Mr. Popple.

(of Ippleton.)

A Comedy, with Music.

Libretto and Music by

Paul A. Rubens.

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MR. POPPLE

(OF IPPLETON).

A New and Original Comedy, with Music,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

PAUL A. RUBENS.

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Produced at the Apollo Theatre.

MR. POPPLE
(OF IPPLETON).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FREDDY POPPLE (*of Ippleton*)	MR. G. P. HUNTLEY.
NORMAN POPPLE (*his Brother*)	MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS.
GEORGE HENNAY (*a large Furnishing Man*)	MR. W. CHEESMAN.
HENRY DORING (*a Wine Merchant*)	MR. HAROLD EDEN.
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LORD DOWNE, PAT FENTON (*Patrons of the Charity Theatre*)	MR. ERSKINE LANG, MR. GREGORY SCOTT.
HON. KERR BURETTA (*Secretary of the Magpie Motor Club*)	MR. CHARLES HAMPDEN.
ALFRED (*Lift Attendant at La Bolero's Flat*)	MR. FRANK PERFITT.
MAURICE (*Head Waiter at the Blitz Hotel*)	MR. MORRIS HARVEY.
JOHN (*Waiter at the Blitz Hotel*)	MR. S. HUGHES.
WILLIAM (*Waiter at the Kursaal, Wrexhill-on-Sea*)	MR. B. FRASER.
PLATT (*Servant to Freddy Popple*)	MR. LIONEL VICTOR.
MRS. DORING	MISS MARIE ILLINGTON.
MRS. HENNAY	MISS GRACE DUDLEY.
VIOLET BRINTON (*Protégée of Mrs. Hennay*)	MISS OLIVE HOOD.
GLADYS	MISS VIOLET ENGLEFIELD.
ROSIE	MISS NANCY MALONE.
CATHERINE	MISS MOLLIE VENTRY.
MARIE (*of the Charity Theatre*)	MISS SARA SYDNEY.
CLYTIE	MISS ADDIE MARZE.
MABEL	MISS VIVIENNE EVANS.
LOUISE (*Maid to La Bolero*)	MISS CORALIE BLYTHE.
AND	
LA BOLERO	MISS ETHEL IRVING.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—The Azalea Lounge of the Blitz Hotel, Piccadilly (Evening)	JOSEPH HARKER.
„ II.—La Bolero's Flat, Fount Street, W. (Next Afternoon)	JULIAN HICKS.
„ III.—Outside the Ballroom of the Kursaal, Wrexhill-on-Sea. The Motor Carnival. (Same Evening)	JOSEPH HARKER.

MUSICAL DIRECTOR	MR. I. A. DE ORELLANA.
STAGE DIRECTOR	MR. T. MOWBRAY.

MR. POPPLE

(OF IPPLETON).

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Mr POPPLE
(of Ippleton.)

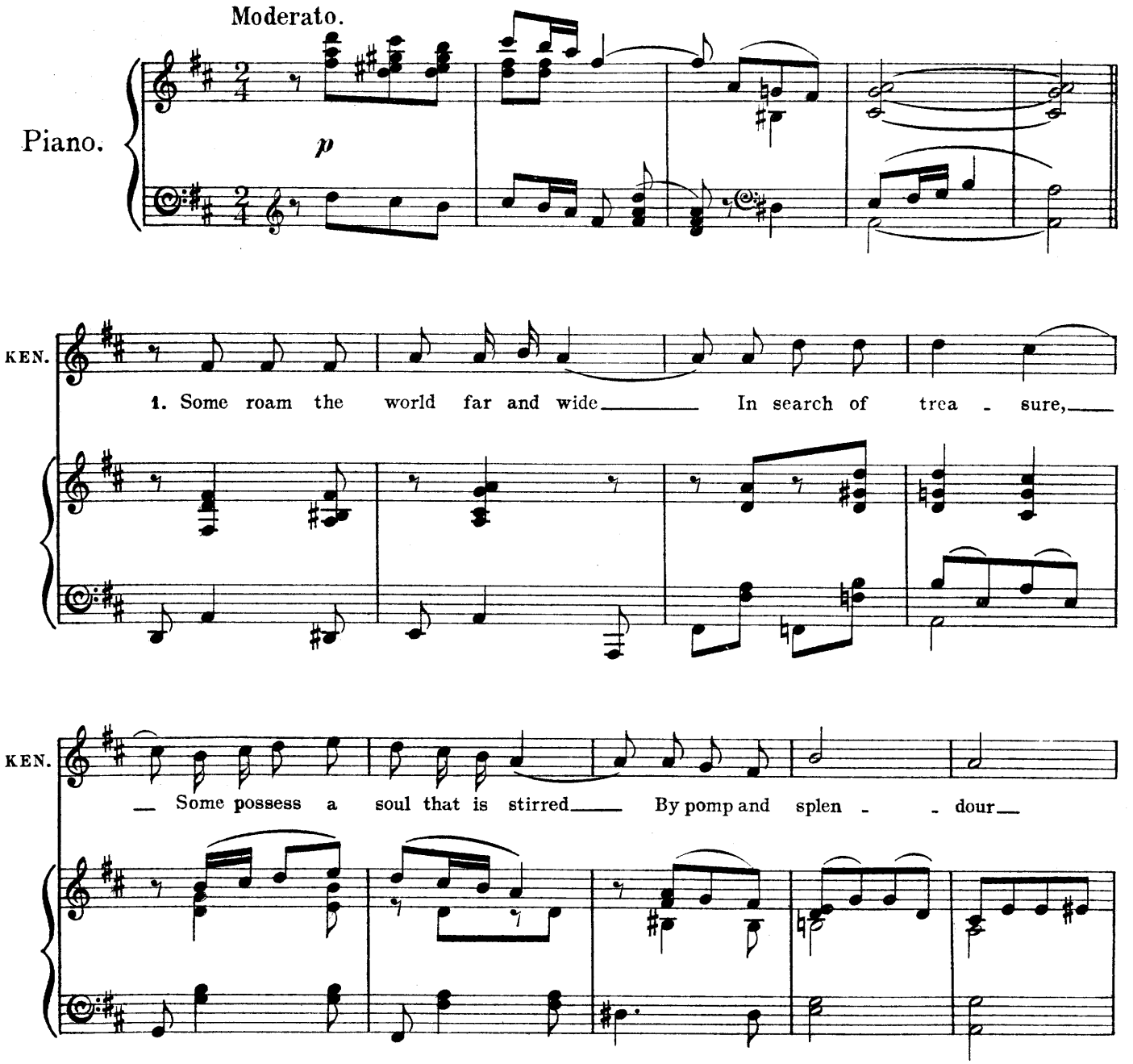
Act I.

No 1.

SONG. (Kenyon.)
"ONE LITTLE WORD."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK and PAUL A. RUBENS.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.



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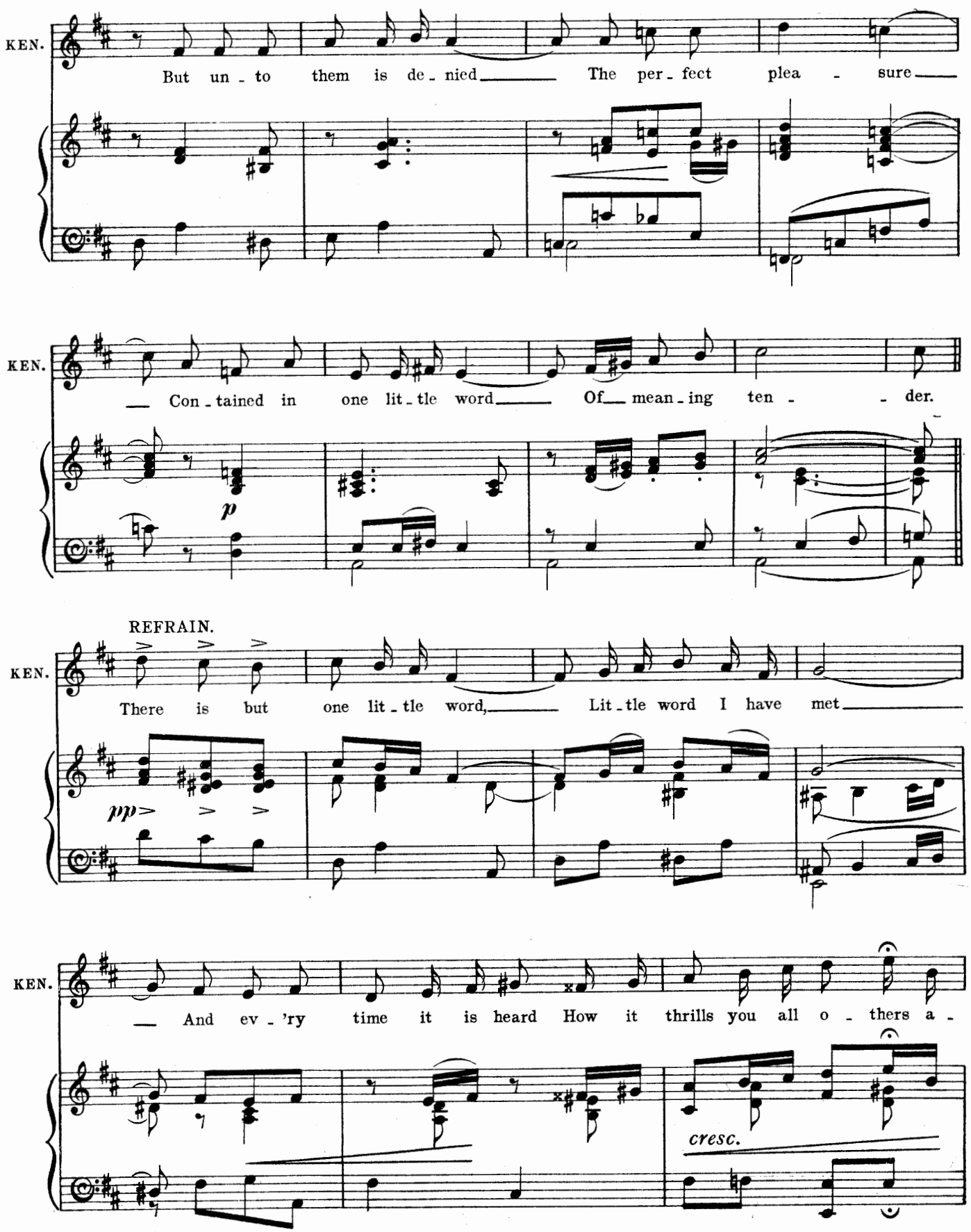
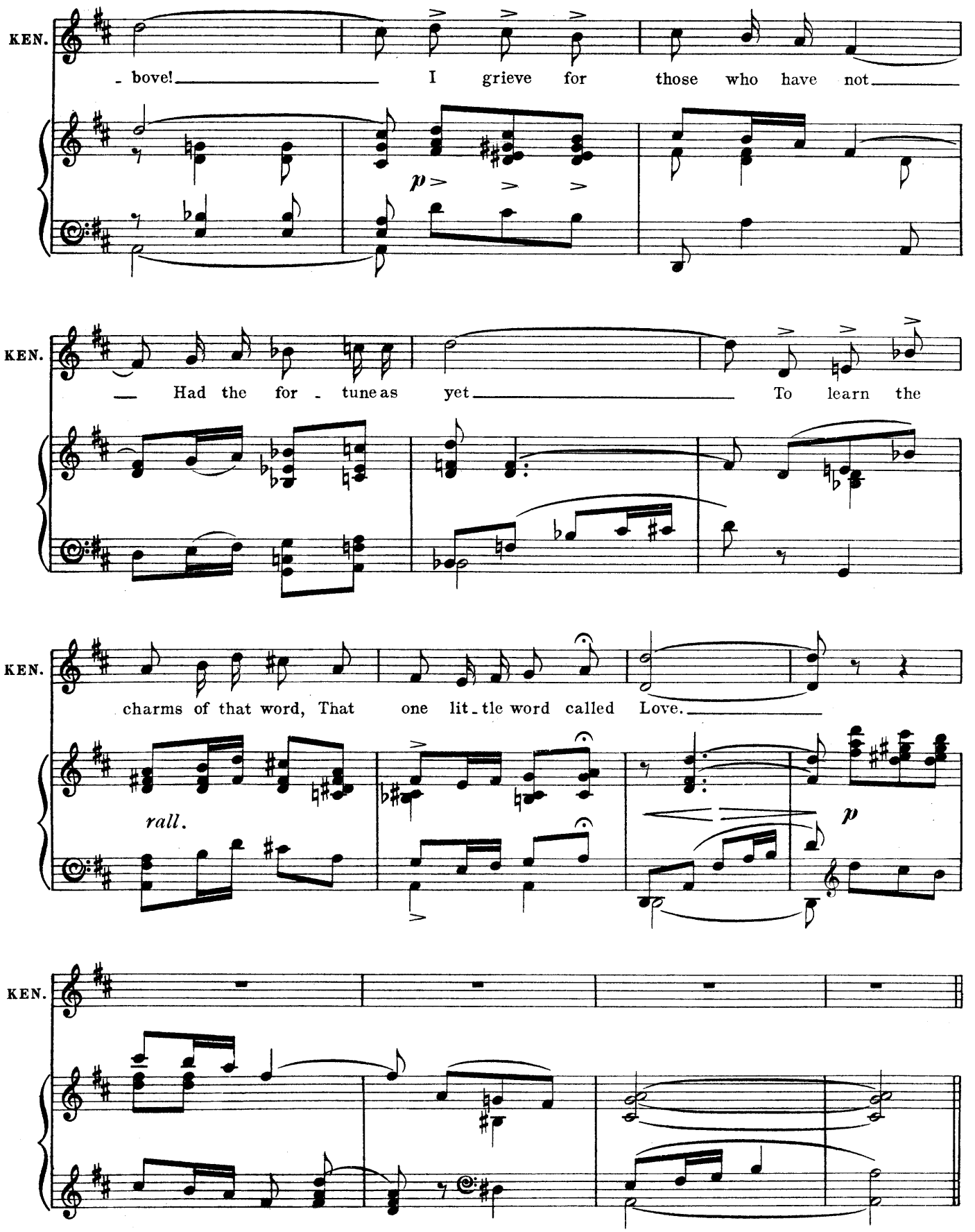
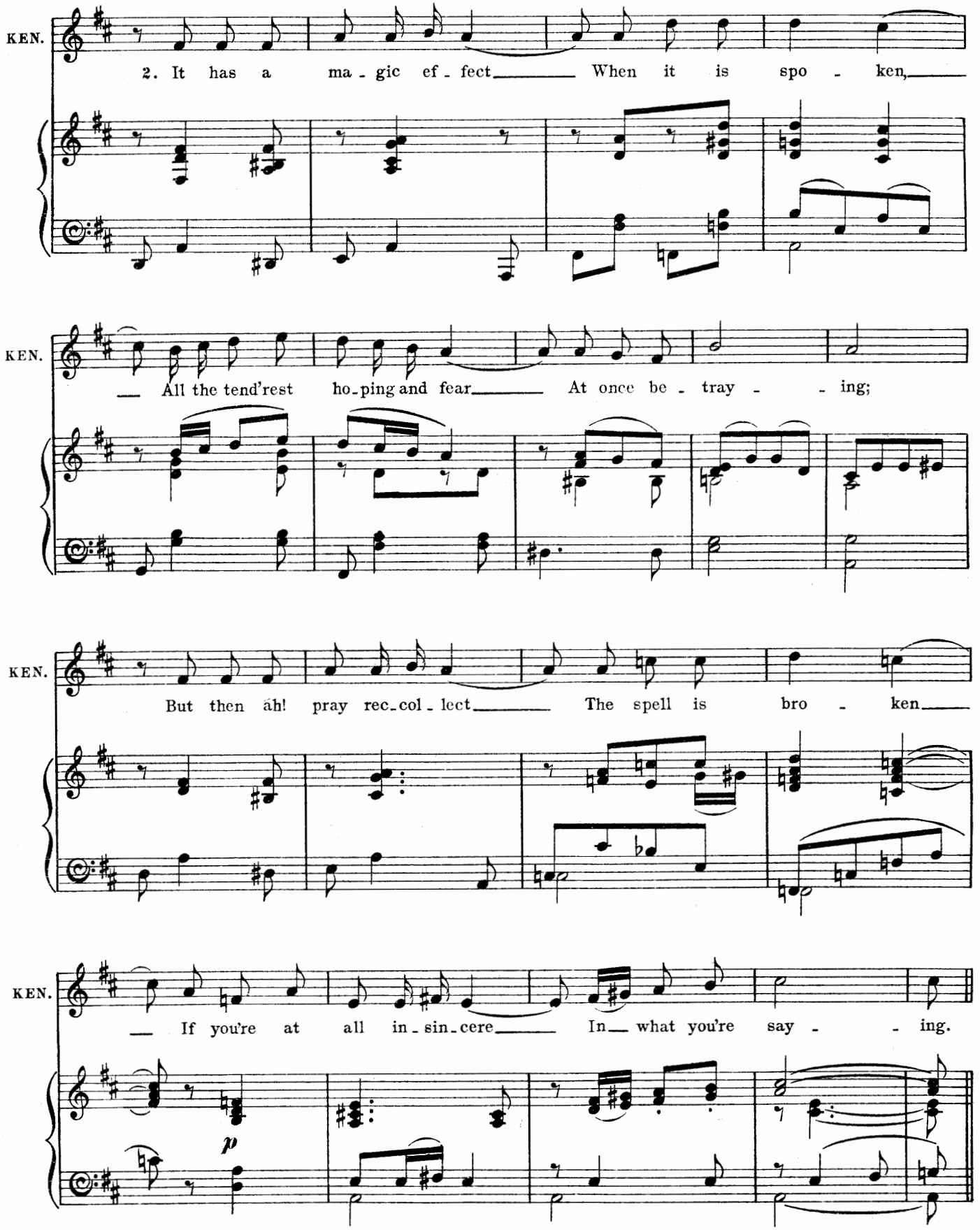
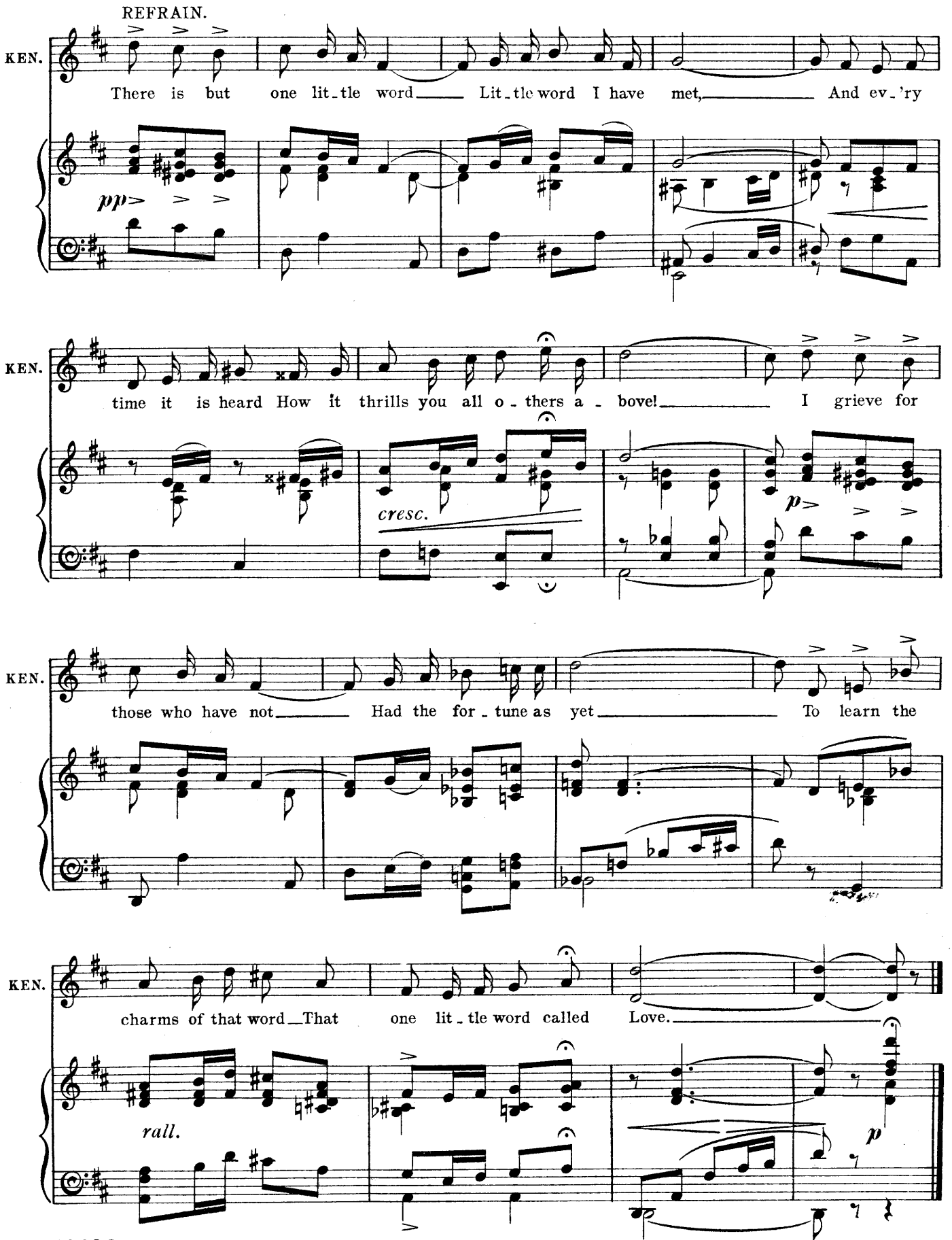

KEN.
But un - to them is de - nied The per - fect plea - sure
KEN.
Con - tained in one lit - tle word Of mean - ing ten - der.
p
REFRAIN.
KEN.
There is but one lit - tle word, Lit - tle word I have met
pp
KEN.
And ev - 'ry time it is heard How it thrills you all o - thers a -
cresc.


KEN.
- bove! I grieve for those who have not
p
KEN.
— Had the for - tune as yet To learn the
KEN.
charms of that word, That one lit - tle word called Love.
rall.
p
KEN.


KEN.
2. It has a ma - gic ef - fect When it is spo - ken,
KEN.
All the tend'rest ho-ping and fear At once be - tray - - ing;
KEN.
But then ah! pray rec-col - lect The spell is bro - ken
KEN.
If you're at all in-sin-cere In what you're say - - ing.
p


REFRAIN.
KEN.
There is but one lit-tle word Lit-tle word I have met, And ev-'ry
pp
KEN.
time it is heard How it thrills you all o-thers a-bove! I grieve for
cresc.
p
KEN.
those who have not Had the for-tune as yet To learn the
KEN.
charms of that word That one lit-tle word called Love.
rall.
p

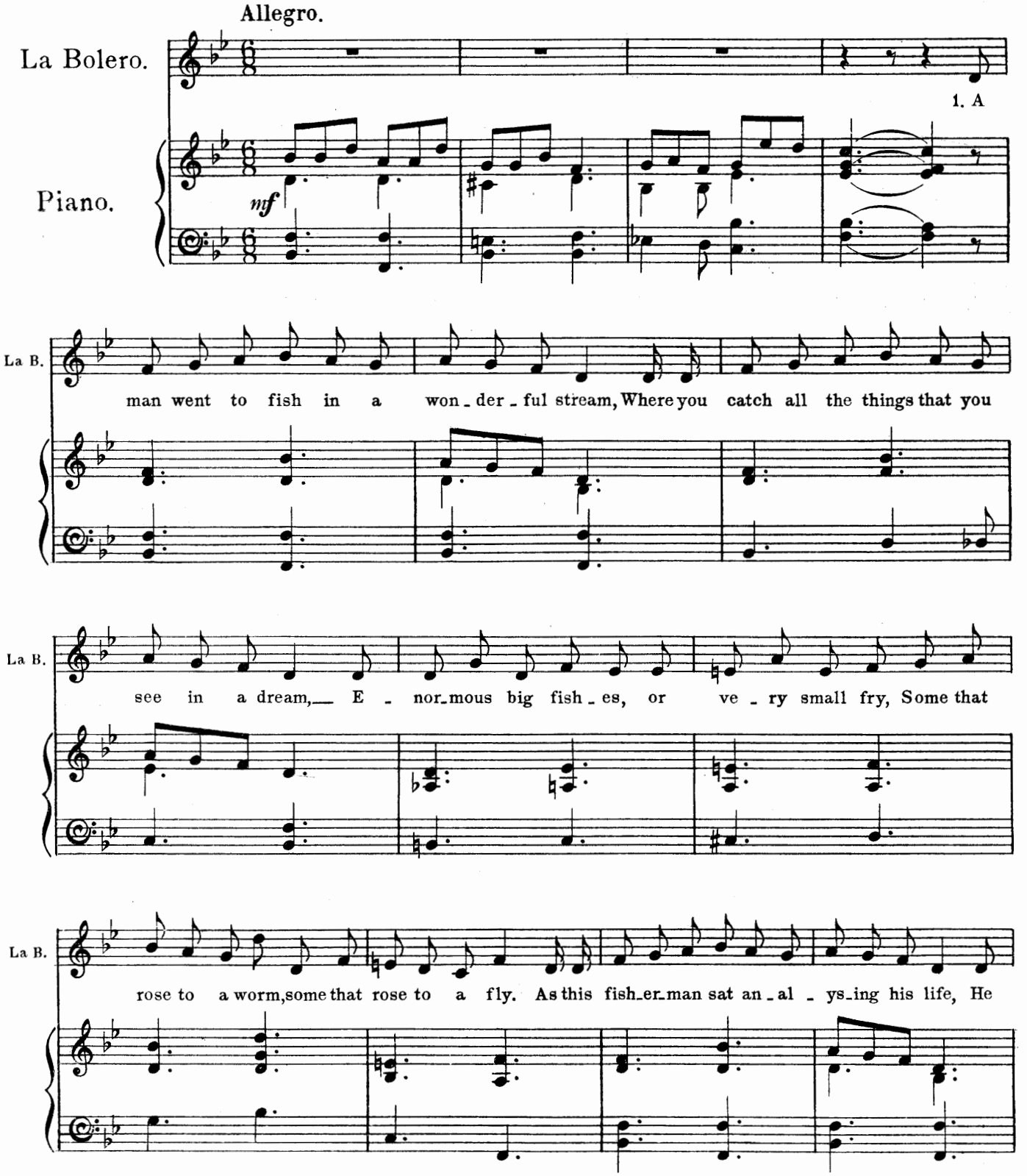
No. 2.

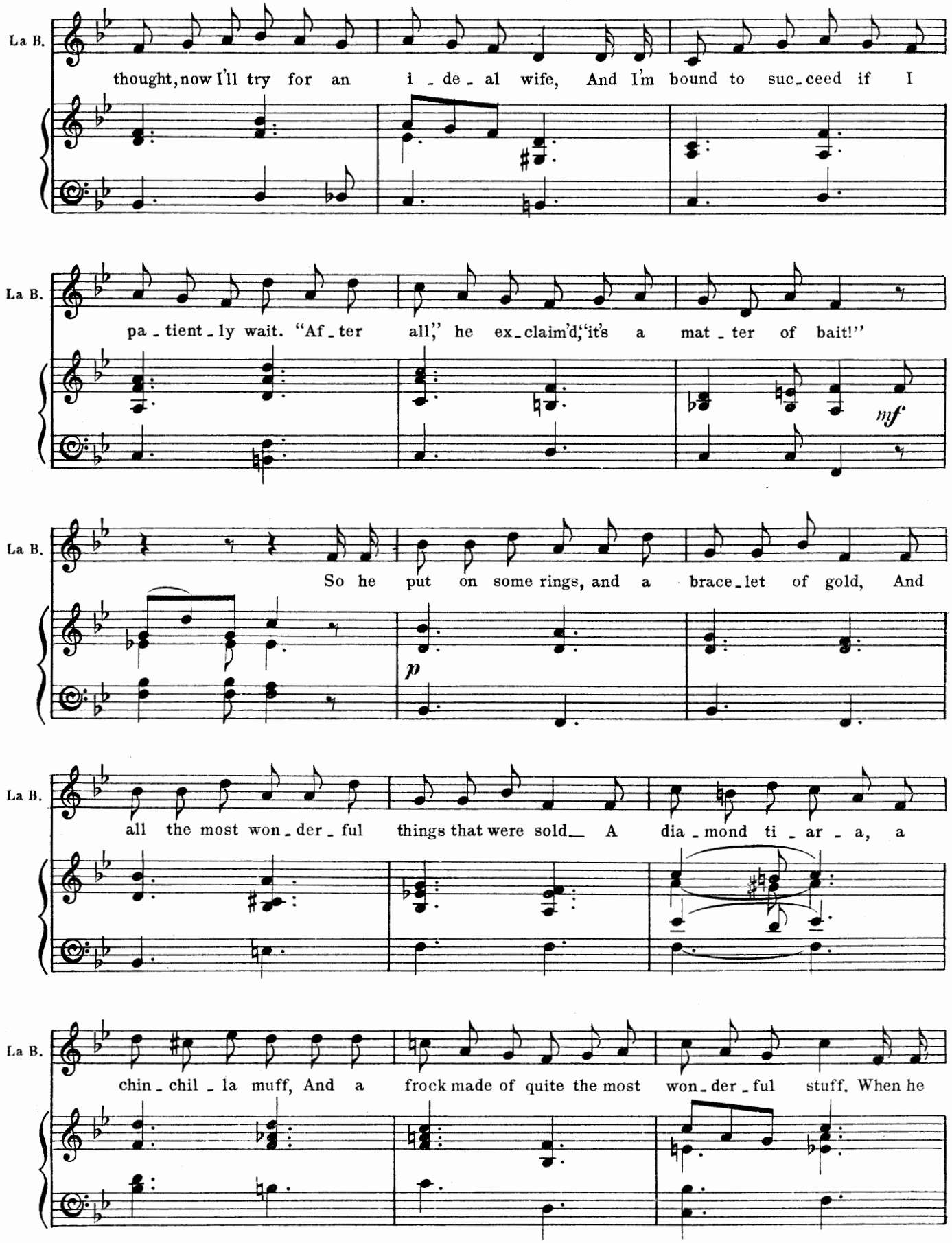
SONG. (La Bolero.)

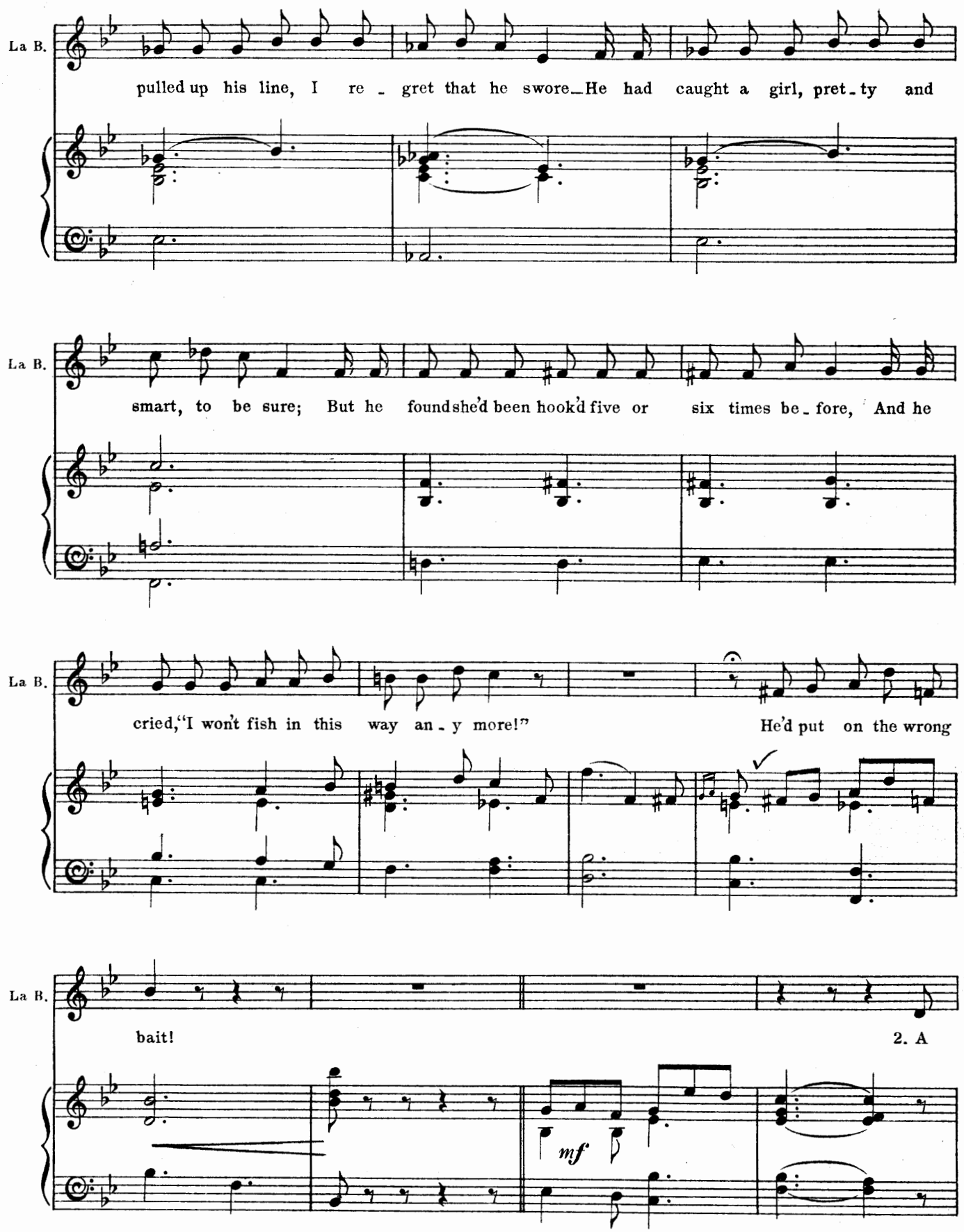
"A QUESTION OF BAIT."

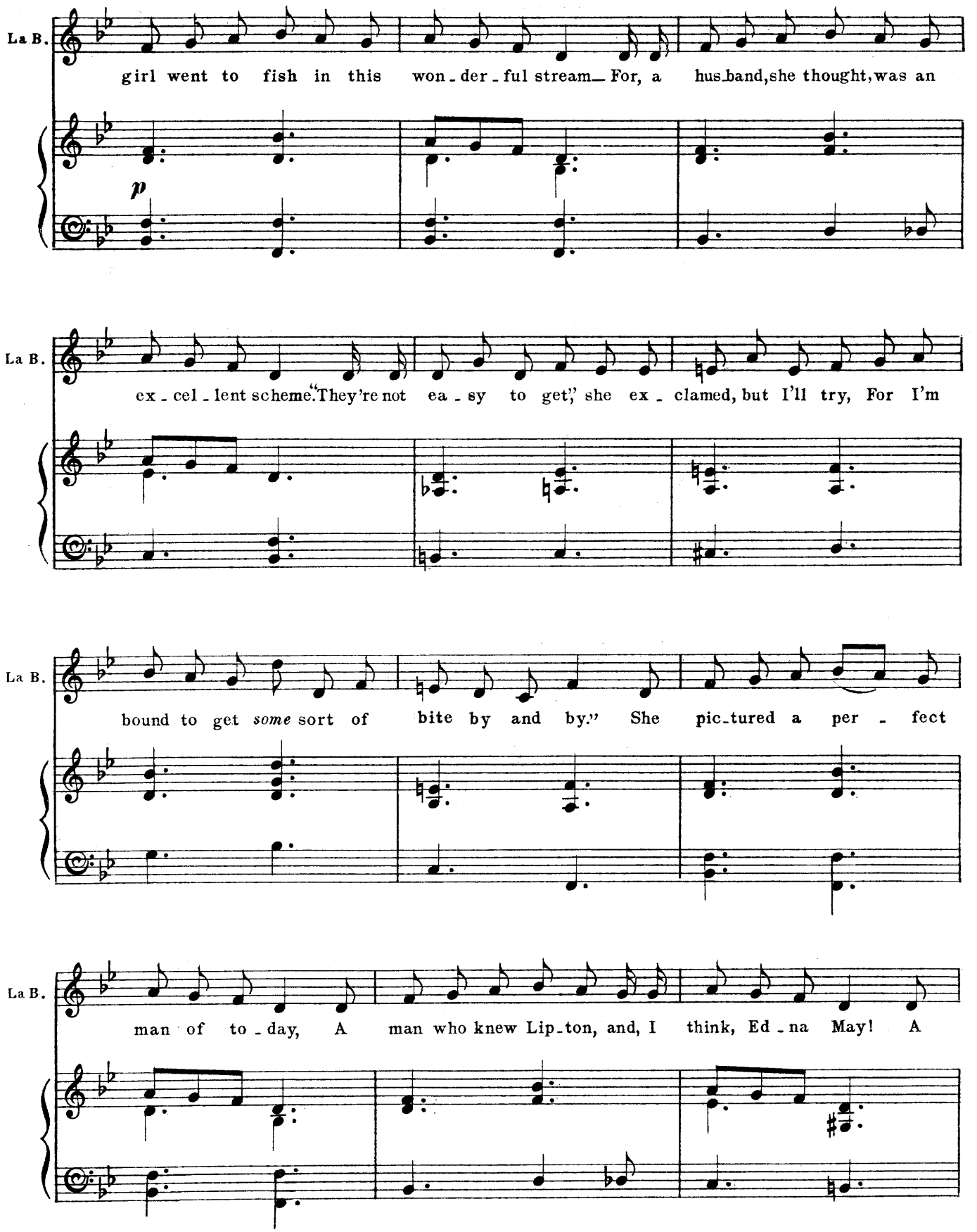
(To be more or less spoken through the music.)

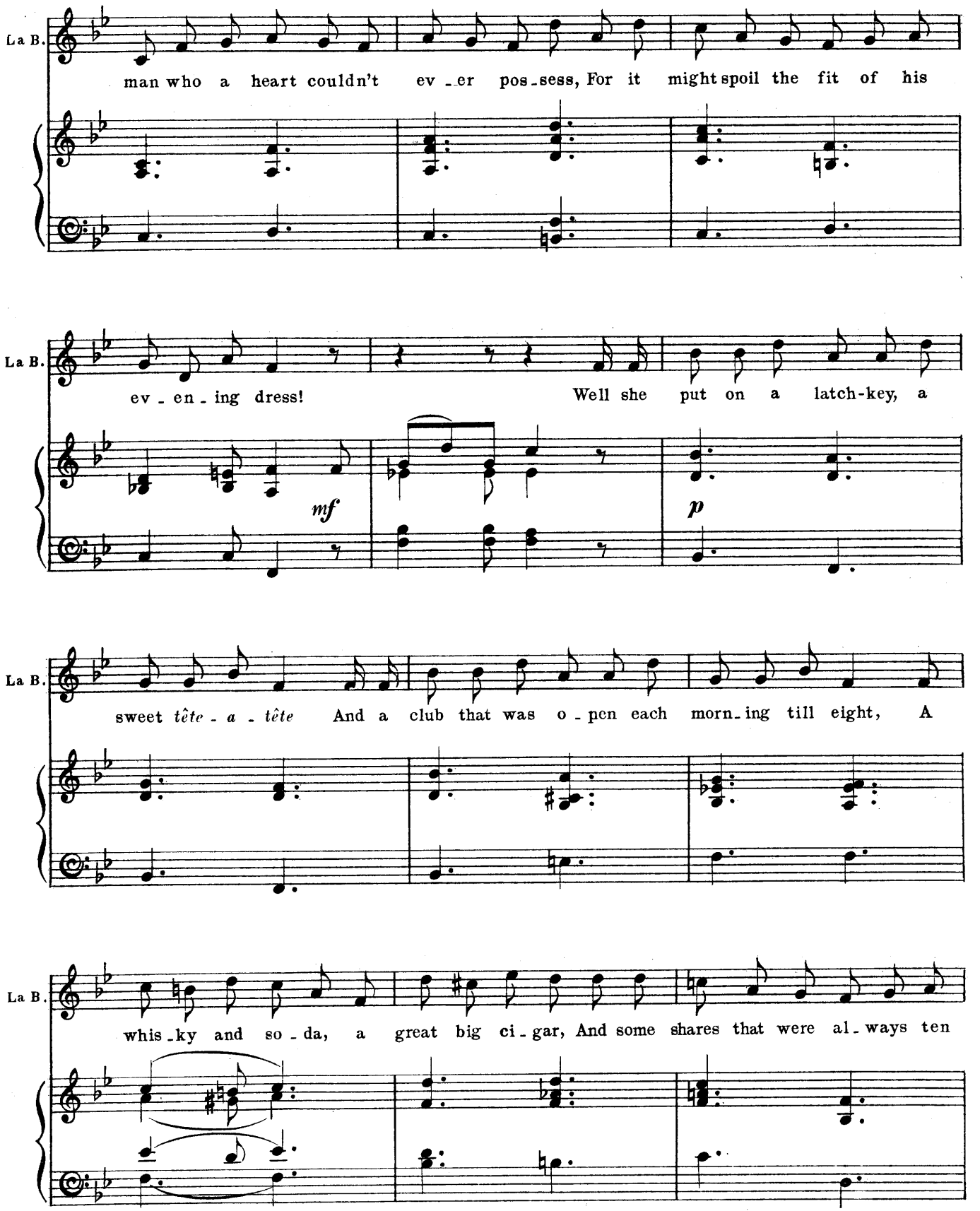
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

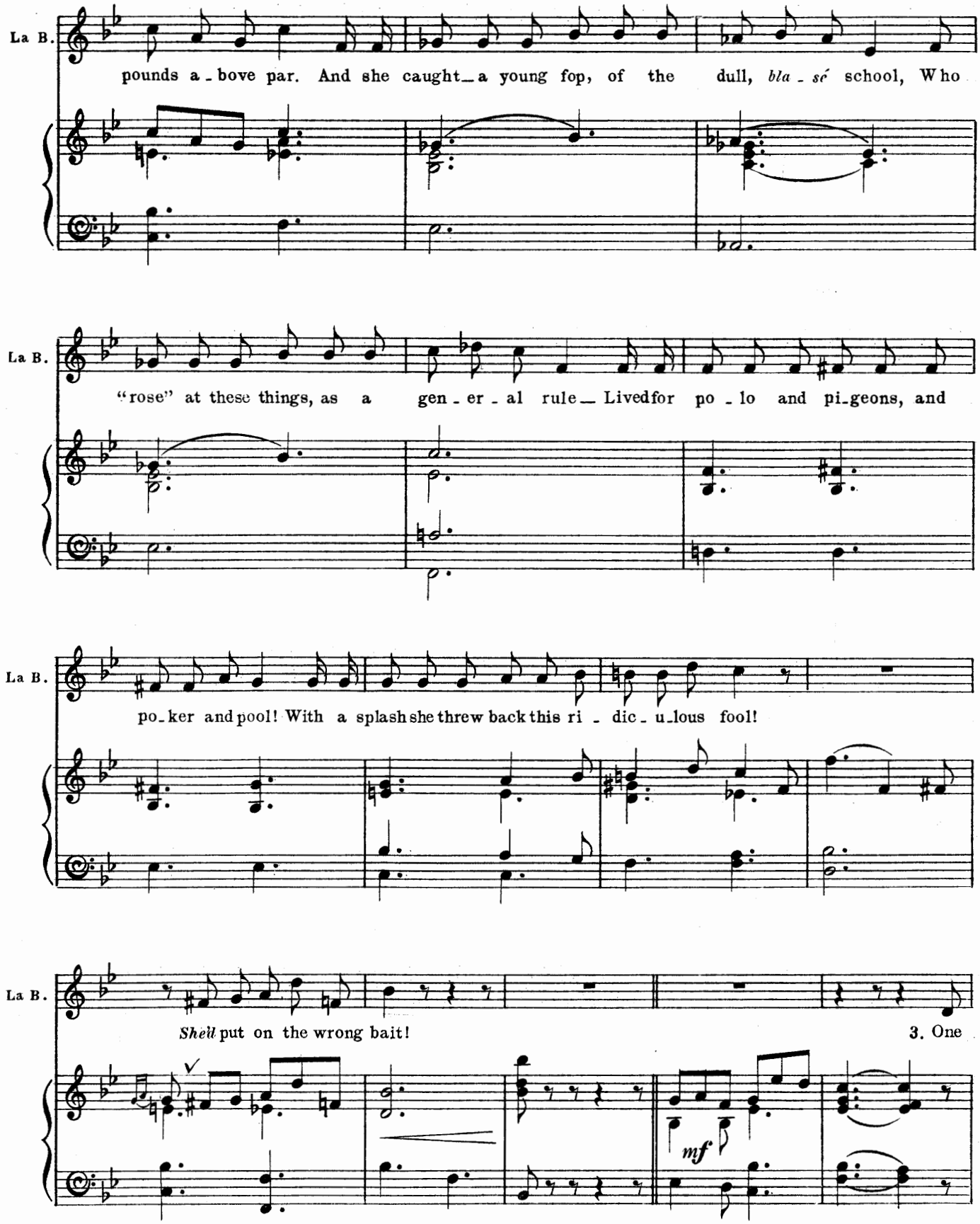


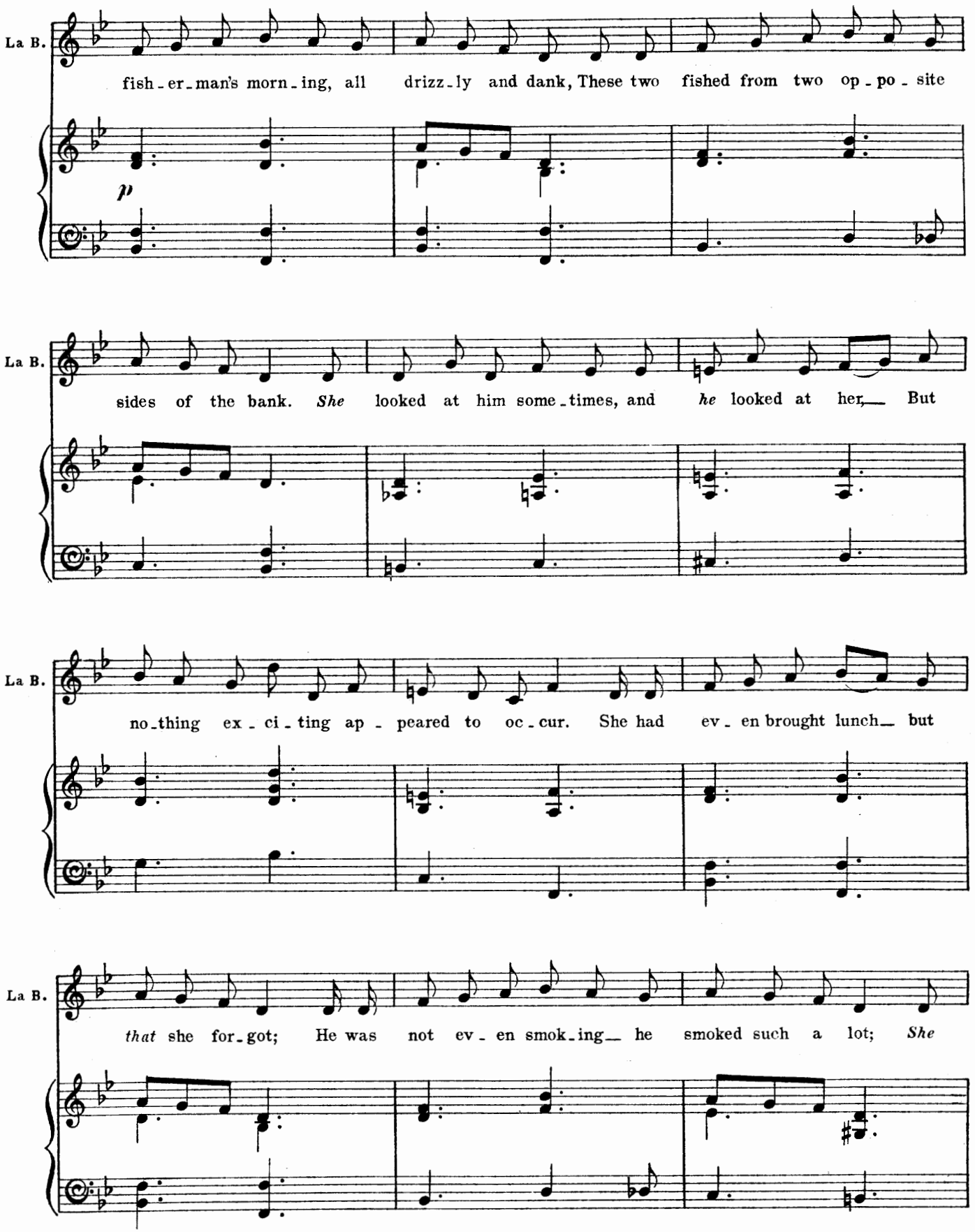

La B.
thought, now I'll try for an i - de - al wife, And I'm bound to suc - ceed if I
La B.
pa - tient - ly wait. "Af - ter all," he ex - claim'd, "it's a mat - ter of bait!"
mf
La B.
So he put on some rings, and a brace - let of gold, And
p
La B.
all the most won - der - ful things that were sold A dia - mond ti - ar - a, a
La B.
chin - chil - la muff, And a frock made of quite the most won - der - ful stuff. When he

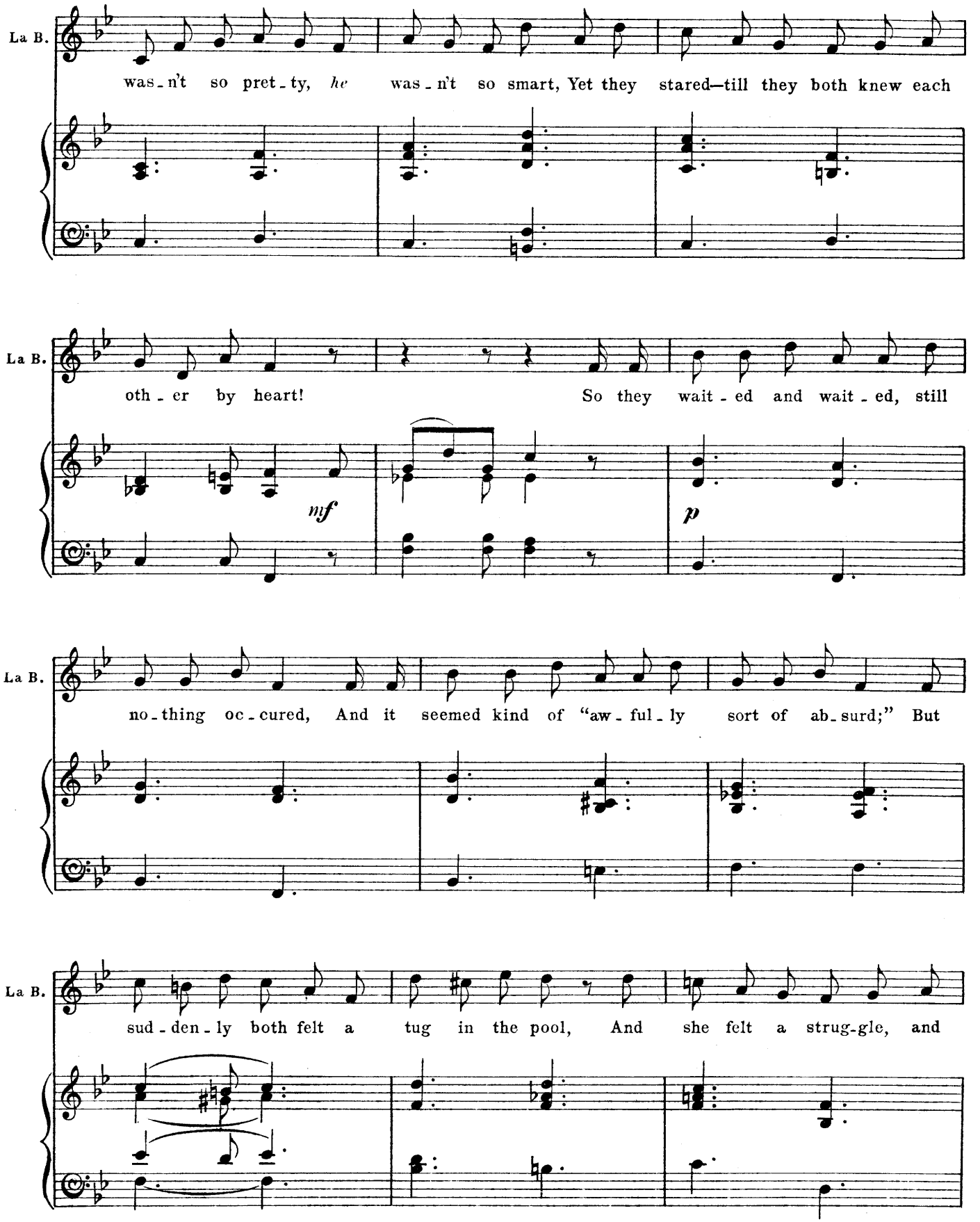

La B.
pulled up his line, I re - gret that he swore—He had caught a girl, pret - ty and
La B.
smart, to be sure; But he found she'd been hook'd five or six times be - fore, And he
La B.
cried, "I won't fish in this way an - y more!" He'd put on the wrong
La B.
bait!
2. A
mf

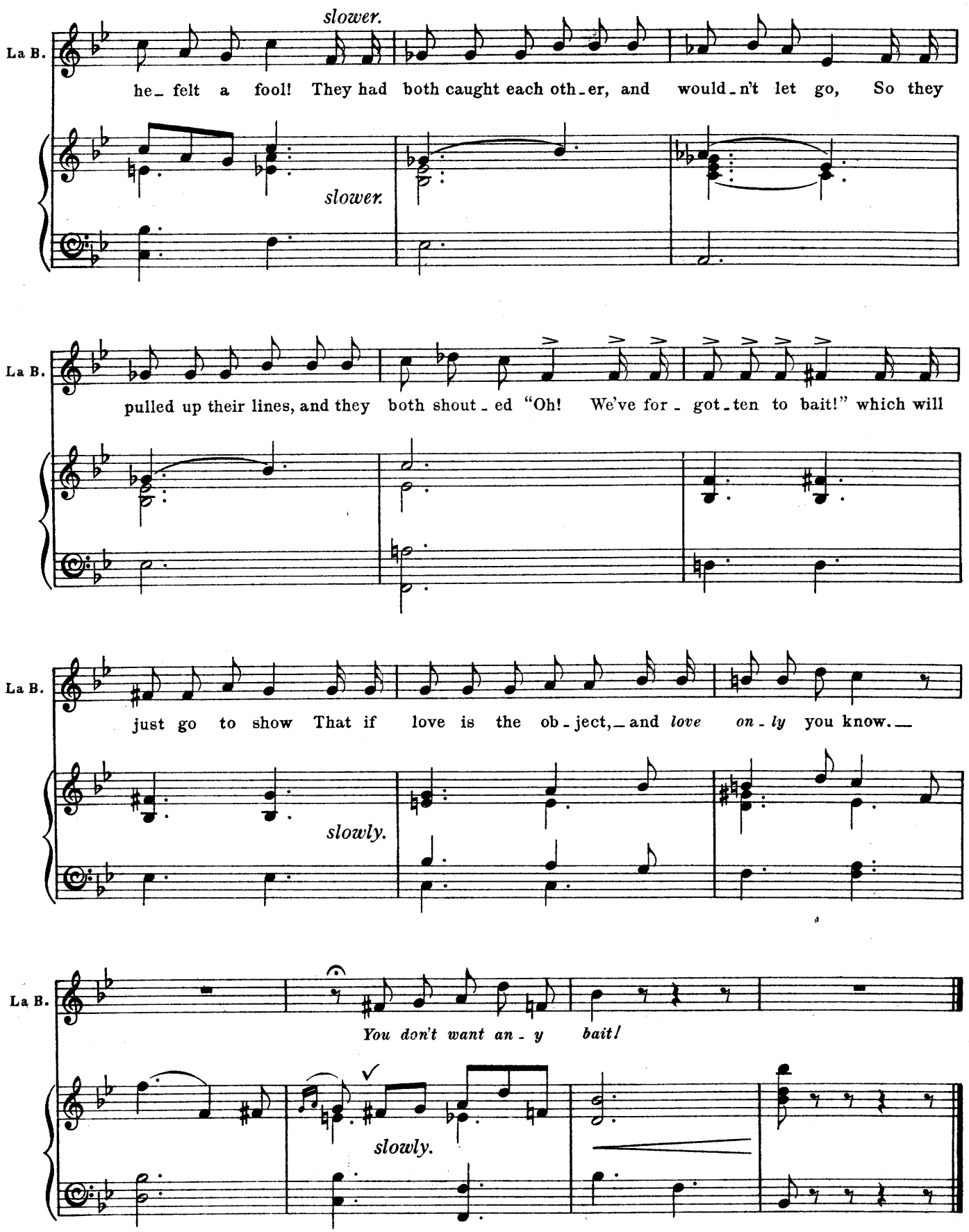

La B.
girl went to fish in this won-der-ful stream— For, a hus-band, she thought, was an
p
La B.
ex-cel-lent scheme. "They're not ea-sy to get," she ex-claimed, but I'll try, For I'm
La B.
bound to get *some* sort of bite by and by." She pic-tured a per-fect
La B.
man of to-day, A man who knew Lip-ton, and, I think, Ed-na May! A


La B.
man who a heart couldn't ev - er pos - sess, For it might spoil the fit of his
La B.
ev - en - ing dress! Well she put on a latch-key, a
mf
p
La B.
sweet *tête - a - tête* And a club that was o - pen each morn - ing till eight, A
La B.
whis - ky and so - da, a great big ci - gar, And some shares that were al - ways ten


La B.
pounds a - bove par. And she caught a young fop, of the dull, bla - sé school, Who
La B.
"rose" at these things, as a gen - er - al rule Lived for po - lo and pi-geons, and
La B.
po-ker and pool! With a splash she threw back this ri - dic - u-lous fool!
La B.
She'll put on the wrong bait!
3. One
mf


La B.
fish-er-man's morn-ing, all drizz-ly and dank, These two fished from two op-po-site
p
La B.
sides of the bank. She looked at him some-times, and he looked at her,— But
La B.
no-thing ex-ci-ting ap-peared to oc-cur. She had ev-en brought lunch— but
La B.
that she for-got; He was not ev-en smok-ing— he smoked such a lot; She


La B.
was-n't so pret-ty, he was-n't so smart, Yet they stared—till they both knew each
La B.
oth-er by heart! So they wait-ed and wait-ed, still
mf
p
La B.
no-thing oc-cured, And it seemed kind of "aw-ful-ly sort of ab-surd;" But
La B.
sud-den-ly both felt a tug in the pool, And she felt a strug-gle, and

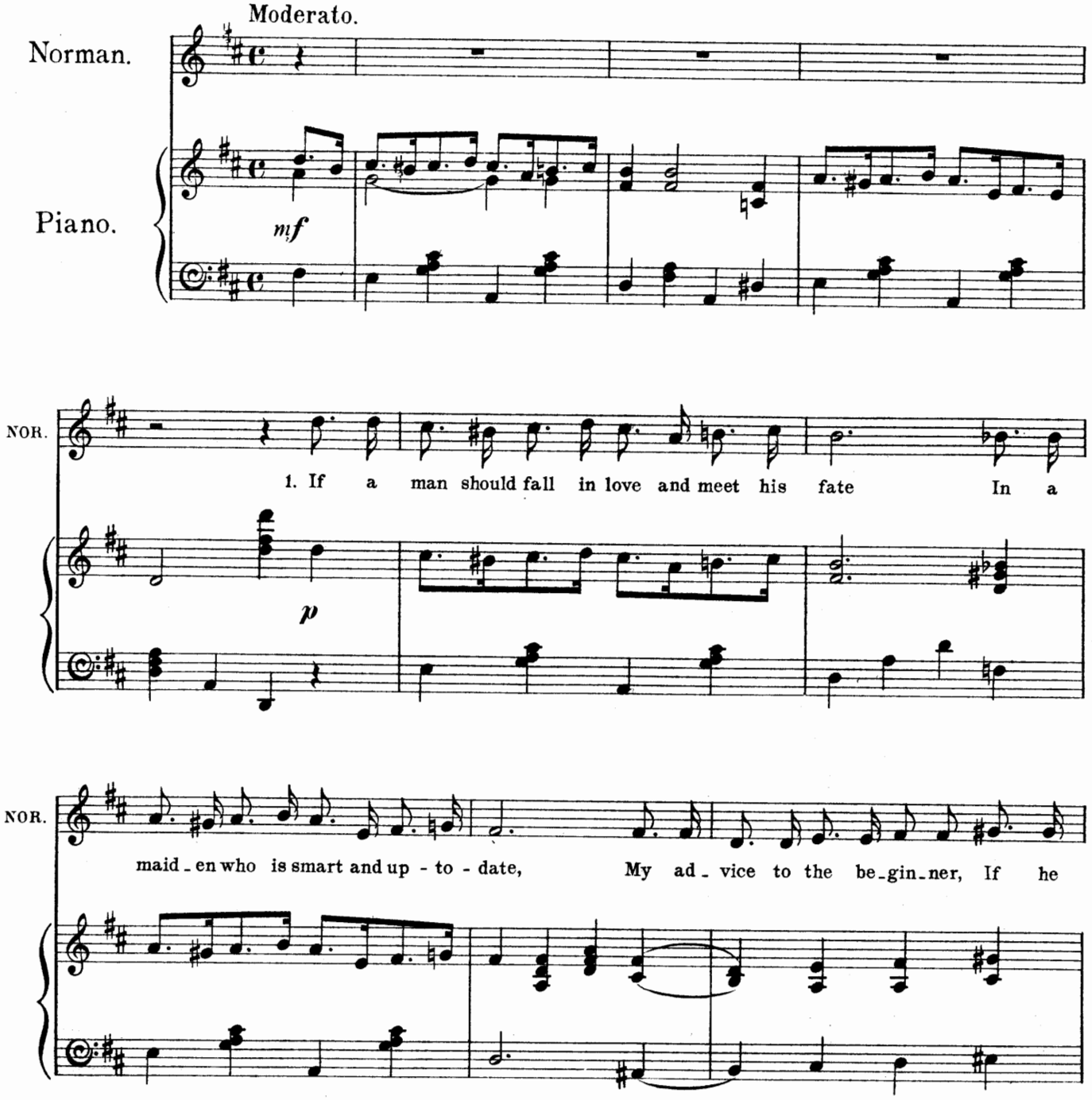

La B.
slower.
he_ felt a fool! They had both caught each oth_er, and would_n't let go, So they
slower.
La B.
pulled up their lines, and they both shout_ed "Oh! We've for_ got_ten to bait!" which will
La B.
just go to show That if love is the ob_ject,_ and *love* *on_ly* you know.__
slowly.
La B.
You don't want an_ y *bait!*
slowly.

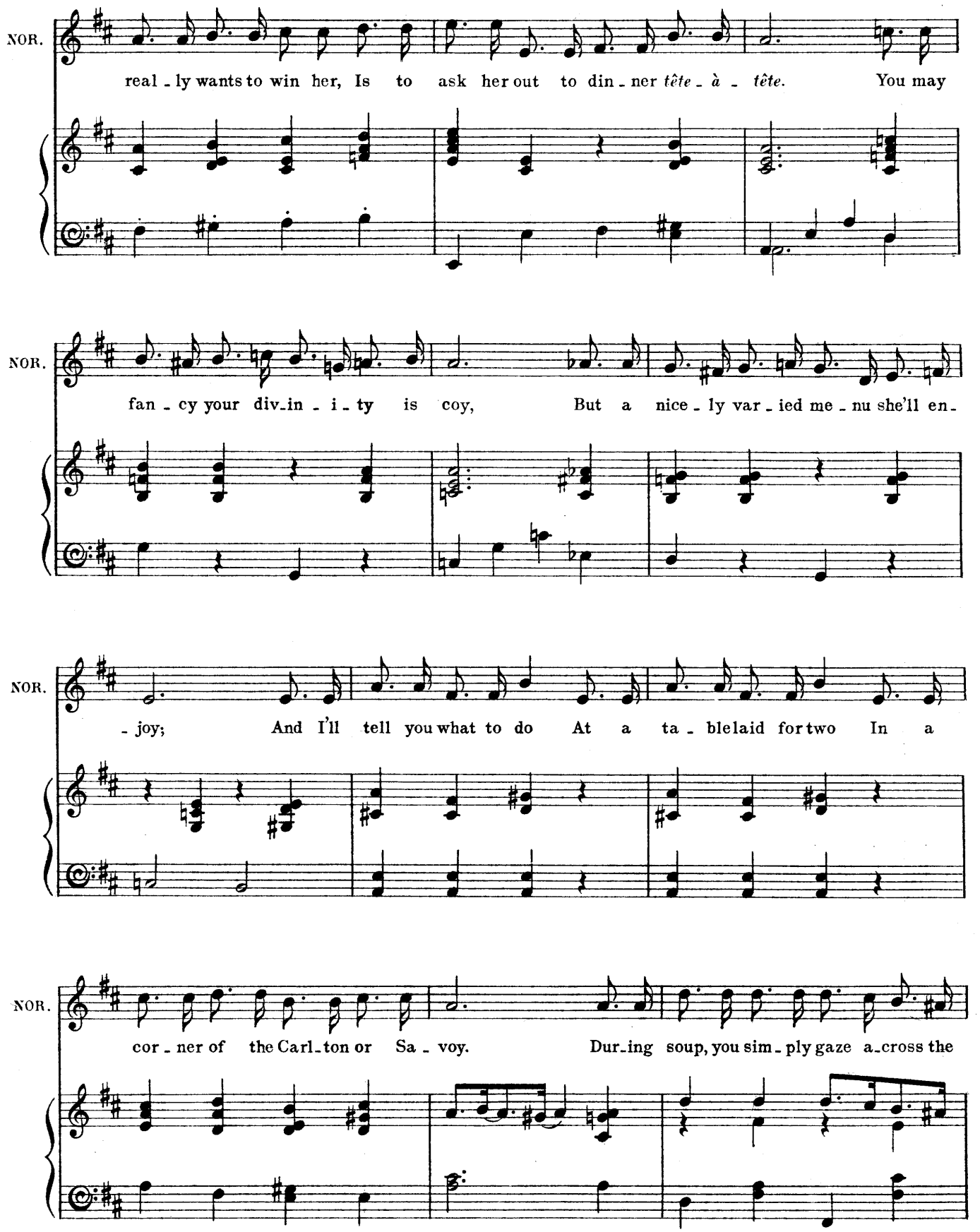
No. 3. SONG (Norman.) and CHORUS.

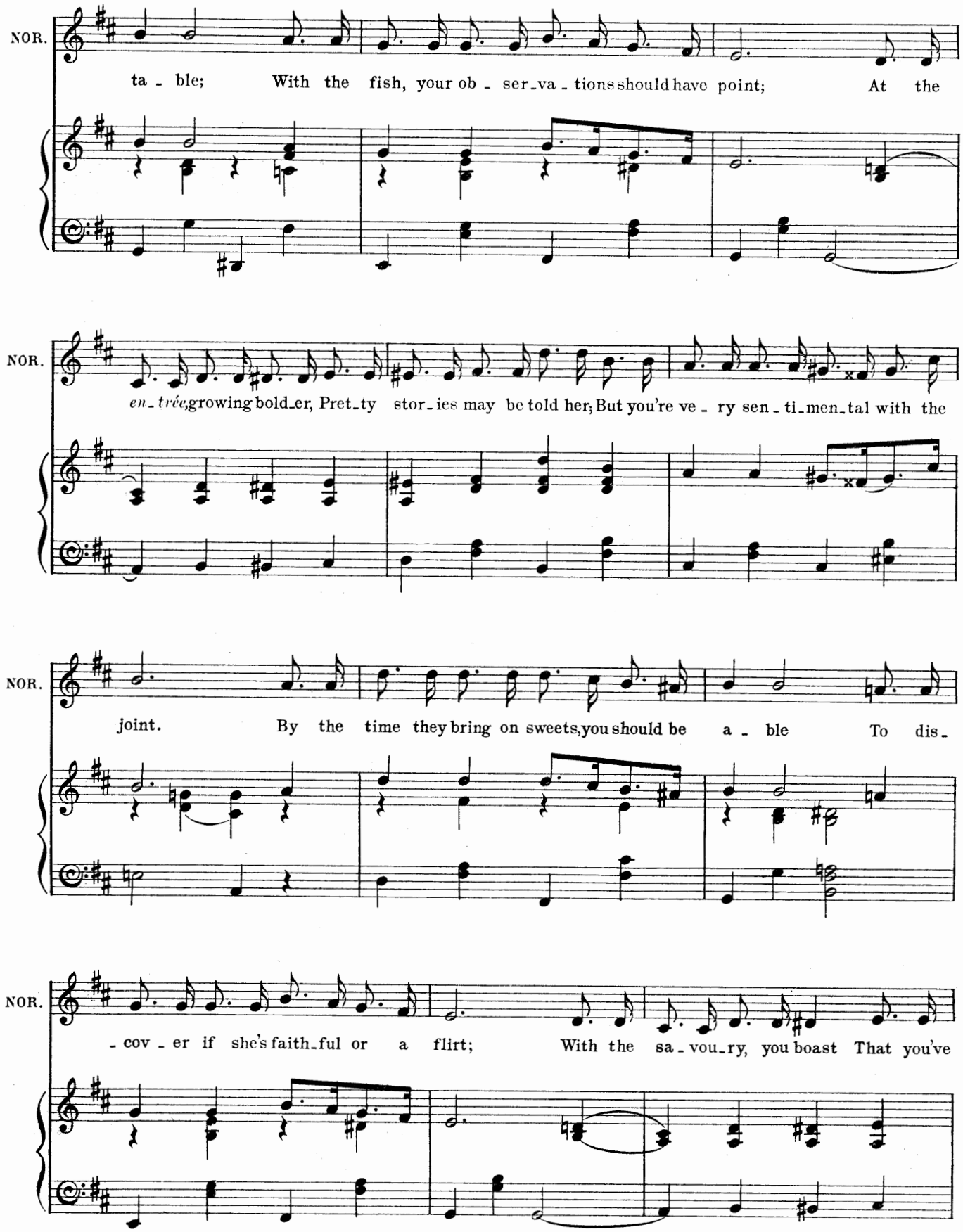
"CUPID AT THE CARLTON."

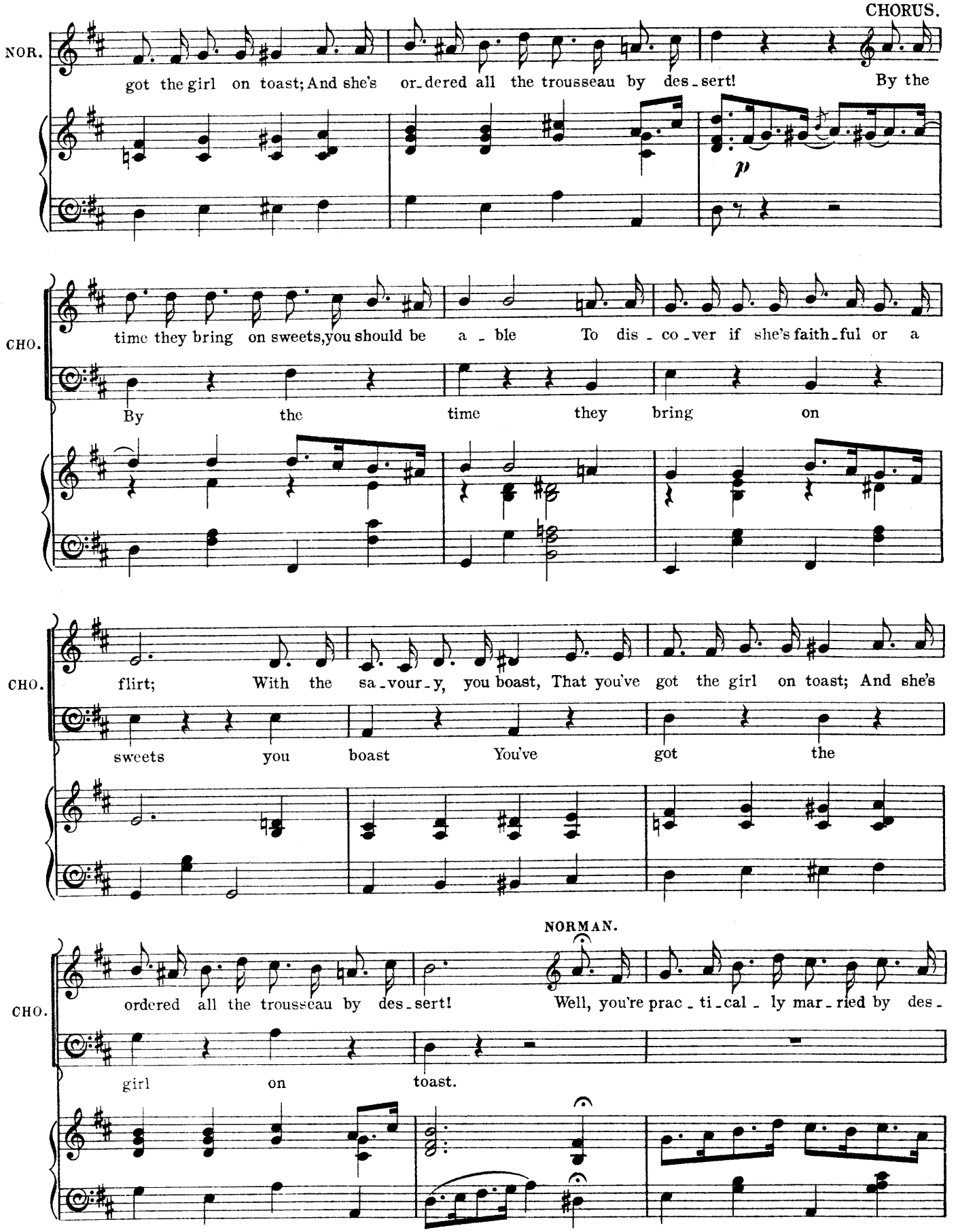
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK & PAUL A. RUBENS.

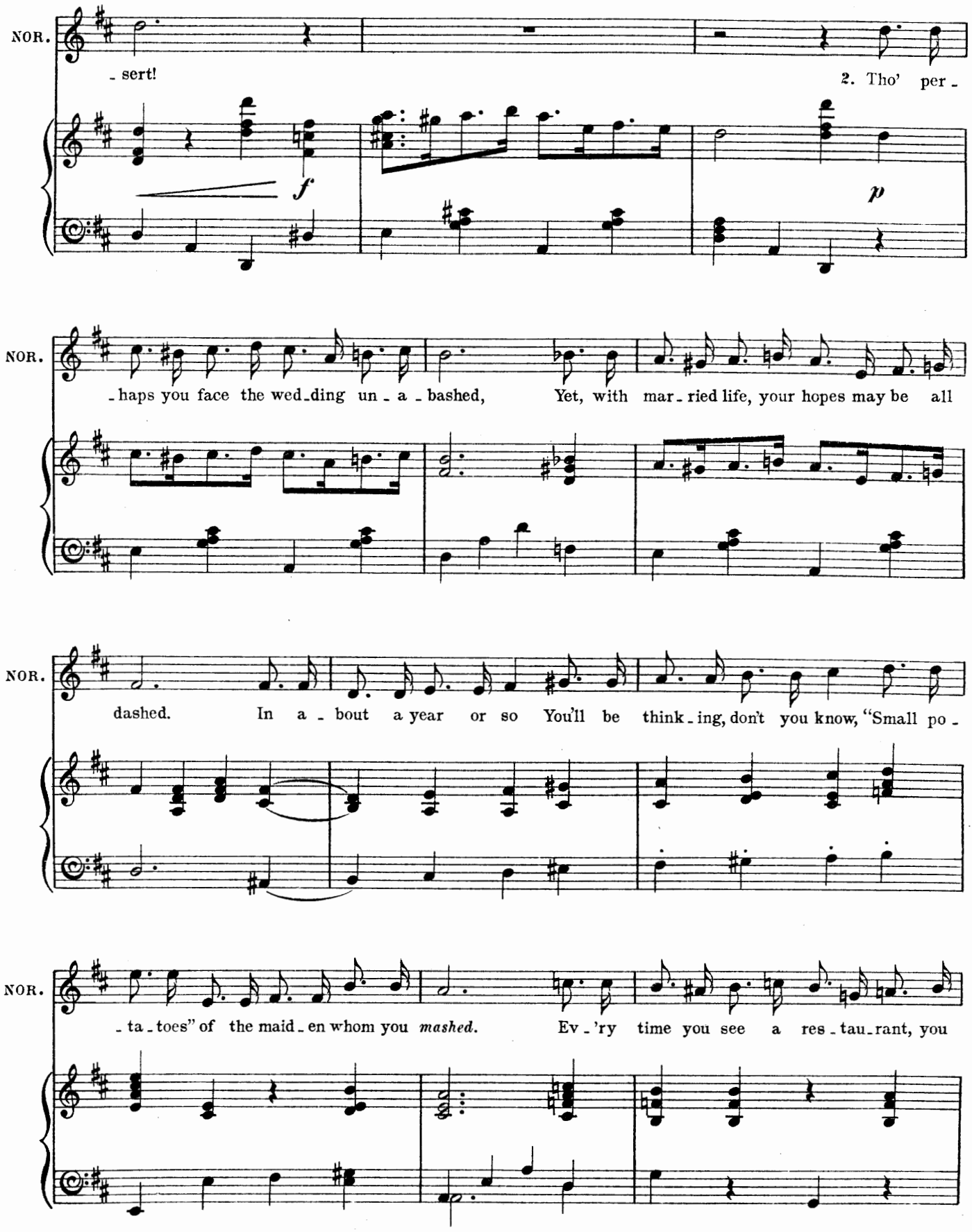
Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

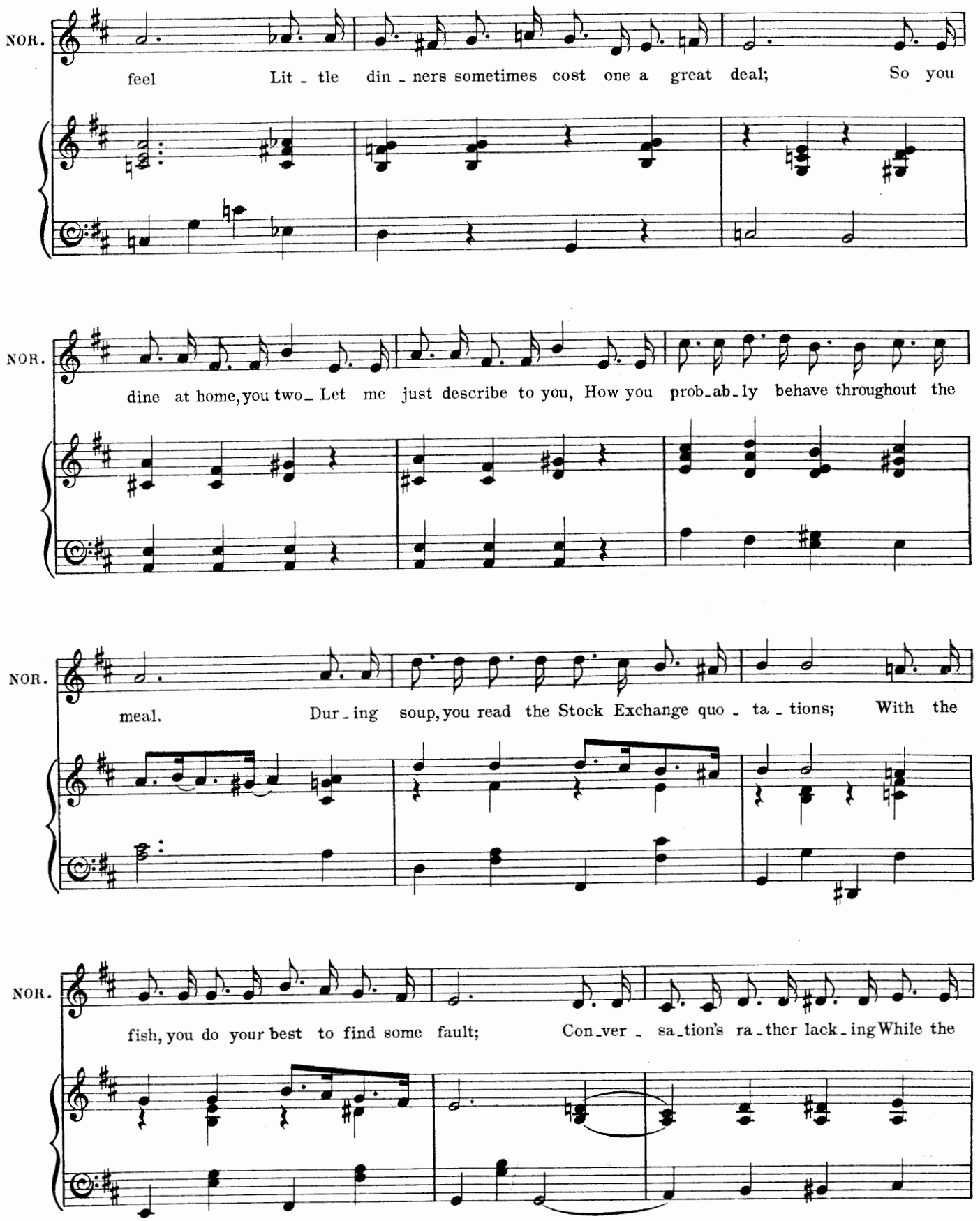


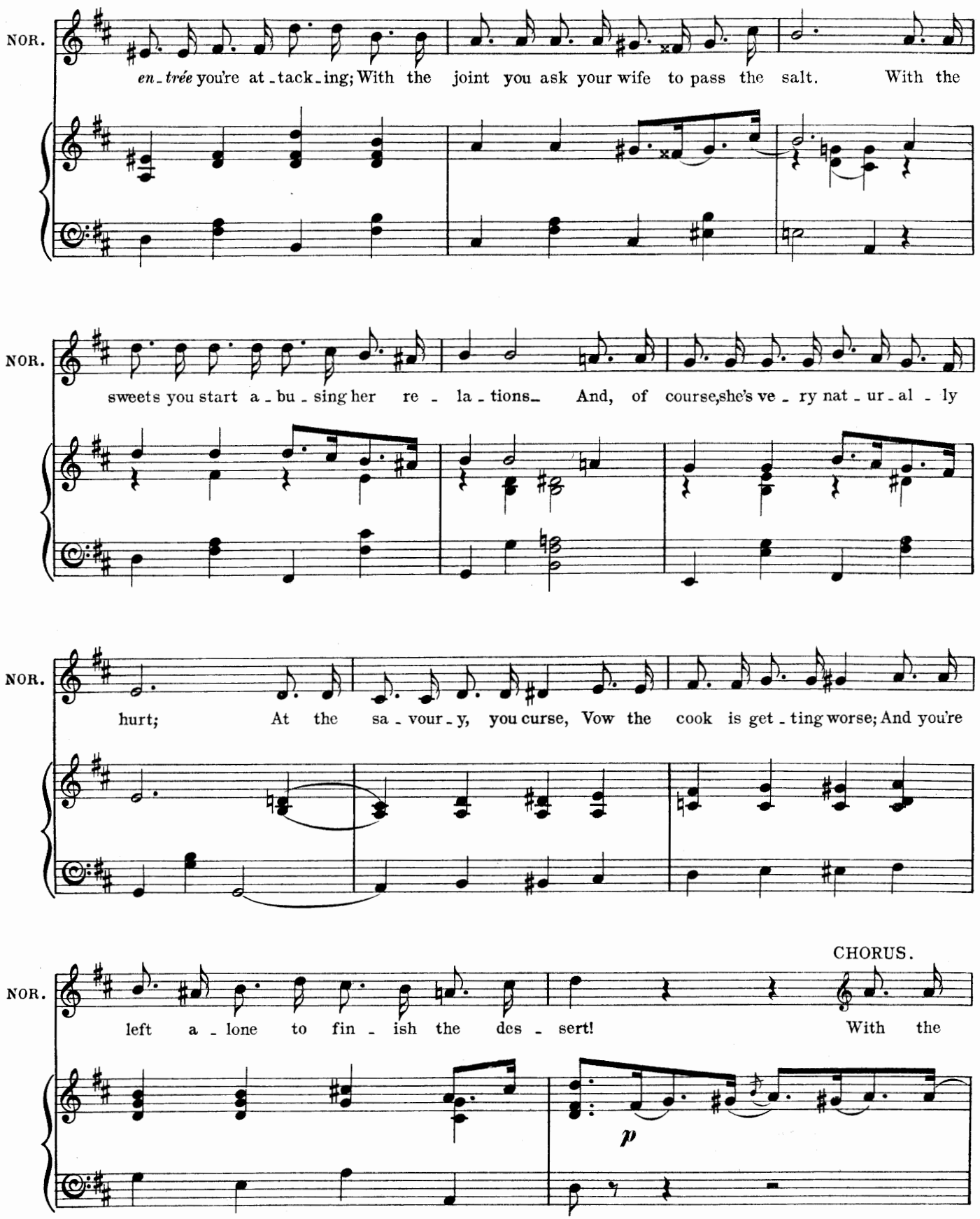

NOR.
real - ly wants to win her, Is to ask her out to din - ner *tête - à - tête.* You may
NOR.
fan - cy your div-in - i - ty is coy, But a nice - ly var - ied me - nu she'll en-
NOR.
- joy; And I'll tell you what to do At a ta - ble laid for two In a
NOR.
cor - ner of the Carl-ton or Sa - voy. Dur-ing soup, you sim - ply gaze a-cross the

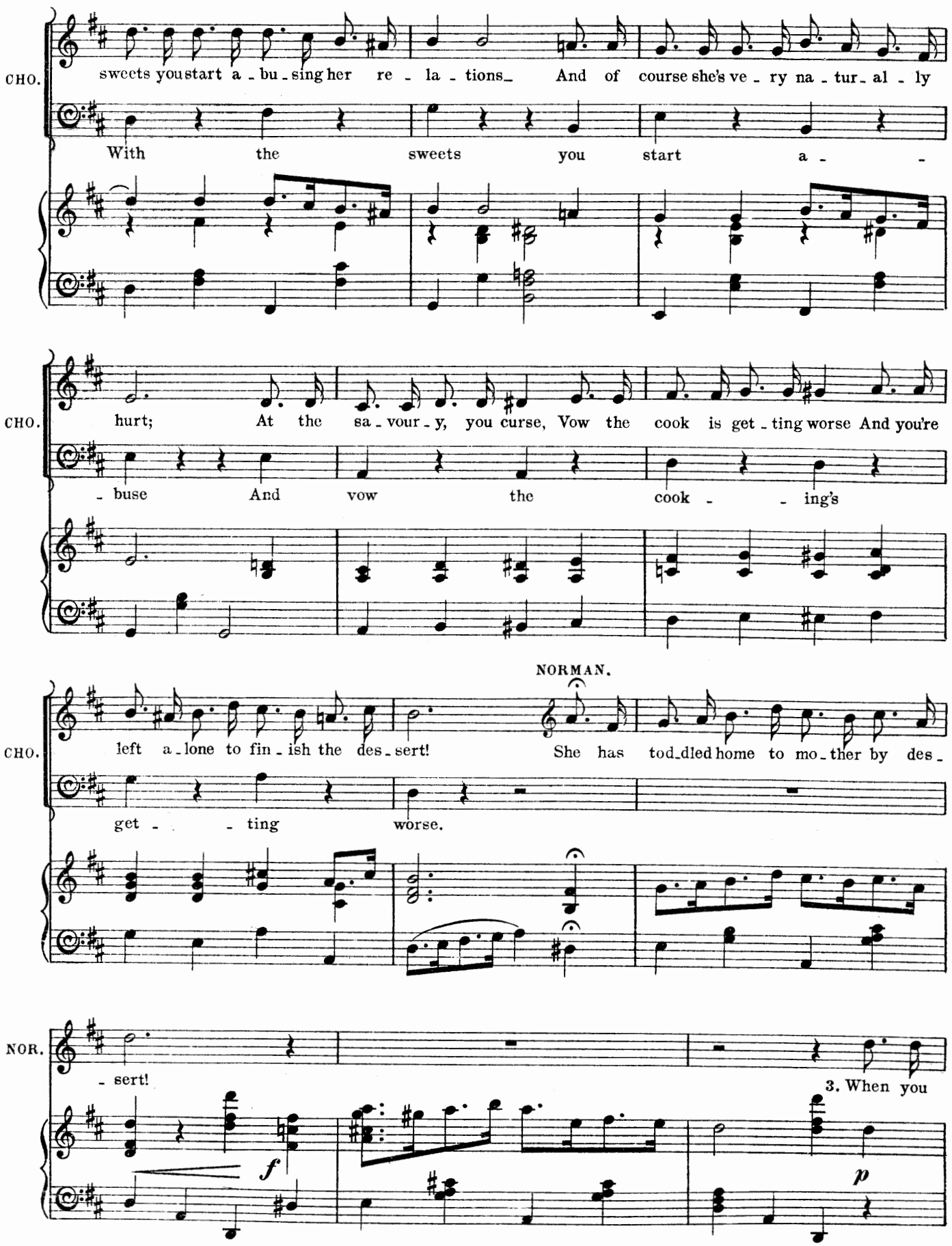

NOR.
ta - ble; With the fish, your ob - ser-va - tions should have point; At the
NOR.
en-trée, growing bold-er, Pret-ty stor-ies may be told her; But you're ve - ry sen - ti-men-tal with the
NOR.
joint. By the time they bring on sweets, you should be a - ble To dis-
NOR.
- cov - er if she's faith-ful or a flirt; With the sa-vou-ry, you boast That you've

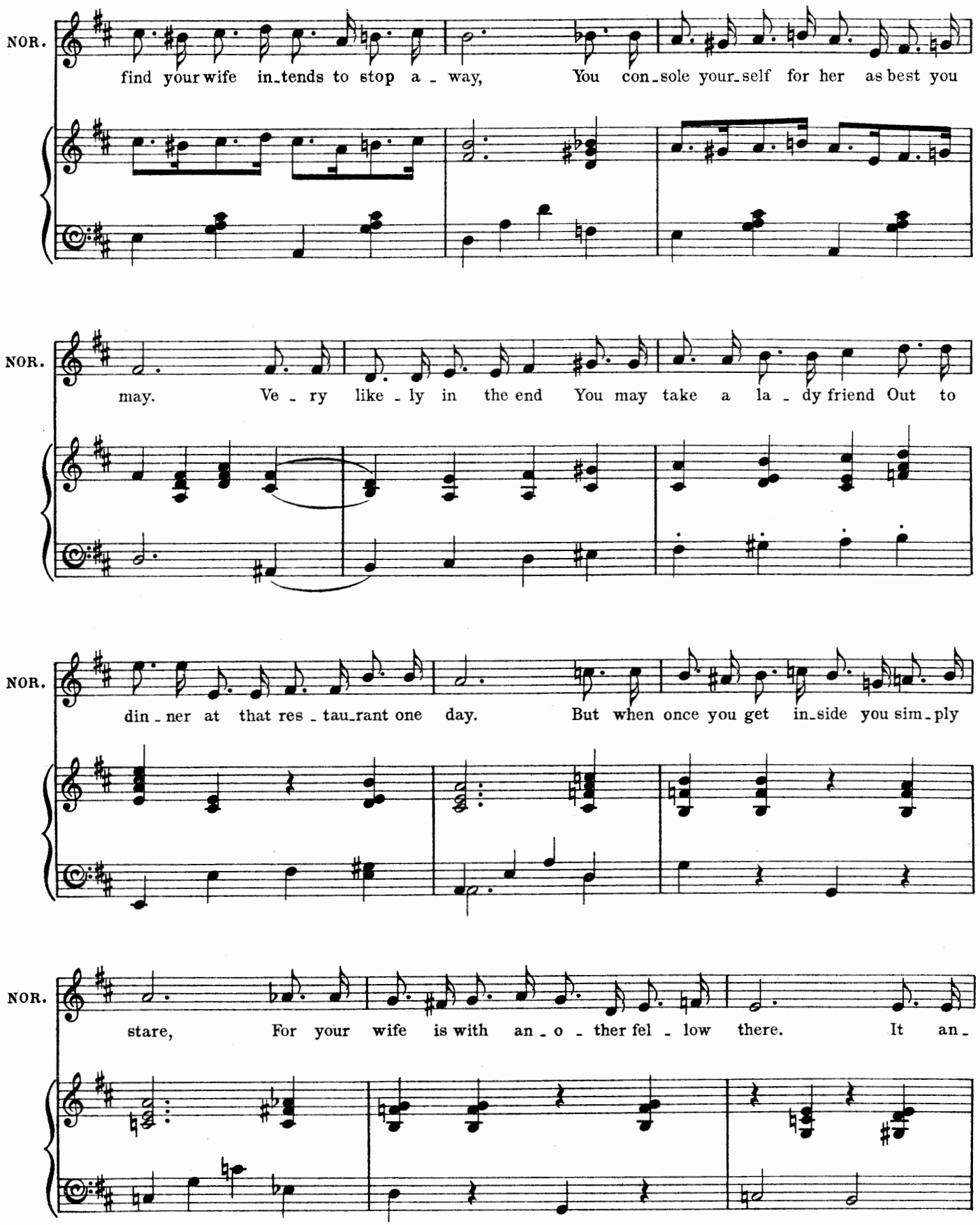

CHORUS.
NOR.
got the girl on toast; And she's or_dered all the trousseau by des_sert! By the
p
CHO.
time they bring on sweets, you should be a_ble To dis_co_ver if she's faith_ful or a
By the time they bring on
CHO.
flirt; With the sa_vour_y, you boast, That you've got the girl on toast; And she's
sweets you boast You've got the
NORMAN.
CHO.
ordered all the trousseau by des_sert! Well, you're prac_ti_cal_ly mar_ried by des_
girl on toast.

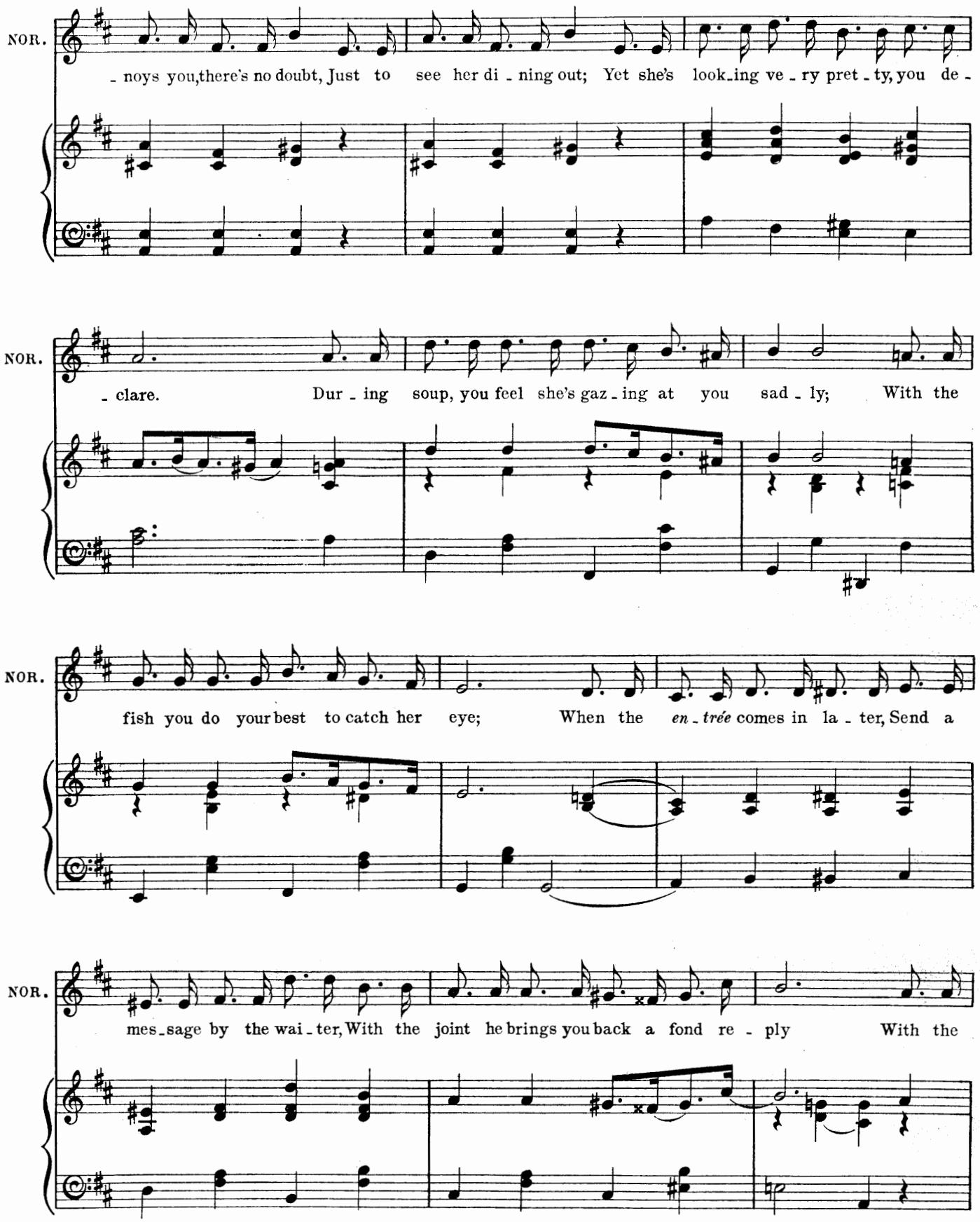

NOR.
- sert!
2. Tho' per -
f
p
NOR.
- haps you face the wed - ding un - a - bashed, Yet, with mar - ried life, your hopes may be all
NOR.
dashed. In a - bout a year or so You'll be think - ing, don't you know, "Small po -
NOR.
- ta - toes" of the maid - en whom you *mashed.* Ev - 'ry time you see a res - tau - rant, you

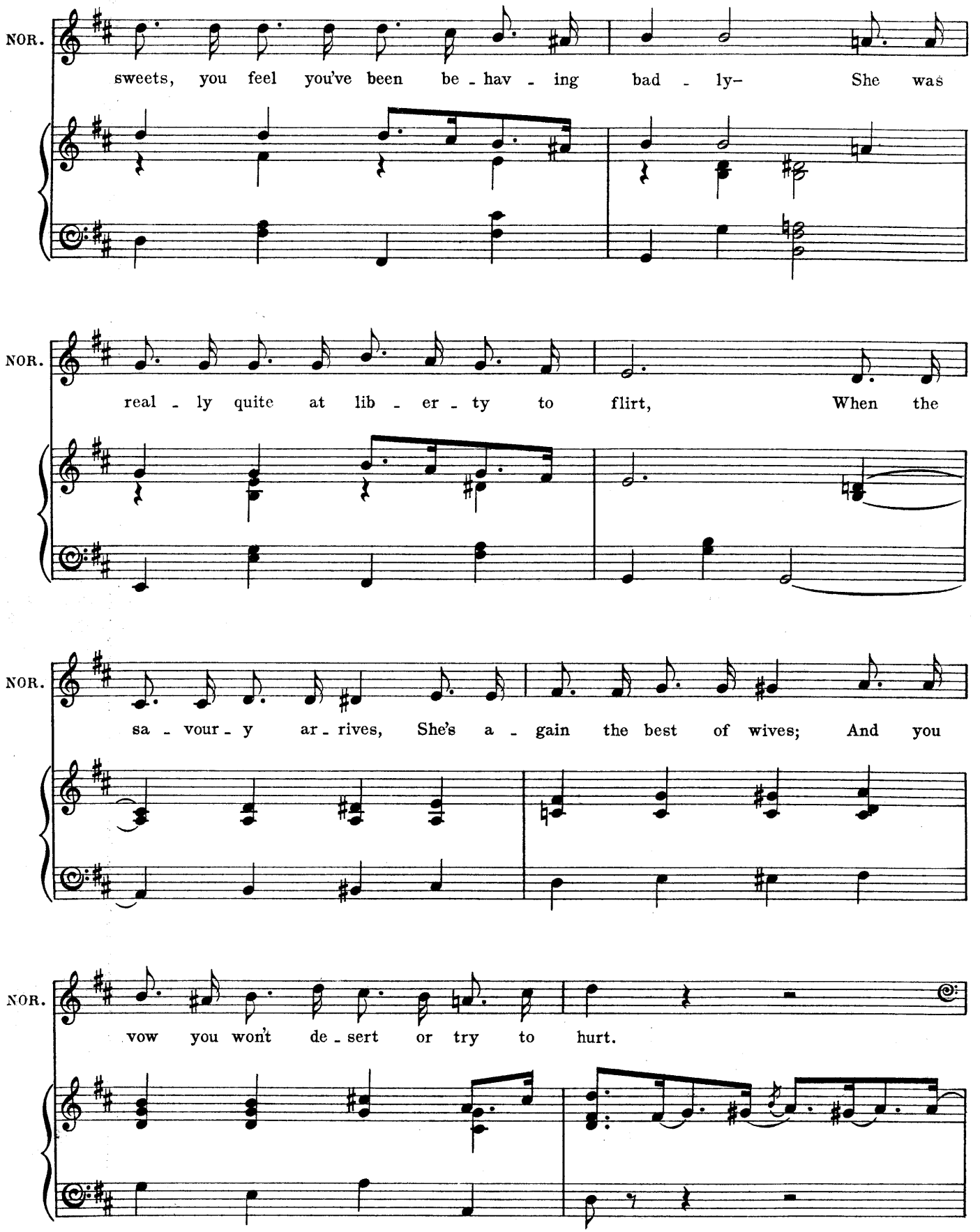

NOR.
feel Lit - tle din - ners sometimes cost one a great deal; So you
NOR.
dine at home, you two - Let me just describe to you, How you prob - ab - ly behave throughout the
NOR.
meal. Dur - ing soup, you read the Stock Exchange quo - ta - tions; With the
NOR.
fish, you do your best to find some fault; Con - ver - sa - tion's ra - ther lack - ing While the

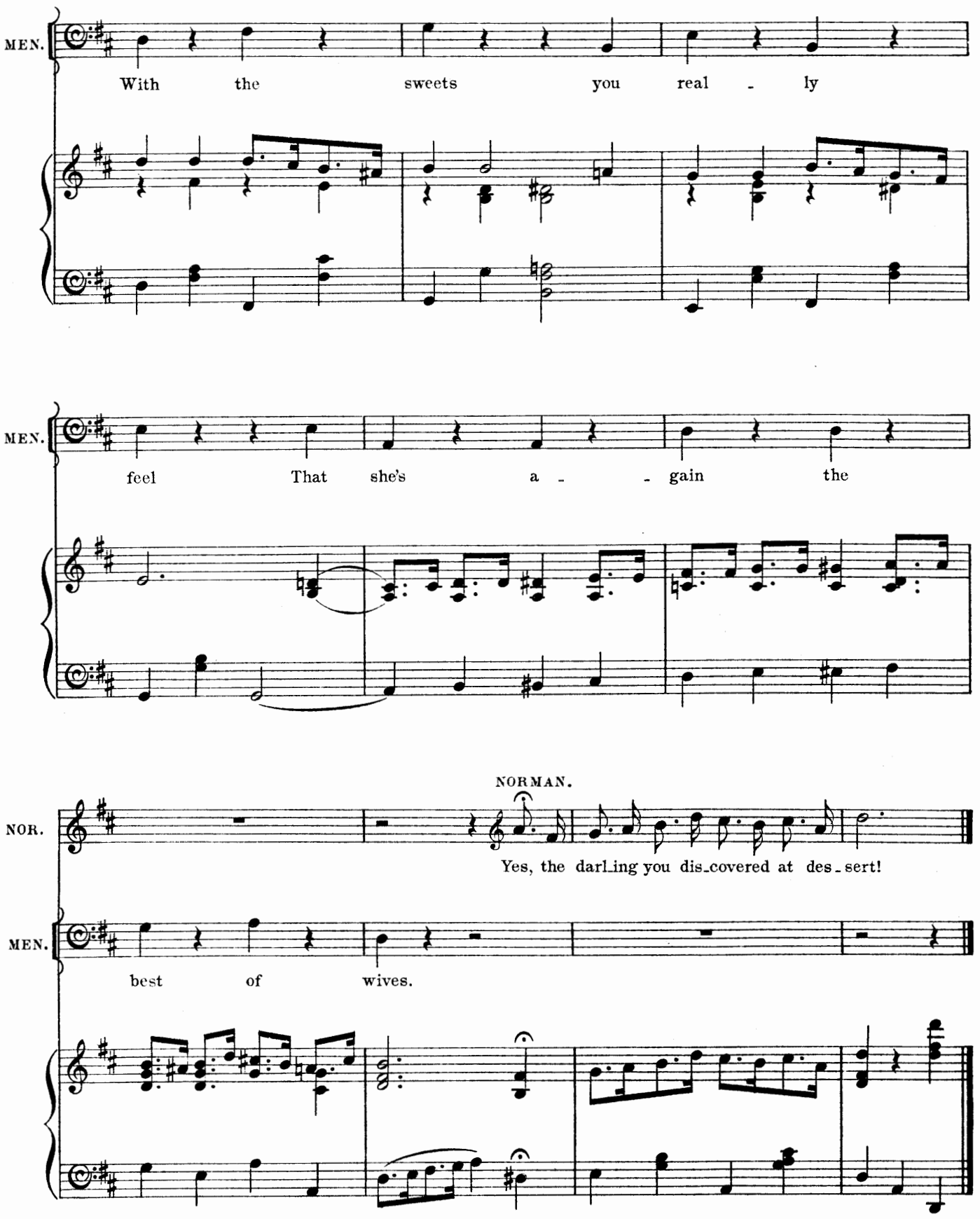

NOR.
en-trée you're at-tack-ing; With the joint you ask your wife to pass the salt. With the
NOR.
sweets you start a-bu-sing her re-la-tions. And, of course, she's ve-ry nat-ur-al-ly
NOR.
hurt; At the sa-vour-y, you curse, Vow the cook is get-ting worse; And you're
CHORUS.
NOR.
left a-lone to fin-ish the des-sert! With the
p


CHO.
sweets you start a - bu - sing her re - la - tions_ And of course she's ve - ry na - tur - al - ly
With the sweets you start a - -
CHO.
hurt; At the sa - vour - y, you curse, Vow the cook is get - ting worse And you're
- buse And vow the cook - - ing's
NORMAN.
CHO.
left a - lone to fin - ish the des - sert! She has tod - dled home to mo - ther by des -
get - - ting worse.
NOR.
- sert!
3. When you
f
p


NOR.
find your wife in_tends to stop a _ way, You con_sole your_self for her as best you
NOR.
may. Ve _ ry like _ ly in the end You may take a la _ dy friend Out to
NOR.
din _ ner at that res _ tau_rant one day. But when once you get in_side you sim _ ply
NOR.
stare, For your wife is with an _ o _ ther fel _ low there. It an_


NOR.
- noys you,there's no doubt, Just to see her di - ning out; Yet she's look-ing ve - ry pret - ty, you de -
NOR.
- clare. Dur - ing soup, you feel she's gaz - ing at you sad - ly; With the
NOR.
fish you do your best to catch her eye; When the *en - trée* comes in la - ter, Send a
NOR.
mes-sage by the wai - ter, With the joint he brings you back a fond re - ply With the


NOR.
sweets, you feel you've been be - hav - ing bad - ly- She was
NOR.
real - ly quite at lib - er - ty to flirt, When the
NOR.
sa - vour - y ar - rives, She's a - gain the best of wives; And you
NOR.
vow you won't de - sert or try to hurt.

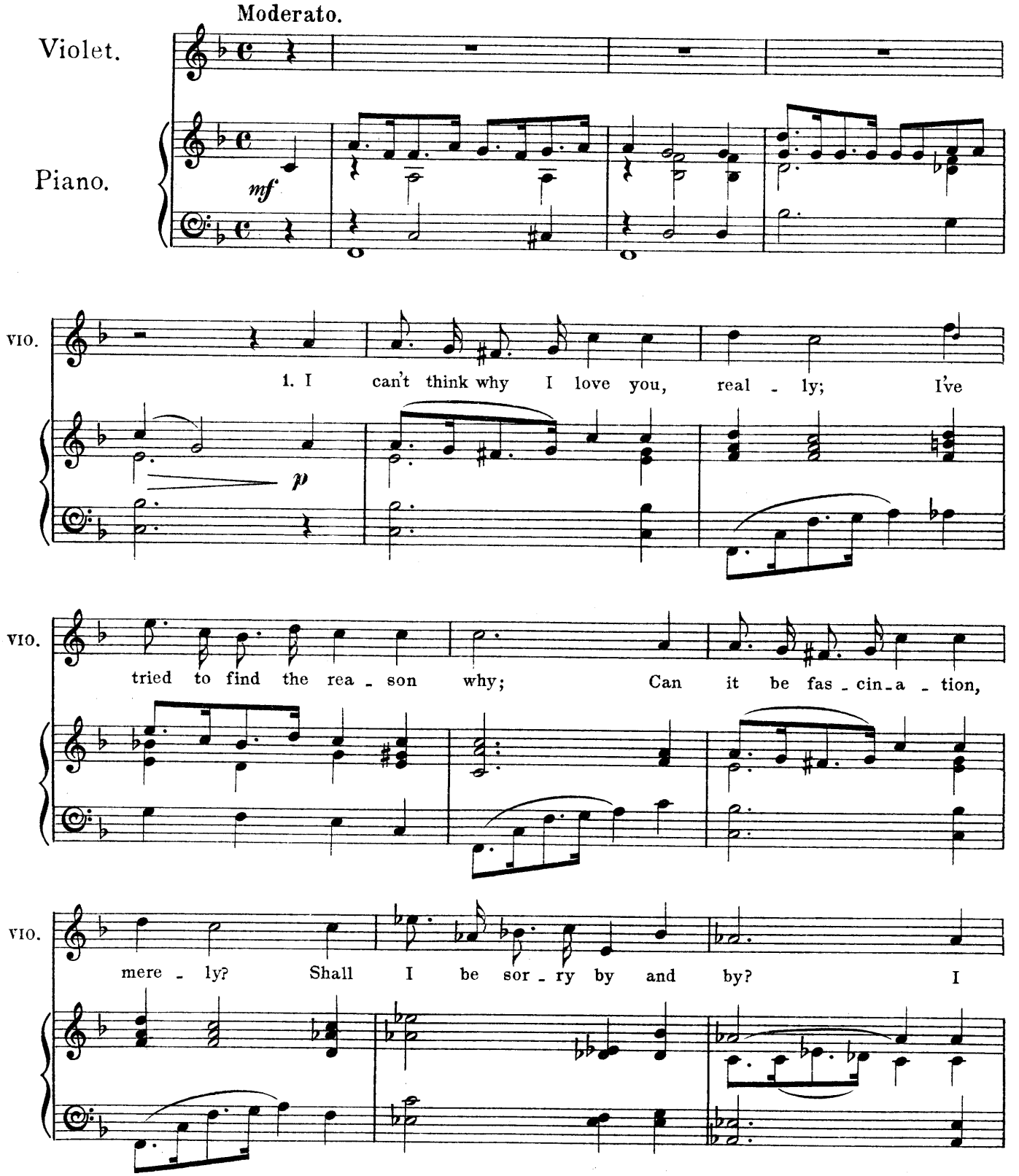

MEN.
With the sweets you real - ly
MEN.
feel That she's a - - gain the
NORMAN.
NOR.
Yes, the darl_ing you dis_covered at des_sert!
MEN.
best of wives.

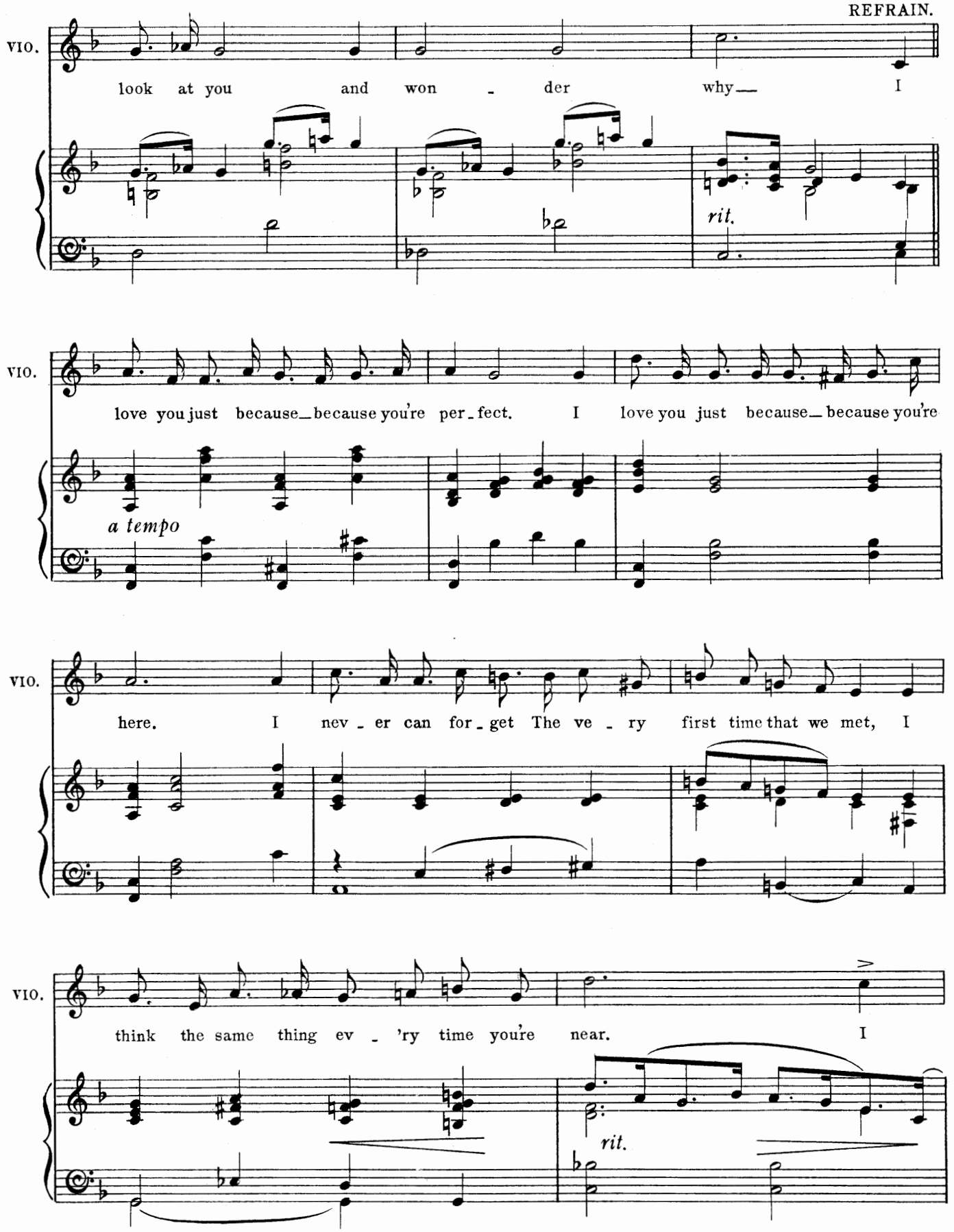
No. 4.

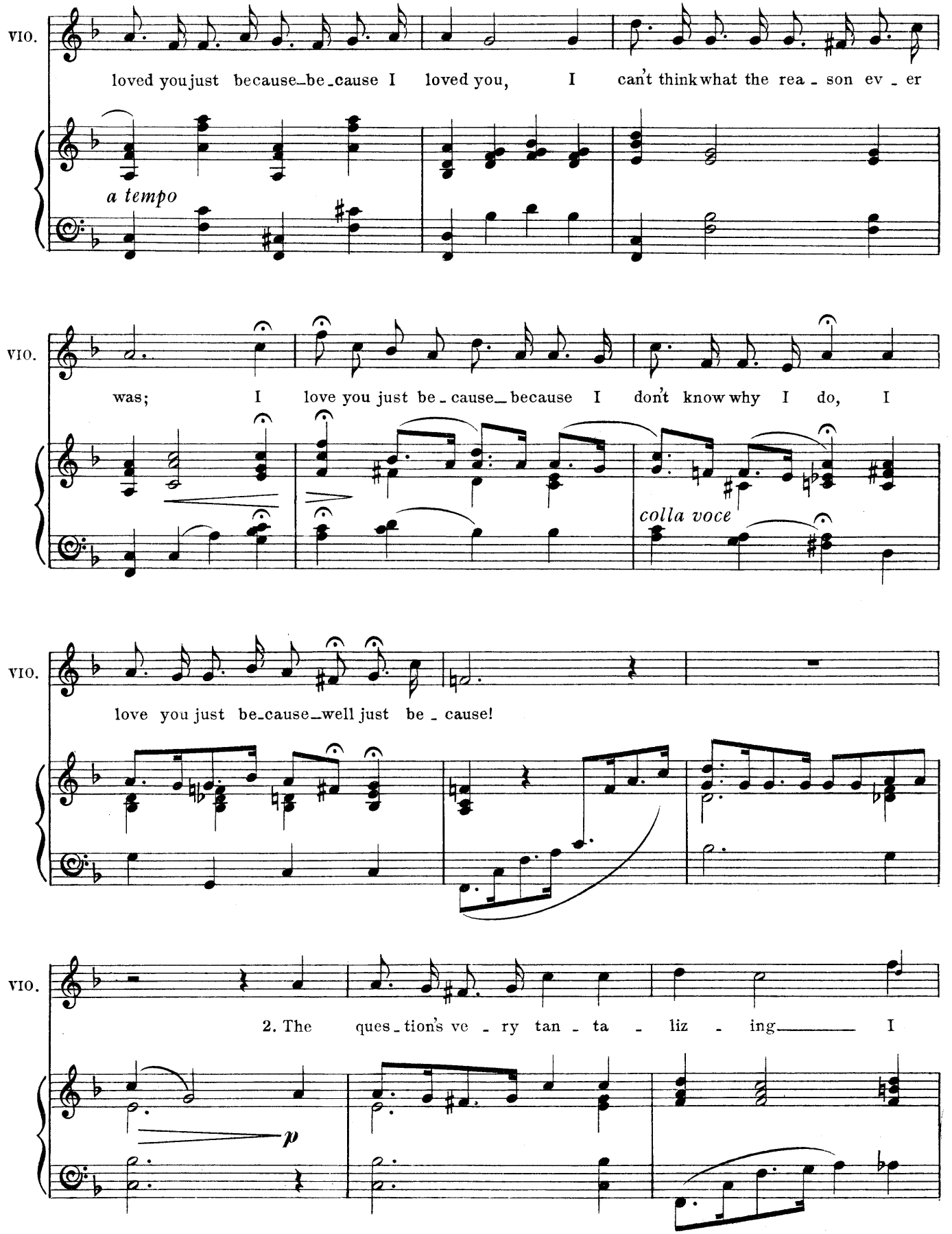
SONG. (Violet.)

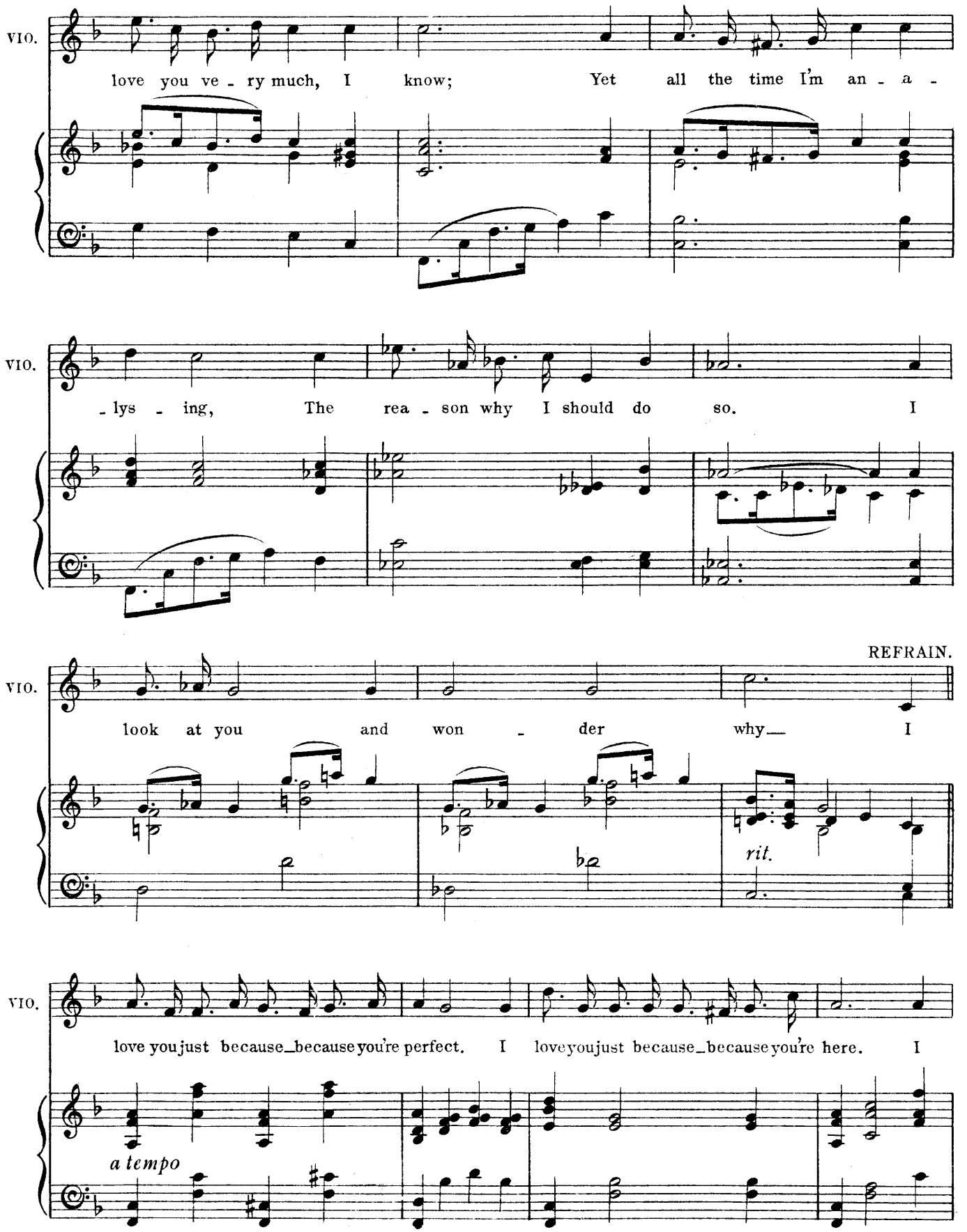
"JUST BECAUSE."

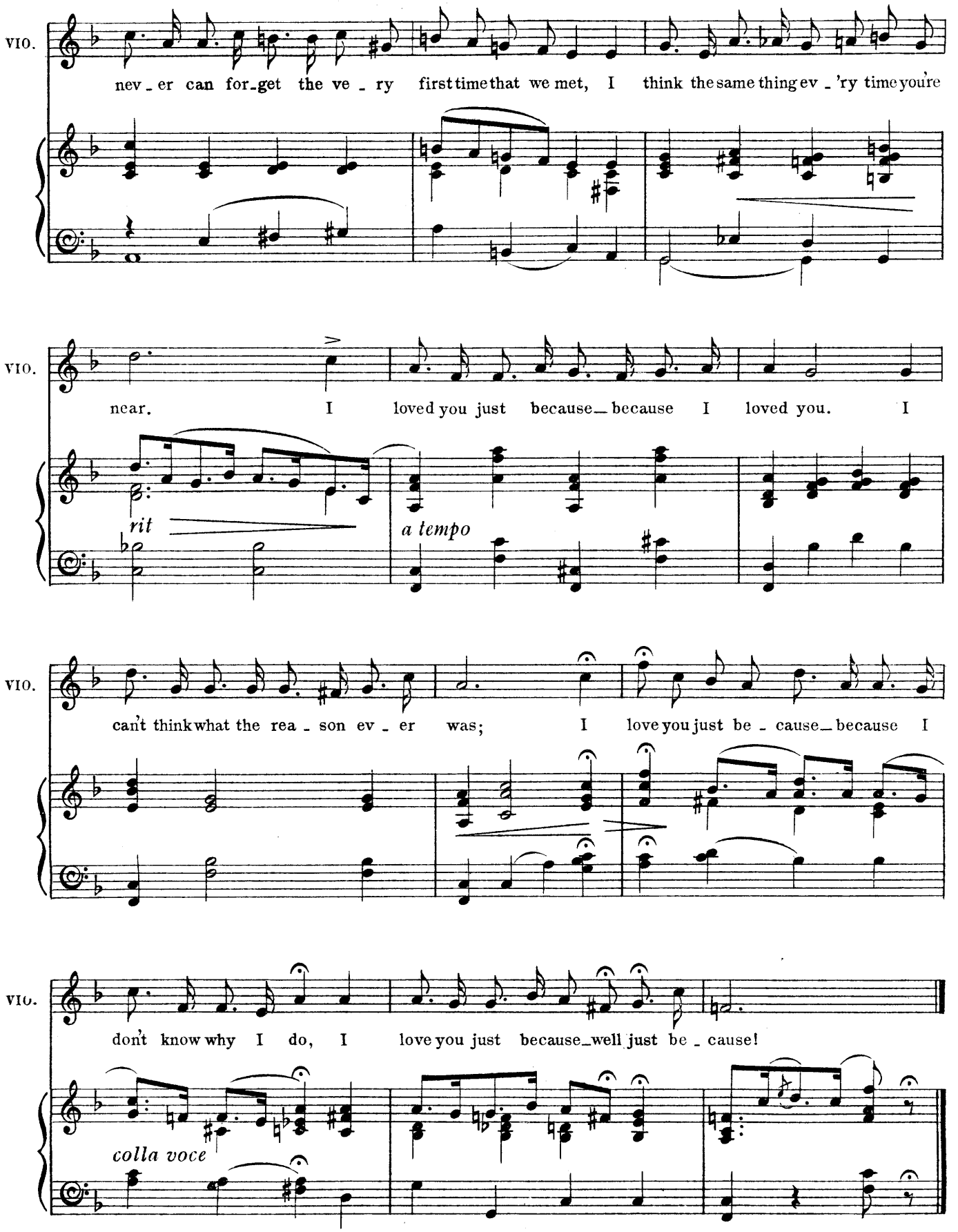
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.




REFRAIN.
VIO.
look at you and won - der why— I
rit.
VIO.
love you just because— because you're per - fect. I love you just because— because you're
a tempo
VIO.
here. I nev - er can for - get The ve - ry first time that we met, I
VIO.
think the same thing ev - 'ry time you're near. I
rit.


VIO.
loved you just because be_cause I loved you, I can't think what the rea - son ev - er
a tempo
VIO.
was; I love you just be_cause_ because I don't know why I do, I
colla voce
VIO.
love you just be_cause_well just be - cause!
VIO.
2. The ques_tion's ve - ry tan - ta - liz - ing I
p


VIO.
love you ve - ry much, I know; Yet all the time I'm an - a -
VIO.
- lys - ing, The rea - son why I should do so. I
REFRAIN.
VIO.
look at you and won - der why I
rit.
VIO.
love you just because_because you're perfect. I love you just because_because you're here. I
a tempo


VIO.
nev - er can for-get the ve - ry first time that we met, I think the same thing ev - 'ry time you're
VIO.
near. I loved you just because— because I loved you. I
rit
a tempo
VIO.
can't think what the rea - son ev - er was; I love you just be - cause— because I
VIO.
don't know why I do, I love you just because—well just be - cause!
colla voce

252350

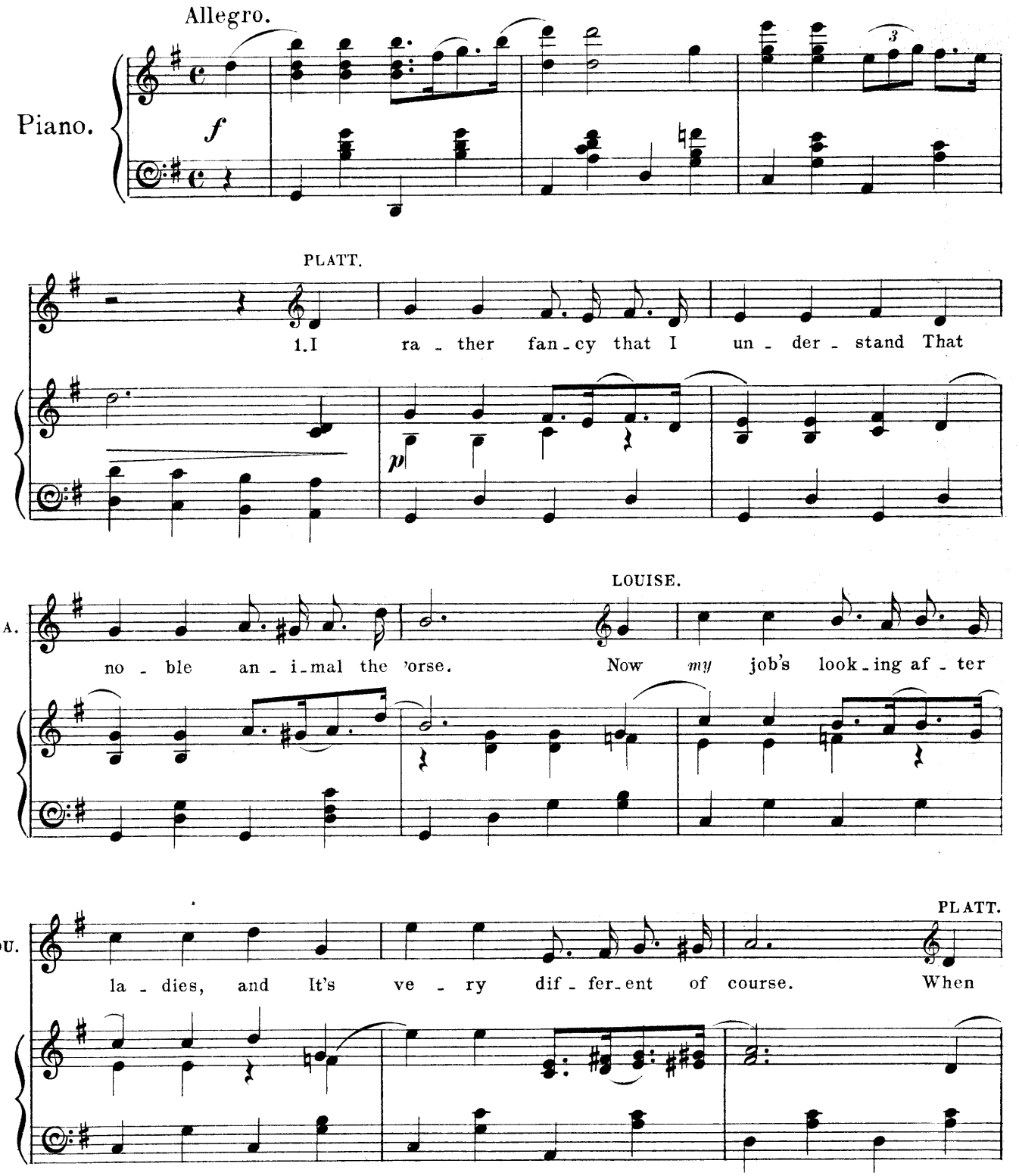
No. 5.

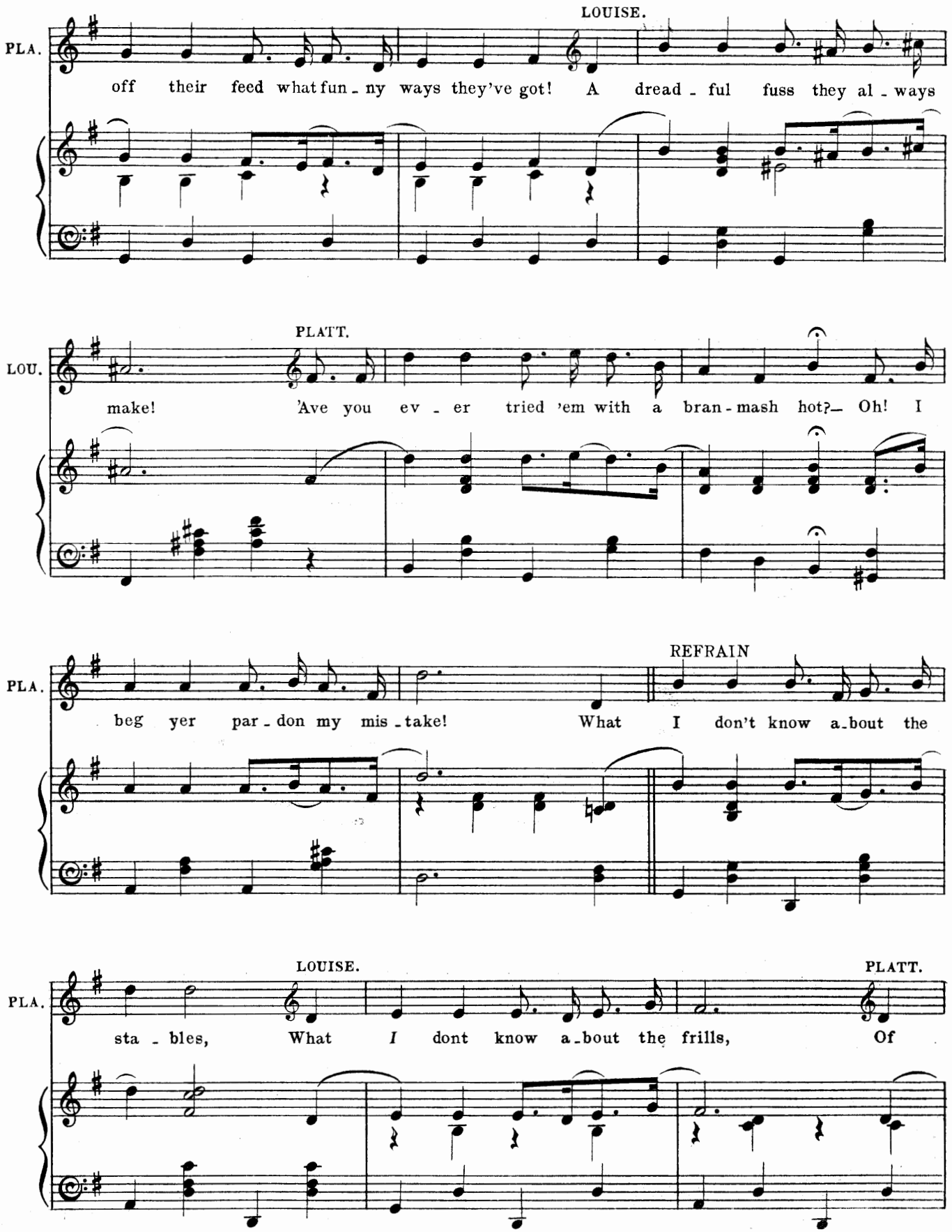
DUET (Platt and Louise.)

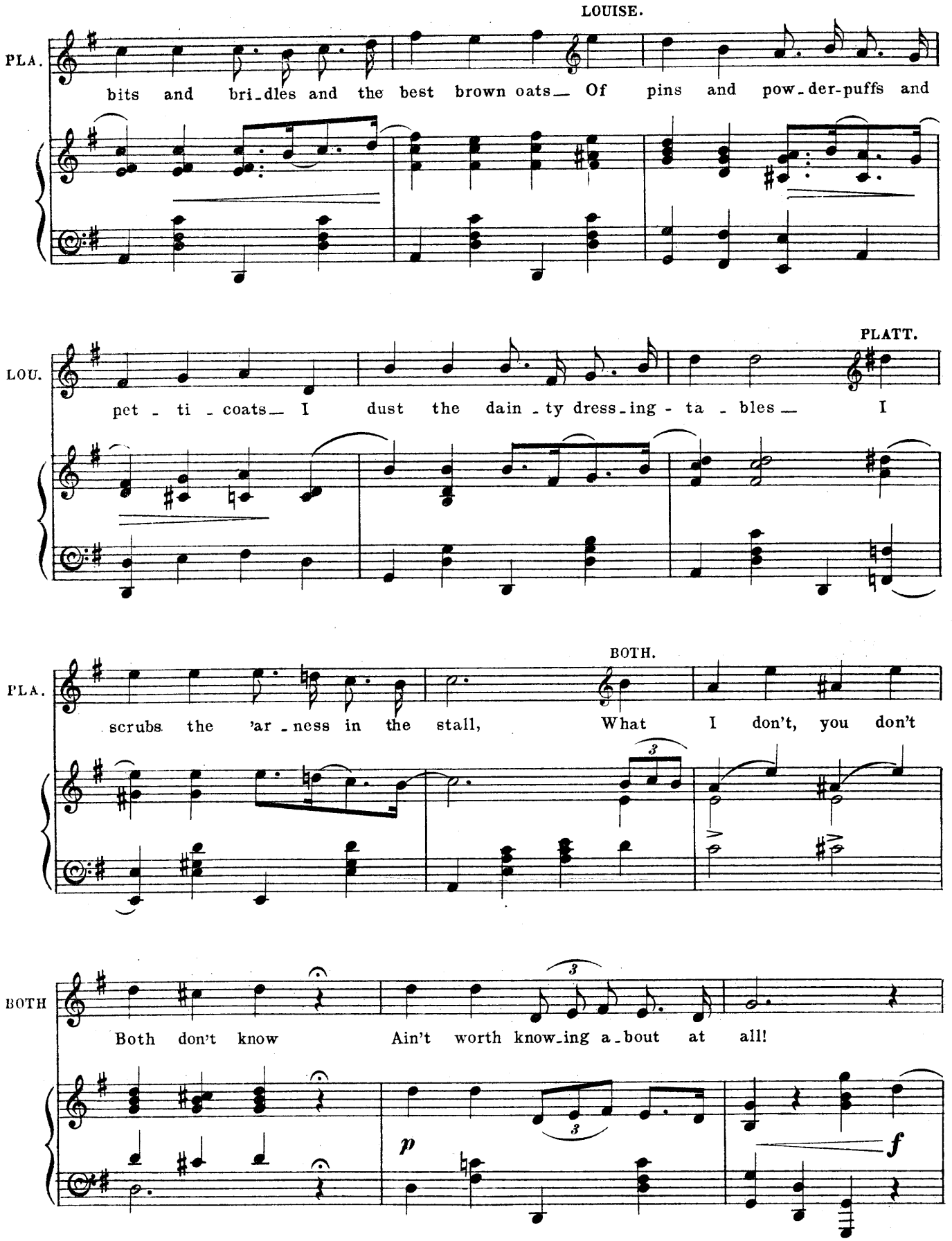
"AIN'T WORTH KNOWING ABOUT AT ALL."

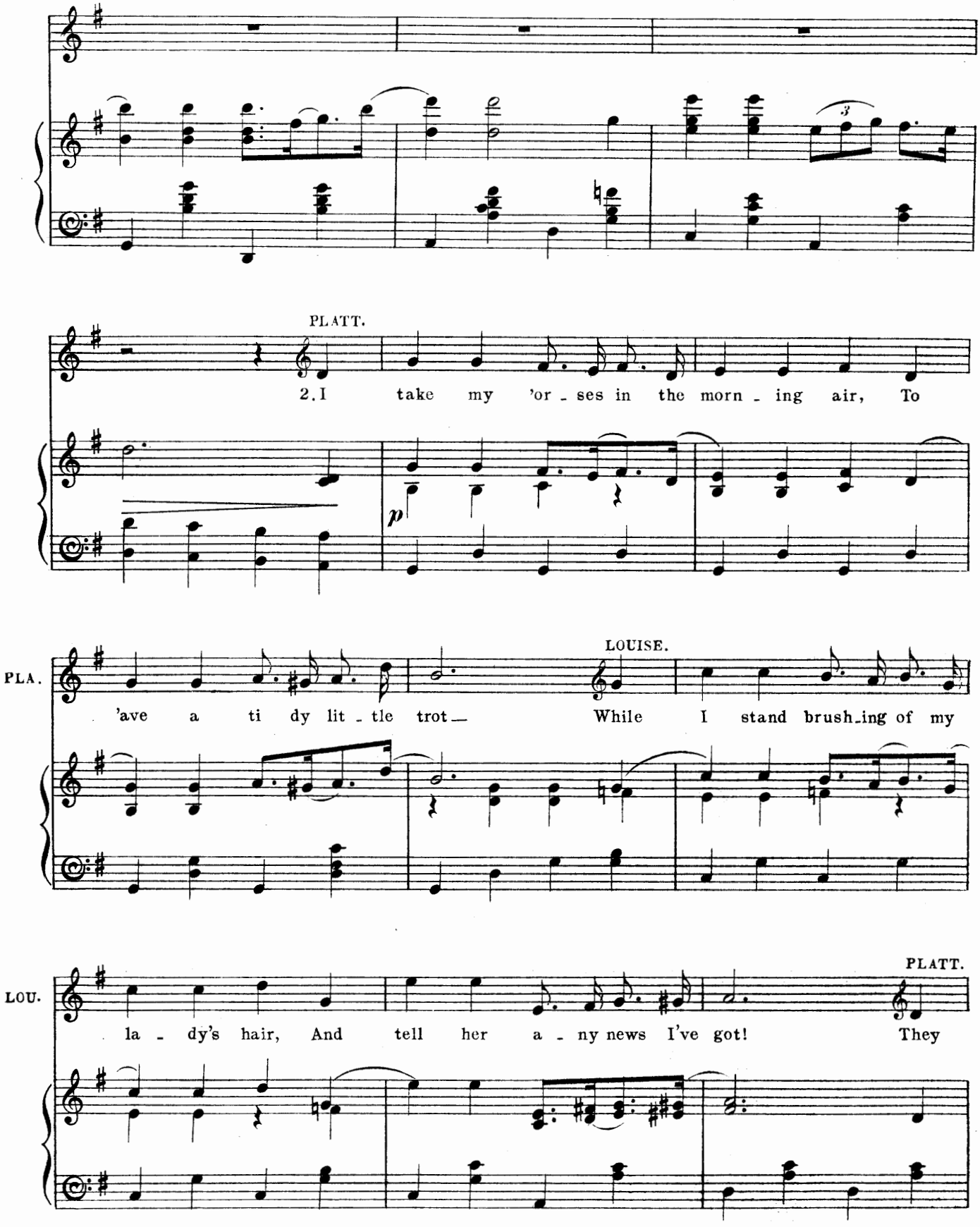
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

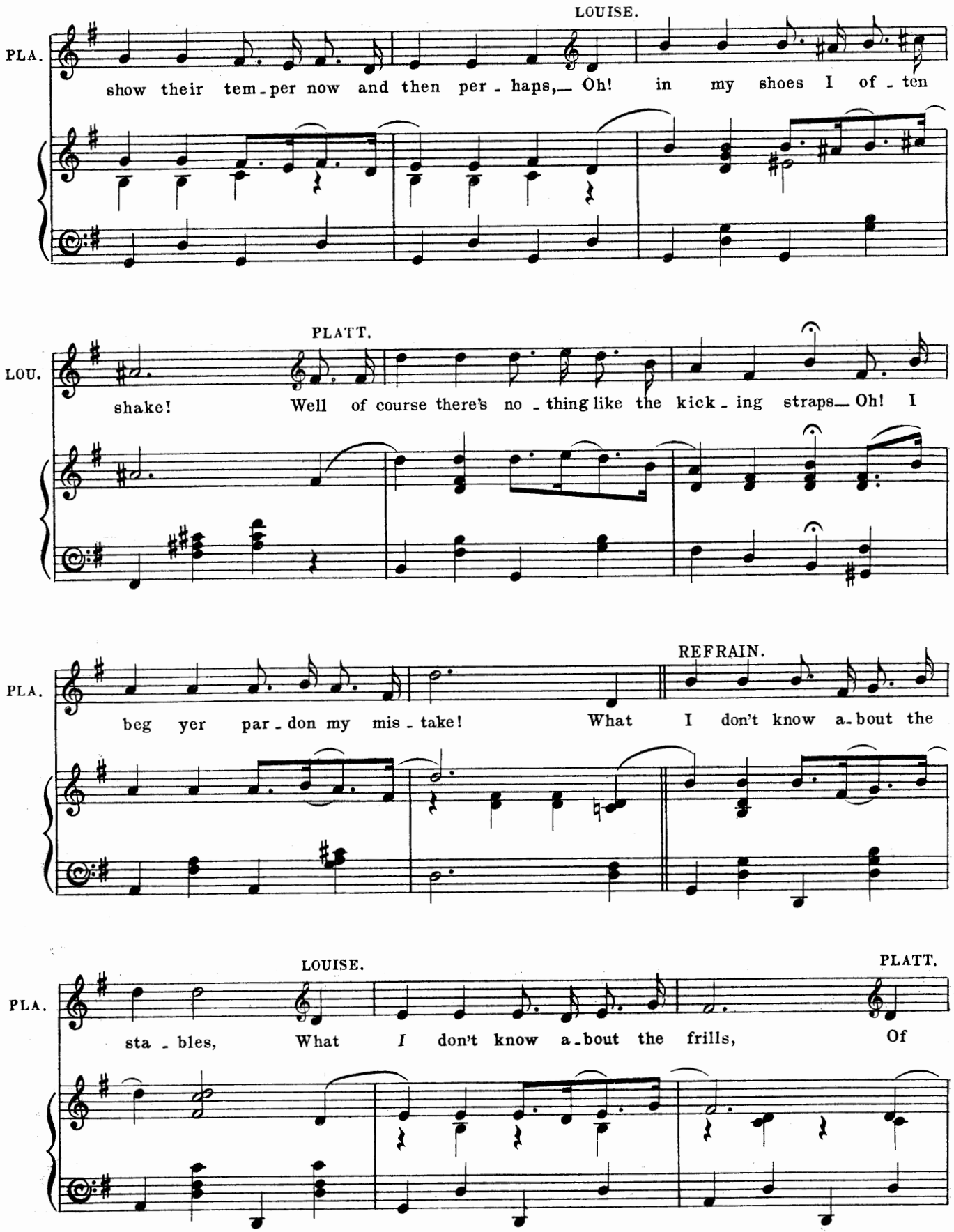
Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

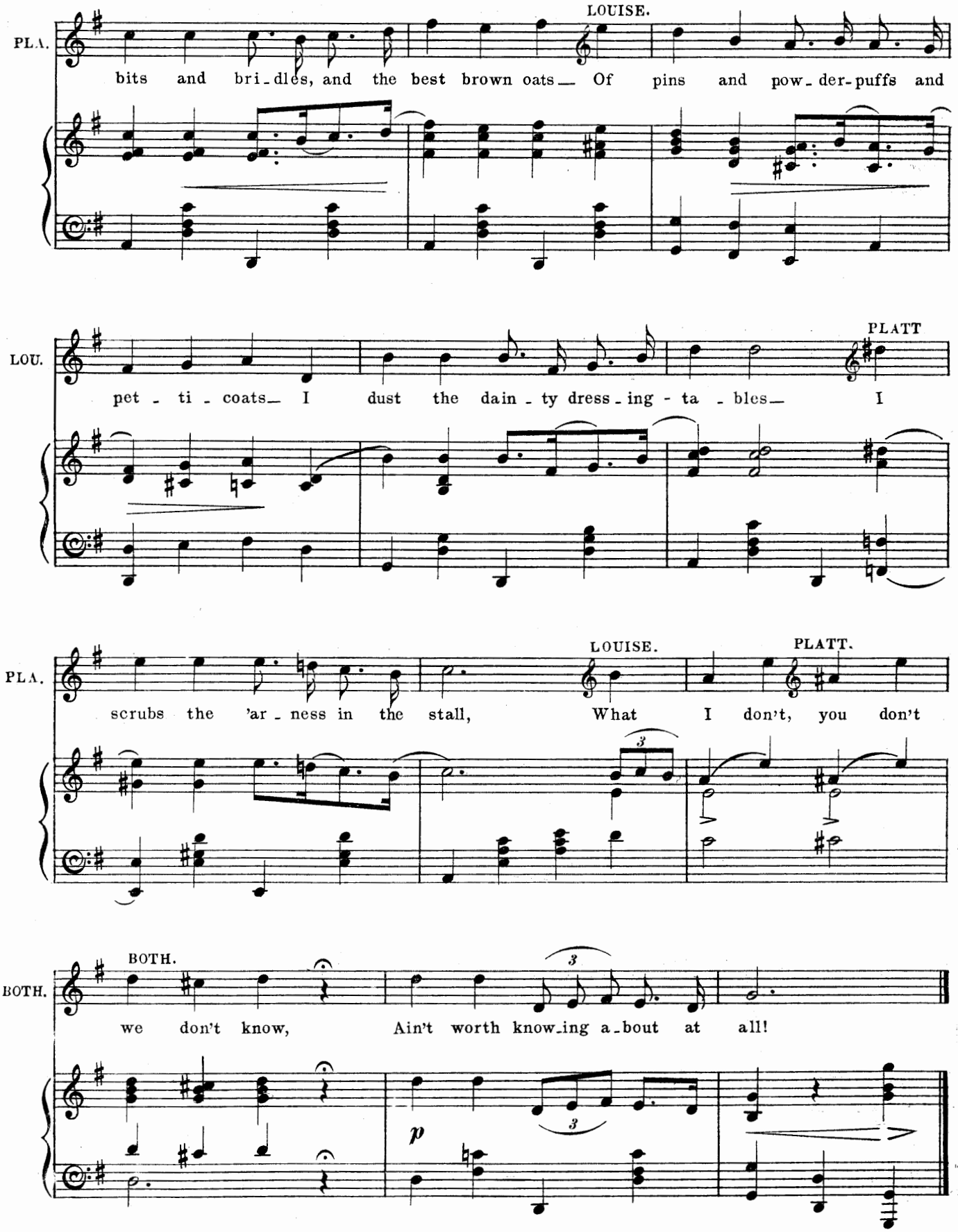



LOUISE.
PLA.
off their feed what fun - ny ways they've got! A dread - ful fuss they al - ways
PLATT.
LOU.
make! 'Ave you ev - er tried 'em with a bran - mash hot?— Oh! I
REFRAIN
PLA.
beg yer par - don my mis - take! What I don't know a-bout the
LOUISE.
PLATT.
PLA.
sta - bles, What I dont know a-bout the frills, Of


LOUISE.
PLA.
bits and bri-dles and the best brown oats— Of pins and pow-der-puffs and
PLATT.
LOU.
pet - ti - coats— I dust the dain - ty dress-ing - ta - bles— I
BOTH.
PLA.
scrubs the 'ar - ness in the stall, What I don't, you don't
BOTH
Both don't know Ain't worth know-ing a-bout at all!
p
f


PLATT.
2. I take my 'or - ses in the morn - ing air, To
p
PLA.
'ave a ti dy lit - tle trot — While I stand brush-ing of my
LOUISE.
LOU.
la - dy's hair, And tell her a - ny news I've got! They
PLATT.


LOUISE.
PLA.
show their tem - per now and then per - haps,— Oh! in my shoes I of - ten
PLATT.
LOU.
shake! Well of course there's no - thing like the kick - ing straps— Oh! I
REFRAIN.
PLA.
beg yer par - don my mis - take! What I don't know a - bout the
LOUISE.
PLATT.
PLA.
sta - bles, What I don't know a - bout the frills, Of

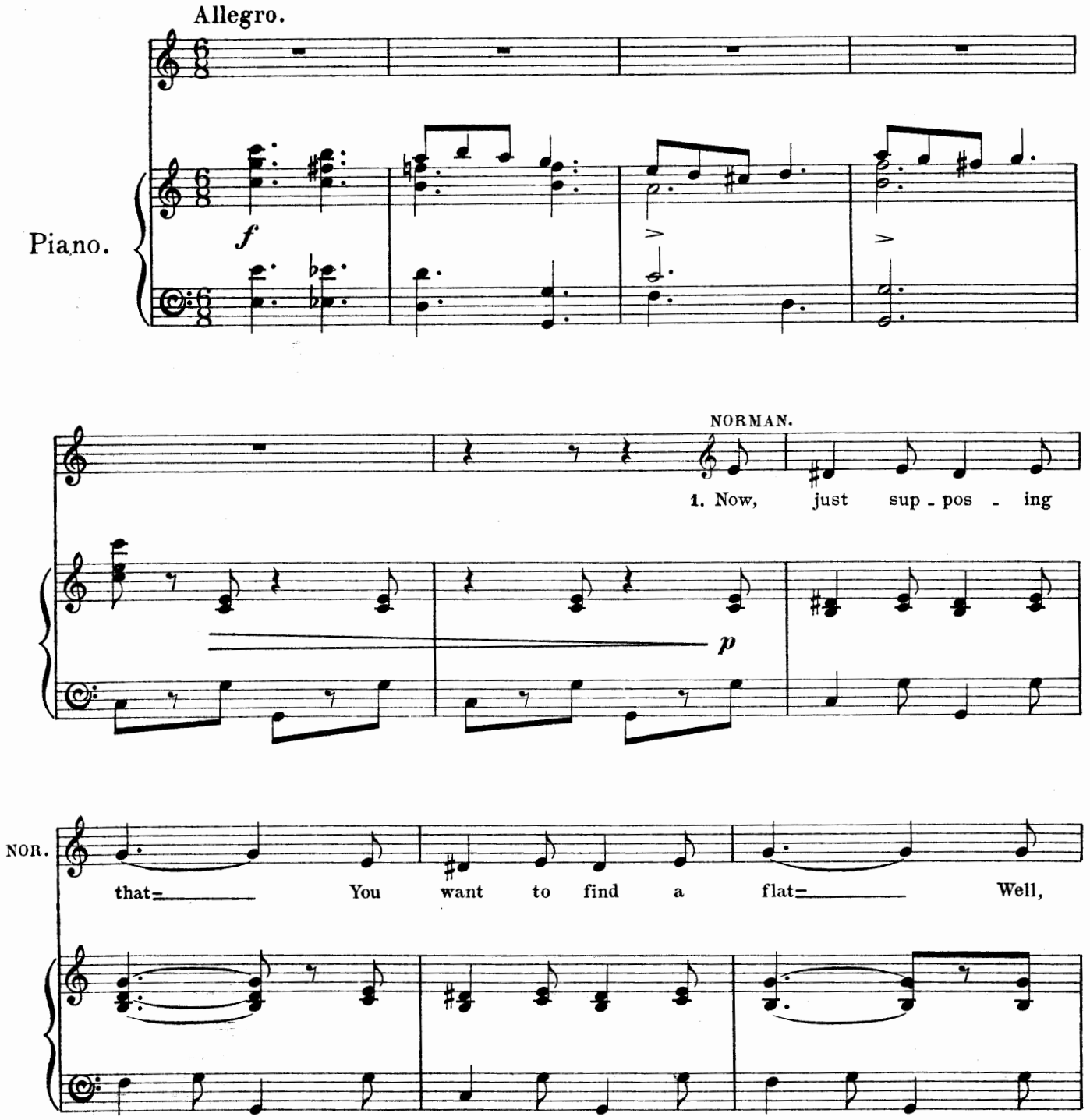

PLA.
LOUISE.
bits and bri-dles, and the best brown oats— Of pins and pow-der-puffs and
LOU.
PLATT
pet-ti-coats— I dust the dain-ty dress-ing-ta-bles— I
PLA.
LOUISE.
PLATT.
scrubs the 'ar-ness in the stall, What I don't, you don't
BOTH.
BOTH.
we don't know, Ain't worth know-ing a-bout at all!
p

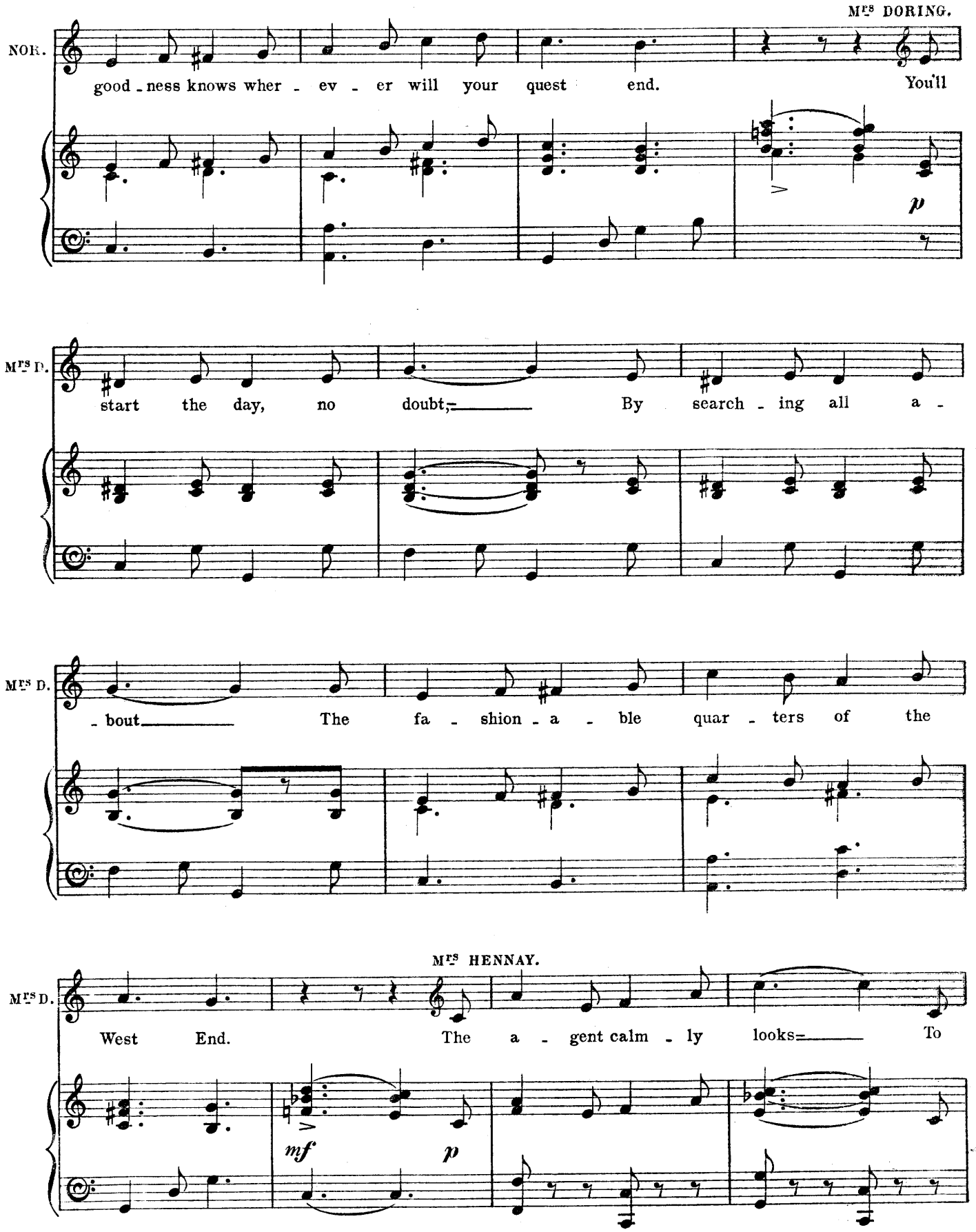
No. 6. QUINTET. (Norman, Mrs Doring, Mrs Hennay, Louise and Platt.)

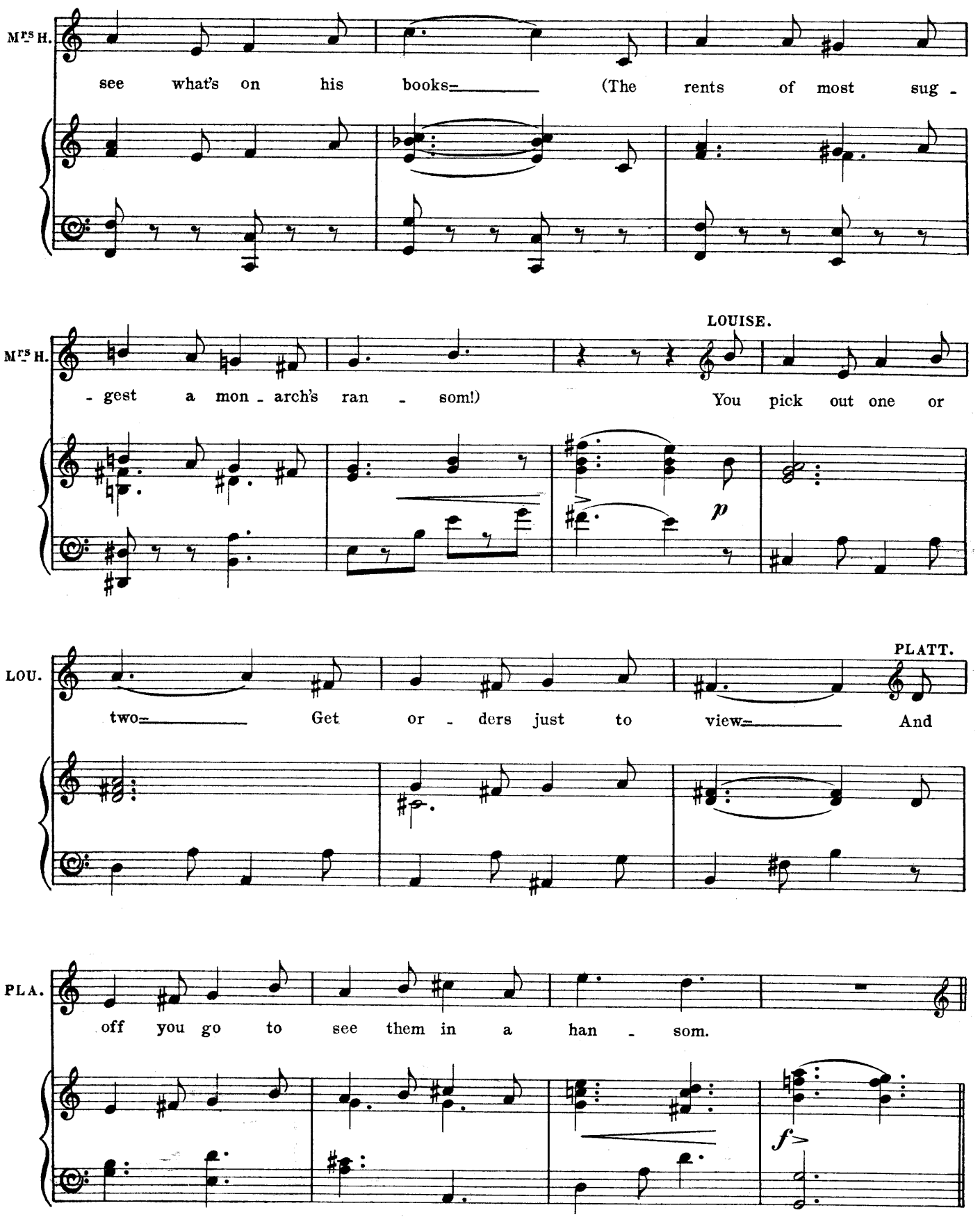
"FLAT HUNTING."

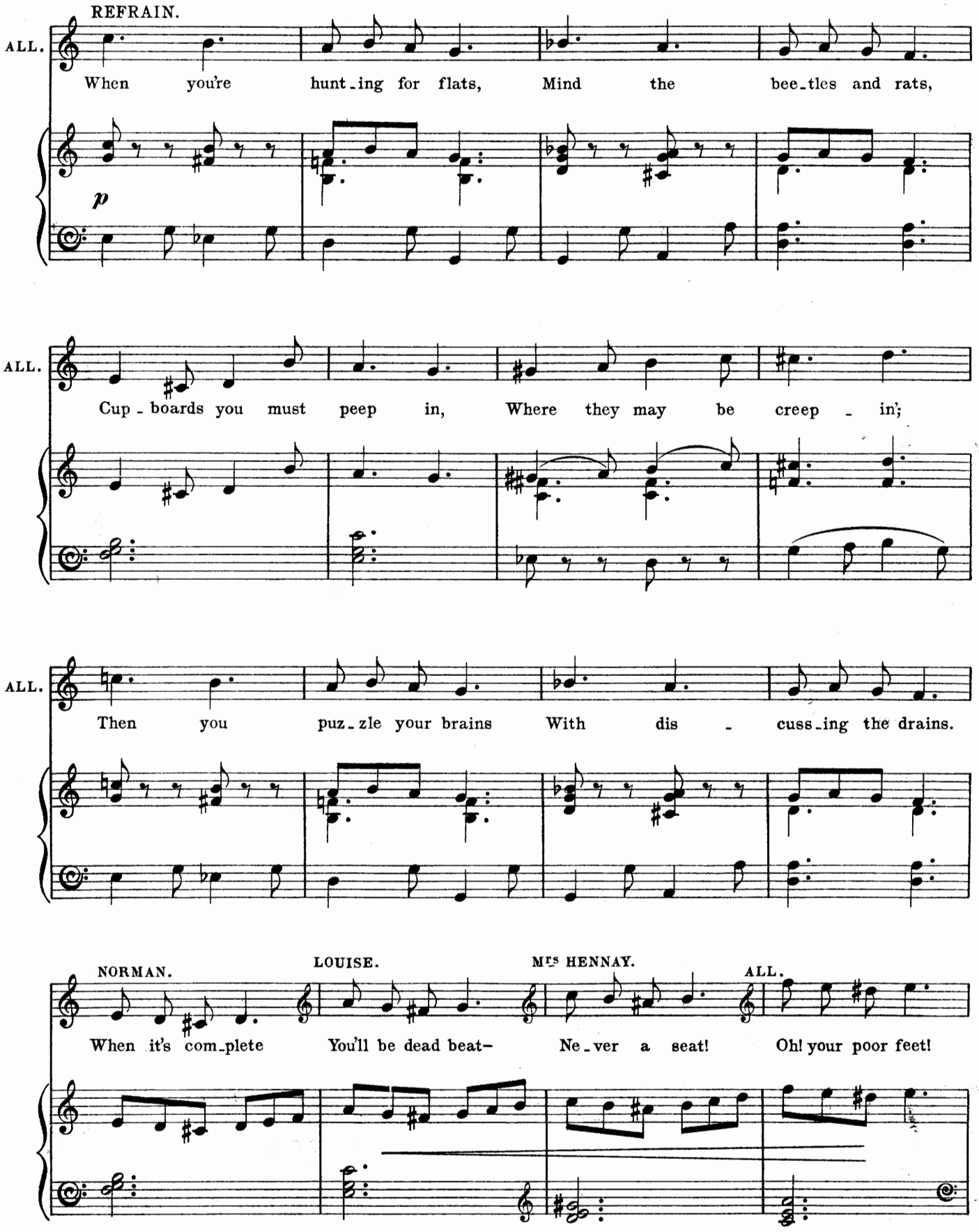
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

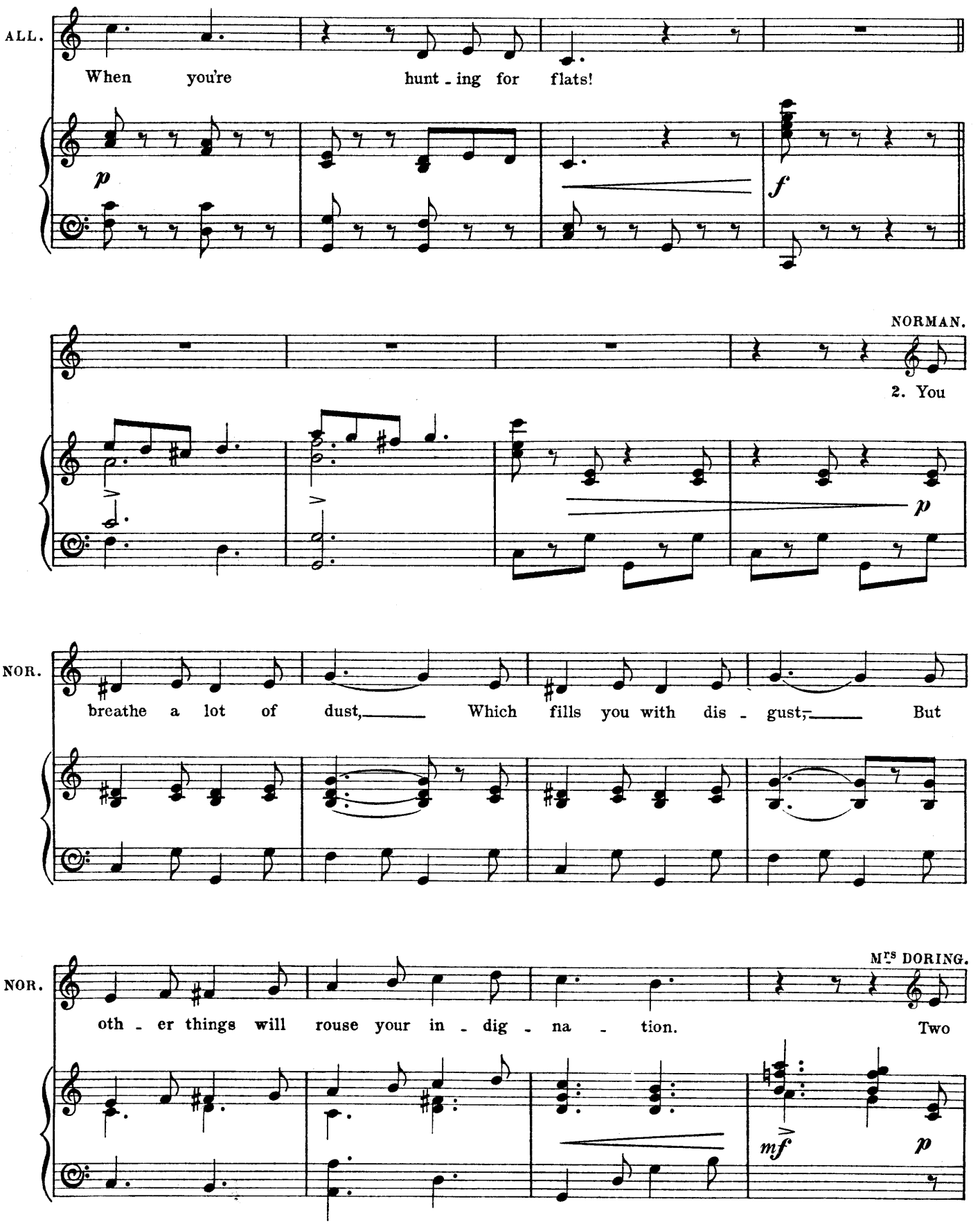
Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

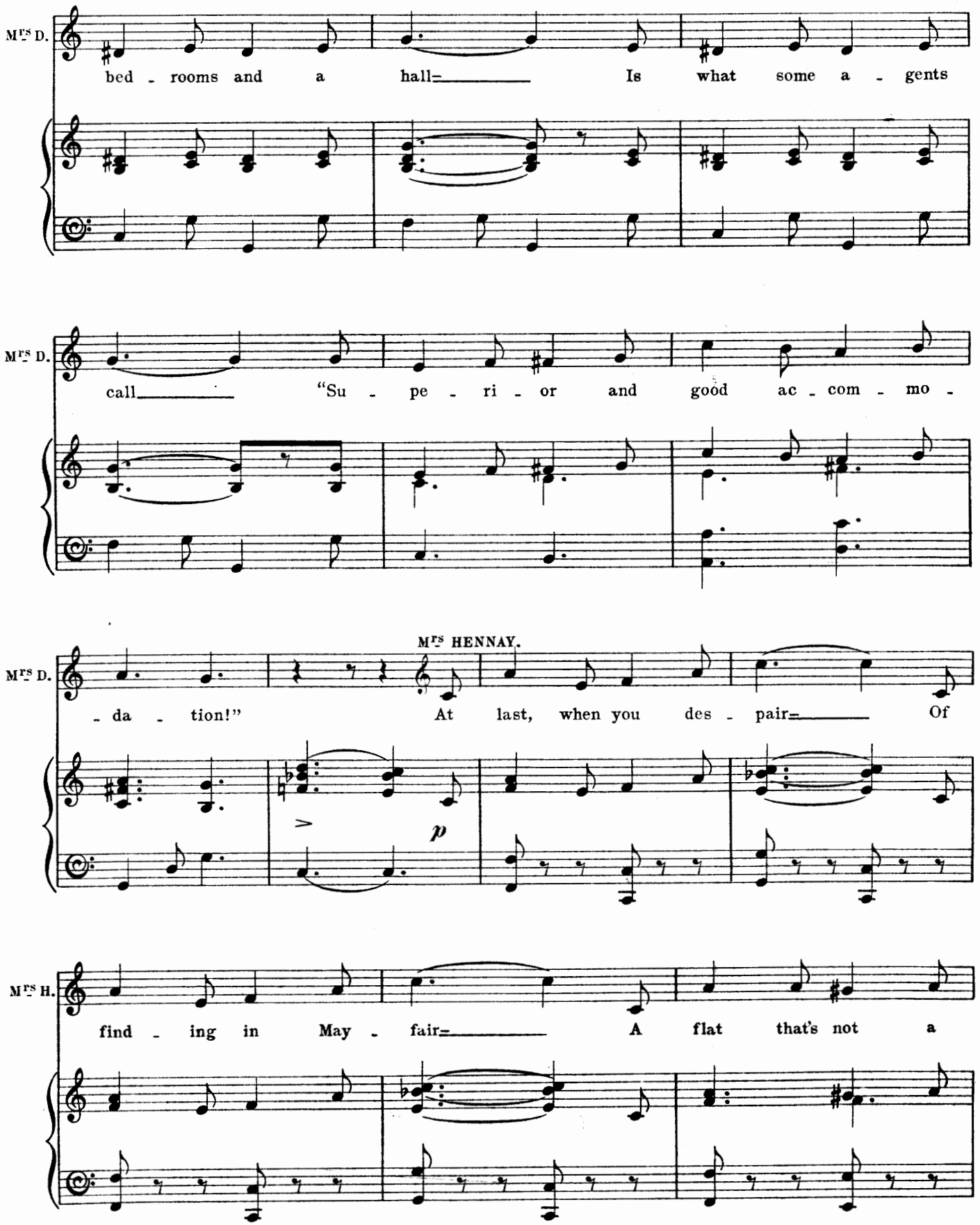


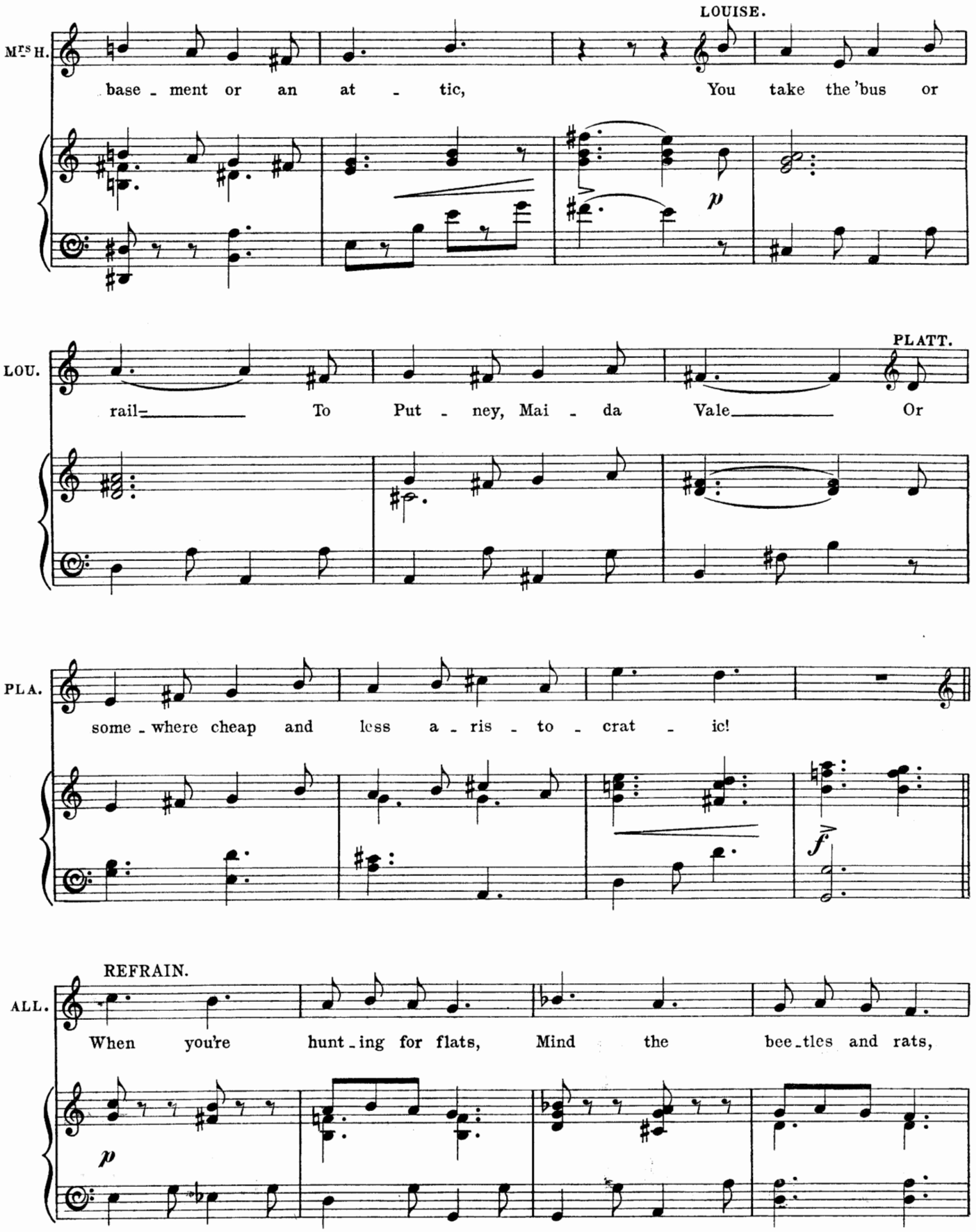

Mrs DORING.
NOR.
good - ness knows wher - ev - er will your quest end. You'll
p
Mrs D.
start the day, no doubt;— By search - ing all a -
Mrs D.
- bout— The fa - shion - a - ble quar - ters of the
Mrs HENNAY.
Mrs D.
West End. The a - gent calm - ly looks— To
mf
p

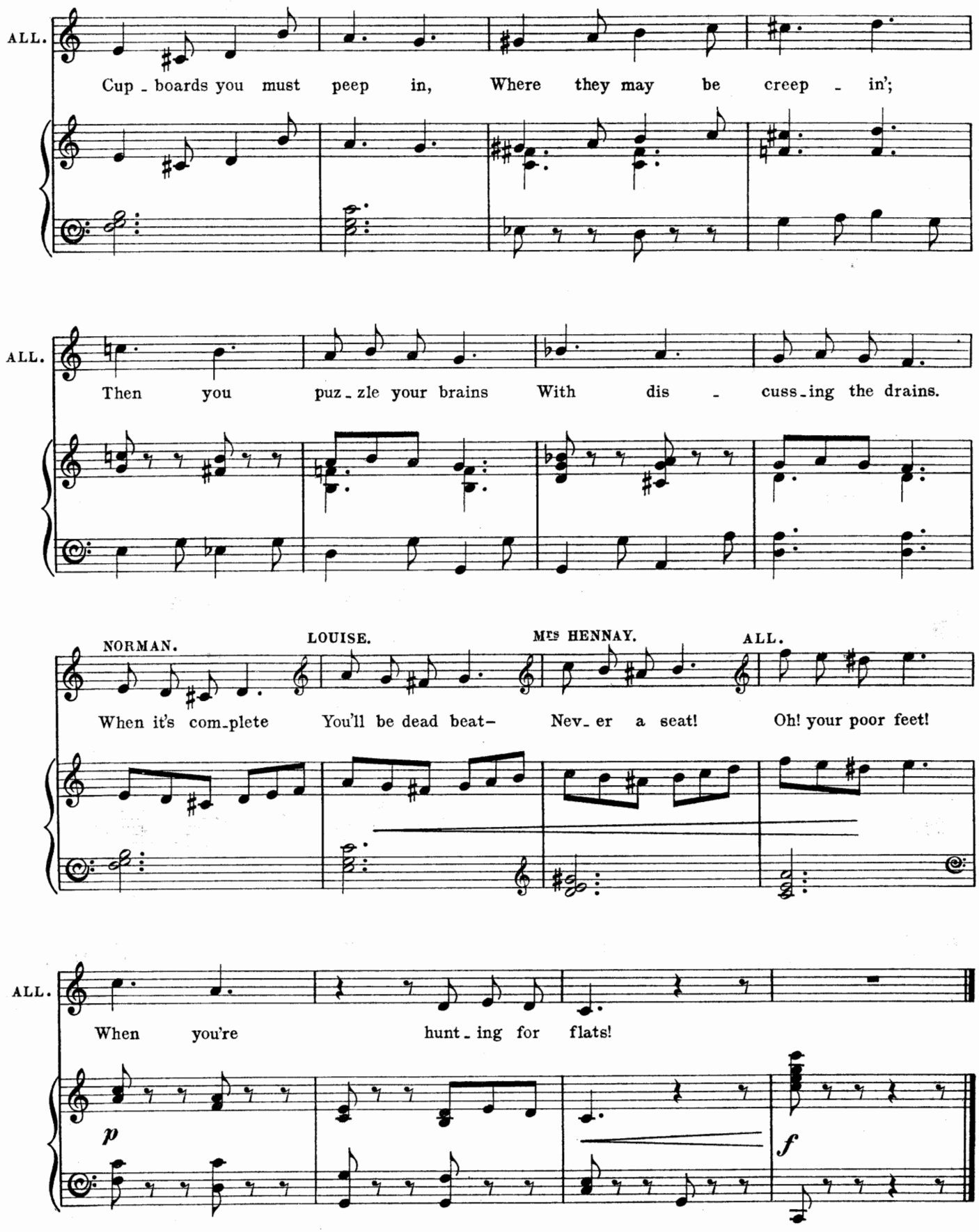

Mrs H.
see what's on his books= (The rents of most sug -
Mrs H.
- gest a mon - arch's ran - som!)
LOUISE.
You pick out one or
p
LOU.
two= Get or - ders just to view=
PLATT.
And
PLA.
off you go to see them in a han - som.
f>


REFRAIN.
ALL.
When you're hunt-ing for flats, Mind the bee-tles and rats,
p
ALL.
Cup-boards you must peep in, Where they may be creep - in';
ALL.
Then you puz-zle your brains With dis - cuss-ing the drains.
NORMAN.
LOUISE.
MRS HENNAY.
ALL.
When it's com-plete You'll be dead beat- Ne-ver a seat! Oh! your poor feet!


ALL.
When you're hunt - ing for flats!
p
f
NORMAN.
2. You
p
NOR.
breathe a lot of dust, Which fills you with dis - gust; But
NOR.
Mrs DORING.
oth - er things will rouse your in - dig - na - tion. Two
mf
p


MRS D.
bed - rooms and a hall= Is what some a - gents
MRS D.
call= "Su - pe - ri - or and good ac - com - mo -
MRS HENNAY.
MRS D.
- da - tion!" At last, when you des - pair= Of
MRS H.
find - ing in May - fair= A flat that's not a


LOUISE.
MRS H.
base - ment or an at - tic, You take the 'bus or
p
PLATT.
LOU.
rail- To Put - ney, Mai - da Vale Or
PLA.
some - where cheap and less a - ris - to - crat - ic!
f
REFRAIN.
ALL.
When you're hunt - ing for flats, Mind the bee - tles and rats,
p

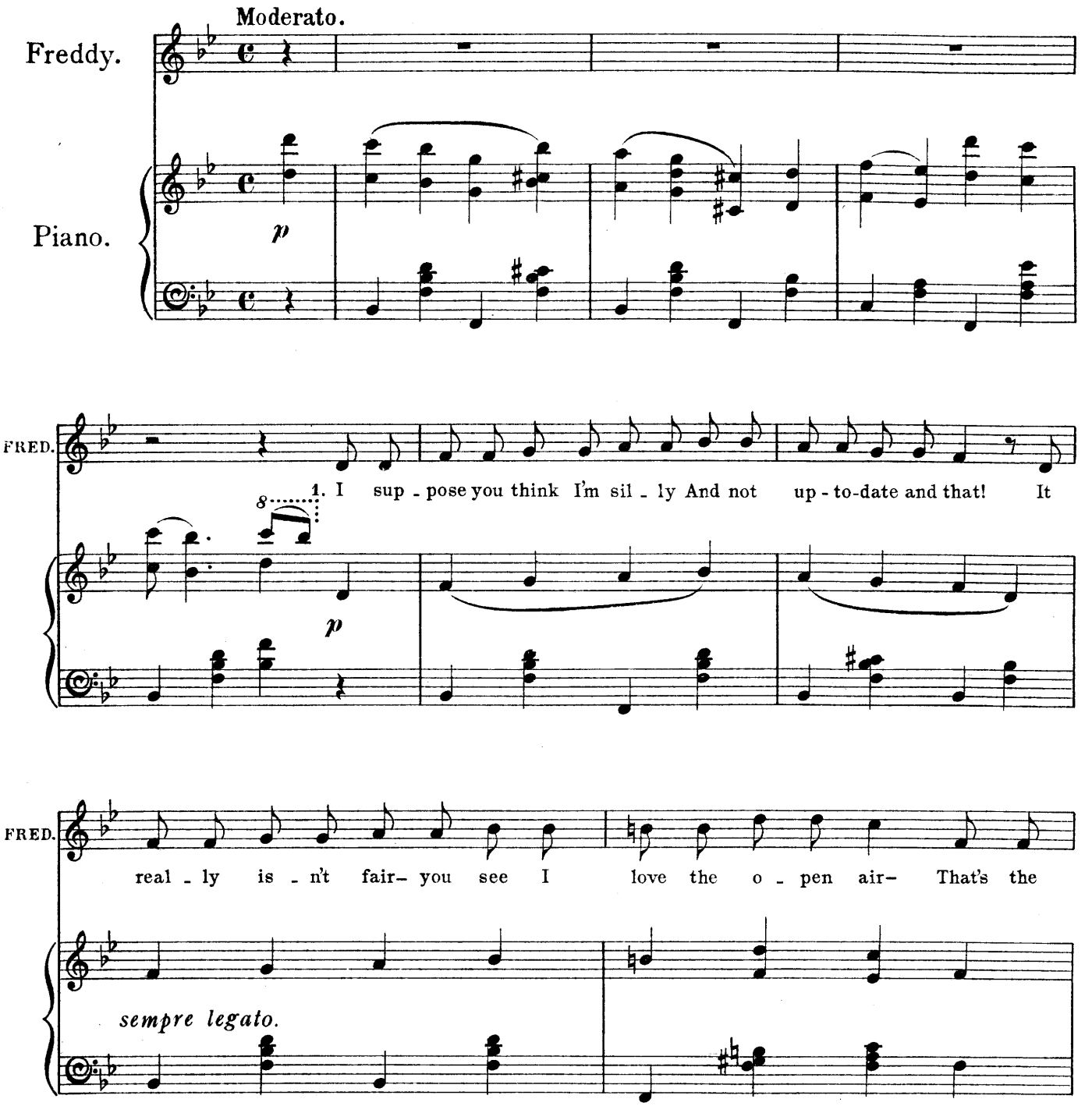

ALL.
Cup - boards you must peep in, Where they may be creep - in';
ALL.
Then you puz - zle your brains With dis - cuss - ing the drains.
NORMAN.
When it's com - plete
LOUISE.
You'll be dead beat -
MRS HENNAY.
Nev - er a seat!
ALL.
Oh! your poor feet!
ALL.
When you're hunt - ing for flats!
p
f

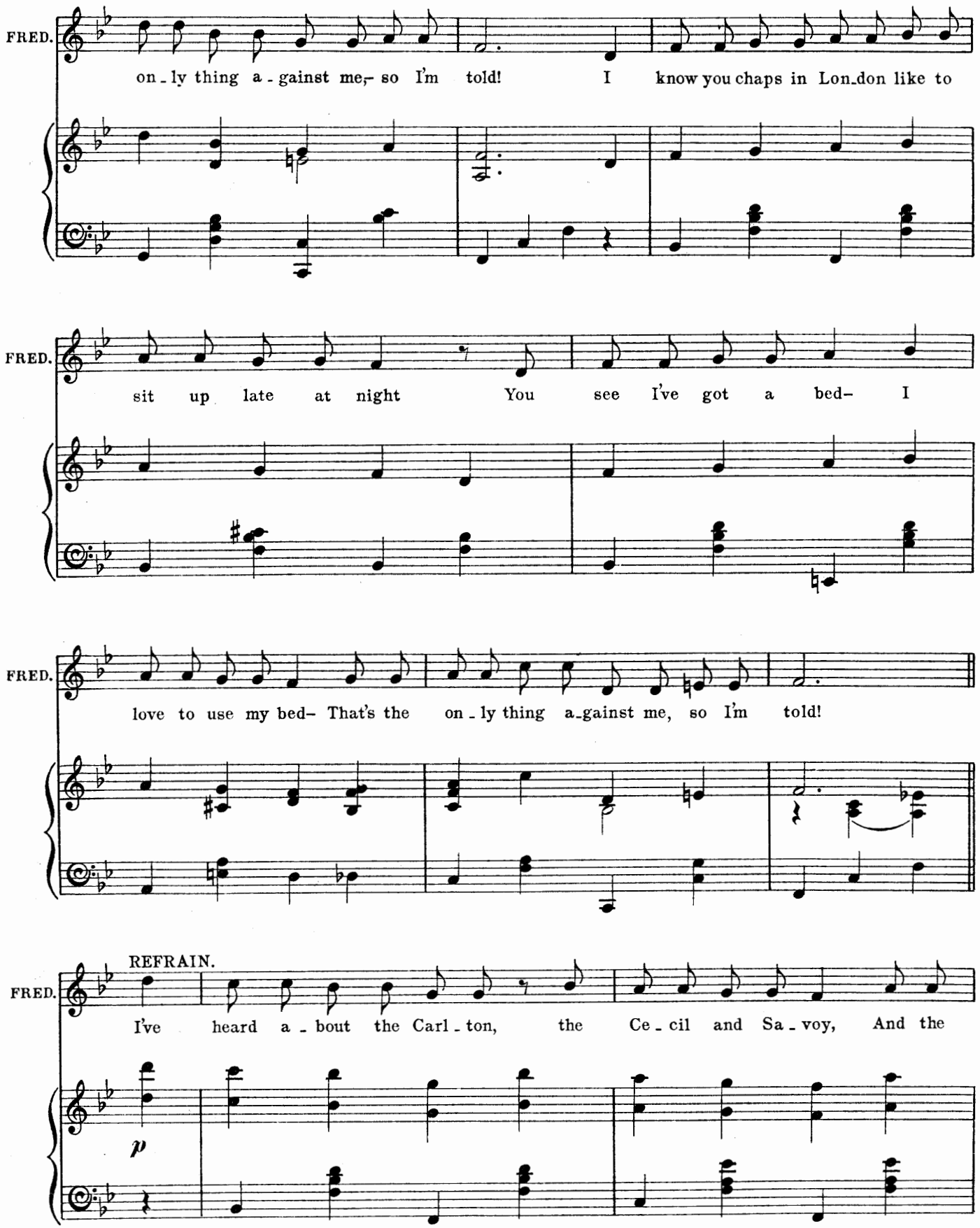
No. 7.

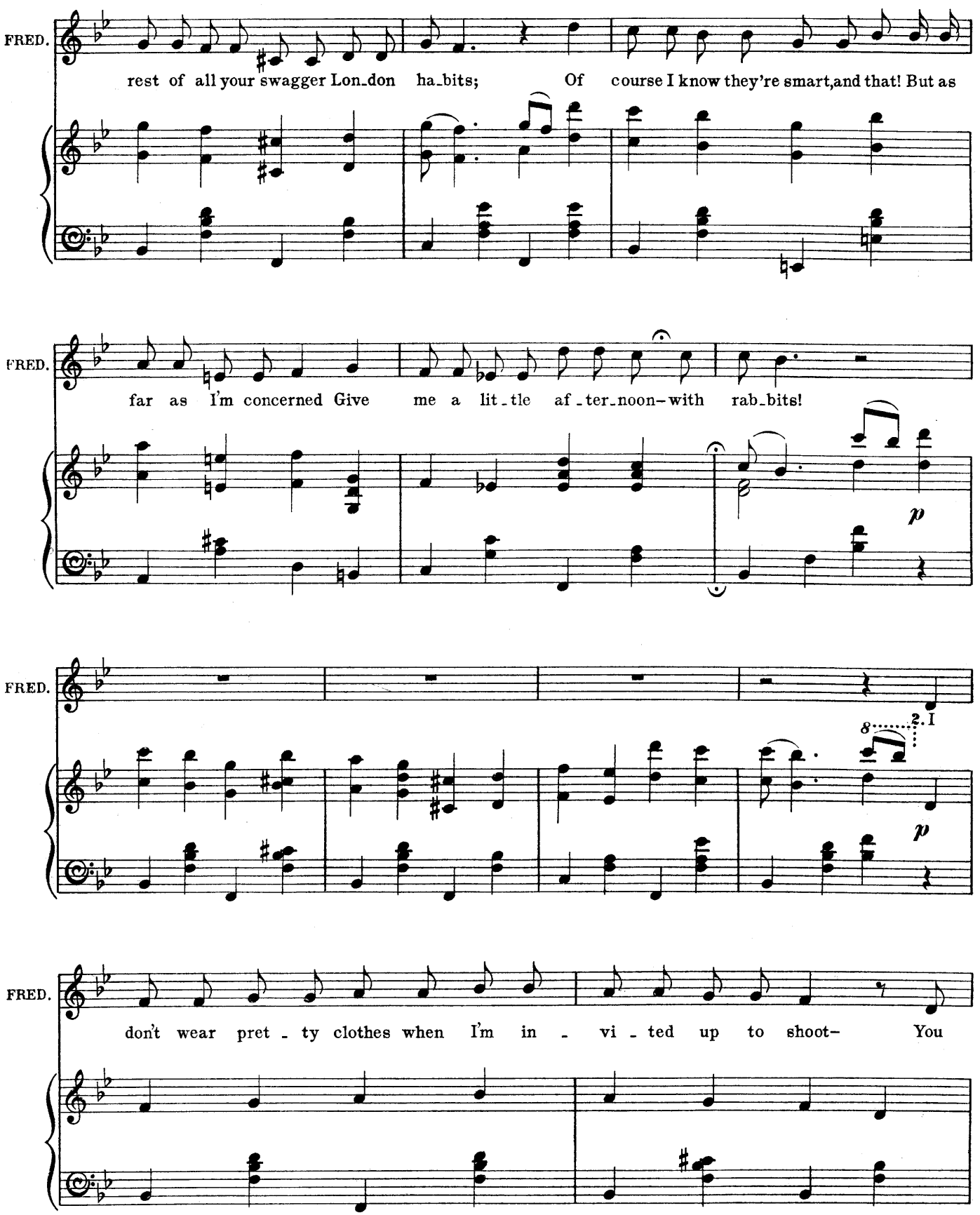
SONG. (Freddy.)

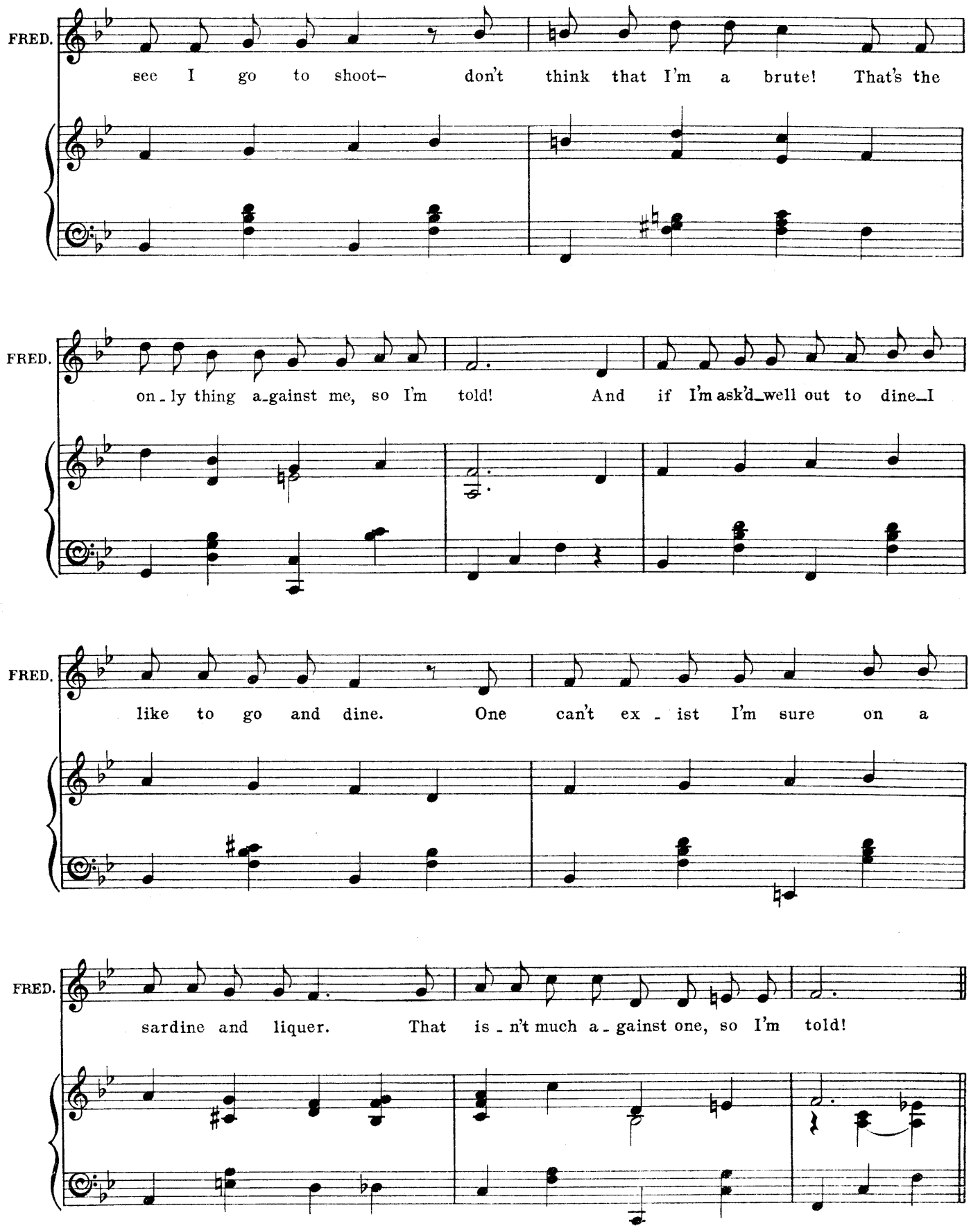
"RABBITS."

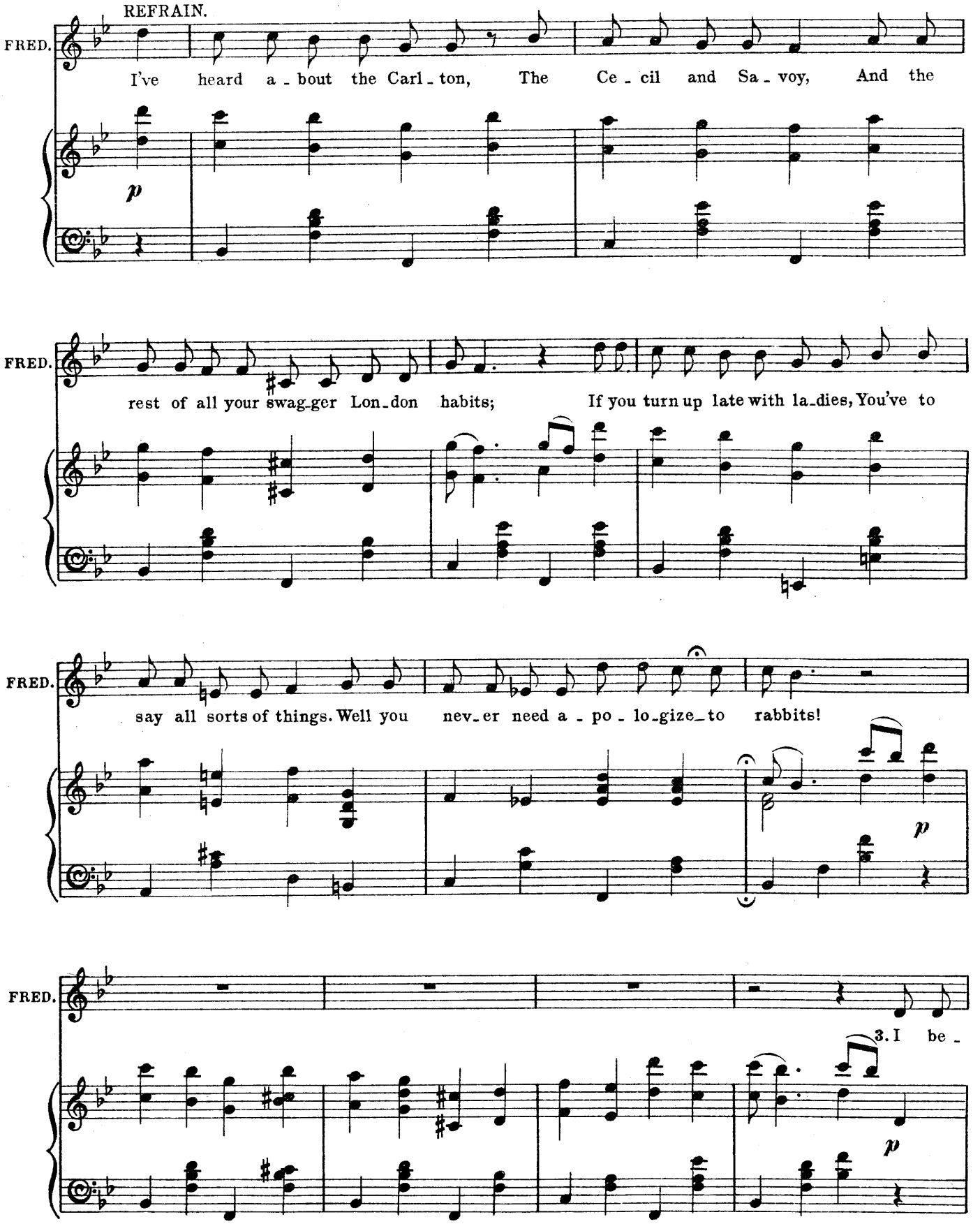
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

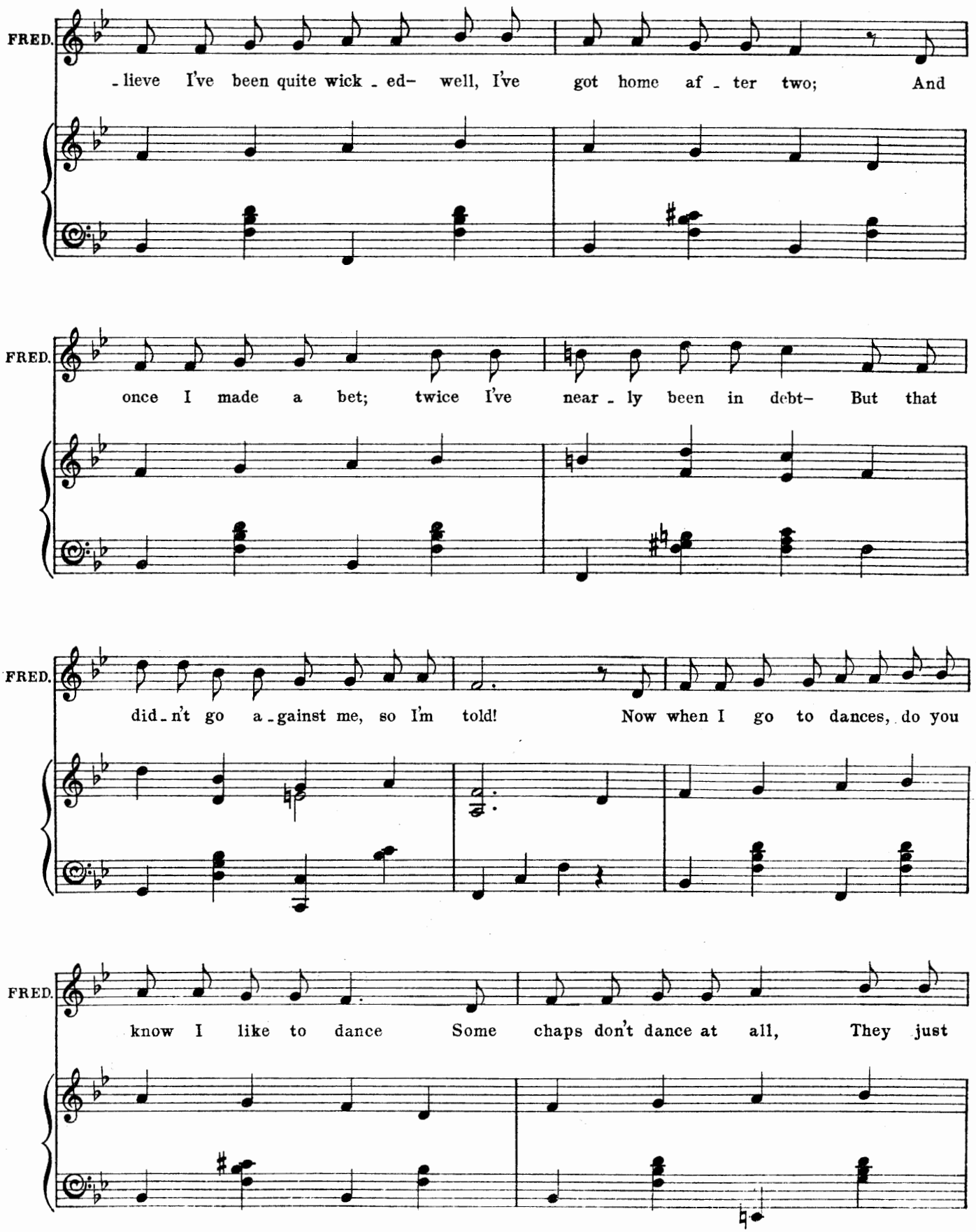


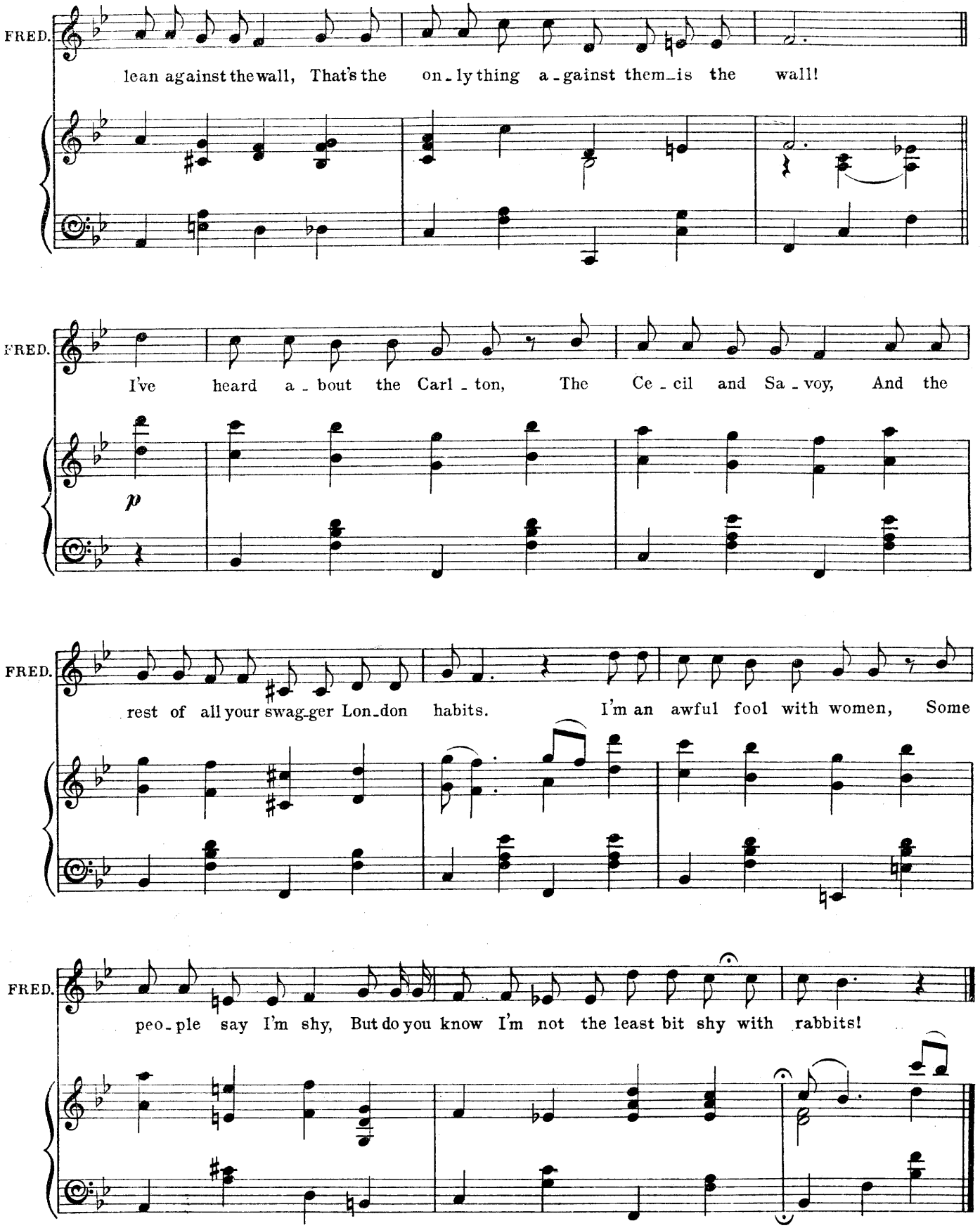

FRED.
on - ly thing a - gainst me, so I'm told! I know you chaps in Lon-don like to
FRED.
sit up late at night You see I've got a bed- I
FRED.
love to use my bed- That's the on - ly thing a-gainst me, so I'm told!
REFRAIN.
FRED.
I've heard a - bout the Carl - ton, the Ce - cil and Sa - voy, And the
p


FRED.
rest of all your swagger Lon_don ha_bits; Of course I know they're smart,and that! But as
FRED.
far as I'm concerned Give me a lit_tle af_ter_noon–with rab_bits!
p
FRED.
2. I
p
FRED.
don't wear pret_ty clothes when I'm in_vi_ted up to shoot– You


FRED.
see I go to shoot– don't think that I'm a brute! That's the
FRED.
on-ly thing a-gainst me, so I'm told! And if I'm ask'd-well out to dine-I
FRED.
like to go and dine. One can't ex-ist I'm sure on a
FRED.
sardine and liquer. That is-n't much a-gainst one, so I'm told!


REFRAIN.
FRED.
I've heard a - bout the Carl - ton, The Ce - cil and Sa - voy, And the
p
FRED.
rest of all your swag-ger Lon-don habits; If you turn up late with la-dies, You've to
FRED.
say all sorts of things. Well you nev-er need a - po - lo-gize-to rabbits!
p
FRED.
3. I be -
p


FRED.
-lieve I've been quite wick-ed- well, I've got home af-ter two; And
FRED.
once I made a bet; twice I've near-ly been in debt- But that
FRED.
did-n't go a-gainst me, so I'm told! Now when I go to dances, do you
FRED.
know I like to dance Some chaps don't dance at all, They just

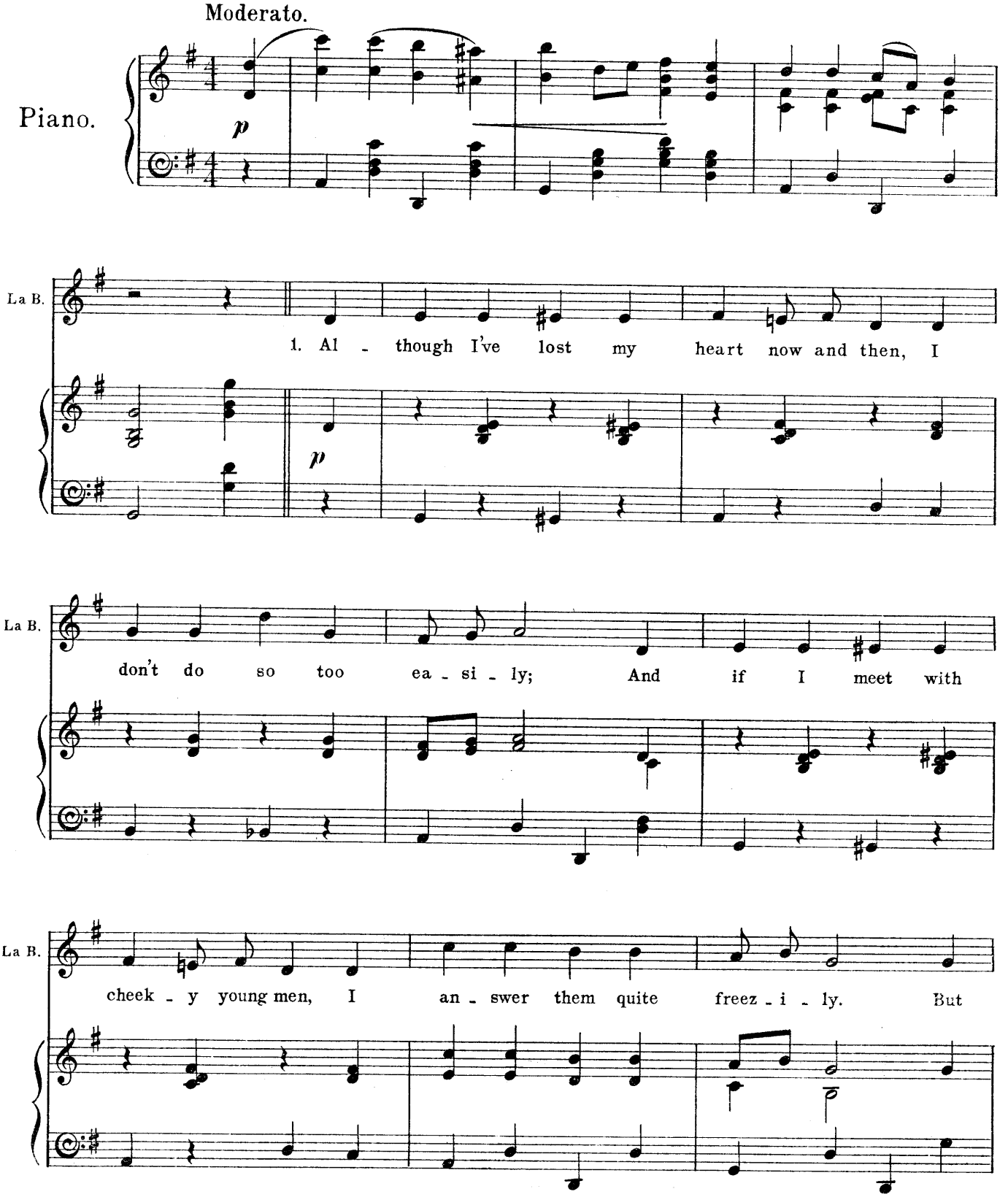

FRED.
lean against the wall, That's the on-ly thing a-gainst them-is the wall!
FRED.
I've heard a-bout the Carl-ton, The Ce-cil and Sa-voy, And the
p
FRED.
rest of all your swag-ger Lon-don habits. I'm an awful fool with women, Some
FRED.
peo-ple say I'm shy, But do you know I'm not the least bit shy with rabbits!

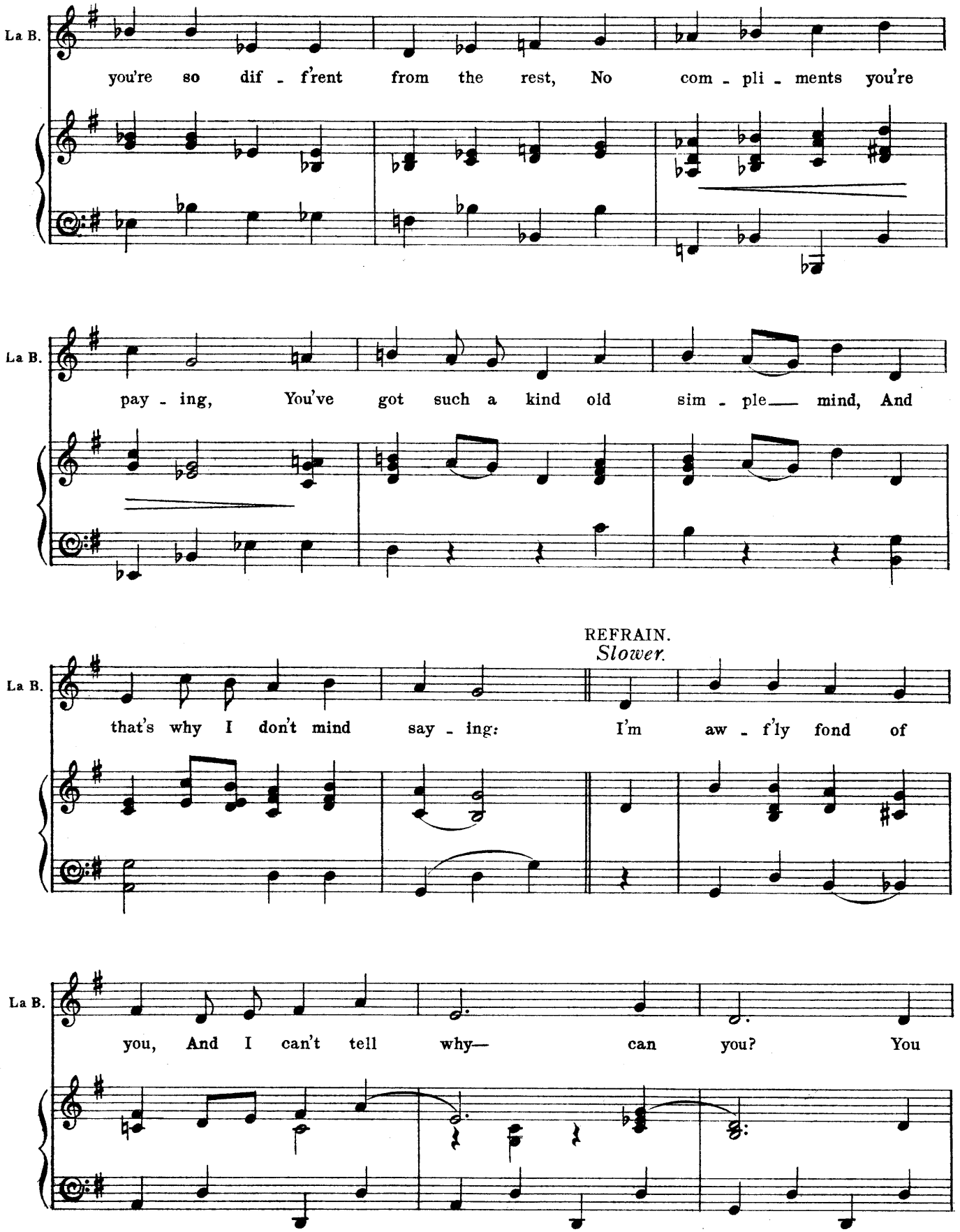
No. 8. SONG (La Bolero.) and Freddy.

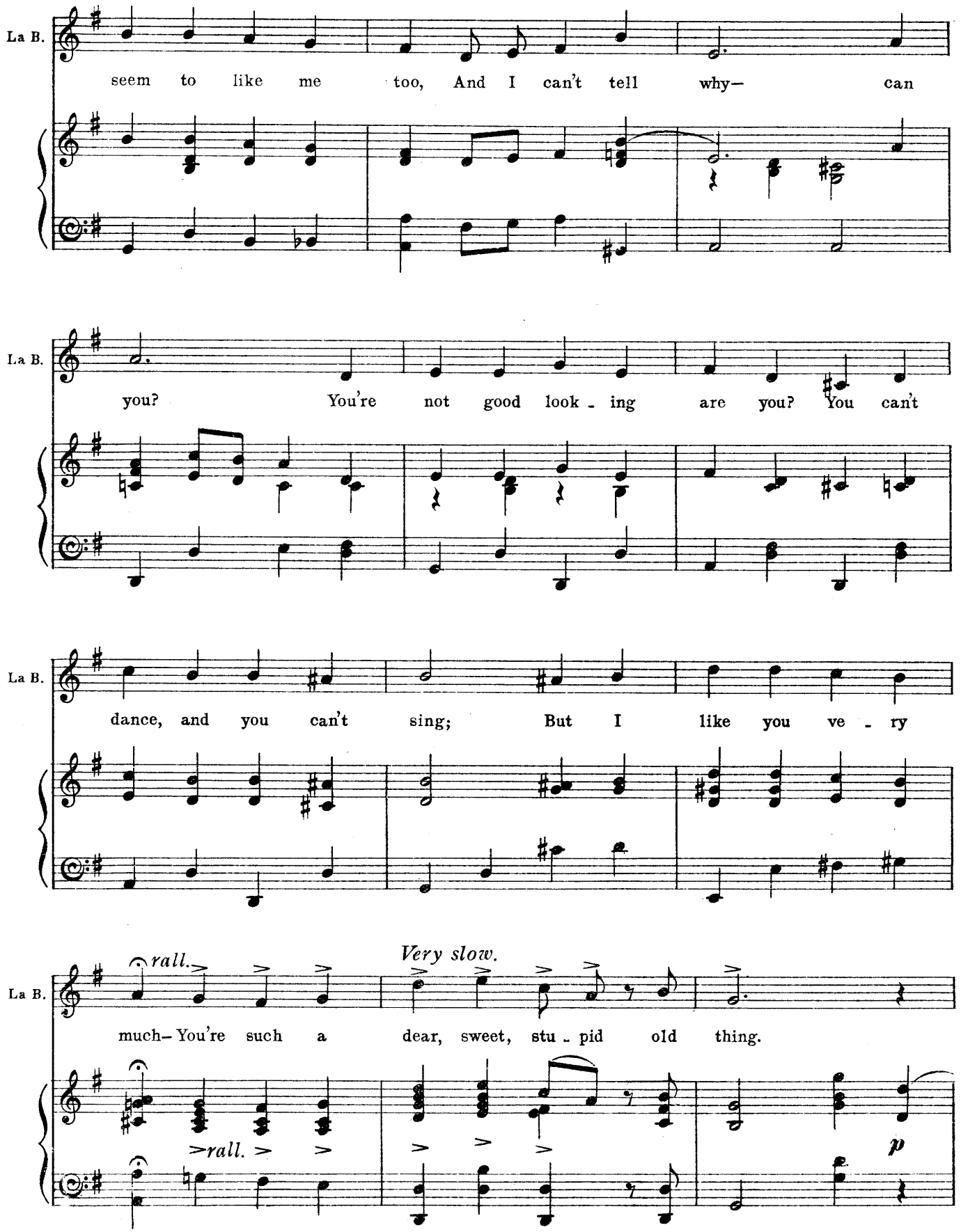
"YOU DEAR, SWEET, STUPID OLD THING."

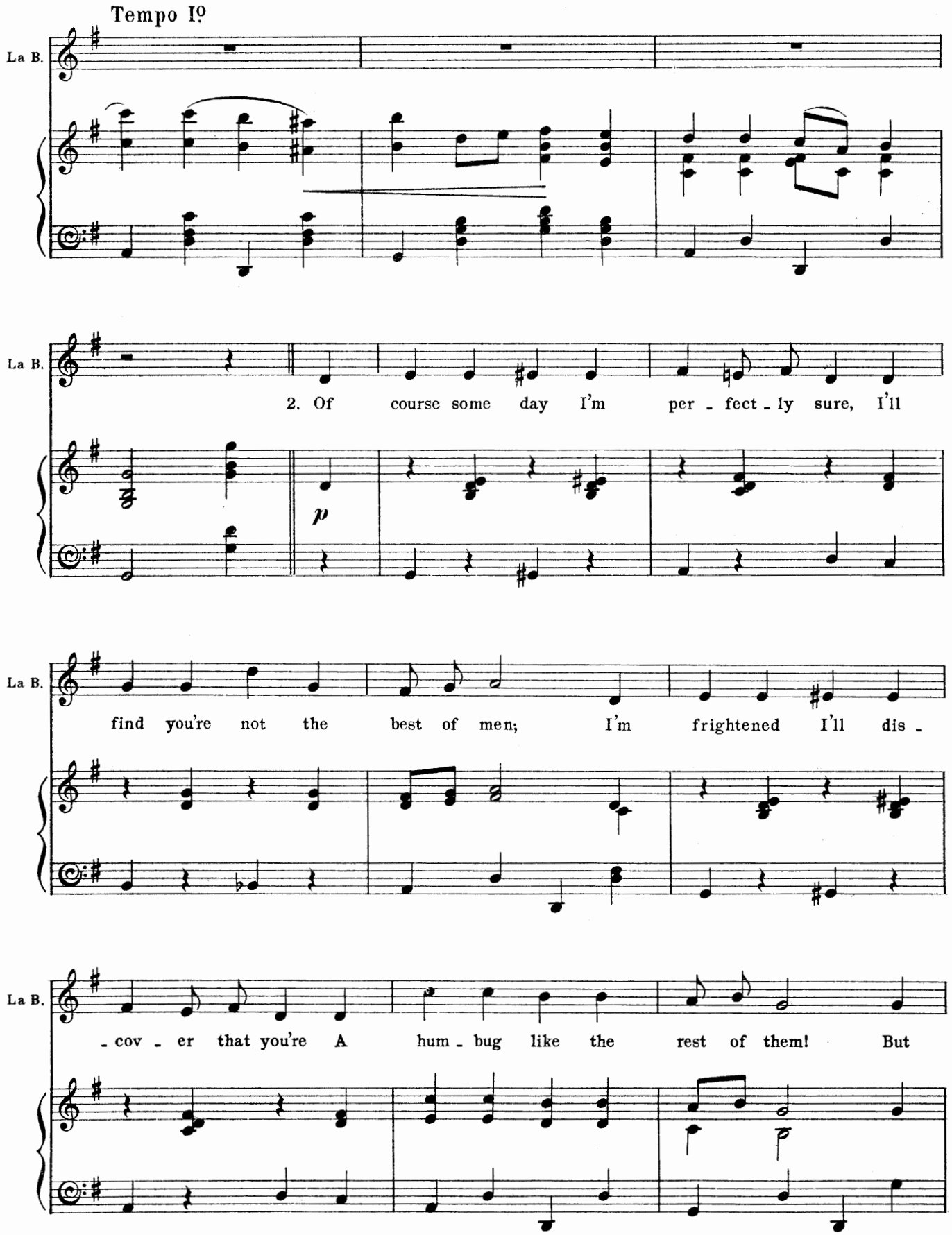
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

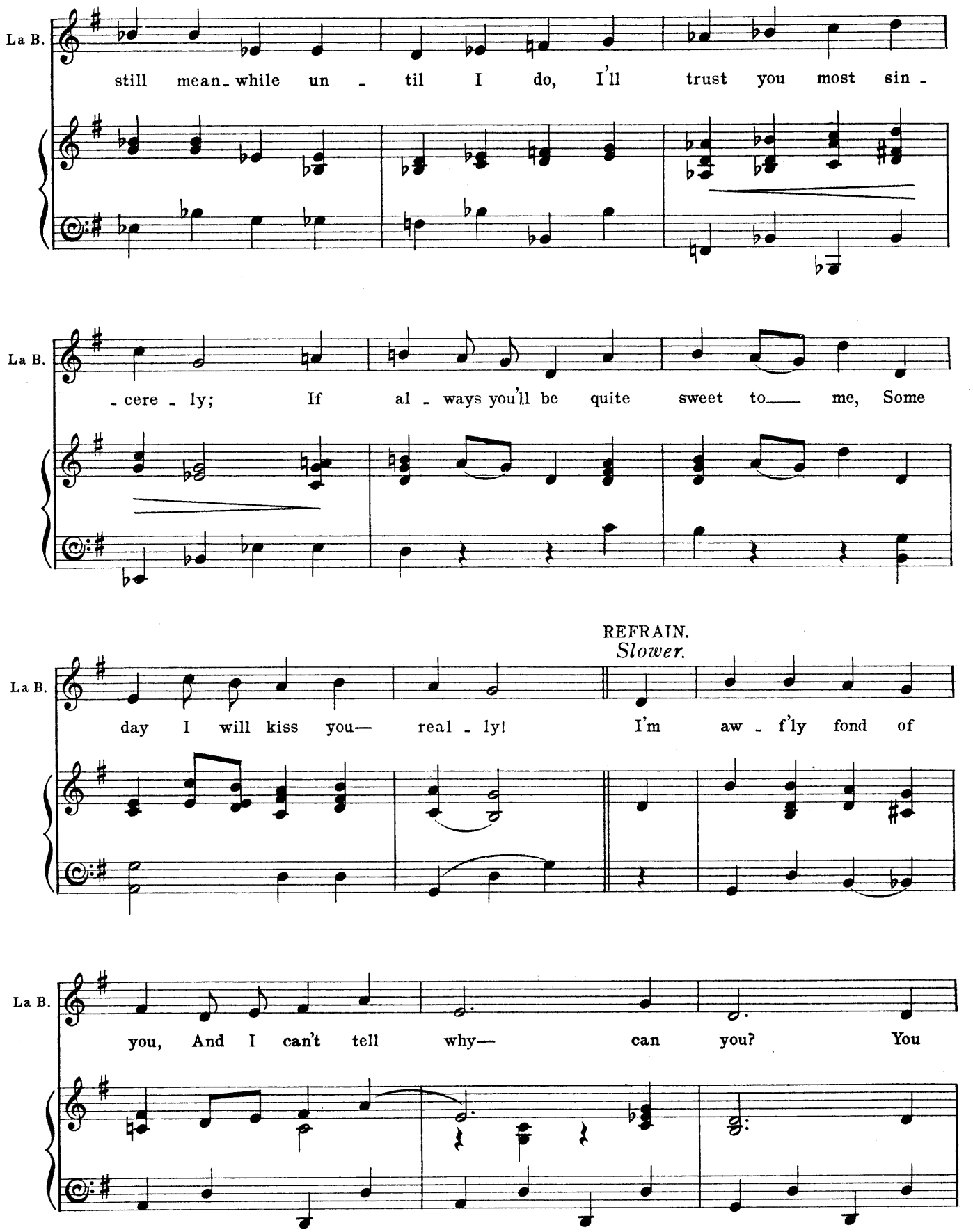
Moderato.

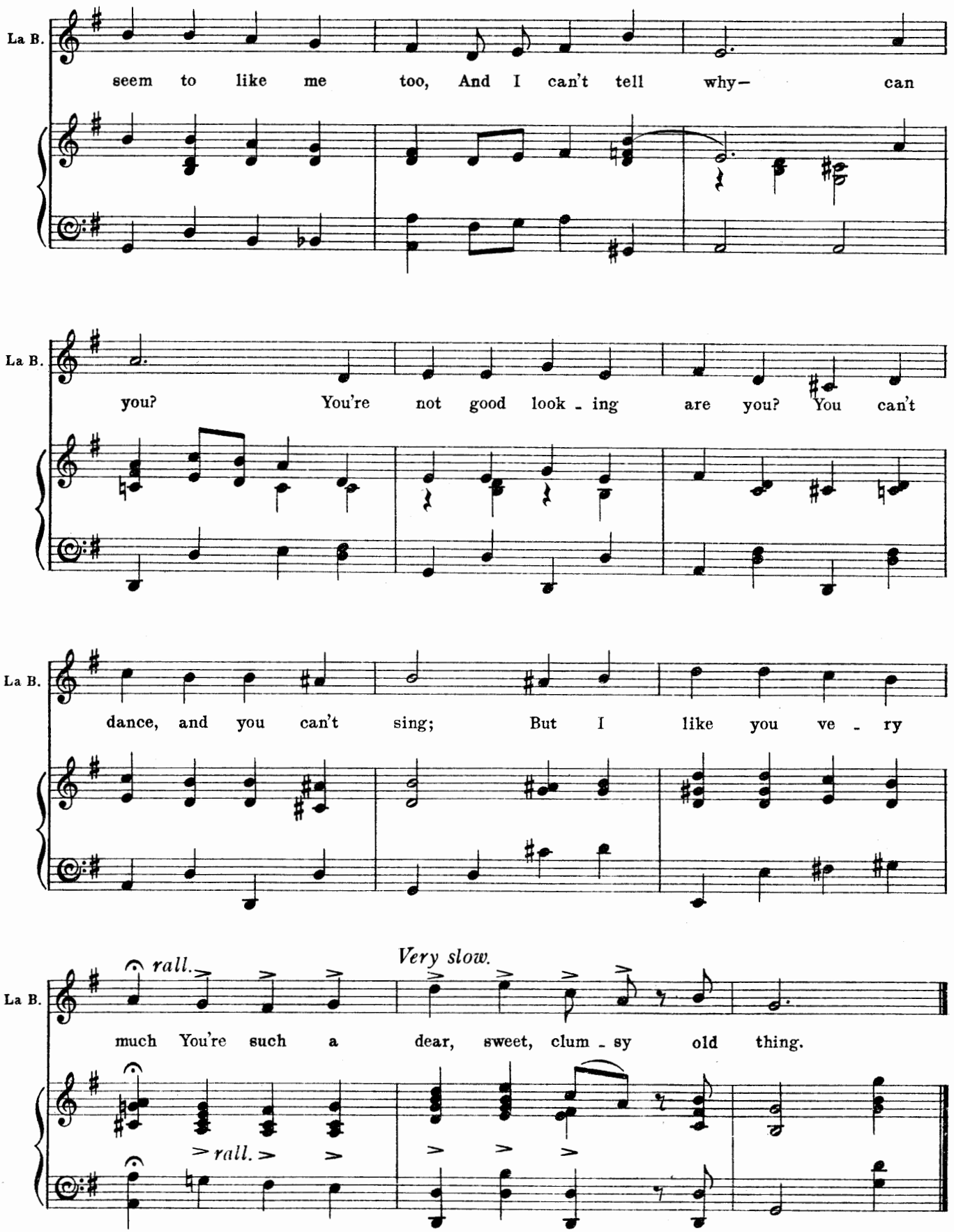



La B.
you're so dif - f'rent from the rest, No com - pli - ments you're
La B.
pay - ing, You've got such a kind old sim - ple mind, And
REFRAIN.
Slower.
La B.
that's why I don't mind say - ing: I'm aw - f'ly fond of
La B.
you, And I can't tell why— can you? You


La B.
seem to like me too, And I can't tell why— can
La B.
you? You're not good look - ing are you? You can't
La B.
dance, and you can't sing; But I like you ve - ry
La B.
rall.
Very slow.
much— You're such a dear, sweet, stu - pid old thing.
rall.
p


Tempo Iº
La B.
La B.
2. Of course some day I'm per - fect - ly sure, I'll
p
La B.
find you're not the best of men; I'm frightened I'll dis -
La B.
- cov - er that you're A hum - bug like the rest of them! But


La B.
still mean- while un - til I do, I'll trust you most sin -
La B.
- cere - ly; If al - ways you'll be quite sweet to me, Some
REFRAIN.
Slower.
La B.
day I will kiss you— real - ly! I'm aw - f'ly fond of
La B.
you, And I can't tell why— can you? You

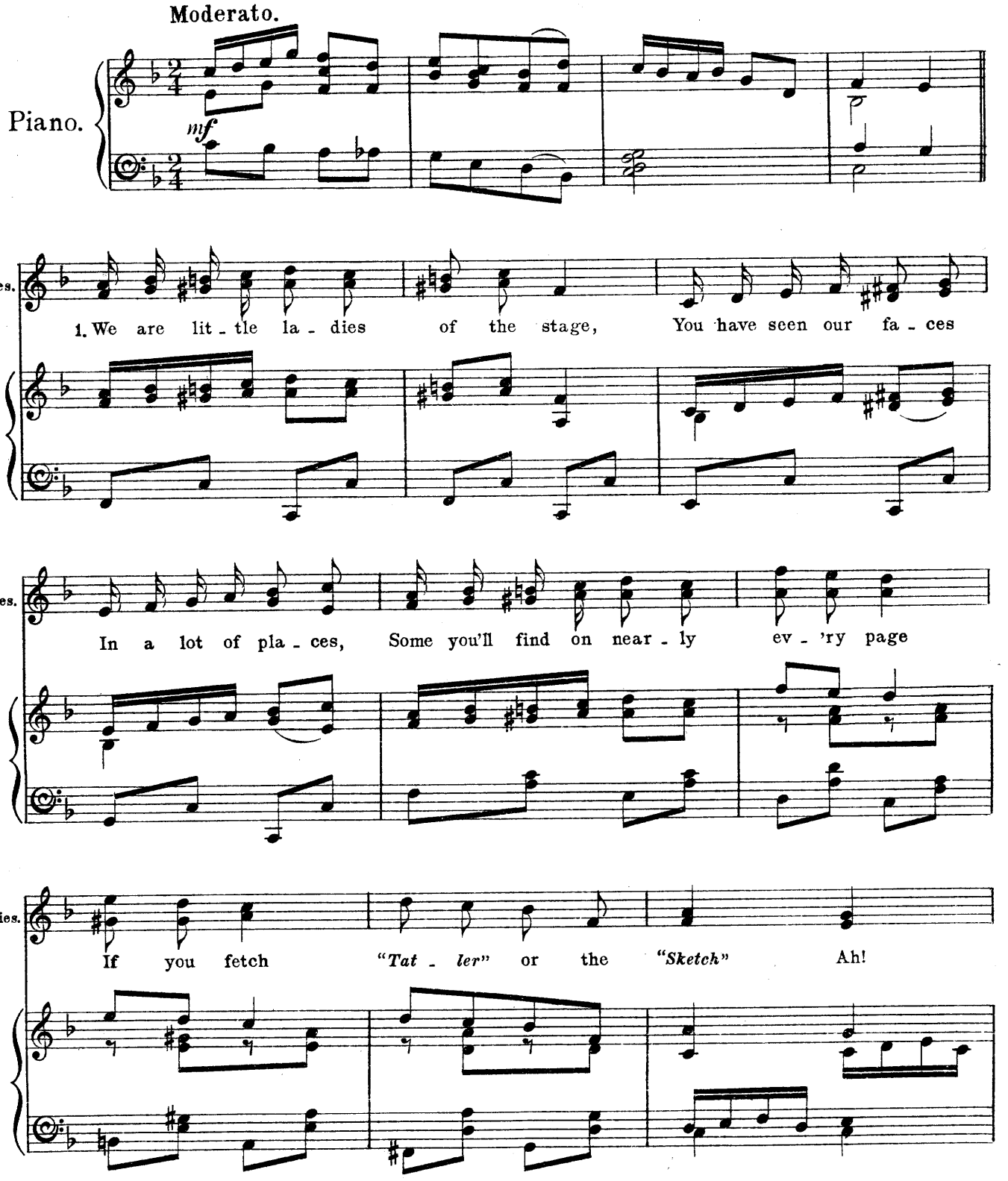

La B.
seem to like me too, And I can't tell why— can
La B.
you? You're not good look - ing are you? You can't
La B.
dance, and you can't sing; But I like you ve - ry
Very slow.
rall.
La B.
much You're such a dear, sweet, clum - sy old thing.
rall.

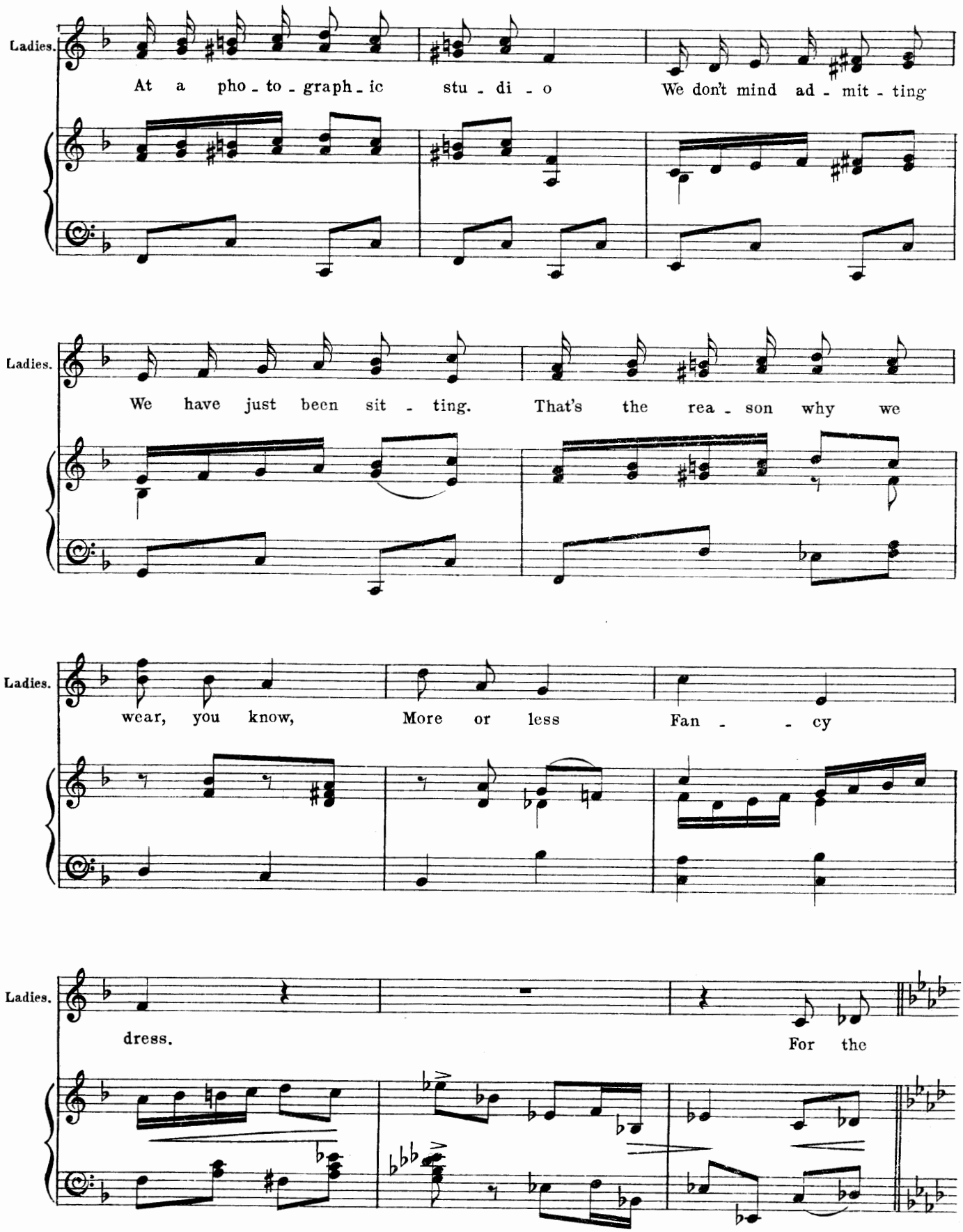
No. 9. CONCERTED NUMBER.

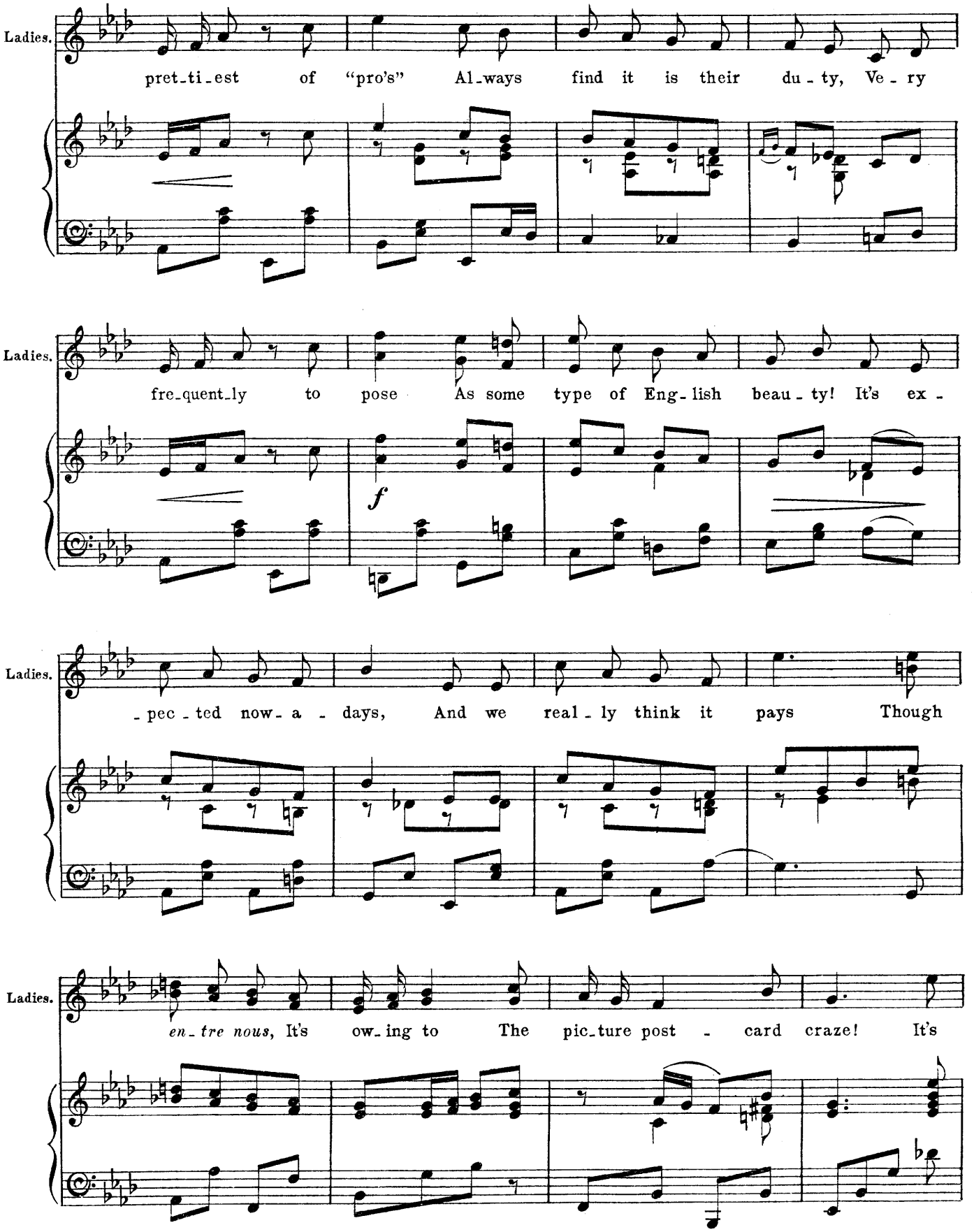
"LITTLE LADIES OF THE STAGE."

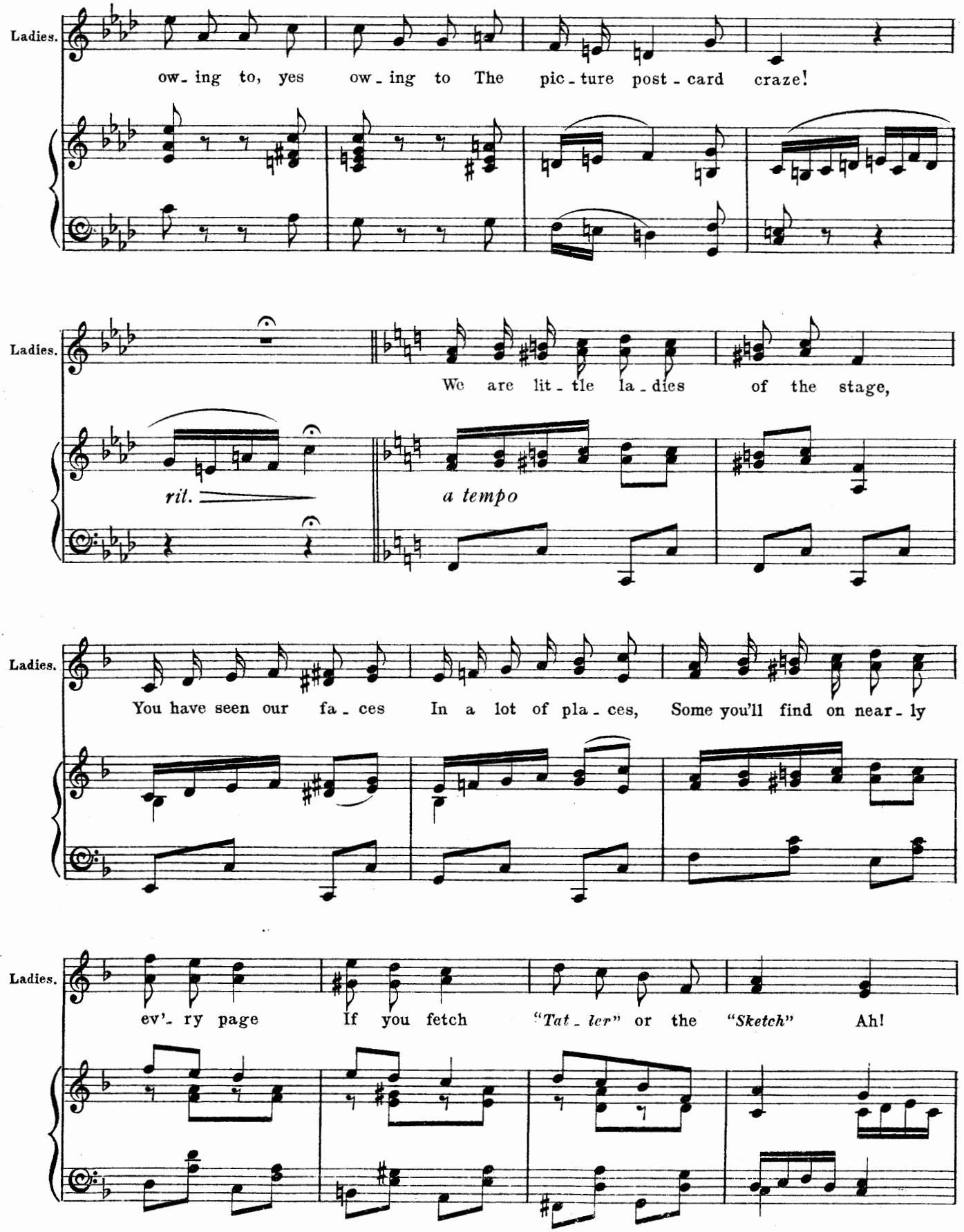
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

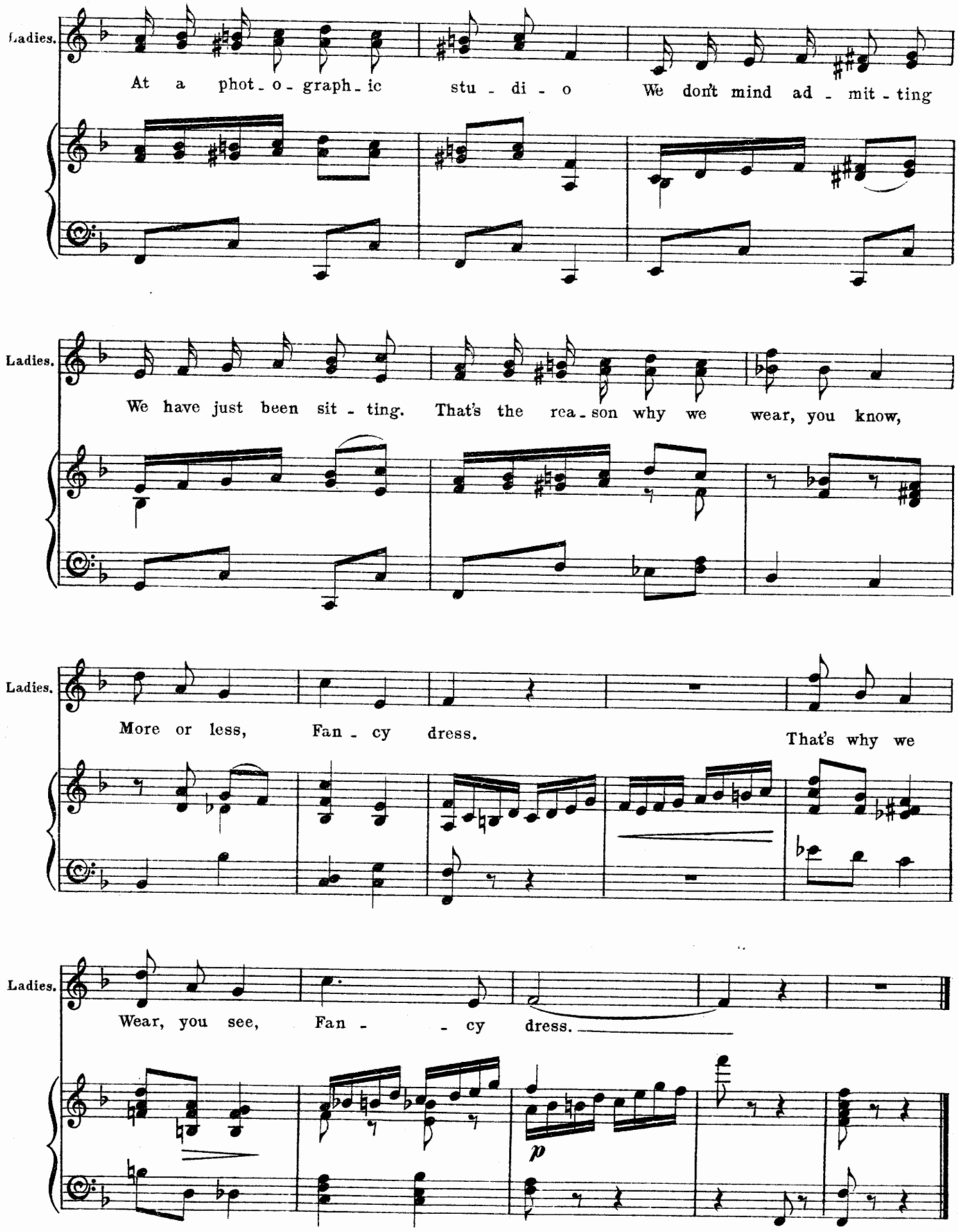
Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.




Ladies.
At a pho - to - graph - ic stu - di - o We don't mind ad - mit - ting
Ladies.
We have just been sit - ting. That's the rea - son why we
Ladies.
wear, you know, More or less Fan - - cy
Ladies.
dress. For the


Ladies.
pret-ti-est of "pro's" Al-ways find it is their du-ty, Ve-ry
Ladies.
fre-quent-ly to pose As some type of Eng-lish beau-ty! It's ex-
f
Ladies.
-pec-ted now-a-days, And we real-ly think it pays Though
Ladies.
en-tre nous, It's ow-ing to The pic-ture post-card craze! It's

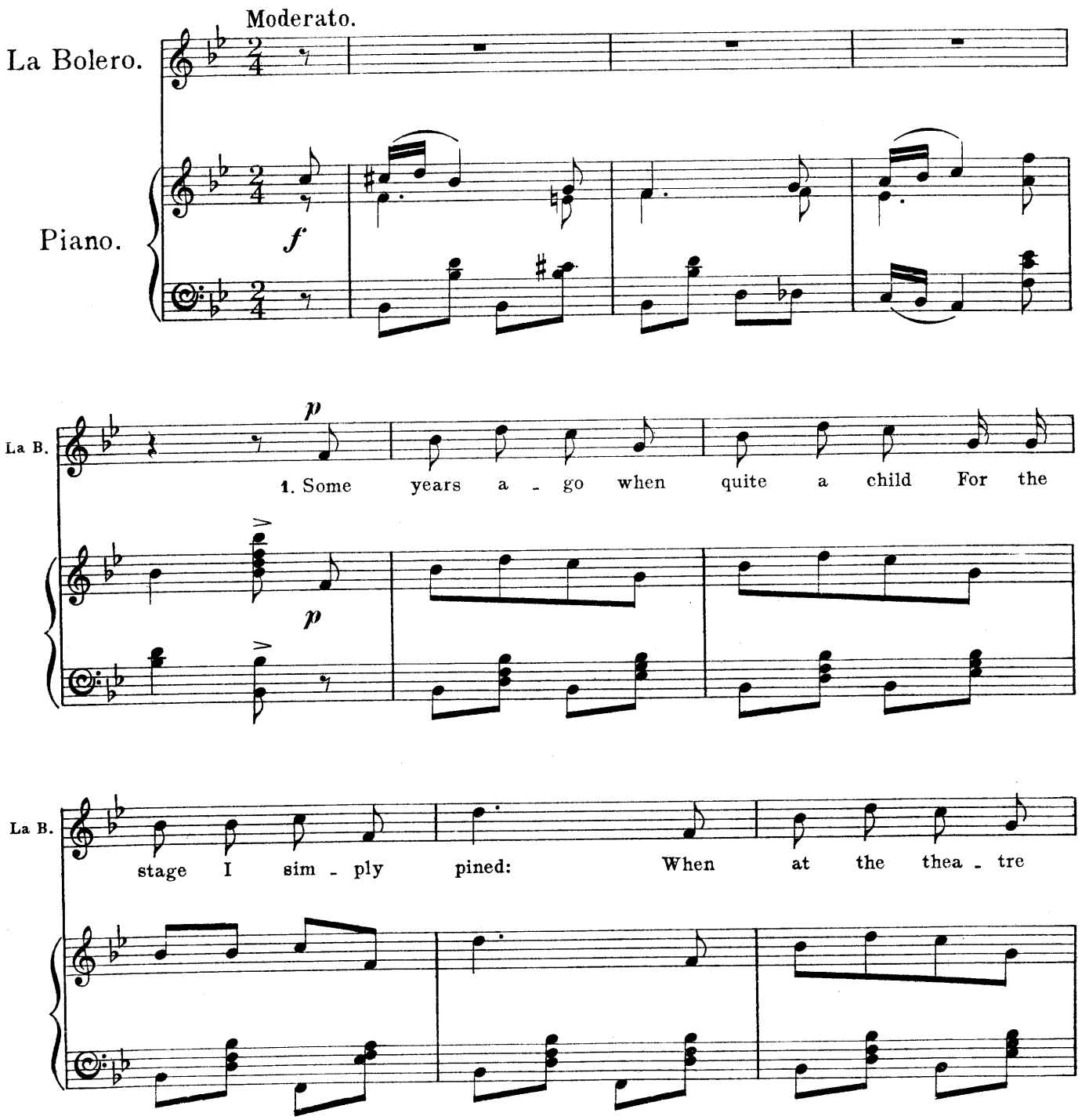

Ladies.
ow- ing to, yes ow- ing to The pic- ture post- card craze!
Ladies.
We are lit- tle la- dies of the stage,
rit.
a tempo
Ladies.
You have seen our fa- ces In a lot of pla- ces, Some you'll find on near- ly
Ladies.
ev'- ry page If you fetch "Tat- ler" or the "Sketch" Ah!

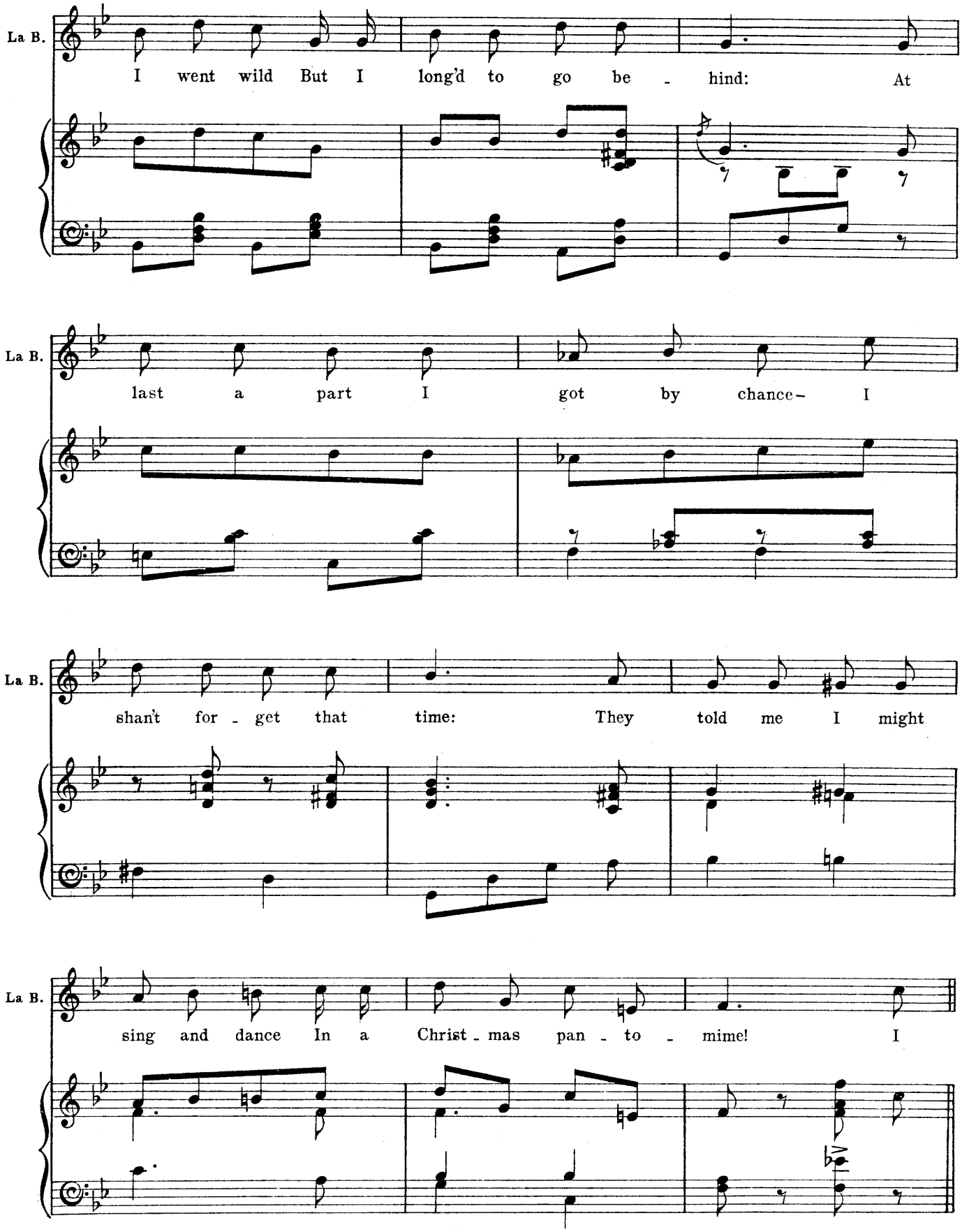

Ladies.
At a phot - o - graph - ic stu - di - o We don't mind ad - mit - ting
Ladies.
We have just been sit - ting. That's the rea - son why we wear, you know,
Ladies.
More or less, Fan - cy dress. That's why we
Ladies.
Wear, you see, Fan - - cy dress.
p

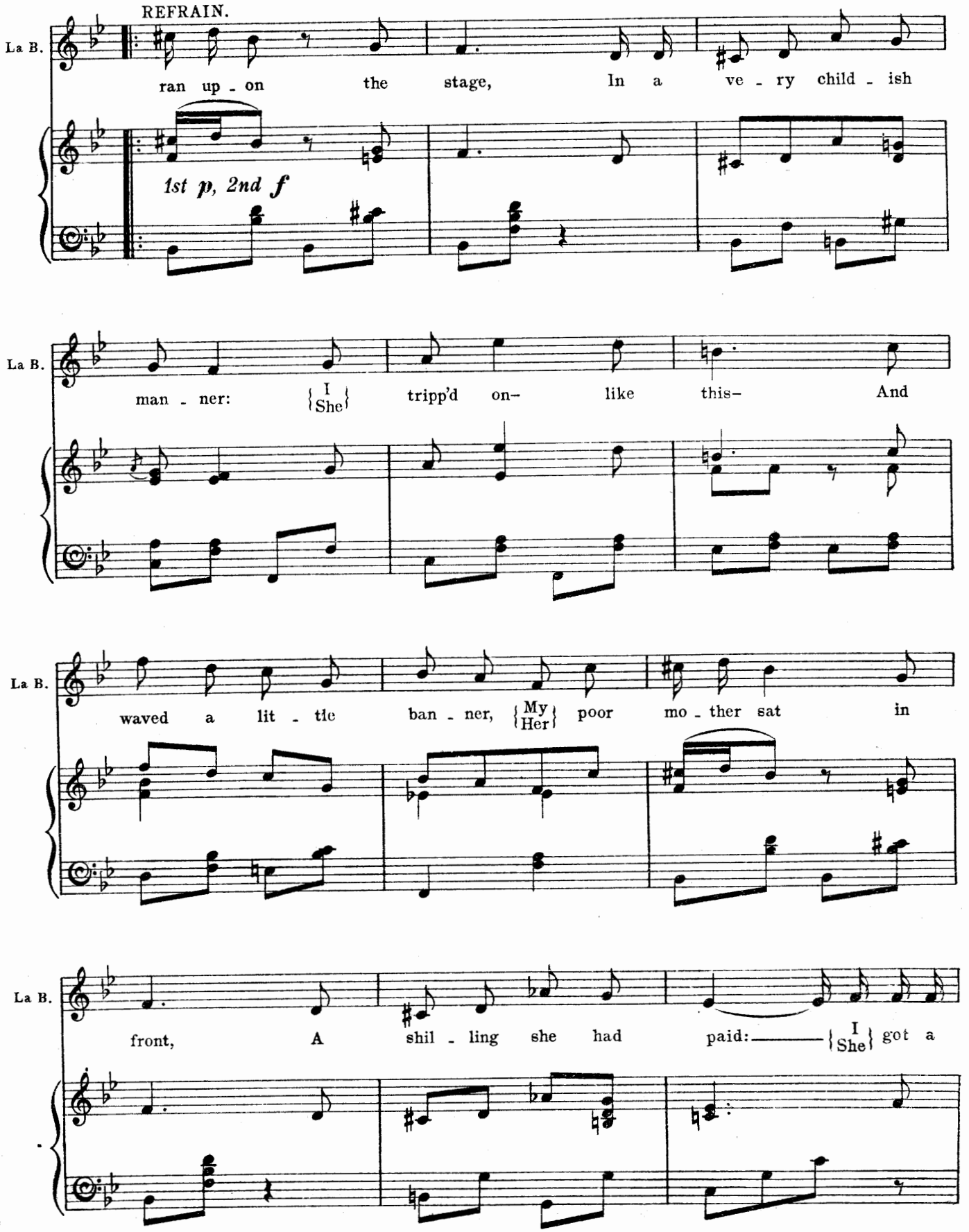
No. 10. SONG. (La Bolero.) and CHORUS.

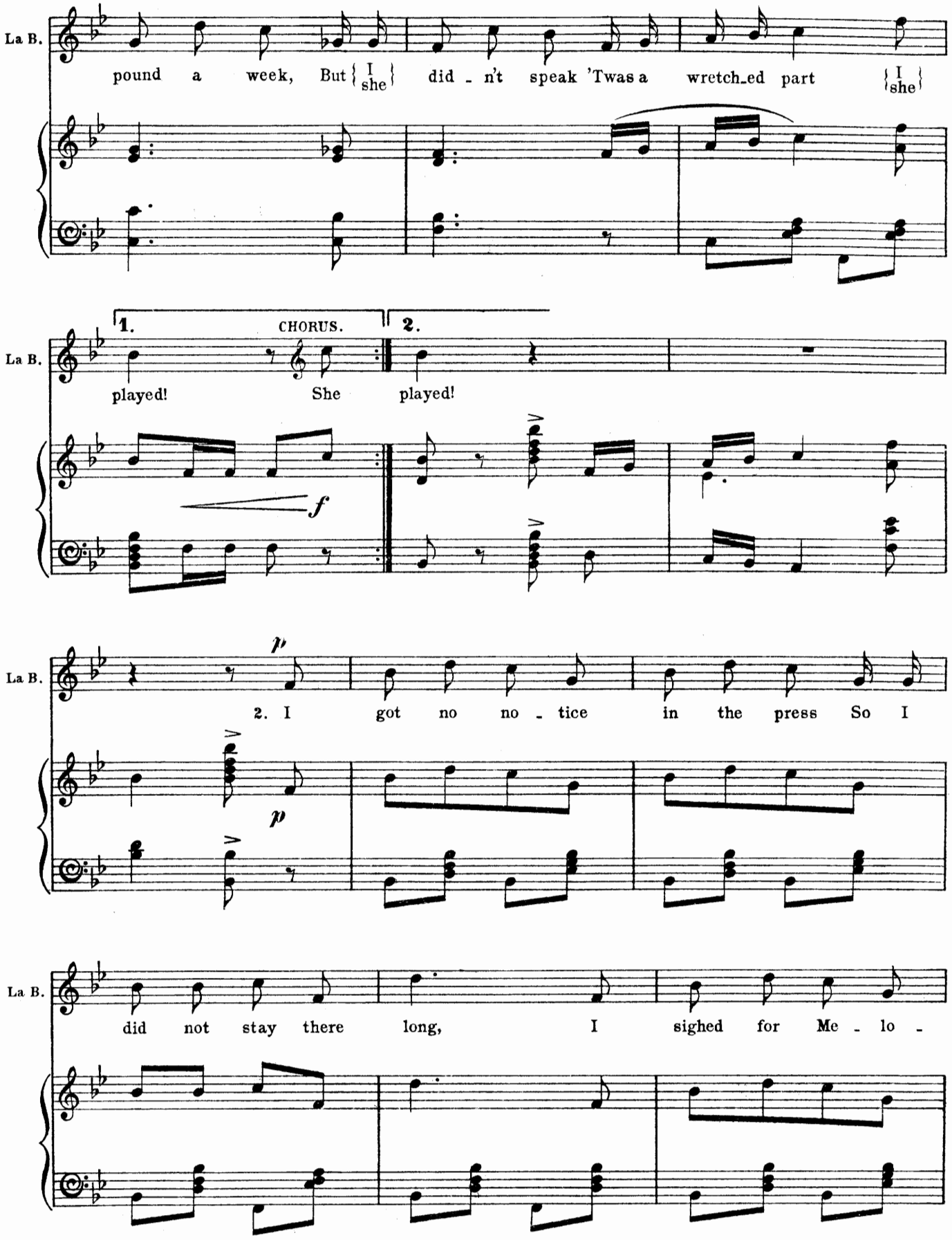
"THE PARTS I'VE PLAYED."

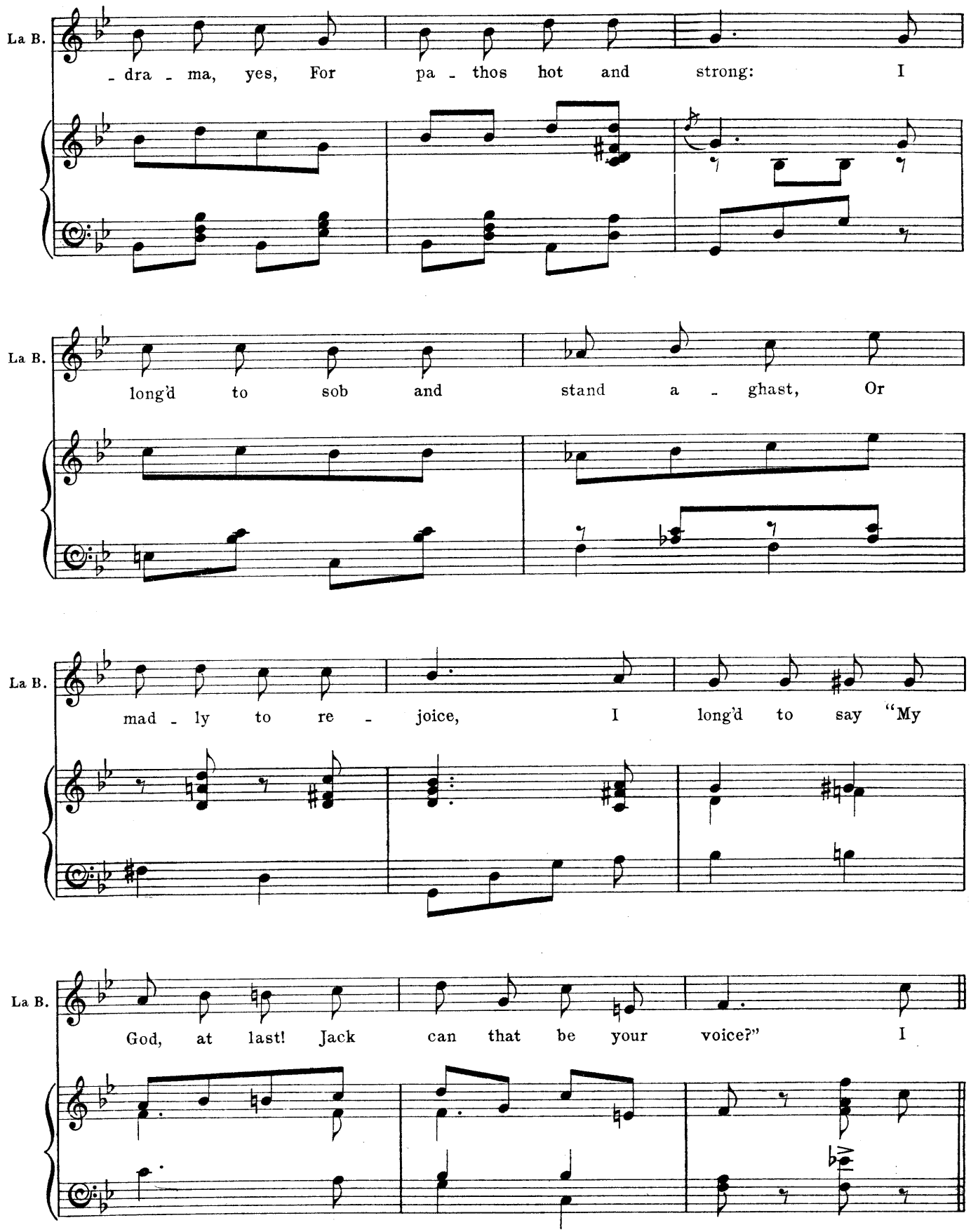
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

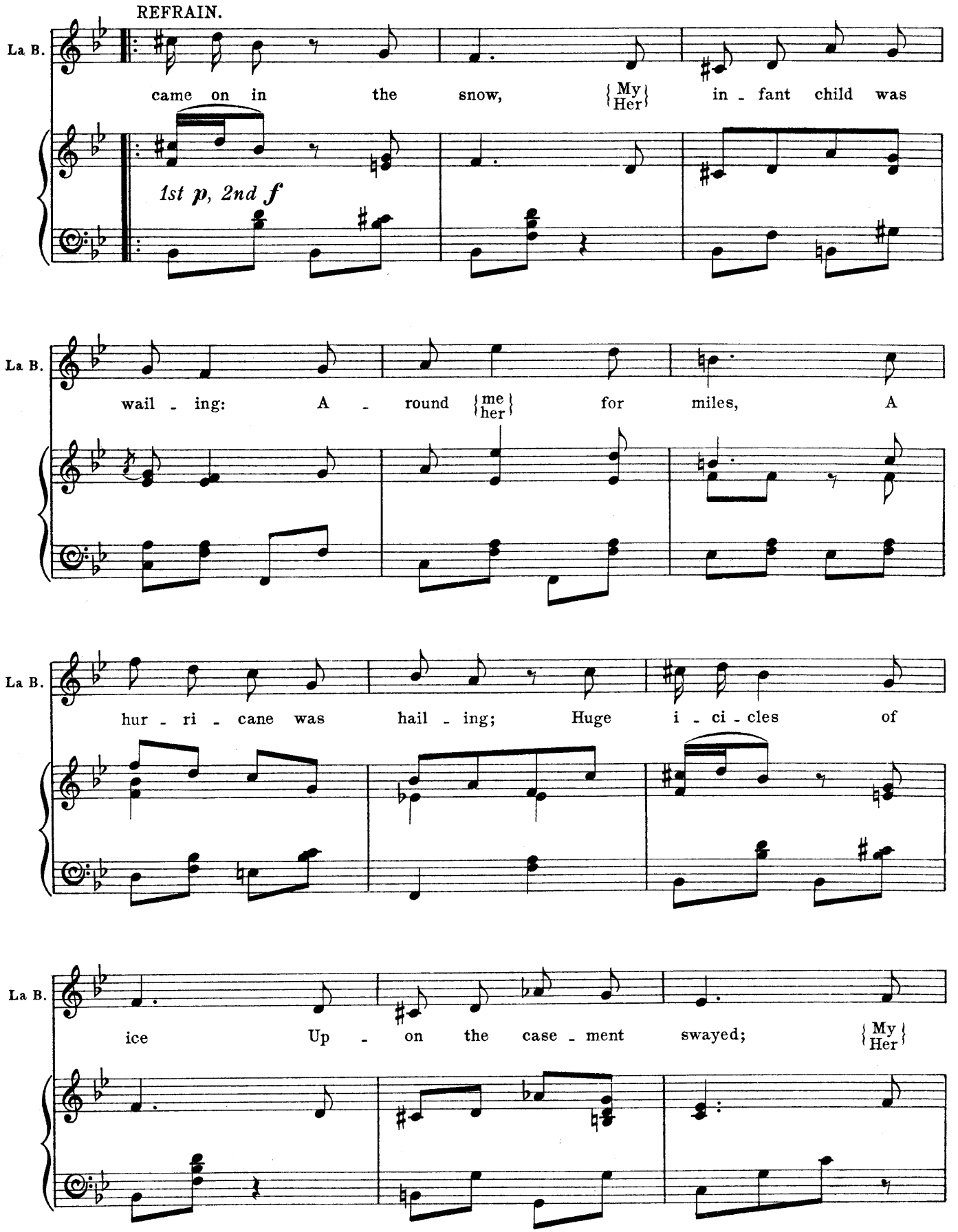


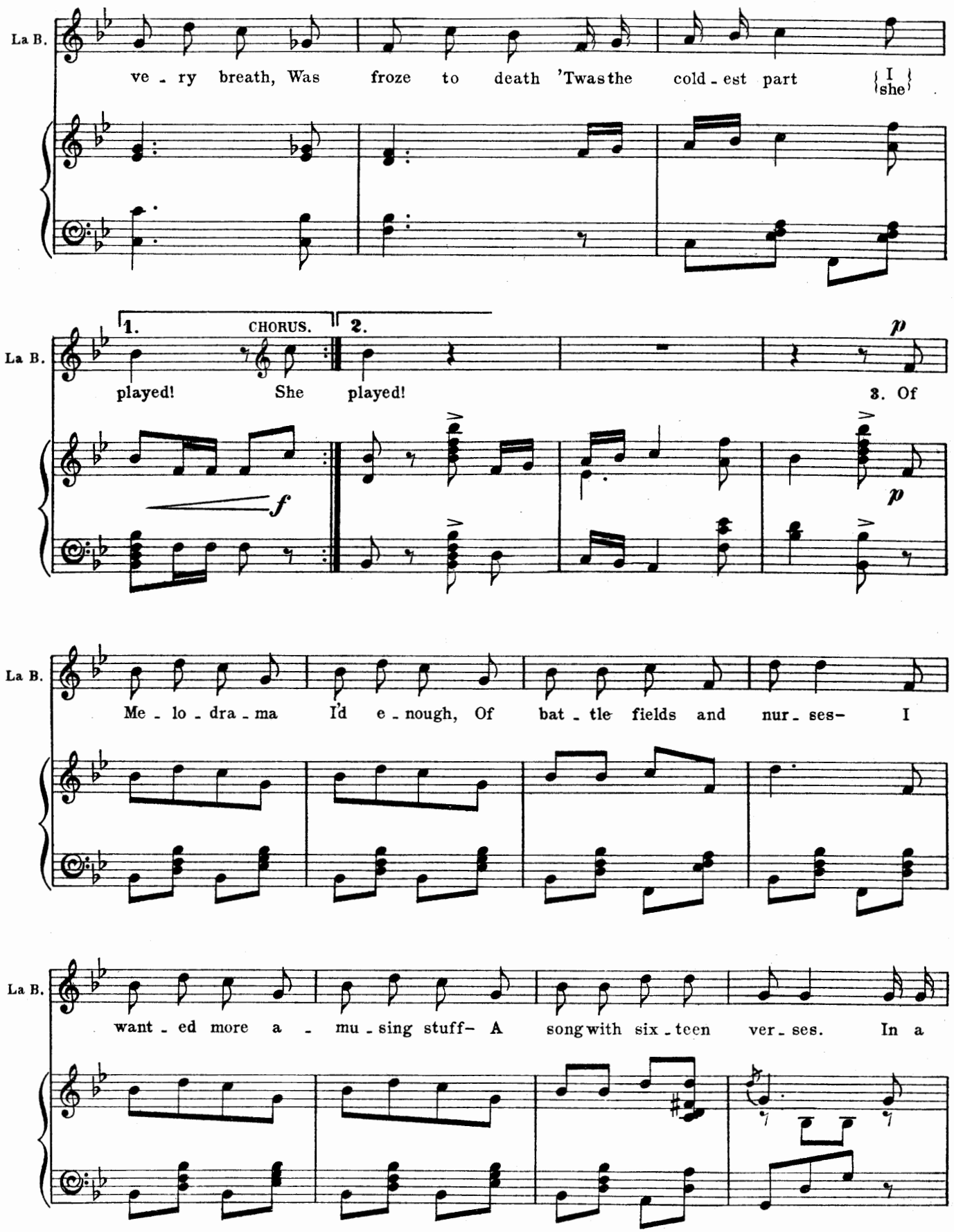

La B.
I went wild But I long'd to go be - hind: At
La B.
last a part I got by chance- I
La B.
shan't for - get that time: They told me I might
La B.
sing and dance In a Christ - mas pan - to - mime! I

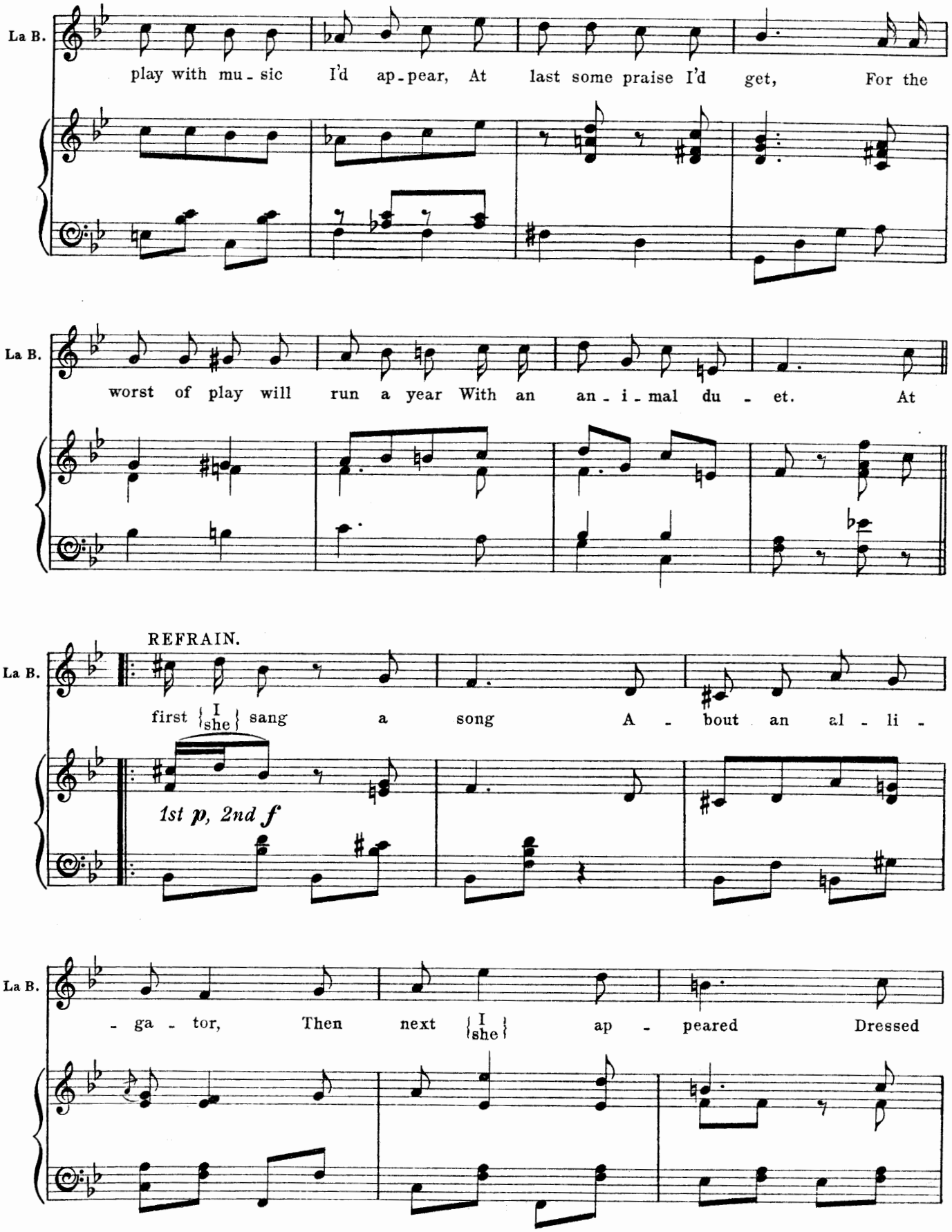

REFRAIN.
La B.
ran up - on the stage, In a ve - ry child - ish
1st p, 2nd f
La B.
man - ner: {I / She} tripp'd on- like this- And
La B.
waved a lit - tle ban - ner, {My / Her} poor mo - ther sat in
La B.
front, A shil - ling she had paid: {I / She} got a

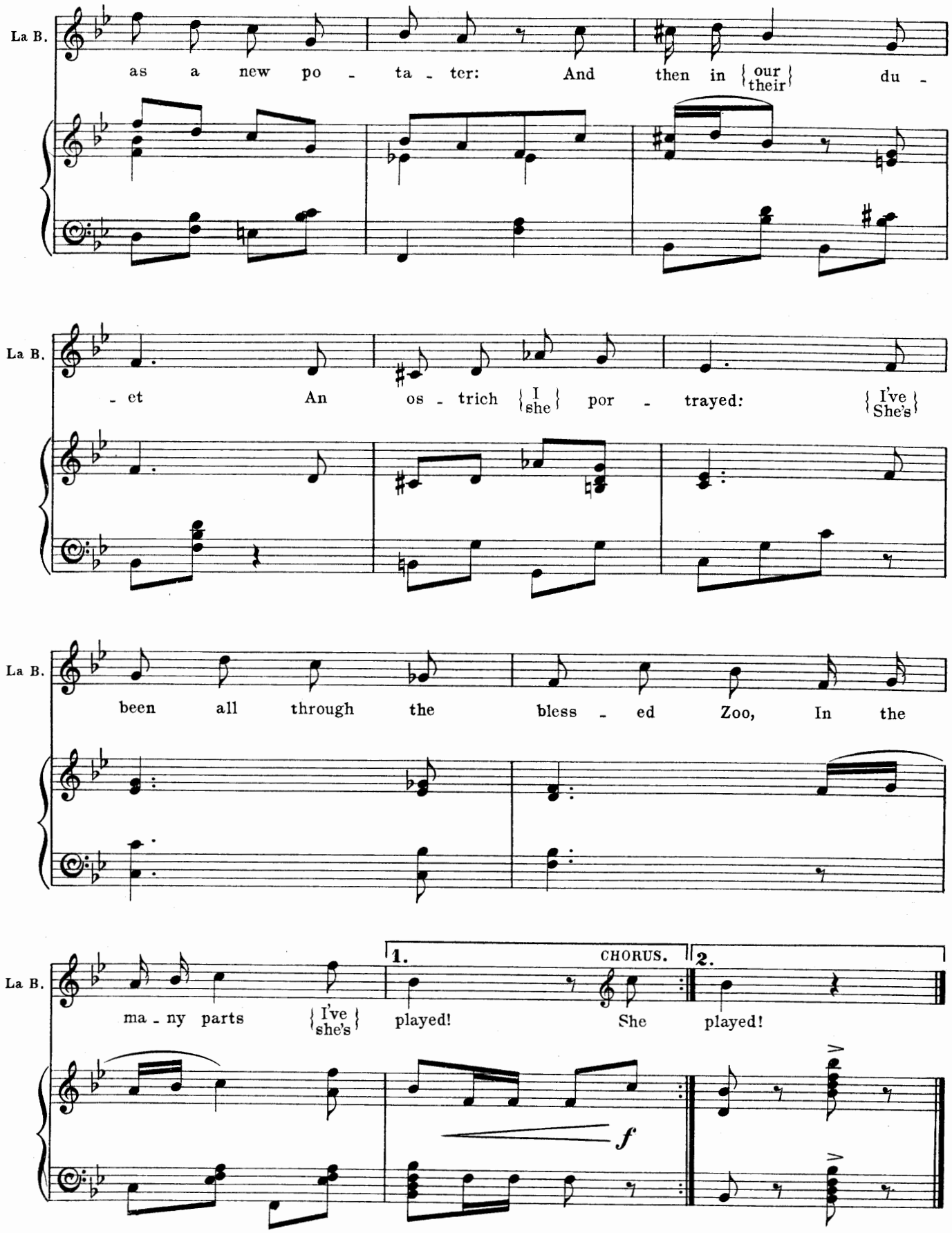

La B.
pound a week, But I she did - n't speak 'Twas a wretch_ed part I she
1. CHORUS. 2.
La B.
played! She played!
f
p
La B.
2. I got no no - tice in the press So I
p
La B.
did not stay there long, I sighed for Me - lo -


La B.
- dra - ma, yes, For pa - thos hot and strong: I
La B.
long'd to sob and stand a - ghast, Or
La B.
mad - ly to re - joice, I long'd to say "My
La B.
God, at last! Jack can that be your voice?" I


REFRAIN.
La B.
came on in the snow, {My Her} in - fant child was
1st p, 2nd f
La B.
wail - ing: A - round {me her} for miles, A
La B.
hur - ri - cane was hail - ing; Huge i - ci - cles of
La B.
ice Up - on the case - ment swayed; {My Her}


La B.
ve - ry breath, Was froze to death 'Twas the cold - est part
I
she
La B.
1.
CHORUS.
2.
played! She played!
p
3. Of
f
p
La B.
Me - lo - dra - ma I'd e - nough, Of bat - tle fields and nur - ses- I
La B.
want - ed more a - mu - sing stuff- A song with six - teen ver - ses. In a


La B.
play with mu - sic I'd ap - pear, At last some praise I'd get, For the
La B.
worst of play will run a year With an an - i - mal du - et. At
REFRAIN.
La B.
first {I she} sang a song A - bout an al - li -
1st p, 2nd f
La B.
- ga - tor, Then next {I she} ap - peared Dressed


La B.
as a new po - ta - ter: And then in {our / their} du -
La B.
- et An os - trich {I / she} por - trayed: {I've / She's}
La B.
been all through the bless - ed Zoo, In the
La B.
ma - ny parts {I've / she's}
1.
CHORUS.
2.
played! She played!
f

No. 11.

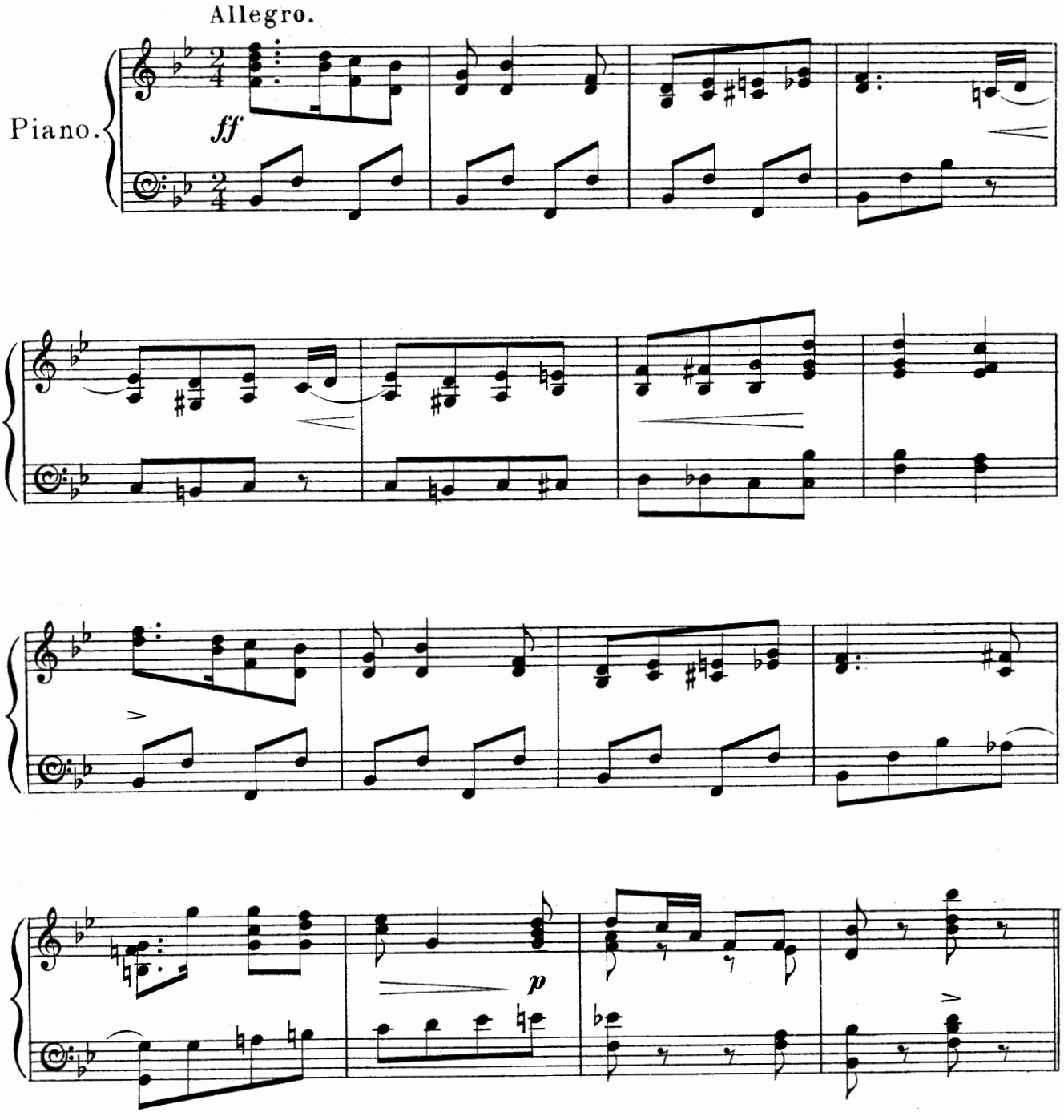
CONCERTED NUMBER.

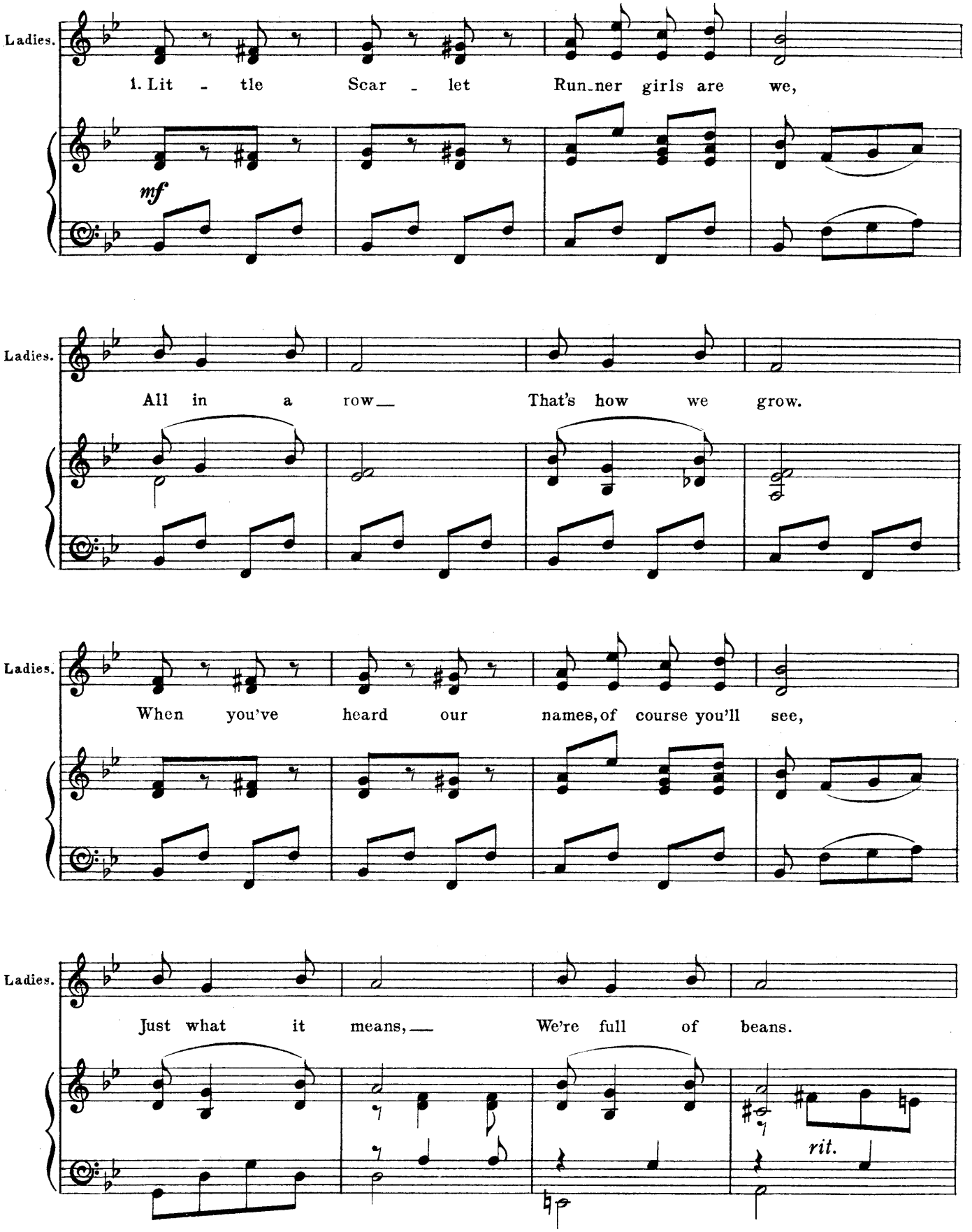
"THE SCARLET RUNNERS."

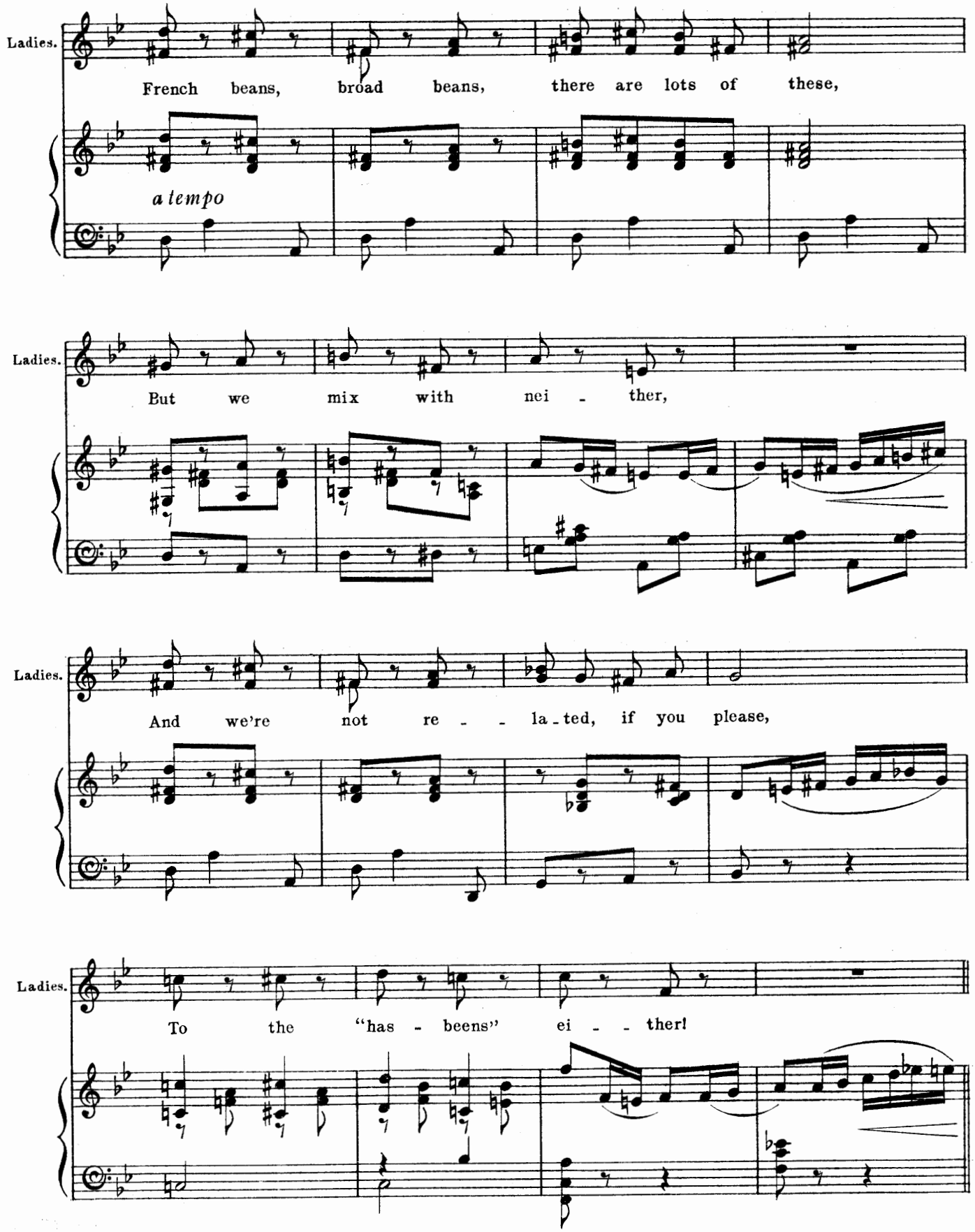
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

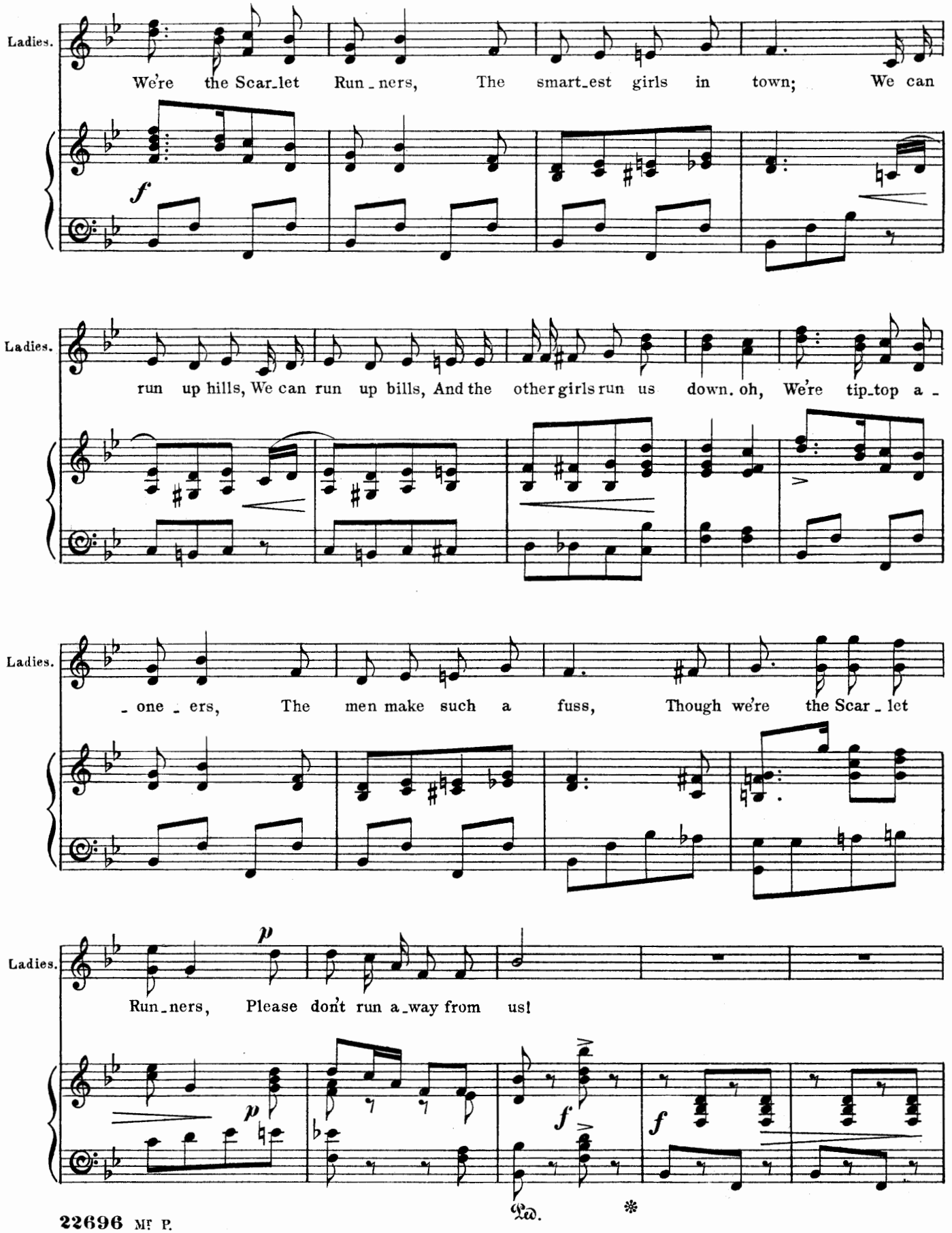
Allegro.

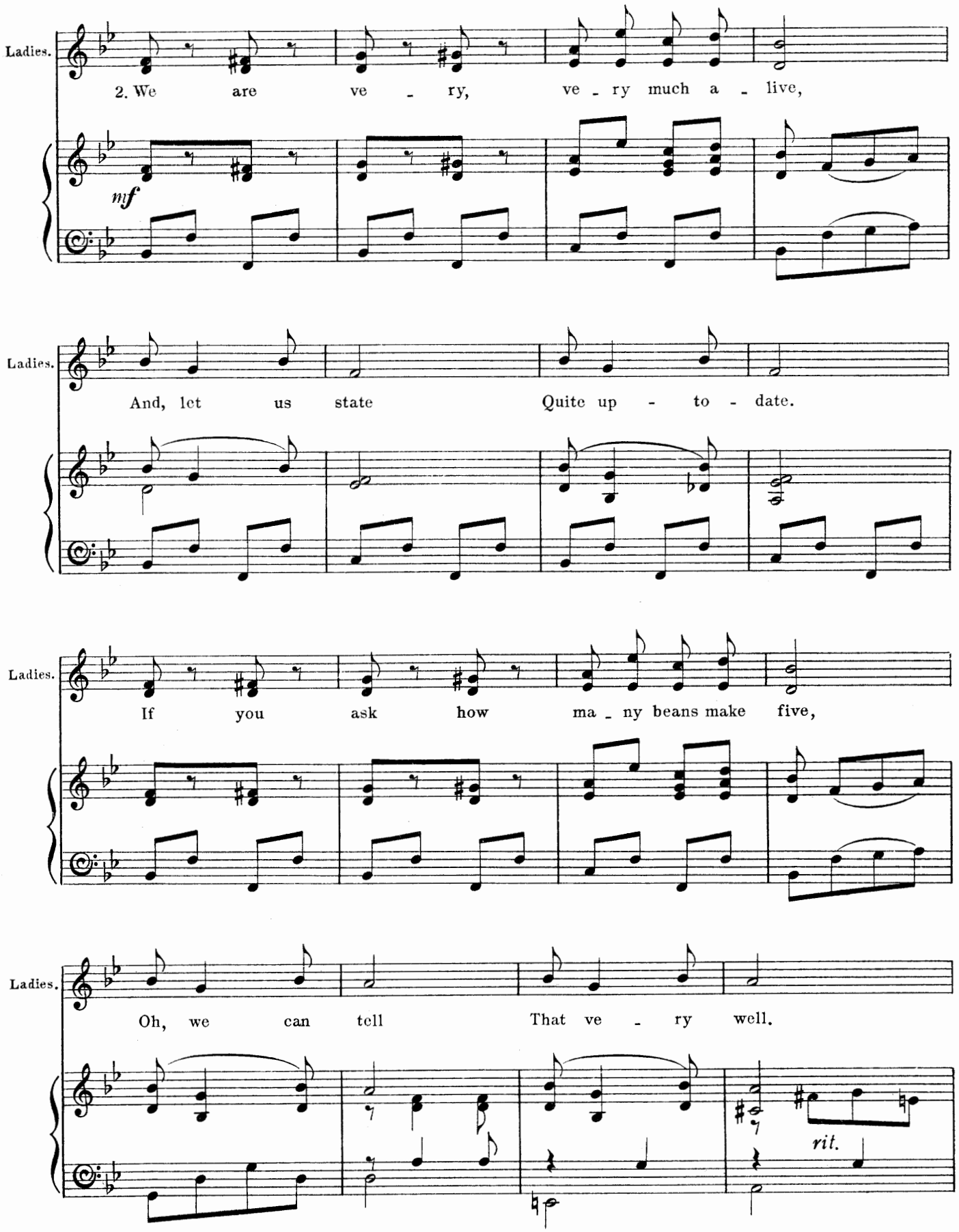


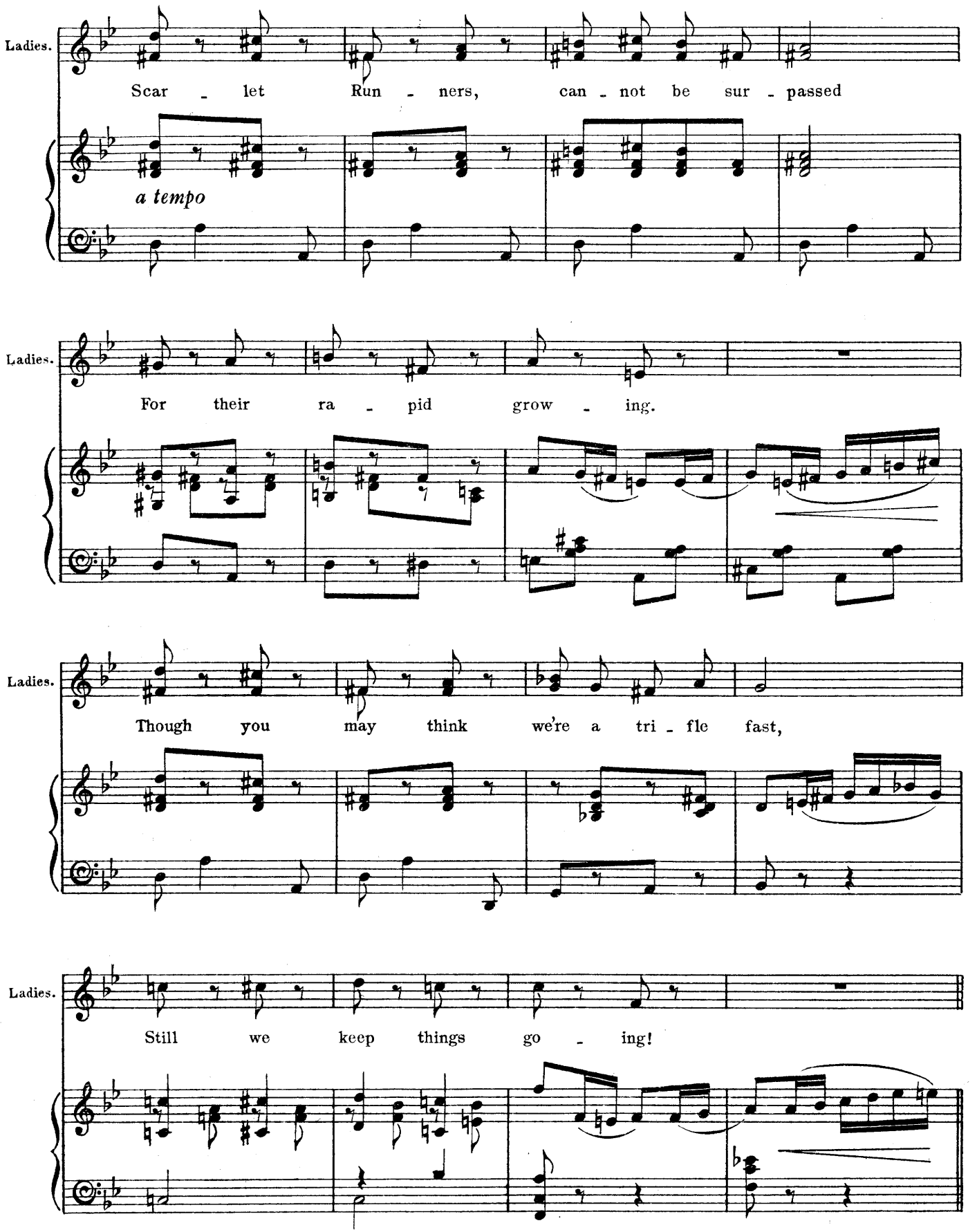

Ladies.
1. Lit - tle Scar - let Run_ner girls are we,
mf
Ladies.
All in a row__ That's how we grow.
Ladies.
When you've heard our names, of course you'll see,
Ladies.
Just what it means,__ We're full of beans.
rit.


Ladies.
French beans, broad beans, there are lots of these,
a tempo
Ladies.
But we mix with nei - ther,
Ladies.
And we're not re - - la-ted, if you please,
Ladies.
To the "has - beens" ei - - ther!

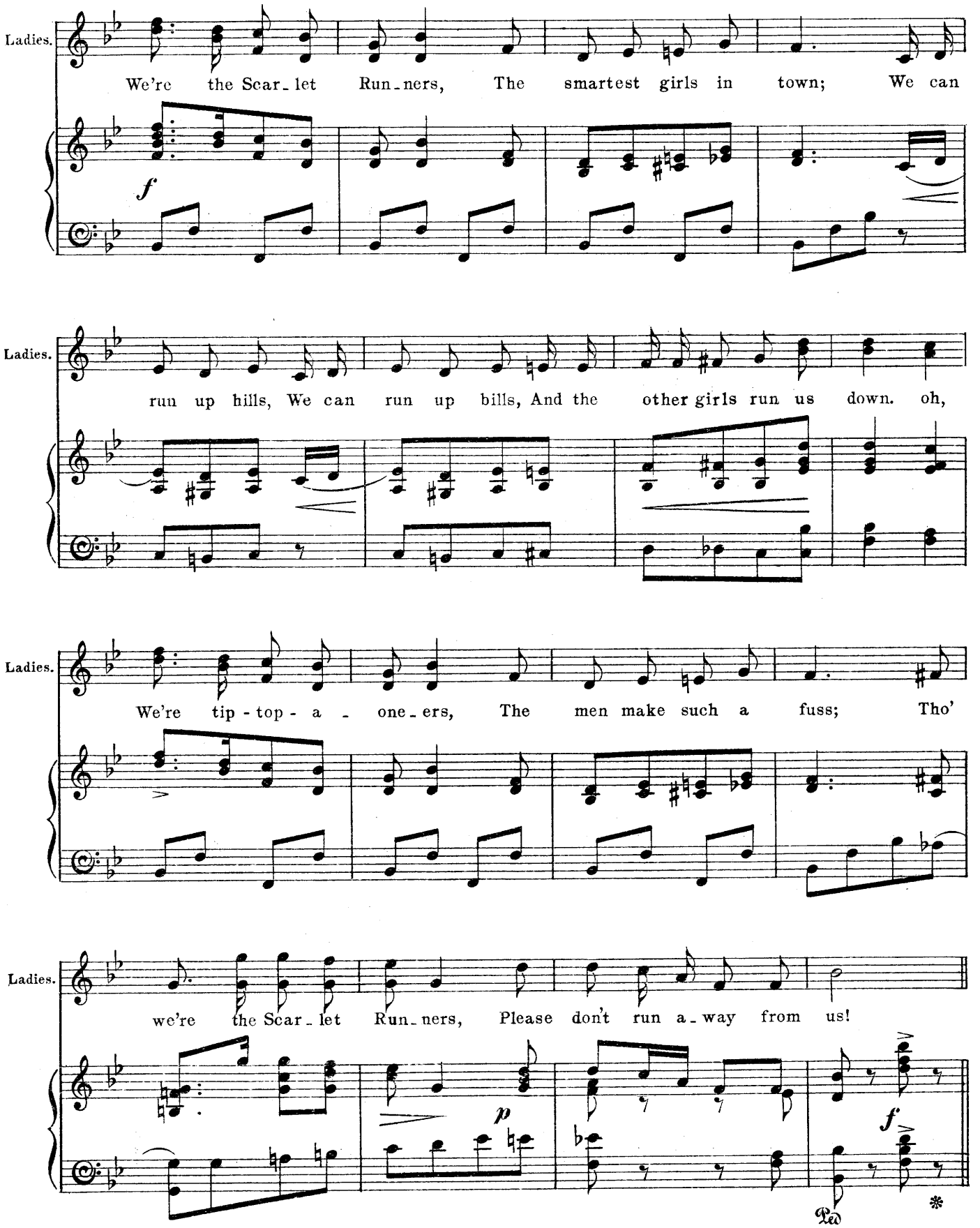
REFRAIN.


Ladies.
We're the Scar_let Run_ners, The smart_est girls in town; We can
f
Ladies.
run up hills, We can run up bills, And the other girls run us down. oh, We're tip_top a_
Ladies.
_one_ers, The men make such a fuss, Though we're the Scar_let
Ladies.
p
Run_ners, Please don't run a_way from us!
p
f
f
Ped.
*

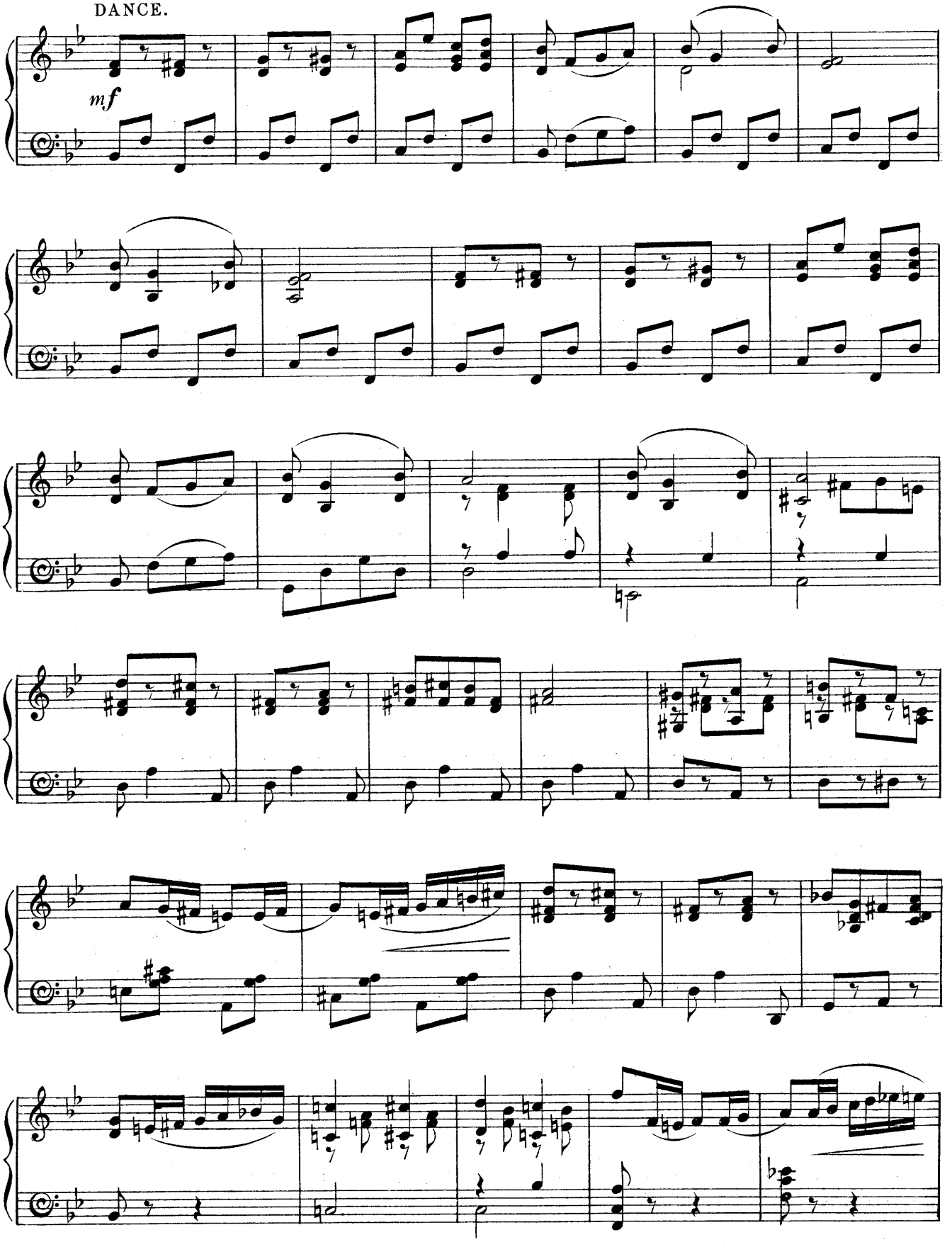

Ladies.
2. We are ve - ry, ve - ry much a - live,
mf
Ladies.
And, let us state Quite up - to - date.
Ladies.
If you ask how ma - ny beans make five,
Ladies.
Oh, we can tell That ve - ry well.
rit.

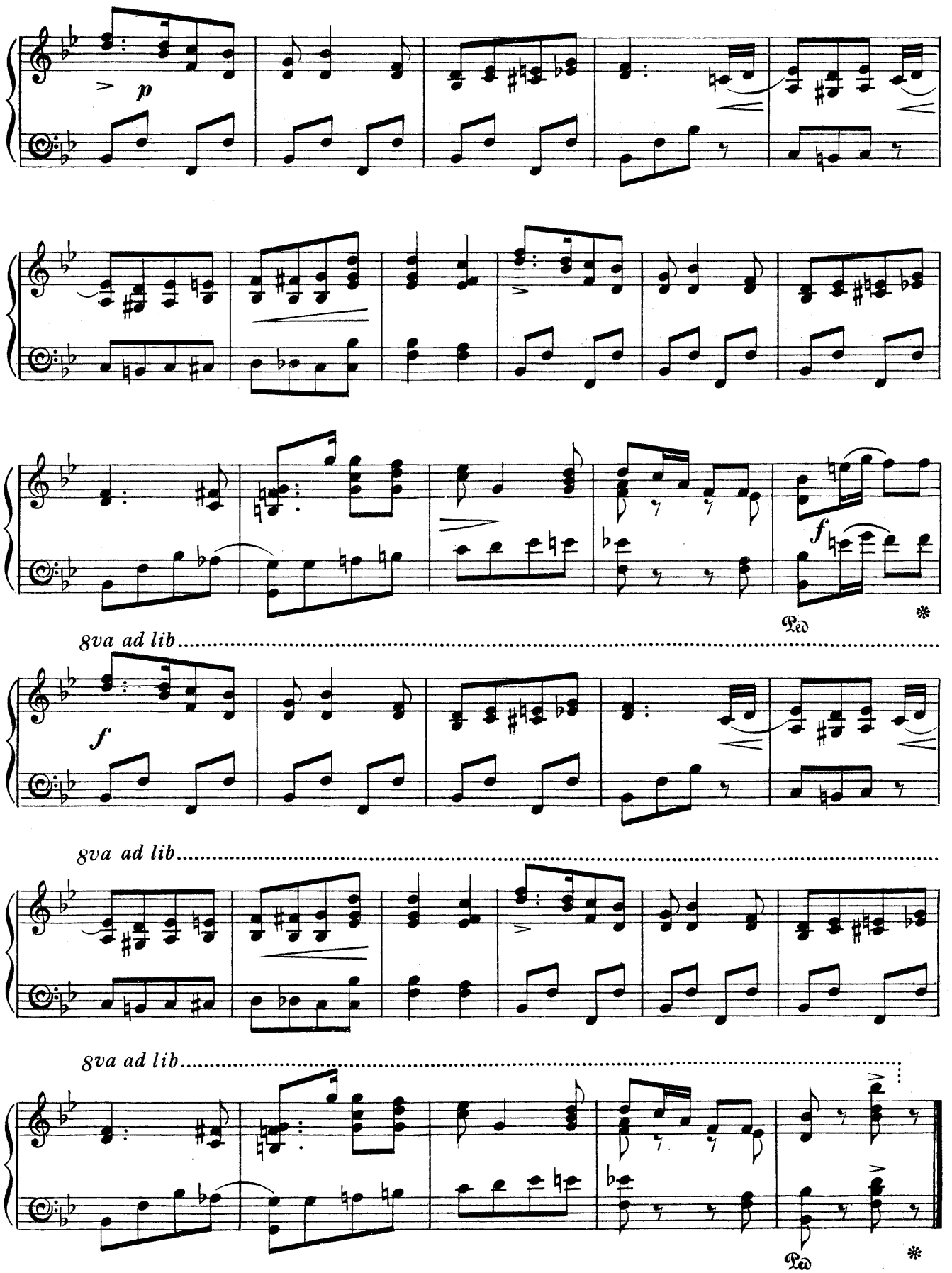

Ladies.
Scar - let Run - ners, can - not be sur - passed
a tempo
Ladies.
For their ra - pid grow - ing.
Ladies.
Though you may think we're a tri - fle fast,
Ladies.
Still we keep things go - ing!

REFRAIN.


Ladies.
We're the Scar-let Run-ners, The smartest girls in town; We can
f
Ladies.
run up hills, We can run up bills, And the other girls run us down. oh,
Ladies.
We're tip-top-a-one-ers, The men make such a fuss; Tho'
Ladies.
we're the Scar-let Run-ners, Please don't run a-way from us!
p
f
Ped.
*

DANCE.



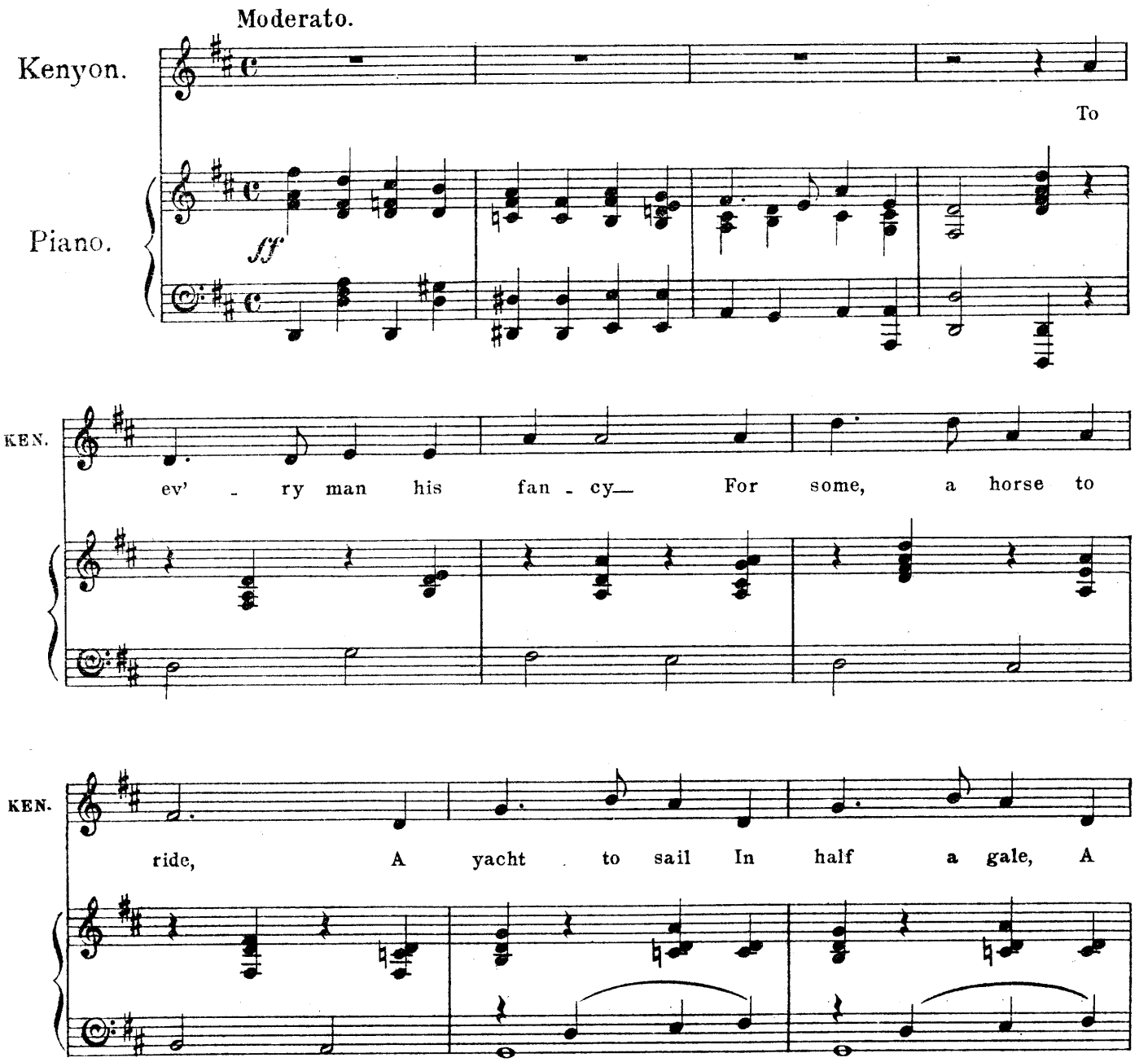

p
f
Ped
*
8va ad lib
f
8va ad lib
8va ad lib
Ped
*

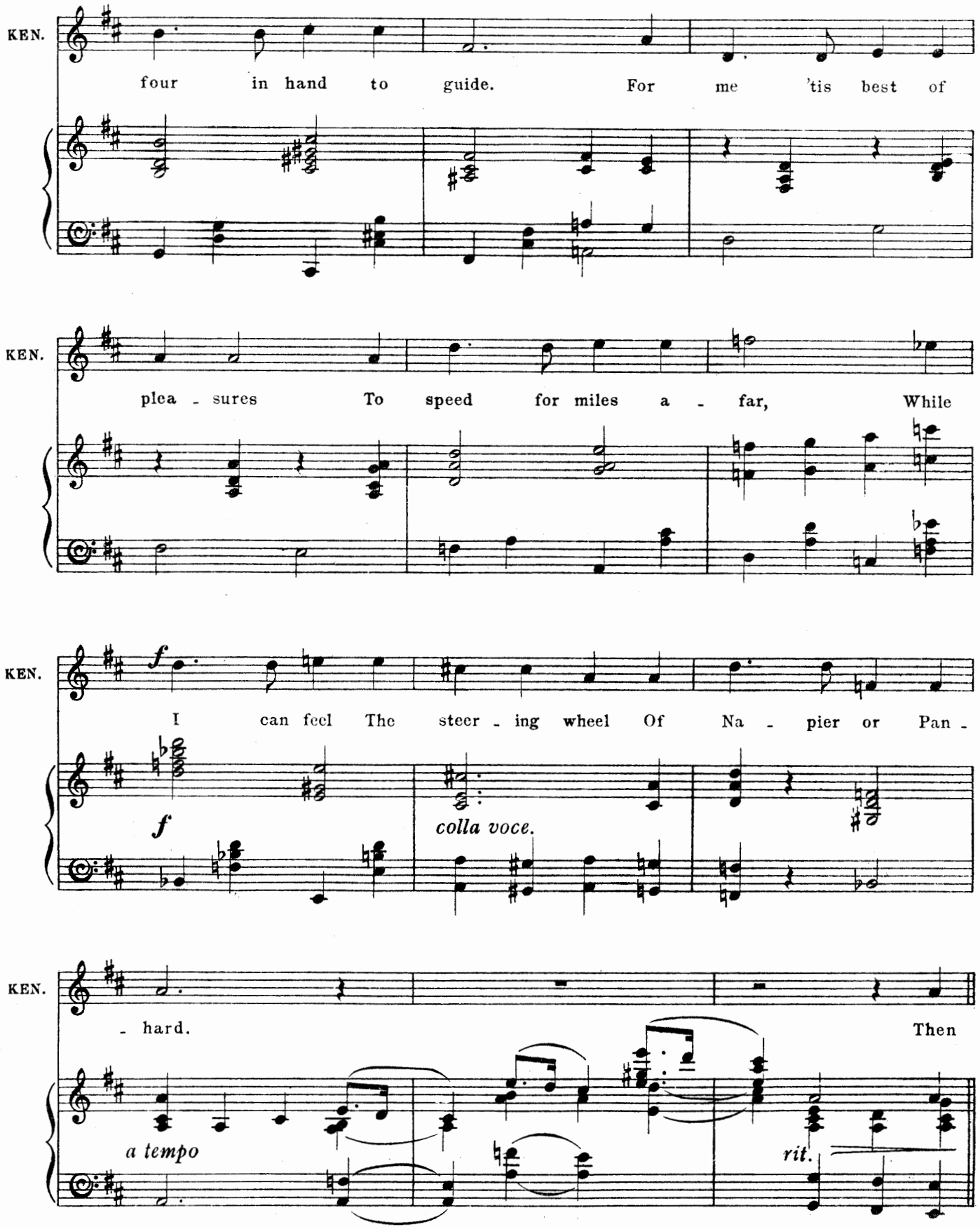
No. 12. SONG. (Kenyon) and CHORUS.

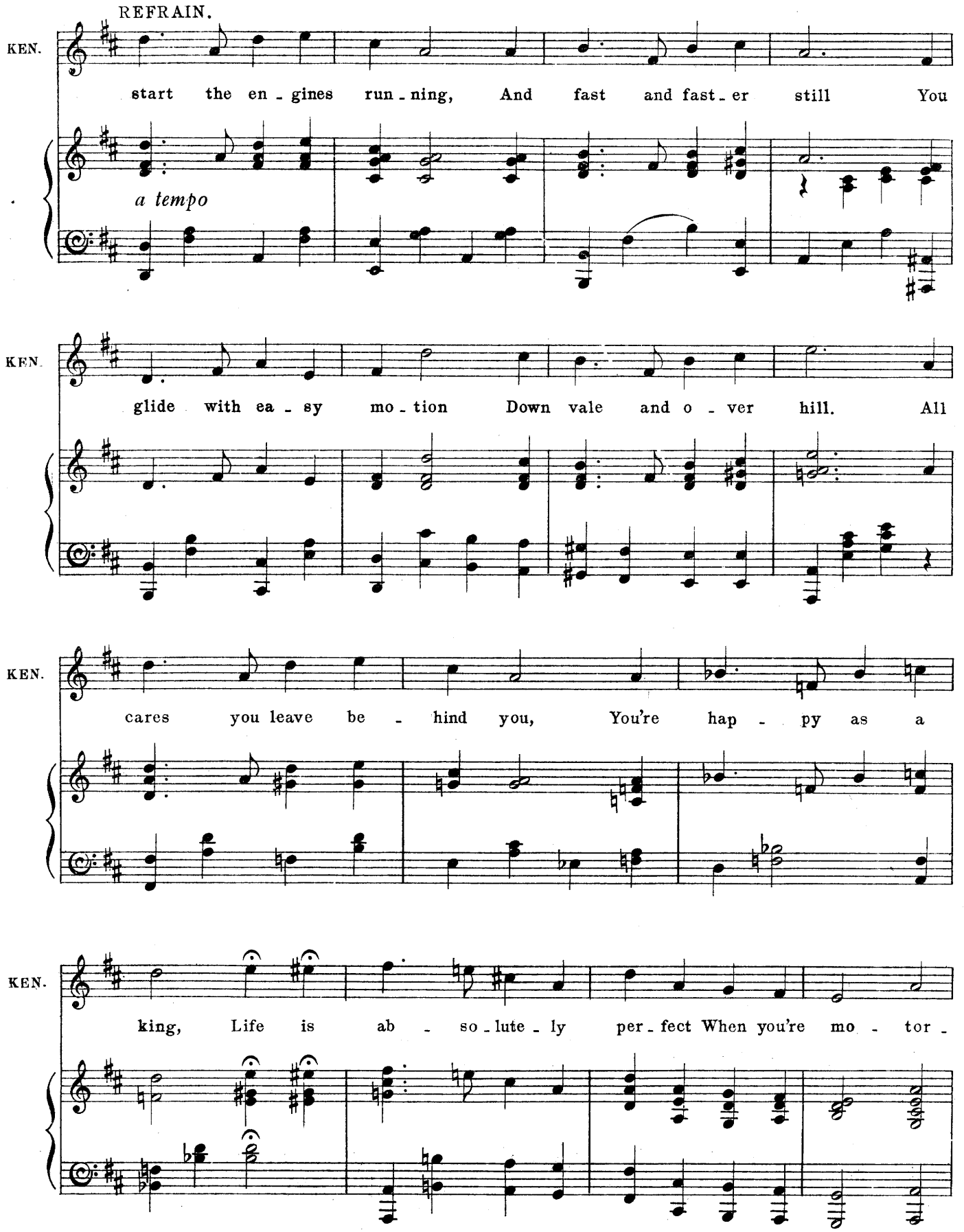
"MOTORING."

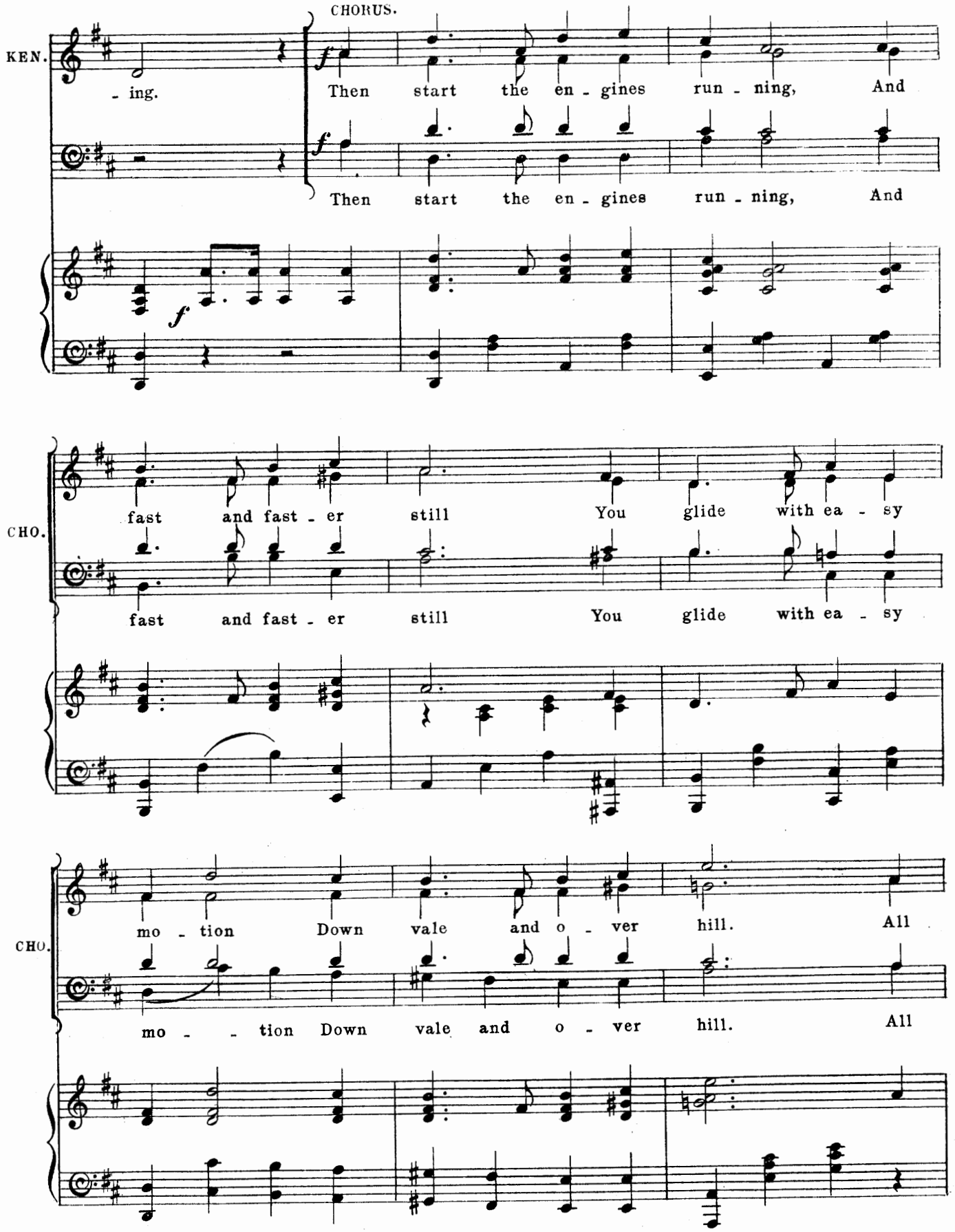
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

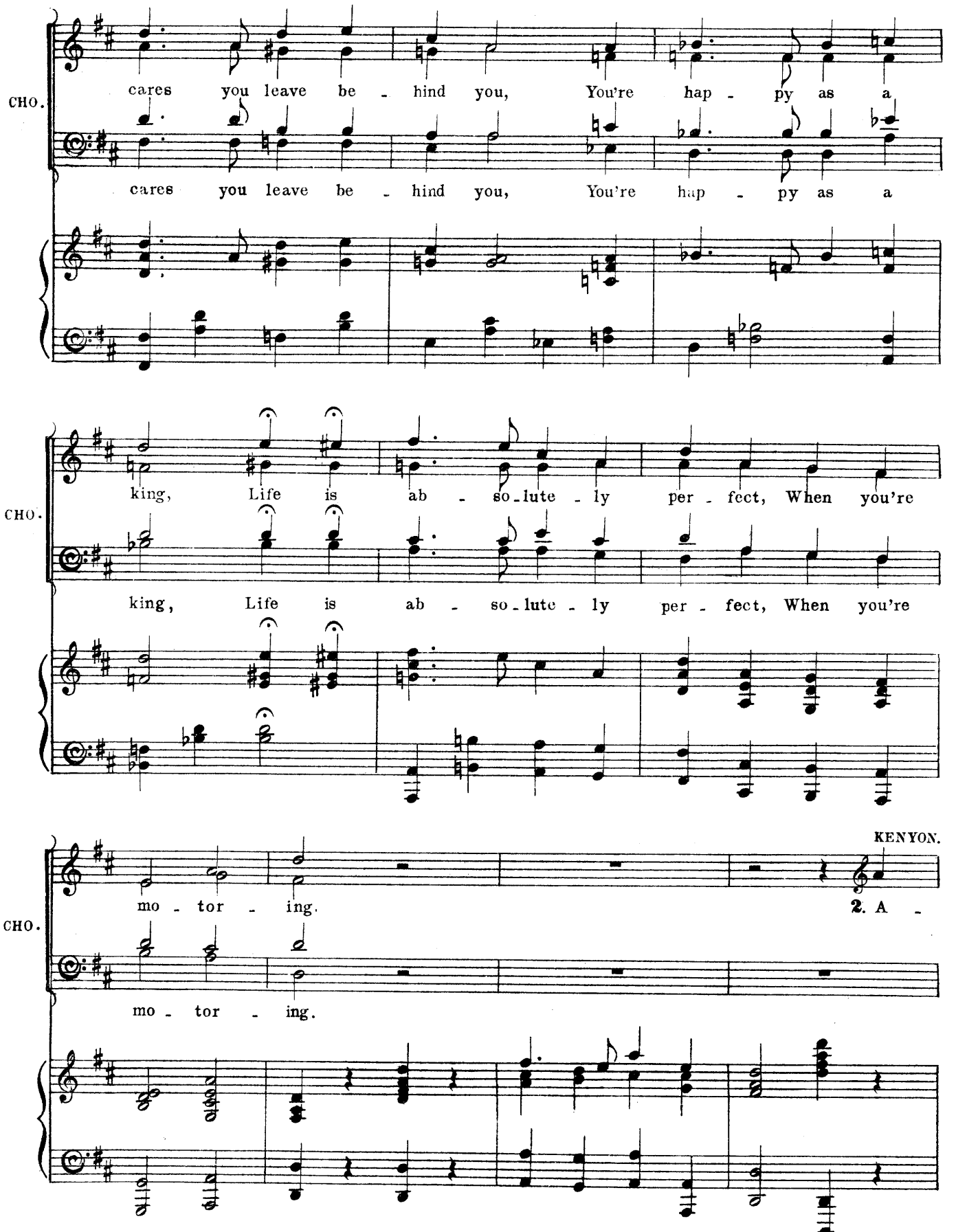
Music by
PAUL. A. RUBENS.

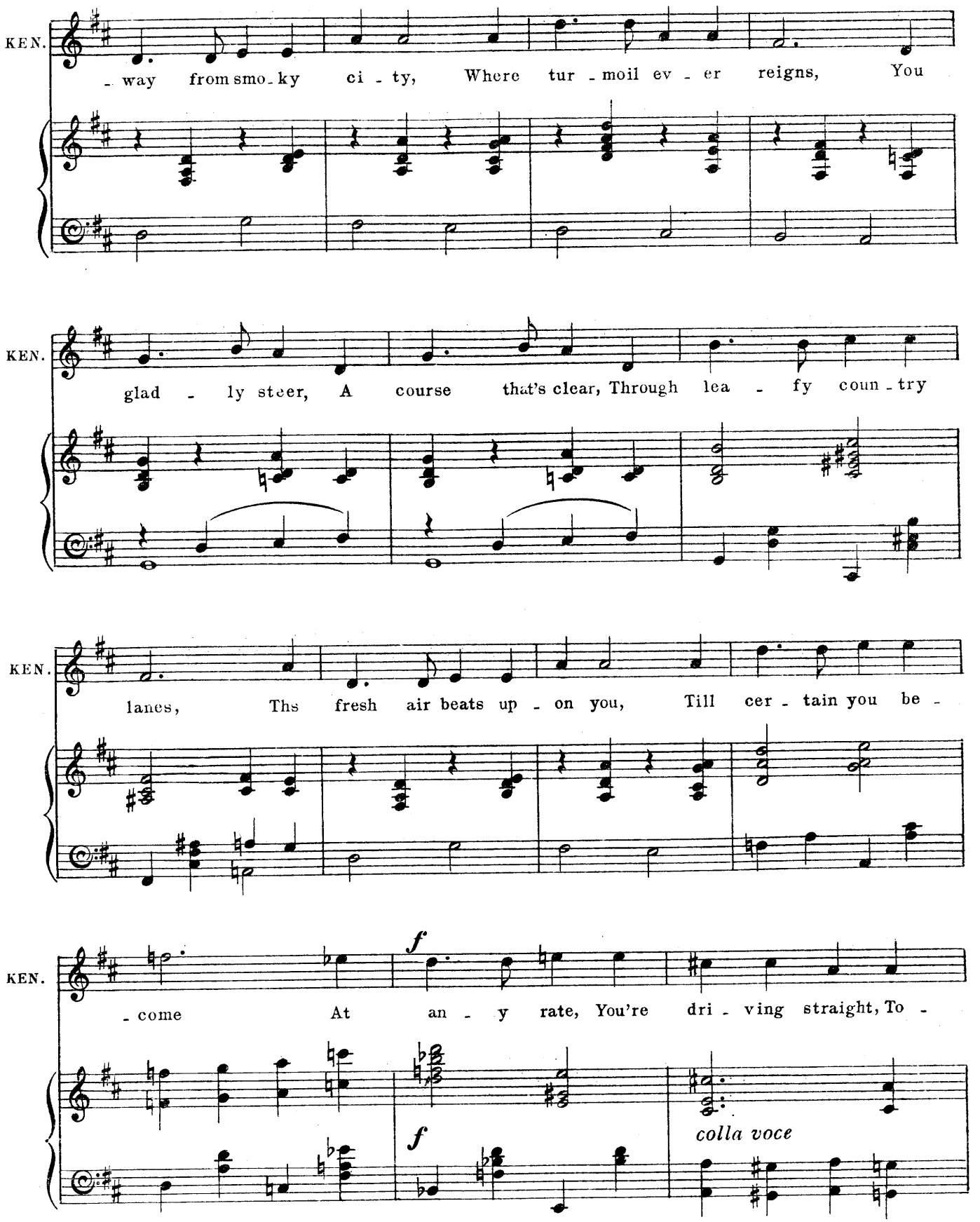


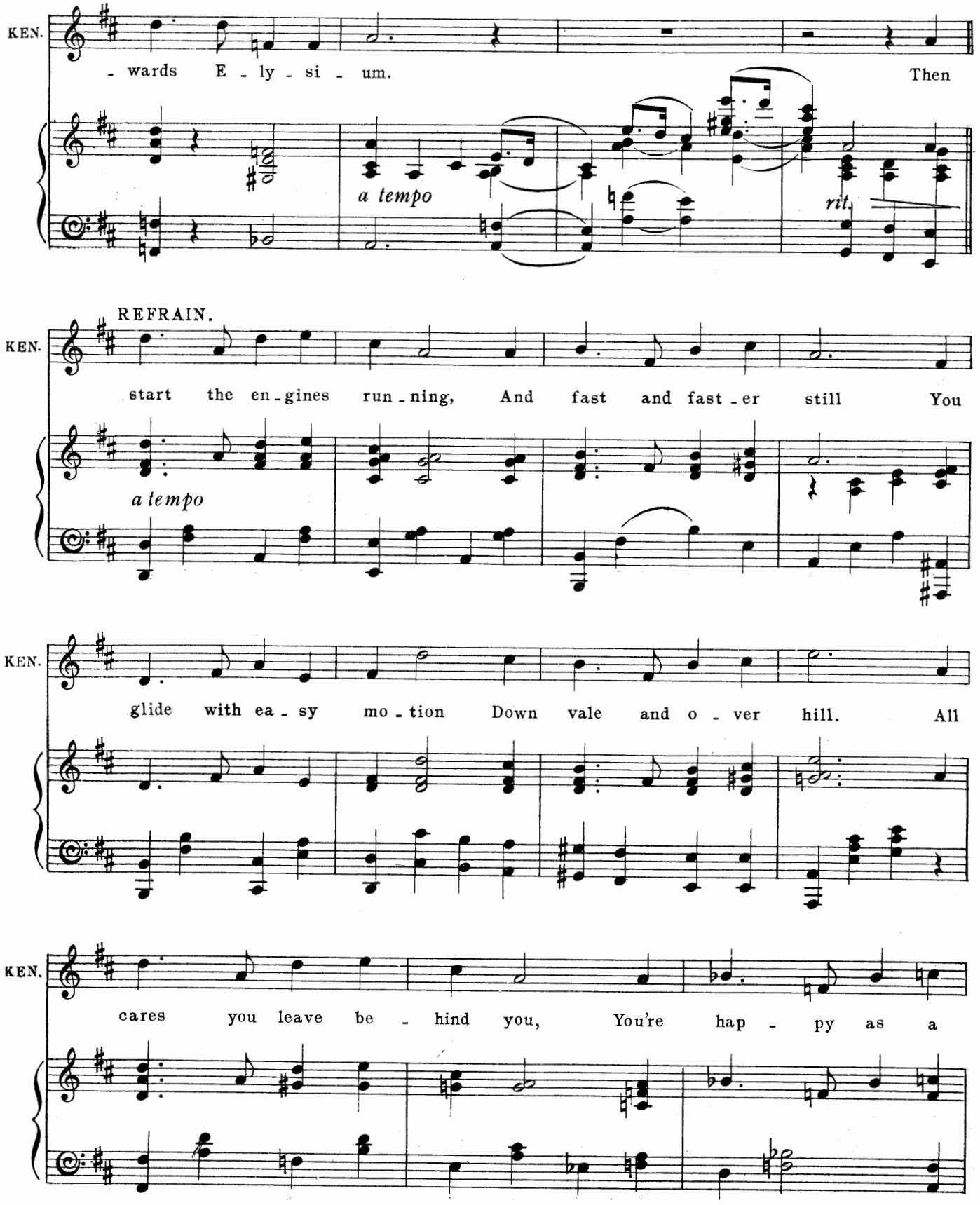

KEN.
four in hand to guide. For me 'tis best of
KEN.
plea - sures To speed for miles a - far, While
KEN.
f
I can feel The steer - ing wheel Of Na - pier or Pan -
f
colla voce.
KEN.
- hard.
Then
a tempo
rit.

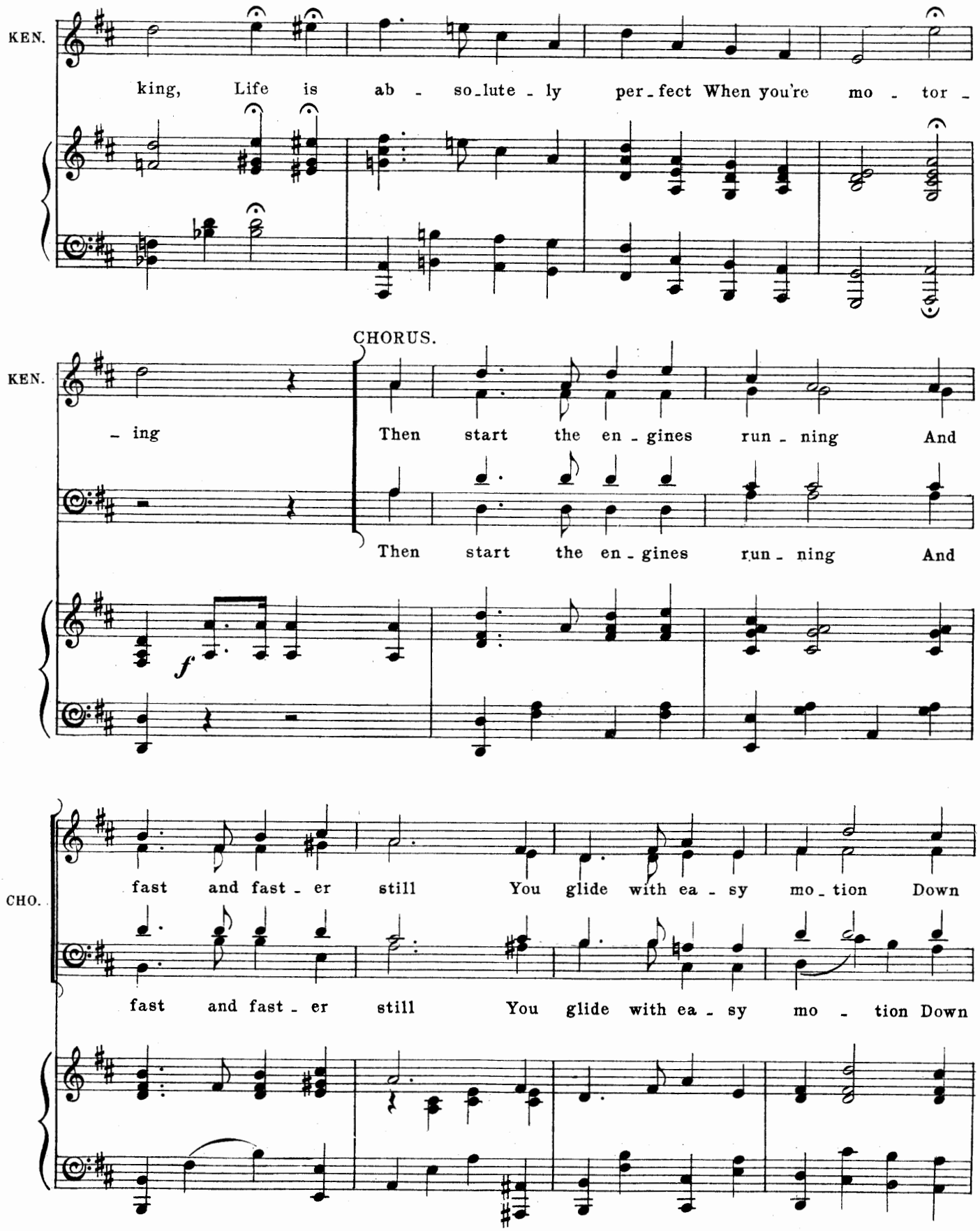

REFRAIN.
KEN.
start the en - gines run - ning, And fast and fast - er still You
a tempo
KEN.
glide with ea - sy mo - tion Down vale and o - ver hill. All
KEN.
cares you leave be - hind you, You're hap - py as a
KEN.
king, Life is ab - so - lute - ly per - fect When you're mo - tor -

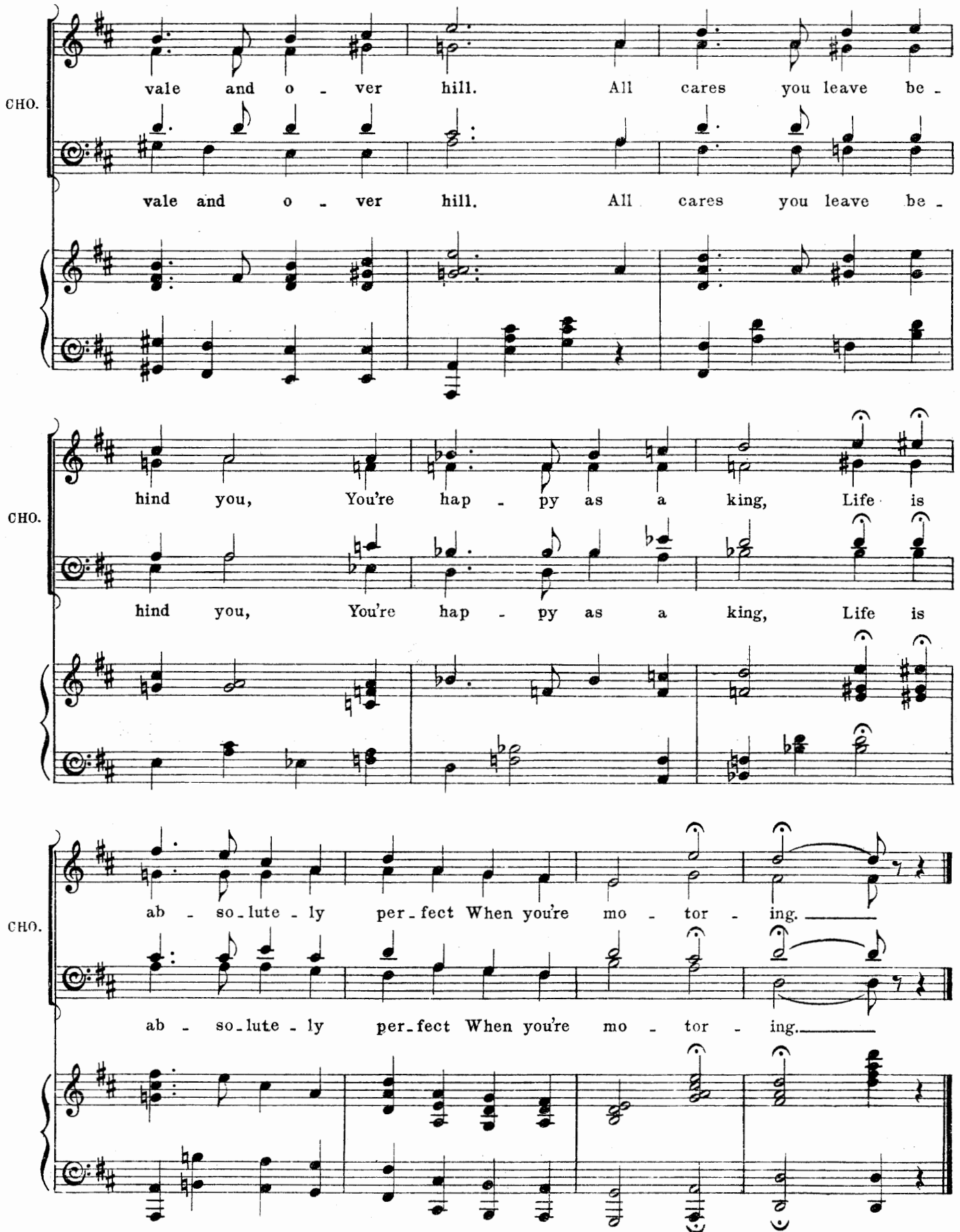

CHORUS.
KEN.
- ing.
Then start the en - gines run - ning, And
Then start the en - gines run - ning, And
CHO.
fast and fast - er still You glide with ea - sy
fast and fast - er still You glide with ea - sy
CHO.
mo - tion Down vale and o - ver hill. All
mo - - tion Down vale and o - ver hill. All


CHO.
cares you leave be - hind you, You're hap - py as a
cares you leave be - hind you, You're hap - py as a
CHO.
king, Life is ab - so-lute - ly per - fect, When you're
king, Life is ab - so-lute - ly per - fect, When you're
CHO.
KENYON.
mo - tor - ing.
2. A -
mo - tor - ing.


KEN.
- way from smo - ky ci - ty, Where tur - moil ev - er reigns, You
KEN.
glad - ly steer, A course that's clear, Through lea - fy coun - try
KEN.
lanes, Ths fresh air beats up - on you, Till cer - tain you be -
KEN.
f
- come At an - y rate, You're dri - ving straight, To -
f
colla voce


KEN.
- wards E - ly - si - um.
Then
a tempo
rit.
REFRAIN.
KEN.
start the en - gines run - ning, And fast and fast - er still You
a tempo
KEN.
glide with ea - sy mo - tion Down vale and o - ver hill.
All
KEN.
cares you leave be - hind you, You're hap - py as a


KEN.
king, Life is ab - so-lute - ly per-fect When you're mo - tor -
CHORUS.
KEN.
- ing Then start the en - gines run - ning And
Then start the en - gines run - ning And
f
CHO.
fast and fast - er still You glide with ea - sy mo - tion Down
fast and fast - er still You glide with ea - sy mo - tion Down

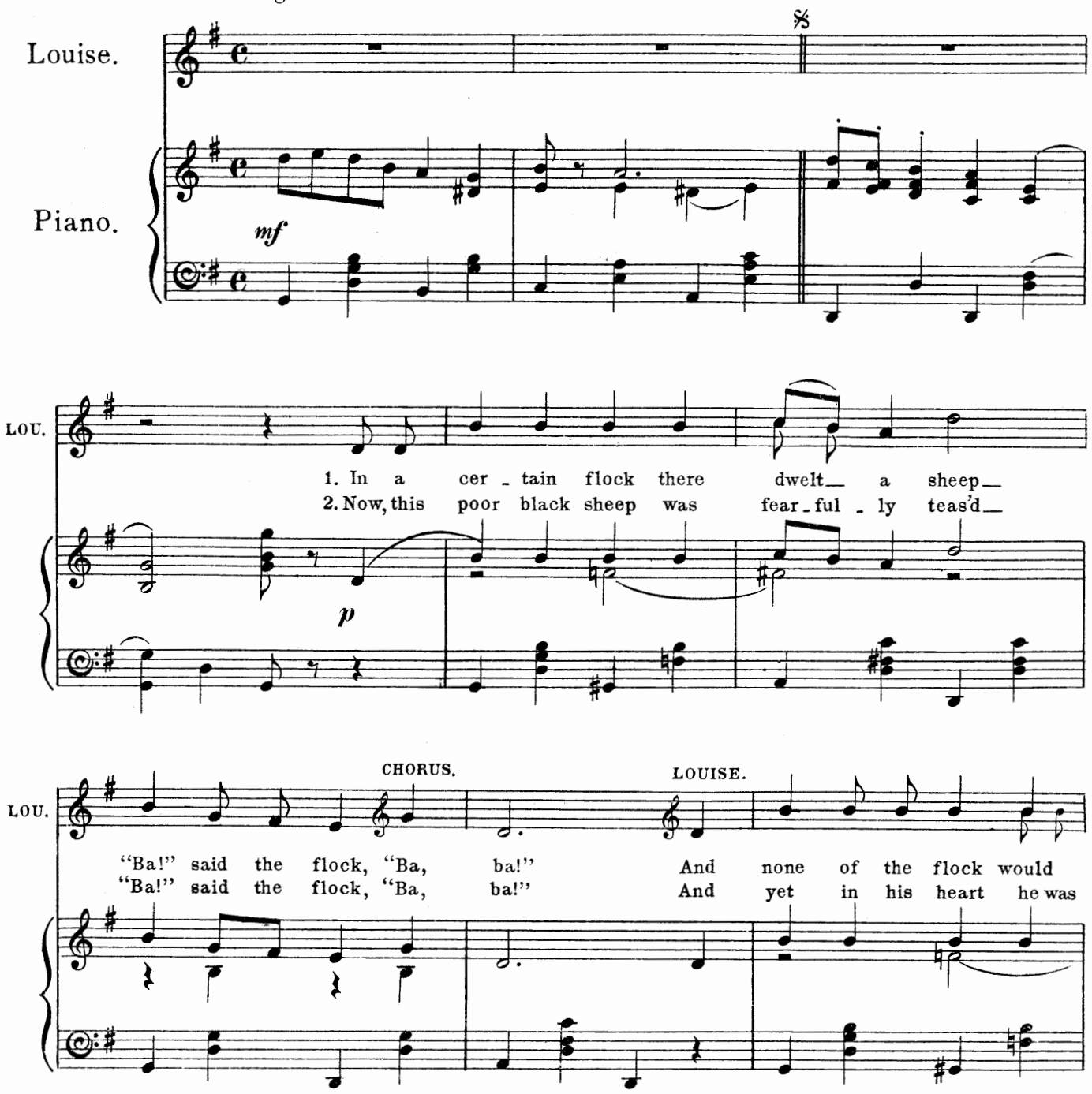

CHO.
vale and o - ver hill. All cares you leave be -
vale and o - ver hill. All cares you leave be -
CHO.
hind you, You're hap - py as a king, Life is
hind you, You're hap - py as a king, Life is
CHO.
ab - so-lute - ly per-fect When you're mo - tor - ing.
ab - so-lute - ly per-fect When you're mo - tor - ing.

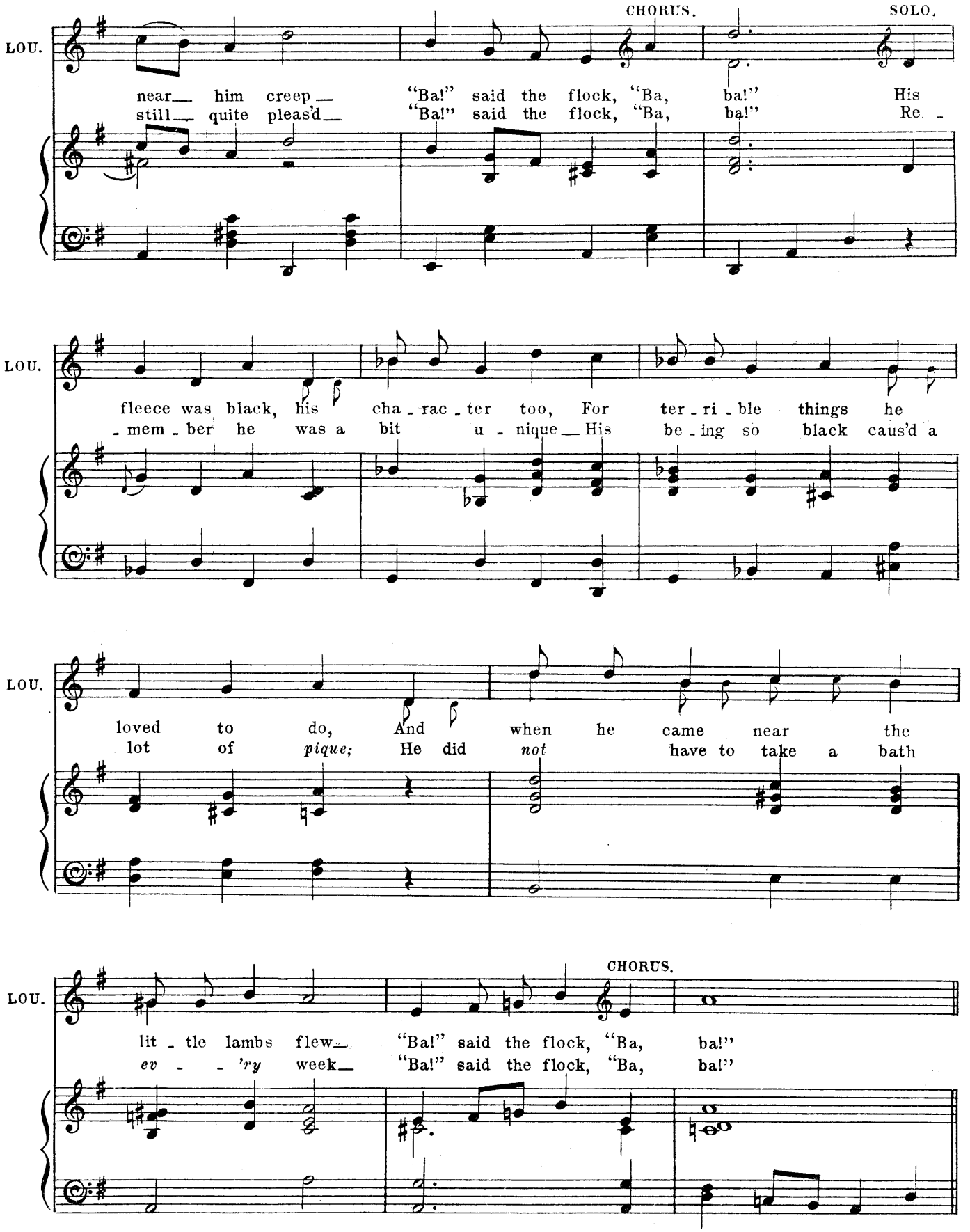
No. 13. SONG. (Louise.) and CHORUS.

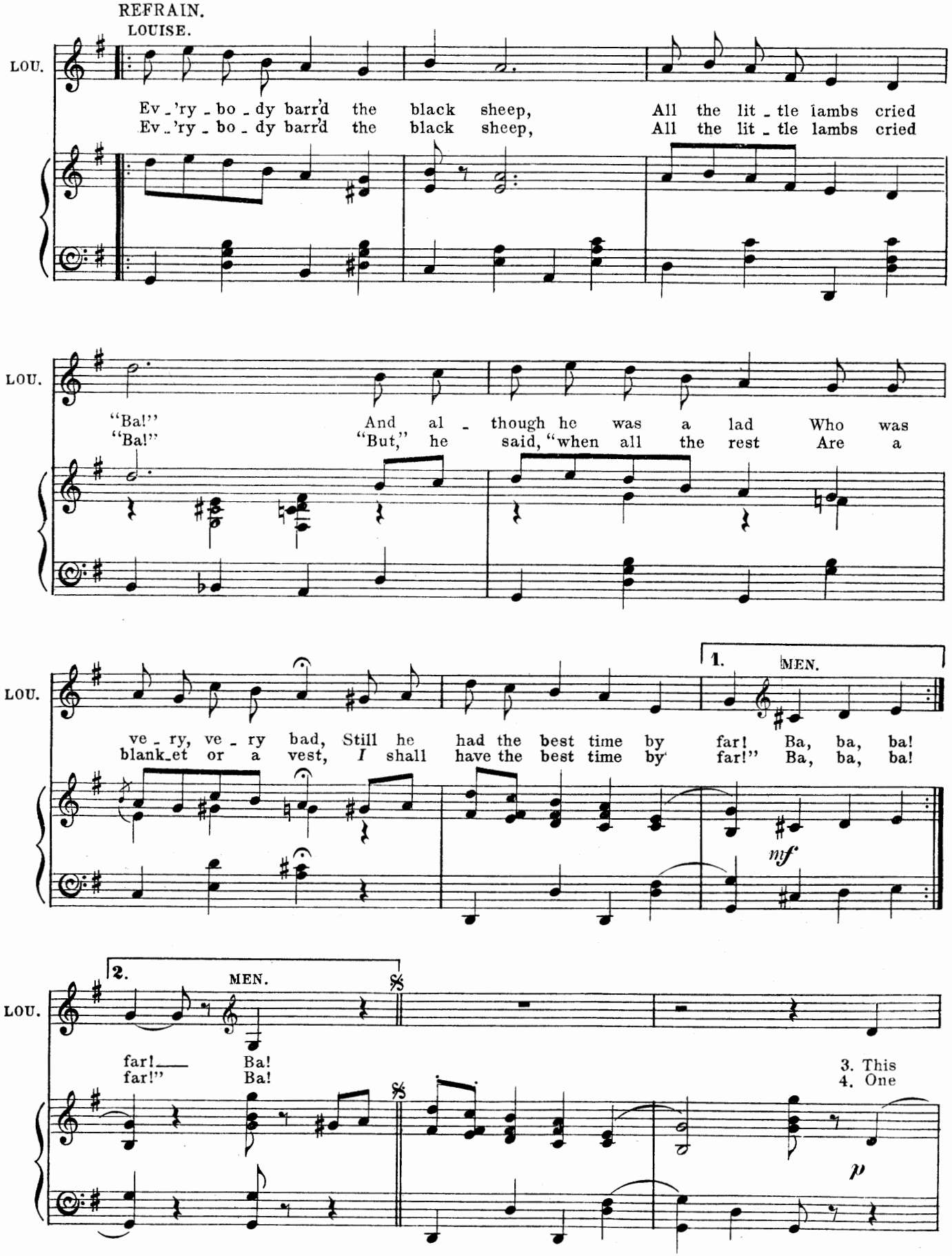
"THE BLACK SHEEP."

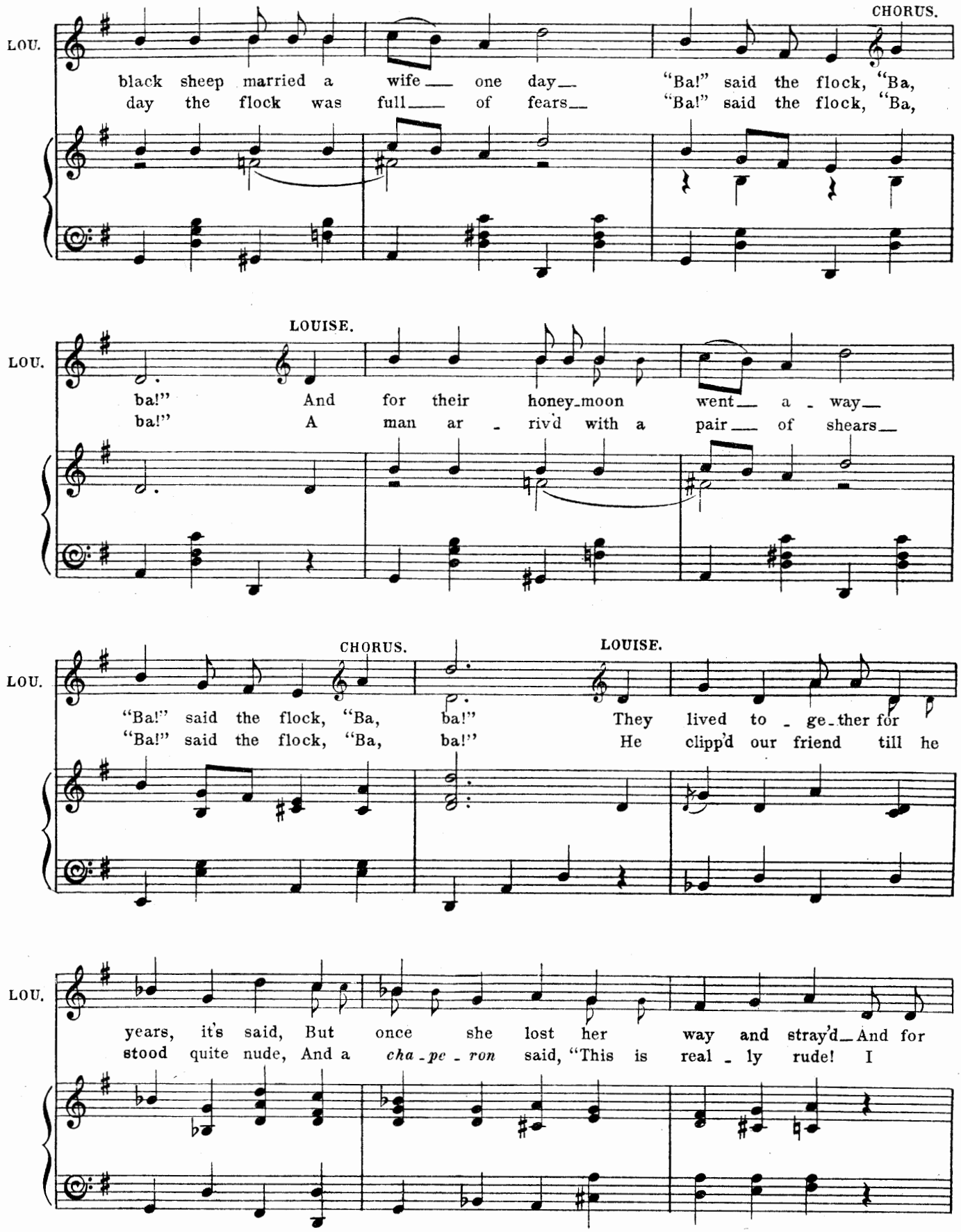
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

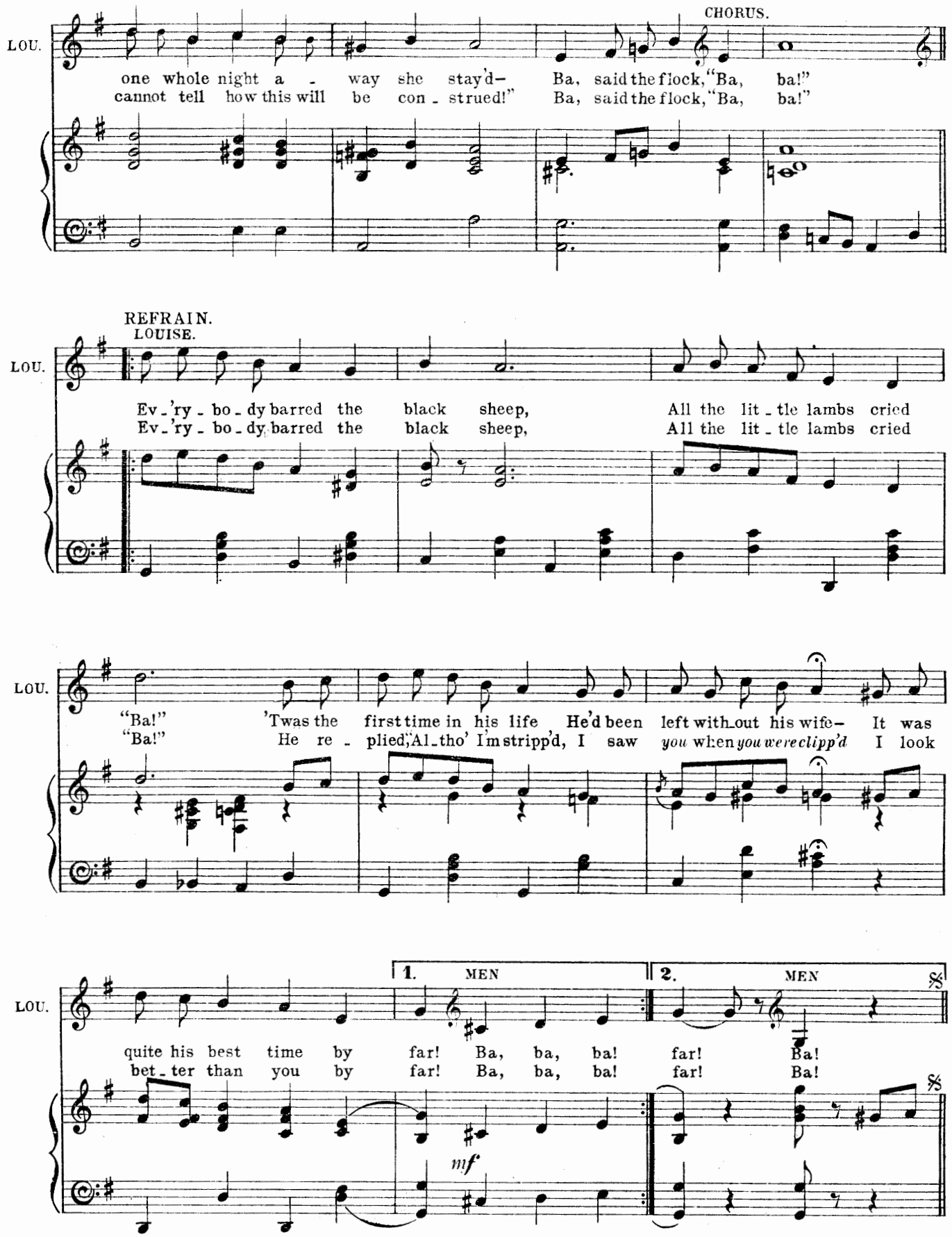
Allegro moderato.

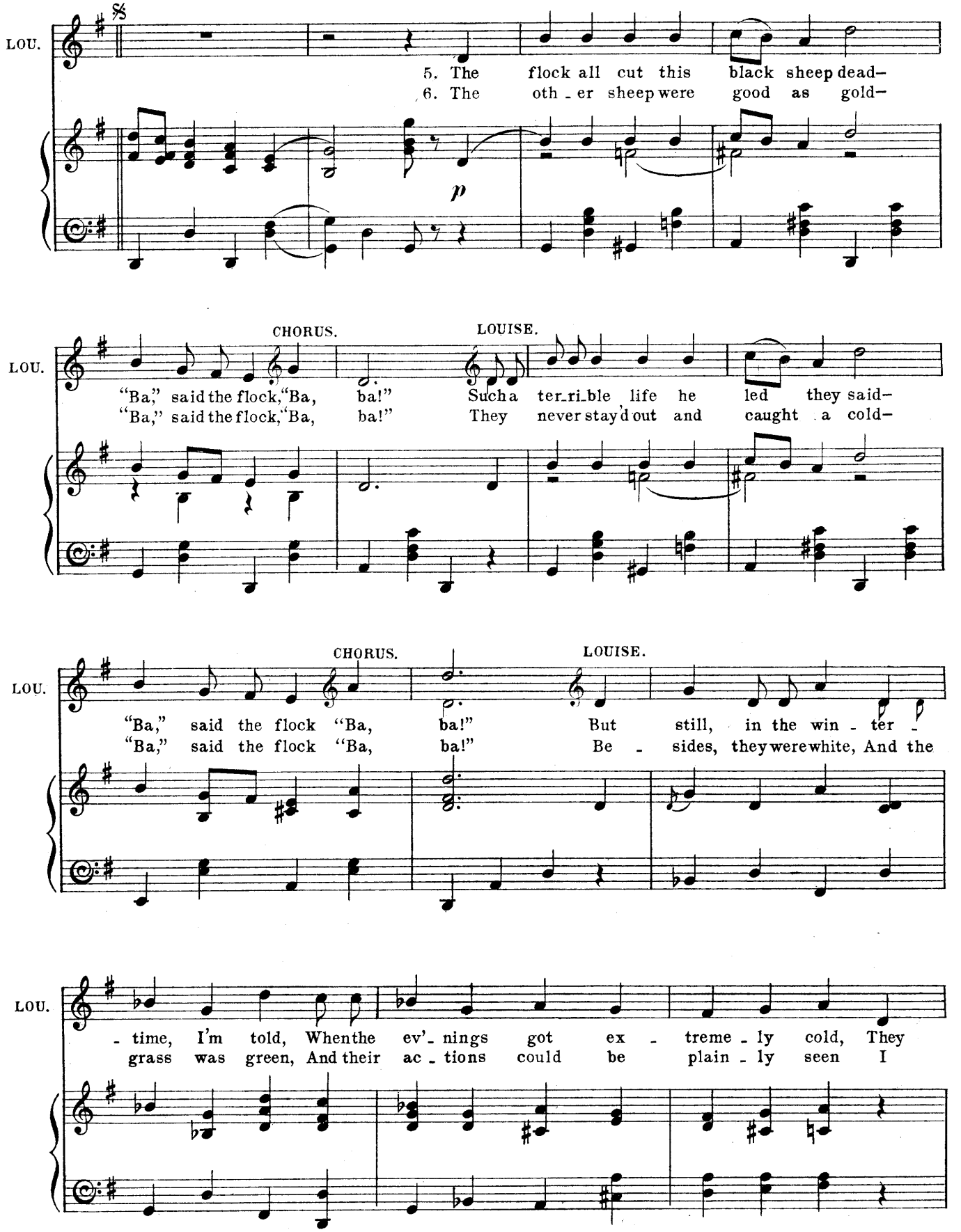


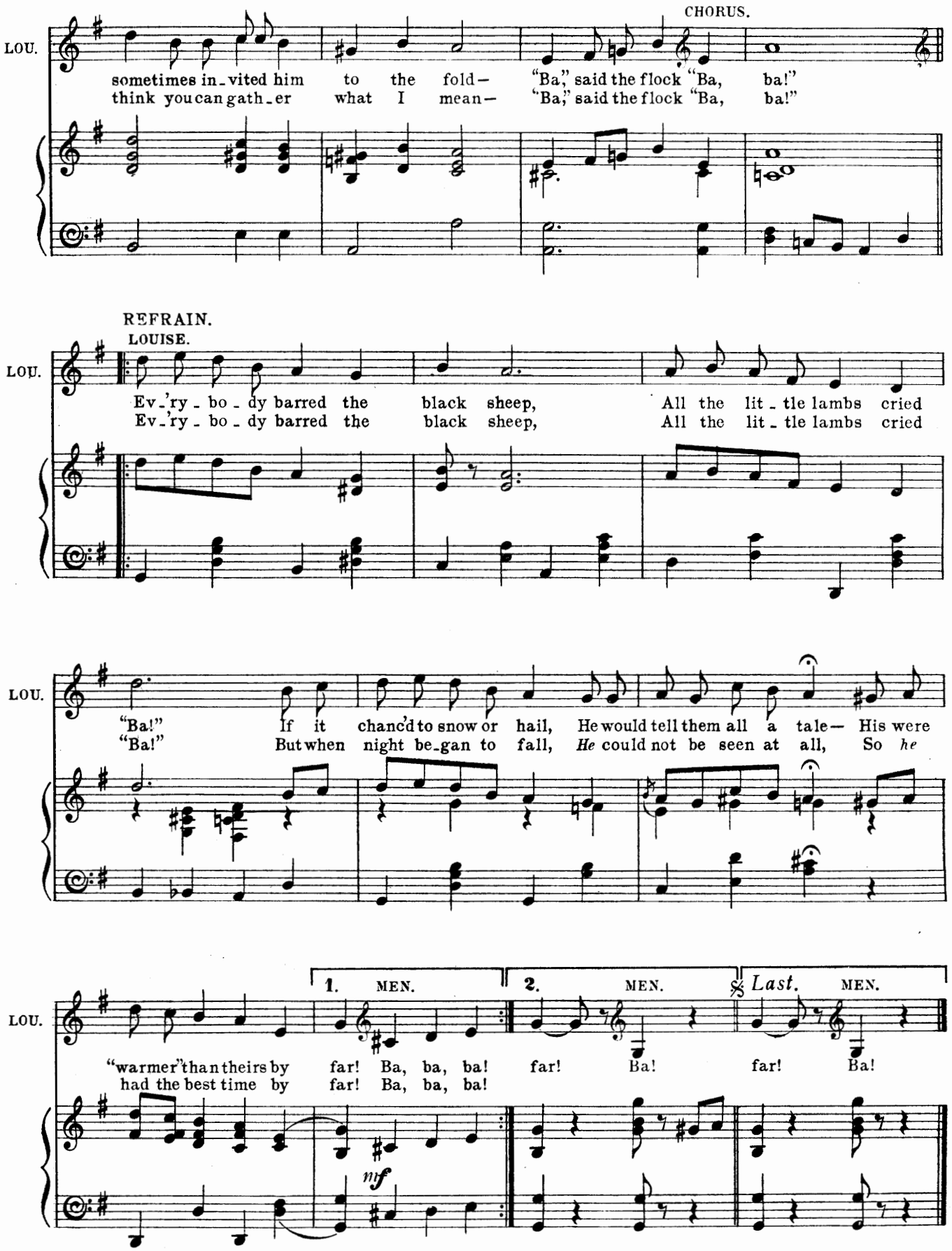

CHORUS.
SOLO.
LOU.
near him creep "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!" His
still quite pleas'd "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!" Re -
LOU.
fleece was black, his cha - rac - ter too, For ter - ri - ble things he
- mem - ber he was a bit u - nique His be - ing so black caus'd a
LOU.
loved to do, And when he came near the
lot of *pique;* He did *not* have to take a bath
CHORUS.
LOU.
lit - tle lambs flew "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!"
ev - - 'ry week "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!"


REFRAIN.
LOUISE.
LOU.
Ev_'ry_bo_dy barr'd the black sheep, All the lit_tle lambs cried
Ev_'ry_bo_dy barr'd the black sheep, All the lit_tle lambs cried
LOU.
"Ba!" And al_though he was a lad Who was
"Ba!" "But," he said, "when all the rest Are a
LOU.
1. MEN.
ve_ry, ve_ry bad, Still he had the best time by far! Ba, ba, ba!
blank_et or a vest, I shall have the best time by far!" Ba, ba, ba!
mf
LOU.
2. MEN.
far!___ Ba!
far!" Ba!
3. This
4. One
p


LOU.
CHORUS.
black sheep married a wife one day "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba,
day the flock was full of fears "Ba!" said the flock, "Ba,
LOU.
LOUISE.
ba!" And for their honey-moon went a - way
ba!" A man ar - riv'd with a pair of shears
LOU.
CHORUS.
LOUISE.
"Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!" They lived to - ge-ther for
"Ba!" said the flock, "Ba, ba!" He clipp'd our friend till he
LOU.
years, it's said, But once she lost her way and stray'd And for
stood quite nude, And a *cha - pe - ron* said, "This is real - ly rude! I


CHORUS.
LOU.
one whole night a - way she stay'd— Ba, said the flock, "Ba, ba!"
cannot tell how this will be con - strued!" Ba, said the flock, "Ba, ba!"
REFRAIN.
LOUISE.
LOU.
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy barred the black sheep, All the lit - tle lambs cried
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy barred the black sheep, All the lit - tle lambs cried
LOU.
"Ba!" 'Twas the first time in his life He'd been left with - out his wife— It was
"Ba!" He re - plied, "Al - tho' I'm stripp'd, I saw you when you were clipp'd I look
LOU.
1. MEN
2. MEN
quite his best time by far! Ba, ba, ba! far! Ba!
bet - ter than you by far! Ba, ba, ba! far! Ba!
mf


LOU.
5. The flock all cut this black sheep dead–
6. The oth - er sheep were good as gold–
p
CHORUS.
LOUISE.
"Ba," said the flock, "Ba, ba!" Such a ter - ri - ble life he led they said–
"Ba," said the flock, "Ba, ba!" They never stay'd out and caught a cold–
CHORUS.
LOUISE.
"Ba," said the flock "Ba, ba!" But still, in the win - ter -
"Ba," said the flock "Ba, ba!" Be - sides, they were white, And the
- time, I'm told, When the ev'- nings got ex - treme - ly cold, They
grass was green, And their ac - tions could be plain - ly seen I

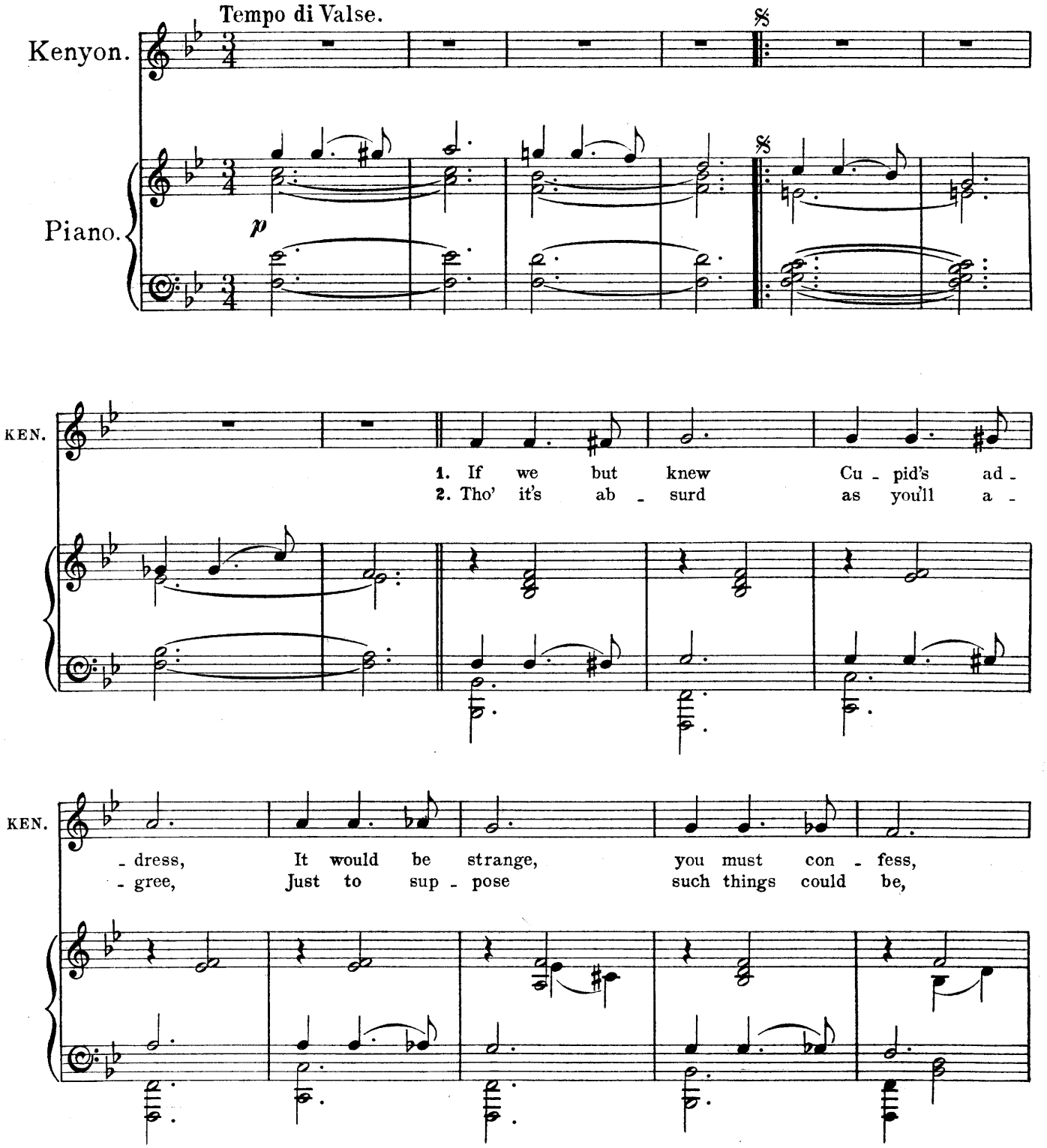

CHORUS.
LOU.
sometimes in-vited him to the fold— "Ba," said the flock "Ba, ba!"
think you can gath-er what I mean— "Ba," said the flock "Ba, ba!"
REFRAIN.
LOUISE.
LOU.
Ev-'ry-bo-dy barred the black sheep, All the lit-tle lambs cried
Ev-'ry-bo-dy barred the black sheep, All the lit-tle lambs cried
LOU.
"Ba!" If it chanc'd to snow or hail, He would tell them all a tale— His were
"Ba!" But when night be-gan to fall, *He* could not be seen at all, So *he*
1. MEN.
2. MEN.
Last. MEN.
LOU.
"warmer" than theirs by far! Ba, ba, ba! far! Ba! far! Ba!
had the best time by far! Ba, ba, ba!
mf

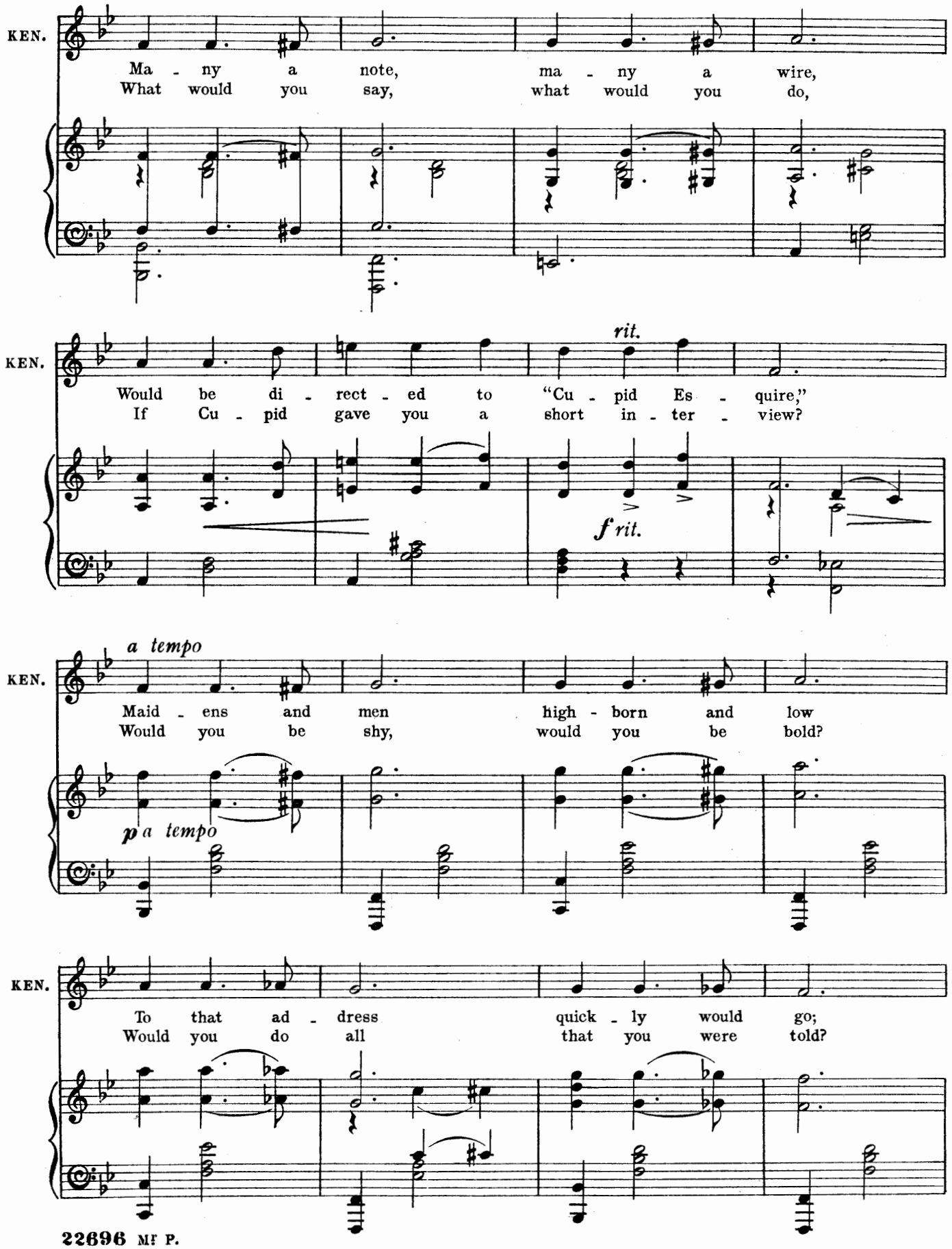
No. 14. DUET. (Violet and Kenyon.)

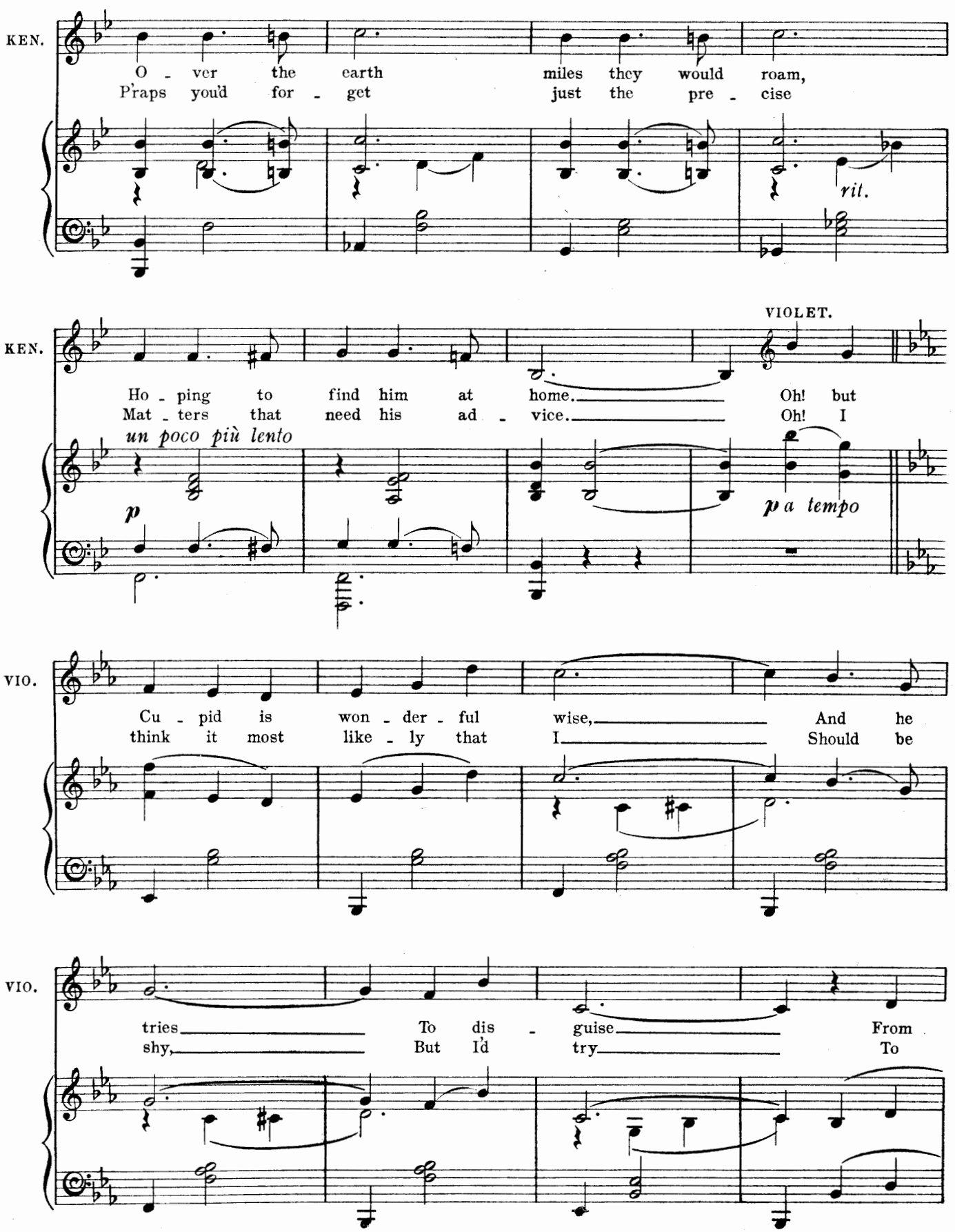
"CUPID'S ADDRESS."

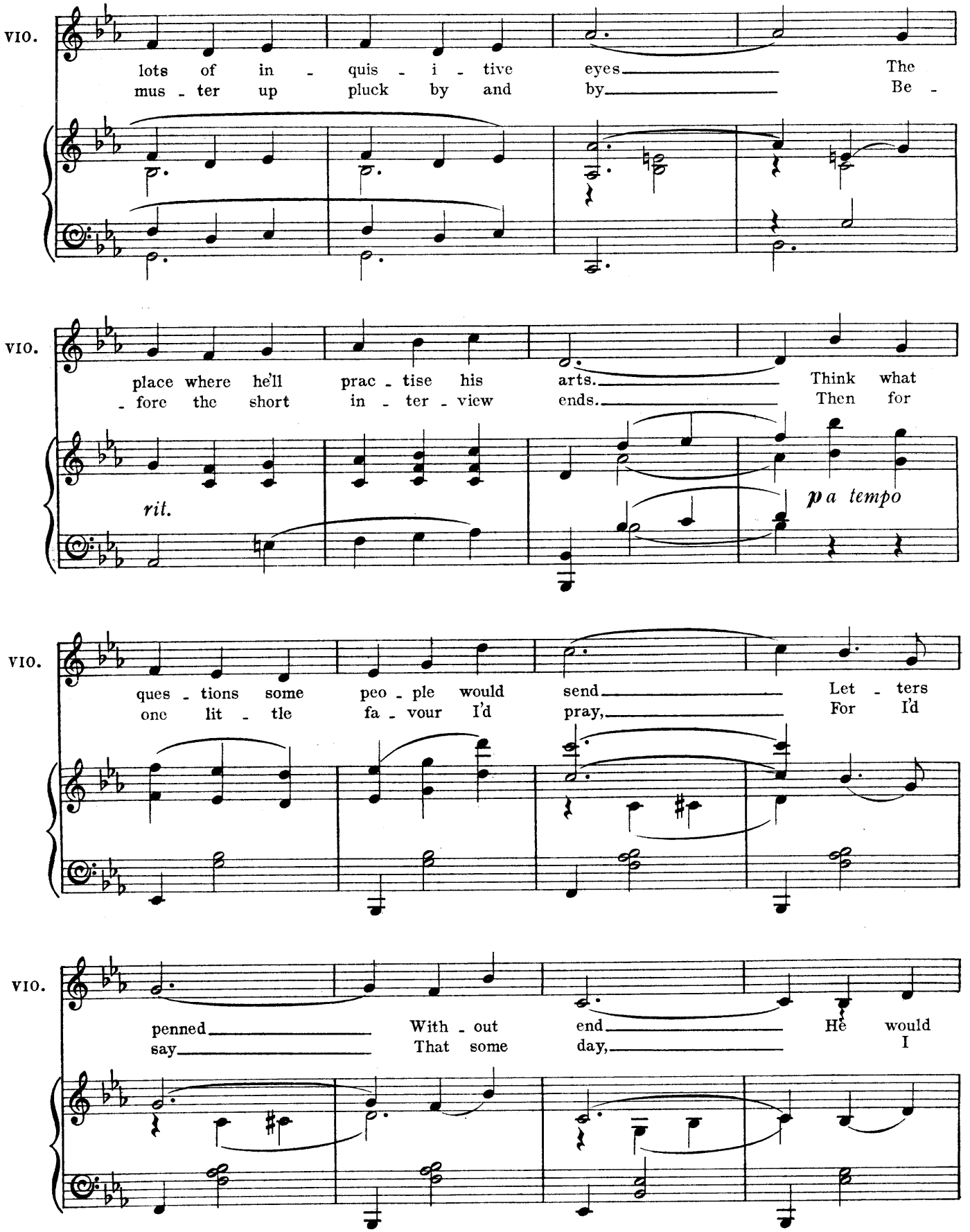
Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

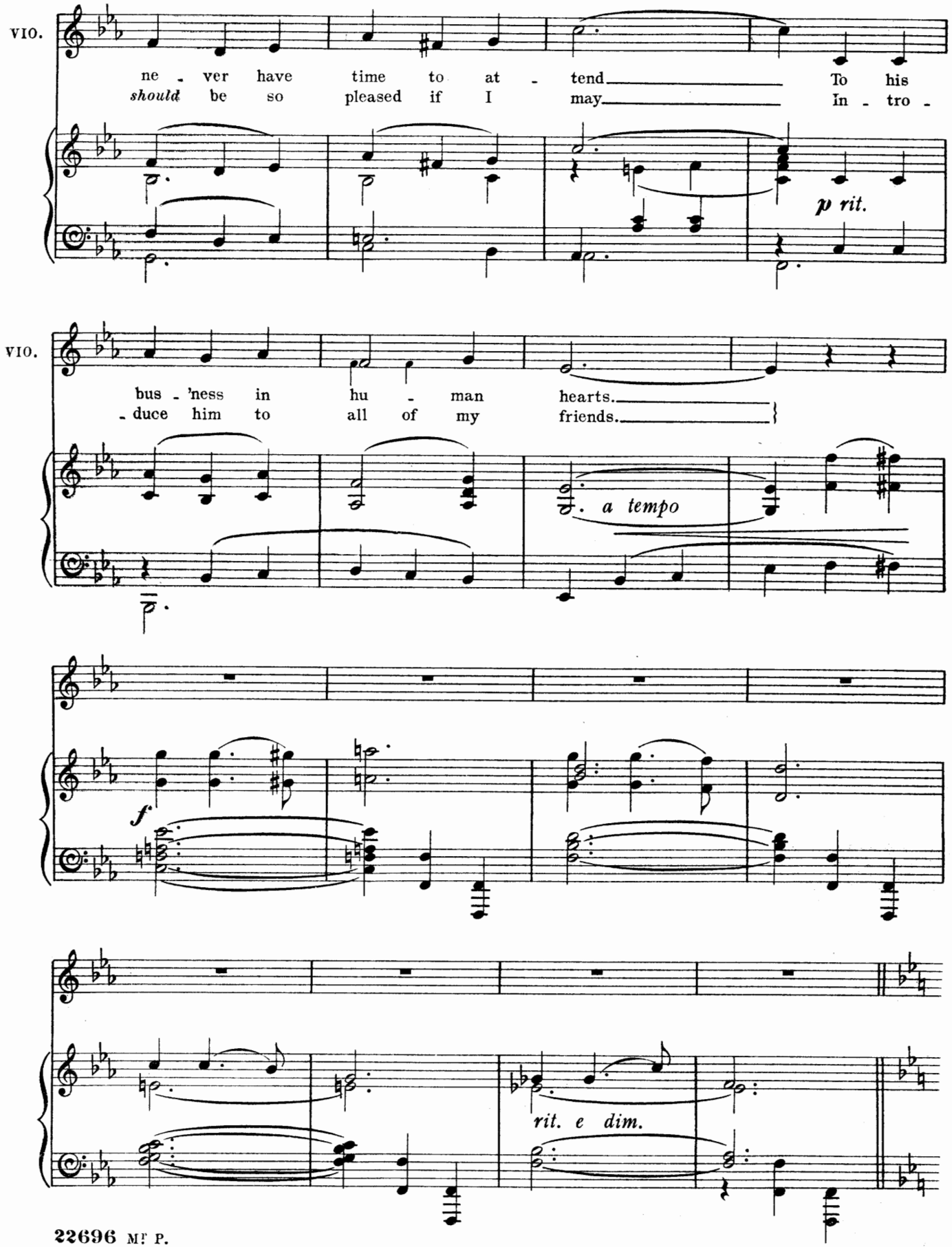
Music by
PAUL A. RUBENS.

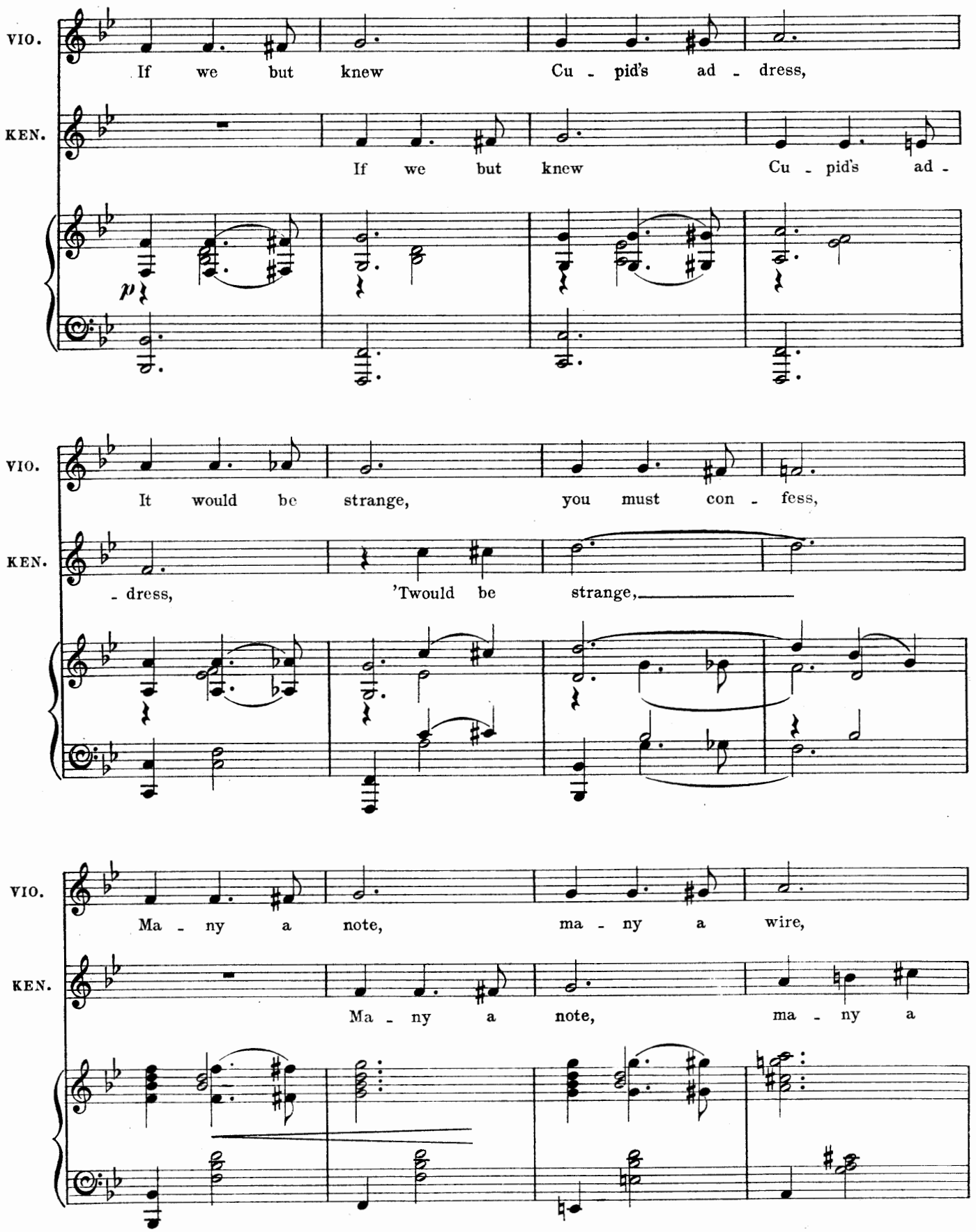


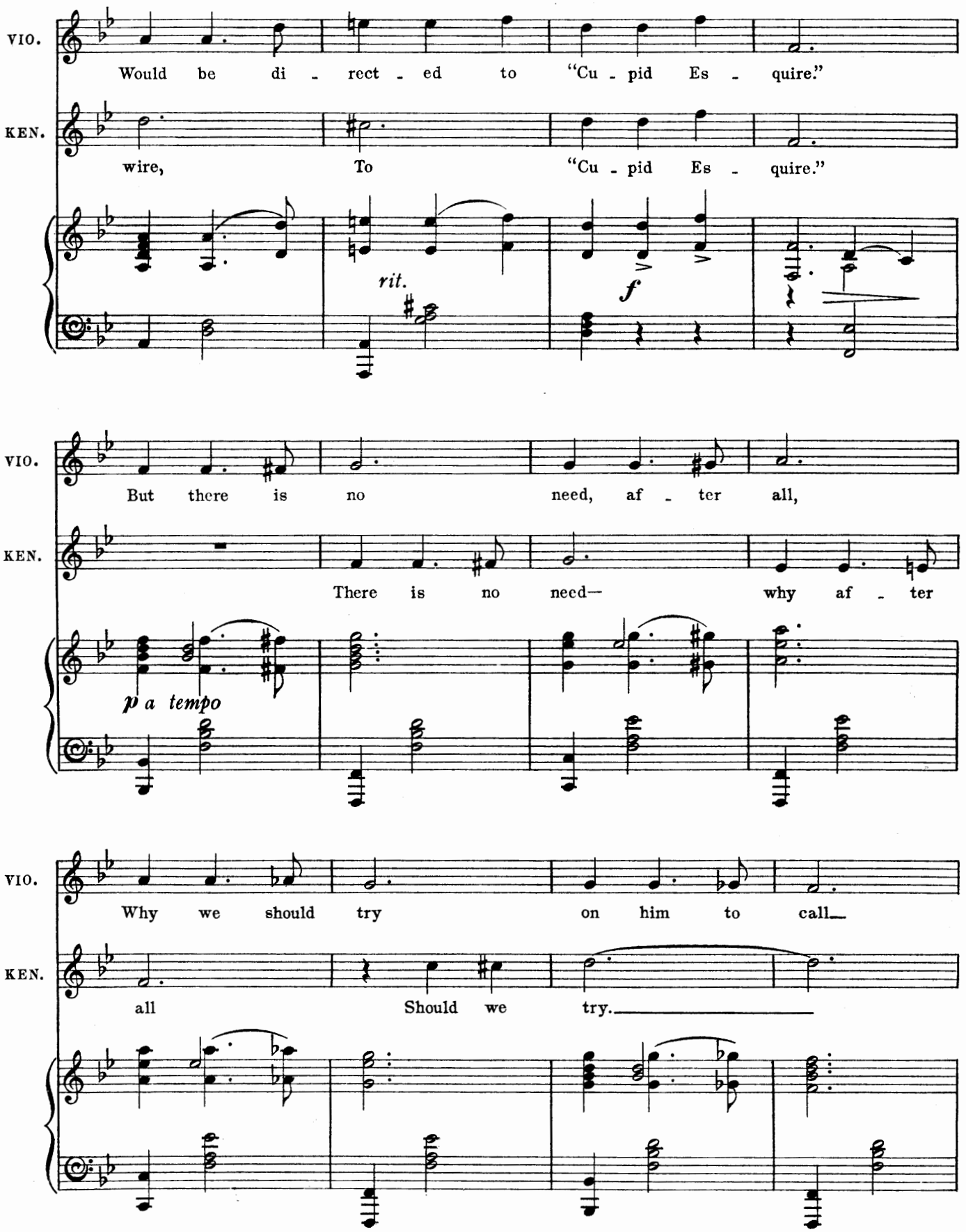

KEN.
Ma - ny a note, ma - ny a wire,
What would you say, what would you do,
KEN.
rit.
Would be di - rect - ed to "Cu - pid Es - quire,"
If Cu - pid gave you a short in - ter - view?
f rit.
KEN.
a tempo
Maid - ens and men high - born and low
Would you be shy, would you be bold?
p a tempo
KEN.
To that ad - dress quick - ly would go;
Would you do all that you were told?

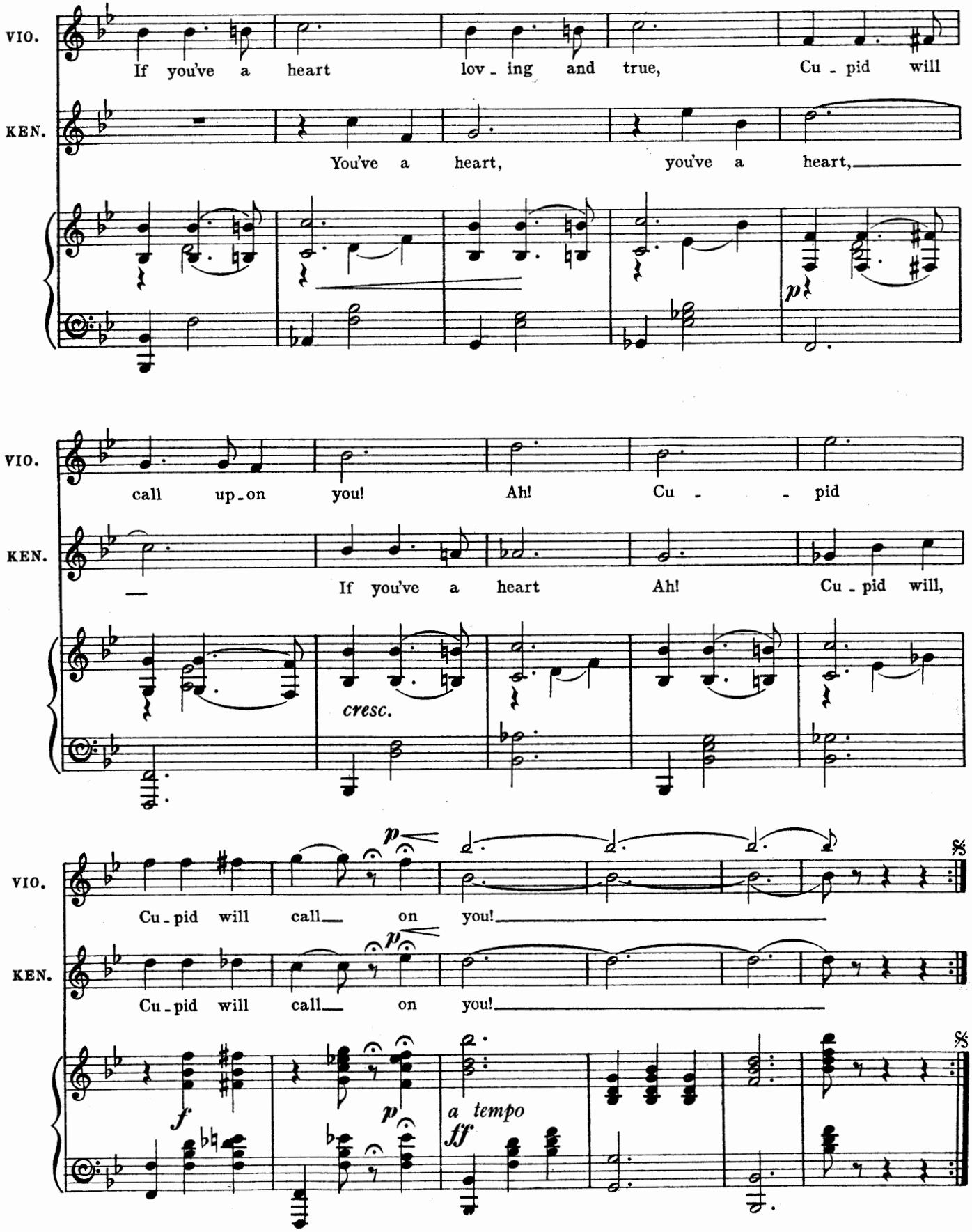

KEN.
O - ver the earth miles they would roam,
P'raps you'd for - get just the pre - cise
rit.
KEN.
VIOLET.
Ho - ping to find him at home. Oh! but
Mat - ters that need his ad - vice. Oh! I
un poco più lento
p
p a tempo
VIO.
Cu - pid is won - der - ful wise, And he
think it most like - ly that I Should be
VIO.
tries To dis - guise From
shy, But I'd try To


VIO.
lots of in - quis - i - tive eyes The
mus - ter up pluck by and by Be -
VIO.
place where he'll prac - tise his arts. Think what
- fore the short in - ter - view ends. Then for
rit.
p a tempo
VIO.
ques - tions some peo - ple would send Let - ters
one lit - tle fa - vour I'd pray, For I'd
VIO.
penned With - out end He would
say That some day, I


VIO.
ne - ver have time to at - tend To his
should be so pleased if I may In - tro -
p rit.
VIO.
bus - 'ness in hu - man hearts.
- duce him to all of my friends.
a tempo
f
rit. e dim.


VIO.
If we but knew Cu - pid's ad - dress,
KEN.
If we but knew Cu - pid's ad -
p
VIO.
It would be strange, you must con - fess,
KEN.
- dress, 'Twould be strange,
VIO.
Ma - ny a note, ma - ny a wire,
KEN.
Ma - ny a note, ma - ny a

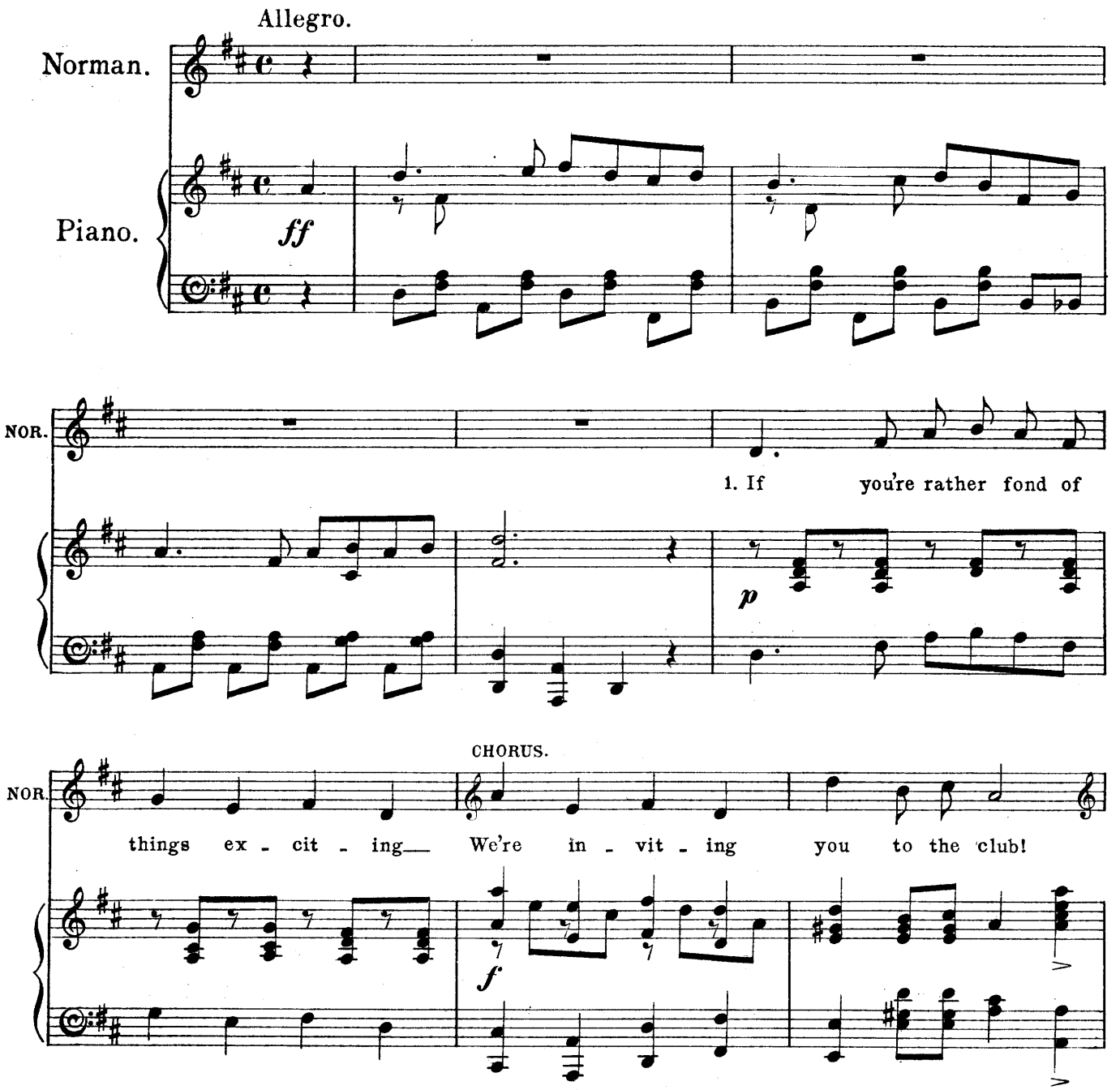

VIO.
Would be di - rect - ed to "Cu - pid Es - quire."
KEN.
wire, To "Cu - pid Es - quire."
rit.
f
VIO.
But there is no need, af - ter all,
KEN.
There is no need— why af - ter
p a tempo
VIO.
Why we should try on him to call
KEN.
all Should we try.

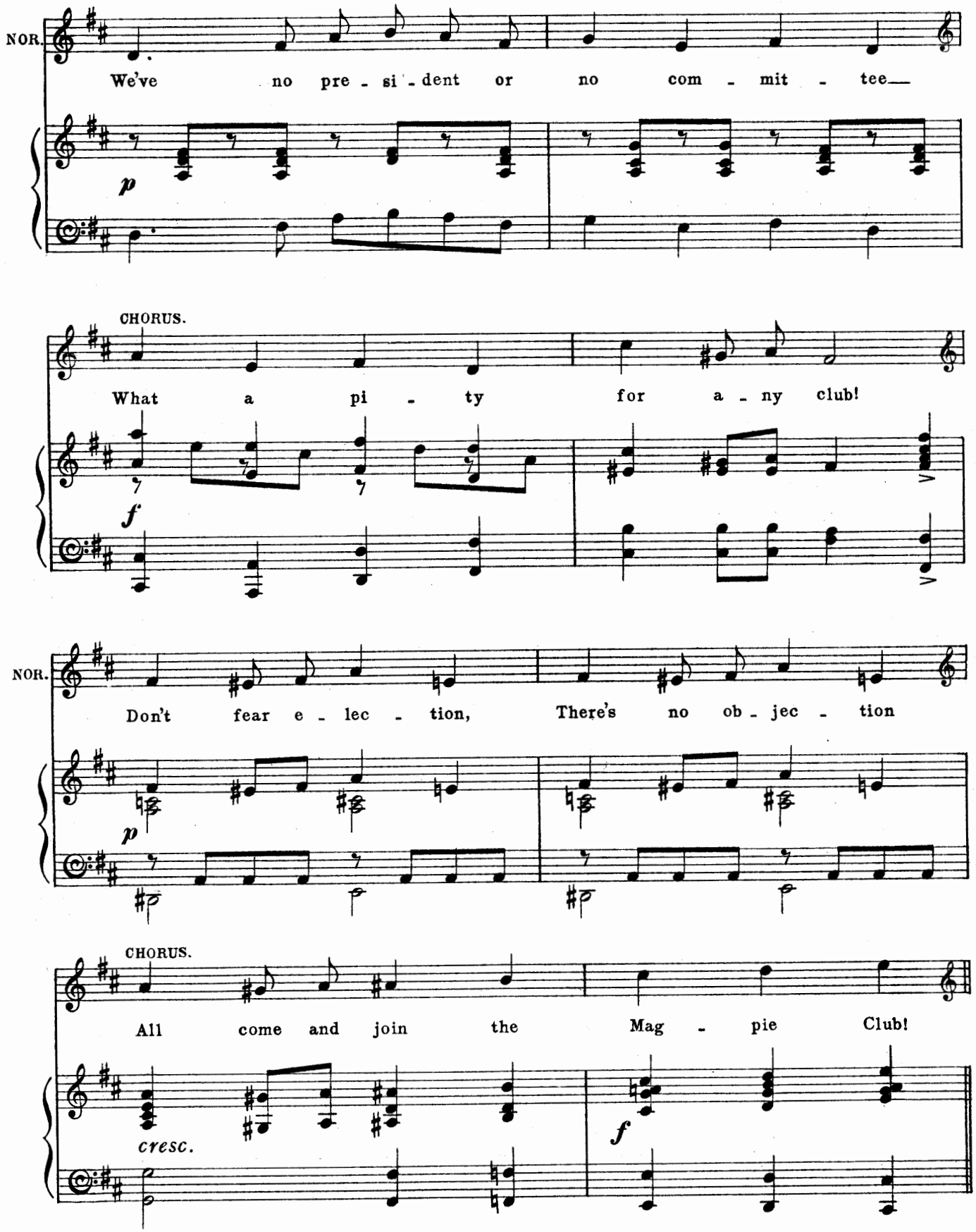

VIO.
If you've a heart lov - ing and true, Cu - pid will
KEN.
You've a heart, you've a heart,
p
VIO.
call up - on you! Ah! Cu - - pid
KEN.
If you've a heart Ah! Cu - pid will,
cresc.
VIO.
Cu - pid will call on you!
p
KEN.
Cu - pid will call on you!
p
f
p
a tempo
ff

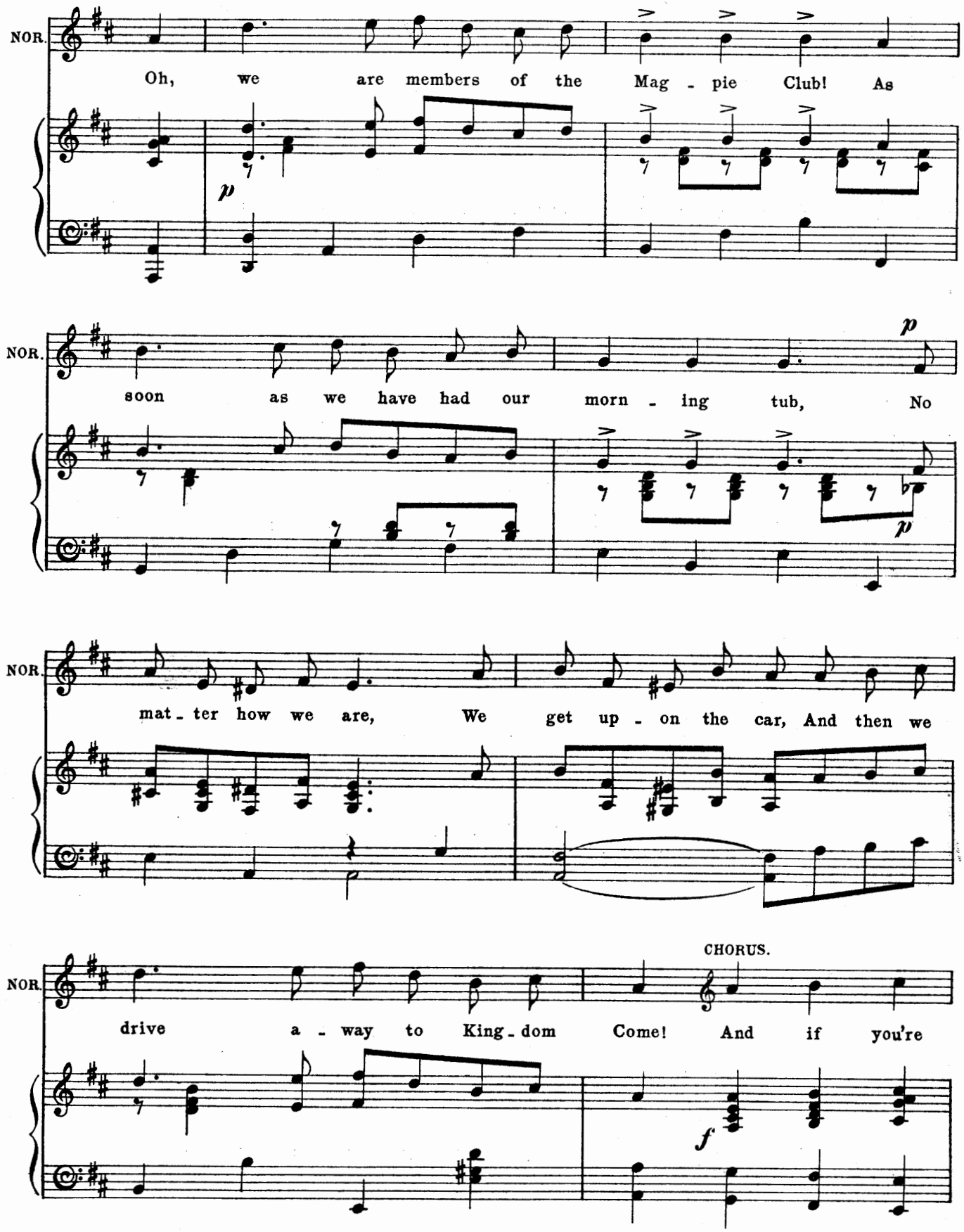
No. 15. SONG. (Norman.) and CHORUS.

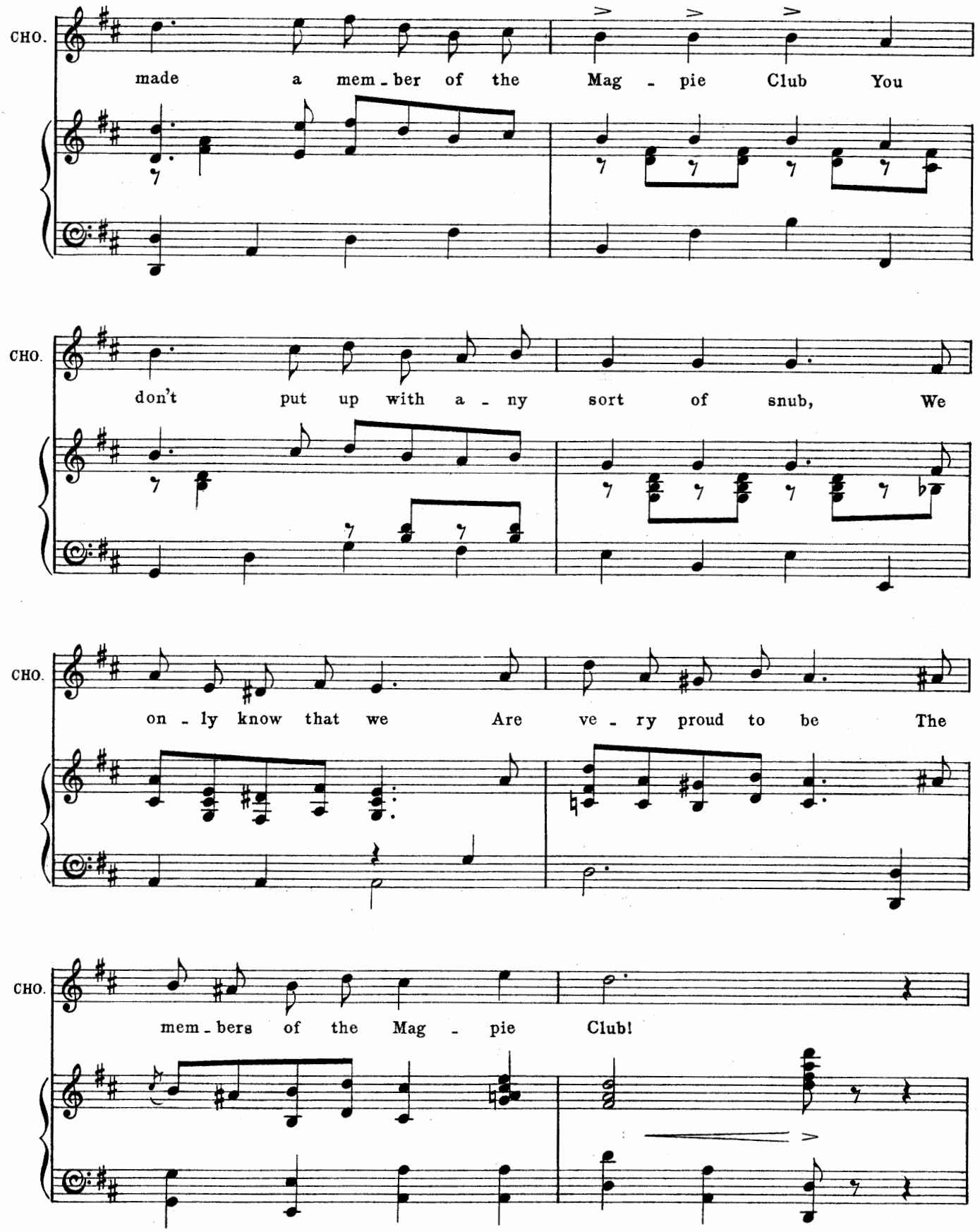
"MEMBERS OF THE MAGPIE CLUB."

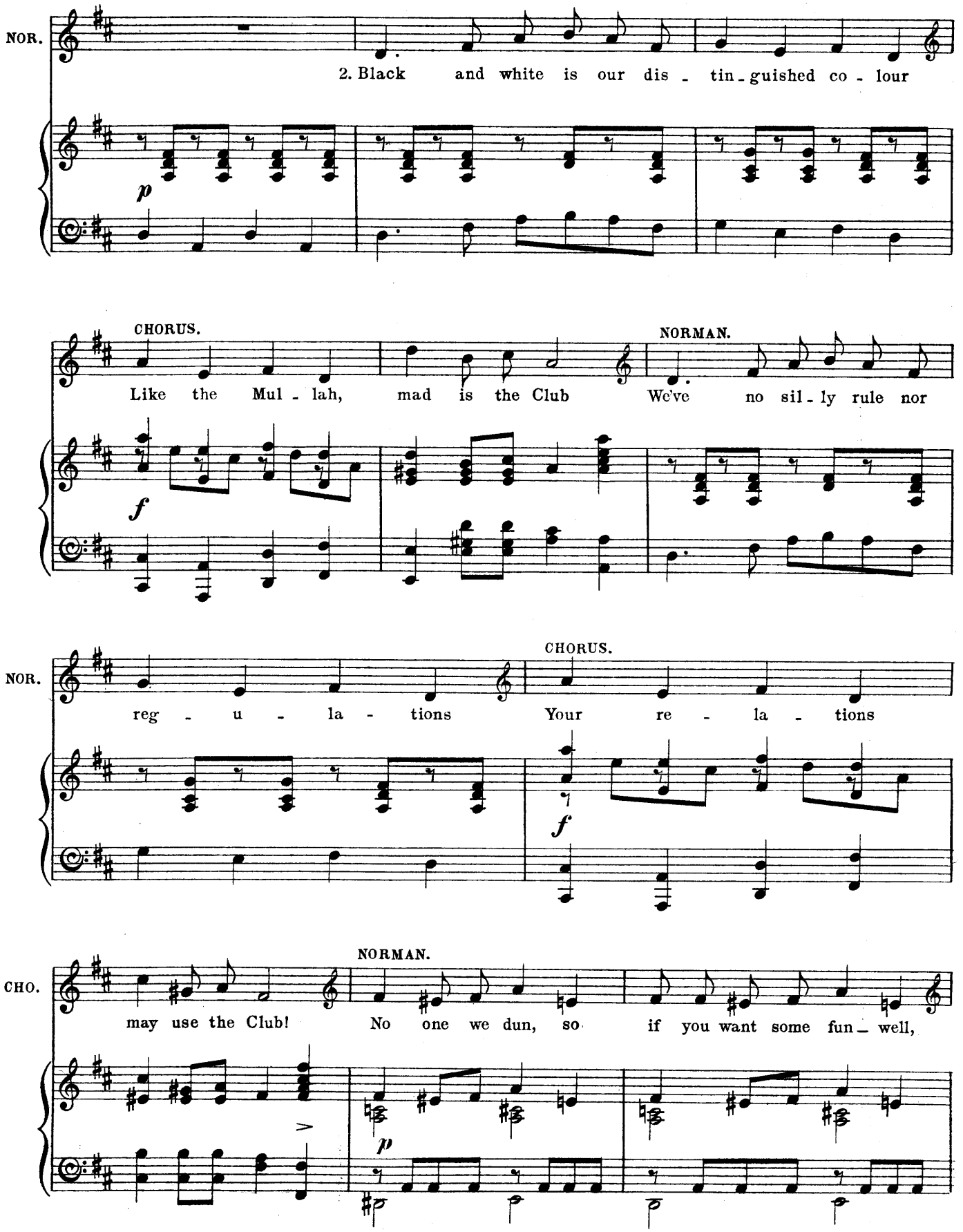
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

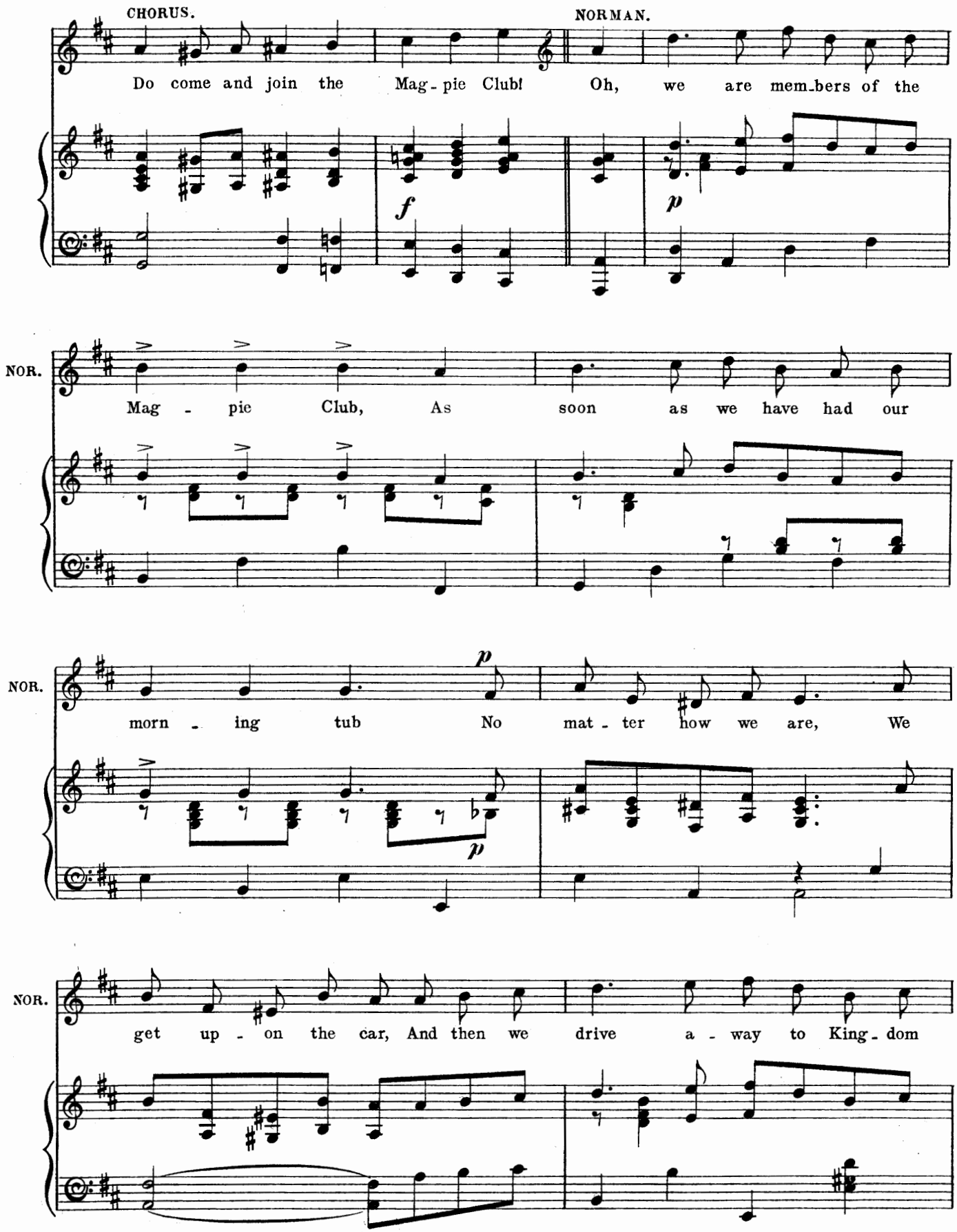


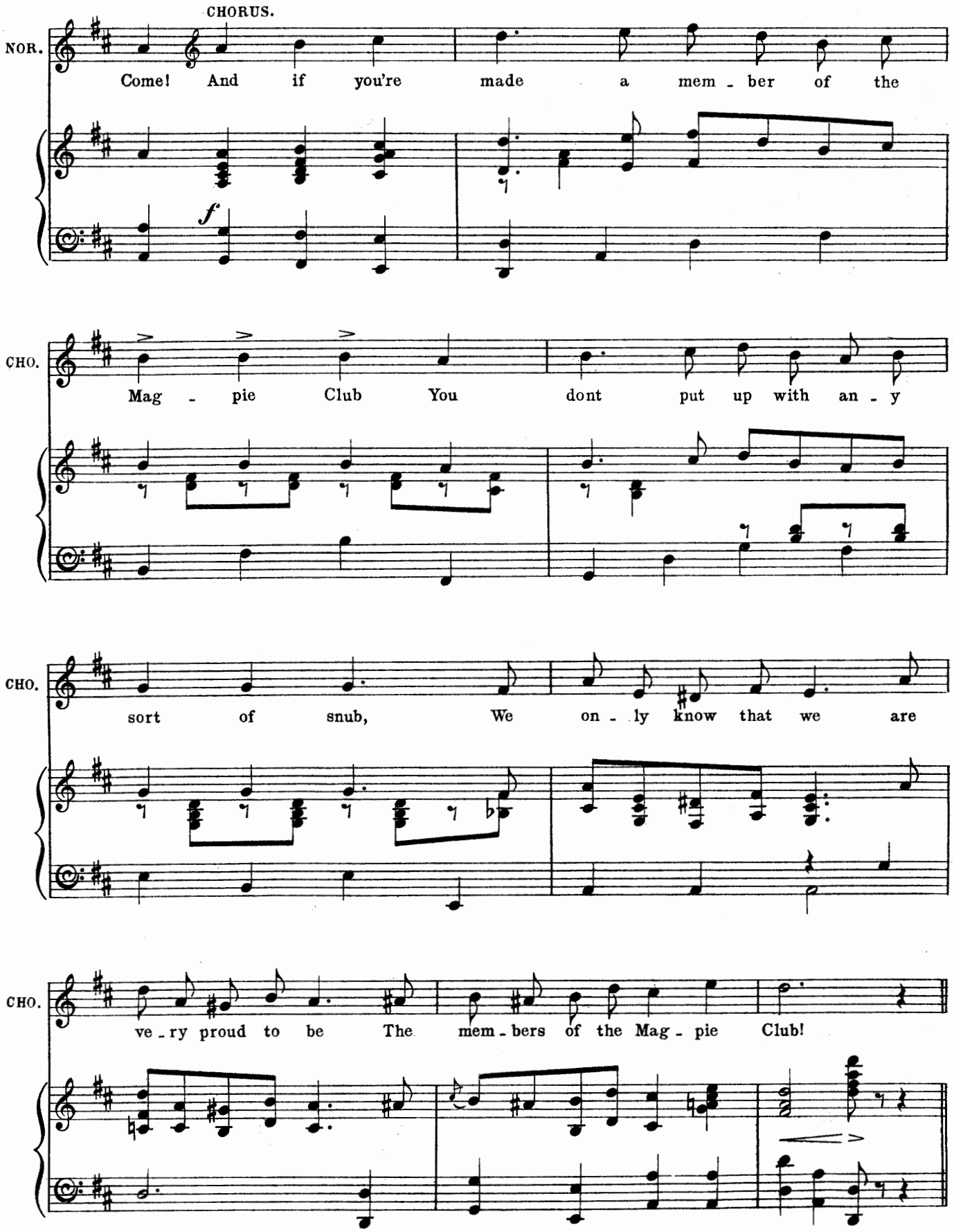

NOR.
We've no pre - si - dent or no com - mit - tee—
p
CHORUS.
What a pi - ty for a - ny club!
f
NOR.
Don't fear e - lec - tion, There's no ob - jec - tion
p
CHORUS.
All come and join the Mag - pie Club!
cresc.
f


NOR.
Oh, we are members of the Mag - pie Club! As
p
NOR.
soon as we have had our morn - ing tub, No
p
p
NOR.
mat - ter how we are, We get up - on the car, And then we
NOR.
CHORUS.
drive a - way to King - dom Come! And if you're
f

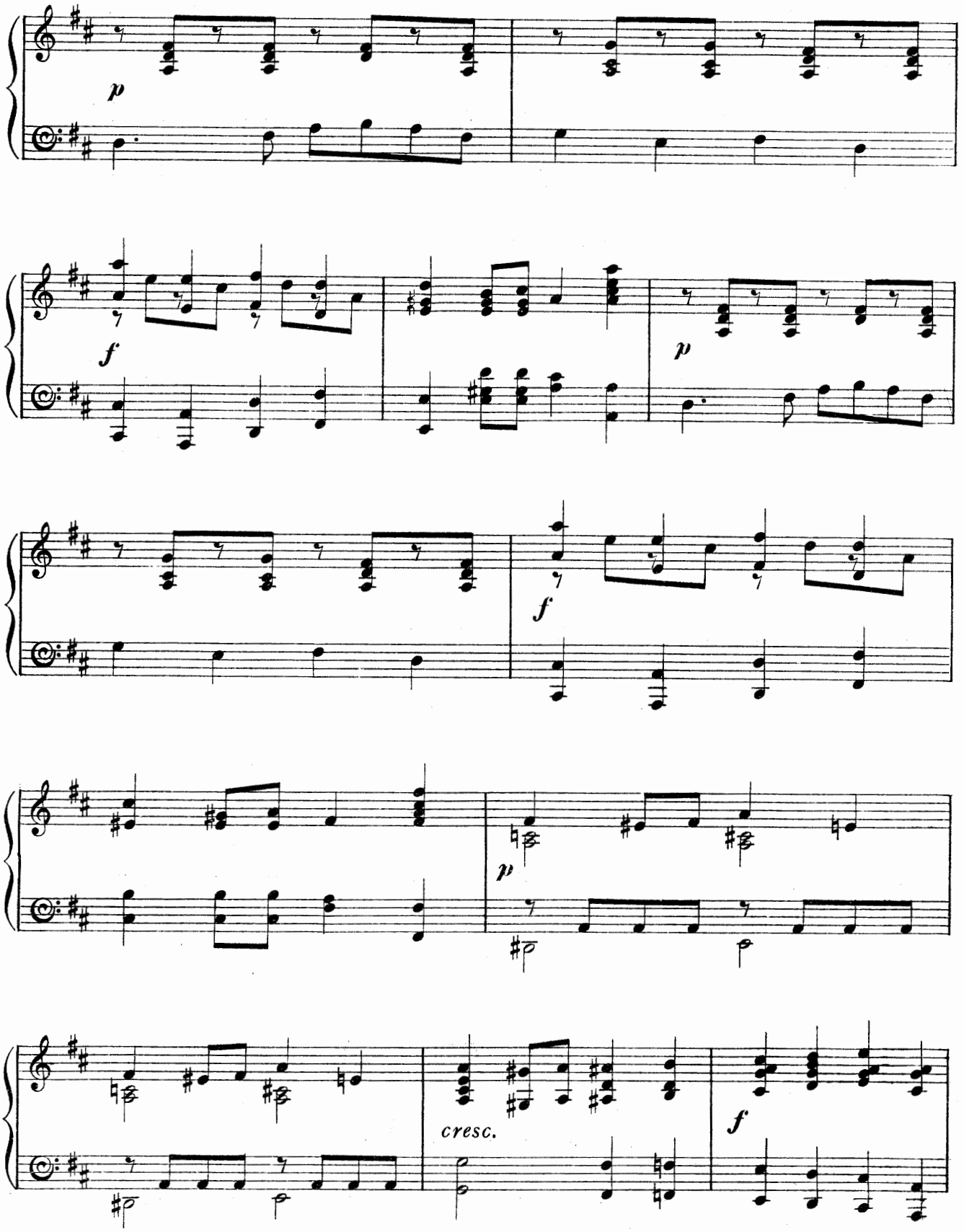

CHO.
made a mem - ber of the Mag - pie Club You
CHO.
don't put up with a - ny sort of snub, We
CHO.
on - ly know that we Are ve - ry proud to be The
CHO.
mem - bers of the Mag - pie Club!

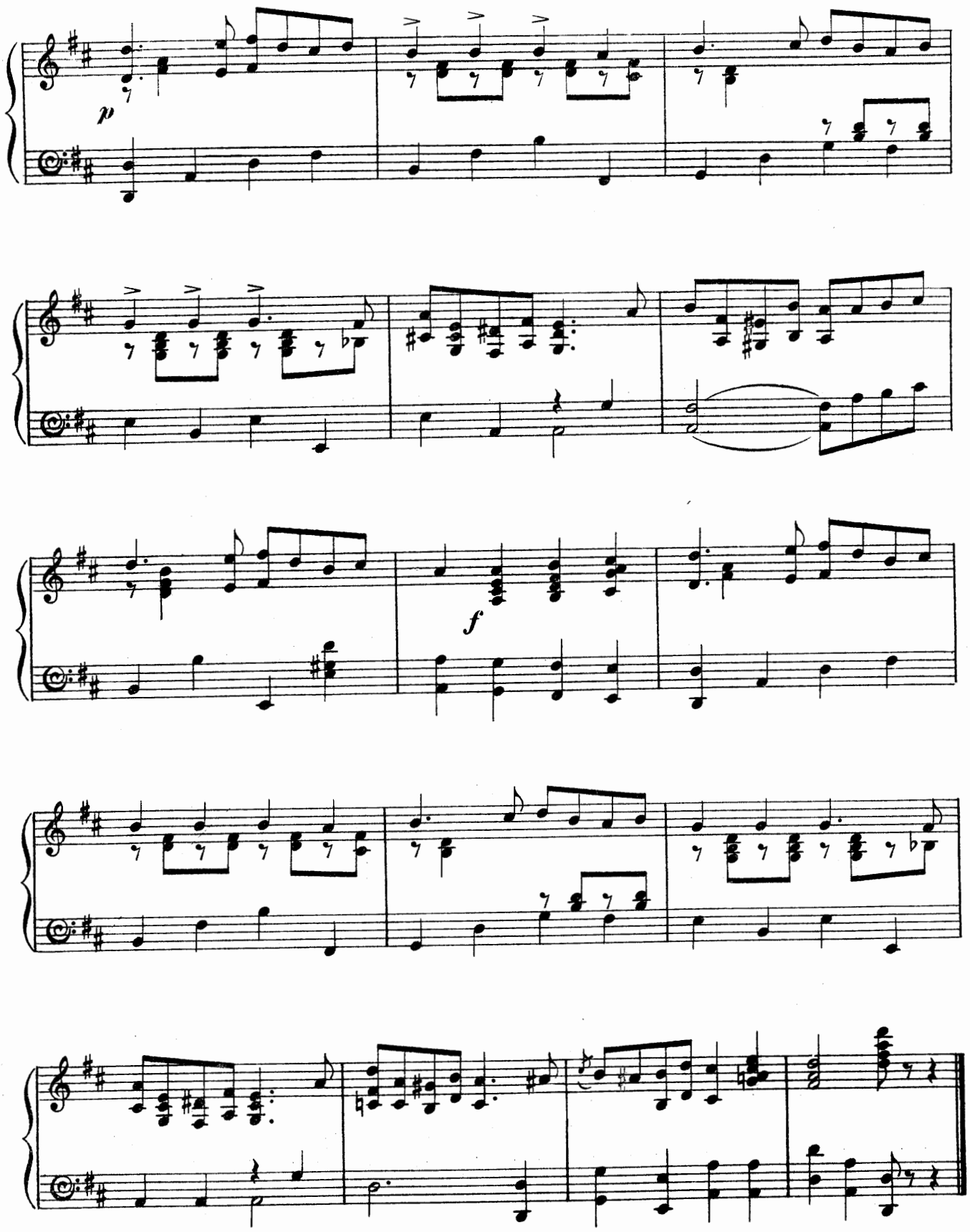

NOR.
2. Black and white is our dis - tin - guished co - lour
p
CHORUS.
NORMAN.
Like the Mul - lah, mad is the Club We've no sil - ly rule nor
f
NOR.
CHORUS.
reg - u - la - tions Your re - la - tions
f
CHO.
NORMAN.
may use the Club! No one we dun, so if you want some fun - well,
p


CHORUS.
NORMAN.
Do come and join the Mag-pie Club! Oh, we are mem-bers of the
f
p
NOR.
Mag - pie Club, As soon as we have had our
NOR.
morn - ing tub No mat - ter how we are, We
p
p
NOR.
get up - on the car, And then we drive a - way to King-dom


CHORUS.
NOR.
Come! And if you're made a mem - ber of the
f
CHO.
Mag - pie Club You dont put up with an - y
CHO.
sort of snub, We on - ly know that we are
CHO.
ve - ry proud to be The mem - bers of the Mag - pie Club!

DANCE.




p
f

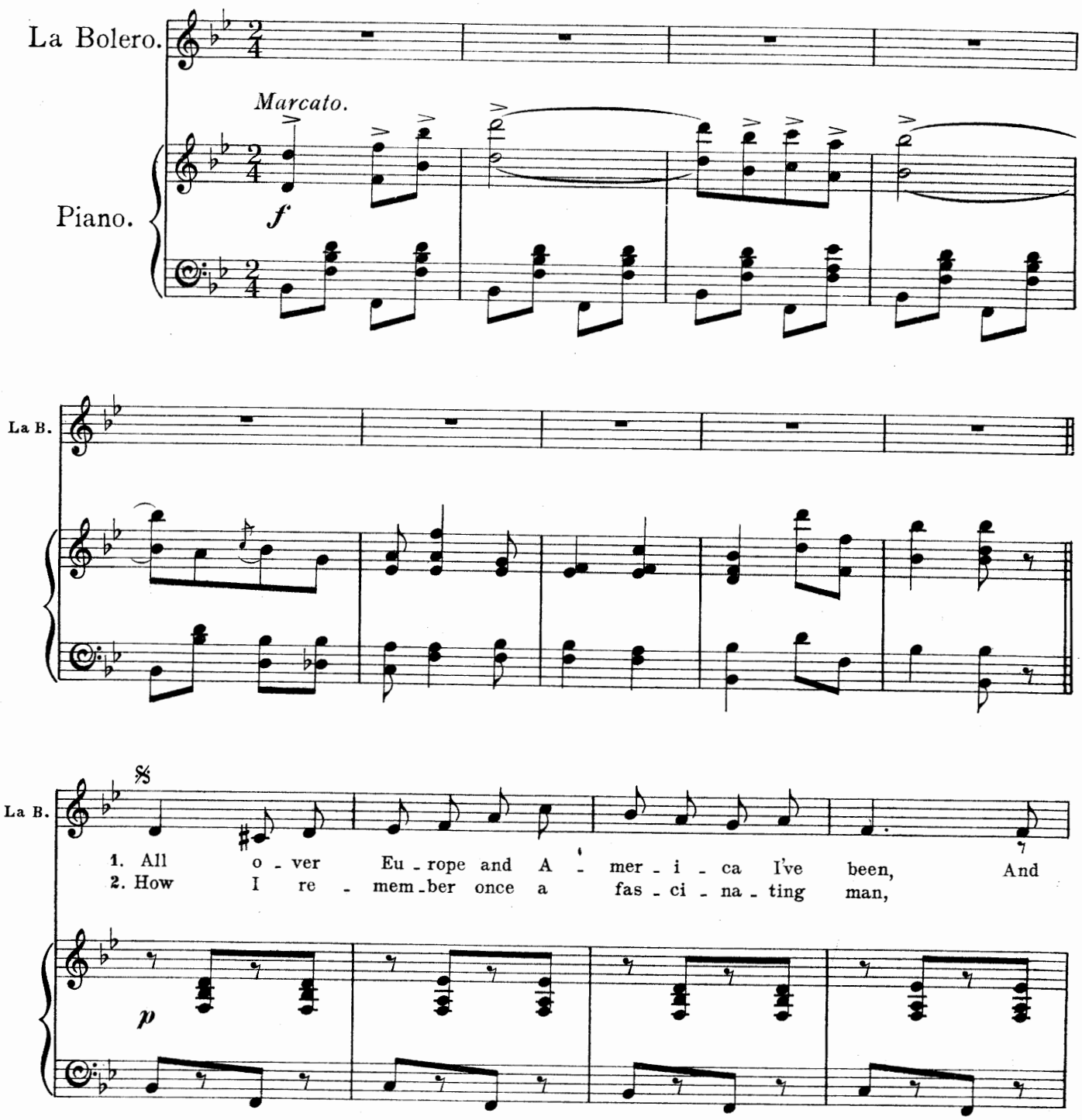
No. 16.

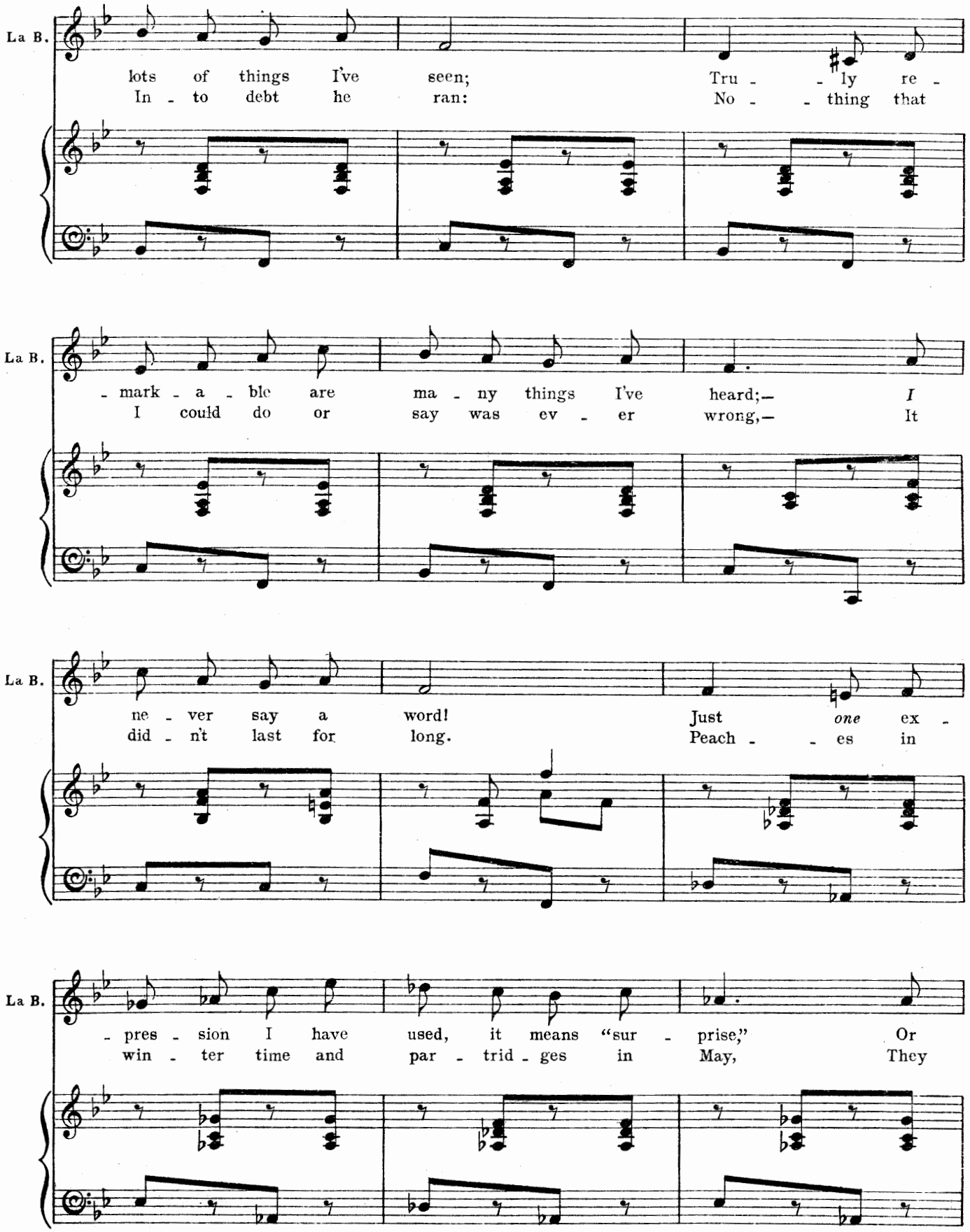
SONG. (La Bolero.)

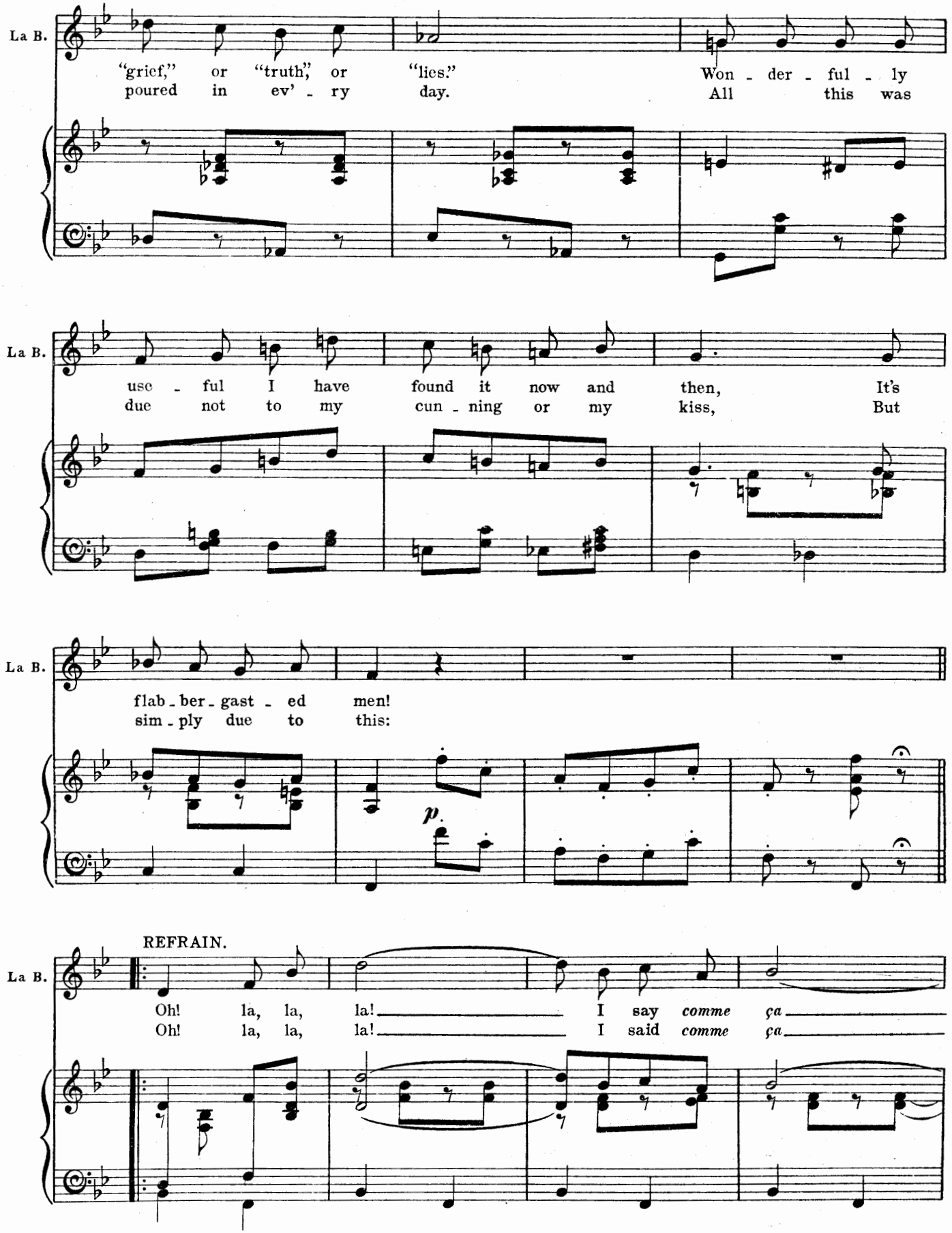
"OH! LA, LA, LA!"

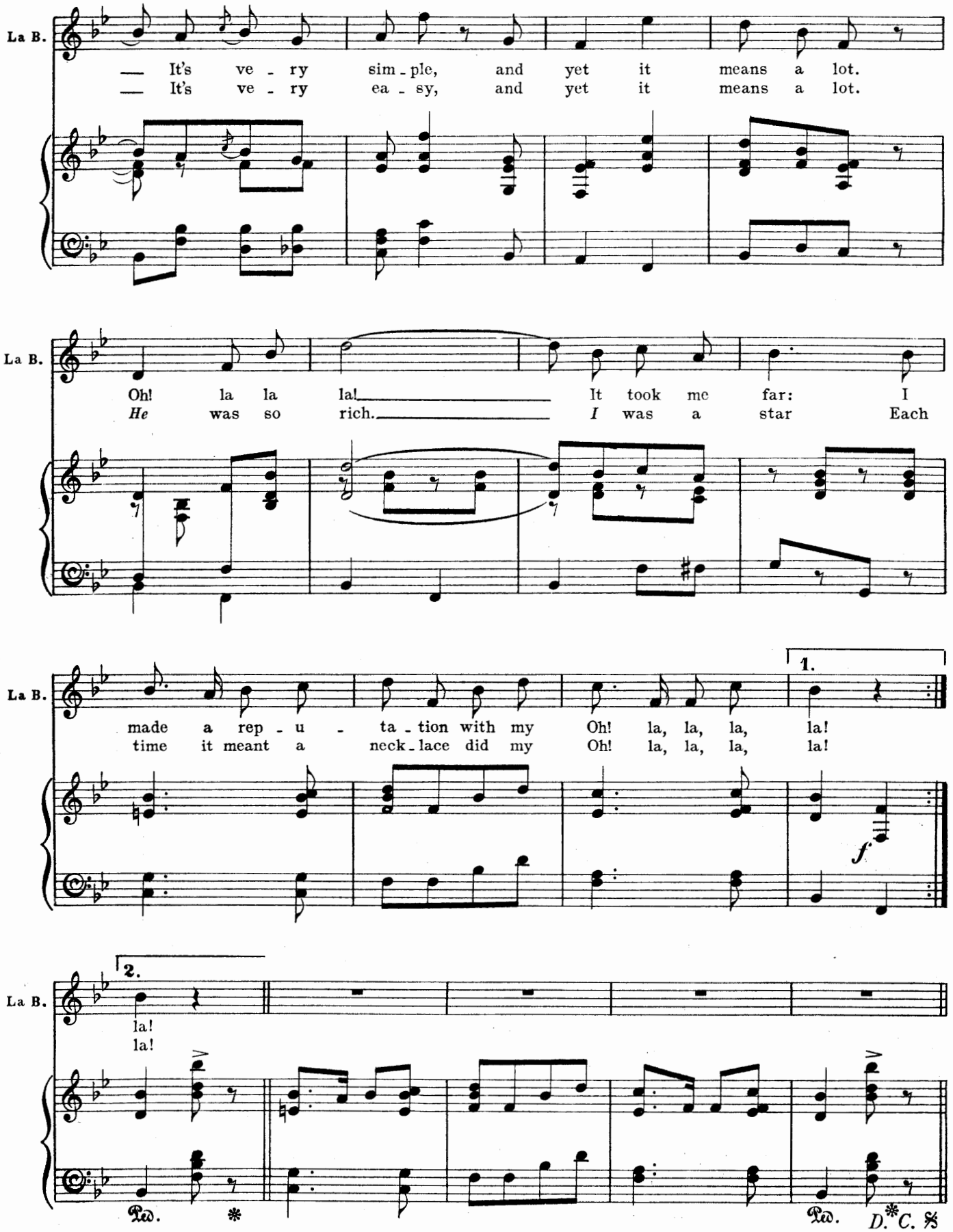
Words and Music by

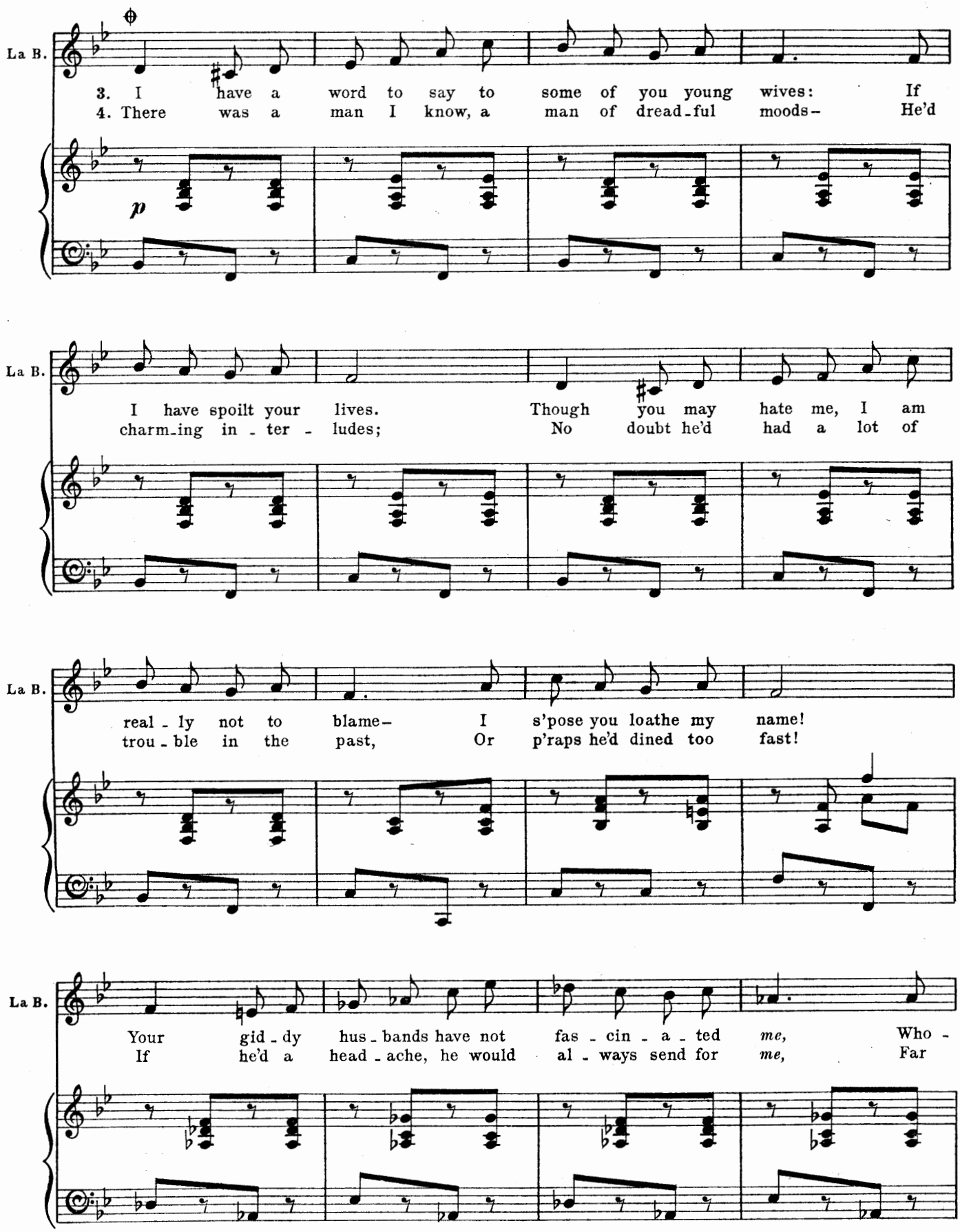
PAUL A. RUBENS.

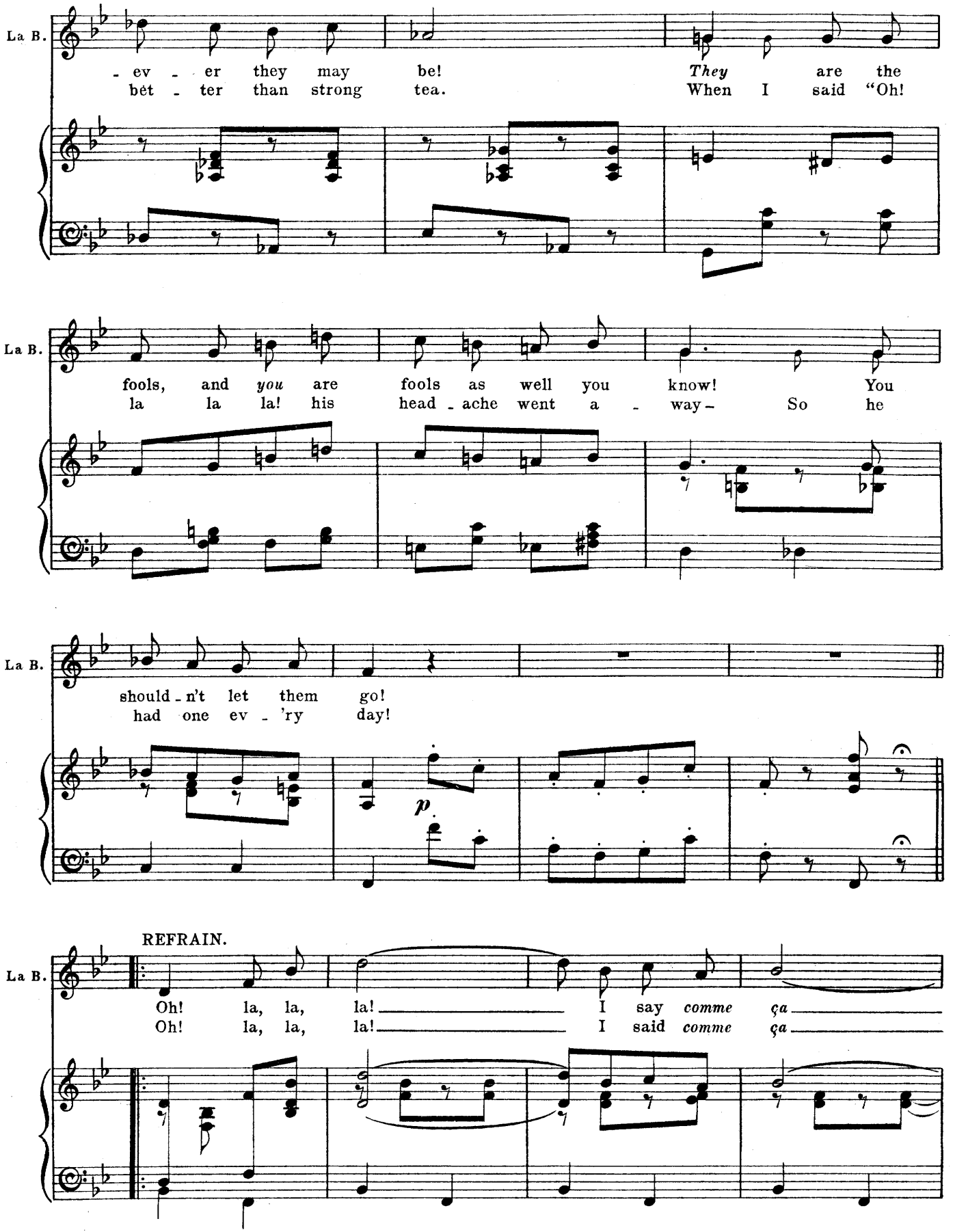


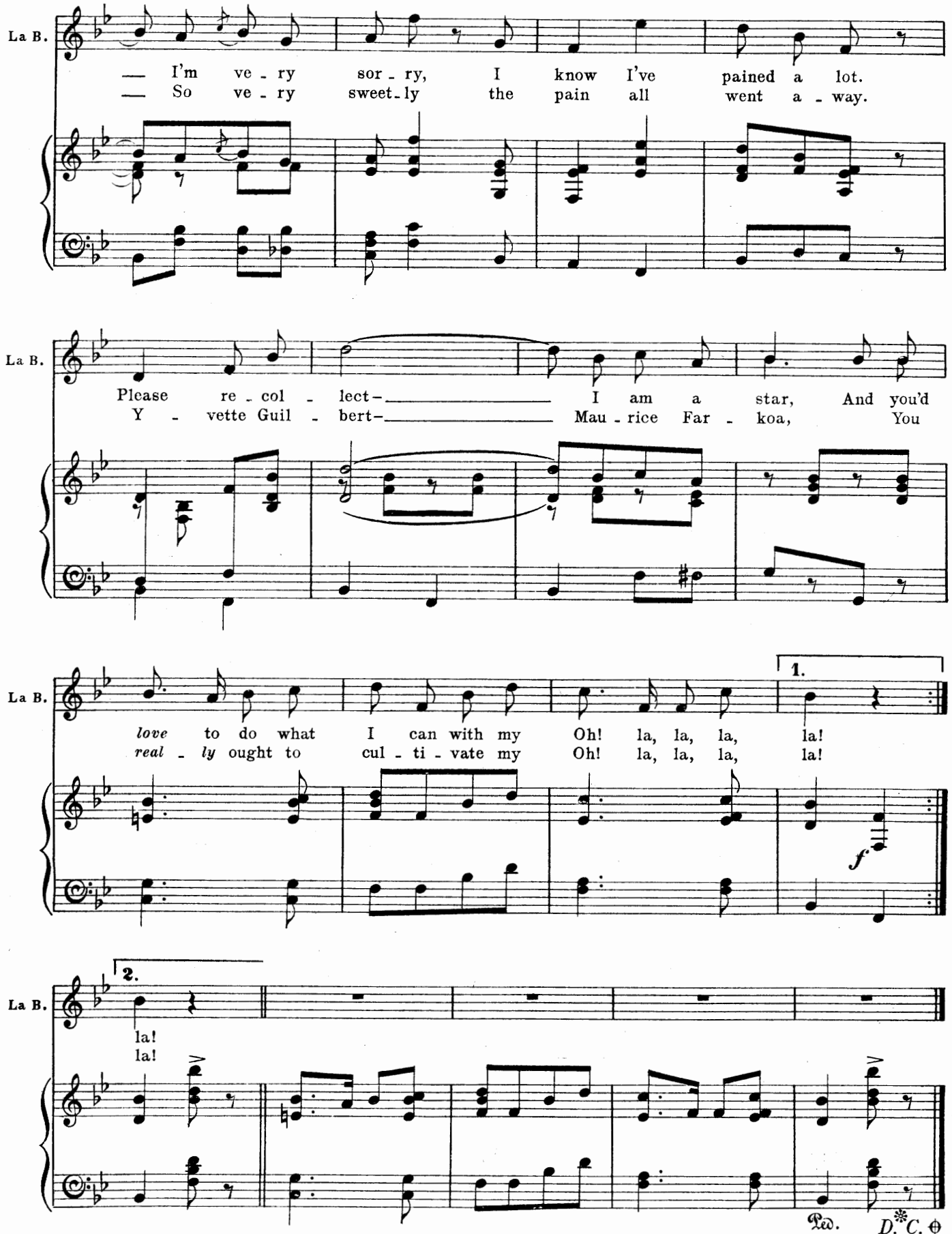

La B.
lots of things I've seen; Tru - - ly re -
In - to debt he ran: No - - thing that
La B.
- mark - a - ble are ma - ny things I've heard;— I
I could do or say was ev - er wrong,— It
La B.
ne - ver say a word! Just one ex -
did - n't last for long. Peach - - es in
La B.
- pres - sion I have used, it means "sur - prise," Or
win - ter time and par - trid - ges in May, They


La B.
"grief," or "truth," or "lies." Won - der - ful - ly
poured in ev' - ry day. All this was
La B.
use - ful I have found it now and then, It's
due not to my cun - ning or my kiss, But
La B.
flab - ber - gast - ed men!
sim - ply due to this:
p.
REFRAIN.
La B.
Oh! la, la, la! I say comme ça
Oh! la, la, la! I said comme ça


La B.
— It's ve - ry sim - ple, and yet it means a lot.
— It's ve - ry ea - sy, and yet it means a lot.
La B.
Oh! la la la! It took me far: I
He was so rich. I was a star Each
La B.
made a rep - u - ta - tion with my Oh! la, la, la, la!
time it meant a neck - lace did my Oh! la, la, la, la!
1.
f
La B.
2.
la!
la!
Ped. *
Ped. D.* C. %


La B.
3. I have a word to say to some of you young wives: If
4. There was a man I know, a man of dread-ful moods- He'd
p
La B.
I have spoilt your lives. Though you may hate me, I am
charm-ing in-ter-ludes; No doubt he'd had a lot of
La B.
real-ly not to blame- I s'pose you loathe my name!
trou-ble in the past, Or p'raps he'd dined too fast!
La B.
Your gid-dy hus-bands have not fas-cin-a-ted me, Who-
If he'd a head-ache, he would al-ways send for me, Far


La B.
- ev - er they may be! They are the
bet - ter than strong tea. When I said "Oh!
La B.
fools, and you are fools as well you know! You
la la la! his head - ache went a - way - So he
La B.
should - n't let them go!
had one ev - 'ry day!
p
REFRAIN.
La B.
Oh! la, la, la! I say comme ça
Oh! la, la, la! I said comme ça

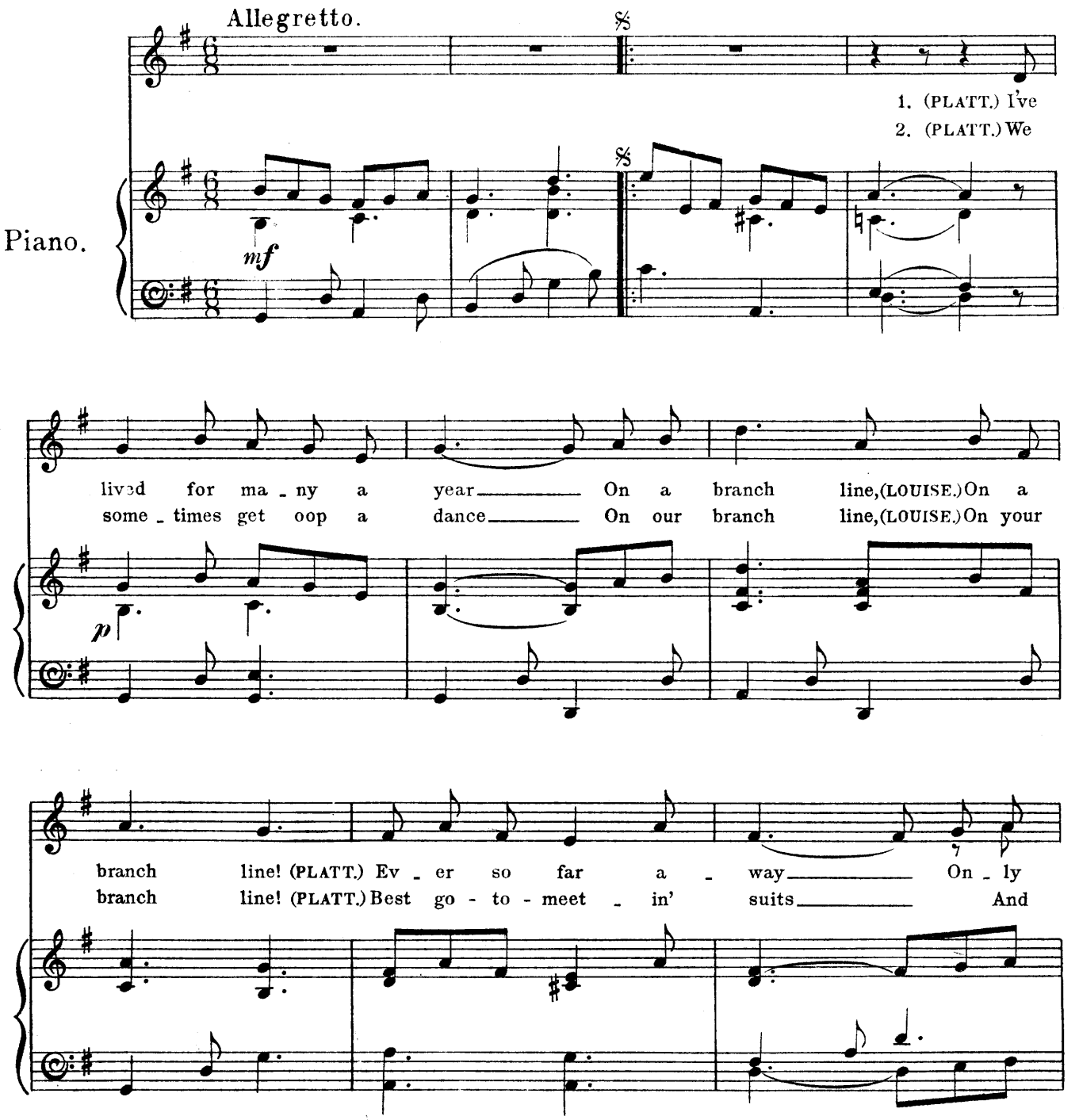

La B.
— I'm ve - ry sor - ry, I know I've pained a lot.
— So ve - ry sweet - ly the pain all went a - way.
La B.
Please re - col - lect— I am a star, And you'd
Y - vette Guil - bert— Mau - rice Far - koa, You
La B.
love to do what I can with my Oh! la, la, la, la!
real - ly ought to cul - ti - vate my Oh! la, la, la, la!
1.
f
La B.
2.
la!
la!
Ped. D.* C. ⊕

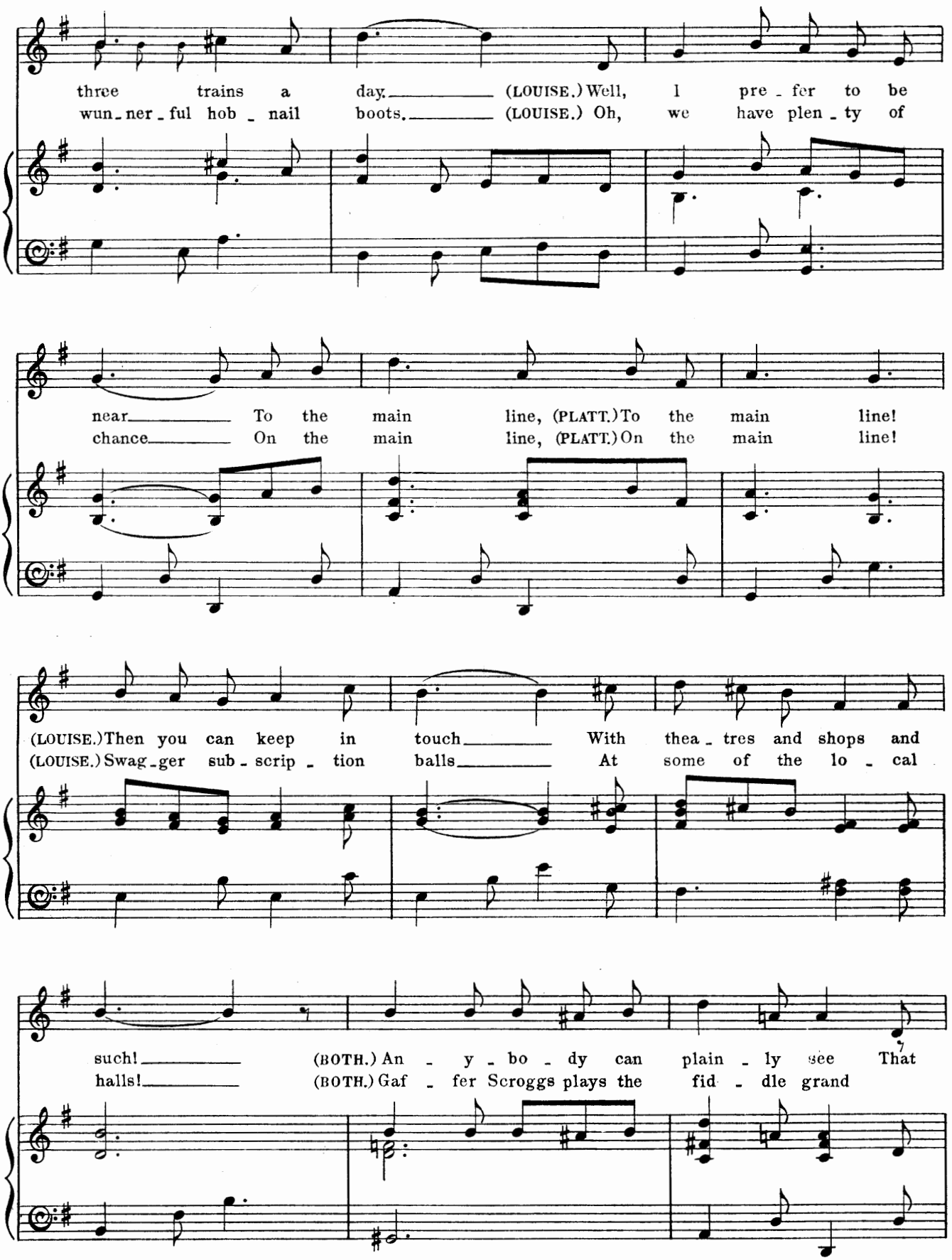
END OF OPERA.

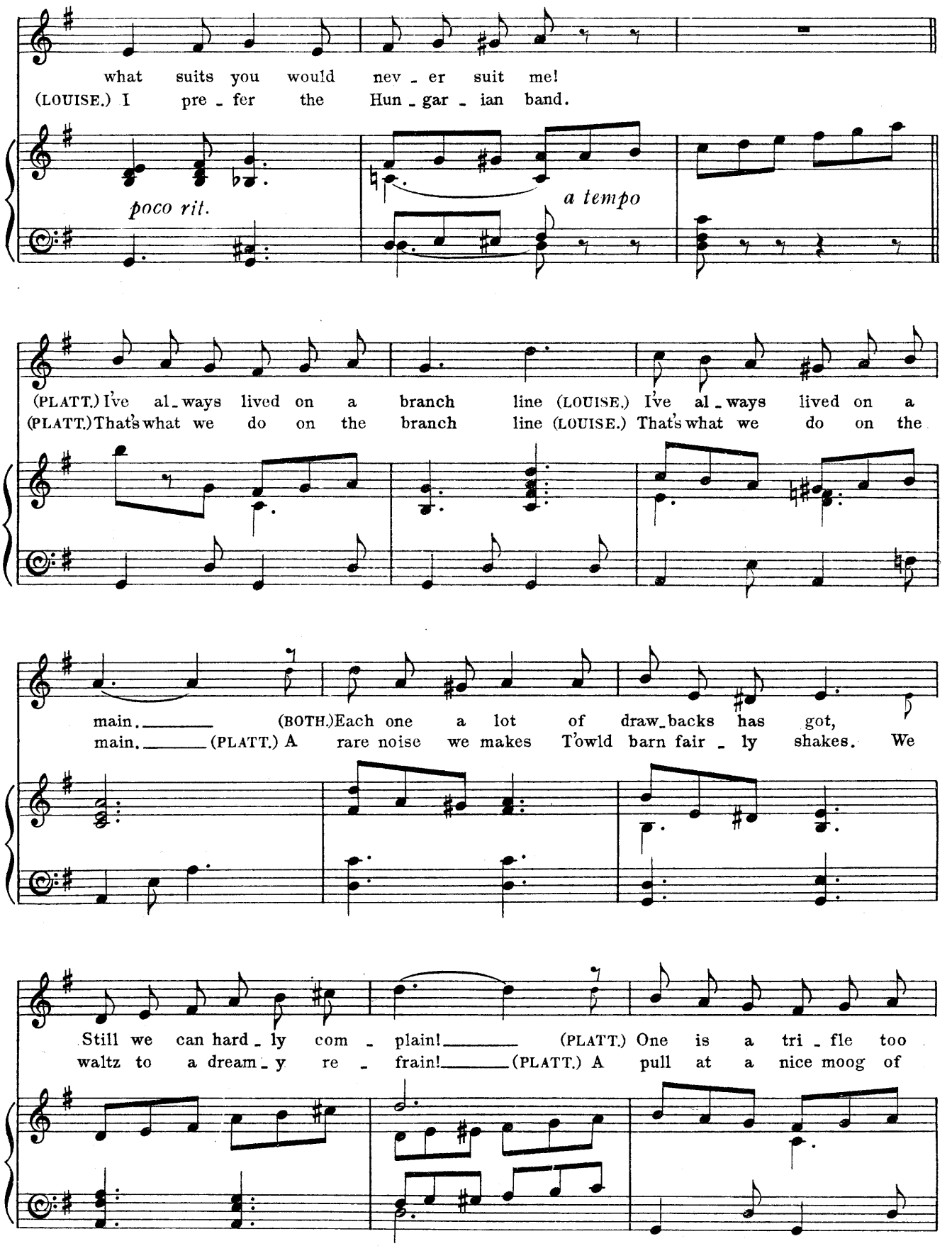
DUET. (Platt and Louise.)

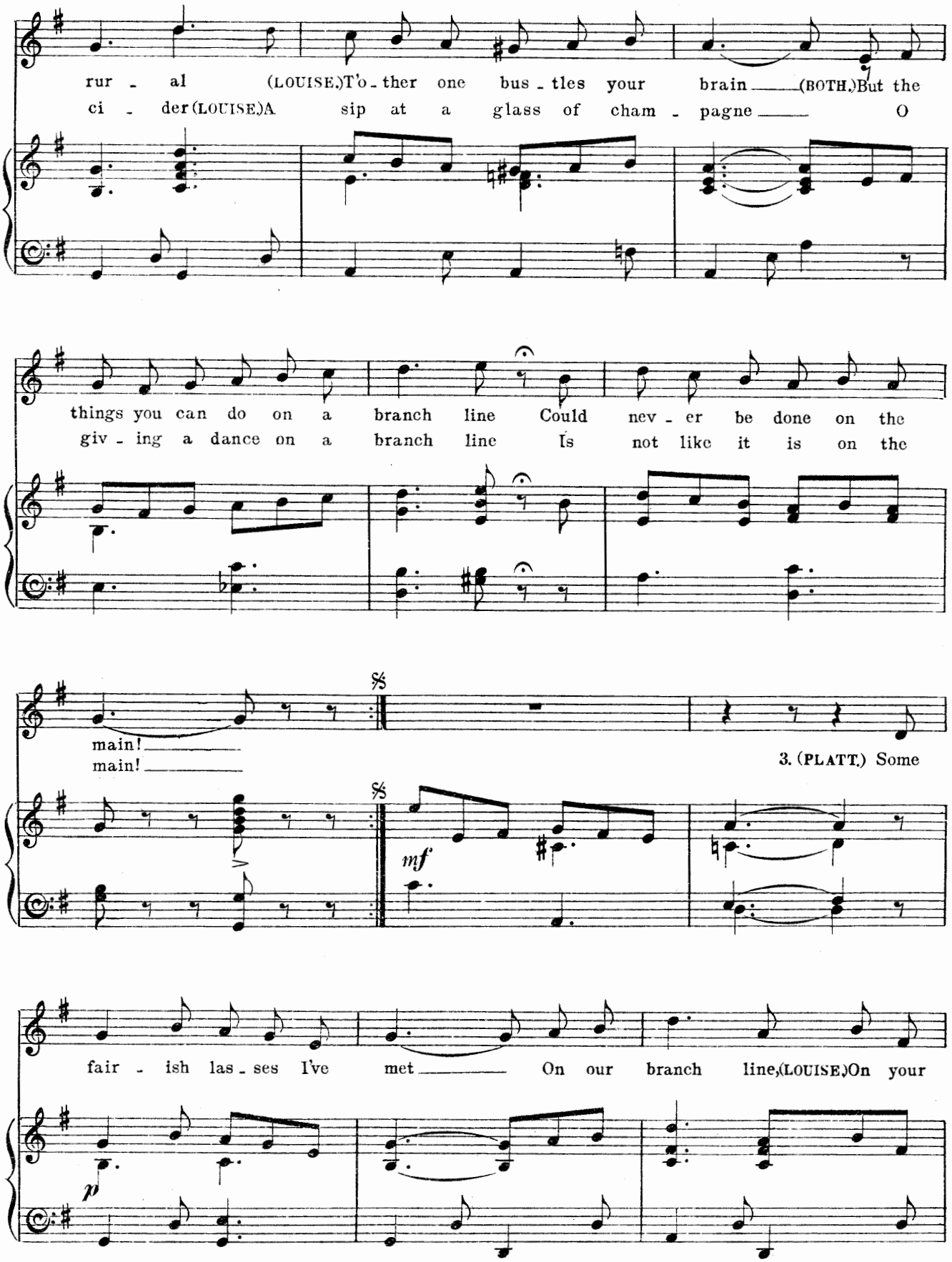
"THE BRANCH LINE, AND THE MAIN LINE."

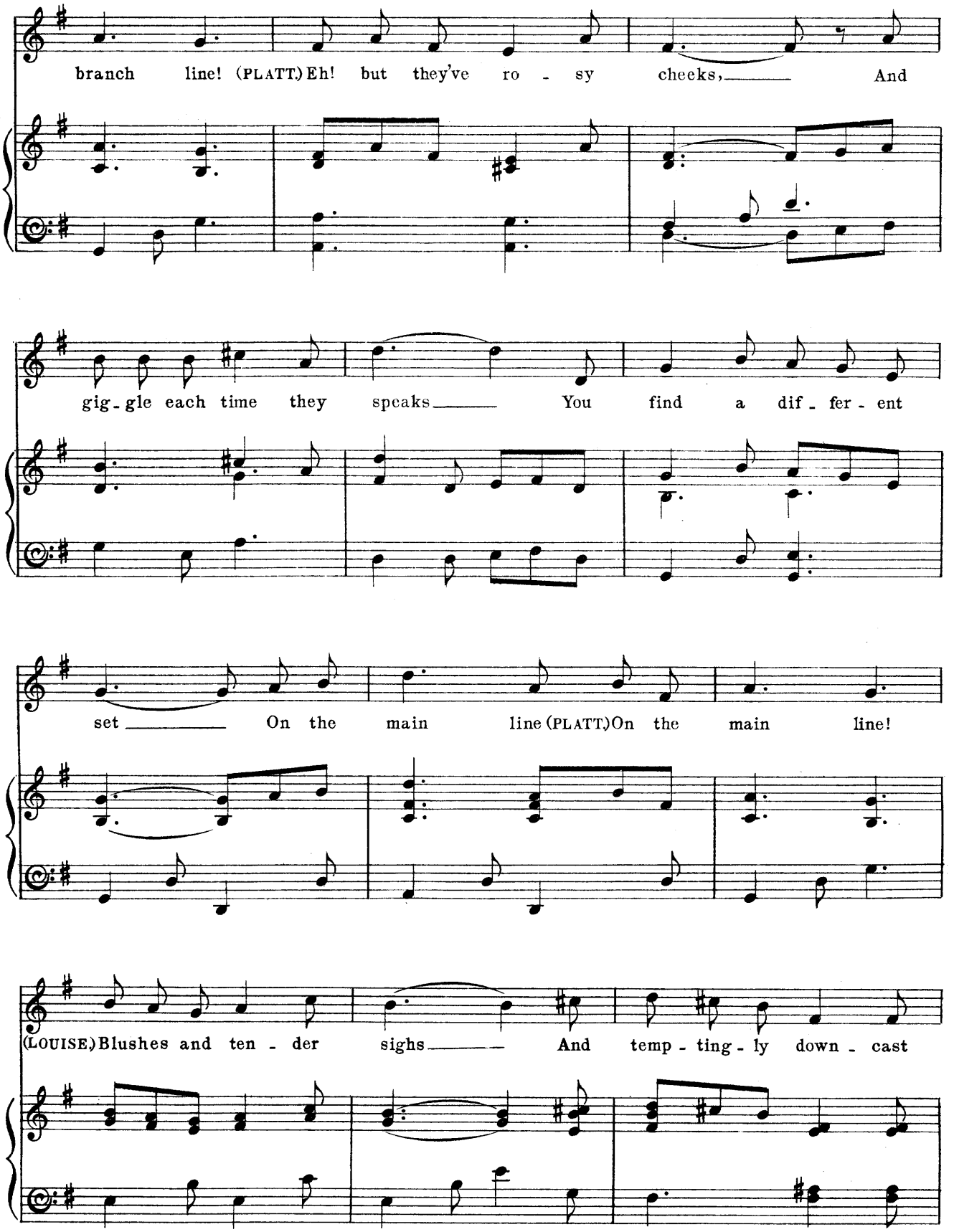
Words and Music by PAUL A. RUBENS.

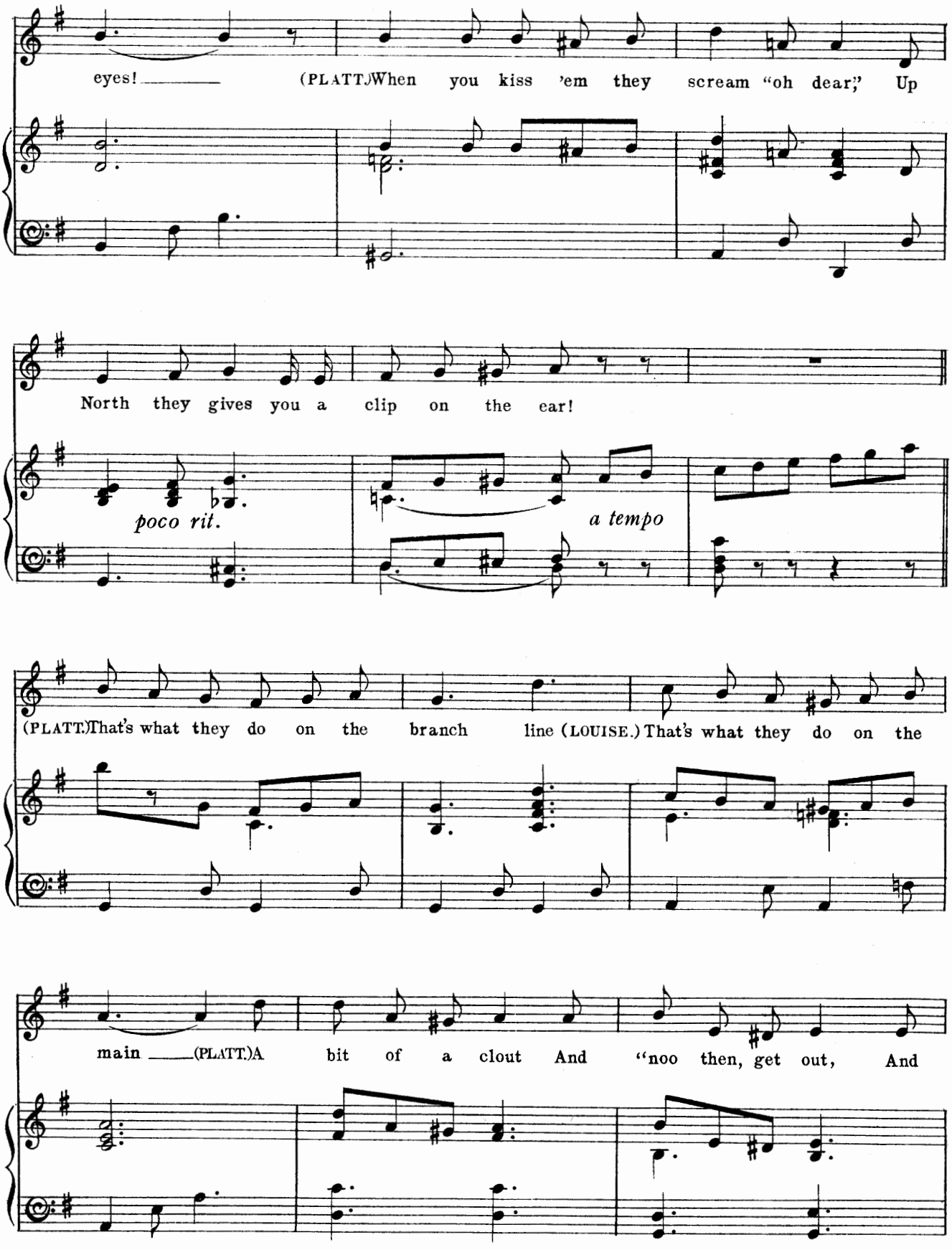


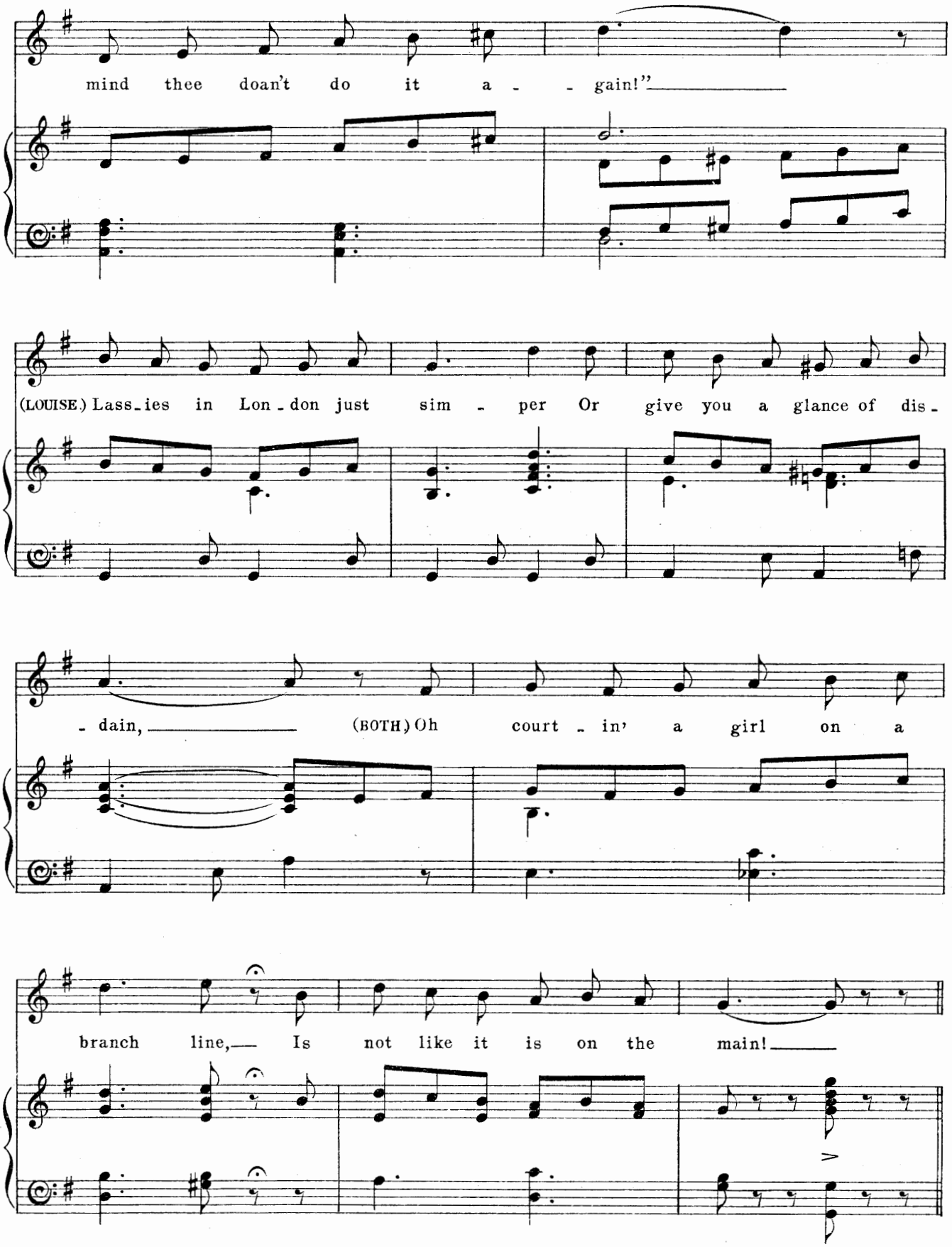

three trains a day. (LOUISE.) Well, I pre - fer to be
wun - ner - ful hob - nail boots. (LOUISE.) Oh, we have plen - ty of
near To the main line, (PLATT.) To the main line!
chance On the main line, (PLATT.) On the main line!
(LOUISE.) Then you can keep in touch With thea - tres and shops and
(LOUISE.) Swag - ger sub - scrip - tion balls At some of the lo - cal
such! (BOTH.) An - y - bo - dy can plain - ly see That
halls! (BOTH.) Gaf - fer Scroggs plays the fid - dle grand


what suits you would nev - er suit me!
(LOUISE.) I pre - fer the Hun - gar - ian band.
poco rit.
a tempo
(PLATT.) I've al - ways lived on a branch line (LOUISE.) I've al - ways lived on a
(PLATT.) That's what we do on the branch line (LOUISE.) That's what we do on the
main. (BOTH.) Each one a lot of draw - backs has got,
main. (PLATT.) A rare noise we makes T'owld barn fair - ly shakes. We
Still we can hard - ly com - plain! (PLATT.) One is a tri - fle too
waltz to a dream - y re - frain! (PLATT.) A pull at a nice moog of

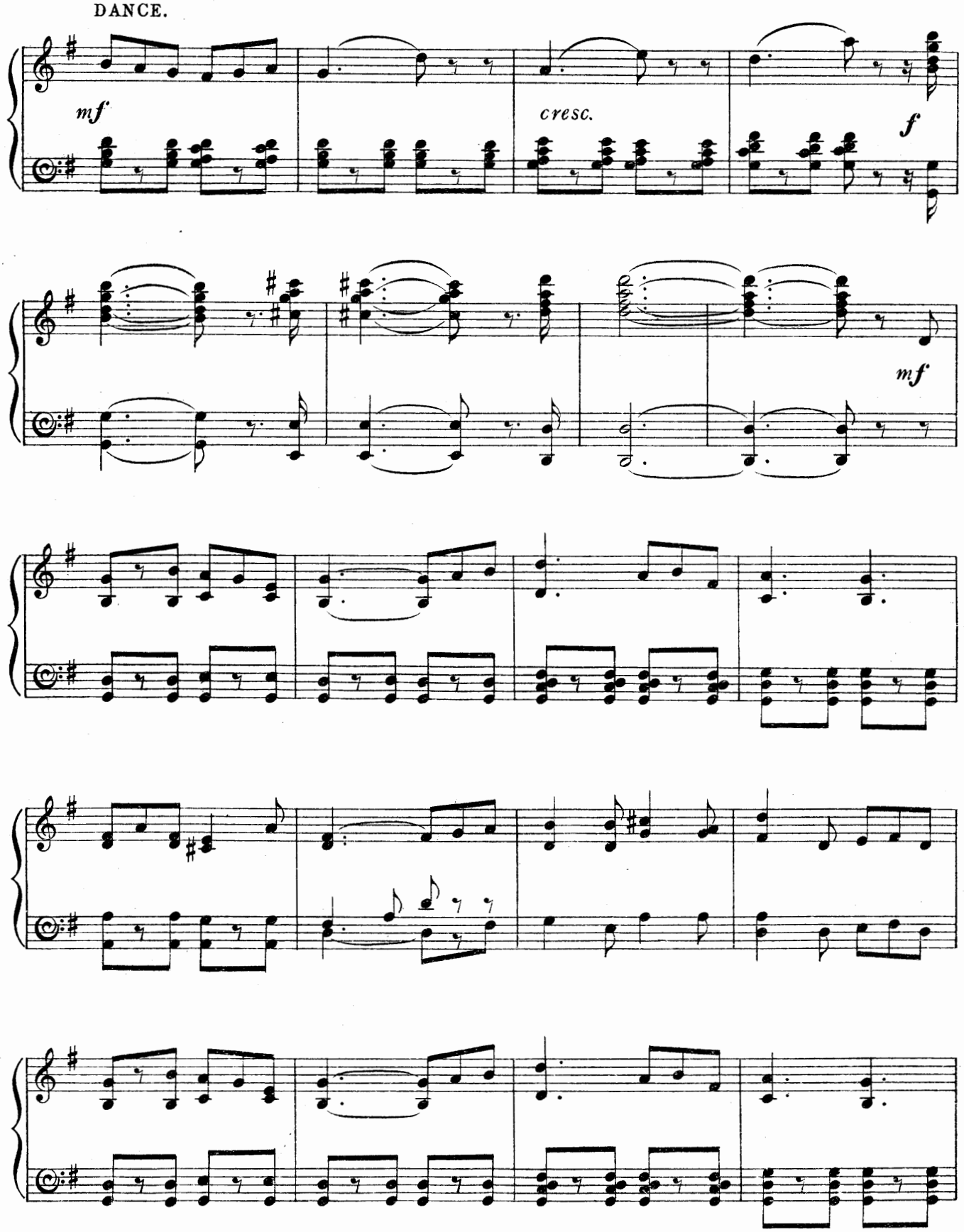

rur - al (LOUISE.)T'o - ther one bus - tles your brain (BOTH.)But the
ci - der (LOUISE.)A sip at a glass of cham - pagne O
things you can do on a branch line Could nev - er be done on the
giv - ing a dance on a branch line Is not like it is on the
main!
main!
3. (PLATT.) Some
mf
fair - ish las - ses I've met On our branch line,(LOUISE.)On your
p

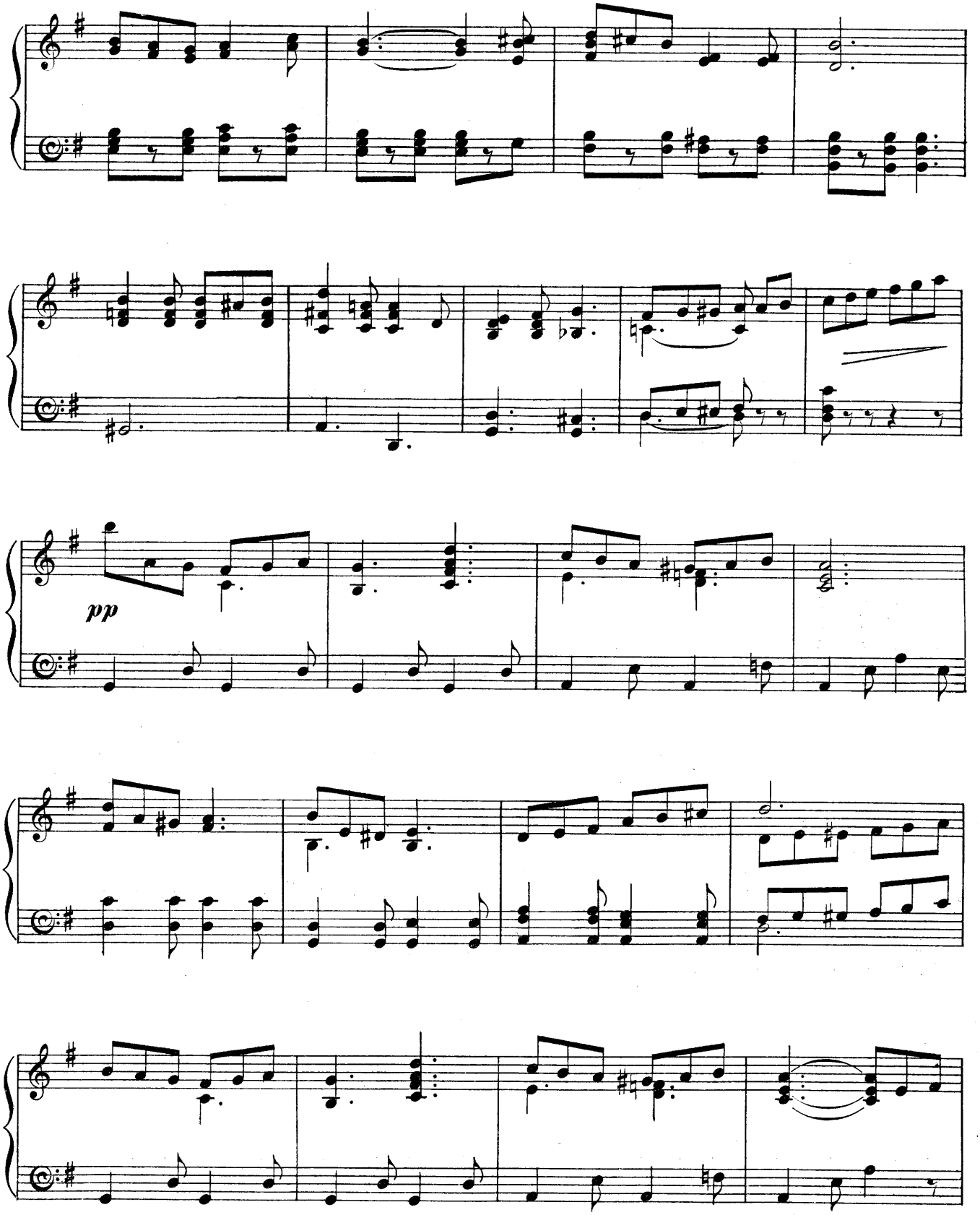

branch line! (PLATT.) Eh! but they've ro - sy cheeks, And
gig - gle each time they speaks You find a dif - fer - ent
set On the main line (PLATT.) On the main line!
(LOUISE.) Blushes and ten - der sighs And temp - ting - ly down - cast


eyes! (PLATT.) When you kiss 'em they scream "oh dear," Up
North they gives you a clip on the ear!
poco rit.
a tempo
(PLATT.) That's what they do on the branch line (LOUISE.) That's what they do on the
main (PLATT.) A bit of a clout And "noo then, get out, And


mind thee doan't do it a - - gain!"
(LOUISE.) Lass-ies in Lon-don just sim - per Or give you a glance of dis-
- dain, (BOTH.) Oh court - in' a girl on a
branch line, Is not like it is on the main!

DANCE.

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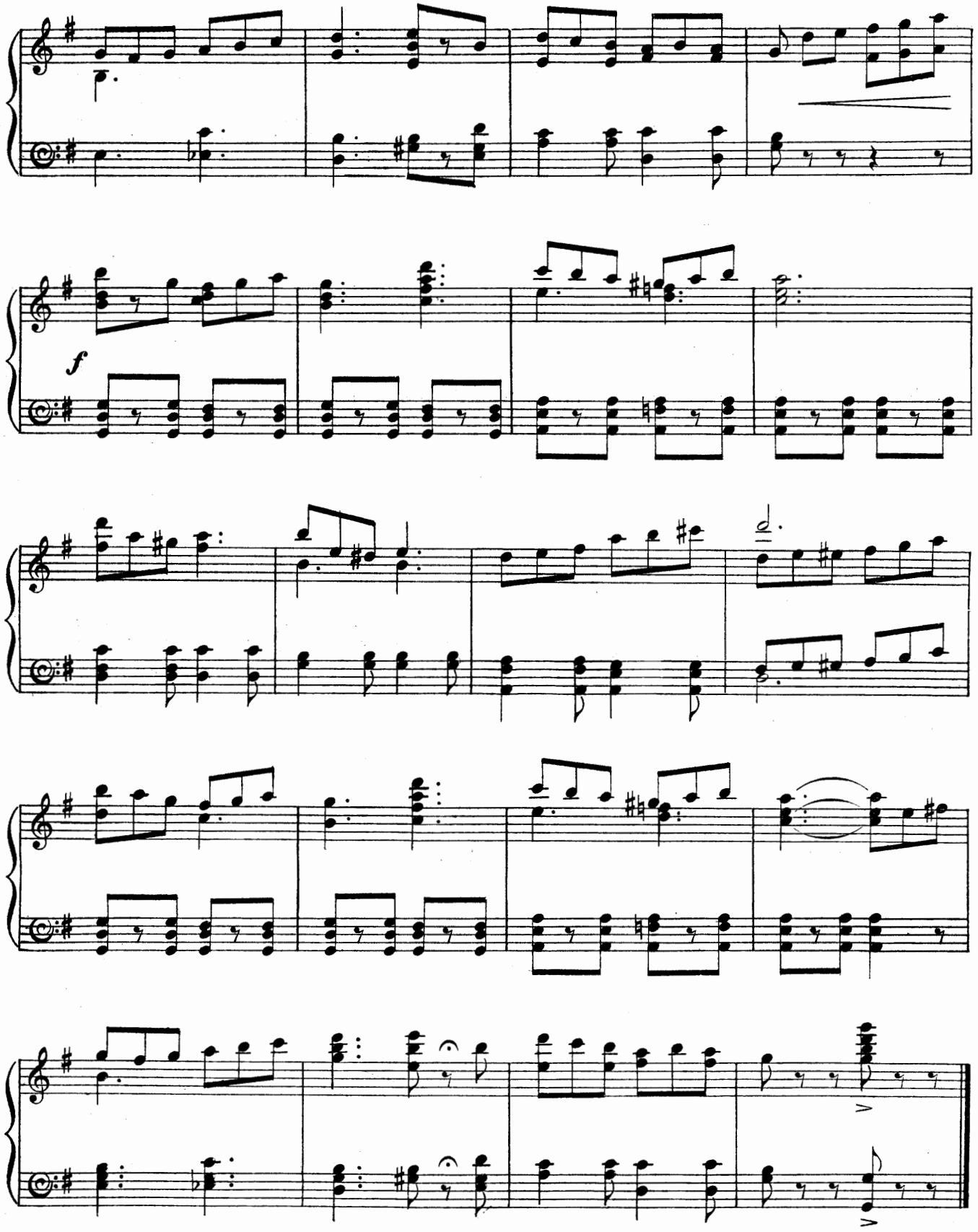
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