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The Dolls' Courtship.

SONG.

New Arrangement

BY

FREDERICK LESLIE.

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NEW YORK.

WM. A. POND & CO. 25 UNION SQ.

Chicago.

CHICAGO MUSIC CO. 152 STATE ST.

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HITCHCOCK'S MUSIC STORE,
283 Sixth Avenue,
Bet. 17th & 18th Sts., New York.

THE DOLLS' COURTSHIP

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New arrangement by FREDERICK LESLIE.

(Imitations) 3^d Verse Humming top. 4th Verse Banjo. 5th Verse Pop gun. 6th Verse Toy Nightingale.

Moderato.

The musical score is arranged in four systems. The first system shows the piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked 'Moderato' and 'mf'. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system begins the vocal entry with the lyrics 'Think not that love is ours a-lone As by my tale you'll'. The vocal line is in 3/4 time, and the piano accompaniment is marked 'p'. The third system continues the vocal line with the lyrics 'see That saw dust e-quals flesh and bone In hold-ing hearts as free. My'. The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics 'tale is of a big boy doll Whose blue eyes did ad - mire. Miss Dol - ly stand-ing'. The piano accompaniment continues throughout, with various dynamics and articulations.

mf

h

ppa

cresc.

ppa

Think not that love is ours a-lone As by my tale you'll

p

see That saw dust e-quals flesh and bone In hold-ing hearts as free. My

tale is of a big boy doll Whose blue eyes did ad - mire. Miss Dol - ly stand-ing

at a stall Some two or three doors high-er. But she long'd for bet-ter so-

mf

-ci-e-ty He con-tent in low-er grade. She was mark'd

p

eight shill-ings he but four And that a great dif-fer-ence made.

mf

graz.

cresc.

THE DOLLS' COURTSHIP.

1.

Think not that love is ours alone
 As by my tale you'll see
 That sawdust equals flesh and bone
 In holding hearts as free.
 My tale is of a big boy doll
 Whose blue eyes did admire
 Miss Dolly standing at a stall
 Some two or three doors higher.
 (Chorus.) But she longed for better society,
 He content in lower grade;
 She was marked 8 Shillings he but 4,
 And that a great difference made.

2.

His absent gaze was one of love,
 His bosom swelled with fire,
 He would have wink'd his eyes above
 But could not reach the wire.
 Winter's cold blasts he heeded not
 His tissue paper covering
 Was all he wanted for his love
 Was true and past all smothering.
 (Chorus.) But she longed for higher, &c.

3.

No wand'ring neath the trees cool shade
 Her waxy hands to squeeze;
 Their home ancestral, an Arcade
 Where music swell'd the breeze.
 The humming tops (*imitation*) they loved to hear
 As the Cuckoo chimed the hour
 With its "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo," (*imitation*) so dear
 Beneath their glassy bowr.
 (Chorus.) But she longed for higher society,
 He content in lower grade;
 But she could say "Mamma" he only "Im" Pa"
 And that a great difference made.

7.

Alas! a cruel hot scorching sun
 Pour'd in on his complexion,
 And he could feel his flaxen locks
 Parting from their connection;
 The glow of health his cheeks once bore
 Had faded past detection,
 And his eyes of blue hue, had sunk from the glue,
 And he died in deep dejection.

4.

At night he would be put into bed
 In a cardboard box so jolly,
 Not heeding the price marked on the lid,
 To dream of his fair Dolly.
 Then rising slowly, he would search
 For his favorite serenader,
 A banjo marked but "6 pence cheap;"
 And this was the tune he played her (*imitation*)
 (Chorus.) But she longed for higher, &c.

5.

So time went on, but they stood there
 Until the dawn of summer
 Brought dolls from Paris, fresh and fair,
 Including a "French Drummer;"
 Soon did the Frenchman gain her love,
 He danced and bowed politely,
 But a pop gun (*imitation*) sent his soul above
 To the top shelf, "damaged slightly!"
 (Chorus.) But she longed for higher, &c.

6.

One afternoon he loudly cried
 "Are my glass eyes me deceiving?"
 His face wax'd wrath as he espied
 His Dolly sold and leaving.
 He prayed that her arms and legs might stand
 The knocks that they'd be receiving,
 And as her brown paper shroud was lost in the crowd
 A toy nightingale trill'd to his grieving (*imitation*)
 (Chorus.) Then she moved to higher society,
 He remained in the Arcade;
 But she sold for 8 Shillings 6 pence knocked off
 For one eye would not work, so 'twas said.

(Chorus Last Verse)

Then he moved to higher society,
 She a great mistake had made;
 For armless and legless, with one eye knocked out
 On the fire, died a wretched old maid

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Contact: Karen Lund, x70156
Lauren Woodis, x73939
Pat Padua, x75904