THE LADY OF THE ROSE
A New Musical Play

Lyrics by HARRY GRAHAM
Book adapted by FREDERICK LONSDALE
Music by JEAN GILBERT

Vocal Score Price 8/- Net

ASCHERBERG, HOPWOOD & CREW, Ltd. - 16 Mortimer St. London W.1.
THE LADY of the ROSE
A Musical Play in Three Acts

Adapted by
FREDERICK LONSDALE

from the book by RUDOLPH SCHANZER and ERNEST WELISCH

Music by
JEAN GILBERT

Lyrics by
HARRY GRAHAM

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Daly's Theatre, London

The George Edwardes Production

THE LADY of the ROSE

Dramatis Personæ

COLONEL BELOVAR ..... HARRY WELCHMAN
COUNT ADRIAN BELTRAMI ..... ROY ROYSTON
BARON SPROTTI-SPROTTI ..... LEONARD MACKAY
COUNT ISOLANI ..... ADRIAN BURGON
CAPTAIN STOGAN ..... RONALD ADAIR
DOSTAL ..... TEDDY ARUNDEL
MIRKO (Orderly) ..... LEONARD TREER
SUITANGI (Silhouette Cutter) ..... HUNTLEY WRIGHT
SOPHIE LAVALLE (Ballet Dancer) ..... IVY TRESMAND
ROSINA (Maid to Mariana) ..... WINNIE COLLINS
MARIANA (Wife of Count Adrian Beltrami) ..... PHYLLIS DARE

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I. ..... The Palm Court of the Castle Beltrami ..... Joseph Harper
ACT II. ..... Picture Gallery of the Castle Beltrami ..... Alfred Terraine
ACT III. ..... Same as Act II. ..... 

Musical Director: MERLIN MORGAN
Produced by FRED. J. BLACKMAN
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THE LADY OF THE ROSE.
A MUSICAL PLAY in 3 ACTS.

ACT I.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

NO 1. Duet. "HIDE AND SEEK!"

MARIANA - ADRIAN.

Music by
JEAN GILBERT.

Allegro moderato.

Moderato.

Tempo I°

Curtain rises. ADRIAN. (Calling off-stage.) Marianna! Marianna!
MARIAHNA. (Rising from her chair.)

He's here! My Ad-ri-

(She looks around for something to hide behind,

- an! Oh, dear!

and finally chooses the curtain.)

MAR:  

He'll never find me here, I'm cer-tain!

A. H. & Co., Ltd. 10,652.
MARI: Behind this curtain!

Soft.

ADRIAN.

MARI:

ADR: (Adrian sees the bulge in the
ariana. Where are you? Hiding again?

PP sord.

ADR: curtain, creeps up and embraces it:"

A - ha!
Slow.

I knew I should spop you!

pozo animato.

(He drags Mariana out, and kisses her rapturously.)

And now I've got you!

Allegro molto.

MARIANA.

Oh, that'll do! Oh, that'll do!

Allegro molto.

Ah, no! I haven't nearly
Please let me go! That's just like children being done with you!

Moderato.

- have, you know! We're grown-up now, and we oughtn't to play so!

We're children, I vow, and long may we stay so!
Grazioso, non allegro.

MARIANA.

Adrian.

Little boys are good as gold! Always do as they are told! Little girls who are asked to stay.

Poco ritard. Both.

Never try to run away! If a little (boy) I knew did a thing (he) should not do.

Poco ritard:

I should punish him like this, with a great big kiss!

Poco ritard.

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No. 2. Trio. "THE LADY OF THE ROSE!"

ADRIAN MARIANA AND ROSINA.

Very quietly.

MARIANA.

Yet for many a year, at times of stress or danger, we've seen that ghost appear!

When troubles brew she comes to view, and through the house she goes, in ermine white, at dead of night, the...
Tempo 1°

La-dy of the Rose!

2) Lively

ADRIAN.

Don't let such ground-less fears pre-vail! That's just a fool-ish old-wives' tale!

We won't let that alarm us,

Tempo 1°

(He takes Mariara in his arms.)

For nothing here can harm us!

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MARINA. (Freeing herself.)

poco rit.

You must not scorn my nervous fears;

colla parte.

When danger's near she shows!

And 'tis to warn us

Tempo I°.

poco mosso.

she appears, The Lady of the Rose!

ADRIAN.

Ah, you're very

You must not scorn my nervous fears; When danger's near, she shows!

No wonder you're filled with the gravest fear! What it means, goodness knows!

foolish, dear! For it's evident, I suppose.

And 'tis to warn us she appears, The Lady of the

But I caught sight of her last night! I saw her plain and clear!

That she's still safely hanging here!

Moderato con appassionato.

Rose!
No. 3. Song: "SILHOUETTES."

SUITANGI.

Allegro moderato.

My studio's on my back! With-in this pedlar's pack!

My scissors and a sheet of paper black!

This art on which I spend my labours is quaint, there's not a

Not ev'ry one is quite "cut out" for The art in which I

Though never jealous of my
doubt!

(Showing a silhouette.) This lady here was much too
neigh-bours, I long to cut them out!

stout for A portrait in profile!

When with my system first acquainted,
Some people feel an-

Her husband started making trouble, When shown my silhou-

-neyed; They're not as black as they are painted, But that's a thing I can't a
-
ette, But though I should have charged them double, I've ne'er seen my money

-void! While other artists work in colour, With brush and palette

yet! Some artists merely cut a caper, And prompt-ly disap-
knife, My portraits, though they may be
pear; But I, with scissors and some

- dahl-ler, Are far more true to life! To flat-ter folks I don't en-
- pa- per, Carve out a great ca-reer! And the the pass ing years re-

- deav-our; Just fix the shad-ows that they cast! But these shall sure-ly live for
- mind me That naught was made to last; My fame I'll sure-ly leave be-

Quiet.
ev-er When I am but a shad-ow of the past!
-hind me, A- mong the fleeting shad-ows of the past!
REFRAIN. Moderato.

Ah, my silhouette, ah! simple silhouette, ah!

Perfect as a work of art should be!

Just a silhouette, ah! Nothing much, and yet, ah!

Worth the whole wide world and more to me!

6 Waltz tempo.

Portraits bright and tragic—
SUIT: Spring to sight like magic!

Like - nesses I fix! I know the tricks by heart! Su - i-

Allegro.

SUIT: Tan - gil Su - i - tan - gil! Is a mas - ter of this

1st time.

SUIT: old Black Art!

Last time.

B.S.

NO. 4. Trio. "THINKING AND DREAMING OF YOU!"

MARINA ADELAN AND SUITANGI.

Allegretto alla musette.

When you and I are part-ed, a hundred miles or

a tempo.

so, Though I am broken-hearted, I'll love you still you know!

SUITANGI. (Aside.)

It's really time that we got

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SUIT:
Adrian: "Our hearts, what e'er betide us, With a tempo."

ADR:
Adrian: "Tender thoughts shall thrill! Though deepest seas divide us, Our love is deeper."

SUITANGI (Aside):
Mariana: "Still! Oh, please don't talk about the sea; it always makes me ill! The men:"

MAR:
Mariana: "Darkest clouds at last roll by, And love can never die! When"

you've gone away, And we're far, far apart, By night and by day
You shall live in my heart!
And wherever we are, And what-
morendo.
I shall always be thinking and dreaming of
ever we do, I shall always be thinking and dreaming of
Slower.

a tempo.
Just one more kiss, before you go! Just one!

a tempo.

A.H. & C. L. 19,652
MAR:

ADR:

SUIT:

I know you won't forget me!

Just one more snip and lo! the pictures done!

When they see

SUIT:

this they'll say: 'Hullo! A work of art!'

MAR:

My own sweet

ADR:

Dear, we must part!

SUIT:

This portrait is certain to make a hit! Not it! They don't

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seem to care a bit! I'd better quit!

Just a silhouette, ah! Nothing much, and yet, ah!

Worth far more than all the world to me!

Come, my silhouette, ah! Home we'd better get, ah!

A.H. & Co. Ltd. 1936.
SUIT:  
Two, they say, is company, not three!

Moderato.

MARIANA.
I shall always be

ADRIAN.
I shall always be

Moderato.

MAR:
thinking and dreaming of you!

ADR:
thinking and dreaming of you!

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N° 5. ENSEMBLE.

(SOPHIE, SUITANGI, SPROTTI AND GIRLS.)

Vivace.
great Sa-phie La-valle per-mit me now to in-tro-duce!

You hon-our me!

If my poor house to her is of the slight-est use, I

Quick.

hard-ly need say how glad I'll be!
Quieter.

Tempo di mazurka.

hospitality's delightful. And we're in such a plight. That

SOPH

if your castle isn't quite full, We'd love to stay the night! Don't

SPR

(Aside.)

I'm

let the fellow make advances! He's bound to go too far!

SOPHIE: quite content to take my chances! I know what old men are! And

SUIT: now that you have found your way here. And you consent to stay here.

SQUIT: Why only stop a short night? Much better stay a fortnight! No!

SOPHIE. (Archly.) Slow.

He's evidently heard of me! Where -

SPR: No! That cannot, cannot be!
Moderato.

Every good dancing is known,
From plastic pose to gay pirouette,
I stand in a class of my own;
I haven't a rival as yet!

Whenever I'm billed to perform,
As soon as it's known that I'm going to
The theatre's taken by storm, The house is sold out in advance!

As light and graceful as a feather, She always makes a hit!

Admirers wait for hours together To stand behind the Pit!

Her triumphs I've not yet attended But...
Jackily I'm thin! Next time the Free list is suspended, I

Hope you'll let me in!

Of course he'll be delighted!

You make me so excited, And, if it doesn't bore you, I'll promise to en-
SOPHIE.

That I most certainly shan't mind; You are so kind! So very kind! Where-

core you!

SUIT:

*Moderato con moto.*

SOPH: -ever good dancing is known, From plastic poco legato.

SUIT: 

Whe-er good dancing is

SPR: 

Whe-er good dancing is known.

She stands a-lone in a class of her

She stands a-lone in a class of her

*Moderato con moto.*

SOPH: pose to gay pirouette,

SUIT: known! A pose or a gay pirouette,

SPR: A pose or a gay pirouette,

SOPH: stand in a class of my own,

SUIT: -ette, She stands in a class of her

SPR: She stands in a class of her own,

No rivalry yet E'er was

No rivalry yet. E'er was

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SOPE:

haven't a rival as yet!

SUIT:

own,

There's no one to rival her yet!

SPR:

There's no one to rival her yet!

met!

Hi hi hi!

Hi hi hi!

met!

Hi hi hi!

Hi hi hi!

SOPE:

ever I'm billed to perform.

SUIT:

As soon as it's

yet!

Whe- ev- er she's billed to per-

SPR:

Whe- ev- er she's billed to per-

The public swarm When she's billed to per-

The public swarm When she's billed to per-
known that I'm going to dance,  

The

As soon as it's known that she's going to form!

Ha ha ha!  Ha ha ha!

As soon as it's known that she's going to dance.

form!

Ha ha ha!  Ha ha ha!

form!

Ha ha ha!  Ha ha ha!

poco rit.

theatre's taken by storm,  

The house is sold out in advance,  

The theatre's taken by storm, It's sold out in advance.

The theatre's taken by storm, It's sold out in advance.

The house is sold out for weeks in advance.

The house is sold out for weeks in advance.

No. 6. Song. "LAND O' MINE!"
BELOVAR AND CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.

Tenors 1 & II.

Chorus.

Basses.

Quiet.

Land o' mine, I hear you calling Every soldier heart en-

Belo.

Land o' mine!

Ch:

-thrilling, When the shades of night are fall-ing! Still I hear you call-ing, Land o' mine! Land o' mine!

Bel.

Still I hear you call-ing, Land o' mine! Absence only makes the heart grow fonder far!

Ch:

Still I hear you call-ing, Land o' mine! Absence only makes the heart grow fonder! Far a-field we

Ab.

Quicker.

Quicker.

Ab.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

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Broadly.

Though far a-field we wander,
Where so ever we roam,
Still we dream of wander, far!
Far a-field we wander! Home's there, Ah Home is there, and still we dream of

fonder far!

BROADLY.

tempo.

BEL: homel Maid o' mine, where is your lover?

CH: homel Maid o' mine, where is your lover?

Maid o' mine!

BEL: For his kisses are you yearning? Do you long for his returning?

CH: Do you long for his returning?

BEL:

Maid o' mine! Do you miss your lover, Maid o' mine!

CH:

Do you miss your lover, Maid o' mine! Maid o' mine! Do you miss your lover, Maid o' mine!

BEL:

Journeys end, they say, in lover's meeting, Ah! Soon I shall give you greeting!

CH:

Journeys end, they say, in lover's meeting! Life is but a fleeting hour! Soon I'll give you greeting!

BEL:

Home returning! Home! To that Maid o' mine!

CH:

Home returning! Home returning! To that Maid o' mine!

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Tempo di Mazurka.

**SOPHIE.**

'Tis I! And so every one would answer! My art on European stages Among the

(She dances.)

seven wonders of the age is!
BELOVAR.

I'm sure it's ev'rything that's en-tranc-ing; But I'm not

versed in that kind of dance-ing! We sol-dier men, when we've done with fight-ing,

Seek en-ter-tain-ment that's more ex-cit-ing!

SOPHIE.

All
Tempo di Gavotte.

over the earth, Where there's dancing that's worth An-y public es-teem I'm considered supreme! In the
fiercely you dance That I fan-cy, per-chance, As a lover your passion in sim-i-lar fash-ion You

star of the show, As I flit, to and fro, On the tip of my toe, Just so!
seek to ex-press, And with e-qual suc-cess! You are luck-y? Con-fess! Ah, yes!

dolce.

BELOVAR.

That tip-toe-ing game Seems to me rat-her tame! And it
I've learnt that a man has to take what he can. And to

leaves me quite chil-ly, It's real-ly so sill-y! To dance, all a lone, The steps that you've shown I'd
pay no at-ten-tion To rules of con-ven- tion! To beg for a kiss May well seem a-miss; Its

'A.H. & C.L.'d. 10.652.
Recitativo.  

BEL:  

feel a bit fool-ish, I own!  
bet-ter to take one, like this!

SOPHIE:

tool

bel!

BEL:

Just watch me!  
This is what I do!

I'll teach you,  
If you'll dance with me!

Moderato march.

BEL:

When the bug-les sound "ThiAd-vance!" When we hear them blow!

BEL:

That's the time to see me dance—Dance to meet the foe!  
You shall fear no false a-larms
If your heart be free! When you hear the "Call to Arms" You shall dance with me!

Dance Vivace.

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Lively. (SOLDIERS.)

Jour-neys end, they say, in lover's meeting! Soon I'll give her greeting! Soon! Absence is but

Jour-neys end, they say, in lover's meeting! Soon I'll give her greeting! Soon! Absence is but

Jour-neys end in lover's meeting! Jour-neys end!

1 Allegro.

fleeting! Home returning, I am yearning For that maid o' mine!

fleeting! Home returning, I am yearning For that maid o' mine!

fleeting! Home returning, I am yearning For that maid o' mine!

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SOPRAN:

GIRLS

ALT:

What's that?

(At the window.)

GIRLS

Soldiers! Look! Over there!

All round the house, I do do-

GIRLS

Soldiers everywhere!

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Quick march.

They're soldiers; for we've seen them! They should pro-

clare!

They're soldiers; for we've seen them! They should pro-

Quick march.

(Enter Sprott)

Now then! Now then! What's all this noise?

GIRLS. Vide some fun, between them!

GIRLS. Vide some fun, between them!

(dancing round him.)

Don't you dare interfere with our joys! For you know how we
dote on the boys!
SPR:  

Who would be a poor, embarrassed impresario?

By a troupe of

dancers harassed, Always on the go!

Tho' I would avoid a scandal, And for peace I pine, They're a

ticklish lot to handle, Are these girls of mine!

AN OFFICER. Hello! Hello! Good evening, Ladies!

SPRITTI. Excuse me. These are not Ladies; they're members of my Corps de Ballet!

OFFICER. All the better; (to Girls) Prepare to receive Cavaliers! (to Officers) Charge!
(The Officers storm the Girls and capture them.)

\[\text{Allegro.}\]

ALL.

OFFICERS.

\[\text{Al-ways do it}\]

\[\text{Always do it}\]

\[\text{poco meno}\]

\[\text{Allegro.}\]

\[\text{If you wish to ban-ish care, Always do it}\]

\[\text{thus!}\]

\[\text{If you'll dance with us!}\]

\[\text{thus!}\]

\[\text{Love and laugh-ter you shall share, If you'll dance with us!}\]

\[\text{Dance. Vivace.}\]

\[\text{mf}\]

\[\text{if}\]

\[\text{ff}\]

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Ah, that's right, boys! Keep things bright, boys! Time is

short, we must confess! For we march away tonight, boys!

In an hour, or even less!

GIRLS:

Not really!
We leave to-day!

How exasperating!

Our

What! Can't we stay?

GIRLS. Oh!

parlando.

Colonel's plans there's no frustrating; When he commands us, we obey!

SPRUTTI (aside.)
Thank Heaven!

BELVAR.

And what does our host say?

SUITANGI.

That dinner, sir, is waiting!
Lively.

BEL:

Where is our hostess?

SUIT:

Lively, \textit{sempre stacc.}

She—yes—the

BEL:

Still indisposed?

SUIT:

Countess—

She's

BEL:

Oh, well, if she's really coming—

SUIT:

just coming down, as I meant to have told you!

Quiet.
Bel: Maestoso.

And tell her the old lady's coming down to receive her guests!

Sprotti.

I'll fetch Sophie now!

Maestoso.

(Enter Mariana)

The Countess Beltrami! May I present my wife!
Quietly but in same tempo.

SOP: What charm and grace! What a rare, wonderful creature!

ALT: Fair in form and

TEN: In form and face

BASS: What loveliness and grace!

SOP: Her husband old

ALT: Her husband is old

TEN: He must have been bold

BASS: He must have been bold,

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SOP: And woo her! We wonder what was she at! What

ALT: He must have had gold, Or what was she at?

TEN: Or else he had gold! Or what was she at?

BASS: Millions in gold! Or what was she

SOP: could she be at, we wonder, This young and love-ly arist-o-crat,

ALT: What-ev-er was she at, we wonder, This young and love-ly

TEN: What-ev-er was she at, we wonder, This young and love-ly

BASS: at? We wonder what she was at, This young and love-ly

SOP: To wed an old fossil like that!

ALT: arist-o-crat, To wed an old fossil like that!

TEN: arist-o-crat, To wed an old fossil like that!

BASS: arist-o-crat, To wed an old fossil like that!

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MARIANA.

To come here I have been commanded!

BEOVAR.

Commanded? Ah, no!

Meno.

Quiet.

MAR: The orders from a guest are somewhat unexpected. So courteous a re-

MAR: The guest could hardly be neglected! My humblest apologies are due! I hope I have not inconvenience you!

BEL: Ah, surely not! You see I'm the offender, clearly!

BEL: I beg you most sincerely To pardon me!

BEL: These are such stirring times in which we live! That I behaved so rudely pray forgive!
Allegro. (to officers.)

BEL: This is your hostess, recollect, sirs! Her every wish must be respected! To

MARIANA.

TO MARIANA.

BEL: this your strict compliance I require! Is there anything you desire?

MAR: I wish you a pleasant journey. And bid you all good-night.

SUITABLE.

We bid you all good-

poco rit.

a tempo.

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SUG: -

ALT: -

TEN: -

BASS: -

49 Broadly

What loveliness and grace are hers! How we

What loveliness and grace! What could she be

What beauty and grace!

Beauty and

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won-der what she was at!

What could she be at, we at!

What-ev-er was she at,

What-ev-er was she at, we grace!

How love-ly a face!

How love-ly a face!

We won-der!

To mar-ry a man like that!

won-der!

How could she mar-ry such a man as that!

won-der what she was at!
Enter Dostal.

**Allegro**

DOSTAL.

Oh, Colonel! My men have captured a spy! A

pedlar, shabby, old and pale, sir,

Who says he cuts silhou

(MARIANA suppresses a cry.) BELOVAR. (Speaks) Bring him in!

petites for sale, sir!
Rather Quicker

This

(Dostal brings in Adrian disguised as Suitangi.) MARIANA: Adrian! SUITANGI: For heaven's sake!

BEL: is a bit of luck!

(To Adrian.)

BEL: Who are you? Where do you come from?

BEL: What's your business?
Tempo di Valse.

ADRIAN.

I'm very harmless, you'll agree!

BELOVAR.

What are you a wandering artist, as you see!

22 Quicker.

BEL: doing here at this hour of the night?

ADR: 22 Quicker.

\textit{f farcioso.}

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(Speaks) (To join the rebel!) Very quick.

BEL:

You dog! You're a spy!

ADR:

journey to Milan!

MARIAN.

He is no spy! He is no

\[ \text{\textit{Lento.}} \]

MAR:

spy! He's come to this castle for many a year,

\[ \text{\textit{mysterioso.}} \]

MAR:

To cut silhouettes, in days gone by! A poor old pedlar, And
of-ten star-v-ing!

He is no spy! Good heav-ens no! These

sil-hou-et-tes he's al-ways car-v-ing!

Look! Sim-ple rub-bish!

Utt-er-ly worth-less!

SUITANGLI.

This poor

Oh! Utt-er-ly worth-less? Quite so!

Quicker.

tramp that you've caught! He's rea-ly not worth a thought! So
Broadly.

MARC: Give me, pray, your arm, And take me down to

\begin{align*}
\text{\textcopyright 25} \text{ Tempo di gavotte.}
\end{align*}

MARC: Dinner! When one entertains so charming a guest, Then one may

\begin{align*}
\text{poco rit.} & \quad \text{express.}
\end{align*}

BELOVAR.

MARC: Well forget the rest! I'm not surprised the Count should wish to

SUITANGI. (Aside.)

BEL: Hide So very beautiful a bride! I'm truly flattered! My nerves simply
shattered!

And what'll we do with this fellow here?

Go! Do you hear?

Quiet.

(Adrian reluctantly goes out; helped by a kick from Dostal.)

morendo.

MARIANA (aside) Saved!

A H. & C., Ltd. 10,652.
Bring wine!  
Let's drink a toast to our hostess!

(To Mariana.)

I hope that you will join us.

MARIANA. (Hysterically.)

Yes, of course!

And why too!

Bel:  

(Laughing.)

not, Give me wine!
MARIANA. Fiery waltz.

Ah! wine is the giver of gladness,
A draught of nectar divine!

As maker of mirth and of madness, There's naught on the earth like

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10 652.
wine!

For hearts, we know,

More


tender grow,

And eyes more brightly


shine!

Love is inspired,

Passion is
fired, By wine! By wine!

Chorus:

BELOVAR (speaks) By Heaven, there's wine in her veins!

Ah!

wine brings delight to each lover, A bliss that none can define!

The secret of joy we discover, A

flame with the ardour of wine!

More hope there seems In

all the schemes That we in dreams design!
Passion is crowned, Sorrows are drowned, In wine!

In wine!

In wine!

Enter: DOSTAL.

DOSTAL: (To Belovar.)

It's time, sir, to depart; The
regiment's ready to start!

Chorus. (GIRLS.)

oh! no! no! no! We really can't

let you go!

OFFICERS.

Things are so gay here, we hoped to

spend the day here!
Orders we must obey here!

Belgvar.

Chorus. We stay here!

Hurrah! Hooray!

Mariana... (aside) Good heavens! they're staying! Belgvar.

Girls. Ah!

Officers. Ah! Ah! Ah! avel.
Fiery waltz.

Wine is the giver of gladness. A draught of wine! The giver of gladness is wine! Wine! The giver of gladness is wine!

Nectar divine! As maker of mirth and of madness, what nectar divine, is wine! For mirth and madness, naught on the earth's like wine! For madness, naught on the earth's like wine!
BEL:

Hearts, we know, More tender grow, And

P Sub.

BEL:

Eyes more brightly shine!

Girls.

With wine! With wine! With

Officers.

With wine! With wine! With

BEL:

Love is inspired, Passion is fired,

wine! Love is inspired, Passion is

wine! Love is inspired, Passion is

35

A.H. & C.L. 40, 652.
By wine! By wine! By wine!

By wine! By wine! By wine!

(Enter SPROTTI & SOPHIE.)
SPRUTTI (To Sophie...)

There you are! I've done it!

It wanted some nerve, But I didn't swerve!

Thus I've succeeded, And got what you need!

Here is the Countess, you'll ob-

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10,652.
A little slower. **BELVAR.** (Offering his arm to Mariana.)

**SOPHIE:** (aside) Good.

**SPEAK:**

May I have the honour,

**SOPHIE:** (Going up to him.) (He takes no notice of her.)

But Colonel!

**BEL:**

Countess?

**SOPHIE:**

Oh! Colonel!
(BELOVAR leads MARIANA out on his arm.)

Maestoso.

SOPHIE. (To Sprotti who tries to interfere.) Run away and play! (She goes out with Solani.)

(Suitangi who sadly picks up the silhouettes.)

SUITANGI.

Worth-lesse old rubbish, Ah! me! My poor silhouette, ah!

Broadly.

Curtain falls quickly.

ACT 2.

No 9. OPENING CHORUS AND DANCE.

SUITEGI, SPOTTI, OFFICERS & CHORUS.

(CURTAIN RISES)

Allegro moderato.

Come! well drink and play, till night is ended!

Let the wine with harmony be blended!

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To the winds' dull care we're flinging! Set the well, kin loudly ringing! We'll raise the roof off without singing! Faster and faster the music grows! Time hurries past when the red wine flows!

Broader. ten. ten. Slower.
Come, ladies, don't be shy! Come, boys, your throats are dry! While there's a bottle left, we won't say die!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10552.
DANCE.

 Allegro moderato.

3. Quicker.

P. suz.

P. \textit{in primo e poco}

\textit{cresc.}

P. \textit{molto.}

\textit{cresc.}

\textit{Presto.}

A. H. & C. L.\textsuperscript{ld} 10,652.
Tempo di marcia.

ROSLNA. To be flirt-ed with by
ROSLNA. When a Count is hav-ing

notes in smart so-ci-e-ty, Doesn't fill me with the ver-y least aux-
dinner at a Duchess's, He may thrill be-cause her lit-tle fin-gor

-i-e-ty; For, in love, you know, there's noth-ing like var-i-e-ty!
touch-es his! But an hen-est foot-man's heart can feel as much as his!

I'm con-tent to let a gent get sen-ti-en-tal, now and then! Though I
And you can't up-braid a par-lour-maid be-cause she feels it too! If she's

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don't allow undue familiarity
sweet upon the butler, don't be hard on her!
Or a single word that
If she lets the coachman

borders on vulgarity,
I confess I'm very fond of pop-u-
kiss her, you must pardon her!
That a man may be a Grand Duke or a

-larity!
I'm a terror, make no error, with all sorts and kinds of
garden-er
Doesn't worry me, or flur-ry me, so long as he is

men!
true!

Dance.

A.H. & C.Ltd 10,652.-5.
Pro-fit-eers and Bank Cash-iers
And
Ac-re-bats or Plut-o- crats with

Bom-ar-diers drop in to tea! Proud or hum-ble, In they tum-ble, quite a jum-ble,
Hem-burg hats up-on their knee! Mas-ter tai-lors, Pris-on jail-ers, Jol-ly sail-ors,
you'll a-gree! Short or tall ones, Large or small ones, They are all In love with me! With
home from sea! Dark or fair men, I don't care, So long as they're In love with me! With
me! With me! That's where they long to be! They stand and
me! With me! That's what they've got to be! An eas-y

A. H. & C., Ltd. 10.652.75.
wait At our back gate! You too, it's true, May

task, Yet all I ask! And so, although You've

like to join the queue! And as, you see, My Sun-
days are
not-thing much to show: No fam-ily tree Or proud ped-

free, You've still a chance of walk-ing out with me!
gree. You've still a chance of walk-ing out with me!

DANCE.

No. 10. DUET: A WOMAN'S 'NO'  

MARIANA and BELOVAR.

Moderato.

BELOVAR:
That lady there was too well treated; The man too chivalrous, I vow! If history could be re-

MARIANA:
If you were -peated, I wonder what would happen now!

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A. H. & C. 106527.
he, you would be heed-ing
Her gen-tle plead-ing, And be a man of hon-our

too!

I'm won-der-ing what I should do

molto accelerando
If she were half as fair as you!

If a man
Fair as the

sees such char-mer such beau-ty, Hon-our and du - ty Go to the wall,
rose she holds in her hand; In vain has she planned Her beau-ty to hide;
MARIANA.

But if a woman has strength to defy him, If she de-
Is it her fate to be plucked like a flower, Just kept for an

girl.

And he is bound to fall!
Love will not be denied!

MARIANA.

—ry him once and for all?
hour and then cast aside?

BELA.

Where there's a woman Man is but
Bashful and tender, She will sur-

poco rit.

Tempo I.

BELA.

human,
render

And if passion should call,

And let love be her guide,

Neath her
For her

poco rit.
mantle of snows Where the blood warmly flows. Who knows whether heart would disclose __ The
love-li-ness grows With each kiss she bestows. MAR By "she" you must mean I suppose __ The

Lady of the Rosel MAR. The heart of a lady in ermine might beat,
Lady of the Rosel BEL. 'Tis said that hereditary forgets a chain.

Her lover today would encounter defeat! And what has once happened may happen again!

He'd

find his advancement withstood! that I would never endure!

BELOVAR.  

Moderato, slow Waltz time.

I'm not quite so sure that he would!

May-be, but one can't be too sure!

Sometimes you may say

"No!"

Sometimes you may say "Yes!"

Or whispering low. With your cheeks all a-glow, You

ritard.

a tempo.

leave a poor man to guess!

So patient

ritard.

a tempo.

he must grow,
And when the years e-

lapse,
The future will show That although she says

"No!" A woman may mean — "Perhaps!"

No! A woman may mean — "Perhaps!"

1.

(spoken.) MARIANA:— What is it that you want of me? BELOVAR:— Mariana!

2.

"haps!"

haps!"

MARIANA: Ah no! I can't allow it. Just one kiss! No! No! May'n't I even kiss your hand?

MARIANA.
I promise to be good! I wonder!

BEOVAR.
Give me a token, a little sign of sympathy; that rose of yours!

MARIANA.
One only gives flowers to a man when he comes to say "Good-Bye!"

BEOVAR: Will you give it me then?

MARIANA.
Perhaps!

No. 11. Trio:— When Men Grow Older.

Sophie - Suitangi - Sprotti.

Allegretto, jolly.

Nuit: Youth's the time for love, they tell us, But of youth I'm never jealous; Middle age, so
Suit: Wine, they say, improves with keeping; Unripe corn's not fit for reaping, People bar a

I'll engage, is finer far! Sophie: Love-sick boys aren't worth the worry,
Green cigar; it's much too new! Sophie: Pictures by some early master.

As from flower to flower they hurry; Off they'll flutter, like the butter-
Always seem to sell much faster Than the smartest modern artist's
Sprotti: Young men's hearts are too hot-blooded; Love's an art the ever do!

Sprotti: Dear'est cheese is the matur'est! Ancient wheezes old have studied; Sixty four must know much more than seventeen! are the surest! Passionmelows when a fellow's in his prime!

Poco meno

Sue. Romeo's a perfect fozzler When he's matched against Methuselah! He gets stymied, Sue. Yes, the age for paying court is What they call the 'Roaring Forties!' There's no better

Poco rit.

Every time, upon the green! then the vetran, every time!

All. As men grow

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10652.
Moderato quasi Allegretto.

They get no colder, Their hearts are colder. Much colder than they used to be!

1. Of all loves stages In history's pages The middle ages are the best, you'll see! SING. We mend our care less Because we're above the age of fifty three!

2. The perfect lover, As you'll discover. Must be a You may be hideous. He's not fash-

Hairless, For that indeed there's no need to conceal! It is your smile, not your style, that appeals!

Sophie. A woman, when her friends behold her, Wears her age upon her shoulder.]

All. For lovely woman, when she's eight, Grows a trifle dull and weighty. But a
men aren't an-y old-er than we feel.
man is just as "mate-y" as he feels!

poco a poco ritard.
a tempo.
NO. 12. DUET “I LOVE YOU SO!”

MARIANA - ADRIAN.

Grazioso.

MARIANA. Oh, do take care, For danger’s near! Stand o-ver there, And I'll stop here. But I can't bear To stay like this! MAR. We must be wise, There's not a doubt, For prying eyes Are all about! ADR. In this disguise It's safe to blame; It keeps its speed Up just the same! Still, you'll con-cede There’s some-thing
kiss! mar. It's un-der-stood That you'll be good A lit-tle long-er.
wrong! mar. Yes, I'll be bound, It's ful-ly wound, And tick-ing loud and

please! mar. We must-not miss A chancelike this; It's one we ought to seize! There's no-one
clear! mar. Those nois-y knocks Are not the clock's; But it's my heart you hear! So let me

near! mar. It can-not be! mar. The coast is clear! mar. I don't a-gree! mar. Your room is
stay! mar. Ah, do be just! mar. But why de-lay? mar. Be-cause we must! mar. The hour is

poco a poco cresce

here! mar. But then, you see, I've got the key!
late! mar. Yet, sure as fate, You'll have to wait!

A. H. & C., Ltd. 10,652.
Why, dear, Let our chances slip by, dear? Though you beg me to fly, dear, I'll not go!

Please, dear, Do as prudence decrees, dear! Must I go on my knees

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,652-4.
and ask you, so?

Now, dear,
You are cruel, I vow,

dear!
What I crave you'll allow, dear!

But suppose I say "No!"
"No!" "No!" "No!" "No!"

Though, dear, you are cold as the snow.

dear, all my beings a-glow, for oh! you

know, I love you so!
No. 13 ENSEMBLE.

Allegro molto. MARIANA.

BEOVAR. My husband's gone!

Her husband's gone! ADRIAN. No

Allegro molto. Ah, yes, he's gone!

MAR. (aside) What does he mean?

BEL. dull formalities need now restrain us!

MAR. mean?

BEL. (aside) Our charming hostess now can entertain us!

ADRIAN (aside) What does he mean?

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MAR. To bed we

BEL. It's close on mid-night, I declare!

ADR. must repair!

BEL. But if the opportunity is there?

BEL. and tries to take hold of her.)

ADR. You would not dare!
BEL. (surprised)

I should not dare?

Moderato.

ADR.

I told the Count I'd guard his lady! I gave my word! I think you

Slower. (to MARIANA)

heard! If you'll allow me, and I

poco rit.

ADR.

don't presume, I'll do your husband's bidding,

And es-

-cort you to your room!

**MAR.**

**Slow.**

Yes, he's right! I'll say Good-night!

**BEL.**

**Quick.**

I can't

(to ADRIAN)

let you disappear!

As for you,

don't interfere!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10.852.
Midnight's witching hour is near!

Time for a dance, 'tis clear!

Dance away till day is here!

Here's your chance, now,

A. H. & C., Ltd. 10,652.
BEL.

To join in a dance, now!

BEL.

Come on, boys! Night is soon gone, boys! So

BEL.

choose a partner each! Come

BEL.

(to MARIANA) May I have the honour?

on, boys

G. P.
Round the bivouac fire!

Passion in each

Feet that never tire!

All night through we banish care,

burning glance, Feet that never tire!

Stop, if you

And we do it thus!

Life has joys for all to share, If you dance with
MAR.  please, I'm feeling faint, And I can't bear all this heat and glare! Ah! please, let me

us!

MAR.  be! BELOVAR

Not yet, I swear! I won't set you free! Your beauty's a snare for a

Drawing out.

BEL.  man like me! Your eyes and your hair, Your lips di-

BEL.  -vine, Shall mingle their kisses with mine, dear! 

A. H. & C., Ltd. 10,652.
BELOVAR (Spoken)

Give this man twenty lashes!

BROAD.

ADRIAN (taking off his disguise)

What d'you say? Adrian? Count Adrian Beltrami is my name!

This Lady is my wife!

BELOVAR (Spoken)

Oho! The Count, disguised as a
Moderato.

BEGGAR! Very interesting!

Beg-gars are pun-ished with a flog-ging! We

can't treat a Count like that! But spies are shot against a

Allegro.

wall! At dawn to mor-row that will be your fate,

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10 652.
Count Adrian Beltrami!

ADRIAN (at stage.) Moderato. (Mariana is about to go on her knees)

to Belovár, but he moves away. Sophie whispers to Isolani who exits.) (Adrian pulls Mar. to

her feet as Dostal enters with two soldiers.)

ADRIAN. Don't plead for my life, dear!

An. Rather death than see my own beloved wife sacrifice her pride for me! What

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,658.
Moderato

ever be-fall, You'll re-mem-ber, I know! Where hon-our may

He kisses MARIANA and exit with DOSTAL and soldiers.
call me I'm rea-dy to go! Broad.

ISOLANI.
(who has entered, aside to MARIANA.) (aloud to BEL.)
I know how to save him!

May I have

leave, sir, Just for to-night? To vis-it my cous-in, sir, The Arch-

A, ii. & C., Ltd. 10,652.
The Archdukes

I cannot grant you leave!

MARIANA.

Have you no pity, then? No heart?

SOPH. ve-ry rich and smart!

BEL. No! No!

MAR. (Spoken) Some

BEL. No! No!
-times the heart says "No"____ Sometimes the
heart says "Yes"____ But surely it bleeds For a woman who
pleads— A woman in sore distress?

BELOVAR (spoken)

MARIANA (spoken)

Very well! Your husband's free!
There's a condition attached, you know! Do you recall what happened long ago? A husband's life can be saved again! Unharmed your husband goes? If you will do as she did then, The Lady of the Rose!

No! No! No!

Some-
Waltz.

Sometimes you may say "No!"

Sometimes you may say "Yes!"
The answer you'll give, that your lover may live, is not very hard to guess!

LADIES.

What—

OFFICERS.

What
ever can the Col-nel mean? It's very difficult to glean! He
ever can the Col-nel mean? It's very difficult to

What can the Col-nel mean? We
can the Col-nel mean? We

will compel her to obey, For he always gets his way!
glean! He will compel her to obey, For he always gets his way!
mean? We dare not intervene! For he always gets his way!
dare not intervene! For he always gets his way!

A. H. & C., Ltd. 10, 652.
future will show that although she says "No!" A woman may mean "Perhaps!"
BELOVAR: You will come to me? (MARIAH is silent) (threateningly)

You will come! (gently) I shall wait for you—as the man in the story waited—for "The Lady of the Rose."
NO 14 FINALE—DUET.
(MARIANA & BEOVAR.)

BELOVAR.

Mariana! Mariana! I'm yearning, and burning, To make you my own!

BEL.

You shall be mine, mine alone! So closely I'll...
hold you, My arms shall enfold you, And

so, with our hearts beating fast, Mariana, we shall find love at

last! Mariana! Mariana!

(He falls asleep.)

\[\text{A.H. \& C.Ltd. 10,652.}\]
Allegro moderato.

Broadly.

BEL.

Mariah-ra!

MAR.

Of my own free will!

BEL.

Mariah-ra!

BEL.

I am here!

I've come, just as you wished!

Without fear or misgiving,
MAR.  
Freely I come to you!

BEL.  
Ma - ria - na!

Moderately quick.

MAR.  
For a spark you have lighted  Deep down in this heart of mine!

BEL.  
Ma -  

BEL.  
-Maria, you love me?

MARÍANA.  
Very quick.

With a perfect surrender  That reeks not of shame or

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10,652.
blame!

With a passion whose splen -

dour Has kin-died my heart to flame!

BEL.

For

me was your love cre-a-ted Through all the a-ges

past!

For me you were fa-ted! Too long have I wait-ed, But

A.H. & C. Ltd. 10,652.
now you are mine, at last!

Slow Waltz.

Maria, Maria, I'm yearning, and
burning, To make you my own! You shall be

mine, mine a-lone!
ACT 3.

N° 15. INTRODUCTION.

Moderato. (Slow waltz.)
"CATCH A BUTTERFLY WHILE YOU CAN."

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
LESLE STUART.

Alla marcia.

(SOPHIE AND CHORUS.)

SOPHIE.

Some girls prefer to stay at home;
Gay little gad-abouts are we,
As careless and as

walls They never care to range!
We're painted butterflies that
free As birds that fly above!
We long for something new to

roam Wherever fancy calls, in search of something strange!
For the see For somewhere new to be, And someone new to love!

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world's a garden, And we ask no pardon As from flower to flower we gaily have the same one Life's a dull and tame one, But when new men woo you ev'ry go.
Each heart's a rover, All the wide world over, And the day, They fill your fancies Full of fresh romances That are sweet as flowers in May! Oh, we're all quite content to take our flowers are ours we know! So we love just to rove amid the clover And gaily go flitting to and fro! chances! We hope you'll get busy right away!
REFRAIN.
SOPHIE.

Good-bye! far over the world we love to wander! Good-bye! The

butter-fly life it calls us yonder! Here! There! We fare

Where'er we find a sunny hour to squander! Man may

try to cast his nets about us! Hell say life so lonely gets with-out us!

A. H. & C. Ltd. 10652.
Poor man! Vainly you plot and plan!
You have to catch a butterfly while you can!

Goodbye! Far over the world we love to wander!
You say goodbye!

Poor butterfly!

Goodbye! The butterfly life it calls us yonder!
Here! There!

You say goodbye!

Poor butterfly!

The butterfly life
We fare Wherever we find a sunny hour to squander!

Is calling us yonder Wherever we find the time, the

Man may try to cast his nets about us Hell say

time! He certainly may! Man may! Hell probably say!

life's so lonely gets with out us Poor man! Vainly you plot and plan! You

He'll say Poor man! You plan
1st Verse.

have to catch a butterfly while you can!

to catch a butterfly while you can!

2nd Verse.

can!

can!
No. 17. Duet. "OUR FLAT!"

(SUITANGI AND ROSINA)

March tempo.

ROSA. When we set up house together,

ROSA. In our modest little nest, dear,

I should like a castle grand, Built among the purple heather, Where we've chances
You must have a room apart, Where when I receive a guest, dear, You'll retire to

to expand! Suit: Though you're right about expansion, Castles cost a lot, you know!
study art! (Suit:) I'm an easy-going fellow; When you've friends I'll disappear!

What about a country mansion Or a seaside bungalow? (Rosa) I confess I
I can study in the cellar. All among the ginger-beer! (Rosa) Ev'ry wall with

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A.H. & C., Ltd. 10.652.6.
ROSI:
should be fonder of a manor house with views!

SUIT:
prints I'll smother; I've got phantes by the score!

SUIT:
we could wander down our chestnut avenues!

ROSI:
Though I love a
ones of Mother just behind the bathroom door!

ROSI:
chestnut rather! We could hardly run to that!

SUIT:
No, well never coloured 'li-no' we shall make the neighbours blink!

ROSI:
They'll be madly

SUIT:
Wander farther than a tiny two-roomed flat!

ROSI:
A flat like that's great jealous, I know, of the gold fish in our sink!

SUIT:
Our geyser too, they'll

A.H. & C.Ltd. 10.652-6.
fun!
(SUIT:) Where two "flats" live in one! (ROS:) Our
see! (SUIT:) By "gee-zer" d'you mean me? (ROS:) With

REFRAIN.

A home of our
kisses like this we'll be greet-ing! Our home will be

own we must find! (SUIT:) It may not be gay or well-
cos-y and dry! (SUIT:) In-deed, we won't need Cent-ral

light-ed? (ROS:) We won't mind! (SUIT:) Love is blind!
Heating, (ROS:) When we're by! (ROS:) You and I

A.H. & C.Ltd. 10.652-6.
SUIT: Our friends who descend uninvited, May
I'll buy you a nice tin of Keating, In

ROS: Say that you can't swing a cat! (SUIT): But
case you get stung by a great! (SUIT): Ah,

SUIT: what shall we care, If we both are there, (BOTH:) In our
that won't arise, For there ain't no flies (BOTH: Oh our

ROS: tin-y little two-room flat?
tin-y little two-room flat!
No. 18. Finale.

Moderato.

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A.H.& C., Ltd. 10, 652.
Allegro vivace.

Tempo I°

CHOR: Journeys end, they say, in lovers'

meet - ing Soon I'll give her greet - ing! Abs - tence is but fleet - ing!

say, in lov - er's meet - ing! Abs - tence is but fleet - ing!
Home returning, I am yearning for that Maid o' mine!

Home returning, I am yearning for that Maid o' mine!

Allegro moderato.

Moderato.

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