

Nº 10.

ACT II.
Opening Chorus.

Japanese Citizens We.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

Piano.

marcato.

cresc.

a tempo.

marcato.

marcato.

cresc.

cresc.

rit.

Tempo di marcia.

p

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JAPANESE MEN.

TENOR.

Jap - an - ese cit - i - zens we Which you will read - i - ly
 BASS.

see The hair of jet, the skin of tan, Ki - mo - no, o - be

and the fan, The pose pe - cul - iar to Ja - pan Be -

tray our na - tion - al - i - ty.
 Gath-ered at a lan - tern fêté
 Scarce-ly need we stop to state, The tom-tom's most in - fer - nal din, The

lan - terns out with lights with - in, The danc - ing which will soon be - gin Be -

tray a cer - tain gal - a date.

Dressed in our

Valse moderato.



gay - est clothes We now be - gin to look like beaux Who win as "Ro-me - os"

The hap - py Jap - py "Ju - lies" With eyes so bright, And teeth as

white As pearls.

To you we come in sheen With blood of blue and man-ly mien But to com-
 Come in man - ly mien To com-

plete the scene We need a few Mu - su-mes, Which if you please
 complete the scene We need Mu - su-mes, Which lan-guage if you please

Is Jap - an - ese For girls. If you please is what the Jap - an - ese call their girls.
 Is Jap - an - ese for girls.

The Musumes enter.



SOP. and ALTO.

Pret - ty as a pict - ure Such as you will find

TENOR.

Pret - - - ty pict - - ure As you'll find
BASS.

In some pot-pour-ri or mixt-ure On a fan de-signed. Beau-ty am-a-

On a pret - ty fan de - signed... Am - - a -



to - ry Grace-ful as can be We com-pose a per - fect
 to - ry as can be An Or - i - en - tal
 to - ry as can be An Or - i - en - tal

Or - i - en - tal sym - pho - ny. Bright - ly smil - ing
 sym - - - pho - - ny. Bright - - - - ly

All the live - long day And in sim-ple play The time be -
 smil - - - ing And in sim-ple play The time be -

guil - ing Our en - joy-ment Chief-ly rests in dress

guil - ing Our en - joy-ment

Per - fect i - dle - ness Our sole em - ploy - ment.

Per - fect i - dle - ness Our sole em - ploy - ment.

Pret - ty as a pict - ure Such as you will find.

Pret - ty as you'll find.

In some pot-pourri or mixt-ure On a fan de-signed.
 On a pret-ty fan de-signed.—

Beau-ty am-a-to-ry Grace-ful as can be
 Am-a-to-ry as can be

We com-pose a per-fect Or-i-en-tal sym-pho-ny.
 An Or-i-en-tal sym-pho-ny.

HERALDS.

Kow tow! Kow tow!

Kow tow!

ALL.

To the Hon - or - a - ble Mar - quis Ki -

o - to, we kow tow. —

MARQUIS.

Kow tow!

Nº 11. A Truculent Governor, I.

ENTRANCE SONG.

Marquis Kioto.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

INTRO.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

MARQUIS.

A Gov - er - nor truc - u - lent, cru - el and sly, A
 Some boast of their pow - er to such a de - gree, You

mf

man of re - mark - a - ble pow'r am I, All
 know it's not nat - ural, that's easy to see, My

oth - ers in awe stand a - side when I'm by, And
case is as dif - f'rent as dif - f'rent can be, For

nev - er once ven - ture my will to de - ny.
rul - ing comes per - fect - ly nat - ural to me.

MARQUIS.

CHORUS.

No we don't ev - er ven - ture to try. I'm quite in - de - pend - ent I
Ev - 'ry inch of a rul - er is he. I start - ed to rule from the

do as I please, A glance from me throws ev - 'ry
day of my birth, And or - der'd my nurse girl for

one on his knees, My man - ner's so cold that it
all I was worth, Of pow - er so great there's a

caus - es a breeze, So chil - ly, the hing - es of Ha - des would freeze.
pow - er - ful dearth. Some say when a ba - by I cried for the earth.

ALL.

Yes! Yes! Yes! Br - r - r - r! His
Yes! Yes! Yes! Br - r - r - r! He

man - ner's so cold that it caus - es a breeze, So
start - ed to rule from the day of his birth And

chil - ly, the hing - es of Ha - des would freeze, So chil - ly, in fact, we feel
or - der'd his nurse girl for all he was worth. Such won-drous pre - co - ci - ty

(sneeze) (sneeze)

(Violent sneezing) (sneeze) Ah! Ha! Ha! Ah! Ha! Ha!

D. C. ff p

GIRLS Tittering. MEN Very loud laugh.

Tz - z - z - z - z.

Nº 12.

She Can Do Little Who Can't Do This.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

make a strong im - press - ion On ev - 'ry man you meet, Your
when at last you get him Be sure all else u - bove, That
beau - ty's pure - ly men - tal Pro - vid - ed you can bluff. To

in - tro - duct - 'ry ses - sion Must be a thing dis - creet. To
you will nev - er let him Im - ag - ine you're in love. Just
paint is not es - sen - tial If you pow - der deep e - noug - h. It's

start with, you size up the plan Of man you want to take, Then
let the fool - ish boy sup - pose Your mind is still in doubt, But
ea - sy to be dark or fair With some - thing in a cup, And

try your arts for break - ing hearts, And shoot the darts that break,
then, take care, per - haps he knows Some pret - tier girls a - bout.
then you nev - er dye your hair, You "mere - ly touch it up?"

CHORUS.

She can do lit - tle who cant do this,
She can do lit - tle who cant do this,
She can do lit - tle who cant do this,

But it is ruined if done a - miss. I
But it is ruined if done a - miss. When
But it is ruined if done a - miss. If

think that in fact this. Re - quires some prac - tice, But
all oth - ers fail him, Then you can nail him, And
it turns out sha - dy, Then you're no la - dy, And

she can do lit - tle who can't do this!
she can do lit - tle who can't do this.
she can do lit - tle who can't do this.

Nº 13.

My Word.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Tempo di Schottische.

Piano.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, showing chords and bass notes. The middle staff is for the voice, with lyrics appearing above the notes. The bottom staff is also for the piano. The vocal part begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "Now I To". The piano accompaniment features chords and bass notes throughout. The vocal line continues with "when you Yan - kees chat And speak the En - glish of our land, You went to take a train One day from Troy to Buf - fa - lo, The get a bite to eat I wan - dered down the thor - ough - fare The". The piano part includes dynamic markings like *f*, *mf*, and *p*.



talk in lan-guage that We En - glish chaps cawnt un - der - stand. I
tick - et told quite plain The town to which I wished to go. I
place I chose was neat But not what you call pomme de terre. I



met a New York swell And awsked "Ow do you do, to - night?" "You
wait - ed 'alf a day To hear what sound - ed like the same, But
or - dered eggs and ham Some but - ter cakes and cof - fee black The



see me pret - ty well" Said 'e, "In fact I'm out of sight"
all that man could say Was like a Rus - sian gen - 'ral's name.
wait - er said "yes mam" And called out to the cook in back.

After 1st. Verse. "Out of sight!" And me standing there looking straight at 'im.

Spoken. After 2nd. Verse. Aw-bwrd-limt-spress-track-numb-aw-bwrd.

After 3rd. Verse. Plate of sinkers! Ham and! Draw one in the dark!

CHORUS.

My word! Is - nt that ab-surd? If I talked that way I should'ate to
 My word! Is - nt that ab-surd? I think the man must count up - on your
 My word! Is - nt that ab-surd? Just think of eat-ing such a com-bin-

be 'im My word! That's the worst I ev - ah 'eard! If
 know-in' My word! That's the worst I ev - ah 'eard! Why
 a - tion! My word! That's the worst I ev - ah 'eard! I

'e were "out of sight" 'ow could I see 'im Now
 'ow can peo - ple tell where they are go - in'? Sup -
 kissed my - self good - bye, with res - ig - na - tion. But

I sup - pose if 'e felt not quite right, Hin -
 pose a grand Chi - ca - go trip I'd take, And
 fan - cy my re - lief when once I see The

cresc.

sted of feel - in' out 'ed feel in sight Oh that's the most ab-surd I
 find I am in Fris - co when I wake Oh that's the most ab-surd I
 ver - y things I or-dered brought to me Oh that's the most ab-surd I

(Spoken.)

ev - ah, ev - ah 'eard My word! Hal hal My word!
 ev - ah, ev - ah 'eard My word! Hal hal My word!
 ev - ah, ev - ah 'eard My word! Hal hal My word!

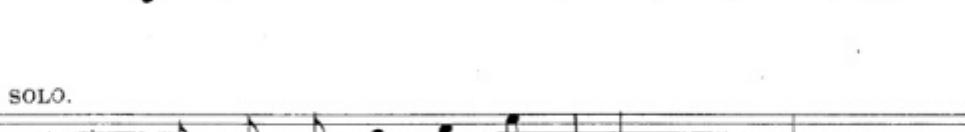
Laughing Little Almond Eyes.

No 14.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

Voice. 

Piano. 

SOLO.



Pic - tured in Kim - o - na or - na - men - tal
 Rest - ing bliss - ful - ly in some fair bow - er,





Sits a lit - tle fig - ure o - ri - en - tal,
 Quite un - con - sciou s of my love, fair flow - er,



Up - on a pa - per fan A maid - en of Ja - pan,
You, by your mag - ic art Have fair - ly won my heart.

pianissimo

*

pianissimo

CHORUS.

Such as you see carved in i - vo - ry. As _____ I see in
Could a maid - en with such eyes be true? If _____ I on - ly

mf

SOLO.

thee. Just a lit - tle jew - el of a Gei - sha,
knew. Prom - ise me that you'll be mine for - ev - er.

But in that small Is - land off in A - sia,
 Prom - ise that our hearts shall nev - er sev - er.

Those eyes and hair of jet Are of a sad co - quette;
 Then we'll go hand in hand All through your lo - tus land

CHORUS.

Fas - ci - nat-ing, fick-le, fan-cy free. Who can she be I won - der?
 In a lit - tle rik-sha of bam - boo. A - lone with you I'll wan - der.

SOLO.
REFRAIN.

Laugh-ing, lit - tle al - mond eyes Sit - ting tak - ing tea,

Black-eyed maid of east - ern skies. Lis - ten to my plea,

If your ti - ny face of tan Is like this one on the fan,

CHORUS.

Look no fur - ther I'm your man, Save one kiss for me, One

SOLO.

kiss?Just a sin-gle kiss you sure-ly nev - er would miss.

N^o 15. What Would Mrs. Grundy Say.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

Piano.

The musical score consists of three systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment in G minor, 2/4 time, with dynamic markings 'f' and 'mp'. The second system begins with a vocal line in G minor, 2/4 time, with lyrics: 'There's a cer - tain par - ty / Ve - ry few are mar - ried'. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass line. The third system continues with the vocal line and piano accompaniment, with lyrics: 'In a cer-tain town / Who, for her o - pin - ion / Has ac-quired re-known. / In this lit - tle town, / 'Cause they can't sit court-ing / With the cur - tains down.'



Out on pleas - ure bent,
Meets the nurse with joy,



Gives him her con - sent.
"Pa - pa it's a boy!" It is



CHORUS.



"What will Mrs. Grun-dy say?" All the peo-ple cry. Have you asked her if you may,



What was her re - ply? You can't get jol - ly a lit - tle bit, 'No

you can't stir, Un - less you see fit to get a per - mit di -

rect from her. rect from her. rect from her.

After last Verse.

D.S. al §

sfz
Fine.

Nº 16.

The Secret.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

Piano.

I don't be - lieve in gos - sip, I'm not a pry - ing elf, When
 Of course you've seen the dia-monds A cer - tain per - son wears, Well
 Now I don't think it's prop - er To take things from a man Un -

mf

ev - er you say "*En - tre - nous*" I keep it to my - self; But
 all those were some gifts to her From "aunt - ie" she de - clares. As
 less you are en - gaged to him And then I s'pose you can. But

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have you heard the lat - est A - bout that friend of mine? Well
aunt - ie has no mon - ey I don't see how she can, But
good - ness! This young per - son Is not en - gaged I'll bet, And

REFRAIN.

seems to me it's time that she Knew where to draw the line. I'd
if she brings those rings and things Why aunt - ie is a man. I'd
yet you'll find that she's in - clin'd To take all she can get. I'd

like to tell you more But it's a se - cret — I'd
like to tell you more But it's a se - cret — I'd
like to tell you more But it's a se - cret — I'd

p-f

like to tell you, for I can't keep still _____ Like to
 like to tell you, for I saw the bill _____ Like to
 like to tell you, for (a voice) Ah, go on! Tell _____ (Solo) Well the

tell you what I heard And if you'll prom - ise — To
 tell you what I read And if you'll prom - ise — That
 bill that I saw read "To Fred - rick Mor - gan." (a voice) Why

nev - er breathe a word, Per - haps I will. 1 I'd will. _____
 not a word is said, Per - haps I will. 2 I'd will. _____
 that's her un - cle Fred! "Oh is it? well!! I'd well!! _____

Soprano.

Nº 17.

Finale II.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegro.

Piano.

GUARDS.

Cit - i - zens of Ja - pan, draw near!

(Gong)

And let ev - e - ry man give ear! (Gong)

(The Geishas enter.)
Stesso tempo.

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GEISHAS.

Oh! what is the mat - ter? Now what can it be? There is

clat - ter and chat - ter, To such a de - gree, That some - thing is wrong there can

(The men enter.)

be lit - tle doubt, So we've come to find out What it's all a - bout.

Ah! _____

THE MEN.

We're set up - on know - ing Just why it is thus And then, if it is go - ing To

Ah! _____

end in a fuss. If the Lord of this sec - tion Is seek - ing pro - tec - tion, We

Ah! _____

GUARDS.

like his se - lec - tion Of us._____ All bow.

ALL.

(The Marquis enters.)

We bow.

*marcato.*MARQUIS. *Misterioso.*

Let all give ear To what I say. I

great-ly fear That trou-ble may Be ver - y near, So don't go 'way But

ALL.

stay like men and face it. What is it, we im - plore!—

f

MARQUIS.



When you are told, It's clear to me, That you'll be - hold What 'pears to be A

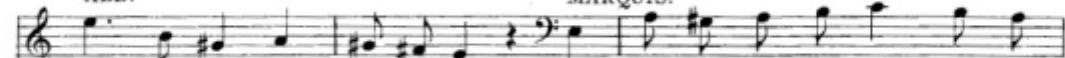


stroke of bold Con - spir - a - cy And you must help me face it.



ALL.

MARQUIS.



Who is the con - spir - a - tor? Our vis - it - ors are crim - 'nal in -



trud - ers! Go! bring them here and let them not e - lude us!



Allegro vivace.



GEISHAS.

Musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of three staves: treble, bass, and alto. The vocal part is in soprano range. The lyrics begin with "Ah! woe is me, we'd". The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords in the treble and bass staves.

hate to be you, We would qui - ver, quail and quake,

Musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of three staves: treble, bass, and alto. The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment consists of sustained chords in the treble and bass staves.

If the Mar - quis wants to see you, It is not for cream and cake.

Musical score for piano and voice. The piano part consists of three staves: treble, bass, and alto. The vocal part is in soprano range. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords in the treble and bass staves.

Presto.



Soldiers enter dragging Commodore and party with them.



COMM. (excitedly.)

If this is some vile trick-er-y, Be - ware what you're a -

p a tempo.

bout! Our coun - try's laws pro - claim us far a - bove it.

MARQUIS.

This sure - ly is some trick-er-y, Of that there is no

doubt; But we and not your - selves are vic - tims of it.

sfz

Spoken.

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Marquis(to Commodore):— So, sir; the Ambassador you brought with you is an impostor!

(Dialogue.)

COMMODORE:— What! Don't let him escape!

MARQUIS:— Ah, have no fear! We will find him!

(Guards enter with Hawkins) Ah, ha! What did I tell you? Here is your minister!

Allegretto.

HAWKINS.

No— no, I'm not the min - is - ter, nor a - ny of his

mf

class, I'm just a four-ply nick-el plat - ed com-mon gar-den ass.

MARQUIS.

So, so! im - pos - ter! Wretch! Ca - naille!

più mosso.

COMM.

HAWKINS.

You low, con - tempt - a - ble, base, vile! Ex -

rall.

(Turning away.)

cuse me, but I feel some - how that I real - ly must be go - ing now.

MARQUIS. (Spoken.)

HAWK.

Stop! not so fast! You must remain! Who are you? Come, speak up! Ex-plain! Say

rit.

don't get gay, you Jap - a - nese! Be care - ful what you

a tempo.

(To Comm.)

do! I'm up a - gainst it, com - mo - dore, I

Moderato.

COMM.

guess it's up to you.— Who, who can this fel - low be? And

mf

HAWK.

why does he ap - peal to me? Why, don't you know me Gov - 'nor? I'm the

rit.

p

Tempo di Valse.

(ALL.)

lil-y — of the val-ley. — He's the lil-y — of the val-ley! —

COMM.

HAWK.

What! Haw-kins! No, no it can-not be he! Yes Gov - 'nor.'

COMM.

(General excitement.)

Why, aint you glad to see me? — What can this mean?

Andante.

ELSIE.

Some-one must in-ter-cede, or he is lost.

FANNY.

Then I will risk it at a - ny cost.

FANNY (To Comm.)

Oh! you who are so high, So no - ble heart - ed, When

you hear all, I know you'll set him free. — That the one I love and I Might not be
part - ed.

That worth - y fel - low did all this for me!

CHORUS.

Oh! you who are so high, So no - ble heart - ed, When
Oh! you who are so high, So no - ble heart - ed, When

you hear all, I know you'll free him, sir! That the one she loves and she might not be
you hear all, I know you'll free him, sir! That the one she loves and she might not be

part - ed. That worth - y fel - low did all this for her.
part - ed. That worth - y fel - low did all this for her.

Vivo.

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FANNY.

Ah! _____

CHORUS.

Spare him!

Spare him!

Spare him!

Spare him!

COMM.

Spare him in - deed! No, I re - fuse to in - ter - cede!

HAWK. (As Japs seize him.)

Ah!

woe is me! A - las! A - lack! Here's where my hu - mor puts on black.

FRED.

One mo - ment! This will nev - er dol My friends,

Molto moderato e maestoso.

I must ap - peal to you.

AMERICANS.

Re -

lease him straight a - way! Re -

JAPANESE.
Lead him, a - way!

ff

lease him straight a - way! Re - lease him, — re -

JAP.
Lead him a - way! Let there

lease him, — re - lease him with-out de - lay. Re -

be no more de - lay.

HAWK. (*ad lib.*)

lease him straight a - way! Re - lease me, re-le-e-e-

JAPANESE.

Let him pay!

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It contains a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef and also has a key signature of one sharp, providing harmonic support.

AMERICANS.

ease me. He is in - no-cent! He is

Let him pay for his crime! A - way with him! A -

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It contains a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef and also has a key signature of one sharp, providing harmonic support.

Grandioso.

in - no-cent! He is in - no-cent of crime! _____

way with him ____ with-out loss of time! _____

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and has a key signature of one sharp. It contains a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The bottom staff is in bass clef and also has a key signature of one sharp, providing harmonic support. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *ff* (fortissimo) and slurs.

Allegretto.

JESSIE. (Breaking through and singing as she walks down stage.)

What will Mrs Grun - dy say? All the peo - ple cry,

Have you asked her if you may? What was her re - ply?

(To Hawkins - spoken through music.)

Now's your chance Hawkins, run for your life, and thank Mrs. Grundy for it.

Un -

(Hawkins escapes.)

less you see fit, To get a per - mit Di - rect from her.

JESSIE and AMERICANS.

What will Mrs. Grun - dy say All the peo - ple cry
 FANTANA and ELSIE.

SOP. and ALTO.

He has es - caped We must cap - ture him and
 TENOR.

He has es - caped We must cap - ture him and
 BASS.

JAPANESE.

Have you asked her if you may? What was her re - ply? You

bring him back To a - wait his fate Sound a -

bring him back To a - wait his fate Sound a -



can't get jolly a lit - tle bit No you can't stir By
 Oh my if they should capture him They will cer-tain-ly make him pay.
 larm at once For he must be cap-tured to -
 larm at once For he must be caught to -
 he

this time he is far a - way. Oh
 Oh I hope he will hur - ry and not de - lay
 day.
 day.
 day.

what will Mrs Grun - dy

If they get him they sure-ly will make him pay.

He

He

(Pantomine bus.)

say?

If they get him they sure-ly will make him pay.

must.

must.

What will Mis - sis Grun-dy say?
 He has es-caped! He has es - caped!

pay Call out the
 pay Call out the

All the peo - ple cry. Have you asked her if you may?

guard! Let him be led a-way and held in the ex - - e -
 guard! Let him be led a-way and held in the ex - - e -

JESSIE.

What was her re-ply? I say! He has es-caped! He has es -

Oh I hope he will hur-ry a-way. If they catch him he sure-ly will

cu-tion room for his doom!

cu-tion room for his doom!

caped! Ab-surd! I say! He has es-caped! He has es - caped! My word!

pay to-day. If they catch him they sure-ly will make him pay. Oh

His doom! — For

His doom! — For

A jel - ly good trick he has played on you Japs
 save him! Save him!

there is a law, Oh, a ter - ri - ble law, Be -
 there is a law, Oh, a ter - ri - ble law, Be -

Oh you're dead slow my bru-nette chaps.

He will es - cape if we long - er de - lay.

fore which the proud - est head must bow,
 fore which the proud - est head must bow.

You had bet - ter hur - ry If you want to catch him.
 On to the res - cue! On to the res - cue!
 On to the cap - ture! On to the cap - ture!
 On to the cap - ture! On to the cap - ture!

AM. and JES.

He's far a-way you nev-er will find him now. Oh what will Mis - sis Grun - dy say
 This Mrs. Grun - dy will save him now. Oh what will Mis - sis Grun - dy say
 No Mrs. Grun - dy can save him now He has es -
 No Mis - sis Grun - dy can save him now He has es -

All the peo - ple cry. Have you asked her if you may?

caped, We must cap - ture him and bring him back to a -
caped, We must cap - ture him and bring him back to a -

What was her re - ply? Oh what will Mis - sis Grun - dy say
What was her re - ply? Oh we must

wait an aw - ful fate! Oh he has es -
wait an aw - ful fate! Oh he has es -

All the peo - ple cry. Oh it's what will Mis - sis Grun - dy say?
 save him Yes we must
 caped let us af - ter him. He has es -
 caped let us af - ter him. He has es -

All the peo - ple cry. He has es-ca-ped! (laughs.)
 save him. Pun - - - ish -
 caped, We must cap - ture him. He'll pay the pen-al - ty
 caped, We must cap - ture him. Pen - - - al -

He has es-caped They will never catch him now.——

ment Well not al - low.——

now——— be-fore which ev-ry one must bow.——

ty to which all bow.——

N^o 18.

Song of the Pipe.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto comodo.

Piano.

When your breaking heart is lad-en With the love for some fair maid-en, You pur-
If you learn though a be-gin-ner Just the way to woo to win her, With the

poco rit.
p

sue her and you woo her With an ar-dent lov-er's art; But no
plead-ing that is need-ing And a touch of sen-ti-ment; Though it

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mat - ter how you flat - ter How you hurl your pre - sence at her, not a
hap - pens that her pa - rent Would ob - ject to you but dare - n't, still with

frac - tion of her ac - tion Tells of love in her cold heart So when
rapt - ure you may capt - ure, All you want is her con - sent So you

fond - est hopes are blight - ed And your love is not re - quit - ed And as
make your pre - pa - ra - tions And send out the in - vi - ta - tions And are

lov - er you dis - cov - er You can't strike the match you want, Set to
ve - ry, ve - ry mer - ry As good for - tune smiles on you, But you

work and strike an - oth - er Light your pipe and smoke and smoth - er Grief and
find when you are mar - ried That your mar - ried life is har - ried And your

sor - row till the mor - row As you bid des - pair a - vaunt.
trouble now is dou - ble Then there's just one thing to do.

ritard.

CHORUS.

Tempo di Valse animato.

Fill up your pipe to the brim ----- Smoke till the at - mos - phere's

f marc.

dim, ----- Re - mem - ber your pipe is the best of friends Where

mp

molto rit. cresc.

plea - sure be - gins— And where trou - ble ends— So there you should nev - er for-

molto rit. cresc.

get — When - ev - er you fume and you fret, — That the fumes from your

Puff puff

puff puff

pipe ev - 'ry care will choke, So smoke, smoke, smoke. —

D.C.

smoke. —

ff

No 19.

The Girl At The Helm.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Vivo.

Piano.

Allegretto. with spirit.

Ev - er since Ad - am and Eve were young, Wo - man's ruled the day.
 Man is a crea - ture that's eas -'ly tired In the game of life

Po - ets her prais - es have oft - en sung In the roun - de -
 And if he nev - er could be in - spired He'd give up the

lay strife Tak - ing a hand in af - fairs of state,
 Ev - e - ry one of him must con - fess

Since When the world he wins be - gan prize Lead - ing him on and
 It is be - cause he

seal - ing the fate Of poor un - fort - u - nate man.
 has found suc - cess In a pair ____ of eyes.

REFRAIN.

All men Should have a guid-ing star A

mp

girl at the helm That leads them from a - far

And then If she's the prop - er sort,

It's the girl at the helm That steers them in - to port.

SOP. and ALTO.

All men should have a guid-ing star A girl at the

All men should have a guid-ing star A girl at the

helm that leads them from a far And then if she's the prop-er
 helm that leads them from a far And then if she's the prop-er

sort, Its the girl at the helm that steers them in - to port..
 sort, Its the girl at the helm that steers them in - to port..

Nº 20.

His Little Sister.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

In a lit - tle rus - tie vil - lage Lived a rus - tie vil - lage
 Soon the bus - y vil - lage gos - sips Spread the tid - ings far and

belle. She was coy and oh, so sim - ple! That is
 wide. That this fel - low's "lit - tle sis - ter" Was a -

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near as you could tell.
 bout to be - come his bride. She re - fused a score of
 Then the oth - er fel - lows

suit - ors Then she met a cer - tain swain Who called
 hust - led And be - fore the week was through Ev - 'ry

her his "lit - tle sis - ter" And was asked to call a -
 one of them a - dopt - ed A lit - tle sis - ter

REFRAIN. *Slower.*

gain. Such a lov - ing coup - le Were they those
 too. Such a lov - ing coup - le Were they those

rit.

two. With his eyes so ten - der And her's so
 two. With his eyes so ten - der And her's so

true. All the vil - lage moth - ers Would point with
 true. All the town re - - mem-bered The tale through

pride life At this broth - er with his sis - ter ev - er
 Of this broth - er with the sis - ter Who be -

1 2 § Last time only.
 by came his side. Such a side
 his wife. Such a wife.

D.S. ff

Nº 21.

That's Art.

Words by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegro moderato.

Voice.

Piano.

In these would-be clev - er days Ev - 'ry thing is art;
 In the ranks of vau - de - ville Art is most in - tense,

In a thous - and diff - 'rent ways, It plays a lead - ing part.
 You can go and get your fill All for fif - ty cents.

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At de - bates and so - cial talks Art is in the air,
Art - ists of the song and dance, Art - ist ac - ro - bats,

Why, you meet it in your walks, Art is ev -'ry - where. "That's
Art - ist vit - u - scope per - chance, Art - ist dogs and cats. That's

REFRAIN.

art," you say, "true art!" That
art, that is, true art! I would

lit - tle word is bet - ter Than a di - a - gram or chart. When you
 like to be ar - tist - ic But I hav - n't got the heart. You have

cresc.

wish to crit - i - cise, You have on - ly to look wise And ex -
 on - ly to ap - pear, In a cake-walk on your ear, Then on

cresc.

claim with op - en eyes: "That's art!" "That's art!"
 ev - 'ry side you hear: "That's art!" "That's art!"

1 2

sfz D.C.

Nº 22.

Just My Style.

DUET.

Fantana and Sinclair.

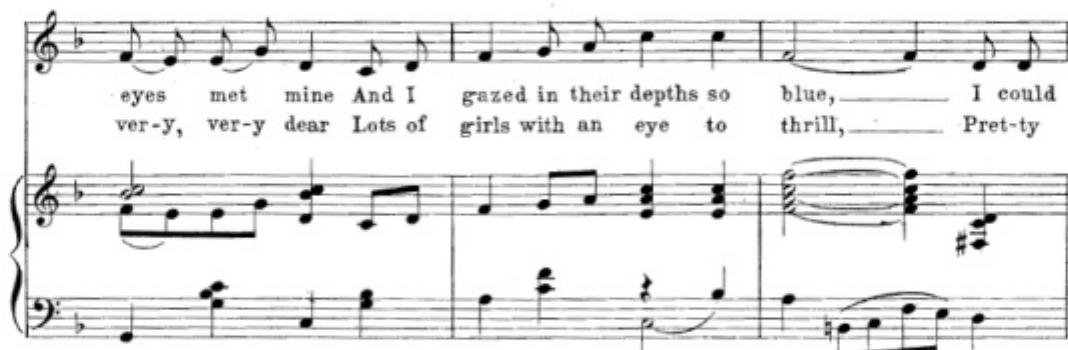
Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Moderato.

SINCLAIR.

Voice. 

Since first your ra-di-ant
I know lots of girls who are



eyes met mine And I gazed in their depths so blue, _____ I could
ver-y, ver-y dear Lots of girls with an eye to thrill, _____ Pret-ty



plain-ly see you were meant for me And I was meant for
girls who be ver-y fair to see But you are fair - er

FANTANA.

you. I knew at that time that by right di - vine As
still. I know lots of men who are hand - some chaps And

marc. il basso.

well as I know it now; That do what I might, I was
think that per-haps they'd do I feel when they call I could

yours all right Yet I can't ex - plain just how.
love them all. But I am en - gaged to you.

rall.

REFRAIN.

If you ask me why I love you, I will ask you if you

mf r.h. *r.h.*

know Why the ti - ny stars a - bove you Night - ly

shine up - on us so. There is some-thing in your

man - ner, There is some-thing in your smile, There is

some-thing seems to tell me You are just my style.

In My Riksha of Bamboo.

Fantana and Geisha.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto.

Lightly not too fast.

Piano.

If you want to

fol - low me, Thro' the land of Ja - pan so fair to see,

I will take my sun - shade, (It can more than one shade;)

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And be-neath a sky of blue, By your side I will ride a - long with you

In my rik - sha of bam - - boo.

FANTANA.

GEISHA.

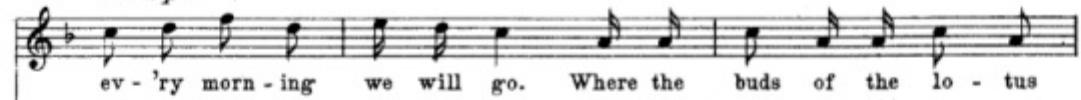
Is there room for two, In your jin - rik - sha of bam -

mf
rit.

If you will ride with me in my lit - tle rik - sha of bam - boo, Then

rit.

boo, Of bam - - - boo?

a tempo*p a tempo*

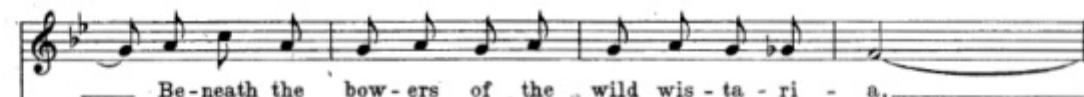
lil - ies blow, Where cher - - ry—— blos - soms grow.

Where fra - grant cher - ry blos - soms grow.

So come a - long with me in my jin - rik - i - sha.

Your jin - rik - i -





sha.

In your rik -



sha.



There life is ev - er gay. The live long





day There life is ev - er - gay.

So come a - long with me in my jin - rik - i - sha.

Your jin - rik - i -

Be -neath the bow - ers of the wild wis - ta - ri - a.

sha. In your rik -

In your rik -

And will go o'er the hills and far a - way, Where no one works ex -
 sha O'er the hills and far a -


cept at play. So come with me in my jin-rik-i - sha.
 way, In your jin - rik - i - sha.

DANCE.



Can-Can vs. Cake-Walk.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Piano.

Allegretto.

staccato.

Not too fast.

To win the heart Of maid-en free I use the art Terp-
But sud-den-ly Ah, sad to tell! I failed to be Ze-

si - cho - ree And ere we part She's vowed to me I've won her with ze
Beau Brum-mell Be - cause, you see, Ze can-can fell And cake-walk came to

dance. Of course I may Win with my face, But
reign. So, so! next day I start-ed in To

rall.

peo - ple say I lead my ace When I get gay And
learn ze way To dance to win, And now they pay When

I REFRAIN.

use ze grace I learned in la belle France. Oh my
I be - gin Ze dance A - mer - i -

man-ner is tres el - e - gante And my grace is tou - jour rav - i -

rit. *a tempo.*

sante. As I kick wiz my teet-sies, ah, jus - qu la All ze
rit. *a tempo.*

rit. *a tempo.*

la-dies zey cry me, "Char-mante! Com-me Oh"mon cher" zey say, "Je vous a -
rit. *a tempo.*

dore! Voi-la! Et qui vou-lez vous en - core!?" Zey

rall. *a tempo.*

nev-er will leave me - jam - ais! When I dance in ze Par-isienne way.
rall. *a tempo.* *sfz D.C.*
v

II REFRAIN.

161

A musical score for a piano-vocal piece. The music is in 2/4 time, with a key signature of two sharps. The vocal line consists of four staves of music, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are:

caine. Oh, when I dance ze cake - walk Ze

girls all fol - low me. On ze bou - le - vard

Zey ask me for my card, Cake - walk era - zy!

If you go to Par - ie Don't fail to let them know That you

The piano accompaniment features harmonic chords and bass notes.

come from the land where the cake - walks grow.

fz Fine.