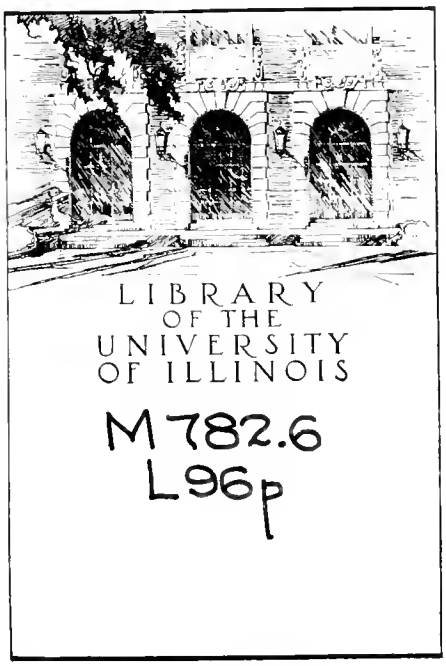
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THE PRINCE OF PILSEN

A MUSICAL COMEDY
IN TWO ACTS

LYRICS BY

FRANK PIXLEY

MUSIC BY

GUSTAV LUDERS.

VOCAL SCORE.

Price $2 00 net.
6/-

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MUSIC

THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

Management of Henry W. Savage.

Staged by George Marion.

Produced May 1902, Tremont Theatre, Boston.

Book and Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Prince of Pilsen	ARTHUR DONALDSON.
Hans Wagner	JOHN W. RANSONE.
Tom Wagner	IVEY ANDERSON.
Artie	MAURICE DARCY.
François	ROBERT O'CONNOR.
Mrs. Madison Crocker	DOROTHY MORTON.
Sidonie	LOUISE MONTROSE.
Edith	MABEL PIERSON.
Nellie	RUTH PEEBLES.
Juinnie	ZELLA FRANK.

Heidelberg Students, Naval Cadets, U. S. A. Gendarmes, Vassar Girls etc. etc.

Time — Present.

Place — Nice, Italy.

4754

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THE PRINCE OF PILSEN.

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts.

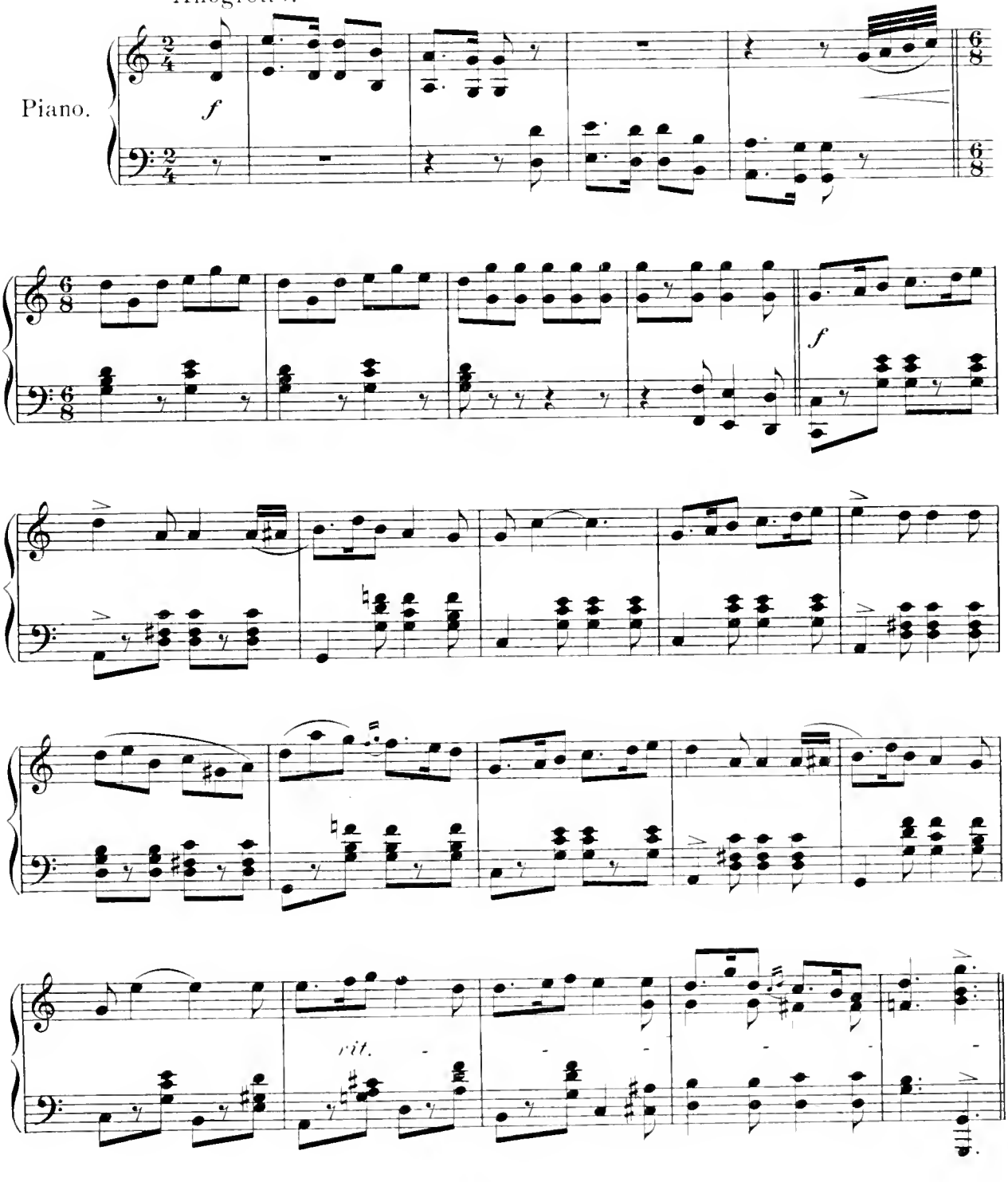
Overture.

Book and Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Allegretto.

Piano.



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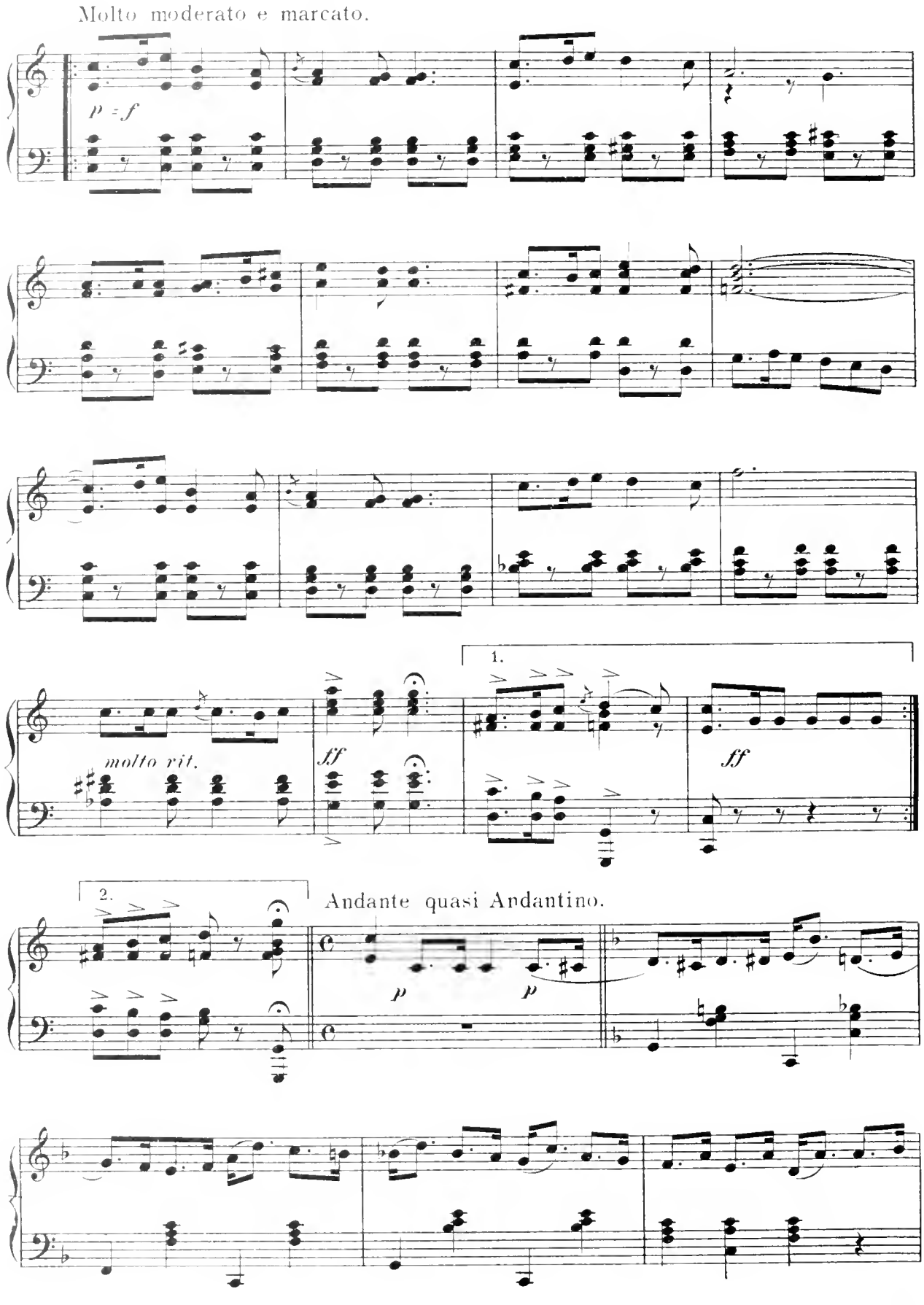
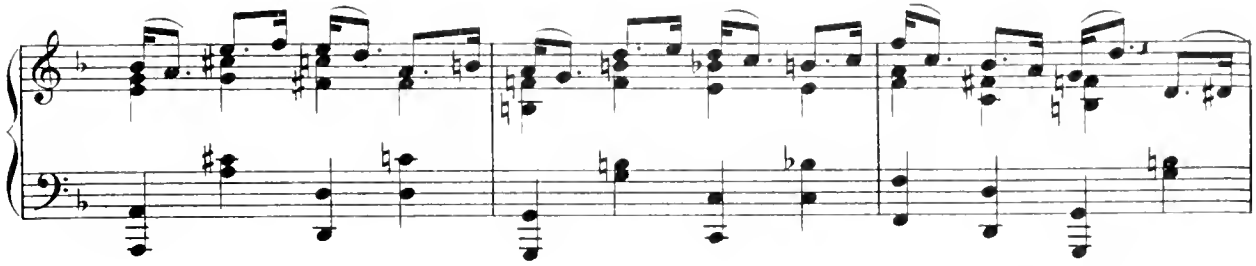
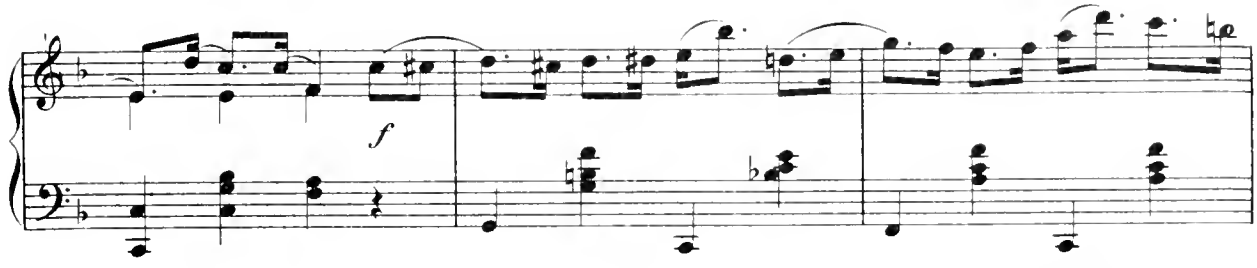

Molto moderato e marcato.
p = f
molto rit.
ff
1.
ff
2.
Andante quasi Andantino.
p
p

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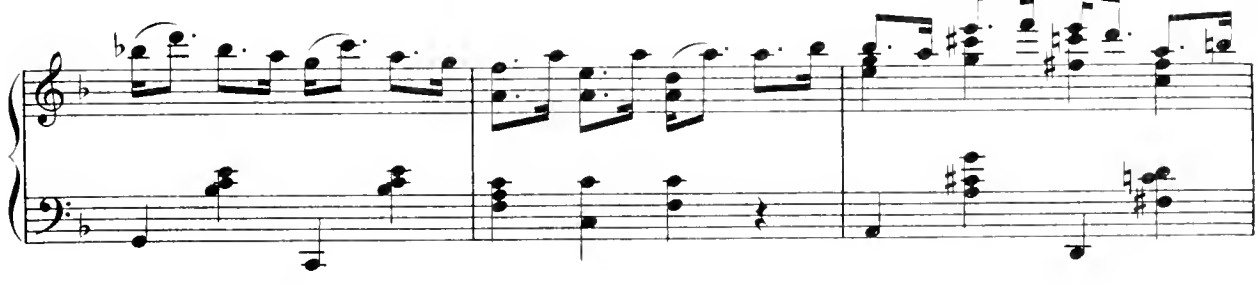
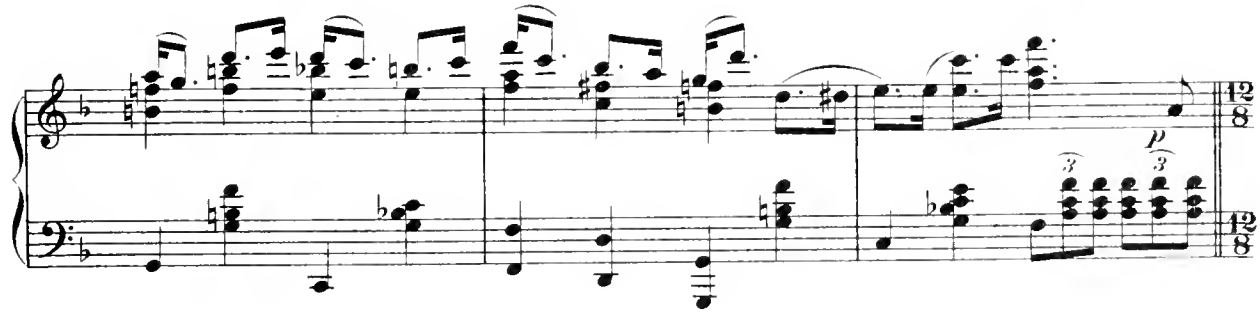
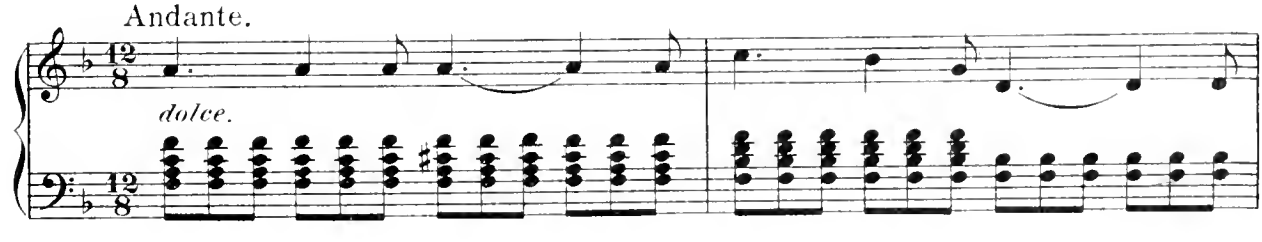
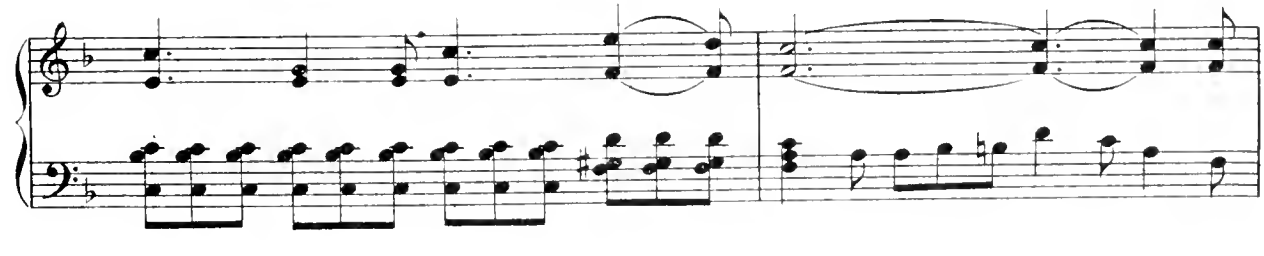
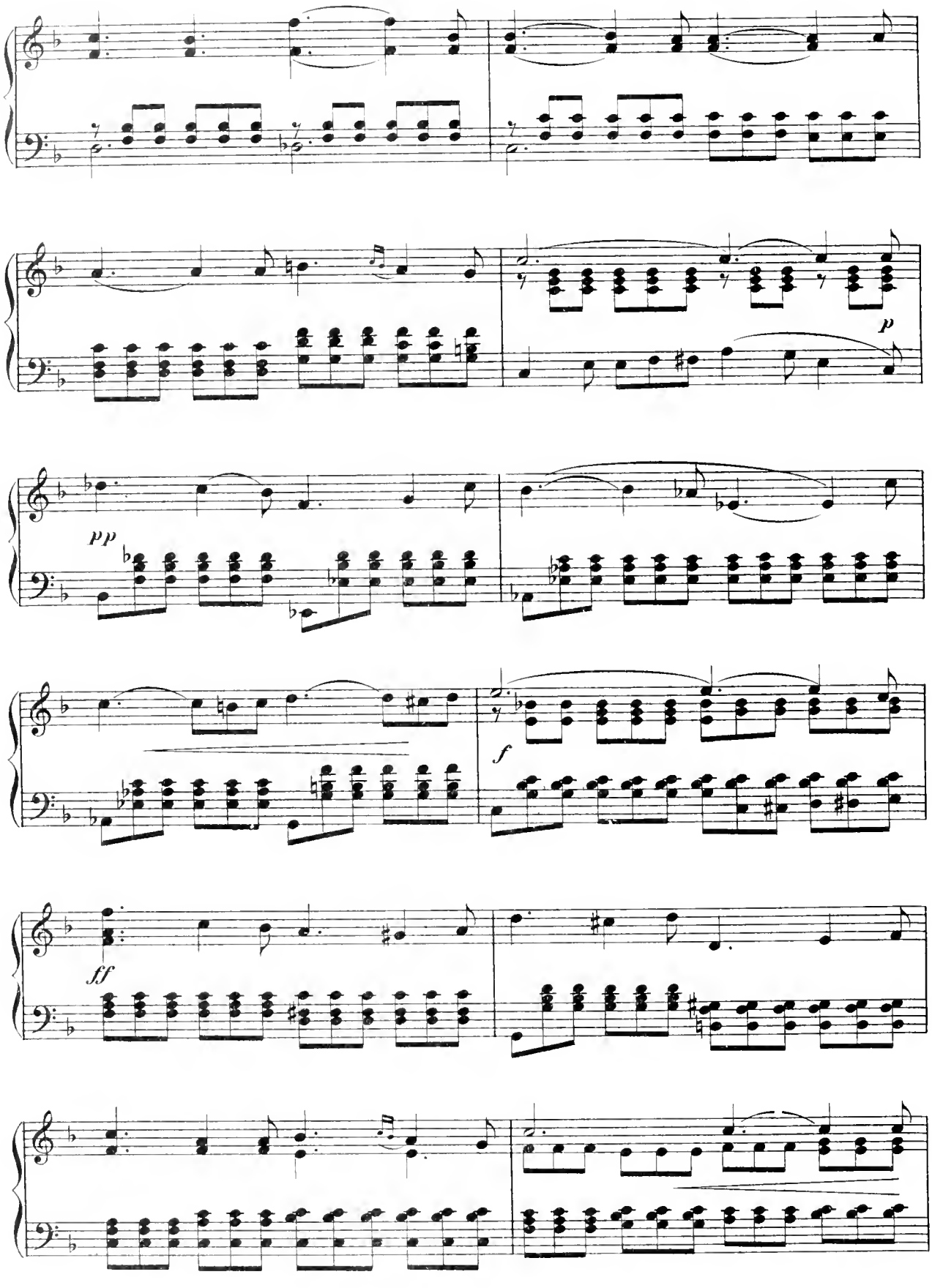
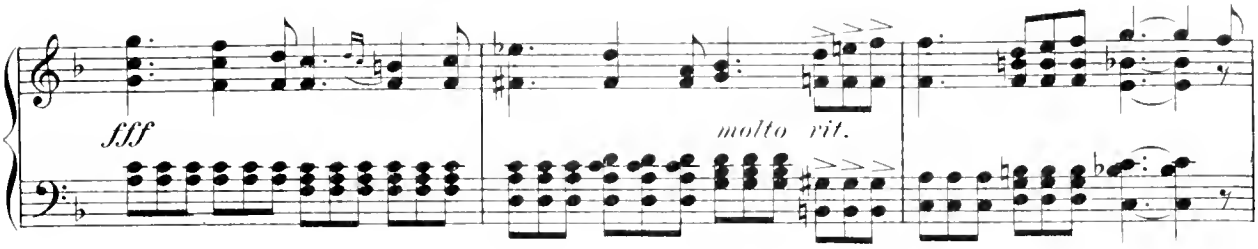



p
12
8
12
8

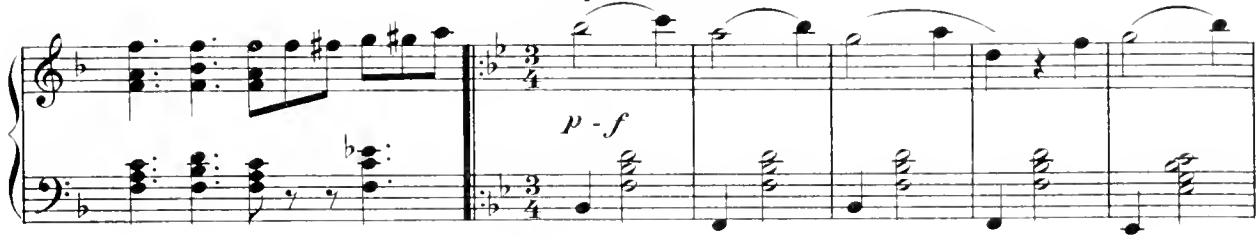

Andante.
dolce.
12
8
12
8

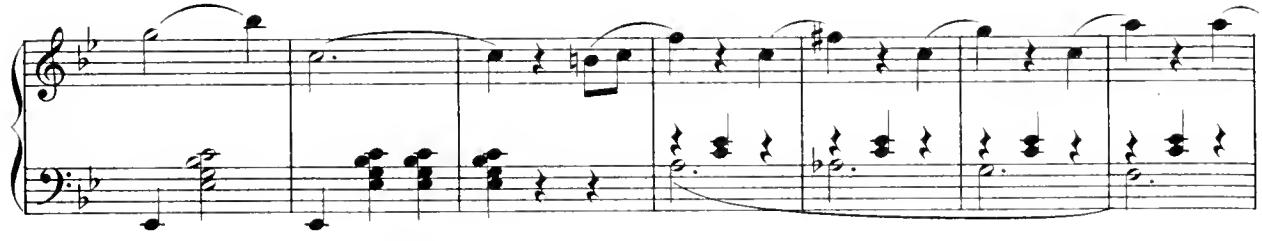


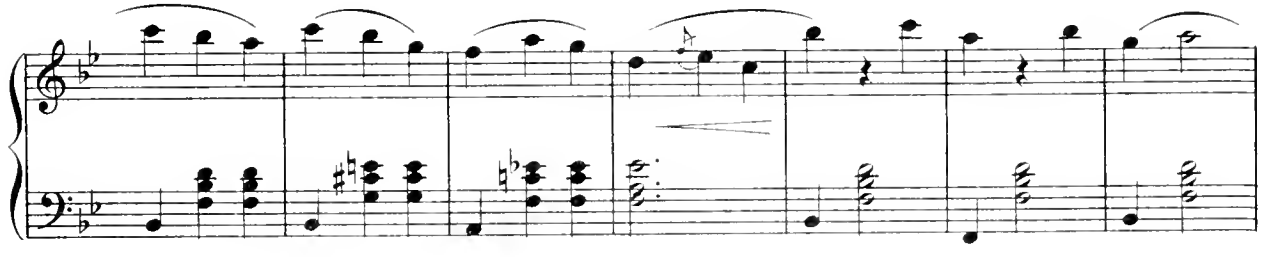

p
pp
f
ff

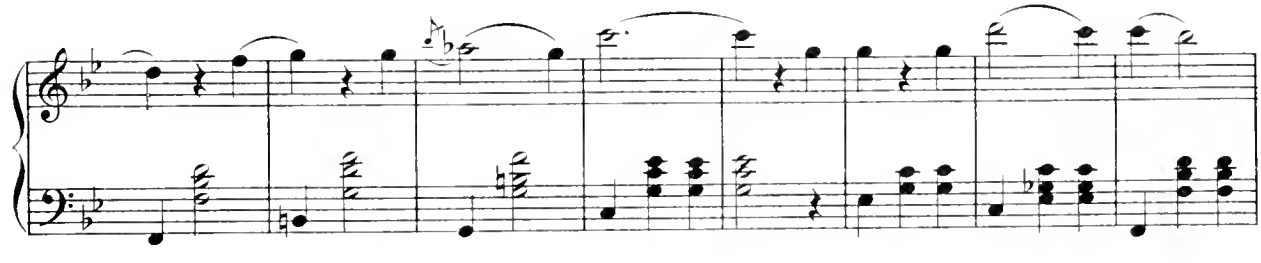


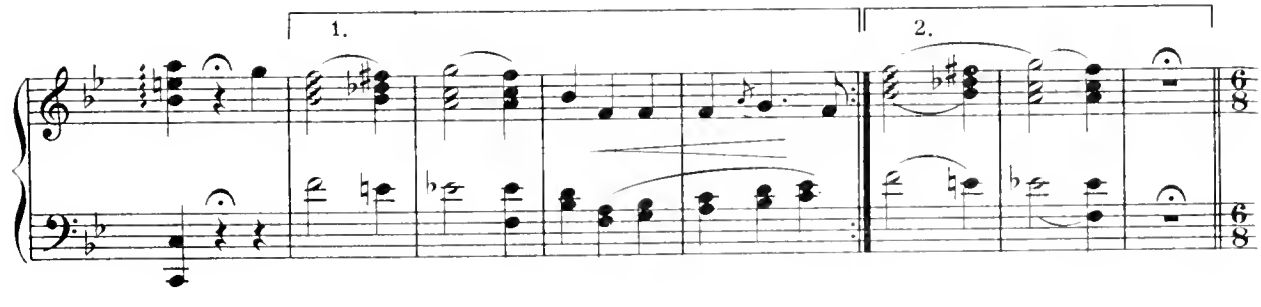
Tempo di Valse.

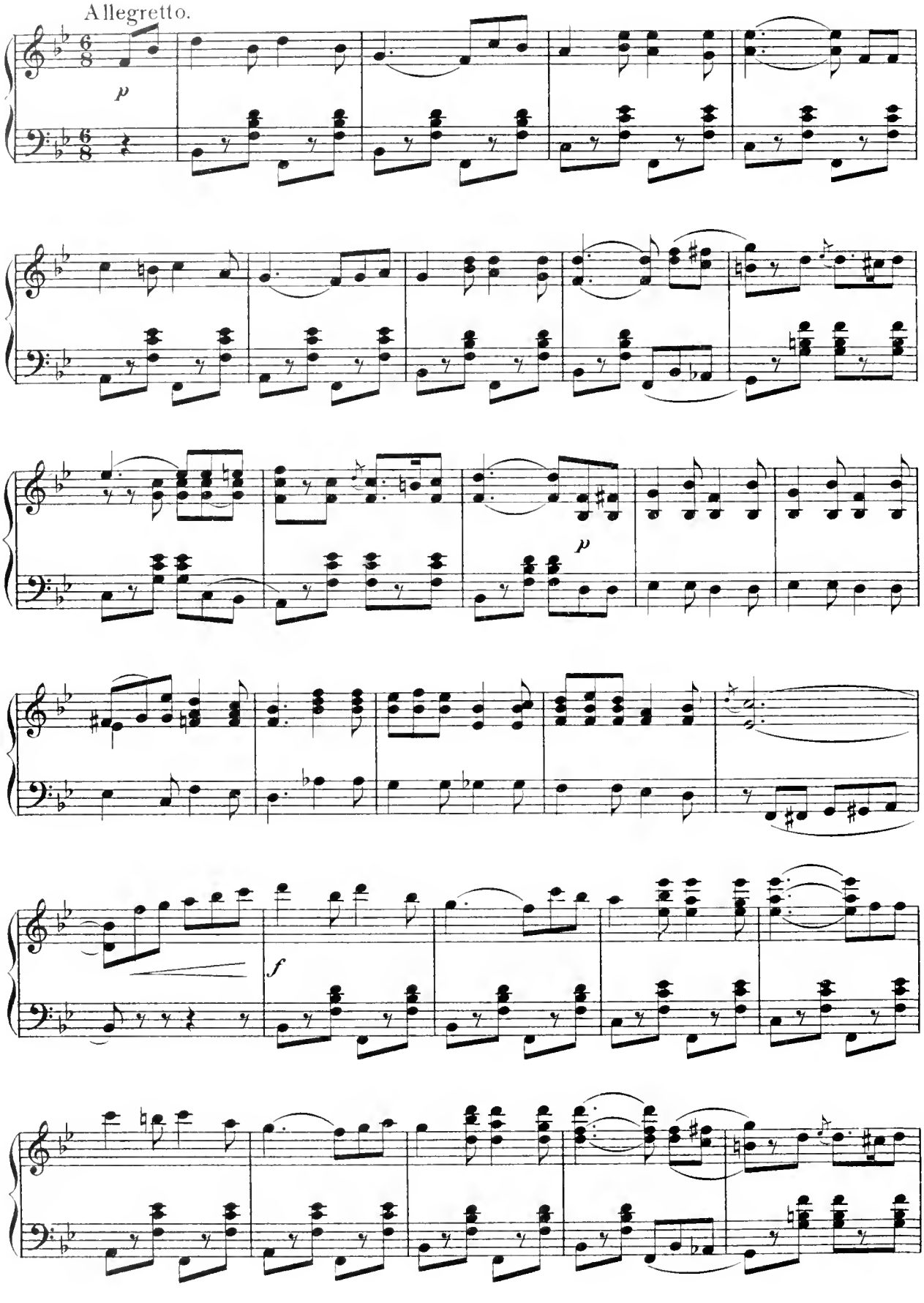


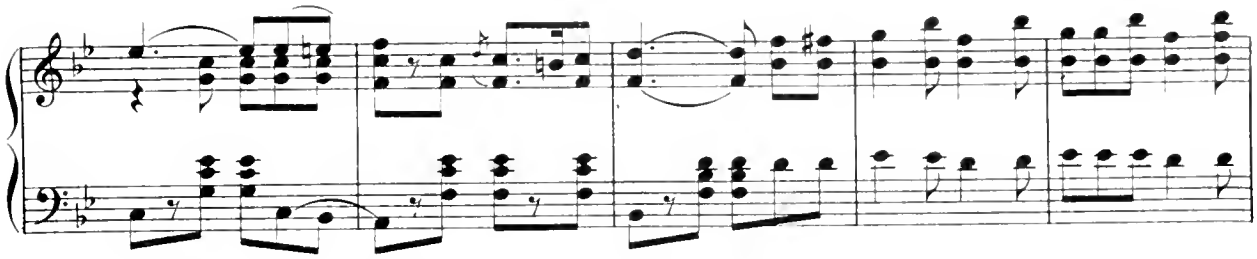


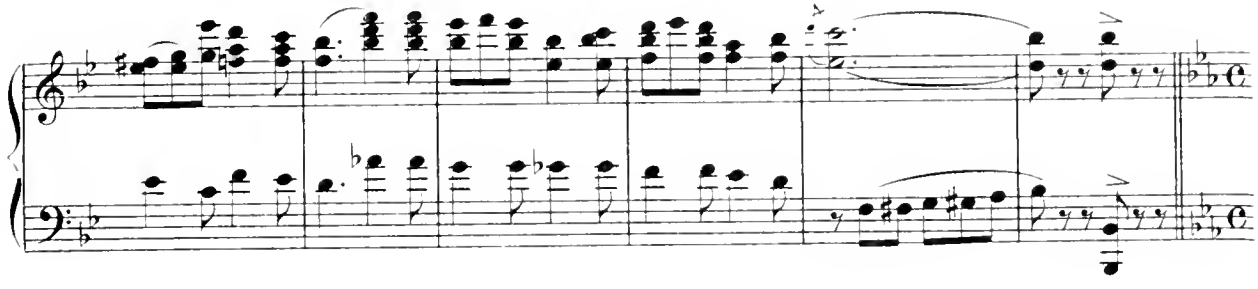




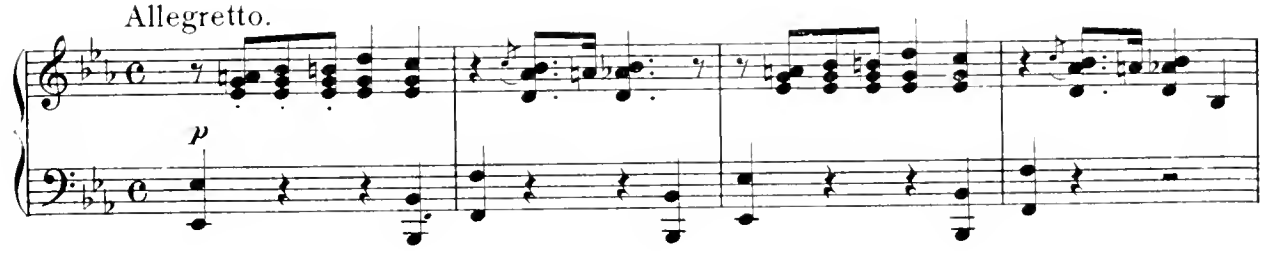


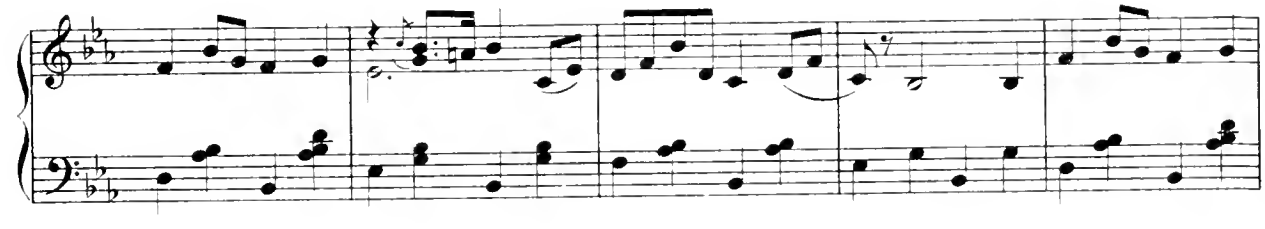

Allegretto.
p
p
f

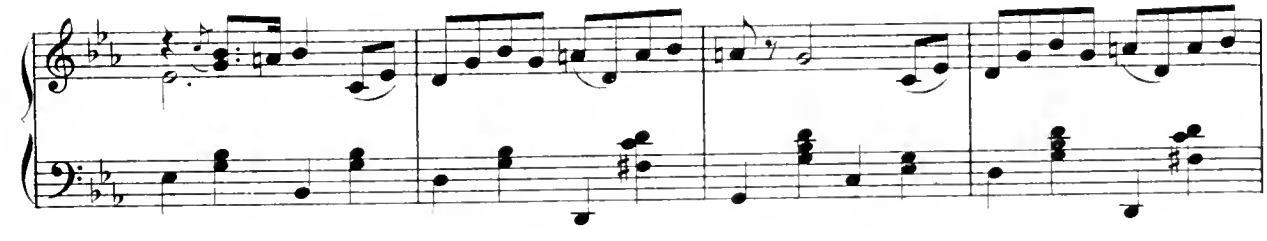


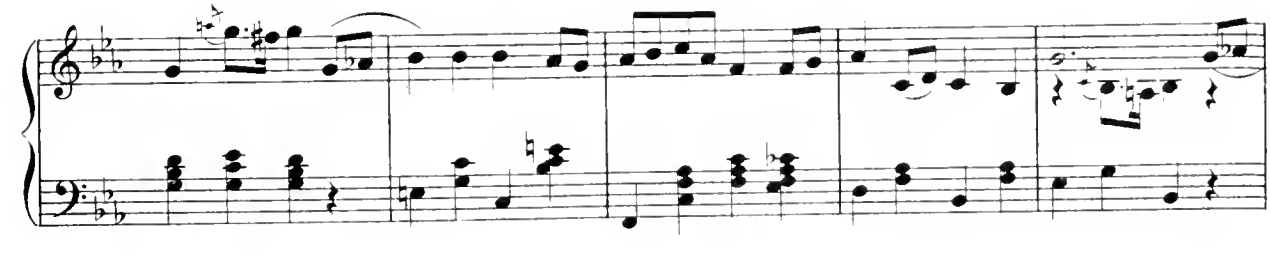


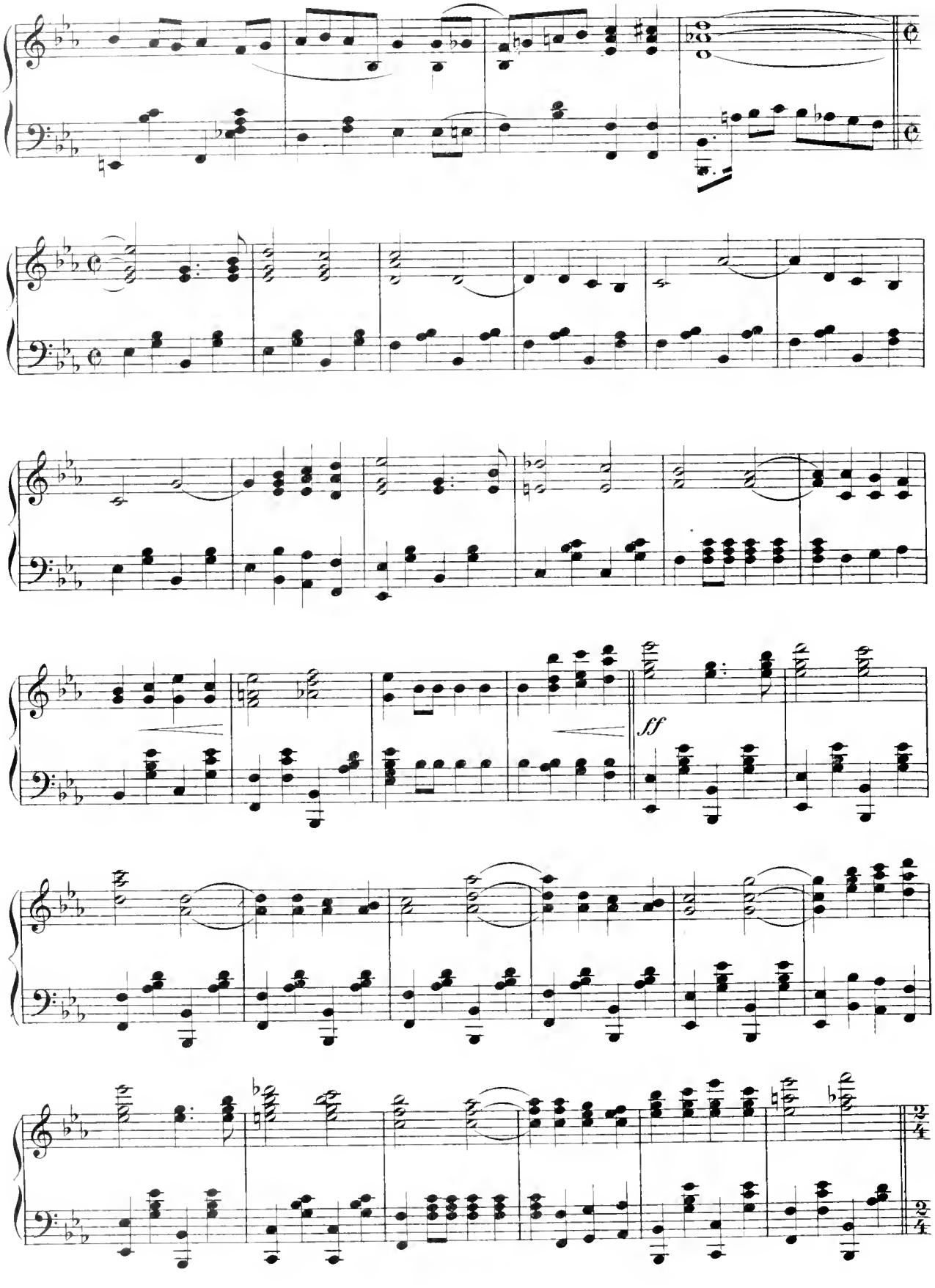
Allegretto.



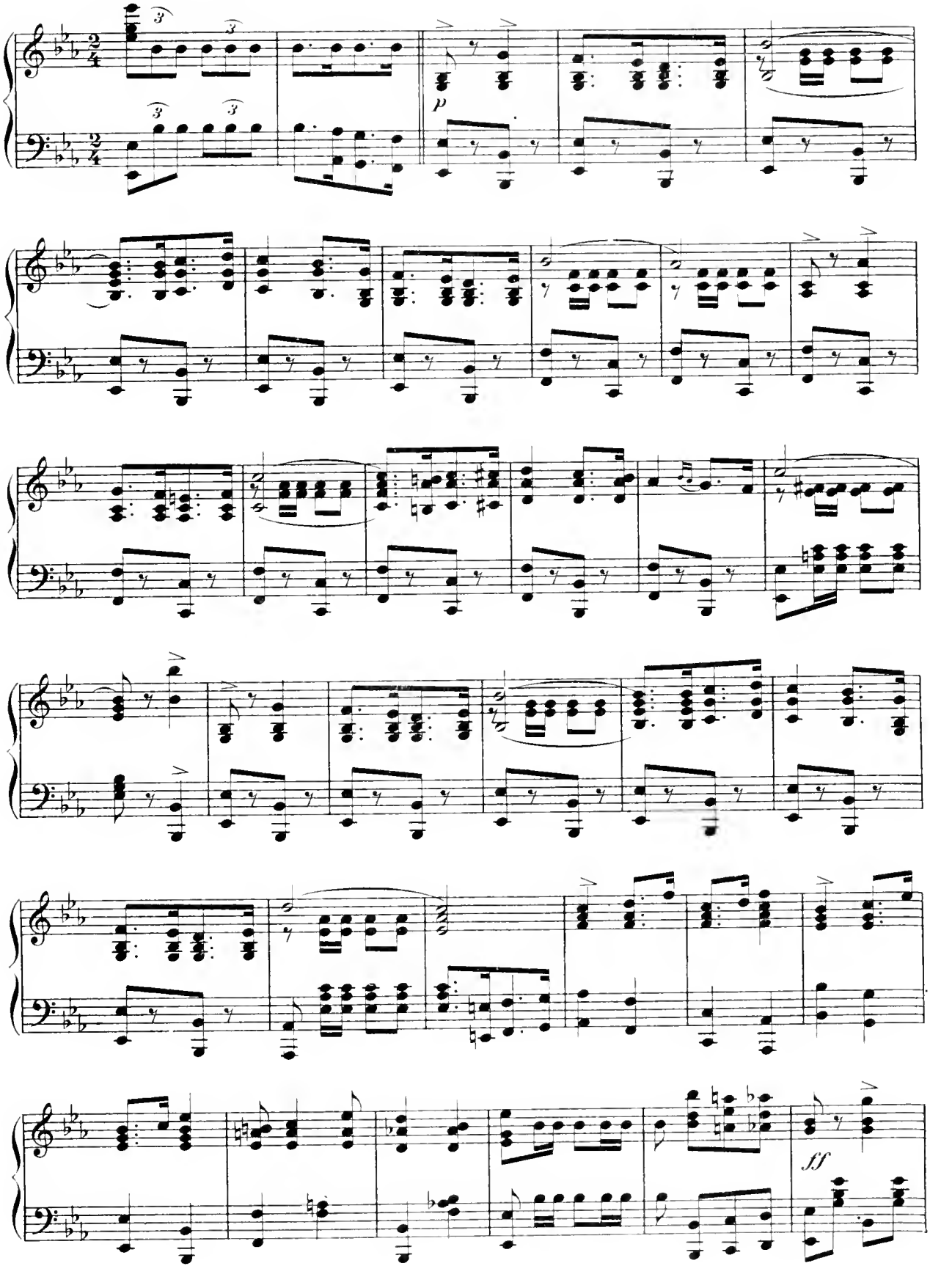


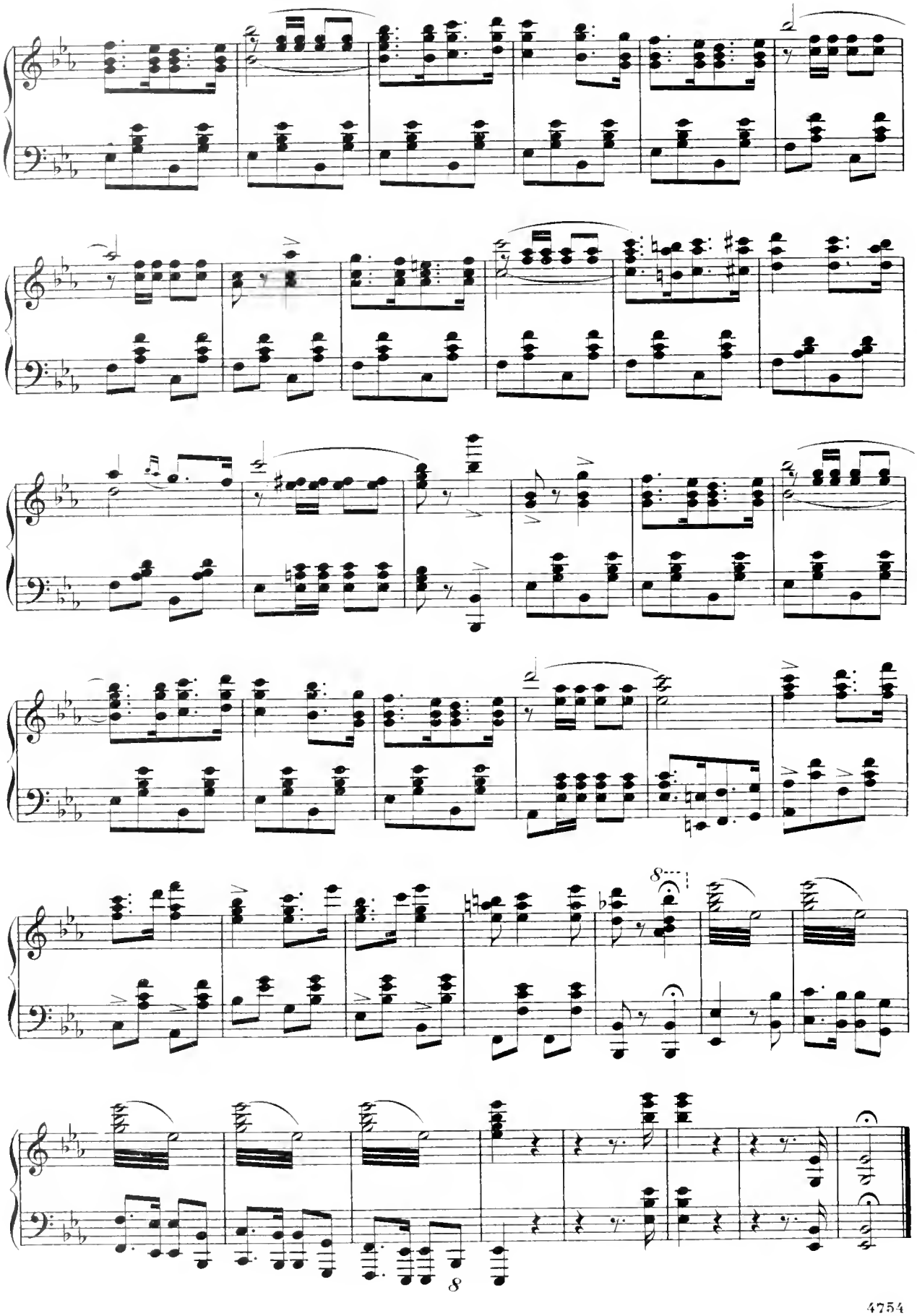





ff

Tempo di Marcia.





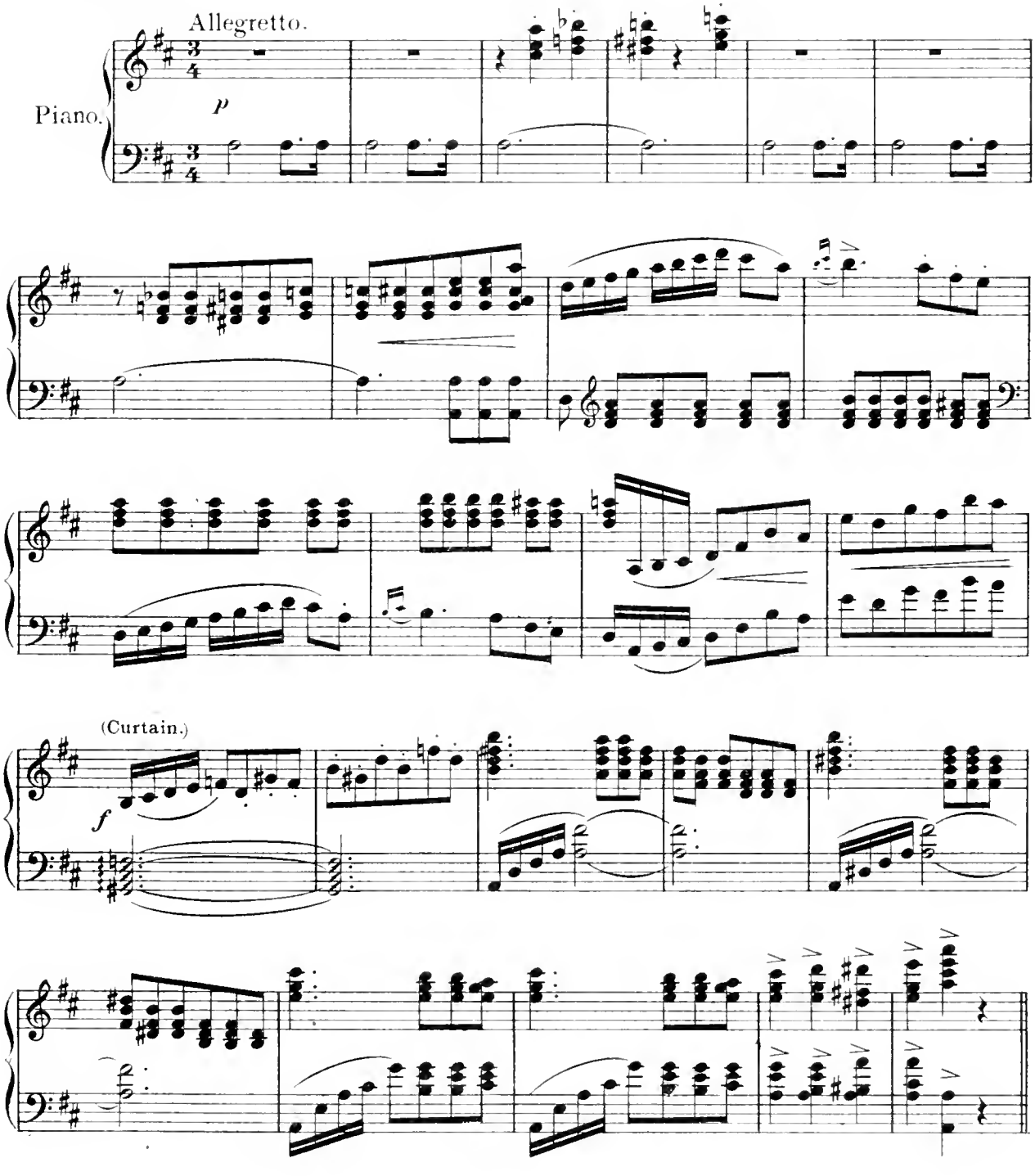
ACT I.

Opening Chorus.

No. 1.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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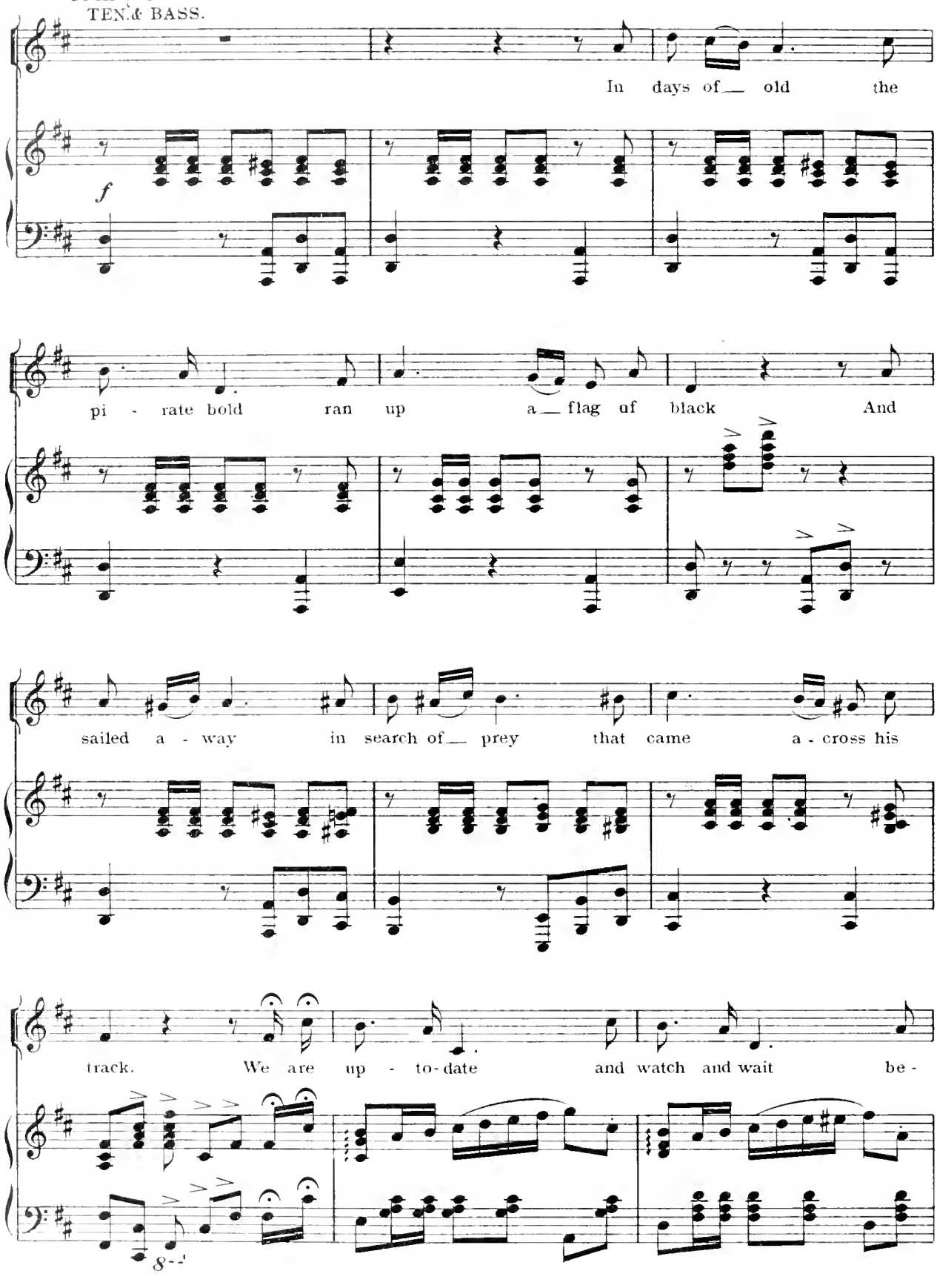
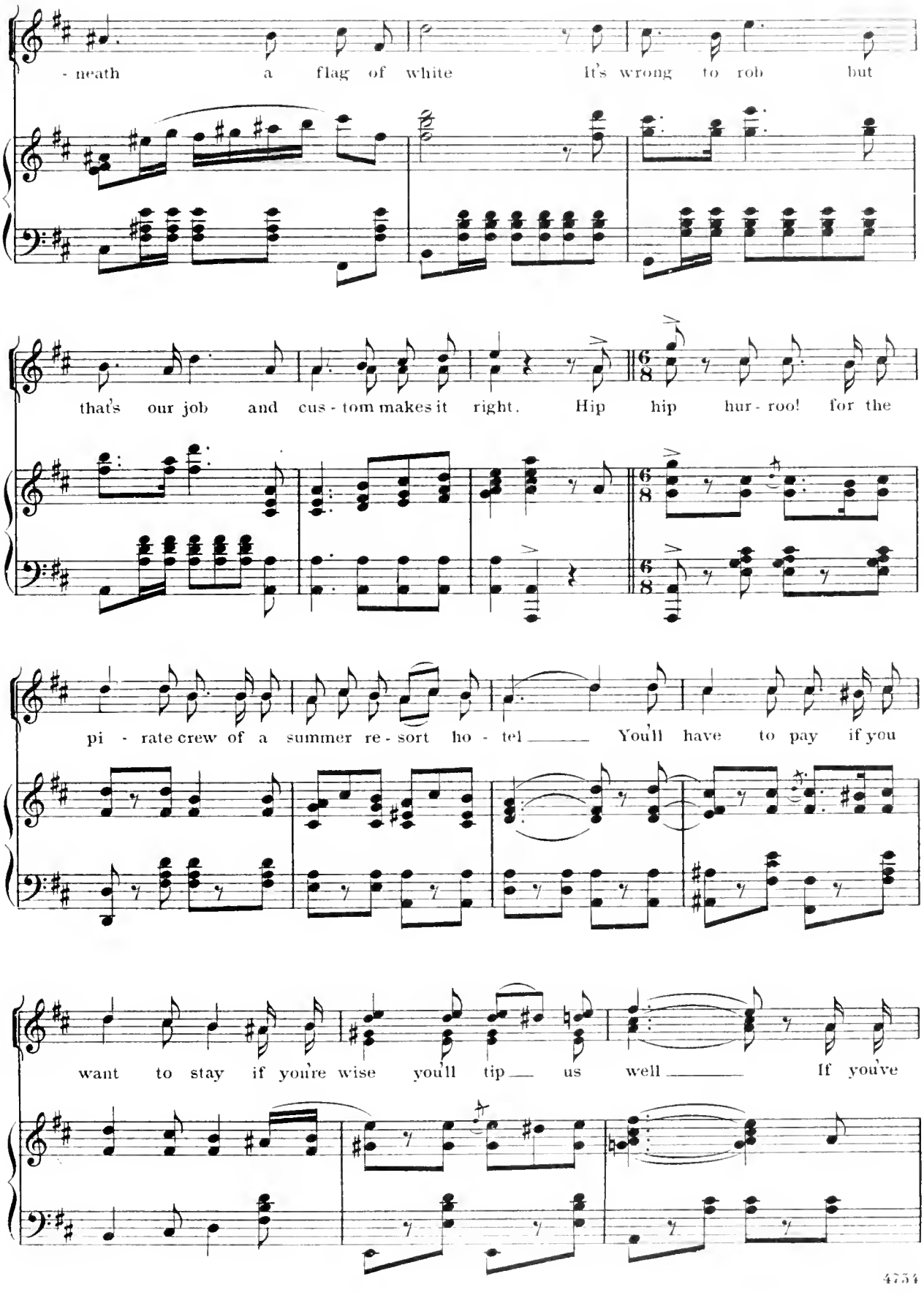
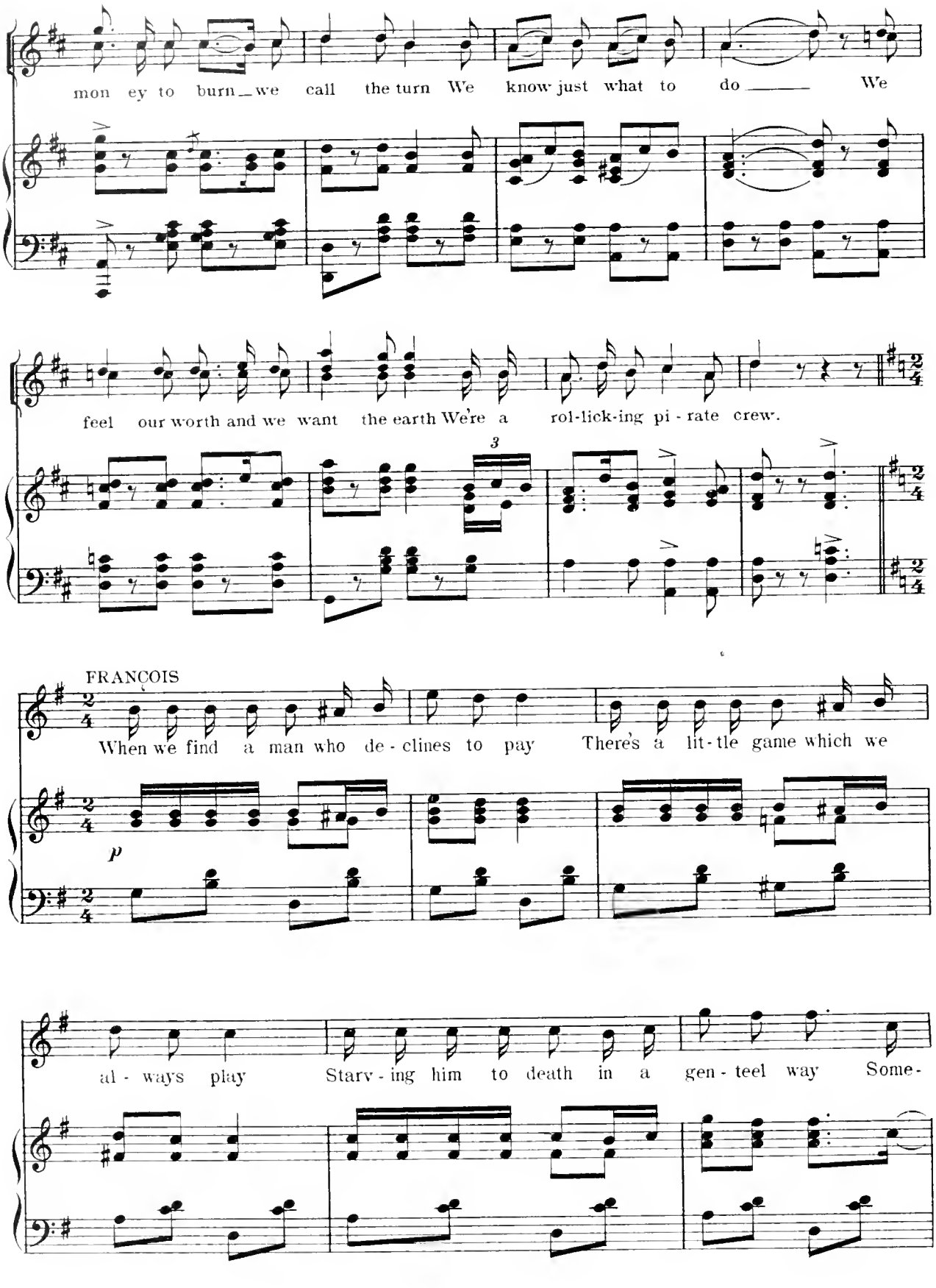
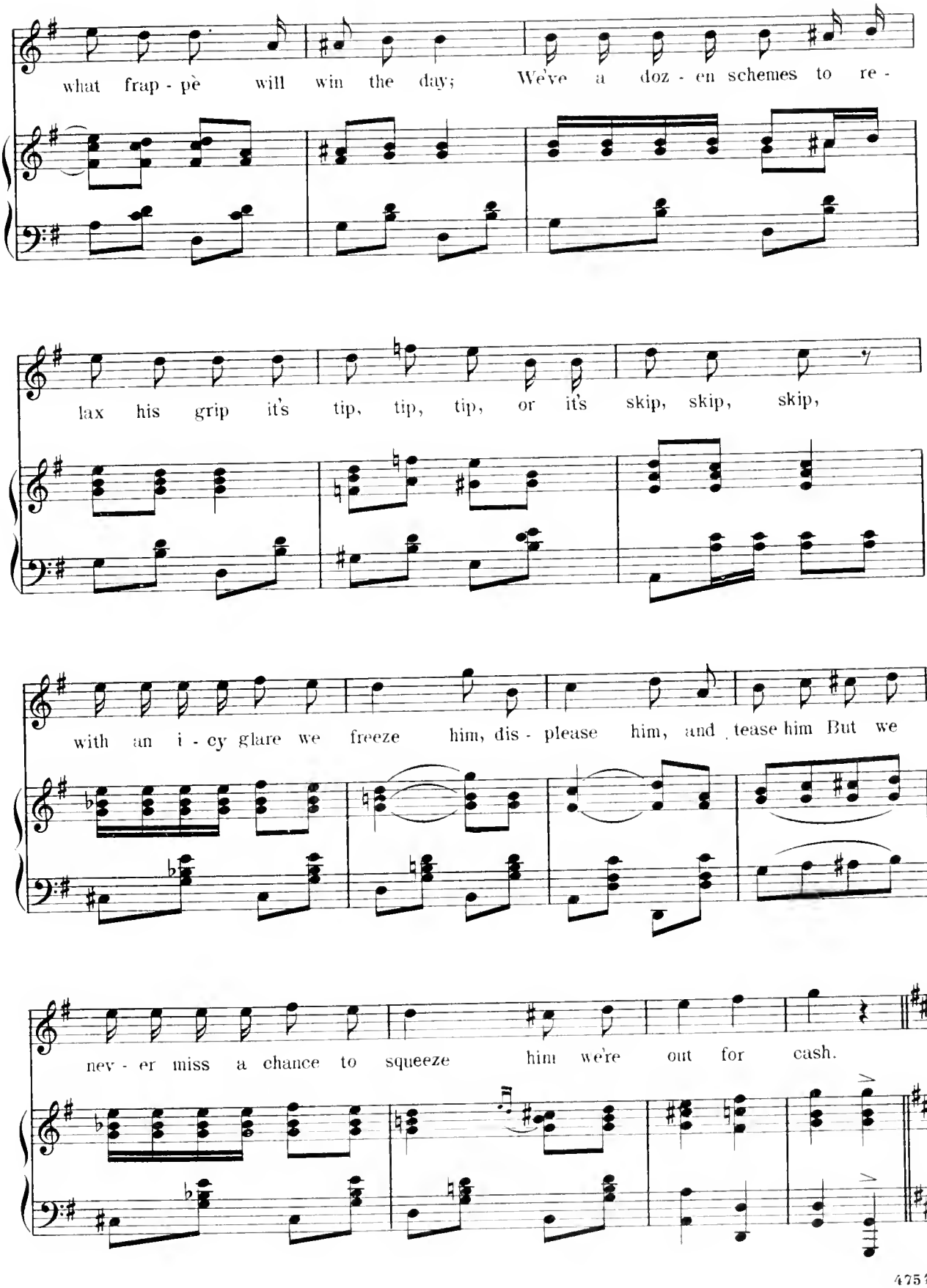
FRANCOIS & WAITERS.

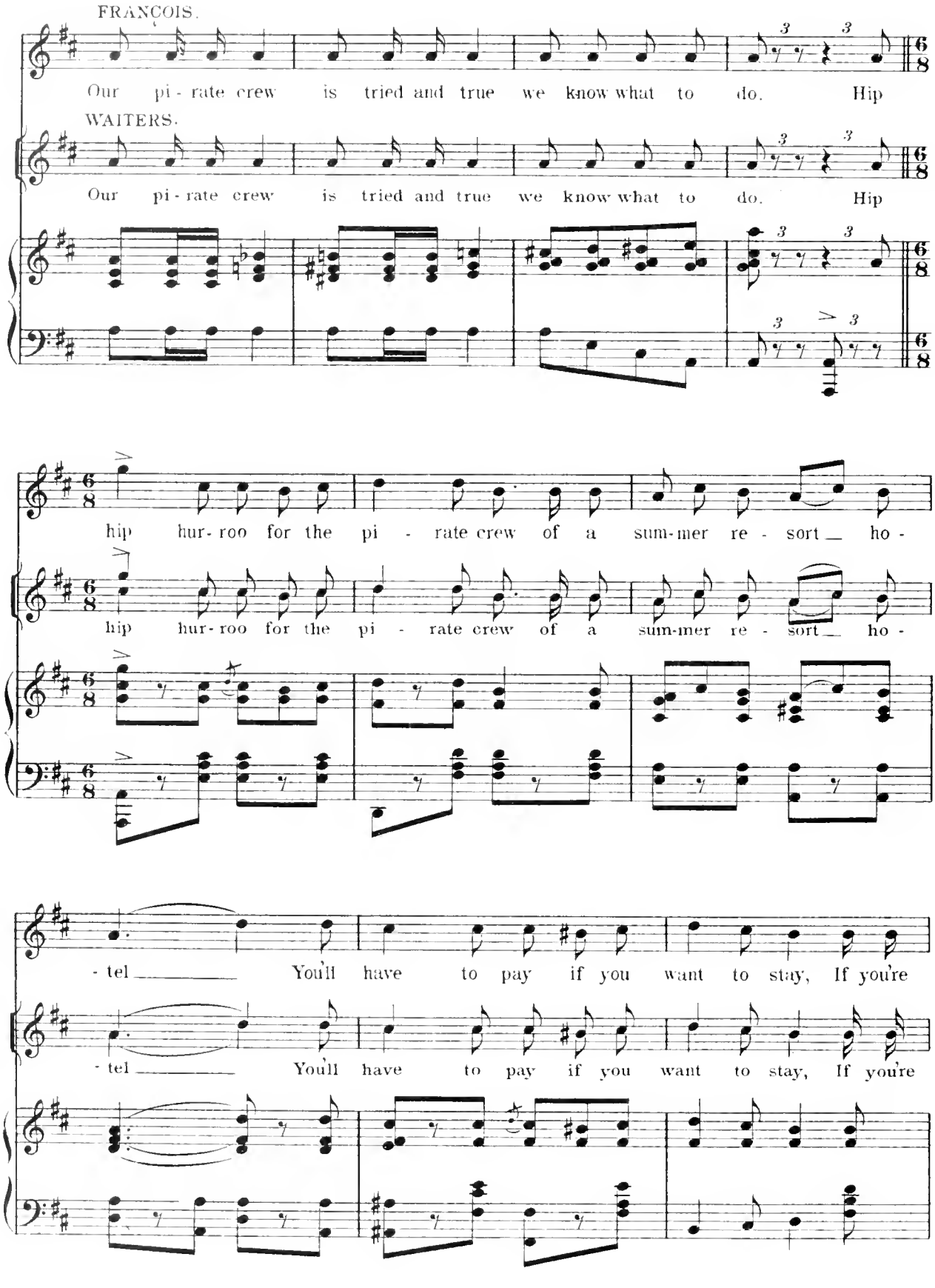
TEN. & BASS.

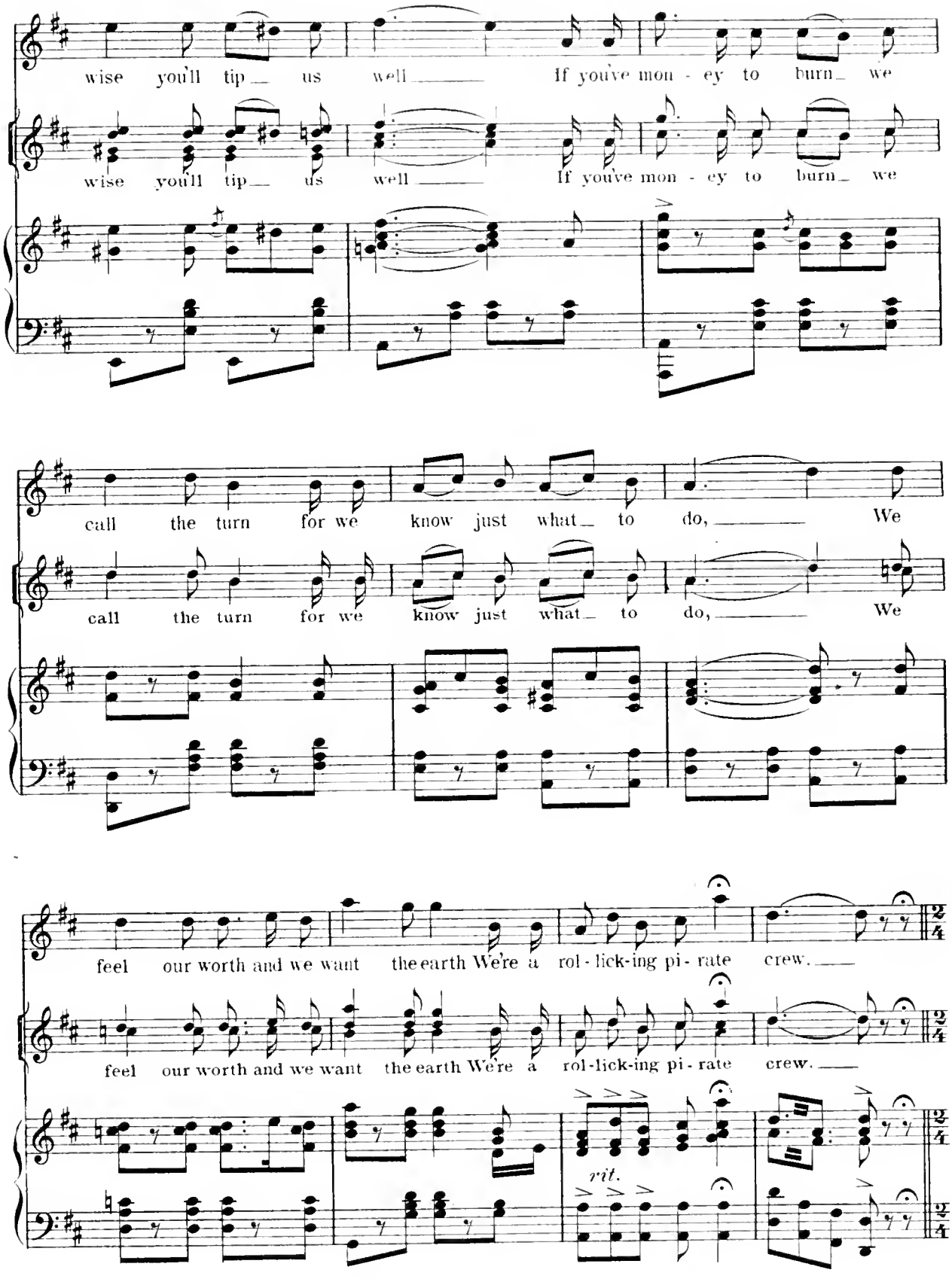


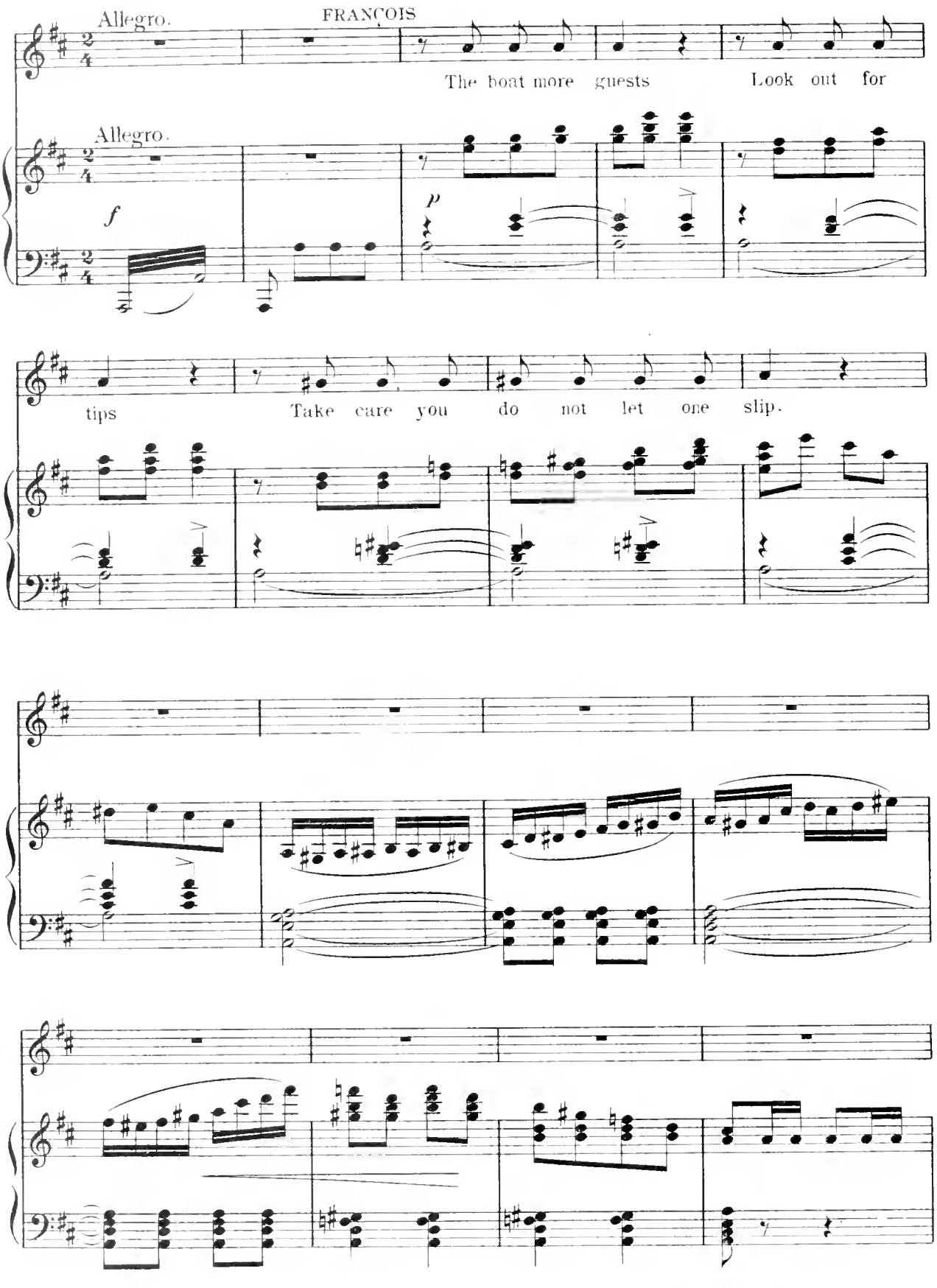

- neath a flag of white It's wrong to rob but
that's our job and cus - tom makes it right. Hip hip hur - roo! for the
pi - rate crew of a summer re - sort ho - tel You'll have to pay if you
want to stay if you're wise you'll tip us well If you've

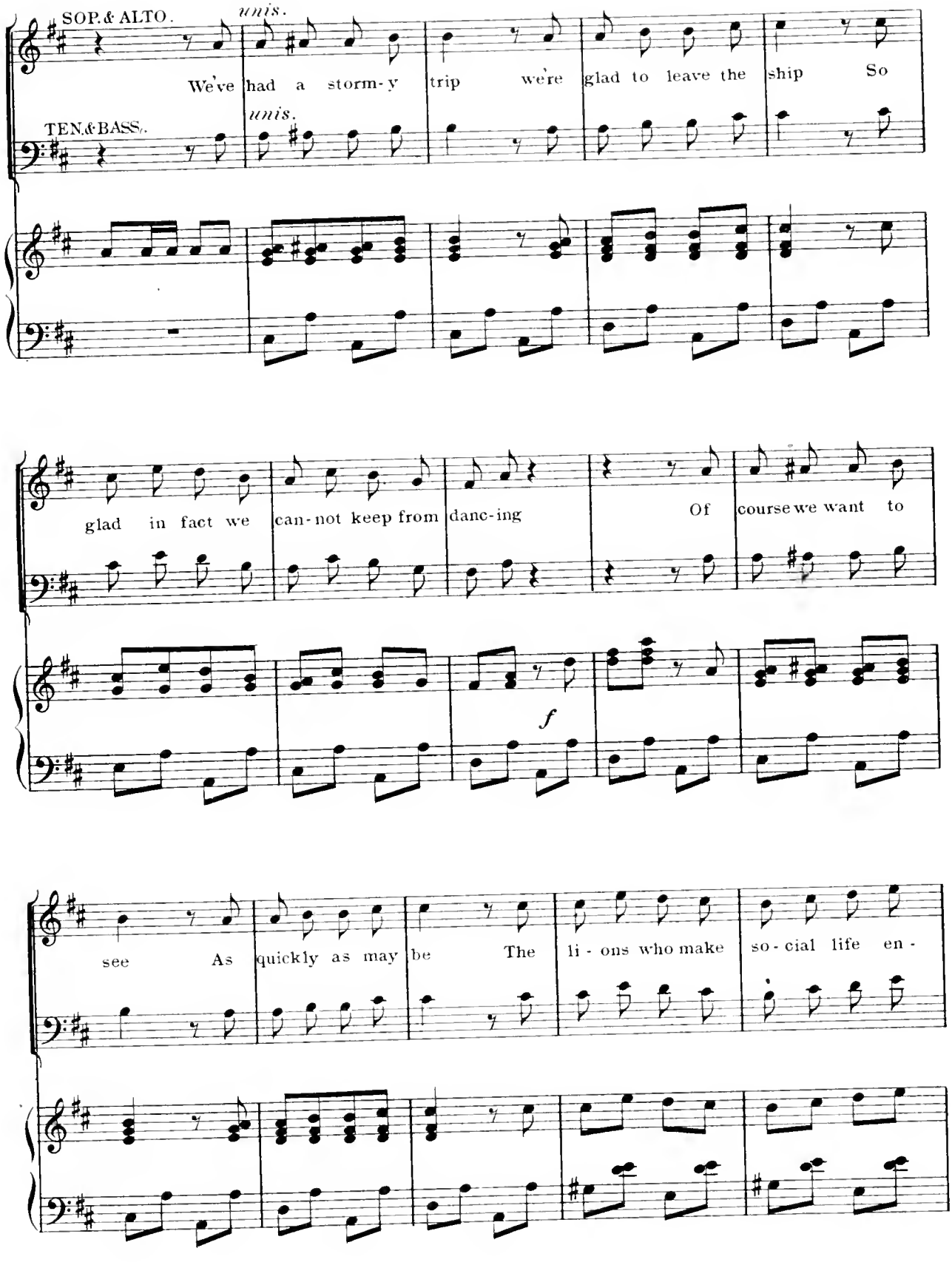

mon ey to burn_we call the turn We know just what to do _____ We
feel our worth and we want the earth We're a rol-lick-ing pi - rate crew.
3
FRANÇOIS
When we find a man who de - clines to pay There's a lit - tle game which we
p
al - ways play Starv - ing him to death in a gen - teel way Some-

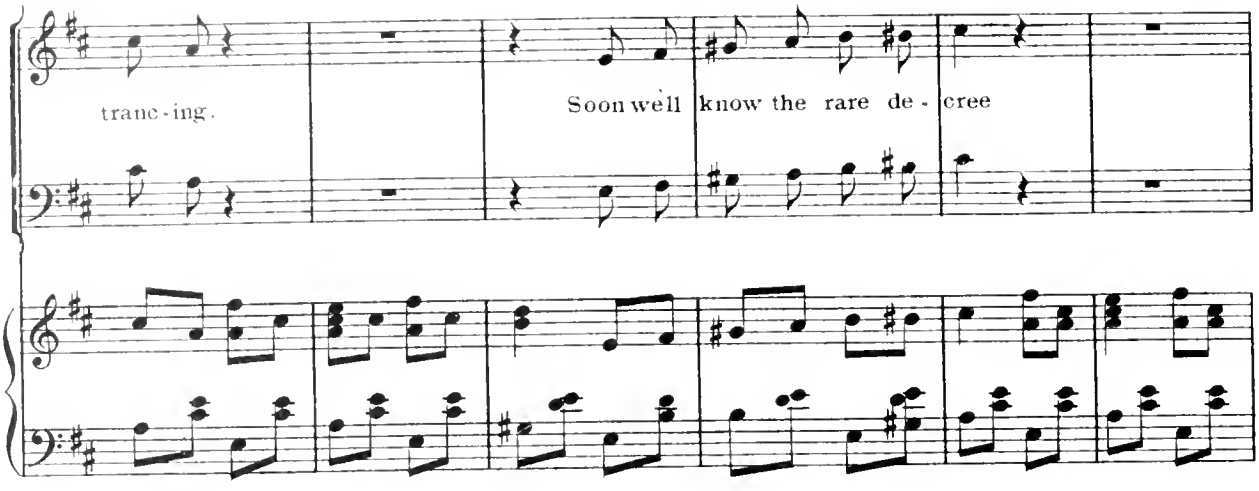

what frap - pè will win the day; We've a doz - en schemes to re -
lax his grip it's tip, tip, tip, or it's skip, skip, skip,
with an i - cy glare we freeze him, dis - please him, and tease him But we
nev - er miss a chance to squeeze him we're out for cash.

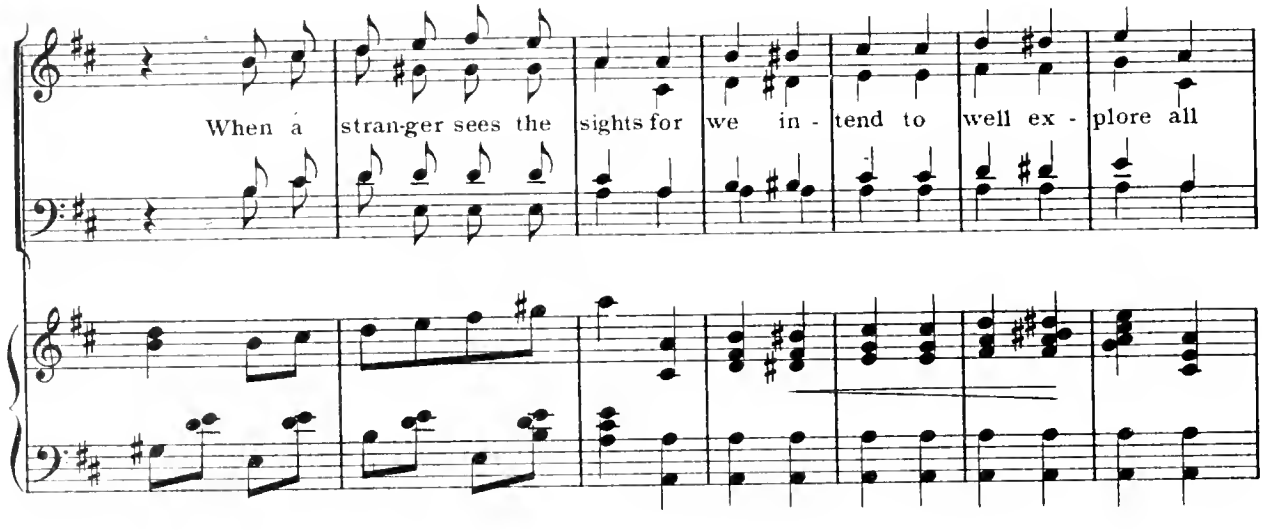

FRANÇOIS.
Our pi - rate crew is tried and true we know what to do. Hip
WAITERS.
Our pi - rate crew is tried and true we know what to do. Hip
hip hur - roo for the pi - rate crew of a sum-mer re - sort ho -
hip hur - roo for the pi - rate crew of a sum-mer re - sort ho -
- tel You'll have to pay if you want to stay, If you're
- tel You'll have to pay if you want to stay, If you're


wise you'll tip us well If you've mon - ey to burn we
wise you'll tip us well If you've mon - ey to burn we
call the turn for we know just what to do, We
call the turn for we know just what to do, We
feel our worth and we want the earth We're a rol - lick-ing pi - rate crew.
feel our worth and we want the earth We're a rol-lick-ing pi - rate crew.
rit.

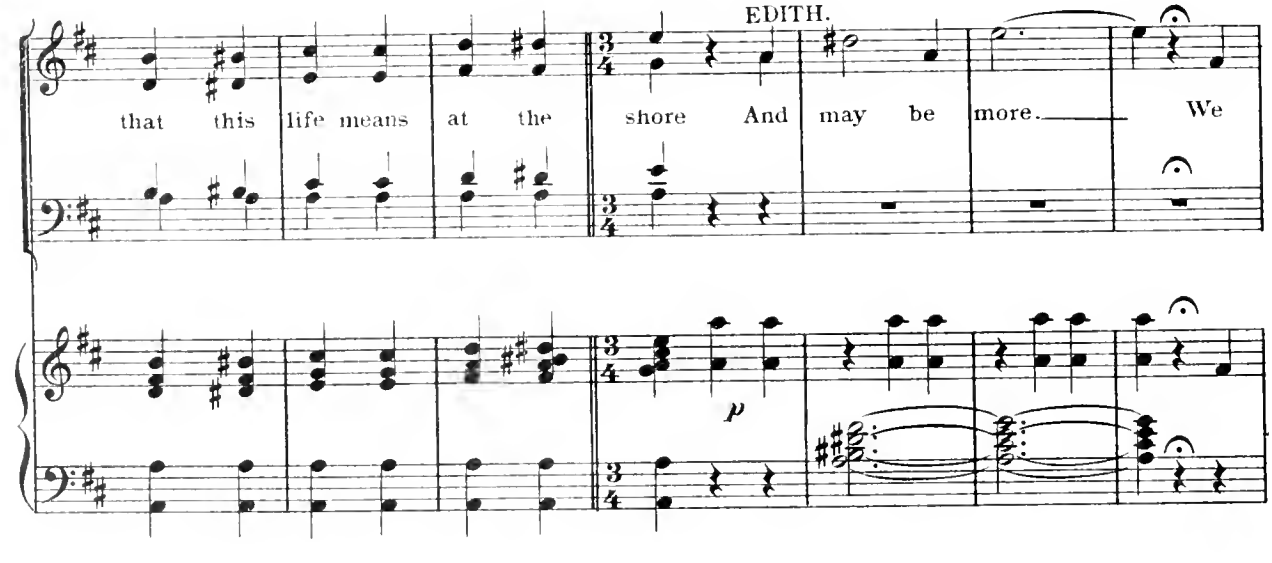

Allegro.
FRANÇOIS
The boat more guests Look out for
Allegro.
f
p
tips Take care you do not let one slip.

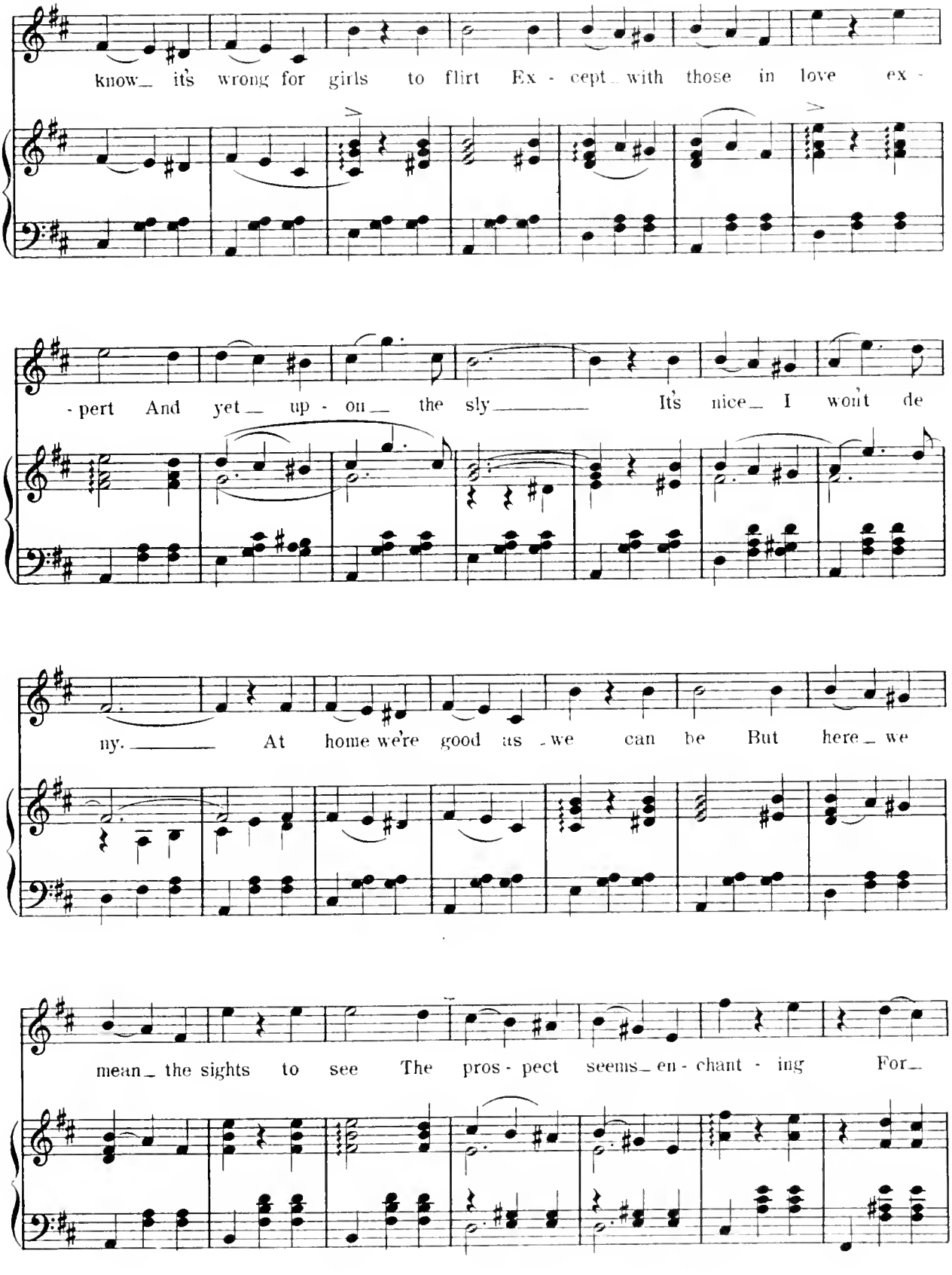

SOP. & ALTO.
unis.
We've had a storm-y trip we're glad to leave the ship So
TEN. & BASS.
unis.
glad in fact we can-not keep from danc-ing Of course we want to
f
see As quickly as may be The li-ons who make so-cial life en-

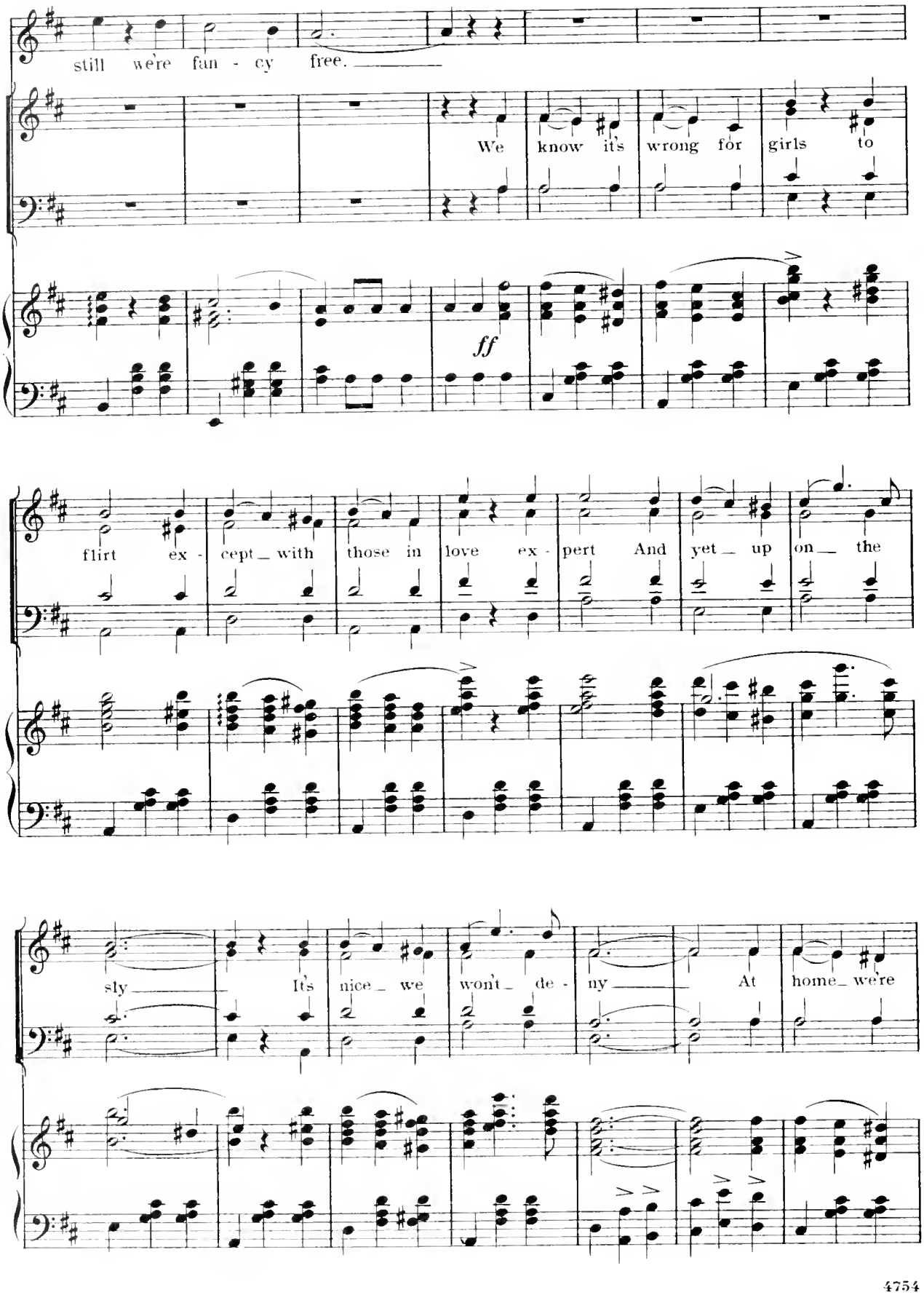


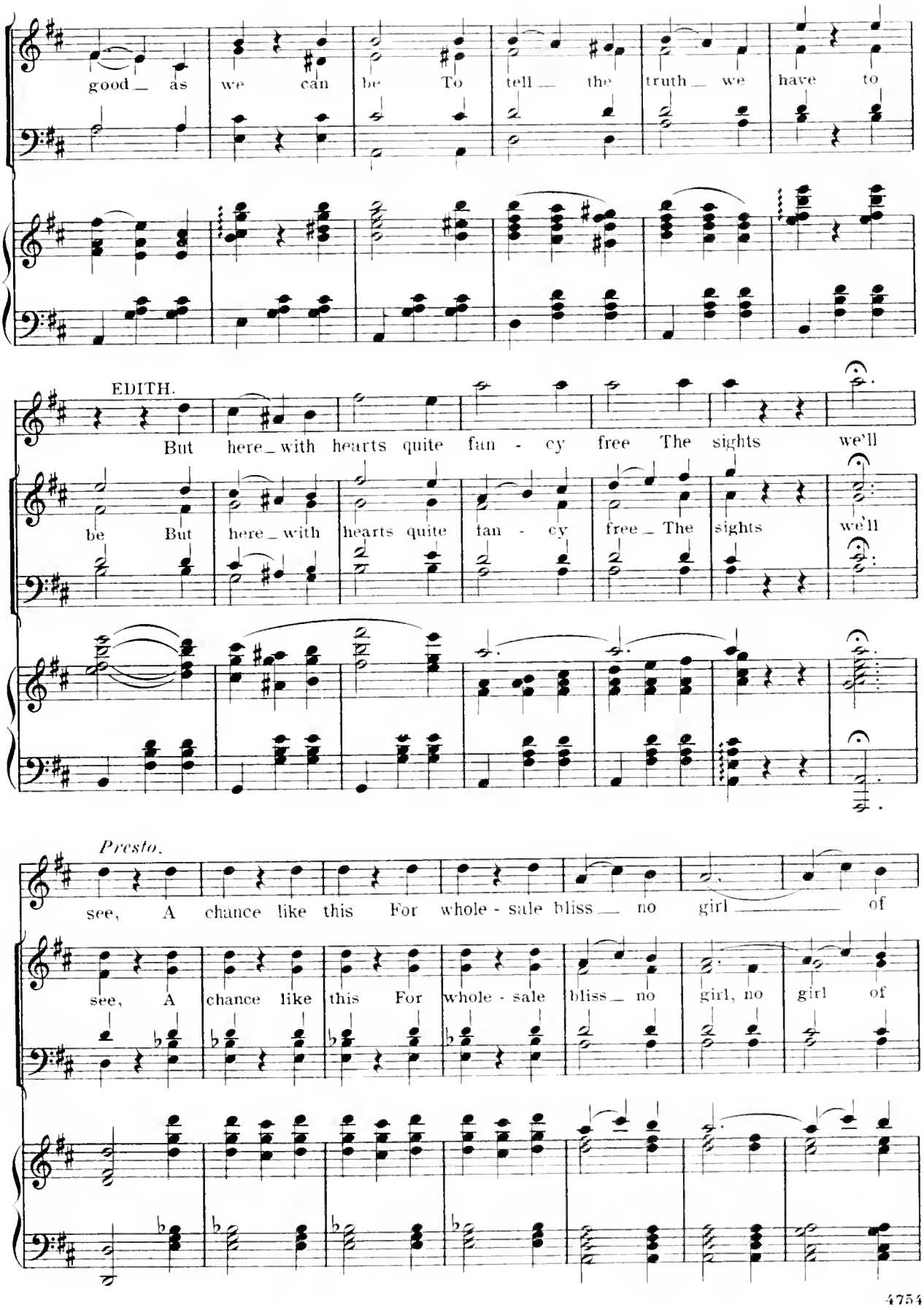


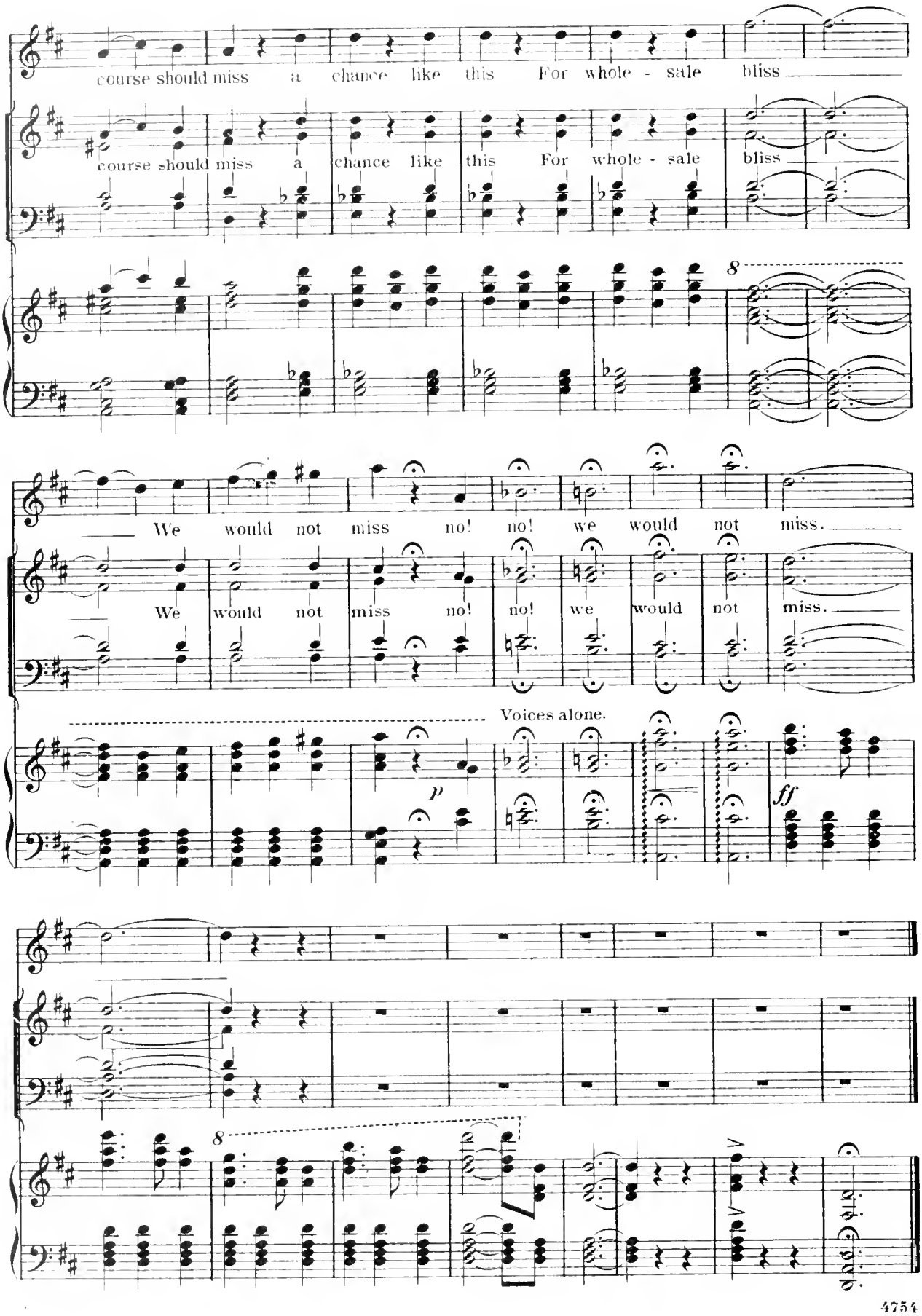
Tempo di Valse.




know_ it's wrong for girls to flirt Ex - cept_ with those in love ex -
- pert And yet_ up - on_ the sly_____ It's nice_ I won't de
ny._____ At home we're good as _we can be But here_ we
mean_ the sights to see The pros - pect seems_ en - chant - ing For_


still we're fan - cy free.
We know it's wrong for girls to
ff
flirt ex - cept with those in love ex - pert And yet up on the
sly It's nice we won't de - ny At home we're


good_ as we can be To tell_ the truth_ we have to
EDITH.
But here_with hearts quite fan - cy free The sights we'll
be But here_with hearts quite fan - cy free_ The sights we'll
Presto.
see, A chance like this For whole - sale bliss_ no girl _____ of
see, A chance like this For whole - sale bliss_ no girl, no girl of


course should miss a chance like this For whole - sale bliss
course should miss a chance like this For whole - sale bliss
8
We would not miss no! no! we would not miss.
We would not miss no! no! we would not miss.
Voices alone.
p
ff
8

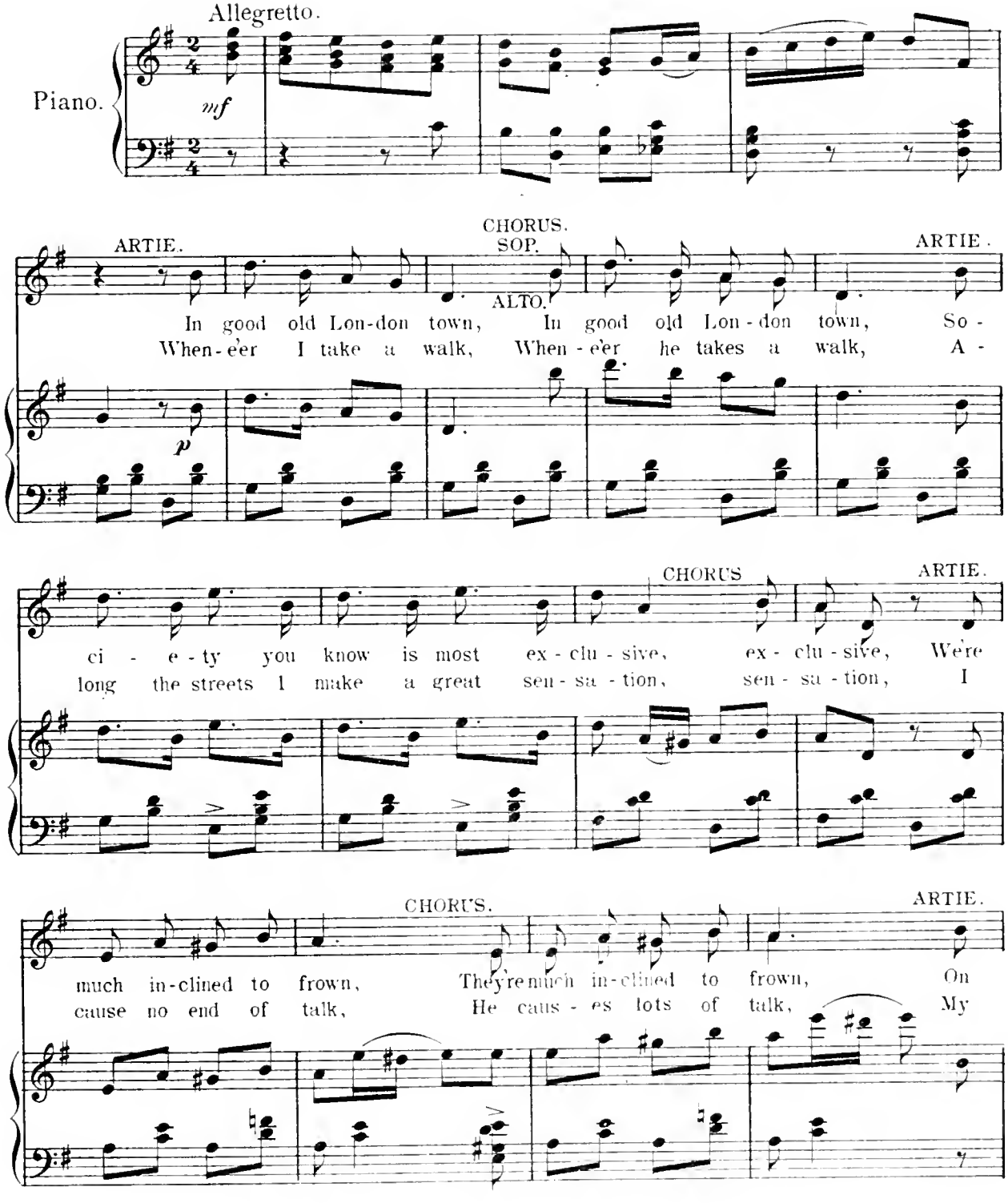
Artie.

No 2.

Artie and Chorus.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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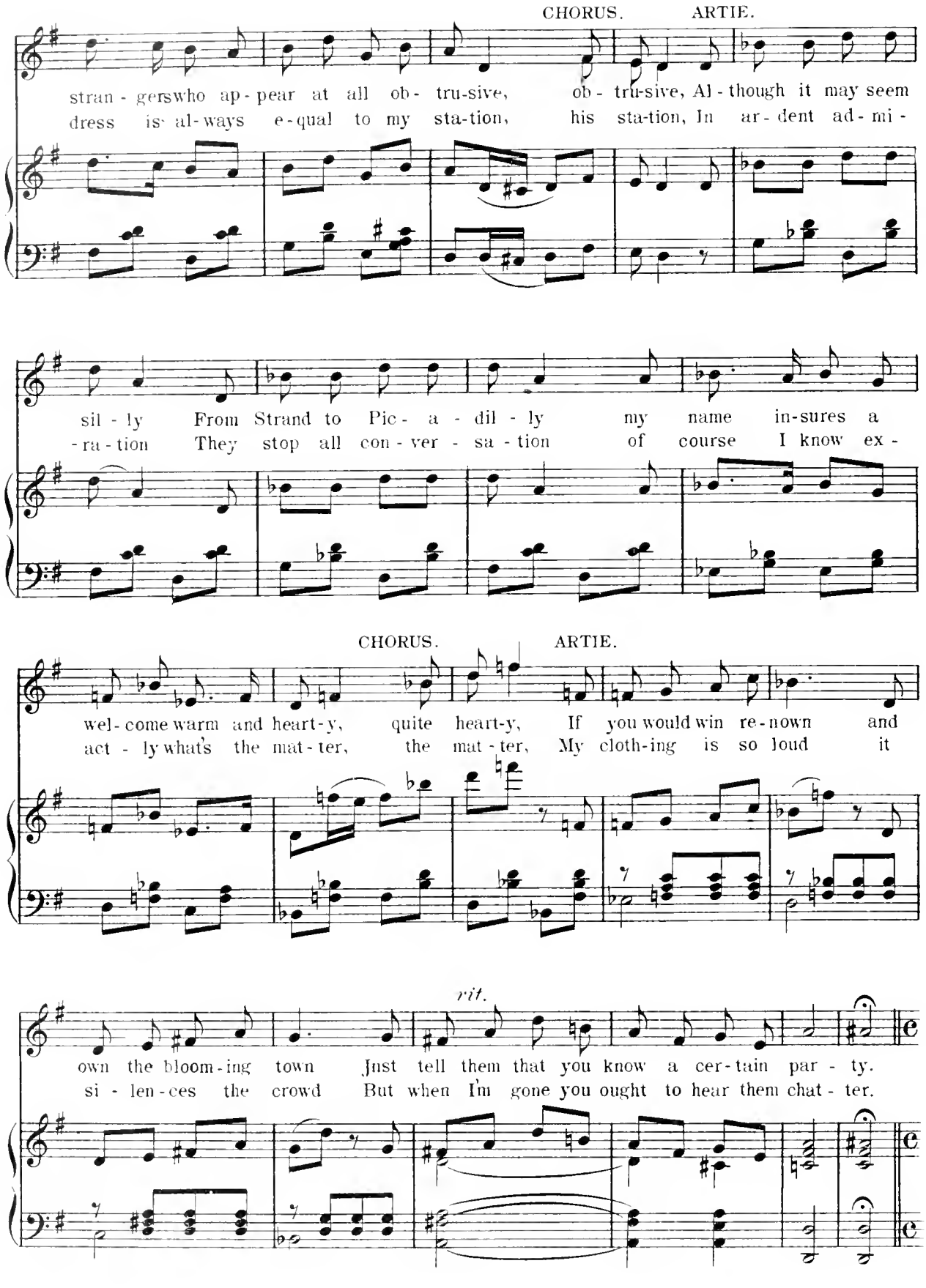
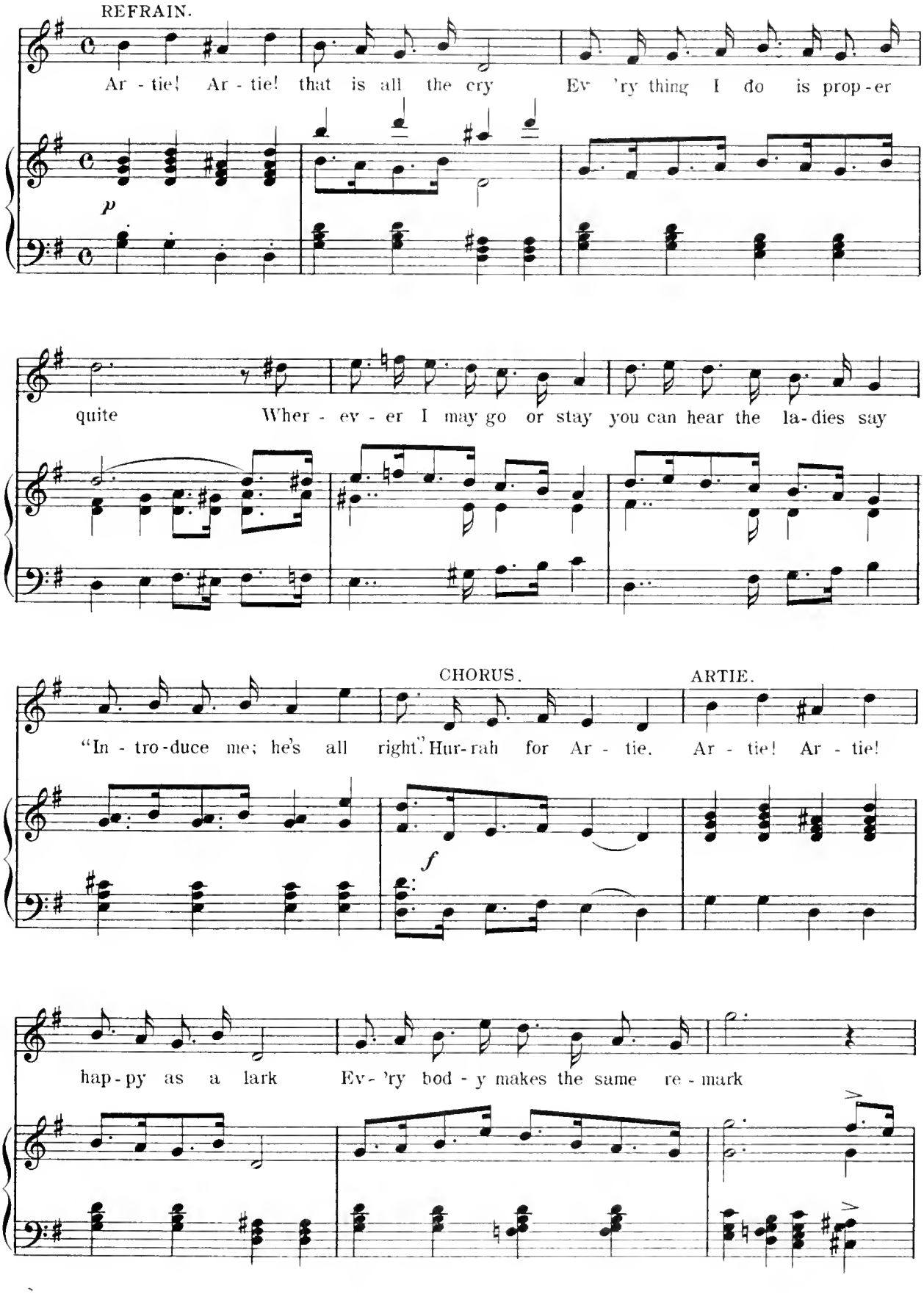
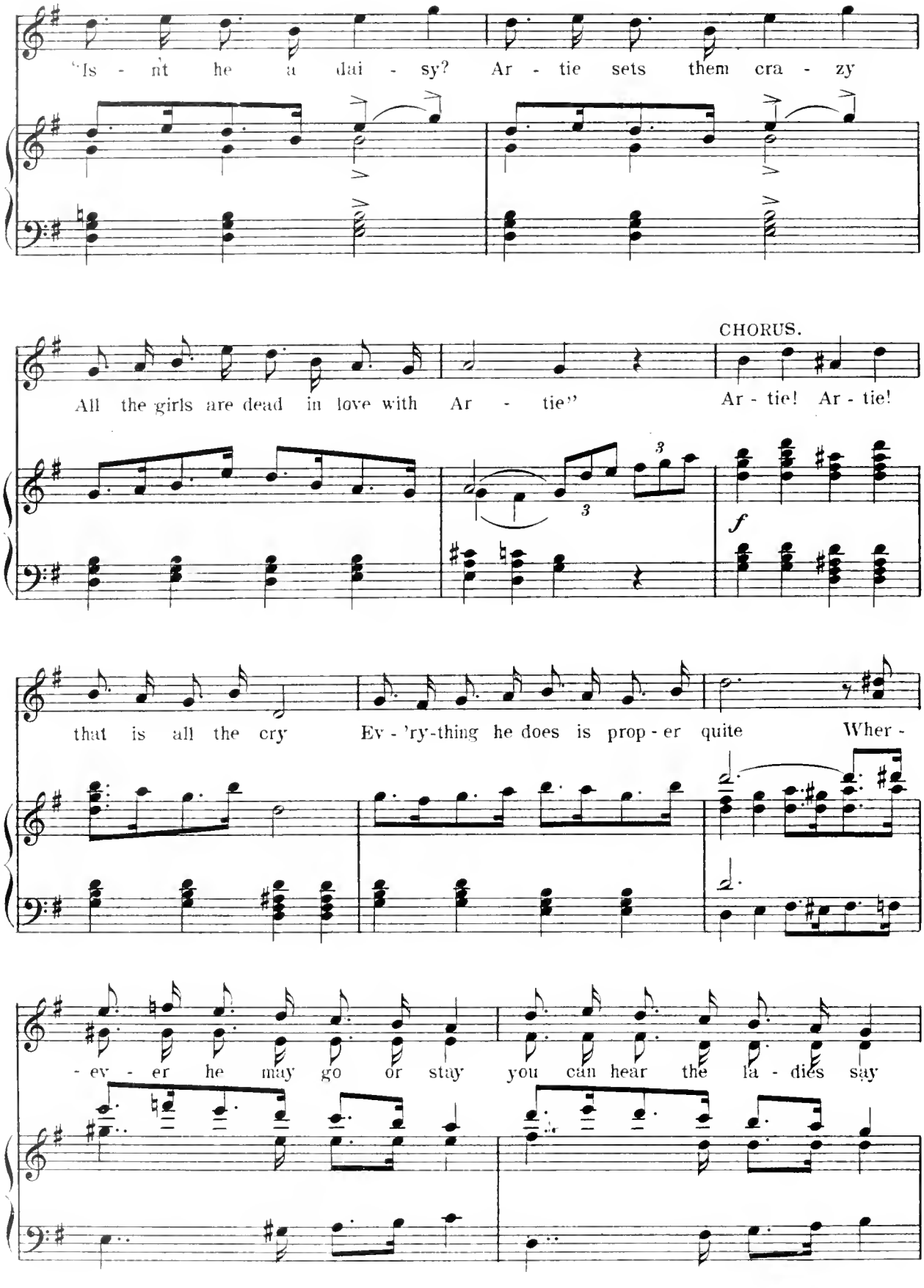
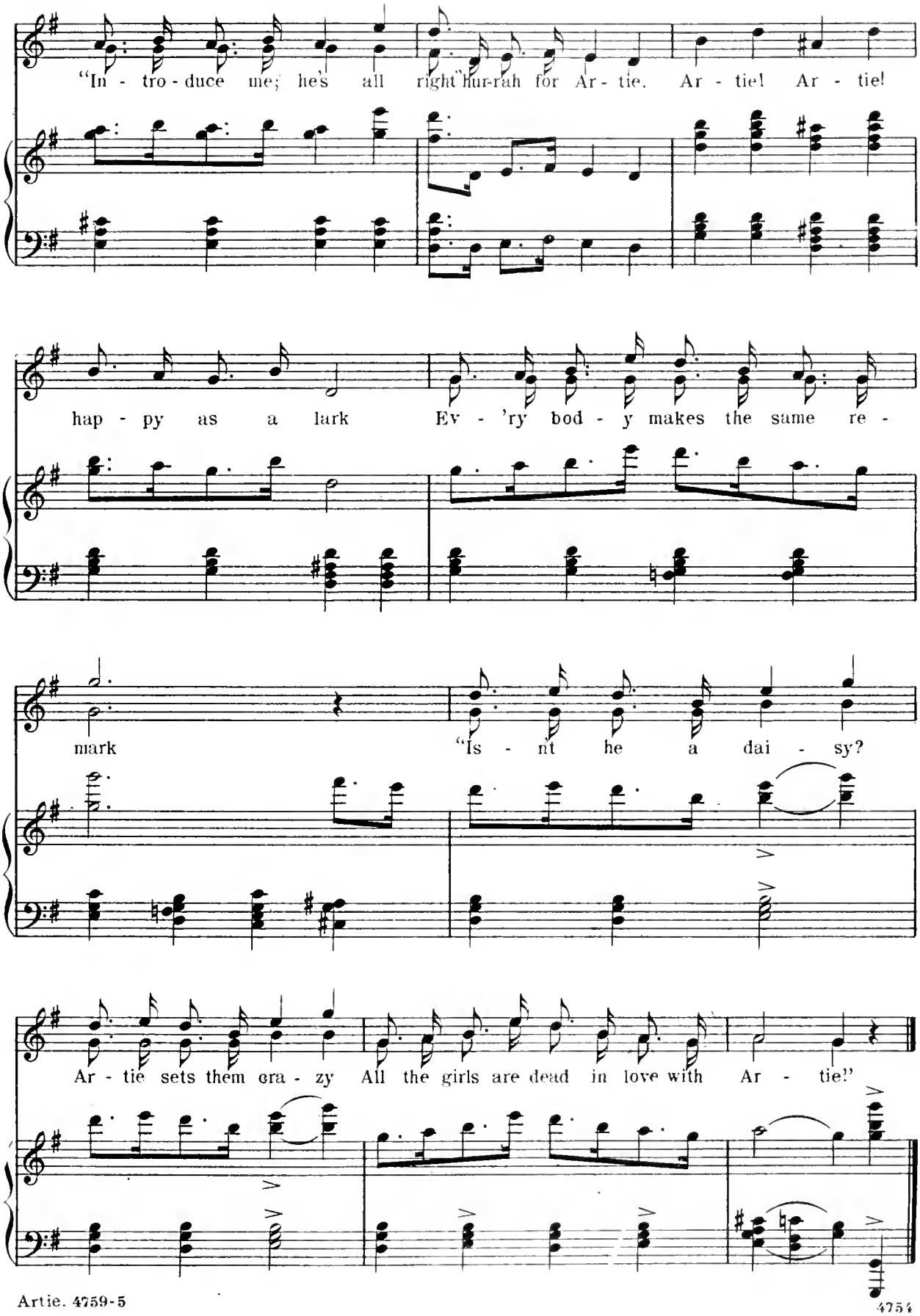

CHORUS.
ARTIE.
stran - gerswho ap - pear at all ob - tru-sive, ob - tru-sive, Al - though it may seem
dress is al-ways e-qual to my sta-tion, his sta-tion, In ar-dent ad-mi-
sil - ly From Strand to Pic - a - dil - ly my name in-sures a
-ra-tion They stop all con - ver - sa - tion of course I know ex -
CHORUS.
ARTIE.
wel-come warm and heart-y, quite heart-y, If you would win re-nown and
act - ly what's the mat-ter, the mat-ter, My cloth-ing is so loud it
rit.
own the bloom-ing town Just tell them that you know a cer-tain par - ty.
si - len-ces the crowd But when I'm gone you ought to hear them chat - ter.


REFRAIN.
Ar - tie! Ar - tie! that is all the cry Ev 'ry thing I do is prop - er
p
quite Wher - ev - er I may go or stay you can hear the la - dies say
CHORUS.
ARTIE.
"In - tro - duce me; he's all right." Hur - rah for Ar - tie. Ar - tie! Ar - tie!
f
hap - py as a lark Ev - 'ry bod - y makes the same re - mark


"Is - nt he a dai - sy? Ar - tie sets them cra - zy
CHORUS.
All the girls are dead in love with Ar - tie" Ar - tie! Ar - tie!
f
that is all the cry Ev - 'ry-thing he does is prop - er quite Wher -
- ev - er he may go or stay you can hear the la - dies say

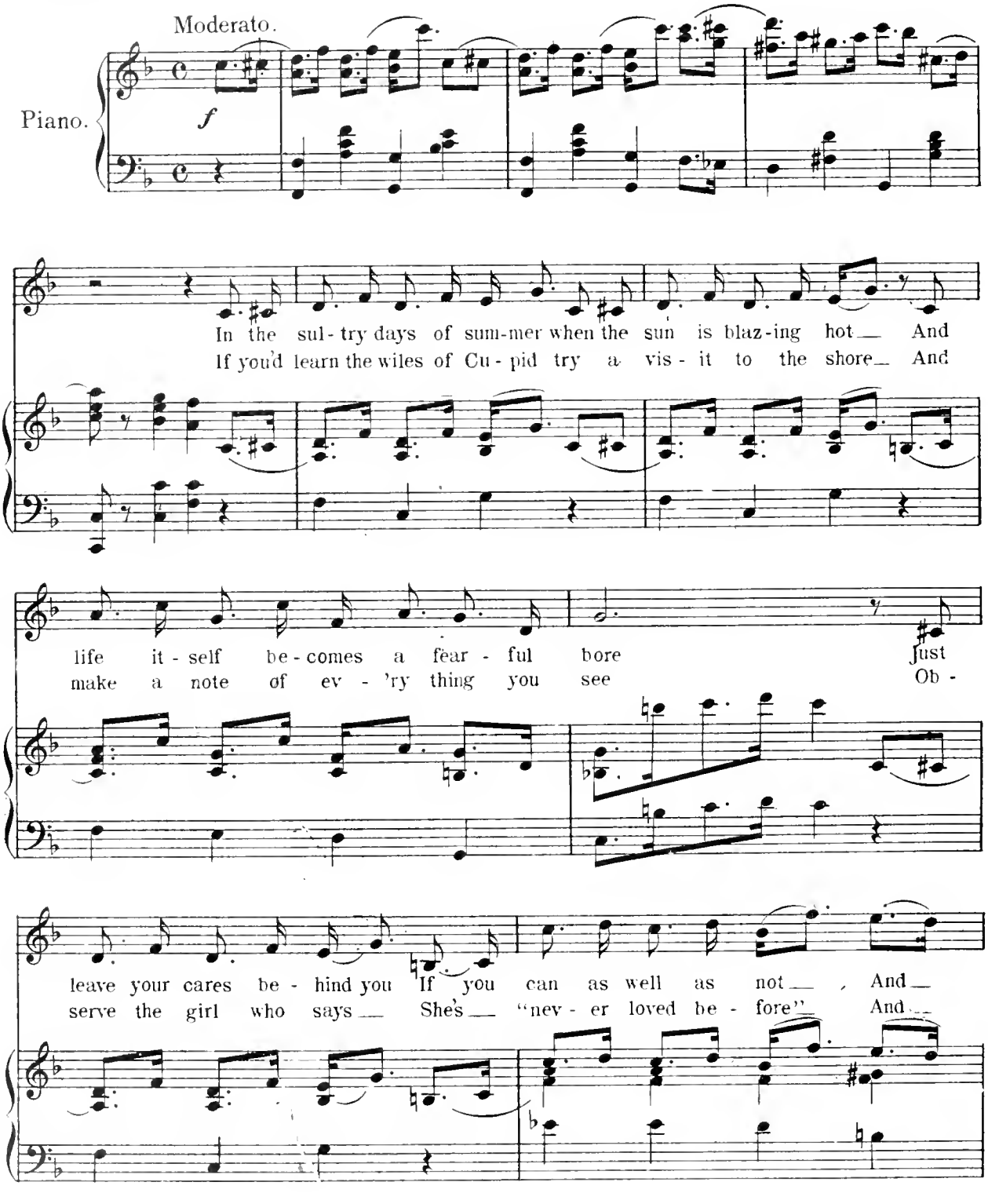

"In - tro - duce me; he's all right" hur-rah for Ar - tie. Ar - tie! Ar - tie!
hap - py as a lark Ev - 'ry bod - y makes the same re -
mark "Is - n't he a dai - sy?
Ar - tie sets them cra - zy All the girls are dead in love with Ar - tie!"

Nº 3. Season at the Shore.

Mrs. Crocker and Chorus.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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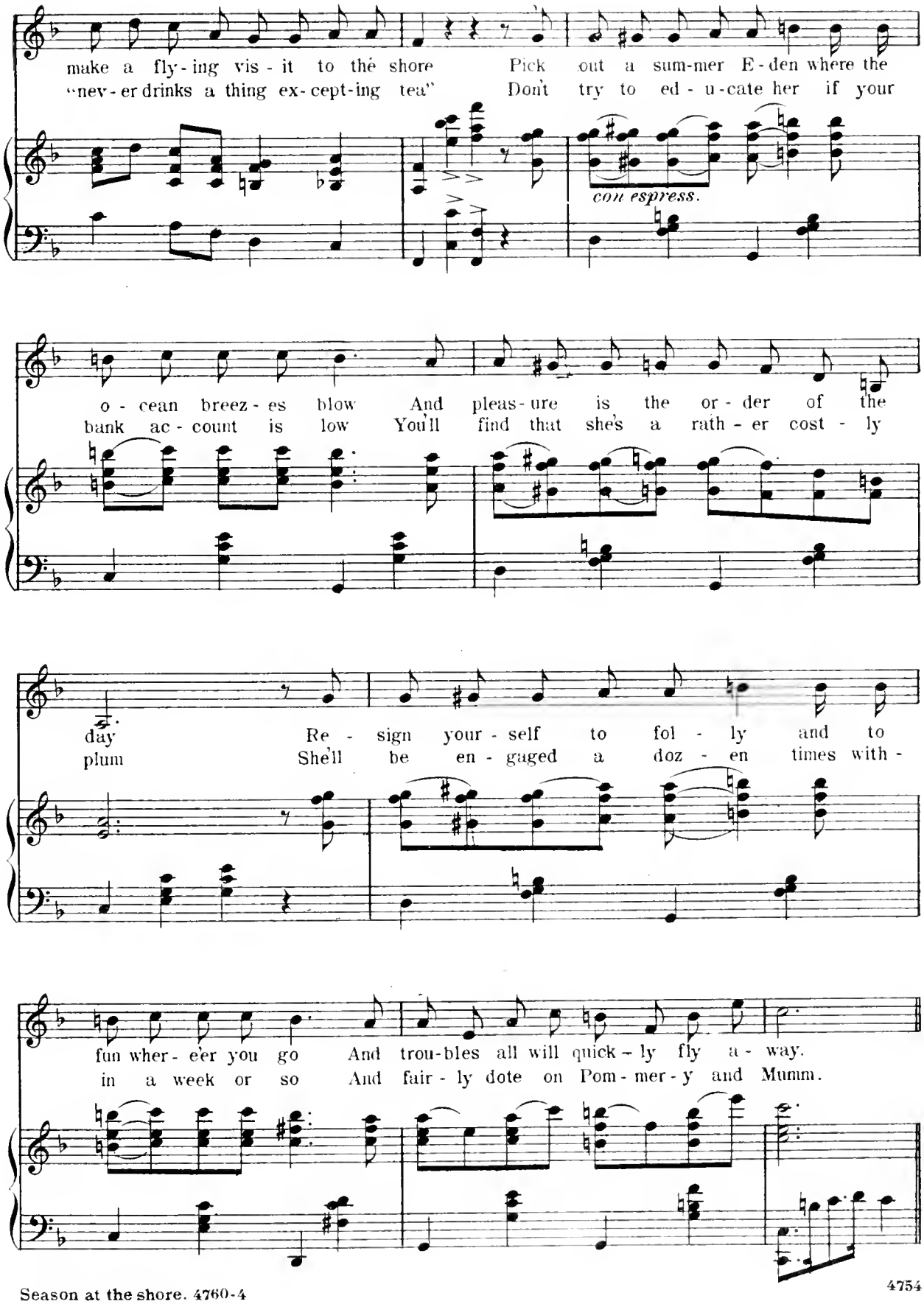

make a fly-ing vis-it to the shore Pick out a sum-mer E-den where the
"nev-er drinks a thing ex-cept-ing tea" Don't try to ed-u-cate her if your
con espress.
o-cean breez-es blow And pleas-ure is the or-der of the
bank ac-count is low You'll find that she's a rath-er cost-ly
day Re-sign your-self to fol-ly and to
plum She'll be en-gaged a doz-en times with-
fun wher-e'er you go And trou-bles all will quick-ly fly a-way.
in a week or so And fair-ly dote on Pom-mer-y and Mumm.

REFRAIN.

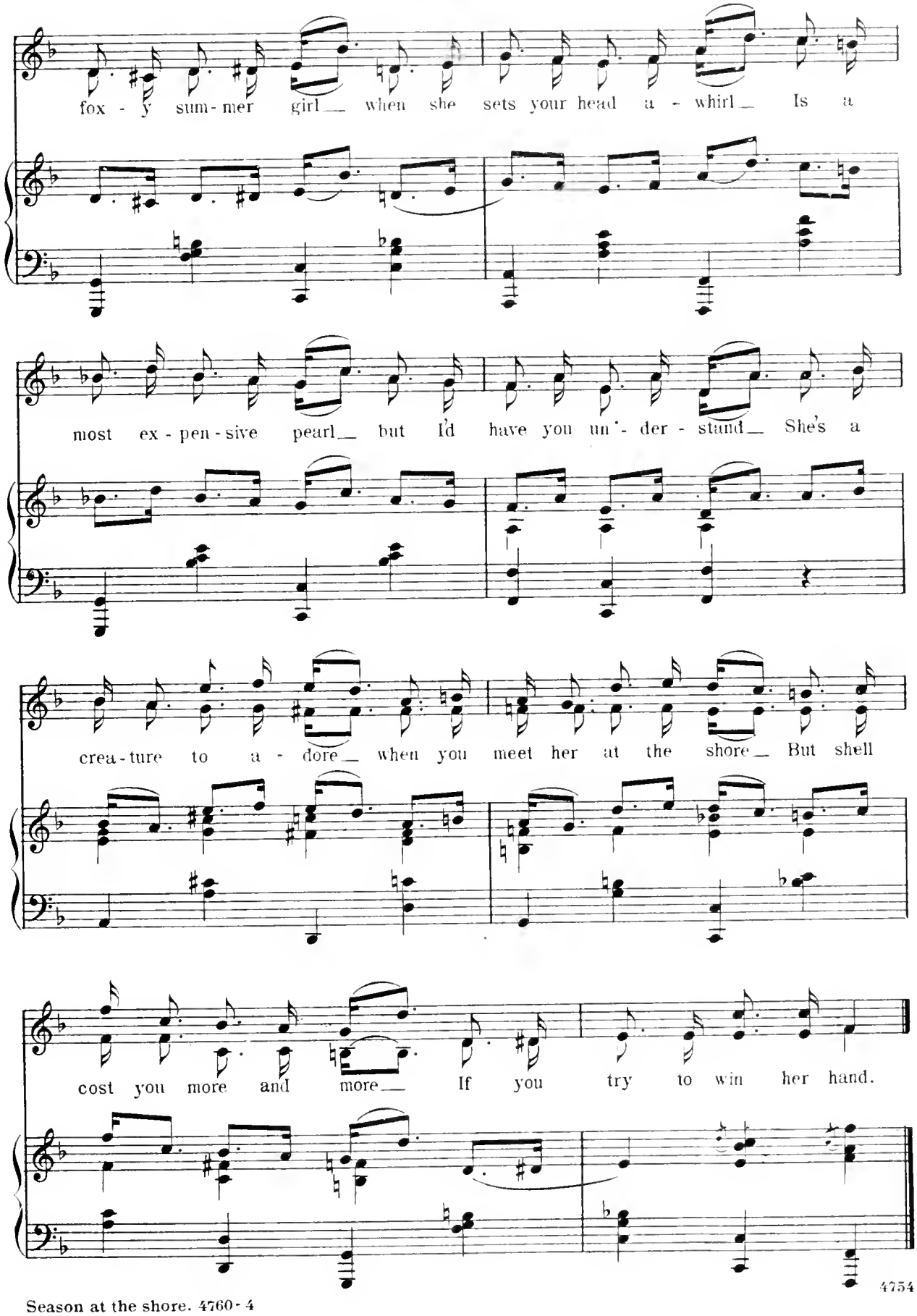
Oh! the fox - y sum-mer girl, when she sets your head a - whirl, Is a

most ex - pen - sive pearl but I'd have you un - der - stand She's a

crea - ture to a - dore when you meet her at the shore But she'll

CHORUS.

cost you more and more if you try to win her hand. Oh! the

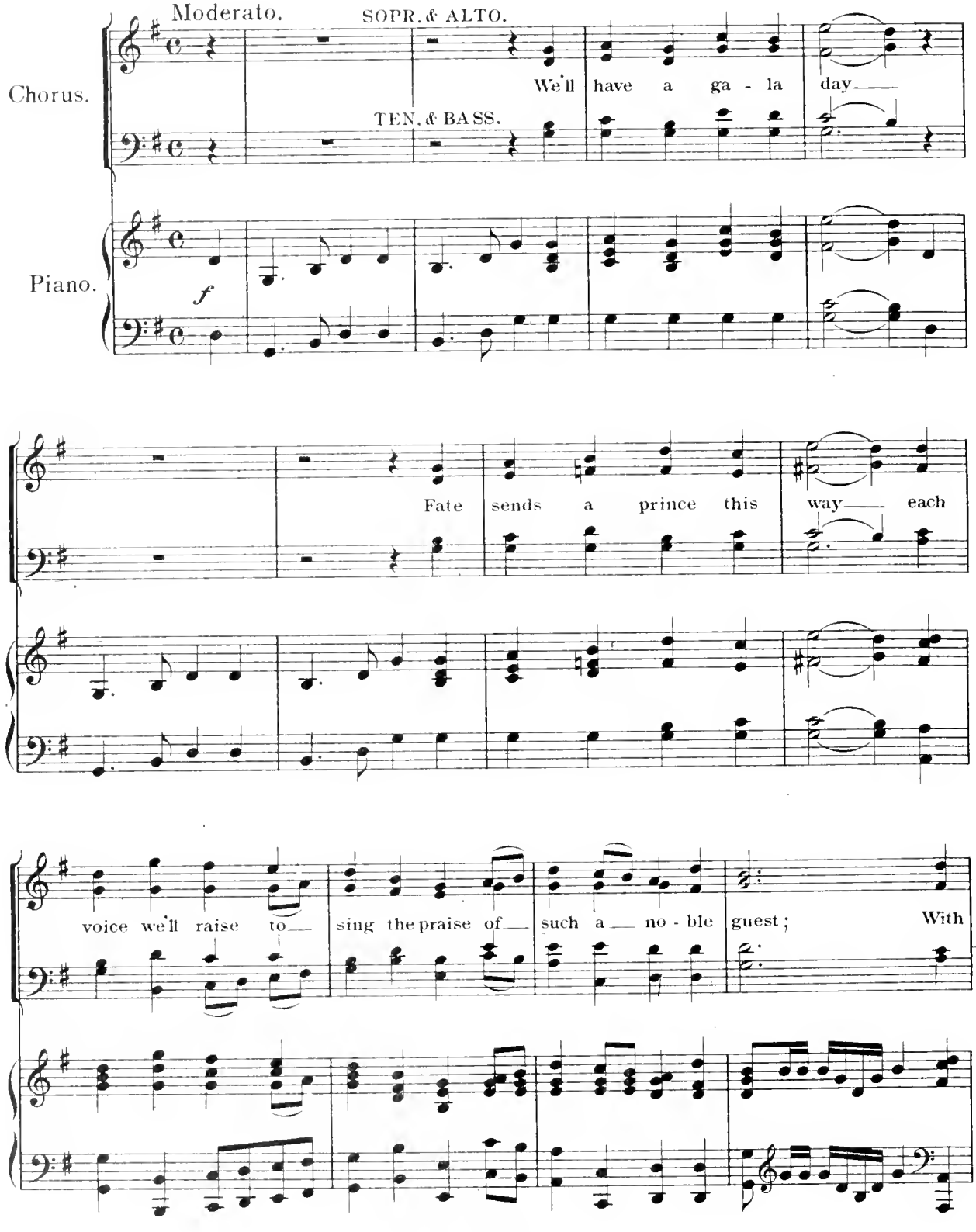

fox - y sum - mer girl_ when she sets your head a - whirl_ Is a
most ex - pen - sive pearl_ but I'd have you un'- der - stand_ She's a
crea - ture to a - dore_ when you meet her at the shore_ But shell
cost you more and more_ If you try to win her hand.

No 4. Entrance

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

François, Hans, Edith and Chorus.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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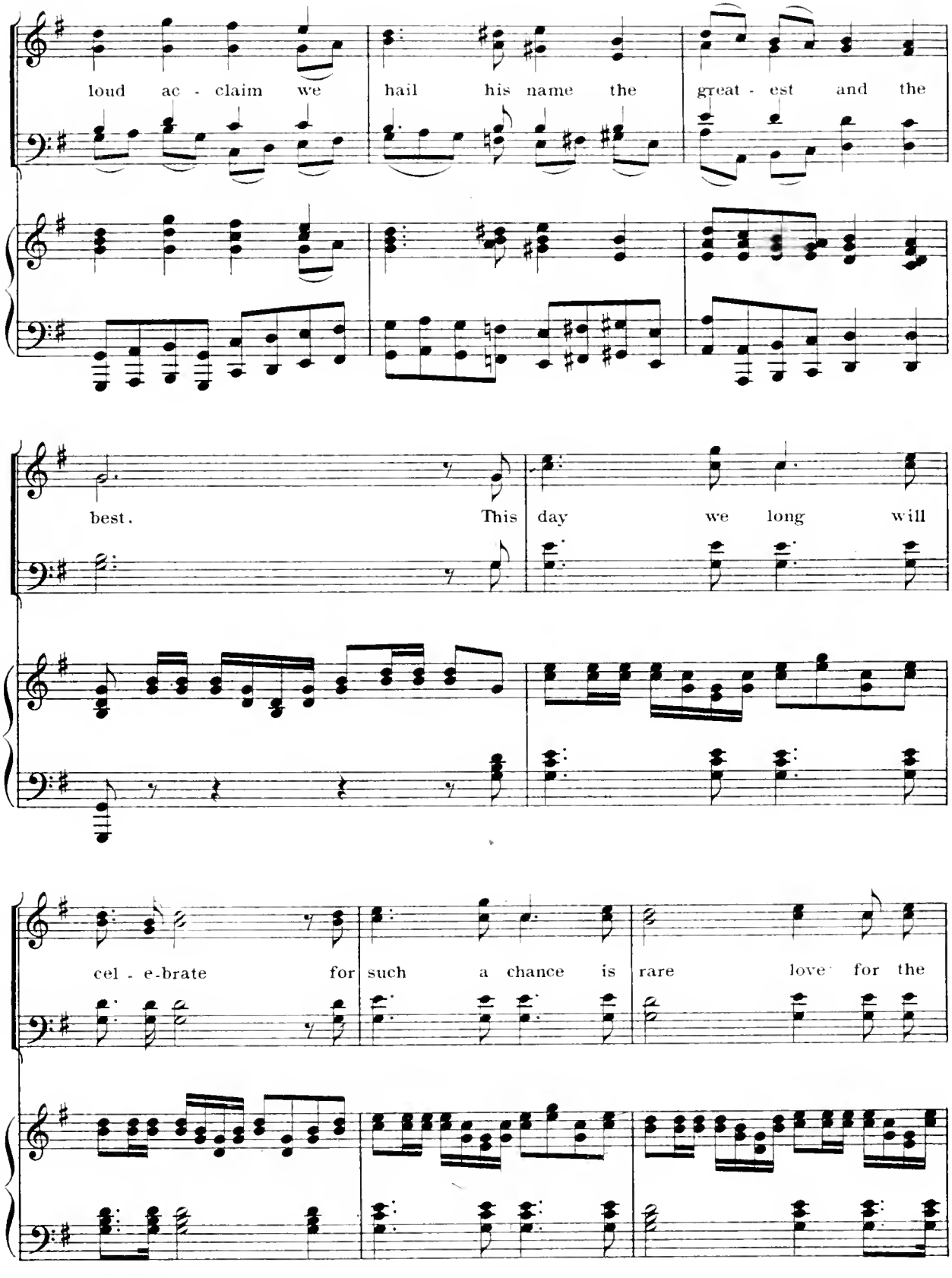
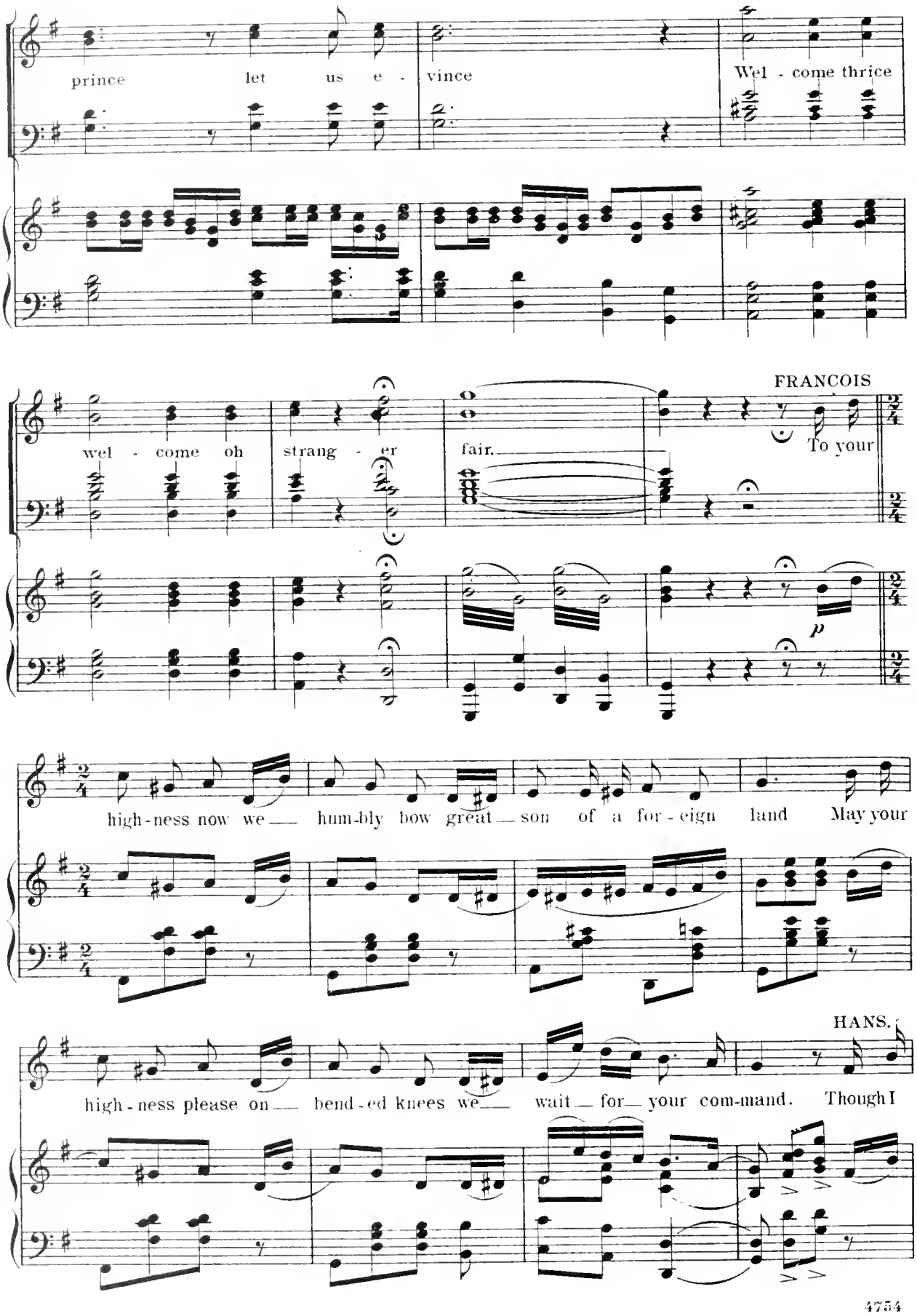
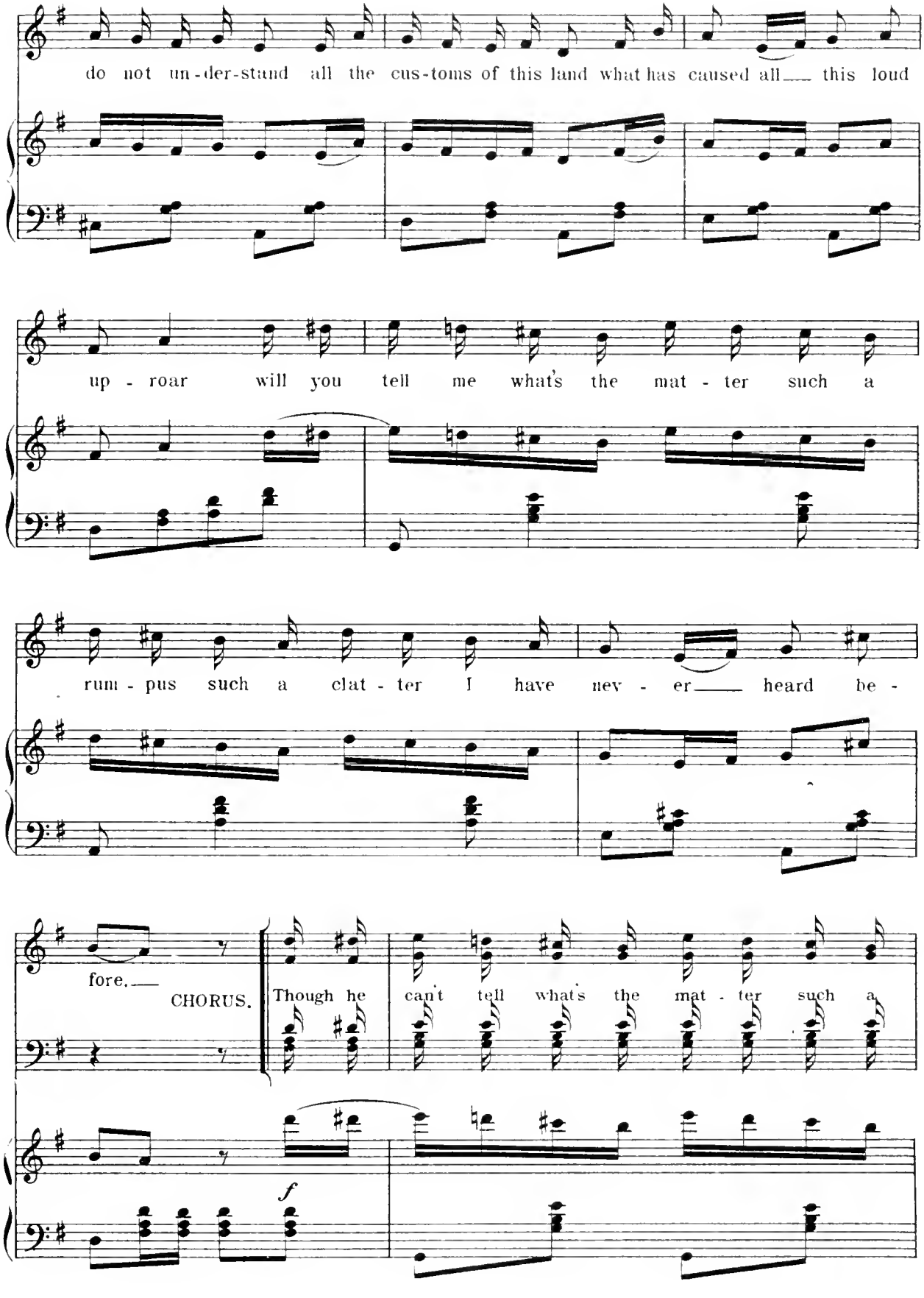
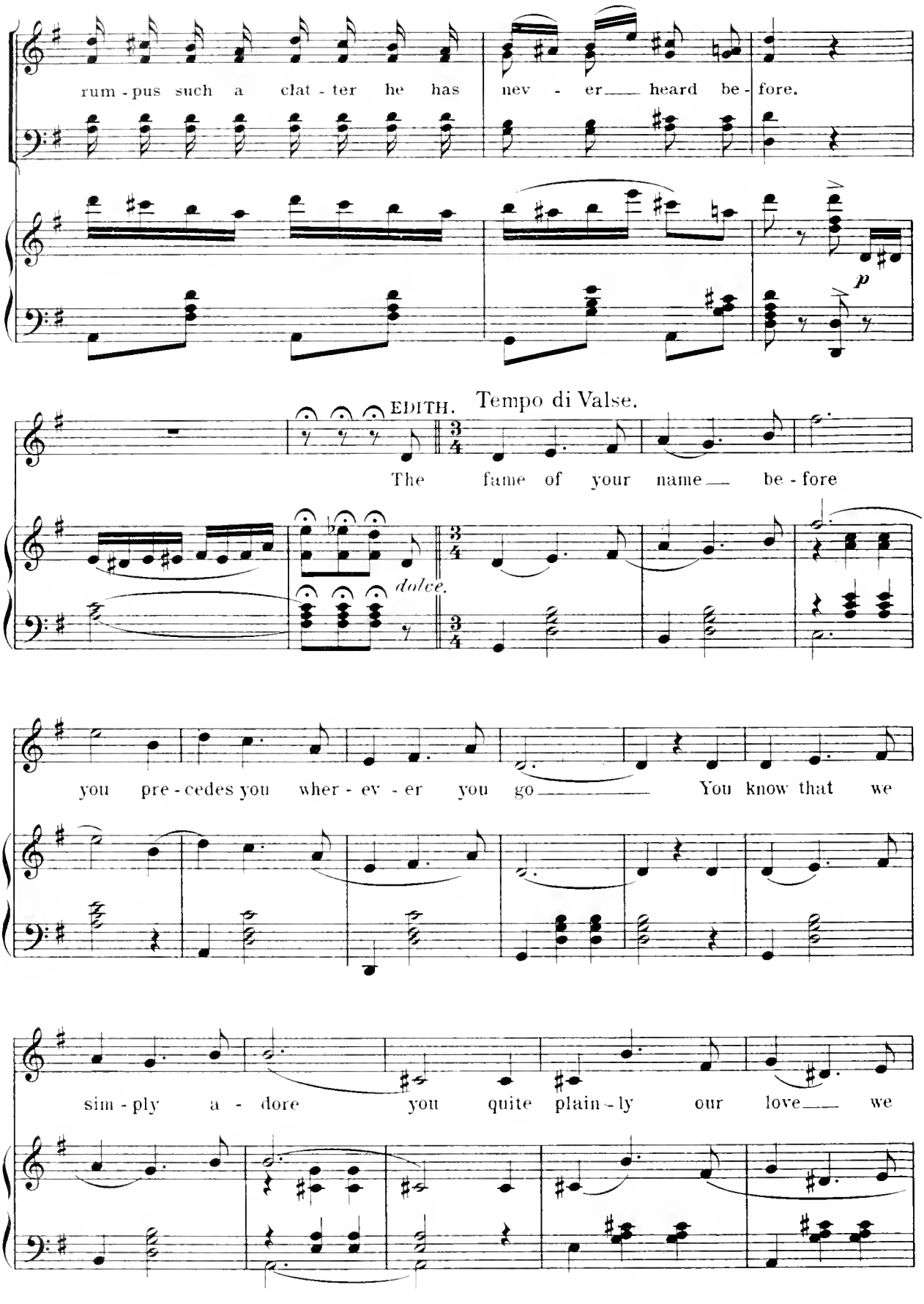
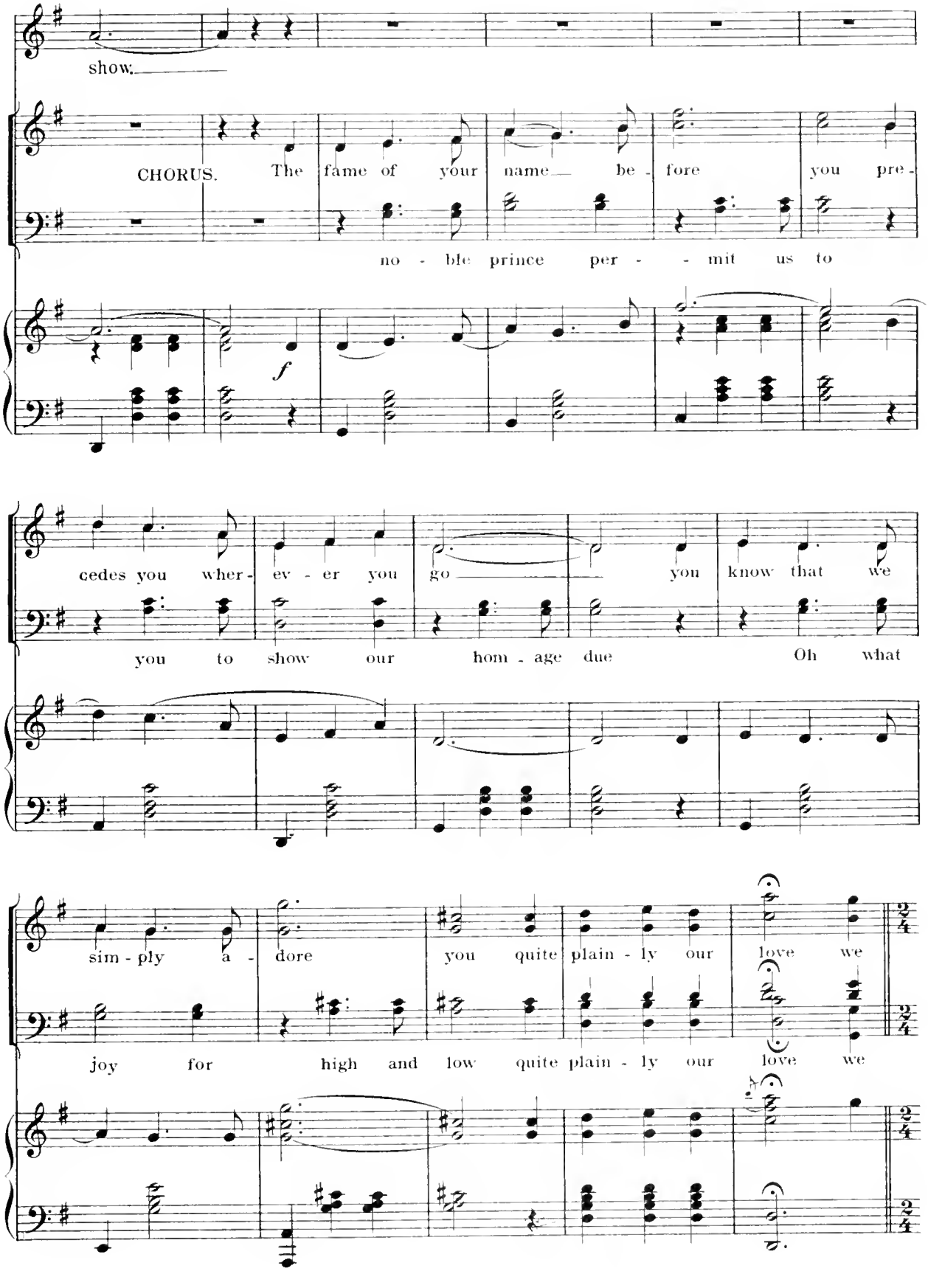
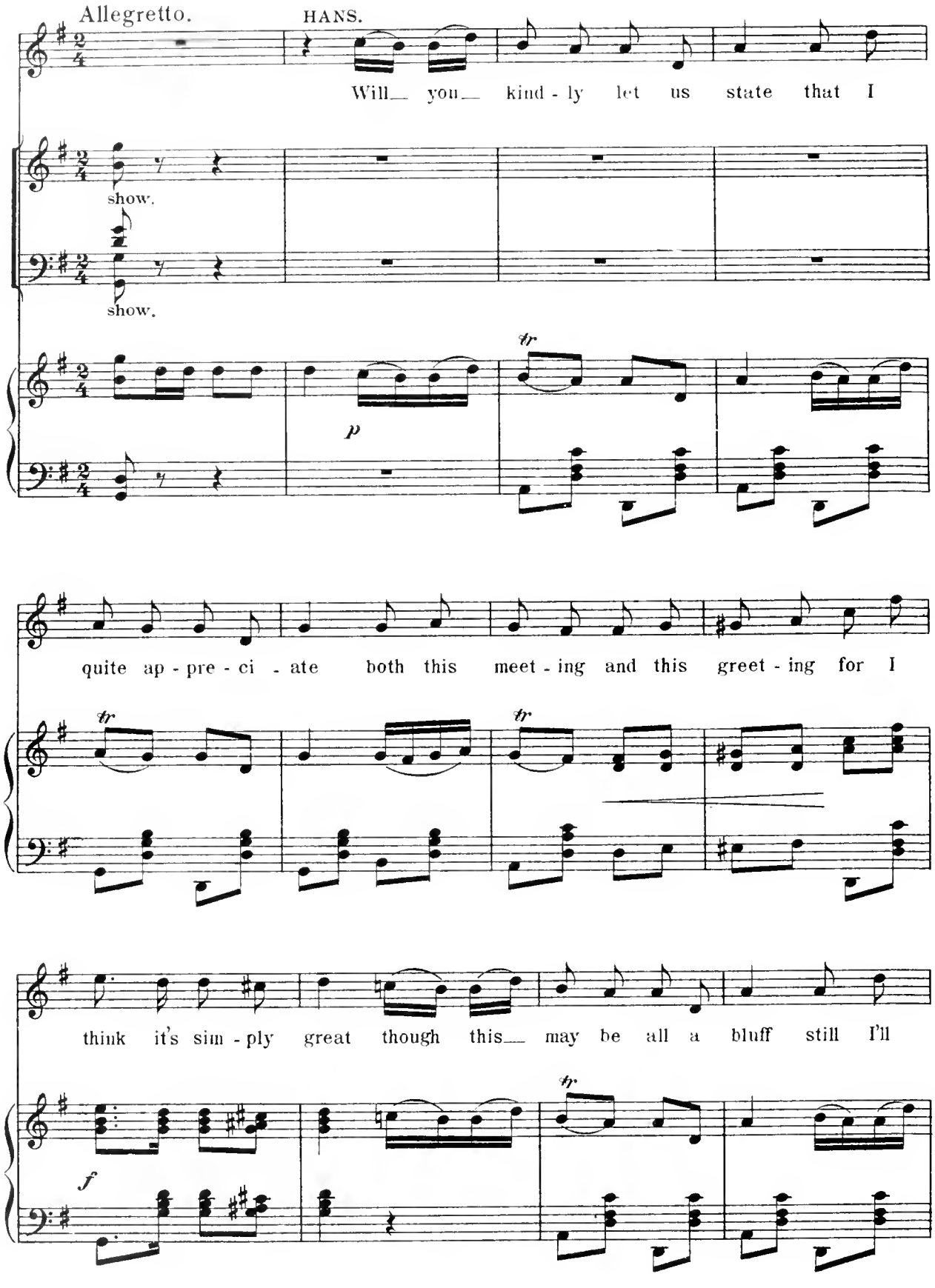

loud ac - claim we hail his name the great - est and the
best. This day we long will
cel - e-brate for such a chance is rare love for the

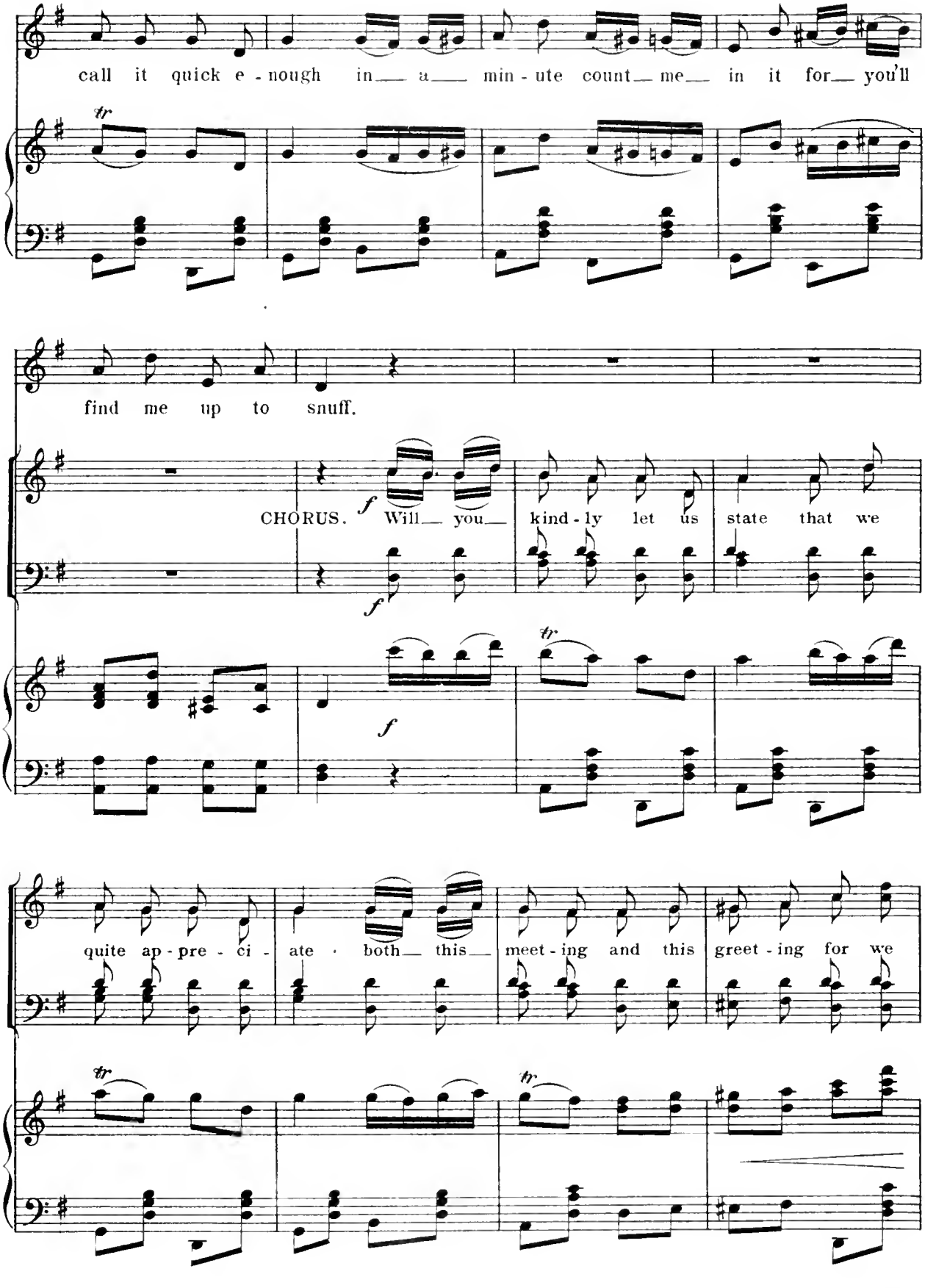

prince let us e - vince
Wel - come thrice
wel - come oh strang - er fair.
FRANCOIS
To your
p
high-ness now we — hum-bly bow great — son of a for-eign land May your
HANS.
high-ness please on — bend-ed knees we — wait — for — your com-mand. Though I

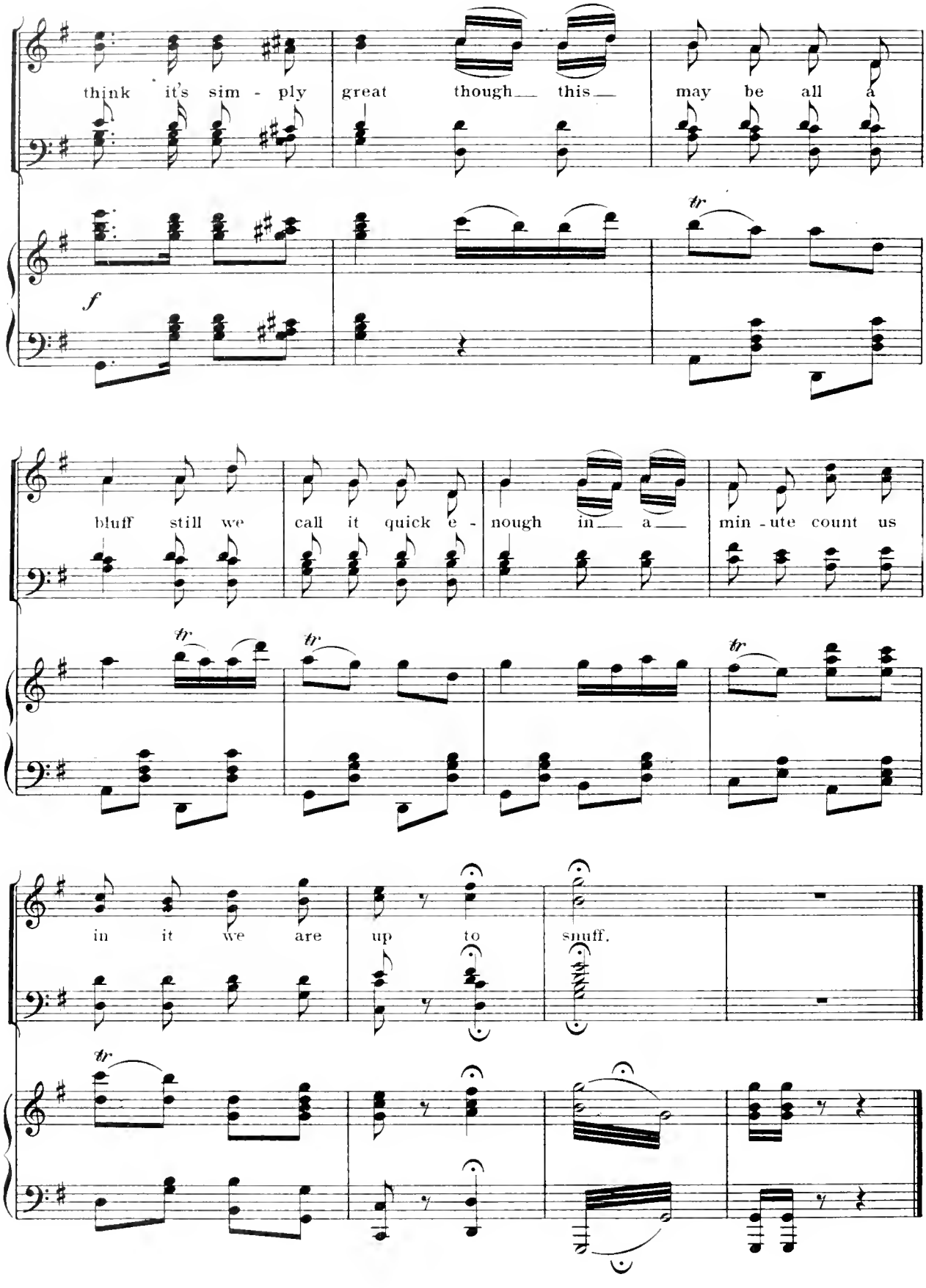

do not un-der-stand all the cus-toms of this land what has caused all this loud
up - roar will you tell me what's the mat - ter such a
rum - pus such a clat - ter I have nev - er heard be -
fore.
CHORUS.
Though he can't tell what's the mat - ter such a
f


rum - pus such a clat - ter he has nev - er heard be - fore.
p
EDITH.
Tempo di Valse.
The fame of your name be - fore
dolce.
you pre - cedes you wher - ev - er you go You know that we
sim - ply a - dore you quite plain - ly our love we


show.
CHORUS. The fame of your name be - fore you pre -
no - ble prince per - - mit us to
f
cedes you wher - ev - er you go you know that we
you to show our hom - age due Oh what
sim - ply a - dore you quite plain - ly our love we
joy for high and low quite plain - ly our love we


Allegretto.
HANS.
Will you kind - ly let us state that I
show.
show.
p
tr
quite ap - pre - ci - ate both this meet - ing and this greet - ing for I
tr
tr
think it's sim - ply great though this may be all a bluff still I'll
f
tr

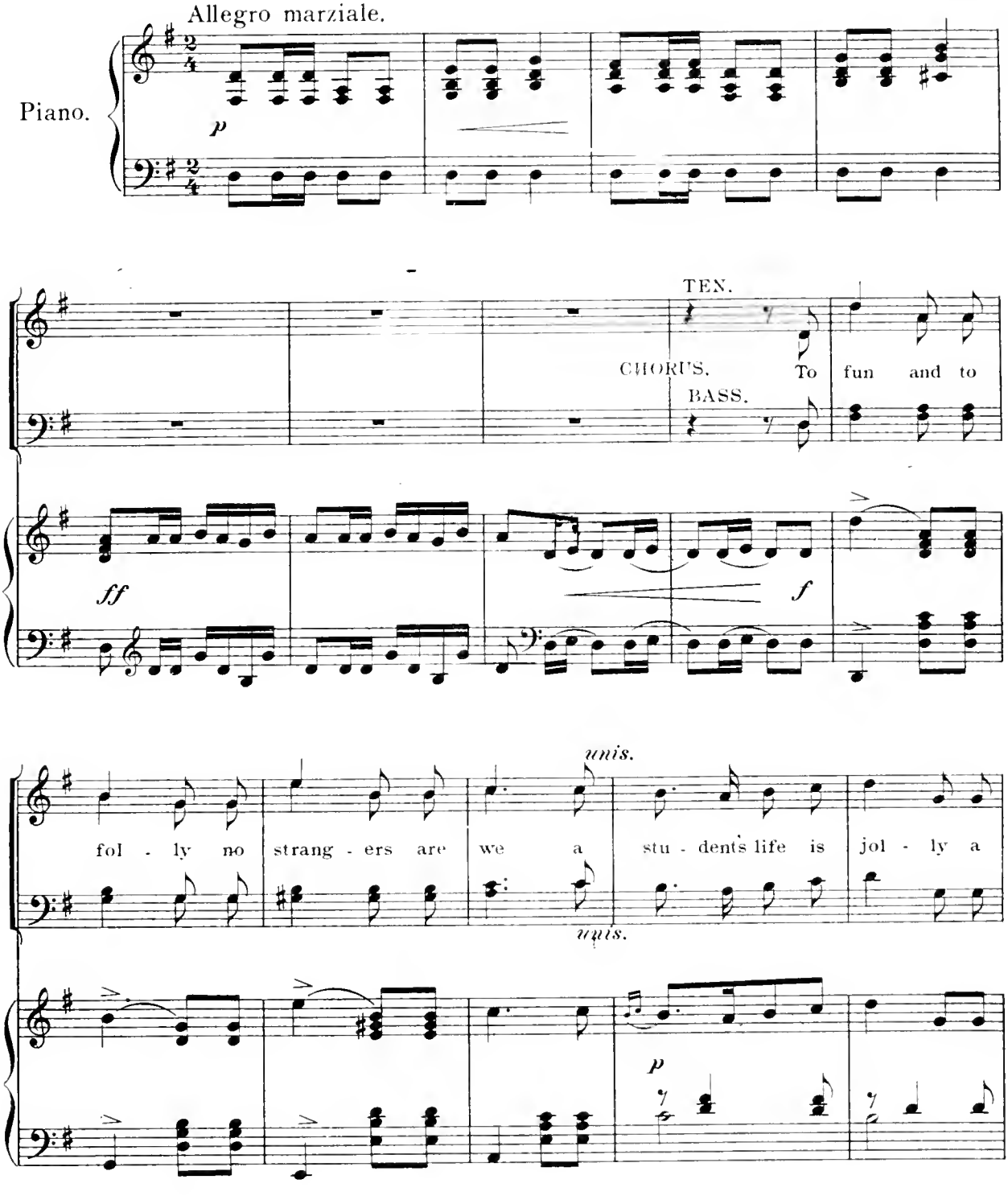

call it quick e - nough in a min - ute count me in it for you'll
find me up to snuff.
CHORUS. Will you kind - ly let us state that we
quite ap - pre - ci - ate both this meet - ing and this greet - ing for we


think it's sim - ply great though this may be all a
f
tr
bluff still we call it quick e - nough in a min - ute count us
tr
tr
tr
in it we are up to snuff.
tr

No5. Students' Entrance.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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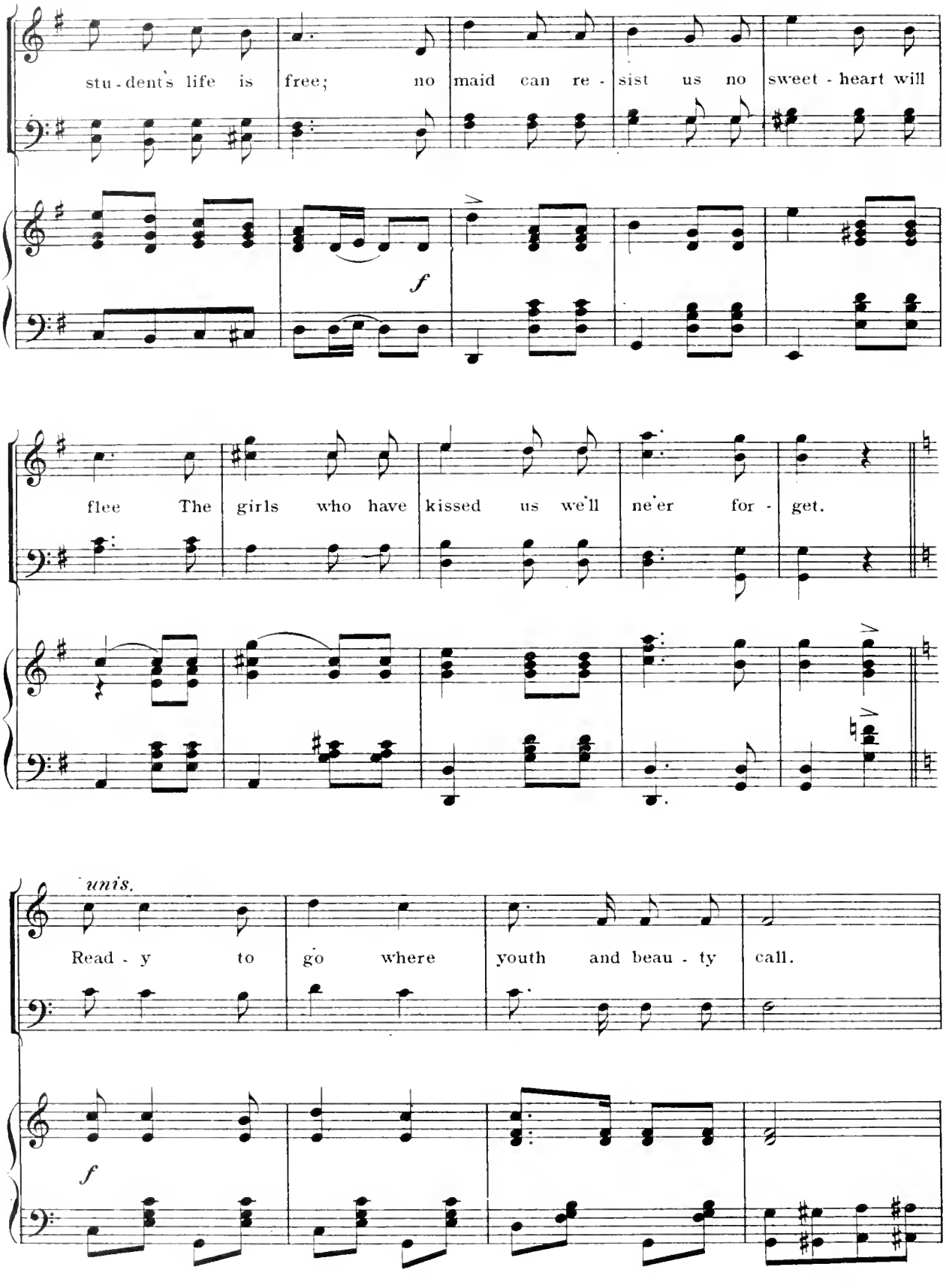
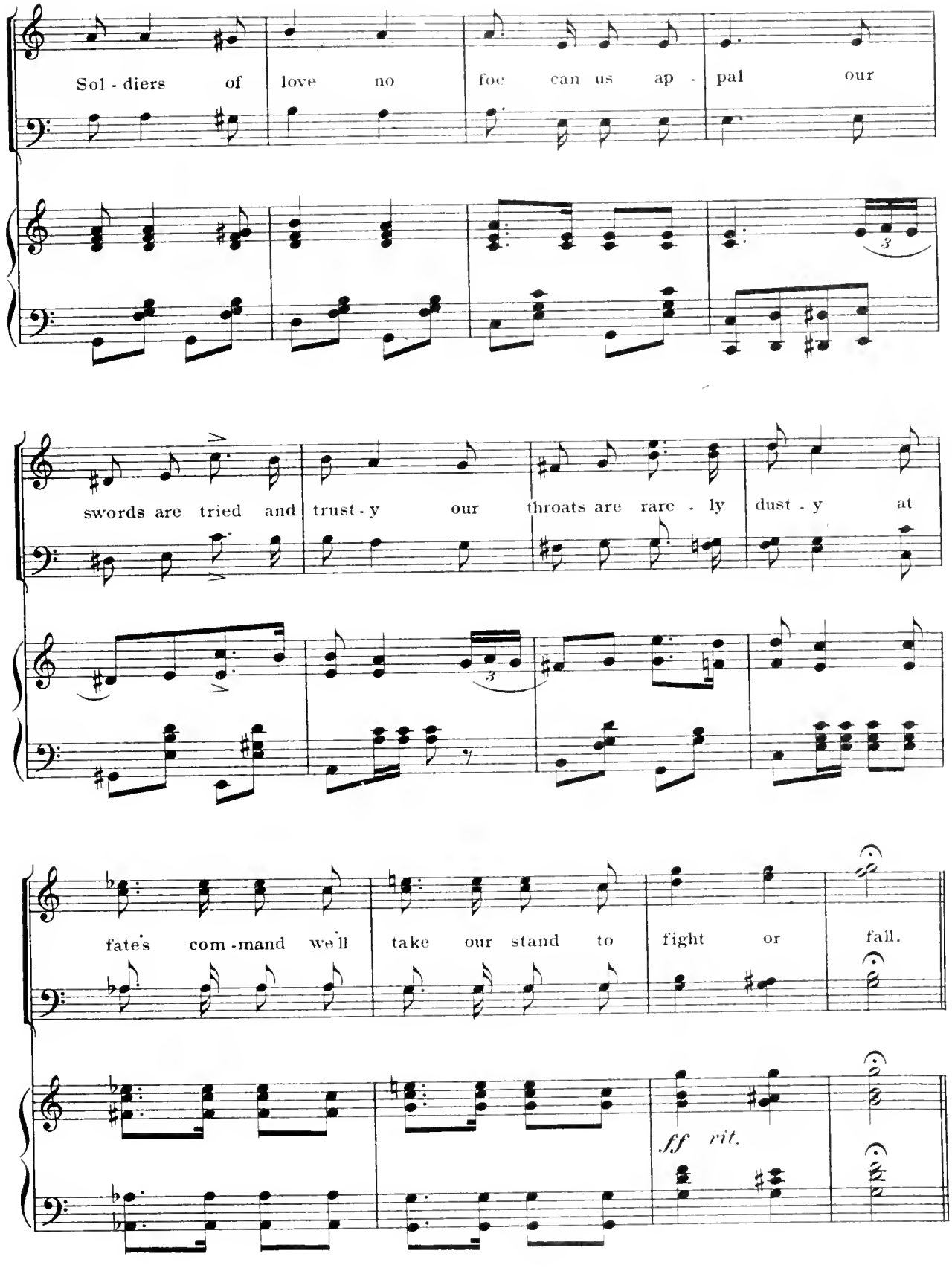
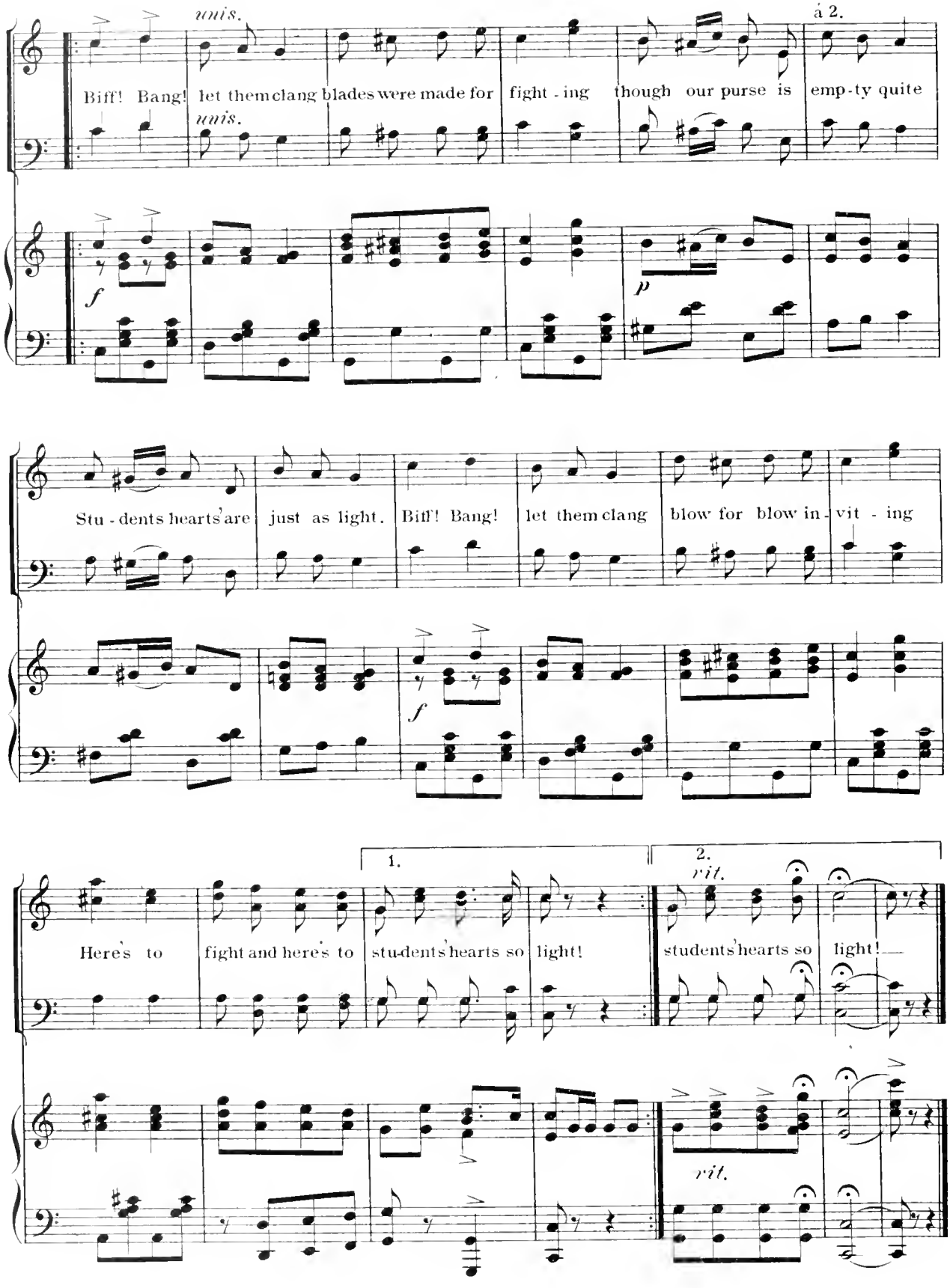

stu - dent's life is free; no maid can re - sist us no sweet - heart will
f
flee The girls who have kissed us we'll ne'er for - get.
unis.
Read - y to go where youth and beau - ty call.
f


Sol - diers of love no foe can us ap - pal our
swords are tried and trust - y our throats are rare - ly dust - y at
fate's com - mand we'll take our stand to fight or fall.
ff rit.


unis.
á 2.
Biff! Bang! let them clang blades were made for fight - ing though our purse is emp - ty quite
unis.
f
p
Stu - dents hearts are just as light. Biff! Bang! let them clang blow for blow in - vit - ing
f
1.
2.
rit.
Here's to fight and here's to stu-dents hearts so light!
students hearts so light!
rit.

Heidelberg.

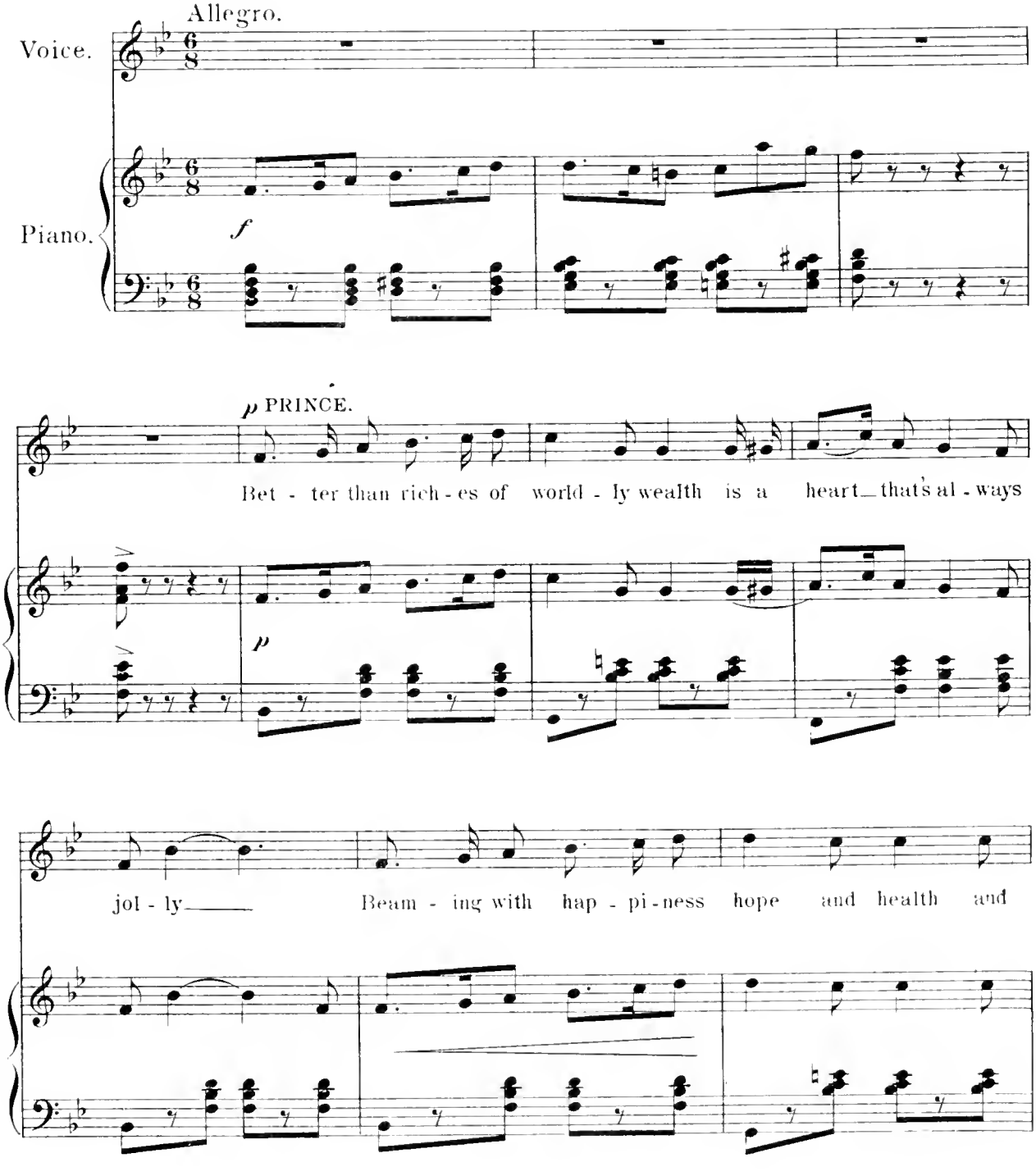
No6.

STEIN SONG.

Prince and Chorus of Students.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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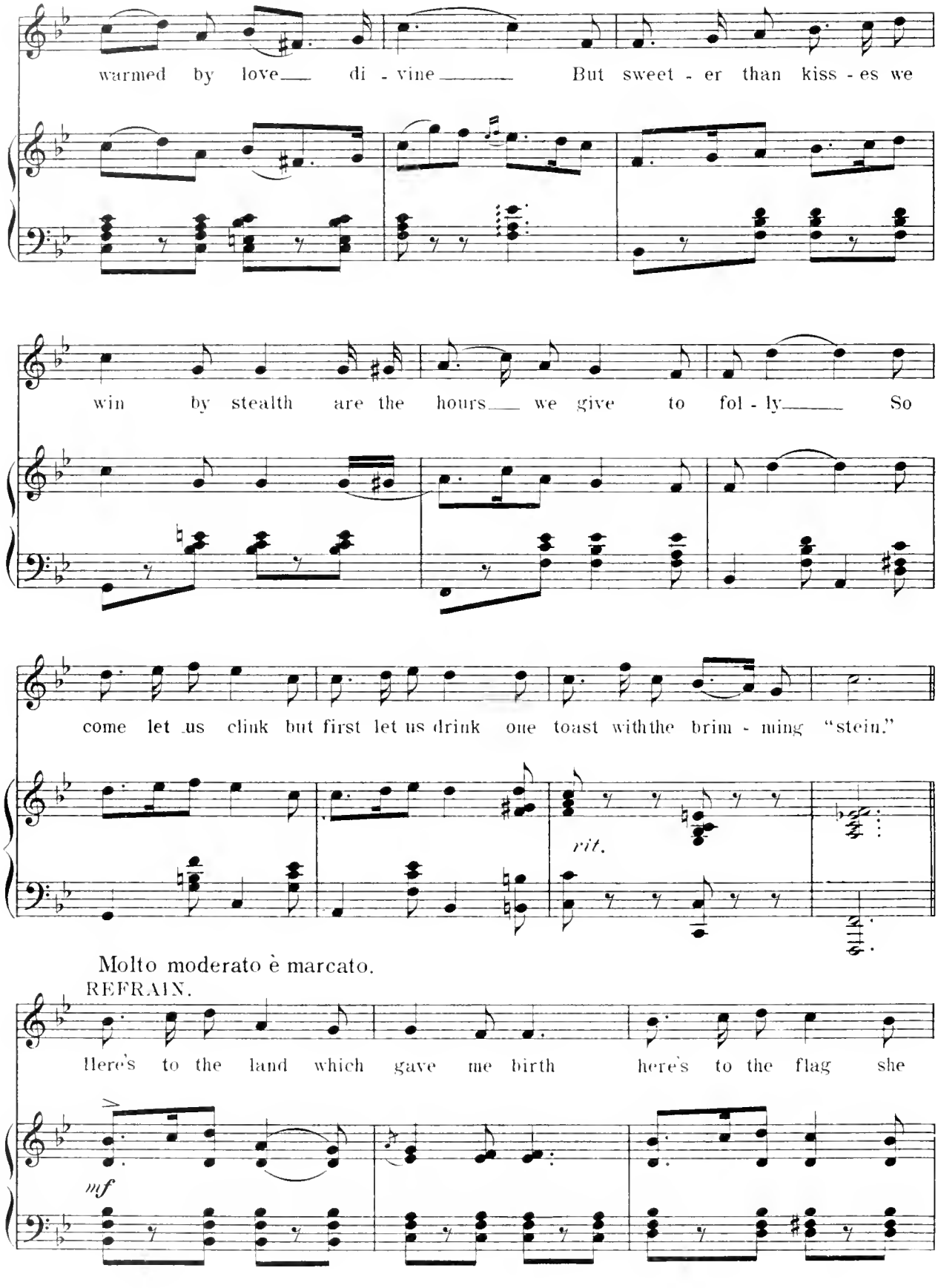
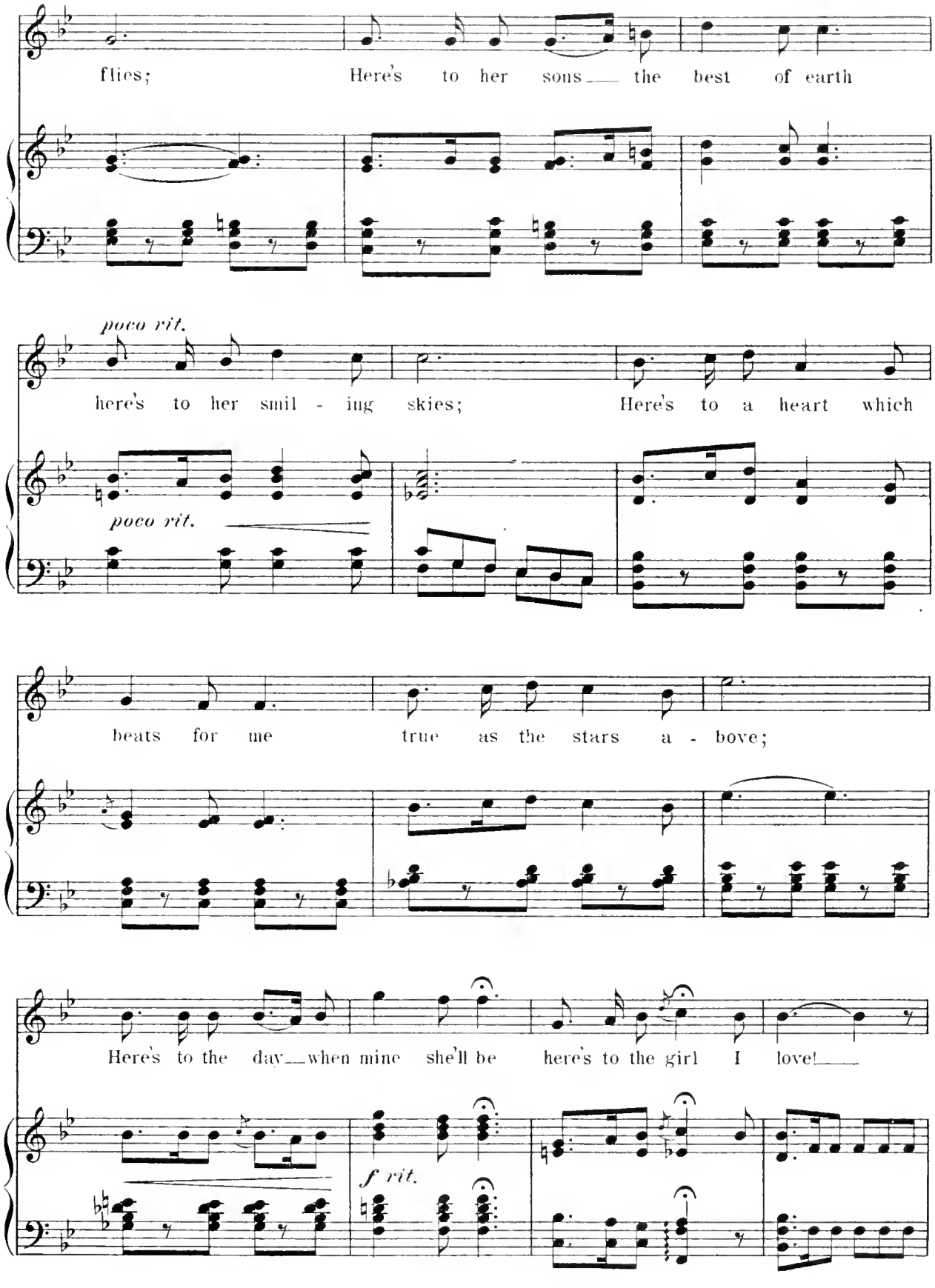
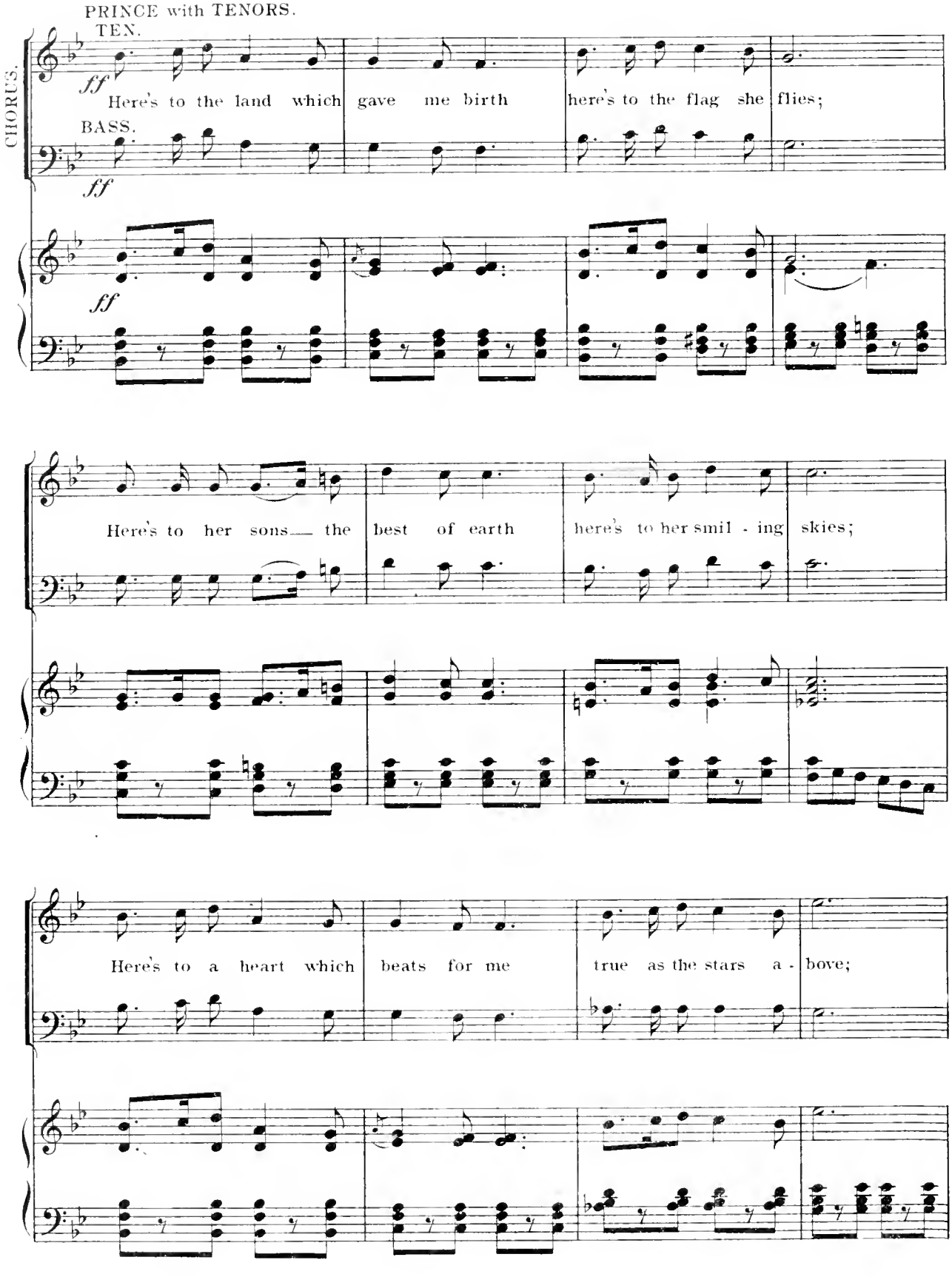
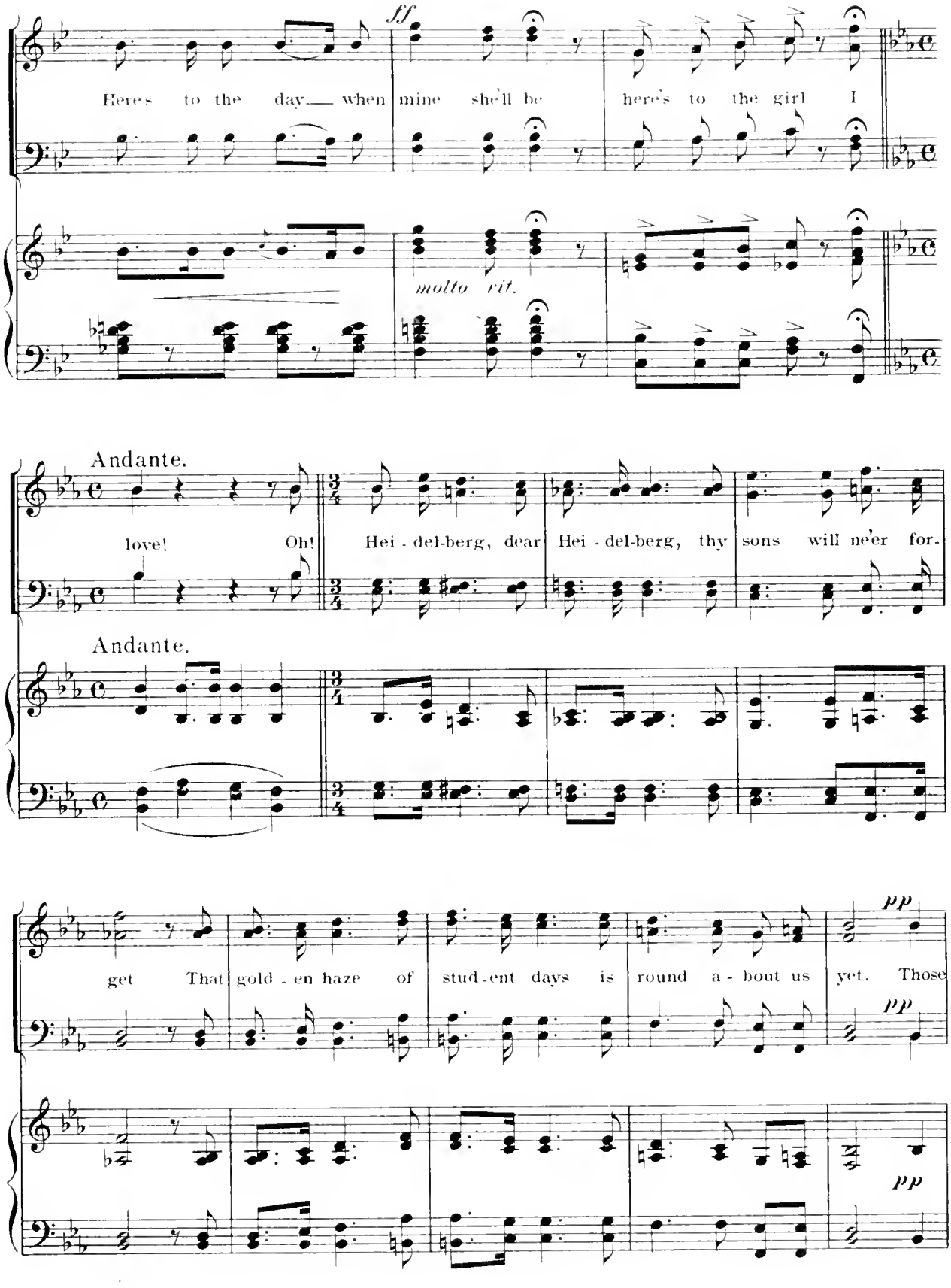
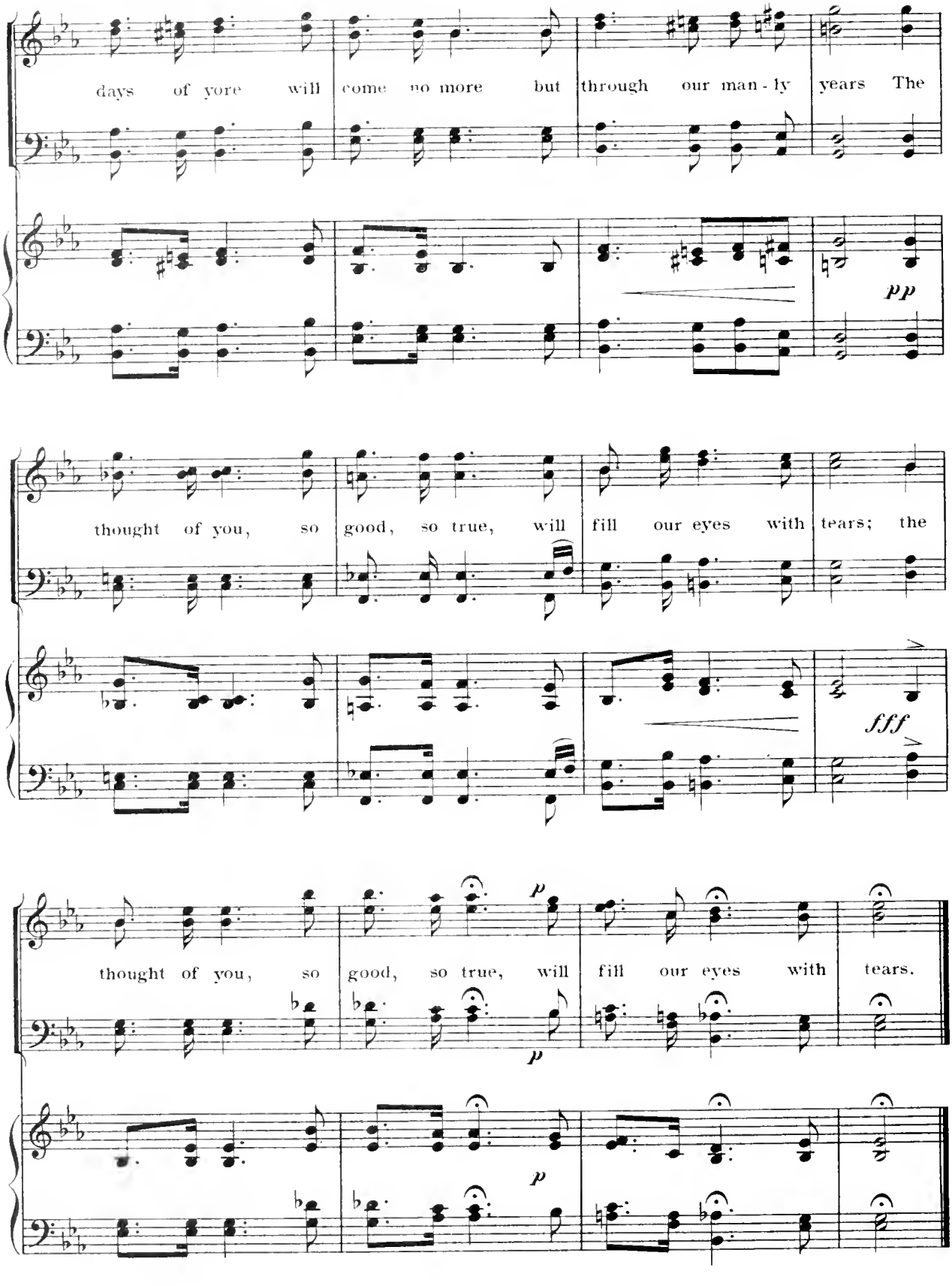

warmed by love di - vine But sweet - er than kiss - es we
win by stealth are the hours we give to fol - ly So
come let us clink but first let us drink one toast withthe brim - ming "stein."
rit.
Molto moderato è marcato.
REFRAIN.
Here's to the land which gave me birth here's to the flag she
mf


flies; Here's to her sons the best of earth
poco rit.
here's to her smil - ing skies; Here's to a heart which
poco rit.
beats for me true as the stars a - bove;
Here's to the day when mine she'll be here's to the girl I love!
f rit.


PRINCE with TENORS.
TEN.
CHORUS.
ff
Here's to the land which gave me birth here's to the flag she flies;
BASS.
ff
ff
Here's to her sons— the best of earth here's to her smil - ing skies;
Here's to a heart which beats for me true as the stars a - bove;


ff
Here's to the day— when mine she'll be here's to the girl I
molto rit.
Andante.
love! Oh! Hei - del-berg, dear Hei - del-berg, thy sons will ne'er for-
Andante.
pp
get That gold - en haze of stud - ent days is round a - bout us yet. Those
pp
pp


days of yore will come no more but through our man - ly years The
pp
thought of you, so good, so true, will fill our eyes with tears; the
fff
thought of you, so good, so true, will fill our eyes with tears.
p
p
p

The Widow.

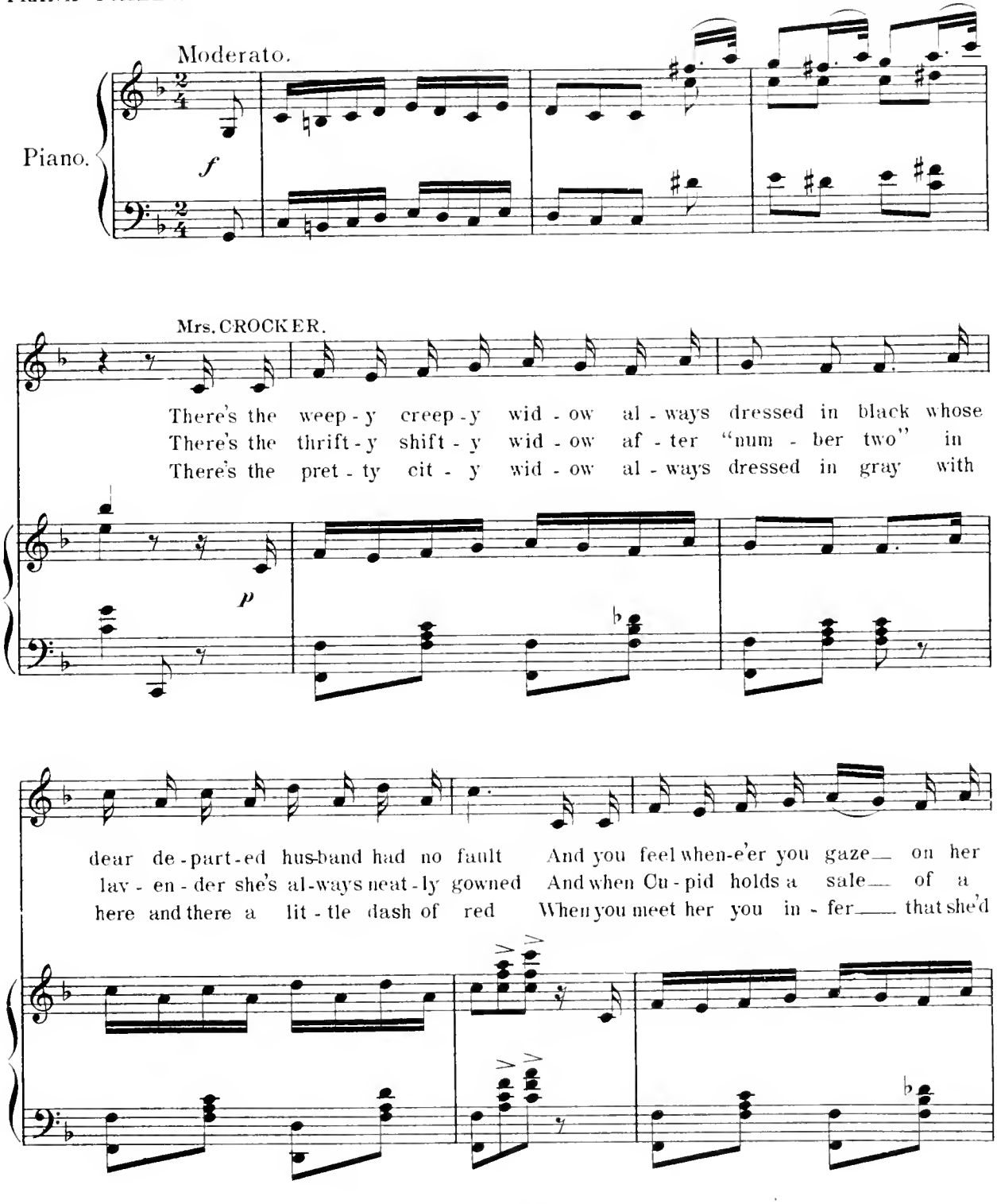
No 7.

TRIO.

(Mrs. Crocker Artie and Hans.)

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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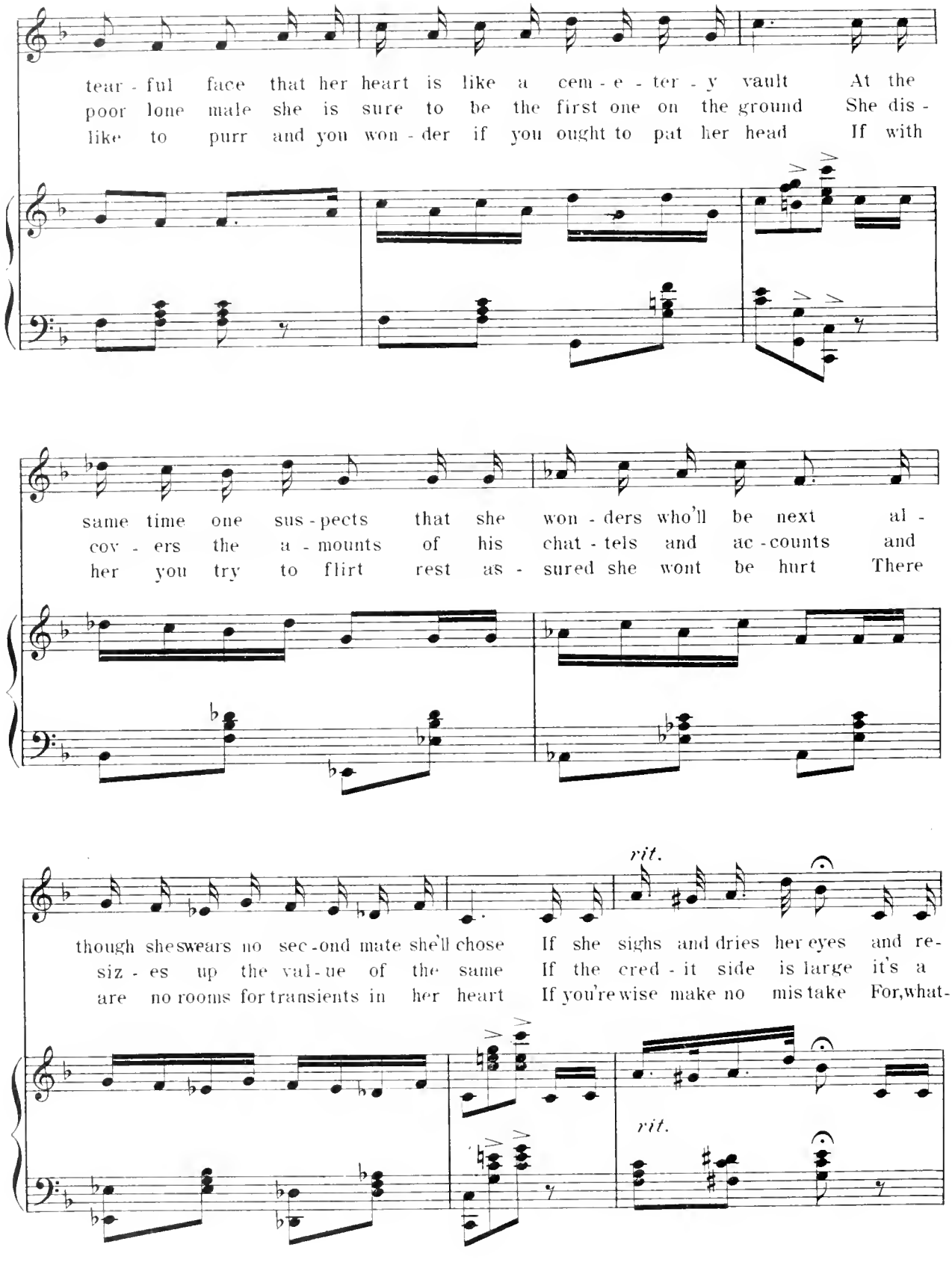

tear - ful face that her heart is like a cem - e - ter - y vault At the
poor lone male she is sure to be the first one on the ground She dis -
like to purr and you won - der if you ought to pat her head If with
same time one sus - pects that she won - ders who'll be next al -
cov - ers the a - mounts of his chat - tels and ac - counts and
her you try to flirt rest as - sured she wont be hurt There
rit.
though she swears no sec - ond mate she'll chose If she sighs and dries her eyes and re -
siz - es up the val - ue of the same If the cred - it side is large it's a
are no rooms for transients in her heart If you're wise make no mis take For, what -
rit.

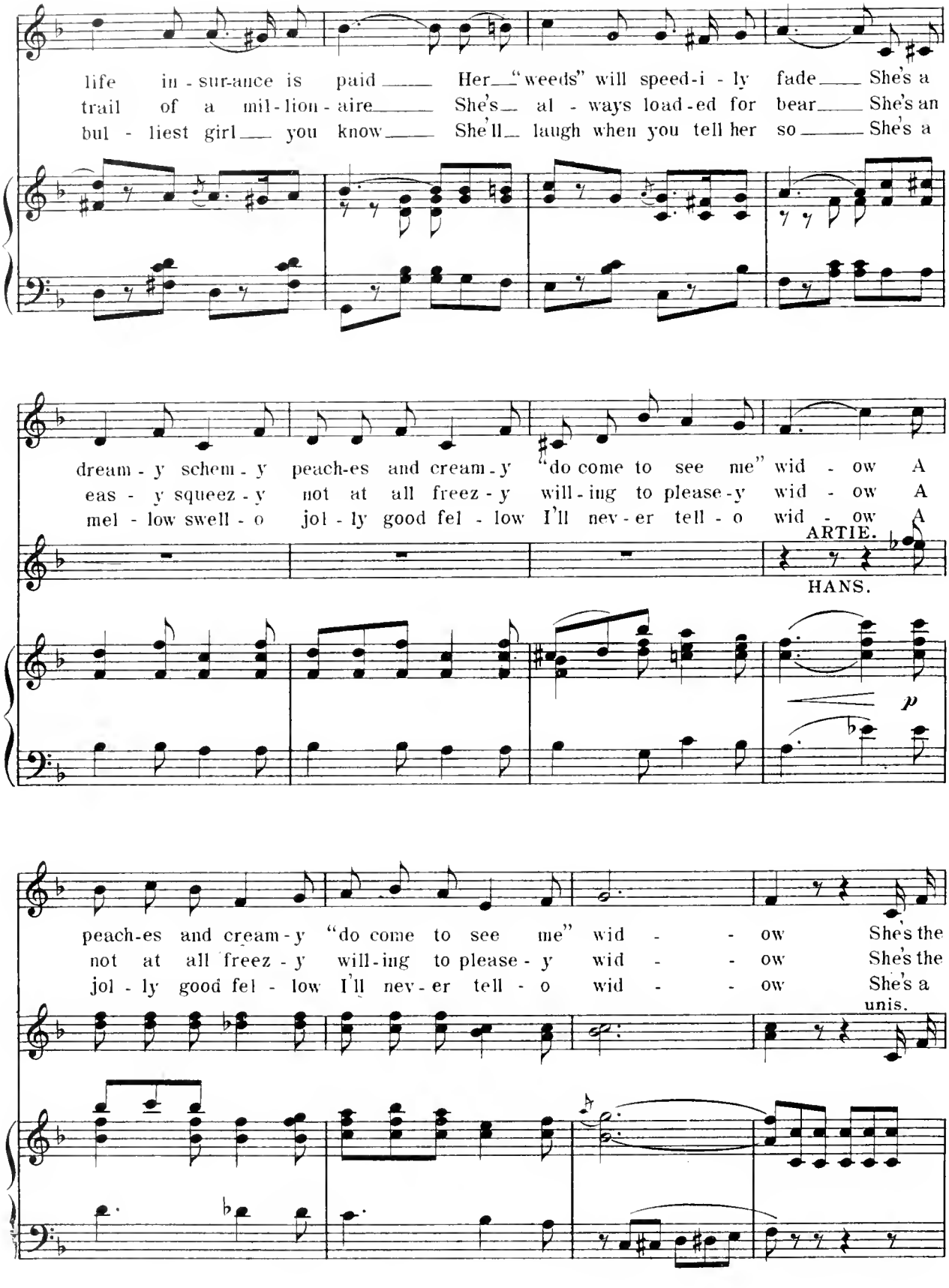
REFRAIN.

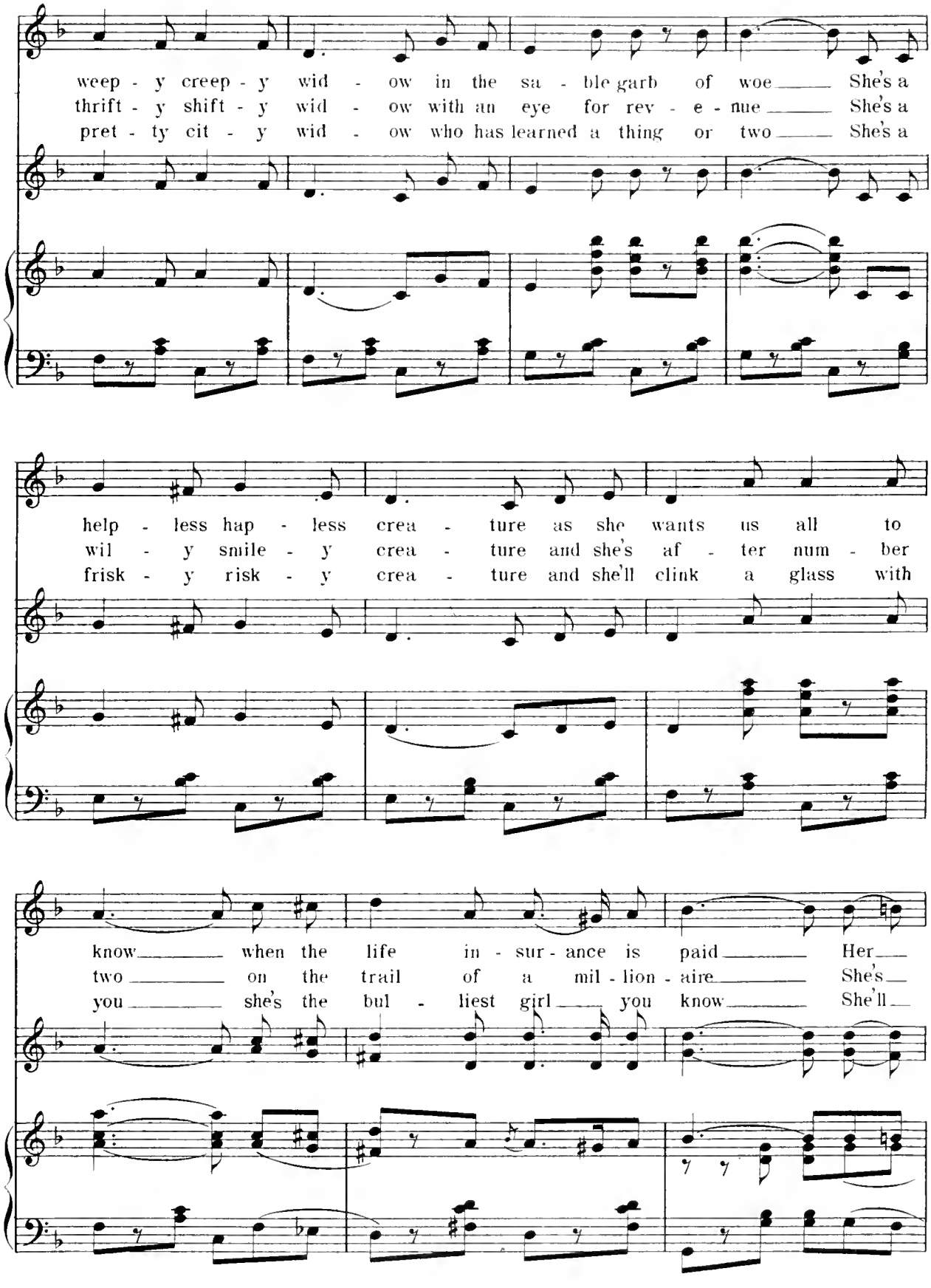
marks "you're just his size" look out she wants to fill two emp-ty shoes She's a
case of for-ward, charge! he's "it" she means to wear that fel-low's name She's a
ev - er move you make she knows just where you'll end, be-fore you start. She's a

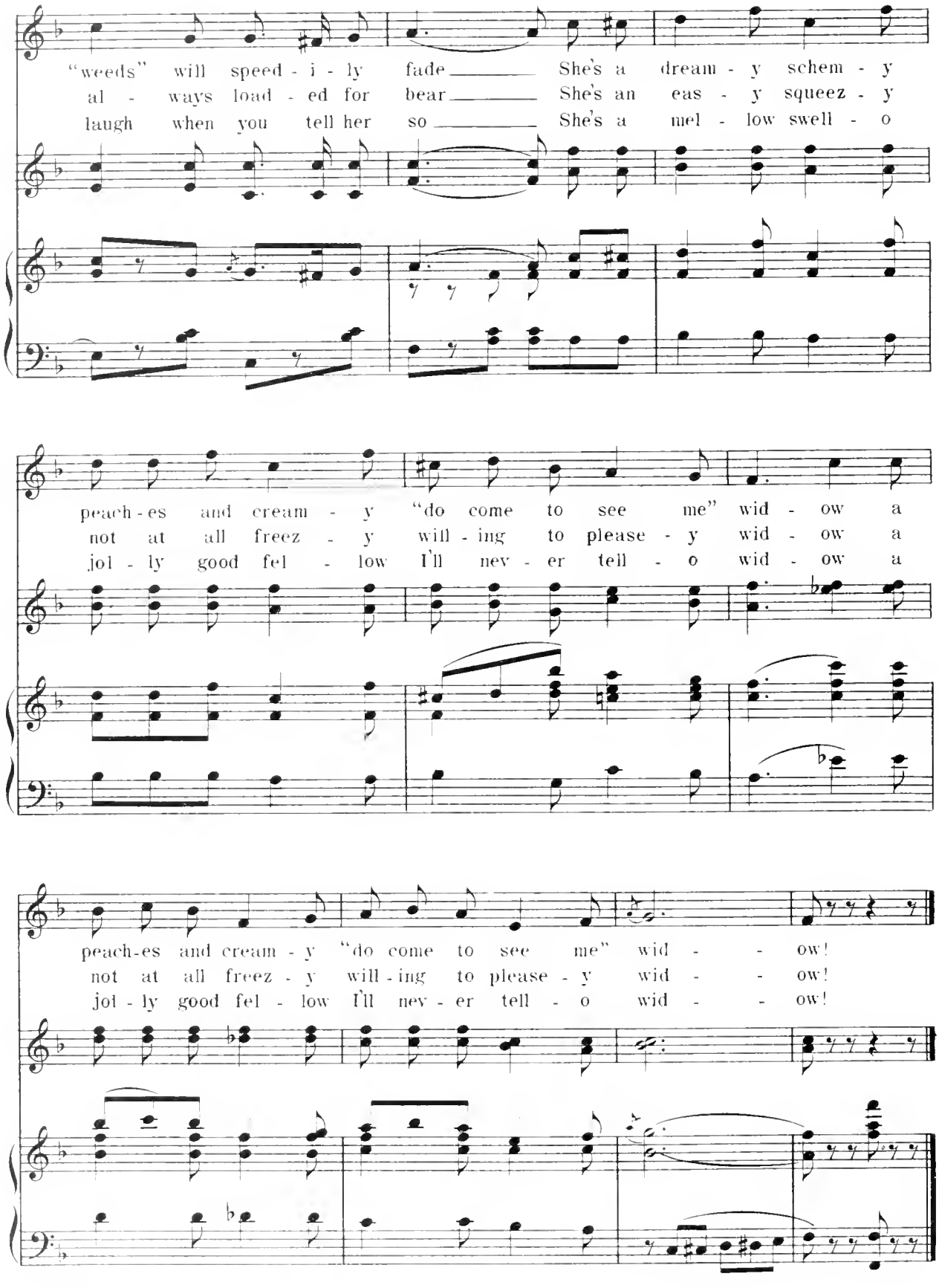
Allegretto.

weep - y creep - y wid - ow in the sa - ble garb of woe She's a
thrift - y shift - y wid - ow with an eye for rev - e - nue She's a
pret - ty cit - y wid - ow she has learned a thing or two She's a

help - less hap - less crea - ture as she wants us all to know When the
wil - y smile - y crea - ture and she's af - ter "num - ber two" On the
frisk - y risk - y crea - ture and she'd clink a glass with you She's the


life in - sur-ance is paid Her "weeds" will speed-i - ly fade She's a
trail of a mil-lion - aire She's al - ways load-ed for bear She's an
bul - liest girl you know She'll laugh when you tell her so She's a
dream - y schem - y peach-es and cream - y "do come to see me" wid - ow A
eas - y squeez - y not at all freez - y will - ing to please - y wid - ow A
mel - low swell - o jol - ly good fel - low I'll nev - er tell - o wid - ow A
ARTIE.
HANS.
p
peach-es and cream - y "do come to see me" wid - - ow She's the
not at all freez - y will - ing to please - y wid - - ow She's the
jol - ly good fel - low I'll nev - er tell - o wid - - ow She's a
unis.


weep - y creep - y wid - ow in the sa - ble garb of woe She's a
thrift - y shift - y wid - ow with an eye for rev - e - nue She's a
pret - ty cit - y wid - ow who has learned a thing or two She's a
help - less hap - less crea - ture as she wants us all to
wil - y smile - y crea - ture and she's af - ter num - ber
frisk - y risk - y crea - ture and she'll clink a glass with
know when the life in - sur - ance is paid Her
two on the trail of a mil - lion - aire She's
you she's the bul - liest girl you know She'll

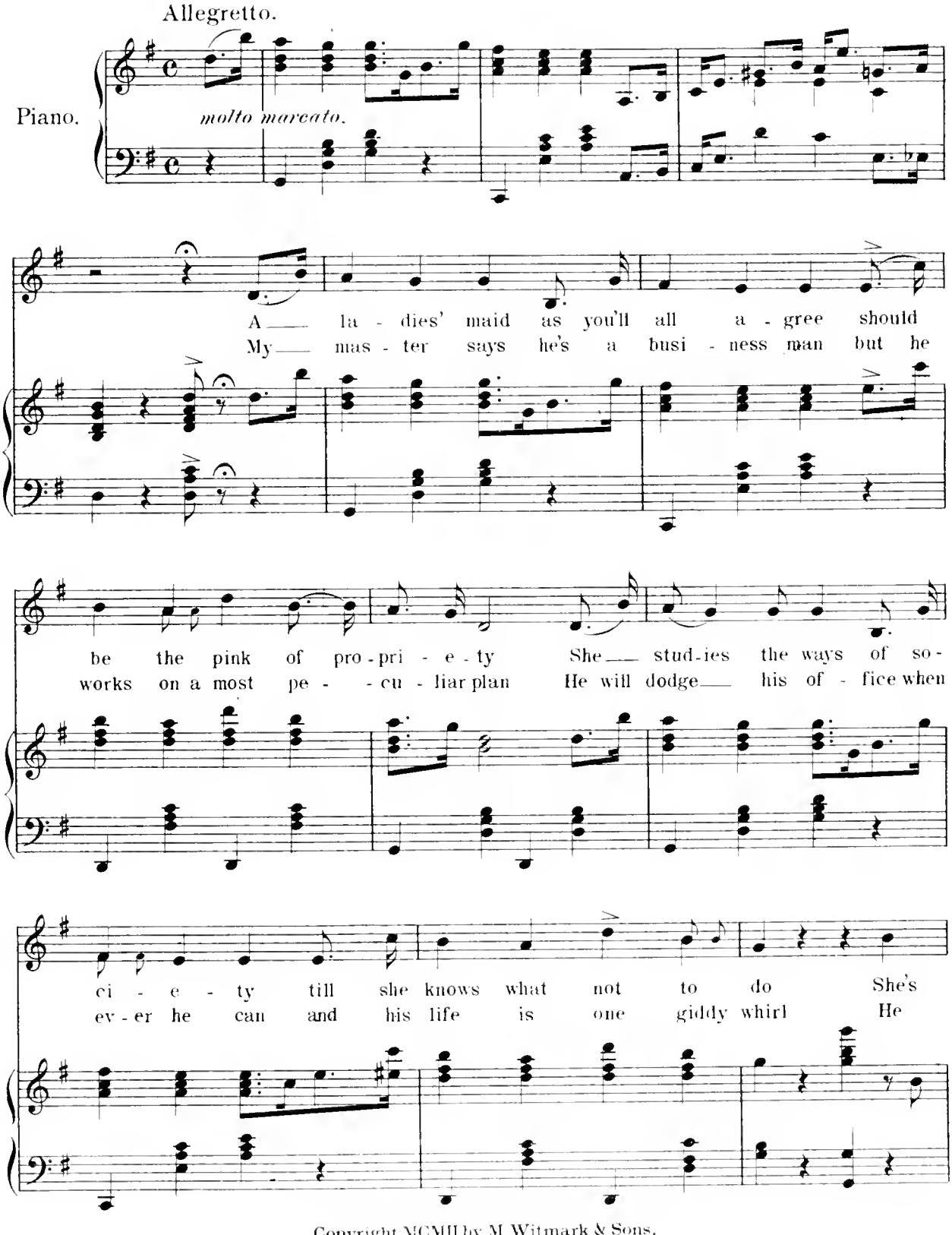

"weeds" will speed - i - ly fade She's a dream - y schem - y
al - ways load - ed for bear She's an eas - y squeez - y
laugh when you tell her so She's a mel - low swell - o
peach - es and cream - y "do come to see me" wid - ow a
not at all freez - y will - ing to please - y wid - ow a
jol - ly good fel - low I'll nev - er tell - o wid - ow a
peach-es and cream - y "do come to see me" wid - - ow!
not at all freez - y will - ing to please - y wid - - ow!
jol - ly good fel - low I'll nev - er tell - o wid - - ow!

No 8. Keep it Dark.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Sidonie, François and Chorus.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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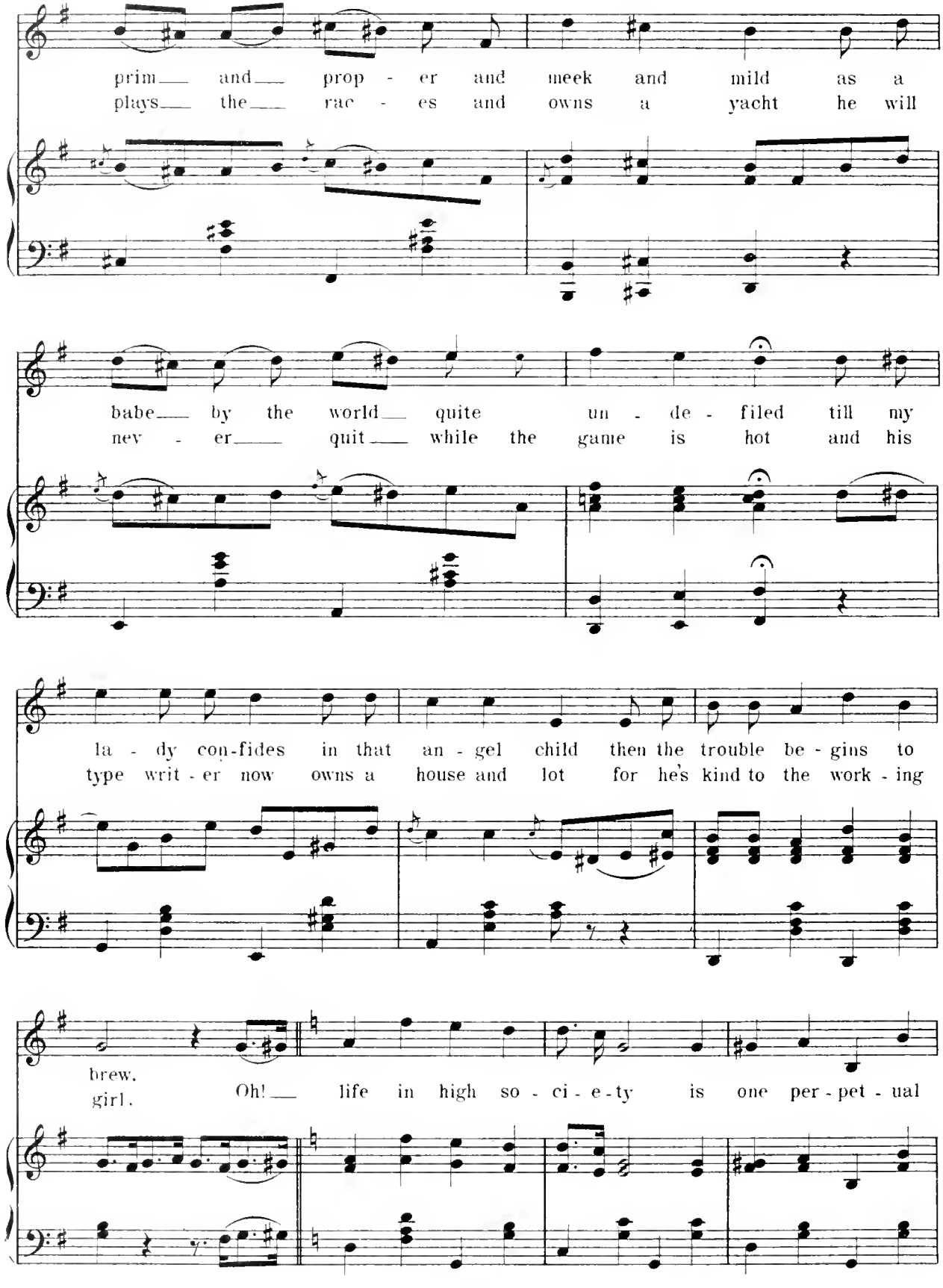
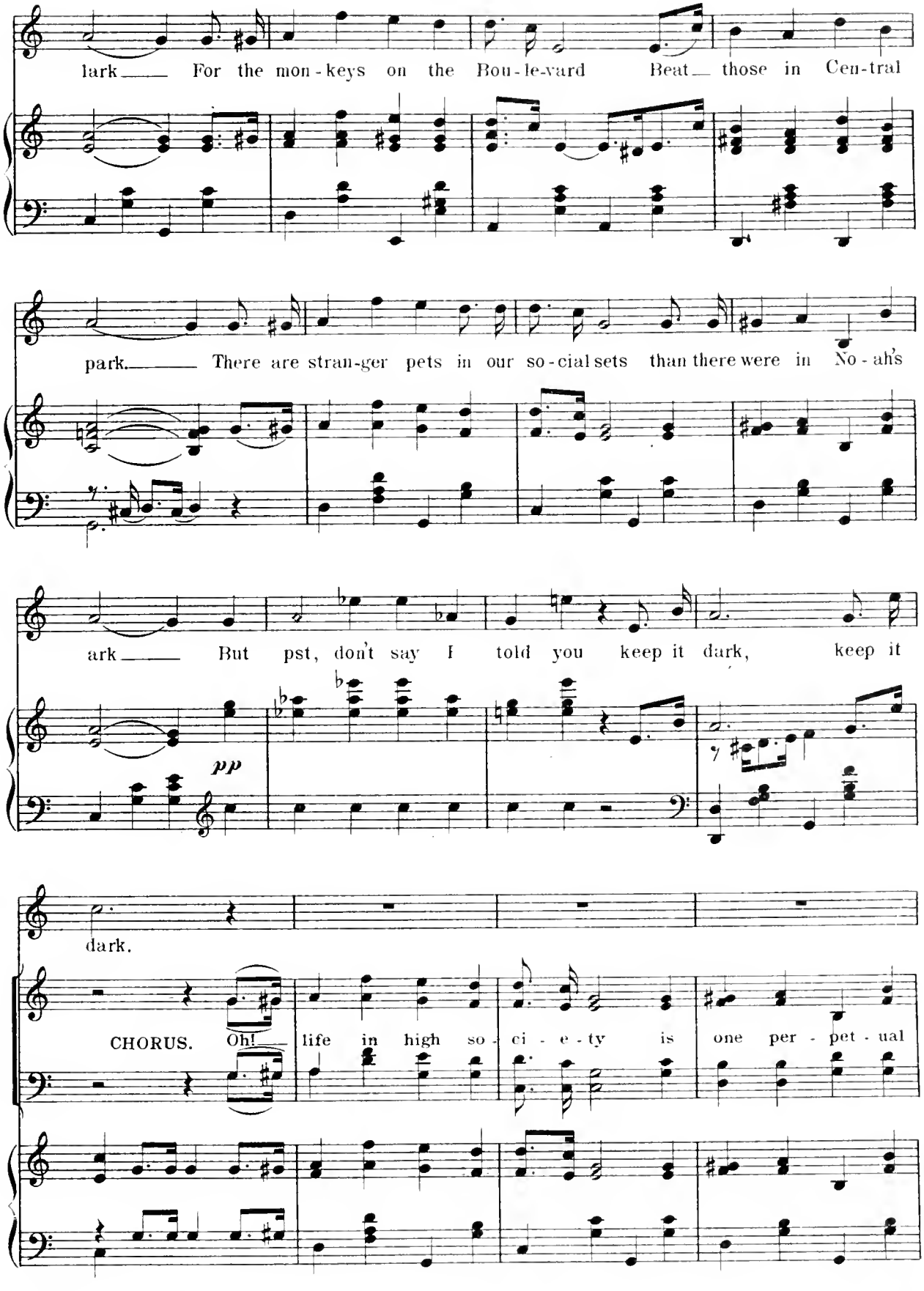
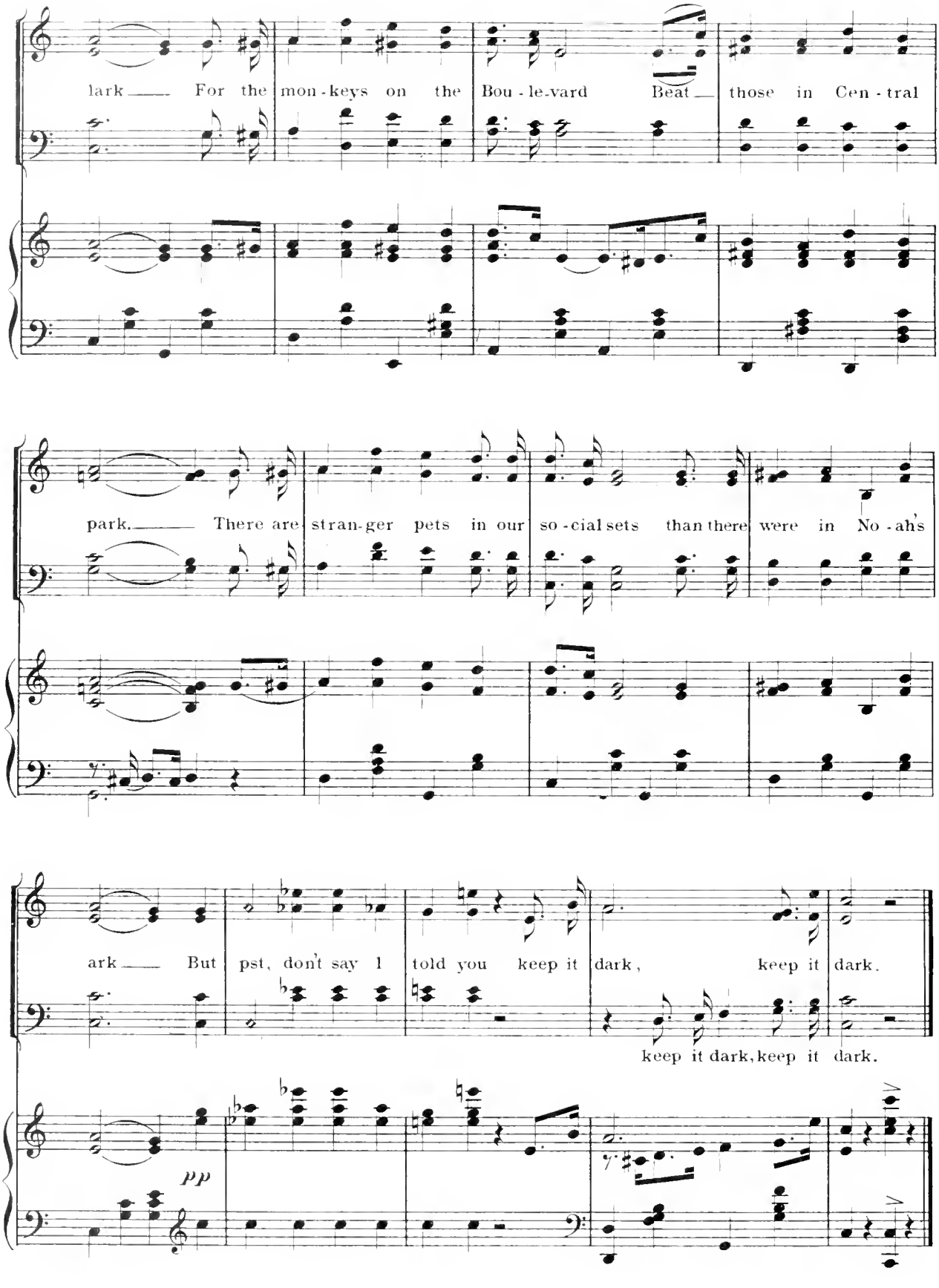

prim— and— prop - er and meek and mild as a
plays— the— rac - es and owns a yacht he will
babe— by the world— quite un - de - filed till my
nev - er— quit— while the game is hot and his
la - dy con-fides in that an - gel child then the trouble be - gins to
type writ - er now owns a house and lot for he's kind to the work - ing
brew.
girl. Oh!— life in high so - ci - e - ty is one per - pet - ual


lark For the mon-keys on the Bou-le-vard Beat those in Cen-tral
park. There are stran-ger pets in our so-cial sets than there were in No-ah's
ark But pst, don't say I told you keep it dark, keep it
pp
dark.
CHORUS. Oh! life in high so-ci-e-ty is one per-pet-ual

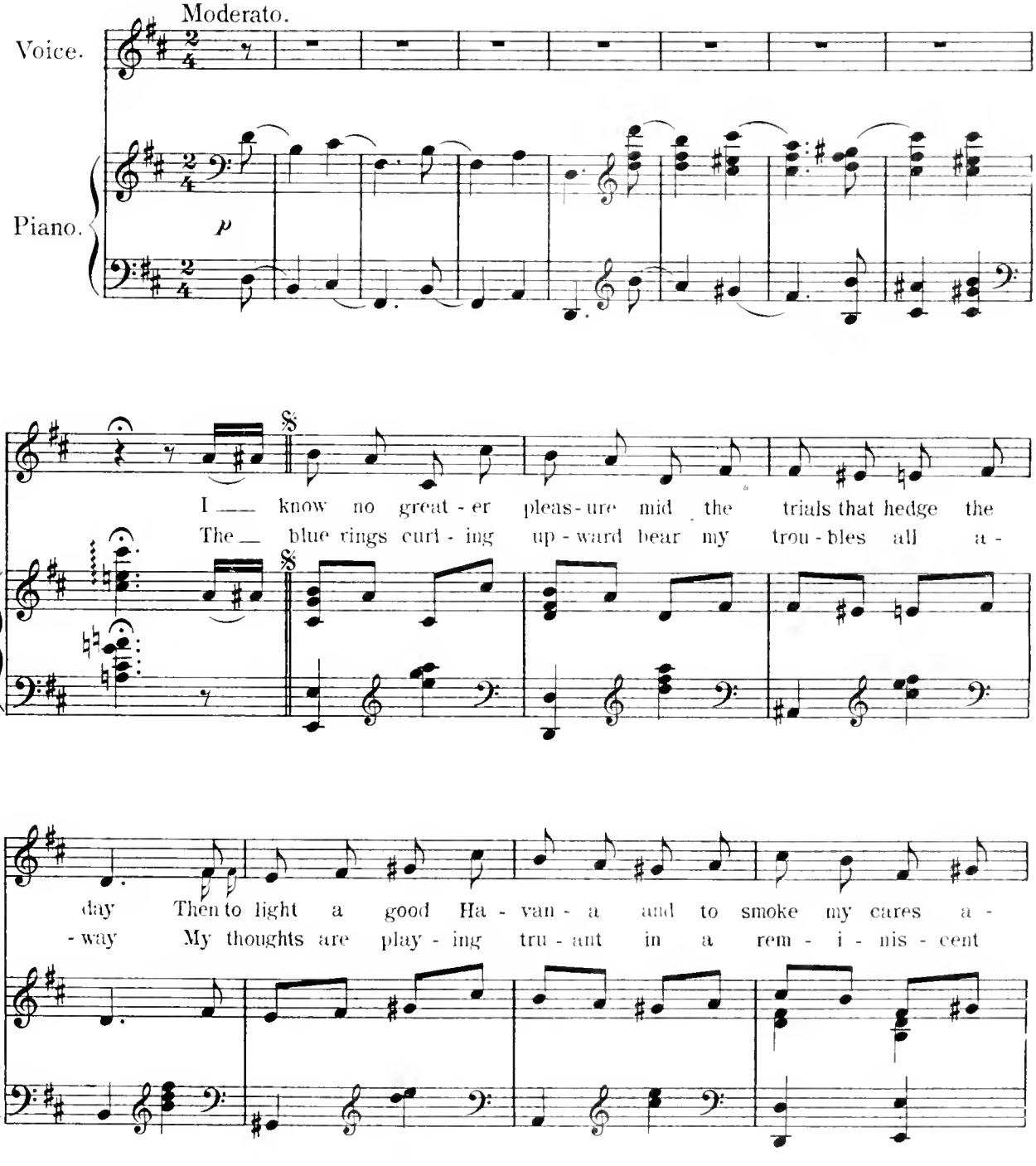

lark For the mon-keys on the Bou-le-vard Beat those in Cen-tral
park. There are stran-ger pets in our so-cial sets than there were in No-ah's
ark But pst, don't say I told you keep it dark, keep it dark.
keep it dark, keep it dark.
pp

Pictures in the Smoke.

No 9.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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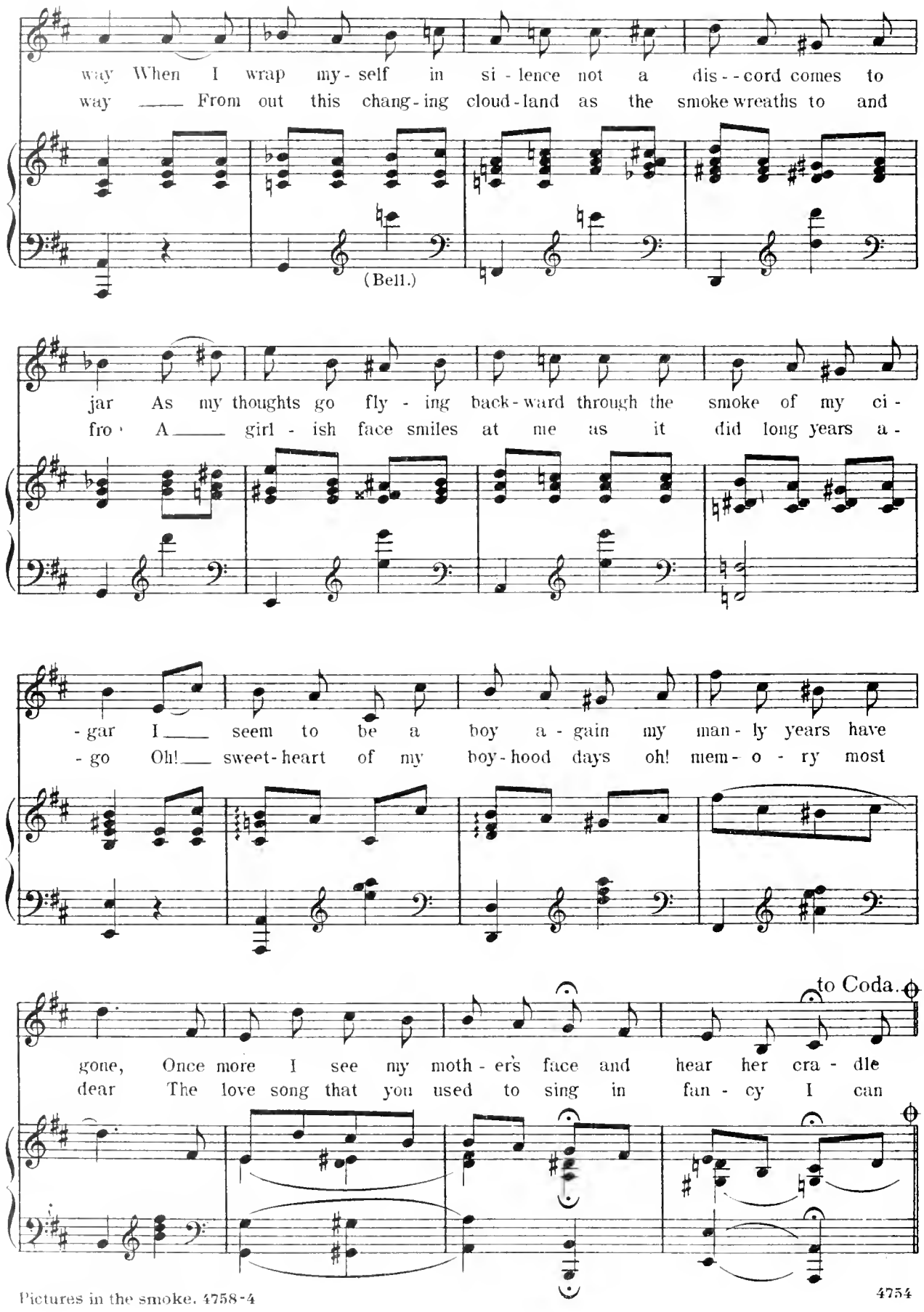
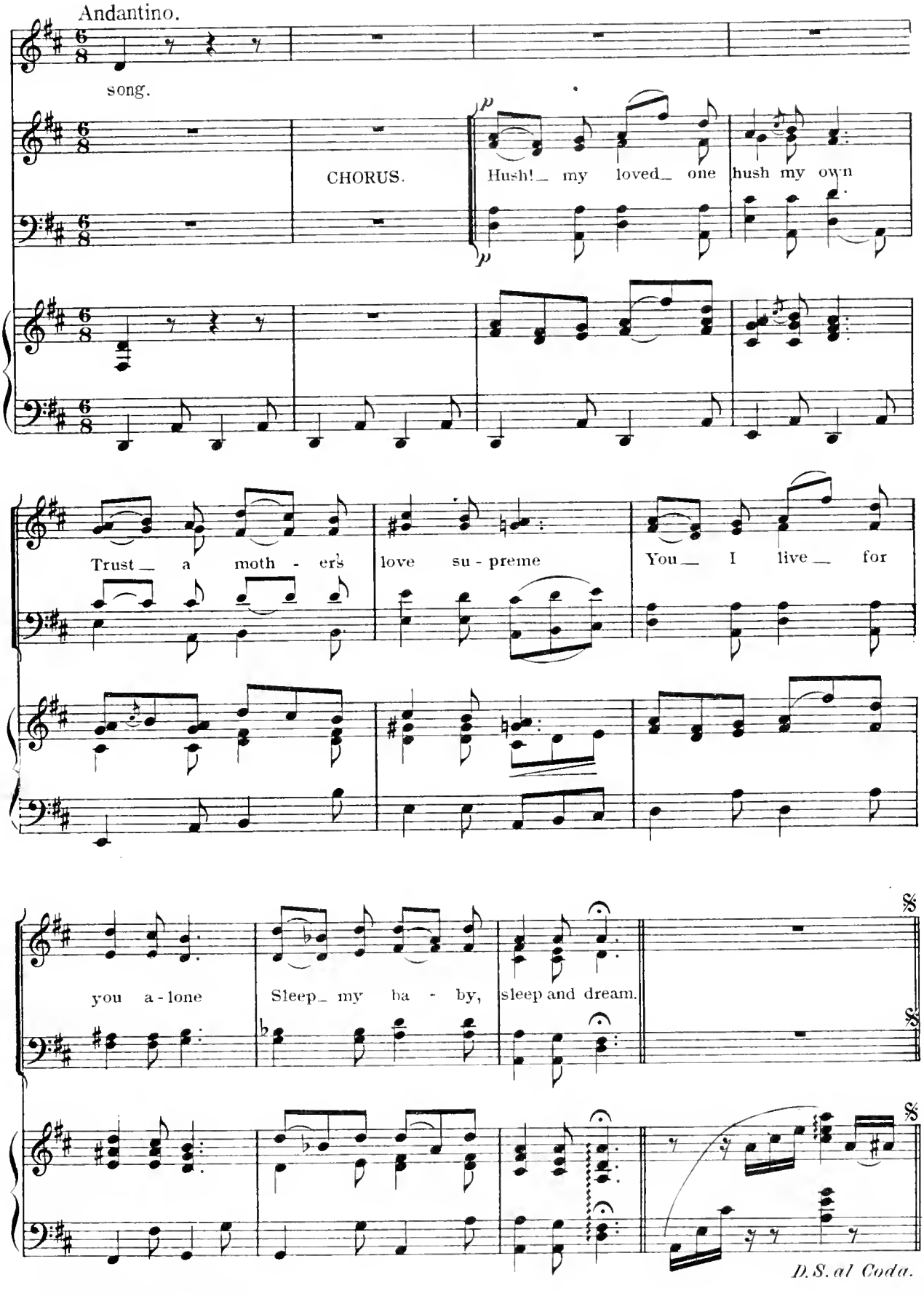
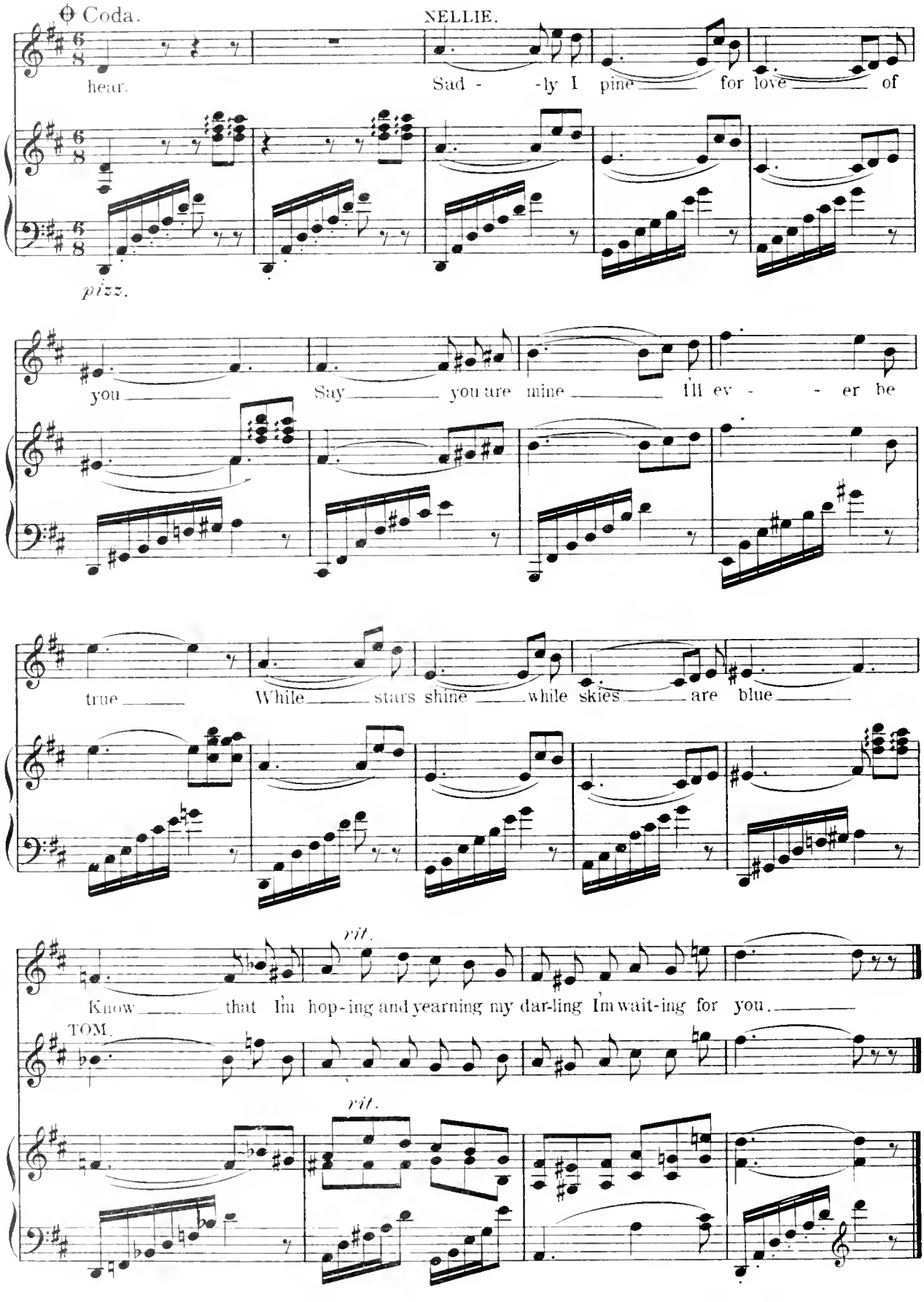

way When I wrap my-self in si-lence not a dis--cord comes to
way ___ From out this chang-ing cloud-land as the smoke wreaths to and
(Bell.)
jar As my thoughts go fly-ing back-ward through the smoke of my ci-
fro- A___ girl-ish face smiles at me as it did long years a-
-gar I___ seem to be a boy a-gain my man-ly years have
-go Oh!___ sweet-heart of my boy-hood days oh! mem-o-ry most
to Coda.
gone, Once more I see my moth-er's face and hear her cra-dle
dear The love song that you used to sing in fan-cy I can


Andantino.
song.
CHORUS.
Hush! my loved one hush my own
Trust a moth - er's love su - preme
You I live for
you a - lone
Sleep my ba - by, sleep and dream.
D.S. al Coda.

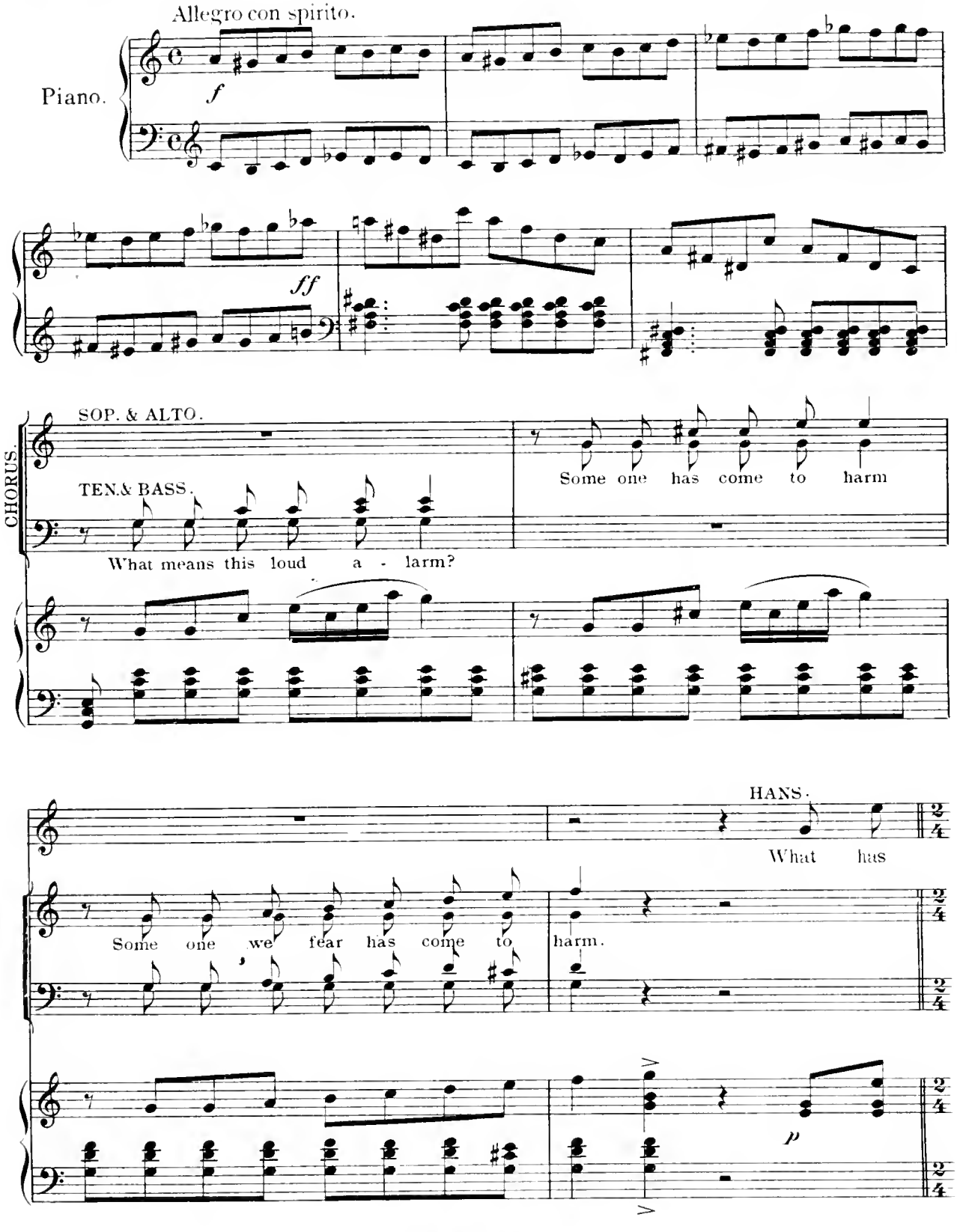

Coda.
NELLIE.
hear.
Sad - -ly I pine for love of
pizz.
you Say you are mine I'll ev - - er be
true While stars shine while skies are blue
rit.
Know that I'm hop-ing and yearning my dar-ling I'm wait-ing for you.
TOM.
rit.

No 10.

Finale I.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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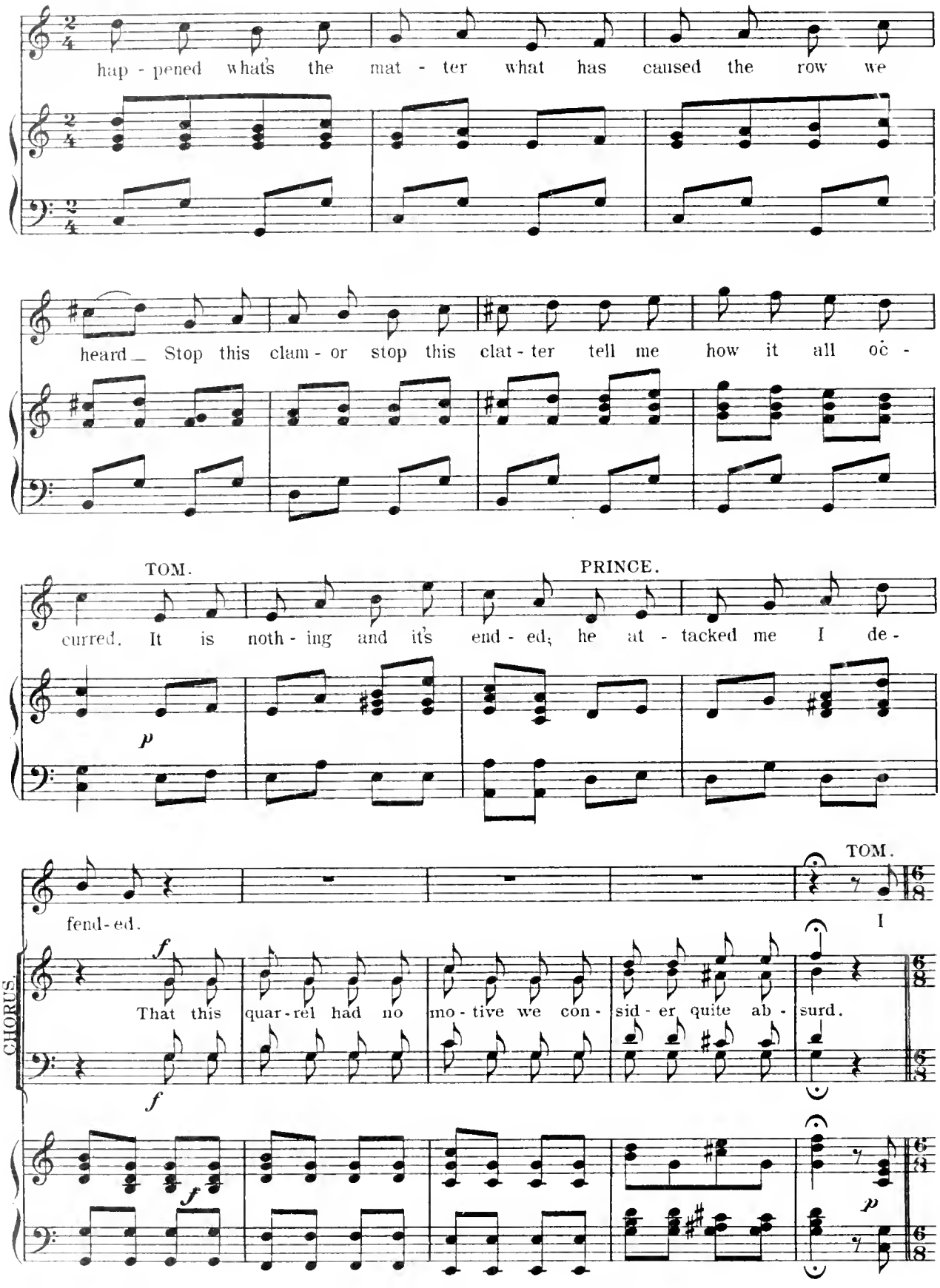
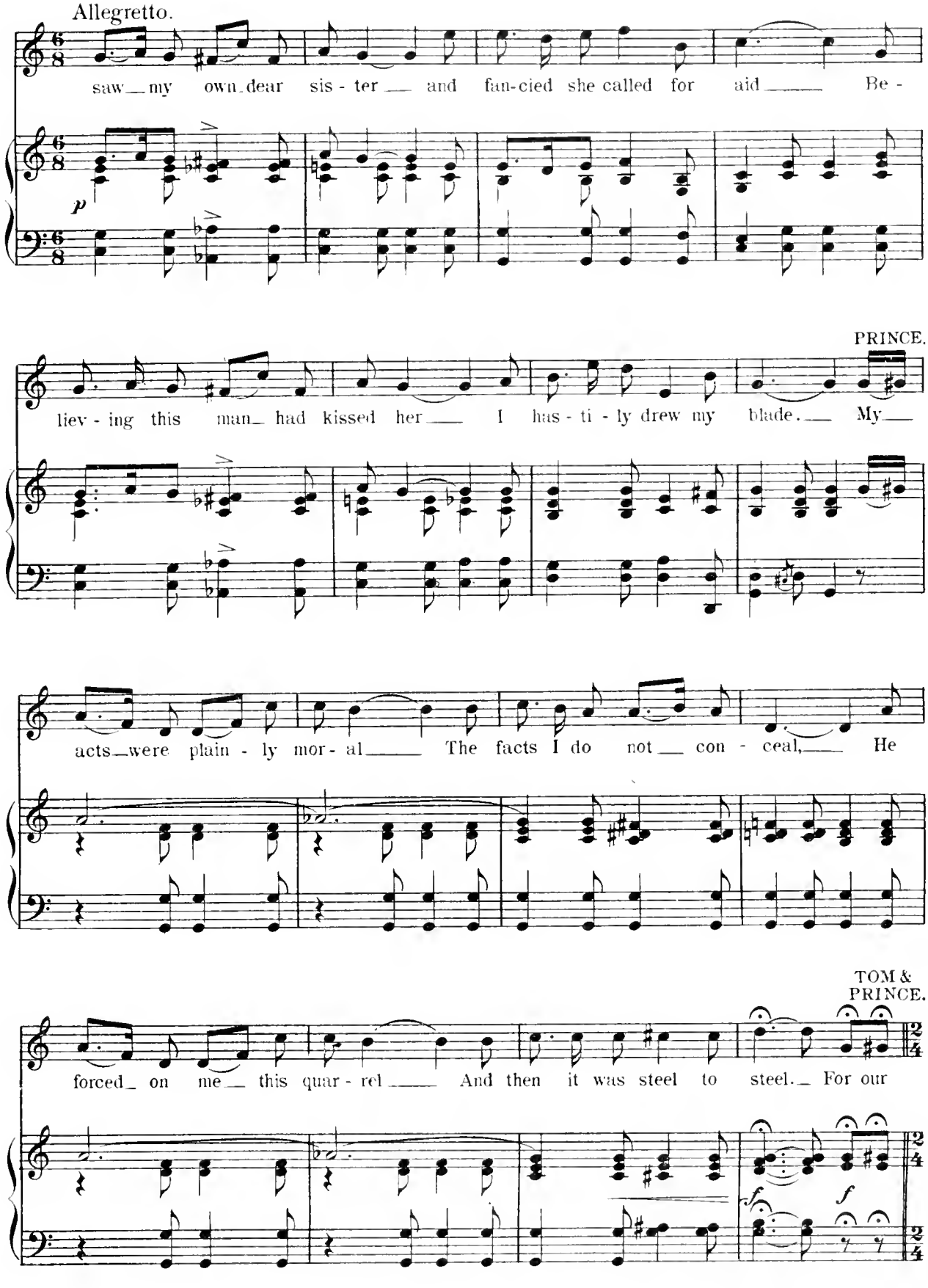
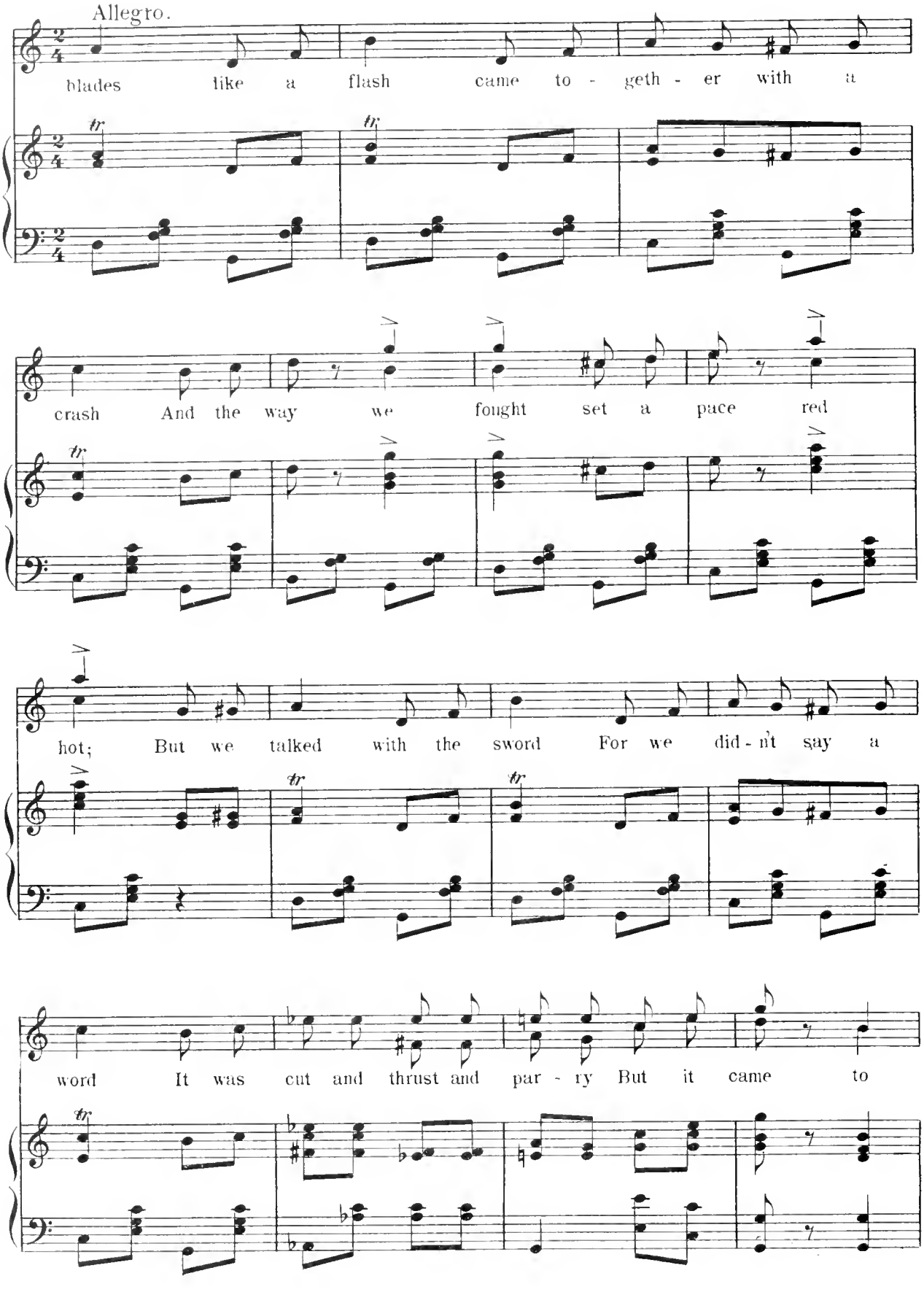
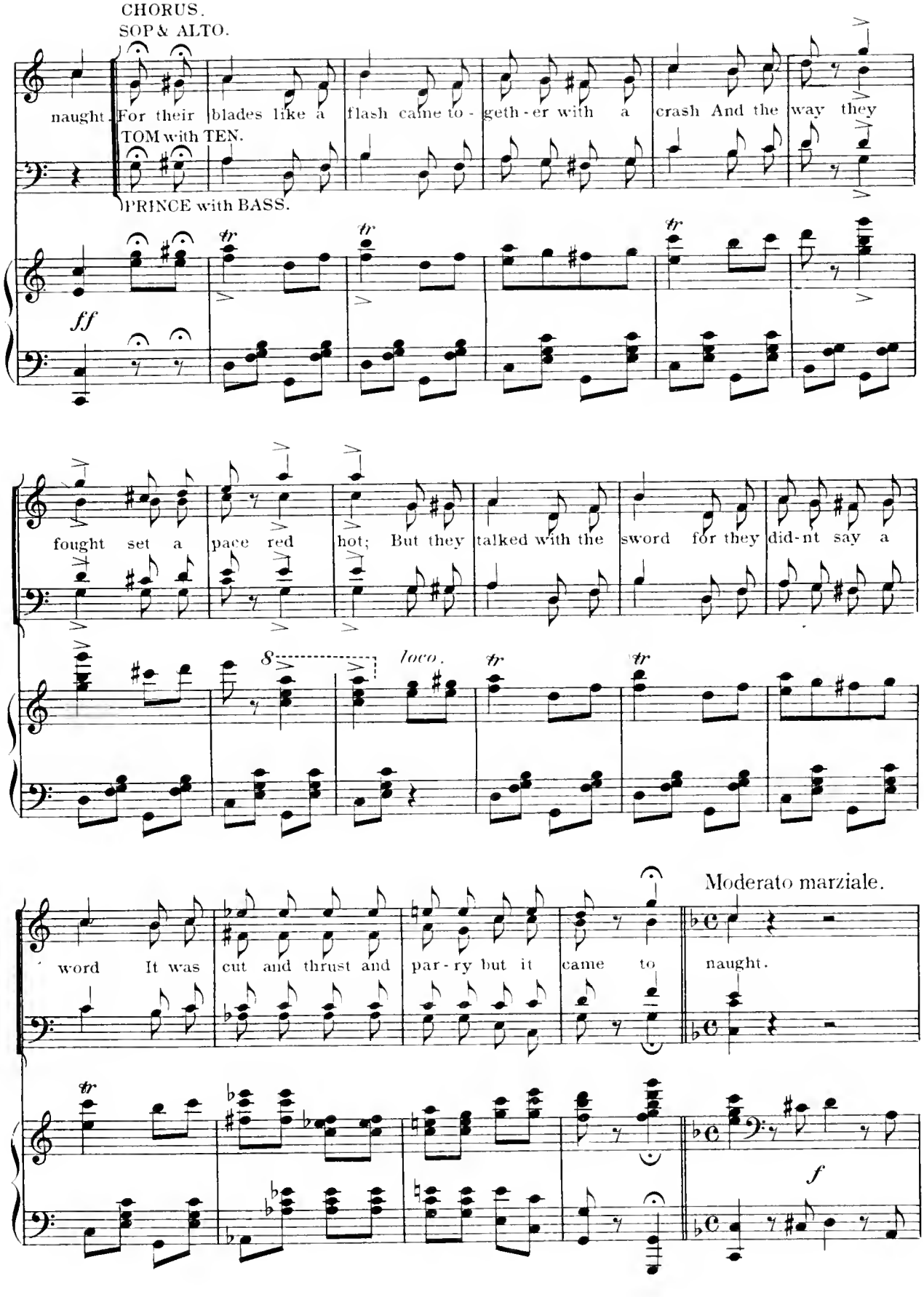
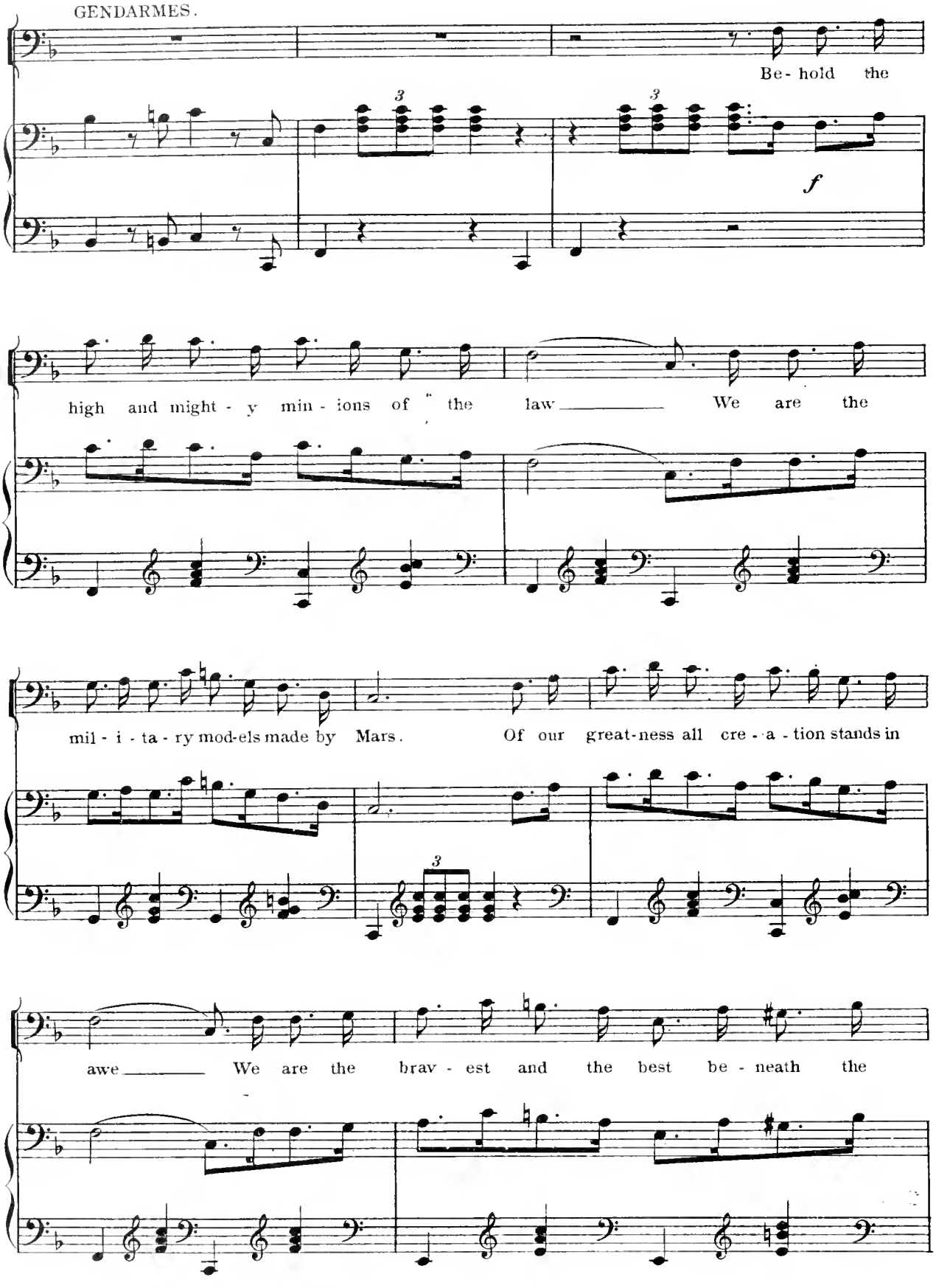
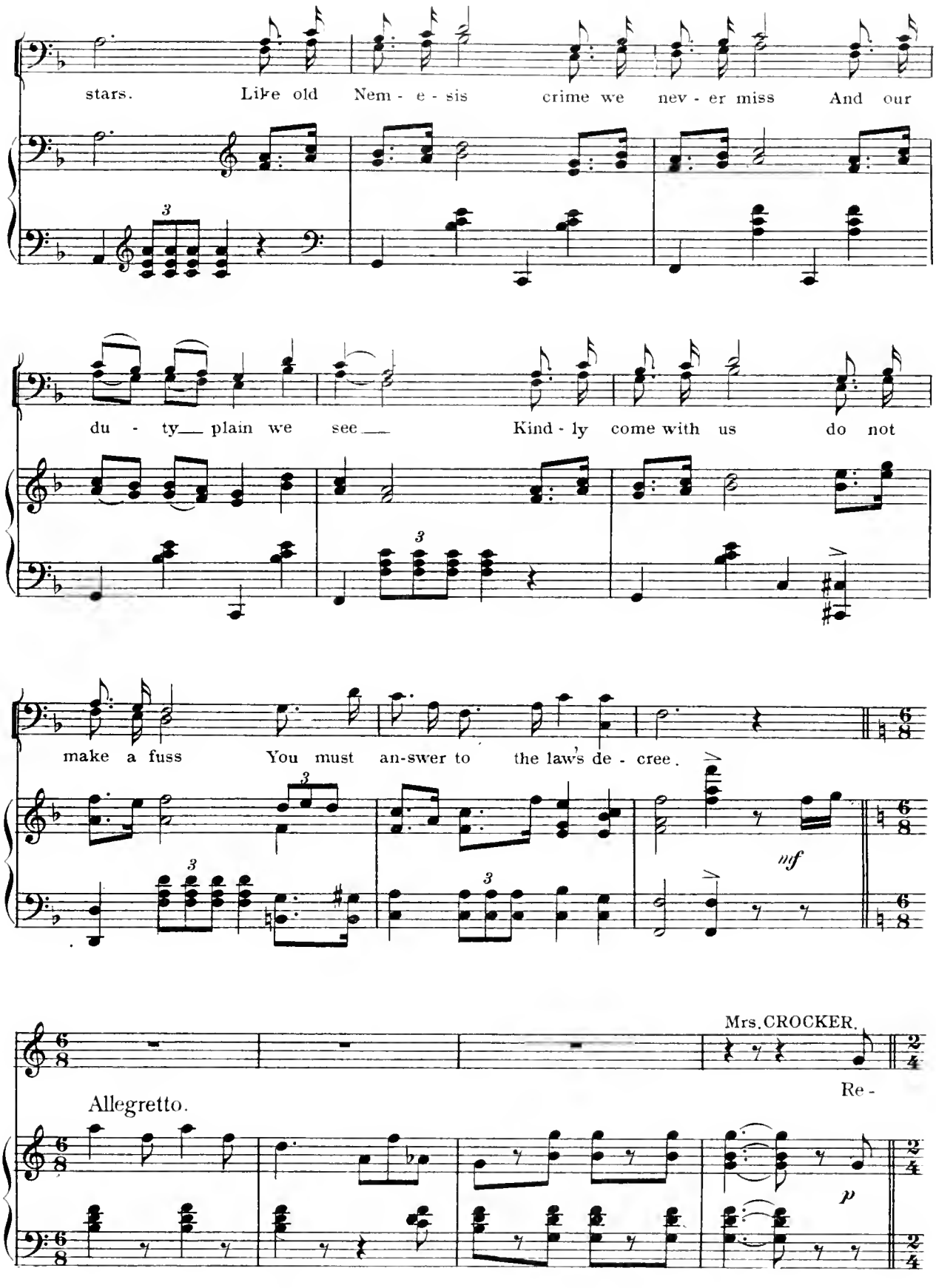

hap - pened what's the mat - ter what has caused the row we
heard _ Stop this clam - or stop this clat - ter tell me how it all oc -
TOM.
curred. It is noth - ing and it's end - ed; he at - tacked me
PRINCE.
I de -
fend - ed.
TOM.
I
CHORUS.
That this quar - rel had no mo - tive we con - sid - er quite ab - surd.

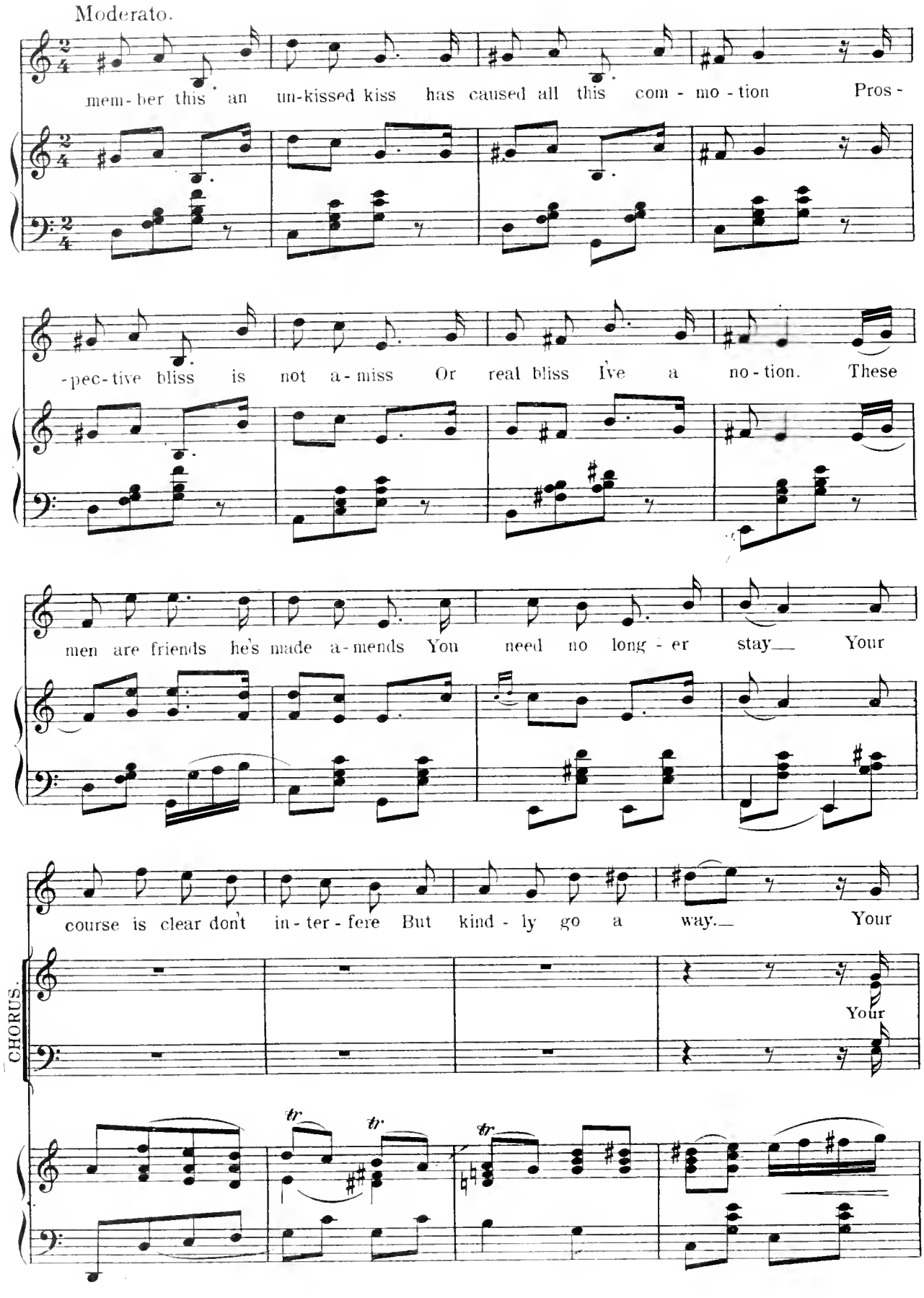

Allegretto.
saw my own dear sis - ter and fan-cied she called for aid Be -
p
PRINCE.
liev - ing this man had kissed her I has - ti - ly drew my blade. My
acts were plain - ly mor - al The facts I do not con - ceal, He
TOM &
PRINCE.
forced on me this quar - rel And then it was steel to steel. For our
f
f

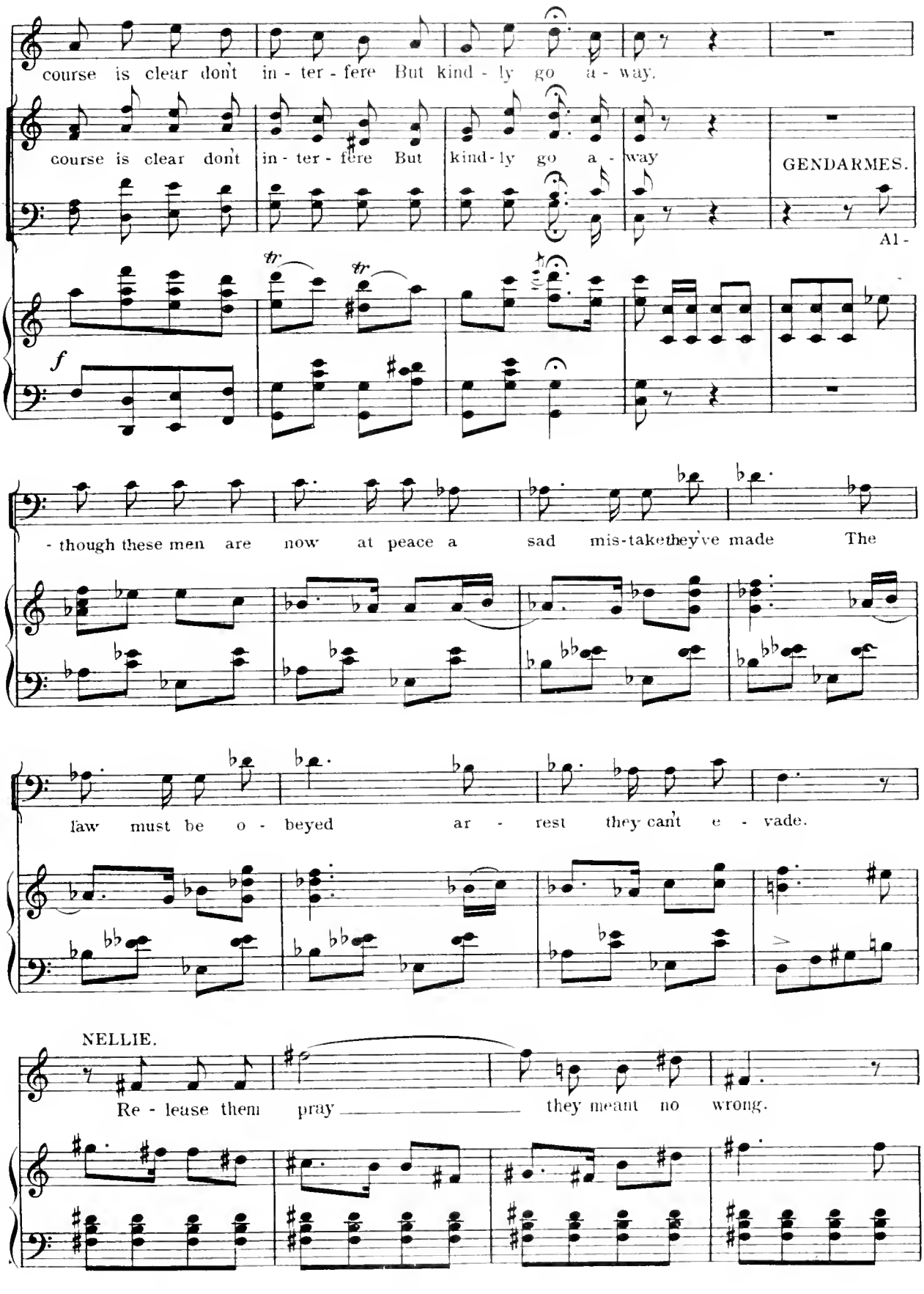

Allegro.
blades like a flash came to - geth - er with a
crash And the way we fought set a pace red
hot; But we talked with the sword For we did - n't say a
word It was cut and thrust and par - ry But it came to

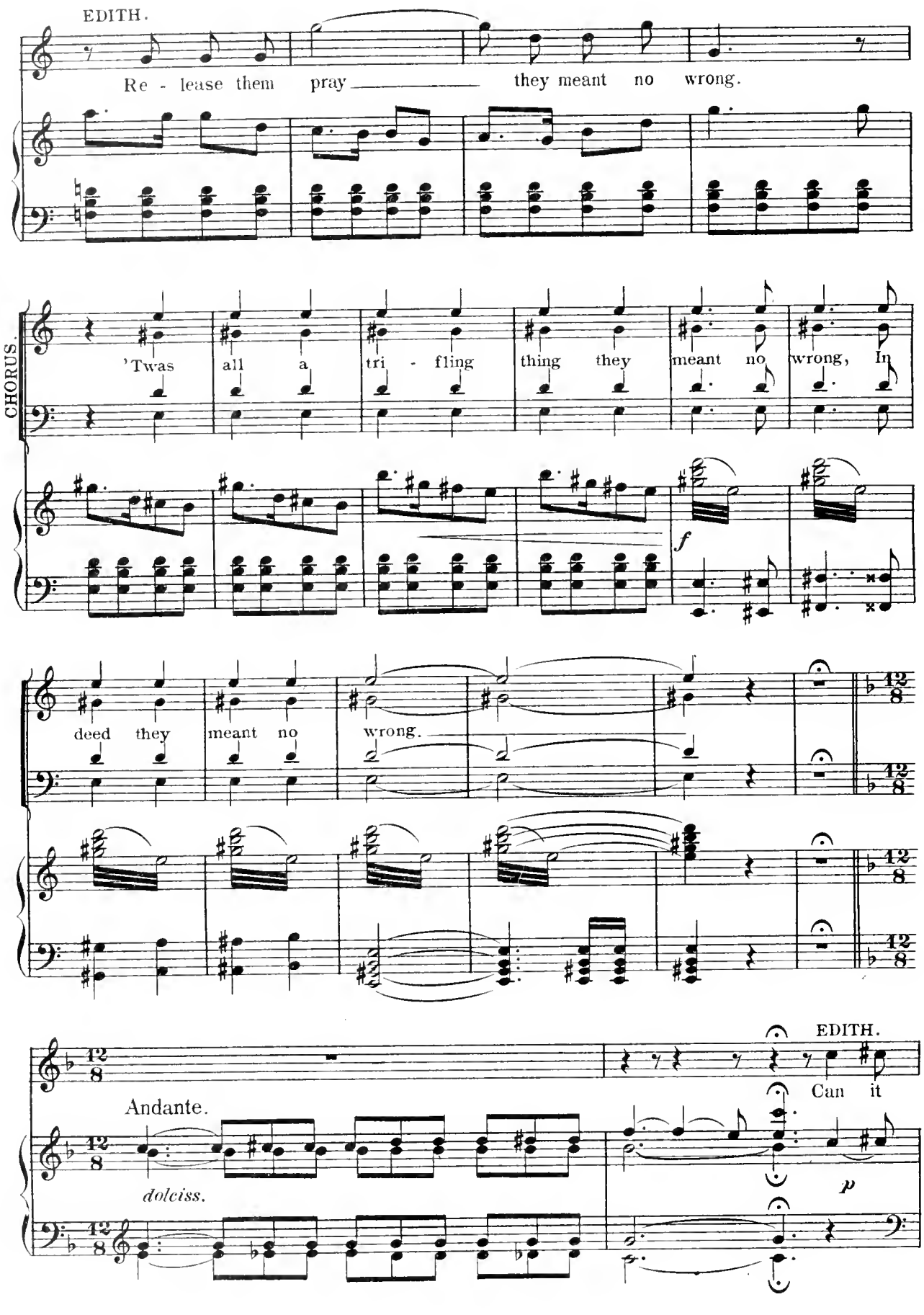

CHORUS.
SOP & ALTO.
naught. For their blades like a flash came to - geth - er with a crash And the way they
TOM with TEN.
PRINCE with BASS.
ff
fought set a pace red hot; But they talked with the sword for they did-nt say a
S
loco.
word It was cut and thrust and par - ry but it came to naught.
Moderato marziale.
f

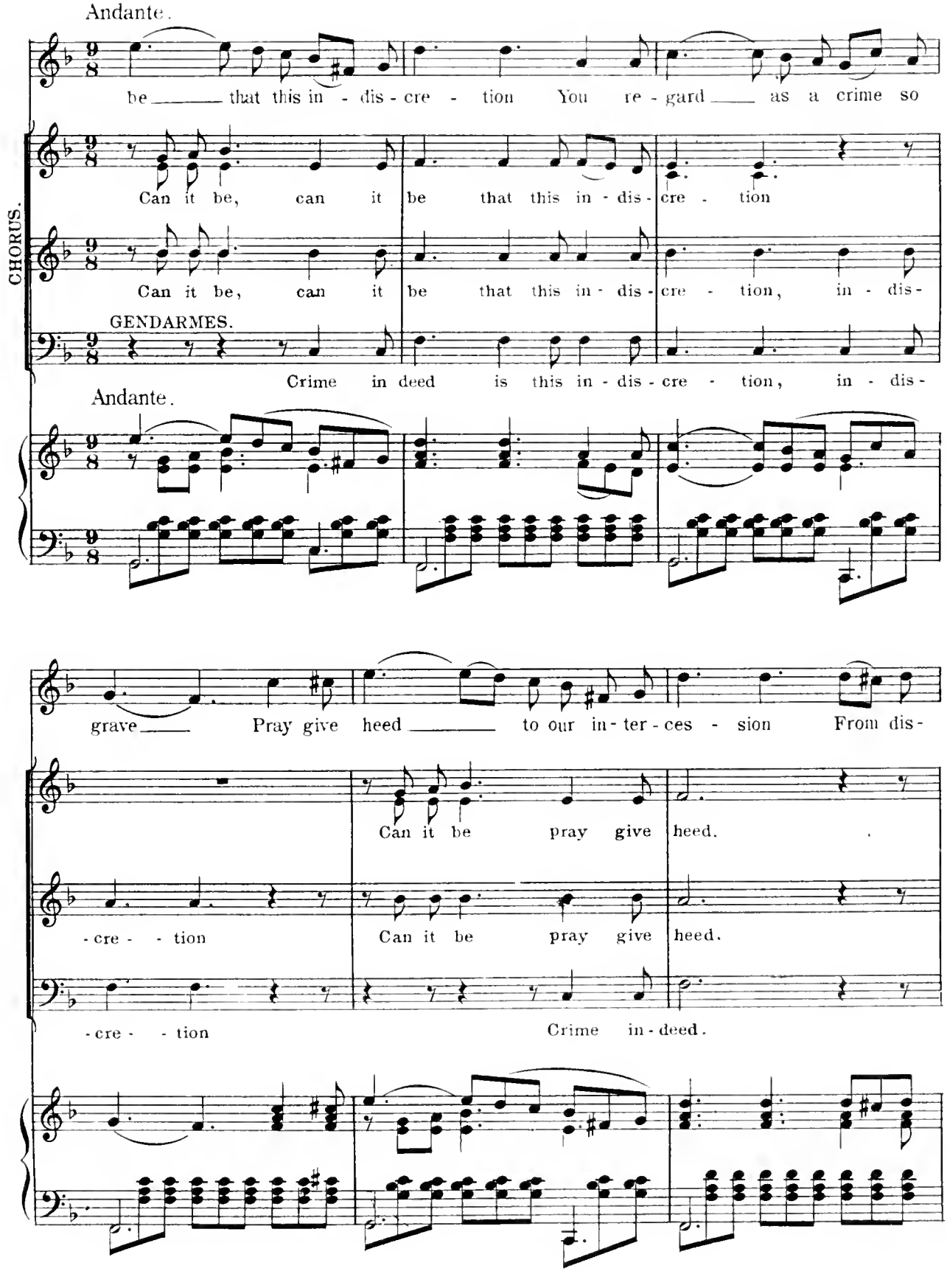

GENDARMES.
Be- hold the
f
high and might - y min - ions of the law We are the
mil - i - ta - ry mod-els made by Mars. Of our great-ness all cre - a - tion stands in
awe We are the brav - est and the best be - neath the

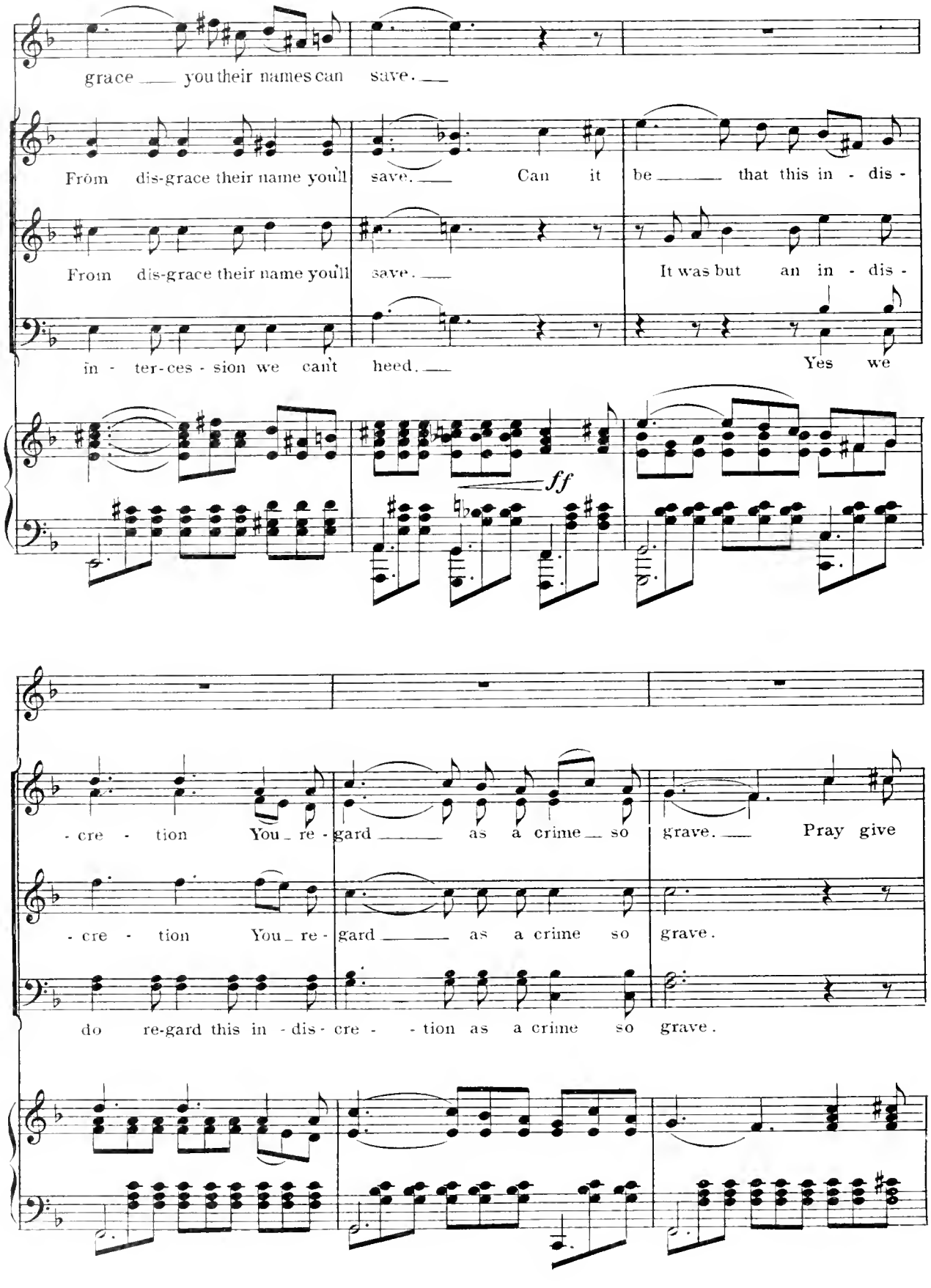

stars. Like old Nem - e - sis crime we nev - er miss And our
du - ty plain we see Kind - ly come with us do not
make a fuss You must an-swer to the law's de - cree.
mf
Mrs. CROCKER.
Re -
Allegretto.
p

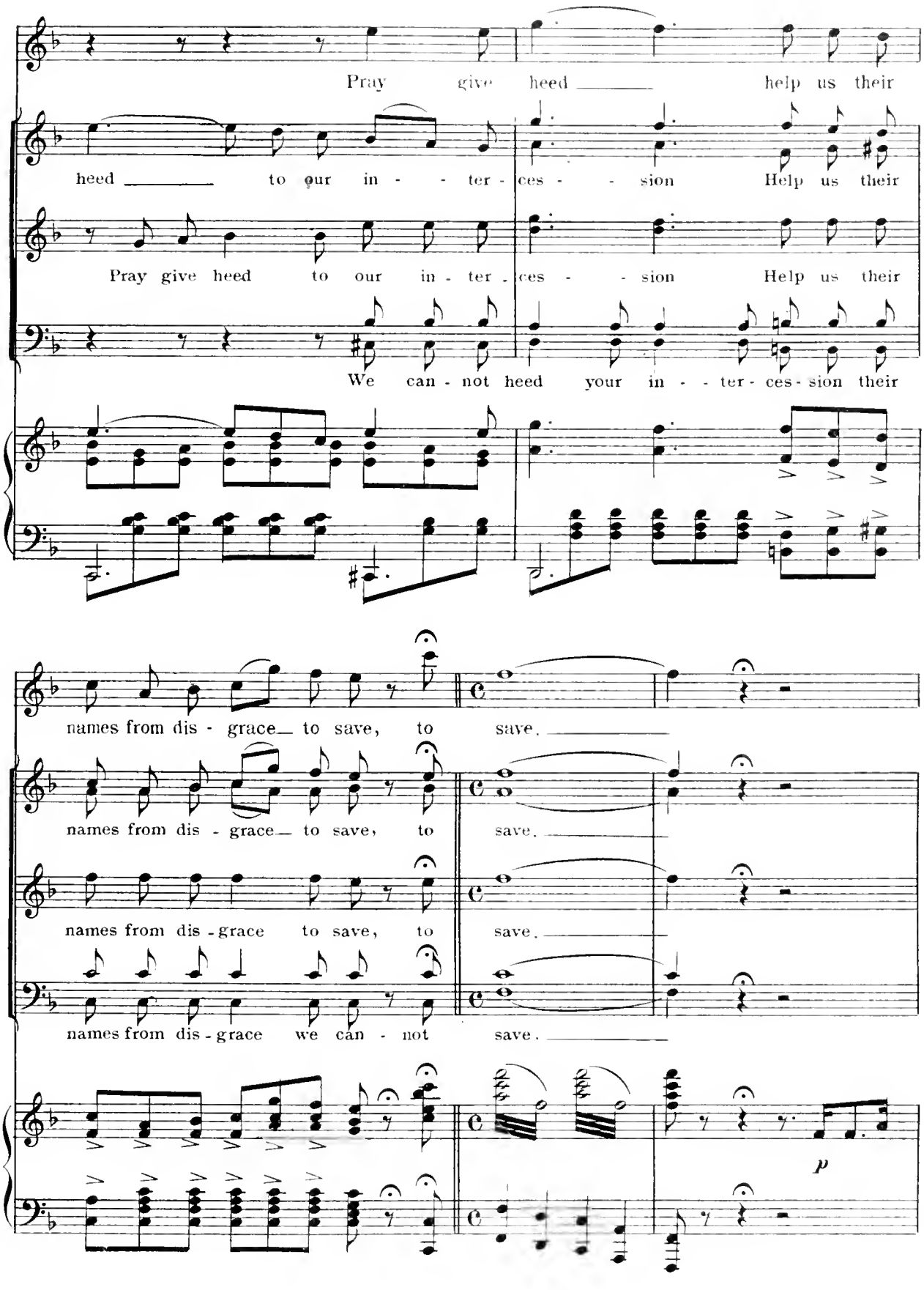

Moderato.
mem-ber this an un-kissed kiss has caused all this com-mo-tion Pros-
-pec-tive bliss is not a-miss Or real bliss I've a no-tion. These
men are friends he's made a-mends You need no long-er stay— Your
course is clear don't in-ter-fere But kind-ly go a way.— Your
CHORUS.
Your
tr
tr
tr

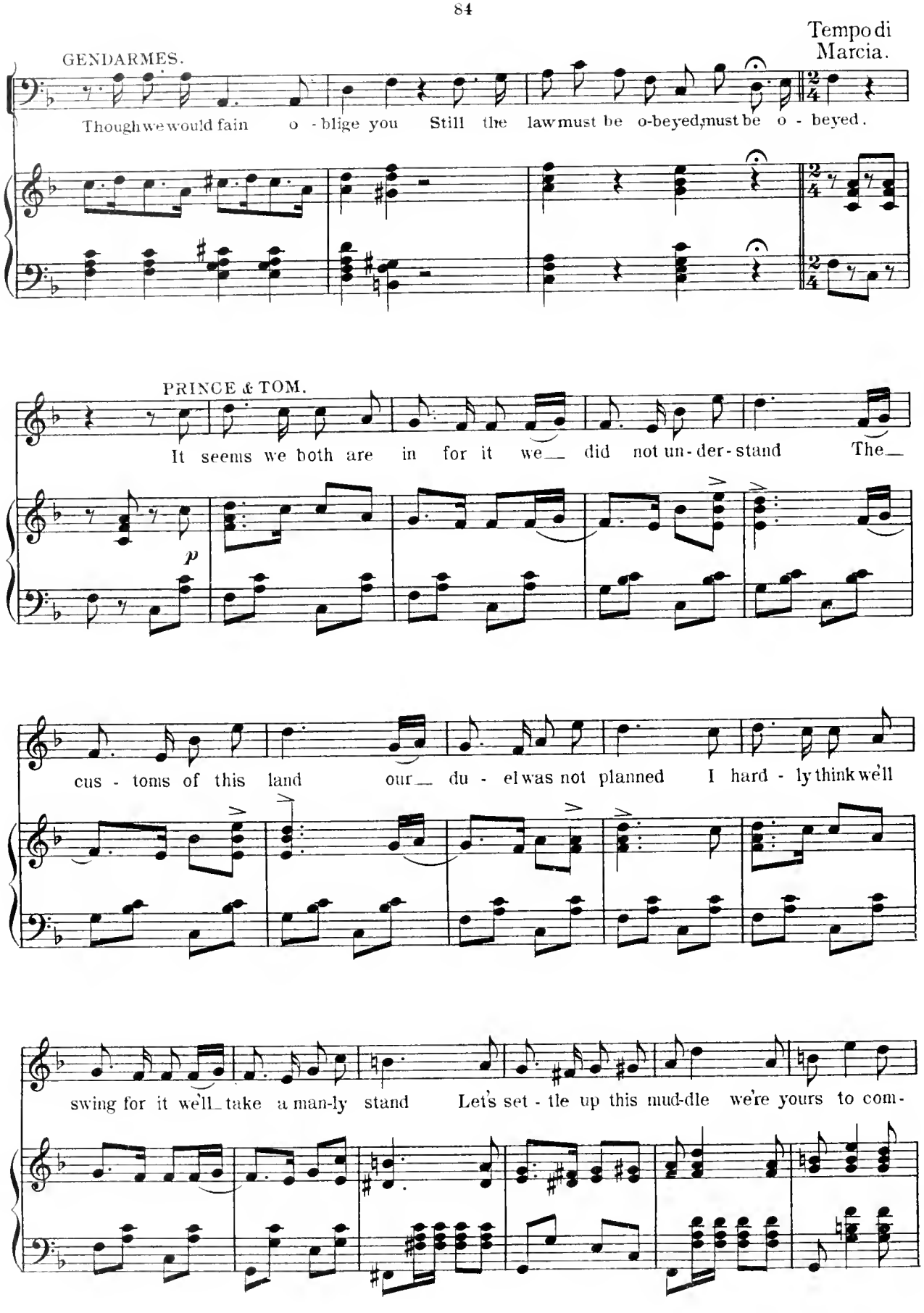

course is clear don't in - ter - fere But kind - ly go a - way.
course is clear don't in - ter - fere But kind - ly go a - way
GENDARMES.
Al -
f
- though these men are now at peace a sad mis-take they've made The
law must be o - beyed ar - rest they can't e - vade.
NELLIE.
Re - lease them pray they meant no wrong.

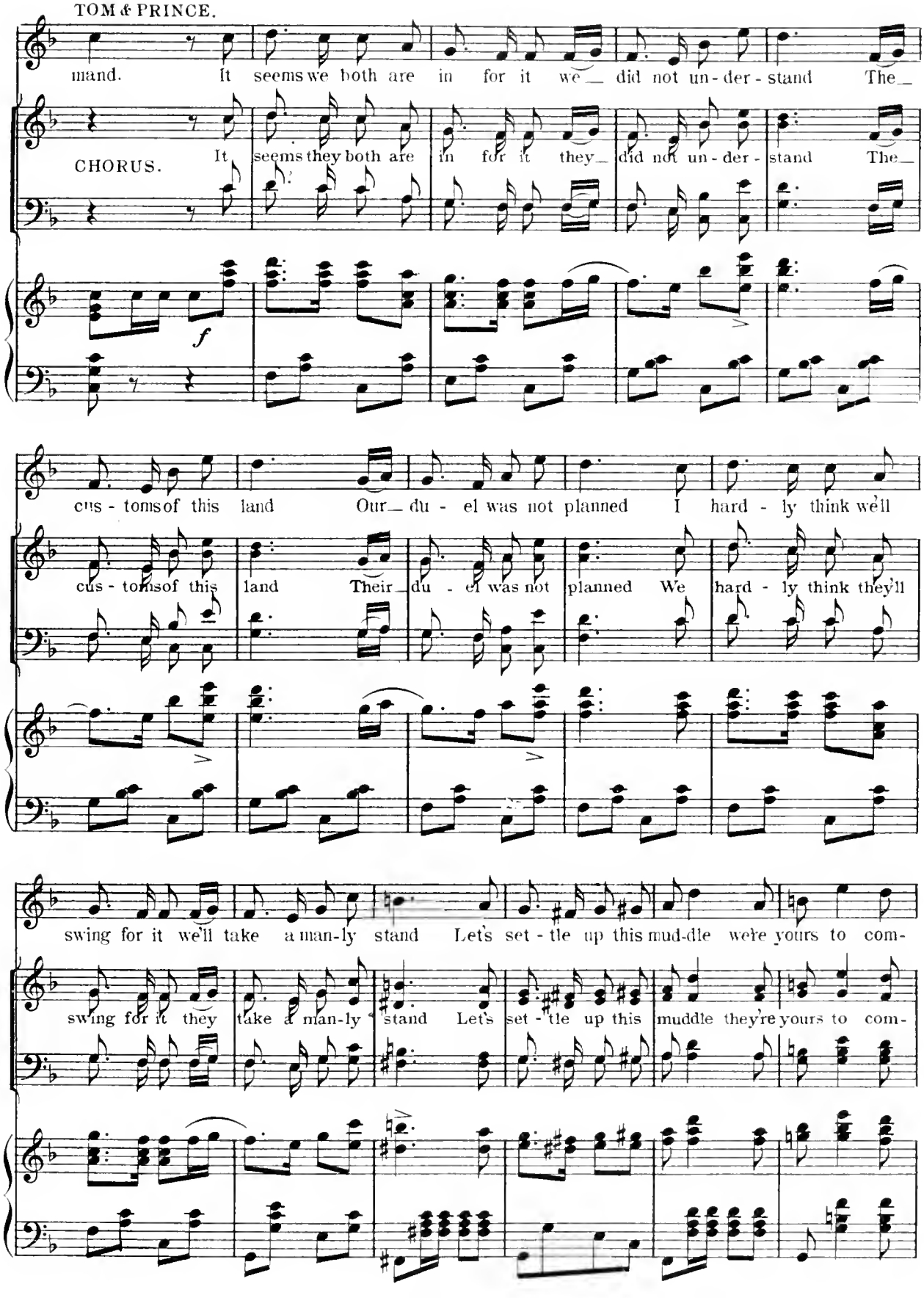

EDITH.
Re - lease them pray they meant no wrong.
CHORUS.
'Twas all a tri - fling thing they meant no wrong, In
f
deed they meant no wrong.
12 8
EDITH.
Andante.
Can it
dolciss.
p

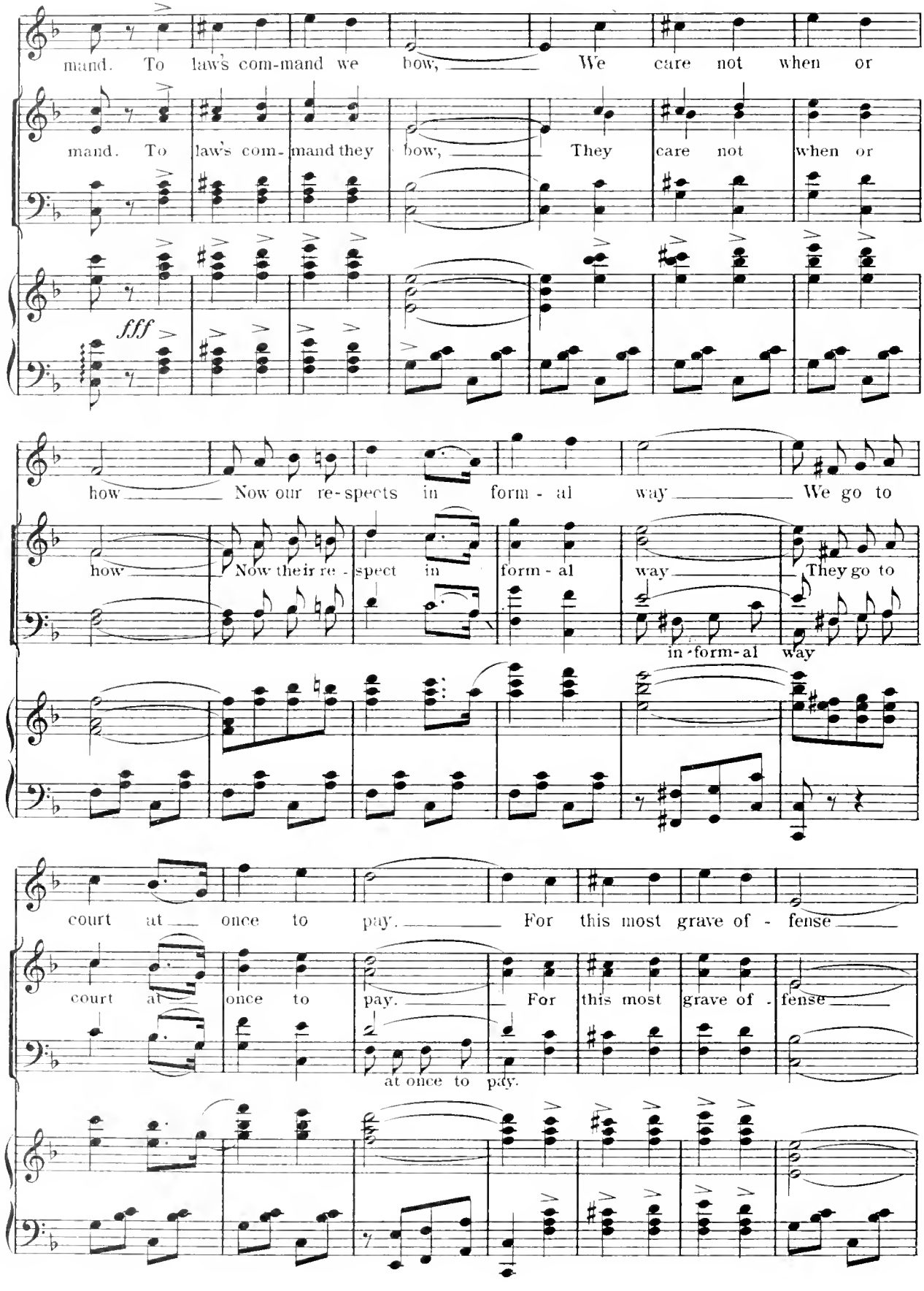

Andante.
be ____ that this in - dis - cre - tion You re - gard ____ as a crime so
CHORUS.
Can it be, can it be that this in - dis - cre - tion
Can it be, can it be that this in - dis - cre - tion, in - dis -
GENDARMES.
Crime in deed is this in - dis - cre - tion, in - dis -
Andante.
grave ____ Pray give heed ____ to our in - ter - ces - sion From dis -
Can it be pray give heed.
- cre - - tion
Can it be pray give heed.
- cre - - tion
Crime in - deed.

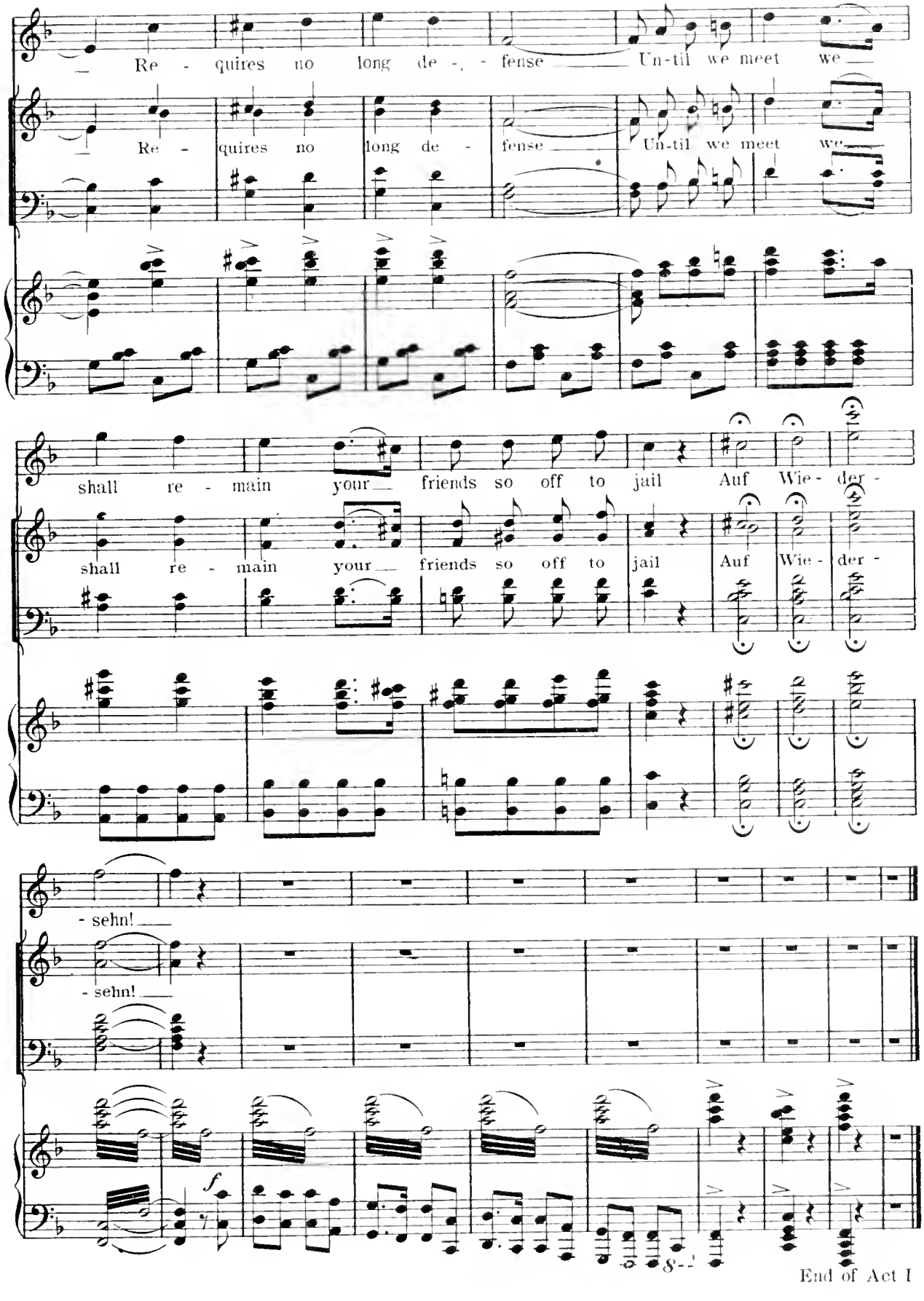

grace ___ you their names can save. ___
From dis-grace their name you'll save. ___ Can it be ___ that this in - dis -
From dis-grace their name you'll save. ___ It was but an in - dis -
in - ter-ces - sion we can't heed. ___ Yes we
ff
- cre - tion You re - gard ___ as a crime so grave. ___ Pray give
- cre - tion You re - gard ___ as a crime so grave.
do re-gard this in - dis - cre - - tion as a crime so grave.


Pray give heed help us their
heed to our in - - ter - ces - - sion Help us their
Pray give heed to our in - ter - ces - - sion Help us their
We can - not heed your in - - ter - ces - sion their
names from dis - grace to save, to save.
names from dis - grace to save, to save.
names from dis - grace to save, to save.
names from dis - grace we can - not save.
p


Tempo di Marcia.
GENDARMES.
Though we would fain o - blige you Still the law must be o-beyed, must be o - beyed.
PRINCE & TOM.
It seems we both are in for it we__ did not un-der-stand The__
p
cus - toms of this land our__ du - el was not planned I hard - ly think we'll
swing for it we'll take a man-ly stand Let's set - tle up this mud-dle we're yours to com-


TOM & PRINCE.
mand. It seems we both are in for it we did not un-der-stand The
CHORUS. It seems they both are in for it they did not un-der-stand The
f
cus-toms of this land Our du-el was not planned I hard-ly think we'll
cus-toms of this land Their du-el was not planned We hard-ly think they'll
swing for it we'll take a man-ly stand Let's set-tle up this mud-dle we're yours to com-
swing for it they take a man-ly stand Let's set-tle up this muddle they're yours to com-

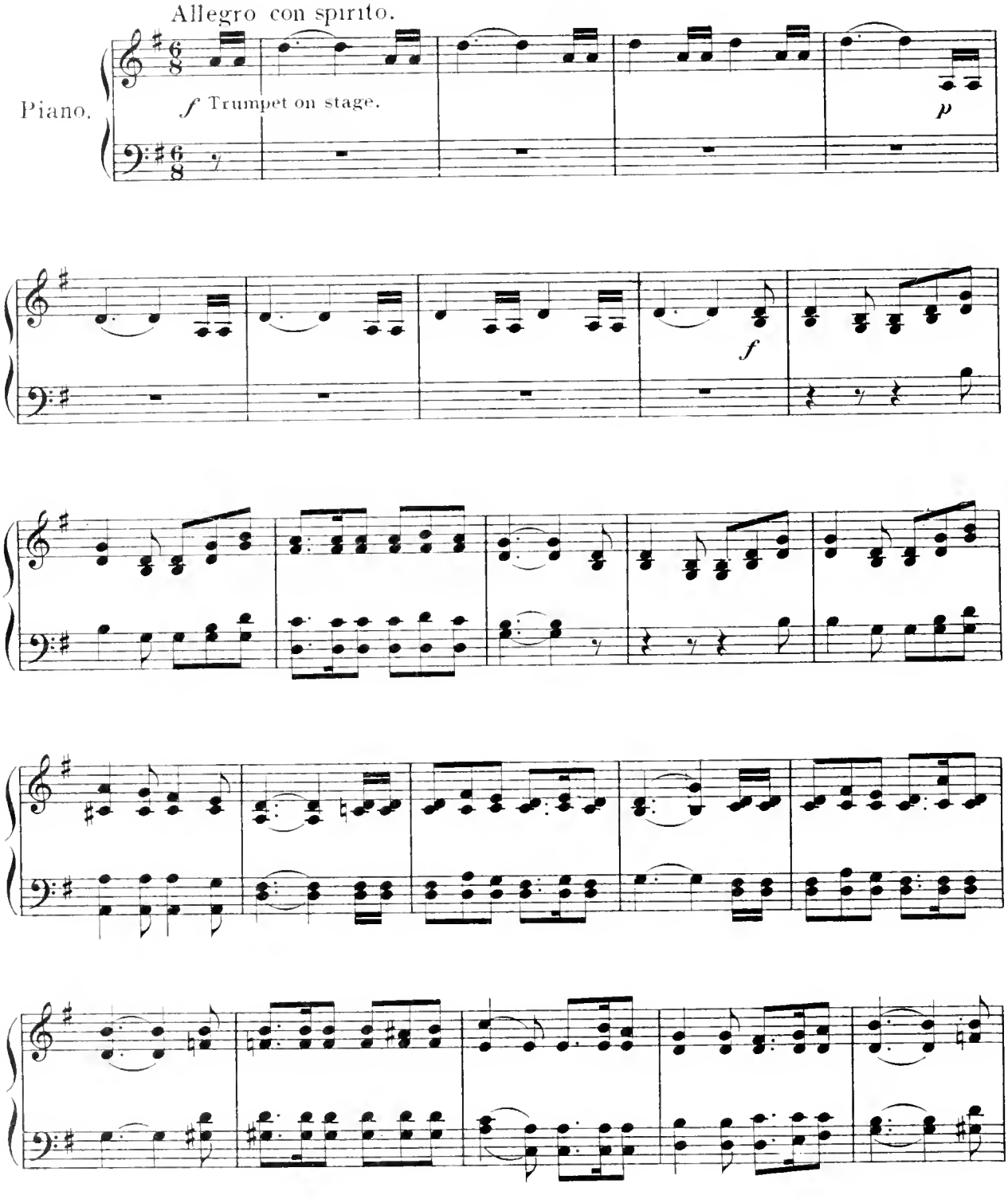

mand. To law's com-mand we bow, We care not when or
mand. To law's com- mand they bow, They care not when or
fff
how Now our re-spects in form - al way We go to
how Now their re - spect in form - al way They go to
in-form-al way
court at once to pay. For this most grave of - fense
court at once to pay. For this most grave of - fense
at once to pay.


Re - quires no long de - fense Un-til we meet we
Re - quires no long de - fense Un-til we meet we
shall re - main your friends so off to jail Auf Wie - der -
shall re - main your friends so off to jail Auf Wie - der -
- sehn!
- sehn!
f
8va
End of Act I

No 11. Opening Chorus.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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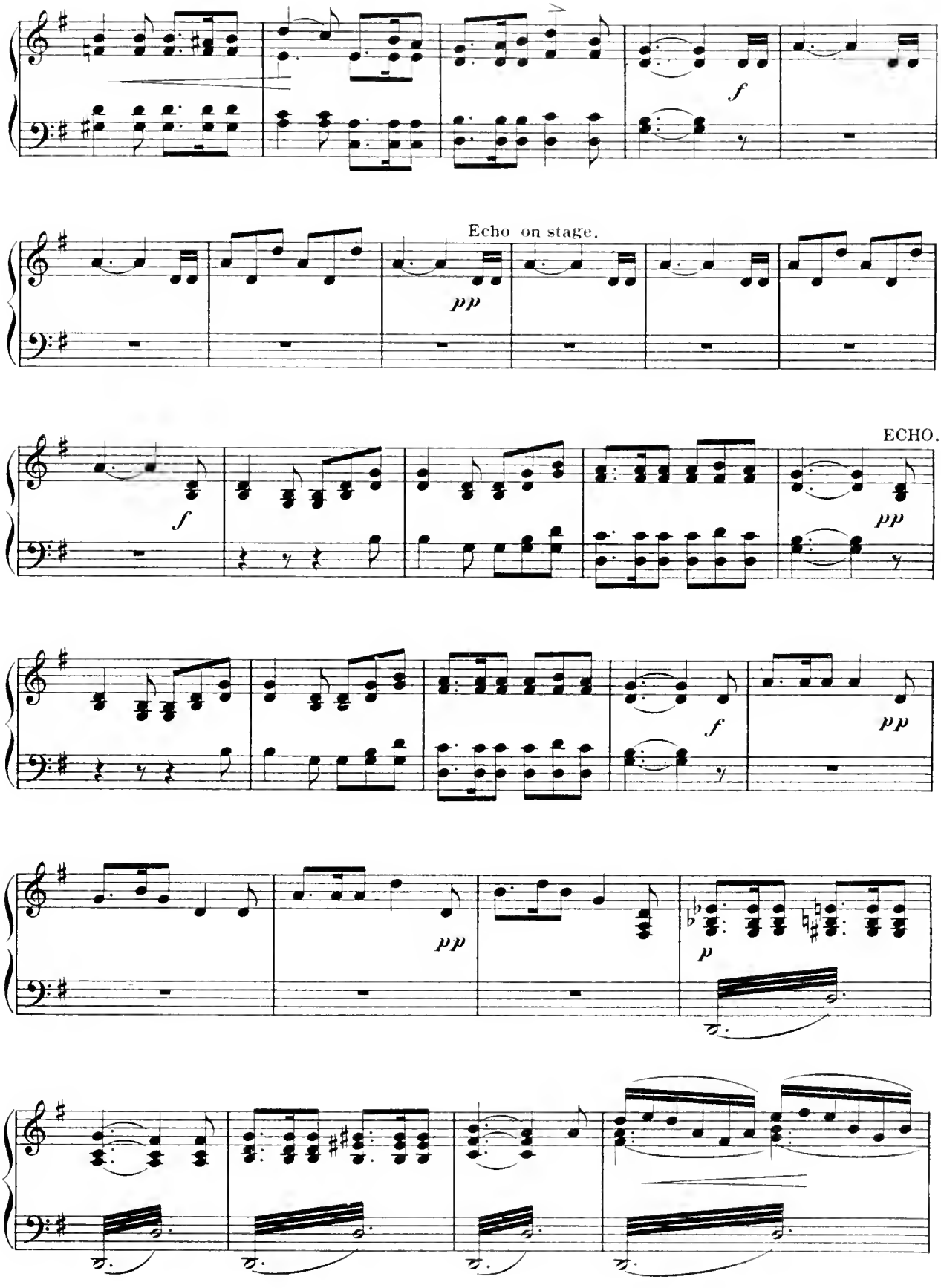
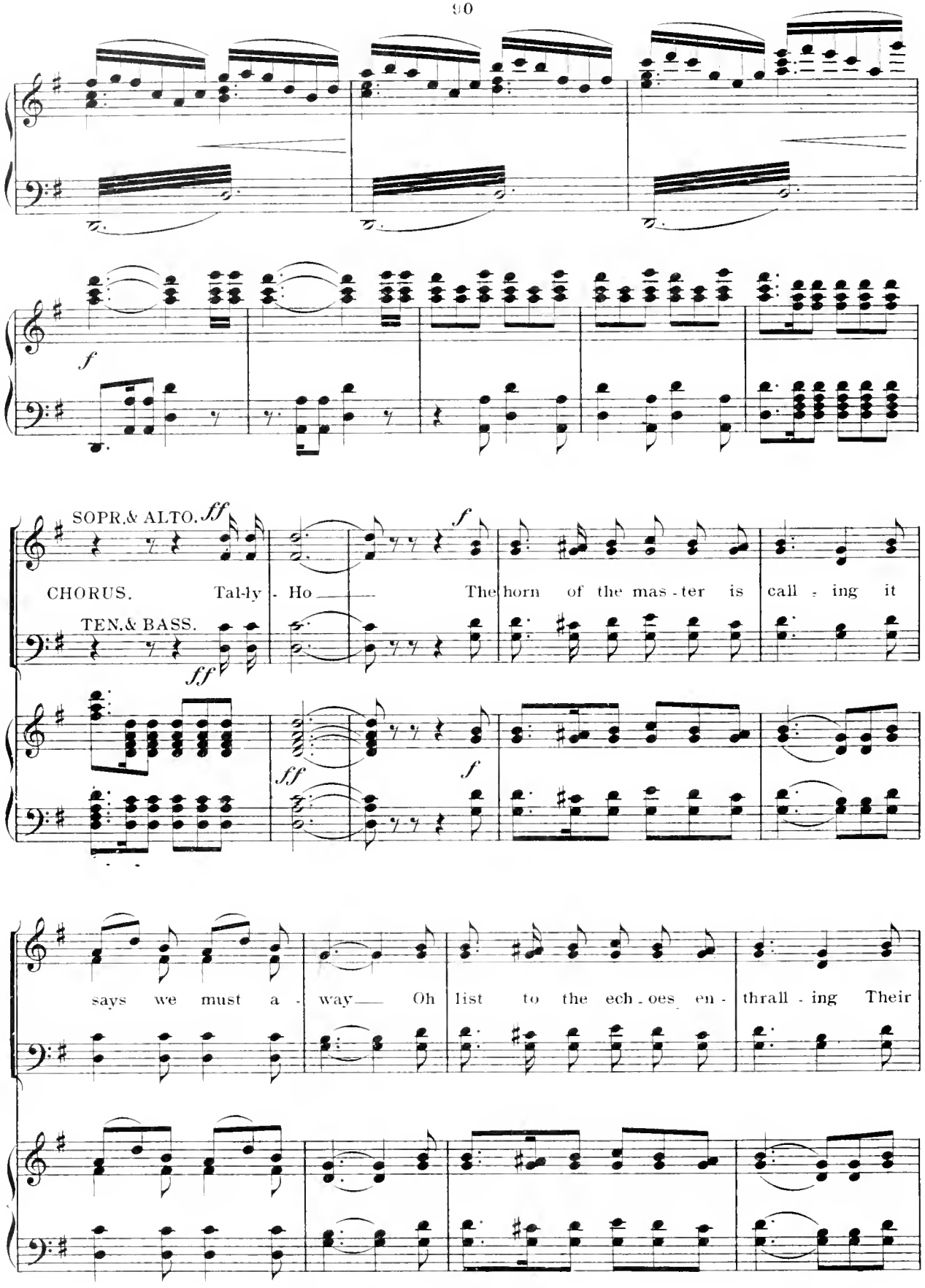
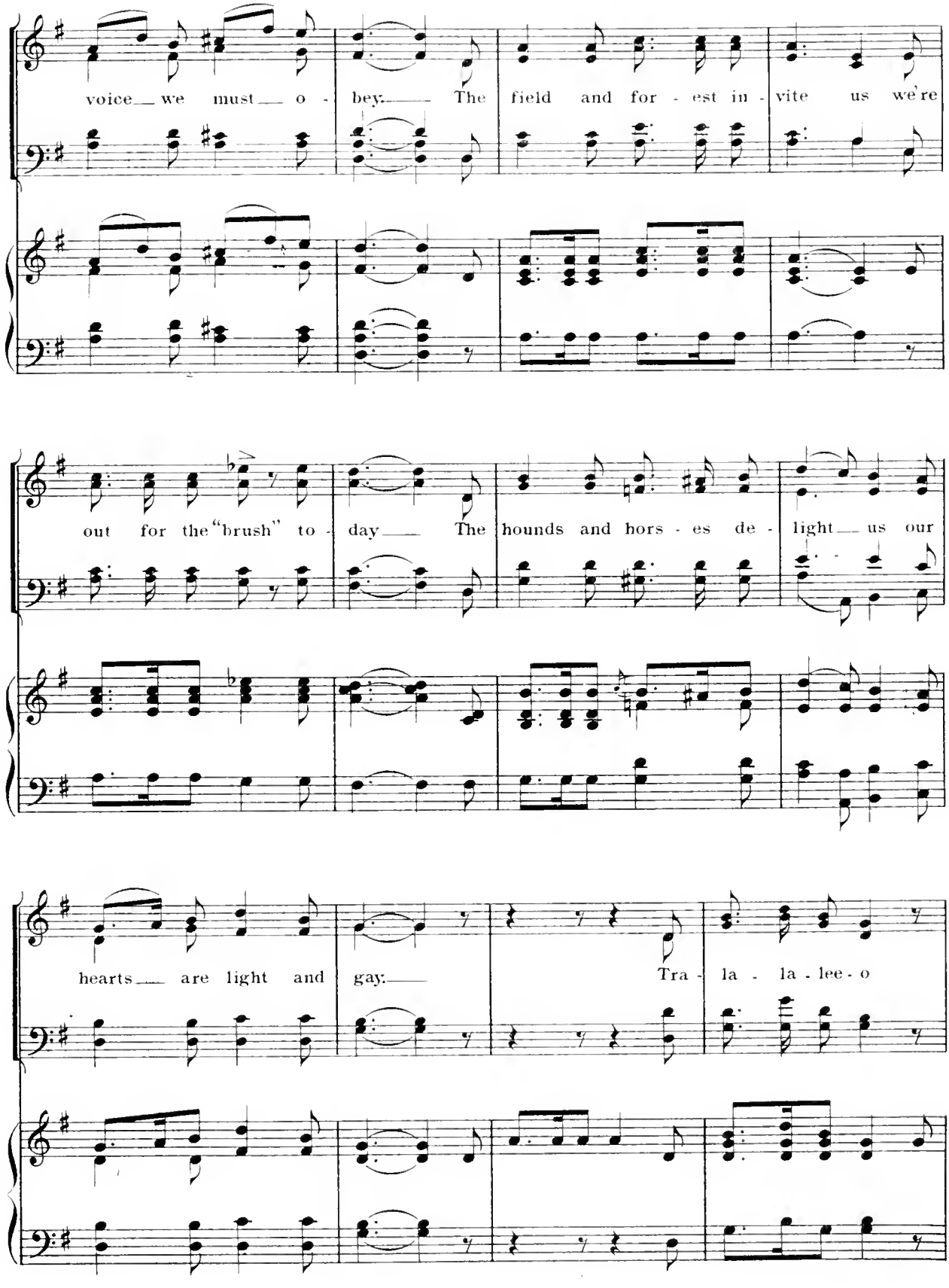
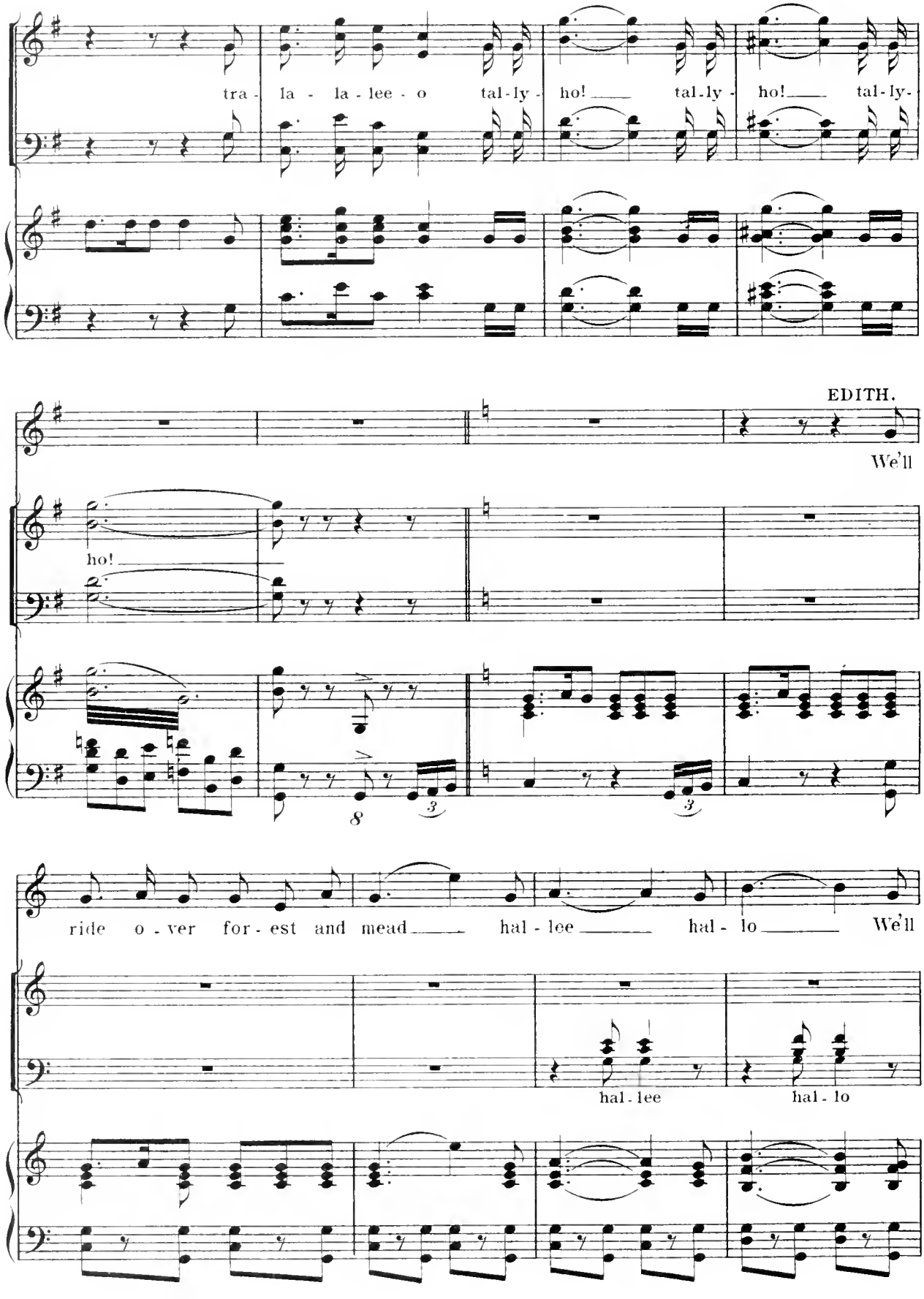
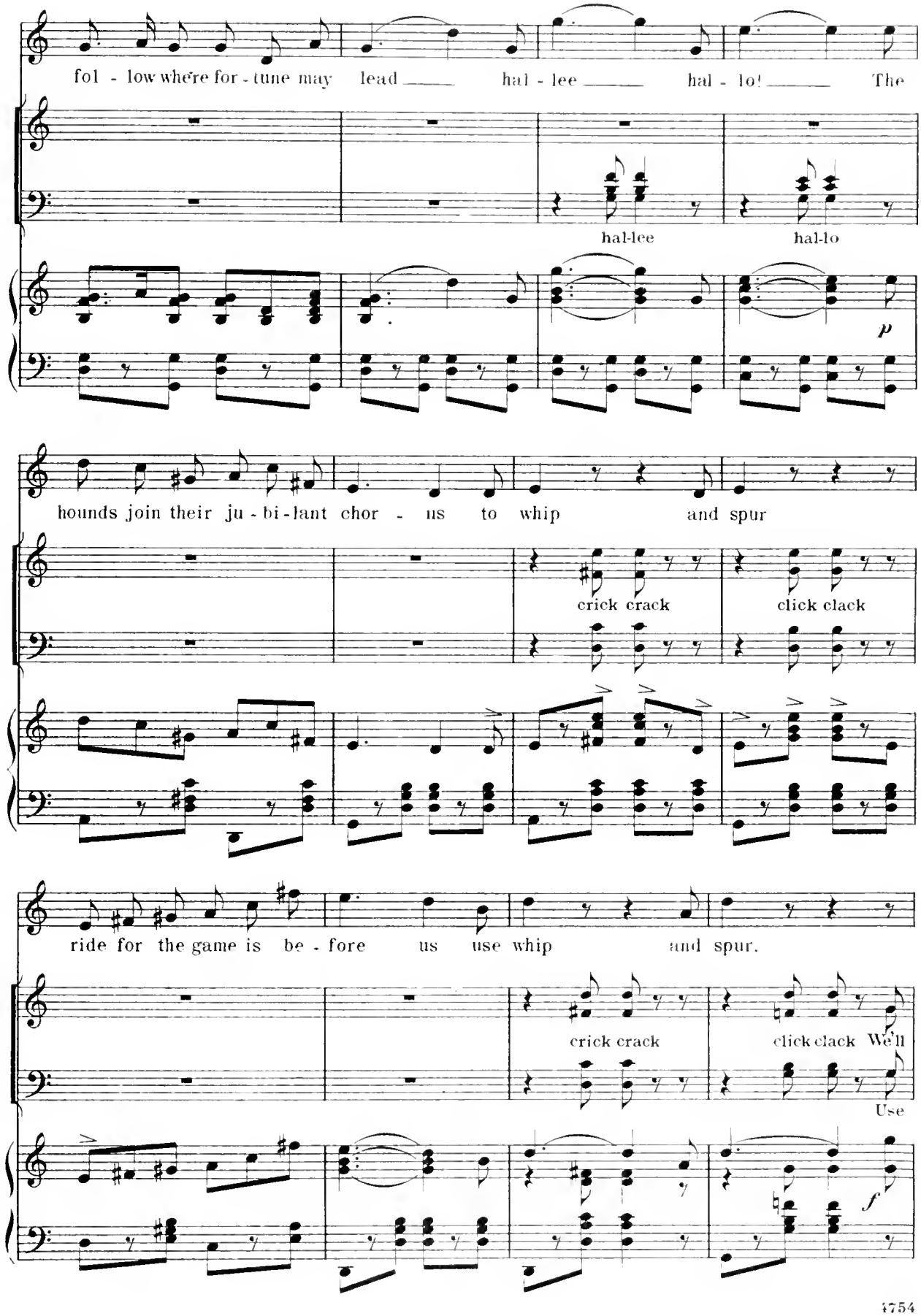
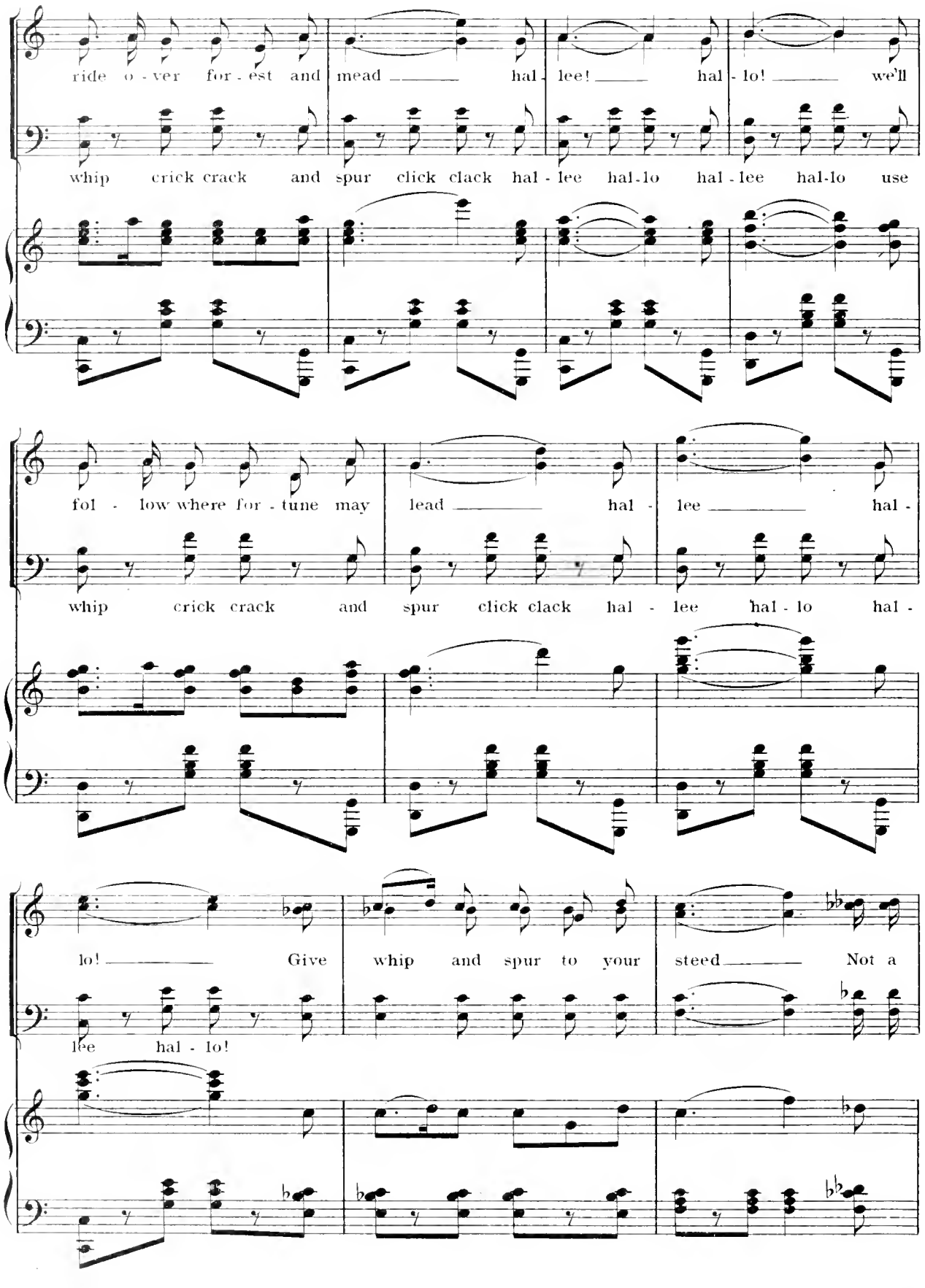

f
Echo on stage.
pp
ECHO.
f
pp
f
pp
pp
p

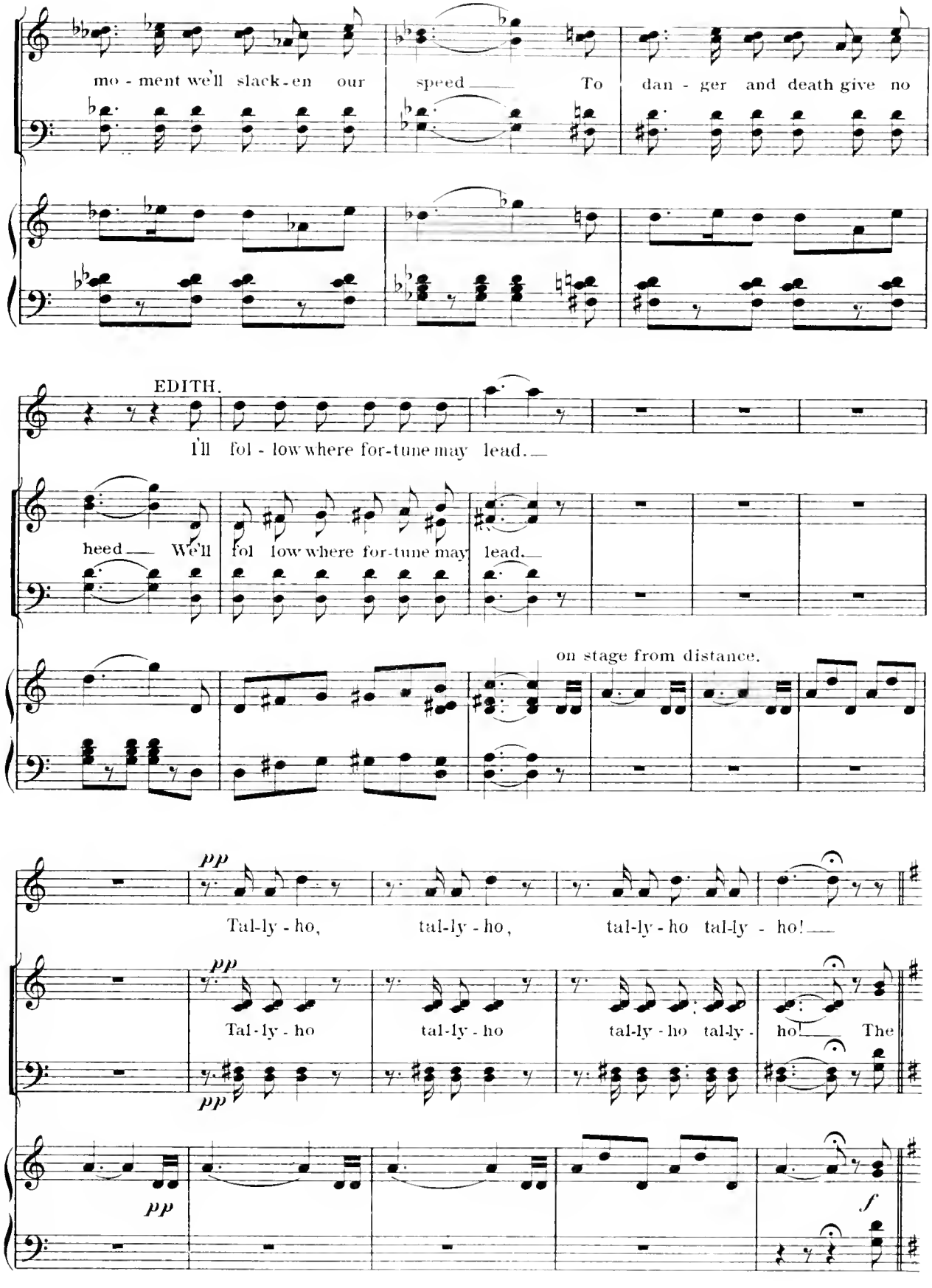

SOPR.& ALTO.
CHORUS.
Tal-ly - Ho
The horn of the mas - ter is call - ing it
TEN.& BASS.
says we must a - way
Oh list to the ech - oes en - thrall - ing Their

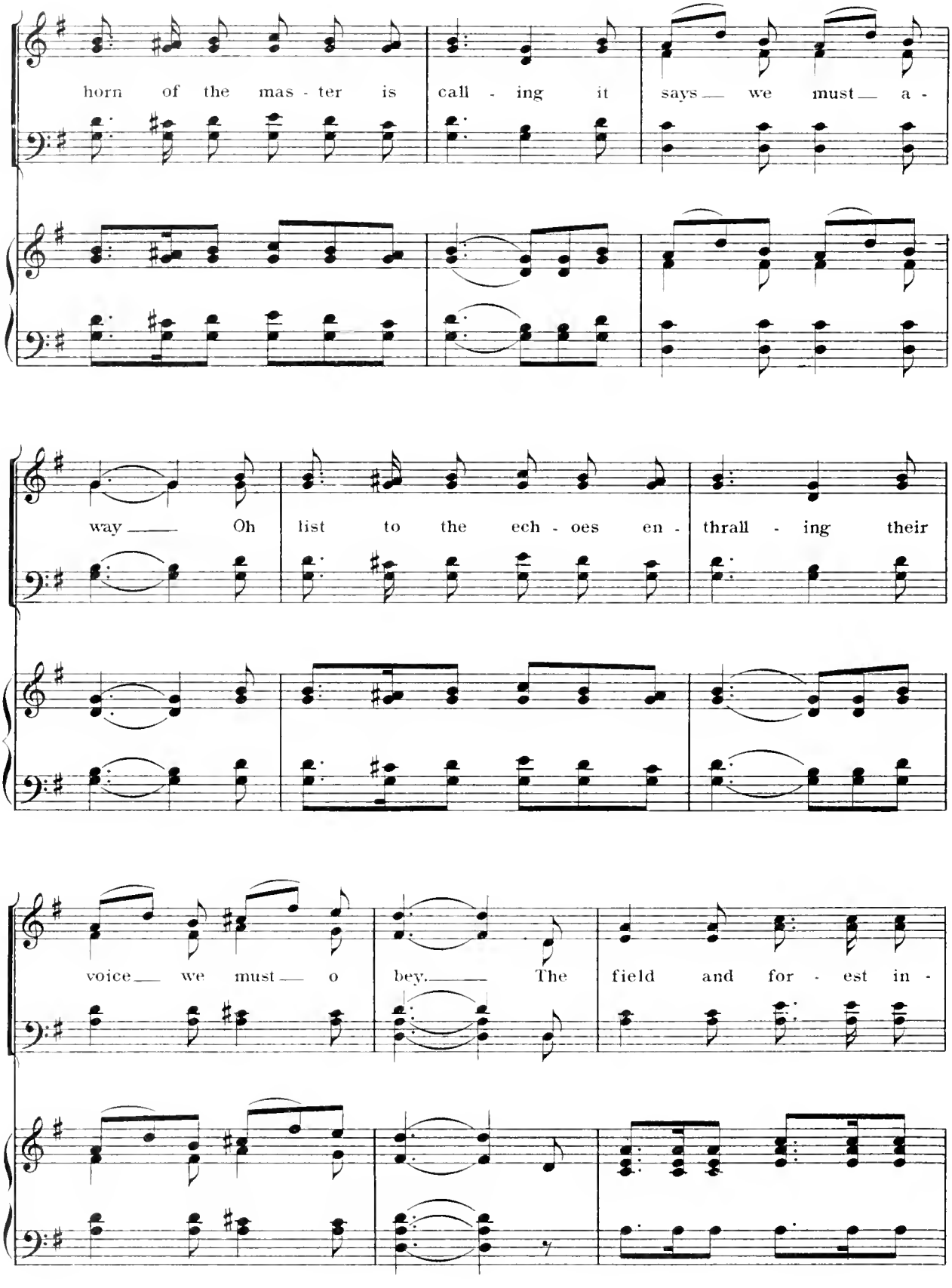

voice we must o - bey. The field and for - est in - vite us we're
out for the "brush" to - day. The hounds and hors - es de - light us our
hearts are light and gay. Tra - la - la - lee - o

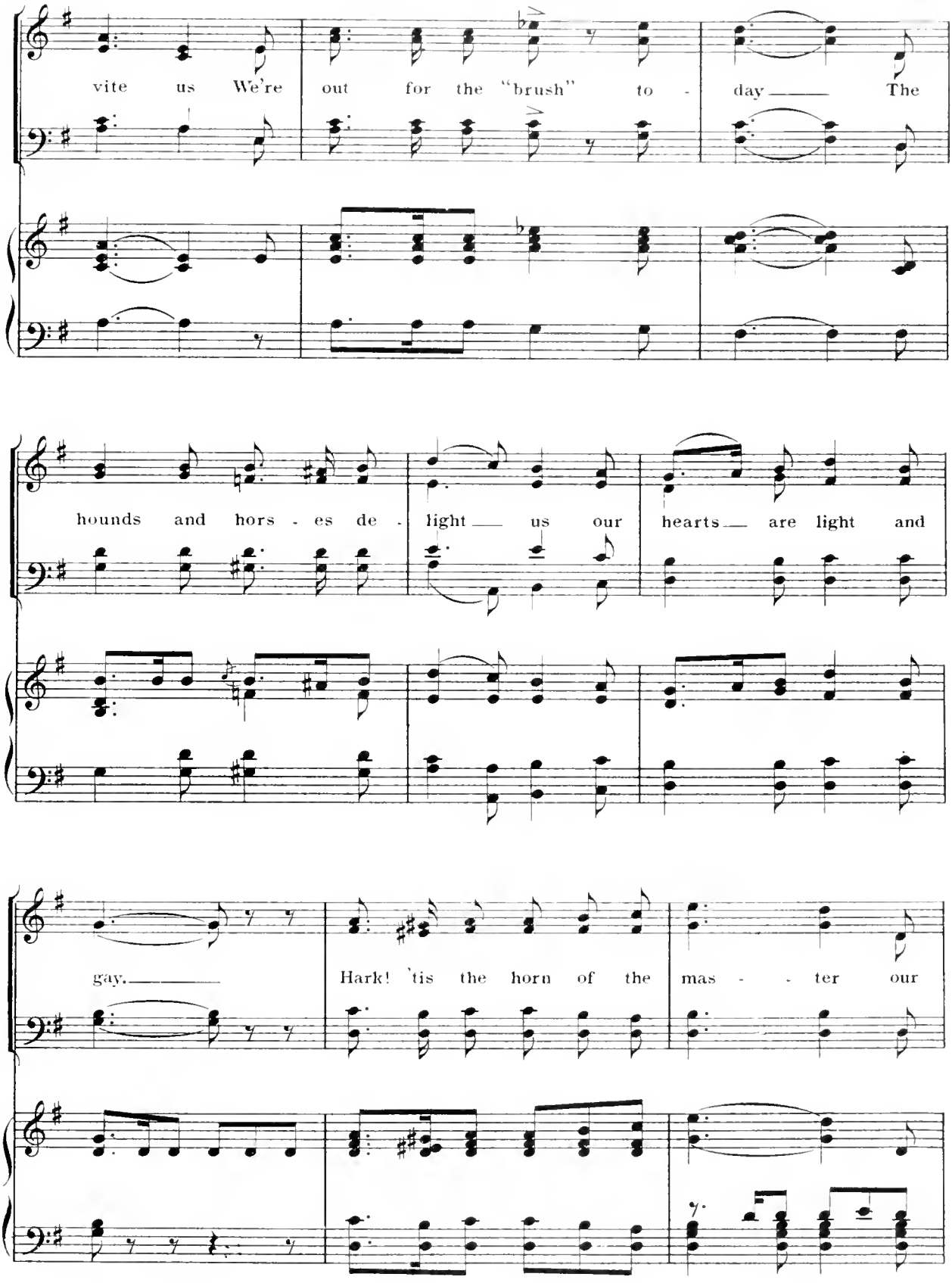

tra - la - la - lee - o tal-ly- ho! tal-ly- ho! tal-ly-
EDITH.
We'll
ho!
8
3
3
ride o - ver for - est and mead hal - lee hal - lo We'll
hal - lee
hal - lo

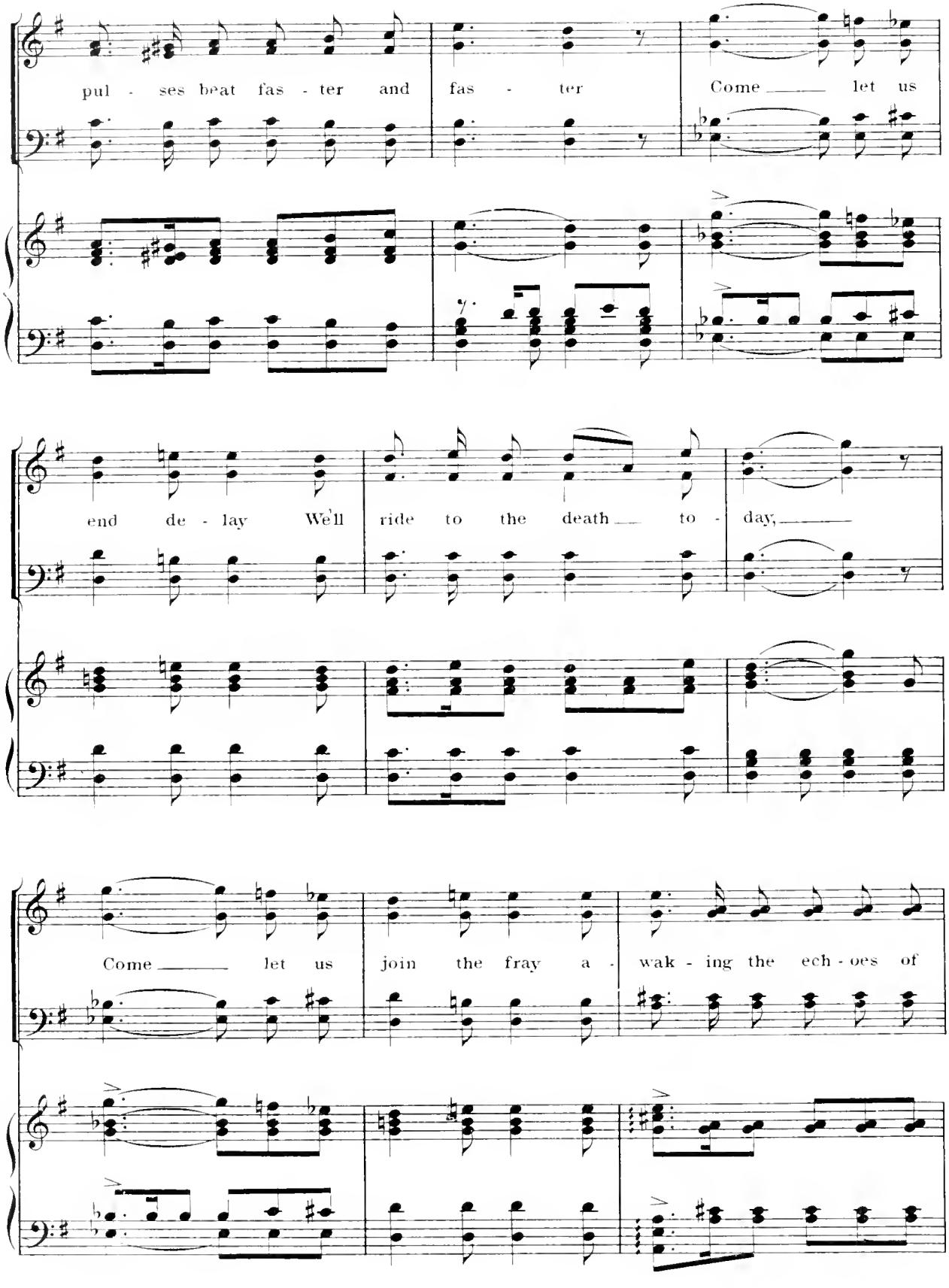

fol - low where for - tune may lead ____ hal - lee ____ hal - lo! ____ The
hal-lee
hal-lo
p
hounds join their ju - bi - lant chor - us to whip and spur
crick crack
click clack
ride for the game is be - fore us use whip and spur.
crick crack
click clack We'll
Use
f

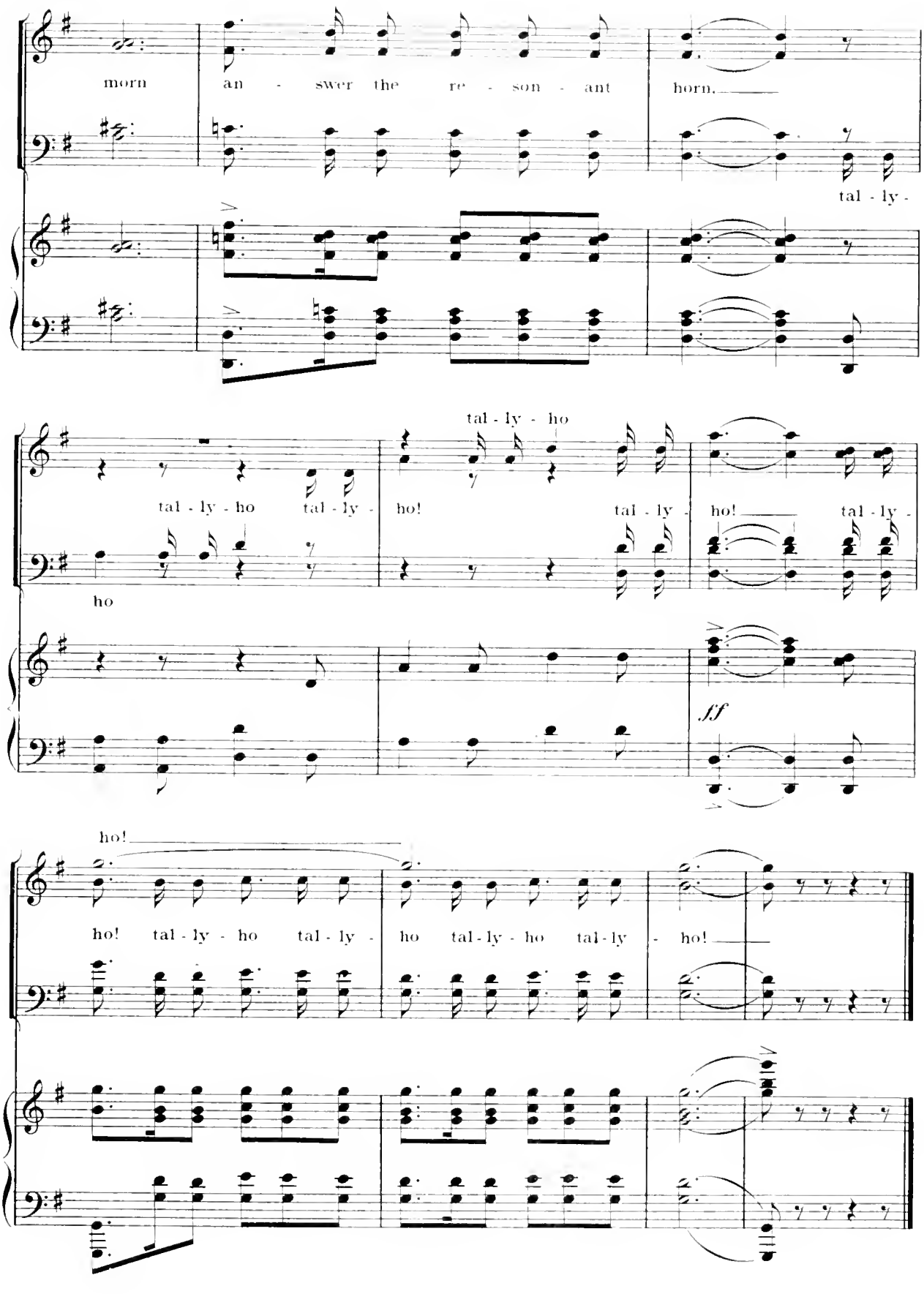

ride o - ver for - est and mead hal - lee! hal - lo! we'll
whip crick crack and spur click clack hal - lee hal-lo hal - lee hal-lo use
fol - low where for - tune may lead hal - lee hal -
whip crick crack and spur click clack hal - lee hal - lo hal -
lo! Give whip and spur to your steed Not a
lee hal - lo!


mo - ment we'll slack - en our speed To dan - ger and death give no
EDITH.
I'll fol - low where for-tune may lead.
heed We'll fol low where for-tune may lead.
on stage from distance.
pp
Tal-ly - ho, tal-ly - ho, tal-ly - ho tal-ly - ho!
pp
Tal - ly - ho tal-ly - ho tal-ly - ho tal-ly - ho The
pp
f


horn of the mas - ter is call - ing it says we must a -
way Oh list to the ech - oes en - thrall - ing their
voice we must o bey. The field and for - est in -


vite us We're out for the "brush" to - day The
hounds and hors - es de - light us our hearts are light and
gay. Hark! 'tis the horn of the mas - - ter our


pul - ses beat fas - ter and fas - ter Come let us
end de - lay We'll ride to the death to - day,
Come let us join the fray a - wak - ing the ech - oes of

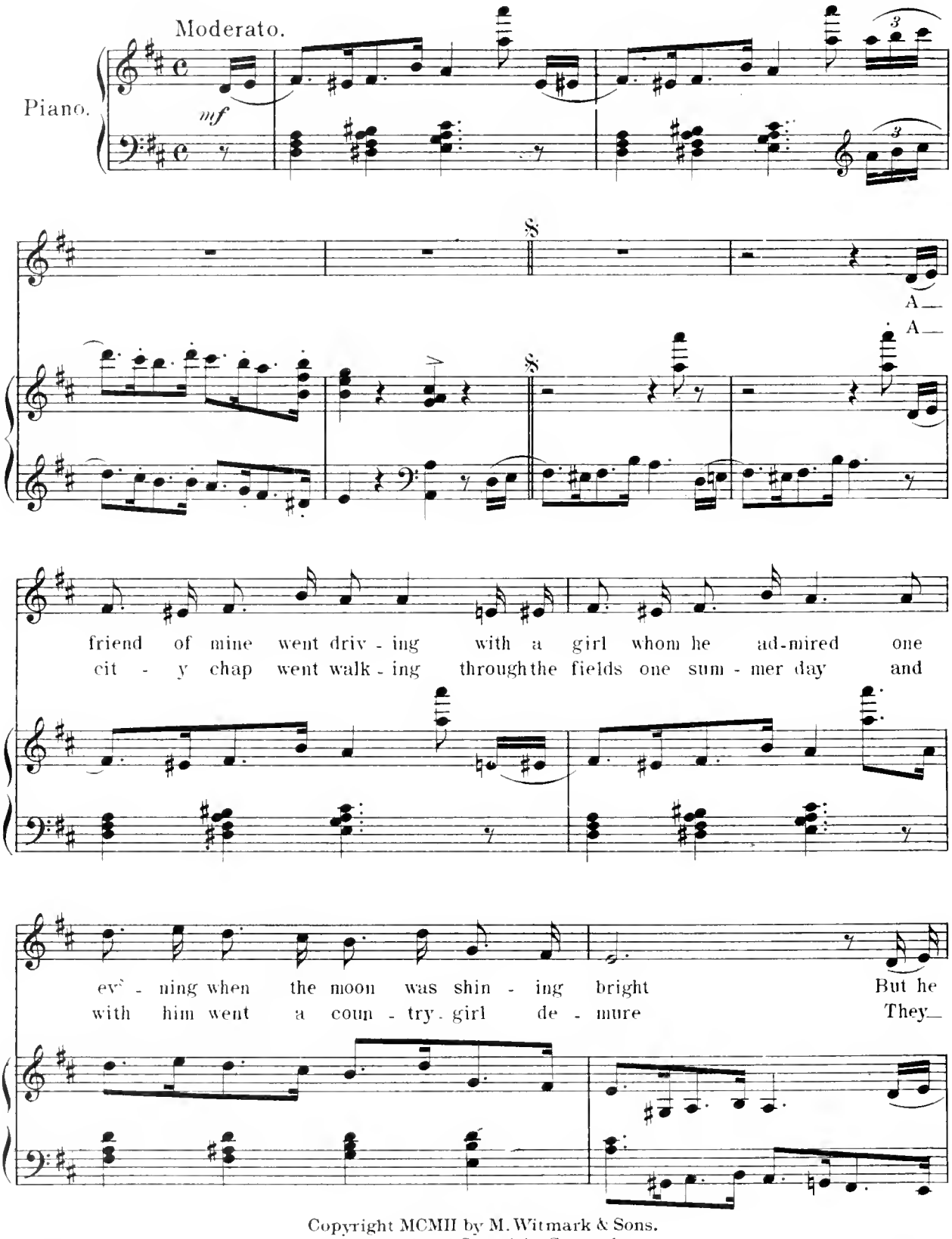

morn an - swer the re - son - ant horn,
tal - ly -
tal - ly - ho
tal - ly - ho tal - ly - ho! tal - ly - ho! tal - ly -
ho
ff
ho!
ho! tal - ly - ho tal - ly - ho tal - ly - ho tal - ly - ho!

No 12. Didn't Know Exactly What To Do.

(HANS.)

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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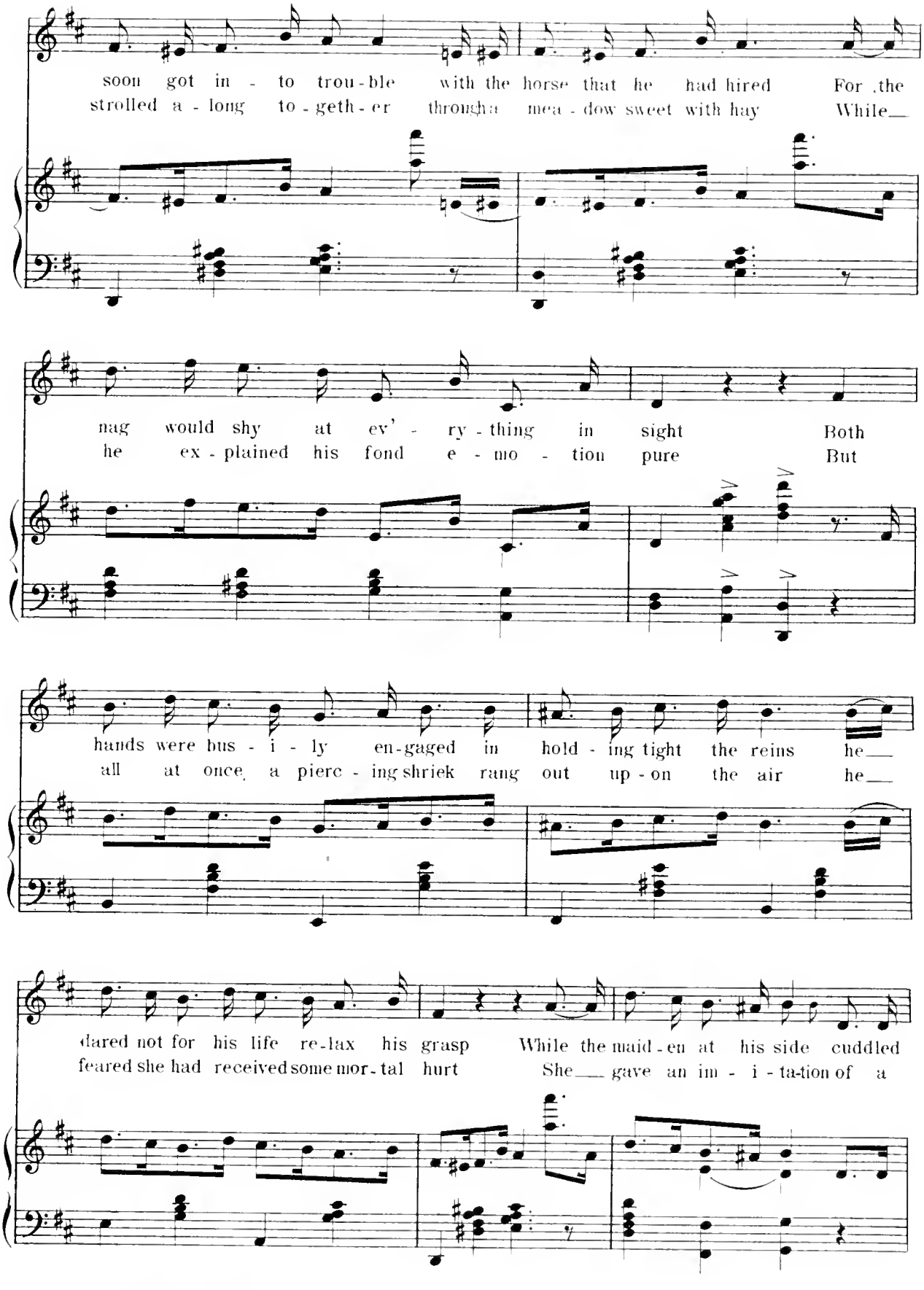
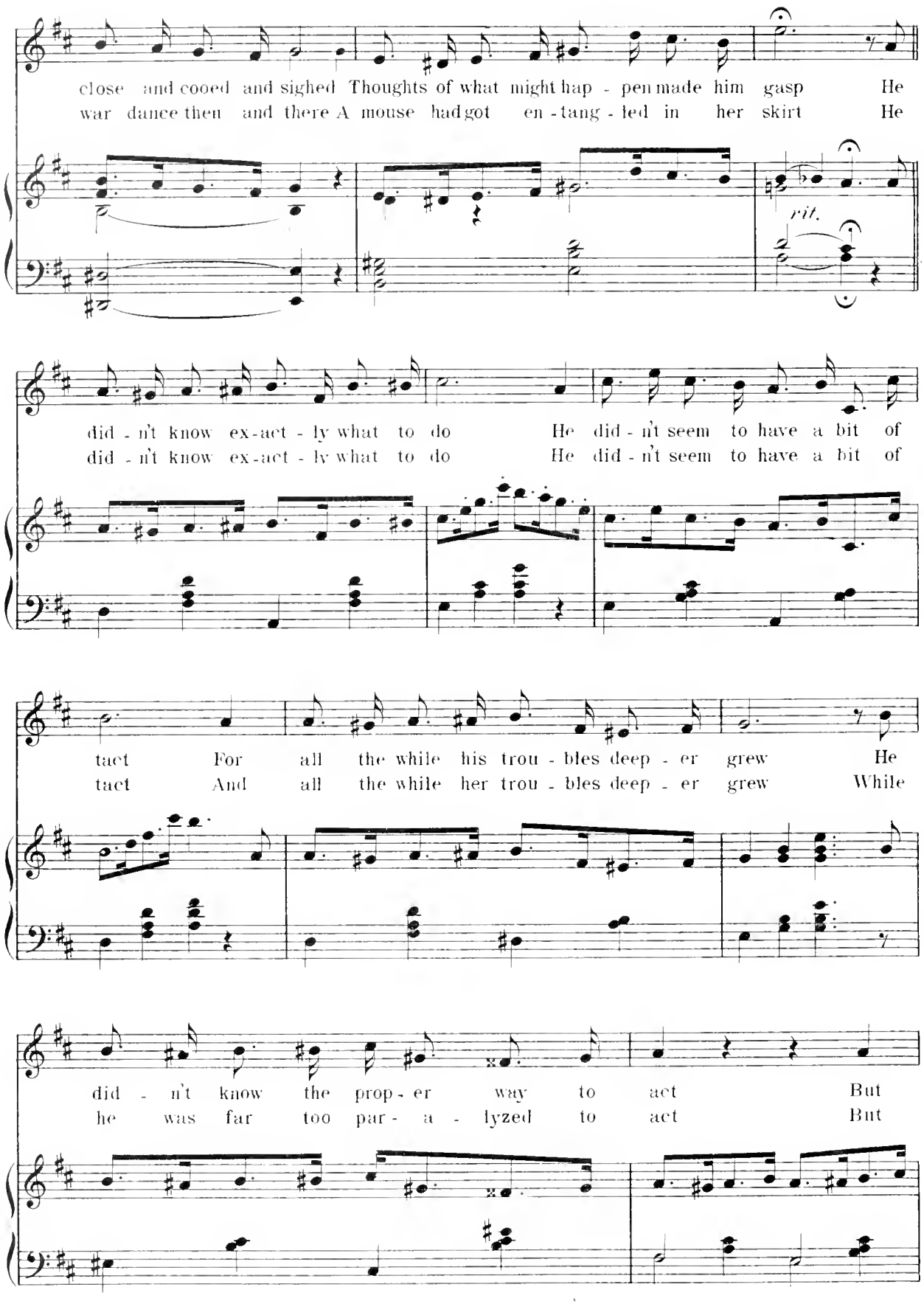
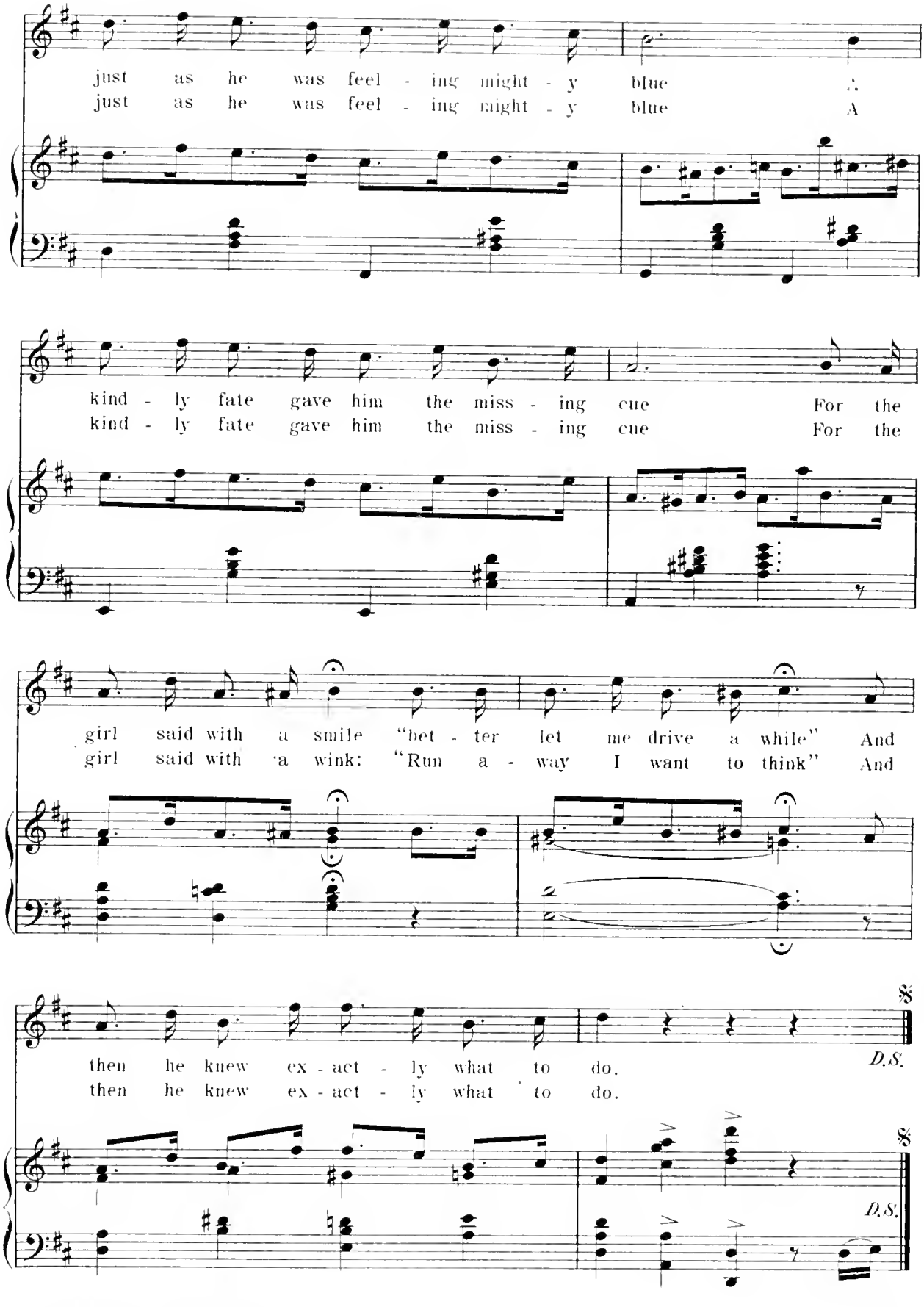

soon got in - to trou - ble with the horse that he had hired For the
strolled a - long to - geth - er through a mea - dow sweet with hay While
nag would shy at ev' - ry - thing in sight Both
he ex - plained his fond e - mo - tion pure But
hands were bus - i - ly en - gaged in hold - ing tight the reins he
all at once a pierc - ing shriek rang out up - on the air he
dared not for his life re - lax his grasp While the maid - en at his side cuddled
feared she had received some mor - tal hurt She gave an im - i - ta - tion of a


close and cooed and sighed Thoughts of what might hap - pen made him gasp He
war dance then and there A mouse had got en - tang - led in her skirt He
rit.
did - n't know ex - act - ly what to do He did - n't seem to have a bit of
did - n't know ex - act - ly what to do He did - n't seem to have a bit of
tact For all the while his trou - bles deep - er grew He
tact And all the while her trou - bles deep - er grew While
did - n't know the prop - er way to act But
he was far too par - a - lyzed to act But


just as he was feel - ing might - y blue A
just as he was feel - ing might - y blue A
kind - ly fate gave him the miss - ing cue For the
kind - ly fate gave him the miss - ing cue For the
girl said with a smile "bet - ter let me drive a while" And
girl said with a wink: "Run a - way I want to think" And
then he knew ex - act - ly what to do.
then he knew ex - act - ly what to do.
D.S.
D.S.

The American Girl.

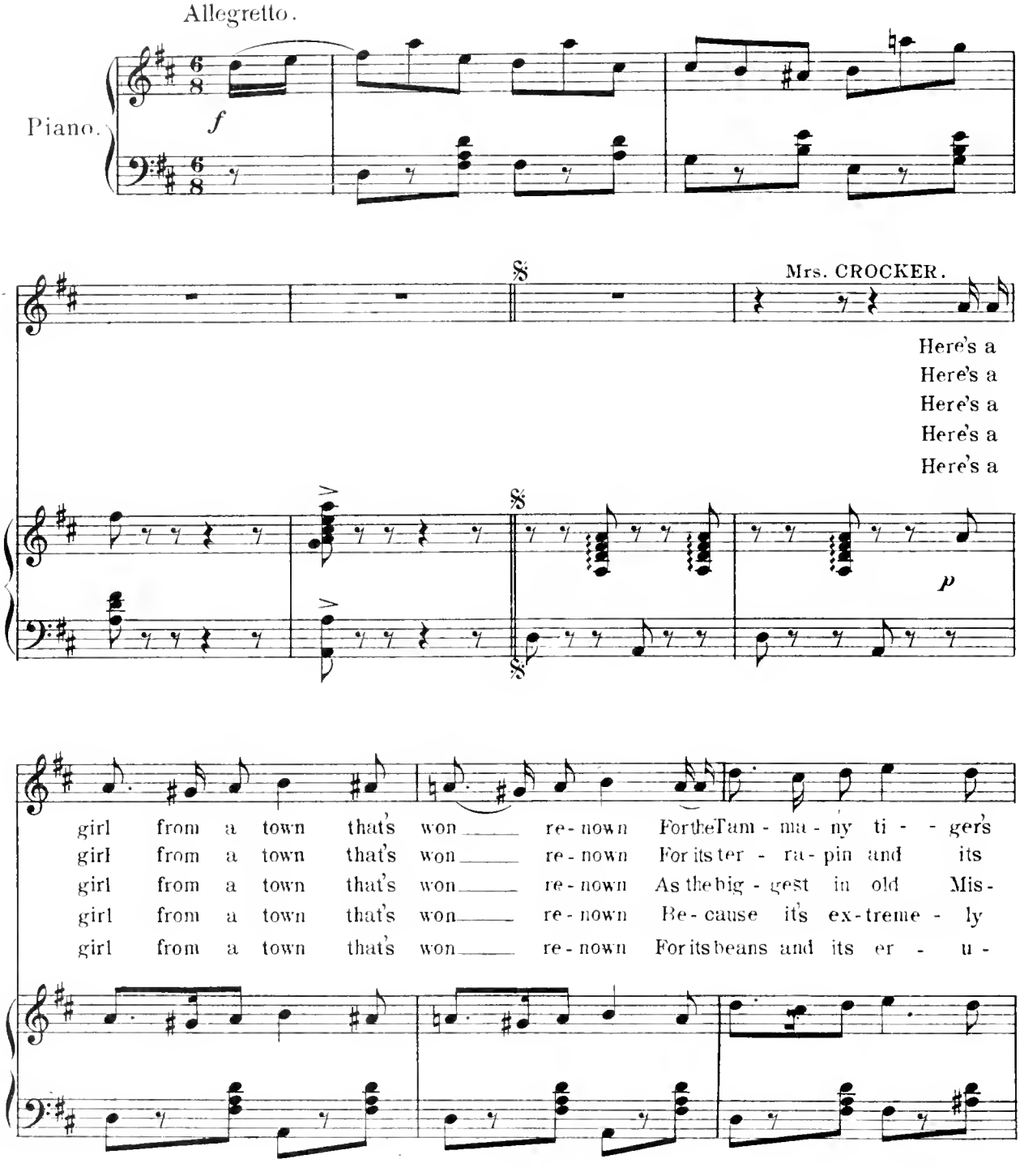
No 13.

SONG OF THE CITIES.

Mrs Crocker and Chorus.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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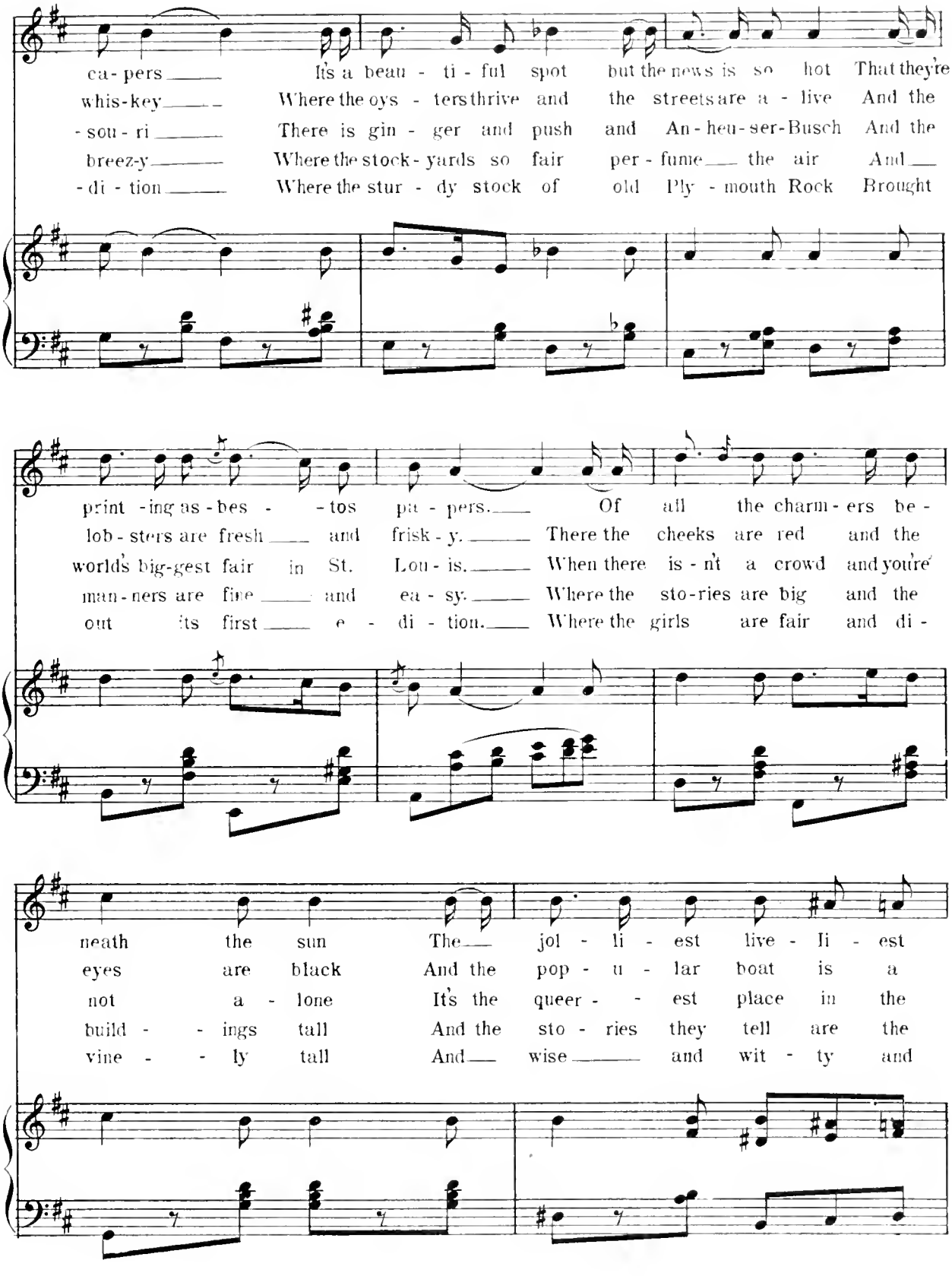
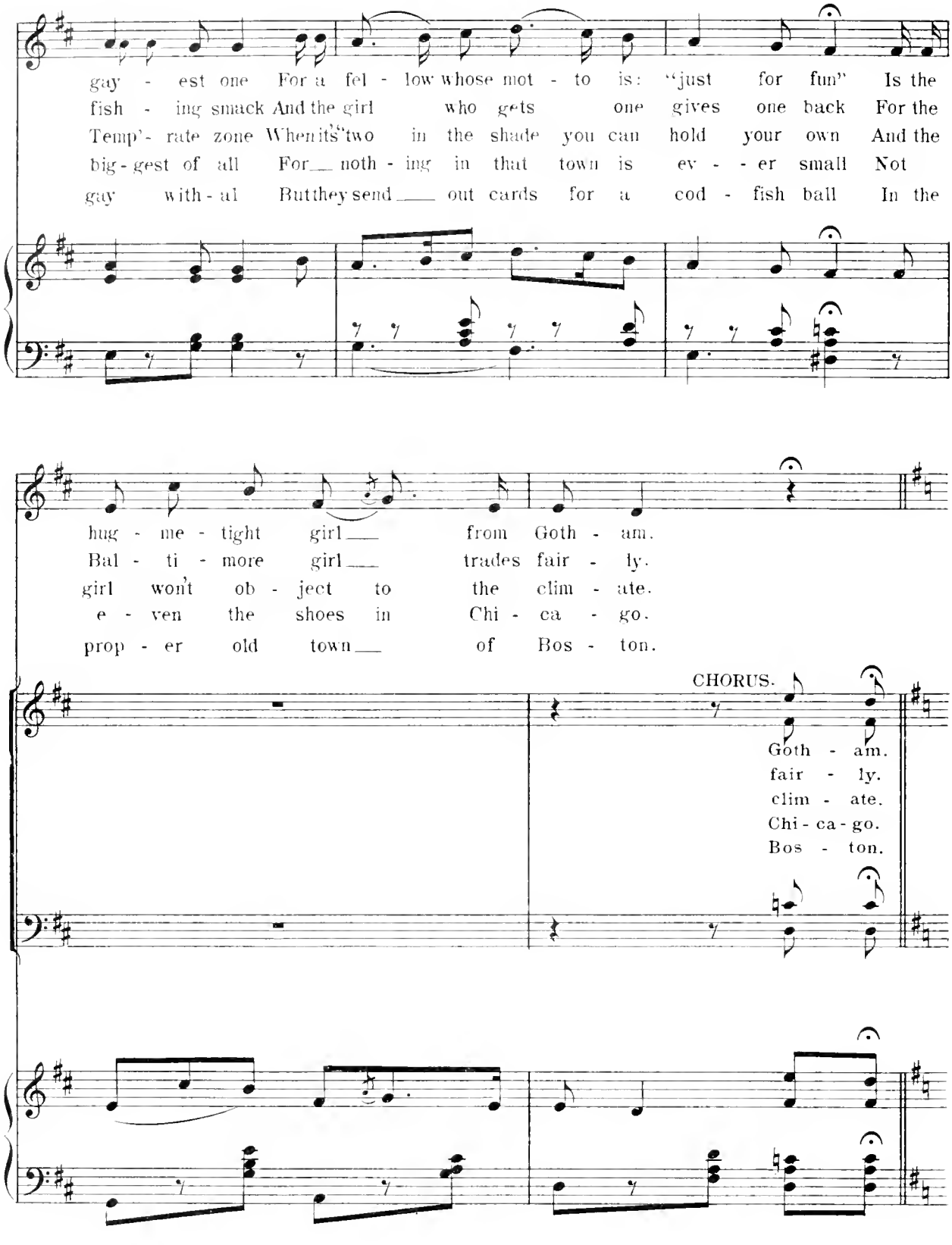
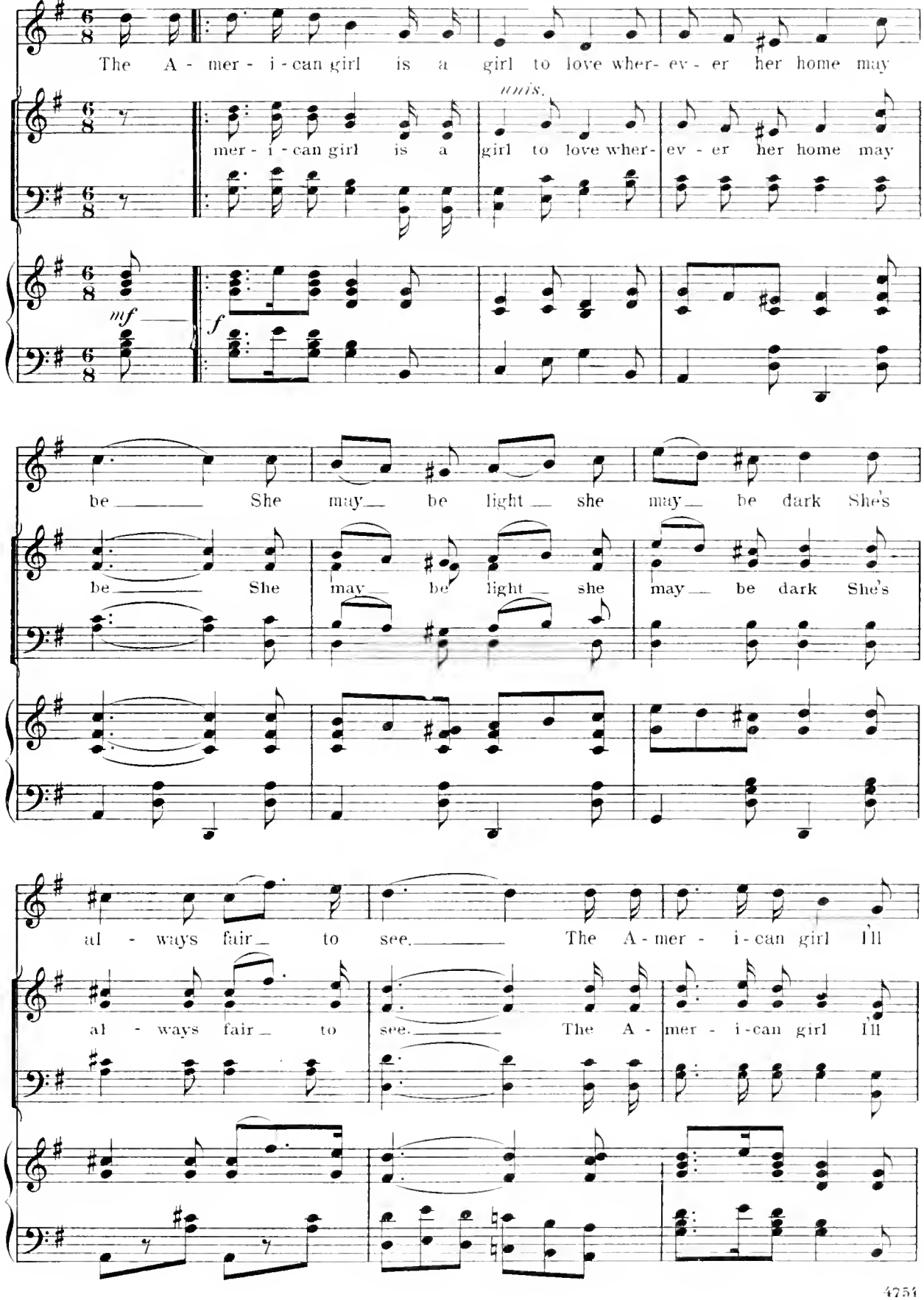
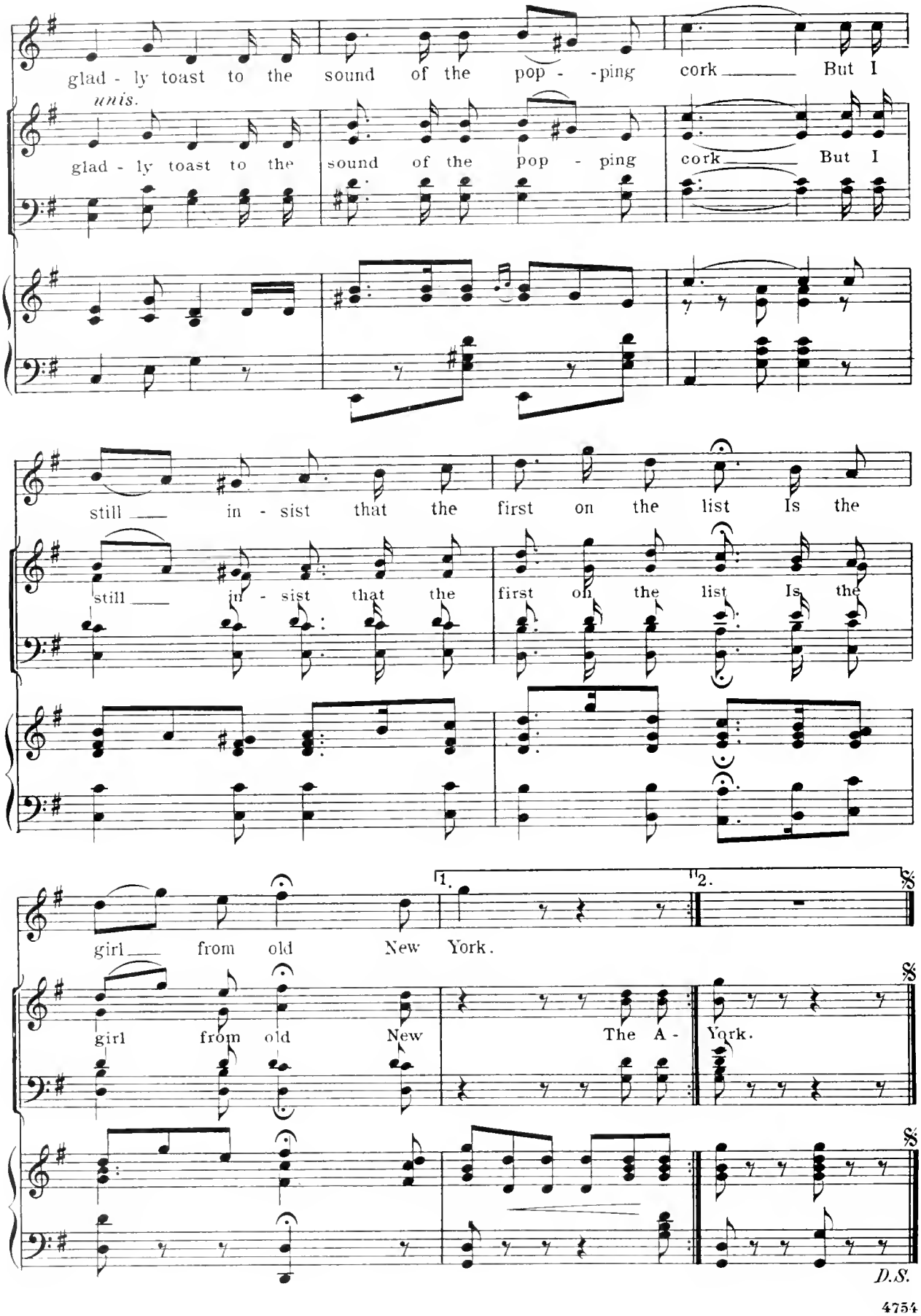

ca - pers — It's a beau - ti - ful spot but the news is so hot That they're
whis-key — Where the oys - ters thrive and the streets are a - live And the
- sou - ri — There is gin - ger and push and An - heu - ser-Busch And the
breez-y — Where the stock - yards so fair per - fume — the air And —
- di - tion — Where the stur - dy stock of old Ply - mouth Rock Brought
print - ing as - bes - - tos pa - pers. — Of all the charm - ers be -
lob - sters are fresh — and frisk - y. — There the cheeks are red and the
world's big-gest fair in St. Lou - is. — When there is - n't a crowd and you're
man - ners are fine — and ea - sy. — Where the sto - ries are big and the
out its first — e - di - tion. — Where the girls are fair and di -
neath the sun The — jol - li - est live - li - est
eyes are black And the pop - u - lar boat is a
not a - lone It's the queer - - est place in the
build - - ings tall And the sto - ries they tell are the
vine - - ly tall And — wise — and wit - ty and

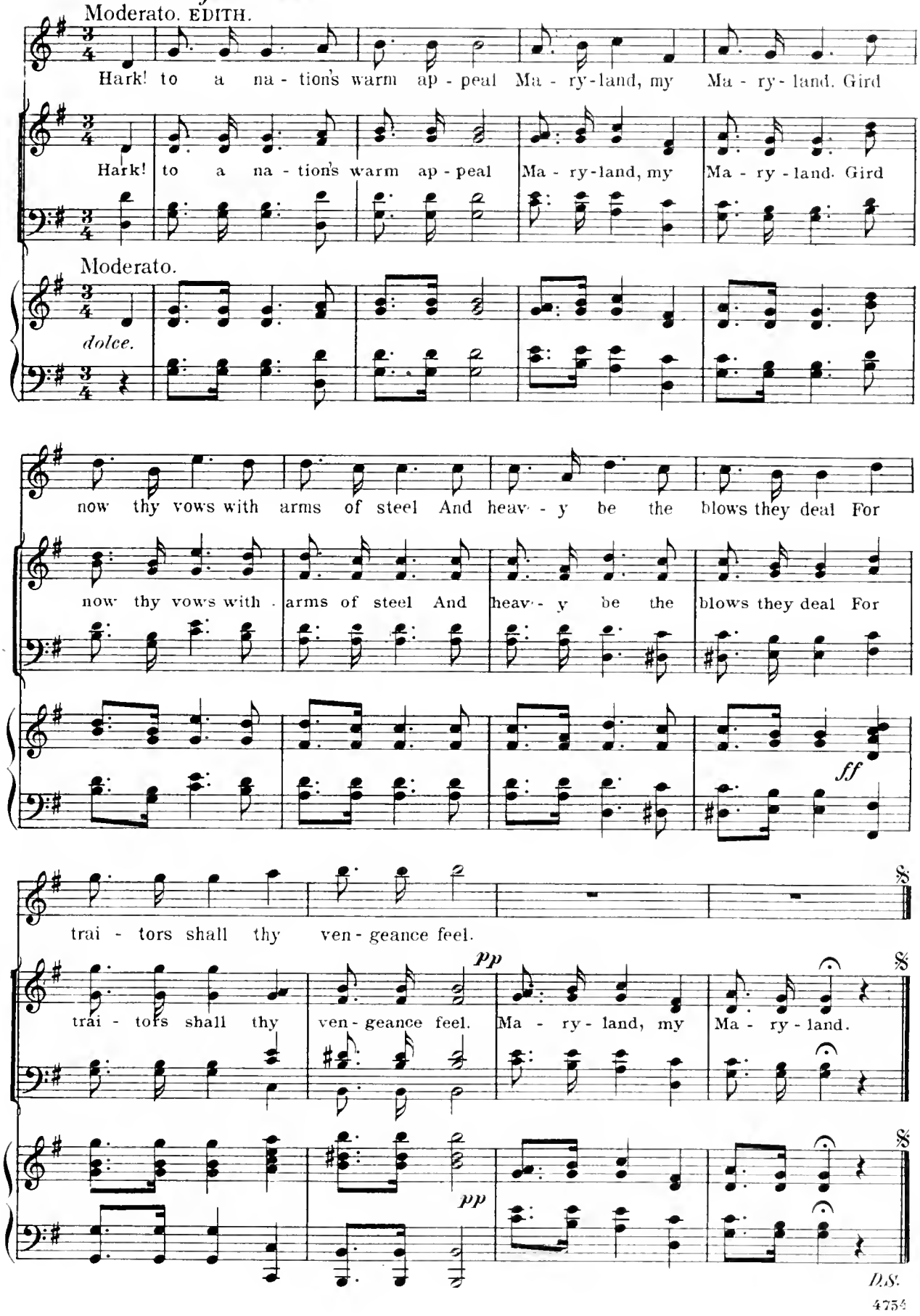

gay - est one For a fel - low whose mot - to is: "just for fun" Is the
fish - ing smack And the girl who gets one gives one back For the
Temp'- rate zone When it's two in the shade you can hold your own And the
big - gest of all For noth - ing in that town is ev - - er small Not
gay with - al But they send out cards for a cod - fish ball In the
hug - me - tight girl from Goth - am.
Bal - ti - more girl trades fair - ly.
girl won't ob - ject to the clim - ate.
e - ven the shoes in Chi - ca - go.
prop - er old town of Bos - ton.
CHORUS.
Goth - am.
fair - ly.
clim - ate.
Chi - ca - go.
Bos - ton.

1. REFRAIN. 1st time Mrs. Crocker. 2d time Chorus.



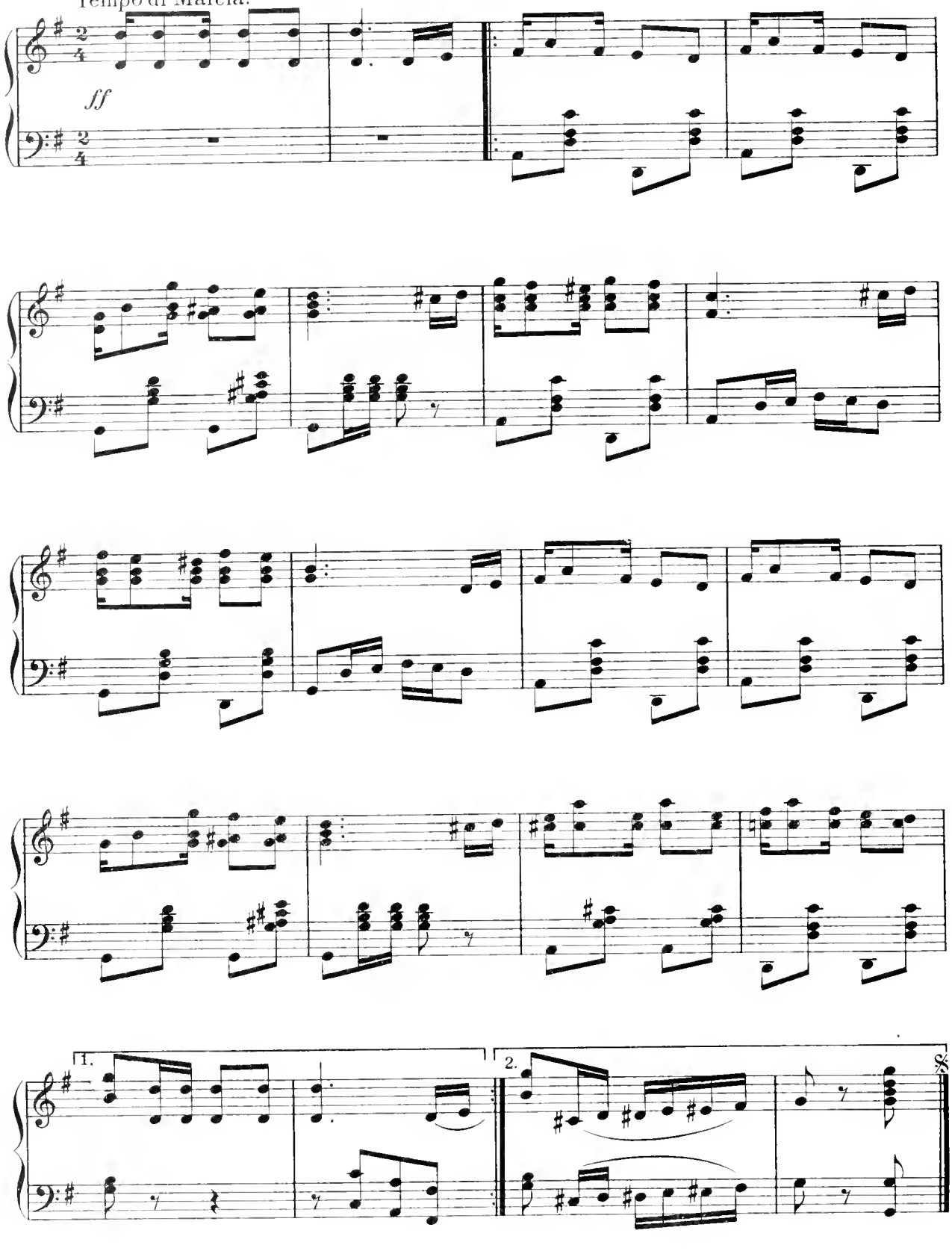

glad - ly toast to the sound of the pop - -ping cork But I
unis.
glad - ly toast to the sound of the pop - ping cork But I
still in - sist that the first on the list Is the
still in - sist that the first on the list Is the
girl from old New York.
1.
2.
girl from old New The A - York.
D.S.

II. REFRAIN. *After 2d. Verse.*

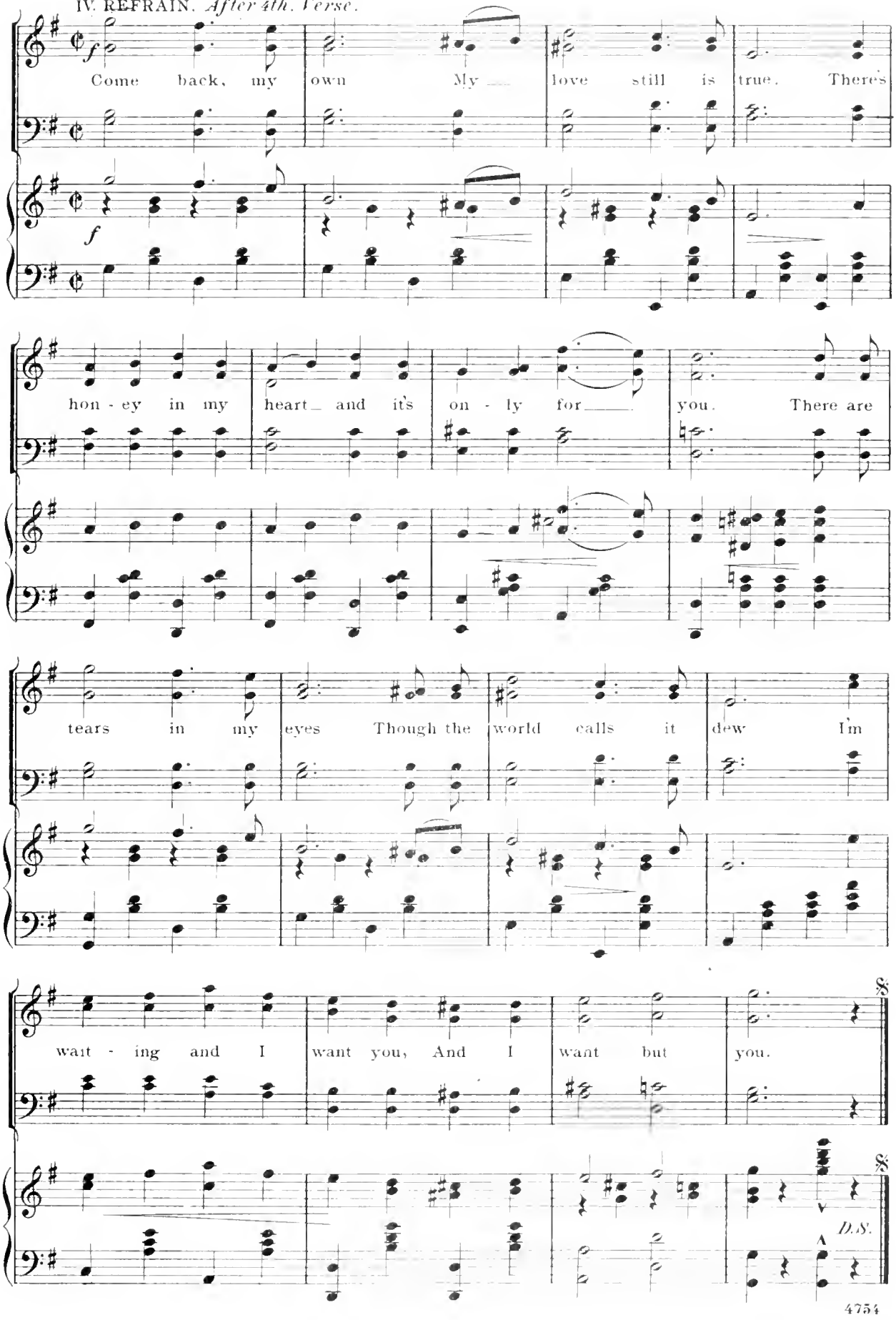


CAKE-WALK. *After 3d. Verse.*

Tempo di Marcia.



IV. REFRAIN. *After 4th. Verse.*



V. REFRAIN. *After 5th. Verse.*

f Yan - kee Doo - dle came to town, — Rid - ing on a po - - - ny,

Stuck a fea - ther in his cap, and called him Mac - a - ro - ni.

Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,

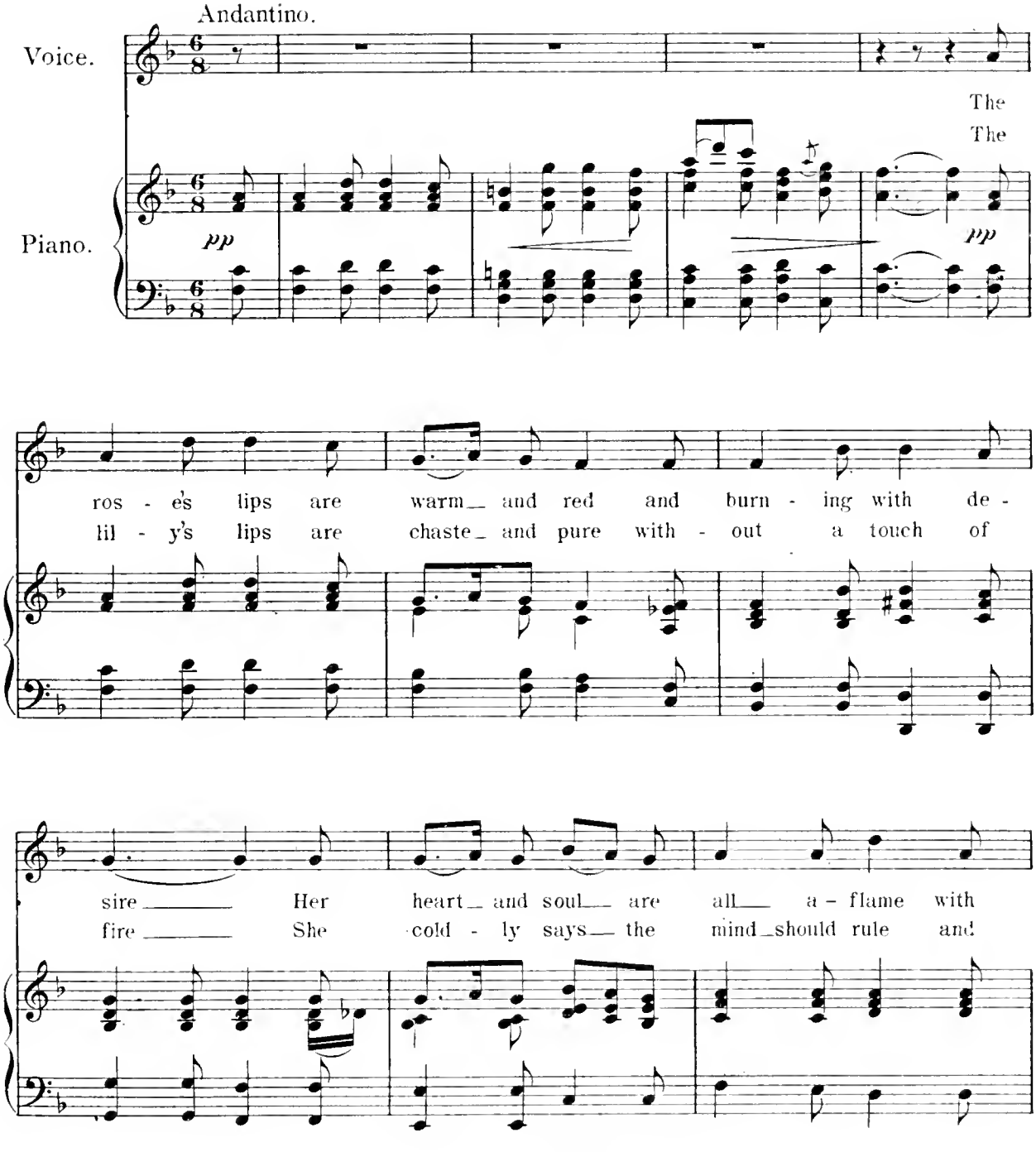
Mind the mu - sic and the step And with the girls be hand - y.

The Message of the Violet.

No. 14.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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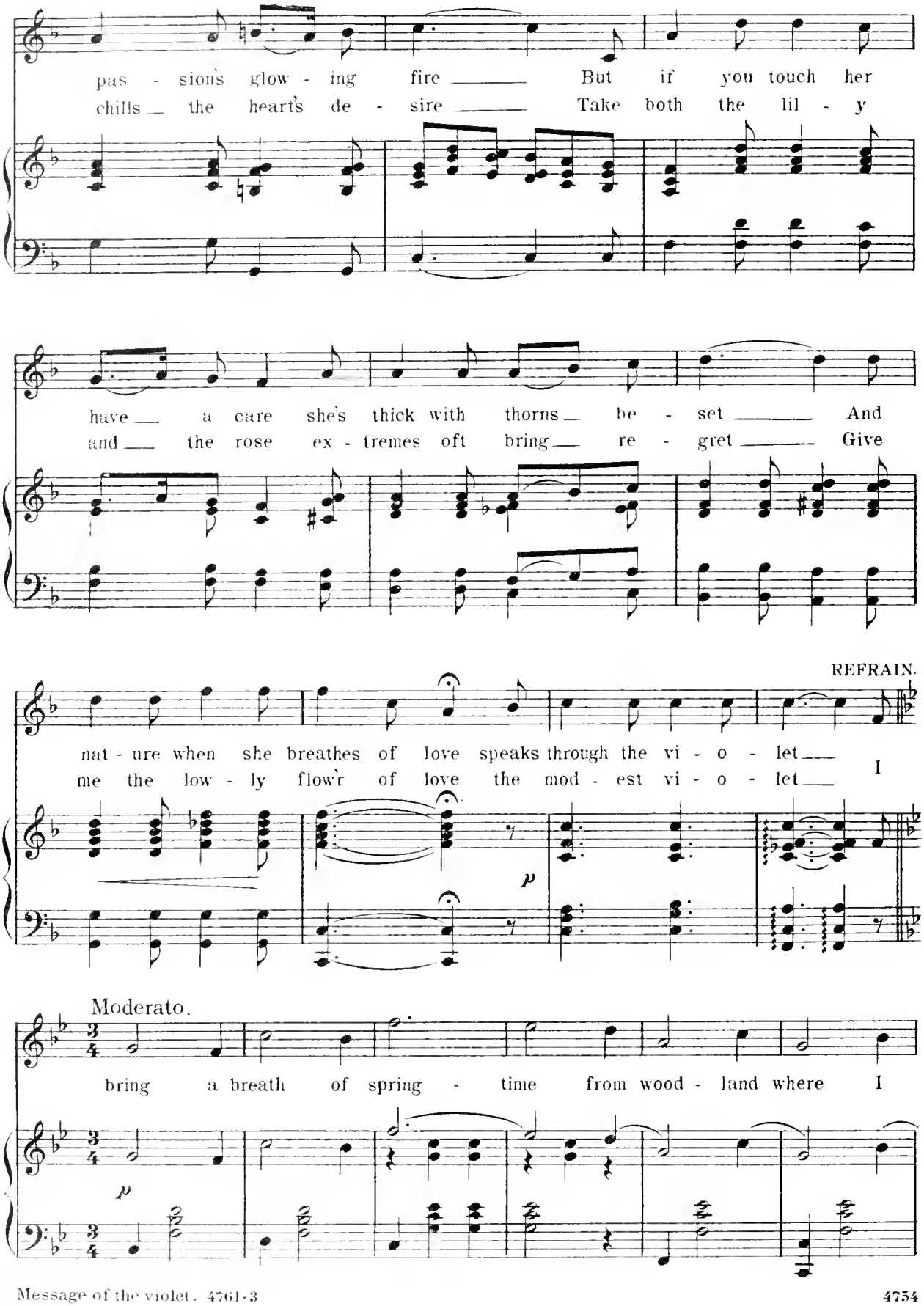
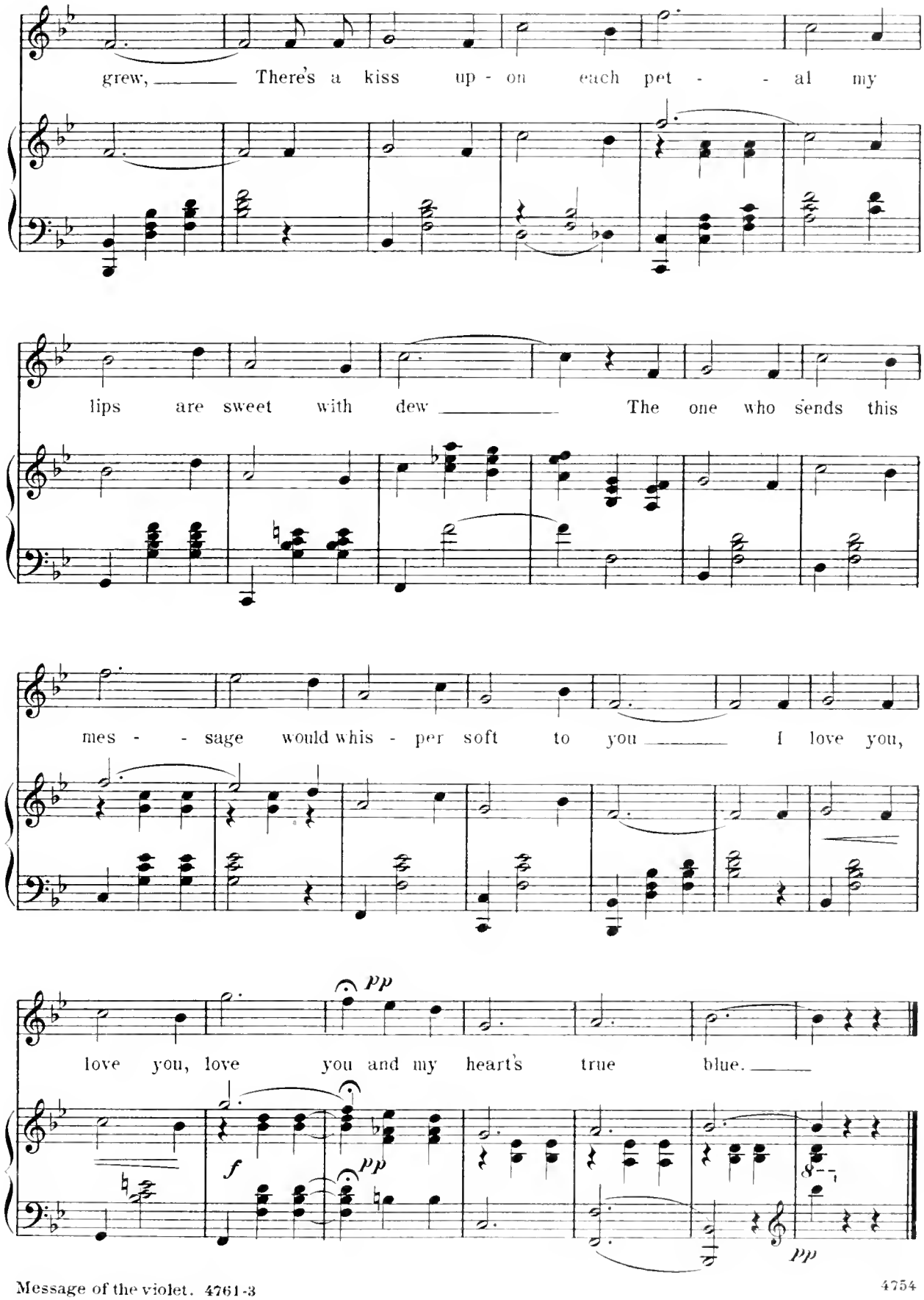
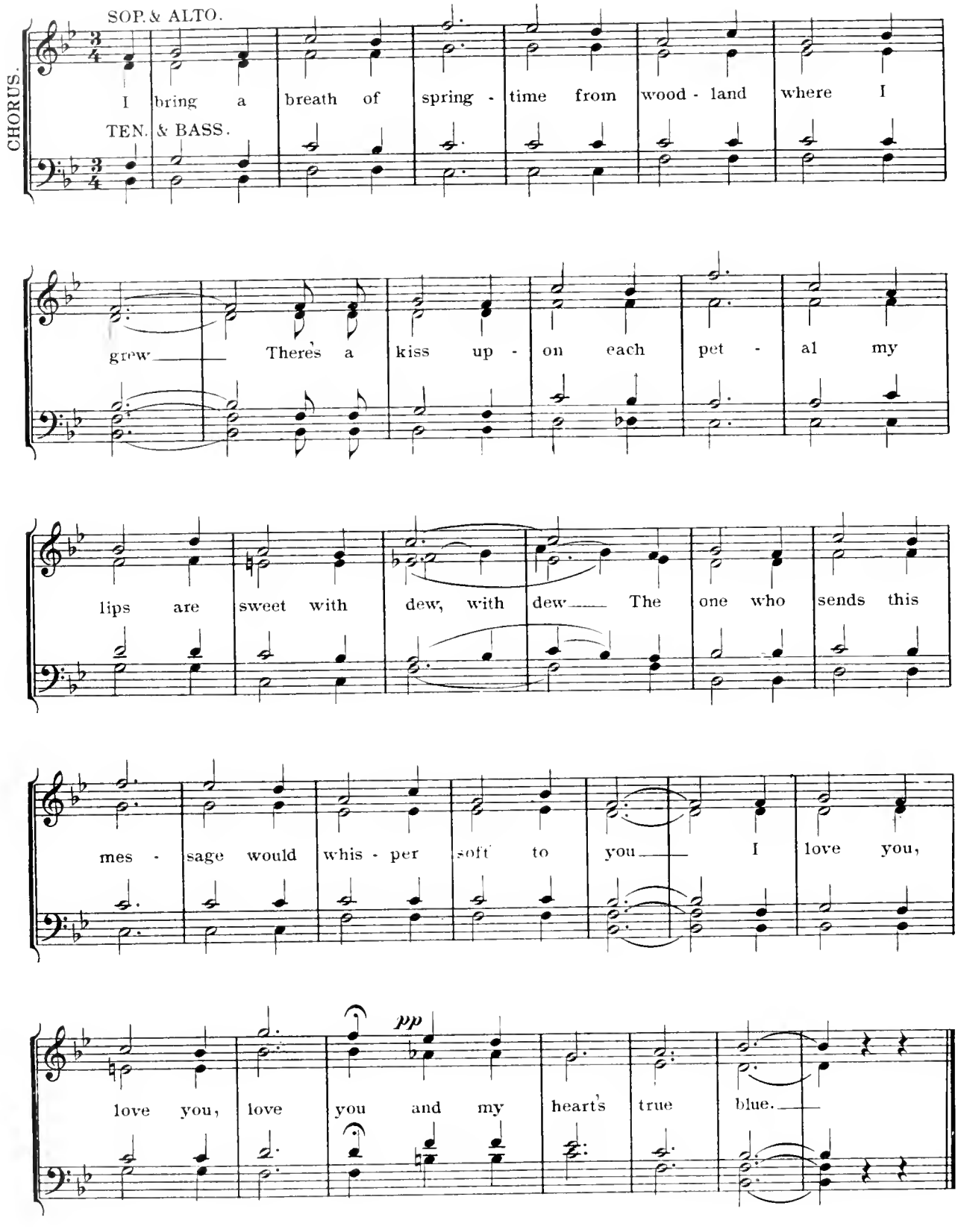

pas - sion's glow - ing fire But if you touch her
chills the heart's de - sire Take both the lil - y
have a care she's thick with thorns be - set And
and the rose ex - tremes oft bring re - gret Give
REFRAIN.
nat - ure when she breathes of love speaks through the vi - o - let
me the low - ly flow'r of love the mod - est vi - o - let
I
p
Moderato.
bring a breath of spring - time from wood - land where I
p


grew, There's a kiss up - on each pet - - al my
lips are sweet with dew The one who sends this
mes - - sage would whis - per soft to you I love you,
love you, love you and my heart's true blue.
pp
f
pp
pp

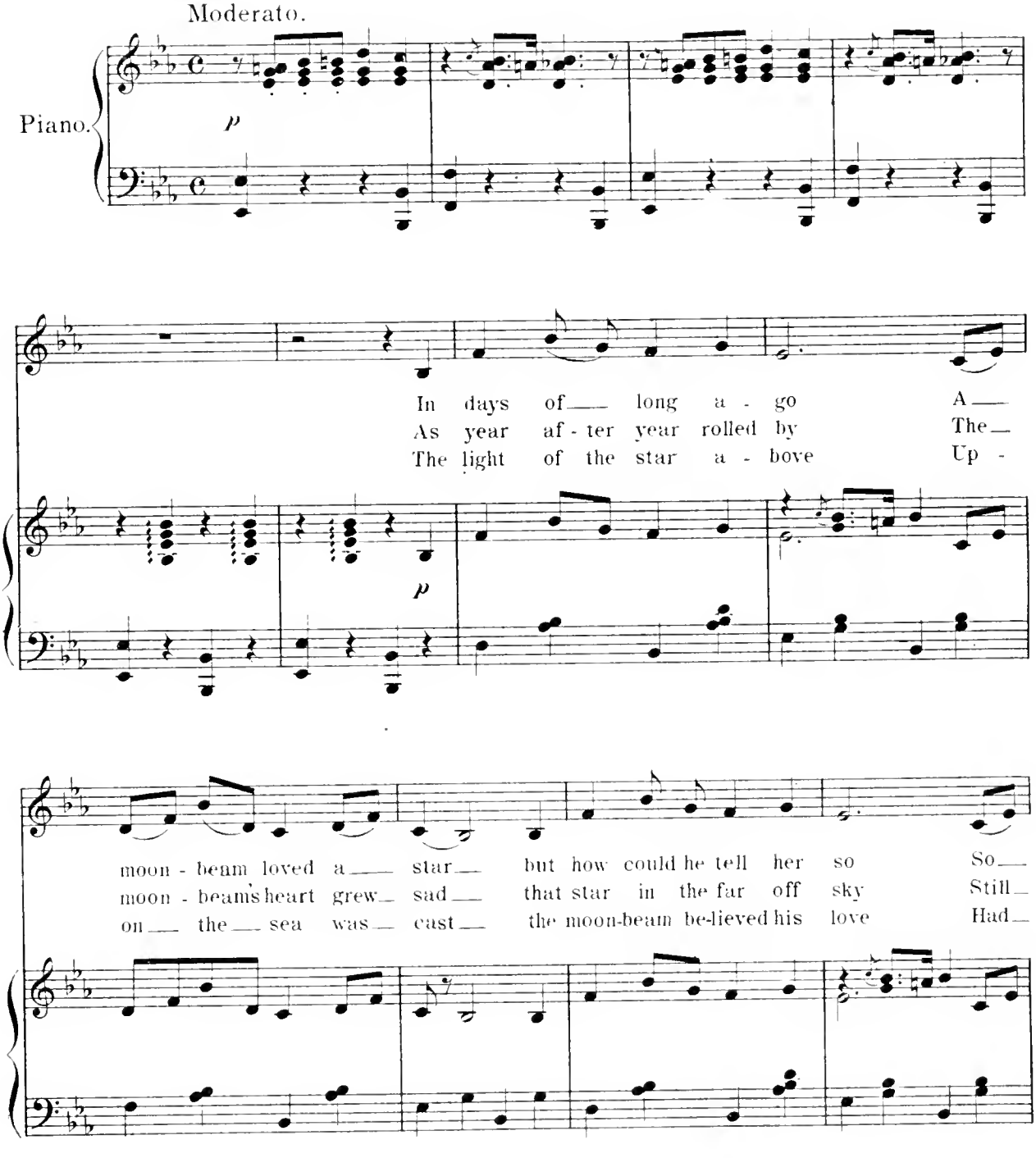

CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.
I bring a breath of spring - time from wood - land where I
TEN. & BASS.
grew — There's a kiss up - on each pet - al my
lips are sweet with dew, with dew — The one who sends this
mes - sage would whis - per soft to you — I love you,
pp
love you, love you and my heart's true blue.

The Tale of the Seashell.

No. 15.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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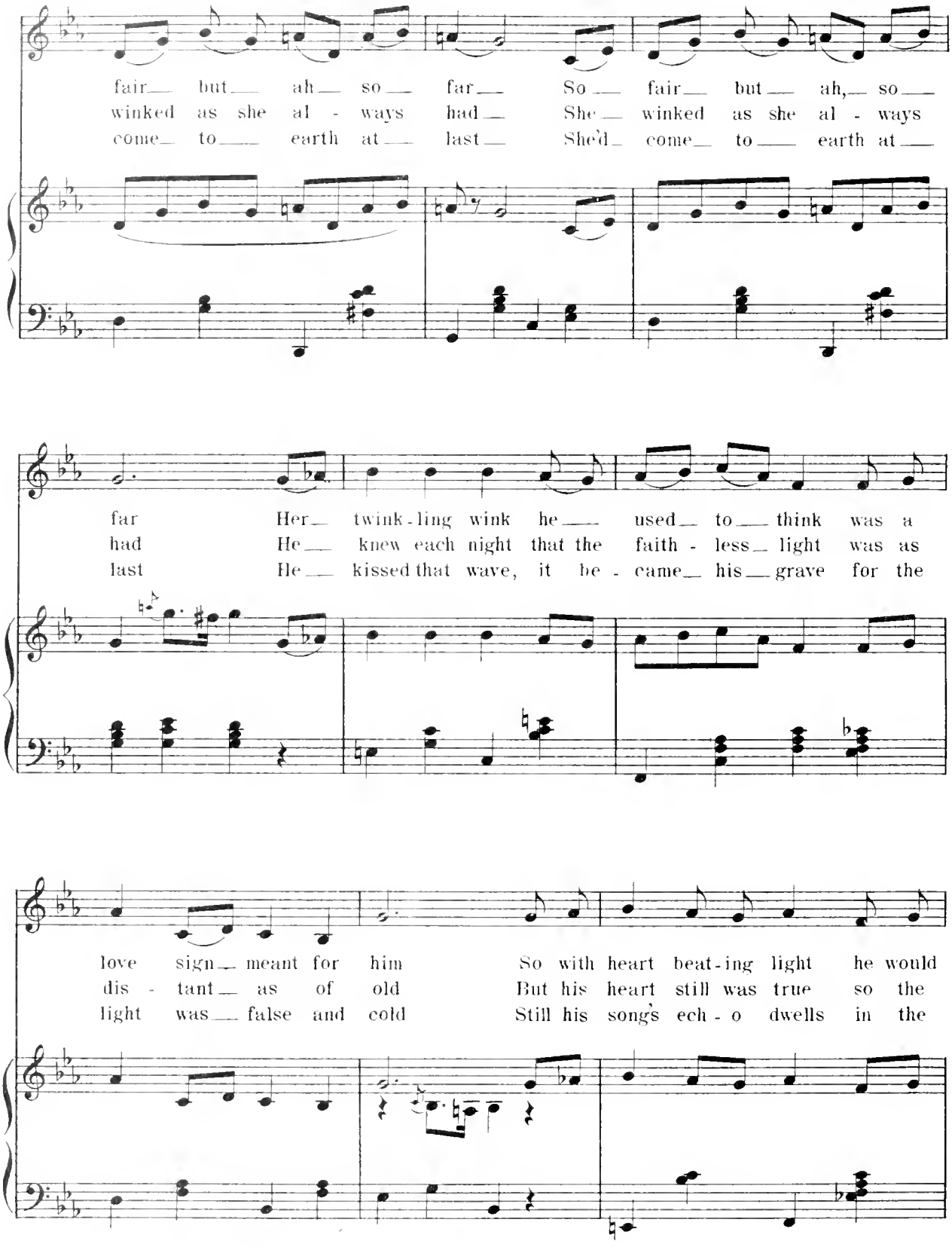
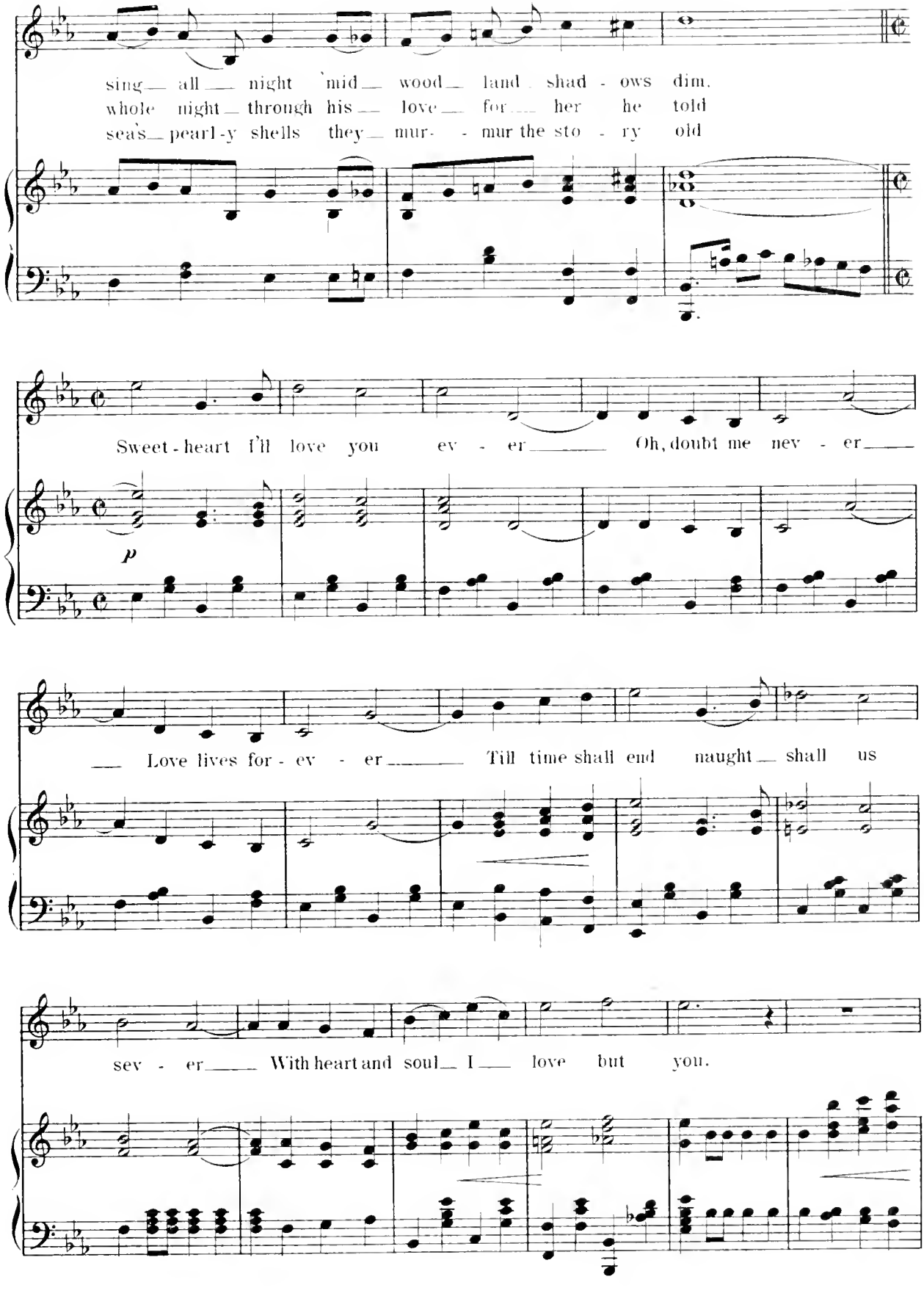
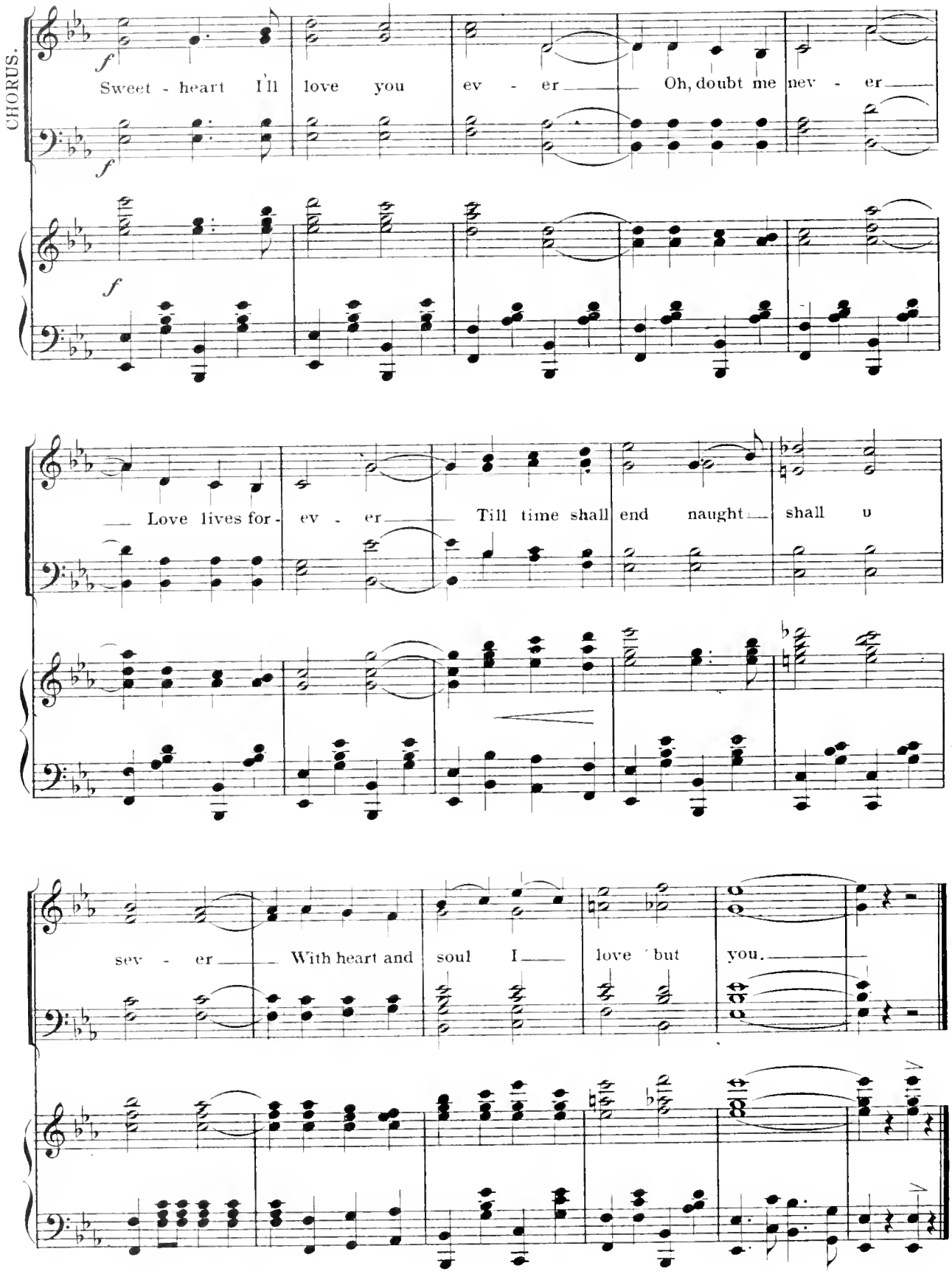

fair but ah so far So fair but ah, so
winked as she al - ways had She winked as she al - ways
come to earth at last She'd come to earth at
far Her twink-ling wink he used to think was a
had He knew each night that the faith - less light was as
last He kissed that wave, it be - came his grave for the
love sign meant for him So with heart beat-ing light he would
dis - tant as of old But his heart still was true so the
light was false and cold Still his song's ech - o dwells in the


sing— all— night 'mid— wood— land shad - ows dim.
whole night— through his— love— for— her he told
sea's— pearl-y shells they— mur- - mur the sto - ry old
Sweet-heart I'll love you ev - er— Oh, doubt me nev - er—
p
— Love lives for - ev - er— Till time shall end naught— shall us
sev - er— With heart and soul— I— love but you.


CHORUS.
Sweet - heart I'll love you ev - er Oh, doubt me nev - er
Love lives for - ev - er Till time shall end naught shall u
sev - er With heart and soul I love but you.

Back to the Boulevards.

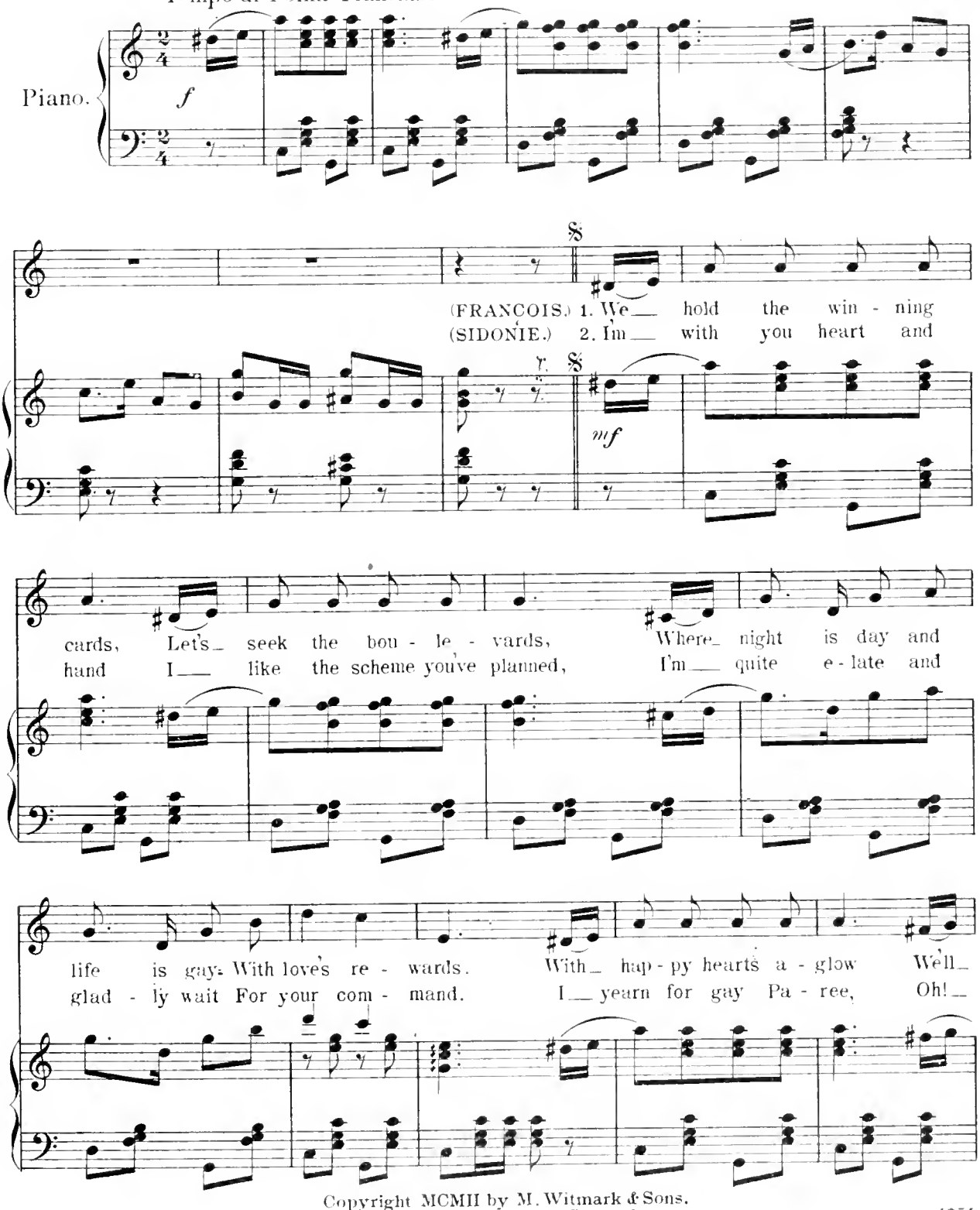
No 13.

François and Sidonie.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Polka Francaise.



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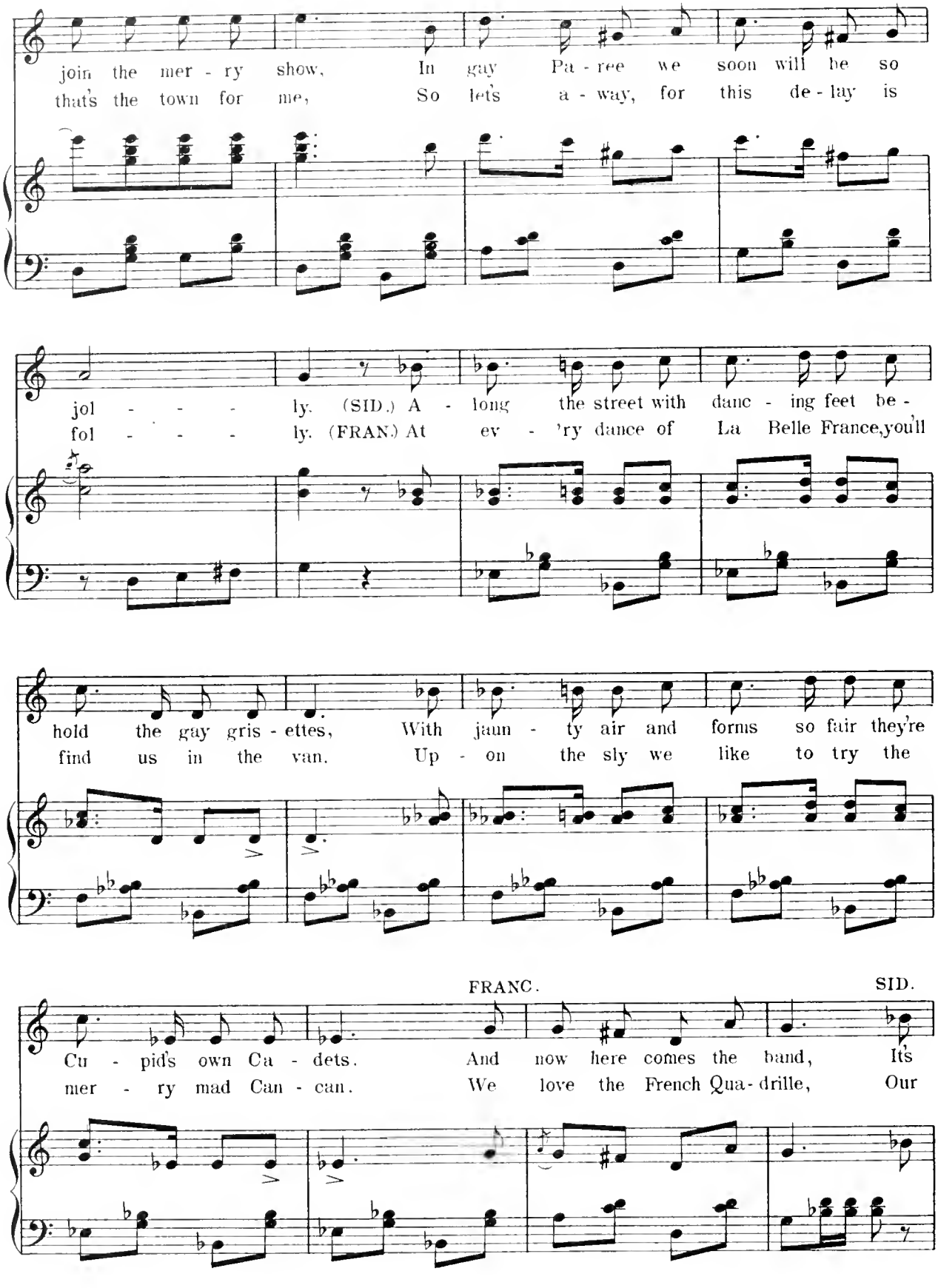
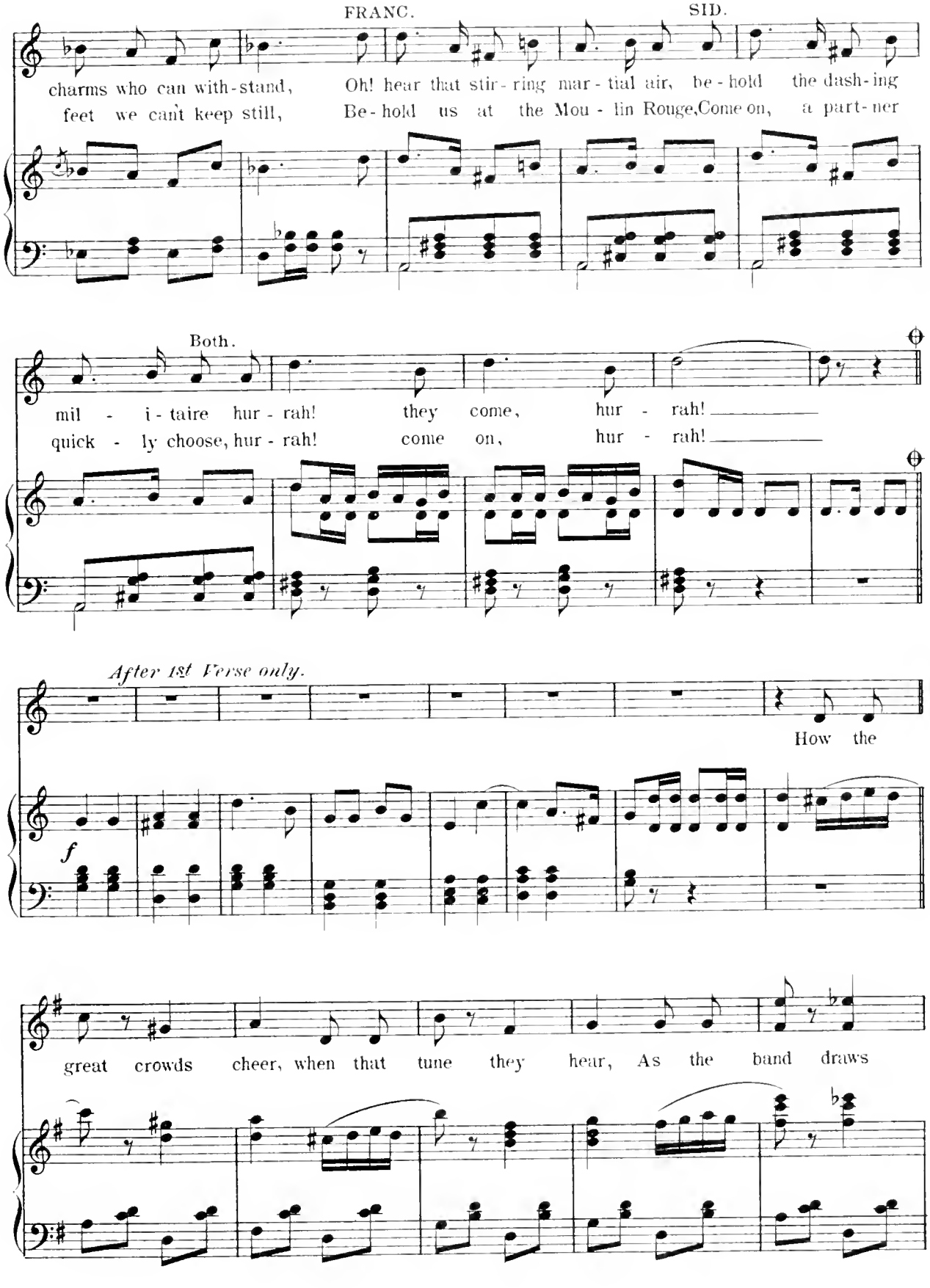
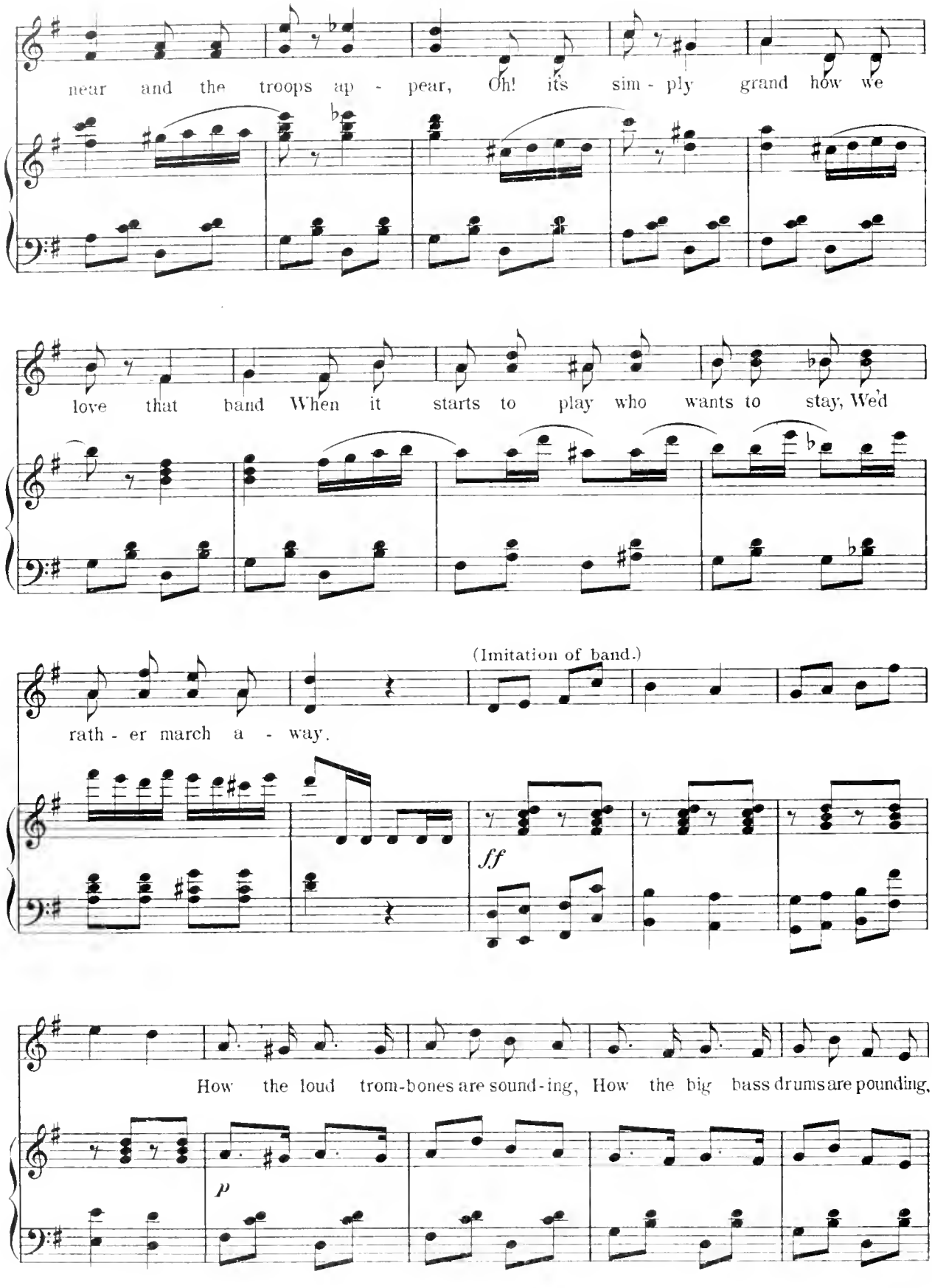
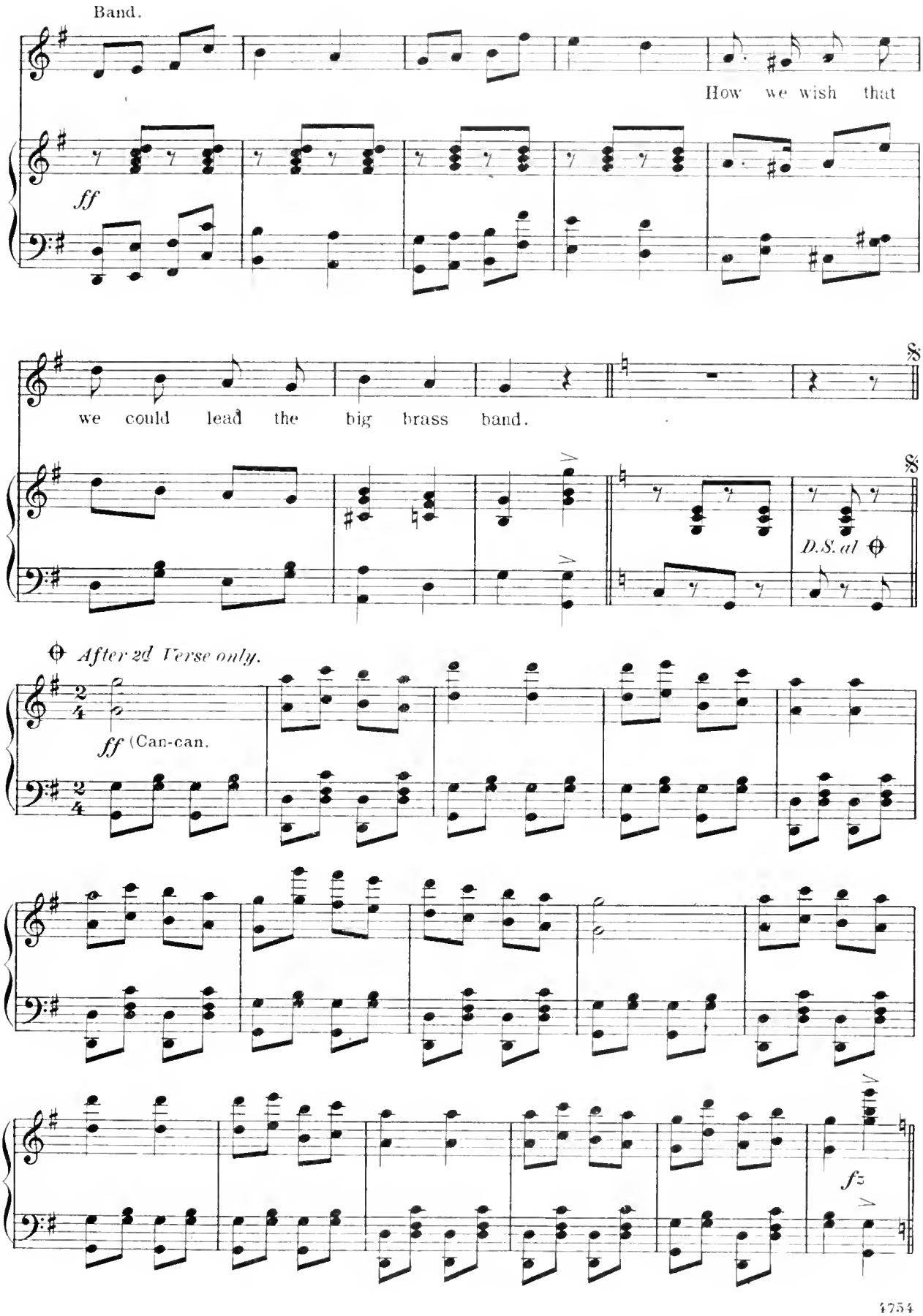
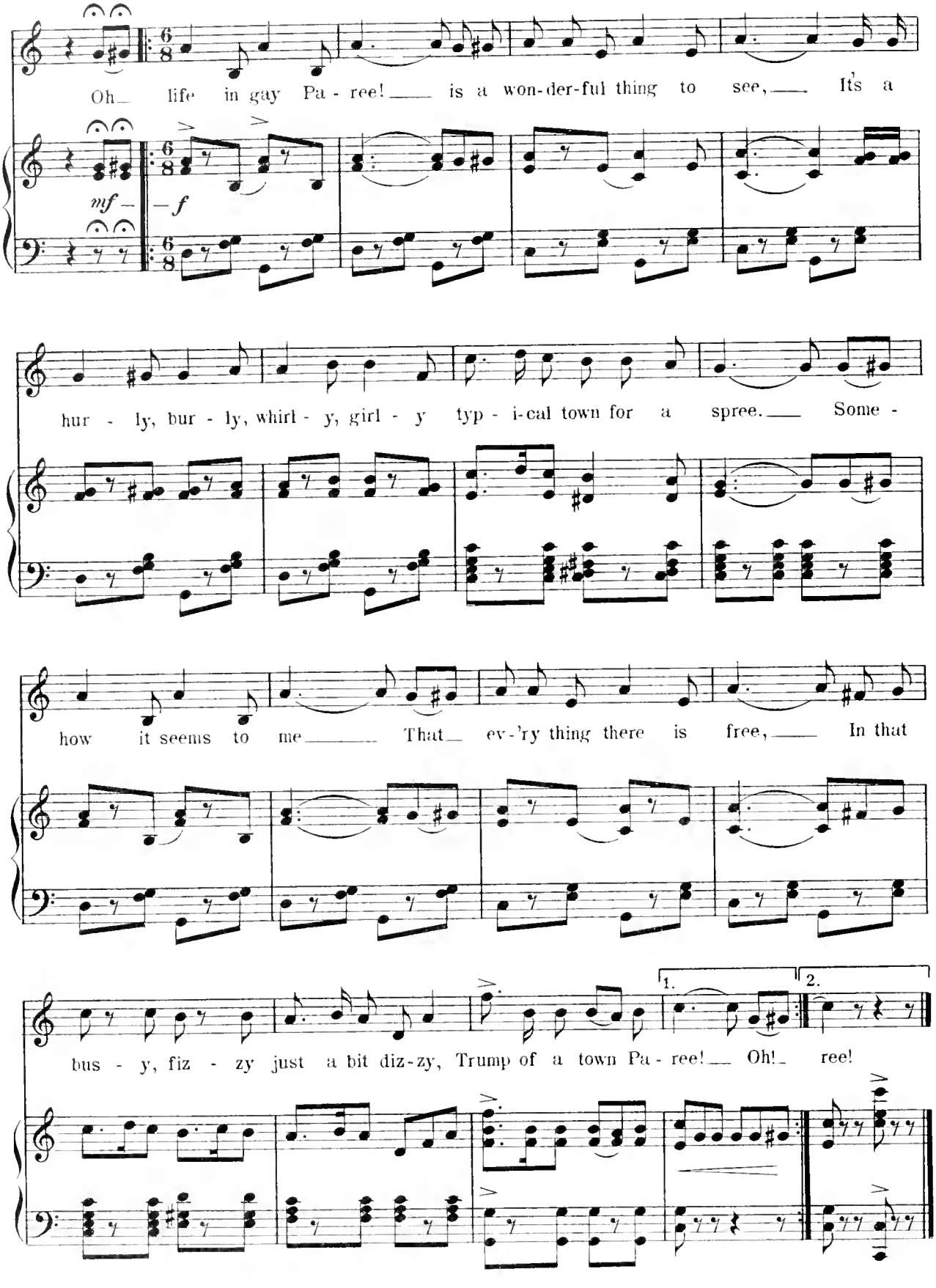

join the mer - ry show, In gay Pa - ree we soon will be so
that's the town for me, So let's a - way, for this de - lay is
jol - - - - ly. (SID.) A - long the street with danc - ing feet be -
fol - - - - ly. (FRAN.) At ev - 'ry dance of La Belle France, you'll
hold the gay gris - ettes, With jaun - ty air and forms so fair they're
find us in the van. Up - on the sly we like to try the
FRANC.
SID.
Cu - pid's own Ca - dets. And now here comes the band, It's
mer - ry mad Can - can. We love the French Qua - drille, Our


FRANC.
SID.
charms who can with-stand, Oh! hear that stir-ring mar-tial air, be-hold the dash-ing
feet we can't keep still, Be-hold us at the Mou-lin Rouge, Come on, a part-ner
Both.
mil - i-taire hur-rah! they come, hur - rah!
quick - ly choose, hur-rah! come on, hur - rah!
After 1st Verse only.
How the
f
great crowds cheer, when that tune they hear, As the band draws


near and the troops ap - pear, Oh! its sim - ply grand how we
love that band When it starts to play who wants to stay, We'd
(Imitation of band.)
rath - er march a - way.
ff
How the loud trom-bones are sound-ing, How the big bass drums are pounding,
p


Band.
How we wish that
ff
we could lead the big brass band.
D.S. al
After 2d Verse only.
ff (Can-can.
fz

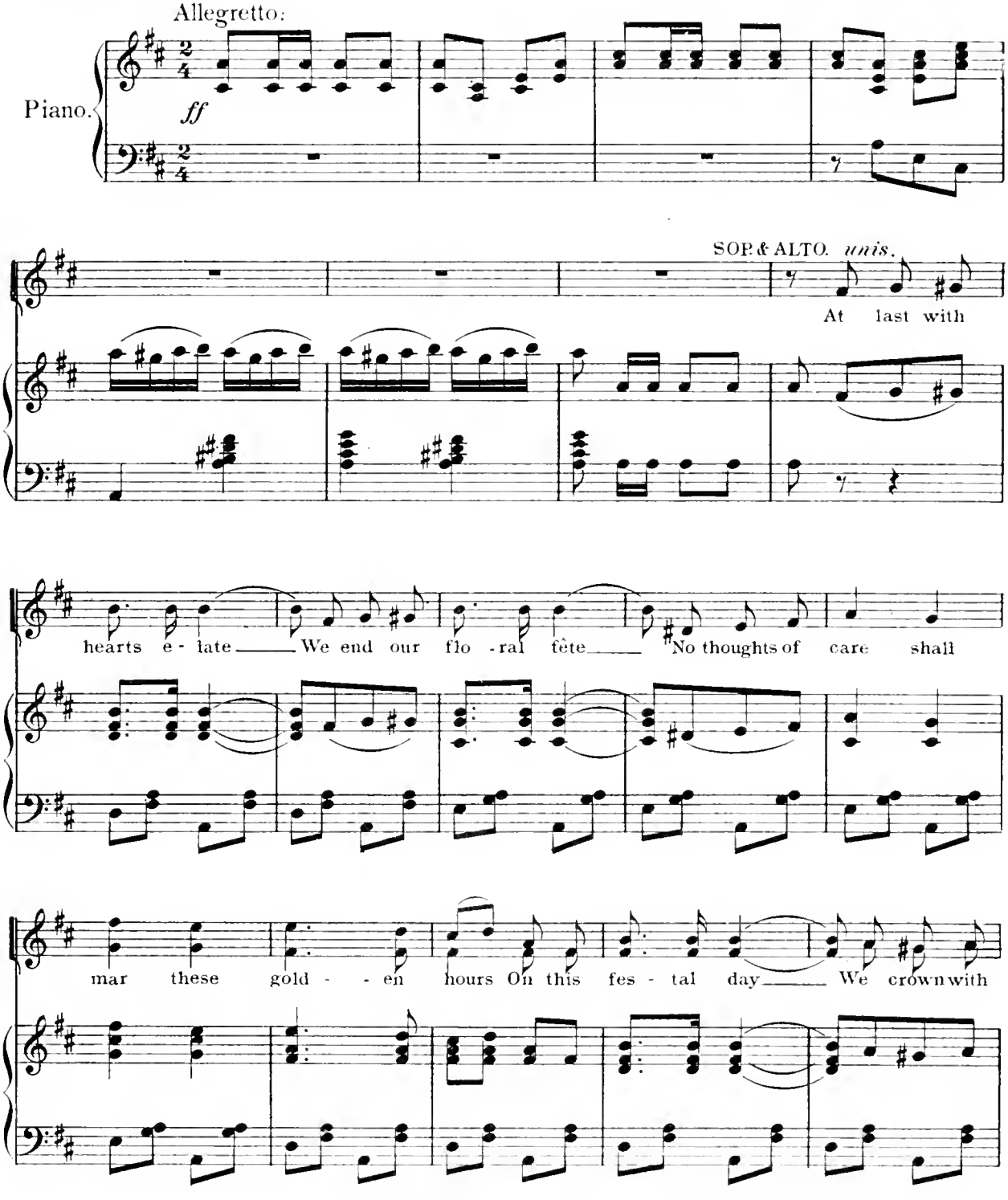

Oh_ life in gay Pa - ree!___ is a won-der-ful thing to see,___ It's a
mf
f
hur - ly, bur - ly, whirl - y, girl - y typ - i-cal town for a spree.___ Some -
how it seems to me_____ That_ ev-'ry thing there is free,___ In that
1.
2.
bus - y, fiz - zy just a bit diz-zy, Trump of a town Pa - ree!__ Oh!_ ree!

Flower Fête.

No 17.

Word by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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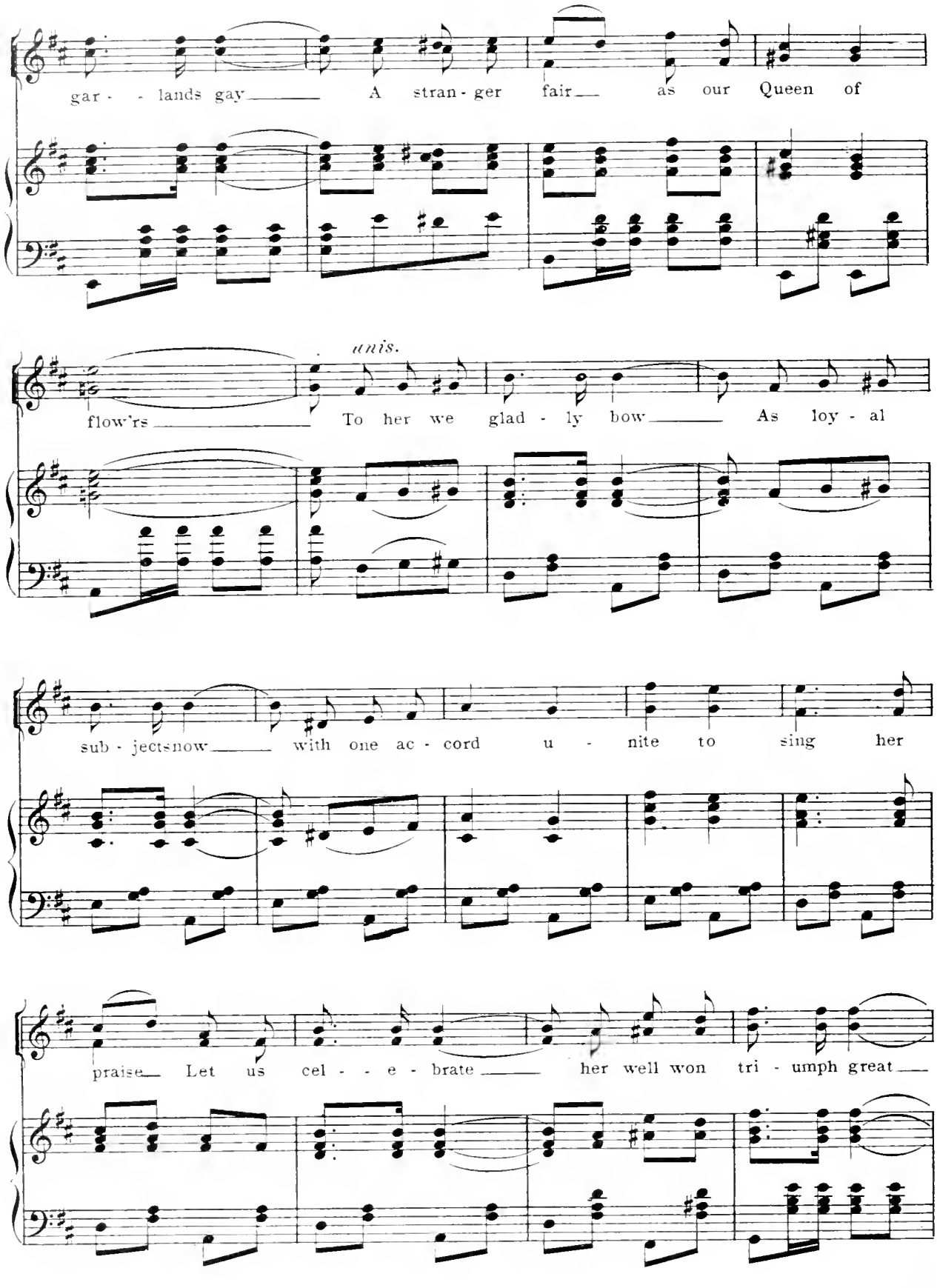
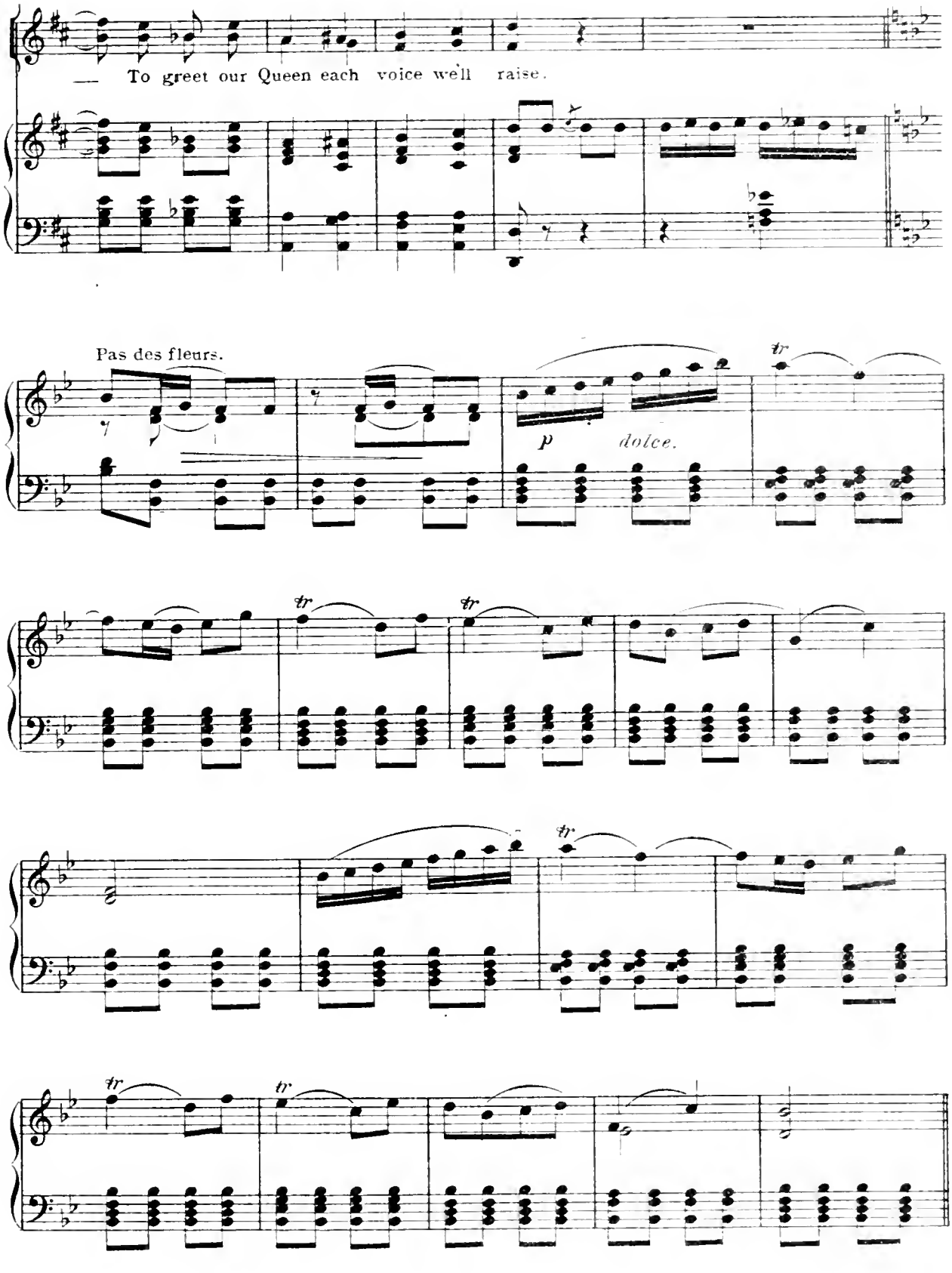
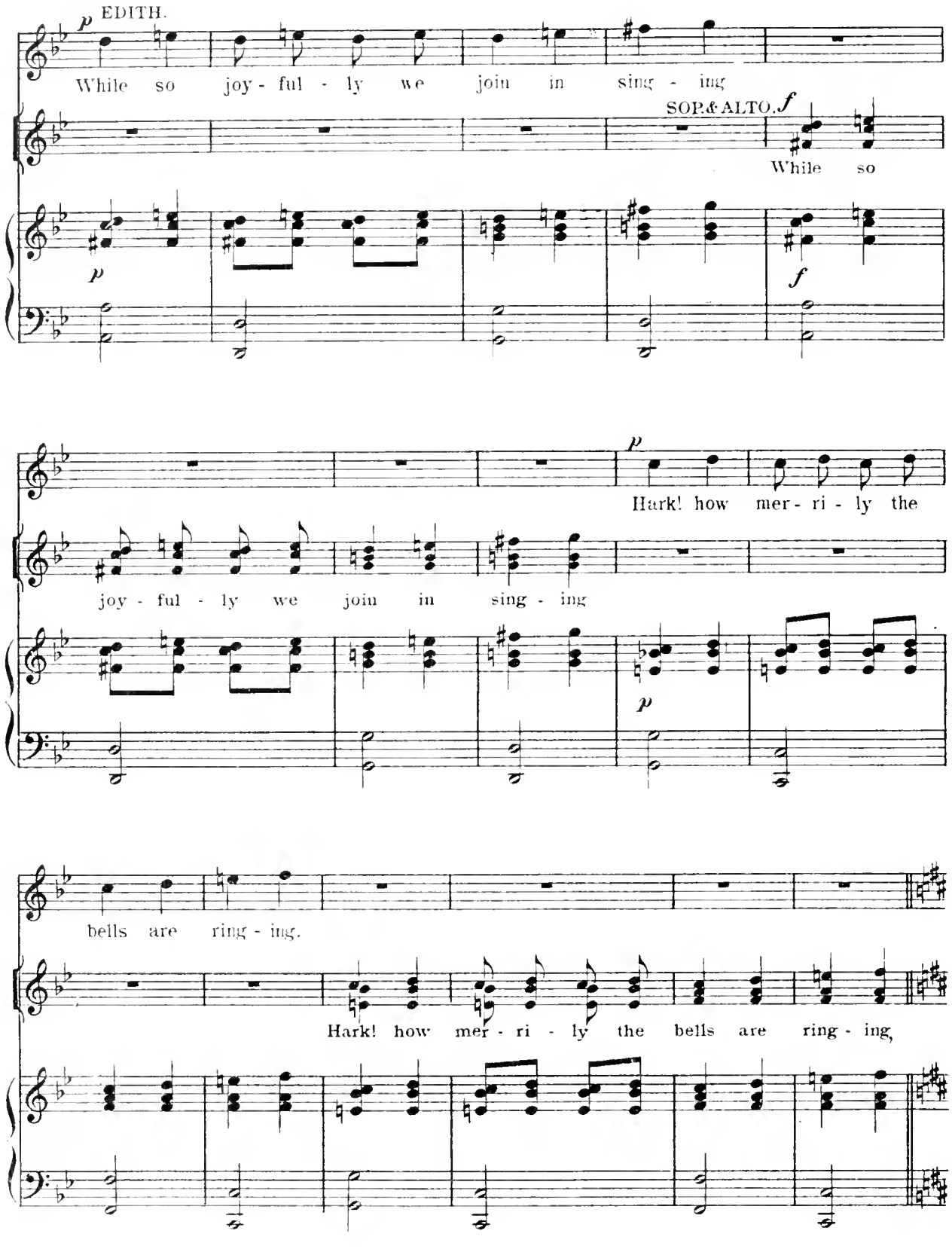
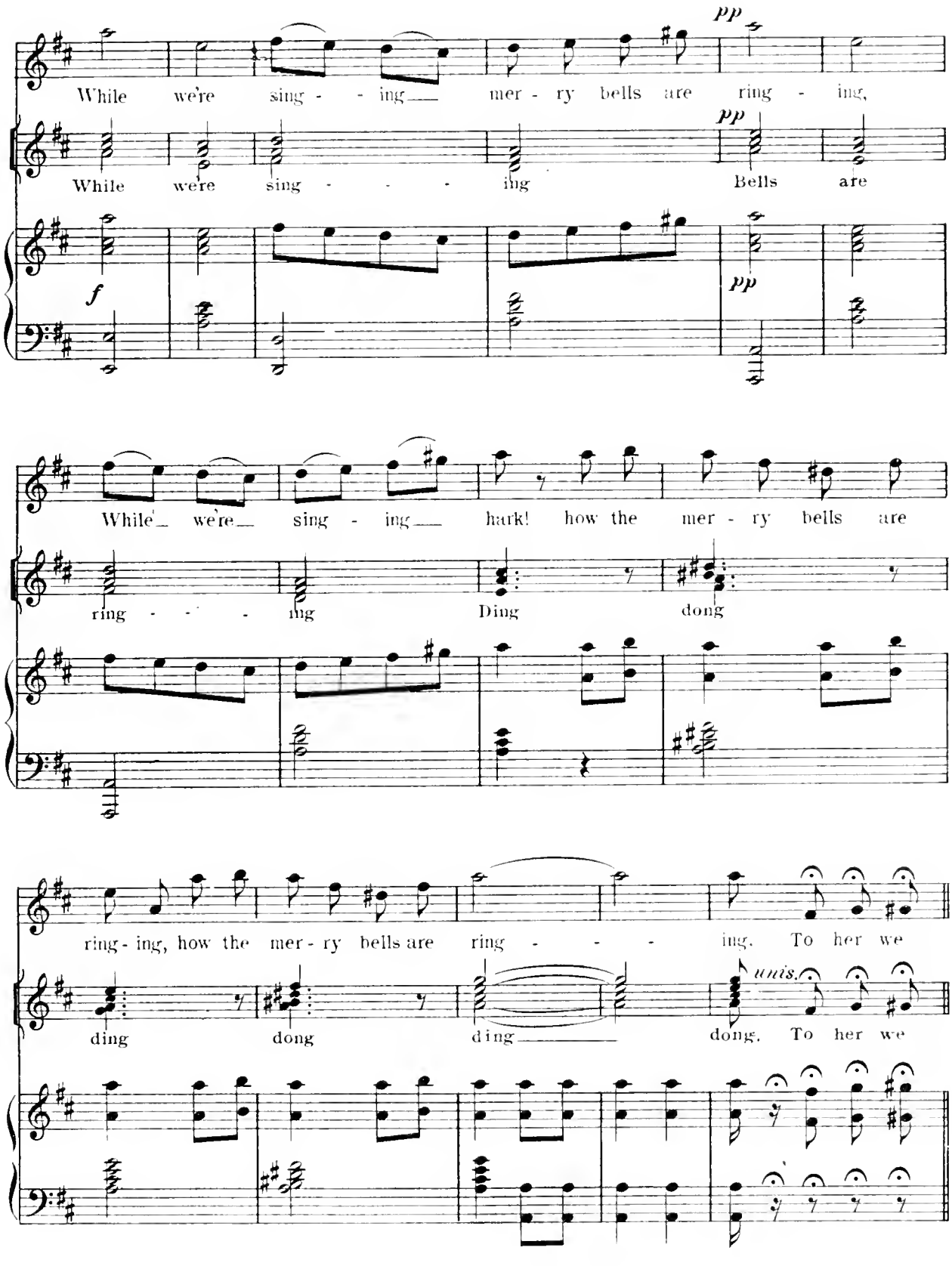
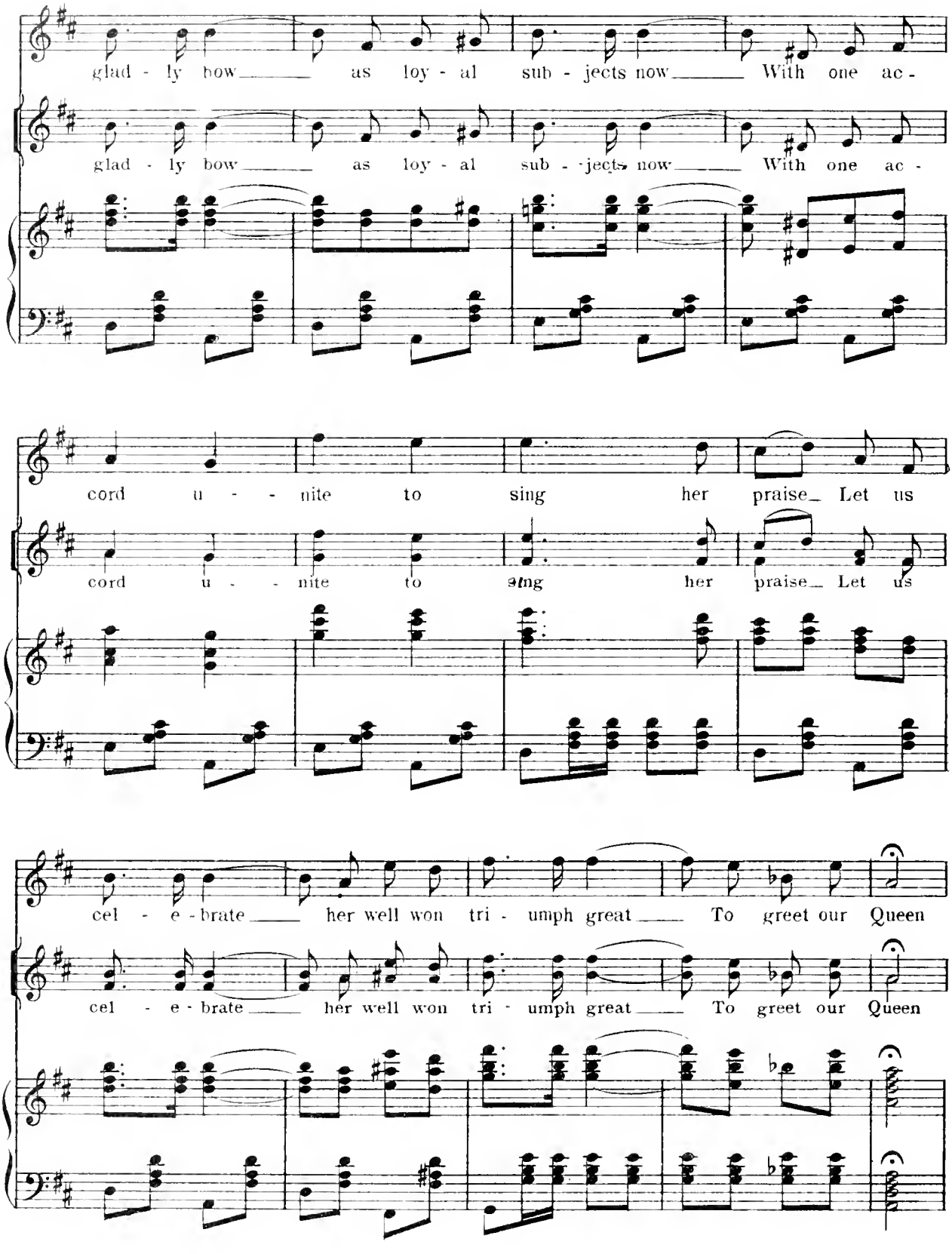
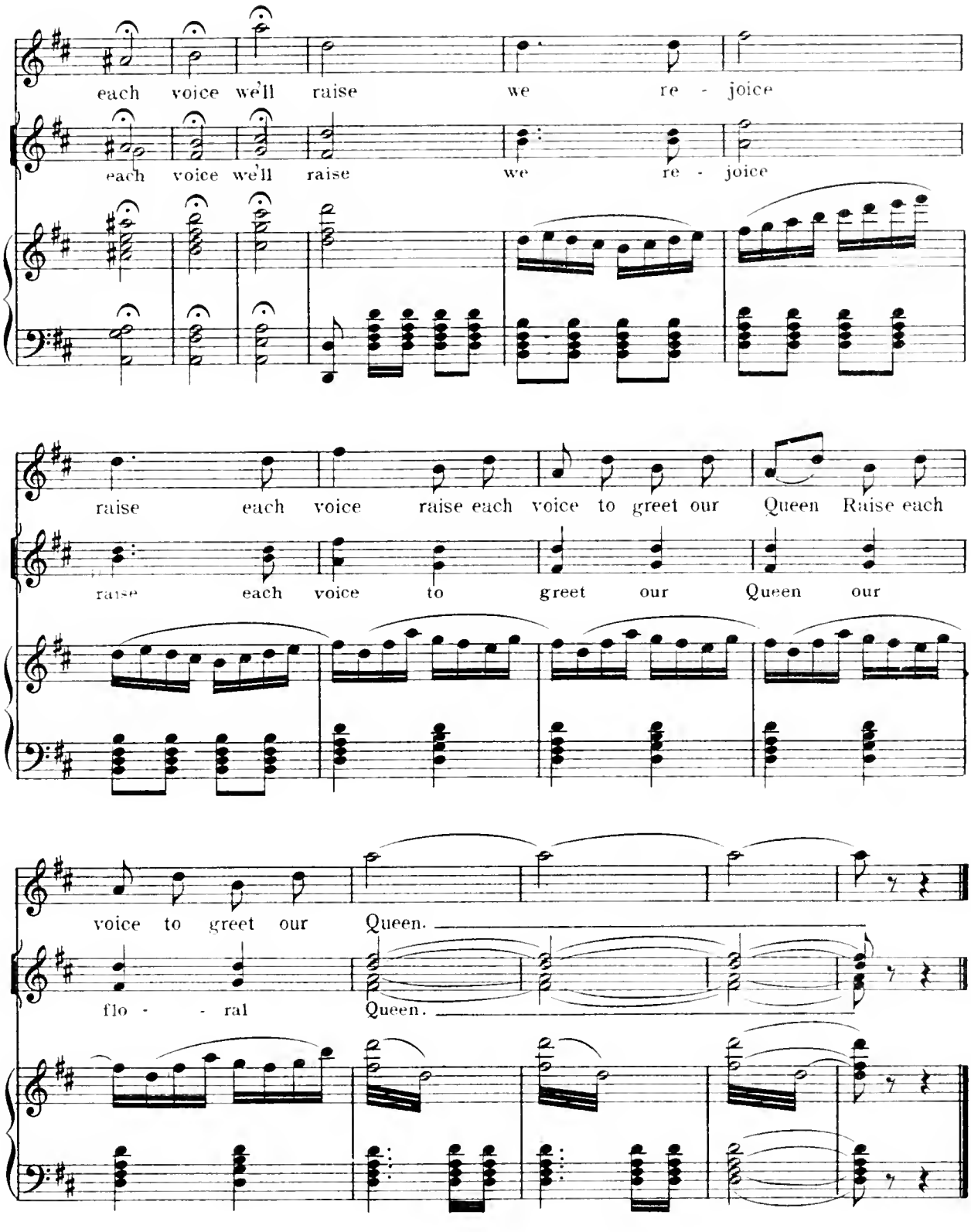

gar - - lands gay A stran - ger fair as our Queen of
unis.
flow'rs To her we glad - ly bow As loy - al
sub - jectsnow with one ac - cord u - nite to sing her
praise Let us cel - - e - brate her well won tri - umph great


— To greet our Queen each voice we'll raise.
Pas des fleurs.
p dolce.
tr


p EDITH.
While so joy - ful - ly we join in sing - ing
SOP.& ALTO. f
While so
p
f
p
Hark! how mer - ri - ly the
joy - ful - ly we join in sing - ing
p
bells are ring - ing.
Hark! how mer - ri - ly the bells are ring - ing,


While we're sing - - ing mer - ry bells are ring - ing,
While we're sing - - - - ing Bells are
pp
pp
pp
f
While we're sing - ing hark! how the mer - ry bells are
ring - - - ing Ding dong
ring - ing, how the mer - ry bells are ring - - - ing. To her we
ding dong ding dong. To her we
unis.


glad - ly bow as loy - al sub - jects now With one ac -
glad - ly bow as loy - al sub - jects now With one ac -
cord u - nite to sing her praise Let us
cord u - nite to sing her praise Let us
cel - e - brate her well won tri - umph great To greet our Queen
cel - e - brate her well won tri - umph great To greet our Queen


each voice we'll raise we re - joice
each voice we'll raise we re - joice
raise each voice raise each voice to greet our Queen Raise each
raise each voice to greet our Queen our
voice to greet our Queen.
flo - - ral Queen.

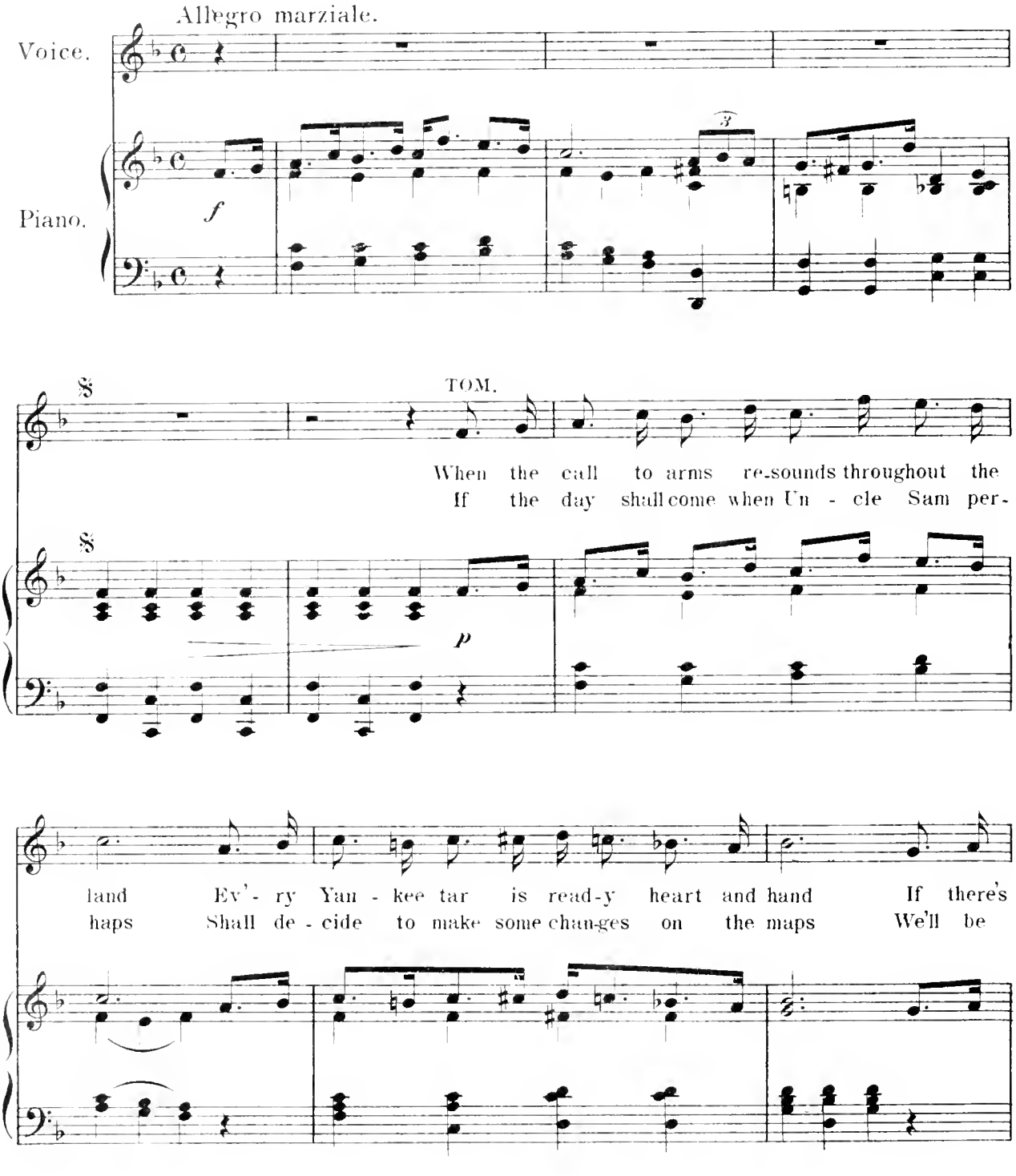
Fall In.

No 18.

Tom, Edith, Chorus of Marines and Ensemble.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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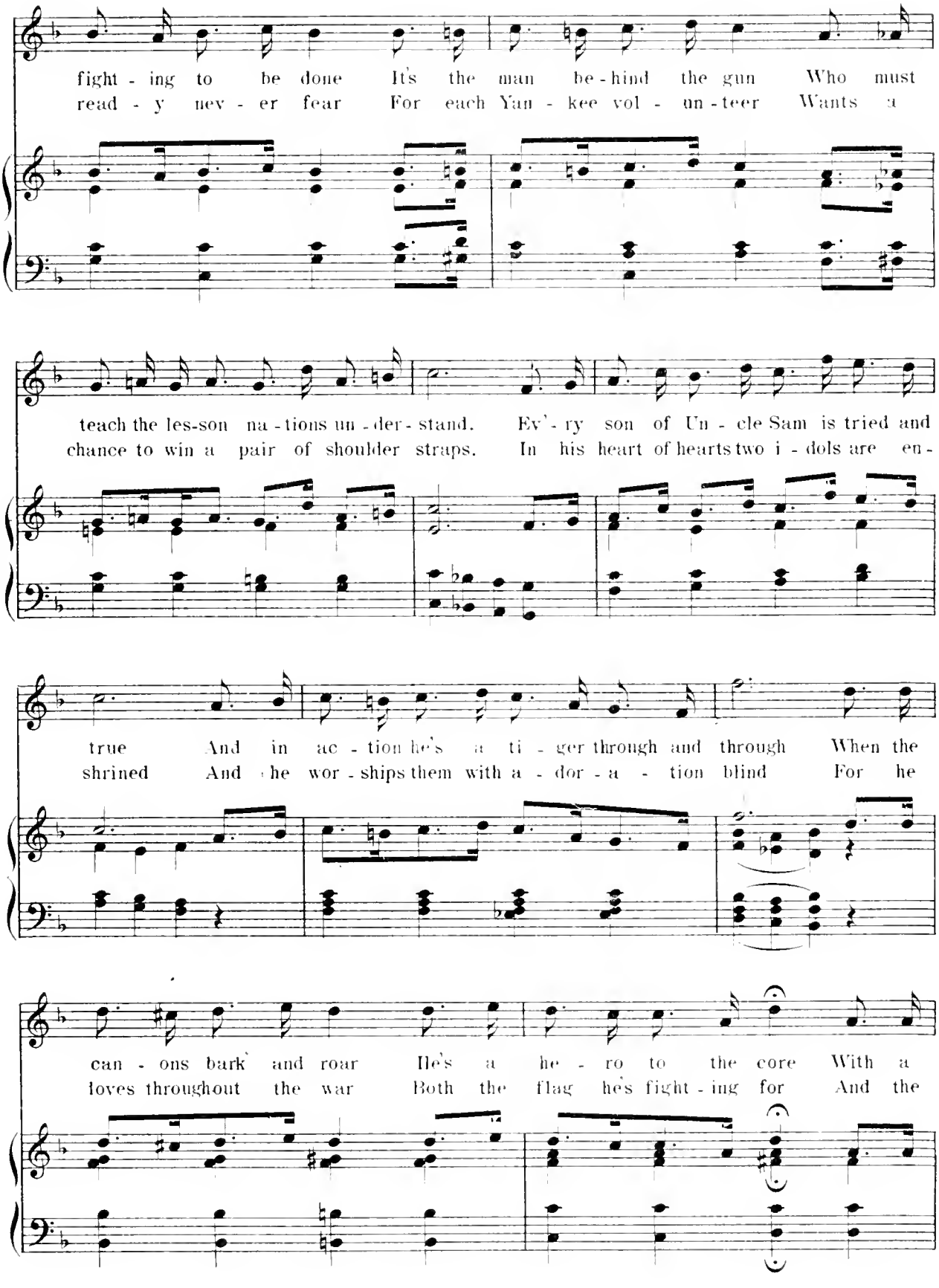
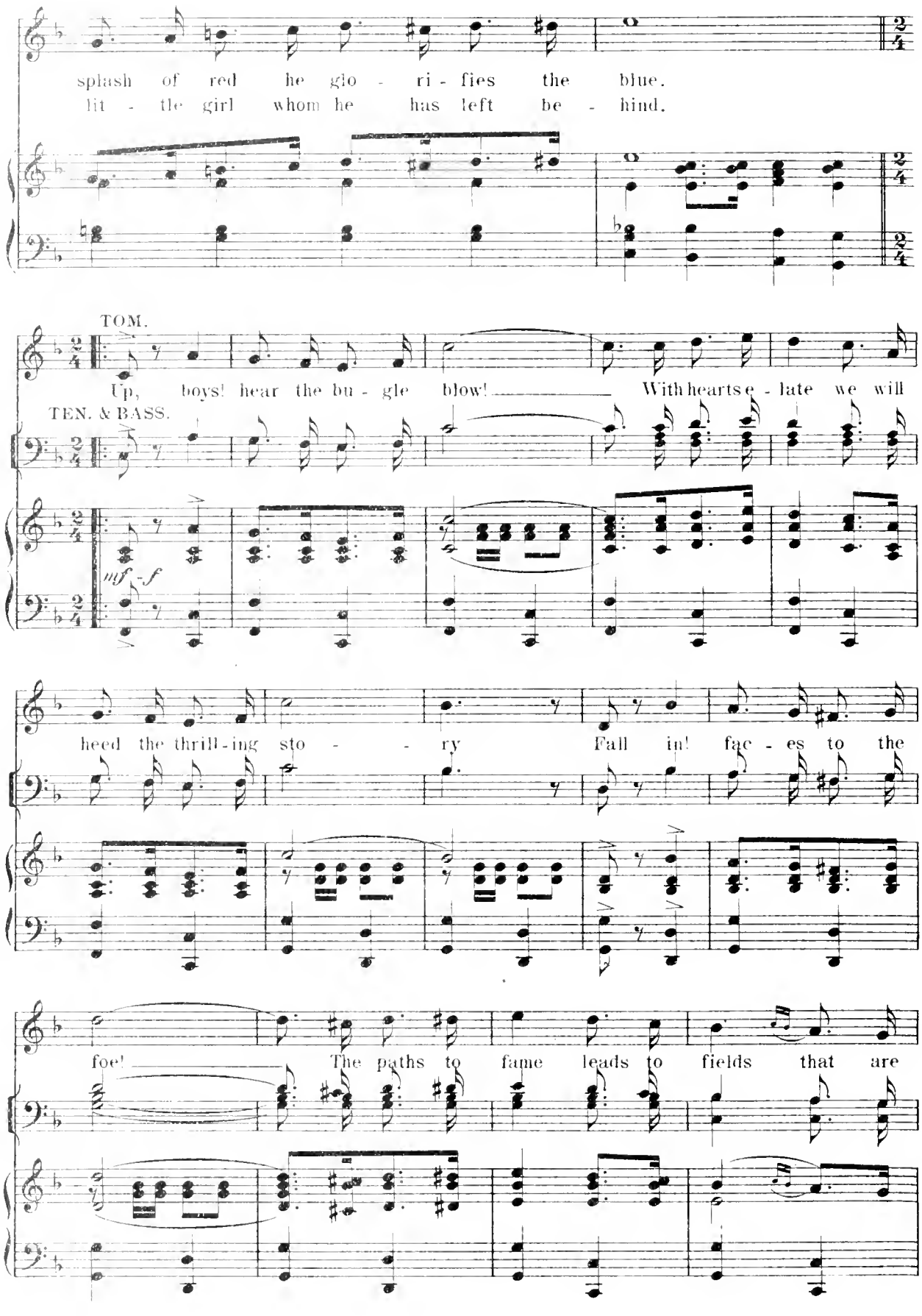
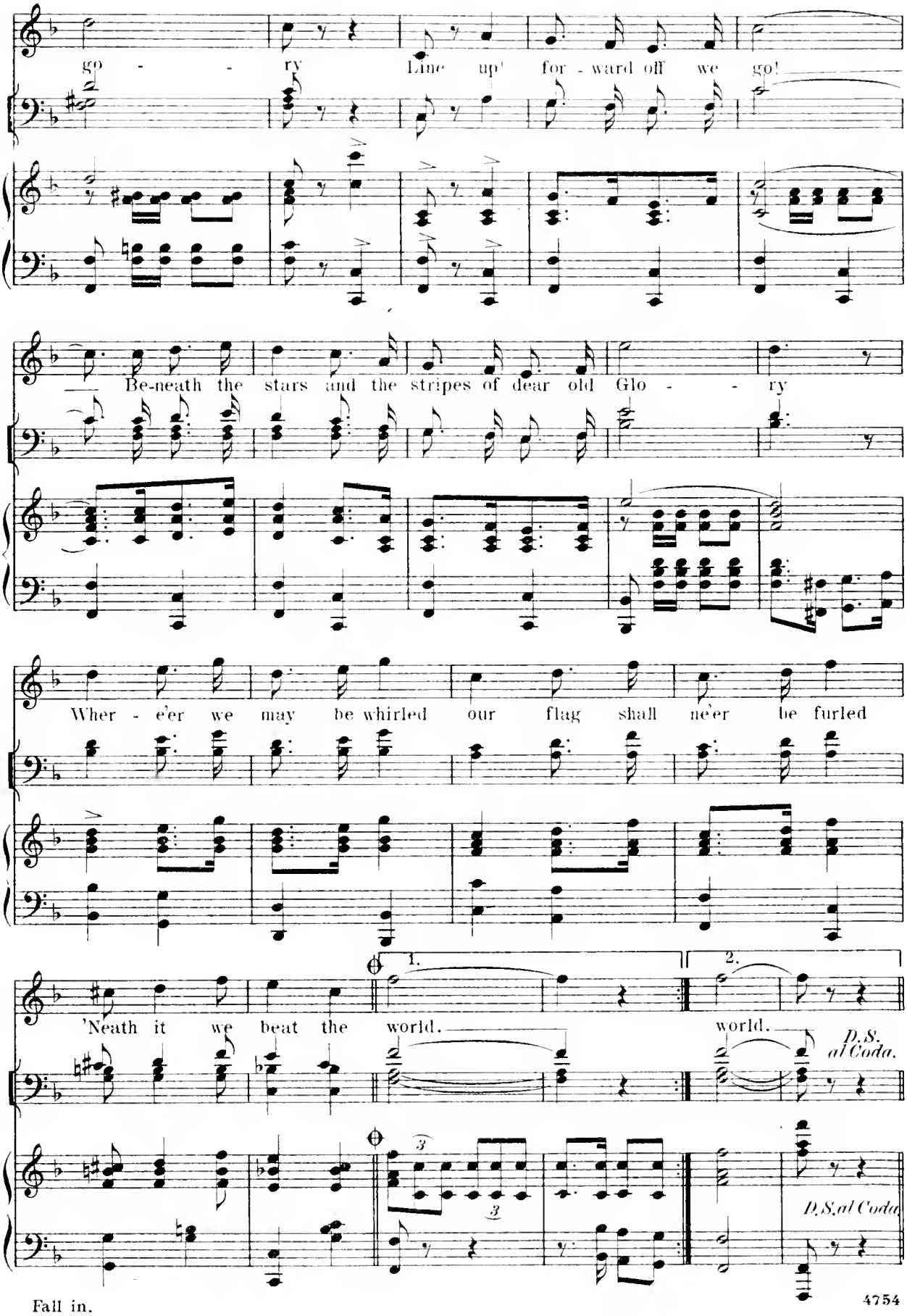
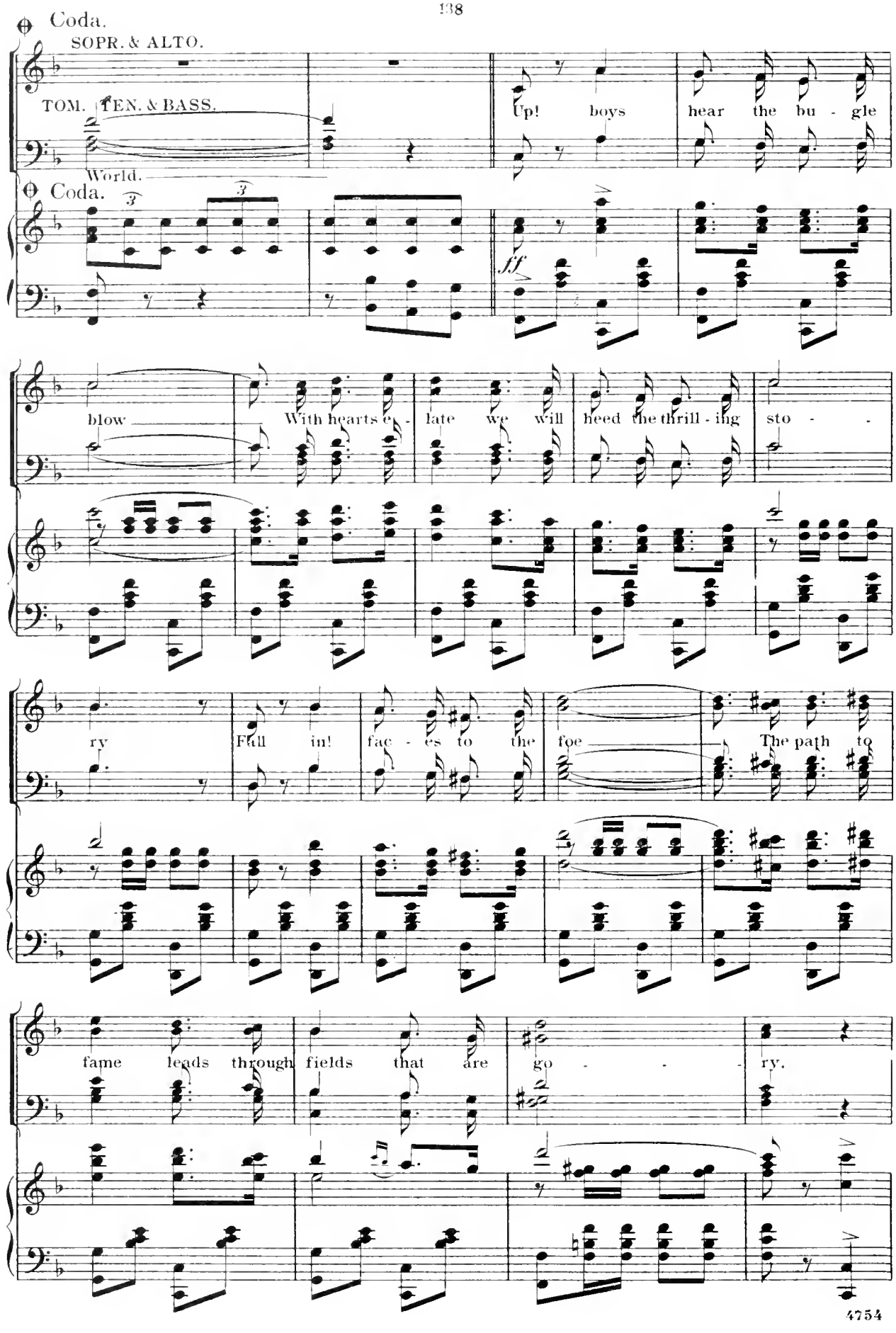
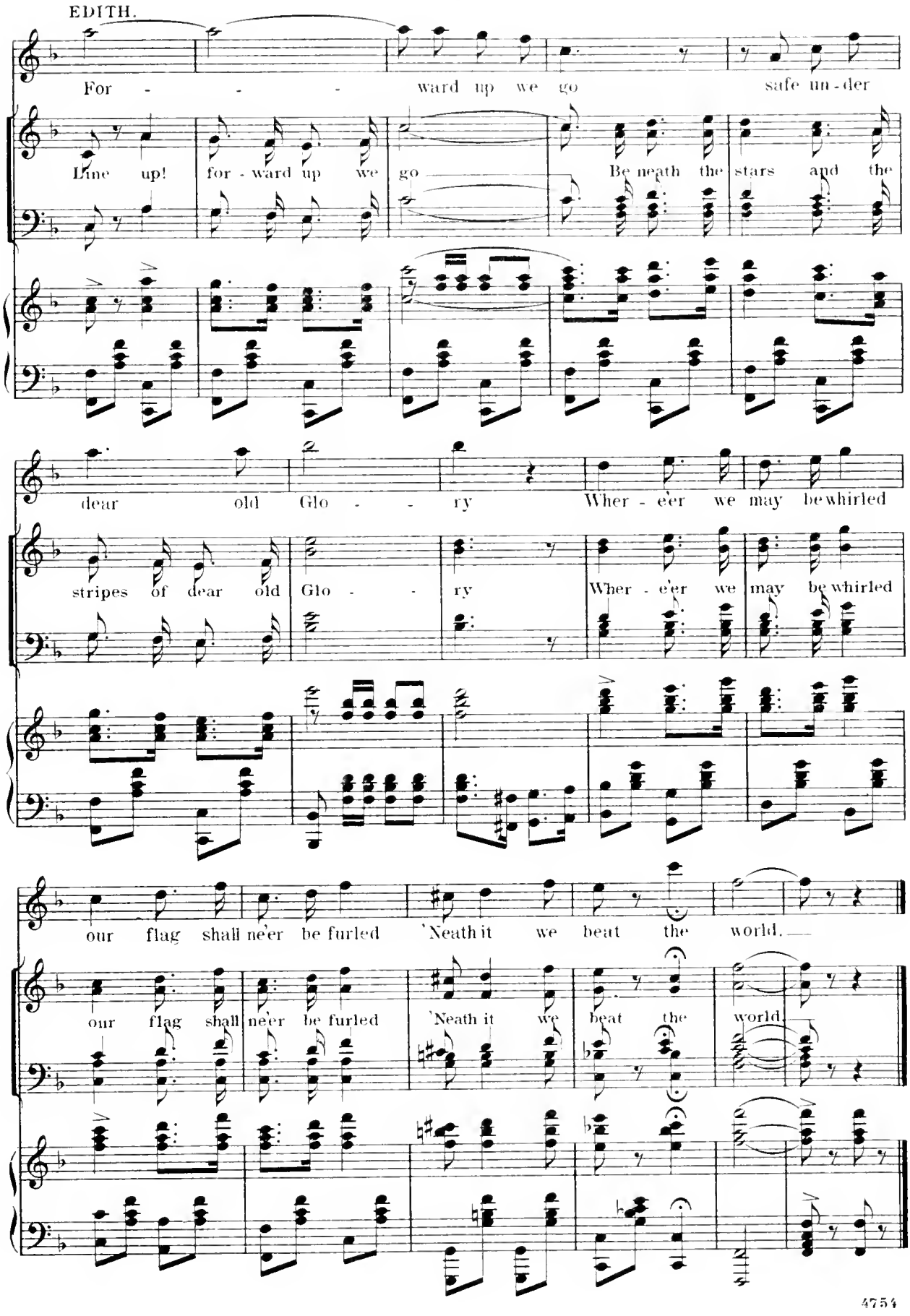

fight - ing to be done It's the man be - hind the gun Who must
read - y nev - er fear For each Yan - kee vol - un - teer Wants a
teach the les-son na - tions un - der - stand. Ev'- ry son of Un - cle Sam is tried and
chance to win a pair of shoulder straps. In his heart of hearts two i - dols are en -
true And in ac - tion he's a ti - ger through and through When the
shrined And he wor - ships them with a - dor - a - tion blind For he
can - ons bark and roar He's a he - ro to the core With a
loves throughout the war Both the flag he's fight - ing for And the


splash of red he glo - ri - fies the blue.
lit - tle girl whom he has left be - hind.
TOM.
Up, boys! hear the bu - gle blow! With hearts e - late we will
TEN. & BASS.
mf - f
heed the thrill - ing sto - - ry Fall in! fac - es to the
foe! The paths to fame leads to fields that are


go - - - ry Line up! for - ward off we go!
Be-neath the stars and the stripes of dear old Glo - - - ry
Wher - e'er we may be whirled our flag shall ne'er be furled
'Neath it we beat the world.
1.
2.
world.
D.S. al Coda.
D.S. al Coda

Fall in.


Coda.
SOPR. & ALTO.
TOM. TEN. & BASS.
Up! boys hear the bu - gle
World.
Coda.
ff
blow
With hearts e - late we will heed the thrill - ing sto - -
ry
Fall in! fac - es to the foe
The path to
fame leads through fields that are go - - - ry.

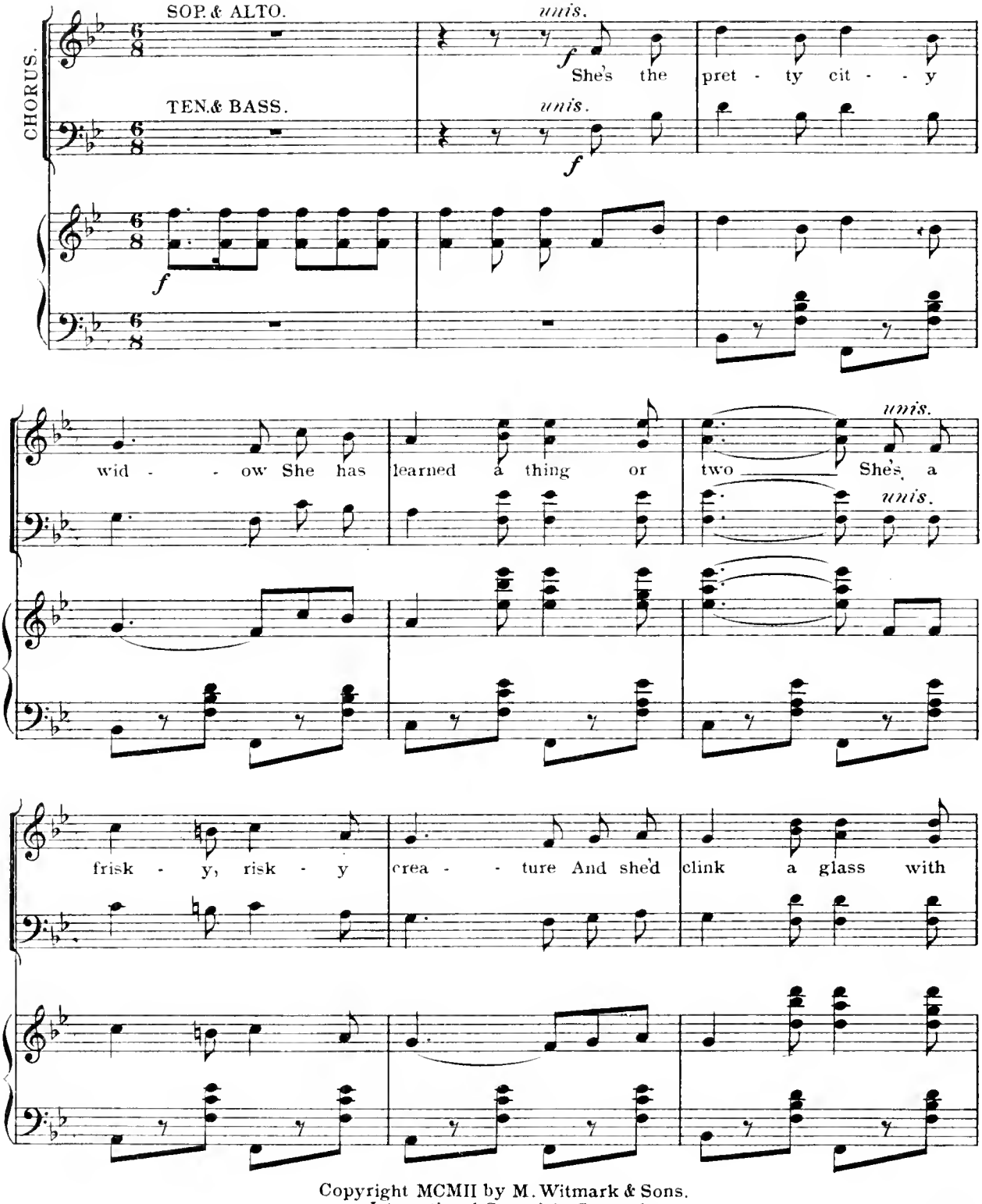

EDITH.
For - - - ward up we go safe un-der
Line up! for-ward up we go Be neath the stars and the
dear old Glo - - ry Wher-e'er we may be whirled
stripes of dear old Glo - - ry Wher-e'er we may be whirled
our flag shall ne'er be furled 'Neath it we beat the world.
our flag shall ne'er be furled 'Neath it we beat the world.

Finale II.

No. 19.

Words by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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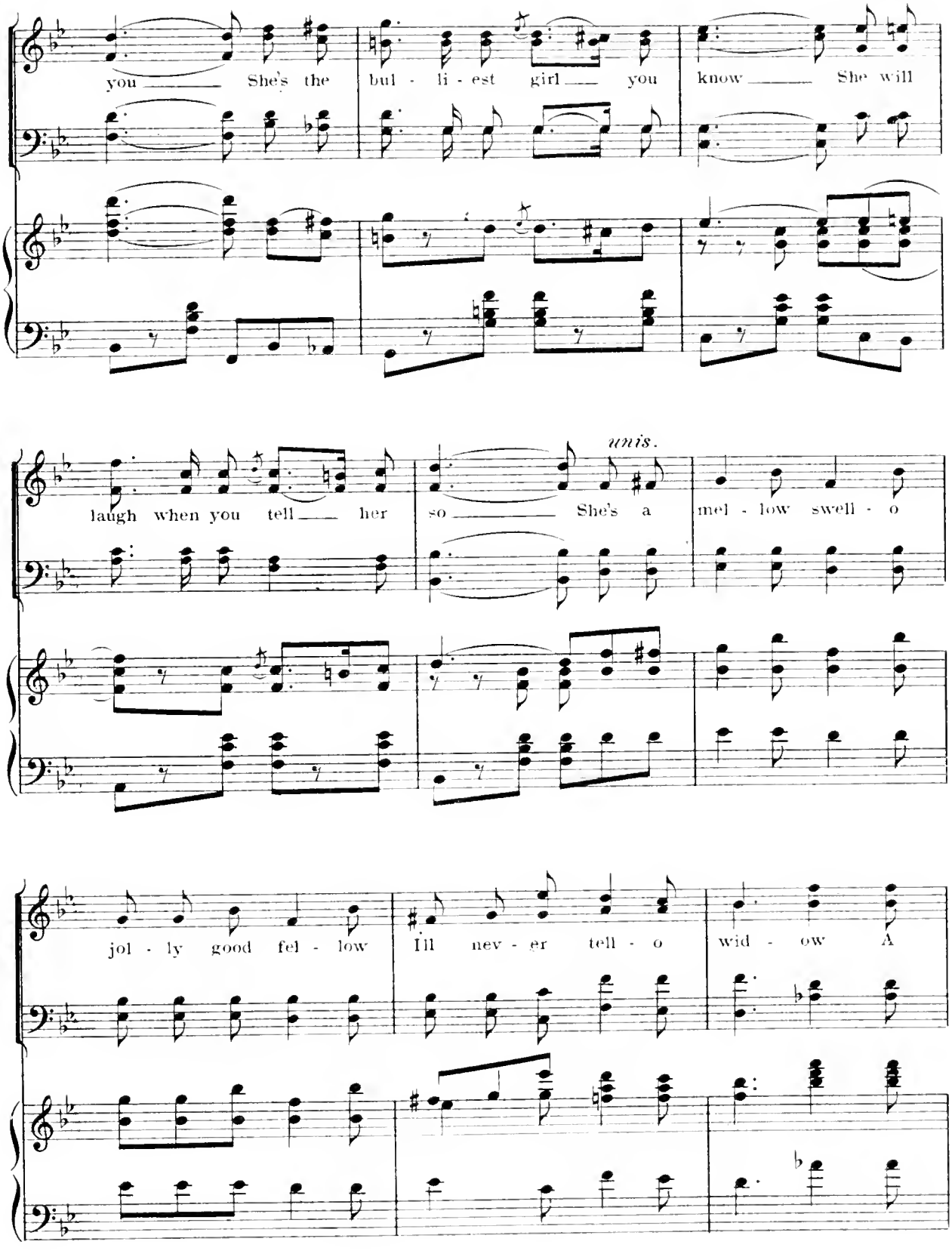
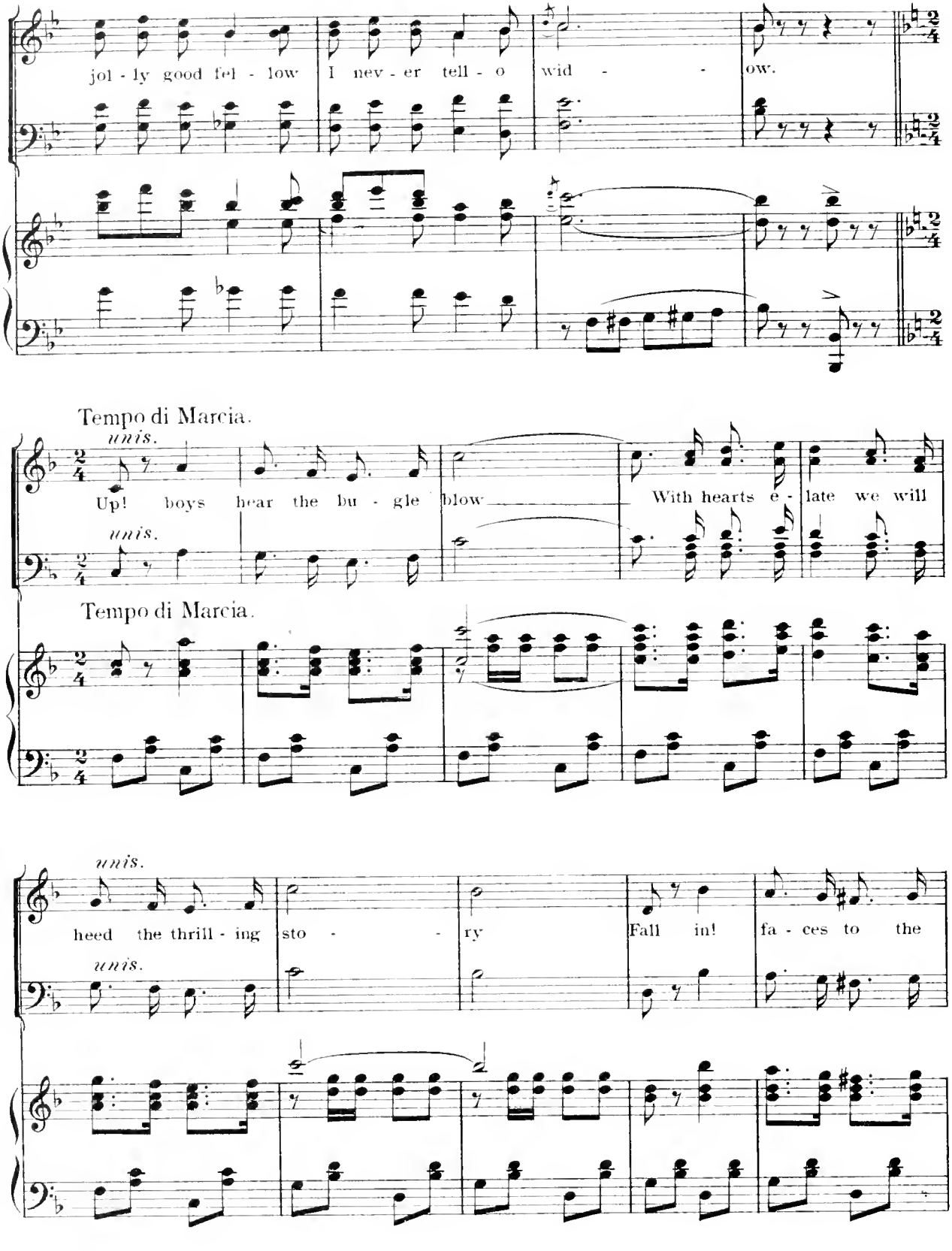
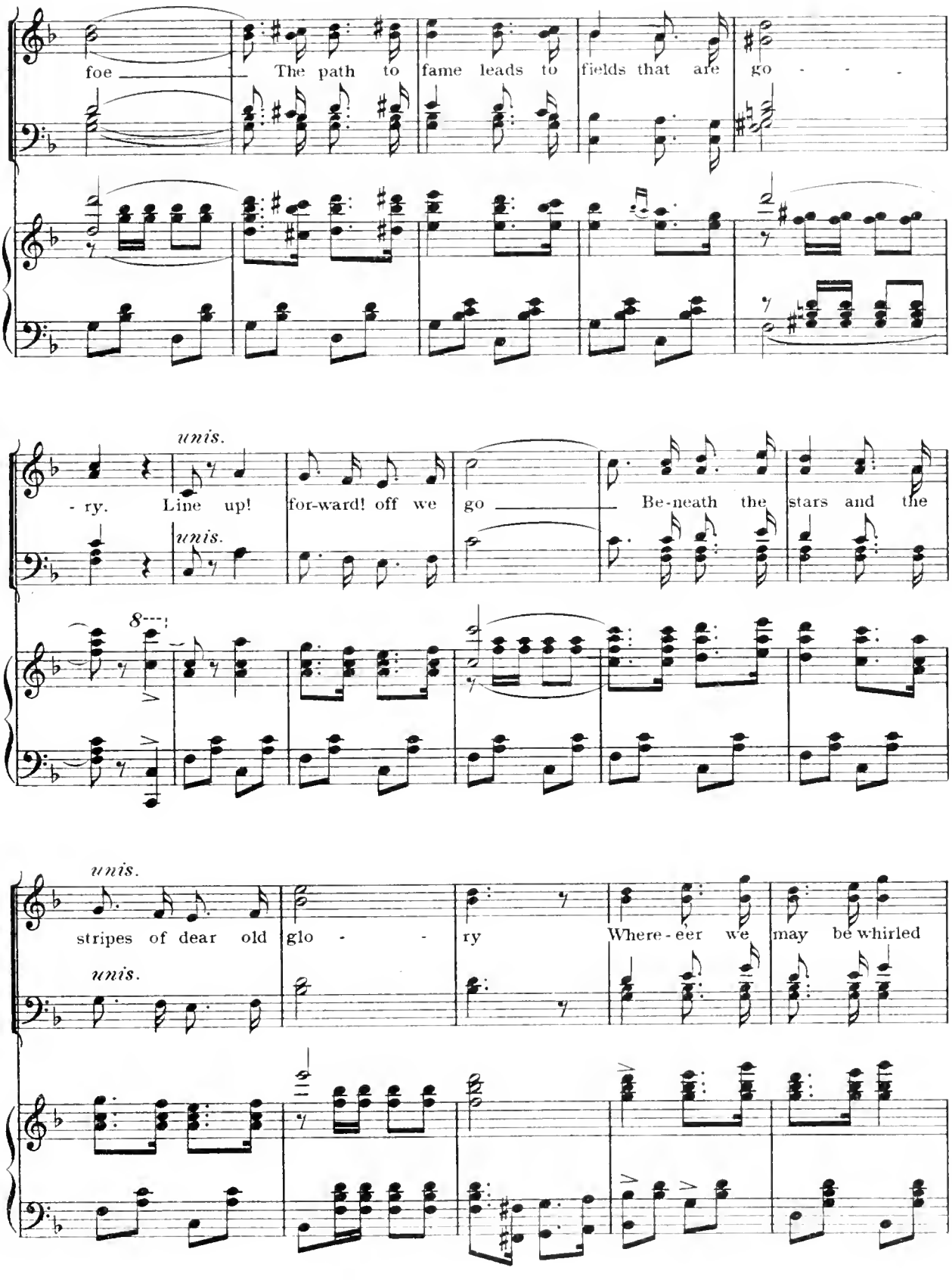
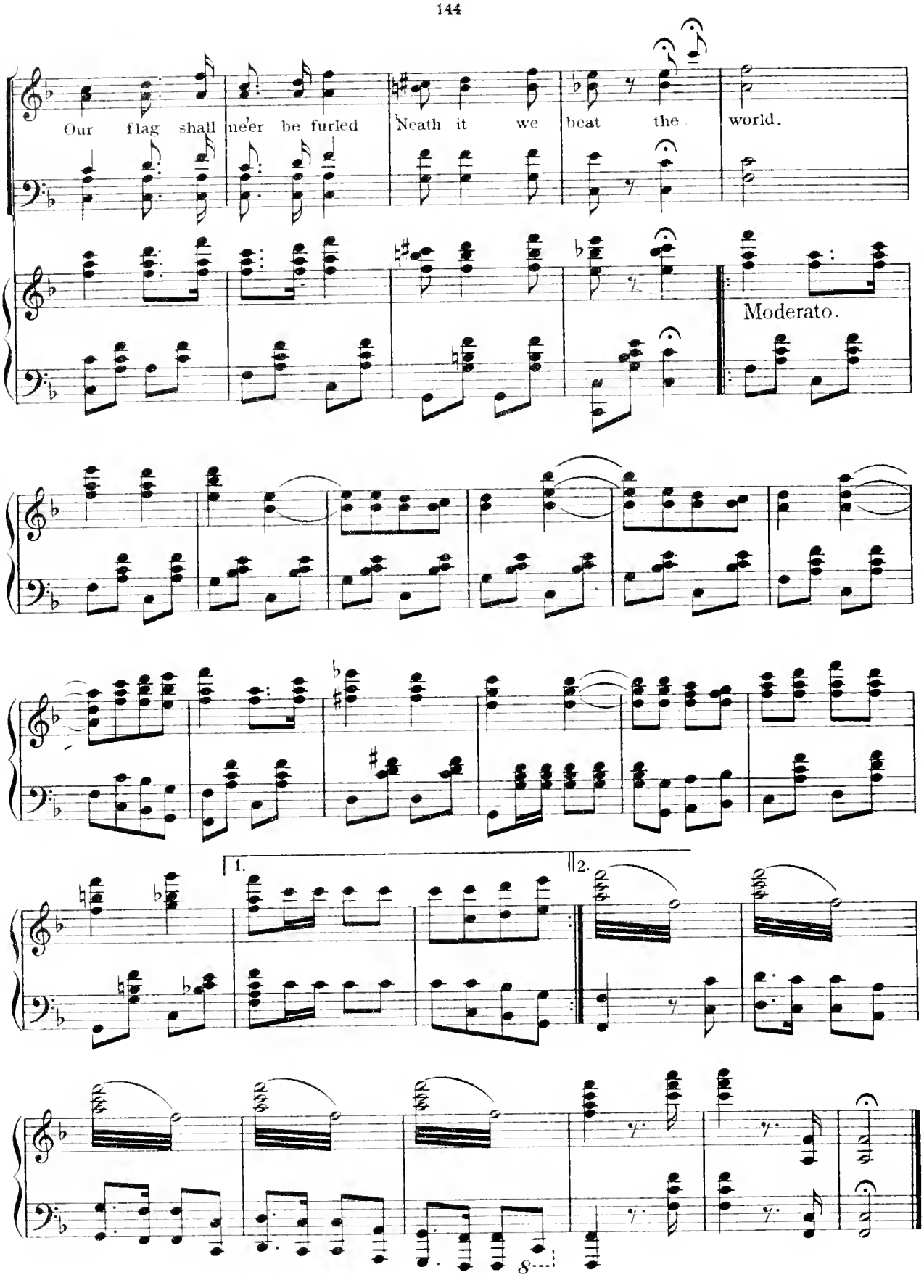

you She's the bul - li - est girl you know She will
laugh when you tell her
unis.
so She's a mel - low swell - o
jol - ly good fel - low I'll nev - er tell - o wid - ow A


jol - ly good fel - low
I nev - er tell - o
wid - - - ow.
Tempo di Marcia.
unis.
Up! boys hear the bu - gle blow
With hearts e - late we will
unis.
Tempo di Marcia.
unis.
heed the thrill - ing sto - - - ry
Fall in! fa - ces to the
unis.


foe
The path to fame leads to fields that are go - - -
unis.
- ry. Line up! for-ward! off we go
Be-neath the stars and the
8
unis.
stripes of dear old glo - - -
ry
Where-e'er we may be whirled
unis.


Our flag shall ne'er be furled
Neath it we beat the world.
Moderato.
1.
2.

PTLP Review:

- Brittle
- Acid Free

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