Vocal Score of

THE RUNAWAYS

A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY

As Produced by
Mr SAM S. SHUBERT
at THE CASINO THEATRE
New York City

BOOK & LYRICS BY
ADDISON BURKHARDT
MUSIC BY
RAYMOND HUBBELL

Published by
CHAS K. HARRIS,
31 West 31st St.,
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Price
$2
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THE RUNAWAYS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Originally produced at the Casino Theatre (May 4, 1903.)
New York City

ACT I. The Suburban.

ACT II. Isle of Table D'Hote.

GEN. HARDTACK, U.S.A. . . . . *Mr. ALEXANDER CLARK.*

DAVE, his Son, a tout. . . . . *Mr. WM. GOULD.*

BOB GRAY. . . . . *Mr. VAN RENSALEER WHEELER.*

FLEECEUM, A Patent Medicine Fakir. . . . . *Mr. AL. FIELDS.*

BLUTCH, his Confederate. . . . . *Mr. ARTHUR DUNN.*

BEEF, Lord High Chancellor. Isle of Table D'Hote. . . . . *Mr. WM. WOLF.*

JOSIE MAY, (A Prima Donna.) . . . . . *Miss DOROTHY DORR.*

DOROTHY MAYNARD (The General's Ward.) . . . . . *Miss HELEN LORD.*

PRINCESS ANGEL CAKE. . . . . *Miss AMELIA STONE.*

BEATRICE WHEELER } Two Society Reporters . . . *Miss MAY HENGLER.*

MARY ANN GARLAND } Two Society Reporters . . . *Miss FLORA HENGLER.*

Ensemble of 100.

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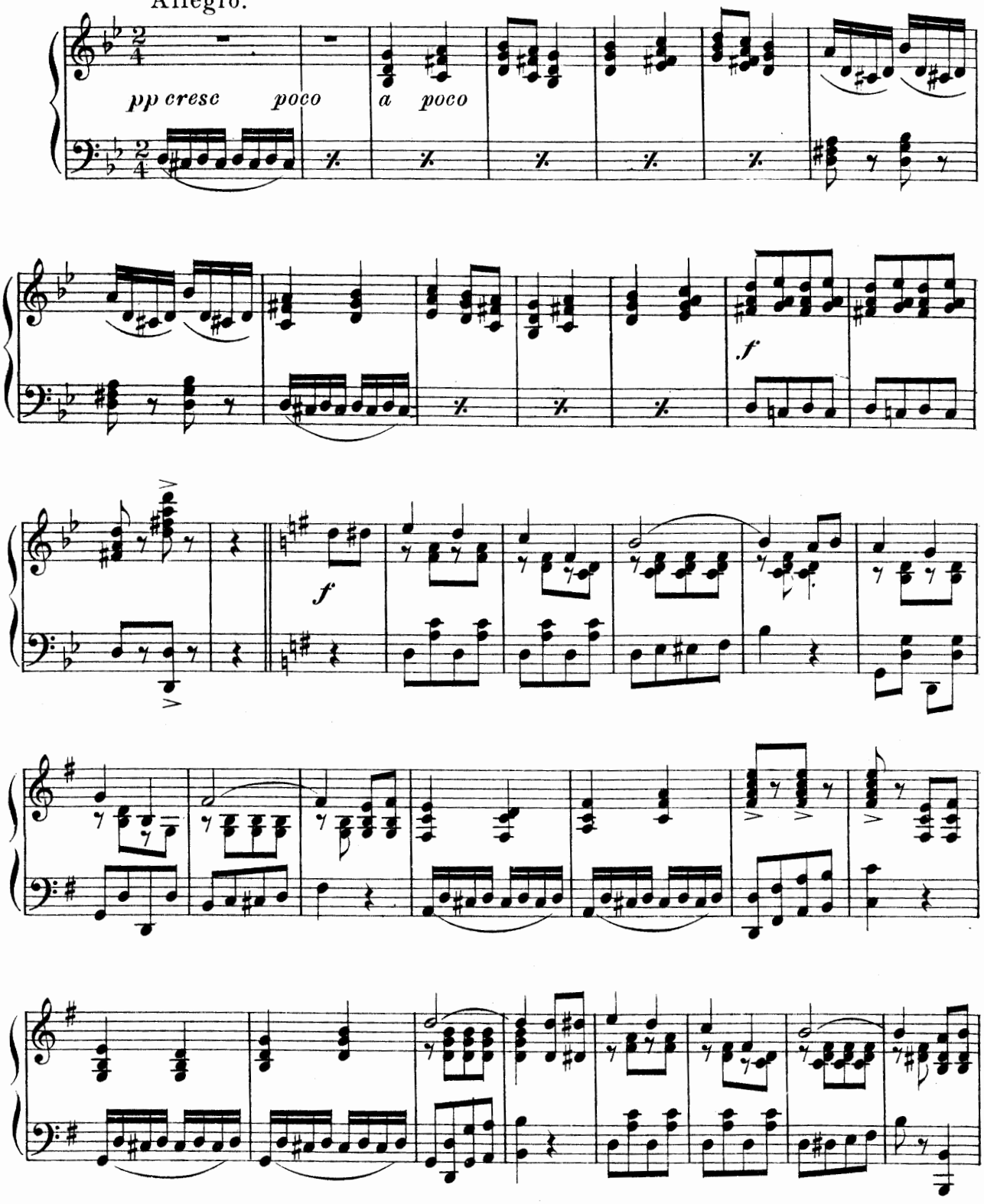
The Runaways.

OVERTURE.

By BURKHARDT & HUBBELL

arr. by Al La Rue.

Allegro.



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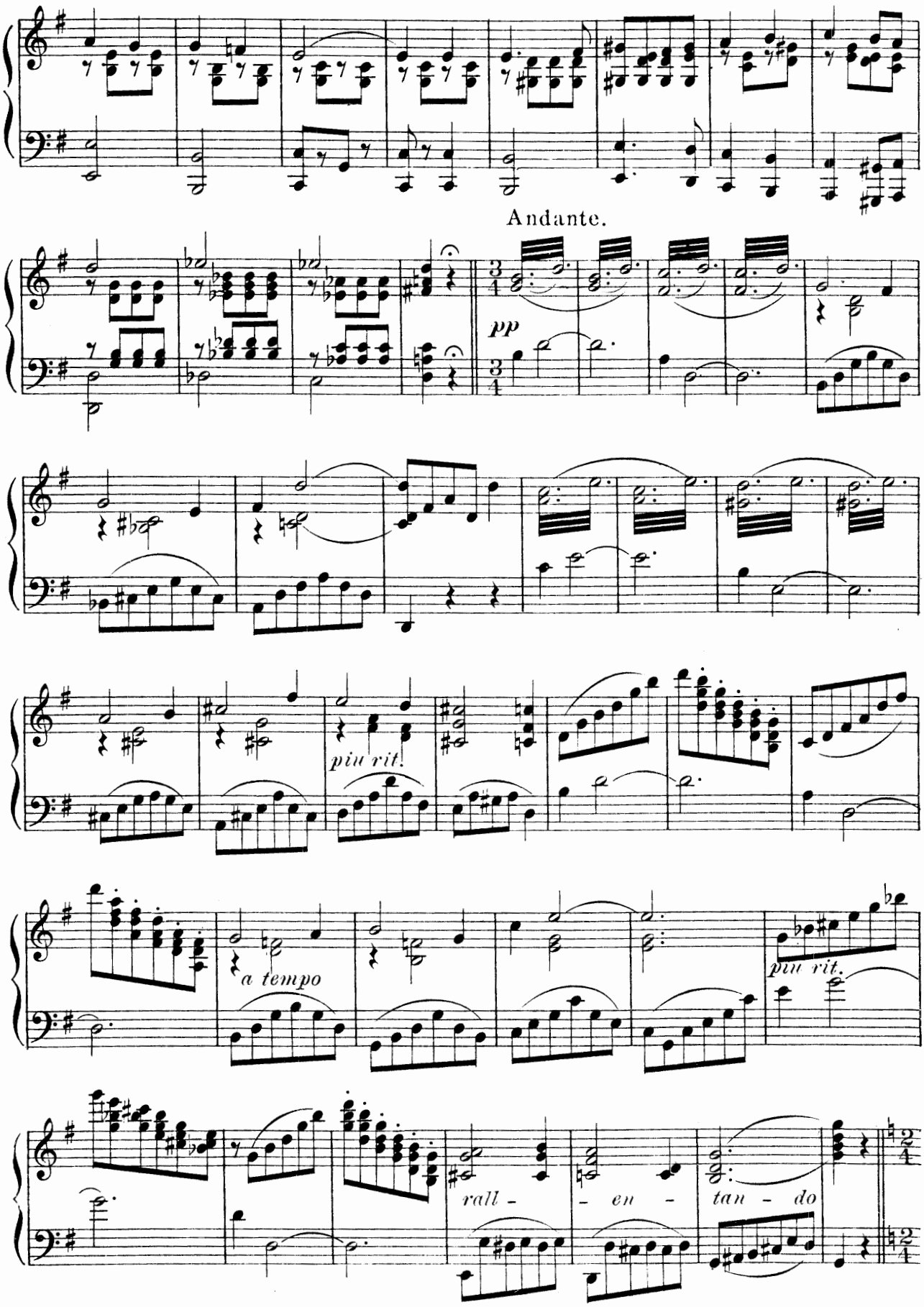
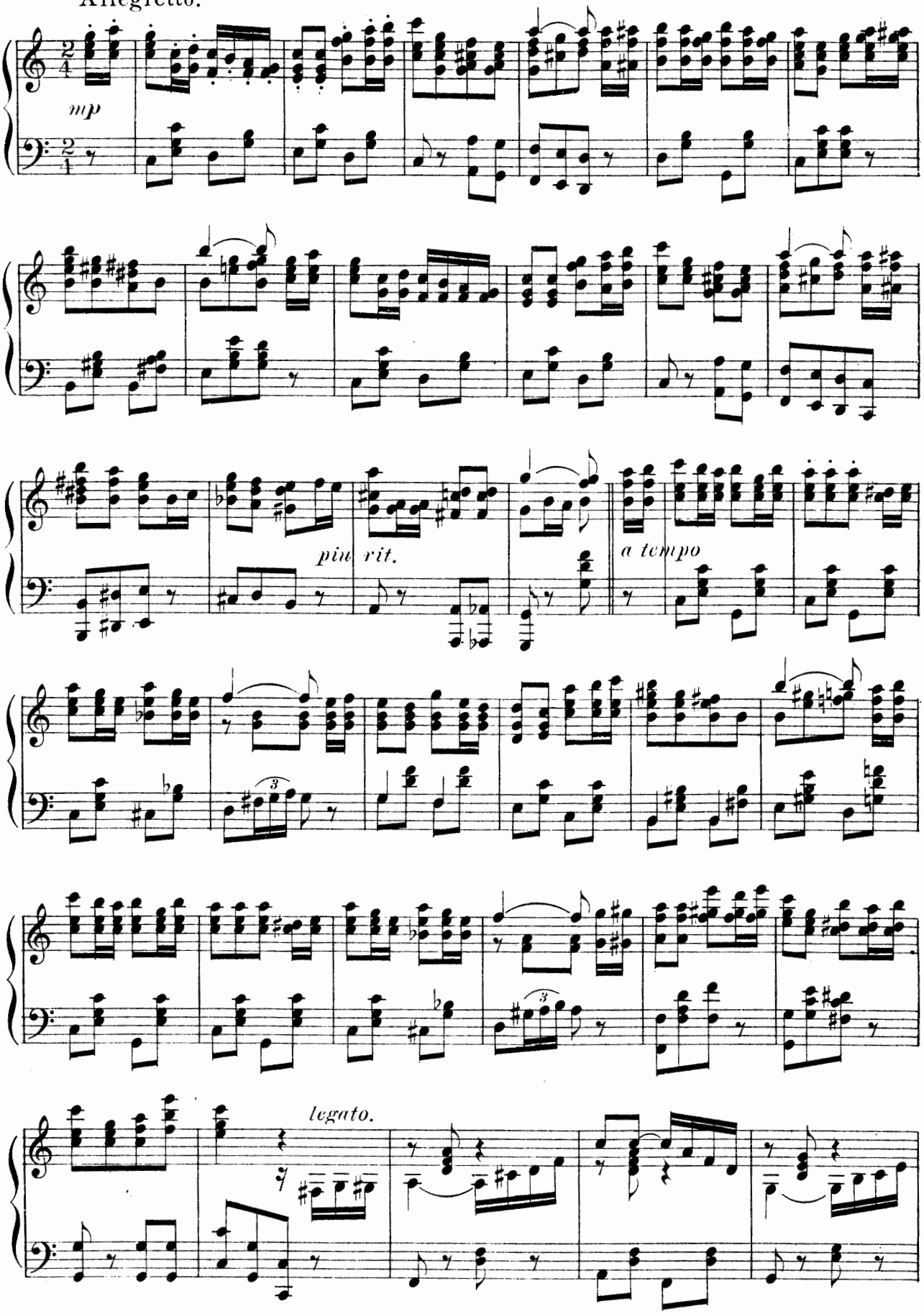
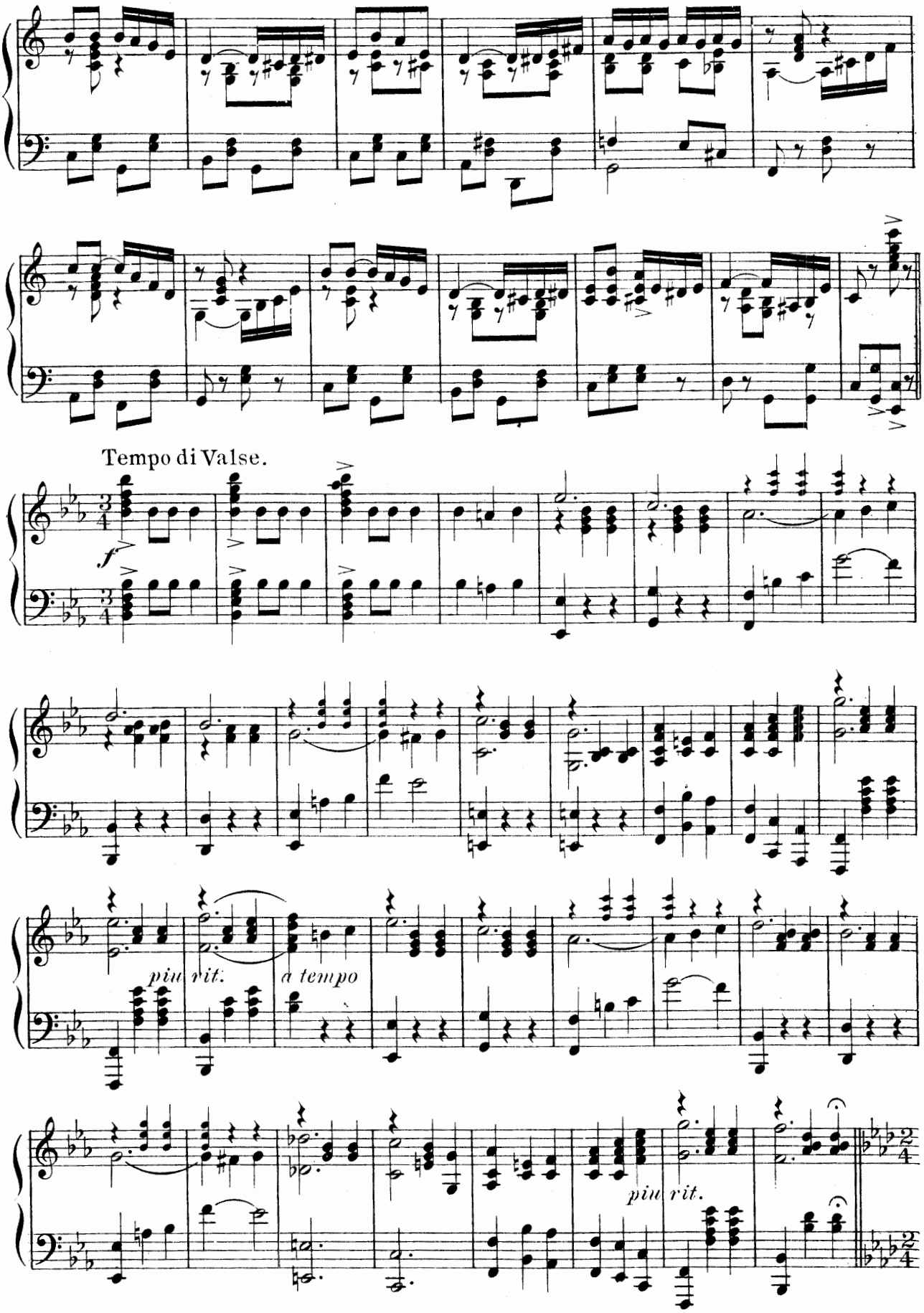
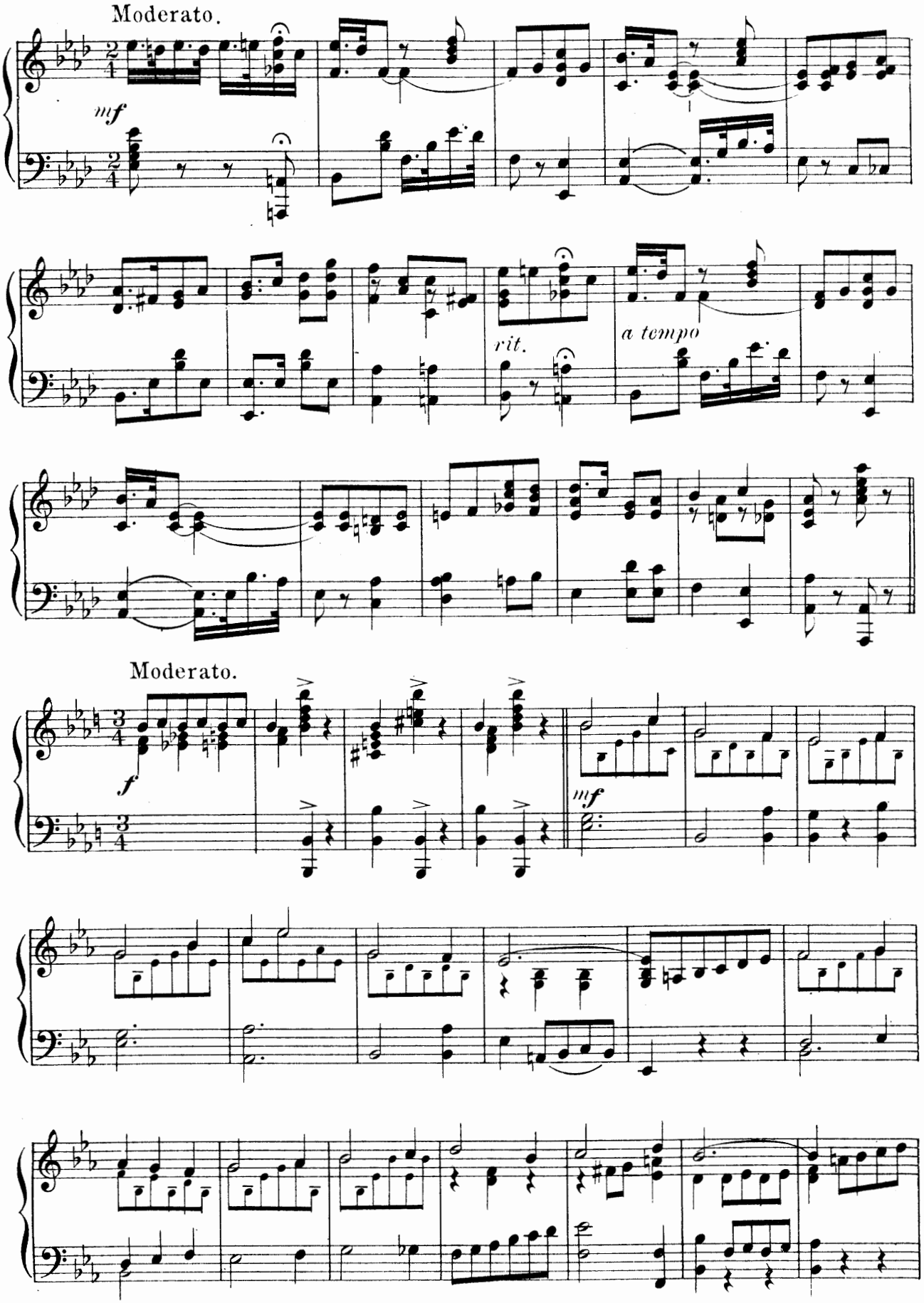
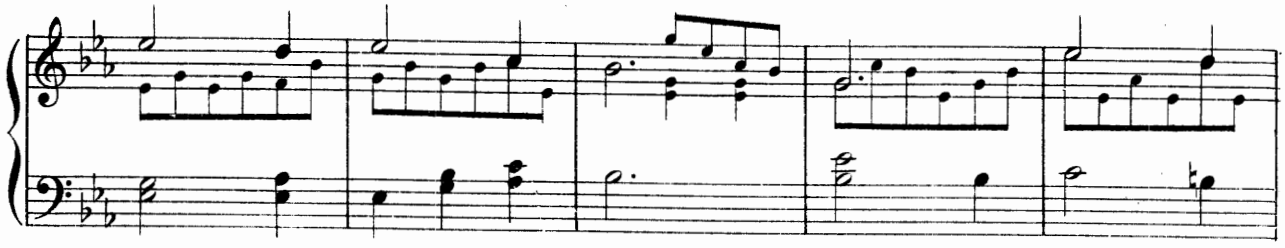

Andante.
pp
piu rit.
a tempo
piu rit.
rall -
- en -
tan - do

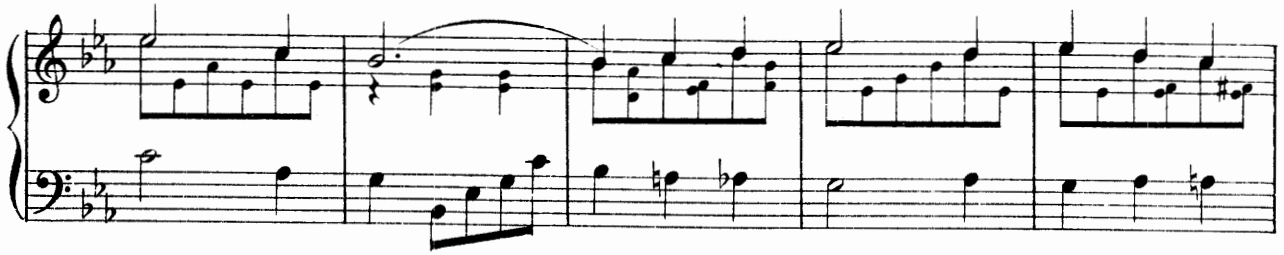
Allegretto.

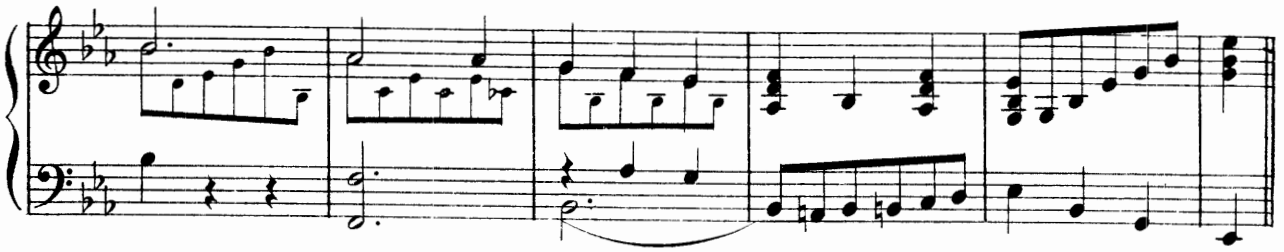



Tempo di Valse.
f
piu rit.
a tempo
piu rit.

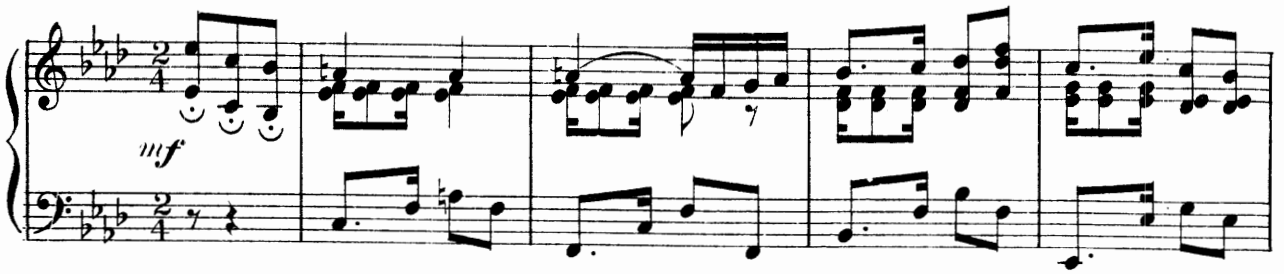

Moderato.
mf
rit.
a tempo
Moderato.
f
mf

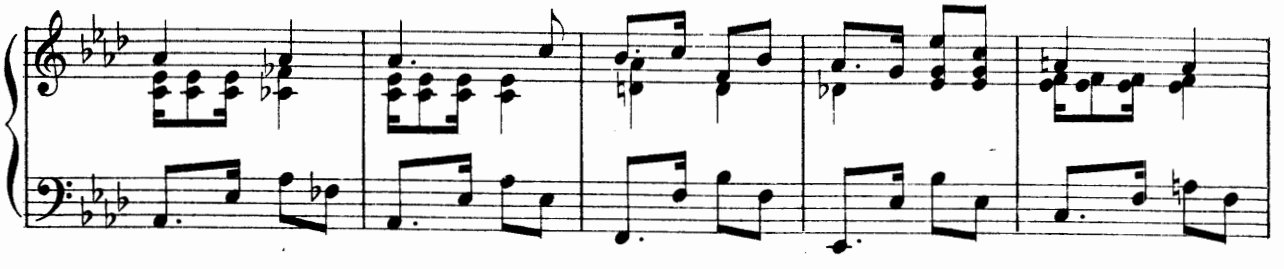


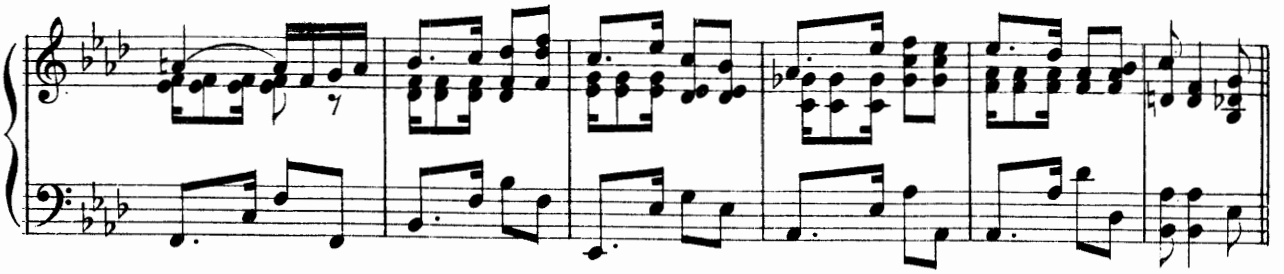




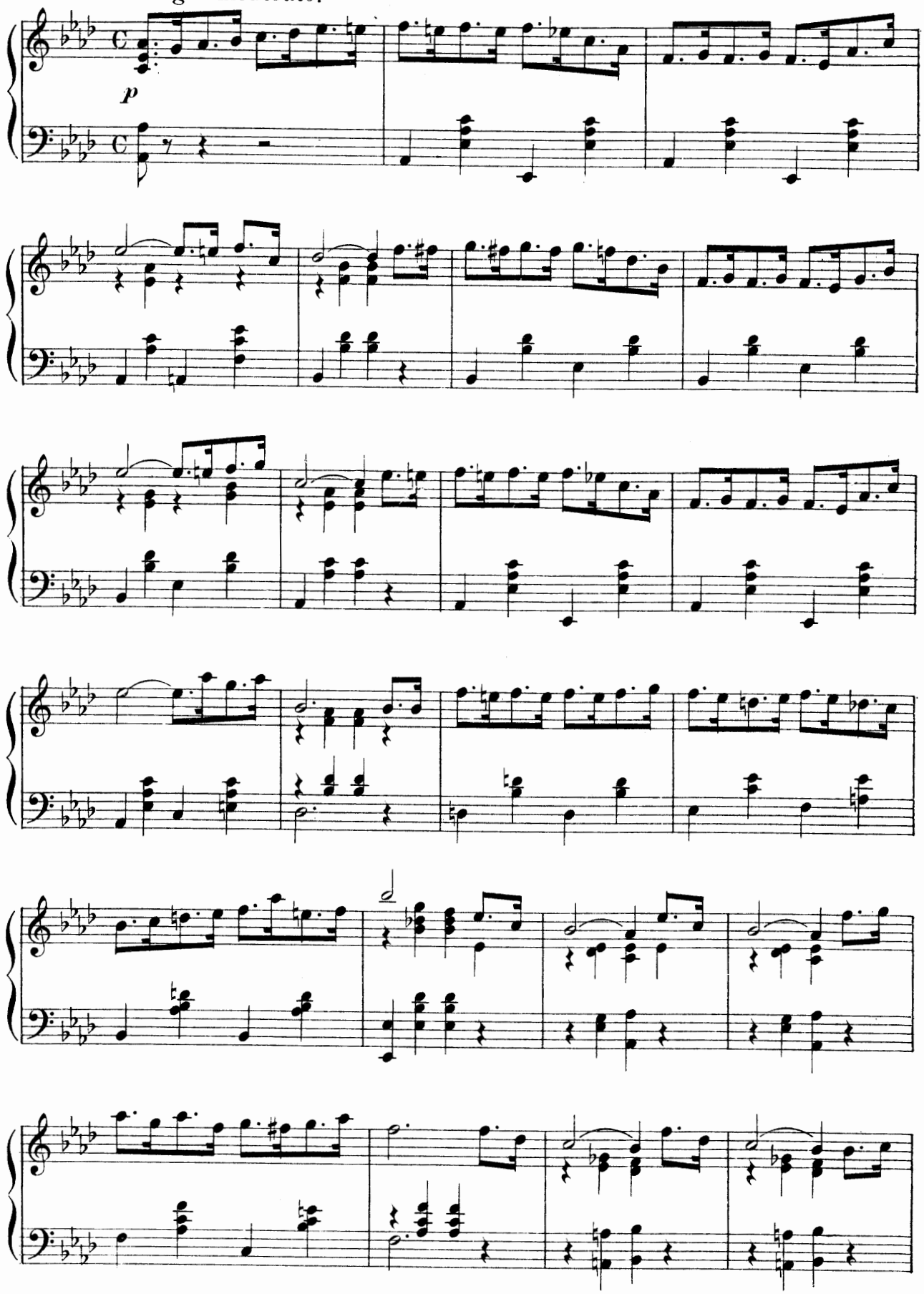
Andante moderato.

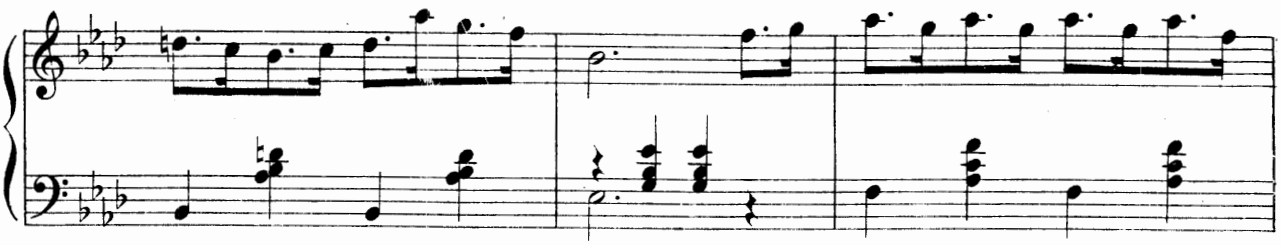


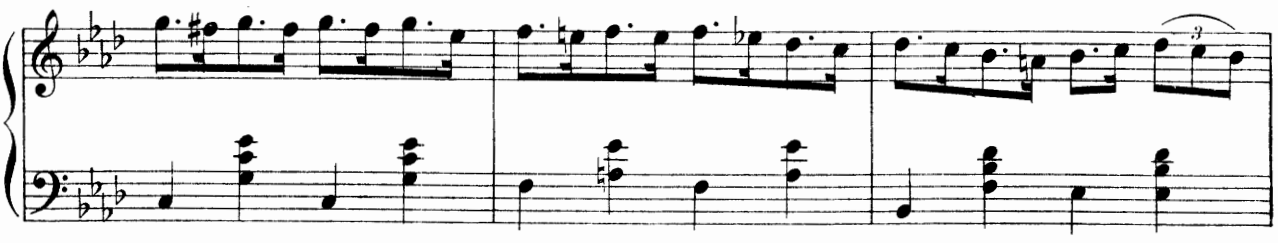


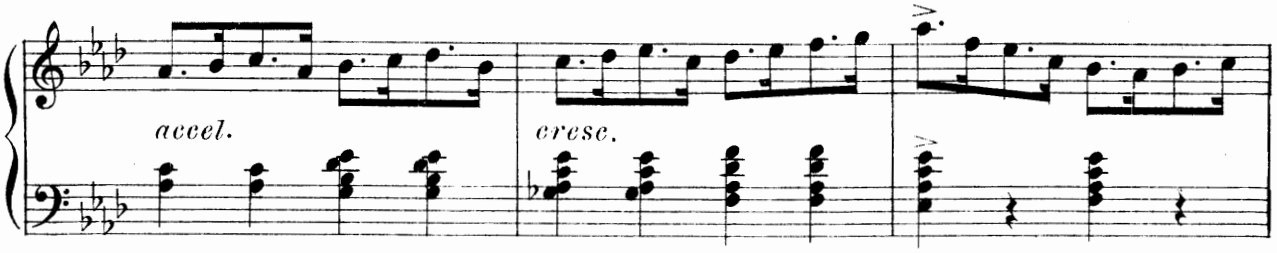


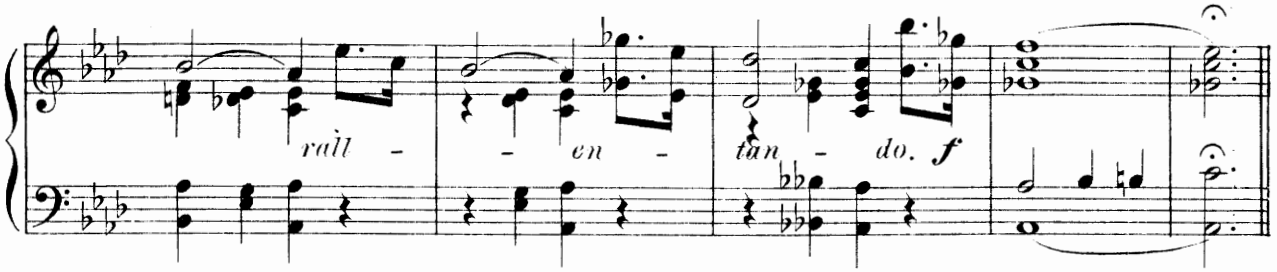
Allegro moderato.



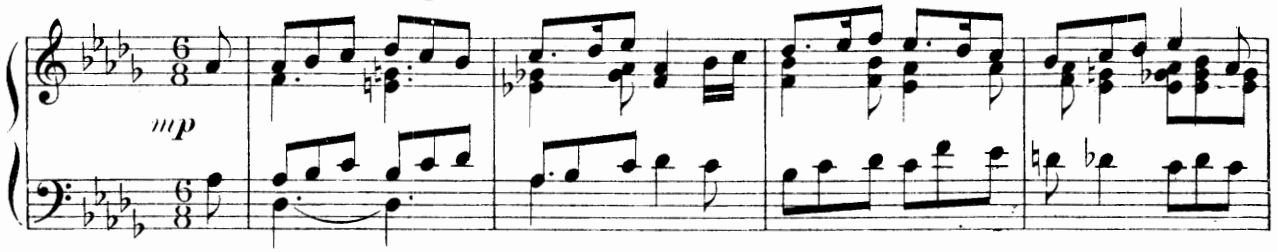


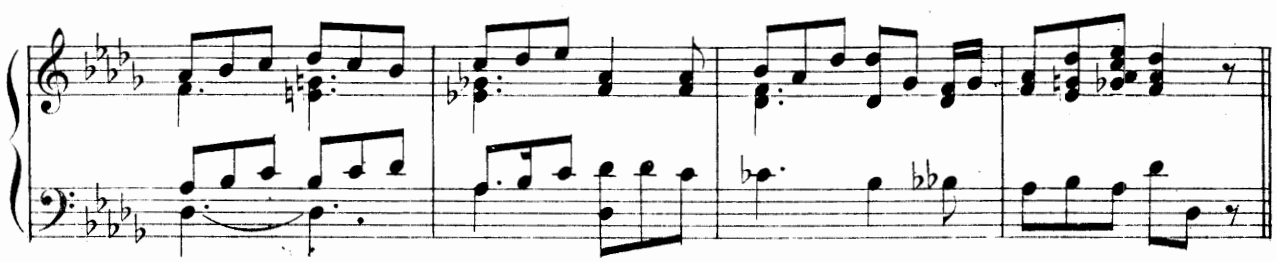


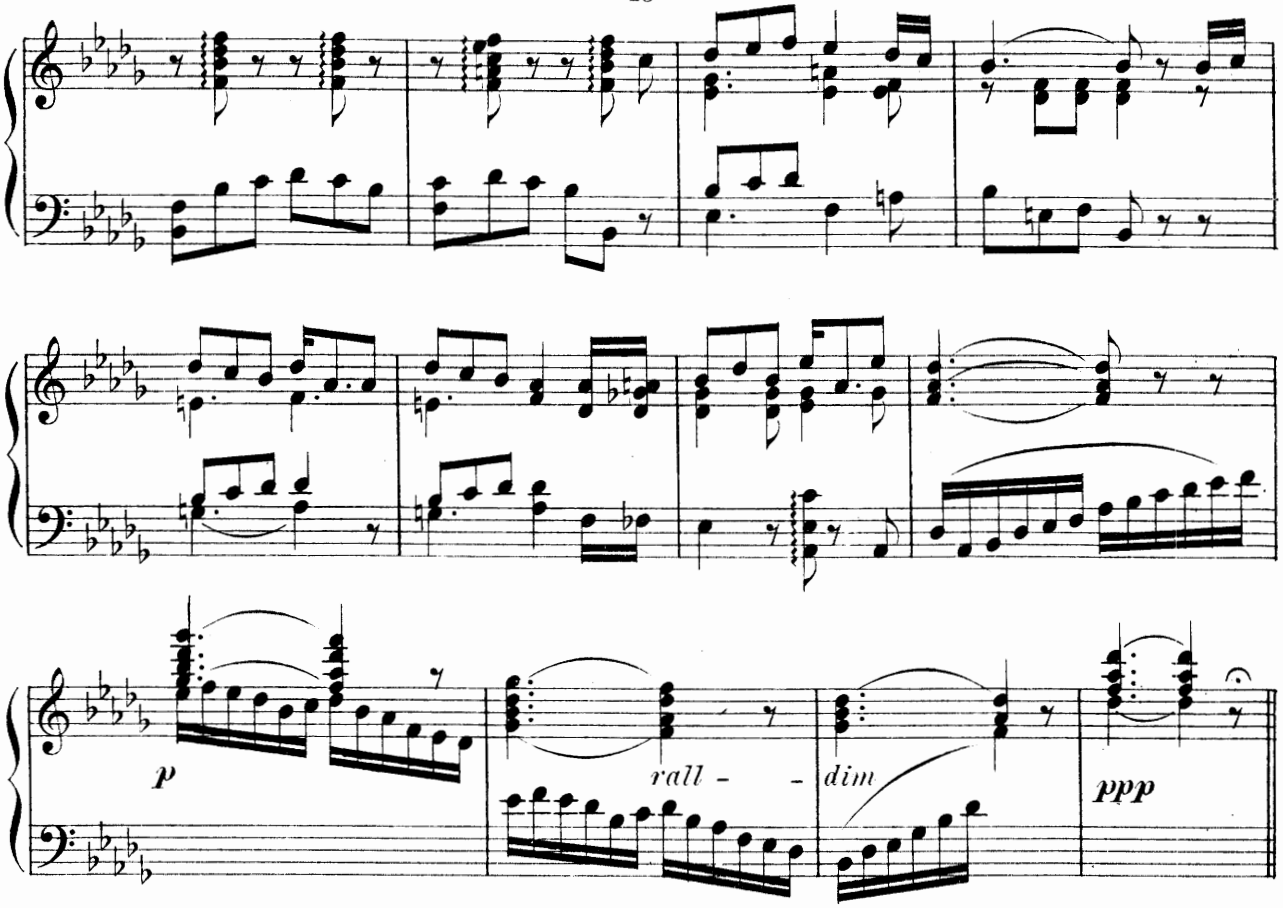




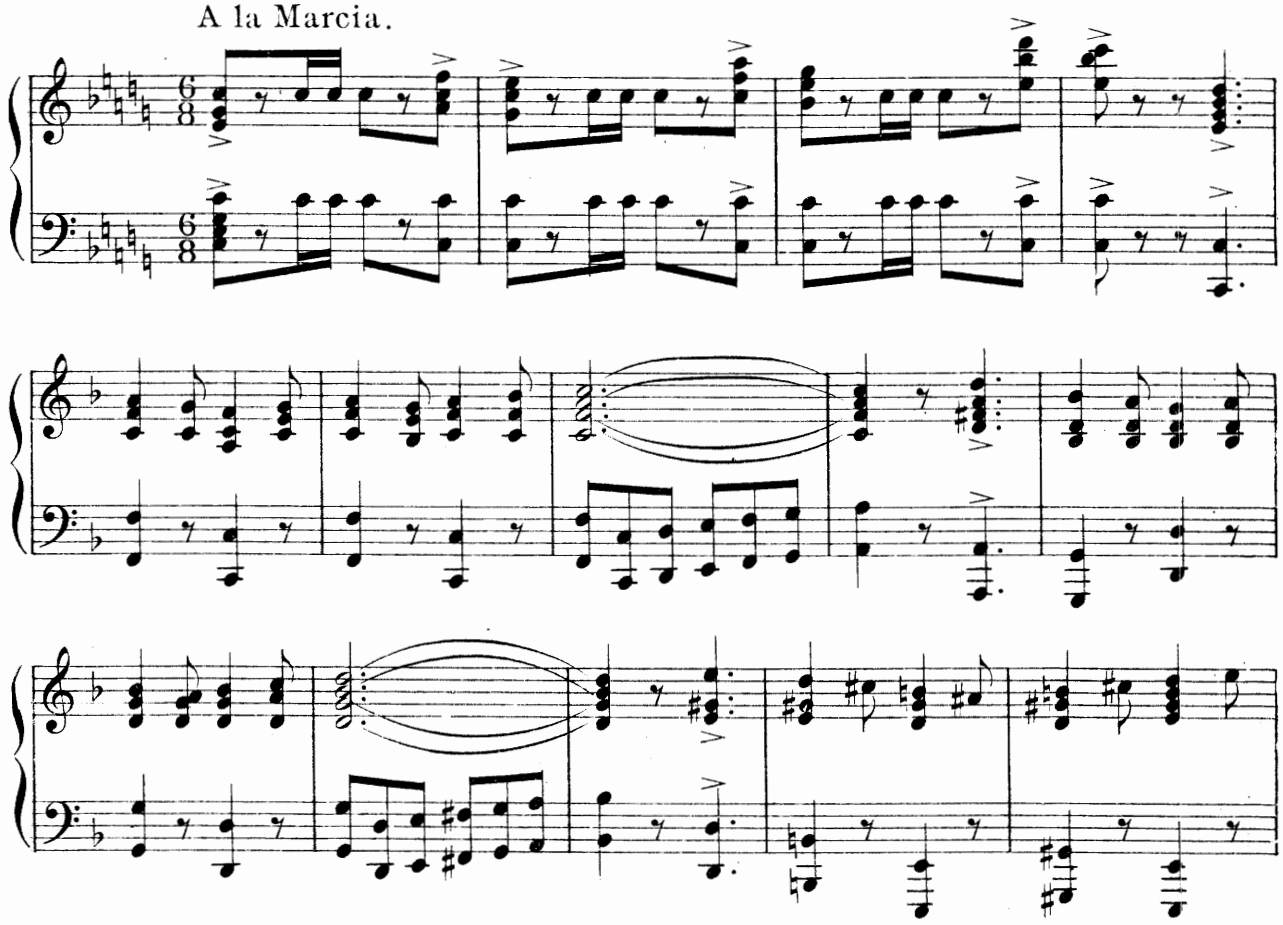
Andante con espressione.

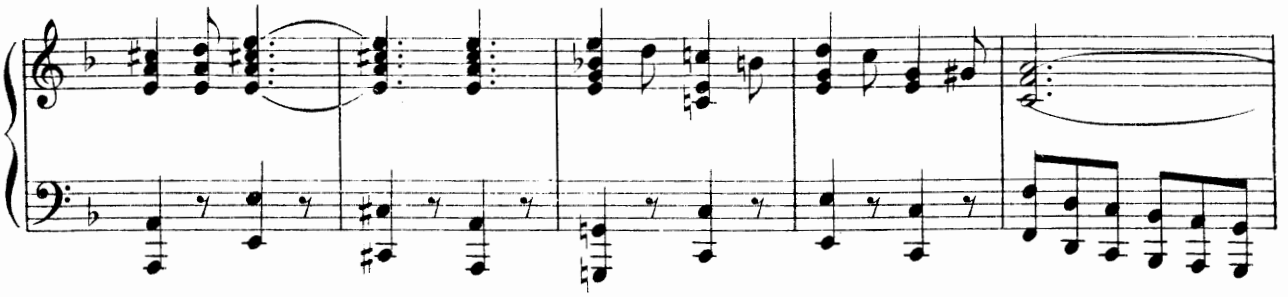


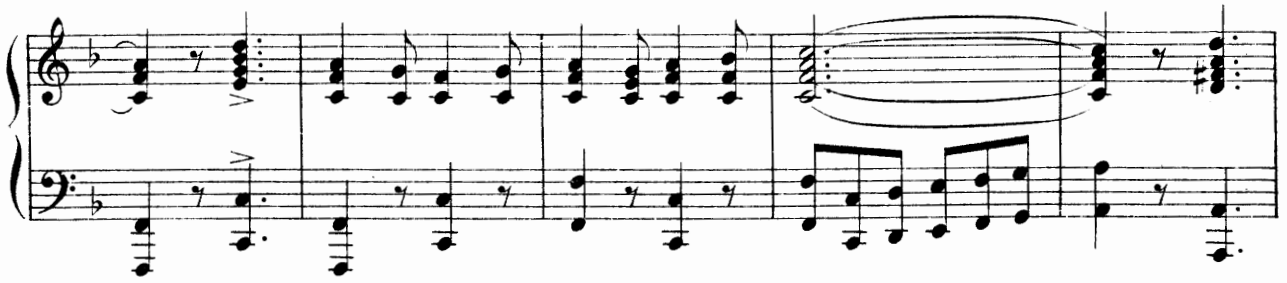


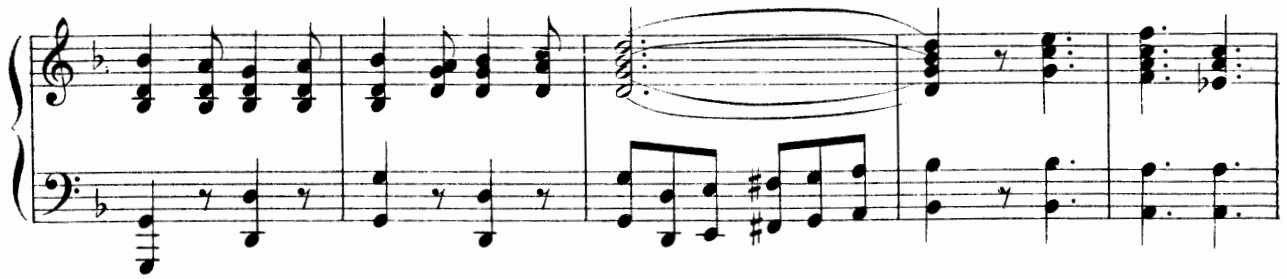


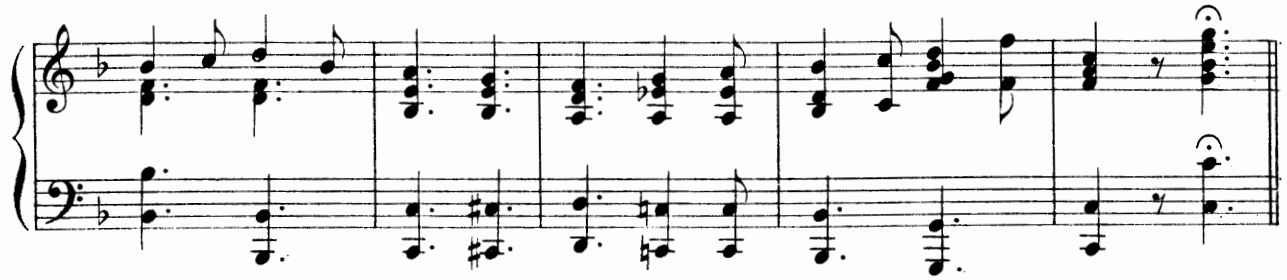
A la Marcia.



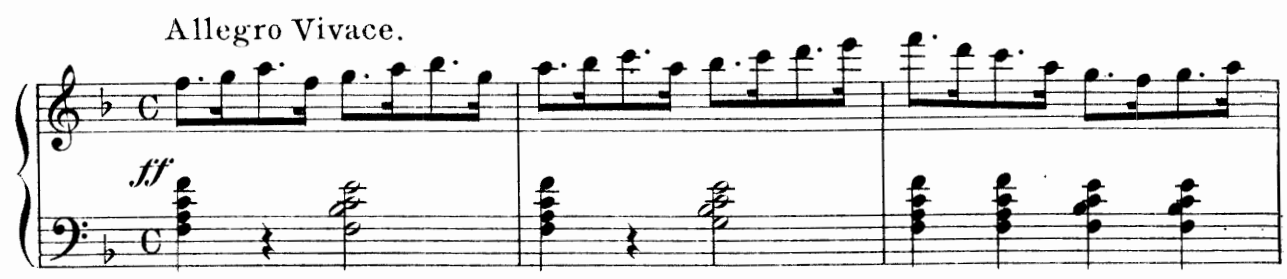


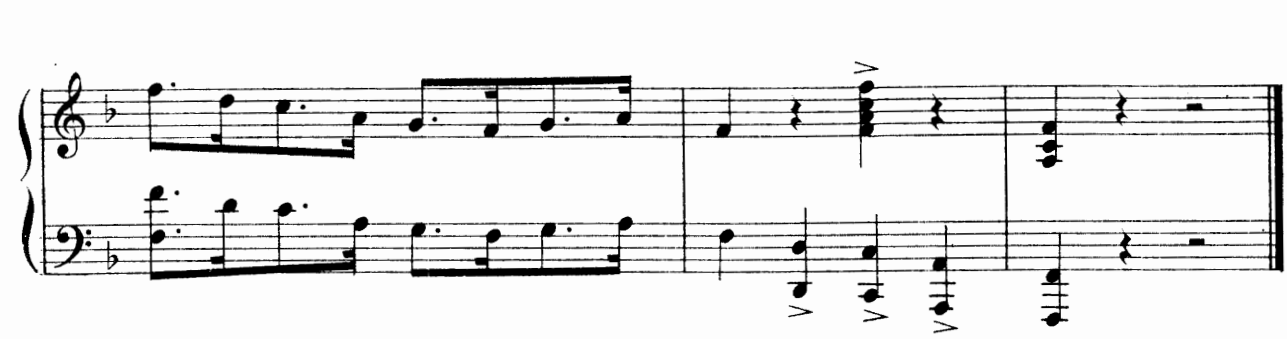




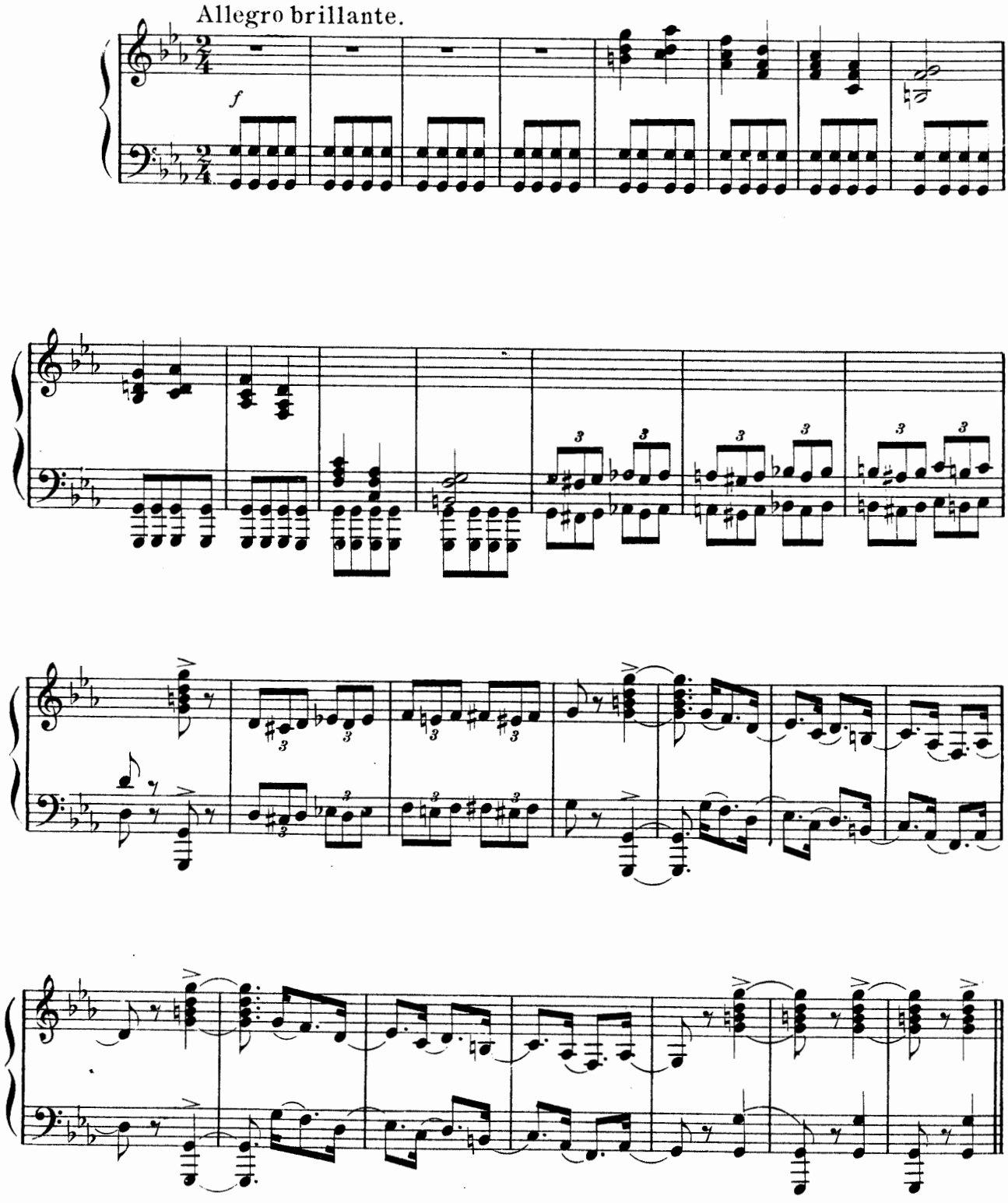


Allegro Vivace.





Opening Chorus.



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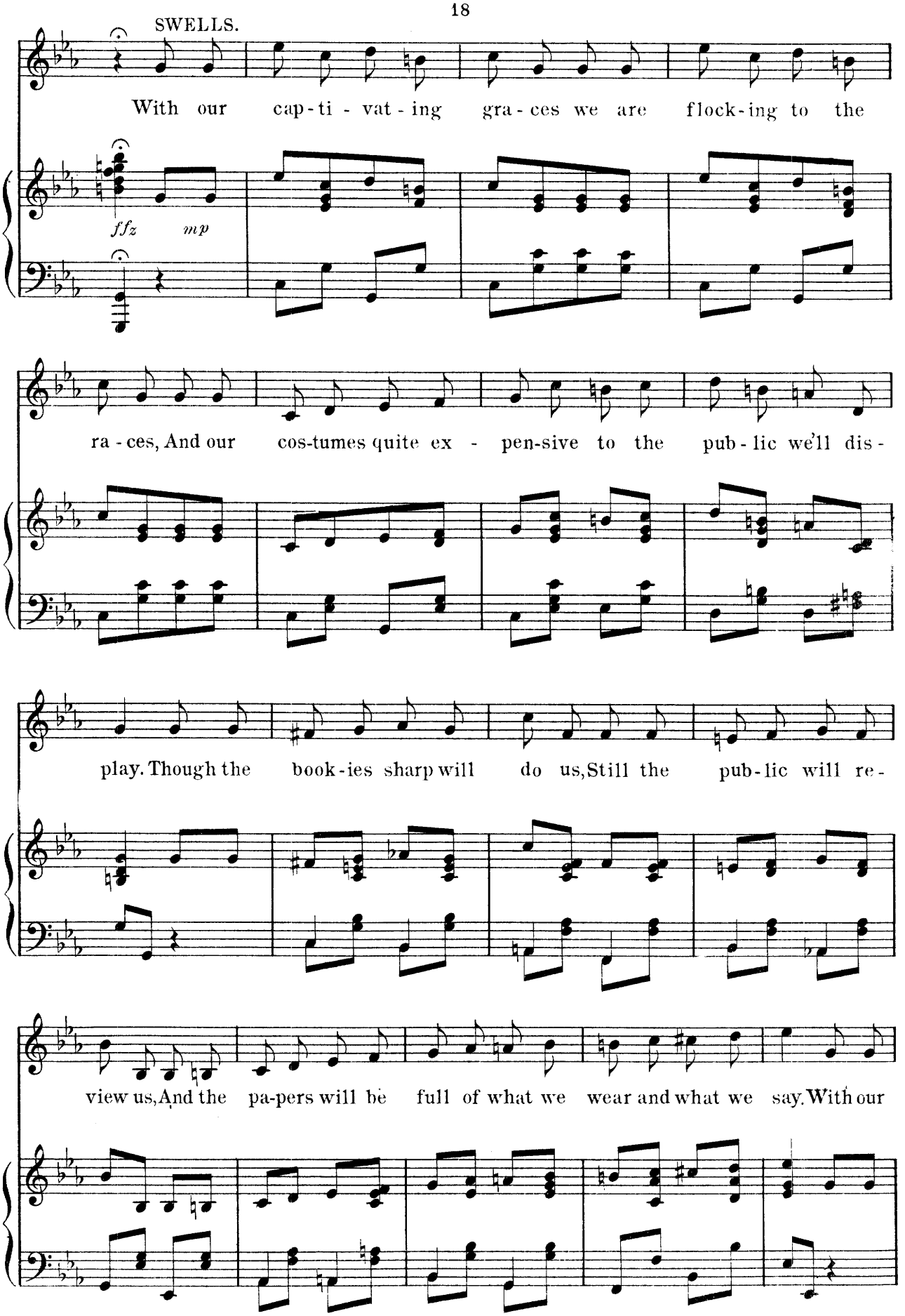
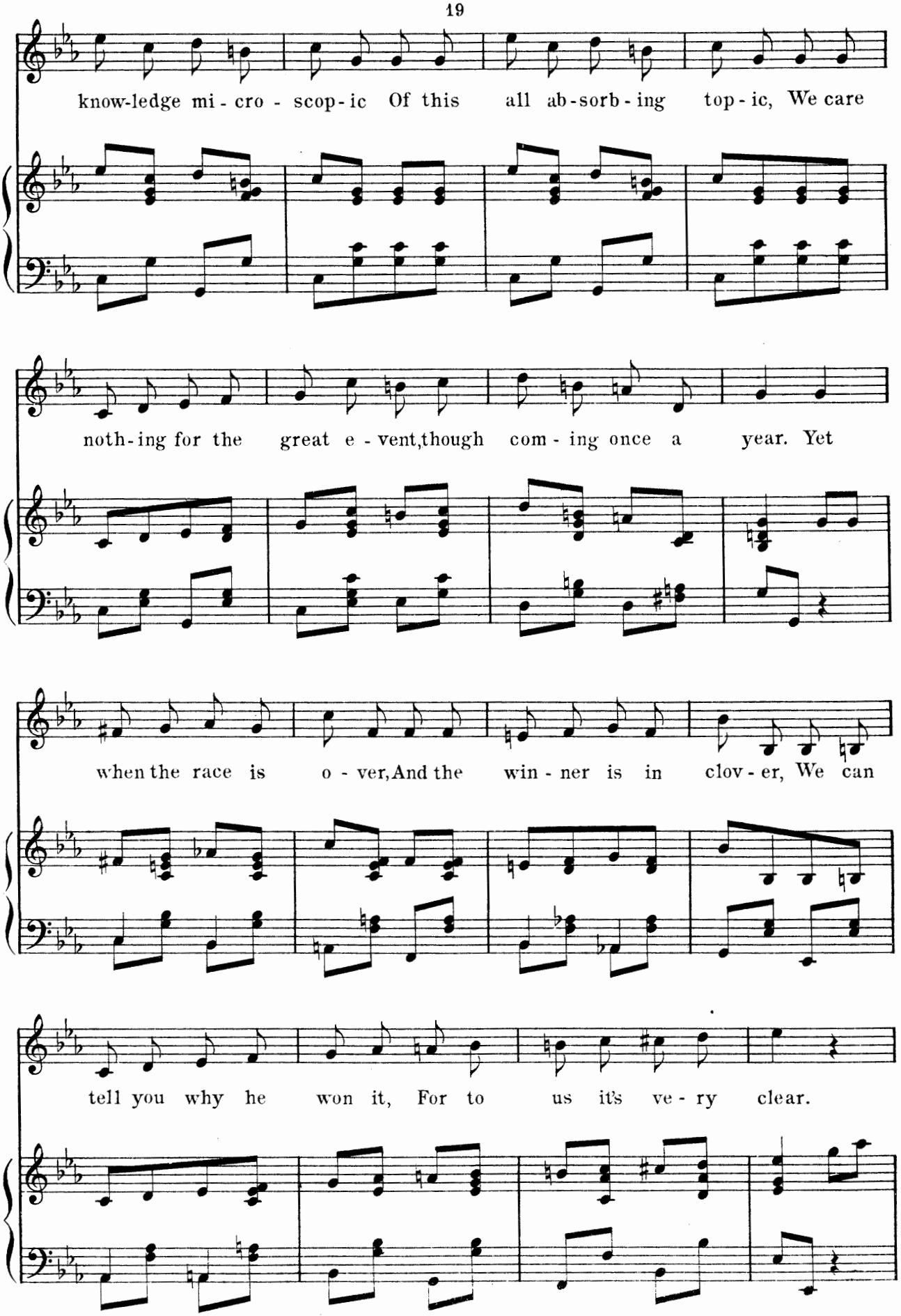
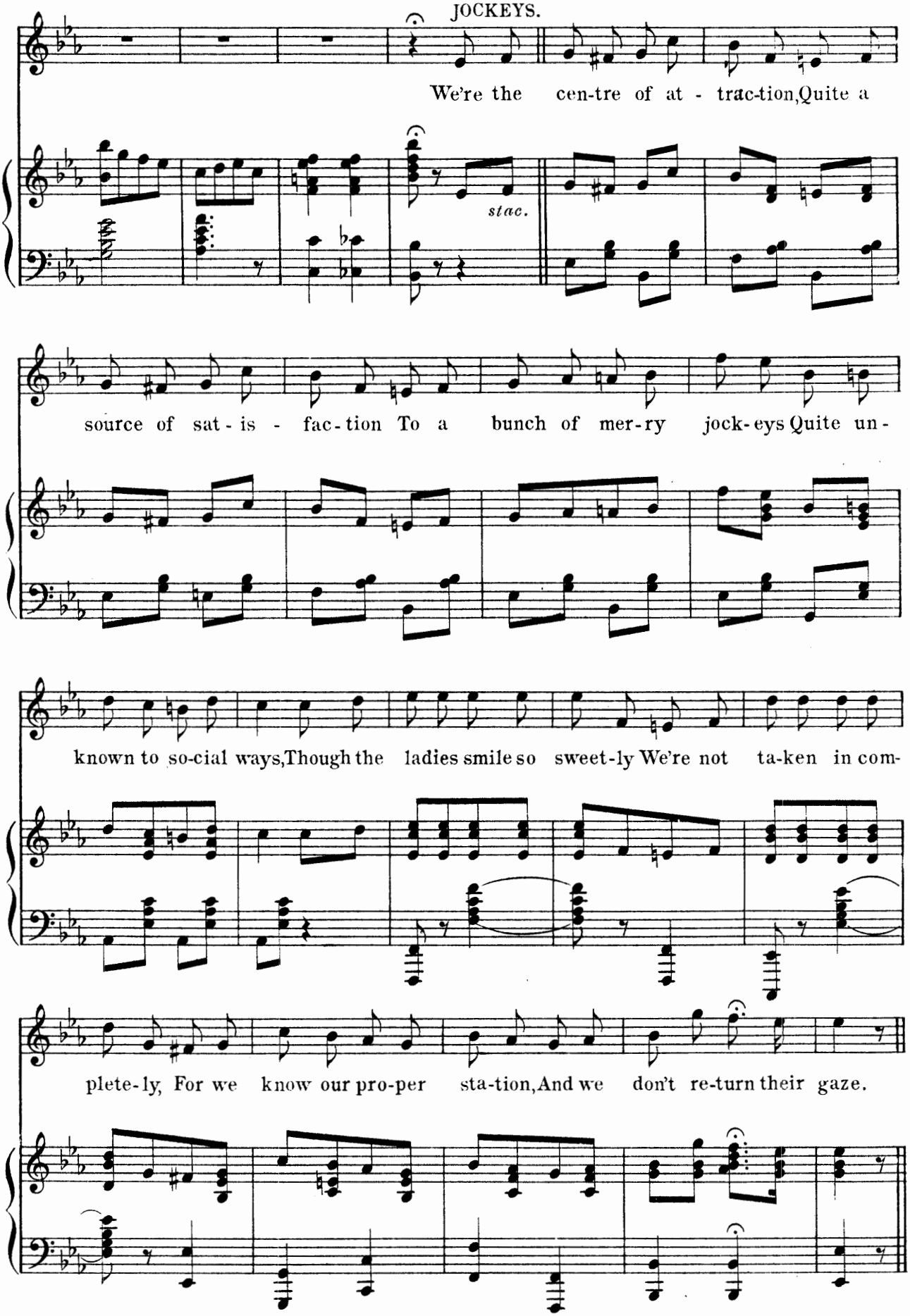
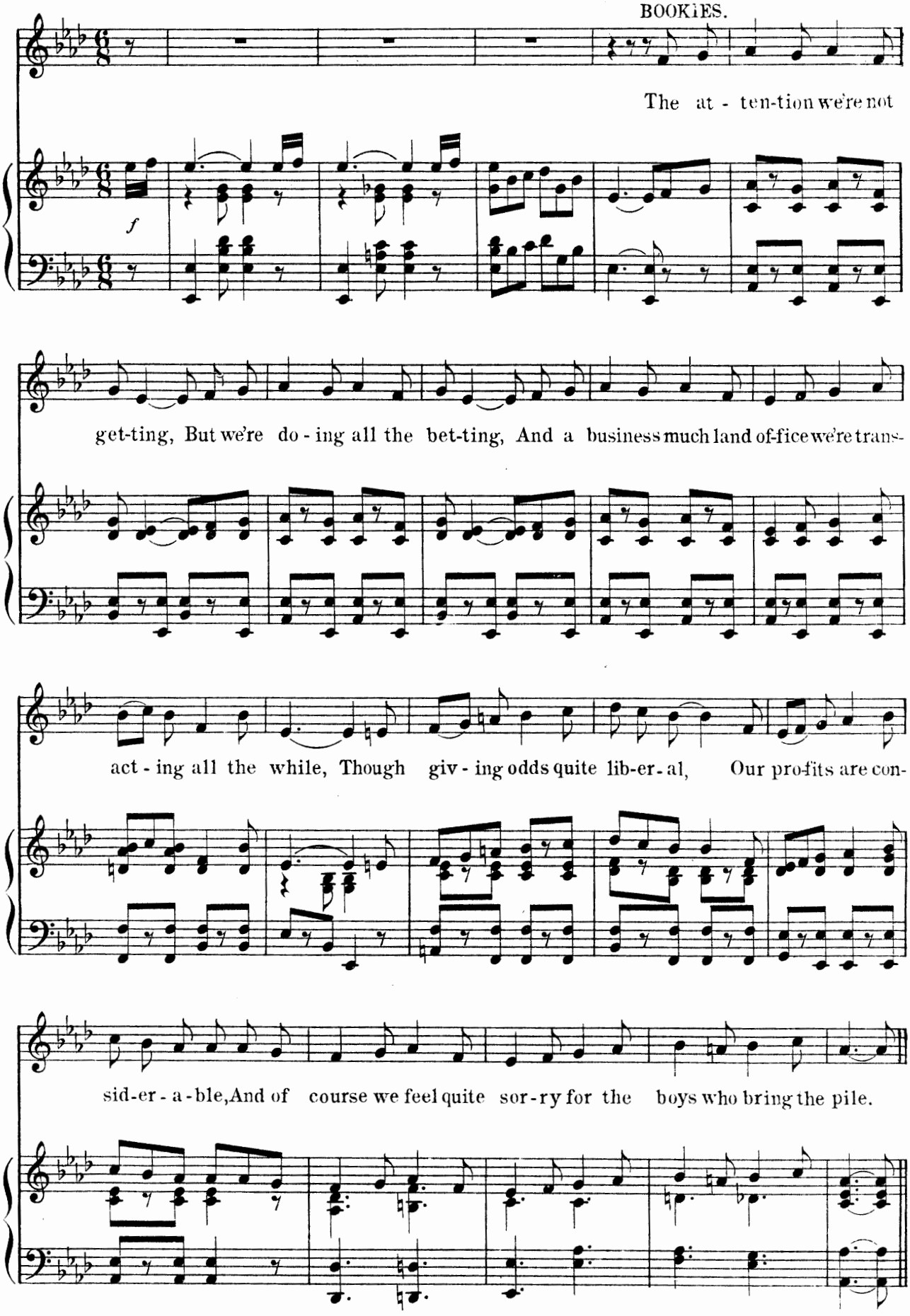
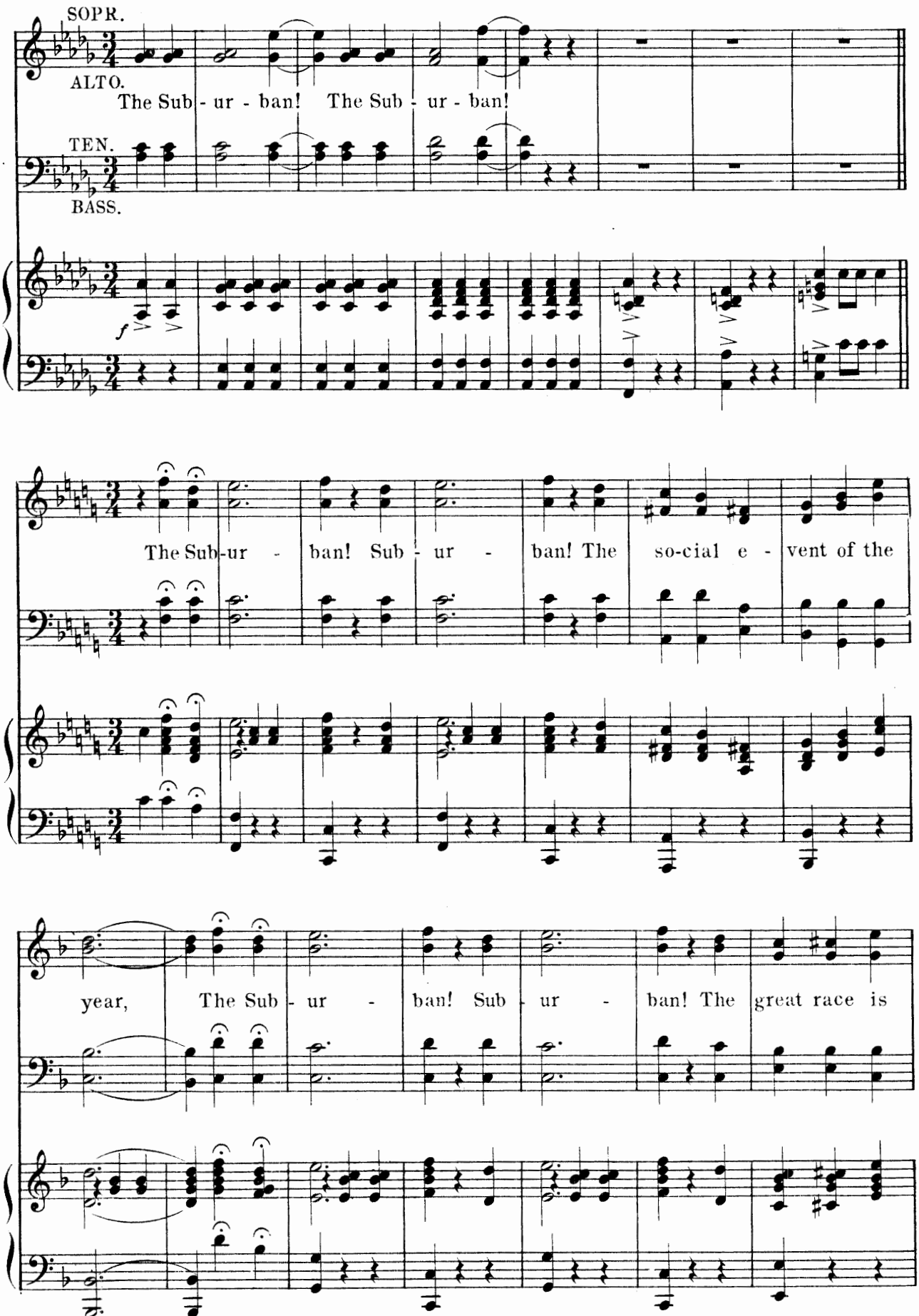

SWELLS.
With our cap-ti-vat-ing gra-ces we are flock-ing to the
ffz mp
ra-ces, And our cos-tumes quite ex-pen-sive to the pub-lic we'll dis-
play. Though the book-ies sharp will do us, Still the pub-lic will re-
view us, And the pa-pers will be full of what we wear and what we say. With our

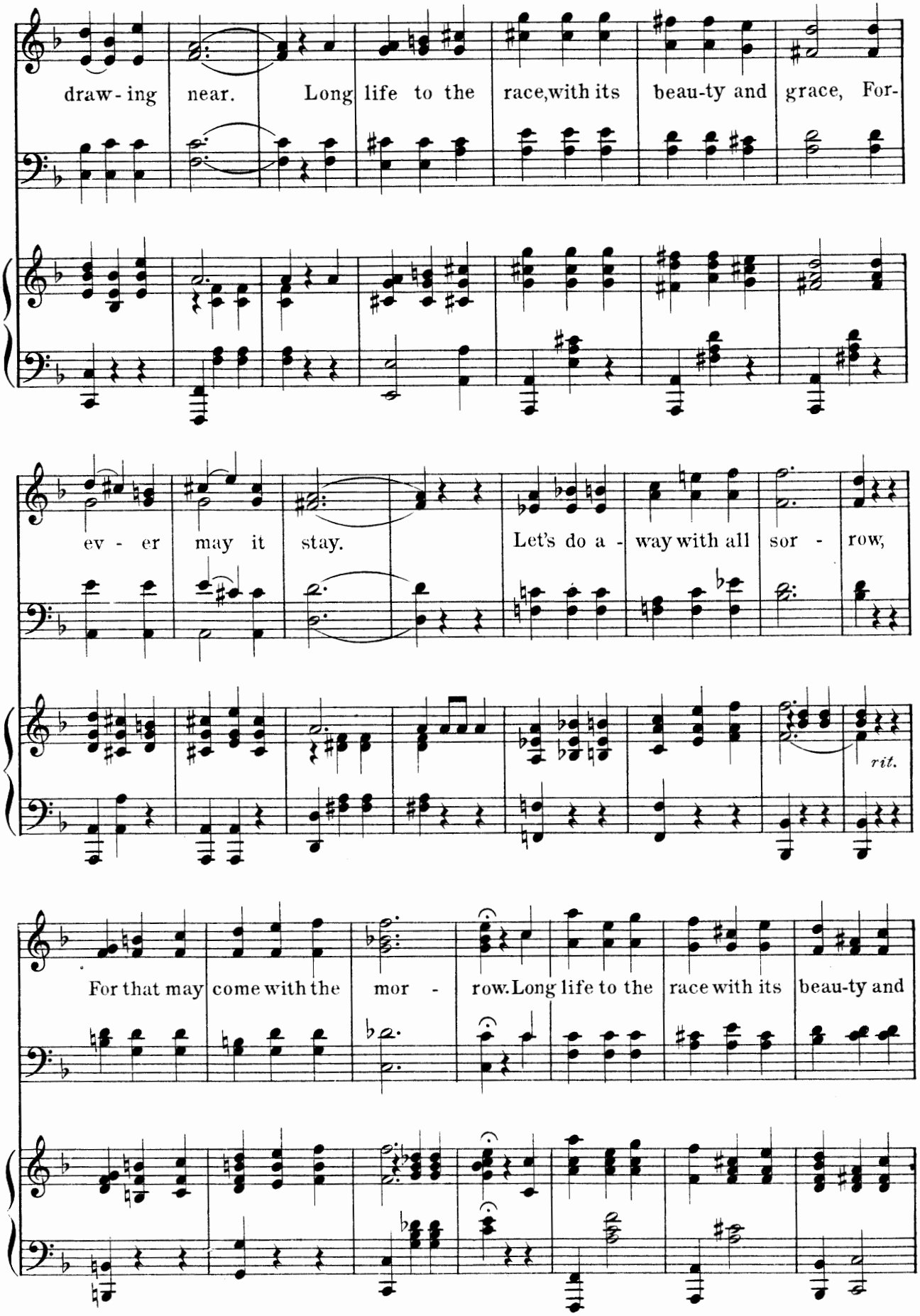

know-ledge mi - cro - scop - ic Of this all ab - sorb - ing top - ic, We care
noth - ing for the great e - vent, though com - ing once a year. Yet
when the race is o - ver, And the win - ner is in clov - er, We can
tell you why he won it, For to us it's ve - ry clear.

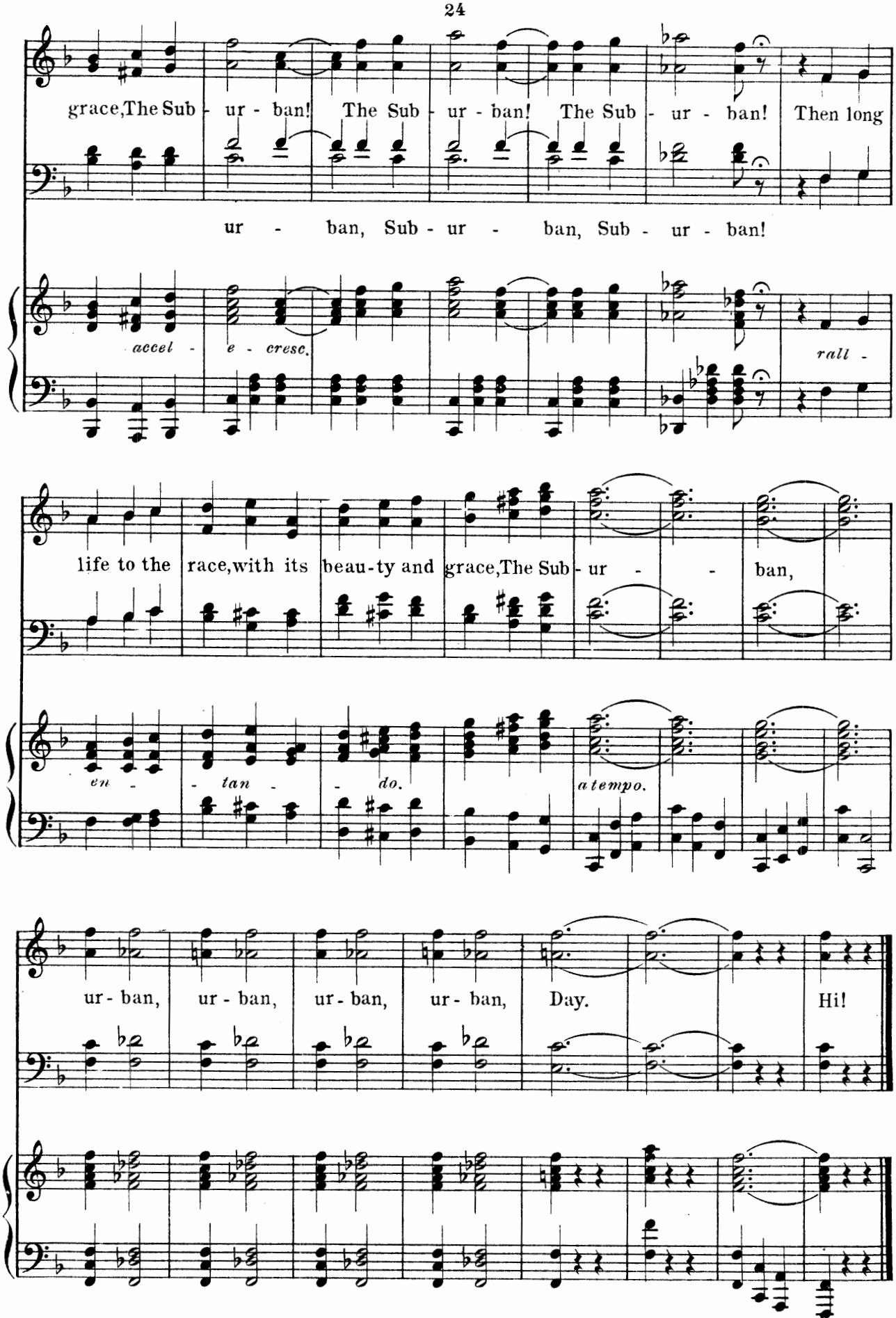
JOCKEYS.


We're the cen-tre of at - trac-tion, Quite a
stac.
source of sat - is - fac - tion To a bunch of mer - ry jock - eys Quite un -
known to so-cial ways, Though the ladies smile so sweet-ly We're not ta-ken in com-
plete-ly, For we know our pro-per sta-tion, And we don't re-turn their gaze.


The at - ten-tion we're not
f
get-ting, But we're do - ing all the bet-ting, And a business much land of-fice we're trans-
act - ing all the while, Though giv - ing odds quite lib-er - al, Our pro-fits are con-
sid-er - a - ble, And of course we feel quite sor - ry for the boys who bring the pile.

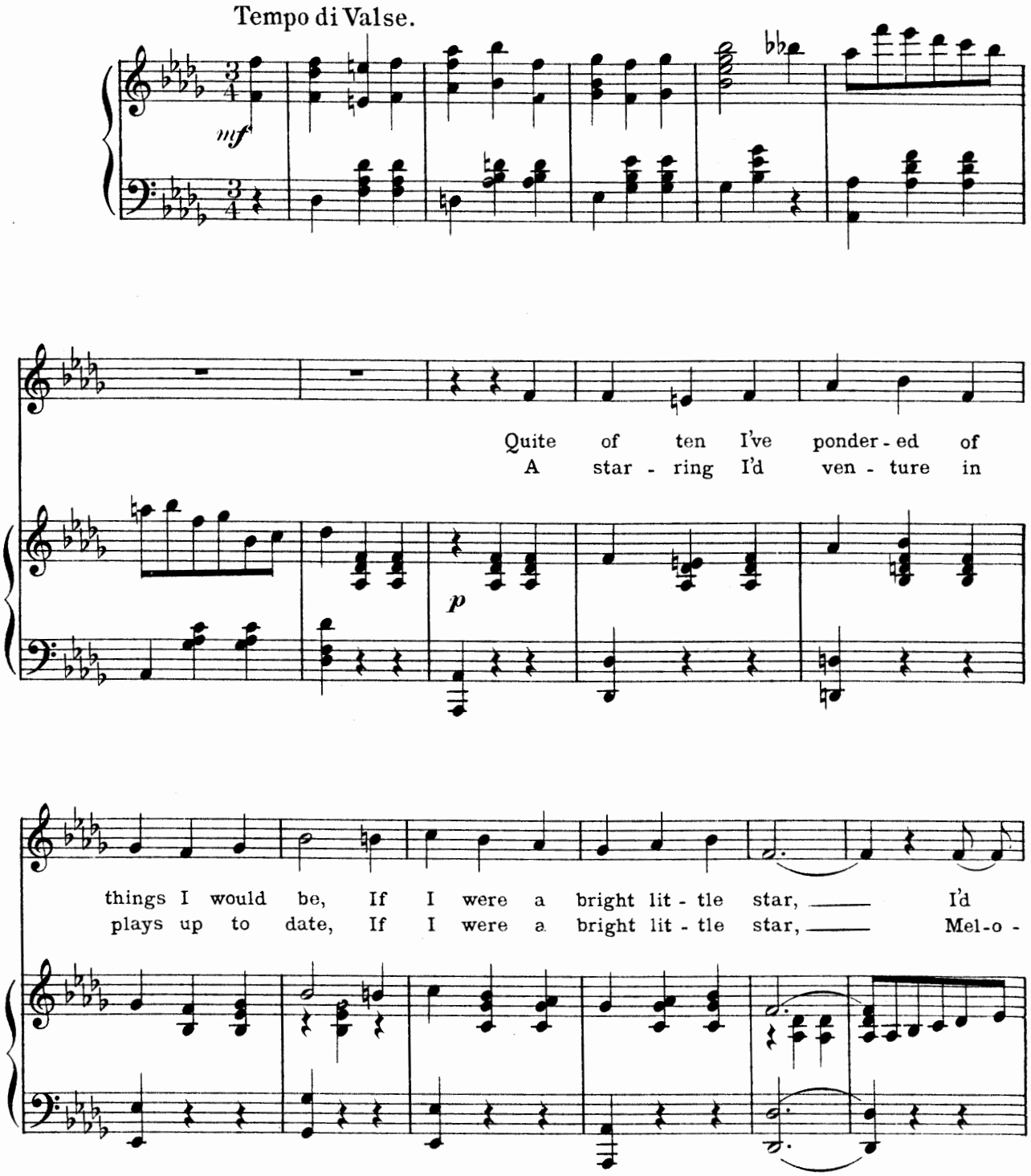

SOPR.
ALTO.
The Sub - ur - ban! The Sub - ur - ban!
TEN.
BASS.
f
The Sub-ur - ban! Sub - ur - ban! The so-cial e - vent of the
year, The Sub - ur - ban! Sub - ur - ban! The great race is


draw - ing near. Long life to the race,with its beau-ty and grace, For-
ev - er may it stay. Let's do a - way with all sor - row,
rit.
For that may come with the mor - row. Long life to the race with its beau-ty and


grace, The Sub - ur - ban! The Sub - ur - ban! The Sub - ur - ban! Then long
ur - ban, Sub - ur - ban, Sub - ur - ban!
accel - e - cresc.
rall -
life to the race, with its beau-ty and grace, The Sub - ur - ban,
en - tan - do.
a tempo.
ur - ban, ur - ban, ur - ban, ur - ban, Day. Hi!

If I were a bright little star.

(Wheeler, Garland and Bob Gray.)



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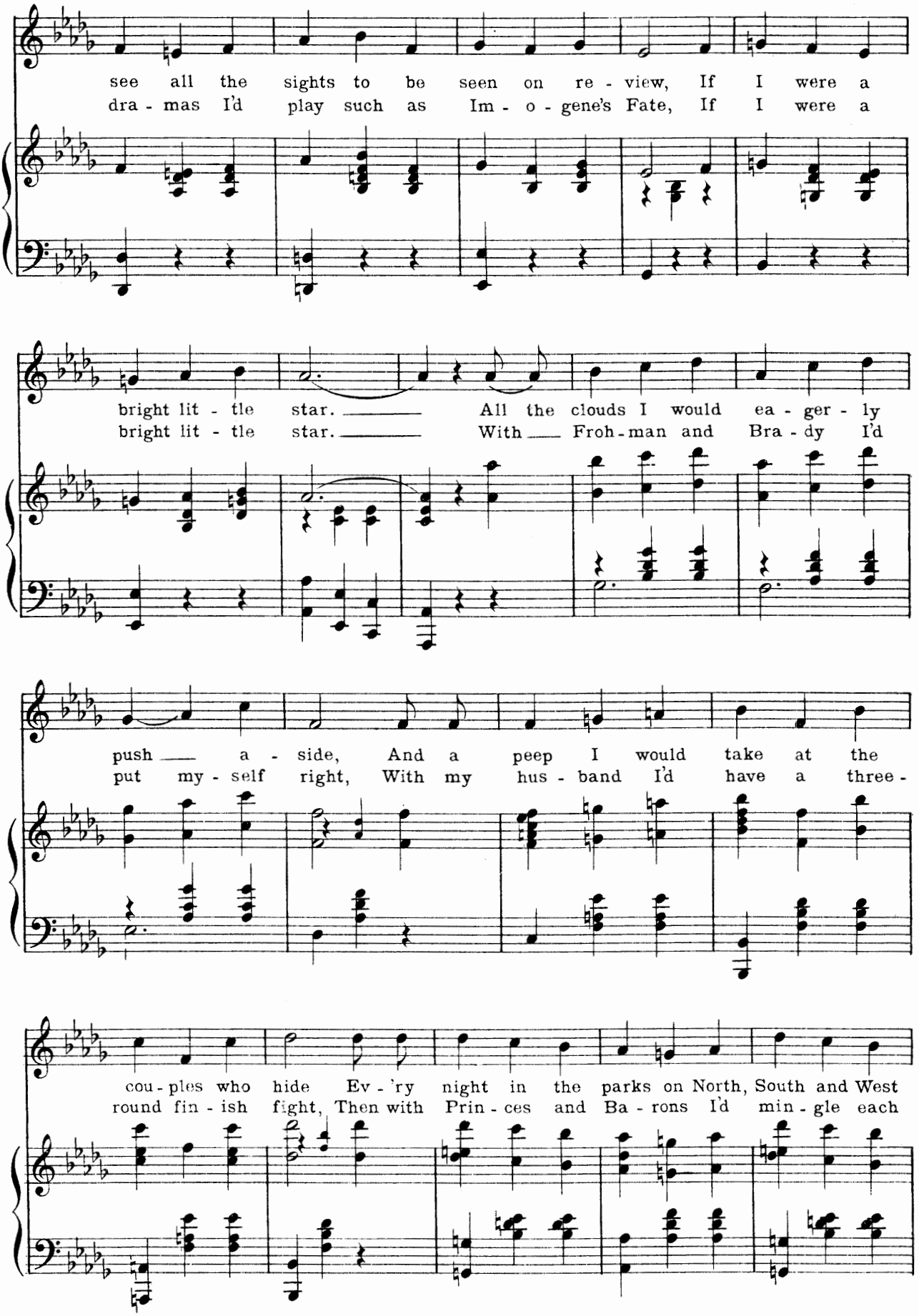
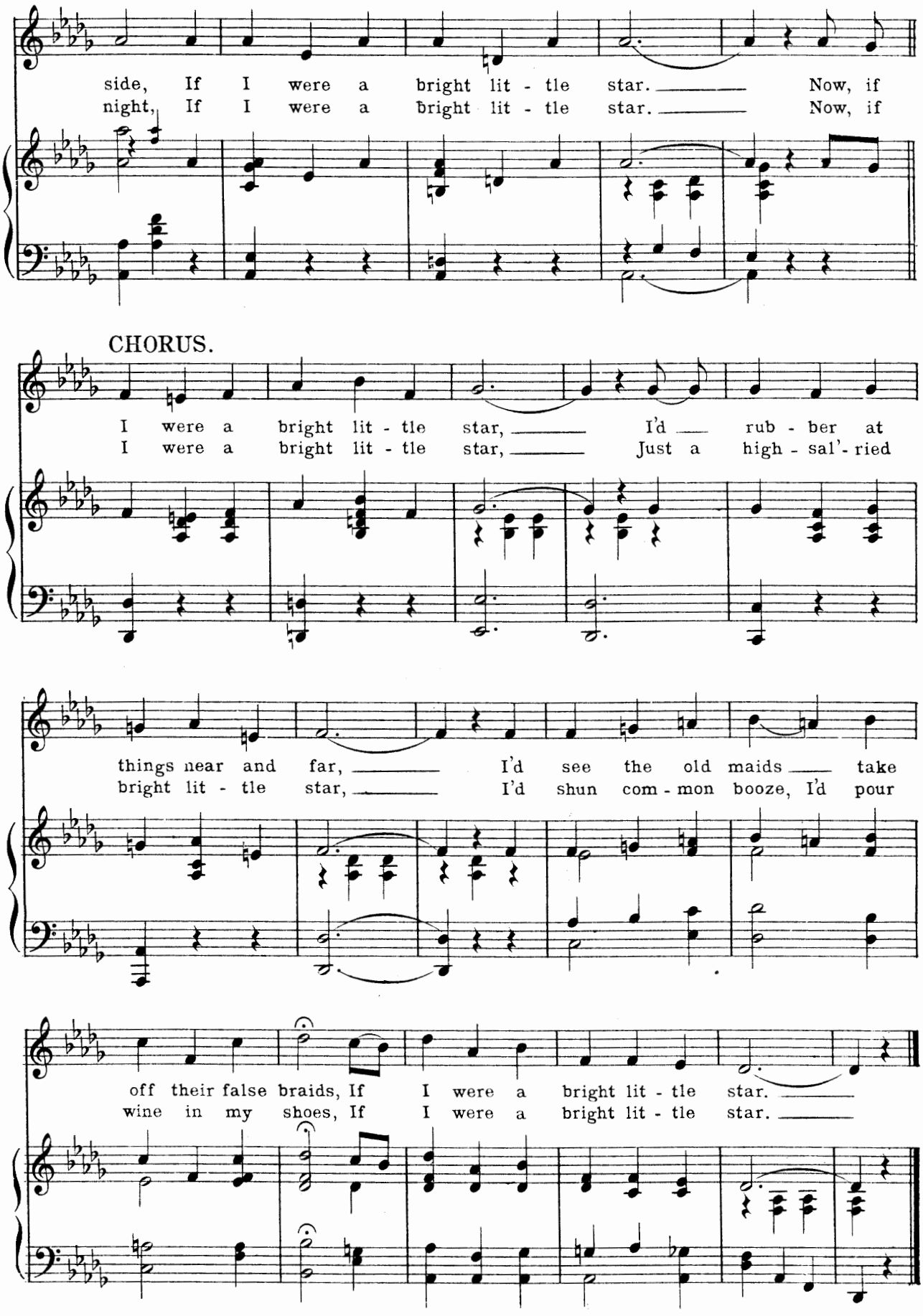

see all the sights to be seen on re - view, If I were a
dra - mas I'd play such as Im - o - gene's Fate, If I were a
bright lit - tle star. All the clouds I would ea - ger - ly
bright lit - tle star. With Froh - man and Bra - dy I'd
push a - side, And a peep I would take at the
put my - self right, With my hus - band I'd have a three -
cou - ples who hide Ev - 'ry night in the parks on North, South and West
round fin - ish fight, Then with Prin - ces and Ba - rons I'd min - gle each

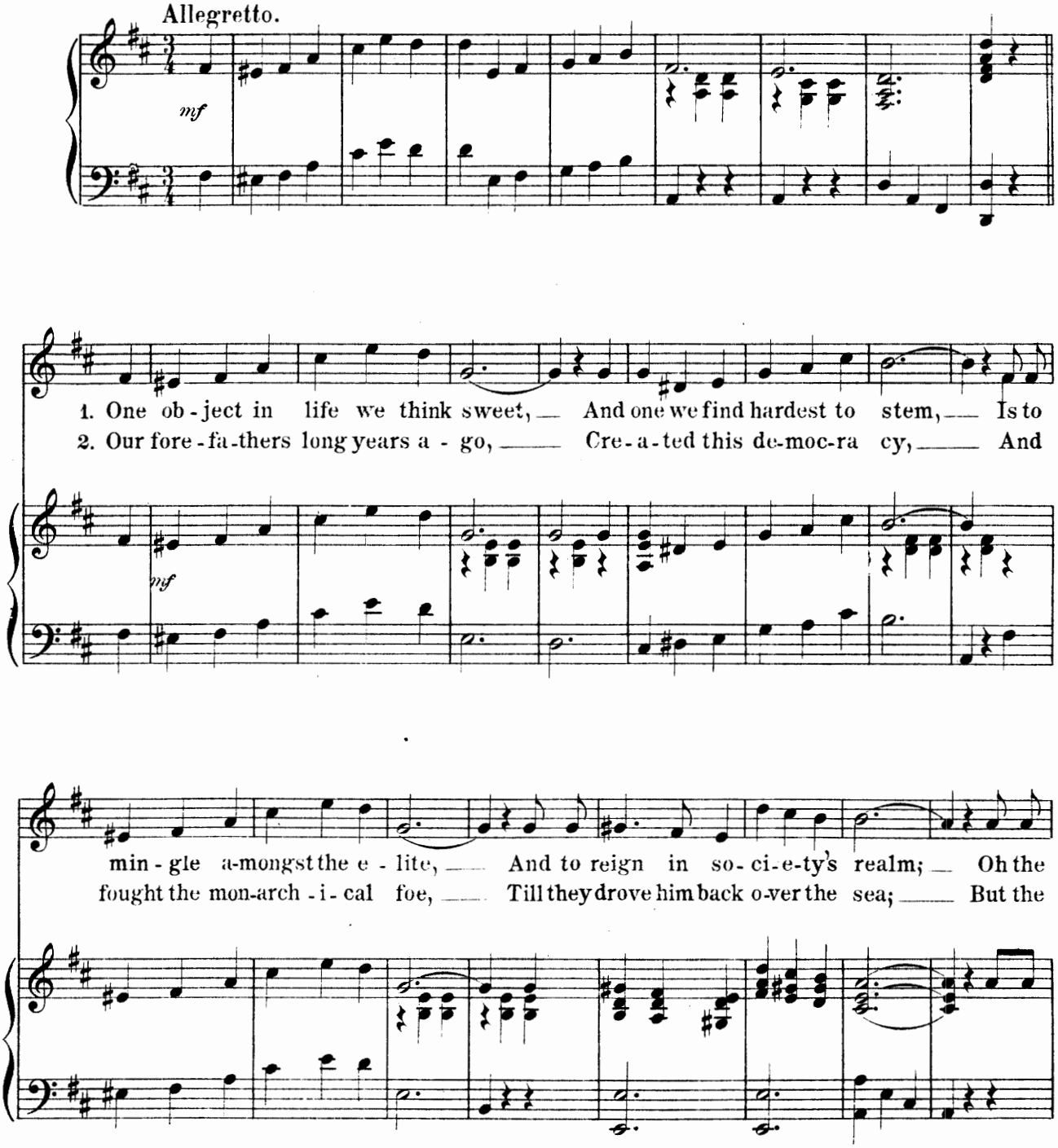

side, If I were a bright lit - tle star. Now, if
night, If I were a bright lit - tle star. Now, if
CHORUS.
I were a bright lit - tle star, I'd rub - ber at
I were a bright lit - tle star, Just a high - sal'- ried
things near and far, I'd see the old maids take
bright lit - tle star, I'd shun com - mon booze, I'd pour
off their false braids, If I were a bright lit - tle star.
wine in my shoes, If I were a bright lit - tle star.

In Swell Society.

(Josie May)

Introduction.

Allegretto.



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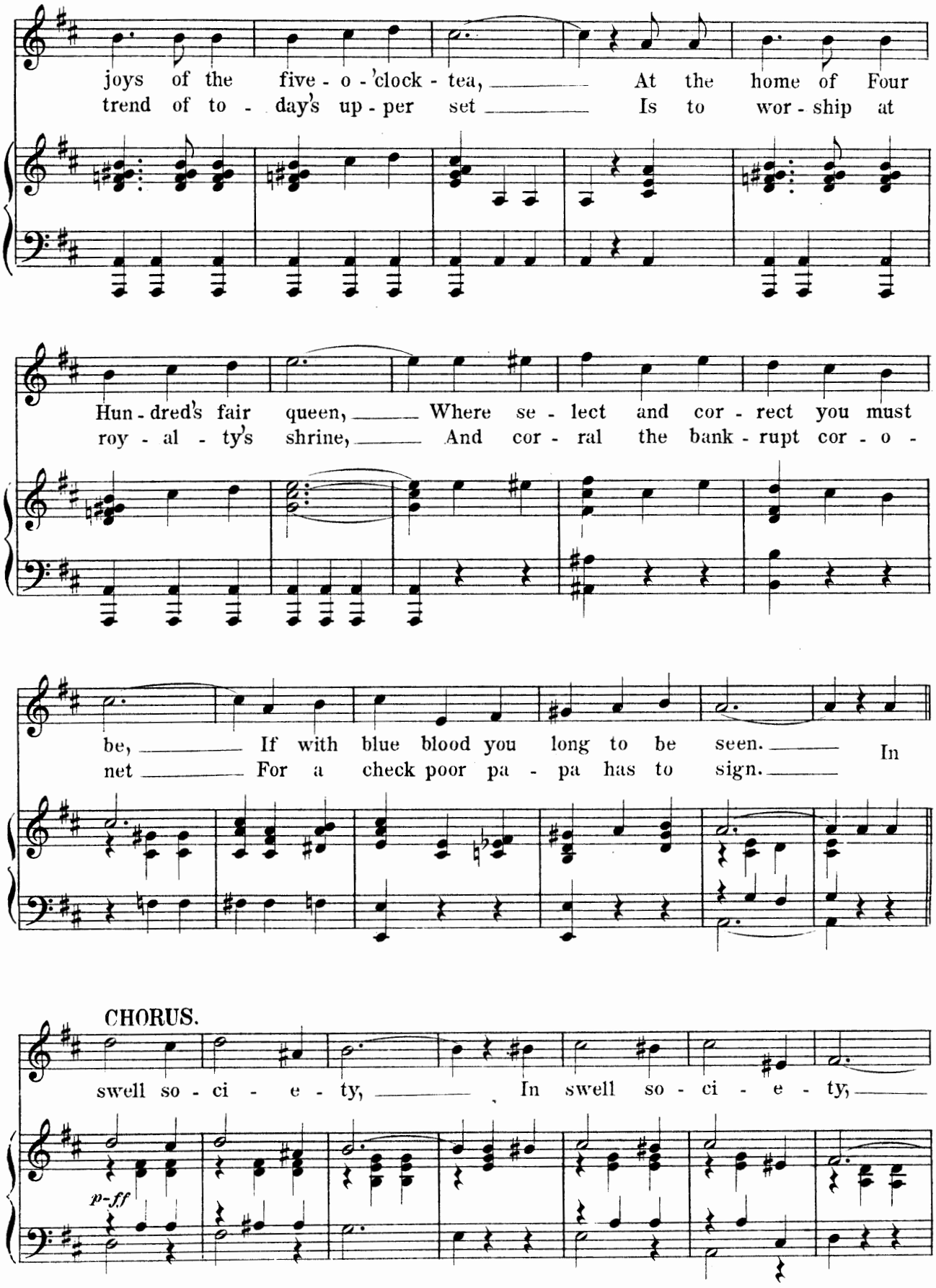
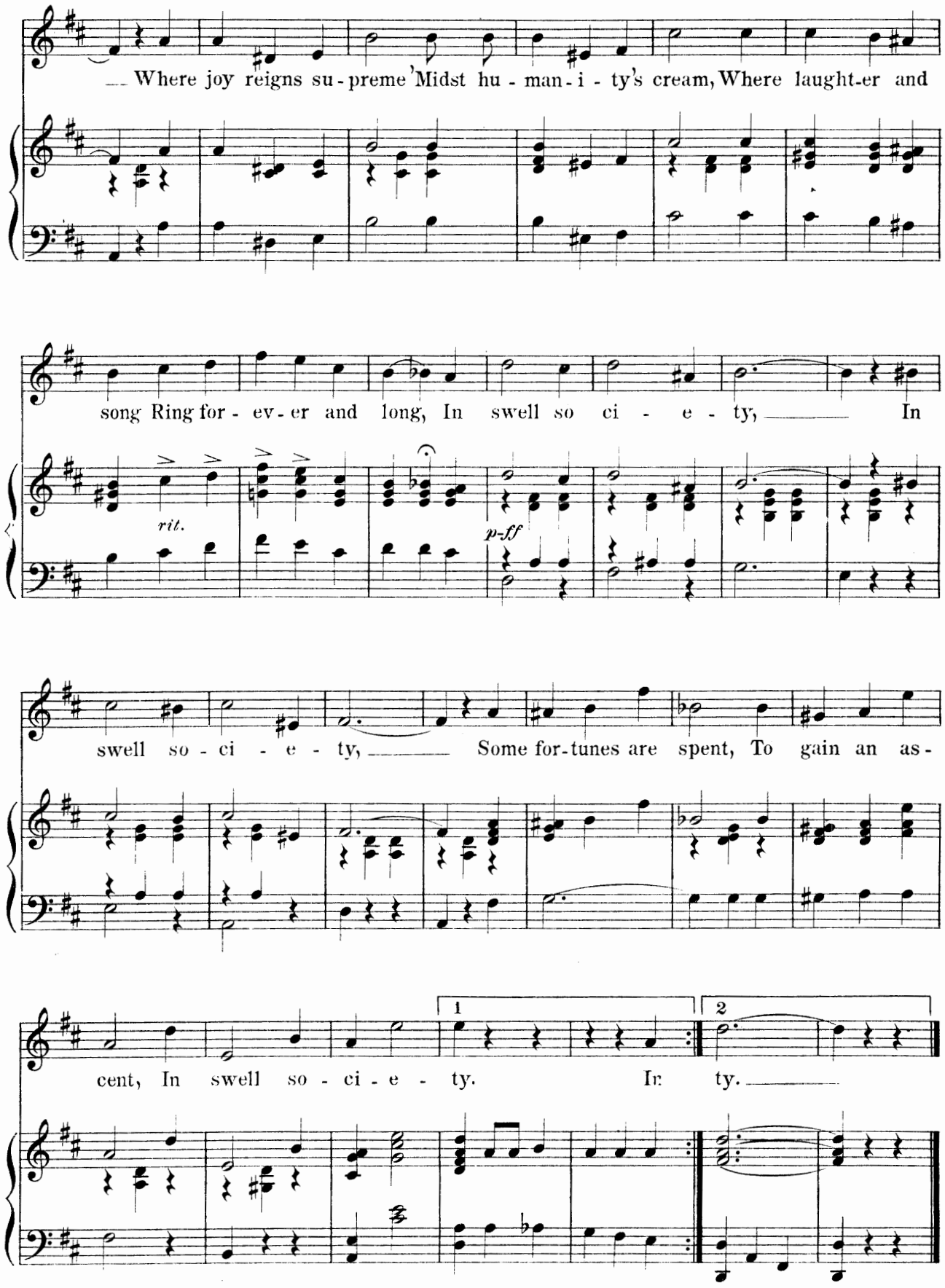
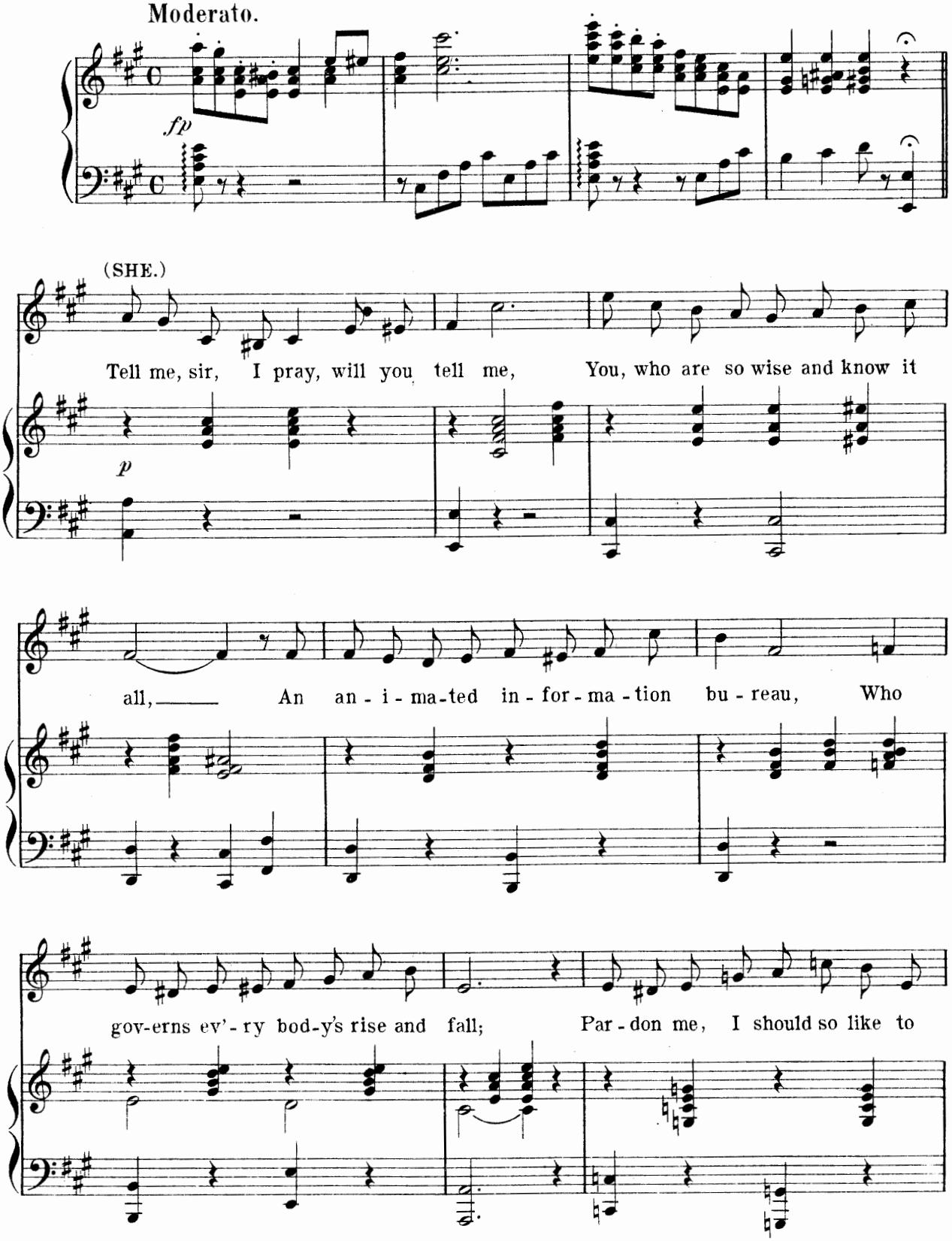

joys of the five - o - 'clock - tea, At the home of Four
trend of to - day's up - per set Is to wor - ship at
Hun - dred's fair queen, Where se - lect and cor - rect you must
roy - al - ty's shrine, And cor - ral the bank - rupt cor - o -
be, If with blue blood you long to be seen. In
net For a check poor pa - pa has to sign.
CHORUS.
swell so - ci - e - ty, In swell so - ci - e - ty,
p-ff


Where joy reigns su-preme 'Midst hu-man-i-ty's cream, Where laught-er and
song Ring for-ev-er and long, In swell so ci-e-ty, In
rit.
p-ff
swell so-ci-e-ty, Some for-tunes are spent, To gain an as-
cent, In swell so-ci-e-ty. In ty.
1
2

How to write a Comic Opera.

(Josie May and Gray.)



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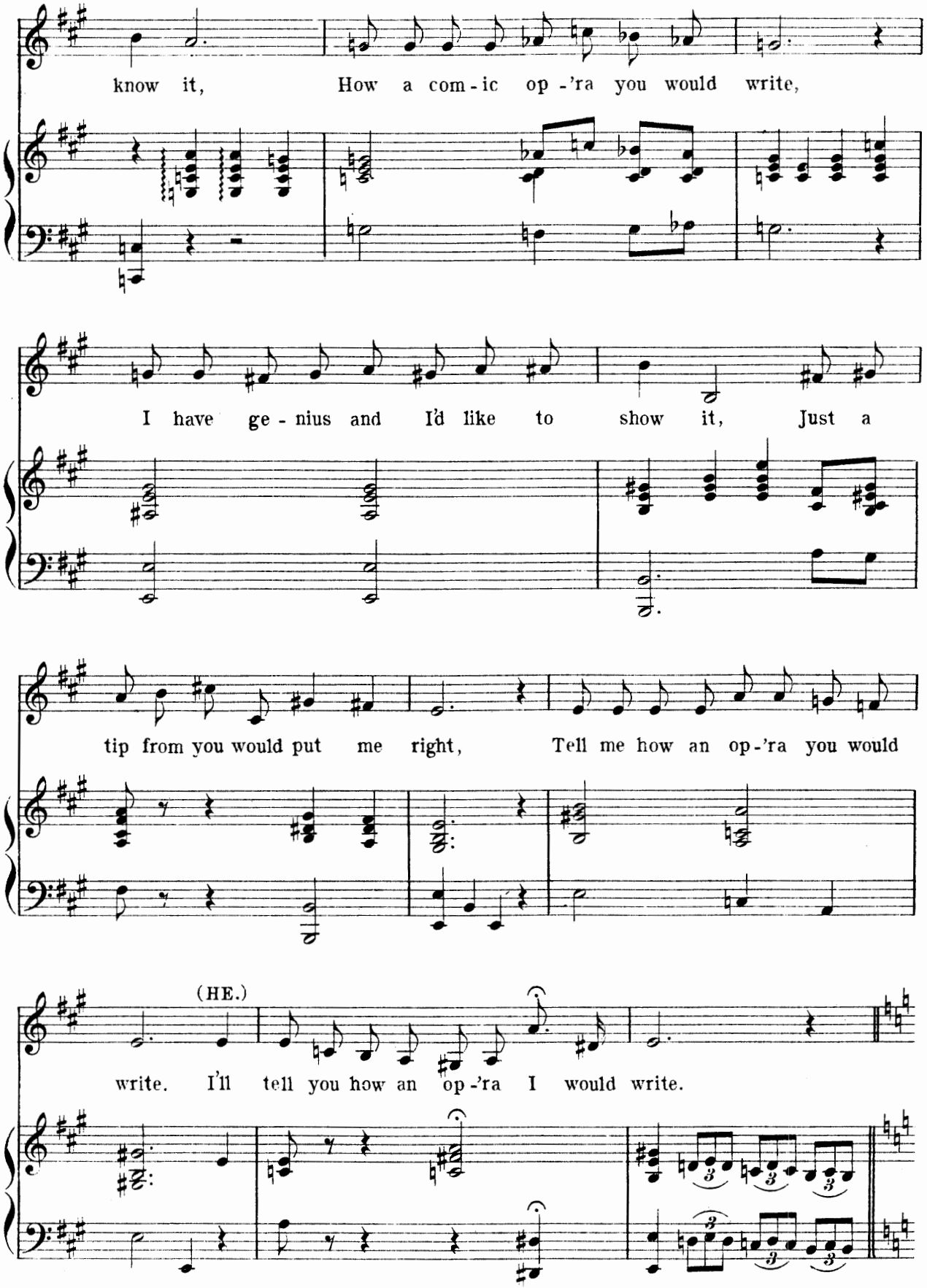
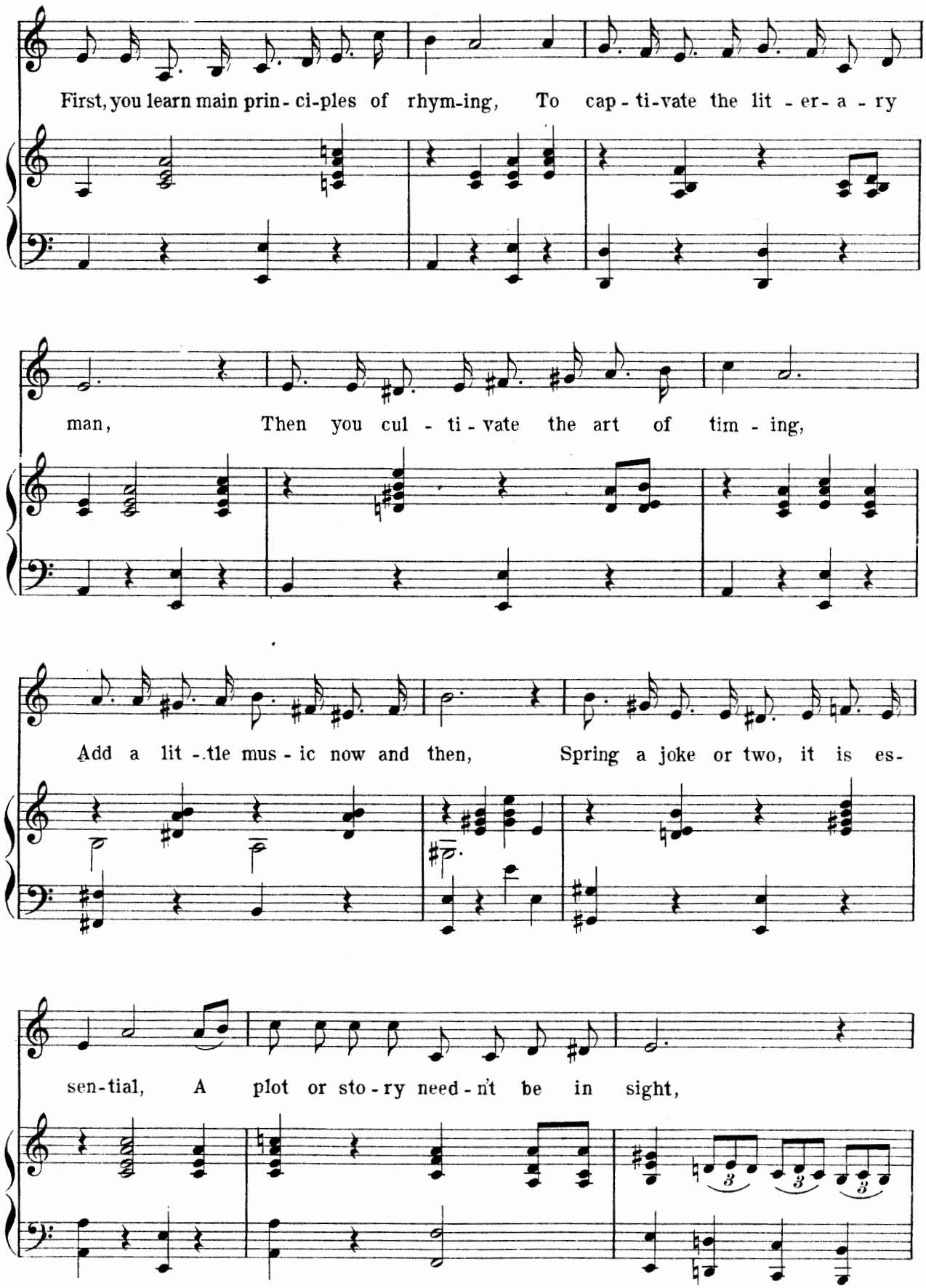
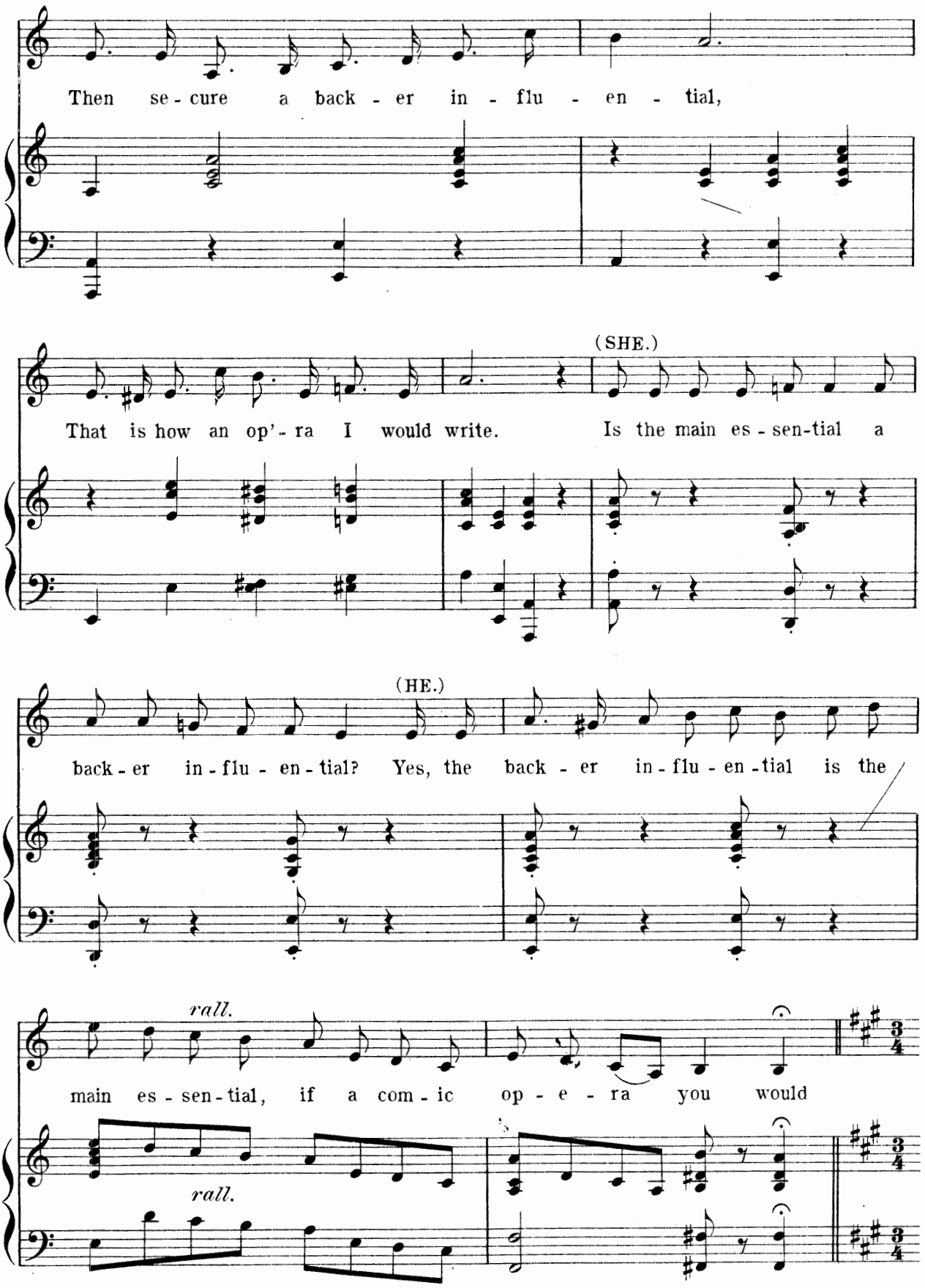
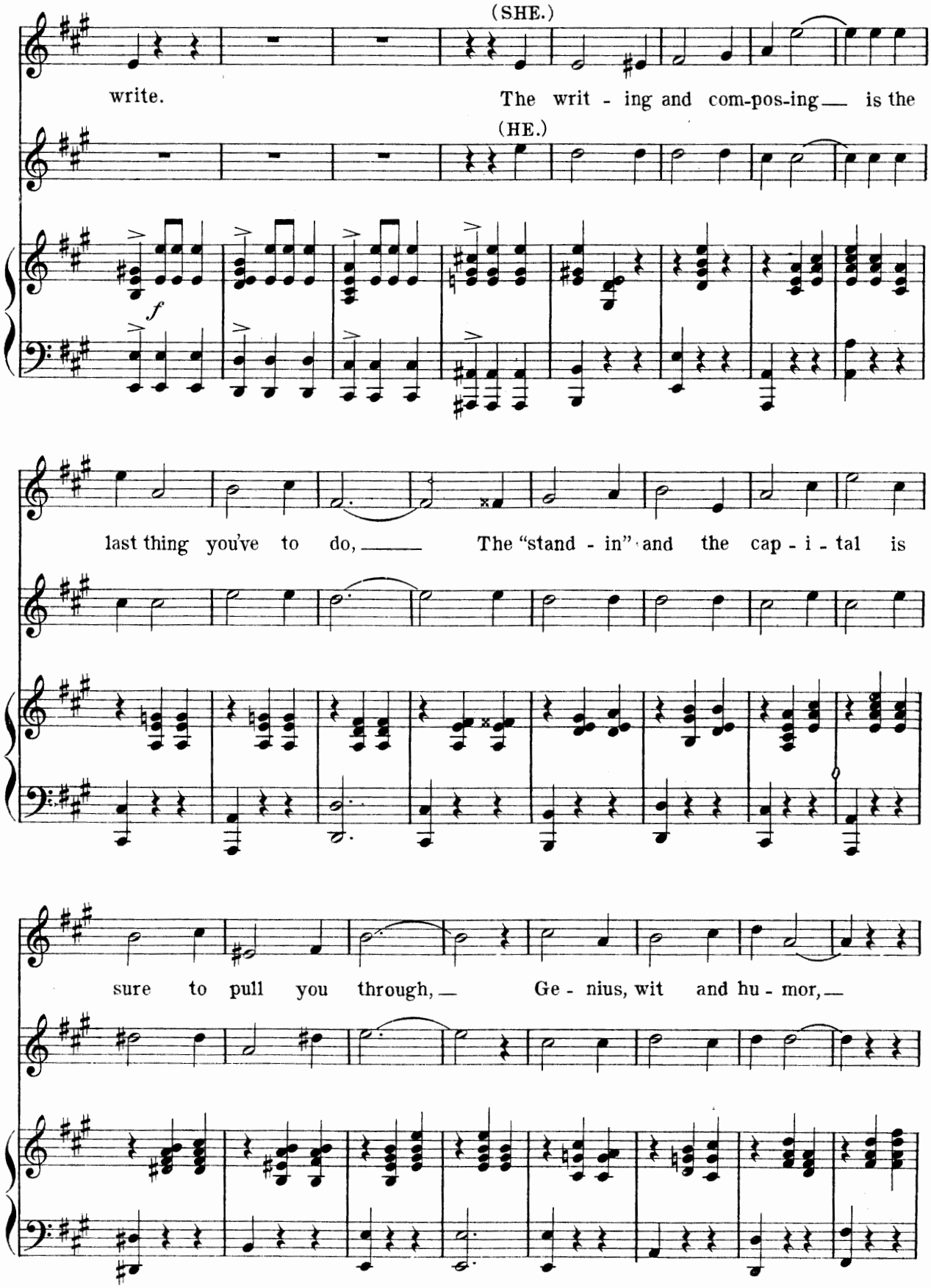
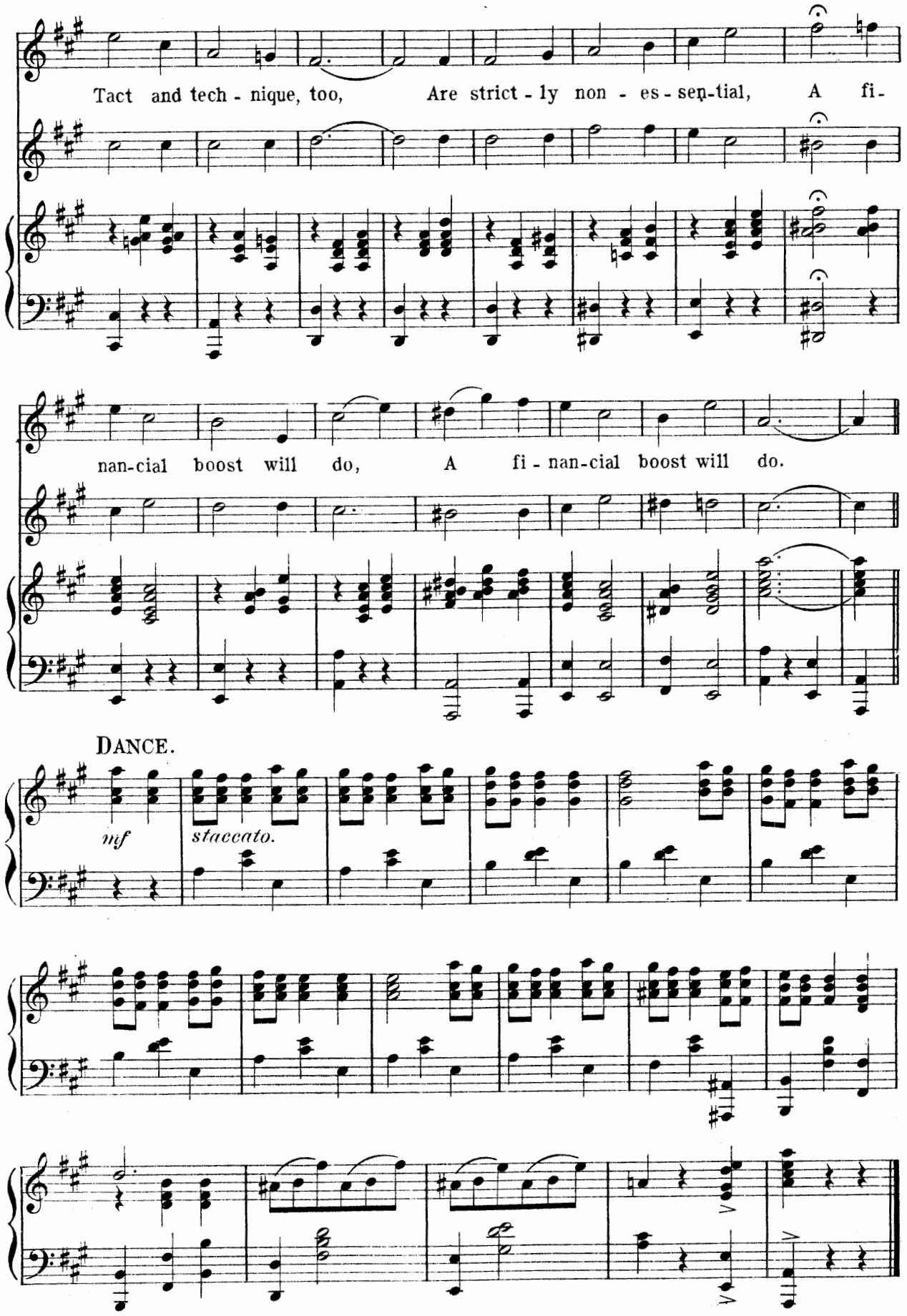

know it, How a com-ic op-'ra you would write,
I have ge-nius and I'd like to show it, Just a
tip from you would put me right, Tell me how an op-'ra you would
(HE.)
write. I'll tell you how an op-'ra I would write.


First, you learn main prin - ci-ples of rhym-ing, To cap - ti-vate the lit - er- a - ry
man, Then you cul - ti - vate the art of tim - ing,
Add a lit - tle mus - ic now and then, Spring a joke or two, it is es-
sen-tial, A plot or sto - ry need - n't be in sight,


Then se - cure a back - er in - flu - en - tial,
(SHE.)
That is how an op' - ra I would write. Is the main es - sen-tial a
(HE.)
back - er in - flu - en - tial? Yes, the back - er in - flu - en - tial is the
rall.
main es - sen - tial, if a com - ic op - e - ra you would
rall.

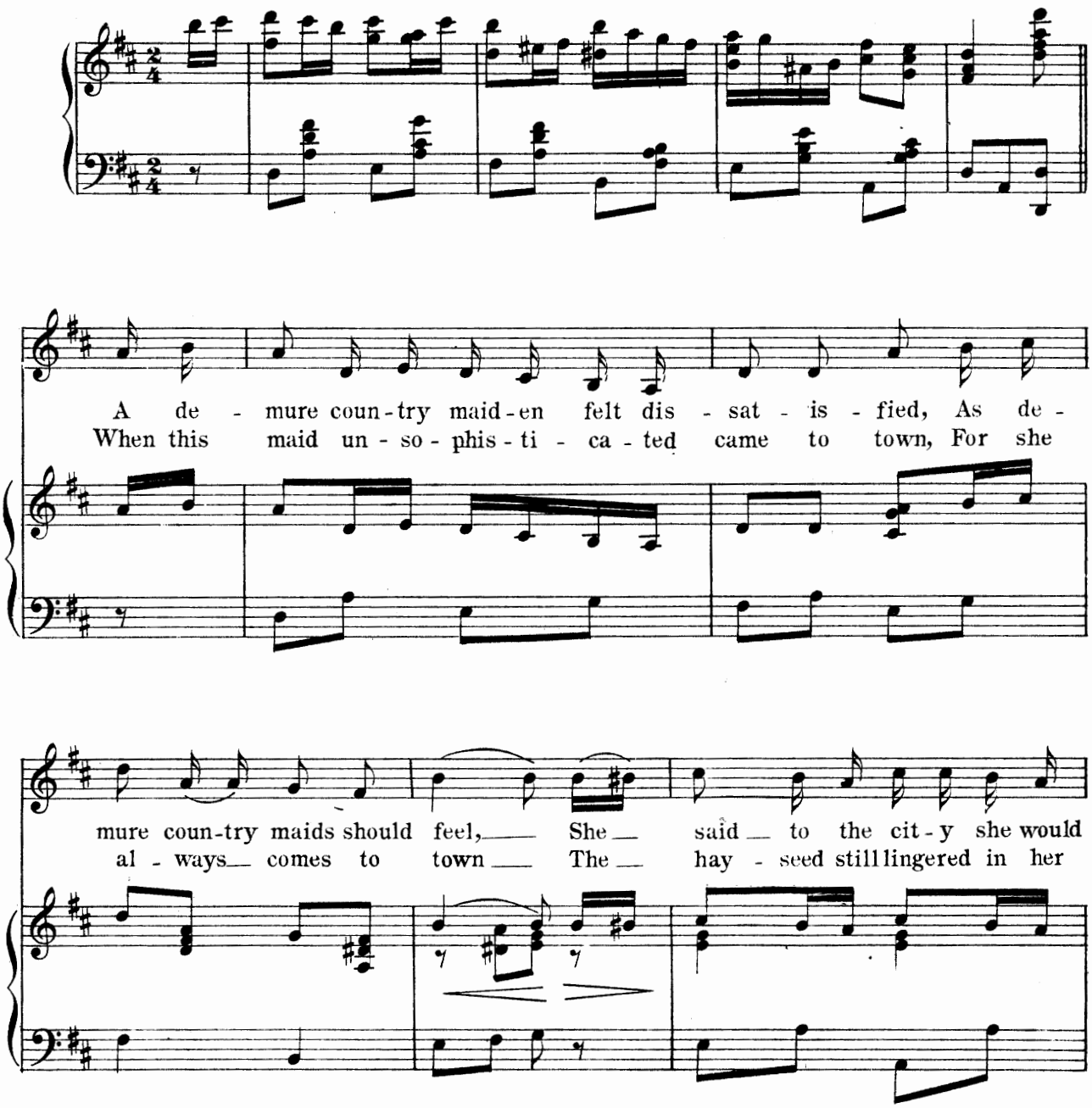

(SHE.)
write.
The writ - ing and com-pos-ing — is the
(HE.)
f
last thing you've to do, —
The "stand - in" and the cap - i - tal is
sure to pull you through, —
Ge - nius, wit and hu - mor, —



TELLER, SONS & DORNER NEW-YORK.

Pretty Maid, Adelaide.

(Wheeler, Garland, Fleeceum and Blutch.)



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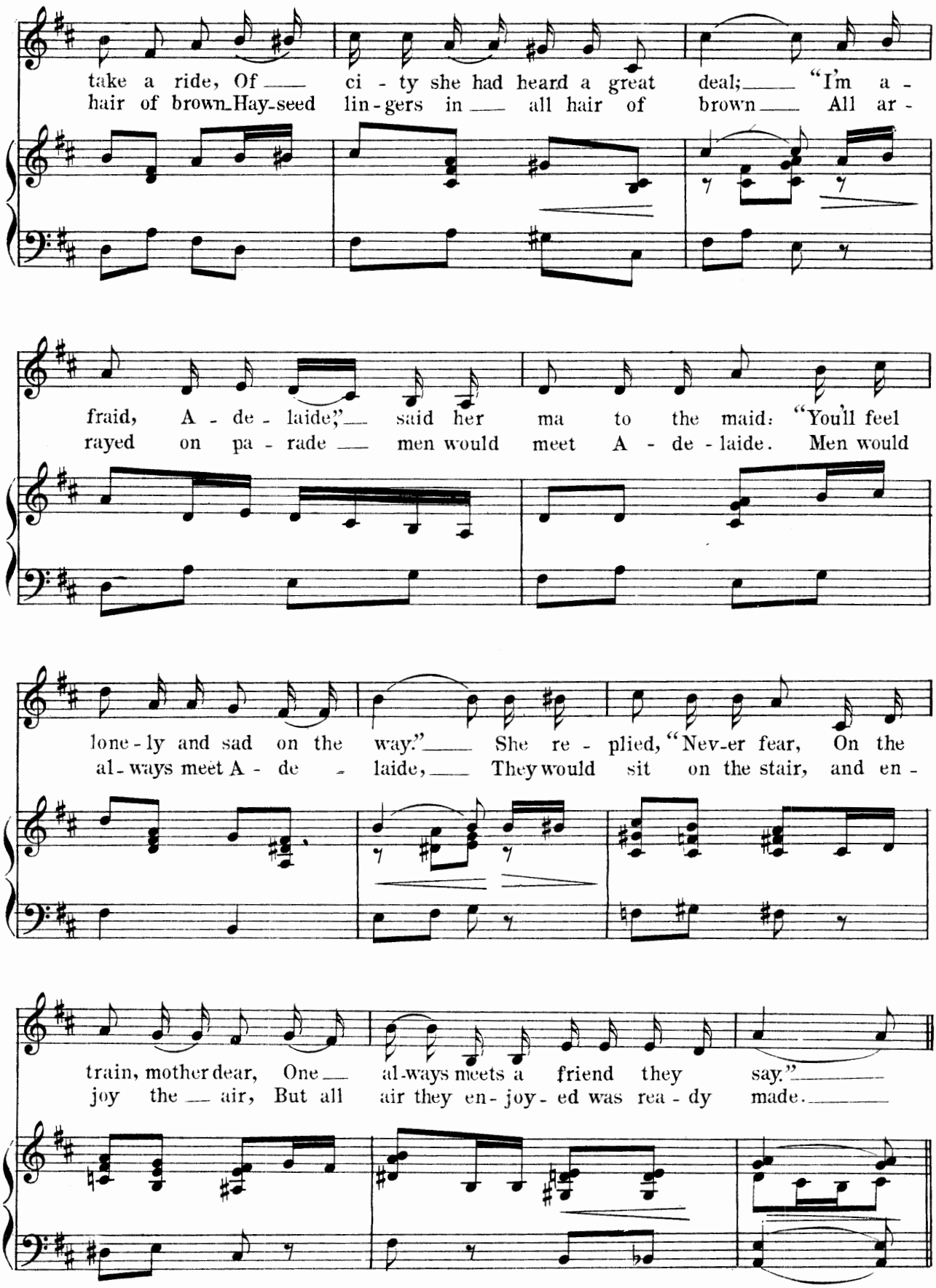
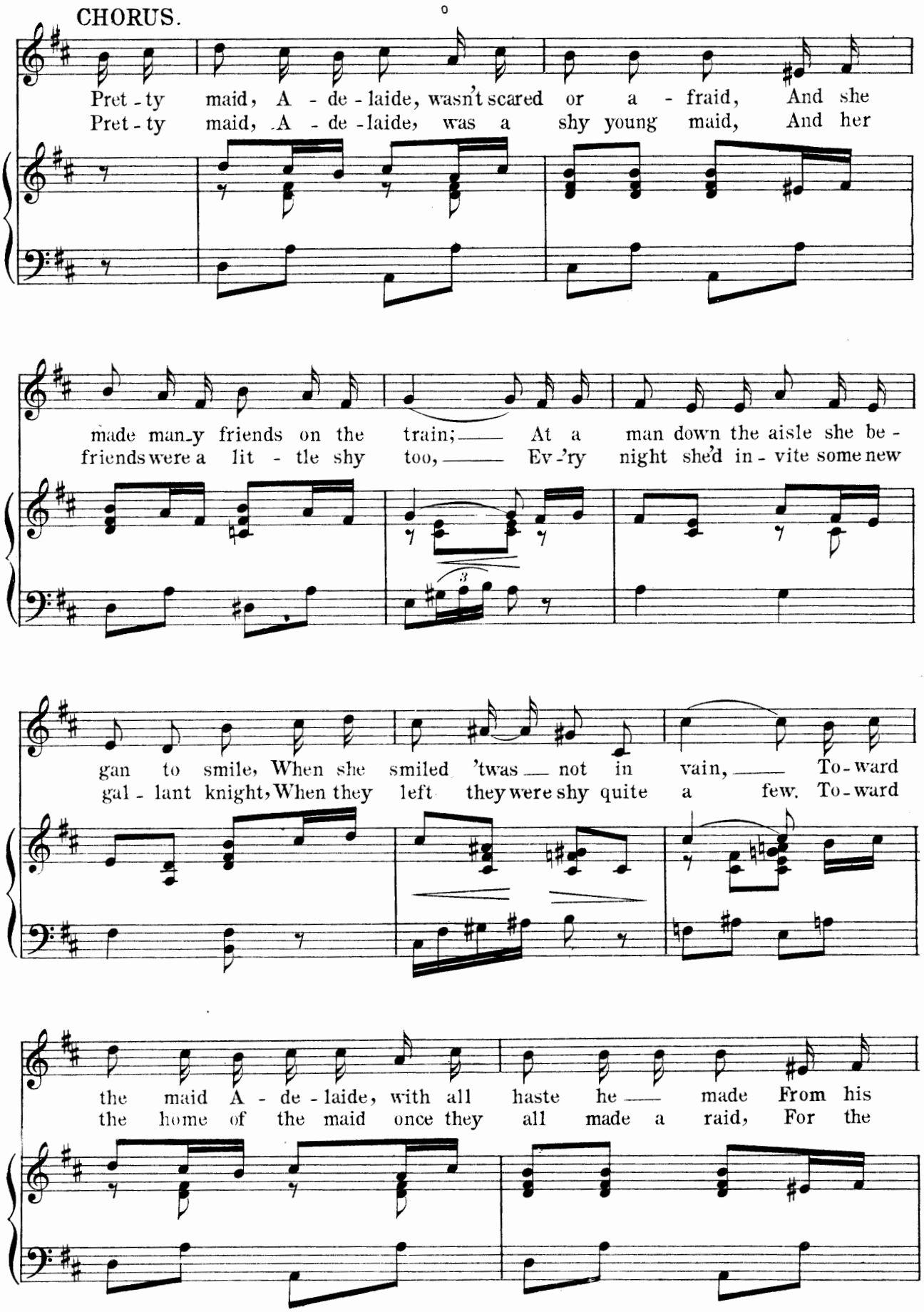
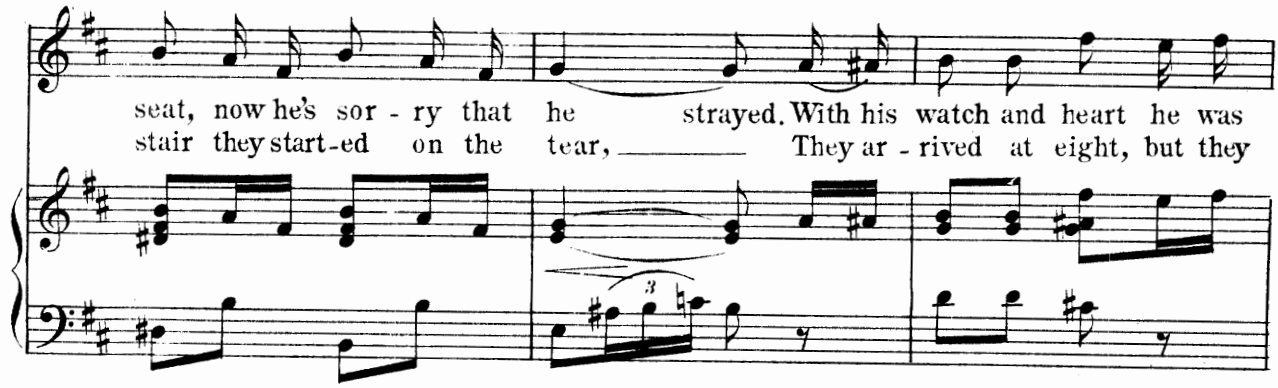
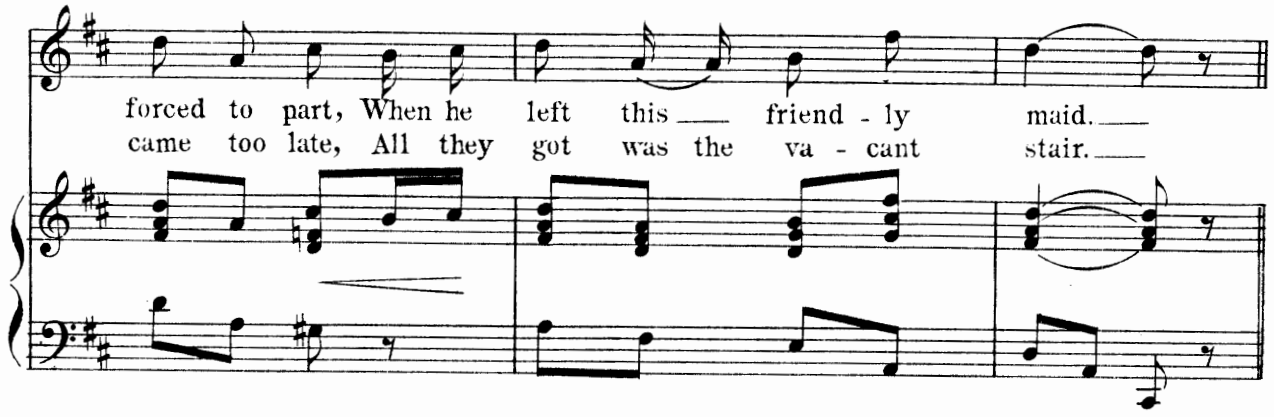
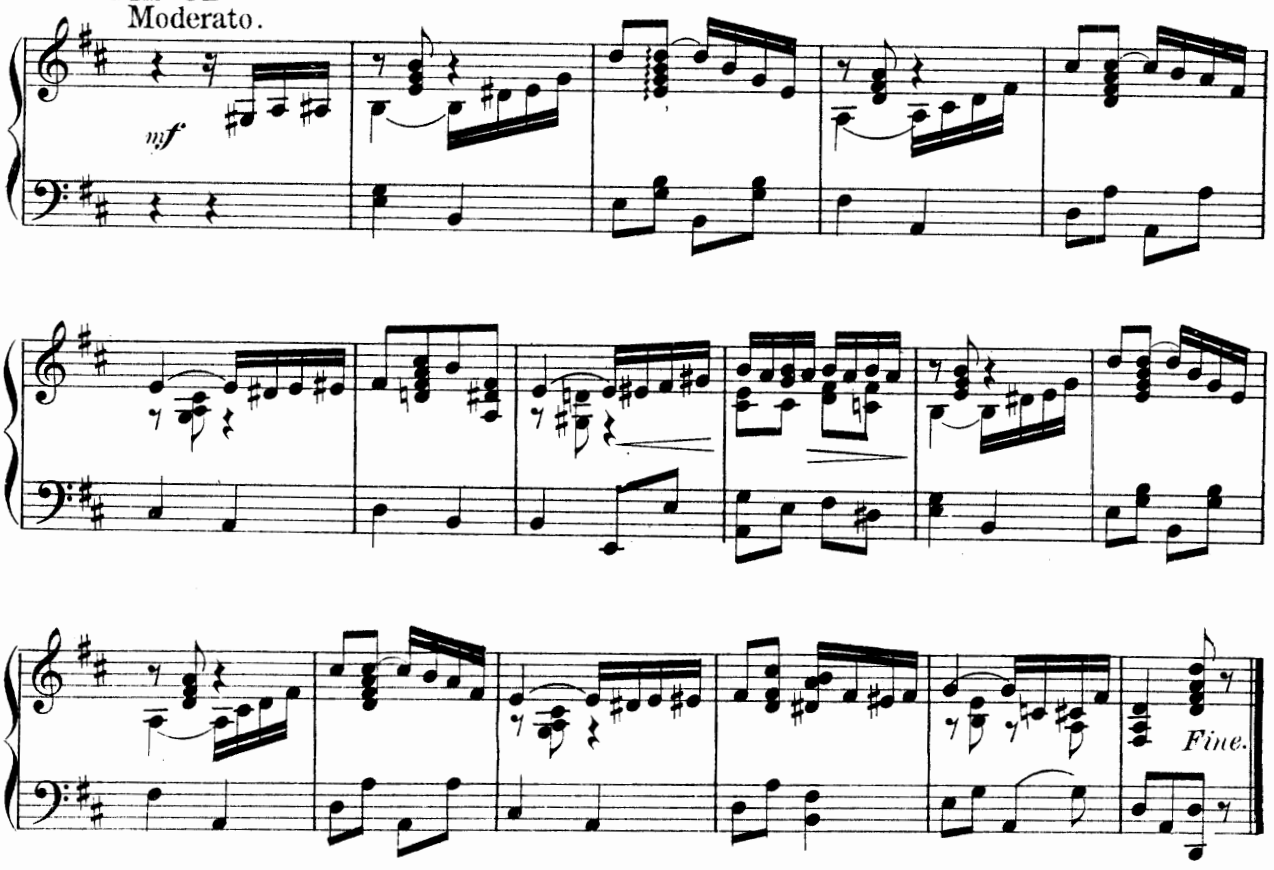

take a ride, Of ci - ty she had heard a great deal; "I'm a -
hair of brown Hay-seed lin - gers in all hair of brown All ar -
fraid, A - de - laide," said her ma to the maid: "You'll feel
rayed on pa - rade men would meet A - de - laide. Men would
lone - ly and sad on the way." She re - plied, "Nev-er fear, On the
al - ways meet A - de - laide, They would sit on the stair, and en -
train, mother dear, One al-ways meets a friend they say."
joy the air, But all air they en - joy - ed was rea - dy made.


CHORUS.
Pret - ty maid, A - de - laide, wasn't scared or a - fraid, And she
Pret - ty maid, A - de - laide, was a shy young maid, And her
made man_y friends on the train; At a man down the aisle she be -
friends were a lit - tle shy too, Ev_'ry night she'd in - vite some new
gan to smile, When she smiled 'twas not in vain, To - ward
gal - lant knight, When they left they were shy quite a few. To - ward
the maid A - de - laide, with all haste he made From his
the home of the maid once they all made a raid, For the


seat, now he's sor - ry that he strayed. With his watch and heart he was
stair they start-ed on the tear, They ar - rived at eight, but they

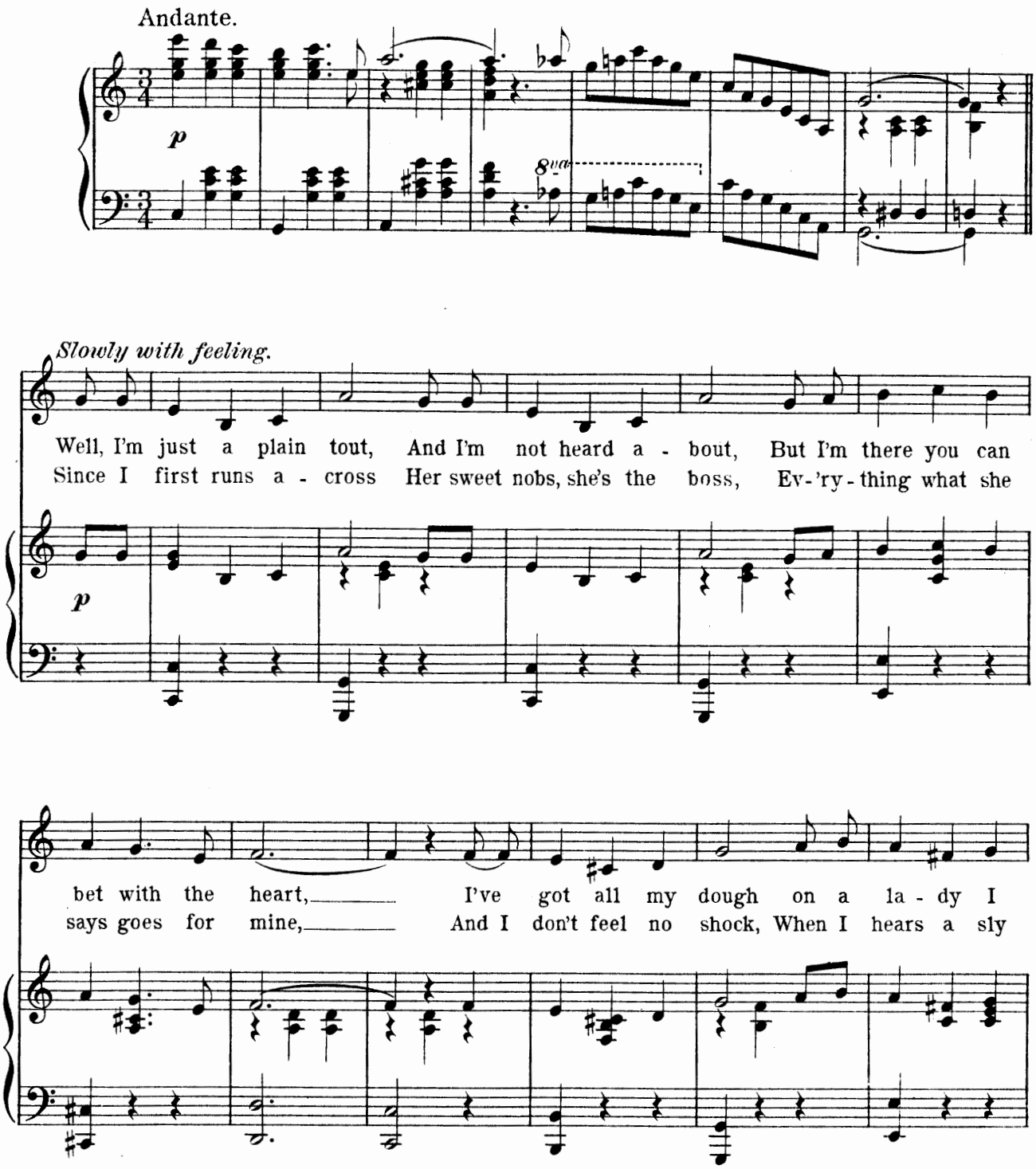

forced to part, When he left this friend - ly maid.
came too late, All they got was the va - cant stair.

DANCE.


Moderato.
mf
Fine.

The Queen of the Track.

(Dave.)



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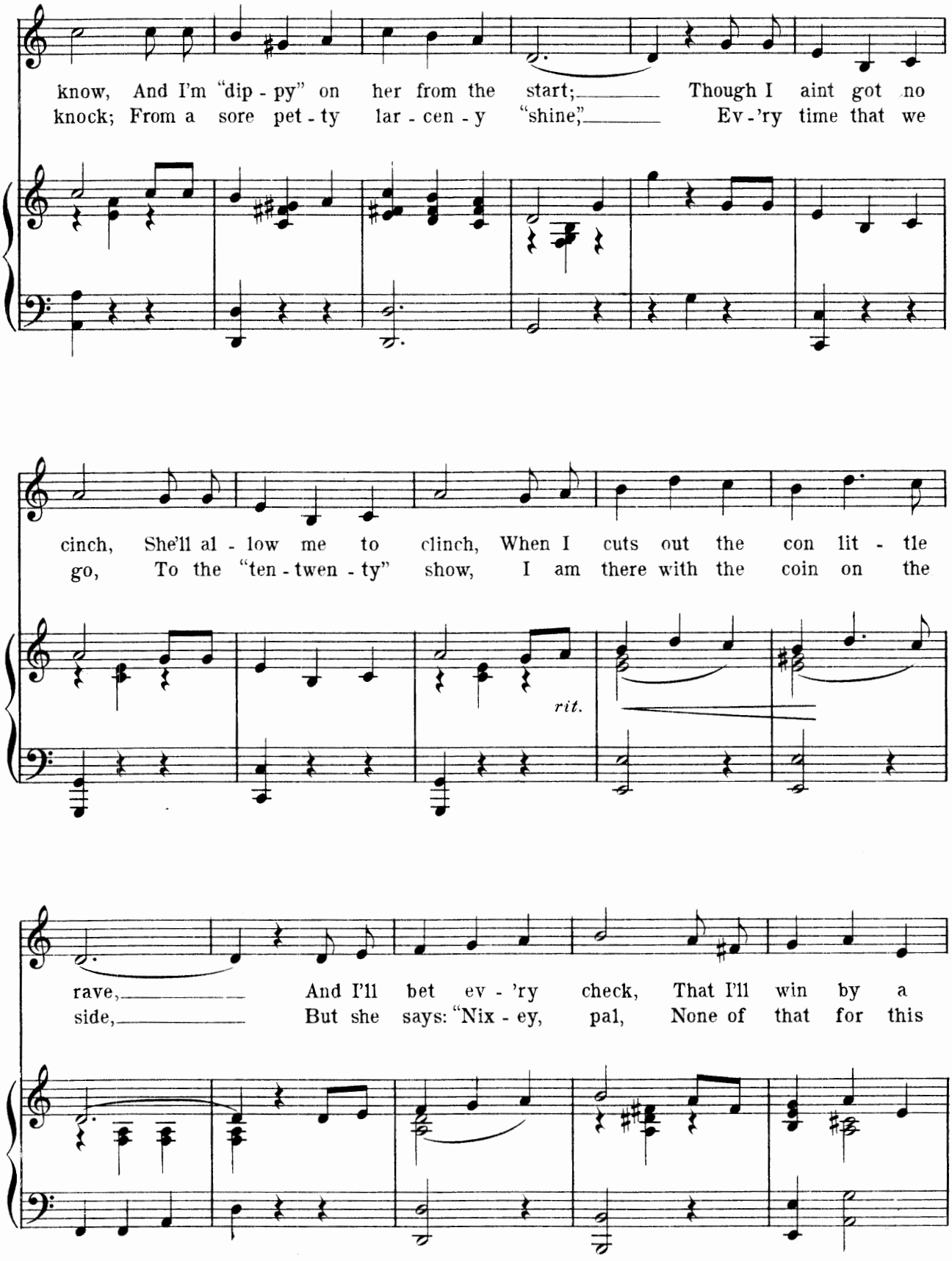
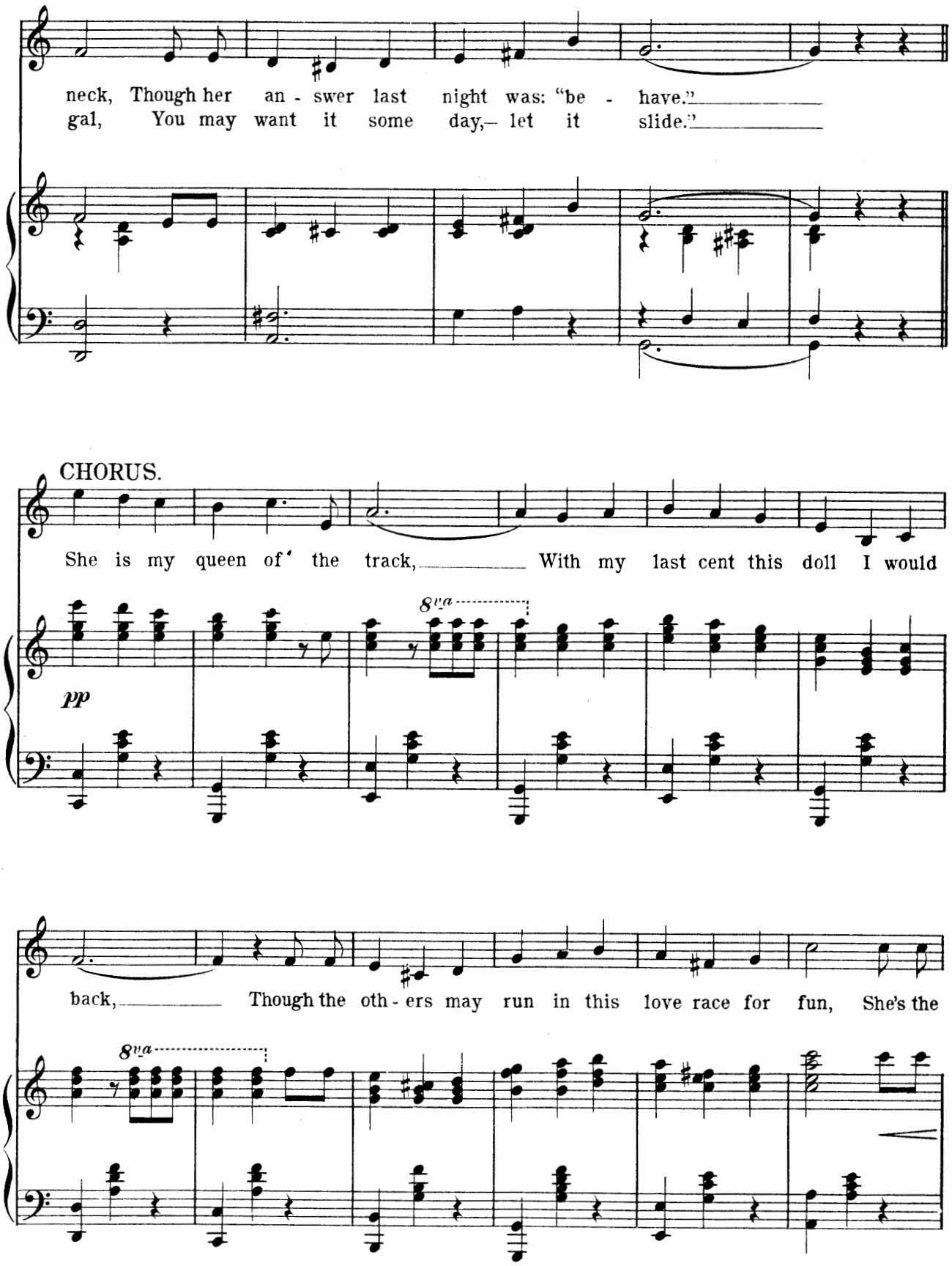
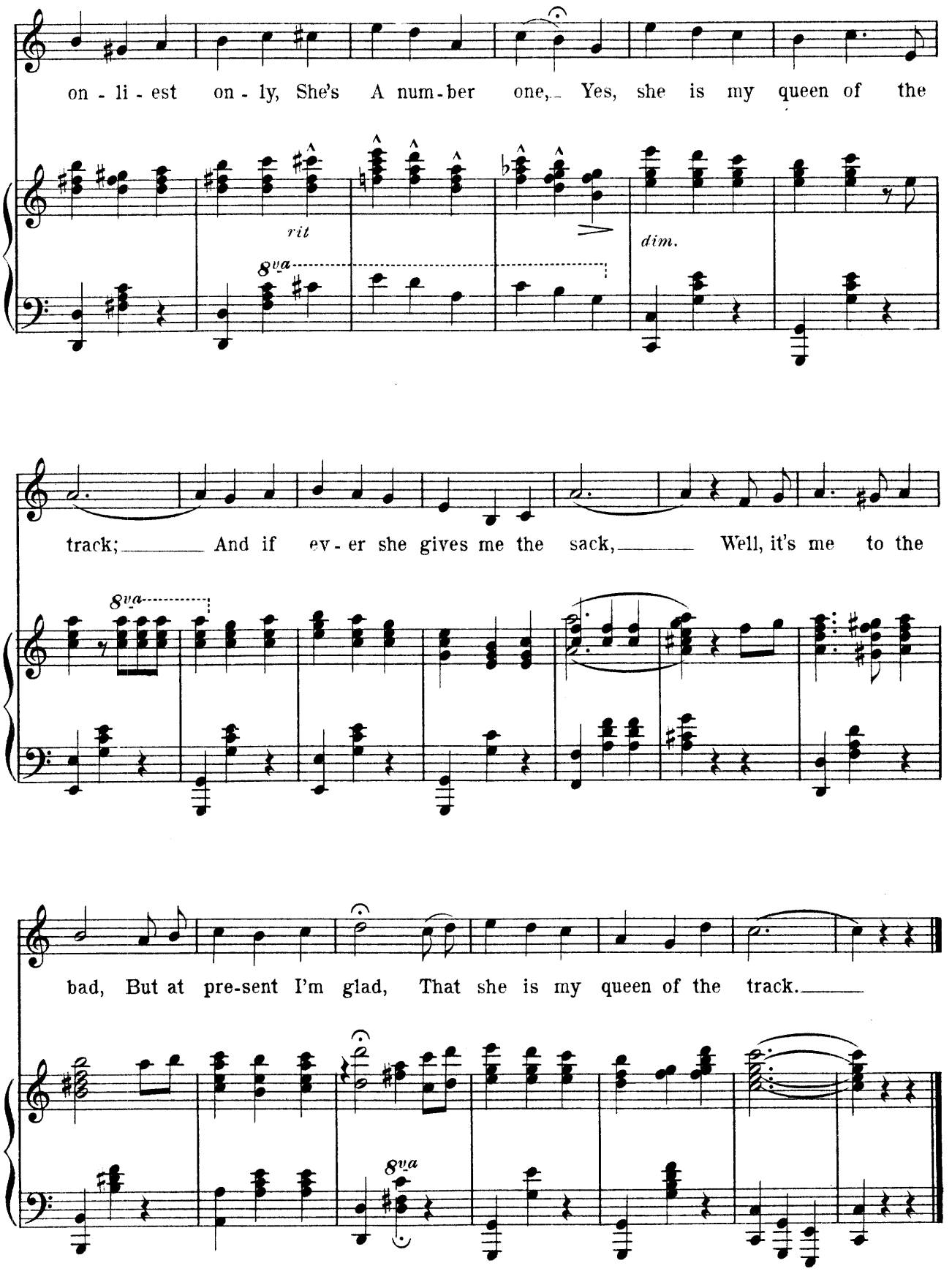
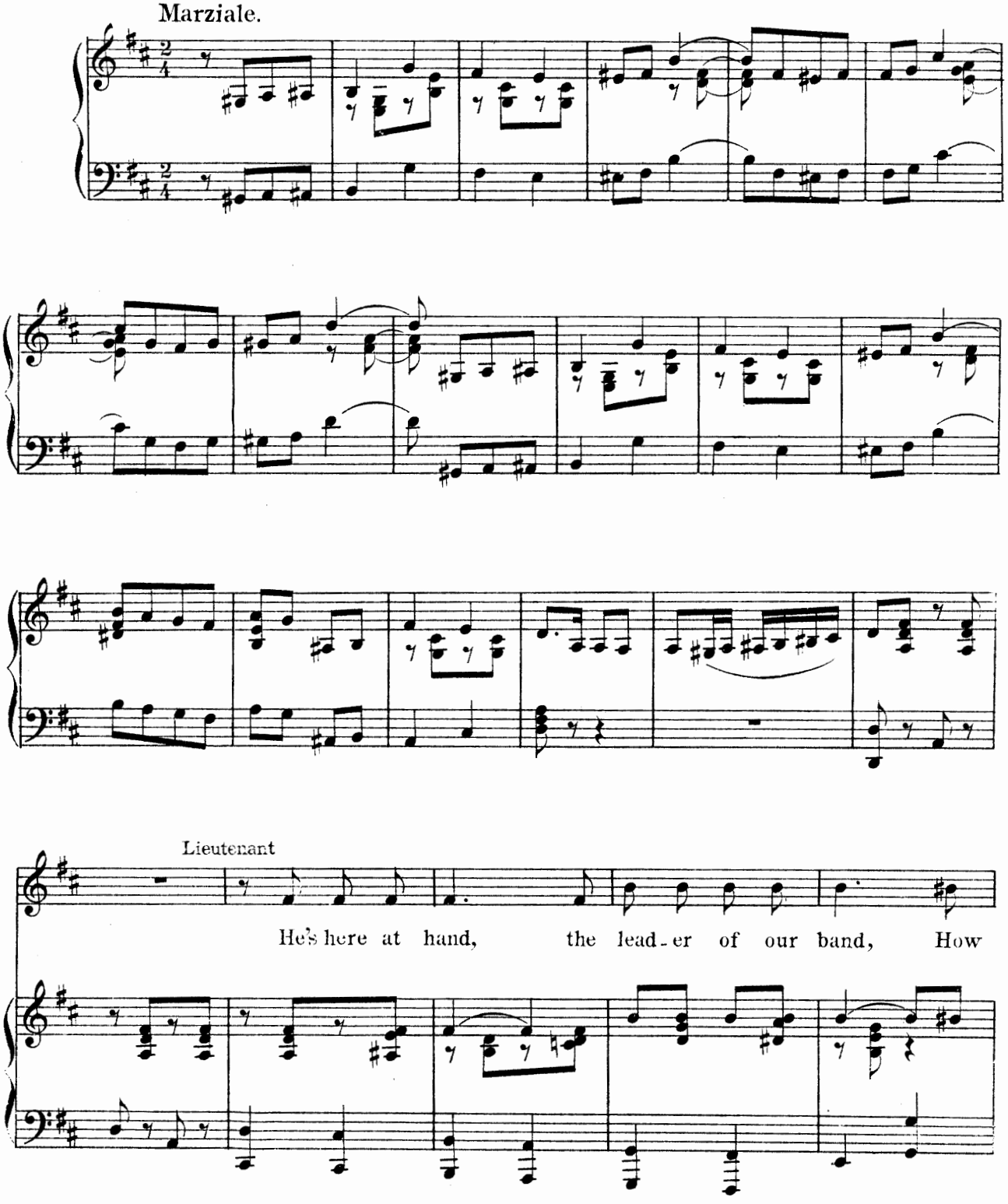
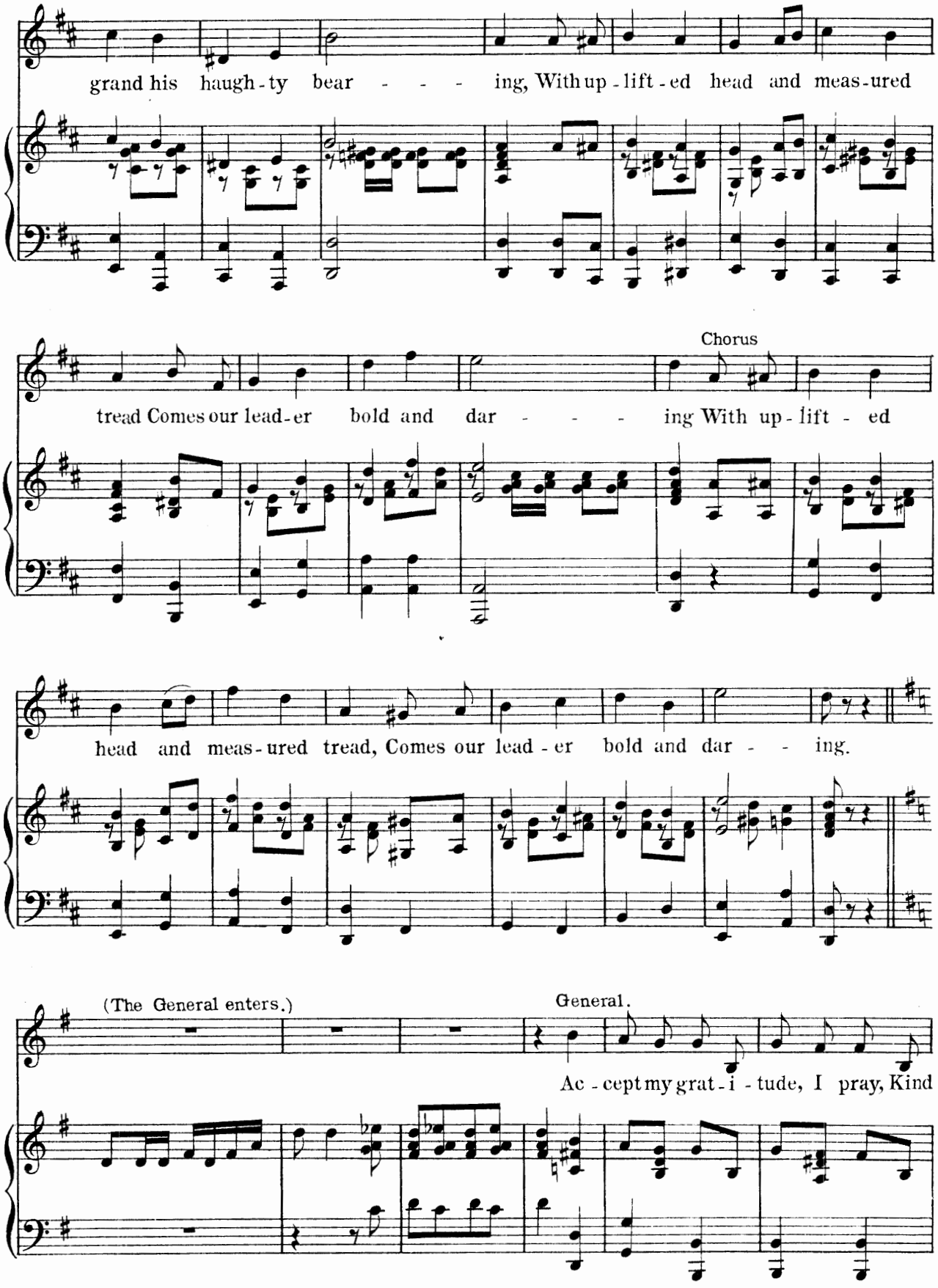

know, And I'm "dip - py" on her from the start; Though I aint got no
knock; From a sore pet - ty lar - cen - y "shine"; Ev - 'ry time that we
cinch, She'll al - low me to clinch, When I cuts out the con lit - tle
go, To the "ten - twen - ty" show, I am there with the coin on the
rit.
rave, And I'll bet ev - 'ry check, That I'll win by a
side, But she says: "Nix - ey, pal, None of that for this

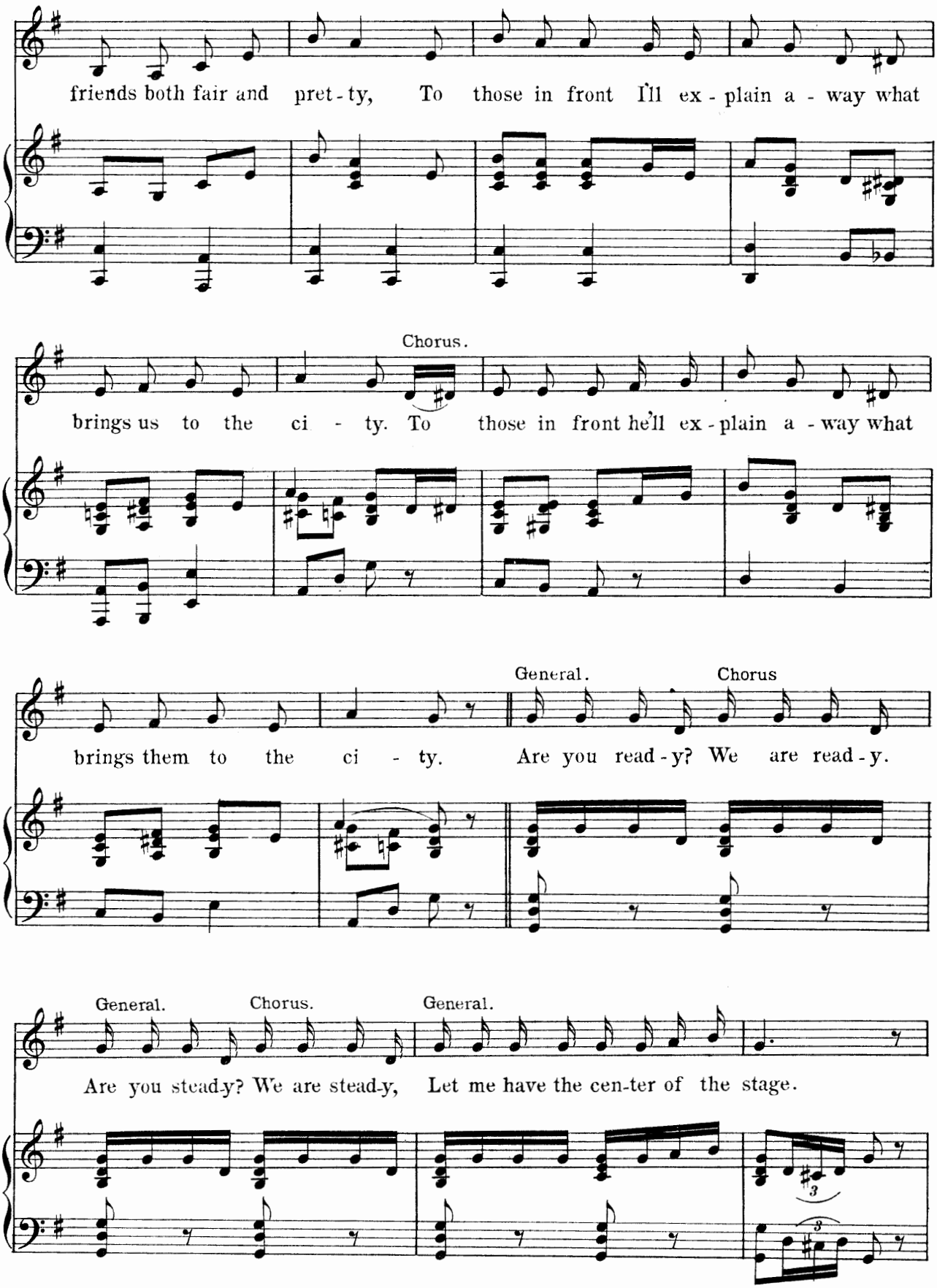

neck, Though her an - swer last night was: "be - have."
gal, You may want it some day,— let it slide."
CHORUS.
She is my queen of the track, With my last cent this doll I would
pp
8va
back, Though the oth - ers may run in this love race for fun, She's the
8va

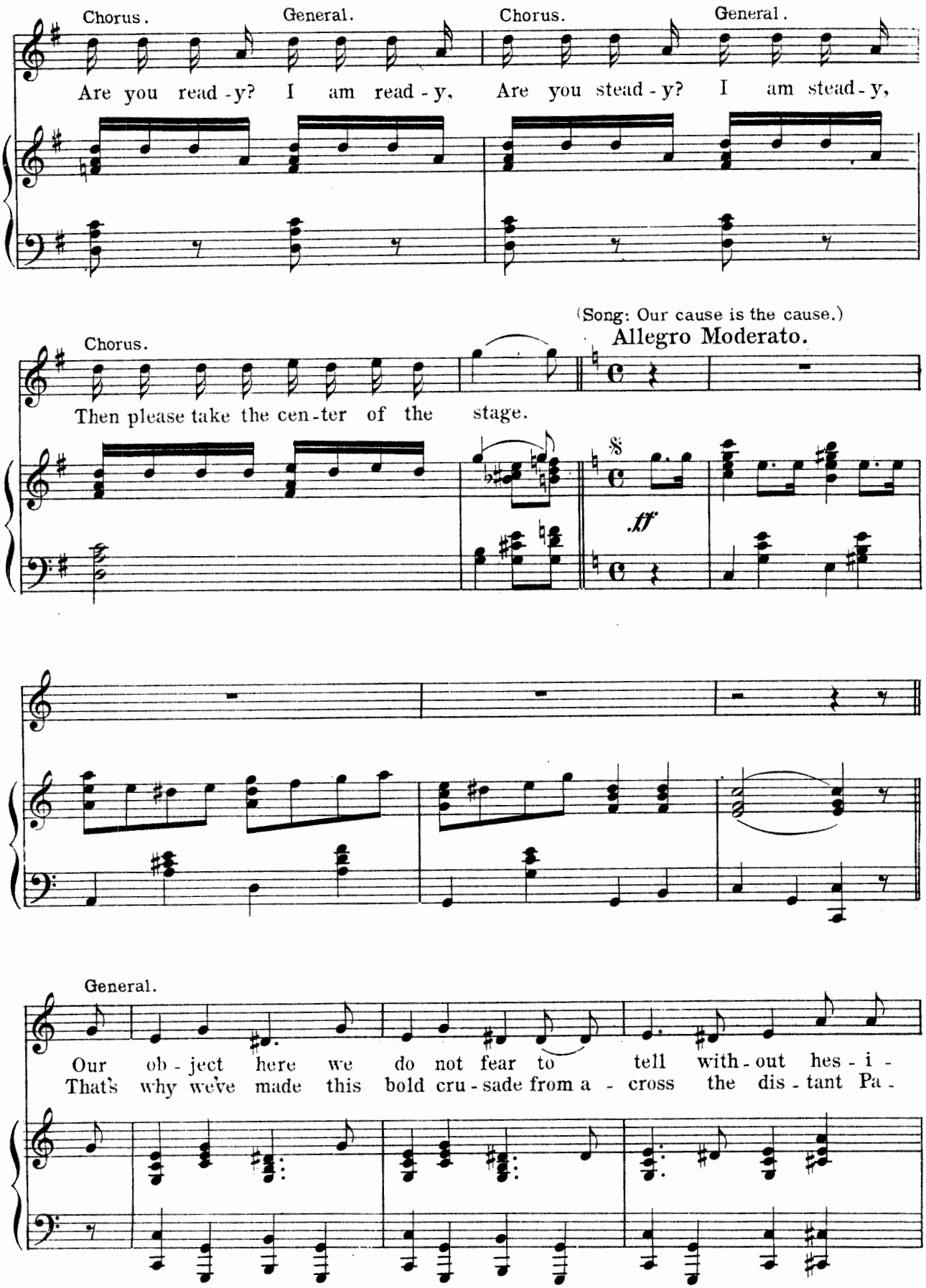

on - li - est on - ly, She's A num - ber one, Yes, she is my queen of the
rit
8va
dim.
track; And if ev - er she gives me the sack, Well, it's me to the
8va
bad, But at pre-sent I'm glad, That she is my queen of the track.
8va

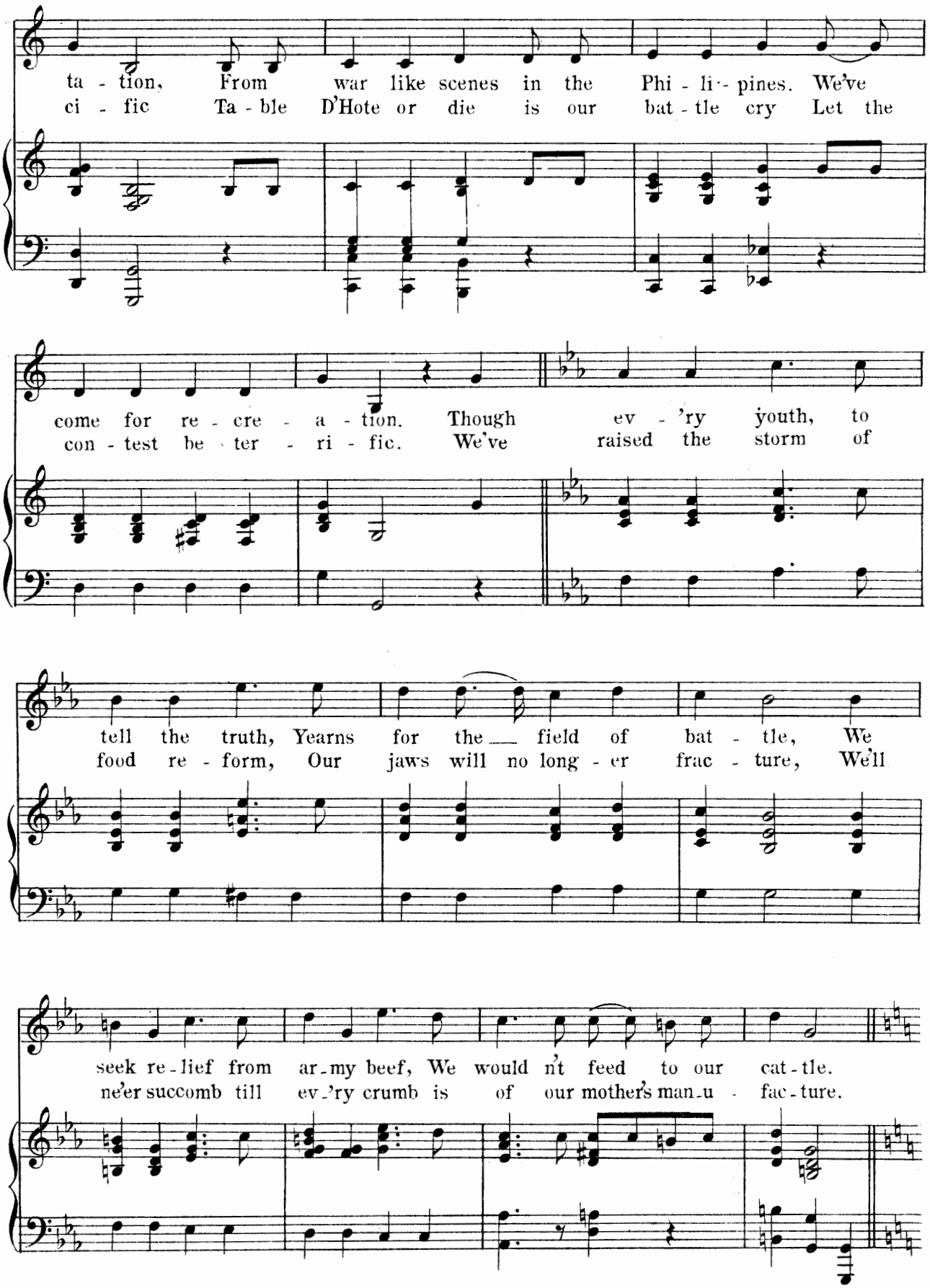
Entrance of General Hard Tack.

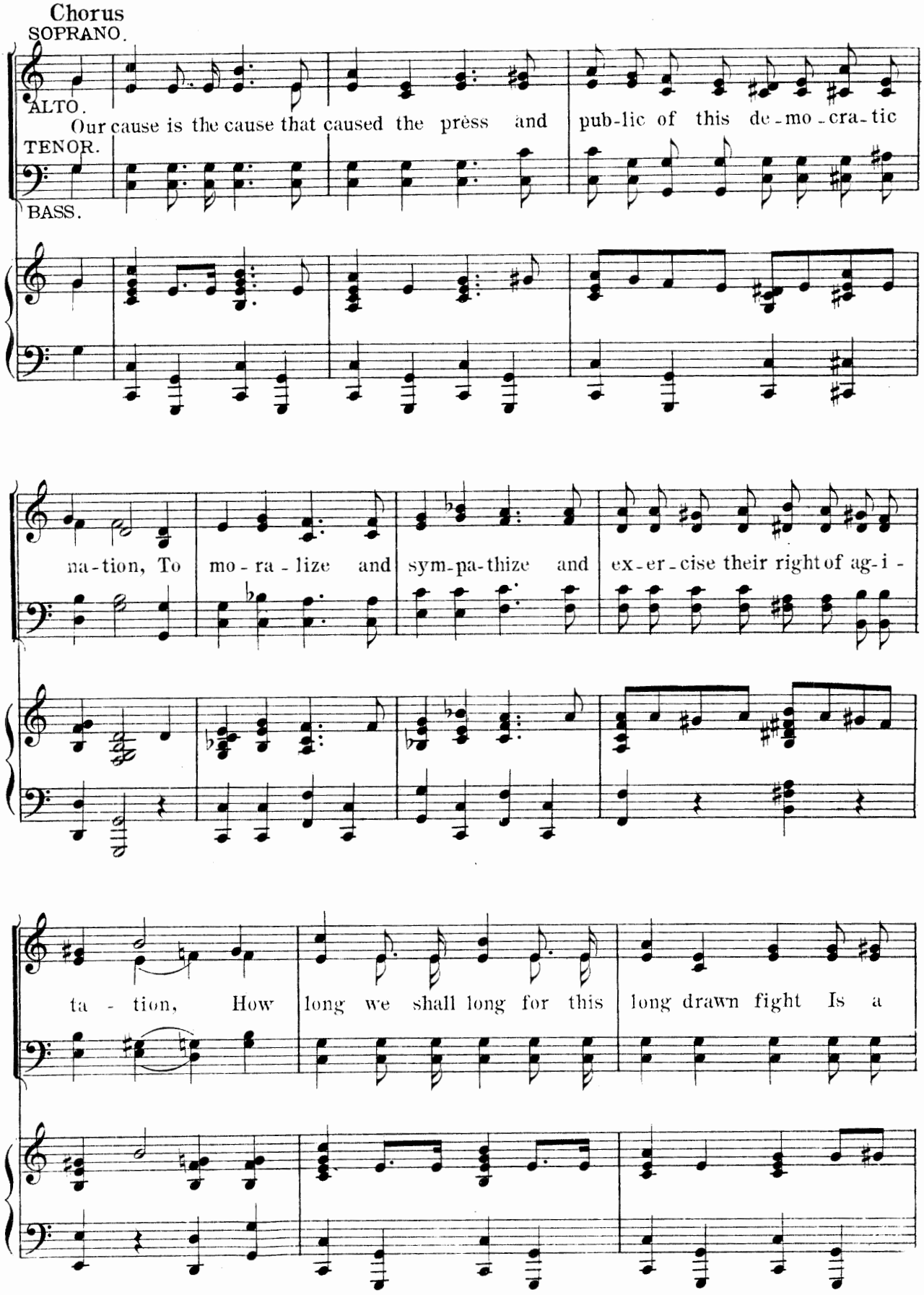


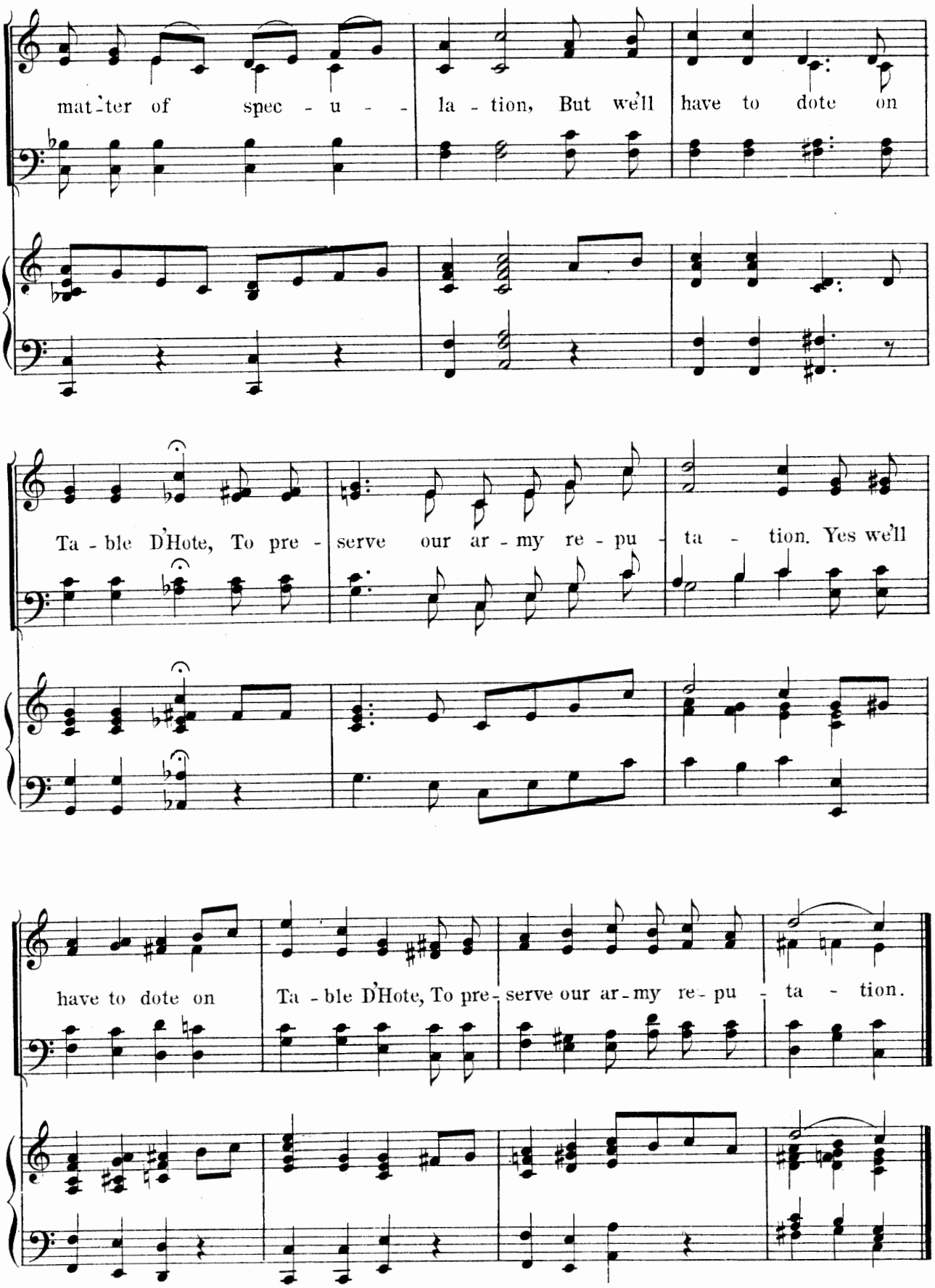

grand his haugh-ty bear - - - ing, With up-lift-ed head and meas-ured
Chorus
tread Comes our lead-er bold and dar - - - ing With up-lift-ed
head and meas-ured tread, Comes our lead-er bold and dar - - ing.
(The General enters.)
General.
Ac-cept my grat-i-tude, I pray, Kind


friends both fair and pret - ty, To those in front I'll ex - plain a - way what
Chorus.
brings us to the ci - ty. To those in front he'll ex - plain a - way what
General.
Chorus
brings them to the ci - ty. Are you read - y? We are read - y.
General.
Chorus.
General.
Are you stead-y? We are stead-y, Let me have the cen-ter of the stage.


Chorus.
General.
Chorus.
General.
Are you read - y? I am read - y, Are you stead - y? I am stead - y,
(Song: Our cause is the cause.)
Allegro Moderato.
Chorus.
Then please take the cen - ter of the stage.
ff
General.
Our ob - ject here we do not fear to tell with - out hes - i -
That's why we've made this bold cru - sade from a - cross the dis - tant Pa -

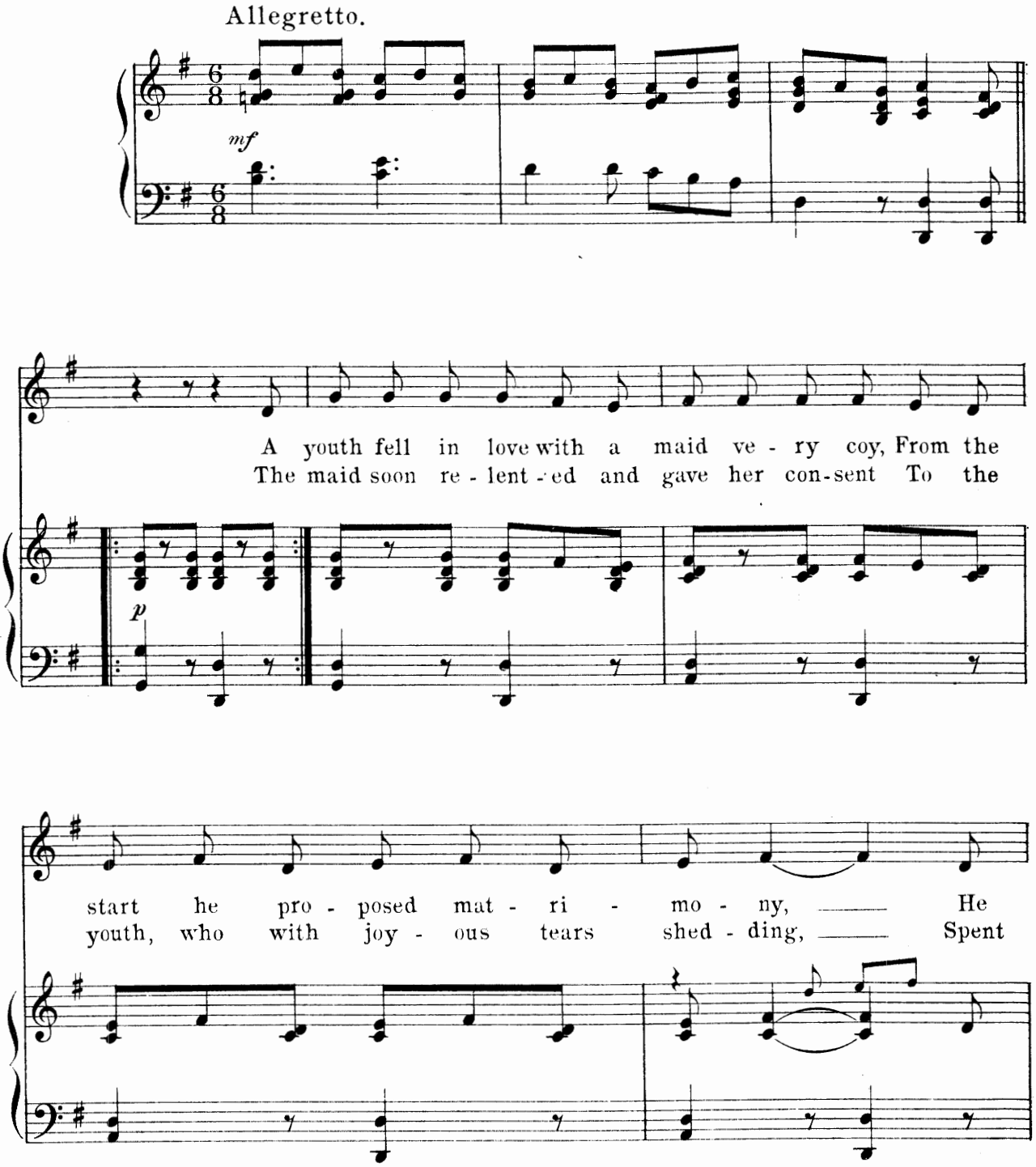

ta - tion, From war like scenes in the Phi - li - pines. We've
ci - fic Ta - ble D'Hote or die is our bat - tle cry Let the
come for re - cre - a - tion. Though ev - 'ry youth, to
con - test be - ter - ri - fic. We've raised the storm of
tell the truth, Yearns for the field of bat - tle, We
food re - form, Our jaws will no long - er frac - ture, We'll
seek re - lief from ar - my beef, We would n't feed to our cat - tle.
ne'er succomb till ev - 'ry crumb is of our mother's man - u - fac - ture.


Chorus
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
Our cause is the cause that caused the press and pub-lic of this de-mo-cra-tic
TENOR.
BASS.
na-tion, To mo-ra-lize and sym-pa-thize and ex-er-cise their right of ag-i-
ta-tion, How long we shall long for this long drawn fight Is a


mat-ter of spec - u - - la - tion, But we'll have to dote on
Ta - ble D'Hote, To pre - serve our ar - my re - pu - ta - tion. Yes we'll
have to dote on Ta - ble D'Hote, To pre - serve our ar - my re - pu - ta - tion.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la.

(Fleeceum and Blutch.)



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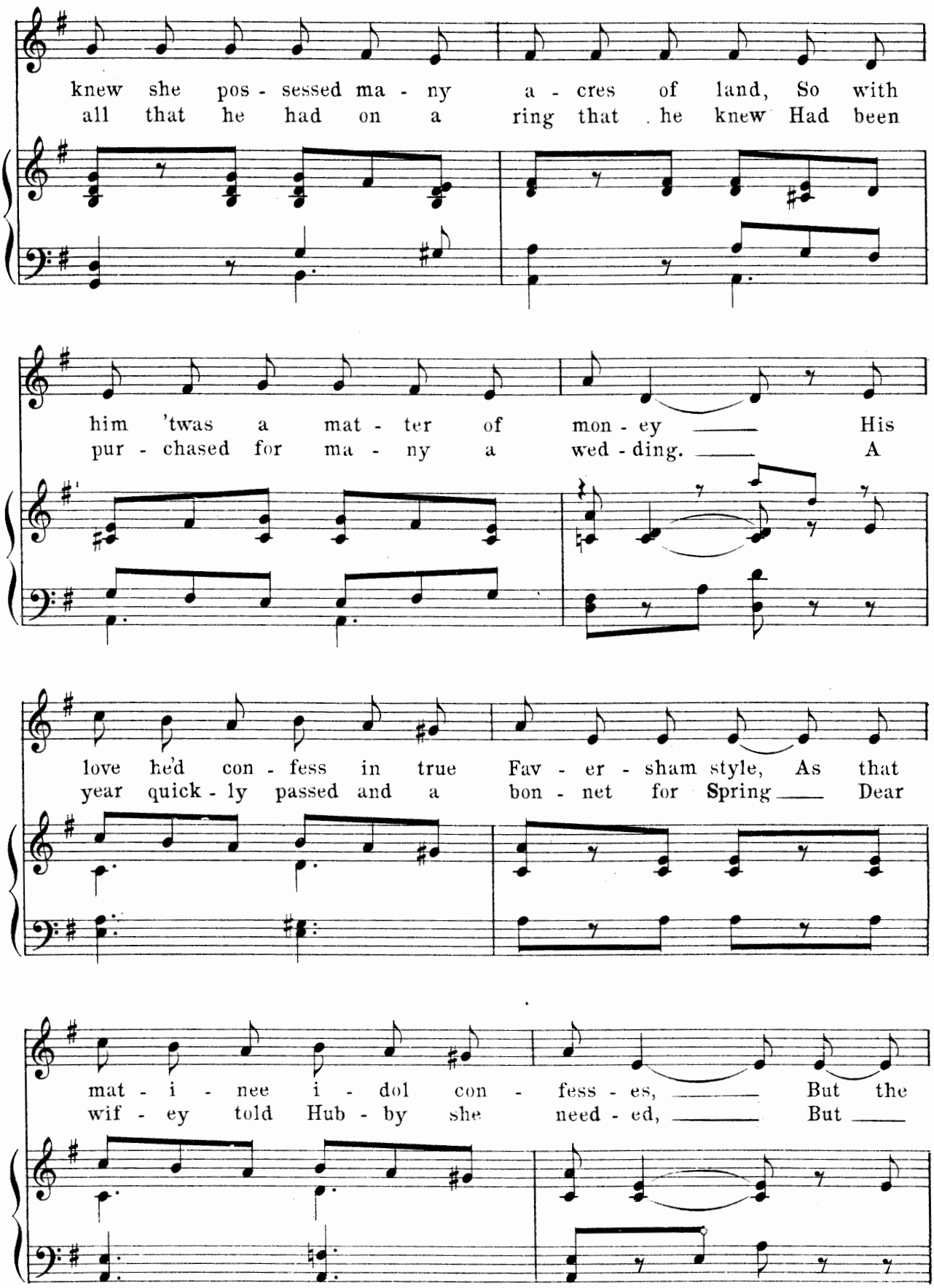
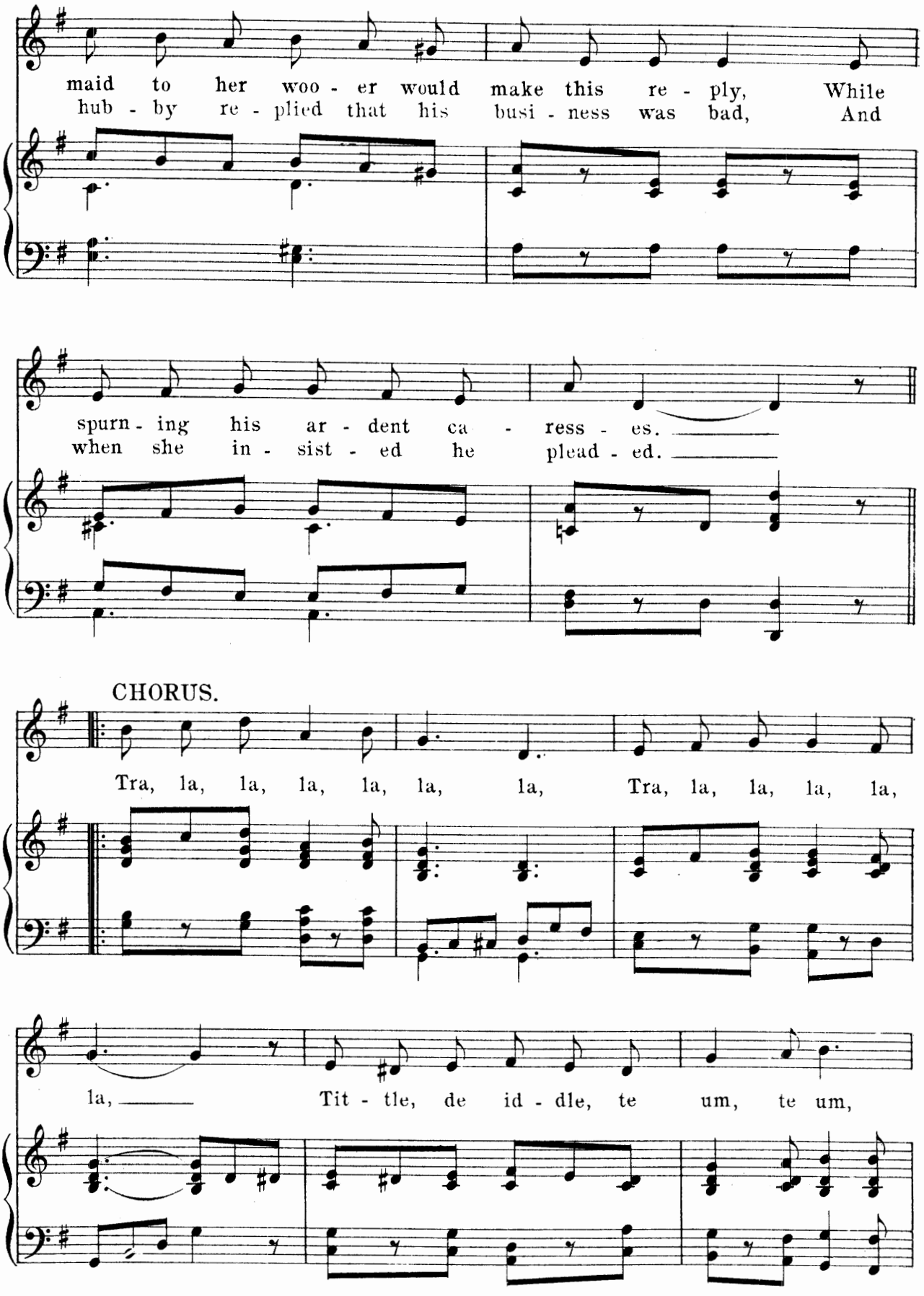
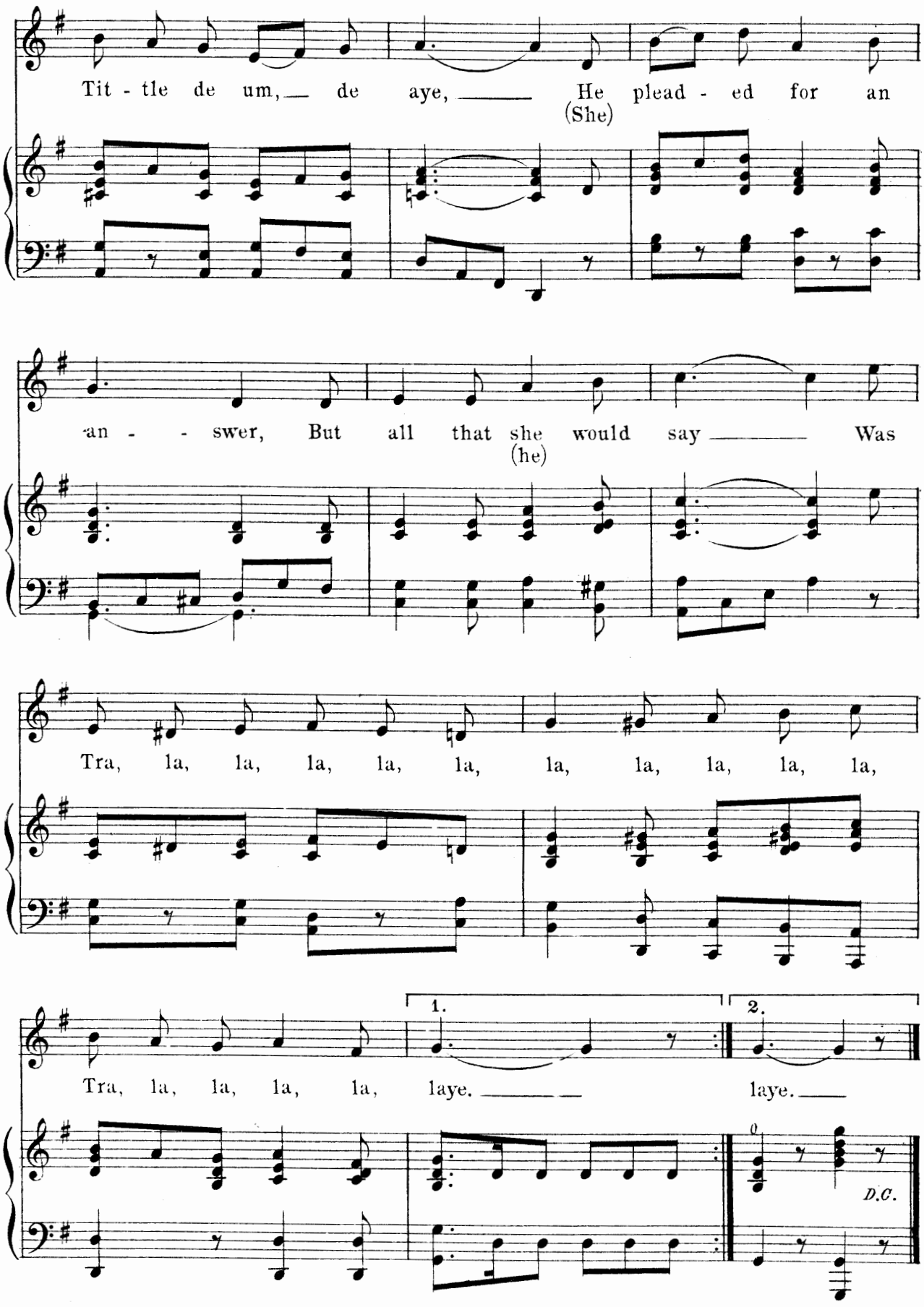

knew she pos - sessed ma - ny a - cres of land, So with
all that he had on a ring that he knew Had been
him 'twas a mat - ter of mon - ey His
pur - chased for ma - ny a wed - ding. A
love he'd con - fess in true Fav - er - sham style, As that
year quick - ly passed and a bon - net for Spring Dear
mat - i - nee i - dol con - fess - es, But the
wif - ey told Hub - by she need - ed, But


maid to her woo - er would make this re - ply, While
hub - by re - plied that his busi - ness was bad, And
spurn - ing his ar - dent ca - ress - es.
when she in - sist - ed he plead - ed.
CHORUS.
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,
la,
Tit - tle, de id - dle, te um, te um,

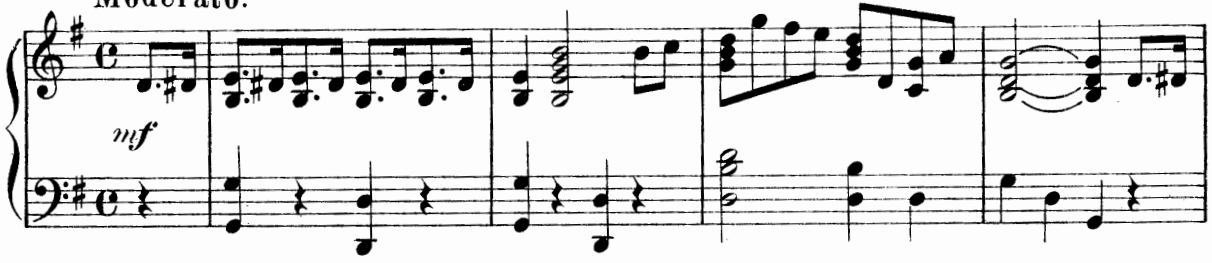

Tit - tle de um, de aye, He plead - ed for an
(She)
an - - swer, But all that she would say Was
(he)
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
1.
2.
Tra, la, la, la, la, laye. laye.
D.C.

Strolling.

(Dorothy.)

Introduction.

Moderato.

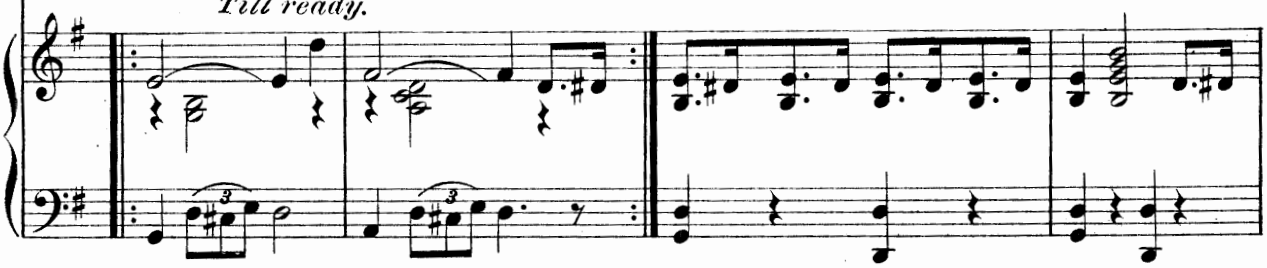


Lightly.

1. When you take your dain-ty, dim-pled lit-tle dar-ling, A

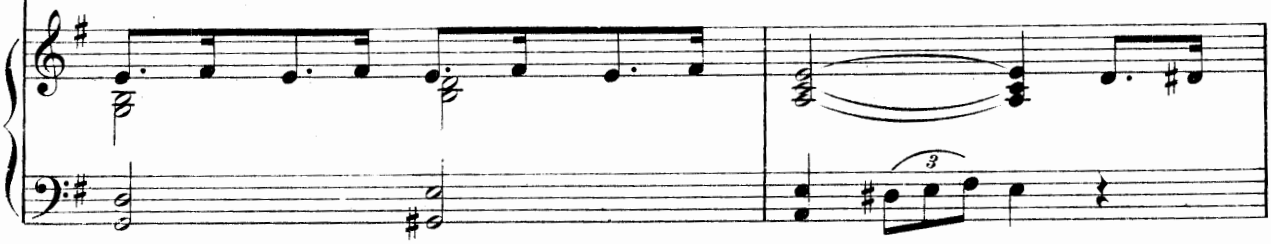
2. When with win-some, win-ning, wit-ty lit-tle girl-ie, You have

Till ready.



strol - ling on the sea - shore for the air, And her

prom - e - nad - ed 'long the sand - y shore, And you



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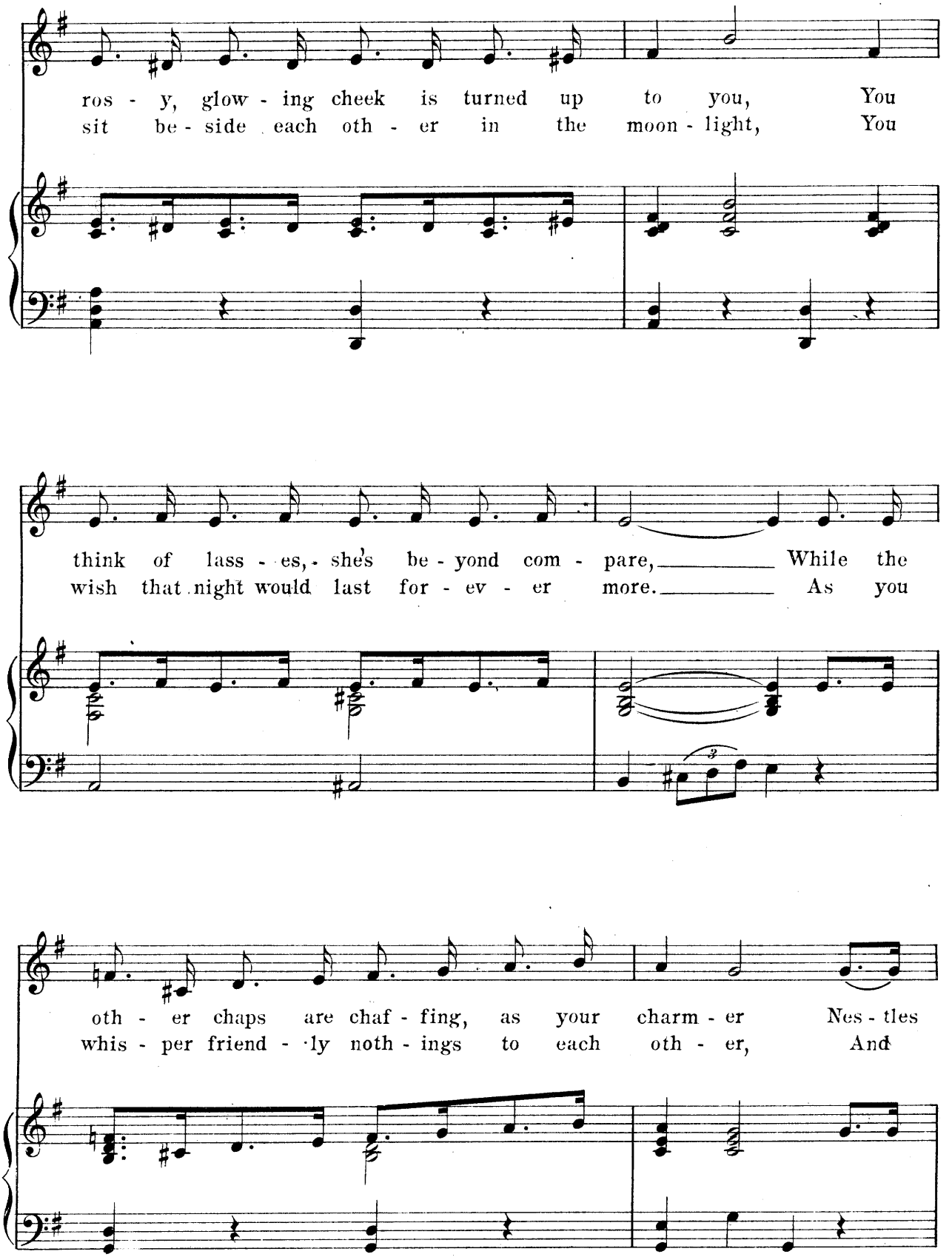
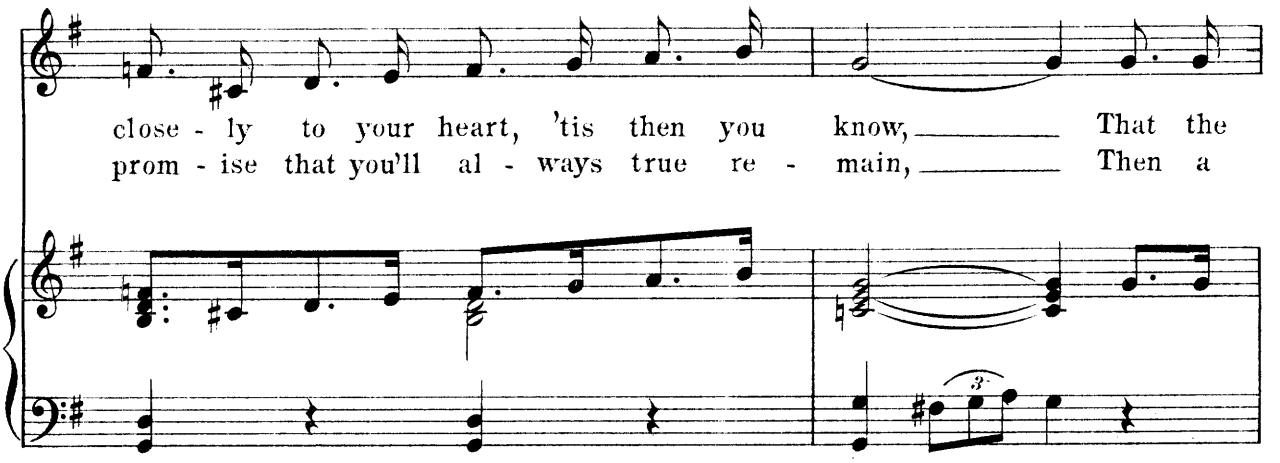
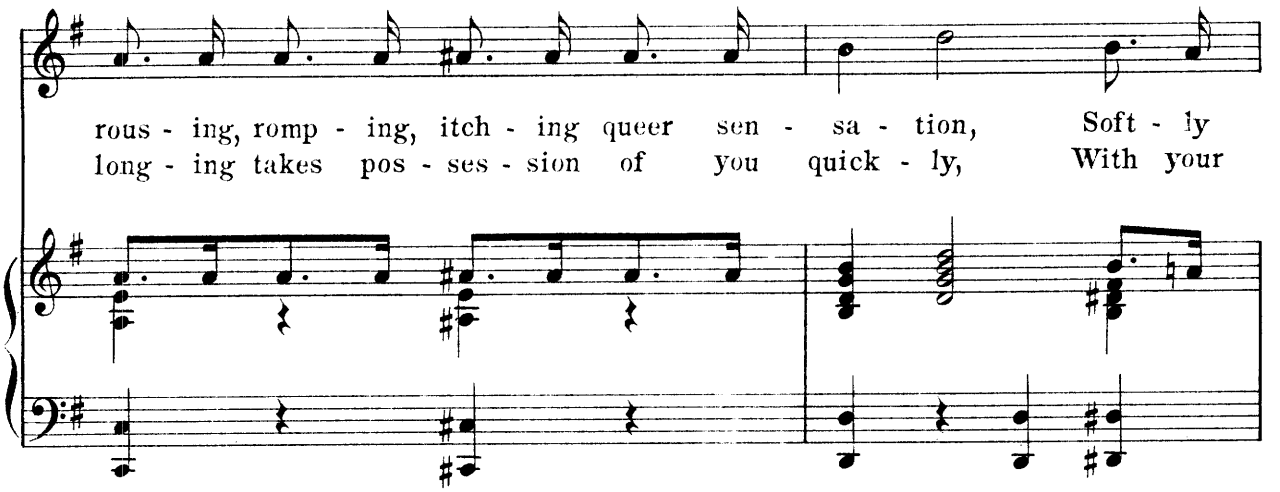
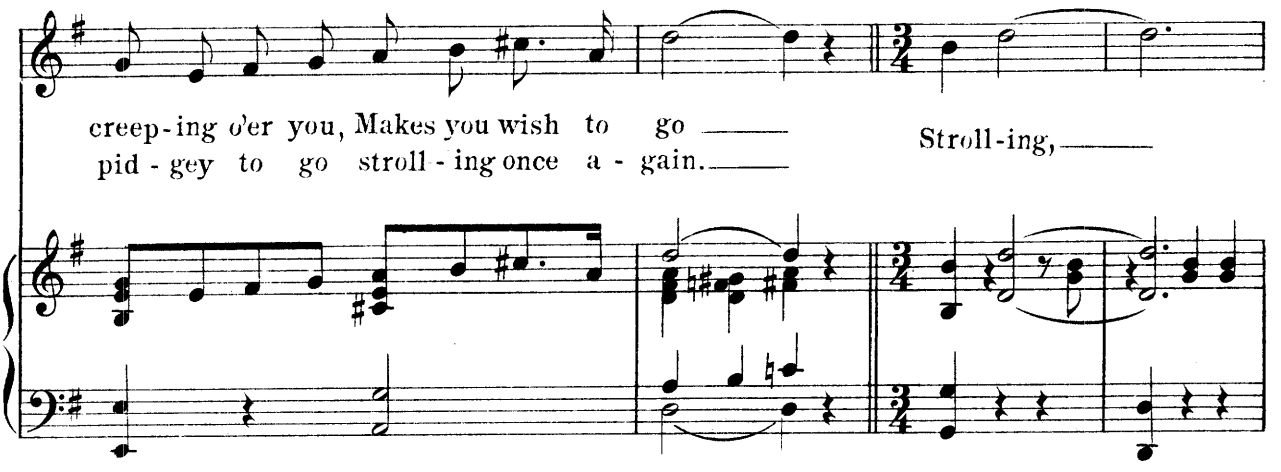

ros - y, glow - ing cheek is turned up to you, You
sit be - side each oth - er in the moon - light, You
think of lass - es, she's be - yond com - pare, While the
wish that night would last for - ev - er more. As you
oth - er chaps are chaf - fing, as your charm - er Nes - tles
whis - per friend - ly noth - ings to each oth - er, And

Strolling.

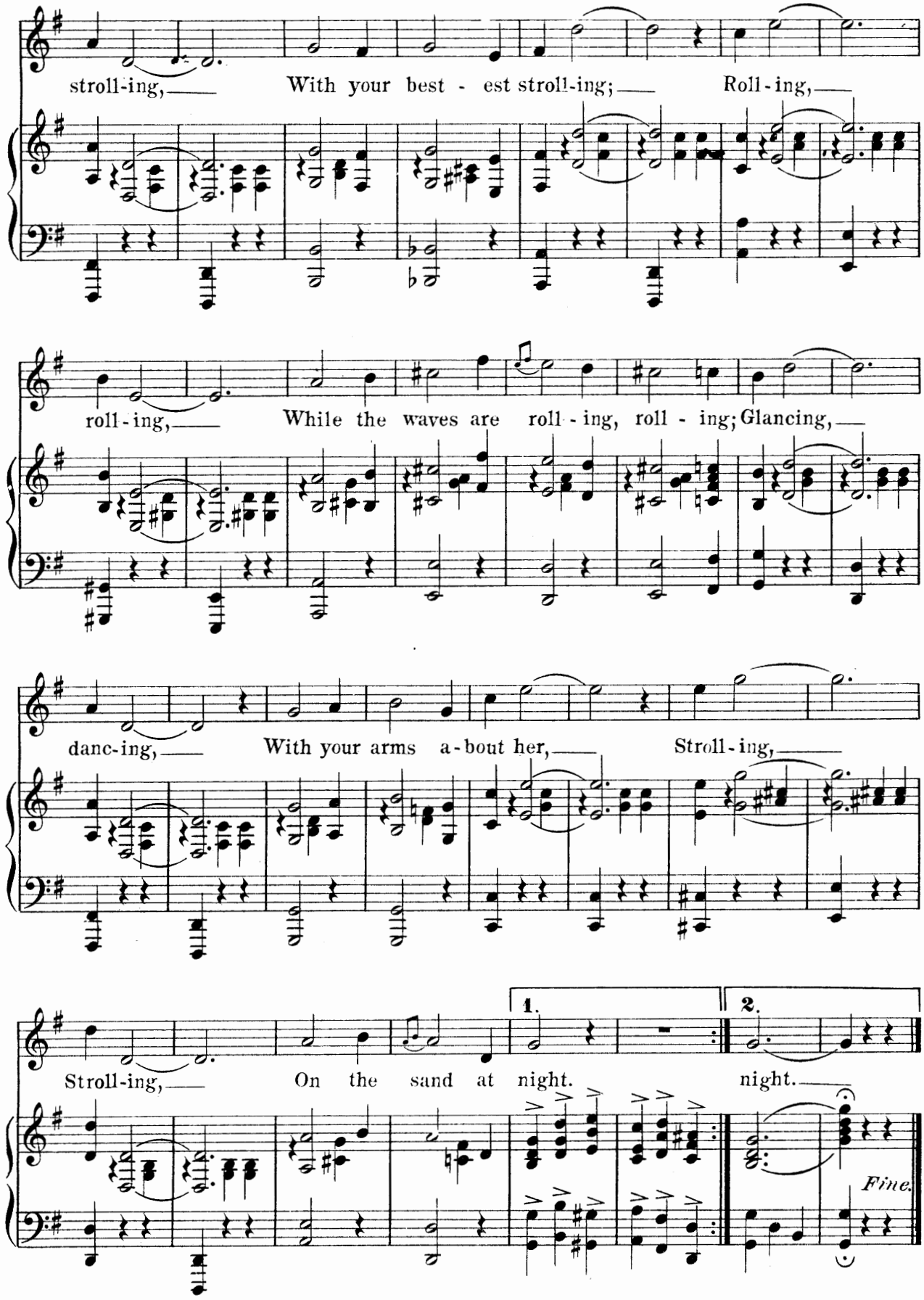




CHORUS.



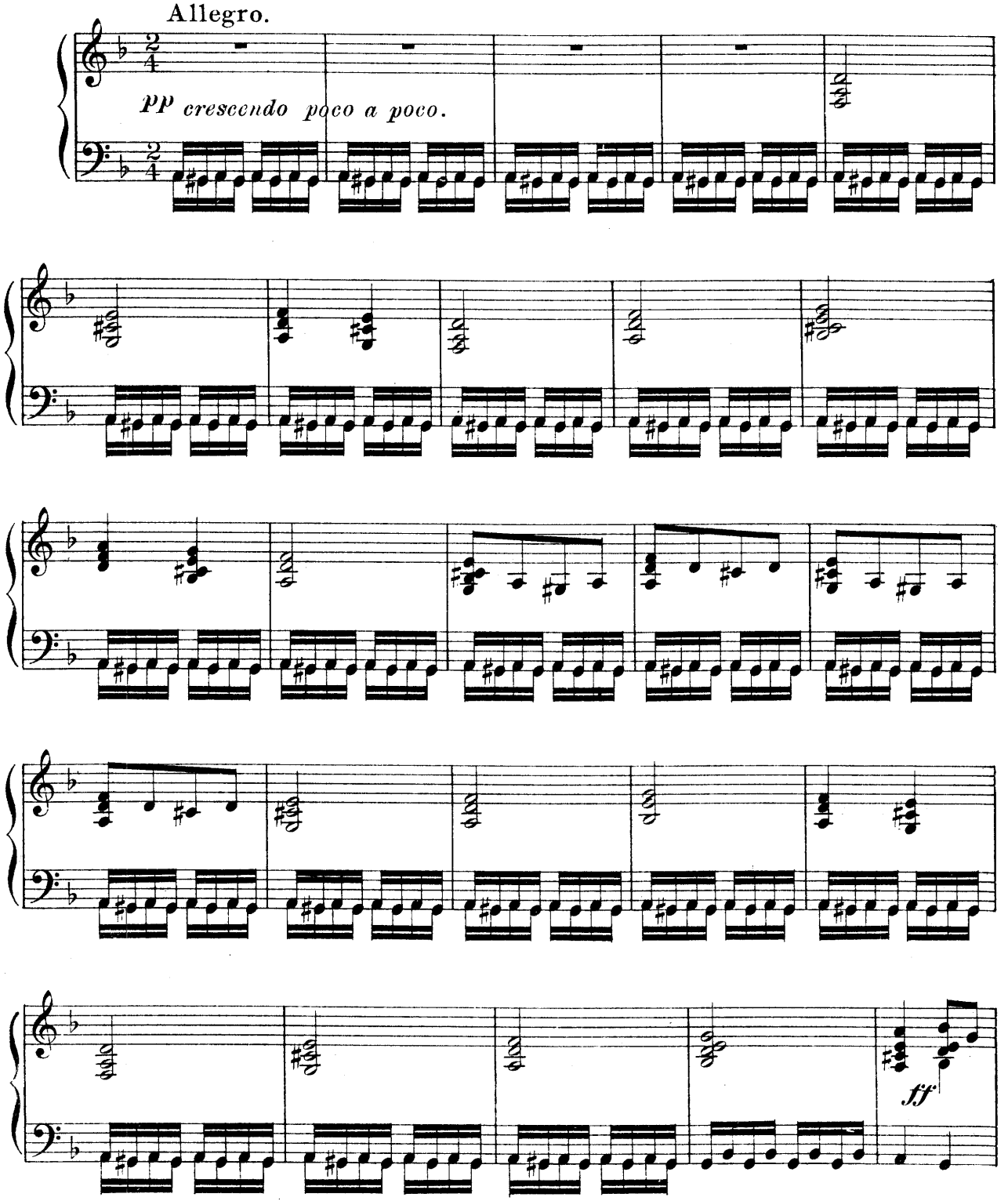
Strolling.


stroll-ing, With your best - est stroll-ing; Roll-ing,
roll-ing, While the waves are roll - ing, roll - ing; Glancing,
danc-ing, With your arms a-bout her, Stroll-ing,
Stroll-ing, On the sand at night. night.
1.
2.
Fine.

Strolling.

Finale.

ACT I.



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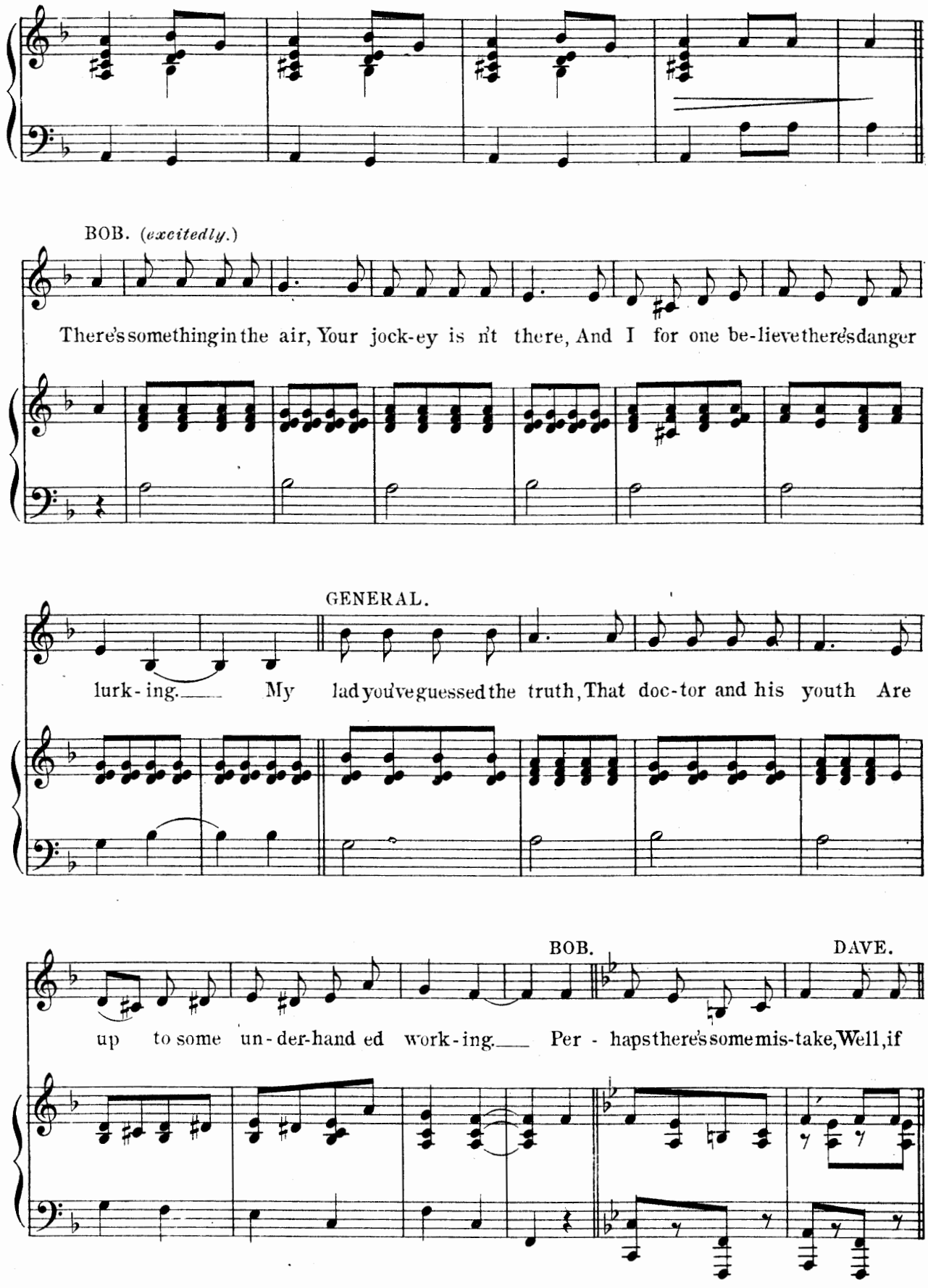

BOB. (excitedly.)
There's something in the air, Your jock-ey is n't there, And I for one be-lieve there's danger
GENERAL.
lurk-ing. My lad you've guessed the truth, That doc-tor and his youth Are
BOB.
DAVE.
up to some un-der-hand ed work-ing. Per-haps there's some mis-take, Well, if

DOROTHY. GENERAL.

that don't take the cake, I hon-est - ly be - lieve he speaks the truth, sir,___ He

DAVE.

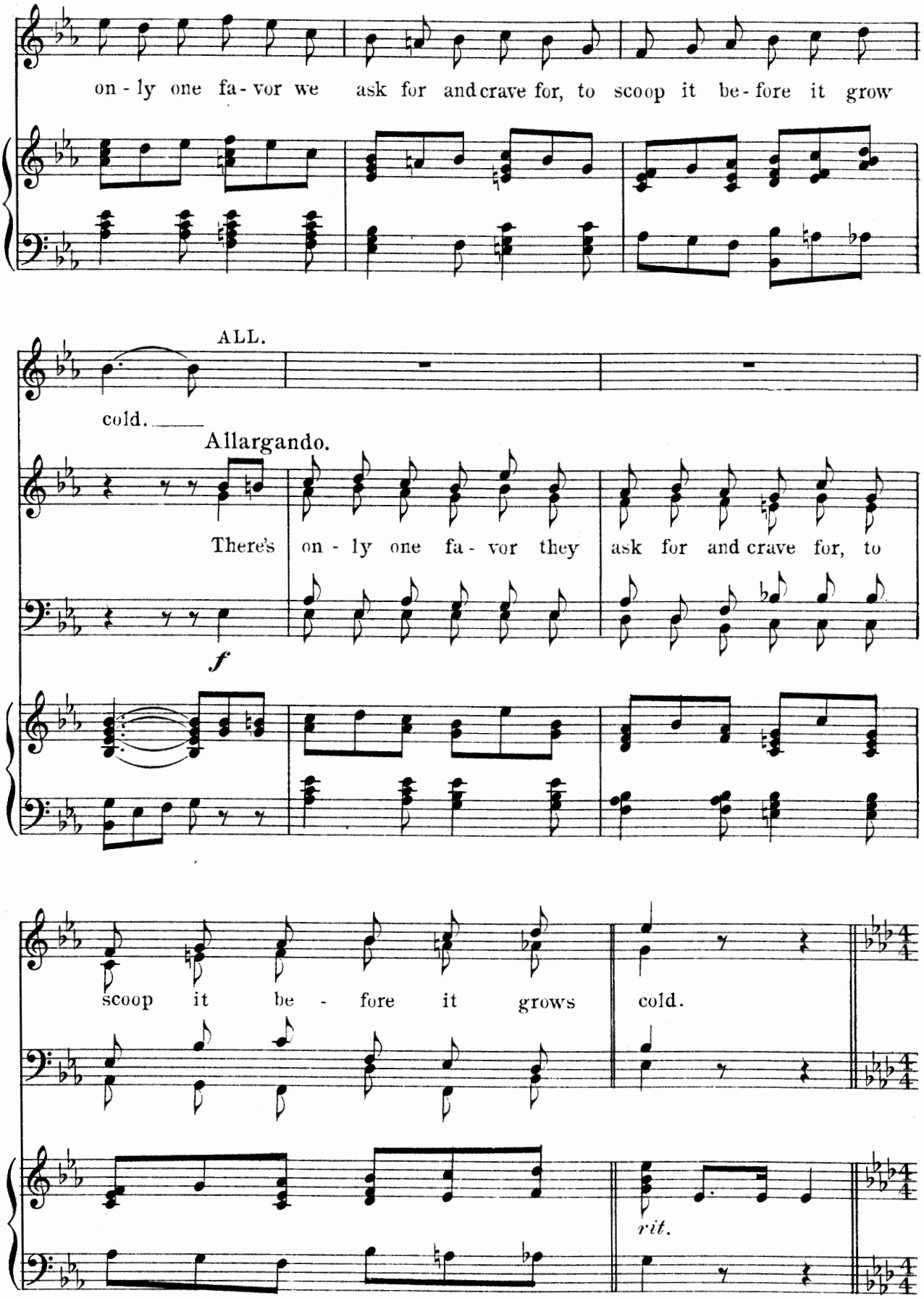
must not ride the horse, That's what he'll do of course, Un - less you get a mare and fool the

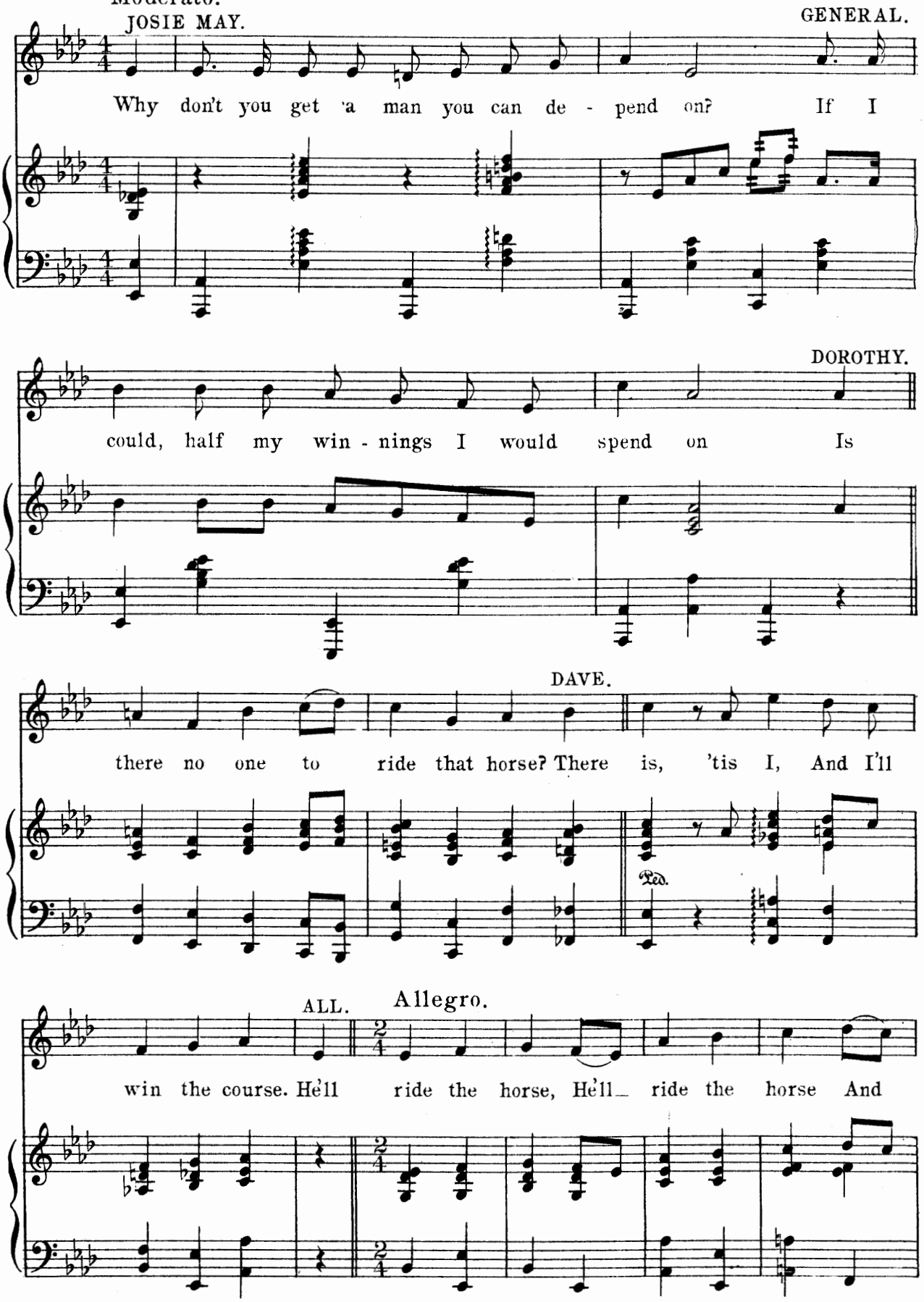
Enter WHEELER and GARLAND. W. and G.

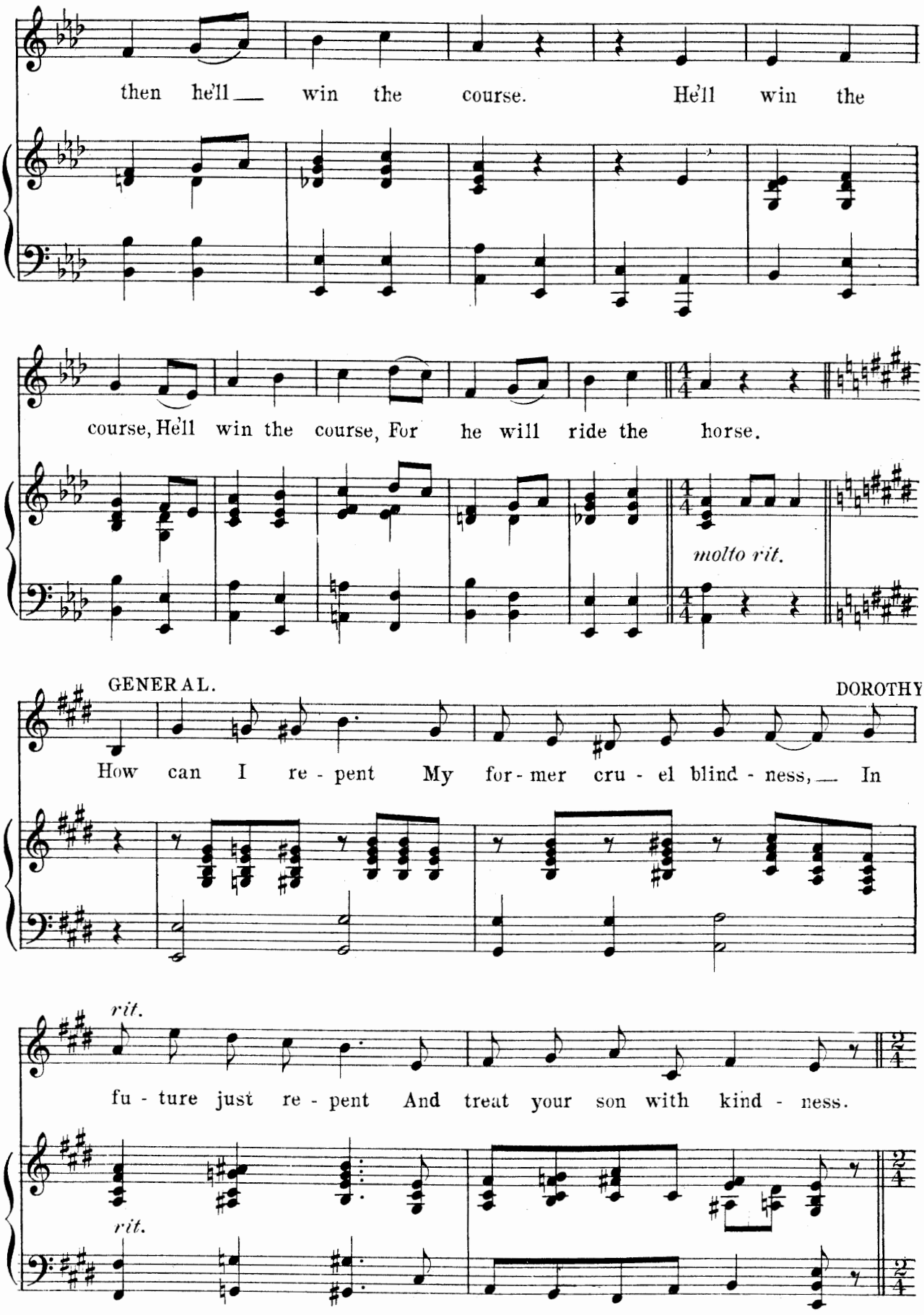
youth, sir. Allegretto moderato. Please un-

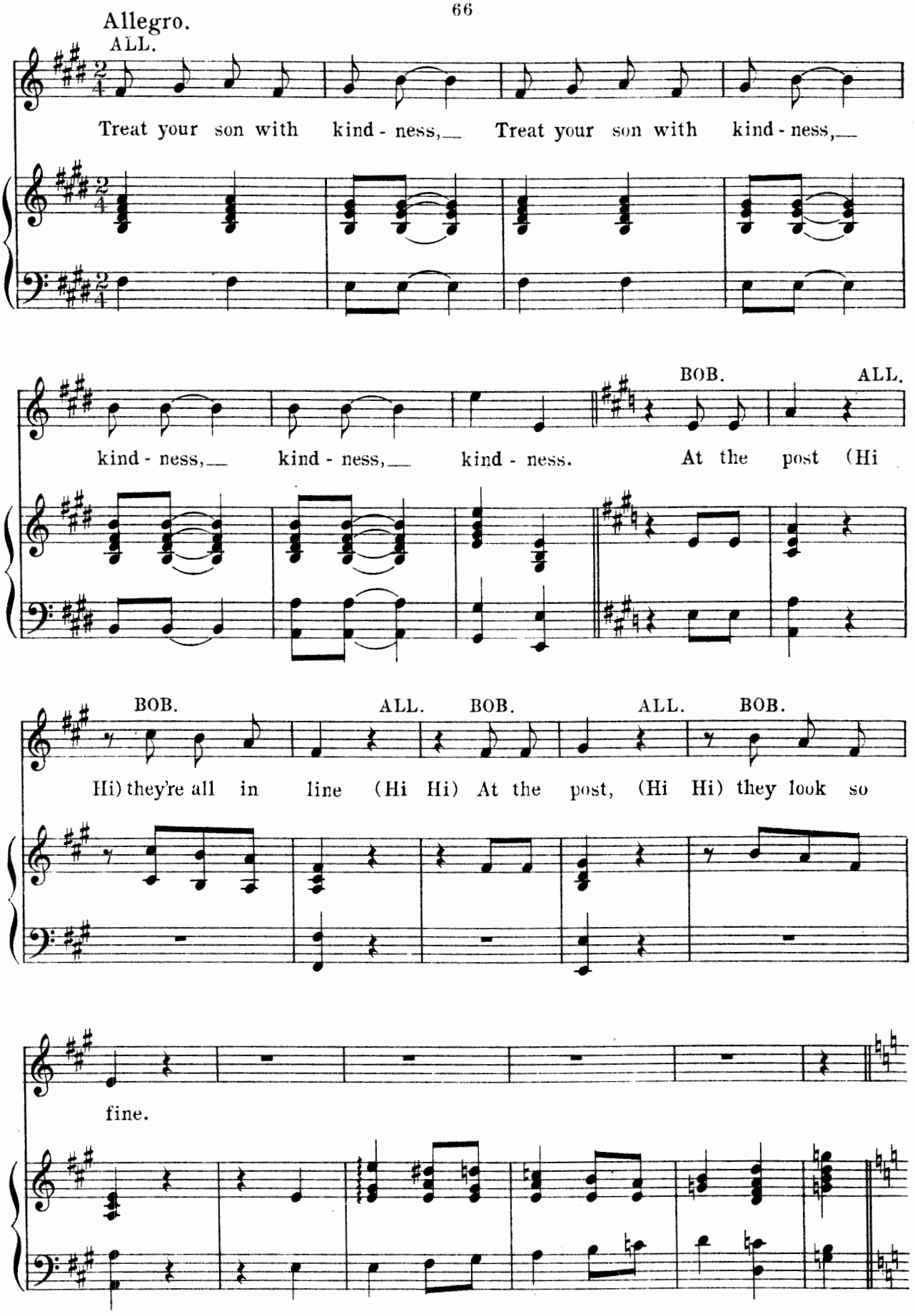
p

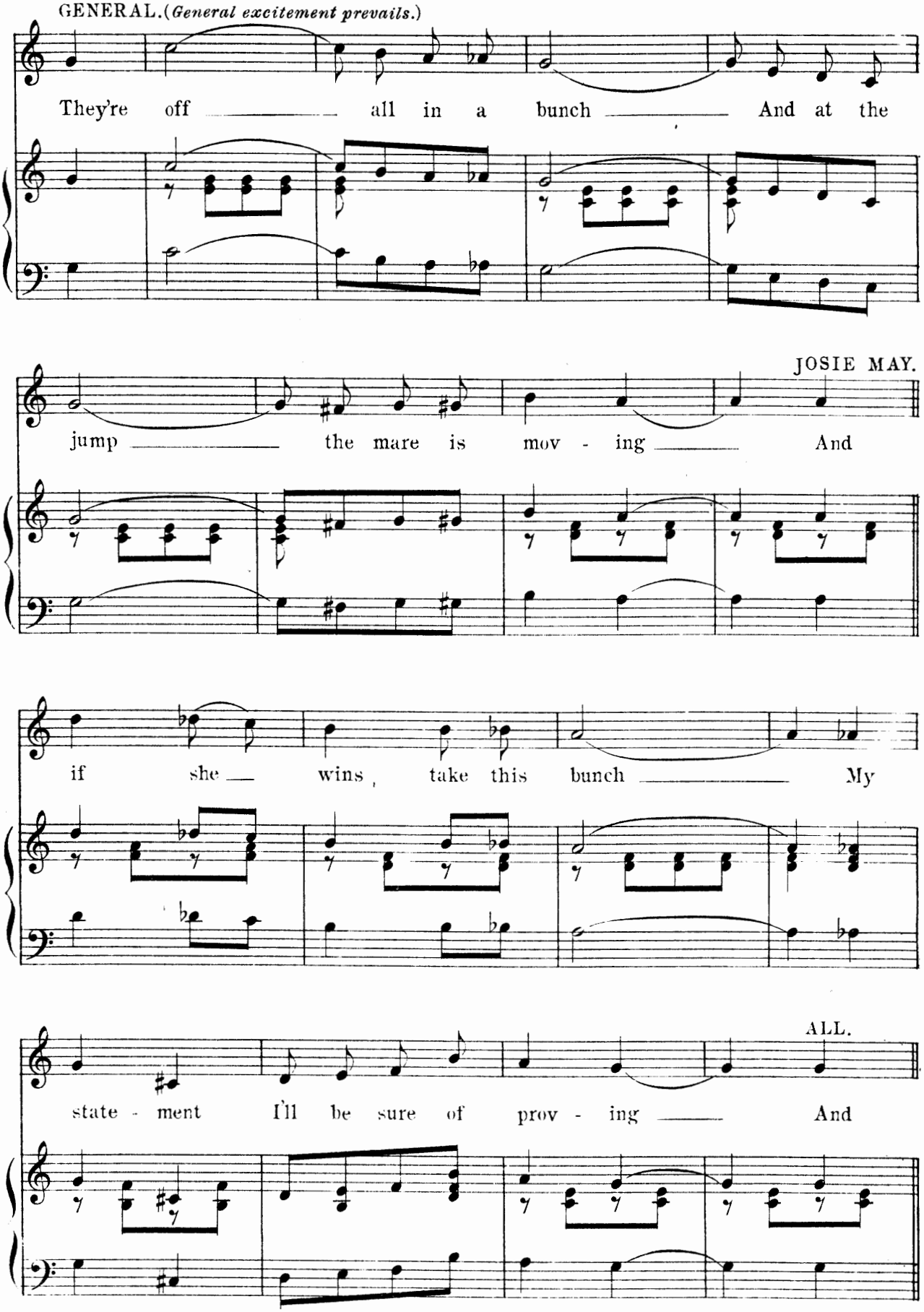
fold this con-spir - a - cy bold___ And when all the de-tails you've told,___ There's

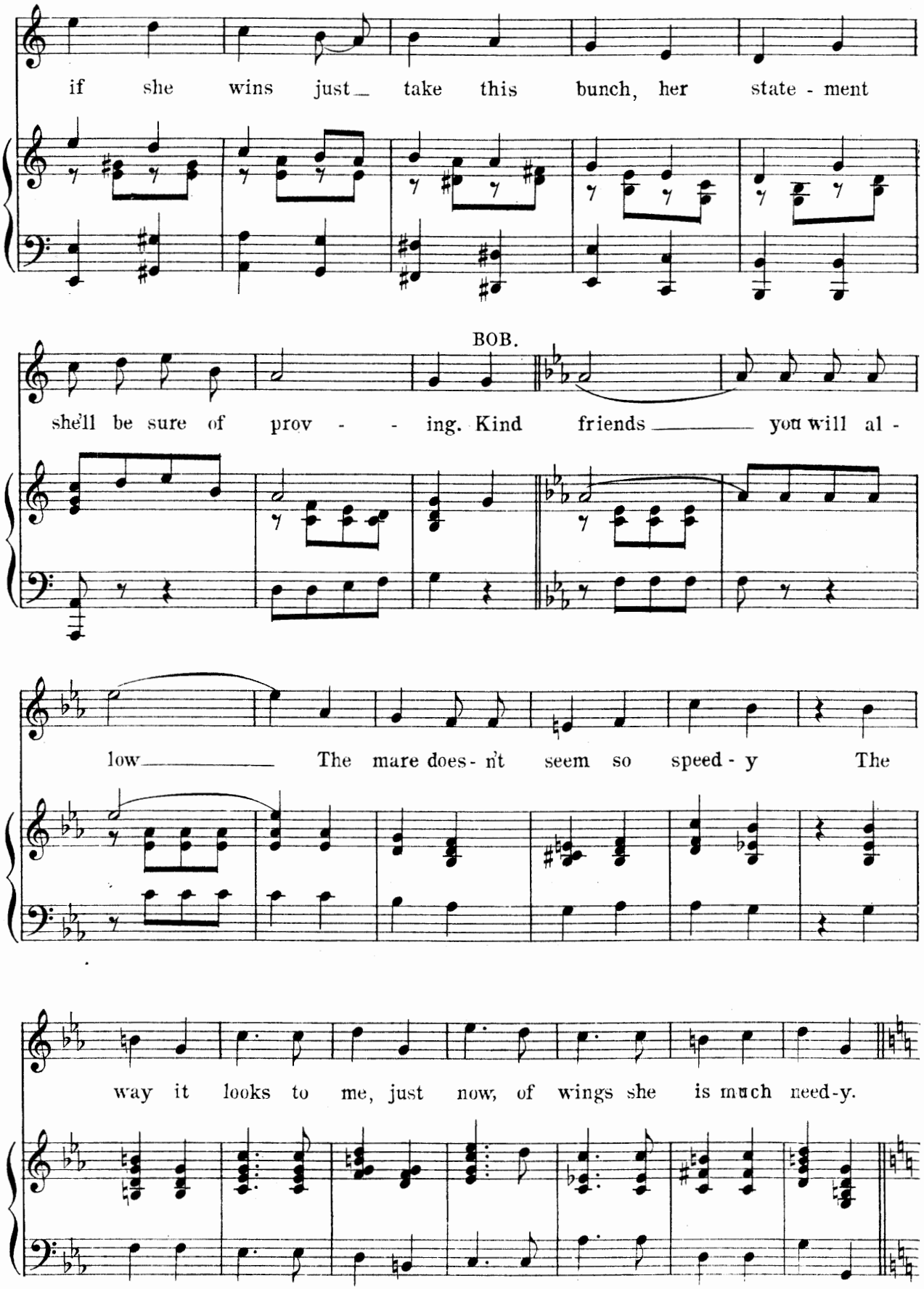

on - ly one fa - vor we ask for and crave for, to scoop it be - fore it grow
ALL.
cold.
Allargando.
There's on - ly one fa - vor they ask for and crave for, to
f
scoop it be - fore it grows cold.
rit.

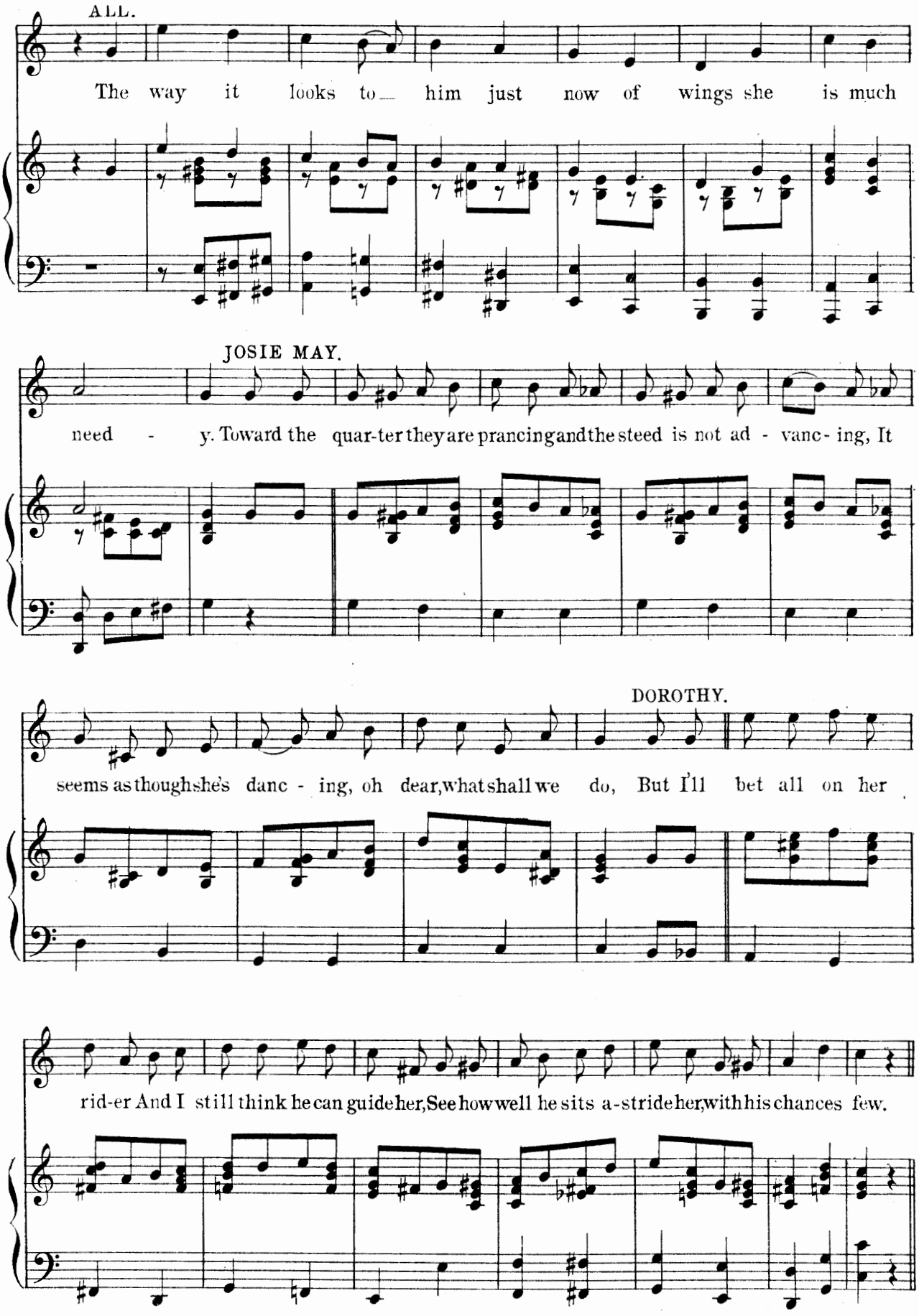

Moderato.
JOSIE MAY.
GENERAL.
Why don't you get a man you can de - pend on? If I
DOROTHY.
could, half my win - nings I would spend on Is
DAVE.
there no one to ride that horse? There is, 'tis I, And I'll
Ped.
ALL.
Allegro.
win the course. He'll ride the horse, He'll ride the horse And


then he'll win the course. He'll win the
course, He'll win the course, For he will ride the horse.
molto rit.
GENERAL.
DOROTHY
How can I re - pent My for - mer cru - el blind - ness, In
rit.
fu - ture just re - pent And treat your son with kind - ness.
rit.

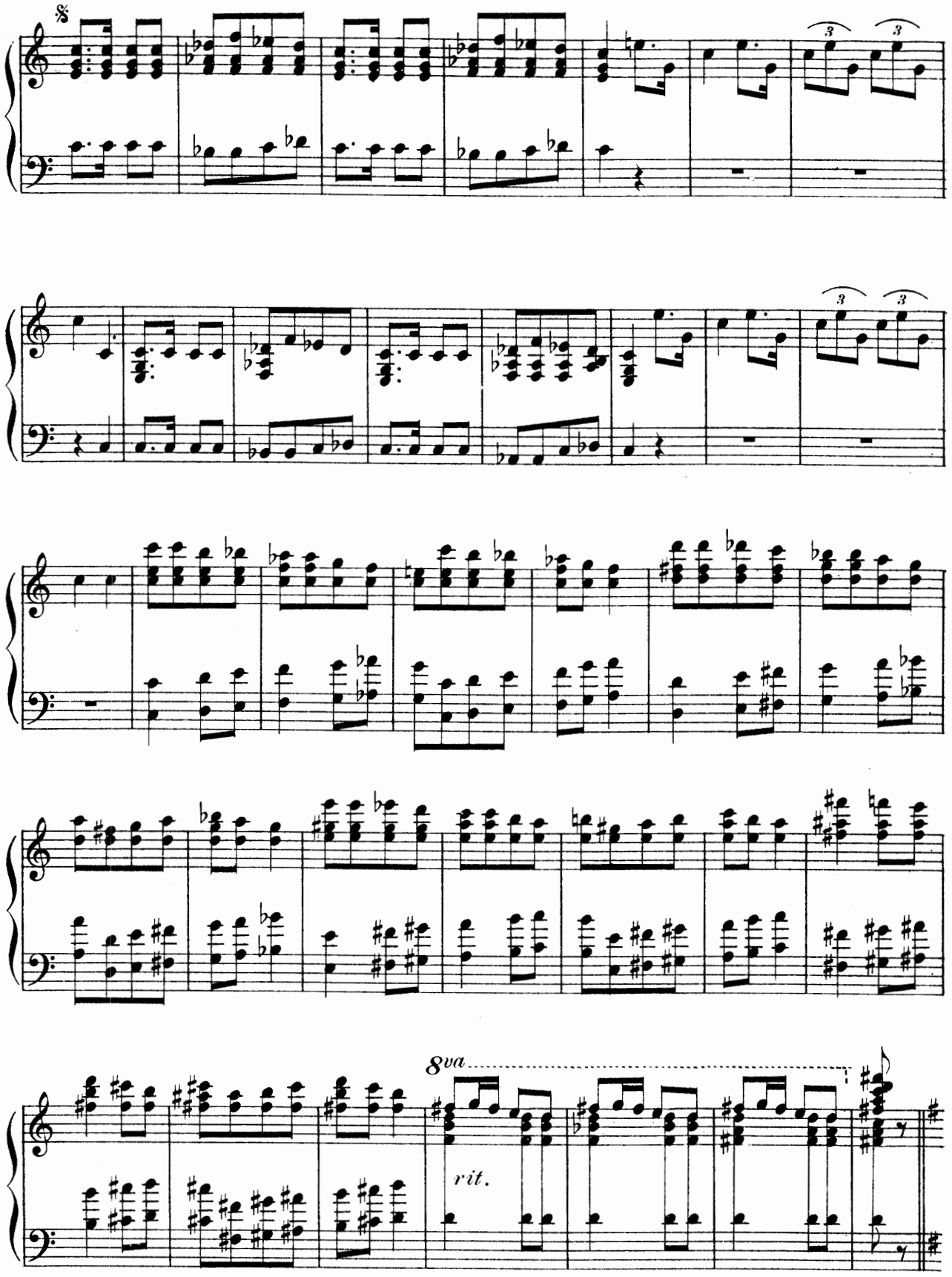

Allegro.
ALL.
Treat your son with kind - ness,— Treat your son with kind - ness,—
kind - ness,— kind - ness,— kind - ness.
BOB.
ALL.
At the post (Hi
BOB.
ALL.
BOB.
ALL.
BOB.
Hi) they're all in line (Hi Hi) At the post, (Hi Hi) they look so
fine.

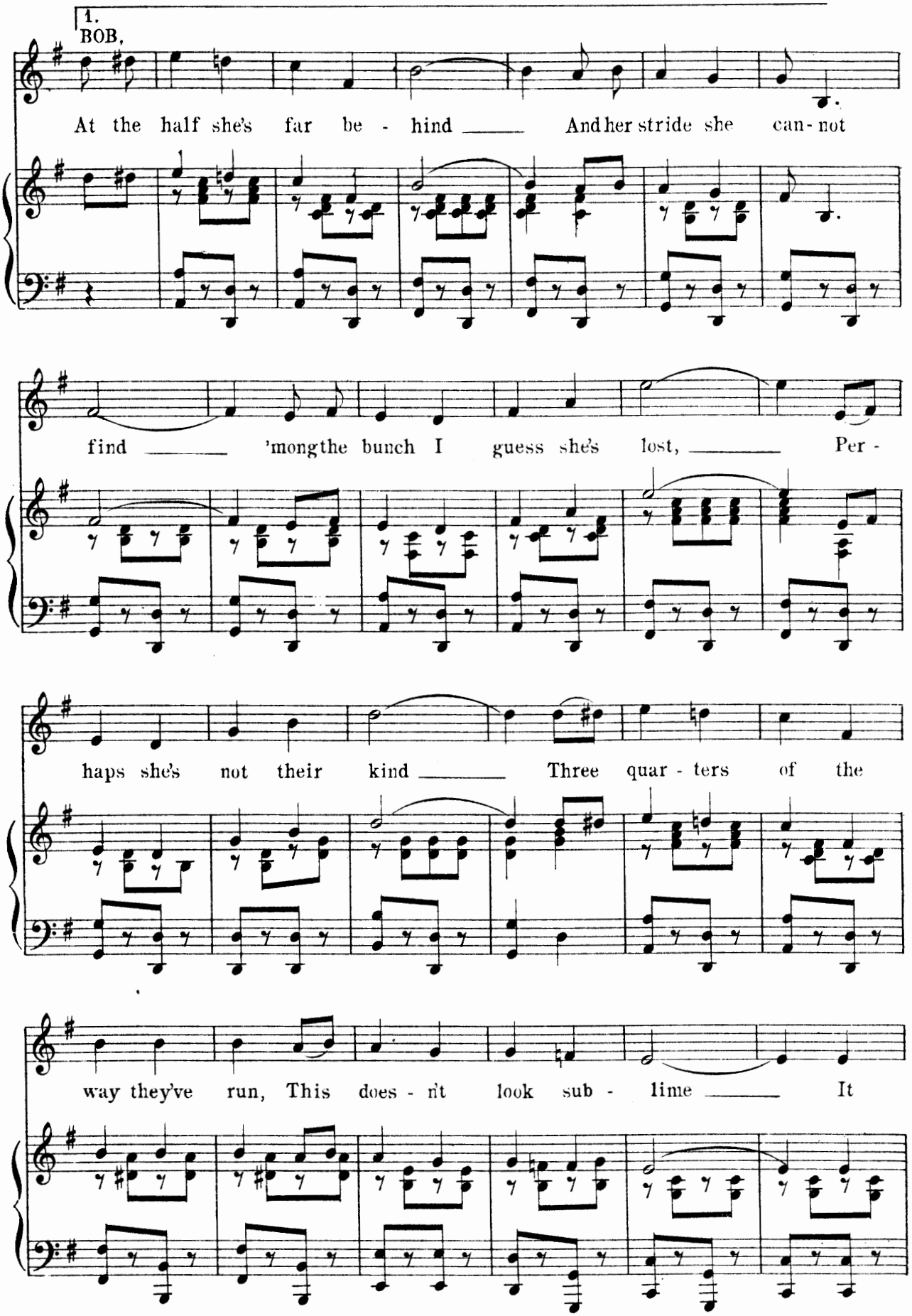

GENERAL. (General excitement prevails.)
They're off all in a bunch And at the
JOSIE MAY.
jump the mare is mov - ing And
if she wins take this bunch My
ALL.
state - ment I'll be sure of prov - ing And

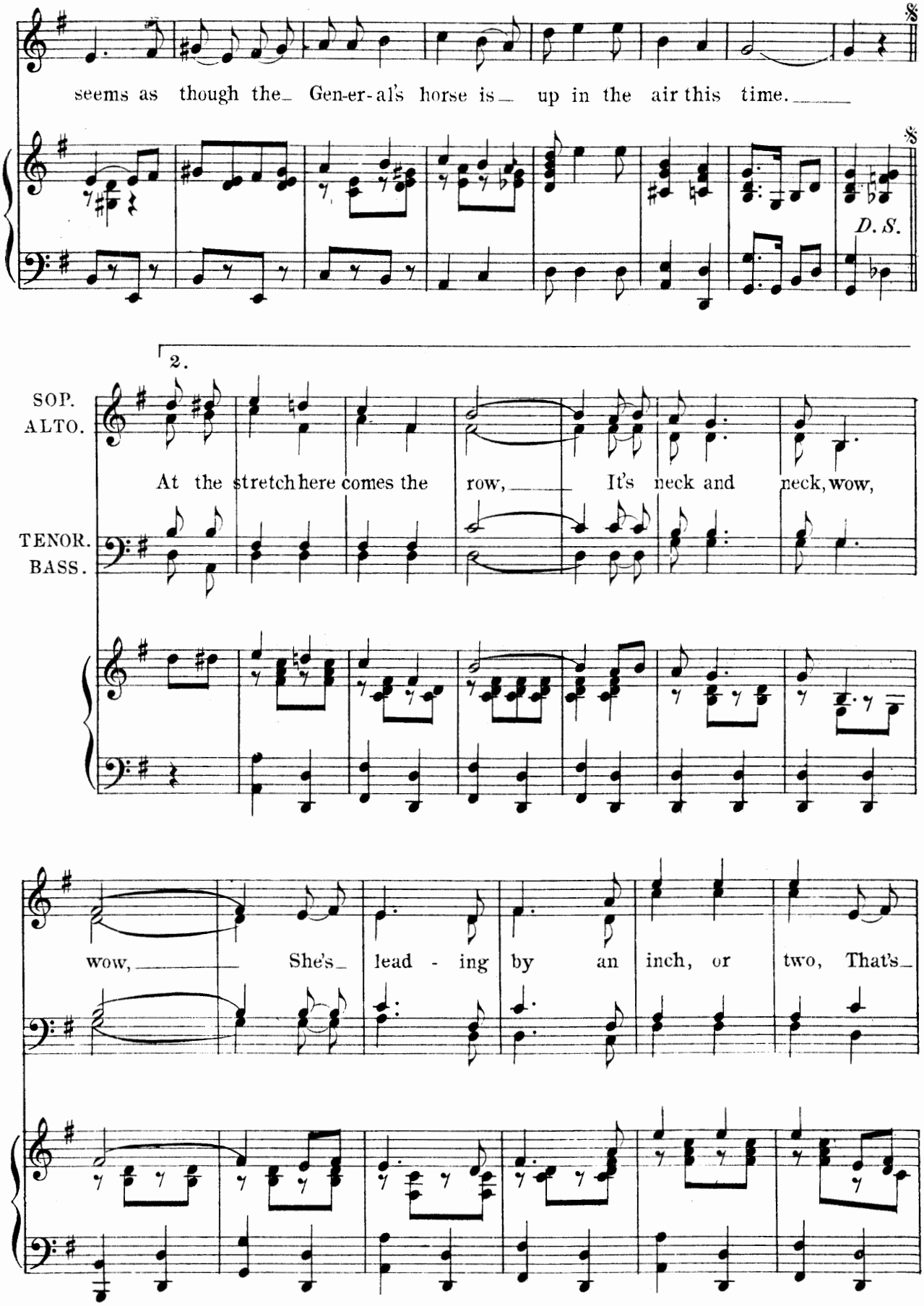

if she wins just take this bunch, her state - ment
BOB.
she'll be sure of prov - - ing. Kind friends you will al -
low The mare does - n't seem so speed - y The
way it looks to me, just now, of wings she is much need-y.

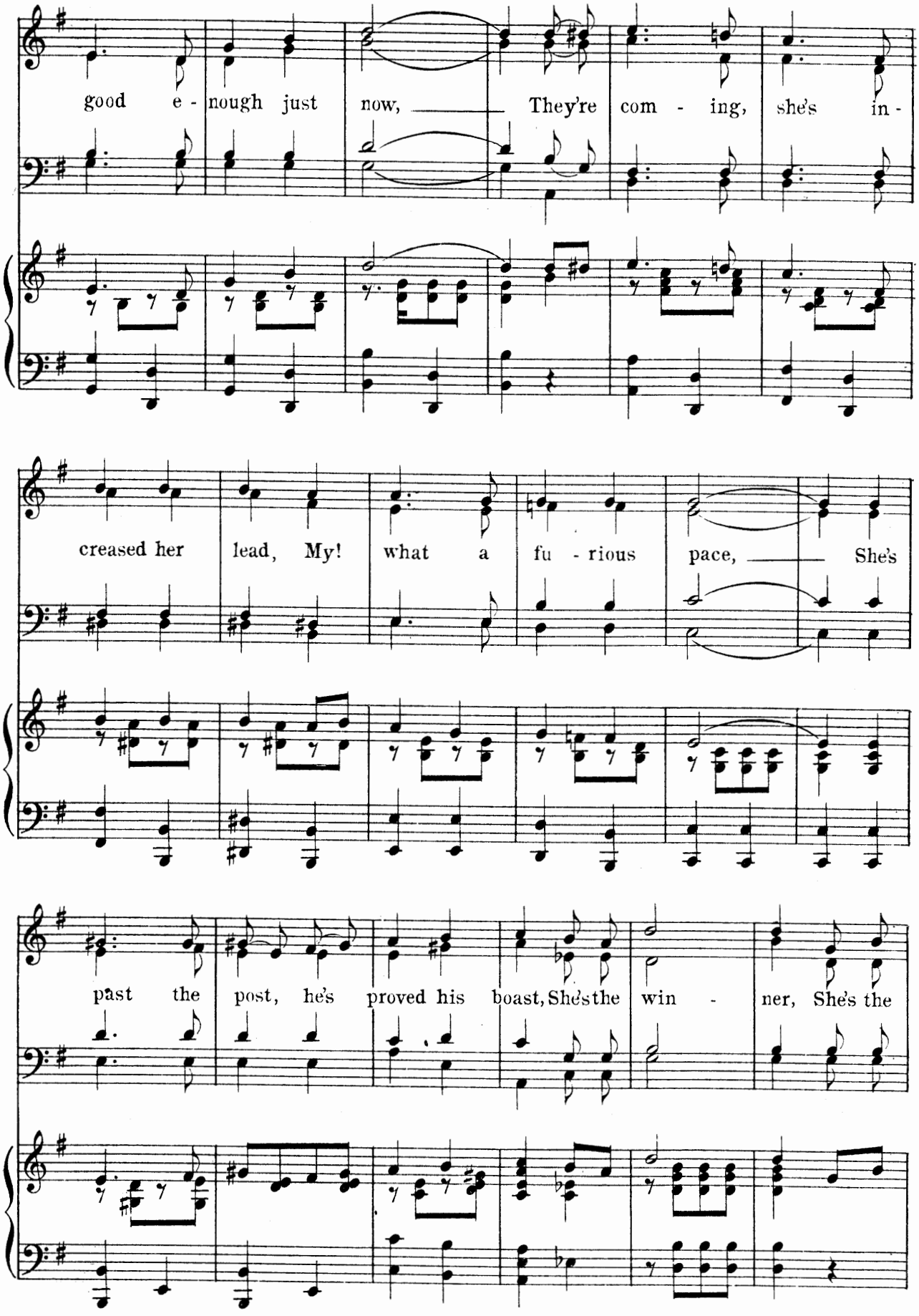

ALL.
The way it looks to— him just now of wings she is much
JOSIE MAY.
need - y. Toward the quar-ter they are prancing and the steed is not ad - vanc- ing, It
DOROTHY.
seems as though she's danc - ing, oh dear, what shall we do, But I'll bet all on her
rid-er And I still think he can guide her, See how well he sits a-stride her, with his chances few.

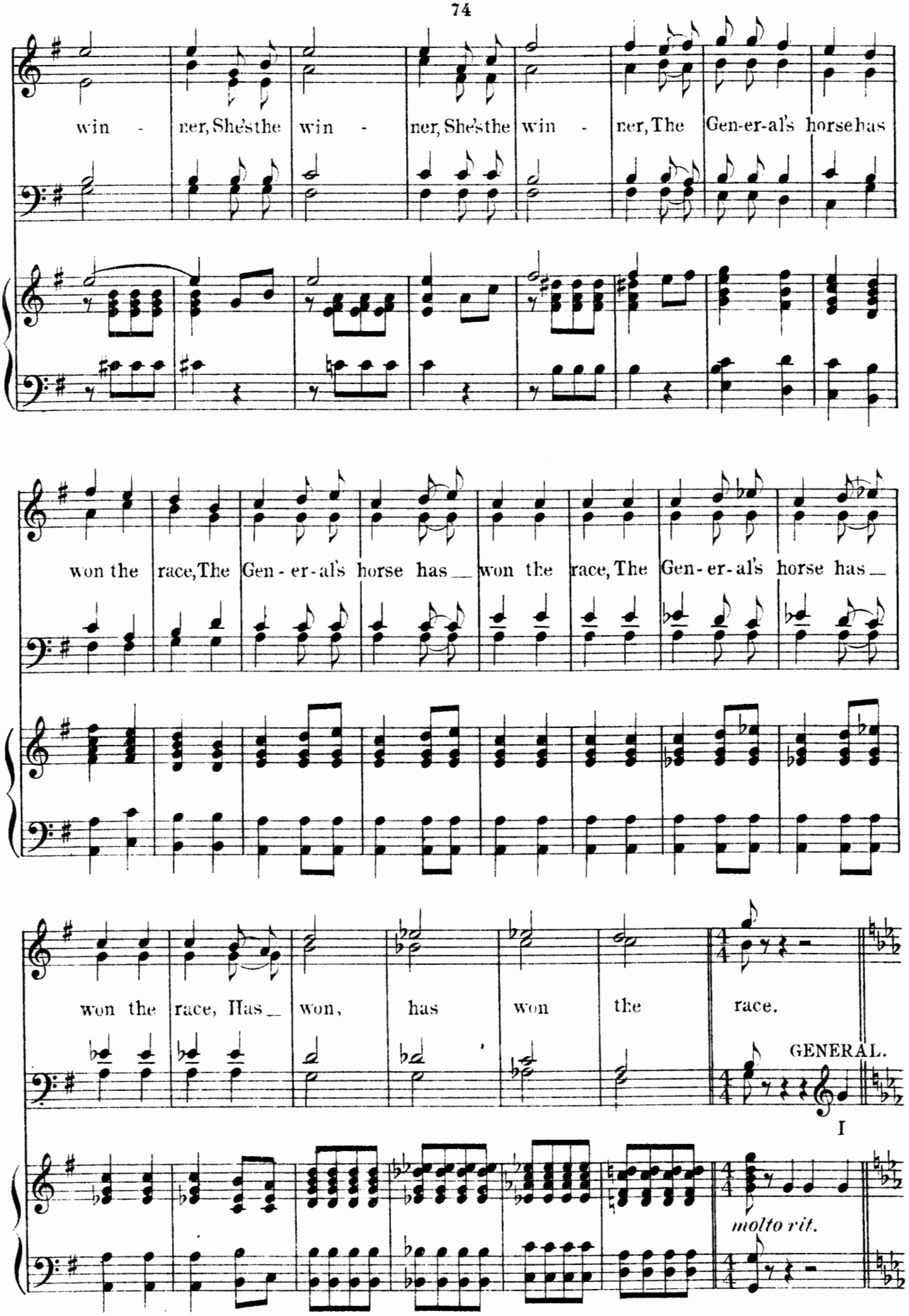
All rush up and down the stage shouting and cheering their favorite horses on, &c.

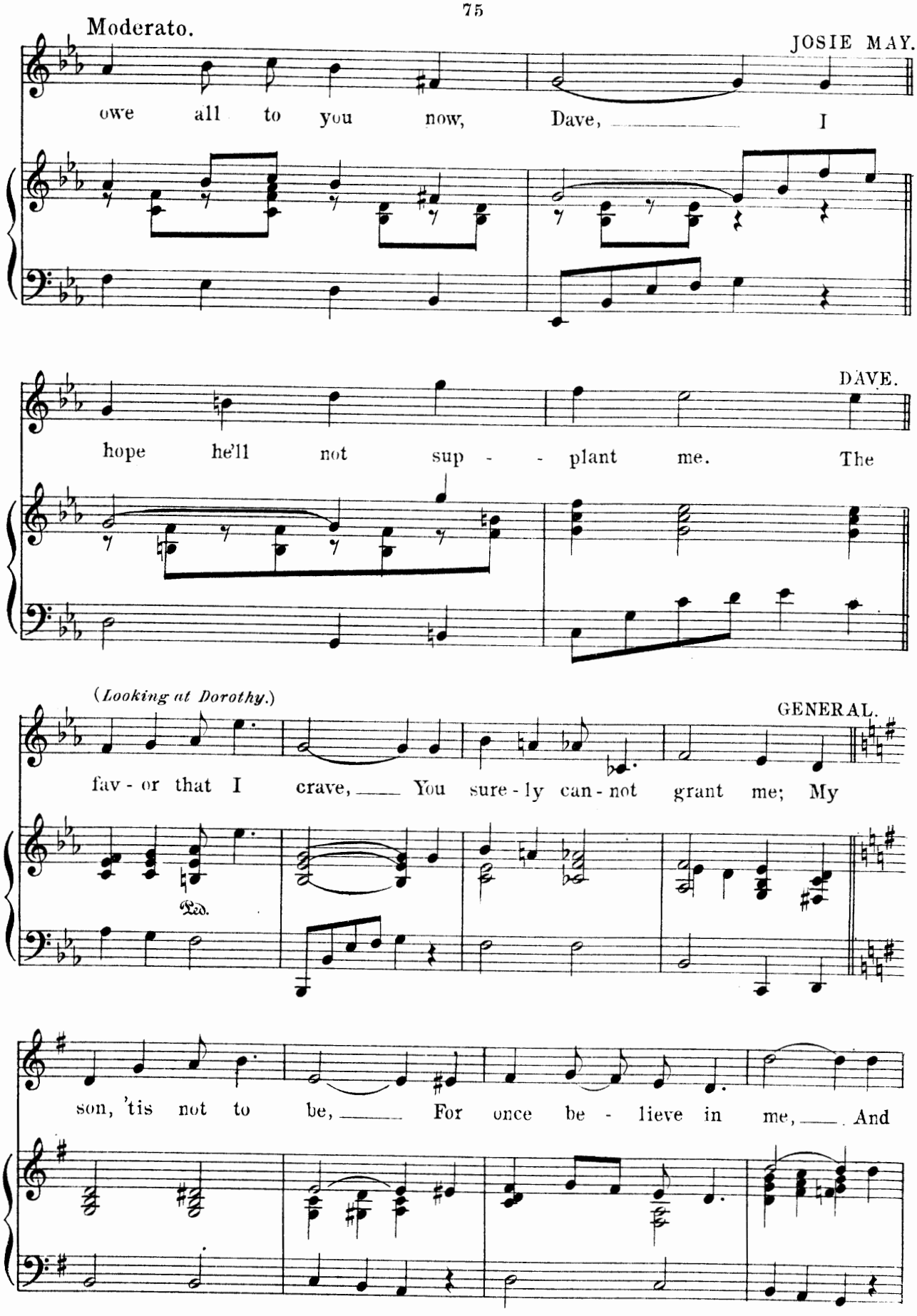


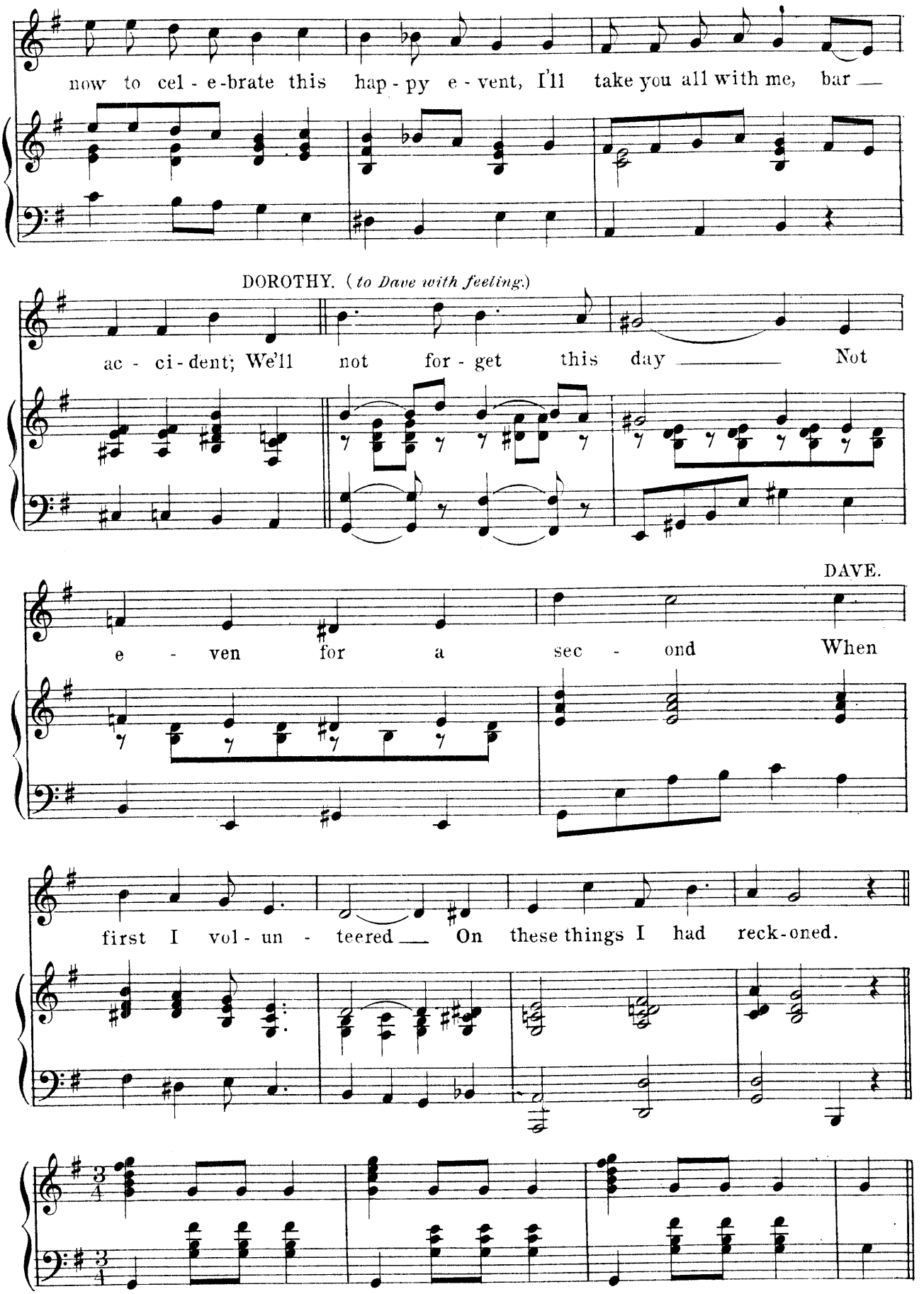

1.
BOB.
At the half she's far be - hind And her stride she can - not
find 'mong the bunch I guess she's lost, Per -
haps she's not their kind Three quar - ters of the
way they've run, This does - n't look sub - lime It


seems as though the_ Gen-er-al's horse is_ up in the air this time._____
8
8
D. S.
2.
SOP.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
At the stretch here comes the row,_____ It's neck and neck, wow,
wow,_____ She's_ lead - ing by an inch, or two, That's_

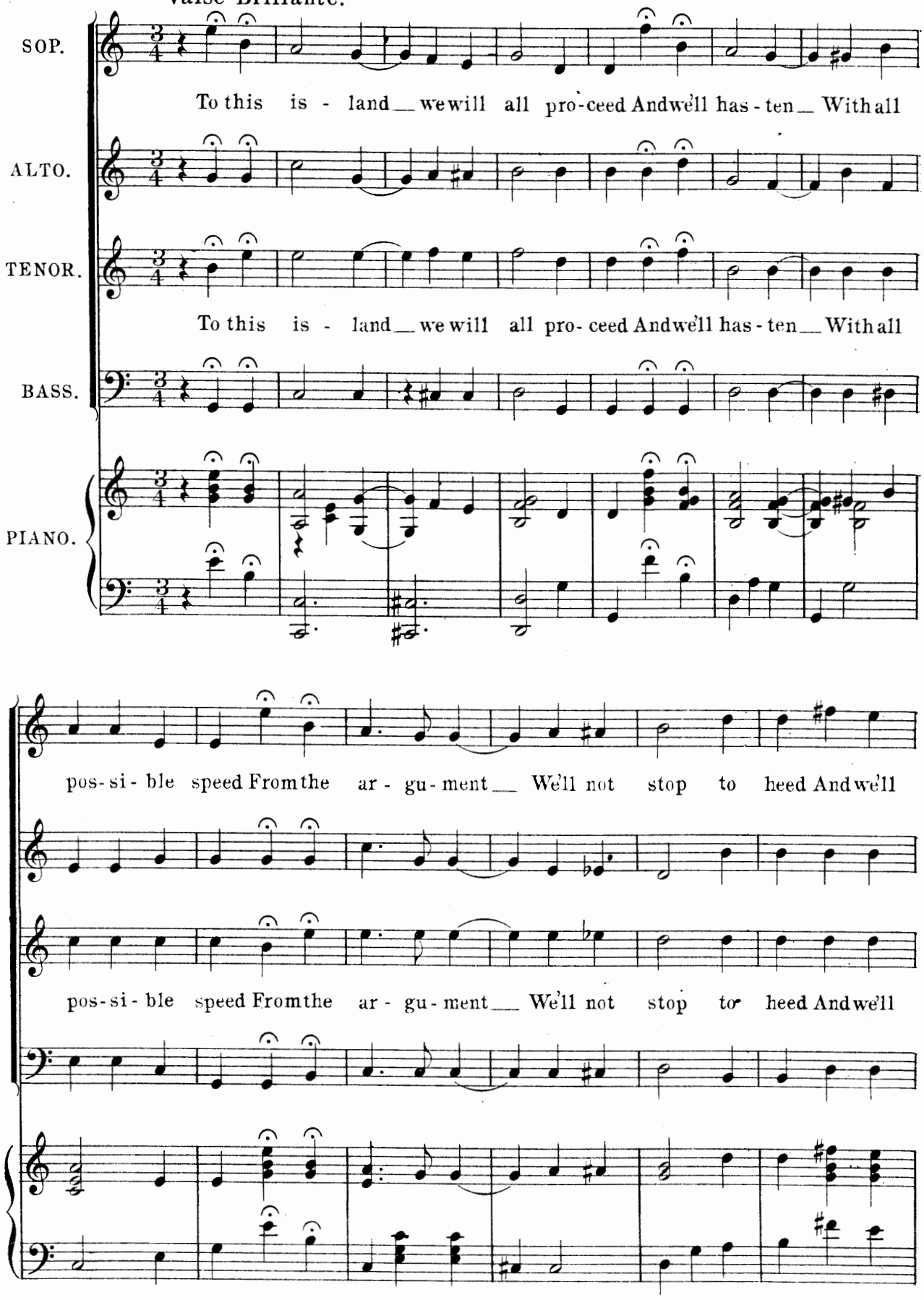

good e - nough just now, They're com - ing, she's in -
creased her lead, My! what a fu - rious pace, She's
past the post, he's proved his boast, She's the win - ner, She's the

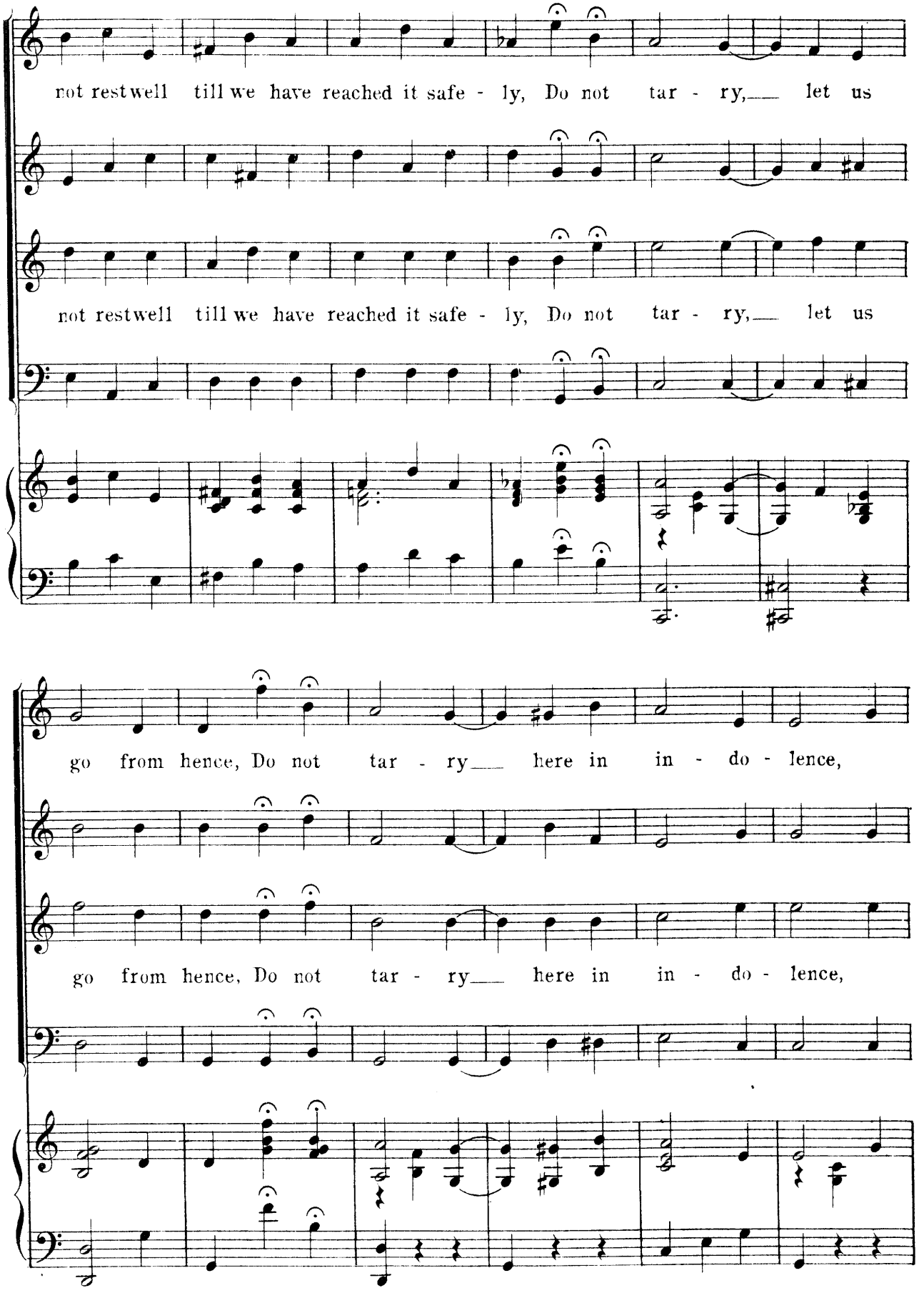

win - ner, She's the win - ner, She's the win - ner, The Gen-er-al's horse has
won the race, The Gen - er - al's horse has won the race, The Gen - er - al's horse has
won the race, Has won, has won the race.
GENERAL.
I
molto rit.

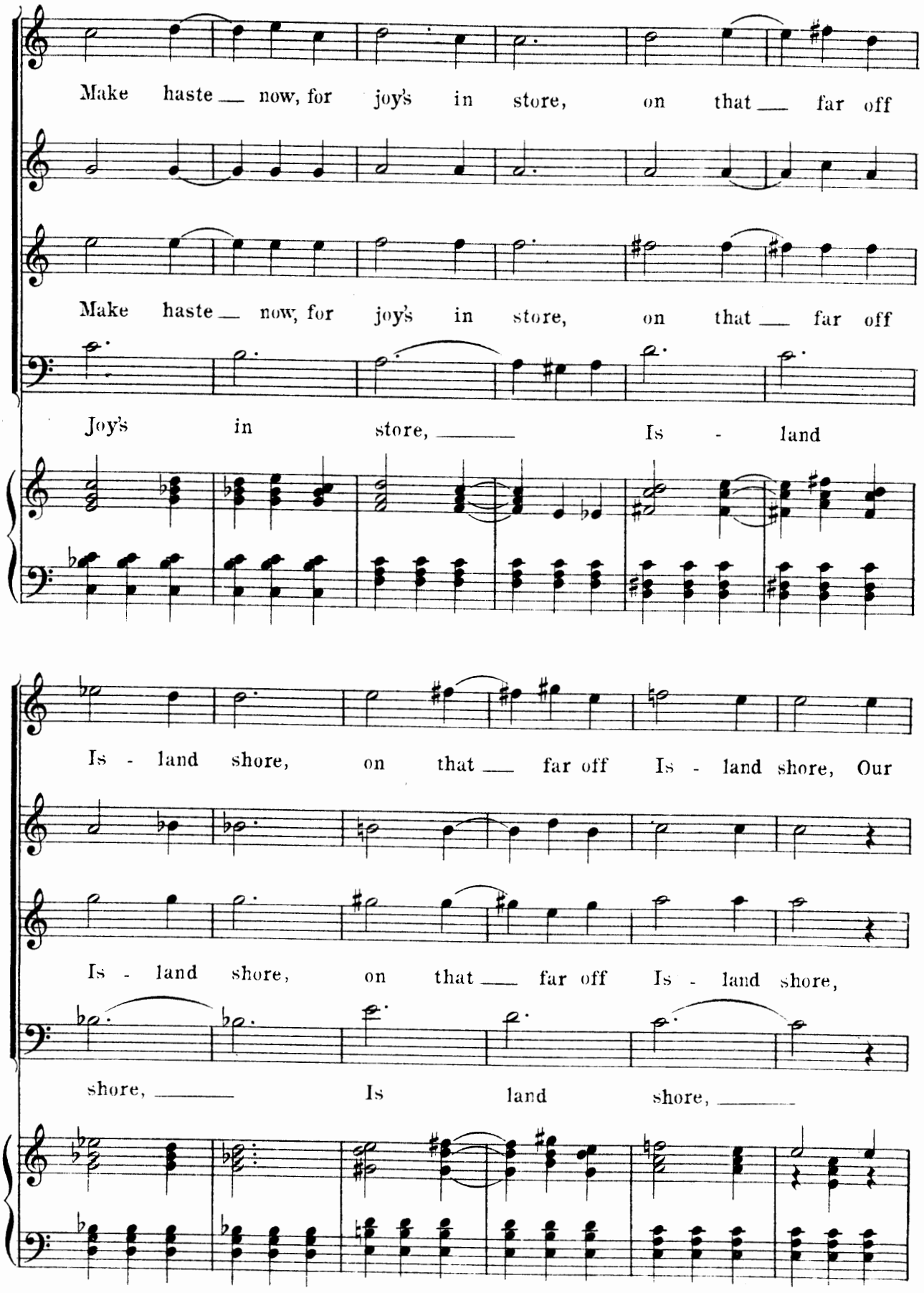

Moderato.
JOSIE MAY.
owe all to you now, Dave, I
DAVE.
hope he'll not sup - - plant me. The
(Looking at Dorothy.)
GENERAL.
fav - or that I crave, You sure - ly can - not grant me; My
Ped.
son, 'tis not to be, For once be - lieve in me, And

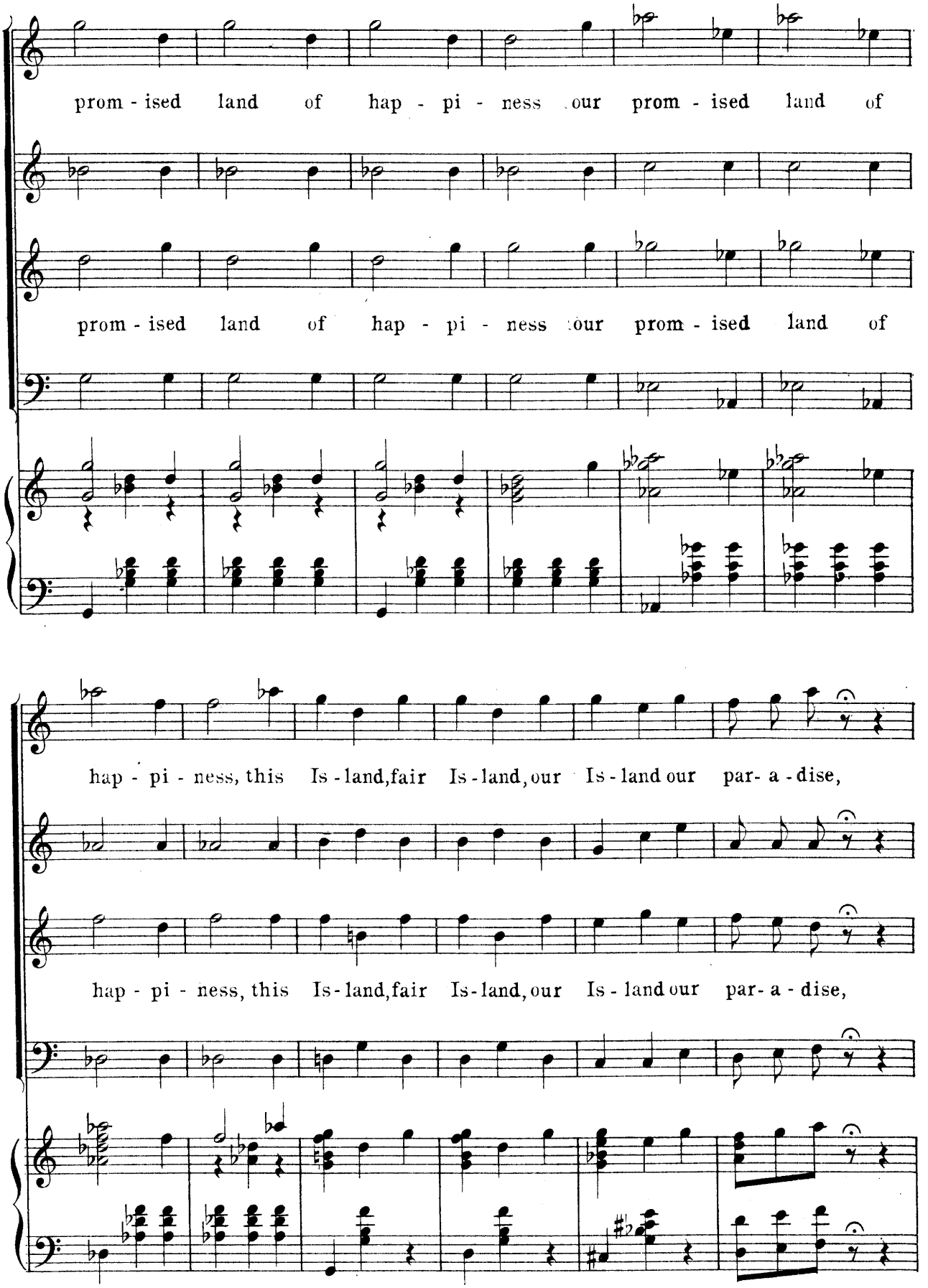

now to cel - e-brate this hap - py e - vent, I'll take you all with me, bar —
DOROTHY. (to Dave with feeling.)
ac - ci-dent; We'll not for - get this day —— Not
DAVE.
e - ven for a sec - ond When
first I vol - un - teered — On these things I had reck-oned.

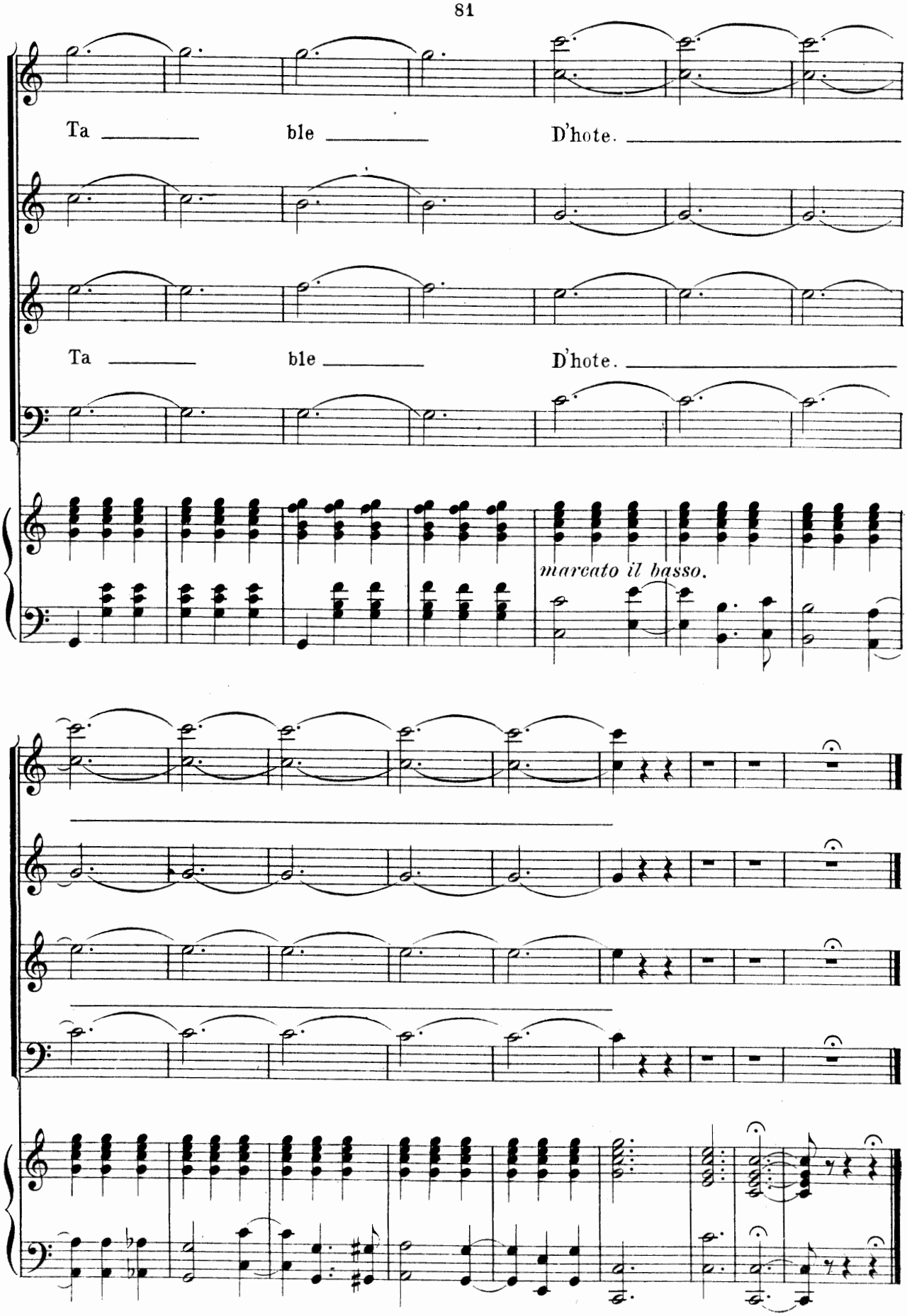
Valse Brillante.



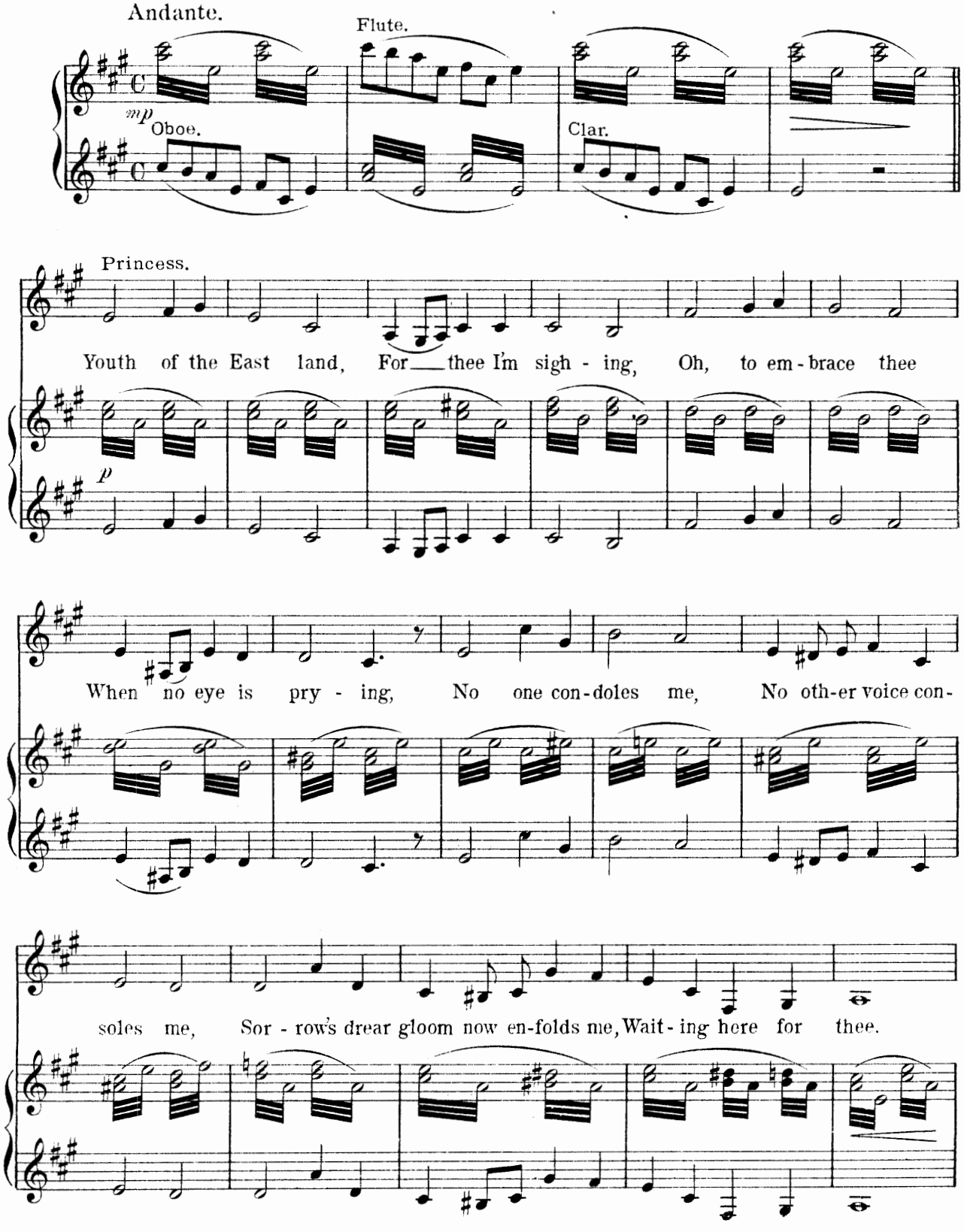

not rest well till we have reached it safe - ly, Do not tar - ry, let us
not rest well till we have reached it safe - ly, Do not tar - ry, let us
go from hence, Do not tar - ry here in in - do - lence,
go from hence, Do not tar - ry here in in - do - lence,

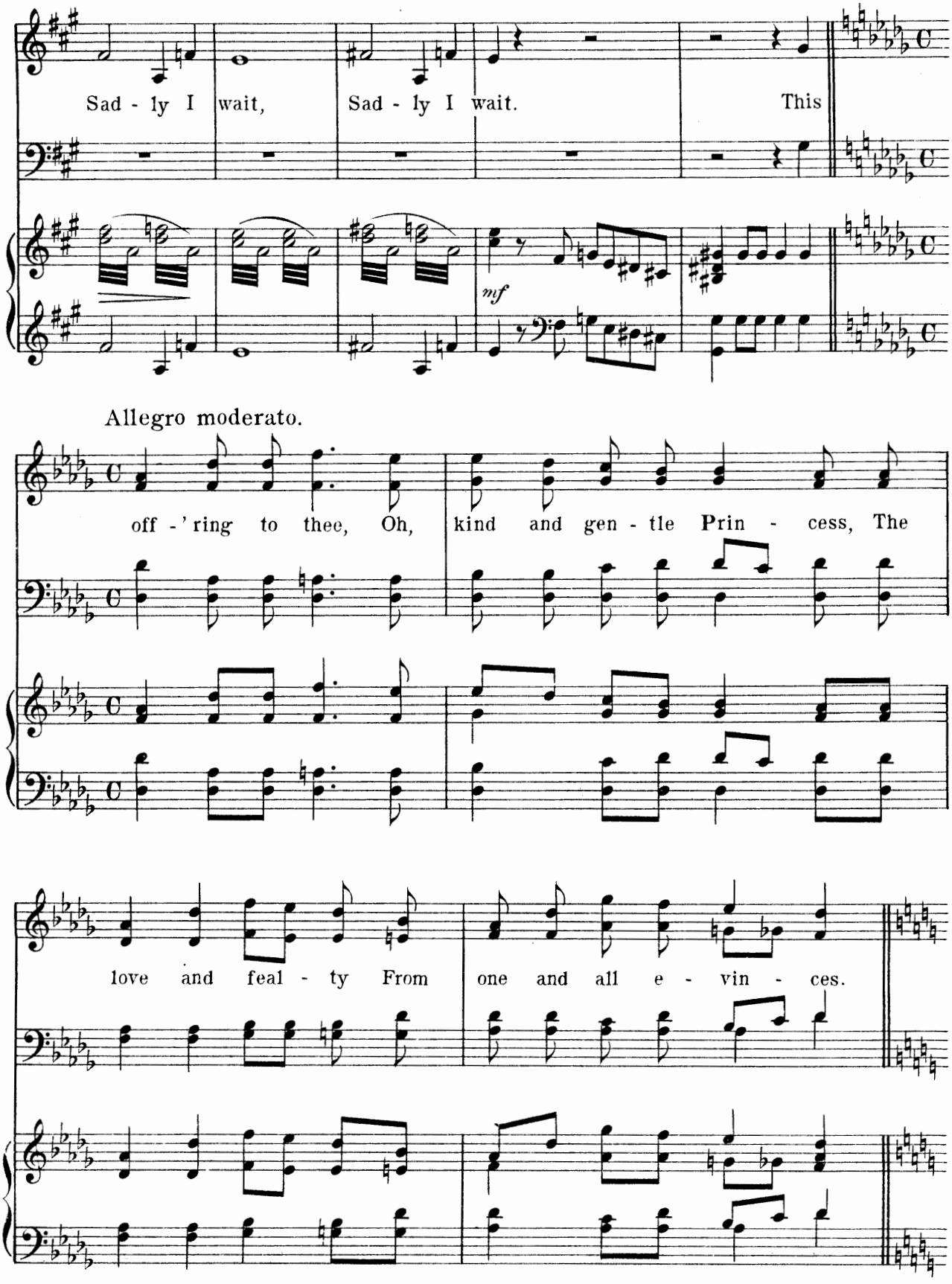

Make haste now, for joy's in store, on that far off
Make haste now, for joy's in store, on that far off
Joy's in store, Is - land
Is - land shore, on that far off Is - land shore, Our
Is - land shore, on that far off Is - land shore,
shore, Is land shore,

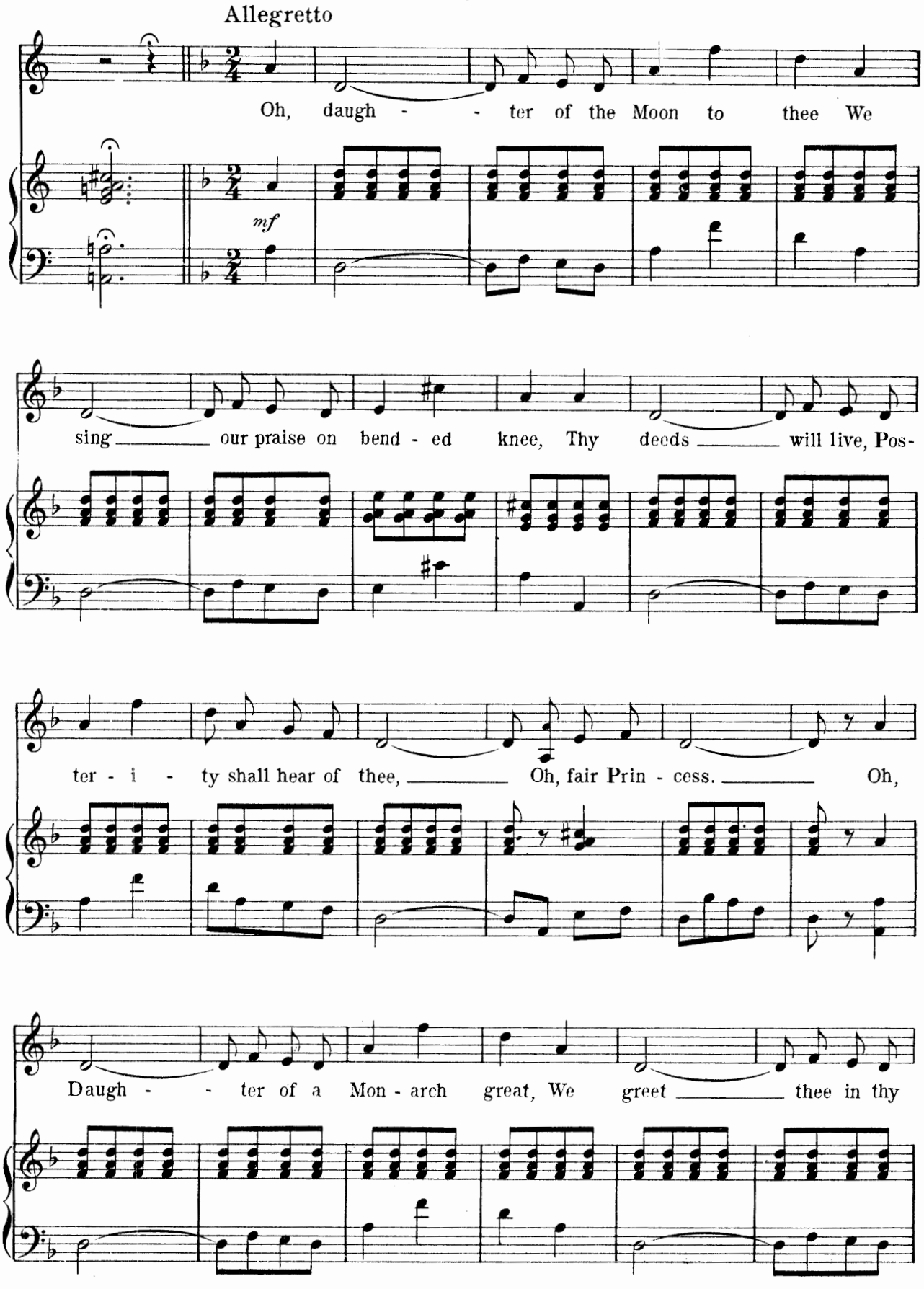

prom - ised land of hap - pi - ness our prom - ised land of
prom - ised land of hap - pi - ness our prom - ised land of
hap - pi - ness, this Is - land, fair Is - land, our Is - land our par- a - dise,
hap - pi - ness, this Is - land, fair Is - land, our Is - land our par- a - dise,

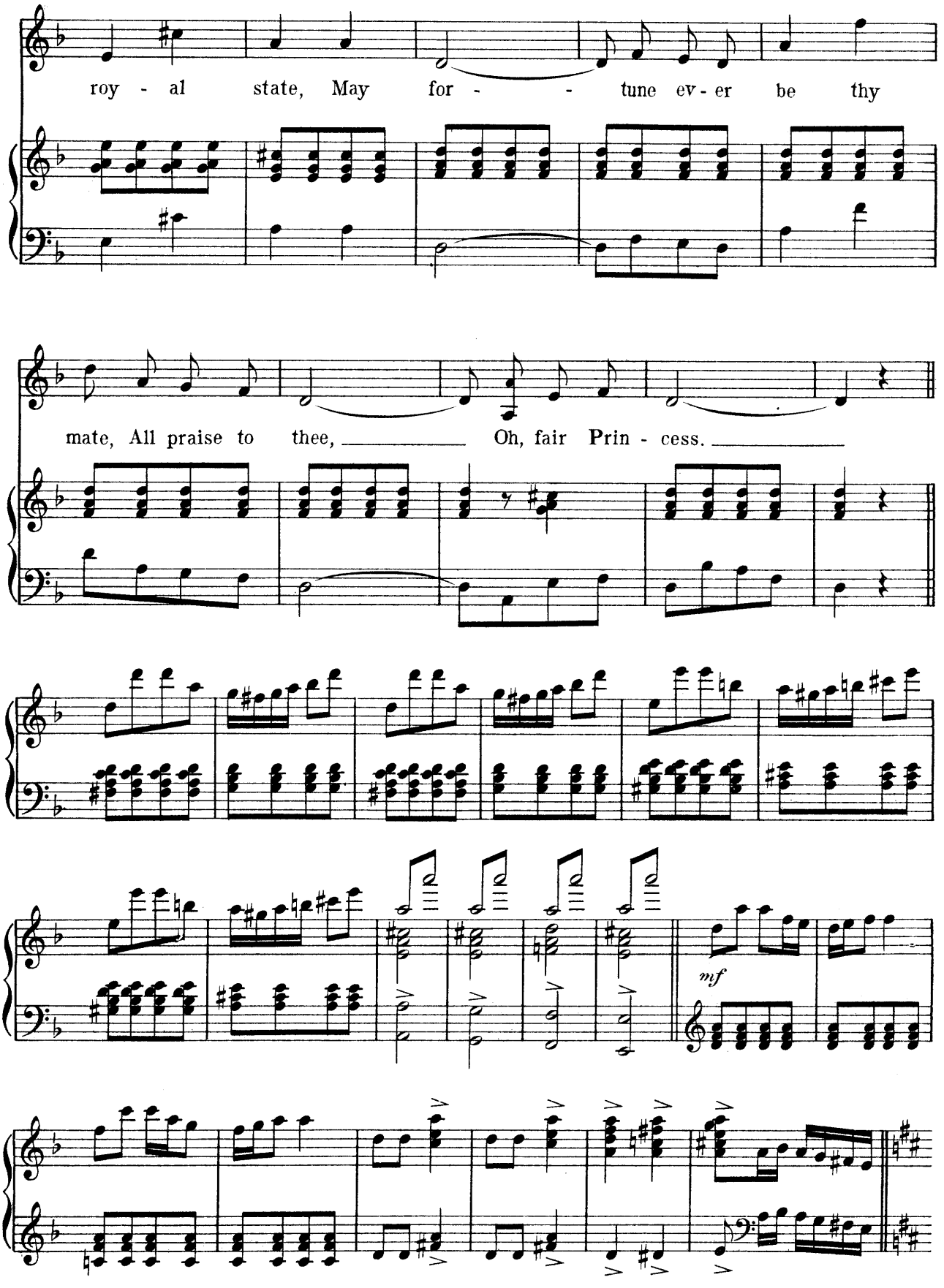

Ta ble D'hote.
Ta ble D'hote.
marcato il basso.

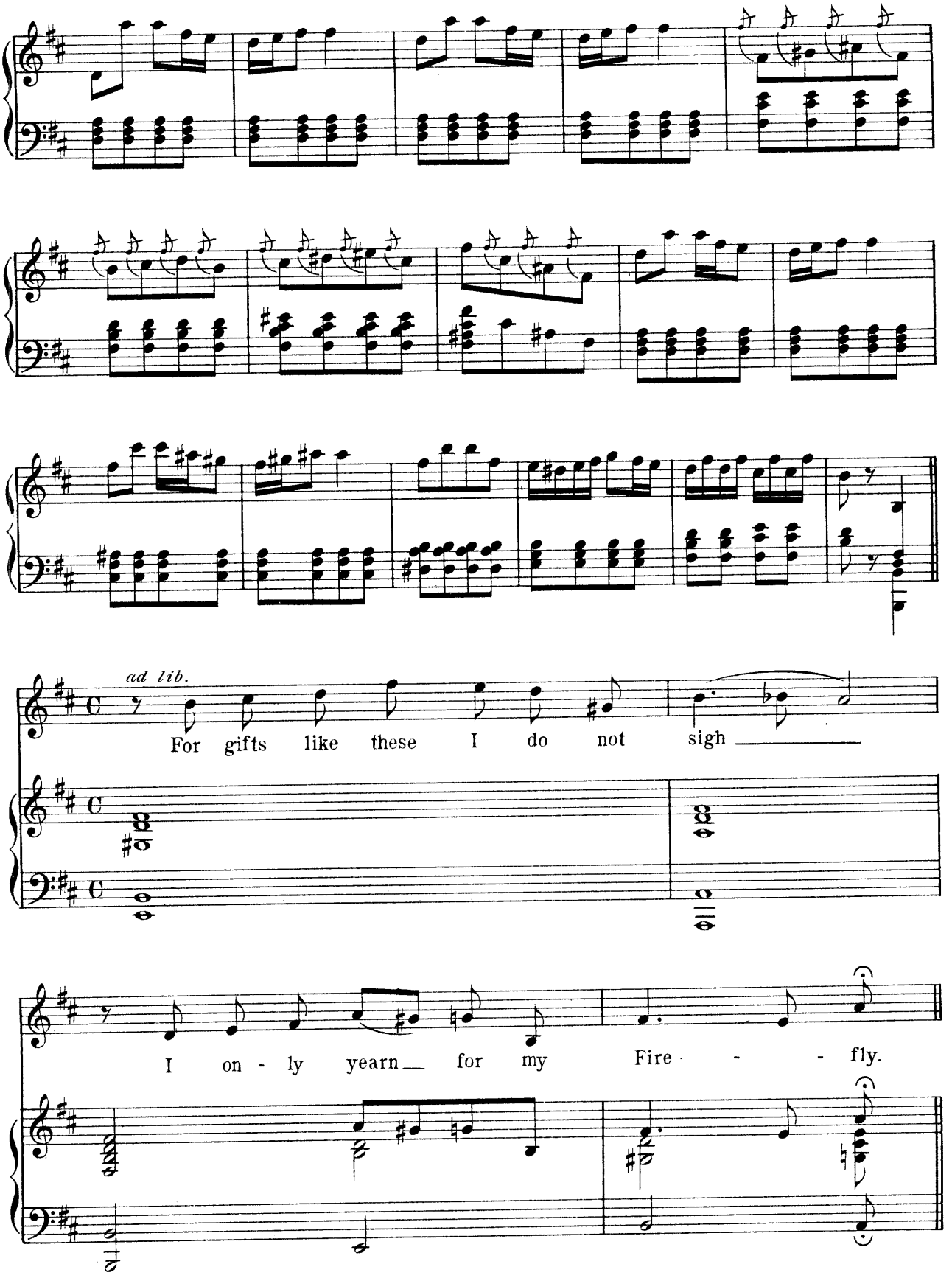
Opening Act II.



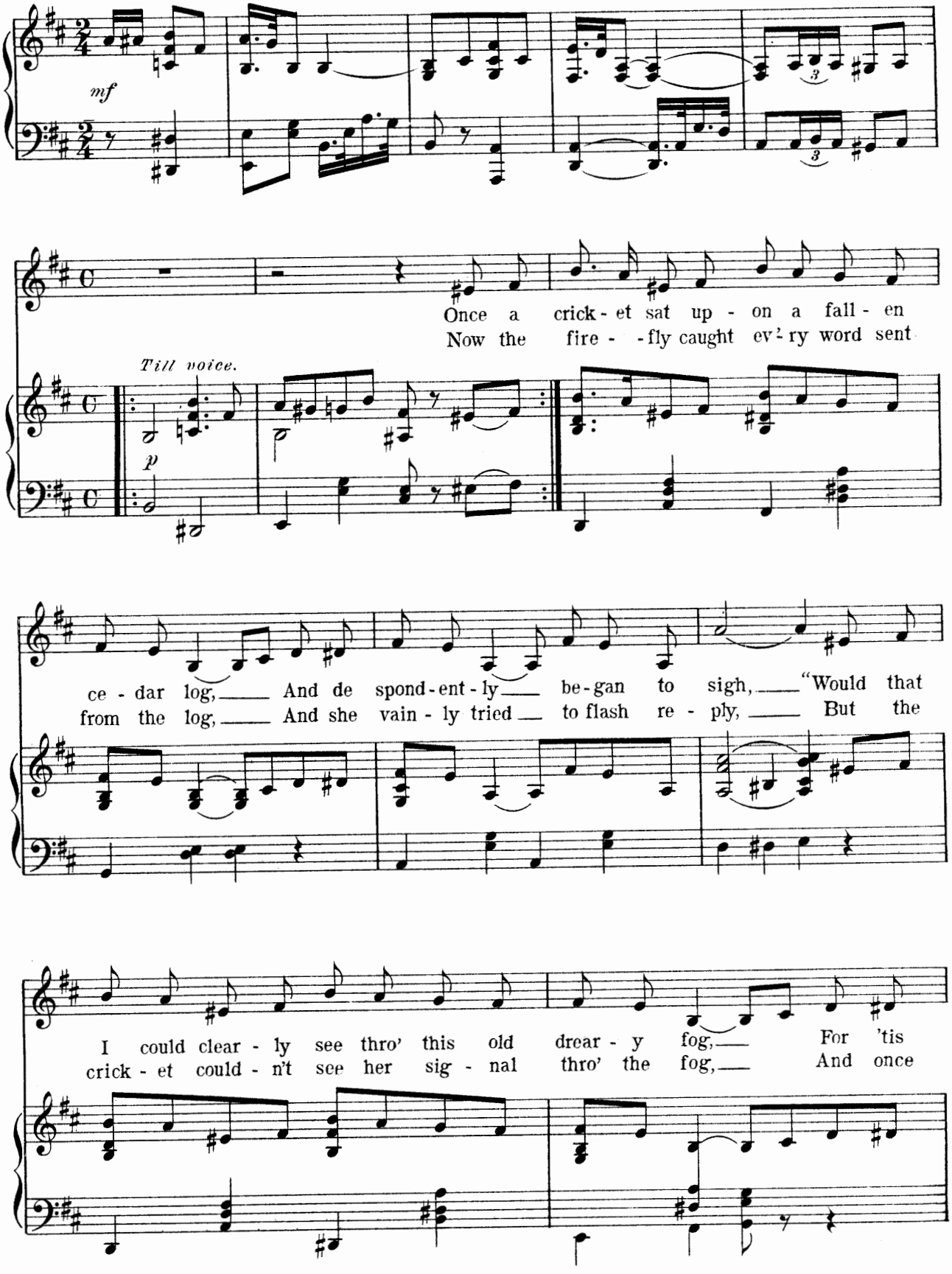

Sad - ly I wait, Sad - ly I wait. This
mf
Allegro moderato.
off - 'ring to thee, Oh, kind and gen - tle Prin - cess, The
love and feal - ty From one and all e - vin - ces.

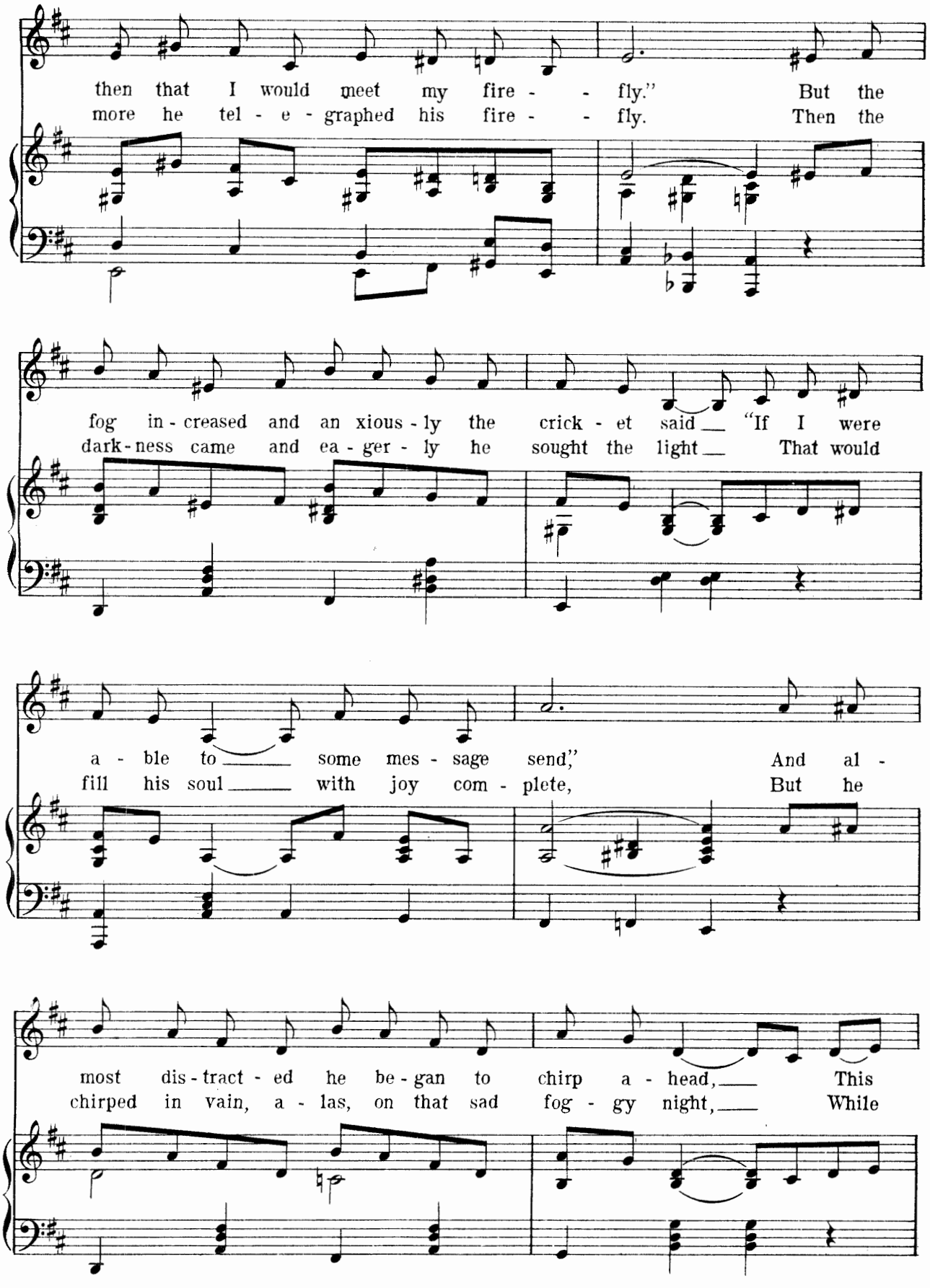

Allegretto
Oh, daugh - - ter of the Moon to thee We
mf
sing our praise on bend - ed knee, Thy deeds will live, Pos-
ter - i - ty shall hear of thee, Oh, fair Prin - cess. Oh,
Daugh - - ter of a Mon - arch great, We greet thee in thy

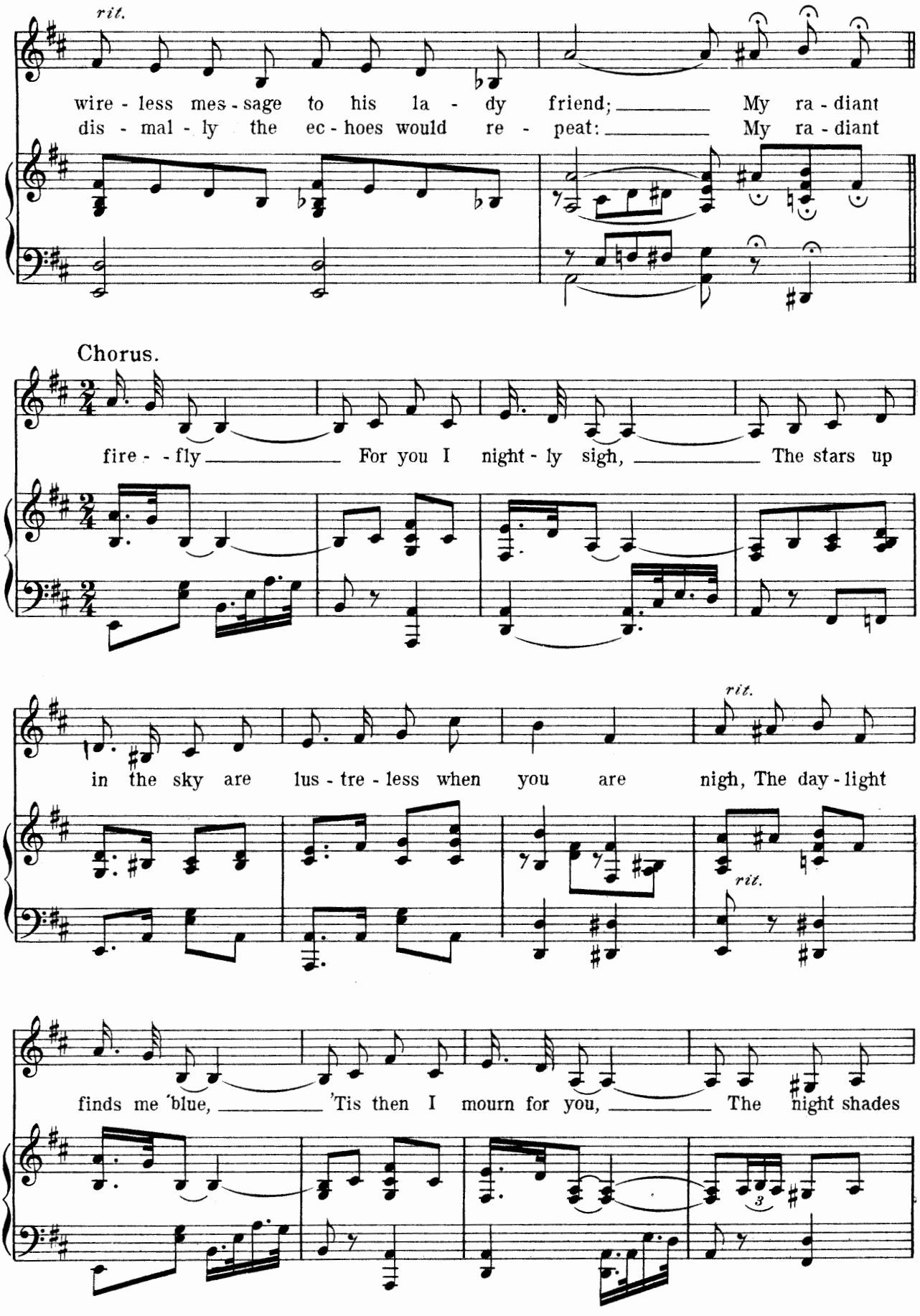

roy - al state, May for - - tune ev - er be thy
mate, All praise to thee, Oh, fair Prin - cess.
mf

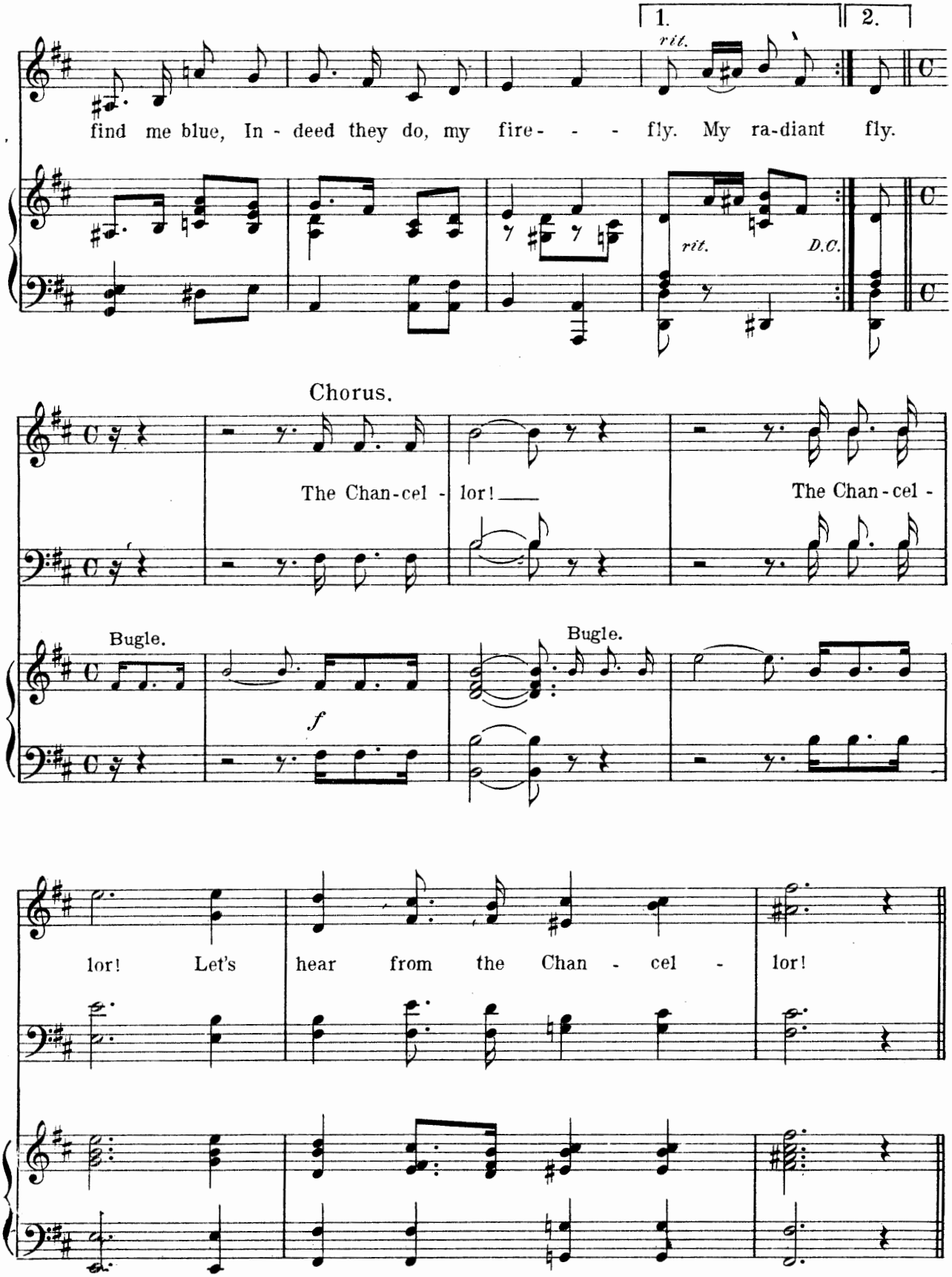

ad lib.
For gifts like these I do not sigh
I on - ly yearn for my Fire - - - fly.

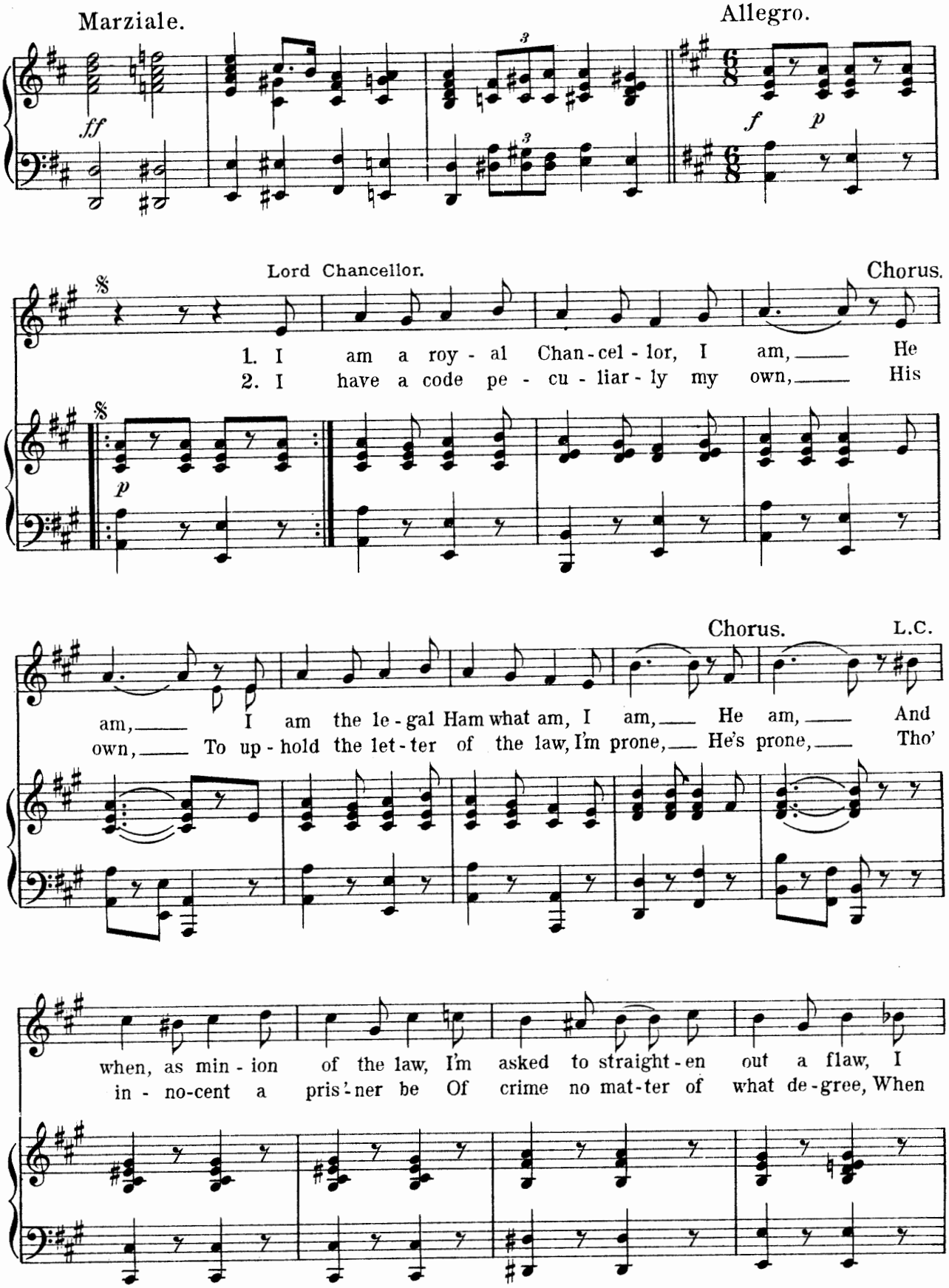
Moderato.

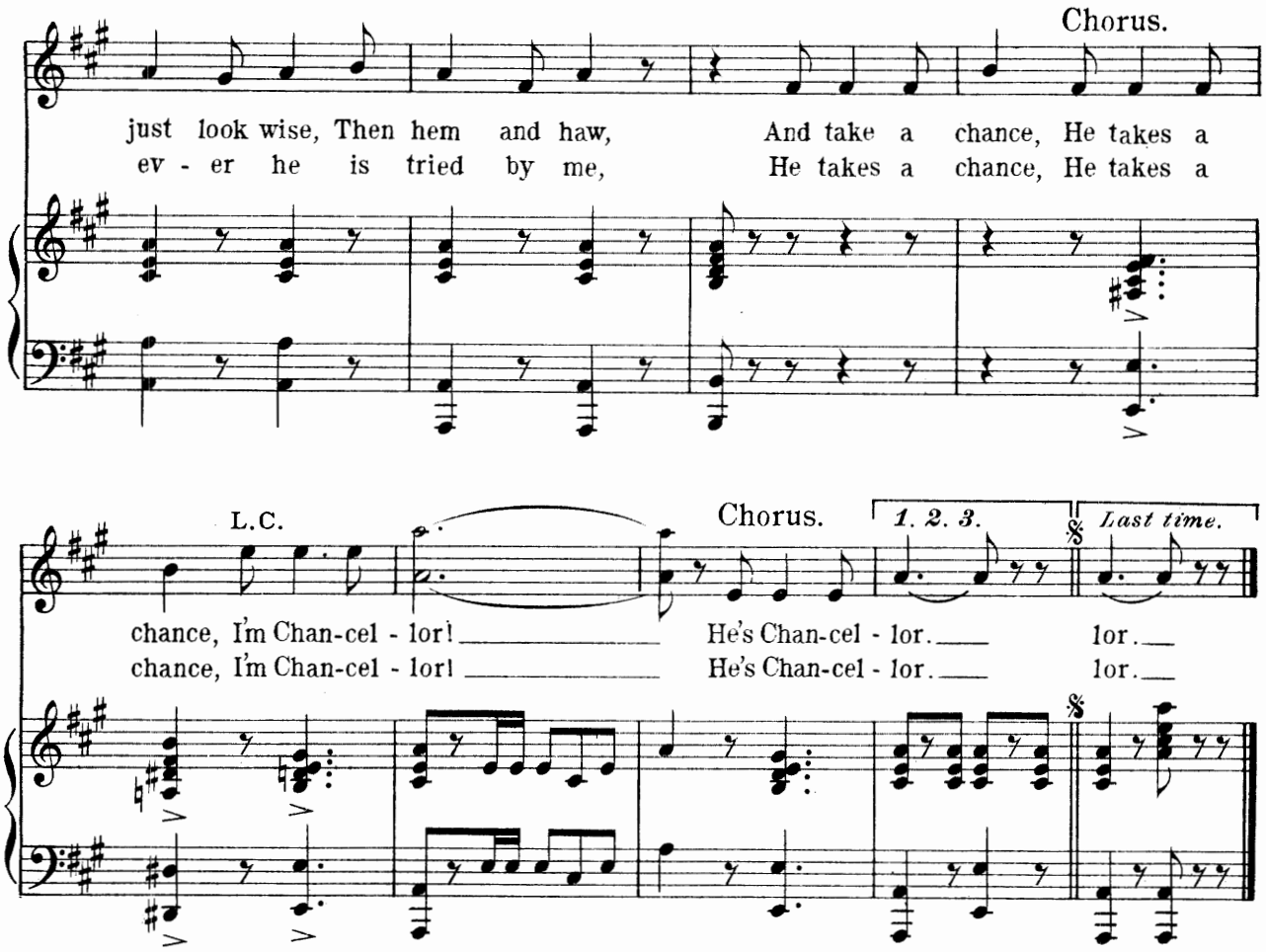

mf
Once a crick - et sat up - on a fall - en
Now the fire - - fly caught ev'-ry word sent
Till voice.
p
ce - dar log, And de spond - ent - ly be - gan to sigh, "Would that
from the log, And she vain - ly tried to flash re - ply, But the
I could clear - ly see thro' this old drear - y fog, For 'tis
crick - et could - n't see her sig - nal thro' the fog, And once


then that I would meet my fire - - fly." But the
more he tel - e - graphed his fire - - fly. Then the
fog in - creased and an xious - ly the crick - et said "If I were
dark - ness came and ea - ger - ly he sought the light That would
a - ble to some mes - sage send," And al -
fill his soul with joy com - plete, But he
most dis - tract - ed he be - gan to chirp a - head, This
chirped in vain, a - las, on that sad fog - gy night, While


rit.
wire - less mes - sage to his la - dy friend; My ra - diant
dis - mal - ly the ec - hoes would re - peat: My ra - diant
Chorus.
fire - - fly For you I night - ly sigh, The stars up
in the sky are lus - tre - less when you are nigh, The day - light
rit.
rit.
finds me blue, 'Tis then I mourn for you, The night shades
3


1.
2.
rit.
find me blue, In - deed they do, my fire- - - fly. My ra-diant fly.
rit.
D.C.
Chorus.
The Chan-cel - lor!
The Chan-cel -
Bugle.
Bugle.
f
lor! Let's hear from the Chan - cel - lor!


Marziale.
Allegro.
ff
f
p
Lord Chancellor.
Chorus.
1. I am a roy - al Chan - cel - lor, I am, He
2. I have a code pe - cu - liar - ly my own, His
p
Chorus.
L.C.
am, I am the le - gal Ham what am, I am, He am, And
own, To up - hold the let - ter of the law, I'm prone, He's prone, Tho'
when, as min - ion of the law, I'm asked to straight - en out a flaw, I
in - no-cent a pris'-ner be Of crime no mat - ter of what de - gree, When



3.

I love to sit in judgment when a wife (a wife)
Sues for divorce, 'tis then I give *him* life (him life)
As soon as hubby's led away
And Court's adjourned, I'd make her stay,
We'd then enjoy a tete-a-tete,
I take a chance (He takes a chance)
I'm Chancellor (He's Chancellor.)

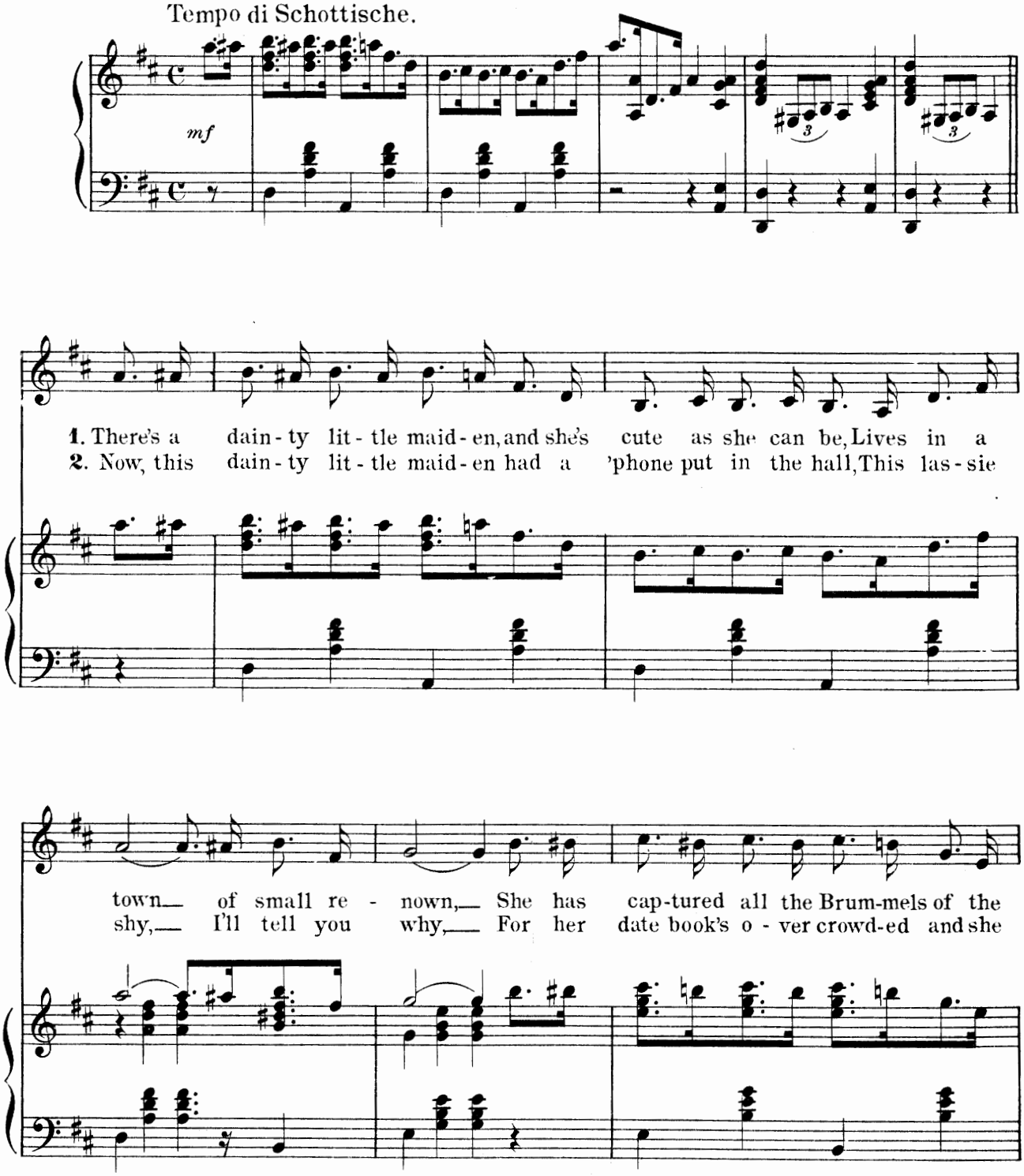
4.

New York has quite a Chancellor, you see (you see)
Jerome's his name and very strict is he (is he?)
He's closed the doors, but two or three.
Keep open yet, defiantly,
But my advice to them would be
Don't take a chance (Don't take a chance)
While he's Chancellor (He's Chancellor.)

Miss Susanna from Urbana.

(Dave.)

Introduction.
Tempo di Schottische.



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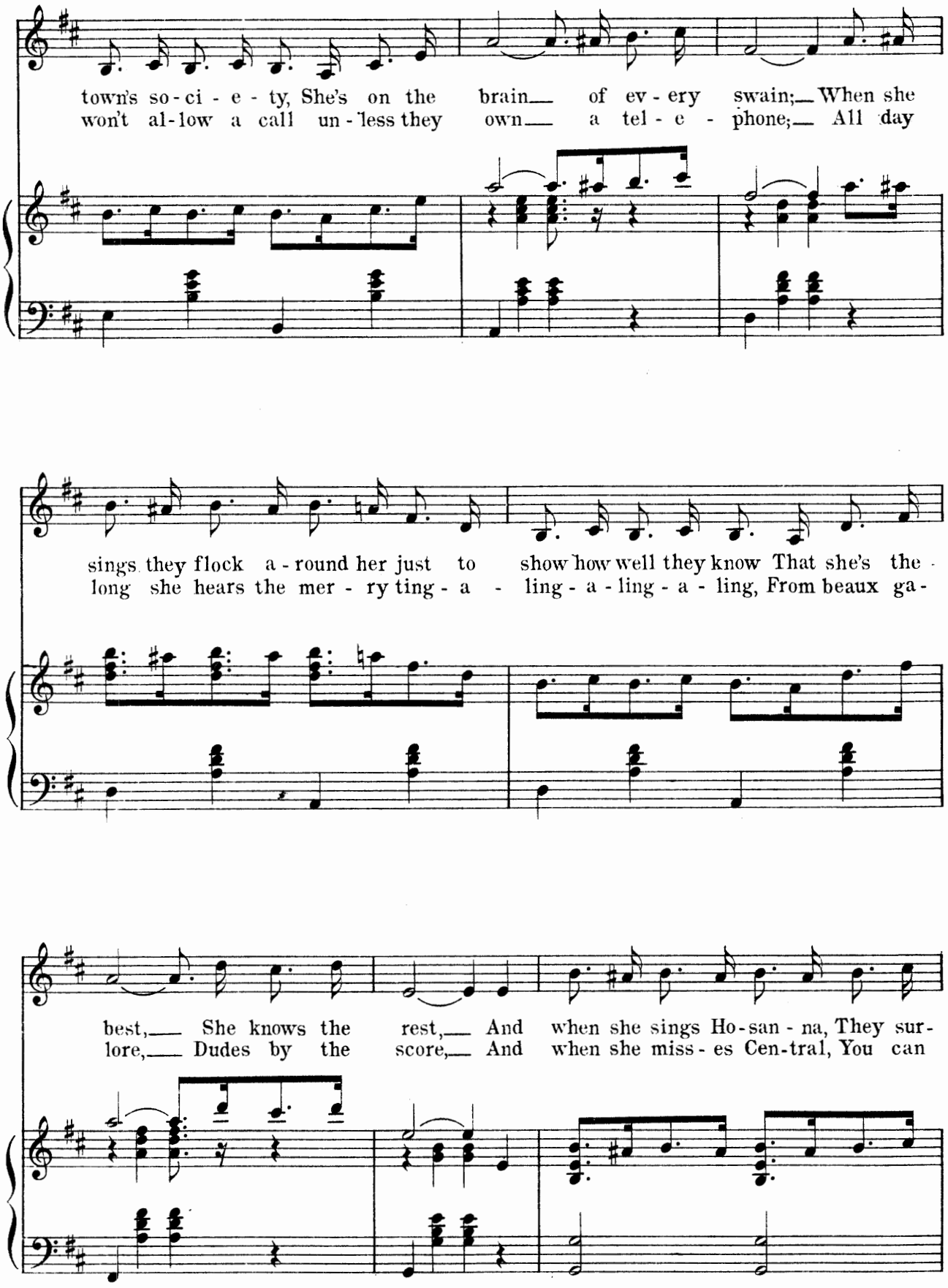
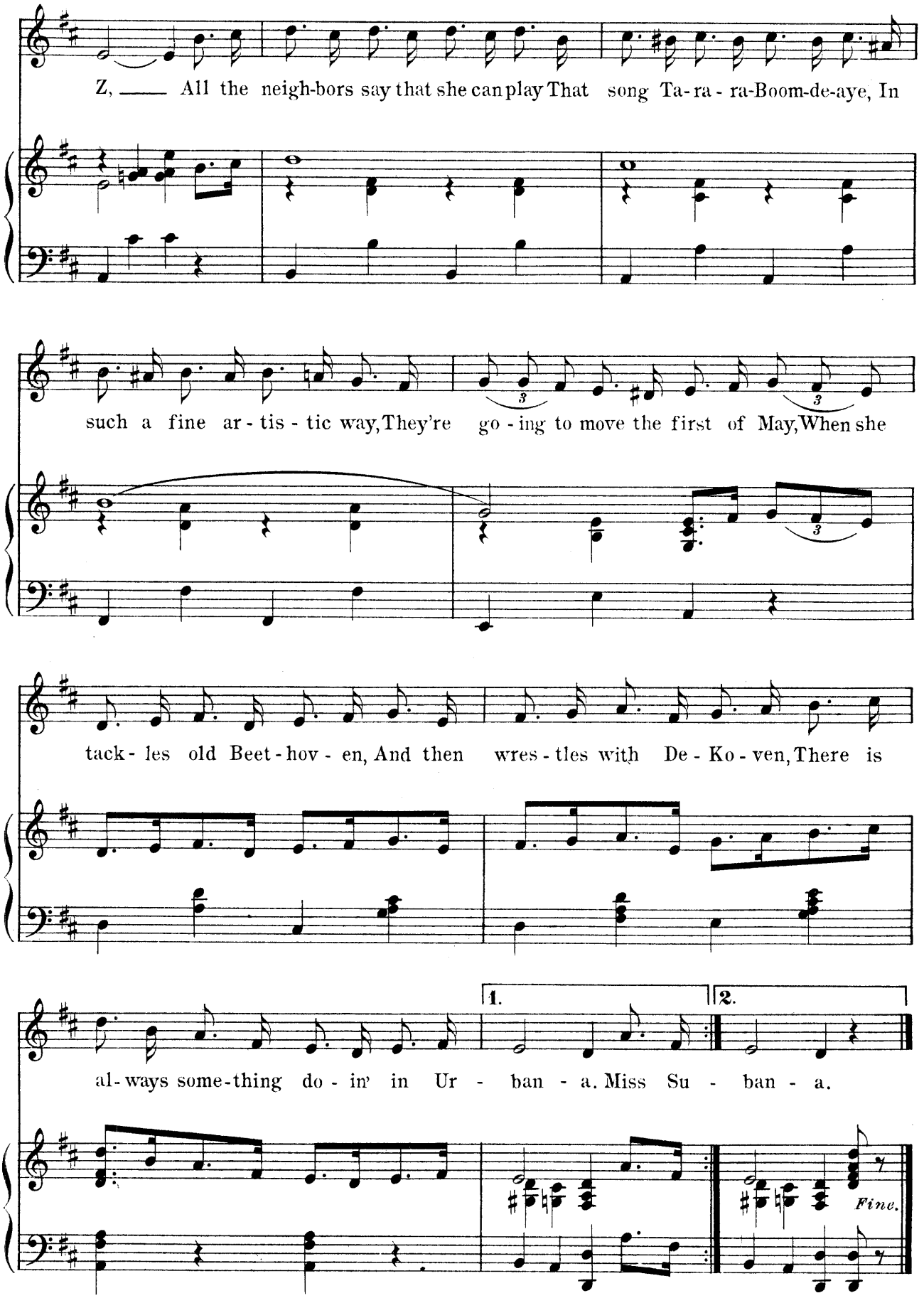

town's so-ci-e-ty, She's on the brain of ev-ery swain; When she
won't al-low a call un-less they own a tel-e-phone; All day
sings they flock a-round her just to show how well they know That she's the
long she hears the mer-ry ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling, From beaux ga-
best, She knows the rest, And when she sings Ho-san-na, They sur-
lore, Dudes by the score, And when she miss-es Cen-tral, You can

round the old pi - an - o, While the oth - er girls in jeal - ous - y cry out: "Oh fudge!"
bet it's ac - ci - dent - al, For she has a string up - on the man - a - ger: "Hel - lo!"

CHORUS.

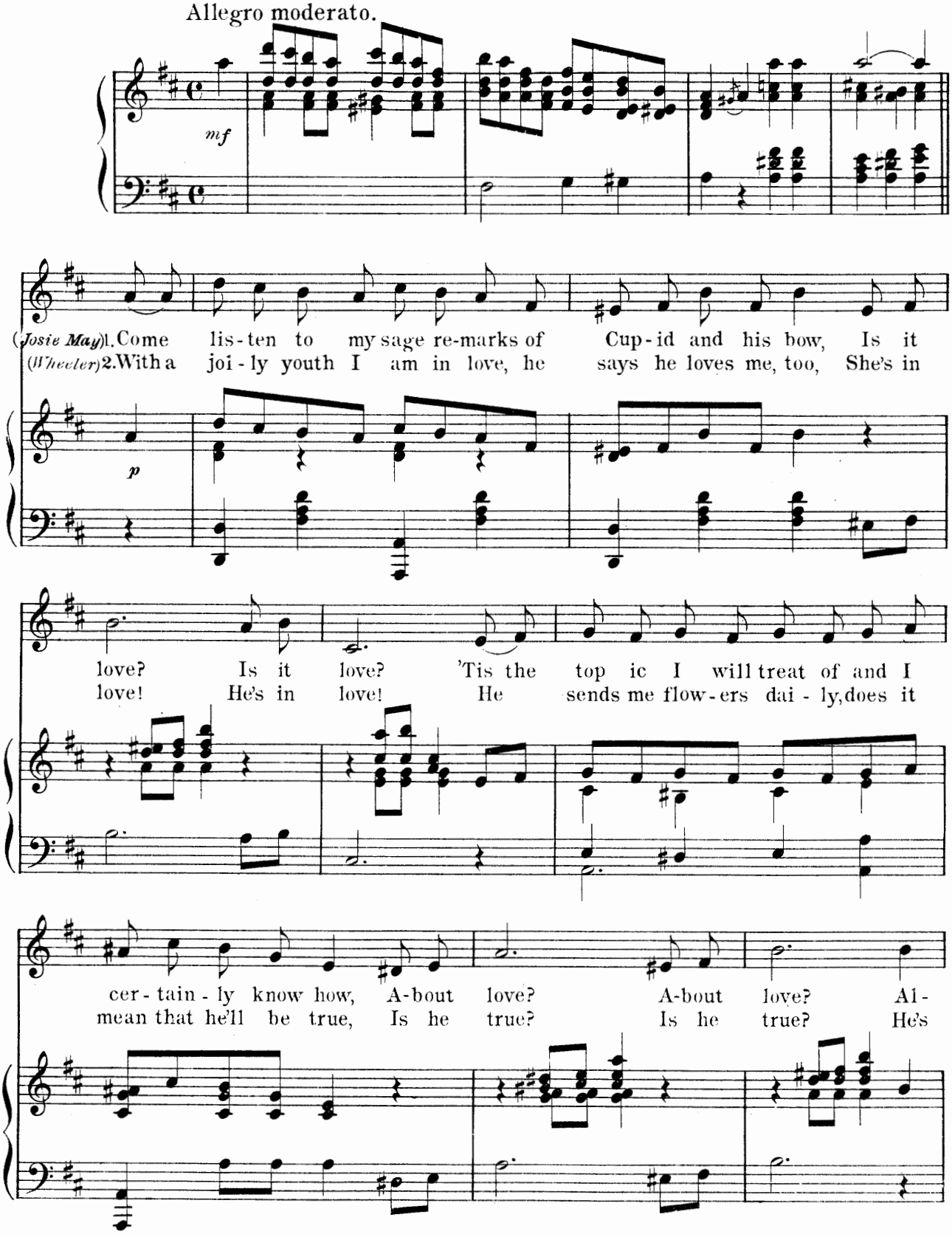
Miss Su - san - na, from Ur - ban - a, Quite a cul - ti - va - ted. las - sie, you'll a -

gree; Plays pi - an - o Rus - ti - can - na, And she knows the oth - er clas - sics A to


Z, ___ All the neigh-bors say that she can play That song Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-aye, In
such a fine ar-tis-tic way, They're go-ing to move the first of May, When she
tack-les old Beet-hov-en, And then wres-tles with De-Ko-ven, There is
al-ways some-thing do-in' in Ur-ban-a. Miss Su-ban-a.
1.
2.
Fine.

Hints on love.

(Josie May, Wheeler, Garland, Fleeceum, Blutch.)



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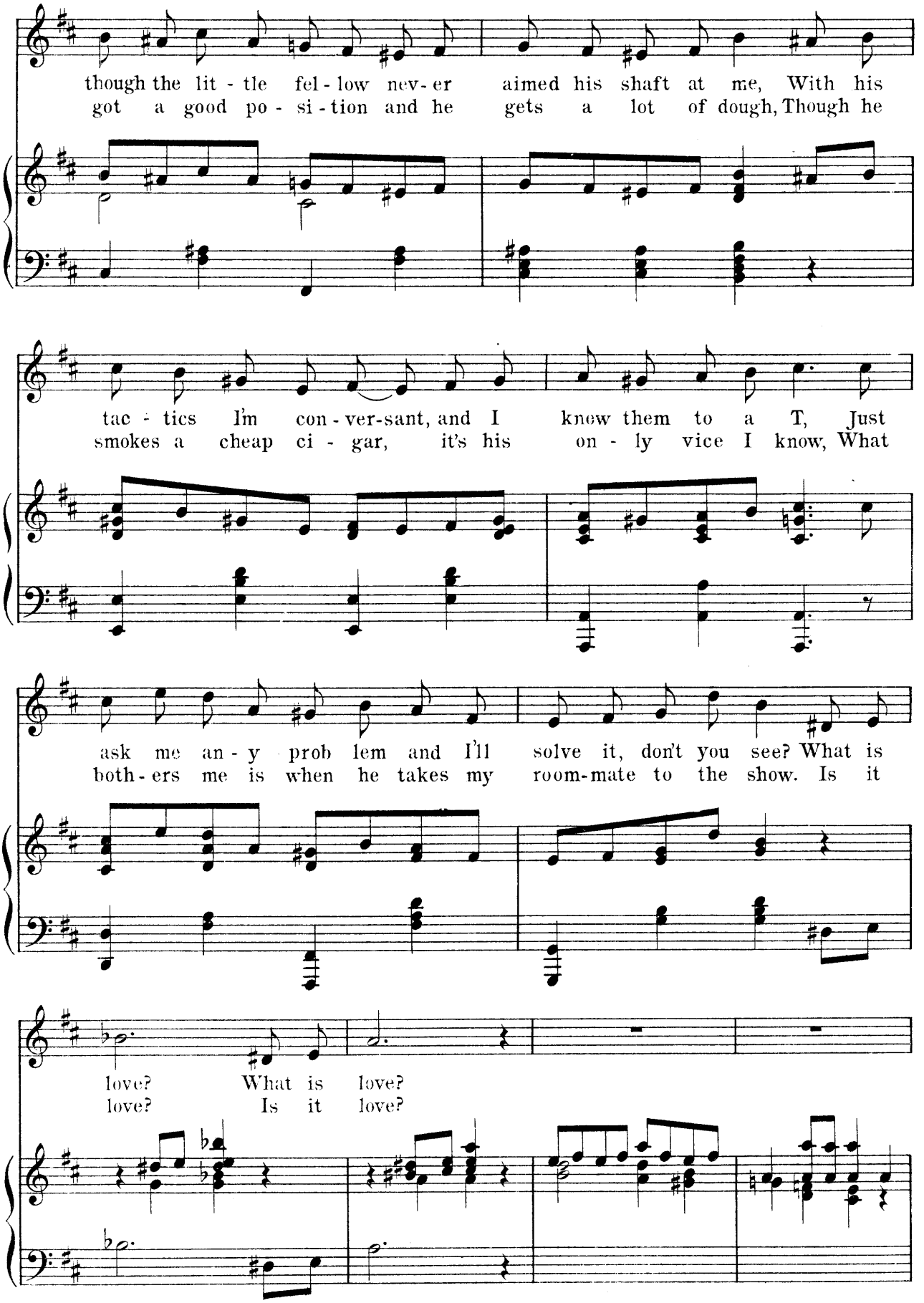
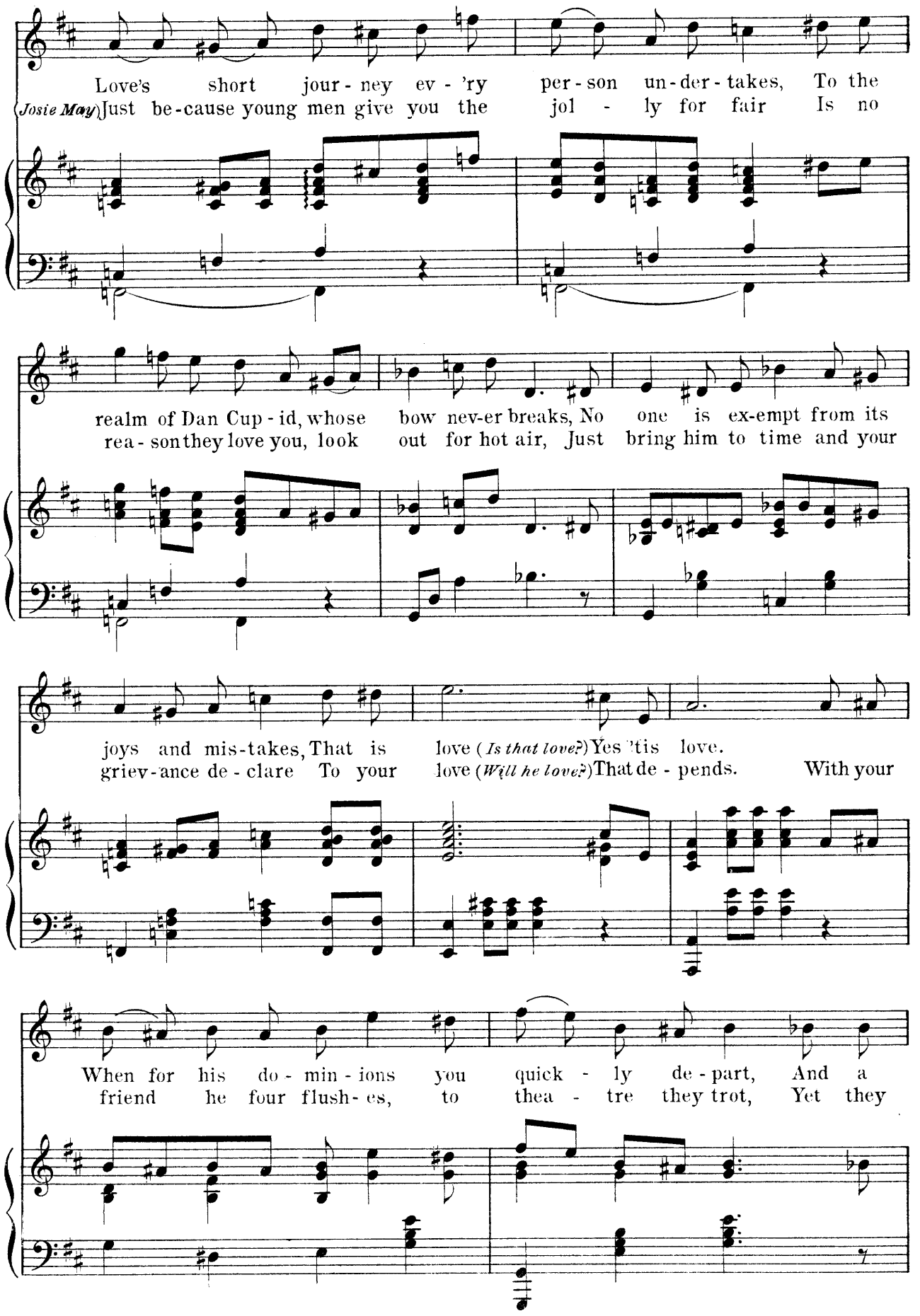
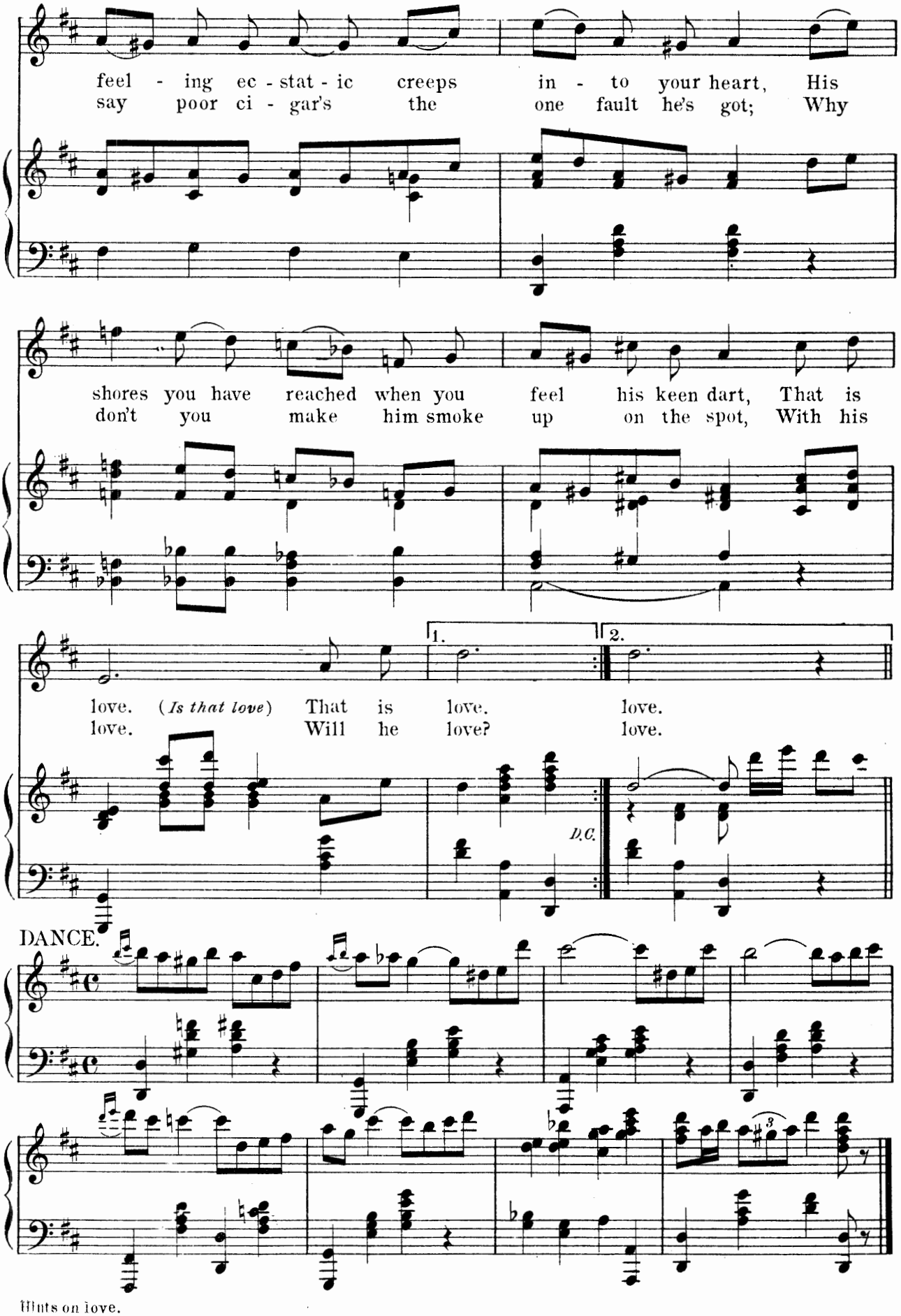

though the lit - tle fel - low nev- er aimed his shaft at me, With his
got a good po - si - tion and he gets a lot of dough, Though he
tac - tics I'm con - ver-sant, and I knew them to a T, Just
smokes a cheap ci - gar, it's his on - ly vice I know, What
ask me an - y prob lem and I'll solve it, don't you see? What is
both - ers me is when he takes my room-mate to the show. Is it
love? What is love?
love? Is it love?


Love's short jour - ney ev - 'ry per - son un - der - takes, To the
Josie May Just be-cause young men give you the jol - ly for fair Is no
realm of Dan Cup - id, whose bow nev-er breaks, No one is ex-empt from its
rea - son they love you, look out for hot air, Just bring him to time and your
joys and mis-takes, That is love (Is that love?) Yes 'tis love.
griev-ance de - clare To your love (Will he love?) That de - pends. With your
When for his do - min - ions you quick - ly de - part, And a
friend he four flush - es, to thea - tre they trot, Yet they


feel - ing ec - stat - ic creeps in - to your heart, His
say poor ci - gar's the one fault he's got; Why
shores you have reached when you feel his keen dart, That is
don't you make him smoke up on the spot, With his
love. (*Is that love*) That is love. love.
love. Will he love? love.
1.
2.
D.C.
DANCE.

3.

(*Fleeceum*) Though marriage has its blessings and its thousand little joys
Little joys, little joys,
I long for single blessedness, to go chasing with the boys,
With the boys, with the boys!
My wife's a female suffragist, when asleep she has the knack
Of agitating questions on the platform of my back.
Kindly tell me shall I give this Susan Anthony the sack?
A divorce, A divorce?

(*Josie May*) Down trodden by man we have been, it is true,
But why on his back do a cake walk or two,
When we girls are so many and cruel men so few,
Don't take chances. Shall we love? Yes, leave him alone.
While wife's great right to a vote's very clear,
To me it's quite evident she has a wrong steer,
Just make her sleep soundly by a glass of Schlitz's beer,
Then she'll sleep
Will she sleep?
Try it and see.

4.

(*Garland*) With a shy young bachelor I m in love, he's very cold to me,
She's in love, she's in love,
His father has consented, but he still wants to be free,
She's in love, she's in love,
Of worldly goods I've plenty and a husband could support,
My lovely disposition would make life one joyful sport,
But he laughs at my attentions, I await your wise retort,
Will he love? will he love?

(*Josie May*) Your love, dear, unrequited, you mustn't confess,
Don't swell his spoiled head by a hopeless caress,
Try flirting with other men, just let him guess,
Then he'll love.
Will he love?
In a minute.
Too kind you have acted to Master Disdain,
You showed quite too plainly he's been on your brain,
Try getting him jealous and spare yourself pain,
Then he'll love!
Will he love?
I should say so.

5.

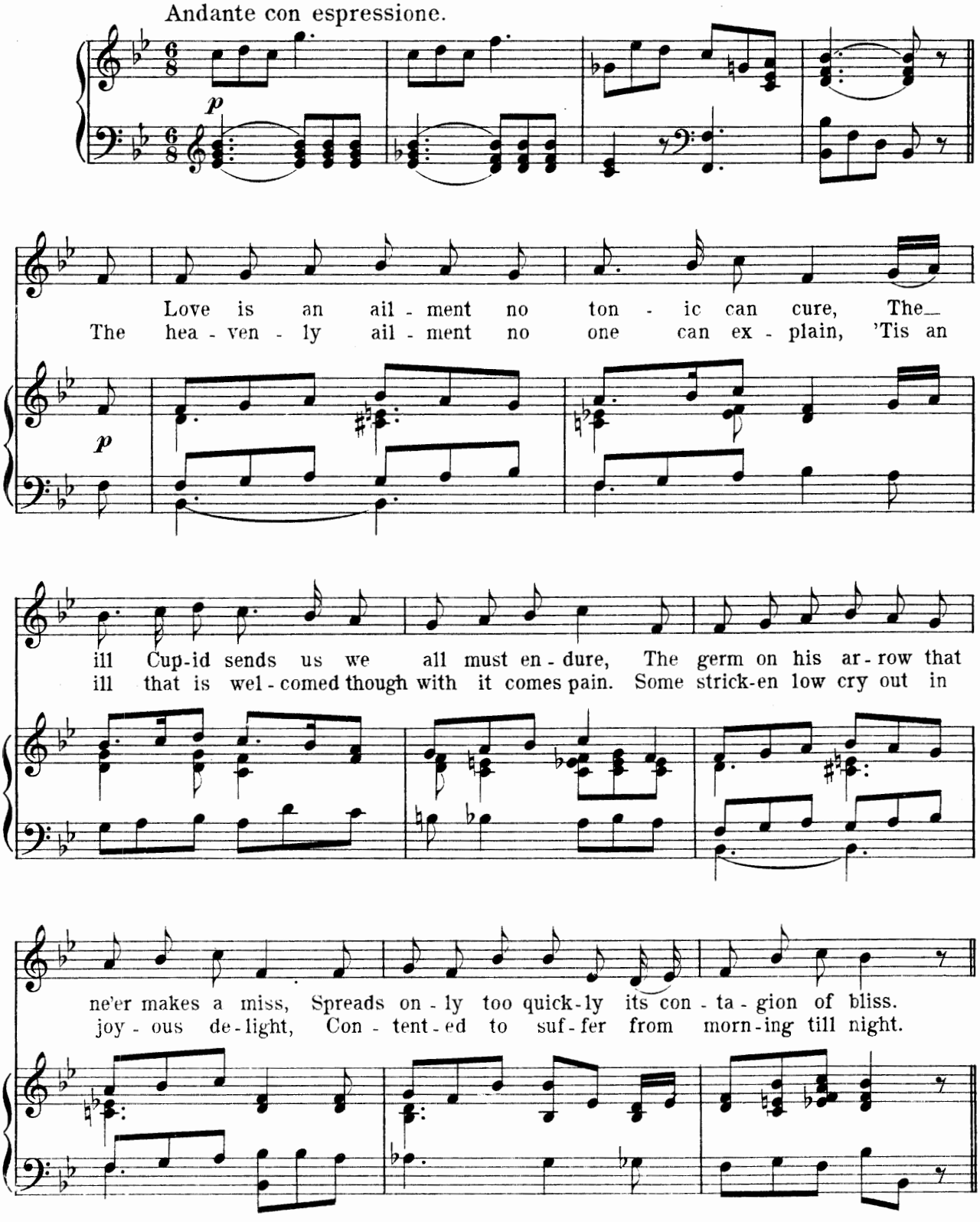
(*Blutch*) To a pretty maid, with big blue eyes, I'll very soon be wed,
He'll be wed, he'll be wed.
Her hair is of the golden hue peroxide turns from red,
Hair of red, hair of red,
But my heart is daily breaking though she vows to me she's true,
For she dotes on strong limburger and fresh young onions, too,
Shall I wed? shall he wed?

(*Josie May*) Your predicament, truly, is one very sad,
And one to be pitied, no wonder you're mad,
It's enough to put Cupid himself to the bad,
With his love.
Is it love?
Very strong love!
If with happiness you'll fill your empty cup,
Just tell her the next time she sits down to sup,
With sensen and perfume to fill herself up,
For your love.
Will she love?
Great Jehosephat! she ought to!

Love is an Ailment.

(Dorothy.)

Andante con espressione.



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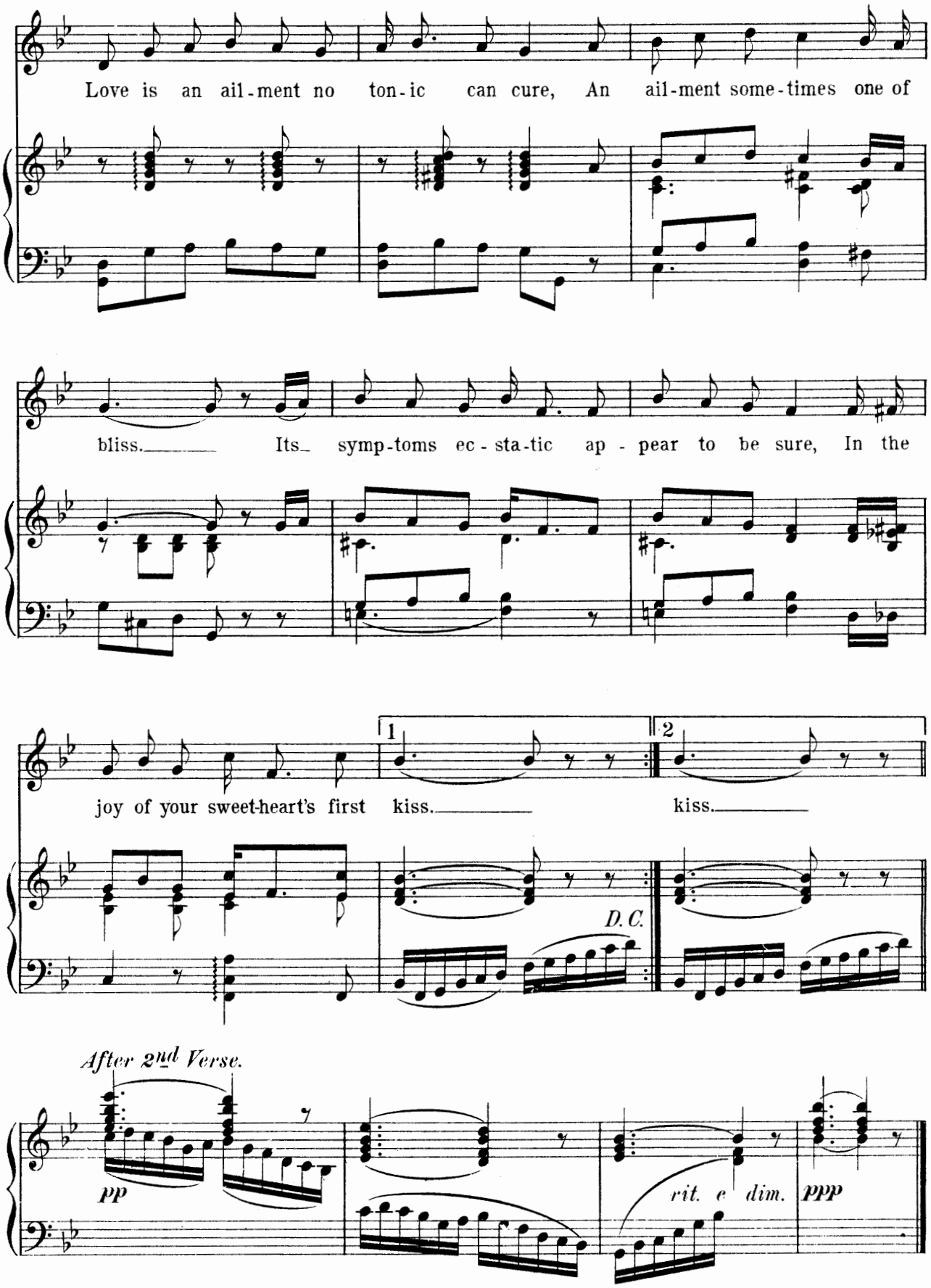
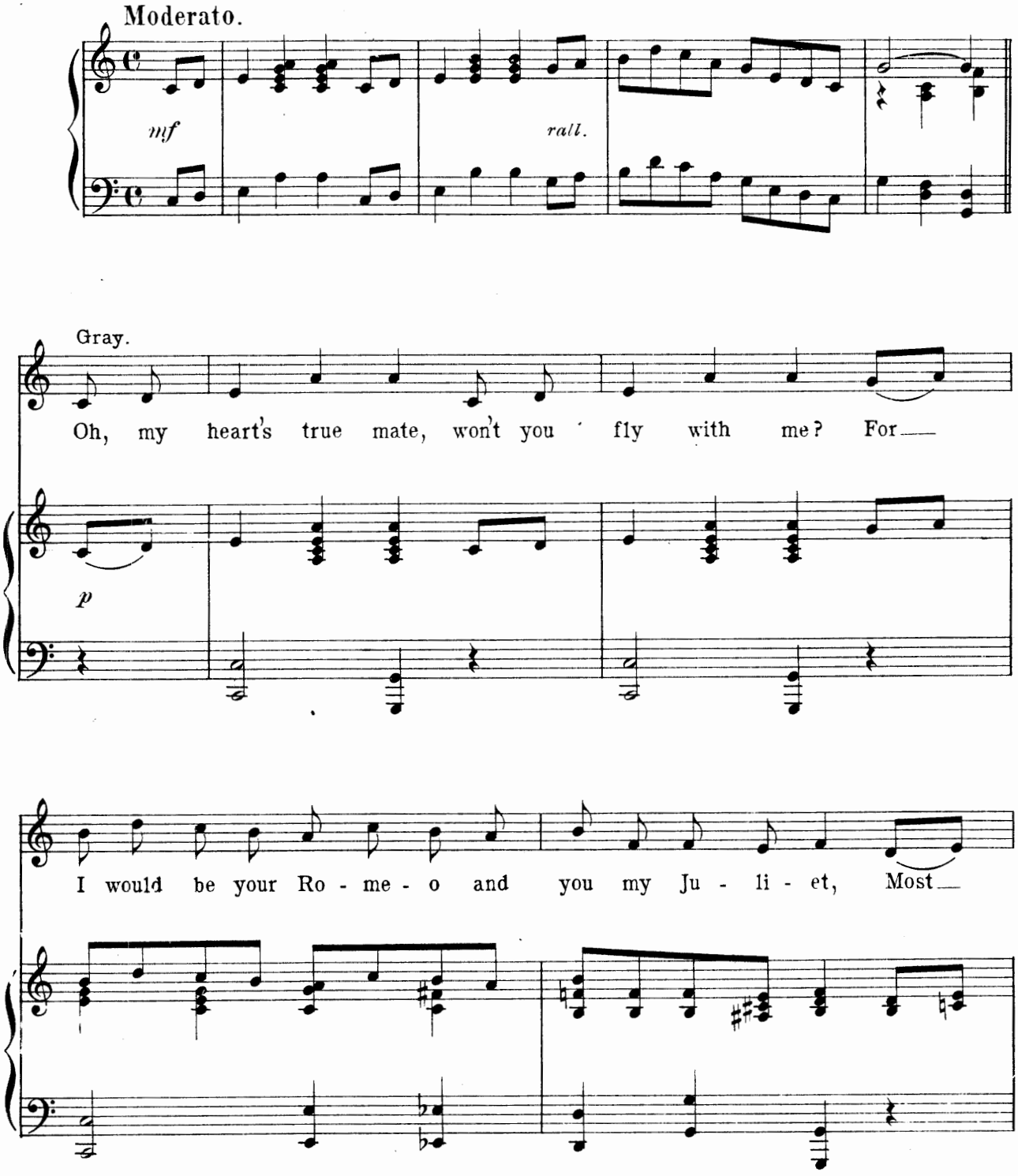

Love is an ail-ment no ton-ic can cure, An ail-ment some-times one of
bliss. Its symp-toms ec-sta-tic ap-pear to be sure, In the
joy of your sweet-heart's first kiss. kiss.
1
2
D.C.
After 2nd Verse.
pp
rit. e dim.
ppp

I would be your Romeo and you my Juliet.

DUO.



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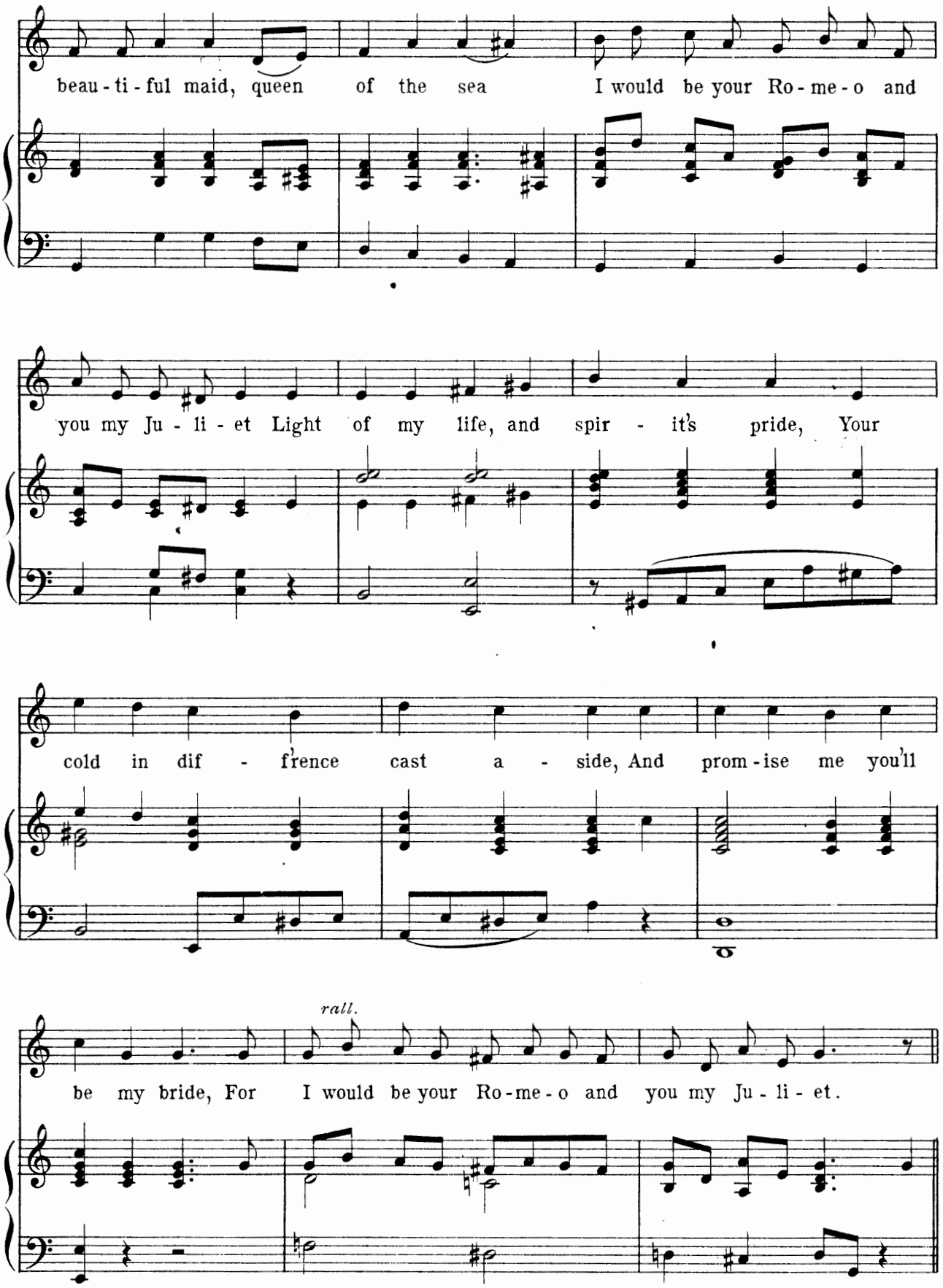
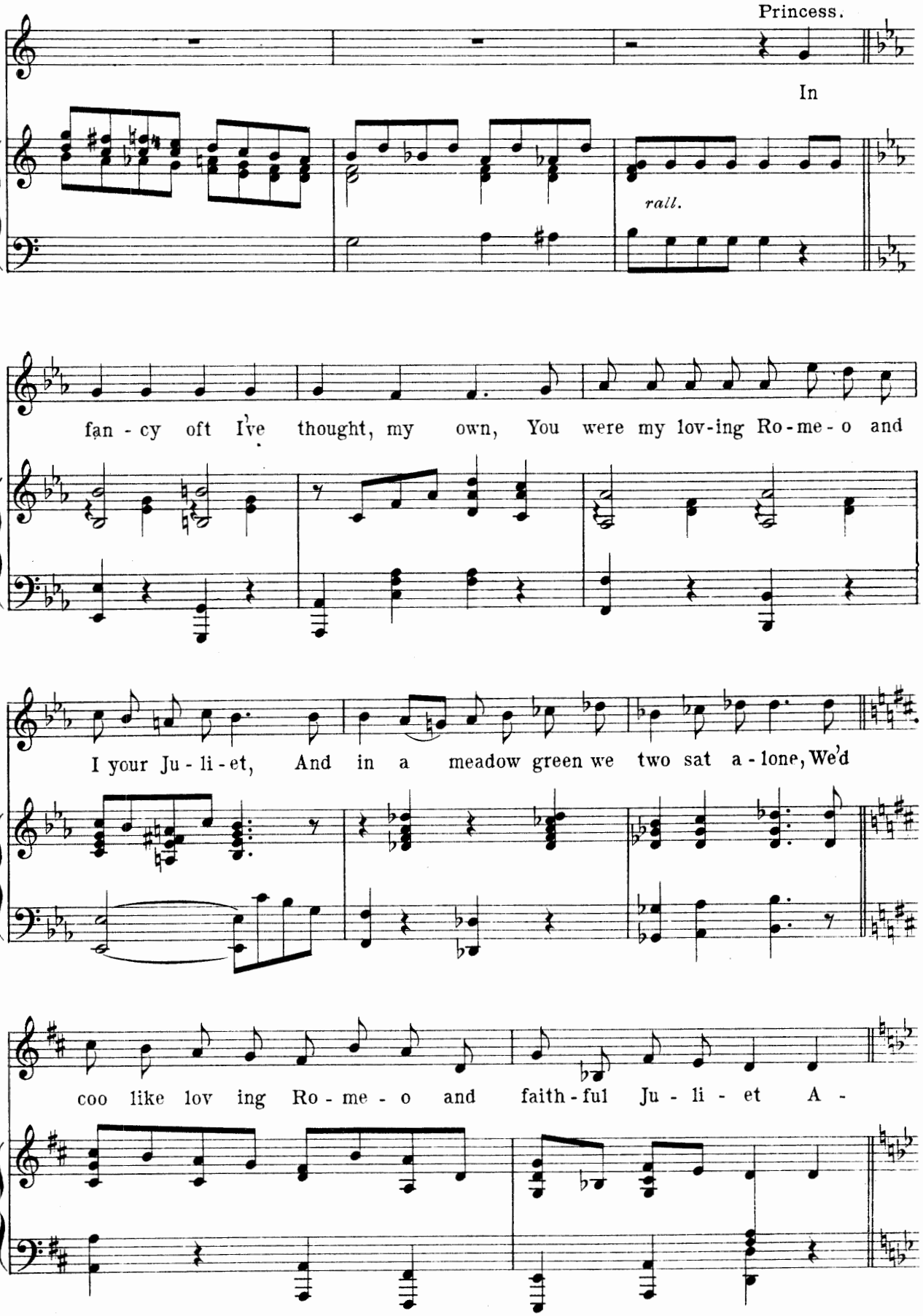
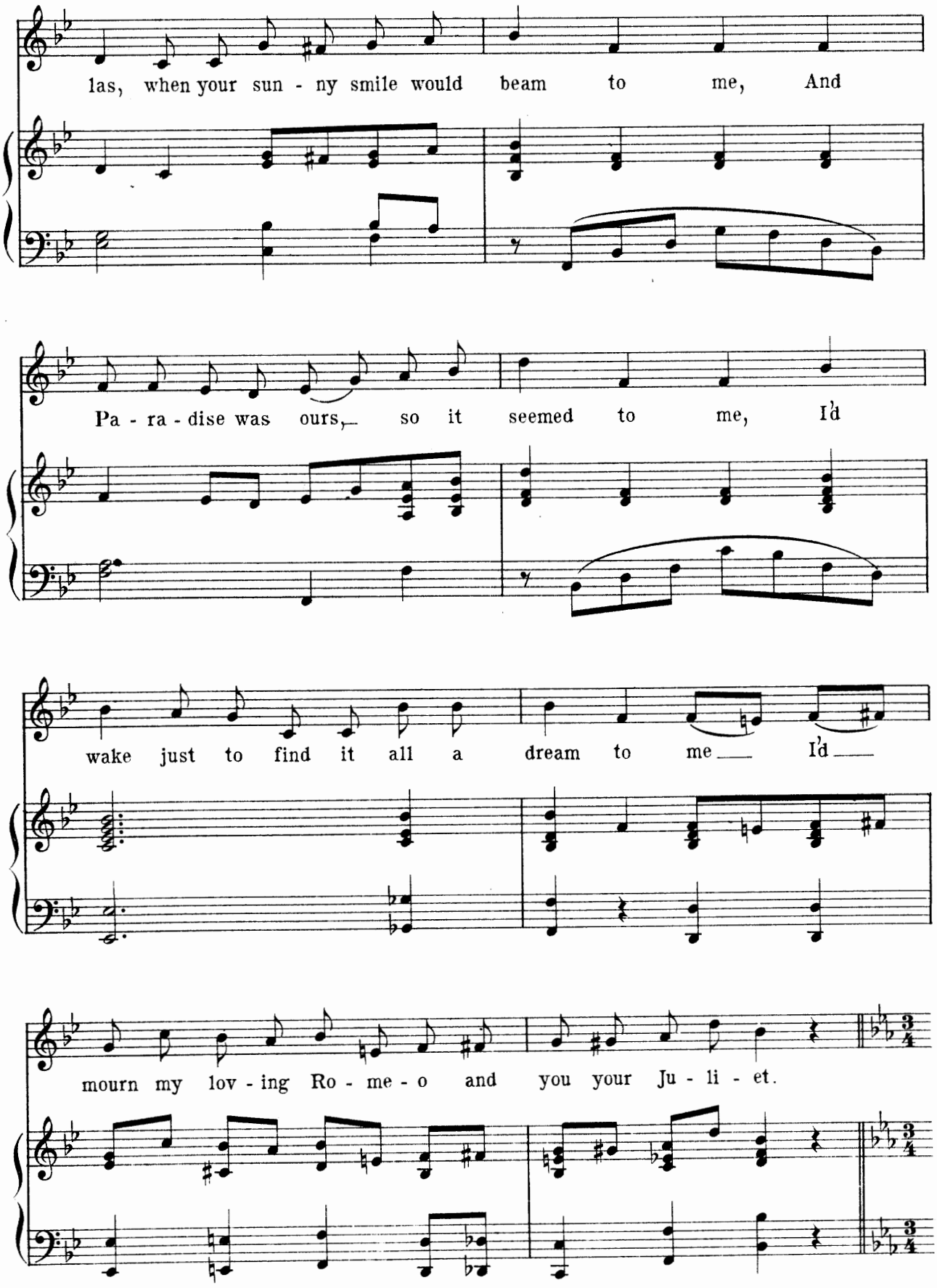


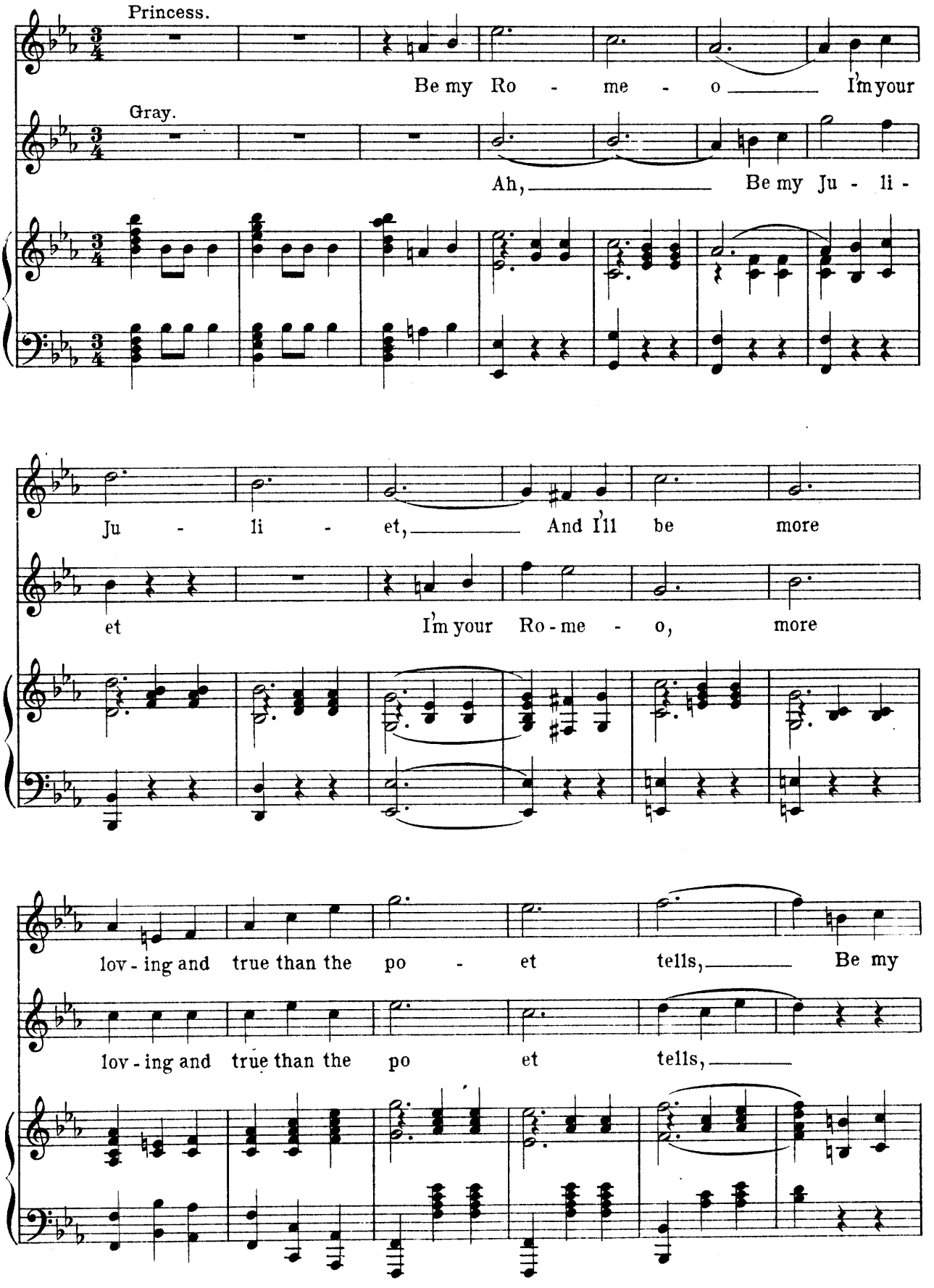
I would be etc.



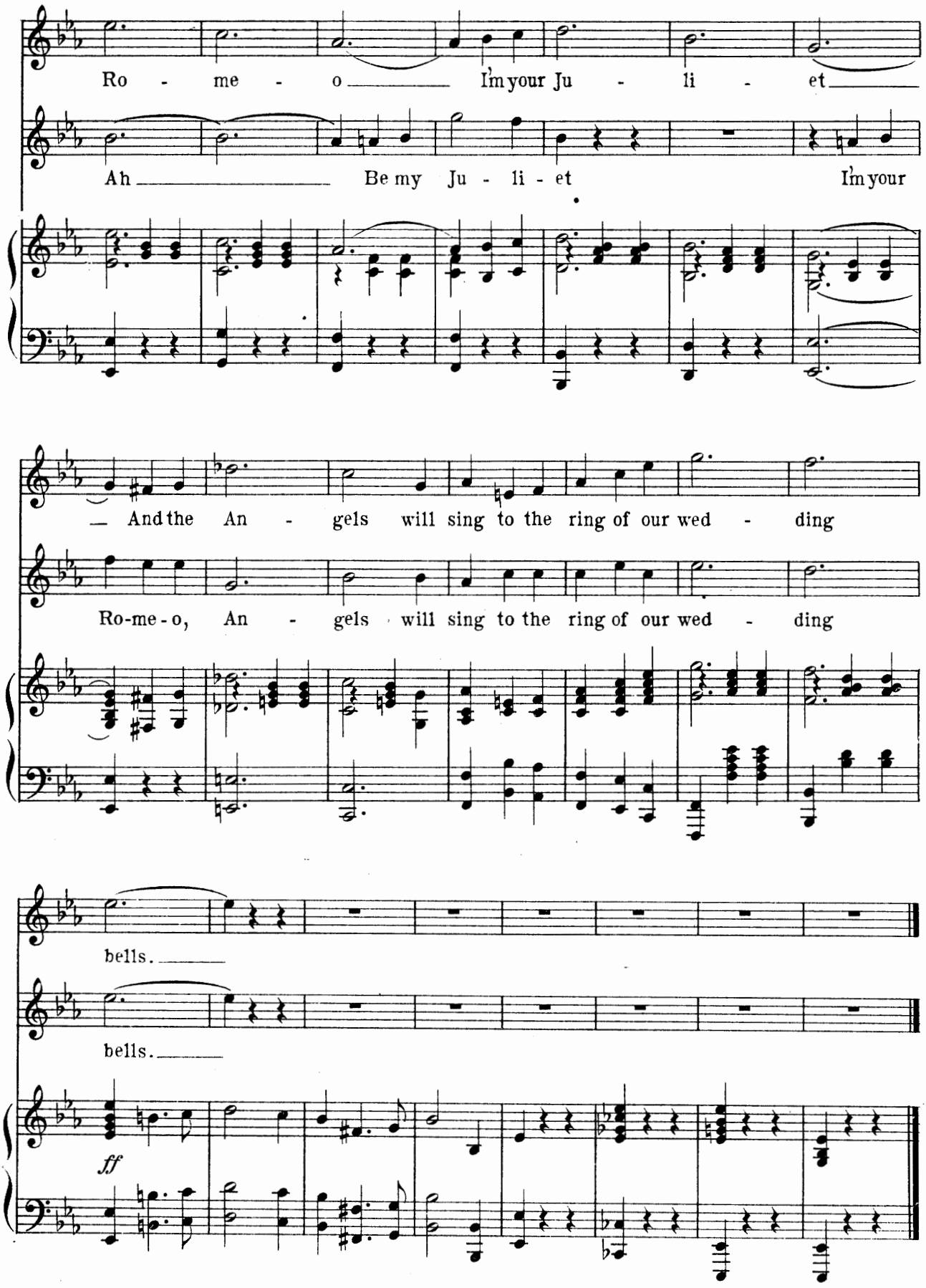
I would be etc.



I would be etc.



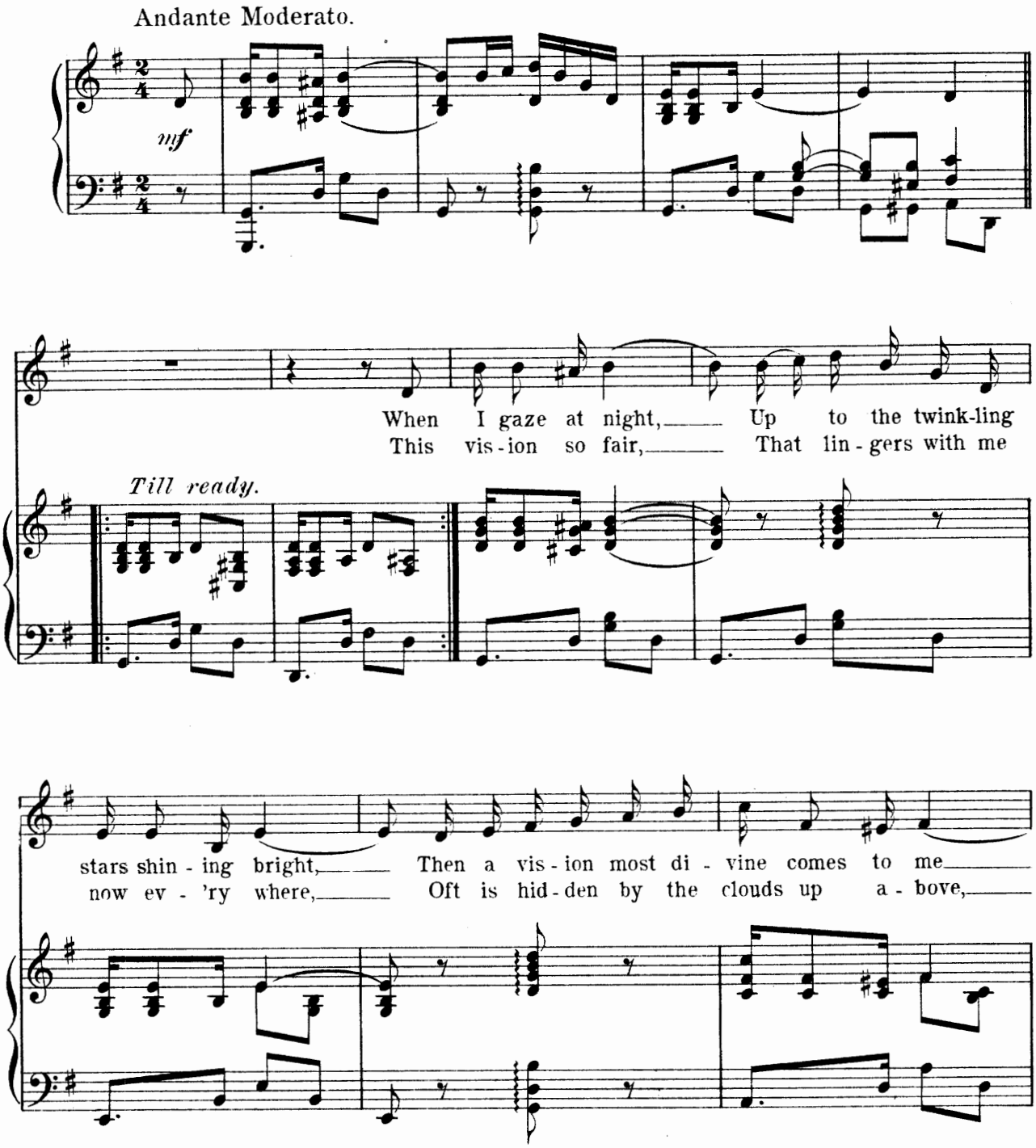
I would be etc.



I would be etc.

I'm going home to Dixie Land.

(Josie May.)



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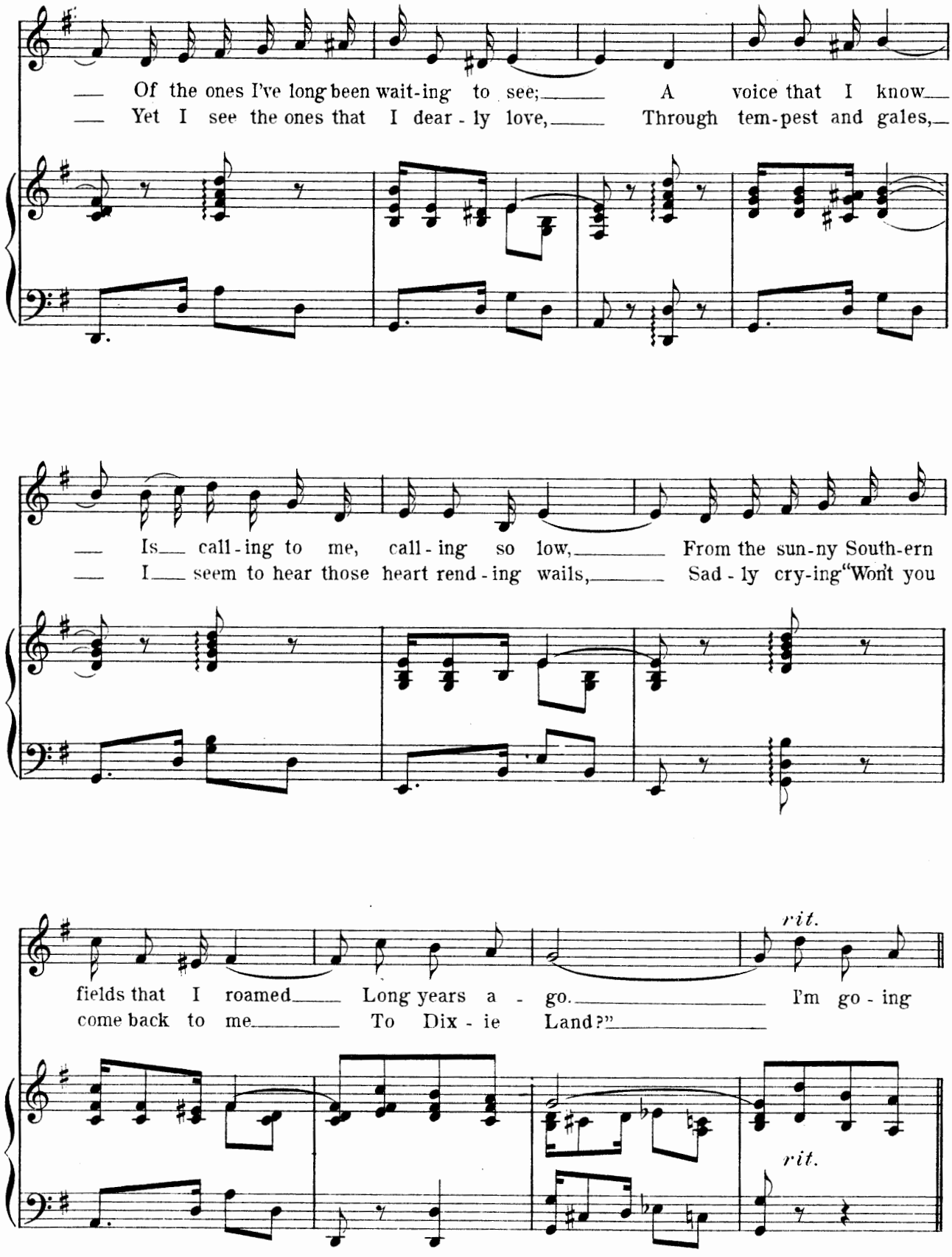
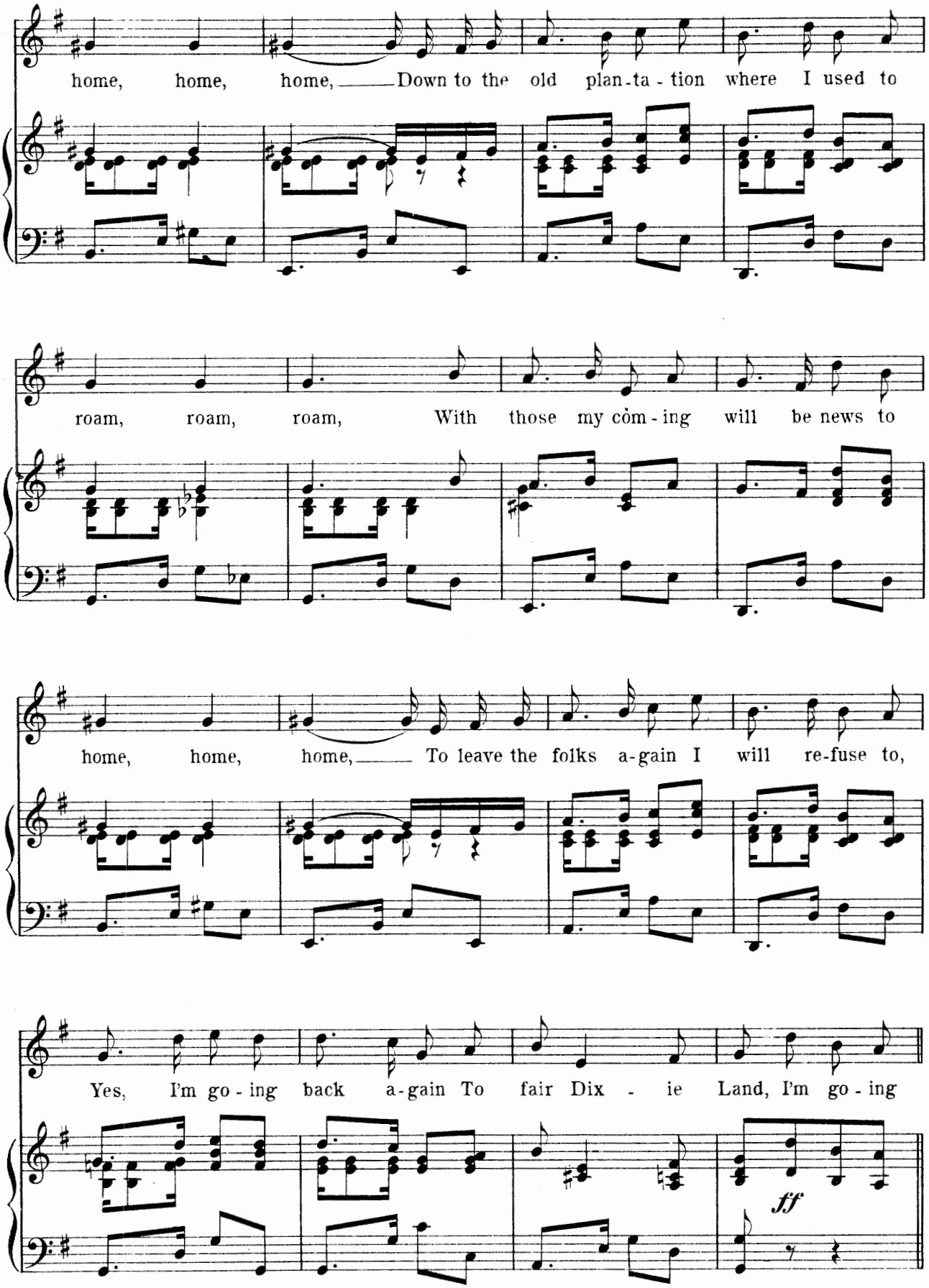
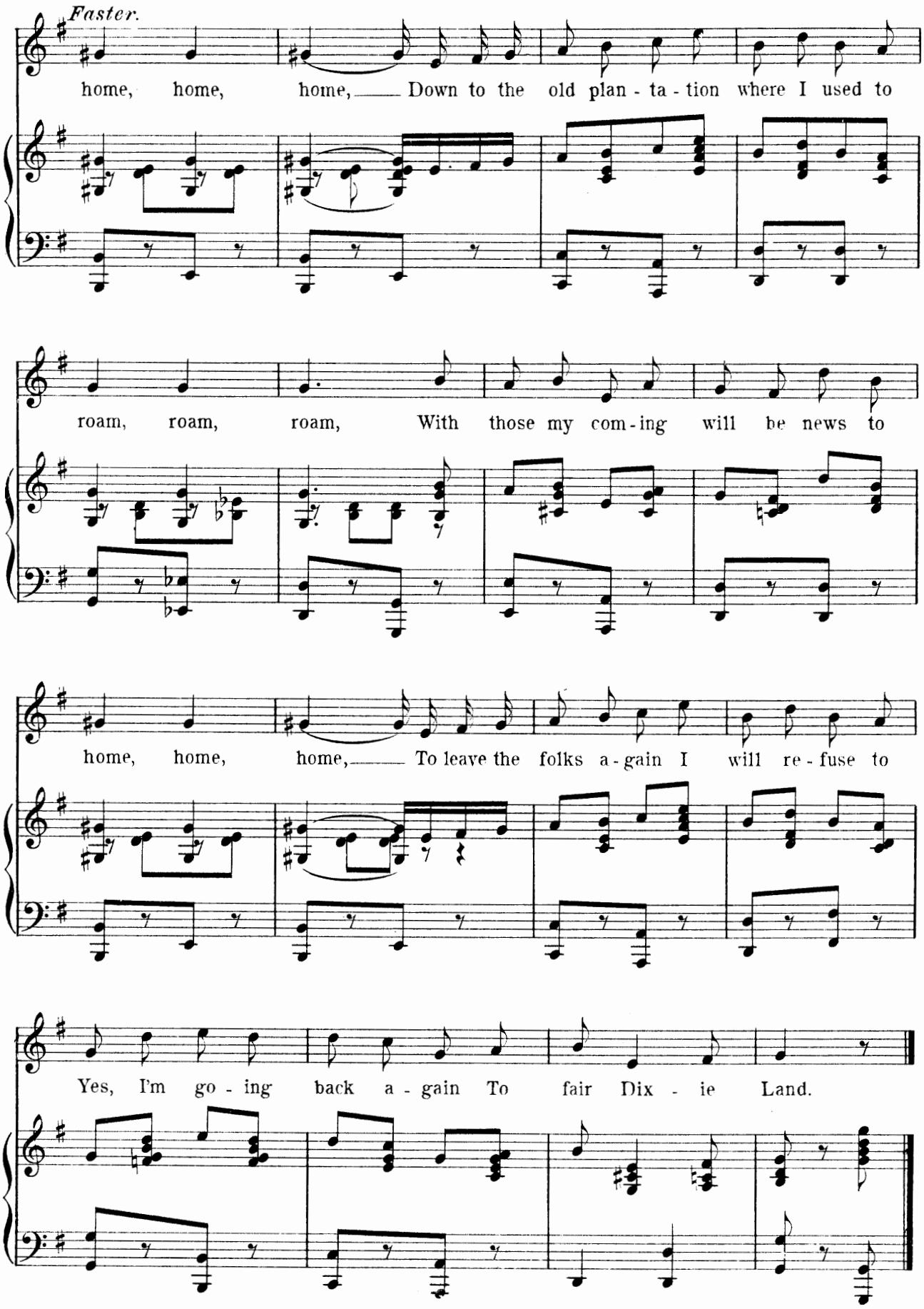
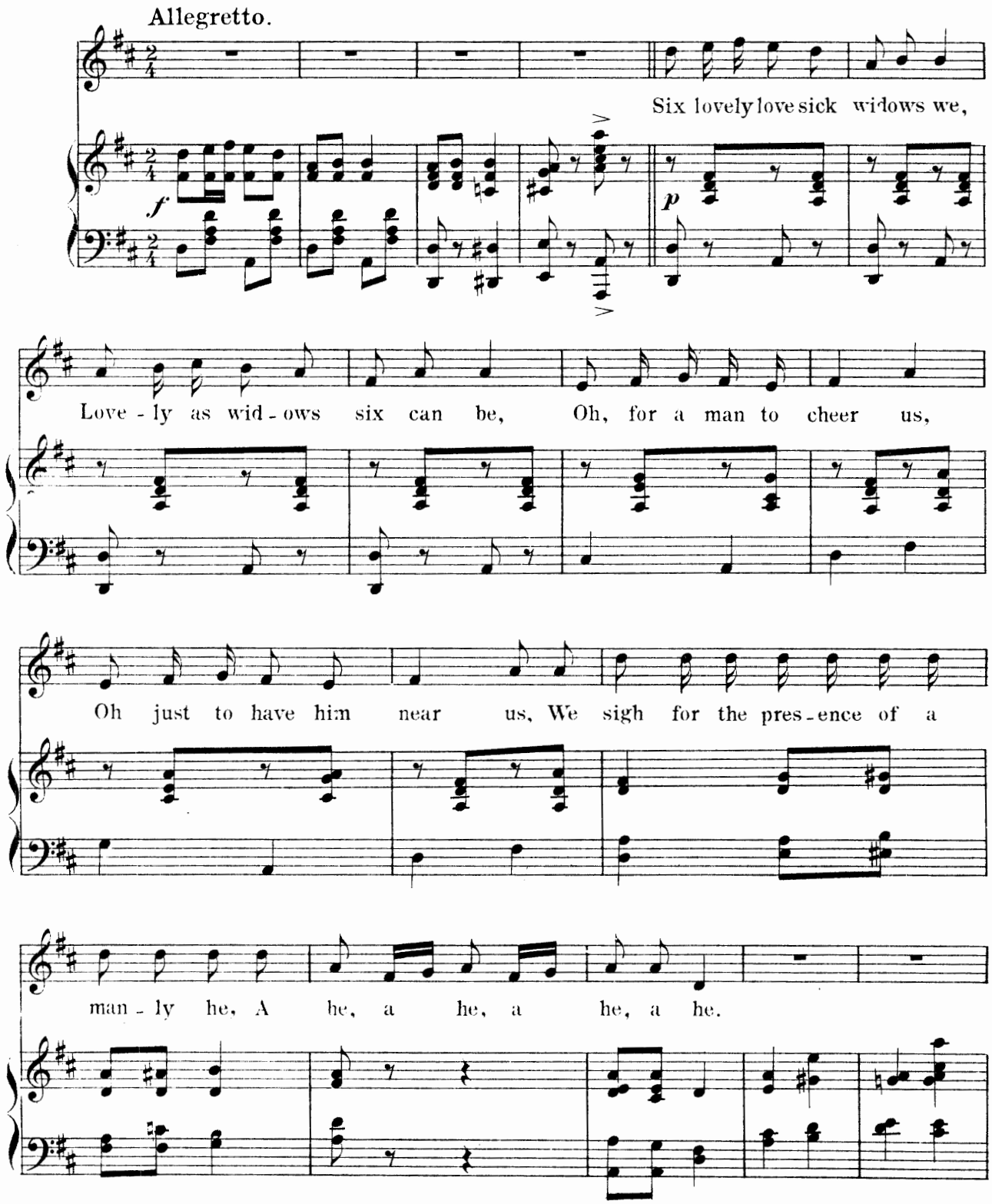

Of the ones I've long been wait-ing to see; A voice that I know
Yet I see the ones that I dear-ly love, Through tem-pest and gales,
Is call-ing to me, call-ing so low, From the sun-ny South-ern
I seem to hear those heart rend-ing wails, Sad-ly cry-ing "Won't you
fields that I roamed Long years a-go. I'm go-ing
come back to me To Dix-ie Land?"
rit.
rit.


home, home, home, Down to the old plan-ta-tion where I used to
roam, roam, roam, With those my com-ing will be news to
home, home, home, To leave the folks a-gain I will re-fuse to,
Yes, I'm go-ing back a-gain To fair Dix-ie Land, I'm go-ing
ff


Faster.
home, home, home, Down to the old plan - ta - tion where I used to
roam, roam, roam, With those my com - ing will be news to
home, home, home, To leave the folks a - gain I will re - fuse to
Yes, I'm go - ing back a - gain To fair Dix - ie Land.

The Widows' Song.



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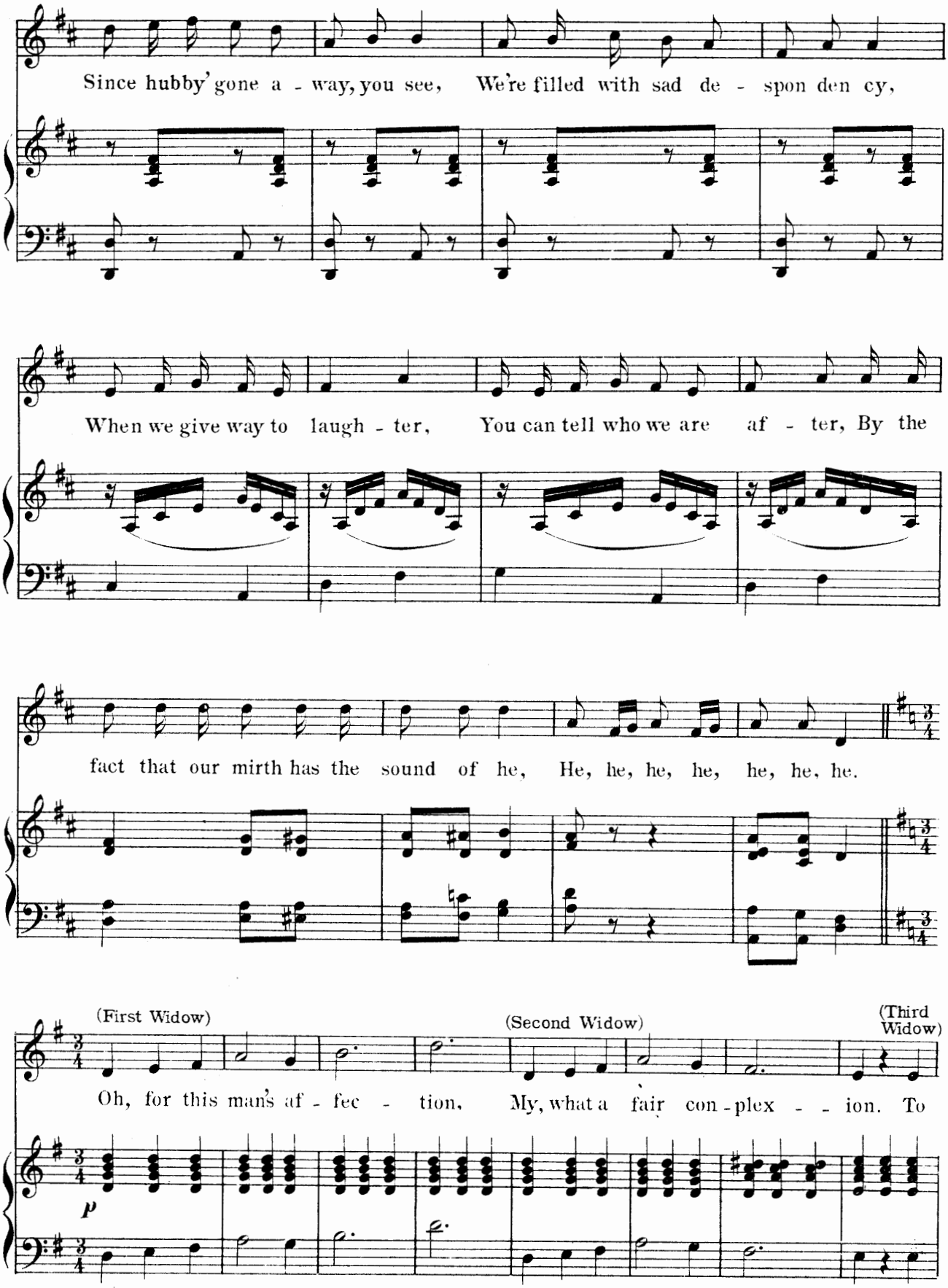
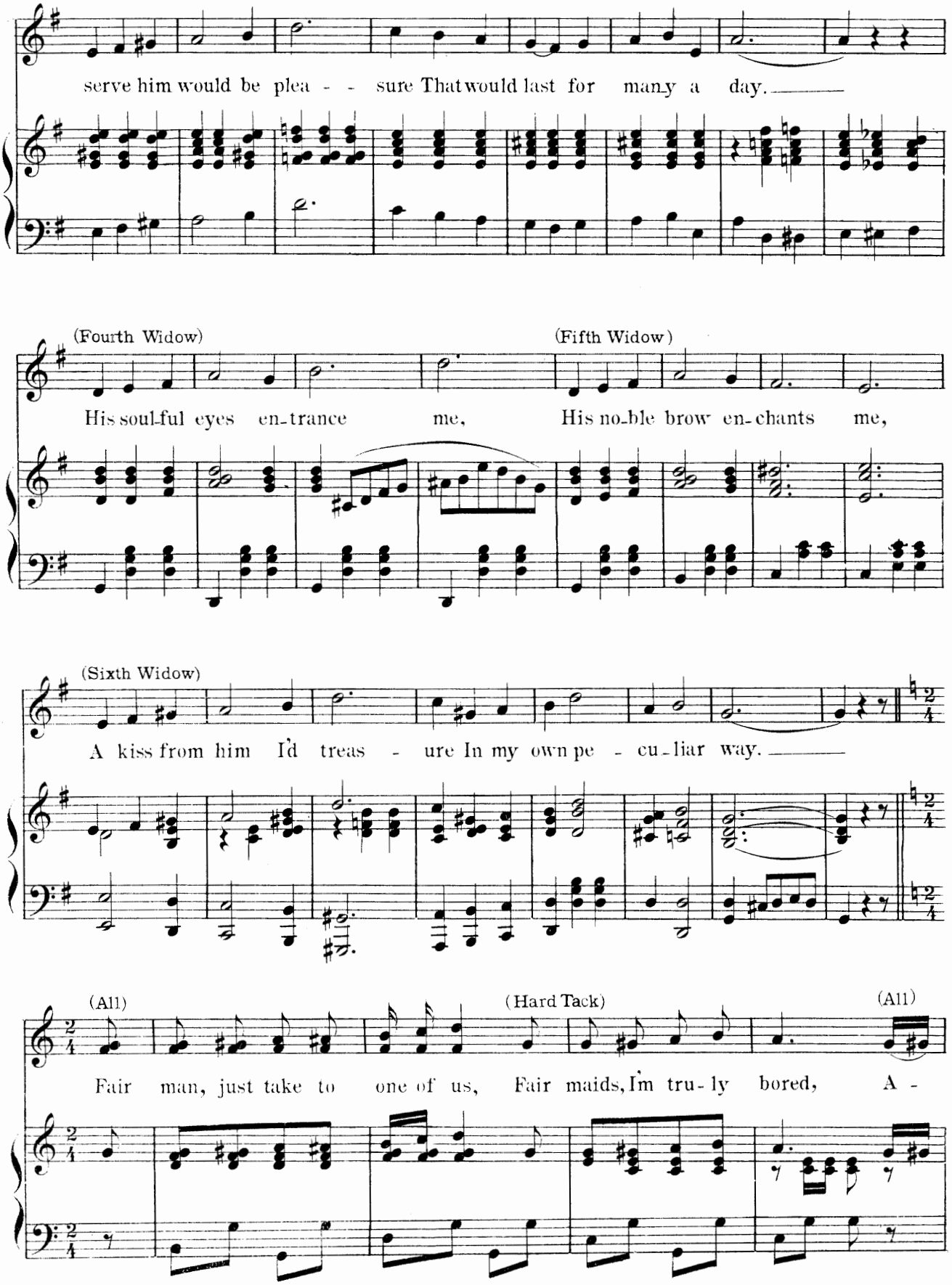
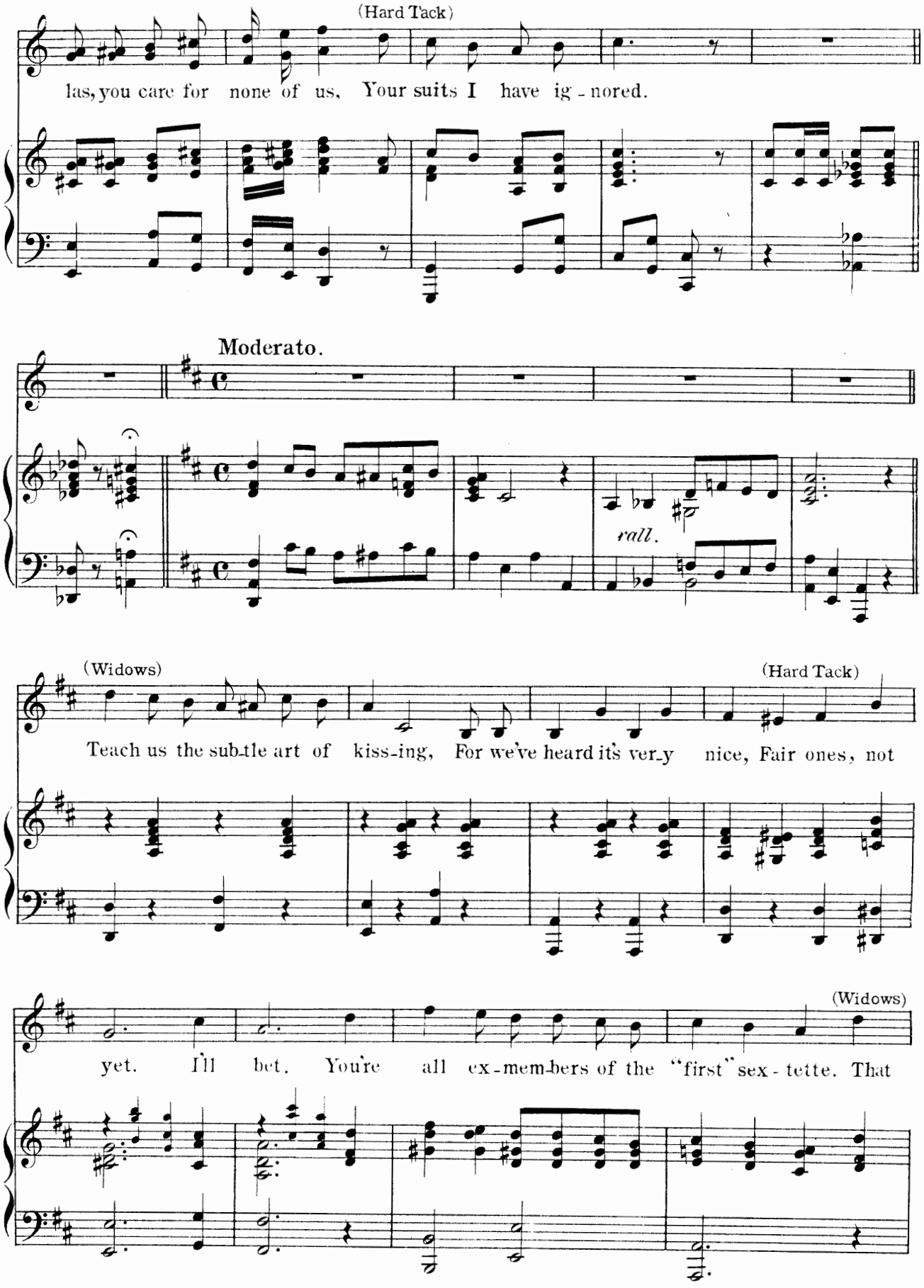
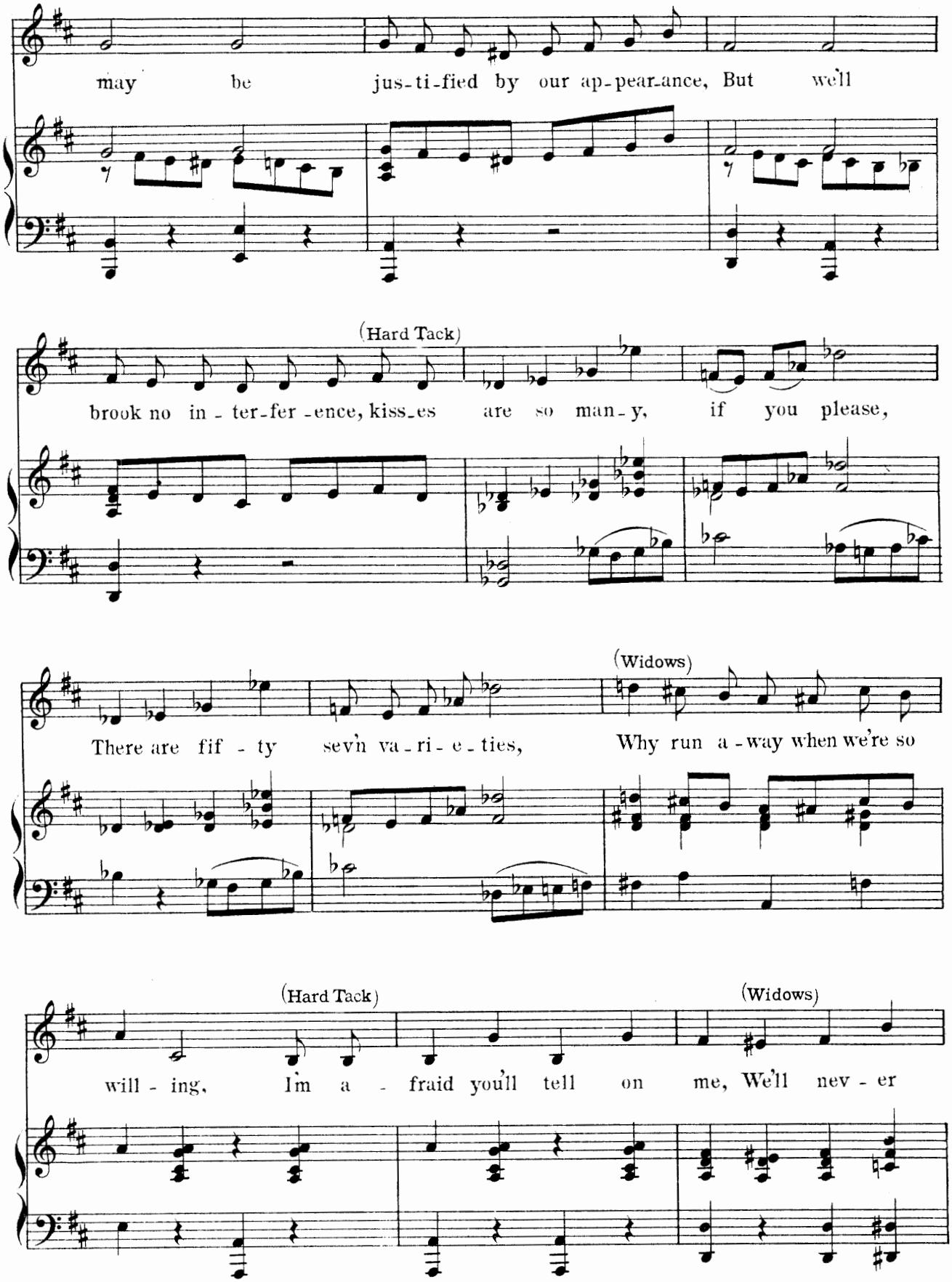
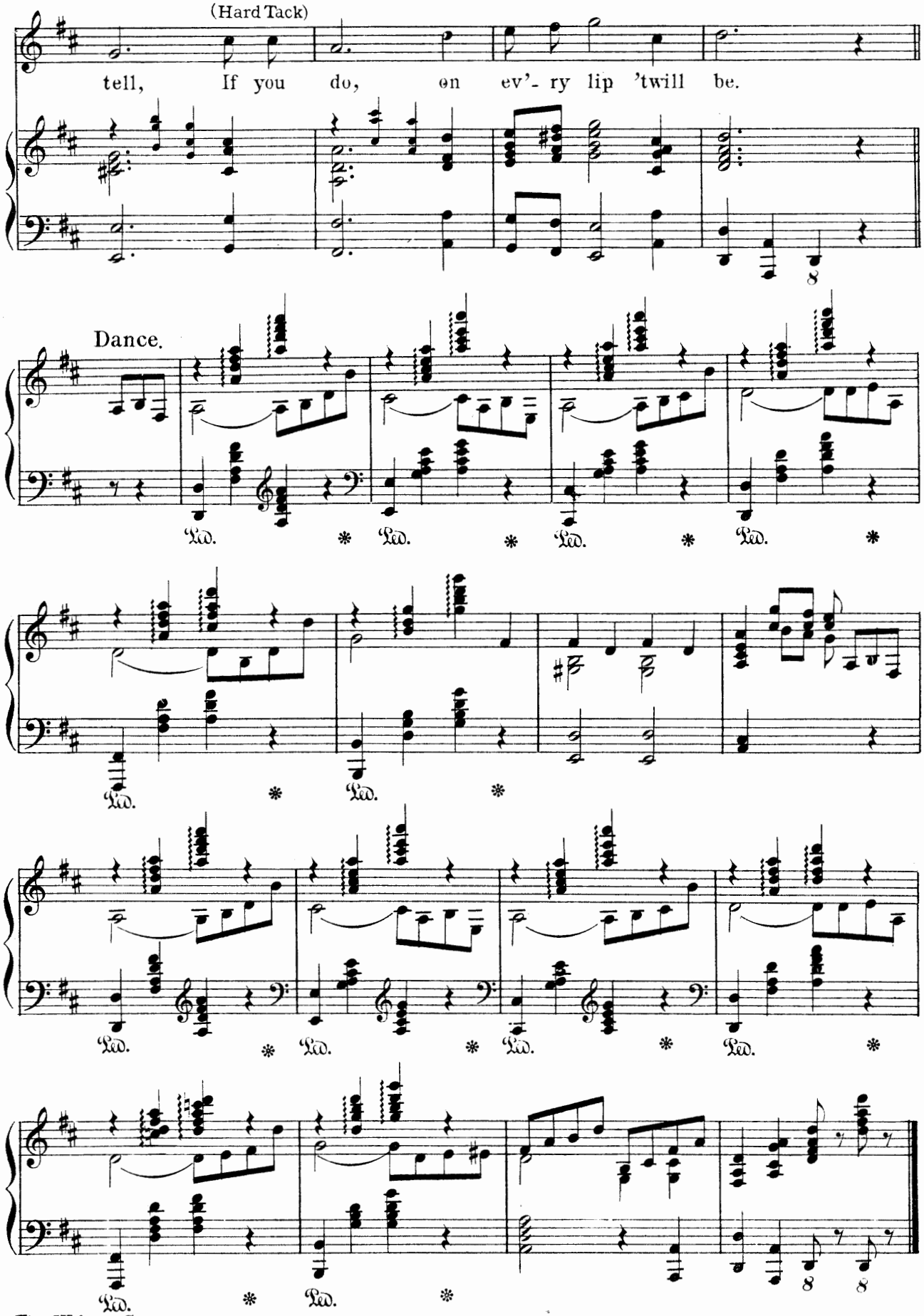

Since hubby' gone a - way, you see, We're filled with sad de - spon den cy,
When we give way to laugh - ter, You can tell who we are af - ter, By the
fact that our mirth has the sound of he, He, he, he, he, he, he, he.
(First Widow)
(Second Widow)
(Third Widow)
Oh, for this man's af - fec - tion, My, what a fair con - plex - - ion. To
p

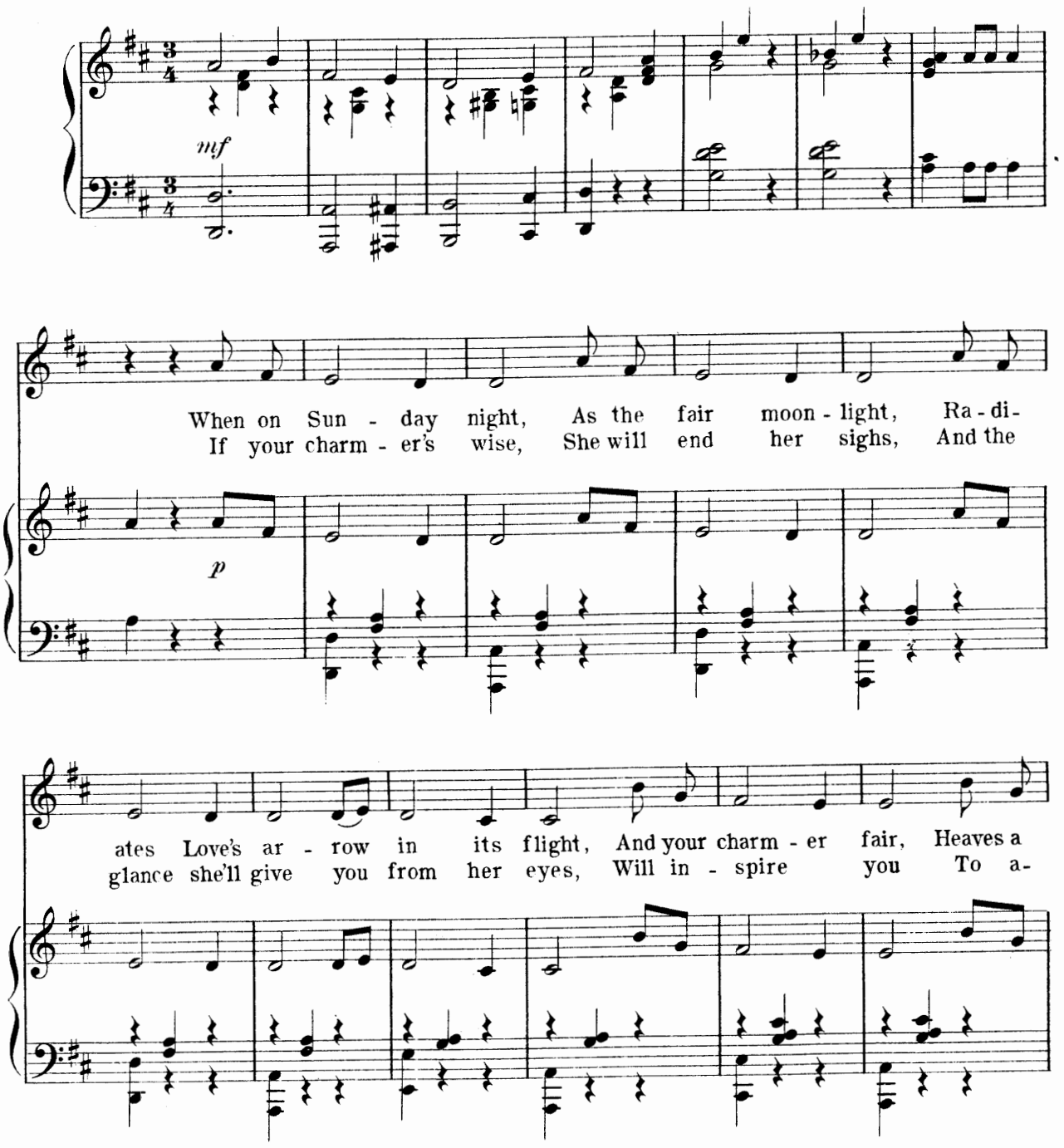

serve him would be plea - - sure That would last for many a day.
(Fourth Widow)
His soul-ful eyes en-trance me,
(Fifth Widow)
His no-ble brow en-chants me,
(Sixth Widow)
A kiss from him I'd treas - ure In my own pe - cu-liar way.
(All)
Fair man, just take to one of us,
(Hard Tack)
Fair maids, I'm tru-ly bored,
(All)
A -


(Hard Tack)
las, you care for none of us, Your suits I have ig - nored.
Moderato.
rall.
(Widows)
(Hard Tack)
Teach us the sub-tle art of kiss-ing, For we've heard it's ver-y nice, Fair ones, not
(Widows)
yet. I'll bet. You're all ex-mem-bers of the "first" sex - tette. That


may be jus-ti-fied by our ap-pear-ance, But we'll
(Hard Tack)
brook no in - ter-fer -ence, kiss-es are so man-y, if you please,
(Widows)
There are fif - ty sev'n va-ri-e-ties, Why run a -way when we're so
(Hard Tack)
(Widows)
will - ing, I'm a - fraid you'll tell on me, We'll nev - er


(Hard Tack)
tell, If you do, on ev'- ry lip 'twill be.
Dance.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. * Ped. *
8 8

A kiss for each day in the week.



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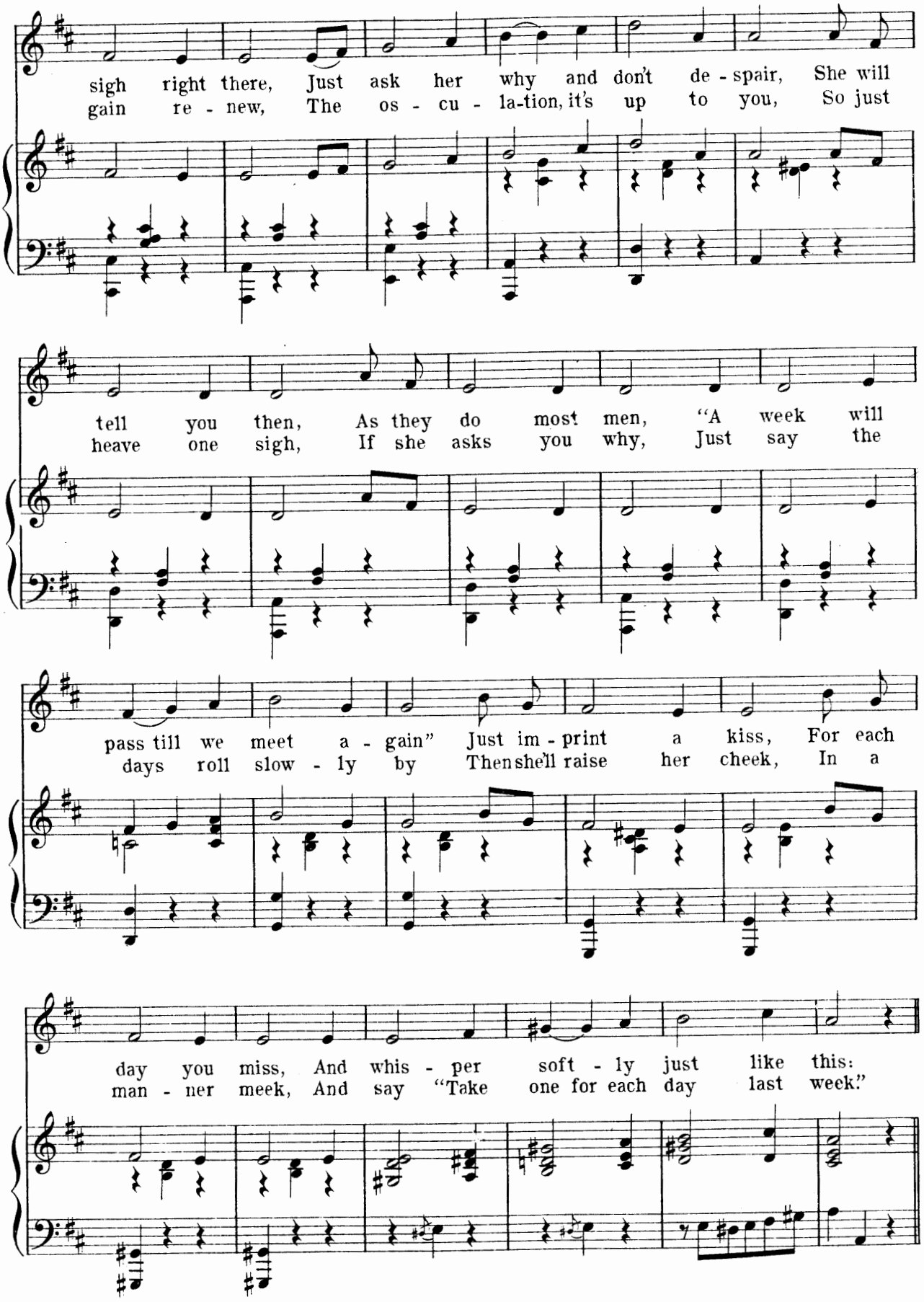
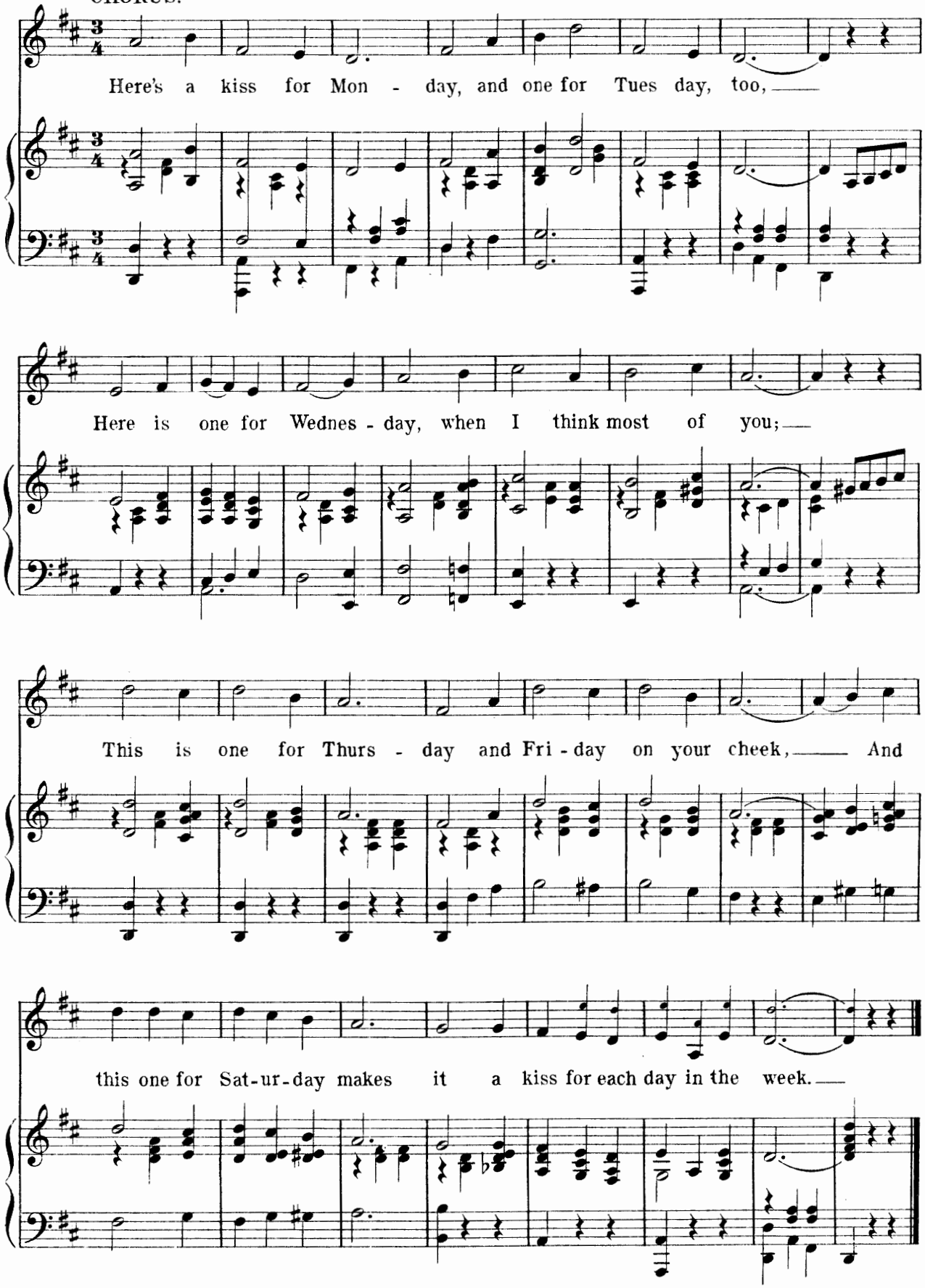
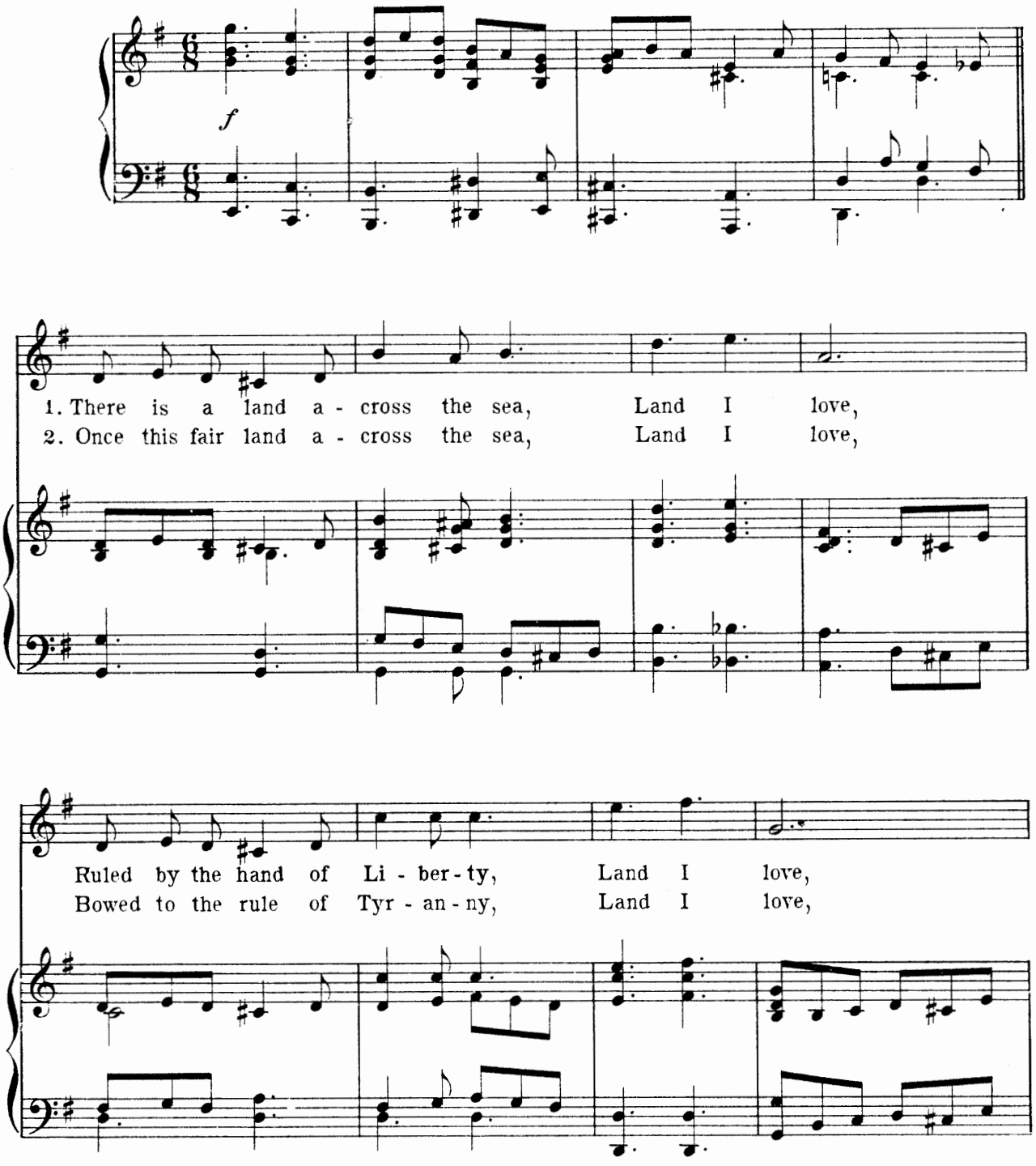

sigh right there, Just ask her why and don't de - spair, She will
gain re - new, The os - cu - la-tion, it's up to you, So just
tell you then, As they do most men, "A week will
heave one sigh, If she asks you why, Just say the
pass till we meet a - gain" Just im - print a kiss, For each
days roll slow - ly by Then she'll raise her cheek, In a
day you miss, And whis - per soft - ly just like this:
man - ner meek, And say "Take one for each day last week."

CHORUS.


Here's a kiss for Mon - day, and one for Tues day, too,
Here is one for Wednes - day, when I think most of you;
This is one for Thurs - day and Fri - day on your cheek, And
this one for Sat-ur-day makes it a kiss for each day in the week.

The Land I Love.

Bob Gray, Princess and Chorus.



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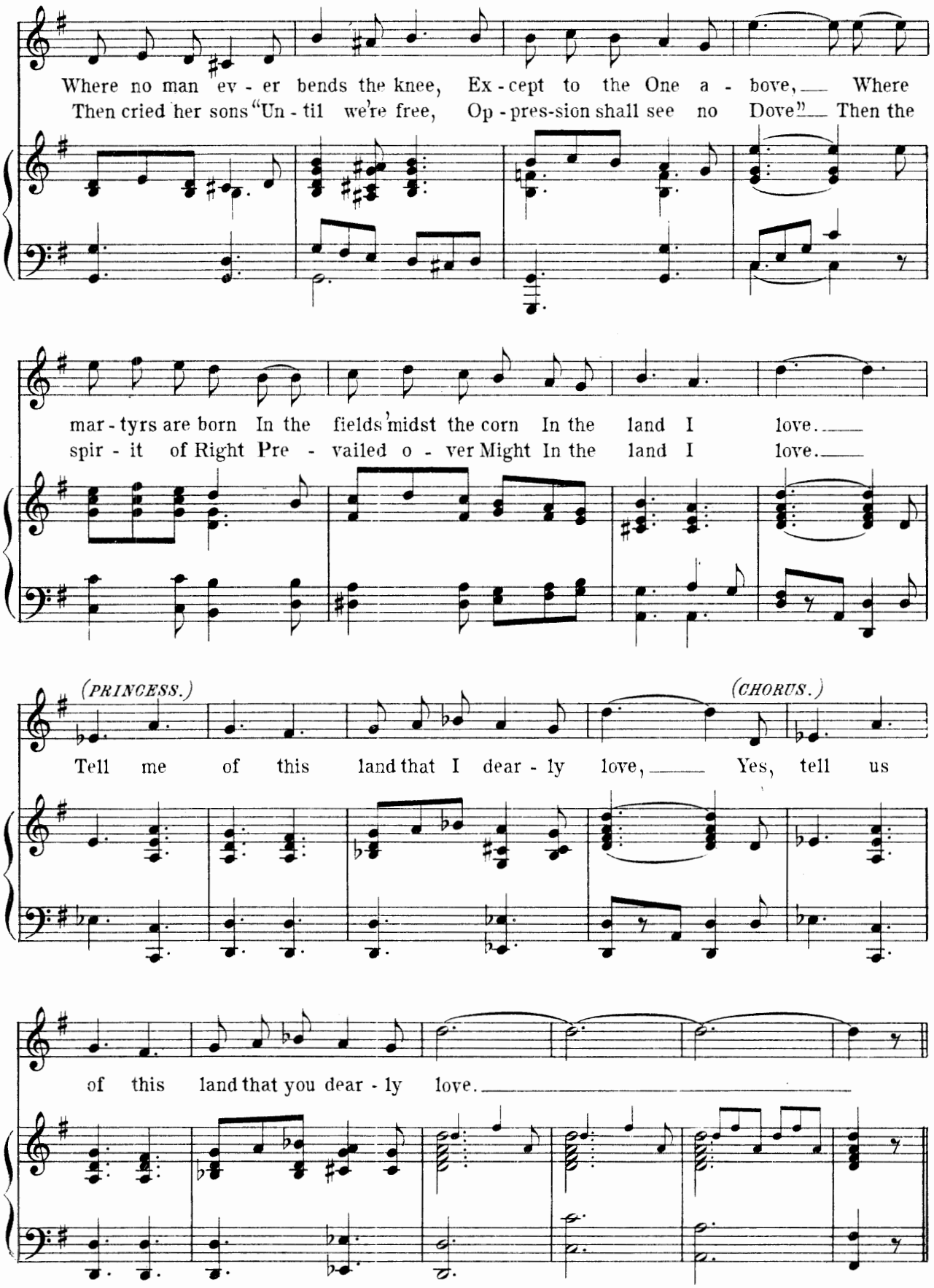
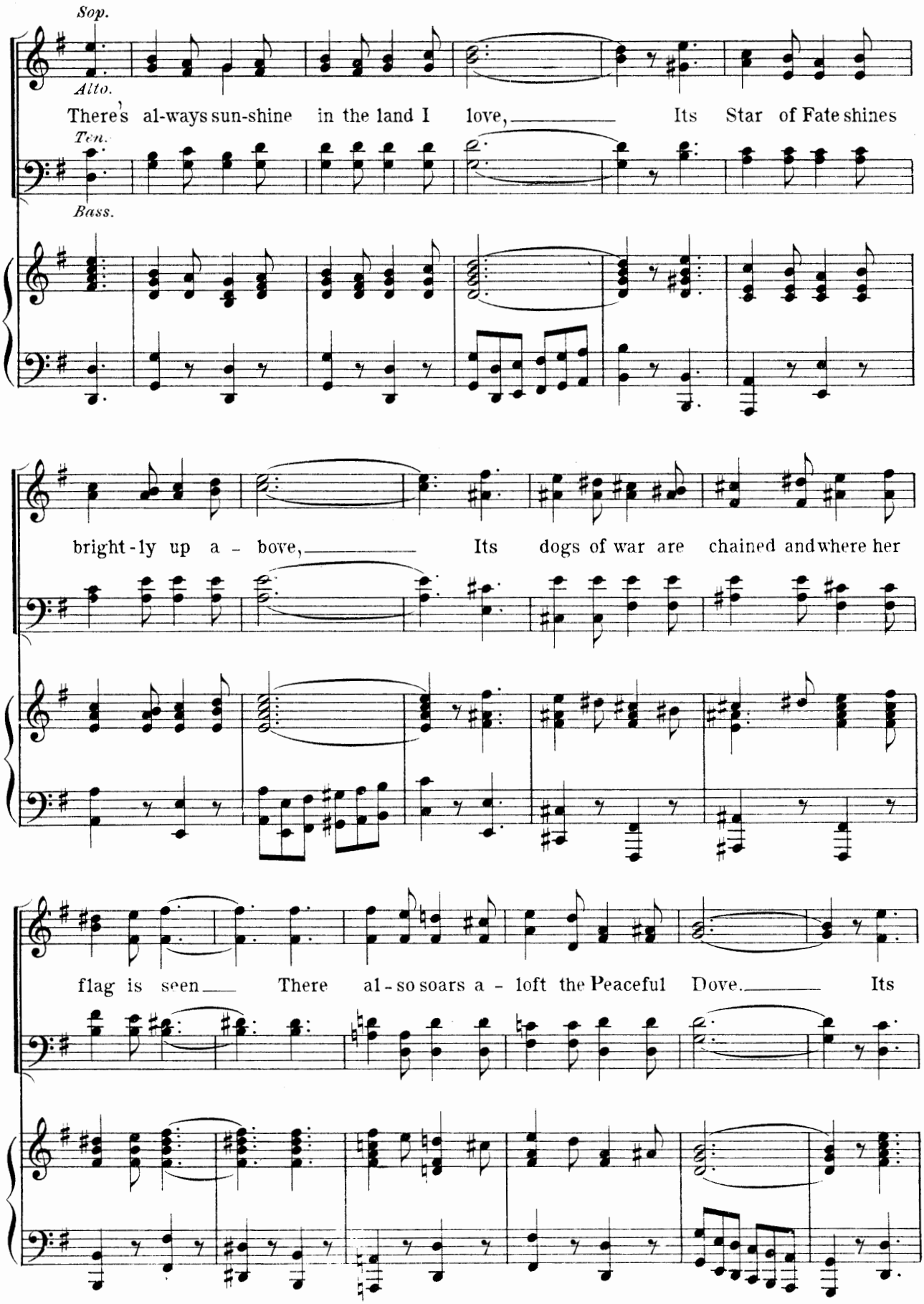
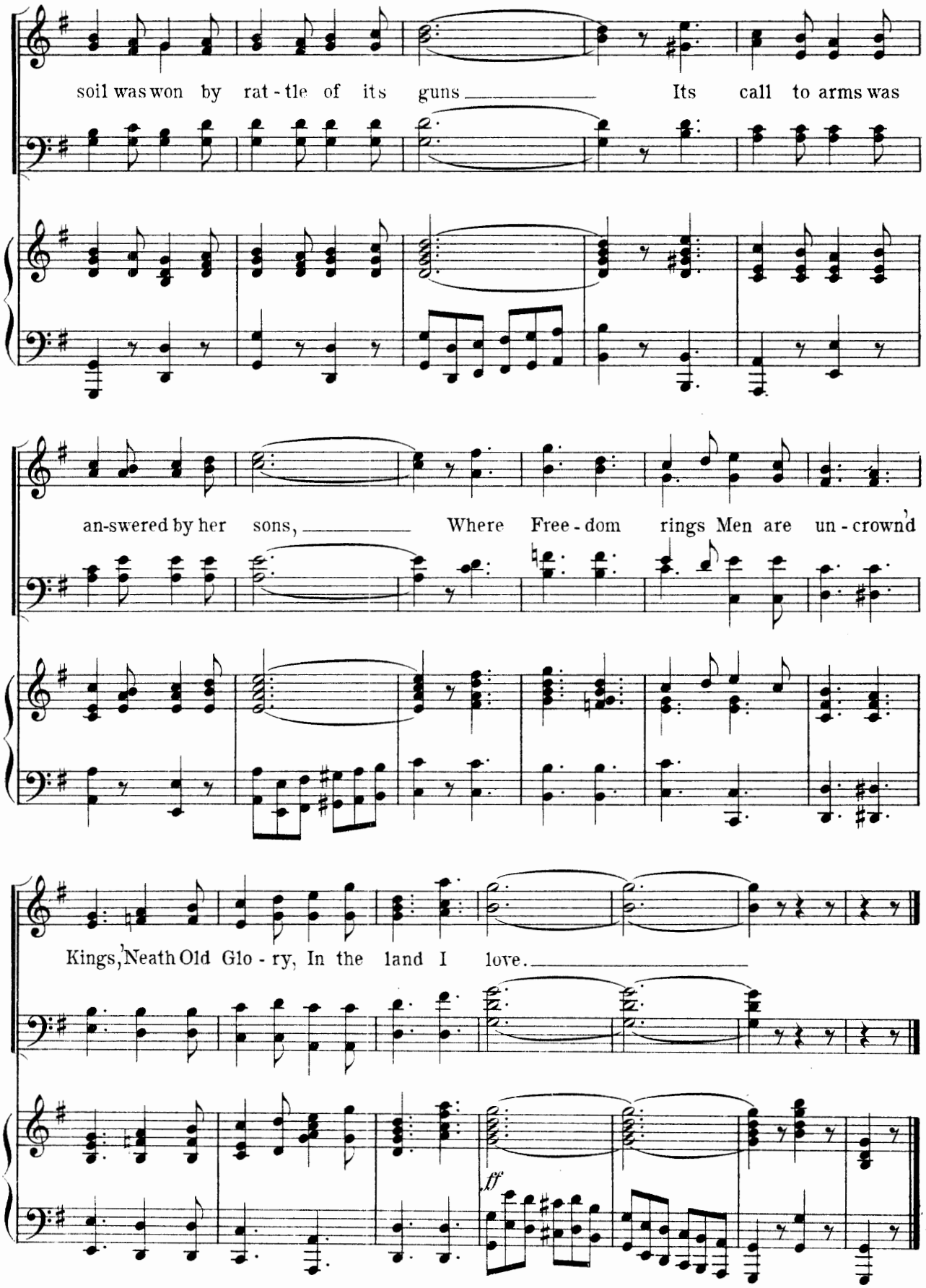

Where no man ev - er bends the knee, Ex - cept to the One a - bove, Where
Then cried her sons "Un - til we're free, Op - pres-sion shall see no Dove" Then the
mar - tyrs are born In the fields midst the corn In the land I love.
spir - it of Right Pre - vailed o - ver Might In the land I love.
(PRINCESS.)
(CHORUS.)
Tell me of this land that I dear - ly love, Yes, tell us
of this land that you dear - ly love.


Sop.
Alto.
There's al-ways sun-shine in the land I love, Its Star of Fate shines
Ten.
Bass.
bright-ly up a - bove, Its dogs of war are chained and where her
flag is seen There al-so soars a - loft the Peaceful Dove. Its


soil was won by rat - tle of its guns Its call to arms was
an-swered by her sons, Where Free - dom rings Men are un - crown'd
Kings, 'Neath Old Glo - ry, In the land I love.
ff