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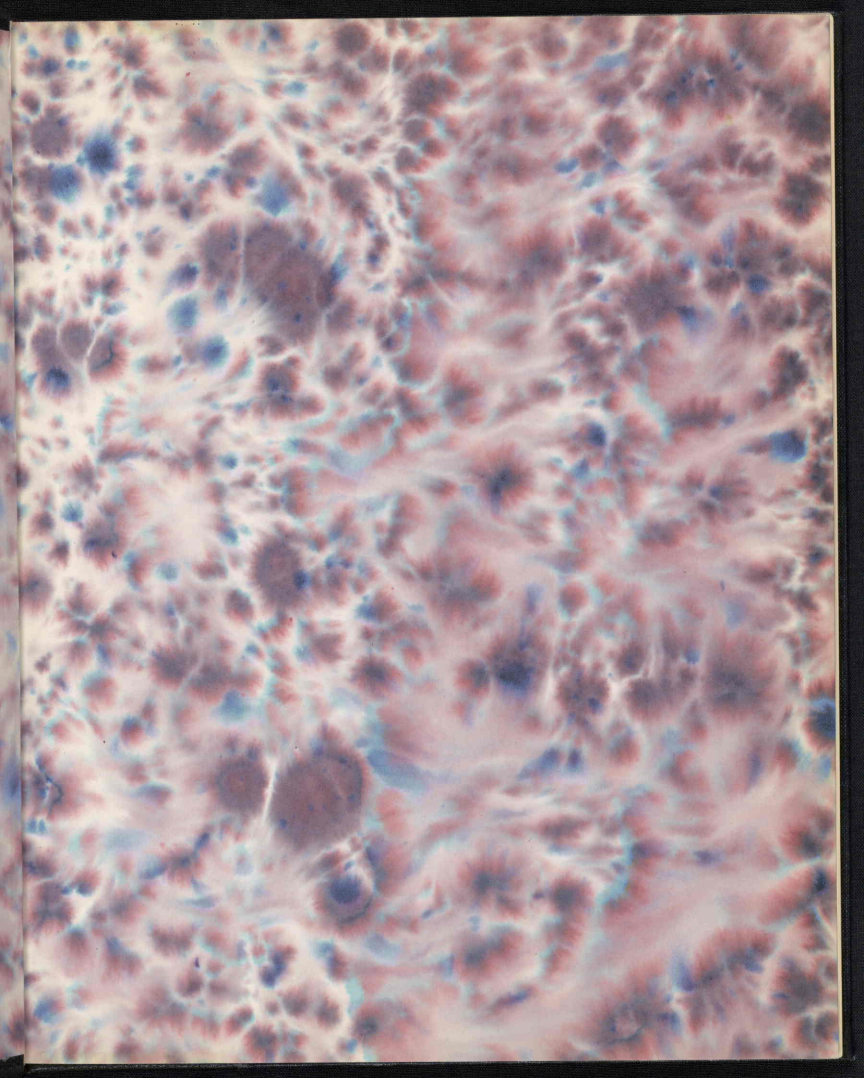

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JULIAN MITCHELL'S
PRODUCTION OF

WONDERLAND

A Musical Extravaganza

BOOK & LYRICS BY

GLEN MacDONOUGH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT

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

M. WITMARK & SONS.

NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON
VIENNA - LEIPZIG SAN FRANCISCO TORONTO
JOSEF WEINBERGER CANADIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC CO. LTD.
Melbourne, Australia, ALLEN & Co

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M1503
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Case

Julian Mitchell's Production

entitled

"Wonderland"

A Fantastic Musical Play in Three Acts.

Book and Lyrics by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

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

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

SEQUENCE OF SCENES.

ACT I. — SCENE I — Dr. Fax's Cottage in the King's Park. SCENE II. — The Painted Desert.
SCENE III. — The Square of the Houses that makes Faces.
ACT II — SCENE I — The King's Park. SCENE II — The Exterior of a Department Store.
SCENE III — A Department Store. SCENE IV — The Lake of the Enchanted Castle.
ACT III — Ball Room of the Enchanted Castle.

Stage Manager	Robert Fairchild
Musical Director	Carl Styx

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Wonderland.

Lyrics by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Overture.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro.

Piano.

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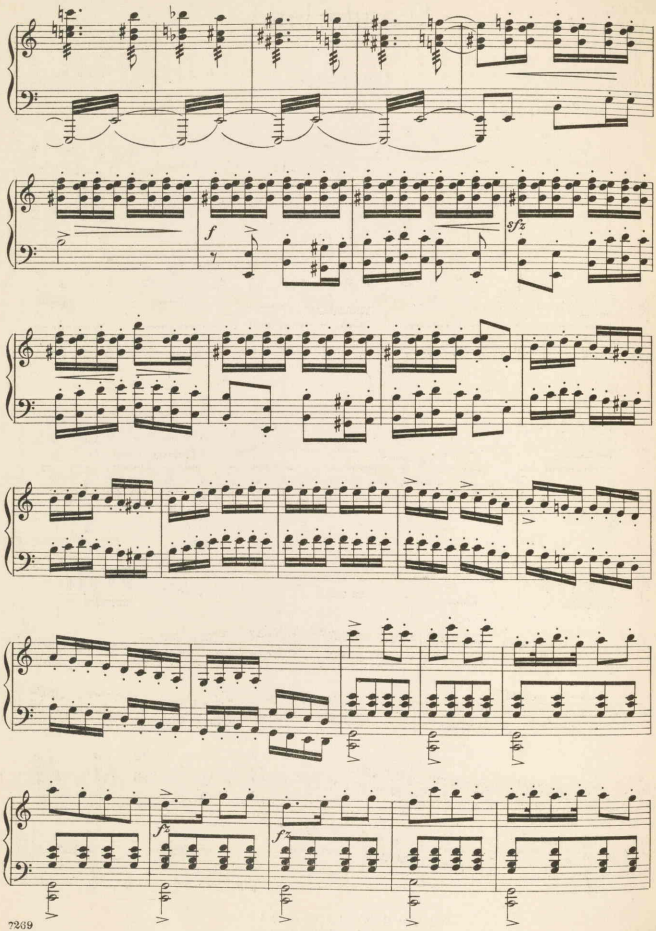
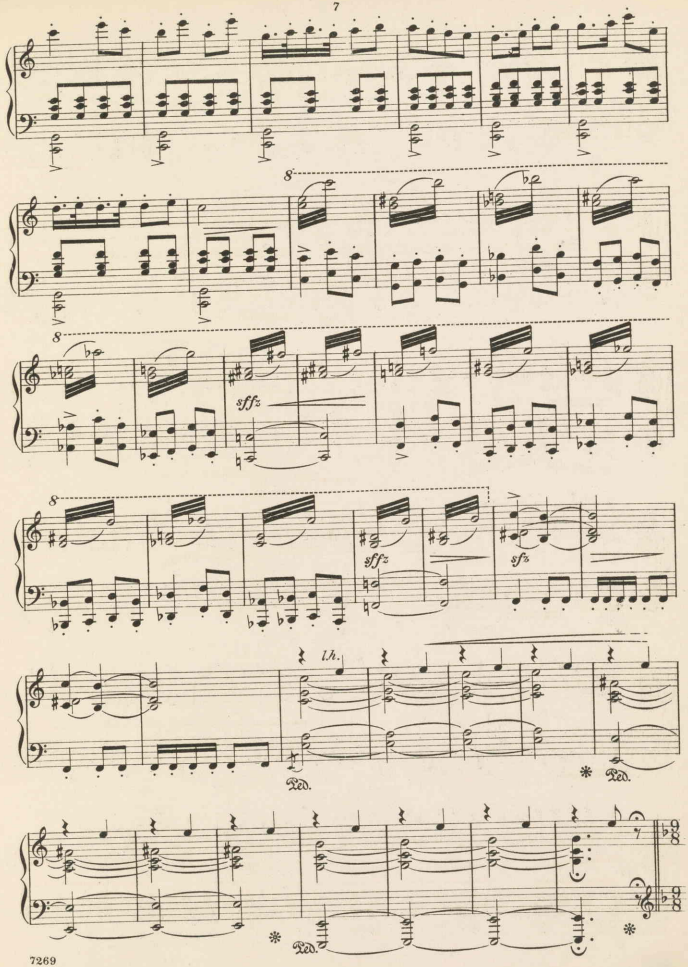
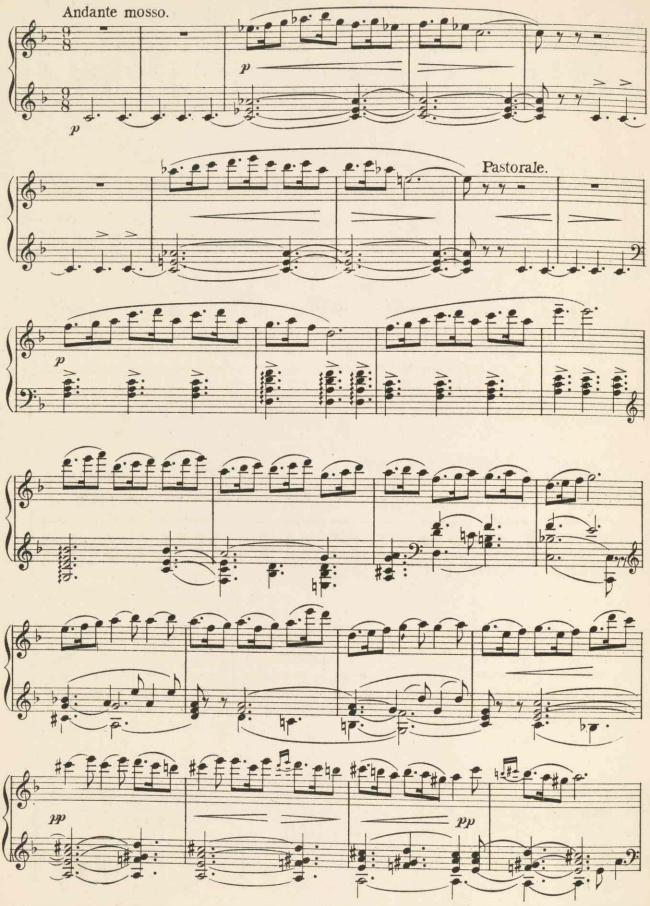
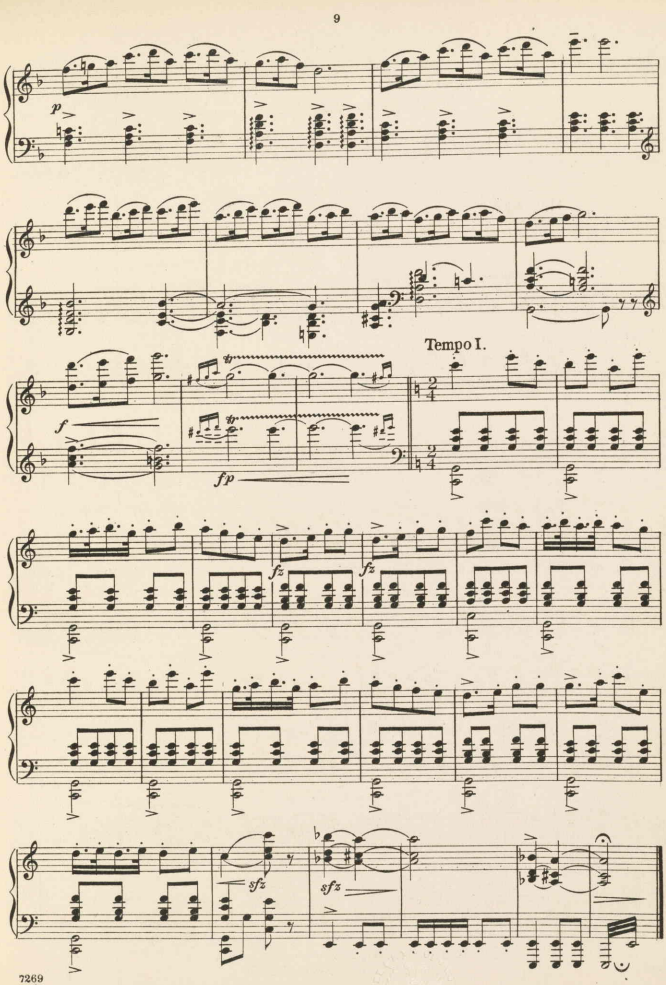

f
sfz
fz
fz


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


Andante mosso.
p
p
Pastorale.
p
pp
pp


p
Tempo I.
f
fp
fz
fz
sfz
sfz

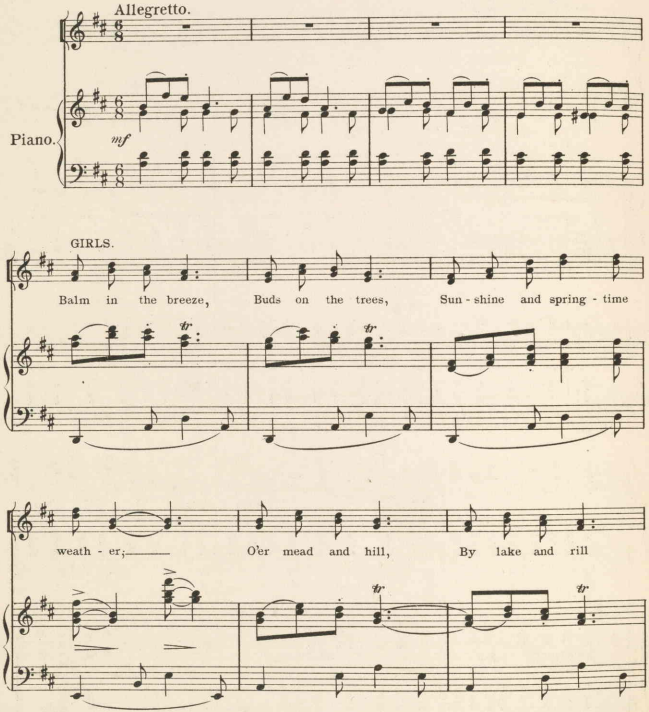
ACT I.

№ 1. Opening Chorus.

Until We Meet Again.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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Dear heart, we stroll to - geth - er. Id - ly we stray,

Blos - som and spray Sweet - ly a - bove us bend - ing; Sad 'tis a - las!

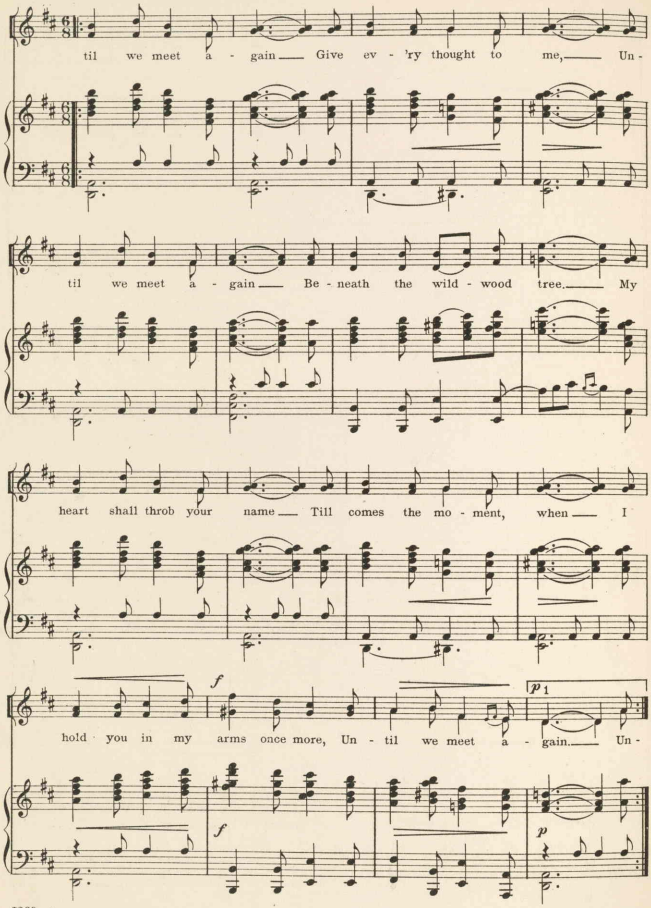
This path we pass Some - where must have an end - ing.

rit.

Some-where must have, must have an end - ing. Un -

tr *tr* *rit.*

REFRAIN.


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

2
KITTENA. *pp*

Ah! Ah!

gain. Un - til we meet a - gain Give ev - 'ry thought to me, Un-

pp

Ah! Ah!

pp

pp

Ah!

til we meet a - gain Be - neath the wild - wood tree. My

Ah! Ah!

Ah!

heart shall throb your name Till comes the mo - ment, when I

Ah! Ah!

hold you in my arms once more, Un - til we meet a - gain.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

pp

sffz

Entrance of Monitors.

No 2a

FOREST SCENE.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro giusto.

Piano.

mf

f

sfz

tr

pesante.

ff

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The Nature Class.

Nº 2b.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Moderato.

p

fp

GIRLS.

We know all the var - i - ous

poco rit. *più rit.* *amabile.*

trees, The names of the birds and bees; Like -

wise of the hab - its of rob - ins and of rab - bits We

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chat - ter with e - lo - quent ease. That's why at the break of

day, Each morn - ing we tod - dle a - way To

stud - y the feat - ures of all the lit - tle creat - ures That

o - ver these sol - i - tudes stray.

TENOR.

The nat - ure class, be

BASS.

sfz

seat - ed, pray, pre - pare ___ for rec - i - ta - tion, For

sfz

p GIRLS.

In

you in bot - a - ny to - day will have ___ ex - am - i - na - tion.

sfz

bot - a - ny to - day to - day well have ___ ex - am - i - na - tion.

scherzando.

pp

1st GIRL.

The

fp *poco rit.* *p*

Meno mosso.

mush - room is a veg - e - ta - ble, to se - lect them few are a - ble.

staccato sempre.

Some are bad, and when you meet 'em you can't tell, un - less you eat 'em.

2nd GIRL.

If in heav - en you a - wak - en, then you'll know you were mis - tak - en.

ALL.

That's a sign the kind you've eat - en weren't the kind you ought to eat!

p

fp

poco rit.

p

3rd GIRL.

All their names we have quite pat in ver - y sci - en - tif - ic Lat - in,

and this kind, pro - fess - ors tell us, Is the gen - us can - tha - rel - us.

4th GIRL.

Spec - ies, bing - us; ha - bi - ta - tus, Pa - ter - so - ni; Cin - ci - na - tus;

ALL.

Sakes! a - live, it's ver - y luck - y they don't taste the way they sound!

p

5th GIRL.

The

poco rit.

p

vi - o - let de - mure and pret - ty grows in bunch - es in the cit - y,

Where young men with six - inch col - lars spend for them their pa - pa's dol - lars.

6th GIRL.

What they spend for those and ros - es good - ness grac - ious on - ly knows - es

ALL.

Ros - es van - ish when you mar - ry, bet - ter get them while you can!

p

DANCE. Not fast.

1

Repeat ad lib.

2

p

pp

The Crew of the Peekaboo.

Nº 3.

James, Blue, Gladys and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro giocoso.

Piano.

f *sfz* *sfz* *p*

We two are the crew of the Peek - a - boo, We sail a - mong the stars, we do; From Si - ri - us to Mars we two Go skim-ming through the

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blue.

Each day we call for the man in the moon For

he's not bus - y in the aft - er - noon, And we go to the on - ly

rit.

sky ca - fe; That's a dai - ry lunch on the Milk - y way.

Oh! it's hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty

hip! For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty ship, From

Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass - es they've seen us So

mer - ri - ly trip - ping - ly skip. To

air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the

eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy

row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.

CHORUS.

f

Oh! it's

f Oh! it's

ff z

hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty hip For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty

hip - pi - ty, hip - pi - ty hip For our tip - pi - ty, tip - pi - ty

ship! From Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass - es they've seen us So

ship! From Sa - turn to Ve - nus with glass - es they've seen us So

mer - ri - ly, trip - ping - ly skip. To

mer - ri - ly, trip - ping - ly skip. To

air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the

air - i - ly fair - i - ly fly Is the

ff

eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy

eas - i - est thing we can do, We're the how - dy, how - dy

ff

ff

row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.

row - dy dow - dy, Crew of the Peek - a - boo.

ff

sffz

That's Why They Say I'm Crazy.

No 4.

Hatter.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro grazioso.

Piano.

ff *sffz* *sffz* *p*

HATTER.

Love I'm told is a deep de - light but it does - n't a - gree with
When I was but a child of six all the la - dies were fond of
Once I sat in a bath - ing suit on the sands of a well - known

me. Though love for oth - ers may be all right yet it's
me. They all ad - mir - ed my play - ful tricks as I
beach. The girls all said that I looked real cute and they

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beau - ties I can - not see. You live your life for a
sat on my nurs - e's knee. I'd kiss each girl that I
vot - ed my suit a peach. My bath - ing suit looked so

win - some maid it's for her that you toil and plan, Till the
met you see and they all said that I was sweet, Tho' I'm
good to them that I thought it was nice to wear, But I

rit.

price of a hap - py wee home you've made, then she mar-ries an - oth - er
old - er the hab - it still sticks to me, and I kiss ev -'ry girl I
wore it to din - ner at six P. M. and it shocked all the la - dies

rit.

p *rit.*

man. Oh no! no love for mine. That's
meet. Some of them scream for joy! That's
there. I real - ly don't know why. That's

sffz *p* *rit.* *f*

poco più animato.

why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what
why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what
why they say I'm cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what

p scherzando.

ha - zy. That's why they're so em - phat - ic that there are
ha - zy. That's why the la - dies like me, that's why their
ha - zy. My suit was fine for swim - min' in the ho -

rob - ins in my at - tic. That's why they say I'm
hus - bands want to strike me. That's why they say I'm
el it shocked the wom - en. They said I dressed the

ffz

cra - zy, men - tal - ly off and some - what ha - zy. They re -
cra - zy, ev - 'ry old maid says I'm a dai - sy. If I
odd - est, ev - 'ry - one called my suit im - mod - est. One girl

mark with know - ing smiles that there are bats be - neath my tiles.
kiss a strange girls lip, they all re - mark, I'm off my dip.
with a low - cut back, said I dressed like a man - i - ac.

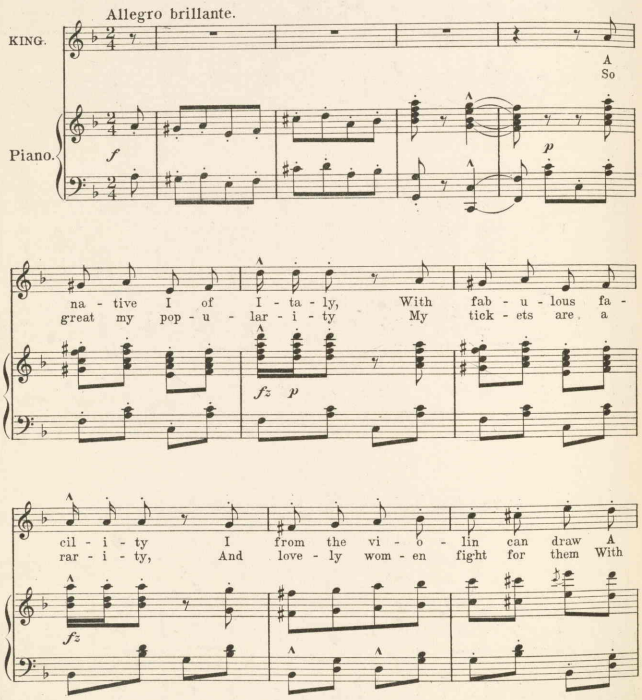
sffz

Nº 5. When Perrico Plays.

King and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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flood of liq - uid mel - o - dy. From Am - ster - dam to
des - per - ate bar - bar - i - ty. It grieves me ver - y

Jer - i - cho, The fair in count - less thous - ands go To hum - bly wor - ship
much to know Each day a doz - en hearts or so Are brok - en all through

poco rit.

and a - dore The soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co.
hope - less love Of soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co.

poco rit.

a tempo.

(Imitating Instrument.)

rit.

Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are

poco rit.

a tempo.

diz - zy! Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a -

ziz - zy! Zing, zing, zing, zing, They

list - en in a daze When soul - en -

chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.

ff *rit.* *a tempo.*

— Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!

CHORUS.

ff

Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!

ff

Zum, zum, zum, zum, Till heart and brain are diz - zy!

ff

ff *rit.* *a tempo.*

— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.

— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.

— Plink, plink, plink, plink, And al - so plink - a - ziz - zy.

— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze

— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze

— Zing, zing, zing, zing, They list - en in a daze

— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.

— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.

— When soul - en - chant - ing Per - ri - co plays.

ff *ff* *ff*

No. 6. Jografree.

Gladys and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro giocoso.

GLADYS.

Piano.

f *p*

Sail - ors are such rest - less men, But we can't help lov - ing them
Drum - mers are such fetch - ing men, That our hearts they car - ry off

now and then. Yet when they go a - way, At
now and then. When on the road they go, They

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home we have to stay.
stay six months or so.

— If a sail - or lad your heart should win, Then
— But if one a ten - der lit - tle note, To

lat - er wrote you from Ber - lin, Then to your Jog - ra -
you from Phil - a - del - phia wrote, Then to your Jog - ra -

rit.

free you'd turn, And from it you would learn.
free you'd turn, And from it you would learn.

rit.

pp

Rather slow. (Opens geography book and reads.)

"Ber - lin is a Ger - man town Where the Kai - ser keeps his crown;
"Phil - a - del - phia is a farm Filled with plac - id rus - tic charm,

pp tranquillo.

There the bands play love - ly tunes, Morn - ings, nights, and aft - er - noons.
Oats and hay and beans and beets, Grow in all the lead - ing streets.

(Closing book.)

Pret - ty girls with flax - en hair, For - ty kinds of beer are there." If
To their work the na - tives creep Soft - ly walk - ing in there sleep." On

rit. *a tempo.*

that's all true, a - las, a - lack! There's a chance he'll nev - er come back!
soul - ful sor - row you may sup, There's a chance he'll nev - er wake up!

rit. *a tempo.* *semplice.*

SCHOOL GIRLS.

"Ber - lin is a Ger - man town Where the Kai - ser keeps his crown;
"Phil - a - del - phia is a farm Filled with plac - id rus - tic charm,

pp tranquillo.

There the bands play love - ly tunes, Morn - ings, nights, and aft - er - noons.
Oats and hay and beans and beets, Grow in all the lead - ing streets.

Pret - ty girls with flax - en hair, For - ty kinds of beer are there. If
To their work the na - tives creep, Soft - ly walk - ing in their sleep! On

unis.

that's all true, a - las, a - lack! There's a chance he'll nev - er come back!
soul - ful sor - row you may sup, There's a chance he'll nev - er wake up!

poco rit. *a tempo.* *sffz*

No 7

Love's Golden Day.

Fortunio.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Andante espressivo.

Piano.

poco accel. *ff* *f*

What though the skies be chill and gray, And
The years up - on their course may go And

sor - rows fast be - fall? I know there waits for
dawn may fol - low dawn, Till we shall face the

molto cresc.

us a day That shall re - pay for
gold - - en glow Of one all per - - - fect

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all. Though far our ways may lead a - part, To
morn. No more the skies shall veil with gray, E'er

p

scenes and for - tunes new, E'er per - fect shall I
cloud - less shall they be. When to us comes the

sfz *poco accel.*

keep, dear heart, The faith I gave to you.
pre - cious day Which gives you, dear, to me.

rit.

tranquillo.

rit.

Maestoso.

There waits a mor - row, love's gold - en day,

pp

When tears and sor - row shall pass a - way.

allargando.

We on that mor - row love shall en - throne,

allargando.

Then I shall make thee for - ev - er mine own.

ff

Make thee mine own, ev - er mine own.

allargando.

sfz

No. 8. The Ossified Man.

TRIO.

Dr. Fax, Blue and James.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Allegretto.

Piano.

f *ben marcato.* *sfz* *sfz* *p* *sfz* *sfz*

Old
Old

George Mc Cann was an os - si - fied man, And he loved a freak un -
George Mc Cann was an os - si - fied man, And his ways were set and

can - ny; For she was known in ev - e - ry zone As
rig - id; To cap - ture Ann was still his plan, Tho'

f *p*

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Gum - e - las - tic An - nie! But she placed a ban on George Mc Cann, Till
she was cold and frig - id. "Go 'way a-way," she said one day, In

he in tears did blub - ber; "What are you made of
tones she meant he should hear; To that rub - ber maid he

sfz *p*

wom - an?" he said, And she on - ly an - swered, "Rub - ber!" Ah,
said "good day" And she on - ly an - swered, "good year!" Ah,

sfz *p*

marcato. *sfz*

Meno mosso.

me! Ah, woe! In vain his time he spent; When an
me! Ah, woe! It was an aw - ful jounce; For he

os - si - fied man makes up his mind, He nev - er can be
tri - fled with gum - e - las - tic Ann, Till she gave him the

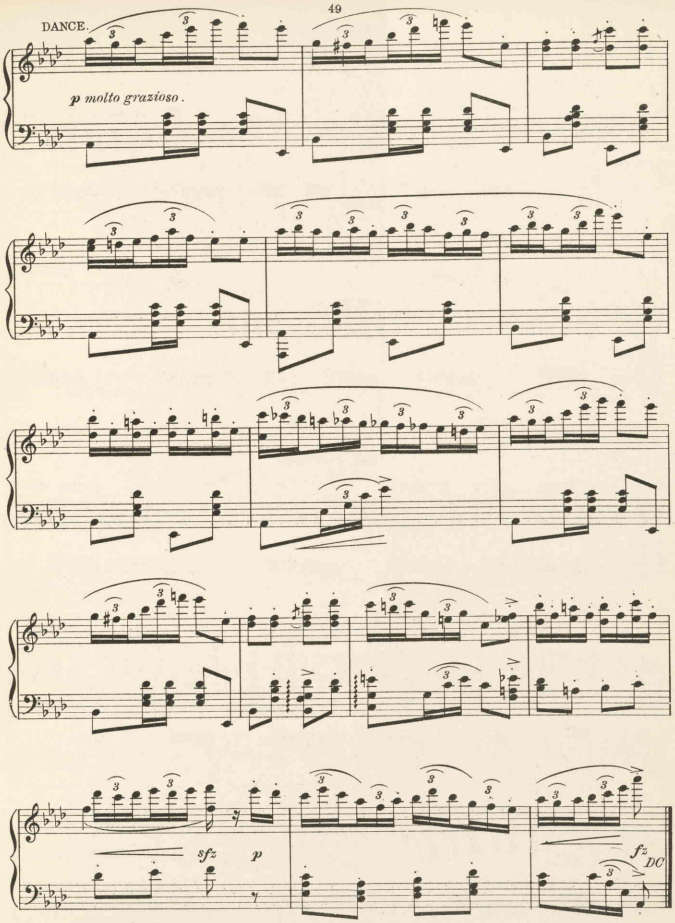
bent. Ah, woe! Ah, me! For
bounce. Ah, woe! Ah, me! From

him it was no joke,— She dropped that os - si - fied
her af - fec - tions barred,— It killed that os - si - fied

poco rall.

man so hard That the os - si - fied man went broke.
man at once And the os - si - fied man died hard.

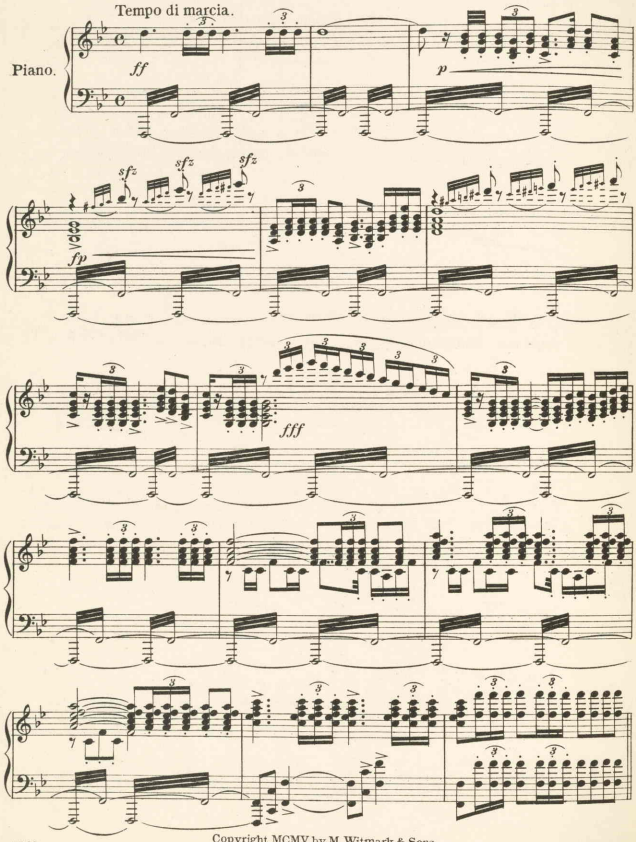
p a tempo.


DANCE.
p molto grazioso.
sfz
p
fz
DC

No. 9. Finale I.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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TENOR.

ff

Hail! Hail! here comes an - oth - er he - ro, Whose chance for life is ze - ro If he

unis.

BASS.

ff

ff

molto marcato.

car - ries out his plan. Hail! Hail! a gay and fear - less stran - ger, Who

unis.

sfz

has no thought of dan - ger, and will face it like a man.

sfz

f SOP. and ALTO.

Vain! Vain! the ven - ture he is mak - ing; Vain! Vain! the

cresc.

haz-ard he is tak - ing. Hail! Hail! here comes an-oth - er he - ro, Whose

Hail! Hail! here comes an-oth - er he - ro, Whose

molto cresc.

chance for life is ze - ro If he car - ries out his plan.

chance for life is ze - ro If he car - ries out his plan.

"Companions of The Blade."

Marcia

𝅗𝅥 = ♩ of preceding tempo.

Stesso tempo.

8 loco.

ff brillante.

ff molto. sfz

ffz

f FENCING BOYS.

To find where the princ - ess-es dance This

dim.

p molto cresc.

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

ff *p*

molto cresc.

f molto marcato.

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

sfz molto marcato.

p

princ - ess - es dance This lad an e - vil fate will chance, For

ff *marcatissimo.*

should he tri-umph in his task The king must grant what-e'er he

ff

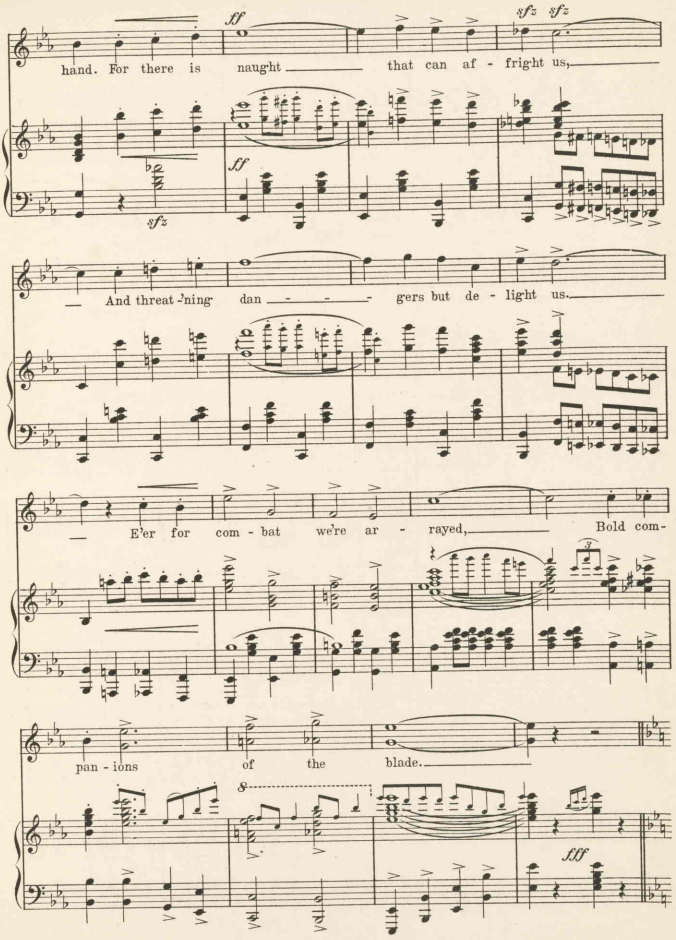
Enter companions gaily.

p

ask. 'Tis For - tu - nio who leads us; We're a for-tune-test - ed

p

band, And when-e'er our lead - er needs us He will find us close at


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

CHORUS.

ff

Hail! here comes an - oth - er

Hail! here comes an - oth - er

he - ro, Hail! his chance for life is

he - ro, Hail! his chance for life is

ze - ro. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-

ze - ro. Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur-

fff

rah!

rah!

fff

p FORTUNIO.

Deb - o - nair, De'll may care, Loy - al

pp

hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what

pp

Purs - es light as air.

pp

Purs - es light as air.

pp

may, Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun,

fp

Let wine and song pass a - way.

fp

Let wine and song pass a - way.

fp

— Gold we've none, One for all, and ev - er all for

one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -

Ev - er all for one. Un - a - fraid,

Ev - er all for one. Un - a - fraid,

mayed, Gay com - pan - ions of the

ff

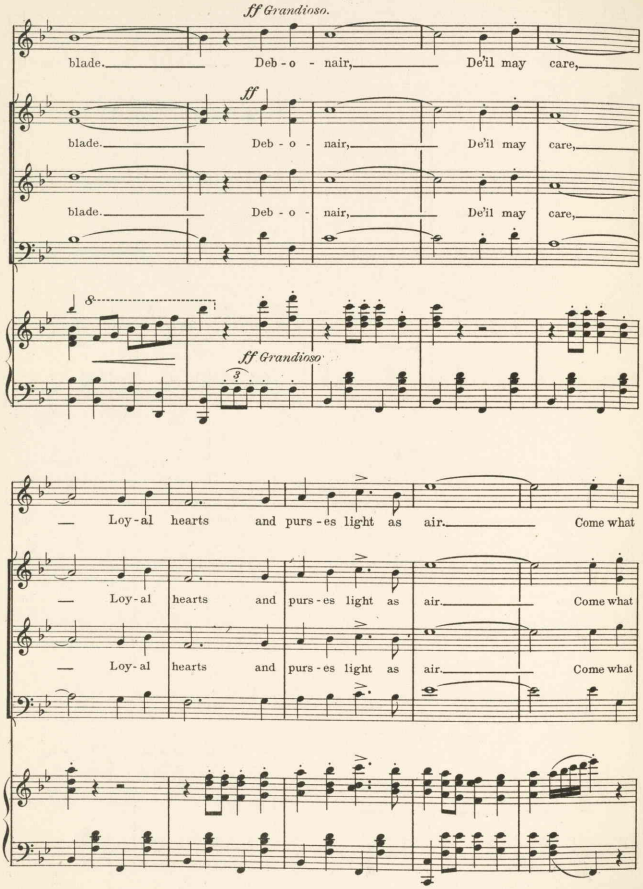
p

Ne'er dis - mayed, Com - pan - ions of the

p

Ne'er dis - mayed, Com - pan - ions of the

p


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

may, Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

may, Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

may, Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

laugh - ter pass a - way. Deb - o - nair,

laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've

laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've

De'il may

none, One for all, and ev - er all for

none, One for all, and ev - er all for

care. Un - a - fraid,

one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -

one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -

Gay com - pan - ions of the blade.

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

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

fff *ff*

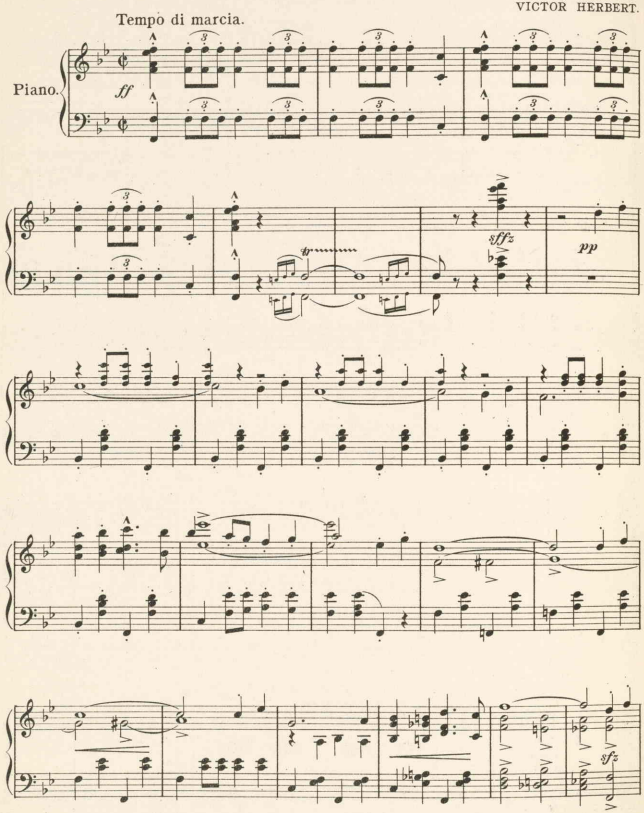
fff *fff*

End of Act I.

ACT II.

№ 10. Entr' Acte.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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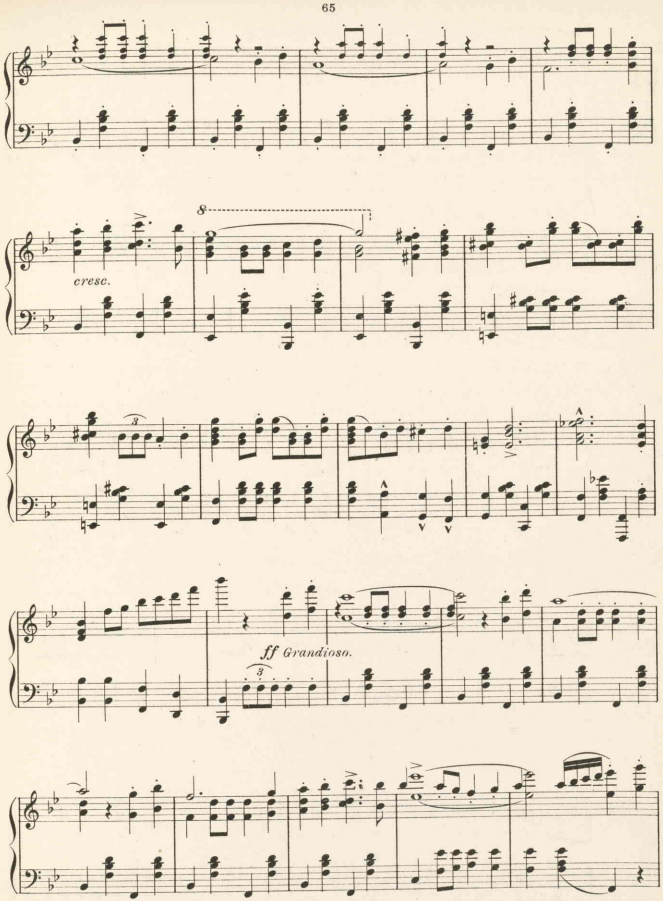
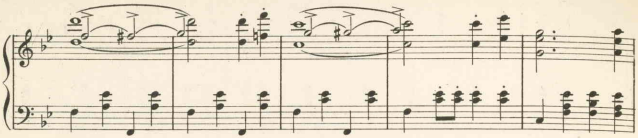
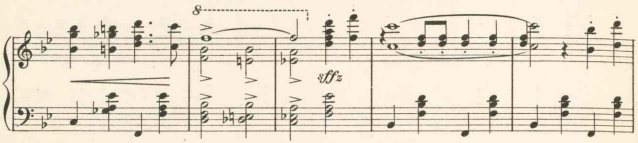
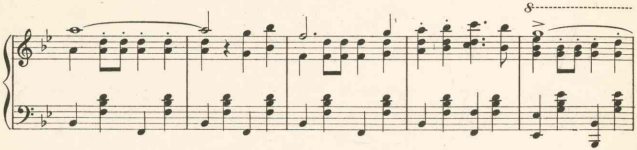
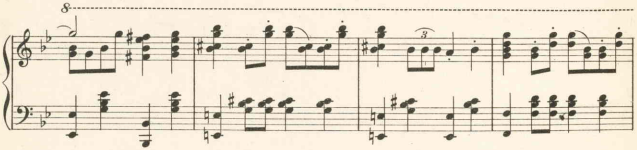
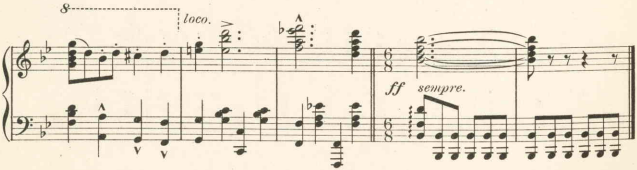

cresc.
ff Grandioso.




8
ffz


8


8
8


8
loco.
ff sempre.

№ 11. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Piano.

ff

GIRLS. *ff*

Of his

Ma - jes - ty's as - siz - es we all wit - ness - es shall be, In our

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va - ri - ous dis - guis - es we will fool his Ma - jes -

ty. Here as per - sons of po - si - tion we all

mas - quer - ade with ease, Rath - er neat the im - po -

EIGHT PRINCESSES.

Be -

si - tion, We're the ban - dits he would seize.

ware, Take care, Be cau - tious pray 'Tis

here the King holds court to - - day Should

he sus - pect, oh dread - - ful shock! Your

heads would fall up - on the block, Would fall up - on the block.

ALL GIRLS.

Be -

ware, Take care, Be cau - tious pray 'Tis

here the King holds court to - - day. Should

he sus - pect oh dread - - ful shock! Your

sfz

heads would fall up - on the block, would fall up - on the block.

Poco meno.

TENORS.

ENTER 10 JURYMEN.

Oh! we're the pro - fess - ion - al

BASSES.

Poco meno.

ju - ry - men, We ought to be twelve but we're on - ly ten. We

unis.

nev - er, oh nev - er our du - ty shirk, So two of us died of

o - ver-work. Now we as pro - fess - ion - al ju - ry - men To-

day re-turn to our work a - gain, While law - yers rage we

PRINCESSES.

Be -

doze and blink, And nev er the ghost of a thought we think.

ware! Take care! Be cau - tious pray 'Tis here the King holds court to - day. Should

Tempo di Valse.

he sus-pect oh shock! Your heads up-on the block!

sfz

p

A - gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught

pp

f *p*

but the stars our road to light, Un - to our cas - tle

f *p*

gray Once more we'll steal a - way.

pp To your cas - tle gray, *pp* You will steal a -

pp To your cas - tle gray, *pp* You will steal a -

pp *pp*

pp So let the King do what he will, Of

pp way. Let the King what he will,

way. Let the King what he will,

pp *staccatissimo.* *pp*

poco rit.

danc - ing we shall take our fill. He'll plan our flight to

p

danc - ing we'll take our fill.

p

danc - ing we'll take our fill

poco rit.

a tempo.

stay, Love though we'll find the way.

unis.

A-

A-

a tempo.

f.

gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught but the

gain to - night in mys - tic flight, Naught but the

p

unis.

stars their road to light, Un - to their cas - tle

stars their road to light, Un - to their cas - tle

gray Once more they'll stray a - way.

gray Once more they'll stray a - way.

p

So let the King do what he will, Of

So let the King do what he will, Of

staccatissimo.

pp

danc - ing they shall find their fill. He'll plan their

danc - ing they shall find their fill. He'll plan their

flight to stay, Love though will find the

flight to stay, Love though will find the

way; Love though will find the way,

way; Love though will find the way,

più mosso.

f

Love will find the way, Love

Love will find the way, Love

ff

will find the way.

will find the way.

sff

No 12. The Only One.

Fortunio and Male Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Valse lente.

Piano.

p accel. *f* *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

FORTUNIO.

p

Strange in - deed, 'tis nev - er guessed That a heart beats in your breast, Till you find, un - to your cost,
That your heart's no more your own, Is by cer - tain symp - toms shown, Deep and fre - quent are your sighs,

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That it is com - plete - ly lost. But ere long you
Blank and va - cant are your eyes. Mat - ters not the

poco rit. *a tempo.*

find it, then quick - ly lose it o'er a - gain, Till you
time and place, E'er be - fore you is her face.- You have

molto rit.

meet the On - ly. One, Then with the rest you've done.—
met the On - ly One, Thoughts of the rest you've none.—

rit. *a tempo.*

Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or ha - -

zel hue, Glanc - es may cast at you,

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.* *a tempo.*

Still you'll to one be true! Though they be beau - -

rit. *a tempo.* *rit.*

ties rare, Fair - est of all the fair, Vain - ly their

rit.

webs are spun, You've found the On - ly One!

pp rit.

Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or

EIGHT PRINCESSES.

pp

Girls with bright eyes of blue, Gray, brown or

TENOR.

pp

Eyes of blue,

BASS.

pp

Poco piu lento.

pp

ha - - zel hue. Glanc - es may cast

ha - - zel hue. Glanc - es may cast

Ha - - zel hue. Glance

rit. *a tempo.*

at you, Still you'll to one be true.

at you, Still you'll to one be true.

at you, Still be true.

rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

Though they be beau - - ties rare, Fair - est of

Though they be beau - - ties rare, Fair - est of

Beau - - ties rare,

rit.

all the fair, Vain - ly their webs are

all the fair, Vain - ly their webs are

All the fair, webs are

spun, You've found the On - ly One!

spun, You've found the On - ly One!

spun, On - ly One!

molto rit.

Nº 13.

Popular Pauline.

Miss Figgers and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Piano

f *ff* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *p* *p*

Paul - - ine was ver - y far from pret - ty, she was
Paul - ine in a - ny crowd would stand out, she was

dead - ly plain; Paul - ine was - n't
so un - - couth, But she could the

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tal - ent - ed or wit - ty, she was shy on brain. But
vel - vet blar - ney hand out, so it seemed like truth. A

Paul - ine ev - 'ry day de - clined to wed ten men or more, On
man once stopped to buy a pound of *mar - rons a' gla - cé* So

pp

Sat - ur - days en - gage - ment rings she sent back by the score, For she
broad and chest - y he be - came o'er things Paul - ine did say, Be - fore

rit. *molto rit.*

ran the taf - fy coun - ter in a fa - mous can - dy store.
he could leave they had to chop the whole store - front a - way!

rit.

a tempo.

Poor men, rich men, clerk and mill - ion - aire,

p *a tempo.*

All thought Paul - ine quite be - yond com - pare;

Tall men, short men, men both young and old, Were

p

cap - tured by the taf - fy that Paul - ine sold.

poco rit. *a tempo.*

Poor men, rich men, clerk and mill - ion - aire,

p

All thought Paul - ine quite be - yond com - pare;

Tall men, short men men both young and old, Were

p

cap - tured by the taf - fy that Paul - ine sold.

poco rit. *a tempo.*

No 14. The Voice For It.

Dr. Fax, Gladys and Chorus.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

f *sffz* *sffz* *p*

If I had to be a sail - or I would have an aw - ful time, I could - n't tell a ca - ble from a fam - 'ly wash - ing line. I'd

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ask them for the wood-pile if they sent me for the log, And

if they called a boat a bark I'd think they meant a dog. But at

one thing as a sail - or I'd be sure to make a hit, I

rit.

may not know the bus -'ness But I've got the voice for it.

p

Molto moderato. (Chorus whistle while he sings.)

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

poco pesante.

sfz

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

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

sfz

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

ff unis.

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

ff

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

ff

sffz

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

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

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

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

sfz

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

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

sffz

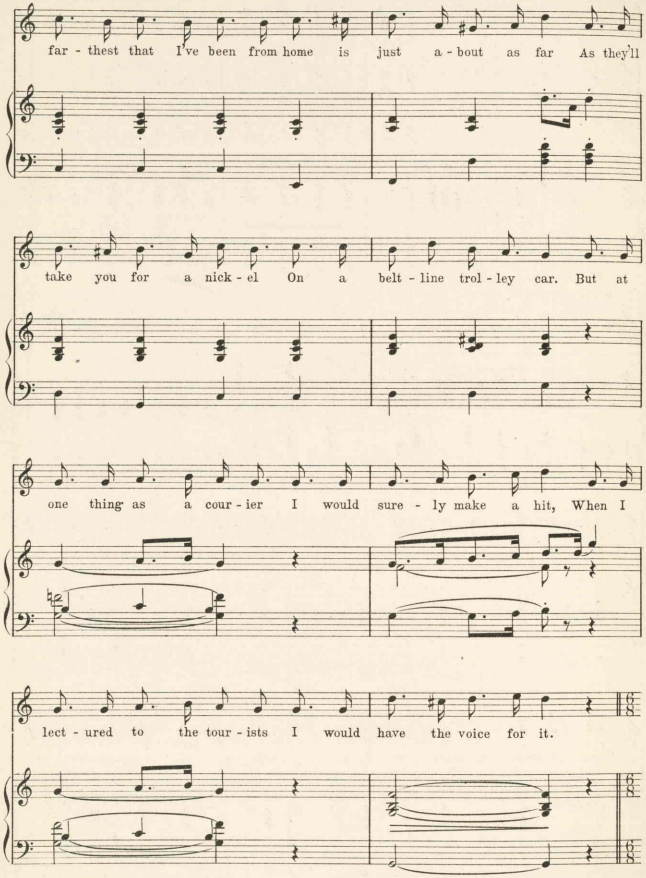
Tempo I.

If I

sffz *sffz* *p*

had to earn my liv - ing as a for - eign tour - ist's guide I

think I'd make a mess of it, I could - n't if I tried. The


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

Andante.

Can ye gang a - wa wi me

pp (Dialogue.)

pp

lad - die Far a - cross the sea wi me Jam - sie,

pp

If ye gang to Ger - man - y What will ye bring

pp

slower.

back to me? I'll bring ye back a braw new goon, The

p slower.

braw - est goon in all the toon, And it will be a

silk - en goon wi val - en - cee a - round the boo - rum. My

pp

rit.

Piu mosso.

heart is in the Hie - lands, My pants are in the pawn, My

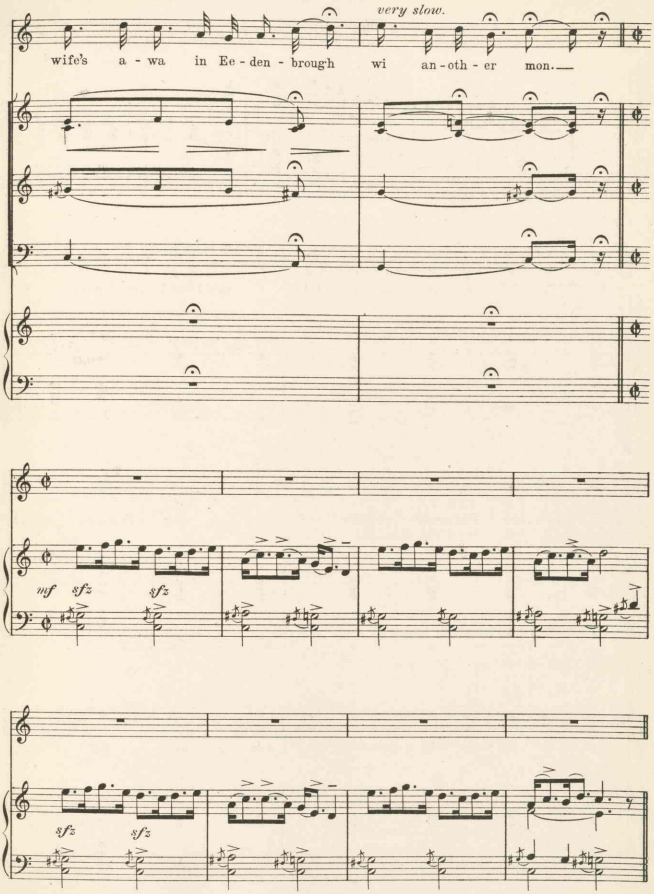
pp

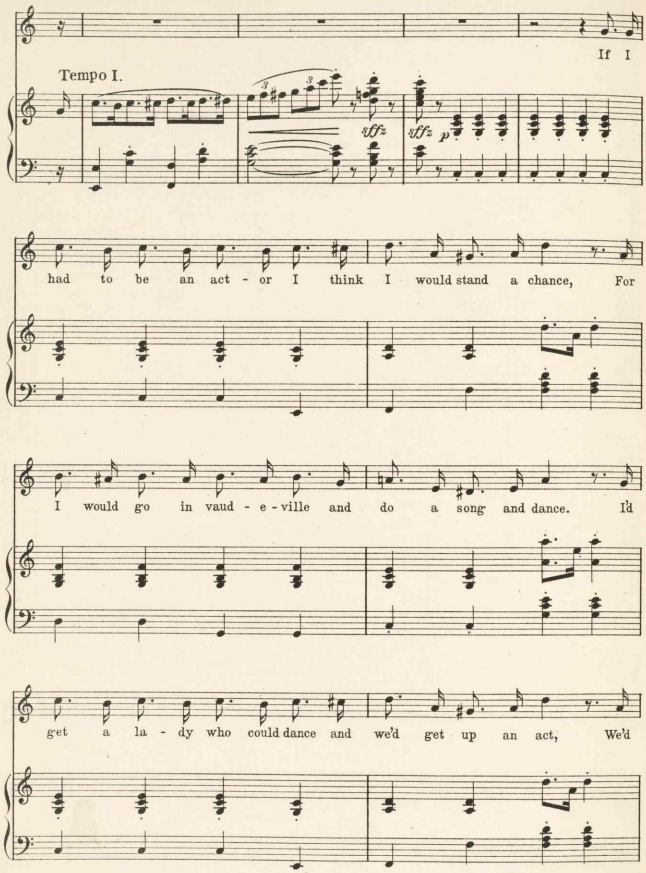
(Humming.)

pp

(Humming.)

pp


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


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

draw a nice big sal - a - ry, I know that for a fact. But

as a song and dance man I'd be sure to make a hit; I

may not be a danc - er, But I have the voice for it.

sfz *sfz*

Molto moderato.

Hark! I hear the shad - ows fall.

p

The night - in - gale is sleep - ing and for - got to leave a call.

più mosso.

Oh! My Nel - lie's the

rit.

fair - est, the best you ev - er seen. I can't for - get when

rit.

molto rit.

first we met, While the i - vy grew so green.

molto rit.

DANCE.

pp *ff*

sfz *sfz*

Tempo I.

f

sffz *sffz* *p*

If I had to join a cir - cus There is one I'd like the best, It's the

one that re - pro - duc - es All the wild and wool - ly West. With a

pot of paint and feath - ers They would quick - ly make of me A

red - skin on the war - path, From the plains of Kan - ka - kee. Of

how an In - di - an should act I do not know a bit, But

rit.

when I came to whoop the whoop I'd have the voice for it.

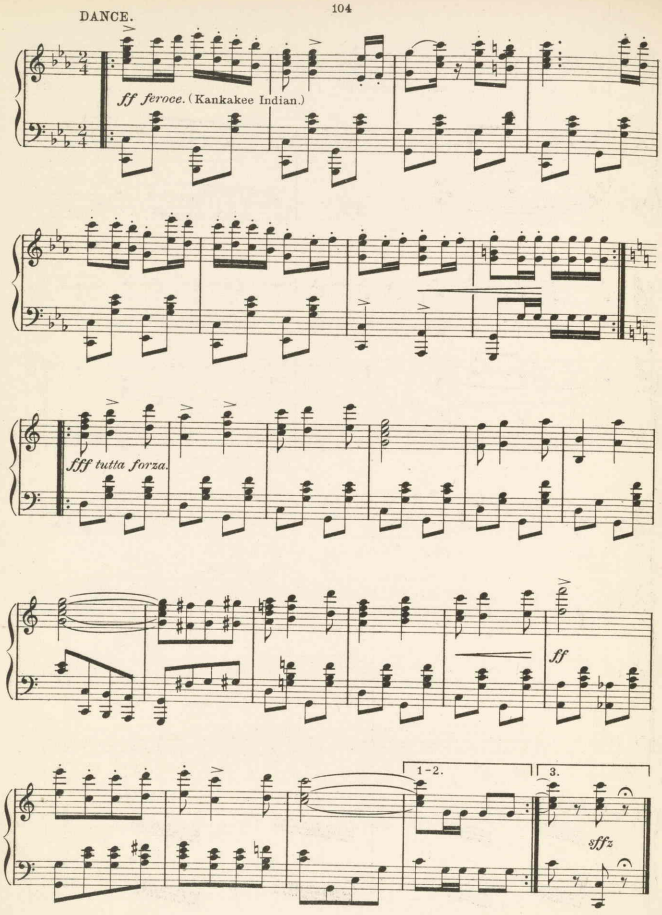
(Indian yell.)

Yee! Yip!

Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!

Yip! Yip! Yip! Yip!

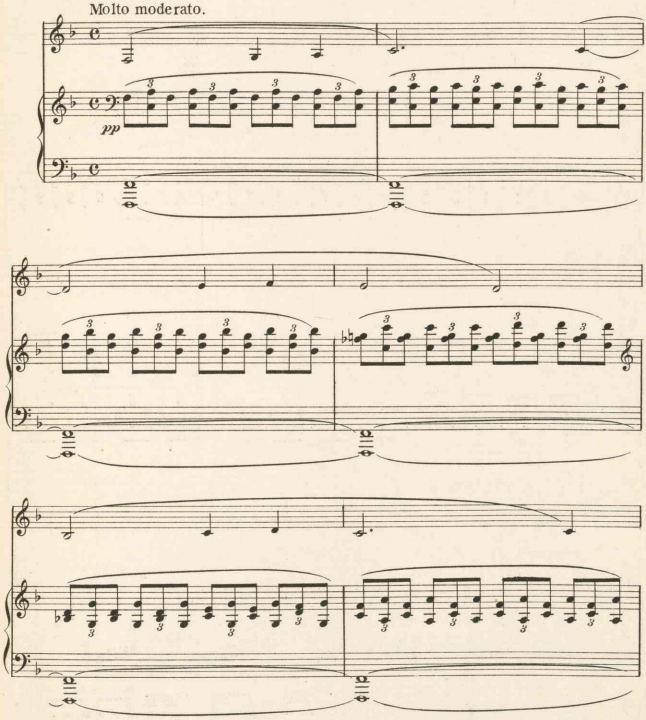
ff


ff feroce. (Kankakee Indian.)
fff tutta forza.
ff
1-2.
3.
sffz

№ 15. Finale II.

VICTOR HERBERT

Molto moderato.



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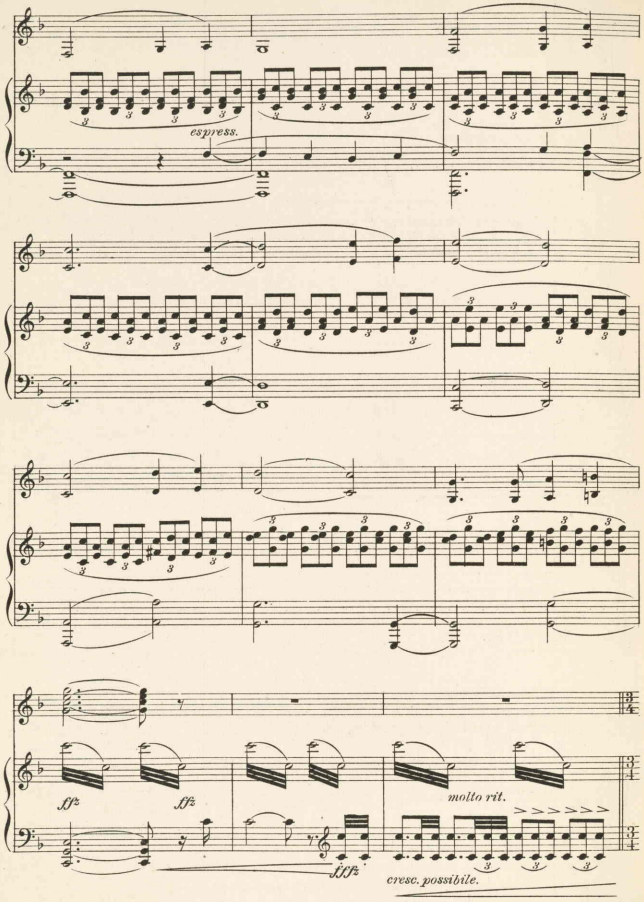
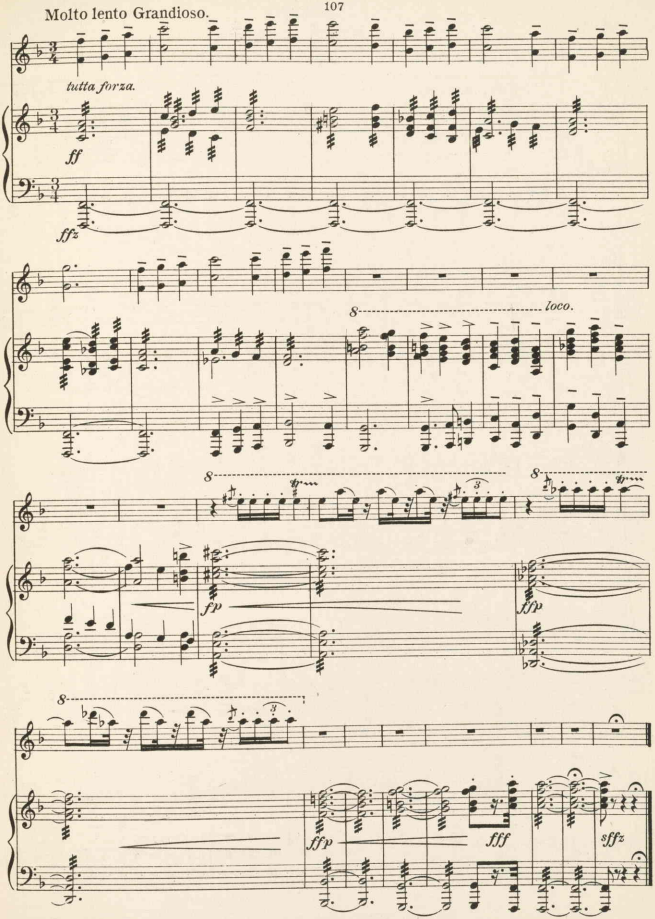

espress.
ff
ff
molto rit.
fff
cresc. possibile.


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

End of Act II.

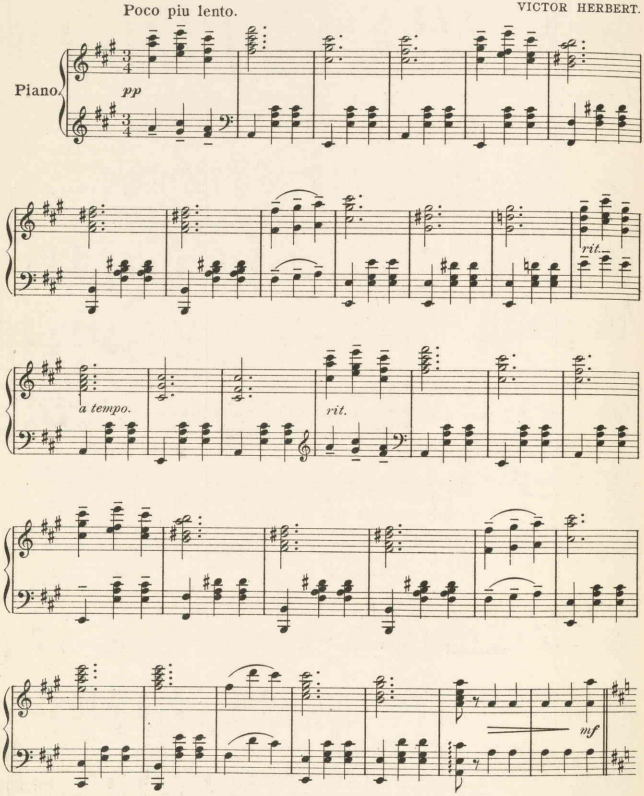
ACT III.

№ 16.

Entr' Acte.

OPENING.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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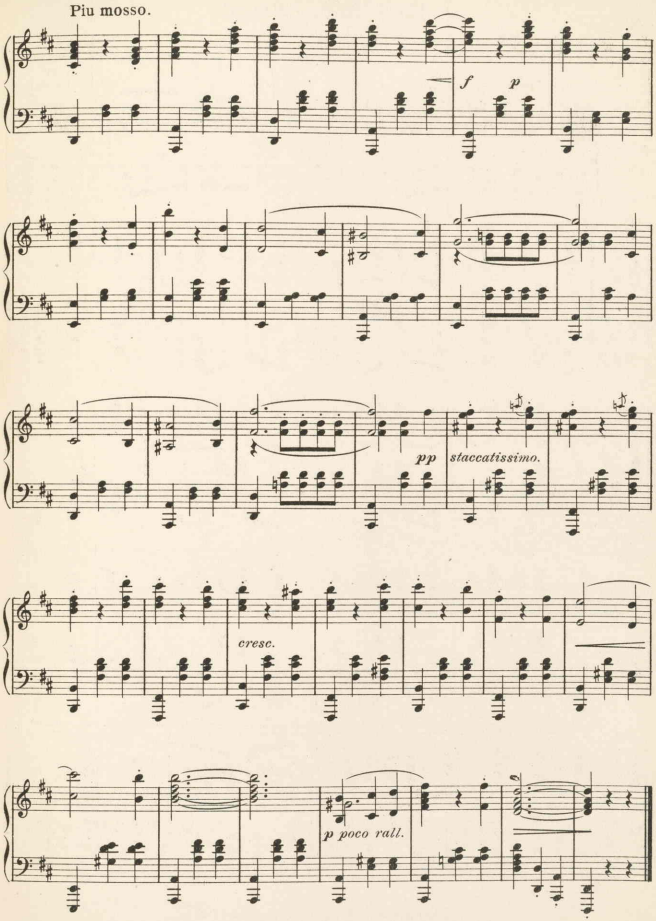
Piu mosso.
f
p
pp
staccatissimo.
cresc.
p poco rall.

Ball Room Scene.

№ 17.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Minuetto.

Piano.

f

DANCE.

p grazioso.

1

8

sf *sf*

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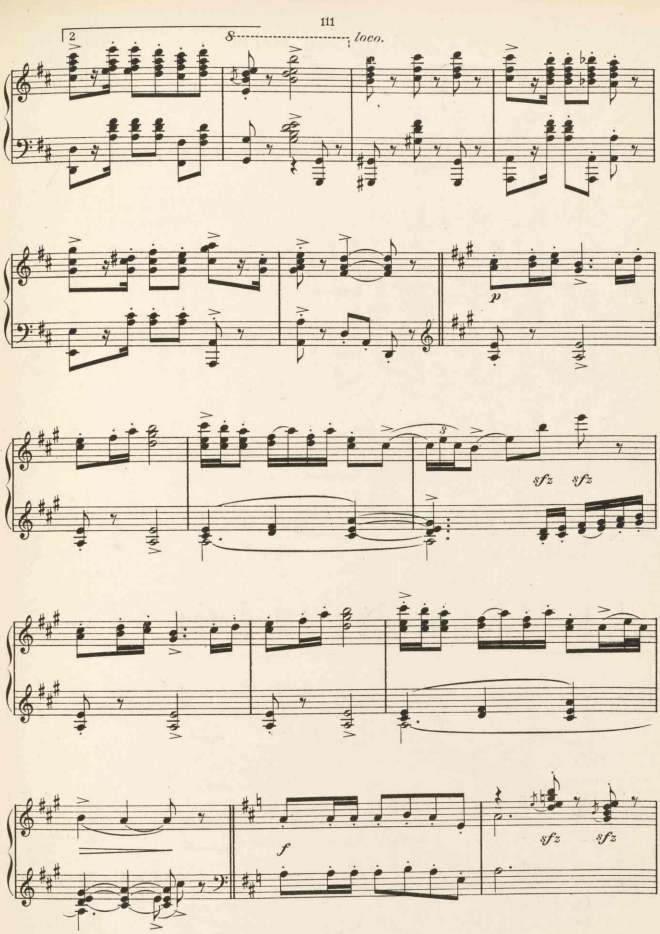
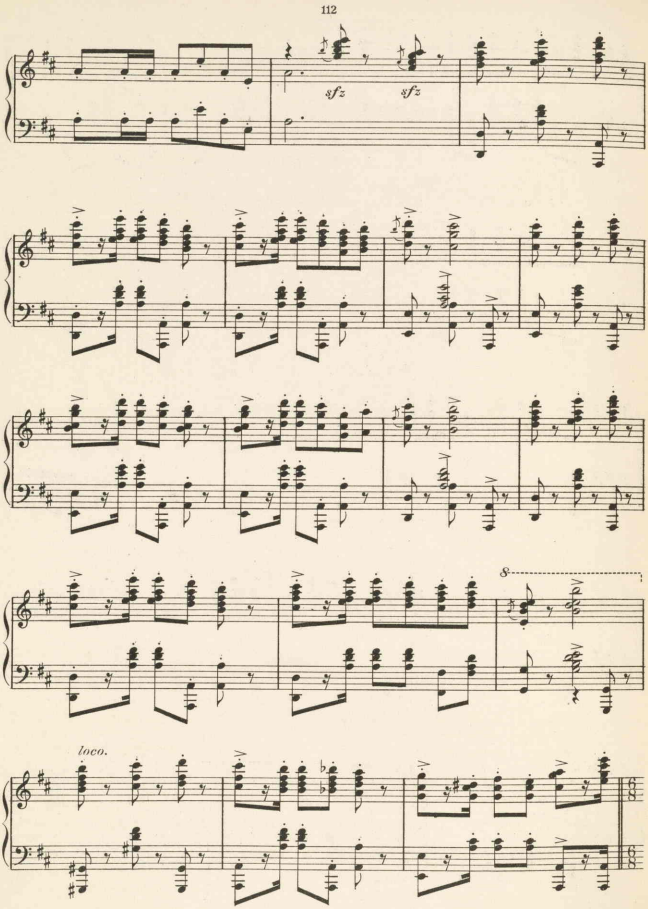
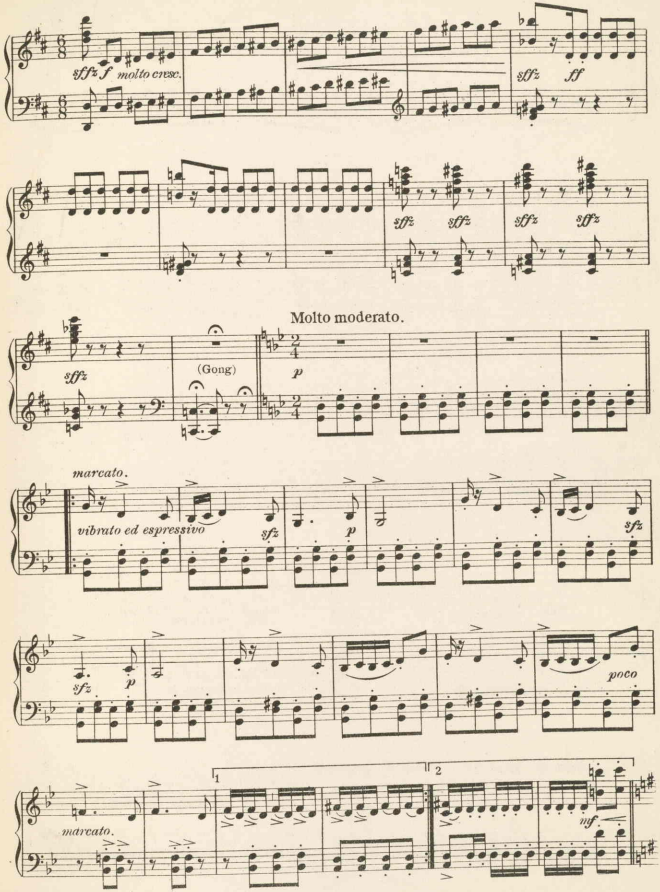
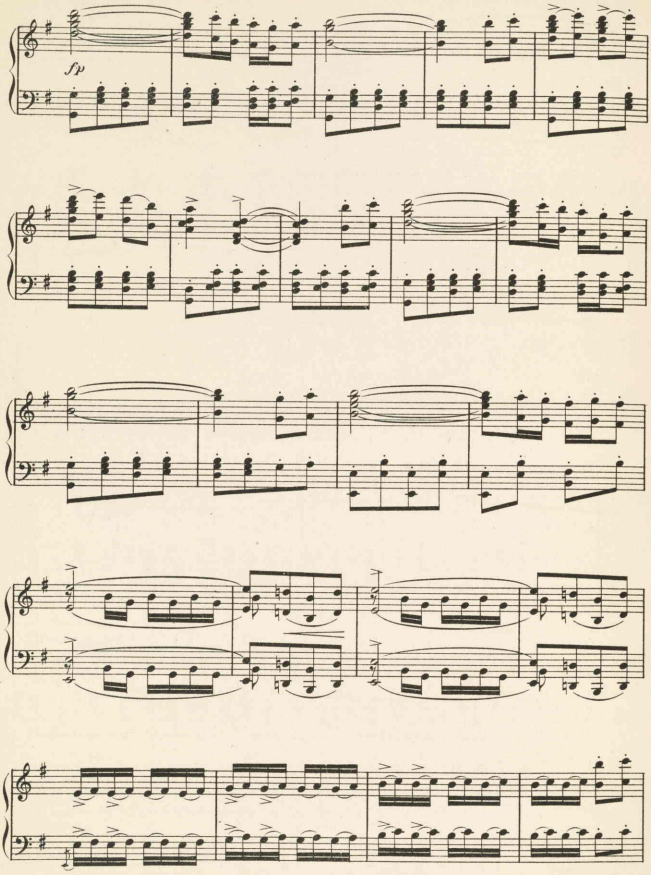
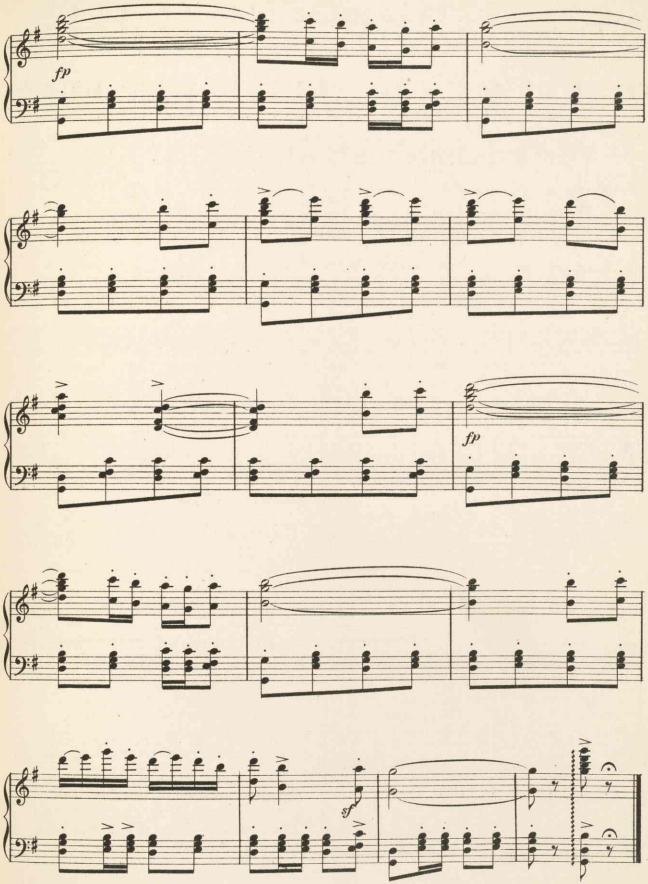

2
8
loco.
p
sfz sfz
f
sfz sfz


sfz
sfz
8
loco.


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


fp


fp
fp
gr.

№18. I, and Myself, and Me.

Dr. Fax and Chorus.

Lyric by
VINCENT BRYAN.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Valse lente.

Piano. *f* *p* *f* *dim.*

I have two friends, two dear old friends My joys and
I, and My - self, and lit - tle Me, We all lived
When I fell off a ship at sea, My - self was

woes they share. We nev - er leave each oth - er,
hap - py lives. But we met Her, Her - self and
by my side. I was be - side My - self with

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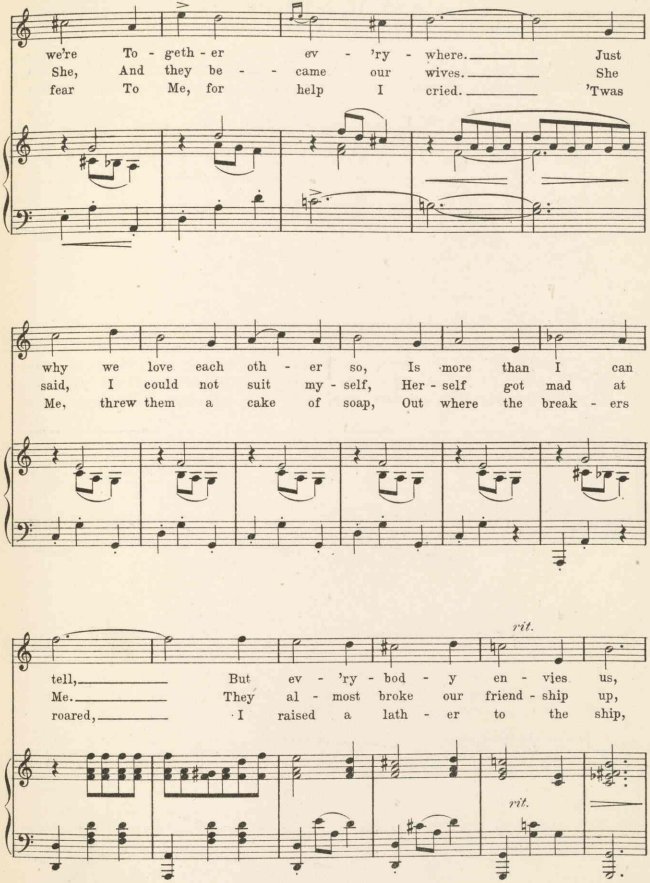
we're To - geth - er ev - 'ry - where. Just
She, And they be - - came our wives. She
fear To Me, for help I cried. 'Twas
why we love each oth - er so, Is more than I can
said, I could not suit my - self, Her - self got mad at
Me, threw them a cake of soap, Out where the break - ers
rit.
tell, But ev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

a tempo.

We get a - long so well. I, and My -
Her, and Her - self, and She. I, and My -
Then My - self climbed a - board. I, and My -

a tempo.

self, and Me Just we three, My - self and I, and
self, and Me We were free, We lived in peace till
self, and Me Saved at sea, I raised some mon - ey

Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For years we've
we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When with Her,
with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I, and My -

been to - geth - er No tru - er com - pan - ions could
I would quar - rel Her - self and My - self would a -
self gave med - als To Me for this great brav - er -

be. We'd give up our lives for each oth - er I
gree. 'Twas plain She and Me were not "chum-my" like
y. 'Twas Me saved the lives of both I and My -

know, I, and My - self, and Me.
us, I, and My - self, and Me.
self, I, and My - self, and Me.

SOP. and ALTO.

I, and My - self, and Me Just we three. My -
I, and My - self, and Me We were free. We
I, and My - self, and Me Saved at sea. I

TENOR.

I, and My - self, and Me Just we three. My -
I, and My - self, and Me We were free. We
I, and My - self, and Me Saved at sea. I

BASS.

self, and I, and Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For
lived in peace till we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When
raised some mon - ey with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I,

self, and I, and Me are pals, We al - ways do a - gree. For
lived in peace till we were wed To Her, Her - self, and She. When
raised some mon - ey with My - self And I re - ward - ed Me. I,

years we've been to - geth - er No
with Her, I would quar - rel Her -
and My - self gave med - als To

years we've been to - geth - er No
with Her, I would quar - rel Her -
and My - self gave med - als To

tru - er com - pan - ions could be. We'd
self and My - self would a - gree. 'Twas
Me for this great brav - er - y. 'Twas

tru - er com - pan - ions could be. We'd
self and My - self would a - gree. 'Twas
Me for this great brav - er - y. 'Twas

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

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

I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.

I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.
I, and My - self, and Me.

fff

fff

Hallowe'en.

№ 19.

TOPICAL QUARTETTE.

Miss Figgers, Gladys, Capt. Blue and James.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro. Each holds a candle in one hand, a small looking-glass in the other.

MISS FIGGERS. On mys - tic Hal - low - e'en, E - vents to come are clear - ly seen If thus you stand, With a glass in your hand.

BLUE. The game of pol - i - tics Is filled with un - ex - pect - ed tricks, By all 'tis found Quite a mer - ry - go - round.

GLADYS. If when in love we fall, How nice 'twould be if we could tell Ex - act - ly when We would fall out a - gain.

JAMES. Those gen - tle - men who shine High in the life in - sur - ance line A - wait, pro tem, What is com - ing to them.

Piano. *mf* *p*

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You'll o'er your shoul - der see The
So if that game you play, On
And so, be - fore you wed Don't
If one of that gay lot On

feat - ures of your love to be, Like - wise you'll view
Hal - low - e'en just steal a - way, In this to see (shows mirror)
fail to take a look a - head On Hal - low - e'en (shows mirror)
Hal - low - e'en his mir - ror got, He would - n't care

rit.

What is com - ing to you.
What your fin - ish will be.
Much to you it may mean.
For the view he'd see there.

poco rit.

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Valse.

Hal - low - e'en _____ Hal -
Hal - low - e'en _____ Hal -
Hal - low - e'en _____ Hal -
Hal - low - e'en _____ Hal -

low - e'en _____ 'Twill end in a hur - ry Your
low - e'en _____ If his fu - ture seek - ing, Je -
low - e'en _____ If you've planned to mar - ry You
low - e'en _____ A dum - my di - rect - or Who

doubt, and your wor - ry O'er fu - ture
rome should go peek - ing, What would he
bet - ter had tar - ry, This glass to
scanned the re - flect - or Might well turn

days. Next year's bills,
see? O'er the glass
scan. Brook - lyn flat,
pale. Sharp and clear

Joys and ills, This
There would pass A
Last year's hat, Four
There'd ap - pear With

glass in a min - ute Will show you, if in it You'll
pict - ure im - pos - ing, The White House dis - clos - ing To
cher - ubs to wake you, That view ought to make you A
hor - ror im - press - ing, A vis - ion de - press - ing Of

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

DANCE.

pp tremolo.

D.S.

No. 20. Finale III.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Tempo di marcia.

ff grandioso.

Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,

ff

Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,

Deb - o - nair, De'il may care,

Piano.

ff *grandioso.*

Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what

Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what

Loy - al hearts and purs - es light as air. Come what

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may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

may Ev - 'ry day Wine and song and

laugh - ter pass a - way. Deb - o - nair,

laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've

laugh - ter pass a - way. Toil we shun, Gold we've

sfz *p*

De'il may

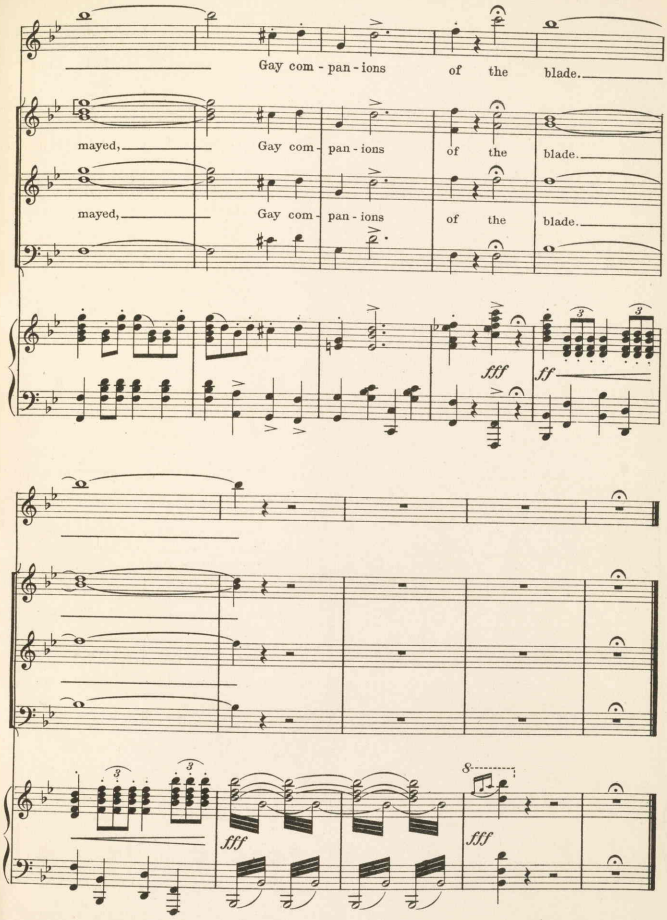
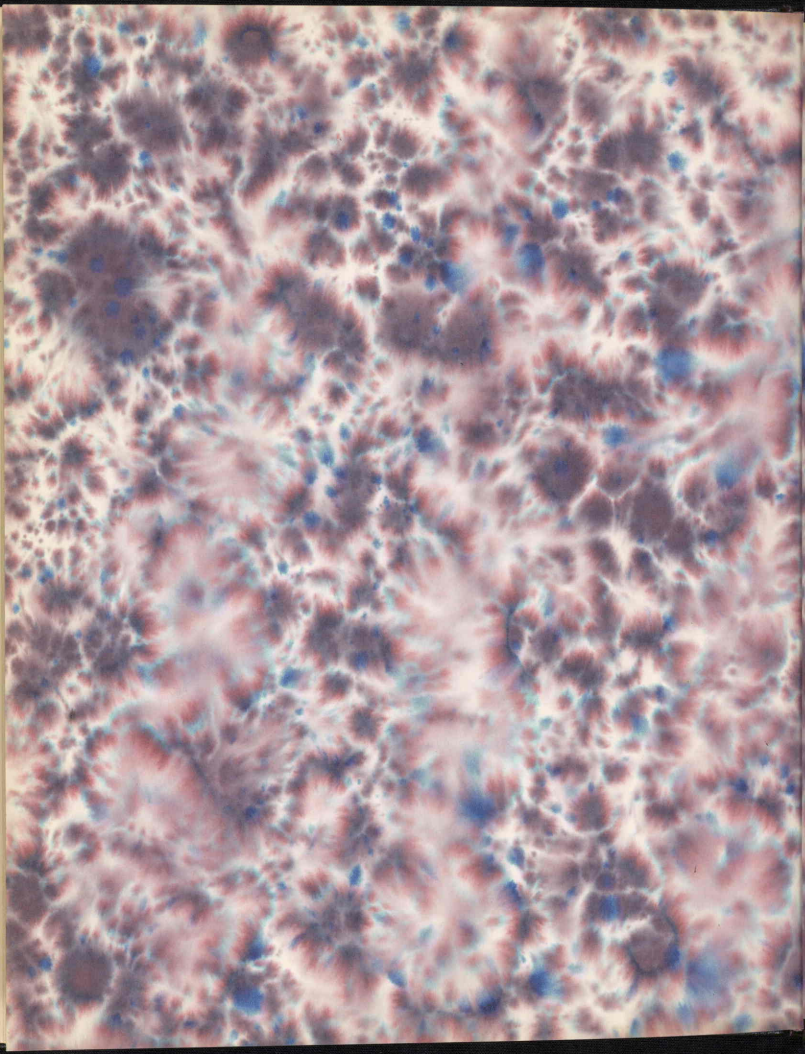
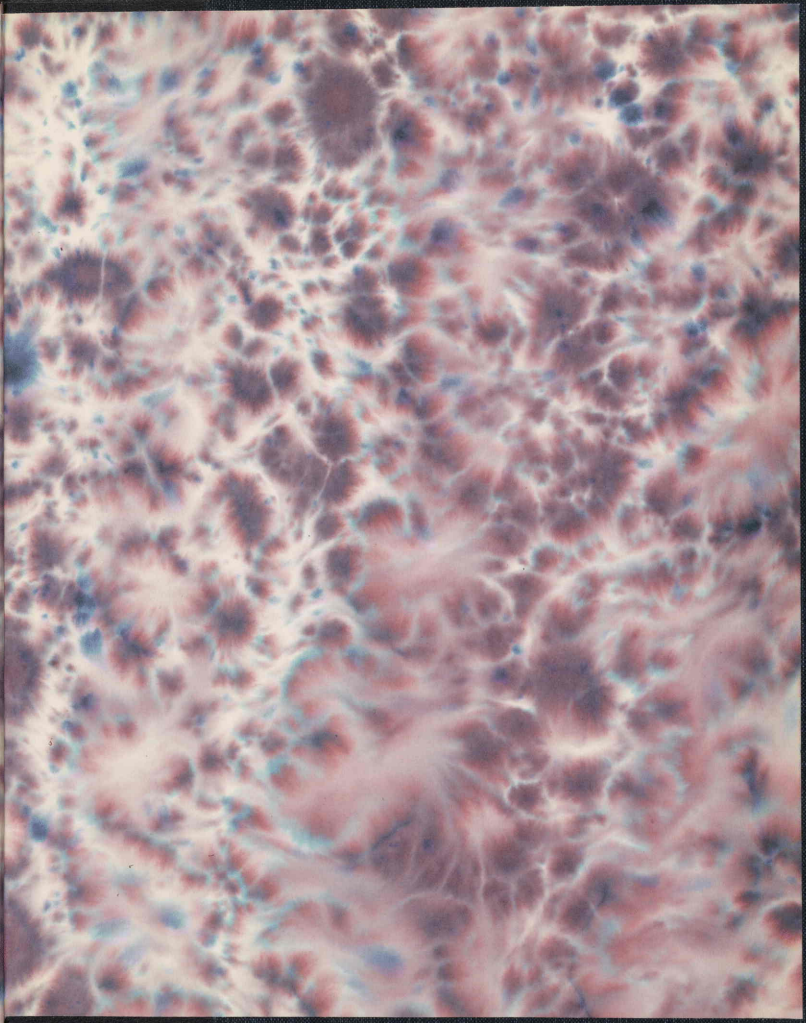
none, One for all and ev - er all for

none, One for all and ev - er all for

care. Un - a - fraid,

one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -

one. Un - a - fraid, Ne'er dis -


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

End of Opera.