THE PROPERTY OF
THE NATIONAL OPERATIC & DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

CINEMA STAR
THE CINEMA STAR
A Musical Farcical Comedy
IN THREE ACTS.

BY

GEORG OKONKOWSKI AND JULIUS FREUND.

English Version by

JACK HULBERT.

Lyrics by

HARRY GRAHAM.

MUSIC BY

JEAN GILBERT.

VOCAL SCORE (Complete) - - PRICE 10/- NET

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Applications to perform this Opera must be addressed to
MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE, SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.

SYDNEY.
PRINTED IN ENGLAND.
Produced by Mr. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE.

THE CINEMA STAR

Dramatis Personae.

Josiah Clutterbuck (An Eminent Moralist) .... Mr. LAURI DE FRECE
Victor de Brett (A Film Actor) .... Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN
Billy (Stage Manager of Film Company) .... Mr. JACk HULBERT
Lord Clarence Wentworth .... Mr. H. V. TOLLEMACHE
Freddy (An Old Actor) .... Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD
Crock (His Friend) .... Mr. GEORGE THOR
Constable .... Mr. AMBROSE MANNING
Cabby and Old Flower Woman .... Mr. GEORGE ELTON
Head Waiter and Dr. Punnett .... Mr. SEBASTIAN SMITH
Mr. Phipps .... Mr. EDGAR STANMORE
Mr. Curwen (Guests) .... Mr. GUY BUCKLAND
Louise ("The Film Princess") .... Miss DOROTHY WARD
Cissie (Film Actresses) .... Miss FAY COMPTON
Maud (Guests) .... Miss EVELEEN FLORENCE
Miss Emden .... Miss VIOLET BLYTHE
Miss Harrod .... Miss MOLLIE HANBURY
Miss Gibbs (Guests) .... Miss LILIAN GILBERT
Miss Chalmers .... Miss GWEN HUGHES
Mrs. Clutterbuck .... Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN
Phyllis (Her Daughter) .... Miss CICELY COURTNEIDGE

Dances arranged by Espinosa.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.—Ritzroy Hotel, London .... R. C. McCleery
ACT II.—Belvedere, Hampstead .... R. C. McCleery
ACT III.—Outside "The Cinema" .... CONRAD TRITSCHLER

Musical Director: Mr. ARTHUR WOOD
THE CINEMA STAR

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Vocal Score.
THE CINEMA STAR.

Act I.

No 1.

OPENING CHORUS & SONG – (Mrs Clutterbuck & Mr Phipps.)

"MONEY TALKS."

Words by
HARRY GILMOR.

Music by
JEAN GILBERT.

Maestoso con moto. (Grandioso.)

Piano.

Con f.3.

(Curtain.)

Allegro.


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25865
Tempo I.

SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS.

We've come as friends or near relations
To offer our felicitations!

TENORS.

We've come as friends or near relations
To offer our felicitations!

BASSES

We've come as friends or near relations
To offer our felicitations!

Tempo I.

- ta - tions! The luck - y man we long to see!
And

- ta - tions! The luck - y, man we long to see!
And

- ta - tions! The luck - y man! Luck - y man to see!

25865
cho.

cheer the happy bride to be!

To

And cheer the happy bride to be! To

cho.

dinner we have been invited; And, naturally, we are de-
dinner we have been invited; And, naturally, we are de-
dinner we have been invited; And, naturally, we are de-

cho.

molto express.

Several Sopranos.

- lighted; But still more happy we should feel If
- lighted; But still more happy we should feel If
- lighted; But still more happy we should feel If

25885
they would only serve the meal.

they would only serve the meal.

they would only serve the meal.

Moderato.

long for our host and his daughter we've waited!

Several Baritones.

We've really good reason to

Moderato.

Several Tenors.

Betrothal announcements are all very fine!

Several Basses.

feel irritated!
Several Contraltos.

We strive to conceal our im-

while, when on earth are we going to dine?

Several Sopranos.

patient demeanour! Each moment our hunger grows keener and keener!

Tenors.

The

Sopranos.

Oh, why aren't they here?

principal parties have failed to appear!

Oh,
Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Why aren't they here? No news we hear! It's sample, that's perfectly clear! No news we hear!

truly queer! The fiancé's flown, we fear!

It's truly queer! The fiancé's flown, we fear!
Allegro.

Allegro.

Good friends, my news is far from pleasant!

Tenors.

How very

The groom-elect is not yet

How very rum!

She's looking glum!

Ten.

rum!

She's looking glum!

MSS C.

present

He hasn't come!

SOP.

He hasn't come!

ALTO.

SOP.

He hasn't come!

ALTO.

25865
Mrs. C.  
My husband's very aggravating,  
For he's still missing, I declare!  
He thinks that he can keep folks waiting,  
Since he's a multimillionaire!

Moderato.

Mrs. C.  
Millionaire!  
Millionaire!  
Millionaire!  

CHO.  
Millionaire!  
Millionaire!  
Millionaire!  

25865
Più mosso.

millionaire need ever care What people say or think! His

fellow-men forgive him when They hear his money think! He

may be gruff, uncouth, and rough, Or surely as a bear! His

ritard.
amano. rude, are kindly viewed, If he's a millionaire! How-

ritard.
a tempo
ever dumb, he may become upon his daily walks. His

every cent is eloquent; You know how money talks! Money

Tempo di Polka.

talks! Money talks! With an accent cold and clear, 'Tis the

kind of conversation Never needs interpretation Money
talks! Money talks!
It appeals to every ear
For the language cold
Of notes and gold
Both young and old can hear.
That a groom-elect should thus neglect
His charming bride to be
Seems somewhat queer!
I greatly fear
A faithless swain is he!
She's
worth, I'm told, her weight in gold And very far from plain, A

financé who stays away Must surely be insane Such

wealth has she in L.s.d. To millions it amounts, One

must suppose the bride-groom knows How greatly money counts Money
Tempo di Polka.

Money counts! What a pow'r it can bestow! 'Tis a

course of consolation! 'Tis a font of inspiration! Money

counts! Money counts! In this weary world below

Where

love is sold and hearts controlled By notes and gold, we
ALL.

know! Mon-ey counts! Mon-ey counts!

SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOS.

Mon-ey counts! Mon-ey counts! What a pow'r it can be-

CHO.

Mon-ey counts! Mon-ey counts! What a pow'r it can be-

BASSES.

Mon-ey counts! Mon-ey counts! What a pow'r it can be-

ALL.

'Tis a source of con-so-la-tion Tis a fount of in-spi-

stow!

CHO.

stow!

stow!

25865
ALL.  
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Tempo di Polka.

SOPRANOS & CONTRALTOs.

Money talks! Money talks! With an accent cold and clear!

TENORS.

Money talks! Money talks! With an accent cold and

BASSES.

Money talks! Money talks! With an accent cold and

Tempo di Polka.

Piano.

Tis the kind of conversation Never needs interpretation

CHO.

Tis the kind of conversation Never needs interpretation

Tis the kind of conversation Never needs interpretation
Money talks! Money talks! It appeals to every ear!

For the language bold of notes and gold Both young and old can hear.
ENTRANCE OF BILLY.

Moderato assai.

Piano.

BILLY (stuttering)

-pup - pup-pup-pup - pup-pup-pup-pup-per-don if I stutter-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-

Meno mosso.

BILLY.
on the stage I'd surely earn
My bread and bub-
butter, If only I could lul-lul-learn
To
cure my stut-tut-tut-ter! As Hamlet I would ri-val
Tree, I'd mouth and mum-mum-mutter: "To
Billy.

be or not to bub-bub-bel'" Till I be-

Billy.

-gan to stut-tut-tut-tut-
tut-tut-tut-ter! If

Billy.

Mosso.

I could cure my stam-mer-ing, What crowds would all come

clam-or-ing! I'd fill both pit and gal-ler-y, And
(Spoken) In Dramas by Pinero!

Tempo di Galop.

"Charley's Aunt" The parts I knew that I could do are "Romeo" and

 Tempo I.

It-it-it's real-ly much too bub-bub-bad! It

scarc-ly drives me mum-mum-mad! But you know all the words I would ut-ter, So

No. 3.

DUET. - (Phyllis and Victor) and CHORUS.

"LOVE'S DREAM."

Voices. Moderato.

Piano.

VICTOR. I. There's no occasion for alarm! Most luckily we are placed! You reason now have I for fear, With you at my side, I vow!

I cannot come to any harm, With my arm around your waist! For feel quite safe when you are near, There is naught can harm me now! 'Twas
us to be stuck Up here in the dark is pret-ty good luck And rather a lark! This
clev-er-ly planned By Fate, I con-fess! Since you are at hand To calm my dis-tress! The

(tete-a-tete) at a-ny rate, Was cer-tain-ly ar-ranged by fate! (Thylis.)
hour is late, but we must wait! Ah, sure-ly 'twas ar-ranged by fate! (Victor.) This

This hour is late! But we must wait! This sure-ly was ar-ranged by Fate! (Victor.) Then
tete-a-tete I'm bound to state, Was clev-er-ly ar-ranged by Fate! Then

Tempo di Valse-lento.
close your eyes And lean on my breast, For Fate is wise, And
close your eyes And lean on my breast! For Fate is wise And
knows what is best! Ah, slumber sweetly and have no fear; Perchance, you'll
knows what is best! Ah, slumber sweetly, and have no fear; Perchance, you'll

dream your lover is near! (Phyllis) To close my eyes And lean on your breast, Would
dream your lover is near! (Phyllis) I'll close my eyes And lean on your breast, For

not be wise I frankly protest! (Victor) Ah, trust in fate, as I sug-
Fate is wise And knows what is best! (Phyllis) I'll slumber sweetly and feel no

PHYLLIS.

più lento

And leave you to do all the rest!

VICTOR.

più lento

And dream that my lover is near!

And leave me to do all the rest!
And dream that your lover is near!

D.C.
Why are all the lights still out?

What is everyone about? This is...
really much too bad! Such a fright I’ve

sel-dom had! Have you heard what’s oc-curred? ’Pon my word, It’s ab-

-surd! In the dark to be wait-ing, is most ag-gra-vat-ing!

-surd! Have you heard what’s oc-curr’d?
All in vain we ring the bell! Where's the staff of this hotel? Not a light is to be had! They've all gone mad! This is too bad! The lights are on!

All in vain we ring the bell! Where's the staff of this hotel? Not a light is to be had! They've all gone mad! This is too bad! The lights are on!

(Spoken)

All in vain we ring the bell! Where's the staff of this hotel? Not a light is to be had! They've all gone mad! This is too bad! The lights are on!

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All in vain we ring the bell! Where's the staff of this hotel? Not a light is to be had! They've all gone mad! This is too bad! The lights are on!
on! the lights are on!
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the lights are on!
the lights are on!

Tempo di Valse lento.
PHYLIS.

I'll close my eyes and

PHYL.

lean on your breast, For Love is wise and knows what is best! In

PHYL.

slumber sweet I'll have no fear, But dream that my lover is—
Tempo di Valse.

How shocking! How shocking!

Tempo di Valse.

shocking! What do we see? How shocking! How shocking!

shocking! What do we see? How shocking! How shocking!

Do you see? Shocking! Shocking! Guilty
Dreadful affair! What a scandalous affair!

Pair! Guilty pair! Guilty pair! Shocking! Shocking!

Shocking! Shocking! Shocking! Shocking! Shocking affair!

Shocking! Shocking! Shocking! Shocking! Shocking affair!

Shocking! Shocking! Shocking! Shocking affair!

Shocking! Shocking affair!
DUET—(Phyllis and Victor.)

"SIDE-SLIPS!"

Tempo di Valse, Vivo.

Victor.

Piano.

1. Life is oft a
2. Woman sometimes

dull and dreary round! 'Tis so, I know!
proves a faithless wife! Ah woe is me!

PHYLLIS.
All mankind is by conventions bound! I know, 'tis
Husbands often lead a double life! 'Tis so, I

Harsh are the world's decrees
Yet if they're wise no doubt

Gossips we must appease
Neither need find it out

Spying, All conventions defying,
Gaily, She'll be false to him daily,
BOTH.

We are free to do what-e'er we please. We please
Each will flirt when to-thers not a-bout! No doubt.

REFRAIN.

f \textit{molto rit.} \quad \textit{p a tempo}

'Tis then that we slip, slip, slip, slip, slip! Any one may stumble

BOTH.

Thus We sel-dom fail But life would pall

BOTH.

If we nev-er tripped at all! Then
we let things rip, rip, rip, rip, rip, rip, Puritans might fame and

fuss But we don't care If no one's there!

What does it matter to us?

DANCE.

We
Seldom fall, but life would pall if we never tripped at all!

What does it matter to us?
No. 5.

SONG.—(Louise.)

"THE PICTURE-PALACE QUEEN"

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

Louise.  

I'm known to all Society! On films of great variety Each Picture Palace features me; My name on all their bills you see! If my position's glorious The life is most laborious, For
Lento.

Maestoso con moto.

I appear on ev'ry screen The famous Picture Palace Queen. In

Allegretto grazioso.

many a garb I masquerade As

smart Princess or beggarmaid; As

Roman Empress I'm a draw, I'm charming as an Indian Squaw; On
ev'ry film, in ev'ry part, I win the public's heart.

Piu Moderato.

horse-back, as the Sheriff's daughter, I save my Cowboy love from slaughter! With

burglar's on the roof I struggle! I haunt the caves Where smugglers smuggle! In

poco rit.

li - ons's den! my home I make, And Red-skinned burn me at the stake, Or
tie my hands behind my back And bind me to the rail-way track.

I swim for miles a-cross the o-cean,

Board a swift ex-press in mo-tion; Dai-ly prac-tice deep-sea div-ing, Try my hand at en-gine driv-ing, Hunt fe-ro-cious al-li-gators, Peer in-to vol-ca-noes’ cra-ters;
Do all sorts of daring deeds, And ride a-stride on bare-backed steeds. I'm

all by starts, And nothing long, And, luckily, my nerves are strong, For

when I sleep or when I waken A picture film of me is taken, And

every time I sigh or laugh It means another photograph! For,
sad or merr-y, well or ill, The camera pursues me still, Till ev'-ry sin-gle

thing I do is thus exposed to pub-lic view! I'm known to all so-ci-e-ty! Oa

films of great va-ri-e-ty! For I ap-pear on ev'-ry screen, The fa-mous Picture Pa-lace

Queen.
FINALE—ACT I.

Piano.

CLUTTERBuck. (to Phyllis)

-graduations! Now you've plight-ed your troth, What good luck is in
store for you both! I must confess I shall re-
-joice If the Princess Approves of your choice!

VICTOR (to Phylios)
I'm bound to

I feel quite delighted That by a happy stroke of
Molto moderato e grandioso.

SOPRANO & CONTRALTO.

Happy pair! May the sun shine ever o'er them!

TENORS.

Happy pair! May the sun shine ever o'er them!

BASSES.

Happy pair! May the sun shine ever o'er them!

Molto moderato e grandioso.

CHO.

Free from care, What a future is now before them!

CHO.

Free from care, What a future is now before them!

Free from care, What a future is now before them!
I find that in society, if you have lots of

oof,
The world displays anxiety.

To flock beneath your roof!
And Royalties

even seem delighted.
When to your
par-ties they're in- vi-ted;

They'll drink your wine

and if you ask them to dine, won't de-cline!

Mon-ey

counts! Mon-ey counts!

It's the next best thing to rank!

There's a

kind of charm a-bout it;

You should nev-er be with-out it!

Mon-ey
counts! Money counts! And the future's far from blank. For a plutocrat With a purse that's fat And a balance at the bank!

Soprano & Contralto:

A good fat balance at the bank!

Tenors:

A good fat balance at the bank!

Basses:

A good fat balance at the bank!
LOUISE.  

par - don me! I hope you won't be hard on me! You're more than welcome I pro -

Maestoso con furioso.

CLUT.

let,
A guest so sweet 'tis quite a treat For us to meet!

CHO.

A guest so sweet 'tis quite a treat For us to meet!

Allegro.

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me present, ma'am if I may My child who got engaged today! Your

kind attention let me draw To this, my future son-in-law.

L. Louise

\textit{a tempo}

\textit{a tempo}

She laughs!

She laughs!

She laughs!
CLUT.

What has occurred?

We're quite old friends!

Oh

CHO.

What has occurred?

How very queer!

CLUT.

dear! Oh dear!

They're quite old friends, it would appear

CHO.

They're quite old friends, how very

They're quite old friends, how very
tell me you're engaged to wed; A brilliant marriage so tis said;

Here

queer!

queer!

rank and riches aptly join, He's got the rank and I've the coin! To-day your

Lento.

Lento.

life begins anew! Ah, let me wisely counsel you! I hope you
will not think me cool, if I repeat life's golden rule:

Maestoso.

No-body knows what the future may bring; In vain do we puzzle and plan,

Andante.

Youth is but fleeting, And Time's on the wing; Live for to-day while you can!
Più mosso.

Nobody knows what the future may bring; In vain do we puzzle and plan.

Andante.
LOUISE.

Youth is but fleeting and Time’s on the wing, So live for to-day while you can. We

Tempo di Valse.(Lento.)
LOU.

laugh, we love, we live! We offend, And we for-

LOU.

-give,

We work, we hope, we dream! ’Tis our
life's eternal scheme
Then take, with smile or
sigh, What-e'er the gods may give
And
come what may En-joy to-day While we laugh, while we love, while we

Più mosso.

live!

When your troth is du-ly plight-ed
Hand in hand in love united, then is every sorrow past.
Joy at last! Ah! hold it fast!

La la la la la la la

When your troth is plighted, hand in hand united, when your troth is
duly plighted, hand in
LOU.
la la la la la la!

plighted Hand in hand united, 'Tis your hour of

CHO.
hand in love united, 'Tis your hour of

hand in love united, 'Tis your hour of

LOU.
joy at last! Ah, hold it fast!

CHO.
joy at last! Ah, hold it fast!

joy at last! Ah, hold it fast!
LOU: molto ritard. a tempo

Laugh, we love, we live!
We offend and we for-
give!
We work, we hope, we dream! 'Tis our

CHO: molto ritard. a tempo

Laugh, we love, we live!
We offend and we for-
give!
We work, we hope, we dream! 'Tis our

give!
We work, we hope, we dream! 'Tis our
LOU.

life's eternal scheme
Then take with smile or sigh

life's eternal scheme
Then take with smile or sigh

life's eternal scheme
Then take with smile or sigh

life's eternal scheme
Then take with smile or sigh

CHO.

- Whatever the gods may give
And come what may

- Whatever the gods may give
And come what may

- Whatever the gods may give
And come what may

- Whatever the gods may give
And come what may
-joy today While we laugh, while we love, while we live!

Andante.

Now while the Sun of our love is on high How happy we'll be for a span!

Clouds may appear to overshadow the sky; Live for today while you can!
Piu mosso.

Now that the Sun of their love is on high How happy they'll be for a span.

Andante.

Clouds may appear to overshadow the sky; Live for today while we can! We

Tempo di Valse.

Laugh, we love, we live! We offend, and we forgive!

We work, we hope, we dream, 'Tis our life's eternal
scheme
Then take, with smile or sigh, Whatever the

ALL PRINCIPAL VOICES
Then take, with smile or sigh. Whatever the

CHO.
Then take, with smile or sigh. Whatever the

ALL. gods may send, And come what may Enjoy to-

ritard. gods may send, And come what may Enjoy to-

CHO. gods may send, And come what may Enjoy to-

ritard. gods may send, And come what may Enjoy to-

ritard.
MELODRAMA. *(dialogue)*

*Tempo di Valse.*

**VICTOR** (to Louise) *For heaven's sake spare me!*  **LOUISE**. *Aha, you are afraid! Will you come to-morrow? Yes or no?*  **VICTOR**. *Must I?*  **LOUISE**. *You must or else* *(Whispers)*

**VICTOR**. *Very well, I'll come!*  **MRS. CLUTTERBUCK**. *May I have the extreme honour of calling*
upon your Royal Highness? LOUISE. I shall be delighted.

MRS. CLUTTERBUCK. Let me see, what is the address?

Tempo di Valse (Moderato.)

LOUIS.

Belvedere, Hampstead.

CLUETBUCK. rit.

Belvedere, Hampstead.

Belvedere, Hampstead; Belvedere, Hampstead. Far from

BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD; BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD. Ah!

BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD; BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD. Ah!

BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD; BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD. Ah!

BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD; BELVEDERE, HAMPSTEAD. Ah!

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London's noisy hub-bub! Bel-vedere, Hampstead;

Bel-vedere, Hampstead;

Bel-vedere, Hampstead;

Bel-vedere, Hampstead;

Bel-vedere, Hampstead;

Bel-vedere, Hampstead. "Tis a most delightful hub-bub!"

Bel-vedere, Hampstead.

Ah!

Bel-vedere, Hampstead. Ah!

Bel-vedere, Hampstead. Ah!

Bel-vedere, Hampstead.
Come if your plans allow!

We shall be charmed I vow!

Pray remember what I said just now!

We laugh, we love, we live!

We offend, and we forgive.

25865
work, we hope, we dream! 'Tis our life's eternal scheme

Then take with smile or sigh, What 'e'er the

Then take with smile or sigh, What 'e'er the

Then take with smile or sigh, What 'e'er the

Then take with smile or sigh, What 'e'er the

Then take with smile or sigh, What 'e'er the
A new appeal:

Of all the films that we've rehearsed for picture-house display,
The plot that ranks an easy first is one we've done today!

All
this, as everybody feels, A subtle pleasure lurks;

subject to all hearts appeals, For 'tis the kind of plot that deals With life a-

among the Turks! Although the Harem may be wrong, 'Tis there we'd like to stay!

With dance and song, the whole day long, We'd
while the time away!
The most becoming clothes we'd wear! We'd
lead exciting lives!
I'd be the Harem belle, I swear! I'd
be a sort of Pasha there! And we would be your wives!

Allegro.

Yes, I must confess that there's a fatal fascination in the Harem!
Yes, I sort o' guess that I should.

find my true vocation in the Harem! Yes, and in this
dress I should create a great sensation in the Harem!

Life would be sublime And in the Harem we'd be happy all the time!
Oh! we long to go— Where all your happiness redoubles in the Harem!

Oh! we long to go— Where all your happiness redoubles in the Harem!

There we would repair— To sit and smoke our hubble-bubbles in the Harem!

We should like to be— Where there are no domestic troubles in the Harem!
Thus, we'll never fuss! That is the place for us!

Thus, we'll never fuss! That is the place for us!

Allegro.

2. In England life is not much fun; We've but one spouse a-piece!

And

if we marry more than one They send for the police!

The
MAUD.
Turk may very justly claim His life is better planned:

CISSIE.
He weds, without the slightest shame, A dozen wives, and

CIS.
each so tame She'll eat out of his hand! An

FRED.
An Englishman can seldom quell The wife who nags all day. He's
not allowed to ring the bell And have her cleared away!

No Turkish husband e'er allows His wives to answer back!

And should a spouse his anger rouse, Or break her sacred marriage vows, He drowns her in a sack!
Allegro.

CLARENCE.

Thus without a tuss the toughest knot you disentangle in the

CISSIE.

Harem! Life is free from strife, For married

couples never wrangle in the Harem! If she starts a

crocker.

tiff Your nagging spouse you promptly strangle in the Harem!
Biff! your troubles cease and in the Harem all is happiness and peace!
Oh! we long to go Where all your happiness redoubles in the peace
Oh! we long to go Where all your happiness redoubles in the

Harem!
There we would repair To sit and
We should like to smoke our hub-bub-bles in the Ha-rem!

Where there are no dom-es-tic trou-bles, in the Ha-rem!

Thus, we nev-er fuss! That is the place for us!

Thus, we nev-er fuss! That is the place for us!
SONG—(Cissie) and CHORUS.

"THE PERFECT LADY."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK and HARRY GRAHAM.

Moderato.

Chorus.

Piano.

CHORUS IN UNISON.

Careful! Careful! Oh! Always

try to act as a lady should!

Copyright, MCMXIII, by Thalia-Theater-Verlag, Berlin.
I was in the Chorus, a little while ago,
My manners and deportment were strictly comme il faut;
For mother did her best to make me feel
The importance of behaving "quite genteel!"

Said she: "Of smart young fellows you'll come across a heap,
But
still, I hope my dearie won't make herself too cheap!" My mother gave me
lots of good advice, And she warned me not to kiss the same man

REFRAIN.

twice! Careful! Careful! Oh, little girl, be careful!

Or of scandal soon you will have the air full! Though your motives
May not be understood, Always try to act as a lady should!

Chorus in unison.

Careful! Careful! Oh, little girl, be careful! Or of scandal

Soon you will have the air full! Though your motives may not be understood,

Always try to act as a lady should!

2. When
I went out to supper, Ma told me what to do: "Don't ask to see the

programme, but call for the Menoo! Be sure to keep the waiter

in his place; Don't allude to him as "Poor old Monkey

-face!" Suppose the band is playing a waltz that's soft and low, Don't
eat your soup in rag-time, it gives away the show! And if your feelings
get beyond control, Dip your forehead in the nearest finger -

REFRAIN.
-bowl! Careful! Careful! Oh, little girl be careful!

Or of scandal soon you will have the air full! Though no doubt the
Kummel is rather good, Always try to act as a lady should!

CHORUS IN UNISON.

Careful! Careful! Oh, little girl, be careful! Or of scandal

soon you will have the air full! Though no doubt the Kummel is rather

good, Always try to act as a lady should!
"Girls:"

1. There are girls of ev'ry sort and kind,
   And their charms aren't easily descended;
2. There are girls you meet upon the sly!
   There are girls who seem a trifle shy!
   But when all is said and done, I advise what!
   I advise what!
'dore them ev'-ry one! 'Twould be vain to try and make a
declare I love the lot! There's the kind who goes up-on the
list Of the girls I've flirt-ed with and kissed; There's the
spree, There's the kind you take up-on your knee;
kind that I make free with, The kind I go to
girl who's soft and purrr-ing, The girl who needs some
tea with; But the kind I chance to be with Is the
stirring; But the kind that I'm pre-ferr-ing Is the
kind I can't resist!
kind that's kind to me!

I don't care
I doubt care

who she may be; She'll do for me!
who she may be; She'll do for me!

Girls, what on earth d'you do to me?
Girls, what on earth d'you do to me?

Why do I feel like this?
Why do I feel like this?
Girls, if you'll stick like glue to me, You can snare my heart with a kiss! Ah! If any one girl is true to me, Hers I am ready to be; I don't much care If she is dark or fair, So
moltot. rit.      \hspace{0.5cm} a tempo
long as she's fair to me!
long as her lips are free!

REFRAIN.
VICTOR.

Girls, what on earth d'you do to me?
Why do I

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Girls, what on earth d'you do to him?
Why does he

VIC.

feel like this?
Girls, if you'll stick like

GIRLS

feel like this?
Girls, if you'll stick like
glue to me,--- You can share my heart with a kiss! Ah!

VICTOR.

If any one girl is true to me,--- Hers I am
If any one girl is true to me,--- Hers I am

read y to be; vict. {I don't much} care If she is
read y to be; vict. {I'll} nev er chide Al though her

dark or fair, If fair, fair to him is she!
tongue be tied, So long as her lips are free!
"FORGIVE AND FORGET!"

Victor.

Tempo di Valse.

1. Are you
2. When you're

An - gry still? Do you bear ill will? Won't you try to for - mine, at last, And I hold you fast, With our bliss there is

-give me, I pray? Never more, I vow, Will I naught shall com - pare! But I'm not caught yet, And I
trust you now! I can never believe what you say!
can't forget You were false to me once, I declare!

At your feet! No, no, no, no! I entreat! No, no, no, no! I shall
Never mind! No, no, no, no! Ah, be kind! No, no, no, no! Am I

doubt you as long as I live! Yet love is blind, so
sure that no more you'll deceive? If mine you'd be, Then

lev - ers find! To love is to forgive! And
trust in me! To love is to believe! For
hark! that sweet refrain
hark! that sweet refrain
shall make us friends a-

REFRAIN.
Piu' lento

BOTH.
-gain!
-gain!
Heart to heart is calling!

every sense entralling!
soft and low those

melodies flow!
Graceful and slow!
true lovers know!

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Both.

Wrongs at last are right-ed! Hearts once more u-

Both.

-ni-ted! 'Tis Love's voice that calls to us yet To for-

Both.

give and for-get! -get! DANCE.

25865
BOTH.

Wrongs at last are righted!

BOTH.

Hearts once more united! 'Tis love's voice that

calls to us yet To forgive and forget!
DUET.—(Louise and Clutterbuck.)

"OH, LOUISA!"

My heart is filled with woe for you, Louise! Louise! To any lengths I'd go for you, Louise! Louise! When placed in a perplexing situation, A
friend like you is such a consolation! The

man who tries to do for you, Louisa! Louisa! I'll

beat him black and blue for you! Louisa! Louisa! I've

not the least objection! That suits me to perfection! The
REFRAIN.
CLUTTERBUCK.

hum-blest waif Would feel quite safe, When un-der your pro-tec-tion! Oh, Lou-

CLUT.

- i-sa! You set my heart on fire! Oh, Lou-i-sa!

CLUT.

You are my one de-sire! Won't you let me help you all I can?

LOU.

Re-al-ly you're a most o-blige-ing man! Oh, Lou-

CLUT.

Ah! Ah! Oh, Lou-

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LOU.

- i - sa! The world is at your feet! Oh, Lou - i - sa!

CLUT.

- i - sa! The world is at your feet! Oh, Lou - i - sa!

LOU.

Your tri - umph is com - plete! Any man you please Goes up -

CLUT.

Your tri - umph is com - plete! Any man you please Goes up -

LOU.

- on his knees To Lou - i - sa, Lou - i - sa, Lou - ise!

CLUT.

- on his knees To Lou - i - sa, Lou - i - sa, Lou - ise!

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DANCE.

CLUTTERBUCK.

Do dine at the Savoy with me! Louisa! Louisa! The

meal you would enjoy with me! Louisa! Louisa! You
LOU. really make the offer so politely, I

CLUTTERBUCK.

LOU. feel I could have dinner with you nightly! If

CLUT. at the Ritz you'd sup with me, Louisa! Louisa! I'm

CLUT. sure 'twould be all up with me, Louisa! Louisa! You
made me quite excited! Of course I'd be delighted! I'd love, indeed, to come and feed, whenever I'm invited! Oh, Louisa! For you my bosom throbs, Oh, Louisa! My voice is soaked with chobs! Won't you let me help you all I can? Really,
LOU. you're a most obli-ging man! Oh, Lou-

CLUTTERBUCK. Ah! Ah! Oh, Lou-

LOU. - i-sa! The world is at your feet! Oh, Lou-i-sa!

CLUTTERBUCK. - i-sa! The world is at your feet! Oh, Lou-i-sa!

LOU. Your tri-umph is com-plete! An- y man you please Goes up-

CLUTTERBUCK. Your tri-umph is com-plete! An- y man you please Goes up-
INCIDENTAL MUSIC.

Tempo di Mazurka.

PIANO.

Con Ped.

L. H.
With a folks put out, Something scandalous must have occurred.

f

folks put out, Something scandalous must have occurred.

f

folks put out, Something scandalous must have occurred.

f

well-laid plot I have trick'd the lot, And revenge it is

f

sweet, as you've heard. Tell us what you've done. Is it

f
just her fun? What a hit! What a wit! What a brain! I am

quite unmanned! I don't understand; So, Princess, please ex-

plain.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Not a Princess she, Though she well might be.

Not a Princess she, Though she well might be.
slick. My mind is quick, And in a trice I'll ex-
plain her trick. A youth so gay one day To

London there came on the spree. A mil-

On the spree! On the spree! Came he!

On the spree! On the spree! Came he!

On the spree! On the spree! Came he!

On the spree! On the spree! Came he!

On the spree! On the spree! Came he!
BIL.
-
-aire. I'll swear, This sim-ple-ton want-ed to be.

ALL.

Wish'd to be! Wish'd to

cho.

Wish'd to be! Wish'd to

BIL.

This la-dy here, I fear, he much mis-led, He'd mar-ry

ALL.

be! Good-ness me!

cho.

be! Good-ness me!

be! Good-ness me!
here, the cur! that's what he said. And now, be- hold! for gold hed

wed in - stead. This youth, Oh

Oh, can it be For mon-ey he De-sir'd to wed!

Oh, can it be For mon-ey he De-sir'd to wed!

Oh, can it be For mon-ey he De-sir'd to wed!

Oh, can it be For mon-ey he De-sir'd to wed!

Lor! It makes me laugh! Is just an ac- tor for The Bi - o
(to Victor)

-graph!

You silly calf!

Excuse my chaff!

I guess you'd better go
Back to your picture show.

LOUISE, PHYLLIS, MRS. CLUTTERBUCK.

It makes us laugh!
It makes us laugh!

CLARENCE, CLUTTERBUCK.

This youth so bold
Is fairly sold.
He's just an

This youth so bold
Is fairly sold.
He's just an

CHO.

It makes us laugh,
It makes us laugh!

It makes us laugh,
It makes us laugh!

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Lou, Phyl, Mrs C.

Tempo I.

CLAR.

CLUT.

CHO.

Lou.

All solo voices without Clutterbuck.

All.

CHO.

Would expose! Goodness knows! Who knows!

Tempo I.

fellow all vice would expose. He was so

Would expose! Goodness knows! Who knows!

Would expose! Goodness knows! Who knows!
strict, each Picture Palace he wanted to close,

All the shows! All the shows! All the

All the shows! All the shows! All the

All the shows! All the shows! All the

For this old chap, a trap I duly laid! By keeping

shows! He'd close!

shows! He'd close!

shows! He'd close!

shows! He'd close!

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cool, a fool of him I made. And on the screen this scene will be displayed

All Solo Voices without Clutterbuck.

She's got him there! Her cunning snare he can't evade!

She's got him there! Her cunning snare he can't evade!

She's got him there! Her cunning snare he can't evade!

She's got him there! Her cunning snare he can't evade!

- aire, Tho' he may swear, How folks will grin and stare, To see him

25865
there. On ev'ry screen He will be seen,

For now, without a doubt, I think I've paid him out!

Though he may

This millionaire, Though he may

This millionaire, Though he may

This millionaire, Though he may

This millionaire, Though he may

This millionaire, Though he may
screen they will be seen!

screen they will be seen!

screen they will be seen!

screen they will be seen!

played on me, A public by-word I shall be, And all my foes will

jeer and mock, When I'm a laughing stock. Oh, Louisa, You've made a
fool of me. Oh, Lou-isa, I’m fairly up a tree!

To Lou-isa he admits defeat, And Lou-

To Lou-isa he admits defeat, And Lou-

Lou-Phyl.

-isa’s triumph is complete! Oh, Lou-isa,

-isa’s triumph is complete! Oh, Lou-isa,

Ah! Oh, Lou-isa,

Ah! Oh, Lou-isa,

Ah! Oh, Lou-isa,

Ah! Oh, Lou-isa,
ALL SOLO VOICES.

you've done a clever thing! Oh, Louisa, you'll have him on a string!

CLUTTERBUCK.

When the whole world sees Him upon his knees To Louisa, Louisa, Lou-

When the whole world sees Him upon his knees

When the whole world sees Him upon his knees

When the whole world sees Him upon his knees
VICTOR. (to Phyllis.)

- se!
    Ah, don't desp and. My heart is true, For

faith ful and fond I love but you. Be lieve what I

say, To love is to trust. Ah, turn not a way! Hear me you

Tempo di Valse.

must.
Hark those strains en thrall ing,
To our hearts are calling! Love's sweet voice that speaks as of yore. Hark, I implore, Trust me once more!

I can trust you never, We must part for ever, Friends no more can we hope to be.
That's right, we quite agree!
You picture palace star, good

That's right, we quite agree!

That's right, we quite agree!

That's right, we quite agree!

Molto vivace.

bye.
Well rid of such a friend am I.

She's rightly given him the shove! He's lost her money and my love! Louise! Phyllis!
Allegro (quickly.)

Louise!

I once was sad on your behalf!

But now I laugh!

You make me laugh!

He makes her laugh! He makes her laugh!

He makes her laugh! He makes her laugh!

He makes her laugh! He makes her laugh!

Ah well, if nothing now is left me.
Since of love you have been so lonesome, I'll remain without a wife, And lead a free and careless life!

Come, girls, a chance such as this You should not miss! Girls, now you're free to play with me,_ Life seems no more a miss,
Girls, if you'd come and stay with me, I would sell my
soul for a kiss!

He's such a winning,

He's such a winning,

Fond'est of lovers He'd be.

Fond'est of lovers (I'd) be.

Fond'est of lovers He'd be.
Now to his bride He is no longer tied! He's free.

Now to his bride He is no longer tied! He's free.

Now to his bride He is no longer tied! He's free.

(My) heart is free.

(My) heart is free.

(His) heart is free.

His heart is free.

His heart is free.

His heart is free!

free!

He's such a winning way with him!
Allargando.

Yes now he's as free as he can be.

Now to his bride he no longer is tied! He's free!

Presto.

(Curtain.)

END OF ACT II.
Act III.

No. 14.

OPENING CHORUS.

Tempo di Polka.

Piano.
Tempo di Marcia.

Our hearts are light! Our cheeks are glowing!

Our hearts are light! Our cheeks are glowing!

Our hearts are light! Our cheeks are glowing!
As here tonight we gaily meet! For there's no end of fun in store, Within this Picture Palace door! Here Clutter-buck They'll soon be
showing, With any luck We'll get a

seat! When open wide the doors they throw,

We'll go inside And see the show!
Moderato.

Don't sigh! But close each tiny eye!
We'll sing a lullaby, Poor little

Don't weep! But sleep! In infant slumber deep.
Our

We're ever near you. No tears! No fears.
Should loving watch we'll keep. We're ever near you
mar your tender years!
Well try to cheer you! So

Until Mam-ma appears
We'll try to cheer you! So

close your eye And don't you cry! We'll soothe you with a lullaby!

close your eye And don't you cry! We'll soothe you with a lullaby!

To and fro We'll rock you so! For an hour or two, it may be!

To and fro We'll rock you so! For an hour or two, it may be!
Sweet and low we'll sing to Baby! Mother's at the Picture.
TRIO.—(Louise, Cissie and Victor.)

"EVERY GIRL'S AN ANGEL."

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Adagio. (molto)

1. Girls are a mystery,

There's no denying, And to explain them we Men keep on trying

It's not the slightest good Puzzling about us, For you admit you could
LOU.

Net do without us. Since Eve and Adam met And télé-a-télé,

CIS.

Men haven't found out yet Why we're created; You drive us to despair,

VIC.

You make us tear our hair, And yet all the time we're fascinated.

REFRAIN.

Tempo di Marcia.

ALL.

Ev'ry girl, so the poet sings, Is an angel without the wings,
Still they're flight-y and fast e-nough, Sauc-y, soft lit-tle bits of fluff.

But it would be a shock, you know, If the wings real-ly were to grow,

Ev-ry girl-ie would fly off then, Think what would be-come of the poor, dear men.

Tempo I.

Plen-ty of girls I've met And, let me men-tion,
Vic.
Real angels wouldn't get So much attention. Here on the solid earth

Lou.
We like to linger, Twisting, for all we're worth, Men round our finger. Sometimes we promise to

Cissie.

Vic.
Love and obey them, But even if we do What tricks we play! Angels don't put on frills,

Angel's don't run up bills And expect the poor, dear men to pay them!
Tempo di Marcia.

ALL.

Ev'ry girl, so the poet sings, Is an angel without the wings,

Still they're flighty and fast enough Saucy, soft little bits of fluff.

But it would be a shock, you know, If the wings really were to grow,

Ev'ry girlie would fly off then, Think what would become of the poor, dear men.
QUARTET—(Victor, Clutterbuck, Clarence & Billy.)

"MONEY."

Allegro moderato e gaiamente.

Piano.

Victor.

If you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed, Ex-

Clutterbuck.

If you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed, Ex-

Clarence.

If you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,

Billy.

If you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,
Vic.  
perience it shows it, 'Tis mon¬ey rules the

CLUT.  
perience it shows it, 'Tis mon¬ey rules the

CLAR.  
And ev¬ry¬bo¬dy knows it, 'Tis mon¬ey rules the

BILL.  
And ev¬ry¬bo¬dy knows it, 'Tis mon¬ey rules the

Vic.  
un¬i¬verse! And no¬thing else you need! With cash! You're

CLUT.  
un¬i¬verse! And no¬thing else you need! With cash! You're

CLAR.  
un¬i¬verse! And no¬thing else you need! Hard cash!

BILL.  
un¬i¬verse! And no¬thing else you need! Hard cash!
sure to make a splash, 
With cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a

With cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a

With cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a

dash! Money, Money, Money, Money, Money,

dash! Money, Money, Money, Money, Money,

dash! Money, Money, Money, Money, Money,

dash! Money, Money, Money, Money, Money,
If you've lots to spare, Life is free from care! Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

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Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,

Money, Money,
Happiness is yours!

Money can supply it, gold will buy it; all that you desire you thus acquire!

Oyster dinners!

Derby winners!

Three motor cars!

Caviare and quails!
Racing stables,

Bil-hard ta-bles!

CLARENCE.

Bub-bly wine in pails!

Half-crown ci-

Lit-tle sup-pers night-ly, With some mai-den spright-ly!

CLUTTERBUCK.

-gars!

Lit-tle sup-pers night-ly, With some mai-den spright-ly!

You can treat a guest, To a bot-tle of the best!

BILL.

You can treat a guest, To a bot-tle of the best!

If
you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,
Experience it

you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,
Experience it

you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,

you've got money in your purse, You're certain to succeed,

shows it,
'Tis money rules the universe! And

shows it,
'Tis money rules the universe! And

And everybody knows it! 'Tis money rules the universe! And

And everybody knows it! 'Tis money rules the universe! And

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nothing else you need!  With cash!  You're sure to make a

nothing else you need!  With cash!  You're sure to make a

nothing else you need!  Hard cash!

nothing else you need!  Hard cash!

splash!  With cash!  Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash!

splash!  With cash!  Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash!

With cash!  Hard cash!  You're bound to cut a dash!

With cash!  Hard cash!  You're bound to cut a dash!
DANCE.
We'd go gaily yachting To the South of France! To the tables

The S - S - S - South of France!

trotting For a game of chance! There we'd play roulette

trotting For a game of chance!

trotting For a game of chance!

A ga-ga-ga-game of chance!
In the smart-est-set.

We'd paint the whole place red,

And nev-er

Ev-ry girl would meet us With a

Ev-ry girl would meet us With a

Ev-ry girl would meet us With a

go to b-b-bed!
glance so bright! Each mamma would greet us With a smile po-
glance so bright! Each mamma would greet us With a smile po-
glance so bright! Each mamma would greet us With a smile po-
gl - gl - gl - gl - glance so bright!
A sm - m - m -
lite! Keen - ly we'd be sought!
lite! But we'd not be caught!
lite! For
-smile po - lite!
If you've a good supply of matrimony's rash

Hard cash!

If
cash! Hard cash! Hard cash!

If
cash! Hard cash!

If
G-e-e-p-
you've got money in your purse You're certain to succeed. Ex-

you've got money in your purse You're certain to succeed. Ex-

you've got money in your purse You're certain to succeed.

cash! You're certain to succeed.

-perience it shows it!

-perience it shows it! 'Tis

And ev'-ry-body knows it! 'Tis

And ev'-ry-body knows it! 'Tis
money rules the universe! And nothing else you need! With

money rules the universe! And nothing else you need! With

money rules the universe! And nothing else you need!

money rules the universe! And nothing else you need!

money rules the universe! And nothing else you need!

cash!

You're sure to make a splash.

cash!

You're sure to make a splash.

Hard cash!

With

Hard cash!

With
With cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash.

With cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash.

cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash.

cash! Hard cash! You're bound to cut a dash.

DANCE.
SONG. (Billy) and CHORUS.

"IN THE NIGHT"

Billy.

Tempo di Marcia molto lento.

1. In the night, in the night, When the
2. In the night, in the night, 'Tis the

Piano.

moon's at it's height, And the stars are a - light o - ver-head;
bur - glar's de - light To give old folks a fright, or a fit!

BIL.

There's a gleam in each eye That would seem to im - ply: "Mis - sis
When they're sound - ly a - sleep, To their win - dows he'll creep, Then he'll

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Grun-dy's asleep in her bed!"
Stealth-ily peep through the slit!
When the "cep" comes in

street, Ev'-ry maid that we meet
Is a maid who was made just for
sight, Burglar Bill takes to flight,
Or he puts up a fight to be

love!
free!
Ev'-ry glance is a snare;
For there's love in the
But both "crooks" and police
Always leave me in

air;
Hearts grow lighter! Eyes are brighter!
While the
peace;
I've no money, 'Twould be funny
If they

mf tenuto
Tempo I.
REFRAIN.

moon sly-ly winks up a-bove!

wast-ed their time o-ver me!

In the night we’ve a right to be gay!
As our hearts on our sleeves we dis-play!
In the night I feel sprightly and gay!
At the sight of a burglar at bay!

In the day such a thing is never done;
But at night it is quite good fun!

In the day there is nothing of the sort;
But at night this is quite good sport!

In the night we’ve a right to be gay!
As our
In the night I feel sprightly and gay!
At the
In the day such a sight of a burglar at bay!
In the day such a thing is never done;
But at night it is quite good sport!

Clock strikes 12.
3rd (ENCORE) Verse ad lib.

BILLY.

3. In the night! in the night! I've a keen appetite!

-tite! Fellows—"nuts" I invite out to sup!
And we

wander around Till a Night-club is found Where dull care can be drowned in the cup!

There we dance and we sing, And we smash everything, Till the
walls fairly ring with the noise! Then a huge "Chuck-er-out" comes and
bi-fiss us a-bout; we start yawn-ing, Day is dawn-ing, And it's
bed-time once more for the "boys"! In the night I'm as bright as a
bird! When my brain by cham-pagne has been stirred! In the
day I'm half-witted, folks declare!

In the day I'm half-witted, folks declare!

Brain by champagne has been stirred!

In the day he's half-witted, we declare;

But at night I am quite "all there!!"
DANCE.
Più vivo. (Tempo di Galop.)
NO 18.

FINALE—ACT III.

All.

Allegro.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Piano.

Oh, Louisa! You've done a clever thing!

Oh, Louisa! You've let him off the string!

ALL.

Won't you try and help him all you can?

Really
he's a charitable man Ah. Ah. Oh, Louisa!

The world is at your feet! Oh, Louisa! Your triumph

is complete! Any man you please goes upon his

knees To Louisa, Louisa, Louisa!
Girls now you're free to play with me, Life seems no more a —

— miss,

Girls if you come and stay with me, I would

sell my soul for a kiss! I've such a winning

way with me! Fondest of lovers I'd be!
I don't much care if she is dark or fair, if
fair, fair to him is she.

2. Presto.

(Curtain)

END OF OPERA.
TRIO.—(Louise, Clarence and Billy.)

"WOMAN'S WILES."

When woman sighs be-

cause her hopes are cheat-ed; Jilt-
ed and ill-treat-ed, Still she's un-de-feat-ed.

In her toils each heart she can en-snare; Of her a man may well be-
CLARENCE & BILLY.

eware!__ With mighty weapons Woman is provided;

CLAR & BILL.

She's so many-sided! By her instinct guided! With my wiles each

LOU.

lover I can catch! No man for me shall prove a match — I'll

LOU.

Tempo di Valse lento.

gaze in his eyes with seductive sighs, My glance shall be loving and
LOU.

Tender! Lips lifted like this will invite to a kiss. And

LOU.

his he will surely surrender! Ah!

CLAR. & BILL.

A chance such as this is too

CLAR. & BILL.

Ah! Ah! His lips he would gladly surrender! And

easy to miss! Our lips we would gladly surrender!
then like a flash, In a rage I’ll dash! And that ought to

settle his hash! Should he decline this love of

mine And scorn my wooing Ah! Ah!

His attitude so cold and rude He’ll soon be

reeing! Then! then, then, then. Then, then, then, then,
LOU.

Then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then! molto cresce.

CLAR.

Then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then! a tempo

BILL.

If he's so blind, he'll shortly find There's trouble brewing!

LOU.

a tempo

Ah!

CLAR.

Ah!

BILL.

Yes, if he's dumb She'll quickly compass his undoing!

LOU.

Louise, Louise, Louise Gill Is ever went to have her will!
Lento.

With the spoils in my toils!
How my blood fairly boils!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

Ah!

With the spoils in my toils!
How it boils!
When my

blood is a-flame I can certainly claim
That I'm not quite as tame As I look;
If my
lo - er, poor thing, Se - mens re - luc - tant to cling I shall speed - i - ly bring Him to
book! So Don Ju - ans I warn, If they treat me with scorn, That they
ev - er were born They'll re - gret! If a man makes so free As to

trif - le with me, Ve - ry sor - ry he'll be That we met! Should your
In a fury I'll storm, till his lover prove cold and his love withhold!

heart is warm!

Have recourse to brute force as a last resource!

Ah yes, be
warned, A maiden scorned Must have her way, of course!

Raging and raving, Madly behaving, She for revenge is craving! So, Don juan, be-ware Ere your vows you for-swear, For a
maid - en, tho' fair May be fierce! 
You may think your - self smart When you're

play - ing a part, But your heart with a dart She will pierce!

I'll charm him per - chance, If I ask him to dance;
To -
-ge-ther we'll gai-ly go twirl- ing! Thus, clos-ly en-

-laced, with his arm round my waist, We'll waltz till his sen-ses are whirl-ing! Ah! Ah! Close-ly en-

That's quite to our taste! Round your neat lit-tle

-laced, We'll waltz till our sen-ses are whirl-ing! And

waist Our arms go in-stin-c-tive-ly curl-ing!
when I enfold him and hold him fast, I'll lure and secure him at last

Should he decline this love of mine And scorn my wooing!

Ah! Ah!

His attitude so cold and rude He'll soon be rueing!

Then! Then, then,

Then! then, then, then, Then! then, then,

molto cresce.

molto cresce.
then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then!

then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then, then!

If he's so blind he'll shortly find There's trouble brewing!

Ah!

Ah!

Yes, if he's dumb she'll quickly compass his undoing!
Louise, Louise, Louise Gill, Is ever went to have her will!

With the spoils in my toils, How my blood fairly boils!

Lento.

Ah! Ah!

Lento

Ah! Ah!

With the spoils in her toils! How it boils! When my
blood is a-flame I can certainly claim That I'm not quite as tame As I
look! If my lover, poor thing, Seems reluctant to cling I can
speedily bring Him to book! Then, Don Juans, be-ware, If a
Then, Don Juans, be-ware, If a
maid - en you scorn That you ever were born You'll re-gret! Gay de-
maid - en you scorn That you ever were born You'll re-gret! Gay de-
-ceiv-ers, beware, If your vows you for-swear, I de-clare I’ll get square With you yet!

DANCE.
DUET.—(Louise and Victor.)

"WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD!"

When love grows cold And two hearts are es-tranged, Lovers of old In - to
foes shall be changed! Love me or leave me for ever!

I can be friends with you never! Cheat me, or treat me with scorn and disdain! Still to defeat me You strive is in vain! Grieve and deceive me, Some day, believe me, Your heart shall be mine again!
VICTOR.
Più mosso.

You could not really harm me! Threats such as yours don't alarm me!

Be not hard-hearted! Tho' we have parted, Let us be friends, you and I!

LOUISE.
a tempo

Crue-ly you have hurt me! Now do you mean to desert me?

Ah, don't upbraid me! You'll not persuade me! 'Tis time that you bade me good-bye! Good-bye!
Tempo di Valse.

**DIALOGUE.**

**LOUISE.**
You wish to quarrel?

**VICTOR.**
Not I!
You may, perhaps!

**LOUISE.**
To-day I make my last appearance upon any stage!
Where are you going, then? To your bride?

**VICTOR.**
To my bride!
Let my last memory of you be a bright one?

**VICTOR.**
Are we good friends?

**LOUISE.**
No!
LOU. \hspace{1cm} allargando \hspace{1cm} \textit{Tempo di Valse.}
\begin{equation*}
\text{Love has grown cold, And our hearts are estranged, Lovers of}
\end{equation*}

VIC. \hspace{1cm} allargando
\begin{equation*}
\text{Love has grown cold, And our hearts are estranged, Lovers of}
\end{equation*}
\begin{equation*}
\text{Tempo di Valse.}
\end{equation*}

LOU. \hspace{1cm} \textit{ff allargando}
\begin{equation*}
\text{old In - to foes have been changed! Love me or leave me for}
\end{equation*}

VIC. \hspace{1cm} \textit{ff allargando}
\begin{equation*}
\text{old In - to foes have been changed! Now I must leave you for}
\end{equation*}

LOU. \hspace{1cm} \textit{ff allargando}
\begin{equation*}
\text{ev - er! I can be friends with you nev - er!}
\end{equation*}

VIC. \hspace{1cm} \textit{ff allargando}
\begin{equation*}
\text{ev - er! I can be friends with you nev - er!}
\end{equation*}
Dear, tho' you treat me With scorn and disdain,
Tempo di Valse.

Cheat me, or treat me With scorn and disdain!

Still to de-

- feat me You strive all in vain!
Grieve and deceive me,

much tho' it grieve you,

Some day, believe me, Your heart shall be mine again!

Now I must leave you, And never return again!

Tempo di Valse.
SONG.— (Phyllis) and CHORUS OF MEN.

"SOME SORT OF A BOY!"

Words by
PERCY GREENBANK.

Music by
ARTHUR WOOD.

1. Girls would be ev-er So dis-con-tent-ed, There's not a
2. Girls find each oth-er So un-ex-cit-ing, You get no

do-bt,

If there weren't a-ny boys a-bout.

When you talk a-bout frocks and frills.

Copyright, MCMXIV, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
Think if they never Had been invented, What would be
Give me a brother, It's more inviting, But let me

done? Why, we shouldn't have half the fun. No
choose Someone else's - I don't care whose. You

soldier boys or sailor boys to trot one round the town — With lunches at the
may be fond of motoring or riding in the park, — You may be keen on

Carlton or Savoy, Whatever else you take up There's
golf or tennis too, But if you have a hobby Then
no-thing that can make up For the ab-sence of a real nice boy. A 
Tom or Dick or Bob-by Must be there to share the fun with you. We

real, nice, jol-ly good sort of boy! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Some boys are glum boys,
all like sharing the fun with you. Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!

Some boys are gay,
Some boys are keen up-on work And some are fond of

play. Some boys are bold— And some are a wee bit coy, But

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all girls like to get hold Of some sort of a boy!

Some boys are glum boys, Some boys are gay,
Some boys are keen up-on work And some are fond of play.
Some boys are bold And some are a wee bit coy,
But all girls like to get hold Of some sort of a boy!
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