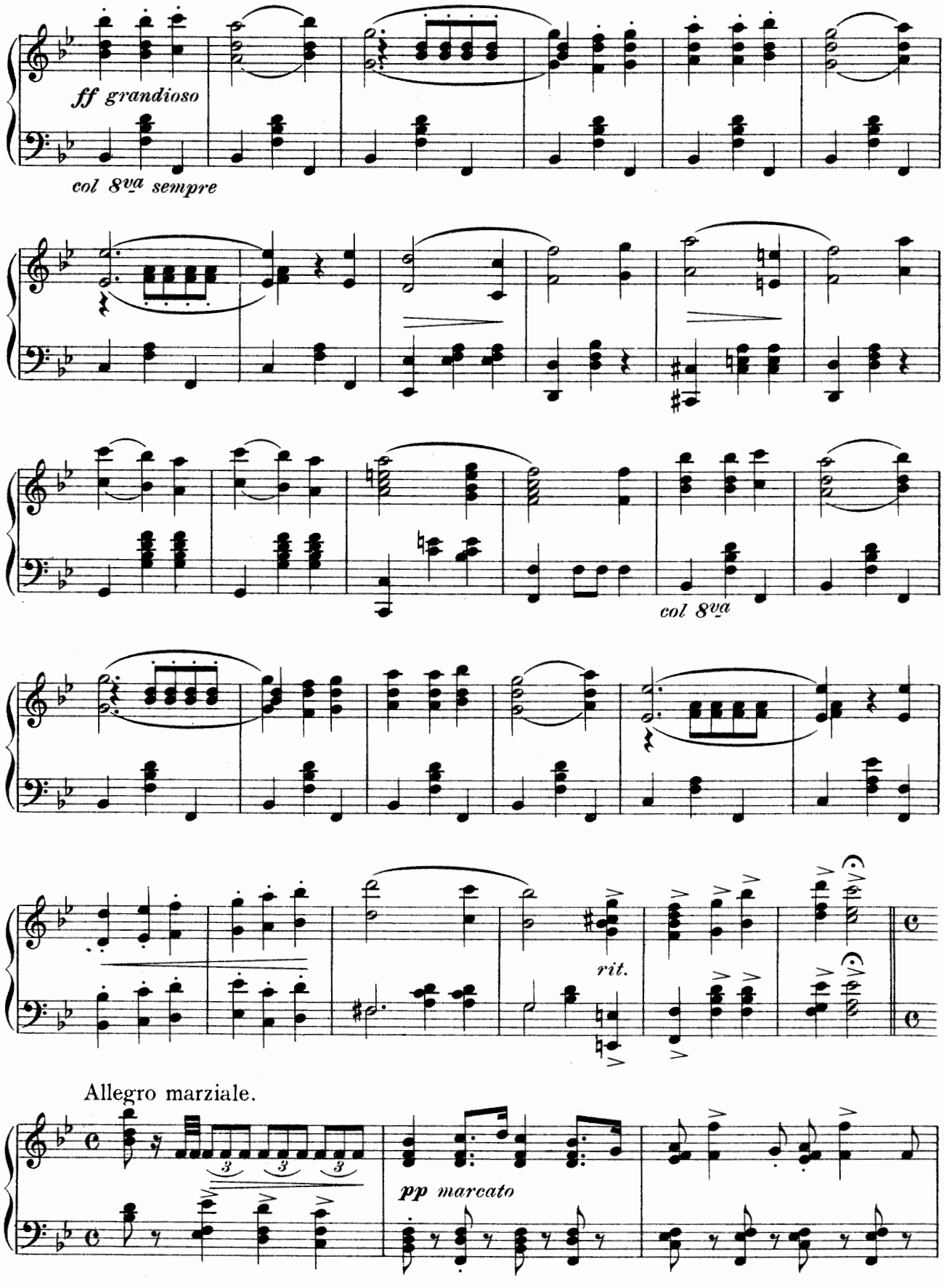

sffz
fp
Valse lento.
rit.
3
p
mf
f
rit.

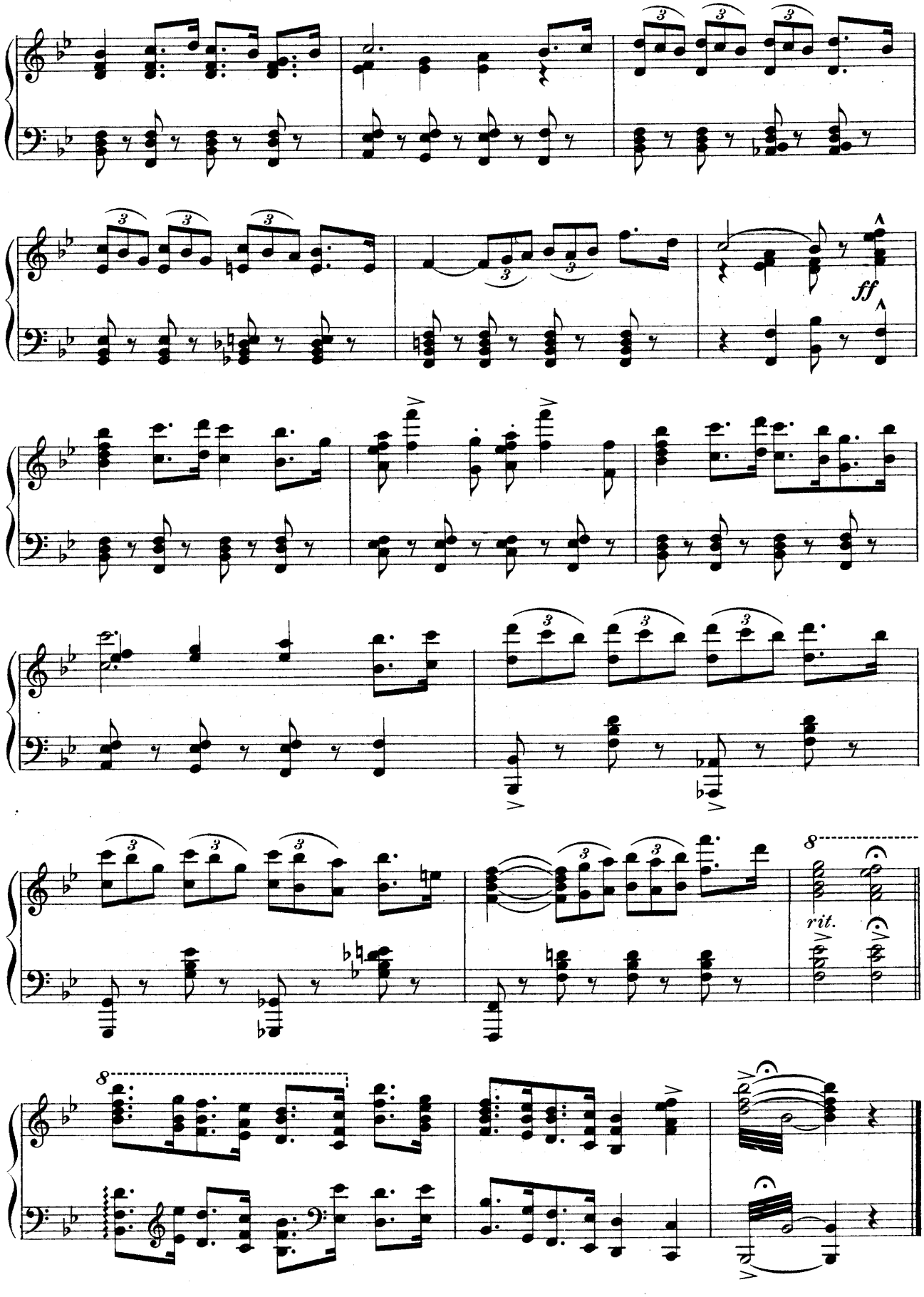
Tempo di Marcia.




fp
sfz
cresc. poco
a poco
f
ff


molto
cresc. e accel.
ff
sffz
Valse moderato.
rit.


ff grandioso
col 8va sempre
col 8va
rit.
Allegro marziale.
pp marcato


ff
rit.

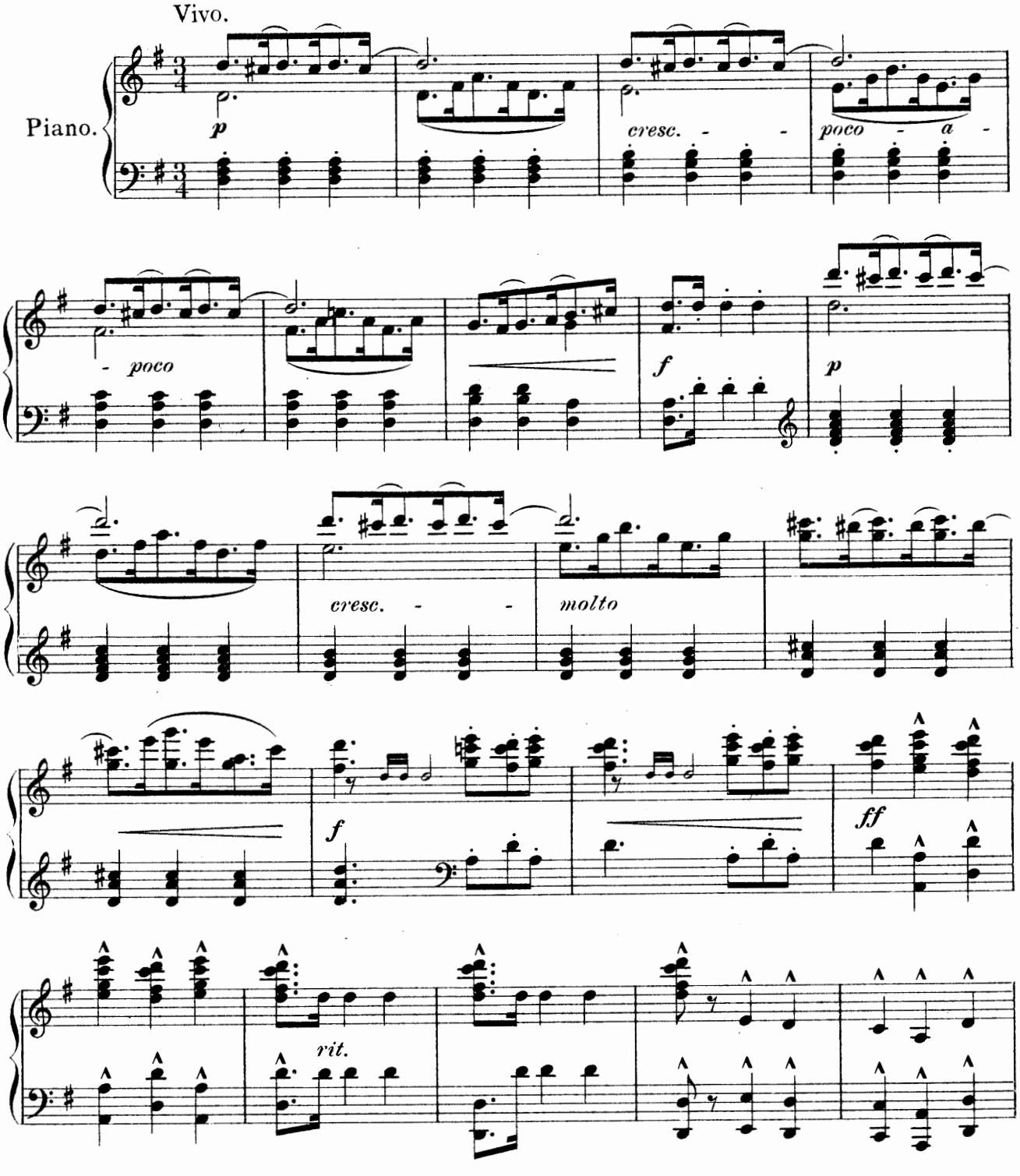
No. 1.

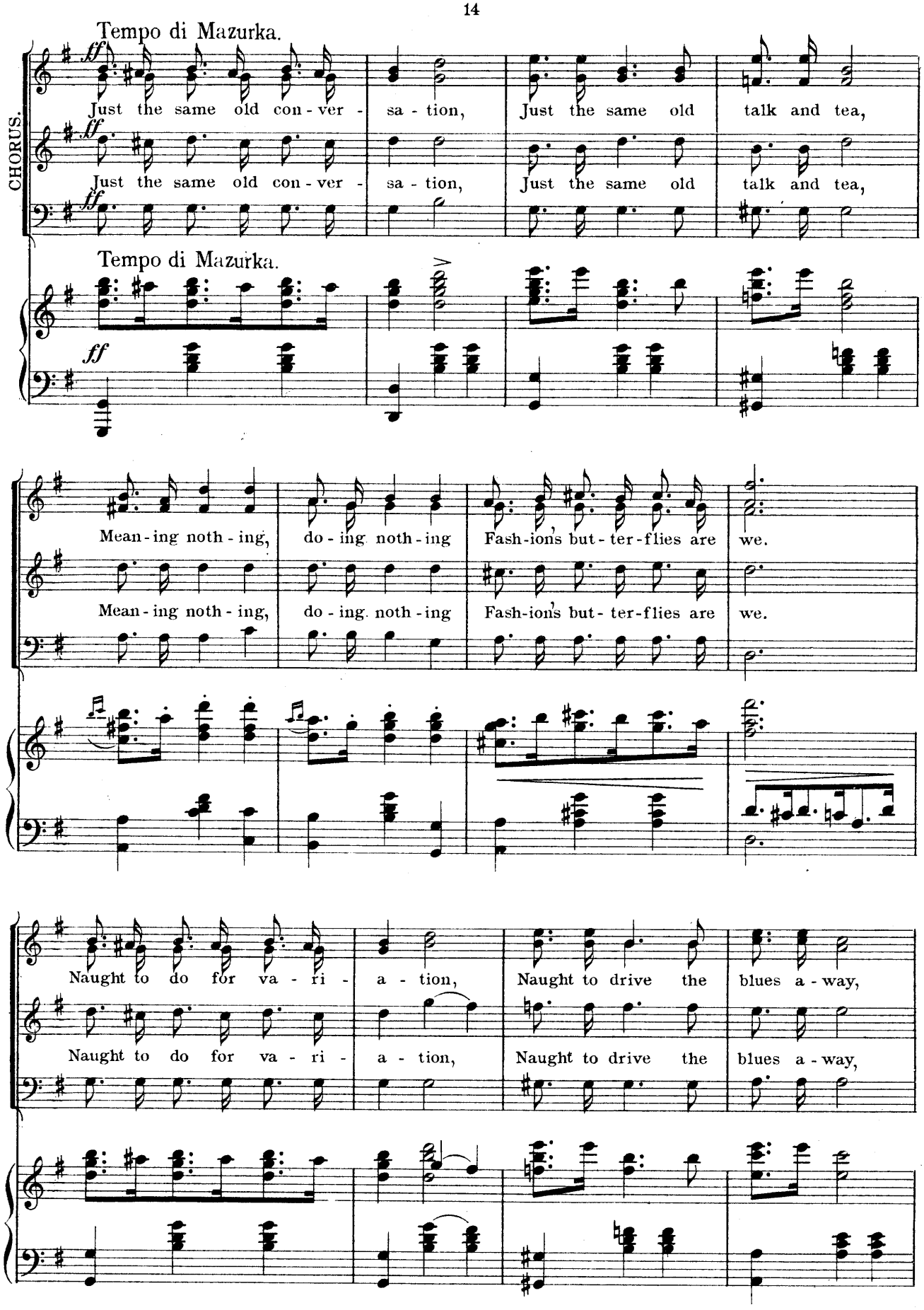
ACT I.

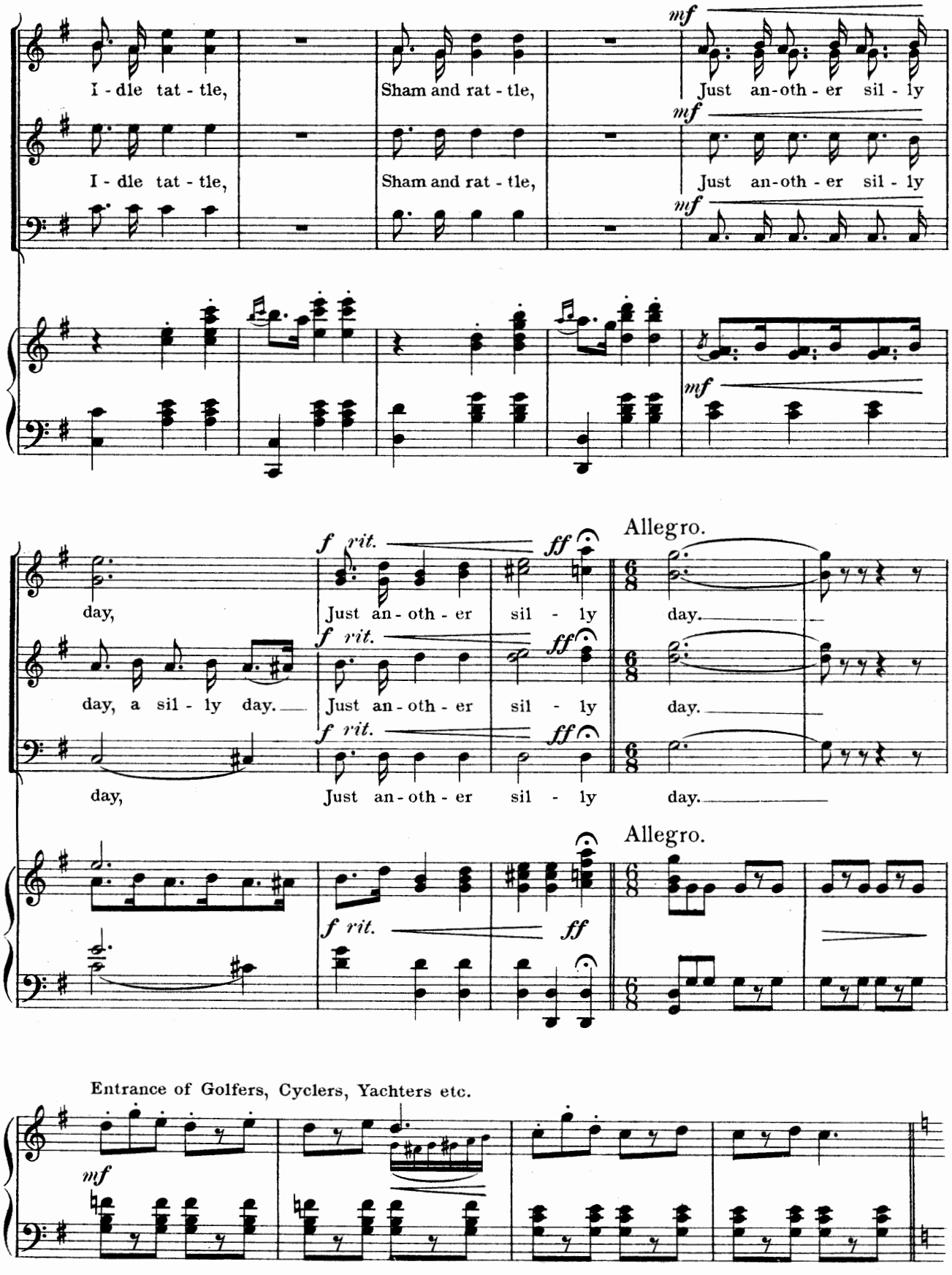
Opening Chorus.

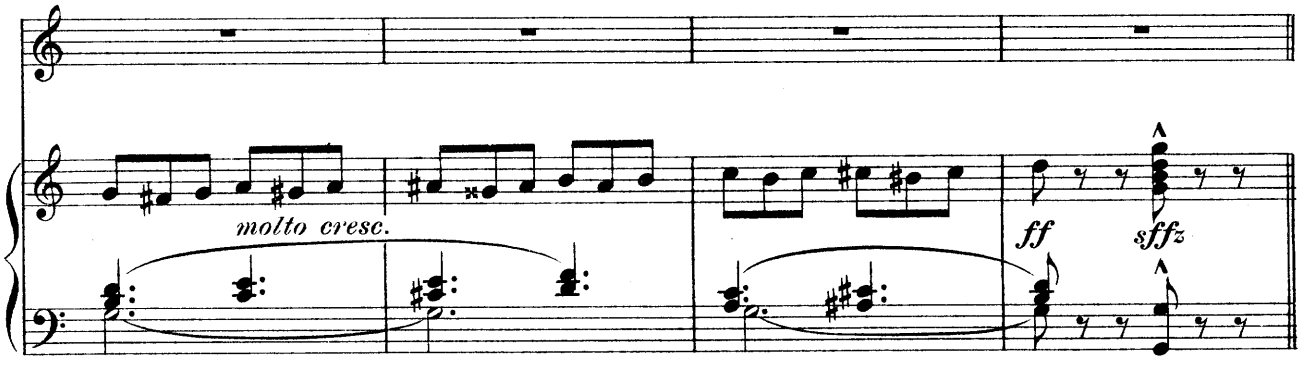
Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



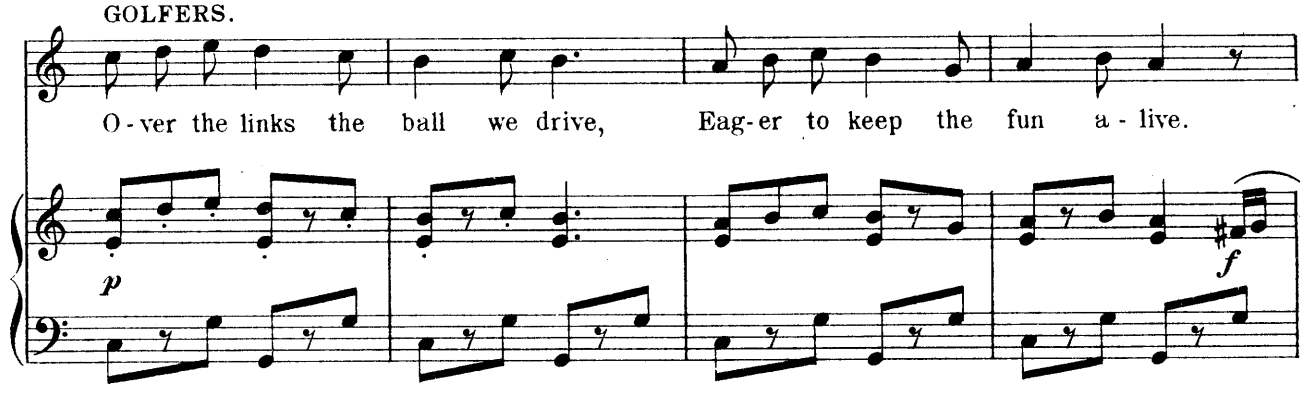

Tempo di Mazurka.
CHORUS.
ff
Just the same old con - ver - sa - tion, Just the same old talk and tea,
Just the same old con - ver - sa - tion, Just the same old talk and tea,
Tempo di Mazurka.
Mean - ing noth - ing, do - ing noth - ing Fash - ions but - ter - flies are we.
Mean - ing noth - ing, do - ing noth - ing Fash - ions but - ter - flies are we.
Naught to do for va - ri - a - tion, Naught to drive the blues a - way,
Naught to do for va - ri - a - tion, Naught to drive the blues a - way,

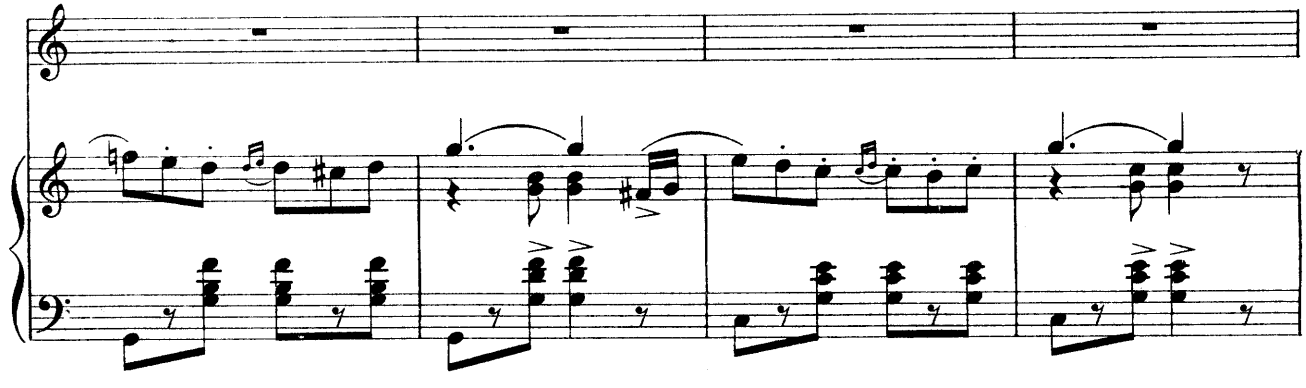

I - dle tat - tle,
Sham and rat - tle,
Just an-oth - er sil - ly
day,
day, a sil - ly day.
Just an - oth - er
sil - ly
Allegro.
Entrance of Golfers, Cyclers, Yachters etc.



GOLFERS.

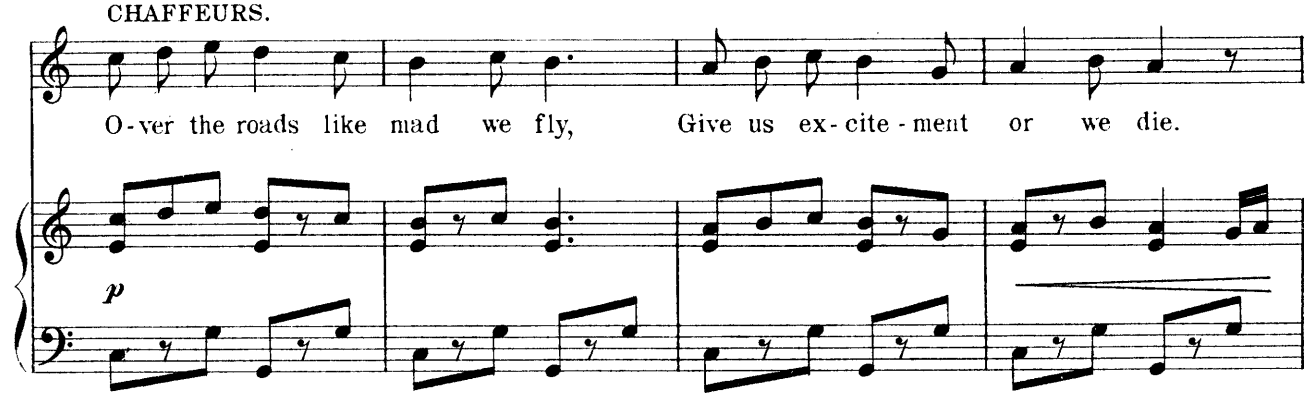
O-ver the links the ball we drive, Eag-er to keep the fun a-live.

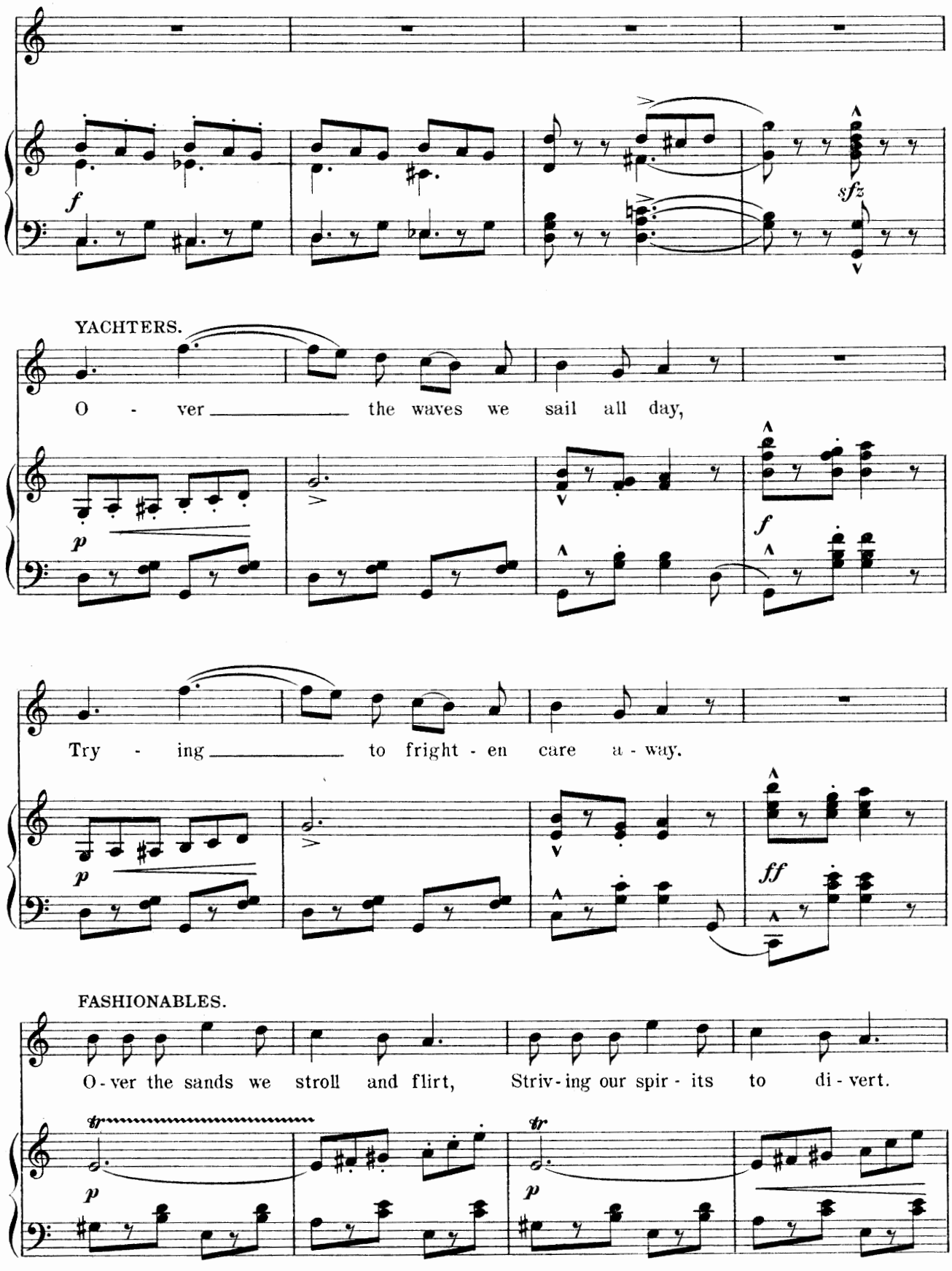


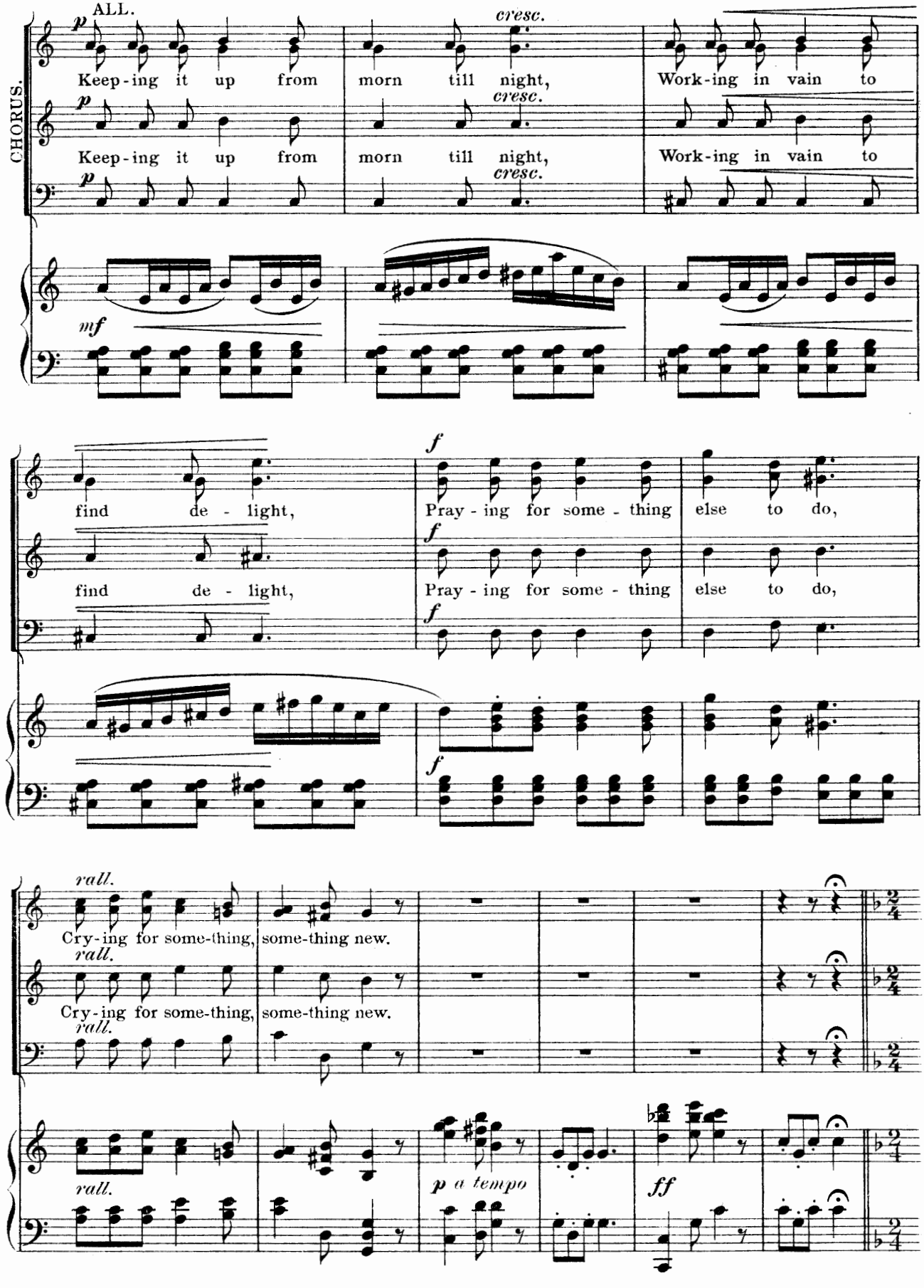


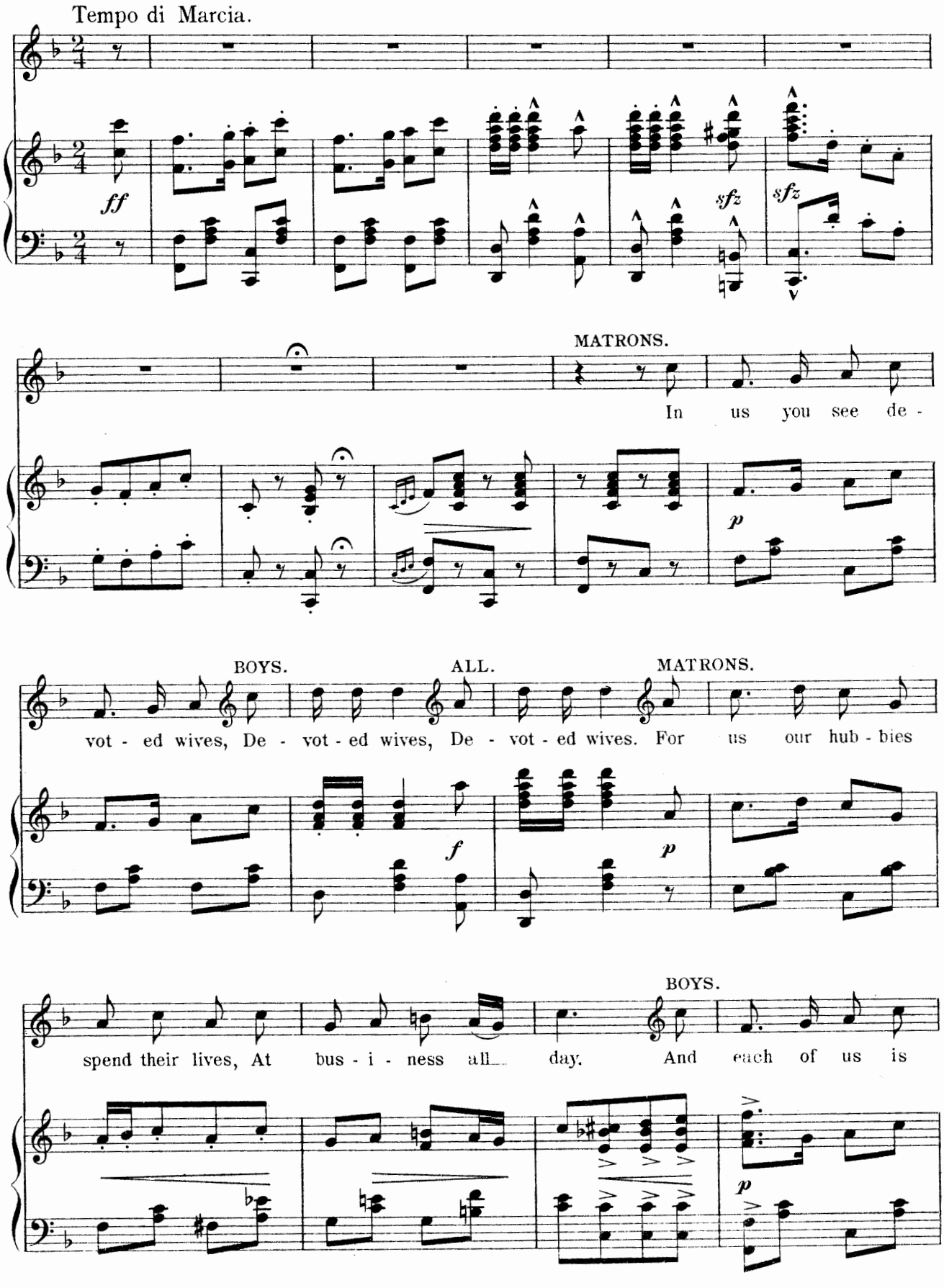
CHAFFEURS.

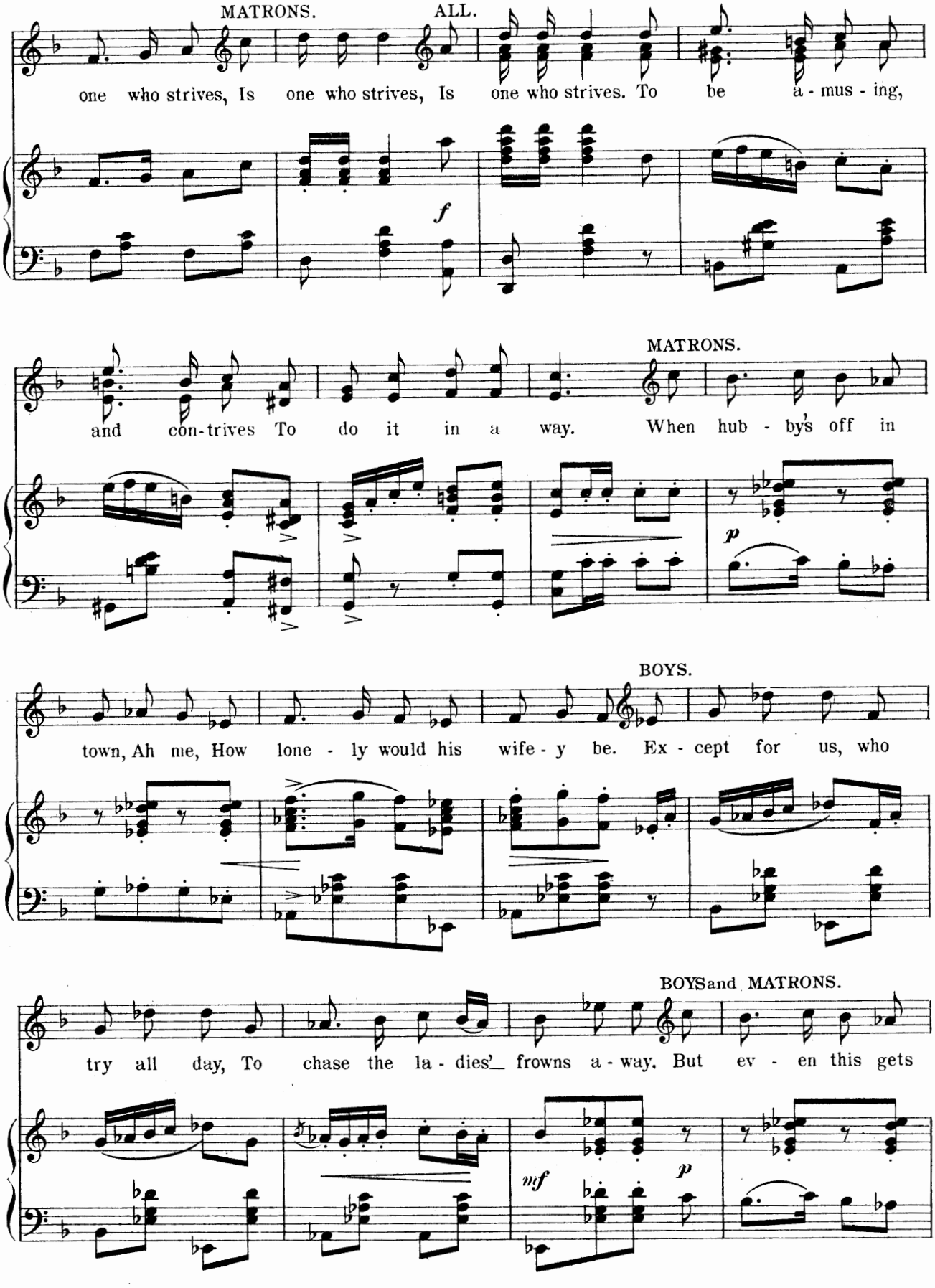
O-ver the roads like mad we fly, Give us ex-cite-ment or we die.

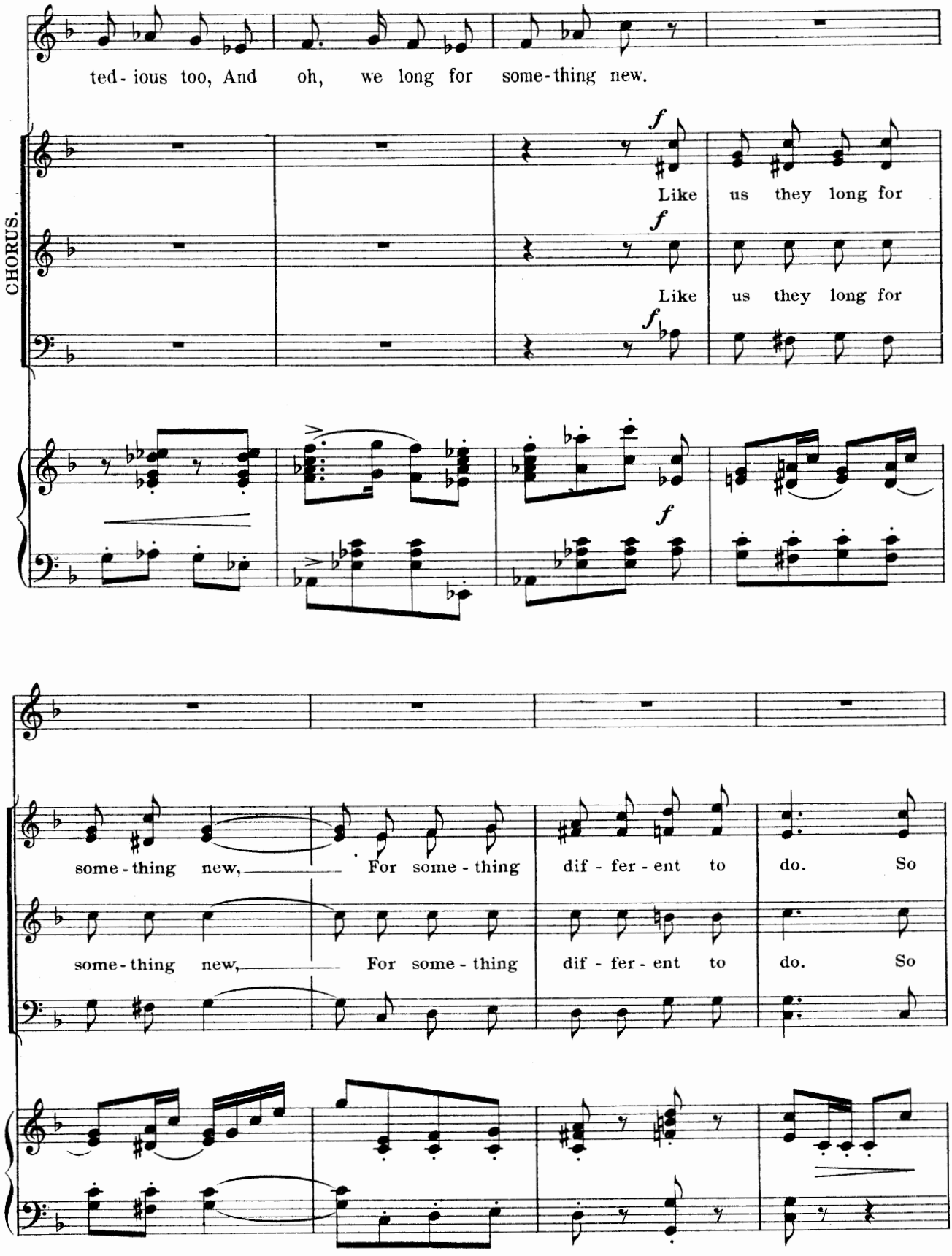


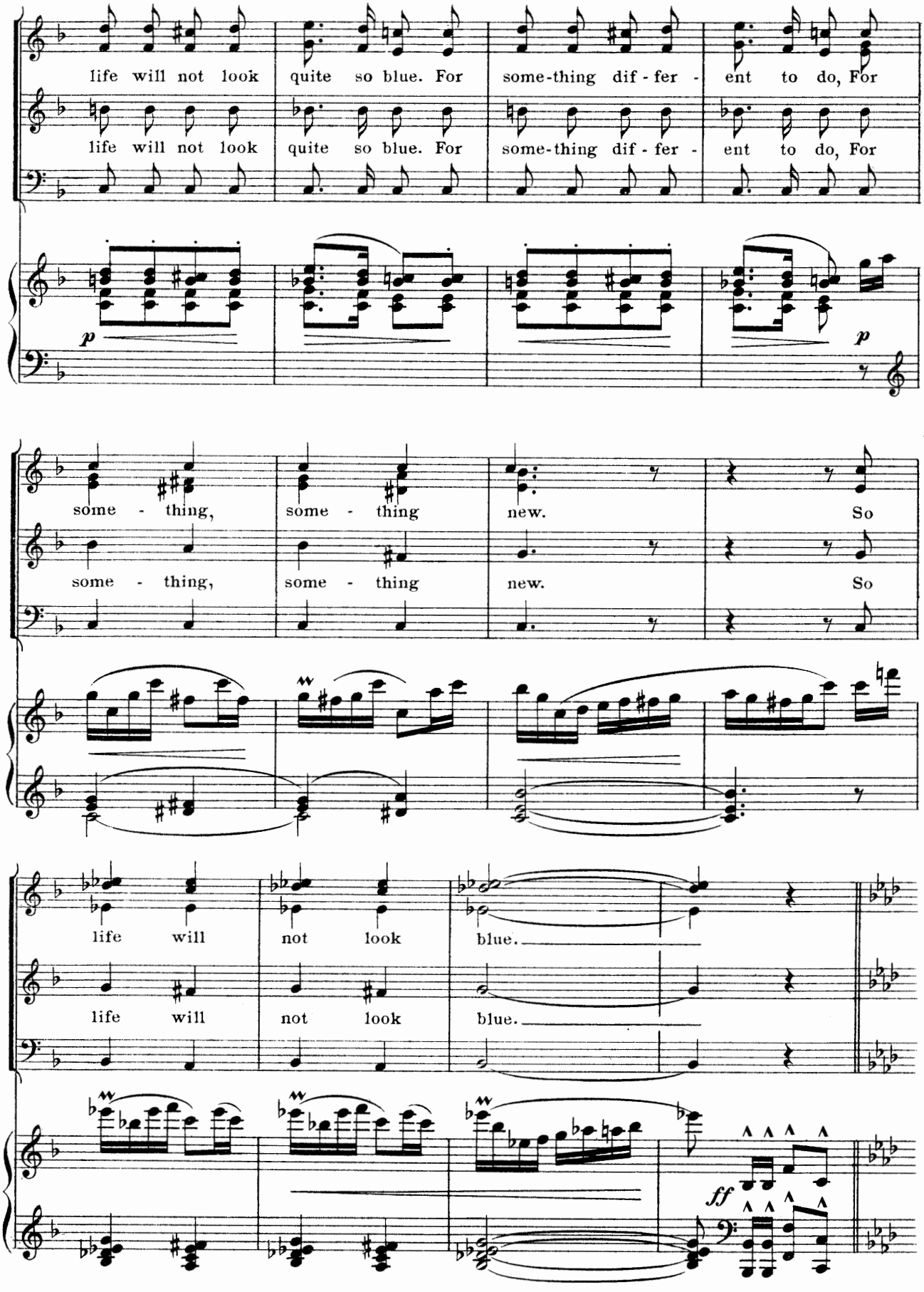

f
sfz
YACHTERS.
O - ver the waves we sail all day,
p
f
Try - ing to fright - en care a - way.
p
ff
FASHIONABLES.
O - ver the sands we stroll and flirt, Striv - ing our spir - its to di - vert.
tr
p
tr
p

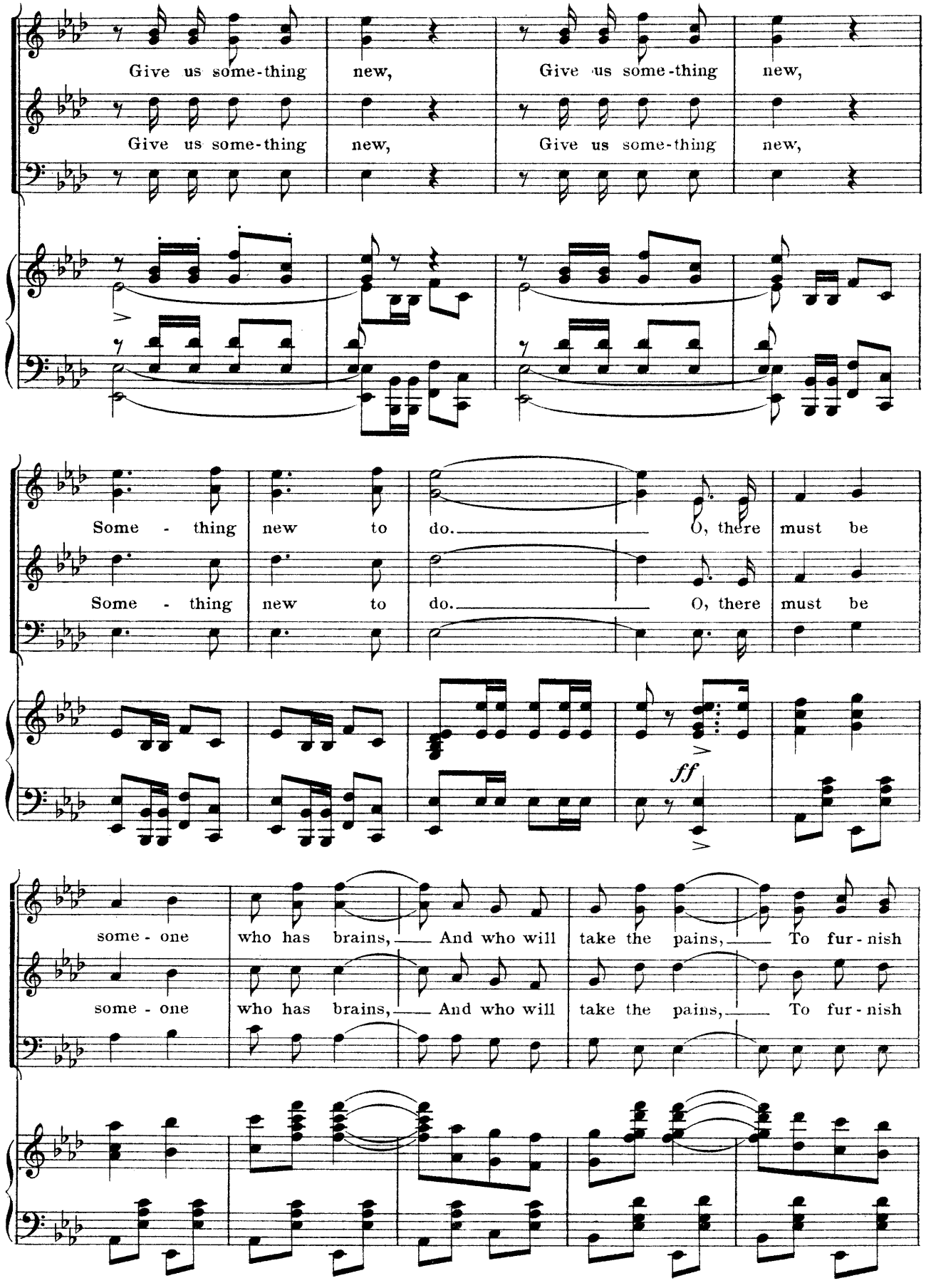

CHORUS.
ALL.
p
Keep-ing it up from morn till night, Work-ing in vain to
cresc.
Keep-ing it up from morn till night, Work-ing in vain to
mf
find de - light, Pray - ing for some - thing else to do,
f
rall.
Cry-ing for some-thing, some-thing new.
p a tempo
ff

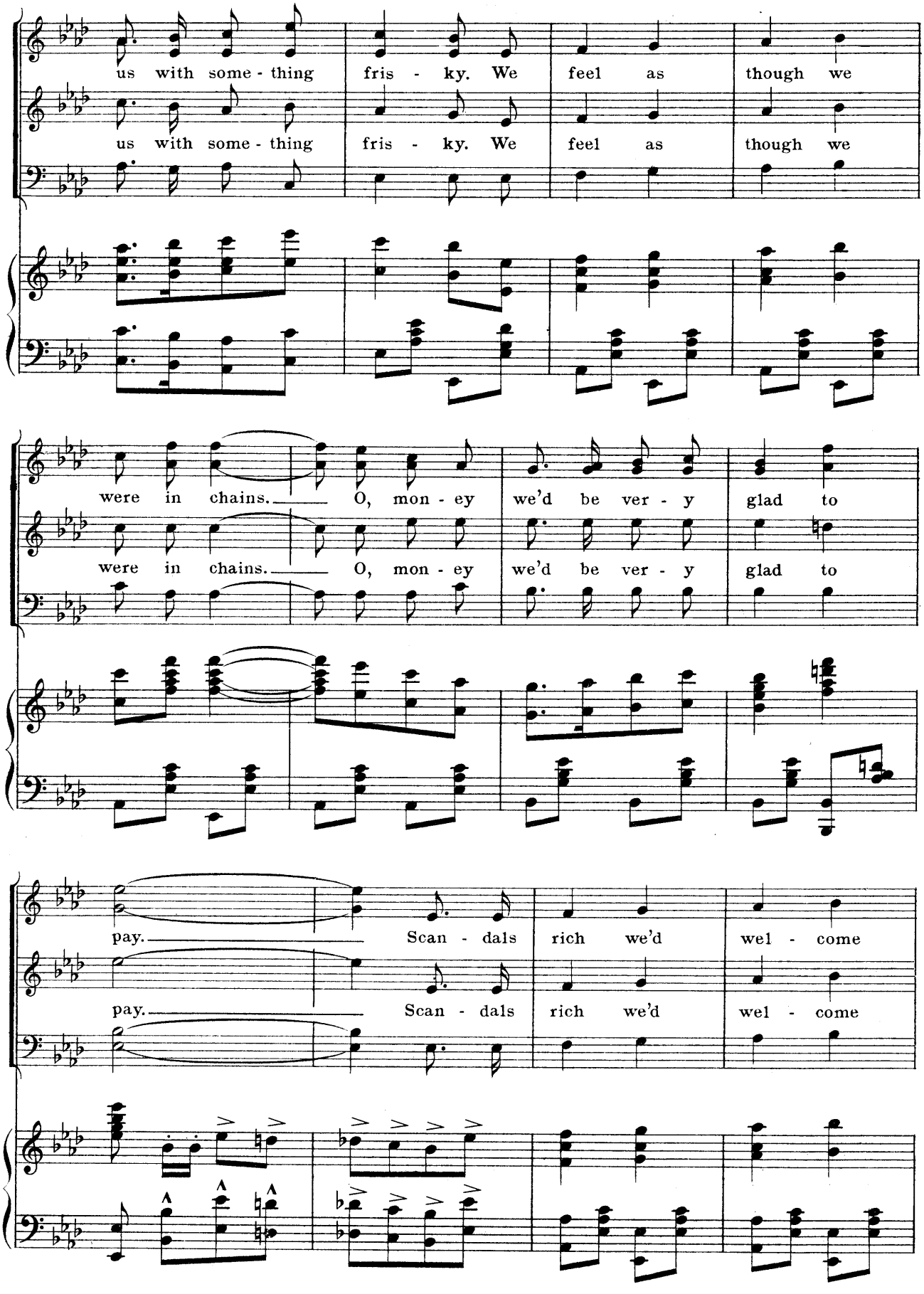

Tempo di Marcia.
ff
sfz
sfz
MATRONS.
In us you see de -
p
BOYS.
ALL.
MATRONS.
vot - ed wives, De - vot - ed wives, De - vot - ed wives. For us our hub - bies
f
p
BOYS.
spend their lives, At bus - i - ness all day. And each of us is
p

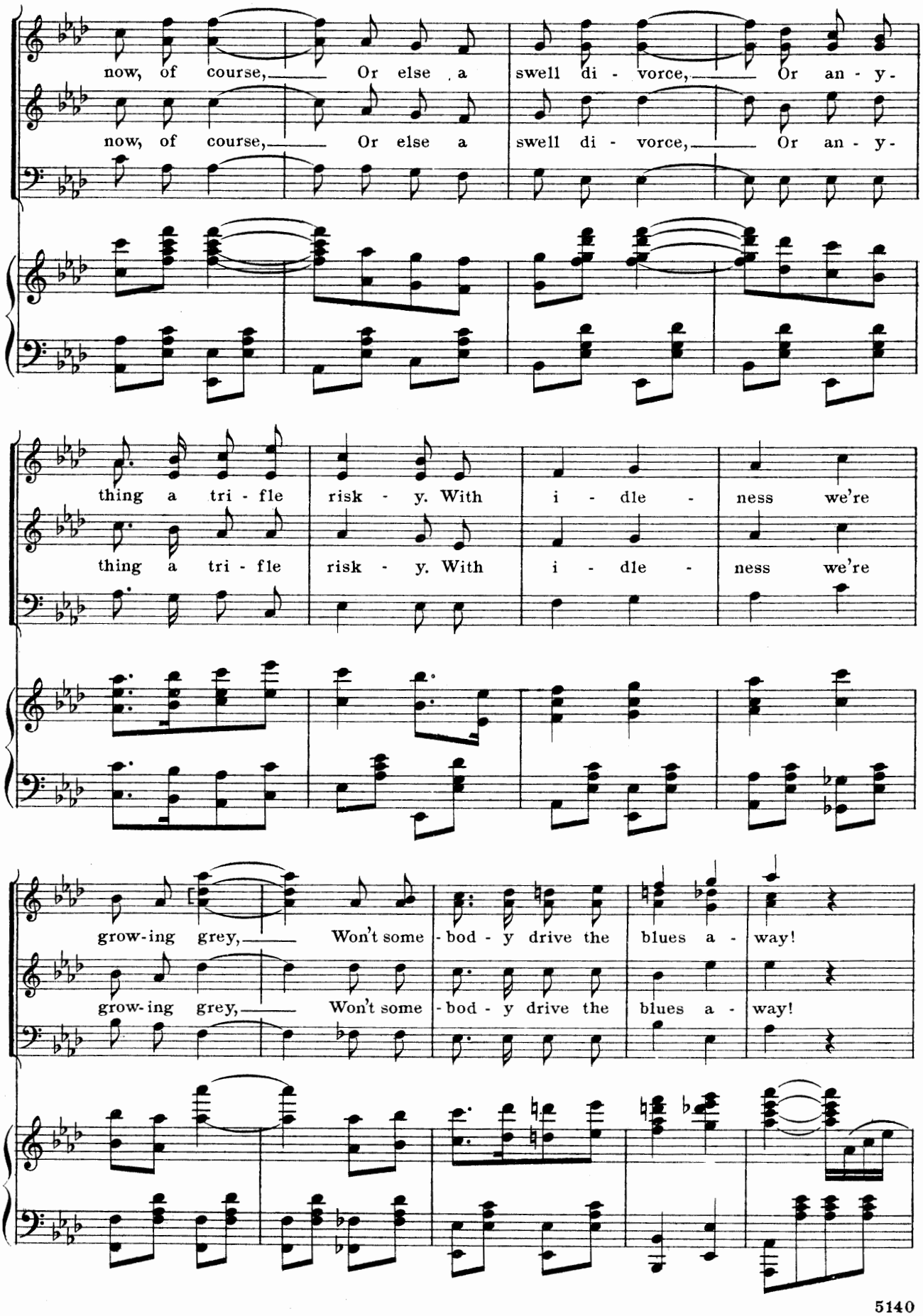

MATRONS.
ALL.
one who strives, Is one who strives, Is one who strives. To be a - mus - ing,
f
MATRONS.
and con-trives To do it in a way. When hub - by's off in
p
BOYS.
town, Ah me, How lone - ly would his wife - y be. Ex - cept for us, who
BOYS and MATRONS.
try all day, To chase the la - dies'_ frowns a - way. But ev - en this gets
mf
p

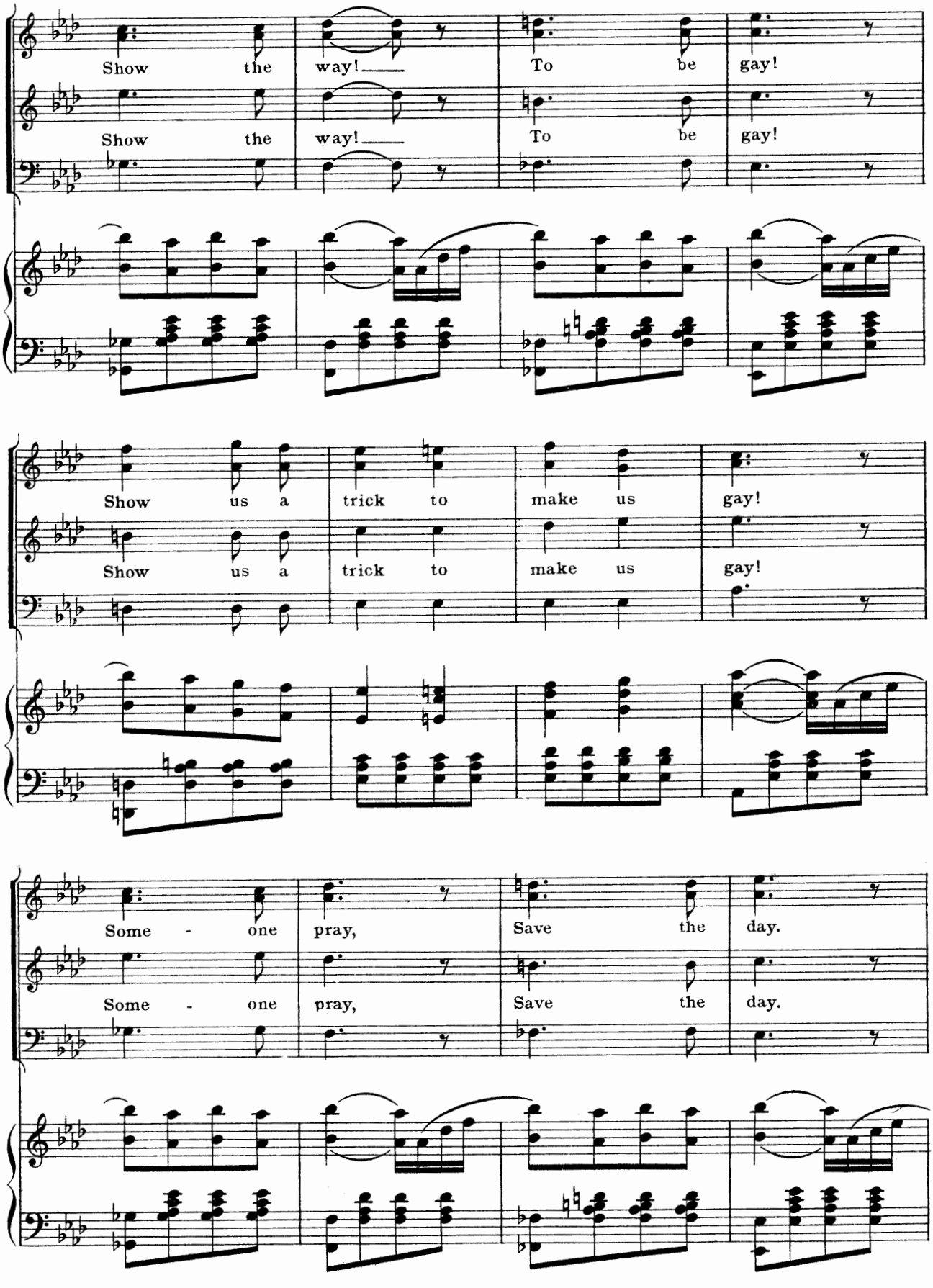

ted - ious too, And oh, we long for some - thing new.
CHORUS.
Like us they long for
Like us they long for
some - thing new, For some - thing dif - fer - ent to do. So
some - thing new, For some - thing dif - fer - ent to do. So

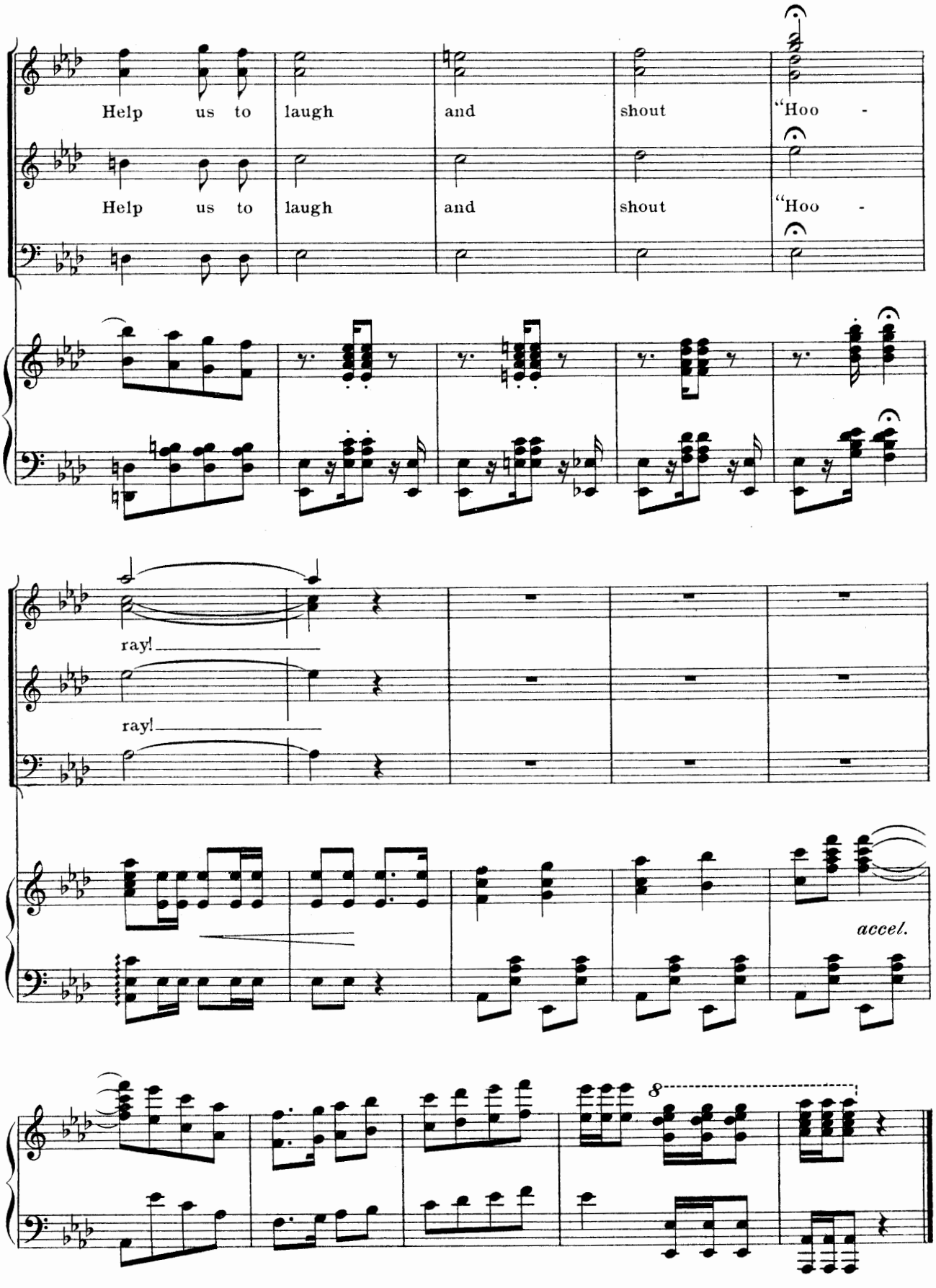

life will not look quite so blue. For some-thing dif - fer - ent to do, For
life will not look quite so blue. For some-thing dif - fer - ent to do, For
p
p
some - thing, some - thing new. So
some - thing, some - thing new. So
life will not look blue.
life will not look blue.
ff


Give us some-thing new, Give us some-thing new,
Give us some-thing new, Give us some-thing new,
Some - thing new to do. O, there must be
Some - thing new to do. O, there must be
ff
some - one who has brains, And who will take the pains, To fur - nish
some - one who has brains, And who will take the pains, To fur - nish


us with some - thing fris - ky. We feel as though we
us with some - thing fris - ky. We feel as though we
were in chains. O, mon - ey we'd be ver - y glad to
were in chains. O, mon - ey we'd be ver - y glad to
pay. Scan - dals rich we'd wel - come
pay. Scan - dals rich we'd wel - come


now, of course, Or else a swell di - vorce, Or an - y-
now, of course, Or else a swell di - vorce, Or an - y-
thing a tri - fle risk - y. With i - dle - ness we're
thing a tri - fle risk - y. With i - dle - ness we're
grow-ing grey, Won't some - bod - y drive the blues a - way!
grow-ing grey, Won't some - bod - y drive the blues a - way!


Show the way! To be gay!
Show the way! To be gay!
Show us a trick to make us gay!
Show us a trick to make us gay!
Some - one pray, Save the day.
Some - one pray, Save the day.


Help us to laugh and shout "Hoo -
Help us to laugh and shout "Hoo -
ray!
ray!
accel.
8

Nº 2.

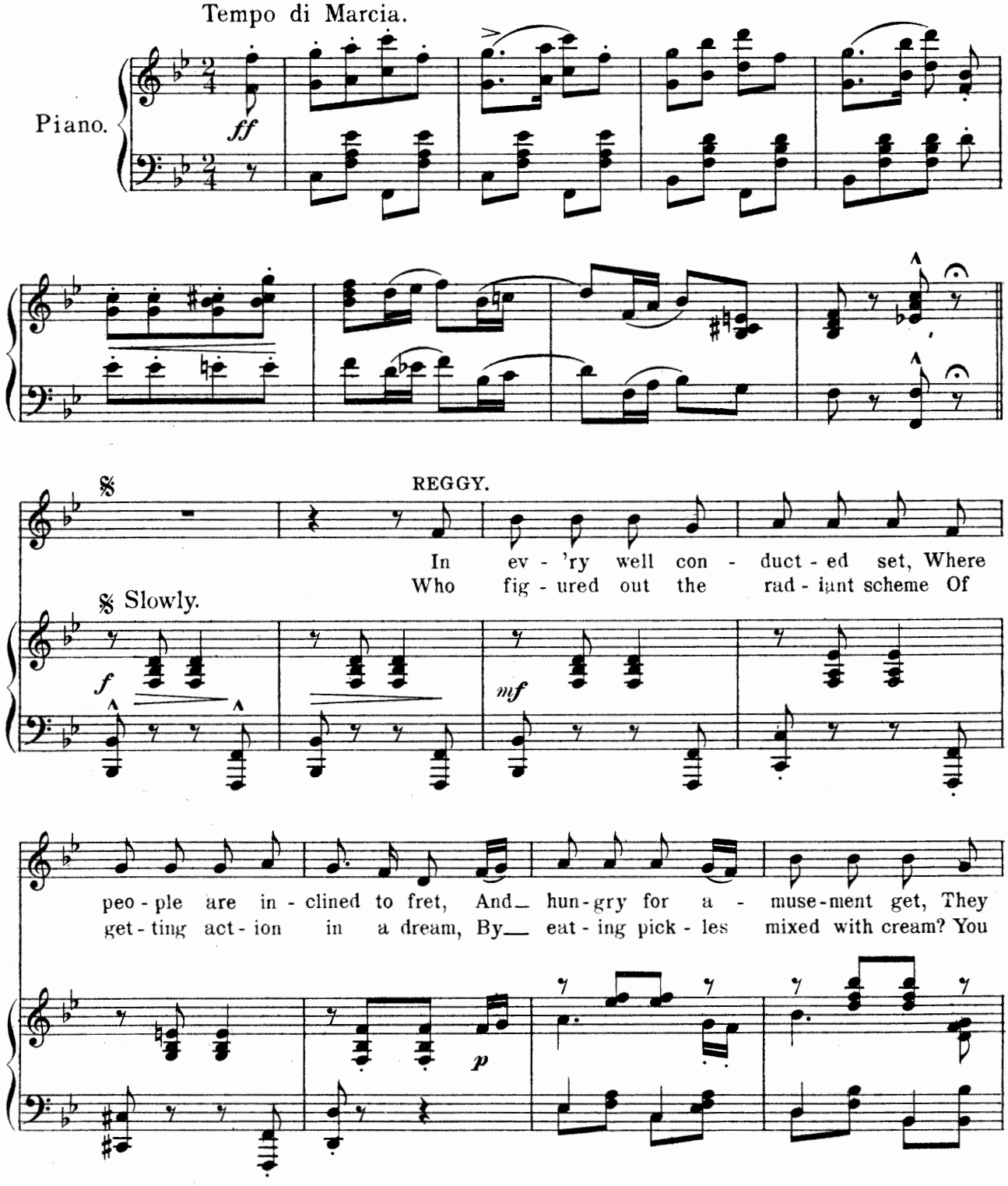
"Reggy."

SONG.

Reggy and Chorus.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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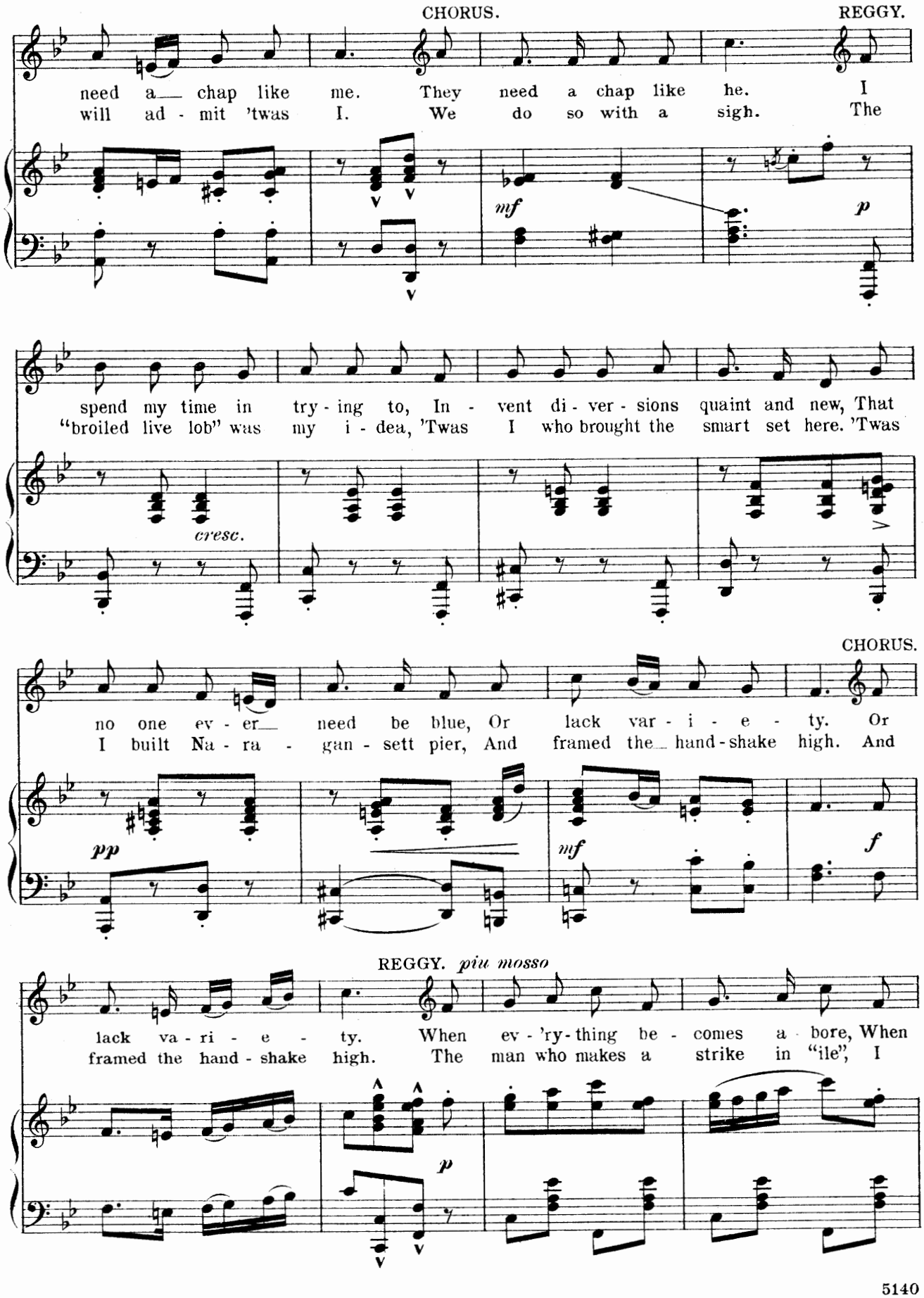
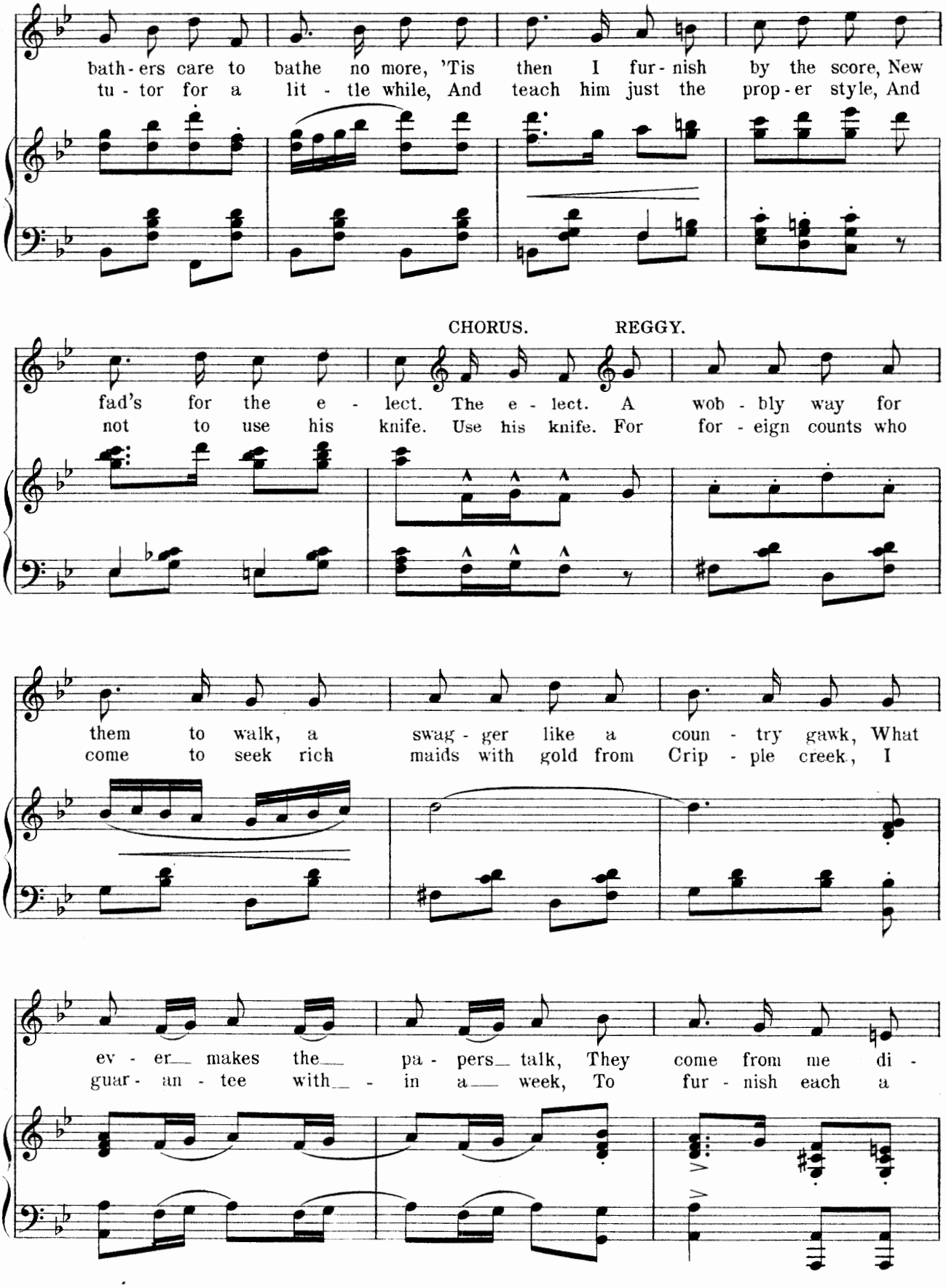
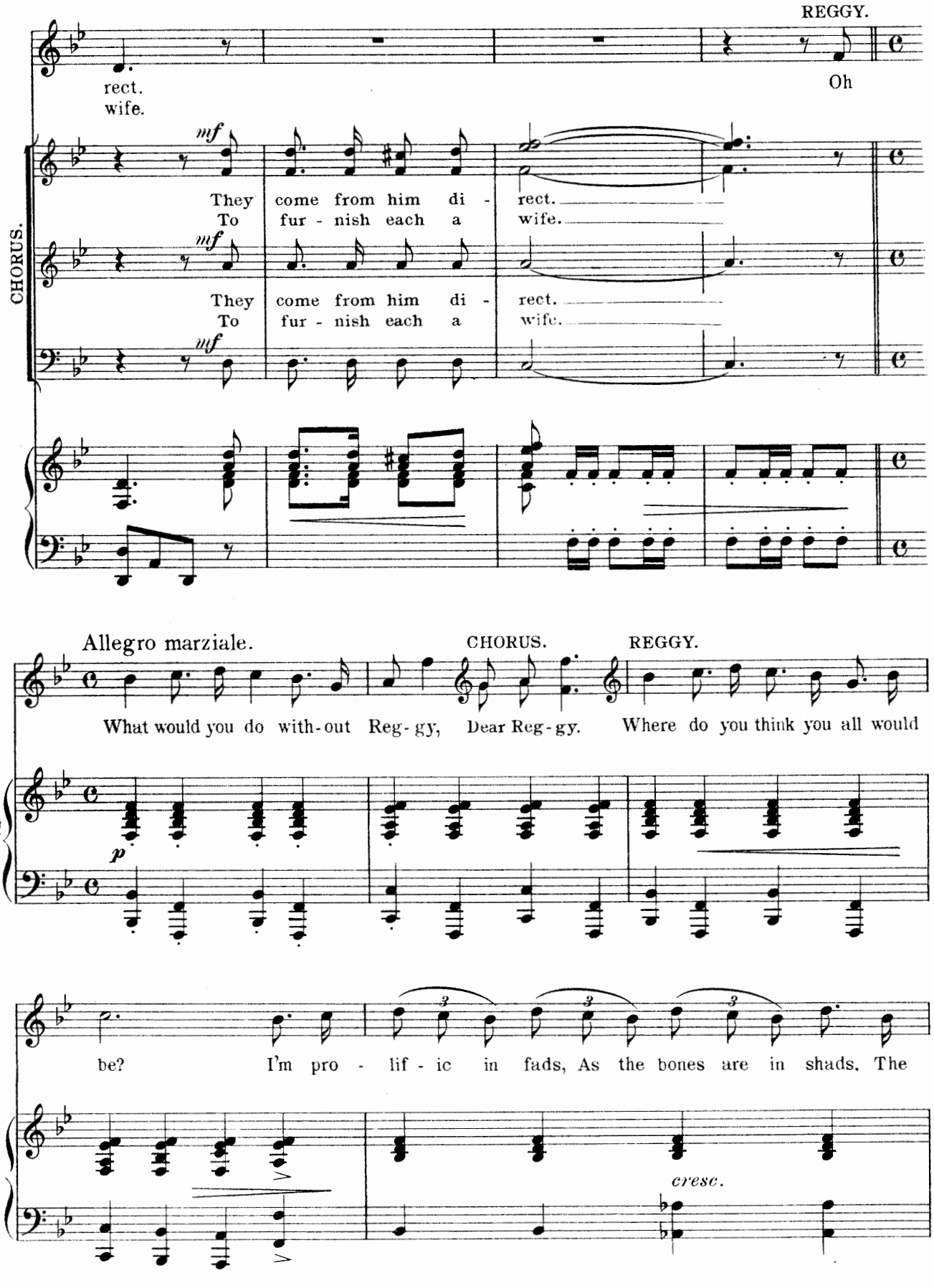
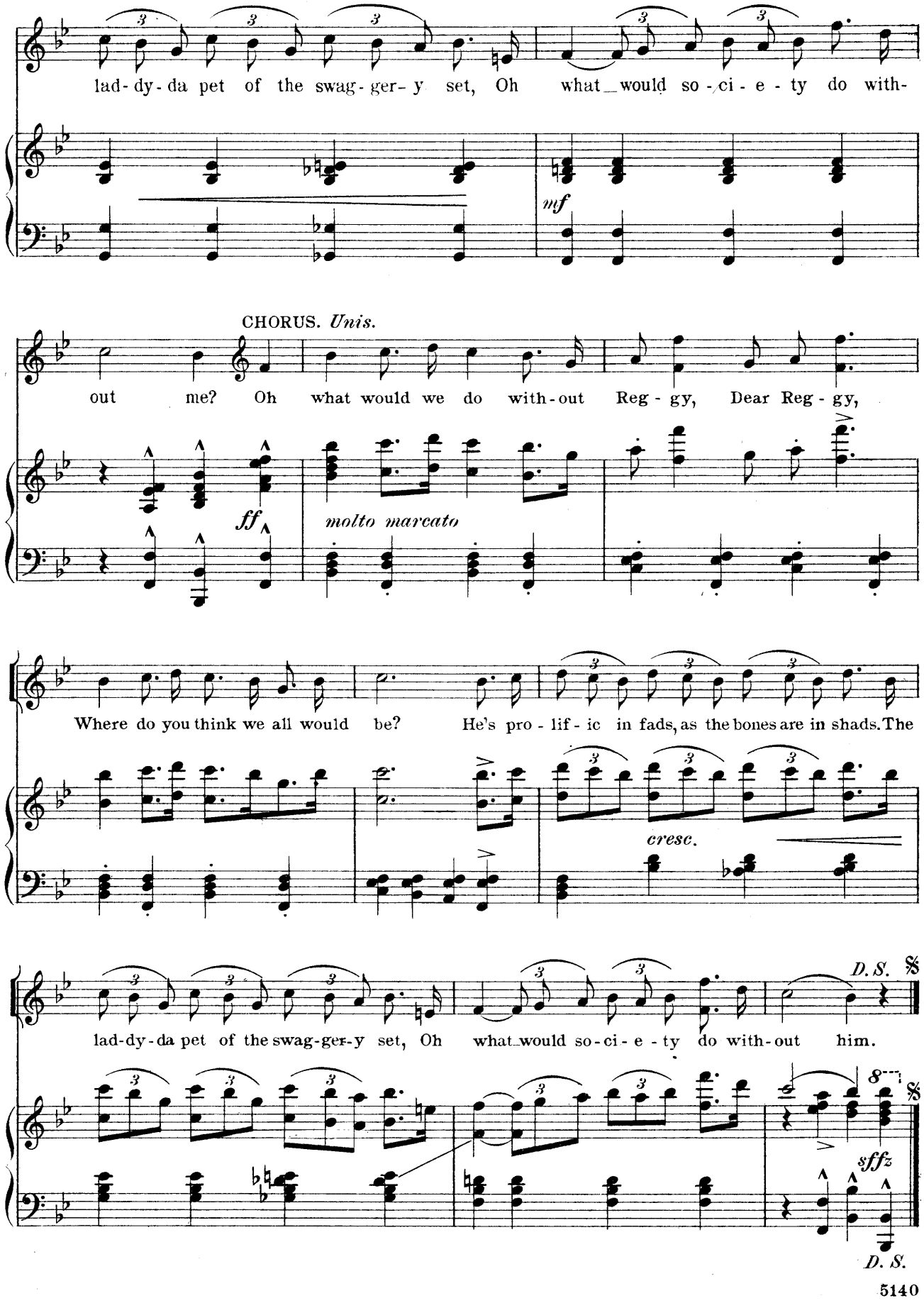

CHORUS.
REGGY.
need a chap like me. They need a chap like he. I
will ad - mit 'twas I. We do so with a sigh. The
mf
p
spend my time in try - ing to, In - vent di - ver - sions quaint and new, That
"broiled live lob" was my i - dea, 'Twas I who brought the smart set here. 'Twas
cresc.
CHORUS.
no one ev - er need be blue, Or lack var - i - e - ty. Or
I built Na - ra - gan - sett pier, And framed the hand-shake high. And
pp
mf
f
REGGY. piu mosso
lack va - ri - e - ty. When ev - 'ry-thing be - comes a bore, When
framed the hand - shake high. The man who makes a strike in "ile", I
p


bath - ers care to bathe no more, 'Tis then I fur - nish by the score, New
tu - tor for a lit - tle while, And teach him just the prop - er style, And
CHORUS.
REGGY.
fad's for the e - lect. The e - lect. A wob - bly way for
not to use his knife. Use his knife. For for - eign counts who
them to walk, a swag - ger like a coun - try gawk, What
come to seek rich maids with gold from Crip - ple creek, I
ev - er makes the pa - pers talk, They come from me di -
guar - an - tee with - in a week, To fur - nish each a


REGGY.
rect.
wife.
Oh
CHORUS.
mf
They come from him di - rect.
To fur - nish each a wife.
mf
They come from him di - rect.
To fur - nish each a wife.
mf
Allegro marziale.
CHORUS.
REGGY.
What would you do with-out Reg-gy, Dear Reg-gy. Where do you think you all would
p
be? I'm pro - lif - ic in fads, As the bones are in shads, The
cresc.


lad-dy-da pet of the swag-ger-y set, Oh what would so-ci-e-ty do with-
mf
CHORUS. Unis.
out me? Oh what would we do with-out Reg-gy, Dear Reg-gy,
ff
molto marcato
Where do you think we all would be? He's pro-lif-ic in fads, as the bones are in shads. The
cresc.
lad-dy-da pet of the swag-ger-y set, Oh what would so-ci-e-ty do with-out him.
D. S.
sffz
D. S.

"Hail, Gracious Owner of This Spot."

No 3.

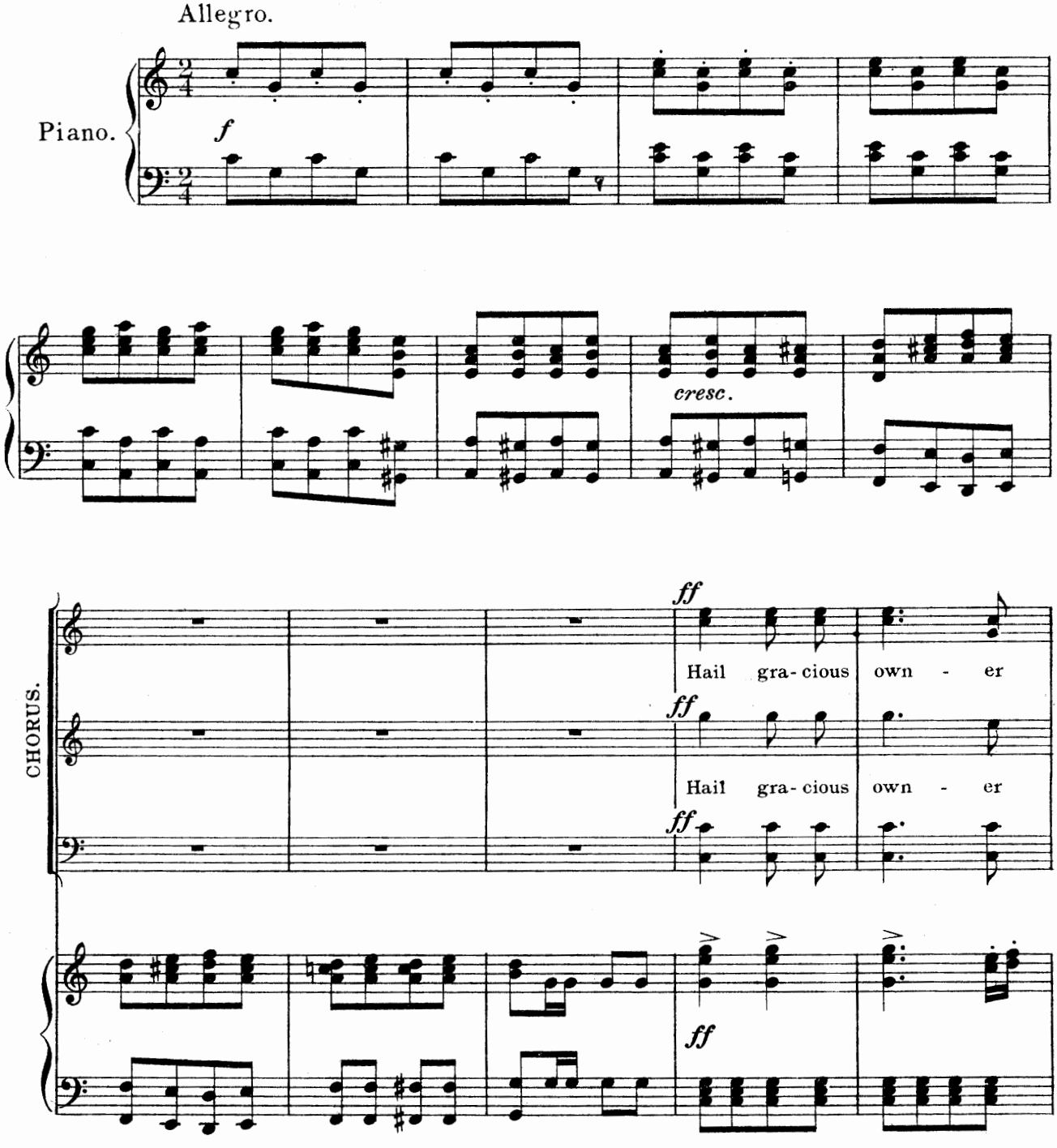
and

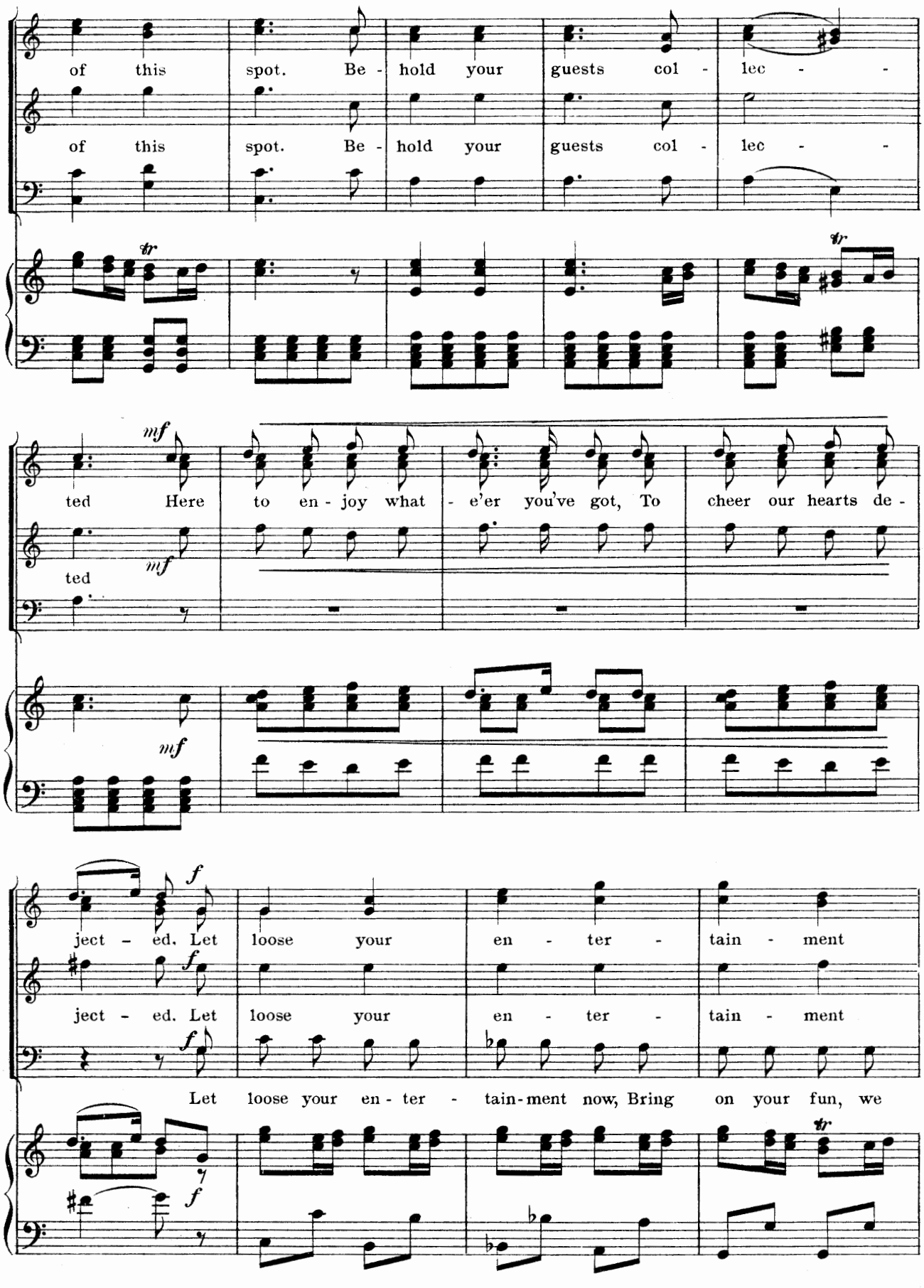
THE PEACH KING.

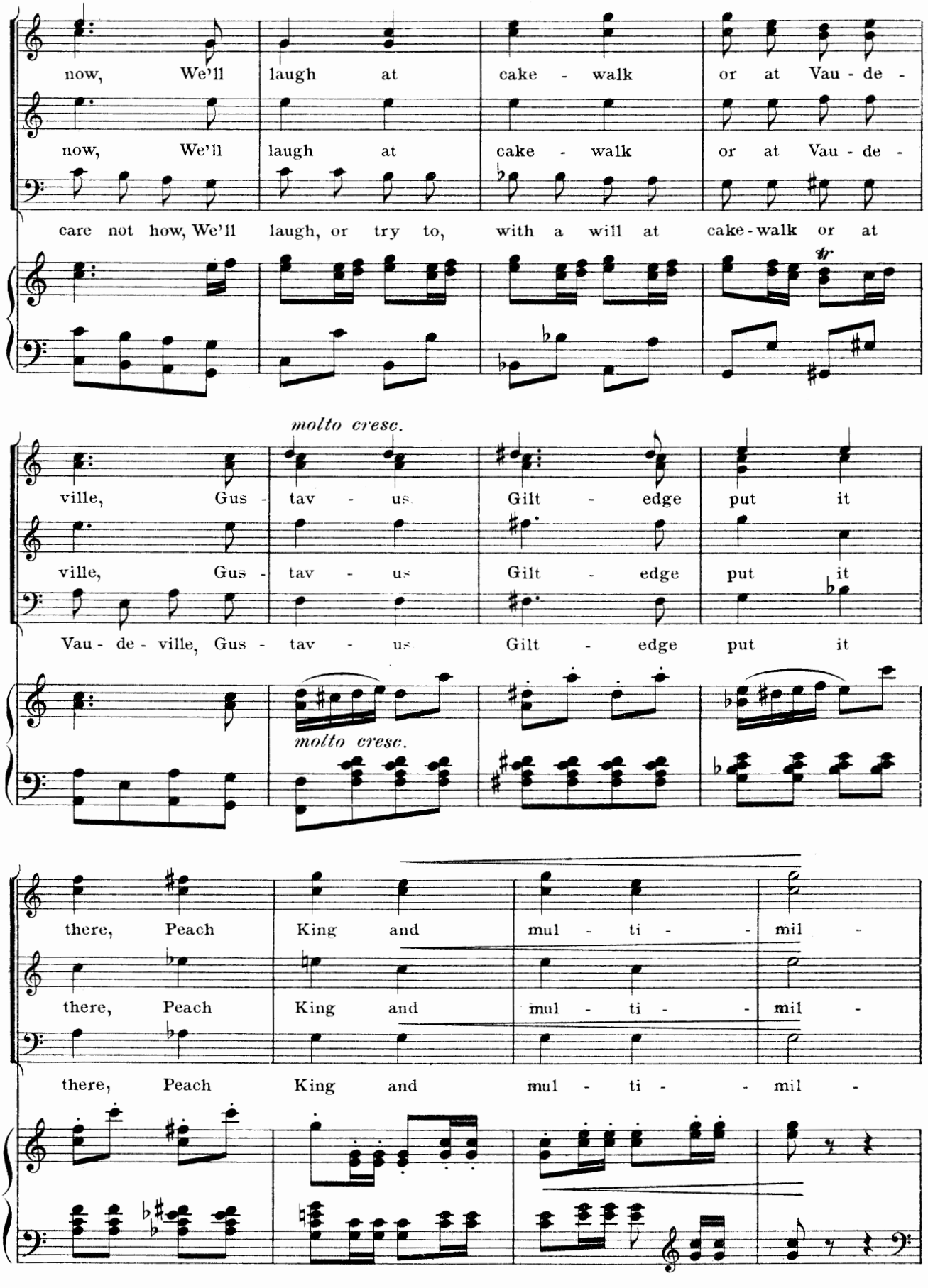
TRIO AND CHORUS.

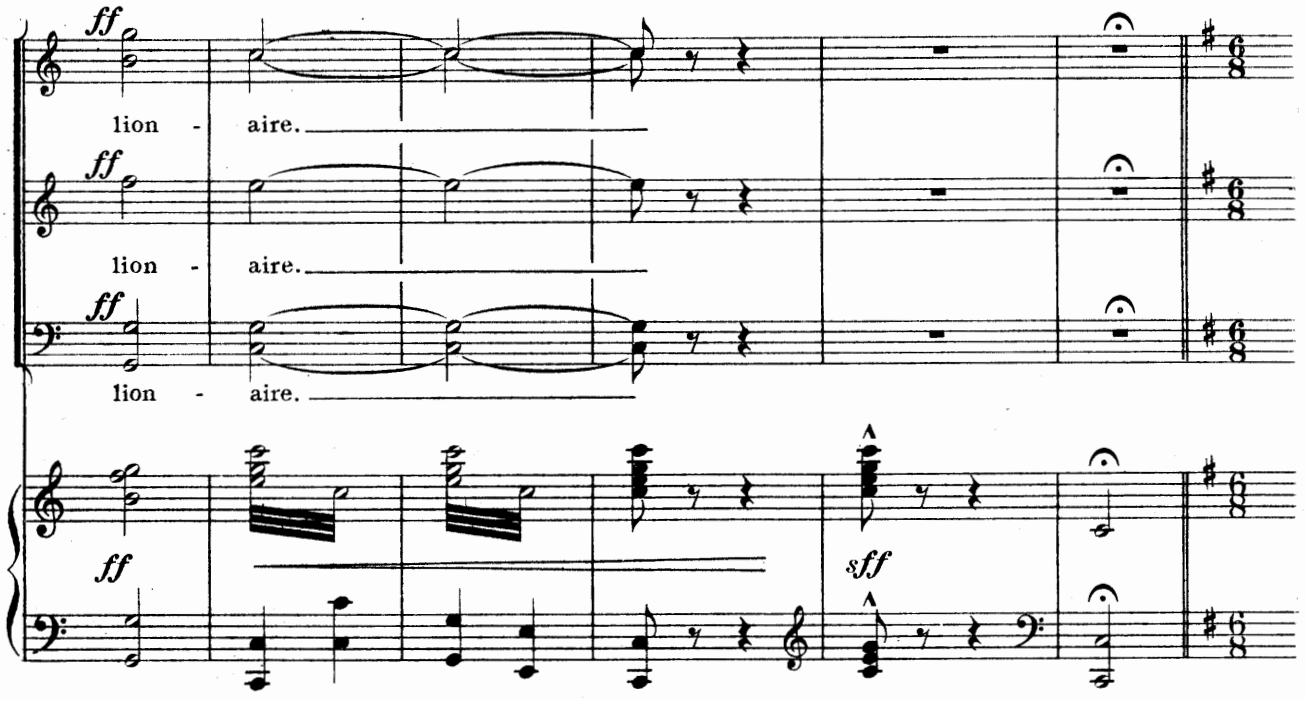
Words by
PAUL WEST.

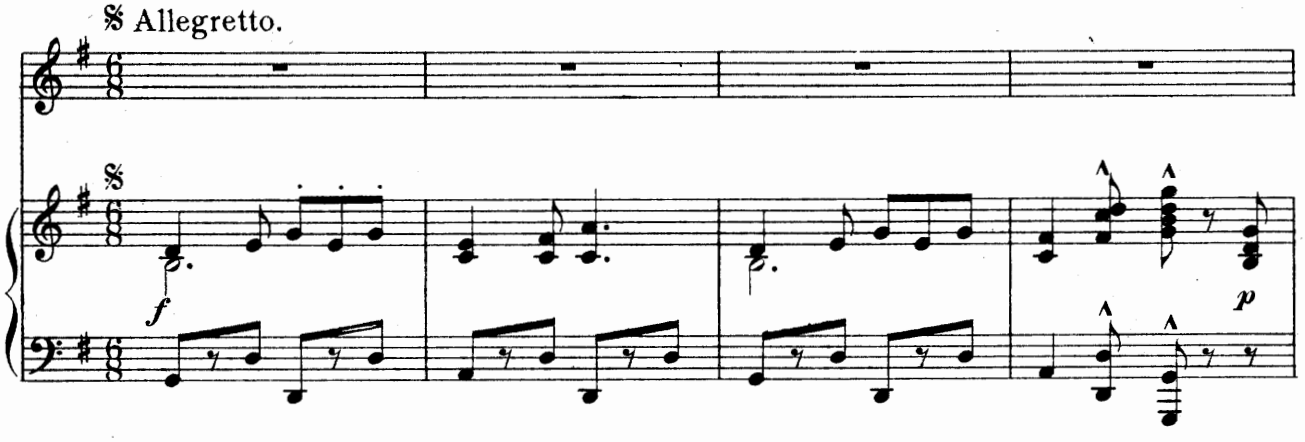
Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.




of this spot. Be - hold your guests col - lec - -
of this spot. Be - hold your guests col - lec - -
tr
tr
mf
ted Here to en - joy what - e'er you've got, To cheer our hearts de -
ted
mf
mf
f
ject - ed. Let loose your en - ter - tain - ment
f
ject - ed. Let loose your en - ter - tain - ment
f
Let loose your en - ter - tain - ment now, Bring on your fun, we
f
tr

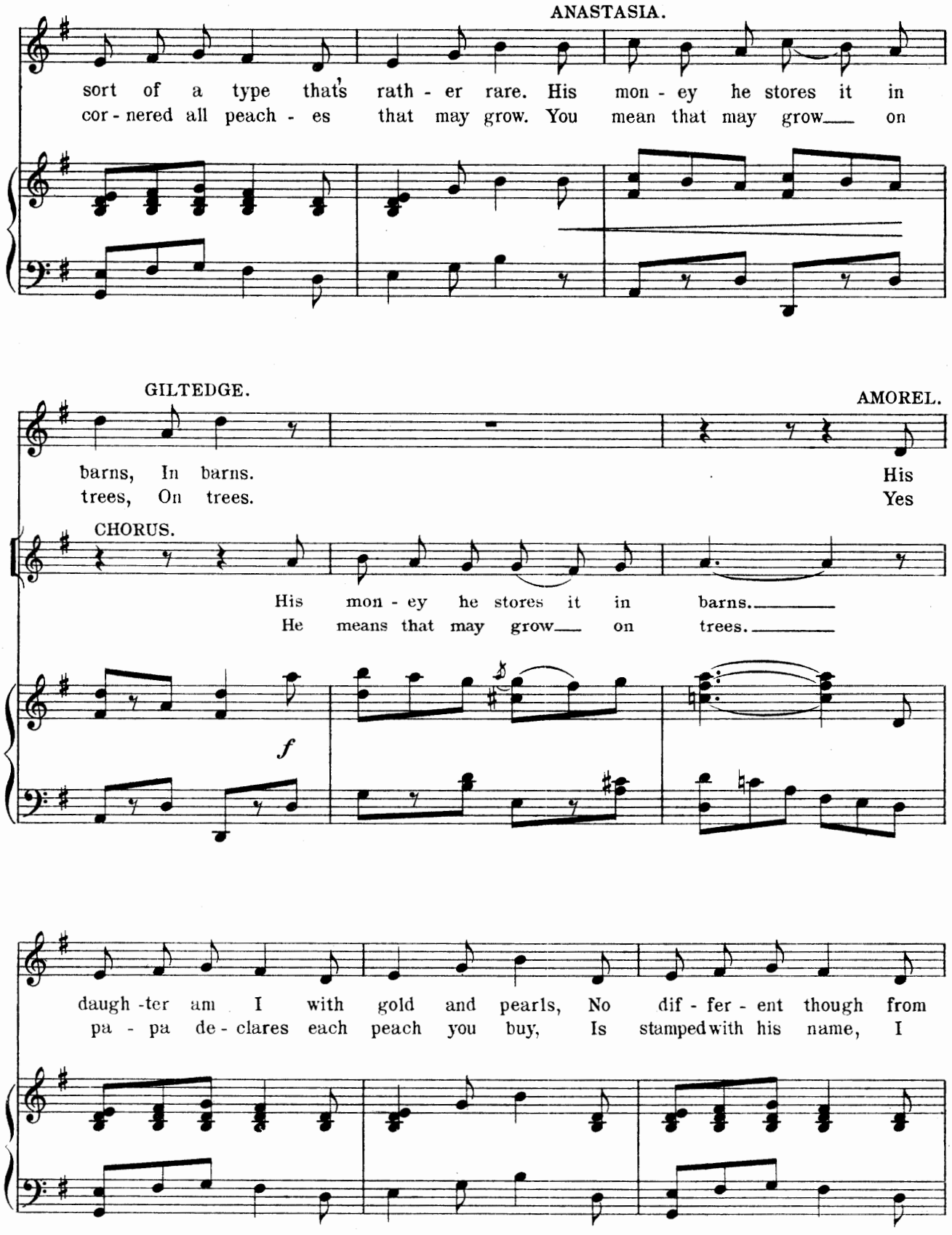

now, We'll laugh at cake - walk or at Vau - de -
now, We'll laugh at cake - walk or at Vau - de -
care not how, We'll laugh, or try to, with a will at cake-walk or at
molto cresc.
ville, Gus - tav - us Gilt - edge put it
ville, Gus - tav - us Gilt - edge put it
Vau - de - ville, Gus - tav - us Gilt - edge put it
molto cresc.
there, Peach King and mul - ti - - mil -
there, Peach King and mul - ti - - mil -
there, Peach King and mul - ti - - mil -

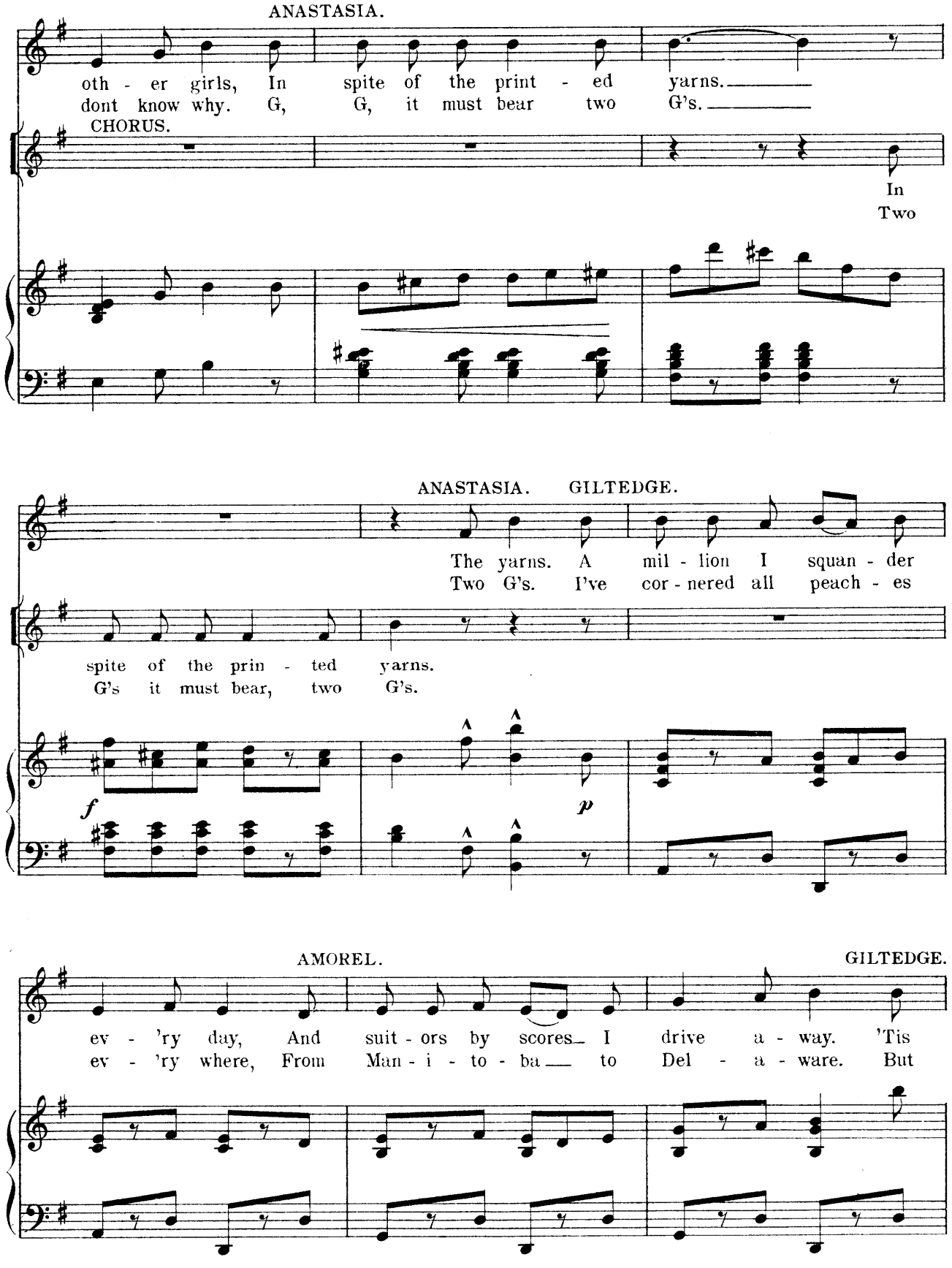


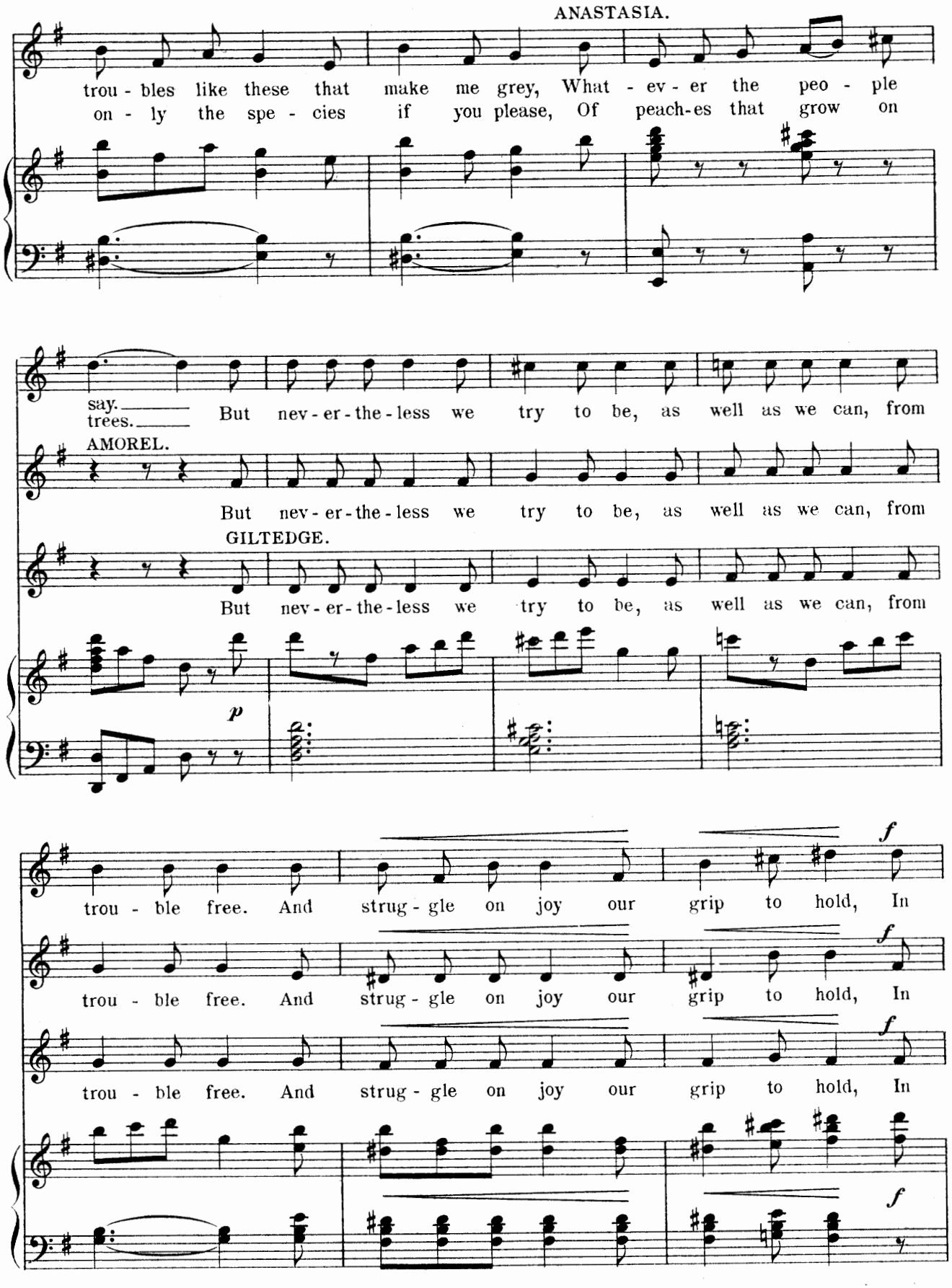


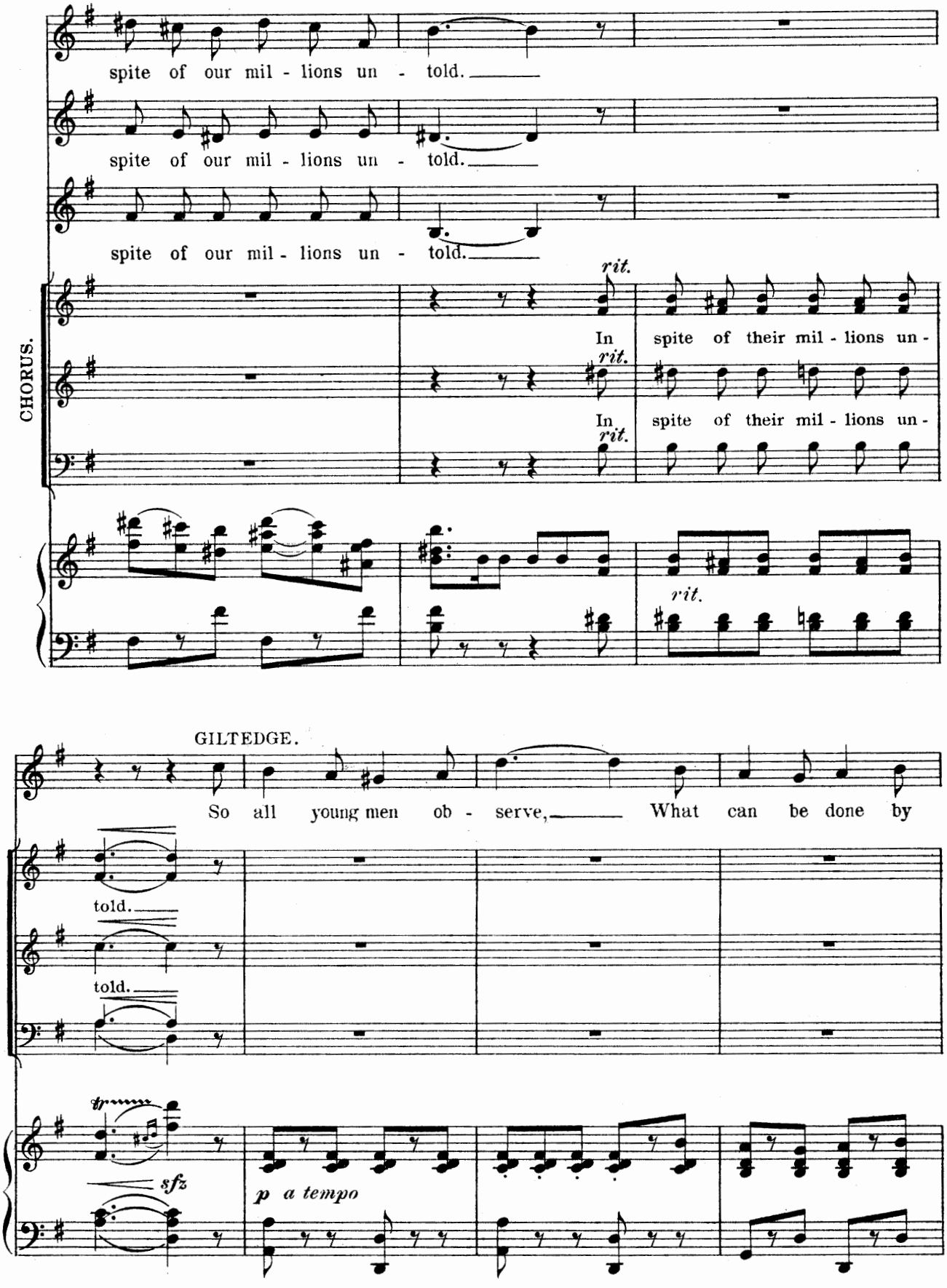
GILTEDGE.

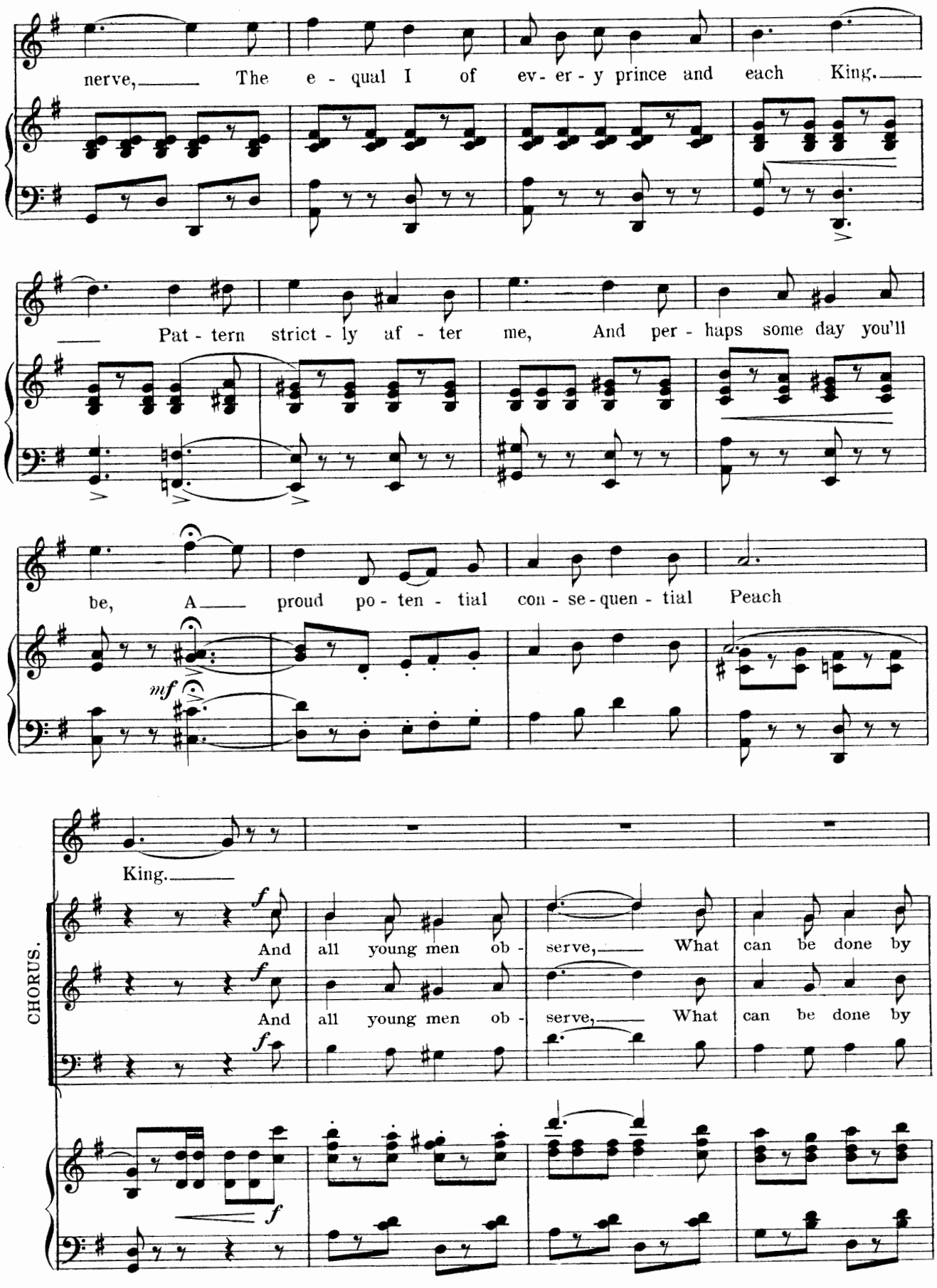
Oh! I am a mul - ti - mil - lion-aire, A
They call me the Peach King for you know, I've

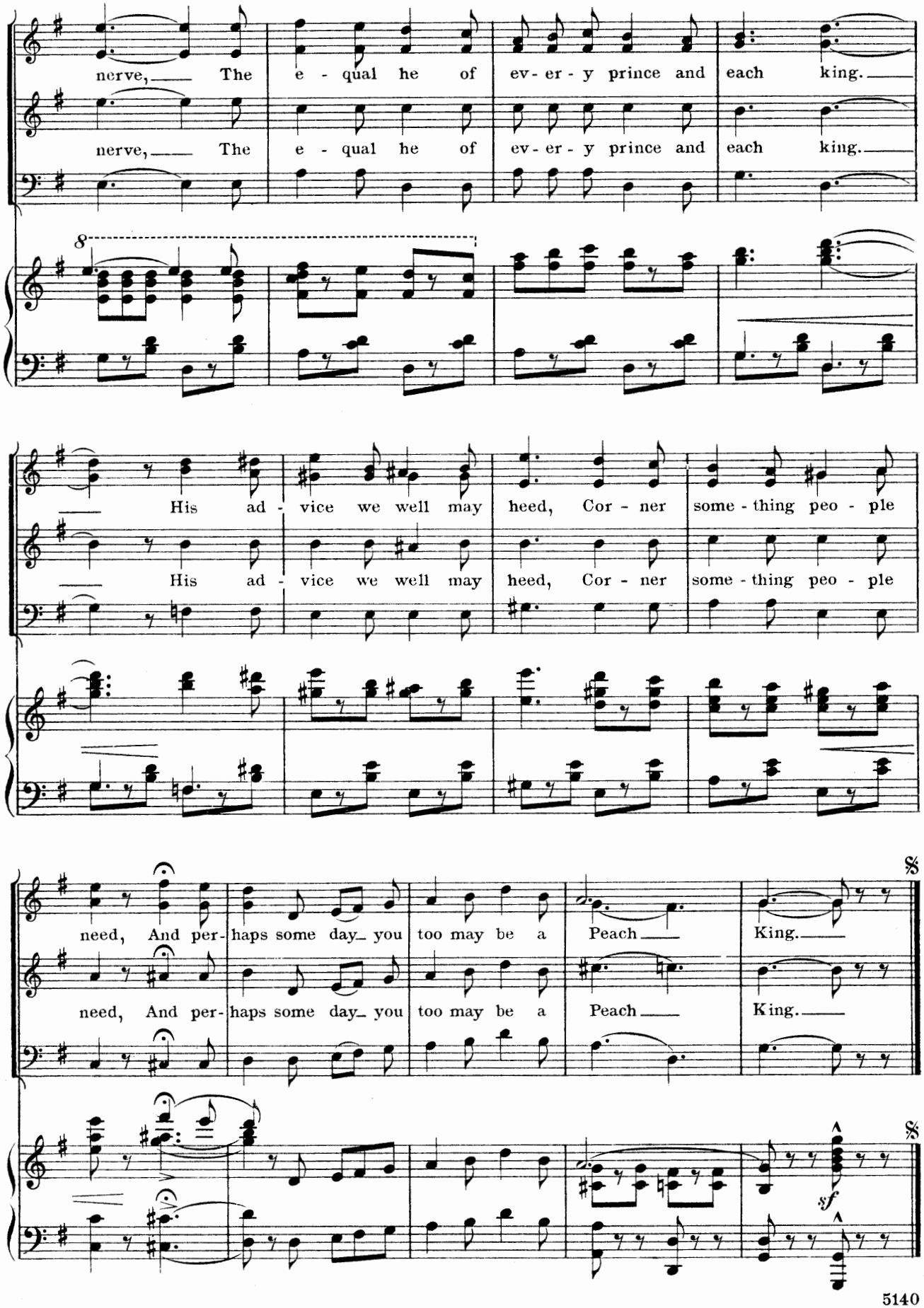

ANASTASIA.
sort of a type that's rath - er rare. His mon - ey he stores it in
cor - nered all peach - es that may grow. You mean that may grow on
GILTEDGE.
AMOREL.
barns, In barns. His
trees, On trees. Yes
CHORUS.
His mon - ey he stores it in barns.
He means that may grow on trees.
f
daugh -ter am I with gold and pearls, No dif - fer - ent though from
pa - pa de - clares each peach you buy, Is stamped with his name, I


ANASTASIA.
oth - er girls, In spite of the print - ed yarns.
dont know why. G, G, it must bear two G's.
CHORUS.
In
Two
ANASTASIA. GILTEDGE.
The yarns. A mil - lion I squan - der
Two G's. I've cor - nered all peach - es
spite of the prin - ted yarns.
G's it must bear, two G's.
f
p
AMOREL. GILTEDGE.
ev - 'ry day, And suit - ors by scores I drive a - way. 'Tis
ev - 'ry where, From Man - i - to - ba to Del - a - ware. But


ANASTASIA.
trou - bles like these that make me grey, What - ev - er the peo - ple
on - ly the spe - cies if you please, Of peach-es that grow on
say.
trees.
But nev - er - the - less we try to be, as well as we can, from
AMOREL.
But nev - er - the - less we try to be, as well as we can, from
GILTEDGE.
But nev - er - the - less we try to be, as well as we can, from
p
trou - ble free. And strug - gle on joy our grip to hold, In
f
trou - ble free. And strug - gle on joy our grip to hold, In
f
trou - ble free. And strug - gle on joy our grip to hold, In
f
f


spite of our mil - lions un - told.
spite of our mil - lions un - told.
spite of our mil - lions un - told.
CHORUS.
rit.
In spite of their mil - lions un -
In spite of their mil - lions un -
rit.
GILTEDGE.
So all young men ob - serve, What can be done by
told.
told.
tr
sfz
p a tempo


nerve, The e - qual I of ev- er - y prince and each King.
Pat - tern strict - ly af - ter me, And per - haps some day you'll
be, A proud po - ten - tial con - se - quen - tial Peach
King.
CHORUS.
And all young men ob - serve, What can be done by
And all young men ob - serve, What can be done by


nerve, The e - qual he of ev - er - y prince and each king.
nerve, The e - qual he of ev - er - y prince and each king.
8
His ad - vice we well may heed, Cor - ner some - thing peo - ple
His ad - vice we well may heed, Cor - ner some - thing peo - ple
need, And per - haps some day you too may be a Peach King.
need, And per - haps some day you too may be a Peach King.
𝄋
𝄋
sf

Chorus of Welcome.

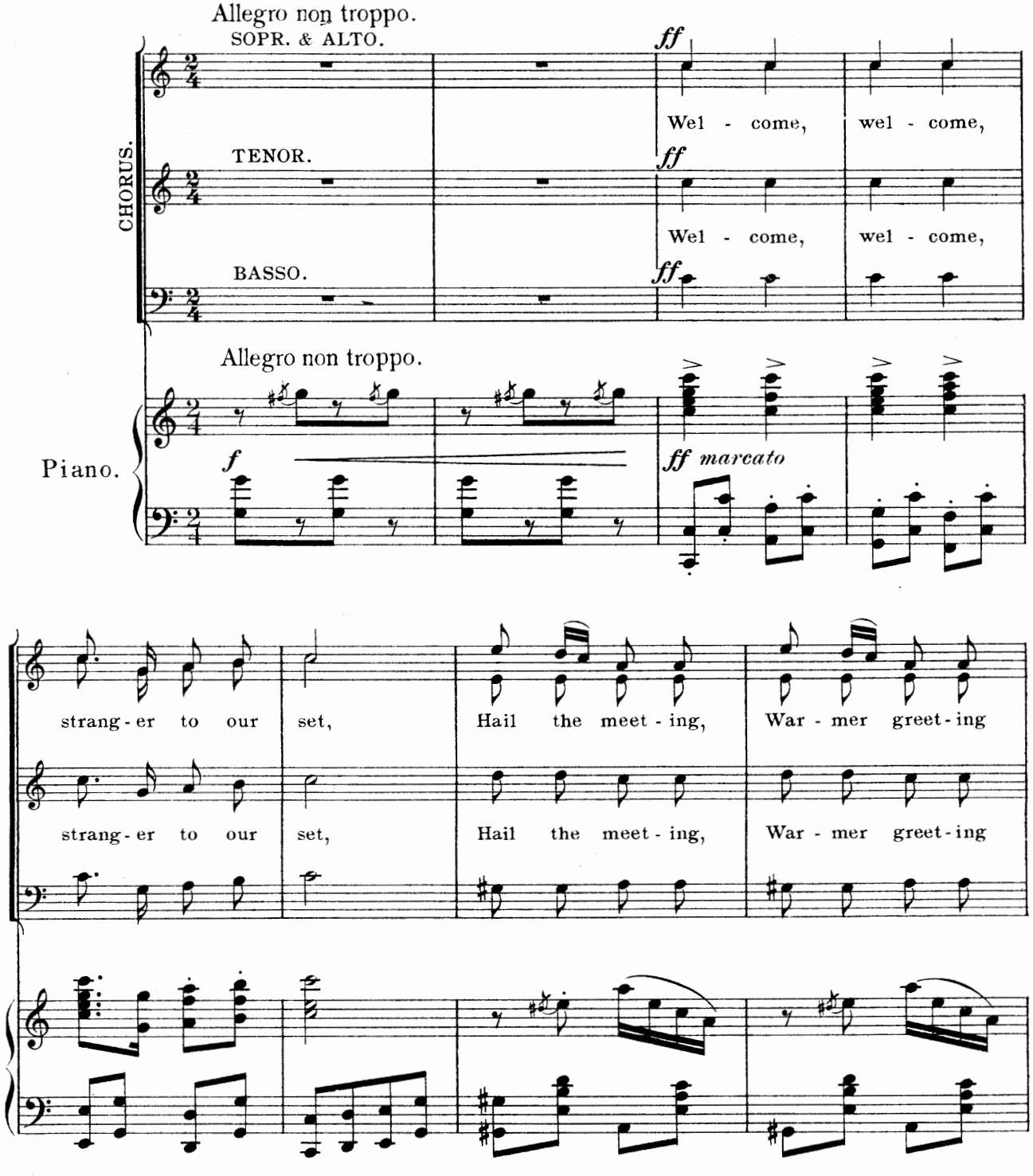
and

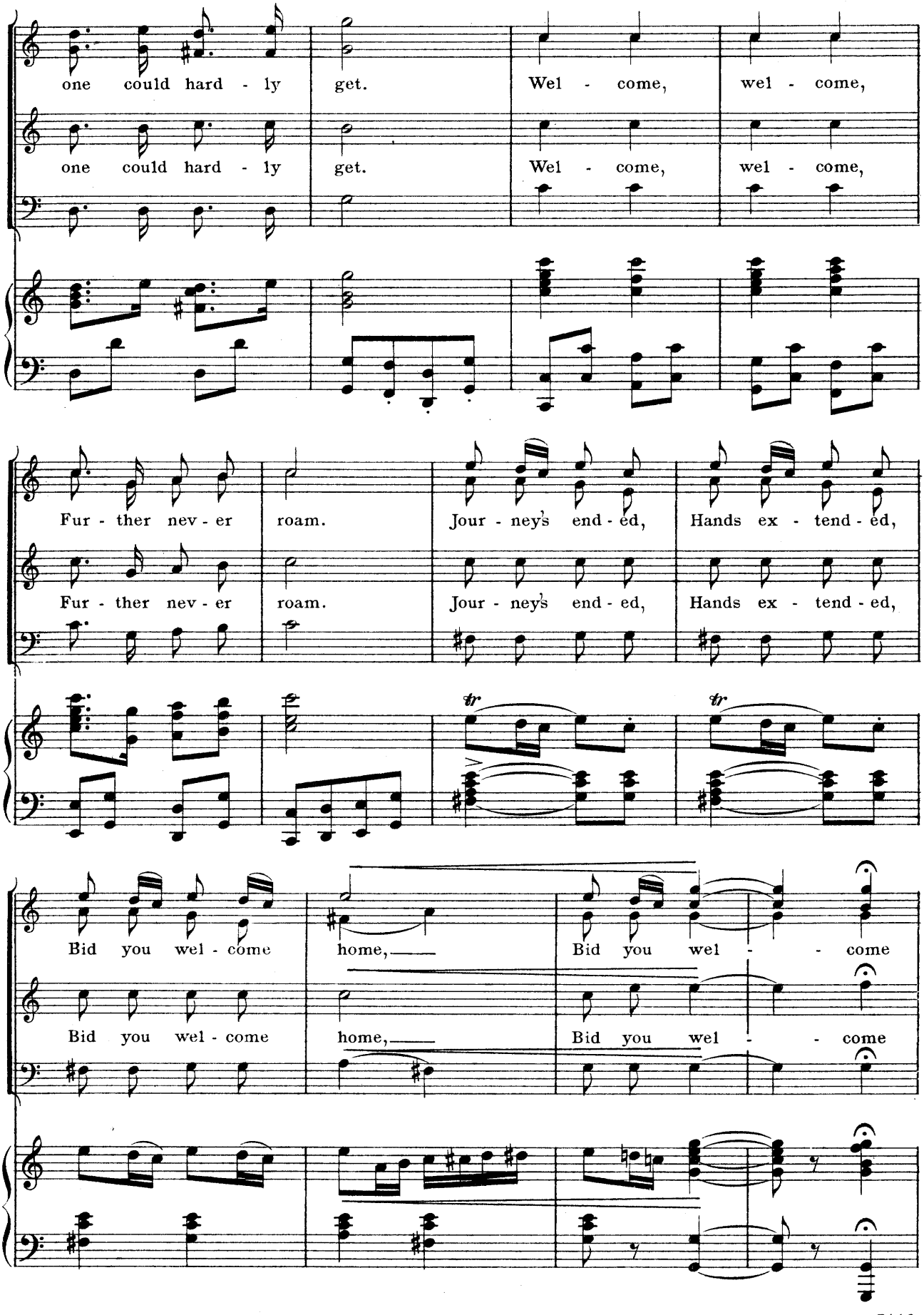
The Human Band.

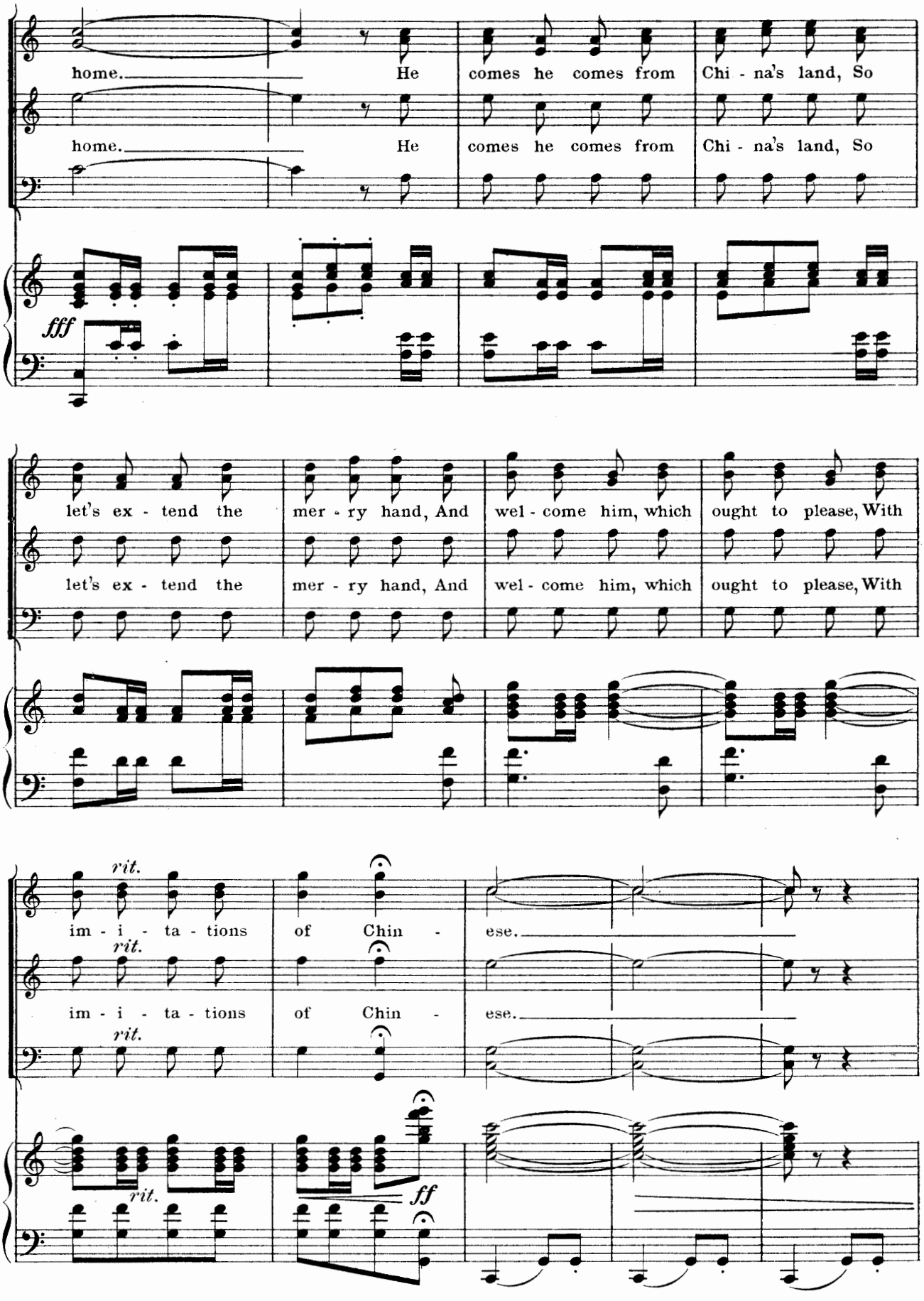
No. 4.

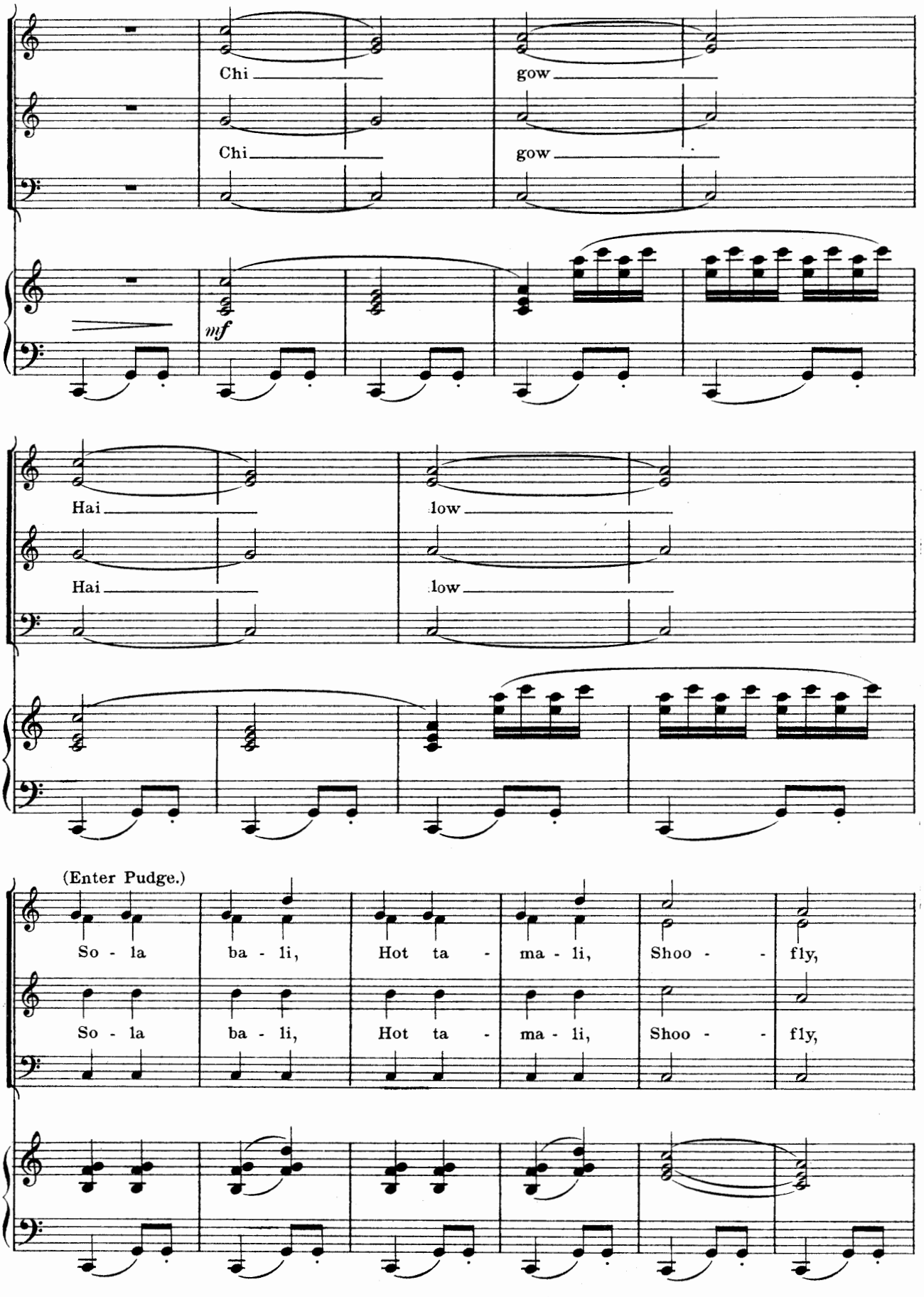
Words by
PAUL WEST.

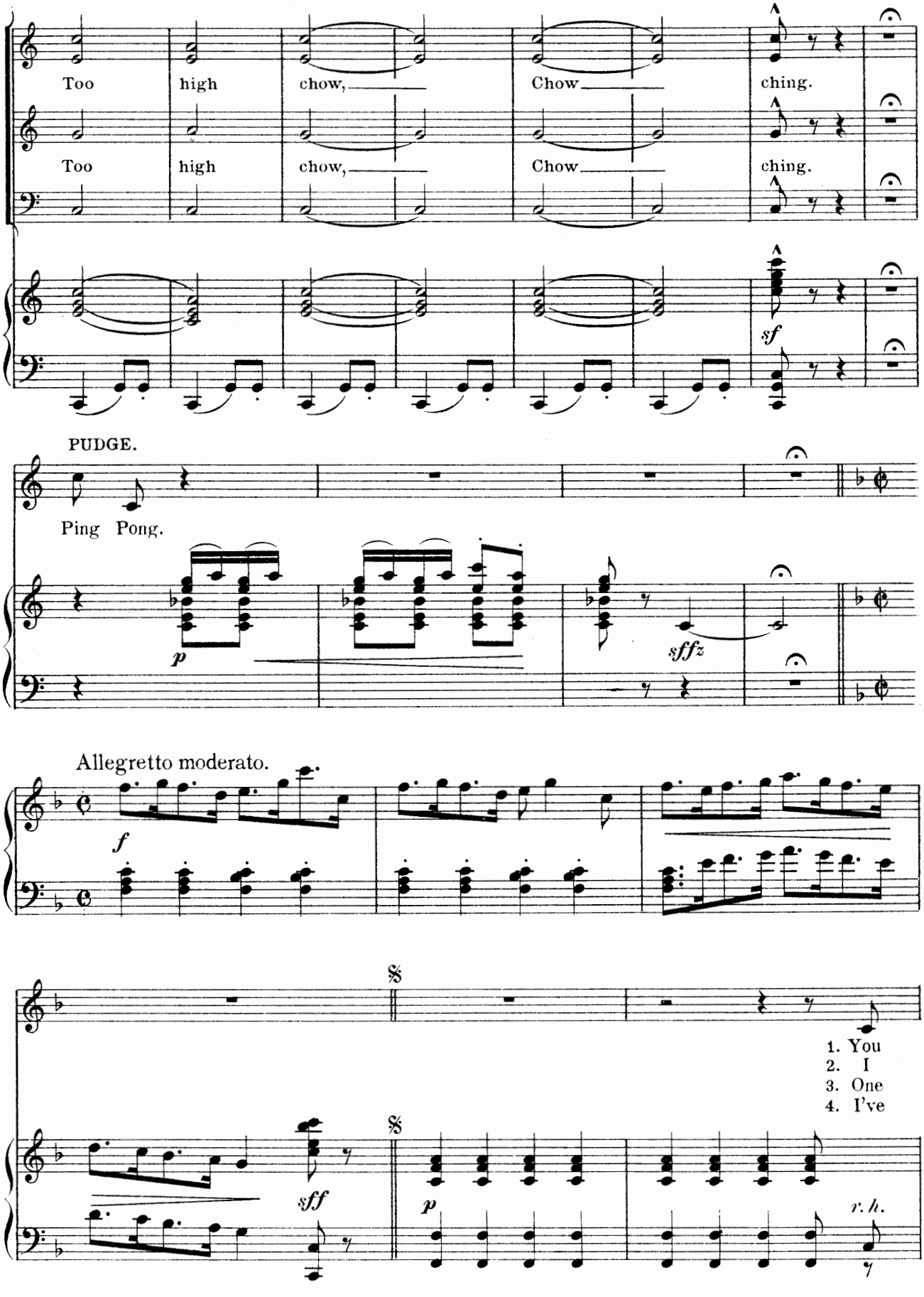
Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.

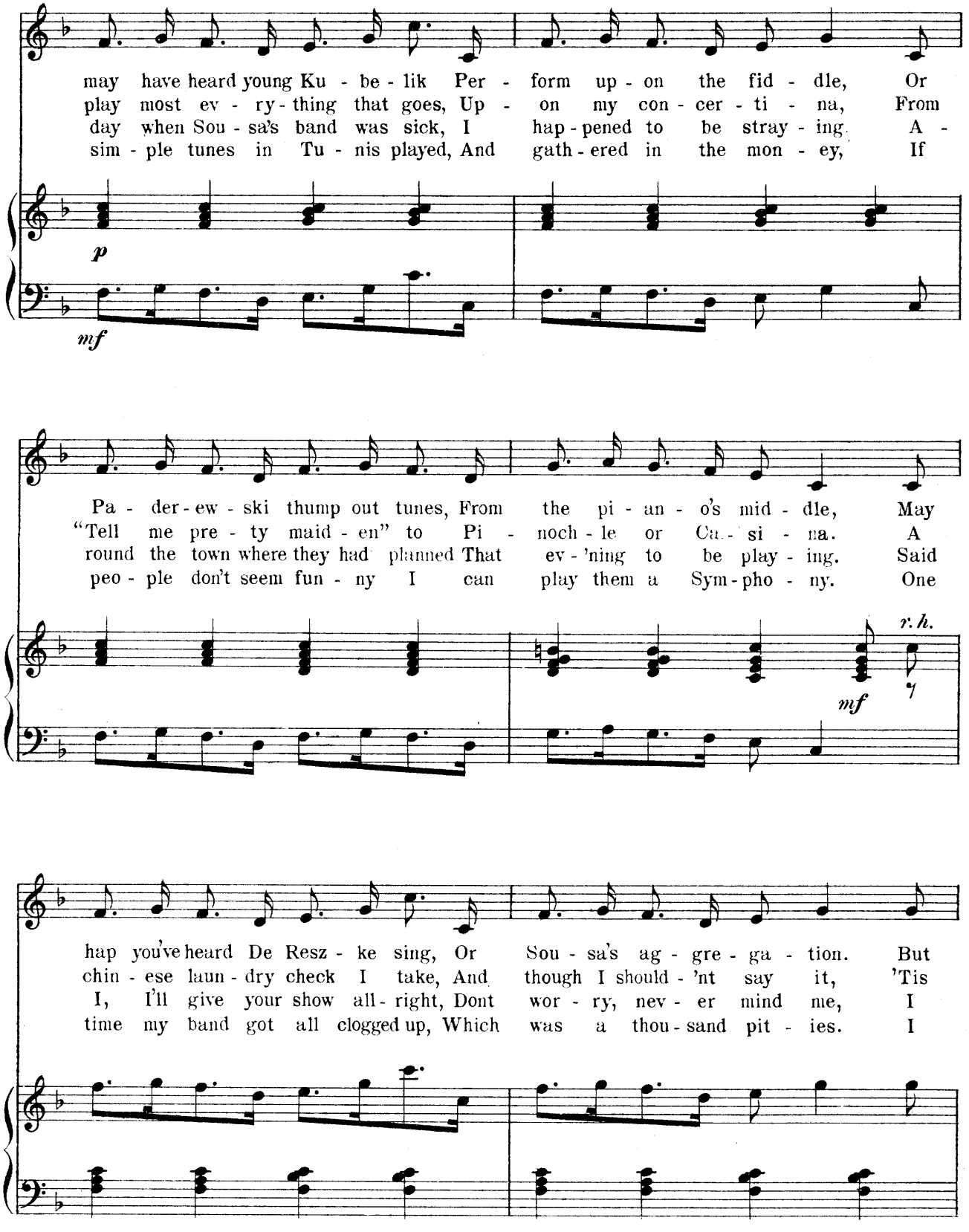


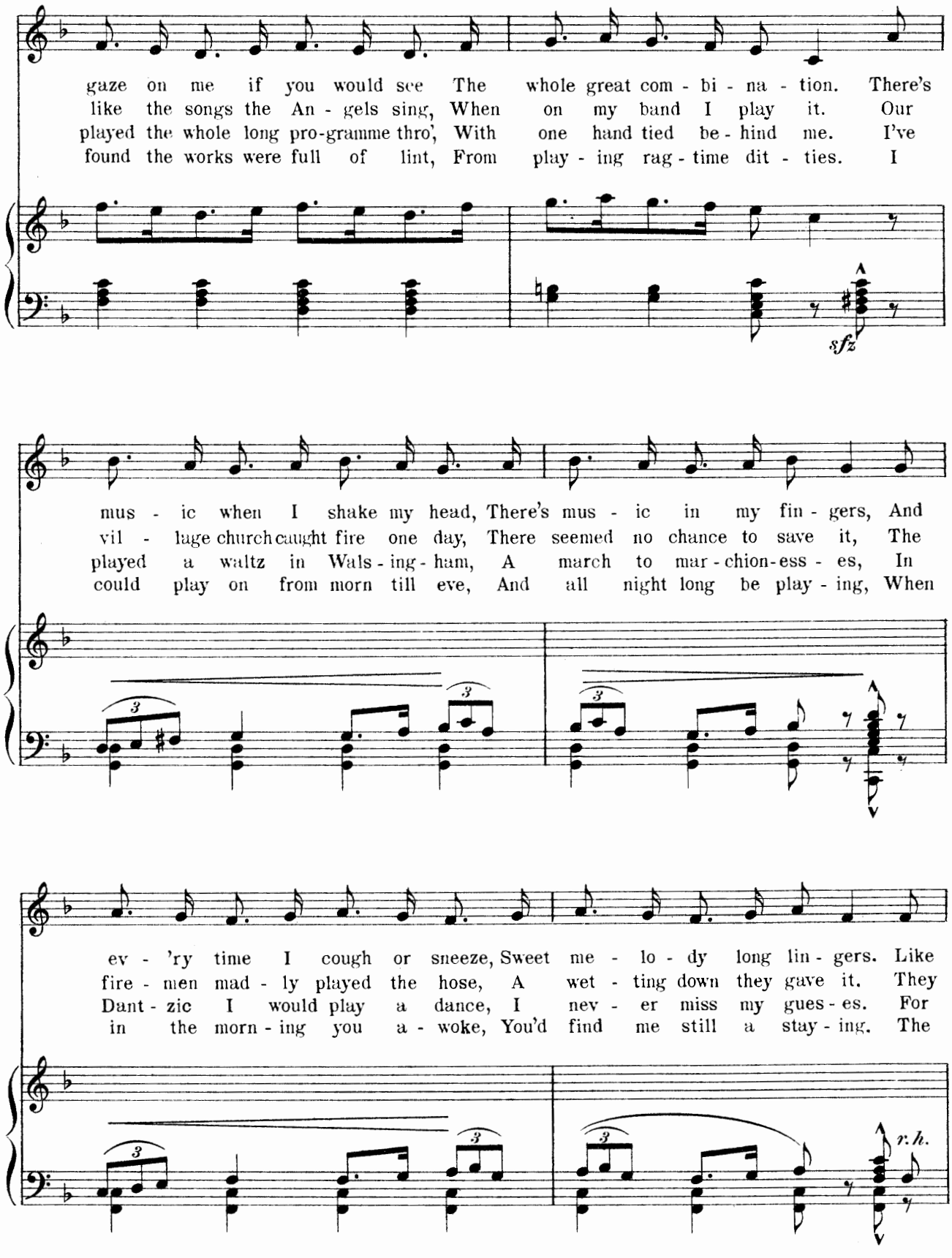

one could hard - ly get. Wel - come, wel - come,
one could hard - ly get. Wel - come, wel - come,
Fur - ther nev - er roam. Jour - ney's end - ed, Hands ex - tend - ed,
Fur - ther nev - er roam. Jour - ney's end - ed, Hands ex - tend - ed,
tr
tr
Bid you wel - come home, Bid you wel - come
Bid you wel - come home, Bid you wel - come

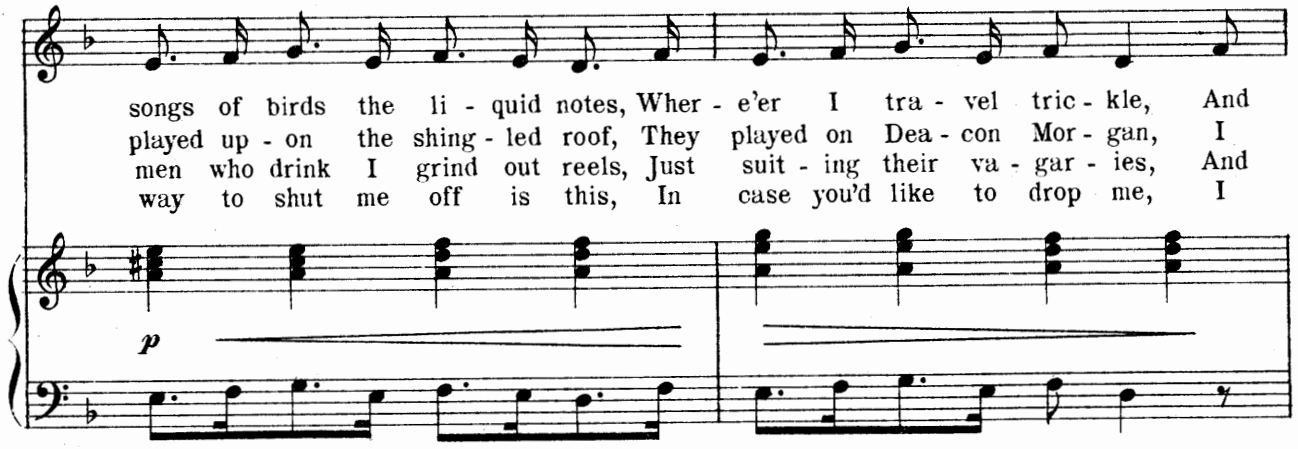

home. He comes he comes from Chi - na's land, So
home. He comes he comes from Chi - na's land, So
fff
let's ex - tend the mer - ry hand, And wel - come him, which ought to please, With
let's ex - tend the mer - ry hand, And wel - come him, which ought to please, With
rit.
im - i - ta - tions of Chin - ese.
rit.
im - i - ta - tions of Chin - ese.
rit.
rit.
ff


Chi gow
Chi gow
mf
Hai low
Hai low
(Enter Pudge.)
So - la ba - li, Hot ta - ma - li, Shoo - - fly,
So - la ba - li, Hot ta - ma - li, Shoo - - fly,

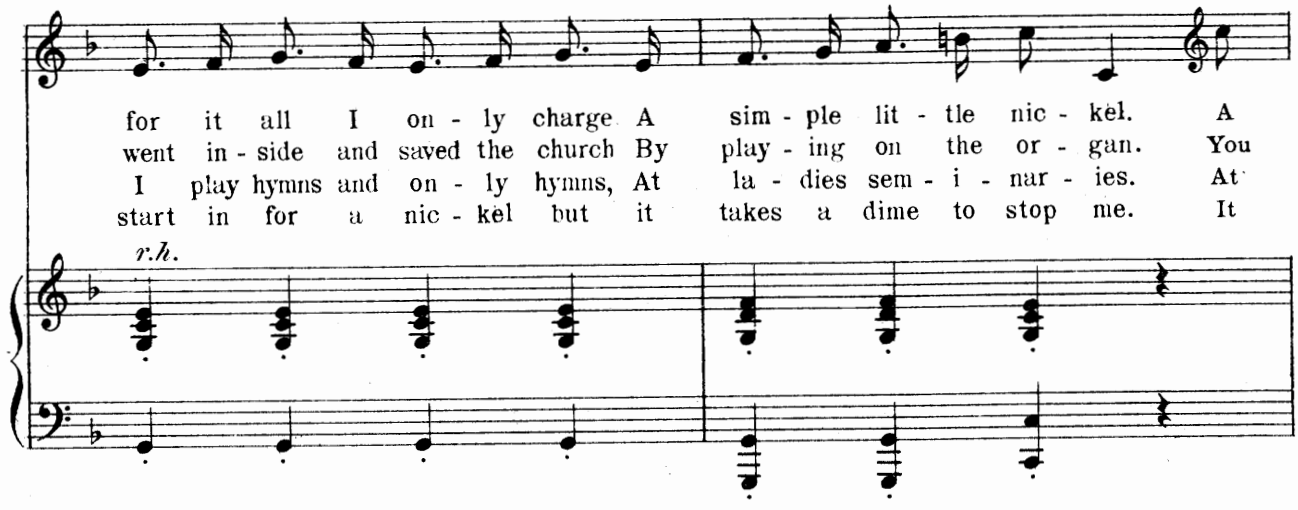

Too high chow, Chow ching.
Too high chow, Chow ching.
sf
PUDGE.
Ping Pong.
p
sffz
Allegretto moderato.
f
1. You
2. I
3. One
4. I've
sff
p
r. h.


may have heard young Ku - be - lik Per - form up - on the fid - dle, Or
play most ev - ry - thing that goes, Up - on my con - cer - ti - na, From
day when Sou - sa's band was sick, I hap - pened to be stray - ing. A -
sim - ple tunes in Tu - nis played, And gath - ered in the mon - ey, If
p
mf
Pa - der - ew - ski thump out tunes, From the pi - an - o's mid - dle, May
"Tell me pre - ty maid - en" to Pi - noch - le or Ca - si - na. A
round the town where they had planned That ev - 'ning to be play - ing. Said
peo - ple don't seem fun - ny I can play them a Sym - pho - ny. One
r. h.
mf
hap you've heard De Resz - ke sing, Or Sou - sa's ag - gre - ga - tion. But
chin - ese laun - dry check I take, And though I should - 'nt say it, 'Tis
I, I'll give your show all - right, Dont wor - ry, nev - er mind me, I
time my band got all clogged up, Which was a thou - sand pit - ies. I

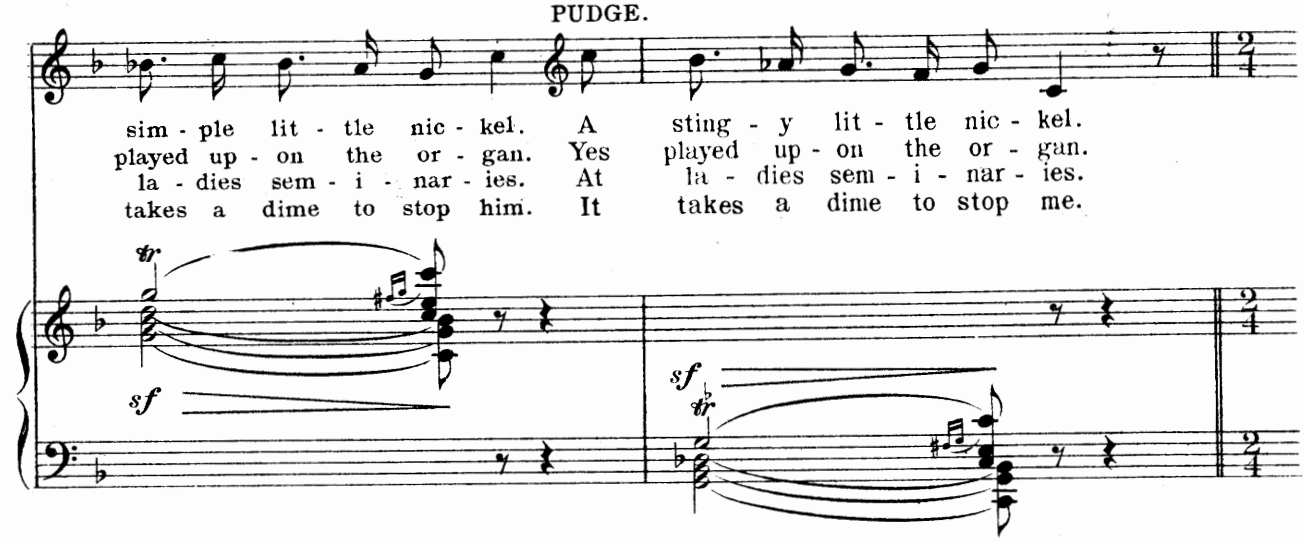

gaze on me if you would see The whole great com - bi - na - tion. There's
like the songs the An - gels sing, When on my band I play it. Our
played the whole long pro-gramme thro', With one hand tied be - hind me. I've
found the works were full of lint, From play - ing rag - time dit - ties. I
sfz
mus - ic when I shake my head, There's mus - ic in my fin - gers, And
vil - lage church caught fire one day, There seemed no chance to save it, The
played a waltz in Wals - ing - ham, A march to mar - chion - ess - es, In
could play on from morn till eve, And all night long be play - ing, When
ev - 'ry time I cough or sneeze, Sweet me - lo - dy long lin - gers. Like
fire - men mad - ly played the hose, A wet - ting down they gave it. They
Dant - zic I would play a dance, I nev - er miss my gues - es. For
in the morn - ing you a - woke, You'd find me still a stay - ing. The
r.h.

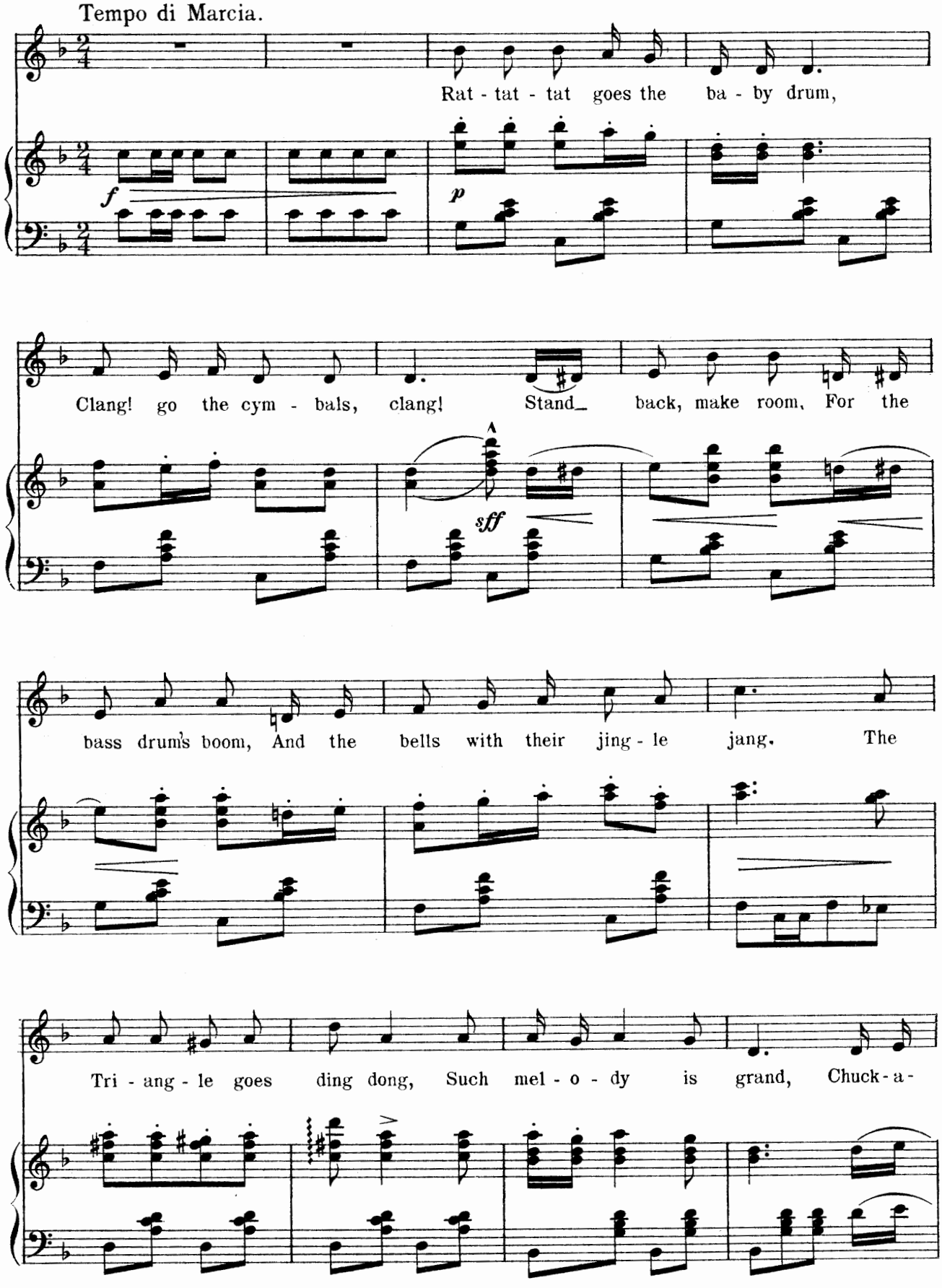


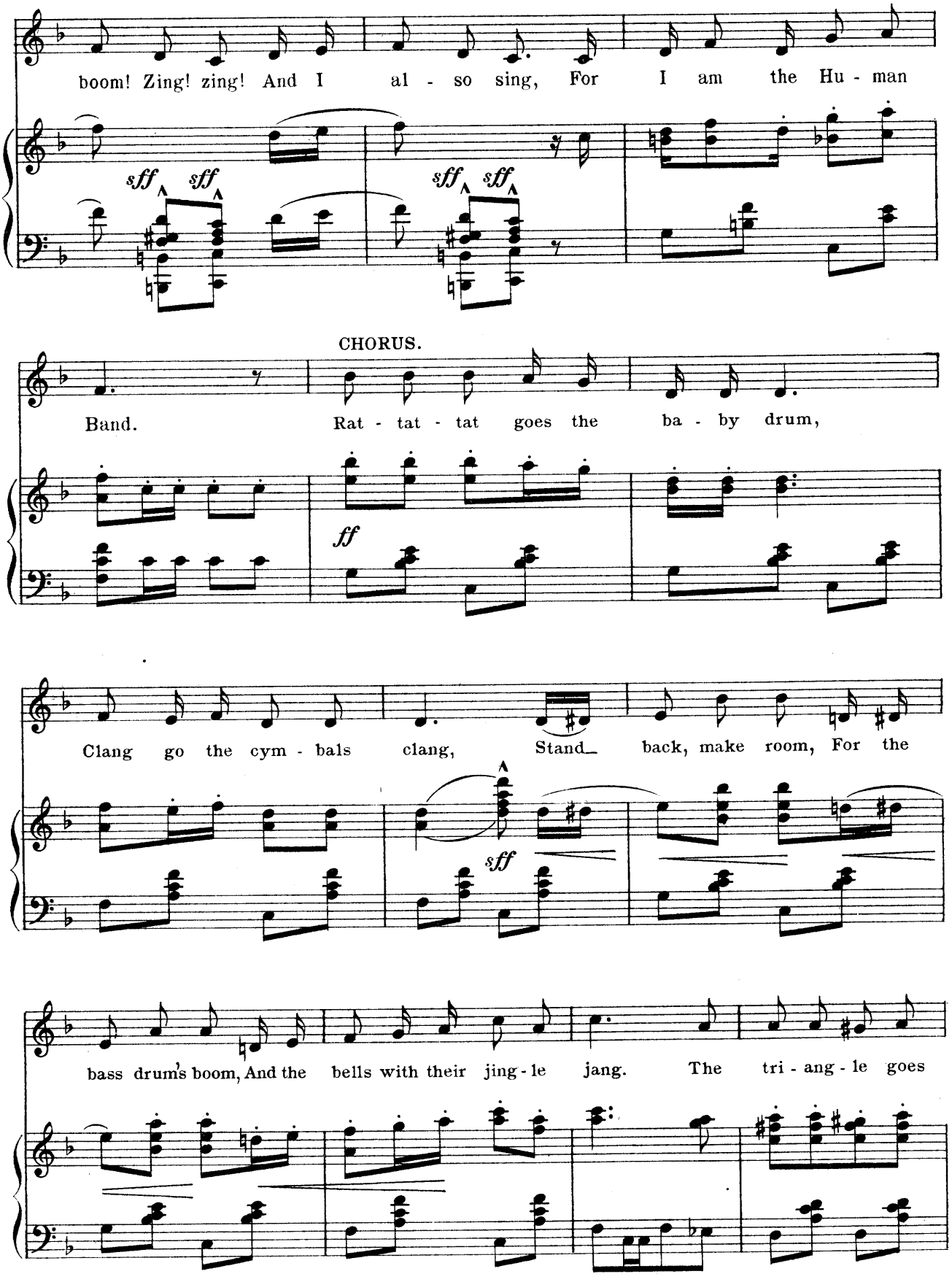
CHORUS.

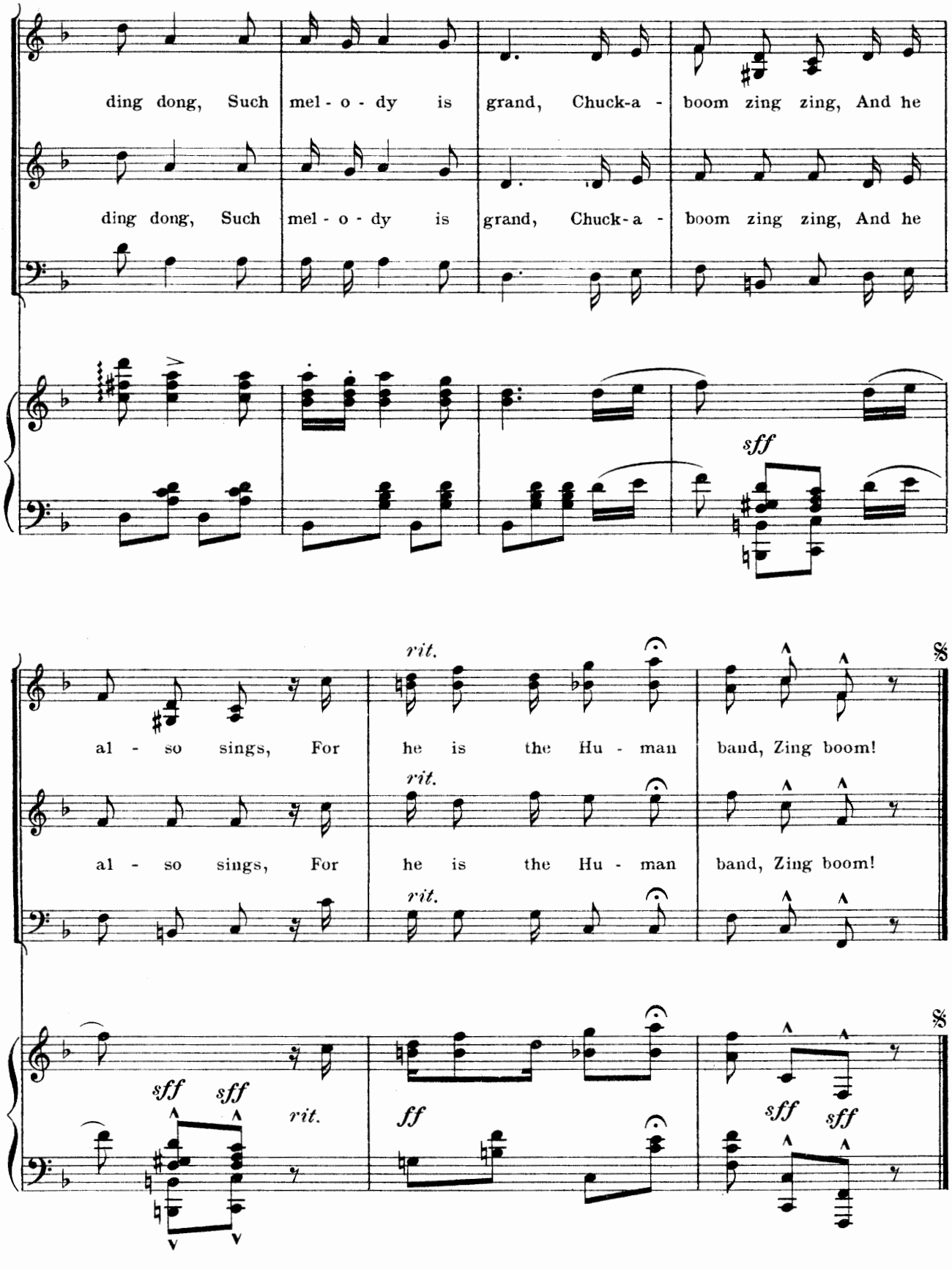


PUDGE.




Tempo di Marcia.
Rat - tat - tat goes the ba - by drum,
Clang! go the cym - bals, clang! Stand back, make room, For the
bass drum's boom, And the bells with their jing - le jang. The
Tri - ang - le goes ding dong, Such mel - o - dy is grand, Chuck - a -


boom! Zing! zing! And I al - so sing, For I am the Hu - man
sff sff sff sff
CHORUS.
Band. Rat - tat - tat goes the ba - by drum,
ff
Clang go the cym - bals clang, Stand back, make room, For the
sff
bass drum's boom, And the bells with their jing - le jang. The tri - ang - le goes


ding dong, Such mel - o - dy is grand, Chuck-a - boom zing zing, And he
ding dong, Such mel - o - dy is grand, Chuck-a - boom zing zing, And he
sff
rit.
al - so sings, For he is the Hu - man band, Zing boom!
rit.
al - so sings, For he is the Hu - man band, Zing boom!
rit.
sff sff
rit.
ff
sff sff

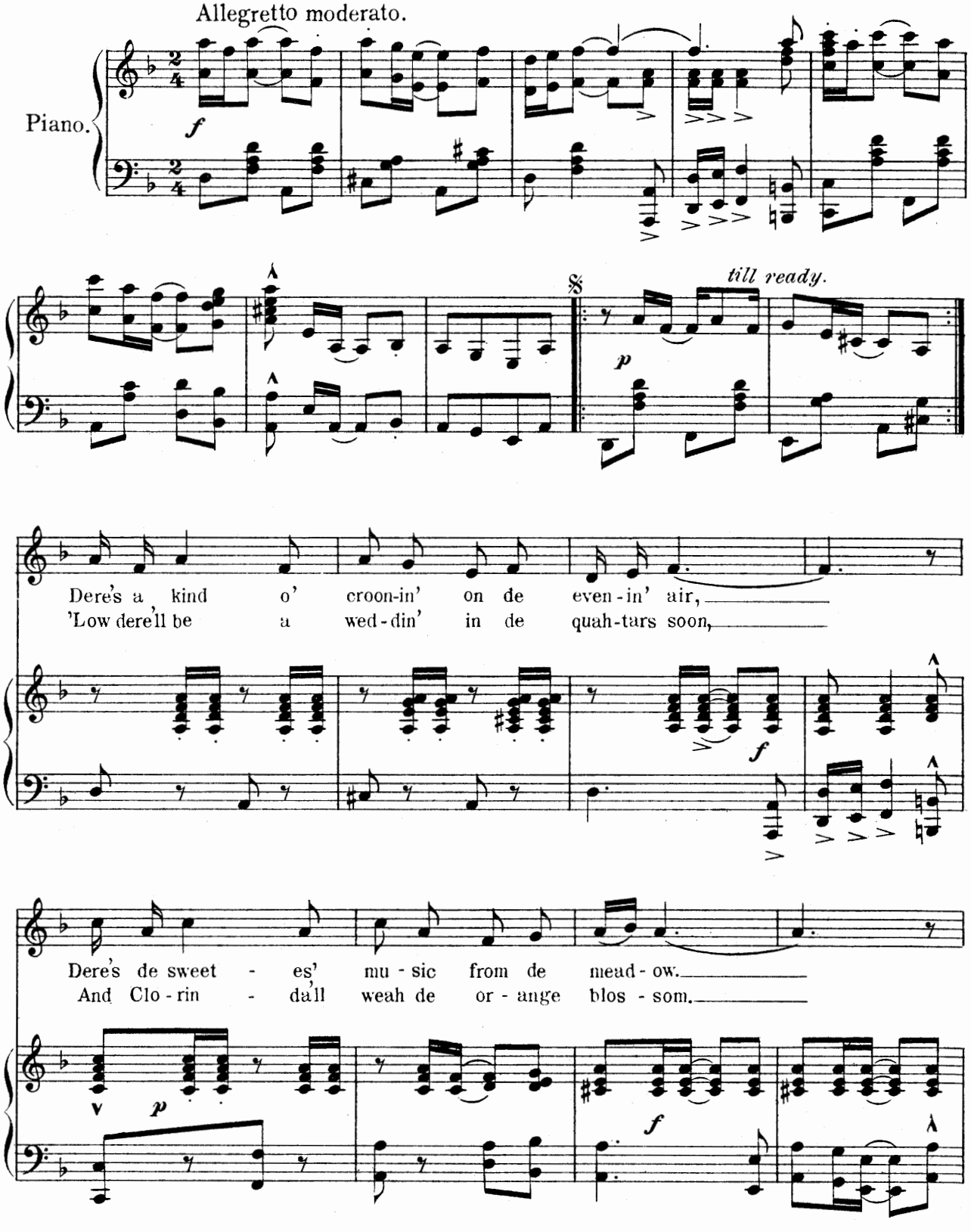
No 5.

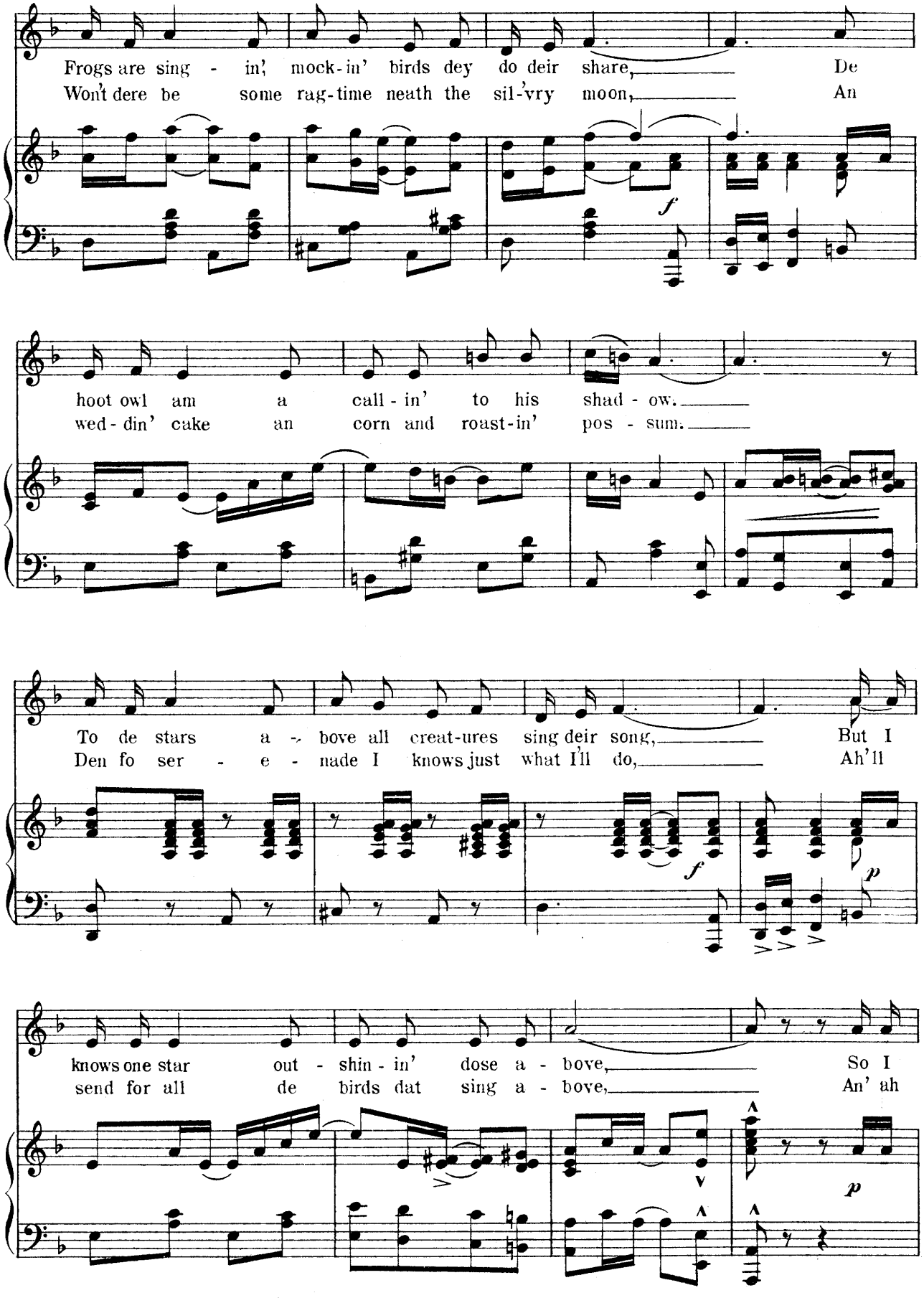
"Clorinda"

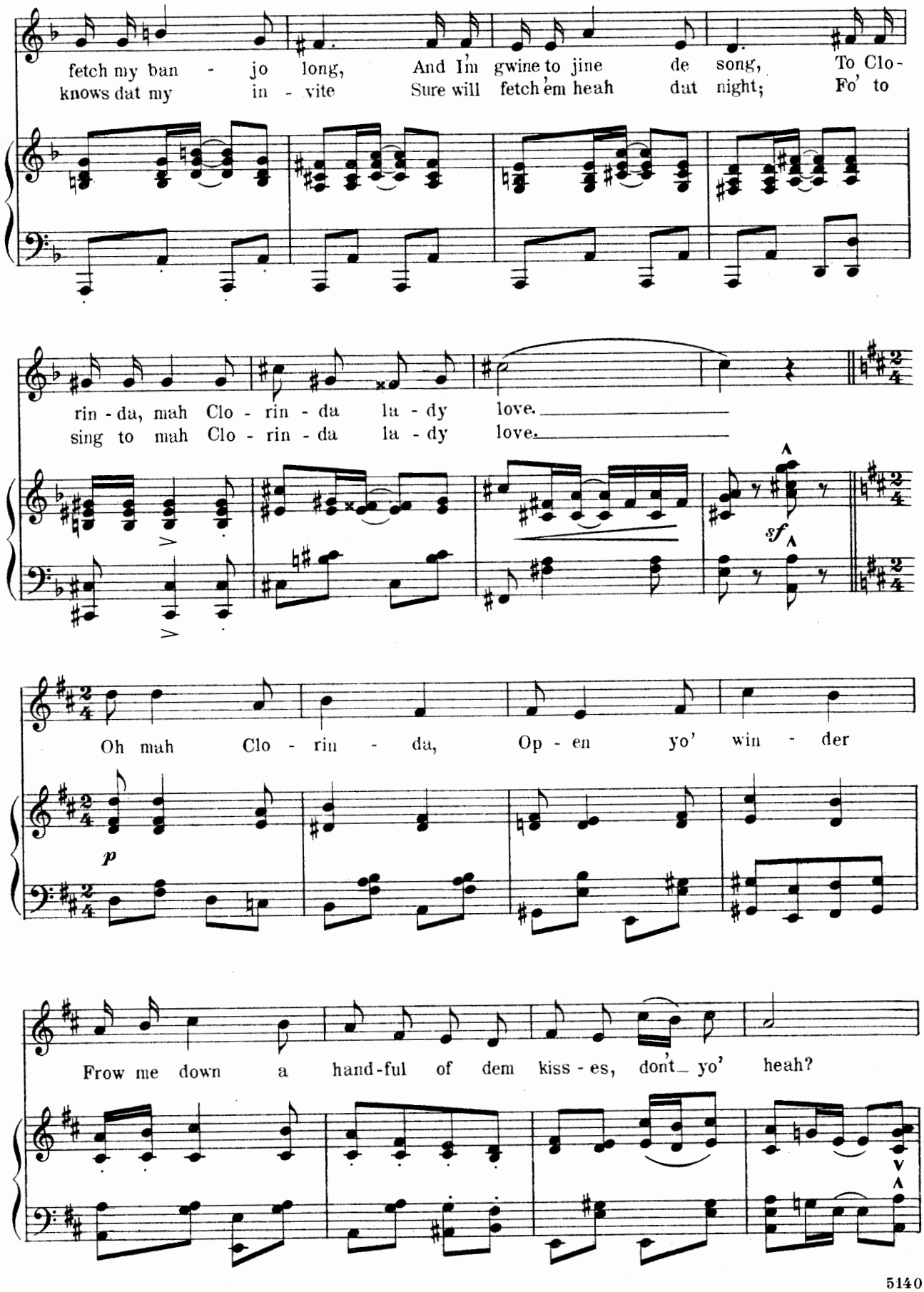
Song and Chorus.

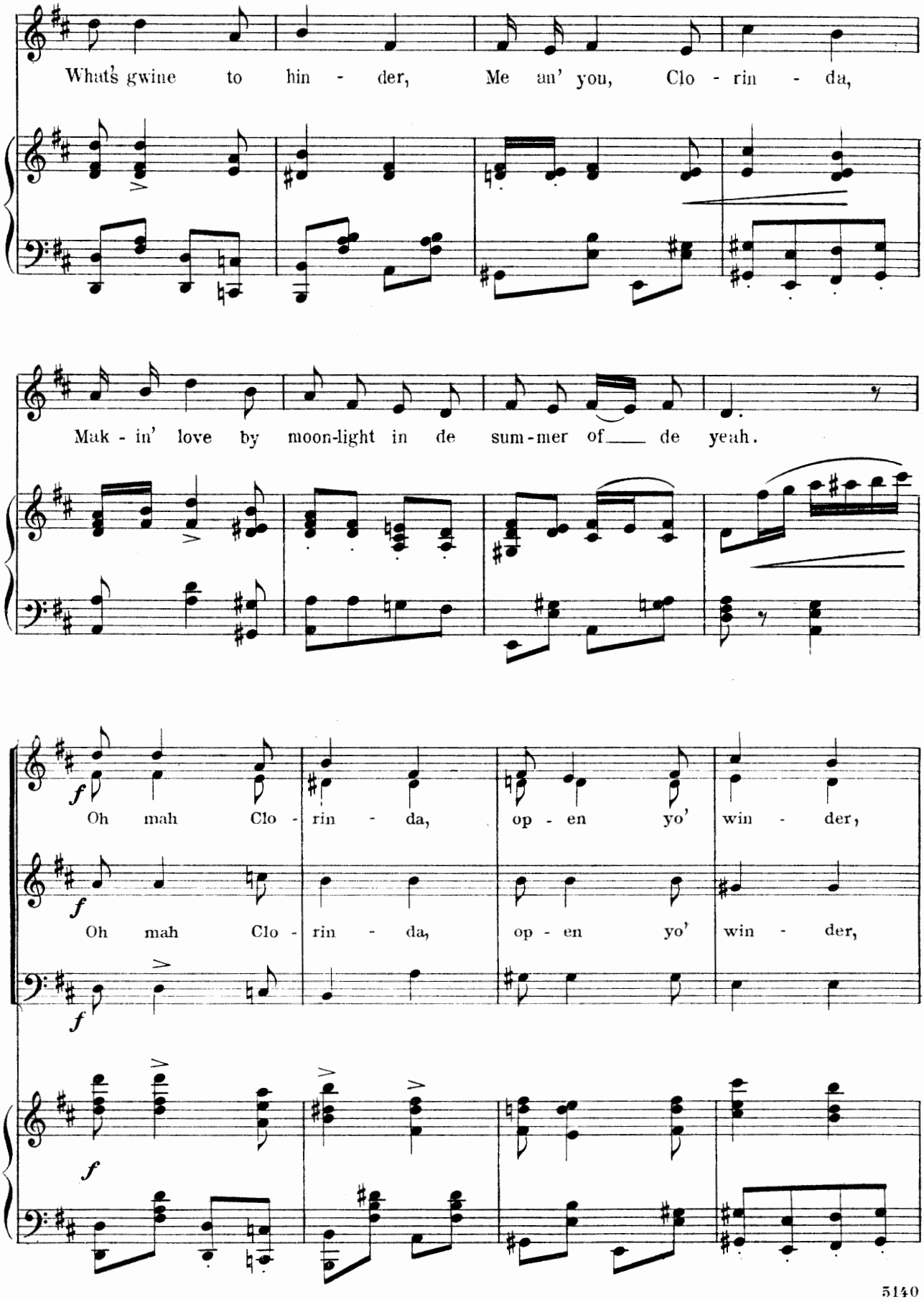
Words by
PAUL WEST.

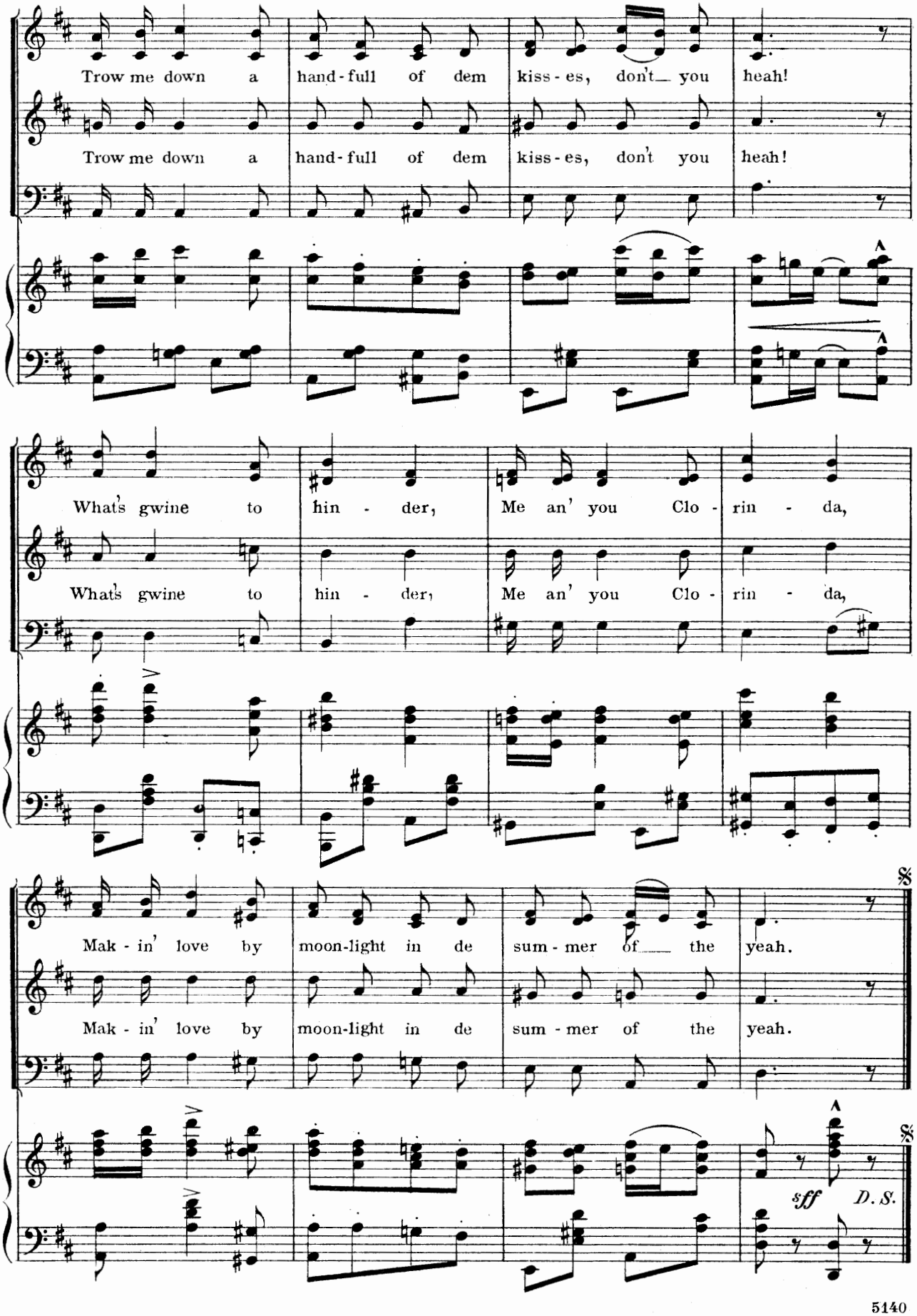
Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.




Frogs are sing - in', mock-in' birds dey do deir share, De
Won't dere be some rag-time neath the sil-'vry moon, An
f
hoot owl am a call - in' to his shad - ow.
wed - din' cake an corn and roast-in' pos - sum.
To de stars a - bove all creat-ures sing deir song, But I
Den fo ser - e - nade I knows just what I'll do, Ah'll
f
p
knows one star out - shin - in' dose a - bove, So I
send for all de birds dat sing a - bove, An' ah
p


fetch my ban - jo long, And I'm gwine to jine de song, To Clo-
knows dat my in - vite Sure will fetch 'em heah dat night; Fo' to
rin - da, mah Clo - rin - da la - dy love.
sing to mah Clo - rin - da la - dy love.
sf
Oh mah Clo - rin - da, Op - en yo' win - der
p
Frow me down a hand-ful of dem kiss - es, don't yo' heah?


What's gwine to hin - der, Me an' you, Clo - rin - da,
Mak - in' love by moon-light in de sum-mer of de yeah.
f
Oh mah Clo - rin - da, op - en yo' win - der,
f
Oh mah Clo - rin - da, op - en yo' win - der,
f
f


Trow me down a hand-full of dem kiss-es, don't you heah!
Trow me down a hand-full of dem kiss-es, don't you heah!
What's gwine to hin - der, Me an' you Clo - rin - da,
What's gwine to hin - der, Me an' you Clo - rin - da,
Mak - in' love by moon-light in de sum - mer of the yeah.
Mak - in' love by moon-light in de sum - mer of the yeah.
sff
D. S.

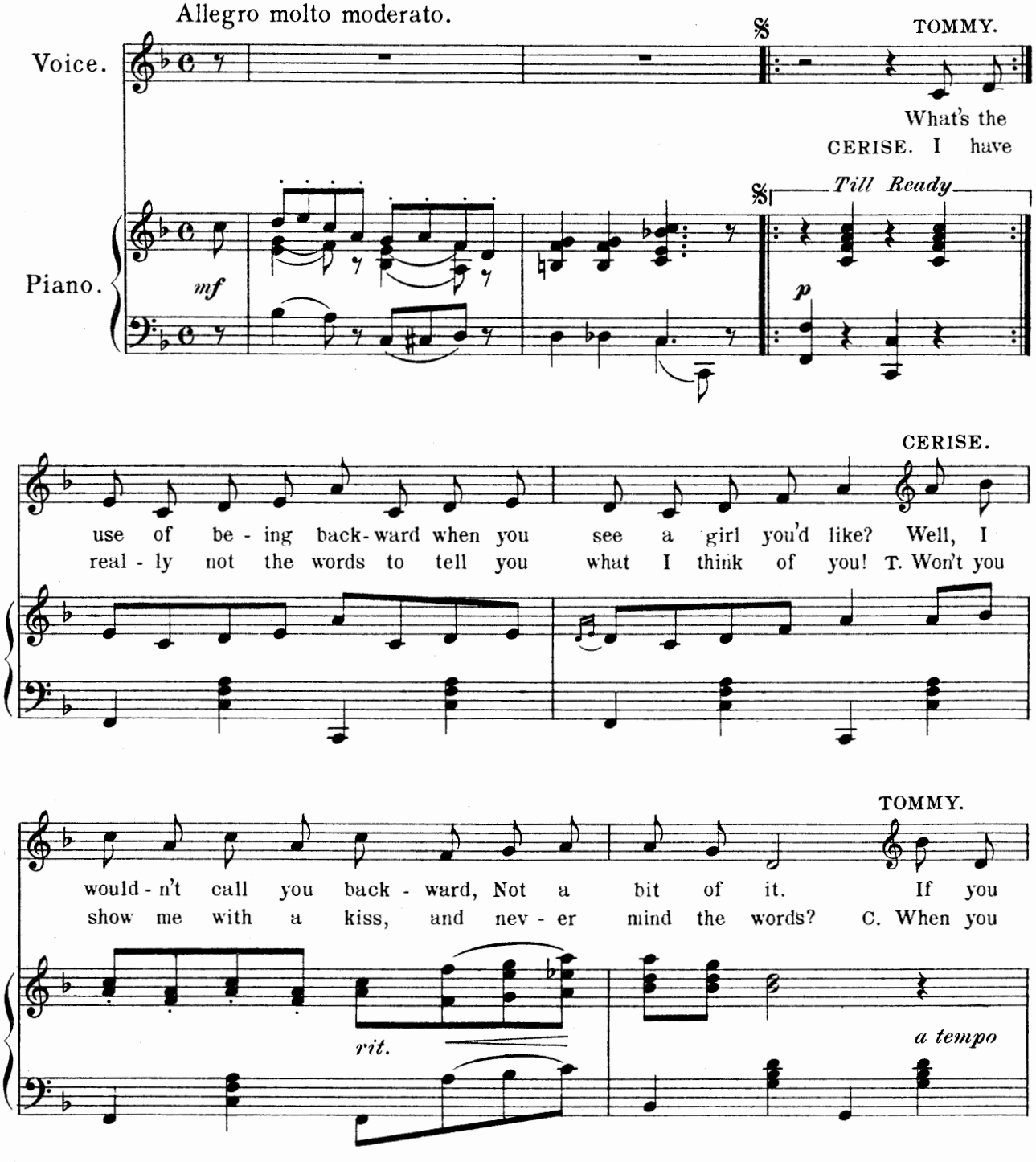
Life is too Short to be Wasting your Time.

No 6.

CERISE and TOMMY.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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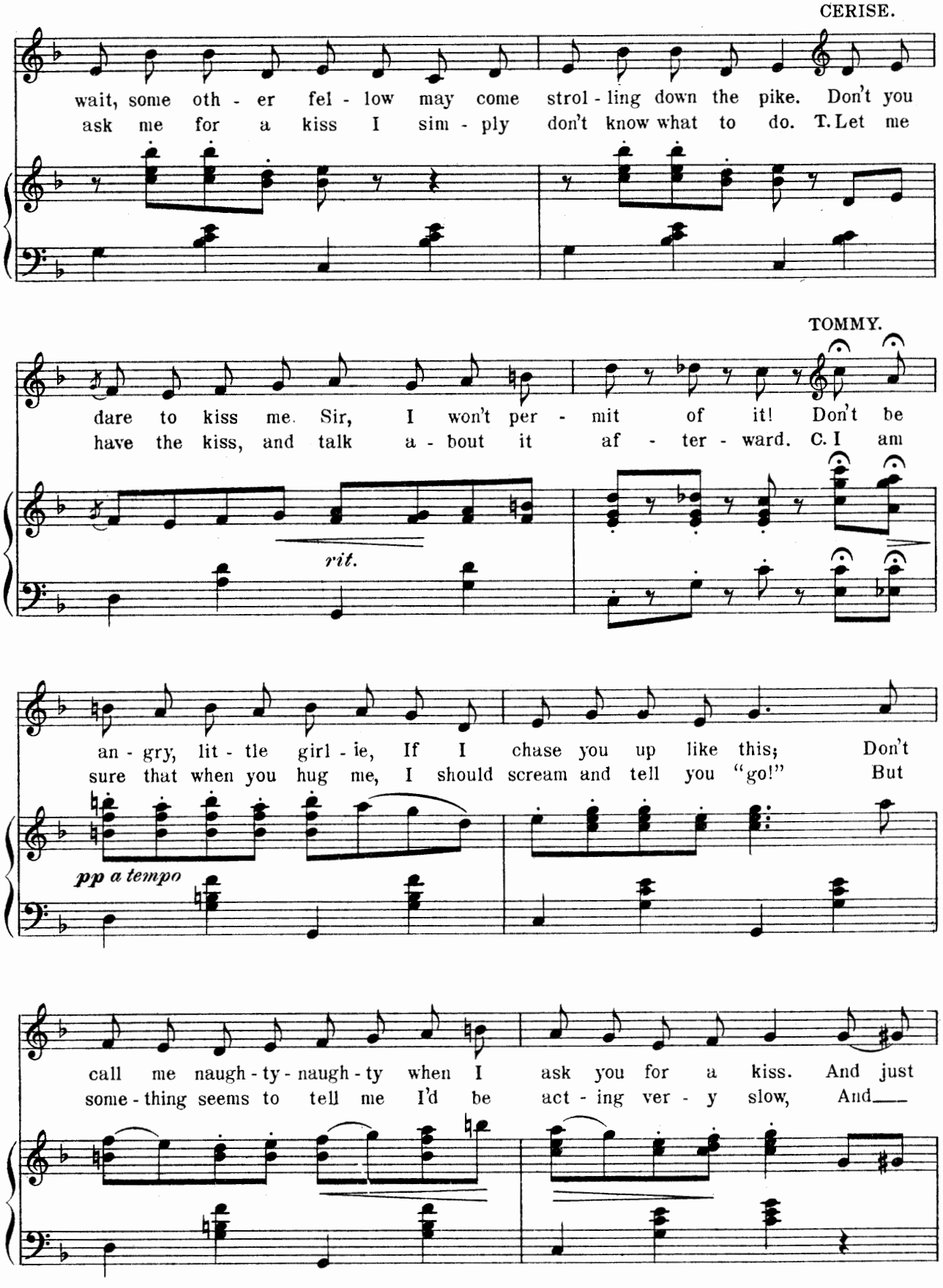

CERISE.
wait, some oth - er fel - low may come strol - ling down the pike. Don't you
ask me for a kiss I sim - ply don't know what to do. T. Let me
TOMMY.
dare to kiss me. Sir, I won't per - mit of it! Don't be
have the kiss, and talk a - bout it af - ter - ward. C. I am
rit.
an - gry, lit - tle girl - ie, If I chase you up like this; Don't
sure that when you hug me, I should scream and tell you "go!" But
pp a tempo
call me naugh - ty - naugh - ty when I ask you for a kiss. And just
some - thing seems to tell me I'd be act - ing ver - y slow, And

CERISE.

think of all the hug - ging and the kiss - ing that we miss! Take your
so, to be right up - to - date, I'll let you be my beau. T. Now——

CERISE.

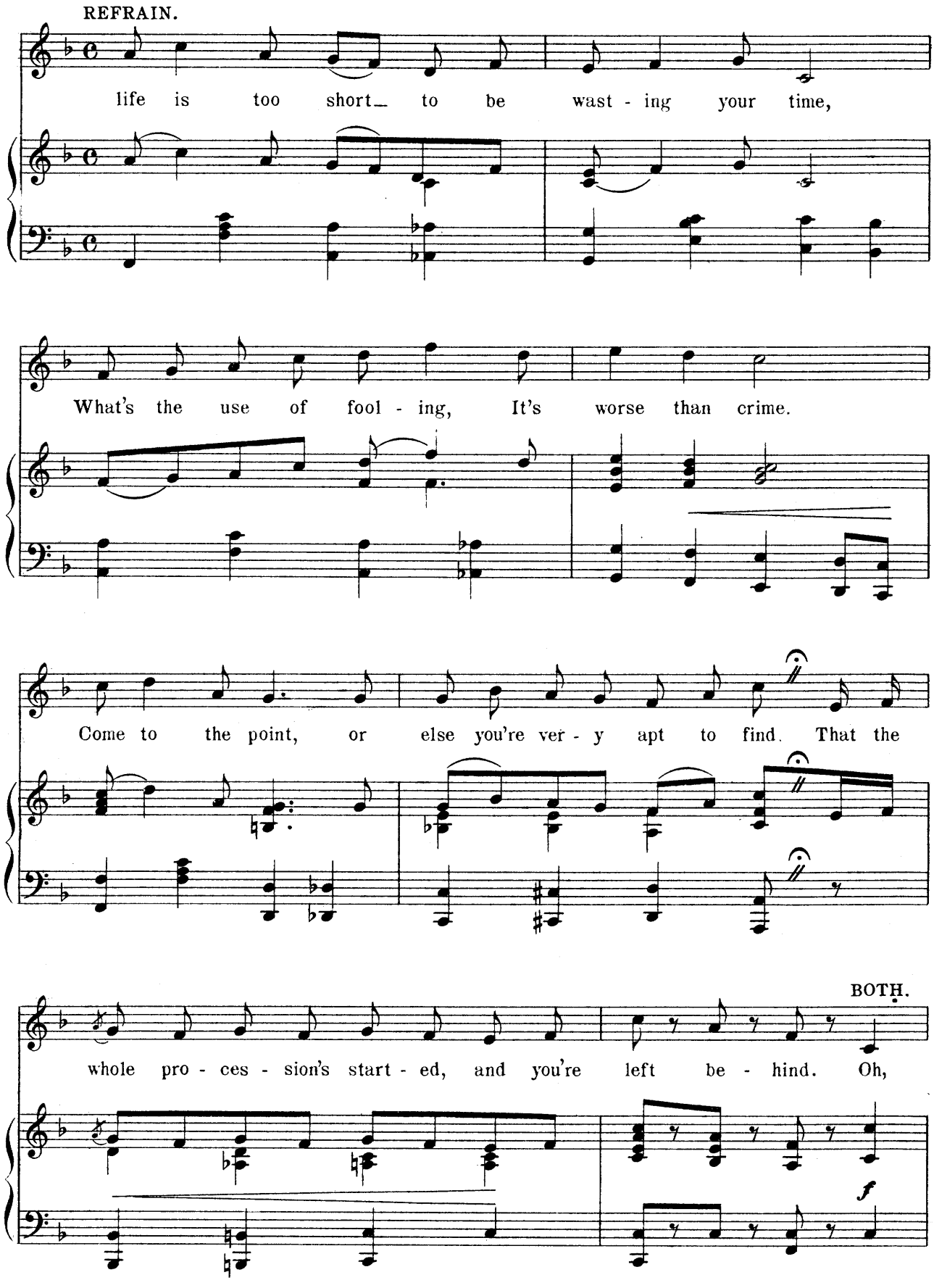
arm a - way, I do not like the fit of it! The
that's the best re - mark from you that I have heard. That

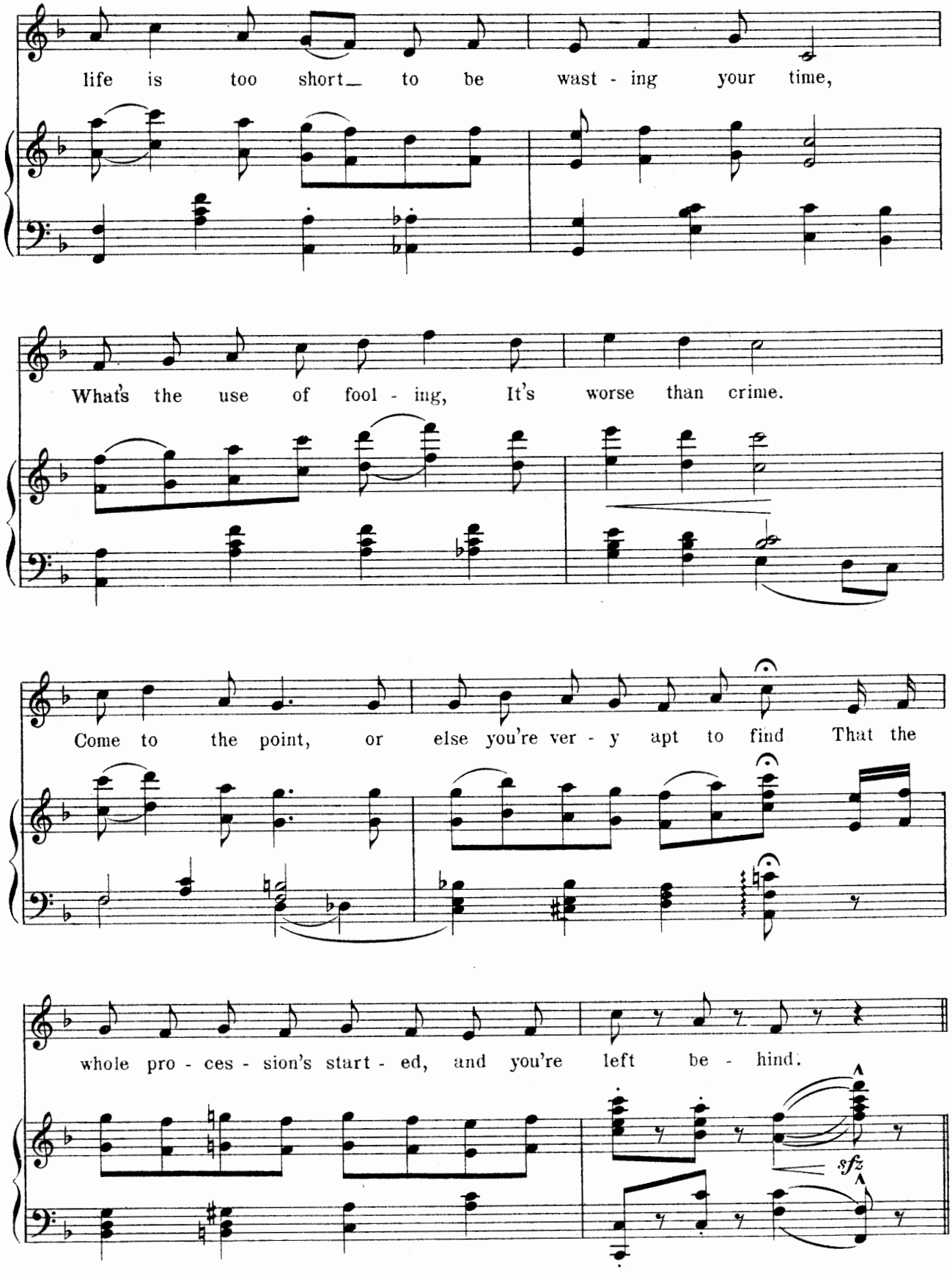
rit. *a tempo*

TOMMY. BOTH. TOMMY.

fit of it. The fit of it. The fit of it.
I have heard. That I have heard. That I have heard. Oh,

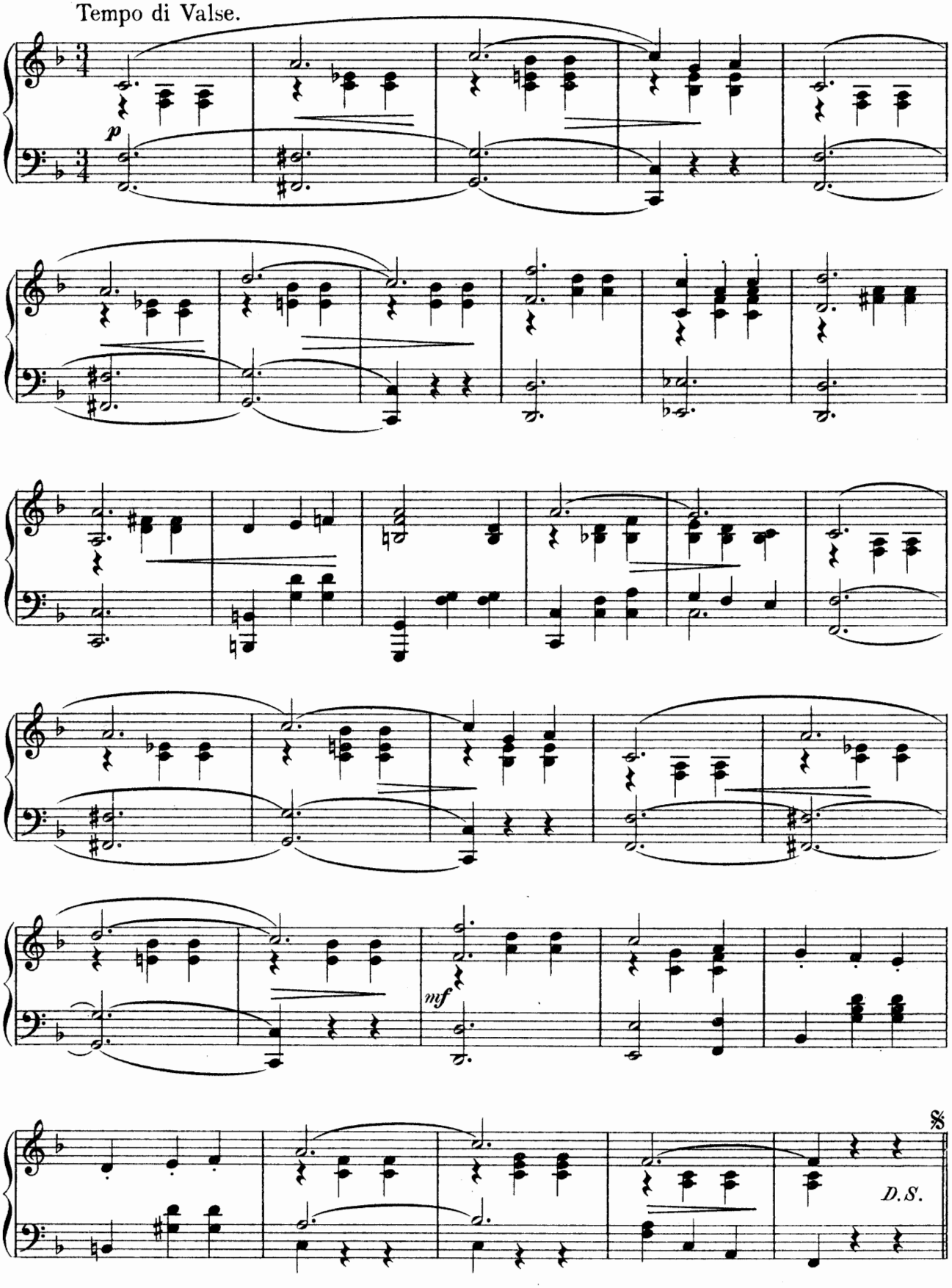
mf *p*


REFRAIN.
life is too short to be wast - ing your time,
What's the use of fool - ing, It's worse than crime.
Come to the point, or else you're ver - y apt to find. That the
BOTH.
whole pro - ces - sion's start - ed, and you're left be - hind. Oh,
f

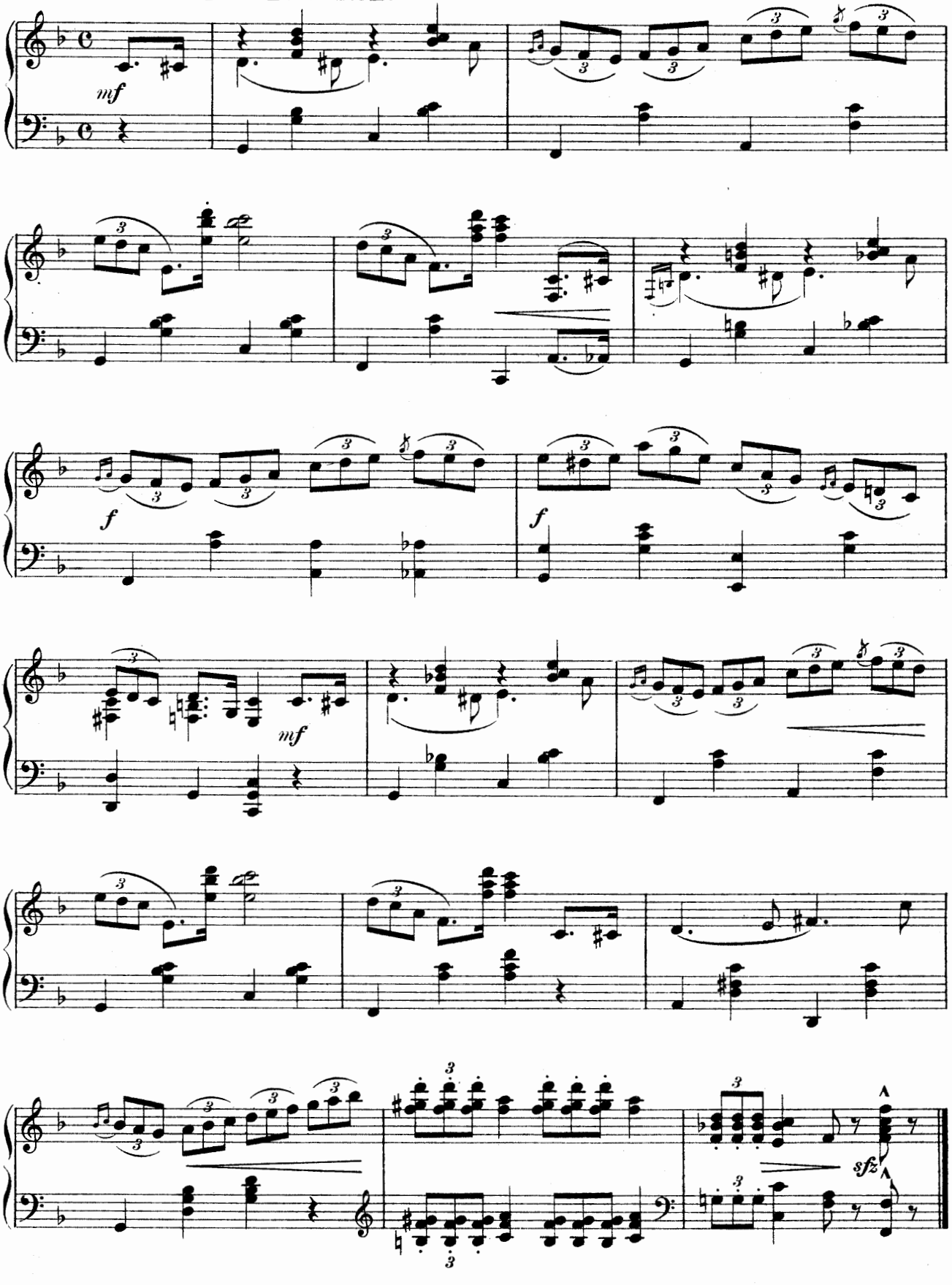

life is too short_ to be wast - ing your time,
What's the use of fool - ing, It's worse than crime.
Come to the point, or else you're ver - y apt to find That the
whole pro - ces - sion's start - ed, and you're left be - hind.
sfz

DANCE AFTER 1st VERSE.

Tempo di Valse.



DANCE AFTER 2d VERSE.



No 7.

"Ting, Tang, Kee"

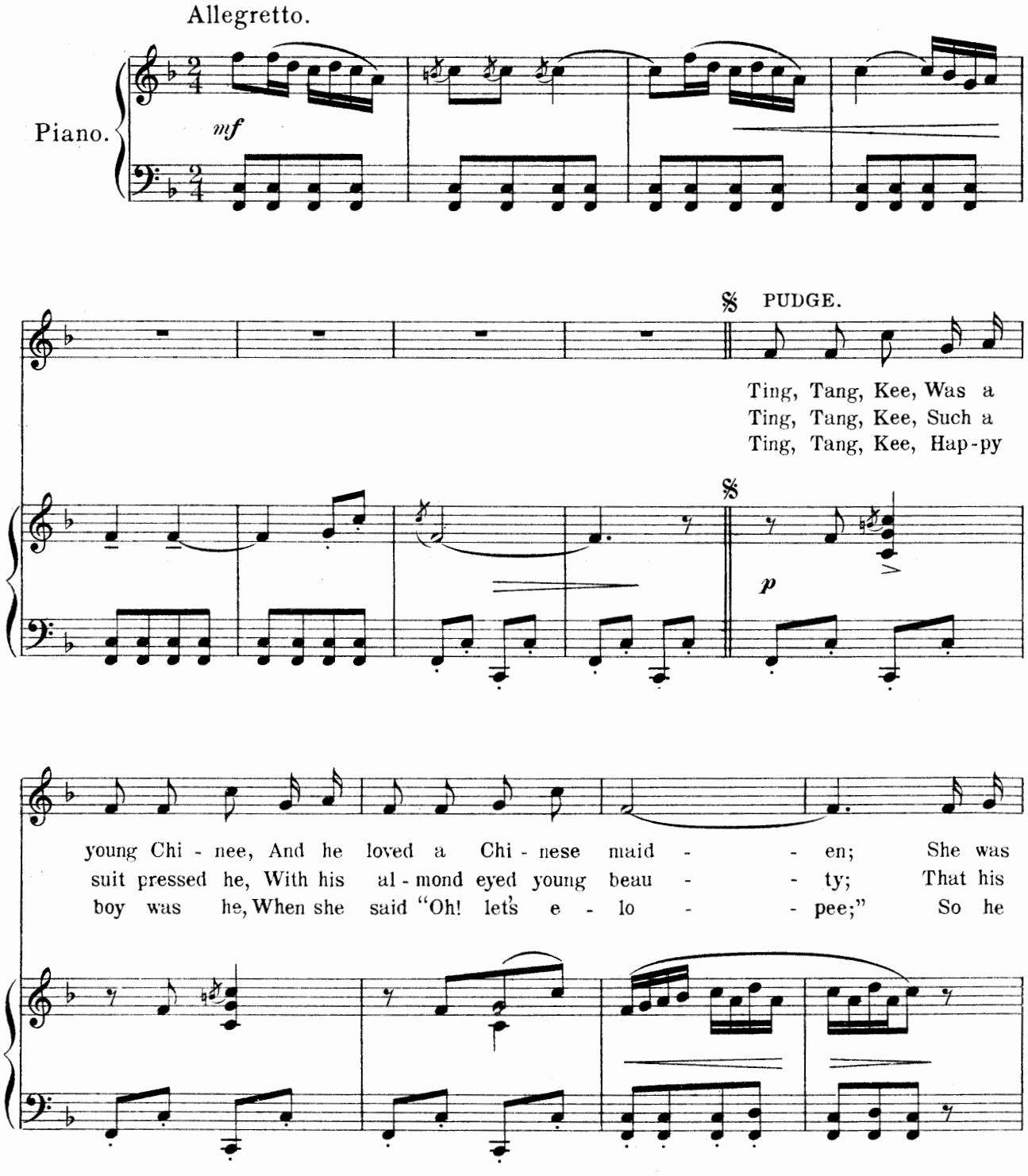
or

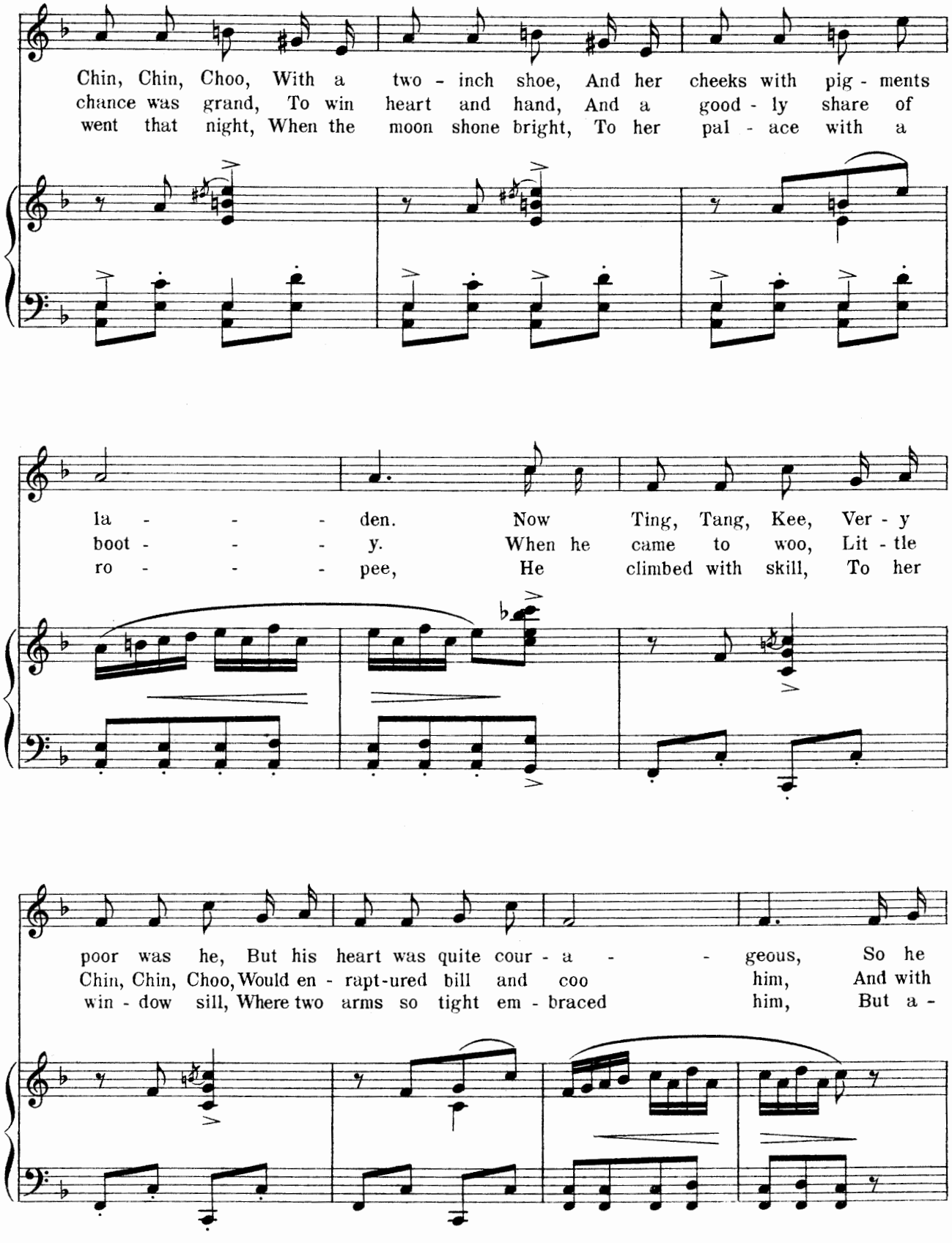
"If you understood Chinese."

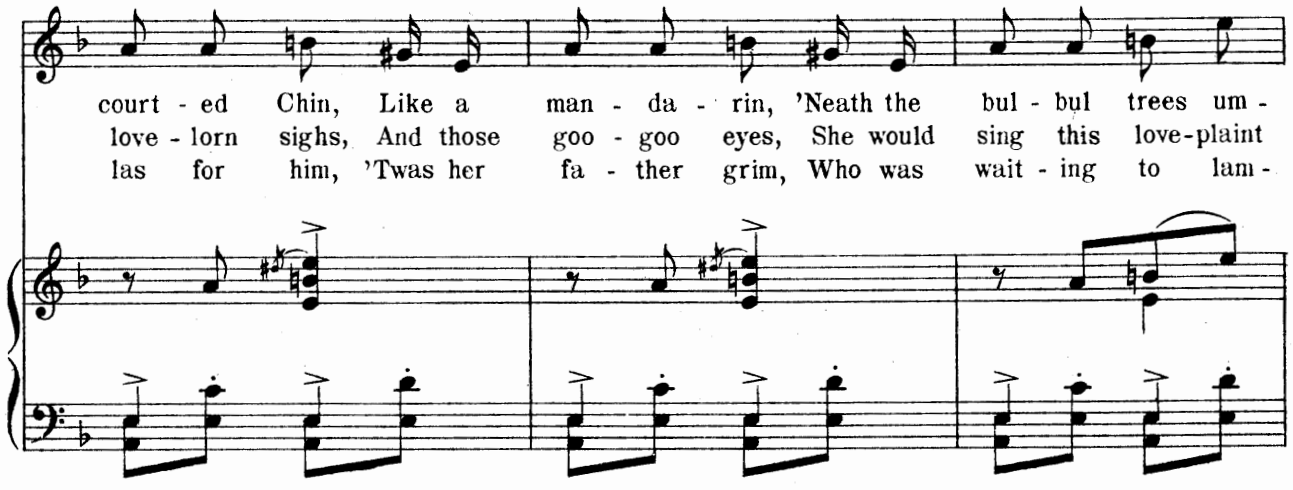
Pudge and Chorus.

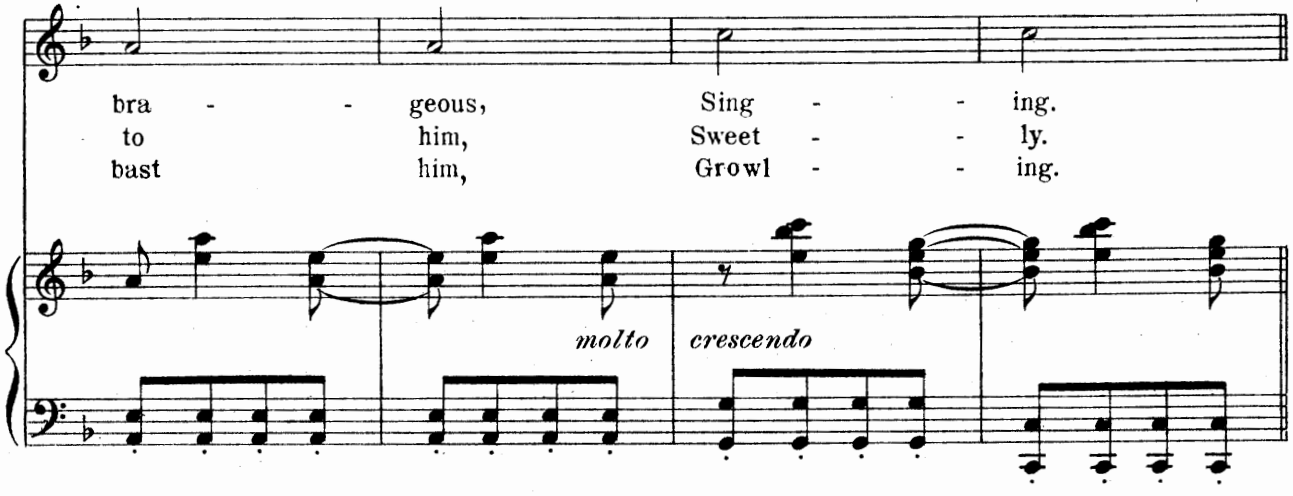
Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.

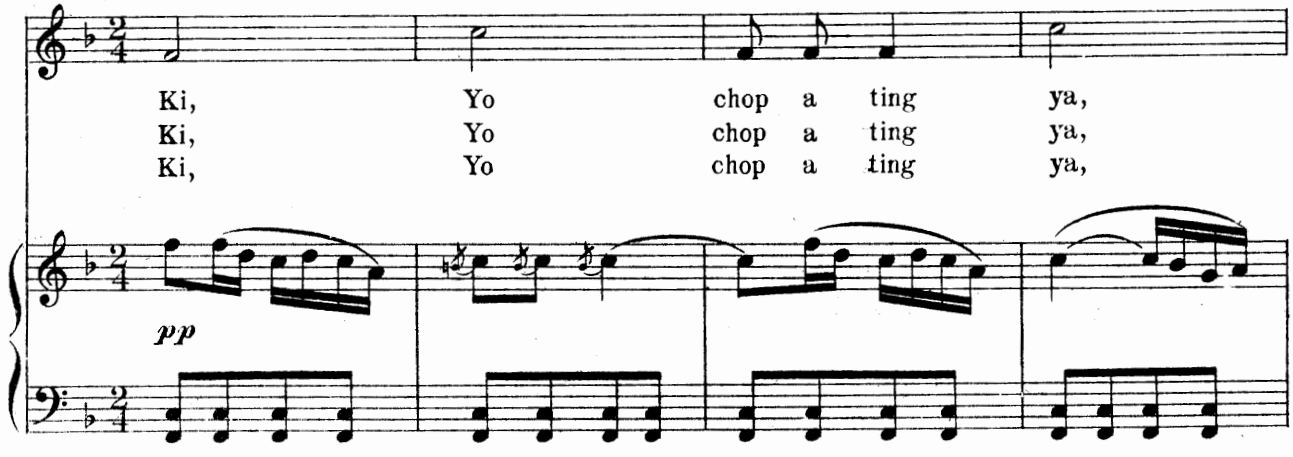


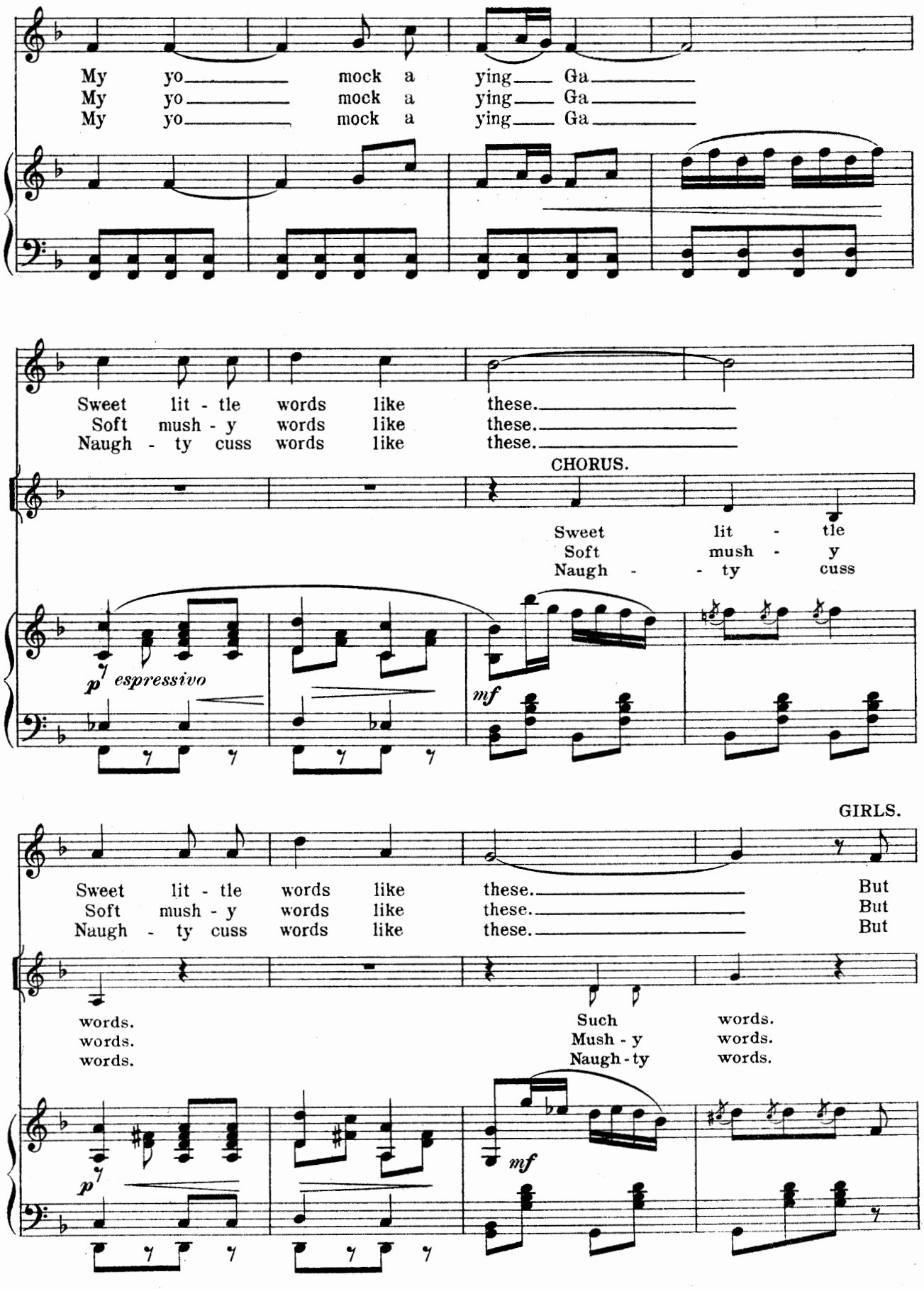

Chin, Chin, Choo, With a two - inch shoe, And her cheeks with pig - ments
chance was grand, To win heart and hand, And a good - ly share of
went that night, When the moon shone bright, To her pal - ace with a
la - - - den. Now Ting, Tang, Kee, Ver - y
boot - - - y. When he came to woo, Lit - tle
ro - - - pee, He climbed with skill, To her
poor was he, But his heart was quite cour - a - - geous, So he
Chin, Chin, Choo, Would en - rapt-ured bill and coo him, And with
win - dow sill, Where two arms so tight em - braced him, But a -

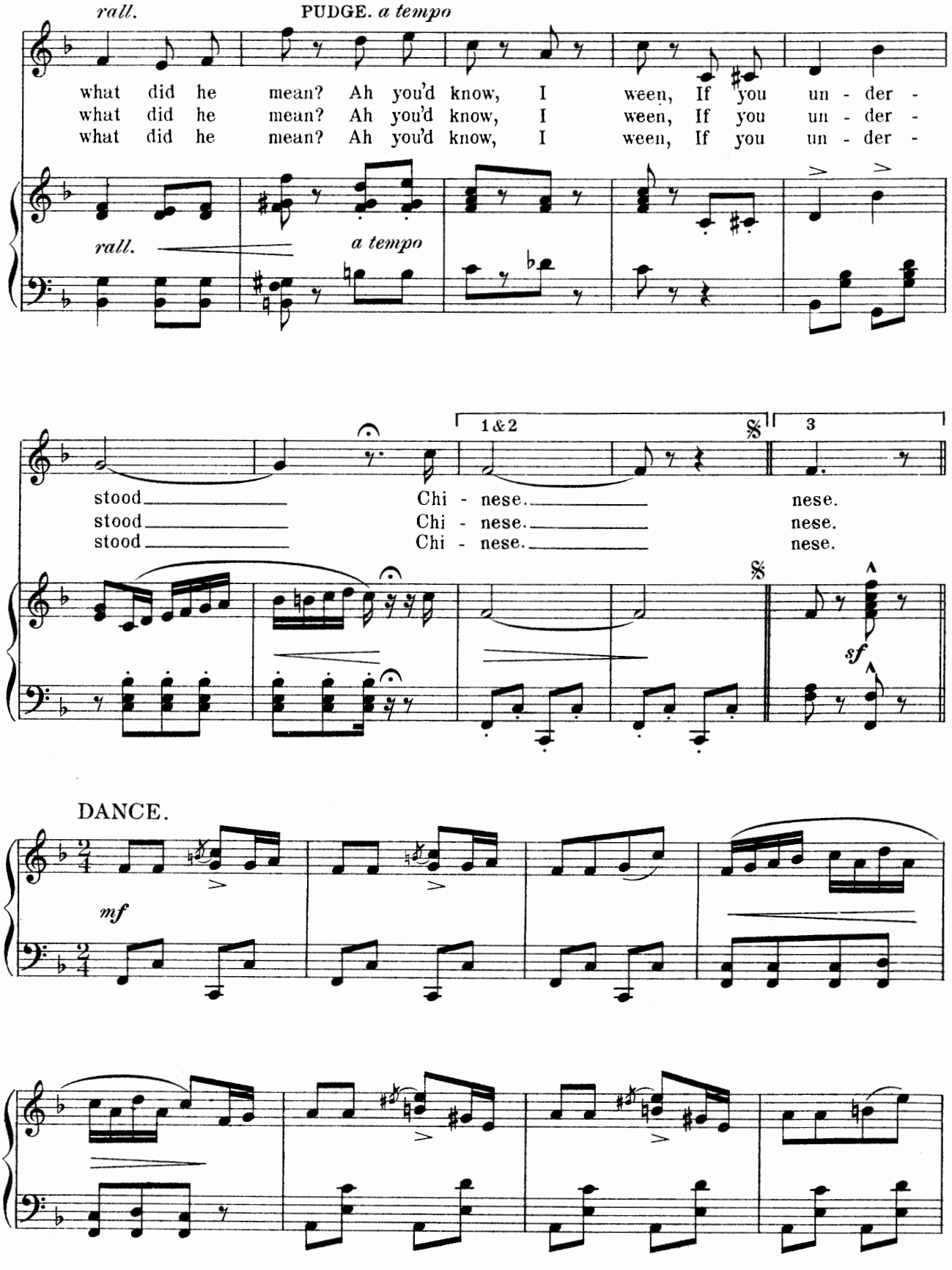

court - ed Chin, Like a man - da - rin, 'Neath the bul - bul trees um -
love - lorn sighs, And those goo - goo eyes, She would sing this love-plaint
las for him, 'Twas her fa - ther grim, Who was wait - ing to lam -

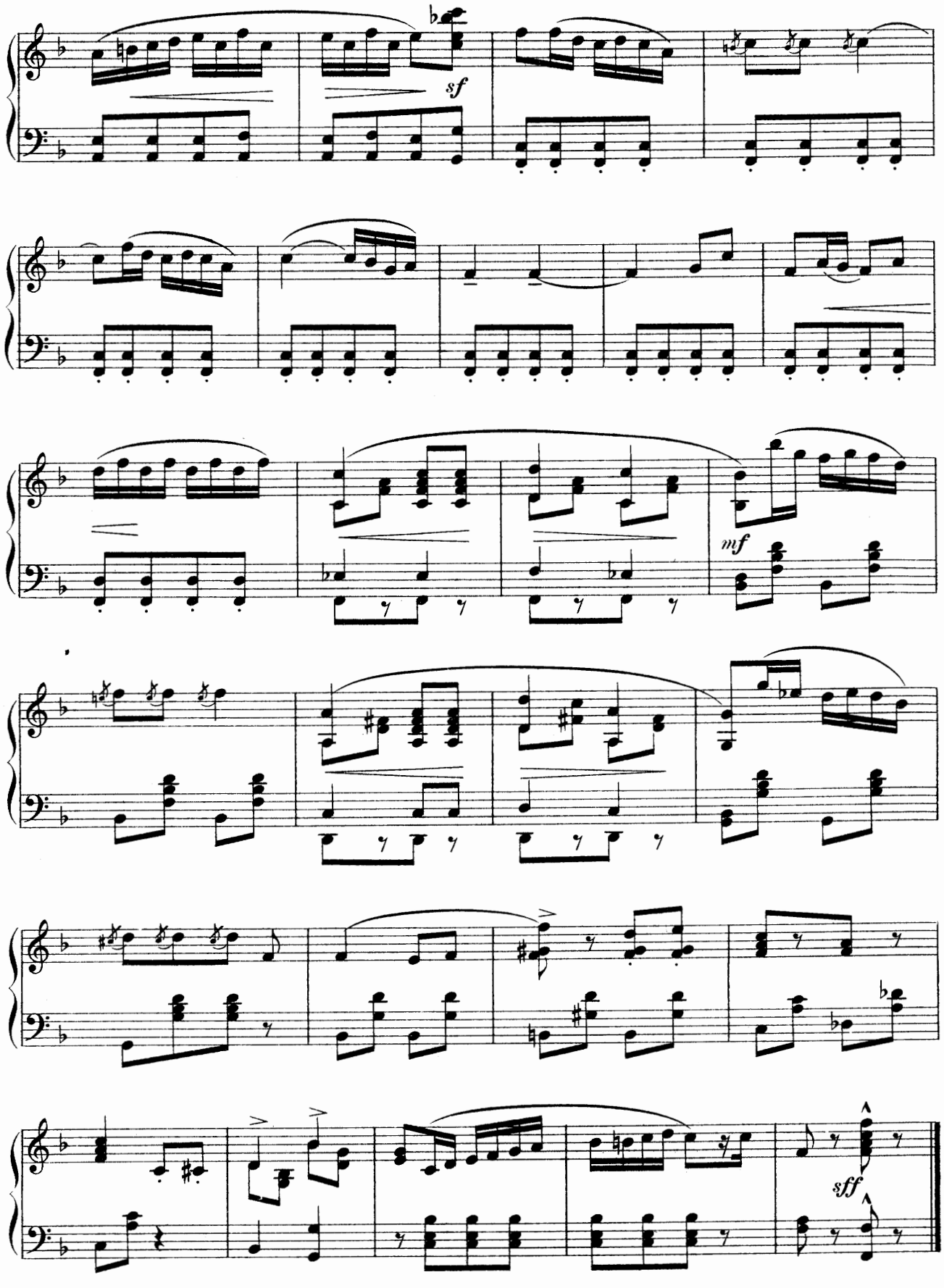

bra - - geous, Sing - - ing.
to him, Sweet - - ly.
bast him, Growl - - ing.
molto
crescendo

REFRAIN.


Ki, Yo chop a ting ya,
Ki, Yo chop a ting ya,
Ki, Yo chop a ting ya,
pp


My yo mock a ying Ga
My yo mock a ying Ga
My yo mock a ying Ga
Sweet lit - tle words like these.
Soft mush - y words like these.
Naugh - ty cuss words like these.
CHORUS.
Sweet lit - tle
Soft mush - y
Naugh - ty cuss
p espressivo
mf
GIRLS.
Sweet lit - tle words like these. But
Soft mush - y words like these. But
Naugh - ty cuss words like these. But
words.
words.
words.
Such words.
Mush - y words.
Naugh - ty words.
p
mf


rall.
PUDGE. a tempo
what did he mean? Ah you'd know, I ween, If you un - der -
what did he mean? Ah you'd know, I ween, If you un - der -
what did he mean? Ah you'd know, I ween, If you un - der -
rall.
a tempo
1 & 2
3
stood Chi - nese. nese.
stood Chi - nese. nese.
stood Chi - nese. nese.
sf
DANCE.
mf


sf
mf
sff

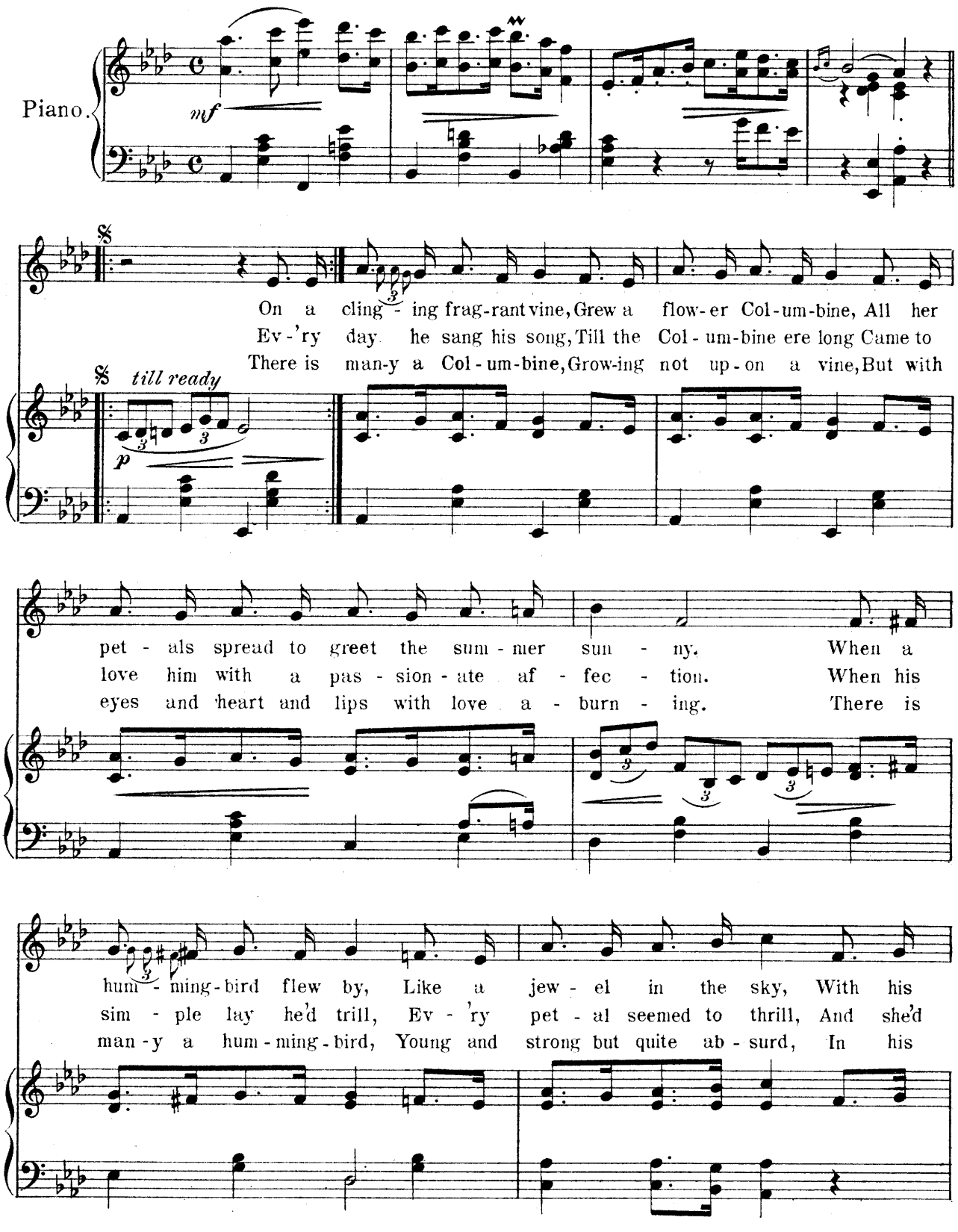
Columbine.

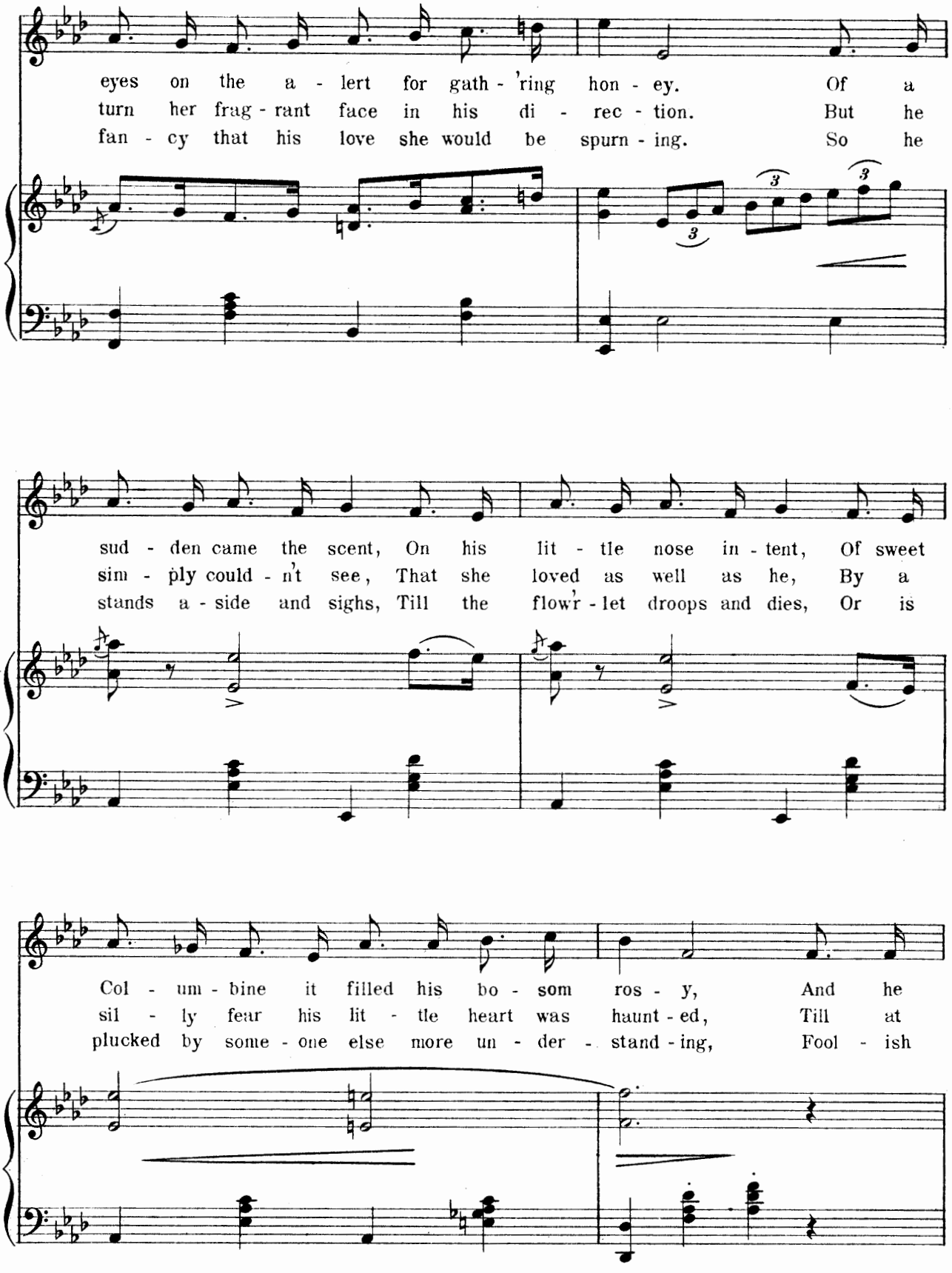
or

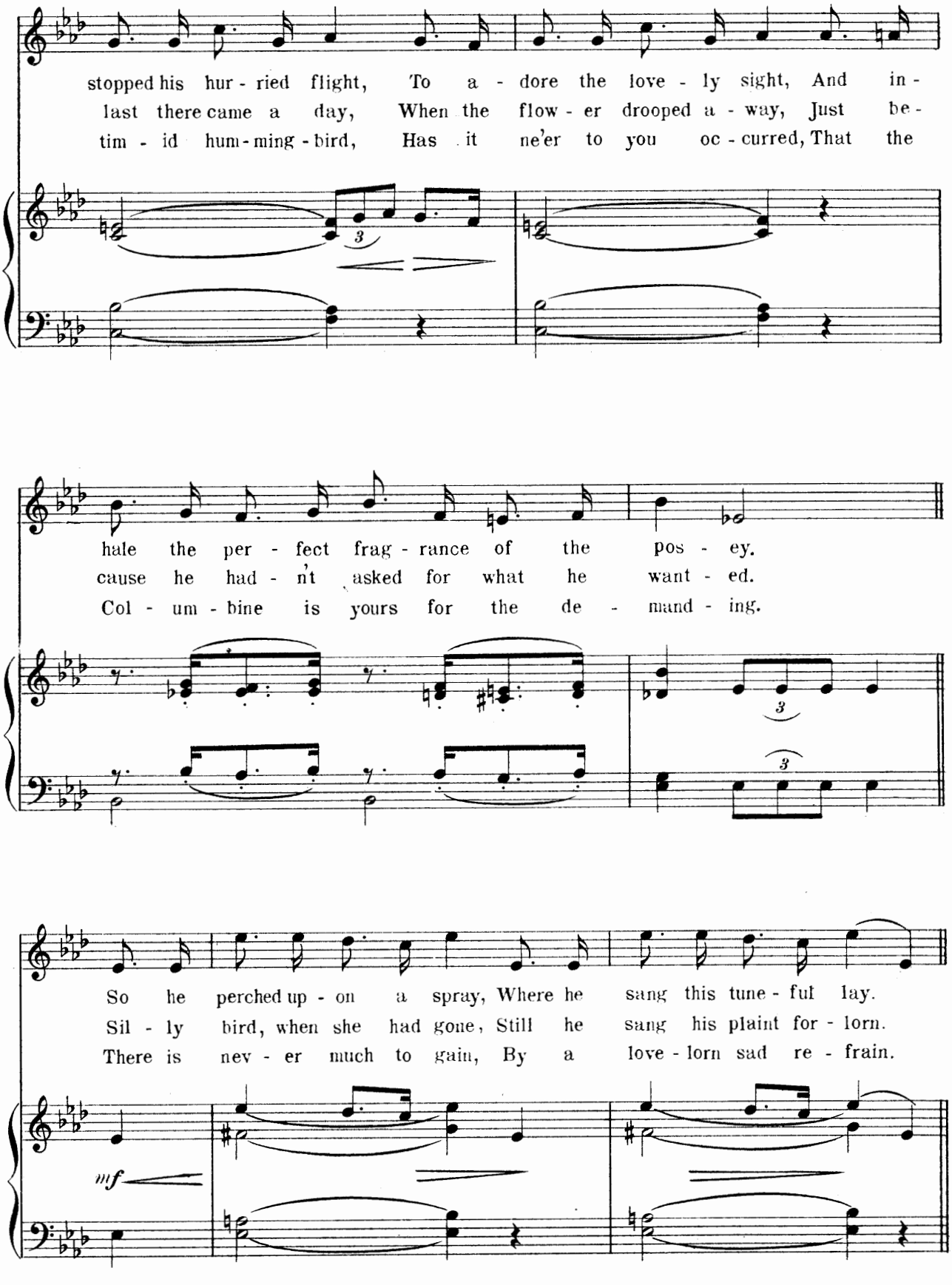
The Timid Humming-Bird.

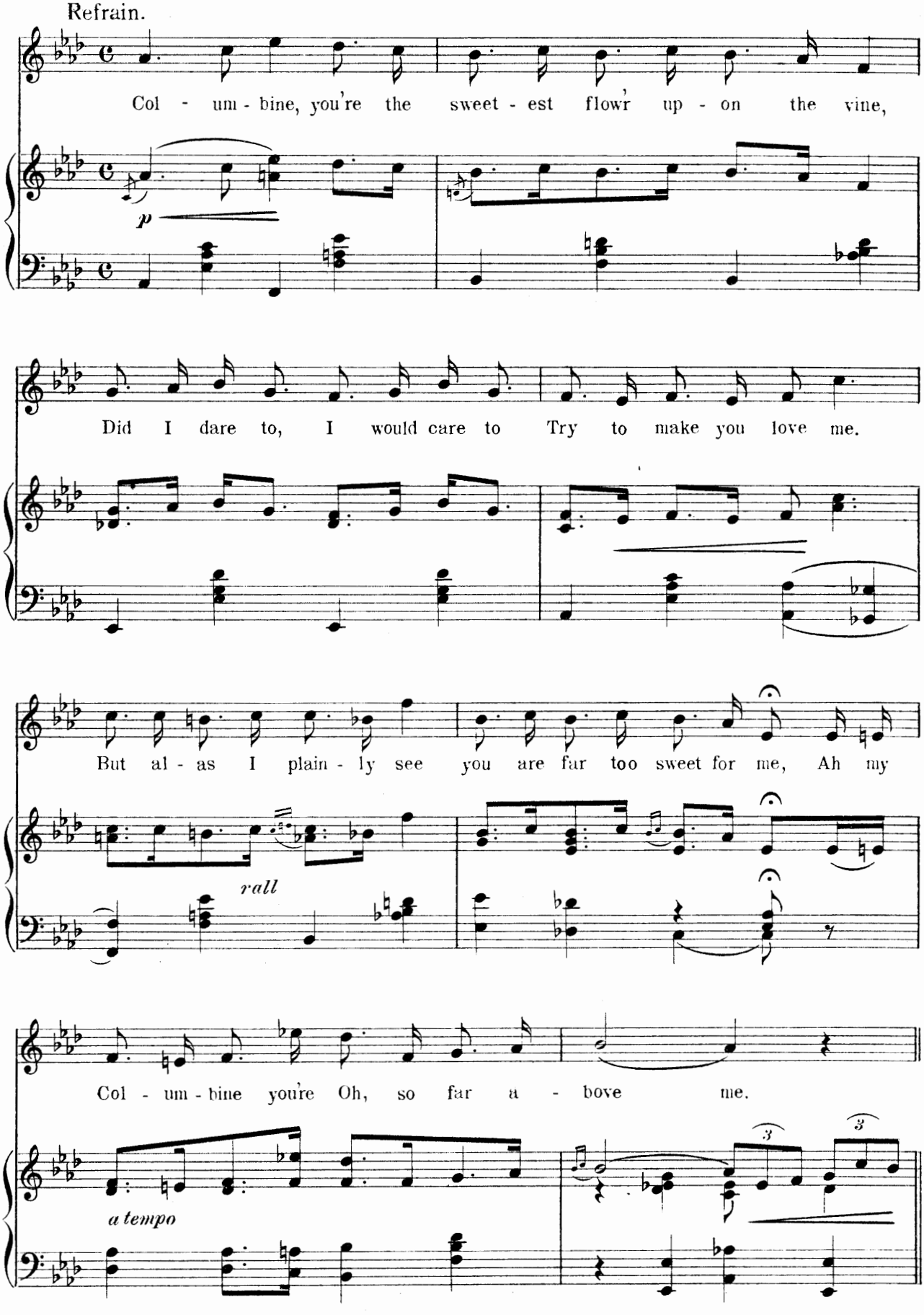
No 8.

Allegro moderato.

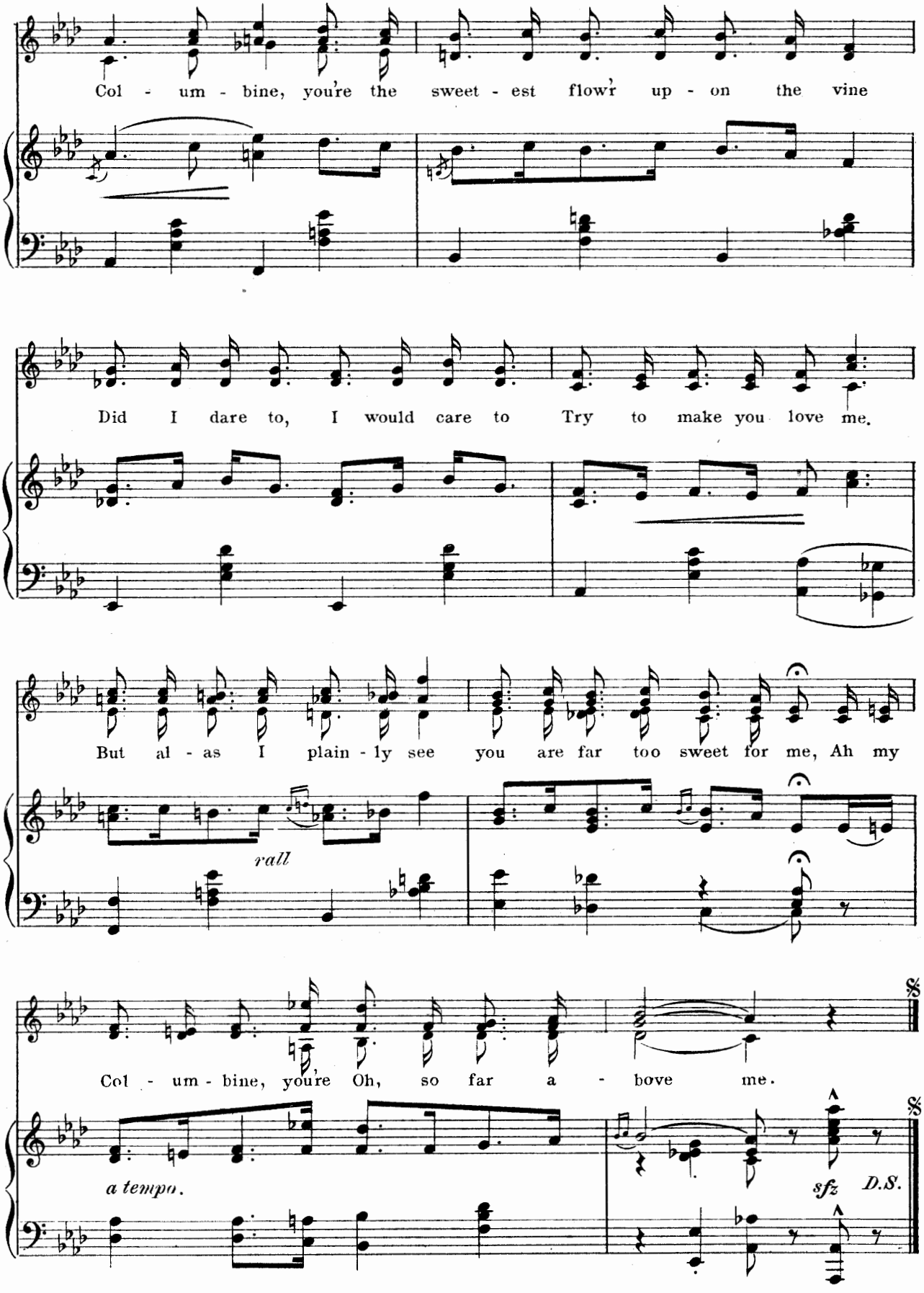



eyes on the a - lert for gath - 'ring hon - ey. Of a
turn her frag - rant face in his di - rec - tion. But he
fan - cy that his love she would be spurn - ing. So he
sud - den came the scent, On his lit - tle nose in - tent, Of sweet
sim - ply could - n't see, That she loved as well as he, By a
stands a - side and sighs, Till the flow'r - let droops and dies, Or is
Col - um - bine it filled his bo - som ros - y, And he
sil - ly fear his lit - tle heart was haunt - ed, Till at
plucked by some - one else more un - der - stand - ing, Fool - ish


stopped his hur - ried flight, To a - dore the love - ly sight, And in -
last there came a day, When the flow - er drooped a - way, Just be -
tim - id hum - ming - bird, Has it ne'er to you oc - curred, That the
hale the per - fect frag - rance of the pos - ey.
cause he had - n't asked for what he want - ed.
Col - um - bine is yours for the de - mand - ing.
So he perched up - on a spray, Where he sang this tune - ful lay.
Sil - ly bird, when she had gone, Still he sang his plaint for - lorn.
There is nev - er much to gain, By a love - lorn sad re - frain.
mf

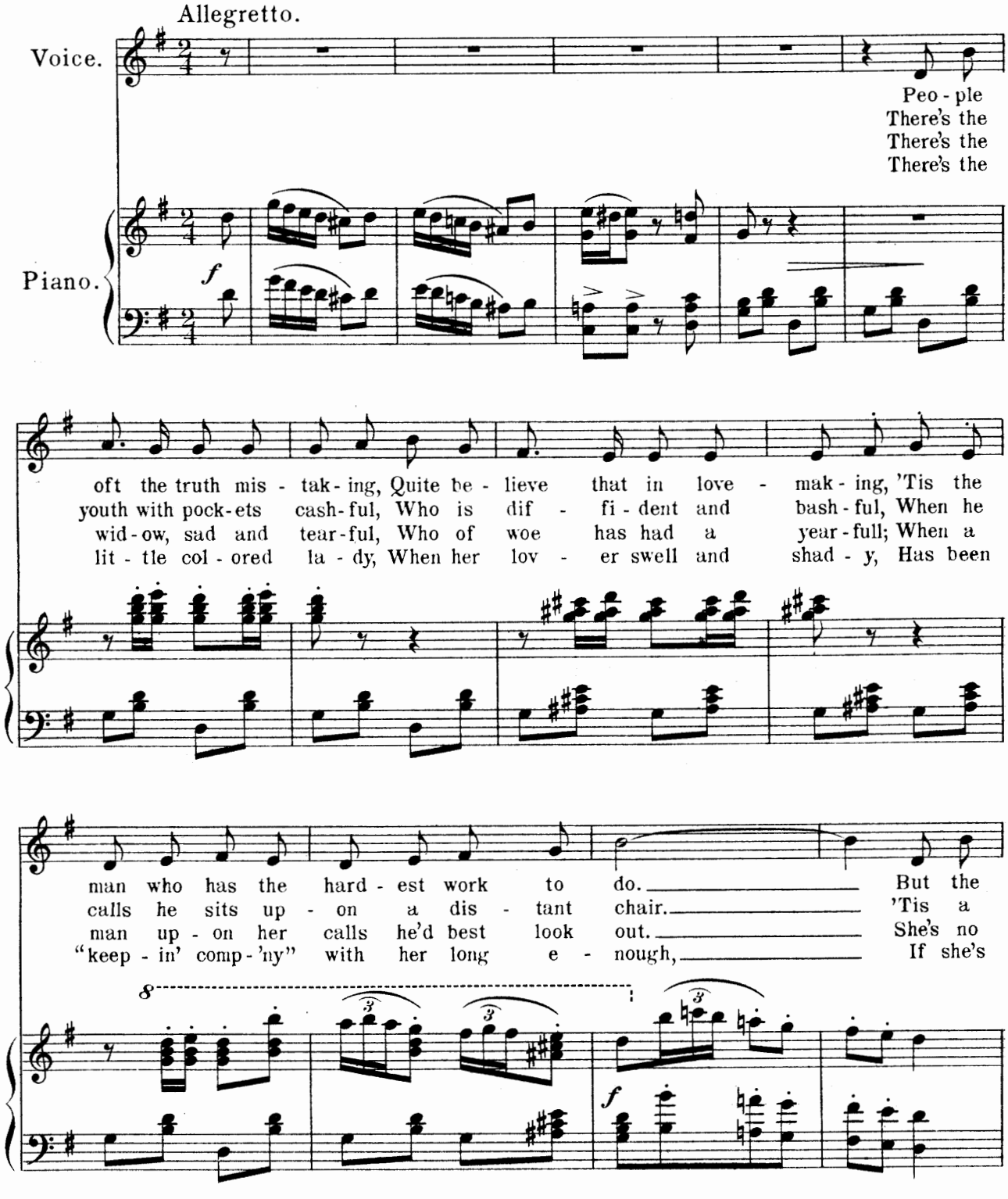

Refrain.
Col - um - bine, you're the sweet - est flowr up - on the vine,
p
Did I dare to, I would care to Try to make you love me.
But al - as I plain - ly see you are far too sweet for me, Ah my
rall
Col - um - bine you're Oh, so far a - bove me.
a tempo

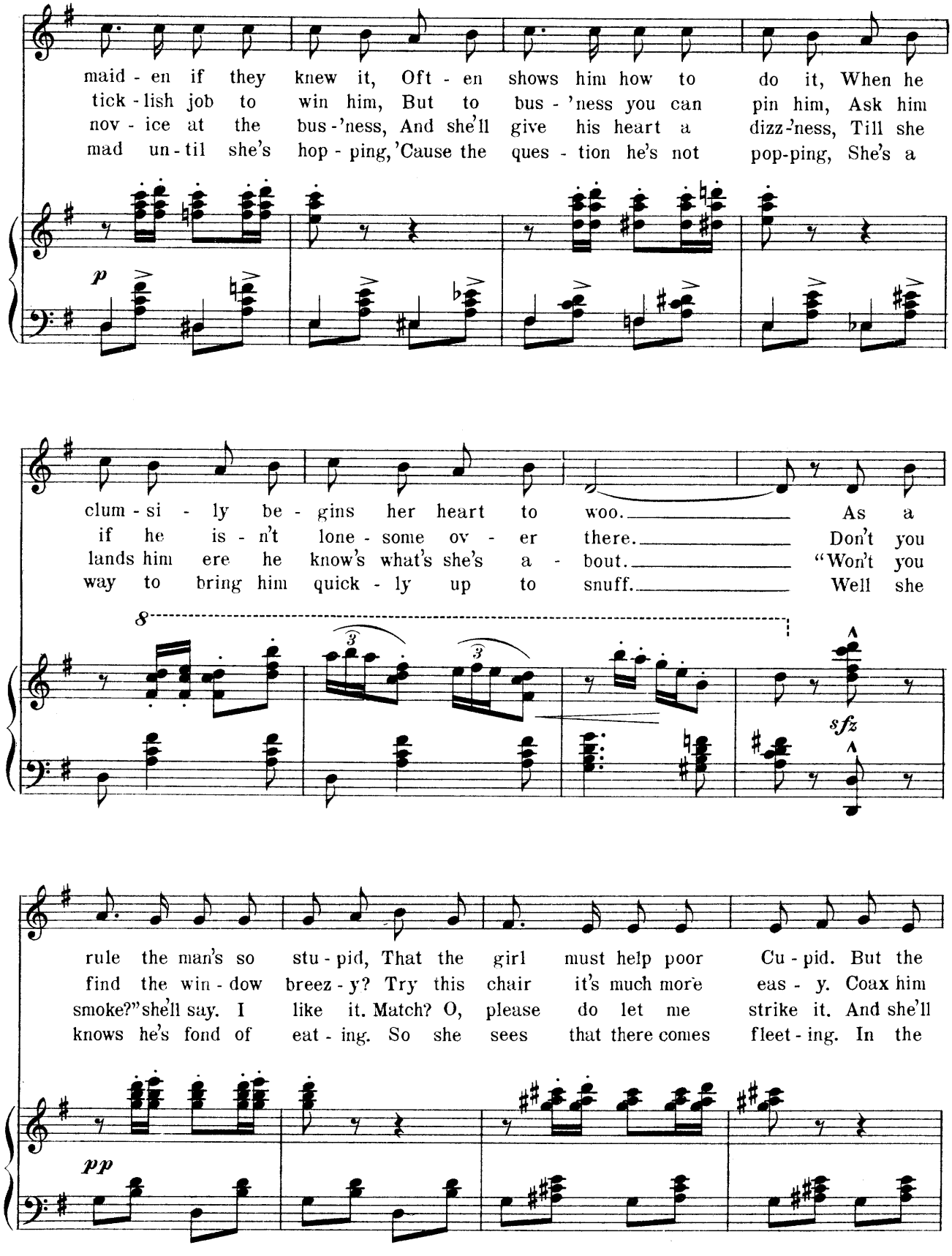
FEMALE CHORUS.

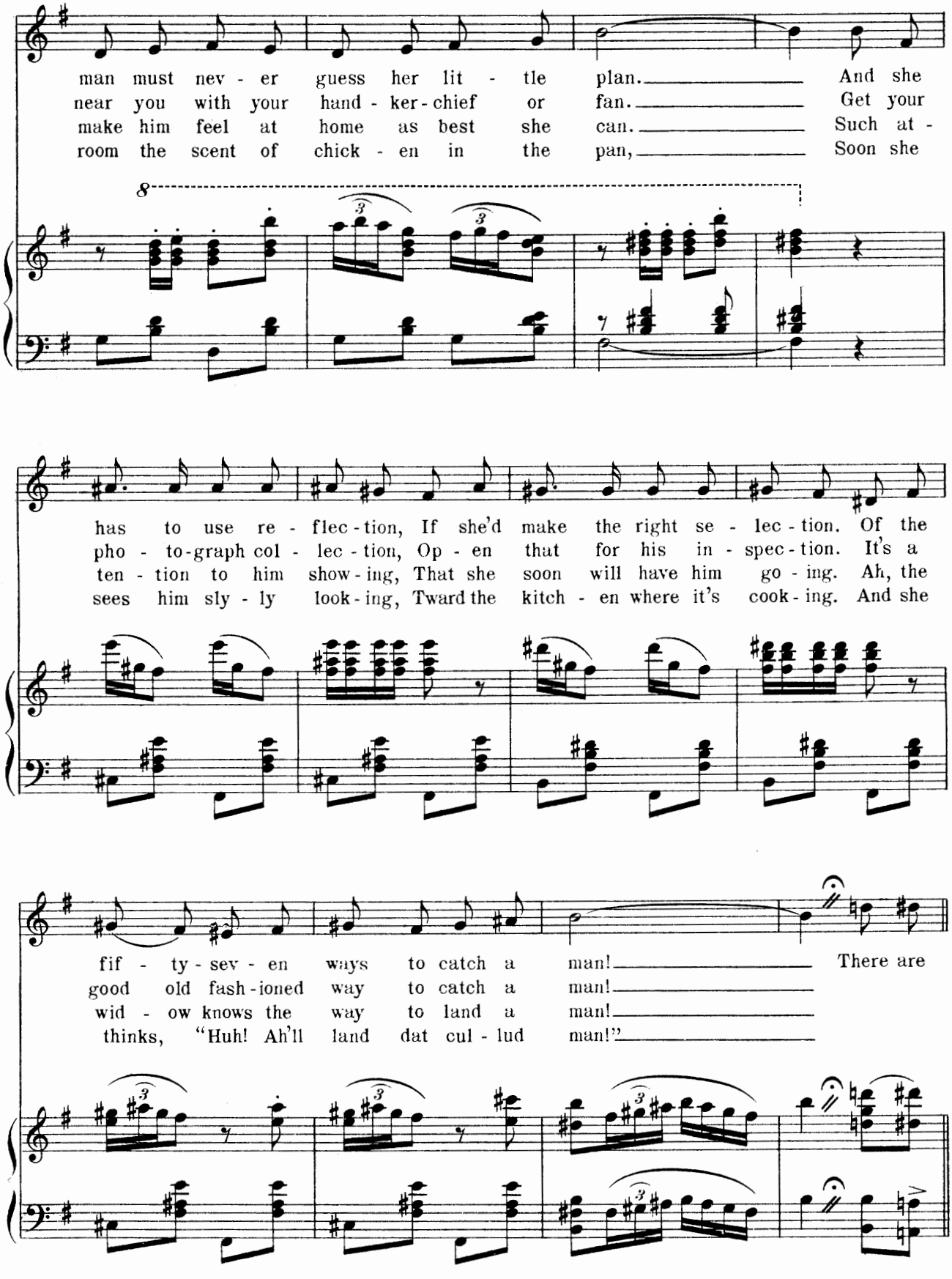


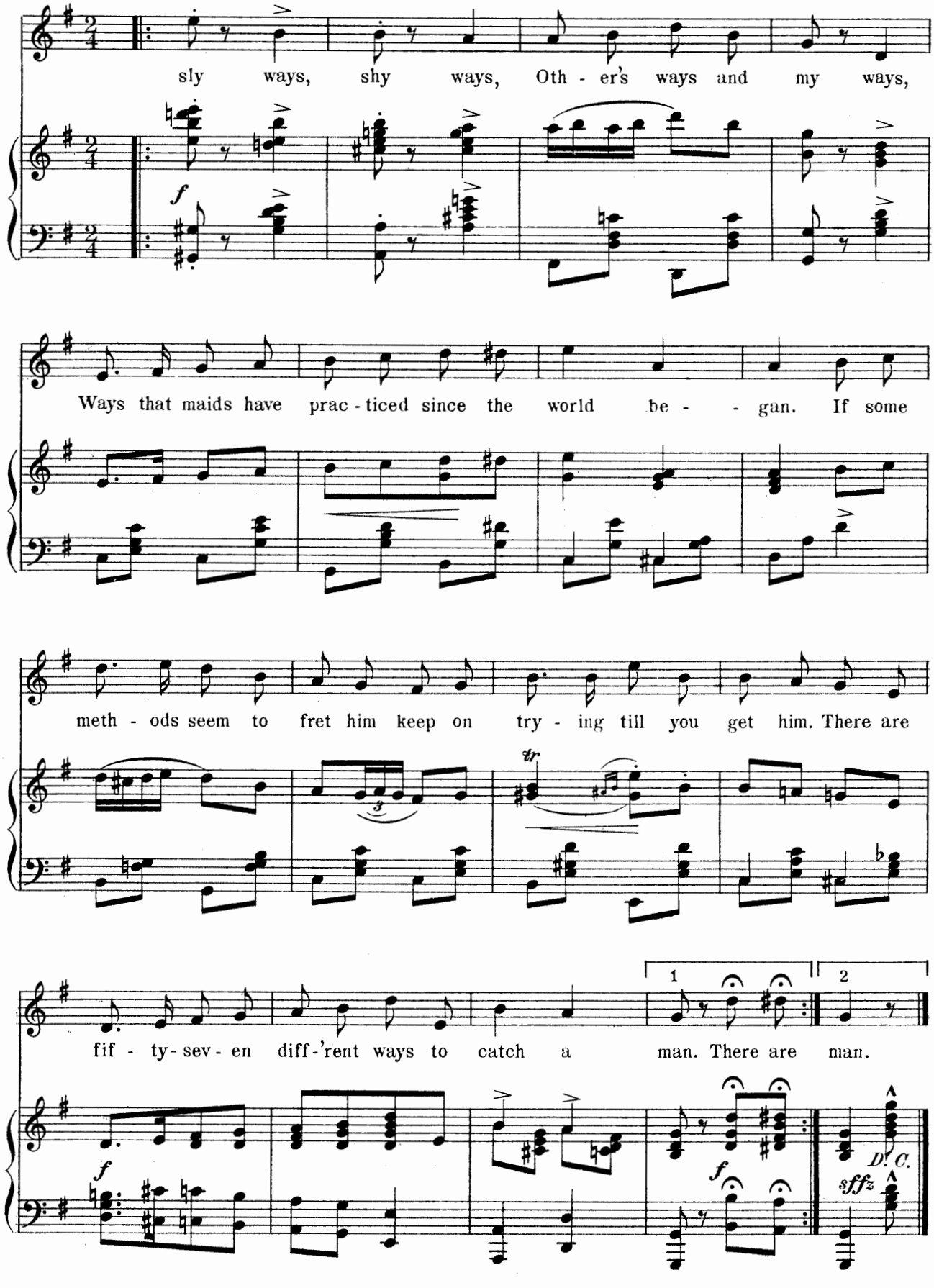
№ 9.

There are Fifty-seven Ways to Catch a Man.




maid - en if they knew it, Oft - en shows him how to do it, When he
tick - lish job to win him, But to bus - 'ness you can pin him, Ask him
nov - ice at the bus - 'ness, And she'll give his heart a dizz - 'ness, Till she
mad un - til she's hop - ping, 'Cause the ques - tion he's not pop-ping, She's a
p
clum - si - ly be - gins her heart to woo. As a
if he is - n't lone - some ov - er there. Don't you
lands him ere he know's what's she's a - bout. "Won't you
way to bring him quick - ly up to snuff. Well she
8
3
3
sfz
rule the man's so stu - pid, That the girl must help poor Cu - pid. But the
find the win - dow breez - y? Try this chair it's much more eas - y. Coax him
smoke?" she'll say. I like it. Match? O, please do let me strike it. And she'll
knows he's fond of eat - ing. So she sees that there comes fleet - ing. In the
pp


man must nev - er guess her lit - tle plan. And she
near you with your hand - ker - chief or fan. Get your
make him feel at home as best she can. Such at -
room the scent of chick - en in the pan, Soon she
has to use re - flec - tion, If she'd make the right se - lec - tion. Of the
pho - to-graph col - lec - tion, Op - en that for his in - spec - tion. It's a
ten - tion to him show - ing, That she soon will have him go - ing. Ah, the
sees him sly - ly look - ing, Tward the kitch - en where it's cook - ing. And she
fif - ty - sev - en ways to catch a man! There are
good old fash - ioned way to catch a man!
wid - ow knows the way to land a man!
thinks, "Huh! Ah'll land dat cul - lud man!"


sly ways, shy ways, Oth - er's ways and my ways,
Ways that maids have prac - ticed since the world be - - gan. If some
meth - ods seem to fret him keep on try - ing till you get him. There are
fif - ty - sev - en diff-'rent ways to catch a man. There are man.
1
2
f
tr
D. C.
sffz

How I Thought I Looked.

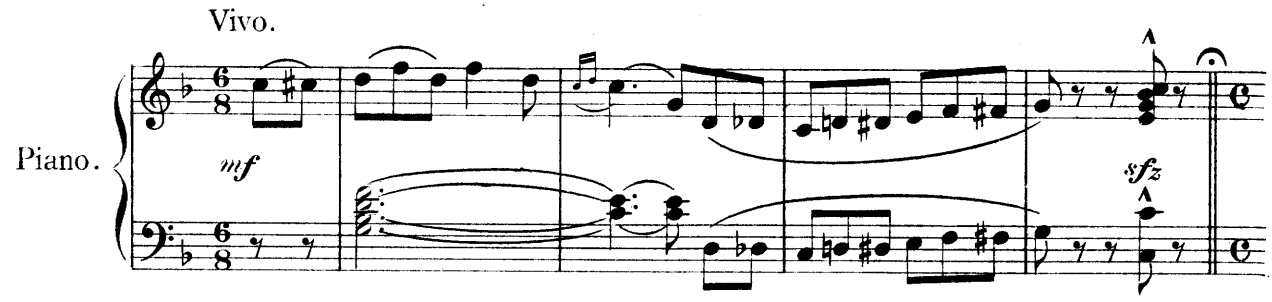
TRIO

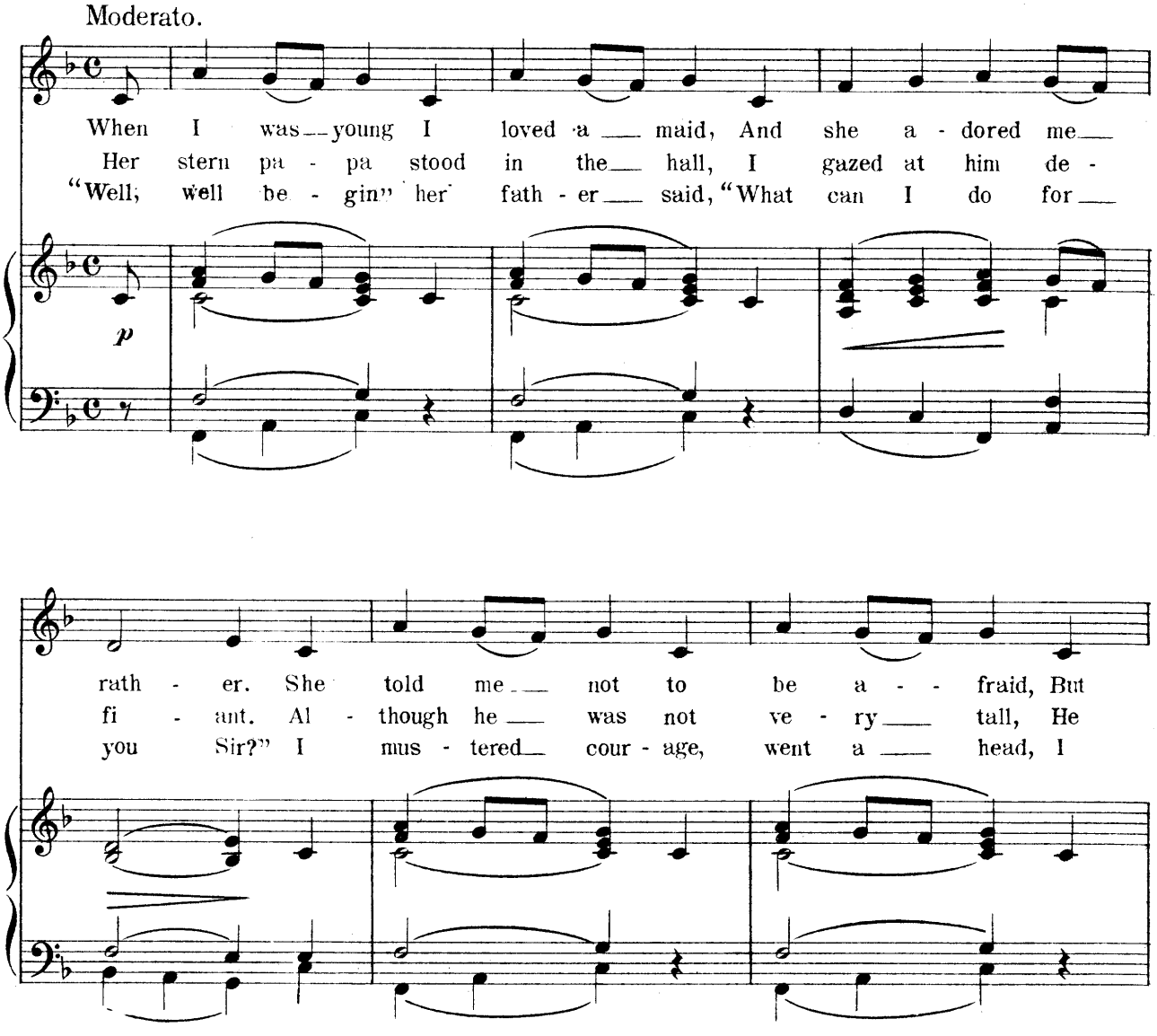
Pudge, Amorel and Reggy.

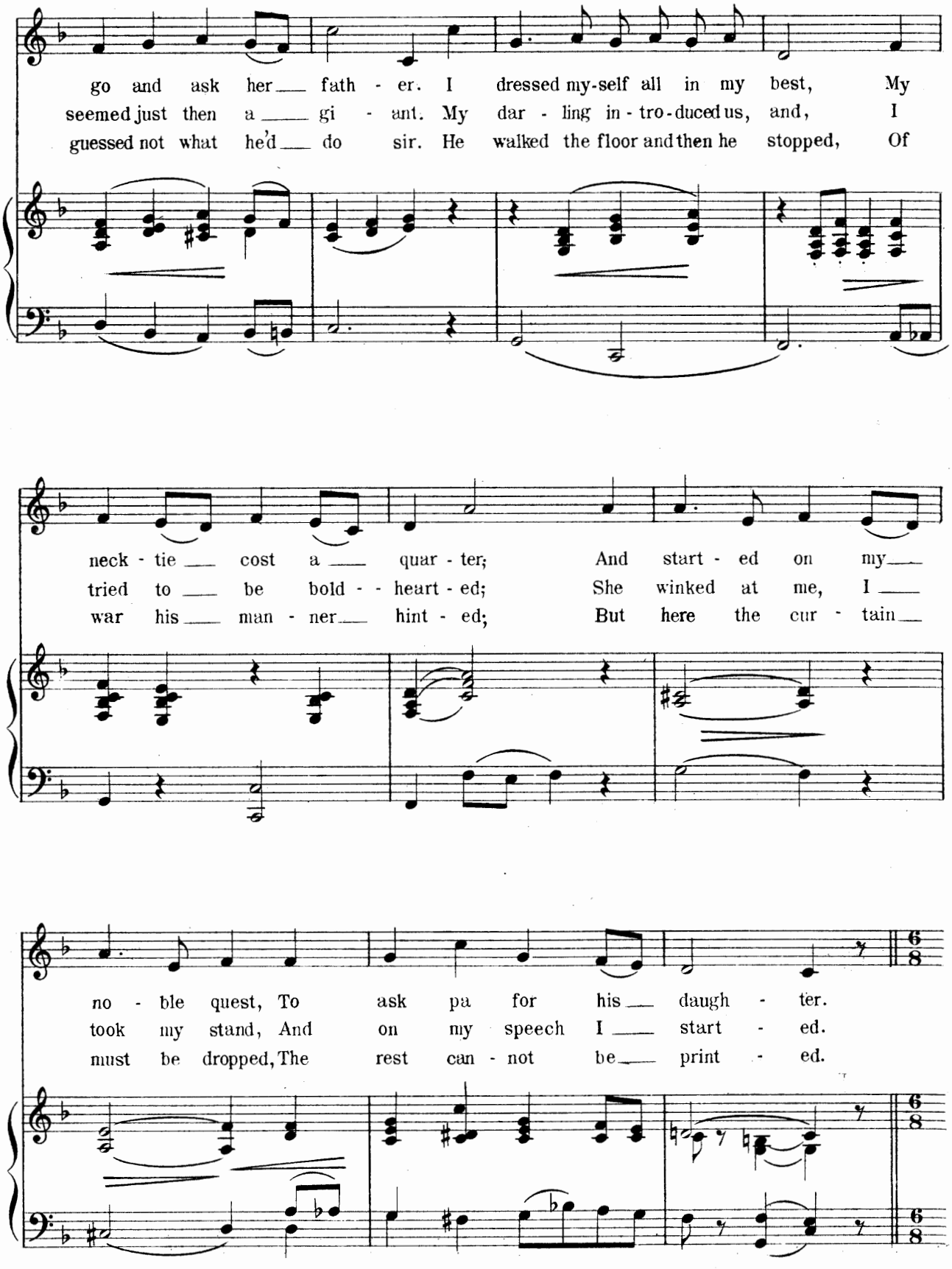
No. 10.

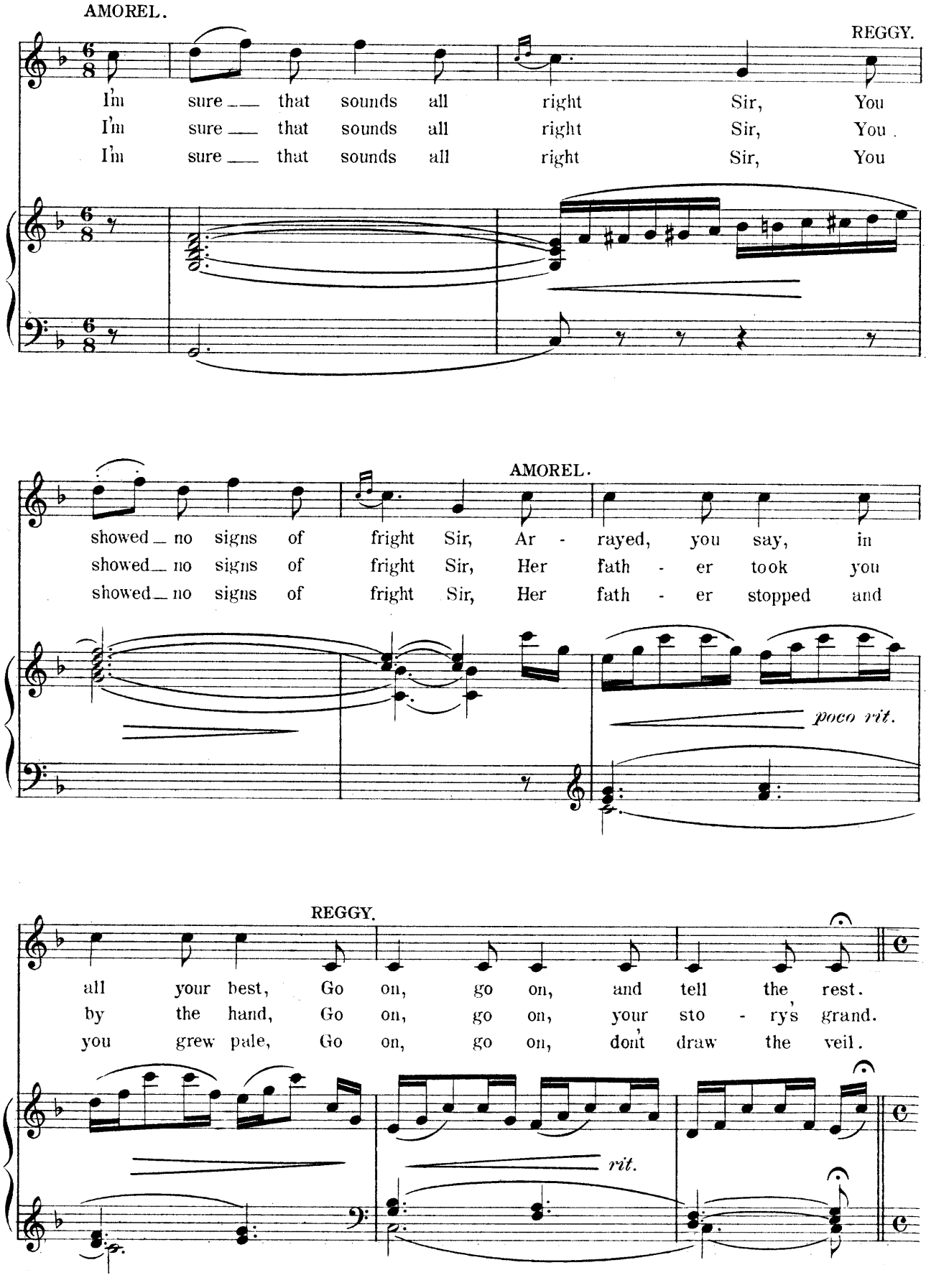
Lyric by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.

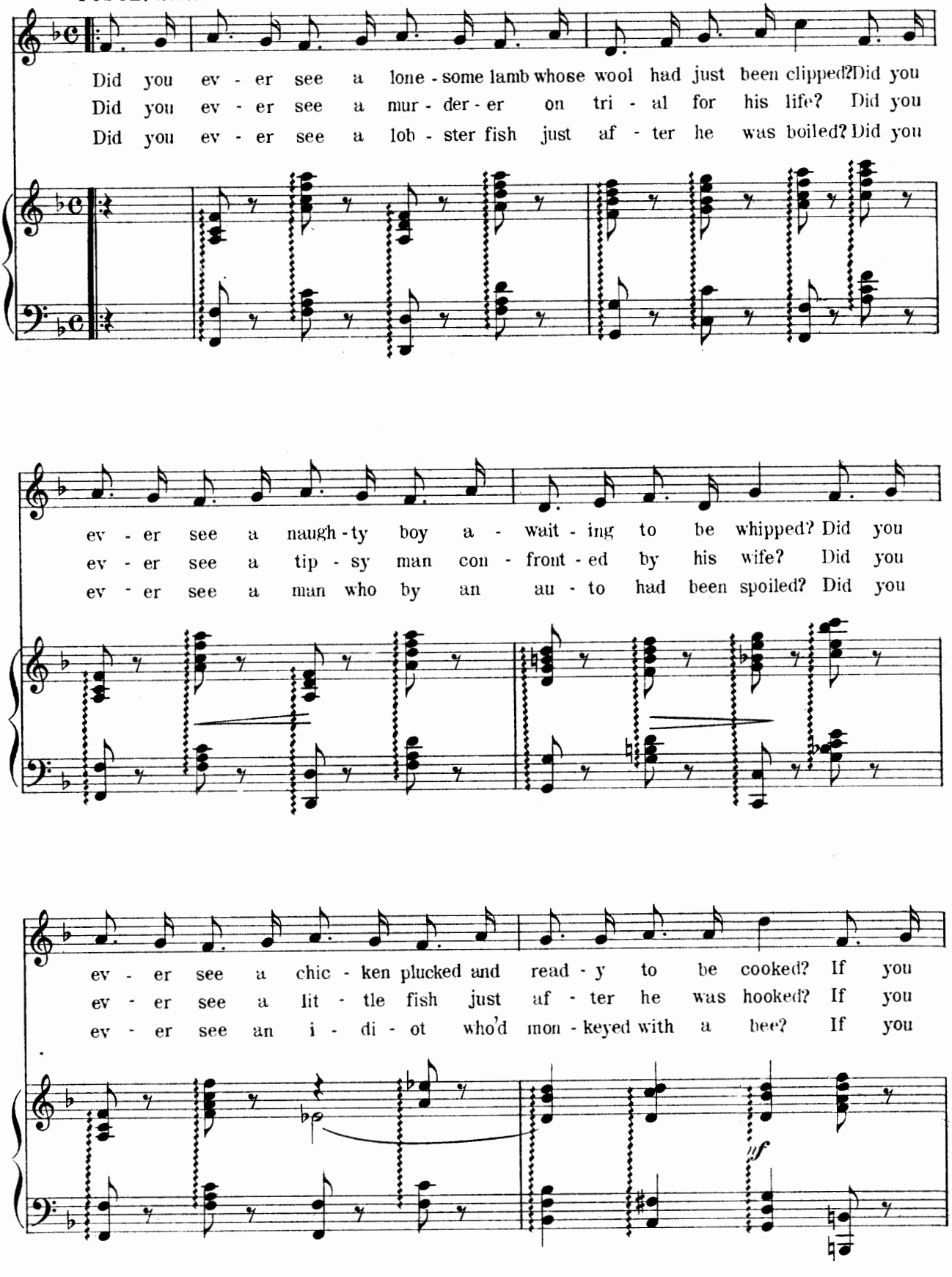


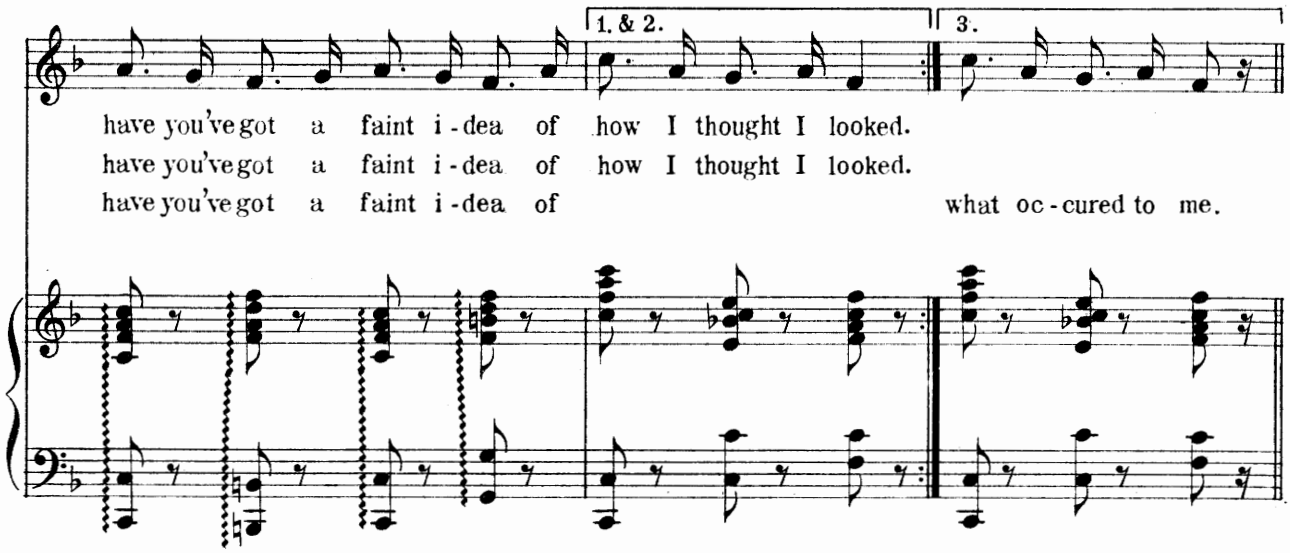



go and ask her fath - er. I dressed my-self all in my best, My
seemed just then a gi - ant. My dar - ling in - tro-duced us, and, I
guessed not what he'd do sir. He walked the floor and then he stopped, Of
neck - tie cost a quar - ter; And start - ed on my
tried to be bold - - heart - ed; She winked at me, I
war his man - ner hint - ed; But here the cur - tain
no - ble quest, To ask pa for his daugh - ter.
took my stand, And on my speech I start - ed.
must be dropped, The rest can - not be print - ed.
6/8
6/8
6/8

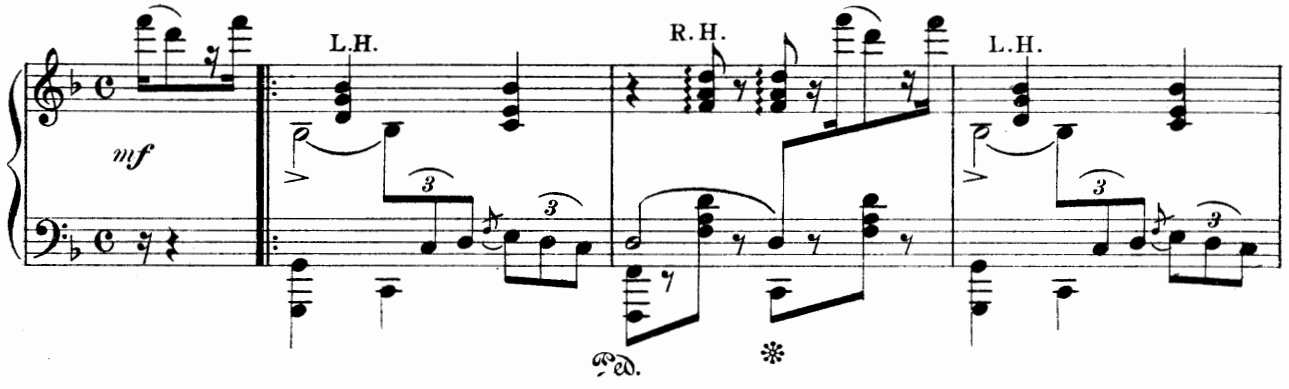

AMOREL.
REGGY.
I'm sure ___ that sounds all right Sir, You
I'm sure ___ that sounds all right Sir, You
I'm sure ___ that sounds all right Sir, You
AMOREL.
showed ___ no signs of fright Sir, Ar - rayed, you say, in
showed ___ no signs of fright Sir, Her fath - er took you
showed ___ no signs of fright Sir, Her fath - er stopped and
poco rit.
REGGY.
all your best, Go on, go on, and tell the rest.
by the hand, Go on, go on, your sto - ry's grand.
you grew pale, Go on, go on, don't draw the veil.
rit.

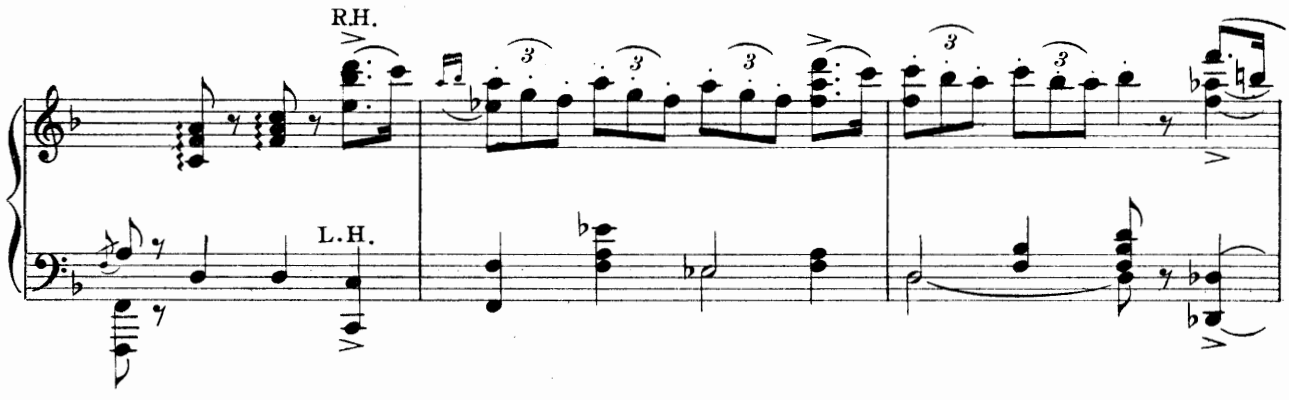
PUDGE. *Slow.*

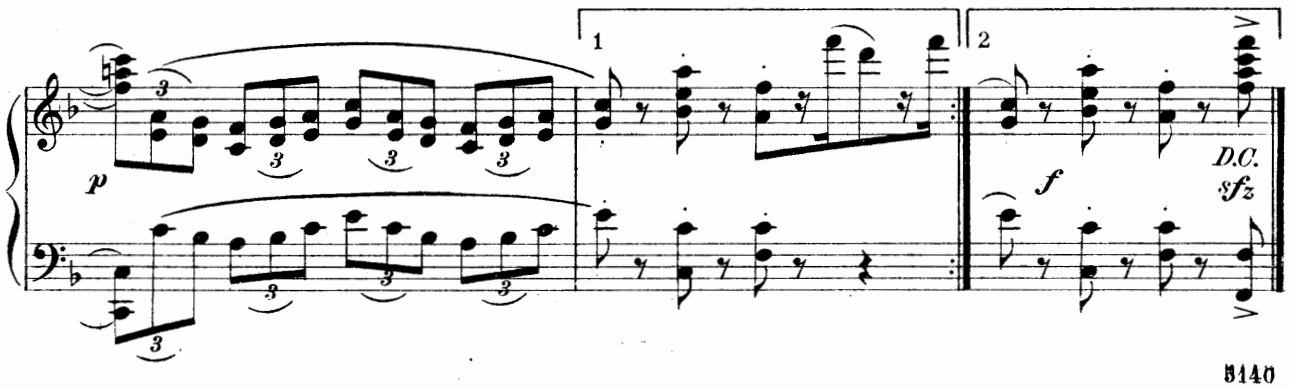

Did you ev - er see a lone - some lamb whose wool had just been clipped? Did you
Did you ev - er see a mur - der - er on tri - al for his life? Did you
Did you ev - er see a lob - ster fish just af - ter he was boiled? Did you
ev - er see a naugh - ty boy a - wait - ing to be whipped? Did you
ev - er see a tip - sy man con - front - ed by his wife? Did you
ev - er see a man who by an au - to had been spoiled? Did you
ev - er see a chic - ken plucked and read - y to be cooked? If you
ev - er see a lit - tle fish just af - ter he was hooked? If you
ev - er see an i - di - ot who'd mon - keyed with a bee? If you
ff


1. & 2.
3.
have you've got a faint i-dea of how I thought I looked.
have you've got a faint i-dea of how I thought I looked.
have you've got a faint i-dea of what oc-cured to me.

Dance.


mf
L.H.
R.H.
L.H.

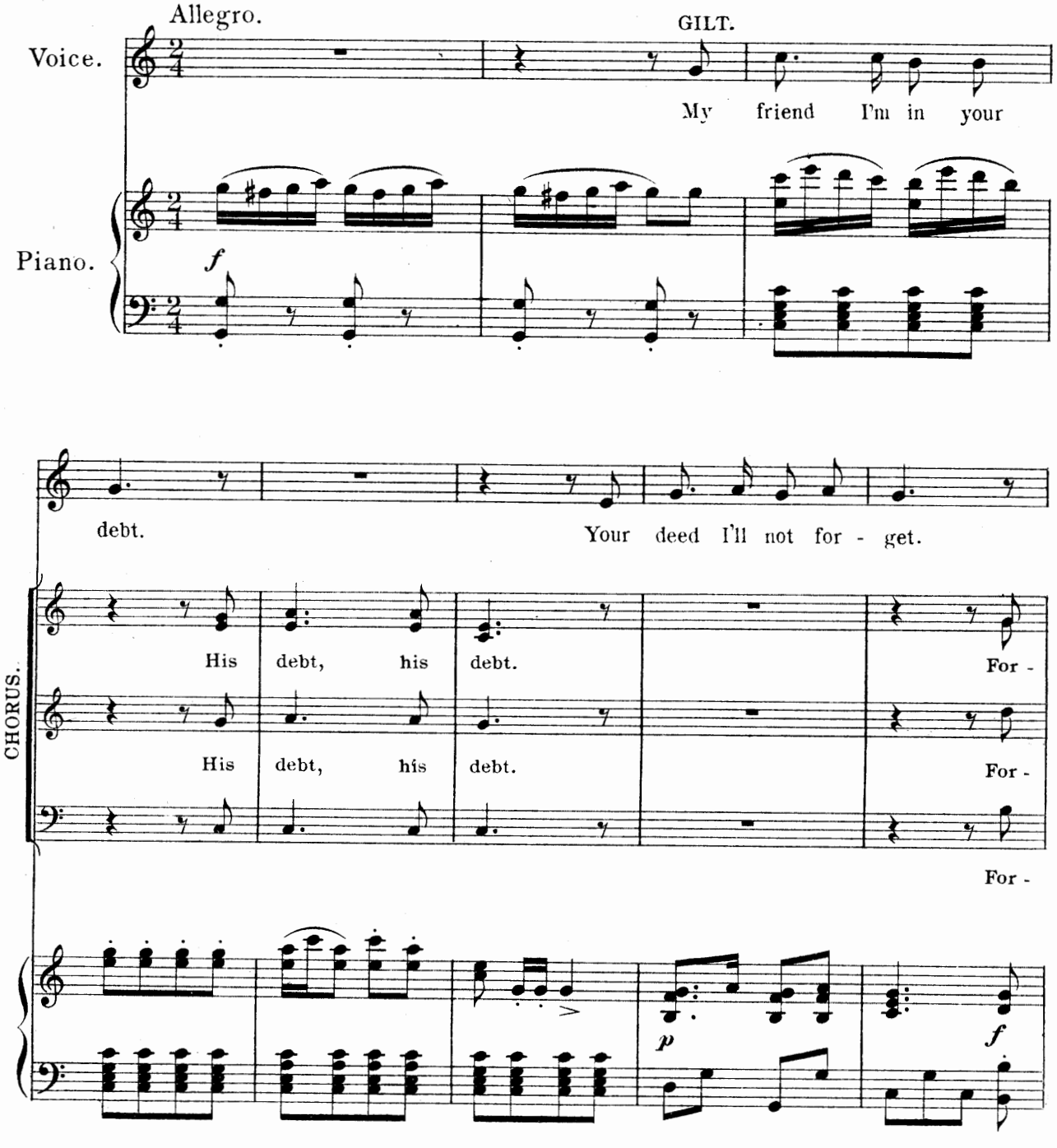

R.H.
L.H.

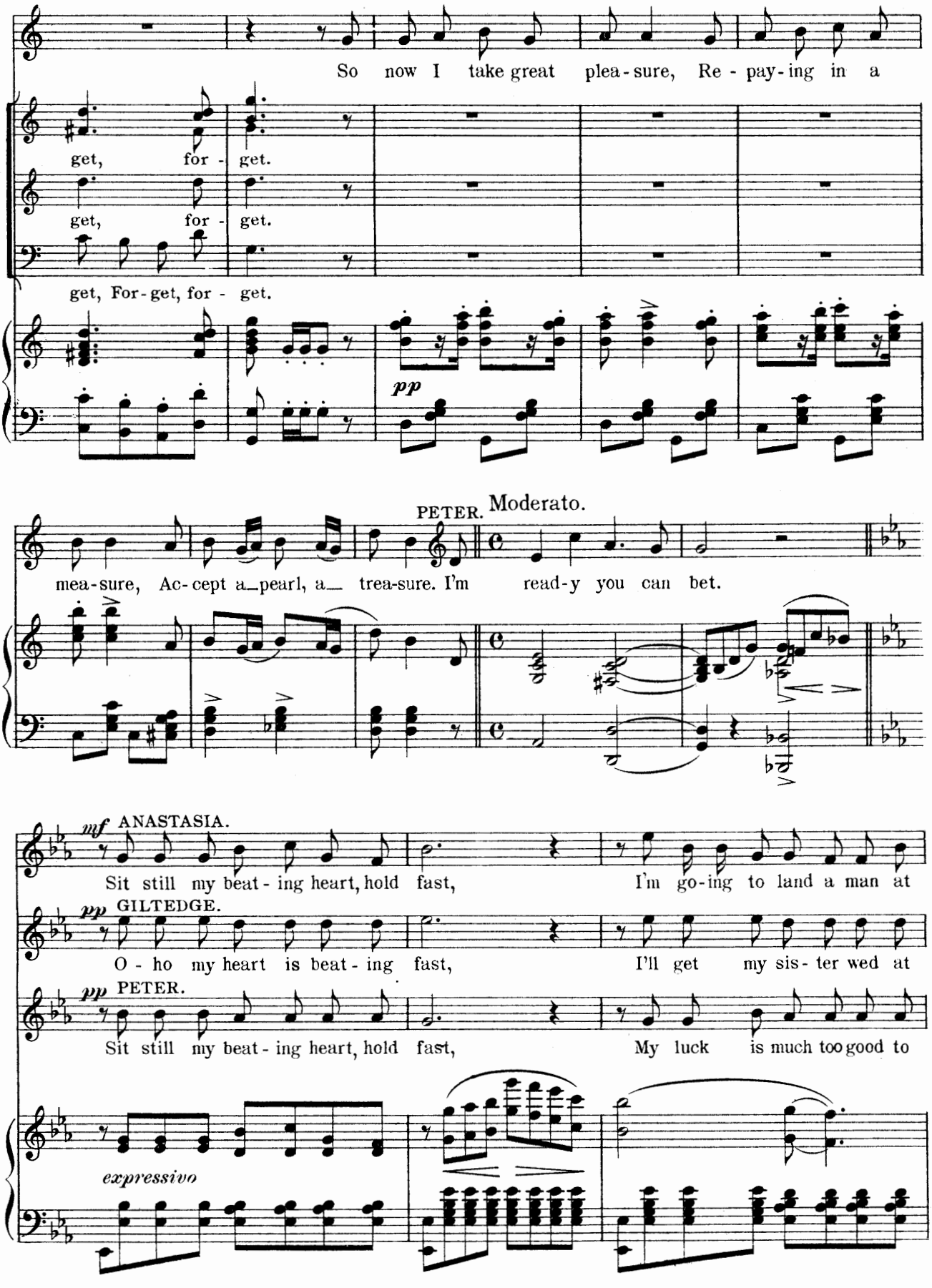

p
1
2
f
D.C.
sfz

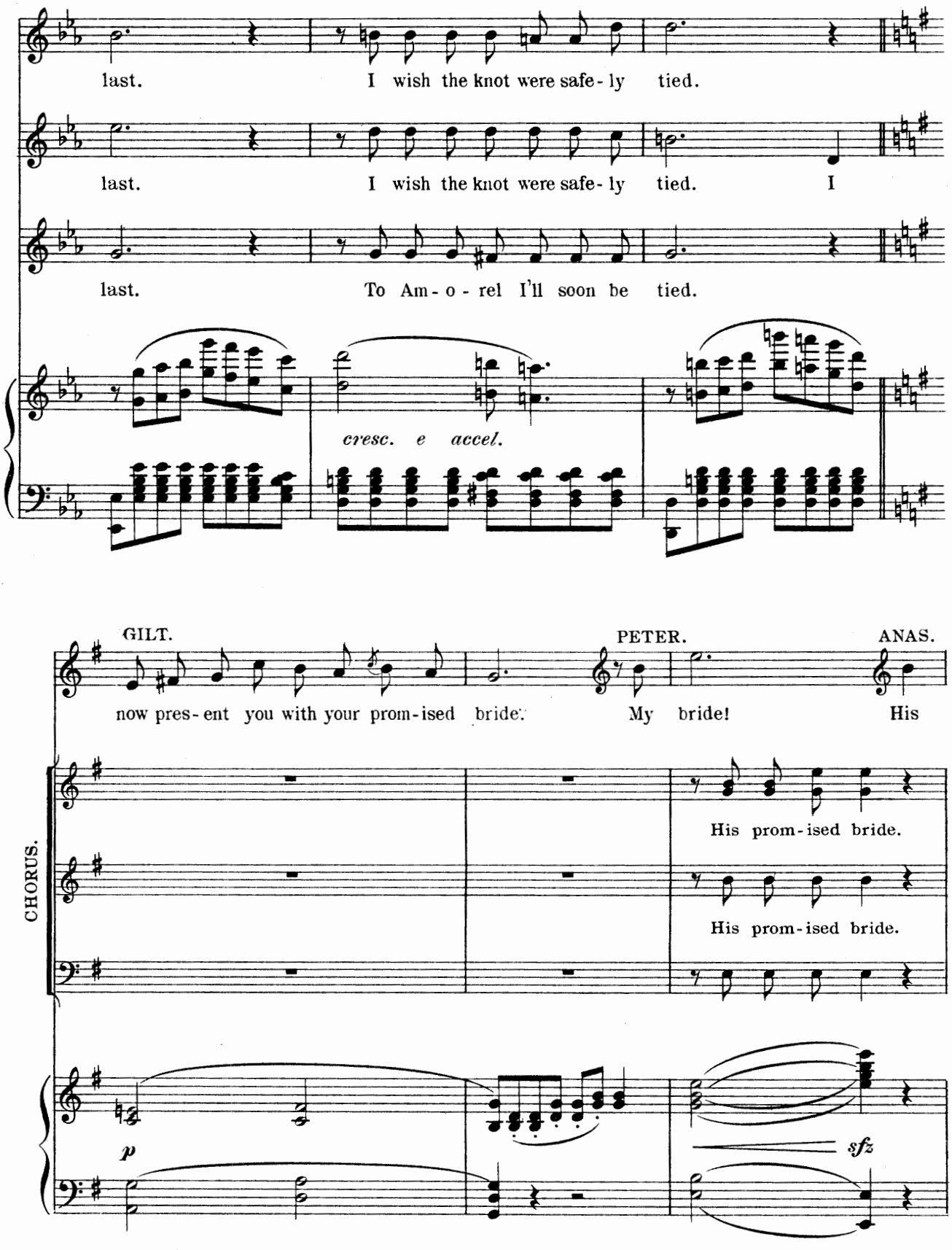
Finale I.

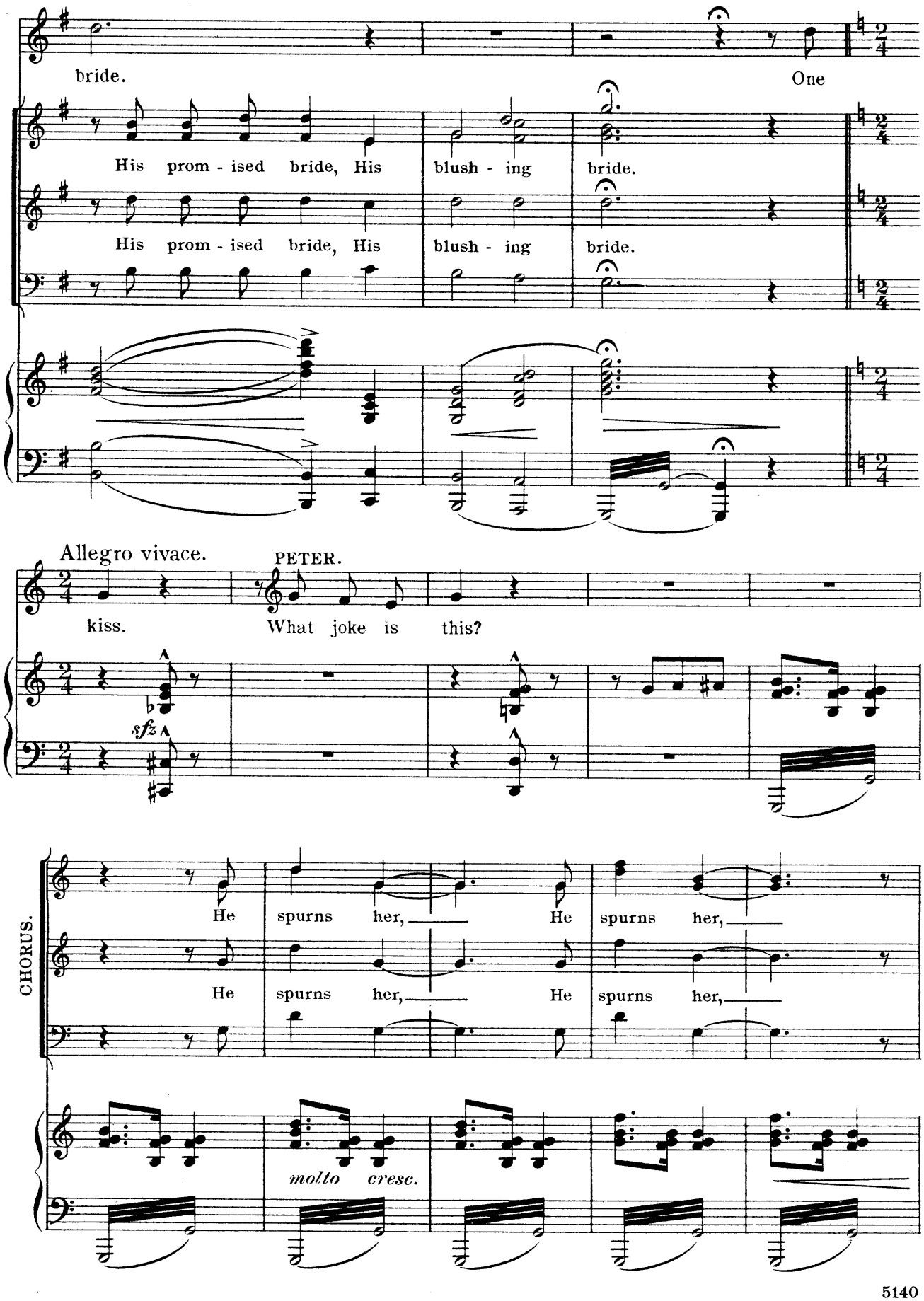
No. 11.

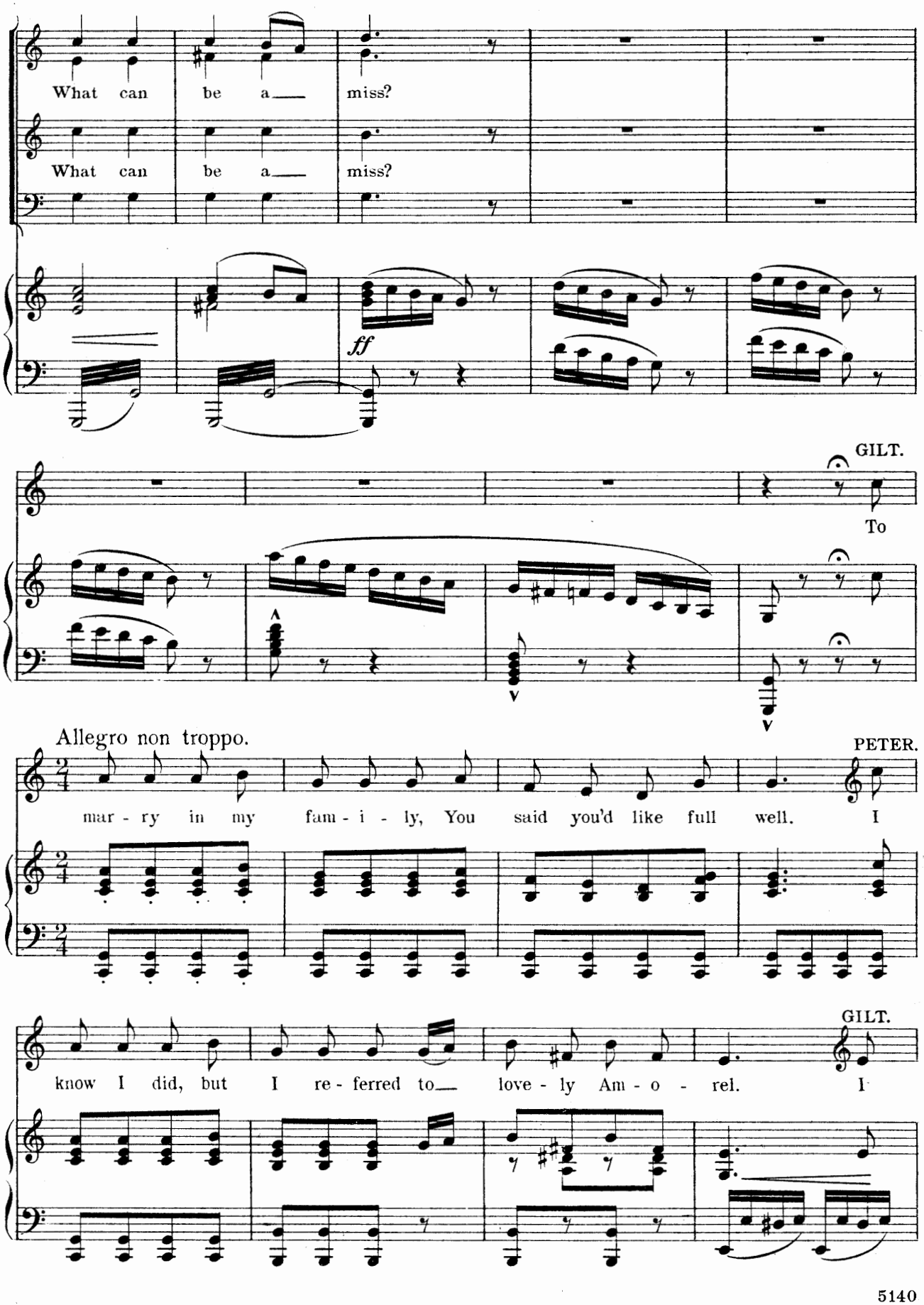
Principals and Chorus.

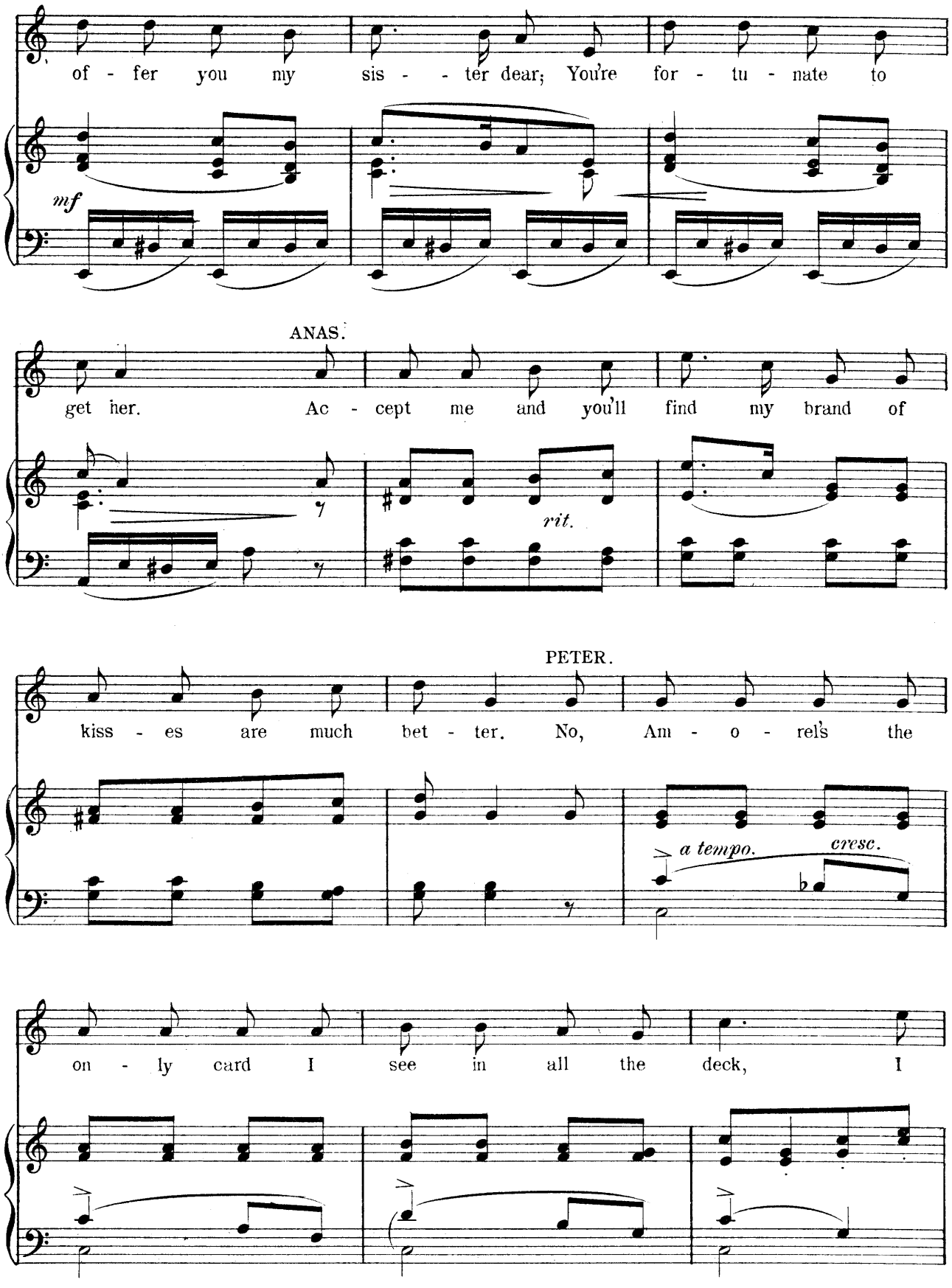


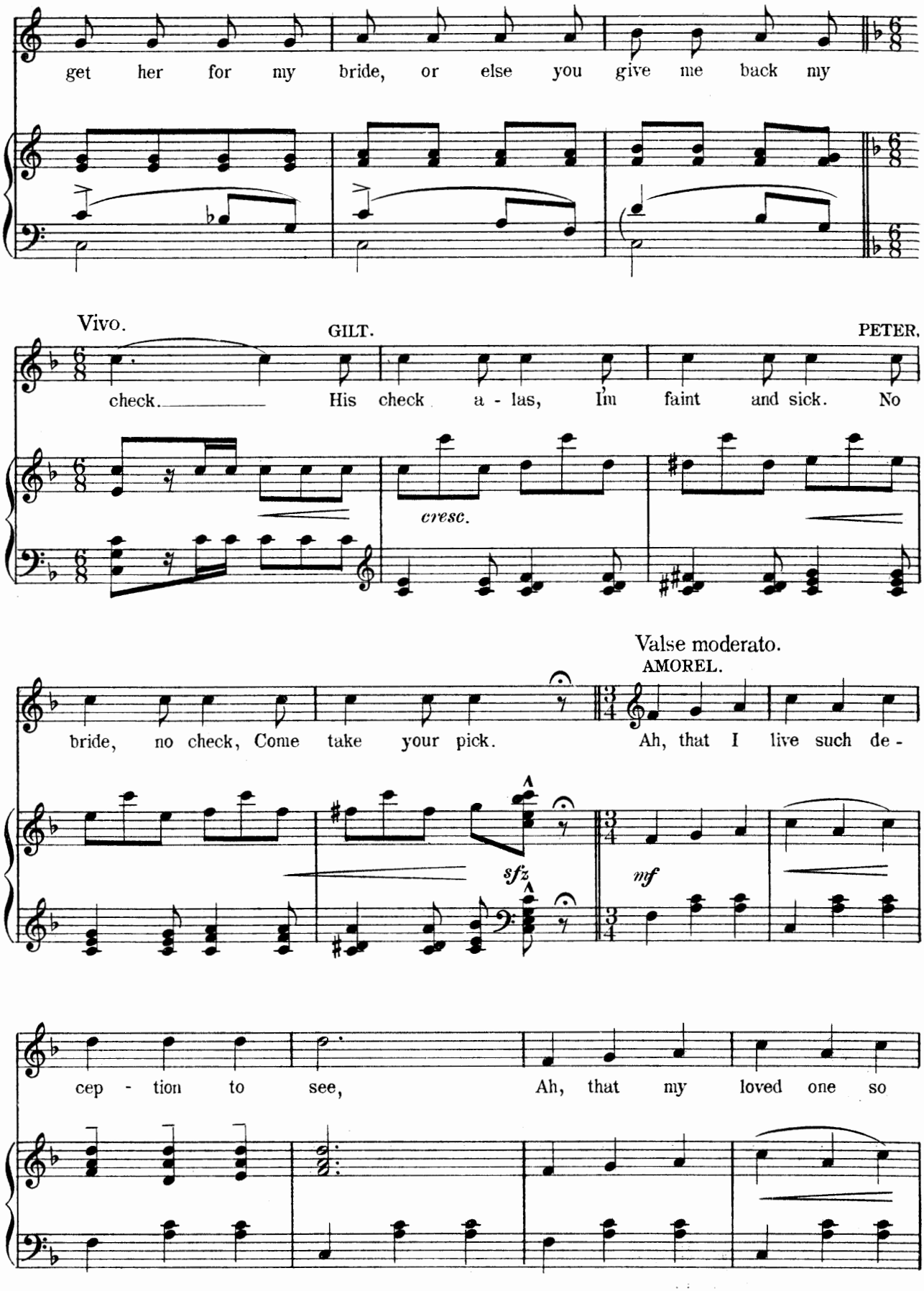

So now I take great plea-sure, Re-pay-ing in a
get, for-get.
get, for-get.
get, For-get, for-get.
pp
PETER. Moderato.
mea-sure, Ac-cept a pearl, a trea-sure. I'm read-y you can bet.
mf ANASTASIA.
Sit still my beat-ing heart, hold fast, I'm go-ing to land a man at
pp GILTEDGE.
O-ho my heart is beat-ing fast, I'll get my sis-ter wed at
pp PETER.
Sit still my beat-ing heart, hold fast, My luck is much too good to
expressivo

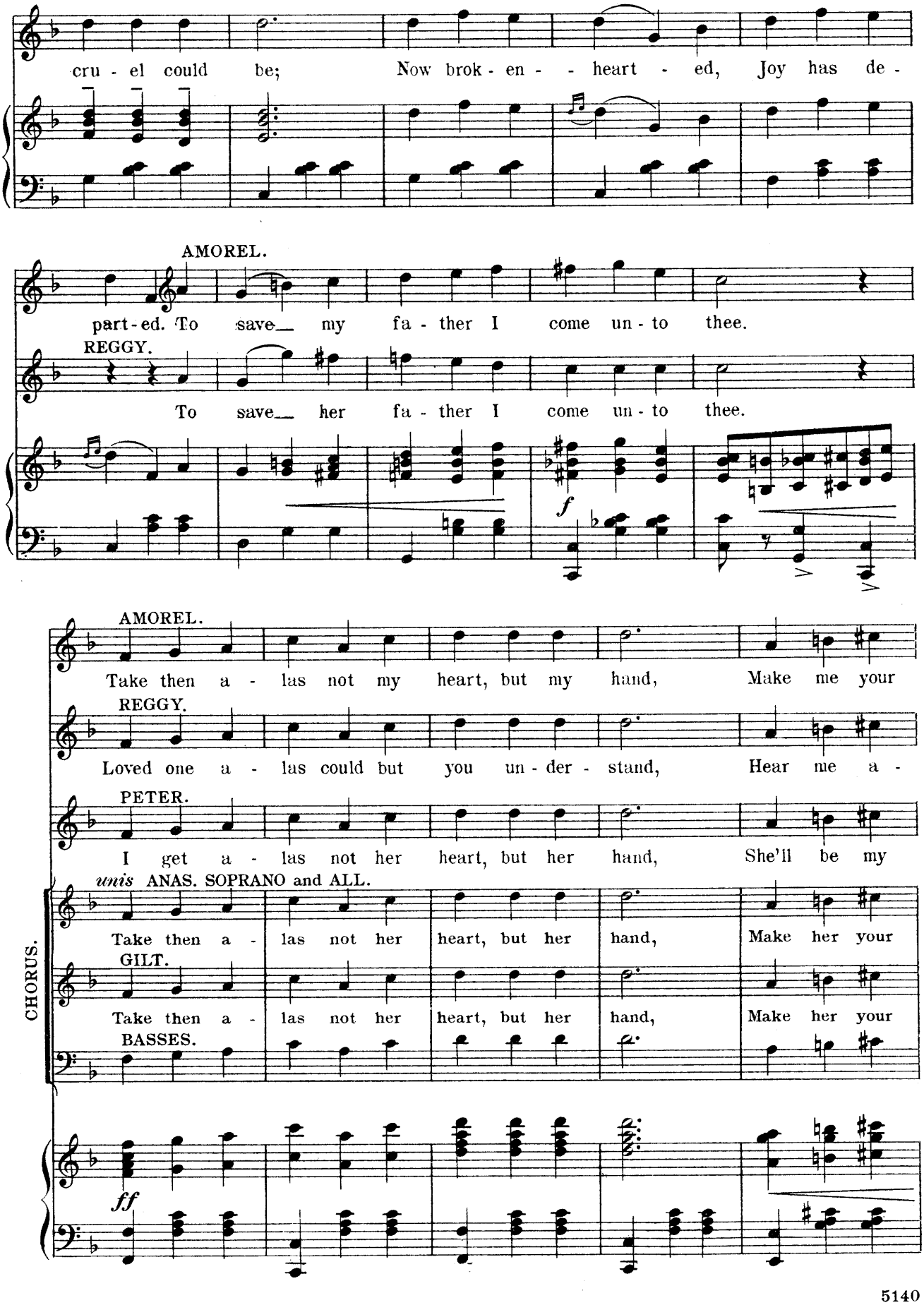

last. I wish the knot were safe-ly tied.
last. I wish the knot were safe-ly tied. I
last. To Am-o-rel I'll soon be tied.
cresc. e accel.
GILT.
PETER.
ANAS.
now pres-ent you with your prom-ised bride. My bride! His
His prom-ised bride.
His prom-ised bride.
CHORUS.
p
sfz

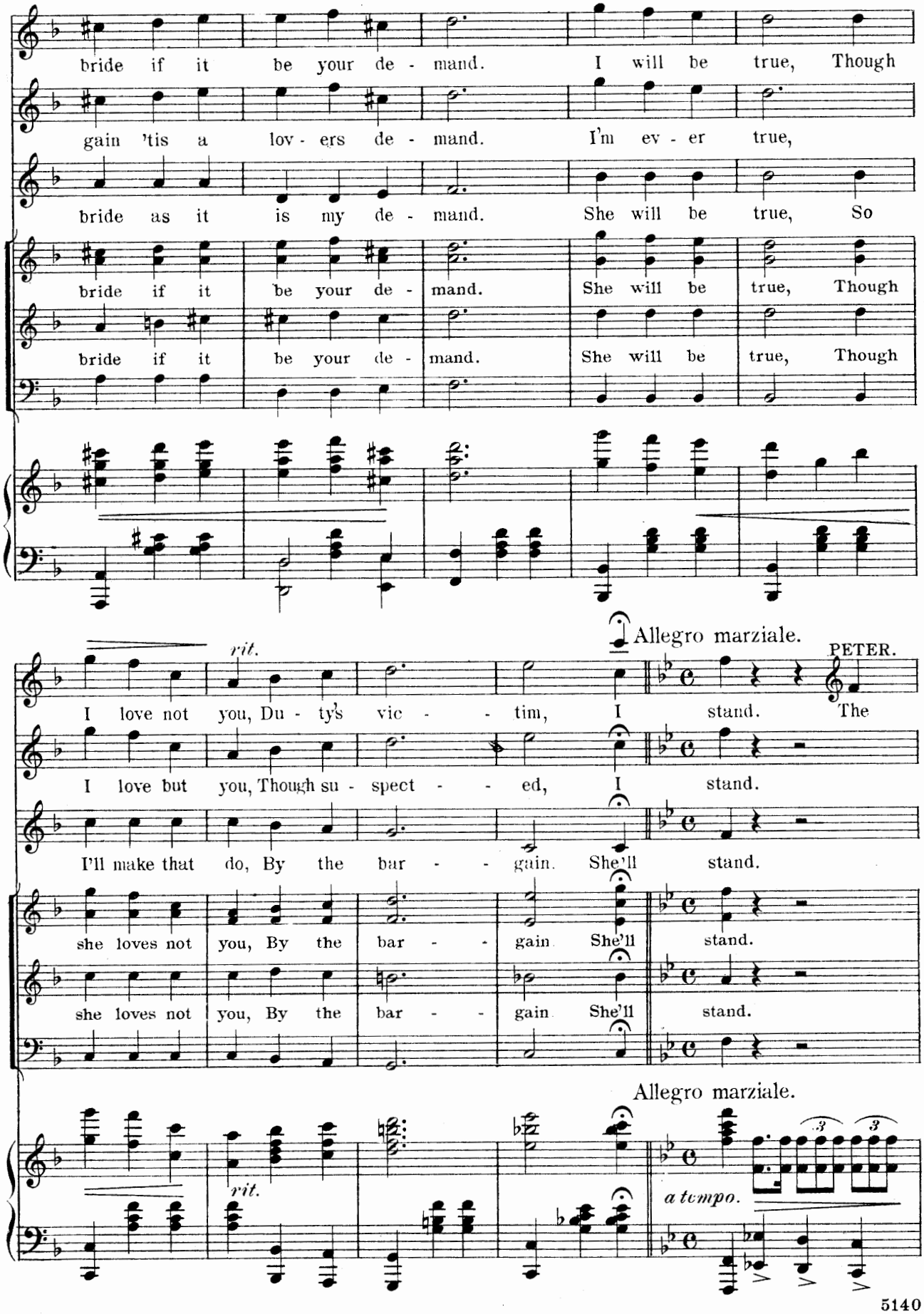

bride.
One
His prom - ised bride, His blush - ing bride.
His prom - ised bride, His blush - ing bride.
Allegro vivace.
PETER.
kiss.
What joke is this?
sfz
CHORUS.
He spurns her, He spurns her,
He spurns her, He spurns her,
molto cresc.

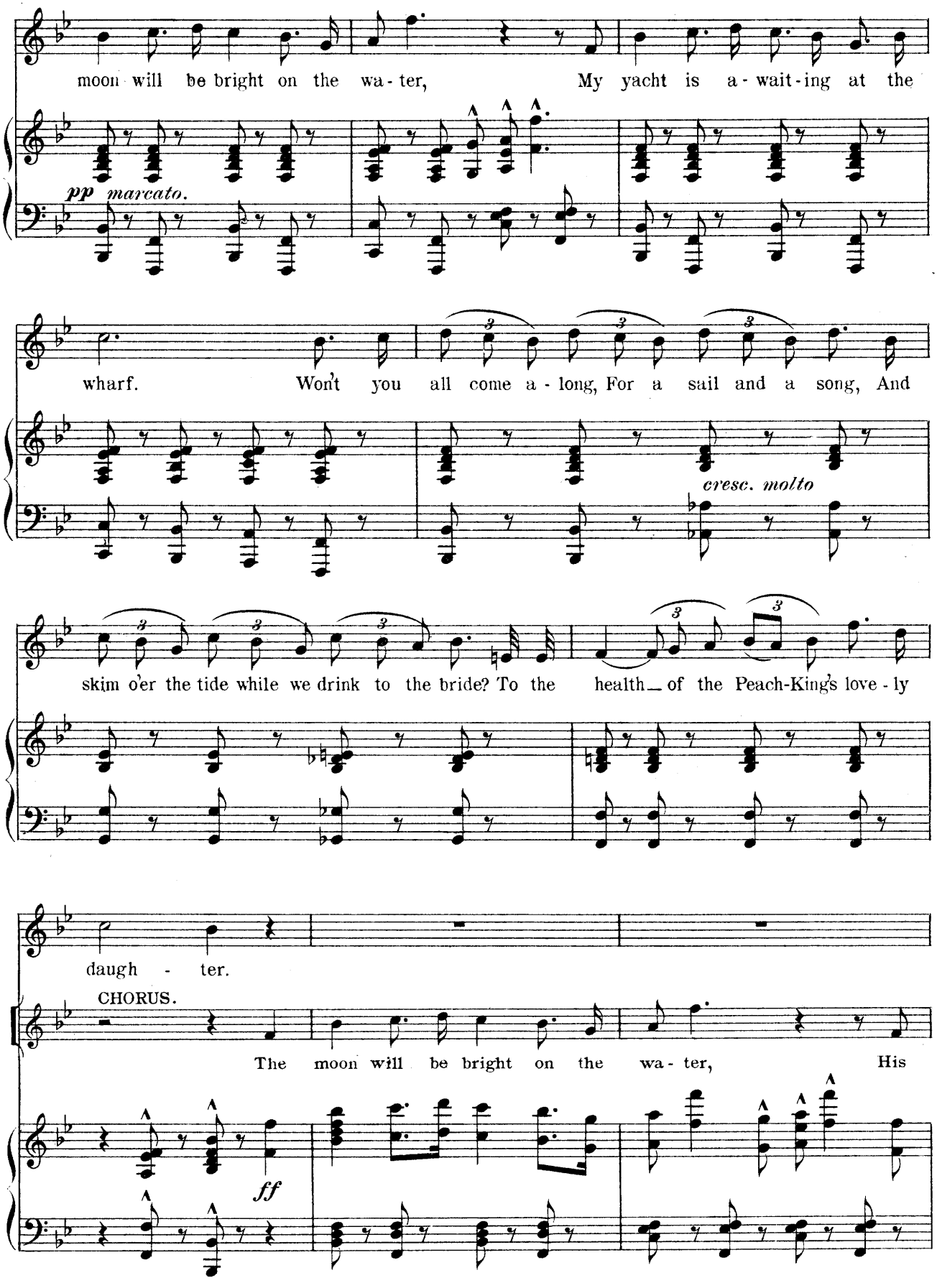

What can be a___ miss?
What can be a___ miss?
ff
GILT.
To
Allegro non troppo.
PETER.
mar - ry in my fam - i - ly, You said you'd like full well. I
GILT.
know I did, but I re - ferred to___ love - ly Am - o - rel. I

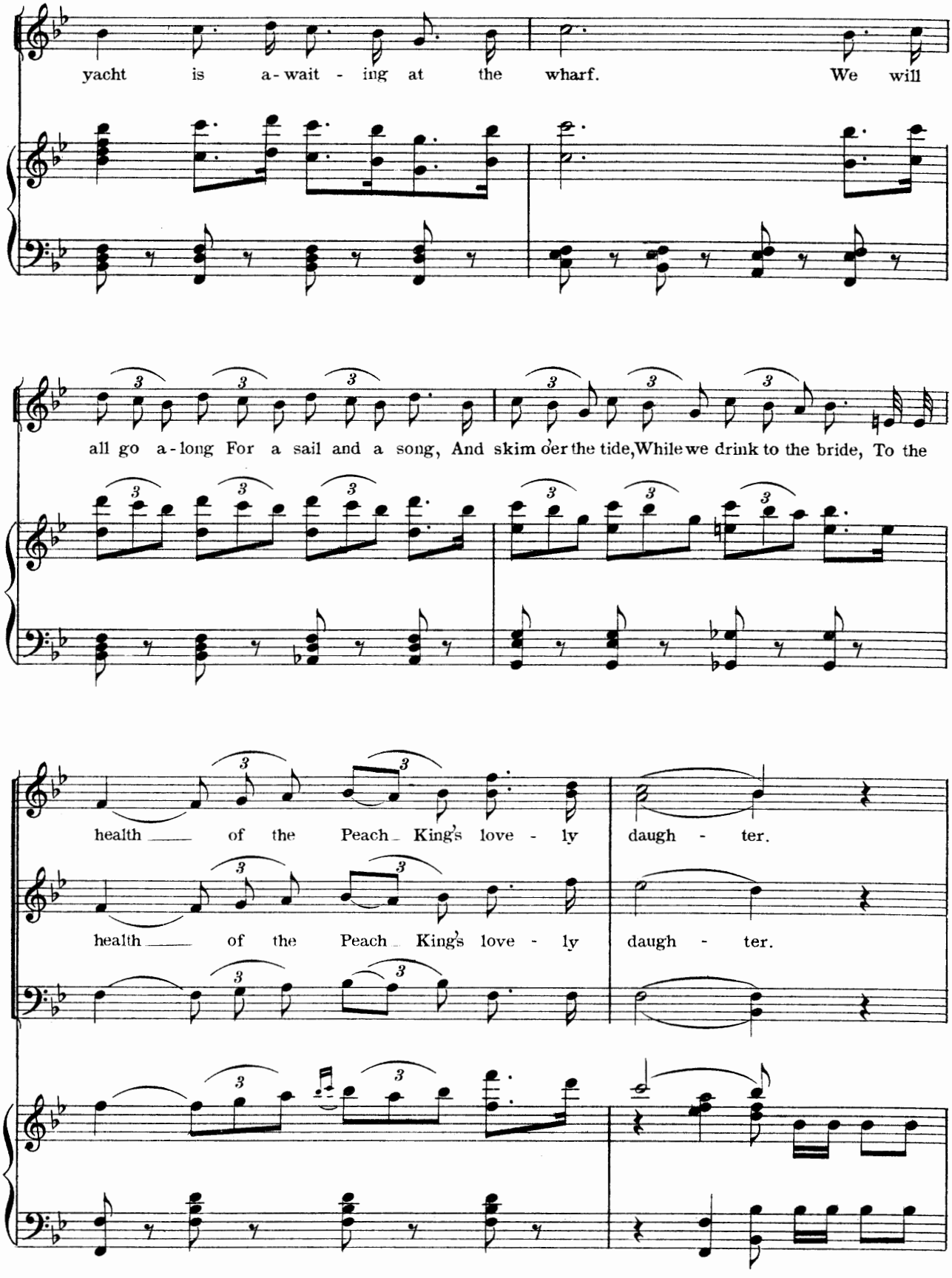

of - fer you my sis - - ter dear; You're for - tu - nate to
mf
ANAS.
get her. Ac - cept me and you'll find my brand of
rit.
PETER.
kiss - es are much bet - ter. No, Am - o - rel's the
a tempo.
cresc.
on - ly card I see in all the deck, I

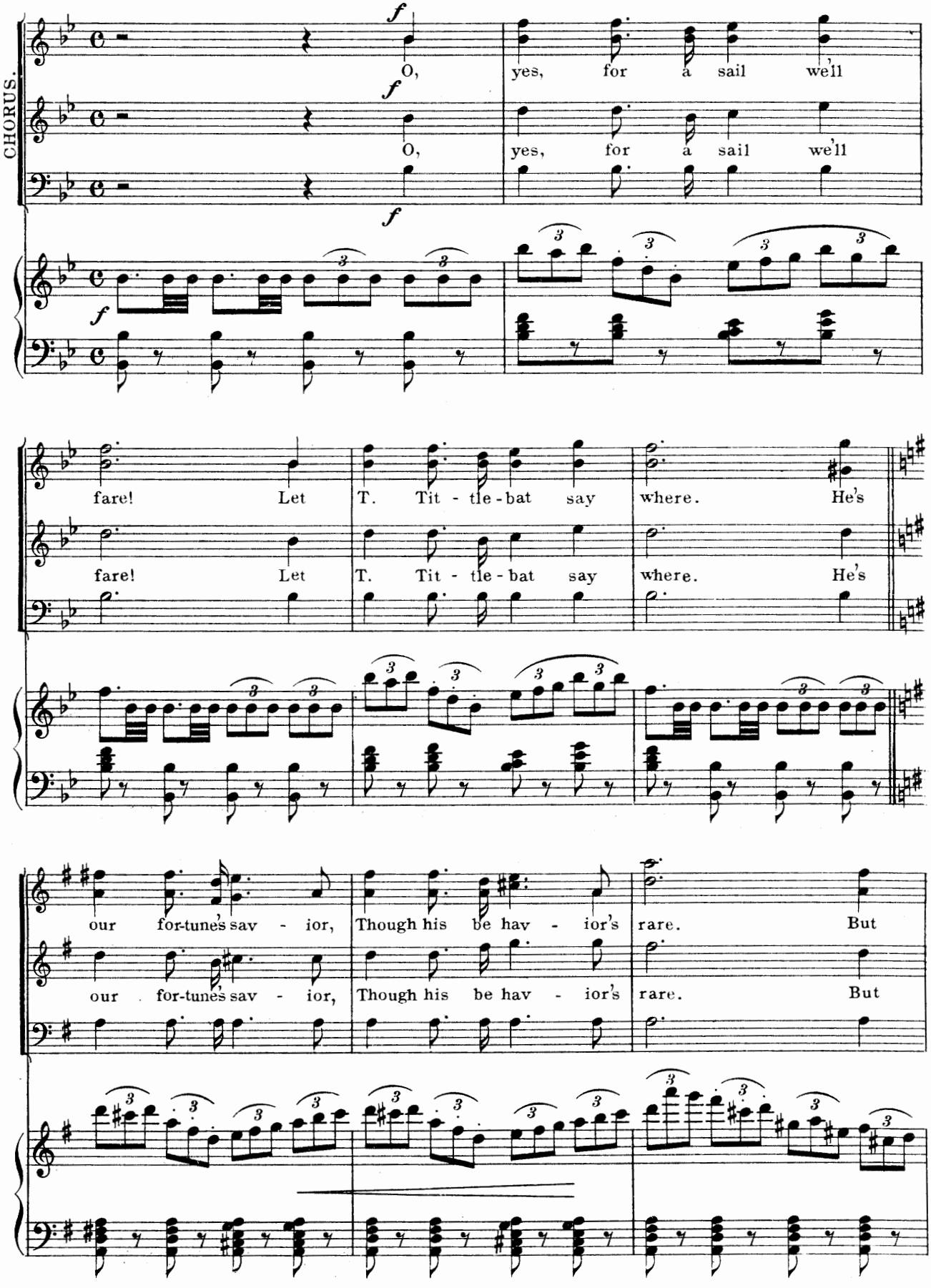

get her for my bride, or else you give me back my
Vivo.
GILT.
PETER.
check. His check a - las, I'm faint and sick. No
cresc.
Valse moderato.
AMOREL.
bride, no check, Come take your pick. Ah, that I live such de -
sfz
mf
cep - tion to see, Ah, that my loved one so

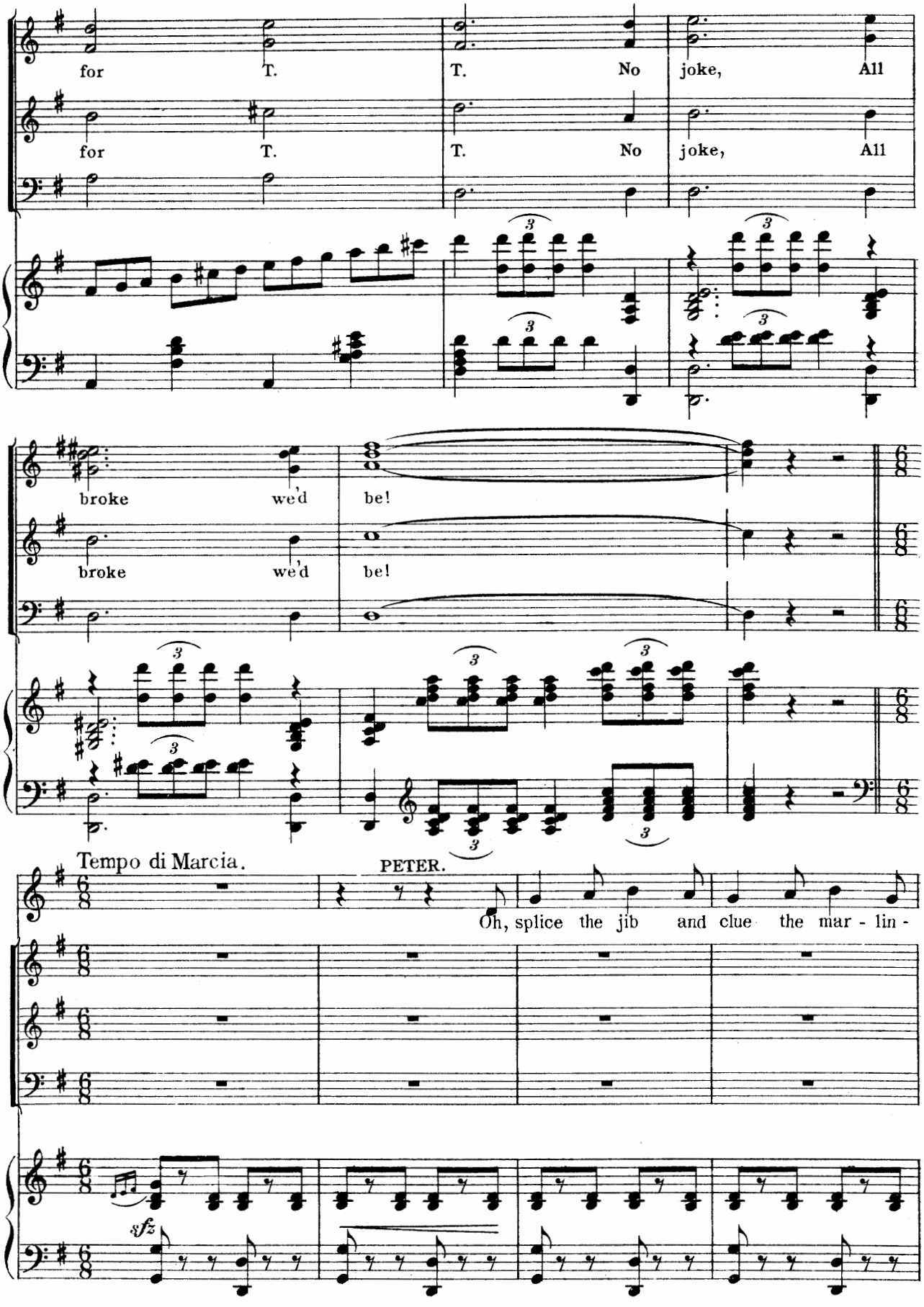

cru - el could be; Now brok - en - - heart - ed, Joy has de -
AMOREL.
part - ed. To save my fa - ther I come un - to thee.
REGGY.
To save her fa - ther I come un - to thee.
f
AMOREL.
Take then a - las not my heart, but my hand, Make me your
REGGY.
Loved one a - las could but you un - der - stand, Hear me a -
PETER.
I get a - las not her heart, but her hand, She'll be my
unis ANAS. SOPRANO and ALL.
Take then a - las not her heart, but her hand, Make her your
GILT.
Take then a - las not her heart, but her hand, Make her your
BASSES.
CHORUS.
ff

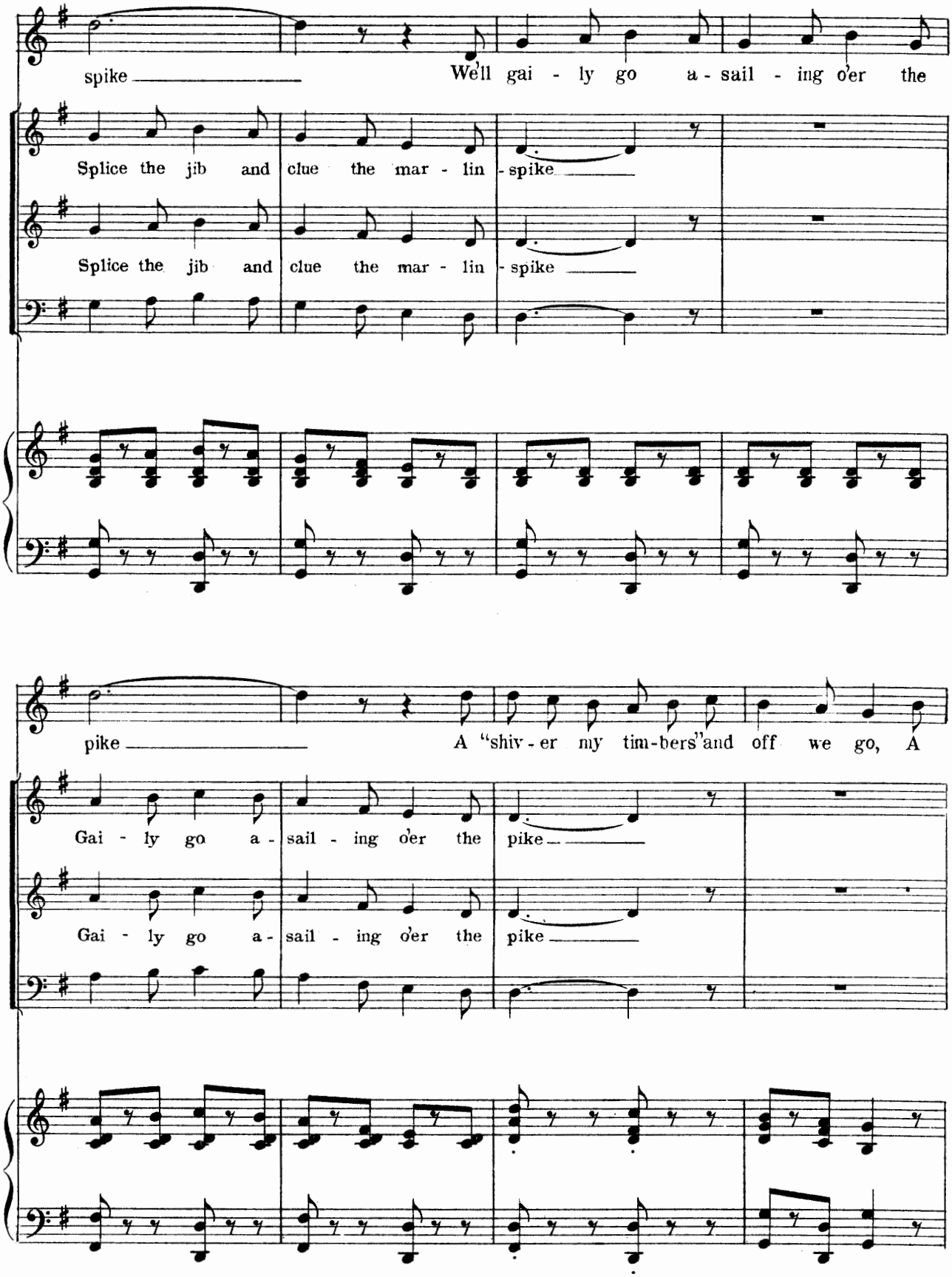

bride if it be your de - mand. I will be true, Though
gain 'tis a lov - ers de - mand. I'm ev - er true,
bride as it is my de - mand. She will be true, So
bride if it be your de - mand. She will be true, Though
bride if it be your de - mand. She will be true, Though
Allegro marziale.
rit.
I love not you, Du - ty's vic - - tim, I stand. The
PETER.
I love but you, Though su - spect - - ed, I stand.
I'll make that do, By the bar - - gain. She'll stand.
she loves not you, By the bar - - gain She'll stand.
she loves not you, By the bar - - gain She'll stand.
Allegro marziale.
rit.
a tempo.

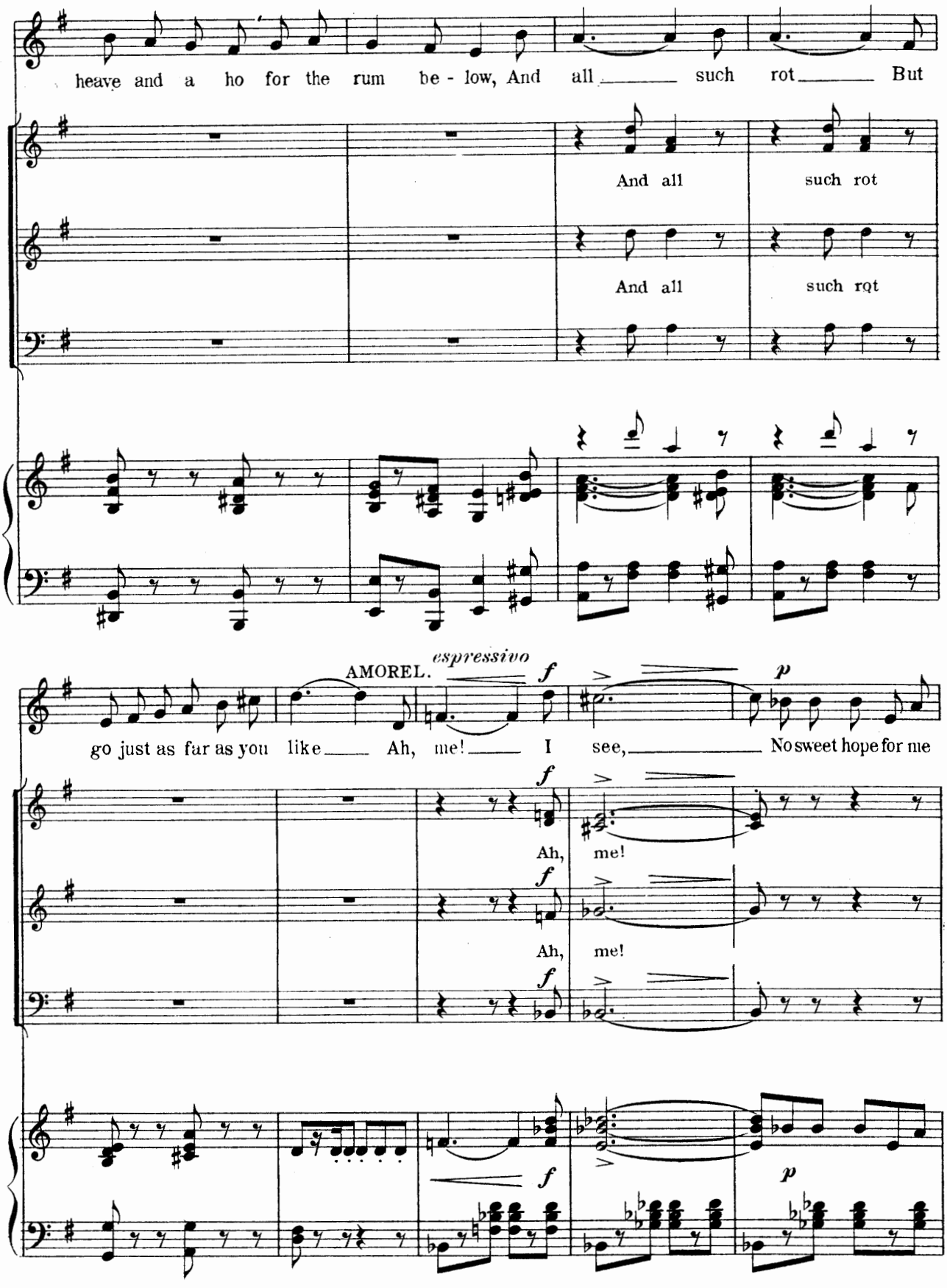

moon will be bright on the wa - ter, My yacht is a - wait - ing at the
pp marcato.
wharf. Won't you all come a - long, For a sail and a song, And
cresc. molto
skim o'er the tide while we drink to the bride? To the health of the Peach-King's love - ly
daugh - ter.
CHORUS.
The moon will be bright on the wa - ter, His
ff

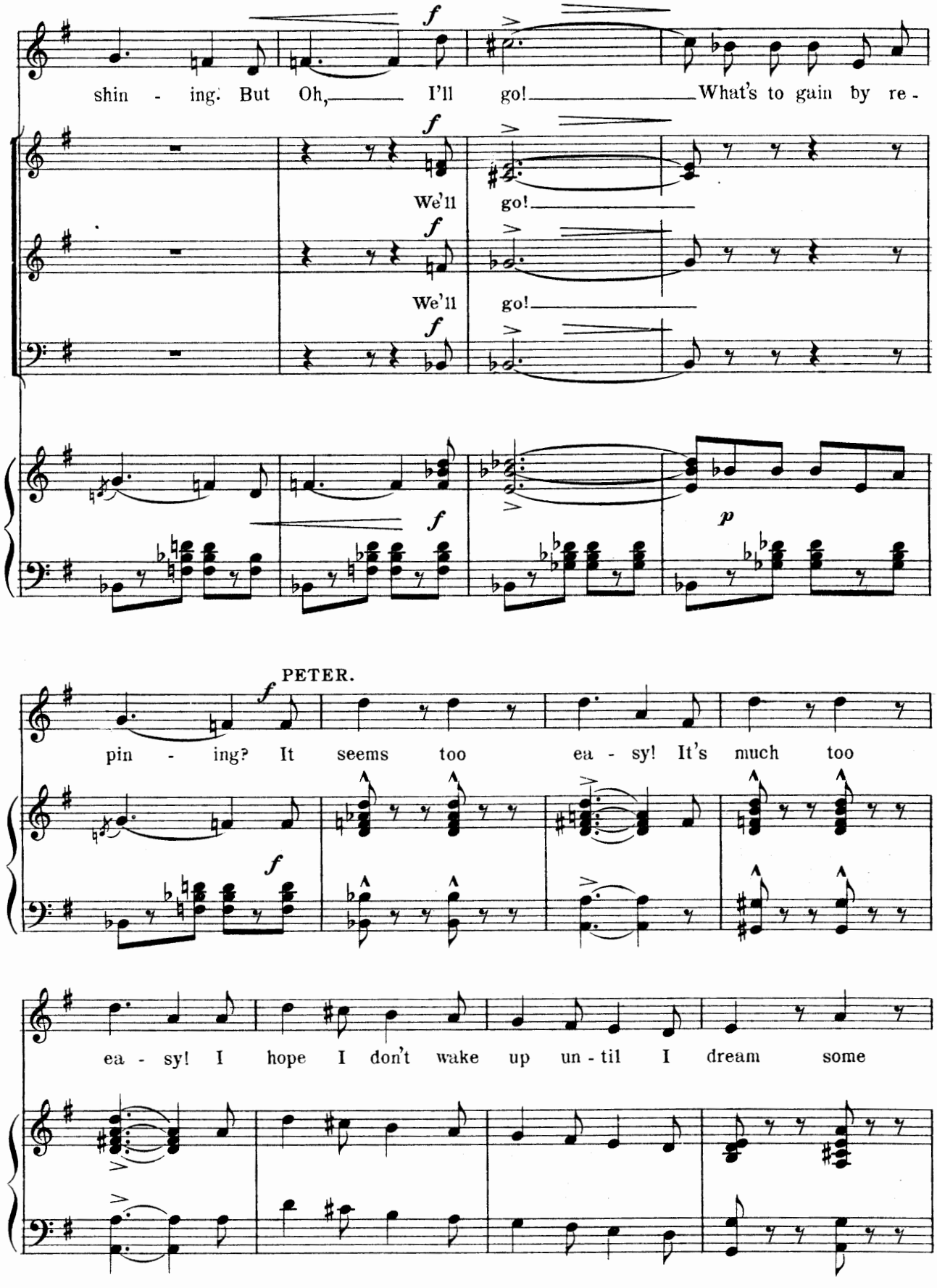

yacht is a-wait - ing at the wharf. We will
all go a-long For a sail and a song, And skim o'er the tide, While we drink to the bride, To the
health of the Peach King's love - ly daugh - ter.
health of the Peach King's love - ly daugh - ter.

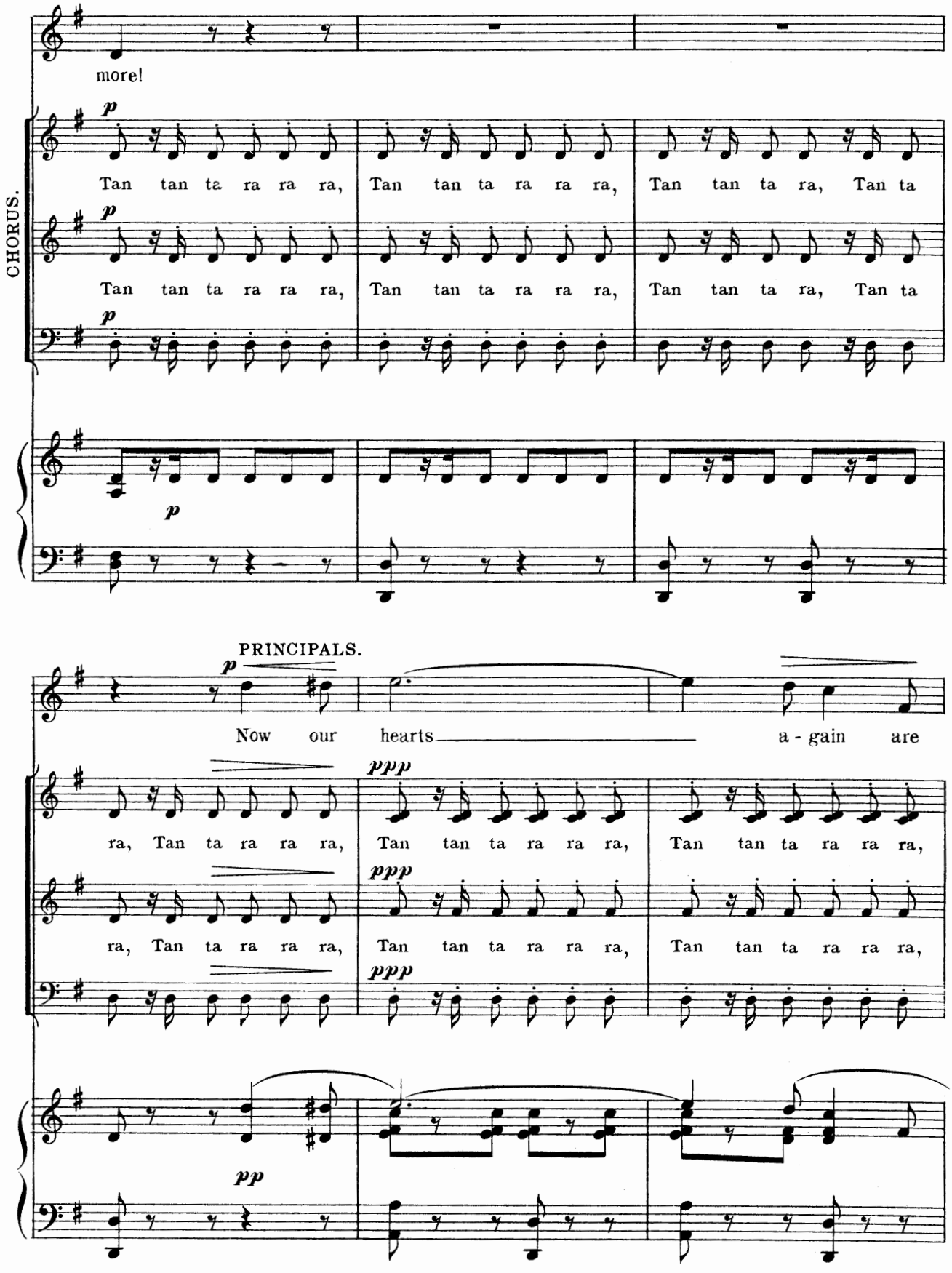

CHORUS.
f
O, yes, for a sail we'll
O, yes, for a sail we'll
f
f
fare! Let T. Tit - tle - bat say where. He's
fare! Let T. Tit - tle - bat say where. He's
our for-tune's sav - ior, Though his be hav - ior's rare. But
our for-tune's sav - ior, Though his be hav - ior's rare. But

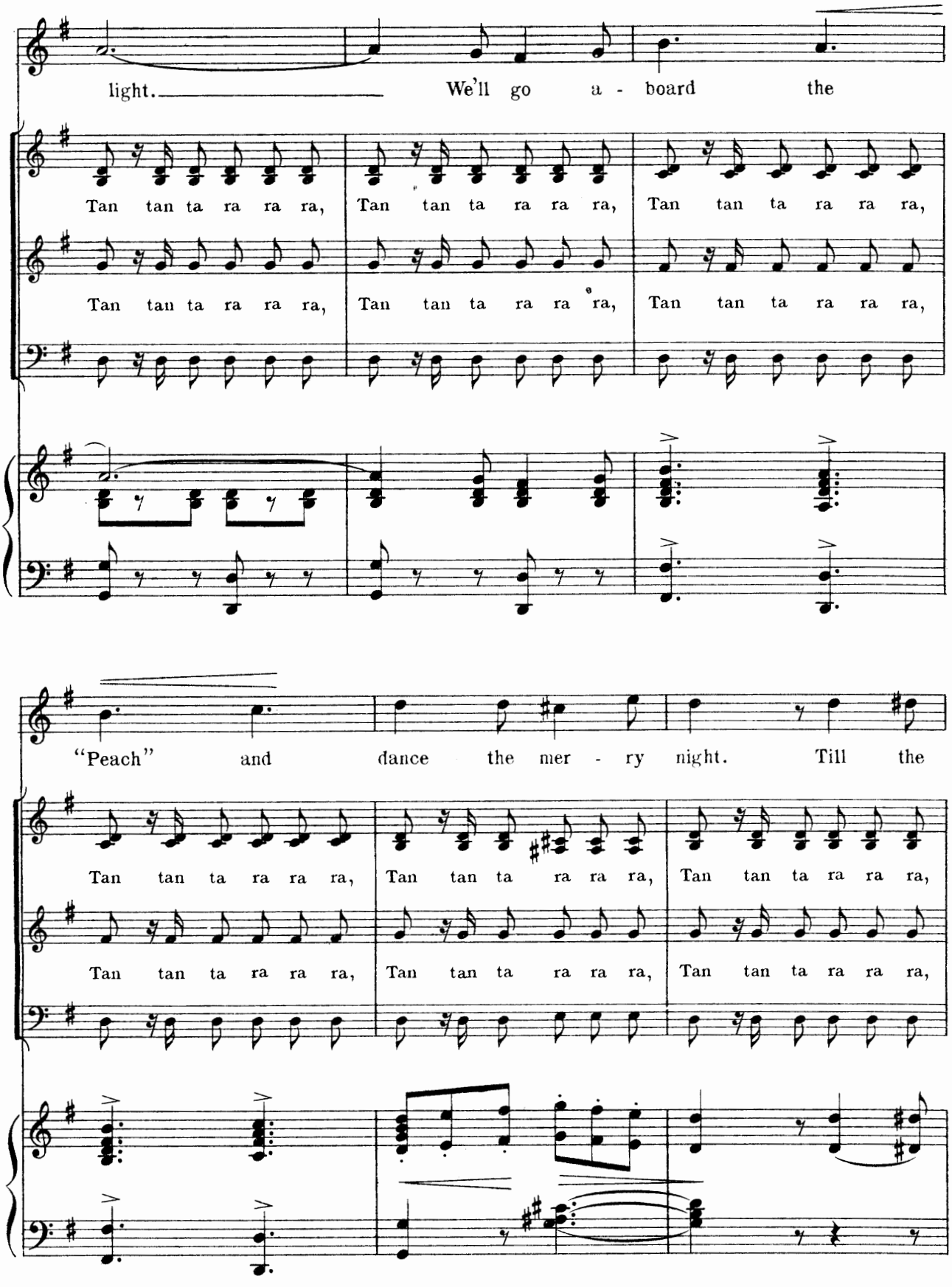

for T. T. No joke, All
for T. T. No joke, All
broke we'd be!
broke we'd be!
Tempo di Marcia.
PETER.
Oh, splice the jib and clue the mar - lin -
sfz

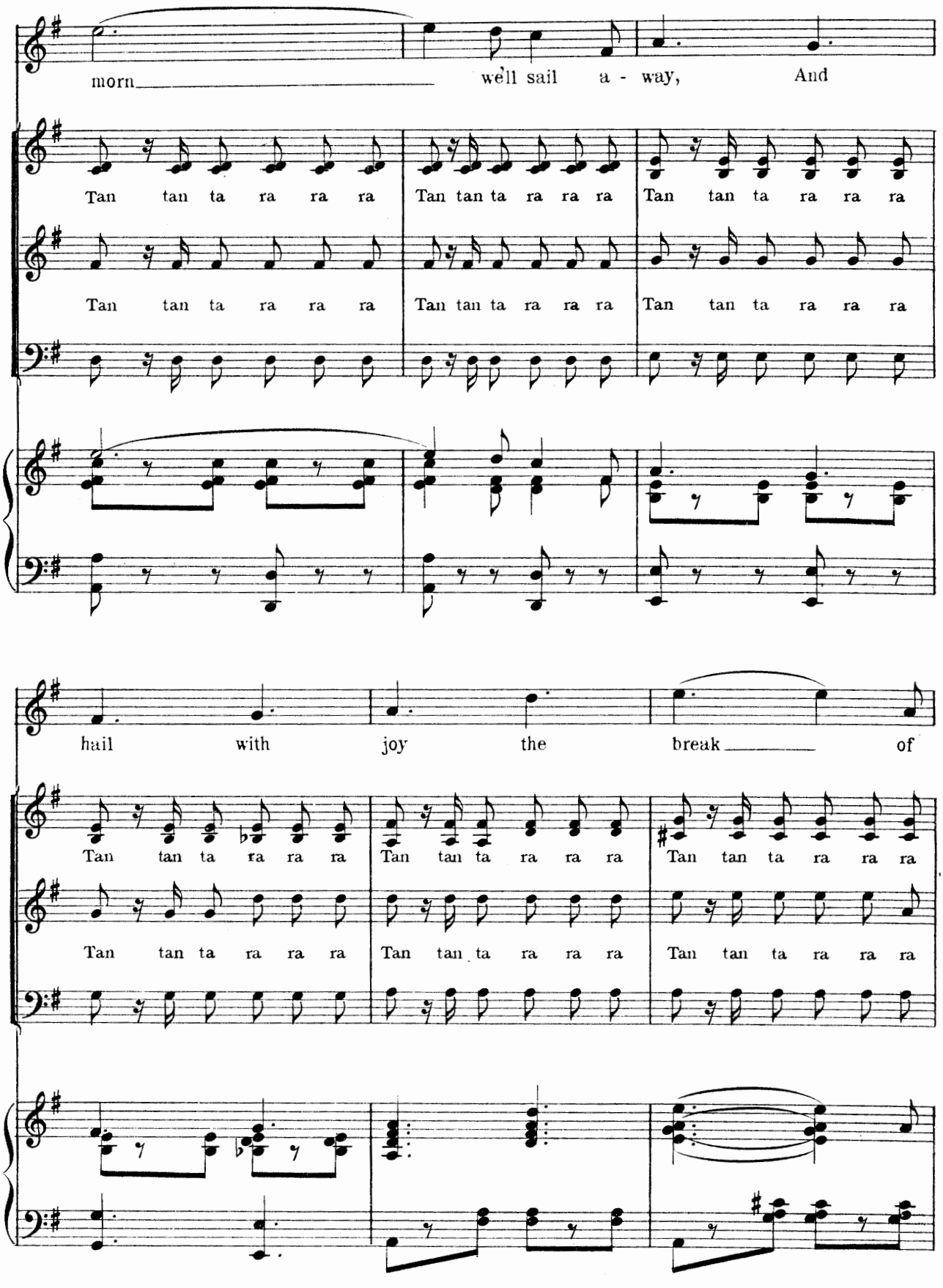

spike
We'll gai - ly go a - sail - ing o'er the
Splice the jib and clue the mar - lin - spike
Splice the jib and clue the mar - lin - spike
pike
A "shiv - er my tim - bers" and off we go, A
Gai - ly go a - sail - ing o'er the pike
Gai - ly go a - sail - ing o'er the pike

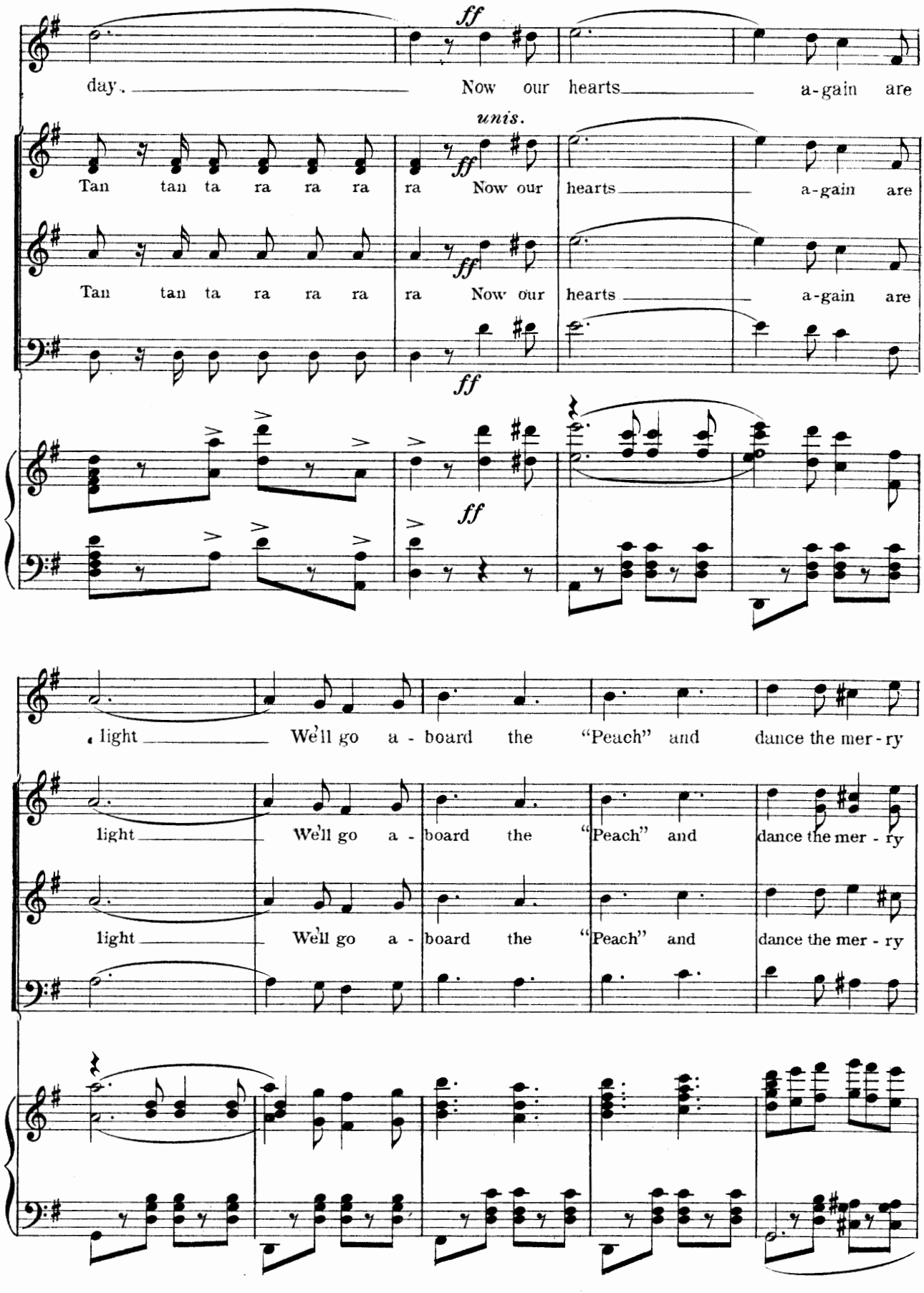

heave and a ho for the rum be - low, And all such rot But
And all such rot
And all such rot
AMOREL. espressivo
f
p
go just as far as you like Ah, me! I see, No sweet hope for me
f
Ah, me!
f
Ah, me!
f
f
p

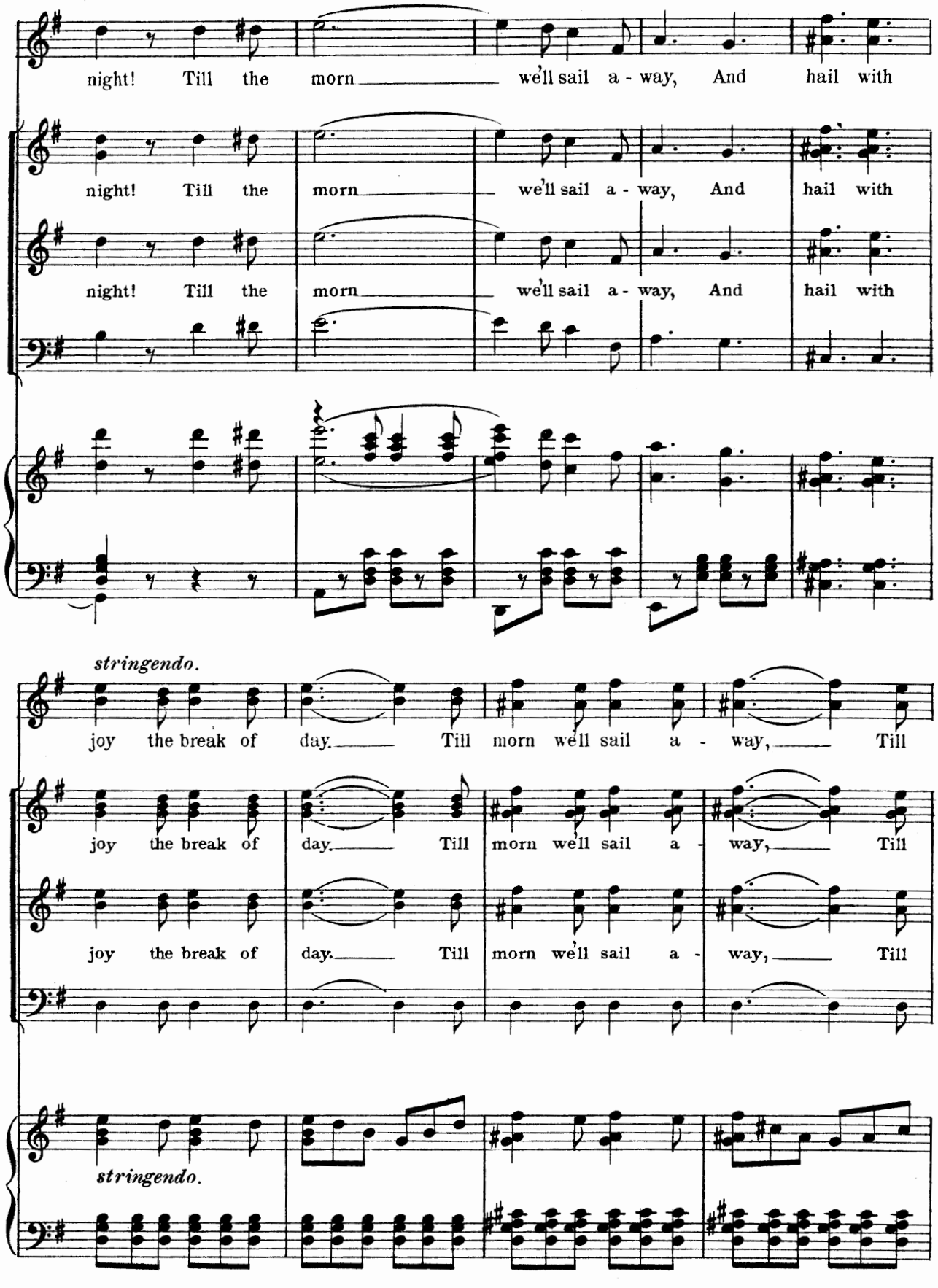

shin - ing. But Oh, I'll go! What's to gain by re -
We'll go!
We'll go!
PETER.
pin - ing? It seems too ea - sy! It's much too
ea - sy! I hope I don't wake up un - til I dream some

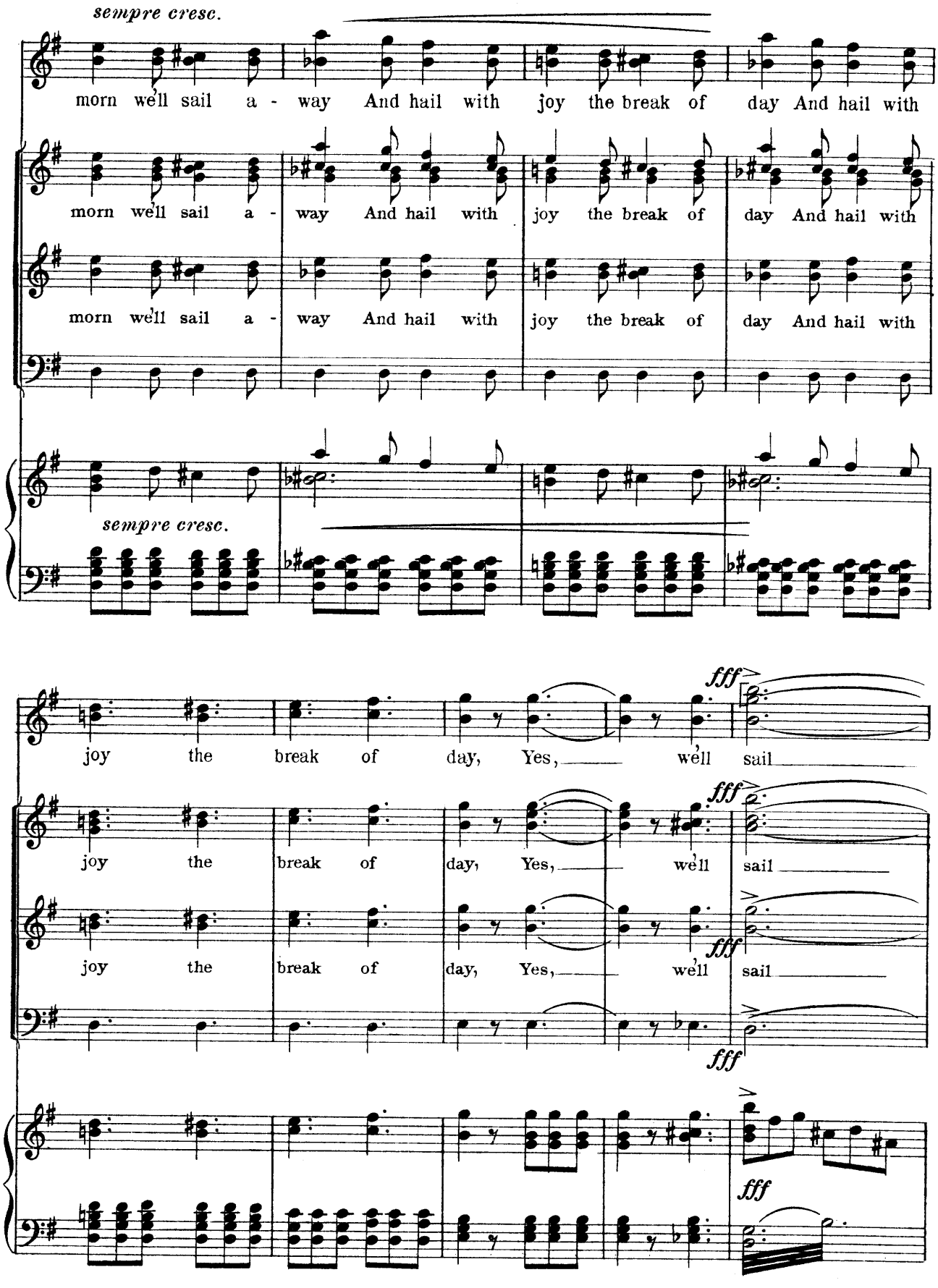

more!
CHORUS.
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra, Tan ta
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra, Tan ta
PRINCIPALS.
Now our hearts a - gain are
ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,
ra, Tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,

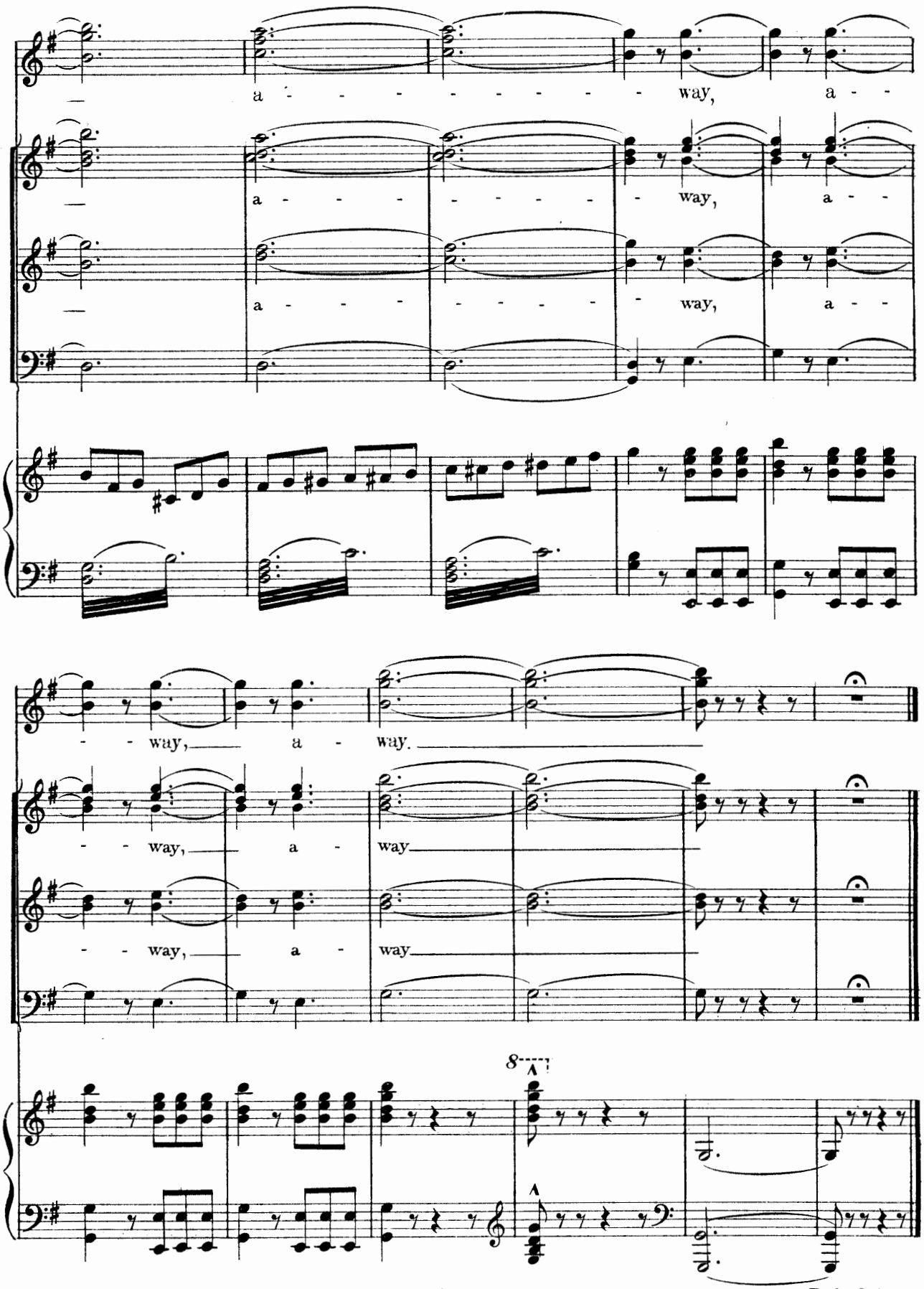

light. We'll go a - board the
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,
"Peach" and dance the mer - ry night. Till the
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,
Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra, Tan tan ta ra ra ra,


morn
we'll sail a - way, And
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
hail with joy the break of
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra
Tan tan ta ra ra ra


ff
day. Now our hearts a-gain are
unis.
Tan tan ta ra ra ra ra Now our hearts a-gain are
Tan tan ta ra ra ra ra Now our hearts a-gain are
ff
light We'll go a-board the "Peach" and dance the mer-ry
light We'll go a-board the "Peach" and dance the mer-ry
light We'll go a-board the "Peach" and dance the mer-ry


night! Till the morn we'll sail a - way, And hail with
night! Till the morn we'll sail a - way, And hail with
night! Till the morn we'll sail a - way, And hail with
stringendo.
joy the break of day. Till morn we'll sail a - way, Till
joy the break of day. Till morn we'll sail a - way, Till
joy the break of day. Till morn we'll sail a - way, Till
stringendo.


sempre cresc.
morn we'll sail a - way And hail with joy the break of day And hail with
morn we'll sail a - way And hail with joy the break of day And hail with
morn we'll sail a - way And hail with joy the break of day And hail with
sempre cresc.
fff
joy the break of day, Yes, we'll sail
joy the break of day, Yes, we'll sail
joy the break of day, Yes, we'll sail
fff
fff
fff



End of Act I.

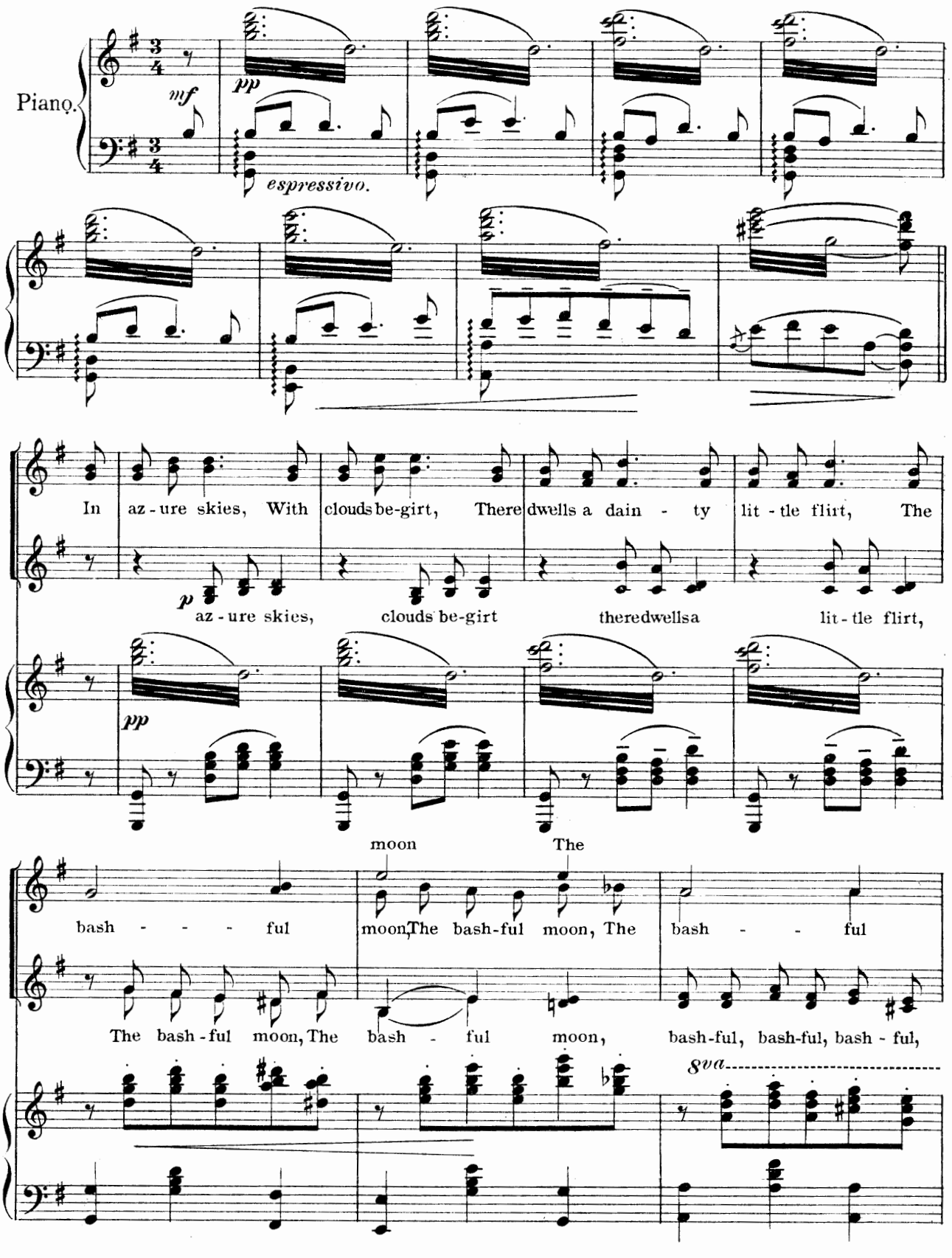
Opening.

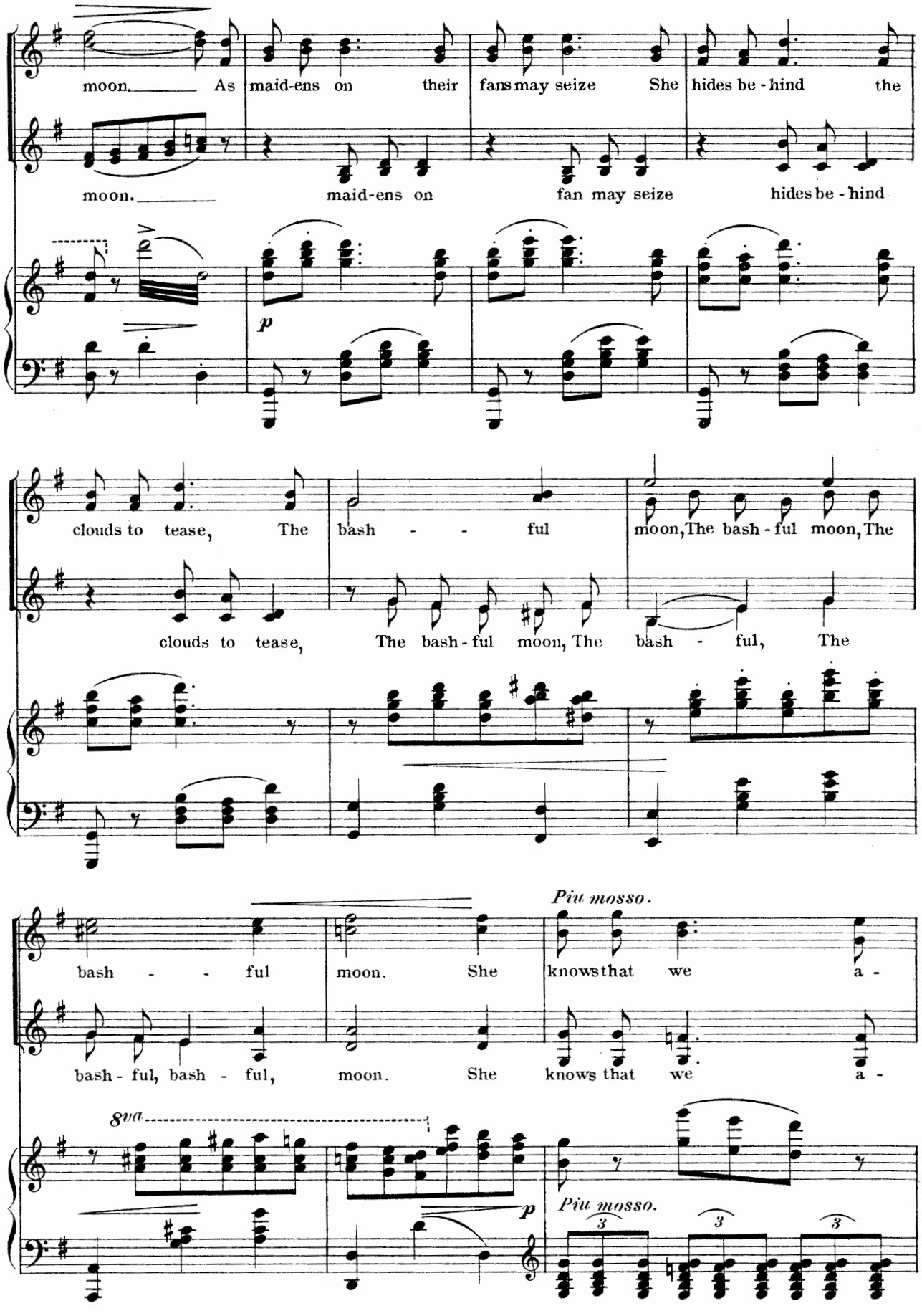
"The Bashful Moon."

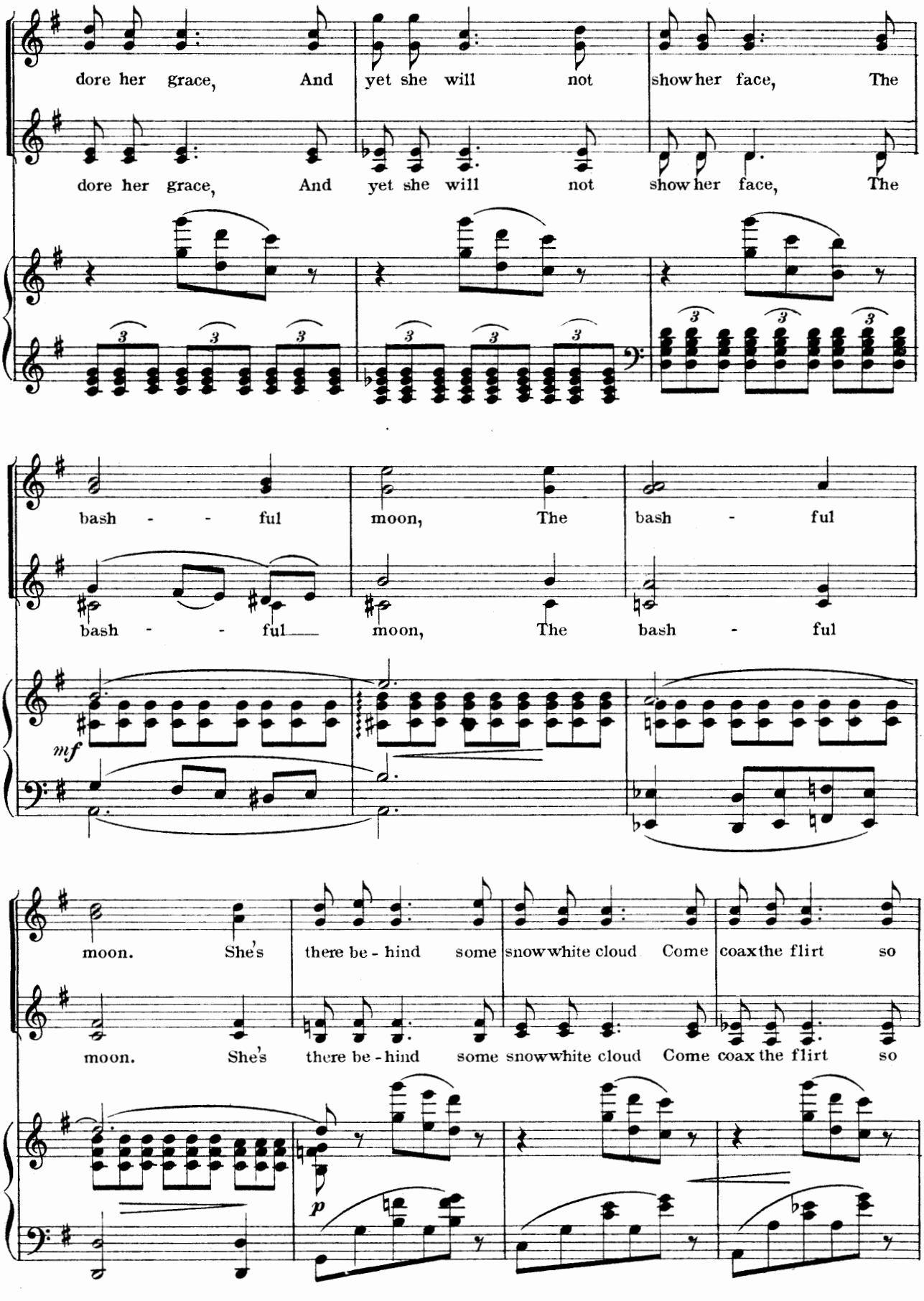
Female Chorus.

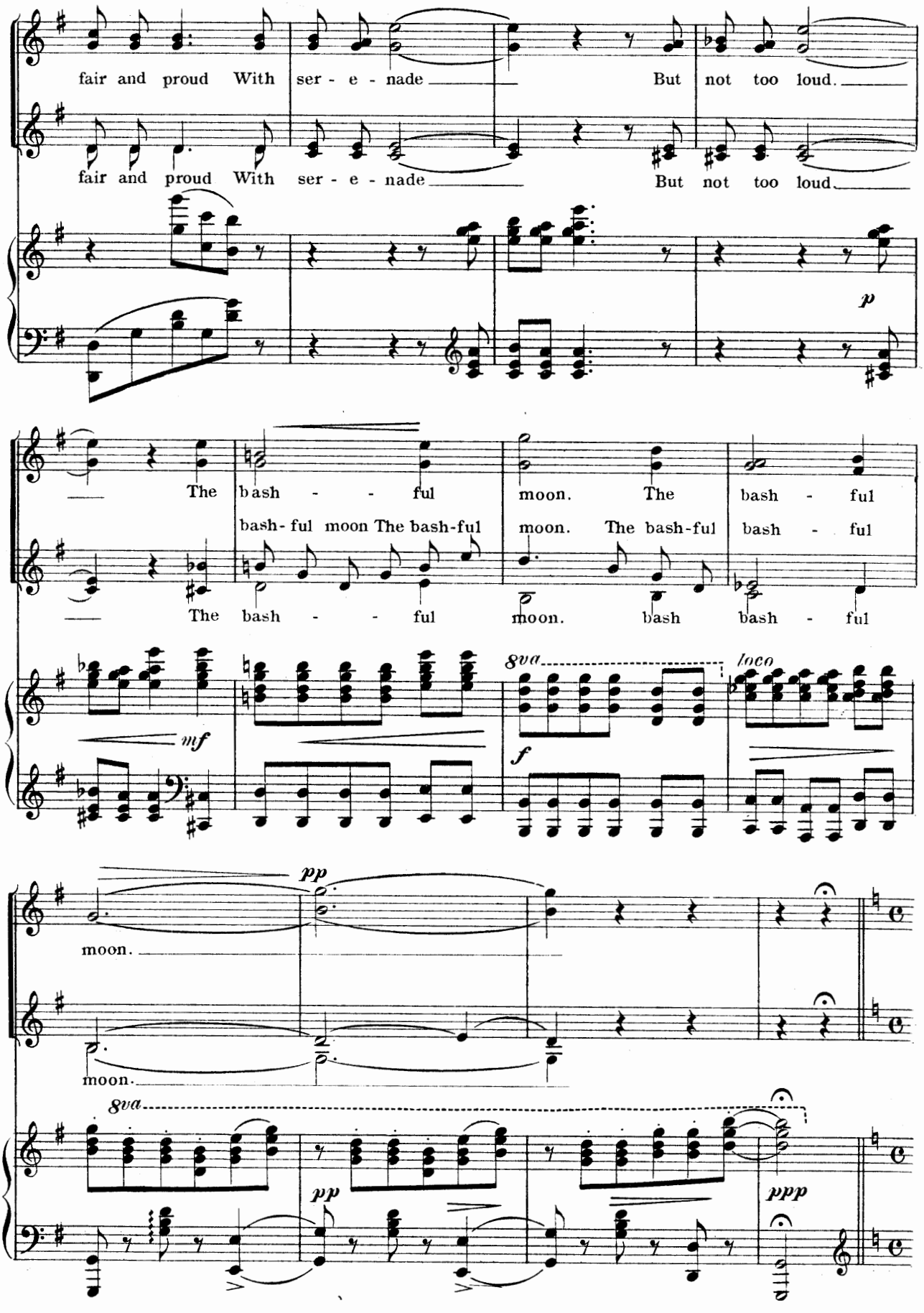
№ 12.

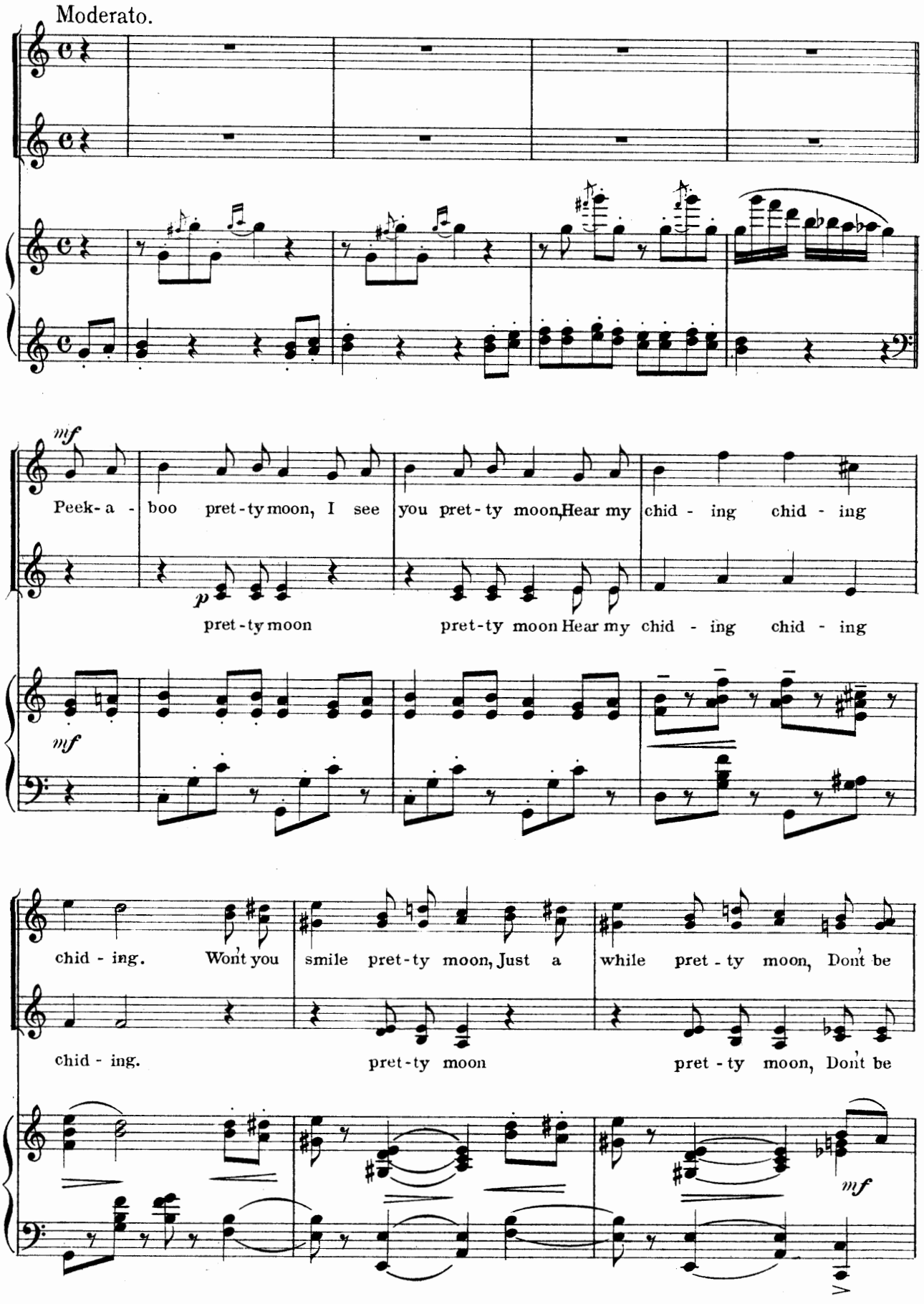
Andante.

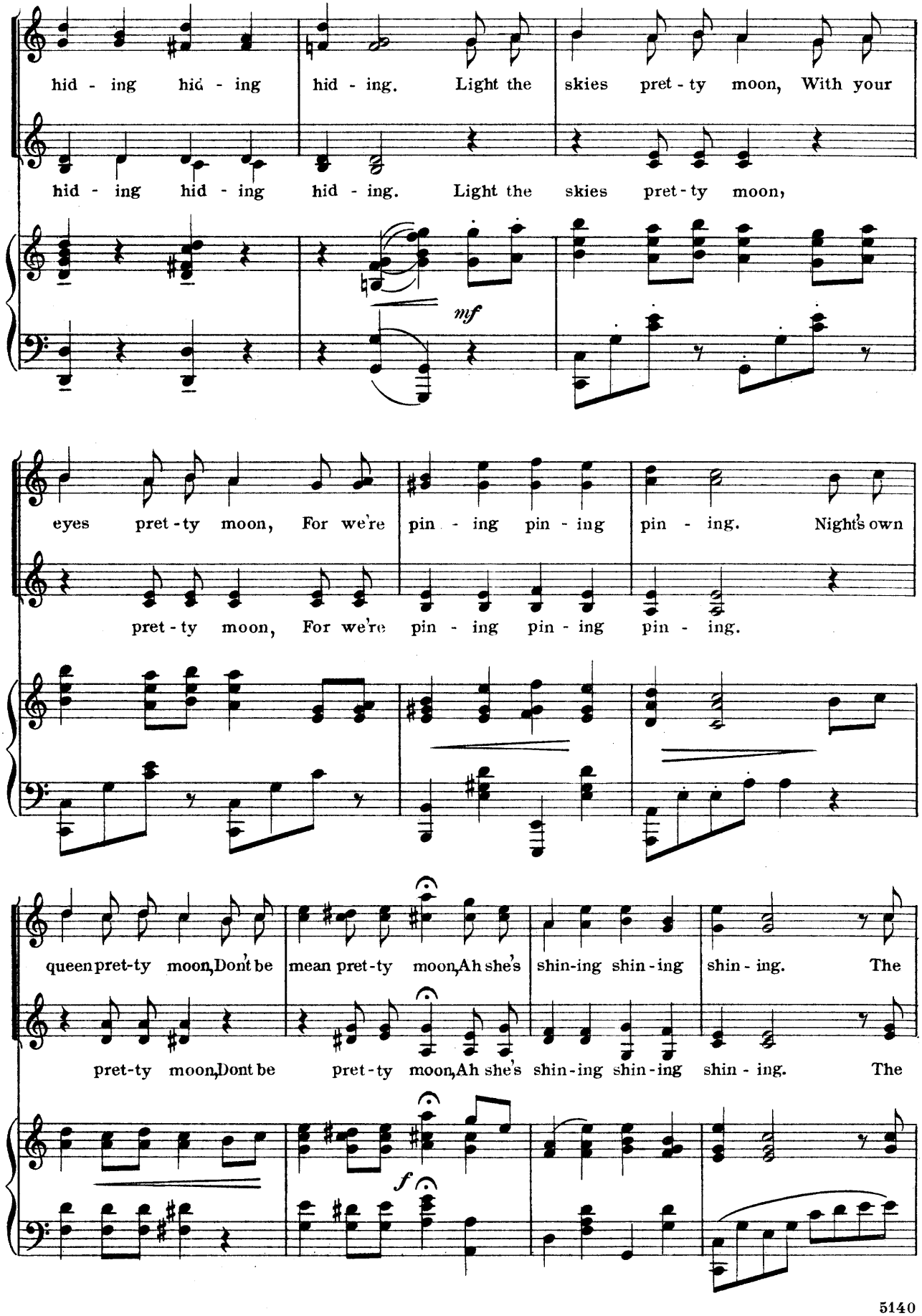


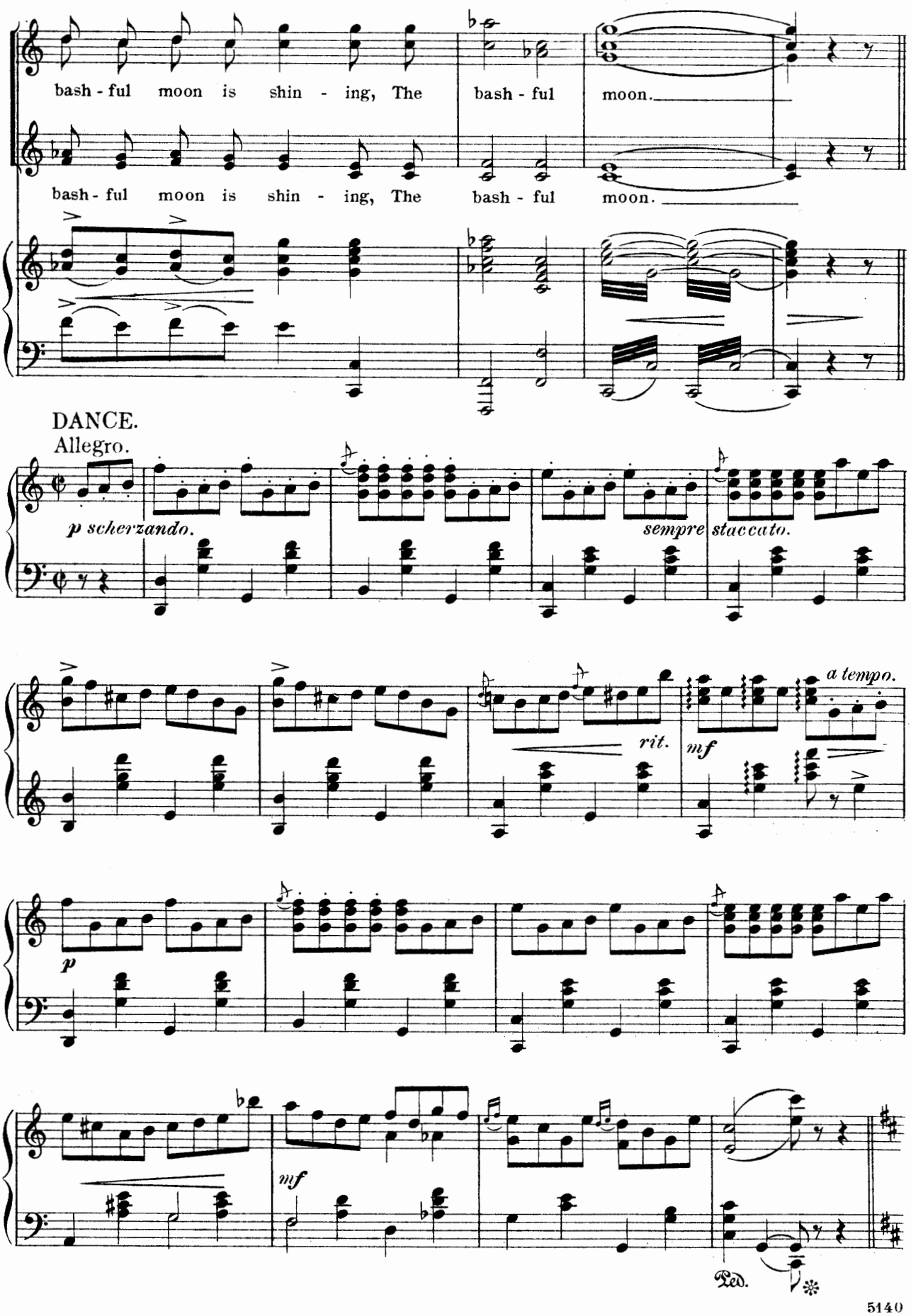

moon. As maid-ens on their fans may seize She hides be - hind the
moon. maid-ens on fan may seize hides be - hind
p
clouds to tease, The bash - - ful moon, The bash - ful moon, The
clouds to tease, The bash - ful moon, The bash - ful, The
Piu mosso.
bash - - ful moon. She knows that we a -
bash - ful, bash - ful, moon. She knows that we a -
8va
p
Piu mosso.
3
3
3


dore her grace, And yet she will not show her face, The
dore her grace, And yet she will not show her face, The
bash - - ful moon, The bash - ful
bash - - ful moon, The bash - ful
mf
moon. She's there be - hind some snow white cloud Come coax the flirt so
moon. She's there be - hind some snow white cloud Come coax the flirt so
p


fair and proud With ser - e - nade But not too loud.
fair and proud With ser - e - nade But not too loud.
p
The bash - - ful moon. The bash - ful
bash- ful moon The bash-ful moon. The bash-ful bash - ful
The bash - - ful moon. bash bash - ful
mf
8va
loco
f
pp
moon.
moon.
8va
pp
ppp

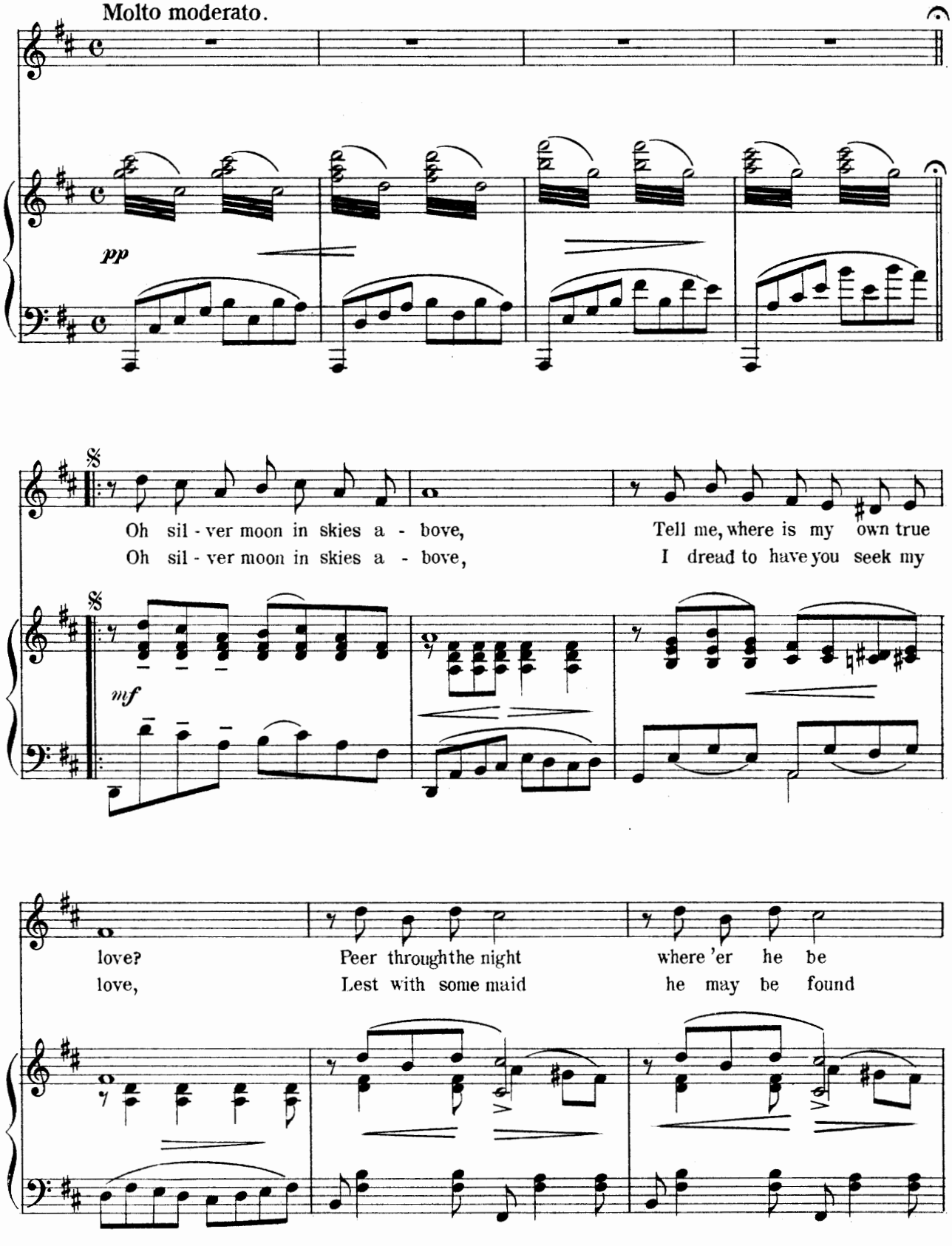

Moderato.
mf
Peek-a - boo pret-ty moon, I see you pret-ty moon, Hear my chid - ing chid - ing
p
pret-ty moon pret-ty moon Hear my chid - ing chid - ing
mf
chid - ing. Won't you smile pret-ty moon, Just a while pret - ty moon, Don't be
chid - ing. pret-ty moon pret - ty moon, Don't be
mf

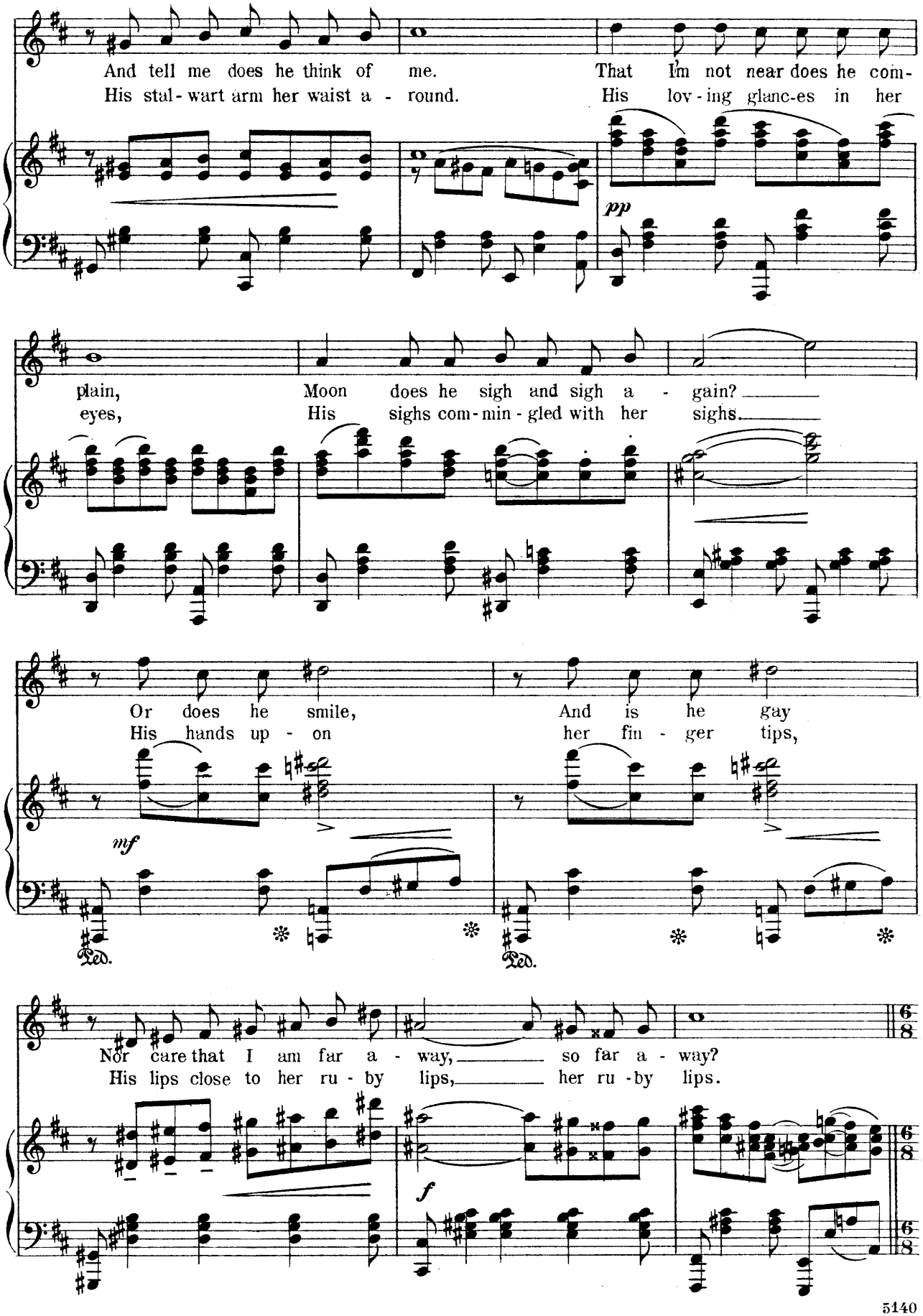

hid - ing hid - ing hid - ing. Light the skies pret - ty moon, With your
hid - ing hid - ing hid - ing. Light the skies pret - ty moon,
mf
eyes pret - ty moon, For we're pin - ing pin - ing pin - ing. Night's own
pret - ty moon, For we're pin - ing pin - ing pin - ing.
queen pret-ty moon, Don't be mean pret - ty moon, Ah she's shin-ing shin - ing shin - ing. The
pret-ty moon, Dont be pret - ty moon, Ah she's shin-ing shin-ing shin - ing. The
f

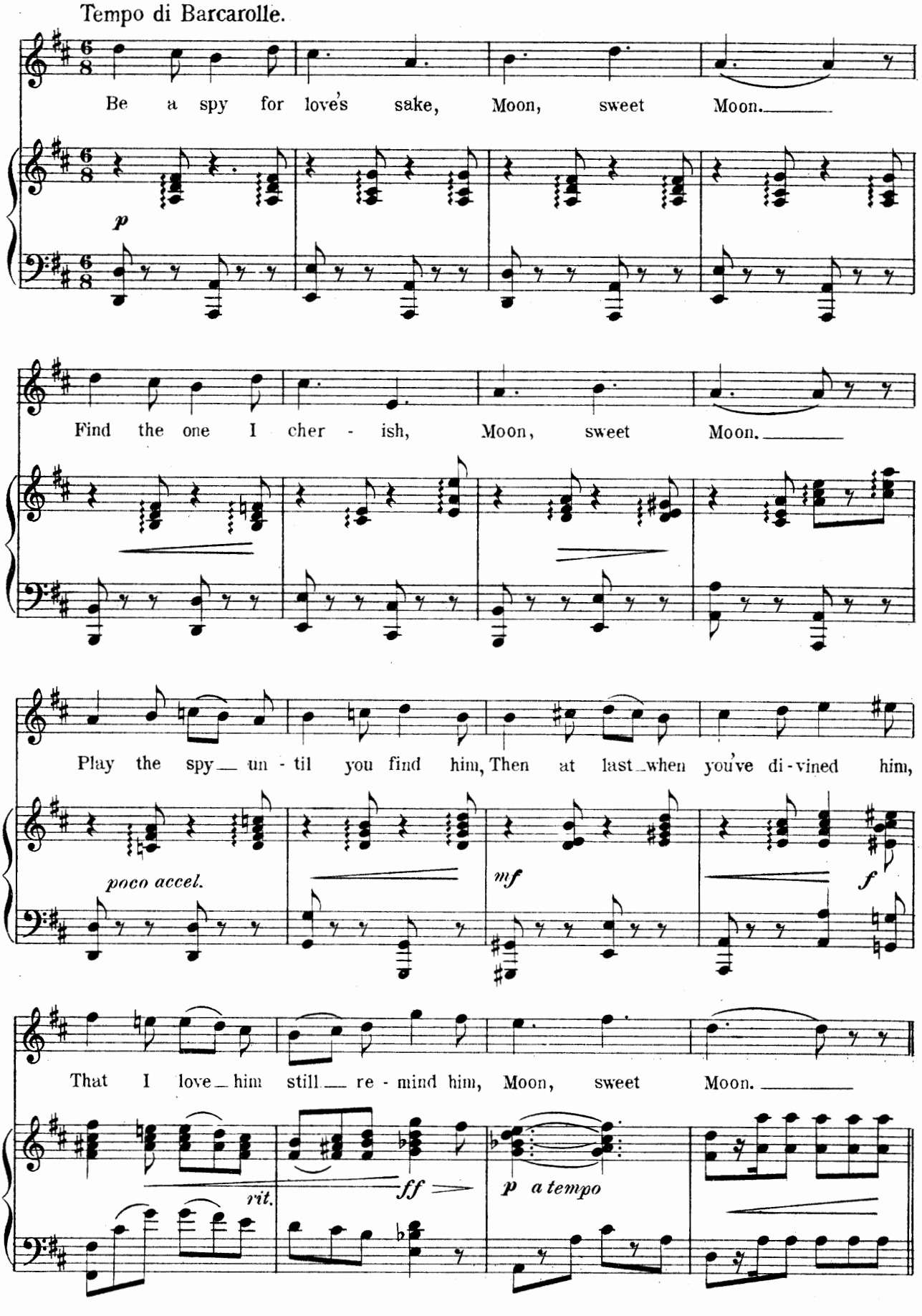

bash - ful moon is shin - ing, The bash - ful moon.
bash - ful moon is shin - ing, The bash - ful moon.
DANCE.
Allegro.
p scherzando.
sempre staccato.
rit.
a tempo.
mf
p
mf
Ped.

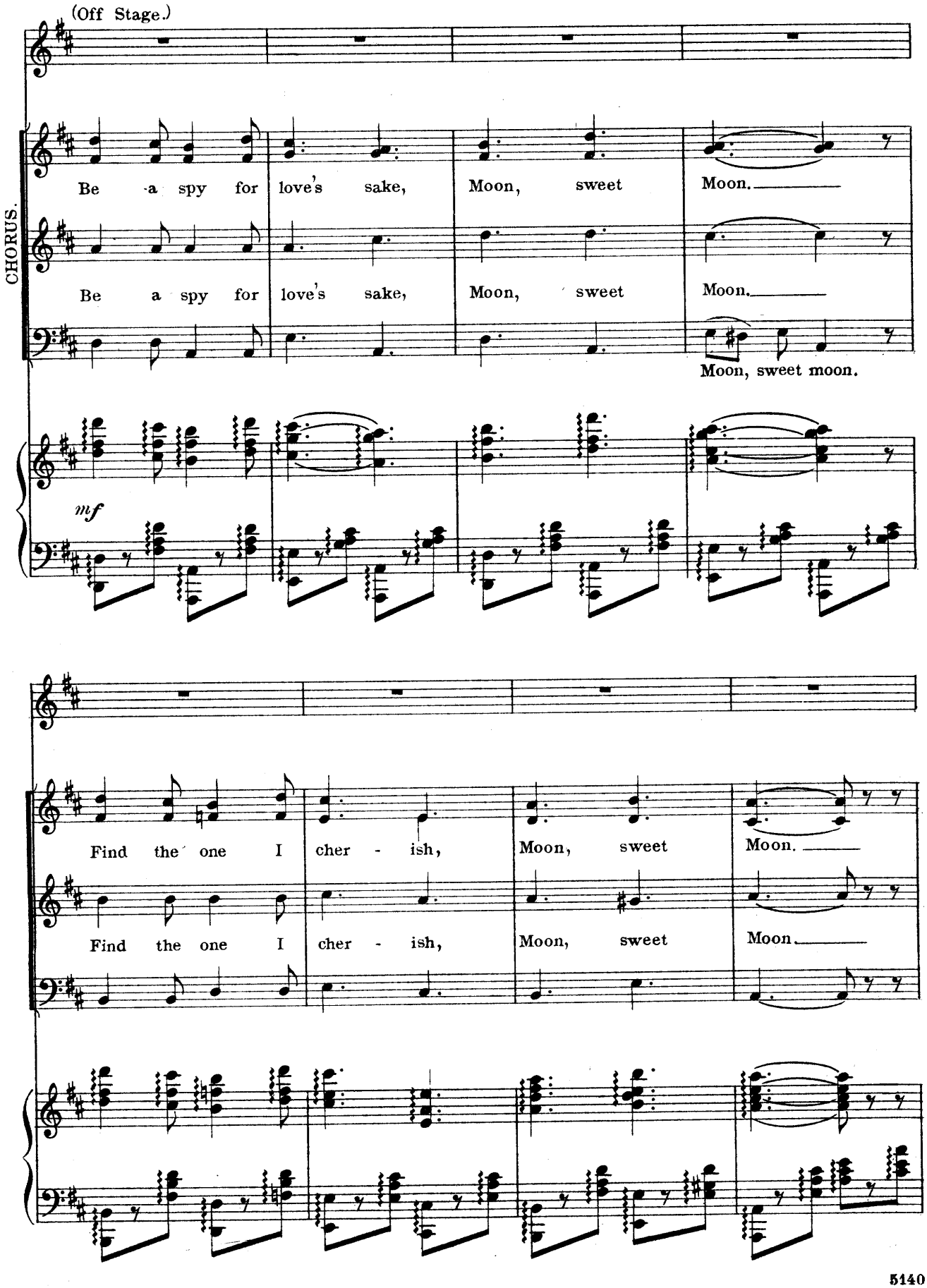
No. 13. "Be a Spy for Love's Sake"

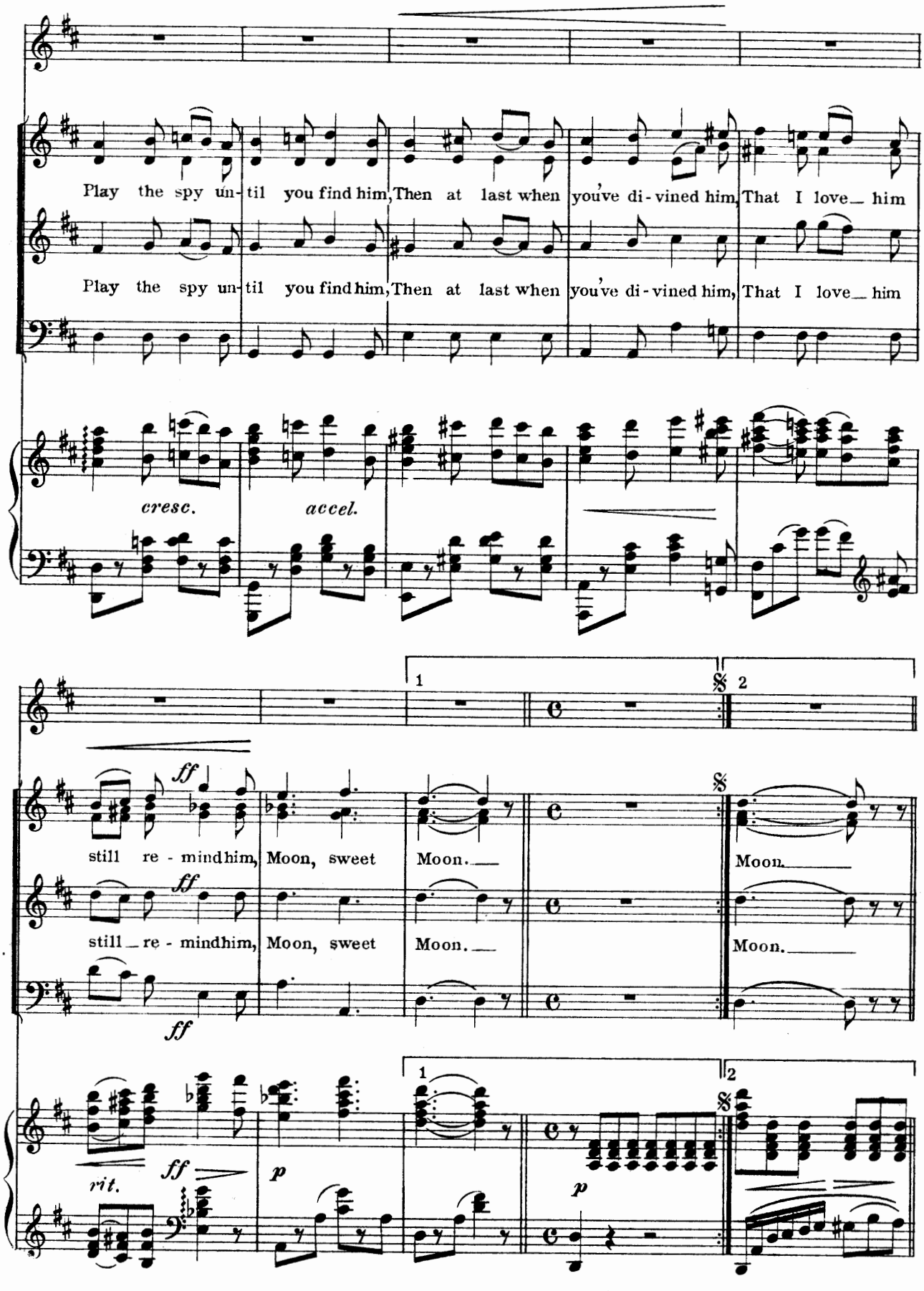
Amorel.

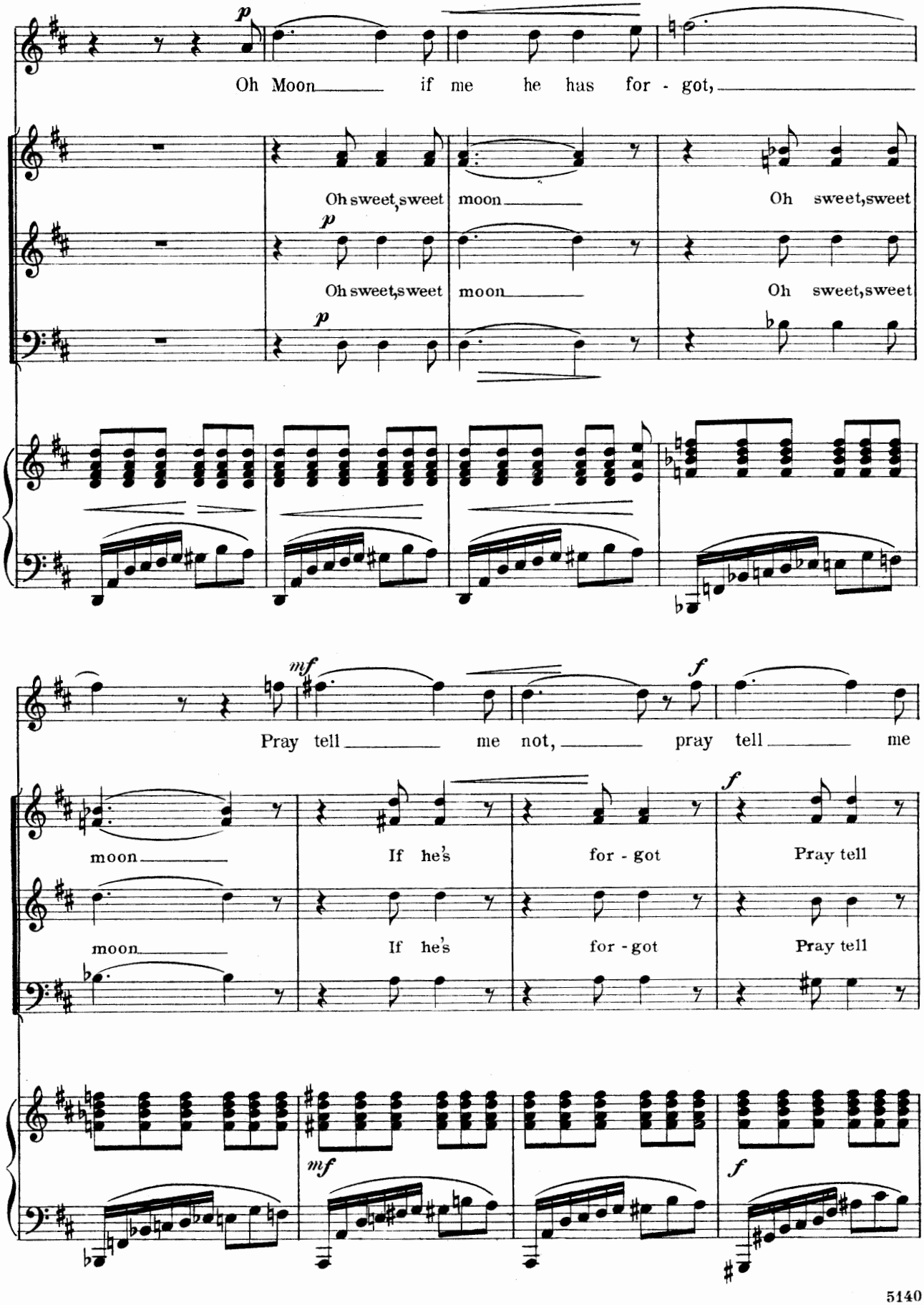


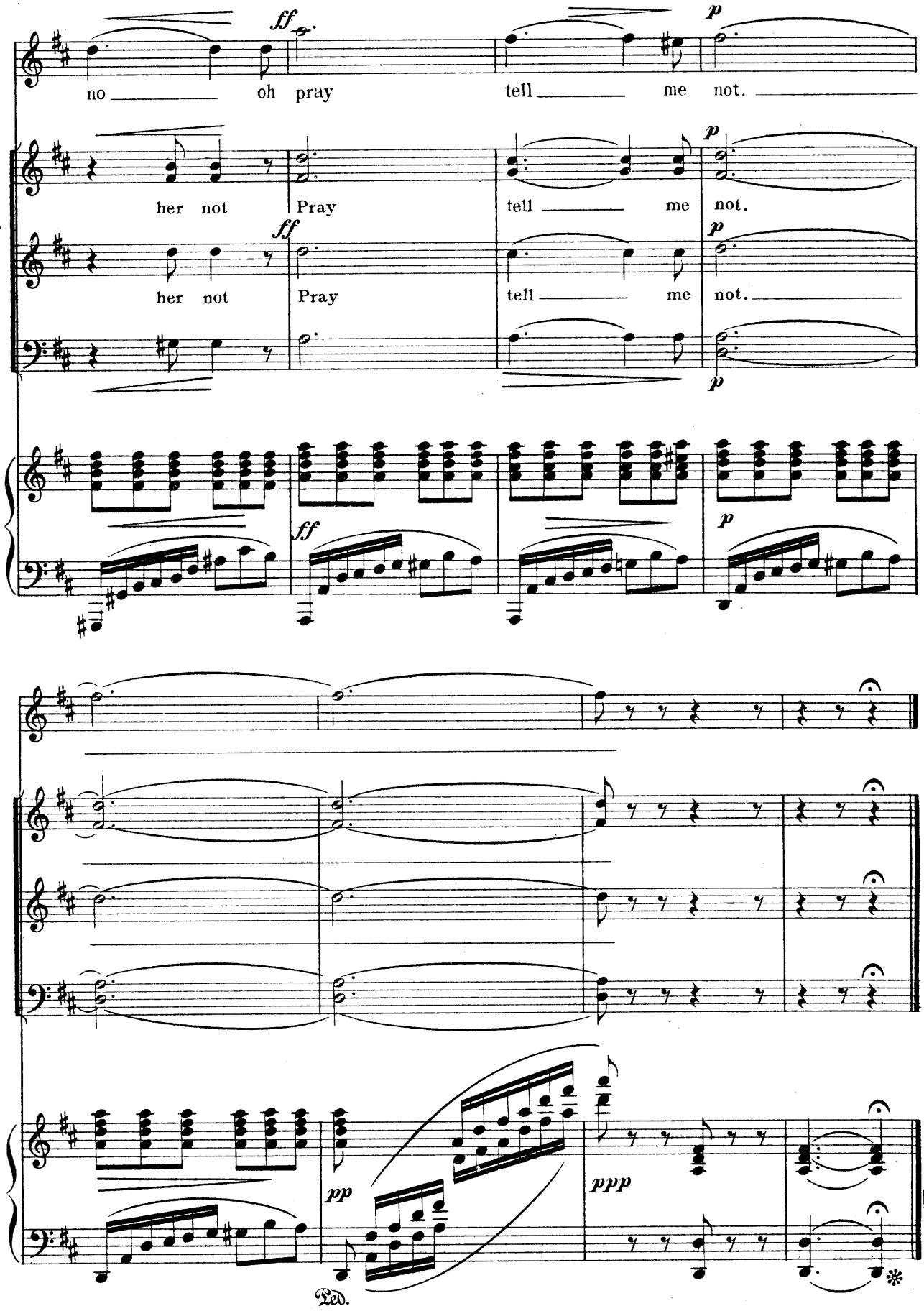

And tell me does he think of me. That I'm not near does he com-
His stal-wart arm her waist a - round. His lov-ing glanc-es in her
pp
plain, Moon does he sigh and sigh a - gain?
eyes, His sighs com-min-gled with her sighs.
Or does he smile, And is he gay
His hands up - on her fin - ger tips,
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Nor care that I am far a - way, so far a - way?
His lips close to her ru - by lips, her ru - by lips.
f
6/8
6/8


Tempo di Barcarolle.
Be a spy for love's sake, Moon, sweet Moon.
p
Find the one I cher - ish, Moon, sweet Moon.
Play the spy un - til you find him, Then at last when you've di - vined him,
poco accel.
mf
f
That I love him still re - mind him, Moon, sweet Moon.
rit.
ff
p a tempo


(Off Stage.)
CHORUS.
Be a spy for love's sake, Moon, sweet Moon.
Be a spy for love's sake, Moon, sweet Moon.
Moon, sweet moon.
mf
Find the one I cher - ish, Moon, sweet Moon.
Find the one I cher - ish, Moon, sweet Moon.


Play the spy un-til you find him, Then at last when you've di-vined him, That I love_ him
Play the spy un-til you find him, Then at last when you've di-vined him, That I love_ him
cresc.
accel.
1
2
ff
still re-mind him, Moon, sweet Moon.
still_re-mind him, Moon, sweet Moon.
Moon.
Moon.
rit.
p


p
Oh Moon if me he has for - got,
Oh sweet, sweet moon Oh sweet, sweet
p
Oh sweet, sweet moon Oh sweet, sweet
p
mf
f
Pray tell me not, pray tell me
moon If he's for - got Pray tell
f
moon If he's for - got Pray tell
mf
f

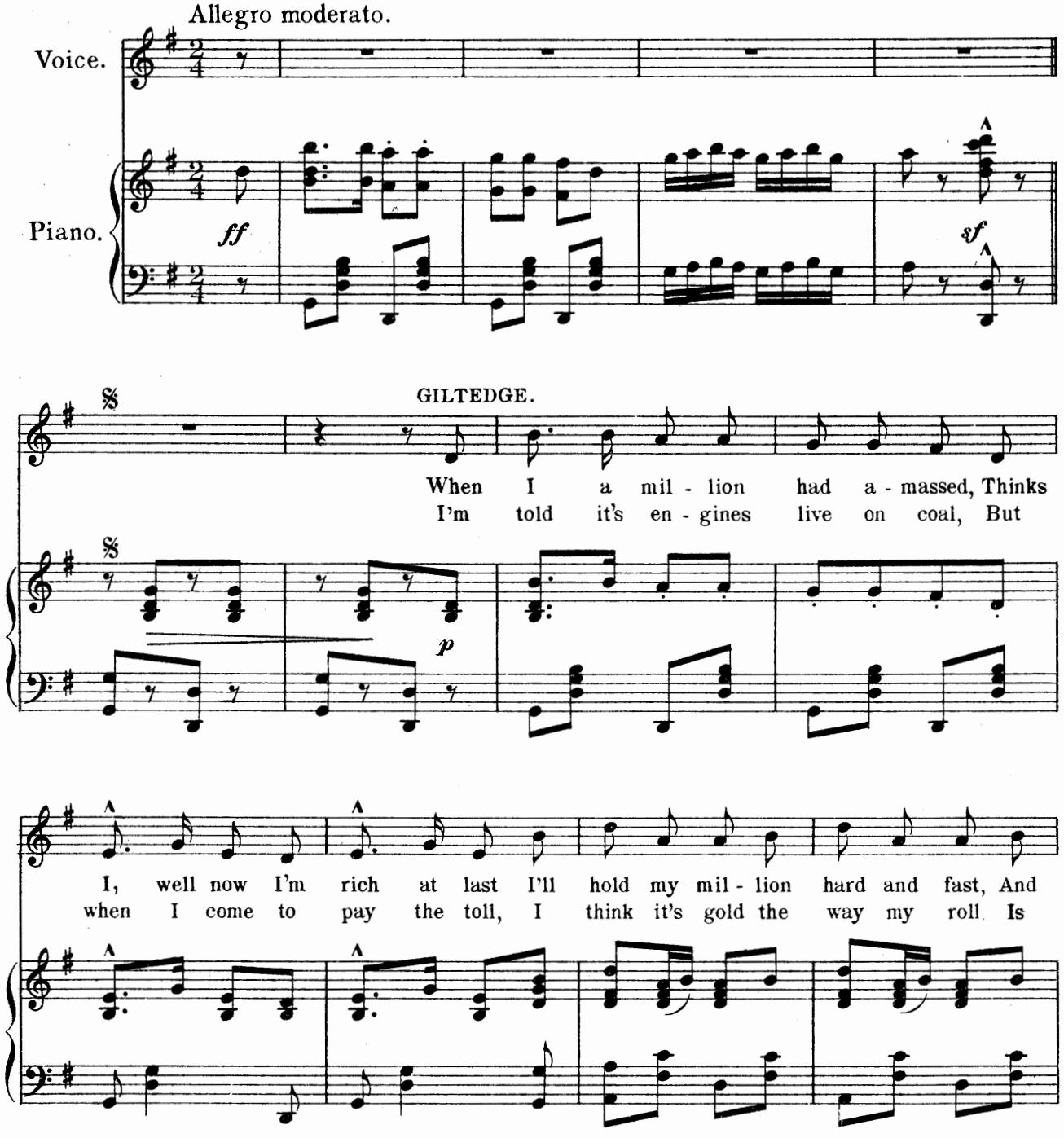

ff
no
oh pray
p
tell
me
not.
her not
Pray
tell
me
not.
ff
her not
Pray
tell
me
not.
p
ff
p
pp
ppp
Ped.

No. 14. One Nice Little Million.

QUINTETTE.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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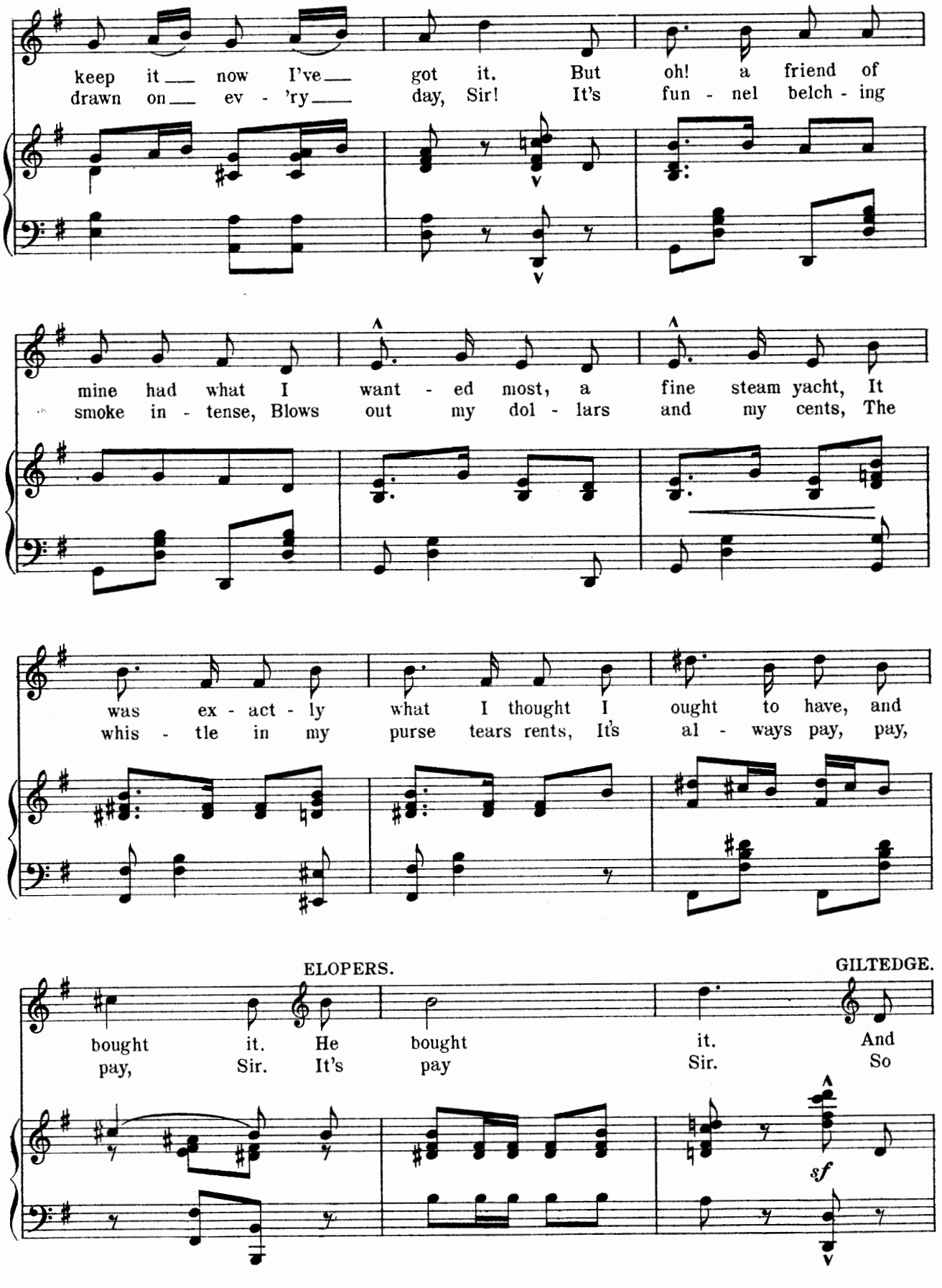
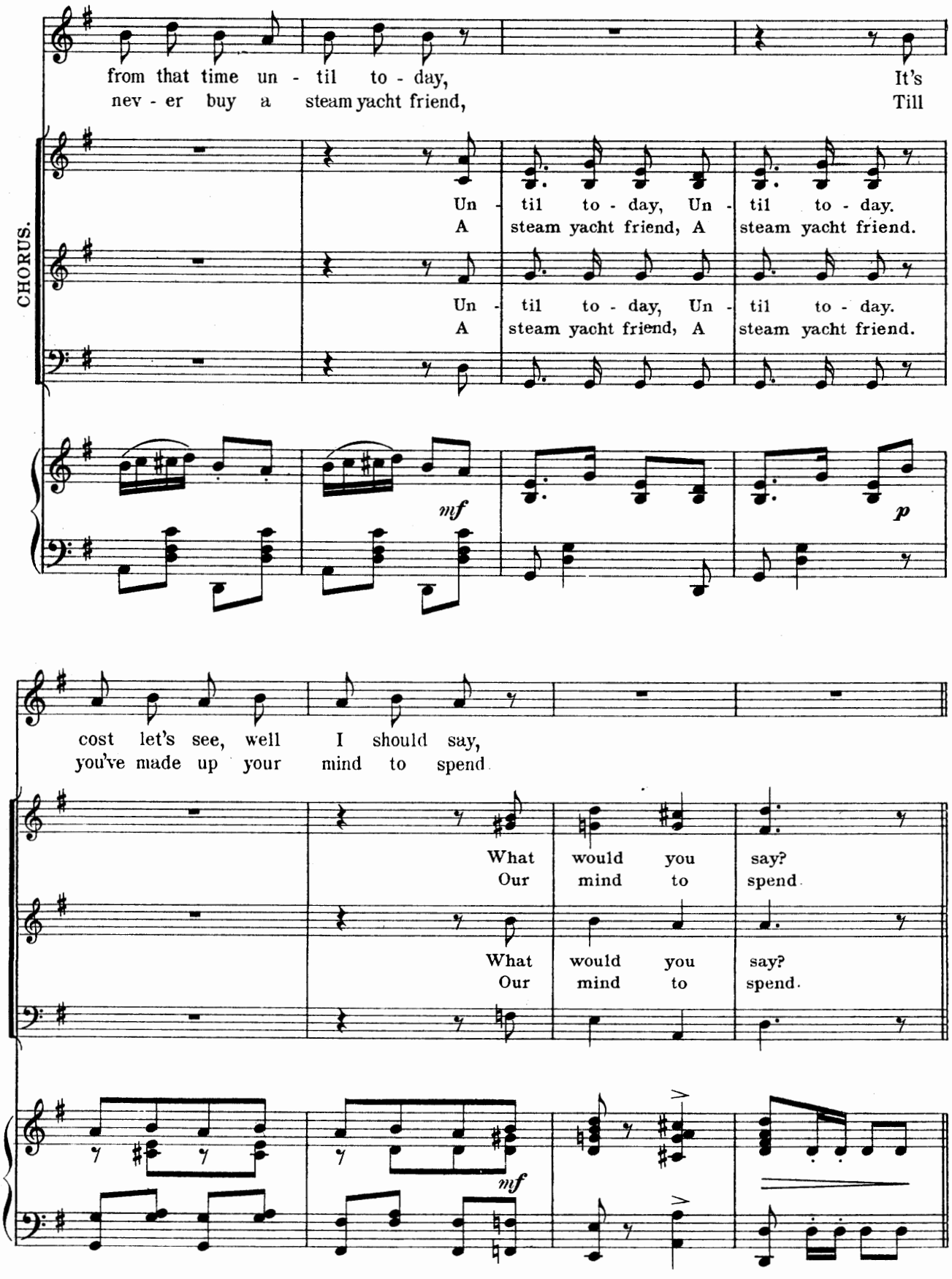
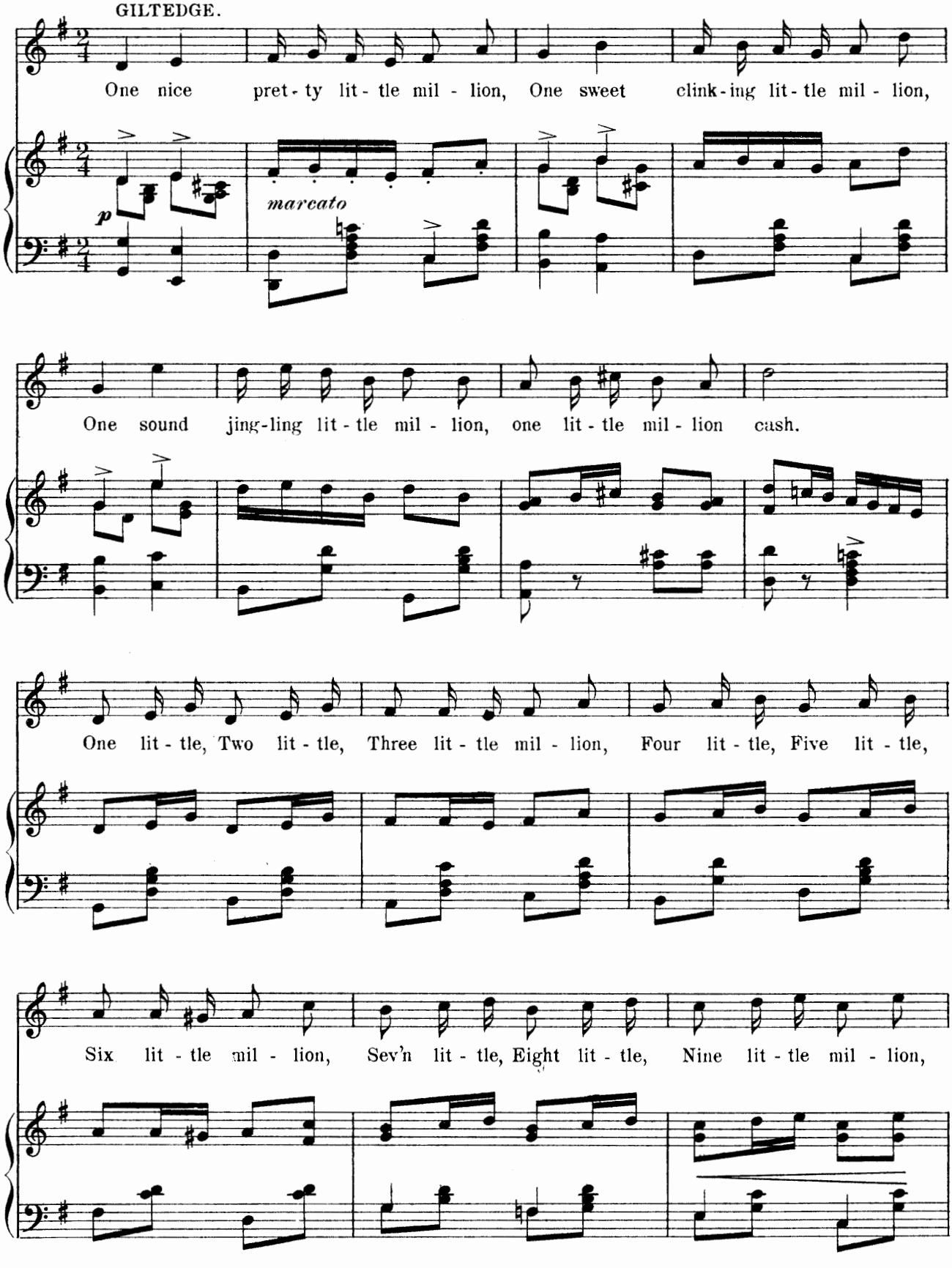
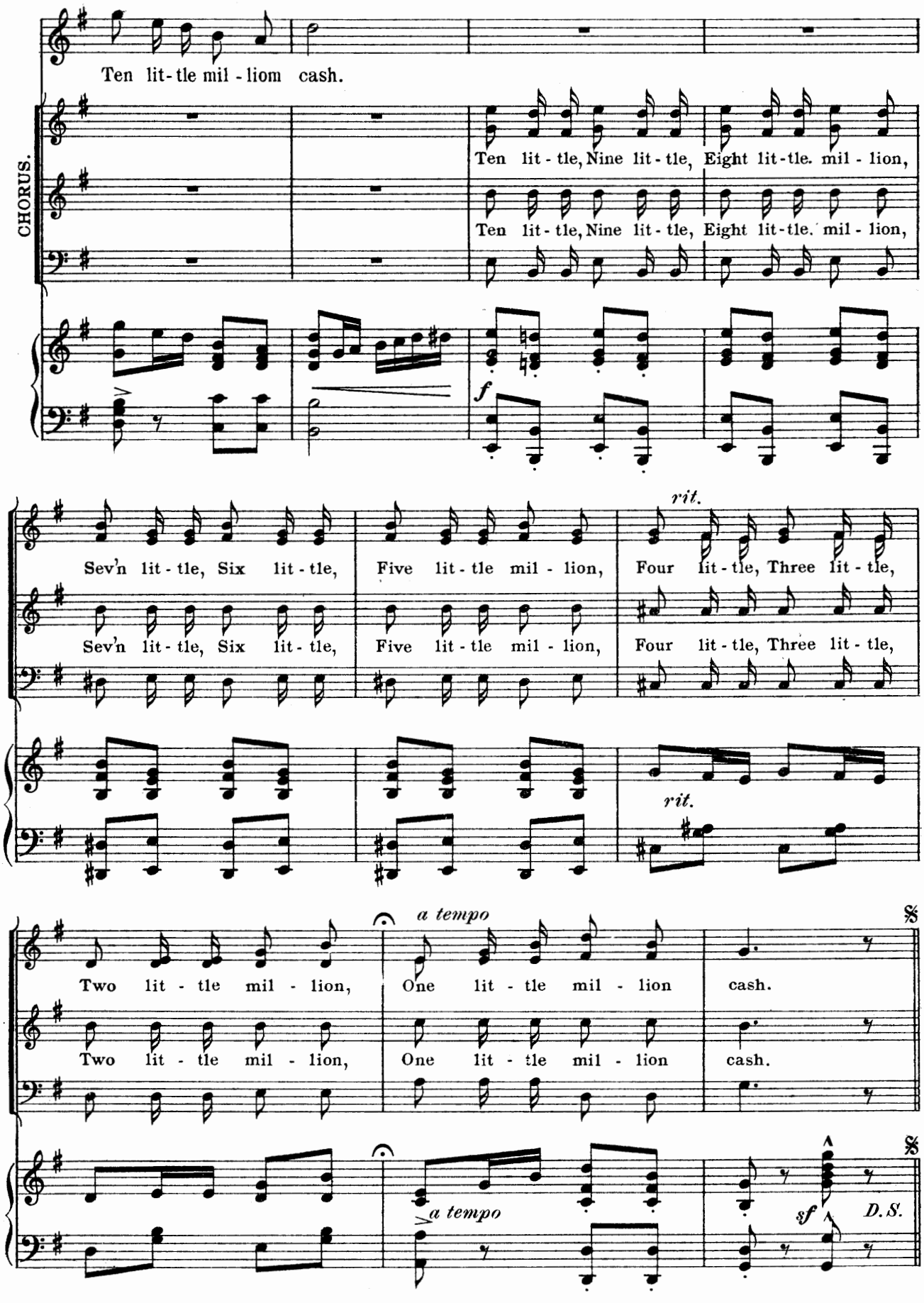

keep it now I've got it. But oh! a friend of
drawn on ev - 'ry day, Sir! It's fun - nel belch - ing
mine had what I want - ed most, a fine steam yacht, It
smoke in - tense, Blows out my dol - lars and my cents, The
was ex - act - ly what I thought I ought to have, and
whis - tle in my purse tears rents, It's al - ways pay, pay,
ELOPERS.
GILTEDGE.
bought it. He bought it. And
pay, Sir. It's pay Sir. So
sf


from that time un - til to - day,
It's
nev - er buy a steam yacht friend,
Till
CHORUS.
Un - til to - day, Un - til to - day.
A steam yacht friend, A steam yacht friend.
Un - til to - day, Un - til to - day.
A steam yacht friend, A steam yacht friend.
mf
p
cost let's see, well I should say,
you've made up your mind to spend
What would you say?
Our mind to spend.
What would you say?
Our mind to spend.
mf

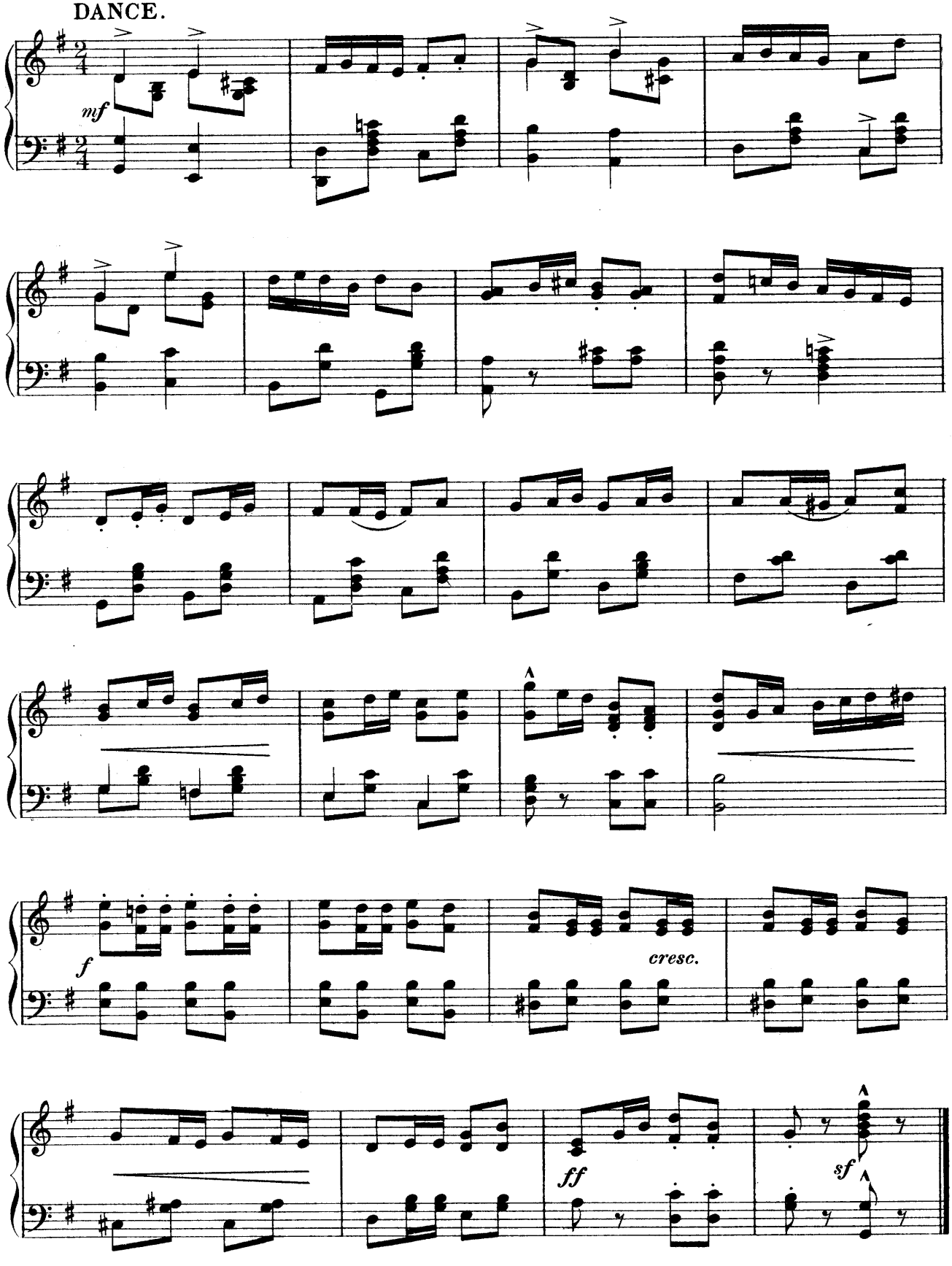
Refrain.

GILTEDGE.




Ten lit-tle mil-liom cash.
CHORUS.
Ten lit-tle, Nine lit-tle, Eight lit-tle. mil-lion,
Ten lit-tle, Nine lit-tle, Eight lit-tle. mil-lion,
f
Sev'n lit-tle, Six lit-tle, Five lit-tle mil-lion, Four lit-tle, Three lit-tle,
rit.
Sev'n lit-tle, Six lit-tle, Five lit-tle mil-lion, Four lit-tle, Three lit-tle,
rit.
Two lit-tle mil-lion, One lit-tle mil-lion cash.
a tempo
Two lit-tle mil-lion, One lit-tle mil-lion cash.
a tempo
sf
D.S.

DANCE.



No 15.

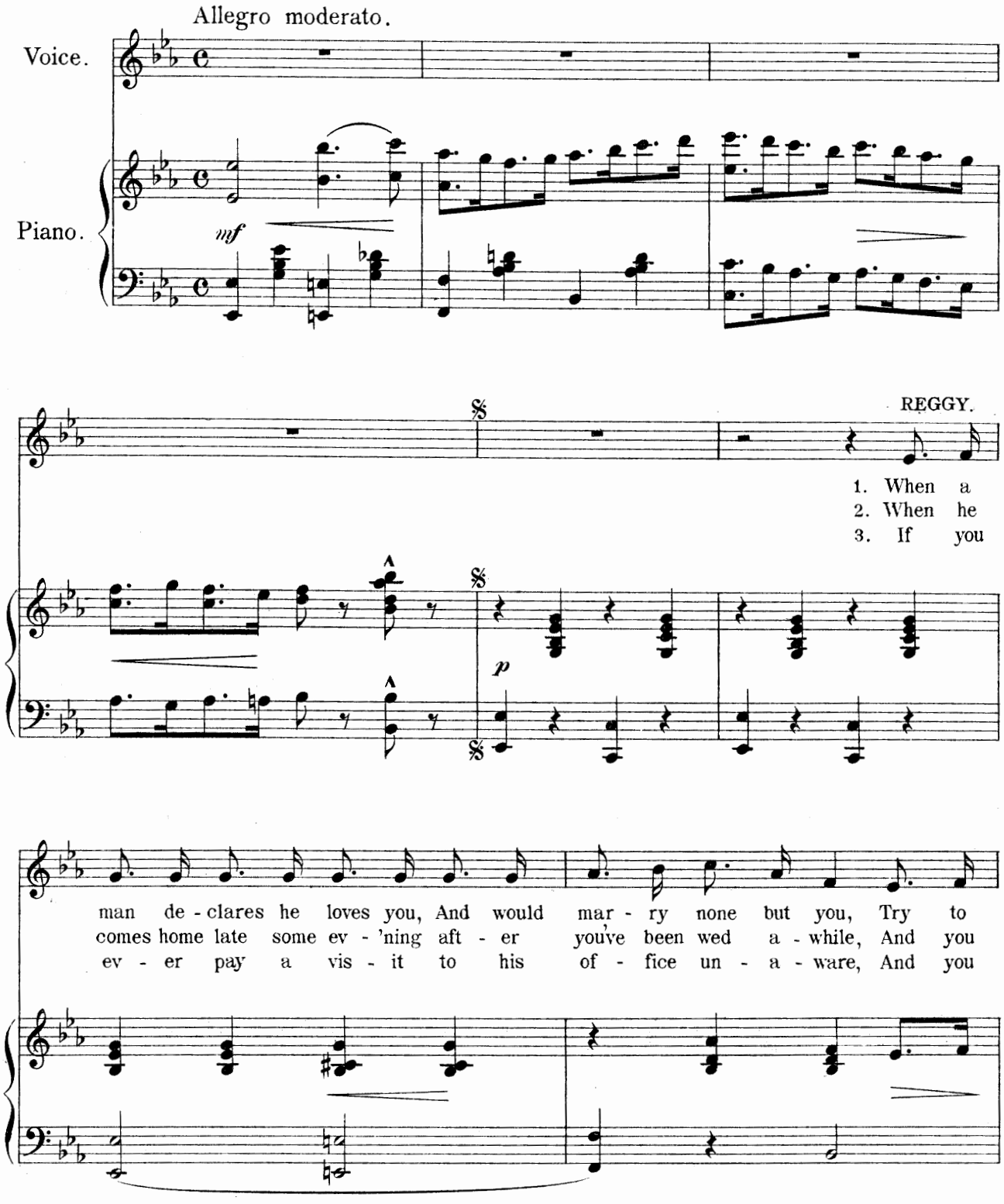
Make Believe.

DUET.

Reggy and Amorel with Sextette.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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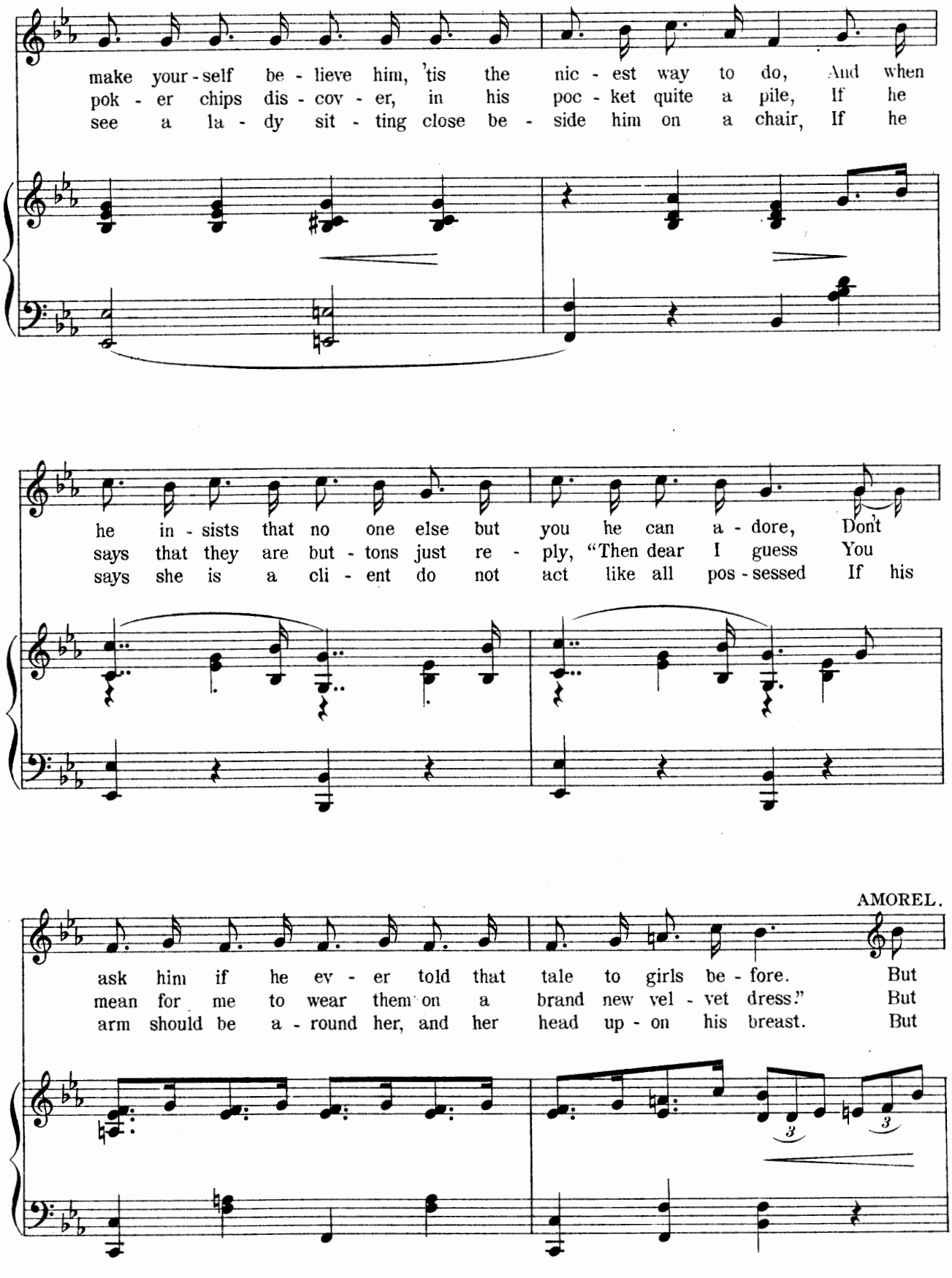
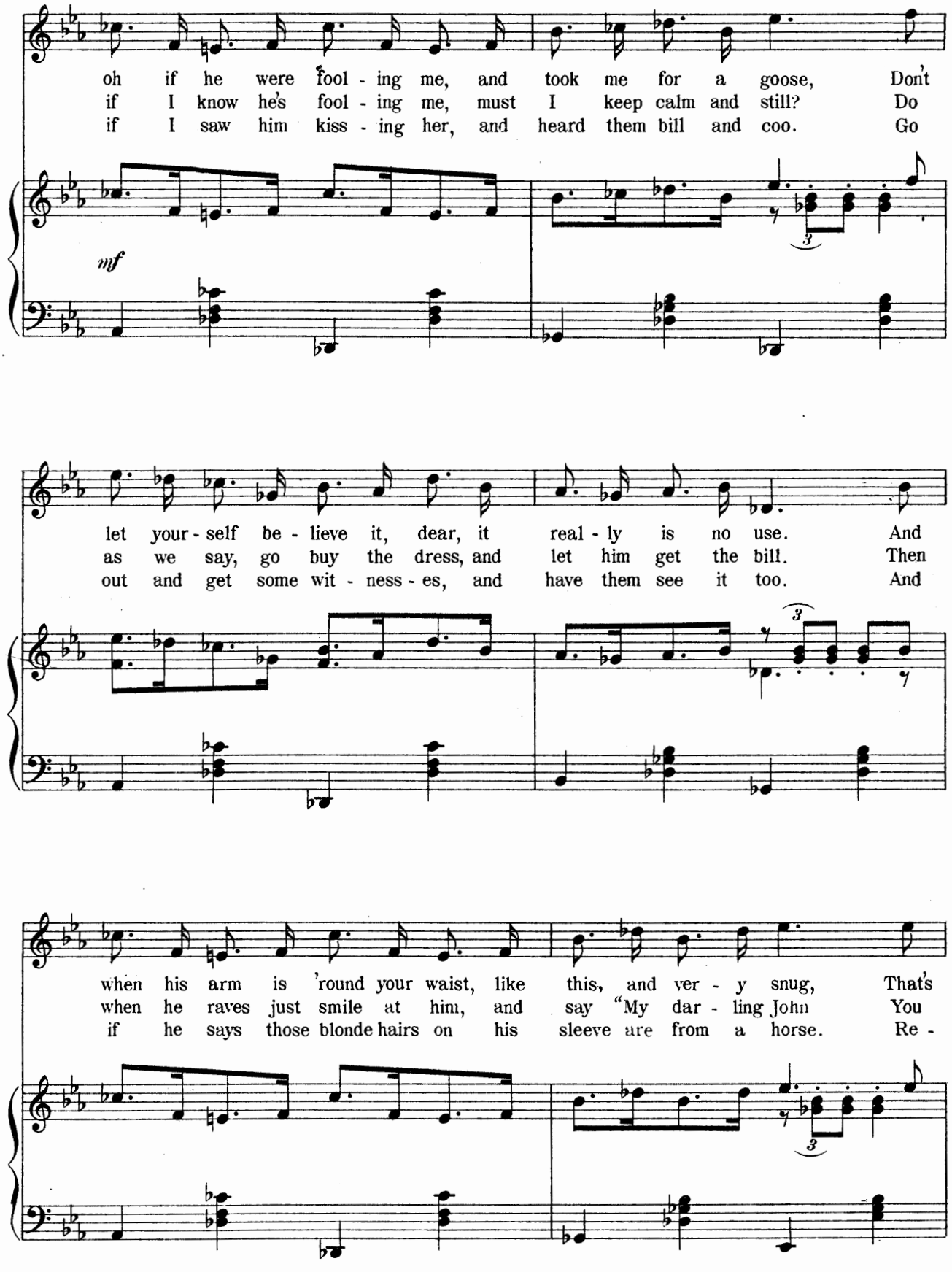
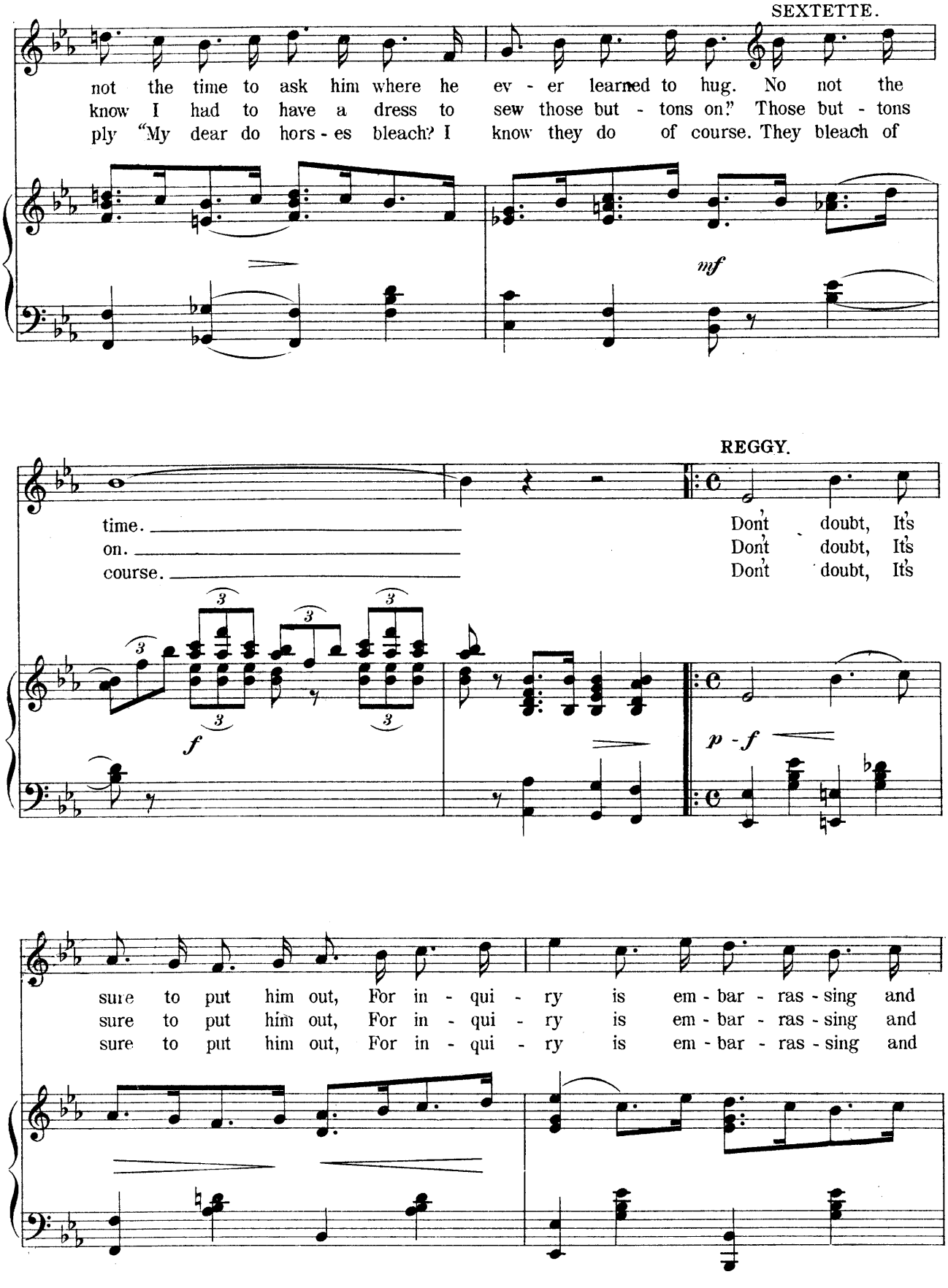
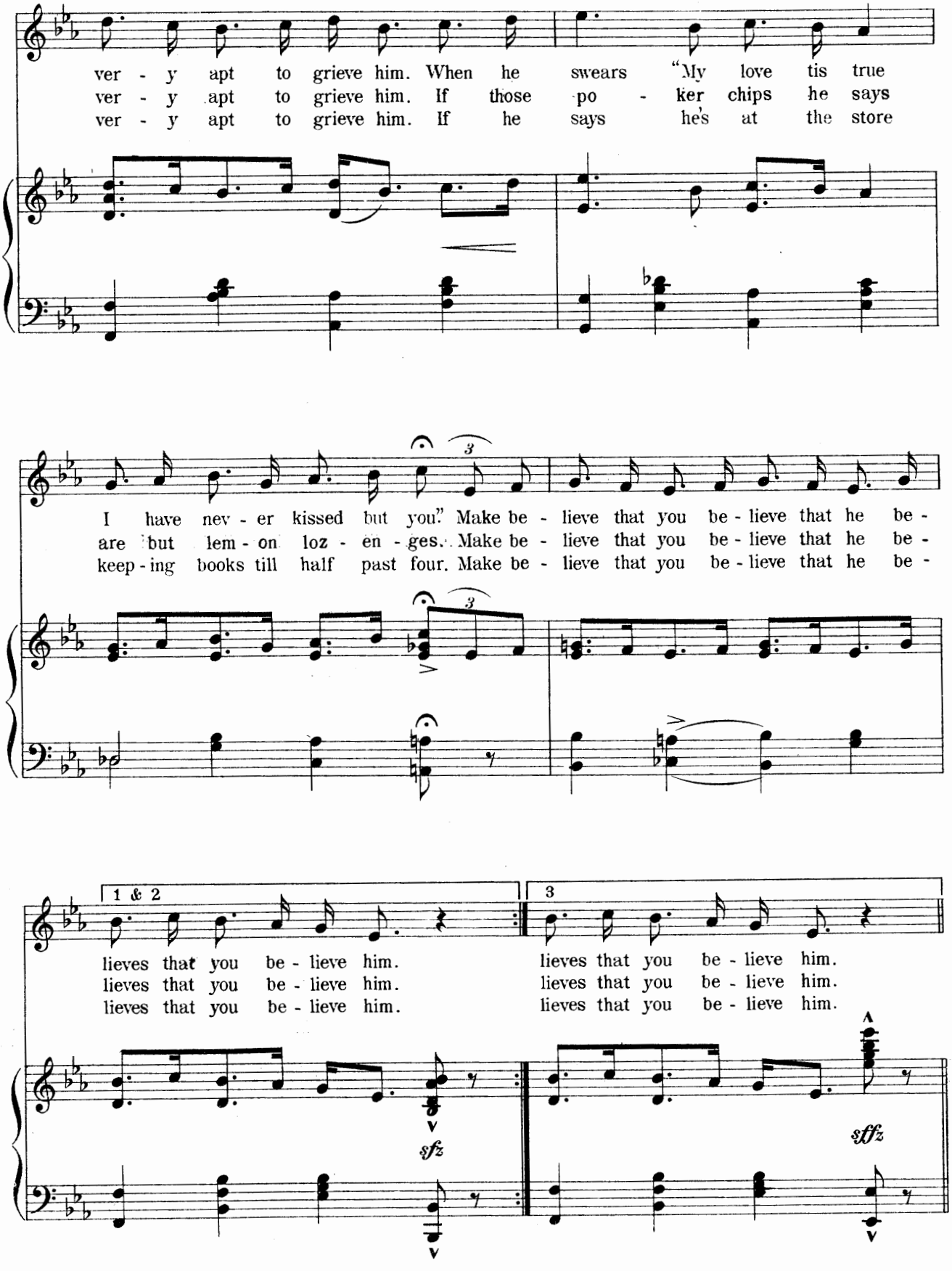
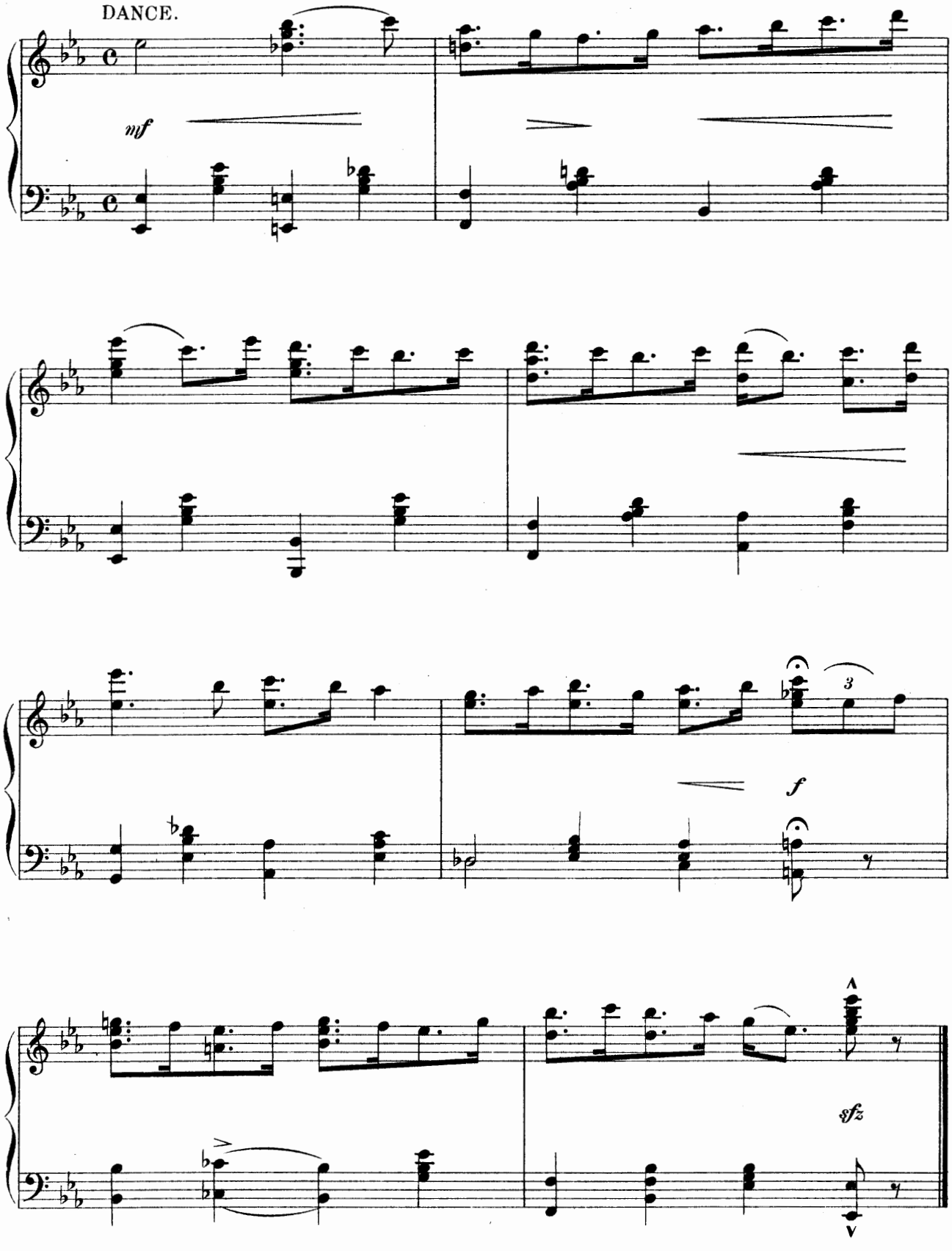

make your-self be-lieve him, 'tis the nic-est way to do, And when
pok-er chips dis-cov-er, in his poc-ket quite a pile, If he
see a la-dy sit-ting close be-side him on a chair, If he
he in-sists that no one else but you he can a-dore, Don't
says that they are but-tons just re-ply, "Then dear I guess You
says she is a cli-ent do not act like all pos-sessed If his
AMOREL.
ask him if he ev-er told that tale to girls be-fore. But
mean for me to wear them on a brand new vel-vet dress." But
arm should be a-round her, and her head up-on his breast. But
3
3

REGGY.


oh if he were fool - ing me, and took me for a goose, Don't
if I know he's fool - ing me, must I keep calm and still? Do
if I saw him kiss - ing her, and heard them bill and coo. Go
mf
let your - self be - lieve it, dear, it real - ly is no use. And
as we say, go buy the dress, and let him get the bill. Then
out and get some wit - ness - es, and have them see it too. And
when his arm is 'round your waist, like this, and ver - y snug, That's
when he raves just smile at him, and say "My dar - ling John You
if he says those blonde hairs on his sleeve are from a horse. Re -


SEXTETTE.
not the time to ask him where he ev - er learned to hug. No not the
know I had to have a dress to sew those but - tons on?" Those but - tons
ply "My dear do hors - es bleach? I know they do of course. They bleach of
mf
REGGY.
time.
on.
course.
Don't doubt, It's
Don't doubt, It's
Don't doubt, It's
f
p - f
sure to put him out, For in - qui - ry is em - bar - ras - sing and
sure to put him out, For in - qui - ry is em - bar - ras - sing and
sure to put him out, For in - qui - ry is em - bar - ras - sing and

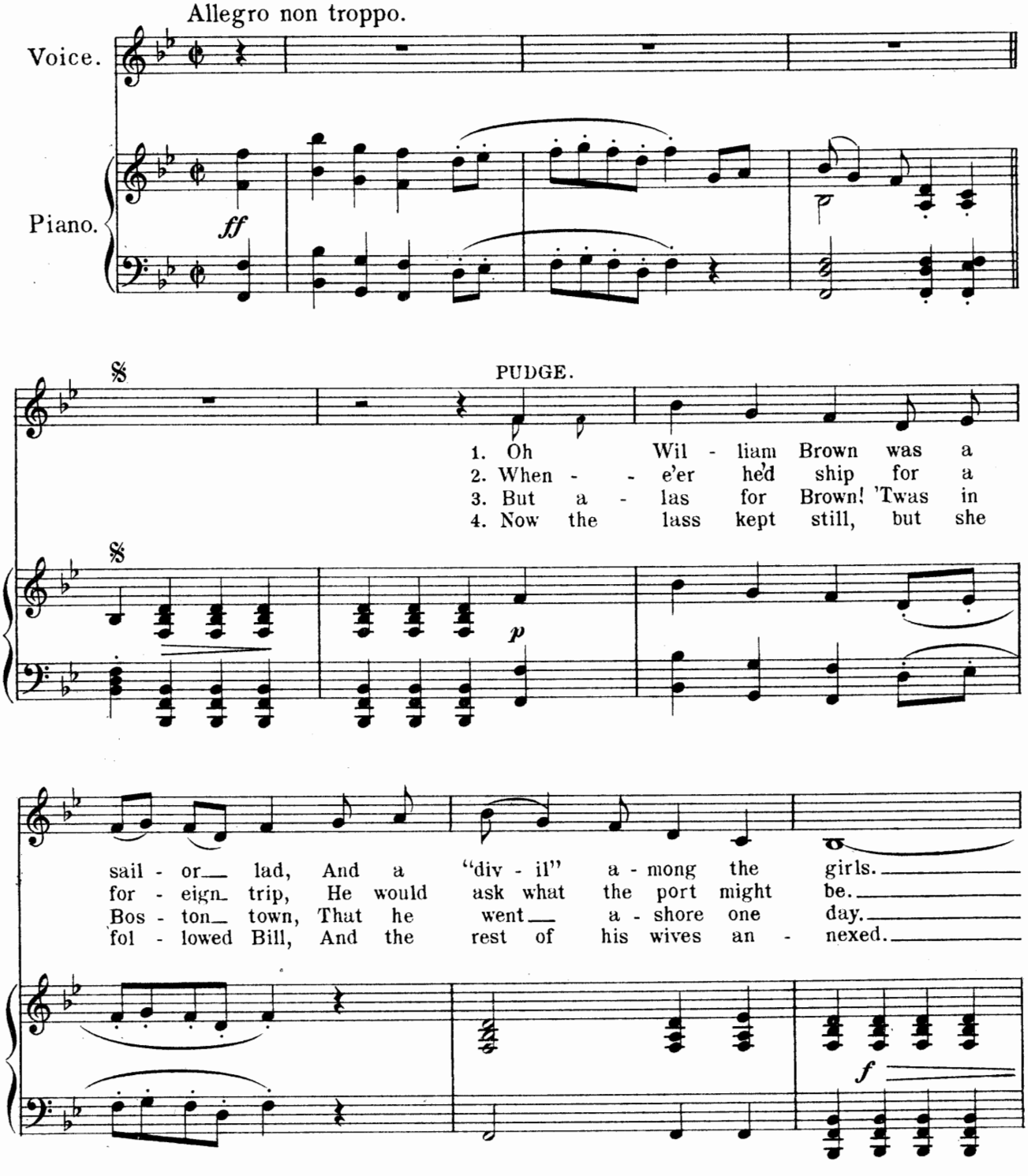

ver - y apt to grieve him. When he swears "My love tis true
ver - y apt to grieve him. If those po - ker chips he says
ver - y apt to grieve him. If he says he's at the store
I have nev - er kissed but you." Make be - lieve that you be - lieve that he be -
are but lem - on loz - en - ges. Make be - lieve that you be - lieve that he be -
keep - ing books till half past four. Make be - lieve that you be - lieve that he be -
1 & 2
3
lieves that you be - lieve him.
lieves that you be - lieve him.
lieves that you be - lieve him.
lieves that you be - lieve him.
lieves that you be - lieve him.
lieves that you be - lieve him.
sfz
sffz

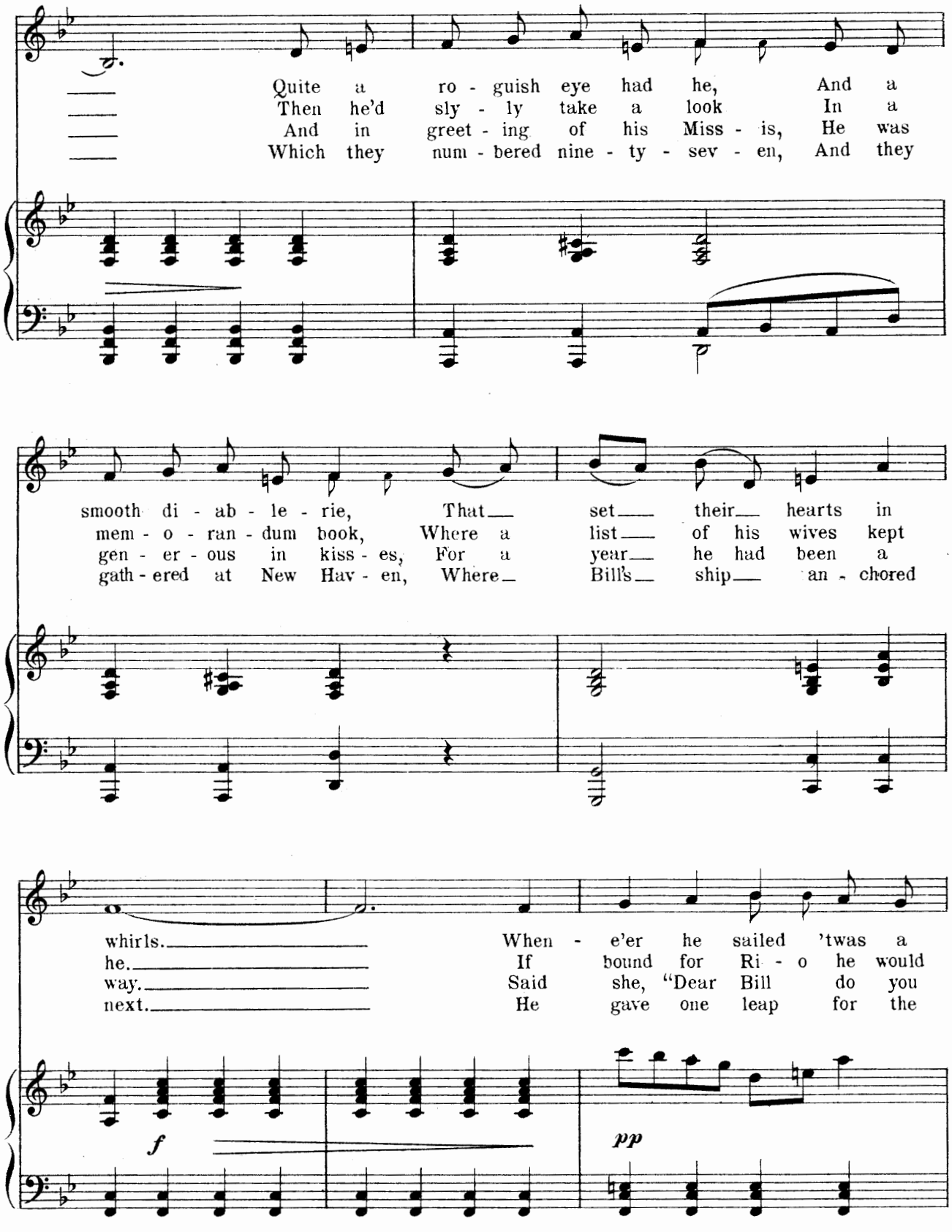

DANCE.
mf
3
f
sfz

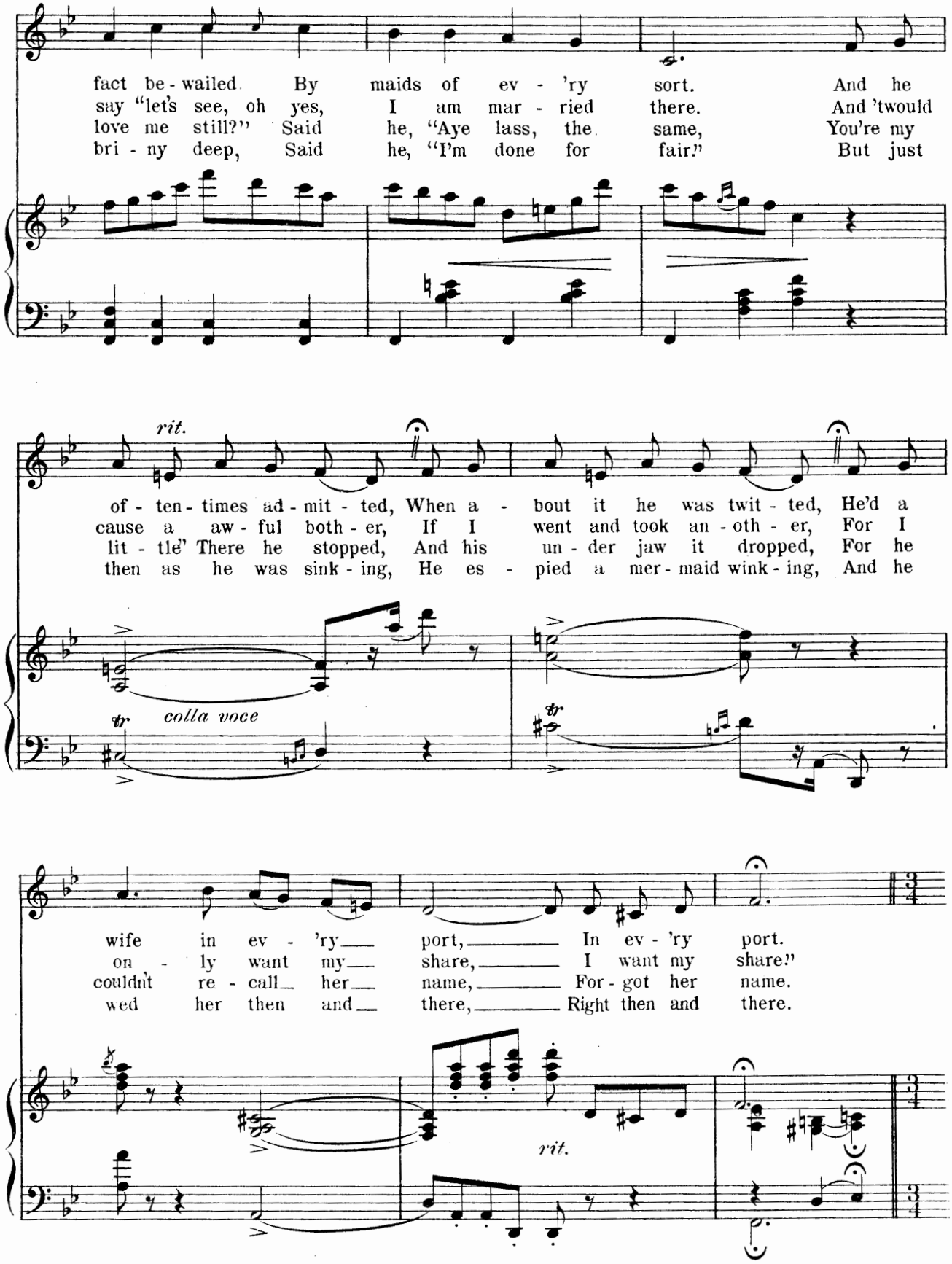
For I am a Married Man.

No. 16.

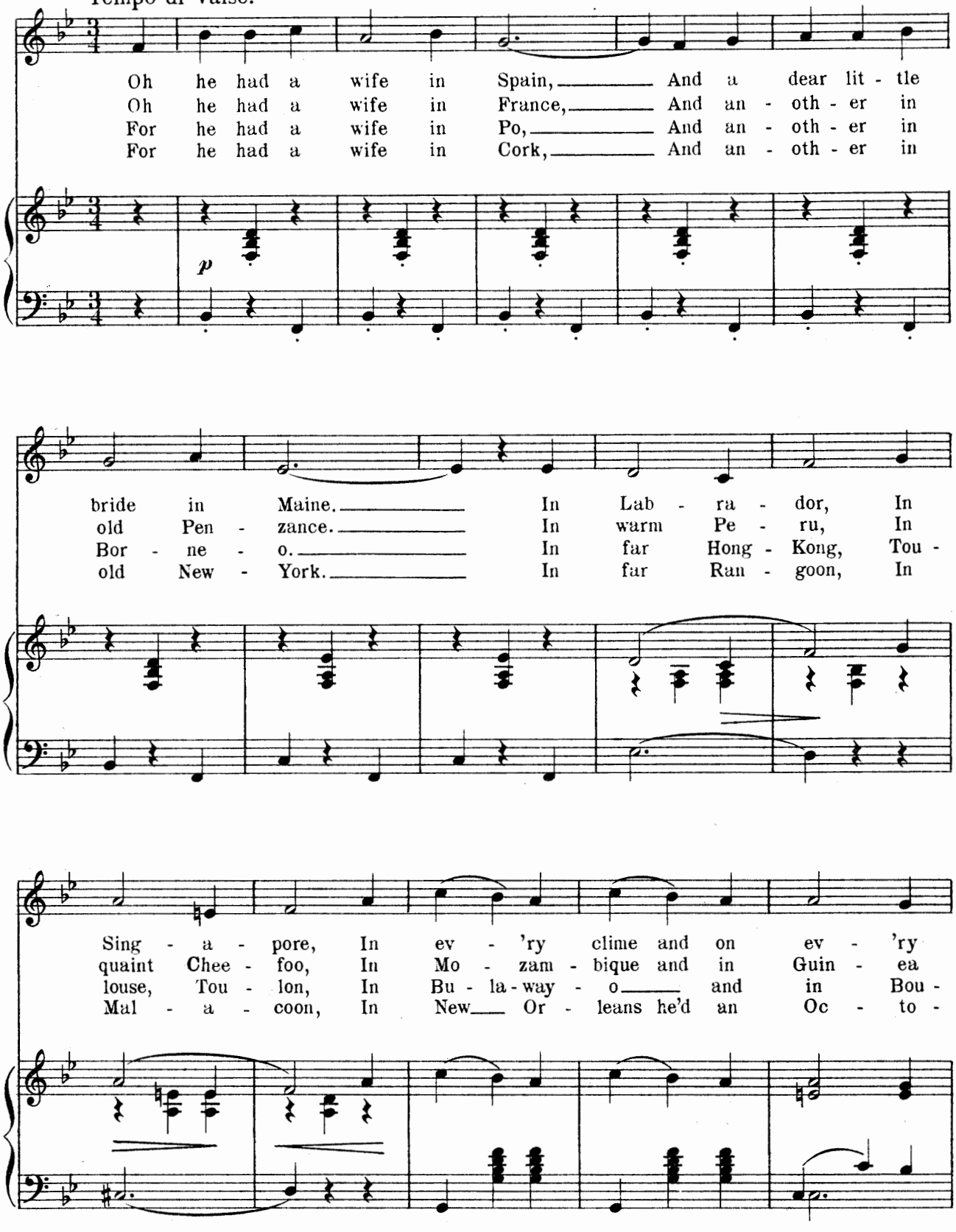
Song: Pudge and Chorus.

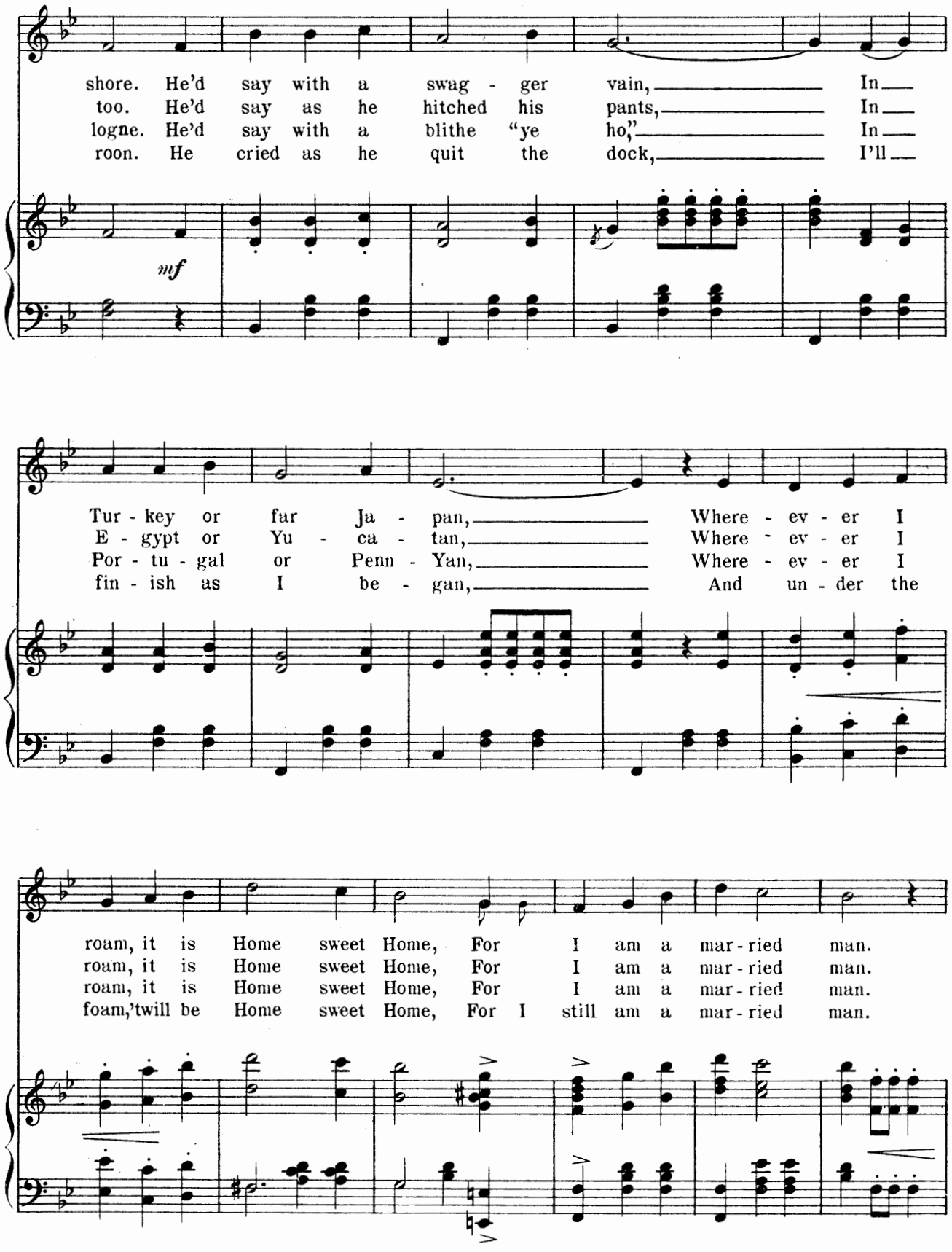


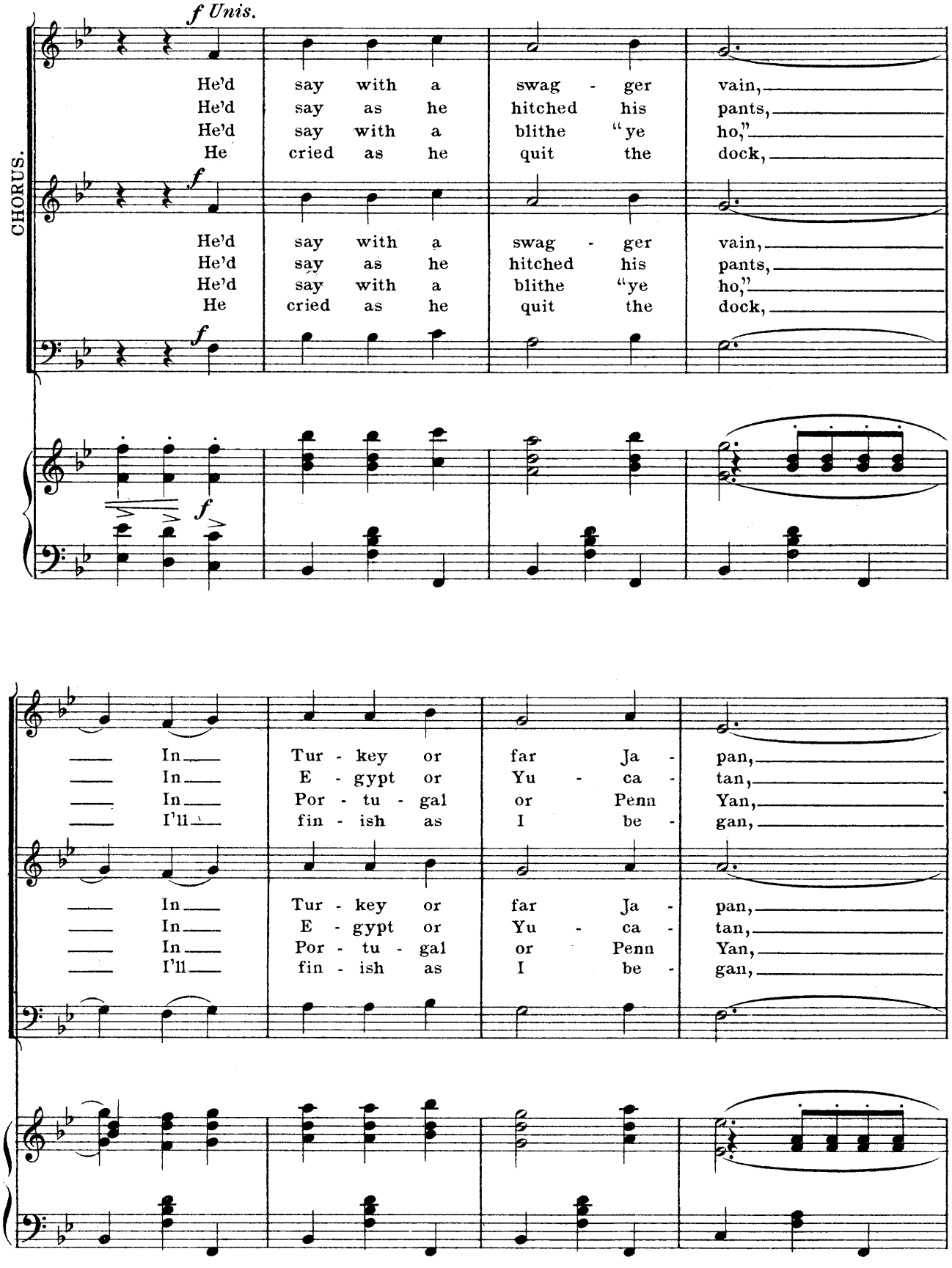

Quite a ro - guish eye had he, And a
Then he'd sly - ly take a look In a
And in greet - ing of his Miss - is, He was
Which they num - bered nine - ty - sev - en, And they
smooth di - ab - le - rie, That set their hearts in
mem - o - ran - dum book, Where a list of his wives kept
gen - er - ous in kiss - es, For a year he had been a
gath - ered at New Hav - en, Where Bill's ship an - chored
whirls. When - e'er he sailed 'twas a
he. If bound for Ri - o he would
way. Said she, "Dear Bill do you
next. He gave one leap for the
f
pp

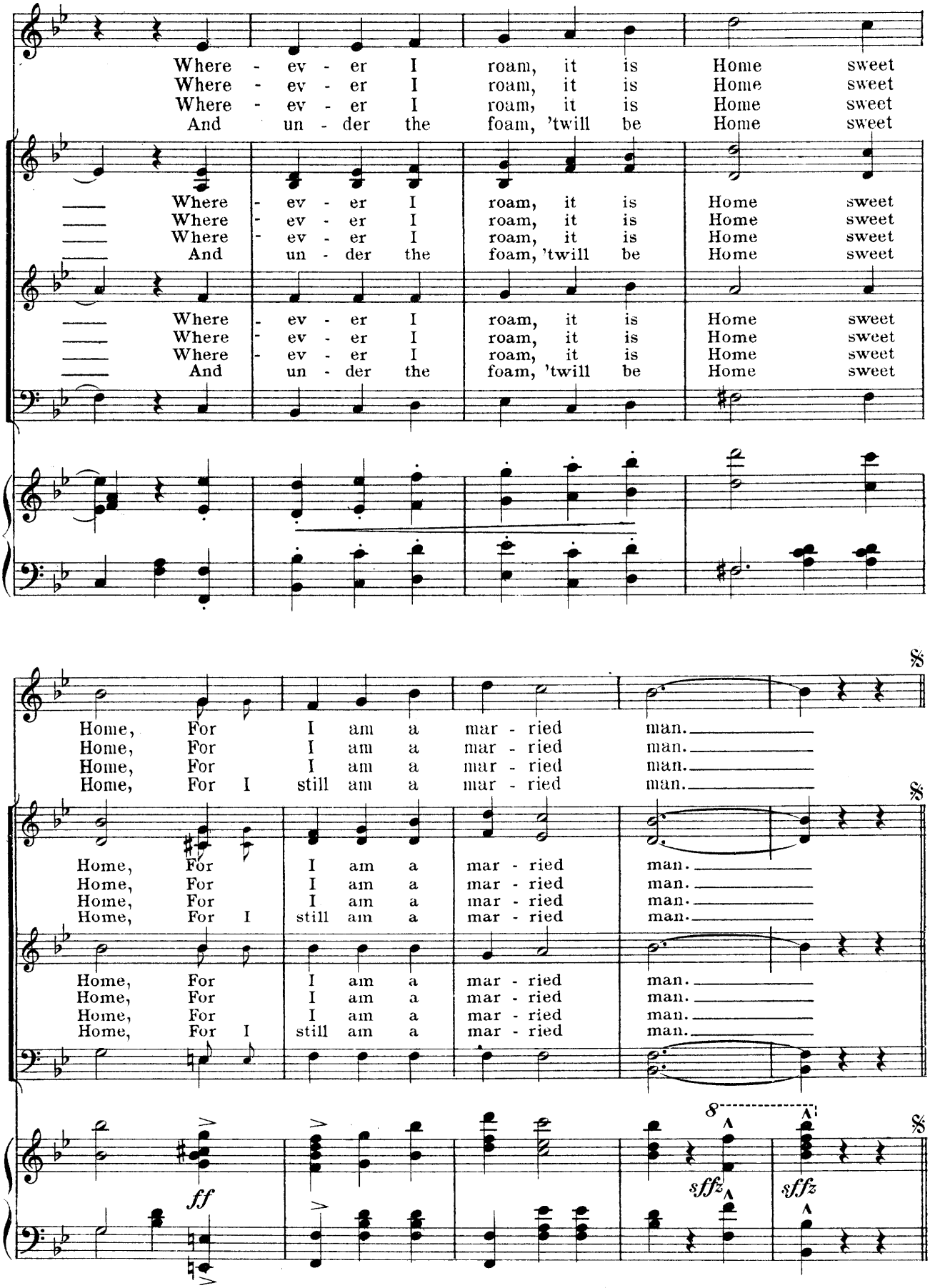

fact be - wailed. By maids of ev - 'ry sort. And he
say "let's see, oh yes, I am mar - ried there. And 'twould
love me still?" Said he, "Aye lass, the same, You're my
bri - ny deep, Said he, "I'm done for fair?" But just
rit.
of - ten - times ad - mit - ted, When a - bout it he was twit - ted, He'd a
cause a aw - ful both - er, If I went and took an - oth - er, For I
lit - tle' There he stopped, And his un - der jaw it dropped, For he
then as he was sink - ing, He es - pied a mer - maid wink - ing, And he
colla voce
wife in ev - 'ry port, In ev - 'ry port.
on - ly want my share, I want my share."
couldn't re - call her name, For - got her name.
wed her then and there, Right then and there.
rit.

REFRAIN.
Tempo di Valse.

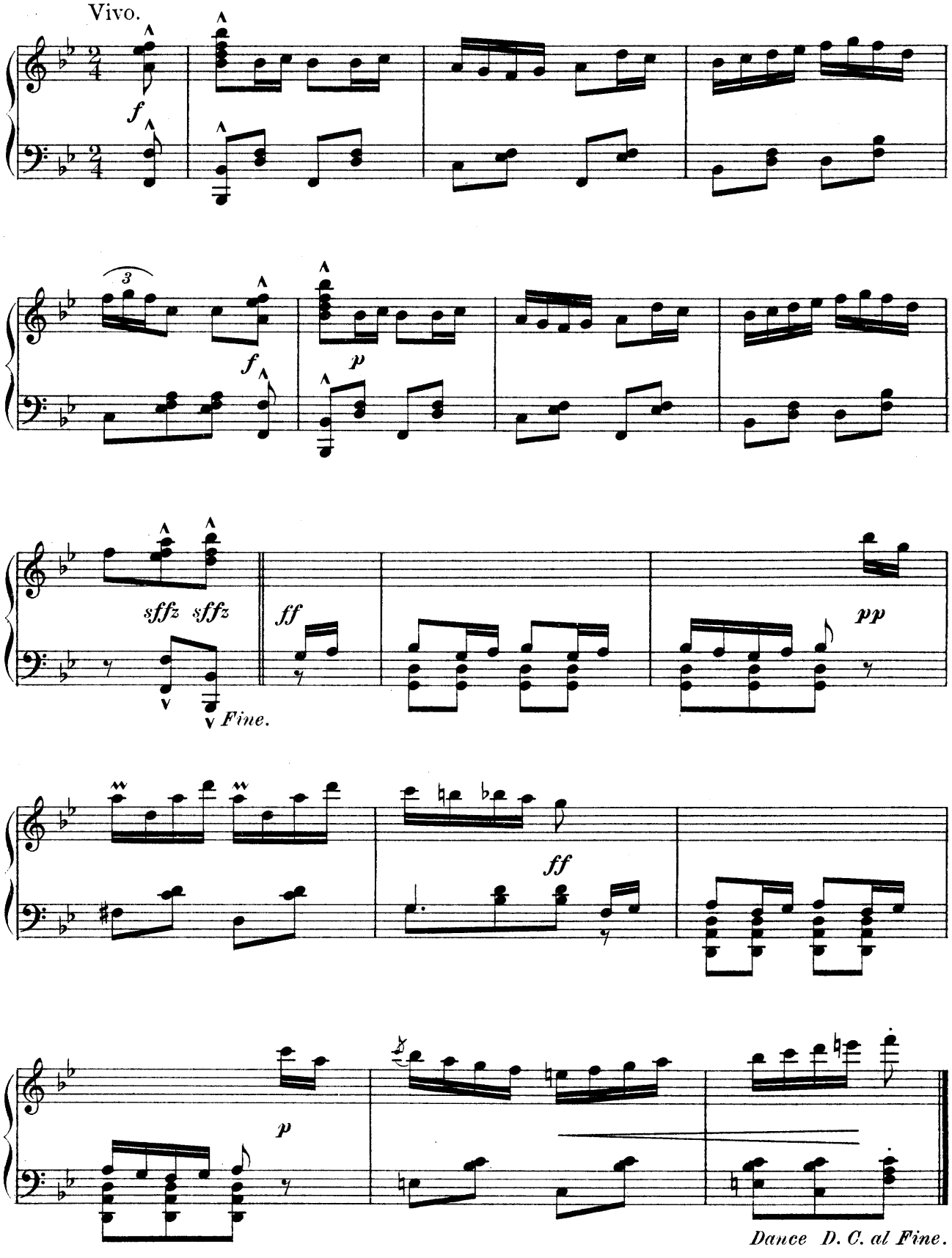



shore. He'd say with a swag - ger vain, In
too. He'd say as he hitched his pants, In
logne. He'd say with a blithe "ye ho," In
roon. He cried as he quit the dock, I'll
mf
Tur - key or far Ja - pan, Where - ev - er I
E - gypt or Yu - ca - tan, Where - ev - er I
Por - tu - gal or Penn - Yan, Where - ev - er I
fin - ish as I be - gan, And un - der the
roam, it is Home sweet Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
roam, it is Home sweet Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
roam, it is Home sweet Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
foam,'twill be Home sweet Home, For I still am a mar - ried man.


f Unis.
CHORUS.
He'd say with a swag - ger vain,
He'd say as he hitched his pants,
He'd say with a blithe "ye ho,"
He cried as he quit the dock,
f
He'd say with a swag - ger vain,
He'd say as he hitched his pants,
He'd say with a blithe "ye ho,"
He cried as he quit the dock,
f
f
In Tur - key or far Ja - pan,
In E - gypt or Yu - ca - tan,
In Por - tu - gal or Penn Yan,
I'll fin - ish as I be - gan,
In Tur - key or far Ja - pan,
In E - gypt or Yu - ca - tan,
In Por - tu - gal or Penn Yan,
I'll fin - ish as I be - gan,


Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
And un - der the foam, 'twill be Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
And un - der the foam, 'twill be Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
Where - ev - er I roam, it is Home sweet
And un - der the foam, 'twill be Home sweet
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I still am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I still am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I am a mar - ried man.
Home, For I still am a mar - ried man.
ff
sffz
sffz

DANCE.
Vivo.

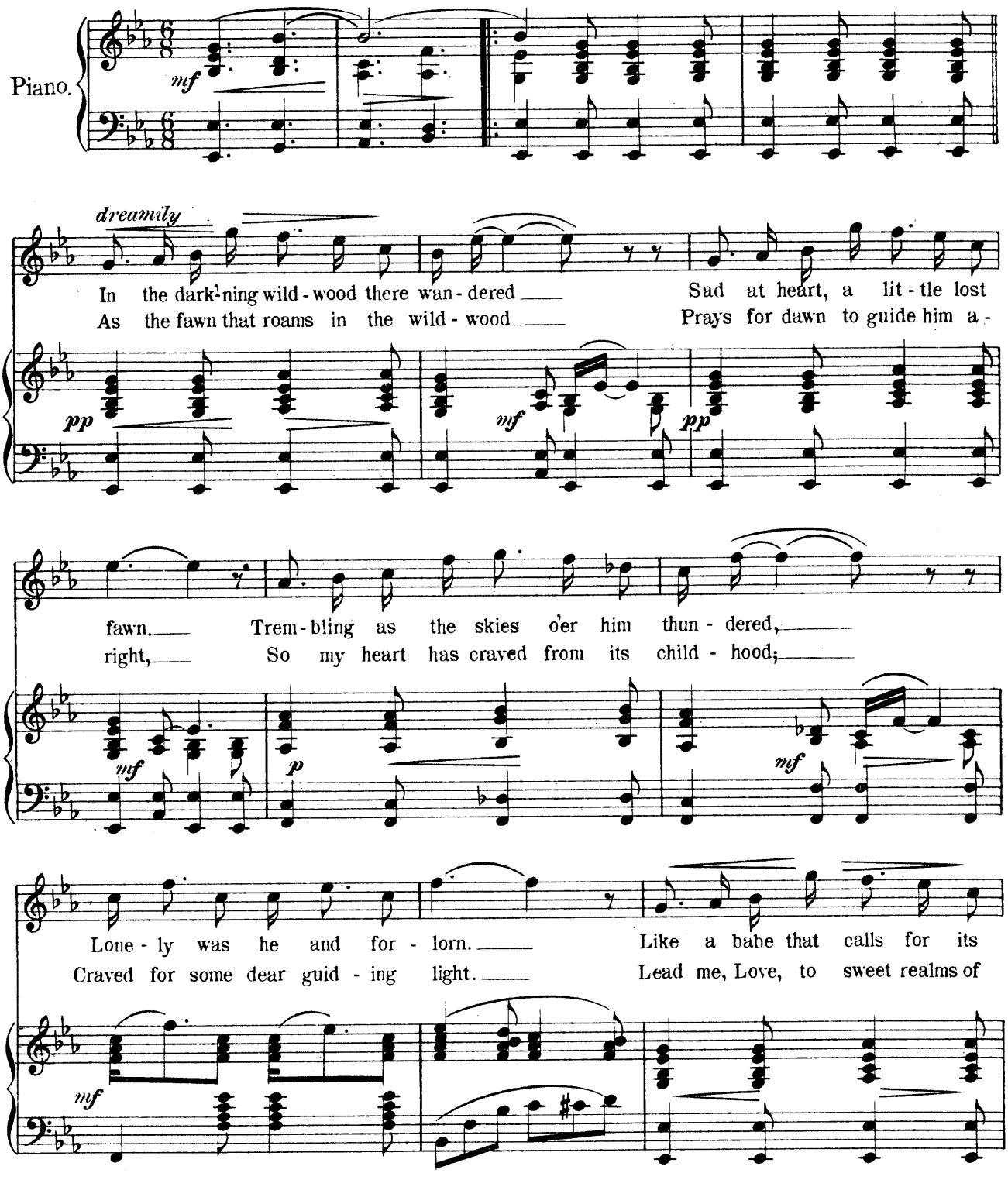


No 17. The Frightened Fawn.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.

Andante.



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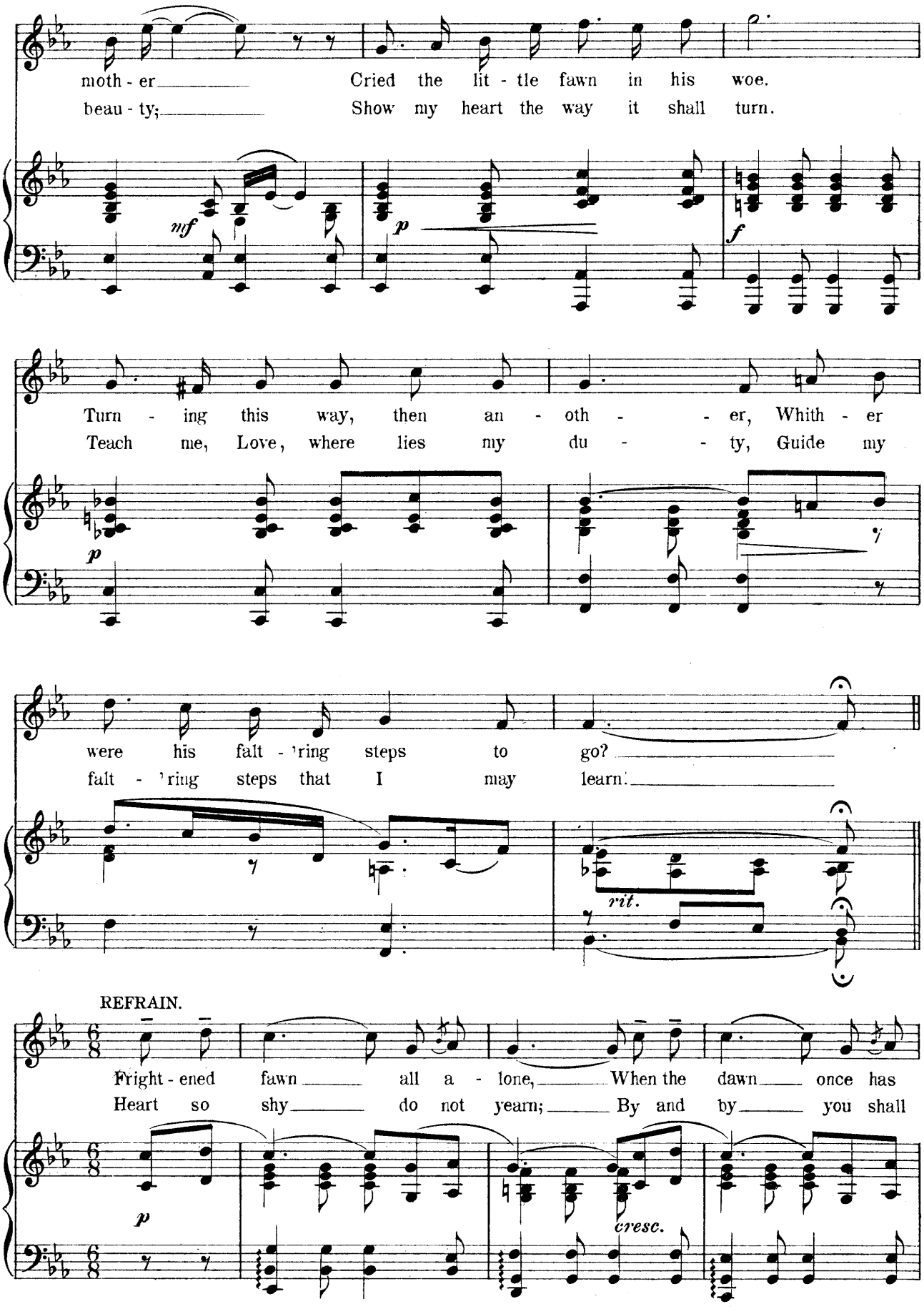
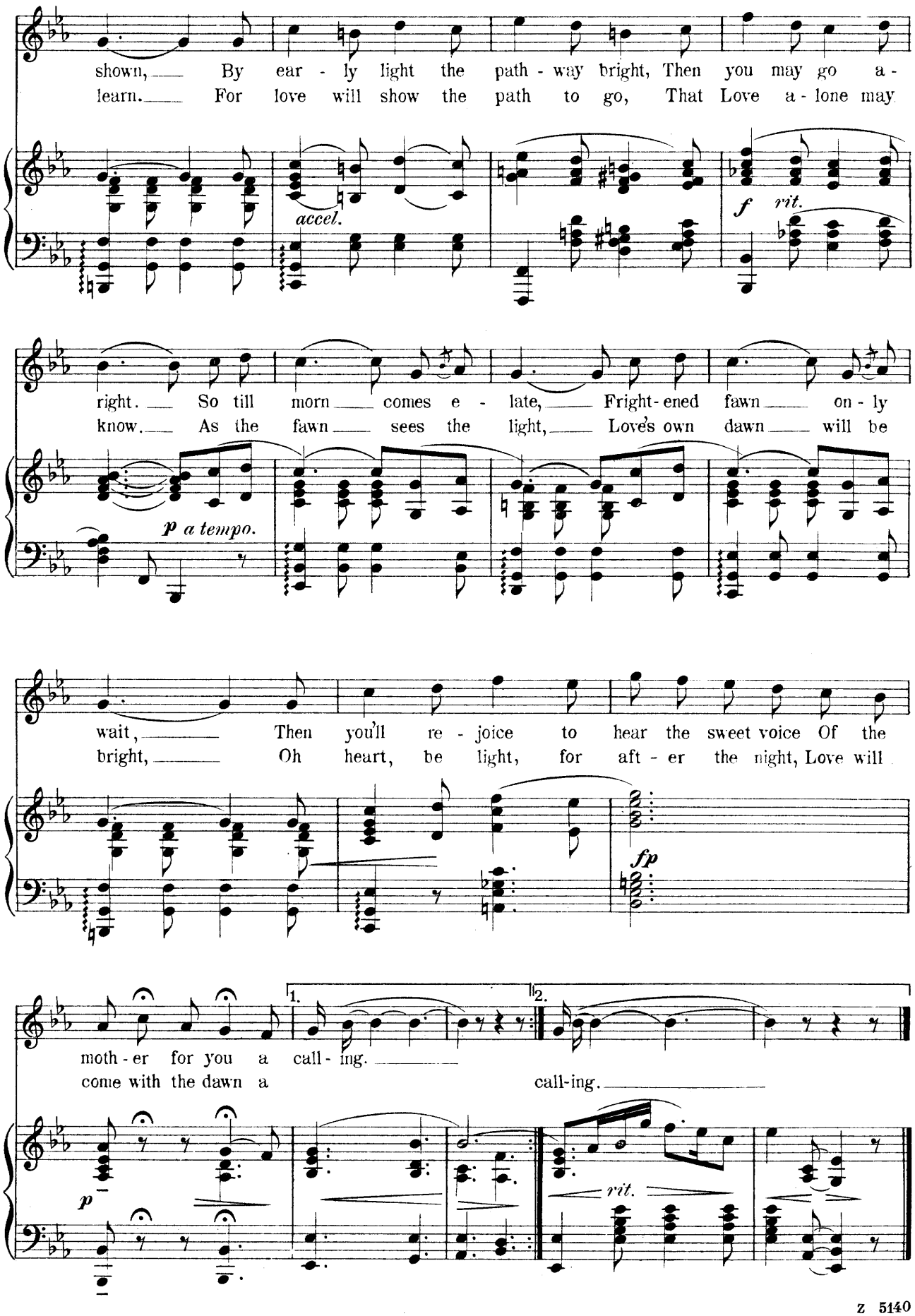

moth - er Cried the lit - tle fawn in his woe.
beau - ty; Show my heart the way it shall turn.
mf
p
f
Turn - ing this way, then an - oth - - er, Whith - er
Teach me, Love, where lies my du - - ty, Guide my
p
were his falt - 'ring steps to go?
falt - 'ring steps that I may learn.
rit.
REFRAIN.
Fright - ened fawn all a - lone, When the dawn once has
Heart so shy do not yearn; By and by you shall
p
cresc.


shown, By ear - ly light the path - way bright, Then you may go a -
learn. For love will show the path to go, That Love a - lone may
accel.
f rit.
right. So till morn comes e - late, Fright - ened fawn on - ly
know. As the fawn sees the light, Love's own dawn will be
p a tempo.
wait, Then you'll re - joice to hear the sweet voice Of the
bright, Oh heart, be light, for aft - er the night, Love will
fp
1.
2.
moth - er for you a call - ing.
come with the dawn a call-ing.
p
rit.

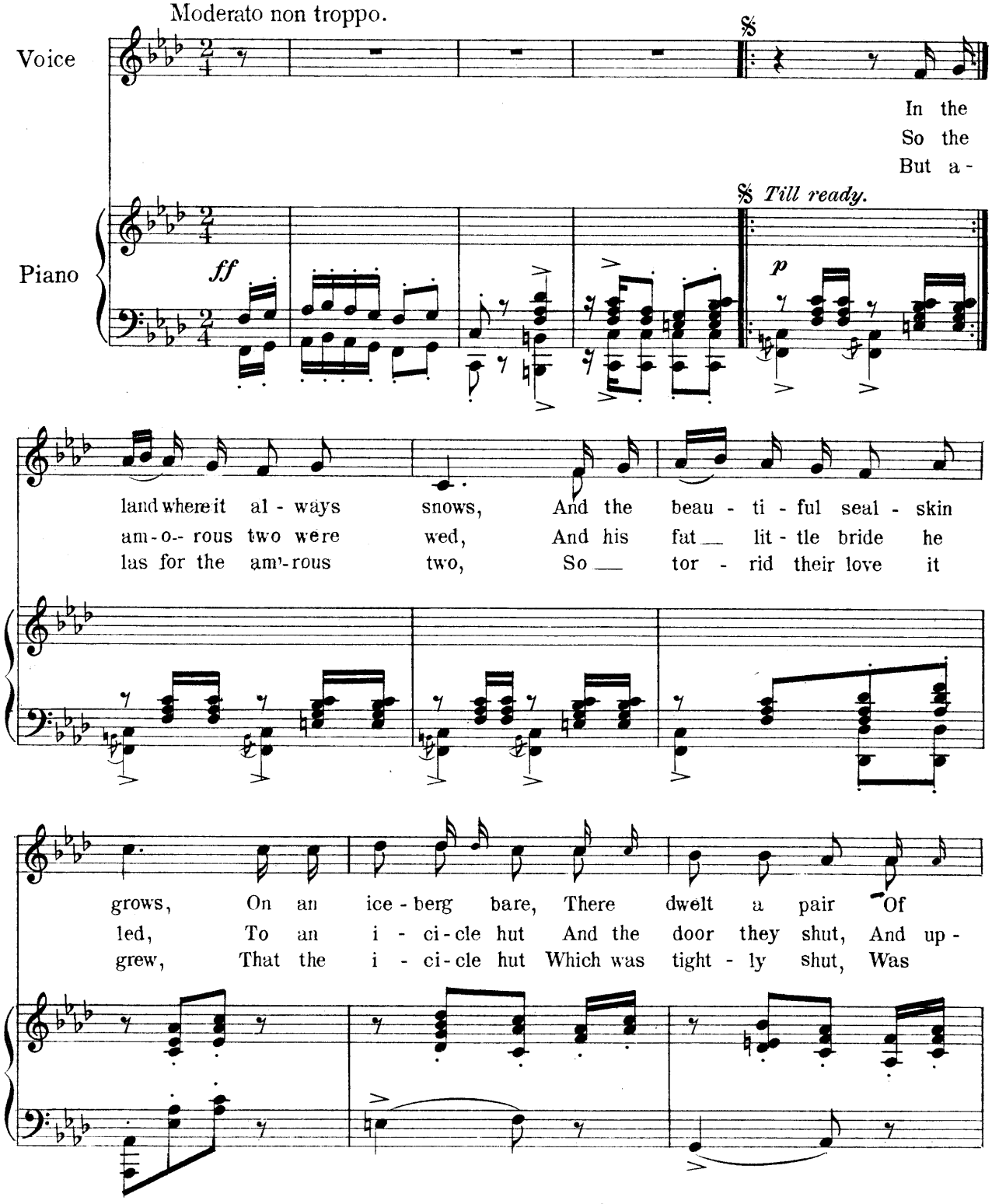
The Amorous Esquimaux.

No 18.

Cerise and Reggy.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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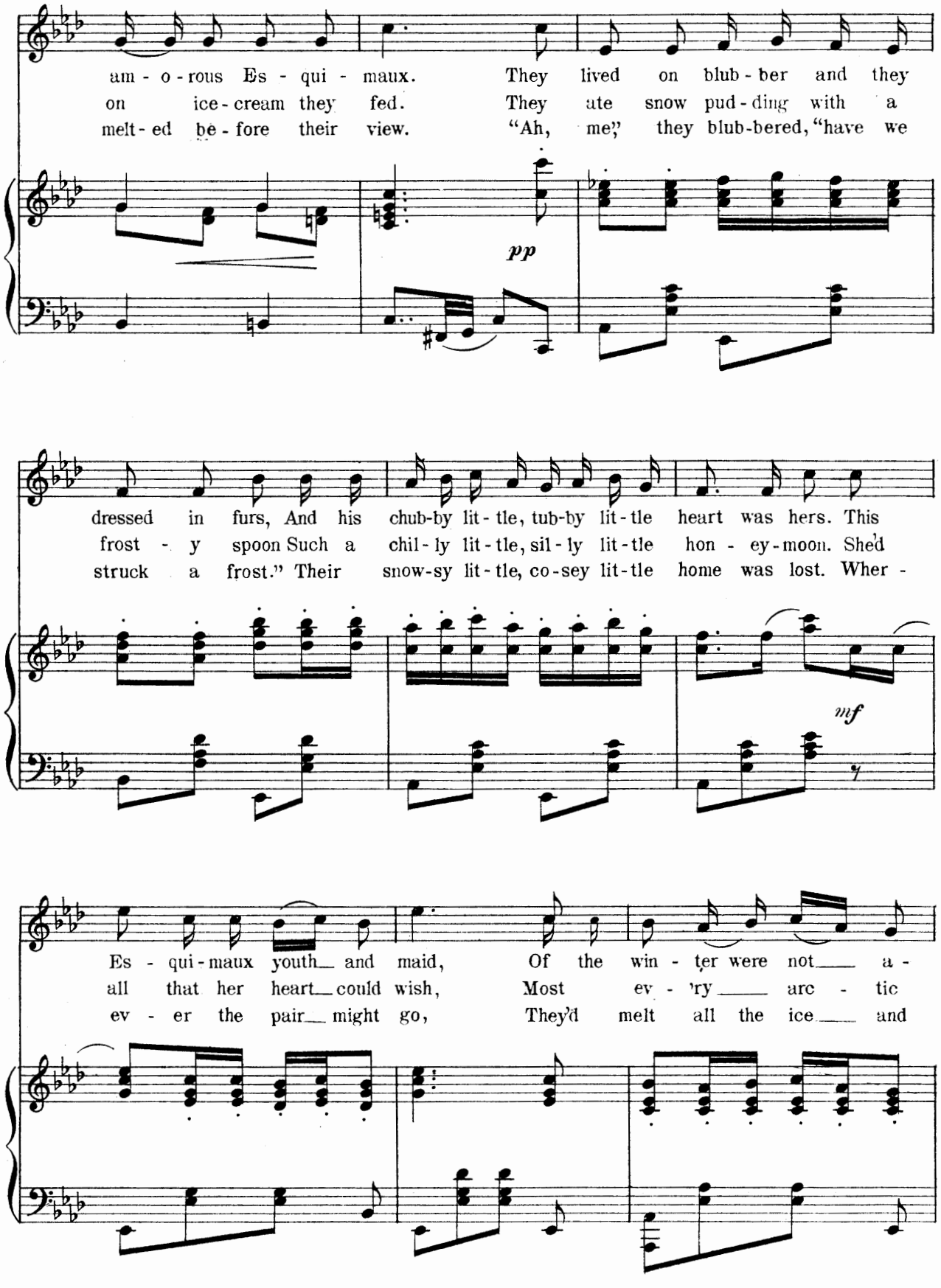
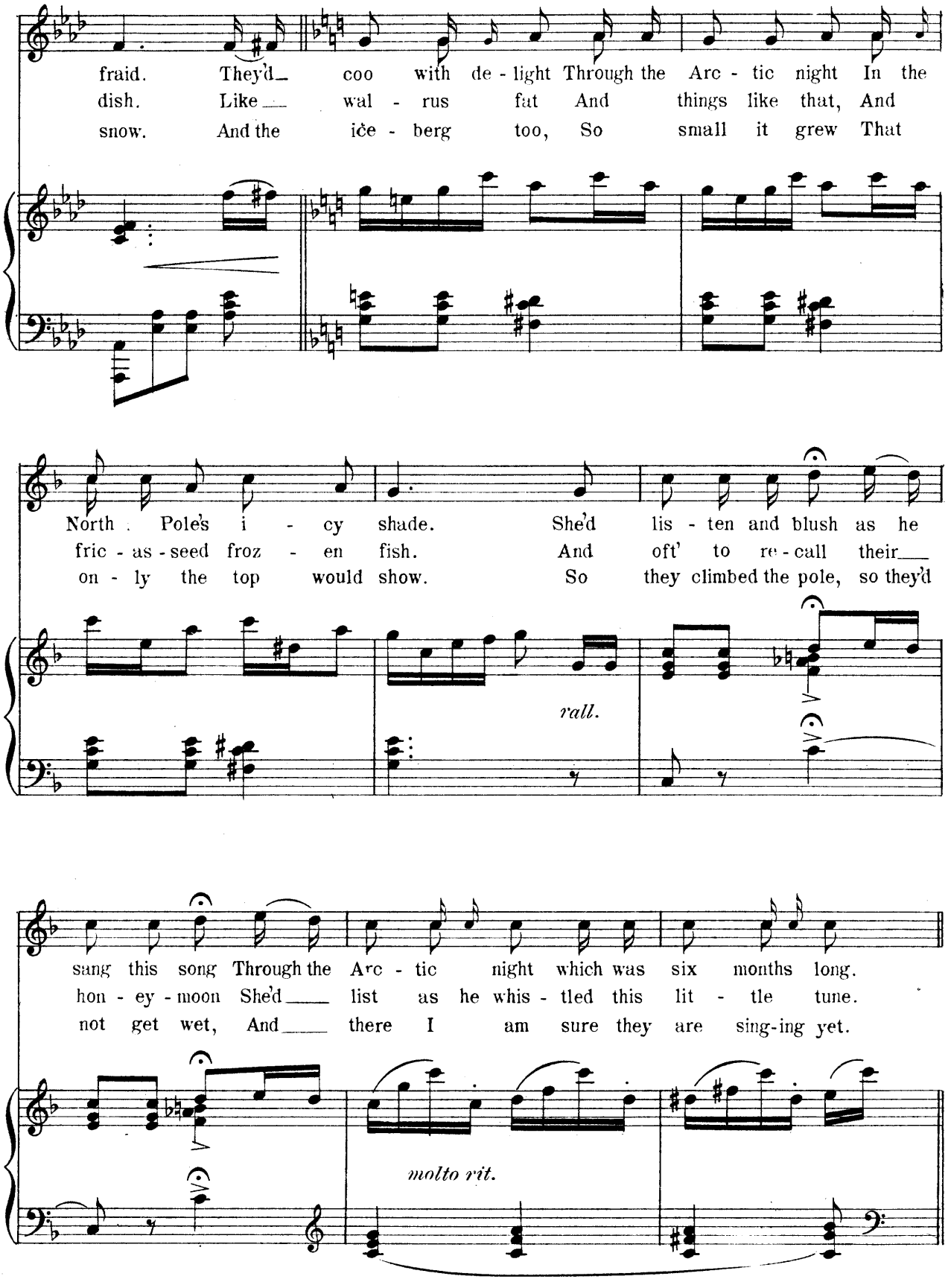
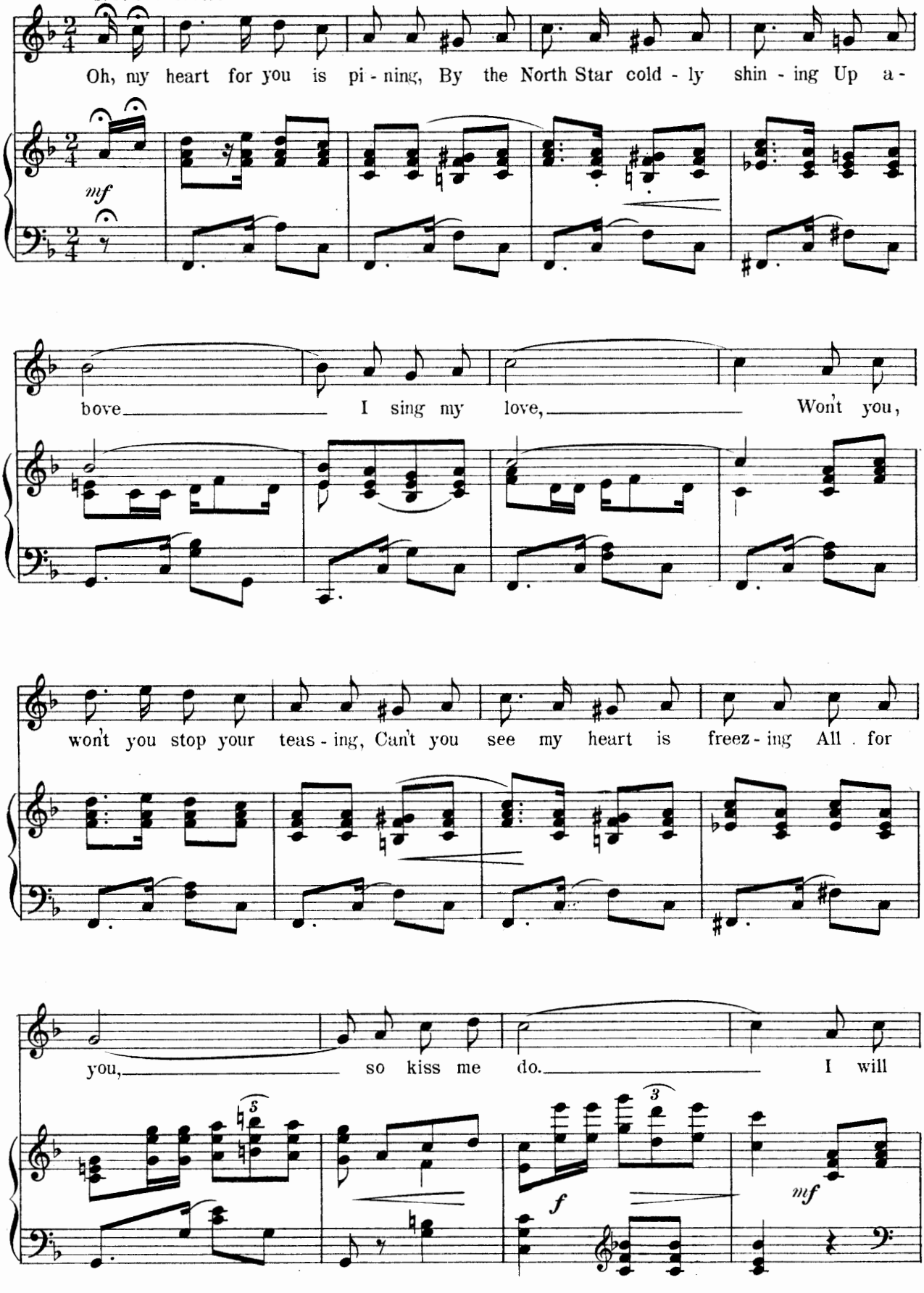
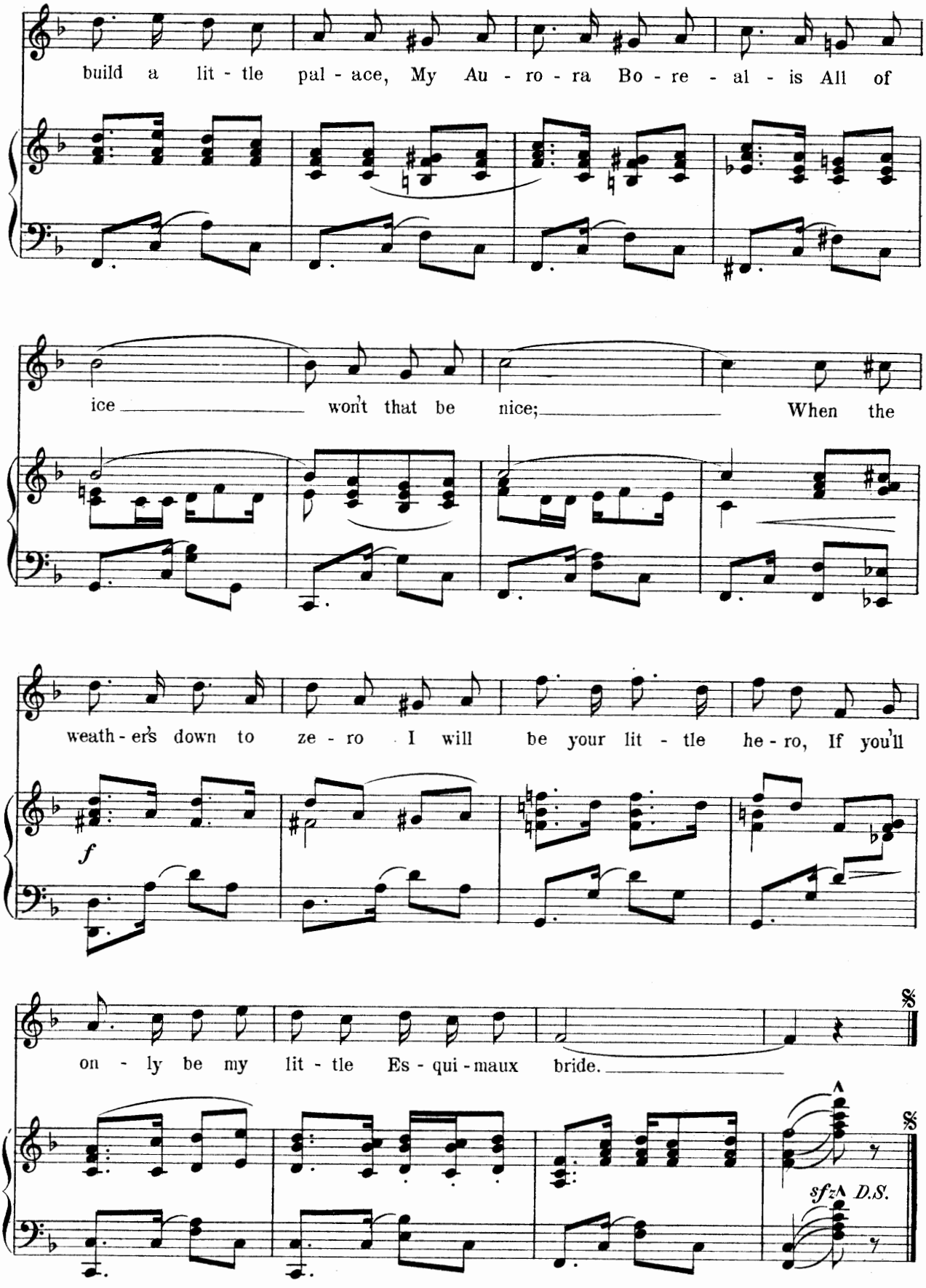

am - o - rous Es - qui - maux. They lived on blub - ber and they
on ice - cream they fed. They ate snow pud - ding with a
melt - ed be - fore their view. "Ah, me," they blub-bered, "have we
pp
dressed in furs, And his chub-by lit - tle, tub-by lit - tle heart was hers. This
frost - y spoon Such a chil - ly lit - tle, sil - ly lit - tle hon - ey - moon. She'd
struck a frost." Their snow-sy lit - tle, co - sey lit - tle home was lost. Wher -
mf
Es - qui - maux youth and maid, Of the win - ter were not a -
all that her heart could wish, Most ev - 'ry arc - tic
ev - er the pair might go, They'd melt all the ice and


fraid. They'd coo with de - light Through the Arc - tic night In the
dish. Like wal - rus fat And things like that, And
snow. And the ice - berg too, So small it grew That
North Pole's i - cy shade. She'd lis - ten and blush as he
fric - as - seed froz - en fish. And oft' to re - call their
on - ly the top would show. So they climbed the pole, so they'd
rall.
sang this song Through the Arc - tic night which was six months long.
hon - ey - moon She'd list as he whis - tled this lit - tle tune.
not get wet, And there I am sure they are sing-ing yet.
molto rit.

Refrain.

Not too slow.

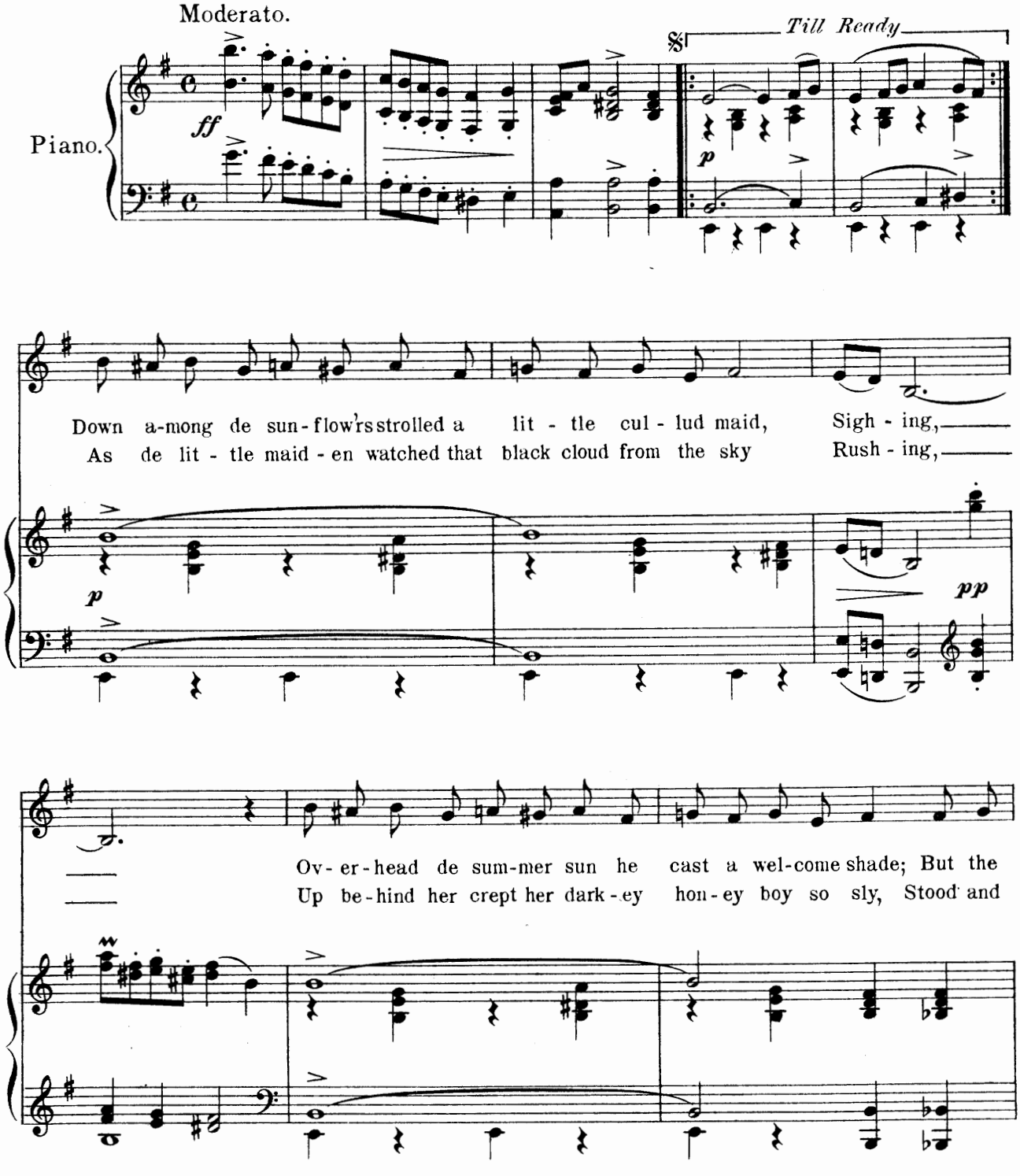



build a lit - tle pal - ace, My Au - ro - ra Bo - re - al - is All of
ice won't that be nice; When the
weath - er's down to ze - ro I will be your lit - tle he - ro, If you'll
f
on - ly be my lit - tle Es - qui - maux bride.
sfz D.S.

No 19. My Black Cloud.

Words by
PAUL WEST.

Music by
JOHN W. BRATTON.



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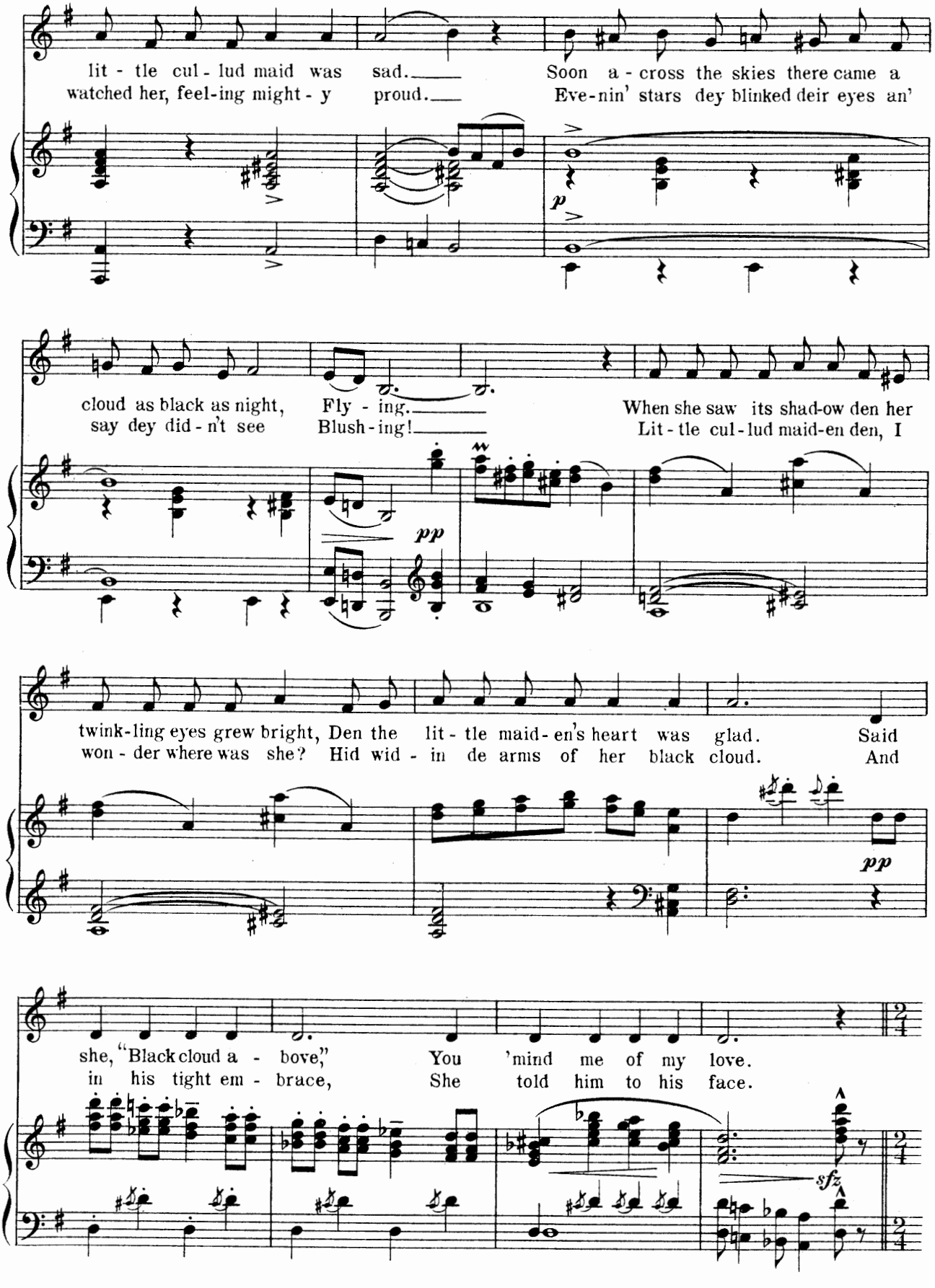
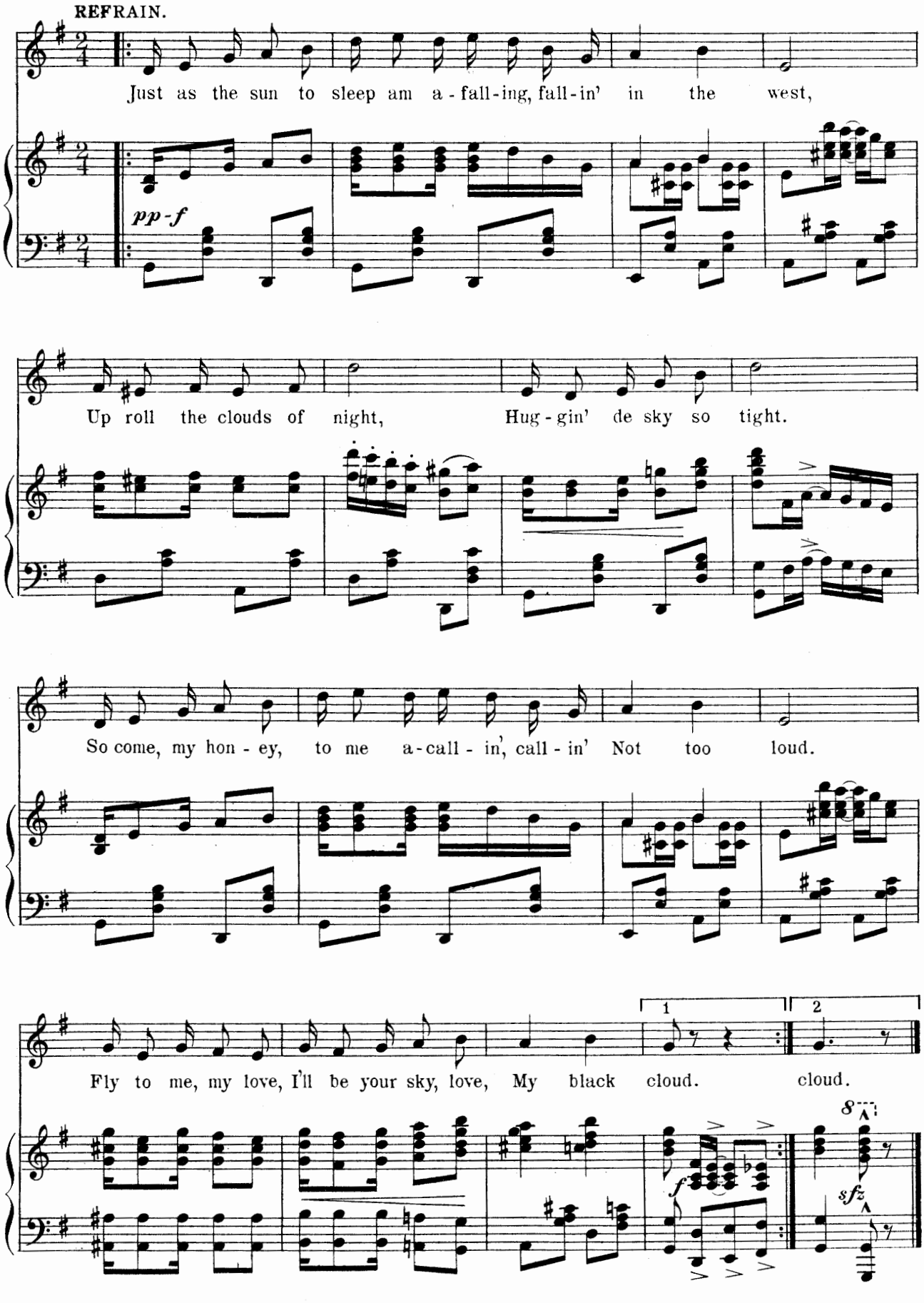
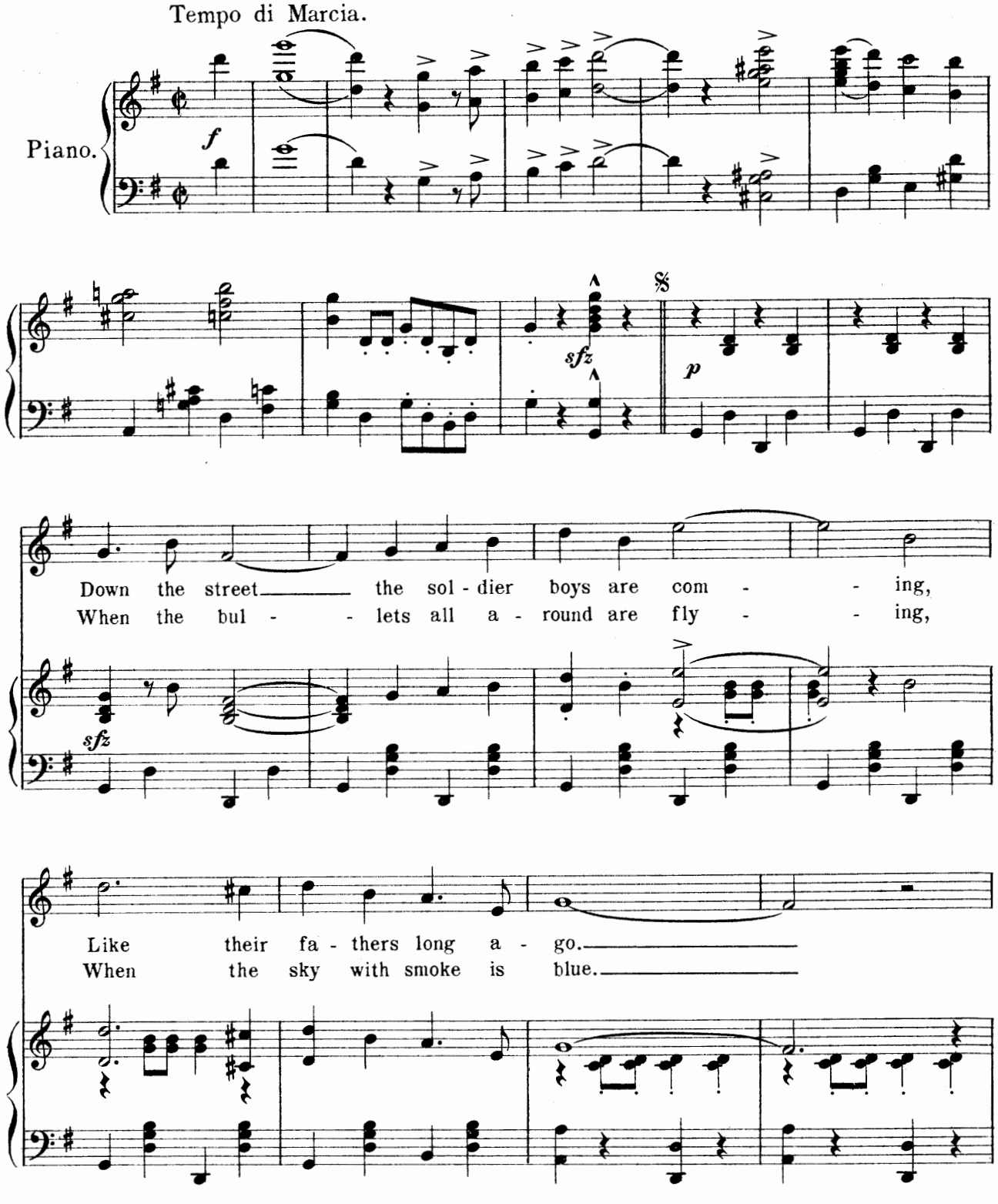
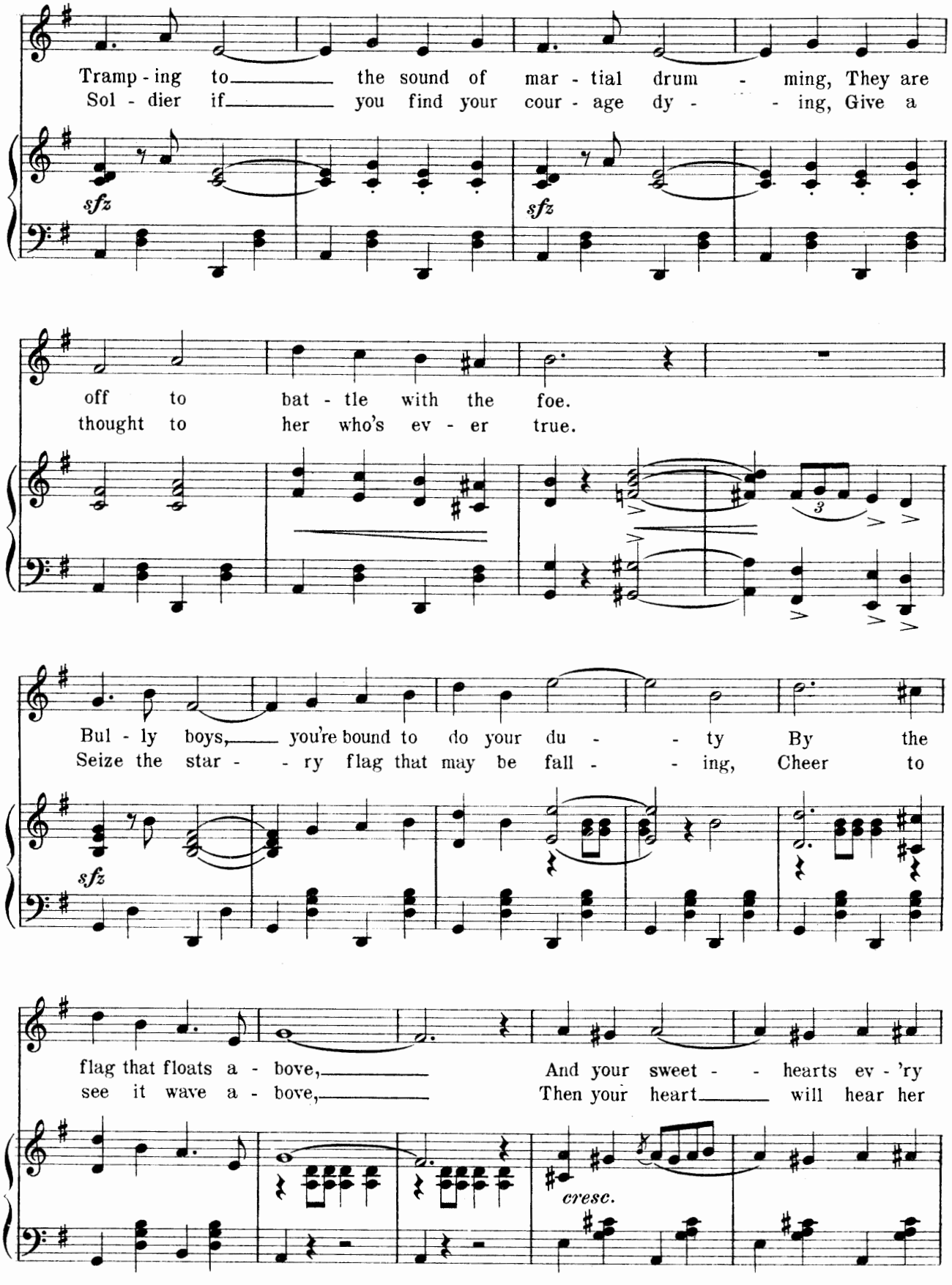

lit - tle cul - lud maid was sad. Soon a - cross the skies there came a
watched her, feel-ing might - y proud. Eve-nin' stars dey blinked deir eyes an'
p
cloud as black as night, Fly - ing. When she saw its shad-ow den her
say dey did - n't see Blush - ing! Lit - tle cul - lud maid-en den, I
pp
twink-ling eyes grew bright, Den the lit - tle maid-en's heart was glad. Said
won - der where was she? Hid wid - in de arms of her black cloud. And
pp
she, "Black cloud a - bove," You 'mind me of my love.
in his tight em - brace, She told him to his face.
sfz

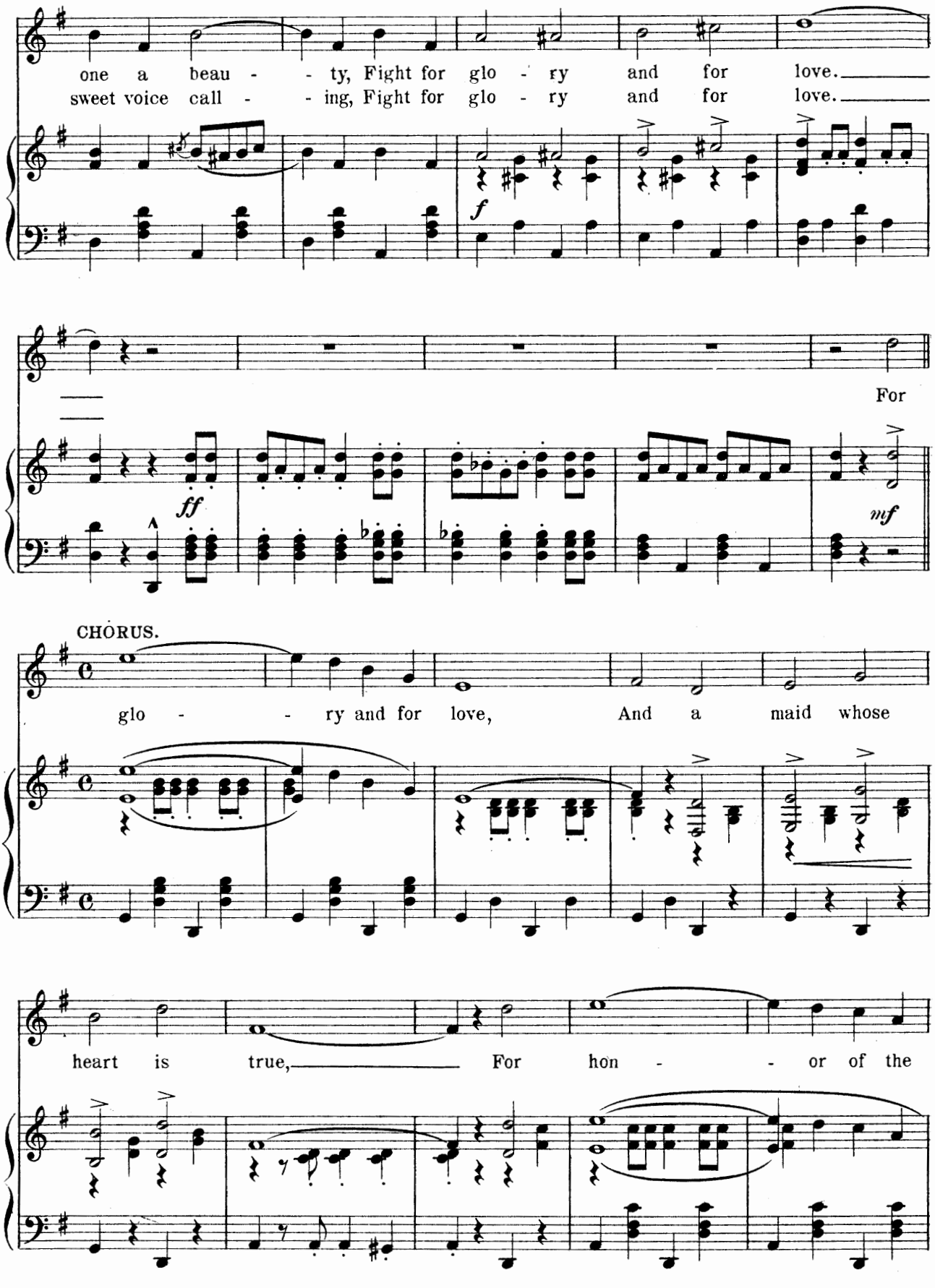

REFRAIN.
Just as the sun to sleep am a-fall-ing, fall-in' in the west,
pp-f
Up roll the clouds of night, Hug-gin' de sky so tight.
So come, my hon-ey, to me a-call-in', call-in' Not too loud.
1
2
Fly to me, my love, I'll be your sky, love, My black cloud. cloud.
f
sfz

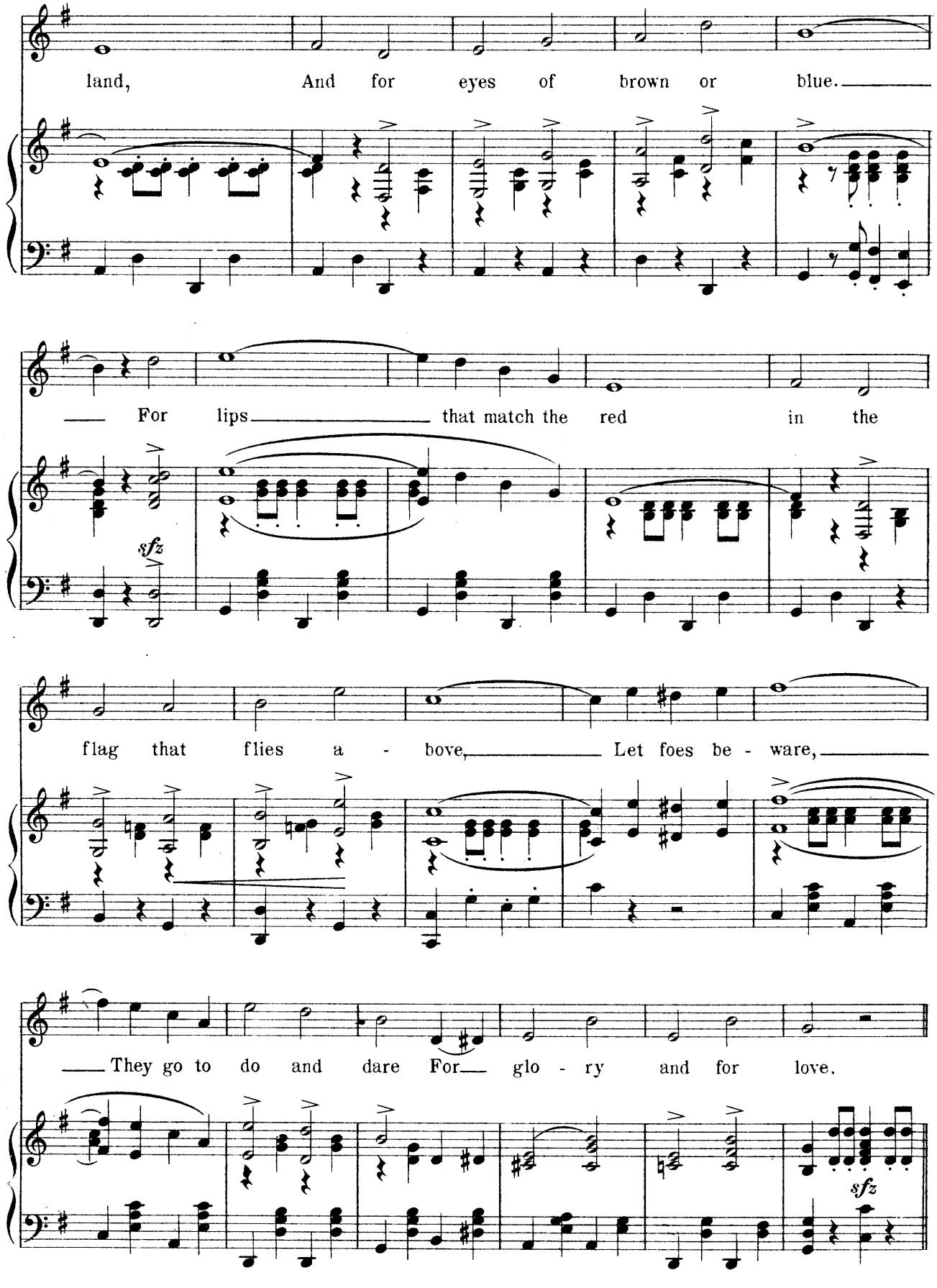
№ 20.

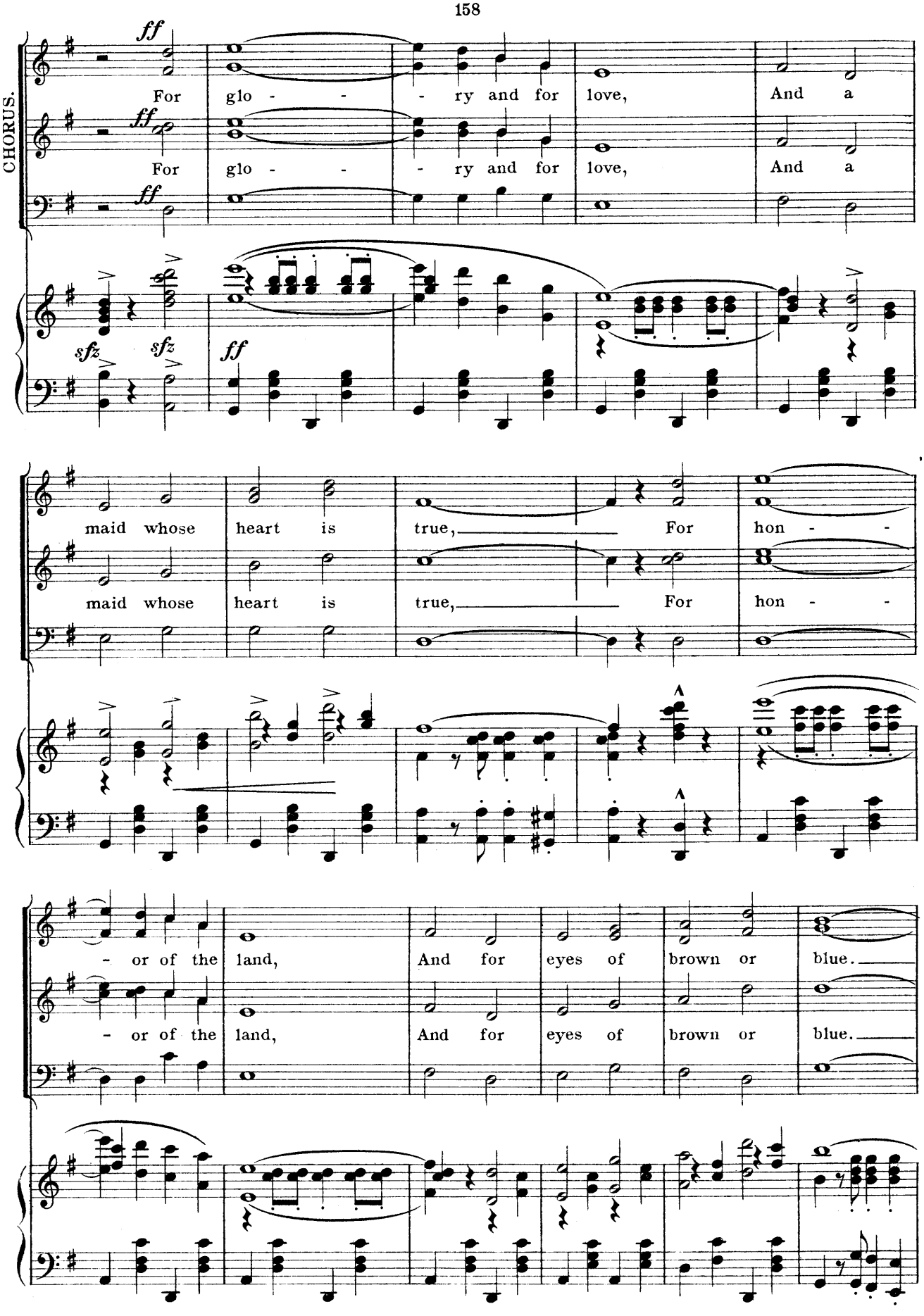
For Glory And For Love.

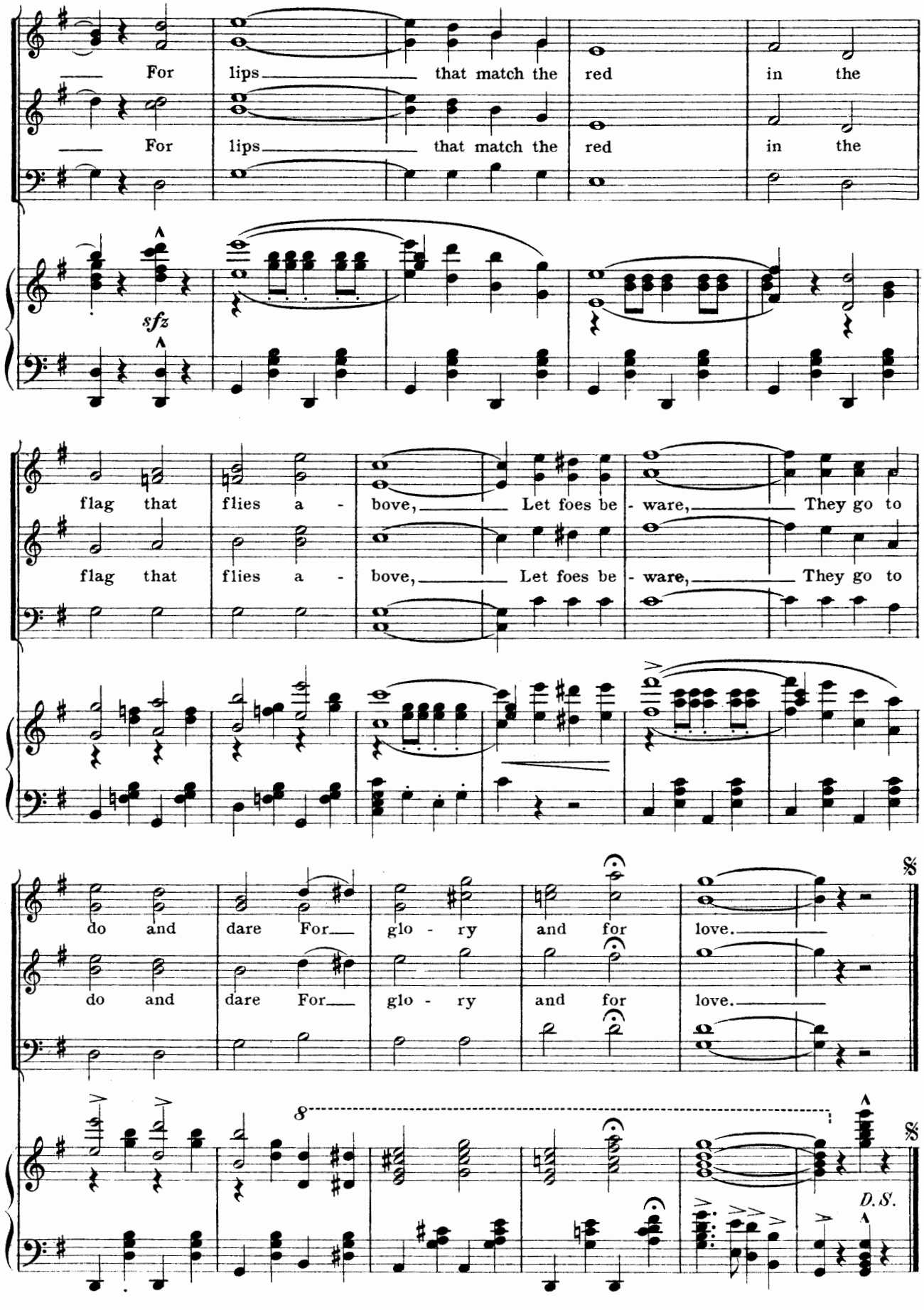



Tramp - ing to the sound of mar - tial drum - ming, They are
Sol - dier if you find your cour - age dy - - ing, Give a
sfz
sfz
off to bat - tle with the foe.
thought to her who's ev - er true.
3
Bul - ly boys, you're bound to do your du - - ty By the
Seize the star - - ry flag that may be fall - - ing, Cheer to
sfz
flag that floats a - bove, And your sweet - - hearts ev - 'ry
see it wave a - bove, Then your heart will hear her
cresc.


one a beau - - ty, Fight for glo - ry and for love.
sweet voice call - - ing, Fight for glo - ry and for love.
f
For
ff
mf
CHORUS.
glo - - ry and for love, And a maid whose
heart is true, For hon - - or of the

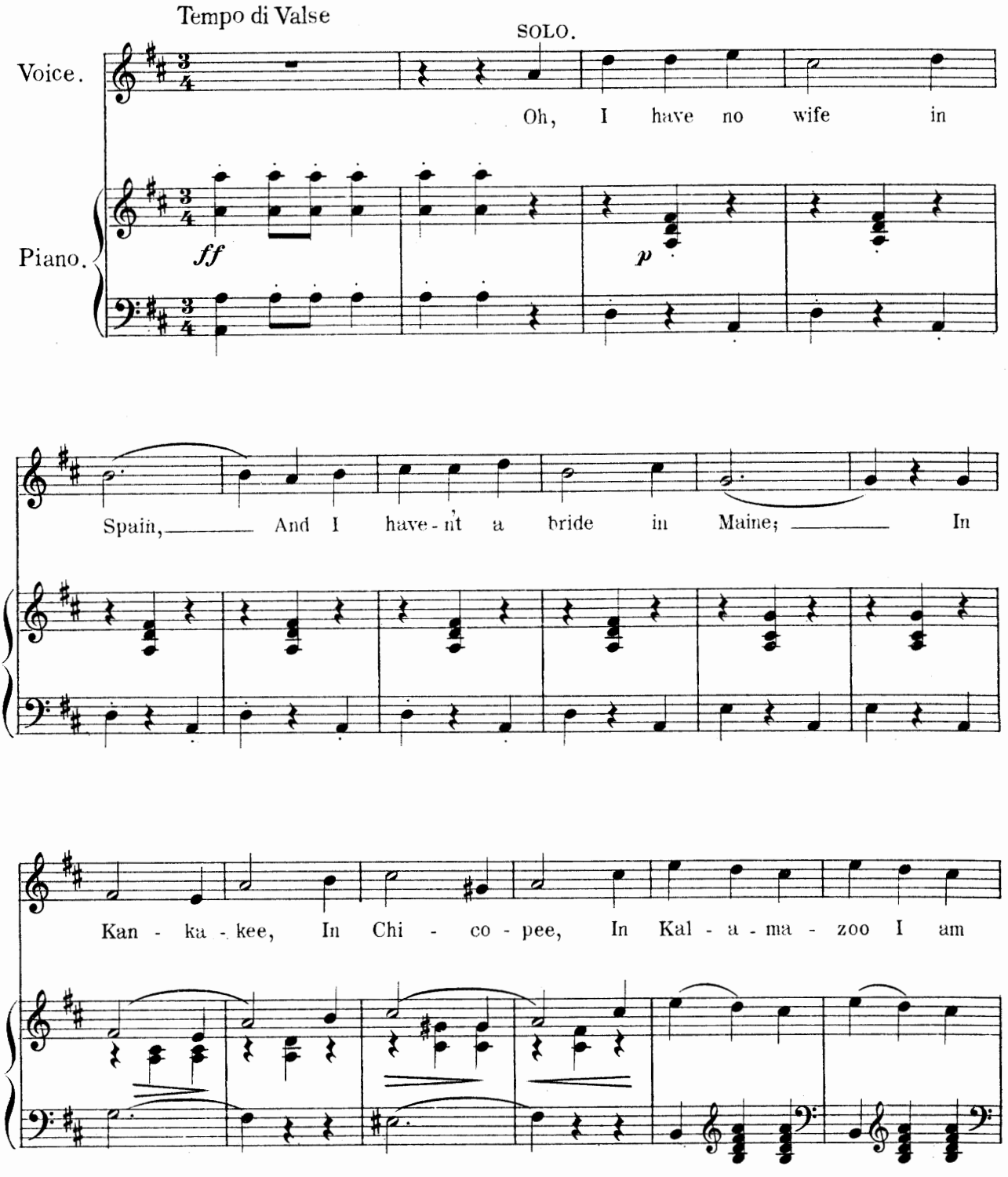

land, And for eyes of brown or blue.
For lips that match the red in the
sfz
flag that flies a - bove, Let foes be - ware,
They go to do and dare For glo - ry and for love.
sfz

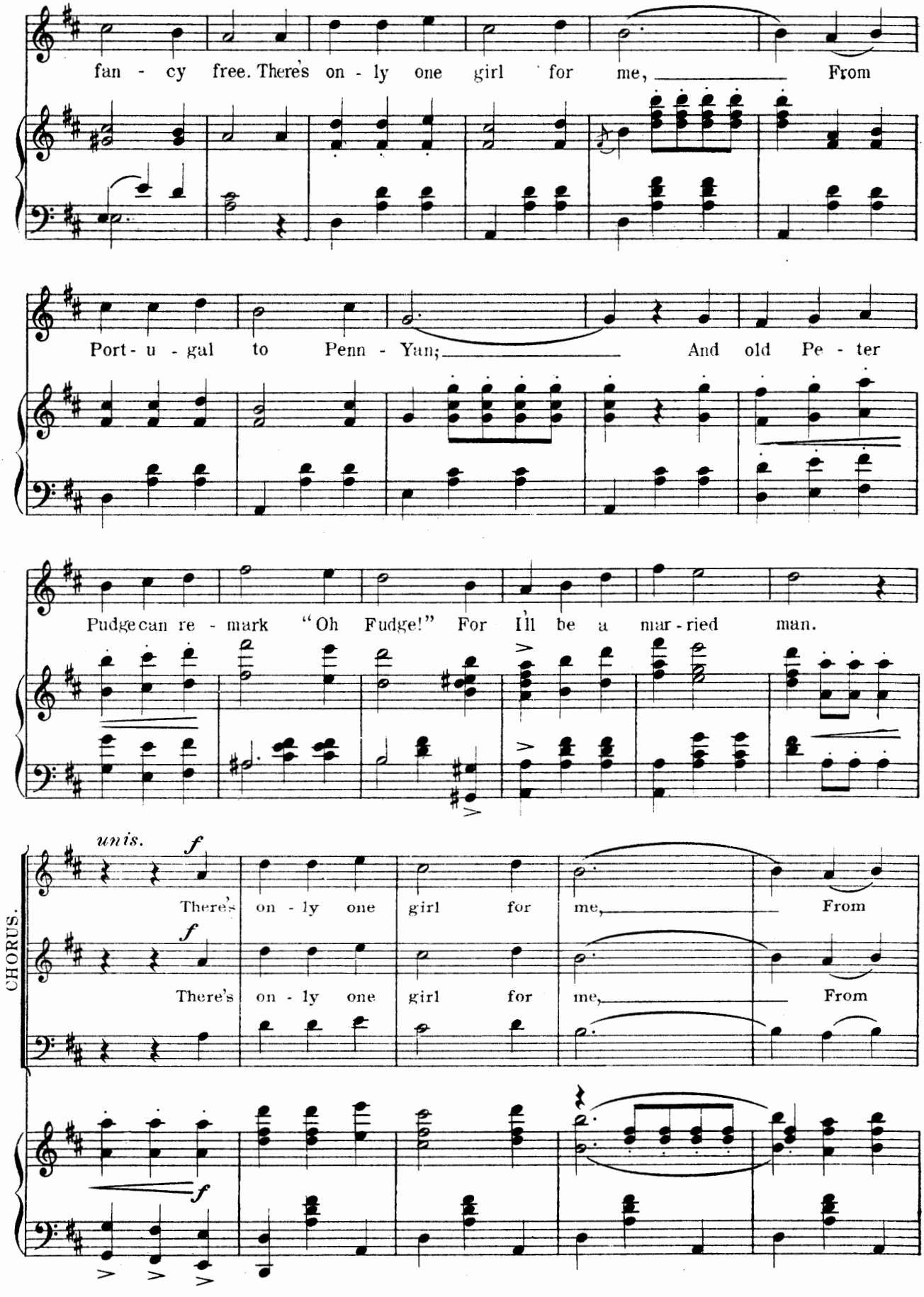

CHORUS.
ff
For glo - - - ry and for love, And a
ff
For glo - - - ry and for love, And a
ff
sfz sfz
ff
maid whose heart is true, For hon - -
maid whose heart is true, For hon - -
- or of the land, And for eyes of brown or blue.
- or of the land, And for eyes of brown or blue.

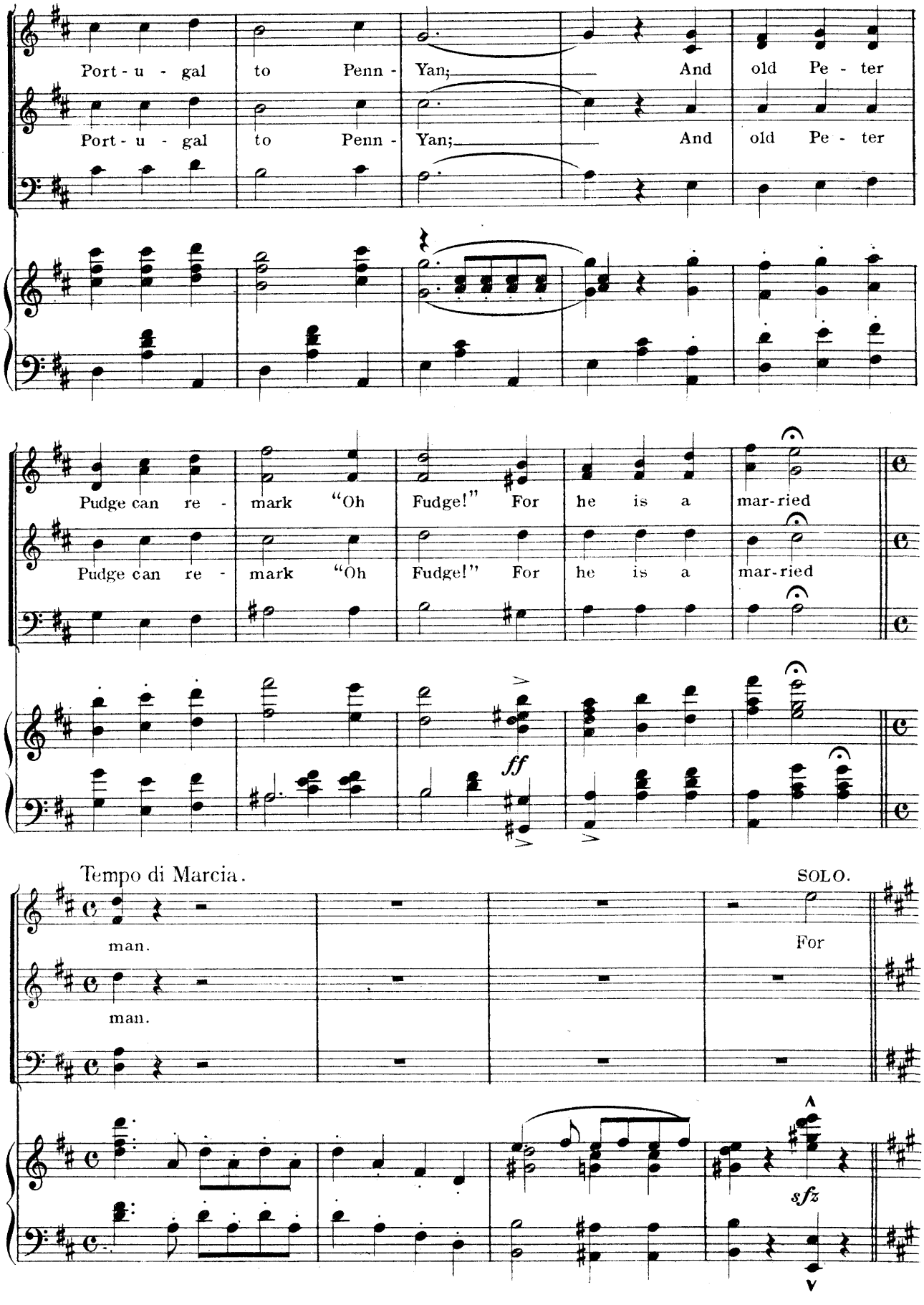

For lips that match the red in the
For lips that match the red in the
sfz
flag that flies a - bove, Let foes be - ware, They go to
flag that flies a - bove, Let foes be - ware, They go to
do and dare For glo - ry and for love.
do and dare For glo - ry and for love.
8
D.S.

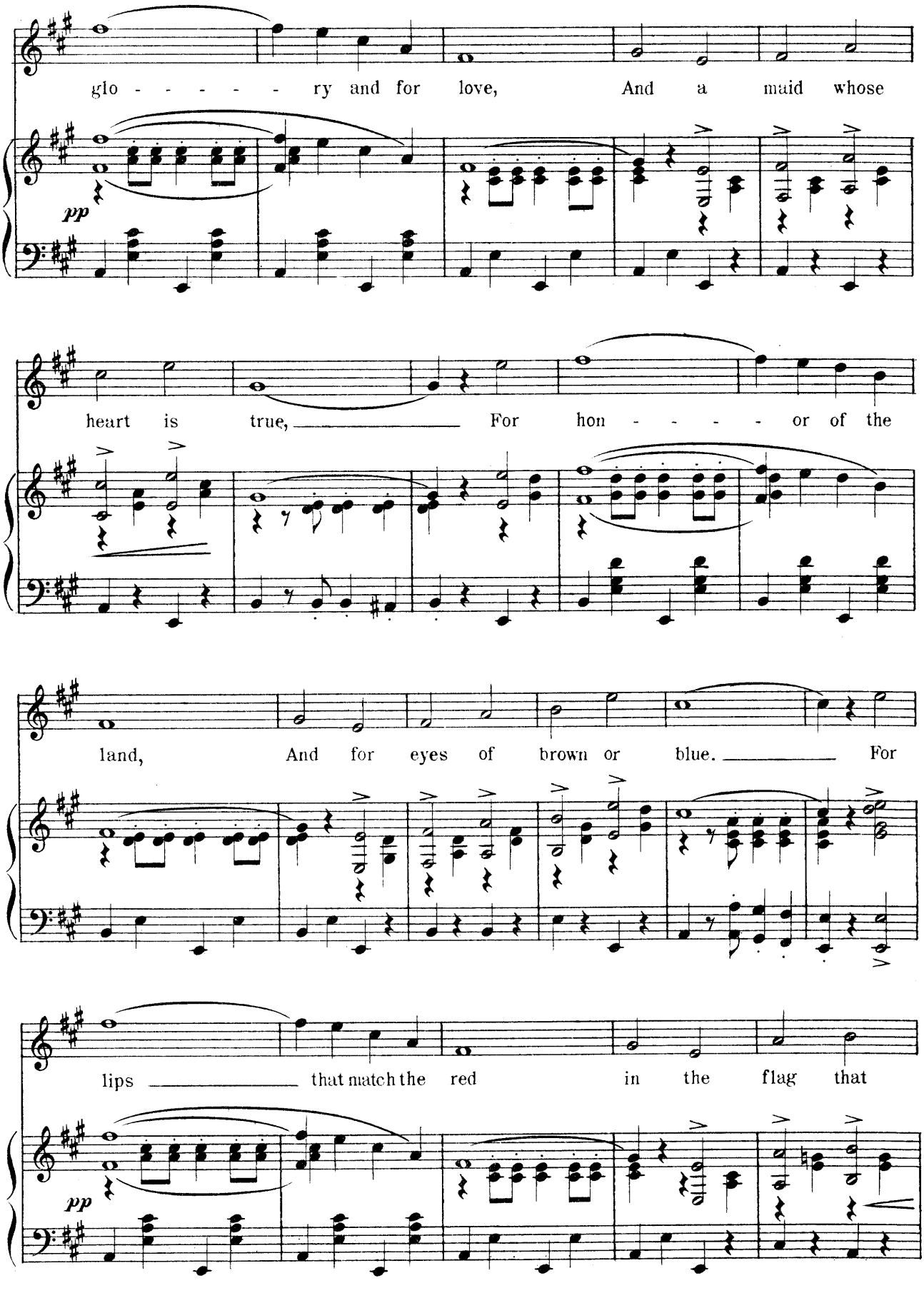
Finale II.

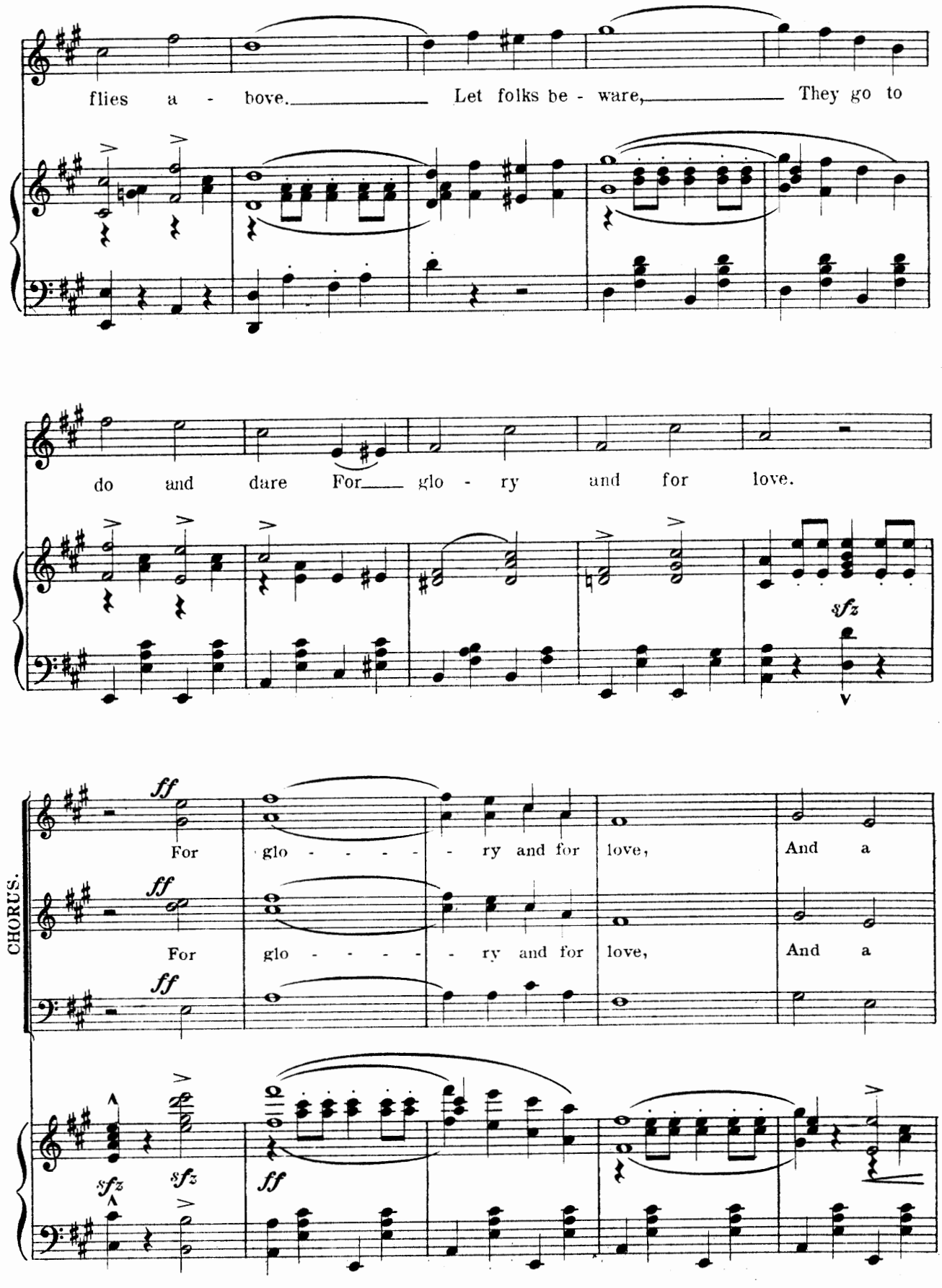
Nº 21.

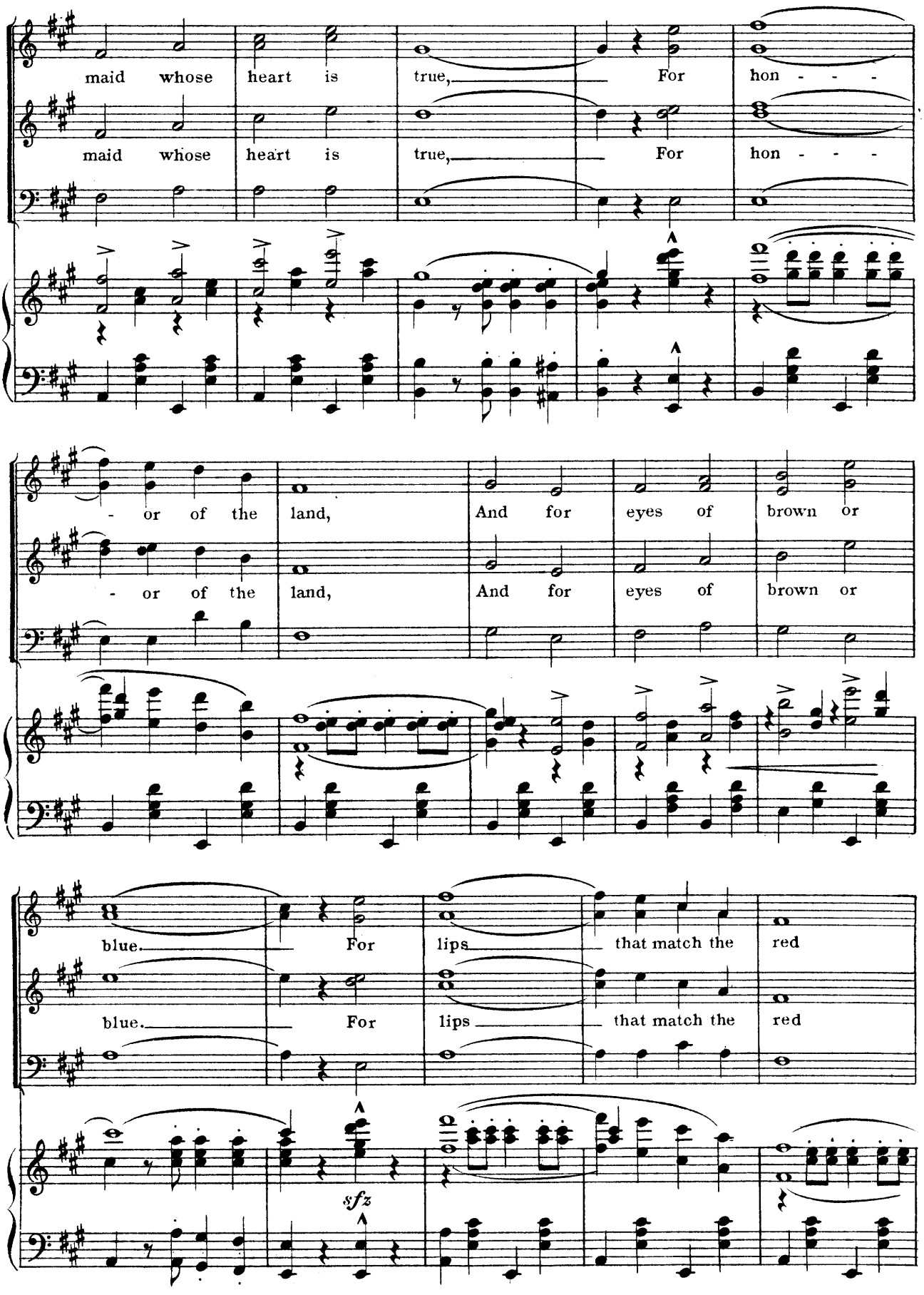


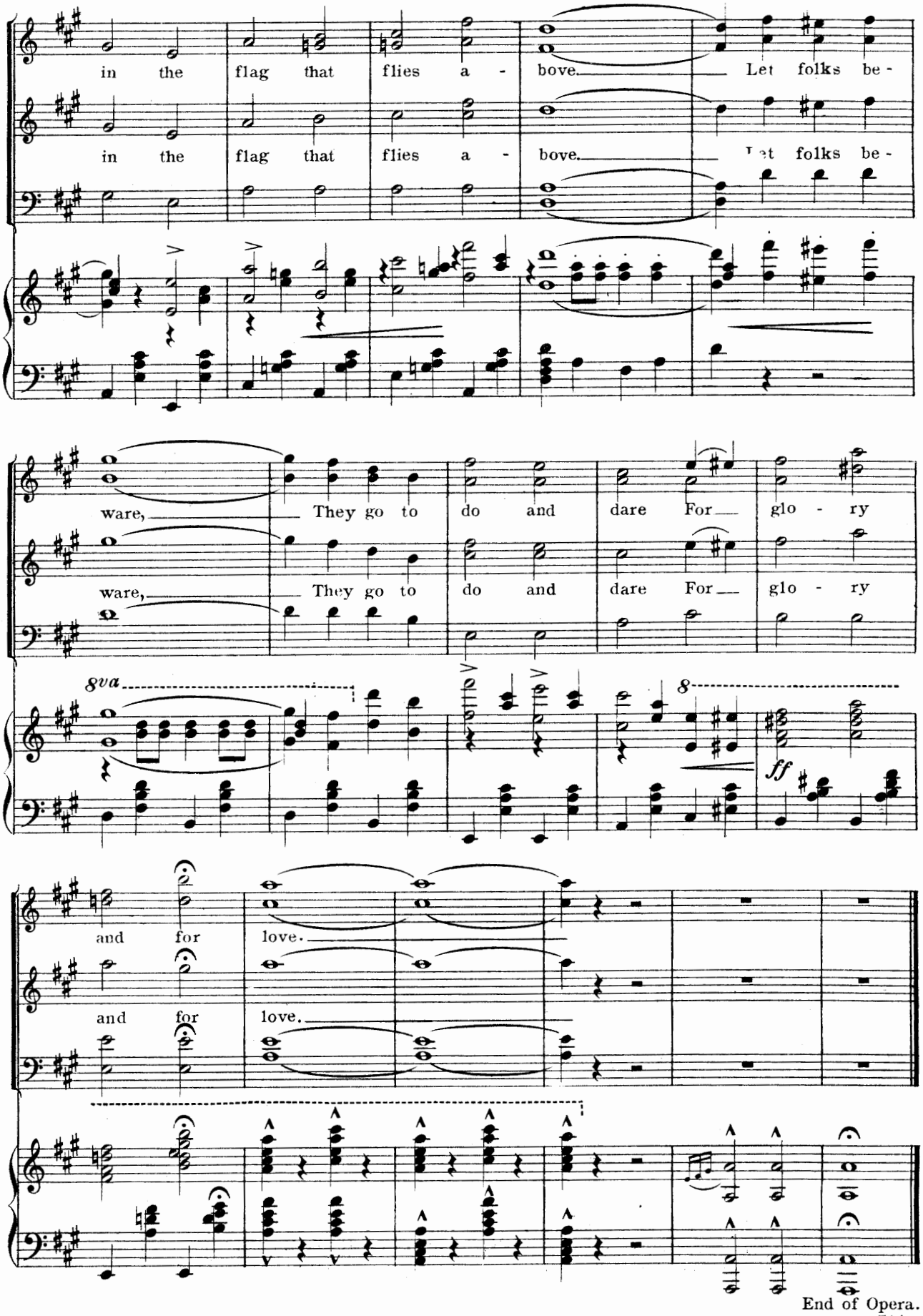

fan - cy free. There's on - ly one girl for me, From
Port - u - gal to Penn - Yan; And old Pe - ter
Pudge can re - mark "Oh Fudge!" For I'll be a mar - ried man.
unis.
f
There's on - ly one girl for me, From
CHORUS.
There's on - ly one girl for me, From


Port - u - gal to Penn - Yan; And old Pe - ter
Port - u - gal to Penn - Yan; And old Pe - ter
Pudge can re - mark "Oh Fudge!" For he is a mar-ried
Pudge can re - mark "Oh Fudge!" For he is a mar-ried
ff
Tempo di Marcia.
SOLO.
man.
For
man.
sfz


glo - - - - - ry and for love, And a maid whose
pp
heart is true, For hon - - - - - or of the
land, And for eyes of brown or blue. For
lips that match the red in the flag that
pp


flies a - bove. Let folks be - ware, They go to
do and dare For glo - ry and for love.
sfz
CHORUS.
ff
For glo - - - - - ry and for love, And a
For glo - - - - - ry and for love, And a
sfz
sfz
ff


maid whose heart is true, For hon - - -
maid whose heart is true, For hon - - -
- or of the land, And for eyes of brown or
- or of the land, And for eyes of brown or
blue. For lips that match the red
blue. For lips that match the red
sfz


in the flag that flies a - bove. Let folks be -
in the flag that flies a - bove. Let folks be -
ware, They go to do and dare For glo - ry
ware, They go to do and dare For glo - ry
8va
8
ff
and for love.
and for love.

End of Opera.