FAUST UP TO DATE

Opera Burlesque

written by GEO. R. SIMS & HENRY PETTITT

edited by HOWARD PAUL of NEW YORK

The Pianoforte accompaniment arranged by MARTYN VAN LENNEP of BOSTON, U.S.A

MUSIC BY

MEYER LUTZ

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by Martyn Van Lennep, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

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WILLIAM A. POND & Co., 25, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

NEW SONGS

BY

POPULAR COMPOSERS.

	Words by	Music by	s.	d.
Love's Proving . .	*F. E. Weatherly* .	*F. N. Löhr* .	4	0
Turn, time, turn . .	*Arthur Chapman* .	*L. Denza* .	4	0
Marjorie	*W. E. Kendall* .	*F. Allitsen* .	4	0
'Tis all that I can say	*Tom Hood* .	*Hope Temple* .	4	0
Fidelis	*Adelaide Proctor* .	*Henri Logé* .	4	0
What is Love. . .	*Lestocq* - .	*J. M. Capel* .	4	0
Afloat . . .	*Written and Composed by*	*Michael Watson*	4	0
Guiding Light . .	*Clifton Bingham* .	*John Henry* .	4	0
Nocturne	*Ellis Walton* .	*L. Denza* .	4	0
Rest to the Weary .	*Arthur Chapman* .	*Ciro Pinsuti* .	4	0
Unto thy Heart . . (With Violin Obligato).	*Victor Hugo* .	*F. Allitsen* .	4	0
Auntie's Rose. . .	*F. E. Weatherly* .	*F. N. Löhr* .	4	0
In Arcady . . .	*W. Toynbee* .	*A. Hervey* .	4	0
The Beauteous Land .	*E. Oxenford* .	*Armstrong* .	4	0
I Love Thee . . .	*Tom Hood* .	*F. Cowen* ,	4	0
Love Defiant . . .	*E. Oxenford* .	*Harvey Löhr* .	4	0
So do I love thee .	*C. Lorraine* .	*Van Lennep* .	4	0

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E. ASCHERBERG & CO., 46, BERNERS STREET, W.

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G. A. Conover

20

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FINALE.

Characters.

MEPHISTOPHELES	MR. E. J. LONNEN.
VALENTINE	MR. GEORGE STONE.
OLD FAUST	MR. E. H. HASLEM.
LORD CHANCELLOR	MR. HARRY PARKER.
SCHELTZER	MR. CHARLES ROSS.
FAUST	MISS VIOLET CAMERON.
SIEBEL	MISS FANNY ROBINA.
DONNER	MISS MAUD HOBSON.
WAGNER	MISS ALICE YOUNG.
BLITZEN	MISS LEILA WILSON.
KATRINA	MISS EVA GREVILLE.
LISA	MISS FLORENCE LEVEY.
ELSA	MISS LILLIAN PRICE.
HILDA	MISS MAUDE WILMOT.
VIVANDIÈRE	MISS MABEL LOVE.
SCWANK	MISS HELEN CAPET.
MARTHA	MISS MARIA JONES.
WAITRESSES	MISS EMILY ROBINA.
	MISS MINNIE ROSS.
AND	
MARGUERITE	MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

CROWD, CHORUS, WAITER.

Synopsis of Scenery.

ACT I.

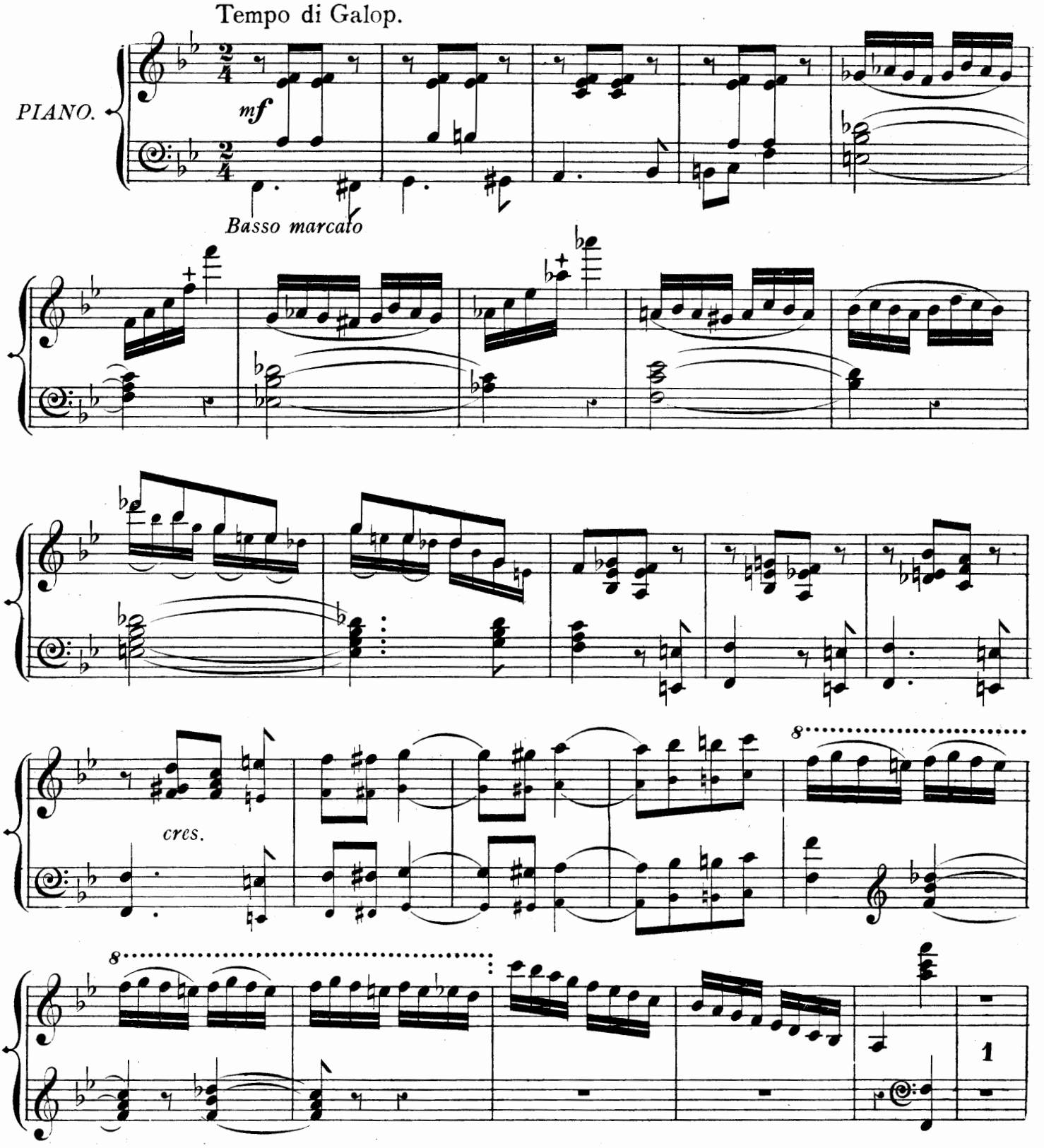
SCENE 1.—THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION GROUNDS (NUREMBERG)	*T. E. Ryan.*
SCENE 2.—THE GARDEN	*T. E. Ryan.*

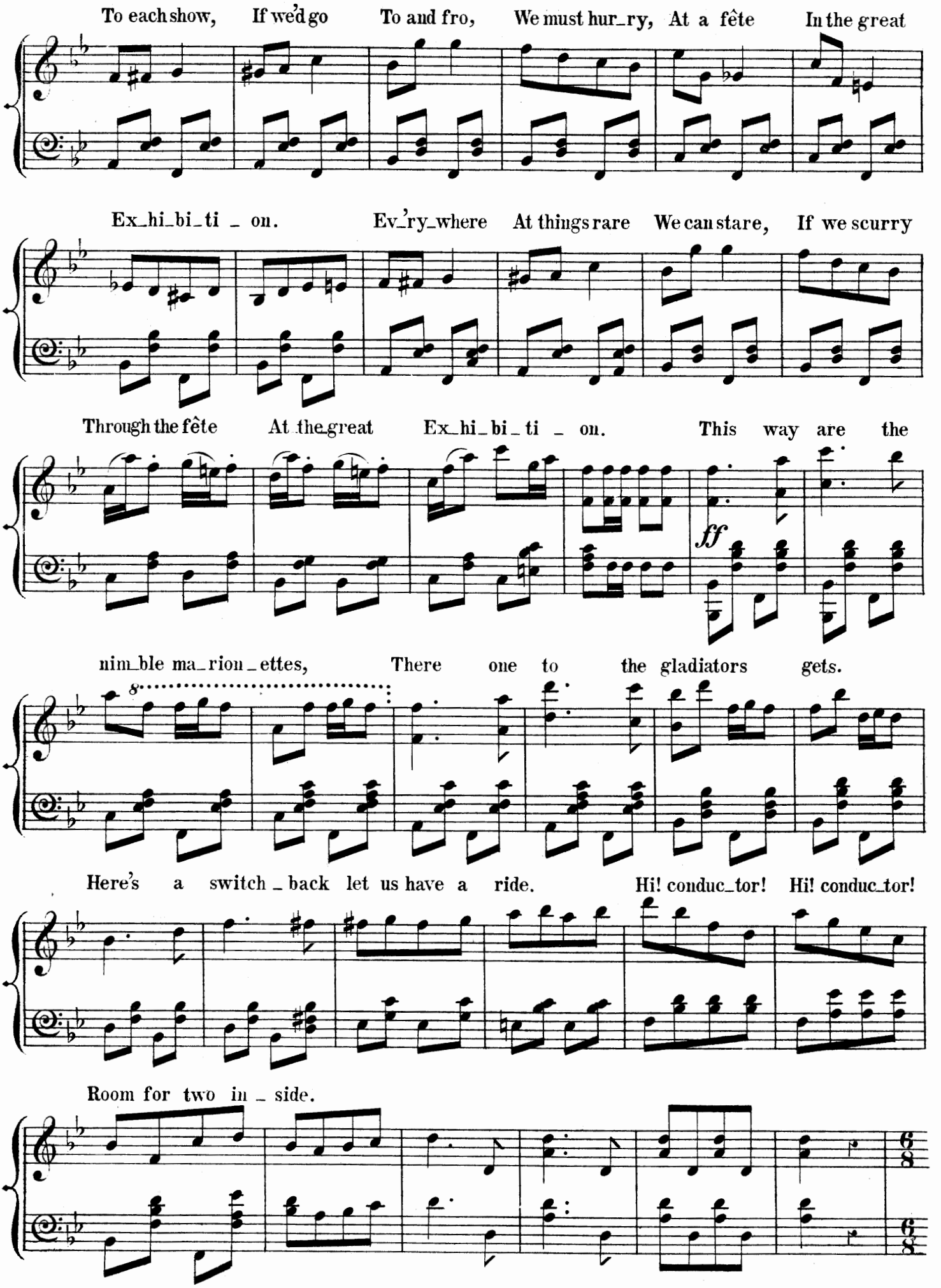
ACT II.

SCENE.—NUREMBURG SQUARE	*W. Telbin.*

Act 1.

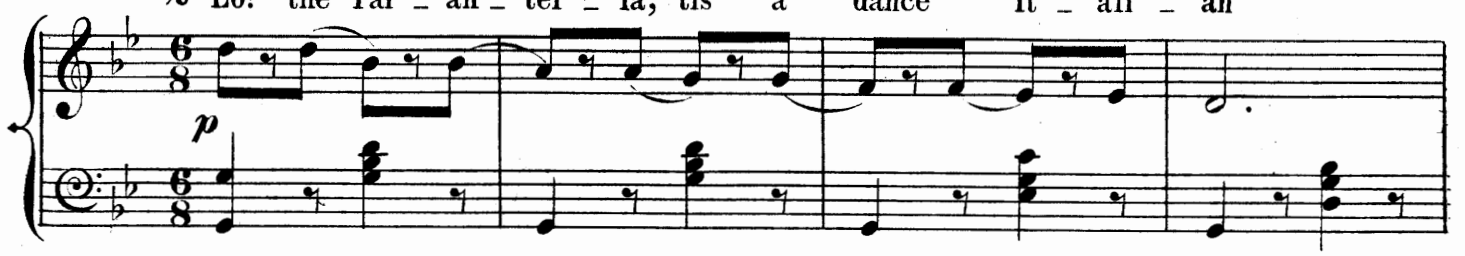
TARANTELLA CHORUS.



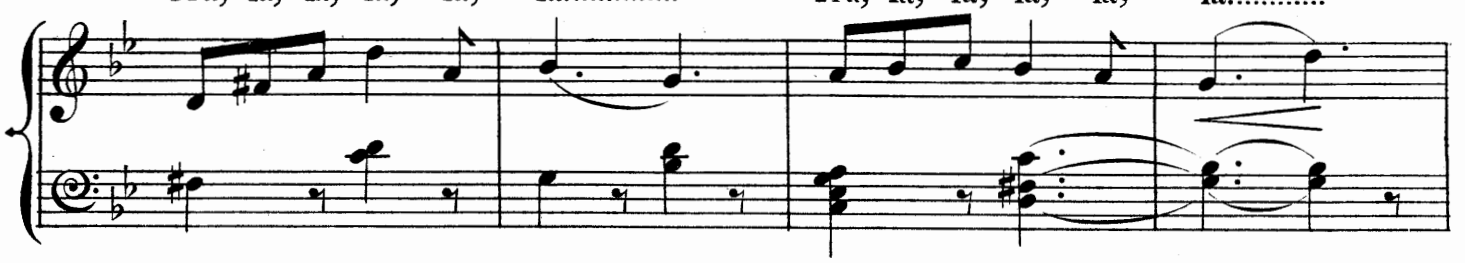

To each show, If we'd go To and fro, We must hur_ry, At a fête In the great
Ex_hi_bi_ti _ on. Ev_'ry_where At things rare We can stare, If we scurry
Through the fête At the great Ex_hi_bi_ti _ on. This way are the
ff
nim_ble ma_rion_ettes, There one to the gladiators gets.
8
Here's a switch _ back let us have a ride. Hi! conduc_tor! Hi! conduc_tor!
Room for two in _ side.
6/8
6/8

Allegro molto.

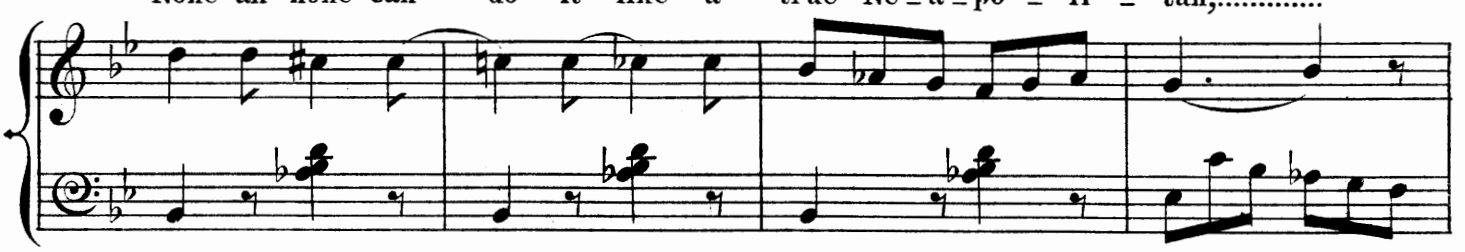
𝄋 Lo! the Tar _ an _ tel _ la, 'tis a dance It _ ali _ an



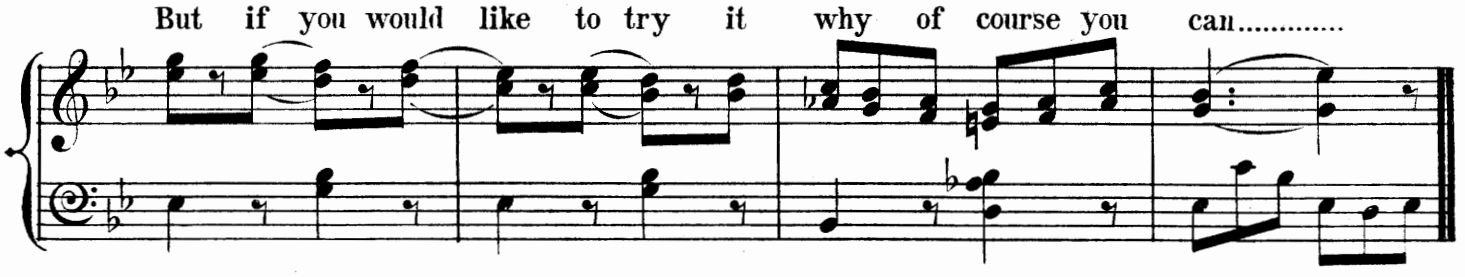
Tra, la, la, la, la, la!..... Tra, la, la, la, la, la!.....



None ah none can do it like a true Ne _ a _ po _ li _ tan,.....

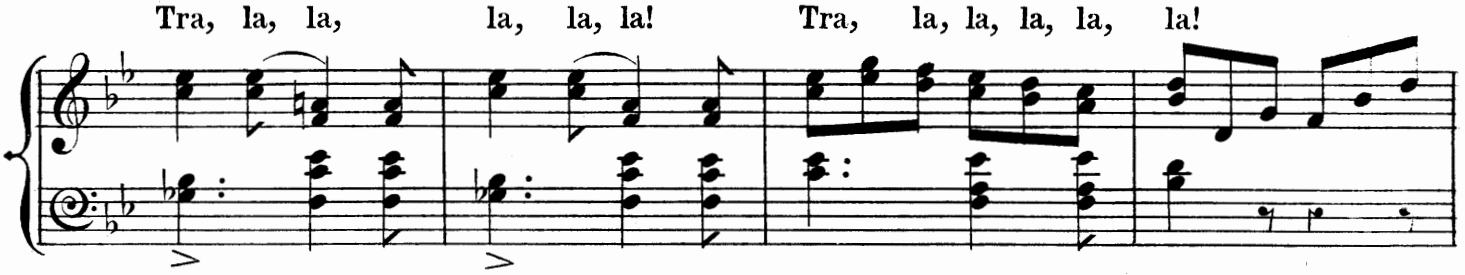


But if you would like to try it why of course you can.....

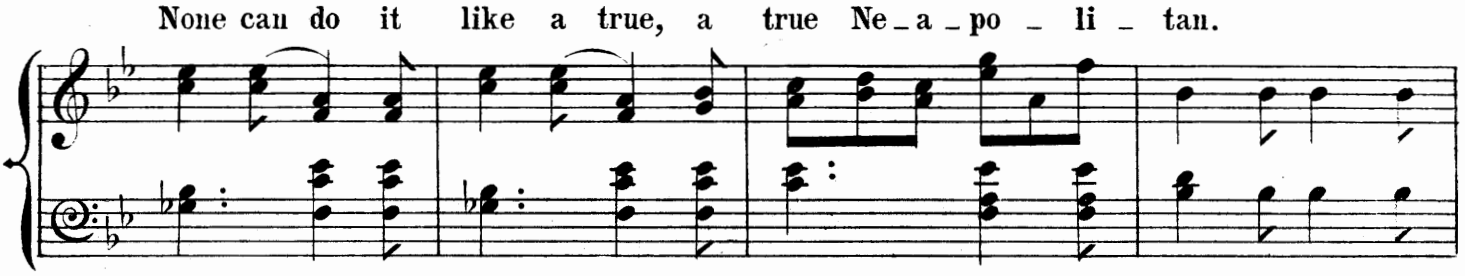


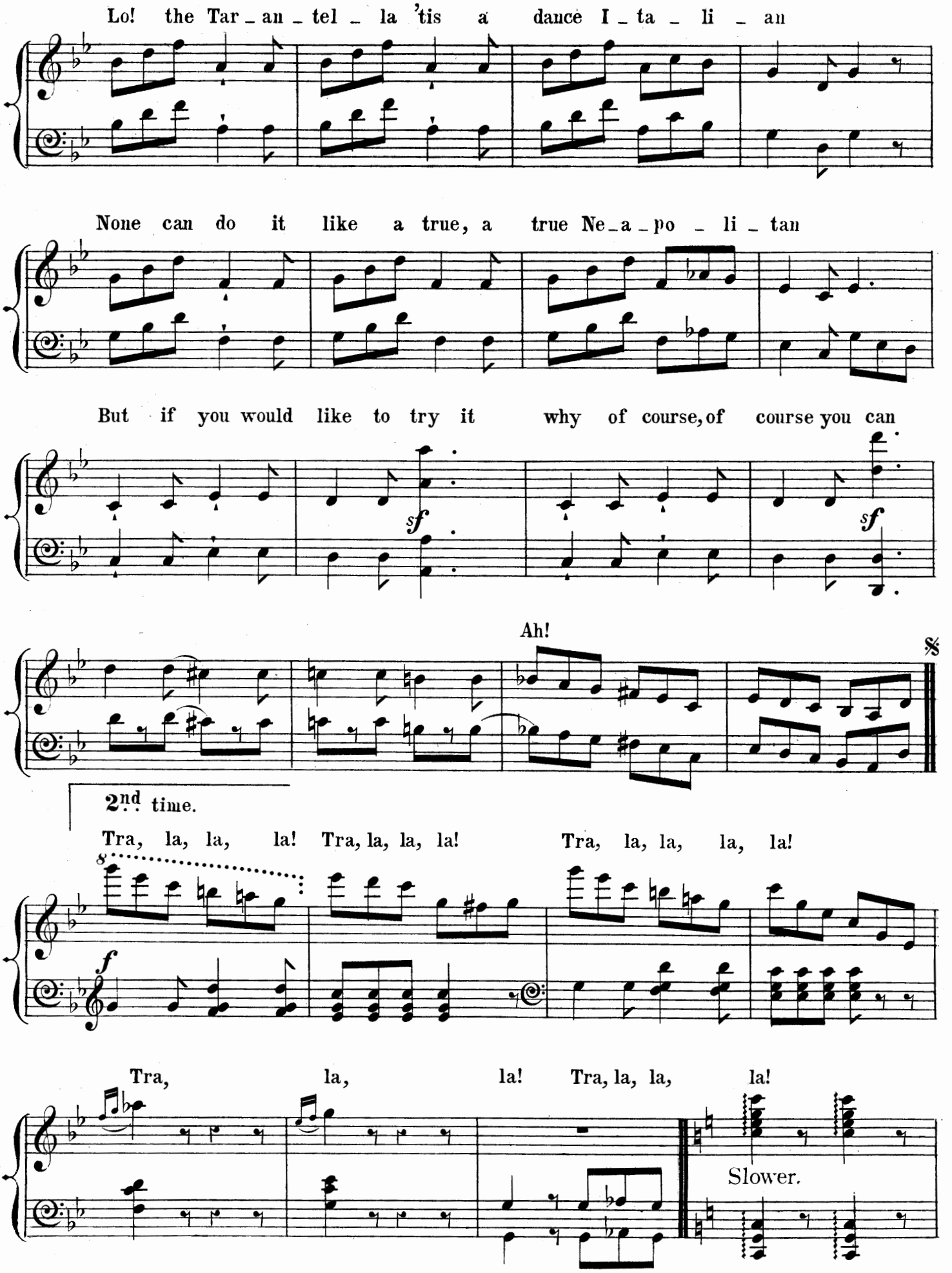
1st time.

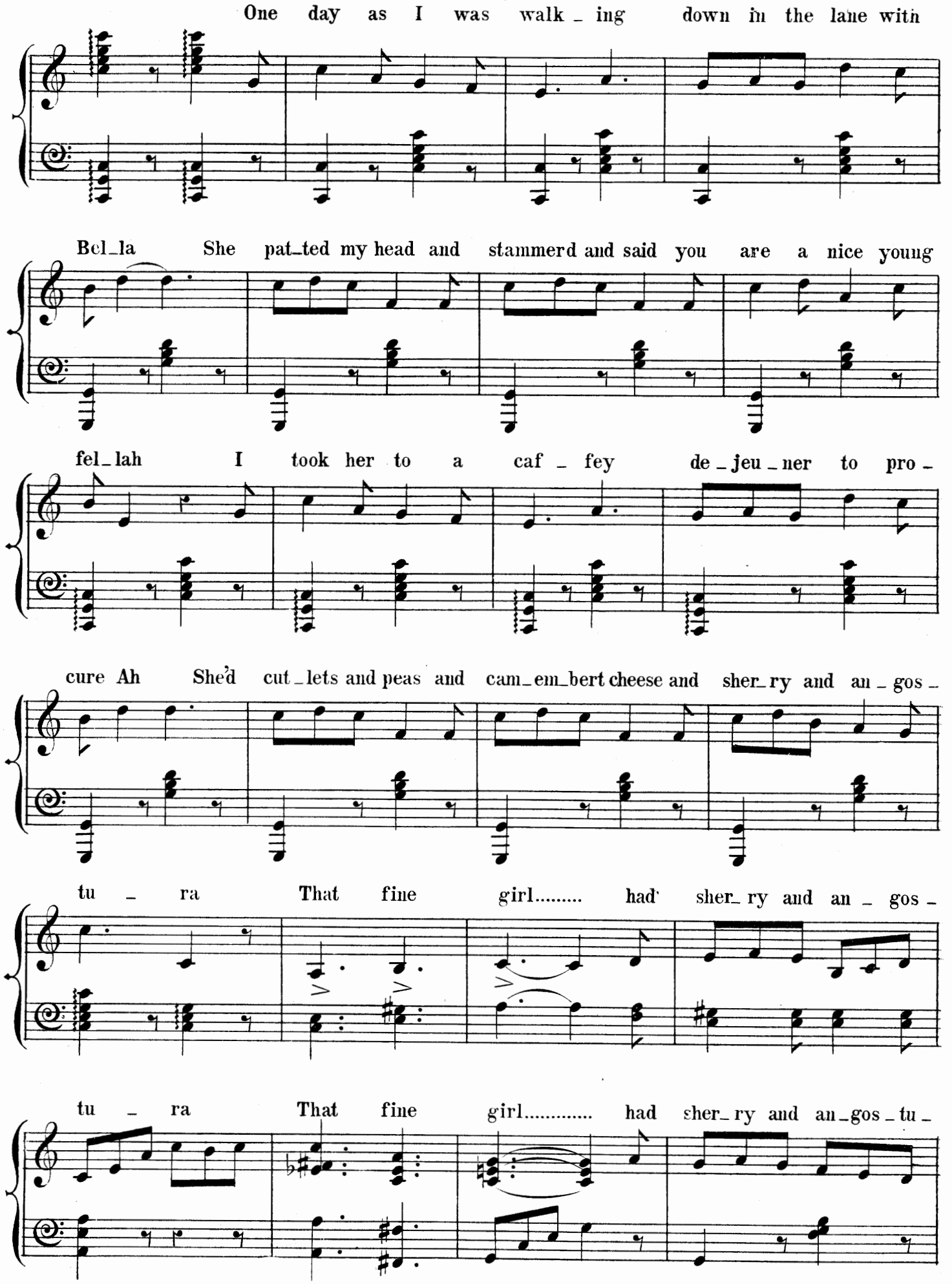
Tra, la, la, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la, la!



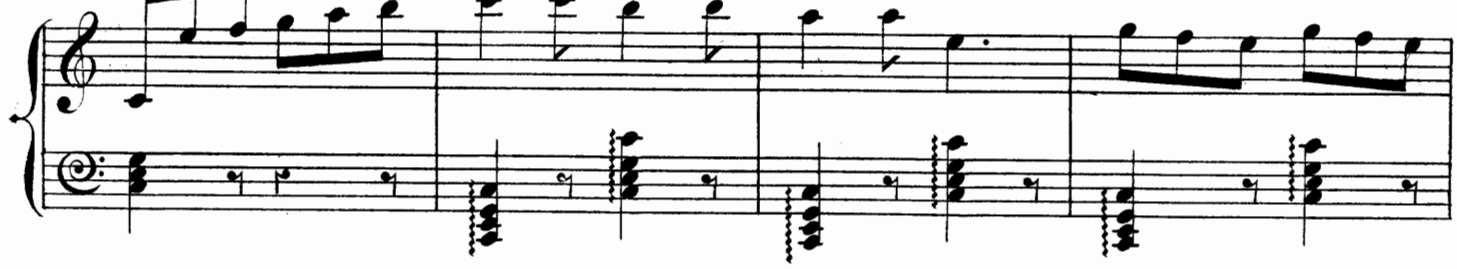
None can do it like a true, a true Ne _ a _ po _ li _ tan.



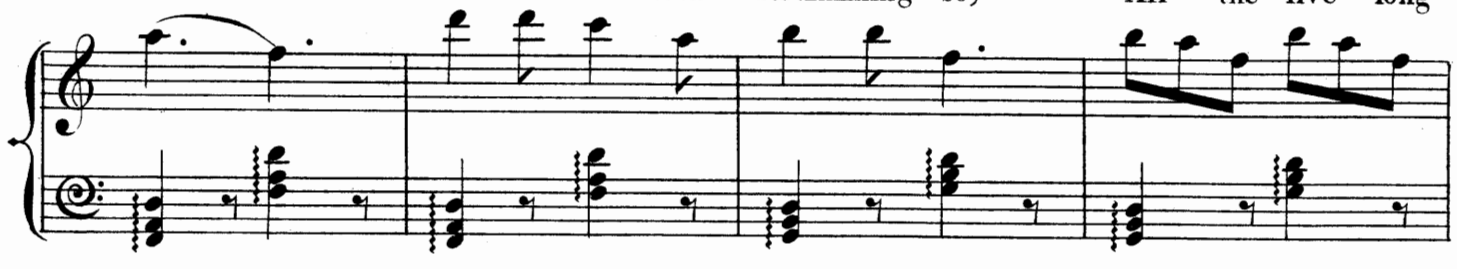

Lo! the Tar_an_tel_la 'tis a dance I_ta_li_an
None can do it like a true, a true Ne_a_po_li_tan
But if you would like to try it why of course, of course you can
sf
sf
Ah!
𝄋
2nd time.
Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la! Tra, la, la, la, la!
8
f
Tra, la, la! Tra, la, la, la!
Slower.


One day as I was walk _ ing down in the lane with
Bel_la She pat_ted my head and stammerd and said you are a nice young
fel_lah I took her to a caf _ fey de _ jeu _ ner to pro _
cure Ah She'd cut _lets and peas and cam_em_bert cheese and sher_ry and an _ gos _
tu _ ra That fine girl..... had sher_ry and an _ gos _
tu _ ra That fine girl..... had sher_ry and an_gos _ tu _

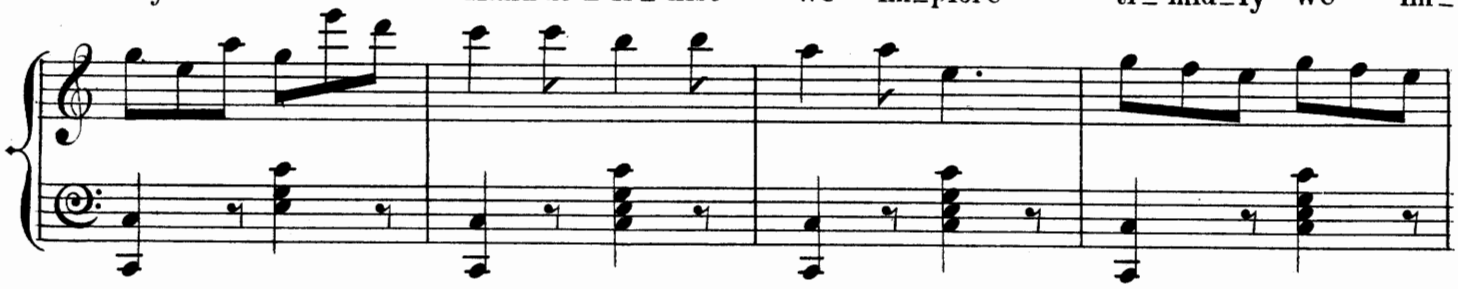
ra Their nim_ble fin_gers must be sore cer_tain_ly must be



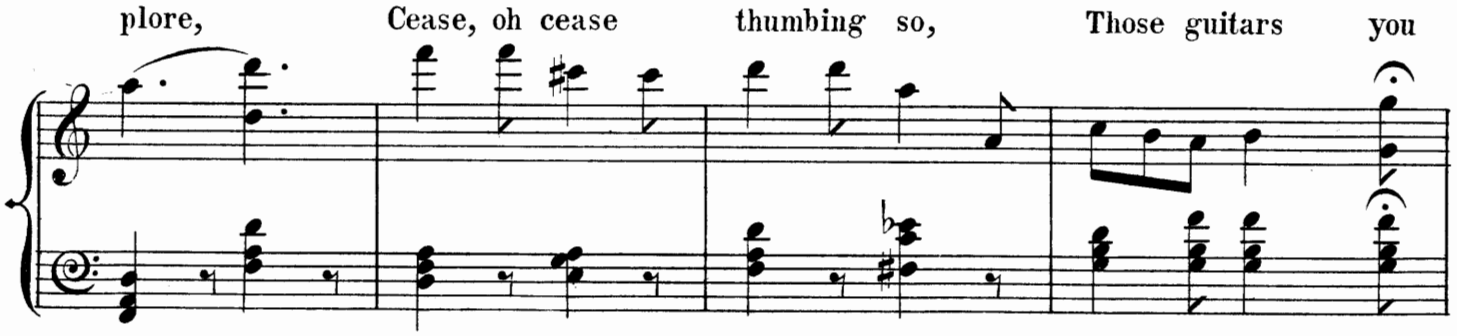
sore..... must be sore With strum_ming so, All the live - long



day Man_do _ li _ nist we im_plore ti _ mid_ly we im_

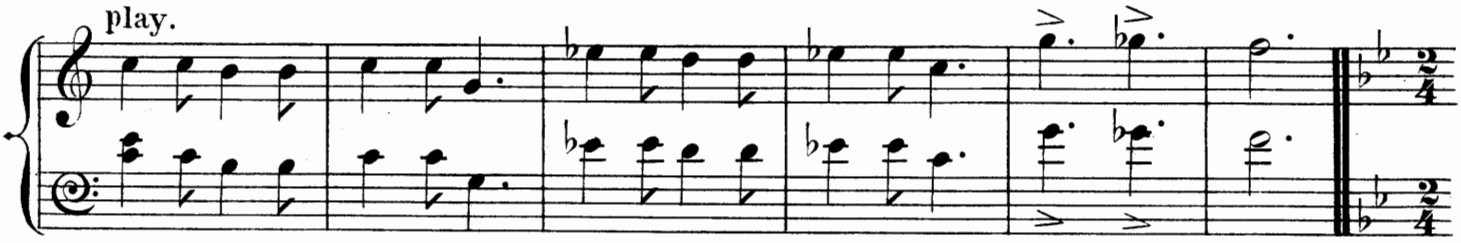


plore, Cease, oh cease thumbing so, Those guitars you



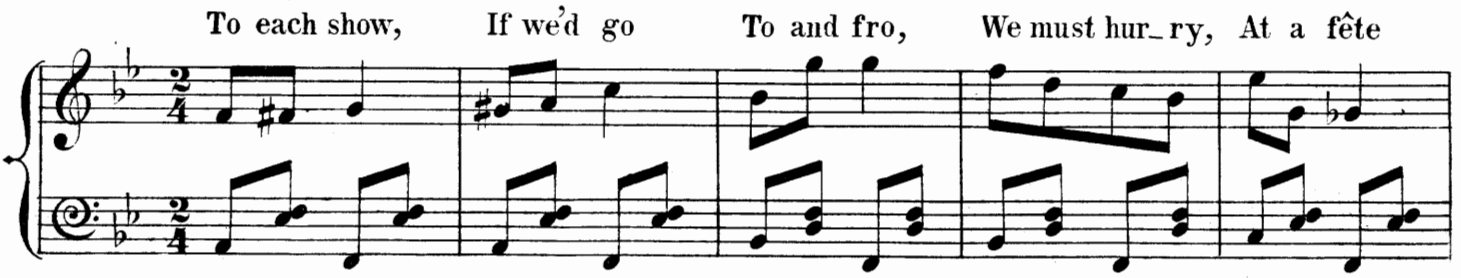
Tempo primo.

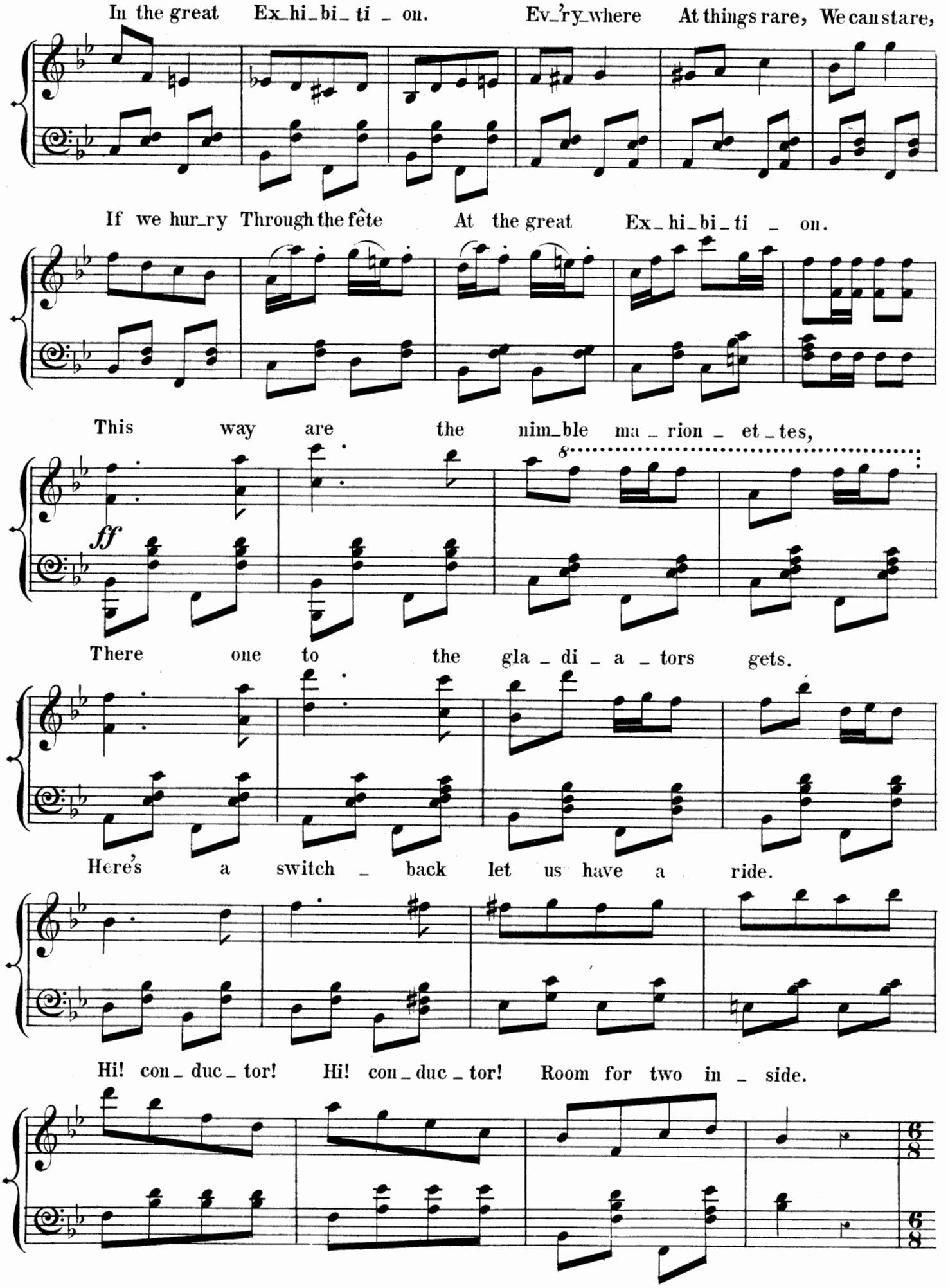
play.

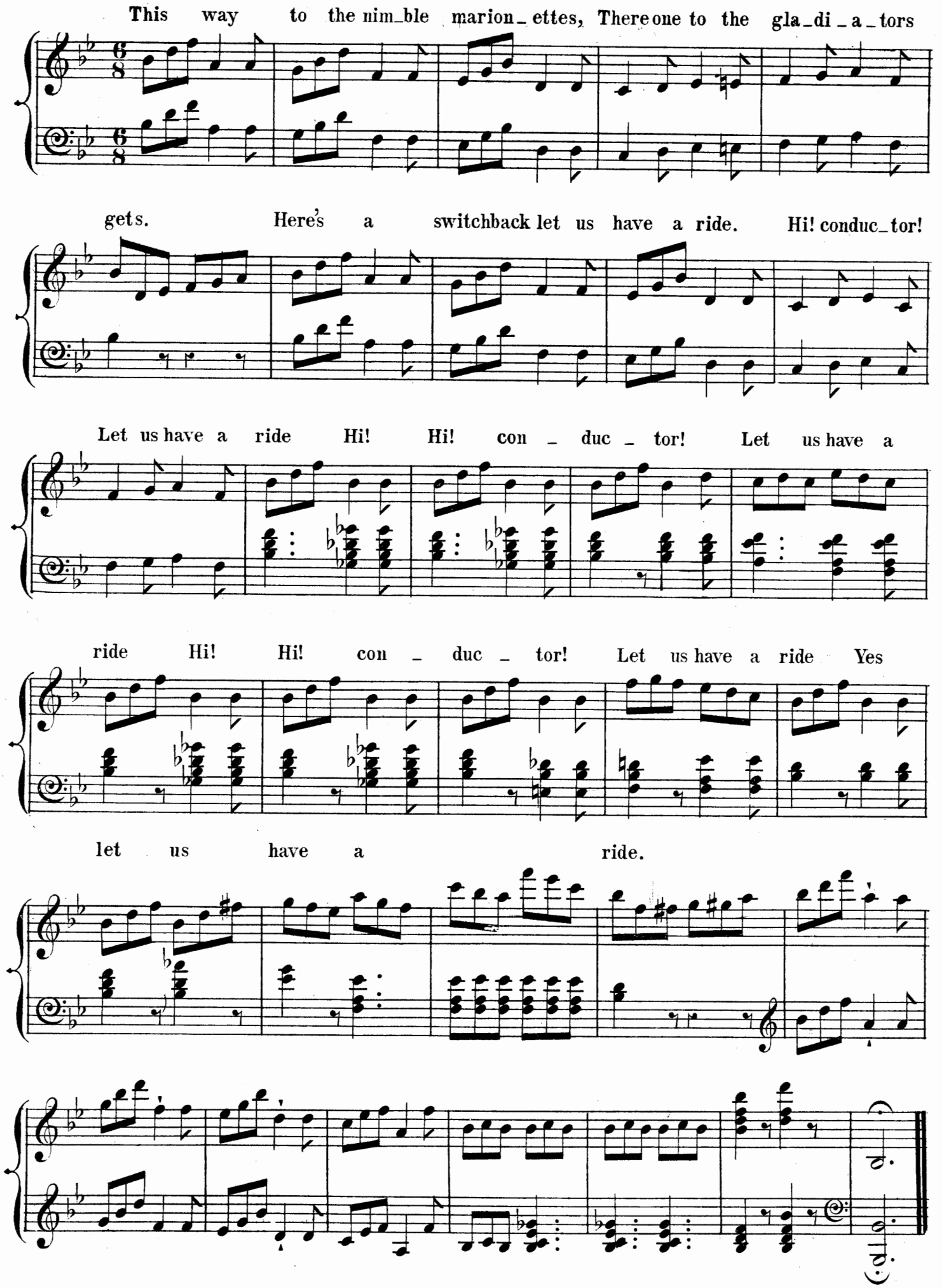


Tempo di Galop.

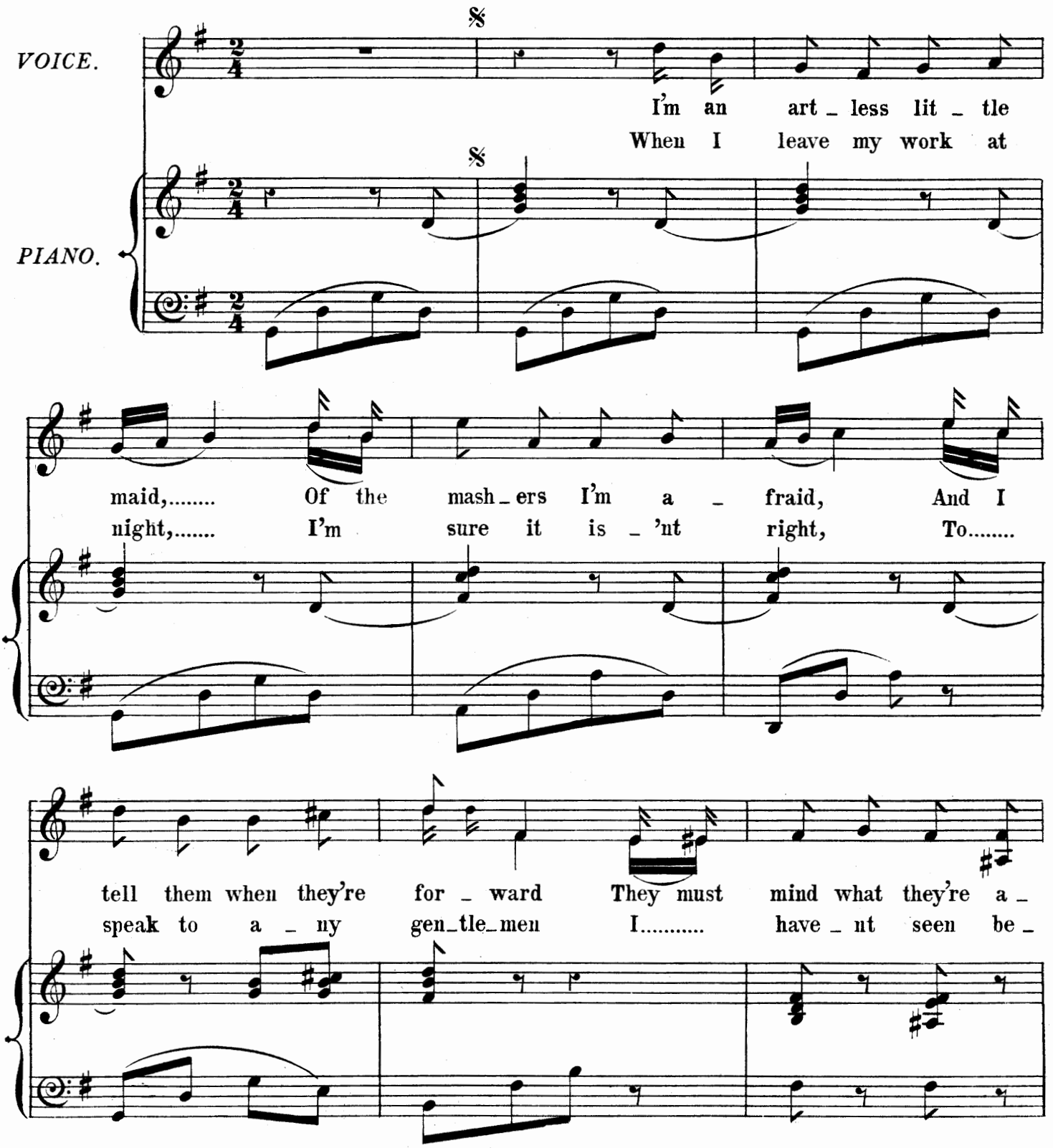
To each show, If we'd go To and fro, We must hur_ry, At a fête

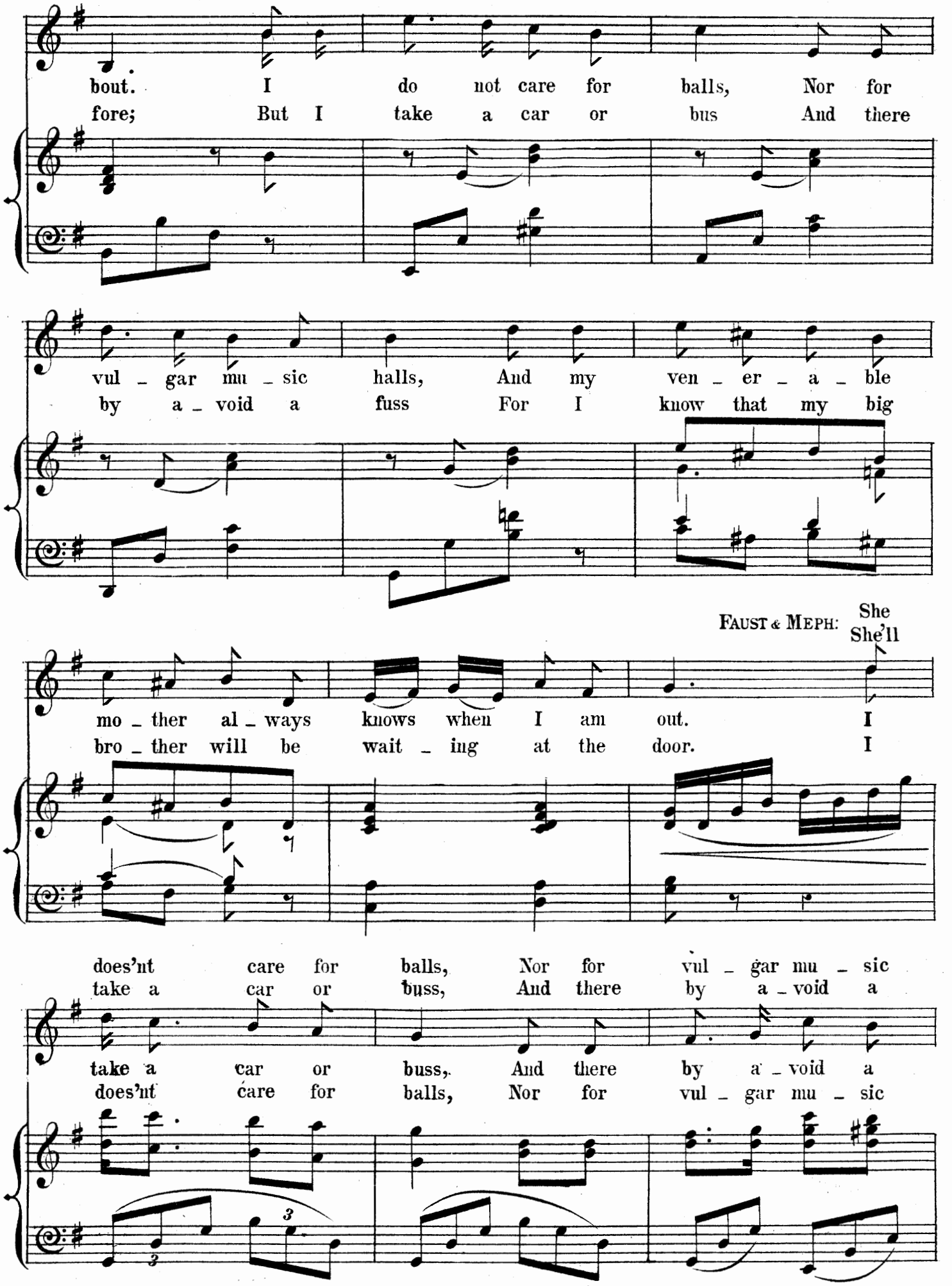



In the great Ex_hi_bi_ti _ on. Ev_'ry_where At things rare, We can stare,
If we hur_ry Through the fête At the great Ex_ hi_bi_ti _ on.
This way are the nim_ble ma _ rion _ et _ tes,
ff
There one to the gla _ di _ a _ tors gets.
Here's a switch _ back let us have a ride.
Hi! con _ duc _ tor! Hi! con _ duc _ tor! Room for two in _ side.


This way to the nim_ble marion_ettes, There one to the gla_di_a_tors
gets. Here's a switchback let us have a ride. Hi! conduc_tor!
Let us have a ride Hi! Hi! con _ duc _ tor! Let us have a
ride Hi! Hi! con _ duc _ tor! Let us have a ride Yes
let us have a ride.

I'M A SIMPLE LITTLE MAID



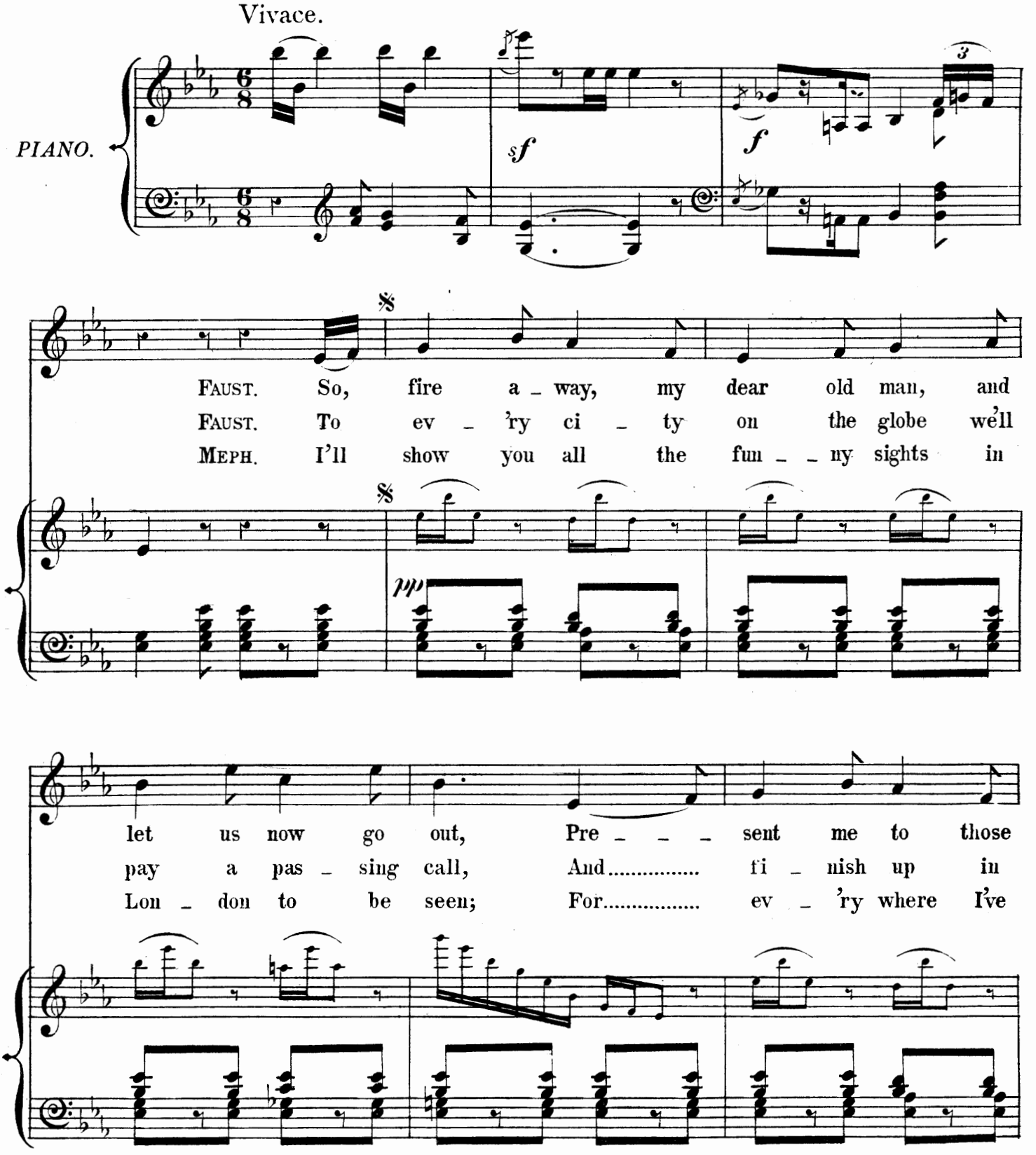

bout. I do not care for balls, Nor for
fore; But I take a car or bus And there
vul _ gar mu _ sic halls, And my ven _ er _ a _ ble
by a _ void a fuss For I know that my big
FAUST & MEPH: She She'll
mo _ ther al _ ways knows when I am out. I
bro _ ther will be wait _ ing at the door. I
does'nt care for balls, Nor for vul _ gar mu _ sic
take a car or buss, And there by a _ void a
take a car or buss, And there by a _ void a
does'nt care for balls, Nor for vul _ gar mu _ sic

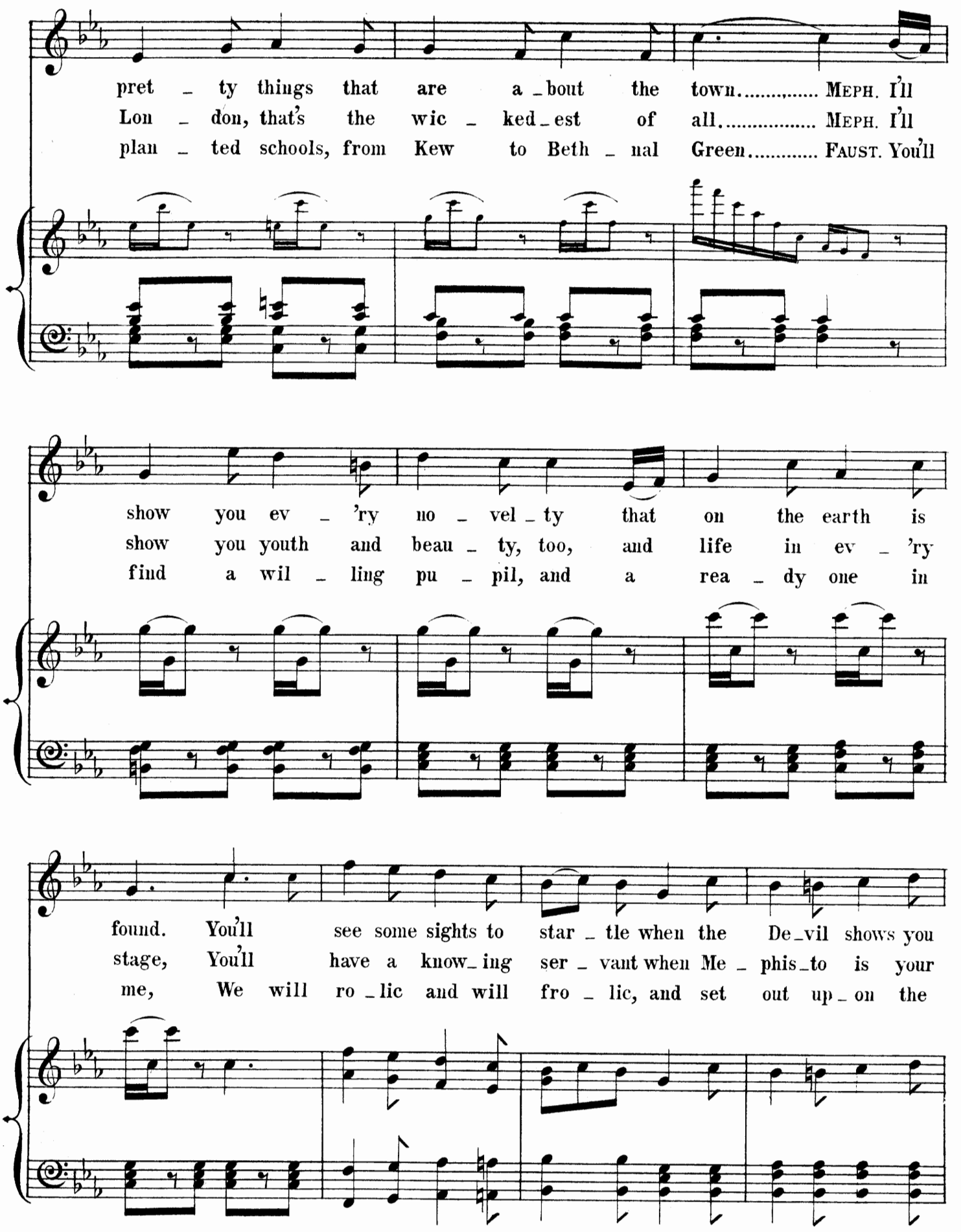
F. & M. halls And her ven - er - a - ble mo - ther al - ways
fuss For she knows that her big bro - ther will be
fuss For I know that my big bro - ther will be
halls And my ven - er - a - ble mo - ther al - ways
knows when she is out.
wait - ing at the door. 1st 2nd
wait - ing at the door. door. I am a
knows when I am out.
F. & M. This is a artless
art - less an art - less lit - tle maid, Of the mashers I'm a -
MEPH. a - - fraid rall.
M. fraid a - fraid, I am an art - less lit - tle maid.....
rall. dim.

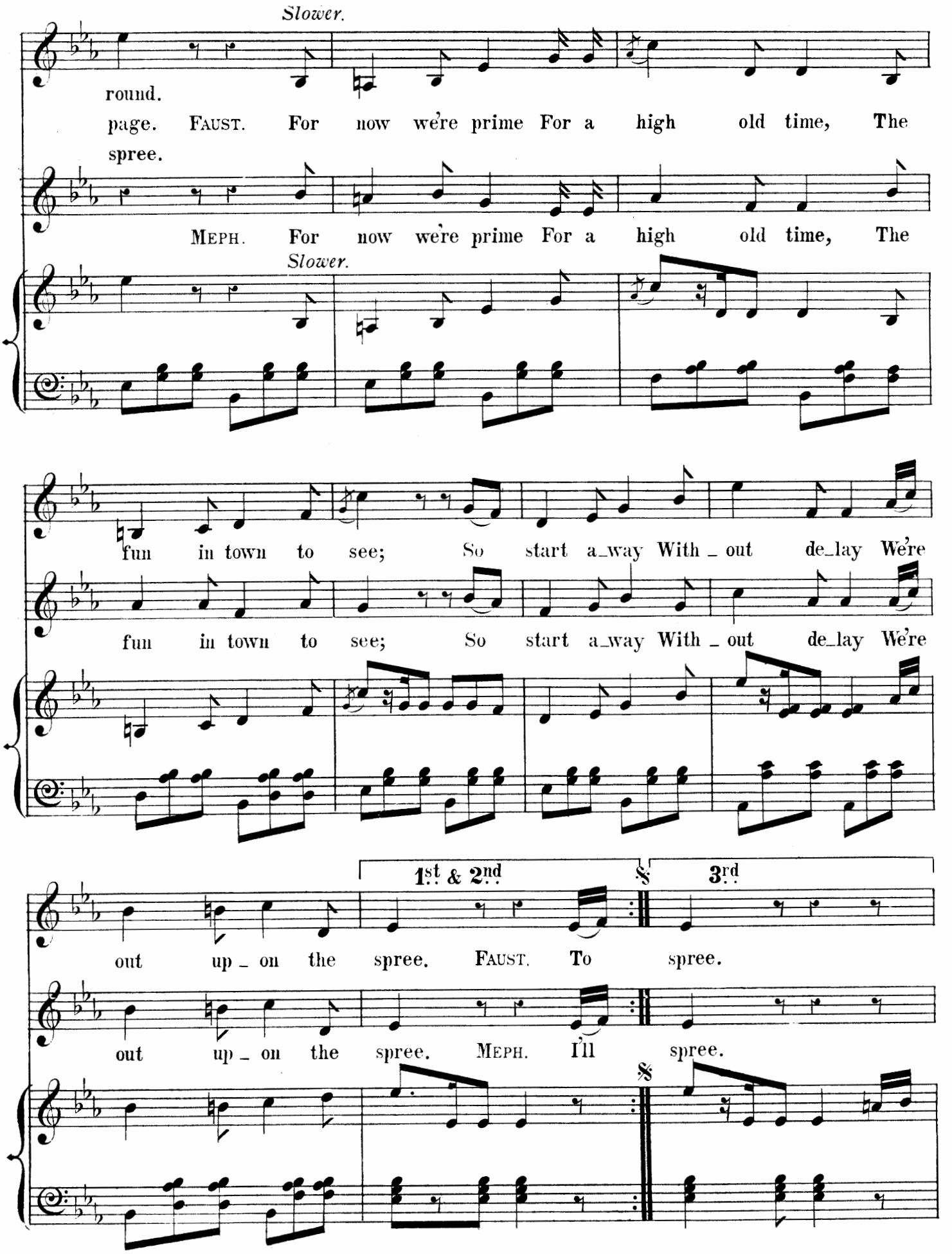
SO COME ALONG OLD FELLOW.

DUET AND DANCE.

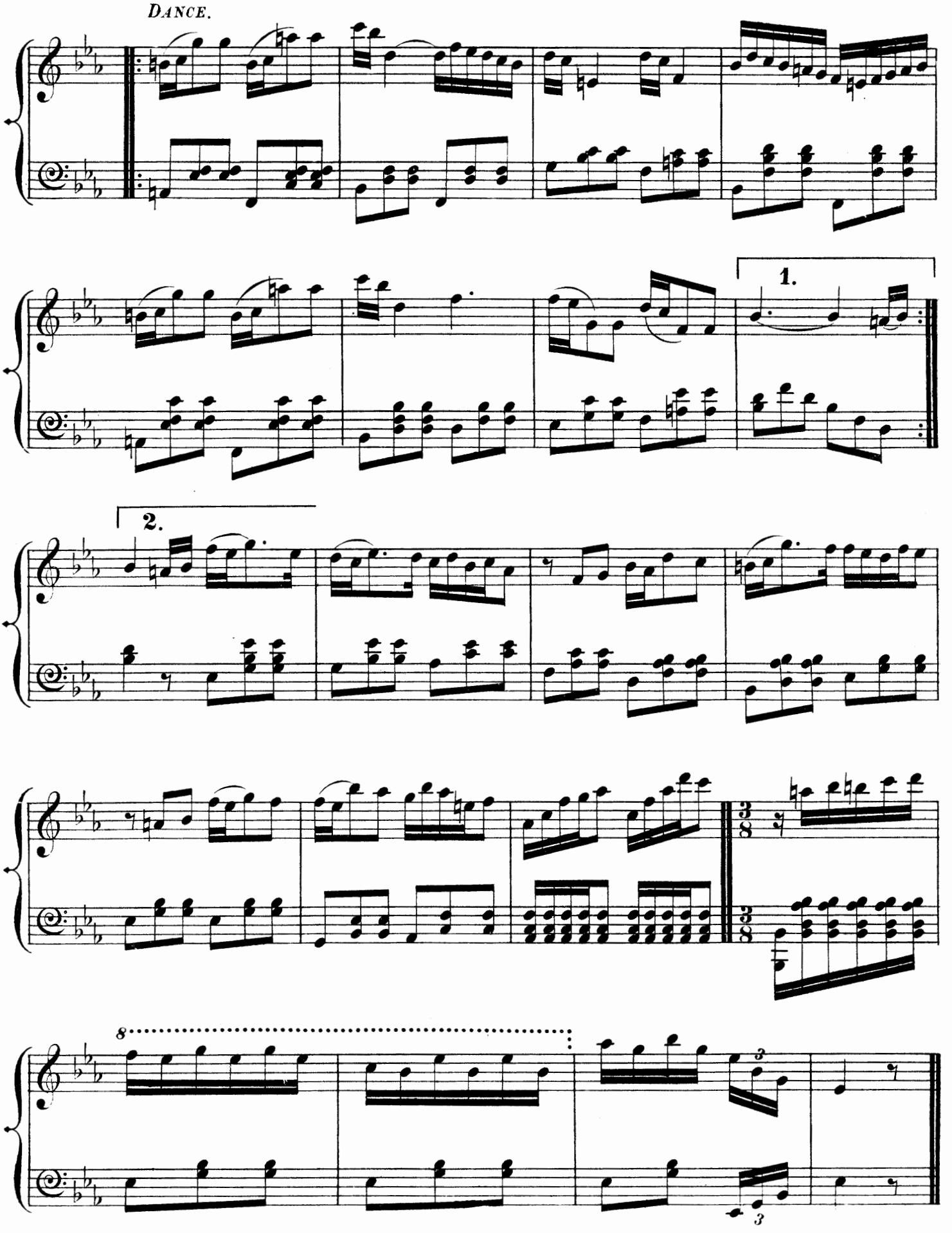
(FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES.)




pret _ ty things that are a _bout the town..... MEPH. I'll
Lon _ don, that's the wic _ ked _ est of all..... MEPH. I'll
plan _ ted schools, from Kew to Beth _ nal Green..... FAUST. You'll
show you ev _ 'ry no _ vel _ ty that on the earth is
show you youth and beau _ ty, too, and life in ev _ 'ry
find a wil _ ling pu _ pil, and a rea _ dy one in
found. You'll see some sights to star _ tle when the De _vil shows you
stage, You'll have a know _ ing ser _ vant when Me _ phis _ to is your
me, We will ro _ lic and will fro _ lic, and set out up _ on the

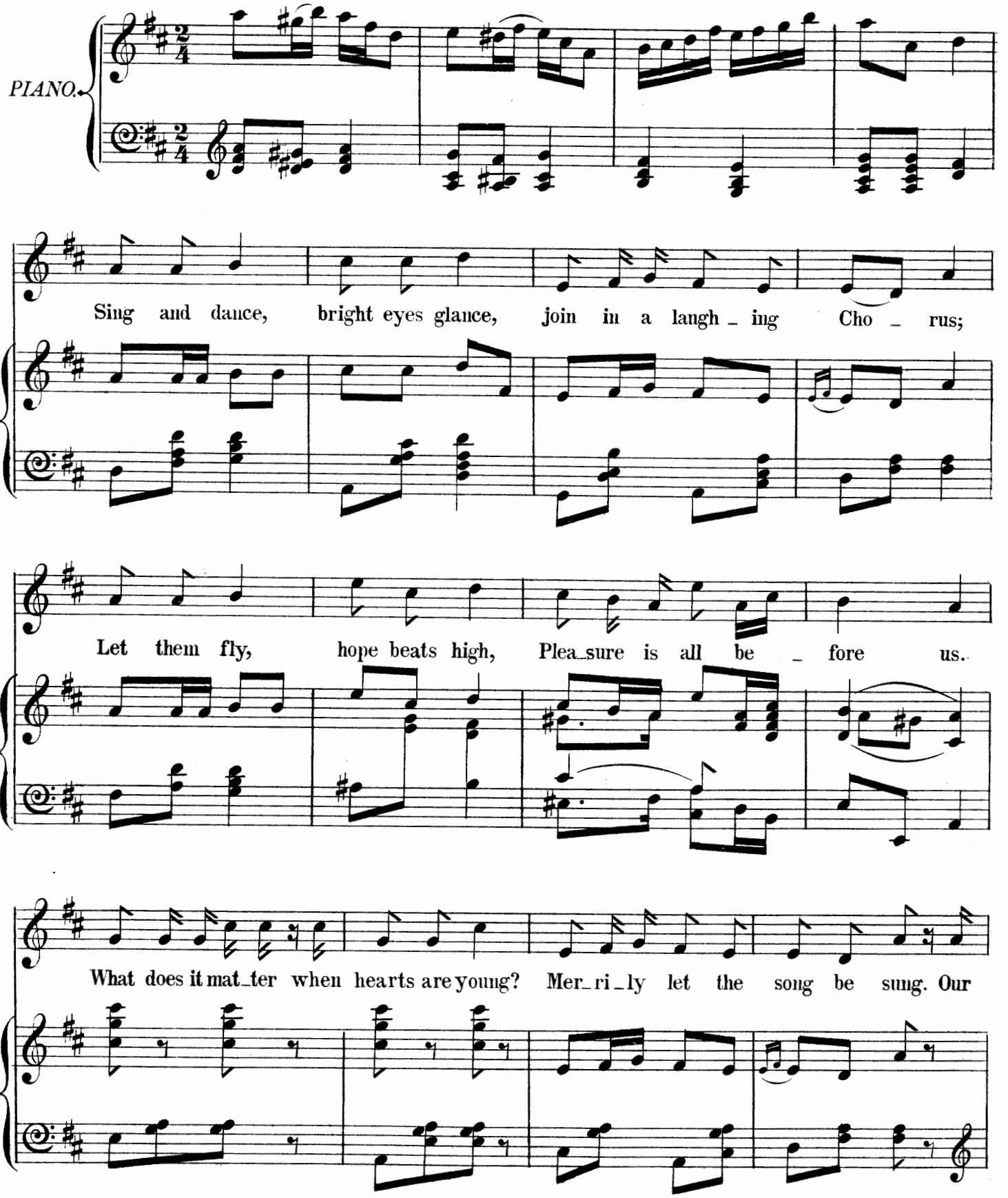

Slower.
round.
page. FAUST. For now we're prime For a high old time, The
spree.
MEPH. For now we're prime For a high old time, The
Slower.
fun in town to see; So start a_way With_out de_lay We're
fun in town to see; So start a_way With_out de_lay We're
1st & 2nd
3rd
out up_on the spree. FAUST. To spree.
out up_on the spree. MEPH. I'll spree.

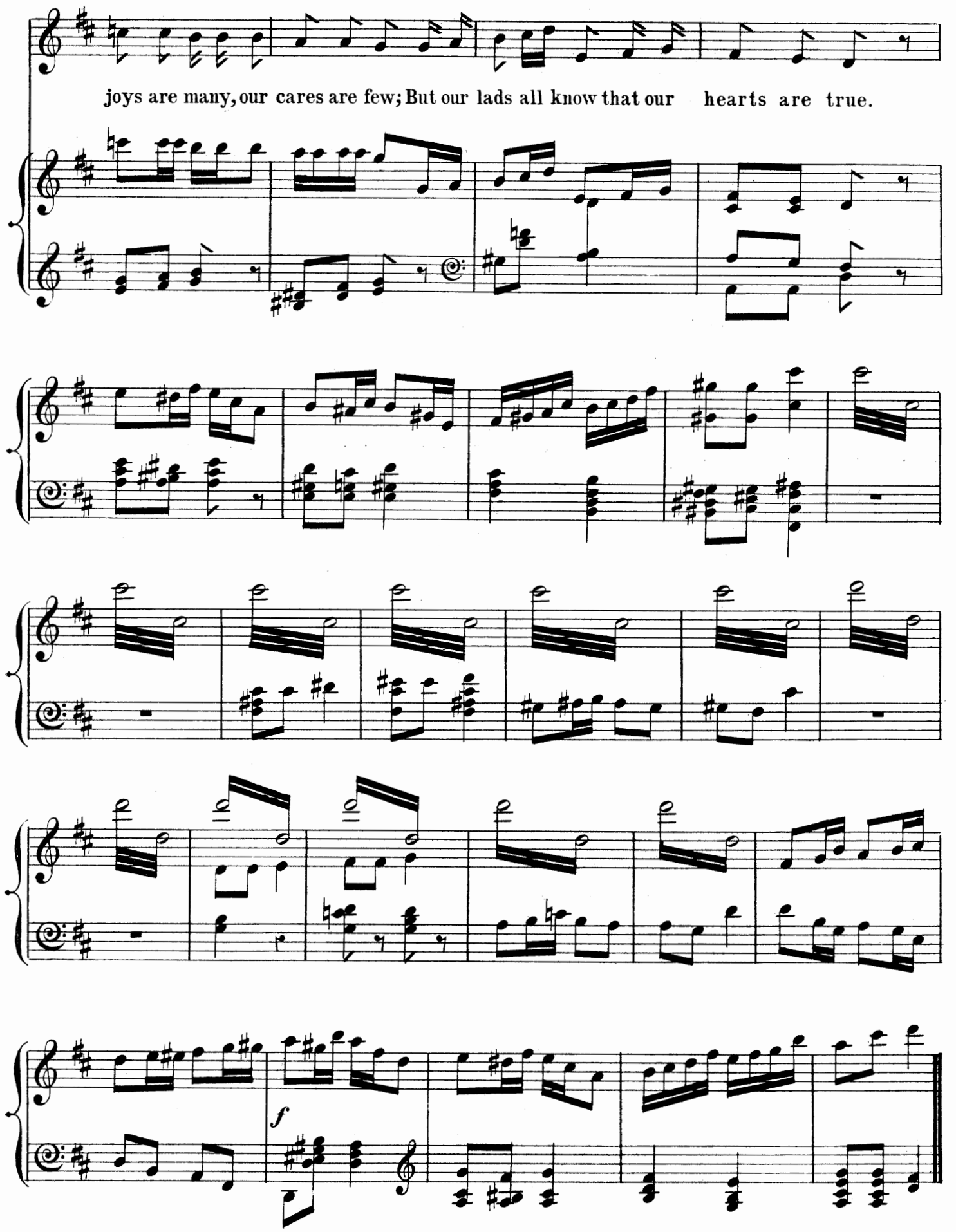
Dance.



SING AND DANCE.

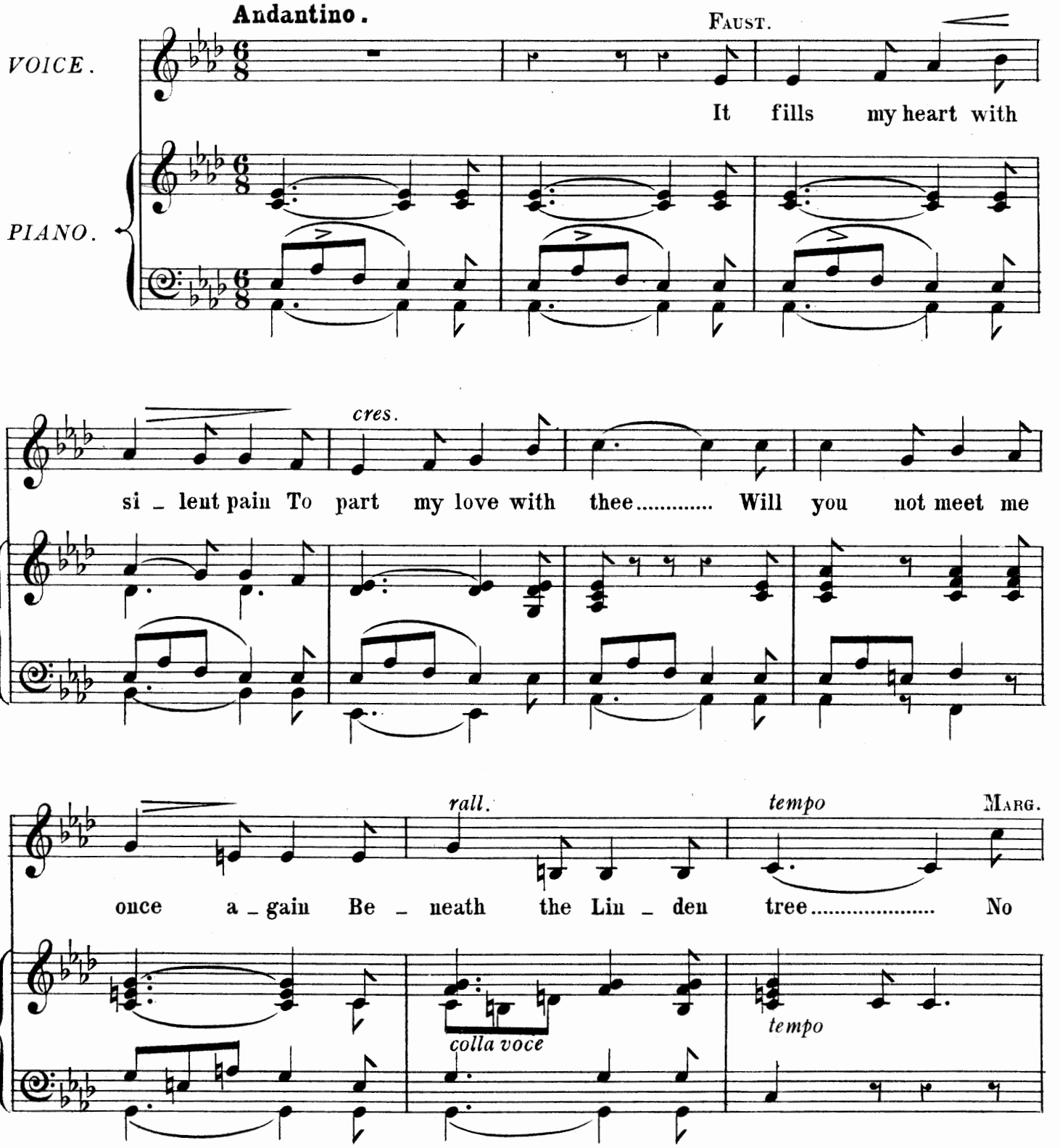
CHORUS.

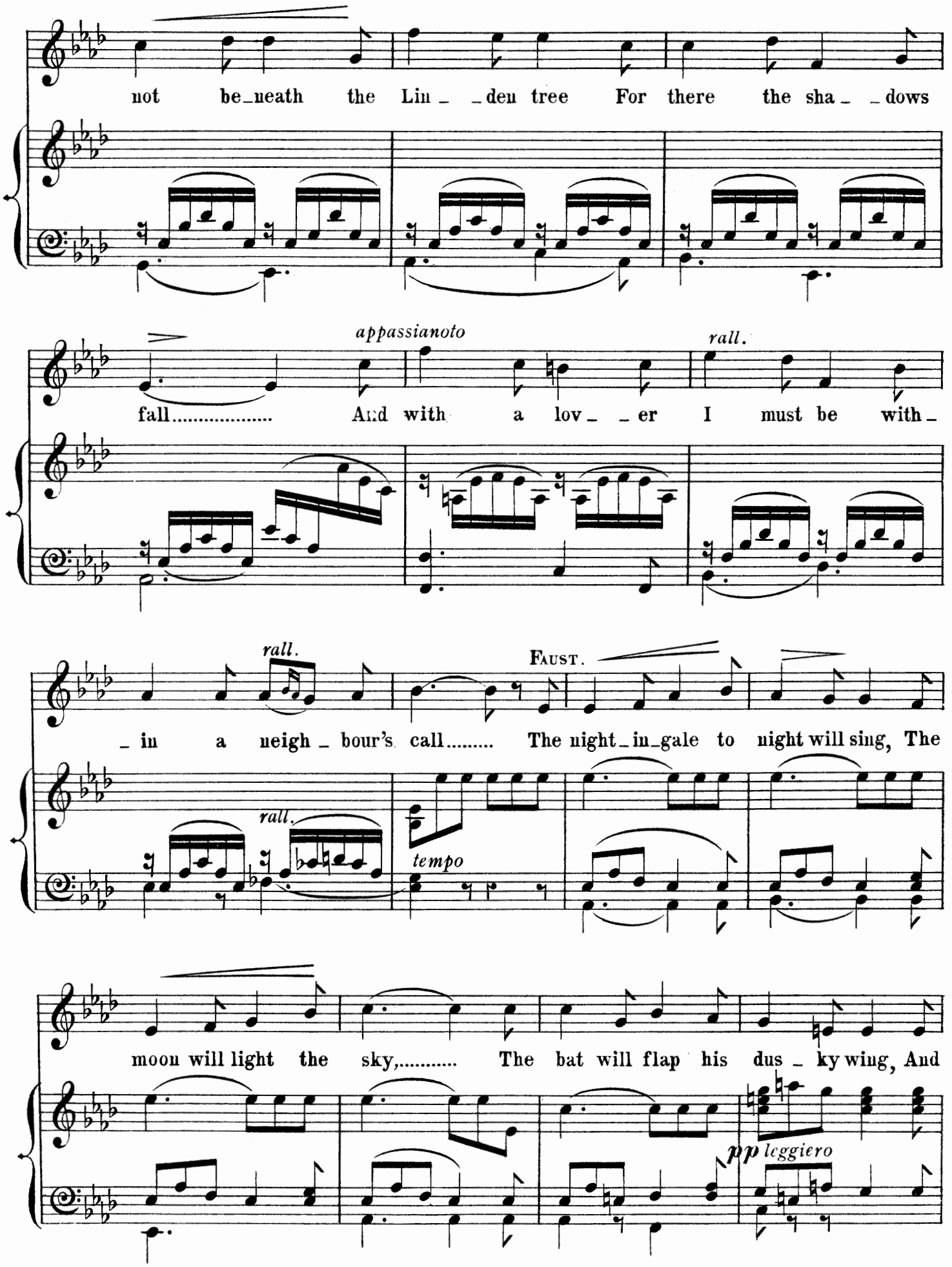


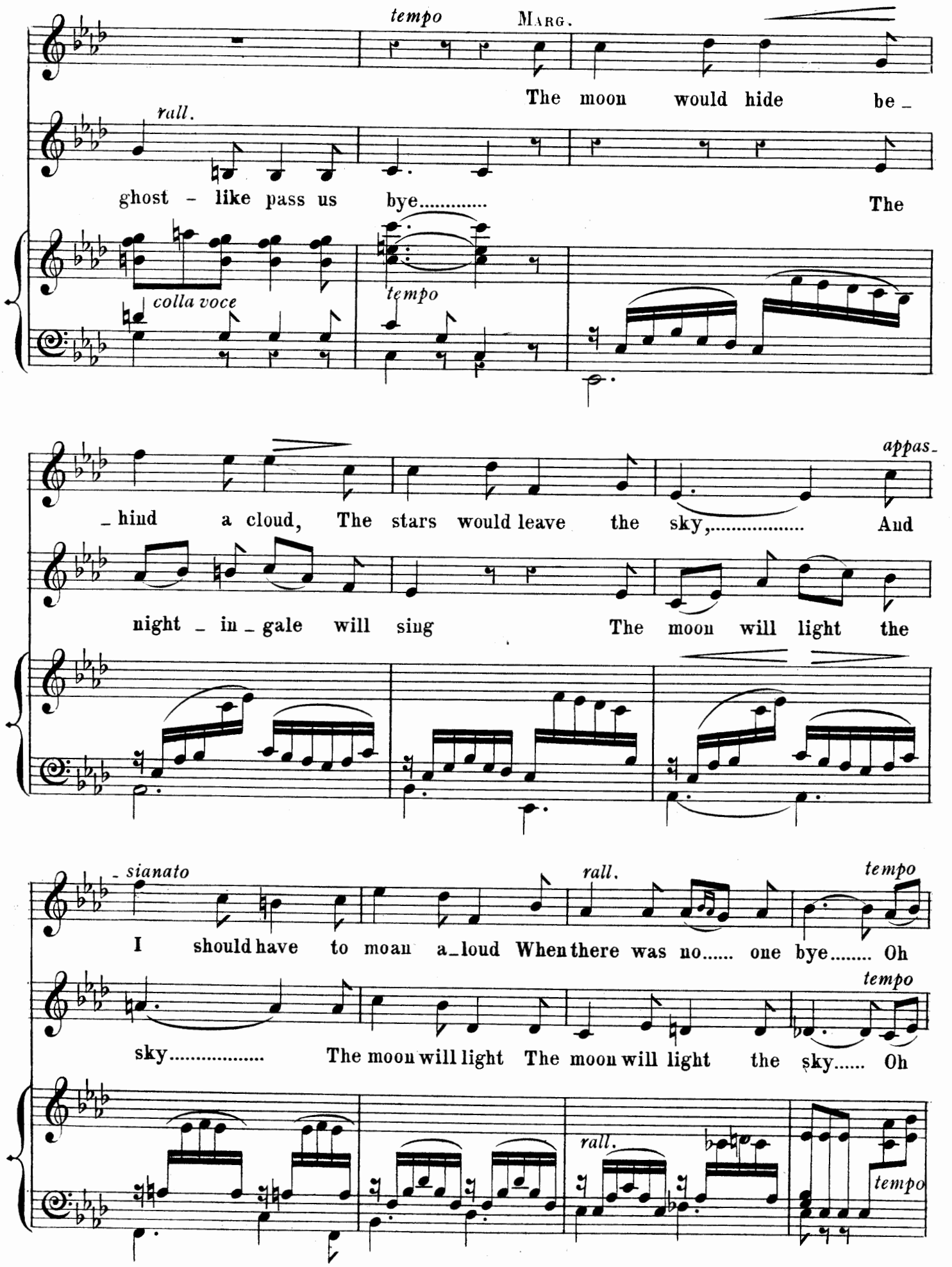

joys are many, our cares are few; But our lads all know that our hearts are true.
f

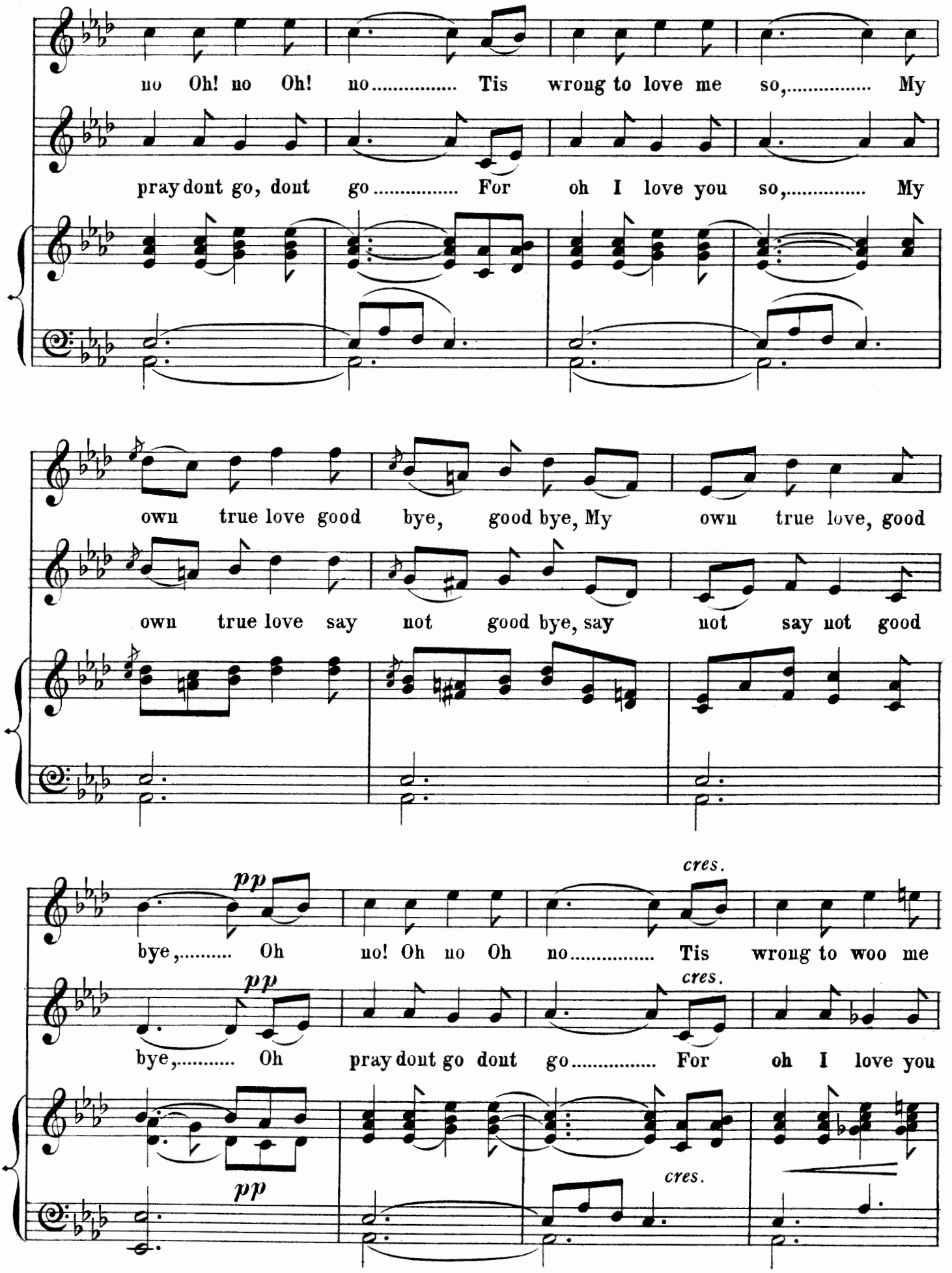
GOOD BYE, TRUE LOVE!

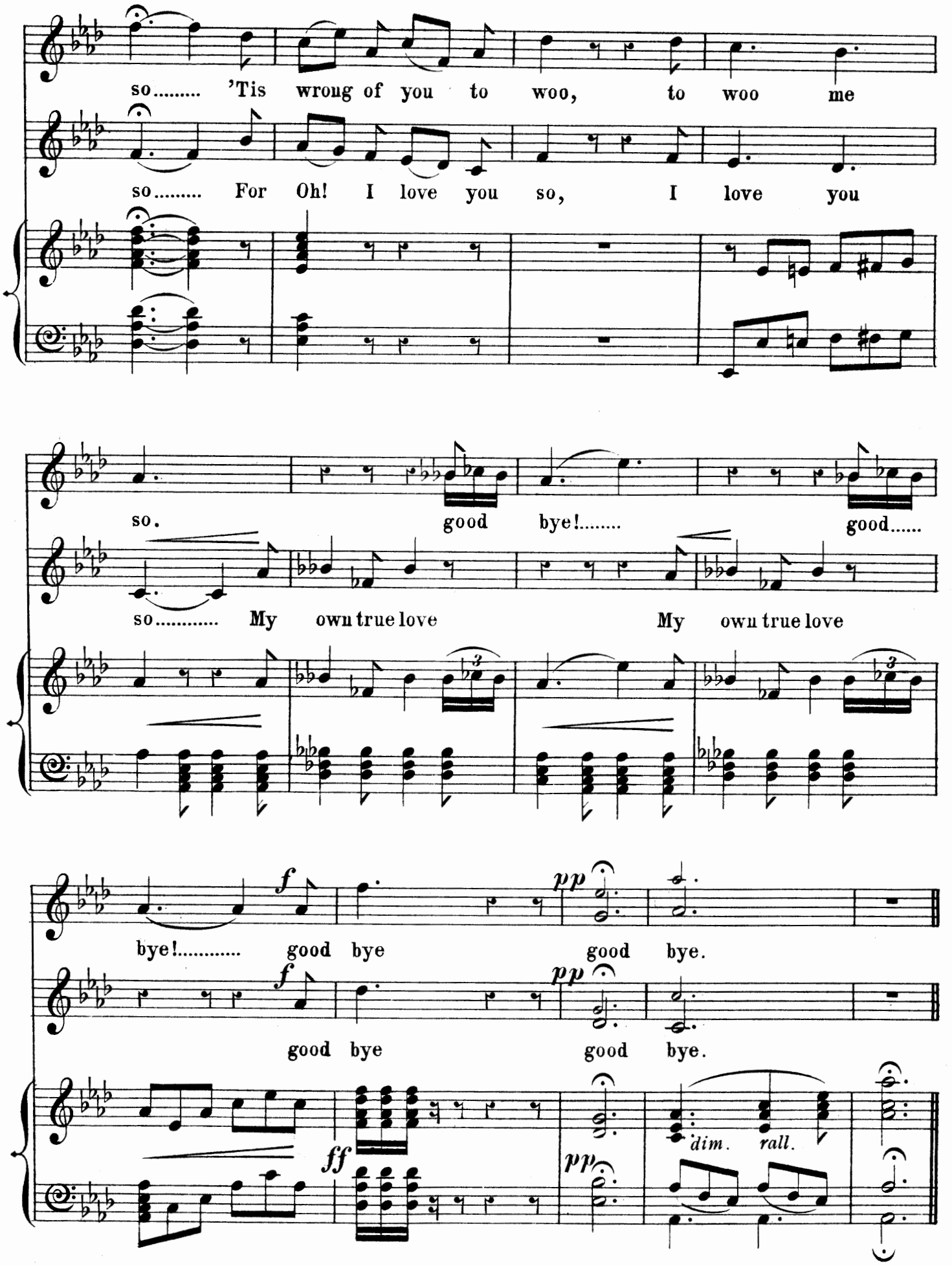
DUET.



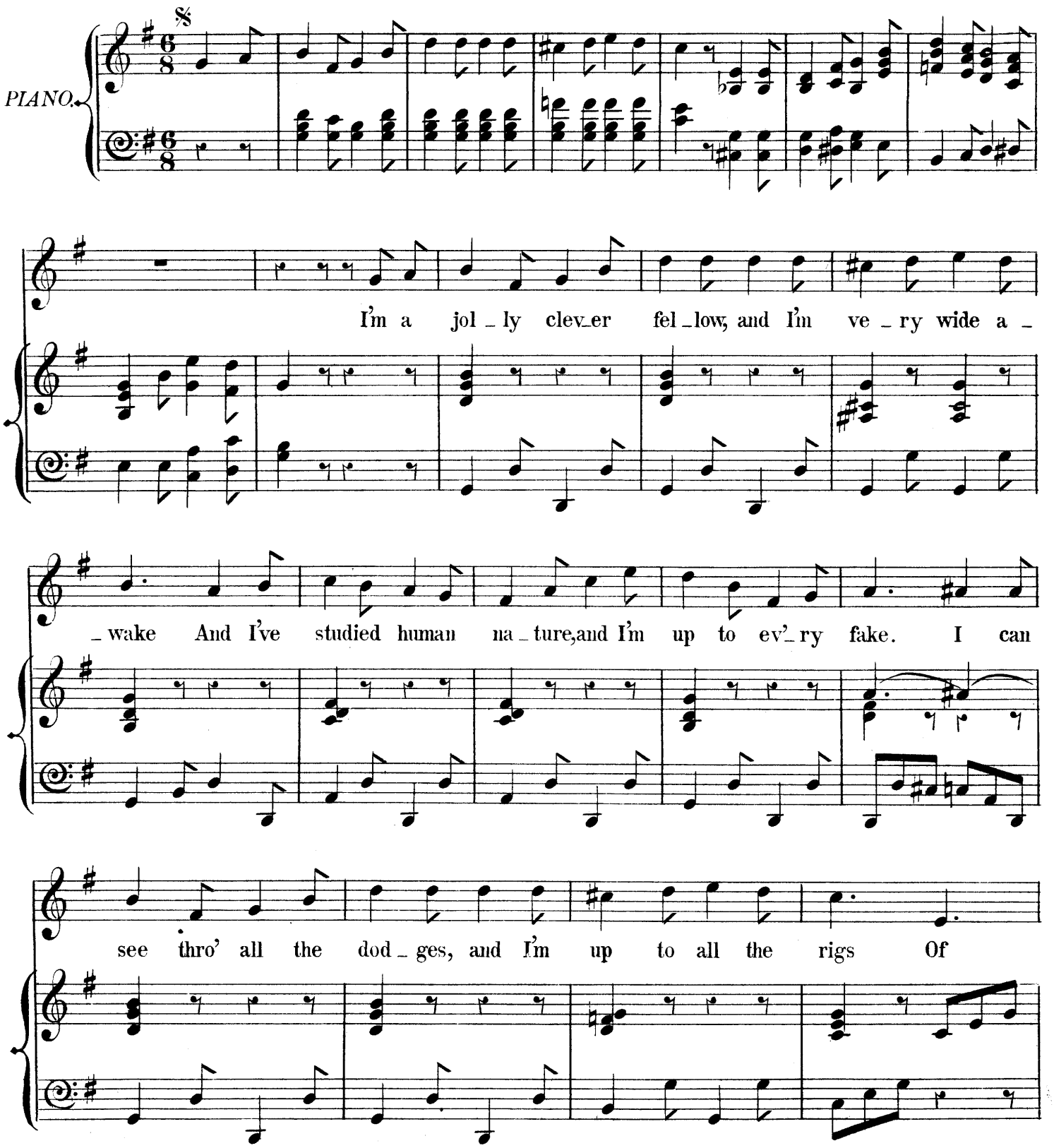

not be_neath the Lin _ _den tree For there the sha _ _dows
appassianoto
rall.
fall..... And with a lov _ _er I must be with _
rall.
FAUST.
_ in a neigh _ bour's call..... The night_in_gale to night will sing, The
rall.
tempo
moon will light the sky,..... The bat will flap his dus _ ky wing, And
pp leggiero

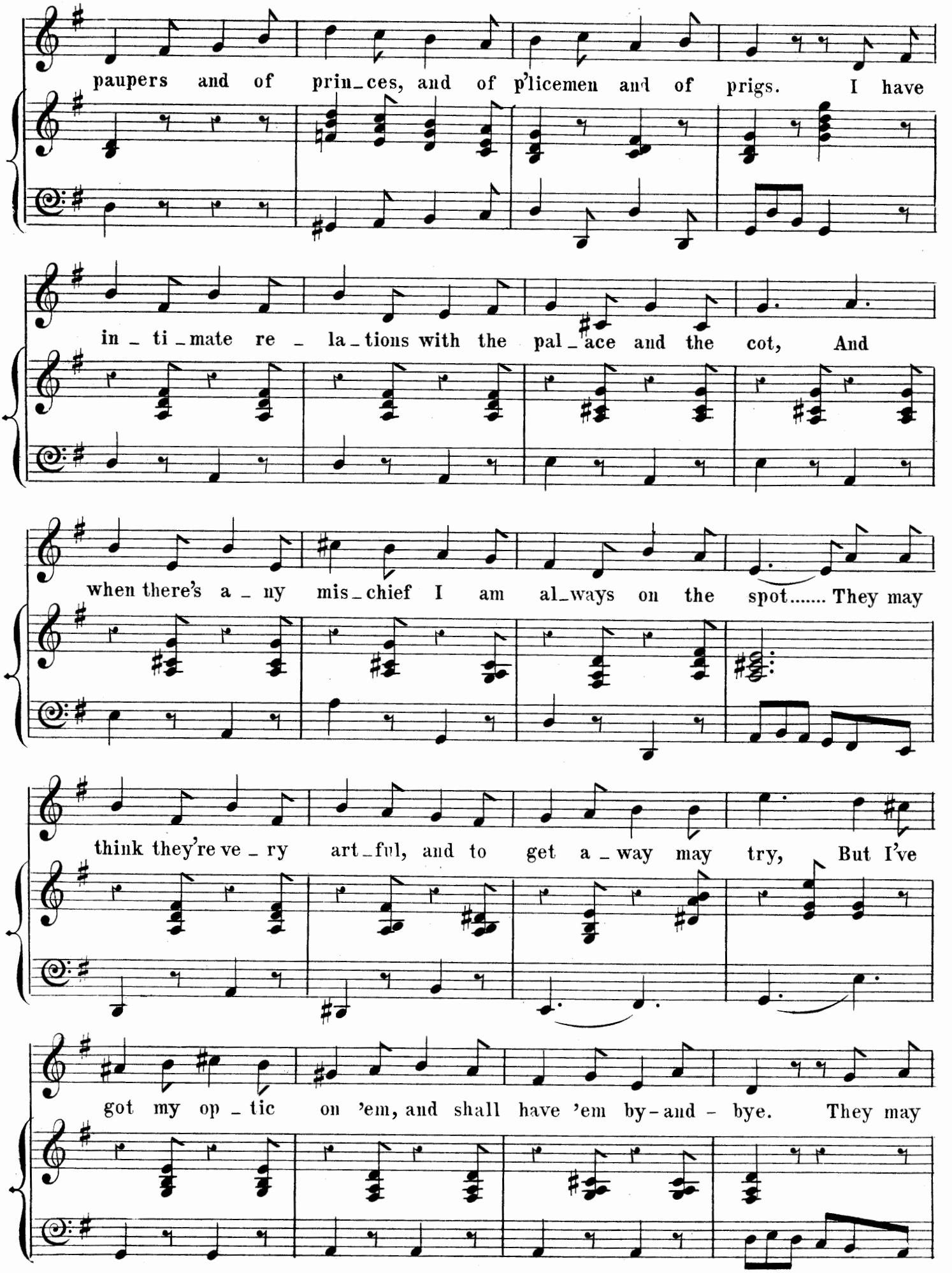

tempo
MARG.
The moon would hide be_
rall.
ghost - like pass us bye.....
The
colla voce
tempo
_hind a cloud, The stars would leave the sky,.....
appas_
And
night _ in _ gale will sing
The moon will light the
_sianato
I should have to moan a_loud When there was no..... one bye.....
rall.
tempo
Oh
sky.....
The moon will light
The moon will light the sky.....
tempo
Oh
rall.
tempo

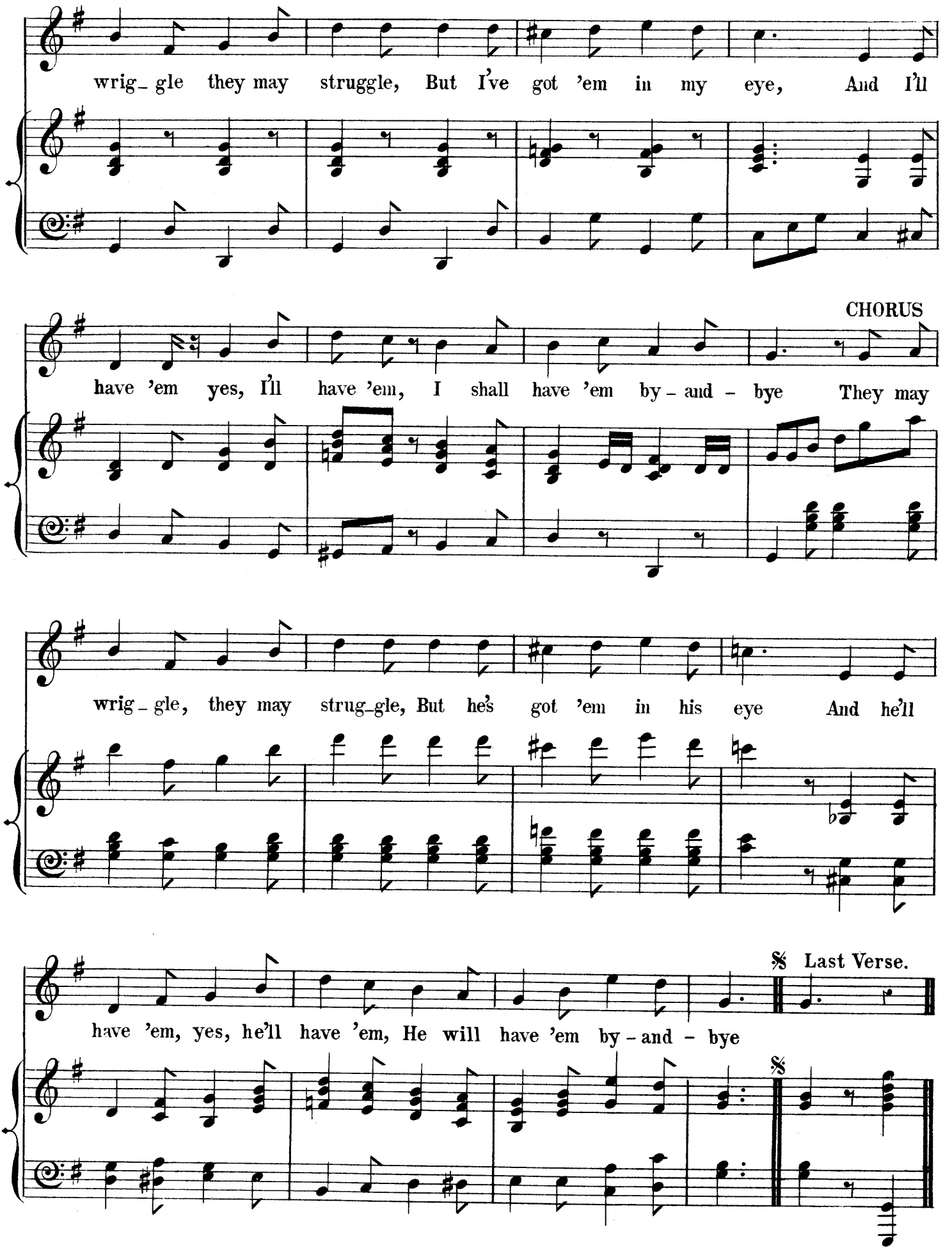

no Oh! no Oh! no..... Tis wrong to love me so,..... My
pray dont go, dont go..... For oh I love you so,..... My
own true love good bye, good bye, My own true love, good
own true love say not good bye, say not say not good
pp
cres.
bye,..... Oh no! Oh no Oh no..... Tis wrong to woo me
pp
cres.
bye,..... Oh pray dont go dont go..... For oh I love you
pp
cres.


so..... 'Tis wrong of you to woo, to woo me
so..... For Oh! I love you so, I love you
so. good bye!..... good.....
so..... My own true love My own true love
bye!..... good bye good bye.
good bye good bye.
f
pp
ff
dim. rall.

I SHALL HAVE 'EM.




paupers and of prin_ces, and of p'licemen and of prigs. I have
in_ti_mate re_la_tions with the pal_ace and the cot, And
when there's a_ny mis_chief I am al_ways on the spot..... They may
think they're ve_ry art_ful, and to get a_way may try, But I've
got my op_tic on 'em, and shall have 'em by-and-bye. They may


wrig_gle they may struggle, But I've got 'em in my eye, And I'll
CHORUS
have 'em yes, I'll have 'em, I shall have 'em by-and-bye They may
wrig_gle, they may strug_gle, But he's got 'em in his eye And he'll
𝄋 Last Verse.
have 'em, yes, he'll have 'em, He will have 'em by-and-bye
𝄋

I SHALL HAVE 'EM!

I'm a jolly clever fellow, and I'm very wide awake,
And I've studied human nature, and I'm up to ev'ry fake.
I can see through all the dodges, and I'm up to all the rigs
Of paupers and of princes, and of p'licemen and of prigs.
I have intimate relations with the palace and the cot,
And when there's any mischief I am always on the spot.
They may think they're very artful, and to get away may try,
But I've got my optic on 'em, and shall have 'em by-and-bye.

Chorus.
They may wriggle, they may struggle,
But I've got 'em in my eye,
And I'll have 'em, yes, I'll have 'em,
I shall have 'em by-and-bye.

There's a certain bank director, you should see him roll his eyes—
He has one upon his pockets and the other on the skies;
He thinks it wrong to whistle, but he sticks to lots of cash,
And ruins tens of thousands when the bubble goes to smash;
He may gang to kirk on Sunday, and about his goodness brag,
But he's not above a swindle, if he stands in in the swag;
To impose upon the people let the canny humbug try,
I have tumbled to the rascal, and I'll have him by-and-bye.
Chorus.—They may, &c.

There are barristers I know of who are eminent Q. C.'s,
Who think less about their clients than they do about their fees;
When they've taken, say a hundred or a thousand on a brief,
They will let a junior fight it, or their client come to grief.
There are members of a vestry, not a thousand miles away,
Who waste in wanton gluttony the poor rates that we pay;
There's the smug teetotal lecturer who drinks upon the sly—
I have booked the lot for places, and I'll have 'em by-and-bye.
Chorus.—They may, &c.

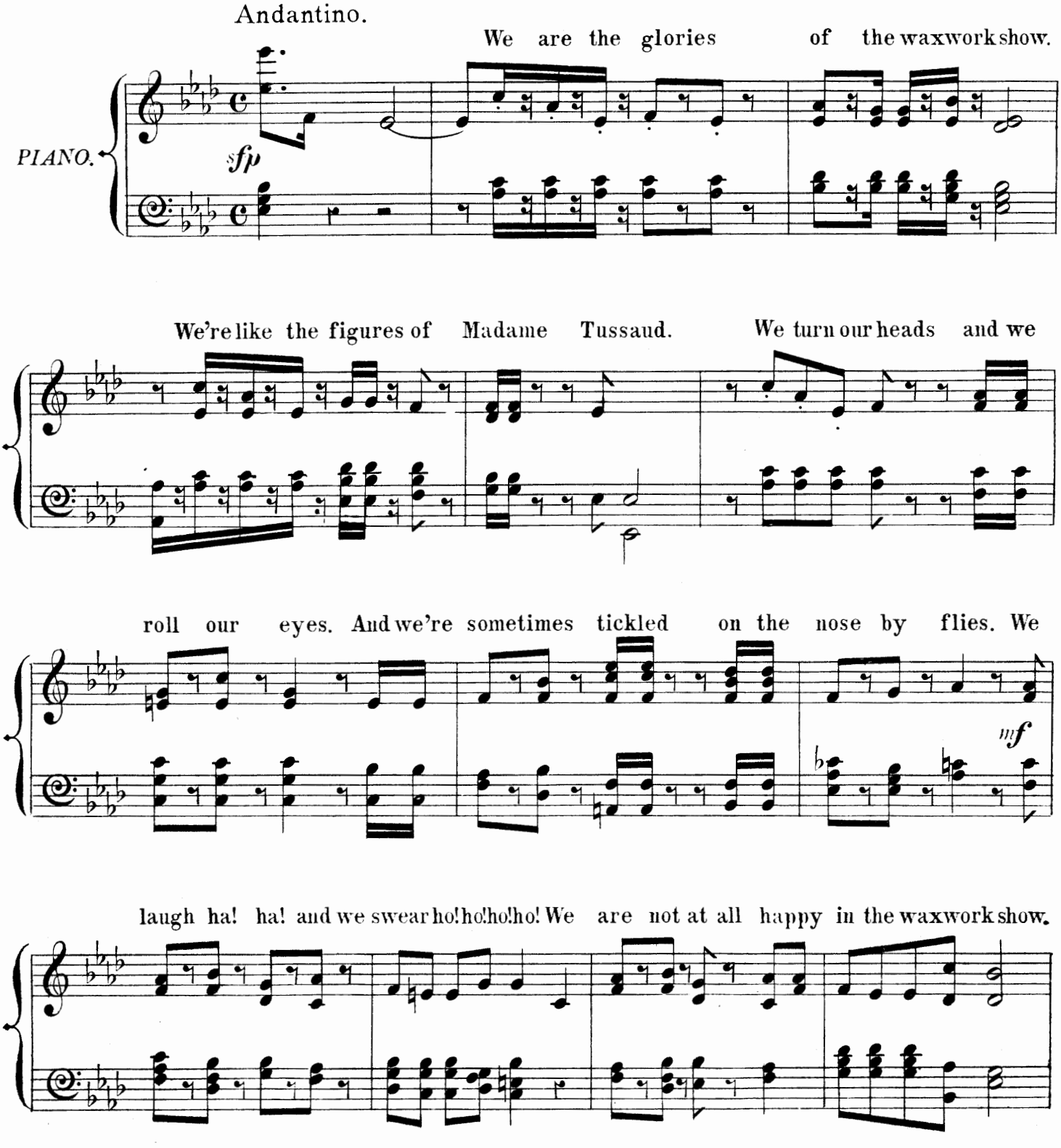
ENCORE VERSES.

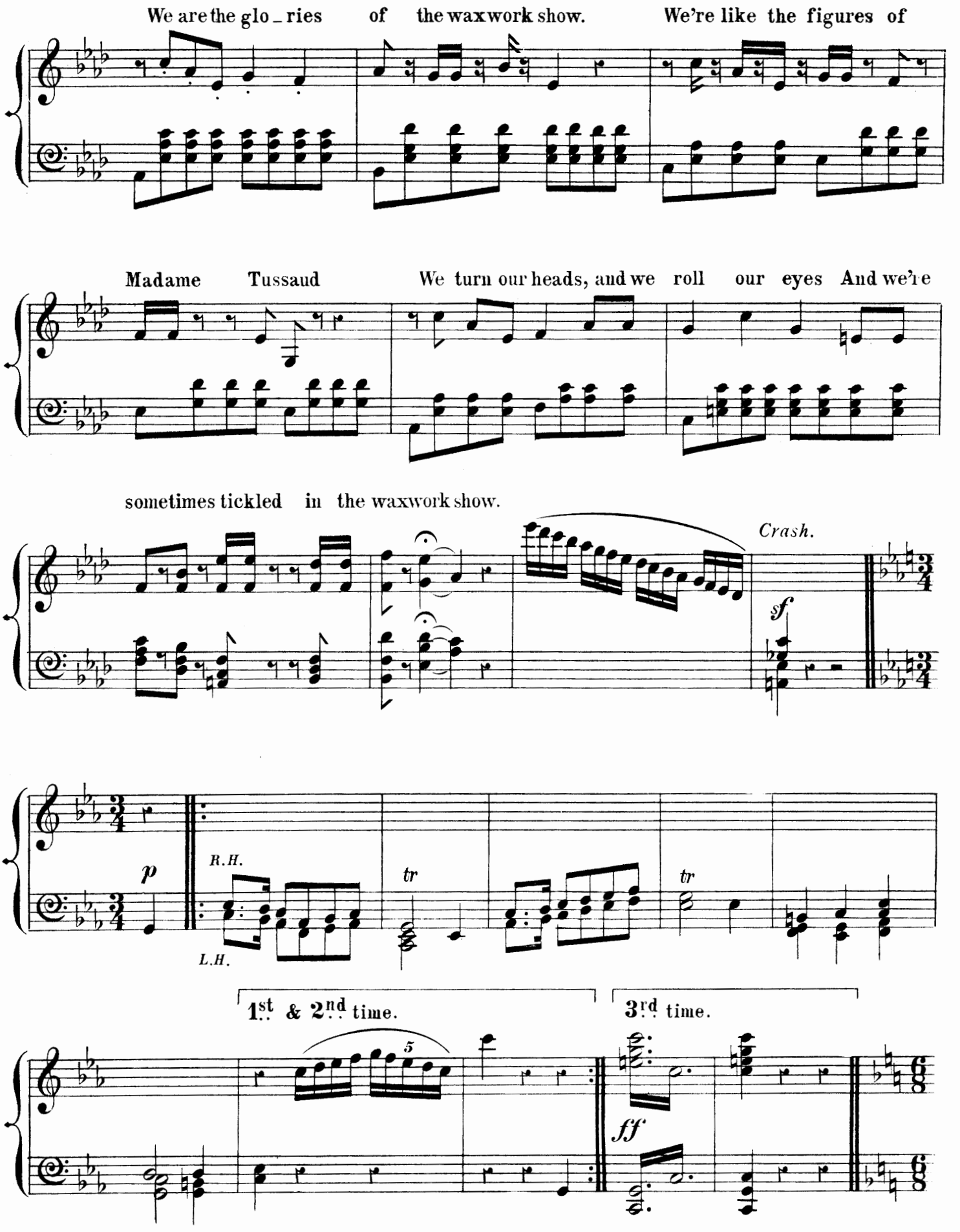
There's a well-known West-End lawyer whose money has been lent,
To swells in want of ready cash, at sixty-five per cent.
He gets them in his clutches as the spider does the fly,
And squeezes them and squeezes them until he's squeezed them dry.
There's a gentleman whose custom was to go to every race,
But the Jockey Club have warned him and he dare not show his face,
On the tape he now is betting, and he's betting rather high,
But he'll take the knock directly, and I'll have him by-and-bye.
Chorus.—They may, &c.

I've a friend who keeps a club-house, he is quite the ladida,
But he's got his wits about him when he plays at *baccarat*,
At leaving off a winner he is always very deft,
And he plucks and plucks his pigeons till there's not a feather left.
There's an impecunious fellow who was always on the mash,
He married a young lady with a lot of ready cash,
But he left her like a rascal, when he made her money fly,
But I'm keeping him a corner, and he'll be there by-and-bye
Chorus.—They may, &c.

THE WAXWORKS SHOW.

CHORUS.

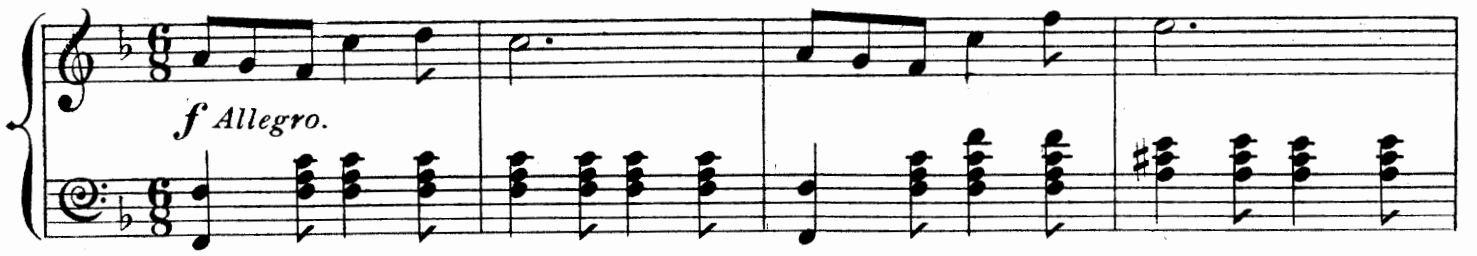



We are the glo_ries of the waxwork show. We're like the figures of
Madame Tussaud We turn our heads, and we roll our eyes And we're
sometimes tickled in the waxwork show.
Crash.
sf
p
R.H.
L.H.
tr
tr
1st & 2nd time.
3rd time.
5
ff

MARG.

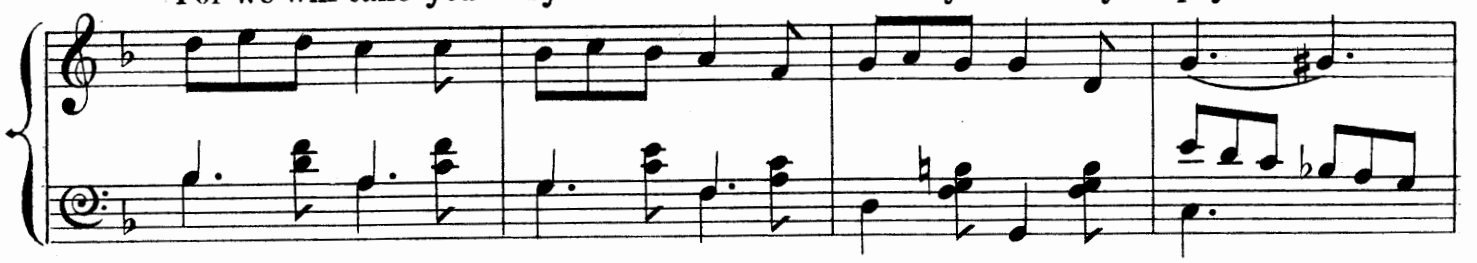
Villian get hence a _ way! Or you will rue the day,

f Allegro.



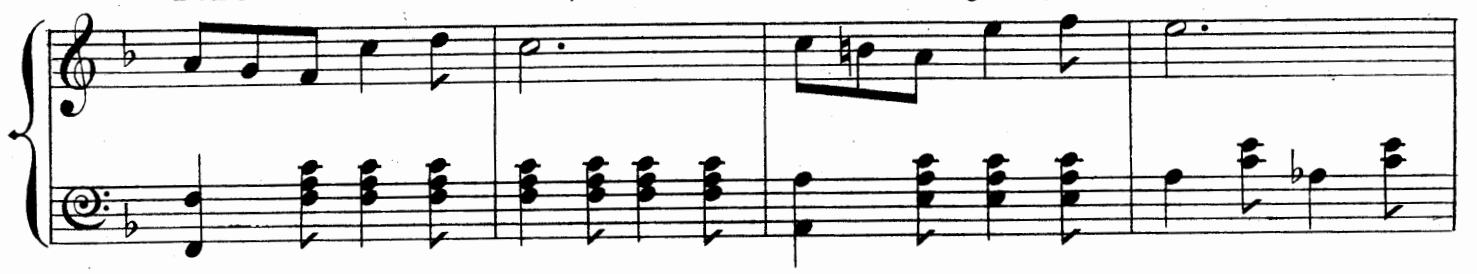
VALEN.

For we will take you by the heels and make you dear_ly pay.



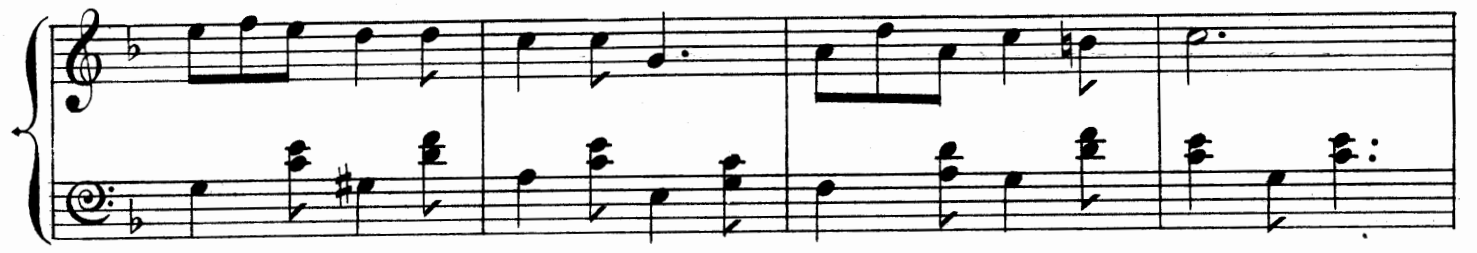
MARG.

Don't show the cloven hoof, Or we will give you proof.

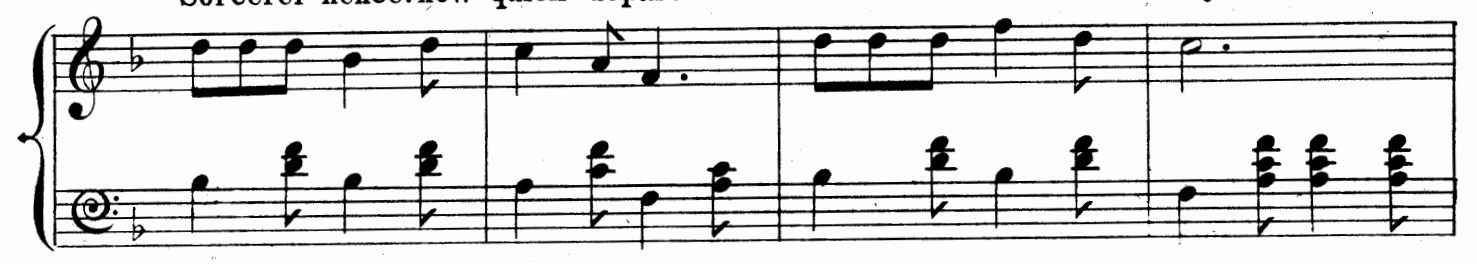


SIEBEL.

We don't mean it for a joke you'll find to your dis _ may.

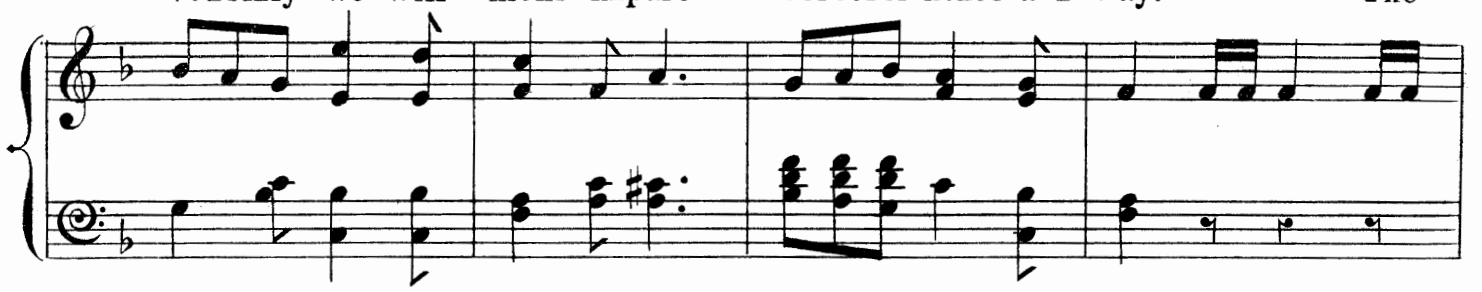


Sorcerer hence! now quick depart Ter_ri_ble one a _ way!

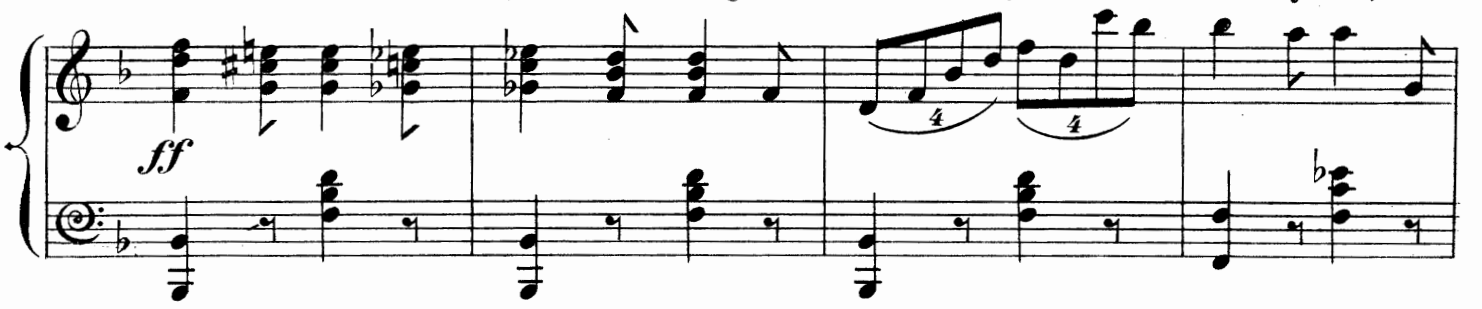


CHORUS.

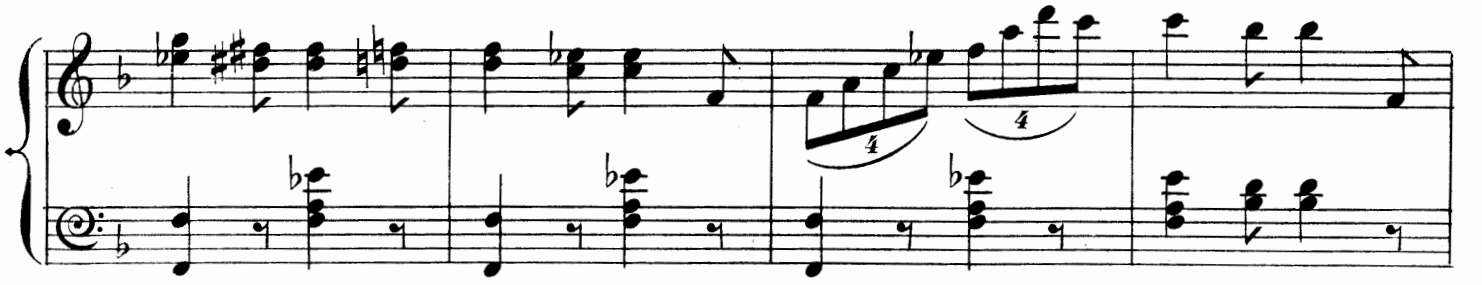
Ve_ri_ly we will kicks impart Sorcerer hence a _ way! The



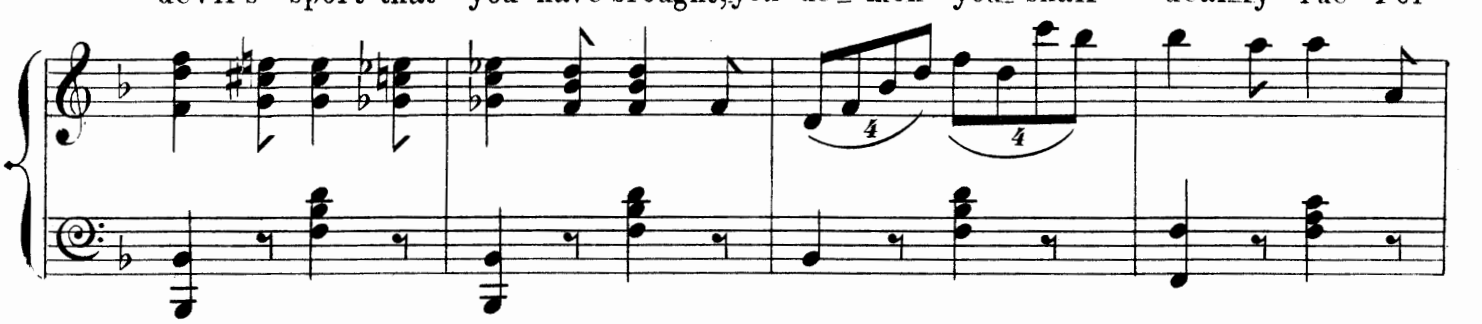
devil's sport that you have brought, You de_mon you shall dear_ly rue; For



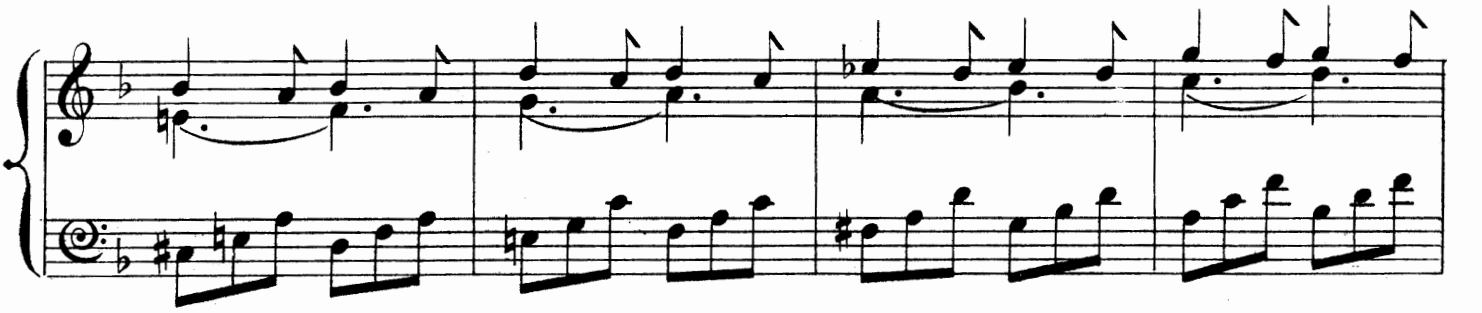
e'er you rascal you are caught, We mean to make it hot for you. The



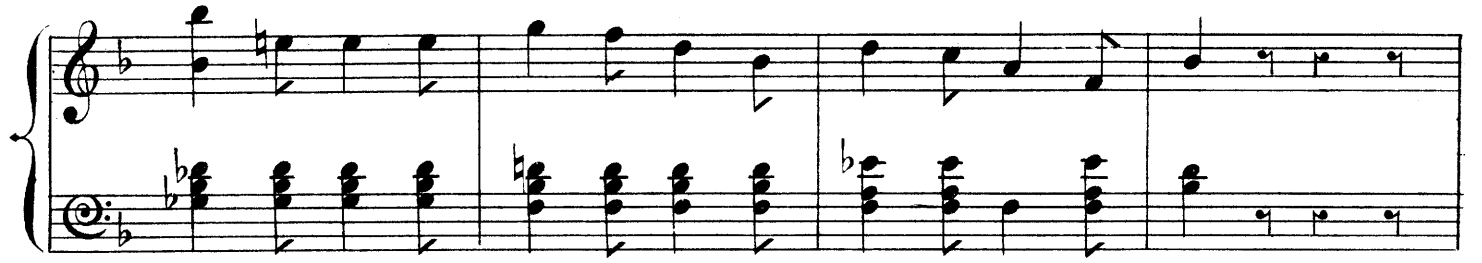
devil's sport that you have brought, you de_mon you_shall dear_ly rue For



e'er you ras_cal you are caught We mean to make it hot for you, For

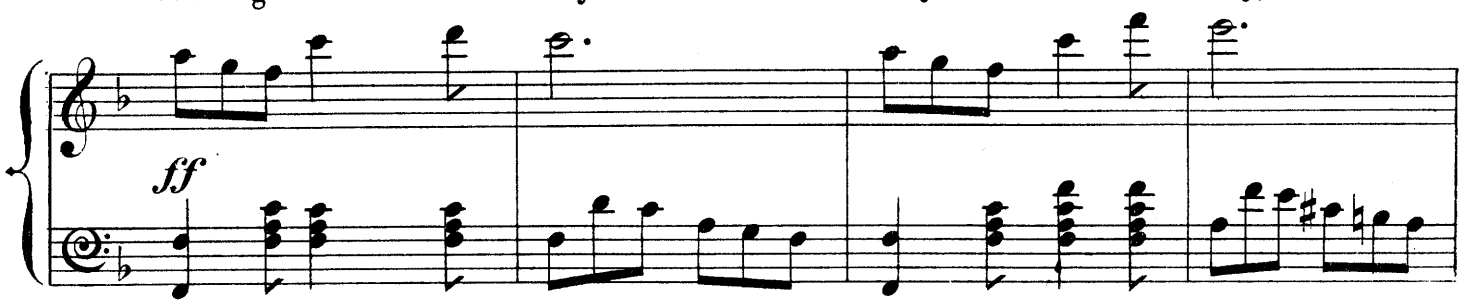


e'er you ras_cal you are caught, We'll make it hot for you.

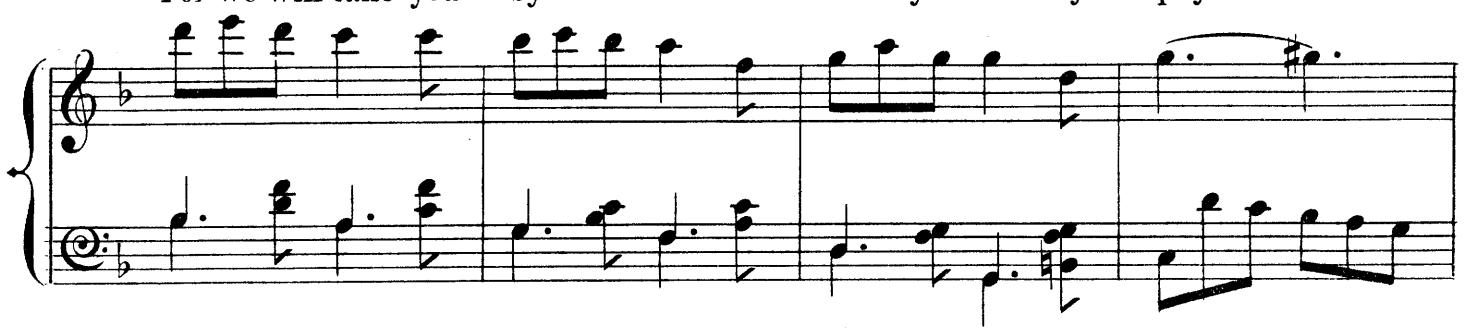


Tutti ensemble.

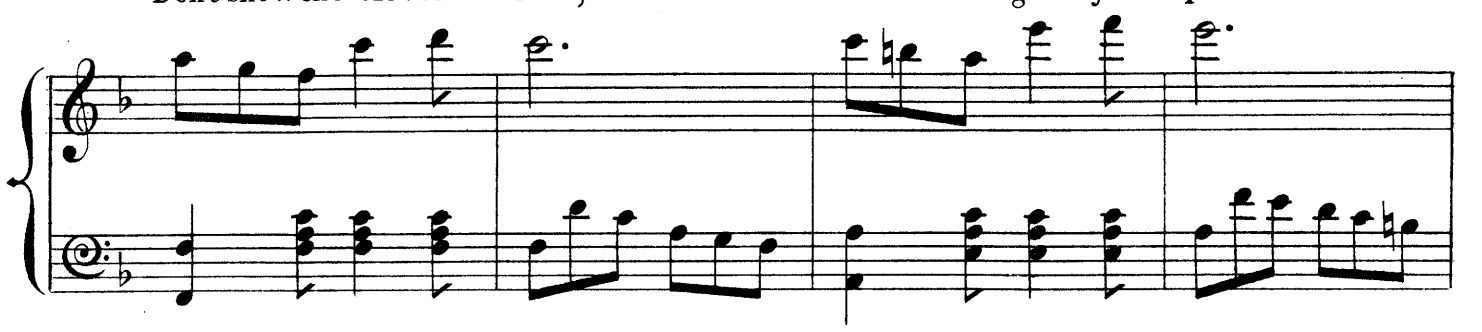
Villian get hence a _ way Or you shall rue the day,



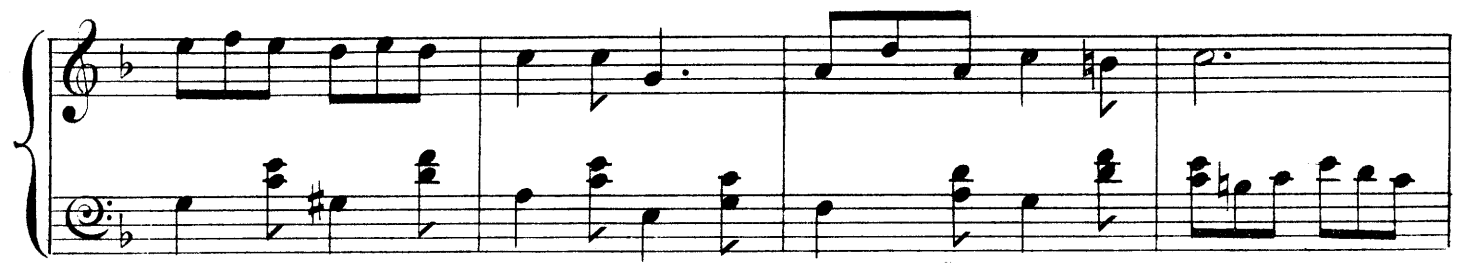
For we will take you by the heels and make you dear_ly pay.



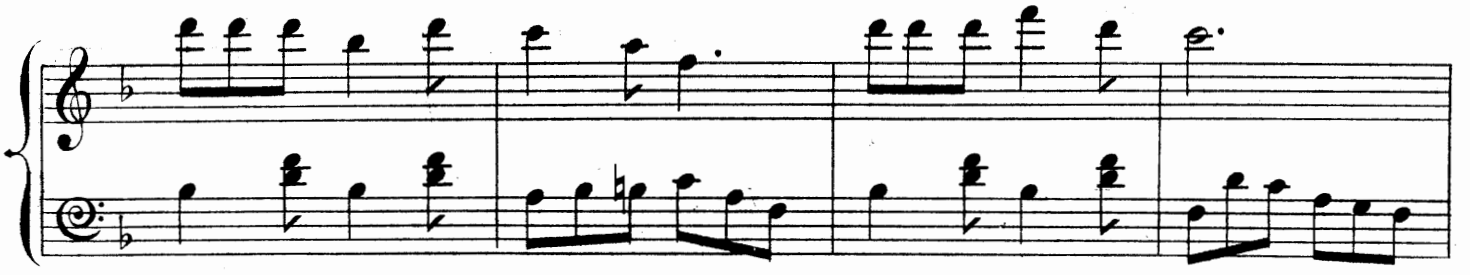
Don't show the cloven hoof, Or we will give you proof.



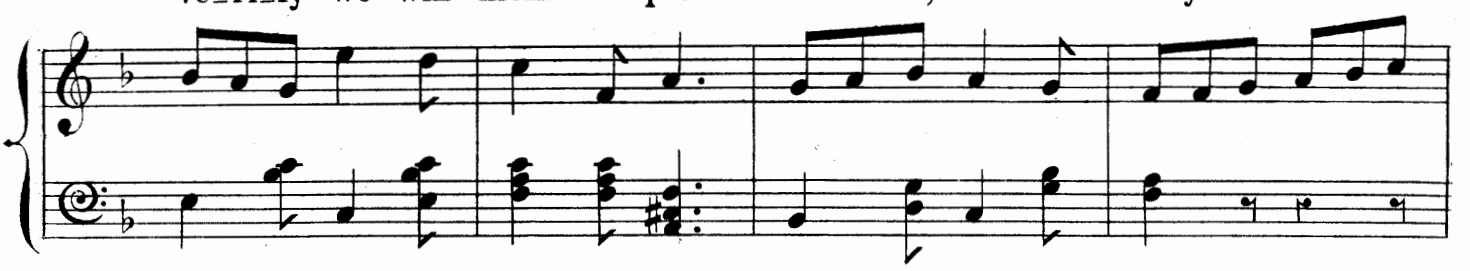
We don't mean it for a joke you'll find to your dis _ may.



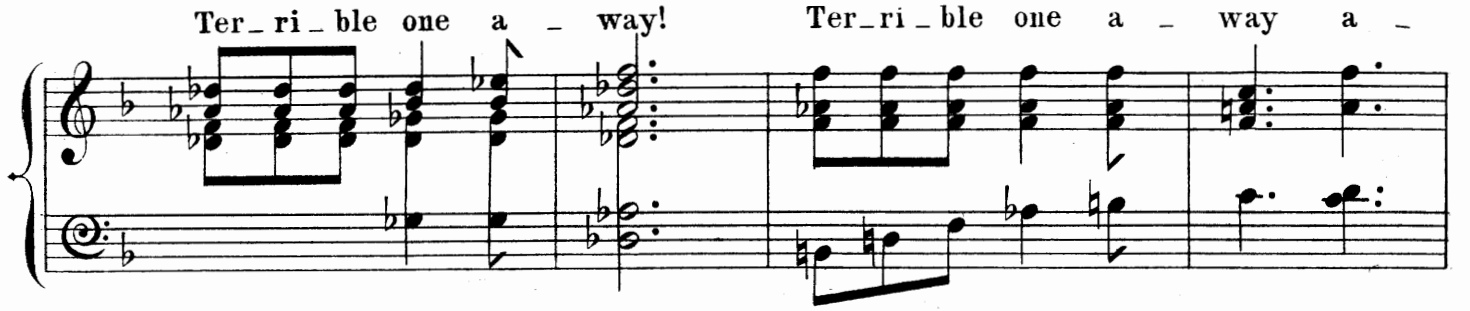
Sorcerer hence! Now quick depart! Terrible one a way!



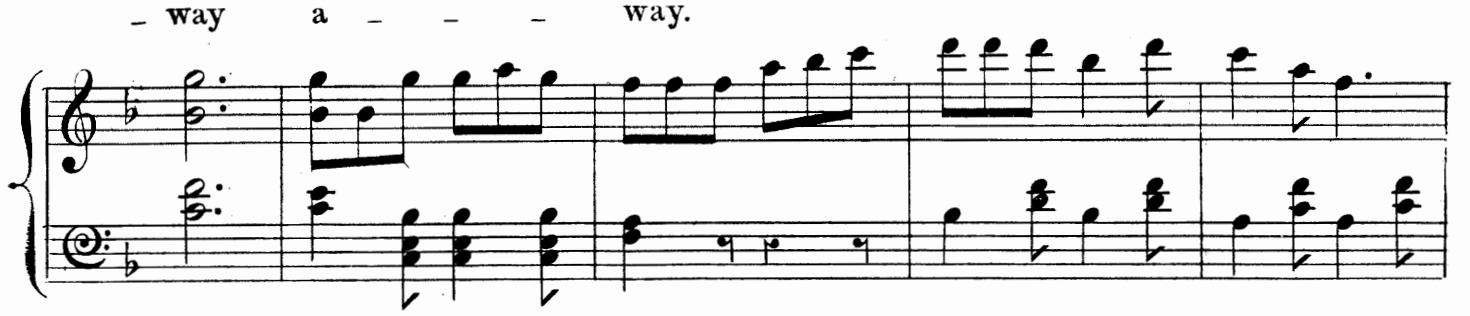
Ve_ri_ly we will kicks im_part Sorcerer, hence a _ way

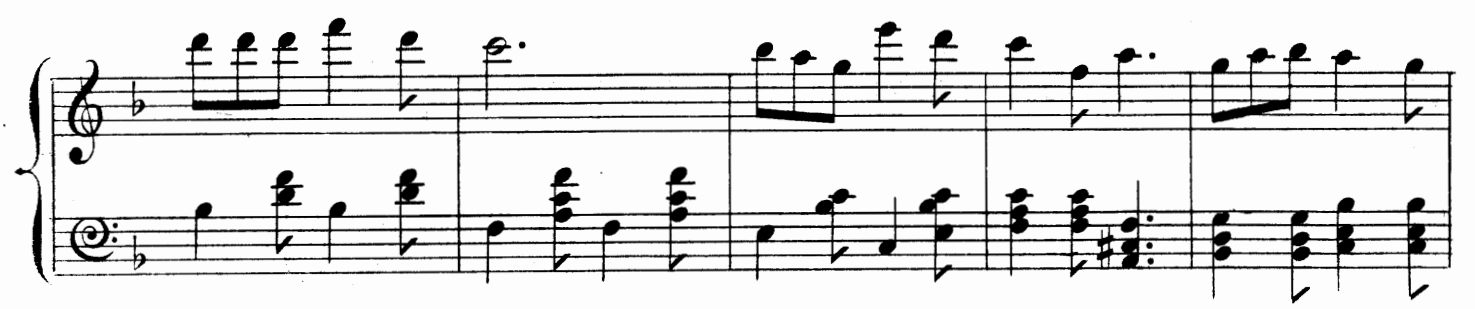


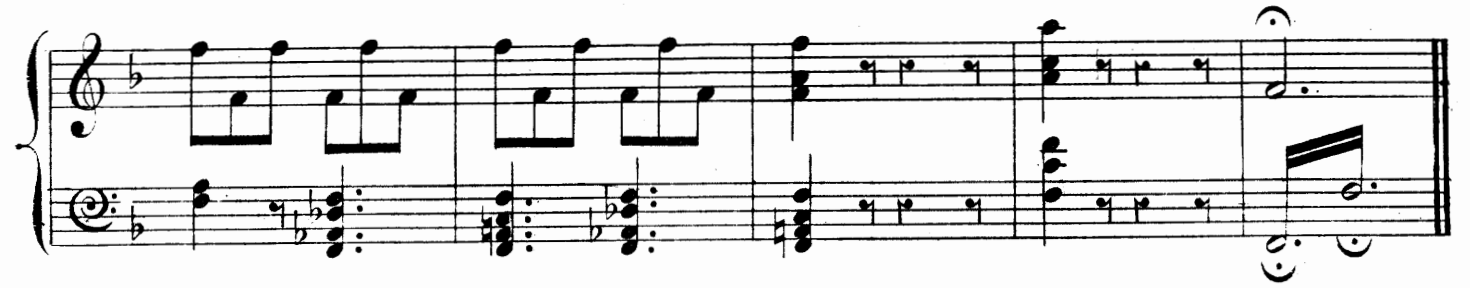
Ter_ri_ble one a _ way! Ter_ri_ble one a _ way a _



_ way a _ _ _ way.

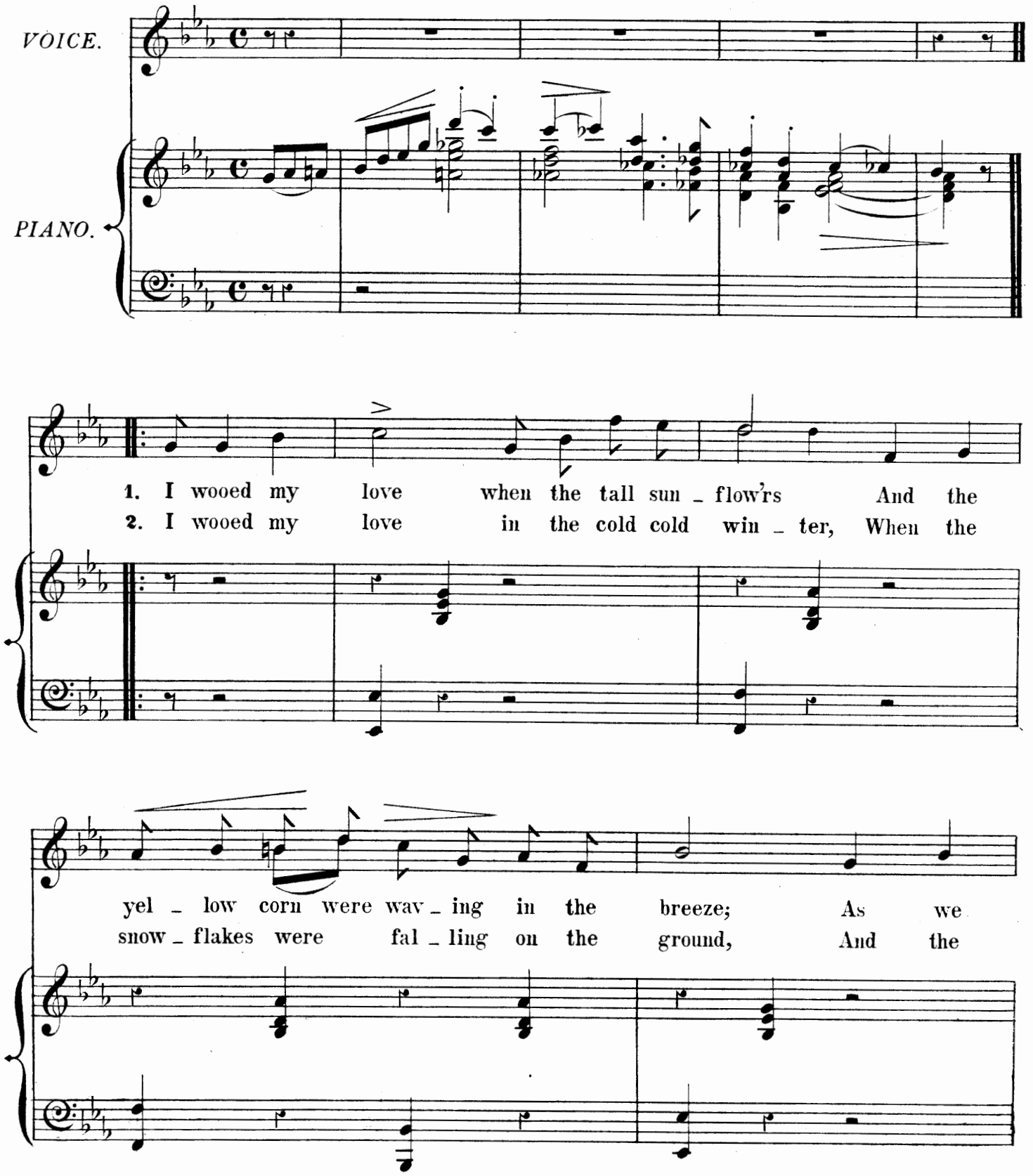


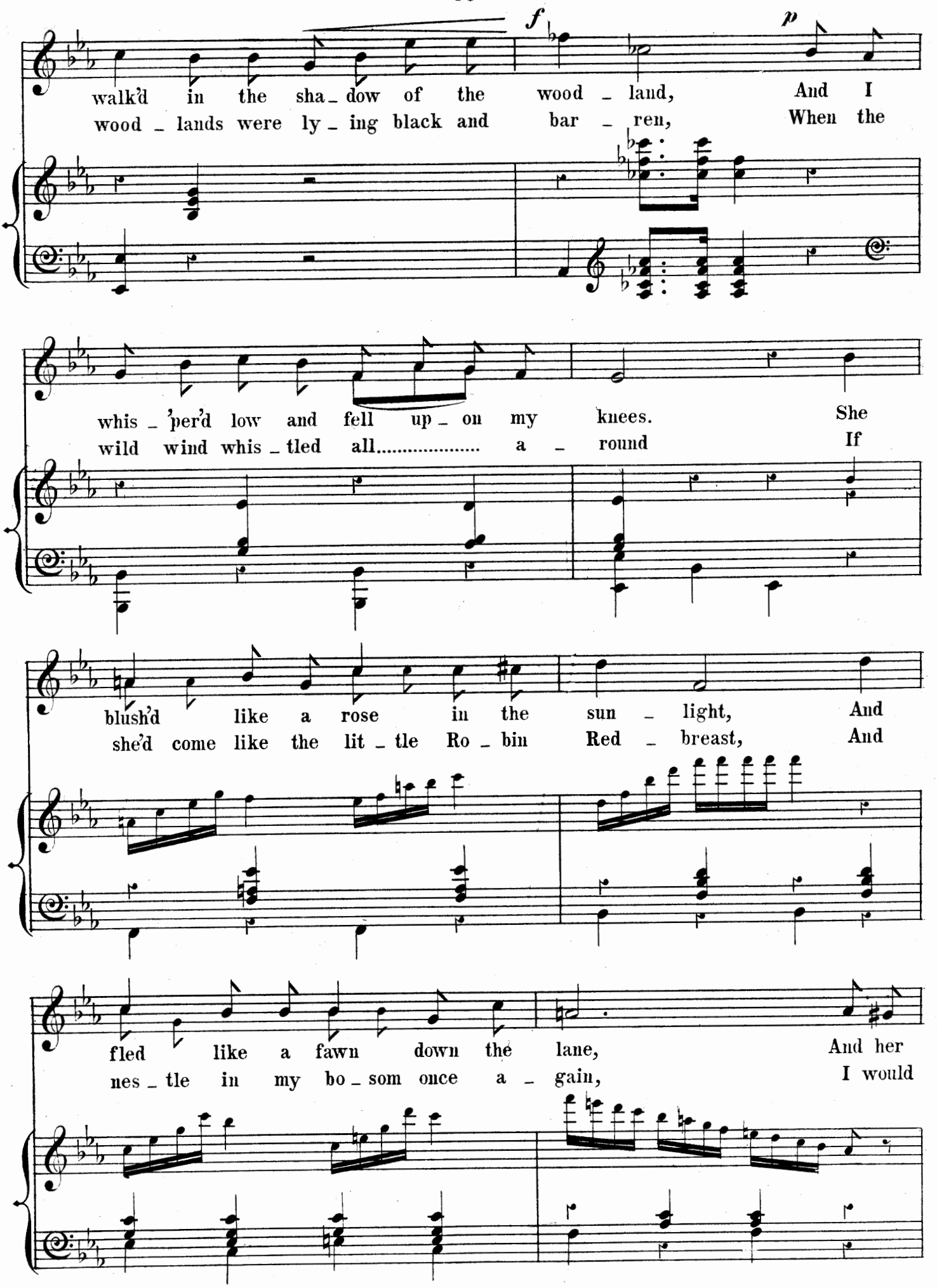


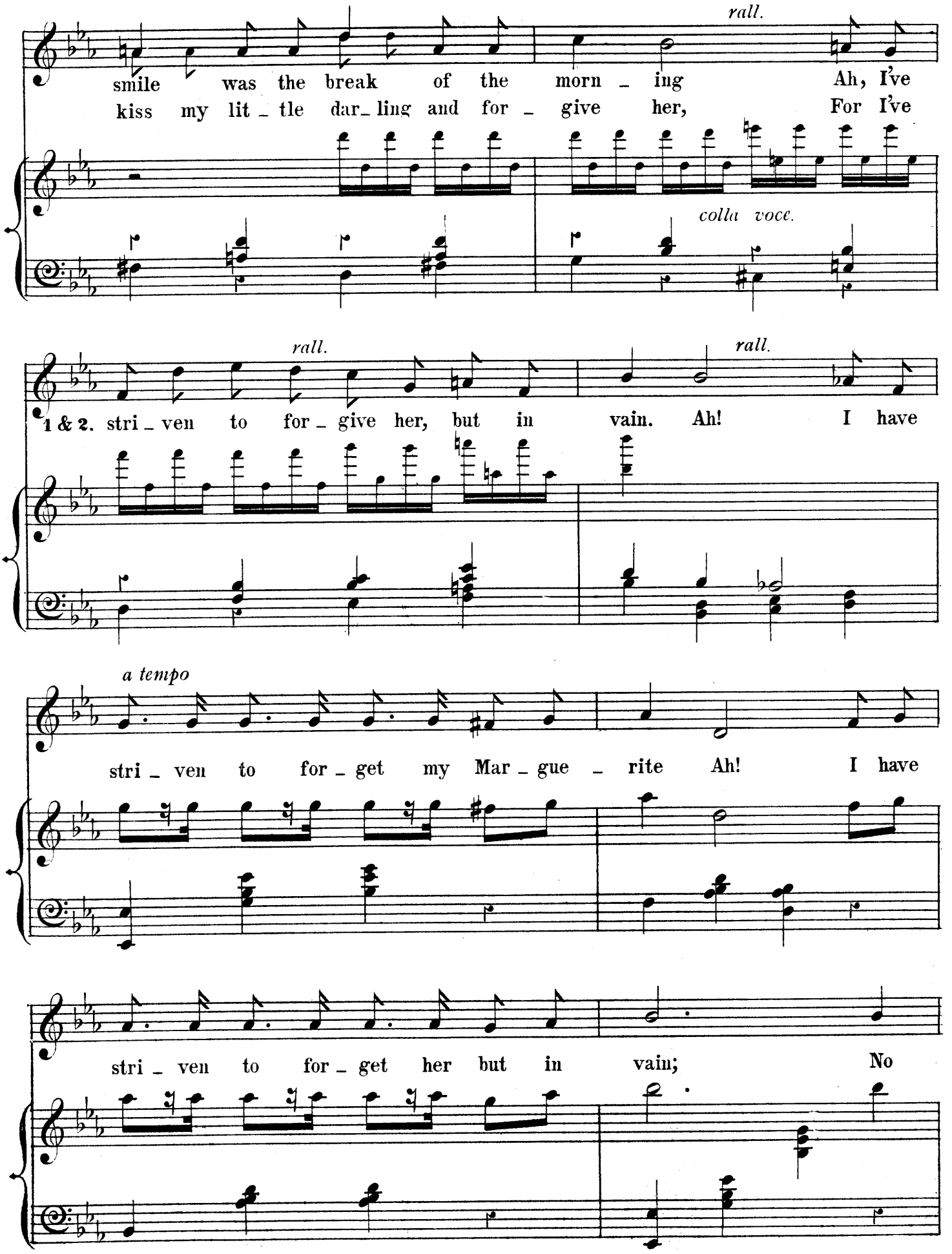


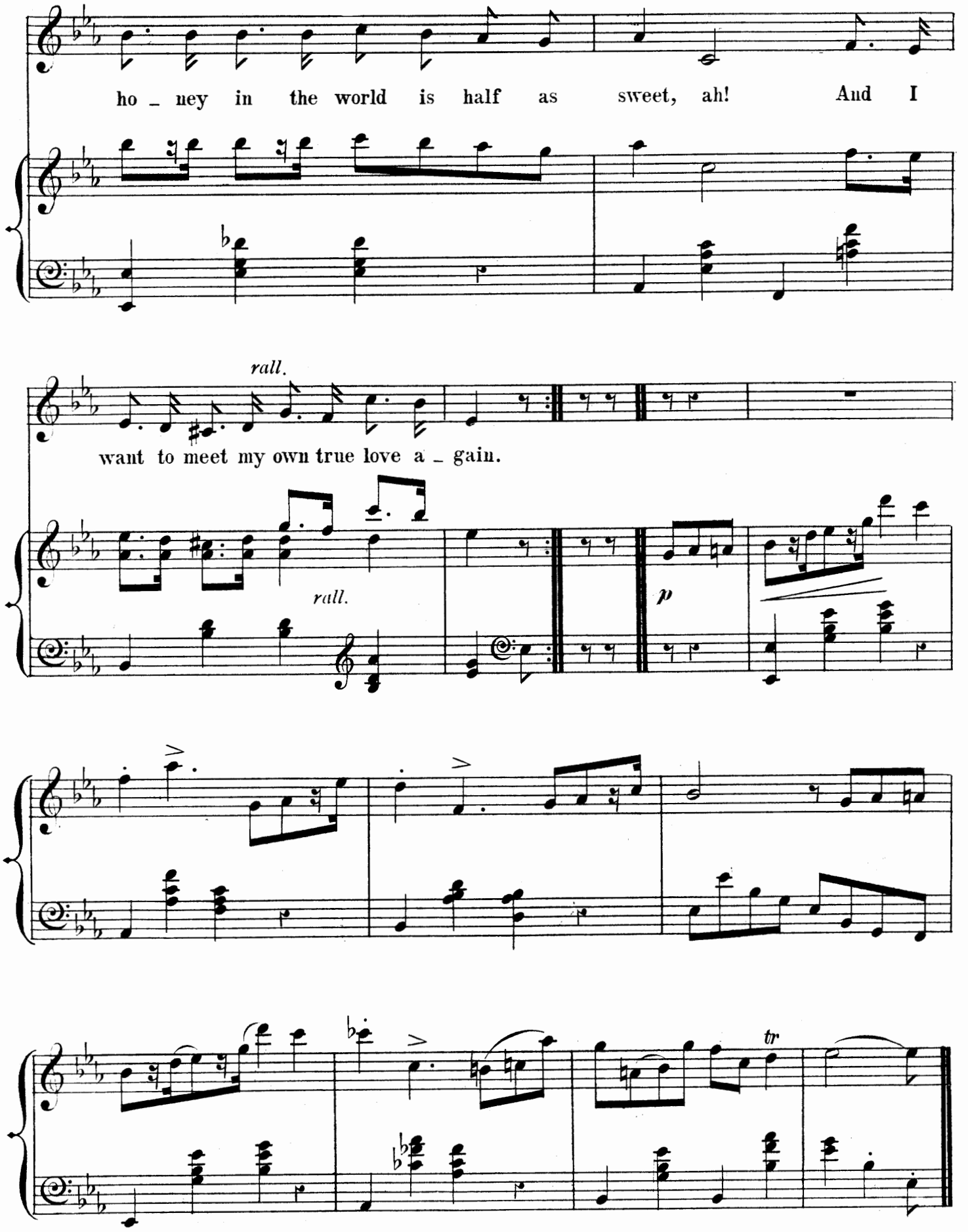
I WOOED MY LOVE.

SIEBEL'S SONG.



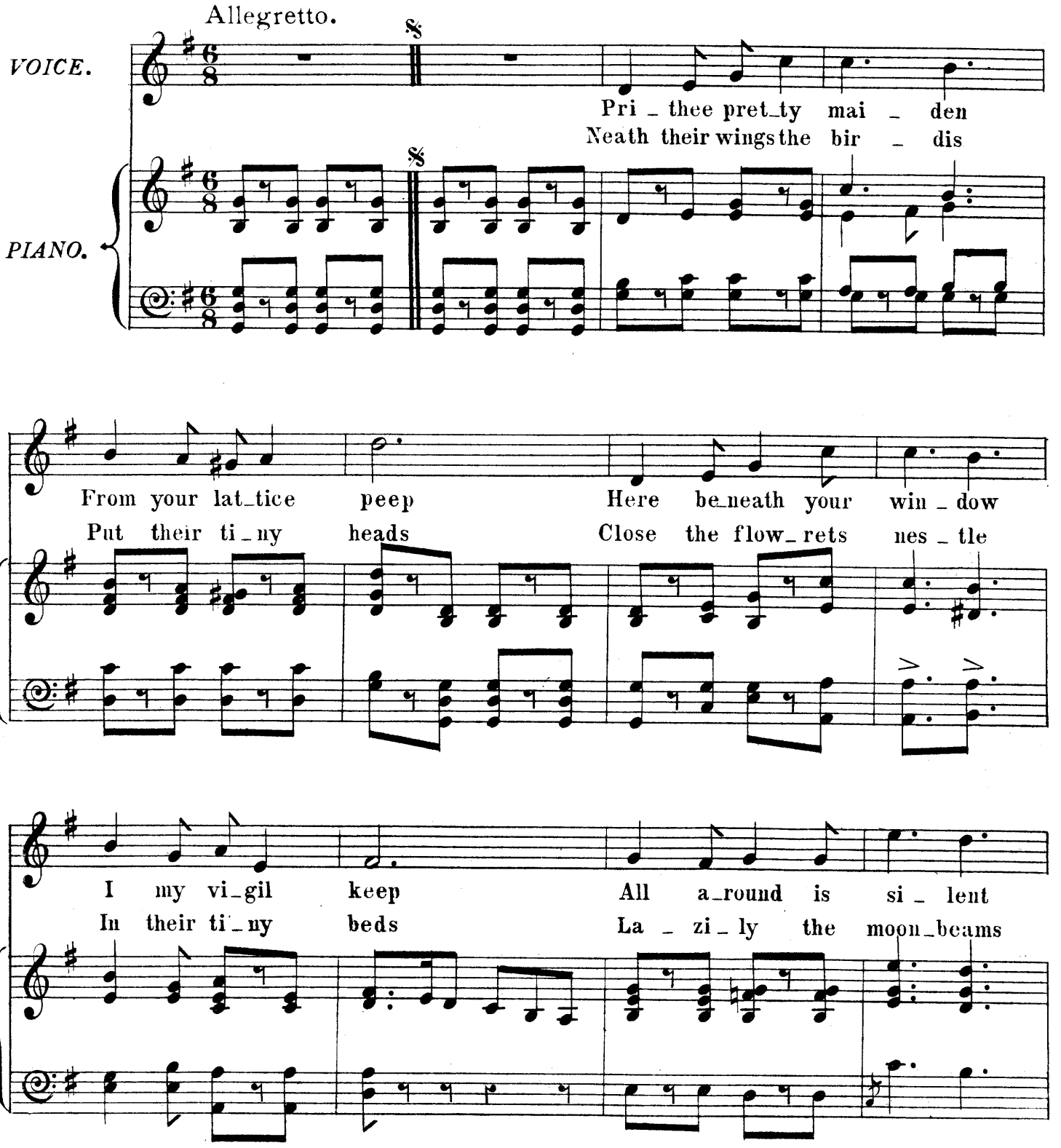

f
p
walk'd in the sha_dow of the wood _ land, And I
wood _ lands were ly_ing black and bar _ ren, When the
whis _ 'per'd low and fell up _ on my knees. She
wild wind whis _ tled all..... a _ round If
blush'd like a rose in the sun _ light, And
she'd come like the lit _ tle Ro _ bin Red _ breast, And
fled like a fawn down the lane, And her
nes _ tle in my bo _ som once a _ gain, I would

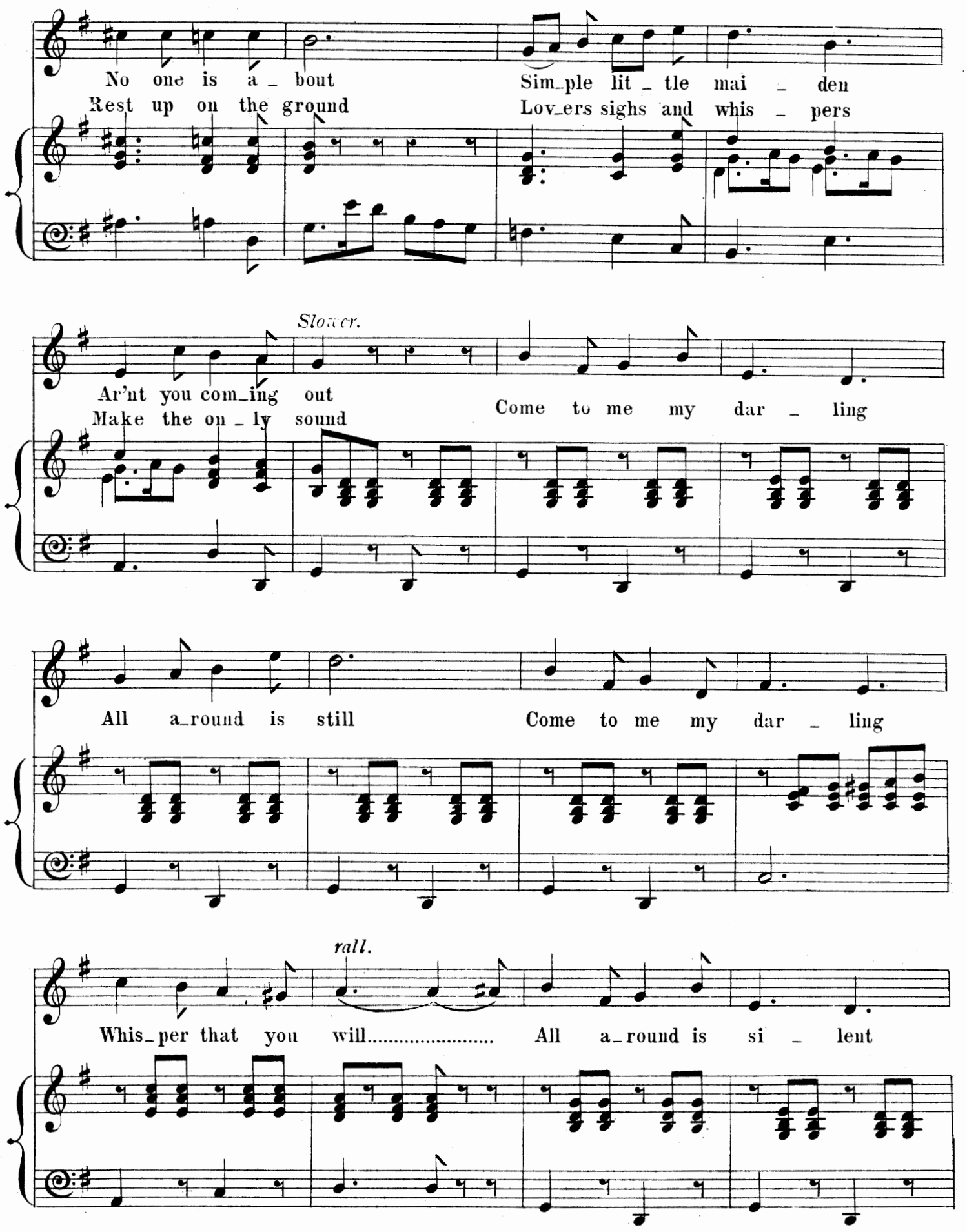

rall.
smile was the break of the morn _ ing Ah, I've
kiss my lit _ tle dar_ling and for _ give her, For I've
colla voce.
rall.
rall.
1 & 2. stri _ ven to for _ give her, but in vain. Ah! I have
a tempo
stri _ ven to for _ get my Mar _ gue _ rite Ah! I have
stri _ ven to for _ get her but in vain; No

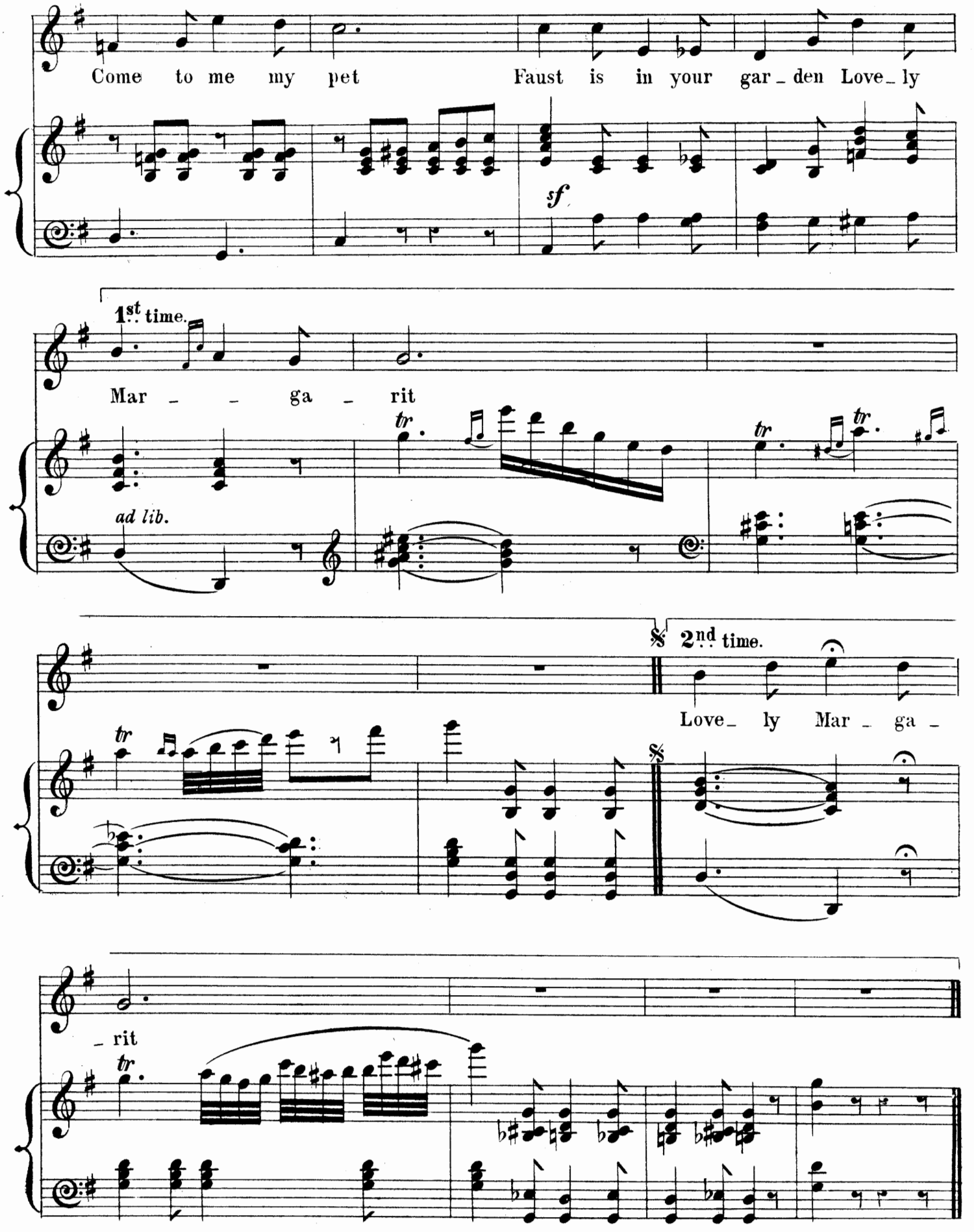

ho _ ney in the world is half as sweet, ah! And I
rall.
want to meet my own true love a _ gain.
rall.
p
tr

SERENADE.

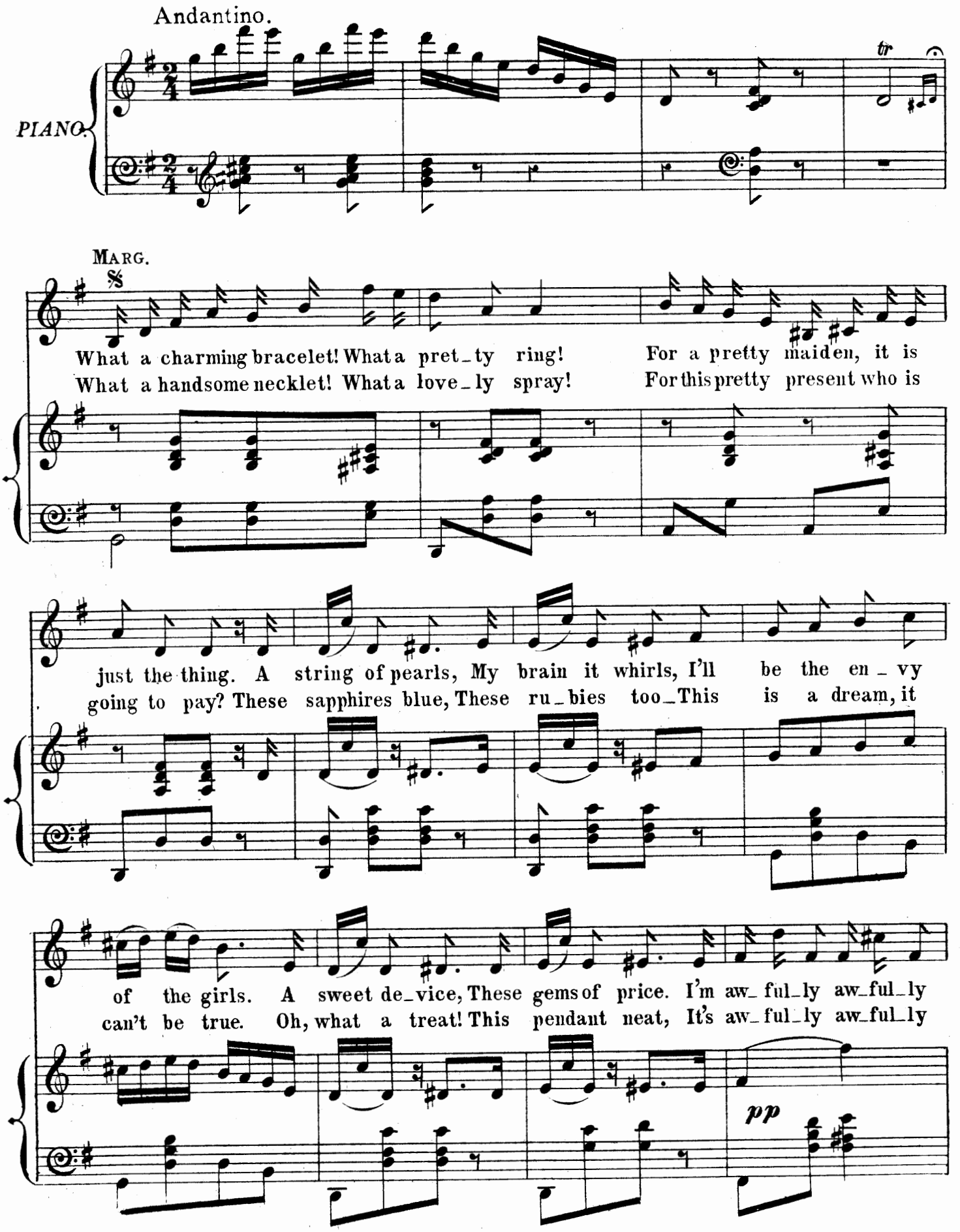
FAUST.

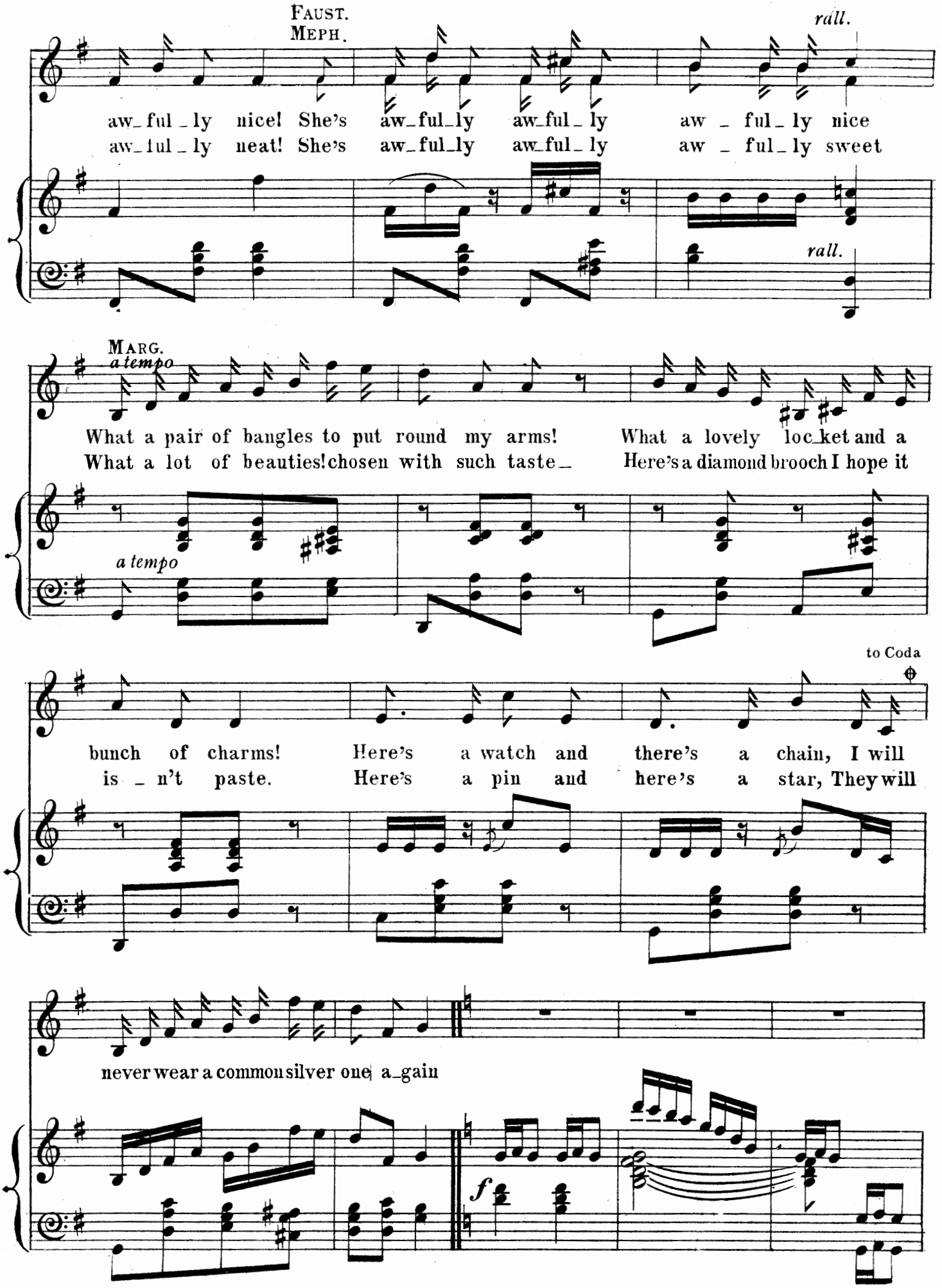


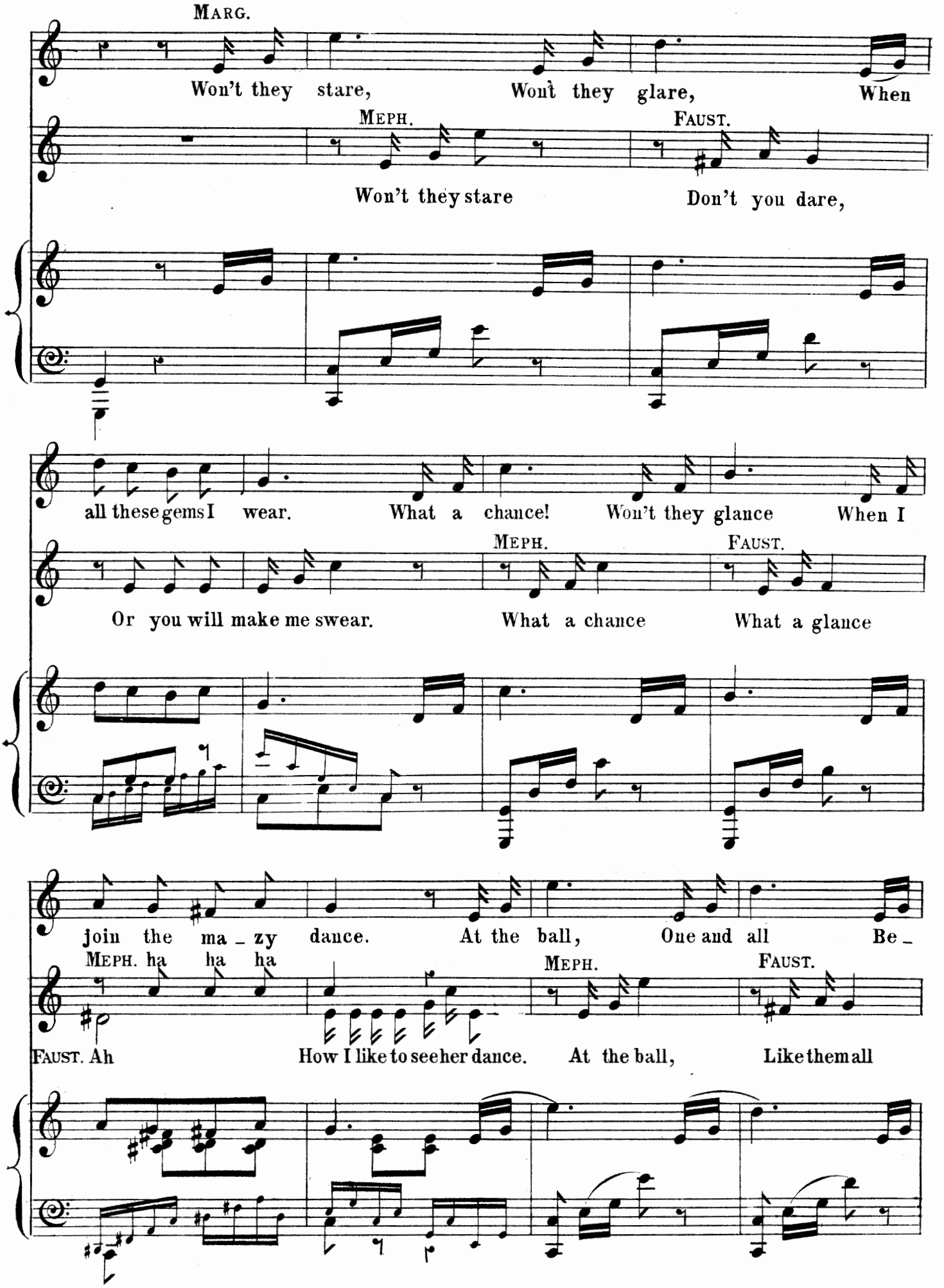

No one is a_bout
Rest up on the ground
Sim_ple lit_tle mai_den
Lov_ers sighs and whis_pers
Slower.
Ar'nt you com_ing out
Make the on_ly sound
Come to me my dar_ling
All a_round is still
Come to me my dar_ling
rall.
Whis_per that you will.....
All a_round is si_lent

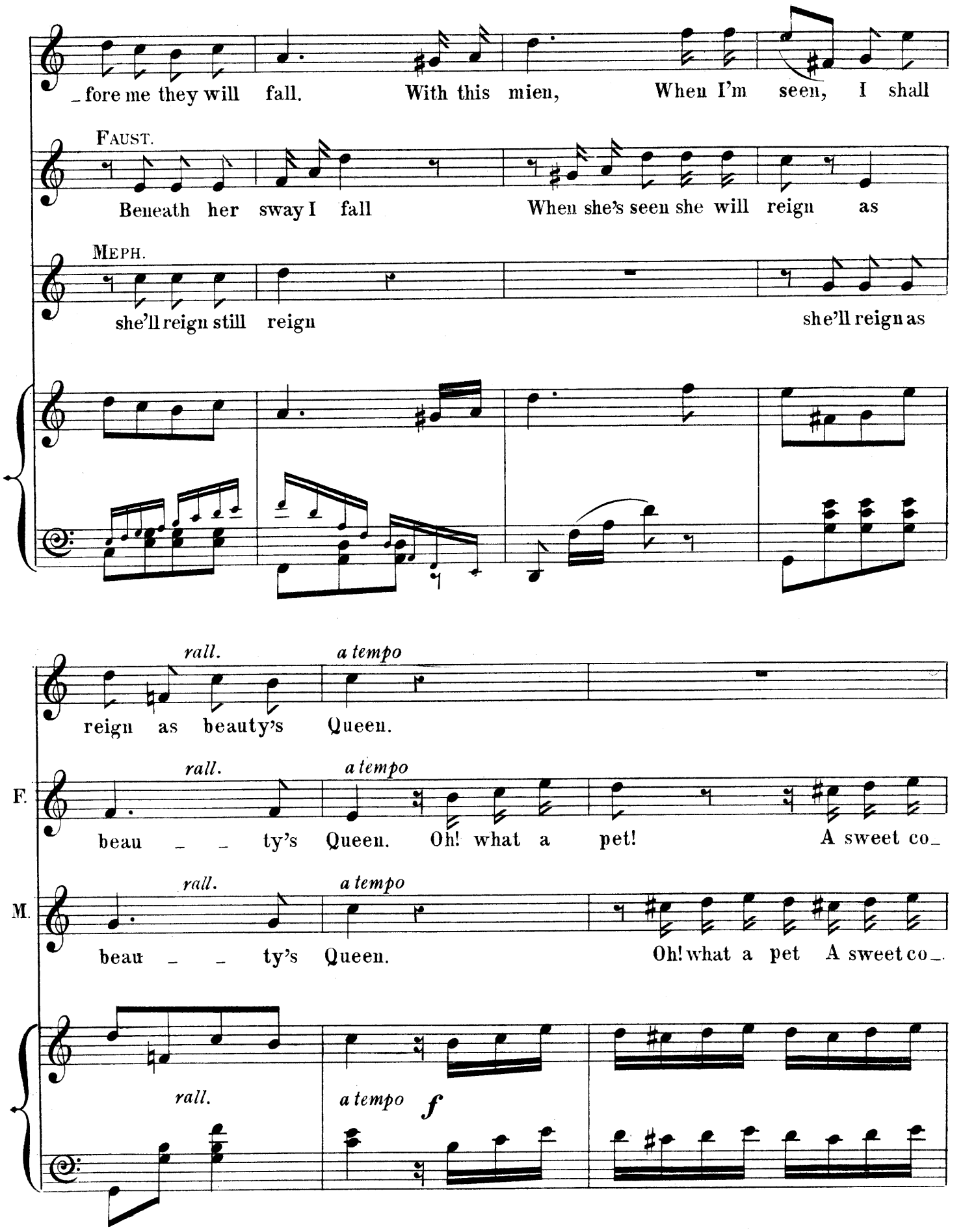

Come to me my pet
Faust is in your gar_den Love_ly
sf
1st time.
Mar _ _ ga _ rit
tr
ad lib.
2nd time.
Love_ ly Mar _ ga _
_ rit

JEWEL SONG.


Andantino.
PIANO.
tr
MARG.
What a charming bracelet! What a pret_ty ring! For a pretty maiden, it is
What a handsome necklet! What a love_ly spray! For this pretty present who is
just the thing. A string of pearls, My brain it whirls, I'll be the en_vy
going to pay? These sapphires blue, These ru_bies too_This is a dream, it
of the girls. A sweet de_vice, These gems of price. I'm aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly
can't be true. Oh, what a treat! This pendant neat, It's aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly
pp


FAUST.
MEPH.
rall.
aw_ful_ly nice! She's aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly nice
aw_ful_ly neat! She's aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly aw_ful_ly sweet
rall.
MARG.
a tempo
What a pair of bangles to put round my arms! What a lovely loc_ket and a
What a lot of beauties! chosen with such taste_ Here's a diamond brooch I hope it
a tempo
to Coda
bunch of charms! Here's a watch and there's a chain, I will
is_n't paste. Here's a pin and here's a star, They will
never wear a common silver one a_gain
f


MARG.
Won't they stare, Won't they glare, When
MEPH.
FAUST.
Won't they stare
Don't you dare,
all these gems I wear. What a chance! Won't they glance When I
MEPH.
FAUST.
Or you will make me swear. What a chance What a glance
join the ma _ zy dance. At the ball, One and all Be _
MEPH. ha ha ha
MEPH.
FAUST.
FAUST. Ah
How I like to see her dance. At the ball, Like them all


_fore me they will fall. With this mien, When I'm seen, I shall
FAUST.
Beneath her sway I fall When she's seen she will reign as
MEPH.
she'll reign still reign she'll reign as
rall.
a tempo
reign as beauty's Queen.
F.
rall.
a tempo
beau _ _ ty's Queen. Oh! what a pet! A sweet co_
M.
rall.
a tempo
beau _ _ ty's Queen. Oh! what a pet A sweet co_
rall.
a tempo
f

F. & M.

-quette, A maiden sweet, So smart and neat. Oh what a love A pretty dove.

⊕ Coda.

MARG. say, "Oh Margaret! how beauti-ful you are." Yes! They will say how

più moto

FAUST. Oh what a pet!

più moto

MEPH. What a pet!

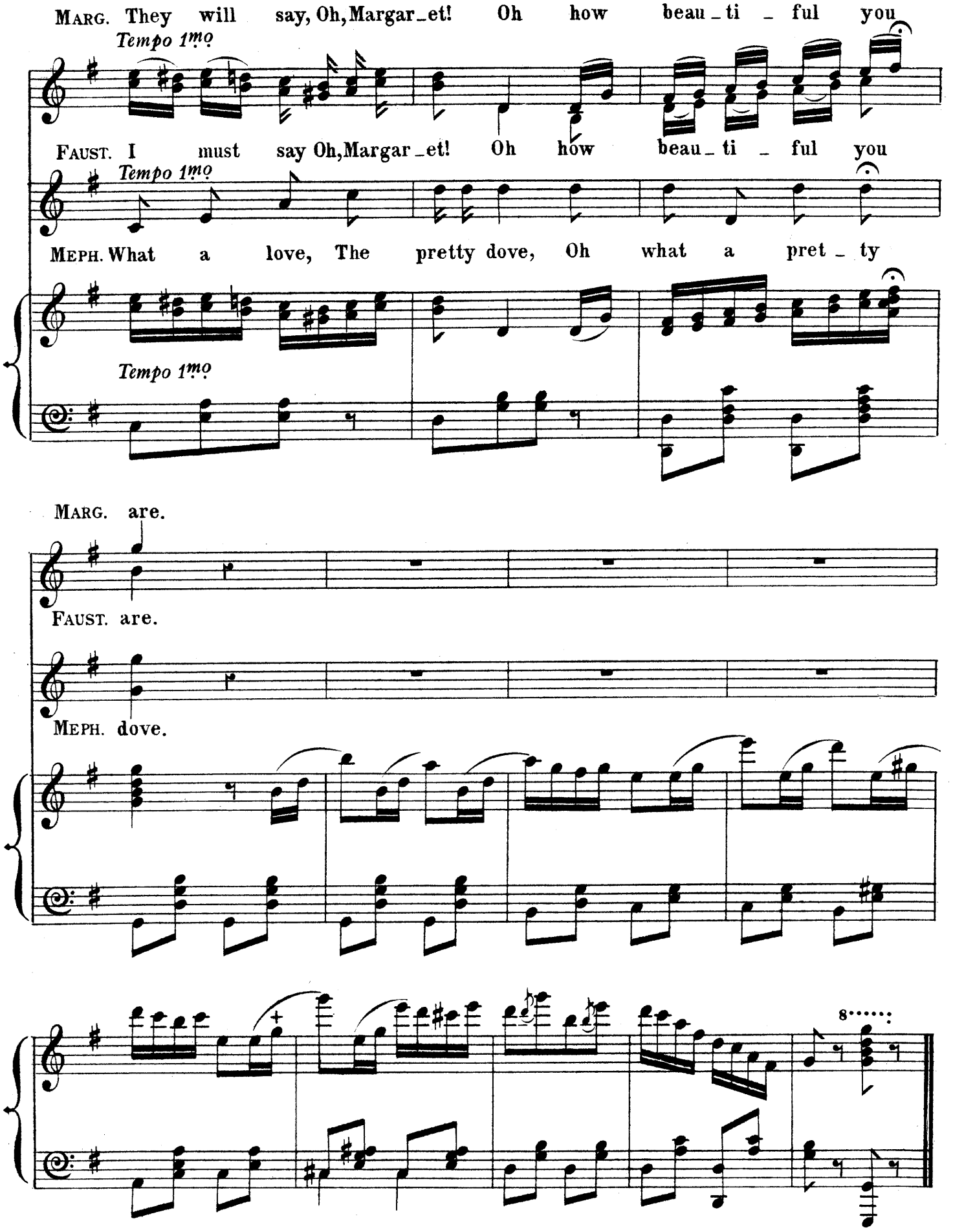
più moto

beau-ti-ful you are, how beau-ti-ful you are, Yes!

MARG.

FAUST. What a sweet coquette, Oh what a pet What a sweet coquette Yes!

MEPH. And co-quette What a love, And a dove.

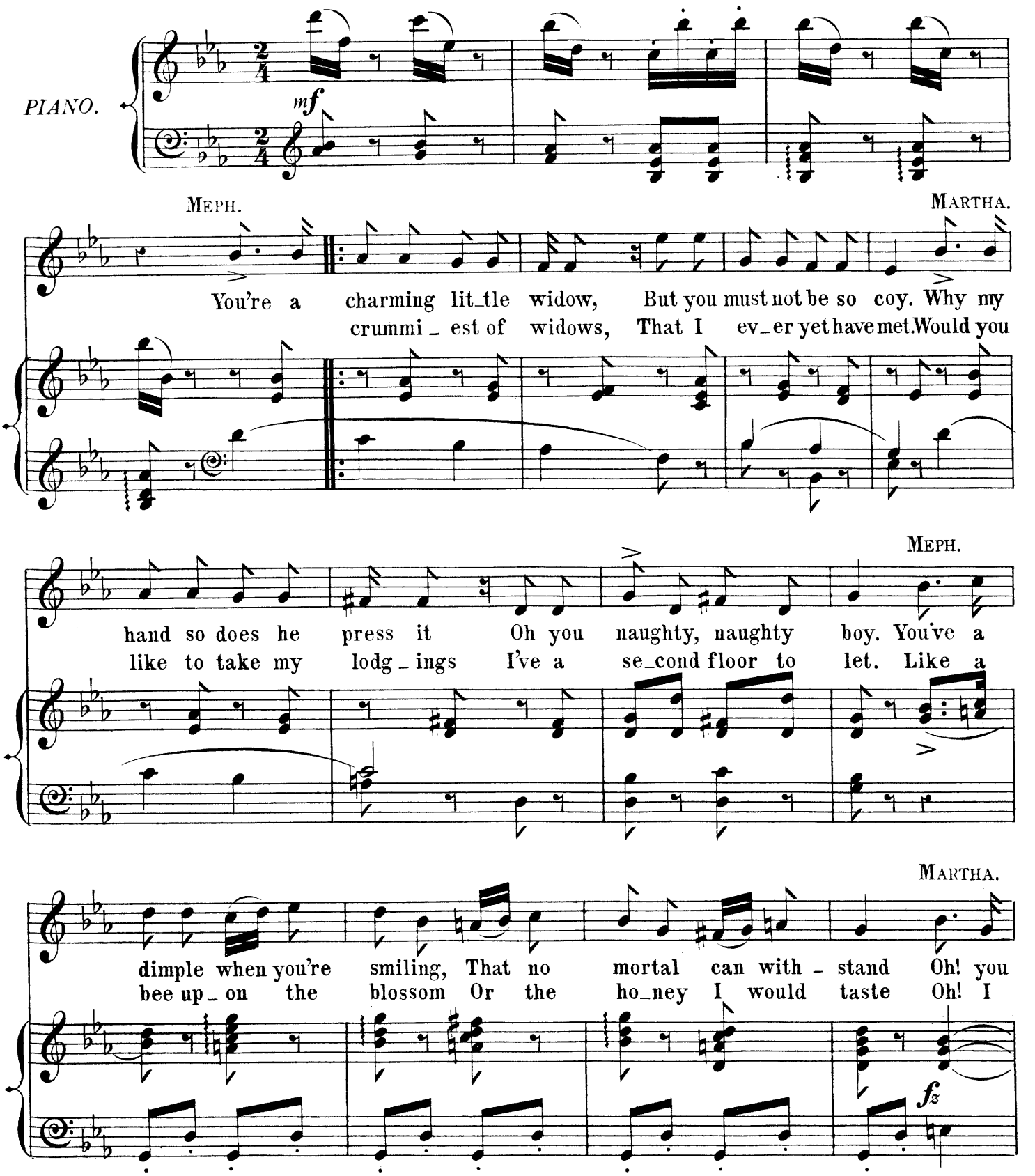

MARG. They will say, Oh, Margar_et! Oh how beau_ti_ful you
Tempo 1mo
FAUST. I must say Oh, Margar_et! Oh how beau_ti_ful you
Tempo 1mo
MEPH. What a love, The pretty dove, Oh what a pret_ty
Tempo 1mo
MARG. are.
FAUST. are.
MEPH. dove.
8

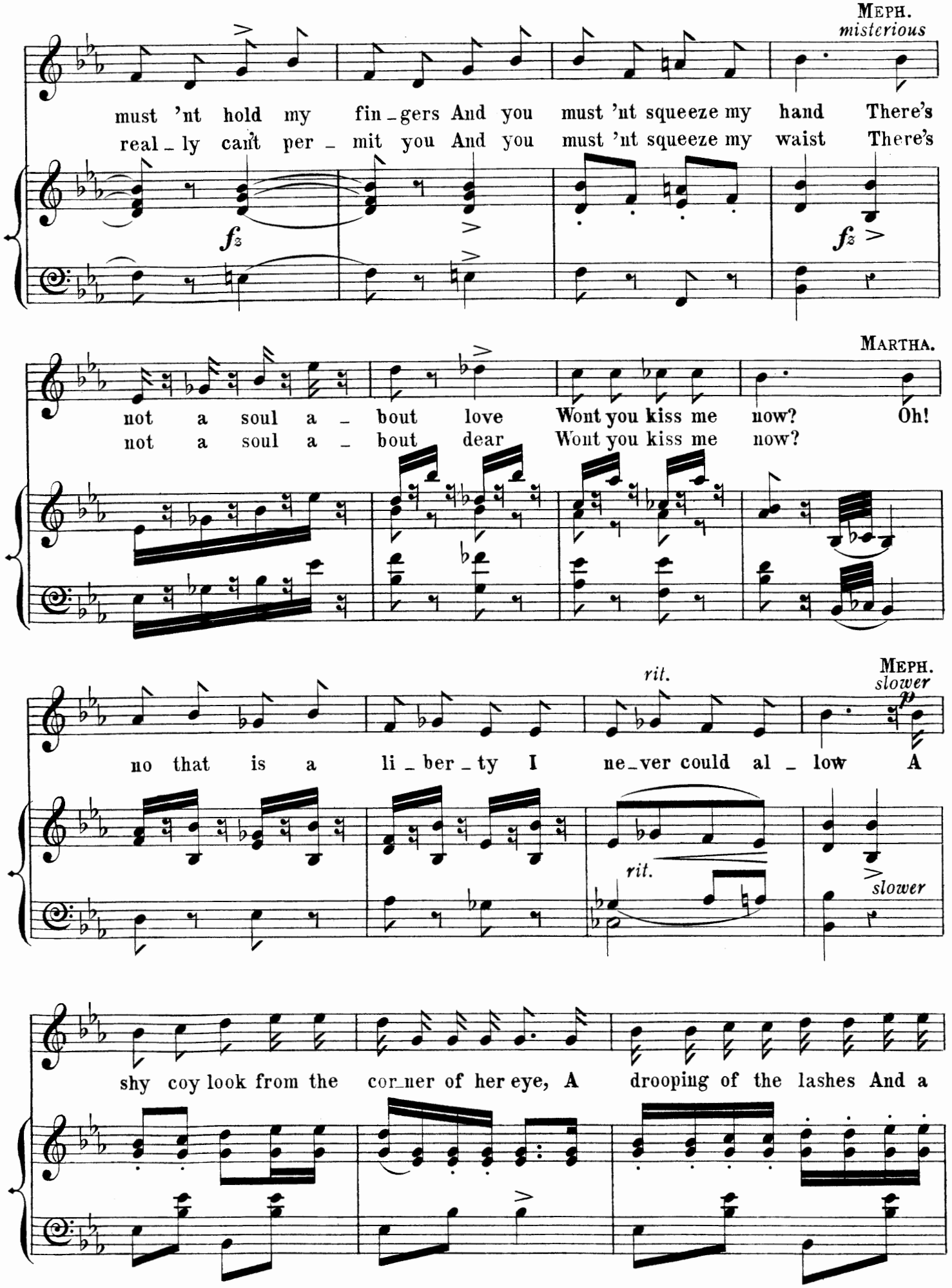
I'M AFRAID THERE IS SOMEBODY LOOKING.

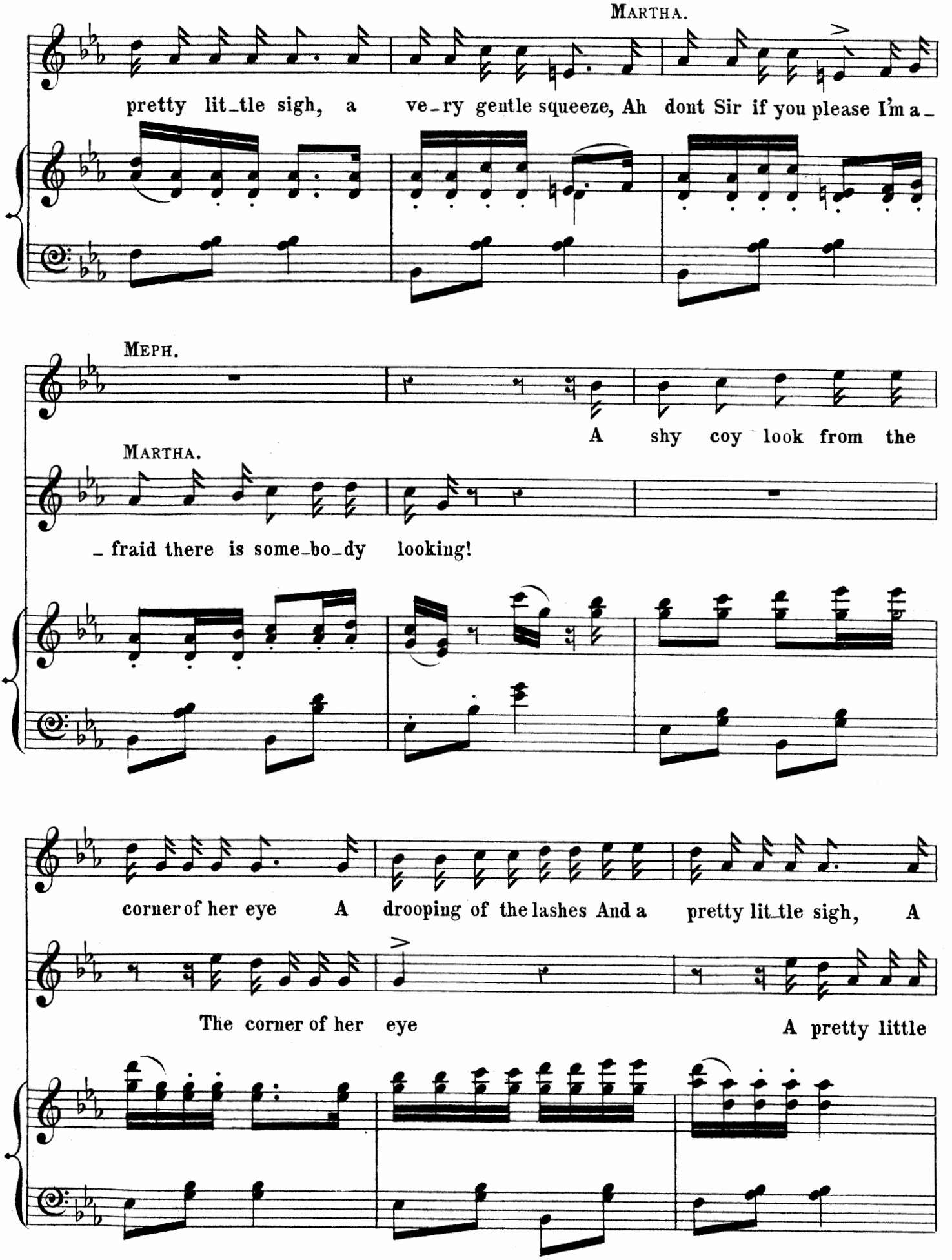
DUET.

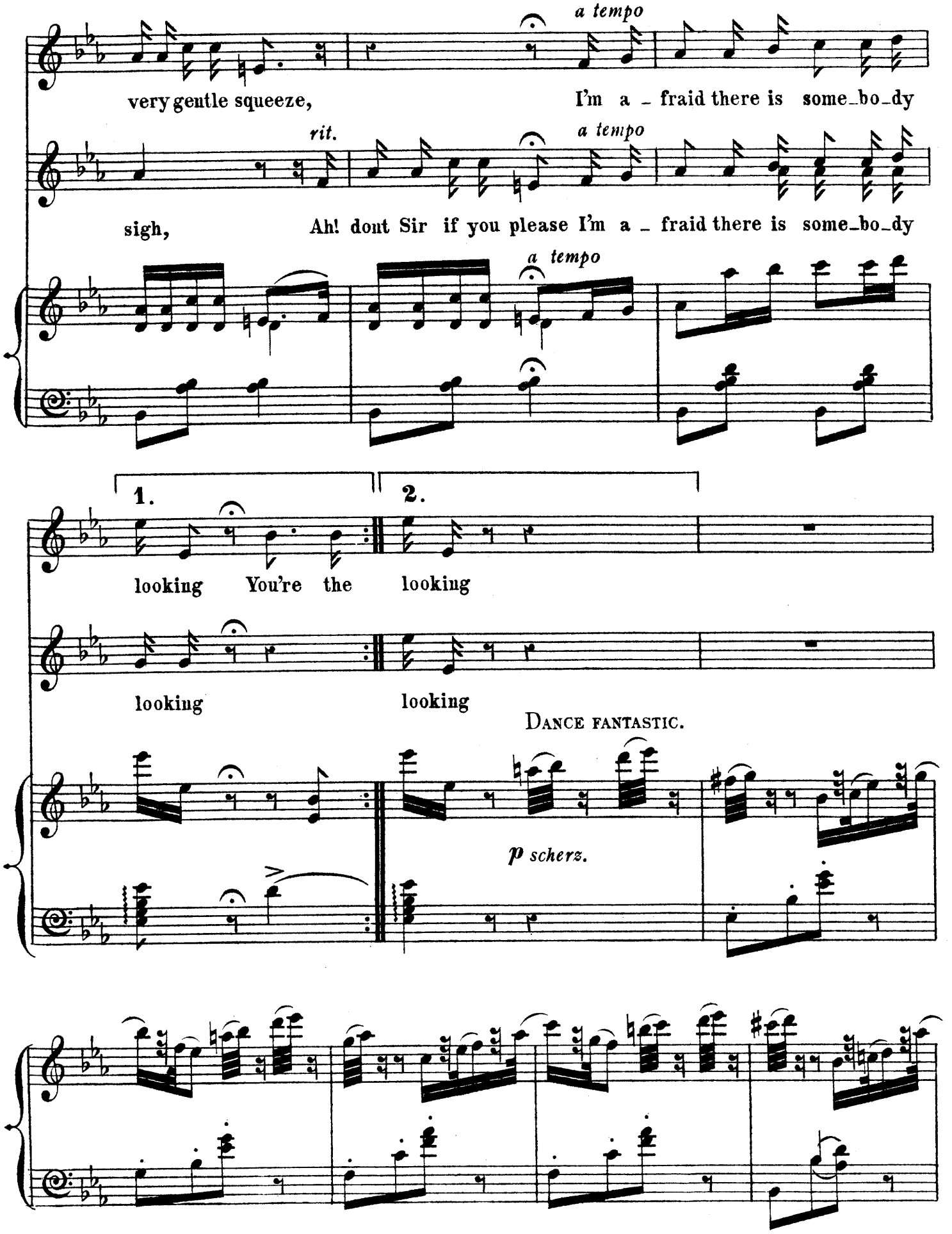
Music by
EDWARD SOLOMON.

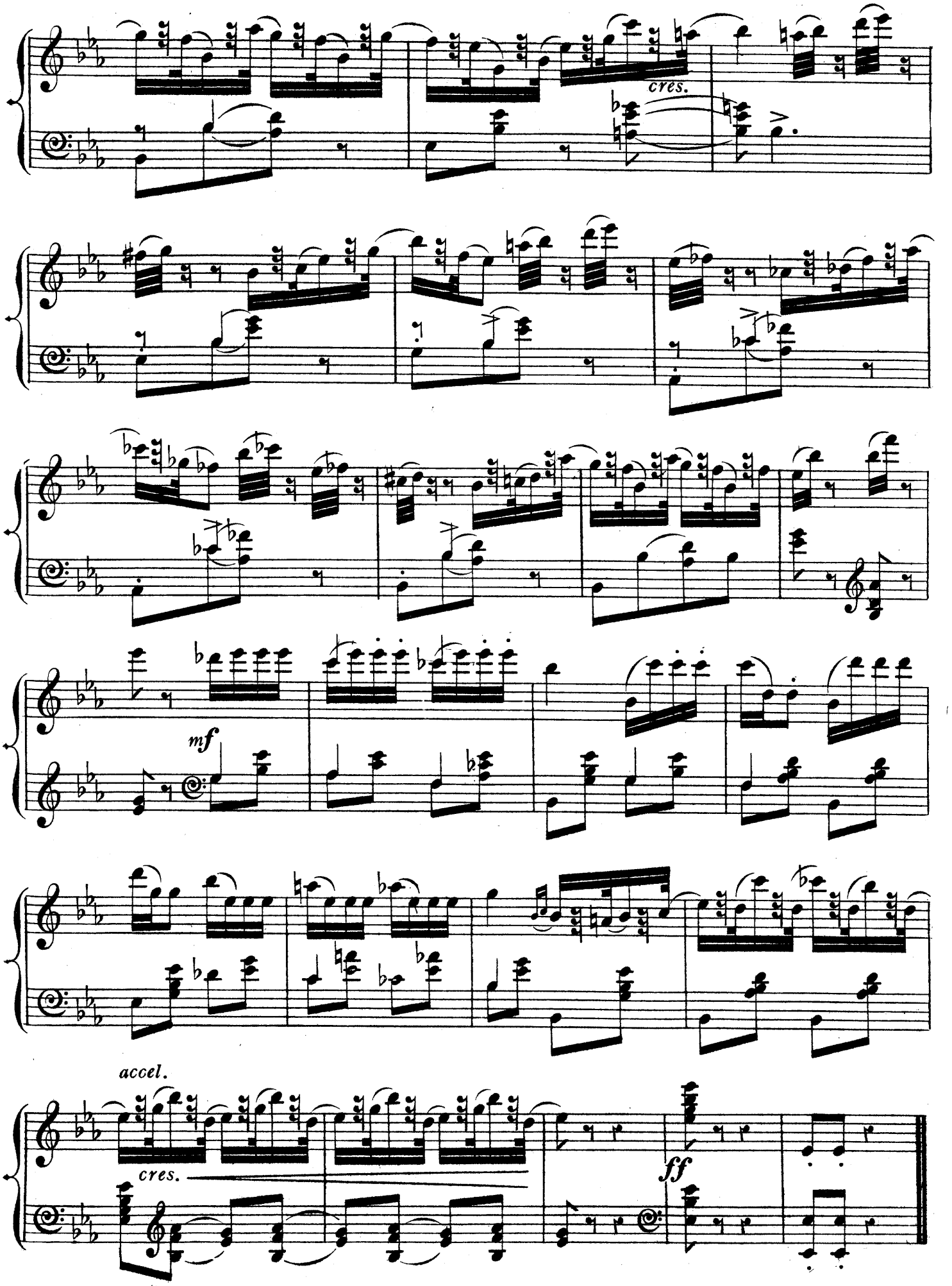
Allegretto.



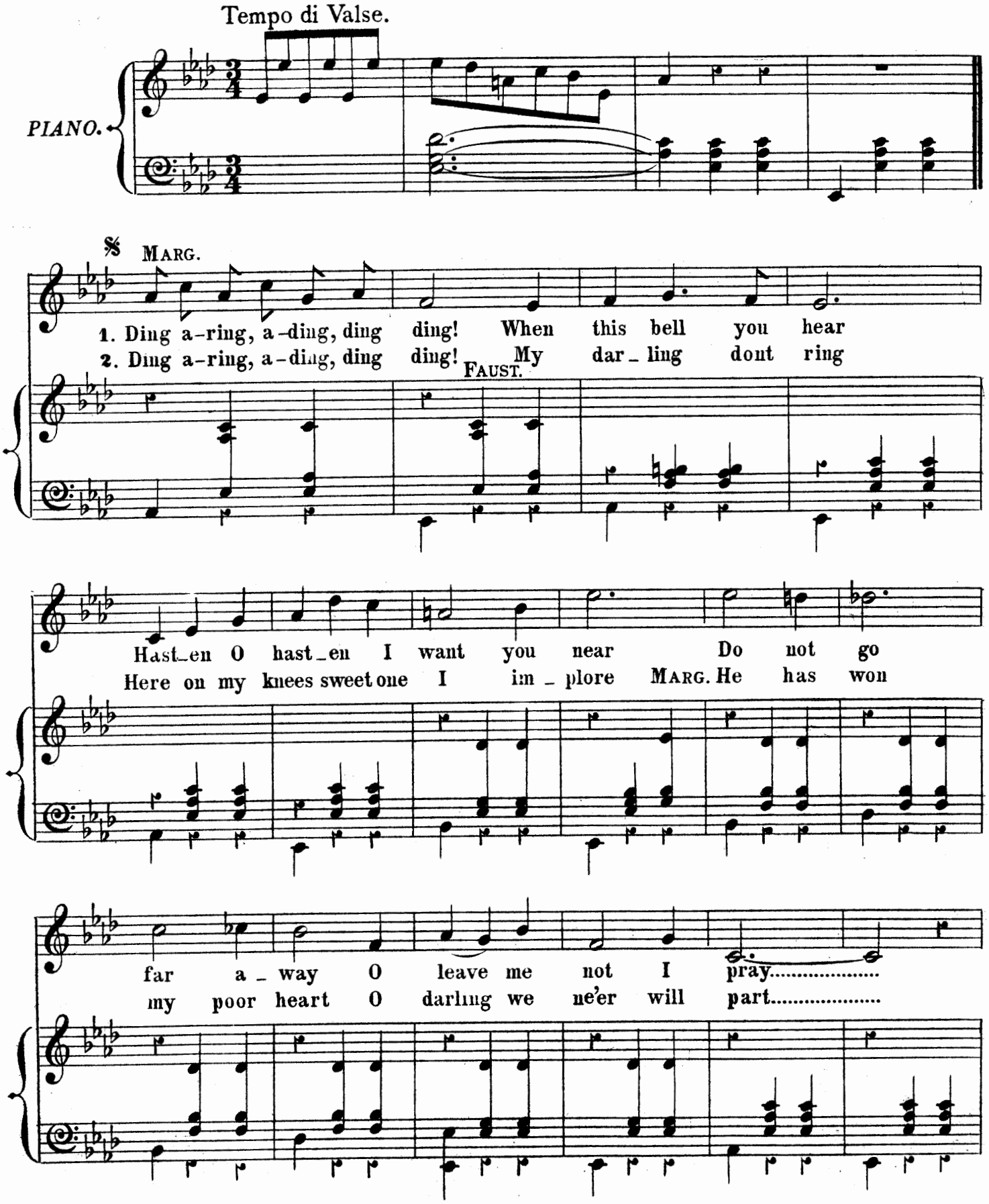

MEPH.
misterious
must 'nt hold my fin_gers And you must 'nt squeeze my hand There's
real_ly can't per_mit you And you must 'nt squeeze my waist There's
fz
fz
MARTHA.
not a soul a_bout love Wont you kiss me now? Oh!
not a soul a_bout dear Wont you kiss me now?
rit.
MEPH.
slower
p
no that is a li_ber_ty I ne_ver could al_low A
rit.
slower
shy coy look from the cor_ner of her eye, A drooping of the lashes And a

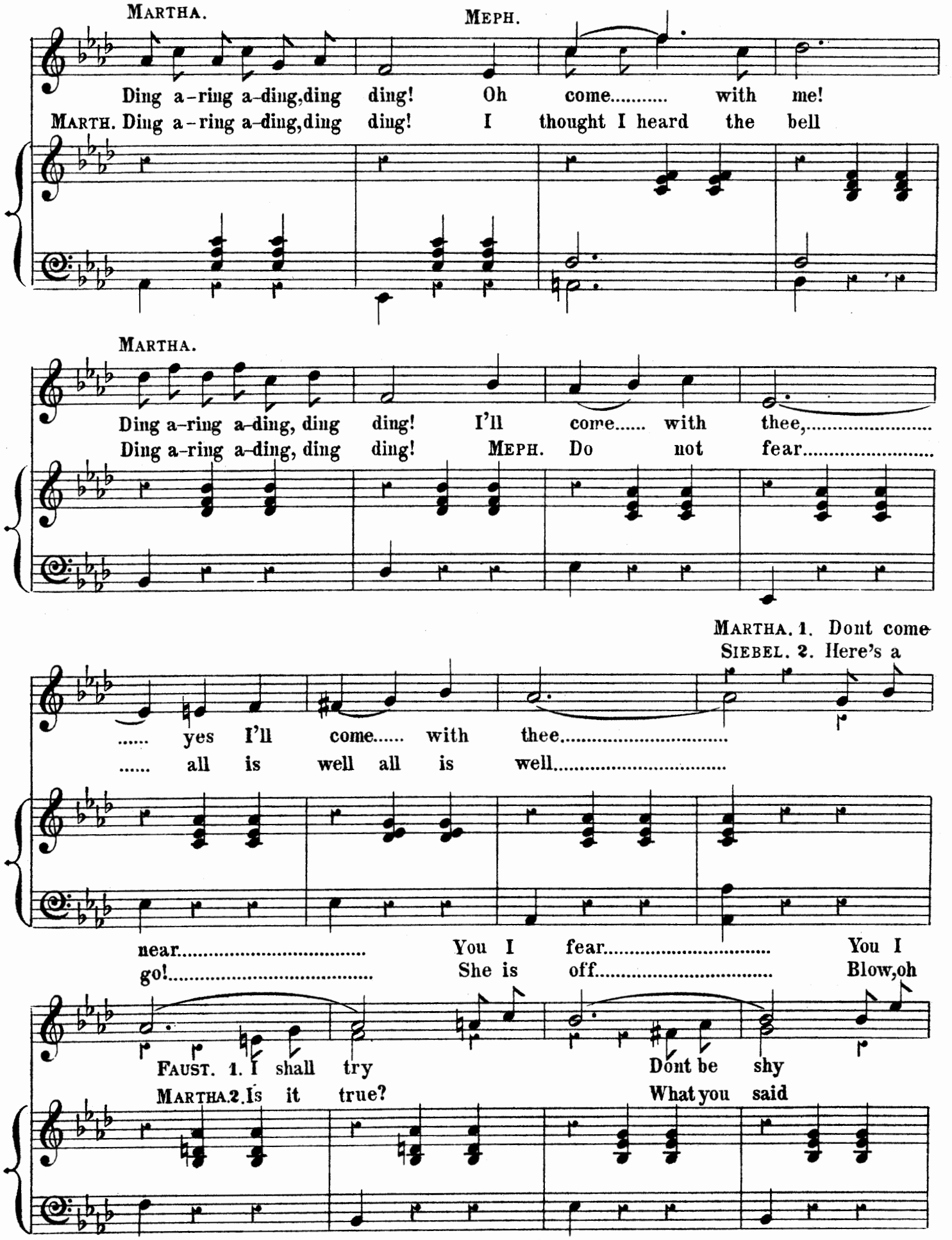

MARTHA.
pretty lit_tle sigh, a ve_ry gentle squeeze, Ah dont Sir if you please I'm a_
MEPH.
A shy coy look from the
MARTHA.
_ fraid there is some_bo_dy looking!
corner of her eye A drooping of the lashes And a pretty lit_tle sigh, A
The corner of her eye
A pretty little

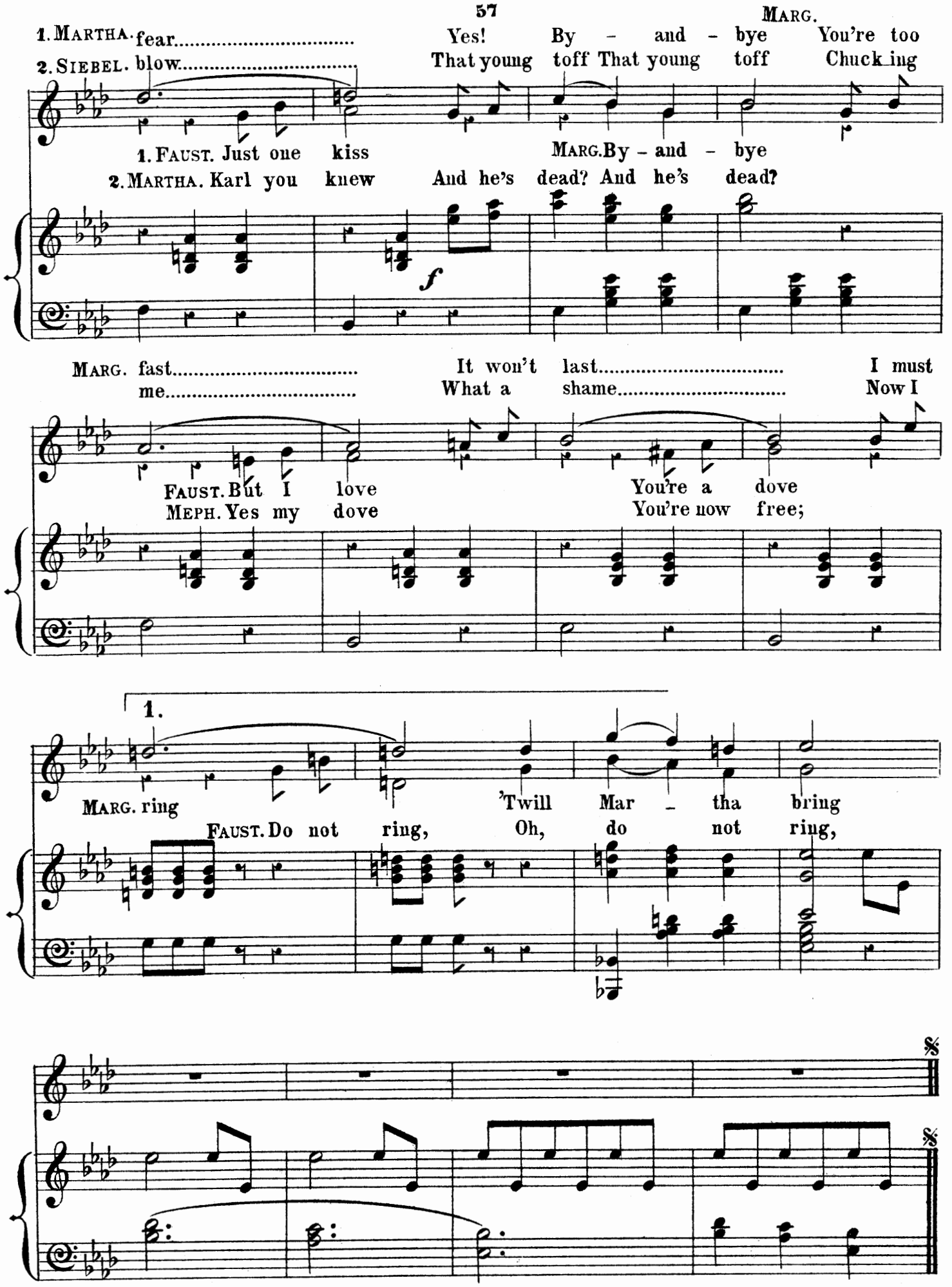

a tempo
very gentle squeeze,
I'm a - fraid there is some-bo-dy
rit.
a tempo
sigh,
Ah! dont Sir if you please I'm a - fraid there is some-bo-dy
a tempo
1.
2.
looking
You're the
looking
looking
looking
DANCE FANTASTIC.
p scherz.

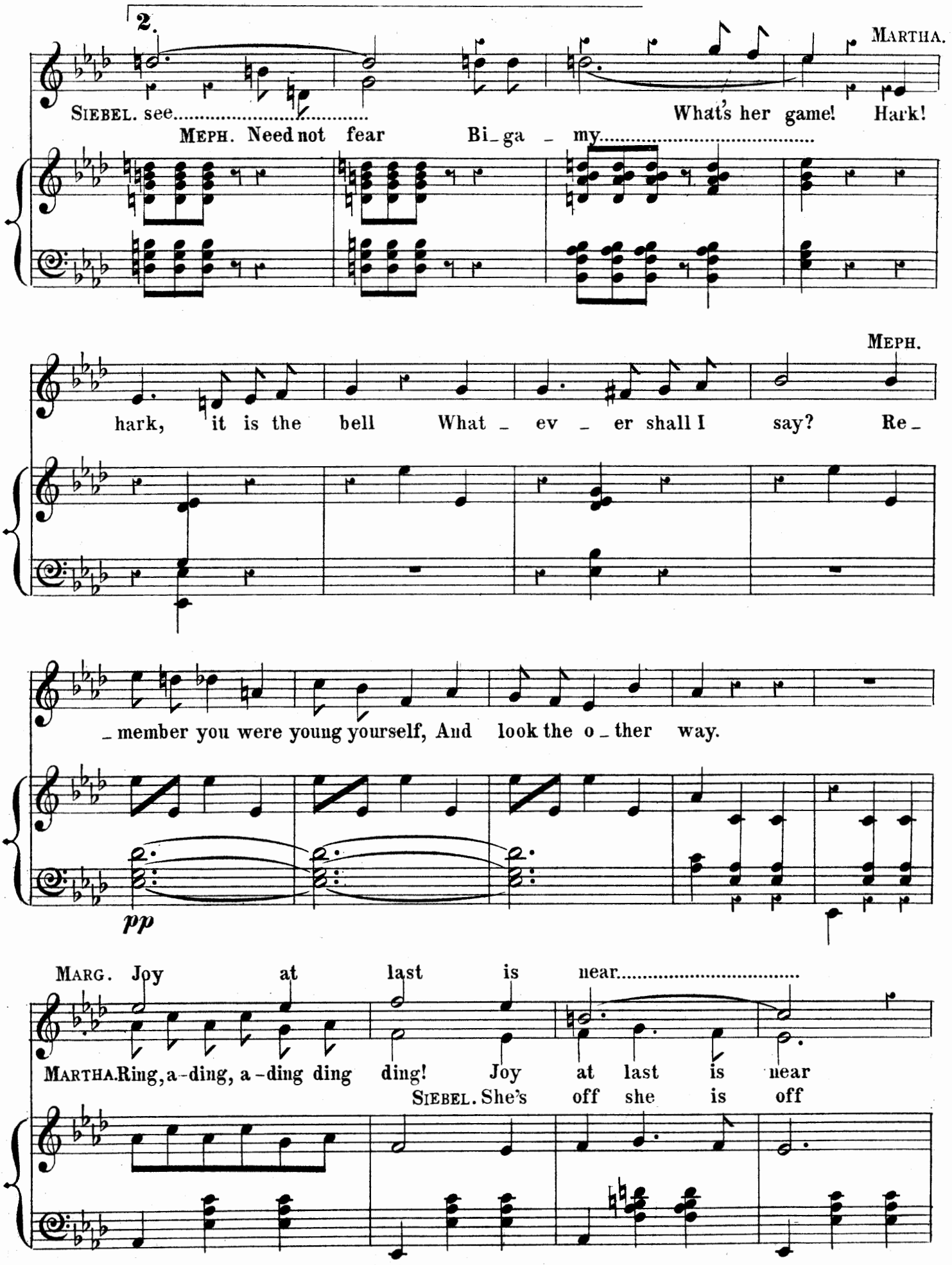

cres.
mf
accel.
cres.
ff

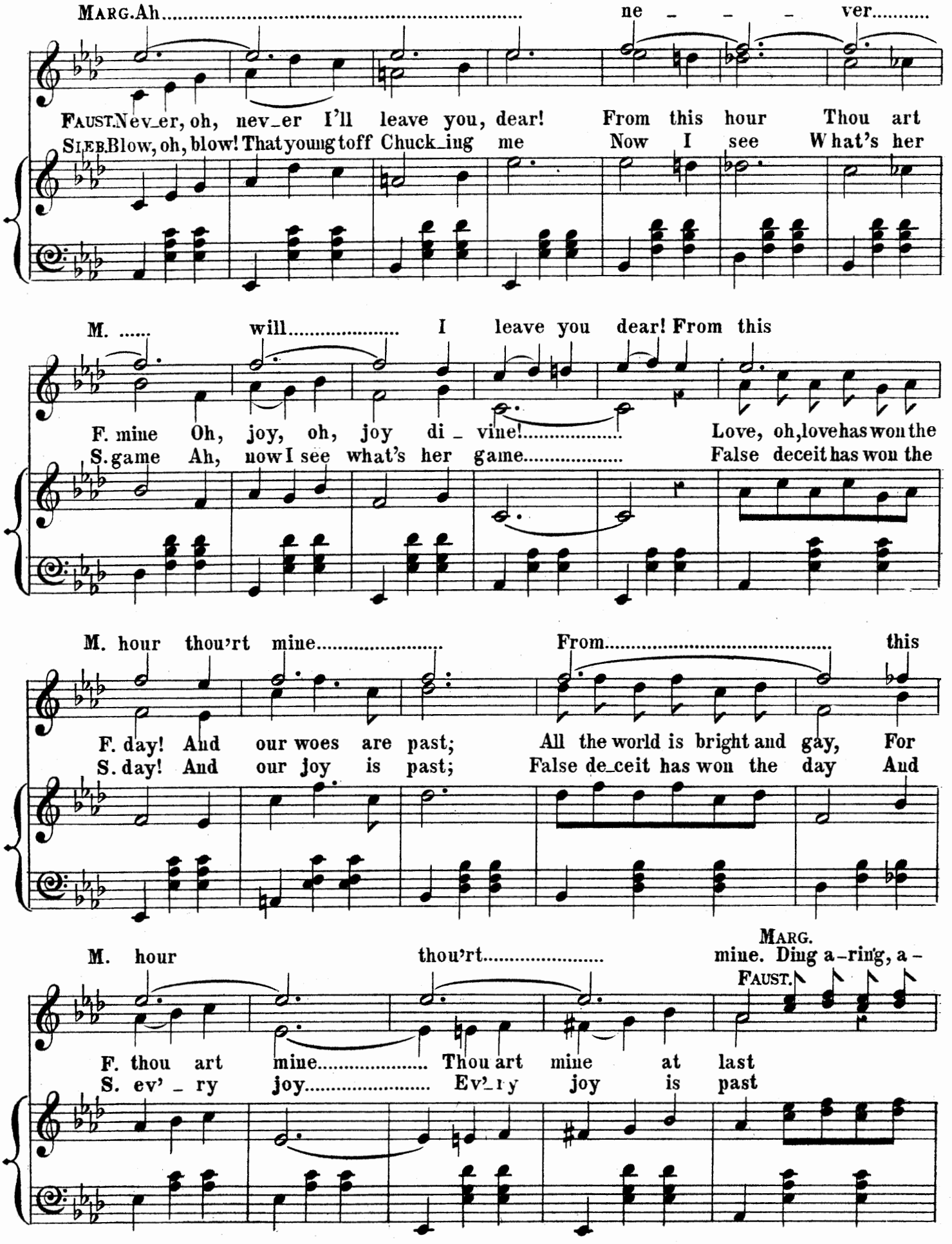
BELL QUINTET.

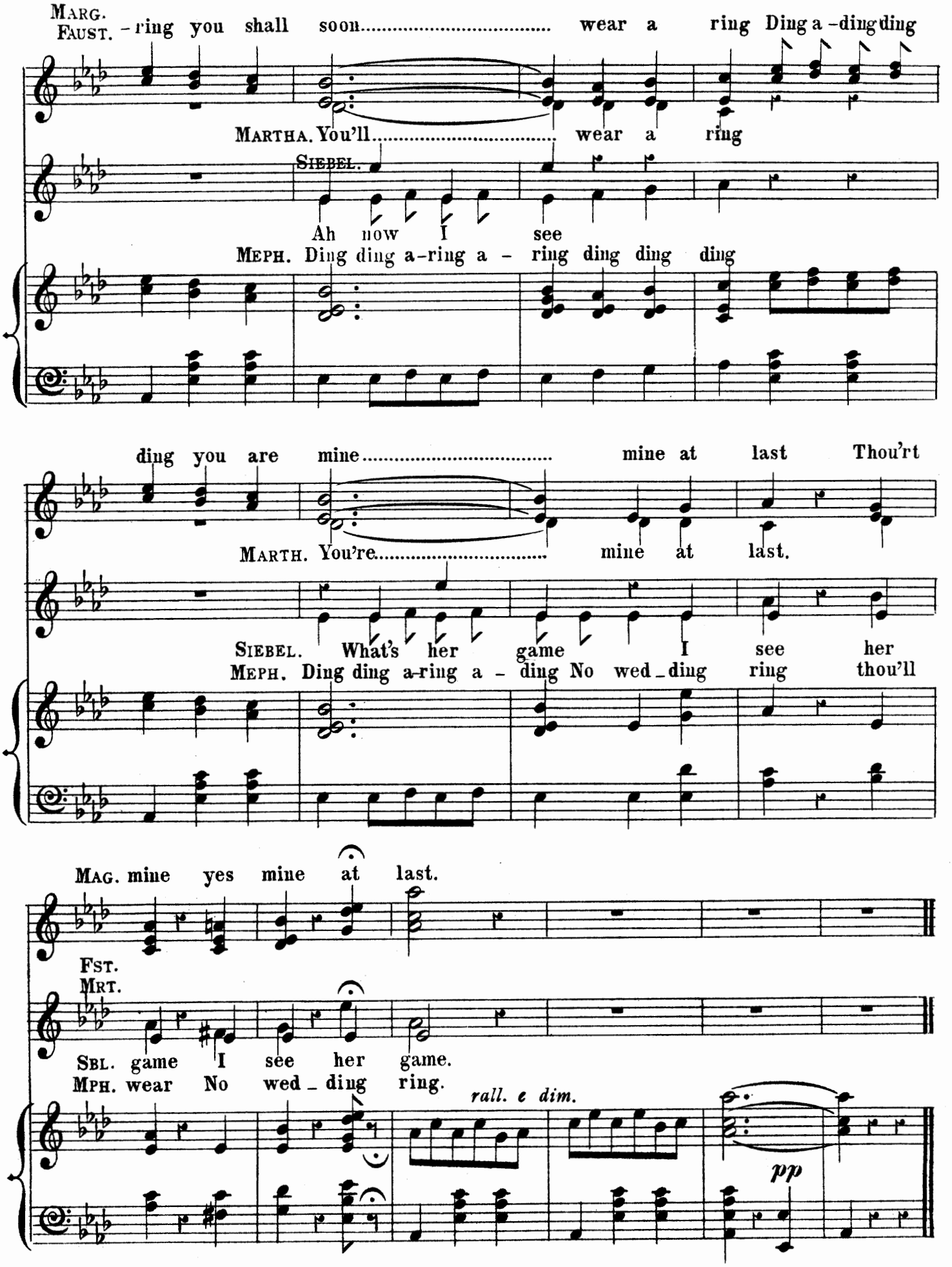



MARTHA.
MEPH.
Ding a-ring a-ding,ding ding! Oh come..... with me!
MARTH. Ding a-ring a-ding,ding ding! I thought I heard the bell
MARTHA.
Ding a-ring a-ding, ding ding! I'll come..... with thee,.....
Ding a-ring a-ding, ding ding! MEPH. Do not fear.....
MARTHA. 1. Dont come
SIEBEL. 2. Here's a
..... yes I'll come..... with thee.....
..... all is well all is well.....
near..... You I fear..... You I
go!..... She is off..... Blow,oh
FAUST. 1. I shall try Dont be shy
MARTHA.2. Is it true? What you said


1. MARTHA. fear.....
2. SIEBEL. blow.....
MARG.
Yes! By - and - bye You're too
That young toff That young toff Chuck ing
1. FAUST. Just one kiss
2. MARTHA. Karl you knew
MARG. By - and - bye
And he's dead? And he's dead?
f
MARG. fast.....
me.....
It won't last..... I must
What a shame..... Now I
FAUST. But I love
MEPH. Yes my dove
You're a dove
You're now free;
1.
MARG. ring
'Twill Mar - tha bring
FAUST. Do not ring, Oh, do not ring,


2.
MARTHA.
SIEBEL. see..... What's her game! Hark!
MEPH. Need not fear Bi_ga _ my.....
MEPH.
hark, it is the bell What _ ev _ er shall I say? Re_
_member you were young yourself, And look the o_ther way.
pp
MARG. Joy at last is near.....
MARTHA. Ring, a-ding, a-ding ding ding! Joy at last is near
SIEBEL. She's off she is off

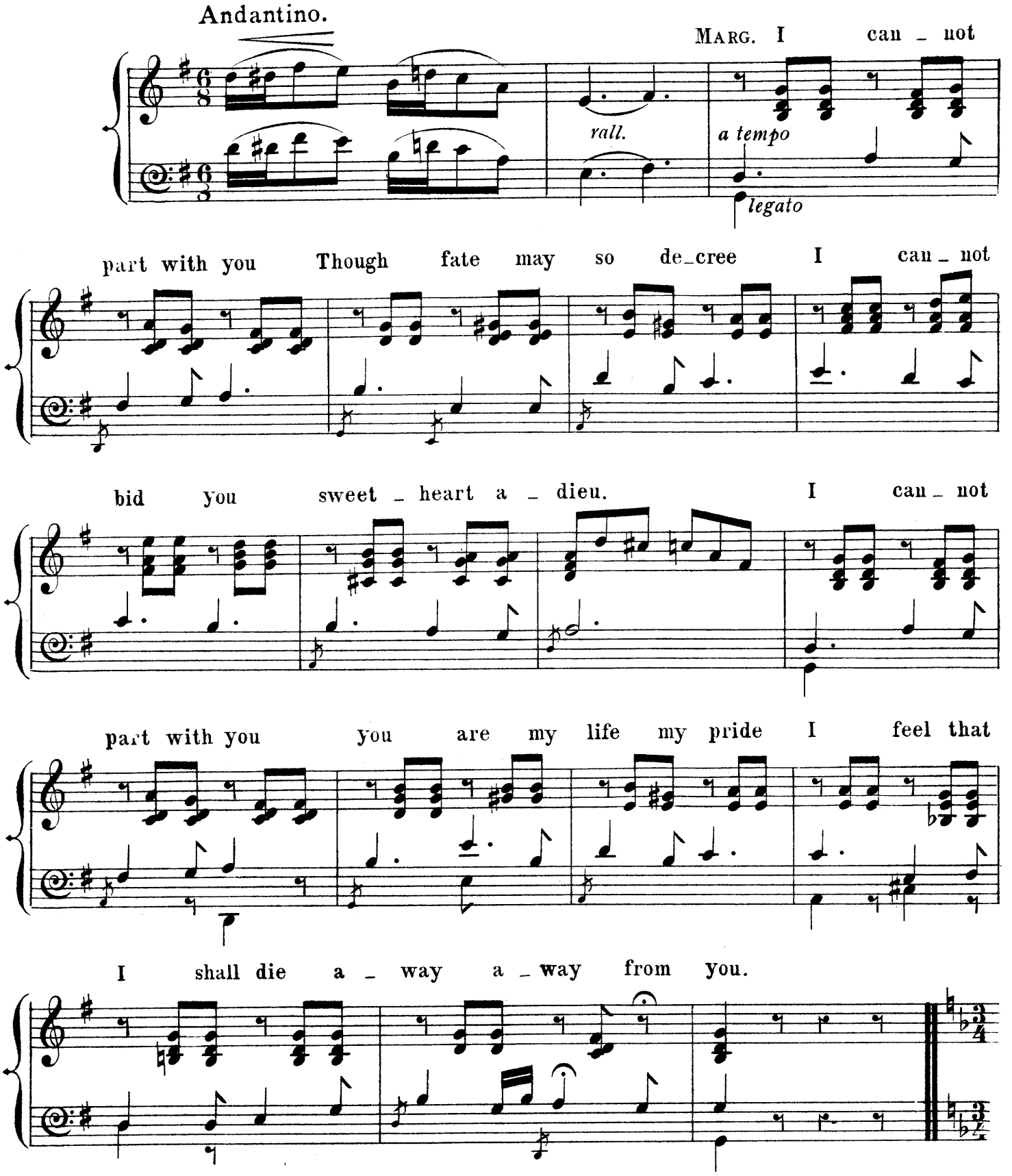

MARG. Ah ne – – – ver
FAUST. Nev_er, oh, nev_er I'll leave you, dear! From this hour Thou art
SIEB. Blow, oh, blow! That young toff Chuck_ing me Now I see What's her
M. ..... will ..... I leave you dear! From this
F. mine Oh, joy, oh, joy di_vine! Love, oh, love has won the
S. game Ah, now I see what's her game ..... False deceit has won the
M. hour thou'rt mine ..... From ..... this
F. day! And our woes are past; All the world is bright and gay, For
S. day! And our joy is past; False de_ceit has won the day And
M. hour thou'rt .....
MARG. mine. Ding a_ring, a –
FAUST.
F. thou art mine ..... Thou art mine at last
S. ev'_ry joy ..... Ev'_ry joy is past

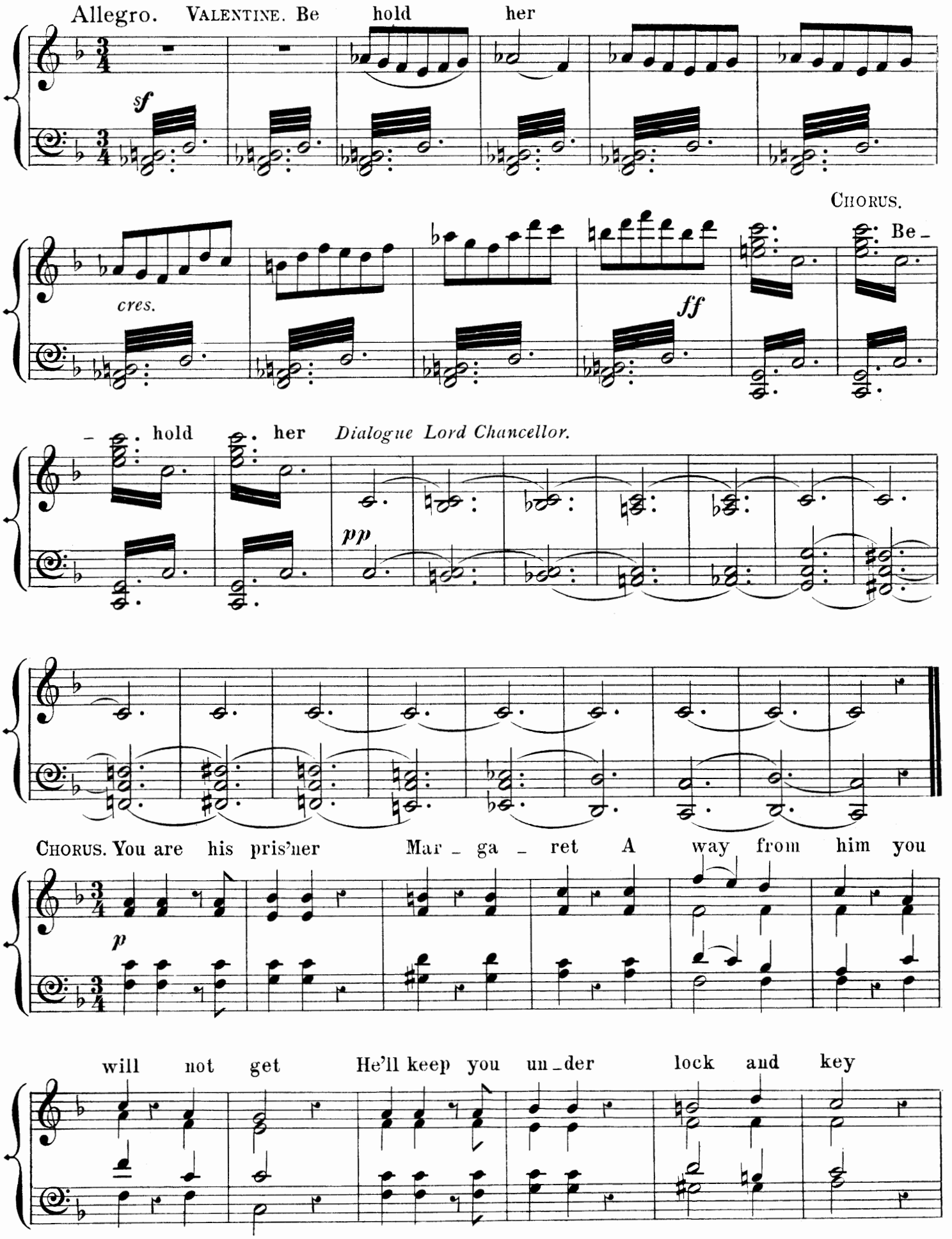

MARG.
FAUST. -ring you shall soon..... wear a ring Ding a -ding ding
MARTHA. You'll..... wear a ring
SIEBEL.
Ah now I see
MEPH. Ding ding a-ring a - ring ding ding ding
ding you are mine..... mine at last Thou'rt
MARTH. You're..... mine at last.
SIEBEL. What's her game I see her
MEPH. Ding ding a-ring a - ding No wed_ding ring thou'll
MAG. mine yes mine at last.
FST.
MRT.
SBL. game I see her game.
MPH. wear No wed_ding ring.
rall. e dim.
pp

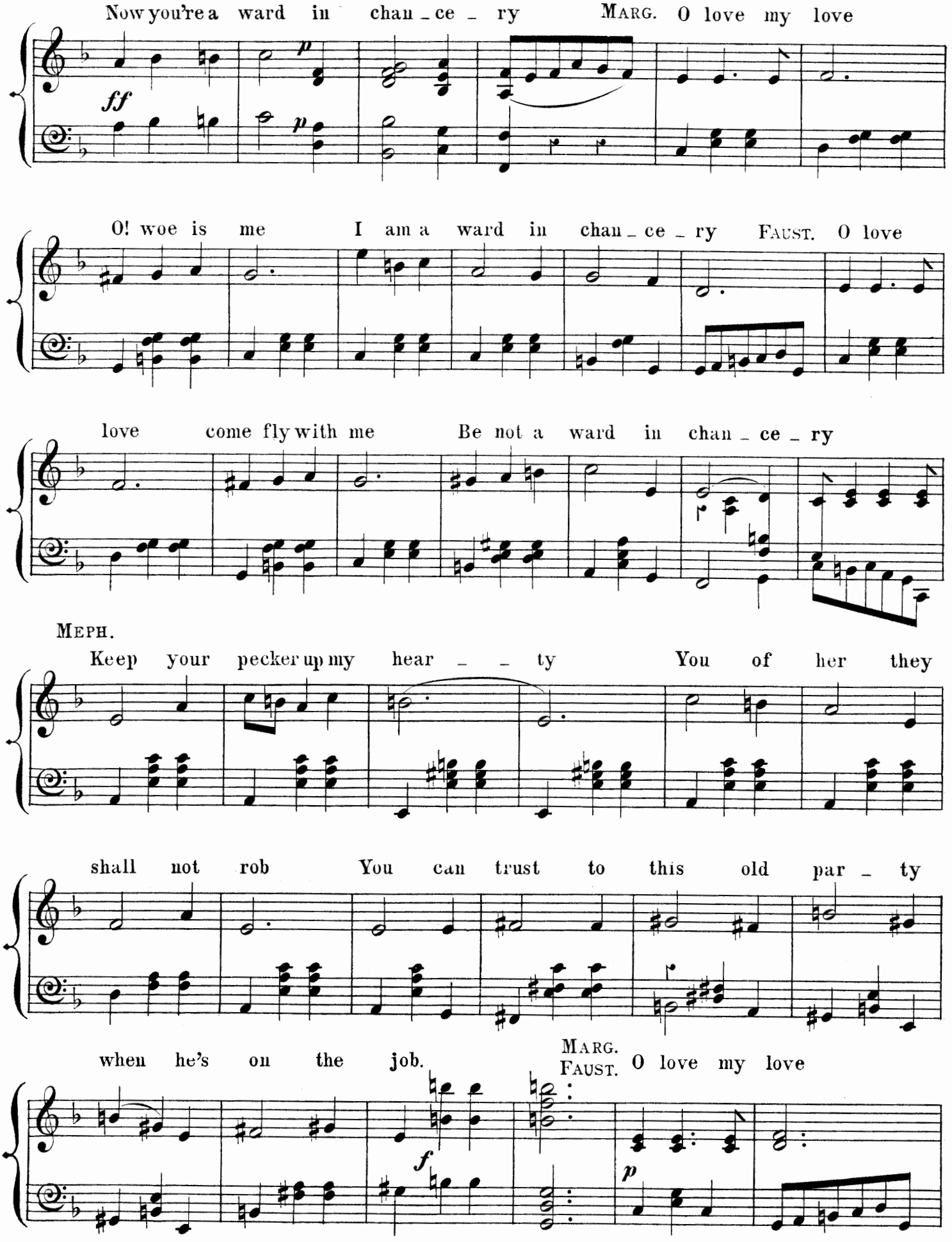
"I CANNOT PART WITH THEE!"

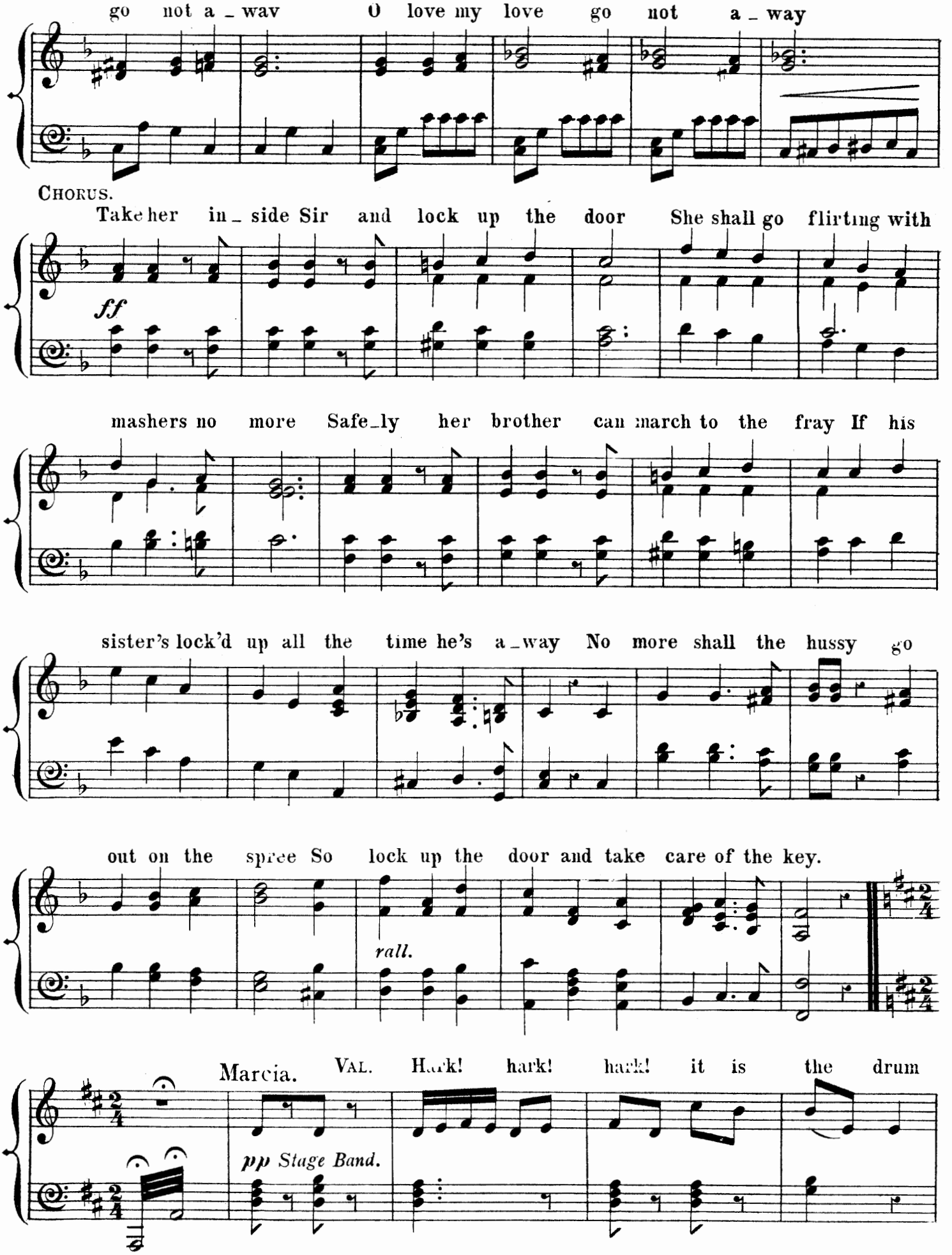
CHORUS.

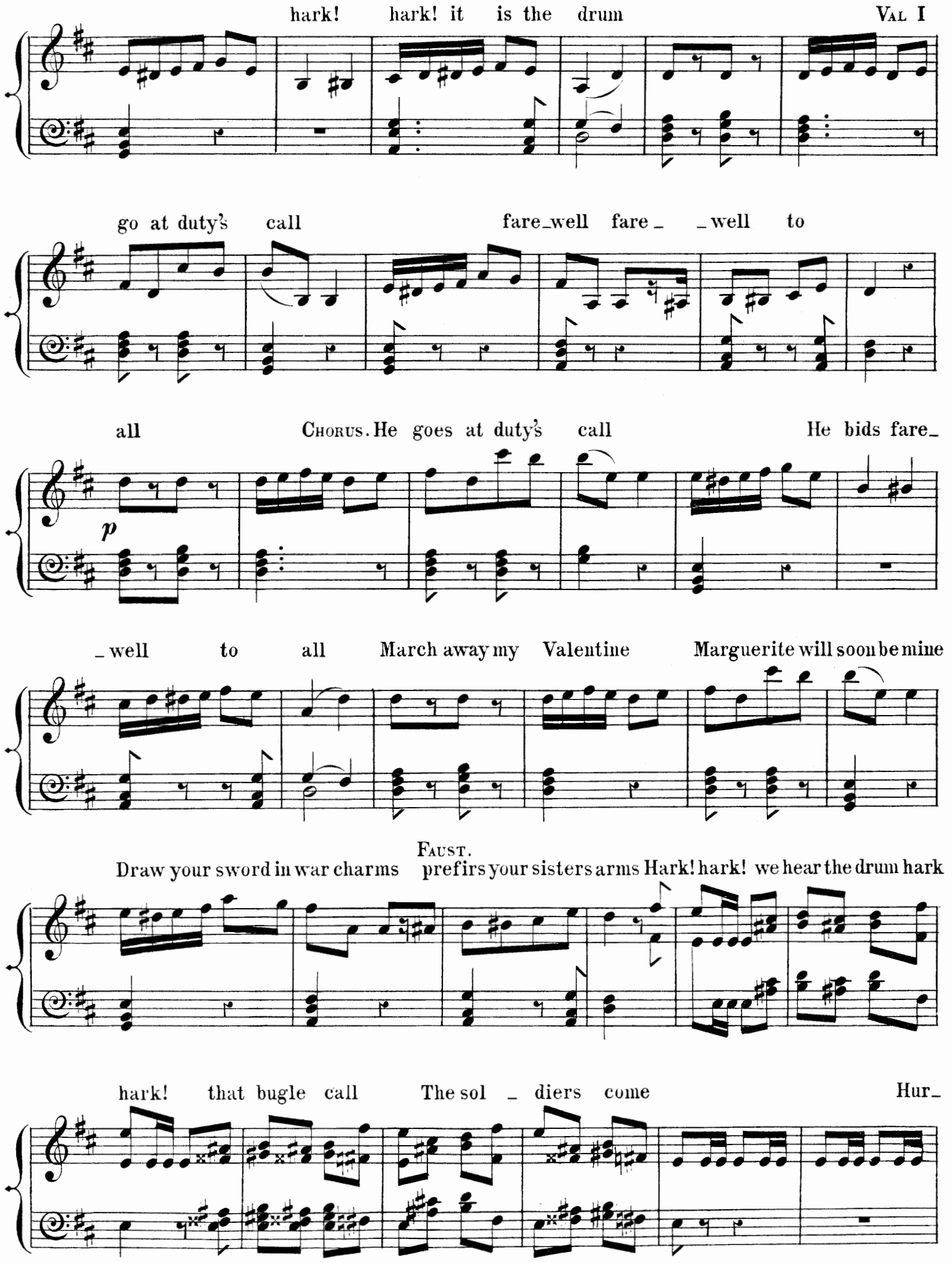
Finale Act 1.

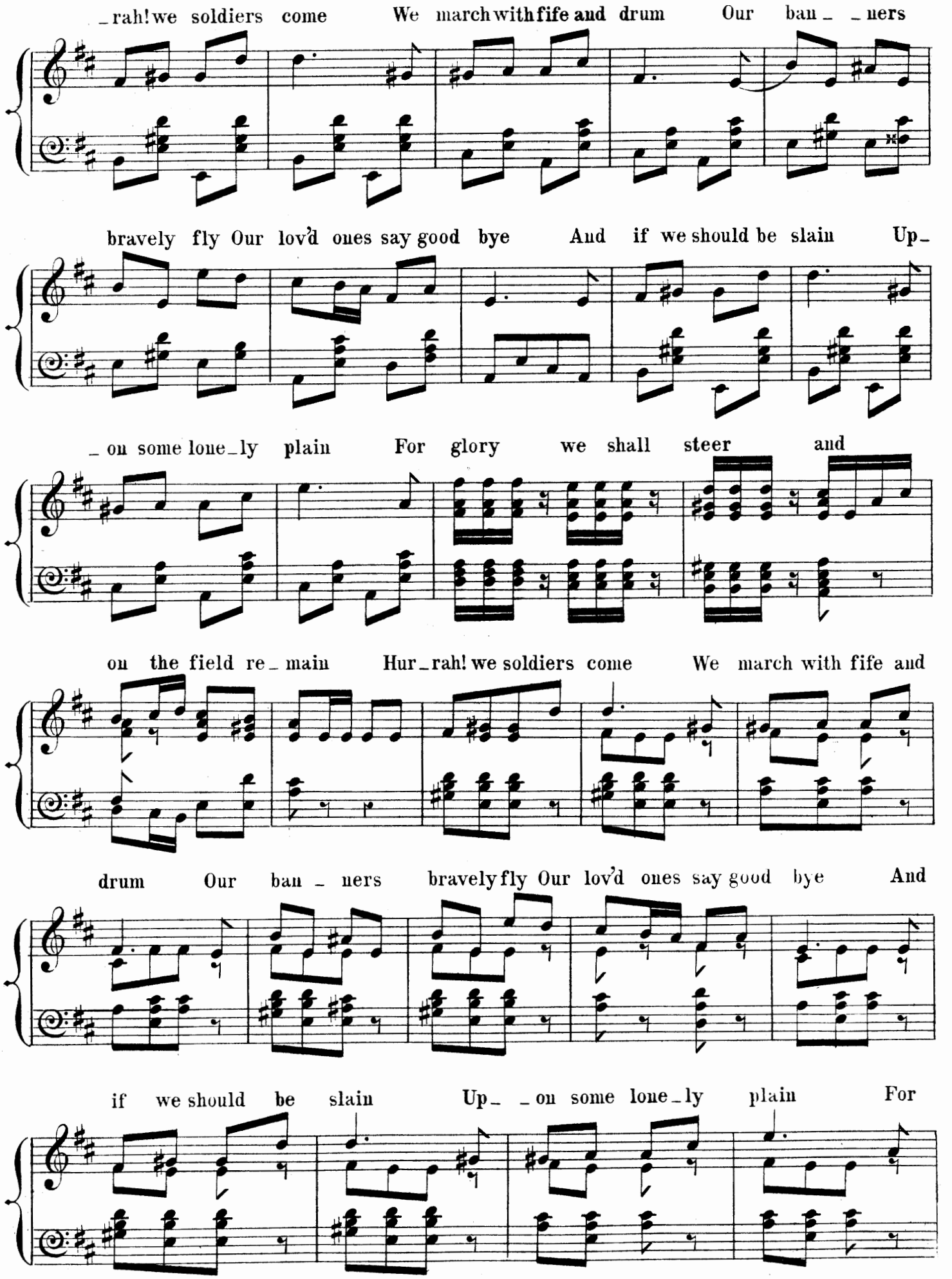


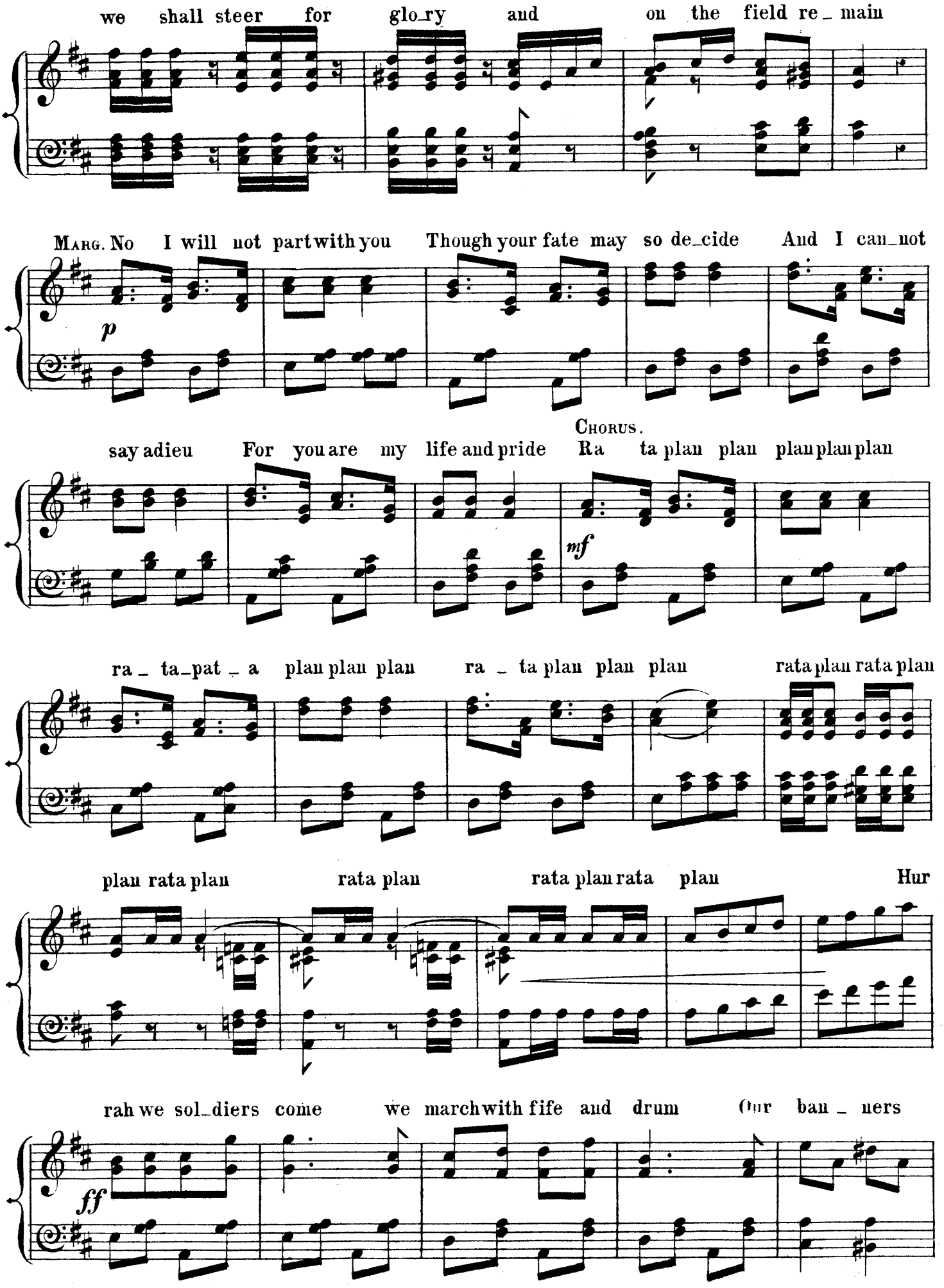

Allegro. VALENTINE. Be hold her
sf
CHORUS.
cres.
ff
Be -
- hold her
Dialogue Lord Chancellor.
pp
CHORUS. You are his pris'ner Mar - ga - ret A way from him you
p
will not get He'll keep you un - der lock and key

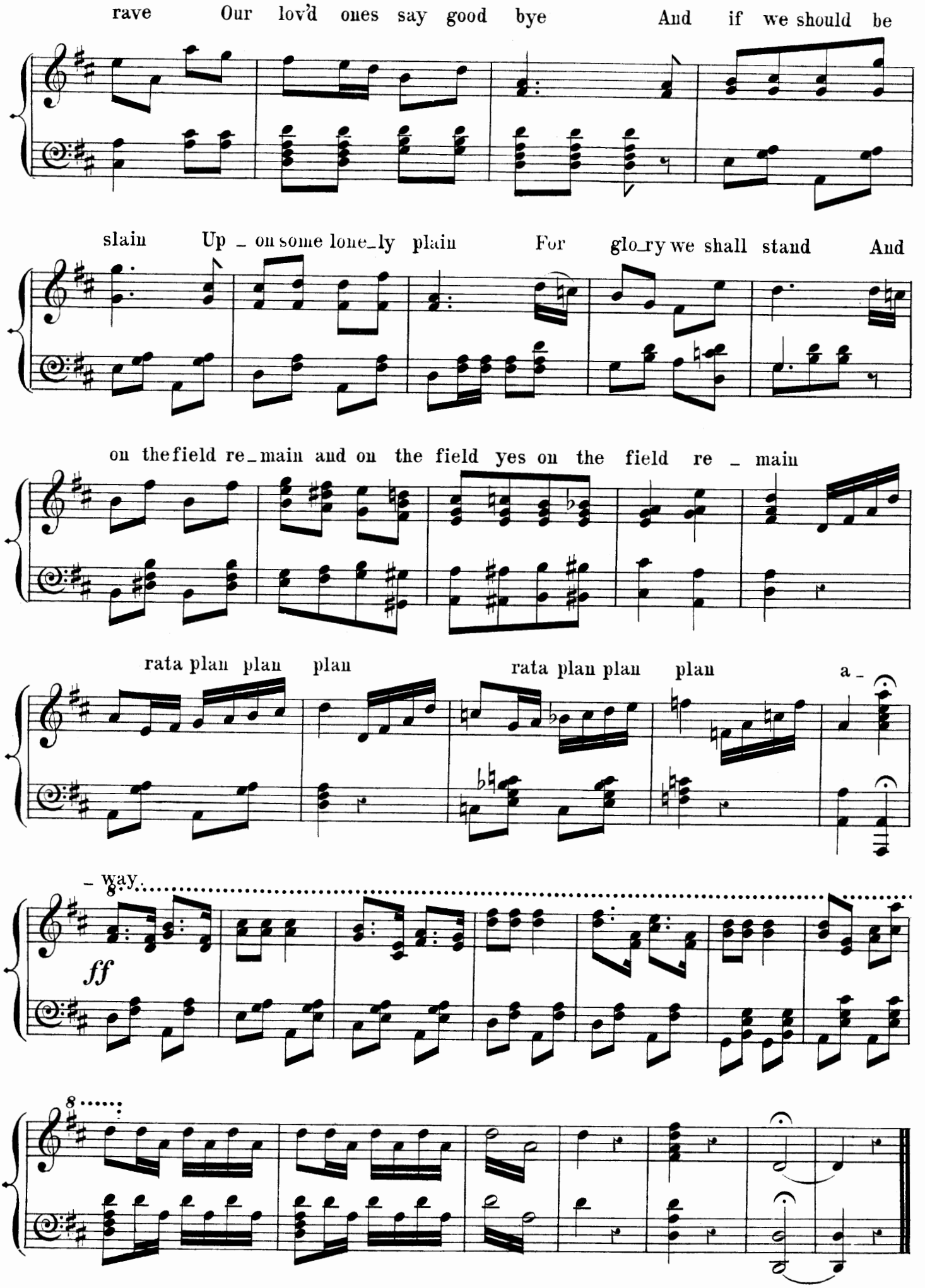

Now you're a ward in chan _ ce _ ry
MARG. O love my love
ff
p
O! woe is me I am a ward in chan _ ce _ ry
FAUST. O love
love come fly with me Be not a ward in chan _ ce _ ry
MEPH.
Keep your pecker up my hear _ _ ty You of her they
shall not rob You can trust to this old par _ ty
when he's on the job.
MARG.
FAUST. O love my love
f
p


go not a _ way O love my love go not a _ way
CHORUS.
Take her in _ side Sir and lock up the door She shall go flirting with
ff
mashers no more Safe _ ly her brother can march to the fray If his
sister's lock'd up all the time he's a _ way No more shall the hussy go
out on the spree So lock up the door and take care of the key.
rall.
Marcia.
VAL. Hark! hark! hark! it is the drum
pp Stage Band.


hark! hark! it is the drum
Val I
go at duty's call
fare_well fare_ _well to
all
Chorus. He goes at duty's call
He bids fare_
p
_well to all
March away my Valentine
Marguerite will soon be mine
Faust.
Draw your sword in war charms
prefirs your sisters arms
Hark! hark! we hear the drum hark
hark! that bugle call
The sol _ diers come
Hur_


rah! we soldiers come We march with fife and drum Our ban _ners
bravely fly Our lov'd ones say good bye And if we should be slain Up_
_on some lone_ly plain For glory we shall steer and
on the field re_main Hur_rah! we soldiers come We march with fife and
drum Our ban_ners bravely fly Our lov'd ones say good bye And
if we should be slain Up_ _on some lone_ly plain For

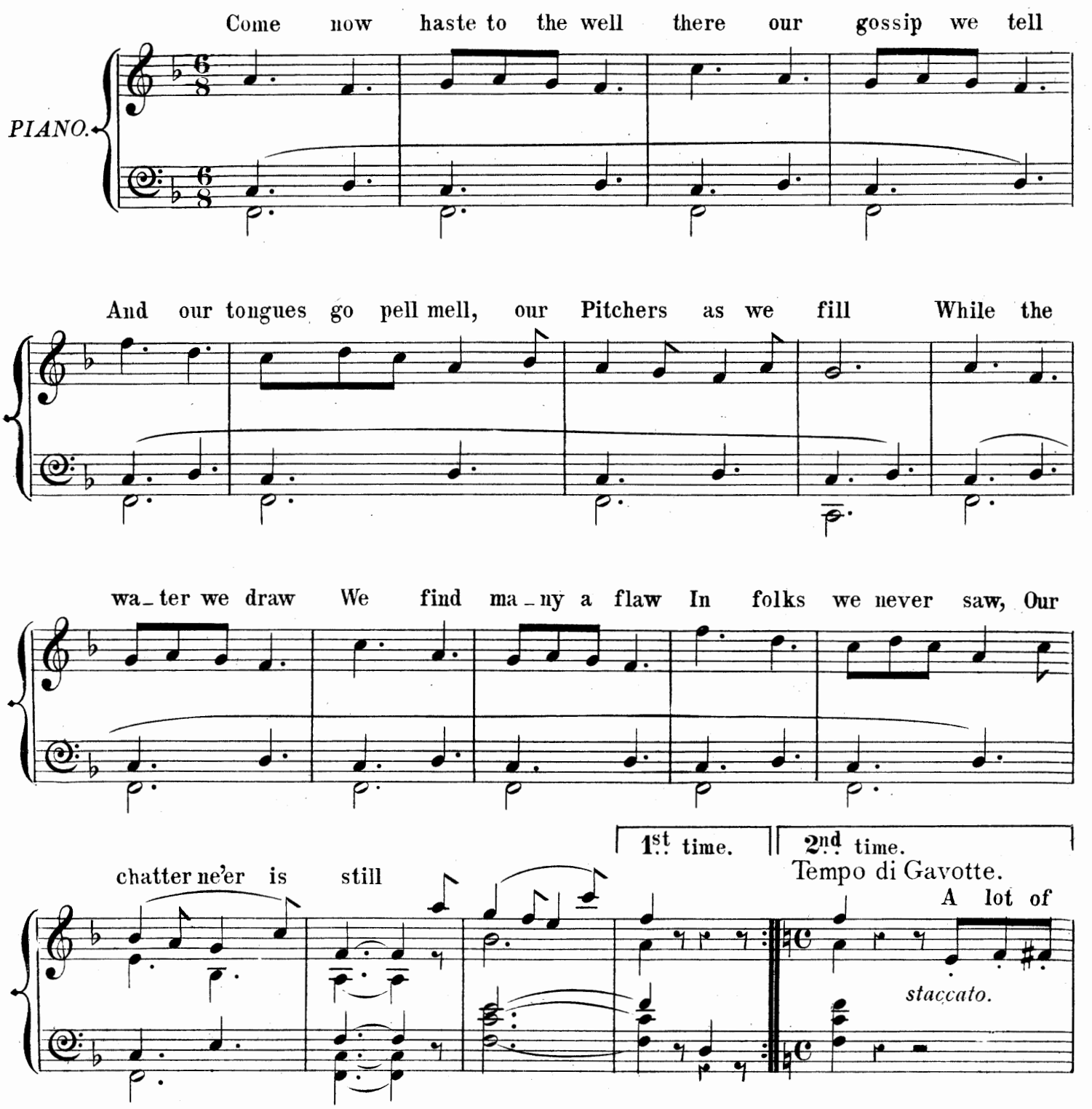

we shall steer for glo_ry and on the field re_ main
Marg. No I will not part with you Though your fate may so de_cide And I can_not
p
say adieu For you are my life and pride
Chorus.
Ra ta plan plan plan plan plan
mf
ra_ ta_pat_ a plan plan plan ra_ ta plan plan plan rata plan rata plan
plan rata plan rata plan rata plan rata plan Hur
rah we sol_diers come we march with fife and drum Our ban_ ners
ff

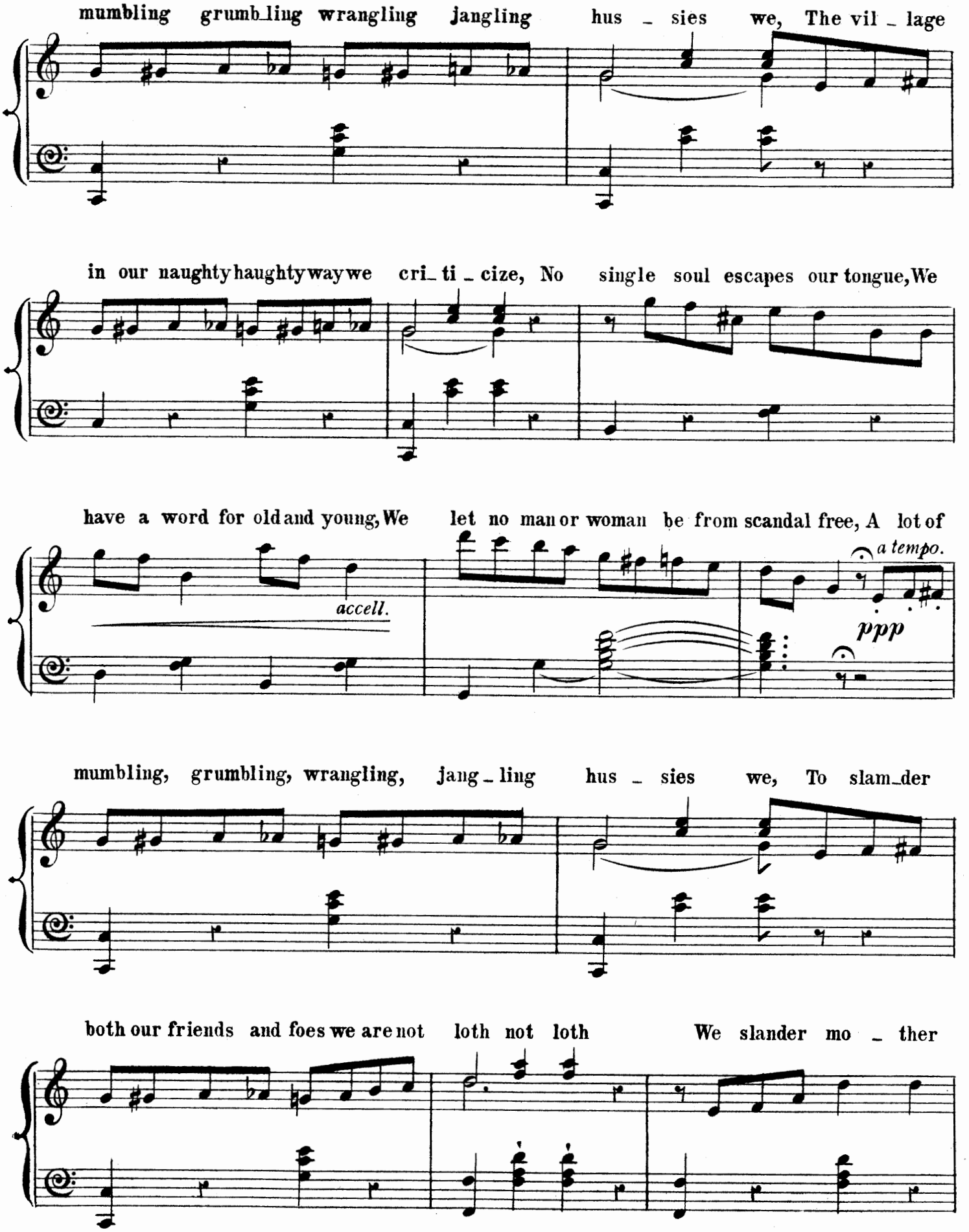

rave Our lov'd ones say good bye And if we should be
slain Up _ on some lone_ly plain For glo_ry we shall stand And
on the field re_main and on the field yes on the field re _ main
rata plan plan plan rata plan plan plan a _
_ way.
ff

Act 2.

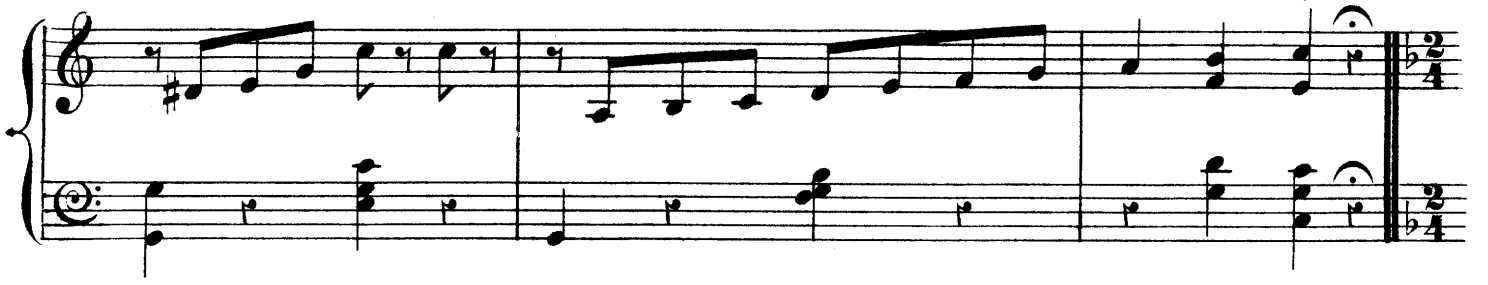
THE SCANDAL CHORUS.

Moderato.

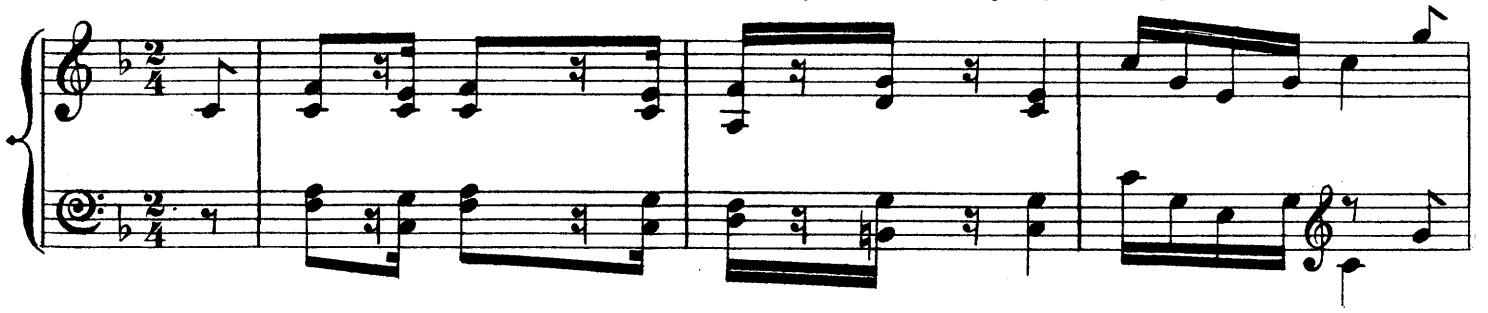



mumbling grumb_ling wrangling jangling hus _ sies we, The vil _ lage
in our naughty haughty way we cri_ ti _ cize, No single soul escapes our tongue, We
have a word for old and young, We let no man or woman be from scandal free, A lot of
accell.
a tempo.
ppp
mumbling, grumbling, wrangling, jang _ ling hus _ sies we, To slam_der
both our friends and foes we are not loth not loth We slander mo _ ther

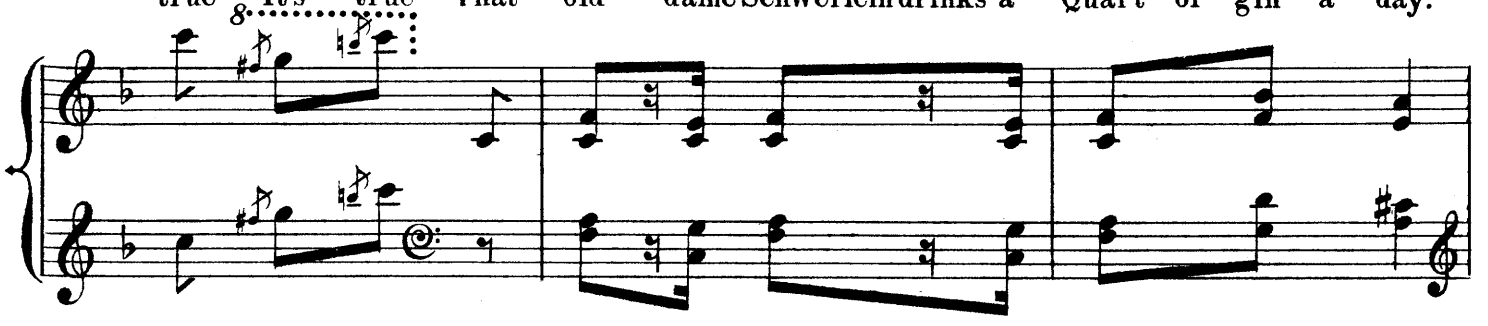
We slander bro_ther; In scandal we de_light From morn till night



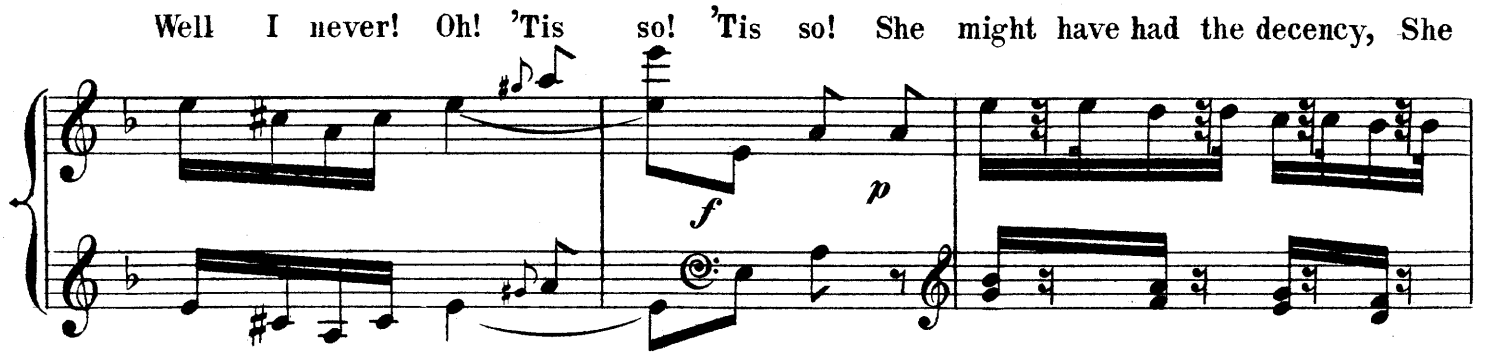
That proud minx, Susan, loves a Chimney sweep, they say Really? is that true Quite



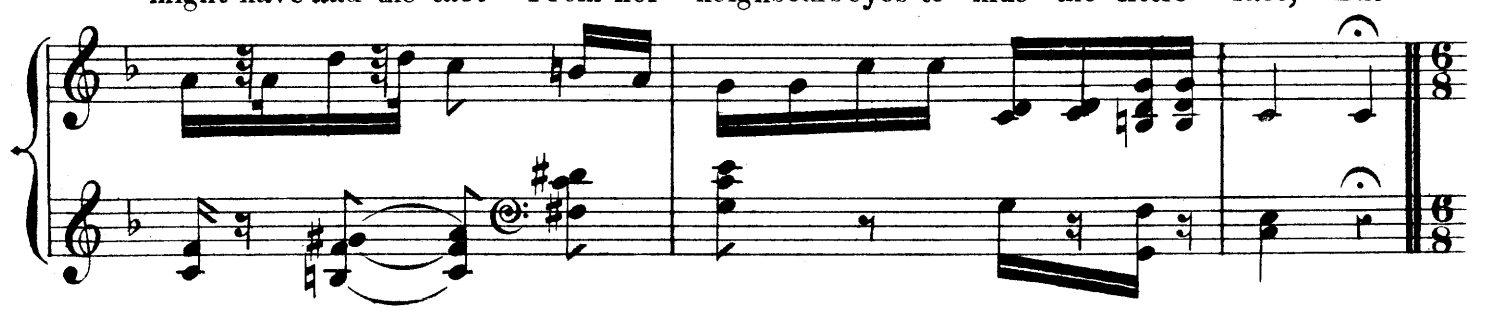
true It's true That old dame Schwerlein drinks a Quart of gin a day.



Well I never! Oh! 'Tis so! 'Tis so! She might have had the decency, She

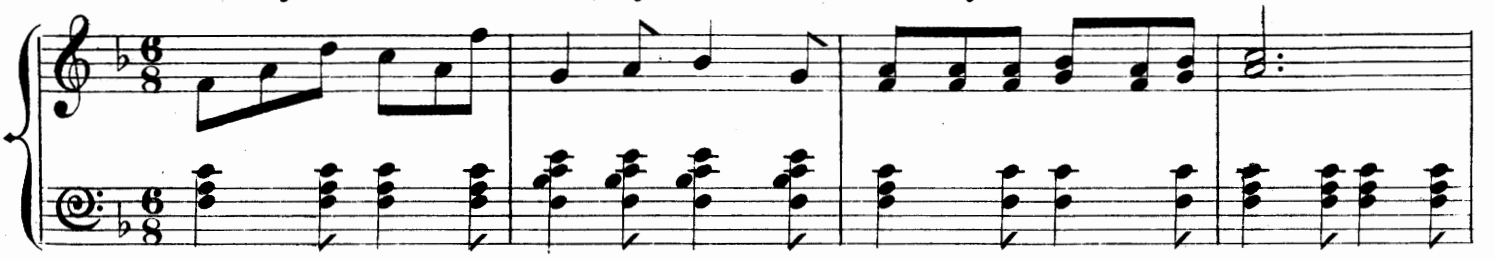


might have had the tact From her neighbours eyes to hide the little fact, But

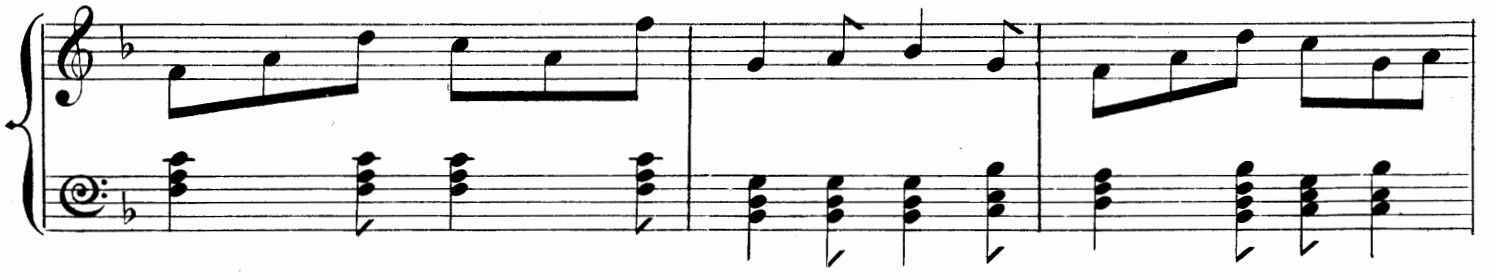


Allegretto scherzando.

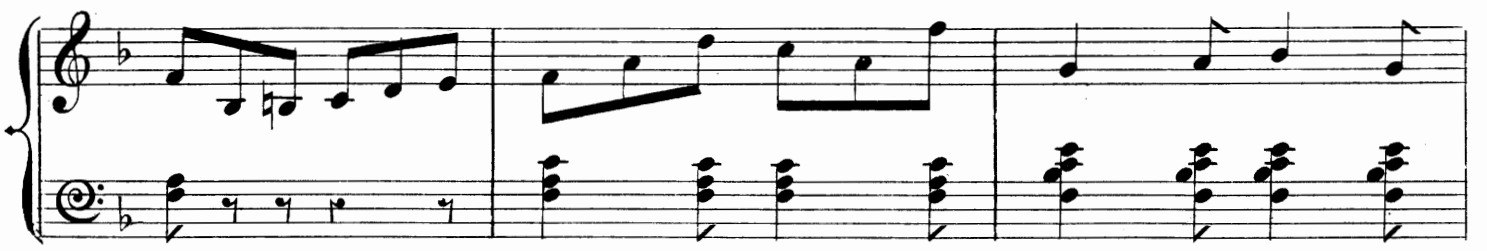
don't say a word to a soul, my dear But don't say a word to a soul,



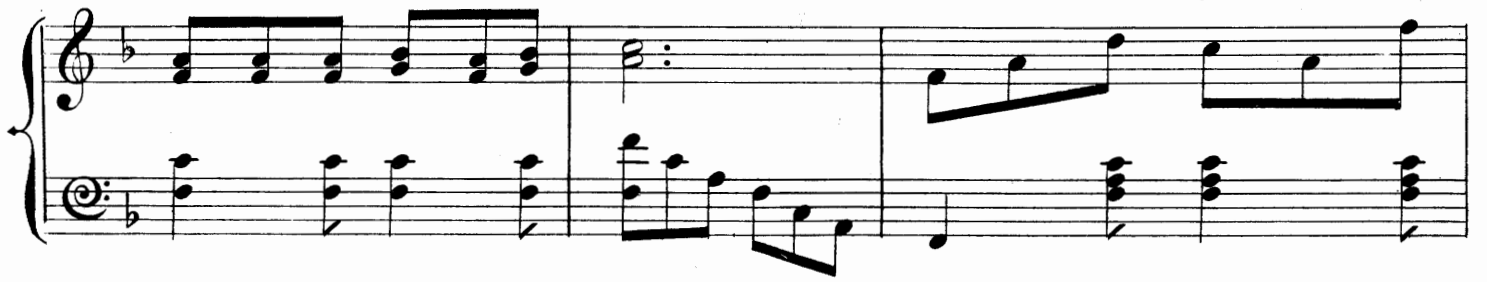
For some folks might think 'twas said in spite, So don't say a word to a



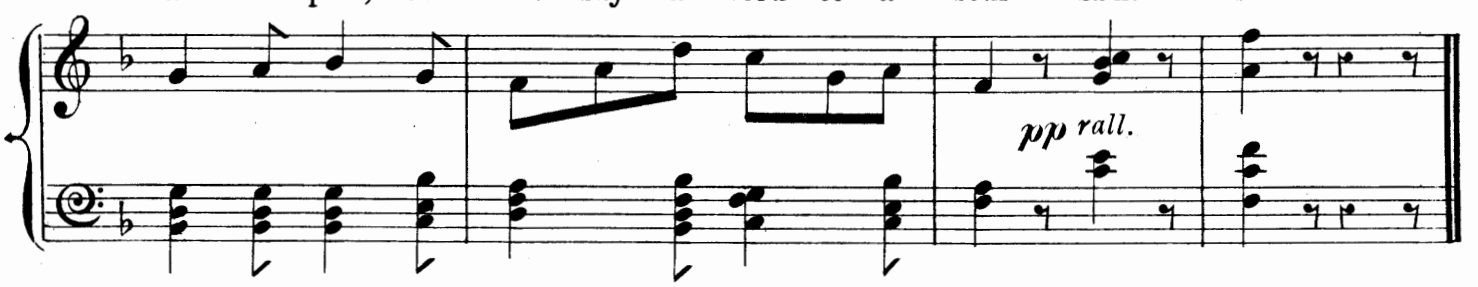
soul! Don't say a word to a soul my dear But



don't say a word to a soul For some folks might think 'twas

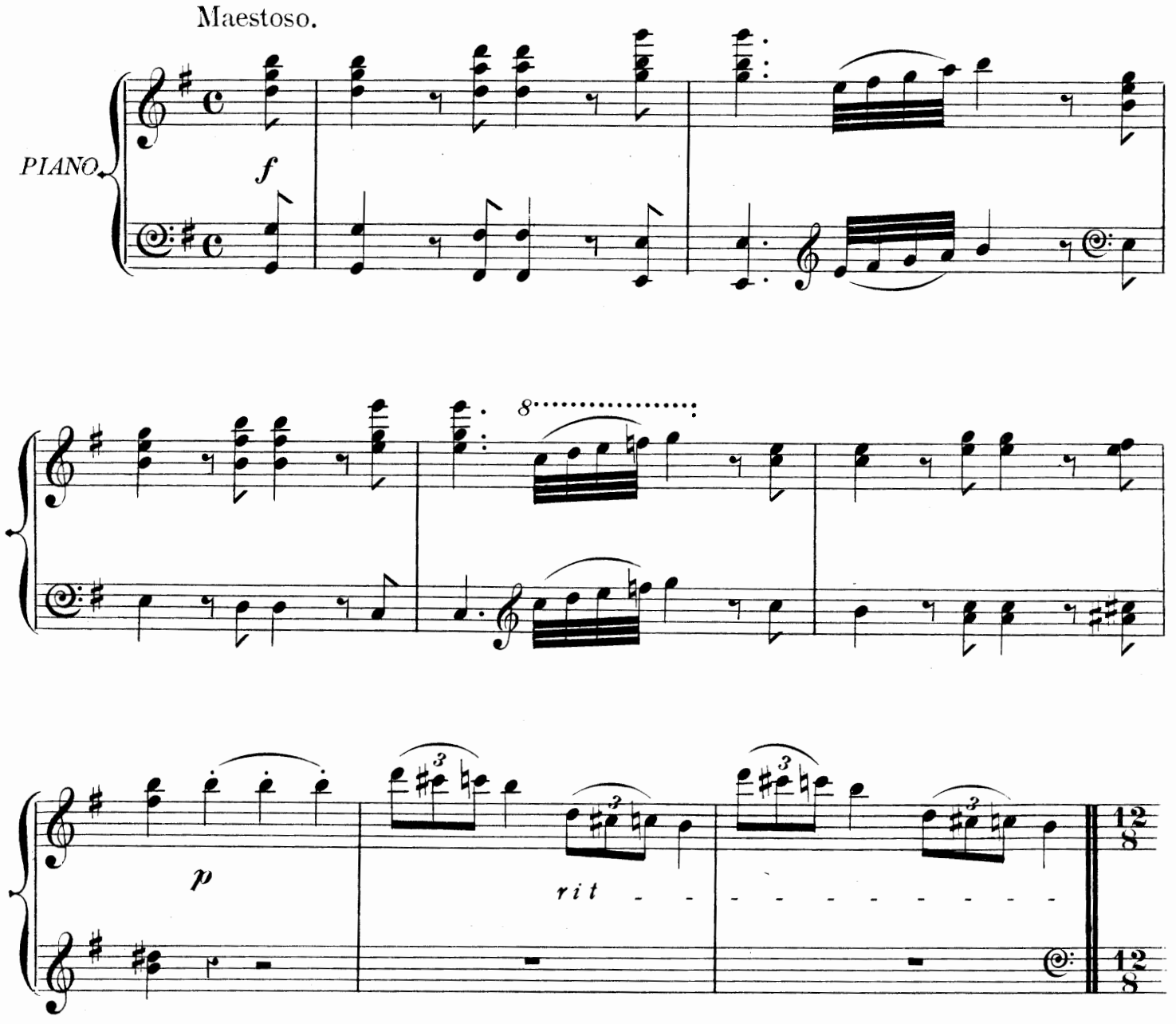


said in spite, So don't say a word to a soul mum! mum!



PAS DE QUATRE.

DANCE

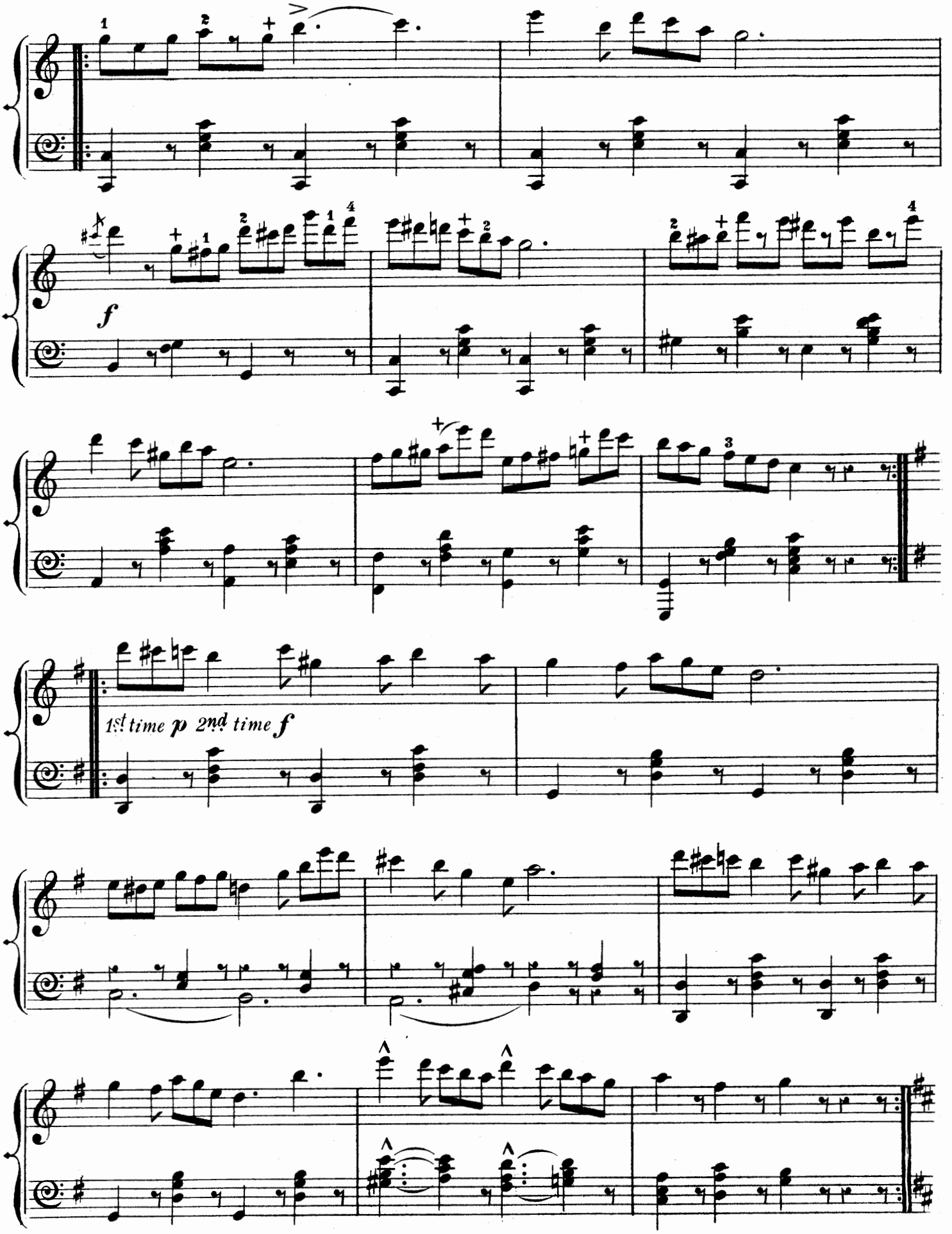


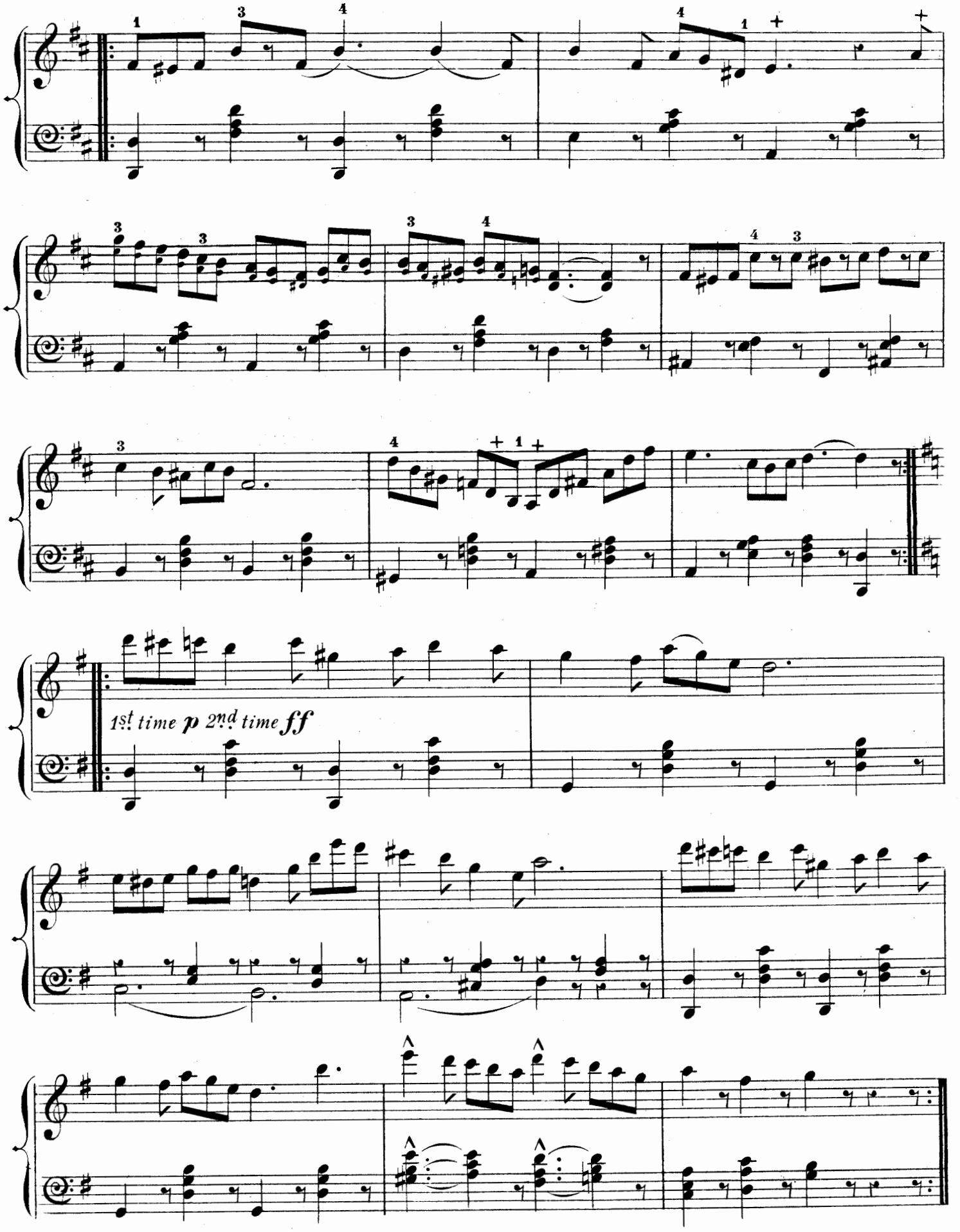
SOLO.

Allegro Moderato.

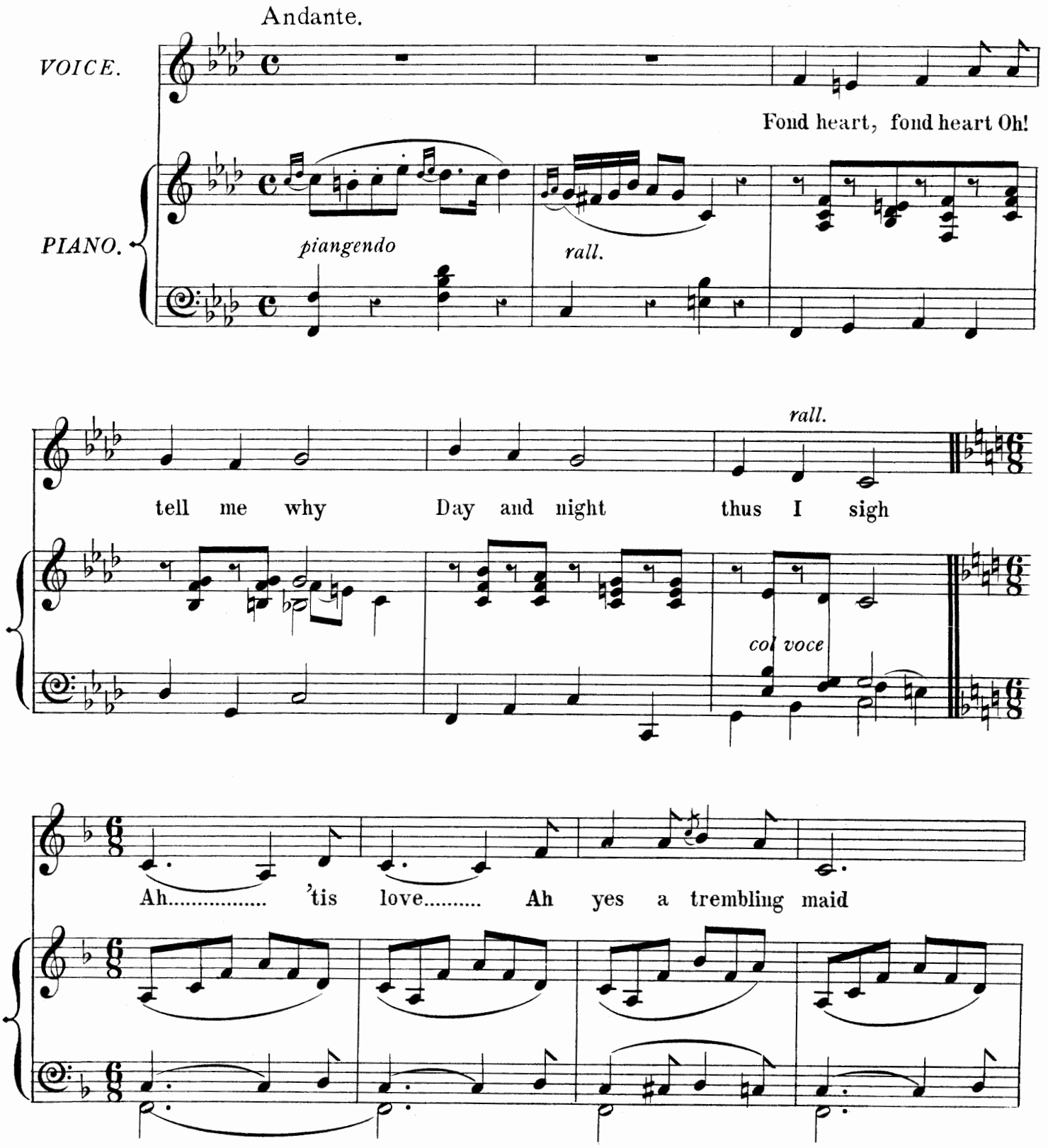
p grazioso.

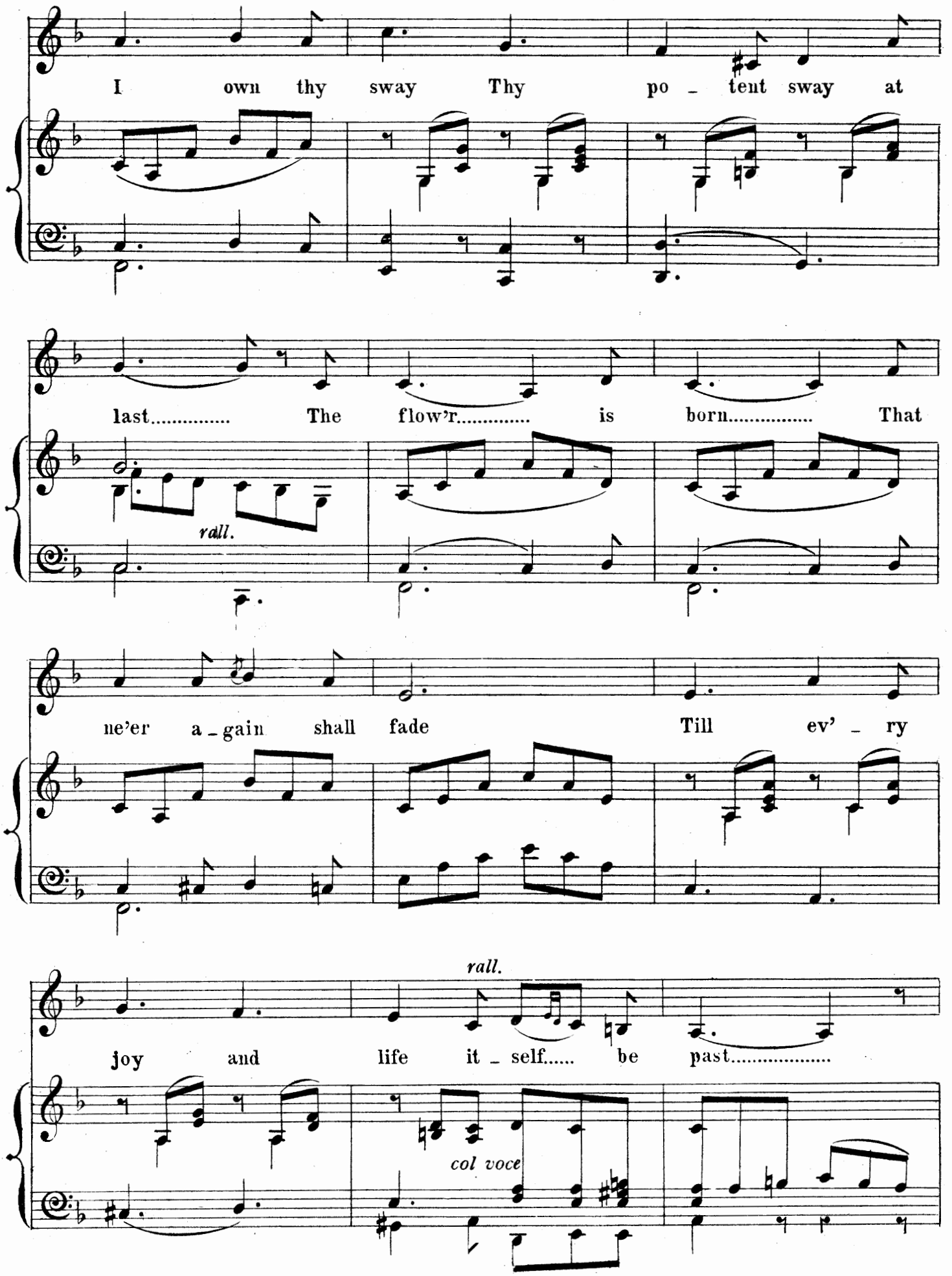
f

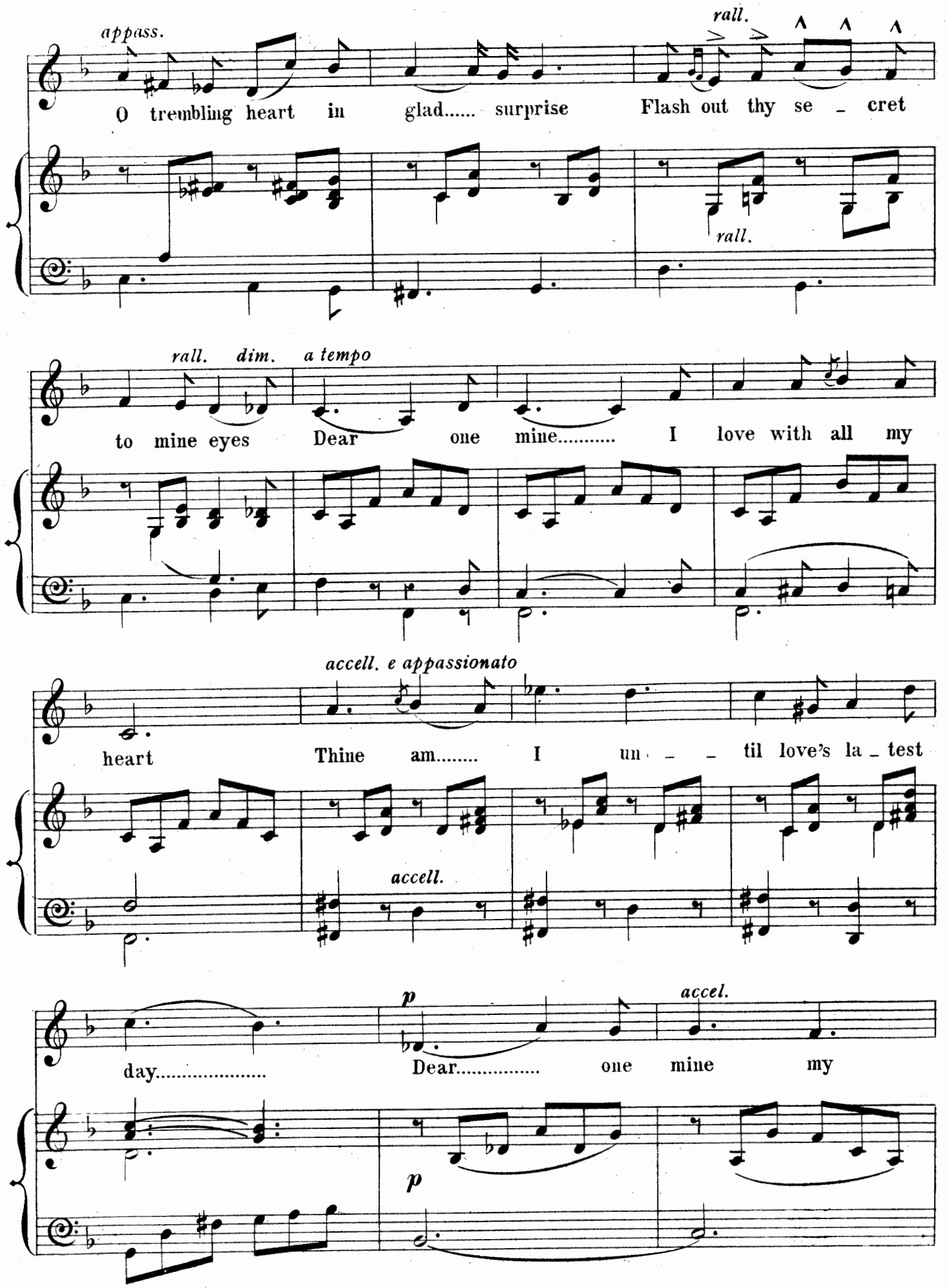

f
1st time p 2nd time f

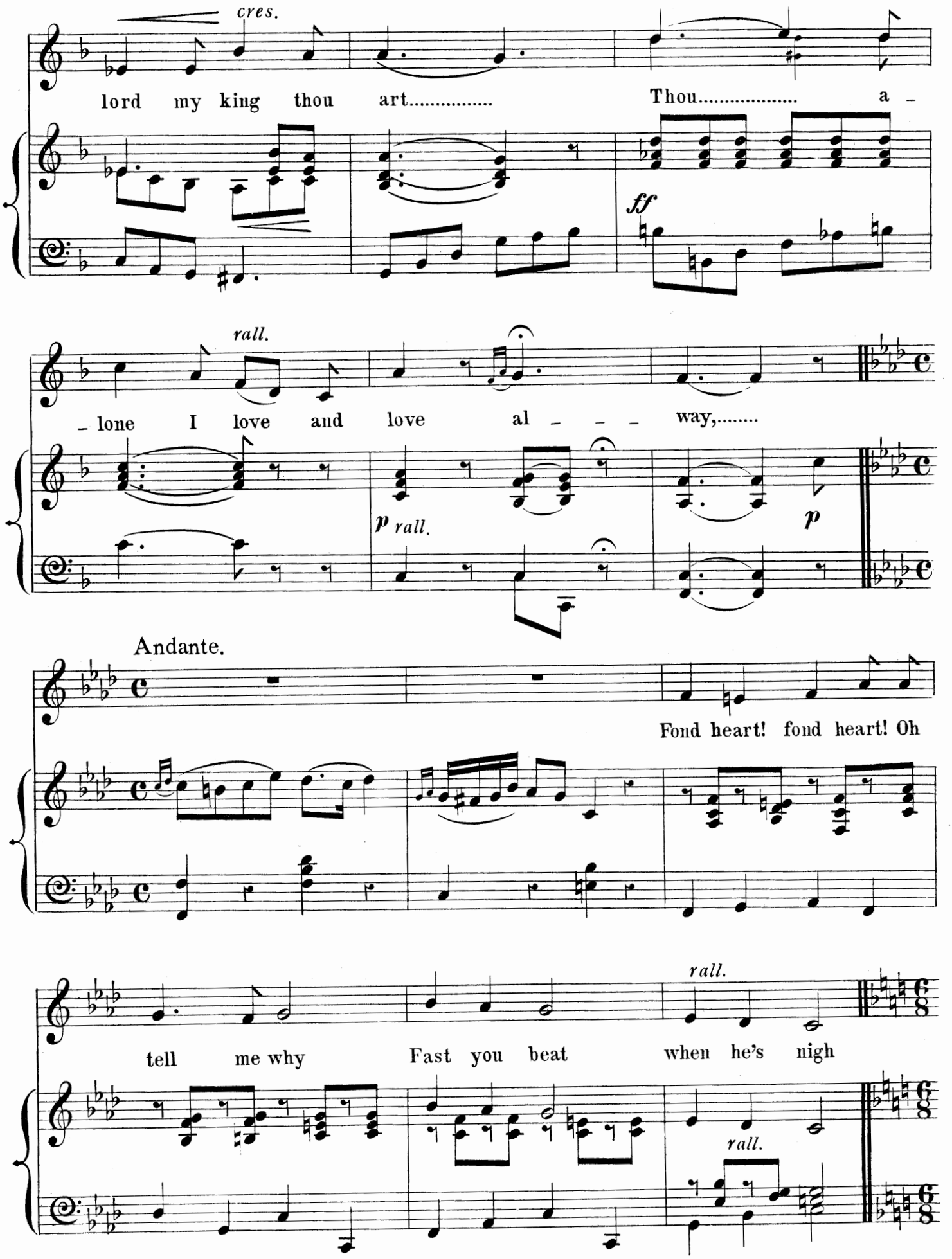

1st time p 2nd time ff

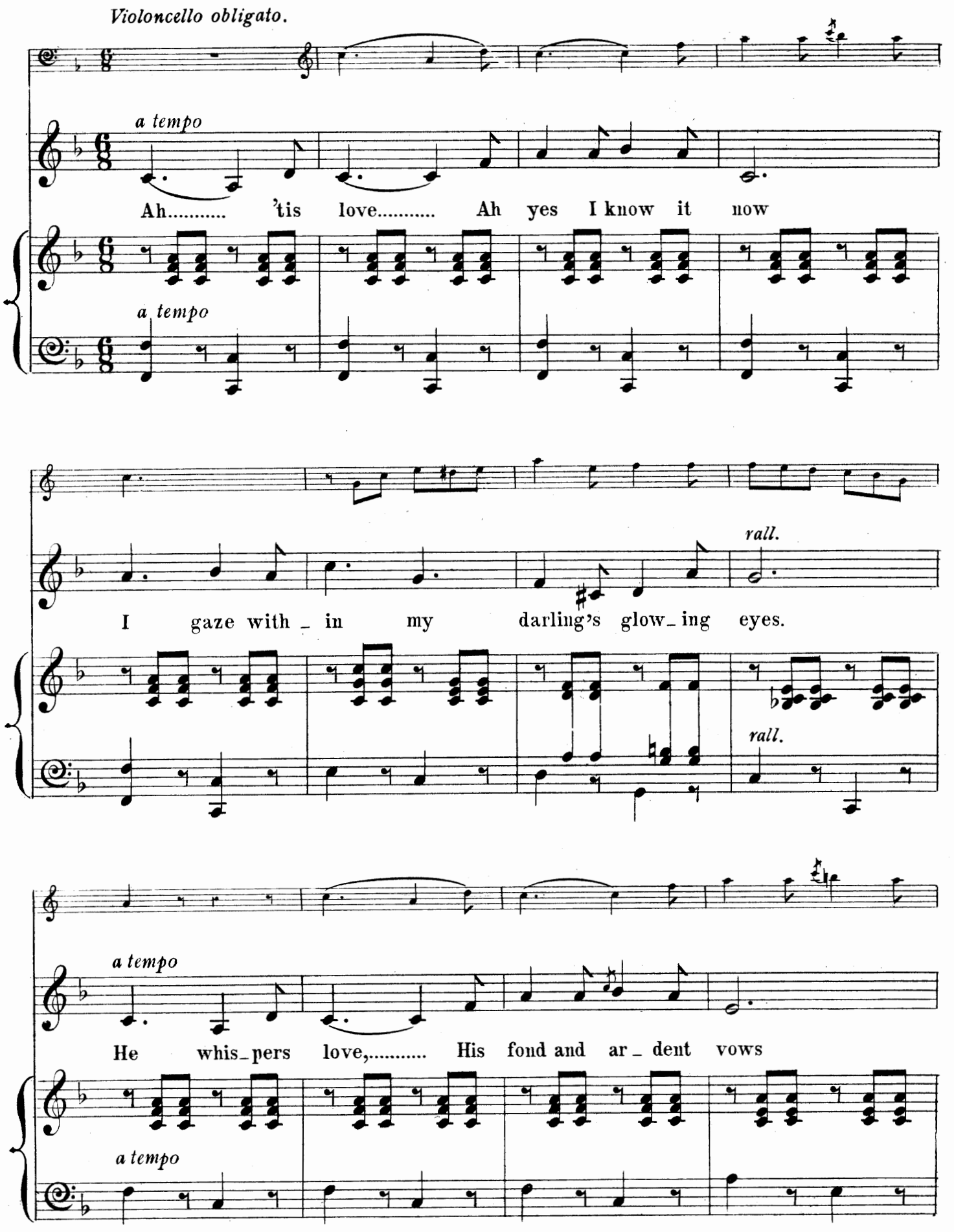
THE DAWN OF LOVE.

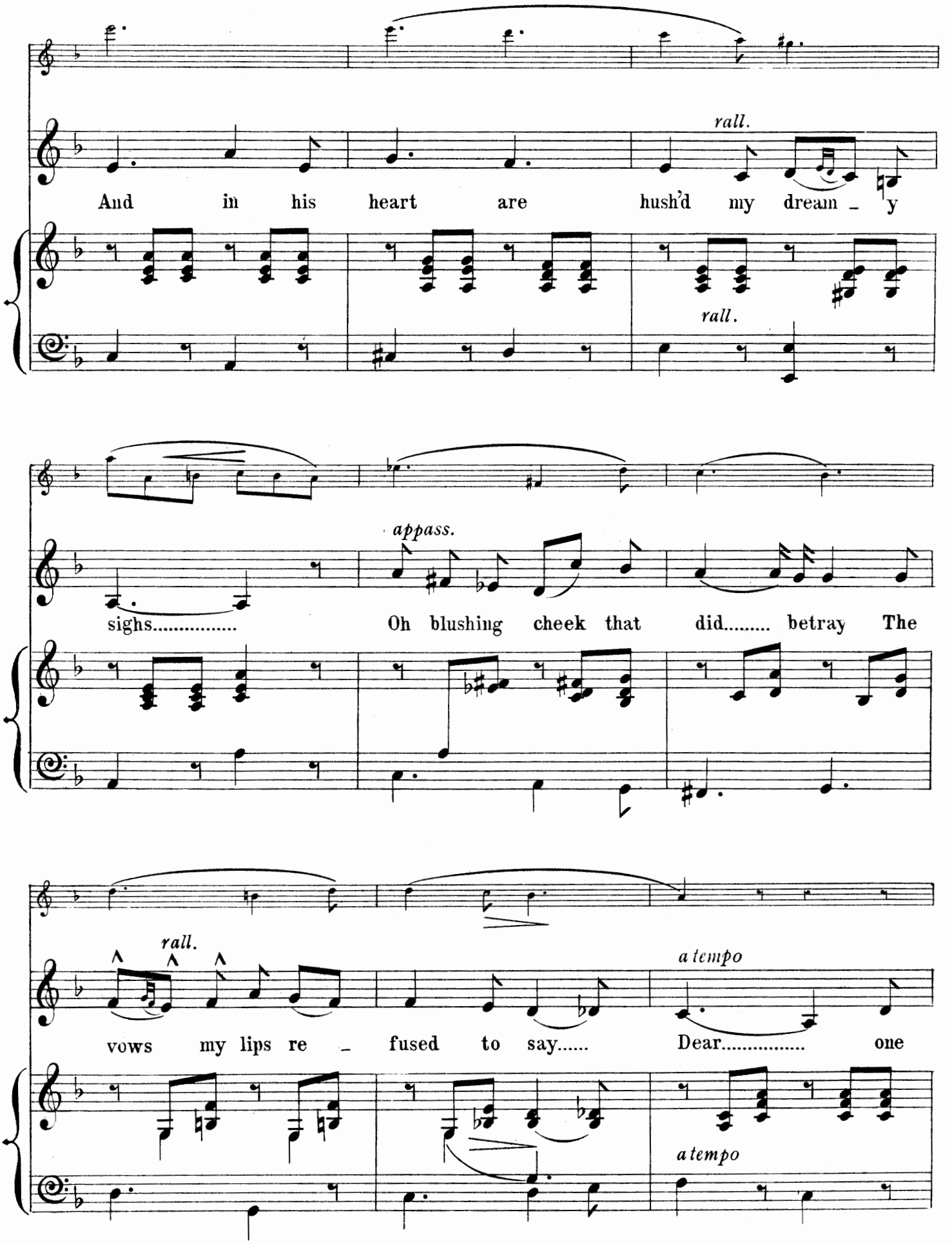


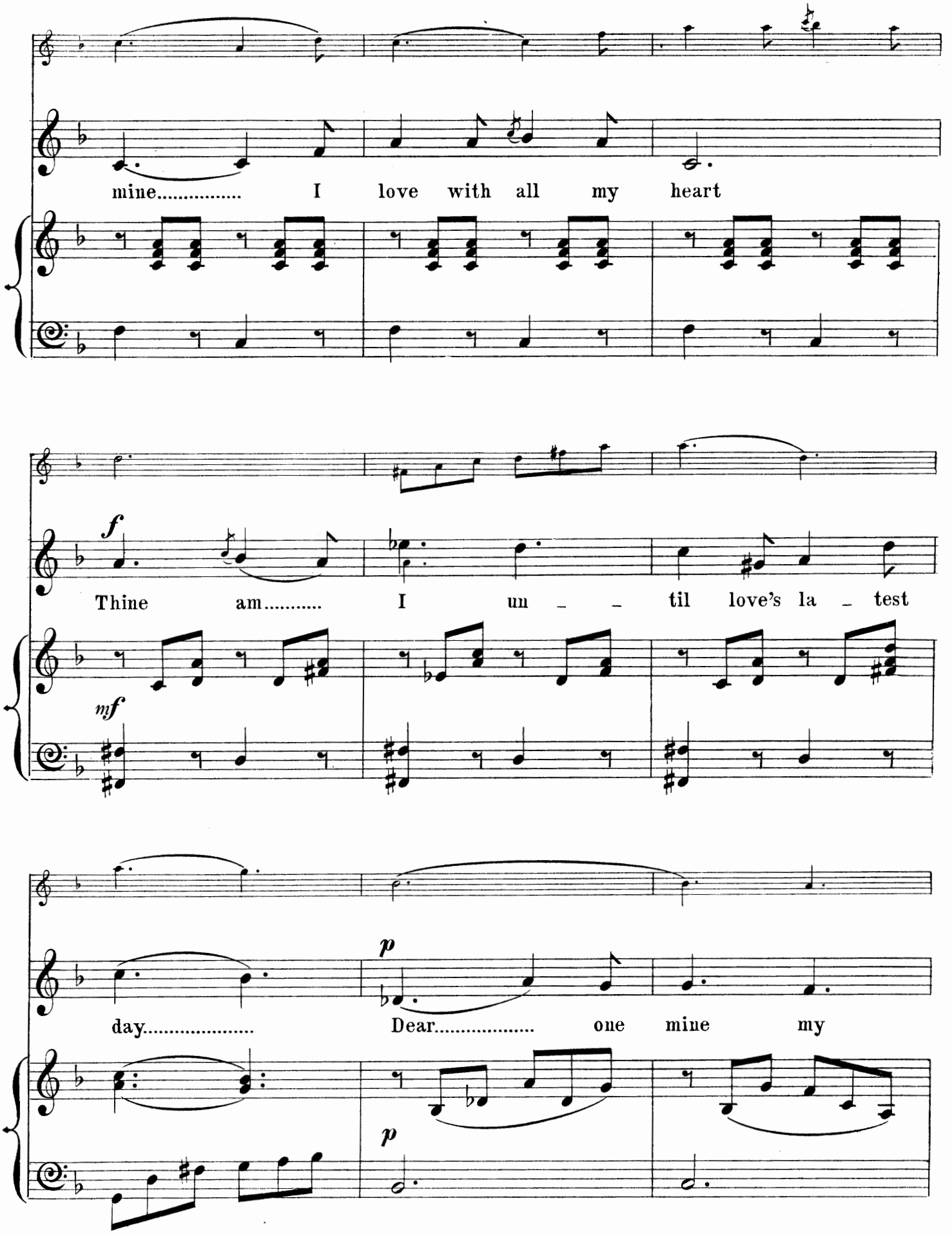

I own thy sway Thy po - tent sway at
last..... The flow'r..... is born..... That
rall.
ne'er a - gain shall fade Till ev' - ry
rall.
joy and life it - self..... be past.....
col voce

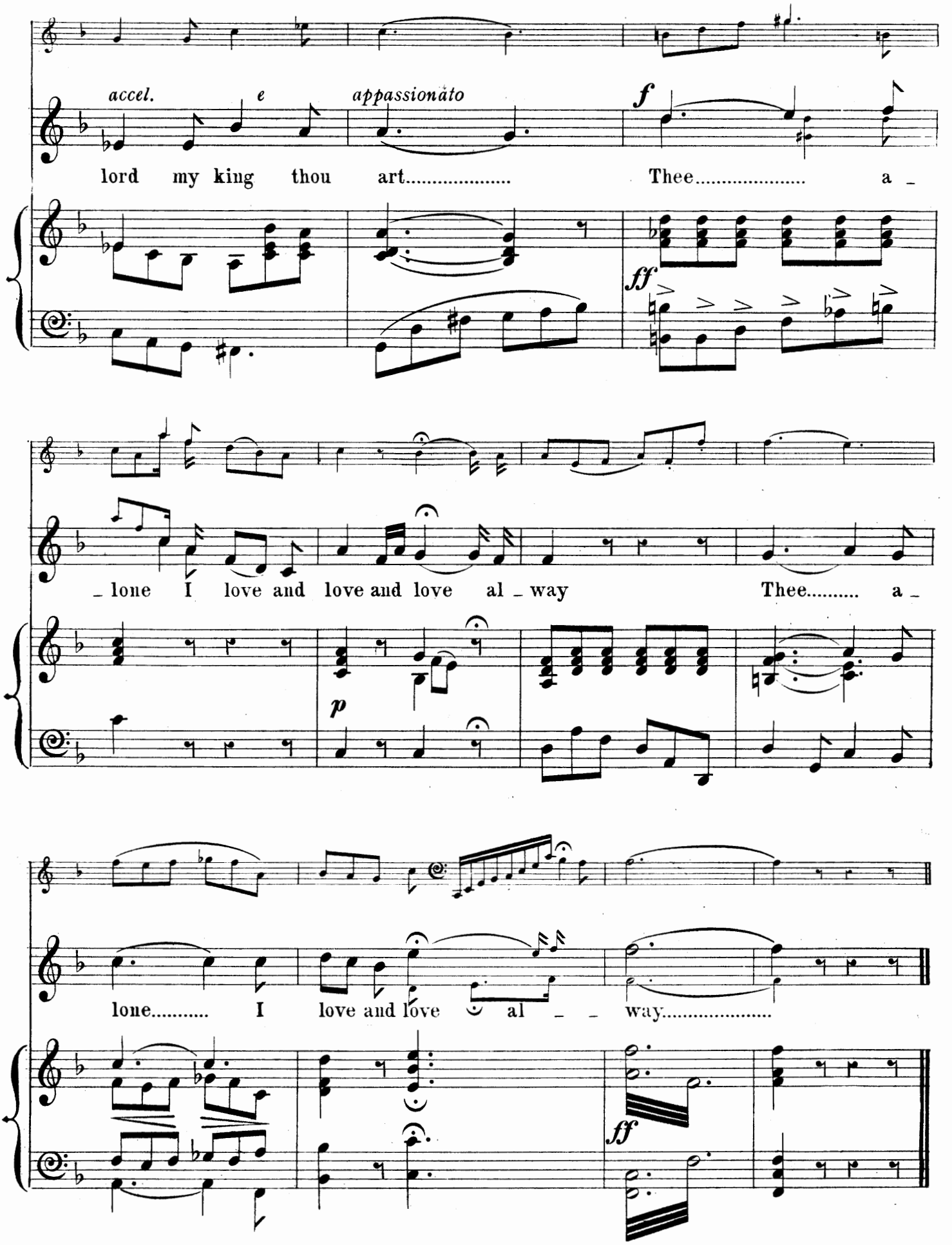

appass.
rall.
O trembling heart in glad..... surprise Flash out thy se - cret
rall.
rall. dim. a tempo
to mine eyes Dear one mine..... I love with all my
accell. e appassionato
heart Thine am..... I un - - til love's la - test
accell.
p
accel.
day..... Dear..... one mine my
p


cres.
lord my king thou art..... Thou..... a -
ff
rall.
- lone I love and love al - - - way,.....
p rall.
p
Andante.
Fond heart! fond heart! Oh
rall.
tell me why Fast you beat when he's nigh
rall.


Violoncello obligato.
a tempo
Ah..... 'tis love..... Ah yes I know it now
a tempo
I gaze with_in my darling's glow_ing eyes.
rall.
rall.
a tempo
He whis_pers love,..... His fond and ar_dent vows
a tempo

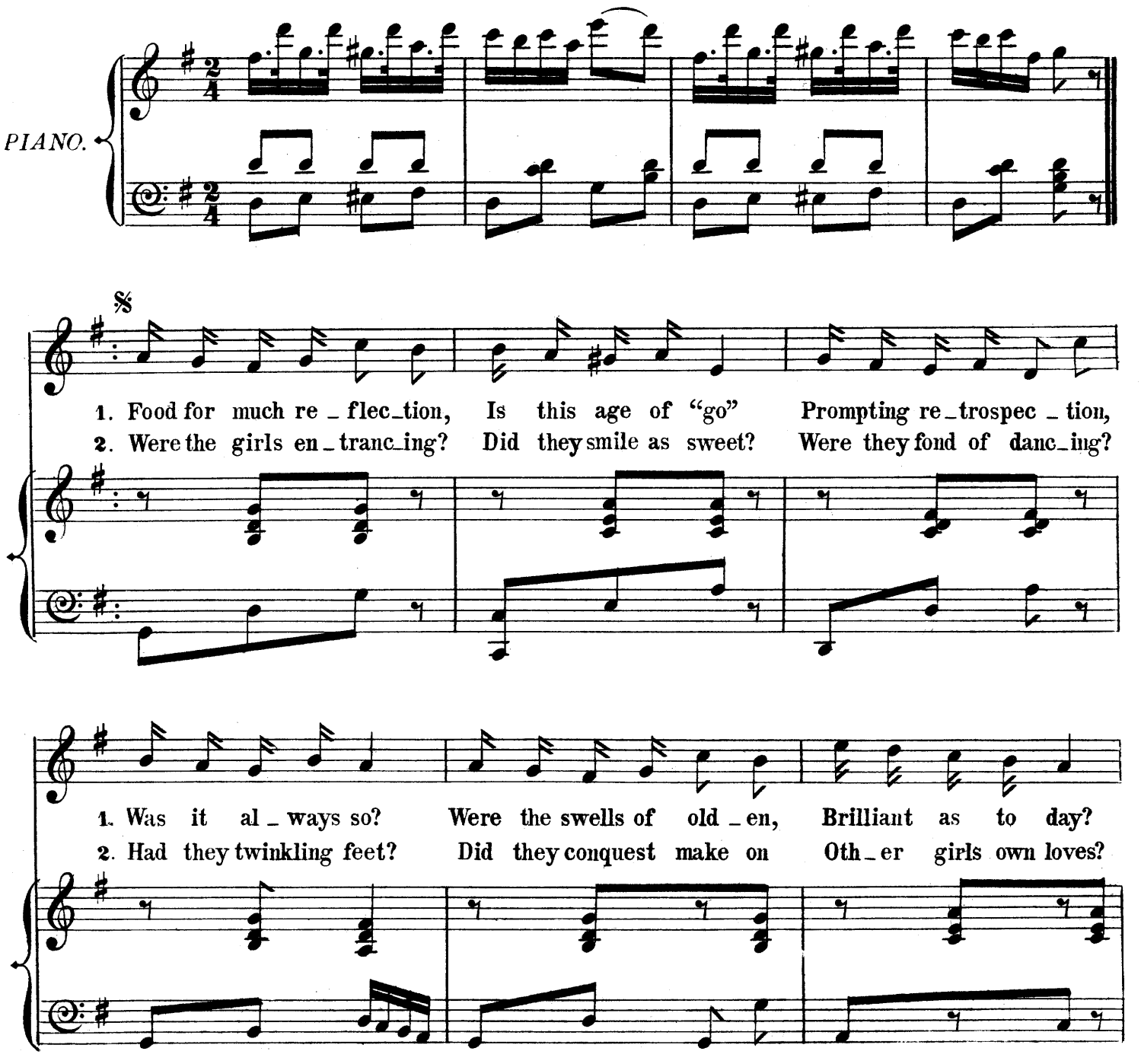

rall.
And in his heart are hush'd my dream _ y
rall.
appass.
sighs..... Oh blushing cheek that did..... betray The
rall.
a tempo
vows my lips re _ fused to say..... Dear..... one
a tempo

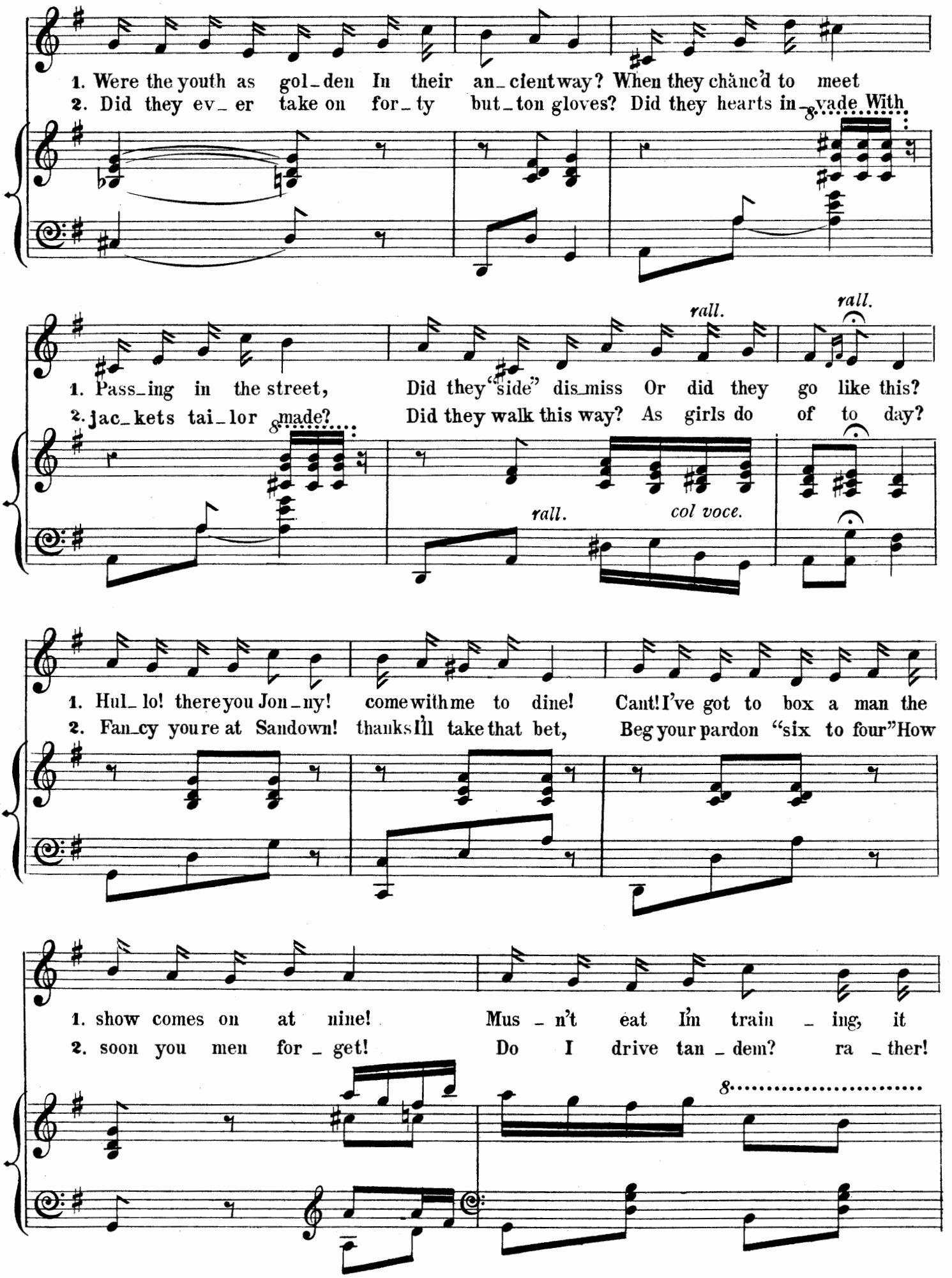

mine..... I love with all my heart
f
Thine am..... I un _ _ til love's la _ test
mf
p
day..... Dear..... one mine my
p

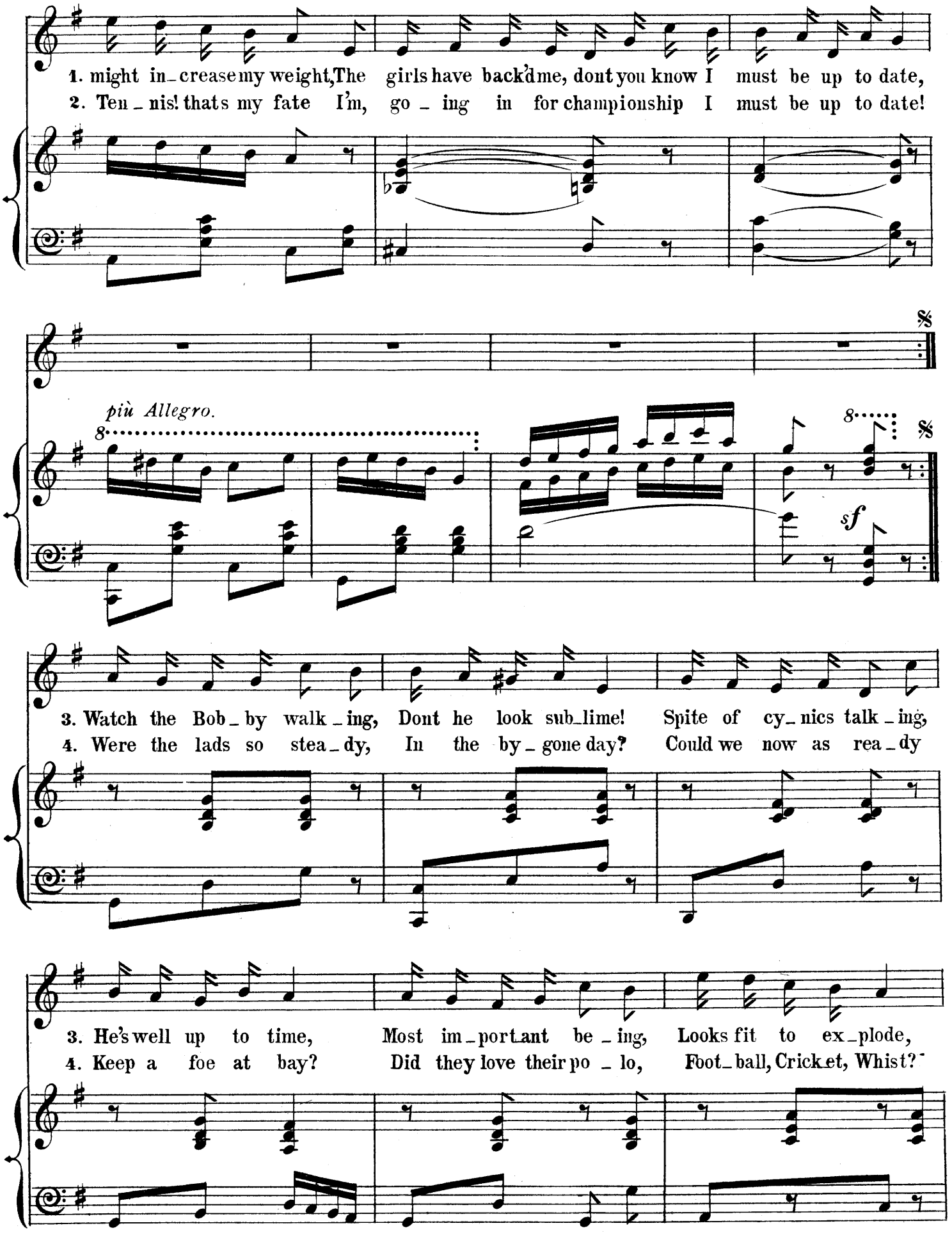

accel.
e
appassionato
f
lord my king thou art..... Thee..... a _
ff
_ lone I love and love and love al _ way Thee..... a _
p
lone..... I love and love al _ _ way.....
ff

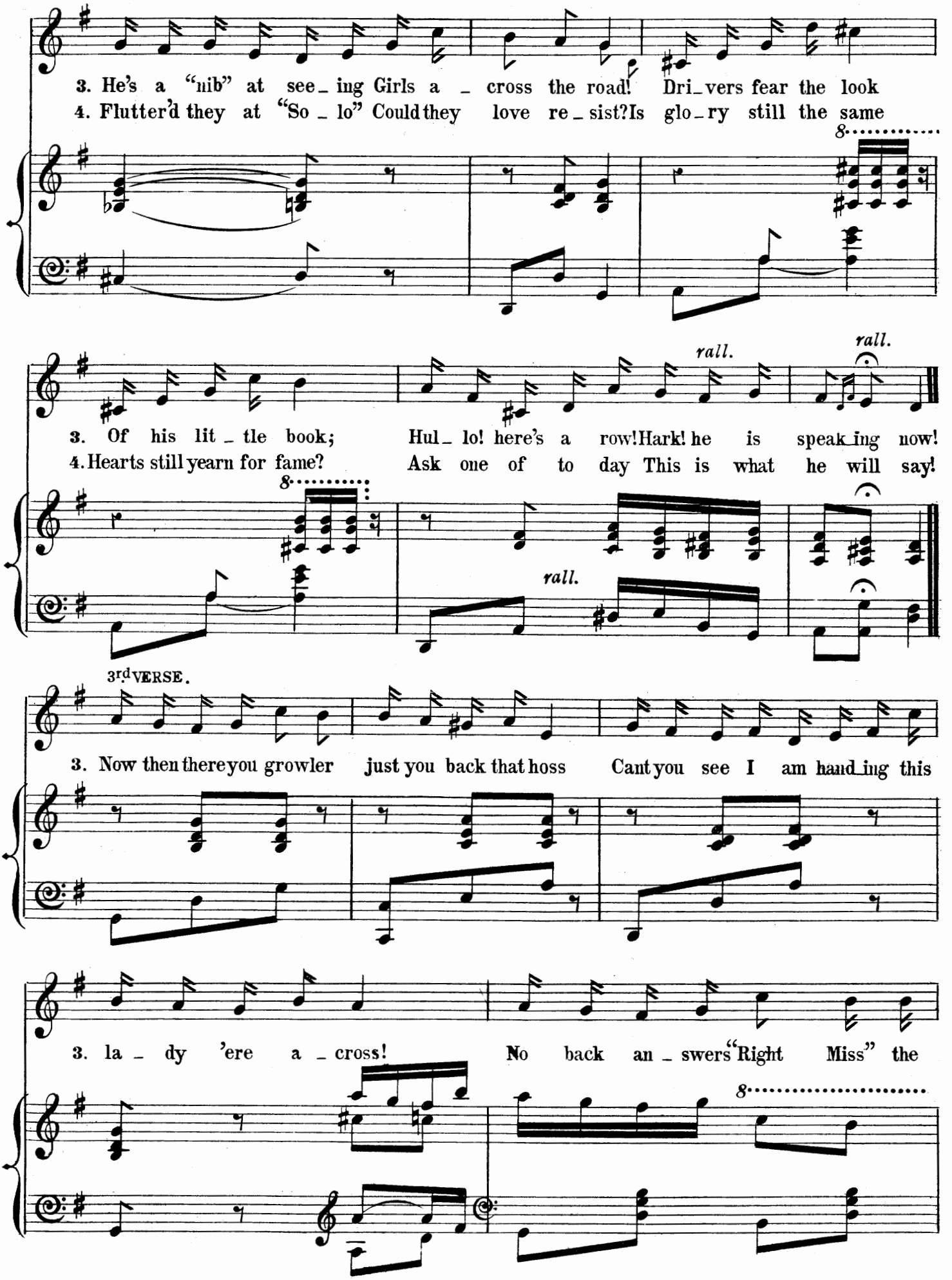
UP TO DATE.

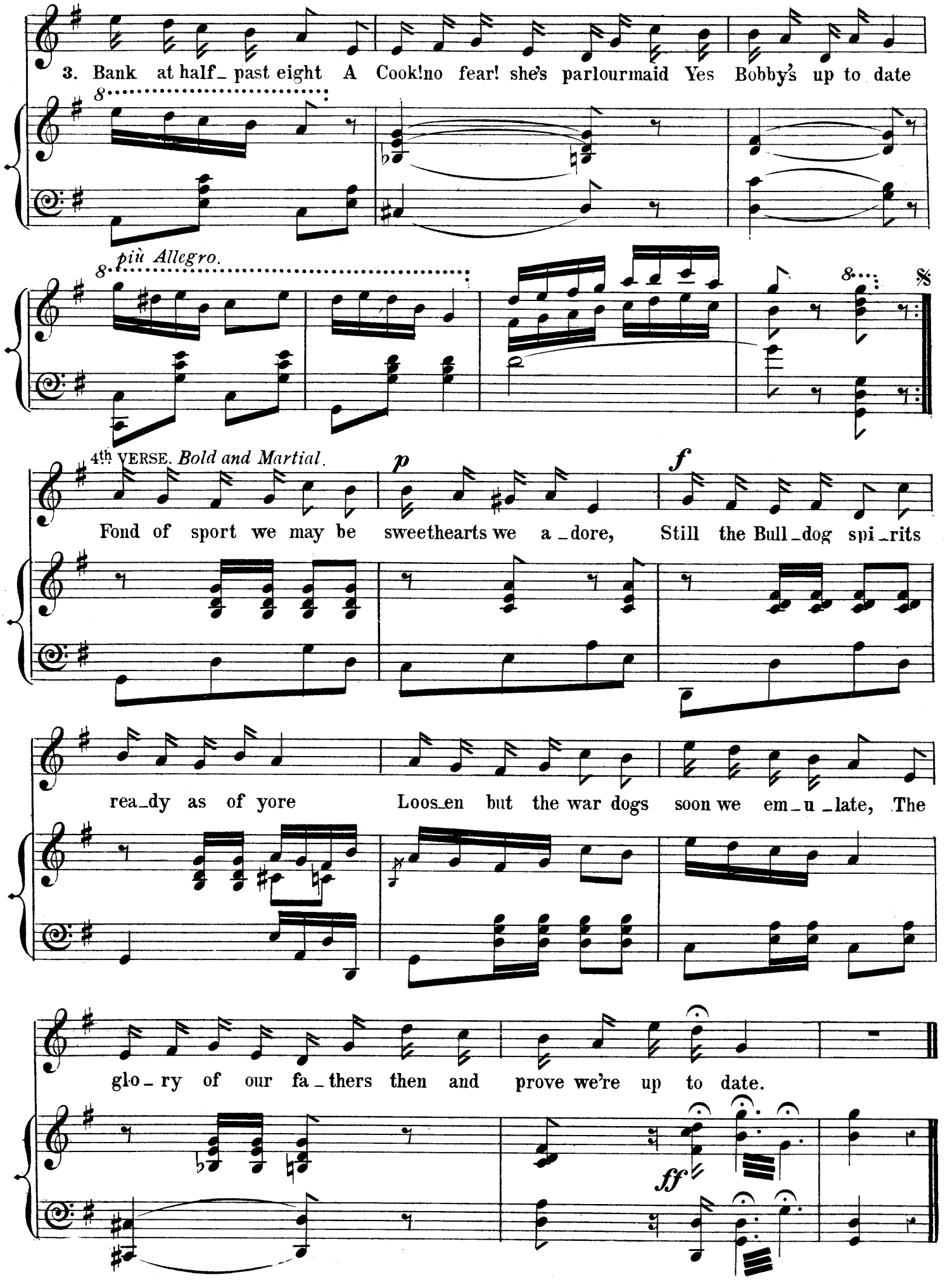
Words by
FREK BOWYER.




1. Were the youth as gol_den In their an_cient way? When they chanc'd to meet
2. Did they ev_er take on for_ty but_ton gloves? Did they hearts in_vade With
8
1. Pass_ing in the street, Did they "side" dis_miss Or did they go like this?
2. jac_kets tai_lor made? Did they walk this way? As girls do of to day?
rall.
rall.
rall.
col voce.
1. Hul_lo! there you Jon_ny! come with me to dine! Cant! I've got to box a man the
2. Fan_cy you're at Sandown! thanks I'll take that bet, Beg your pardon "six to four" How
1. show comes on at nine! Mus_n't eat I'm train_ing, it
2. soon you men for_get! Do I drive tan_dem? ra_ther!
8


1. might in_crease my weight, The girls have back'd me, dont you know I must be up to date,
2. Ten_nis! thats my fate I'm, go_ing in for championship I must be up to date!
più Allegro.
sf
3. Watch the Bob_by walk_ing, Dont he look sub_lime! Spite of cy_nics talk_ing,
4. Were the lads so stea_dy, In the by_gone day? Could we now as rea_dy
3. He's well up to time, Most im_portant be_ing, Looks fit to ex_plode,
4. Keep a foe at bay? Did they love their po_lo, Foot_ball, Cricket, Whist?


3. He's a "nib" at see_ing Girls a _ cross the road! Dri_vers fear the look
4. Flutter'd they at "So _ lo" Could they love re_sist? Is glo_ry still the same
8
3. Of his lit _ tle book; Hul_ lo! here's a row! Hark! he is speak_ing now!
4. Hearts still yearn for fame? Ask one of to day This is what he will say!
rall.
rall.
8
rall.
3rd VERSE.
3. Now then there you growler just you back that hoss Cant you see I am hand_ing this
3. la _ dy 'ere a _ cross! No back an _ swers "Right Miss" the
8


3. Bank at half_ past eight A Cook!no fear! she's parlourmaid Yes Bobby's up to date
più Allegro.
4th VERSE. Bold and Martial.
p
f
Fond of sport we may be sweethearts we a_dore, Still the Bull_dog spi_rits
rea_dy as of yore Loos_en but the war dogs soon we em_u_late, The
glo_ry of our fa_thers then and prove we're up to date.
ff

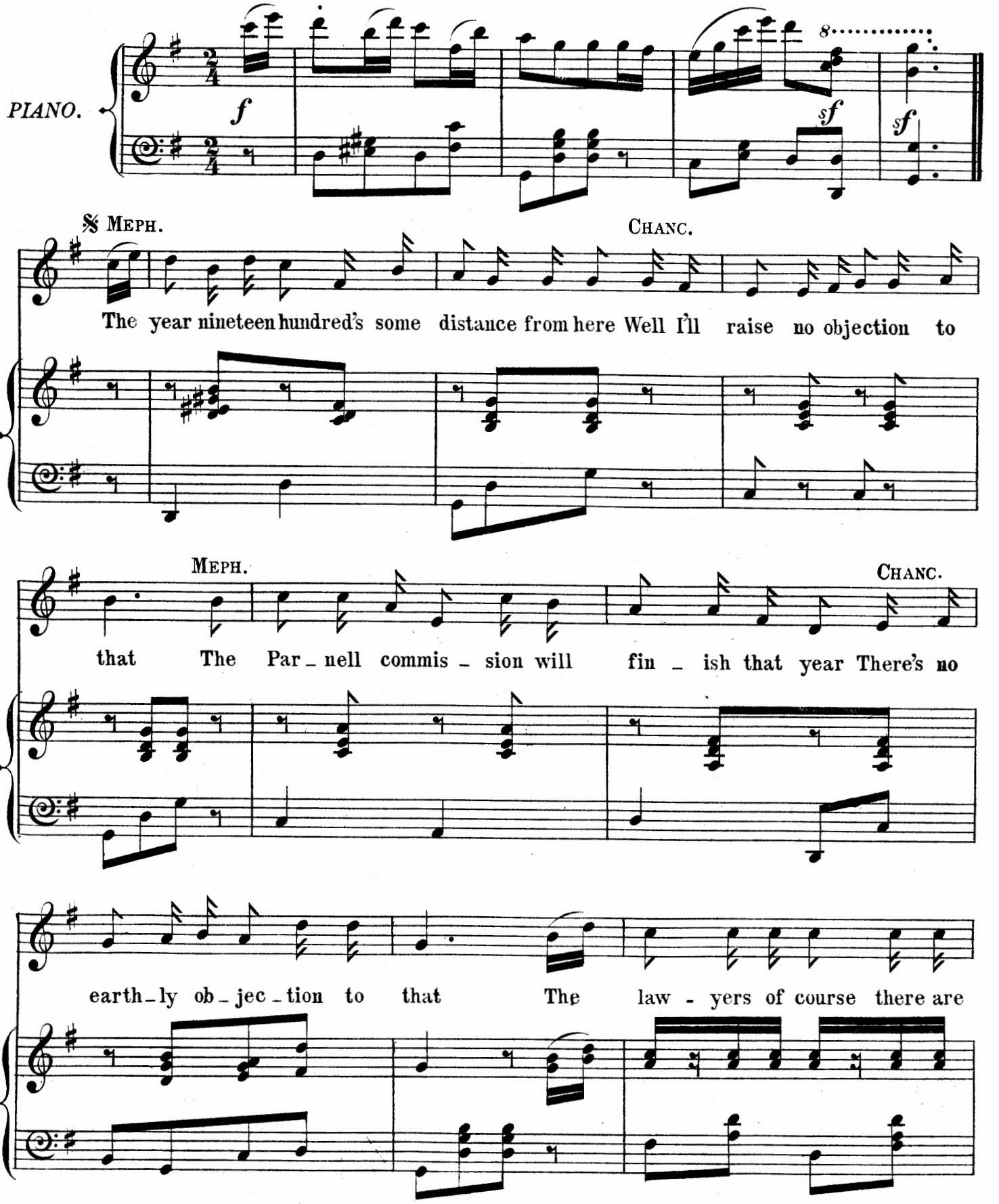
I RAISE AN OBJECTION TO THAT.

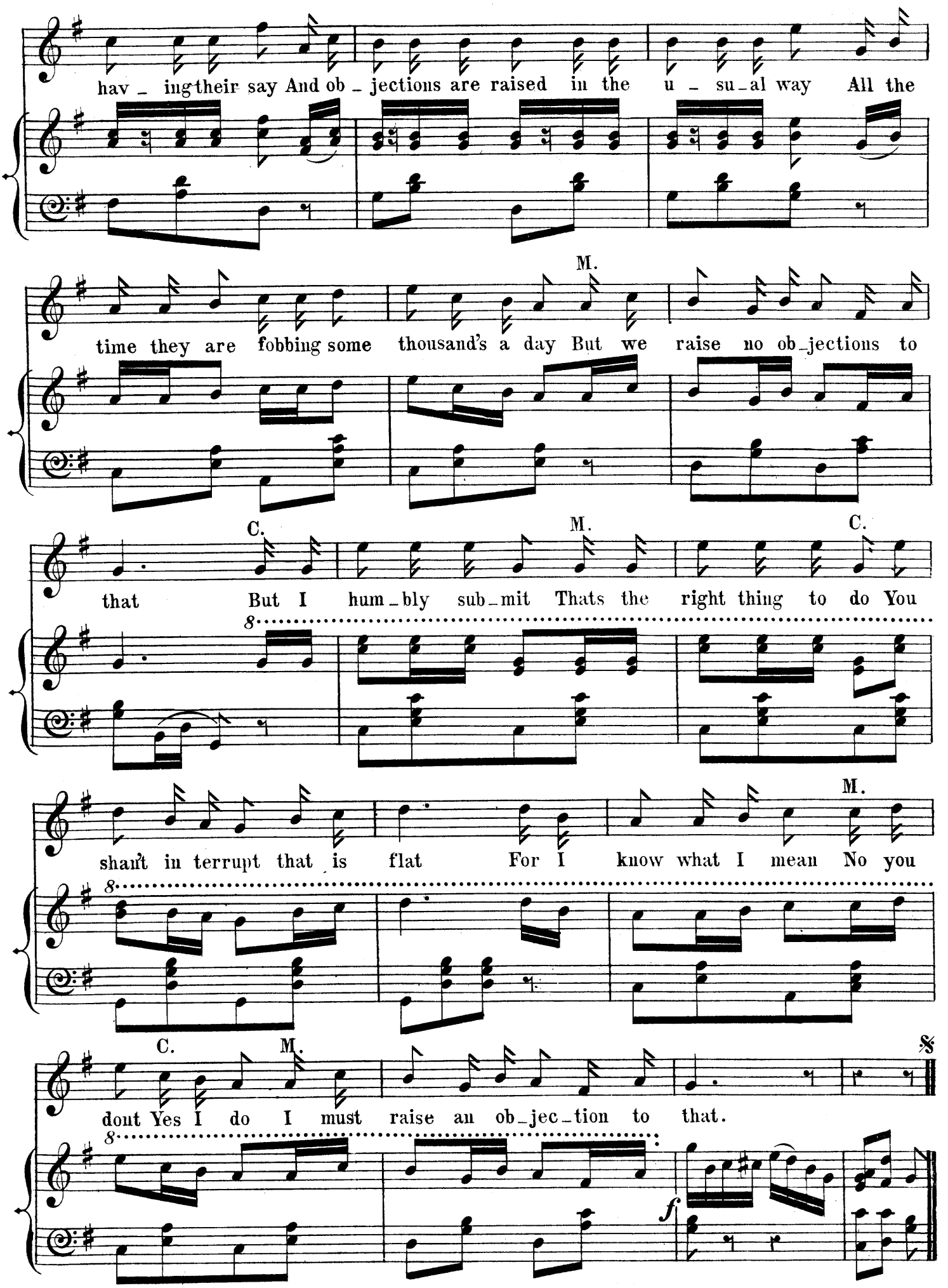
Words by
ROBERT MARTIN.

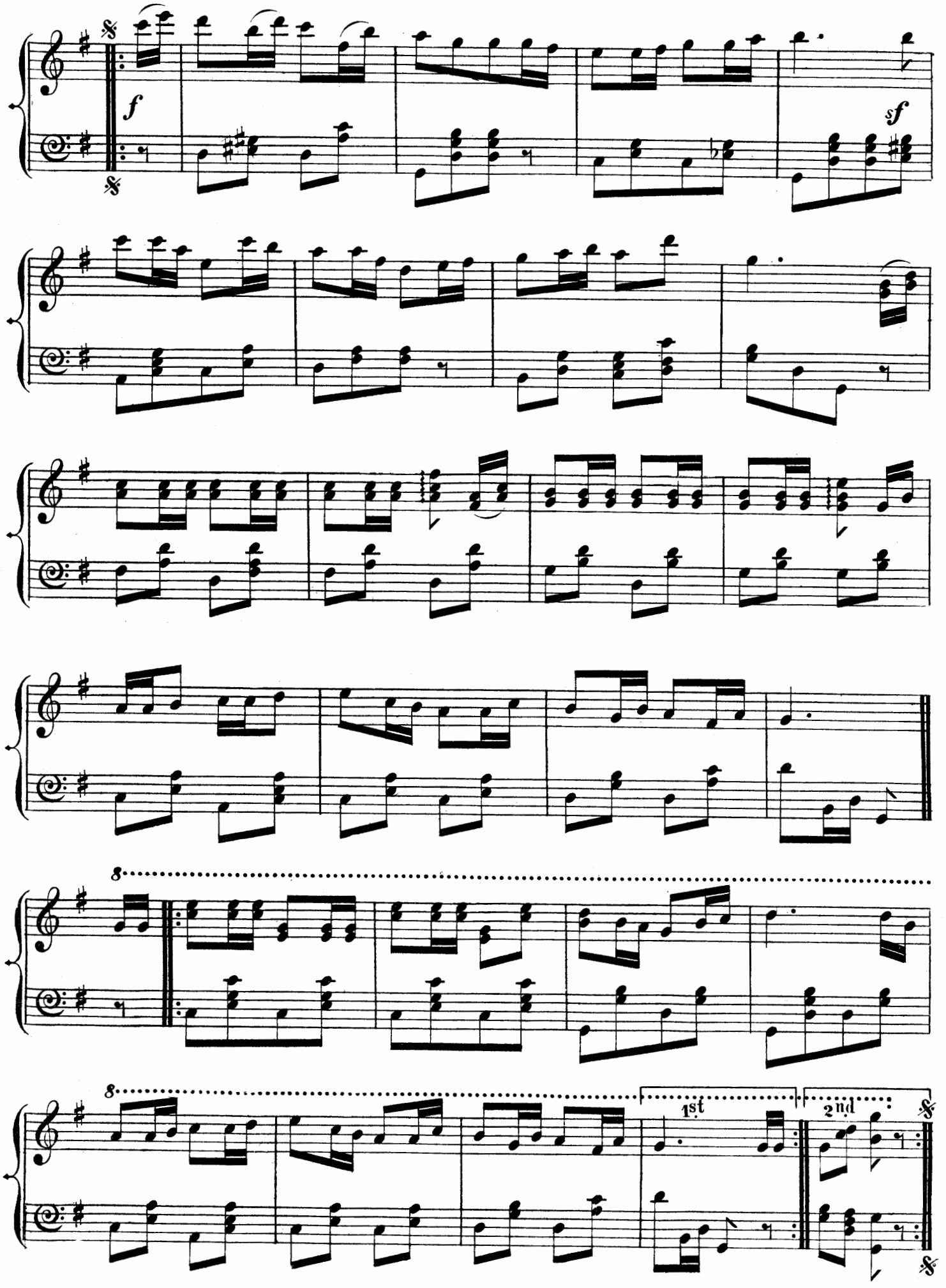
DUET.

MEPHISTOPHELES & LORD CHANCELLOR.

Tempo di Polka.




hav _ ing their say And ob _ jections are raised in the u _ su _ al way All the
M.
time they are fobbing some thousand's a day But we raise no ob _ jections to
C.
M.
C.
that But I hum _ bly sub _ mit Thats the right thing to do You
8
M.
shan't in terrupt that is flat For I know what I mean No you
8
C.
M.
dont Yes I do I must raise an ob _ jec _ tion to that.
8
f


f
sf
8
8
1st
2nd

I RAISE AN OBJECTION TO THAT.

1.

MEPH: The year nineteen hundred's some distance from here,
CHANC: Well I'll raise no objection to that.
M.—The Parnell commission will finish that year,
C.— There's no earthly objection to that.
The lawyers of course there are having their say
And objections are raised in the usual way,
All the time we are fobbing some thousands a day
M.— But we raise no objection to that.

C.— *CHORUS.* But I humbly submit *M.* That's the right thing to do
C.— You shan't interrupt that is flat
For I know what I mean, *M.* No you dont, *C.* Yes I do,
M.— I must raise an objection to that.

2.

C.—My lud with your leave I'll endeavour to prove,
M.— I must raise an objection to that.
My lud in this case I am anxious to move,
C.— I must raise an objection to that.
M.—Marguerite in prison how bitter her cup
—They will take her away and she'll soon be shut up.
C.—Bosh! show me the woman who can be shut up
M.— I can raise no objection to that.
Chorus—But I humbly &c.

3.

C.—I would mention a case which has lately been tried,
M.— Well I've got no objection to that.
When asked some straight questions the lady replied
I must raise an objection to that.
C.—Her case it was lost from refusing to state
When her baby was born she would not give the date
M.—But the baby was there so 'twas rather too late
To raise an objection to that.
Chorus—But I humbly &c.

4.

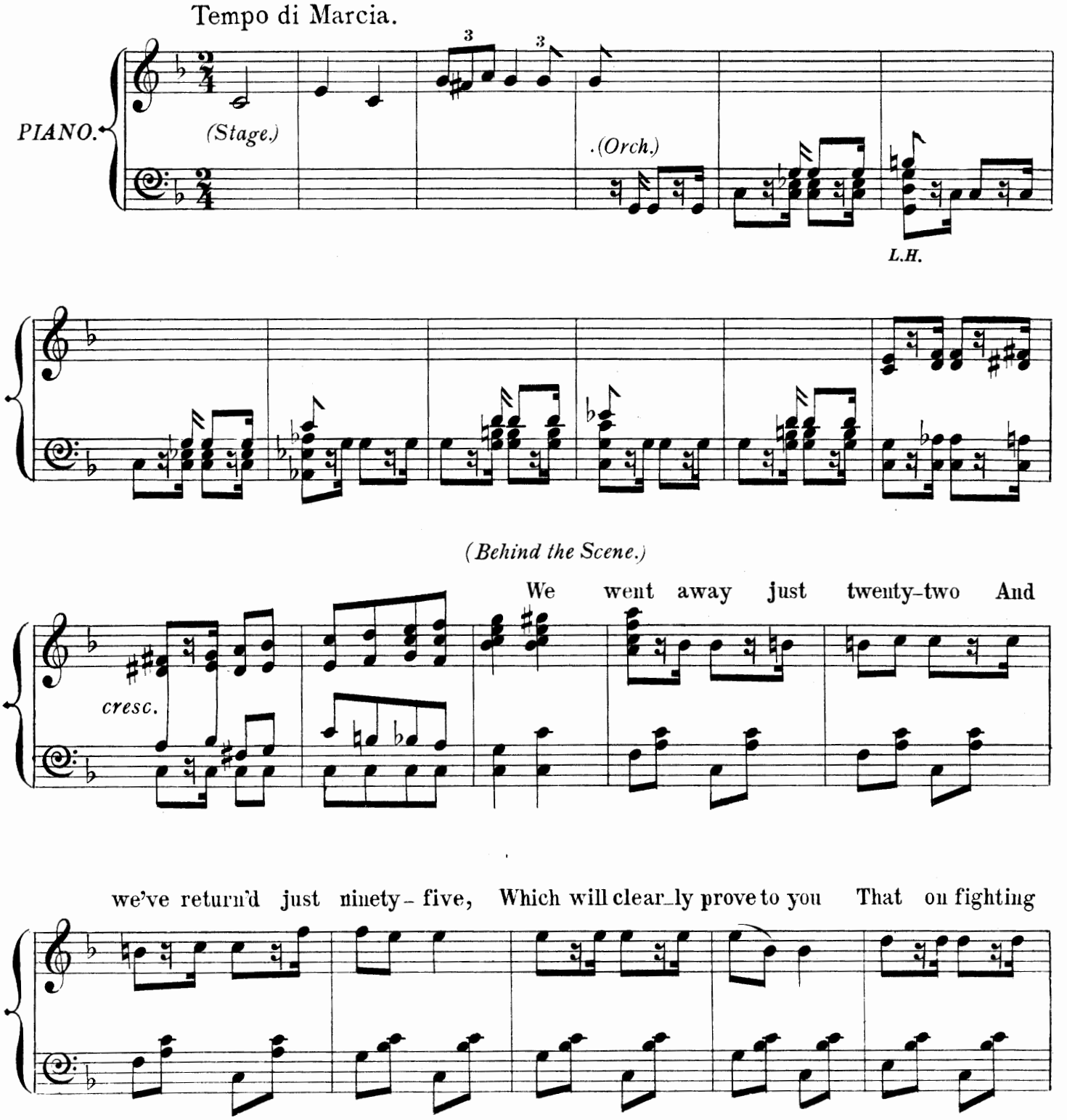
M.—I hear smoking concerts go on every night,
C.— I've no earthly objection to that.
M.—Songs are always the same and I dont think it right,
So I raise an objection to that.
Tom Bowling some man's always certain to do
And the Queen of my heart, can't they give something new
C.—And that terrible song that they call Killaloe,
M.— Come I raise an objection to that.
Chorus—But I humbly &c.

5.

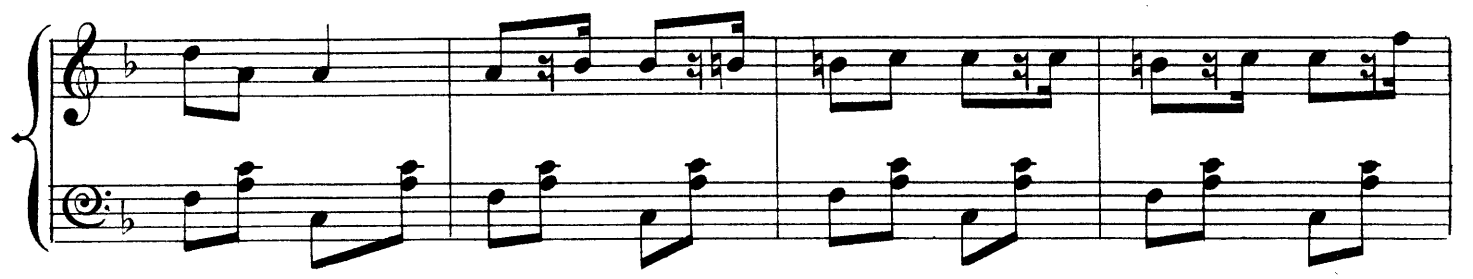
M.—I am going you see now to take an encore,
C.— Well I raise an objection to that.
Supposing the audience don't want any more,
M.— Well they'll raise an objection to that.
There is one powerful reason why I should not stay,
I'm afflicted with thirst just allow me to say,
C.—Shall we treat the disease in the usual way?
M.— Well I've got no objection to that
Chorus—But I humbly &c.

THE SOLDIERS RETURN.

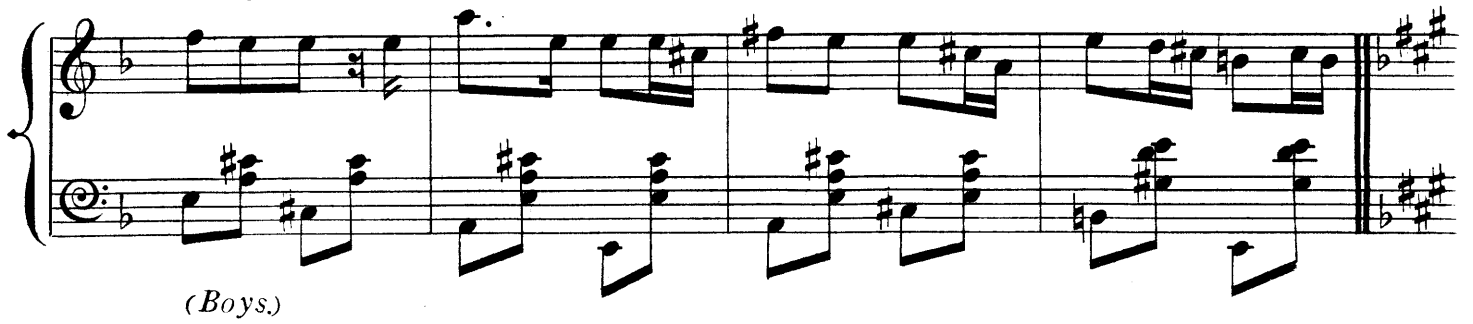
CHORUS.



we do thrive. The bombshells flew a - bout the field, But dan - ger we did

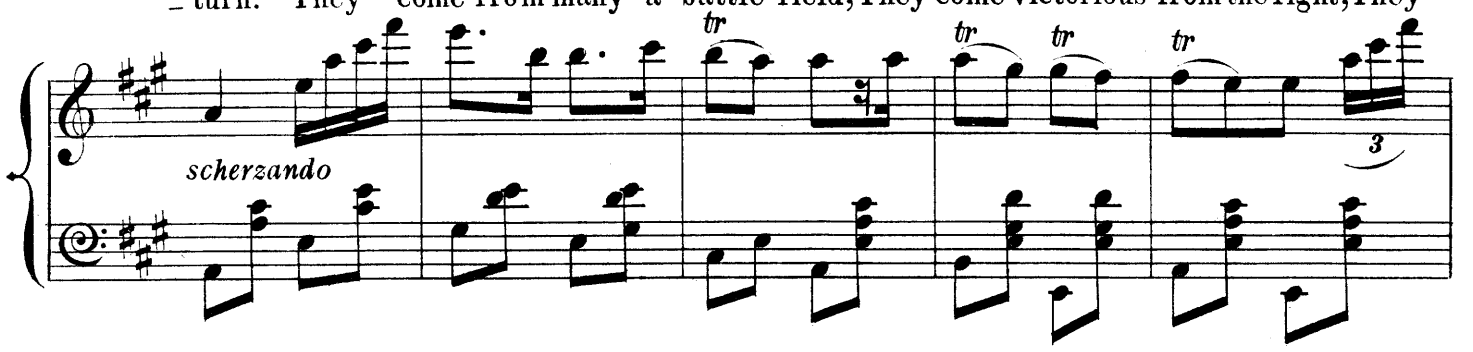


bravely spurn; We made the doughty foemen yield, Vic - to - rious we re

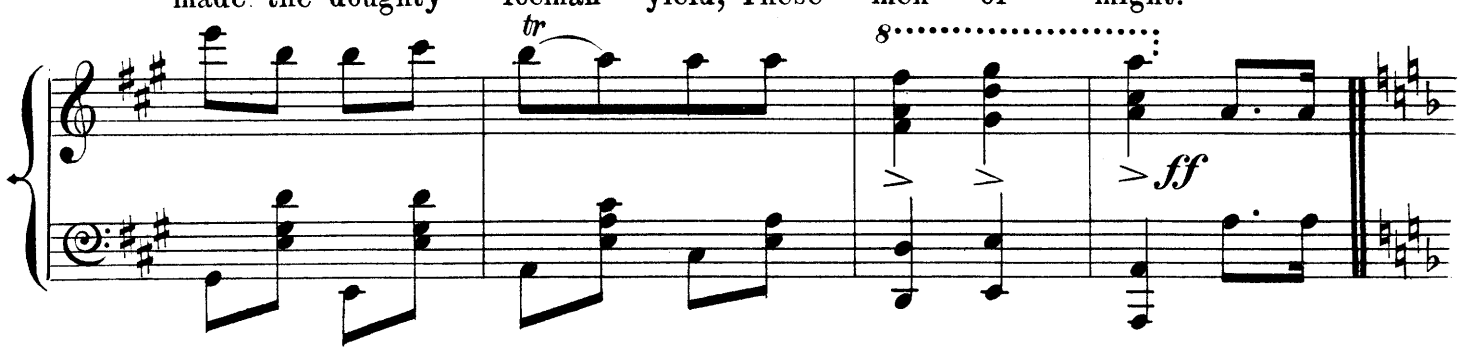


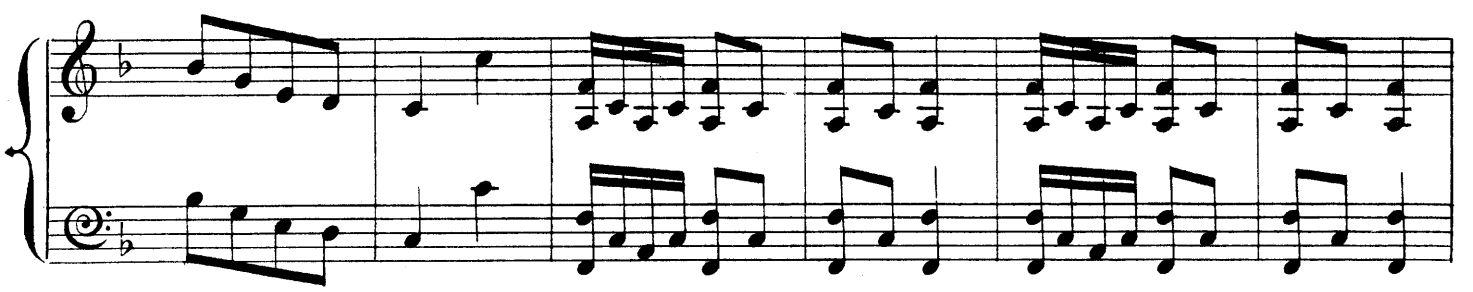
(Boys.)

- turn. They come from many a battle field, They come victorious from the fight, They

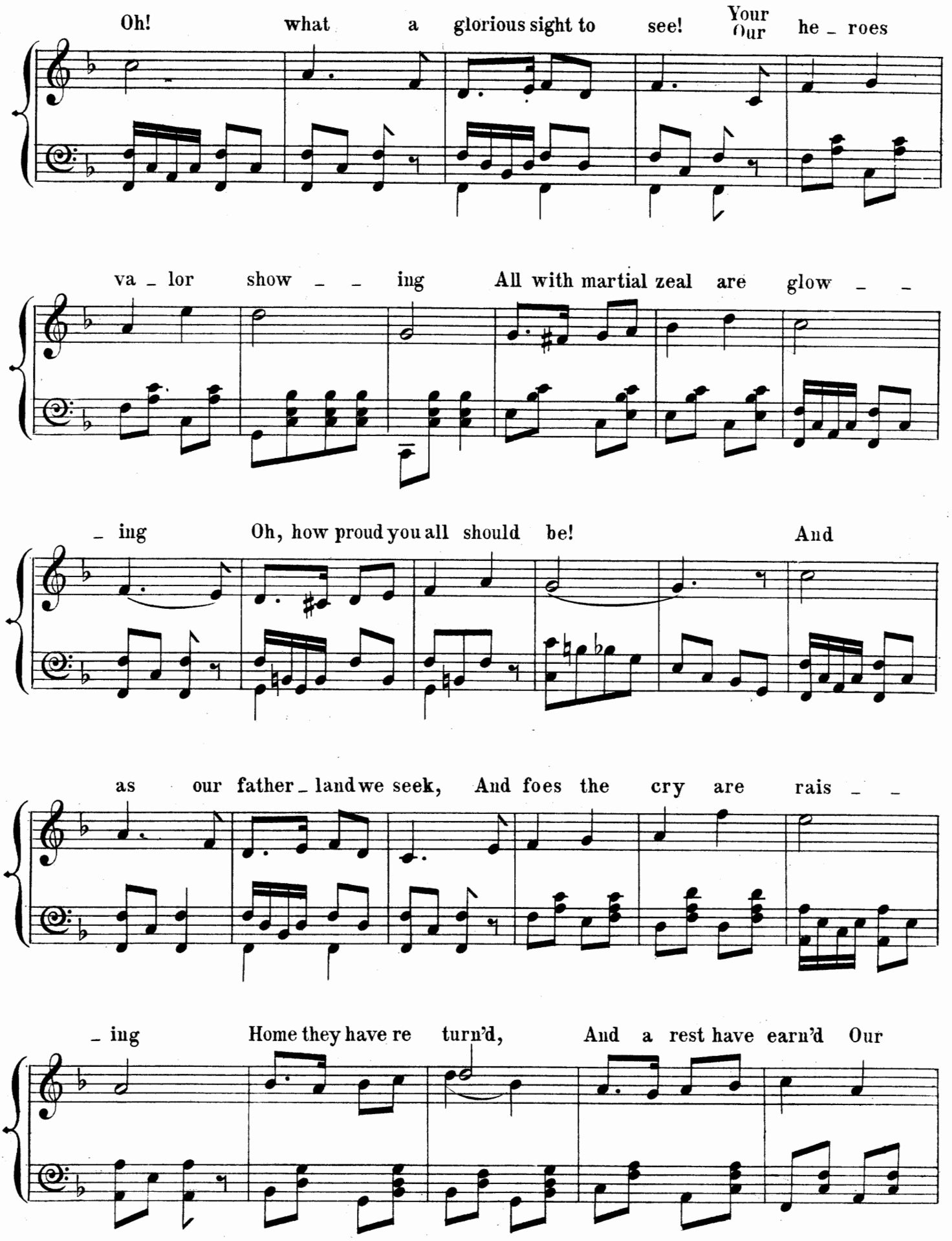


made the doughty foeman yield, These men of might.

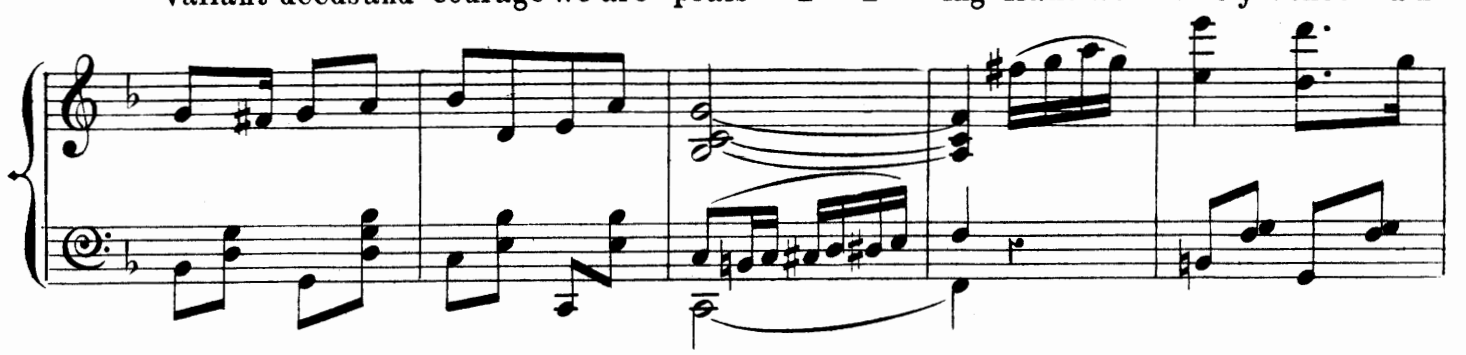




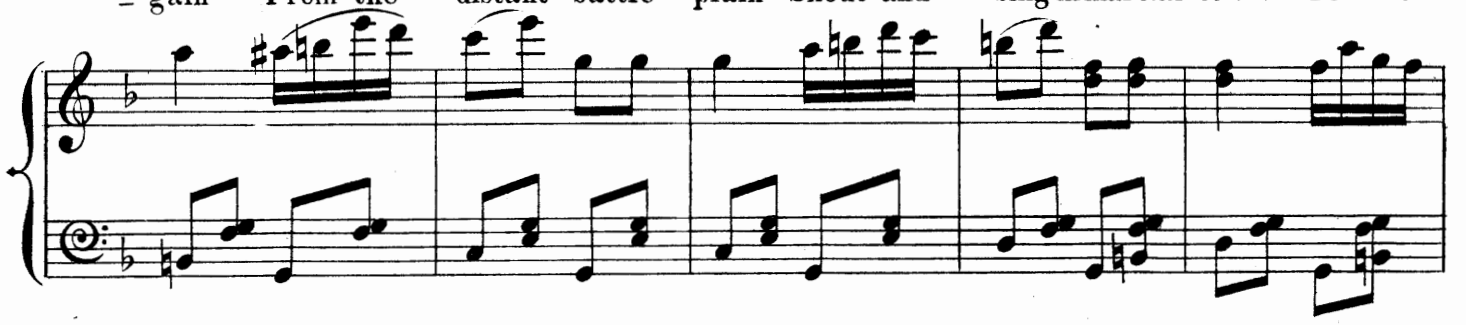
(Both Soldiers and Townspeople.)



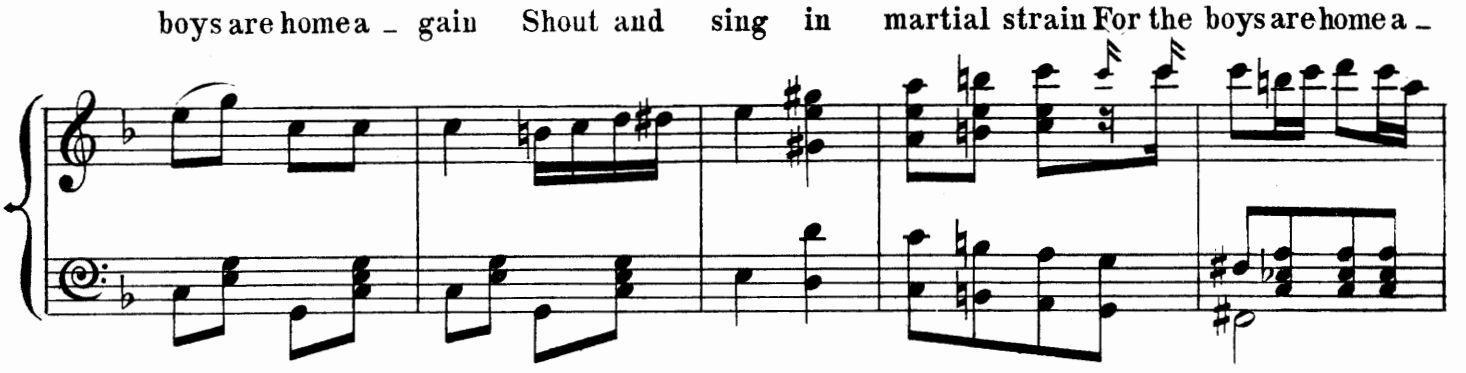
valiant deeds and courage we are prais - - ing Home we come yet once a -



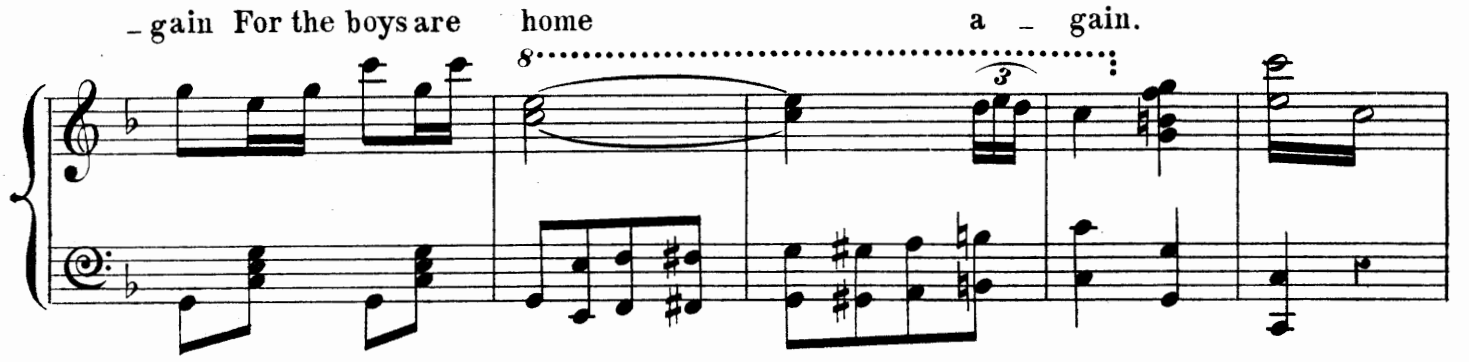
- gain From the distant battle -plain Shout and sing in martial strain For the

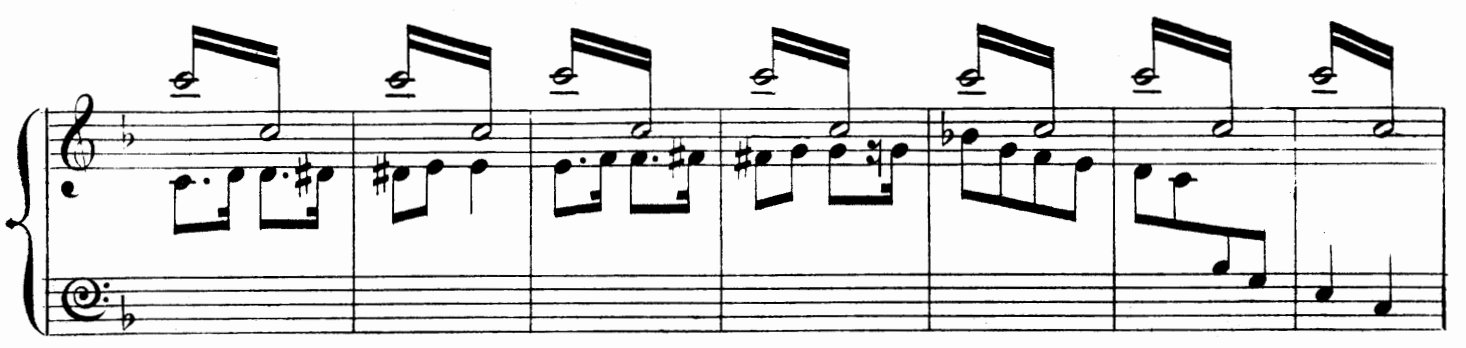


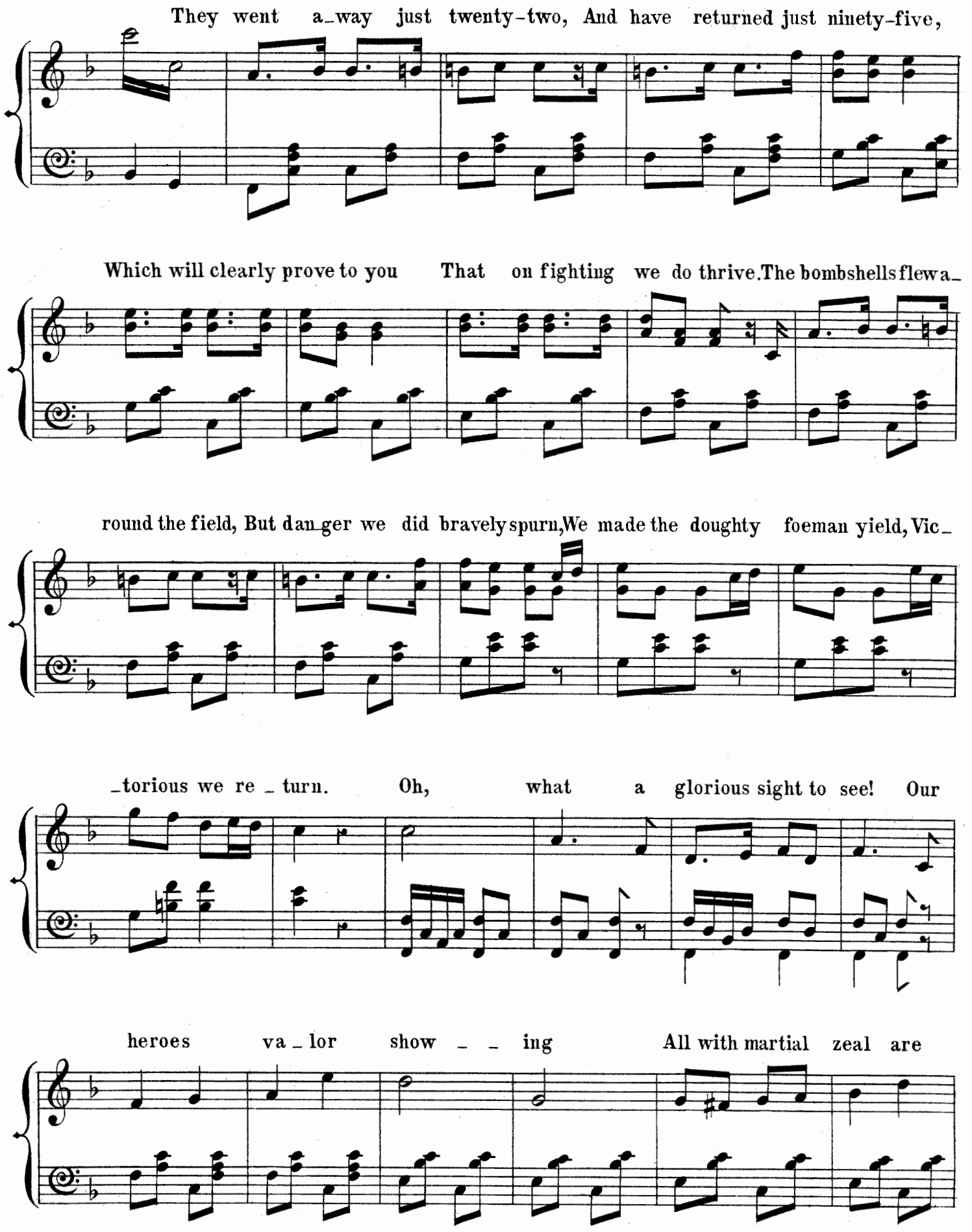
boys are home a - gain Shout and sing in martial strain For the boys are home a -

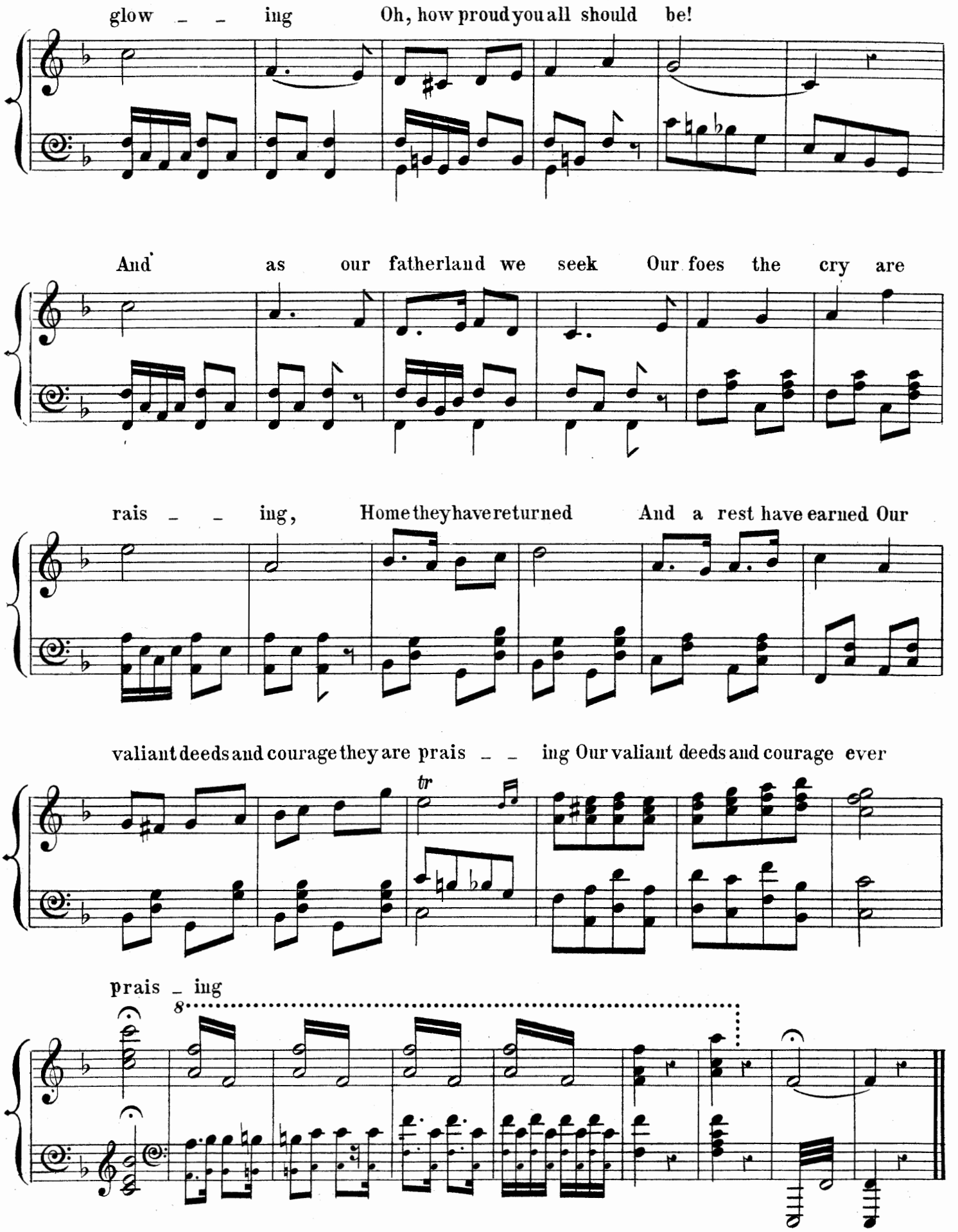


- gain For the boys are home a - gain.



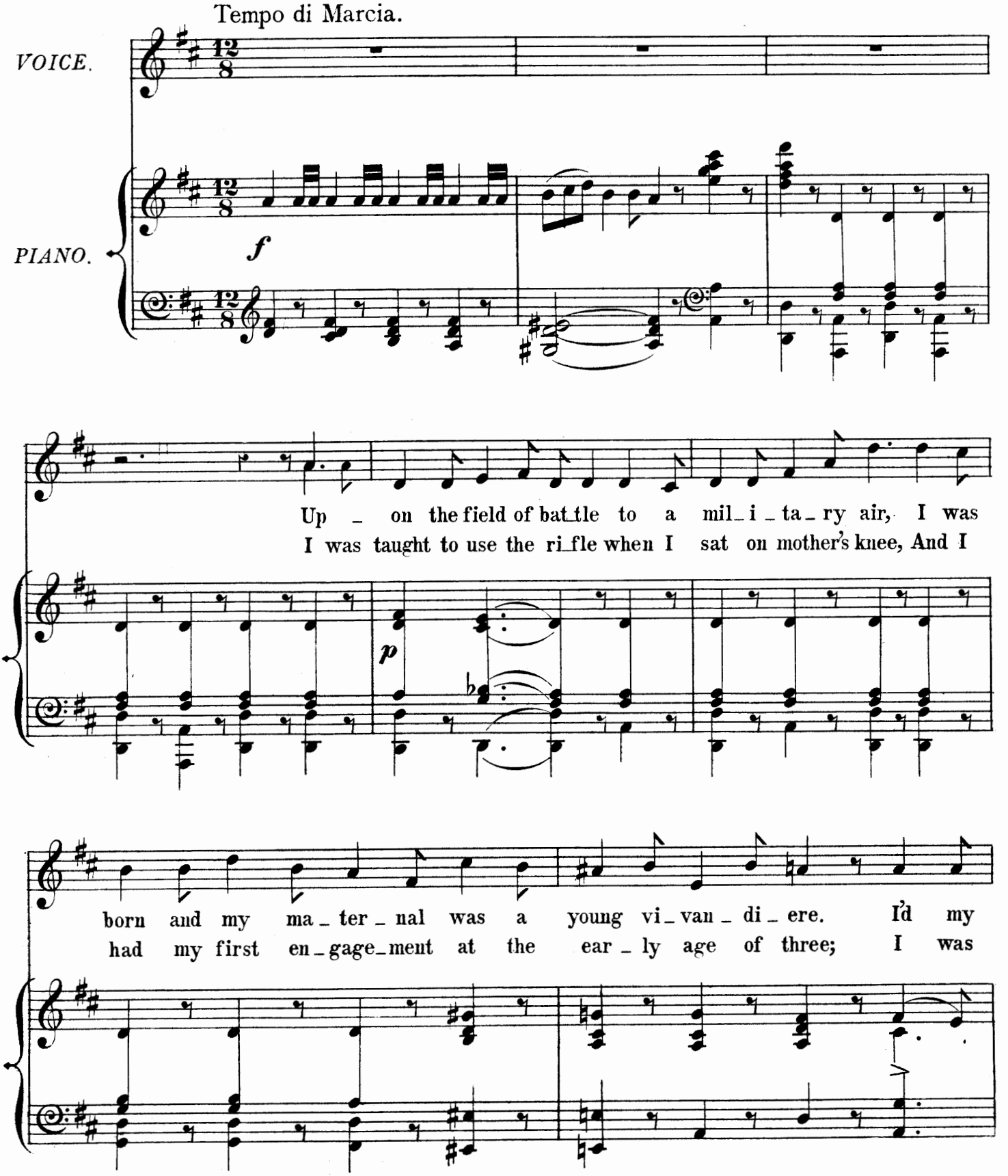


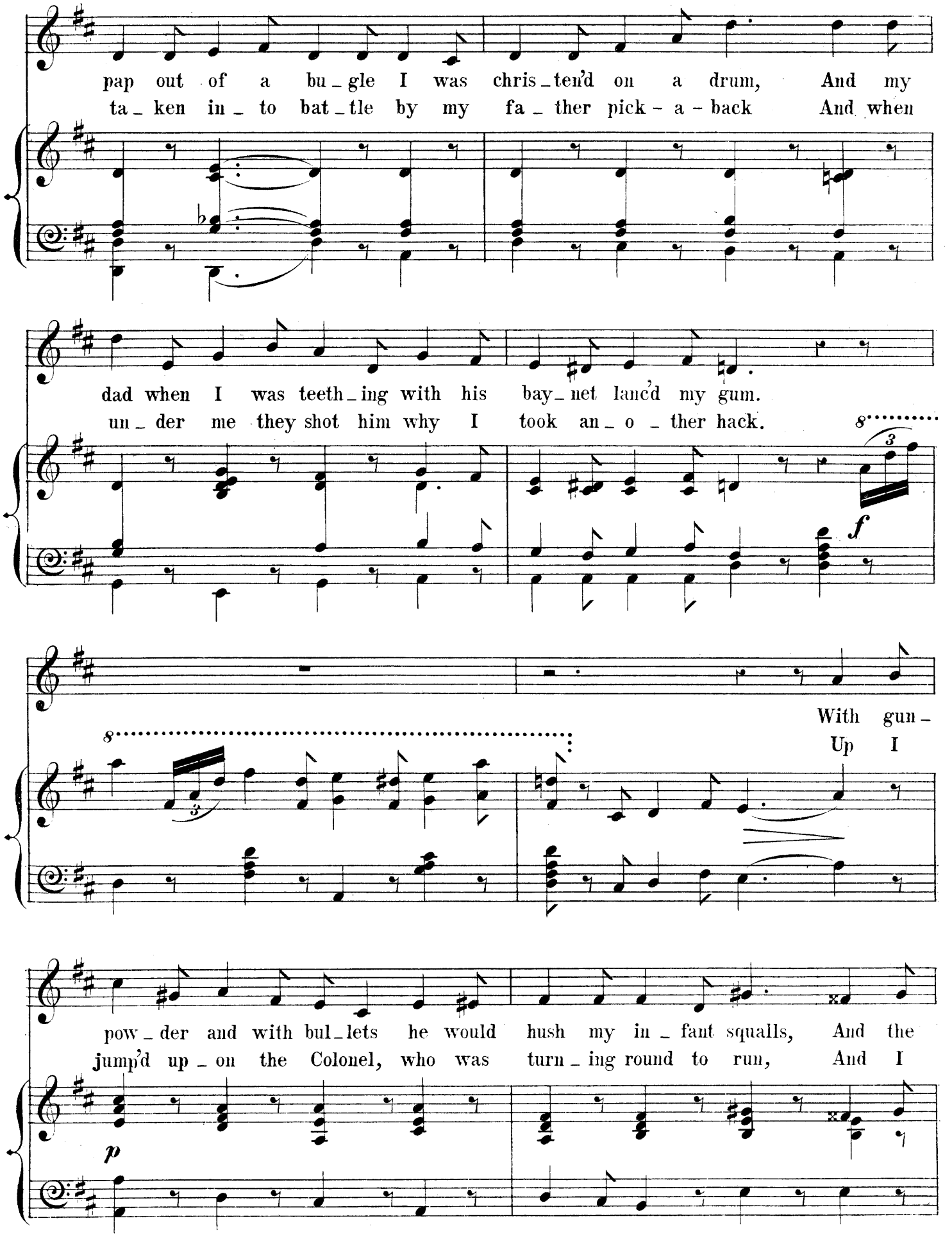

They went a-way just twenty-two, And have returned just ninety-five,
Which will clearly prove to you That on fighting we do thrive. The bombshells flew a-
round the field, But dan-ger we did bravely spurn, We made the doughty foeman yield, Vic-
-torious we re-turn. Oh, what a glorious sight to see! Our
heroes va-lor show-ing All with martial zeal are

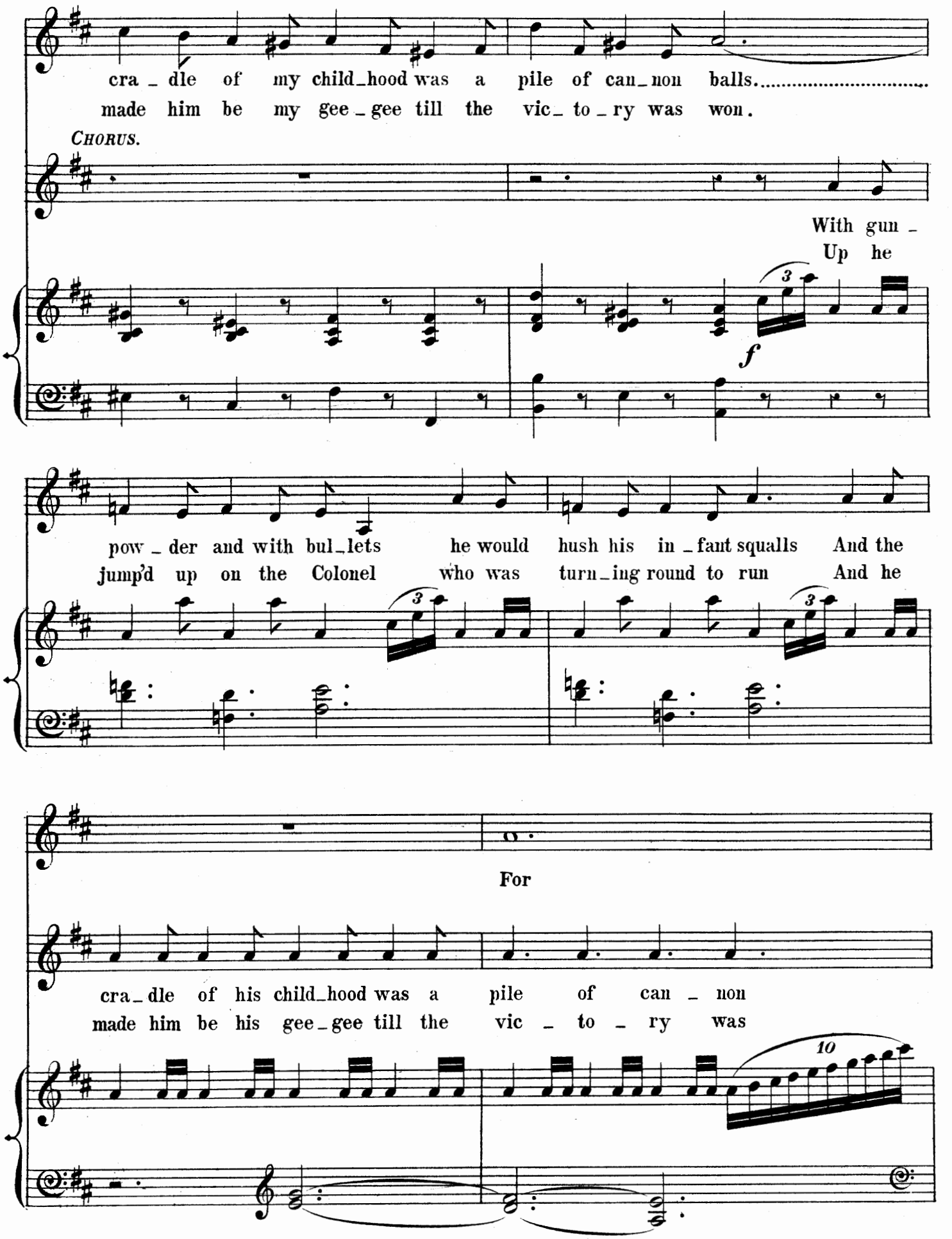

glow _ _ ing Oh, how proud you all should be!
And as our fatherland we seek Our foes the cry are
rais _ _ ing, Home they have returned And a rest have earned Our
valiant deeds and courage they are prais _ _ ing Our valiant deeds and courage ever
tr
prais _ ing
8

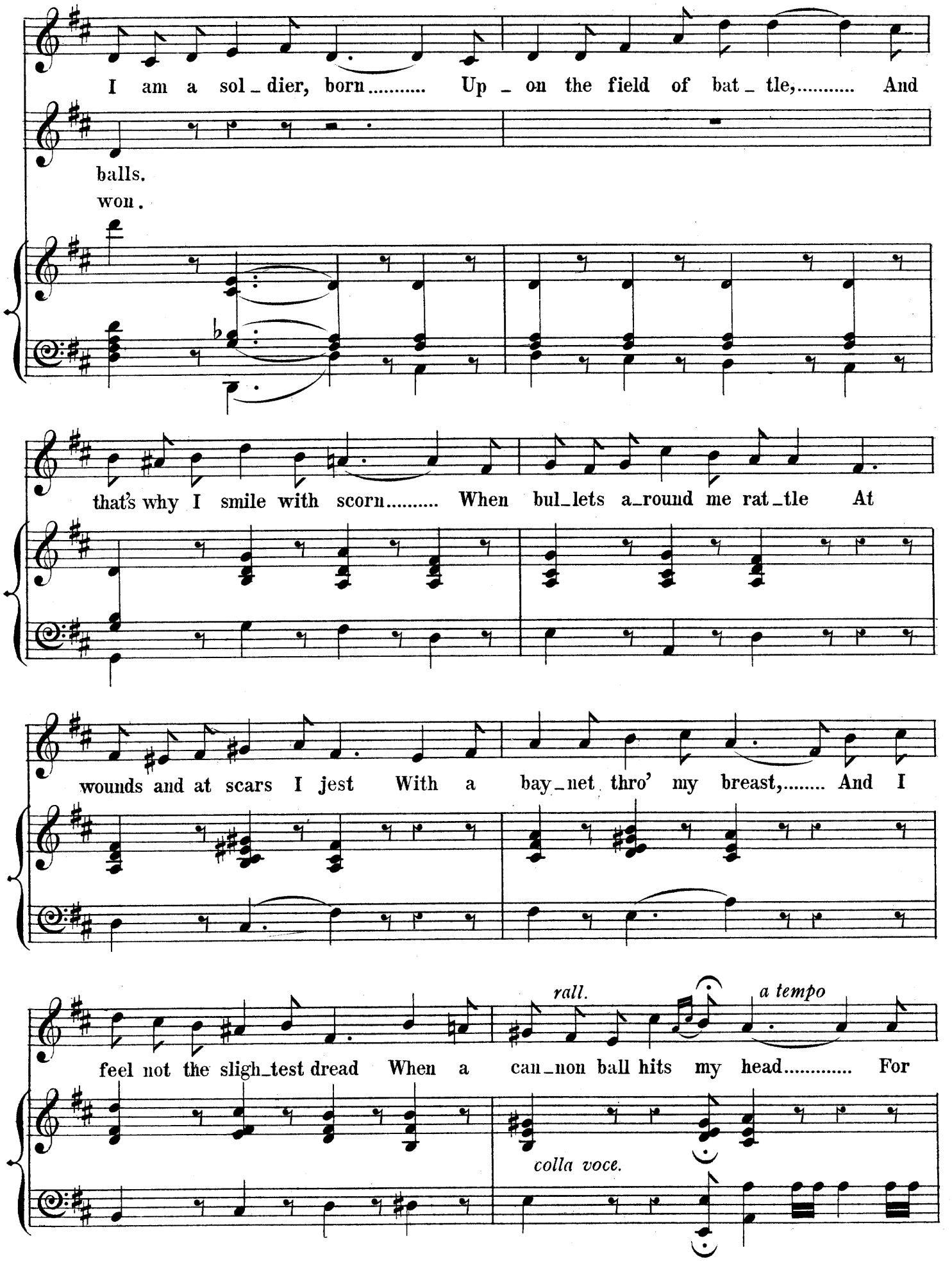
A SOLDIER BORN.

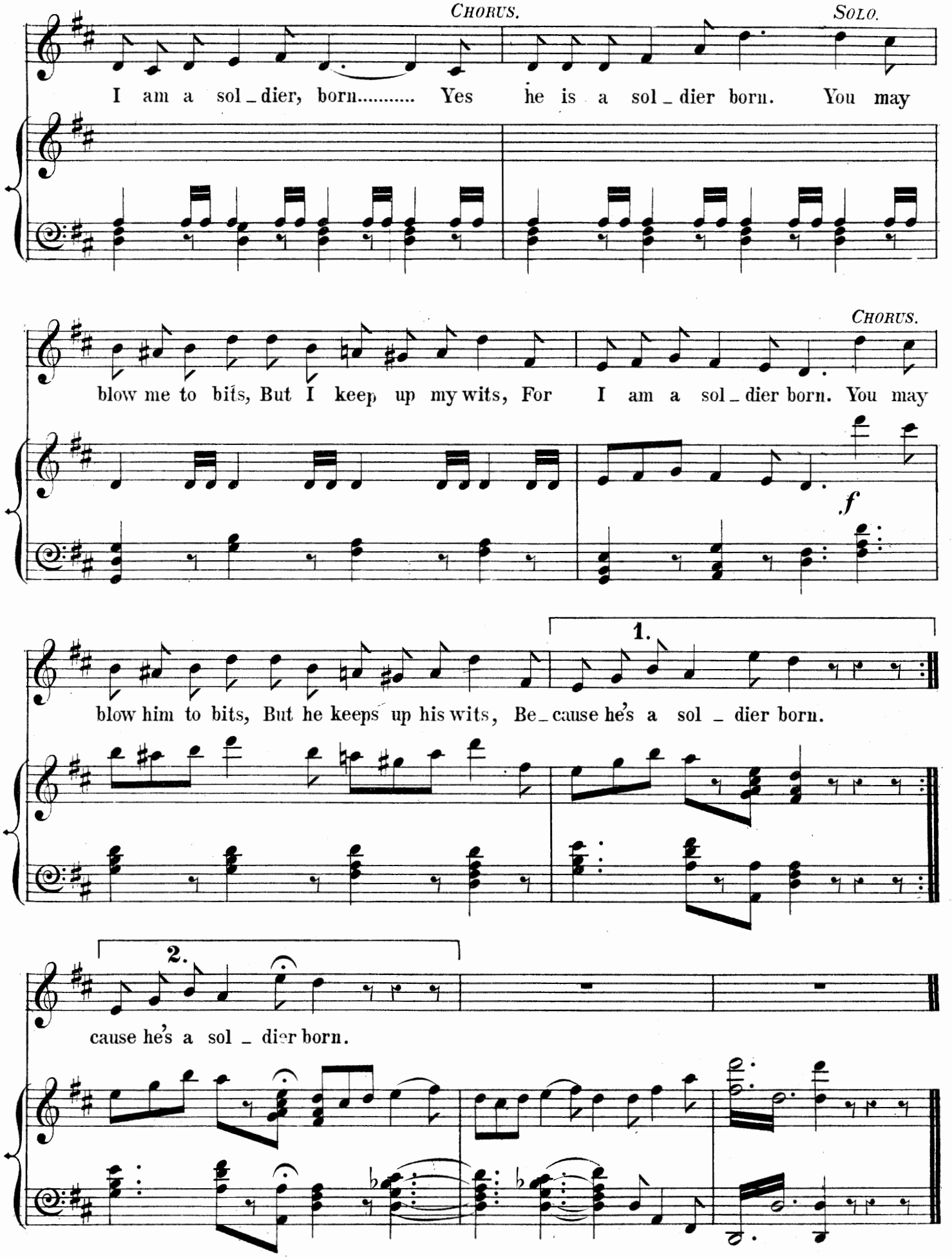
VALENTINE'S SONG.




pap out of a bu_gle I was chris_ten'd on a drum, And my
ta_ken in_to bat_tle by my fa_ther pick-a-back And when
dad when I was teeth_ing with his bay_net lanc'd my gum.
un_der me they shot him why I took an_o_ther hack.
8
3
f
With gun_
Up I
8
3
pow_der and with bul_lets he would hush my in_fant squalls, And the
jump'd up_on the Colonel, who was turn_ing round to run, And I
p

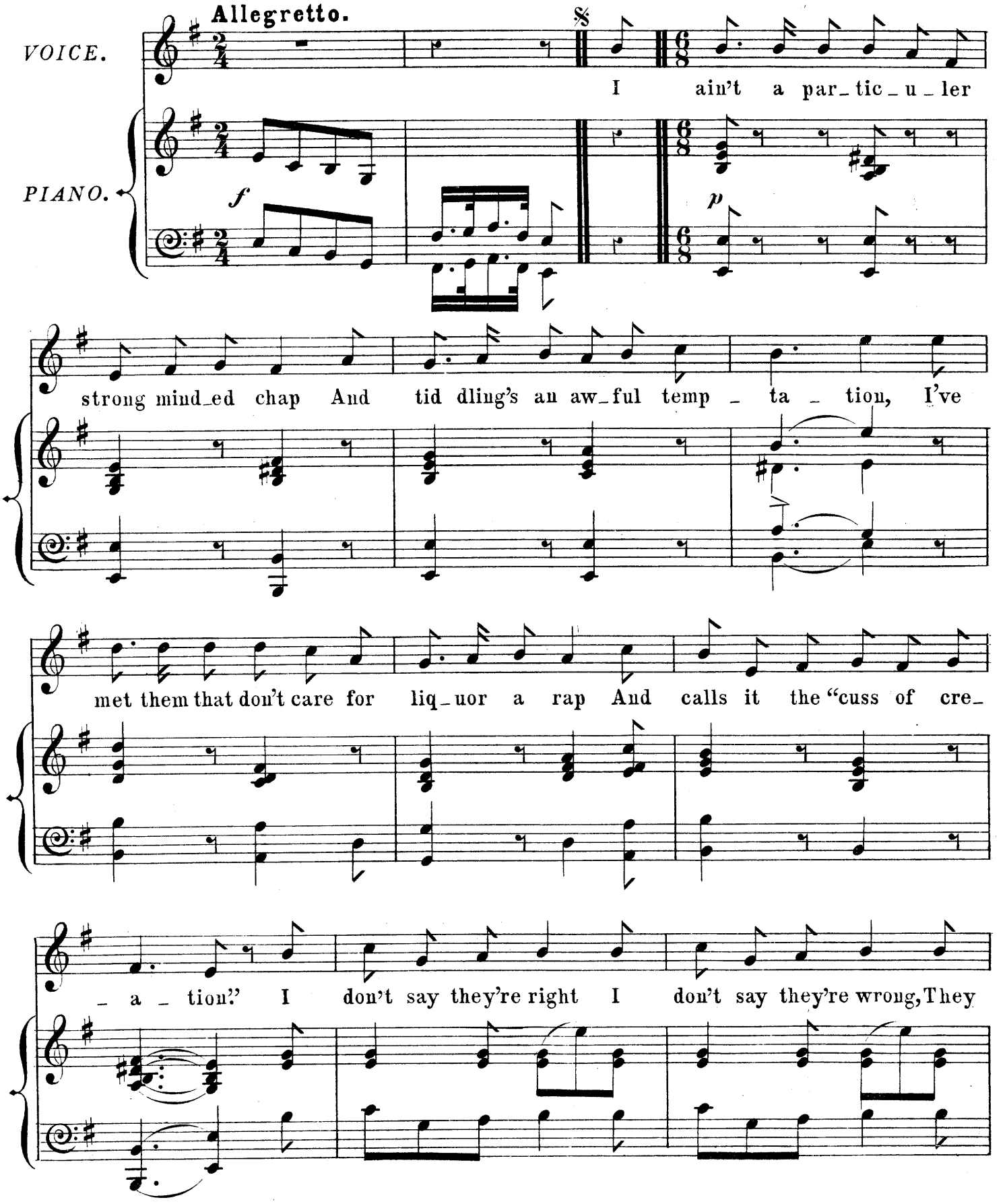

cra _ dle of my child_hood was a pile of can_non balls.....
made him be my gee _ gee till the vic_ to _ ry was won.
CHORUS.
With gun _
Up he
f
pow _ der and with bul_lets he would hush his in _ fant squalls And the
jump'd up on the Colonel who was turn_ing round to run And he
For
cra_dle of his child_hood was a pile of can _ non
made him be his gee_gee till the vic _ to _ ry was

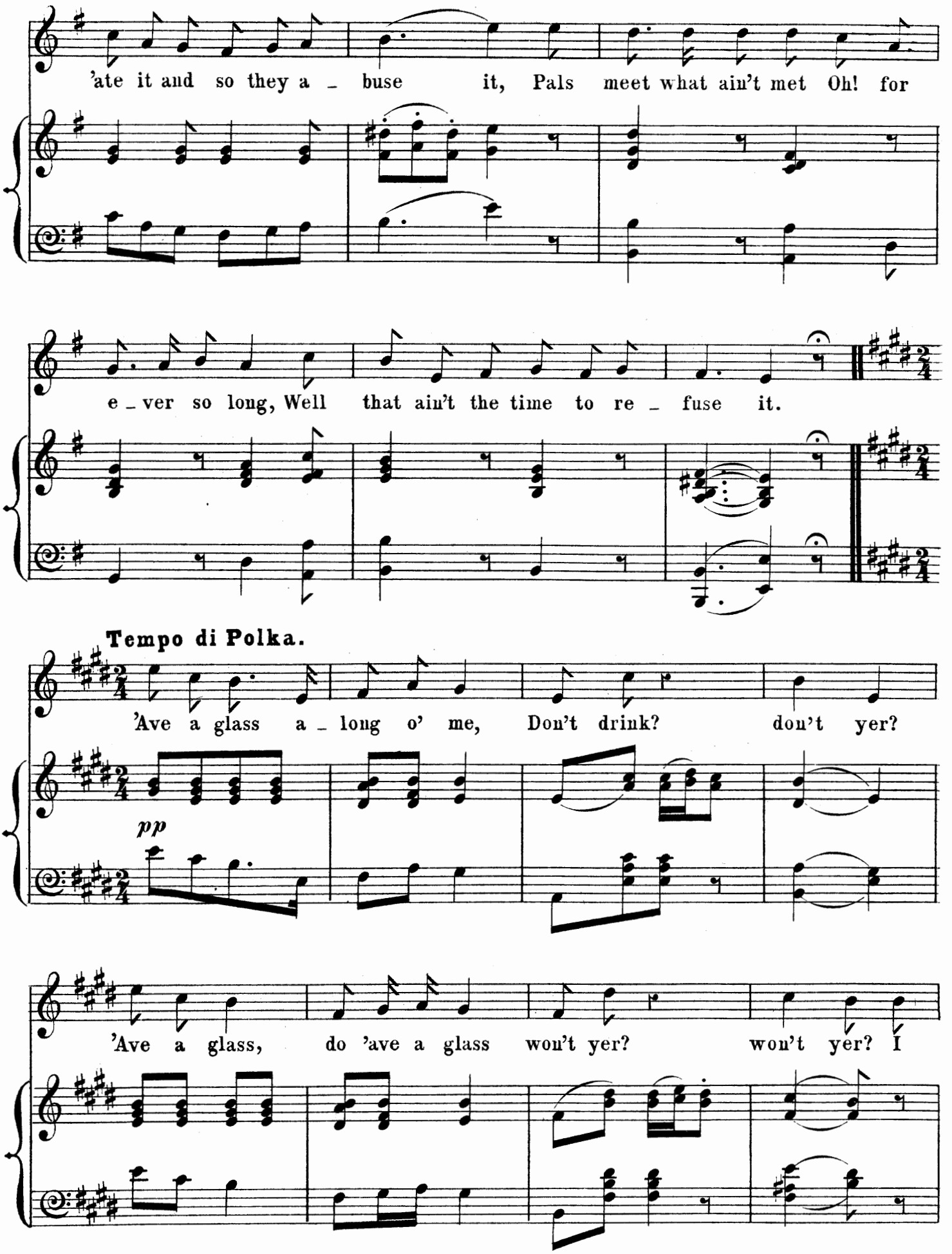

I am a sol_dier, born..... Up_on the field of bat_tle,..... And
balls.
won.
that's why I smile with scorn..... When bul_lets a_round me rat_tle At
wounds and at scars I jest With a bay_net thro' my breast,..... And I
rall.
a tempo
feel not the sligh_test dread When a can_non ball hits my head..... For
colla voce.

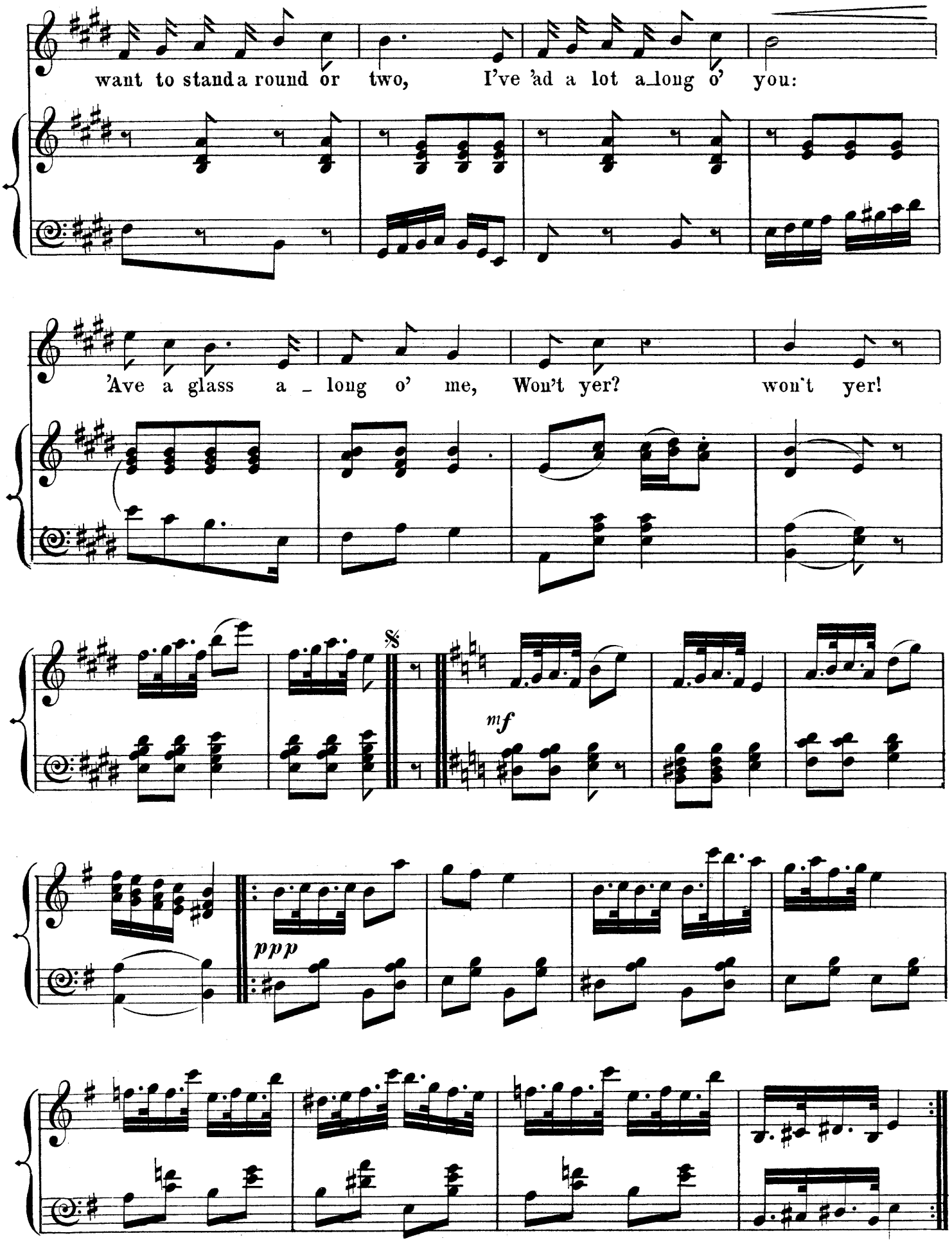

CHORUS.
SOLO.
I am a sol_dier, born..... Yes he is a sol_dier born. You may
CHORUS.
blow me to bits, But I keep up my wits, For I am a sol_dier born. You may
f
1.
blow him to bits, But he keeps up his wits, Be_cause he's a sol_dier born.
2.
cause he's a sol_dier born.

'AVE A GLASS, WON'T YER?

Words by
A. CHEVALIER.




'ate it and so they a _ buse it, Pals meet what ain't met Oh! for
e _ ver so long, Well that ain't the time to re _ fuse it.
Tempo di Polka.
'Ave a glass a _ long o' me, Don't drink? don't yer?
pp
'Ave a glass, do 'ave a glass won't yer? won't yer? I


want to stand a round or two, I've 'ad a lot a_long o' you:
'Ave a glass a _ long o' me, Won't yer? won't yer!
mf
ppp

'AVE A GLASS WON'T YER.

SPOKEN—

There is a question, simple you will say. And them wot's lucky 'ears it ev'ry day,
It's asked by swells a loungin' at the Club, And now and then you'll 'ear it in a Pub.
Altho' for liquor he may'nt care a rap, A Coster chap will then accost a chap:
"Wot! turned teetotal? Ga'arn! Don't Drink? Don't yer? oh! 'ave a glass along o' me now won't yer?"

1.

I ain't a particular strong minded chap
And tiddling's an awful temptation,
I've met them as don't care for liquor a rap,
And calls it the "cuss of creation."
I don't say they're right and I don't say they're wrong
They 'ate it and so they abuse it
Pals meet, what ain't met oh! for ever so long
Well! that ain't the time to refuse it

CHORUS.

'Ave a glass along o' me
Don't Drink? Don't yer?
'Ave a glass, do 'ave a glass
Won't yer? Won't yer?
I want to stand a round or two
I've 'ad a lot along o' you
'Ave a glass along o' me
Won't yer? Won't yer?

2.

I'm fond of a pipe, and of all pipes a clay
You can't call that wild dissipation,
But arter an hour or two's puffing, I say,
The palate requires lubrication.
It's all very well to say beer ain't the stuff,
To talk about Corfee or Cocoa,
Its them as don't know when they've 'ad quite enough,
What shows up the game with a Boko.

Chorus—

3.

It ain't in the nature of man to say no."
Particuler when asked as a favour.
You'd better say "yes," have a glass and then go;
Your bound to get drunk if yer waver.
A man ought to know when his limit, is reached
Fifteen, if you're "tret" ought to do yer
Say "yes" if like this by a pal you're beseeched,
And this question politely put to yer

Chorus—

ENCORE VERSE.

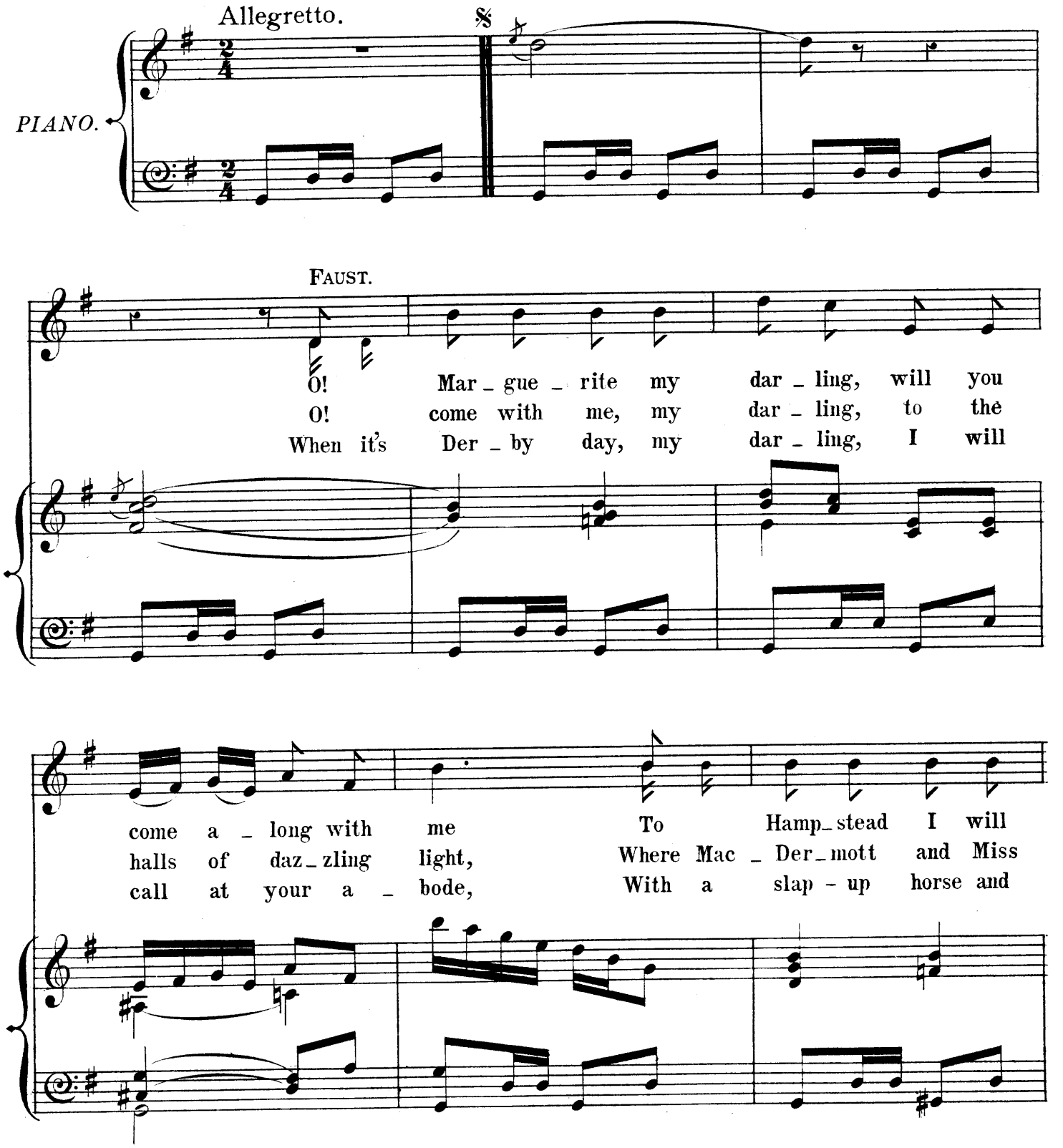
Say you've 'ad a few words and you've landed a pal
Wot's more to you, p'raps, than a brother,
You thought he was castin' sheep's eyes at your gal,
And find arter all 'twas another.
You stand up and 'ave say, a couple of rounds,
Then discover you both were mistaken,
There ain't not no invite wot plesanter sounds,
Than this, arter 'ands 'as been shaken.

Chorus.

SERENADE.

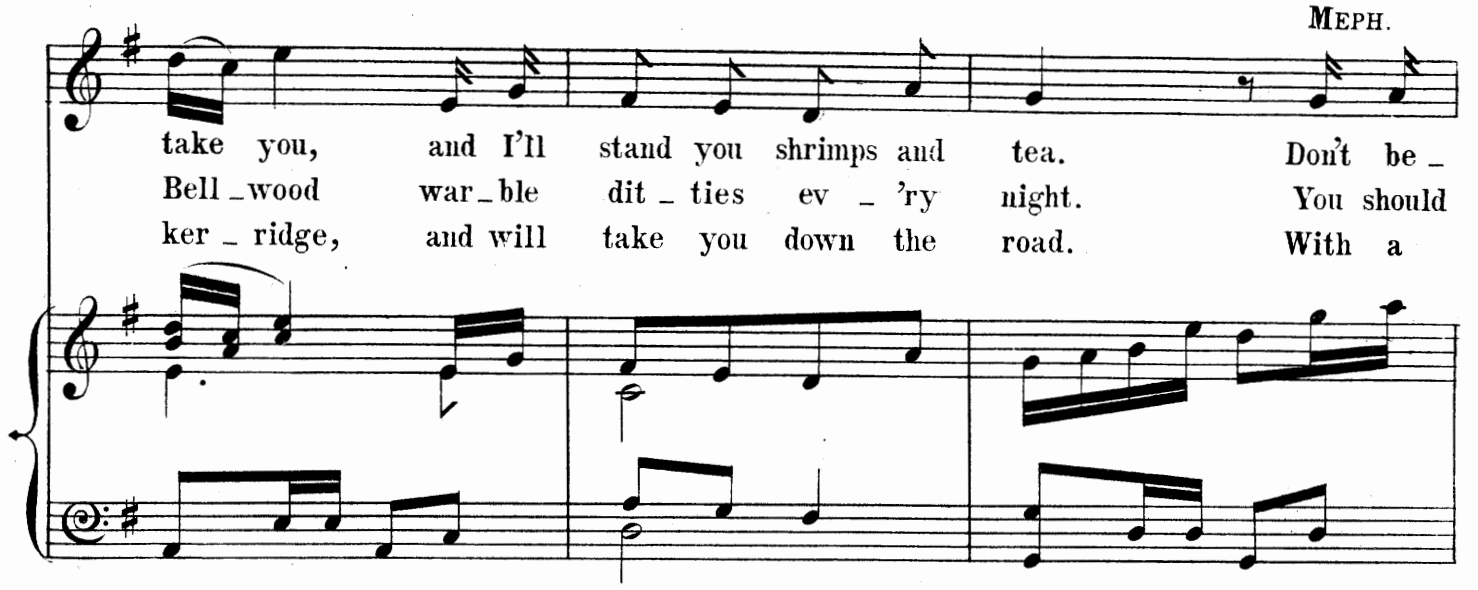
DUET.

(FAUST & MEPHISTOPHELES.)

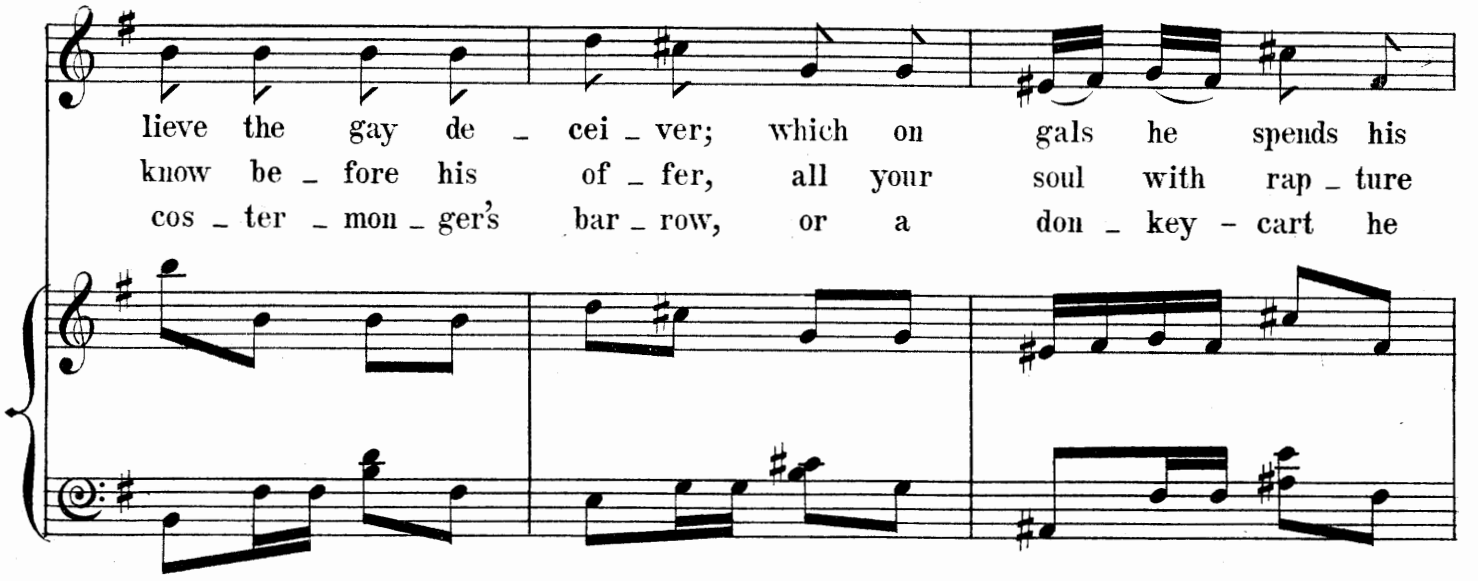


MEPH.

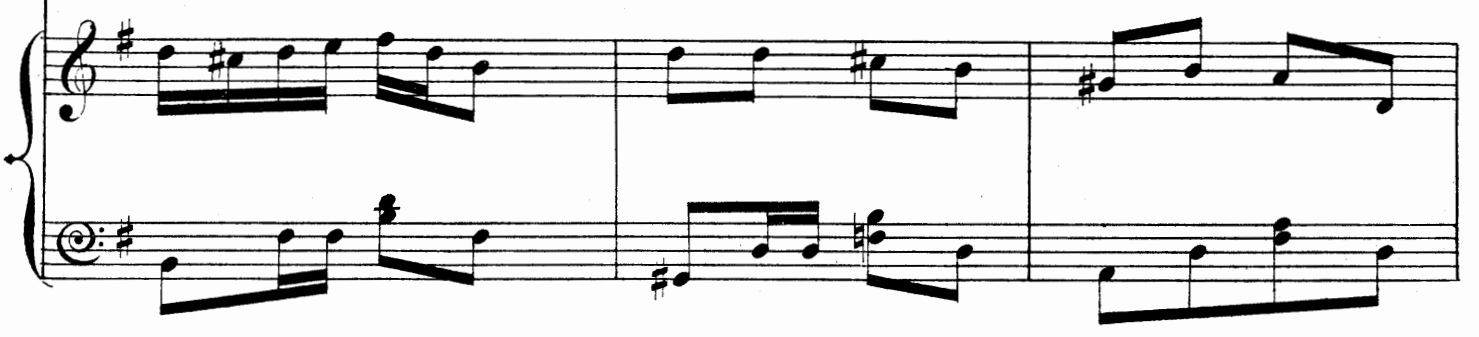
take you, and I'll stand you shrimps and tea. Don't be _
Bell _wood war _ble dit _ ties ev _ 'ry night. You should
ker _ ridge, and will take you down the road. With a

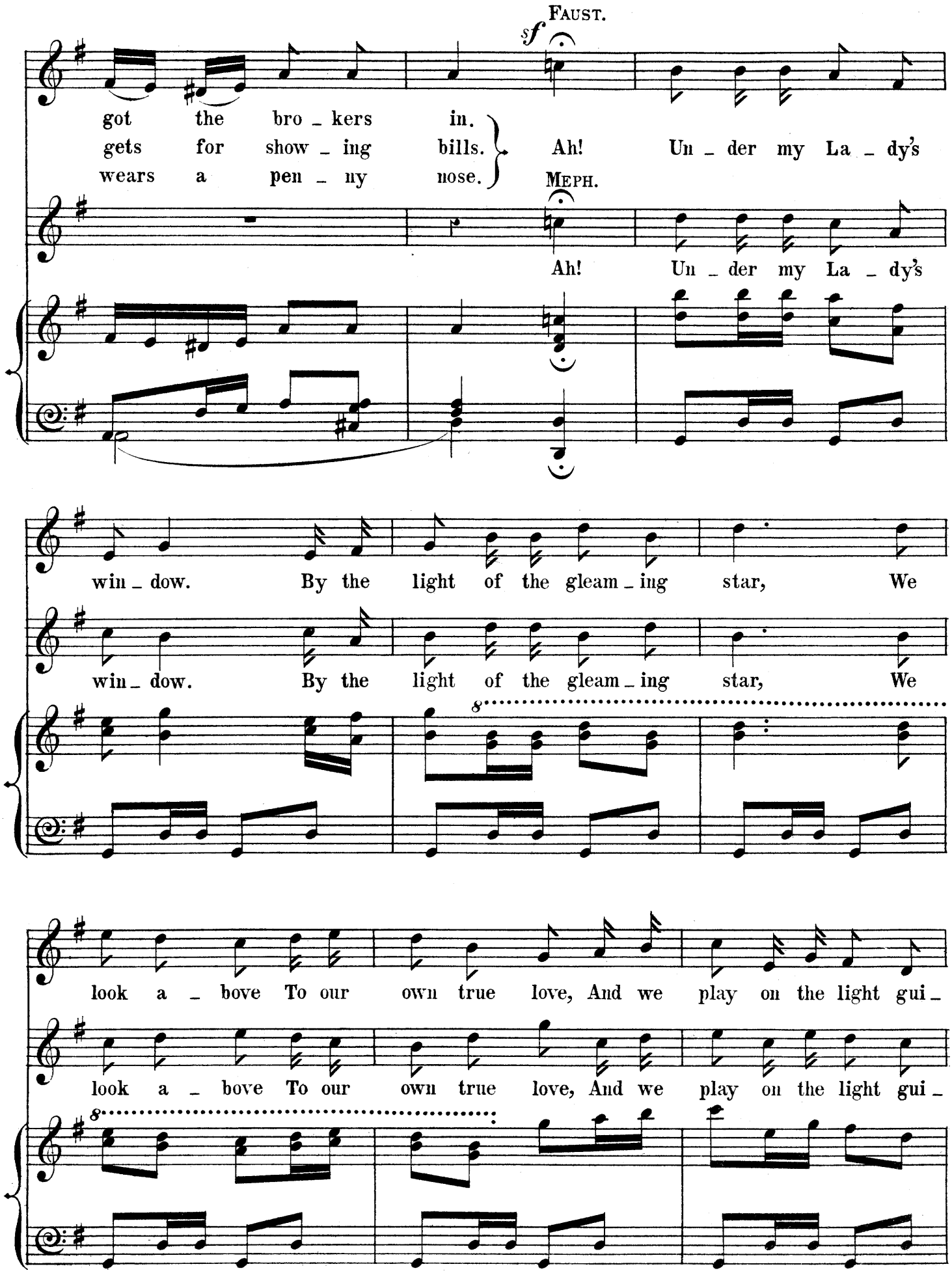


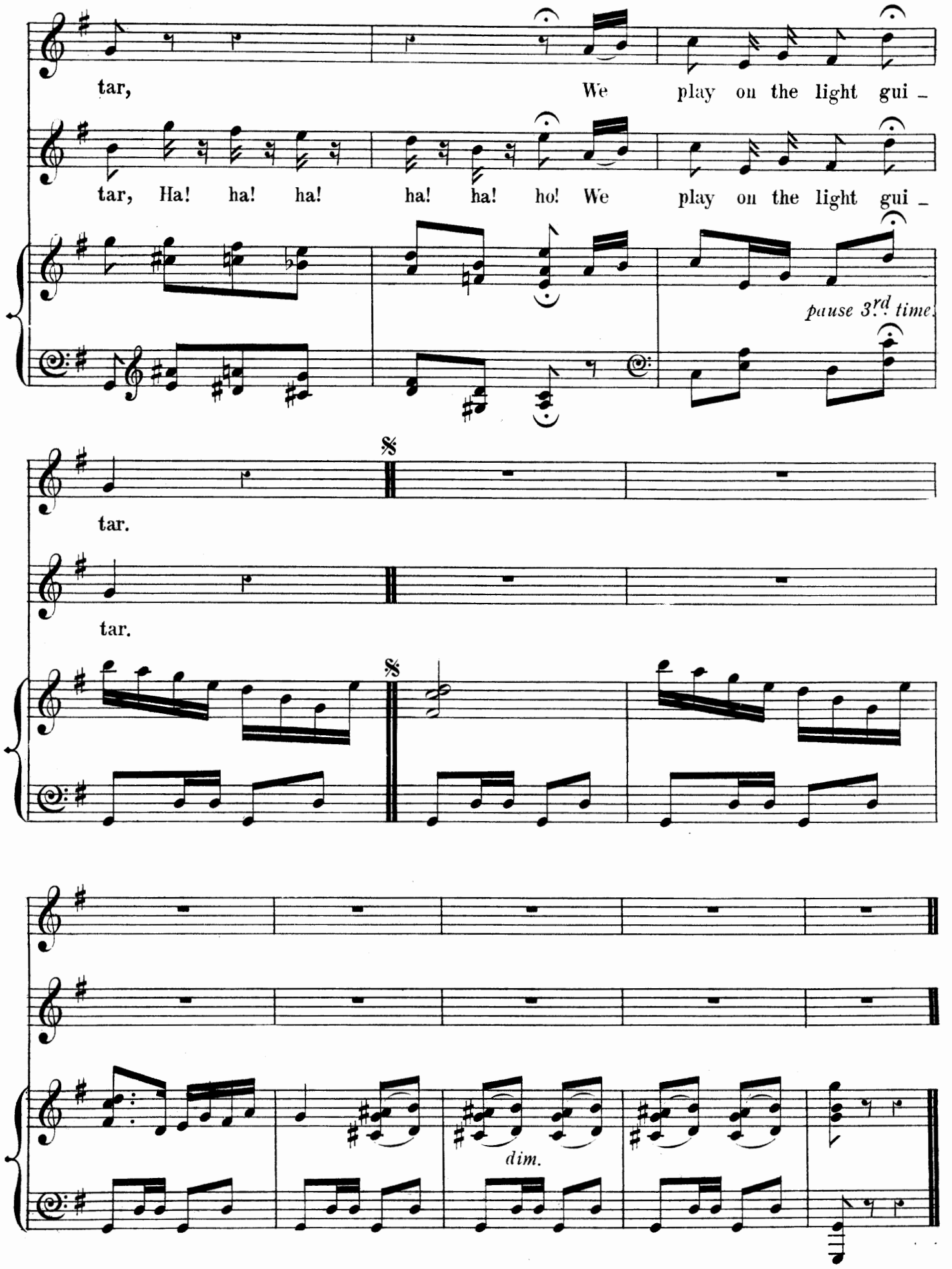
lieve the gay de _ cei _ ver; which on gals he spends his
know be _ fore his of _ fer, all your soul with rap _ ture
cos _ ter _ mon _ ger's bar _ row, or a don _ key - cart he



tin, He's a wife and se _ ven young 'uns, and he's
thrills, That he'll take you with an or _ der, which he
goes, Round his hat a wreath of pa _ per, and he



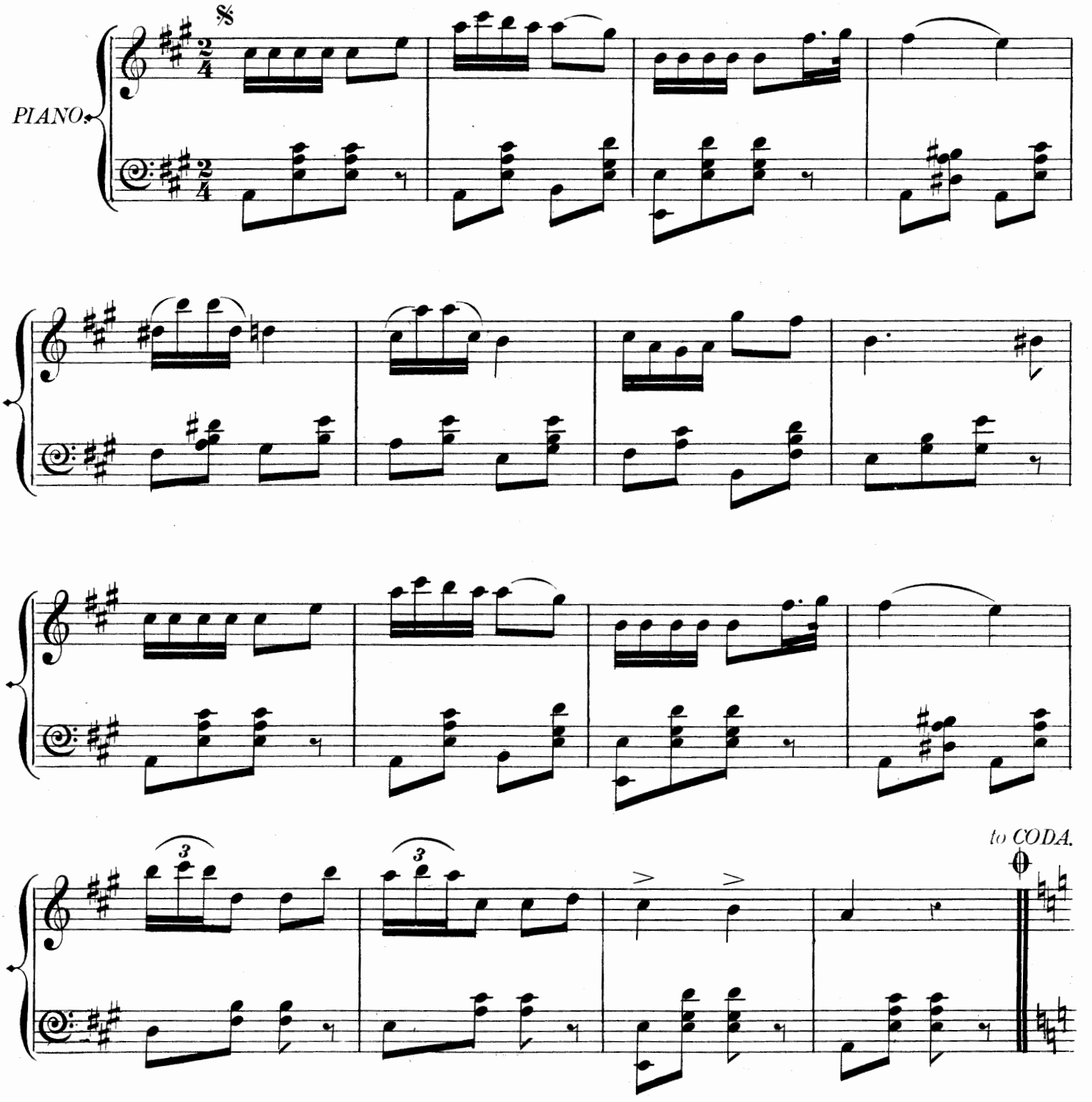

FAUST.
sf
got the bro _ kers in.
gets for show _ ing bills.
wears a pen _ ny nose.
Ah! Un _ der my La _ dy's
MEPH.
Ah! Un _ der my La _ dy's
win _ dow. By the light of the gleam _ ing star, We
win _ dow. By the light of the gleam _ ing star, We
8
look a _ bove To our own true love, And we play on the light gui _
look a _ bove To our own true love, And we play on the light gui _
8

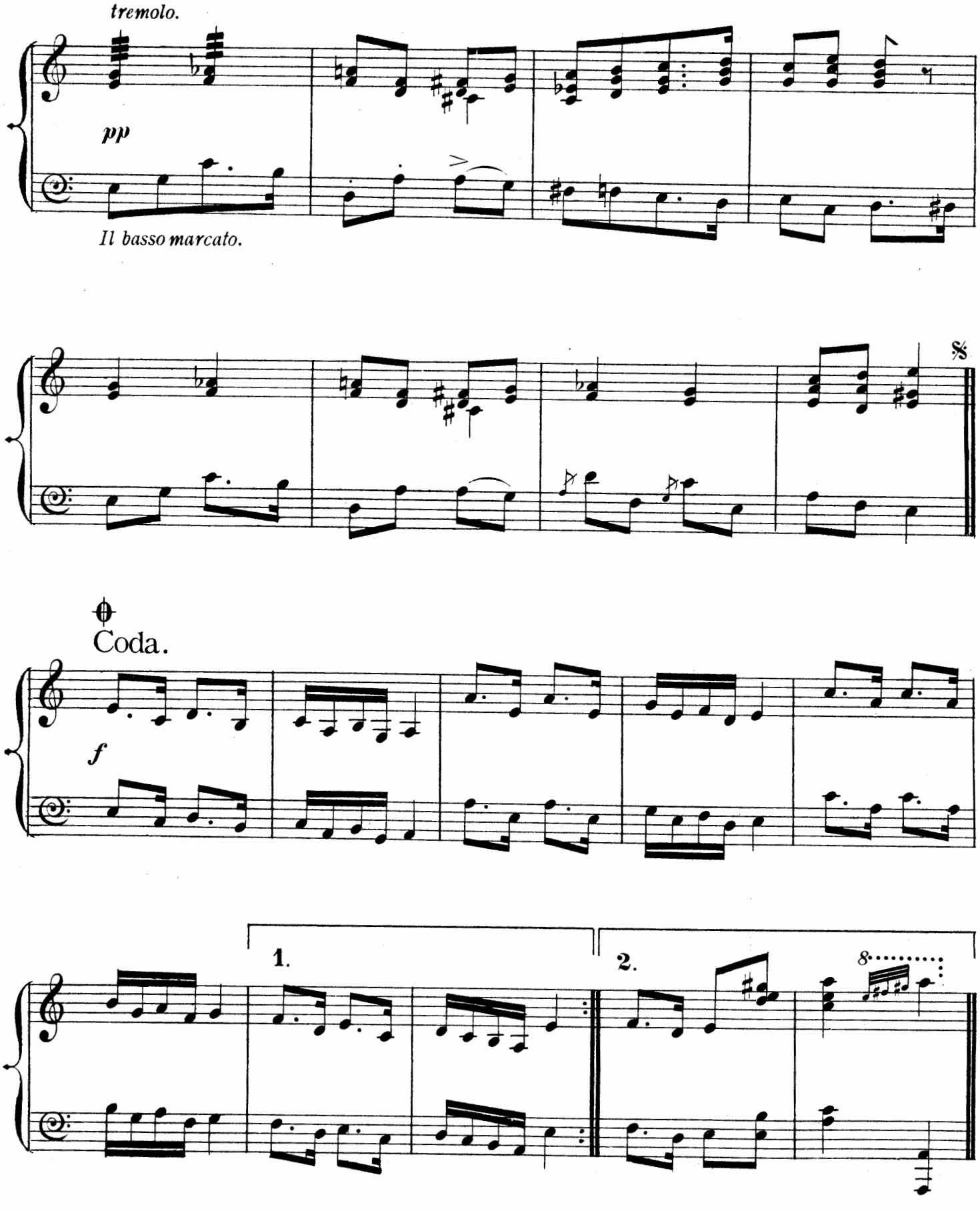

tar, We play on the light gui -
tar, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ho! We play on the light gui -
pause 3rd time.
tar.
tar.
dim.

THE FIGHT.

(On the Corsican Brothers Ghost Melody.)

Tempo di Polka.

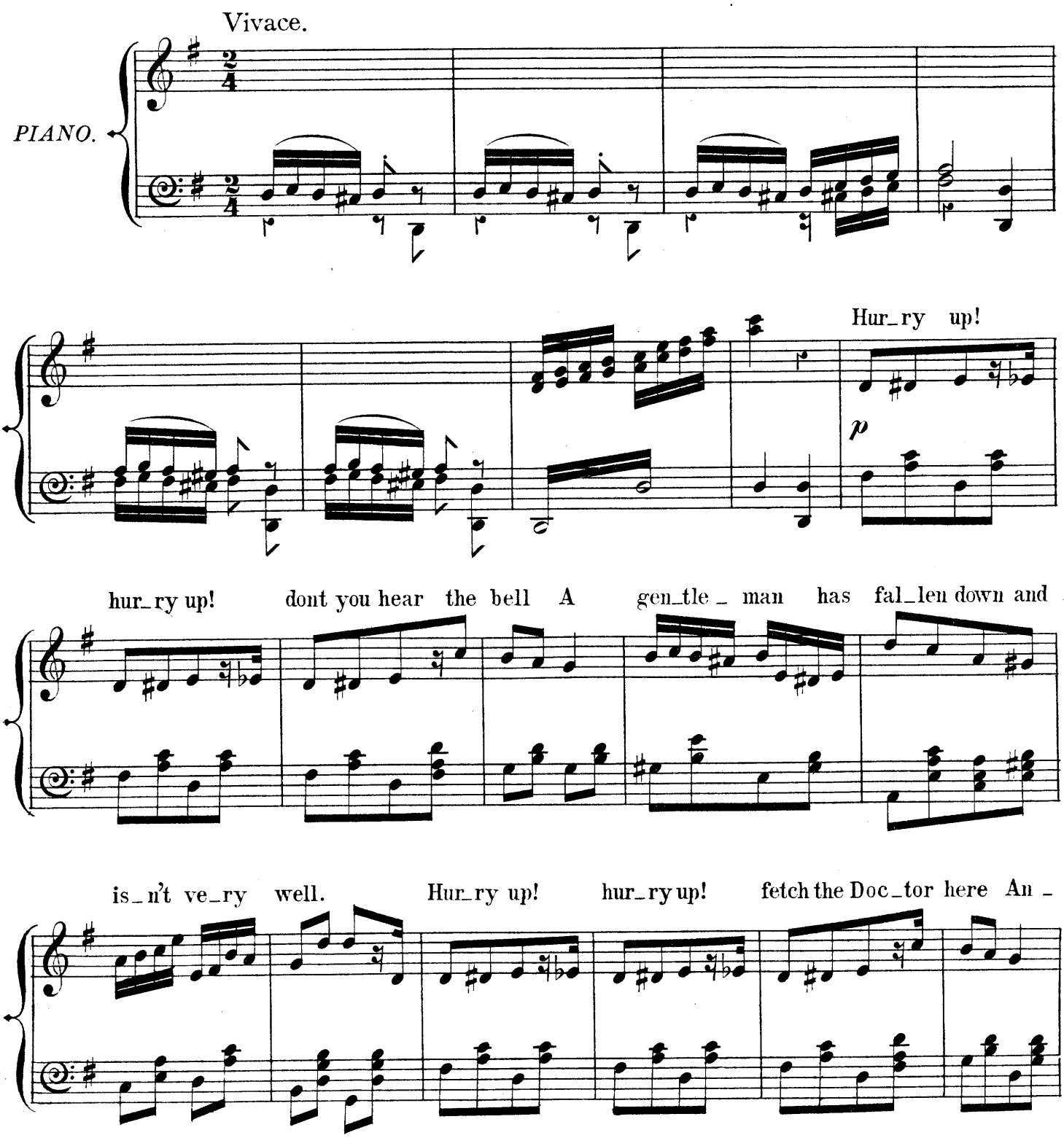



tremolo.
pp
Il basso marcato.
Coda.
f
1.
2.
8

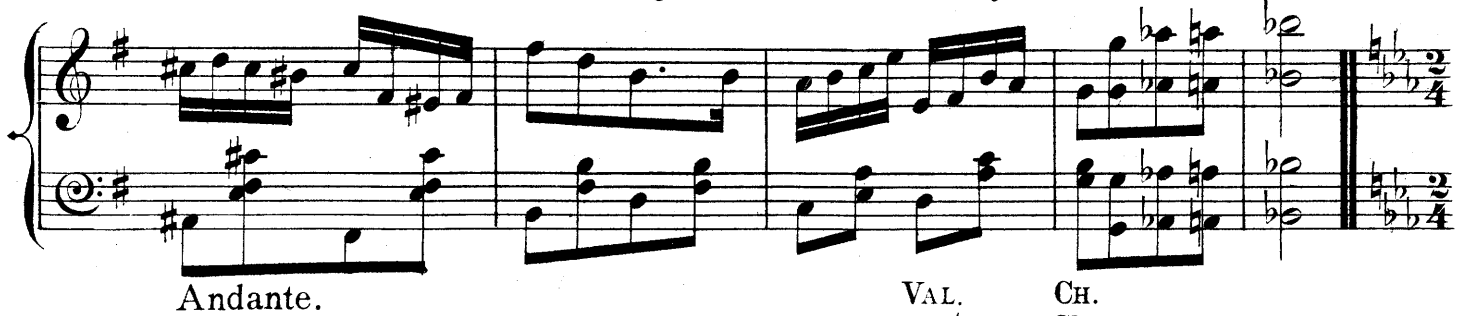
HURRY UP.

CHORUS.

VALENTINE'S DEATH.



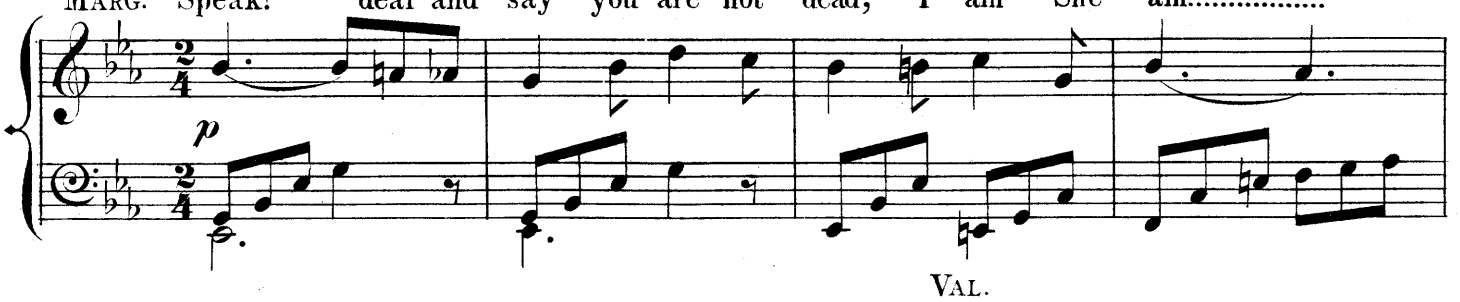
o _ ther row in Núremberg and not a Bob _ by near.



Andante.

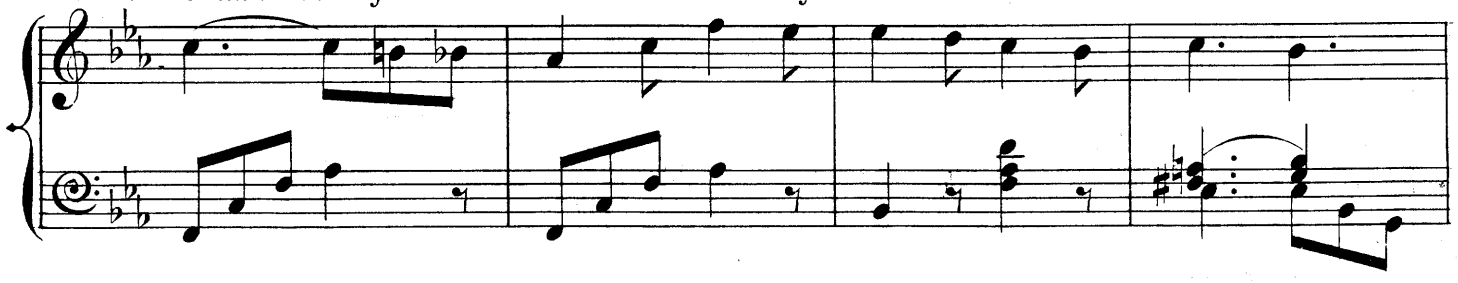
VAL. CH.

MARG. Speak! dear and say you are not dead, I am She am.....

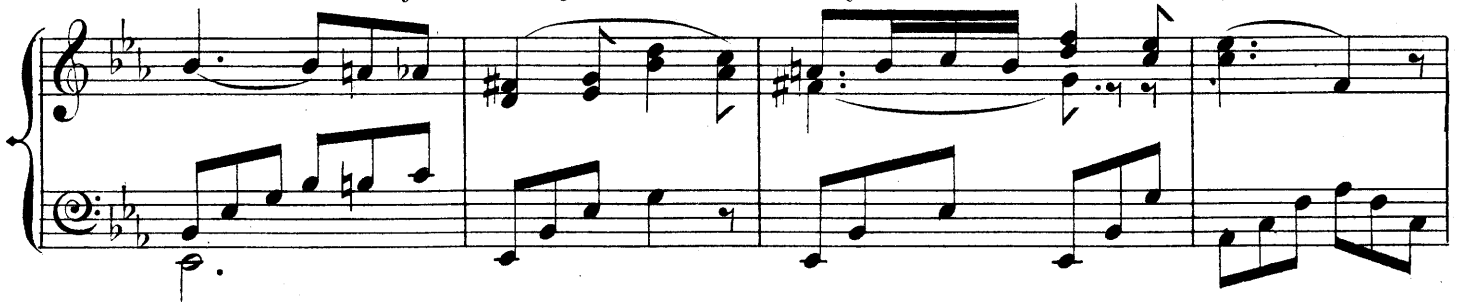


VAL.

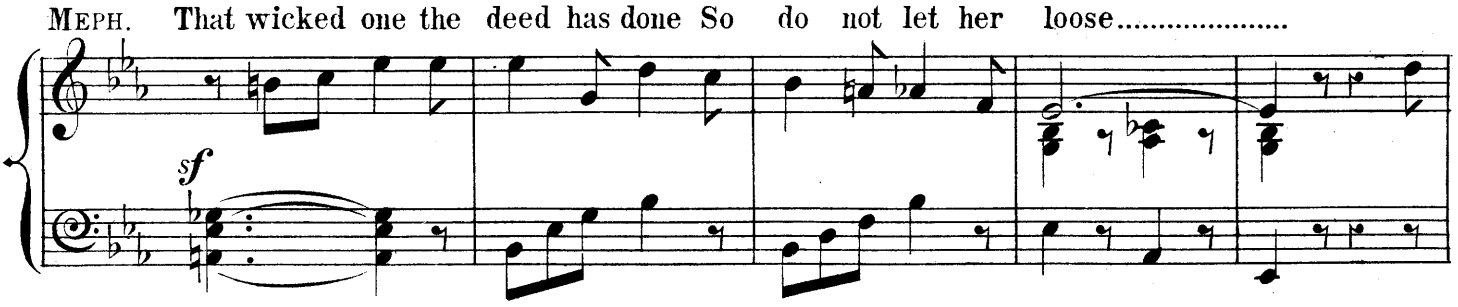
MARG. Or..... you will drive me off my head all sham all sham



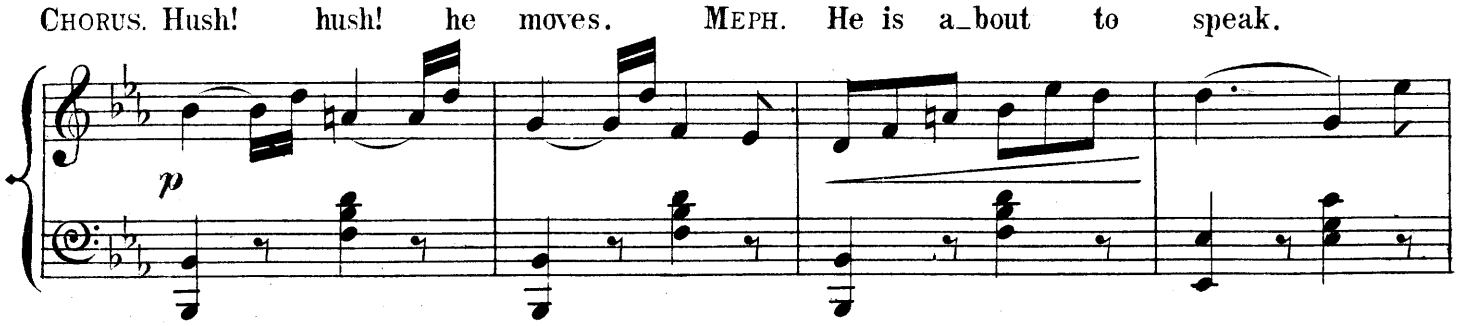
FAUST. What..... have you done you wick_ed one you've made me cook his goose.....



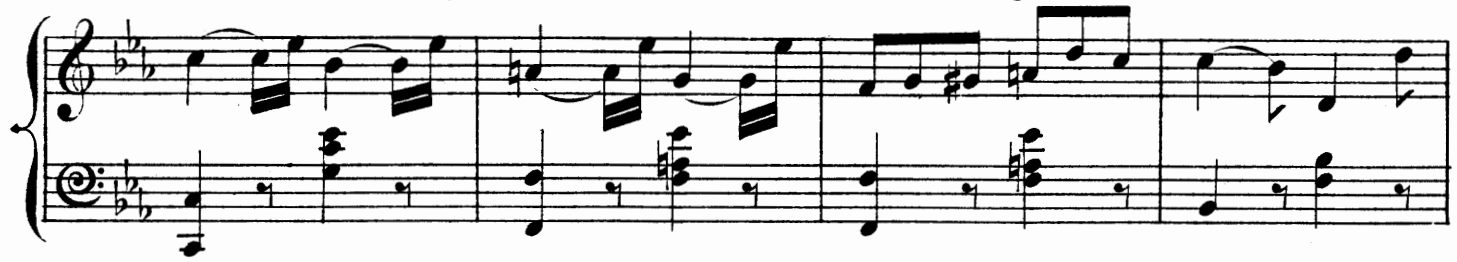
MEPH. That wicked one the deed has done So do not let her loose.....



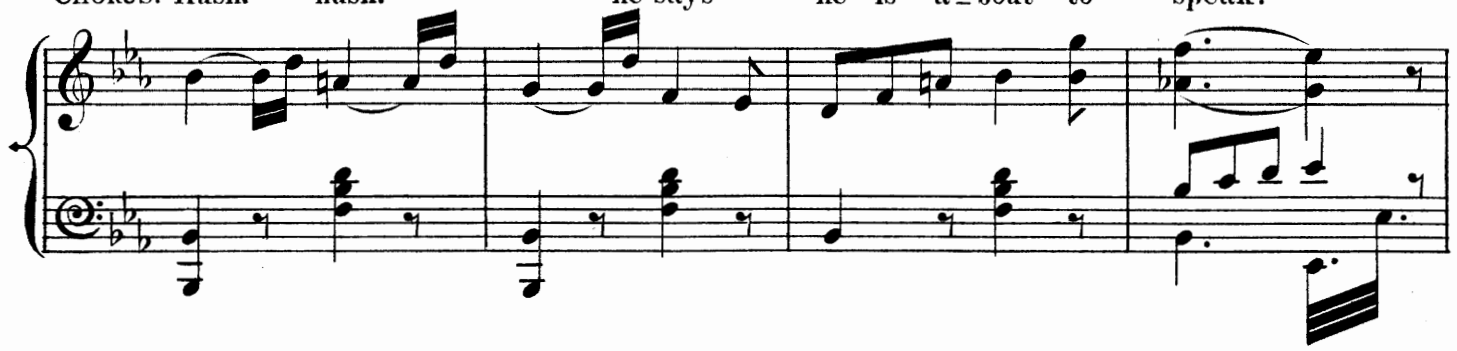
CHORUS. Hush! hush! he moves. MEPH. He is a_bout to speak.



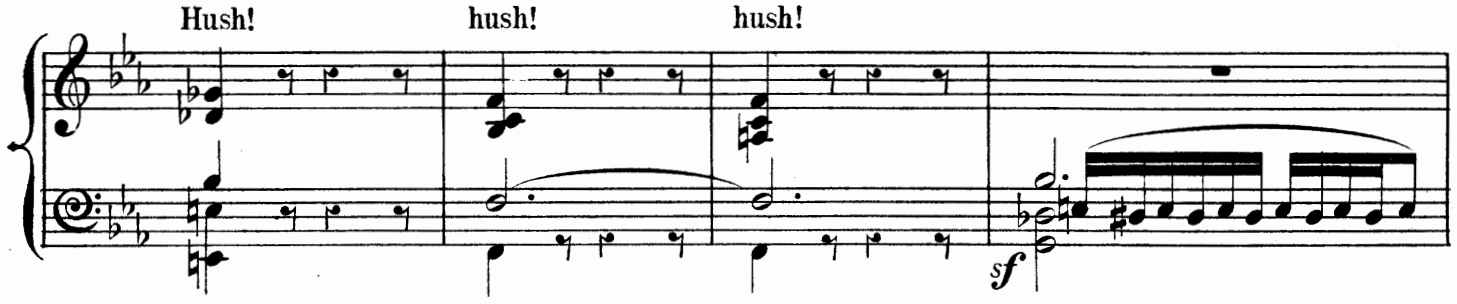
VAL Yes, yes, my curse be_fore I get too weak.



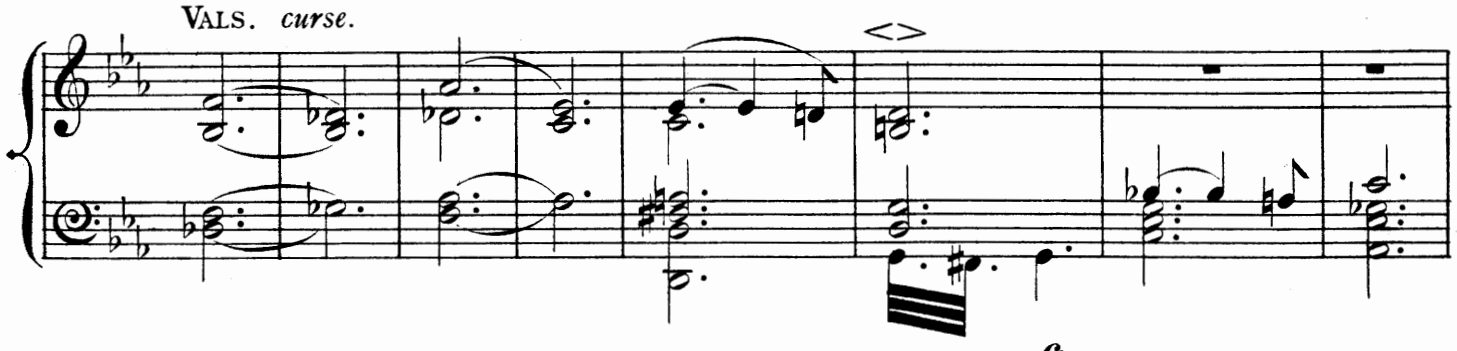
CHORUS. Hush! hush! he says he is a_bout to speak.

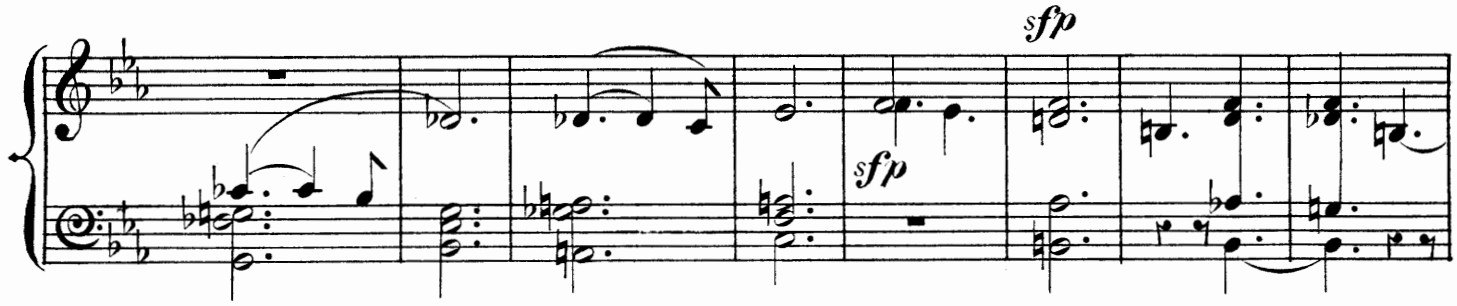


Hush! hush! hush!

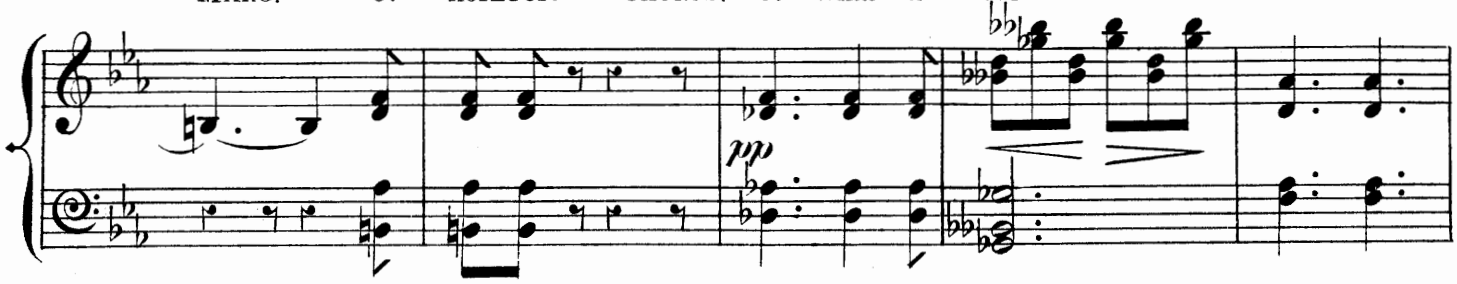


VALS. *curse.*



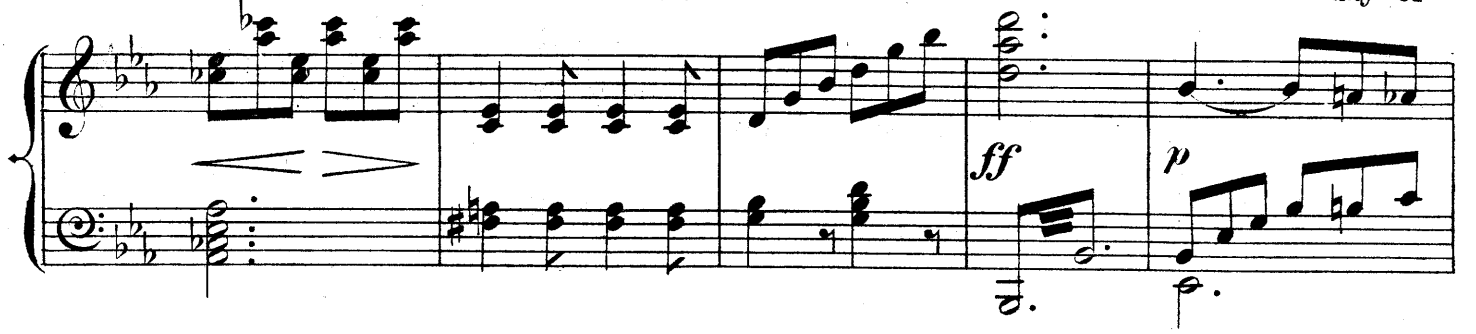


MARG. O! hor_ror. CHORUS. O! what a curse a fear_ful

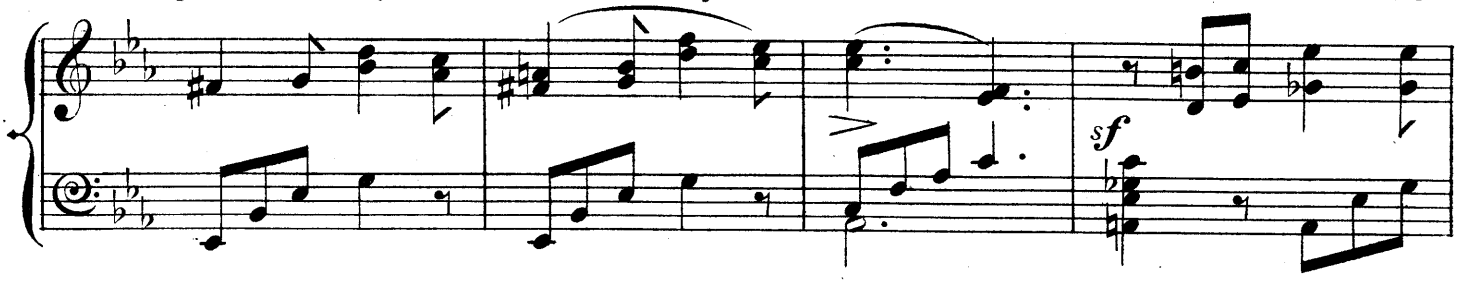


MARG. & FAUST.

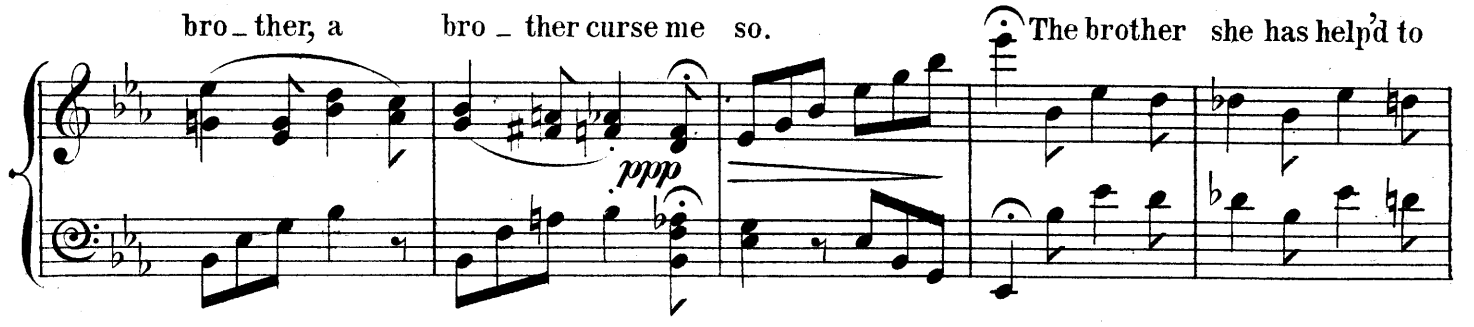
curse! It could_n't ve_ry well be worse. O! day of



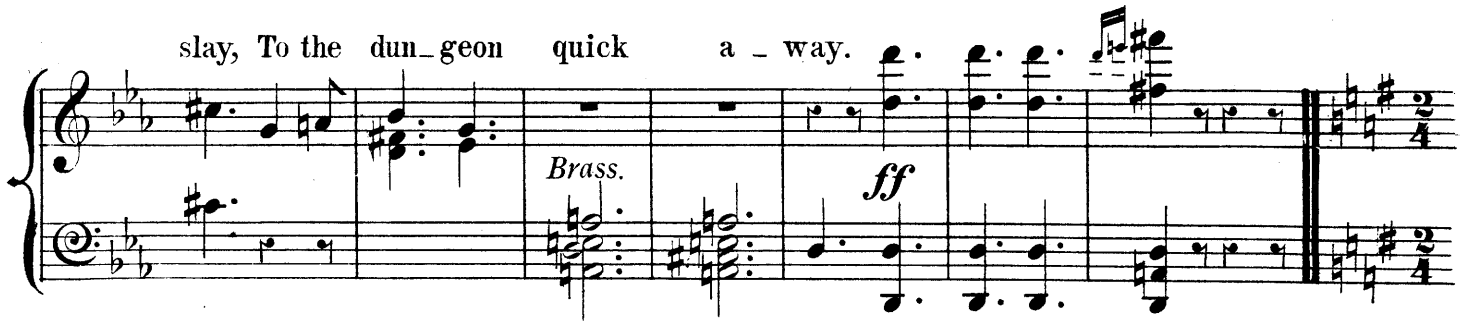
grief! O! day of woe! O! day of woe! How could her



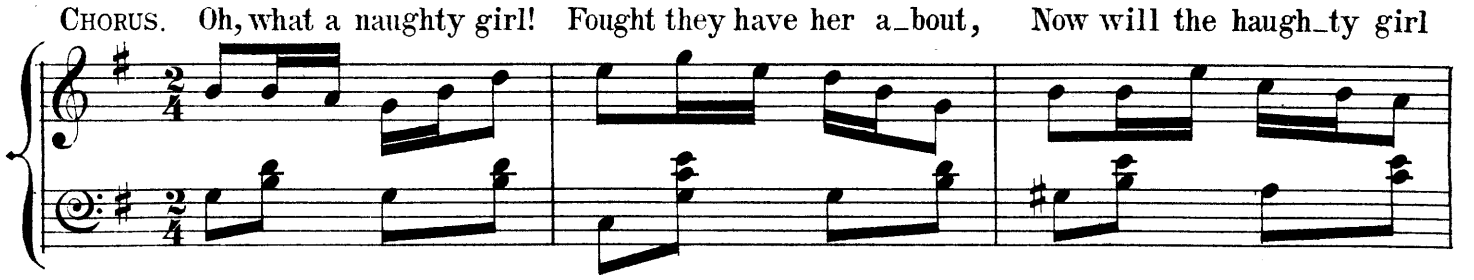
bro_ther, a bro_ther curse me so. The brother she has help'd to



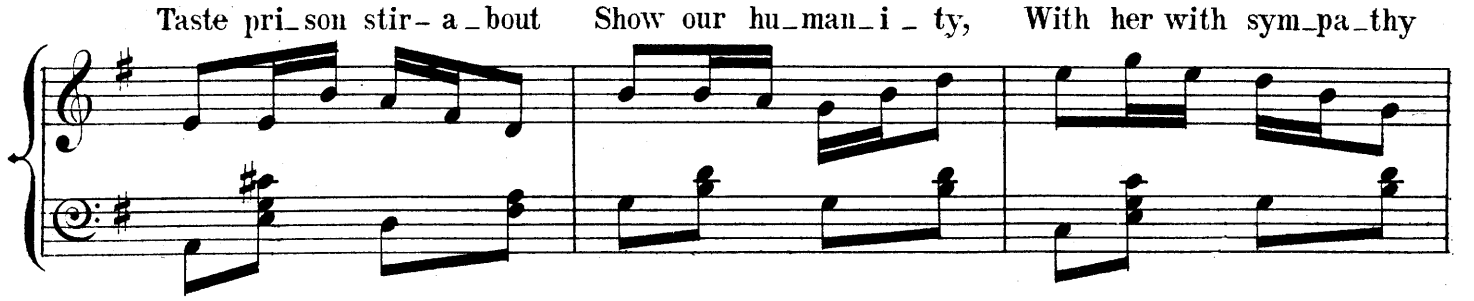
slay, To the dun_geon quick a_way.



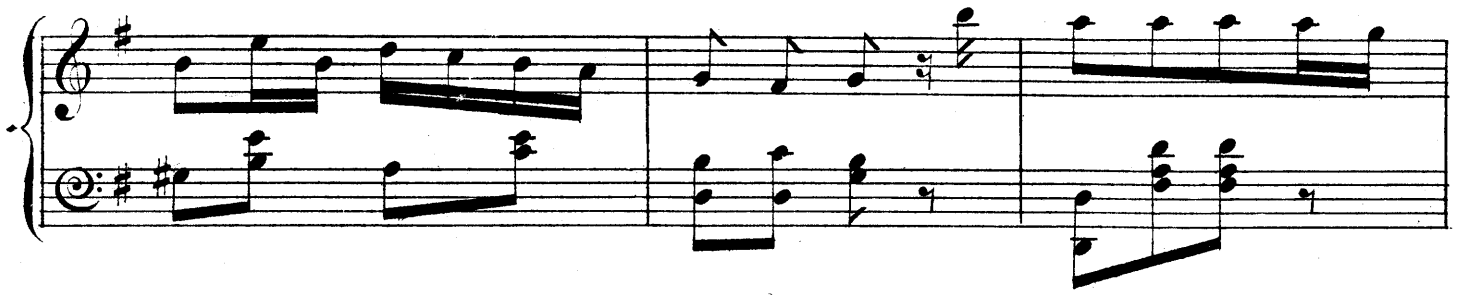
CHORUS. Oh, what a naughty girl! Fought they have her a_bout, Now will the haugh_ty girl



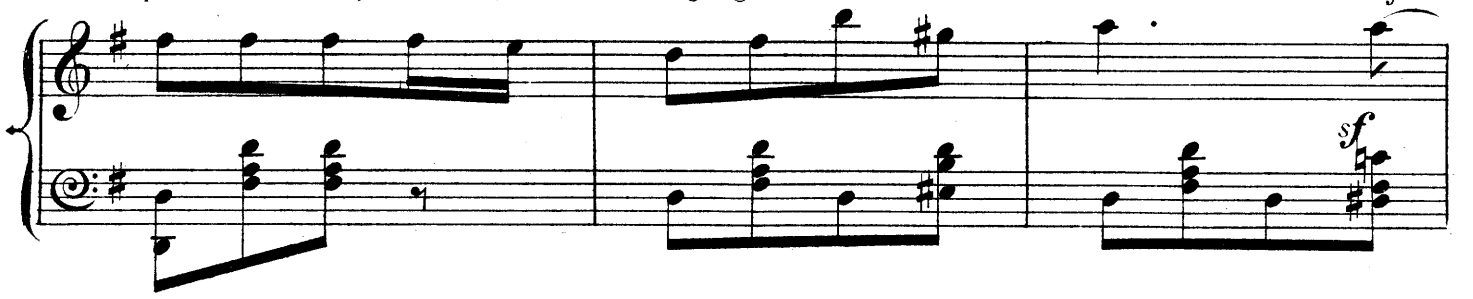
Taste pri_son stir_a_bout Show our hu_man_i_ty, With her with sym_pa_thy



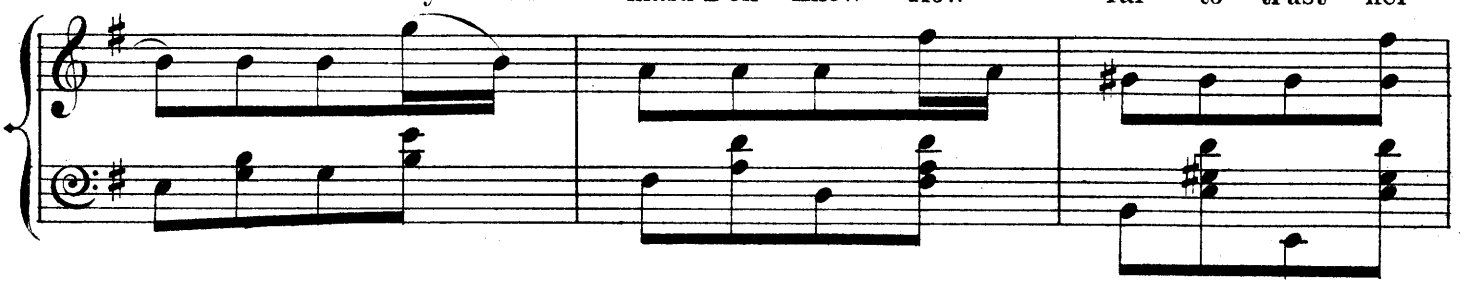
When for her van_i_ty In jail she lies Now hence a_way to a



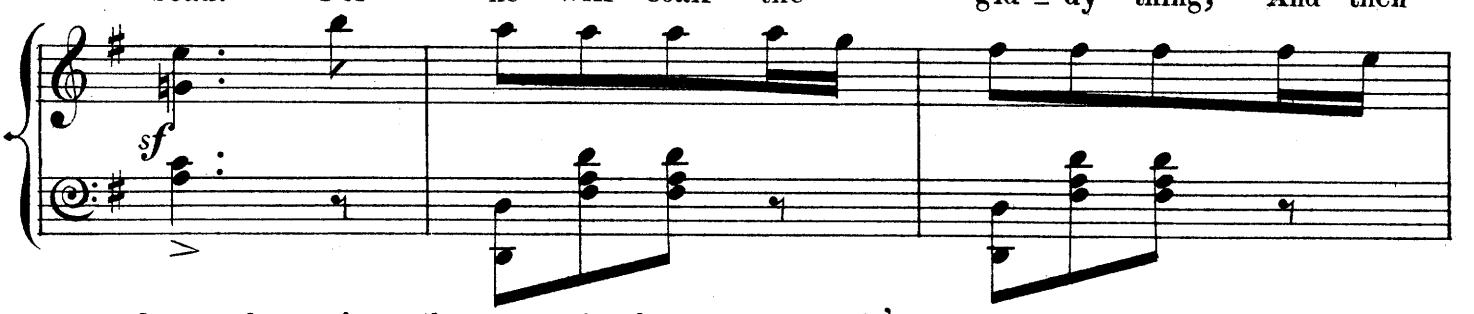
pri_son cell, Thou poor Mag_gie must now dwell By



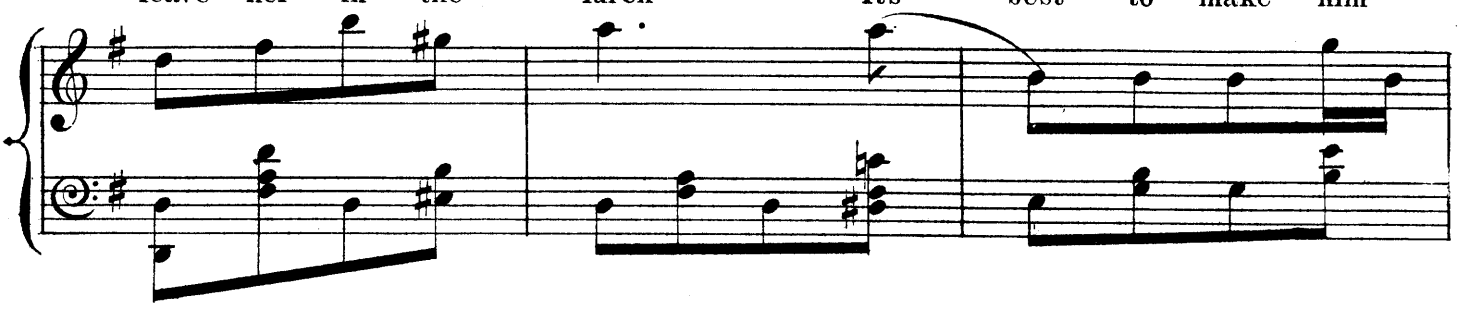
her sad fate may each maid_en know How far to trust her



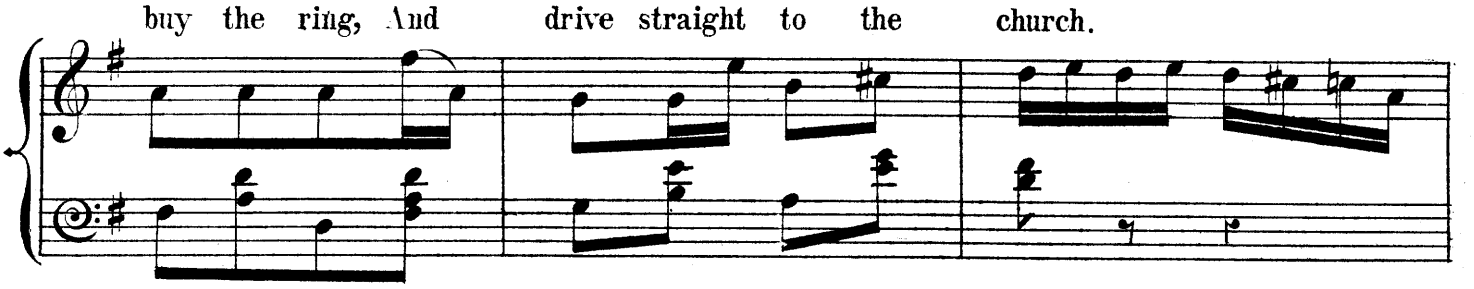
beau. For he will coax the gid_dy thing, And then



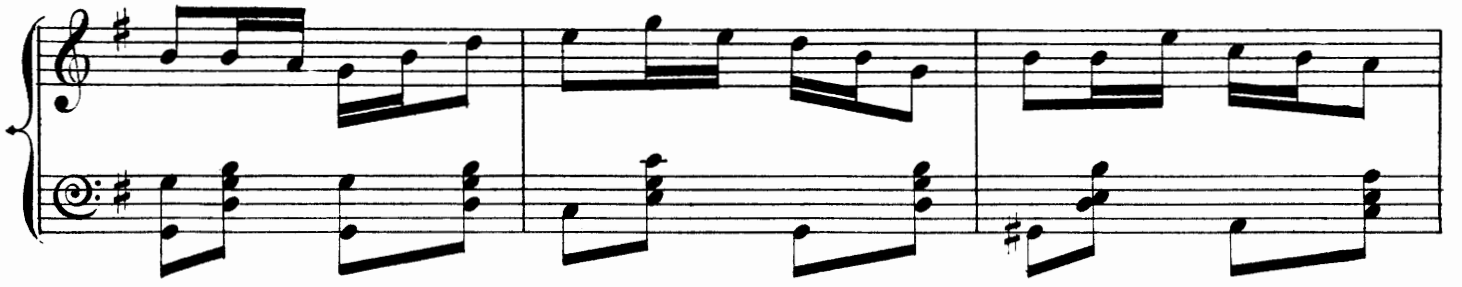
leave her in the lurch It's best to make him



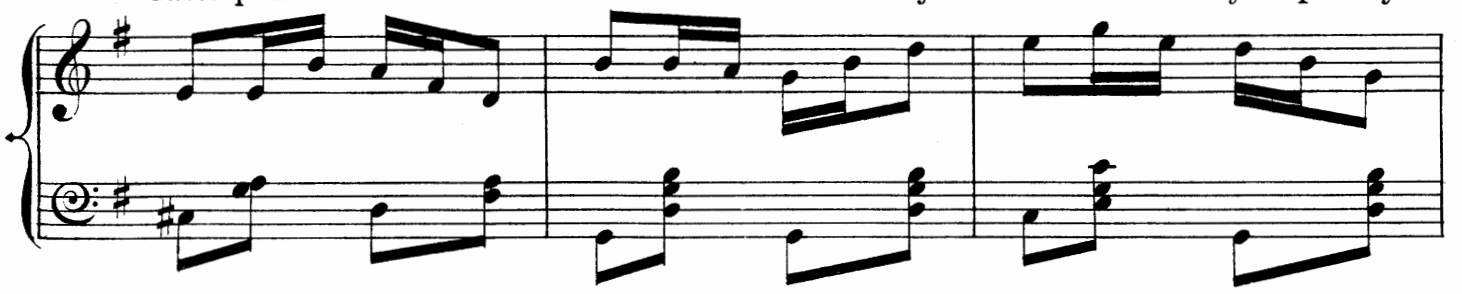
buy the ring, And drive straight to the church.



Oh! what a naughty girl Fought they have her a_bout Nor will the haugh_ty girl

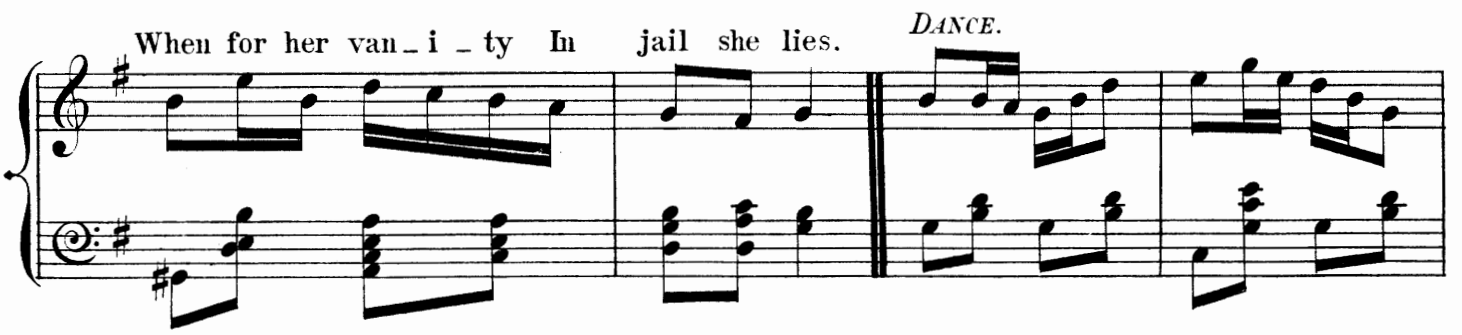


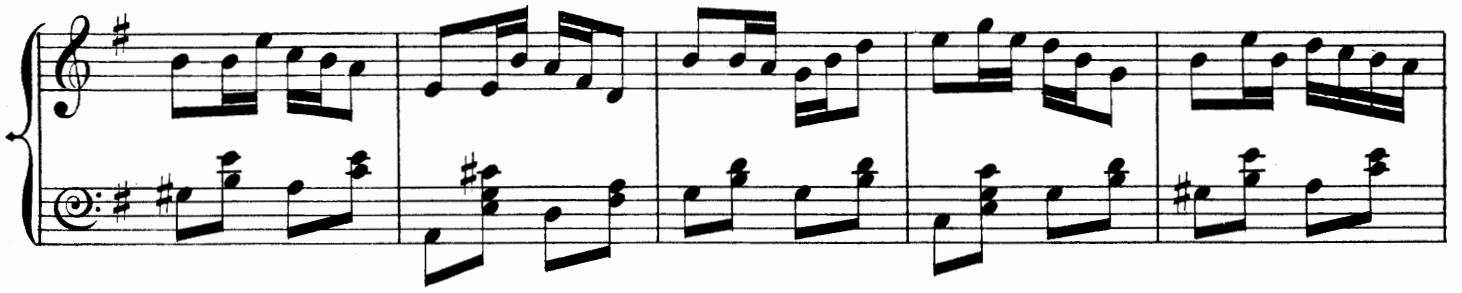
Taste pri_son stir - a_bout Show our hu_man_i _ty With her with sym_pa_thy

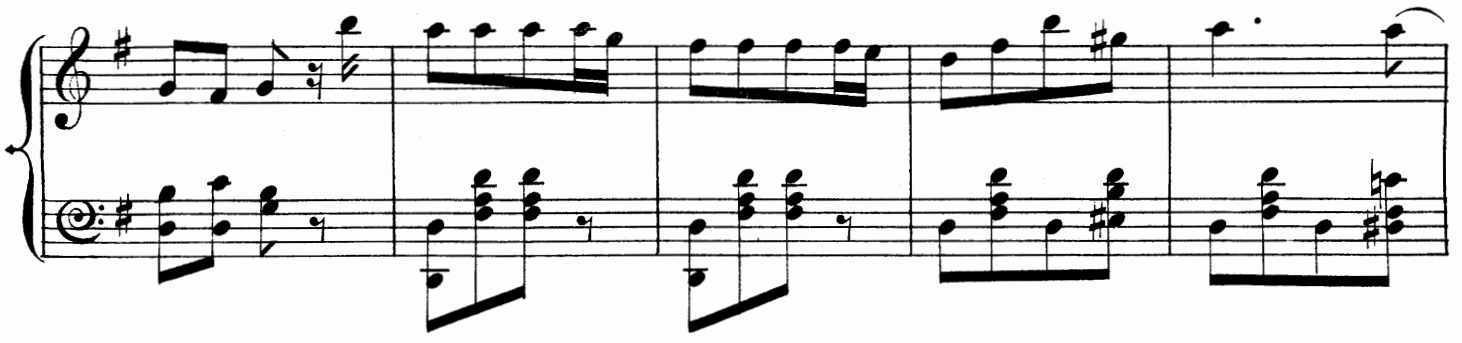


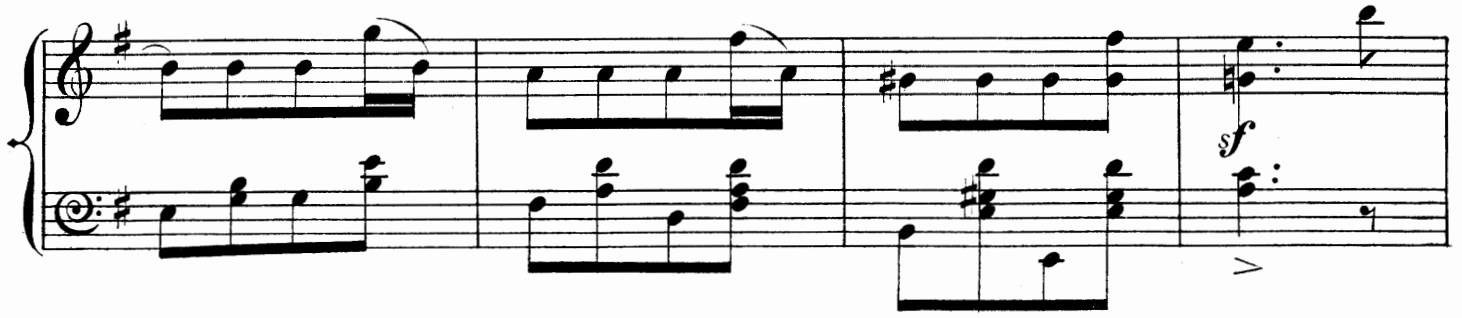
When for her van_i _ty In jail she lies.

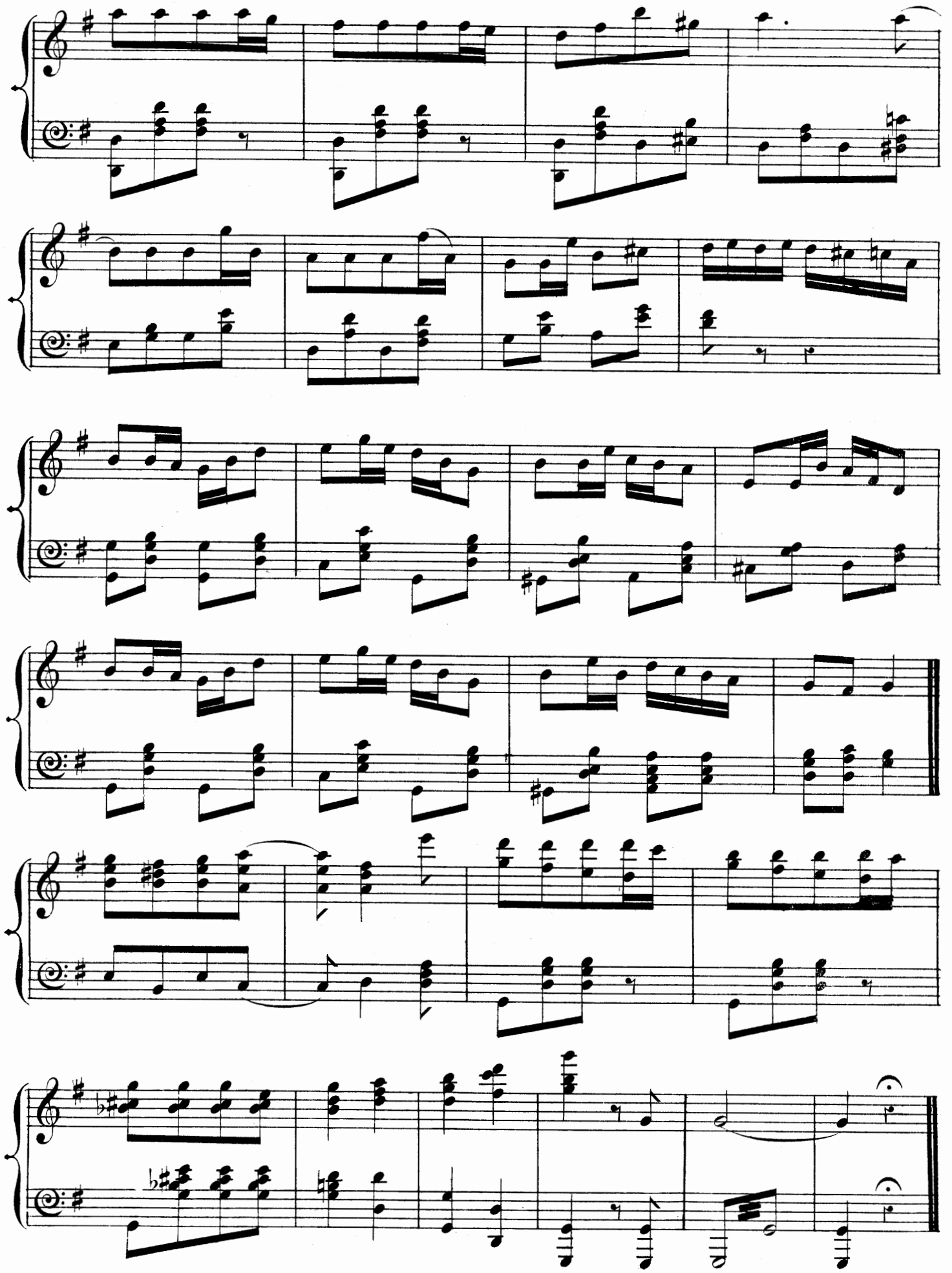
DANCE.



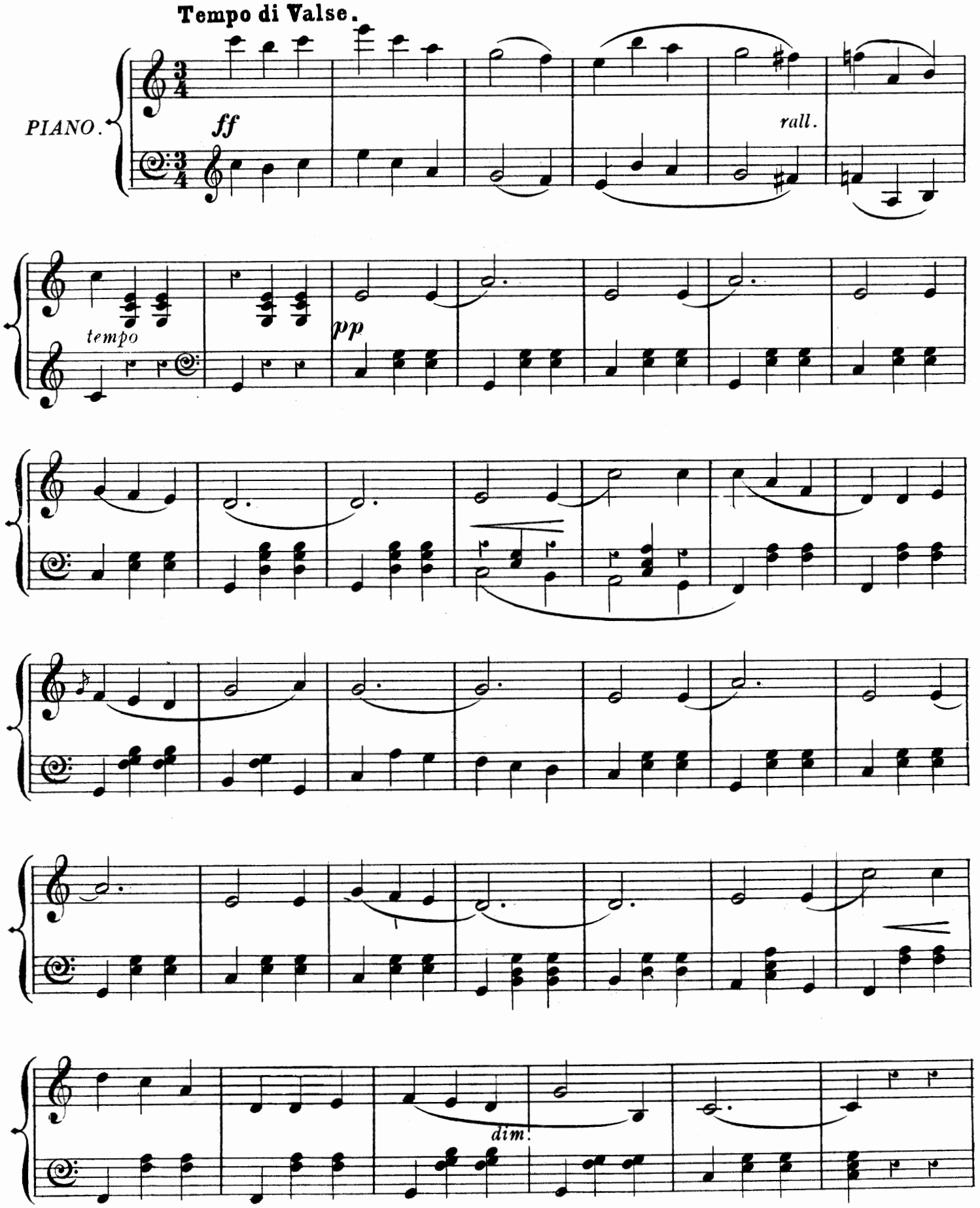


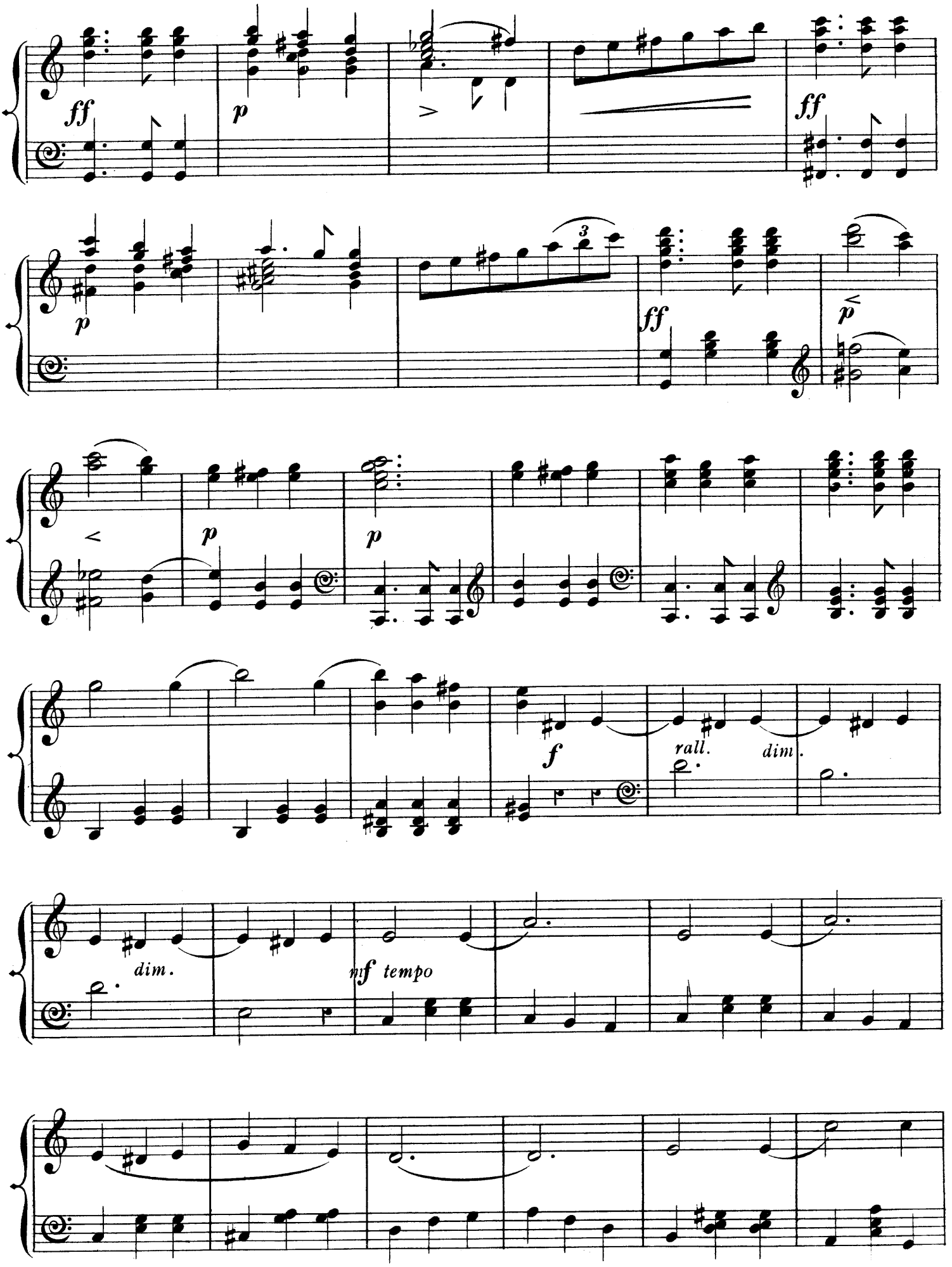


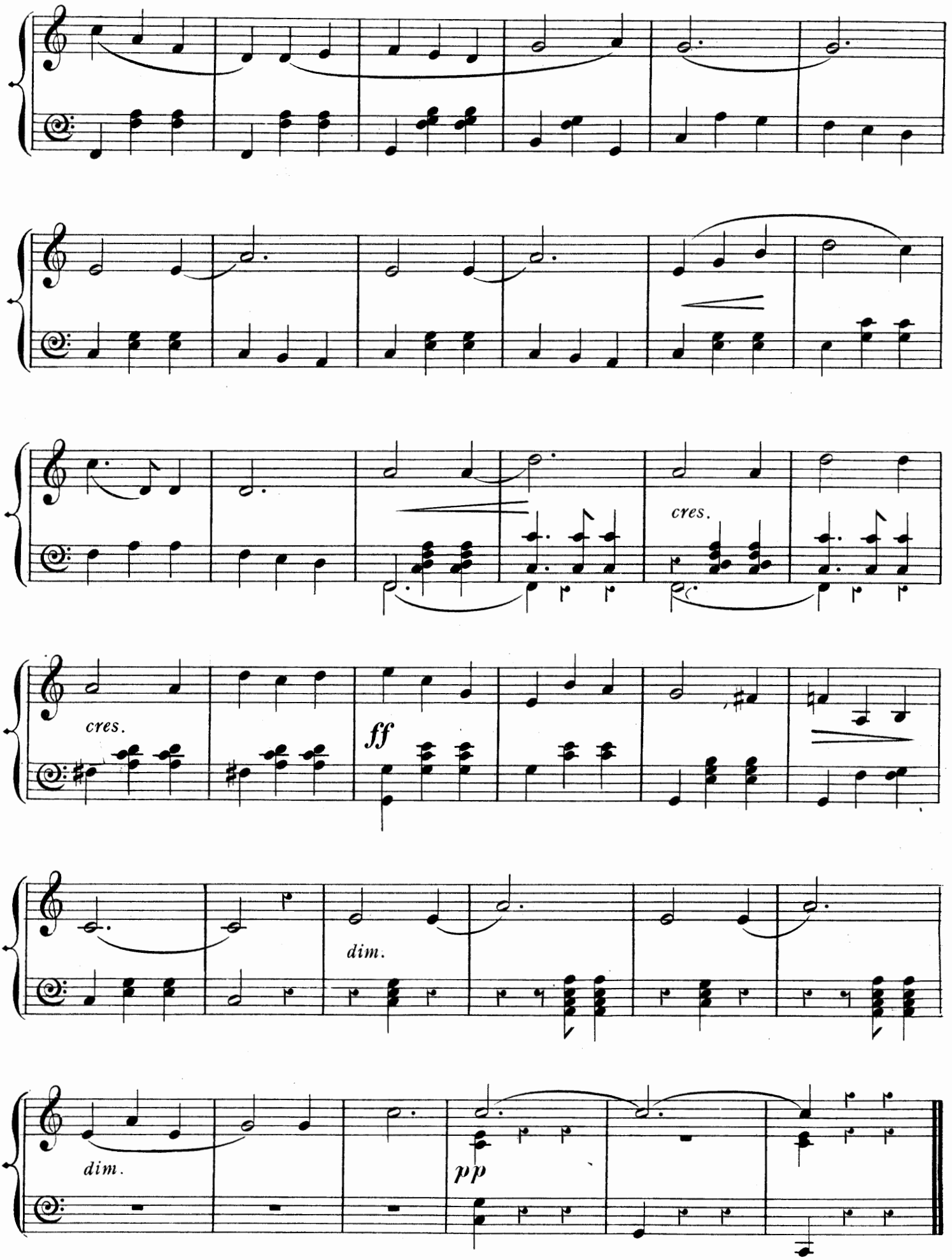




VALSE DE QUATRE.



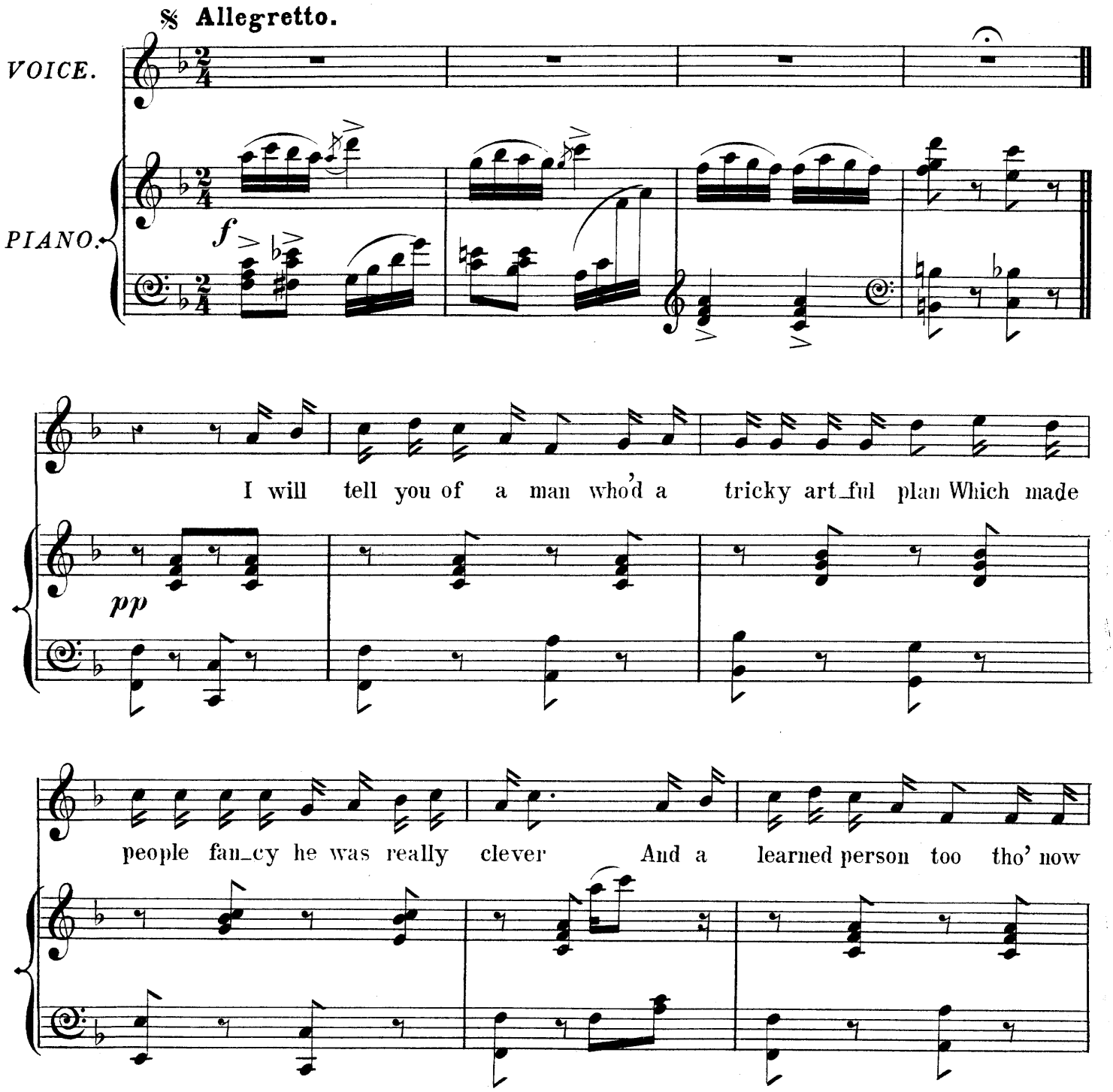

ff
p
ff
p
3
ff
p
p
p
f
rall.
dim.
dim.
mf tempo

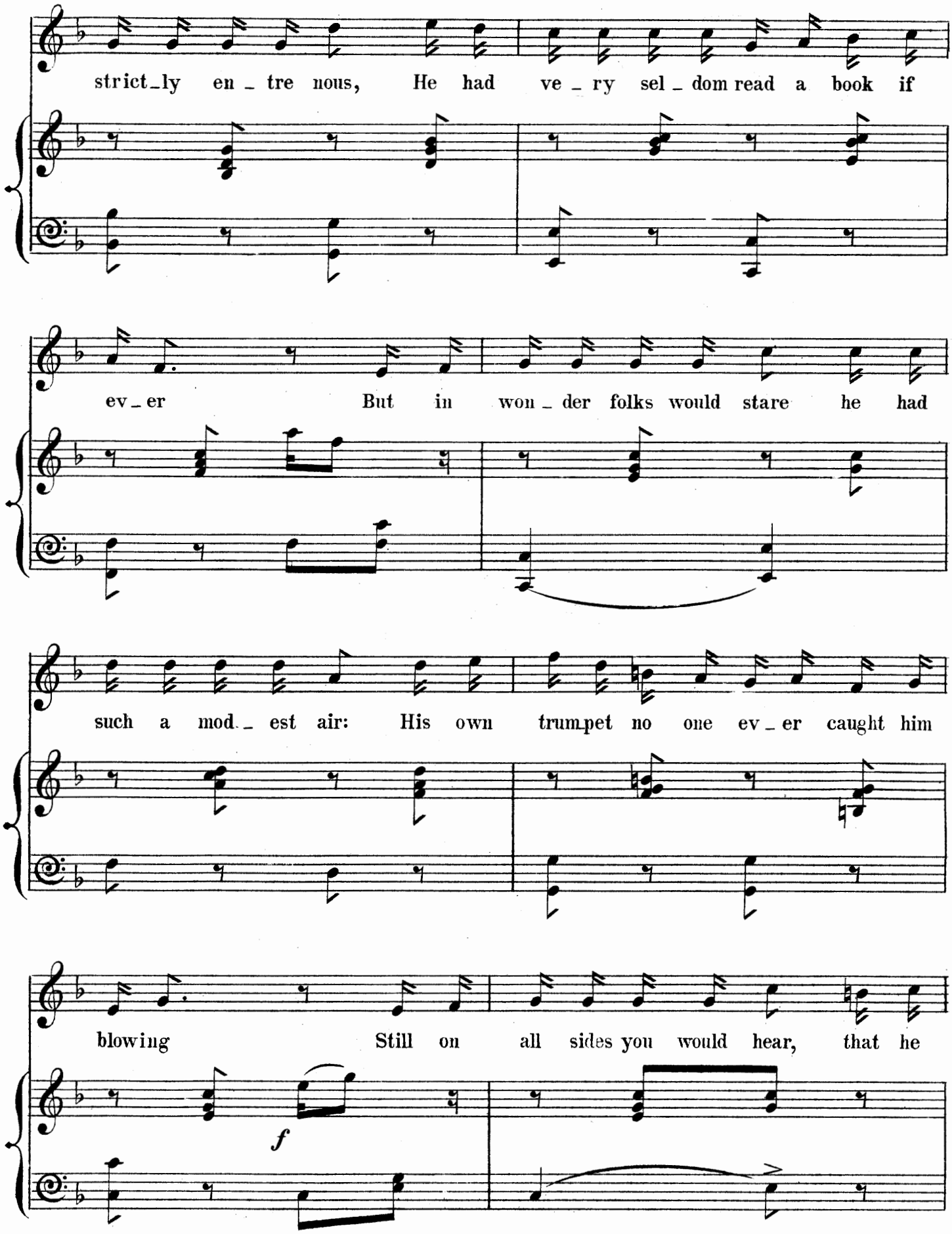

cres.
cres.
ff
dim.
dim.
pp

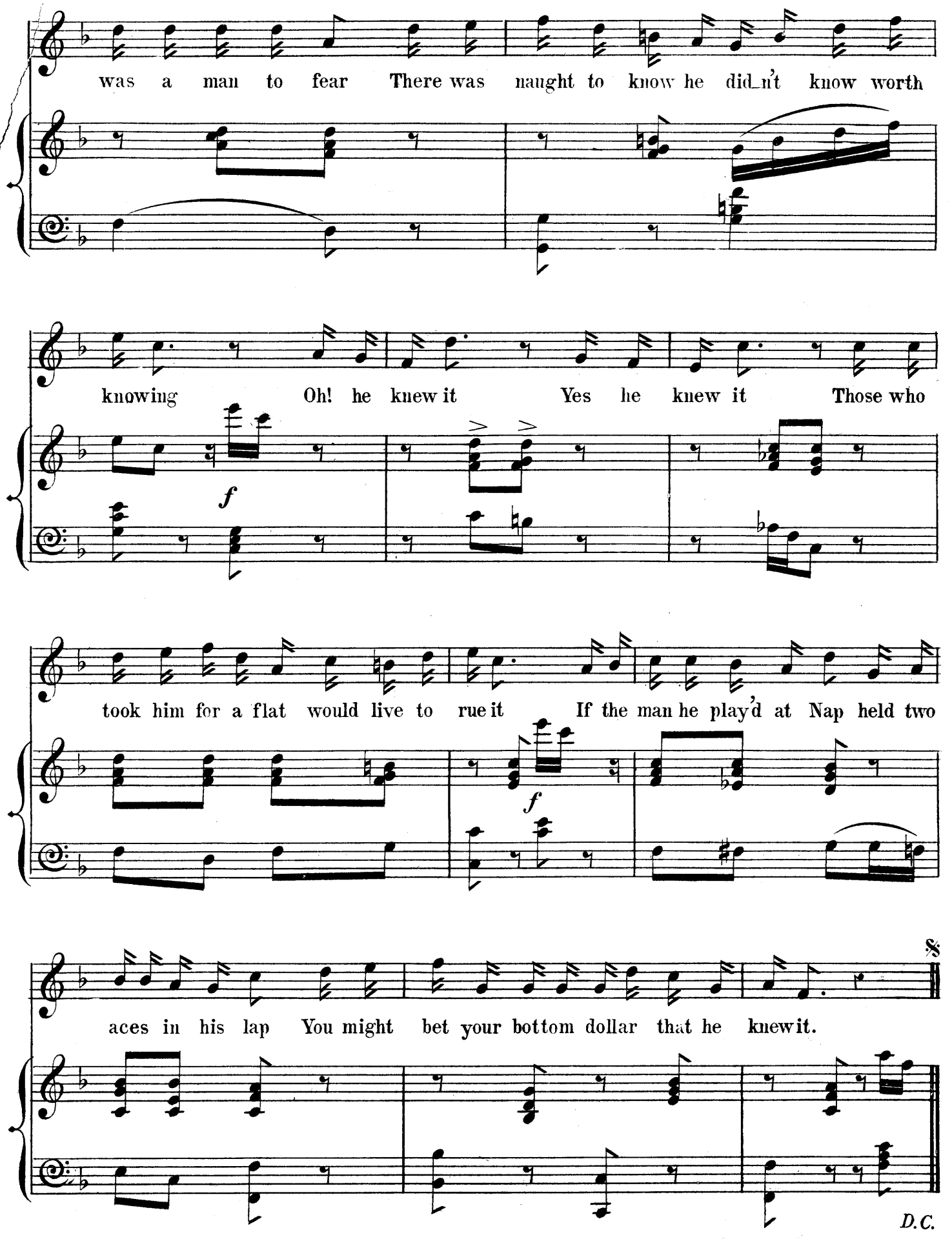
HE KNEW IT!

Words by
ALBERT CHEVALIER.

Music by
CHAS: INGLE.




strict_ly en _ tre nous, He had ve _ ry sel _ dom read a book if
ev _ er But in won _ der folks would stare he had
such a mod _ est air: His own trum.pet no one ev _ er caught him
blowing Still on all sides you would hear, that he
f


was a man to fear There was naught to know he did_n't know worth
knowing Oh! he knew it Yes he knew it Those who
f
took him for a flat would live to rue it If the man he play'd at Nap held two
f
aces in his lap You might bet your bottom dollar that he knew it.
%
D.C.

HE KNEW IT!

I will tell you of a man, who'd a tricky, artful plan,
Which made people fancy he was really clever,
And a learned person too, though now strictly *entre nous*
He had very seldom read a book, if ever.
But in wonder folks would stare—he had such a modest air,
His own trumpet no one ever caught him blowing;
Still on all sides you would hear that he was a man to fear,
There was nought to know he didn't know worth knowing.—

Chorus.

Or he'd know it! yes, he knew it!
Those who took him for a flat would live to rue it.
If the man he played at "Nap" held two aces in his lap,
You might bet your bottom dollar that *he* knew it!

Though he wasn't one to boast, on a little bit of toast
He had not been had by any living creature;
All who met him would admit that he didn't brag a bit,
For simplicity with him was quite a feature.
Say it somehow had occurred that a riddle you had heard,
And which no one had succeeded yet in guessing,
You would look him up, and say, in your most emphatic way,
"Now my friend I've come to give you such a dressing!"—

Chorus.

But he'd know it! yes, he knew it!
The riddle and the proper answer to it;
Though perhaps he would not deign any further to explain,
He would say, "'twas quite sufficient that he knew it!"

If you knew a stock of tales, strictly moral ones for males,
Which had often caused considerable laughter,
Knowing how they'd been received, what a triumph they achieved,
You would try them on this clever person after.
Say you met him quite by chance, at his sphinx-like face you'd glance,
Then you'd chuckle prematurely at the glory
Which you'd have a right to claim, which would bring undying fame,
Just for telling him a brand-new funny story.—

Chorus.

But he'd know it! oh, he knew it!
'Twas a chestnut, and he knew the man who grew it!
He would listen with a grin to the yarn you had to spin,
And when you'd finished, tell you that "he knew it!"

He was seldom known to drink, though in others he would wink
At intemperance's little peccadilloes,
He would say the horrid stuff pays 'em all out quite enough
When they lay their weary heads upon their pillows!
Still, as often is the case, even good men fall from grace—
He'd been dining with some friends he says his pa knows:
Now the wine was very good, it had all come from the wood,
And the restaurant I think was called Romano's.—

Chorus.

And he knew it! oh, *he* knew it!
Though 'twas very seldom he would overdo it.
Thirteen whiskies he had had:—can you wonder he felt bad?
When they told him he was tipsy—why, he knew it!

There's a popular M.P., he's as artful as can be,
You'll hear people call him most disinterested;
But although he loudly spouts, I confess I have my doubts,
And should rather like to see the fellow tested.
When some secret is disclosed, or a new Bill is proposed,
He will go to work at once in manner hearty;
He opposed the Royal Grants with emphatic "No, they shan'ts!"
Just to stand out as a hero with his party.

Chorus.

And he knew it! yes, he knew it!
As he raised a very strong objection to it;
Though he voted 'gainst the Bill, I'm of this opinion still—
His remonstrance was all bunkum, and he knew it!

Now our good old friend the Shah to this country's said "Ta! ta!"
His arrival curiosity excited,
He came over here in style, and we made it worth his while—
With his welcome he was pleased to be delighted.
When the noble Earl of Fife took unto himself a wife,
Our distinguished Persian pal was down at Brighton,
And though gifts on ev'ry side show'red on bridegroom and on bride,
Came a present from the Shah?....Not e'en a slight 'un!

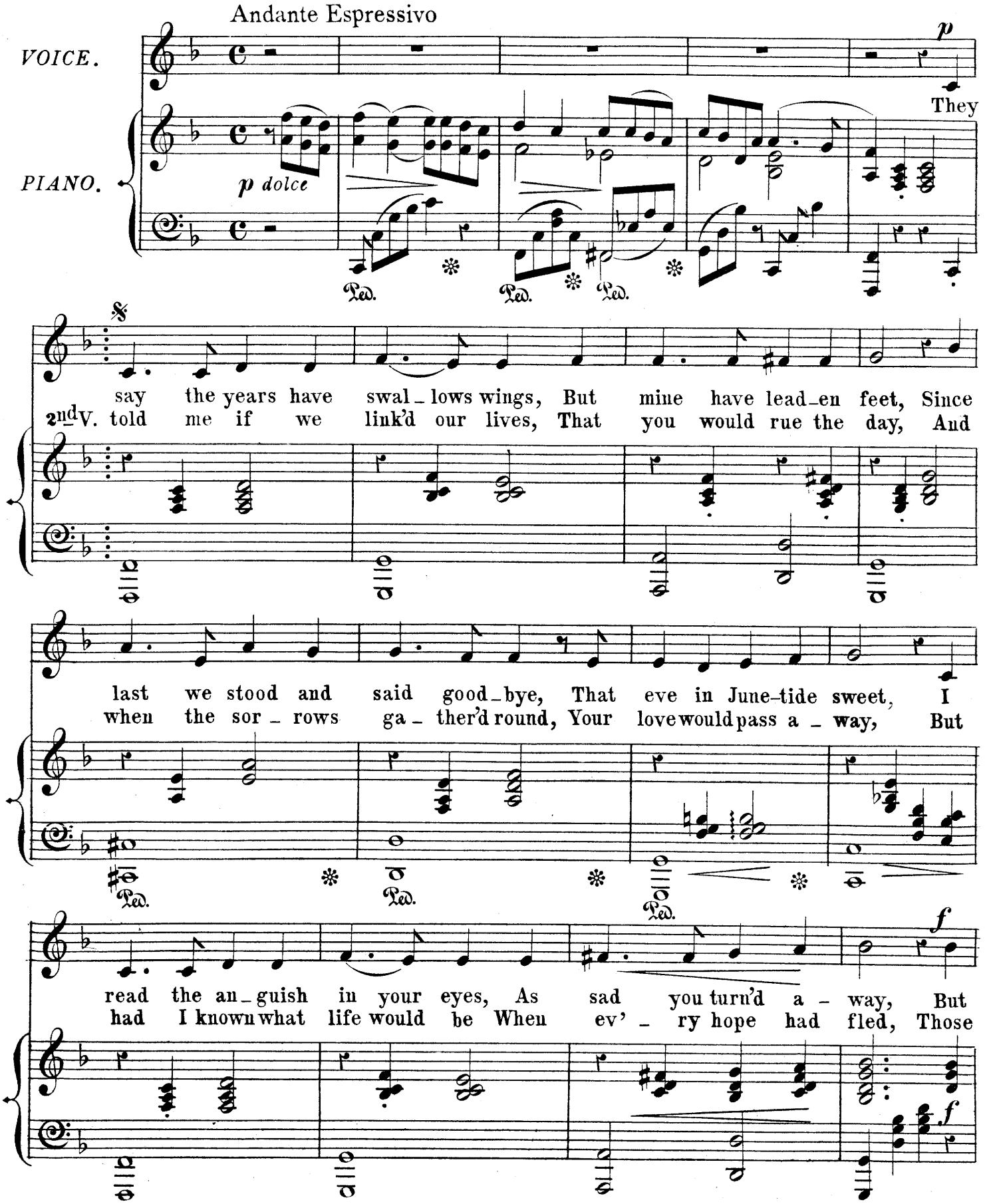
Chorus.

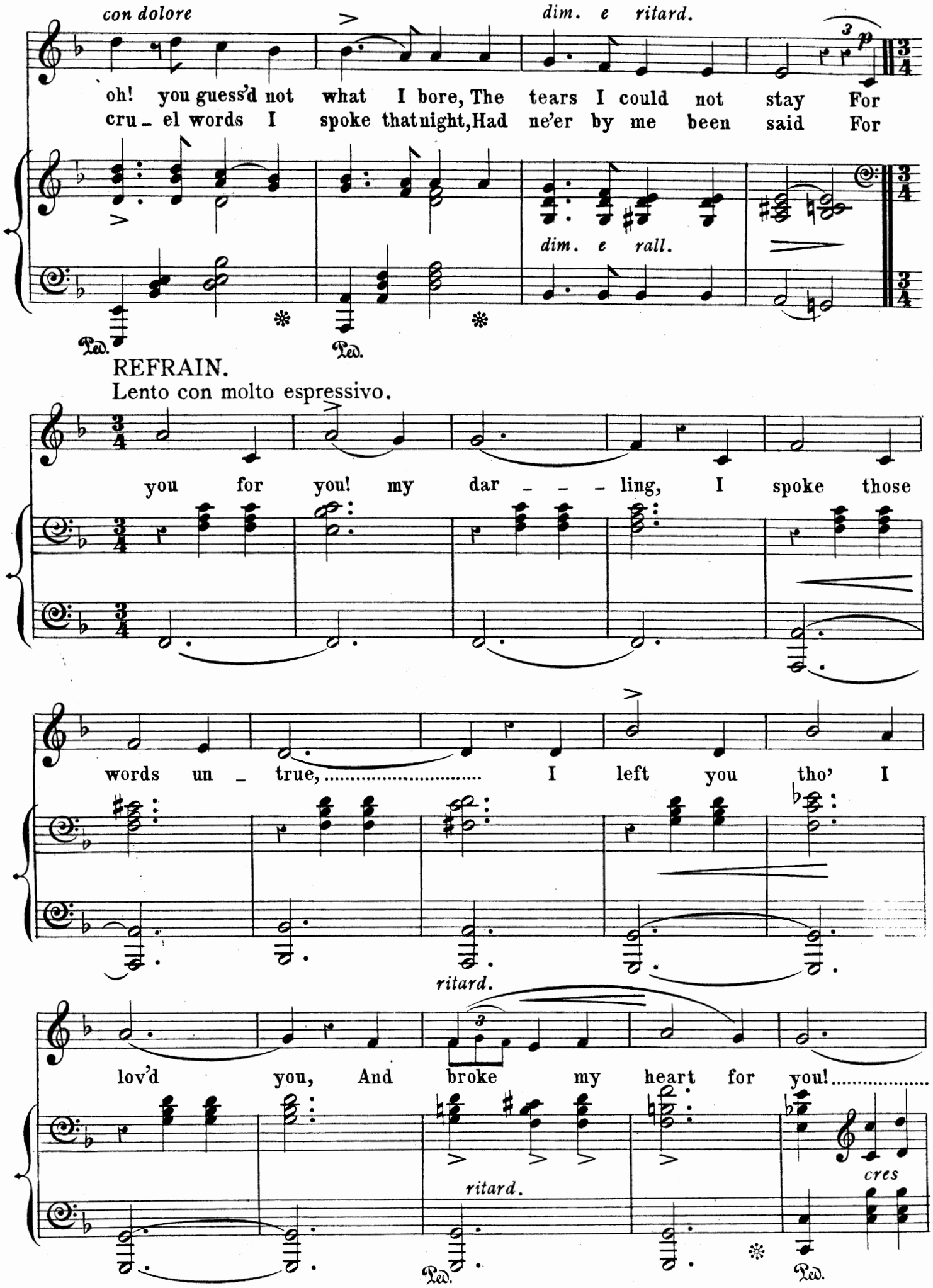
Still he knew it! oh, he knew it!
Britain fattened up the calf for him, and slew it;
But he did not choose to go to that matrimonial show;
If he went it meant a present—and he knew it!

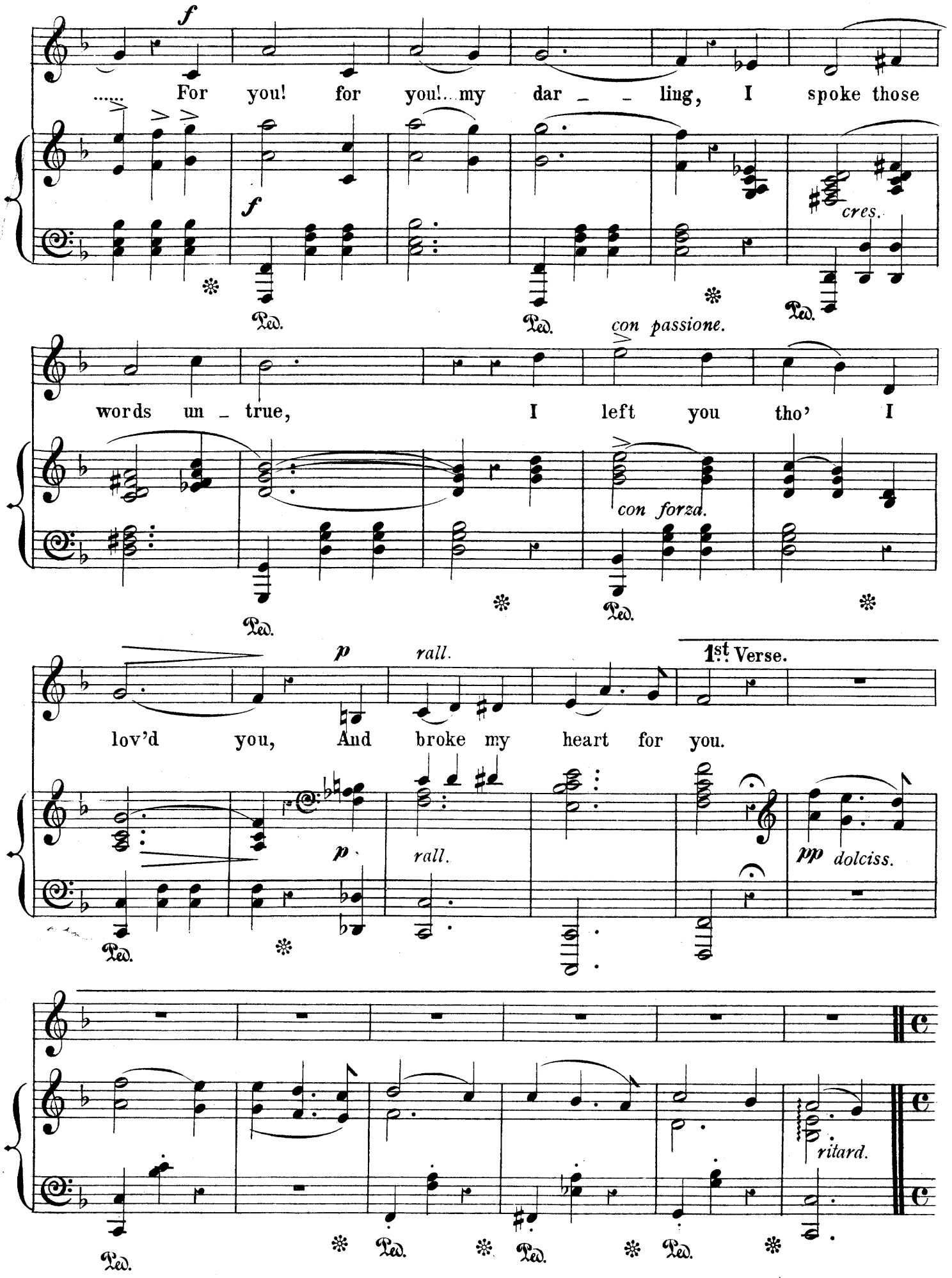
FOR YOU.

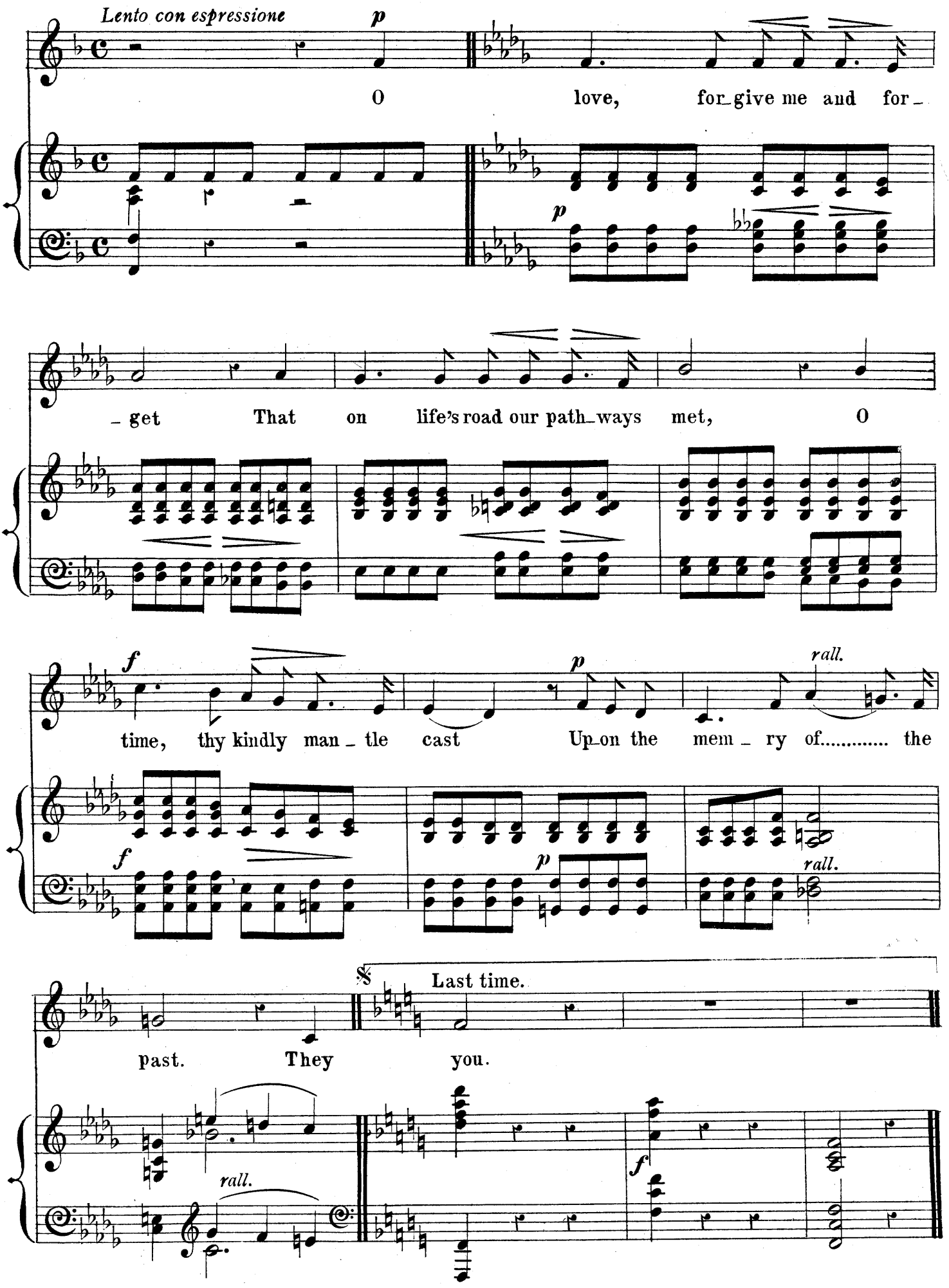
Words by
ARTHUR CHAPMAN.

Music by
SYDNEY SMITH.




con dolore
dim. e ritard.
oh! you guess'd not what I bore, The tears I could not stay For
cru_el words I spoke that night, Had ne'er by me been said For
dim. e rall.
Ped.
Ped.
REFRAIN.
Lento con molto espressivo.
you for you! my dar_ _ _ling, I spoke those
words un_true, ... I left you tho' I
ritard.
lov'd you, And broke my heart for you! .....
ritard.
cres
Ped.
Ped.


f
For you! for you! my dar _ _ ling, I spoke those
cres.
con passione.
words un _ true, I left you tho' I
con forza.
p
rall.
1st Verse.
lov'd you, And broke my heart for you.
pp dolciss.
ritard.
Ped.


Lento con espressione
p
O love, for_give me and for_
_get That on life's road our path_ways met, O
f
p
rall.
time, thy kindly man_tle cast Up_on the mem_ry of..... the
f
p
rall.
𝄋 Last time.
past. They you.
rall.
f
END OF OPERA.

FINALE.

REPEATS OF:—

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"I shall have 'em"	27
"A Soldier Born"	100