

THE ORCHID

A NEW AND ORIGINAL

Musical Play

WRITTEN BY

JAMES T. TANNER.

LYRICS BY

ADRIAN ROSS

AND

PERCY GREENBANK.

MUSIC BY

IVAN CARYLL

AND

LIONEL MONCKTON.

Lyrics - - - - 25 Cents.

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THE ORCHID.

ACT I.

LYRICS.

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS (Caryll).

“THE HORTICULTURAL COLLEGE.”

- CHORUS of VISITORS. This high Horticultural College
Is formed with the excellent plan
Of giving young ladies the knowledge
That makes them the equal of man.
In gardens that have not been built on,
The pupils may practise their powers
(Like Eve in the poem of Milton)
In learning the culture of flowers !
- LADIES. It's paradise ! Extremely nice !
What plants, and what bouquets, too !
- GENTLEMEN. It suits a mind that's quite refined,
And then, you know, it pays, too !
- LADIES. What stacks and sheaves of flowers and leaves,
What wealth of bud and blossom !
- GENTLEMEN. Just see the rare *Cattleya* there
And that *Odontoglossom* !
- ALL. Oh, that *Odontoglossom*,
Oh ! Happy Horticulture !
The Science, like a vulture,
May seem to ravage beauty
And scorn the artist's call ;
Yet beauty here and science
Are found in close alliance
United in the duty
That's Horticultural !
Oh ! happy Horti - horti - horti - culture !
(*March.*)
(*The LADY WARDEN and PUPILS enter in order,*
PUPILS marching.)
- PUPILS. Here we come
On parade,
Just like some
Bold Brigade —

Dark and short,
 Fair and tall,
 Highly horticultural !
 In complete
 Uniform,
 Which is neat,
 Also warm !
 It's the sort
 You would call
 Highly horticultural !
 All a-growing and a-blowing, too,
 Lovely flowers,
Really ours
 Show what we can do !
 All a-growing, taking, taut and trim,
 If some Adam
 Wants a madam,
 Here's a chance for him !
 PUPILS *and* All a-growing and a-blowing too !
 CHORUS. Beds and bowers,
 Full of flowers!
 Show what (we) can do !
 (they)
 All a-glowing, maidens fair to see,
 I should chuckle,
 Honeysuckle !
 If (you were my) bee !
 (I were your)
 Here (we) come
 (they)
 Head by head,
 Just like some
 Crocus bed.
 Swaying light
 On the stalk
 By the gravel garden walk !
 Roses fair,
 Look (our) girls
 (the)
 Maidenhair
 Waves and curls !
 (You'll) report
 (We)
 (We) are all
 (They)
 So very highly horticultural !

No. 2. SONG.—THISBE.
 “THE LADY SECRETARY.”

1.

THISBE. A Statesman in the Cabinet
 Wants plenty of assistance,
 To think of things he might forget
 And keep the bores at distance.
 He has a man to pull the wires,
 And write a speech or letter ;
 For social matters he requires
 A helper rather better,
 And that is why,
 And that is why
 I am the Minister's Lady Secretary !

CHORUS. Tary !

THISBE. Playing a sort of good attendant fairy—

CHORUS. Fairy !

THISBE. Taking him out to dance or play,
 Then if he has to go, I stay
 As the Minister's charming Lady Secretary.

CHORUS. She is the Minister's Lady Secretary—tary !
 Playing a sort of good attendant fairy—fairy !
 Taking him out to balls and plays
 Then if he has to go, she stays
 As the Minister's charming Lady Secretary !

2.

THISBE. I often join him in his box
 To see the last successes ;
 I wear the newest Paris frocks—
 The chief provides the dresses !
 If called away by news of weight
 No trouble he evinces,
 He says “ Perhaps I may be late,
 I'll pick you up at Prince's.”
 Of course it's right !
 Of course it's right !
 I am the Minister's Lady Secretary !

CHORUS. Tary !

THISBE. Always exceedingly circumspect and wary—

CHORUS. Wary !

THISBE. If he should order iced champagne,
 Nobody surely can complain
 Of the Minister's charming Lady Secretary!

CHORUS. She is the Minister's Lady Secretary—

THISBE. Tary!

CHORUS. Always exceedingly circumspect and wary—
 Wary!

If he should order iced champagne
 Nobody surely can complain
 Of the Minister's charming Lady Secretary!

No. 3. SONG.—VIOLET (Monckton).

“THE GARDENING ANGEL.”

Since beautiful woman began
 To brighten this planet of ours,
 Her singular forte consisted in horti—
 Cultural growing of flowers.

She may have the help of a man
 For digging or anything muddy,
 For woman must claim the profit and fame
 Of gardening viewed as a study!

Sing pansy and Michaelmas daisy
 Woman's the worker and man may be lazy,
 Scissors and trowel and watering can—
 Woman's the gardening angel of man.

CHORUS. Sing pansy and Michaelmas daisy, etc.

VIOLET. We teach all our dear little maids
 The methods of high cultivation:
 A woman will take a very bad rake
 And work an entire reformation!
 At bridge she goes in for the spades
 No trumps is too awfully risky,
 But often succeeds in burning his weeds
 And carefully waters his whiskey.
 Sing daffodil, primrose and crocus,
 Often will husbandry vex and provoke us—
 Still we go on with our excellent plan—
 Woman's the gardening angel of man.

CHORUS. Sing daffodil, primrose and crocus, etc.

VIOLET. So look to your flowers, my dears,
 And try to be nearly as pretty,
 You'll find it's a route that brings you in fruit
 Like stocks, when they rose in the city.
 And making bouquets for peers
 A girl can put in little touches,
 Until she achieves the strawberry leaves
 And blooms out at Court as a Duchess !
 Sing hyacinth, pink and narcissus !
 Many a peer will be wanting to kiss us !
 When we may possibly tell him he can—
 Woman's the gardening angel of man !

CHORUS. Sing hyacinth, pink and narcissus, etc.

No. 4. SONG.—*Jo and CHORUS (Caryll).*

“NOBODY AND SOMEBODY.”

1.

Jo. If I could be a girl in high society,
 Whose pedigree included a peer or two,
 I'd have the men about in great variety
 And keep them dangling on for a year or two !
 But, as you see, I have no pedigree with me,
 When any nice young man comes a-wooing now,
 I say “I hope you'll wait and take some tea with me,
 And tell me everything you are doing now !”
 And so, and so
 You know, although
 A nobody, a nobody—

CHORUS. A nobody !

Jo. Whose blood is very far from being blue,
 I own it true,
 I've met, I've met
 You bet I'll get
 A somebody, a somebody—

CHORUS. A somebody !

Jo. And that I think the proper thing to do—
 Don't you ? Don't you ?

CHORUS. And so, and so,
 And so, although
 A nobody, a nobody—

Jo. De trop body !

CHORUS. Whose blood is very far from being blue.
 We own it true—
 She's met, she's met,
 We bet she'll get
 A somebody, a somebody !

Jo. Big drum body !
 And that she thinks the proper thing to do—
 Don't you ?

2.

Jo. If I were rich I'd let him pine dejectedly,
 And when he came one day to propose to me,
 I'd answer, " Sir ! this comes so unexpectedly !
 I'll faint if you say such words as those to me !"
 But when my boy inquired if I'd be wed to him,
 And begged a kiss, which no one had done before,
 I put my arms around him and I said to him,
 " Why couldn't you have asked me for one before ?"

And so and so,
 You know, although
 A nobody, a nobody !

CHORUS. A nobody !

Jo. Whom nobody would pay attention to—
 Or care to woo,
 I yet may get
 You bet I'll get
 A somebody, a somebody !

CHORUS. A somebody !

Jo. And that's exactly what I mean to do—
 Don't you? Don't you ?

CHORUS. And so, and so,
 You know, although
 A nobody, a nobody !

Jo. A nobody !

CHORUS. Whom nobody would pay attention to
 Or care to woo,
 She yet may get
 We bet she'll get
 A somebody—a somebody !

Jo. Big drum body !

CHORUS. And that's exactly what she means to do !

Jo. Don't you ?

CHORUS. We do !

No. 5. SONG—MEAKIN (Caryll.)

“ I DO ALL THE DIRTY WORK ” (*Percy Greenbank.*)

MEAKIN. You amateurs try to run a garden
 Can never guess where all the work that's dirty lies,
 You talk a lot, but beggin' of your pardon
 You haven't had to dig or drain or fertilize.
 You're so mighty proud, you know,
 When you plant a seed or so,

CHORUS. We can use spade and trowel too!

MEAKIN. If your fingers you should mess,
 Off you run in great distress—

CHORUS. For some soap and a towel too!

MEAKIN. But I do all the dirty work
 I never shirk

The dirty work!
 I dig and drain and I root up all the weeds,
 And I nurse them bloomin' little seeds
 And when they just begin to sprout,

CHORUS. Then round about

MEAKIN. Then round about
 I thin them out,

I chase the grubs from the corners where they lurk.
 For I do all the dirty work!

CHORUS. Yes, you do all the dirty work! etc.

2.

MEAKIN. Now some of you are foolish and romantic,
 And with your blessed love affairs employ yourselves,
 Although at times you nearly drive me frantic,
 I always try and help you to enjoy yourselves!
 Many, many times have I
 Carried notes upon the sly!

CHORUS. We'll have some for you presently!

MEAKIN. Half a crown I get from you,
 That ain't very much, it's true,

CHORUS. Still you smile very pleasantly,

MEAKIN. Oh! I do all the dirty work!

CHORUS. You never shirk!

MEAKIN. I never shirk
 The dirty work!

All sorts of jobs I am called upon to do,
 So that a maid and man may bill and coo,
 If there should come a wedding day,

CHORUS. Then couples gay,
 MEAKIN. Then couples gay
 Will drive away,
 They quite forget, as they nod and bow and smirk
 That I did all the dirty work !
 CHORUS. Yes, you did all the dirty work, etc.

No. 6. QUINTETTE (Percy Greenbank).

Jo, VIOLET, GUY, RONALD AND MEAKIN.

"OH, MR. REGISTRAR!"

VIOLET. For a stylish and up to date wedding
 Ev'ry well-to-do girl is inclined,
 GUY. It's her dearest delight
 To be married in white
 With a bevy of beauty behind.
 Jo. But if relatives' wrath one is dreading,
 Such proceedings, of course, are absurd !
 RONALD. It is not very far
 To the gay Registrar
 MEAKIN. And remember that mum is the word !
 Jo and }
 VIOLET. } Mum is the word,
 GUY, }
 RONALD, } Mum is the word !
 MEAKIN. }
 Jo and }
 VIOLET. } Mum is the word !
 GUY, }
 RONALD, } Mum is the word !
 MEAKIN. }
 ALL. Oh, Mr. Registrar !
 What a very obliging man you are !
 Couples come from near and far—
 You save a deal of fuss
 We're not particular,
 But a family row we always bar
 So Mr, Registrar,
 You are the man for us.
 VIOLET. Now when happy young couples go flocking
 To his office—in country or town,

GUY. You have got to declare
 Certain things you're aware
 And the Registrar puts them all down.

Jo. Then you sign with a pen that is shocking,
 And before you have time to say "Knife !

RONALD. In a grim sort of way
 He will murmur "Good-day !"

MEAKIN. And you're legally husband and wife !

Jo and }
 VIOLET. } Husband and Wife !

GUY, }
 MEAKIN, } Husband and Wife !
 RONALD. }

Jo and }
 VIOLET. } Husband and Wife !

GUY, }
 RONALD } Husband and Wife !
 MEAKIN. }

ALL. Oh, Mr. Registrar ! etc., etc.

No. 7. ENTRANCE AND SONG.

CHORUS *and* SCENE.

(*Enter THISBE.*)

CHORUS (VISITORS *and* PUPILS.)

Come ! Come ! Come !

(VISITORS *enter.*)

Come from confidential talks
 In the arbours and the walks,
 All the little shady bowers,
 That flirtation often haunts !
 See the noble Countess come
 Like a tall chrysanthemum,
 And around her all the flowers
 Of her train of *debutantes*.

(*Enter DEBUTANTES.*)

ENSEMBLE.

DEBUTANTES. We are little ladies in Society
 Always everywhere
 With a *blase* air,

Taking social pleasures to satiety !
 Going where the Countess goes !
 This is one of Lady Something's Colleges !

(Referring to cards.)

Teaching gardening,
 What a splendid thing !
 What a splendid thing !
 How improving all this useful knowledge is !
 And is that an orchid or a rose ?

(Movement for DEBUTANTES and COUNTESS. Cries outside " Chesterton ! Chesterton !")

A GIRL There's the Minister for trade !

STUDENT. Don't you hear the shouting ?
 Such a fuss is always made
 When he takes an outing.

CHORUS. Friends with joy and foes with fear,
 Own him bold and clever,
 Raise a hearty rousing cheer
 When you see his form appear,
 He is coming, he is here !
 Chesterton for ever !

No. 8. SONG.—CHESTERTON AND CHORUS (Monckton.)

“PUSHING.”

From the start of my existence I was noted for persistence,
 Whether learning, or engaging in a game,
 And my juvenile ambition often met with opposition,
 But I generally got there all the same !
 Then to fortune, I may mention, I attained by the invention
 Of a simple but ingenious safety pin :
 It's what every lady uses for her dresses and her blouses,
 And it fastens by the way you push it in !
 Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful !
 First I land the bird in hand and then I bag the bushful,
 Tho' I've struck enough of luck according to appearance,
 That is all the product of a pushful perseverance.

CHORUS. Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful
 First we'll land the bird in hand and then we'll bag
 the bushful,
 If you try to rise as high in credit and appearance,
 Pray persue the pathway of a pushful perseverance.

2.

Then I found my native city was'nt either clean or pretty
 Or as healthy as I thought it out to be ;
 So I pushed into a station on the city corporation,
 And the subsequent results are there to see !
 Gas and water, street and sewer, all are bigger, better, newer,
 And the smoke is not allowed to hide the sun ;
 Tho' the dull and unprogressive thought the cost would be
 excessive,
 Yet we paid a dividend before we'd done !
 Pushful, Pushful, I'm so very pushful !
 First I land the bird in hand and then I bag the bushful,
 If you mark a city park of exquisite appearance
 That is just the product of my pushful perseverance.

CHORUS. Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful, etc.

3.

Tho' my former friends at present are sarcastic and un-
 pleasant
 When they see that I am out and they are in,
 I ignore their aimless chatter for I know it doesn't matter
 And I go in for the Empire thick and thin !
 I'm denounced in songs or sermons by the French or by the
 Germans,
 For my monstrous Mephistophelian aims,
 But I let them go on writing for I find when two are fighting,
 It is not the one who wins that calls the names !
 Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful,
 First I land the bird in hand and then I bag the bushful,
 If the foes of Britain make a sudden disappearance,
 That is all the product of my pushful perseverance.

CHORUS. Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful, etc.

4.

Now by efforts well-directed I was very soon elected
 As a member of the British Parliament,
 And my labours were so hearty that the leaders of my party
 Turned the other people out—and in they went !
 But their policy quixotic seemed to me unpatriotic,
 And I viewed them with considerable doubt ;
 And in rows with foreign nations they were seized with
 perturbations.
 As I couldn't push them in, I pushed them out !
 Pushful, pushful, I'm so very pushful !
 First I land the bird in hand and then I bag the bushful,
 At the next election there was quite a sweeping clearance
 That was all the product of my pushful perseverance.

CHORUS. Pushful, pushful, let us all be pushful, etc.

No. 9. QUARTETTE (Caryll.)

VIOLET, JO, GUY, RONALD.

"OUR MARRIAGE LINES."

- VIOLET. Our marriage lines ! Our marriage lines !
The magic in those simple signs—
Can make our life a heaven—
- ALL. Can make our life a heaven !
- Jo. How dear to bridegroom and to bride
That copy duly certified
That cost but two and seven—
That cost but two and seven !
- GUY *and*
Jo. We're married now, though not a vow
Was said in stately Minster,
- VIOLET *and*
RONALD. And you're no more a bachelor,
And I'm no more a spinster.
- ALL. Ding dong ! Ding dong !
- Jo *and*
VIOLET. Oh ! marriage lines ! Oh ! marriage lines !
What fond romance around you twines.
We would not give for Afric's mines
Our marriage lines—our marriage lines !
We treasure them in rapture fond,
And scorn to change that written bond
For all the bonds of Steel "combines,"
Our marriage, marriage lines !
- RONALD. That Registrar, that Registrar,
Has broken every hateful bar
That kept our hearts asunder—
- ALL. That kept our hearts asunder !
- GUY. Some words he said, some fees he took,
He made some entries in a book,
And worked the happy wonder !
- ALL. And worked the happy wonder !
- GUY. No sort of strain can break the chain
- Jo. The mild official forges !
- VIOLET *and*
RONALD. We're just as glad as if we'd had
A wedding at St. George's !
- ALL. Ding dong ! Ding dong !
- Oh, Registrar ! Oh, Registrar !
You sit beneath a happy star !
We honour more than King or Czar
That Registrar, that Registrar !
And when his term of office ends,
We hope to see his grateful friends
Present him with a motor car,
That Regi—Registrar !

No. 10. QUARTETTE.

Jo, VIOLET, GUY, RONALD.

"THE WEDDING TRIP."

Jo. Now we're married as the law demands—

VIOLET. That is carried by a show of hands,

(GIRLS *show rings.*)

Jo and VIOLET. Shall we scatter on our honeymoon?

GUY and RONALD. That's a matter we must settle soon.

GUY. Brighton's sunny, but a bit too far—
I've no money for the Pullman car!RONALD. Let's be jolly, if the funds are short—
Take a trolley car to Hampton Court!

ALL. Yes, a trolley car to Hampton Court!

ALL. For we *must* have a wedding trip, trip, trip!
On a train or a bus or a ship, ship, ship!

Or charter a chap

With a donkey trap

Or an automobile with a pip-pip-pip!

We may go to the sea to dip, dip, dip!

Or a mineral spring we sip, sip, sip—

But we must not stop

In the same old shop

We must trip for a trip, trip, trip, trip, trip!

2.

VIOLET. Our relations may at first object—

Jo. Complications we must all expect!

RONALD. There's no knowing what may happen now—

GUY. Oh! there's going to be such a row!

VIOLET and GUY. Had we better go away in time,
Send a letter from a foreign clime?Jo and RONALD. That is clever, but a trifle rash,
We could never get the needful cash!ALL. But we must have a wedding trip, trip, trip,
And we'll give all the world the slip, slip, slip

For we don't much care

To have our affair

As a topic on ev'ry lip, lip, lip!

If an uncle will stand a tip, tip, tip,

Or an Aunt give us cash or scrip, scrip, scrip,

Then the four will choose

In about two twos

To be off on a trip, trip, trip, trip, trip!

No. 11. DUET.

CAROLINE *and* MEAKIN (Percy Greenbank).

CAROLINE. The cuckoo is calling aloud to his mate,
 The turtle dove cooes on its nest ;
 And Oh ! I am longing to meet with my fate
 Whose photo lies hid in my breast.
 Ah ! will he be tender and loving and sweet,
 To one so unworthy as me,
 And fondle me much as I sit at his feet,
 Or sometimes perhaps on his knee ?

MEAKIN. Or sometimes perhaps on his knee.

CAROLINE. Life is a pudding, Love is a plum ;
 Into my brain
 Now and again
 Fancies like this will come.
 Often I wonder, hour after hour,
 When with my thumb
 I pull out a plum,
 Will it be sweet or sour.

2.

MEAKIN. The sunbeams are wooing with tender caress
 The blossoms that aren't in the shade,
 The dragon-fly in an extravagant dress
 Keeps buzzing a sweet serenade.
 There's Love in your heart and there's Love on the
 breeze,
 There's Love 'mid the flowers that bloom,
 There's Love 'neath the shade of the whispering trees
 Oh ! Love takes up far too much room !

CAROLINE. Oh, Love takes up far too much room !

MEAKIN Life is an omelette, Love is an egg,
 Oh, what a true
 Practical view
 Listen to me, I beg.
 Excellent cooking will not avail ;
 All must depend
 On this in the end,
 Is that egg fresh or stale ?

No. 12. SONG.—Guy.

No. 13. DUET (Caryll).

VIOLET *and* RONALD.

"LOVE IN A COTTAGE."

- RONALD. Let us have a cottage by the shimmer of the sea,
Just as economical as anything can be,
Where the prices *are* low.
- VIOLET. Say at Monte Carlo;
That's the quiet village where I often long to be!
We will take a villa with a view across the bay,
- RONALD. At a modest rental we can well afford to pay
- VIOLET. Fifteen hundred yearly
- RONALD. That, or very nearly,
- BOTH. For we mean to do it in a very quiet way!
True love in a cottage
How happy a lot,
Tho' poor be the pottage
Love's keeping it hot!
Pomp, palace and pleasure
These others may treasure
Love fills up the measure
Love, love in a cot!
- RONALD. Carriages and horses never satisfy the heart—
- VIOLET. Give us a victoria, a brougham and a cart—
- RONALD. And if our resources
Run to saddle horses
- VIOLET. Four of them is all that we could manage at the start.
- RONALD. Servants are a costly and a meaningless parade,
We will have a coachman and a little groom to aid,
- VIOLET. Butler, cook and valet
And additionally
Footman, page boy, lady's parlour, house and kitchen
maid.
Love, love in a cottage, etc.
Any costly luxuries we resolutely bar!
Never more than half a crown I'll pay for a cigar!
Jewelry expensive
I should find offensive—
Give me simple diamonds, a necklace and a star!
Social dissipations we renounce for once and all
From the round of dinner and of party and of call,
We intend abstaining,
Merely entertaining
At our weekly dances and a monthly fancy ball!
Love, love in a cottage, etc.

No. 14. "PRIZES" (Monckton).

(GENERAL ENTRANCE—CHORUS, STUDENTS, ETC.)

SHORT CHORUS (*To bring them on.*)

Now the speechifying's done,
 And the prizes (we) have won
 (you)
 Have been given for (our) labour and invention
 (your)
 Quite a number of (you) rise
 (us)
 To the honour of a prize !
 And the rest have each an honourable mention !
 Some have presentation spades,
 Trowels, too, with plated blades
 Or artistic copper cans for holding water—
 There are prizes ranging up
 To the College silver cup,
 Which the Countess should have given to her daughter.

No. 15. SONG.—ZACCARY (Caryll).

" FROM FAR PERU."

Iv'e travelled far where panthers are,
 That jump on you and catch you,
 And snakes that twist about your wrist
 And kill you if they scratch you !
 I've run for miles from crocodiles
 That came with jaws extended—
 But I have brought the flower I sought
 The orchid rare and splendid !

CHORUS. (*Bouche fermée.*)

Oo—oo—oo!

ZACCARY. In the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo—

CHORUS. Oo—oo!

ZACCARY. It was there the orchid grew—oo—oo!

CHORUS. Oo—oo!

ZACCARY. Where the vampire bats flew
 Through the vapours of blue
 In the woods of far Peru—oo—oo!

CHORUS. In the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo! etc.

- ZACCARY. Gorilla hordes with poisoned swords
 By day and night attacked me!
 At dawn a dark Peruvian bark
 I heard as bloodhounds tracked me!
 I climbed for weeks the icy peaks
 And reached the top a victor—yes,
 And lastly I was swallowed by
 A monstrous boa constrictor!
- CHORUS. (*Bouche fermée.*)
 Oo—oo—oo!
- ZACCARY. In the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo!
 Oo—oo!
- CHORUS. He had room inside for two—oo—oo!
 Oo—oo!
- ZACCARY. But my trowel I drew
 And I dug my way through
 To the light of far Peru—oo—oo!
- CHORUS. In the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo!
 etc.
- ZACCARY. Each fortnight those Peruvians rose
 In savage revolution!
 And I was tried by either side
 And sent for execution!
 I stood up proud before the crowd,
 While women wept and kissed me!
 Two yards away in grim array
 The soldiers fired and missed me!
- CHORUS. (*Bouche fermée.*)
 Oo—oo—oo!
- ZACCARY. In the land of far Peru—oo—oo!
 This is what they often do—oo—oo!
 While I burst through the crew
 With a hullabaloo
 To the woods of far Peru—oo—oo!
- CHORUS. In the land of far Peru—oo—oo!
 etc.
- ZACCARY. The natives swore to have my gore
 If mortals could contrive it!
 An army tracked me down, in fact,
 Ten Generals and a Private!
 Six months I ran, a hunted man,
 And lived on moss and water,
 But worn and wan I staggered on
 To England, home and daughter!

CHORUS. (*Bouche fermée.*)

Oo—oo—oo !

ZACCARY. From the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo !
I escaped alive to you—oo—oo !
For the army I slew,
As they followed my clue
To the woods of far Peru—oo—oo !

CHORUS. From the wilds of far Peru—oo—oo !
etc.

No. 16. SONG.—CAROLINE.

“UP TO THE ADVERTISEMENT.”

1.

I was tired of being single,
Never putting up the banns ;
I'd a heart that longed to mingle
With a suitable young man's.
But my love remained internal
In my heaving bosom pent,
Till I noticed in a journal
Such a sweet advertisement !

(*Pulls out cutting and reads.*)

MATRIMONIAL.—Rupert Vandaleur, 23, medium height, aristocratic appearance, fair mustache, musical, domesticated, vaccinated, fond of animals, wants to correspond with a girl, beautiful, graceful, slender, musical, a good cook, with an independent income. Photographs on approval. Silence a polite negative. Genuine. Permanent engagement offered.

(*Looks at photograph.*)

Well, he seems a bit of all right,
Just a bit of all right !
He has everything to make a wife content ;
But this photographic art
Something leaves you in the *carte*,
When the goods aren't up to to the advertisement.

CHORUS. Well he seems a bit of all right !
etc.

2.

CAROLINE. When they called it summer lately
 I was on a seaside trip,
 And I wanted very greatly
 To enjoy a quiet dip.
 I'd a bathing dress of flannel
 And the folks that sold it said
 I could swim across the channel
 And it wouldn't turn a thread.

(Reads advertisement.)

SUMMER SALE!—Ten thousand bathing dresses in our new Shrinkella All-Wool Cottonette, in navy blue, Turkey red and heliotrope, warranted not to shrink or fade—3/11 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Well, it seemed a bit of all right,
 Just a bit of all right!
 So I gaily put it on and in I went,
 But when I came out and dressed
 It was like a baby's vest,
 Which was not quite nice as an advertisement.

CHORUS. Well it seemed a bit of all right,
 etc.

3.

CAROLINE. I was told that my complexion
 Wasn't worthy of my face,
 So I took it for correction
 To a Beauty Doctor's place.
 She massaged me with her knuckles,
 Said my cheeks were very thin,
 But her "Bloom of Honeysuckles"
 Was the stuff for rubbing in!

(Reads advertisement.)

Madame Celandine's Bloom of Honeysuckles gives a clear skin and a complexion of milk and roses. Testimonials from Duchesses and other American Ladies. In bottles 5/9 and 19/3. The large bottles hold half as much as the small.

Well, it seemed a bit of all right,
 Just a bit of all right,
 It was something soapy with a pleasant scent,
 It would clear my skin, she said,
 But it cleared it off my head,
 And she don't quote *me* in her advertisement.

CHORUS. Well, it seemed a bit of all right,
 etc.

4.

CAROLINE. I was walking out one morning
 In a meditative mood,
 When I saw a poster warning
 Folks to take a patent food !
 It was light and satisfying,
 Mixed with butter, jam or cream,
 And you found that after trying
 You could jump the widest stream !
 (*Reads from advertisement.*)
 Poor old Red-nosed Richard,
 Tries to jump a ditch hard,
 But no progress still he makes
 Till he takes to Sawdust Flakes.
 Far o'er the ditch flies Dancing Dick,
 With Sawdust Flakes he does the trick !
 Well, it seemed a bit of all right,
 Just a bit of all right !
 So a little fortune on that food I spent ;
 When I tried to take a leap,
 I went over in a heap,
 And the boys said Oh ! What an advertisement !”

CHORUS. Well, it seemed a bit of all right.
 etc.

5.

CAROLINE. There's a new straight-fronted corset
 That is billed on every wall ;
 Fashion papers will endorse it
 As the very best of all.
 Well, I thought it was *de rigueur*
 To avoid all *embonpoint*,
 So I'd have the Yankee figure
 With a sort of over-hang !
 (*Reads advertisement.*)
 Try our Superfine Double Extra Magnificent Cleupulin's Needle
 Corsets, 19/11 $\frac{3}{4}$ in black, white, pink and heliotrope. They give
 a matchless figure, reduce the waist, and confer a statuesque slim-
 ness. Suspenders $\frac{2}{3}$ in pale blue satin.
 Well, it seemed a bit of all right,
 Just a bit of all right ;
 I was straight in front as far as all that went ;
 But I didn't bear in mind
 How it made me look behind—
 Like an air-balloon with an advertisement !

CHORUS. Well, it seemed a bit of all right !
 etc.

ACT II.

No. 1. OPENING CHORUS.

Up and down over the town,
 Motley and merriment speed along,
 Ev'ry one welcomes the fun,
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong.
 Just for to-day Folly is King,
 Let us be gay, that is the thing—
 Just for to-day, to-day—
 Let us be gay, be gay !
 Oh ! up and down
 Over the town
 Motley and merriment speed along,
 Ev'ry one welcomes the fun.
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong,
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong,
 Nobody cares.

For Carnival's reigning and mirth derides
 The gloomy complaining of sober-sides !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !

We want no permission to banish hence
 The faintest suspicion of common sense.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !

Your friends and relations no doubt confess
 They like the sensations of fancy dress,
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !

While sweetheart and brother we'll gaily throw
 Confetti that smother from top to toe !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !

Just for to-day ! Let us be gay,
 Let us be gay, be gay, be gay !
 Up and down,
 Over the town
 Motley and merriment speed along,
 Ev'ry one welcomes the fun !
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong,
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong,
 Nobody cares !
 Nobody cares what is right or wrong !
 Nobody cares ! Right or wrong !
 Nobody cares !

No. 2. SONG.—CAROLINE.

“FANCY DRESS.”

- CAROLINE. I've a passion for fancy dress,
More or less—
- CHORUS. More or less !
- CAROLINE. I look sweet as a shepherdess
That's made by a Dresden potter !
I have ribbons in bows and knots—
Lots and lots—
- CHORUS. Lots and lots !
- CAROLINE. Like Elizabeth, Queen of Scots,
When Oliver Cromwell shot her !
Only fancy, fancy dress,
Fancy me as Good Queen Bess !
Only I never could get my breath
With a waist like Queen Elizabeth !
- CHORUS. Only fancy, fancy dress,
Fancy her as Good Queen Bess !
Only she never could get her breath
With a waist like Queen Elizabeth !

2.

- CAROLINE. I would dress like a girl of mark—
Joan of Arc—
- CHORUS. Joan of Arc !
- CAROLINE. Riding out in St. James's Park,
And waiving a flowing banner !
I'd have armour in lovely taste—
Highly chased—
- CHORUS. Highly chased !
- CAROLINE. If it pinched me about the waist,
I'd loosen it with a spanner.
Only fancy, what a lark !
Fancy me as Joan of Arc !
I should have never a bruise or scar
If I fell beneath a motor car !
- CHORUS. Only fancy, what a lark !
Fancy her as Joan of Arc !
She would have never a bruise or scar
If she fell beneath a motor car.

3.

CAROLINE. I might dress as the Empress Queen—
Josephine—

CHORUS. Josephine !

CAROLINE. When a maiden of seventeen
To Julius Cæsar wedded,
I could put on an Empire gown
Quite low down—

CHORUS. Quite low down !

CAROLINE. And the beautiful ruby crown
She wore when she was beheaded !
Oh, only fancy, don't you know,
Fancy me as Empress Jo !
Only it wouldn't improve my charms
If I wore my waist just under my arms !

CHORUS. Only fancy, don't you know,
Fancy her as Empress Jo !
Only it would't improve her charms
If she wore her waist just under her arms.

4.

CAROLINE. There's a dress I could wear, I am sure—
Pompadour—

CHORUS. Pompadour !

CAROLINE. As she looked in her odd amour
With Alfred, the Young Pretender !
I'll have hoops that would stand about
Five feet out—

CHORUS. Five feet out !

CAROLINE. Making people look rather stout
Unless they are tall and slender !
Oh, only fancy, if you please,
Fancy me as *La Marquise!*
Wouldn't the Cavaliers make a fuss
If they saw me climb on top of a bus.

CHORUS. Only fancy, if you please,
Fancy her as *La Marquise!*
Wouldn't the Cavaliers make a fuss
If they saw her climb on top of a bus.

No. 3. SONG.—VIOLET *and* CHORUS.

“LITTLE MARY.”

1.

VIOLET. There's a certain little lady who's already known to fame
As little Mary!

CHORUS. As little Mary!

VIOLET. Though she may not be romantic, yet it's such a pretty
name,

Is little Mary!

CHORUS. Is little Mary!

VIOLET. Now I want you all to know her when I mention her again,
But exactly who she is isn't easy to explain :

Well, let's say that baby often has a teeny weeny pain
In little Mary!

CHORUS. In little Mary!

VIOLET. Mary! Mary! Dainty little Mary!
She's a fickle but a fascinating fairy!
So if baby boy should cry
And you want to find out why
Please enquire of little Mary!

CHORUS. Mary! Mary! etc.

2.

VIOLET. I've a jolly sort of uncle who is rather old and stout—
It's all through Mary!

CHORUS. Through little Mary!

VIOLET. And the only girl he takes with him whenever he goes
out,

Is little Mary!

CHORUS. Is little Mary!

VIOLET. Now he doesn't buy her diamonds or silly things like that,
And he never goes and purchases a pretty Paris hat ;
But he drives her to a restaurant, and, oh, she's getting
fat,

Is little Mary!

CHORUS. Is little Mary!

VIOLET. Mary! Mary! Dainty little Mary!
She's a fickle but a fascinating fairy!
And my uncle, with a sigh,
Says he'll live for her or die,
He's so fond of little Mary!

CHORUS. Mary! Mary! etc.

3.

- VIOLET. Now mamma is very delicate as anyone can see—
Ah, little Mary!
- CHORUS. Ah, little Mary!
- VIOLET. And it's not her fault she's given up her coffee and her
tea,
It's little Mary!
- CHORUS. It's little Mary!
- VIOLET. When we came across the other day the sun was nice
and hot,
And I quite enjoyed the journey, though the steamer
rolled a lot;
But mamma lay down and murmured "Oh, I wish I
hadn't got
A little Mary!
- CHORUS. A little Mary!
- VIOLET. Mary! Mary! Dainty little Mary!
She's a fickle but a fascinating fairy!
When you're crossing o'er the Channel,
You must wrap her up in flannel;
Oh, take care of little Mary!
- CHORUS. Mary! Mary! etc.

No. 4.

"THE UNEMPLOYED"

1.

We're true British labourers honest and free, but alas, we are
both unemployed,
It's not the least use of us trying to work for the coppers at once
get annoyed,
They shove us in gaol without a kind word, and I'm certain there's
no luck about,
For the moment we both of us get settled down, I am blest if
they don't let us out.

CHANT.

When will justice be done to England?
Why *don't* they allow us to *earn* our bread?
It ain't much *enjoyment*
To ask for *employment*
And *only* get work instead.
(*Dialogue through Symphony*).

One morning last winter we asked an old lady who lives at a house close to here,
 For a small drop of something to keep out the cold we'd both of us come over queer.
 Said she, "Here's a shovel, now clear off the snow—and you'll both have some nice lemonade."
 My heart was so brimful of honest disgust, I walked off with her blooming spade.

CHANT.

When will justice be done to England,
 The *pure* milk of *kindness* we *will* not discuss,
 But we *don't* want a dairy
 For our 'little *Mary*'
 It *doesn't* agree with us.

(*Four verses*).

No. 5. SONG (ZACCARY) and CHORUS.

"THE MONKEY AND THE COCOANUT."

1.

You know, one time, 'twas in a tropic clime,
 The weather was uncommonly hot,

CHORUS. We'd like to go there!

ZACCARY. I nearly burst with concentrated thirst,
 There wasn't any drink to be got!

CHORUS. It must be slow there!

ZACCARY. At last I see a lofty cocoa-tree,
 A monkey sitting perched on the crown:

CHORUS. And you below there!

ZACCARY. Now if I had the luck to make him mad
 The monkey ought to throw something down!
 I called him everything
 That I could say or sing;
 But calm and cool the monkey sat
 And kept his fingers shut—
 At last I merely said
 "I want to tax your bread!"

CHORUS. And what did the monkey say to that?

ZACCARY. He threw the cocoanut!

2.

- ZACCARY. I tried to make the monkey's rage awake,
To get another nut off the tree,
CHORUS. That's very clever!
ZACCARY. I offered stocks and shares in Northern Blocks
But not a single bid came to me—
CHORUS. None whatsoever!
ZACCARY. He proved too cool to try a Jungle pool,
He even left Consols on the shelf—
CHORUS. Oh, never! never!
ZACCARY. He did not feel inclined for U. S. steel,
He let the U. S. steal from itself!
I tried with Argentines!
Etruscan Copper Mines,
But calm and cool the monkey sat
And kept his fingers shut—
I said—"To skin the bears
You buy Lyceum Shares—
CHORUS. And what did the monkey say to that?
ZACCARY. He threw the cocoanut!

3.

- ZACCARY. I tried to fix his gaze on Politics,
Which generally makes people wild,
CHORUS. With irritation!
ZACCARY. I said "I find that Ritchie has resigned,"
The monkey only sat there and smiled—
CHORUS. What aggravation!
ZACCARY. I thought perhaps a year would not elapse
Before we lost another, or two—
CHORUS. By resignation!
ZACCARY. And though our deft Prime Minister is left
Without the others what will he do!
I told him eight or nine
Might probably resign
But calm and cool the monkey sat
And kept his fingers shut:
I said "But still, they say—
That Brodrick means to stay—"
CHORUS. And what did the monkey say to that?
ZACCARY. He threw the cocoanut!

No. 6. DUET.

RONALD *and* Jo (Percy Greenbank).

Jo. I never was so thoroughly wretched and sad in all my life.

(*Sighing.*) Ah me! A-lack-a-day! Alas!

RONALD. Just fancy finding out that you're married to someone else's wife!

Ah me! A-lack-a-day! Alas!

Jo. Though rudeness as a general thing I very much deplore,
You'll pardon me for mentioning I find you a bit of a bore.

RONALD. I feel exactly the same myself, but didn't say so before!

BOTH. Ah me! Alack-a-day! Alas!

Jo. For four and twenty hours I haven't had half a chance to flirt,

Ah me! Alack-a-day! Alas!

RONALD. A honeymoon's not quite so romantic as foolish folks assert.

Ah me! Alack-a-day! Alas!

Jo. Until I meet my Guy once more, I shan't have a moment's peace;
Things can't go on like this, you know, our troubles will only increase.

RONALD. Yes, that's quite true, but oh, my Aunt, I wish I wasn't in Nice!

BOTH. Ah me! Alack-a-day! Alas!

Jo. (*More brightly*) Now only suppose
We forgot all our woes,
And behaved in a manner less haughty,

RONALD. We might try, if we could,
Not to be quite so good,
Oh, in fact, we'd be thoroughly naughty!

Jo. Ev'ry person to-day
Is so happy and gay

RONALD. And the Carnival's really begun.
Let us try how it feels
Just to kick up our heels,
And to join in the general fun!

BOTH. For we must relieve our feelings just a little, little bit!
 There are such a lot of things we want to see;
 As we find it rather slow,
 You and I had better go
 On the spree, spree, spree, spree, spree!
 (*Dance.*)
 (*Suddenly after dance they stop and resume the first slow metre, on which they exeunt.*)

No. 7. QUARTETTE and CHORUS.

Jo, RONALD, THISBE, ZACCARY and DEBUTANTES.

“MIXED UP.”

ZACCARY. (*To Jo.*)
 What is the meaning of this?
 Do not my anger provoke!

THISBE. Something is clearly amiss,
 Is it a practical joke?

RONALD. Tell him that *we're* not to blame,
 (*To Jo.*) How were we ever to guess—

Jo. That may be true—all the same
 Here is a muddle and mess!

ALL. Mixed up! Mixed up!
 How will affairs be fixed up?
 Will they get straight
 If we only wait,
 Say, for a week or two?
 How we wonder
 Who was it made the blunder?
 Ev'rything's got
 In a sort of a knot
 Which we can't undo.

2.

ZACCARY. Really, my brain's in a whirl,
 Tell me the truth if you can,

THISBE. Oh! you unfortunate girl!
 Oh! you unfortunate man!

RONALD. What in the world shall we do?
 Marriage a failure will be,

Jo. I don't much care about you,
 You don't much care about me!

ALL. Mixed up, mixed up! etc.

No. 8. "BEDELIA."

1.

There's a charming little lady who's a patron of the play,
 She goes to Theatres every night and every Matinee;
 Her name it is Bedelia and I wish she were my own,
 But her eyes are always on the baritone.
 Oh! Bedelia, can't you let the man alone?

CHORUS.

Bedelia, I'm going to steal yer!
 Bedelia, you are a Queen!
 I'll be your Hayden Coffin,
 If you'll be my Evie Green.
 Say something sweet, Bedelia,
 Your voice I want to hear,
 Oh! Bedelia—elia—elia!
 I've made up my mind to steal yer, steal yer,
 Steal yer, Bedelia dear!

2.

She declares that Charlie Hawtrey is the only Romeo,
 She's in love with Wilson Barrett—that's a little fact I know;
 Of his manly head and shoulders he sent her a photograph;
 And she's now gone out to buy the other half,
 But she says his Hamlet never made her laugh.

CHORUS.

Bedelia, I'm going to steal yer,
 Bedelia, next Saturday,
 I'll be your Maurice Farkoa,
 If you'll be my Edna May.
 Be kind to me, Bedelia,
 I've got a pain just here,
 Oh! Bedelia—elia—elia, etc.

3.

She says that "In Dahomey" is by far her favourite play,
 But admits that on the whole it's very like the "Only Way"
 In music nobody is more conservative than she,
 For she loves the "Honeysuckle and the Bee"
 But she wants to hear it sung by Beerbohm Tree.

CHORUS.

Bedelia, I'm going to steal yer !
 Bedelia, the way is clear,
 I'll be your Martin Harvey
 If you'll be my Louie Freear ;
 For you, my sweet Bedelia,
 I've waited half the year,
 Oh! Bedelia—elia—elia, etc.

No. 9. SONG.

"ROSE-A-RUBIE."

(*Written and Composed by Bernard Nolt.*)

1.

There's a girl I want you all to know,
 Rose-a-Rubie is her name,
 Just because her skin is pink and snow,
 And her lips are like a flame.
 All night long whenever she's the chance,
 She'll get out and go and play.
 All the boys want her to dance,
 This is what you hear them say.

REFRAIN.

Rose-a-Rubie, d'you mean to dance to-night ?
 The band's a-playing and the feet go light,
 All the other boys and girls are there
 And if you are not ready, do be !
 Steal out softly, we haven't far to go,
 And bring your slippers with the pointed toe,
 It's simply ripping
 When you start tripping,
 Come along, my Rose-a-Rubie !

2.

In and out she'll pirouette and whirl,
 Holding up her pretty gown,
 Much more like a feather than a girl,
 Or a piece of thistle down.
 If she comes to London by and by,
 When you see her fresh and sweet,
 Ev'ry one of you will sigh—
 Kneeling at her dainty feet.

REFRAIN.

No. 10.

“I MUST PROPOSE TO YOU.”

(*Words and Music by Paul A. Rubens.*)

1.

I've been waiting for some sort of sign
That you want this little heart of mine,

Daily, weekly, humbly, meekly,
I've been waiting, won't you answer?
Love is blind, but I can plainly see
You are really *quite* in love with me.

I love you, dear, that you know, dear,
Won't you say one word?

REFRAIN.

(*Very slowly and softly all the refrain.*)

You're fond of me, I know, and I'm fond of you,
What is the only thing for us to do?

If you do not propose what you mean to do,
I must propose to you.

(*Repeat refrain.*)