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Songs and Excerpts

FROM

BABES IN TOY LAND

A Musical Extravaganza

BOOK & LYRICS BY

GLEN MAC DONOUGH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT.

VOCAL SCORE, Pr. $2.00 net.
" " 6/- "

VOCAL GEMS, Pr. 50¢ net.
" " 2/- "

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THE ROCHESTER CIVIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION

presents

THE ROCHESTER CIVIC OPERA COMPANY

in

"BABES IN TOYLAND"

A Musical Extravaganza in Three Acts

▼

Friday and Saturday Evenings
Saturday Matinee
December 30 and 31, 1932

EASTMAN THEATRE

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

closed shelf
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BABES IN TOYLAND.

Produced under the Personal Direction of Julian Mitchell.

Libretto by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Alan, nephew of Barnaby	WILLIAM NORRIS
Uncle Barnaby, a rich miser in love with Contrary Mary	George W. Denham
Jane, his niece	Mabel Barrison
Hilda, maid of all work in the Piper household	Hulda Halvers
Roderigo, a sentimental ruffian	Elmer Tenley
Gonzorgo, his hard-hearted partner	Charles Barry
The Widow Piper, a lonely widow with fourteen children	Hattie Delaro
Tom Tom, her eldest son	Bessie Wynn
Simple Simon, who is fond of fairs	Virginia Foltz
Peter, who has a passion for pumpkin pie	Edith Browning
Tommy Tucker, who sings for his supper and everything else	Doris Mitchell
Jack, who does chores	Catherine Flynn
Boy Blue, who wants to be a farmer	Bertha Krieghoff
Bobby Shaftoe, who wants to be a sailor	Myrtle Mc Grain
Contrary Mary, the Widow Piper's eldest daughter	Amy Ricard
Bo Peep, who is a careless shepherdess	Nella Webb
Jill, who helps Jack	Nellie Daly
Sallie Waters, who wants to get married	Mary Walsh
Miss Muffett, who is afraid of spiders	Irene Cromwell
Curly Lock, who wants to wed a title	Belle Robinson
Red Riding Hood, who is devoted to her grandmother	Susie Kelleher
The Brown Bear	Walter Schrode
Gurtrude, a peasant	Frances Marie
The Spirit of the Oak	Margaret Sutherland
The Spirit of the Pine	Georgia Baron
The Spirit of the Willow	Albertina Benson
The Spirit of the Maple	Mabel Frenyear
The Giant Spider	Robert Burns
Master Toymaker, who designs the toys of the world	Mark Smith
Grumio, apprentice at the Master Toymaker's workshop	Charles Guyer
Inspector Marmaduke, of the Toyland Police	Gus Pixley

Dandies, Butterflies, Flower Girls, French Dolls, Punches, Dutch Dolls, Trumpeters, Drummers, Widows.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

PROLOGUE.—Scene I—Exterior of Uncle Barnaby's house II—Electric storm at sea and wreck of the Galleon.

ACT I.—Scene I—Country fete in Contrary Mary's garden. II—Garden wall back of the garden. III—Spider's Forest. IV—The Floral Palace of the Moth Queen.

ACT II.—Scene I—The Christmas Tree Grove in Toyland. II—A street in Toyland. III—The Master Toymaker's Workshop. IV—Exterior of Master Toymaker's Castle.

ACT III.—The Courtyard of the Toyland Palace of Justice.

Musical Director . . . . . MAX HIRSCHFELD

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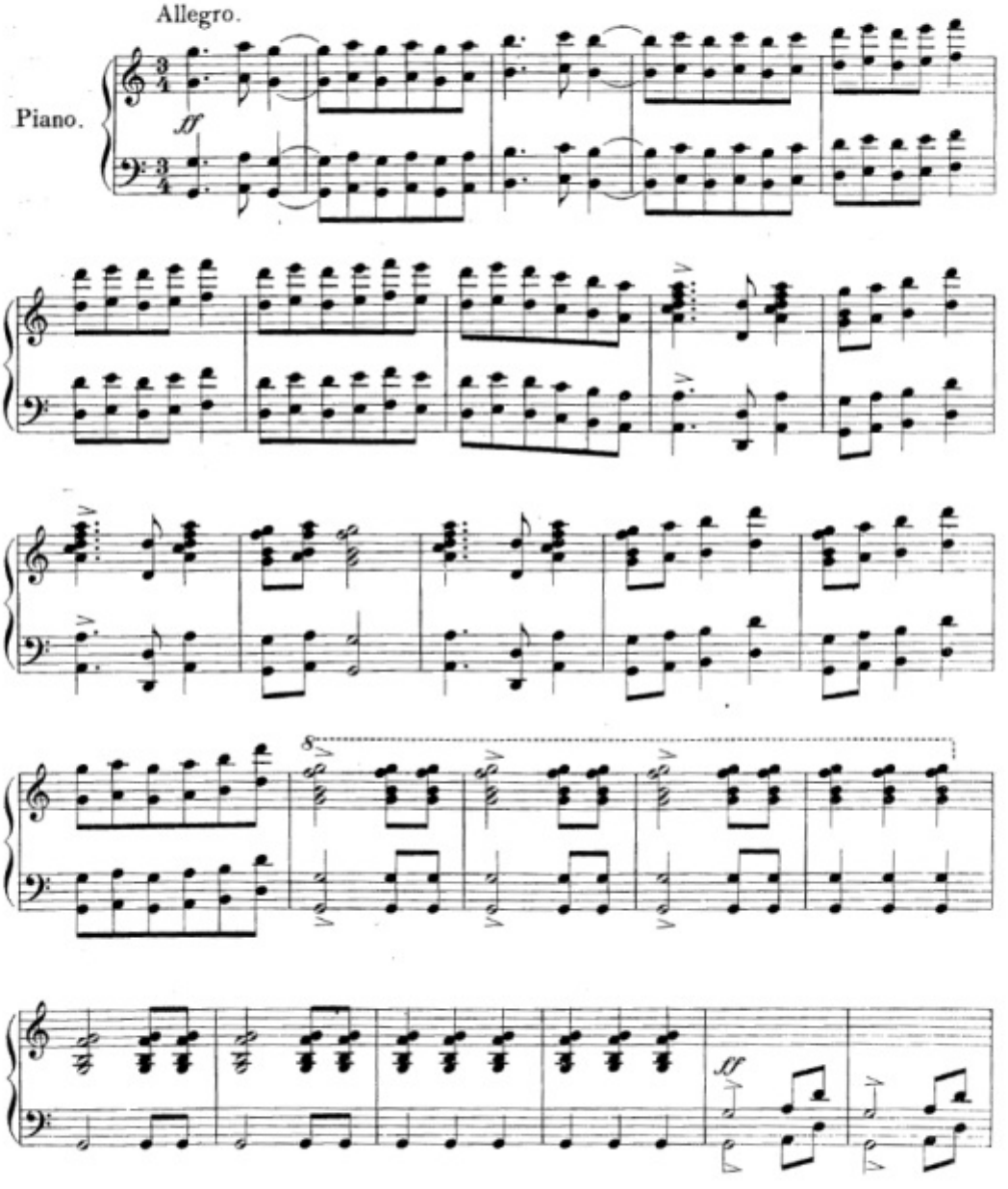
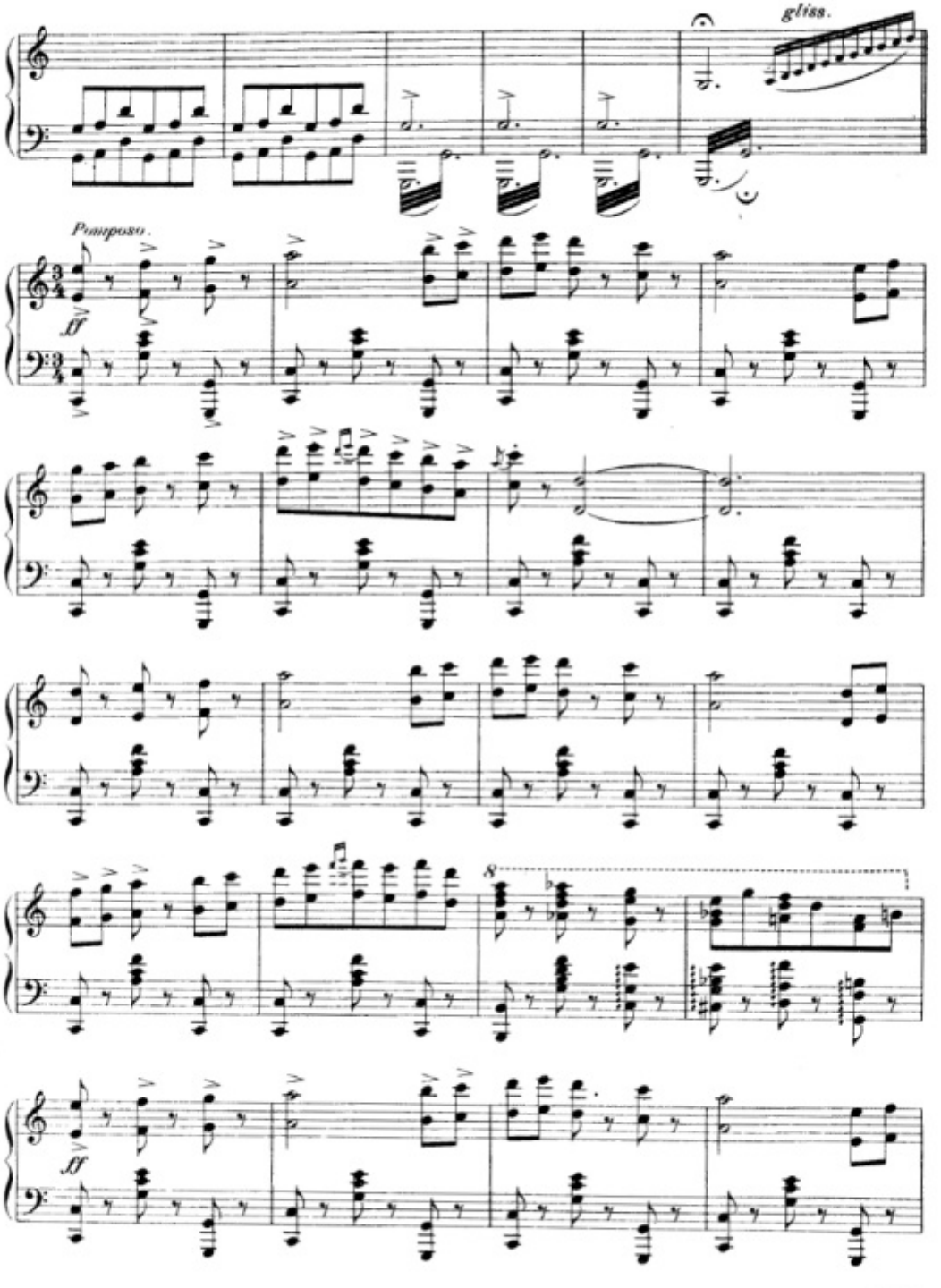
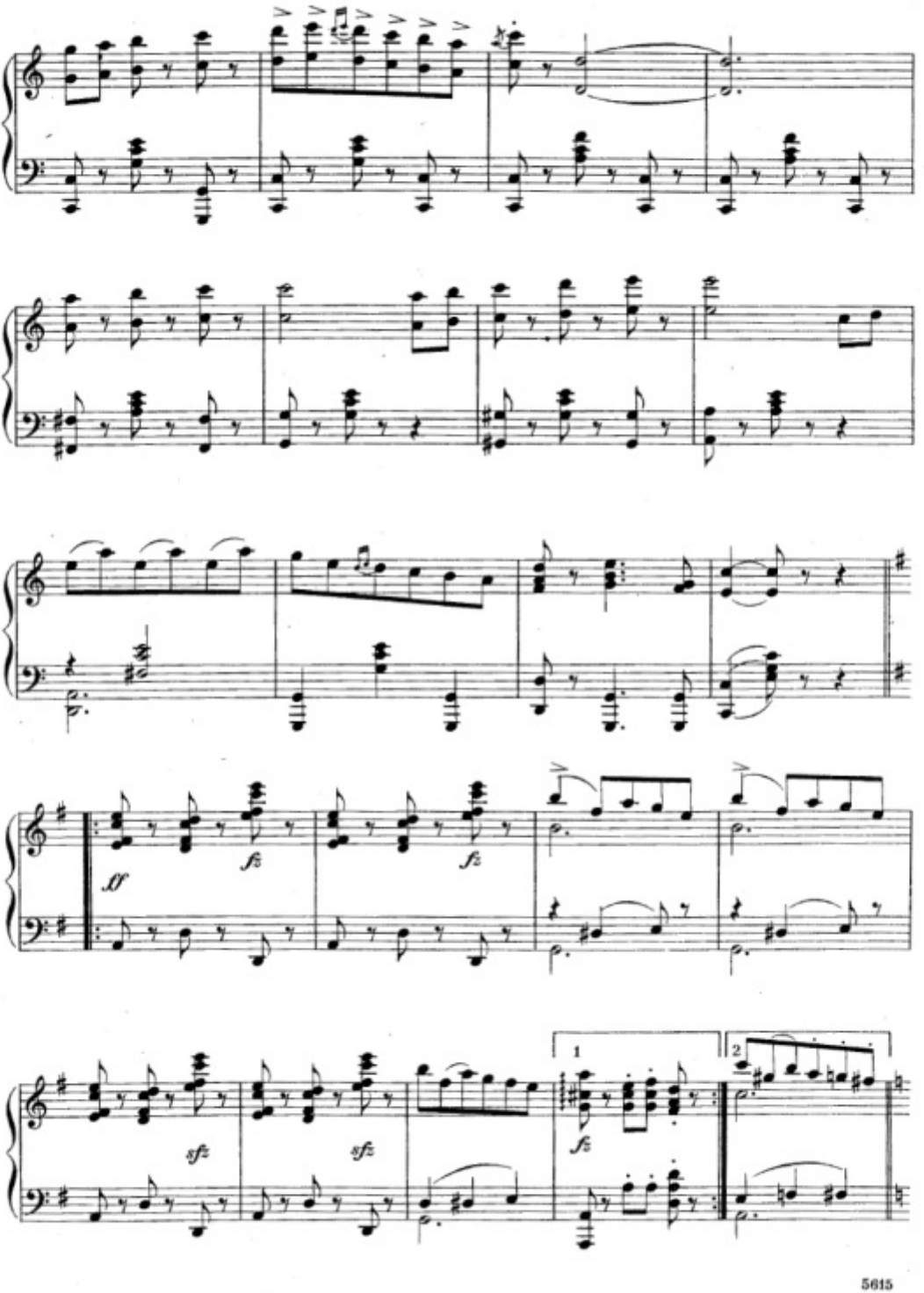
Country Dance.

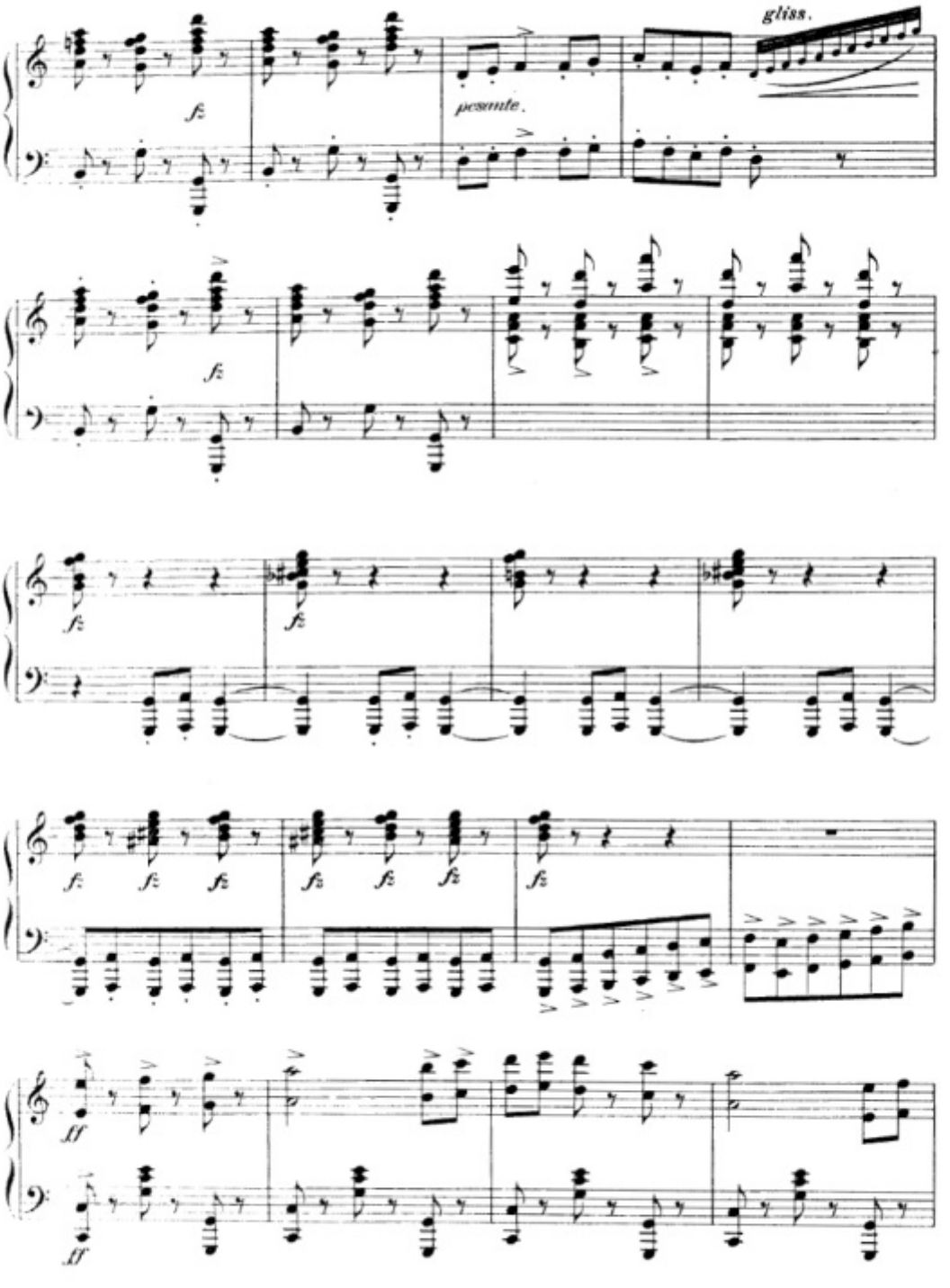
№ 1.

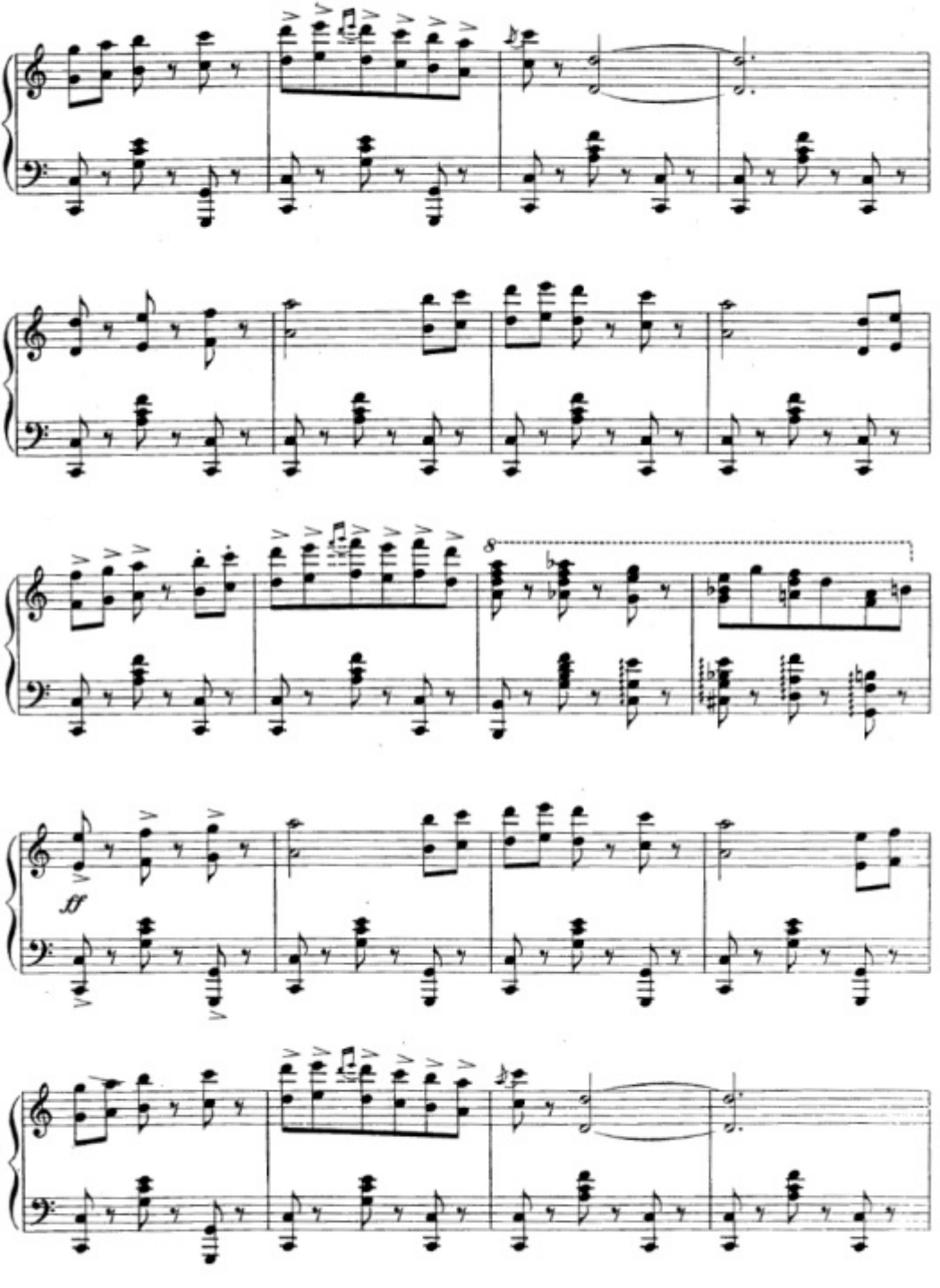
by VICTOR HERBERT.

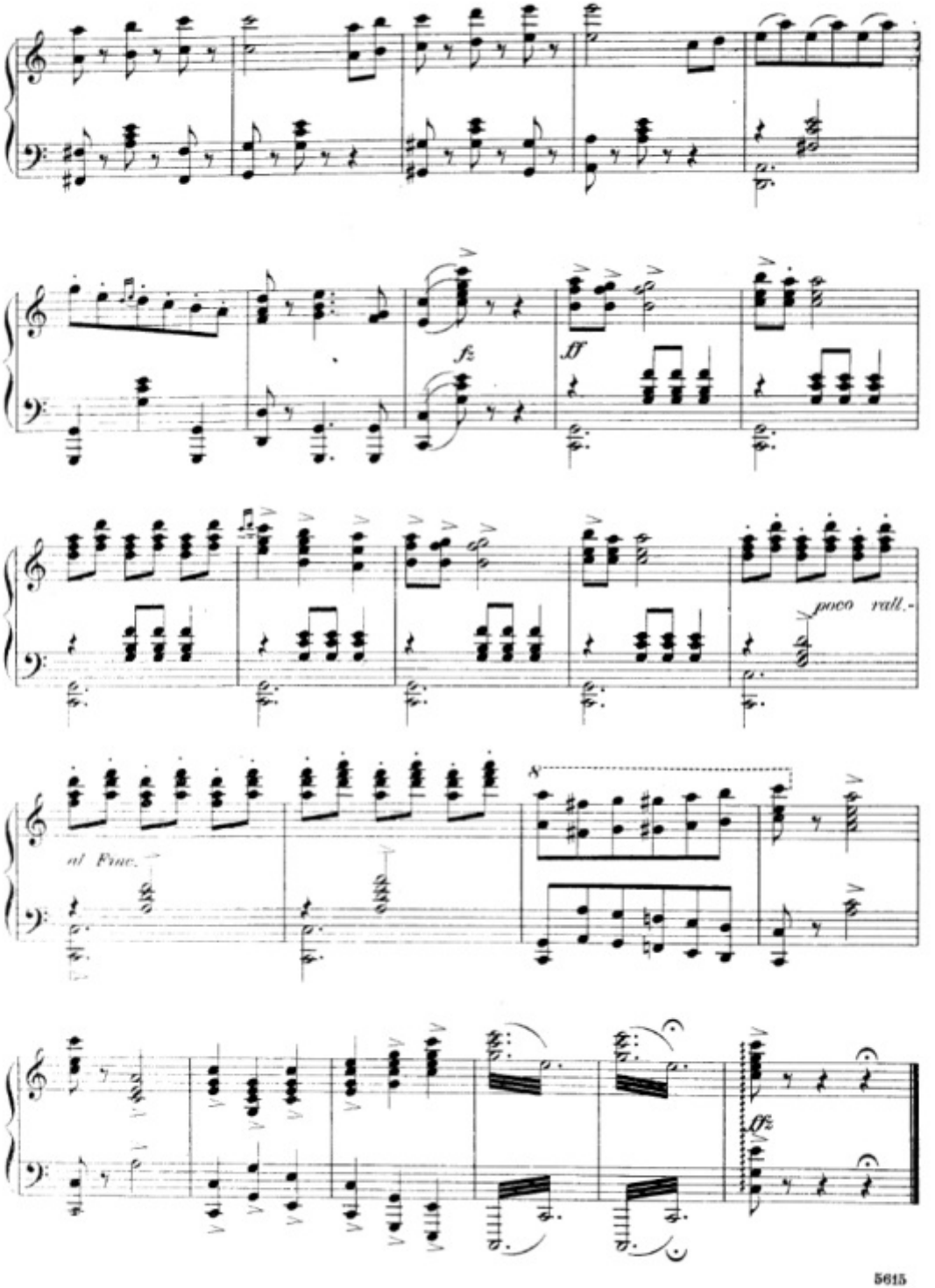



gliss.
Ritenuto.
ff
8
ff


fz
fz
fff
sfz
sfz
fz
1
2


gliss.
pesante.
fz
ff

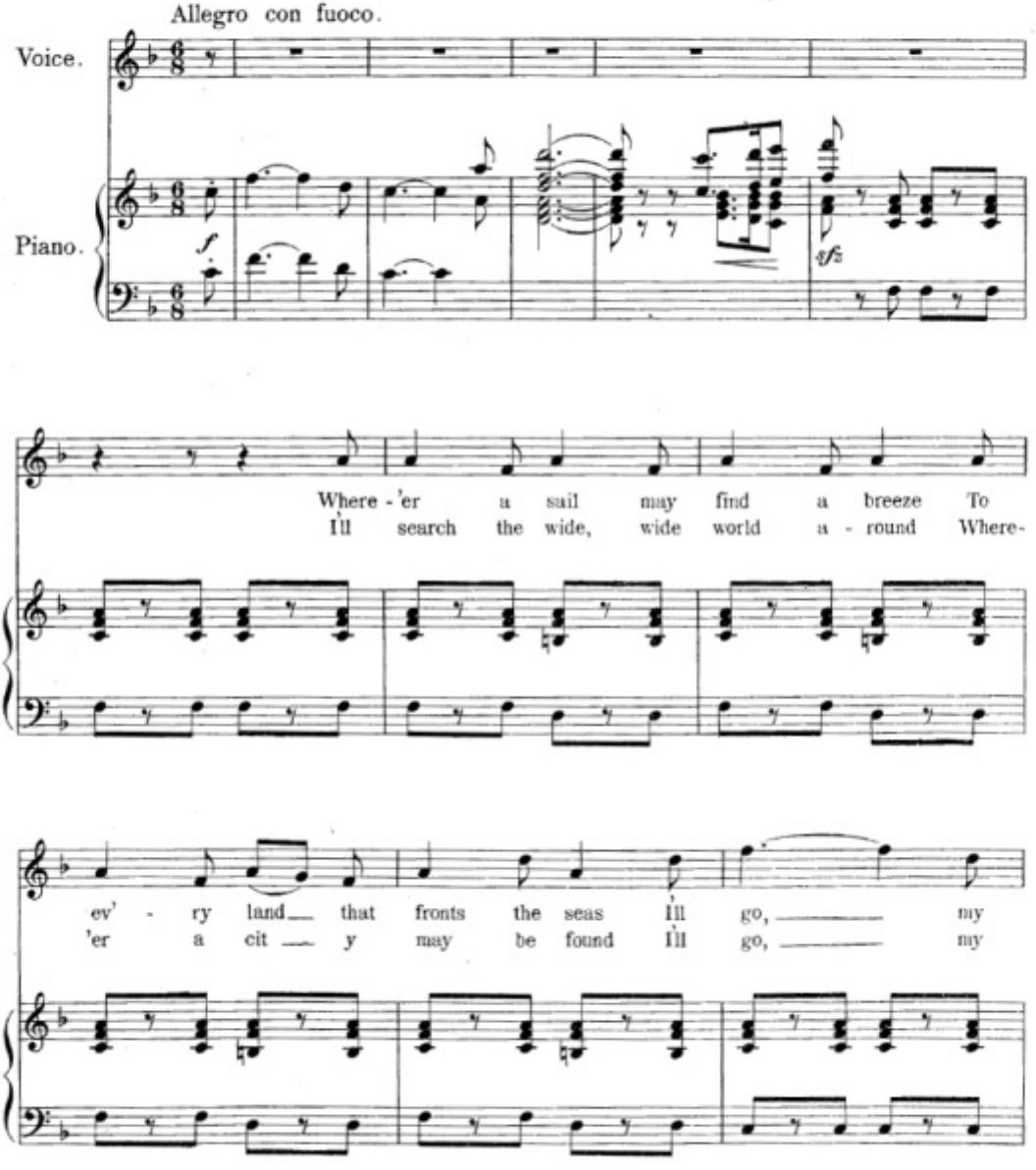

8
ff


fz
ff
poco rall.
al Fine.

No 2. With Downcast Eye.

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



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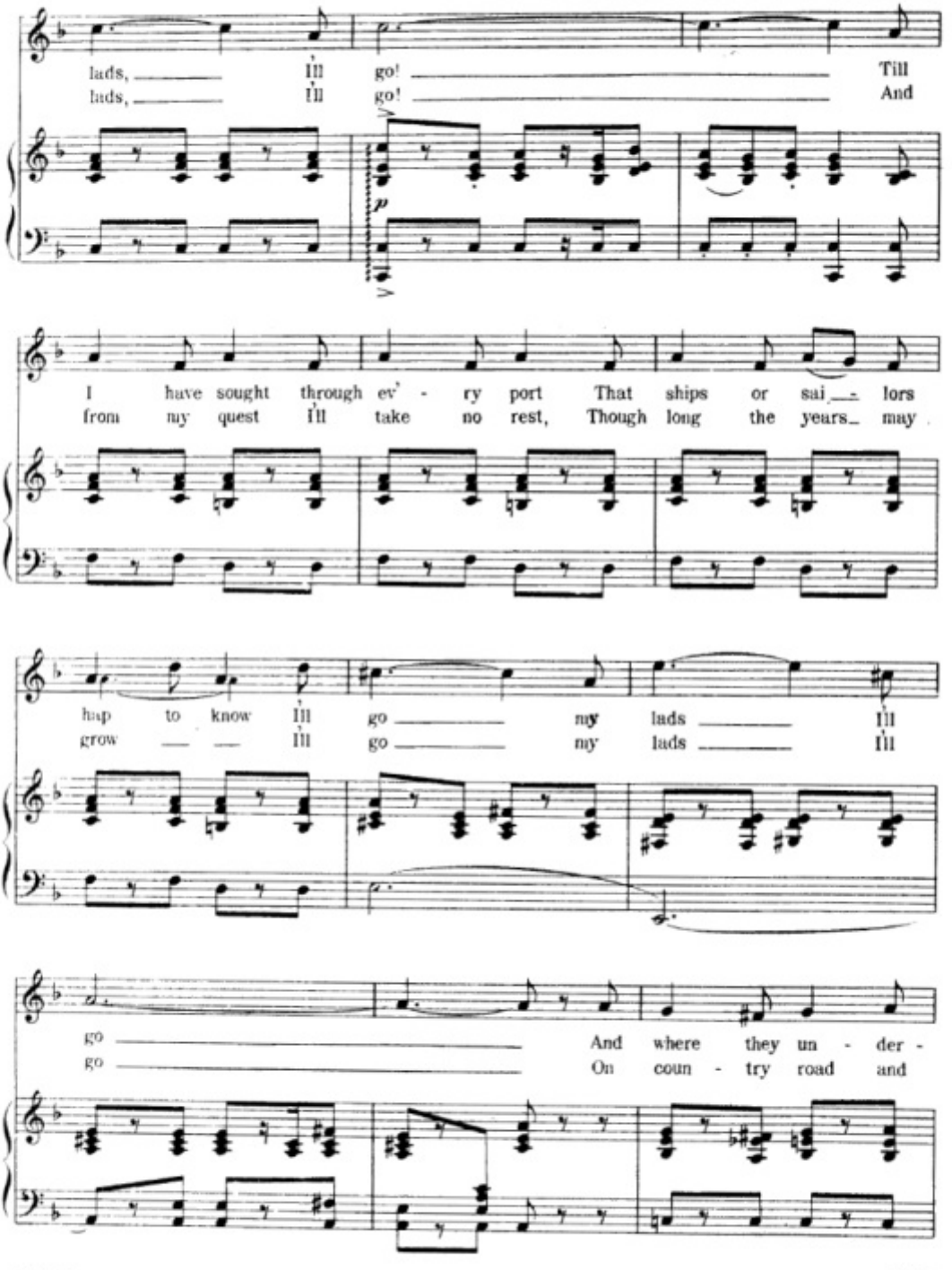
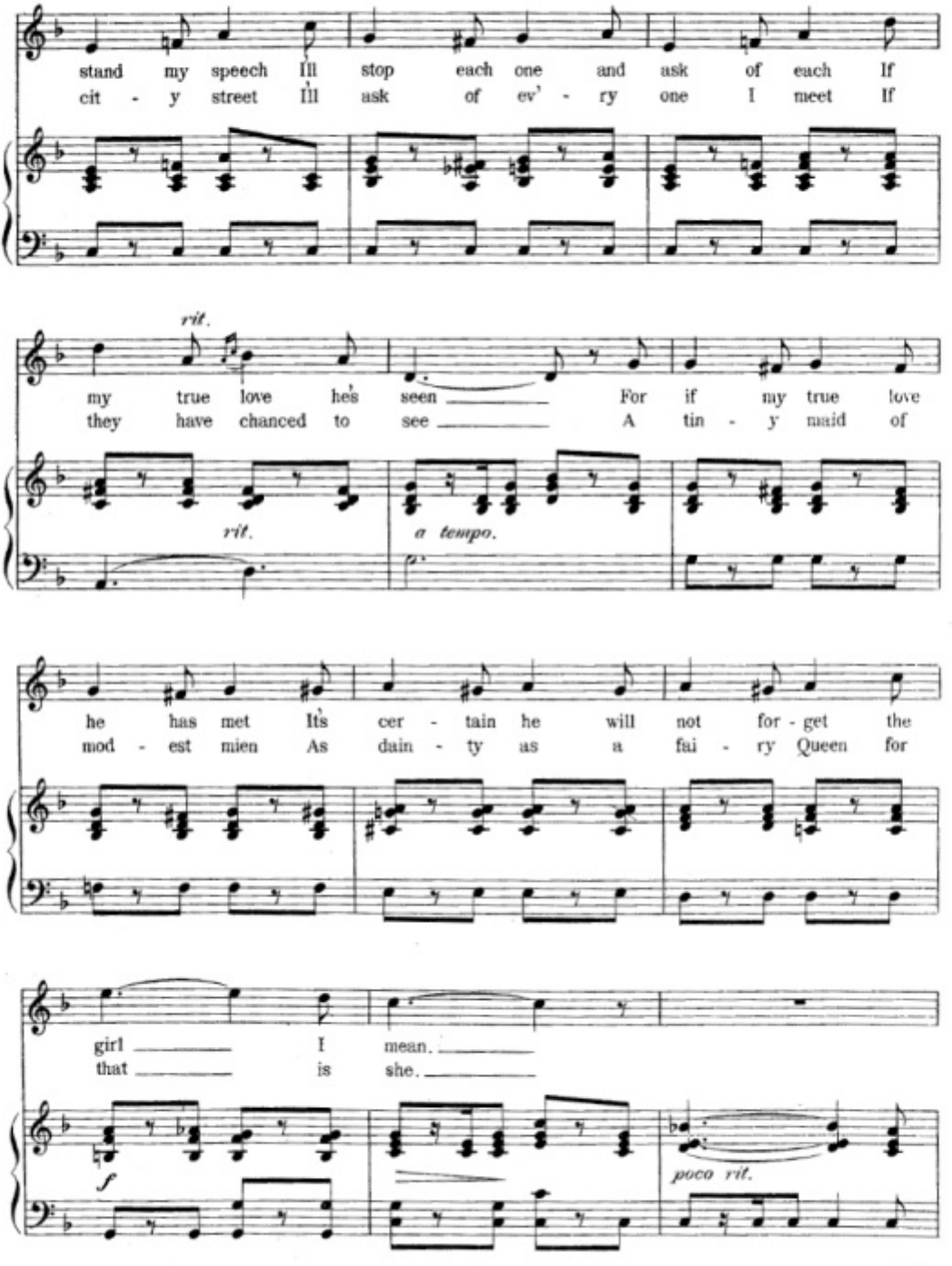
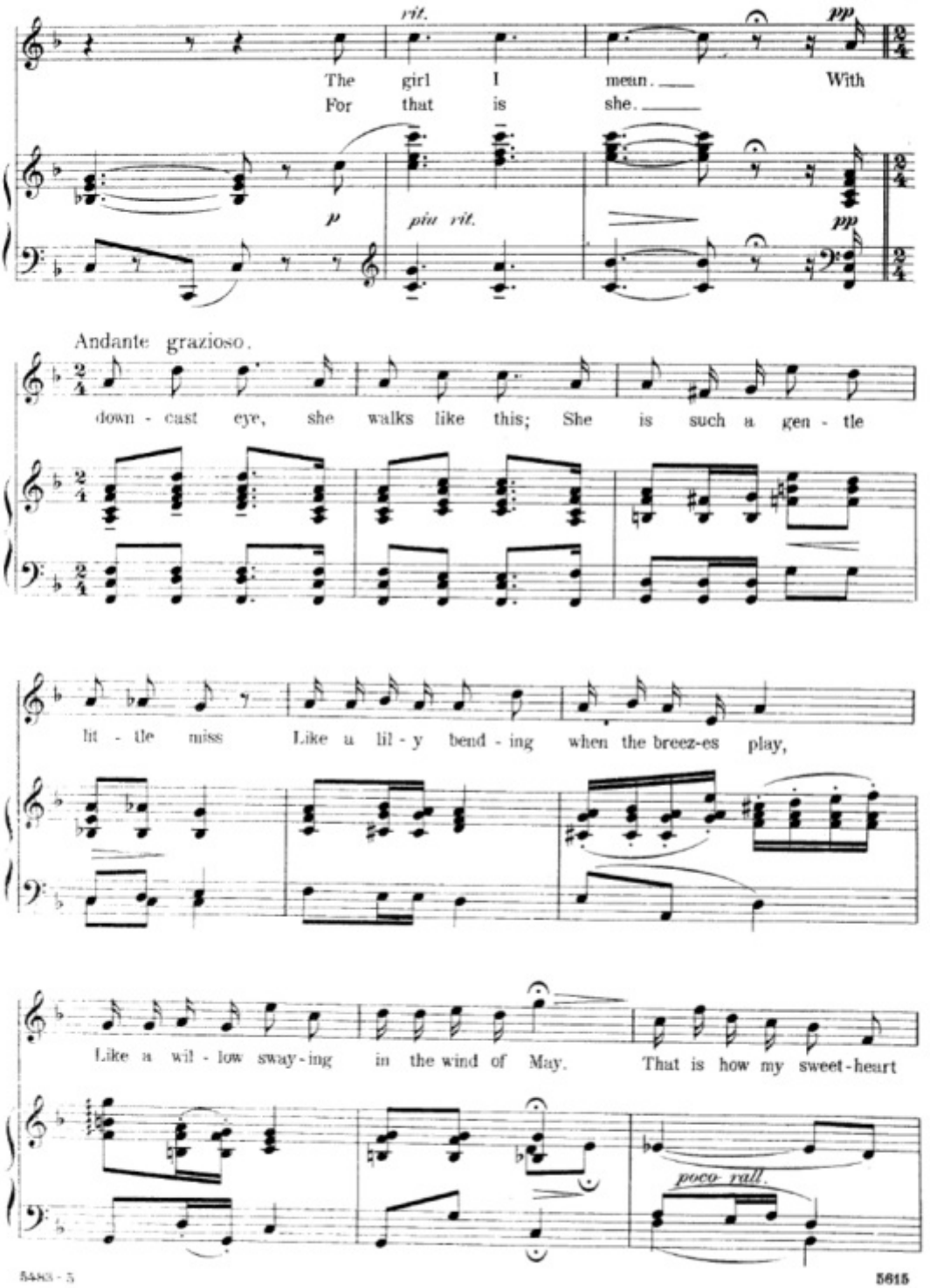
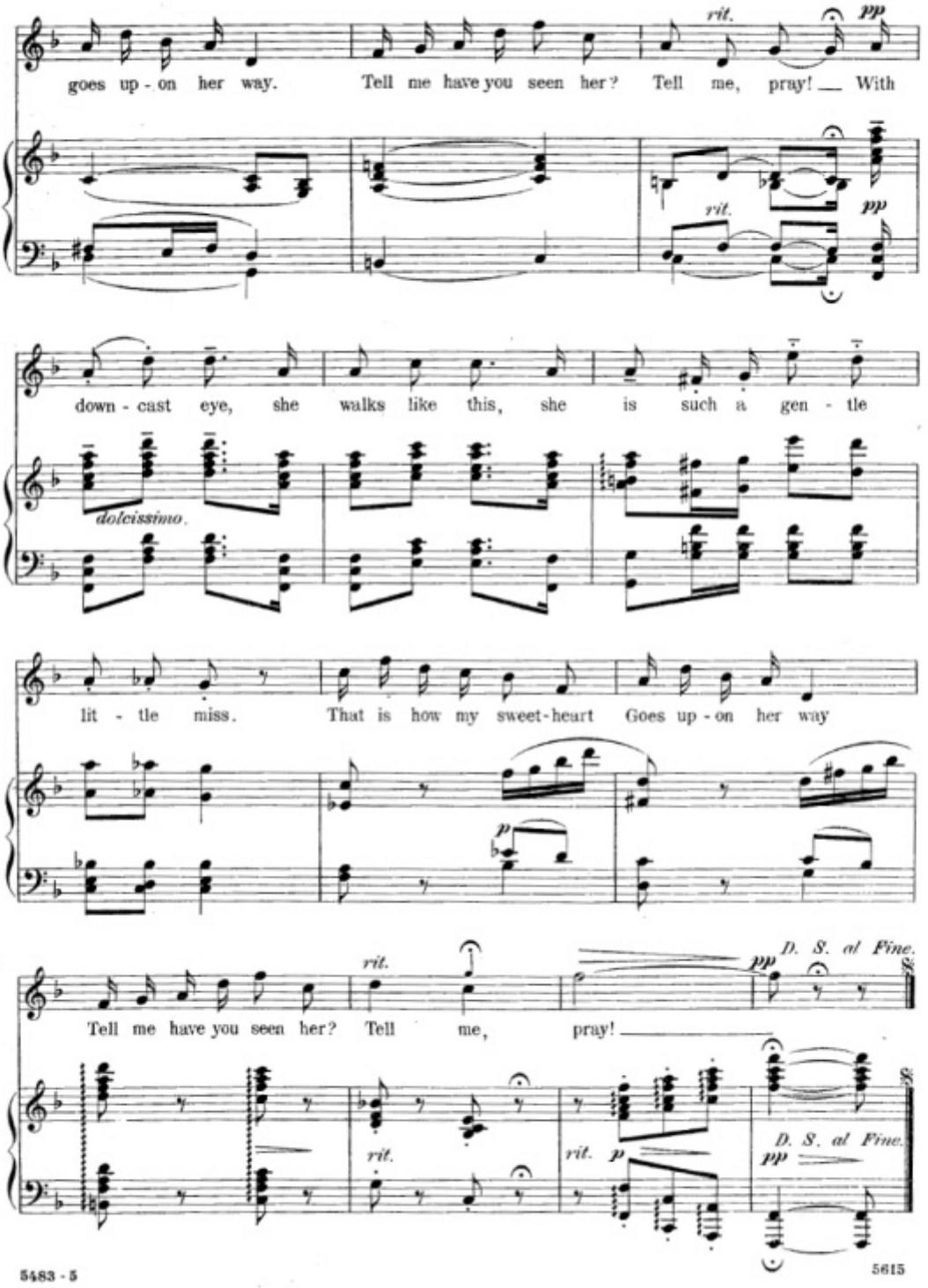

lads, I'll go! Till
lads, I'll go! And
I have sought through ev' - ry port That ships or sai - lors
from my quest I'll take no rest, Though long the years may
hap to know I'll go my lads I'll
grow I'll go my lads I'll
go And where they un - der -
go On coun - try road and


stand my speech I'll stop each one and ask of each If
cit - y street I'll ask of ev' - ry one I meet If
rit.
my true love he's seen For if my true love
they have chanced to see A tin - y maid of
rit.
a tempo.
he has met It's cer - tain he will not for - get the
mod - est mien As dain - ty as a fai - ry Queen for
girl I mean.
that is she.
f
poco rit.

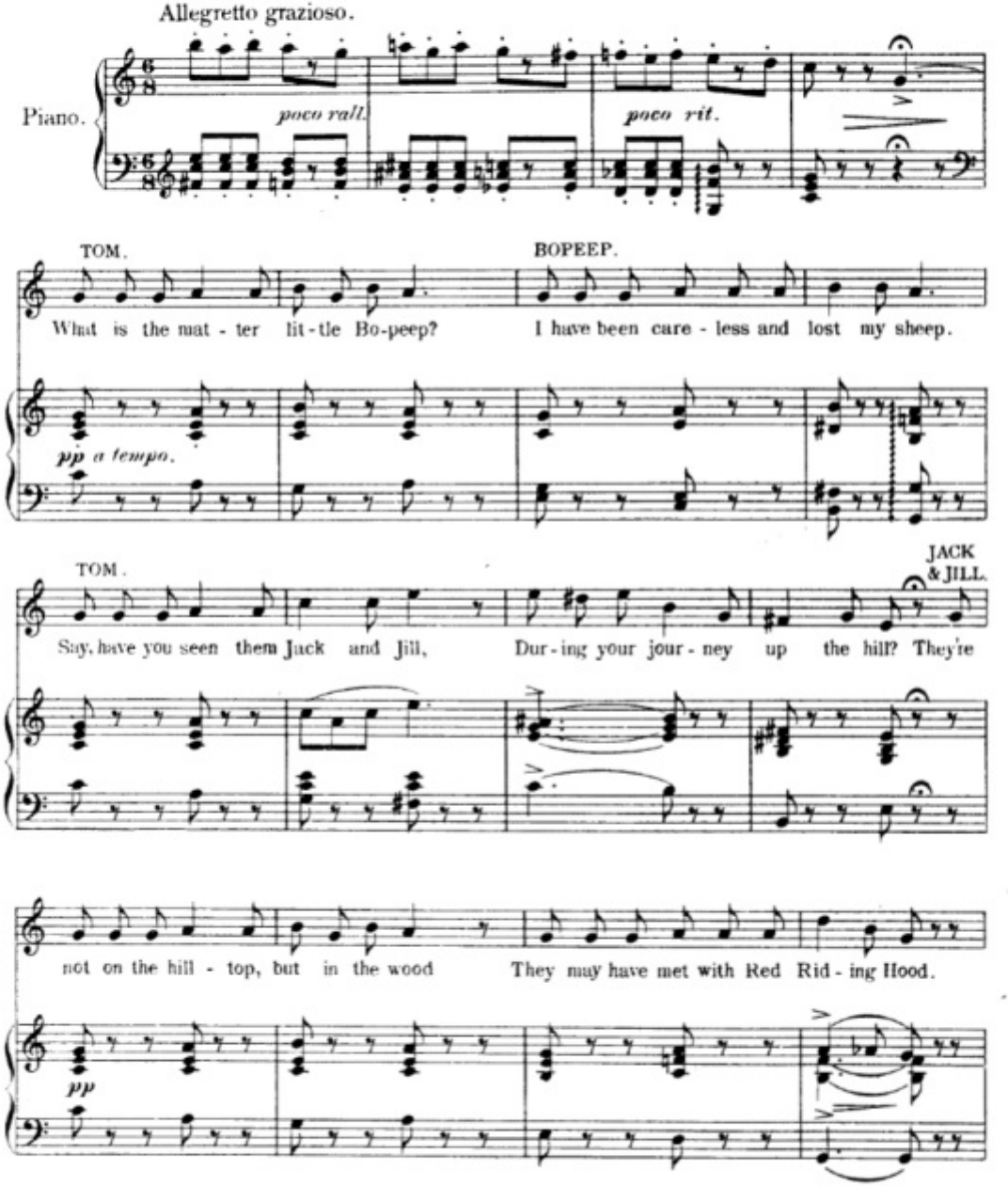

rit.
pp
The girl I mean. With
For that is she.
p
più rit.
pp
Andante grazioso.
down - cast eye, she walks like this; She is such a gen - tle
lit - tle miss Like a lil - y bend - ing when the breez-es play,
Like a wil - low sway - ing in the wind of May. That is how my sweet - heart
poco rall.

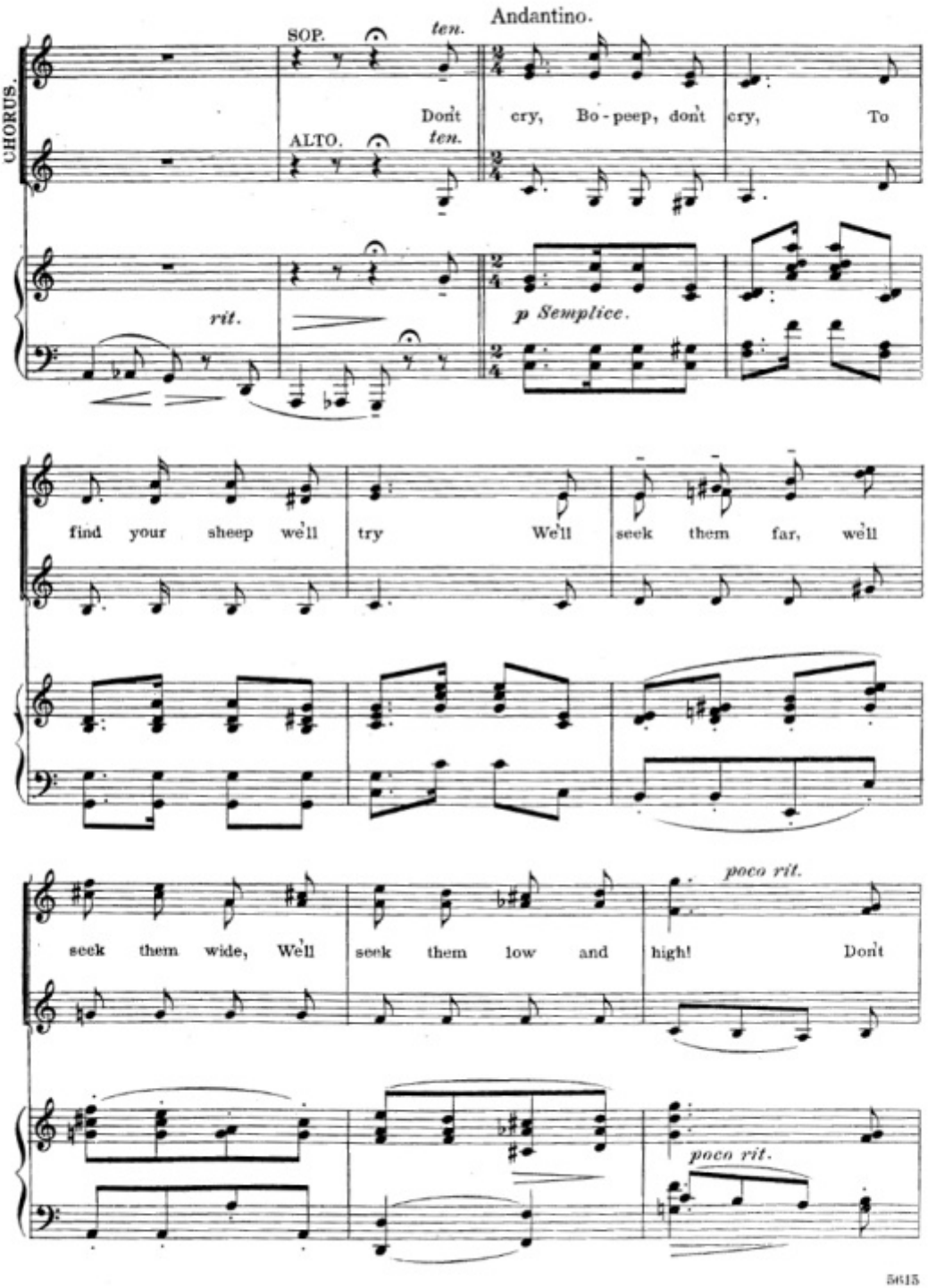

goes up - on her way. Tell me have you seen her? Tell me, pray! With
rit.
pp
down - cast eye, she walks like this, she is such a gen - tle
dolcissimo.
lit - tle miss. That is how my sweet-heart Goes up - on her way
p
Tell me have you seen her? Tell me, pray!
D. S. al Fine.

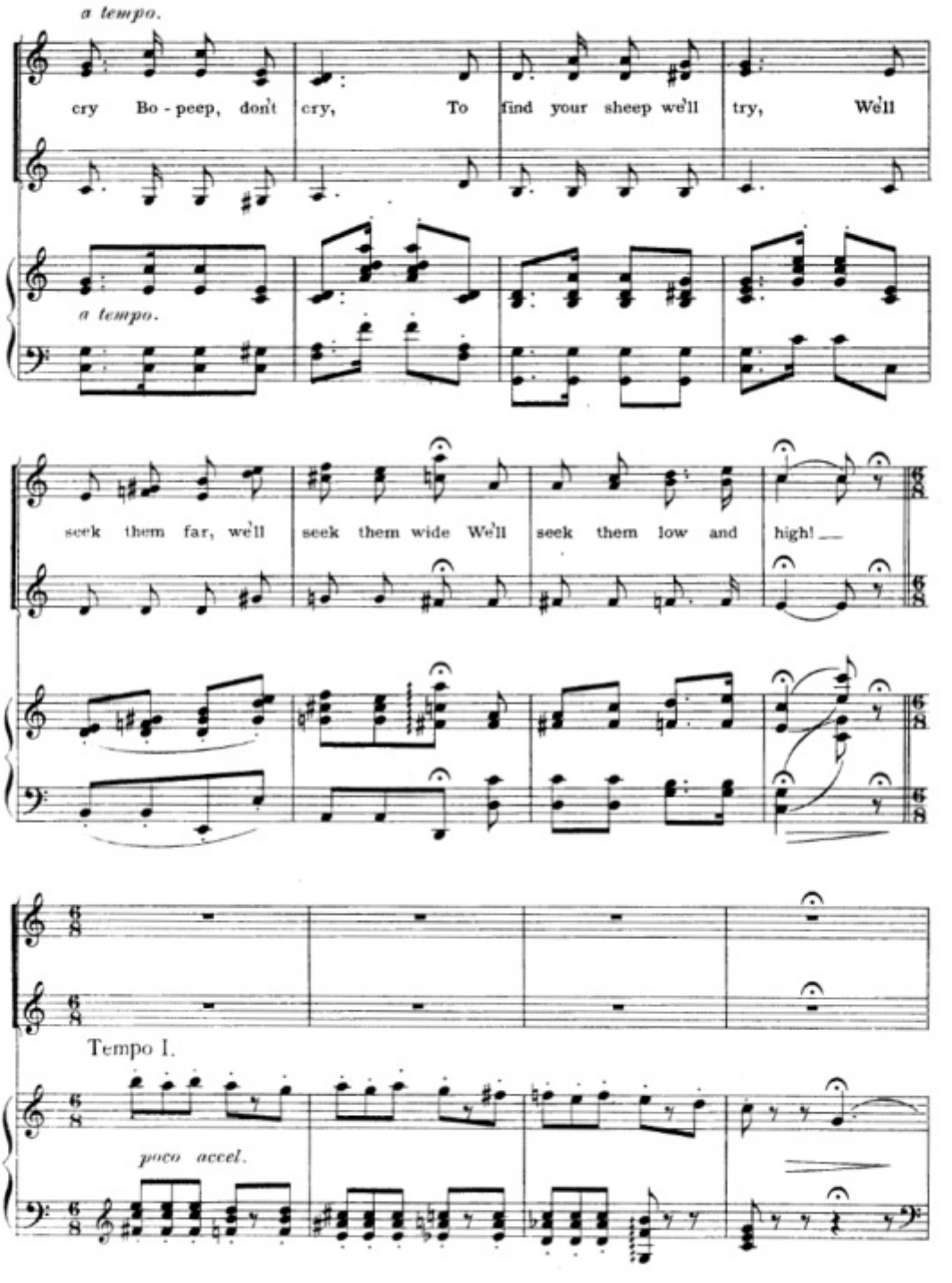
Never Mind Bopeep We Will Find Your Sheep.

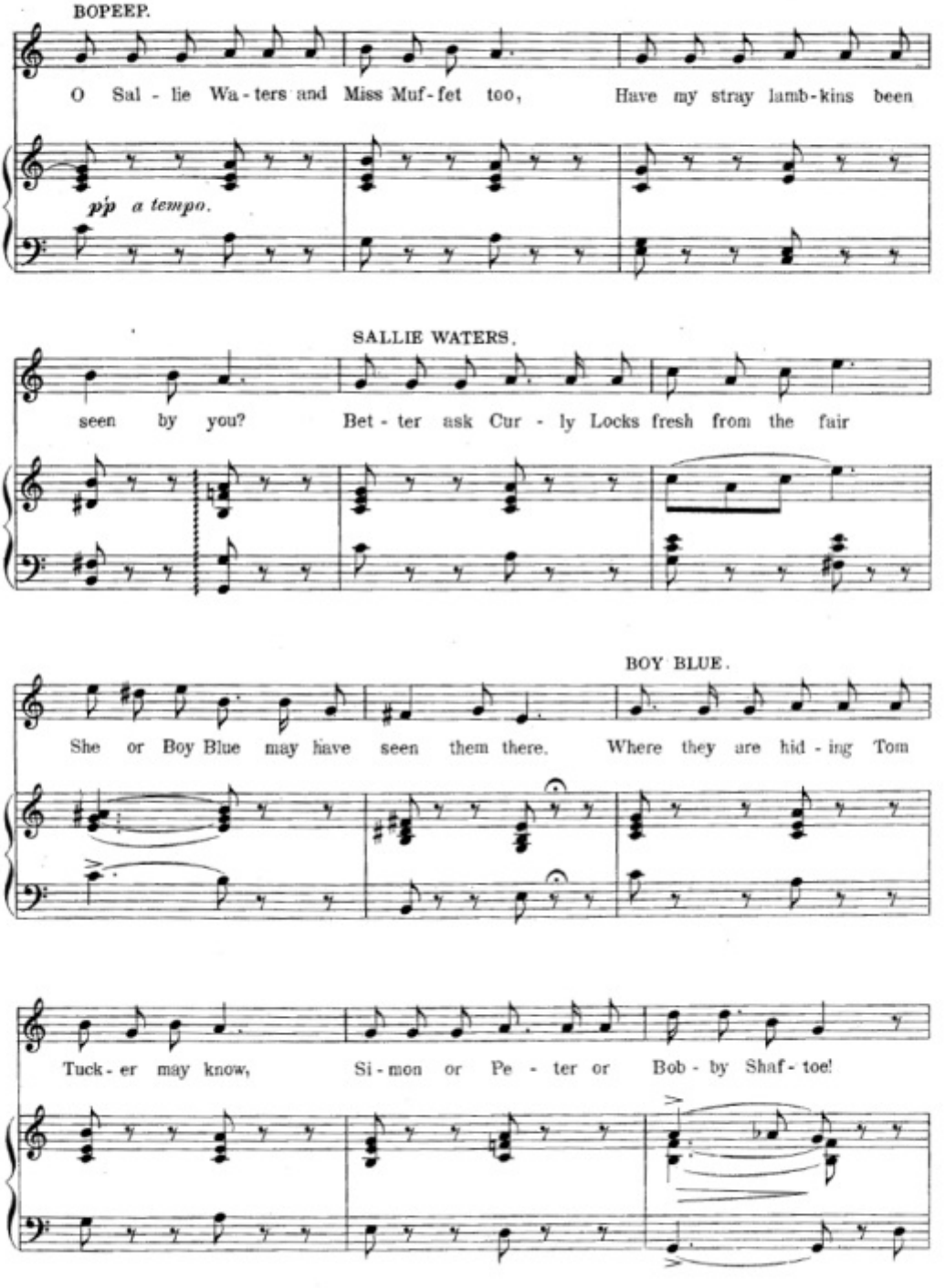
No 3.

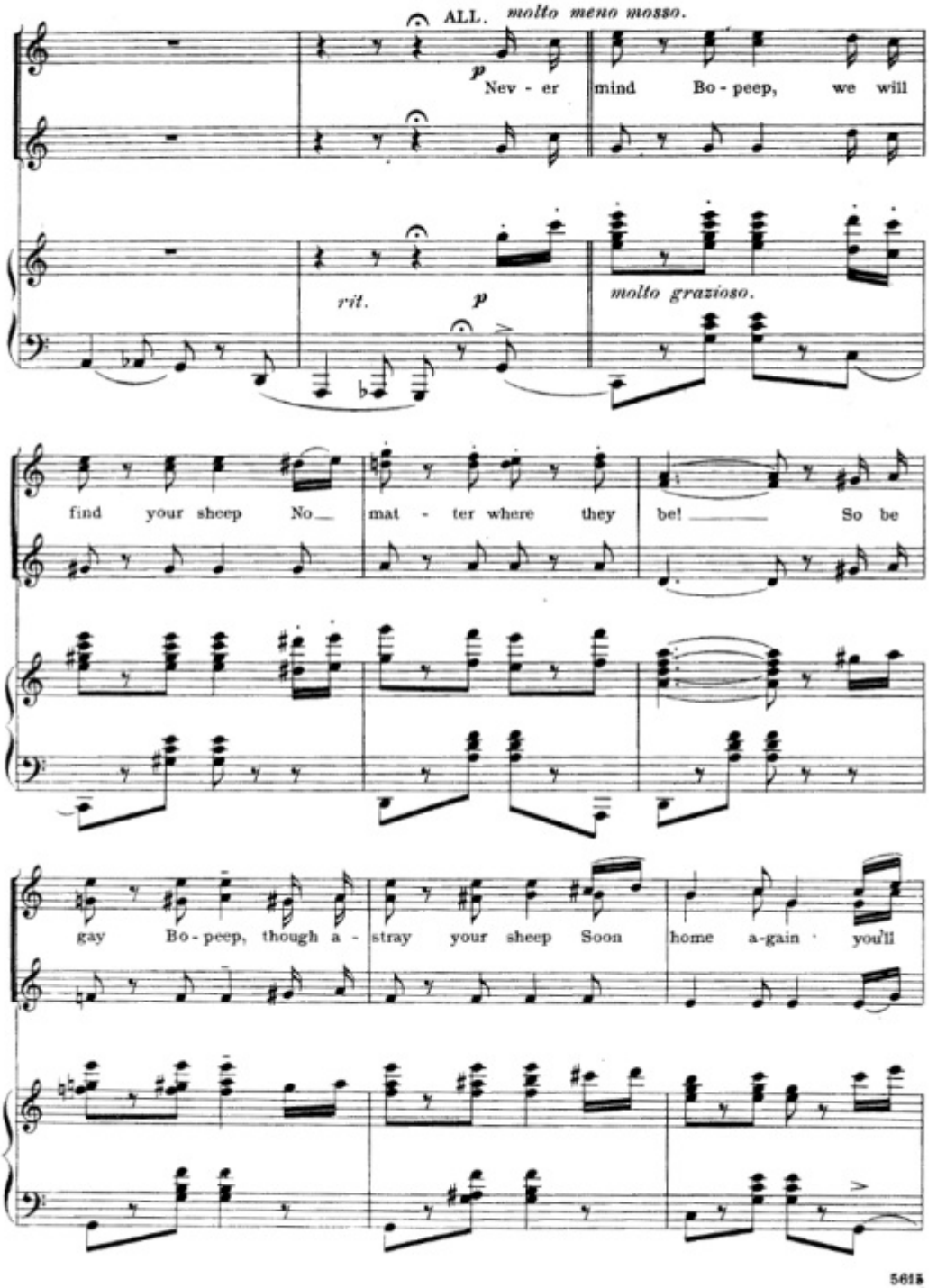
Bopeep Tom Tom and Widow Piper's Children.

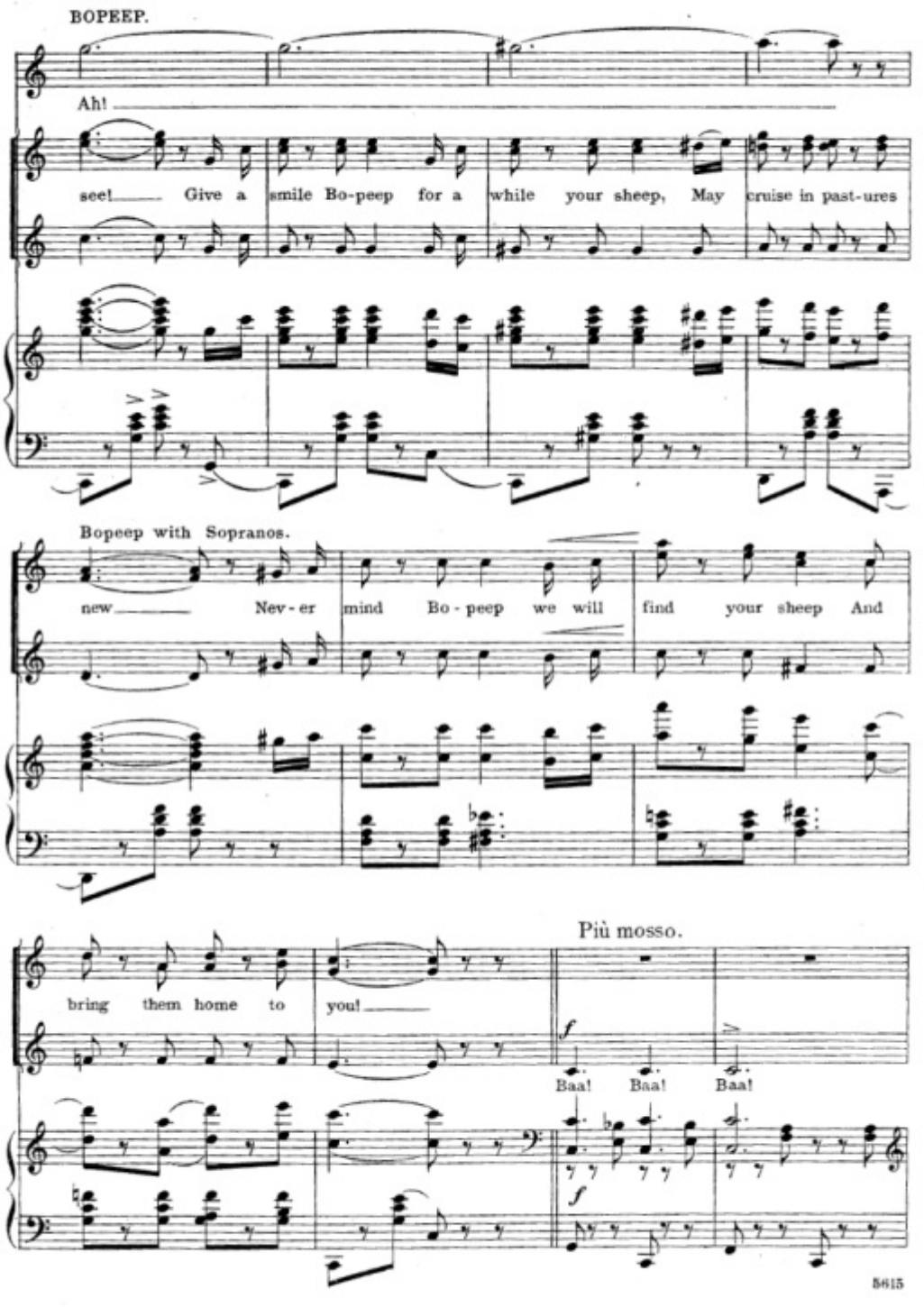


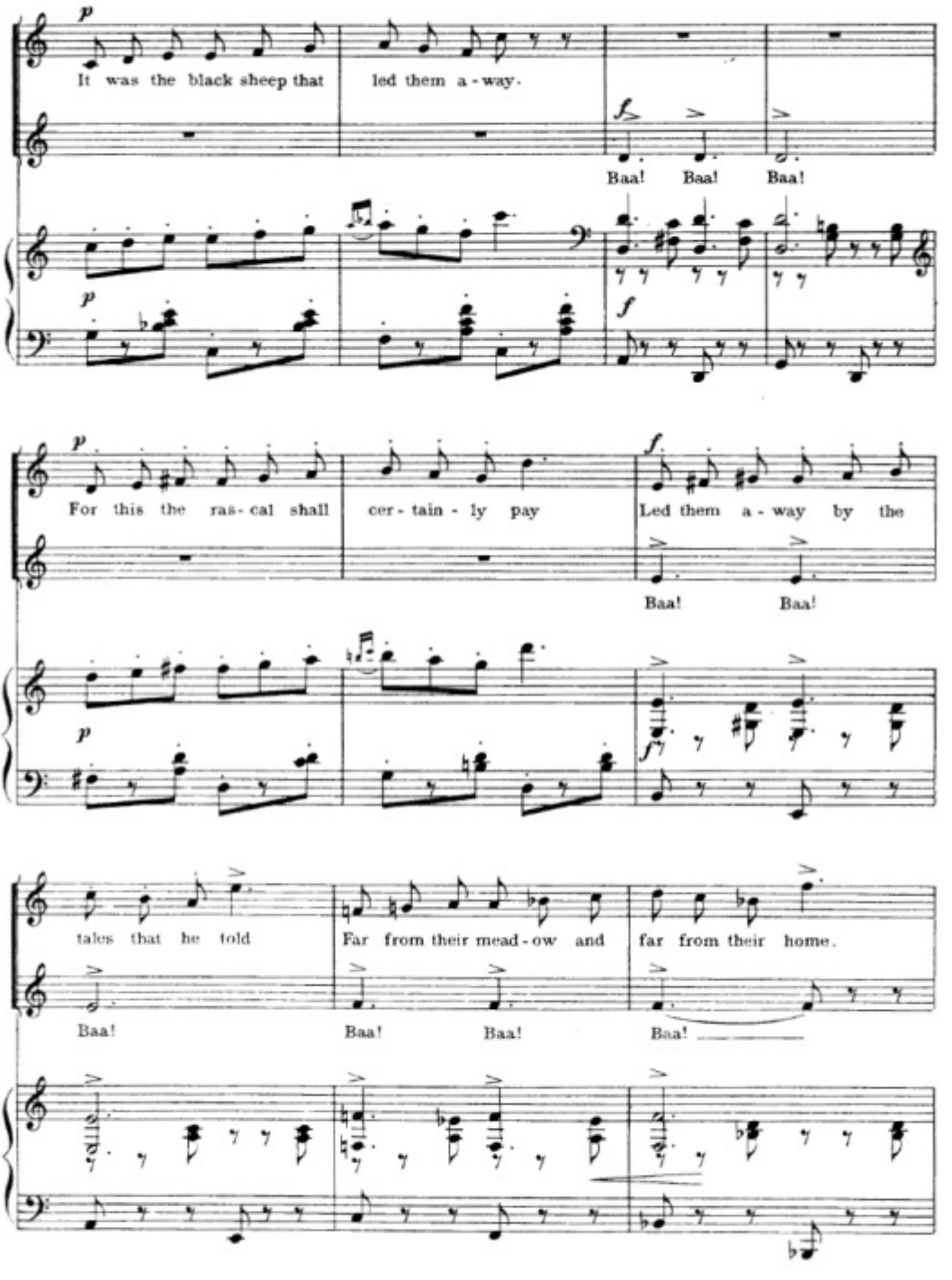

Andantino.
CHORUS.
SOP.
ALTO.
ten.
ten.
Don't cry, Bo-peep, don't cry, To
rit.
p Semplice.
find your sheep we'll try We'll seek them far, we'll
seek them wide, We'll seek them low and high! Don't
poco rit.
poco rit.

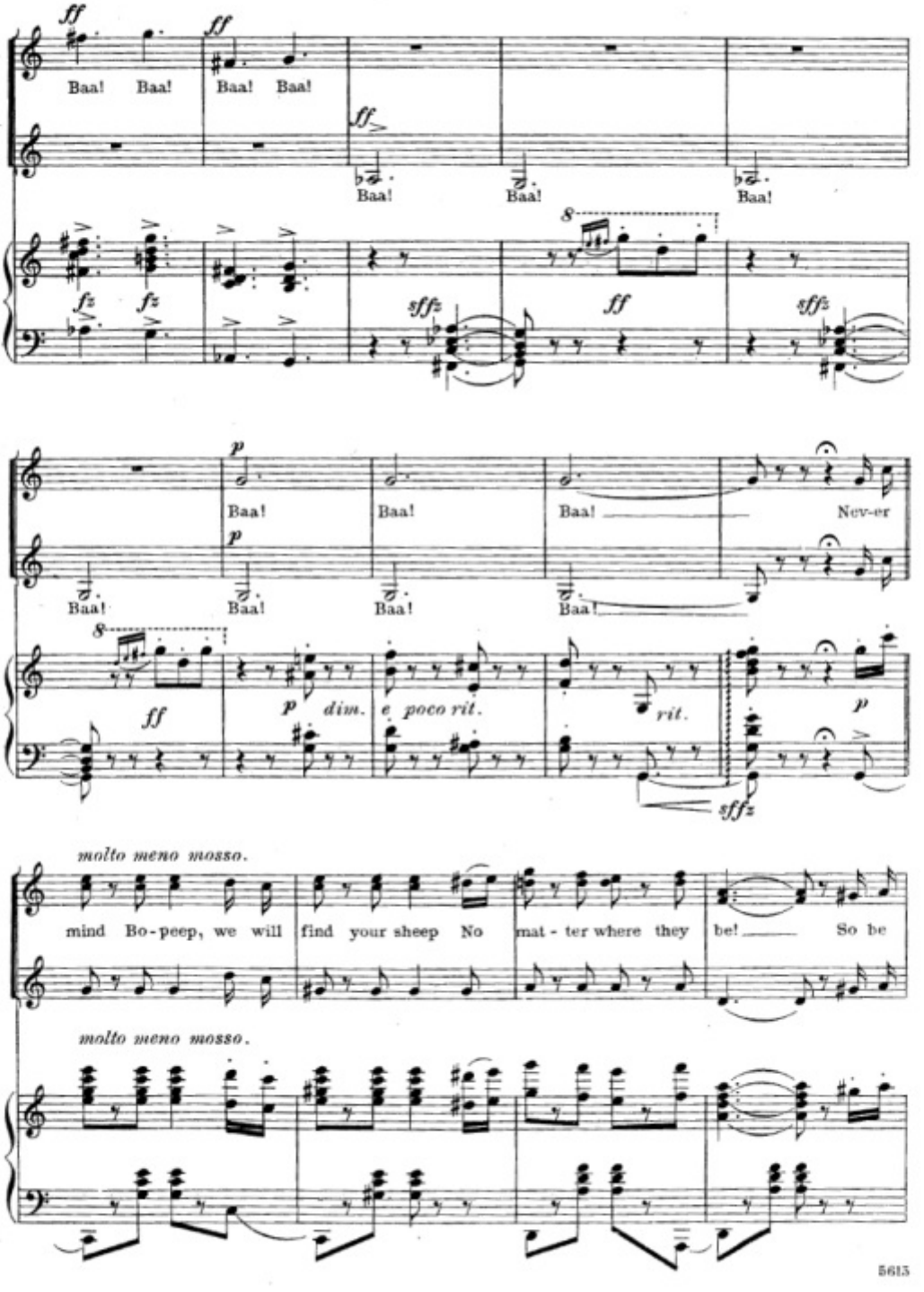

a tempo.
cry Bo - peep, don't cry, To find your sheep we'll try, We'll
a tempo.
seek them far, we'll seek them wide We'll seek them low and high!
Tempo I.
poco accel.

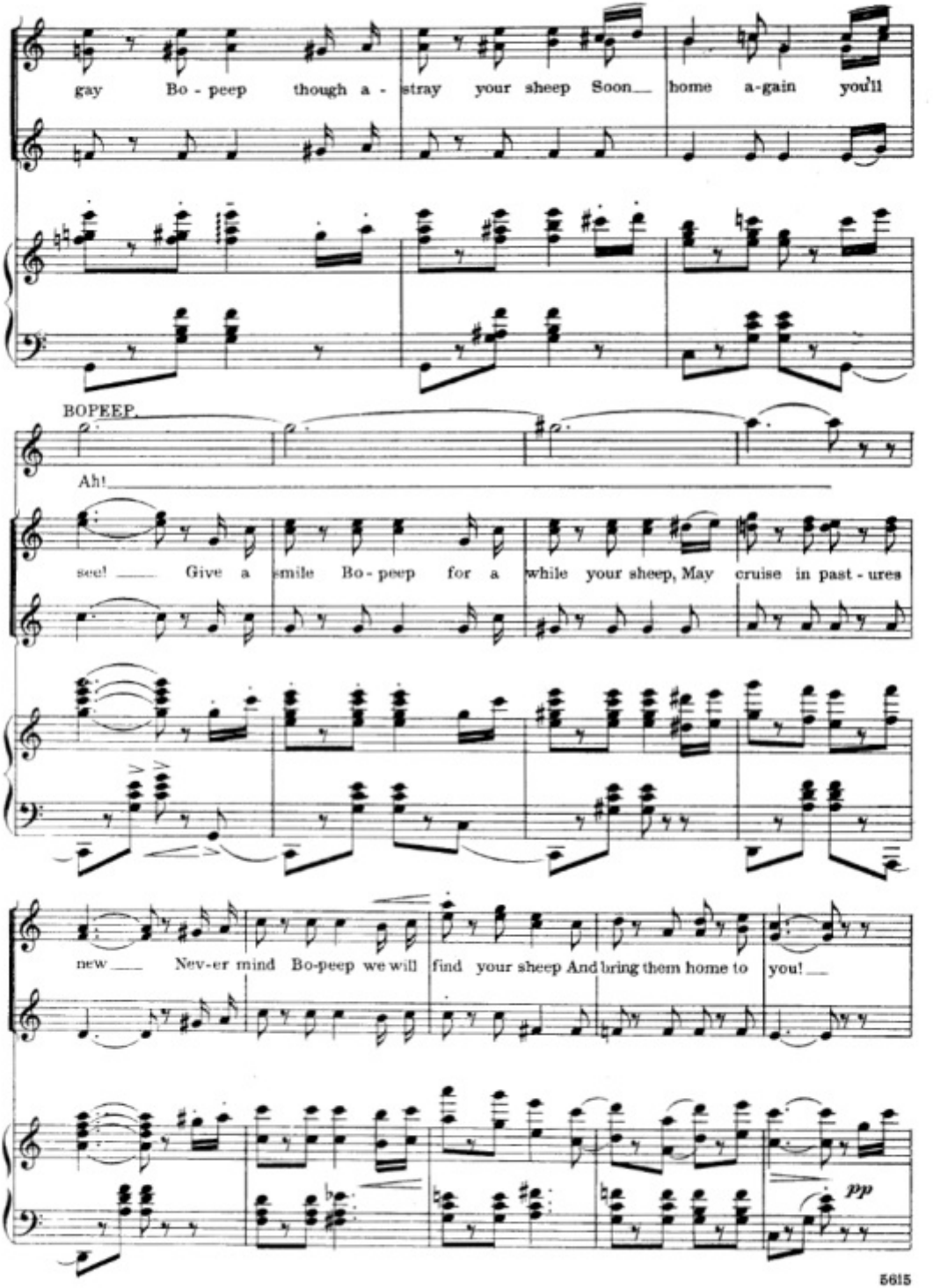

BOPEEP.
O Sal - lie Wa - ters and Miss Muf - fet too, Have my stray lamb - kins been
pp a tempo.
SALLIE WATERS.
seen by you? Bet - ter ask Cur - ly Locks fresh from the fair
BOY BLUE.
She or Boy Blue may have seen them there. Where they are hid - ing Tom
Tuck - er may know, Si - mon or Pe - ter or Bob - by Shaf - toe!

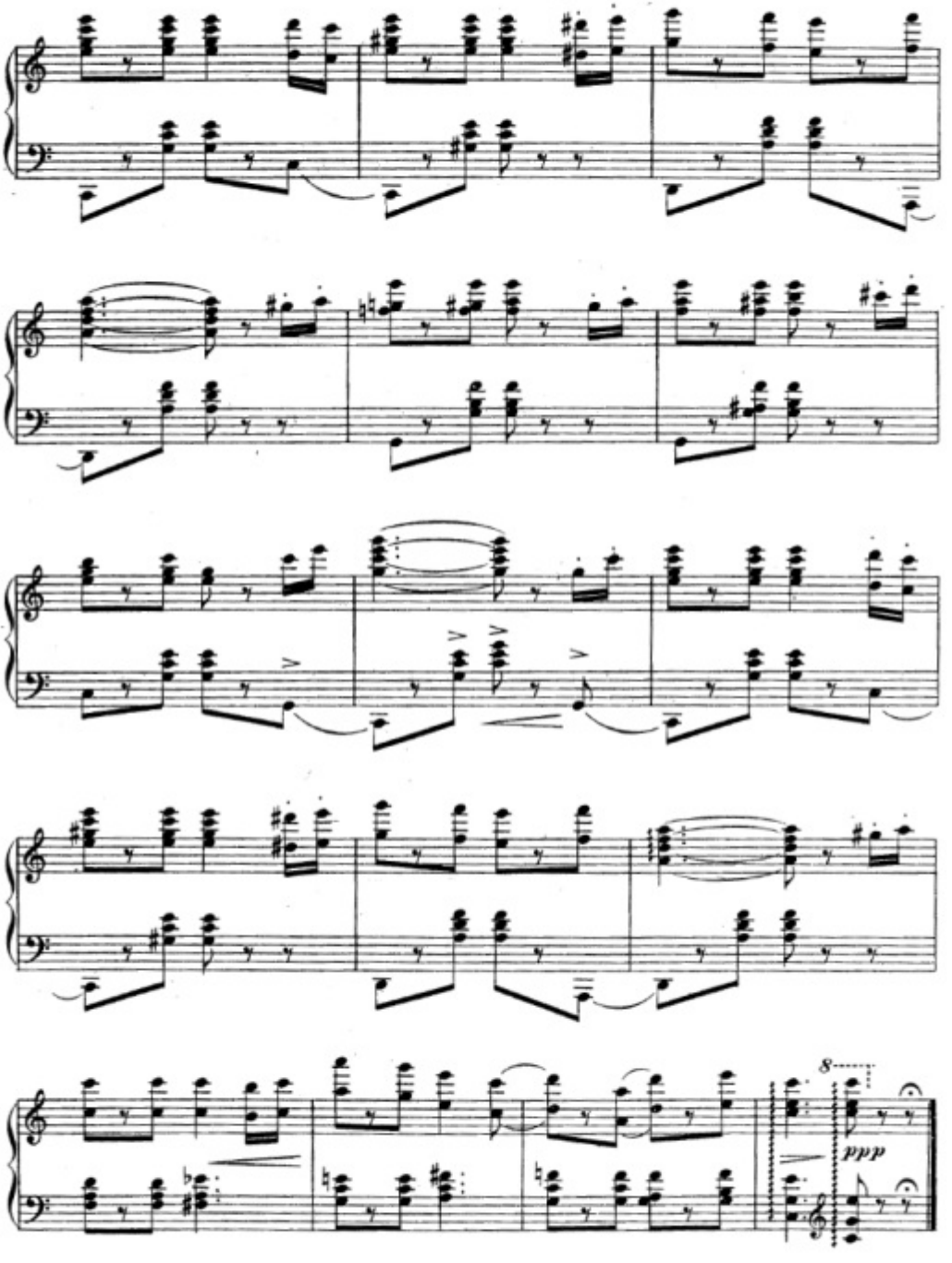

Andantino.
ALL.
molto meno mosso.
p
Nev - er mind Bo - peep, we will
rit.
p
molto grazioso.
find your sheep No mat - ter where they be! So be
gay Bo - peep, though a - stray your sheep Soon home a-gain you'll


BOPEEP.
Ah!
see! Give a smile Bo-peep for a while your sheep, May cruise in past-ures
Bopeep with Sopranos.
new Nev-er mind Bo-peep we will find your sheep And
Più mosso.
bring them home to you!
f
Baa! Baa! Baa!
f


p
It was the black sheep that led them a - way.
f
Baa! Baa! Baa!
p
f
p
For this the ras - cal shall cer - tain - ly pay
f
Led them a - way by the
Baa! Baa!
p
f
tales that he told
Far from their mead - ow and
far from their home.
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!


ff
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa!
fz fz
sffz ff sffz
p
Baa! Baa! Baa! Nev-er
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
ff p dim. e poco rit. rit. p
sffz
molto meno mosso.
mind Bo-peep, we will find your sheep No mat-ter where they be! So be
molto meno mosso.

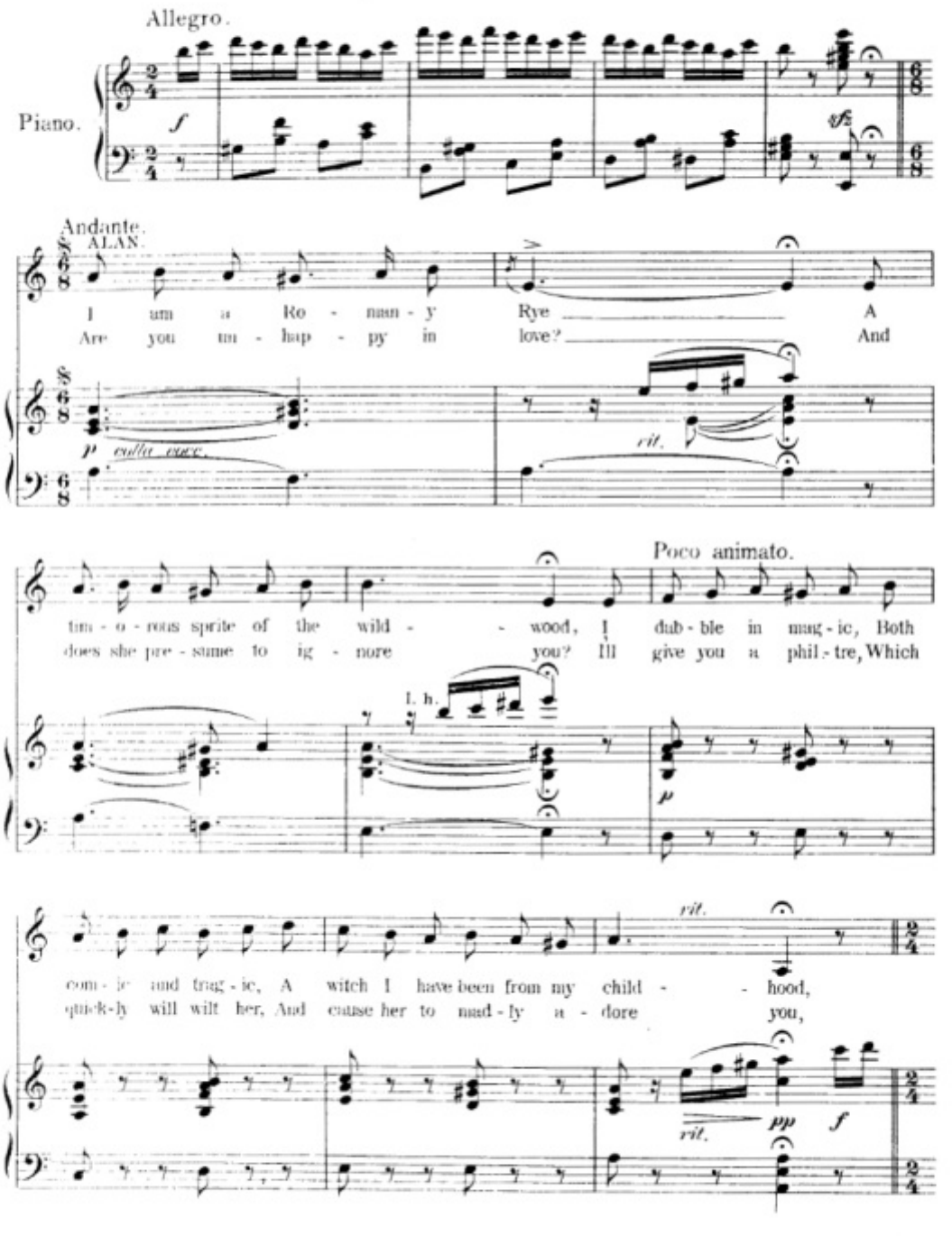

gay Bo - peep though a - stray your sheep Soon home a-gain you'll
BOPEEP
Ah!
see! Give a smile Bo - peep for a while your sheep, May cruise in past - ures
new Nev-er mind Bo-peep we will find your sheep And bring them home to you!
pp

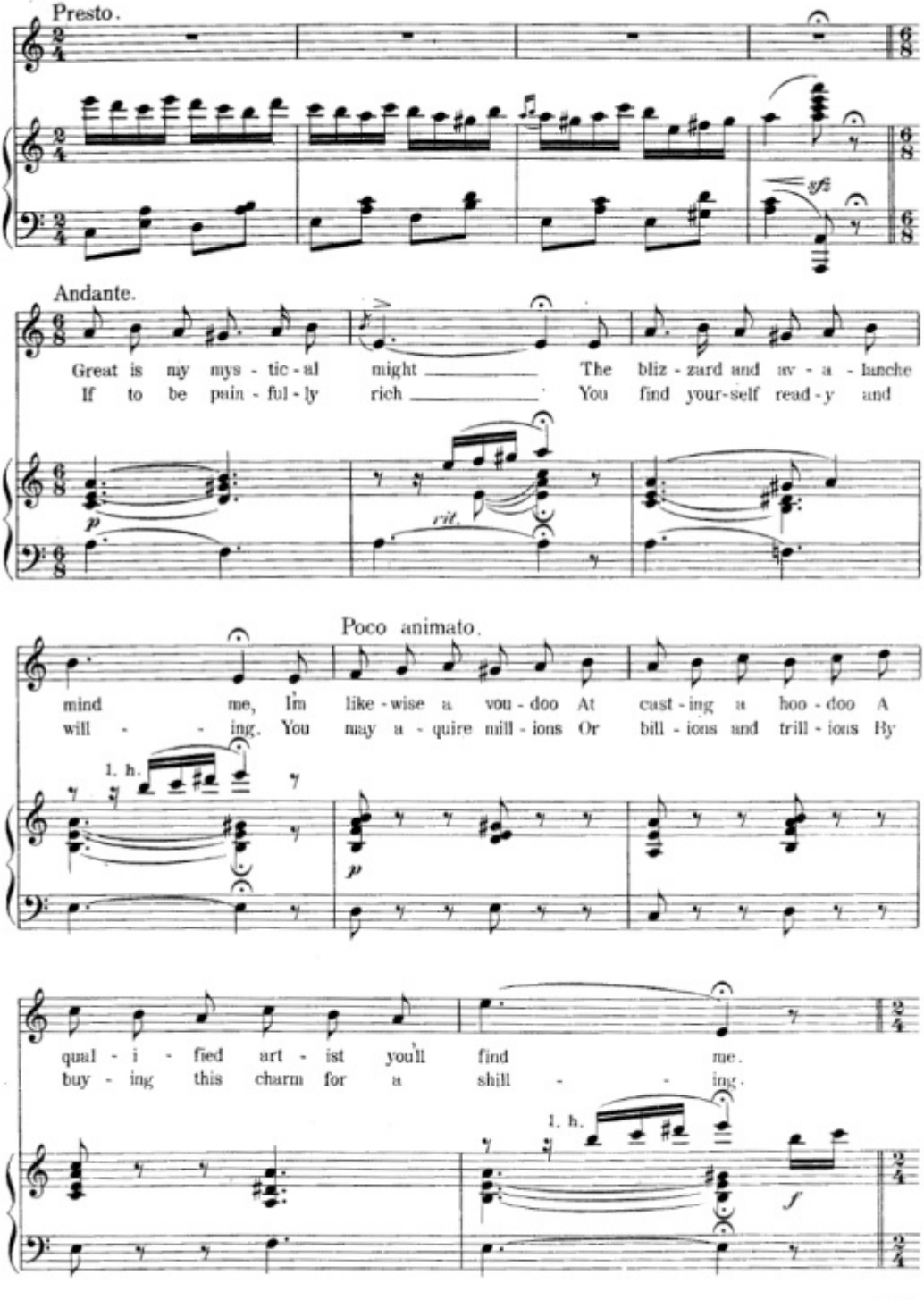

8
ppp

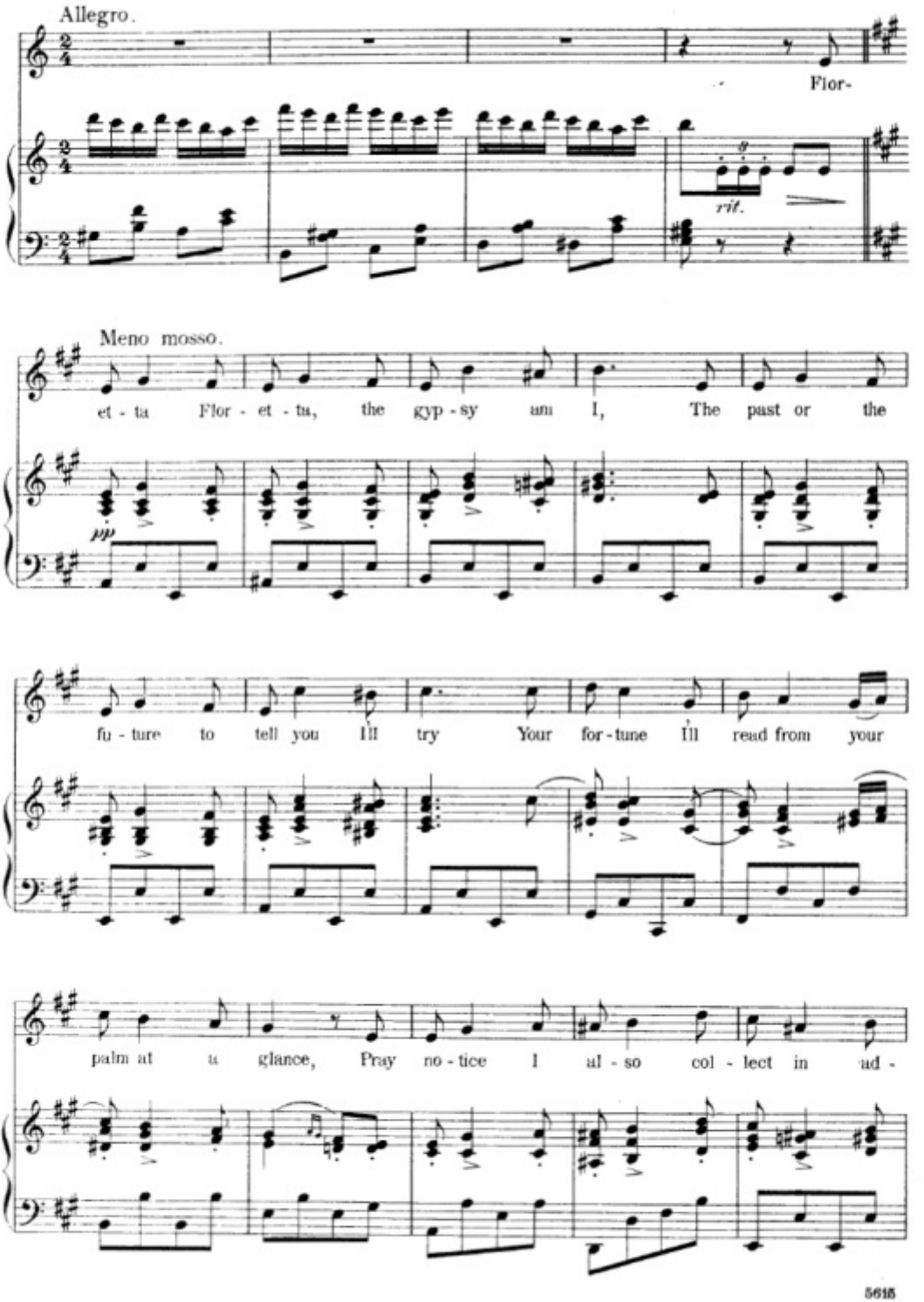
Floretta.

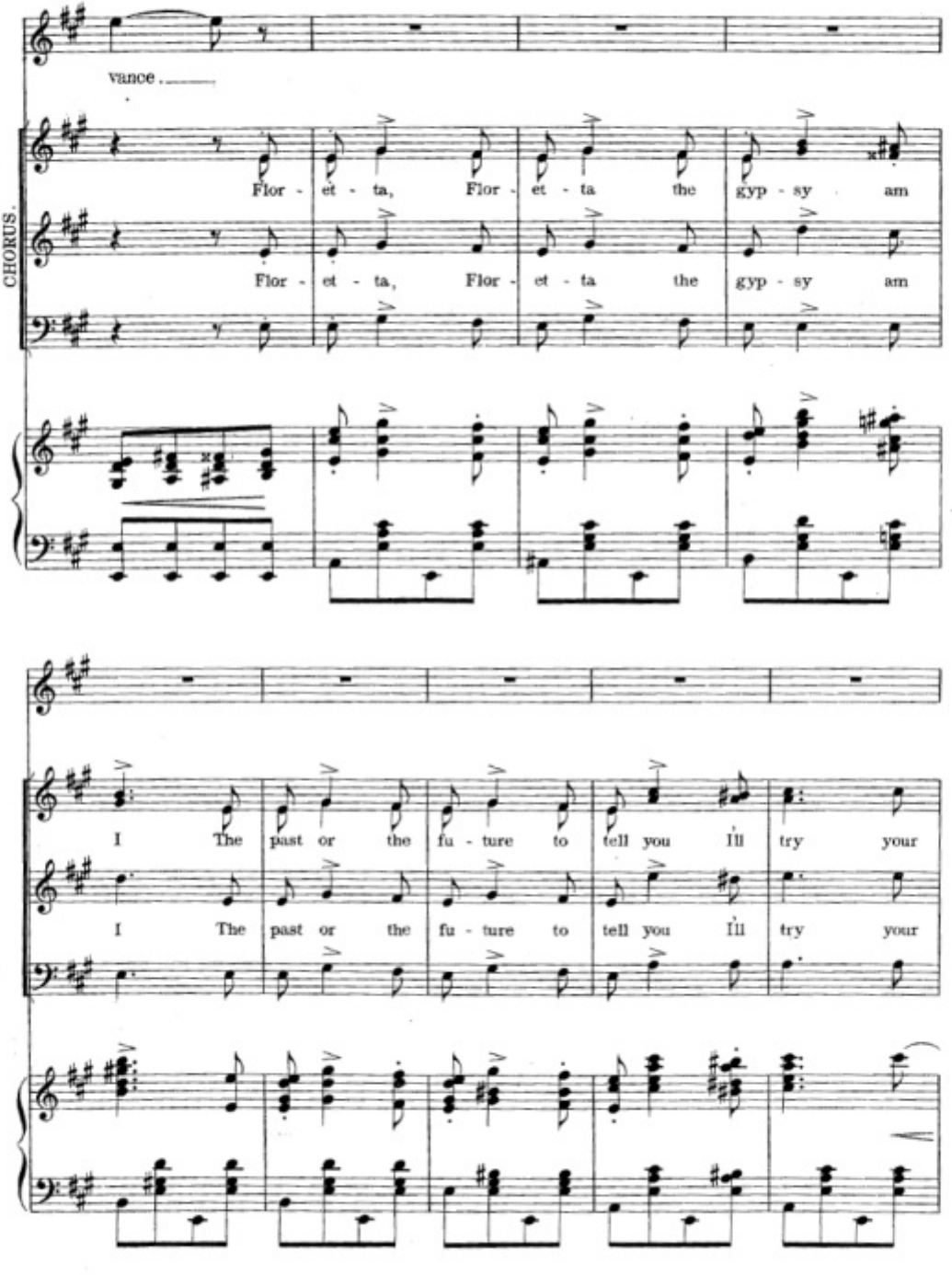
No 4.

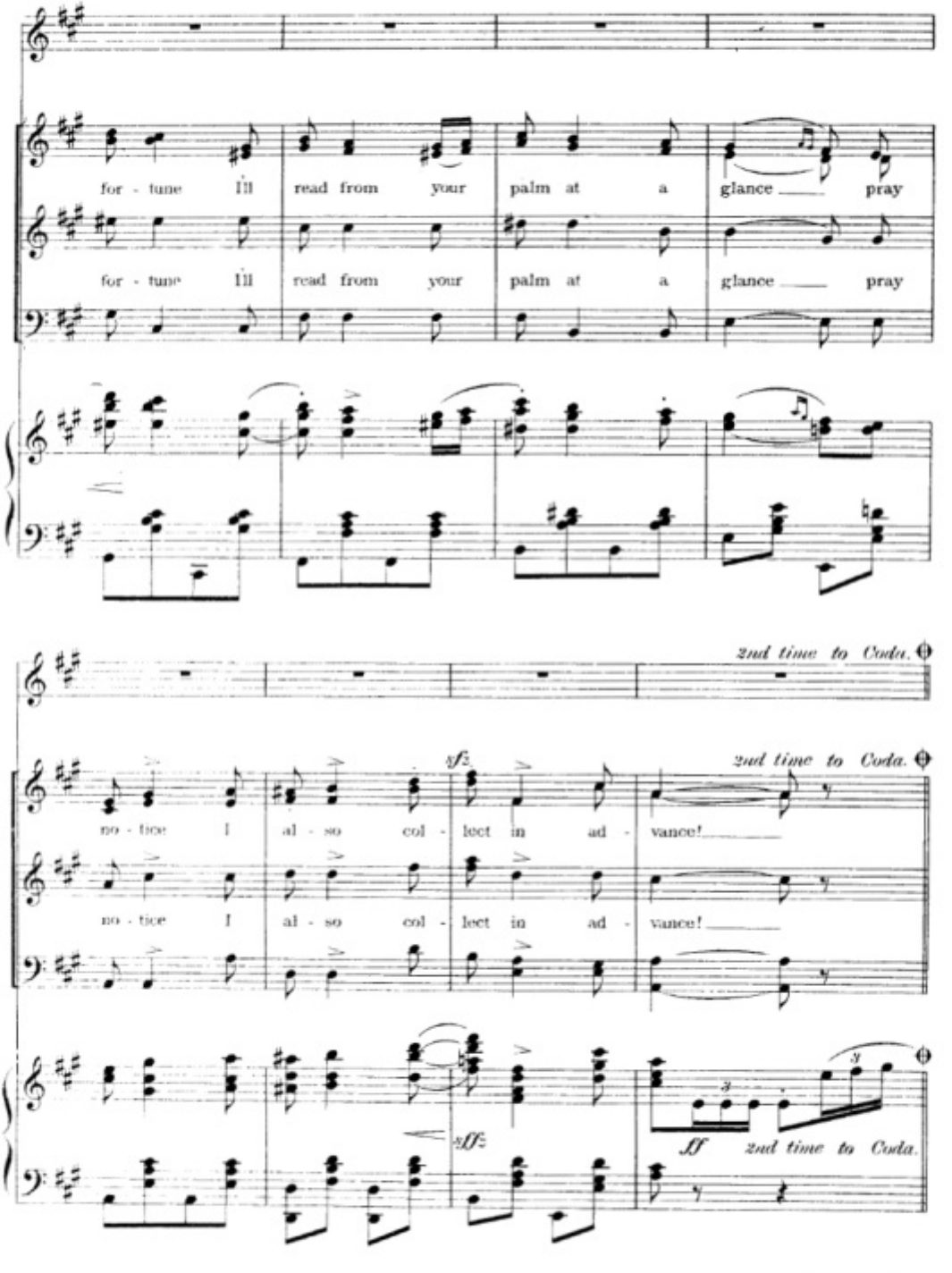
Alan and Chorus.

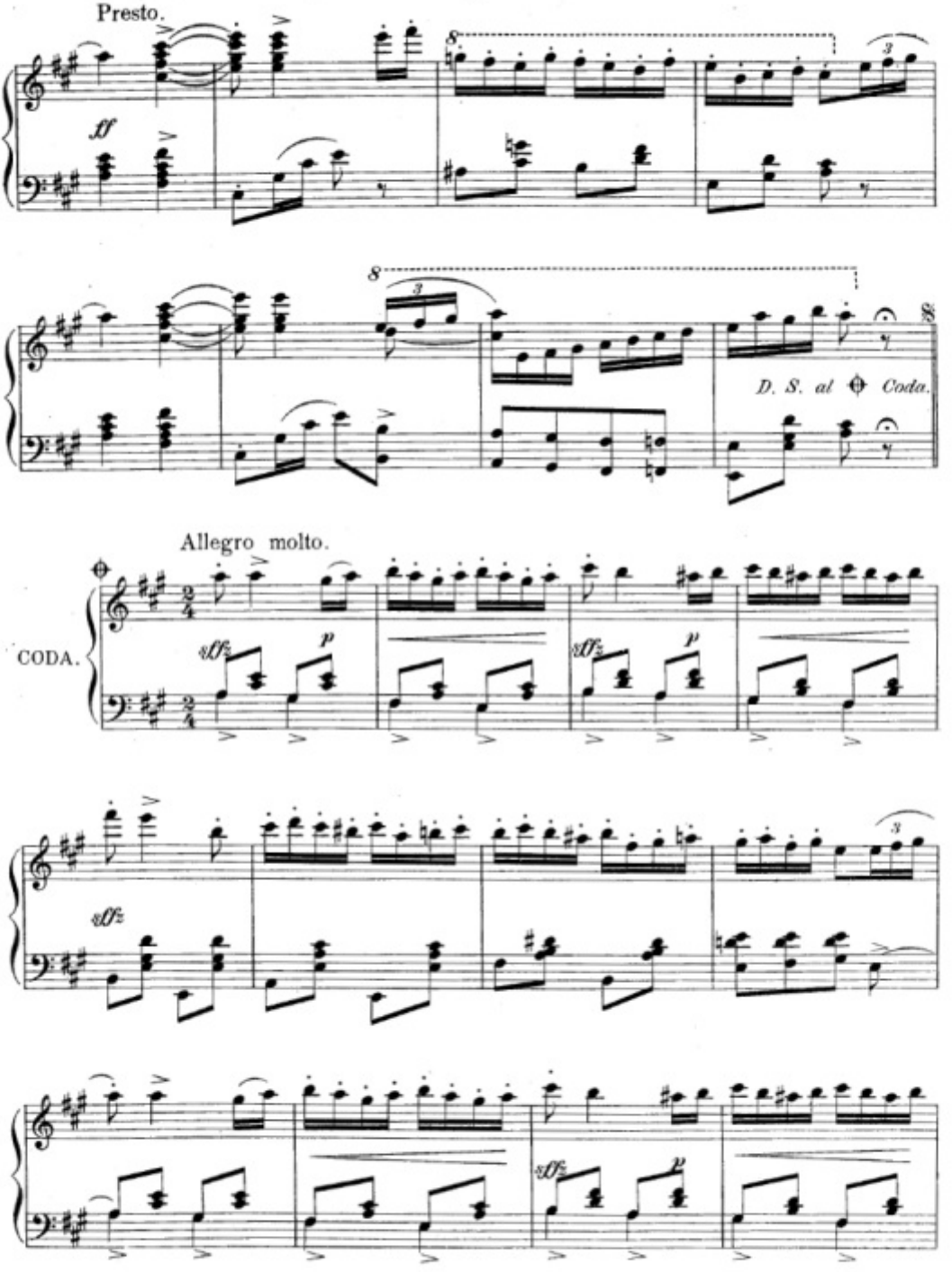


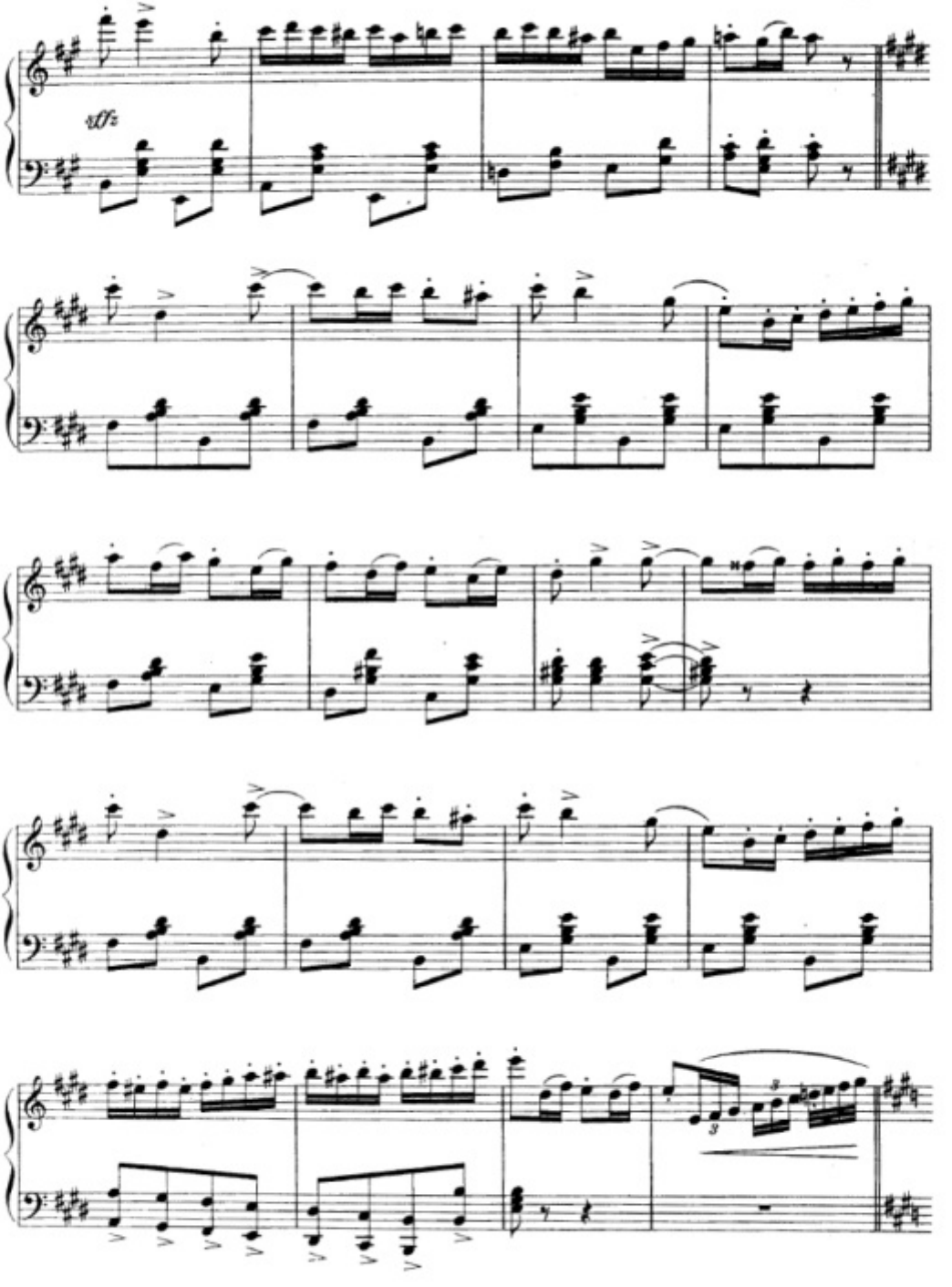

Presto.
sfz
Andante.
Great is my mys - tic - al might The bliz - zard and av - a - lanche
If to be pain - ful - ly rich You find your-self read - y and
p
rit.
Poco animato.
mind me, I'm like - wise a vou - doo At cust - ing a hoo - doo A
will - - ing. You may a - quire mill - ions Or bill - ions and trill - ions By
1. h.
p
qual - i - fied art - ist you'll find me.
buy - ing this charm for a shill - - ing.
1. h.
f

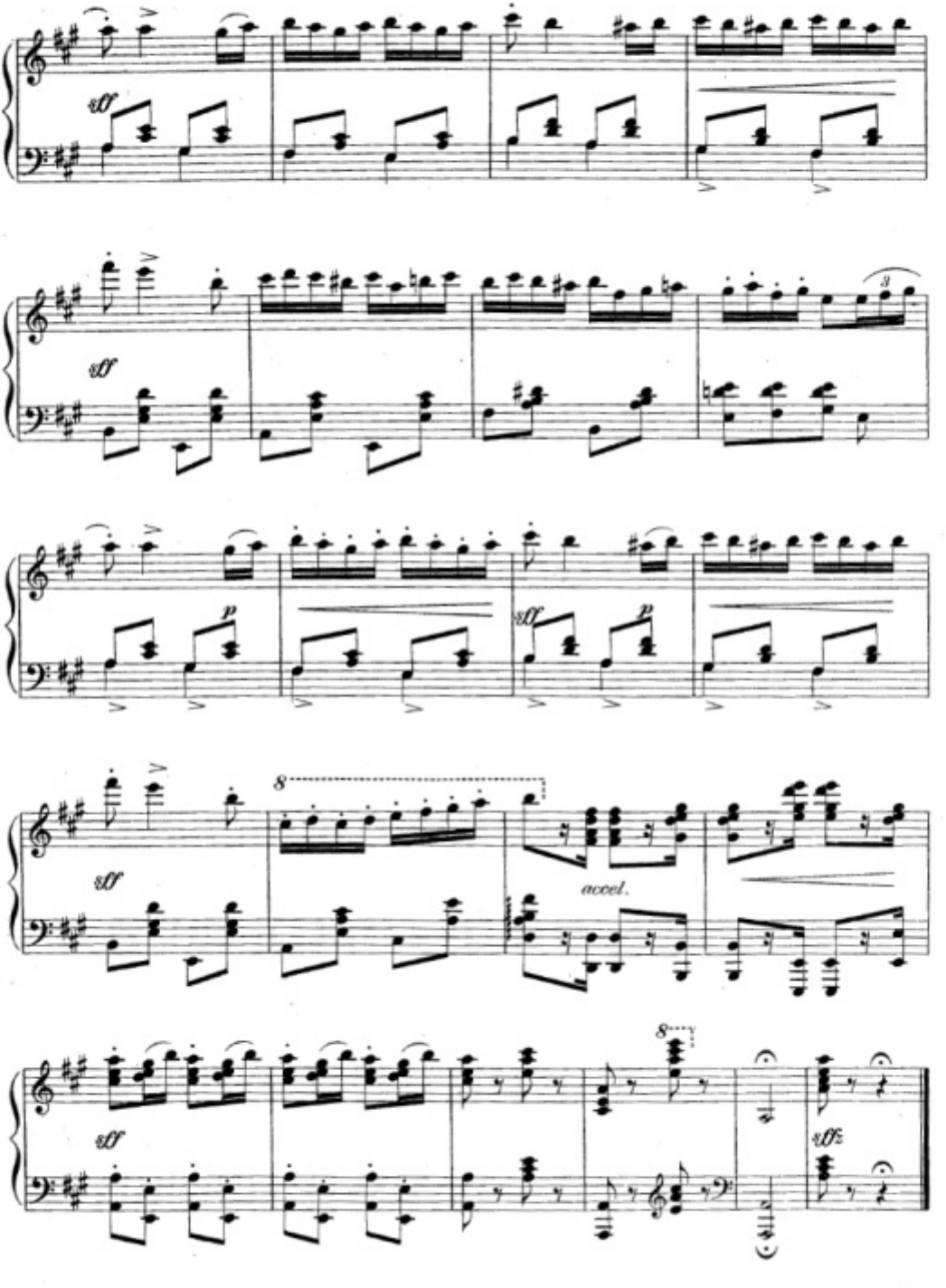

Allegro.
Flor-
rit.
Meno mosso.
pp
et - ta Flor - et - ta, the gyp - sy am I, The past or the
fu - ture to tell you I'll try Your for - tune I'll read from your
palm at a glance, Pray no - tice I al - so col - lect in ad -


vance.
CHORUS.
Flor - et - ta, Flor - et - ta the gyp - sy am
Flor - et - ta, Flor - et - ta the gyp - sy am
I The past or the fu - ture to tell you I'll try your
I The past or the fu - ture to tell you I'll try your


for - tune I'll read from your palm at a glance pray
for - tune I'll read from your palm at a glance pray
2nd time to Coda.
sfz
2nd time to Coda.
no - tice I al - so col - lect in ad - vance!
no - tice I al - so col - lect in ad - vance!
sffz
fff 2nd time to Coda.


Presto.
ff
8
3
D. S. al Coda.
Allegro molto.
CODA.
sffz
p

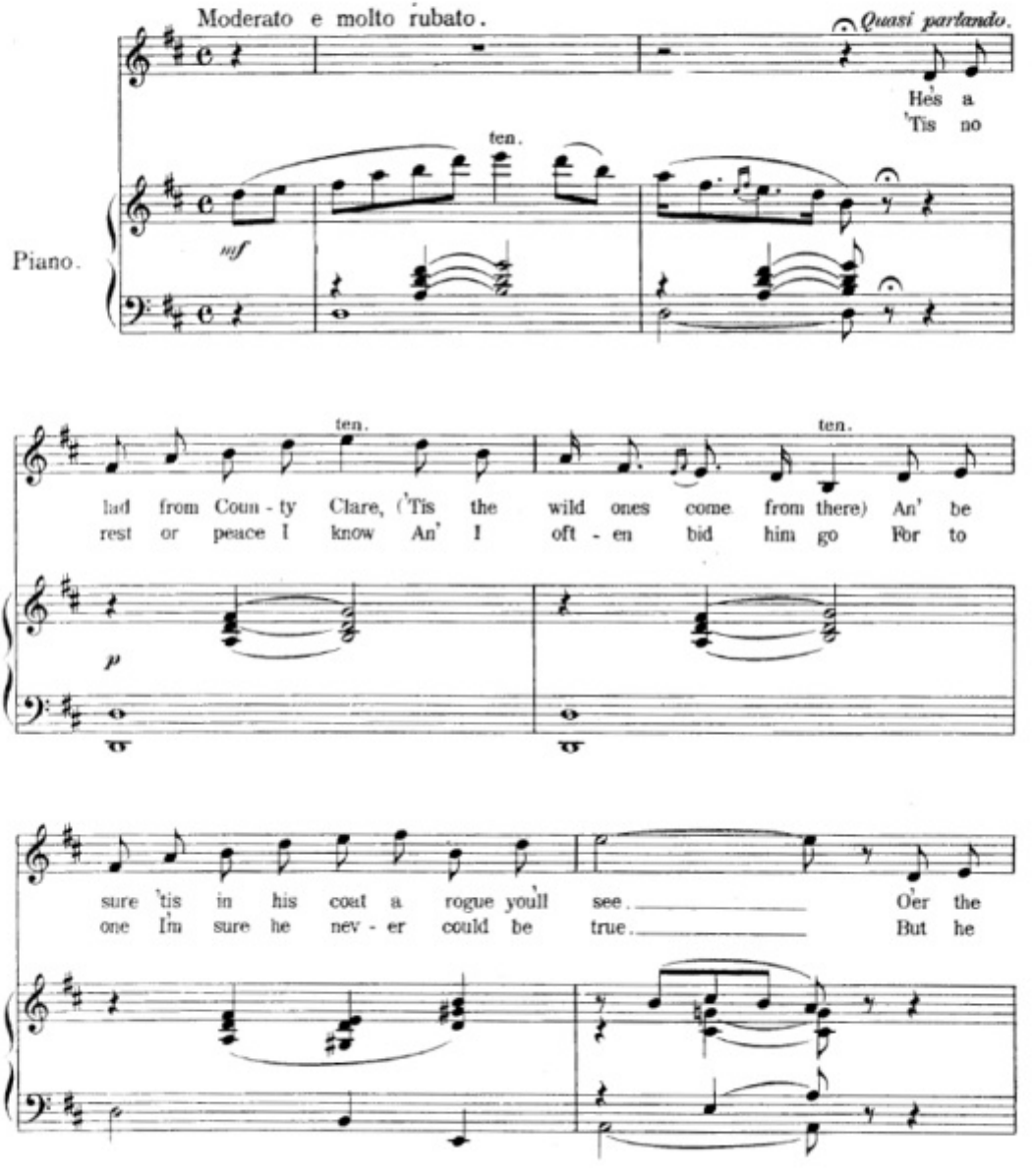

sff

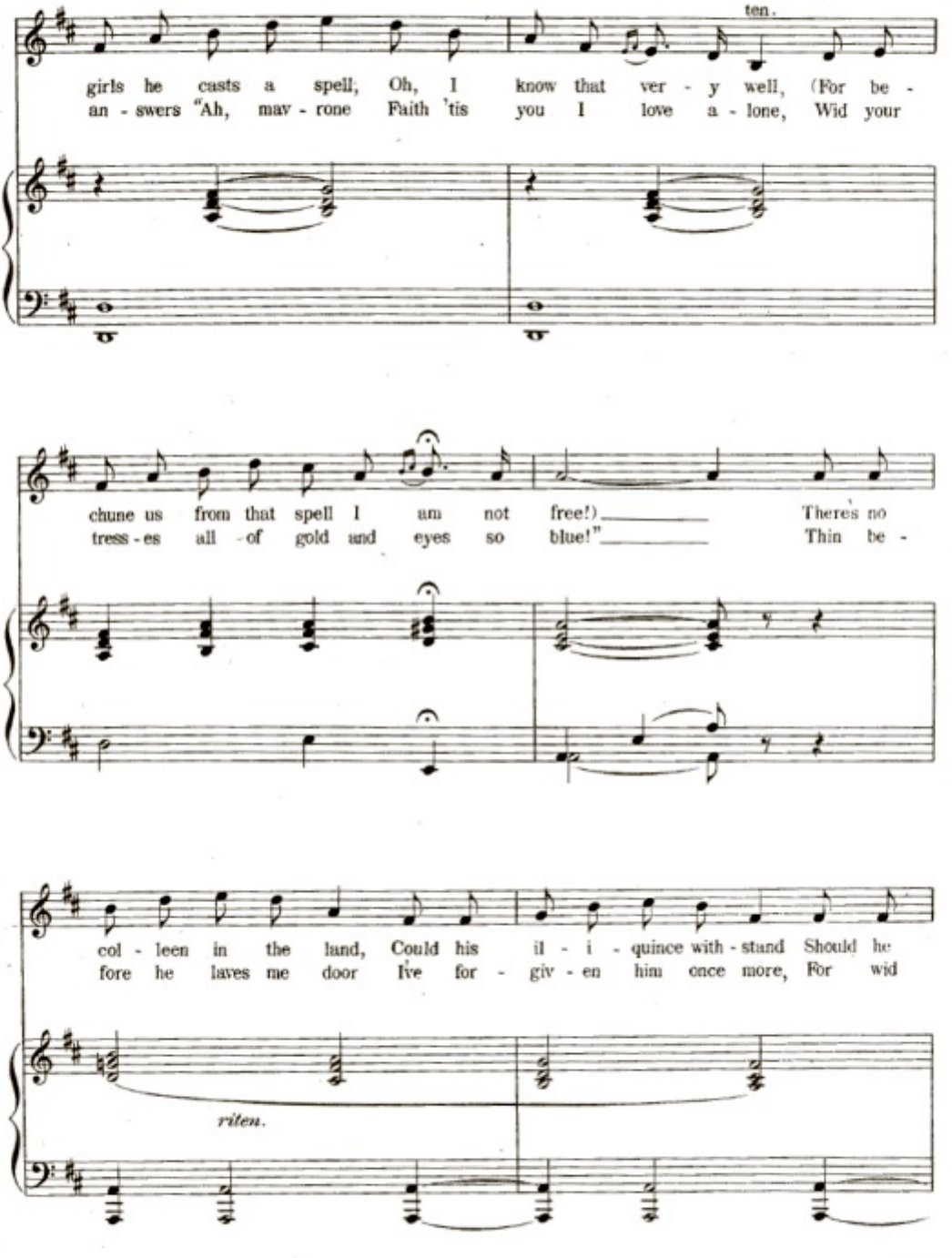

sff
sff
p
sff
p
8
sff
accel.
8
sff
sffz

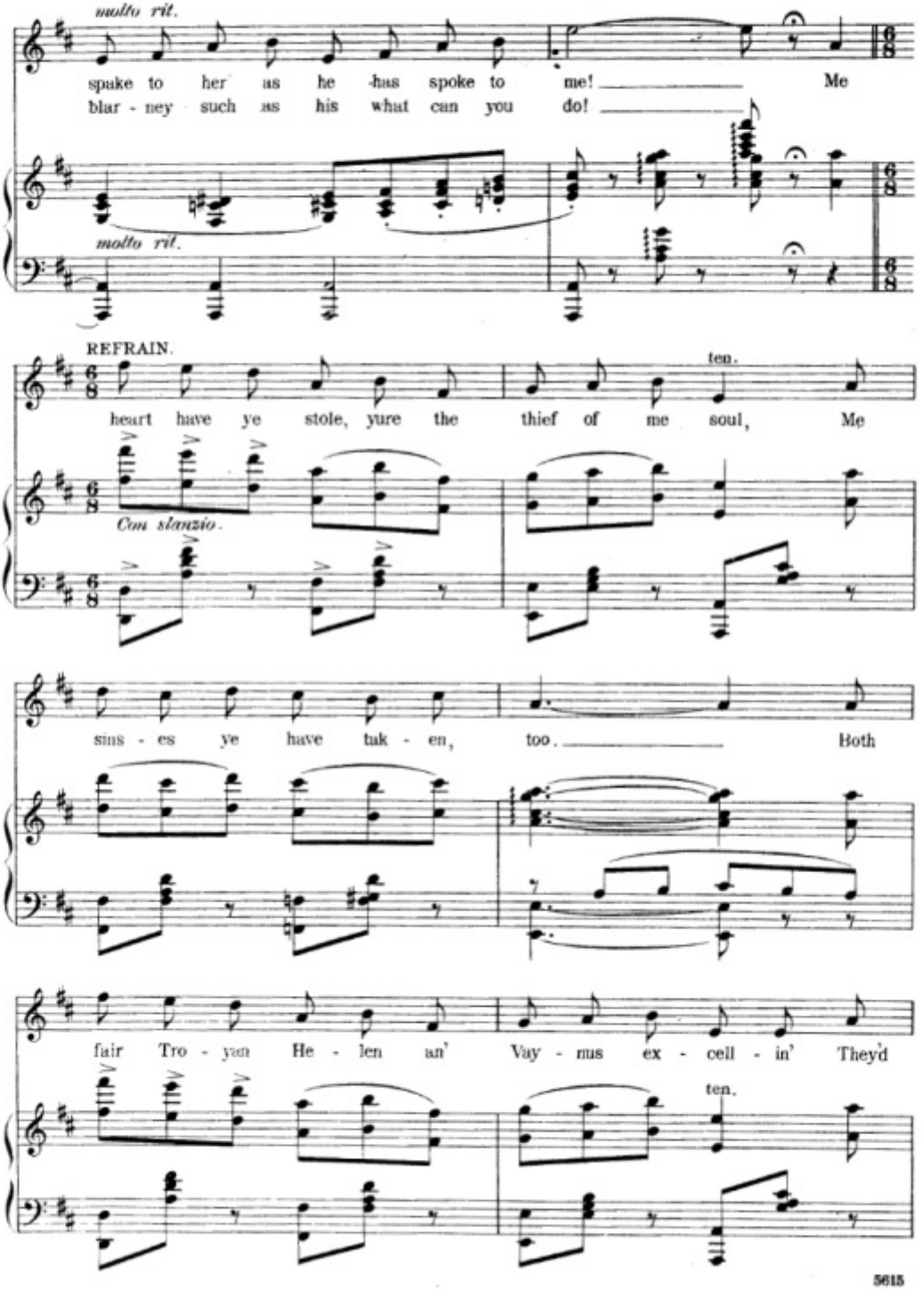
Barney O'Flynn.

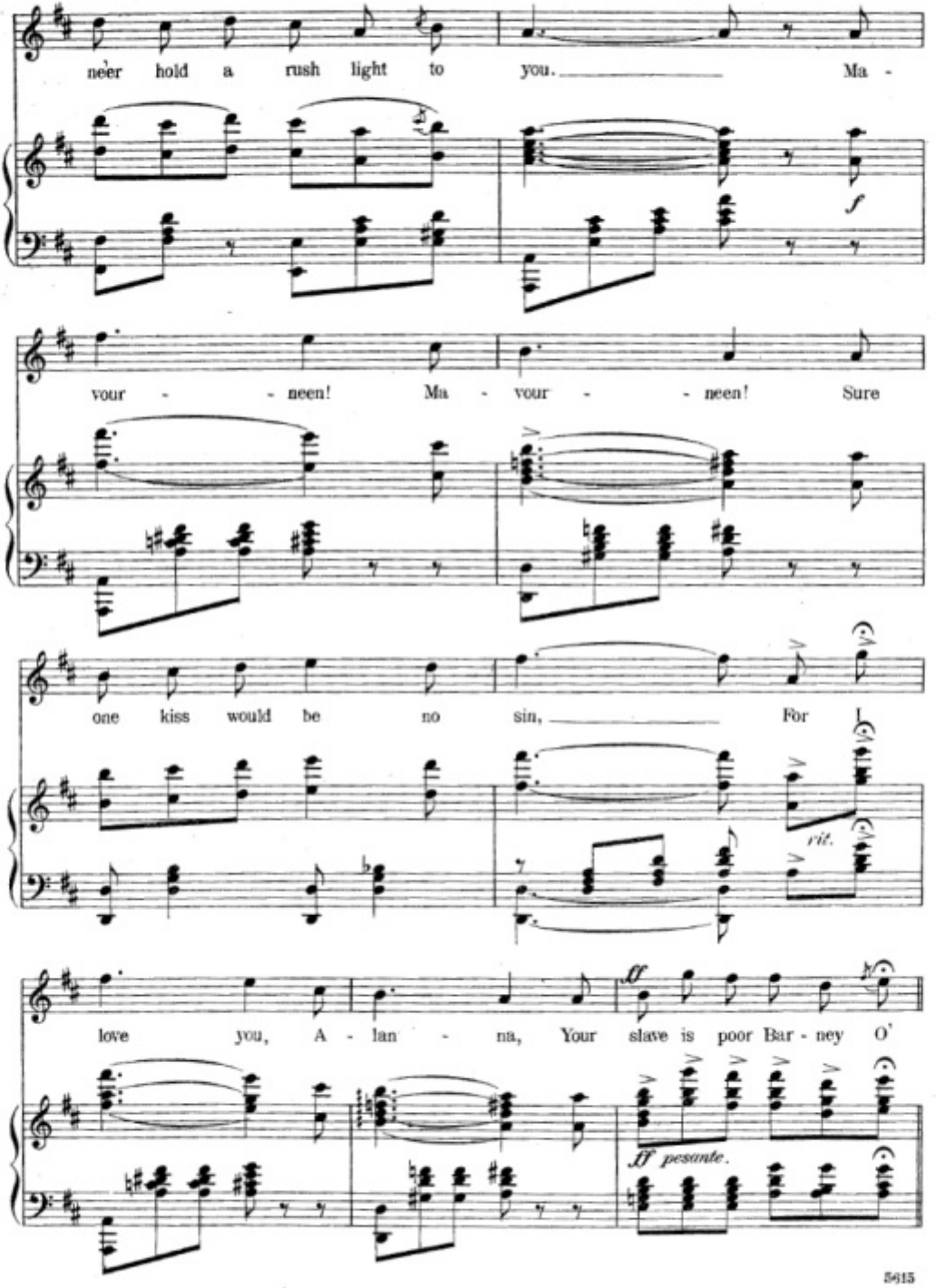
№ 5.

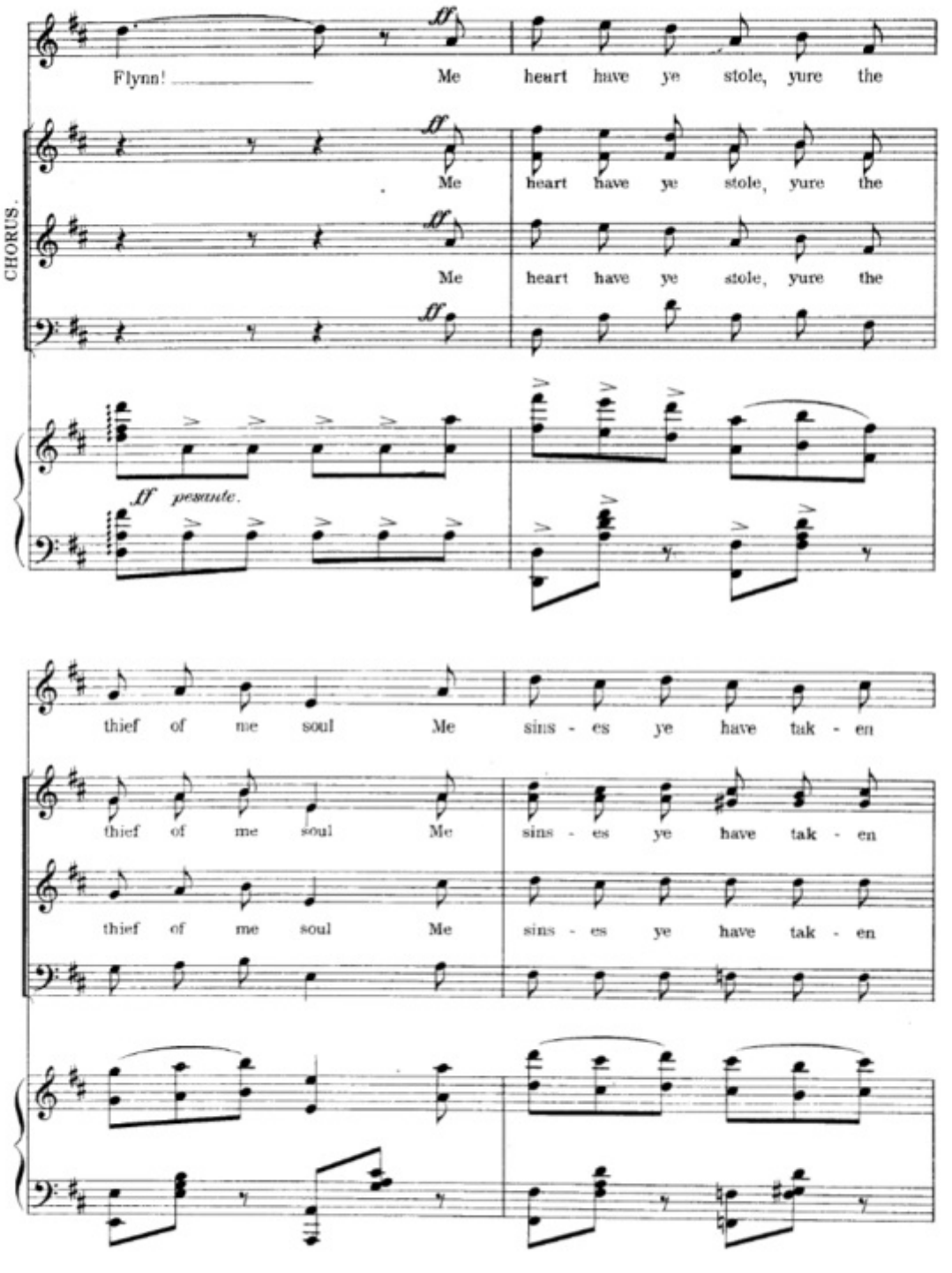
Mary and Chorus.

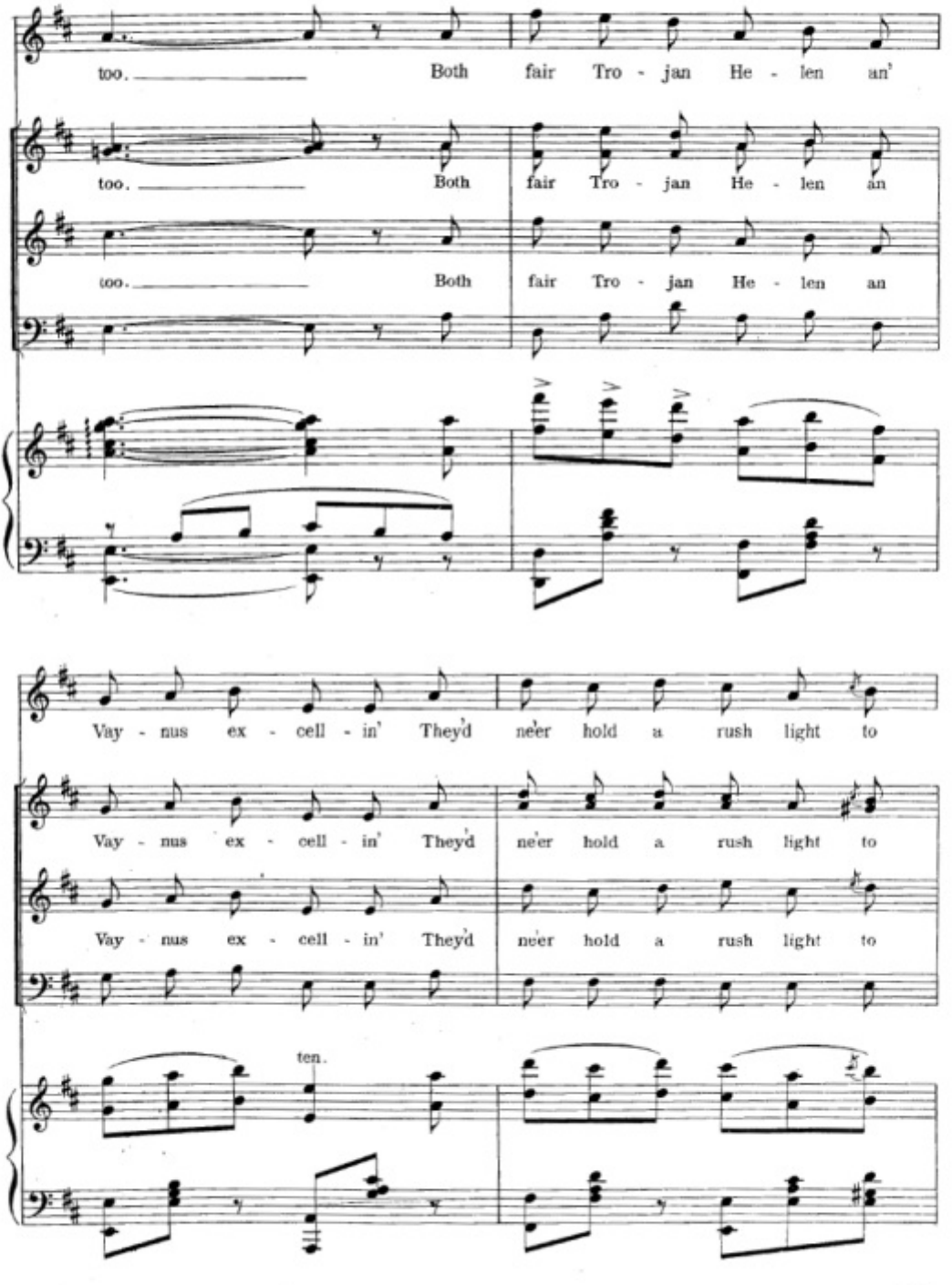


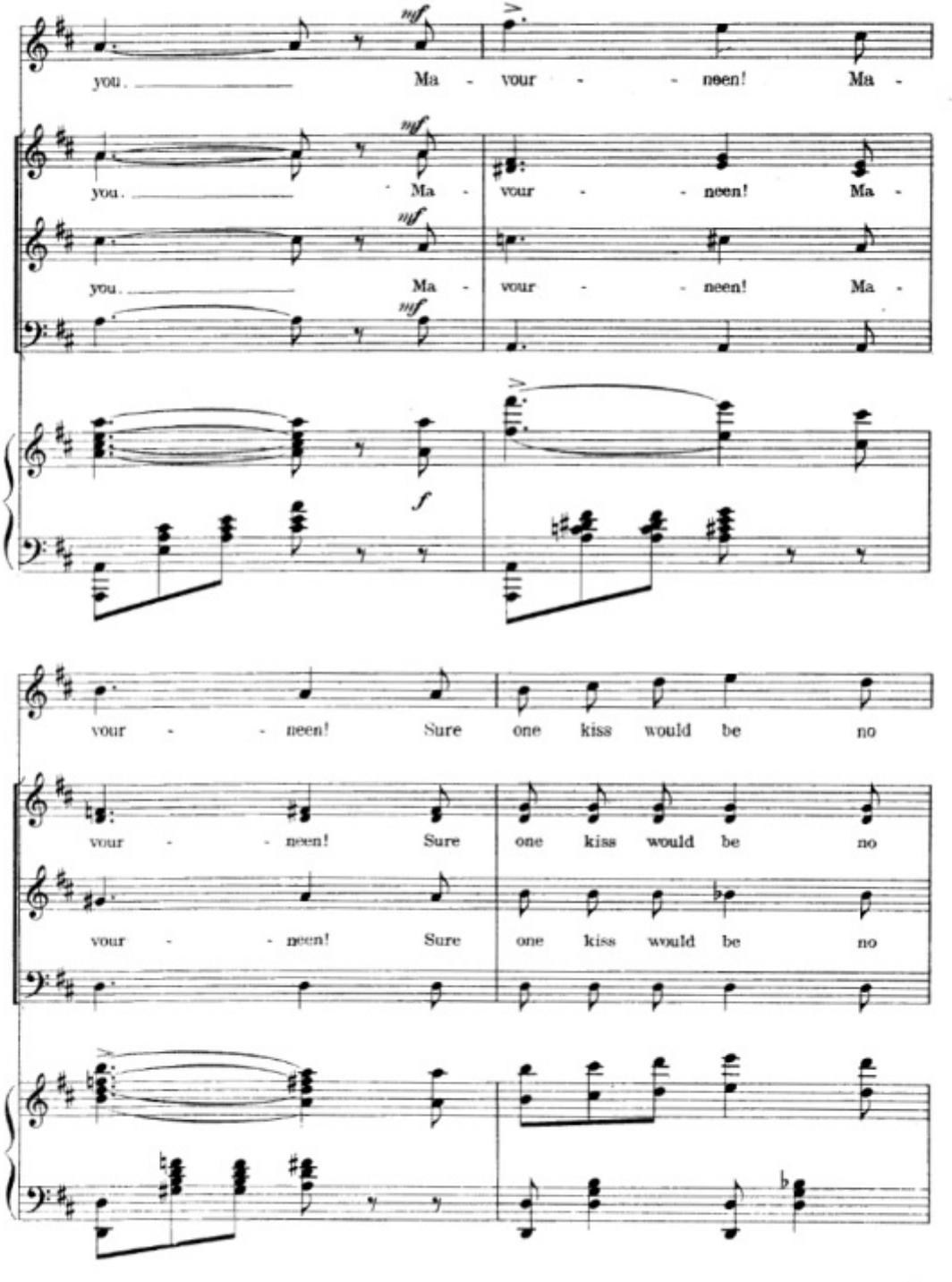

ten.
girls he casts a spell, Oh, I know that ver - y well, (For be -
an - swers "Ah, mav - rone Faith 'tis you I love a - lone, Wid your
chune us from that spell I am not free!) There's no
tress - es all - of gold and eyes so blue!" Thin be -
col - leen in the land, Could his il - i - quince with - stand Should he
fore he laves me door I've for - giv - en him once more, For wid
riten.

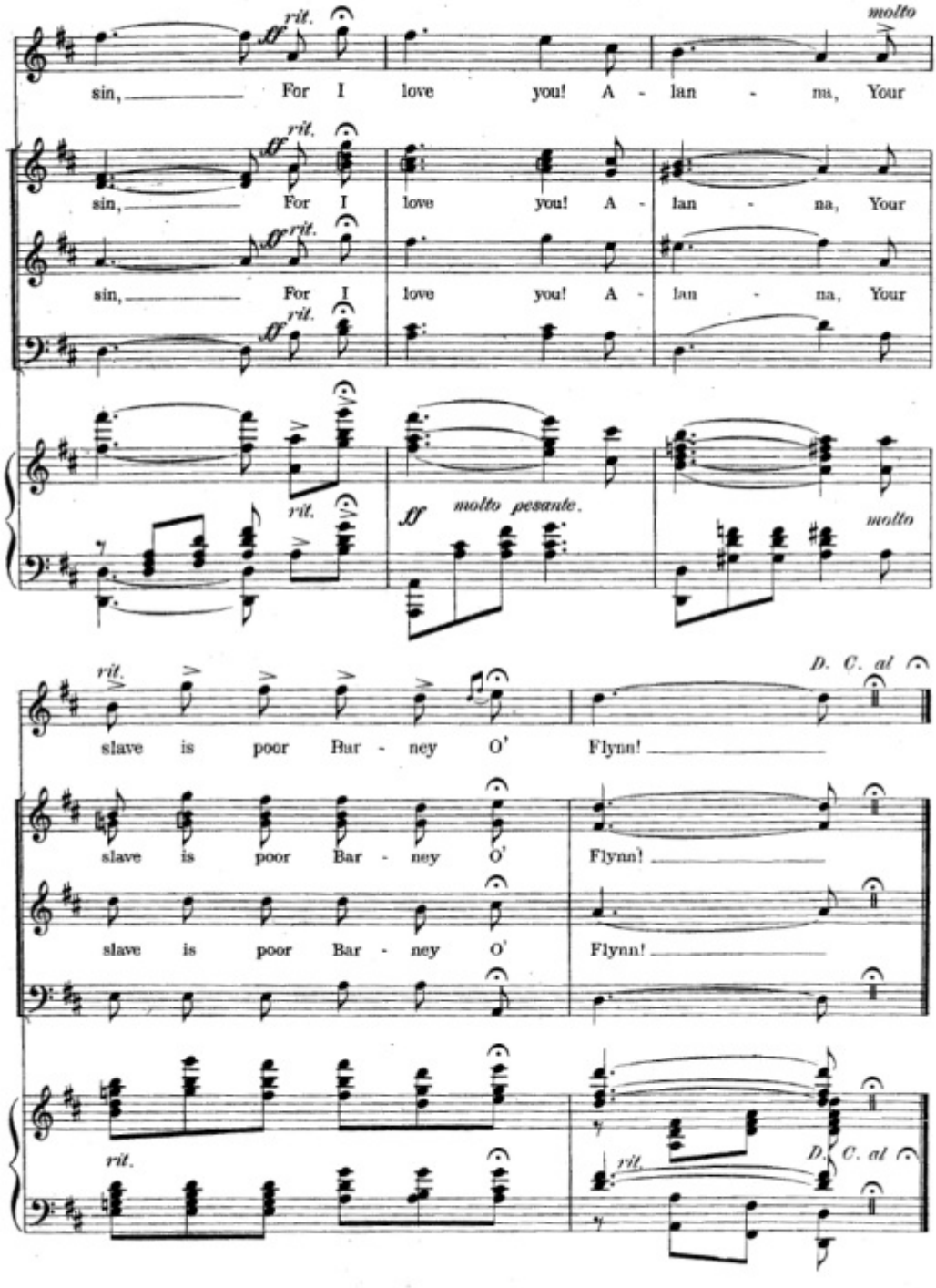

molto rit.
spake to her as he has spoke to me! Me
blar - ney such as his what can you do!
molto rit.
REFRAIN.
ten.
heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul, Me
Con slanzio.
sins - es ye have tak - en, too. Both
fair Tro - yan He - len an' Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd
ten.


neer hold a rush light to you. Ma -
f
vour - neen! Ma - vour - neen! Sure
one kiss would be no sin, For I
rit.
love you, A - lan - na, Your slave is poor Bar - ney O'
ff
ff pesante.


CHORUS.
ff
Flynn! Me heart have ye stole, yure the
Me heart have ye stole, yure the
Me heart have ye stole, yure the
ff pesante.
thief of me soul Me sins - es ye have tak - en
thief of me soul Me sins - es ye have tak - en
thief of me soul Me sins - es ye have tak - en


too. Both fair Tro - jan He - len an'
too. Both fair Tro - jan He - len an
too. Both fair Tro - jan He - len an
Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
ten.


you. Ma - vour - - neen! Ma -
you. Ma - vour - - neen! Ma -
you. Ma - vour - - neen! Ma -
vour - - neen! Sure one kiss would be no
vour - - neen! Sure one kiss would be no
vour - - neen! Sure one kiss would be no


rit.
molto
sin, For I love you! A - lan - na, Your
sin, For I love you! A - lan - na, Your
sin, For I love you! A - lan - na, Your
molto pesante.
slave is poor Bar - ney O' Flynn!
D. C. al
slave is poor Bar - ney O' Flynn!
slave is poor Bar - ney O' Flynn!

JANE.

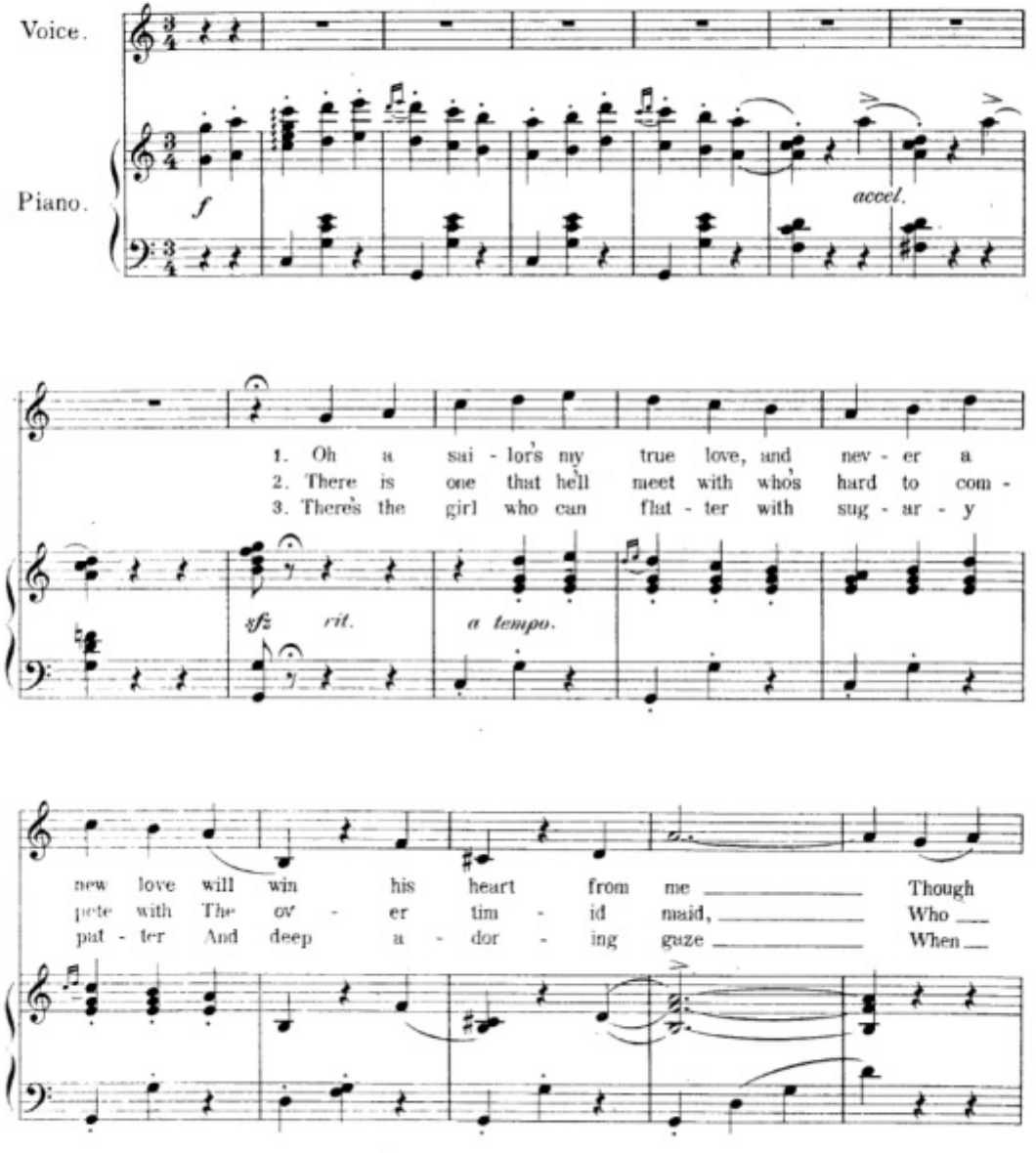
No. 6.

Song.

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo rubato.



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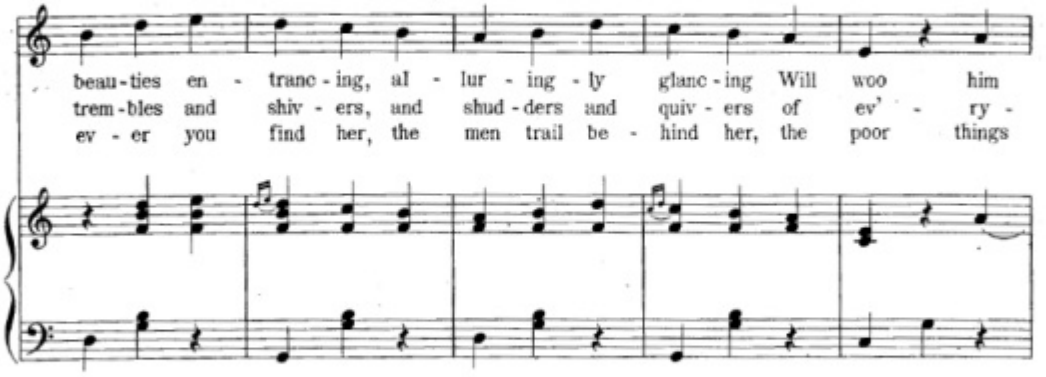
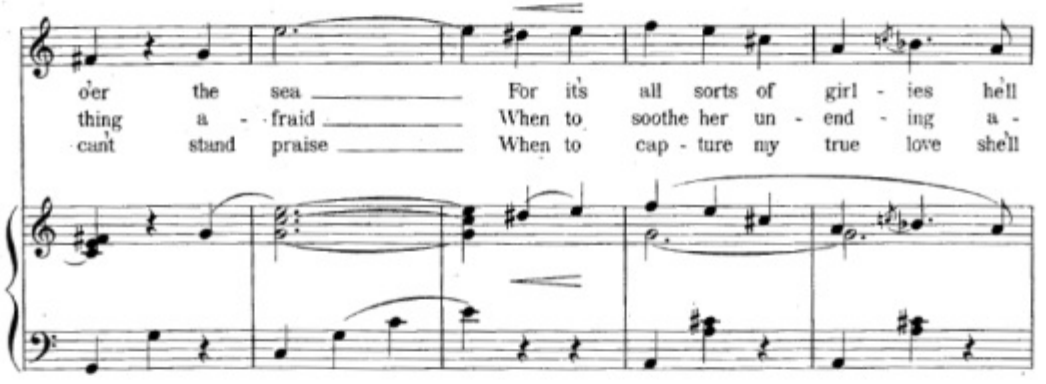
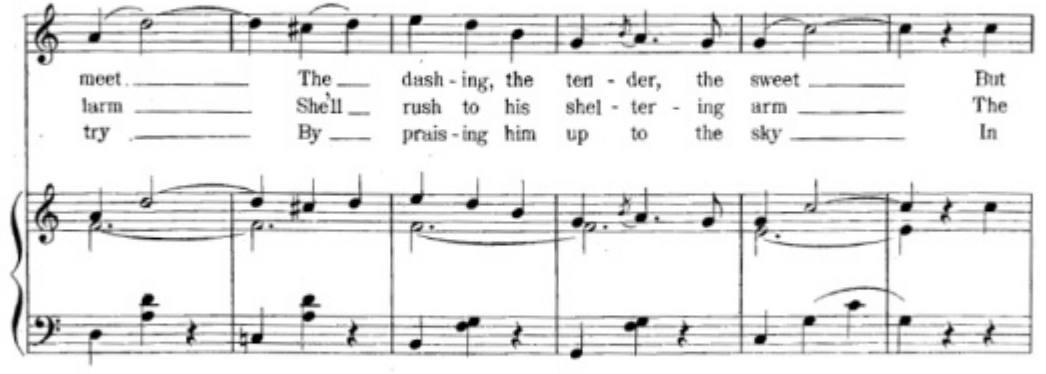
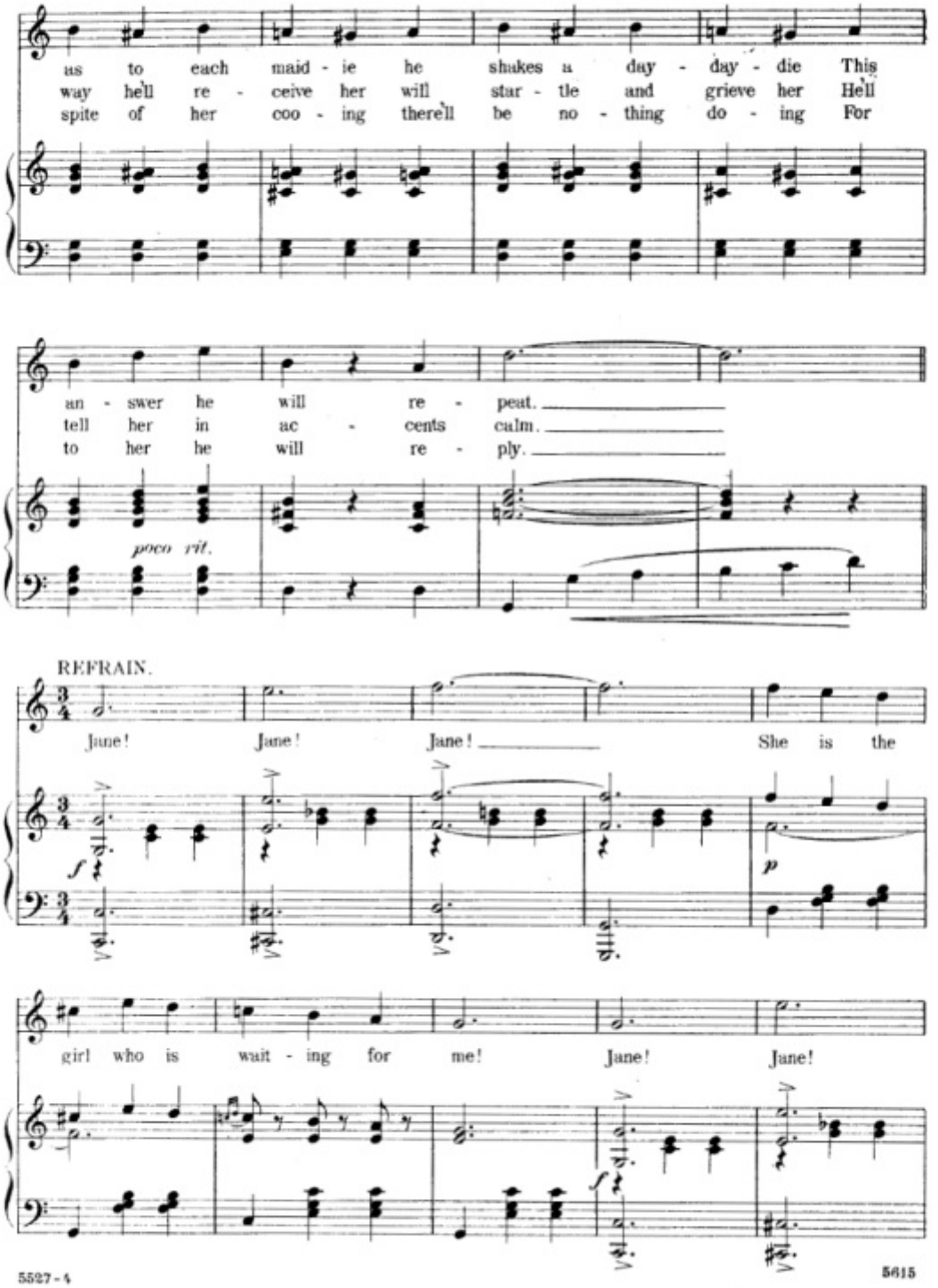
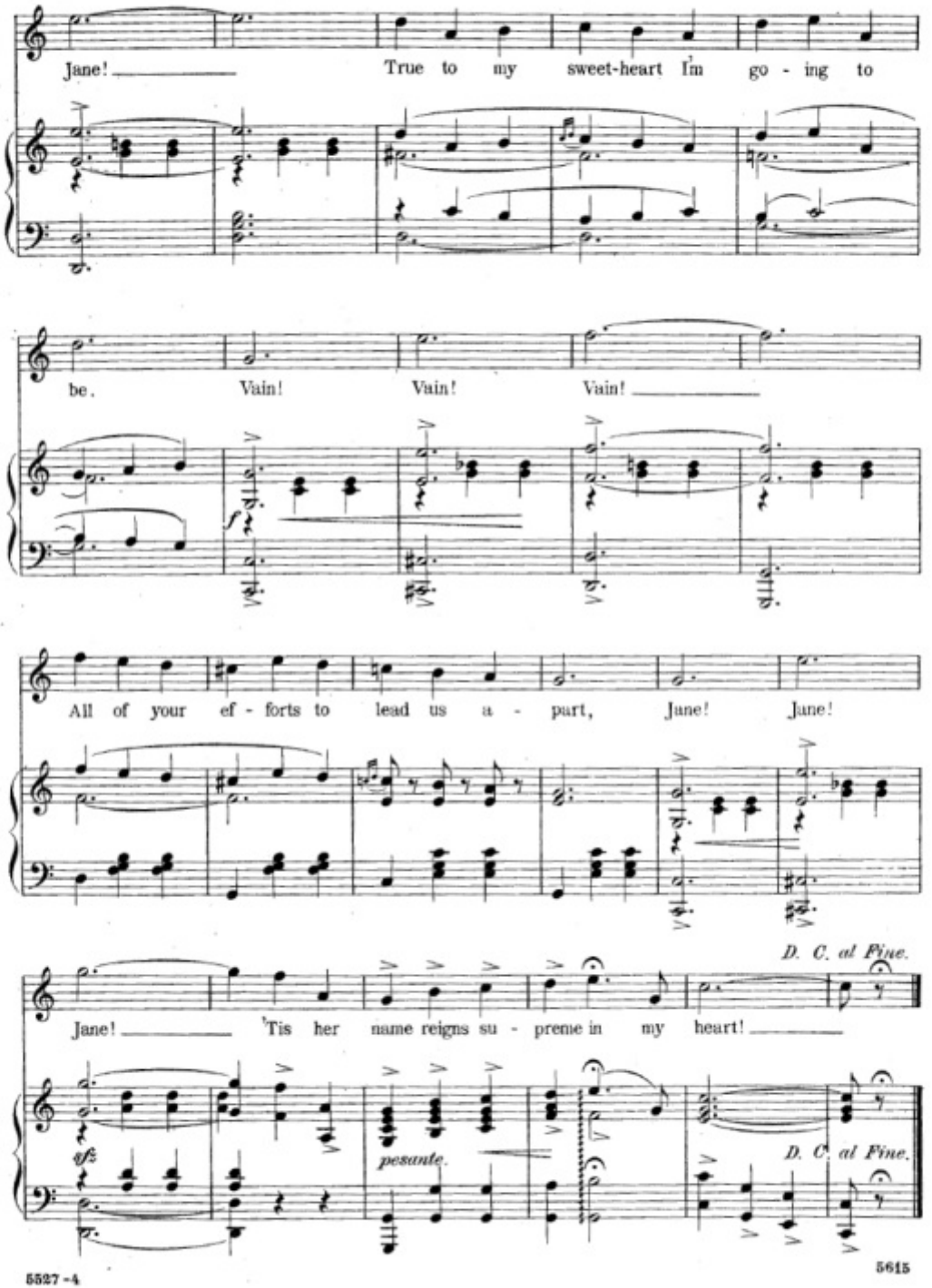

beau - ties en - tranc - ing, al - lur - ing - ly glanc - ing Will woo him
trem - bles and shiv - ers, and shud - ders and quiv - ers of ev' - ry -
ev - er you find her, the men trail be - hind her, the poor things


o'er the sea For it's all sorts of girl - ies he'll
thing a - fraid When to soothe her un - end - ing a -
can't stand praise When to cap - ture my true love she'll


meet The dash - ing, the ten - der, the sweet But
larm She'll rush to his shel - ter - ing arm The
try By prais - ing him up to the sky In

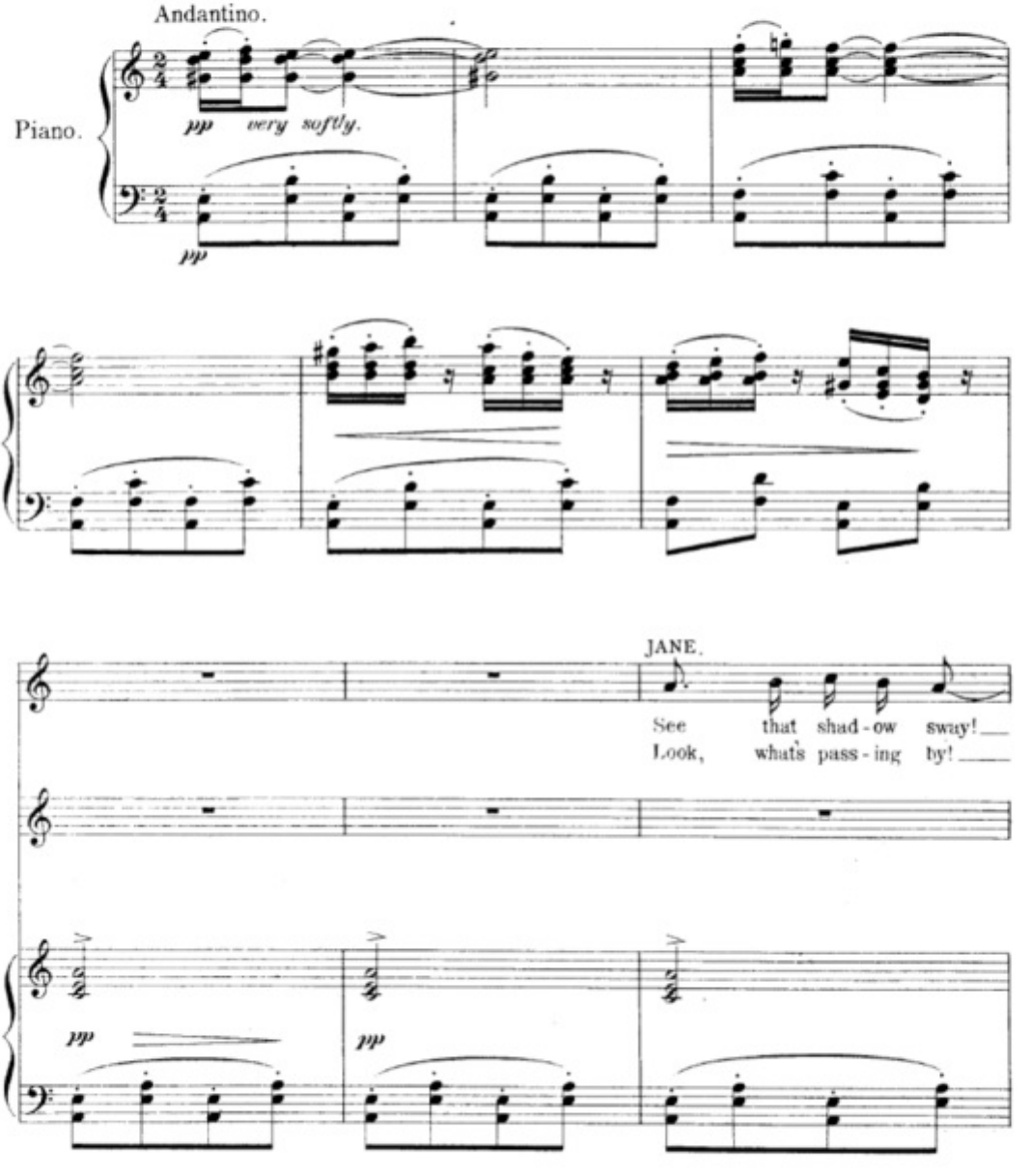

as to each maid - ie he shakes a day - day - die This
way he'll re - ceive her will star - tle and grieve her He'll
spite of her coo - ing there'll be no - thing do - ing For
an - swer he will re - peat.
tell her in ac - cents calm.
to her he will re - ply.
poco rit.
REFRAIN.
Jane! Jane! Jane! She is the
girl who is wait - ing for me! Jane! Jane!

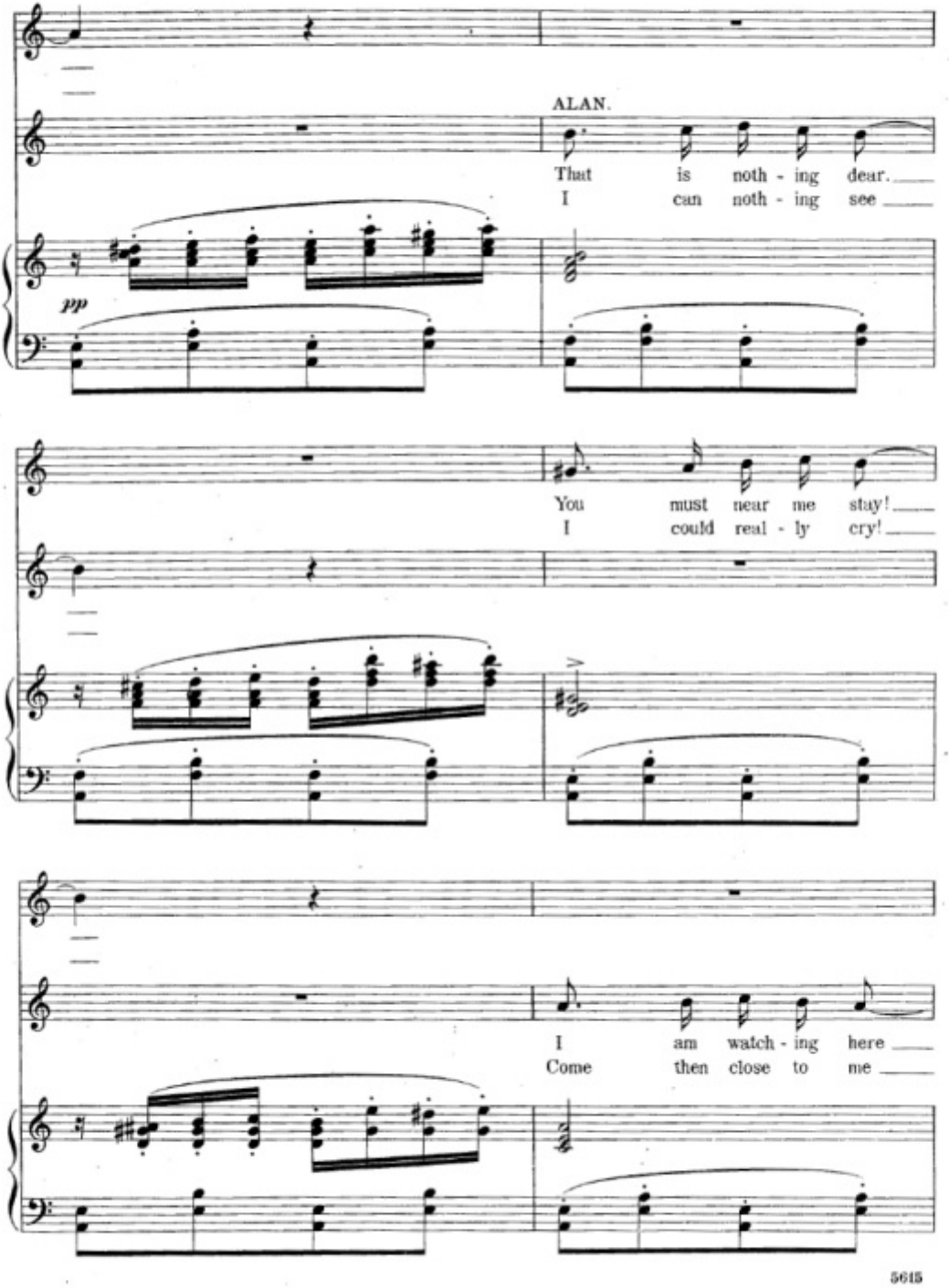

Jane! True to my sweet-heart I'm go - ing to
be. Vain! Vain! Vain!
All of your ef - forts to lead us a - part, Jane! Jane!
D. C. al Fine.
Jane! 'Tis her name reigns su - preme in my heart!
pesante.
D. C. al Fine.

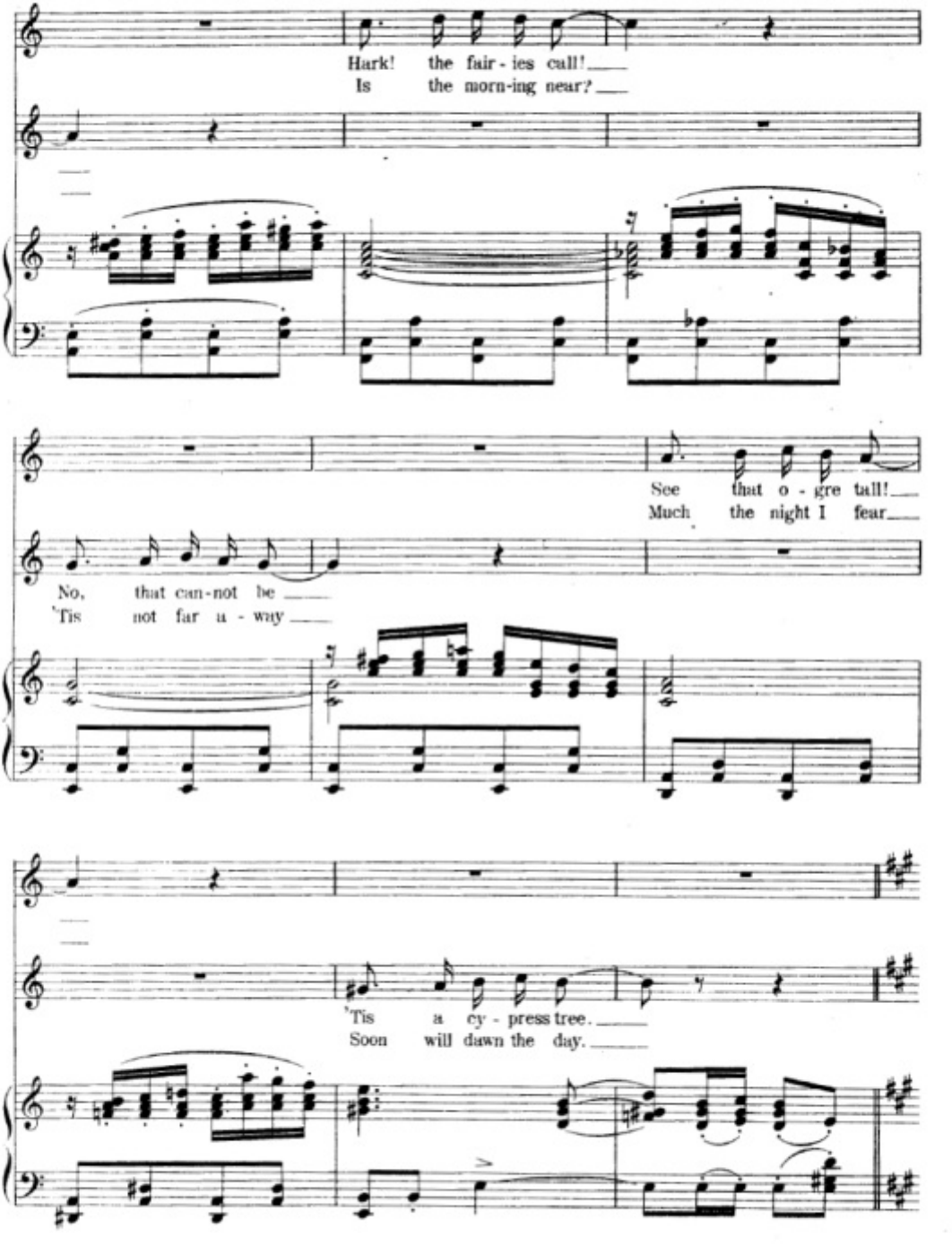
No 7. Go to Sleep, Slumber deep.

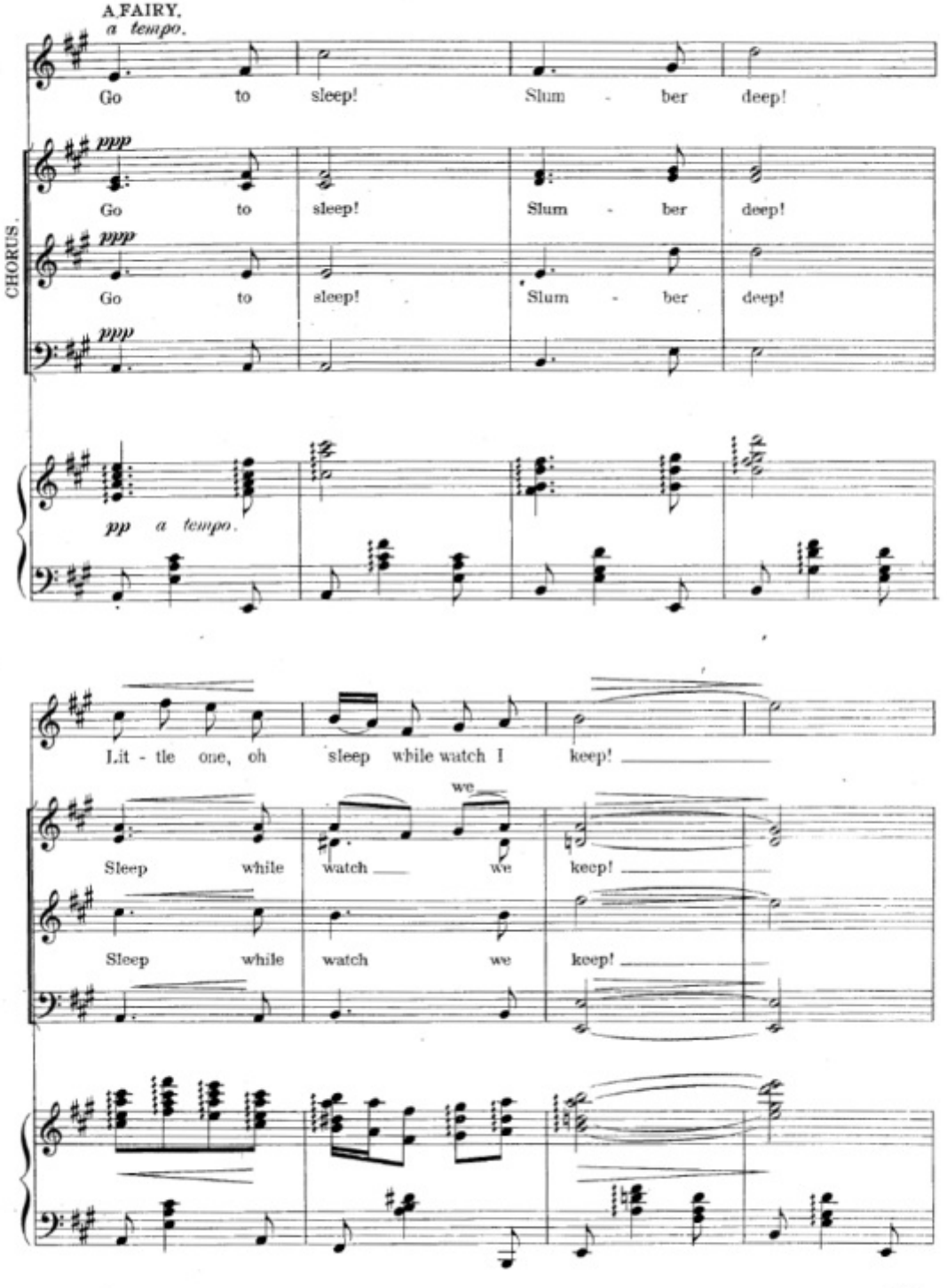
(LULLABY.)

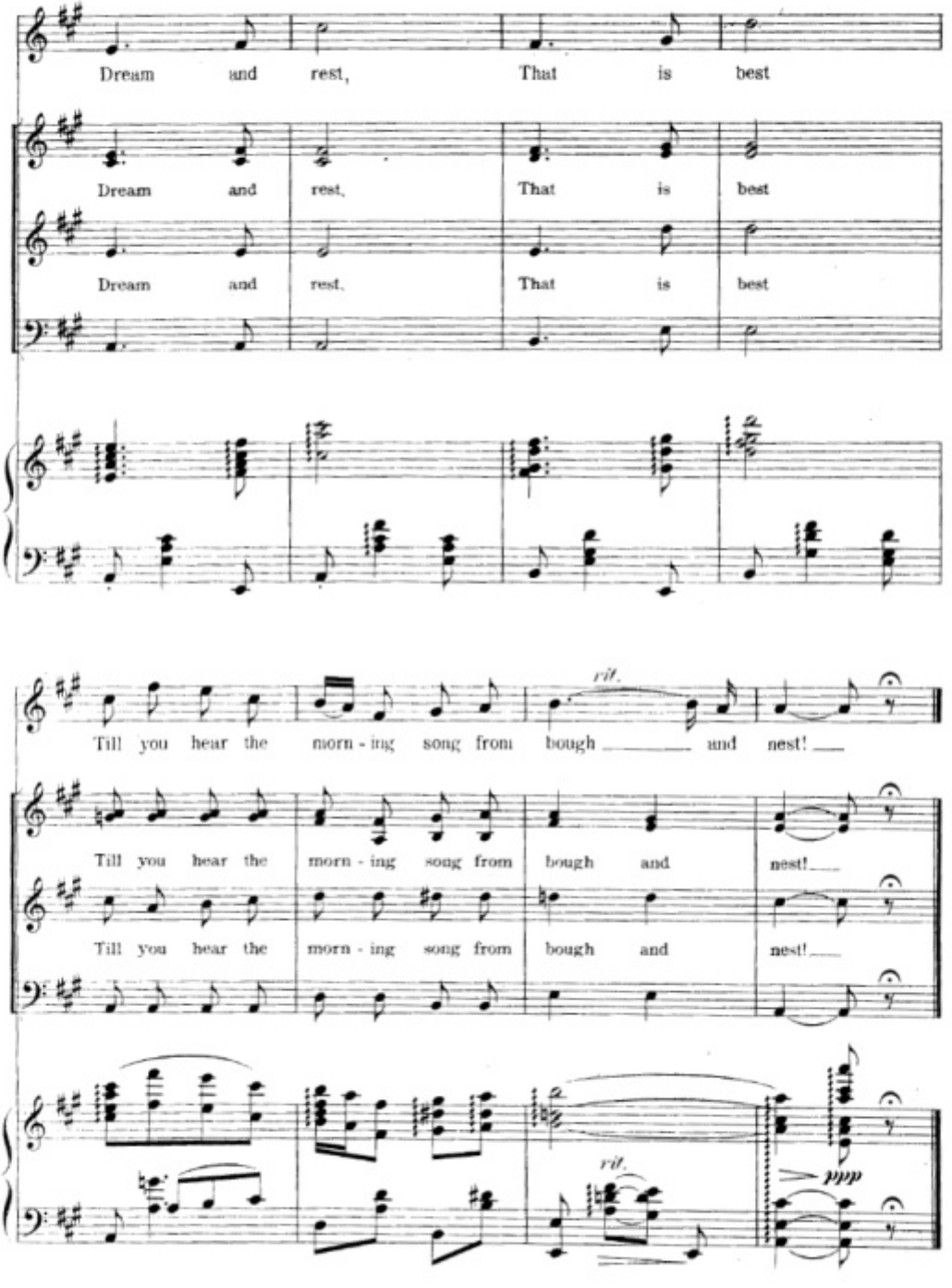
Jane, Alan A Fairy and Chorus.




ALAN.
That is noth - ing dear.
I can noth - ing see
pp
You must near me stay!
I could real - ly cry!
I am watch - ing here
Come then close to me

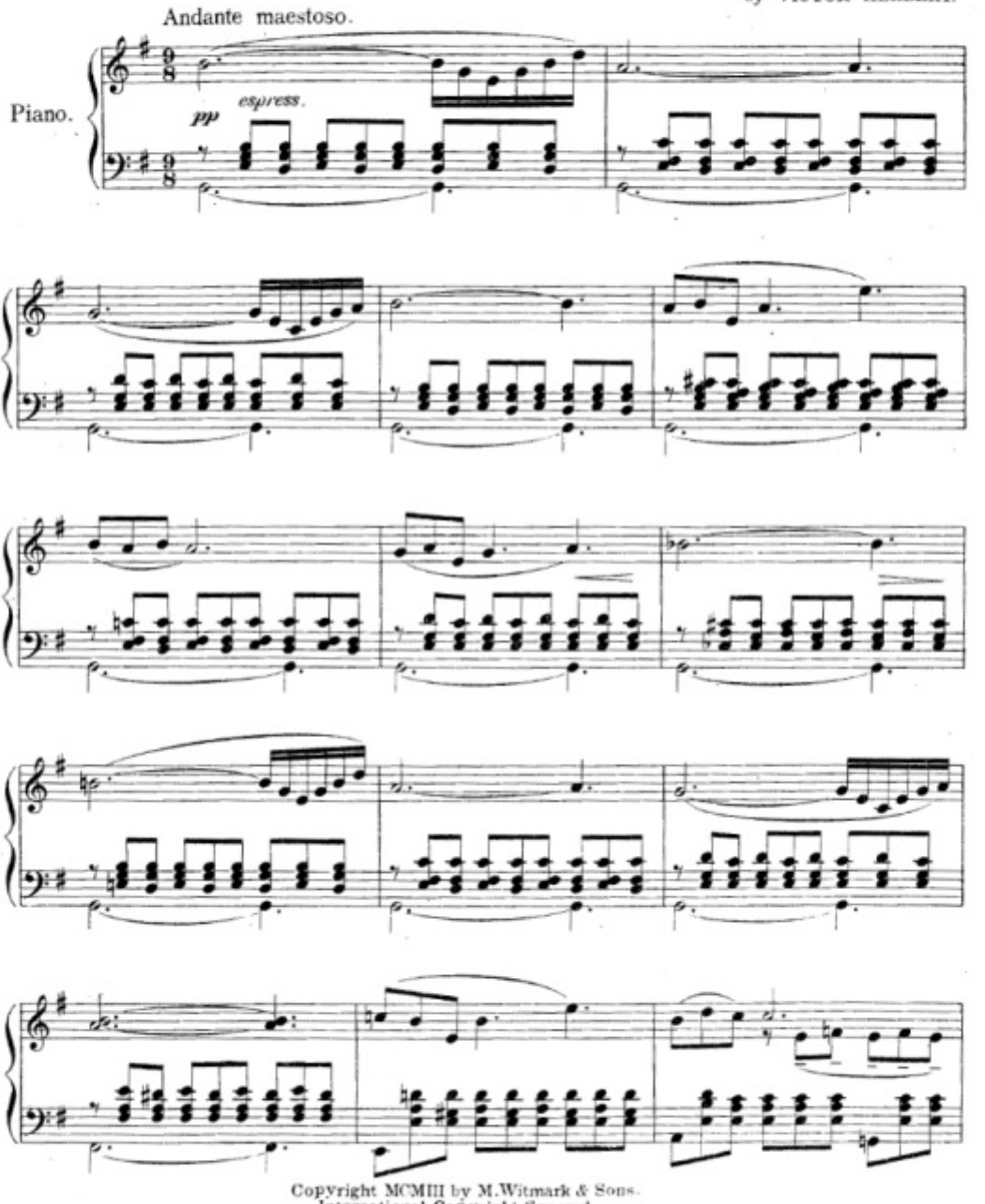

Hark! the fair - ies call!
Is the morn-ing near?
See that o - gre tall!
Much the night I fear
No, that can-not be
'Tis not far a - way
'Tis a cy - press tree.
Soon will dawn the day.


A FAIRY.
a tempo.
Go to sleep! Slum - ber deep!
CHORUS.
ppp
Go to sleep! Slum - ber deep!
ppp
Go to sleep! Slum - ber deep!
ppp
pp a tempo.
Lit - tle one, oh sleep while watch I keep!
we
Sleep while watch we keep!
Sleep while watch we keep!


Dream and rest, That is best
Dream and rest, That is best
Dream and rest, That is best
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
rit.
rit.
ppp

No 8. The Birth of the Butterfly.

by VICTOR HERBERT.



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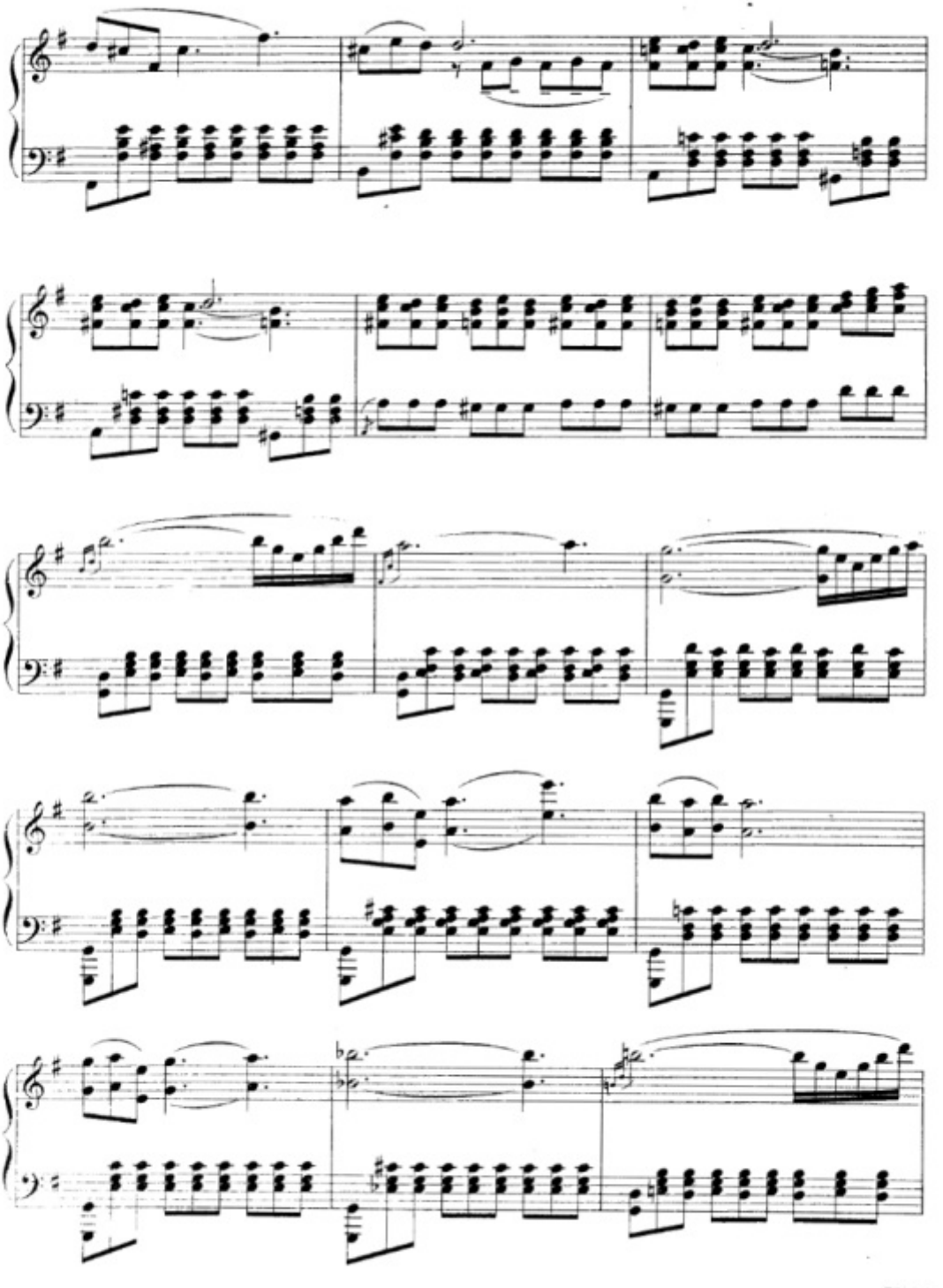
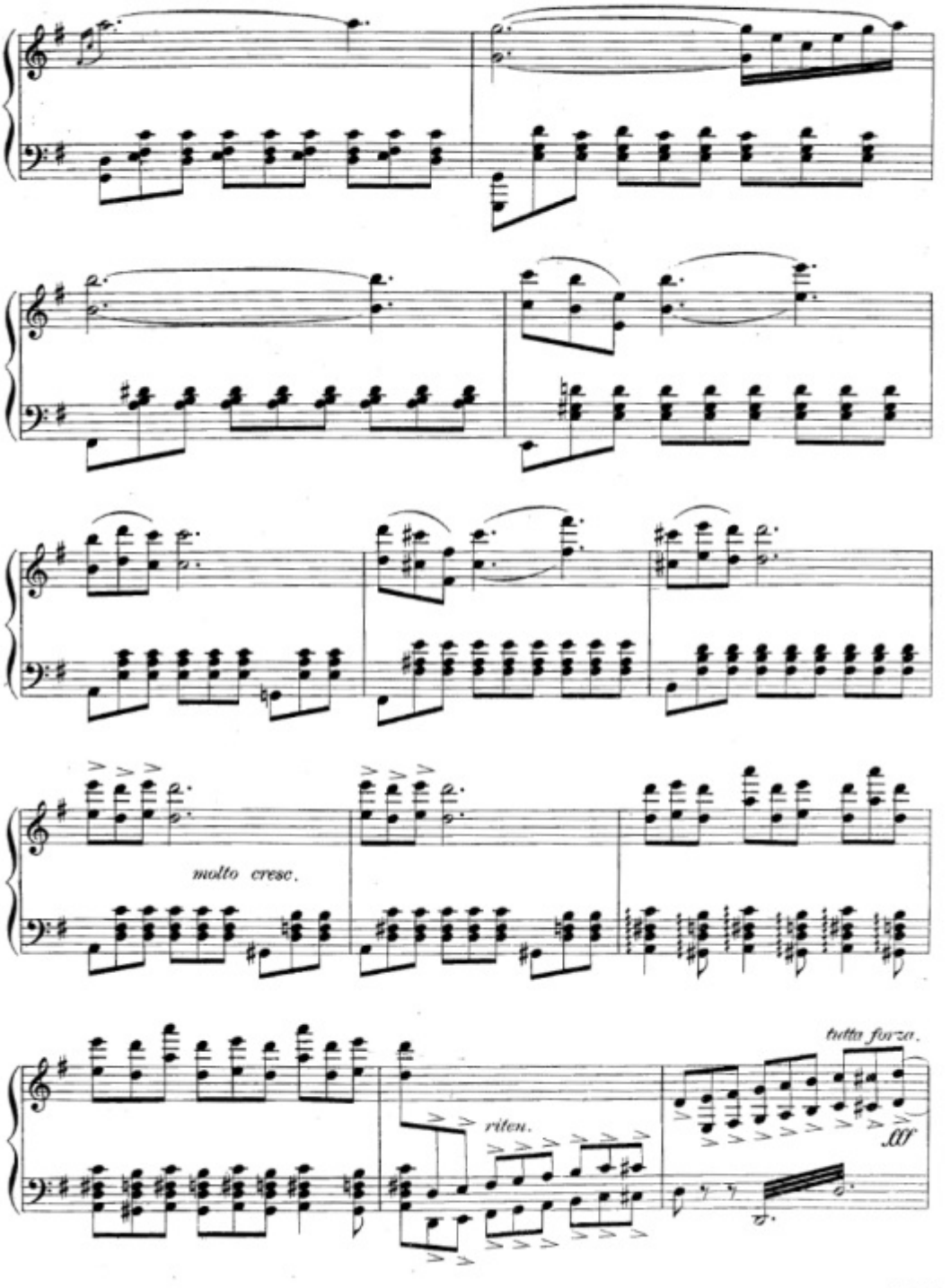
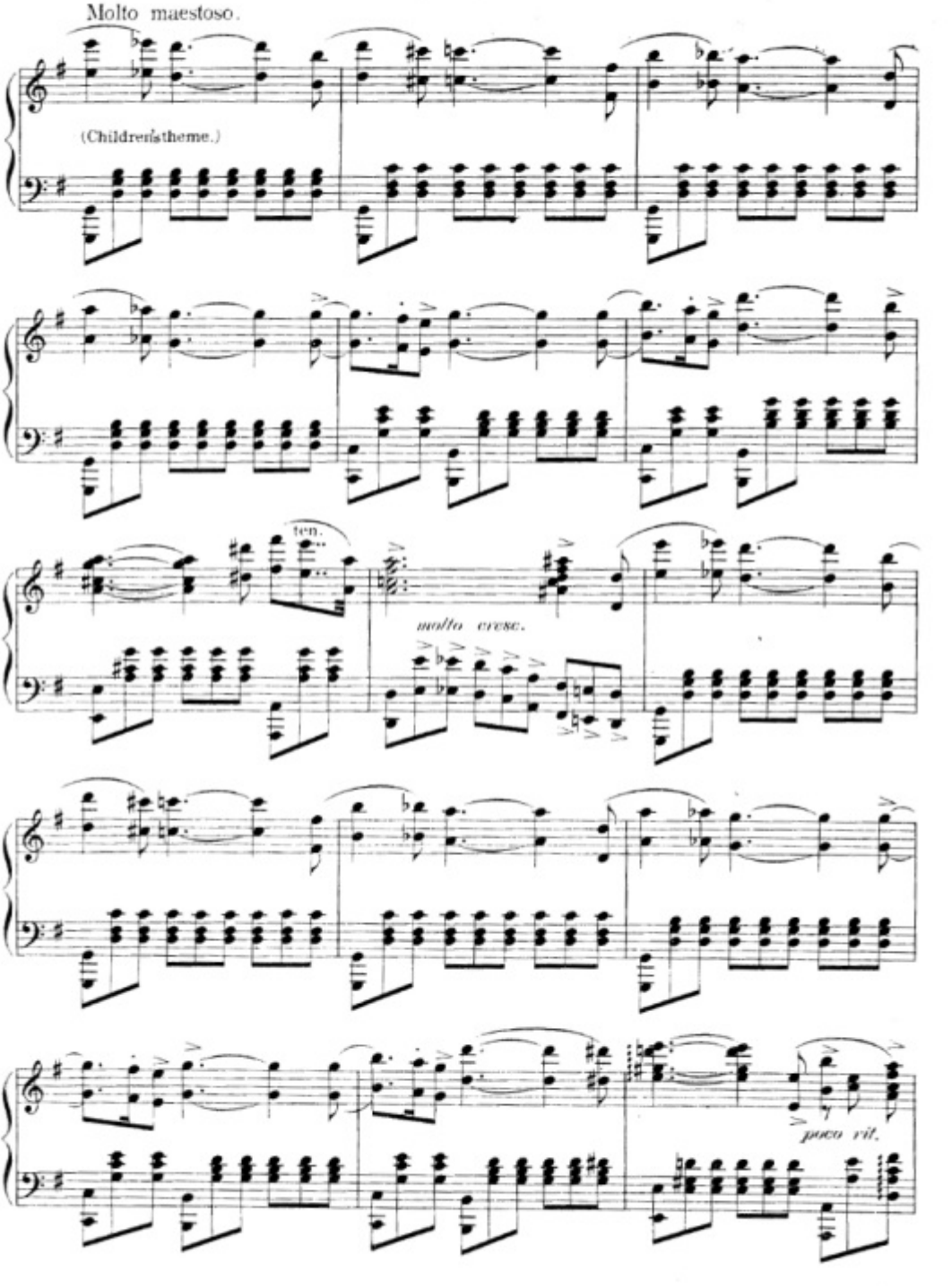
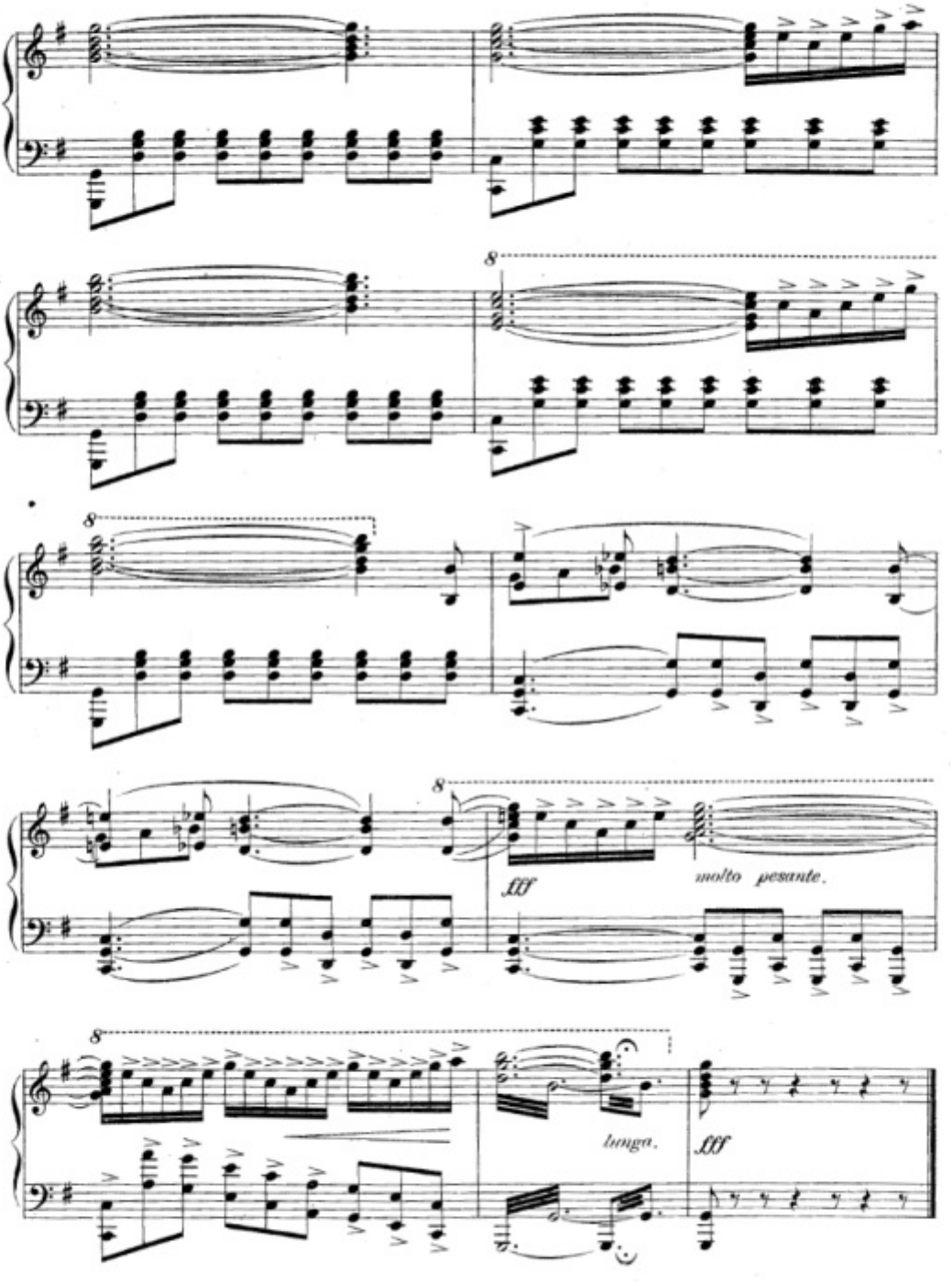



molto cresc.
riten.
tutta forza.
fff

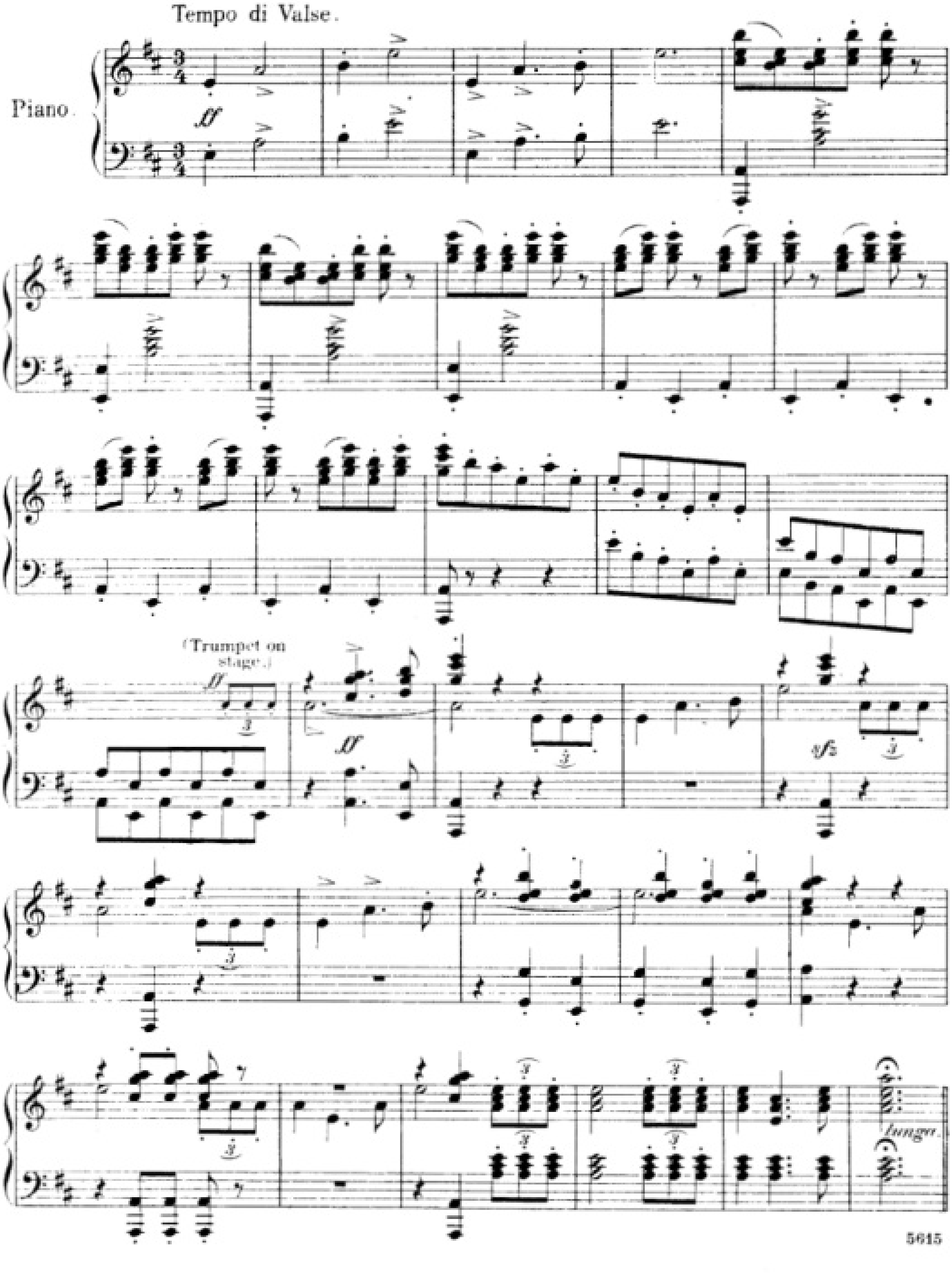

Molto maestoso.
(Children's theme.)
ten.
molto cresc.
poco rit.

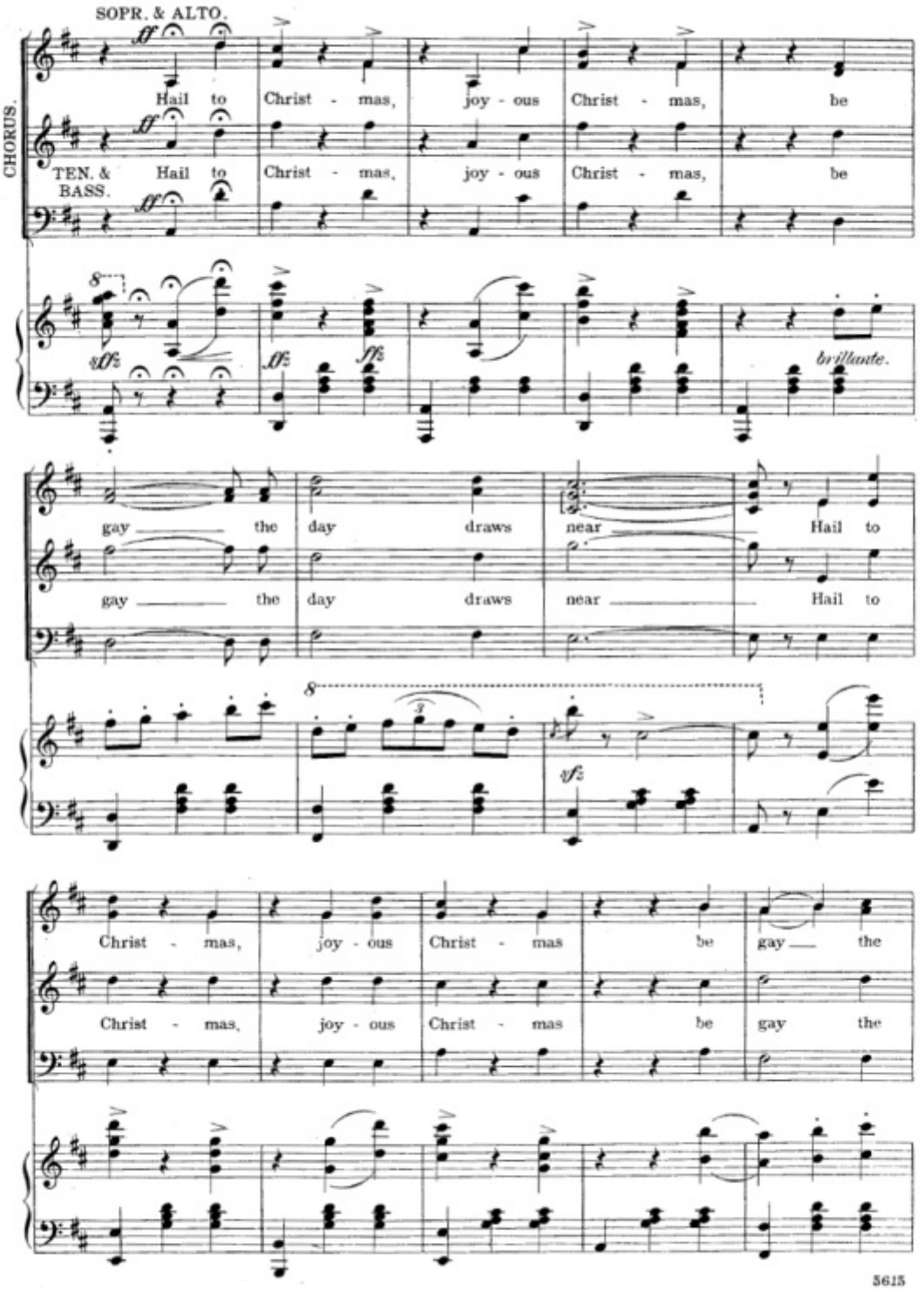

8
8
8
fff
molto pesante.
8
lunga.
fff

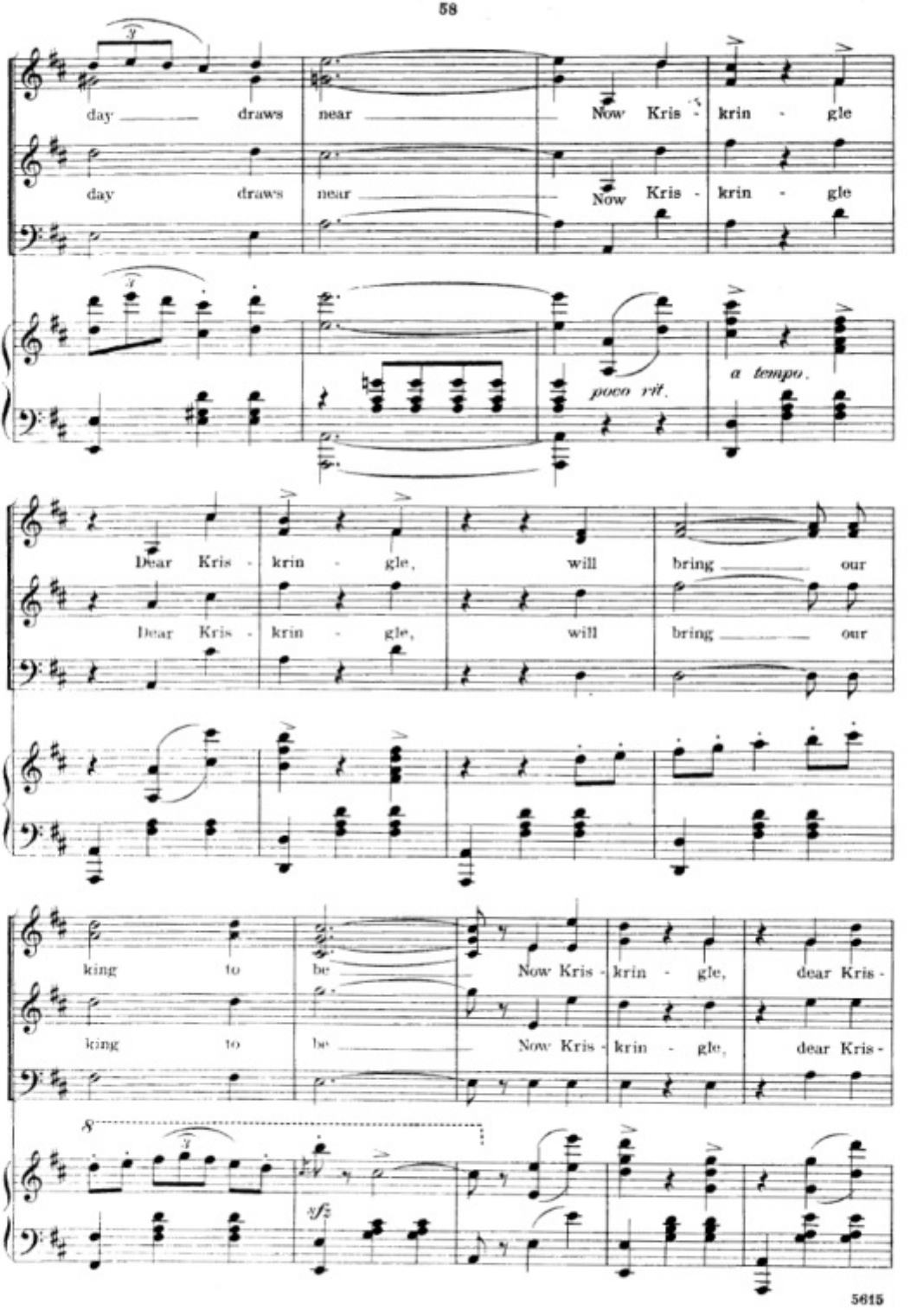
ACT II.

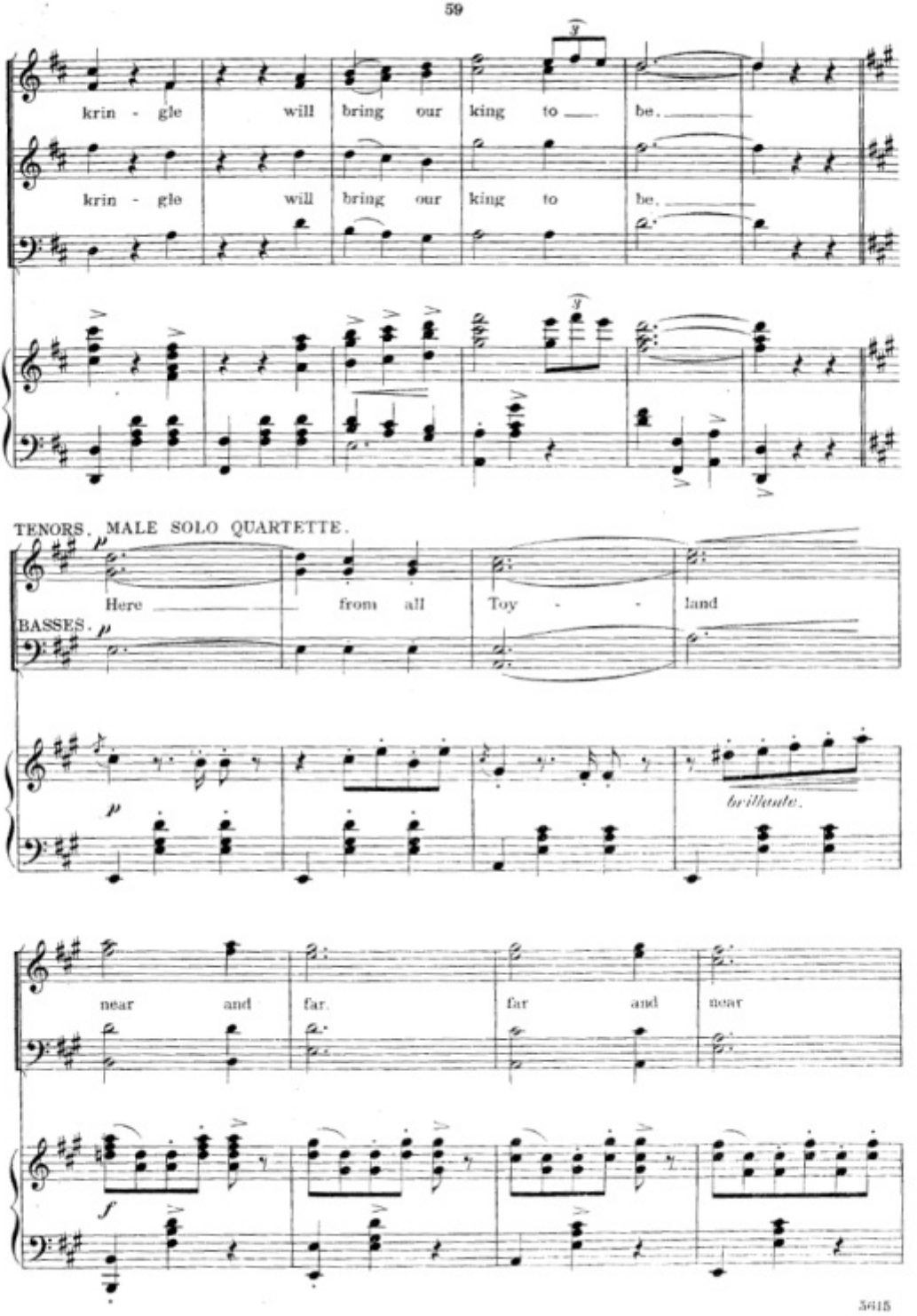
Nº 9. Opening Chorus.

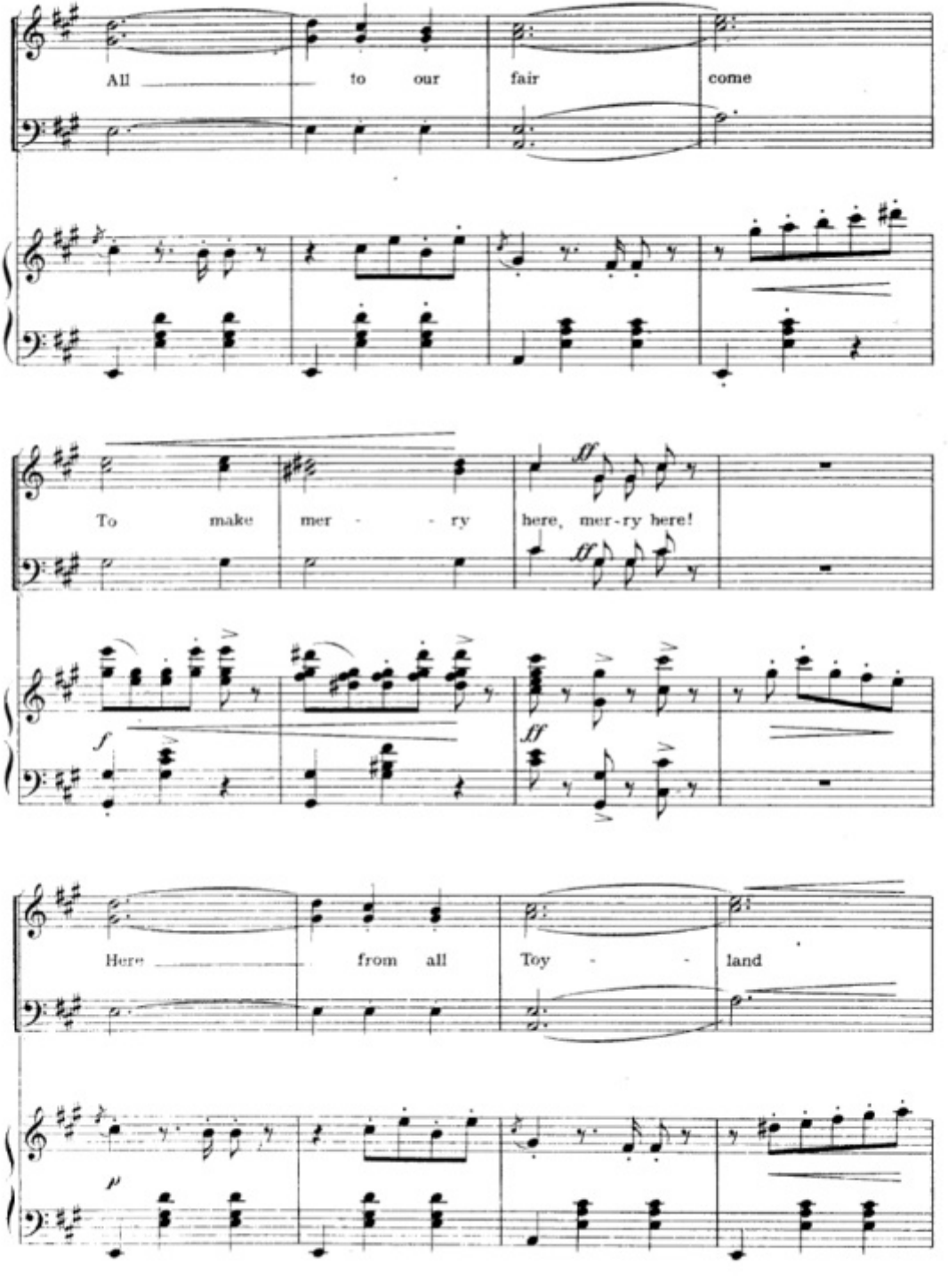
HAIL TO CHRISTMAS.

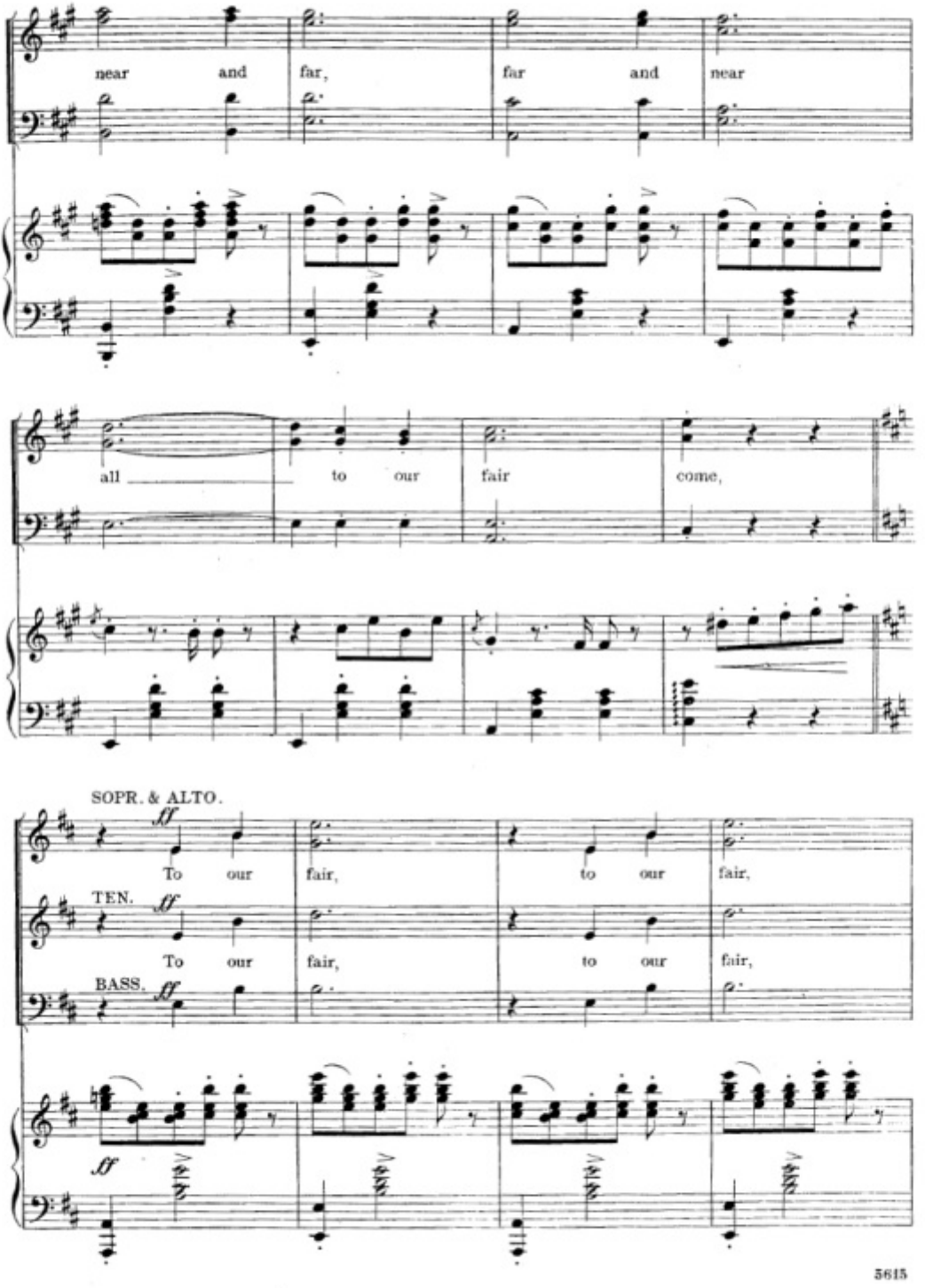


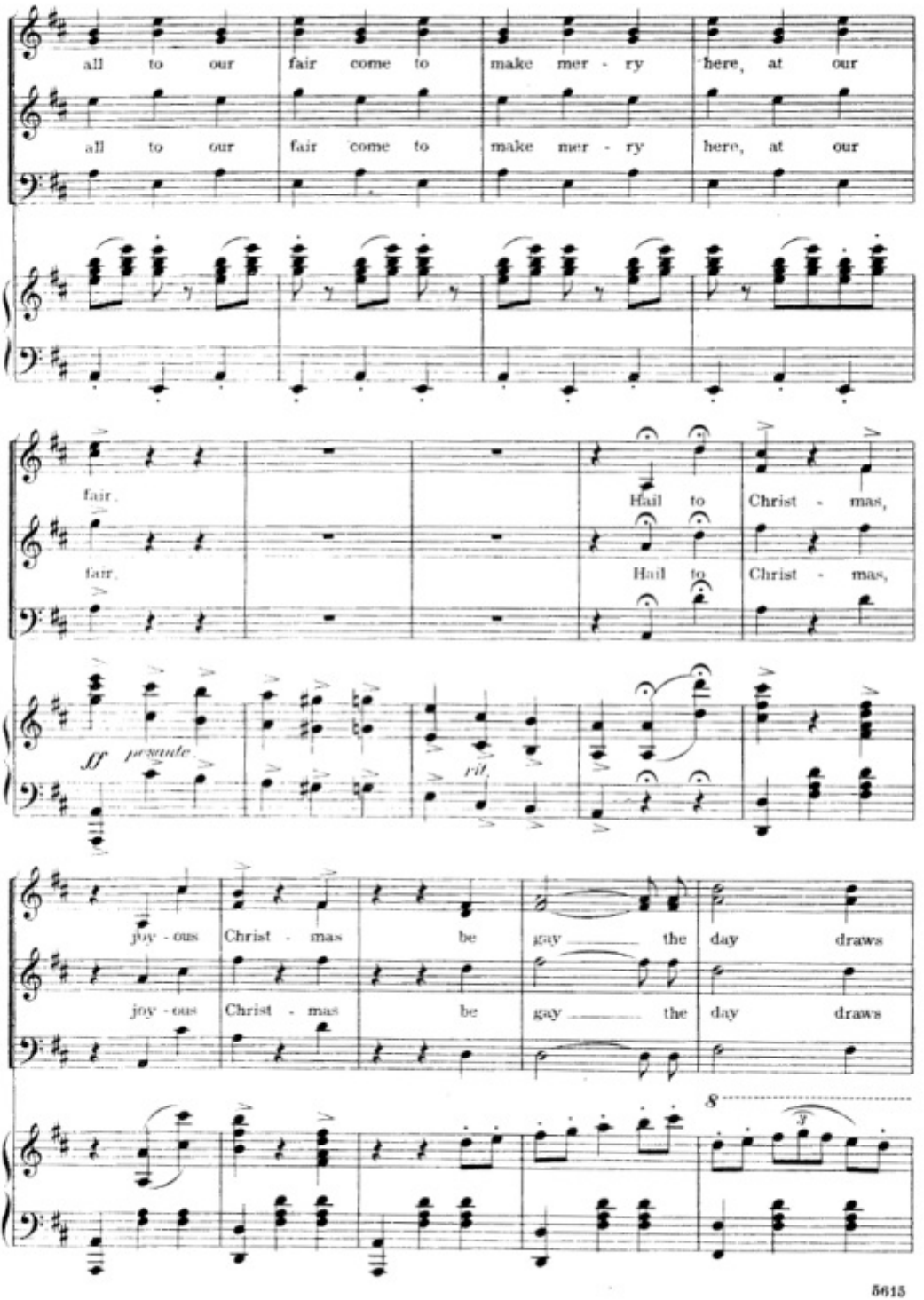

CHORUS.
SOPR. & ALTO.
TEN. & BASS.
Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas, be
Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas, be
brillante.
gay the day draws near Hail to
gay the day draws near Hail to
Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas be gay the
Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas be gay the

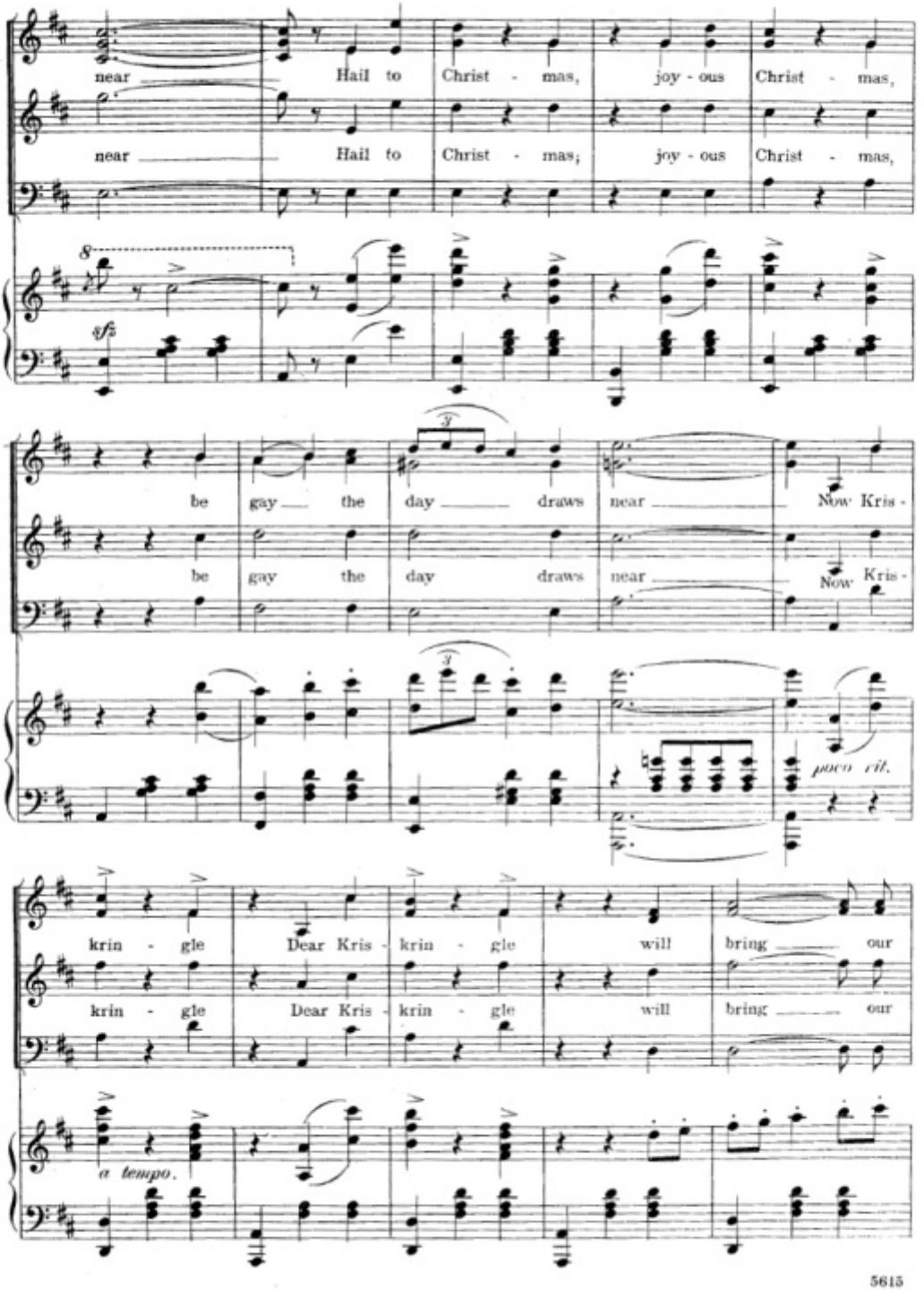

day draws near Now Kris - krin - gle
day draws near Now Kris - krin - gle
poco rit.
a tempo.
Dear Kris - krin - gle, will bring our
Dear Kris - krin - gle, will bring our
king to be Now Kris - krin - gle, dear Kris -
king to be Now Kris - krin - gle, dear Kris -
8
sfz

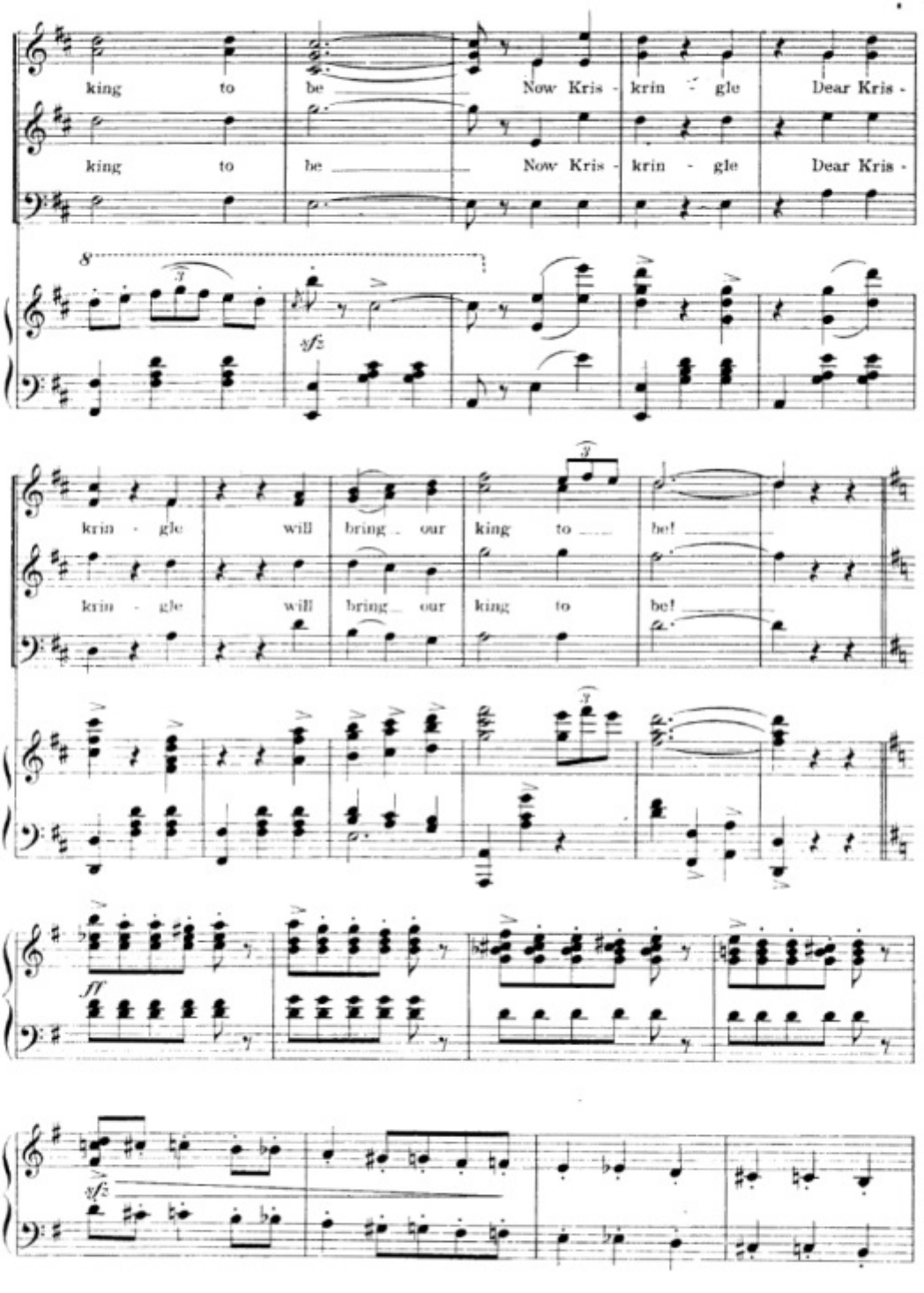

krin - gle will bring our king to be.
krin - gle will bring our king to be.
TENORS. MALE SOLO QUARTETTE.
Here from all Toy - land
BASSES.
brillante.
near and far. far and near

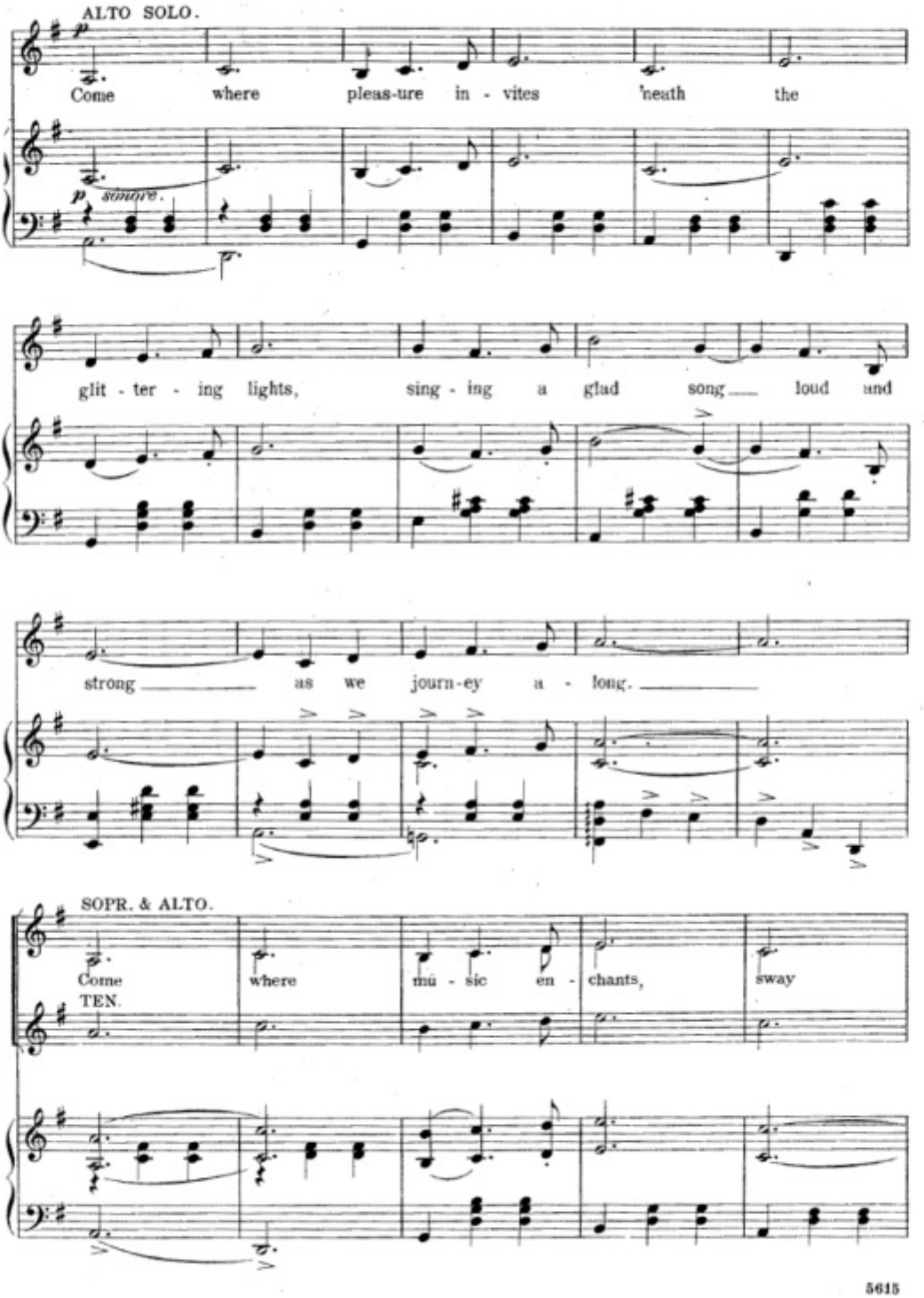

All to our fair come
To make mer - - ry here, mer-ry here!
Here from all Toy - - land

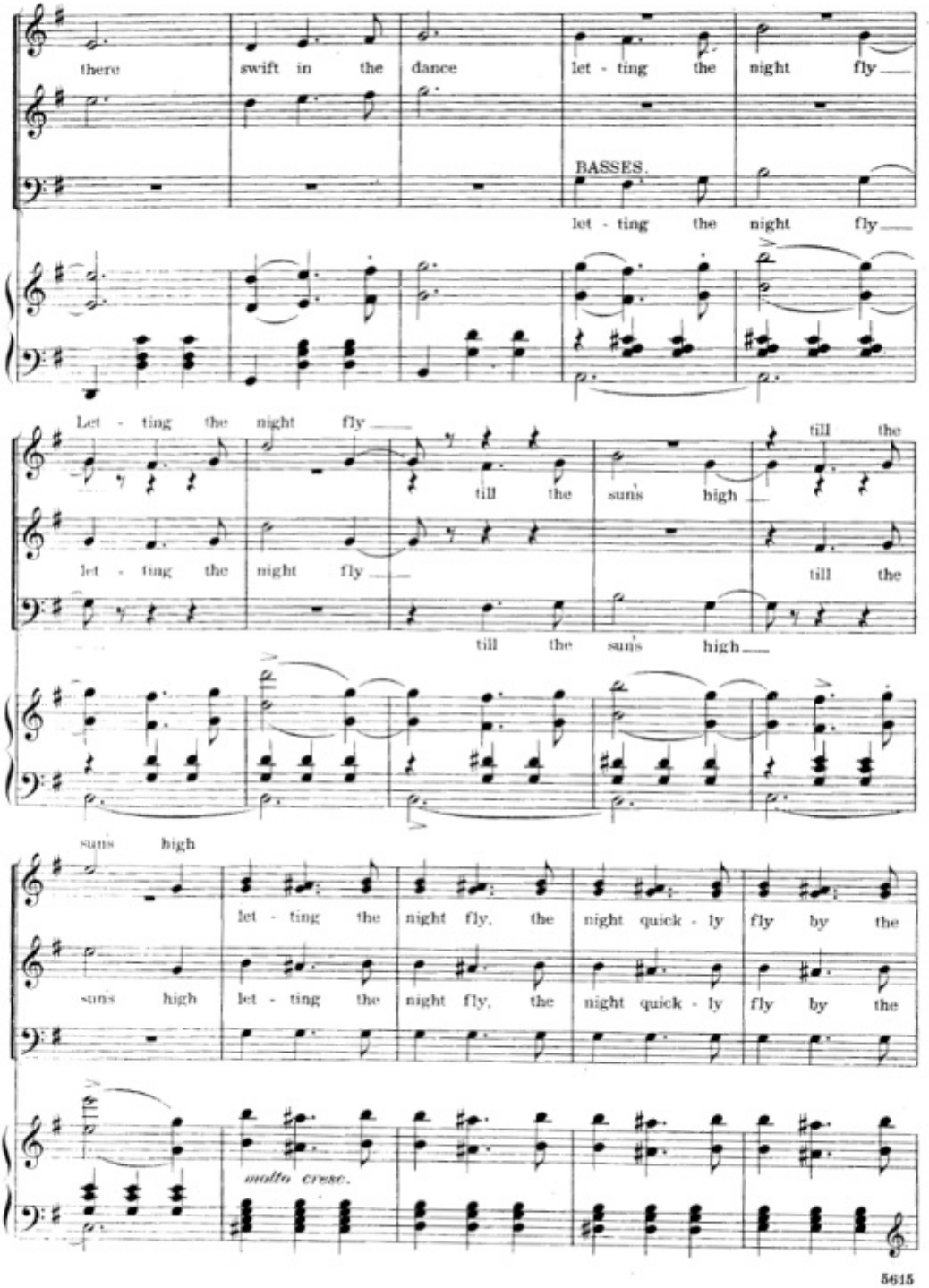

near and far, far and near
all to our fair come,
SOPR. & ALTO.
ff
To our fair, to our fair,
TEN.
ff
To our fair, to our fair,
BASS.
ff
ff

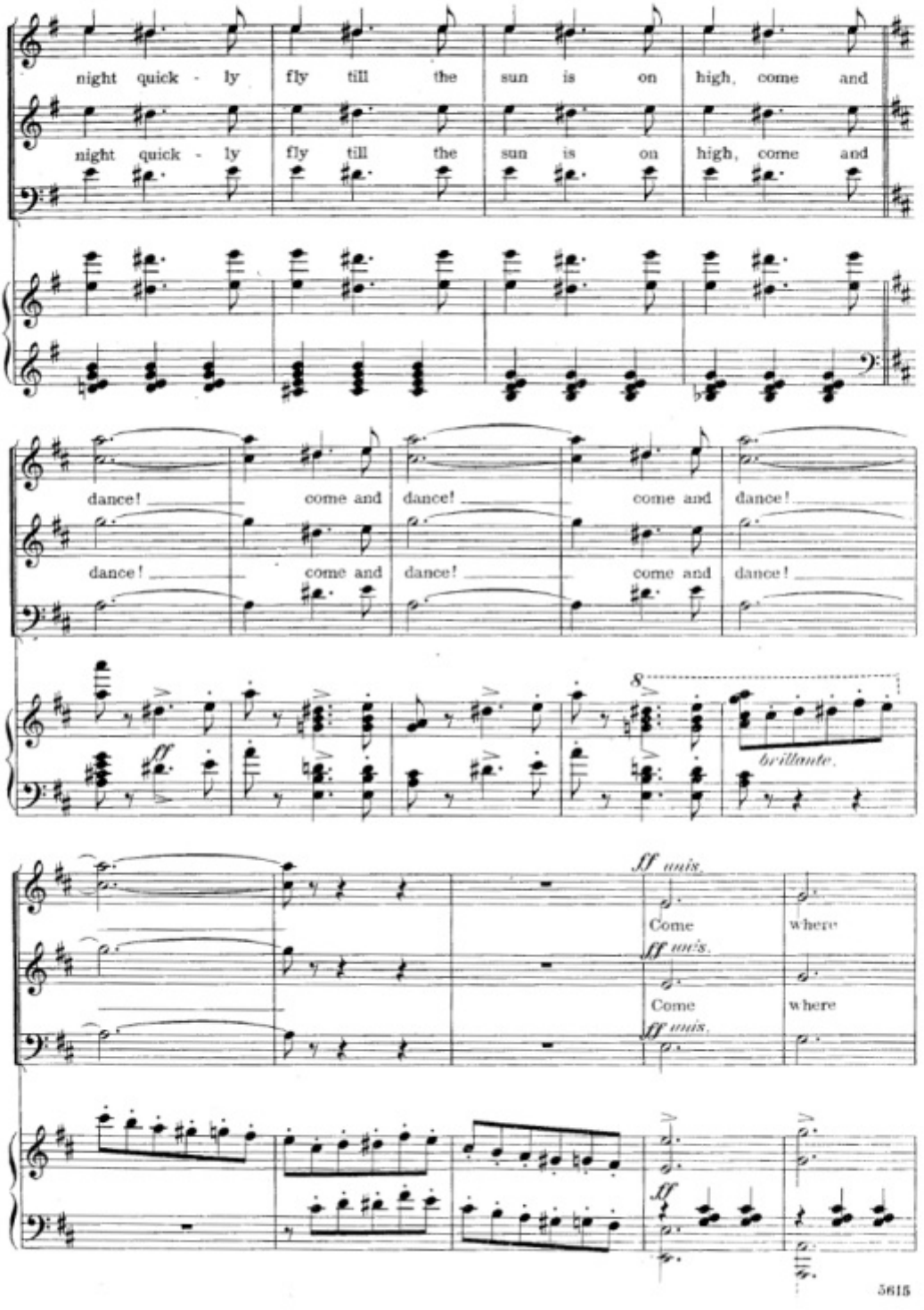

all to our fair come to make mer - ry here, at our
all to our fair come to make mer - ry here, at our
fair.
Hail to Christ - mas,
fair.
Hail to Christ - mas,
ff pesante
rit.
joy - ous Christ - mas be gay the day draws
joy - ous Christ - mas be gay the day draws
8

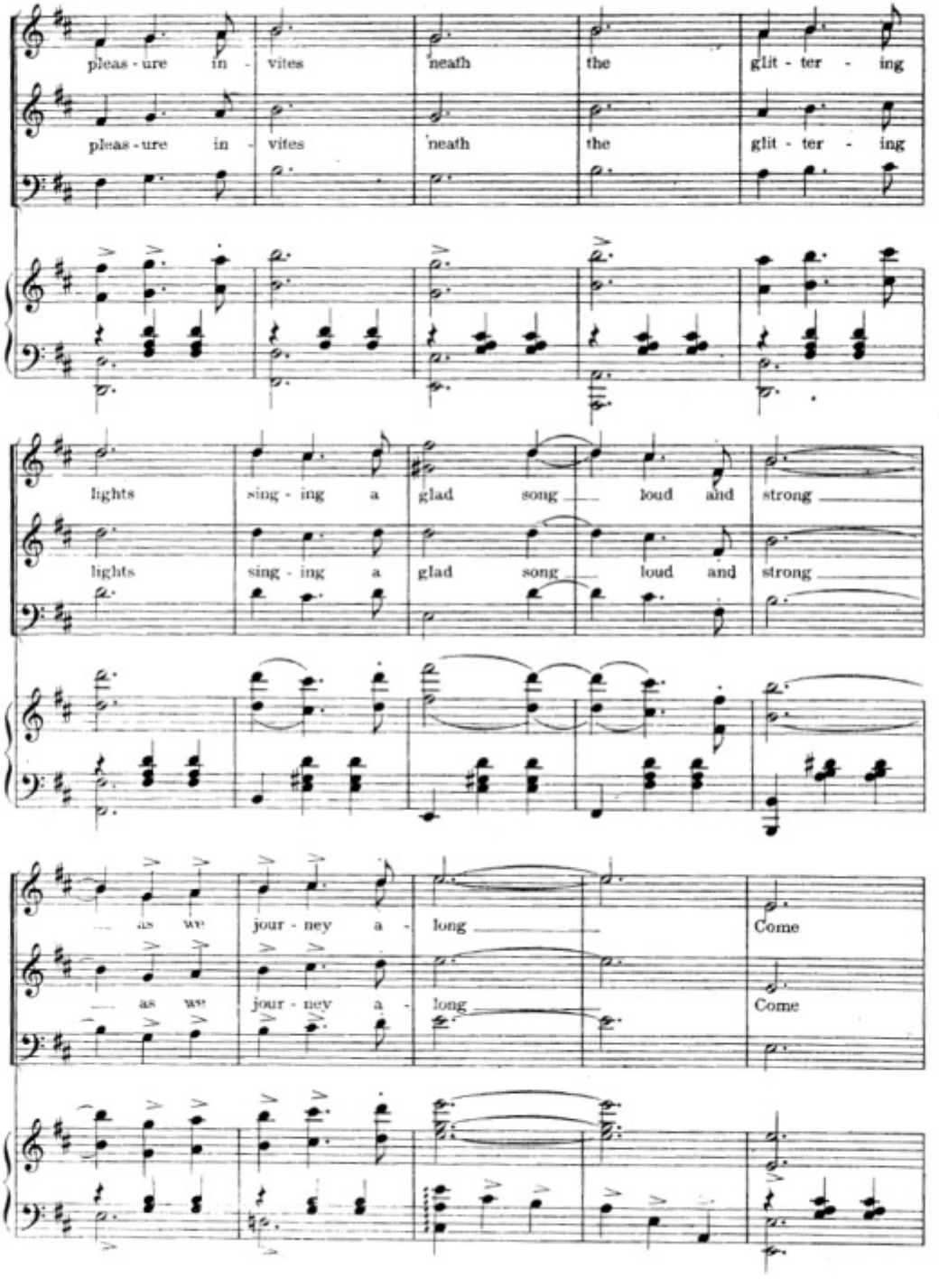

near Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas,
near Hail to Christ - mas; joy - ous Christ - mas,
8
sfz
be gay the day draws near Now Kris -
be gay the day draws near Now Kris -
poco rit.
krin - gle Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our
krin - gle Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our
a tempo.

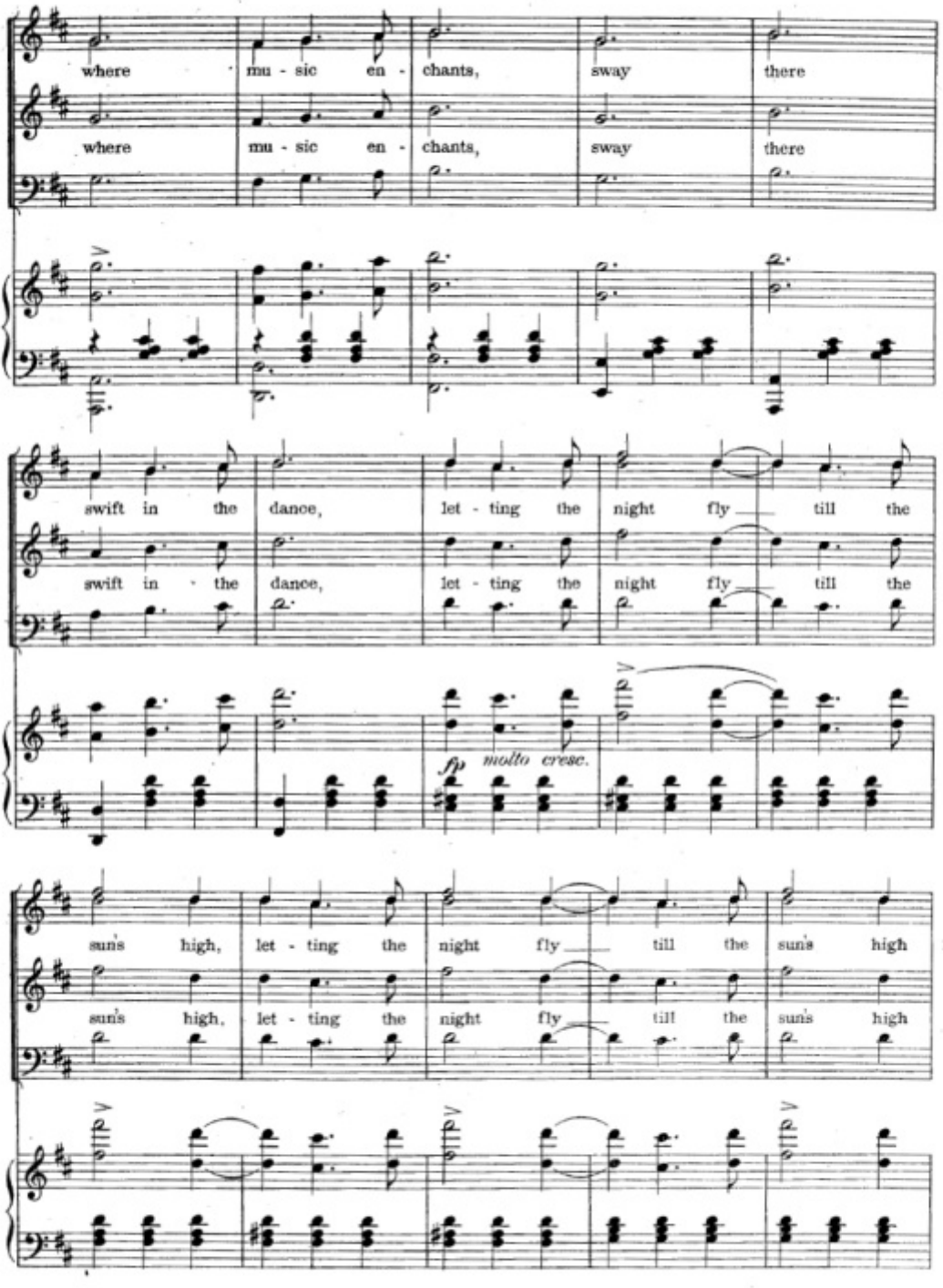

king to be Now Kris - krin - gle Dear Kris -
king to be Now Kris - krin - gle Dear Kris -
sfz
krin - gle will bring our king to be!
krin - gle will bring our king to be!
ff
sfz

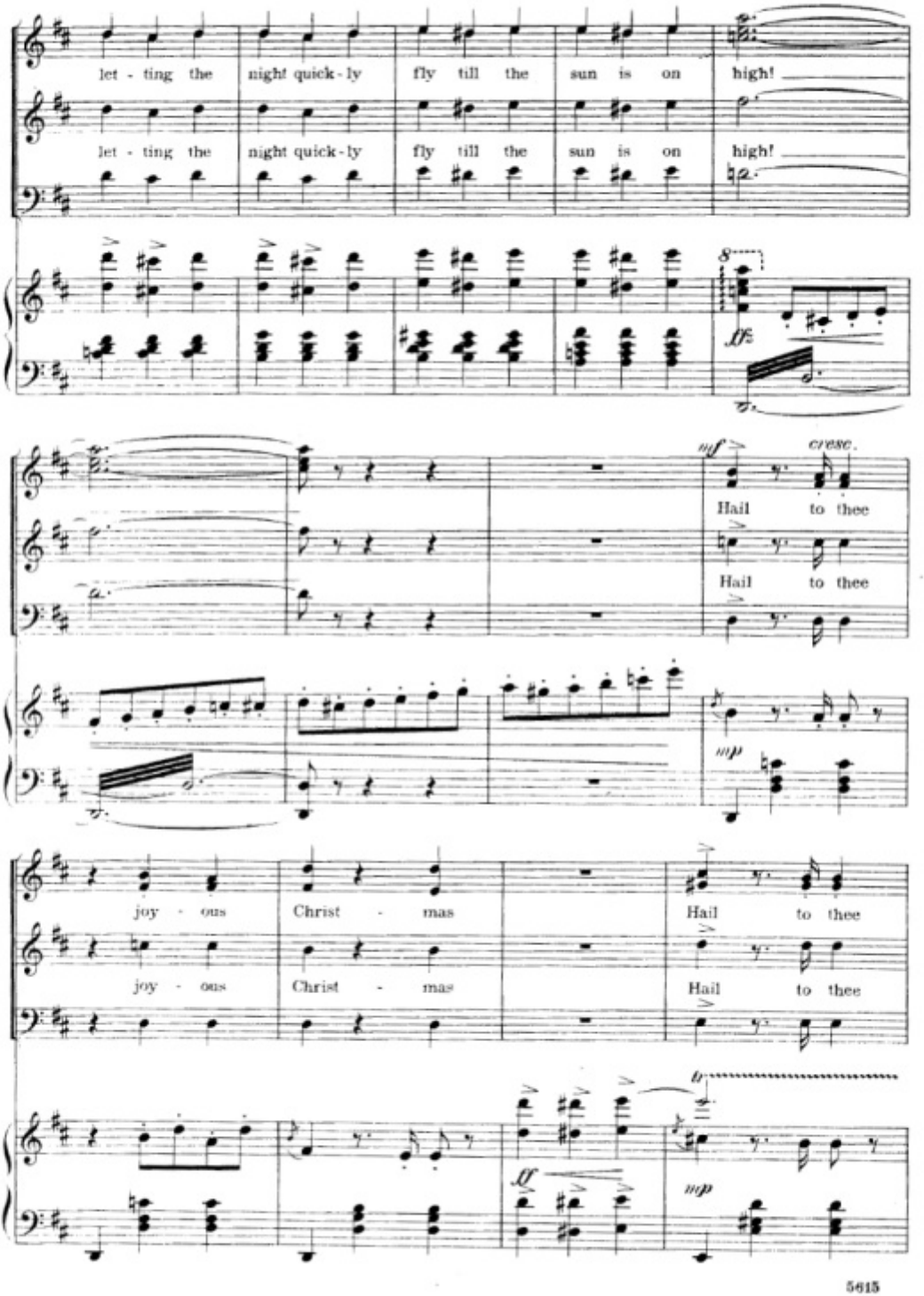

ALTO SOLO.
Come where pleas-ure in - vites 'neath the
p sempre.
glit - ter - ing lights, sing - ing a glad song loud and
strong as we journ-ey a - long.
SOPR. & ALTO.
Come where mu - sic en - chants, sway
TEN.

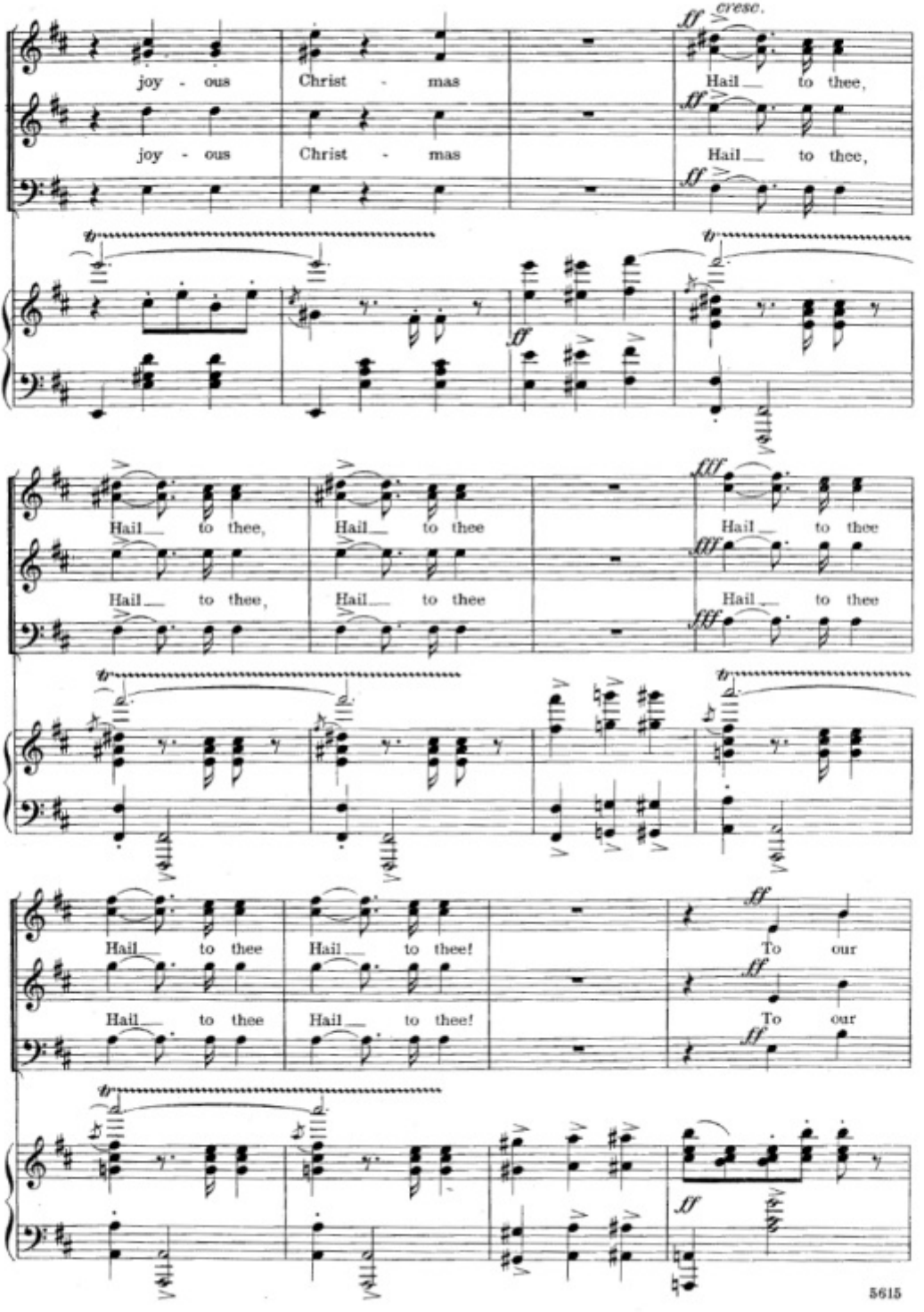

there swift in the dance let - ting the night fly
BASSES.
let - ting the night fly
Let - ting the night fly
till the
till the sun's high
let - ting the night fly
till the
till the sun's high
sun's high
let - ting the night fly, the night quick - ly fly by the
sun's high let - ting the night fly, the night quick - ly fly by the
molto cresc.

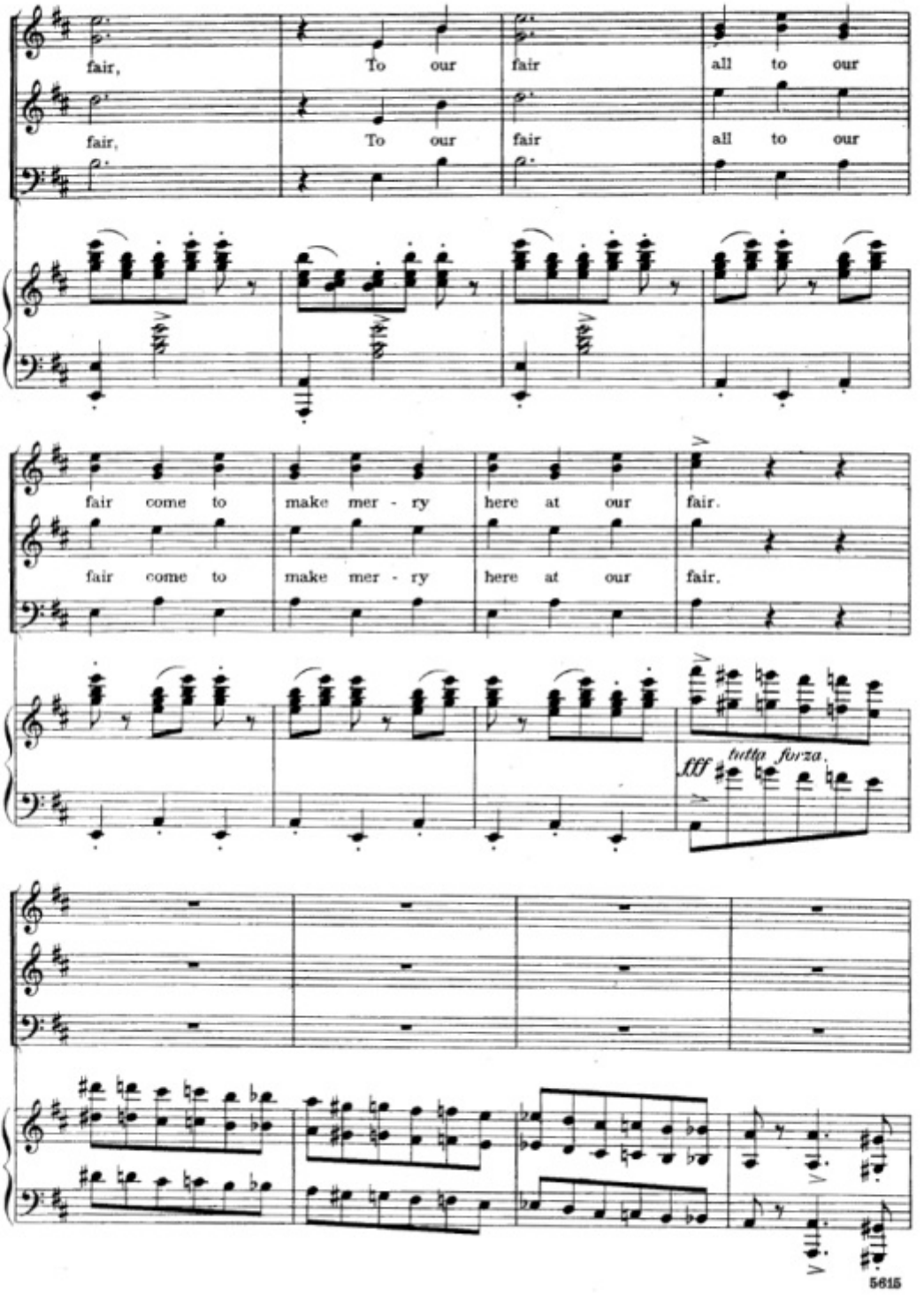

night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high, come and
night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high, come and
dance! come and dance! come and dance!
dance! come and dance! come and dance!
8
brillante.
ff uni's.
Come where
ff uni's.
Come where
ff uni's.
ff

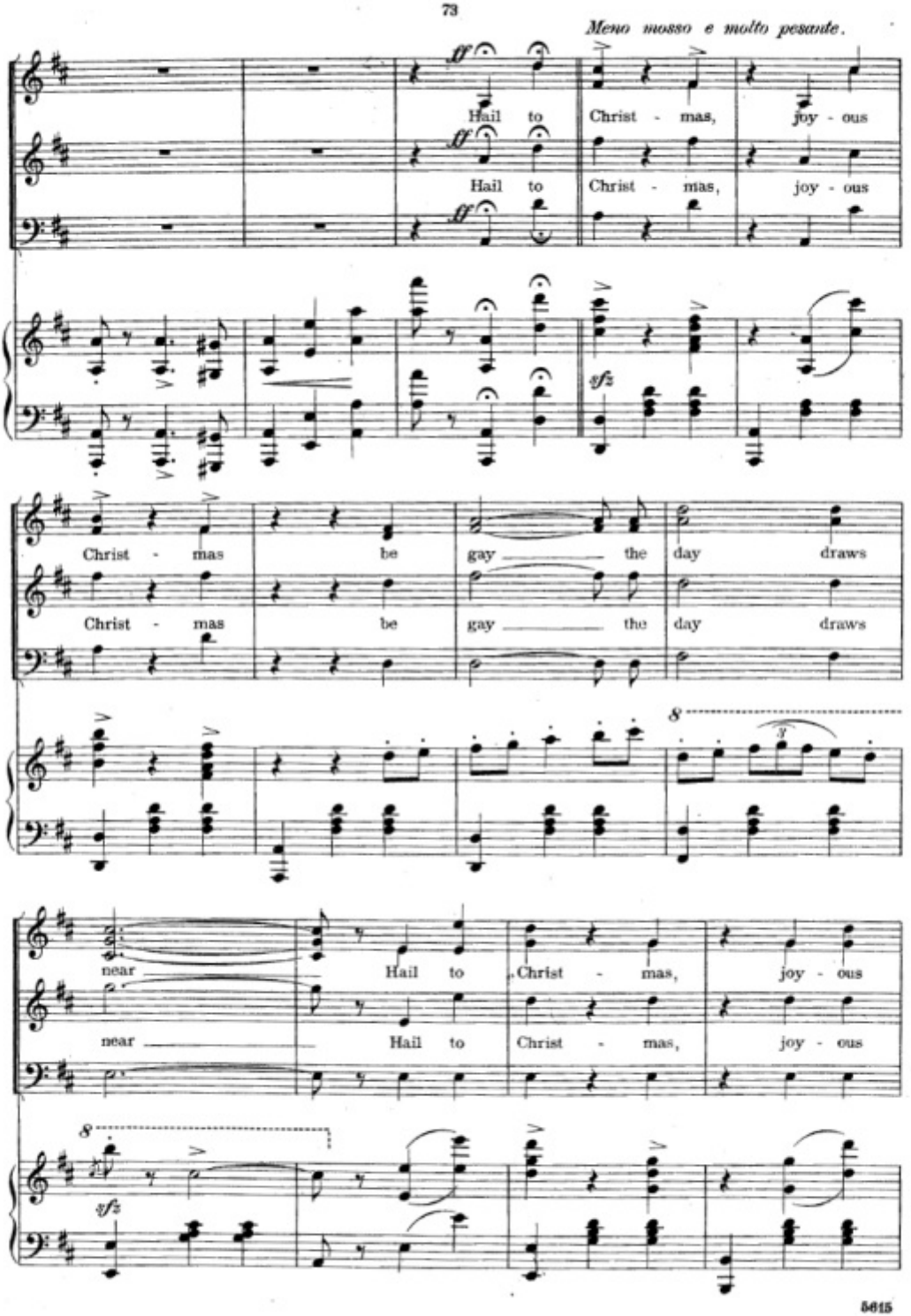

pleas - ure in - vites neath the glit - ter - ing
pleas - ure in - vites neath the glit - ter - ing
lights sing - ing a glad song loud and strong
lights sing - ing a glad song loud and strong
as we jour - ney a - long Come
as we jour - ney a - long Come

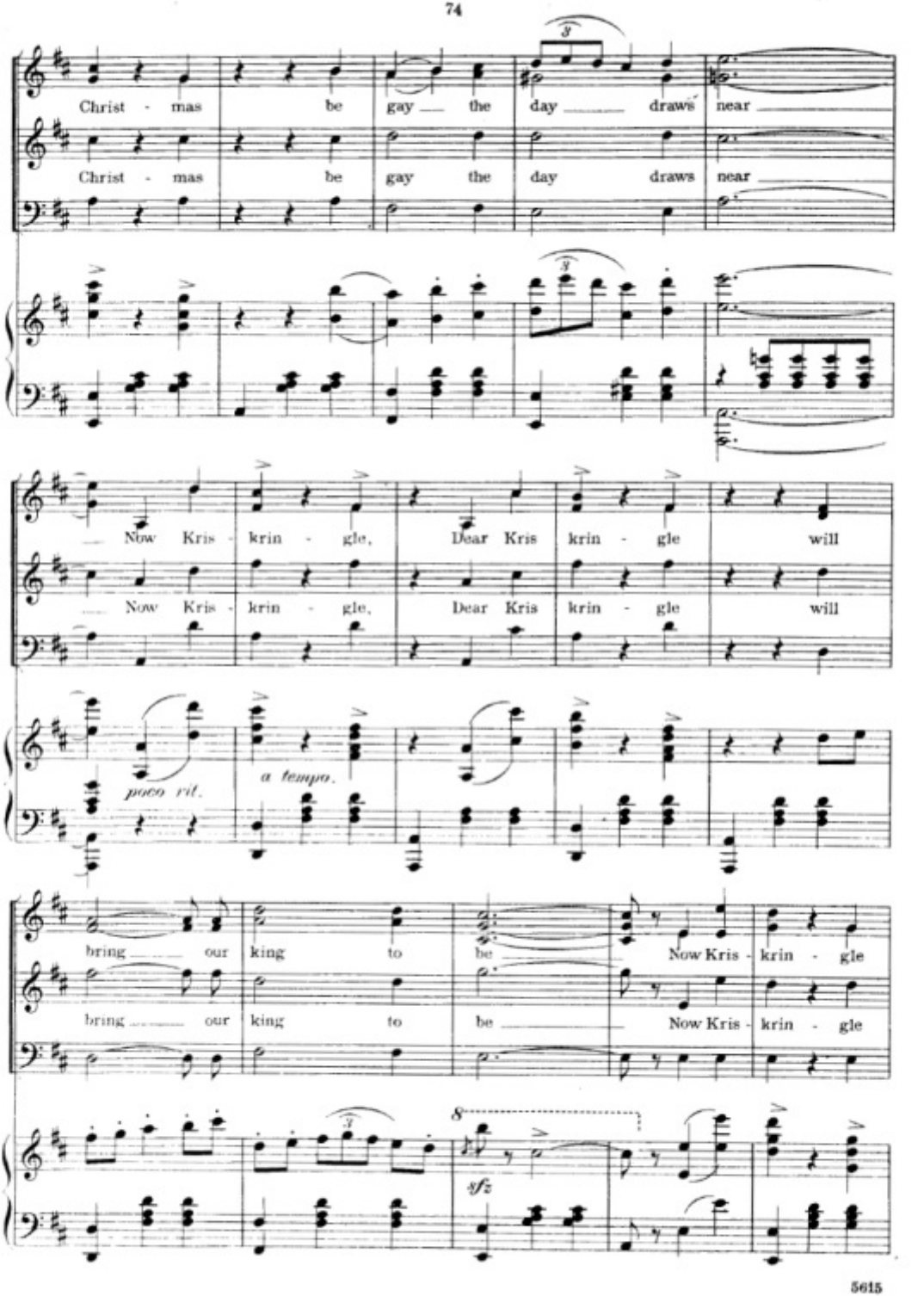

where mu - sic en - chants, sway there
where mu - sic en - chants, sway there
swift in the dance, let - ting the night fly till the
swift in the dance, let - ting the night fly till the
fp molto cresc.
sun's high, let - ting the night fly till the sun's high
sun's high, let - ting the night fly till the sun's high

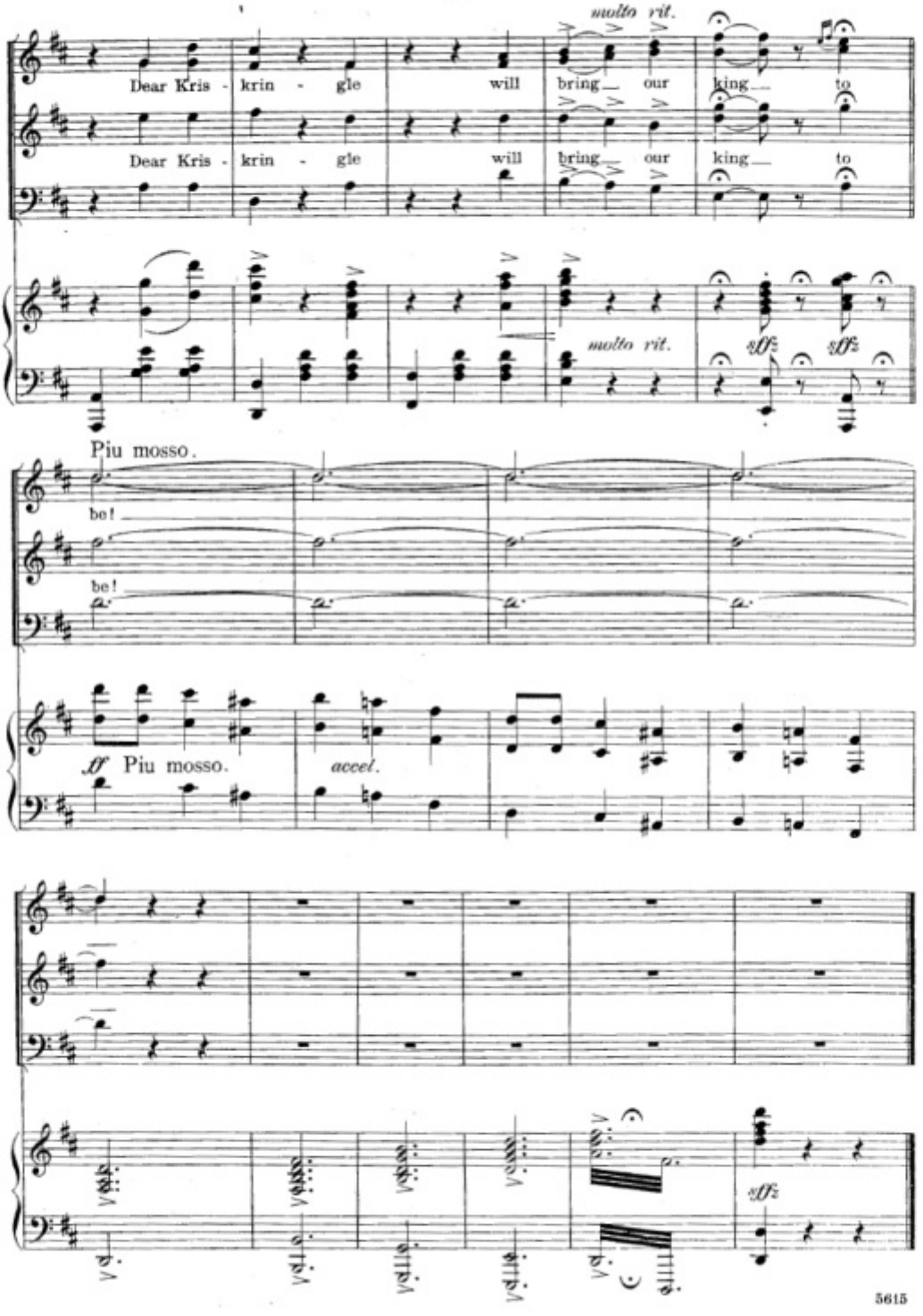

let - ting the night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high!
let - ting the night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high!
ff
mf
cresc.
Hail to thee
Hail to thee
mp
joy - ous Christ - mas
Hail to thee
joy - ous Christ - mas
Hail to thee
ff
mp


joy - ous Christ - mas
Hail to thee,
joy - ous Christ - mas
Hail to thee,
cresc.
Hail to thee,
Hail to thee
Hail to thee
Hail to thee,
Hail to thee
Hail to thee
Hail to thee
Hail to thee!
To our
Hail to thee
Hail to thee!
To our


fair, To our fair all to our
fair, To our fair all to our
fair come to make mer - ry here at our fair.
fair come to make mer - ry here at our fair.
fff tutta forza.


Meno mosso e molto pesante.
Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous
Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous
Christ - mas be gay the day draws
Christ - mas be gay the day draws
near Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous
near Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous

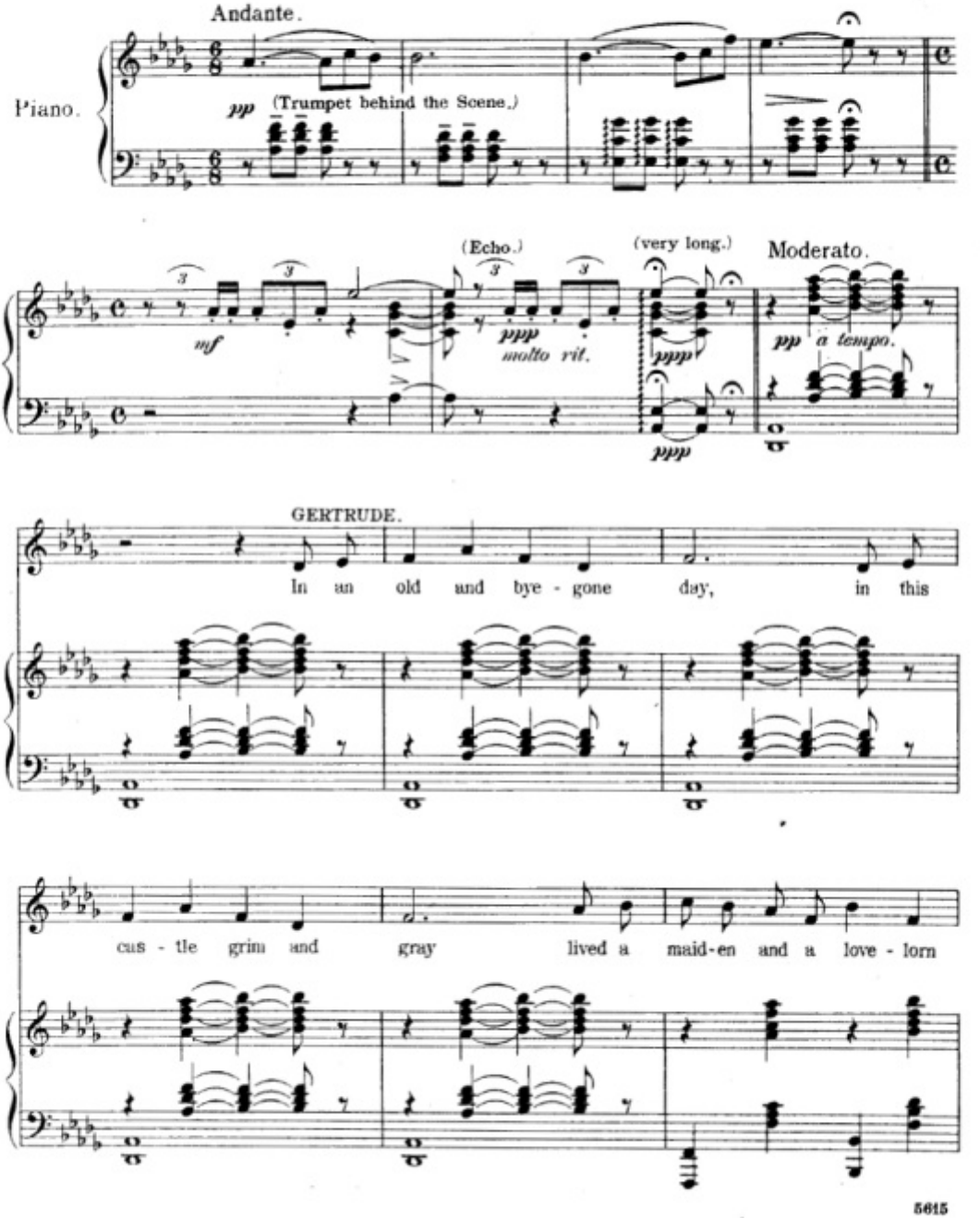

Christ - mas be gay the day draws near
Christ - mas be gay the day draws near
Now Kris - krin - gle, Dear Kris krin - gle will
Now Kris - krin - gle, Dear Kris krin - gle will
poco rit.
a tempo.
bring our king to be Now Kris - krin - gle
bring our king to be Now Kris - krin - gle
sfz

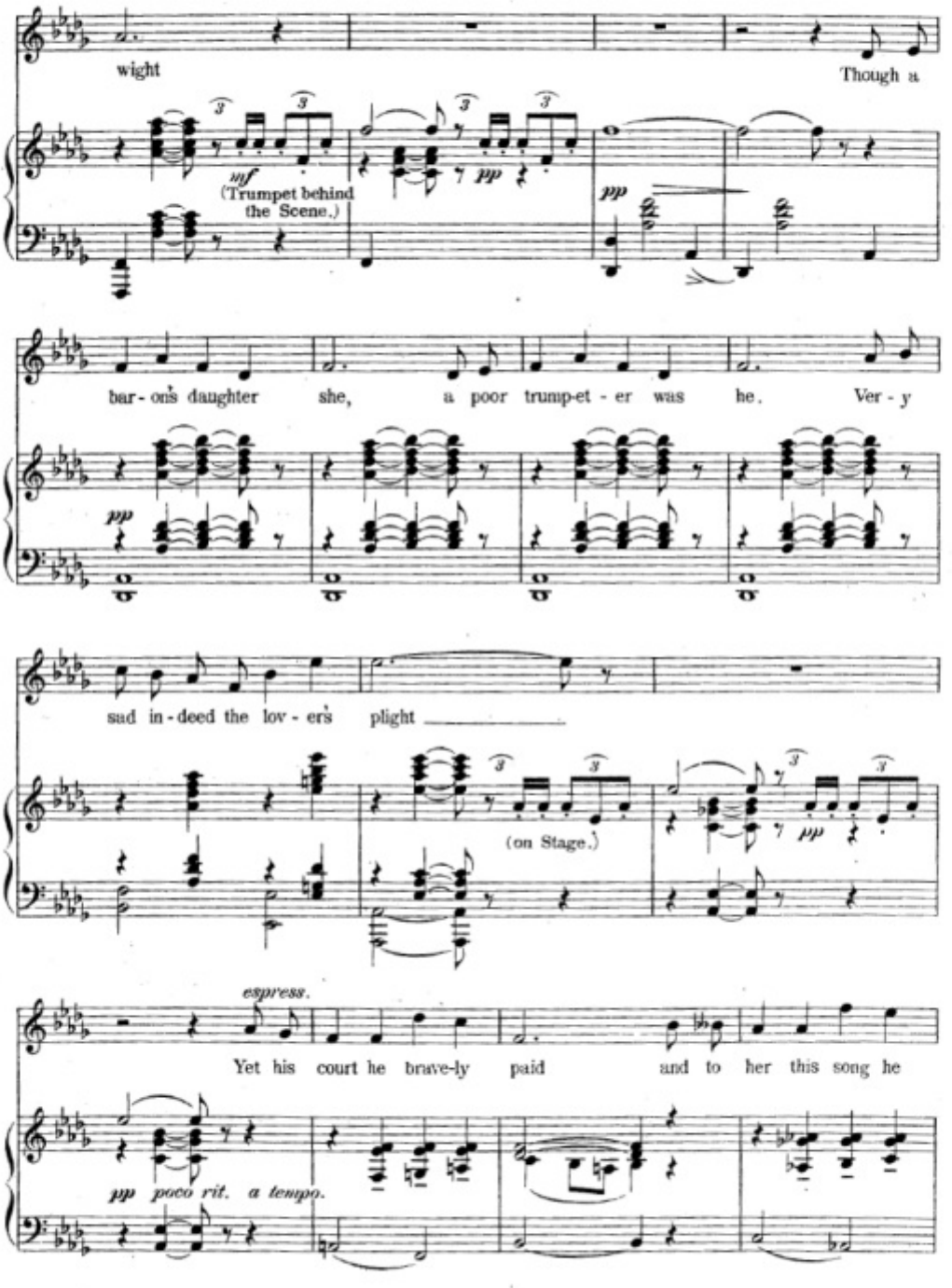

molto rit.
Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our king to
Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our king to
molto rit.
sffz
sffz
Piu mosso.
be!
be!
ff Piu mosso.
accel.
sffz

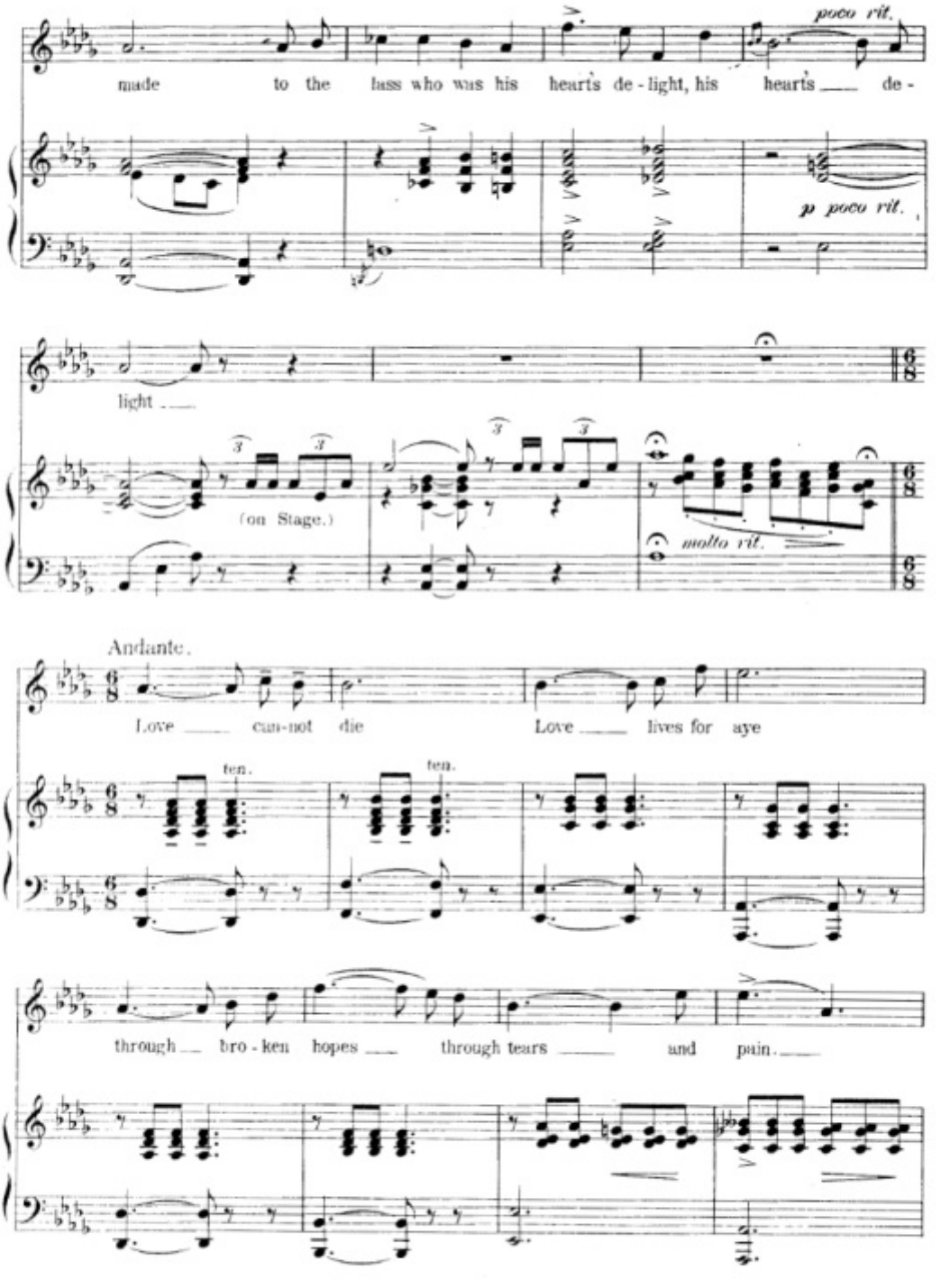
A Legend.

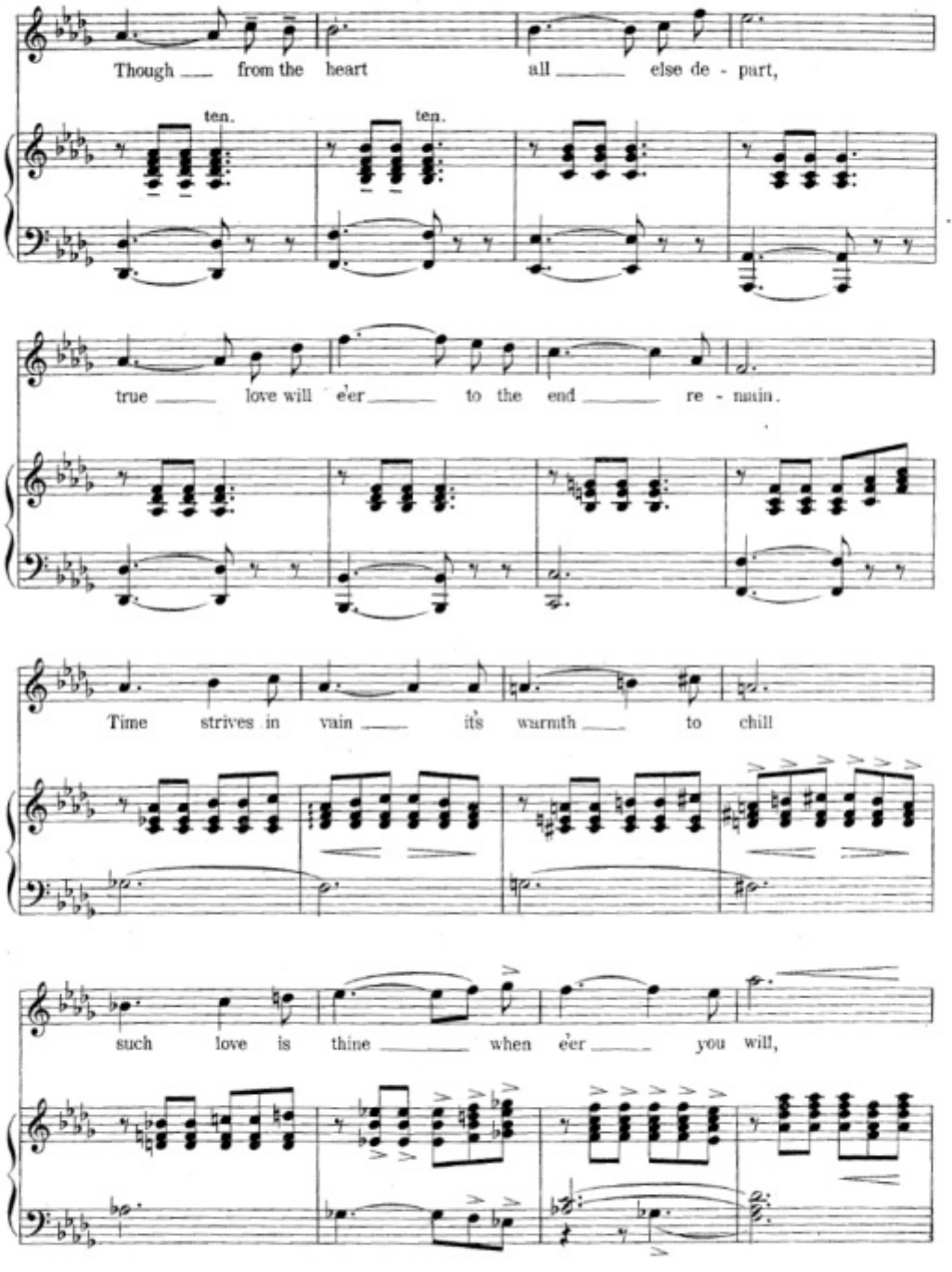
Nº 10.

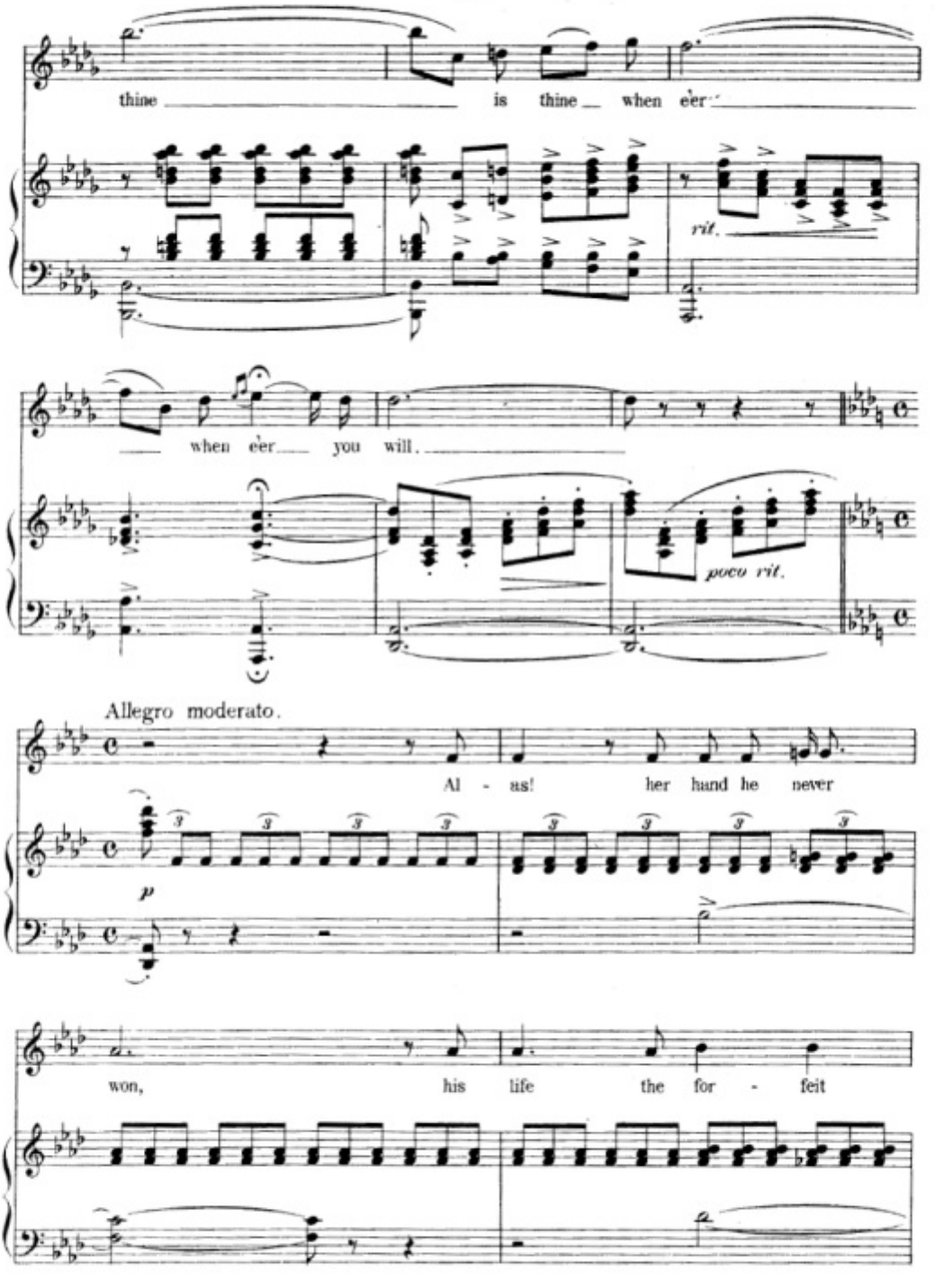
(Gertrude and Chorus of Peasants.)

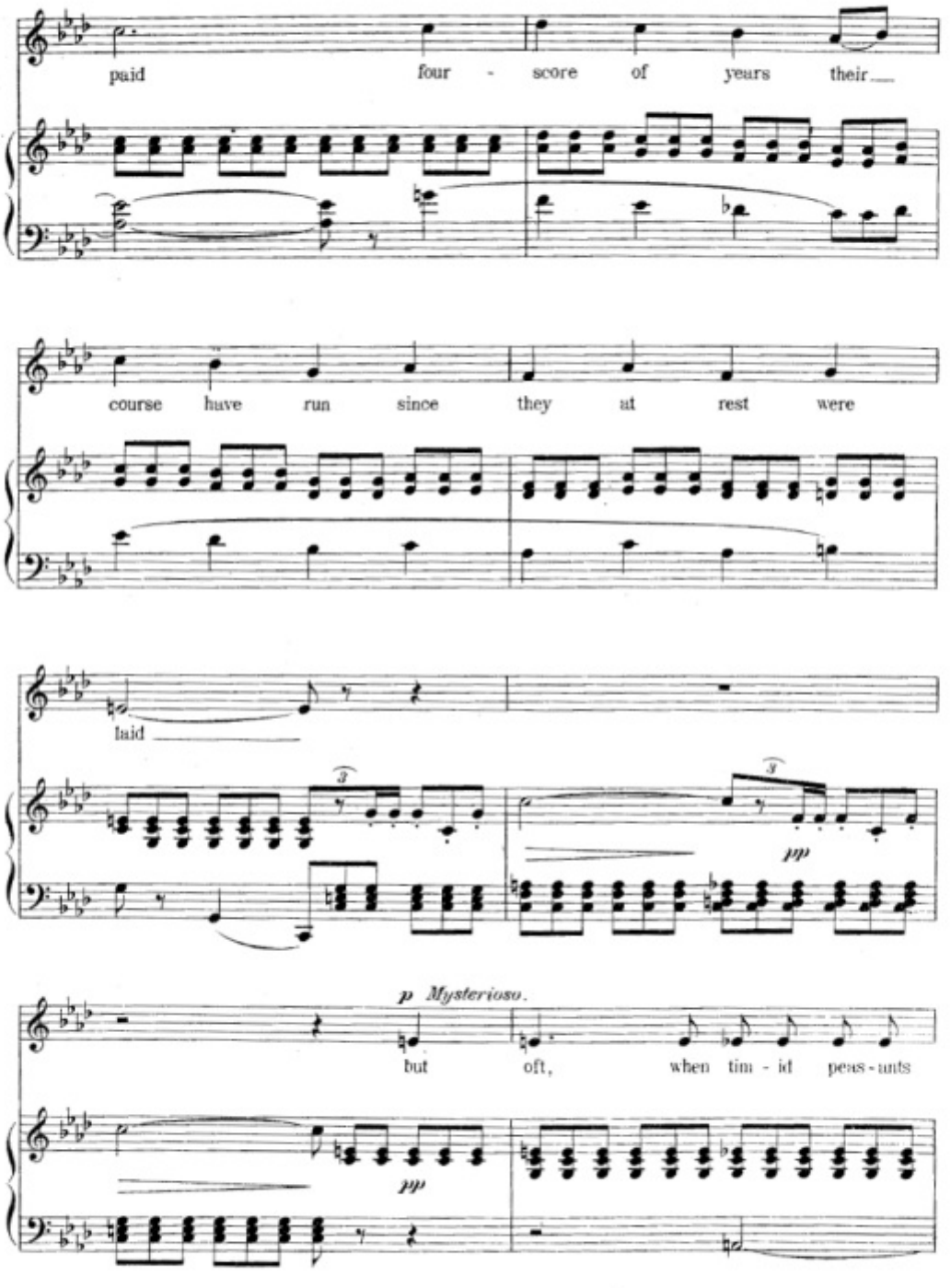


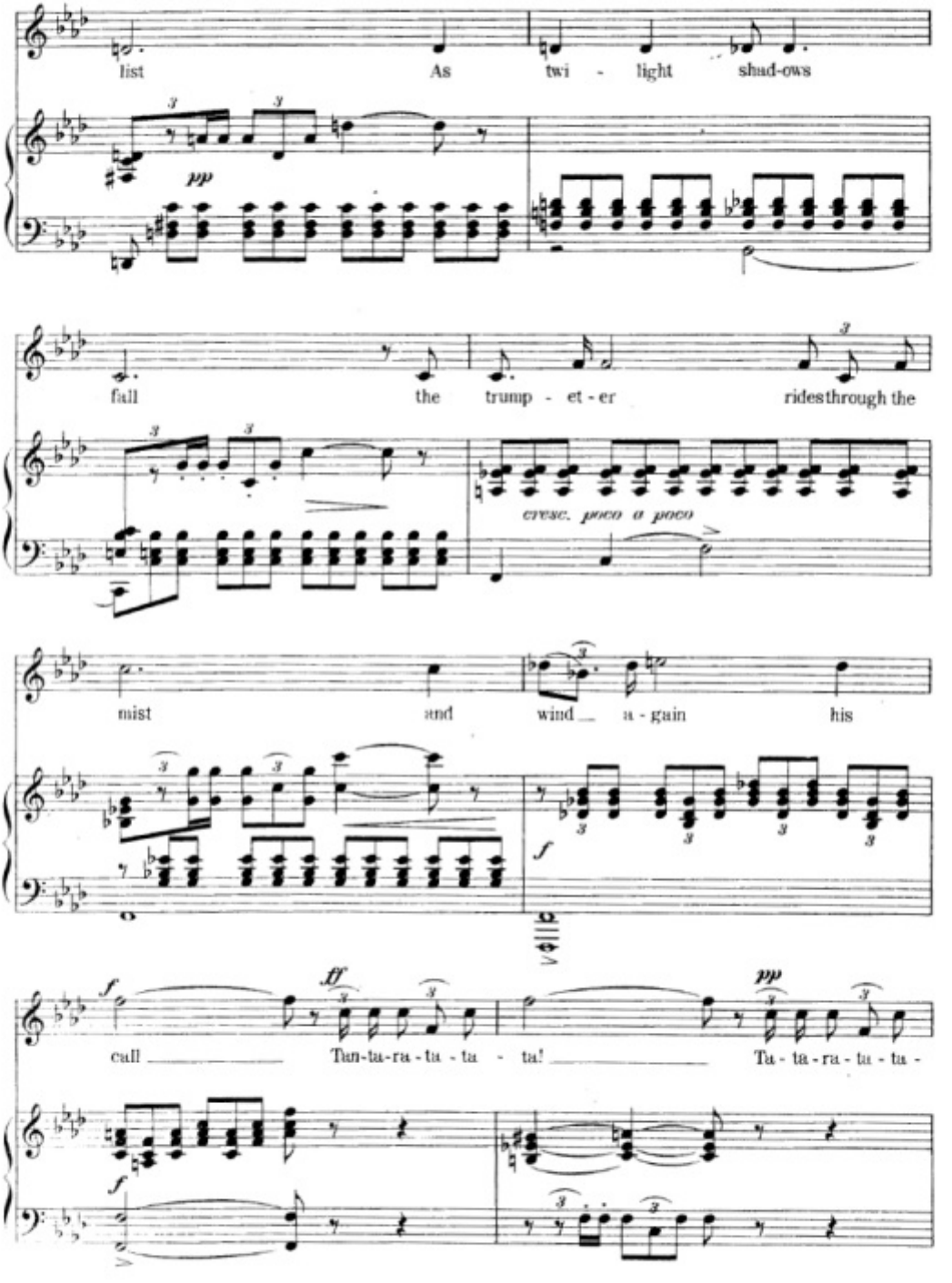

wight
Though a
mf
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)
pp
bar - on's daughter she, a poor trump-et - er was he. Ver - y
pp
sad in - deed the lov - er's plight
(on Stage.)
pp
espress.
Yet his court he brave-ly paid and to her this song he
pp poco rit. a tempo.

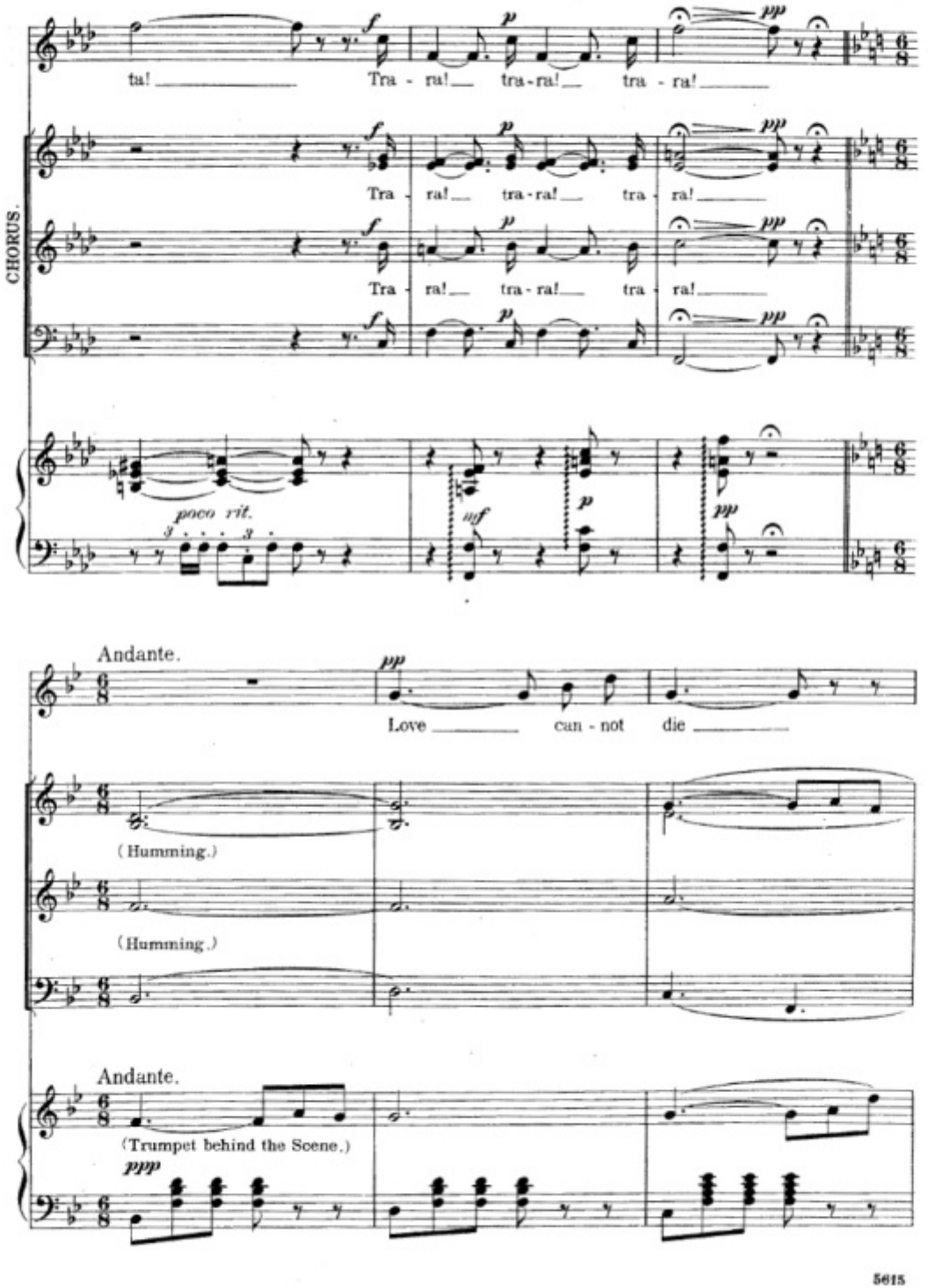

poco rit.
made to the lass who was his heart's de - light, his heart's de -
p poco rit.
light
(on Stage.)
molto rit.
Andante.
Love can-not die Love lives for aye
ten.
ten.
through bro - ken hopes through tears and pain.

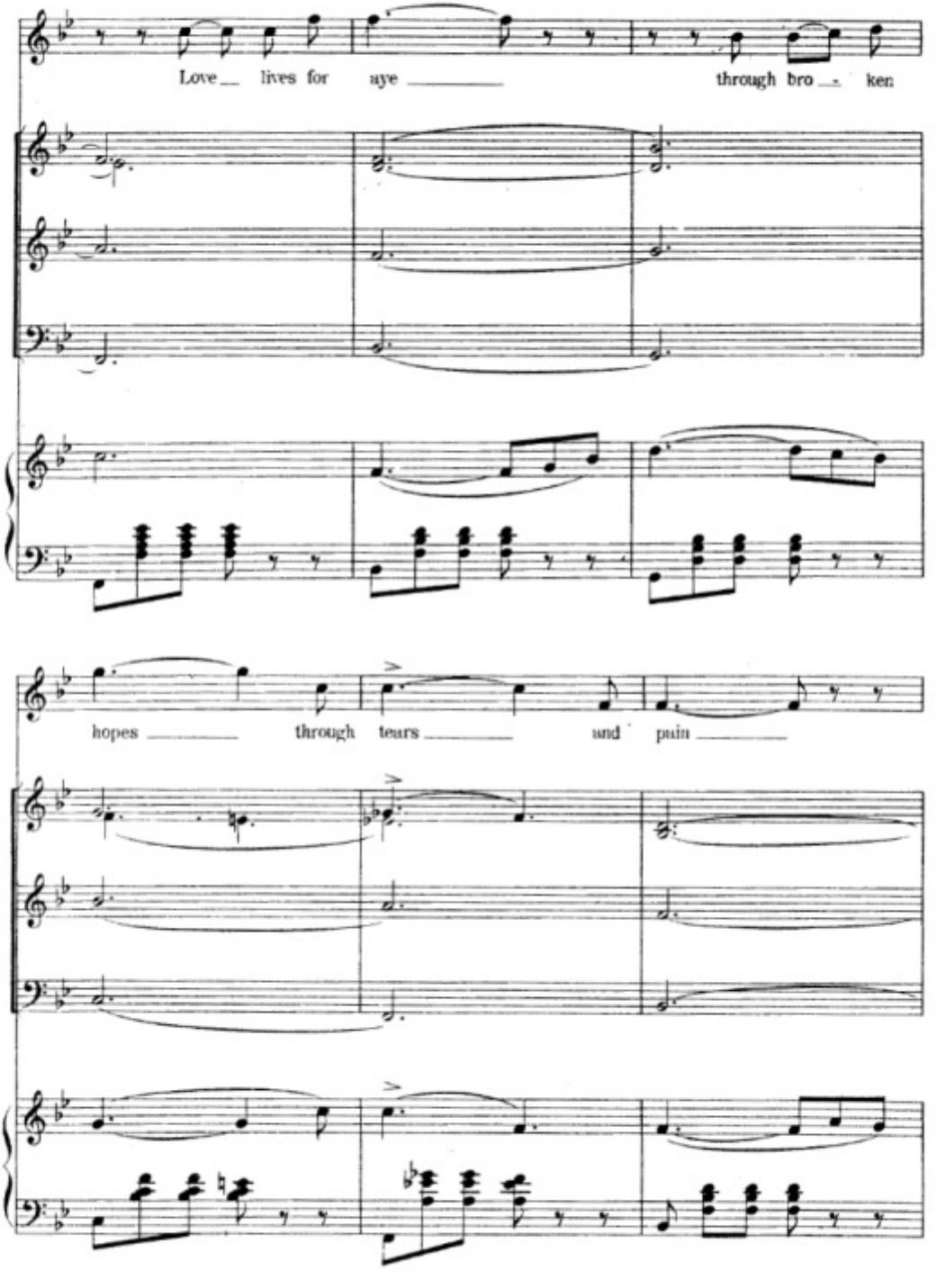

Though from the heart all else de - part,
ten.
ten.
true love will e'er to the end re - main.
Time strives in vain it's warmth to chill
such love is thine when e'er you will,

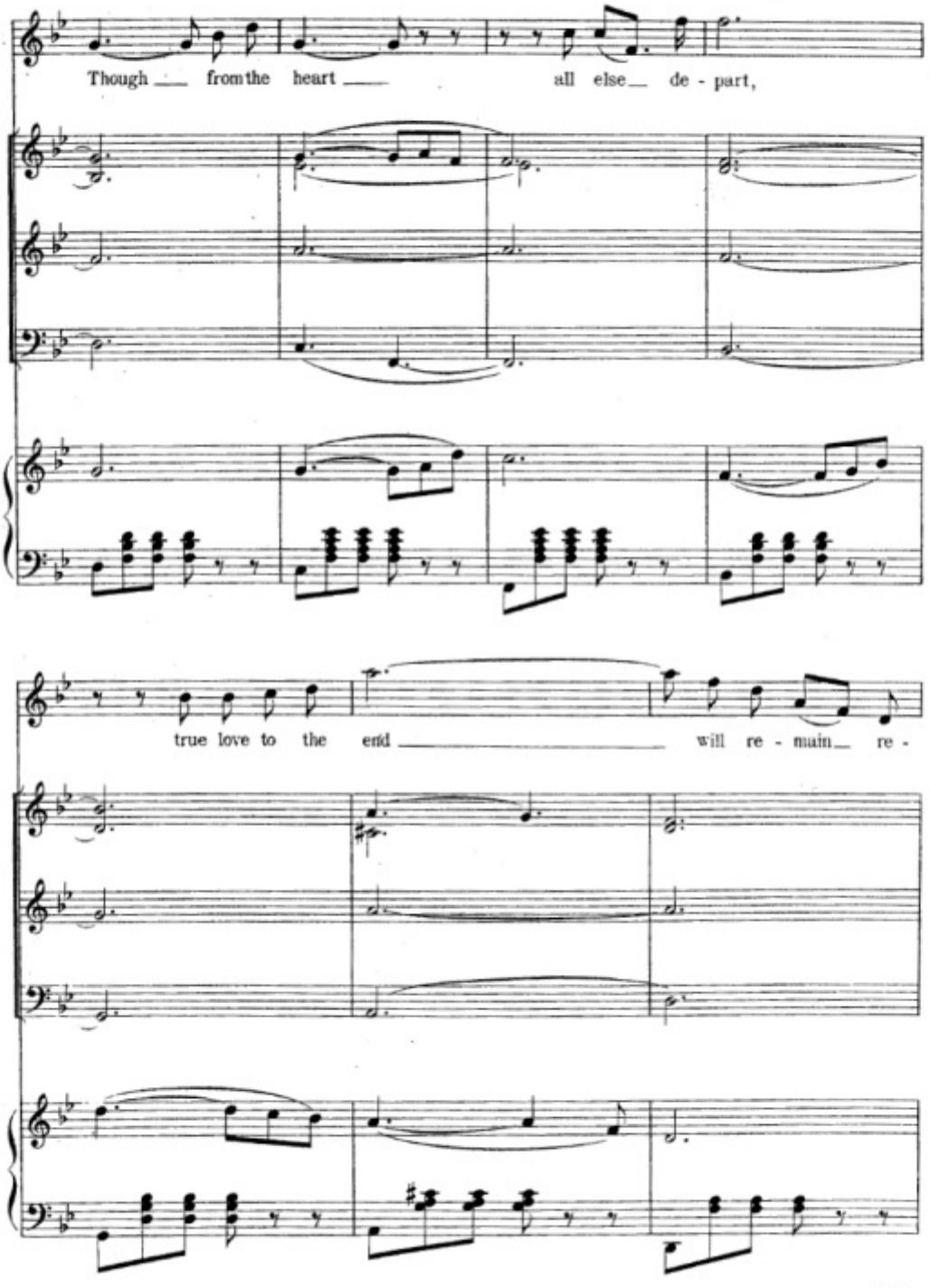

thine is thine when e'er
rit.
when e'er you will.
poco rit.
Allegro moderato.
Al - as! her hand he never
p
won, his life the for - feit

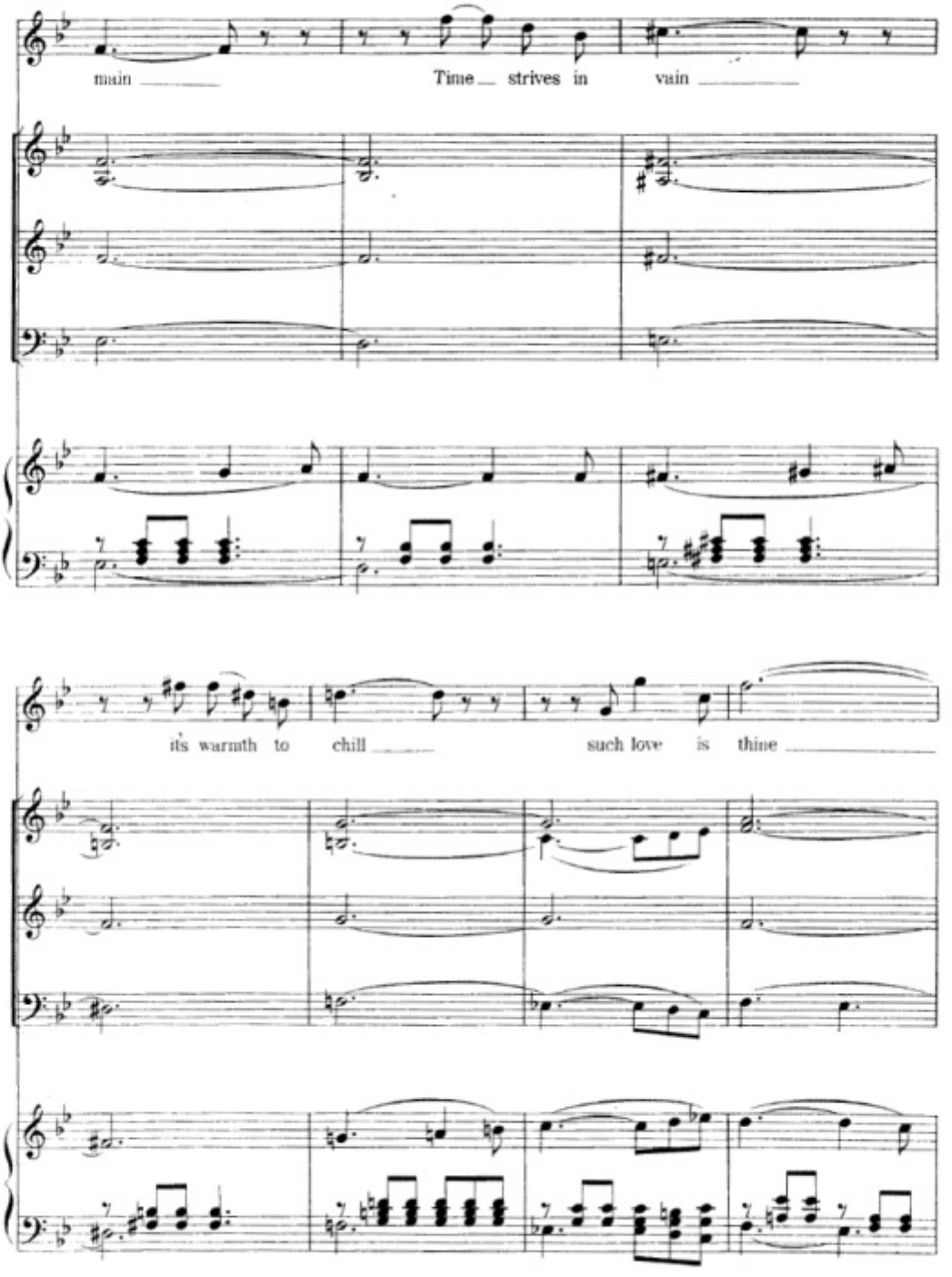

paid four - score of years their
course have run since they at rest were
laid
pp
p Mysterioso.
but oft, when tim - id peas - ants
pp

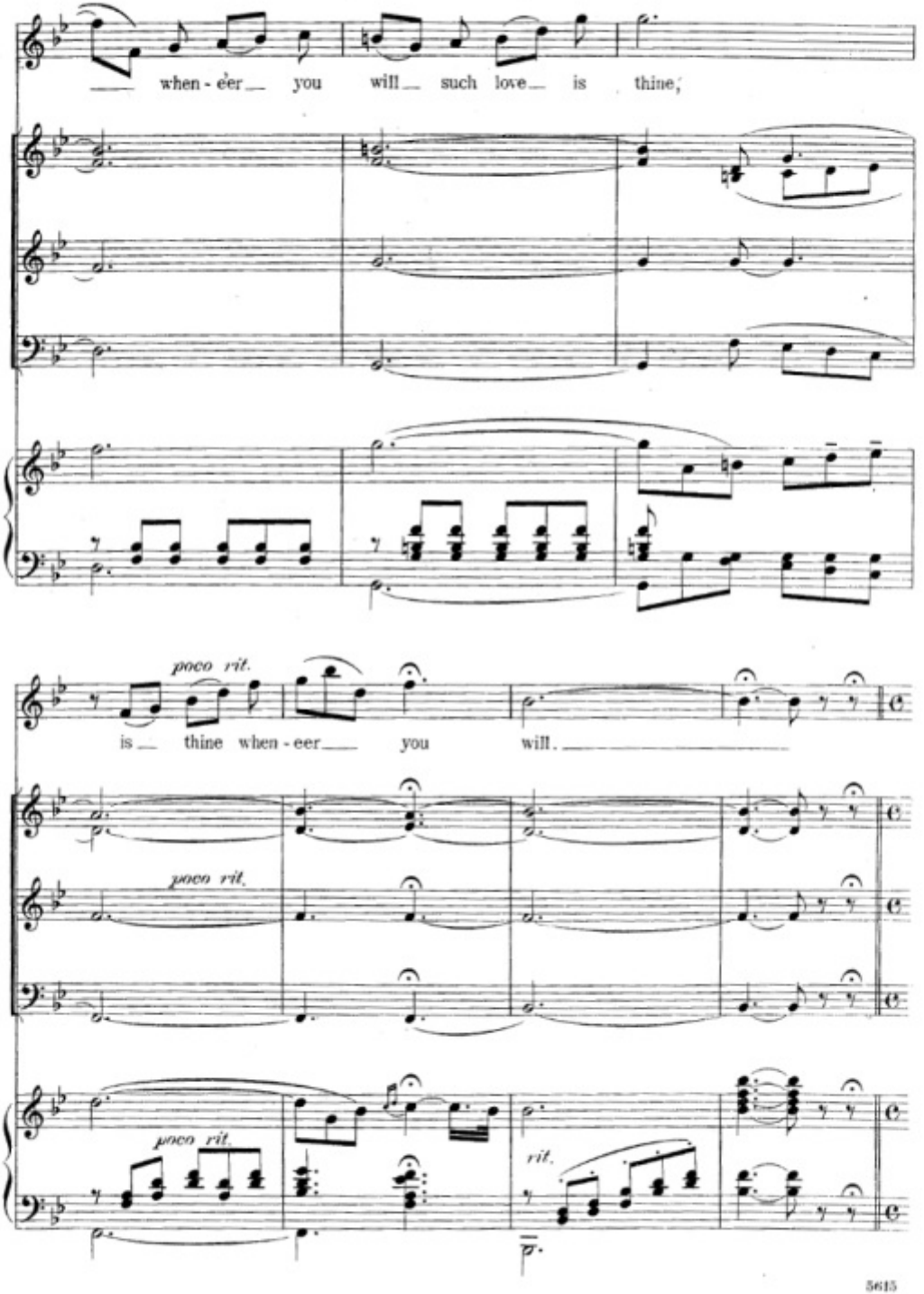

list
As
twi - light
shad-ows
pp
fall
the
trump - et - er
rides through the
cresc. poco a poco
mist
and
wind
a - gain
his
f
ff
call
Tan-ta-ra-ta - ta - ta!
pp
Ta - ta - ra - ta - ta -
f


CHORUS.
ta! Tra - ra! tra - ra! tra - ra!
Tra - ra! tra - ra! tra - ra!
Tra - ra! tra - ra! tra - ra!
poco rit.
Andante.
Love can - not die
(Humming.)
(Humming.)
Andante.
(Trumpet behind the Scene.)


Love lives for aye through bro ken
hopes through tears and pain

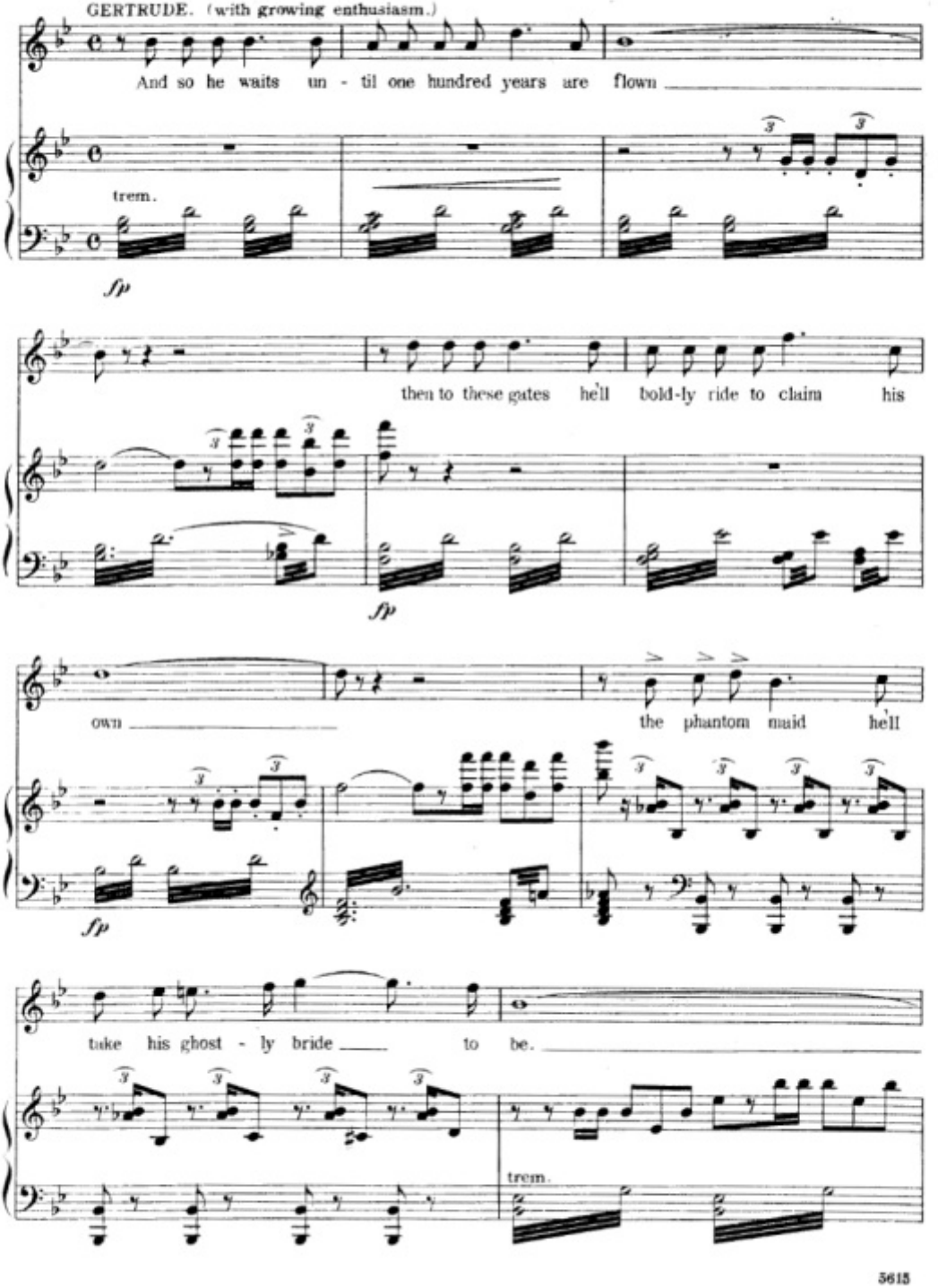

Though from the heart all else de - part,
true love to the end will re - main re -

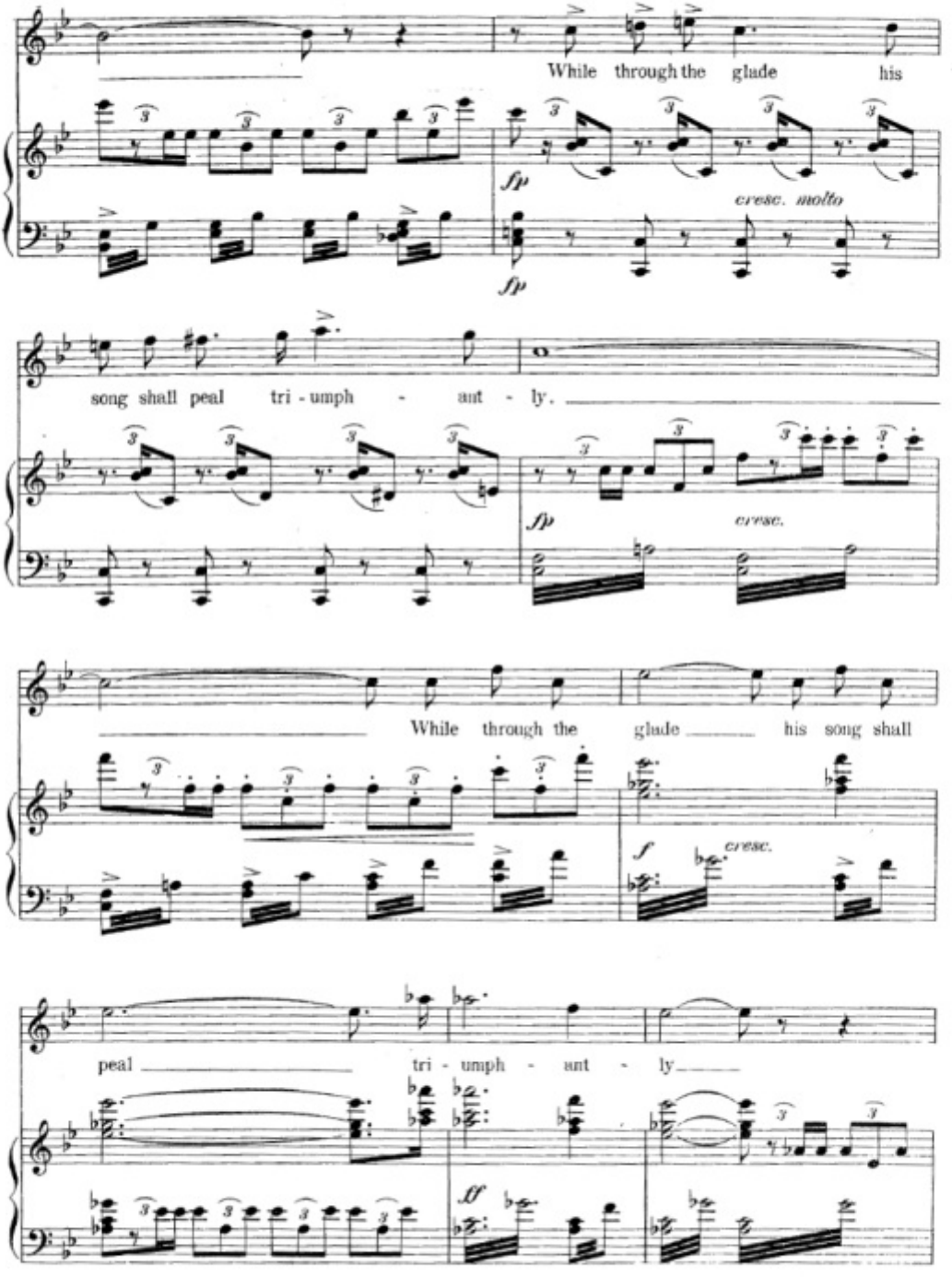

main
Time strives in vain
its warmth to chill
such love is thine

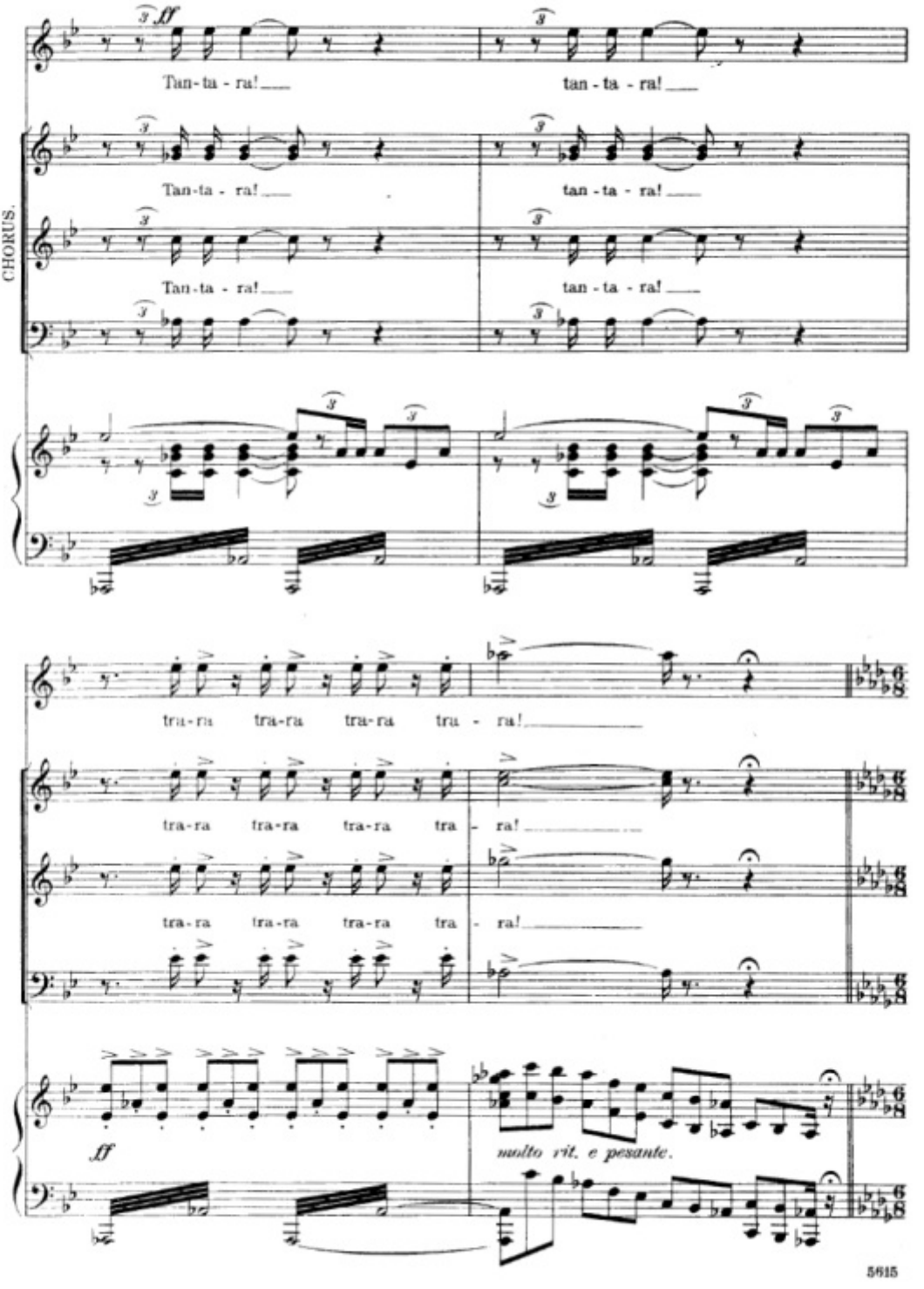

when - e'er you will such love is thine,
poco rit.
is thine when - eer you will.
poco rit.
poco rit.
rit.

Allegro moderato. *Poco a poco animando.*

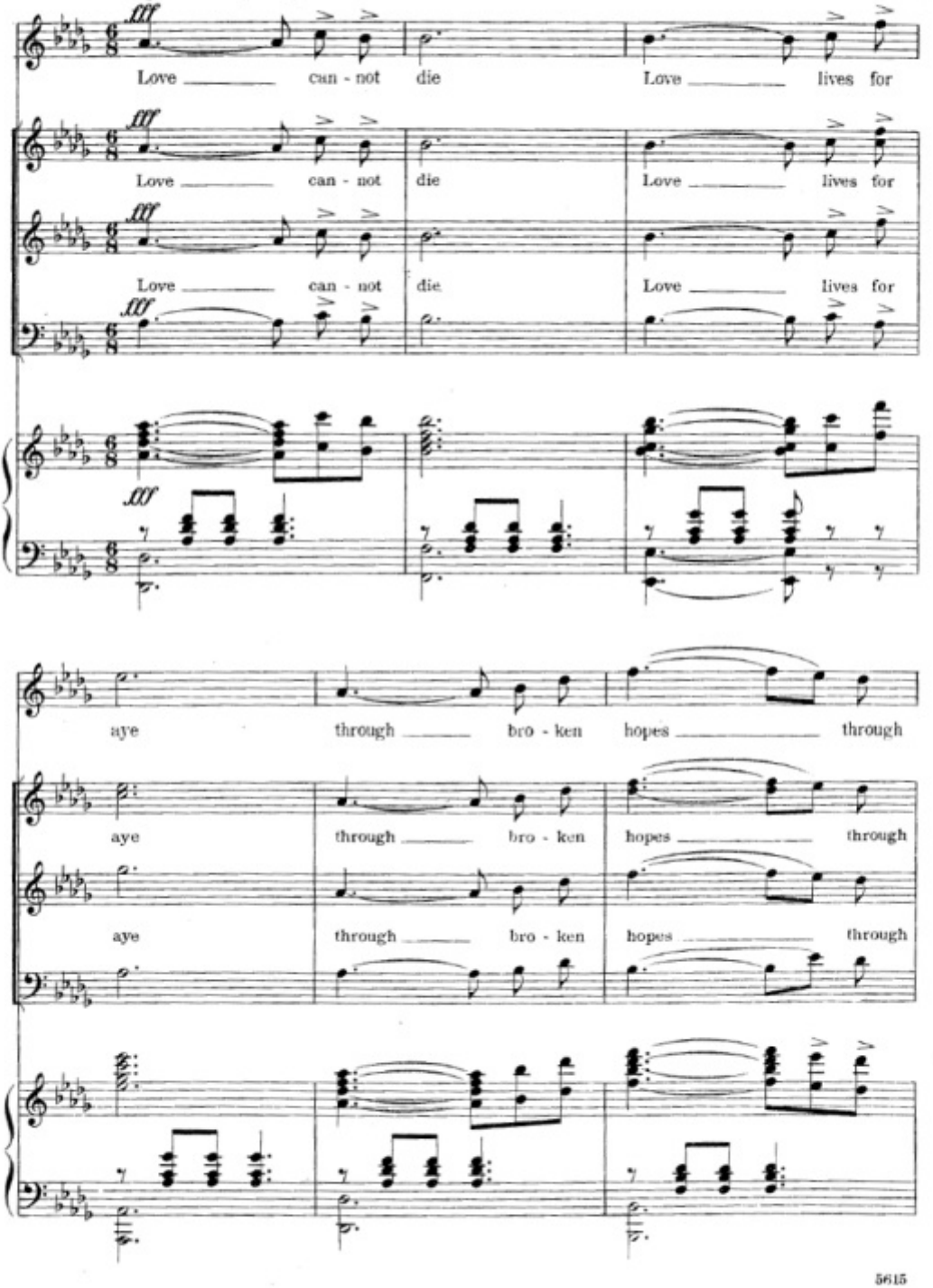
GERTRUDE. (with growing enthusiasm.)

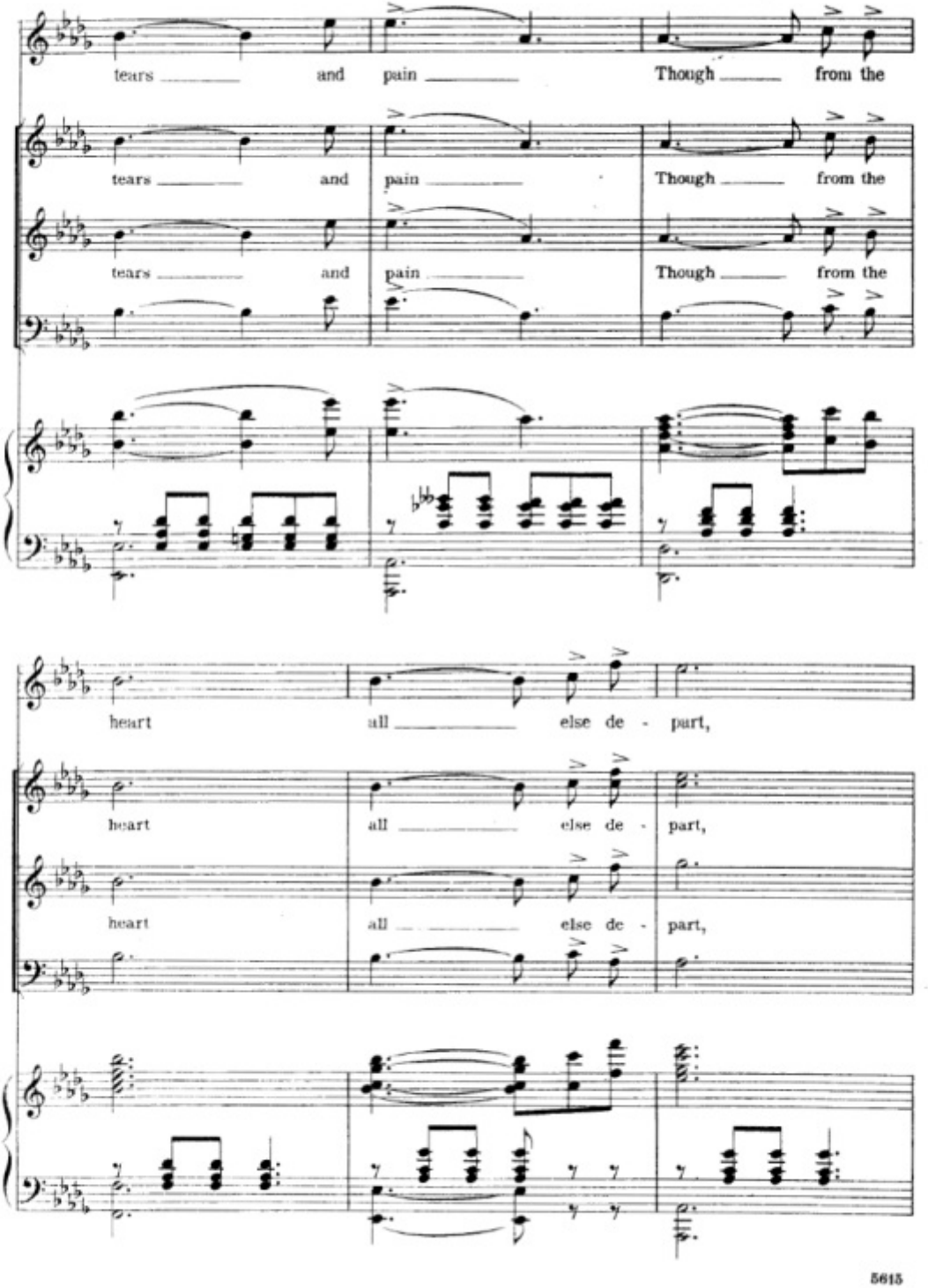


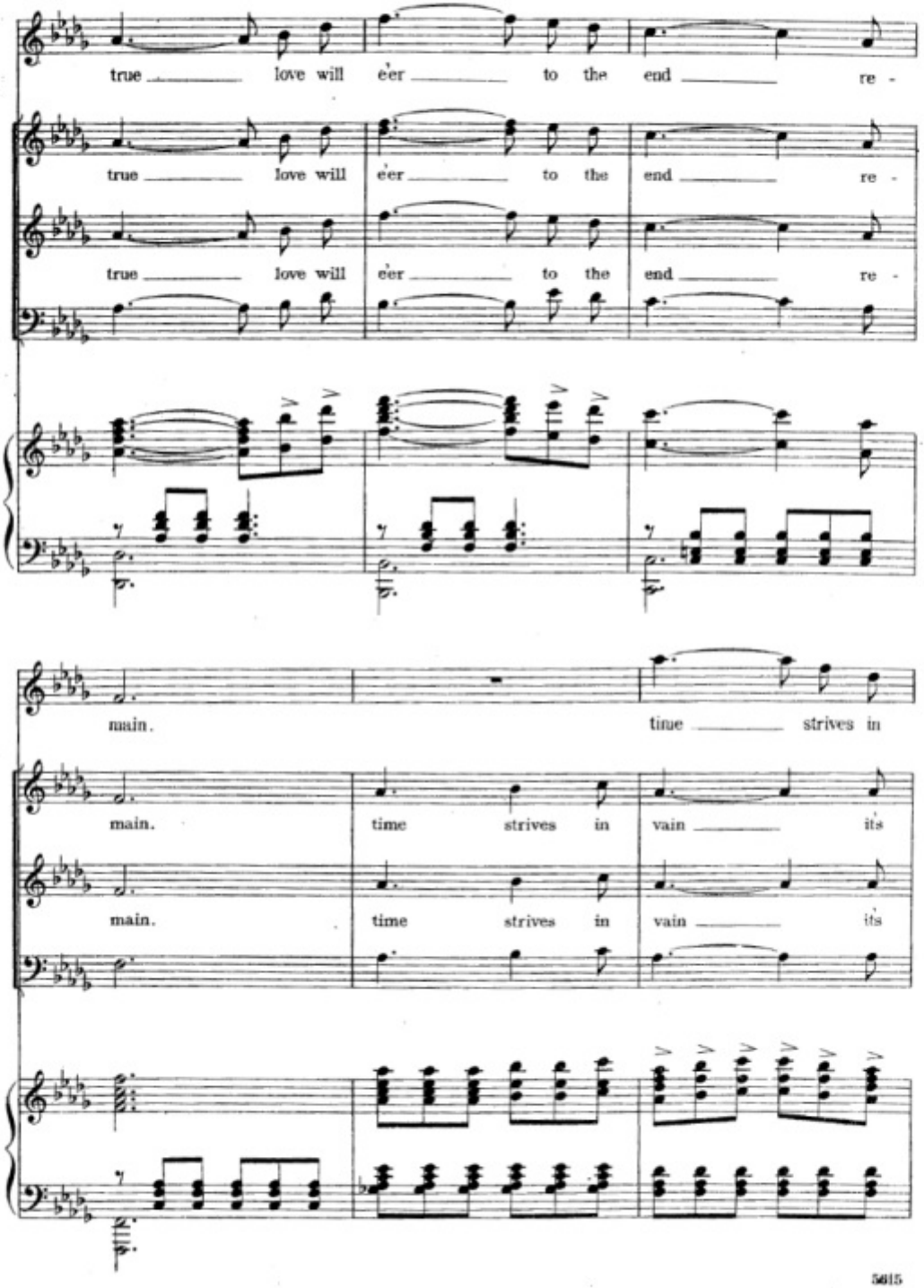

While through the glade his
fp
cresc. molto
fp
song shall peal tri - umph - ant - ly.
fp
cresc.
While through the glade his song shall
f
cresc.
peal tri - umph - ant - ly
ff

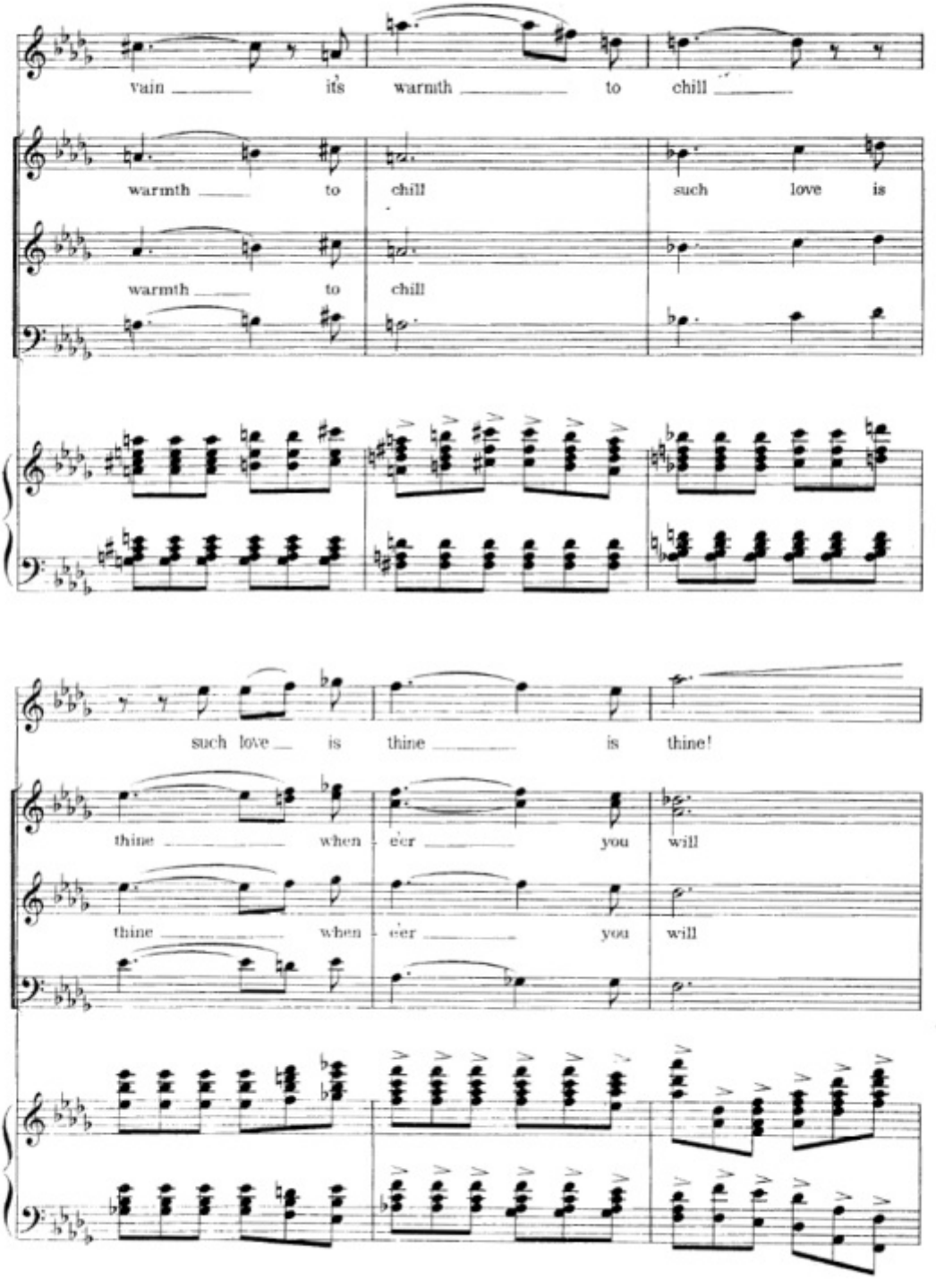

CHORUS.
ff
Tan-ta - ra!
tan - ta - ra!
tra-ra tra-ra tra-ra tra - ra!
tra-ra tra-ra tra-ra tra - ra!
tra-ra tra-ra tra-ra tra - ra!
ff
molto rit. e pesante.

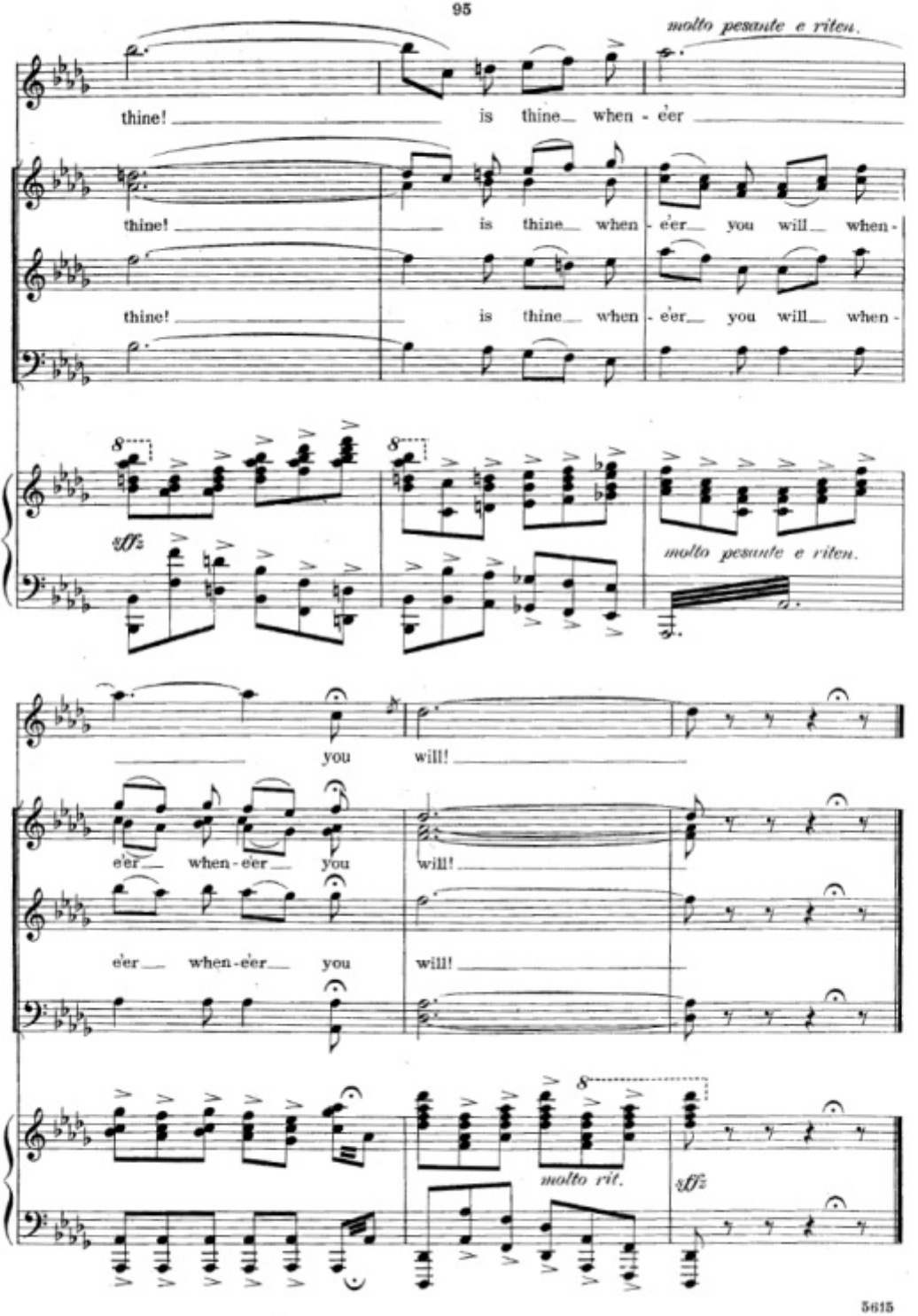
Tempo I. *Un poco più sostenuto.*




tears and pain Though from the
tears and pain Though from the
tears and pain Though from the
heart all else de - part,
heart all else de - part,
heart all else de - part,


true love will e'er to the end re -
true love will e'er to the end re -
true love will e'er to the end re -
main. time strives in
main. time strives in vain it's
main. time strives in vain it's


vain its warmth to chill
warmth to chill such love is
warmth to chill
such love is thine is thine!
thine when e'er you will
thine when e'er you will

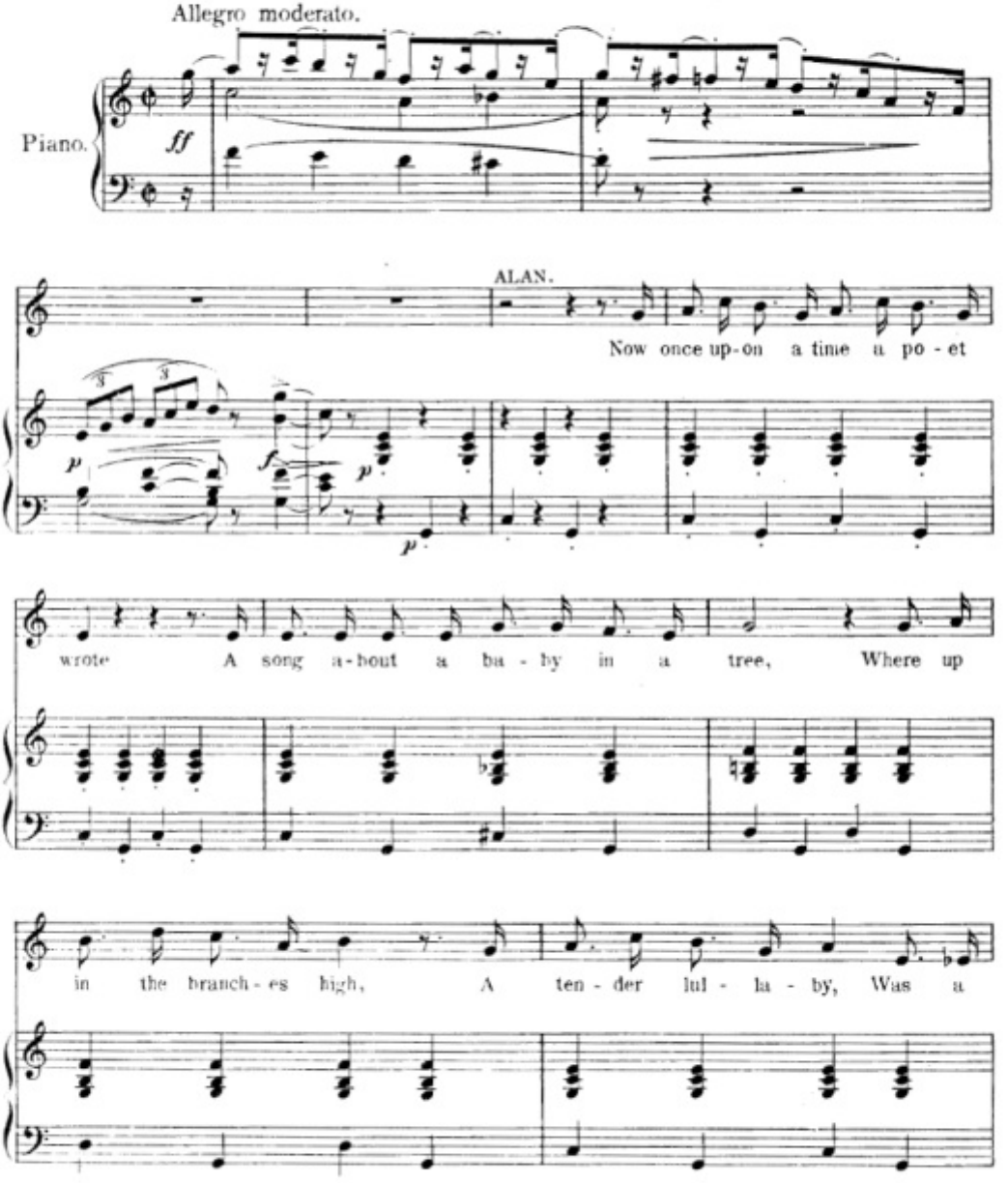

molto pesante e riten.
thine! is thine when - e'er
thine! is thine when - e'er you will when -
thine! is thine when - e'er you will when -
sff
molto pesante e riten.
you will!
e'er when - e'er you will!
e'er when - e'er you will!
molto rit.
sff

Song of the Poet.

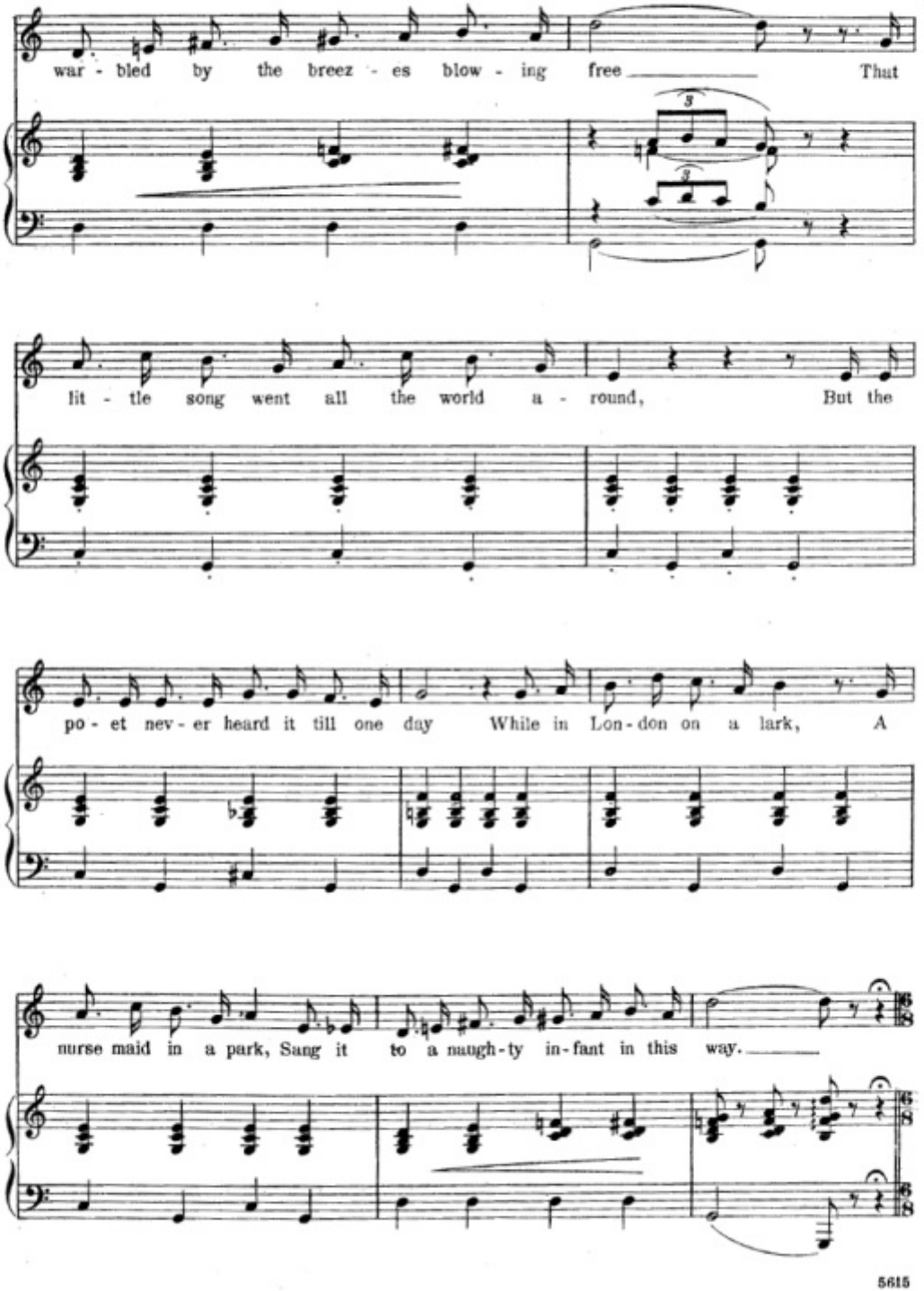
No. 11.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

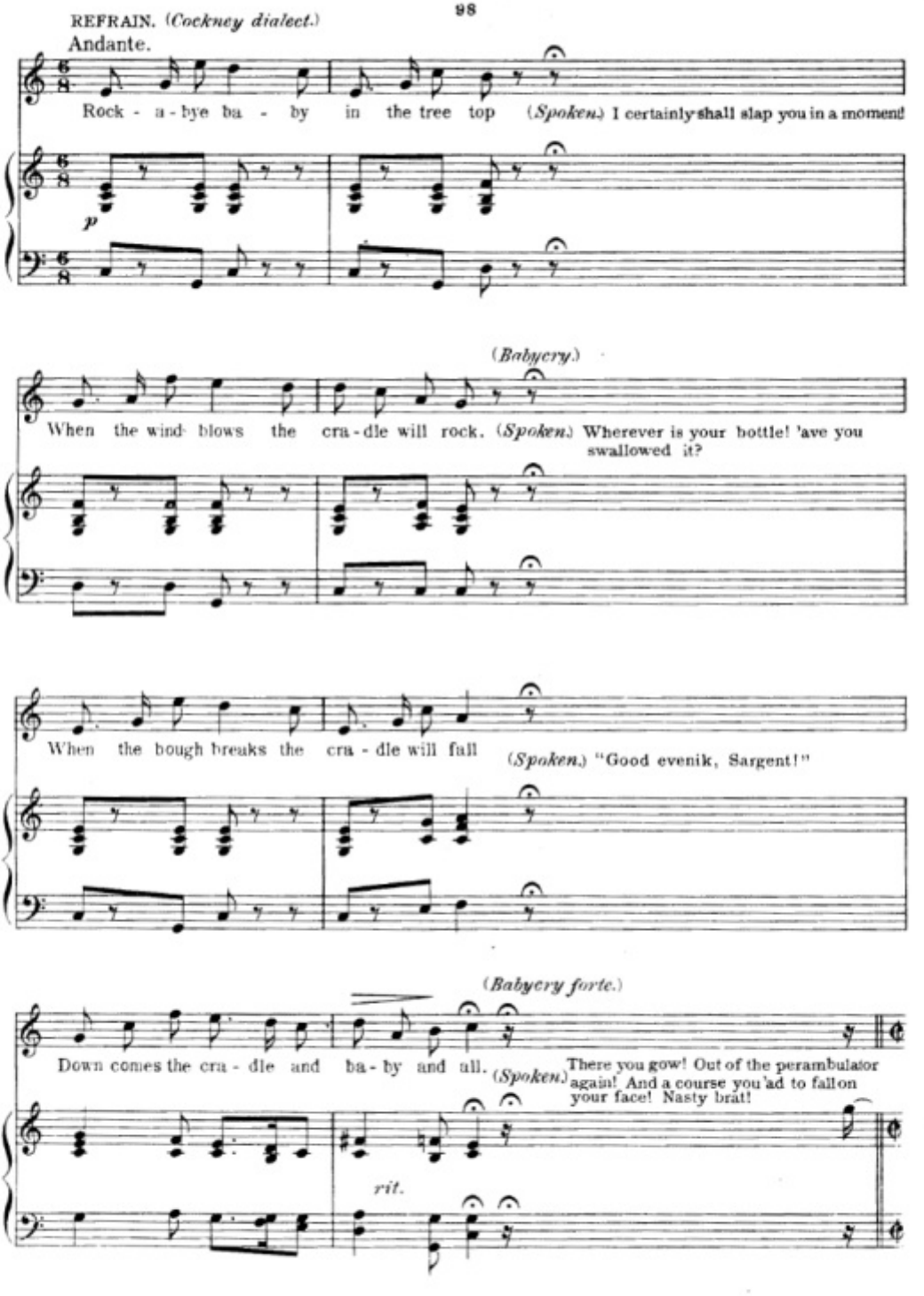
Alan and Chorus.

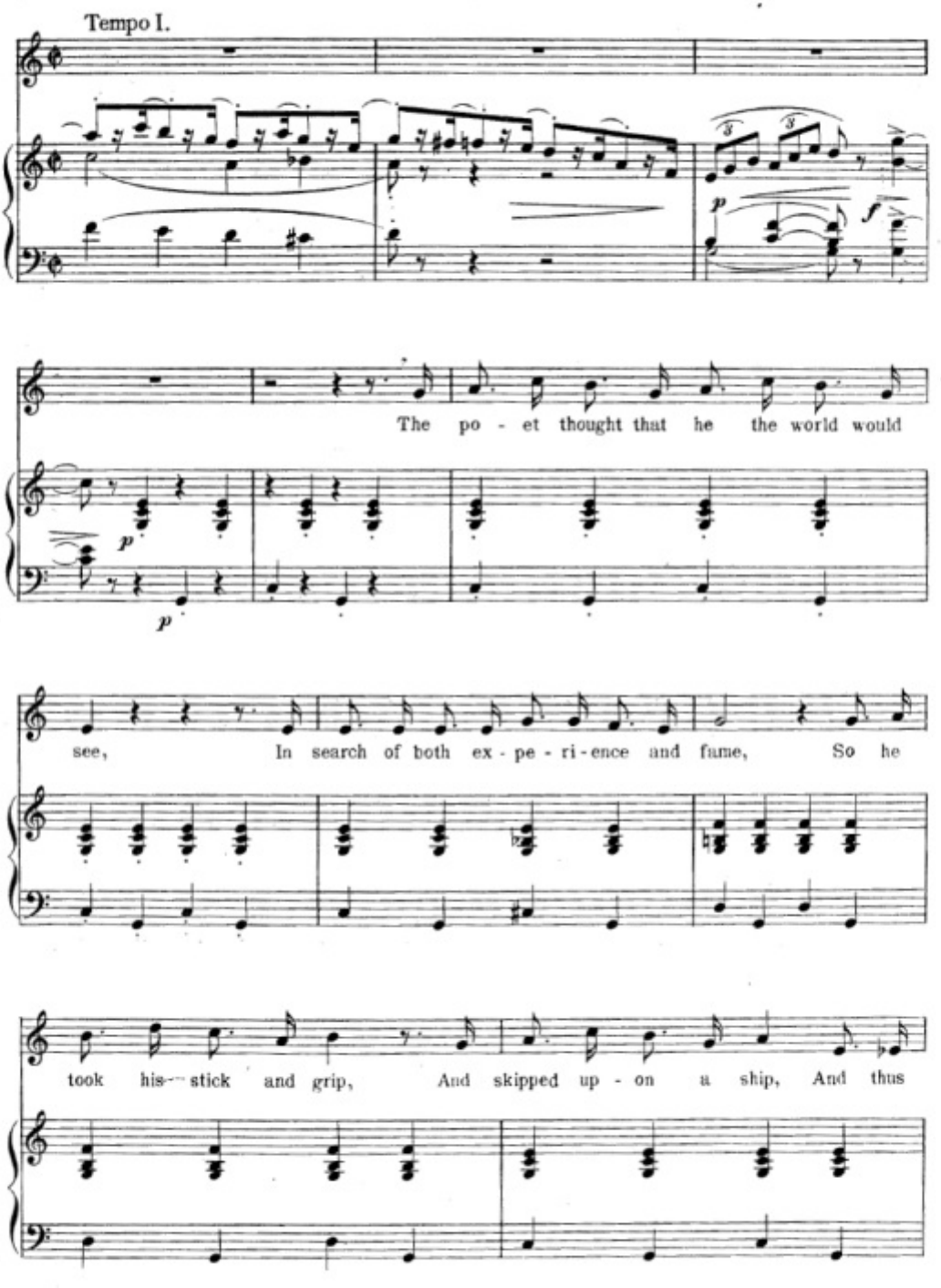


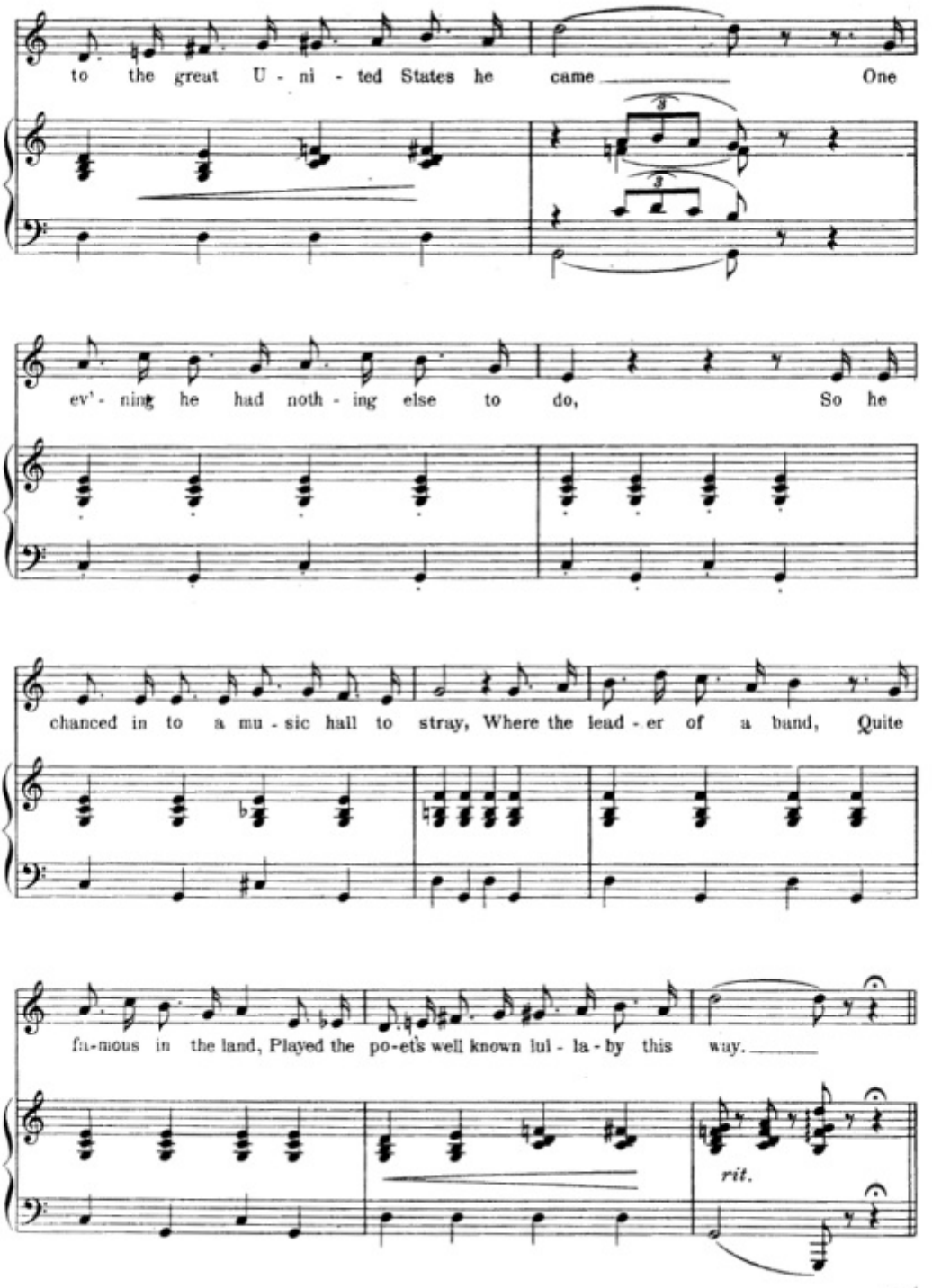
The melody of "Rock-a-bye Baby" is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., Owners of Copyright.

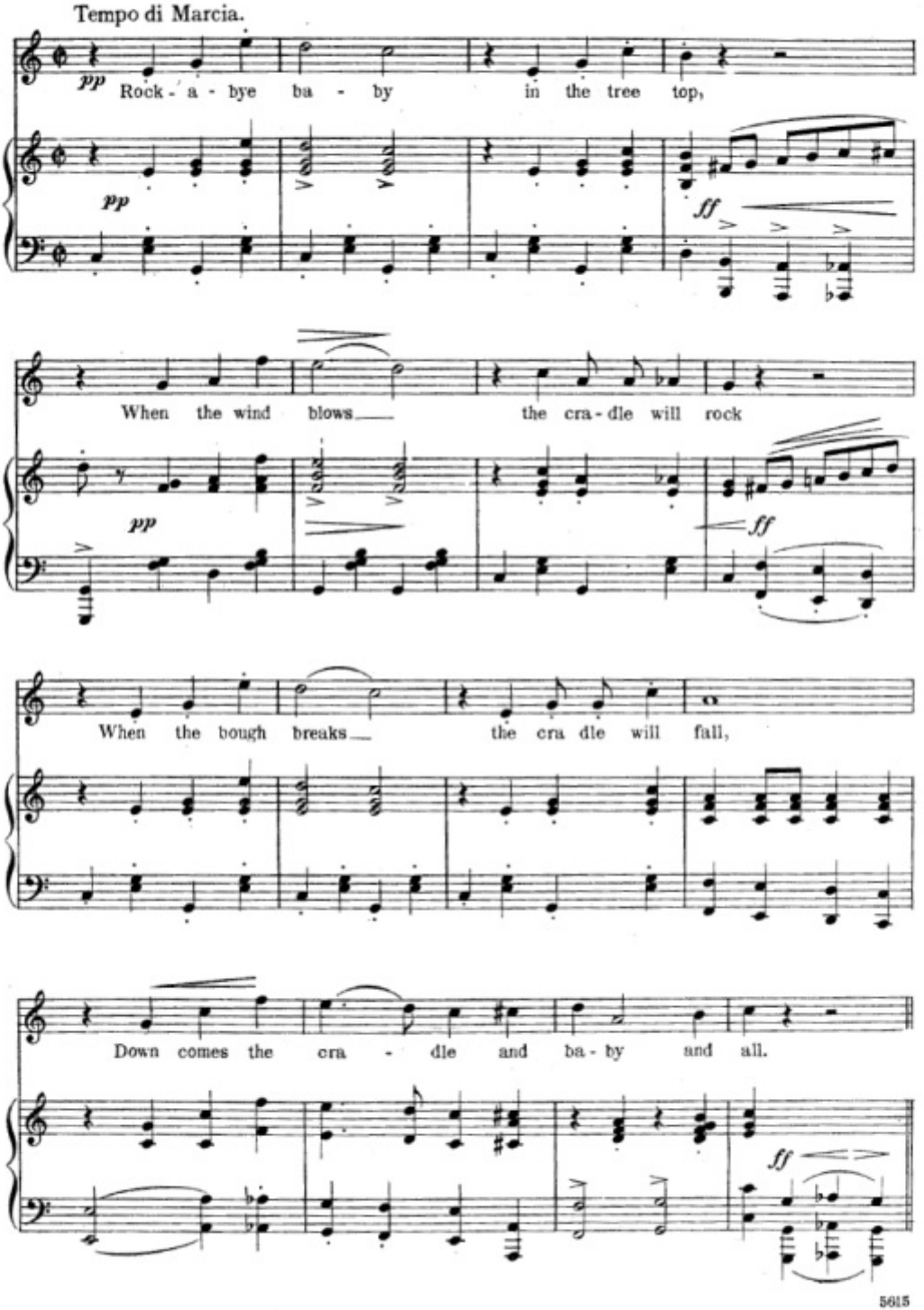

war - bled by the breez - es blow - ing free That
lit - tle song went all the world a - round, But the
po - et nev - er heard it till one day While in Lon - don on a lark, A
nurse maid in a park, Sang it to a naugh - ty in - fant in this way.

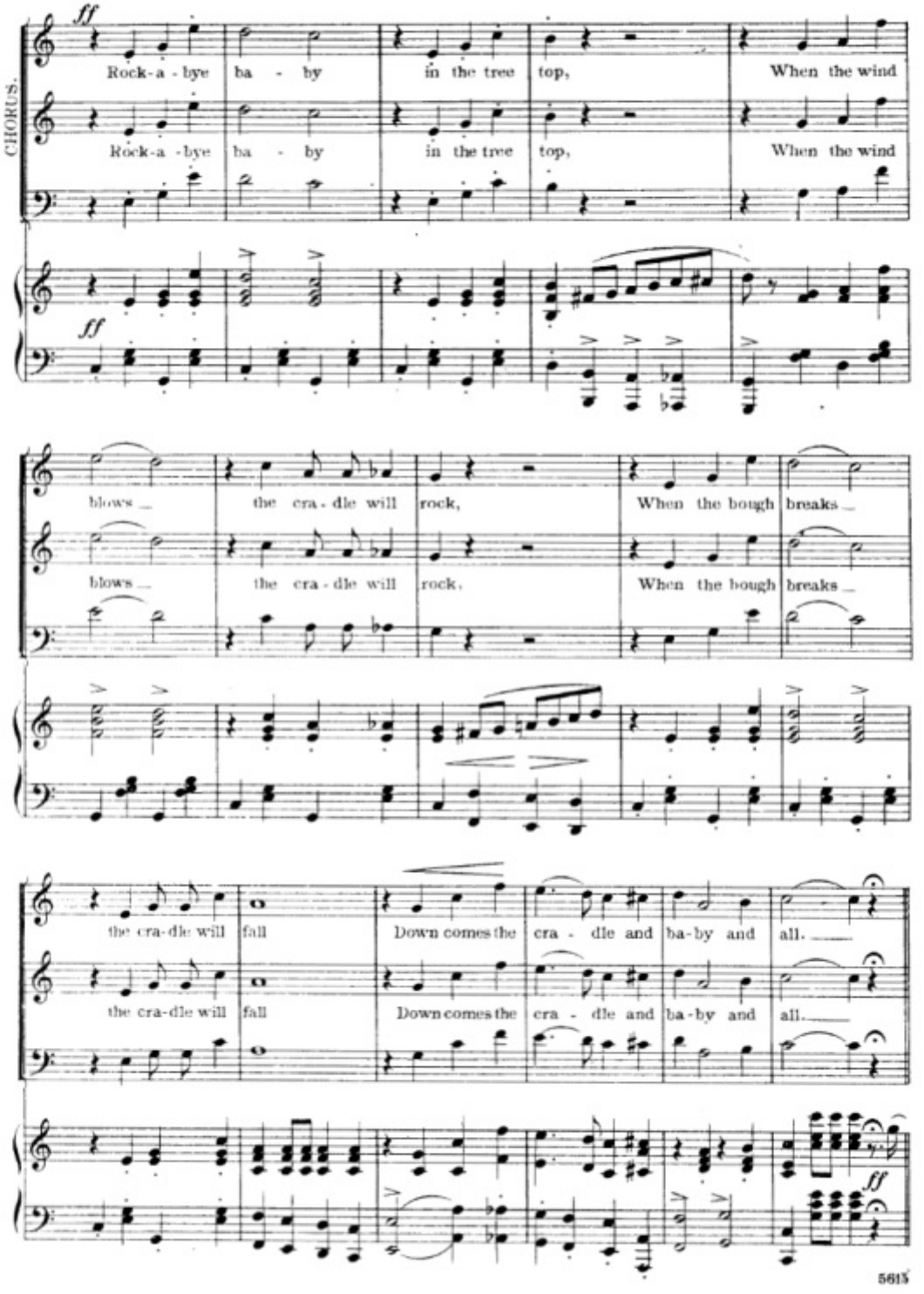
REFRAIN. *(Cockney dialect.)*

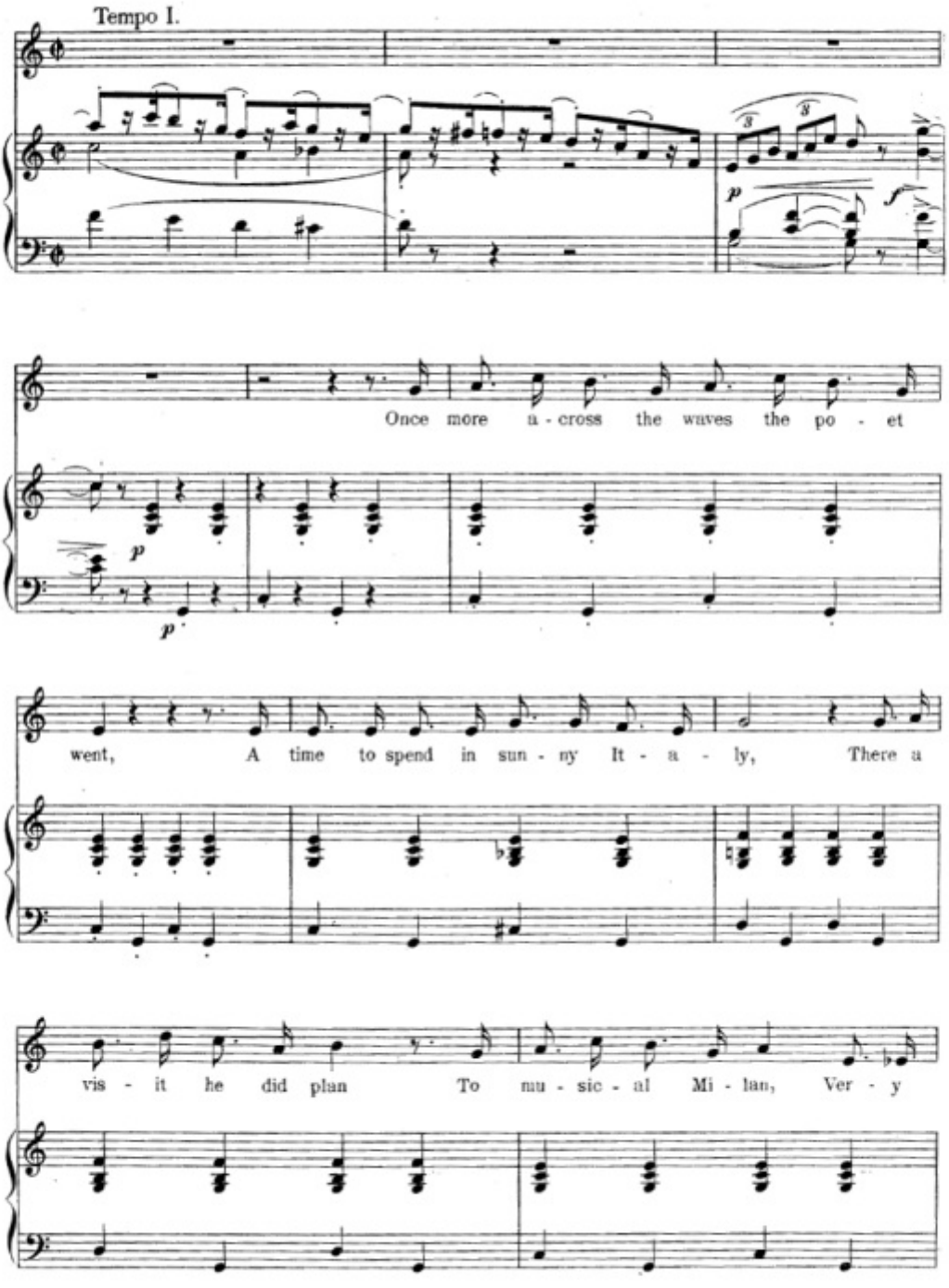


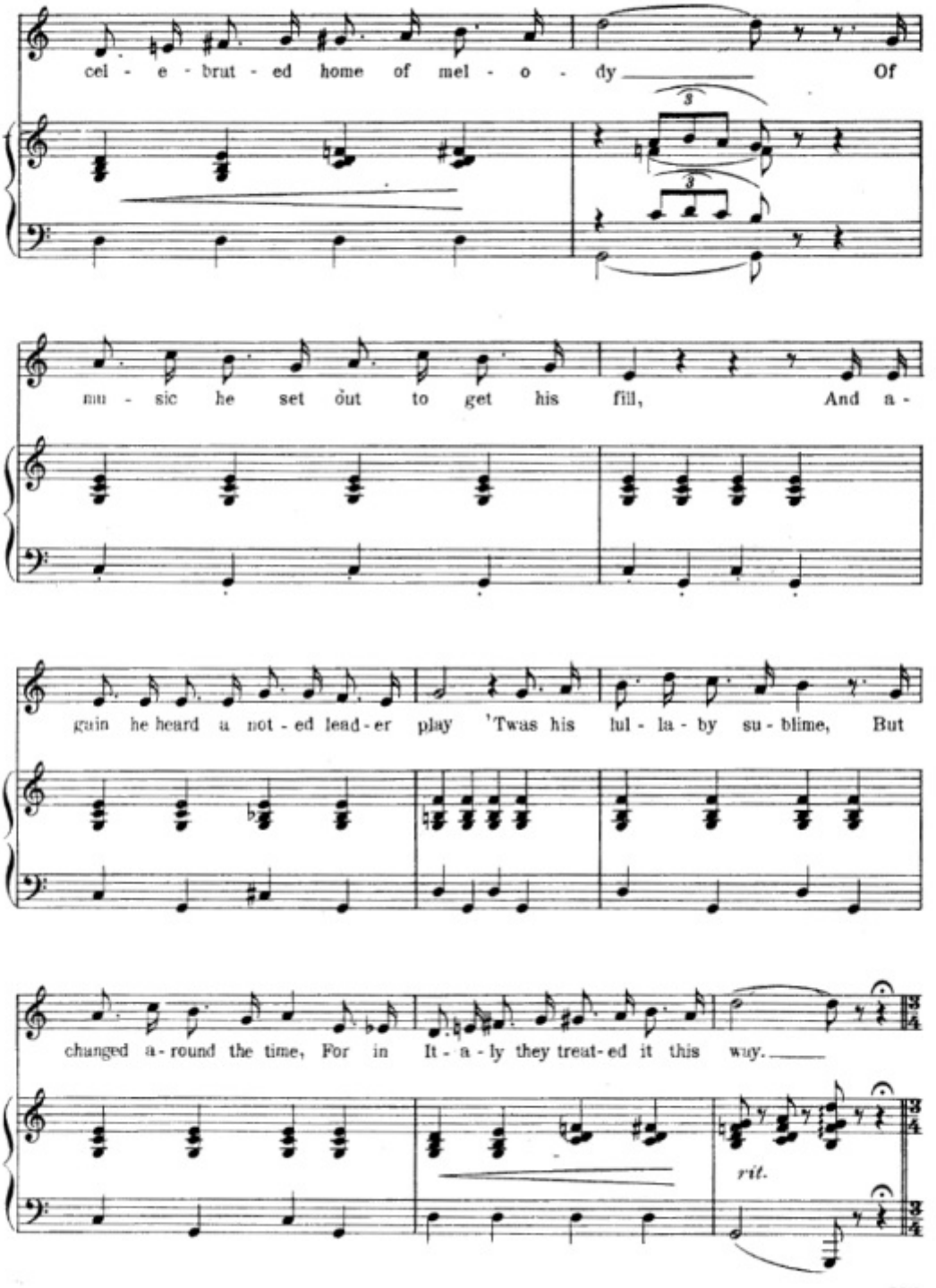

Tempo I.
p
f
The po - et thought that he the world would
p
see, In search of both ex - pe - ri - ence and fame, So he
took his stick and grip, And skipped up - on a ship, And thus

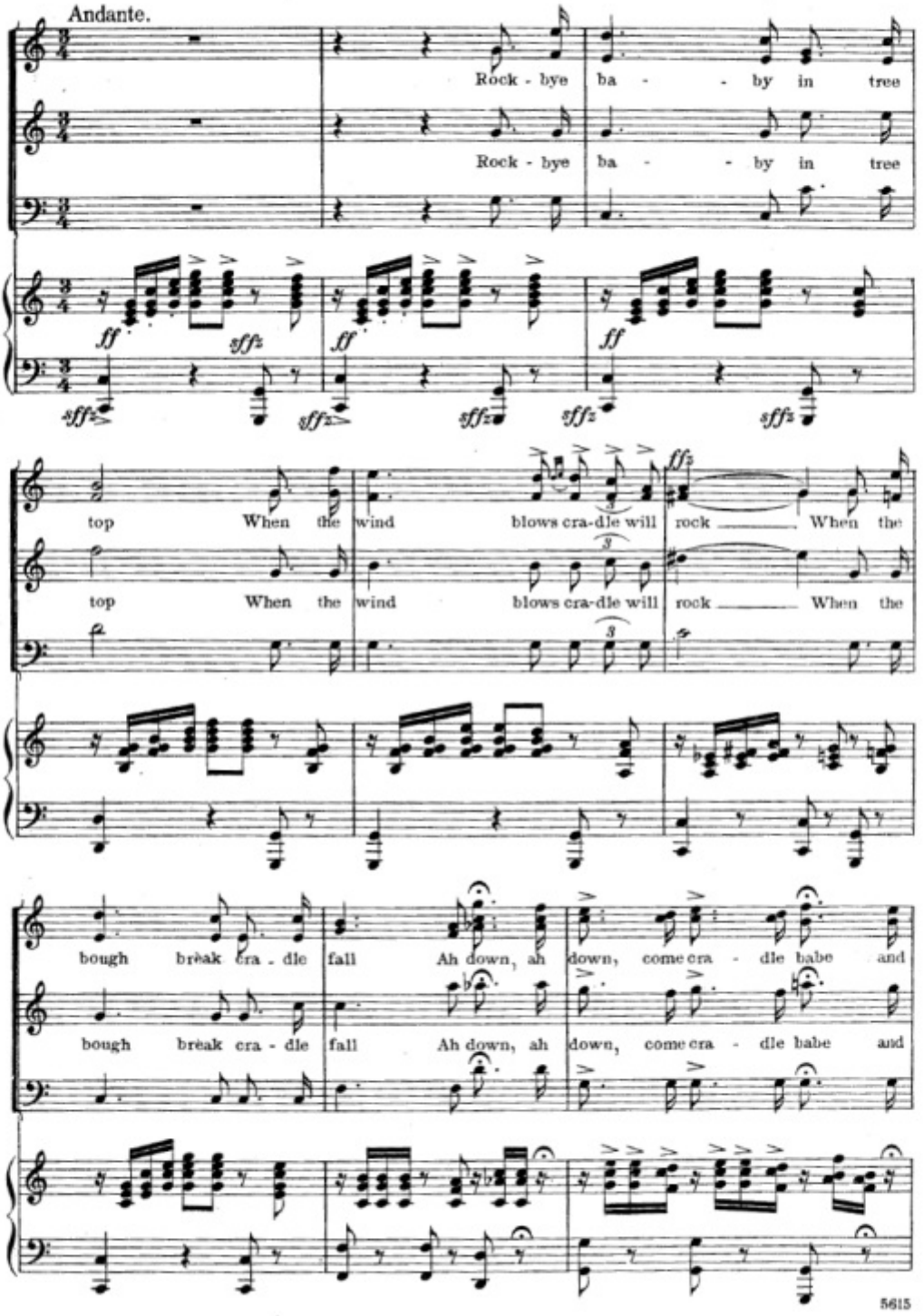

to the great U - ni - ted States he came One
ev' - ning he had noth - ing else to do, So he
chanced in to a mu - sic hall to stray, Where the lead - er of a band, Quite
fa-mous in the land, Played the po-et's well known lul - la - by this way.
rit.

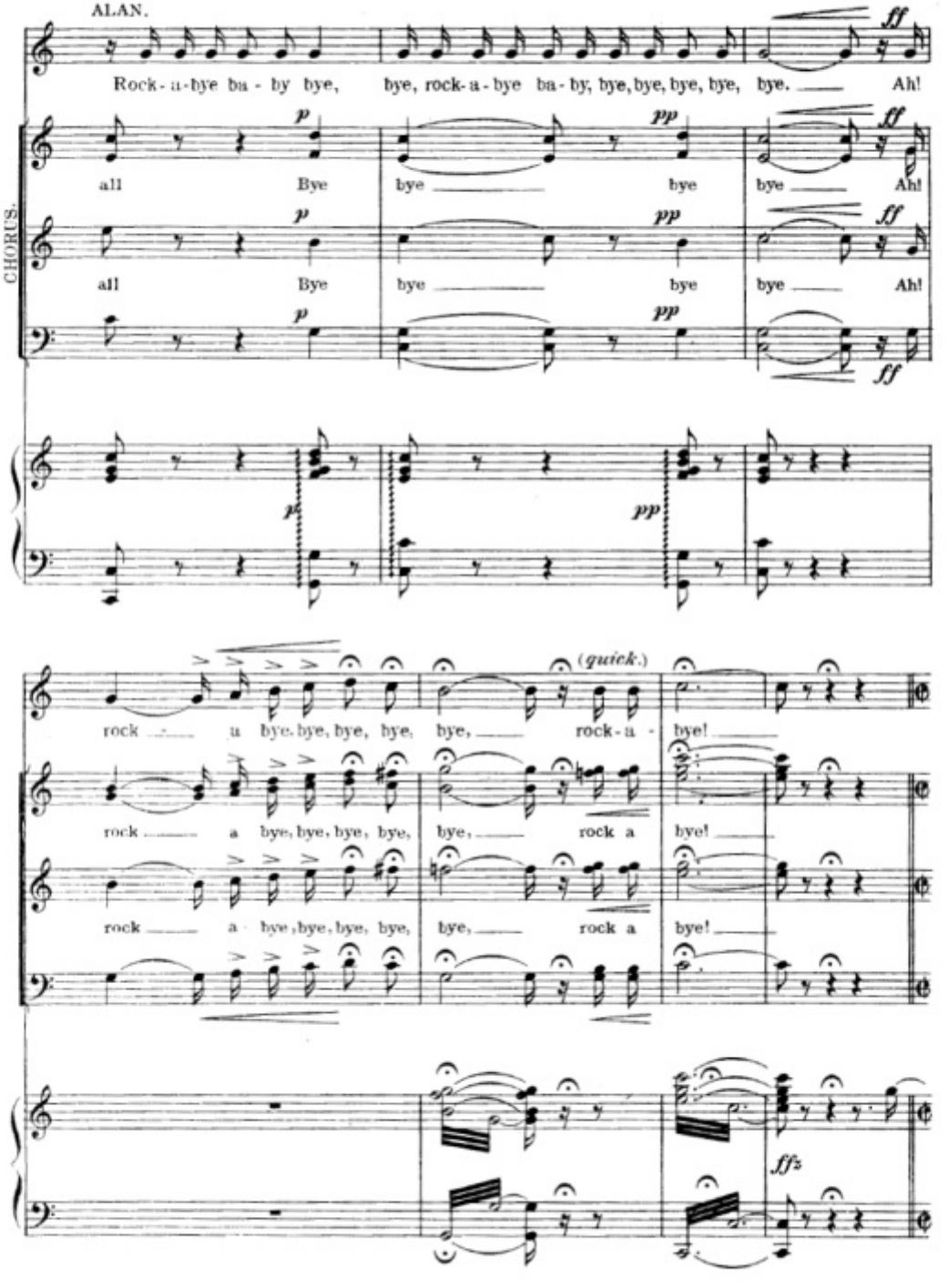

Tempo di Marcia.
pp
Rock - a - bye ba - by in the tree top,
ff
When the wind blows the cra - dle will rock
When the bough breaks the cra dle will fall,
Down comes the cra - dle and ba - by and all.

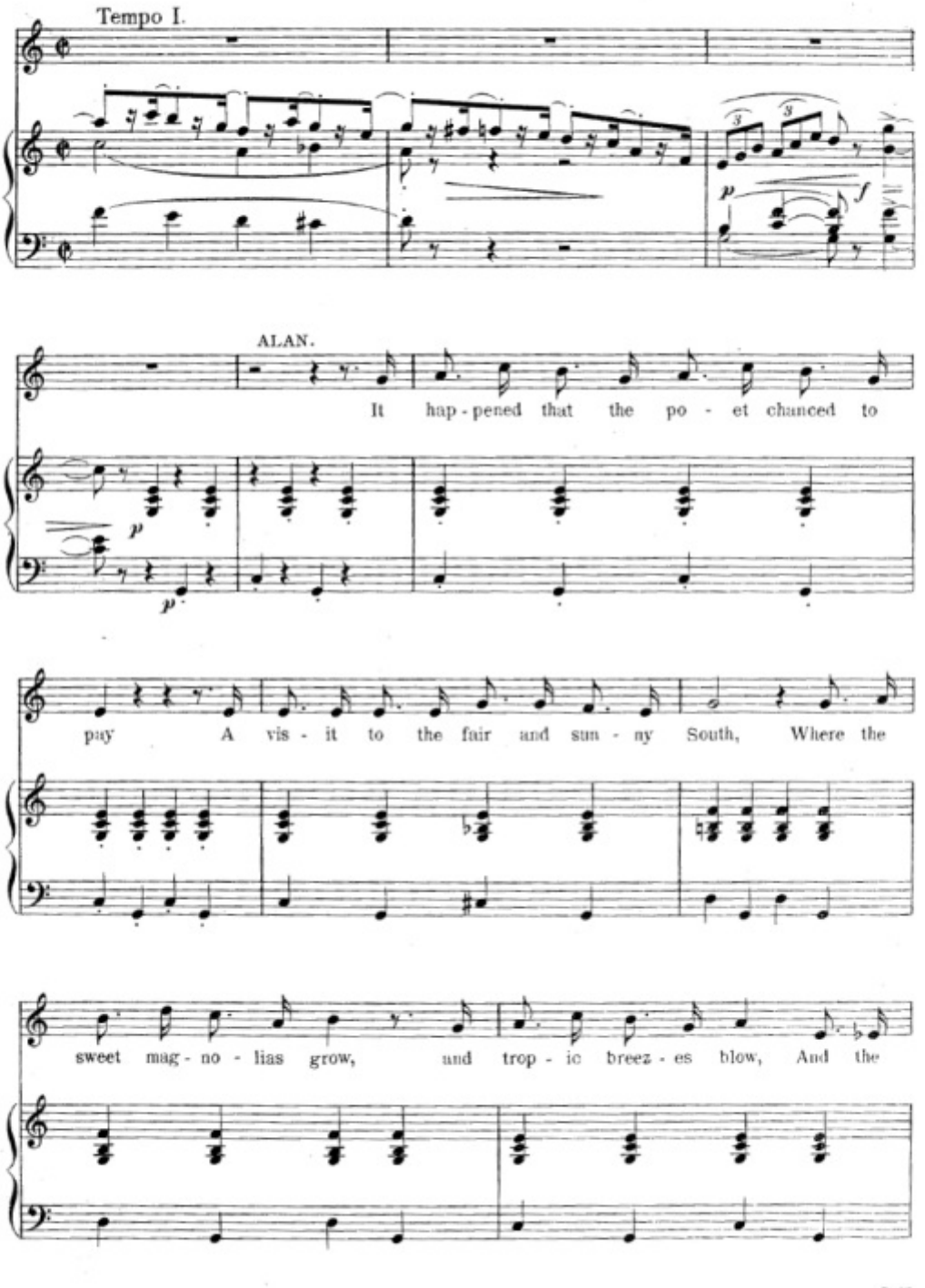

CHORUS.
ff
Rock-a - bye ba - by in the tree top, When the wind
Rock-a - bye ba - by in the tree top, When the wind
ff
blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks
blows the cra - dle will rock, When the bough breaks
the cra-dle will fall Down comes the cra - dle and ba-by and all.
the cra-dle will fall Down comes the cra - dle and ba-by and all.
ff

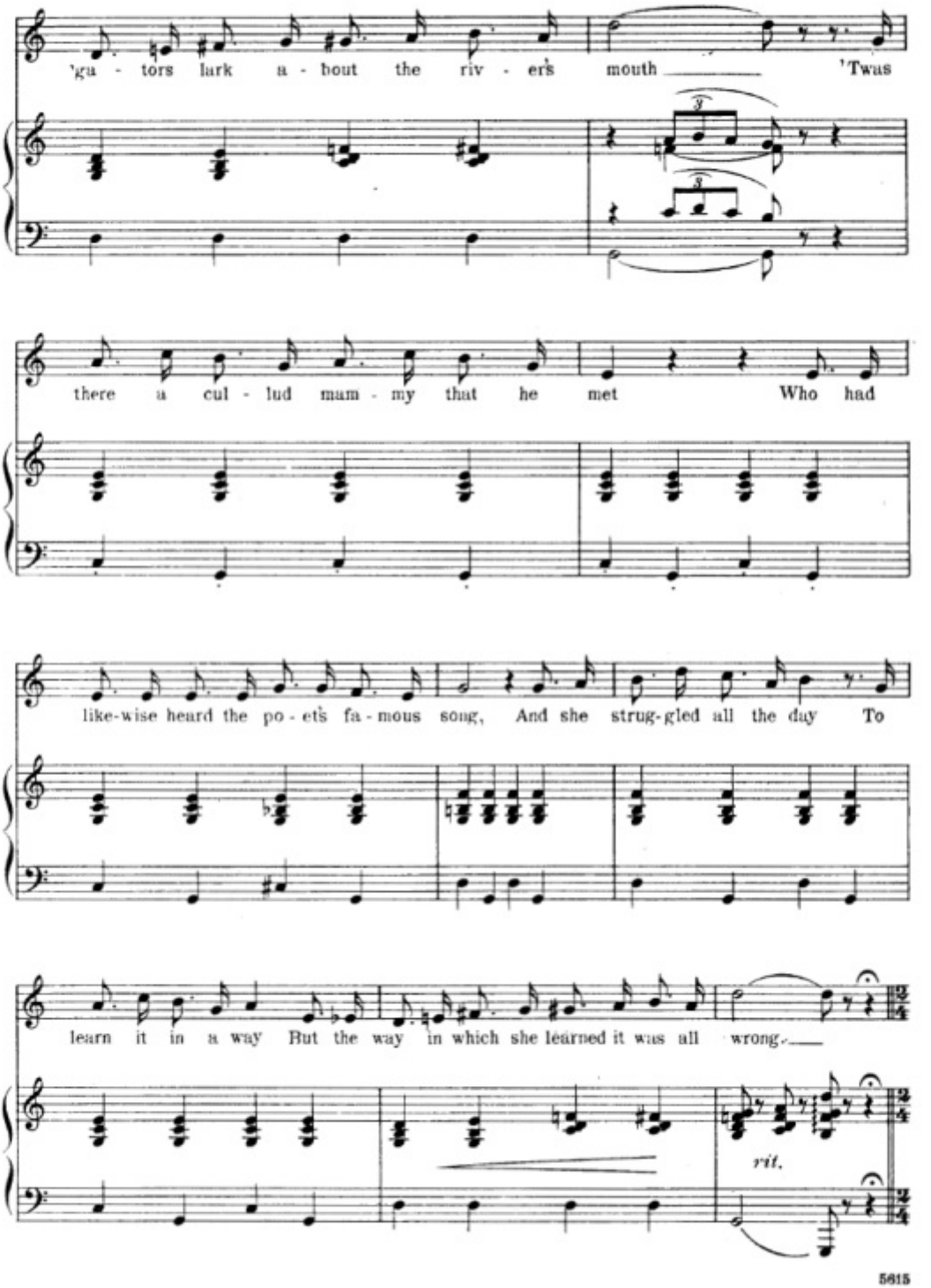

Tempo I.
Once more a - cross the waves the po - et
went, A time to spend in sun - ny It - a - ly, There a
vis - it he did plan To mu - sic - al Mi - lan, Ver - y


cel - e - brut - ed home of mel - o - dy Of
mu - sic he set out to get his fill, And a -
gain he heard a not - ed lead - er play 'Twas his lul - la - by su - blime, But
changed a - round the time, For in It - a - ly they treat - ed it this way.
rit.

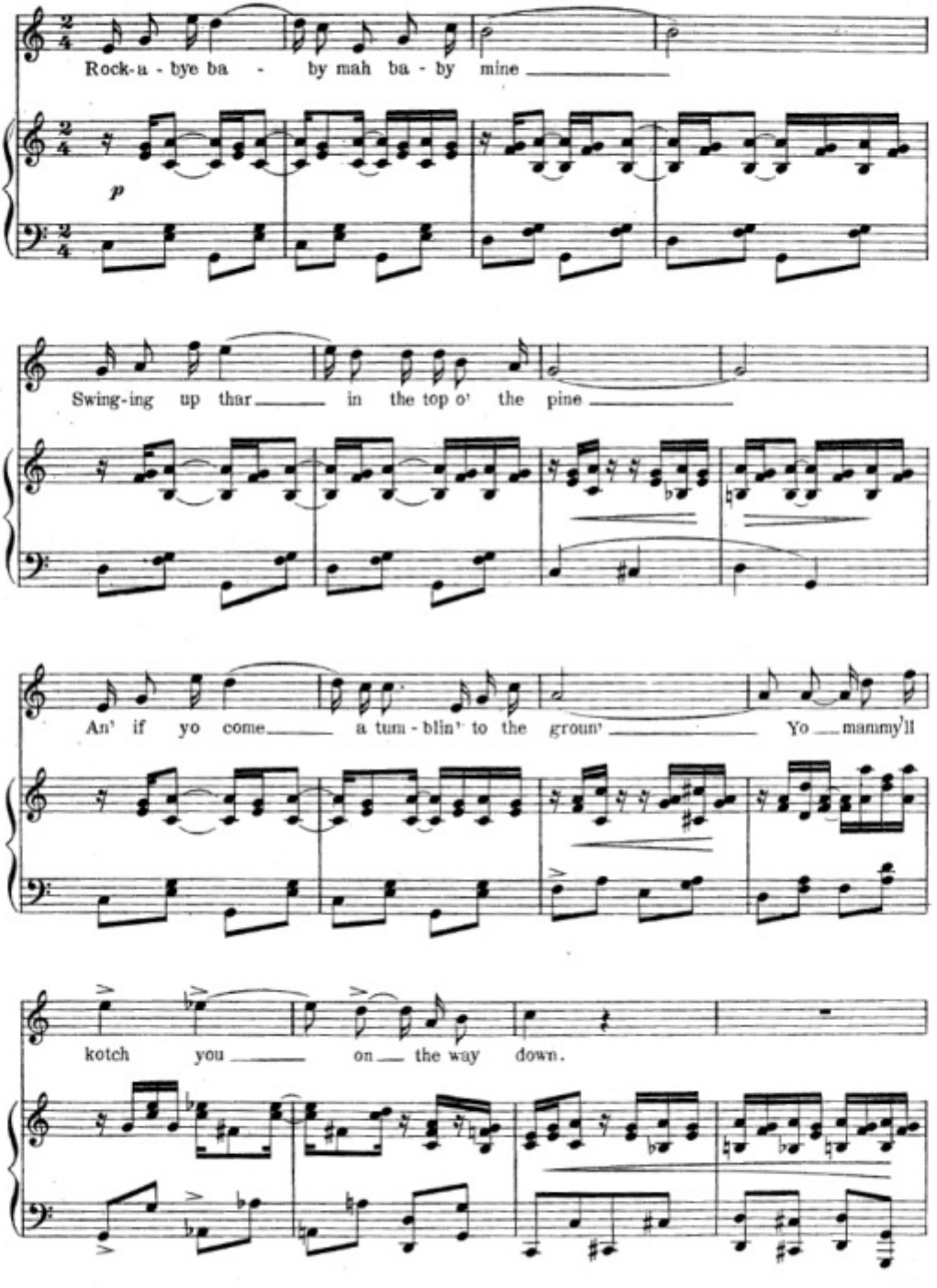

Andante.
Rock - bye ba - - by in tree
Rock - bye ba - - by in tree
top When the wind blows cra-dle will rock When the
top When the wind blows cra-dle will rock When the
bough break cra - dle fall Ah down, ah down, come cra - dle babe and
bough break cra - dle fall Ah down, ah down, come cra - dle babe and

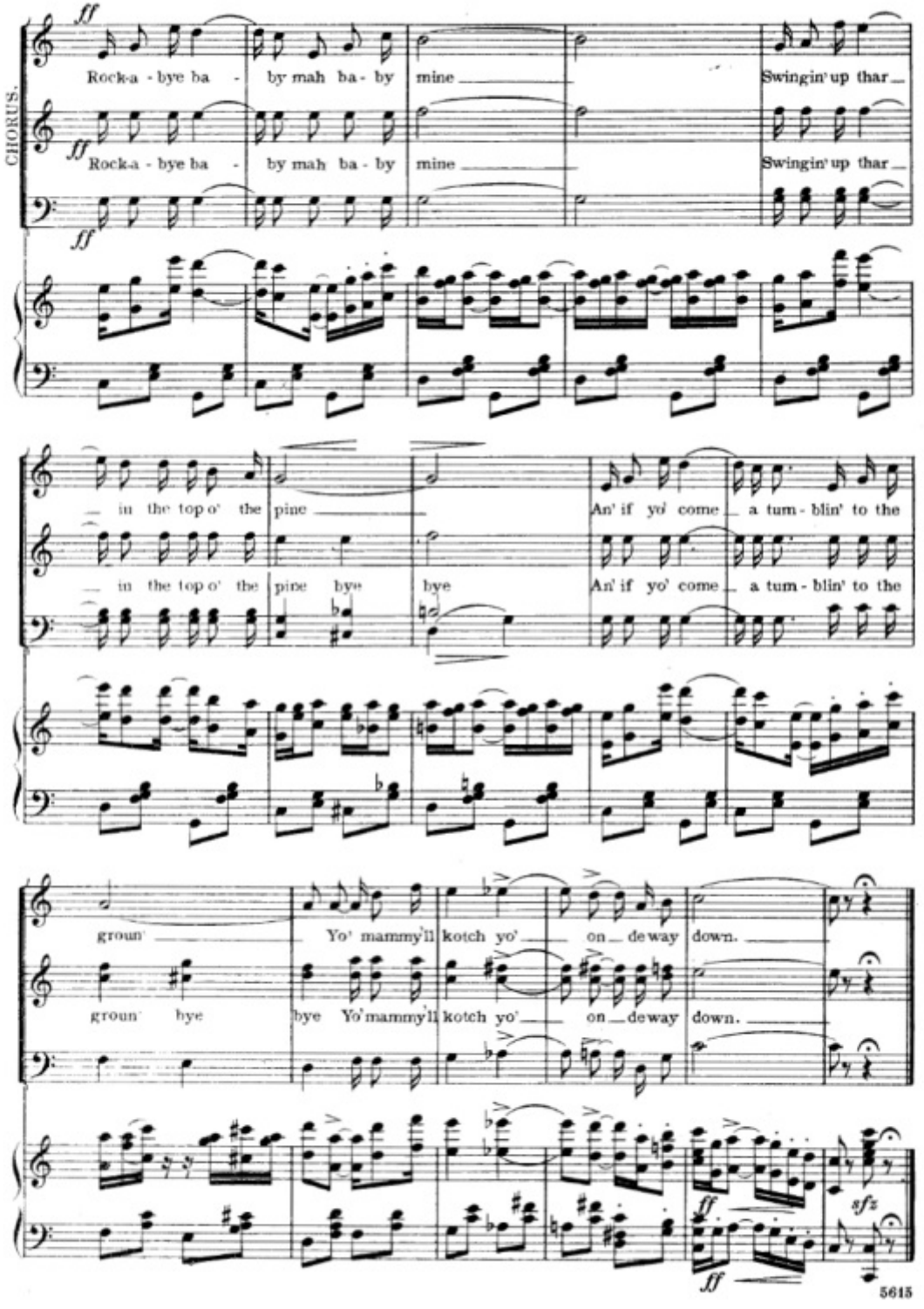

ALAN.
Rock-a-bye ba-by bye, bye, rock-a-bye ba-by, bye, bye, bye, bye. Ah!
CHORUS.
all Bye bye bye bye Ah!
all Bye bye bye bye Ah!
(quick.)
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock-a-bye!
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock a bye!
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock a bye!


Tempo I.
ALAN.
It hap - pened that the po - et chanced to
pay A vis - it to the fair and sun - ny South, Where the
sweet mag - no - lias grow, and trop - ic breez - es blow, And the


'ga - tors lark a - bout the riv - er's mouth 'Twas
there a cul - lud mam - my that he met Who had
like-wise heard the po - et's fa - mous song, And she strug-gled all the day To
learn it in a way But the way in which she learned it was all wrong.
rit.

Tempo di Cakewalk.




CHORUS.
ff
Rock-a - bye ba - by mah ba - by mine Swingin' up thar
Rock-a - bye ba - by mah ba - by mine Swingin' up thar
in the top o' the pine An' if yo' come a tum - blin' to the
in the top o' the pine bye bye An' if yo' come a tum - blin' to the
groun' Yo' mammy'll kotch yo' on de way down.
groun' bye bye Yo' mammy'll kotch yo' on de way down.
sfz
5615

March of the Toys

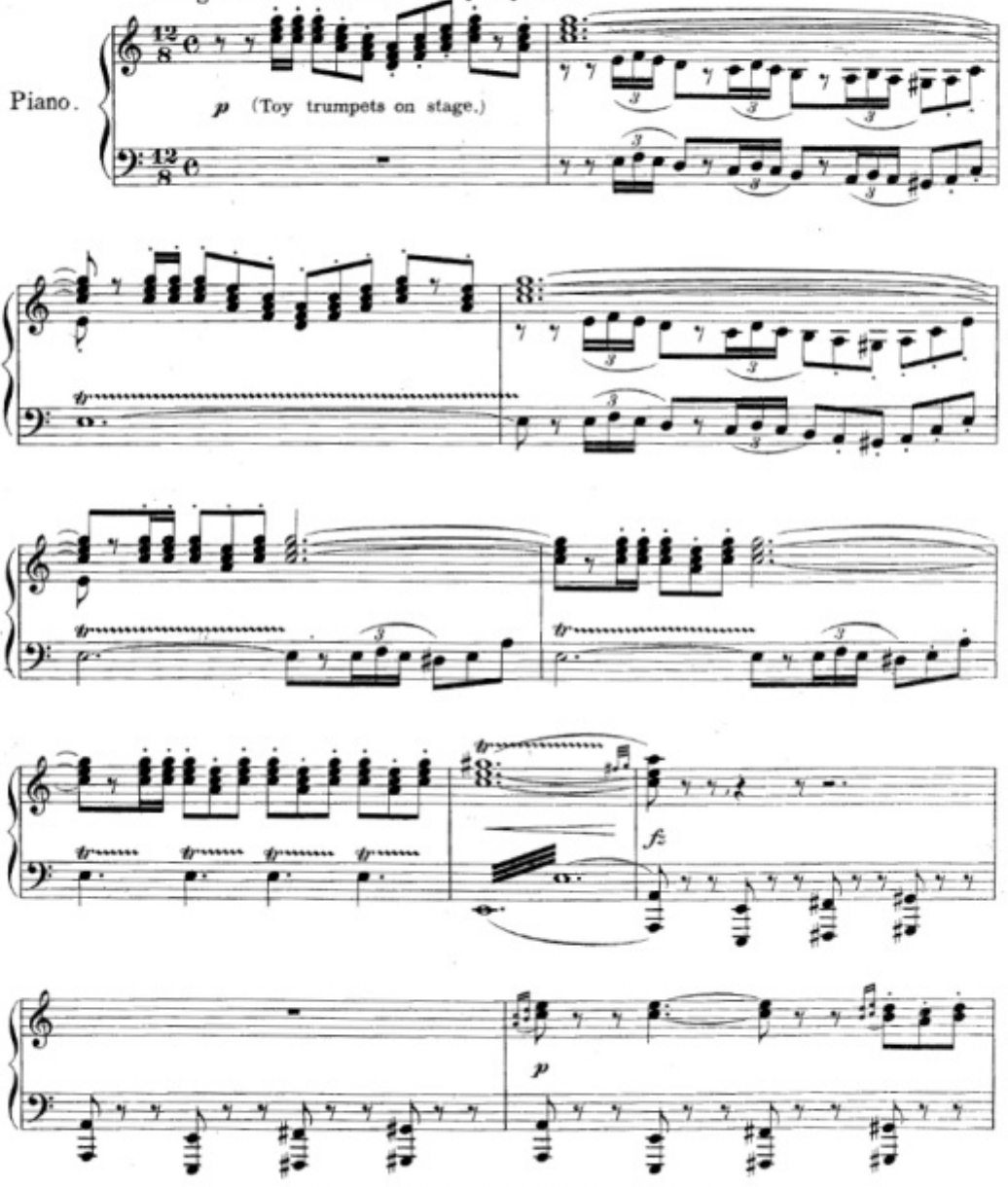
from

"Babes in Toyland."

by VICTOR HERBERT.

№ 12a

Allegro molto moderato sempre pesante.



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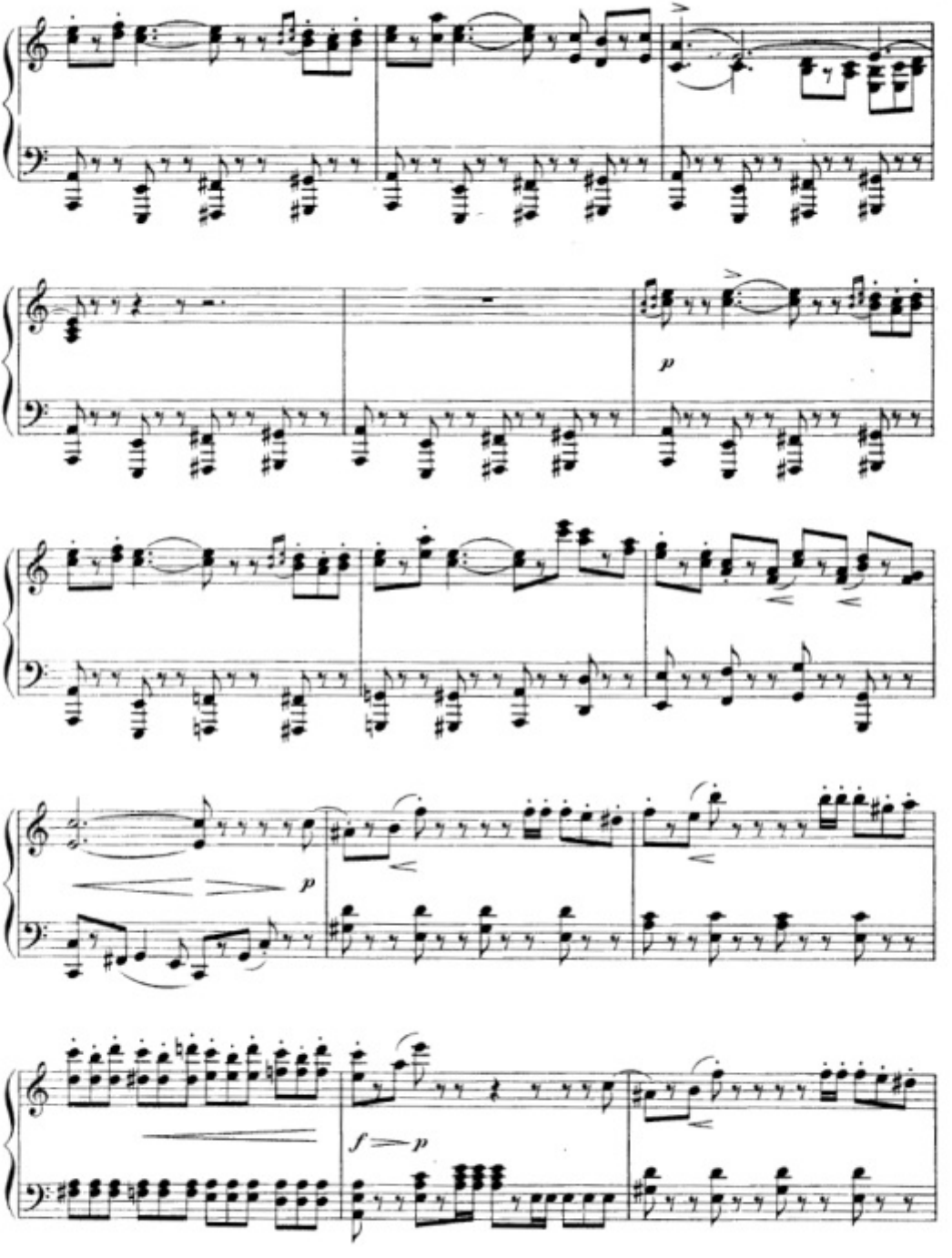
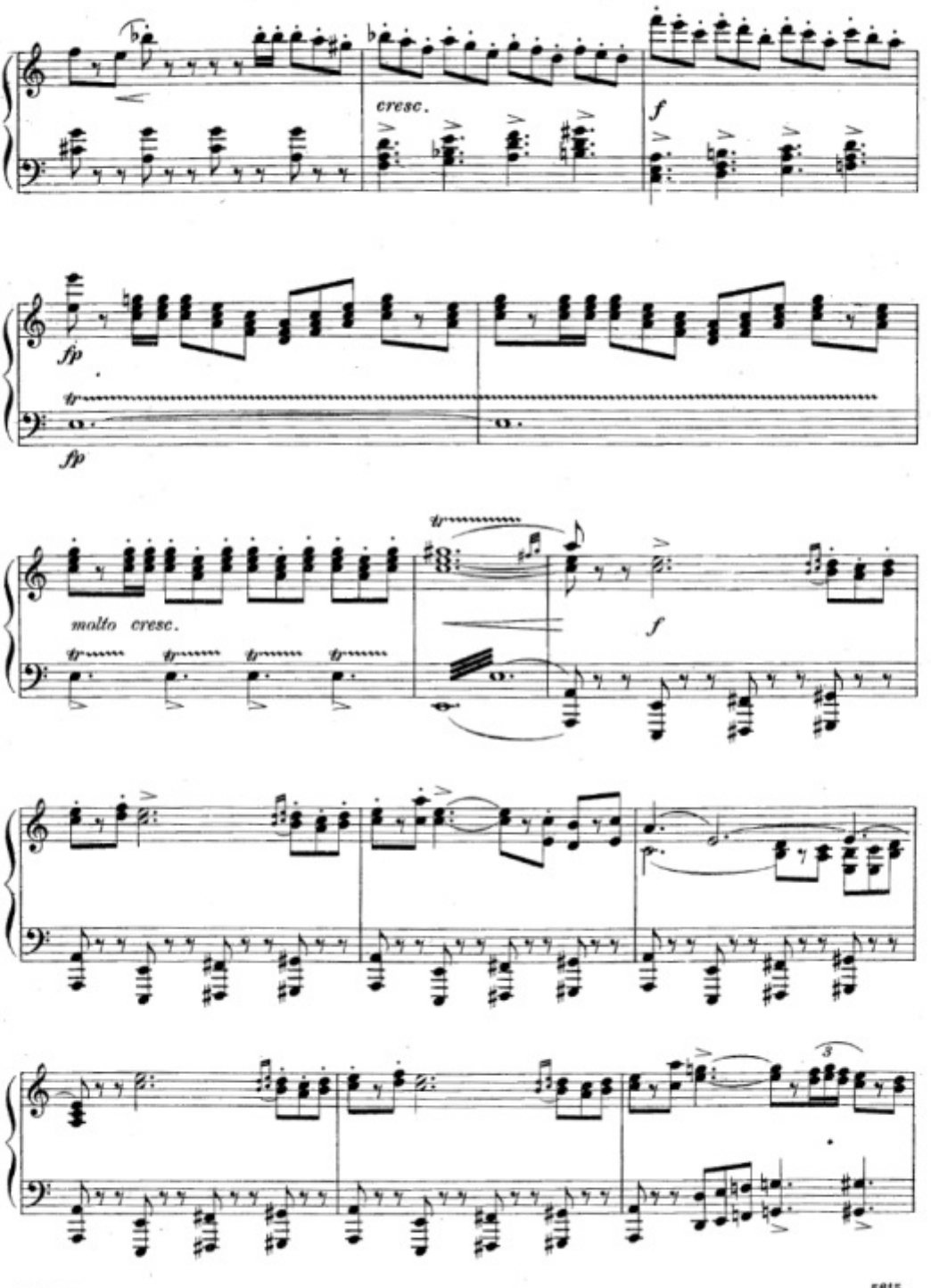
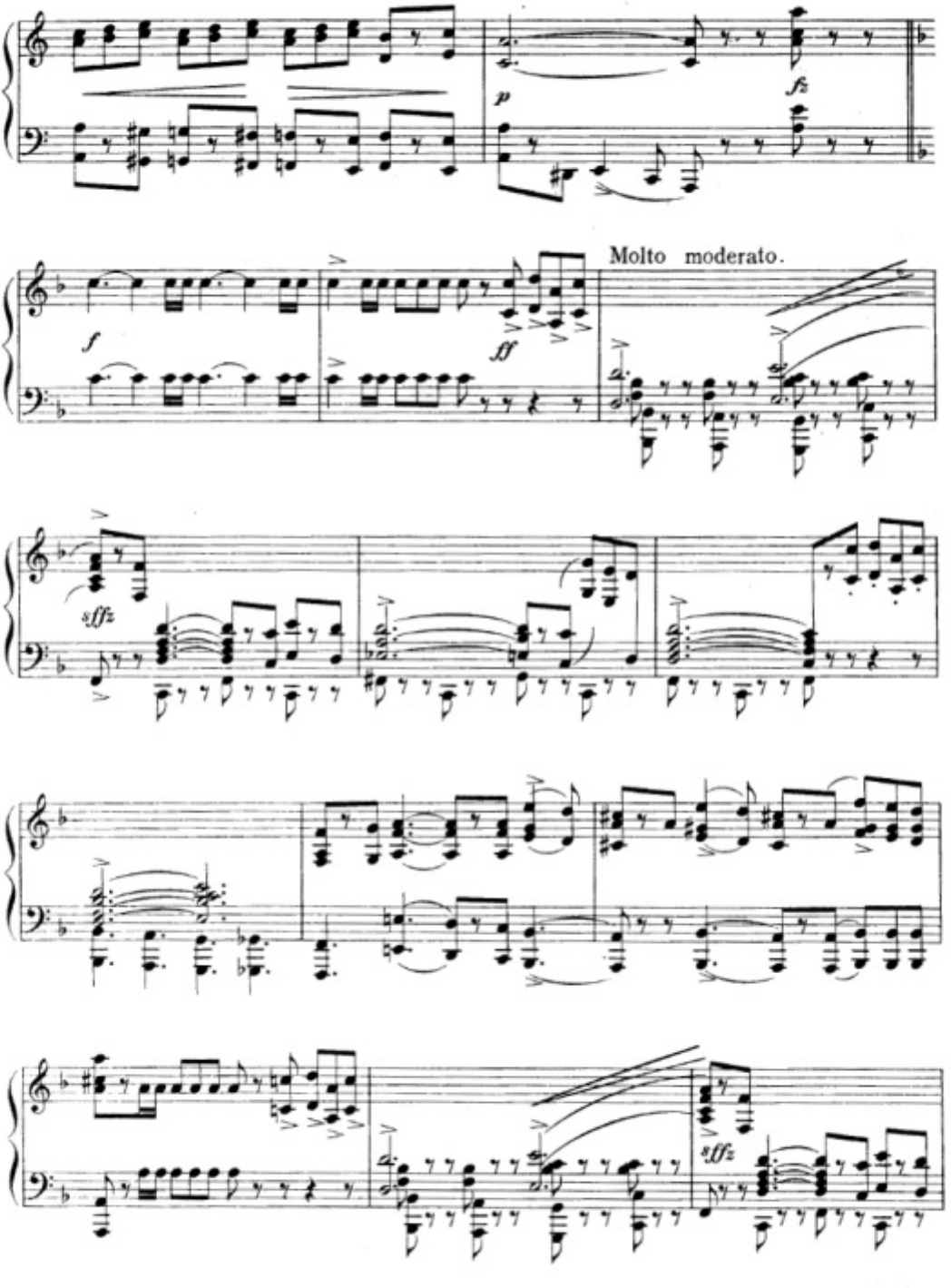
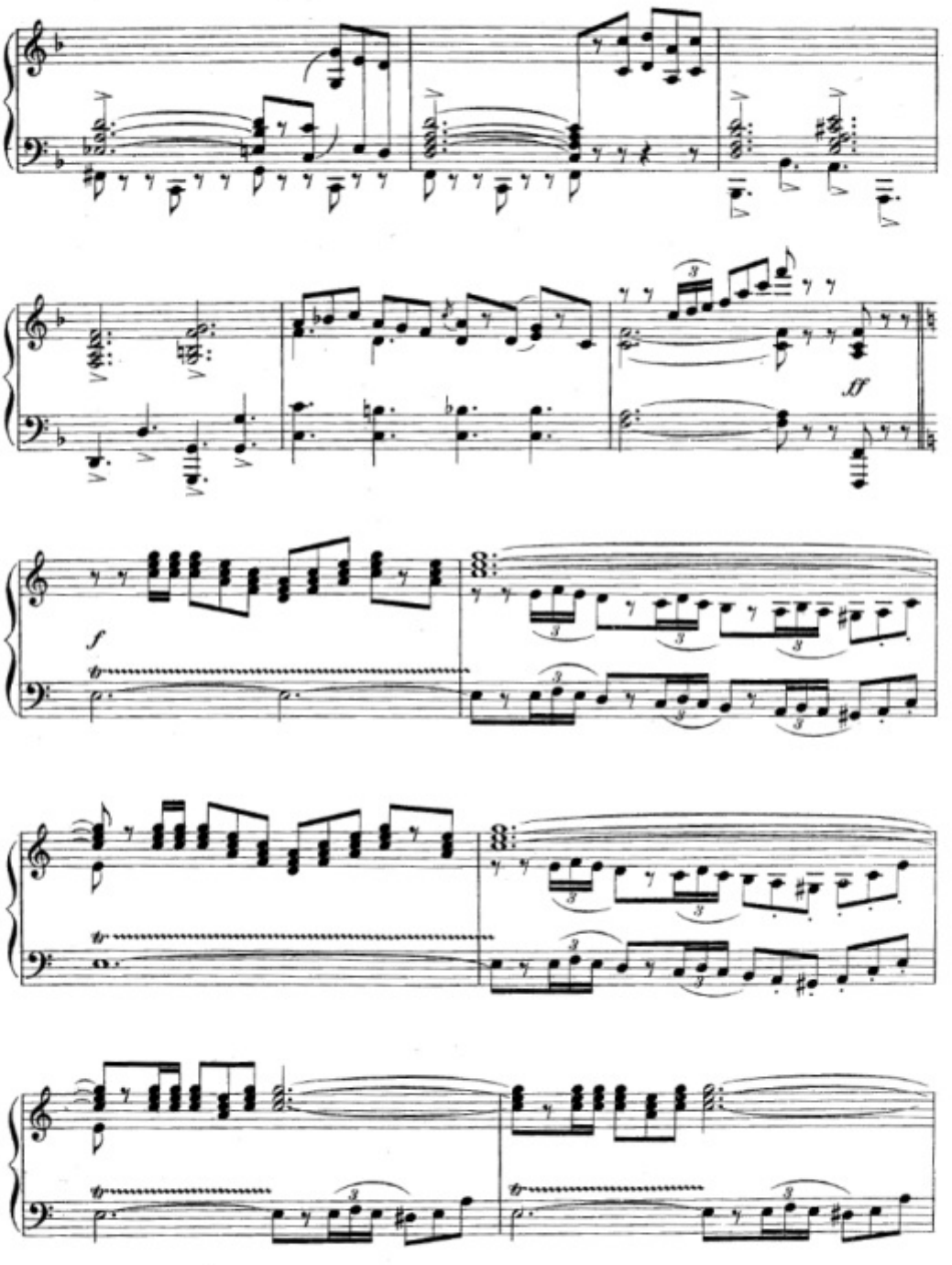
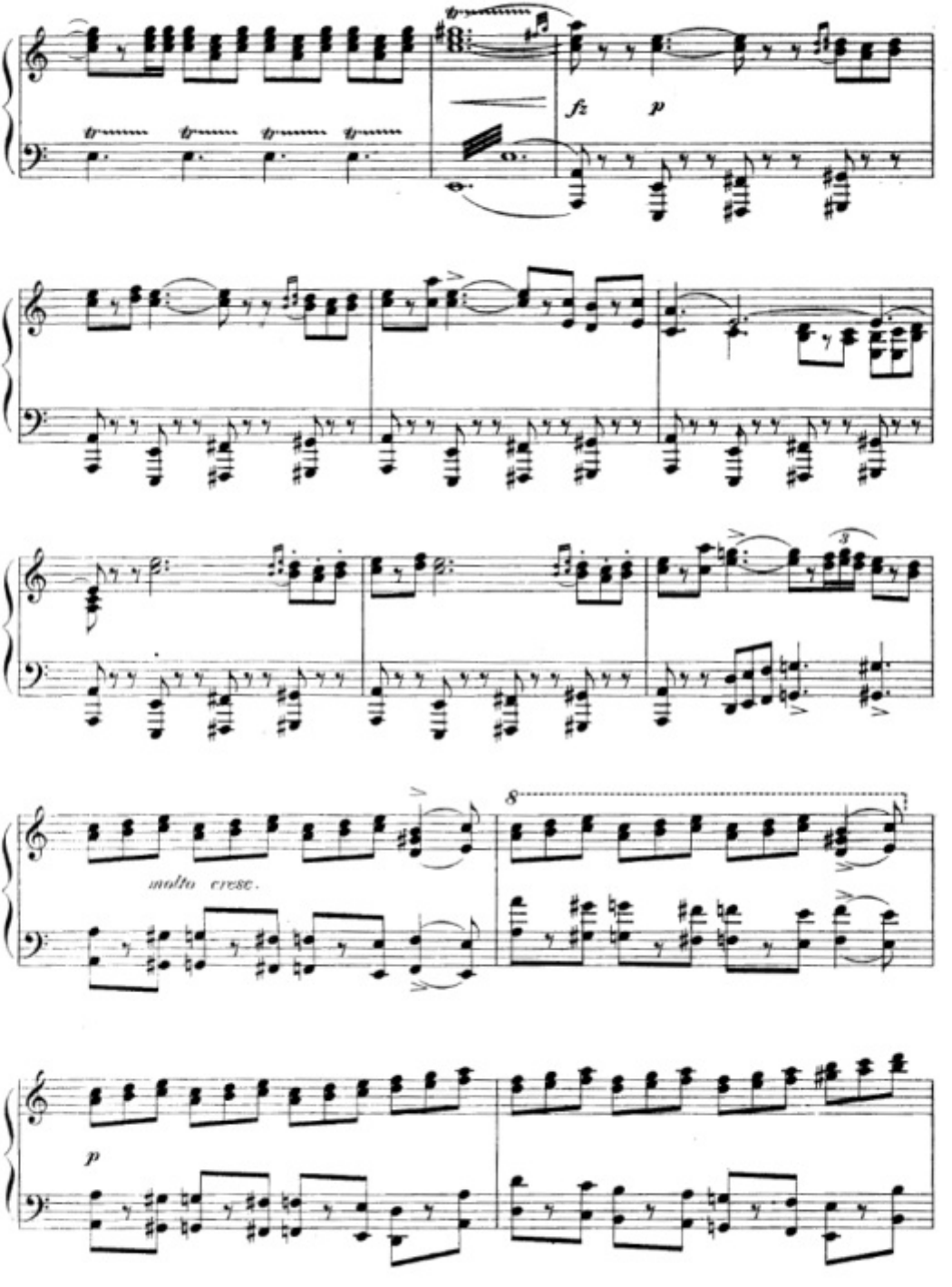
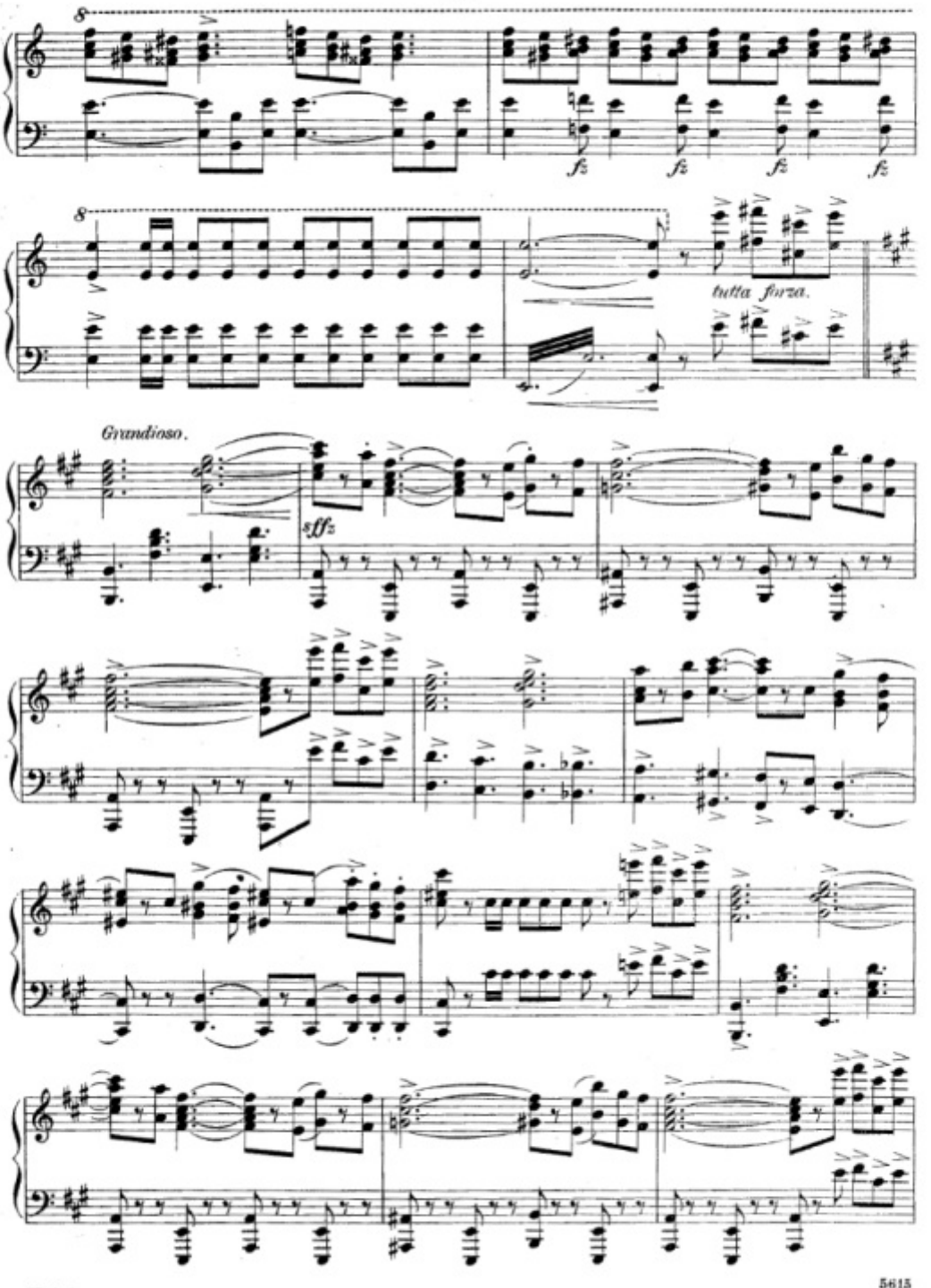

p
p
f
p

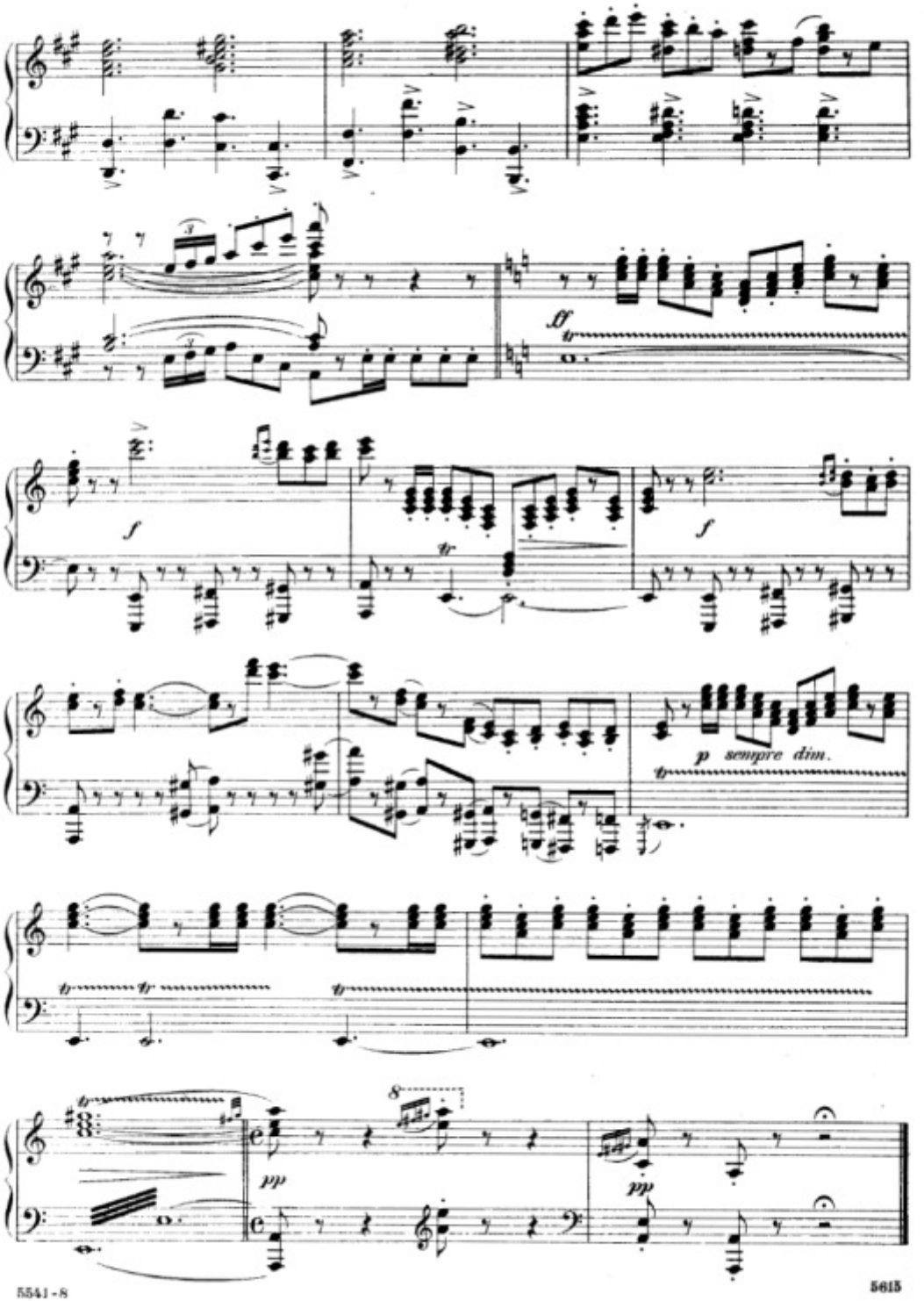

cresc.
f
fp
fp
molto cresc.
f


p
fz
Molto moderato.
f
ff
sffz
sffz


ff
f

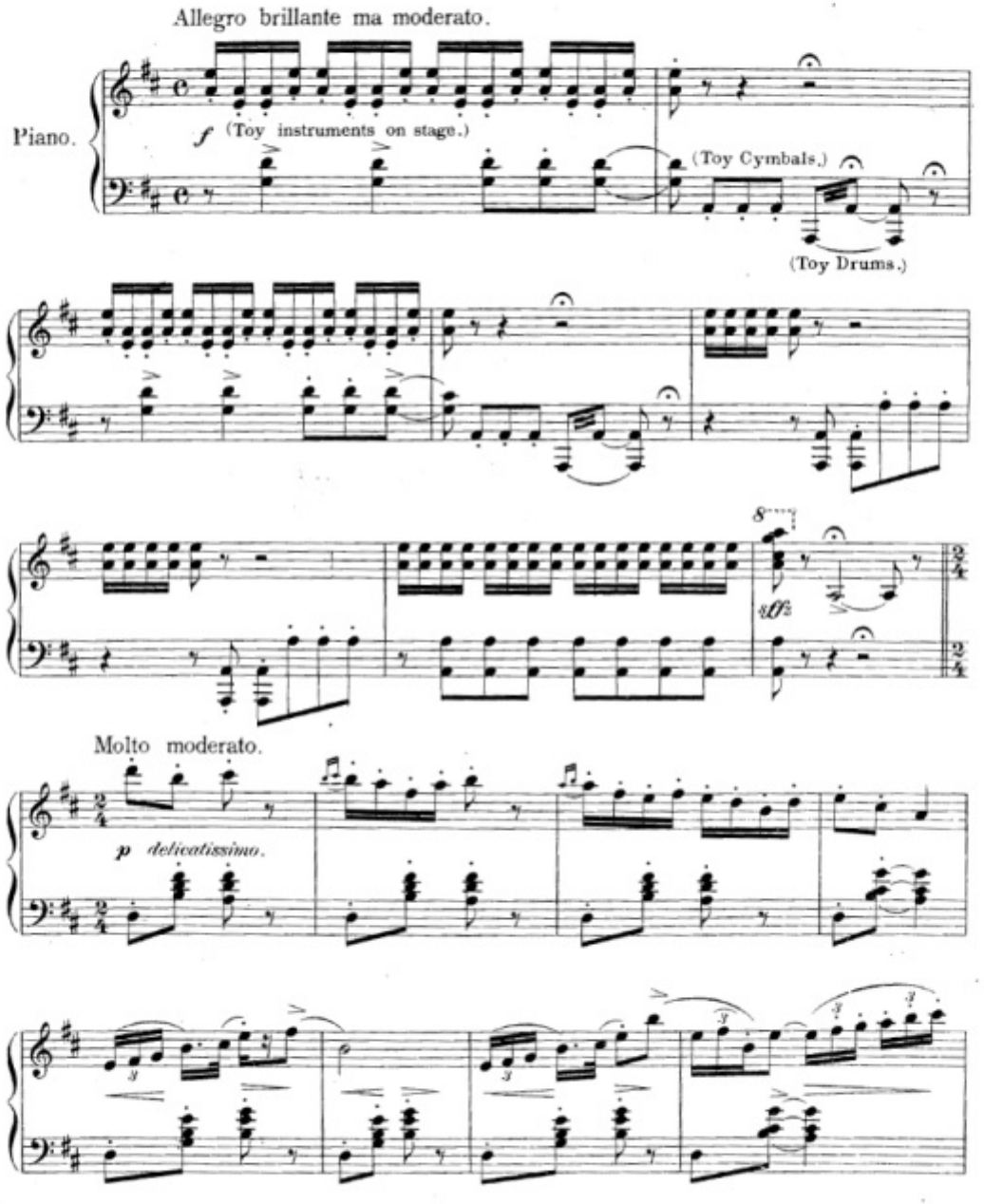

fz
p
molto cresc.
8
3
p

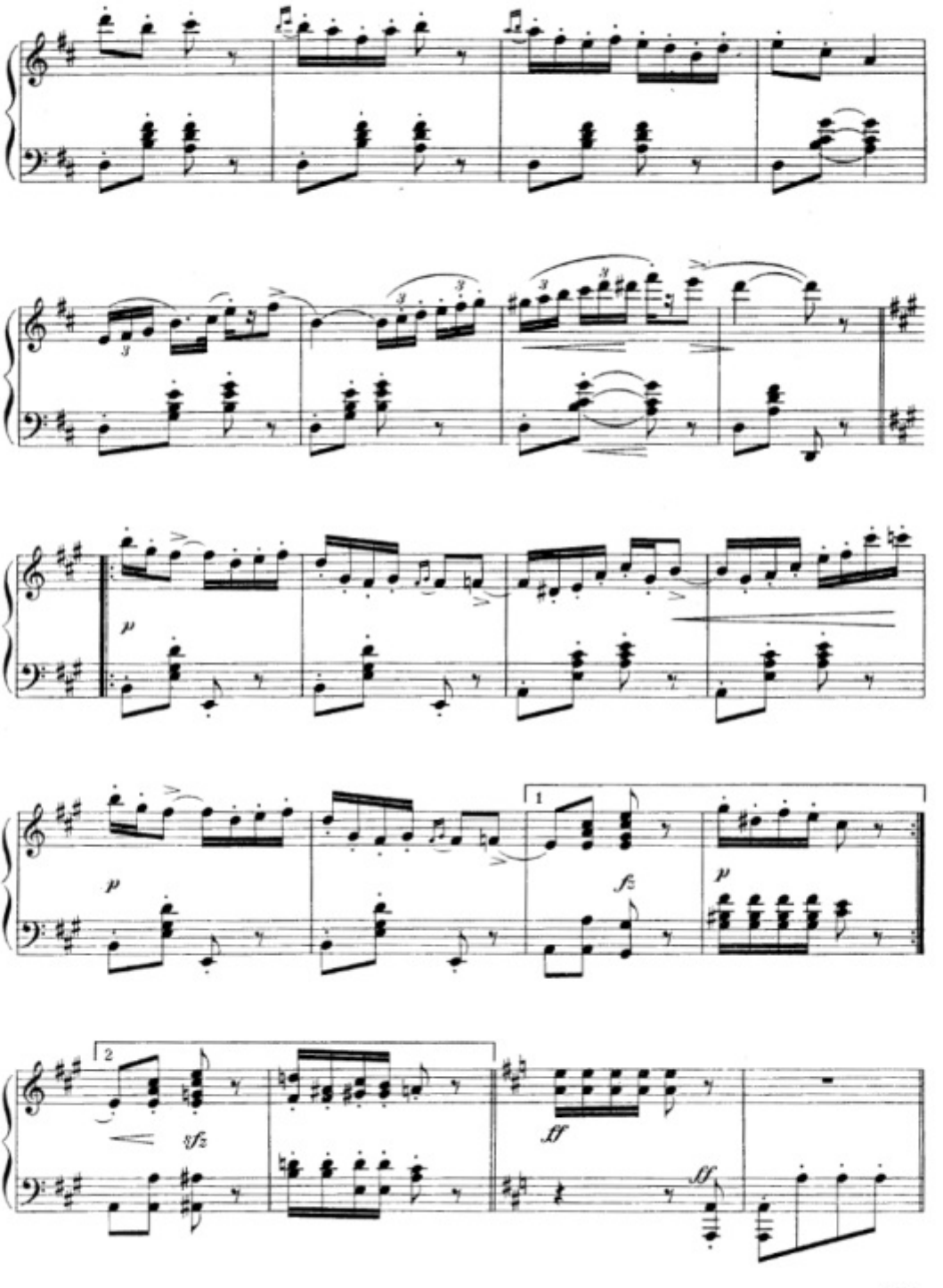

fz
fz
fz
fz
tutta forza.
Grandioso.
sffz

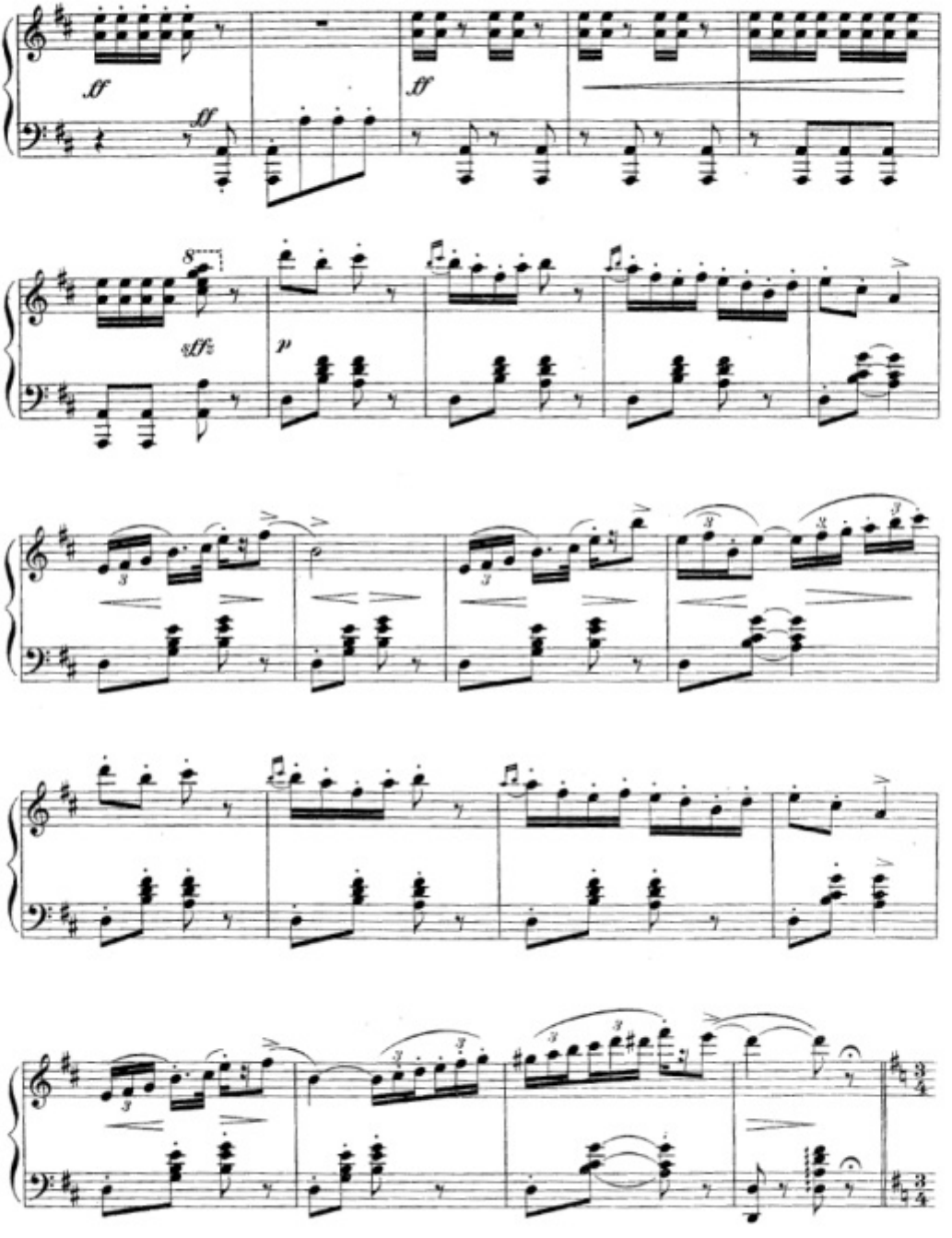

ff
f
f
p sempre dim.
pp
pp

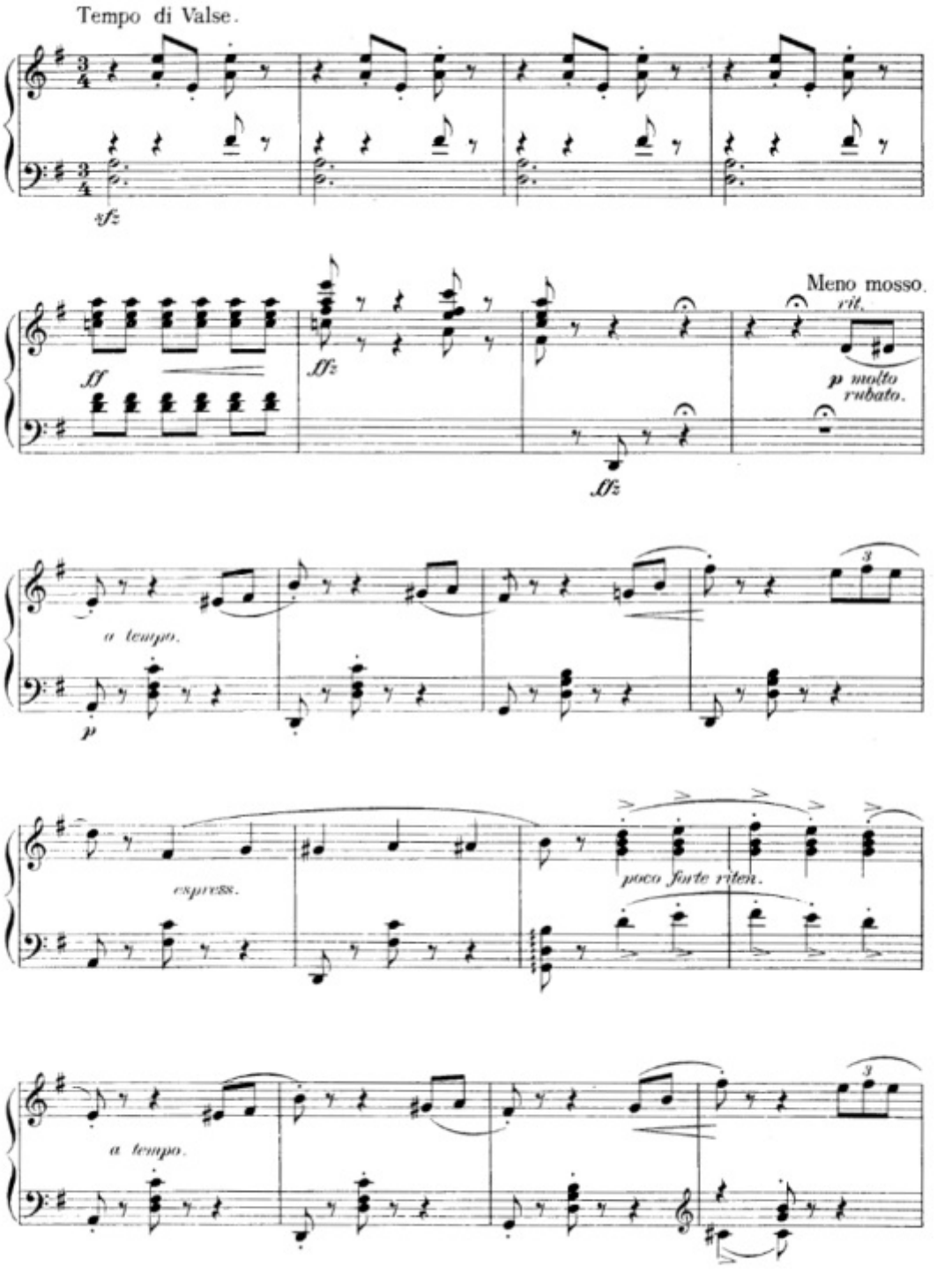
The Military Ball.

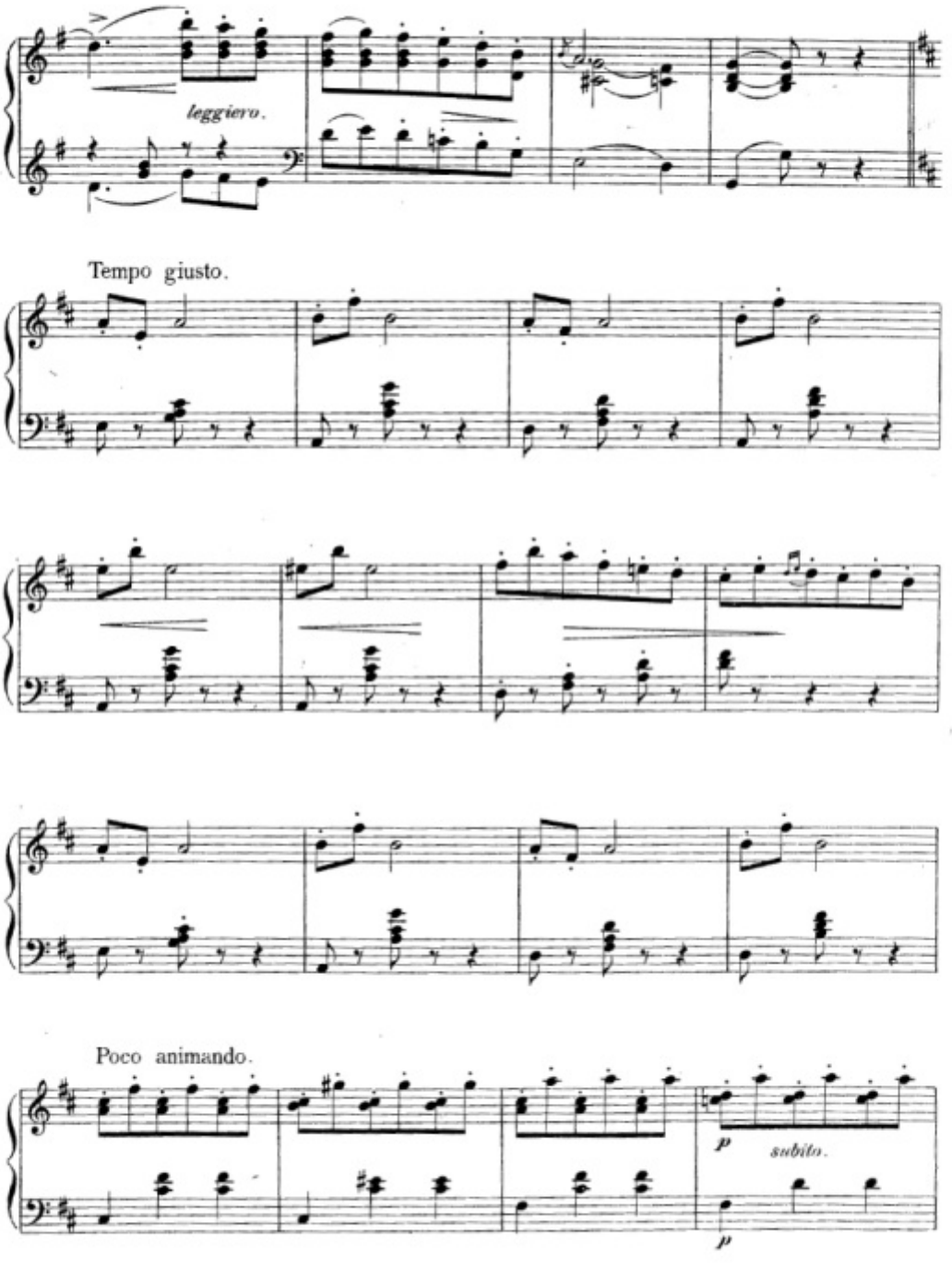
No 12b

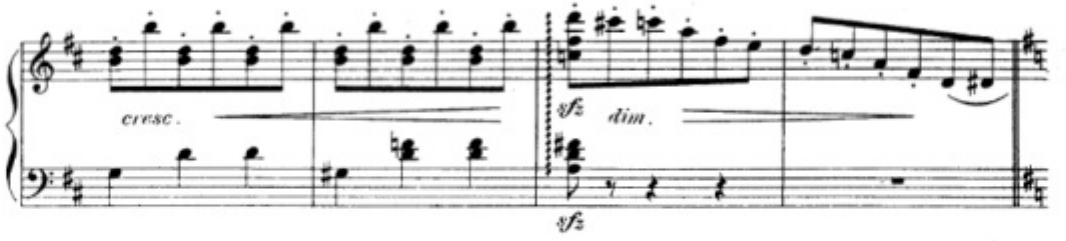


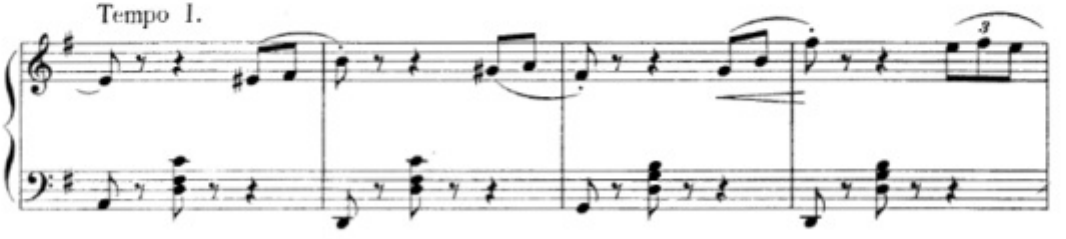

p
1
fz
p
2
sfz
ff
ff

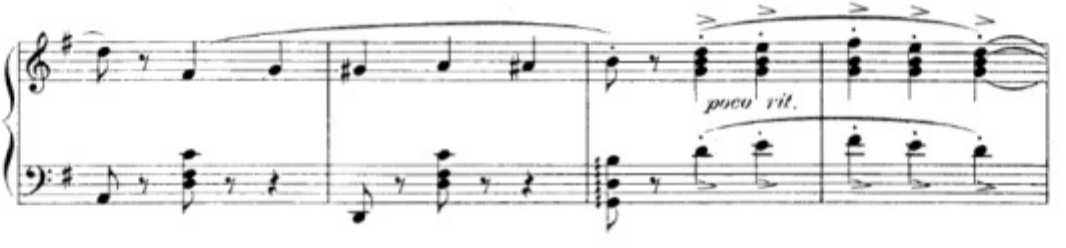

ff
ff
ff
8
sffz
p

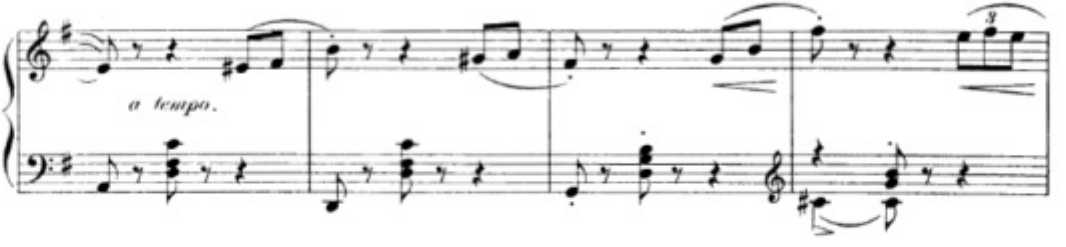

Tempo di Valse.
xfz
ff
ffz
Meno mosso.
rit.
p molto rubato.
ffz
a tempo.
p
3
espress.
poco forte riten.
a tempo.
3

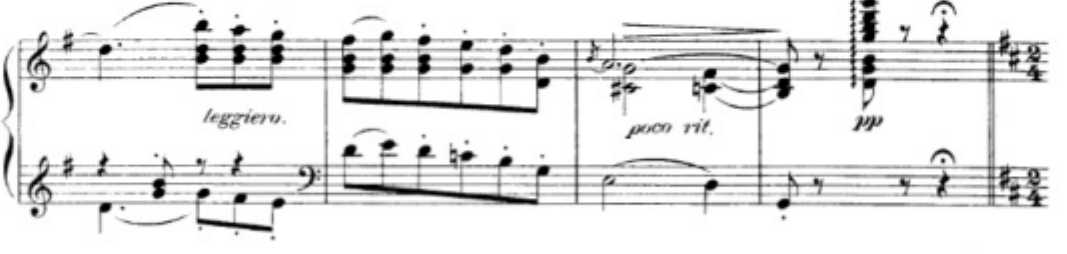

leggiero.
Tempo giusto.
Poco animando.
p
subito.
p


cresc.
sfz
dim.
sfz


Tempo I.
3

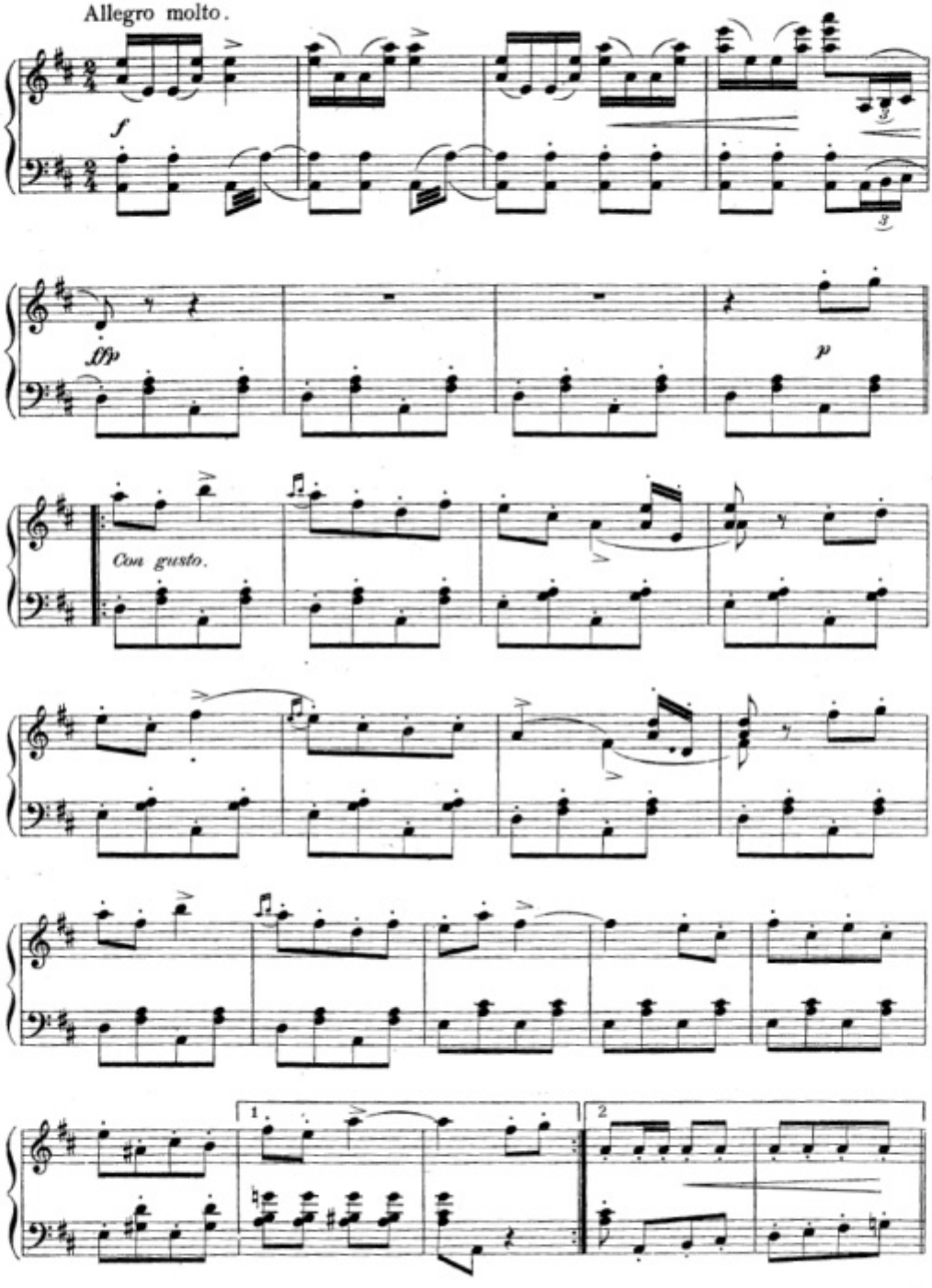

poco rit.

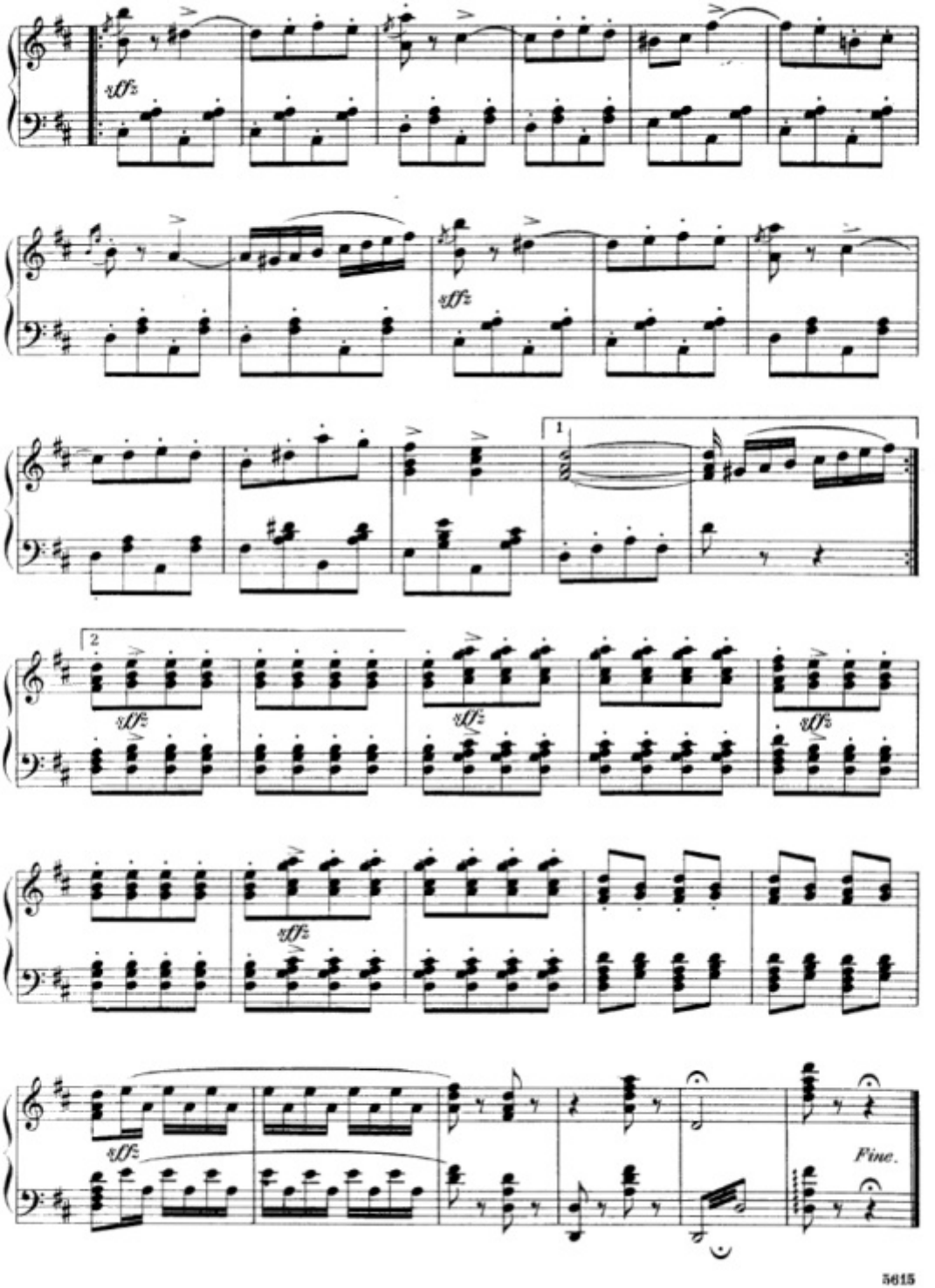

a tempo.
3


leggiero.
poco rit.
pp

GALOP.

Allegro molto.




sff
1
2
Fine.

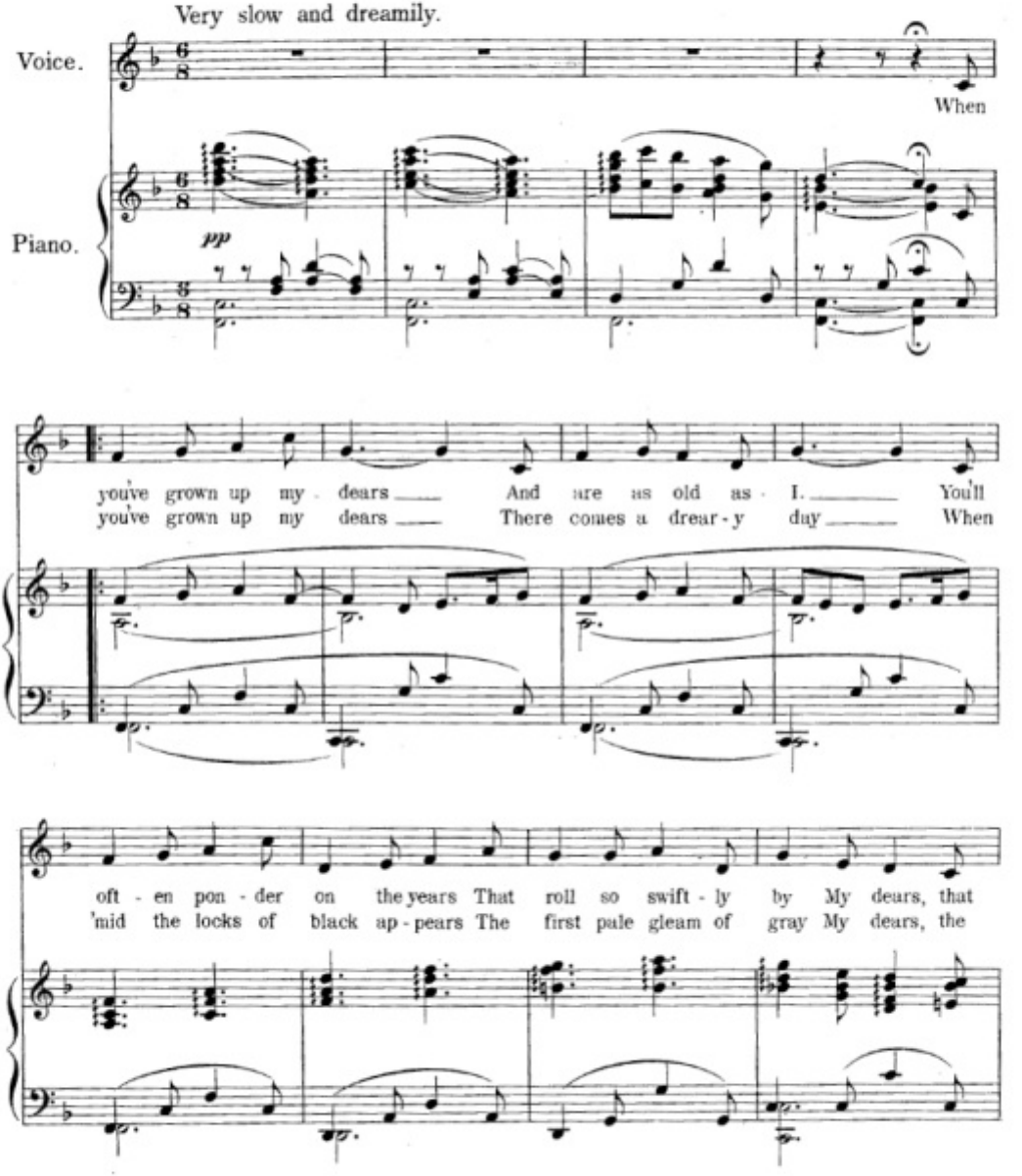
Toyland.

No. 13.

Tom, Tom.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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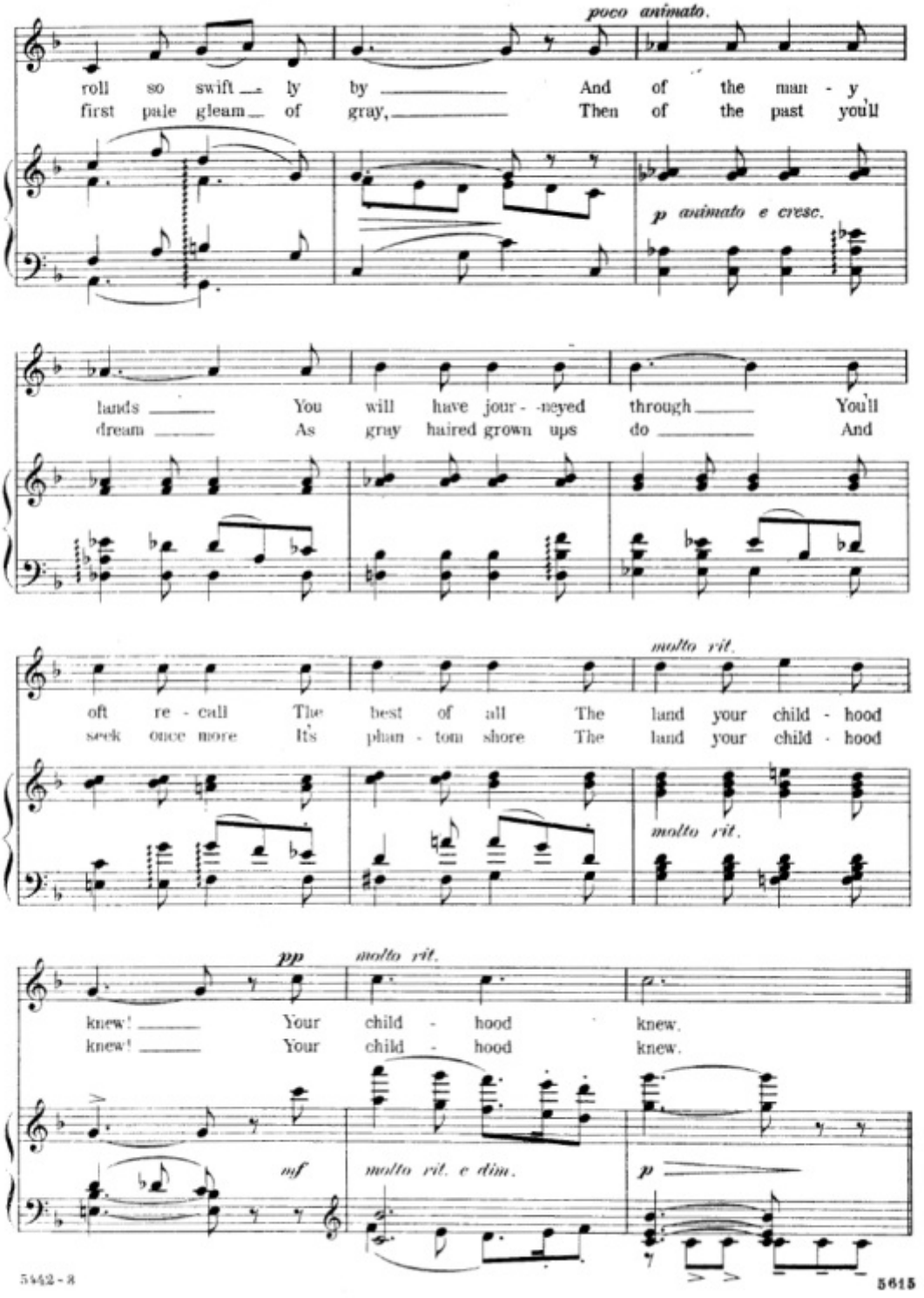
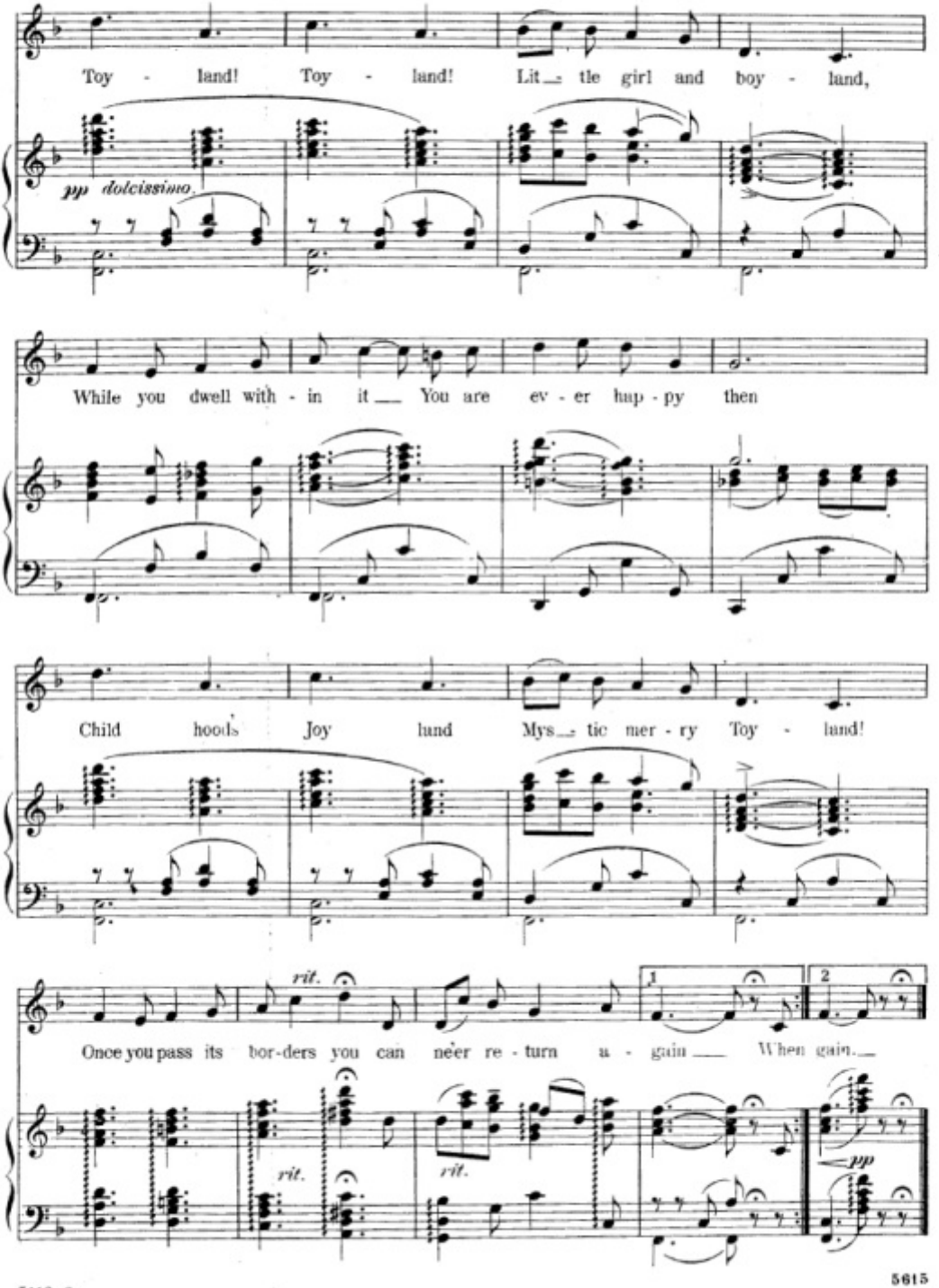

poco animato.
roll so swift ly by And of the man - y
first pale gleam of gray, Then of the past you'll
p animato e cresc.
hands You will have jour - neyed through You'll
dream As gray haired grown ups do And
molto rit.
oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood
seek once more It's phan - tom shore The land your child - hood
molto rit.
pp
molto rit.
knew! Your child - hood knew.
knew! Your child - hood knew.
mf
molto rit. e dim.
p


Toy - land! Toy - land! Lit_tle girl and boy - land,
pp dolcissimo
While you dwell with - in it___ You are ev - er hap - py then
Child hood's Joy land Mys_tic mer - ry Toy - land!
rit.
1
2
Once you pass its bor-ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain___ When gain.___
rit.
rit.
pp

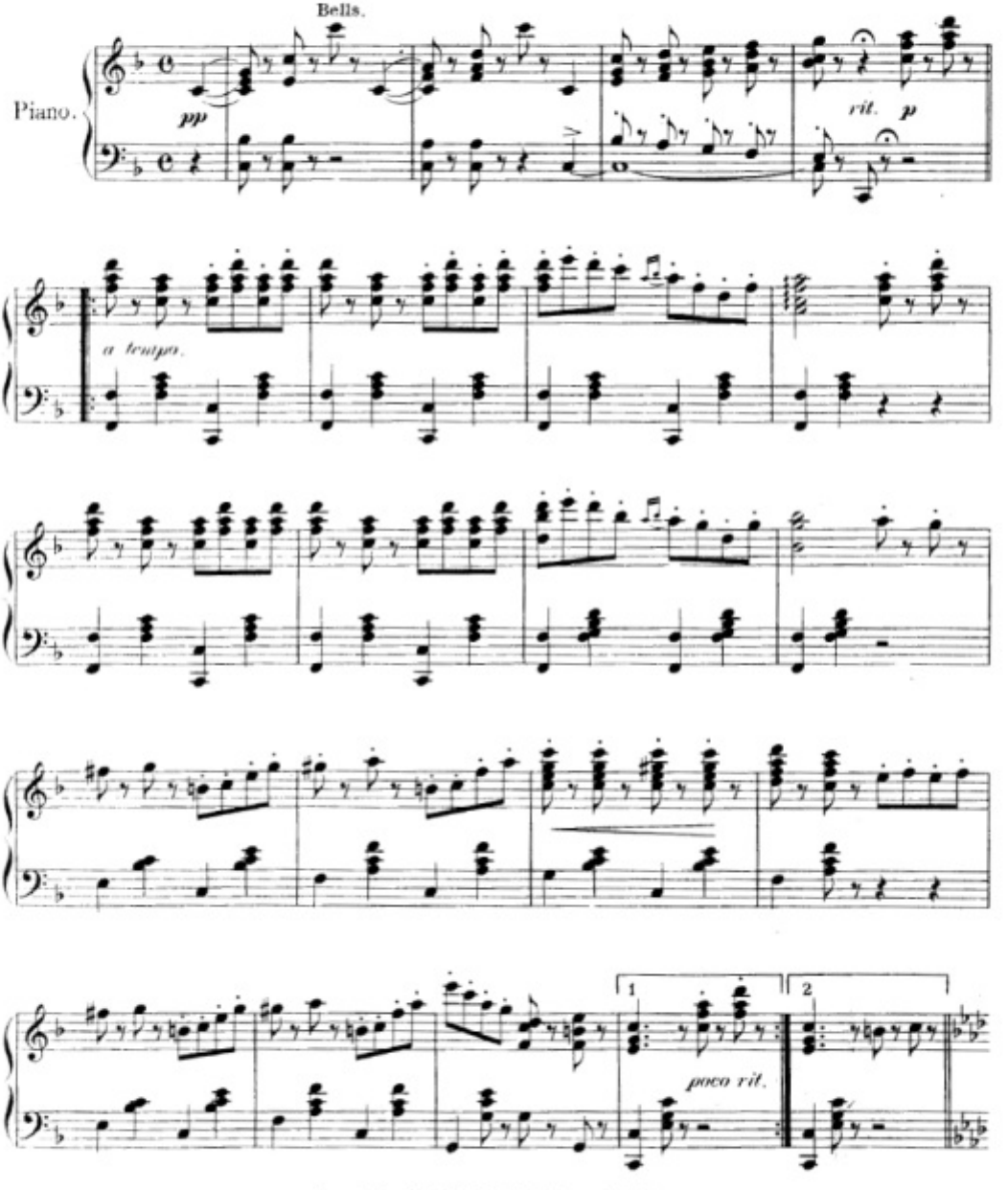
Gavotte.

No 14.

by VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Gavotte.

Bells.



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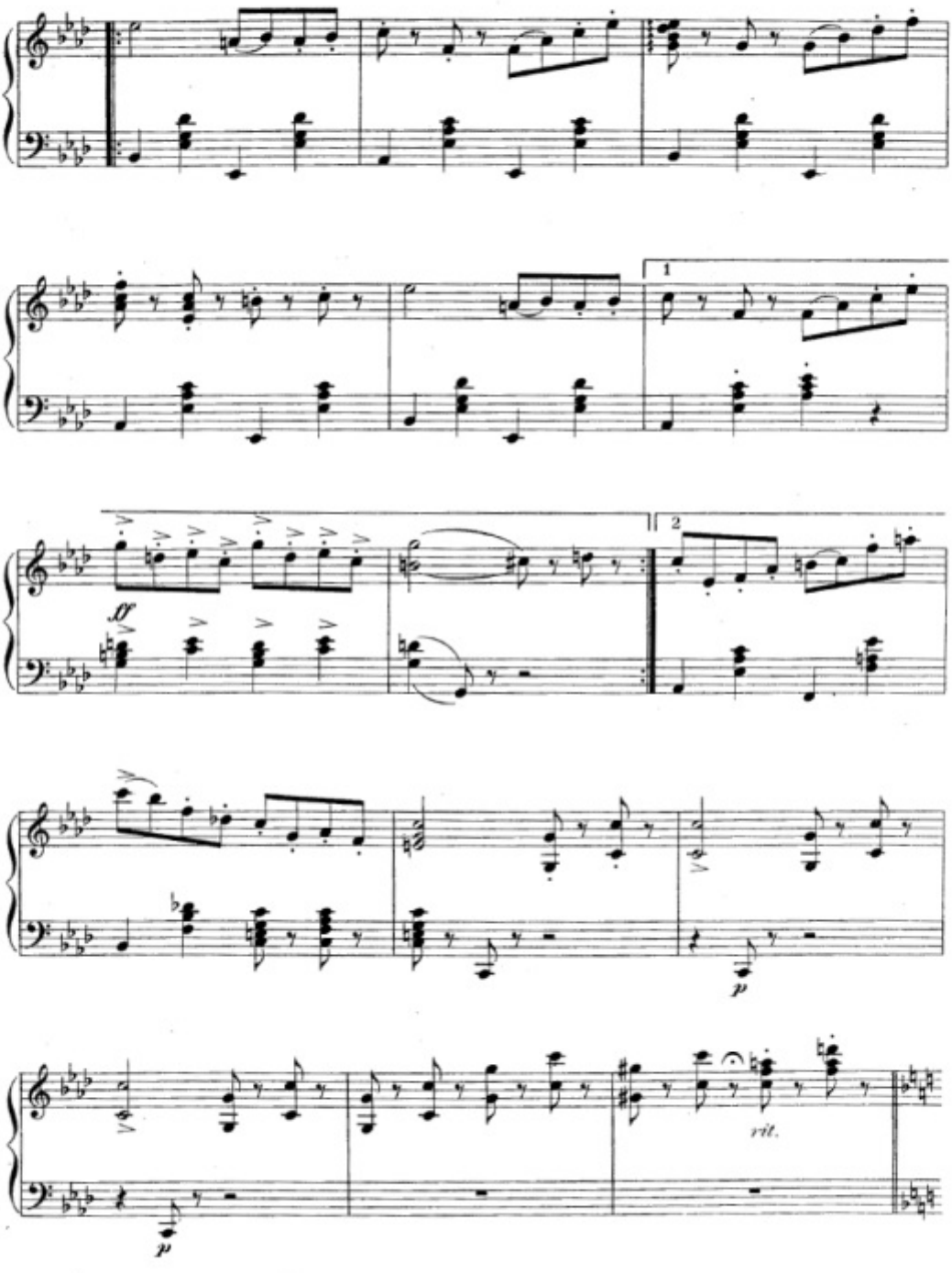
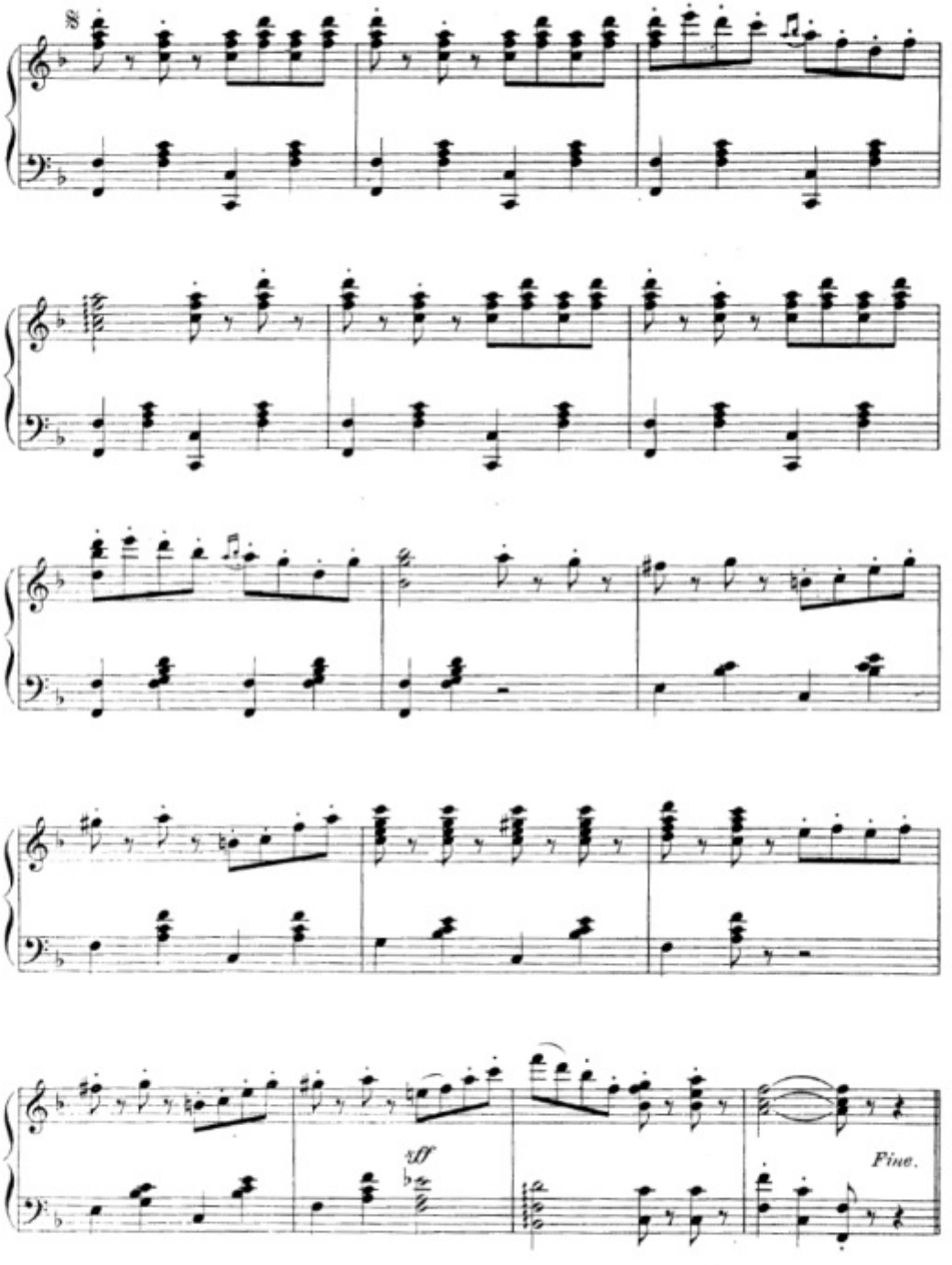
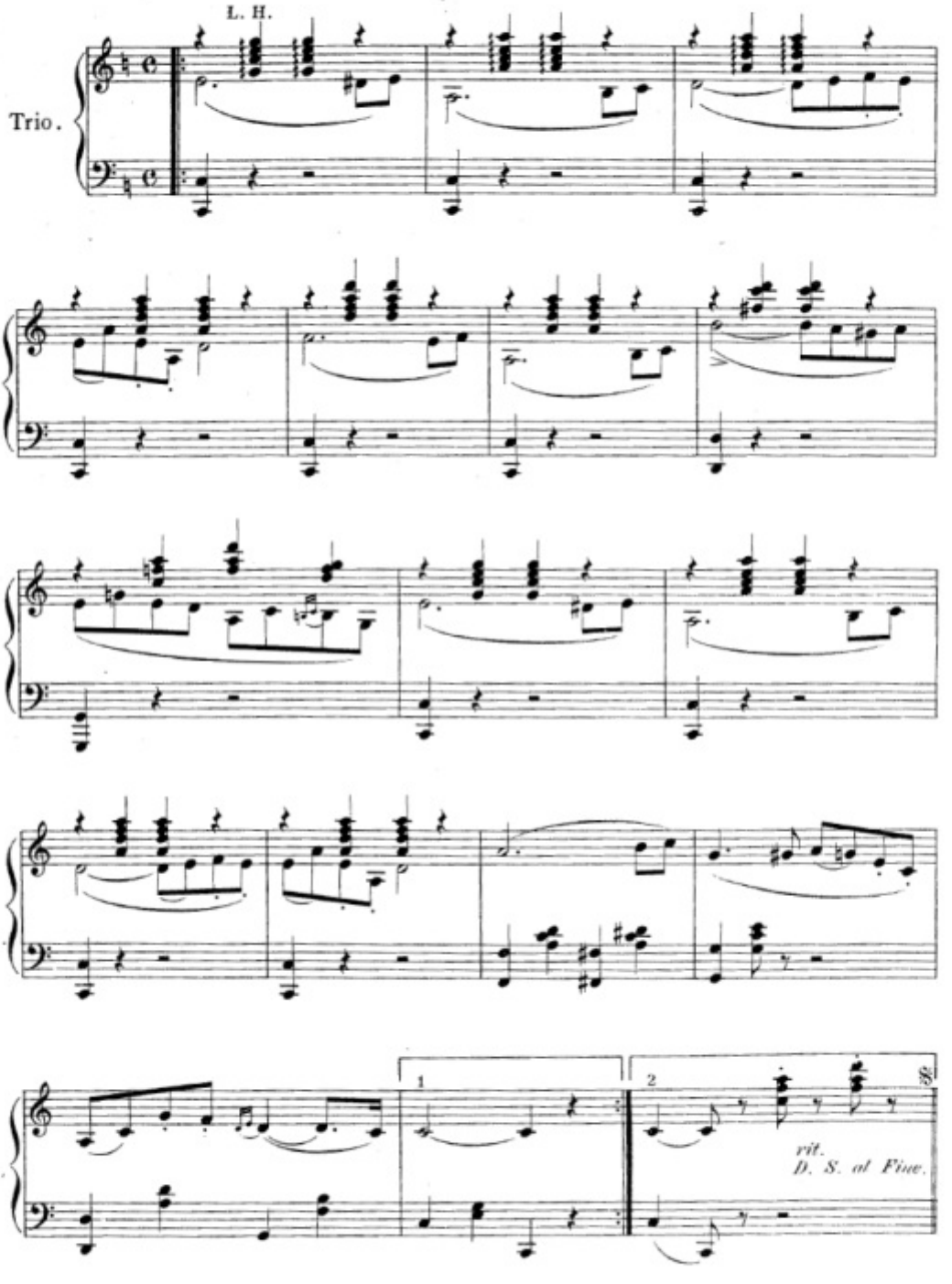

1
2
ff
p
p
rit.

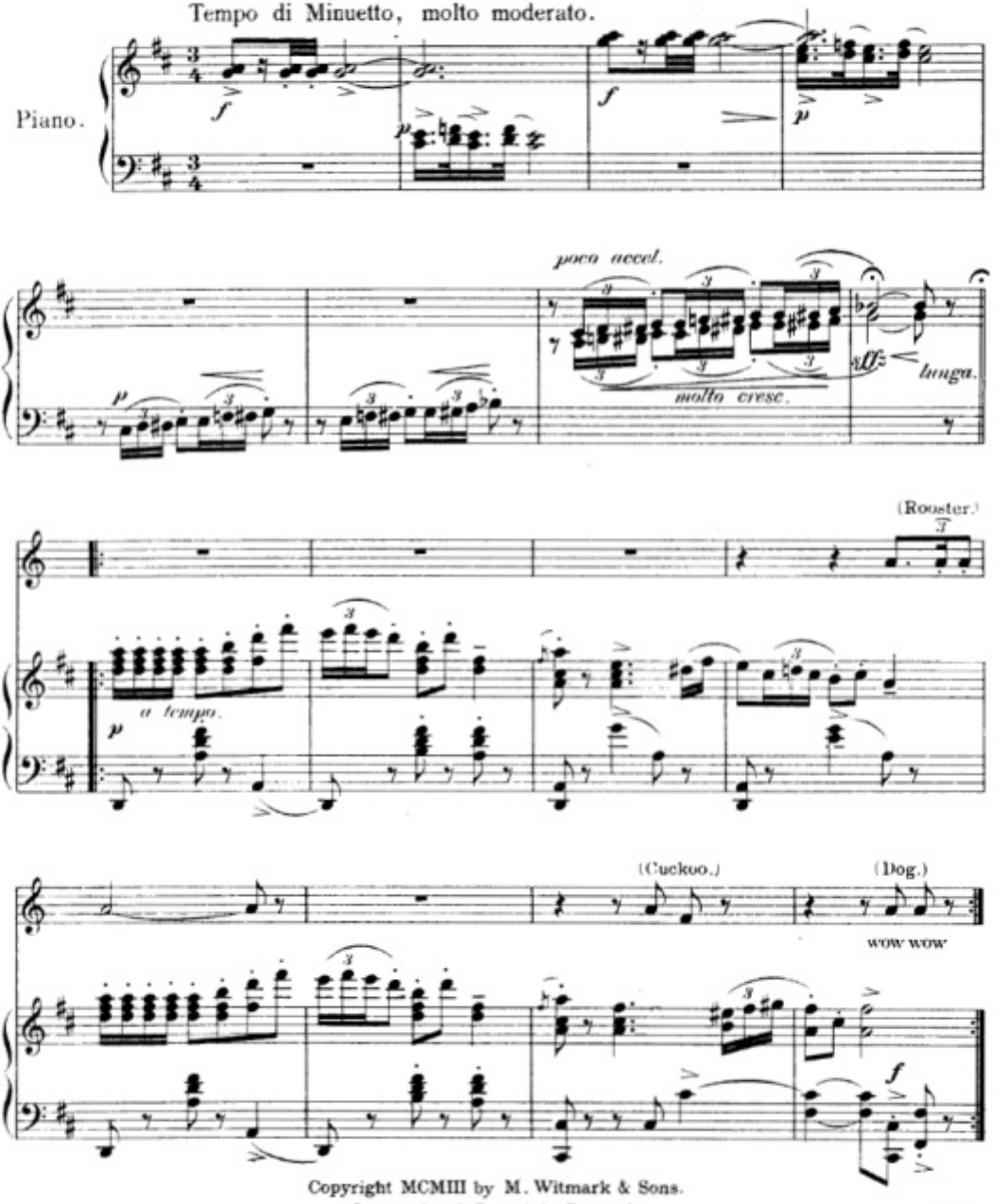

8
xff
Fine.


L. H.
Trio.
1
2
rit.
D. S. al Fine.

No 15. In the Toymaker's Workshop.

OPENING.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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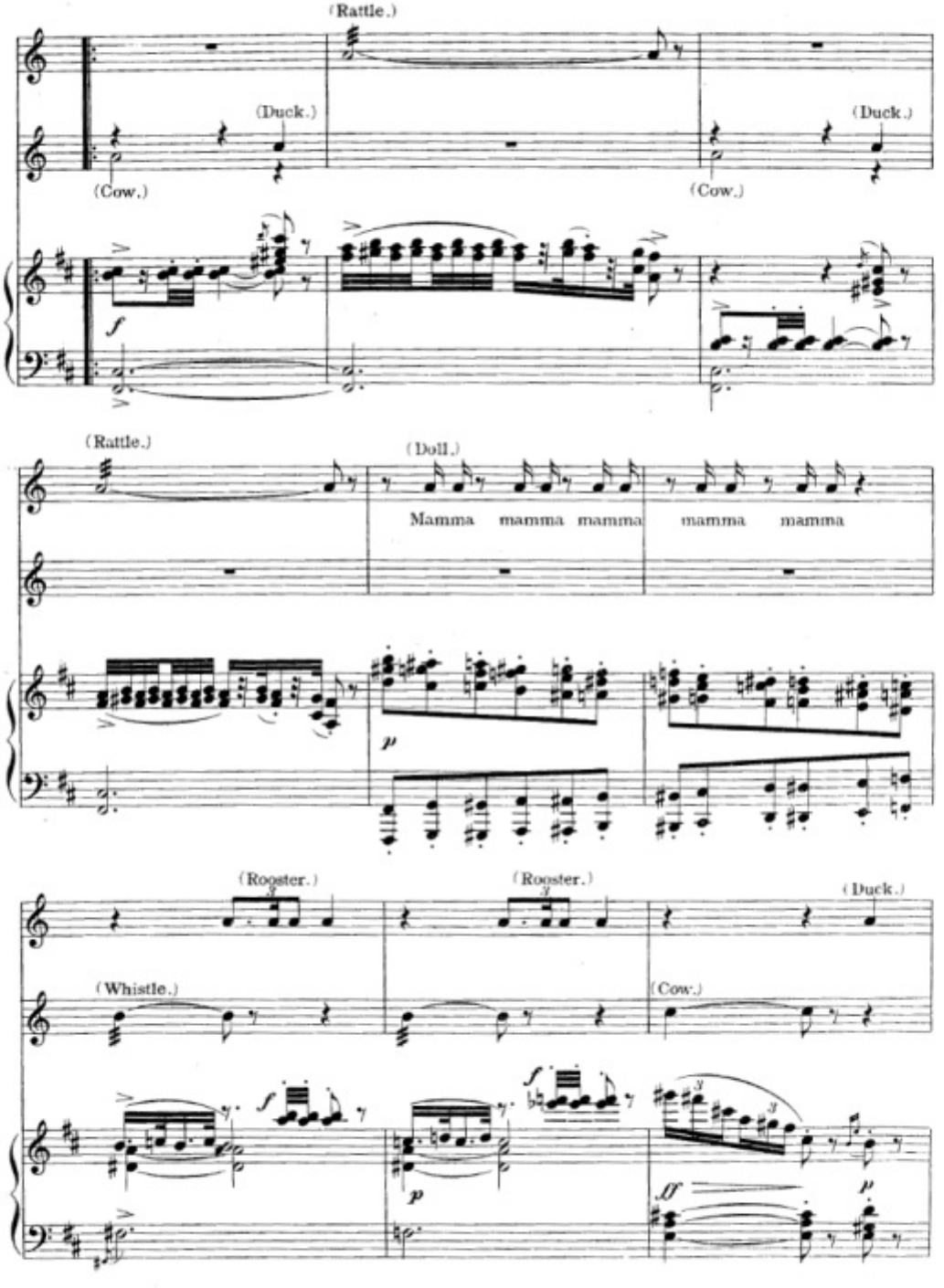
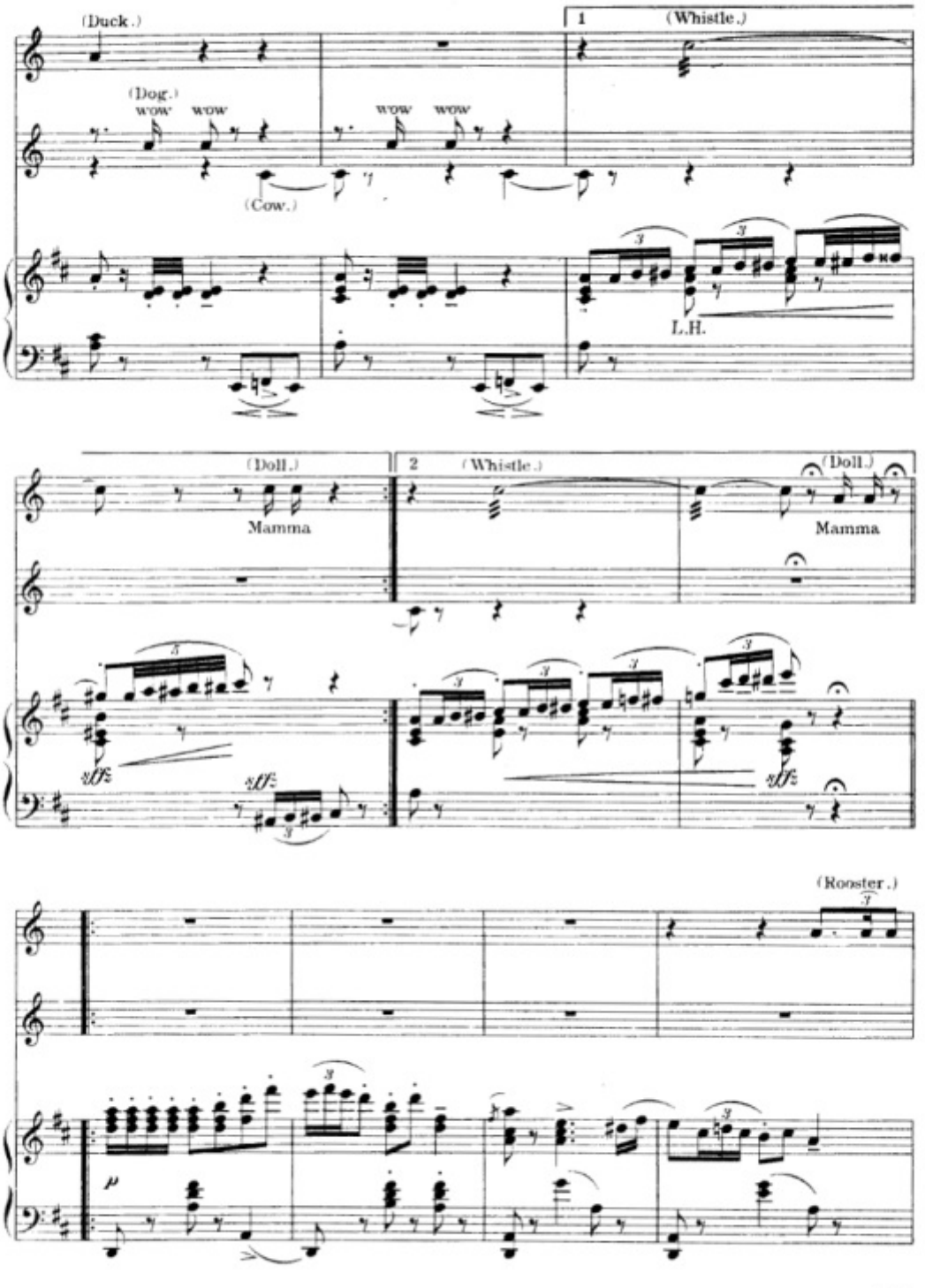
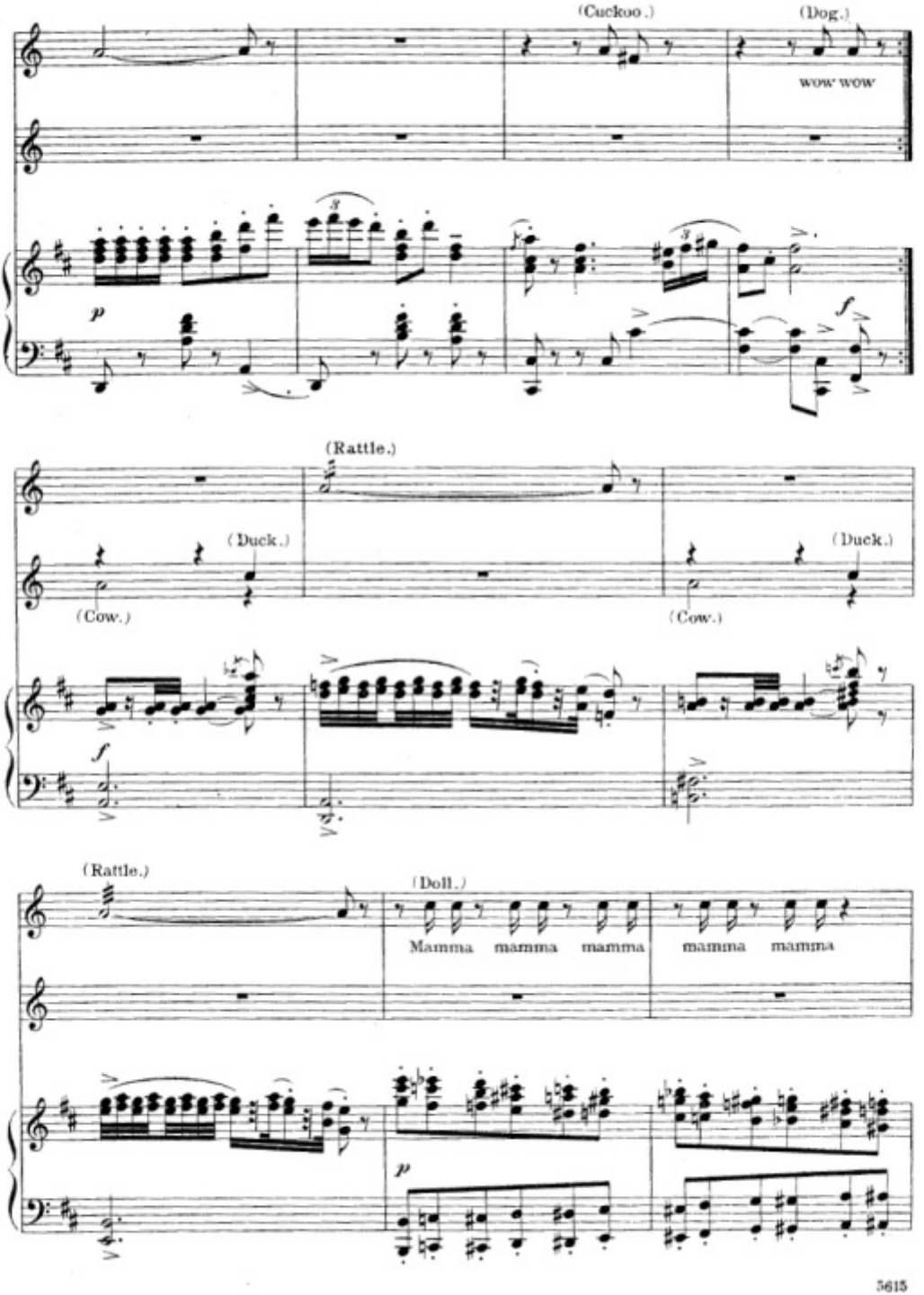
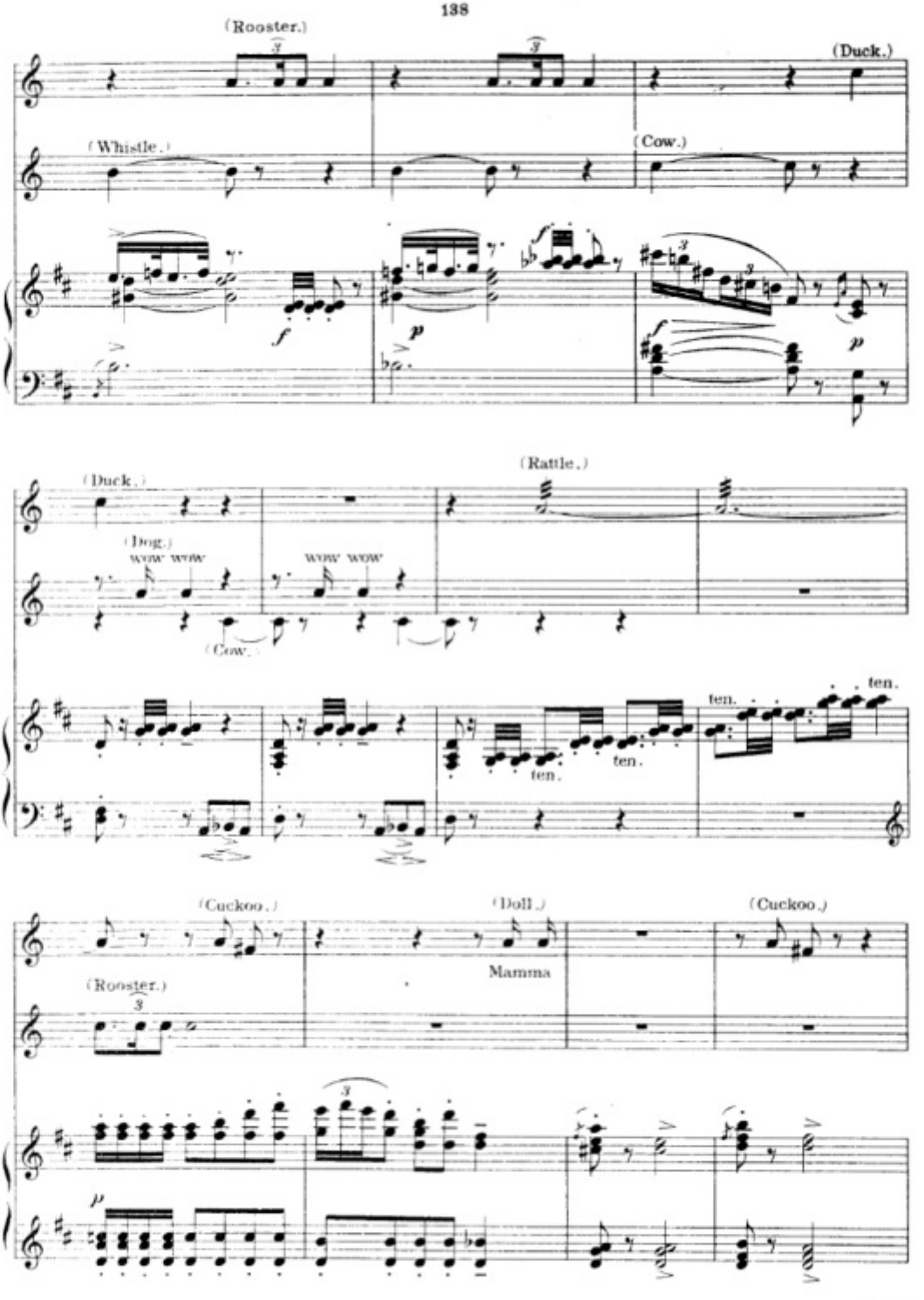
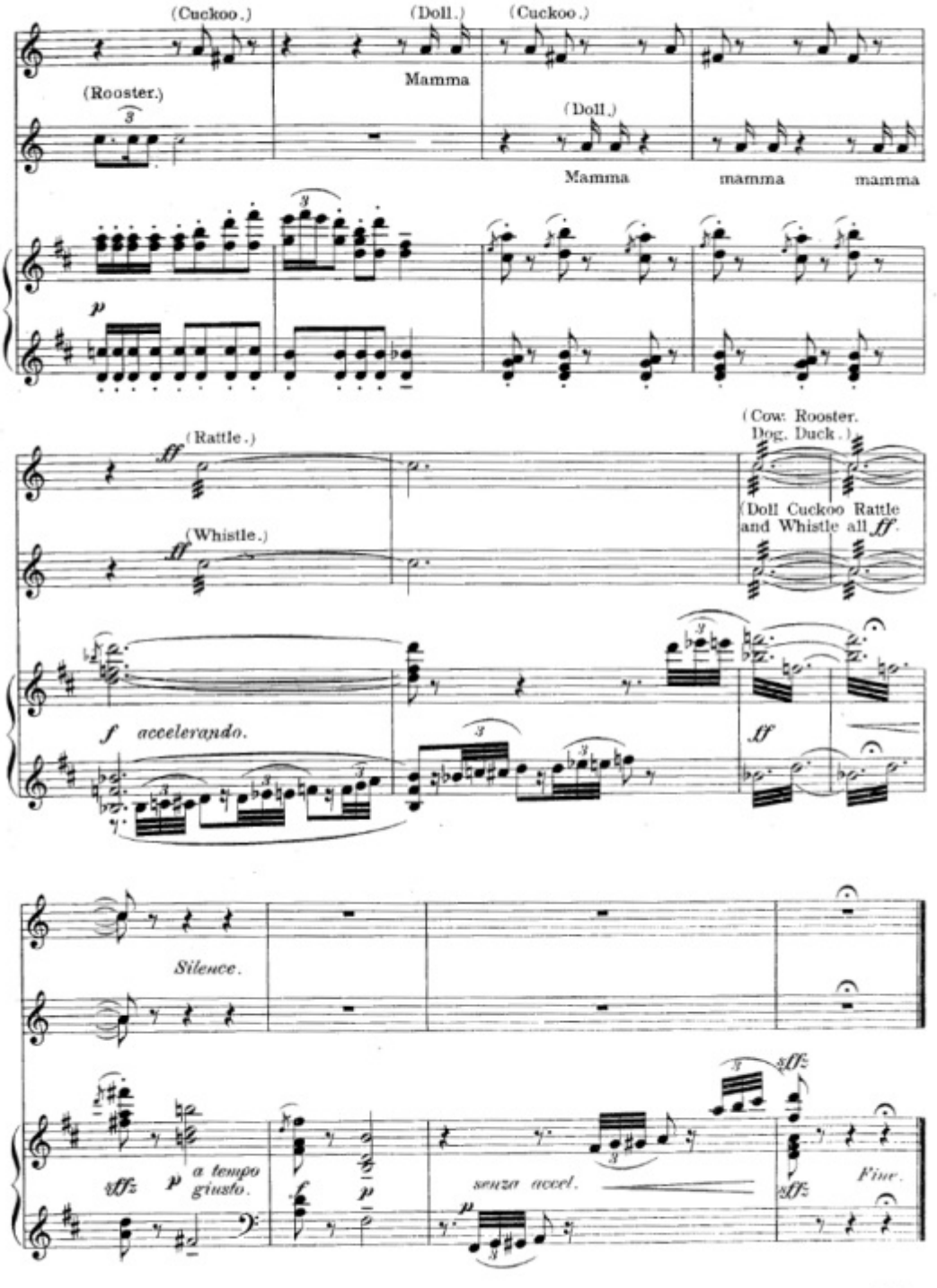

(Rattle.)
(Duck.)
(Cow.)
(Duck.)
(Cow.)
(Rattle.)
(Doll.)
Mamma mamma mamma
mamma mamma
(Rooster.)
(Rooster.)
(Duck.)
(Whistle.)
(Cow.)


(Duck.)
1
(Whistle.)
(Dog.)
WOW WOW
WOW WOW
(Cow.)
L.H.
(Doll.)
Mamma
2
(Whistle.)
(Doll.)
Mamma
(Rooster.)


(Cuckoo.)
(Dog.)
WOW WOW
(Rattle.)
(Duck.)
(Duck.)
(Cow.)
(Cow.)
(Rattle.)
(Doll.)
Mamma mamma mamma
mamma mamma


(Rooster.)
(Duck.)
(Whistle.)
(Cow.)
(Duck.)
(Rattle.)
(Dog.)
WOW WOW
WOW WOW
(Cow.)
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
(Cuckoo.)
(Doll.)
(Cuckoo.)
Mamma
(Rooster.)

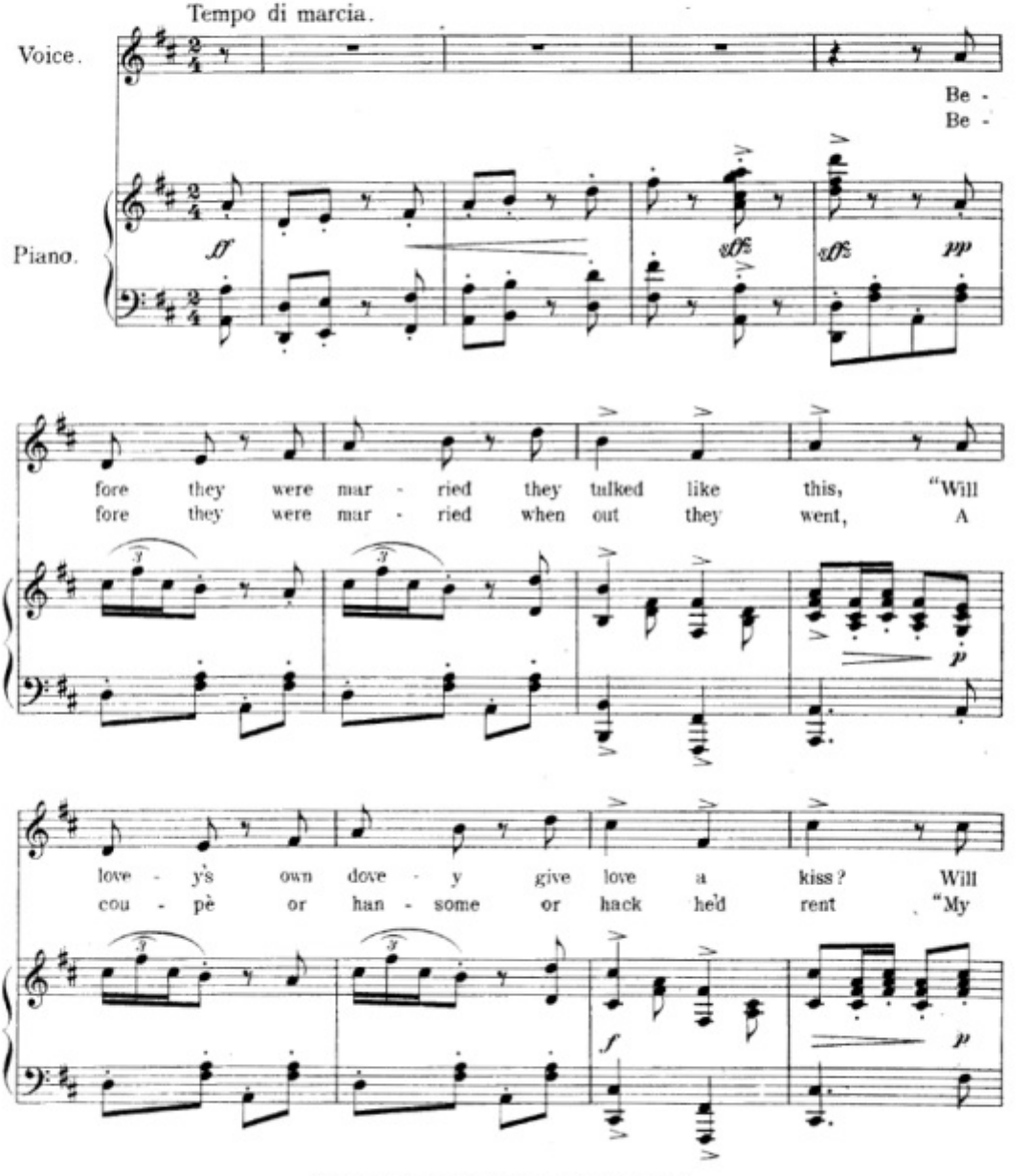

(Cuckoo.)
(Doll.)
(Cuckoo.)
Mamma
(Rooster.)
(Doll.)
Mamma
mamma
mamma
p
(Rattle.)
ff
(Cow. Rooster. Dog. Duck.)
(Whistle.)
ff
(Doll Cuckoo Rattle and Whistle all ff.
f accelerando.
ff
Silence.
sffz
p a tempo giusto.
f
p
senza accel.
sffz
Fine.

Before and After.

No. 16.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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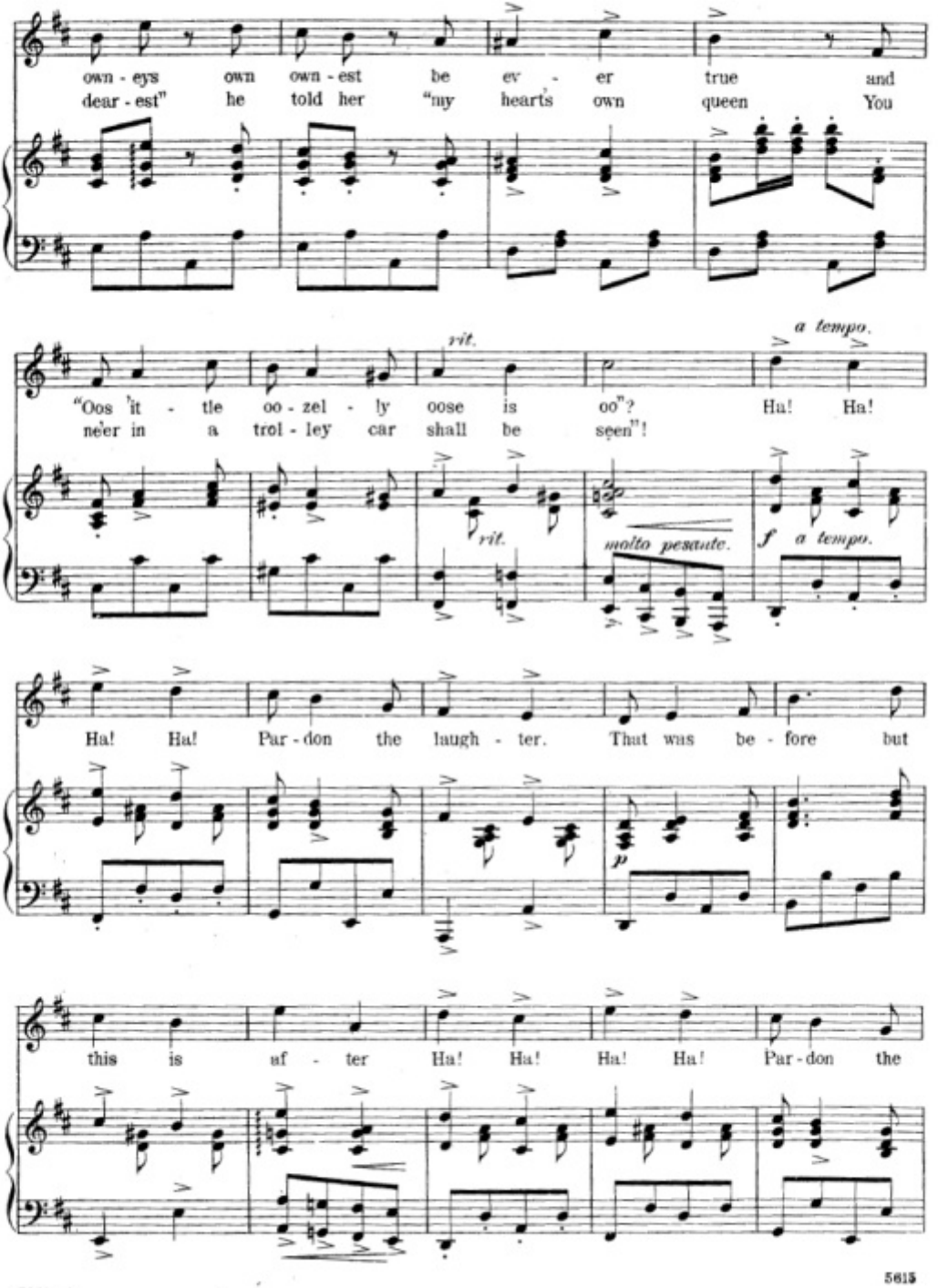
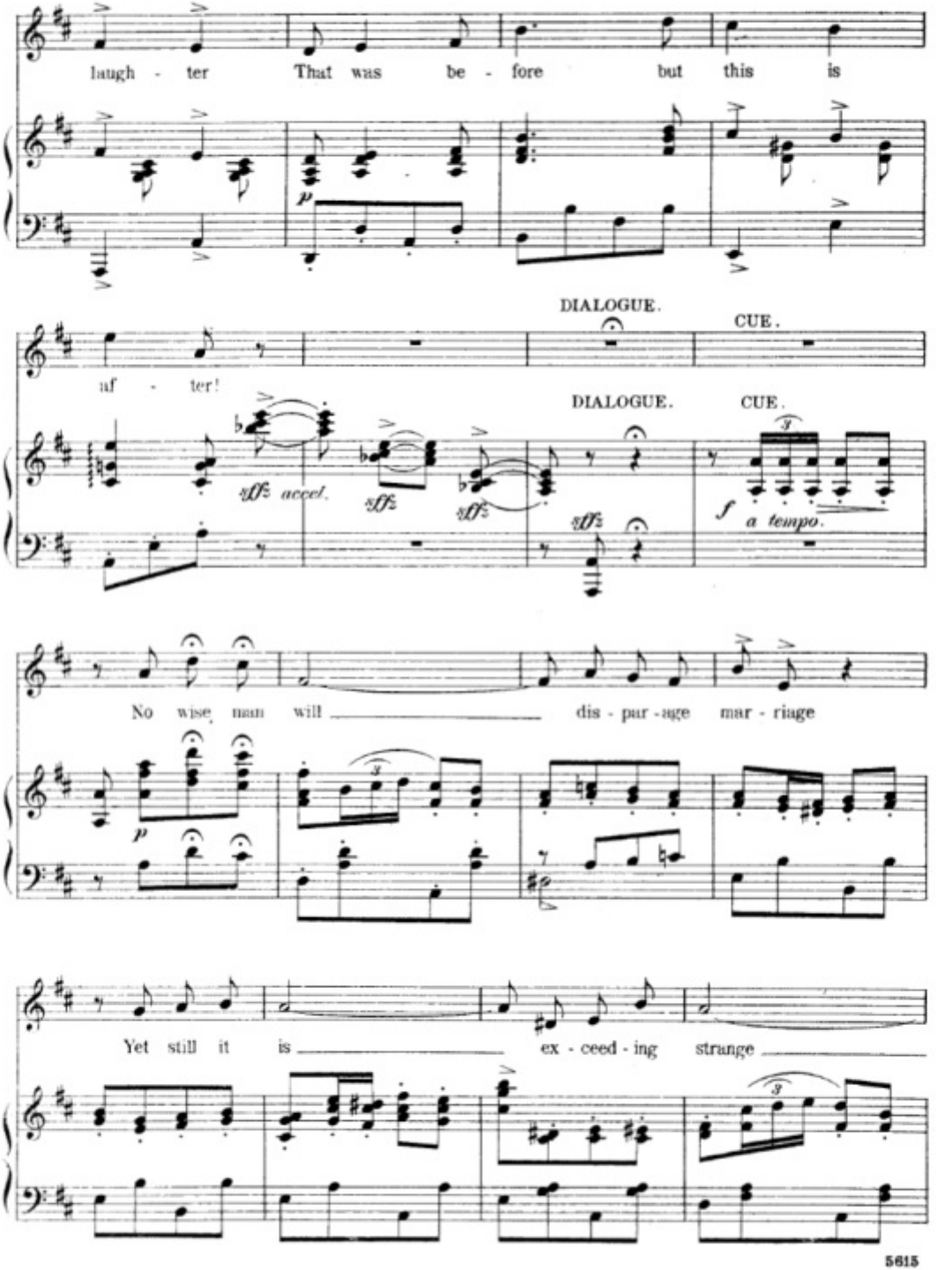
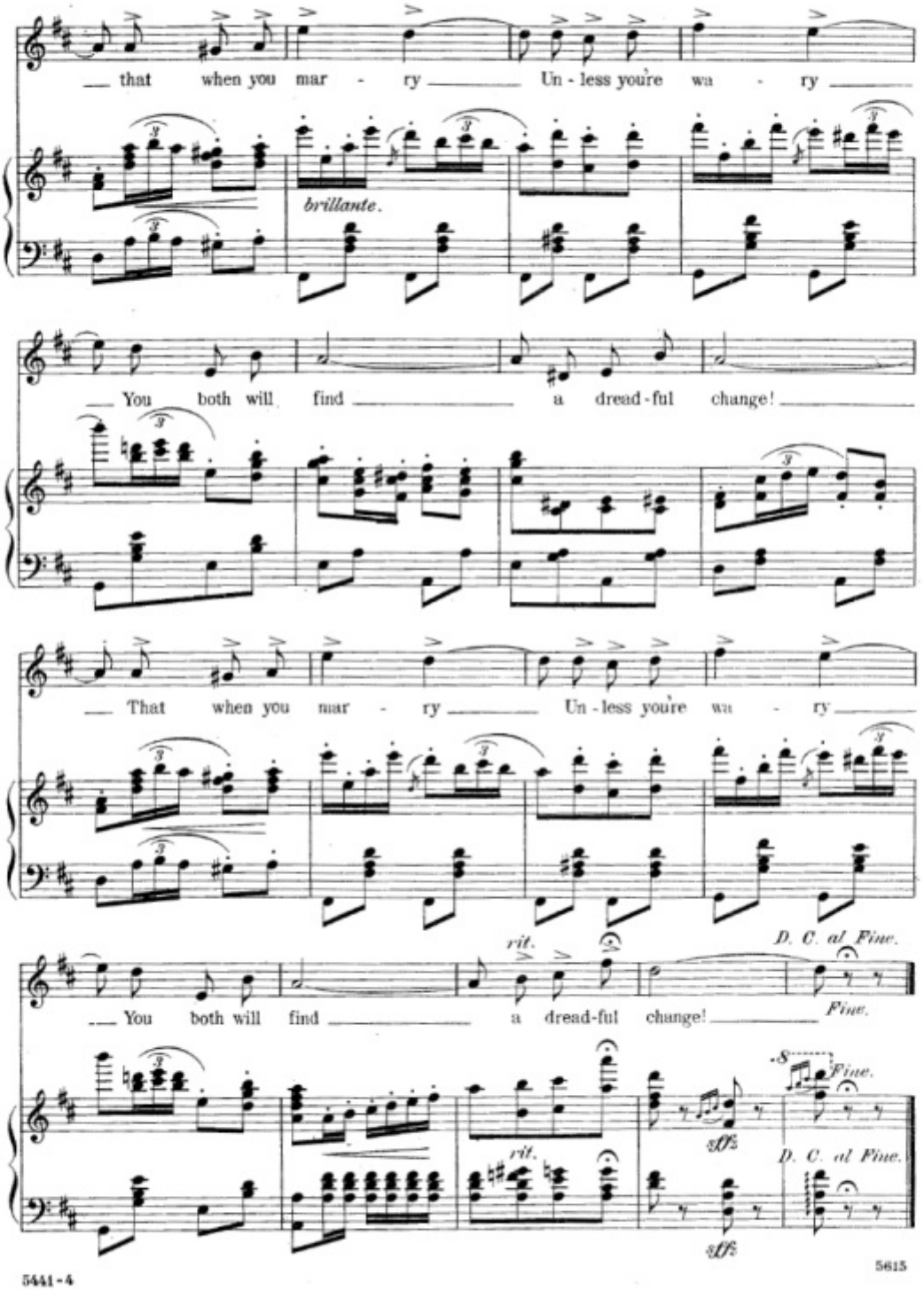

own - eys own own - est be ev - er true and
dear - est" he told her "my heart's own queen You
rit.
a tempo.
"Oos it - tle oo - zel - ly oose is oo"? Ha! Ha!
ne'er in a trol - ley car shall be seen"!
rit.
molto pesante.
f a tempo.
Ha! Ha! Par - don the laugh - ter. That was be - fore but
p
this is af - ter Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Par - don the

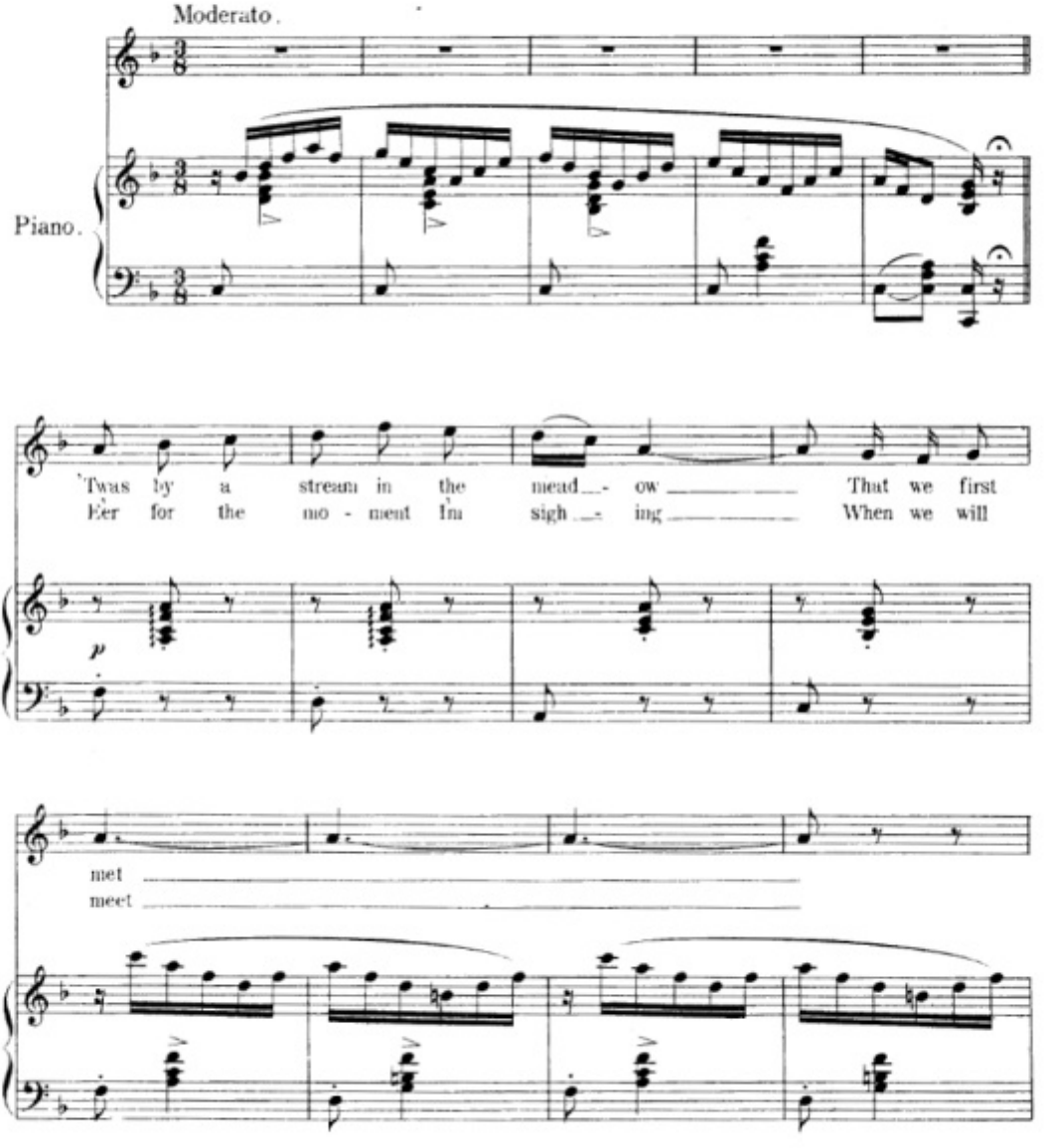

laugh - ter That was be - fore but this is
DIALOGUE.
CUE.
af - ter!
DIALOGUE.
CUE.
sfffz accel.
sfffz
sfffz
sfffz
f a tempo.
No wise man will dis - par - age mar - riage
Yet still it is ex - ceed - ing strange

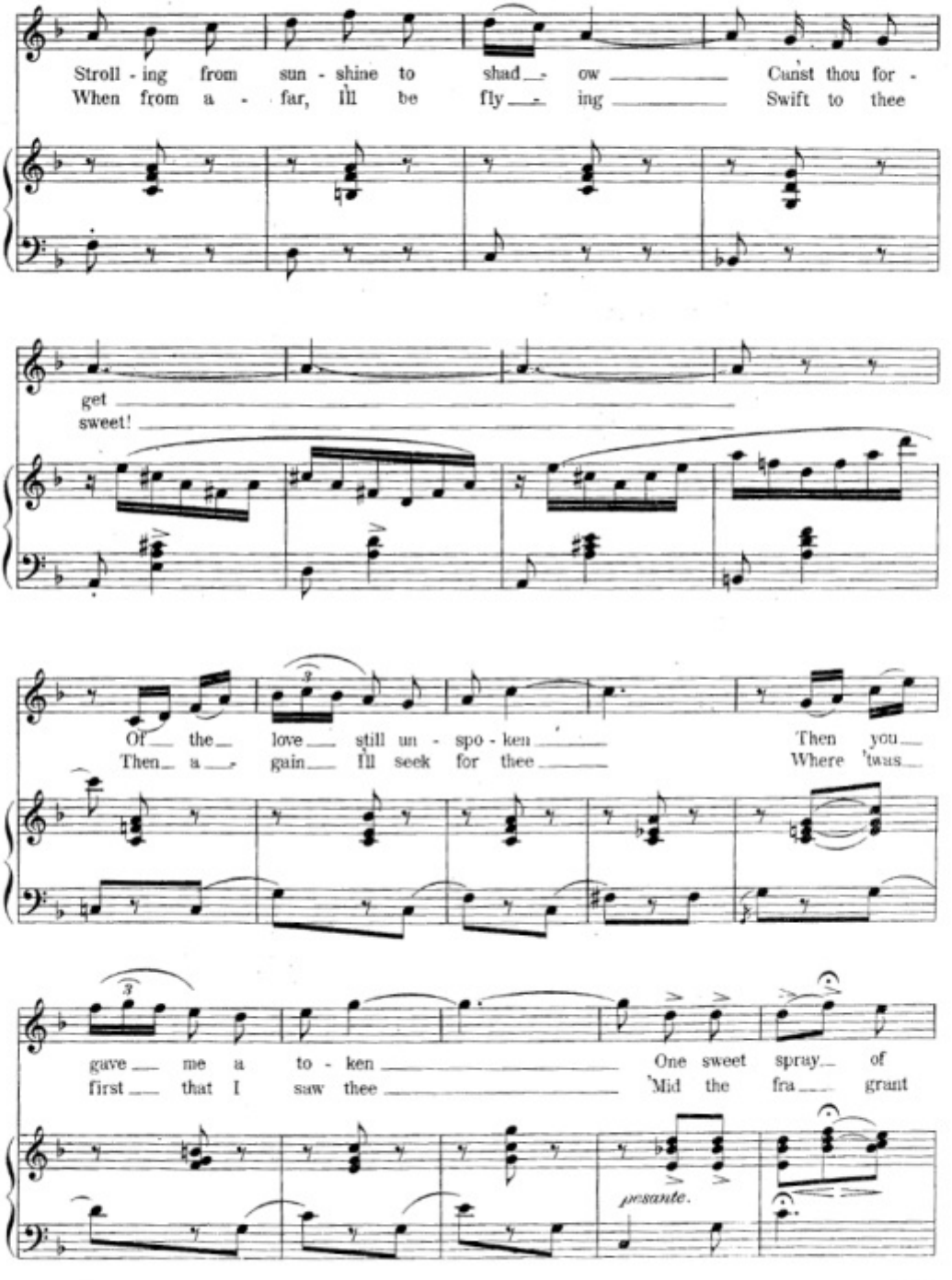

that when you mar - ry Un - less you're wa - ry
brillante.
You both will find a dread-ful change!
That when you mar - ry Un - less you're wa - ry
rit.
D. C. al Fine.
You both will find a dread-ful change!
Fine.
S
Fine.
rit.
D. C. al Fine.

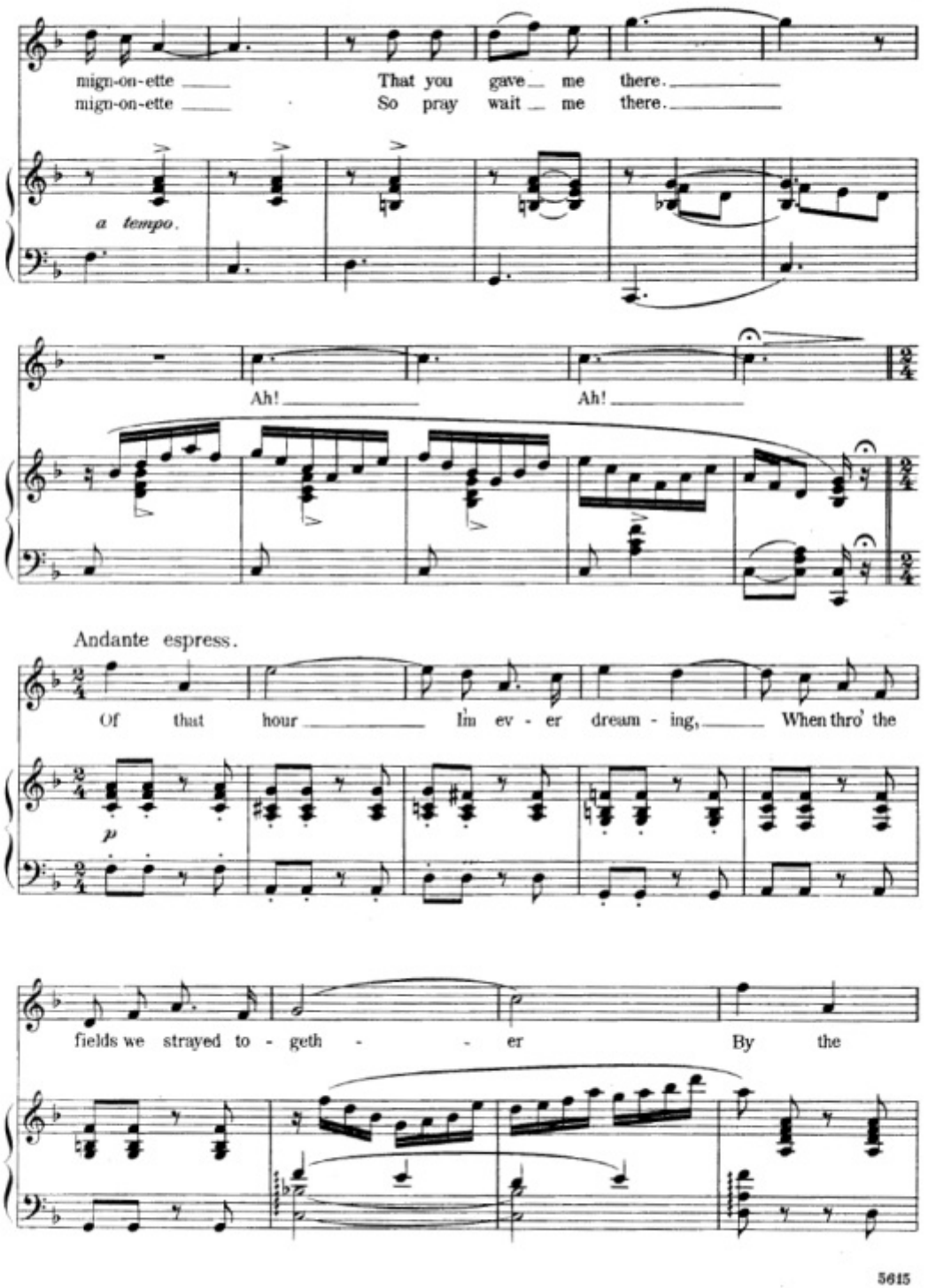
Mignonette.

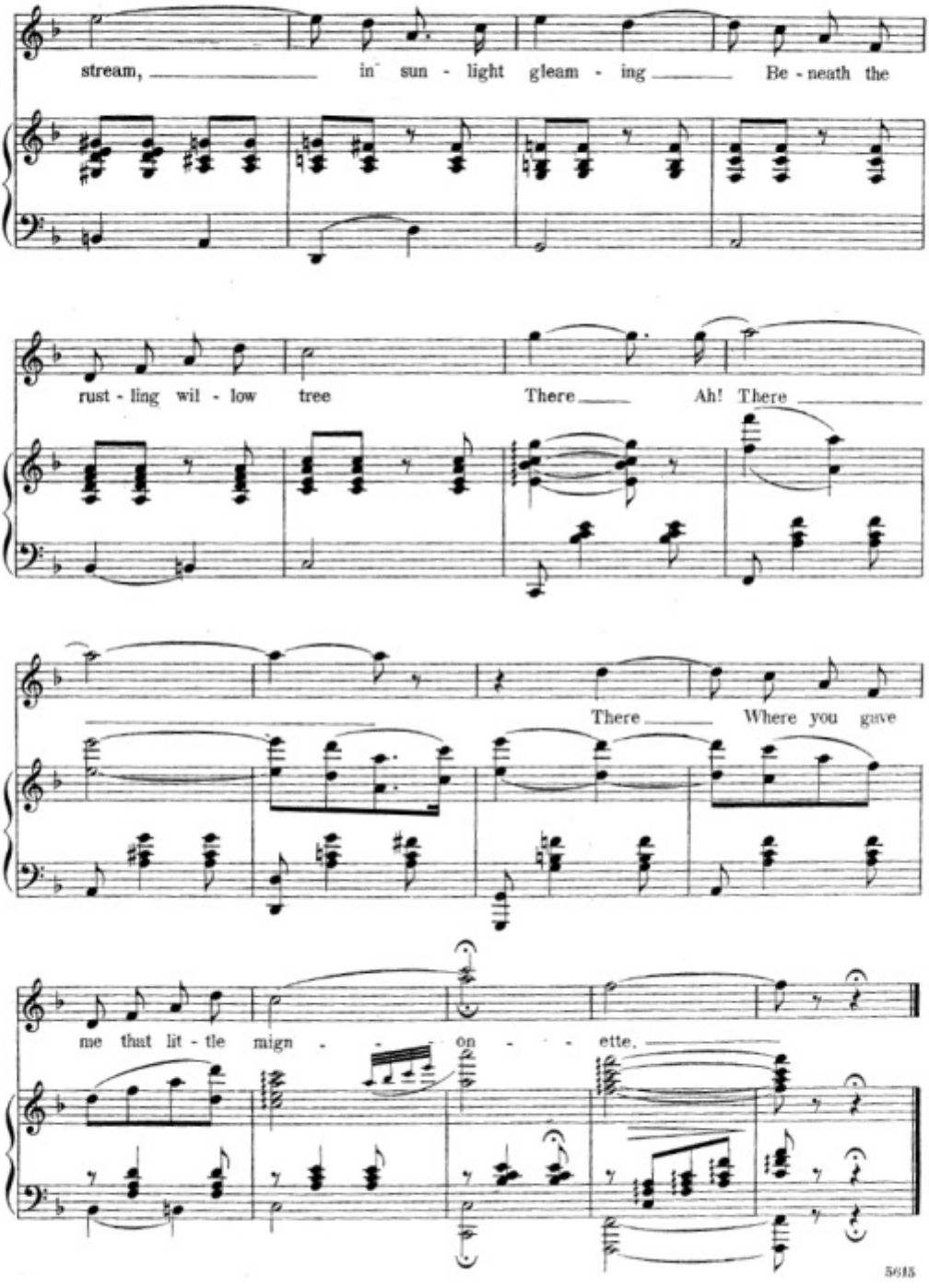
No 17.

SERENADE.



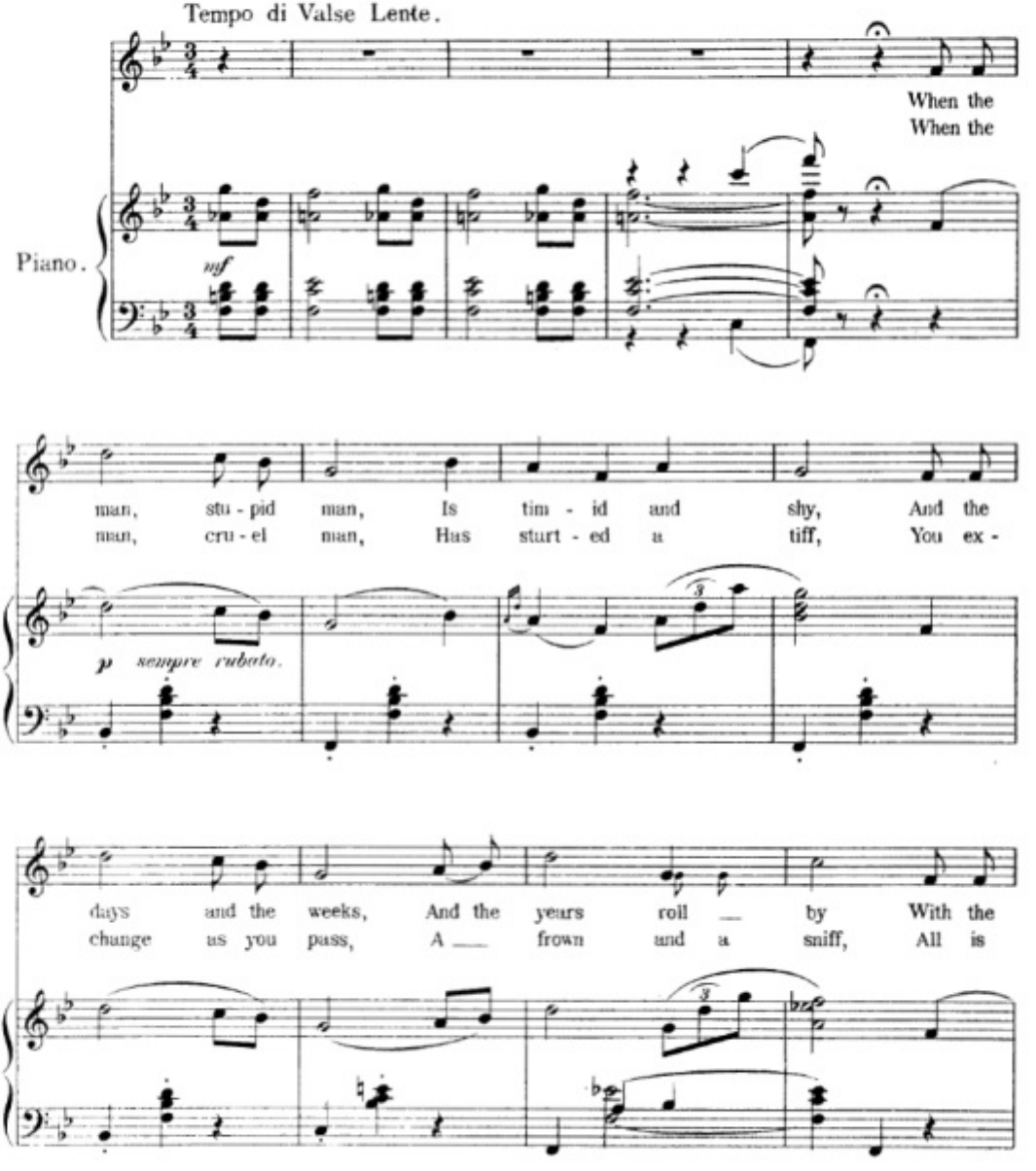

Stroll - ing from sun - shine to shad - ow Canst thou for -
When from a - far, I'll be fly - ing Swift to thee
get
sweet!
Of the love still un - spo - ken Then you
Then a gain I'll seek for thee Where 'twas
3
gave me a to - ken One sweet spray of
first that I saw thee 'Mid the fra - grant
3
presante.

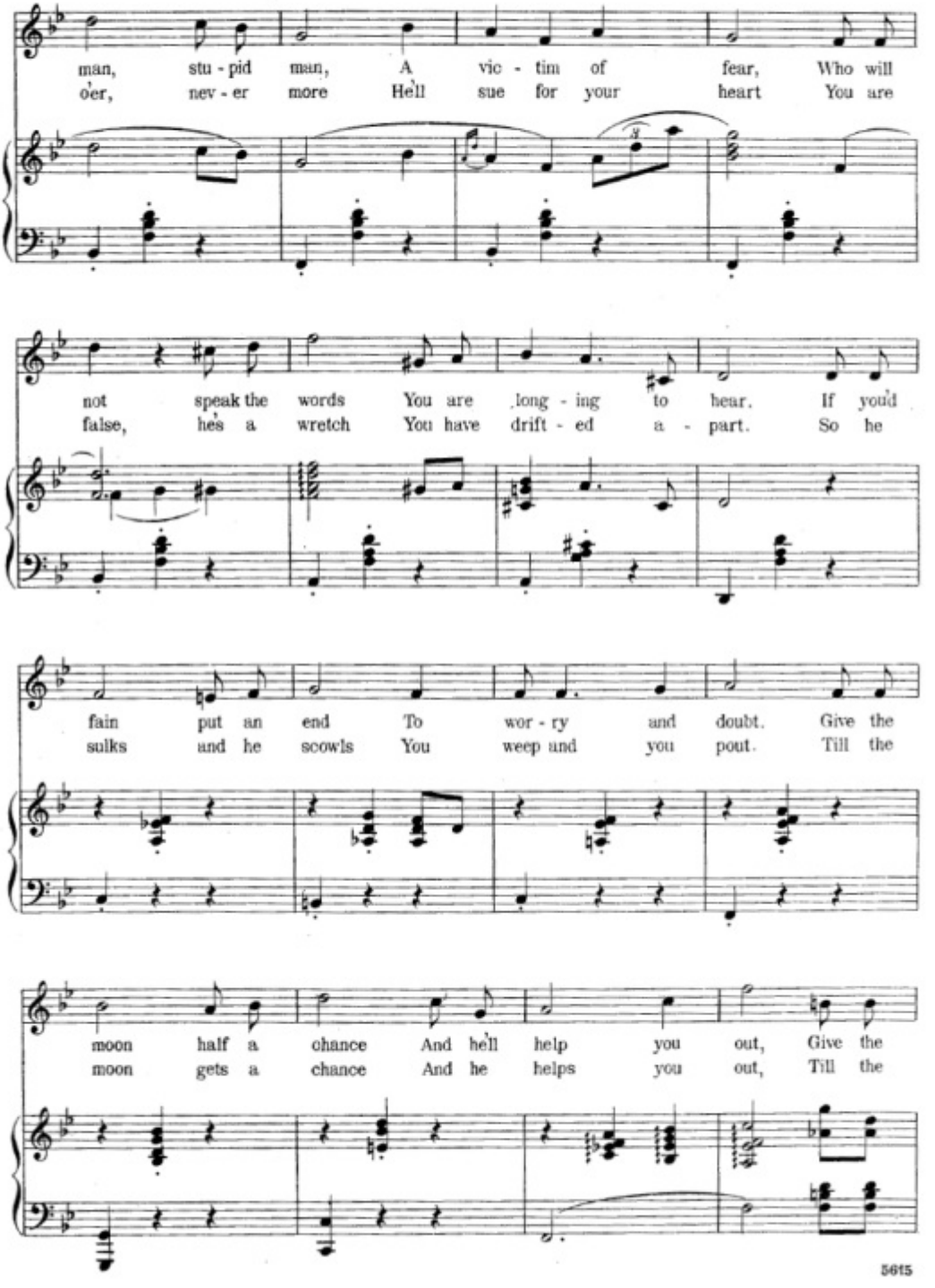

mign-on-ette That you gave me there.
mign-on-ette So pray wait me there.
a tempo.
Ah! Ah!
Andante espress.
Of that hour I'm ev - er dream - ing, When thro' the
p
fields we strayed to - geth - er By the

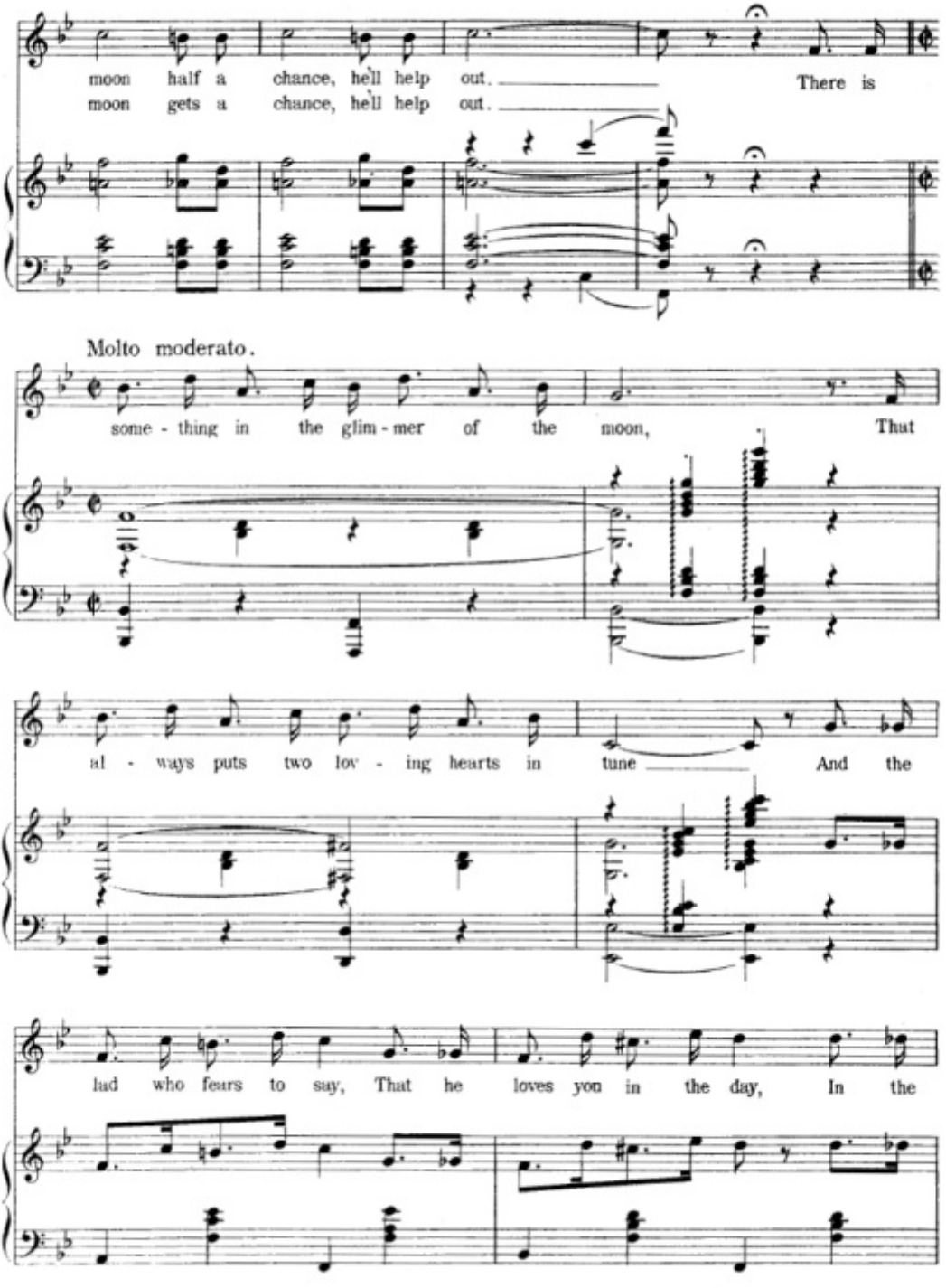

stream, in sun - light gleam - ing Be - neath the
rust - ling wil - low tree There Ah! There
There Where you gave
me that lit - tle mign - - - on - - - ette.

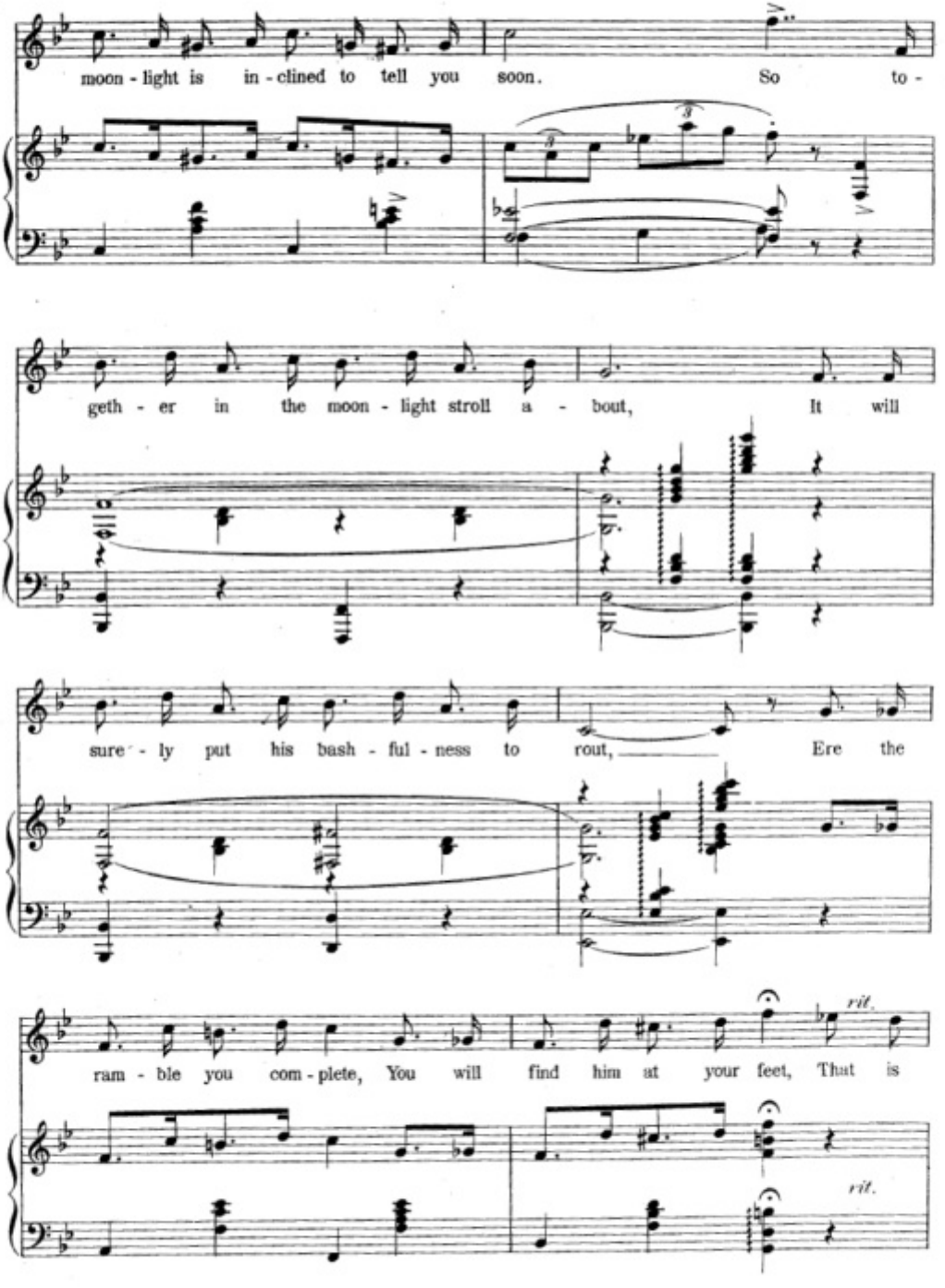
The Moon Will Help You Out.

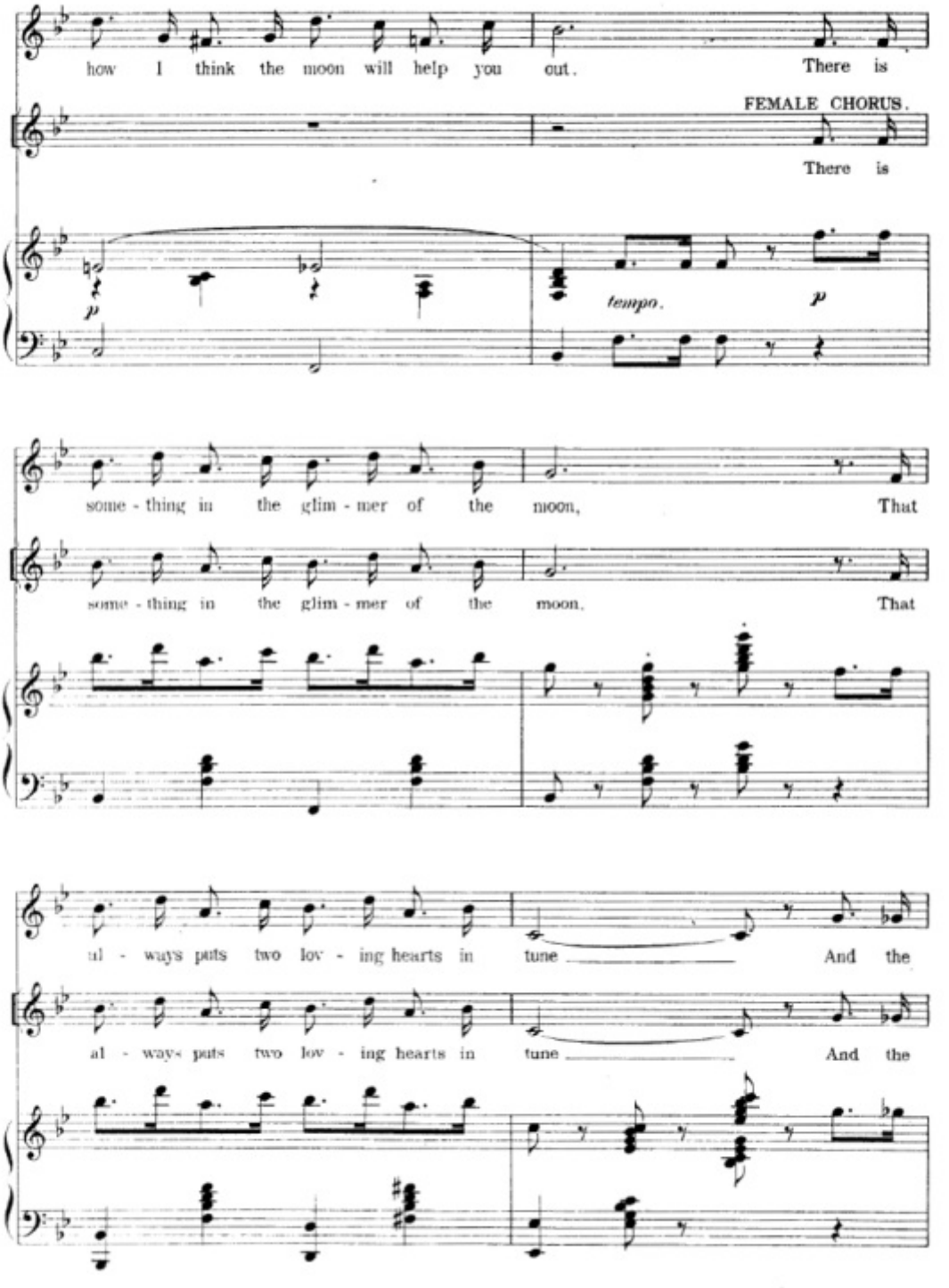
Nº 18.

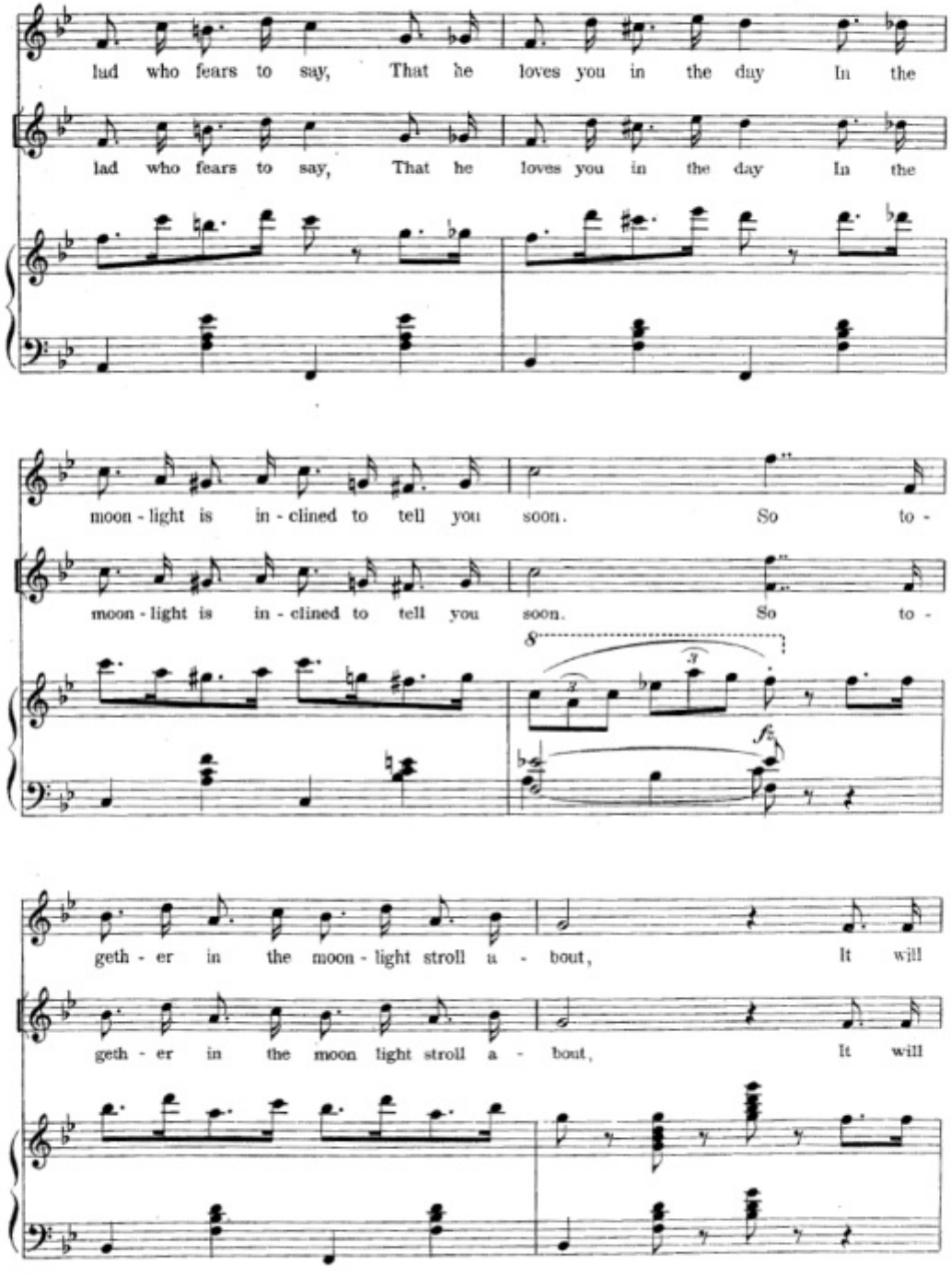


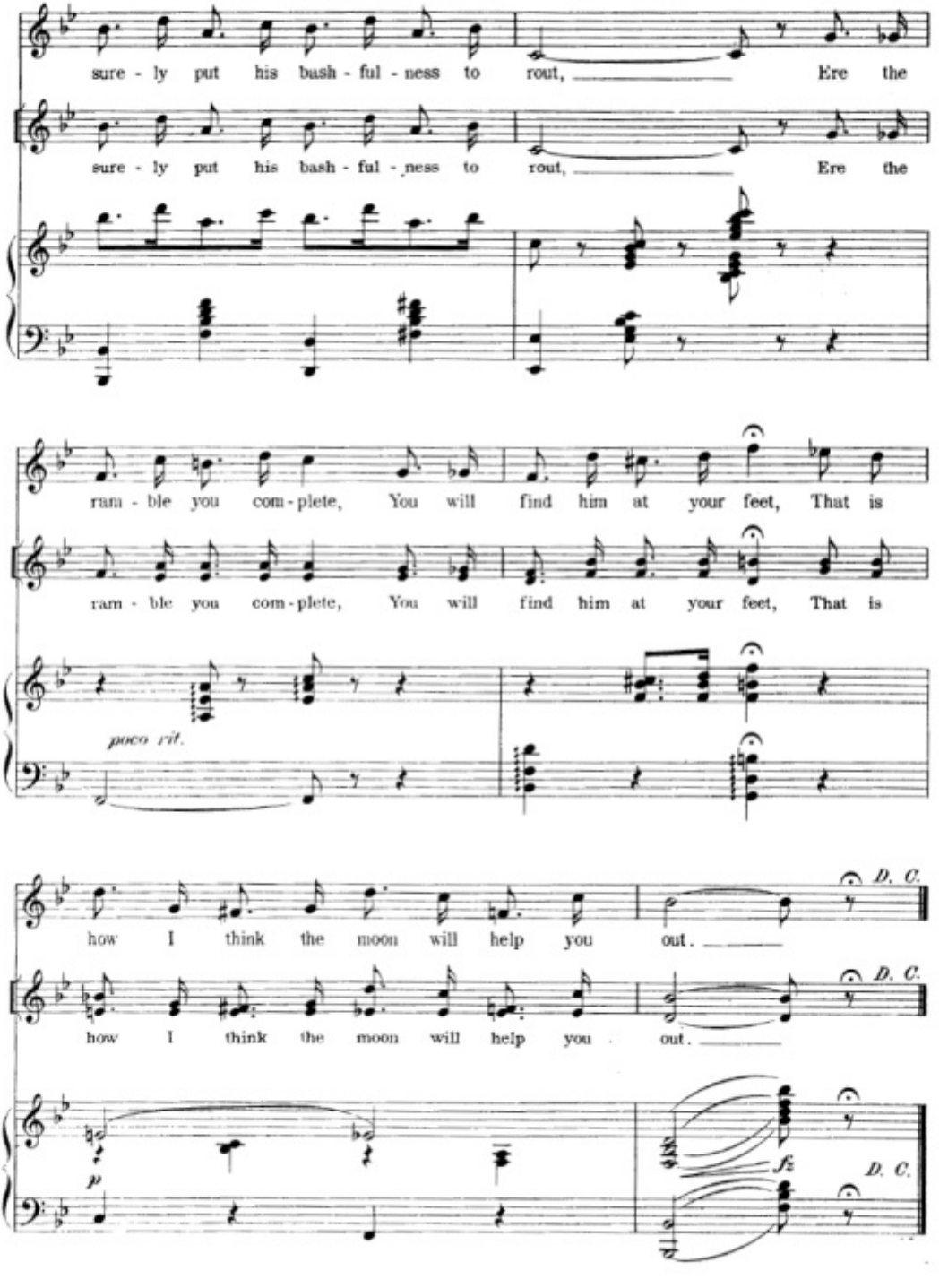

man, stu - pid man, A vic - tim of fear, Who will
o'er, nev - er more He'll sue for your heart You are
not speak the words You are long - ing to hear. If you'd
false, he's a wretch You have drift - ed a - part. So he
fain put an end To wor - ry and doubt. Give the
sulks and he scowls You weep and you pout. Till the
moon half a chance And he'll help you out, Give the
moon gets a chance And he helps you out, Till the


moon half a chance, he'll help out. There is
moon gets a chance, he'll help out.
Molto moderato.
some - thing in the glim - mer of the moon, That
al - ways puts two lov - ing hearts in tune And the
lad who fears to say, That he loves you in the day, In the


moon - light is in - clined to tell you soon. So to -
geth - er in the moon - light stroll a - bout, It will
sure - ly put his bash - ful - ness to rout, Ere the
ram - ble you com - plete, You will find him at your feet, That is
rit.
rit.


how I think the moon will help you out. There is
FEMALE CHORUS.
There is
tempo.
p
some - thing in the glim - mer of the moon, That
some - thing in the glim - mer of the moon, That
al - ways puts two lov - ing hearts in tune And the
al - ways puts two lov - ing hearts in tune And the


lad who fears to say, That he loves you in the day In the
lad who fears to say, That he loves you in the day In the
moon - light is in - clined to tell you soon. So to -
moon - light is in - clined to tell you soon. So to -
8
fz
geth - er in the moon - light stroll a - bout, It will
geth - er in the moon light stroll a - bout, It will

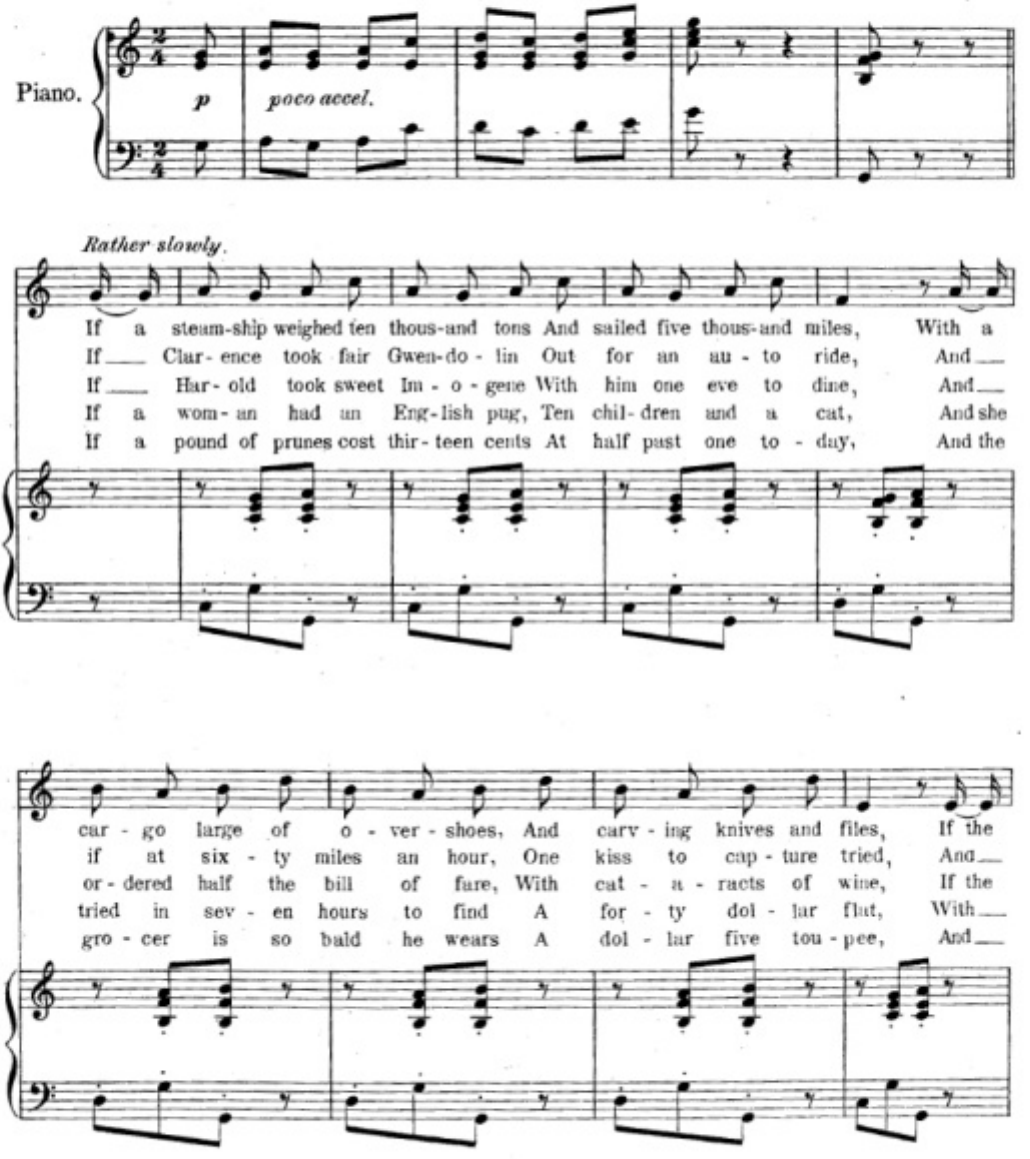

sure - ly put his bash - ful - ness to rout, Ere the
sure - ly put his bash - ful - ness to rout, Ere the
ram - ble you com - plete, You will find him at your feet, That is
ram - ble you com - plete, You will find him at your feet, That is
poco rit.
how I think the moon will help you out.
how I think the moon will help you out.
D. C.
D. C.
D. C.
p
fz

I Can't Do The Sum.

Jane and Piper Children.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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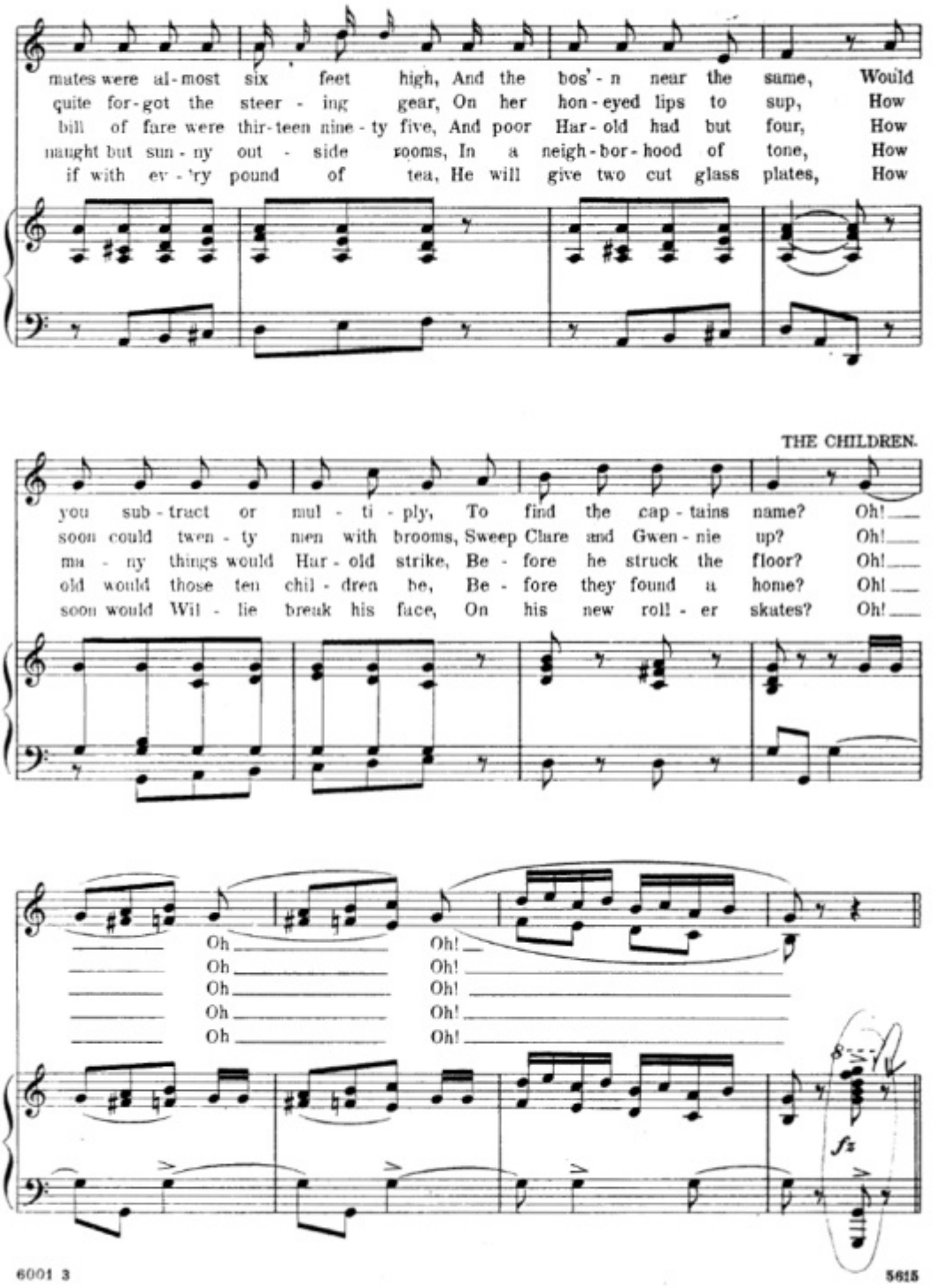
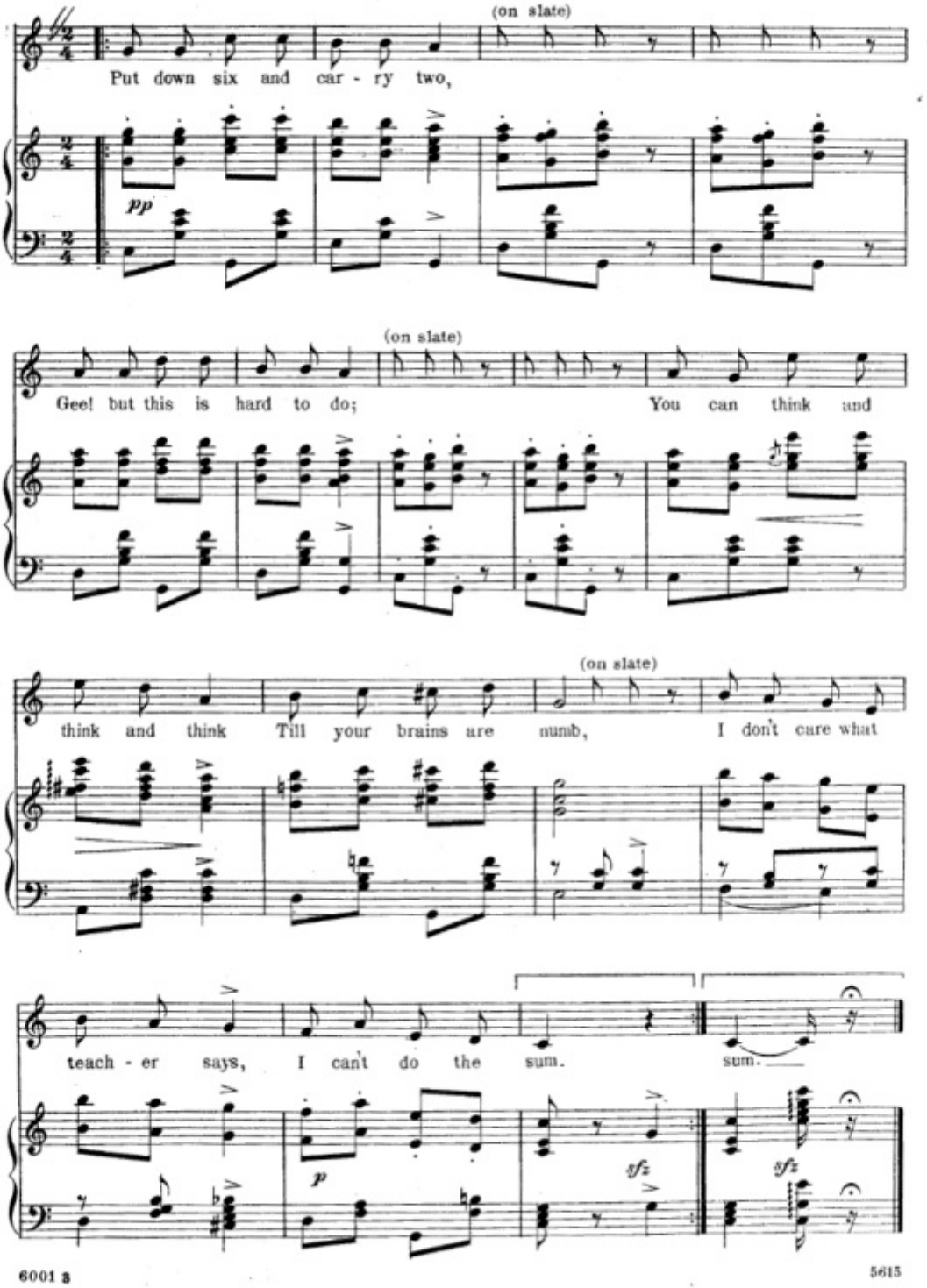

mates were al-most six feet high, And the bos'-n near the same, Would
quite for-got the steer-ing gear, On her hon-eyed lips to sup, How
bill of fare were thir-teen nine-ty five, And poor Har-old had but four, How
naught but sun-ny out-side rooms, In a neigh-bor-hood of tone, How
if with ev-'ry pound of tea, He will give two cut glass plates, How
THE CHILDREN.
you sub-tract or mul-ti-ply, To find the cap-tains name? Oh!
soon could twen-ty men with brooms, Sweep Clare and Gwen-nie up? Oh!
ma-ny things would Har-old strike, Be-fore he struck the floor? Oh!
old would those ten chil-dren be, Be-fore they found a home? Oh!
soon would Wil-lie break his face, On his new roll-er skates? Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
fz

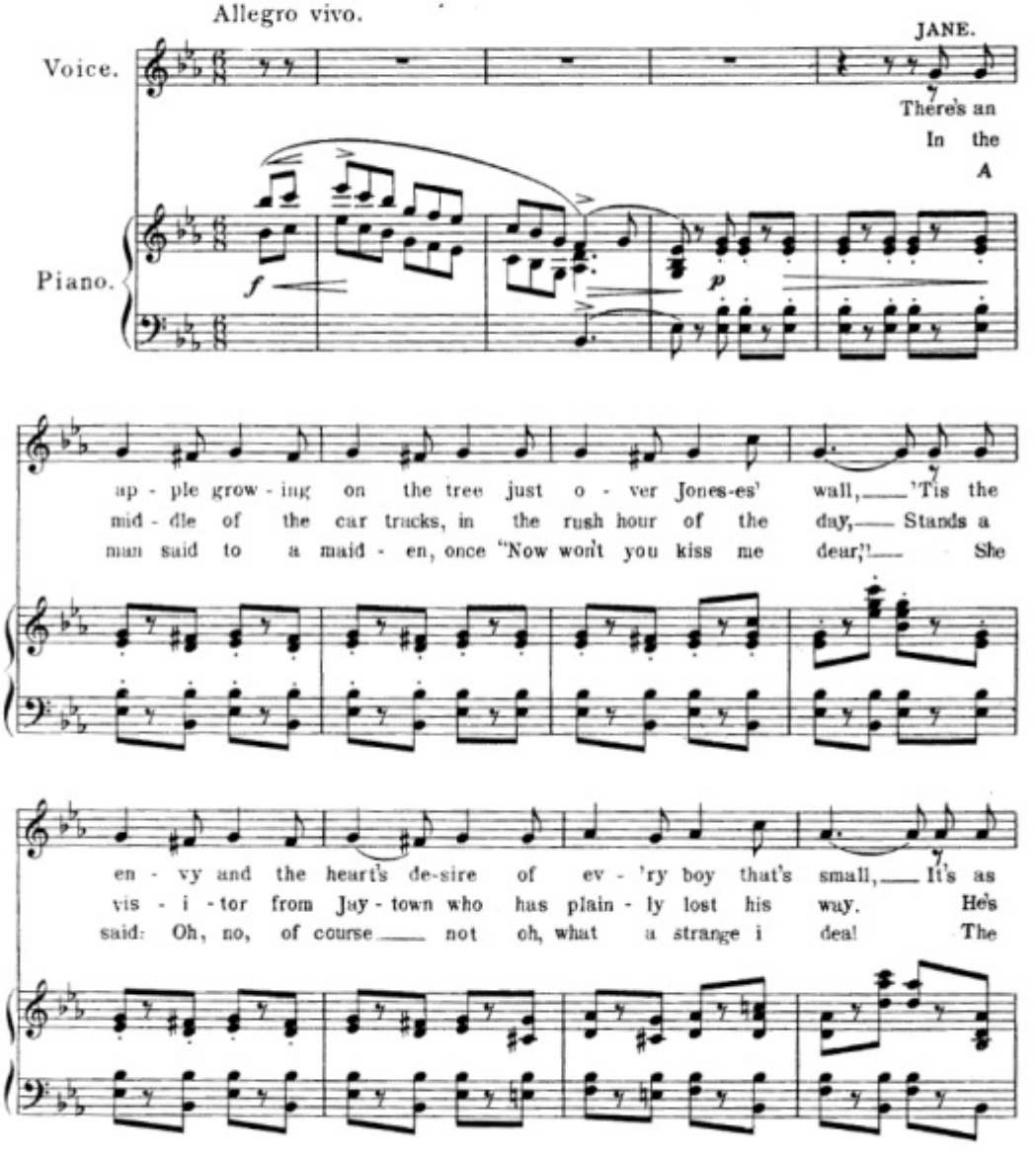

(on slate)
Put down six and car - ry two,
pp
(on slate)
Gee! but this is hard to do; You can think and
(on slate)
think and think Till your brains are numb, I don't care what
teach - er says, I can't do the sum. sum.
p
sfz
sfz

"He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It."

"Babes in Toyland."

Words by
CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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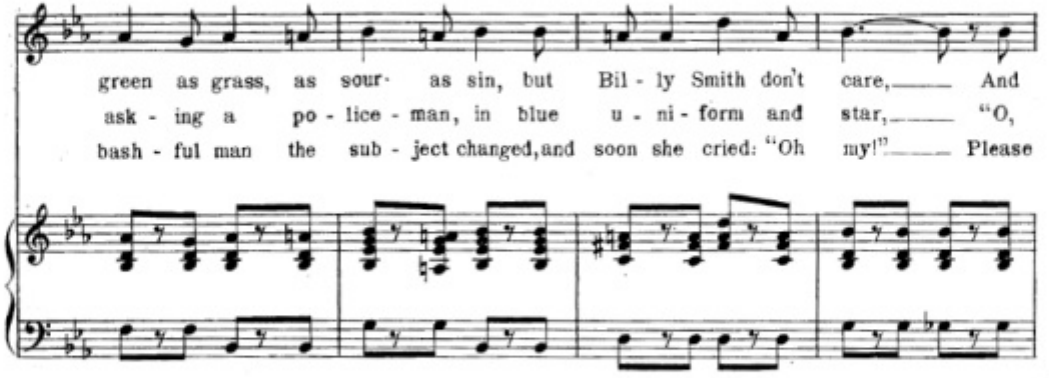
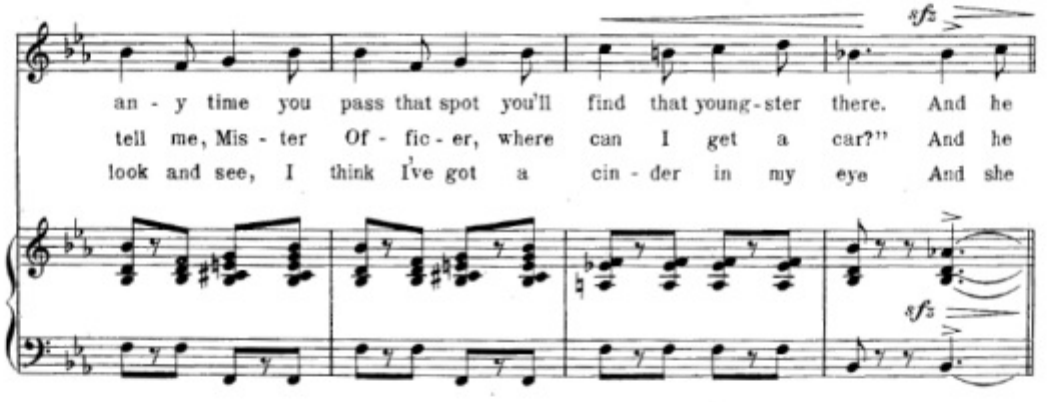
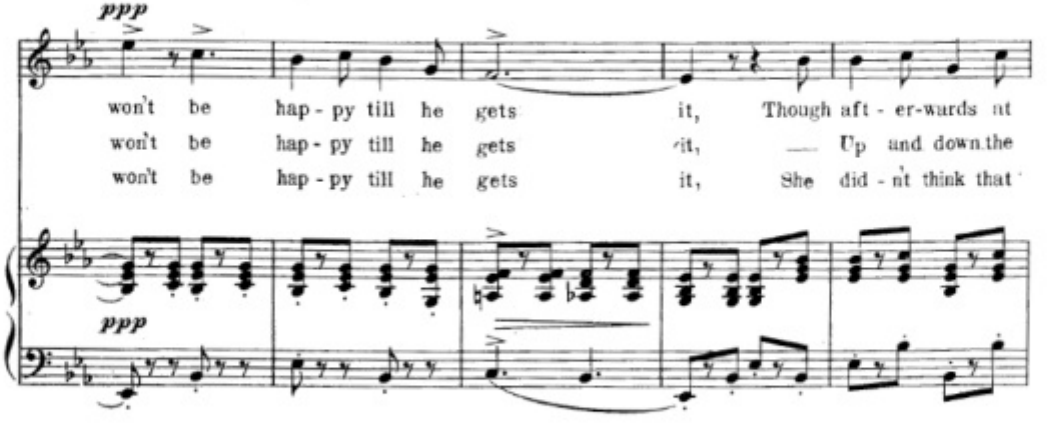
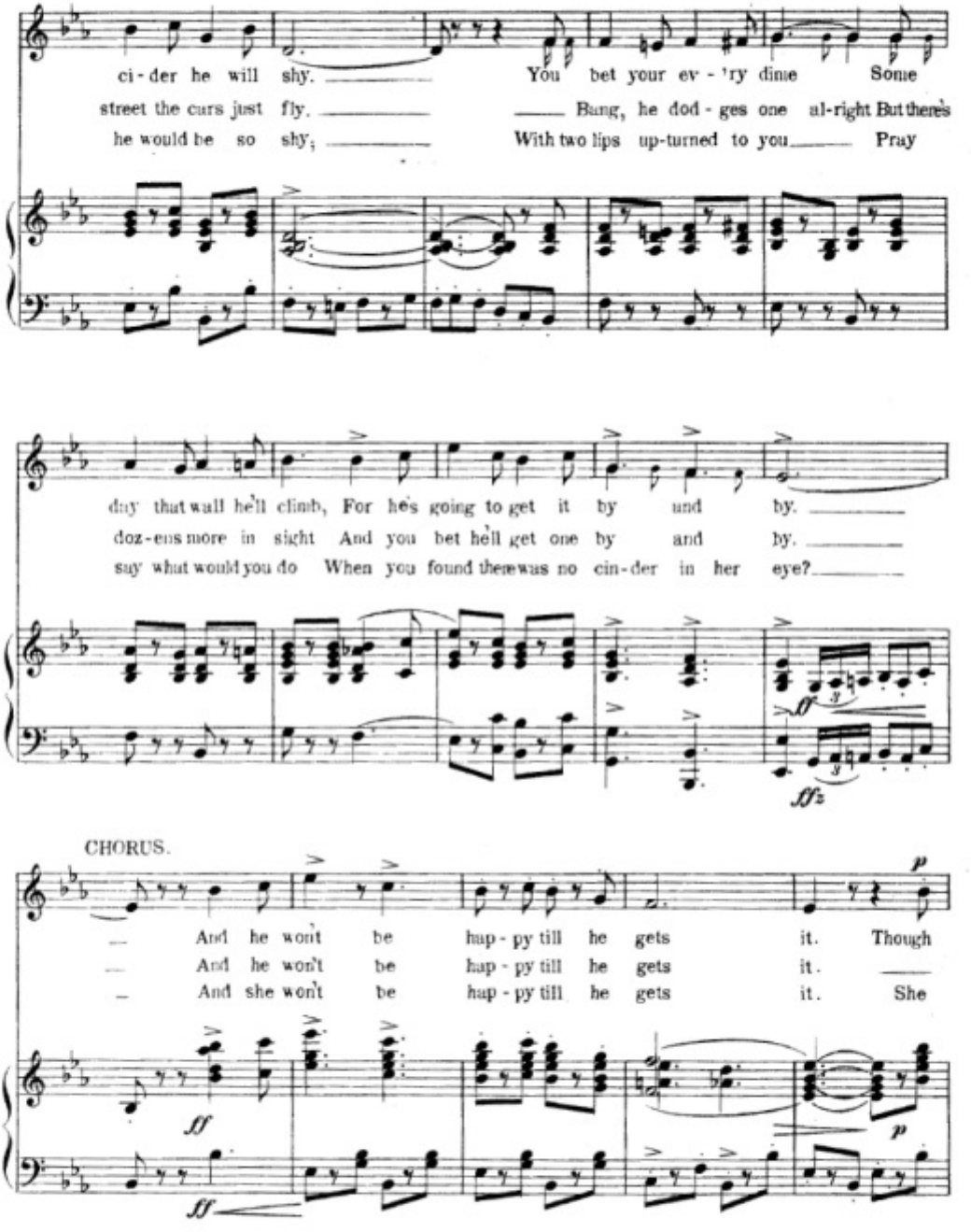
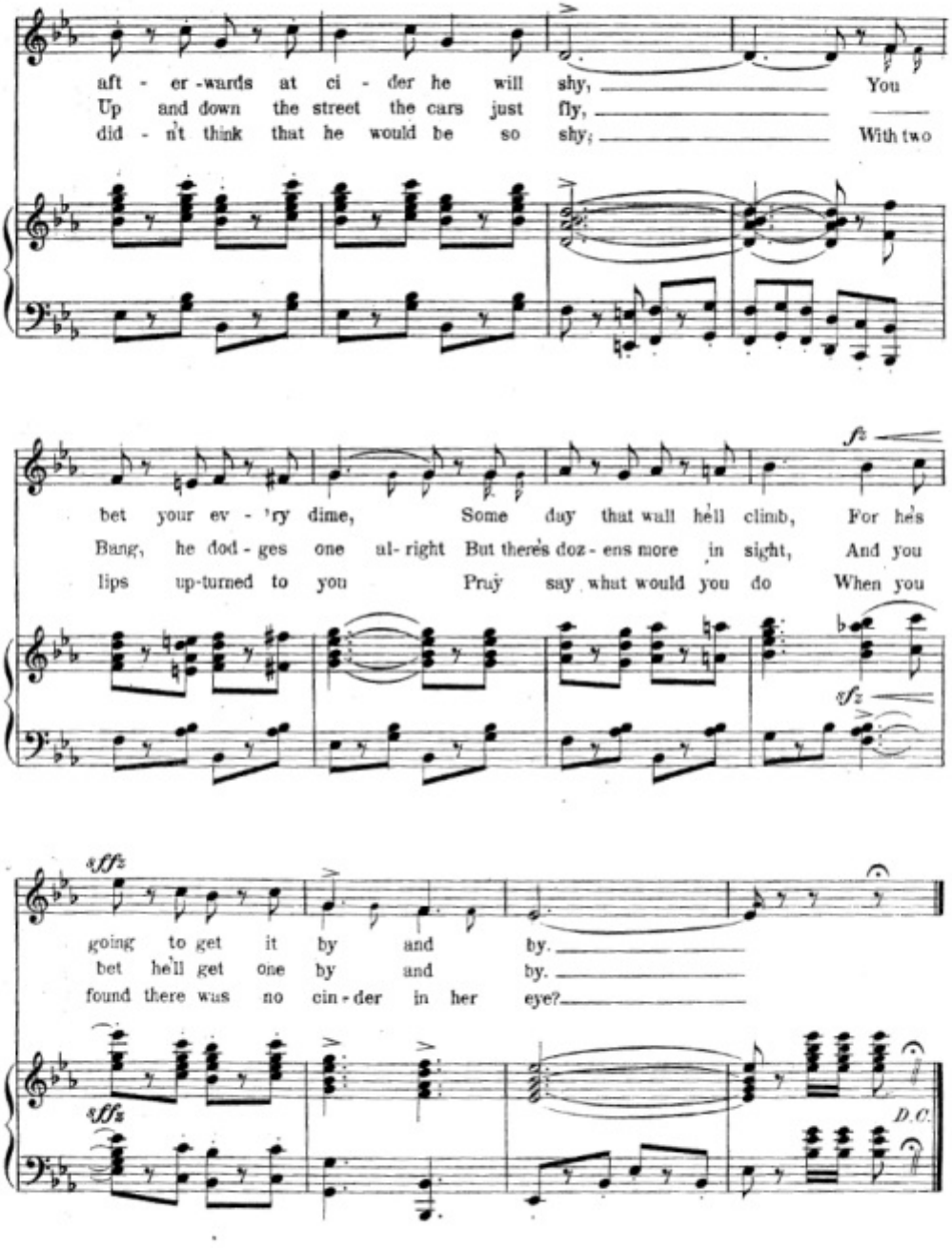

green as grass, as sour as sin, but Bil - ly Smith don't care, And
ask - ing a po - lice - man, in blue u - ni - form and star, "O,
bash - ful man the sub - ject changed, and soon she cried: "Oh my!" Please


sfz
an - y time you pass that spot you'll find that young - ster there. And he
tell me, Mis - ter Of - fic - er, where can I get a car?" And he
look and see, I think I've got a cin - der in my eye And she
sfz


ppp
won't be hap - py till he gets it, Though aft - er-wards it
won't be hap - py till he gets it, Up and down the
won't be hap - py till he gets it, She did - n't think that
ppp


ci - der he will shy.
You bet your ev - 'ry dime Some
street the cars just fly.
Bang, he dod - ges one al-right But there's
he would be so shy;
With two lips up-turned to you Pray
day that wall he'll climb, For he's going to get it by and by.
doz-ens more in sight And you bet he'll get one by and by.
say what would you do When you found there was no cin-der in her eye?
CHORUS.
And he won't be hap - py till he gets it. Though
And he won't be hap - py till he gets it.
And she won't be hap - py till he gets it. She


aft - er - wards at ci - der he will shy, You
Up and down the street the cars just fly,
did - n't think that he would be so shy; With two
fz
bet your ev - 'ry dime, Some day that wall he'll climb, For he's
Bang, he dod - ges one al- right But there's doz - ens more in sight, And you
lips up-turned to you Pray say what would you do When you
sfz
sfffz
going to get it by and by.
bet he'll get one by and by.
found there was no cin - der in her eye?
sfffz
D.C.

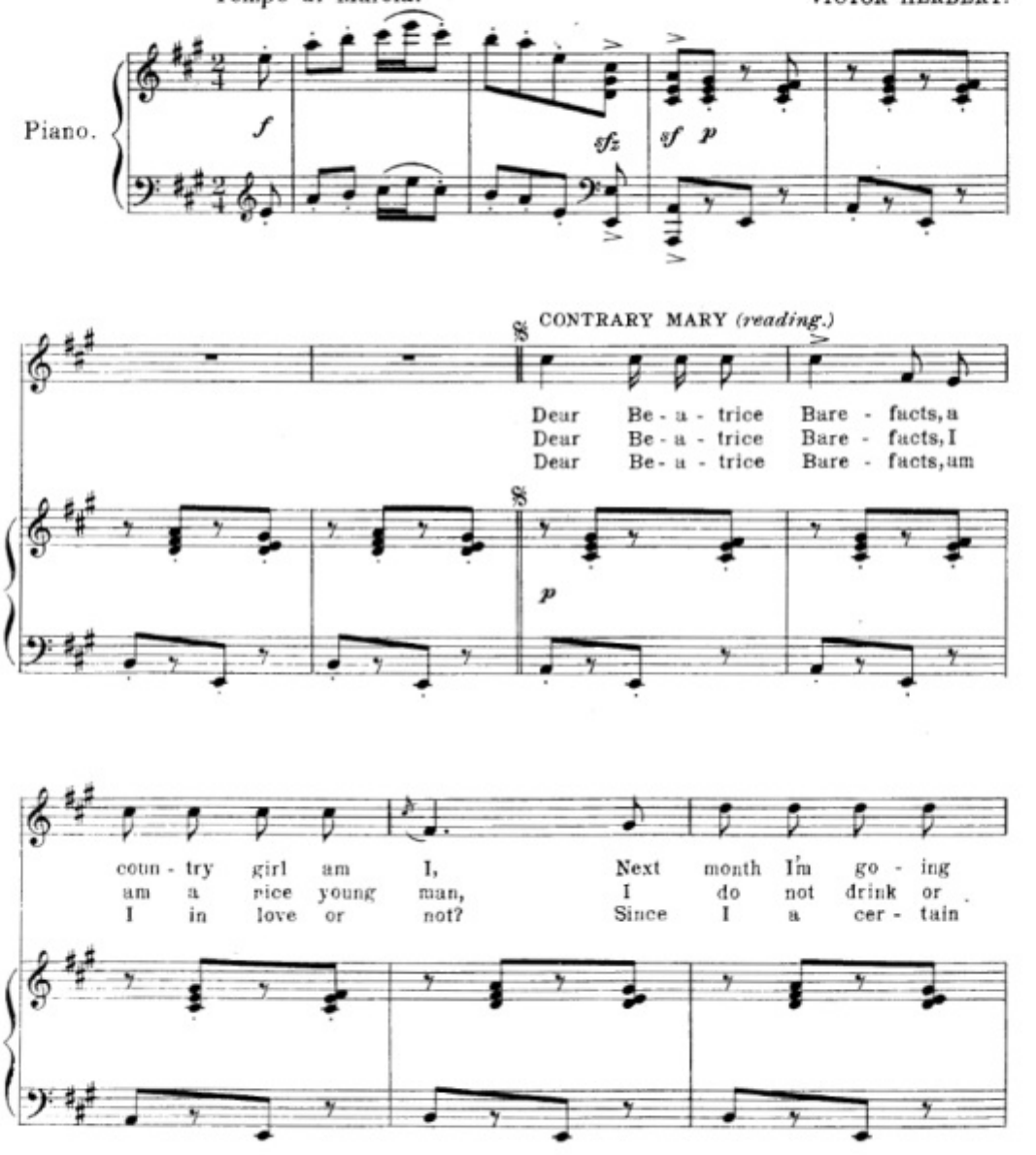
Beatrice Barefacts.

(Mary and Marmaduke.)

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Marcia.



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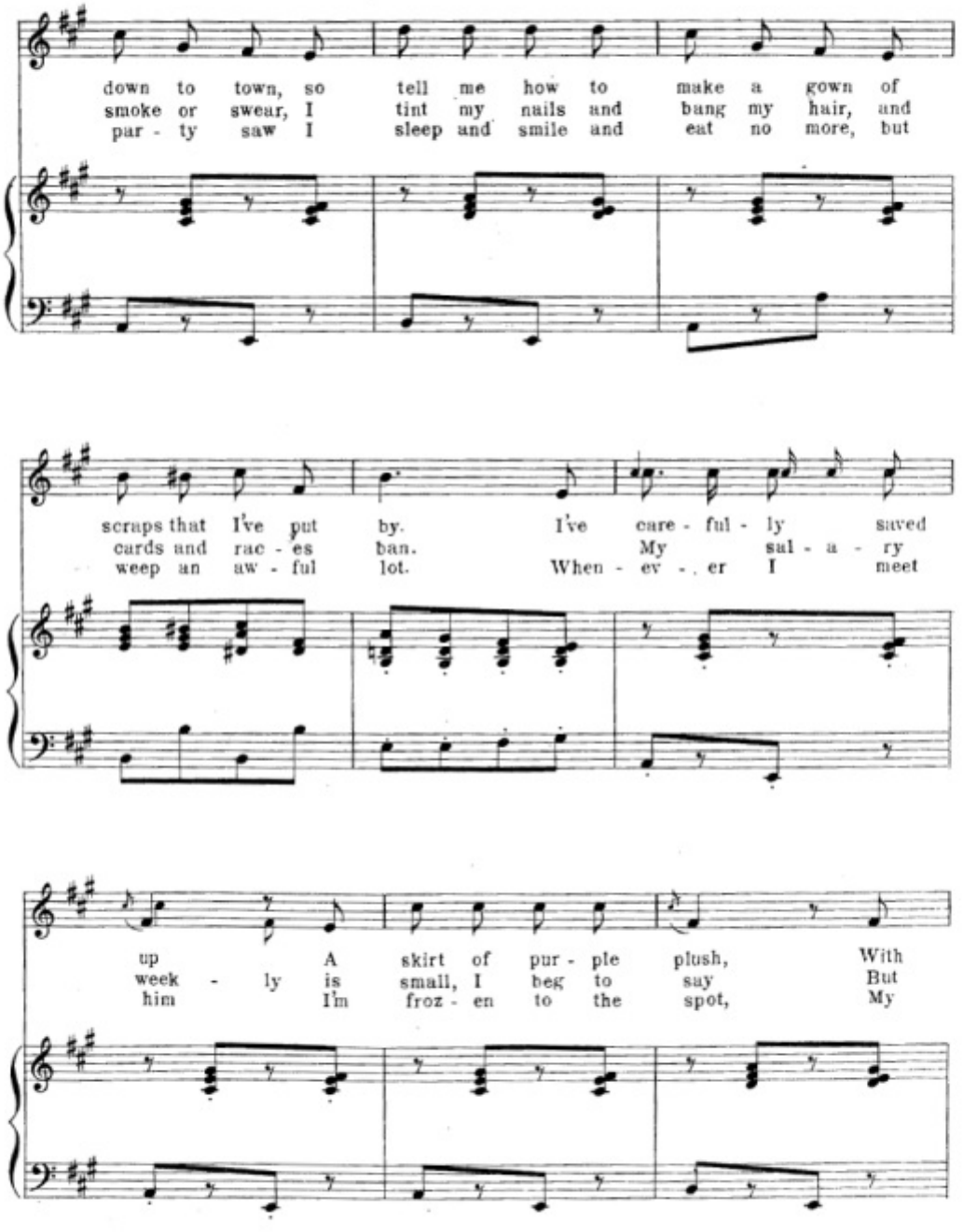
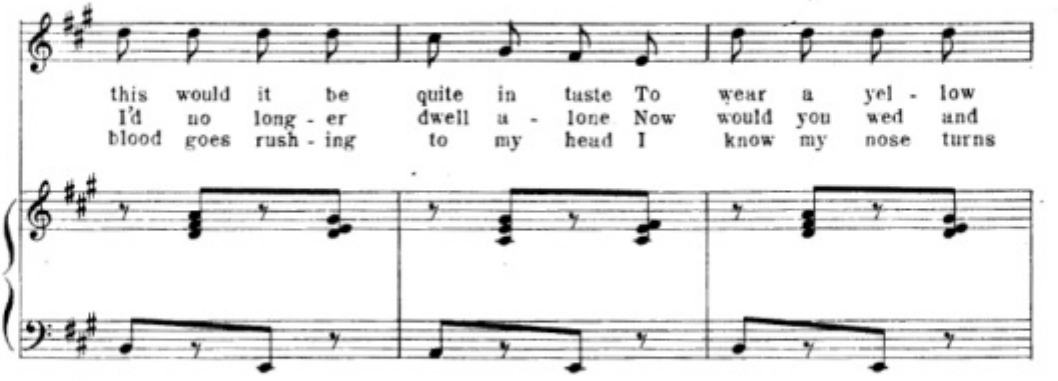
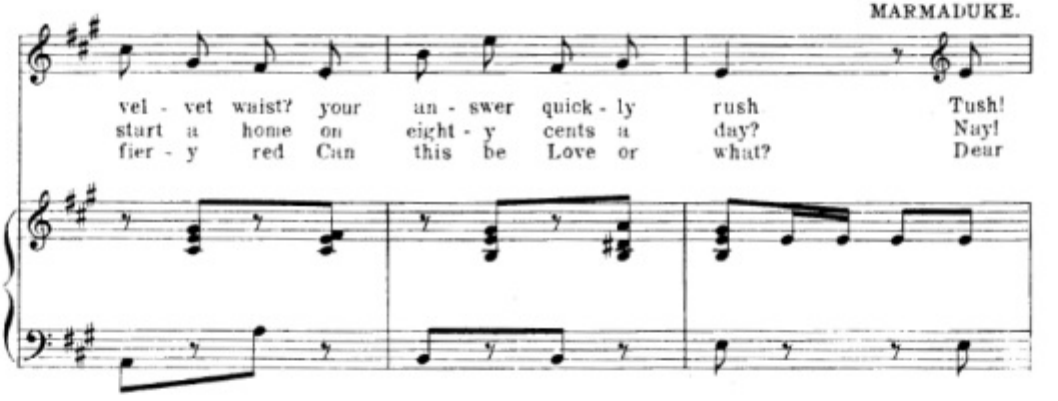
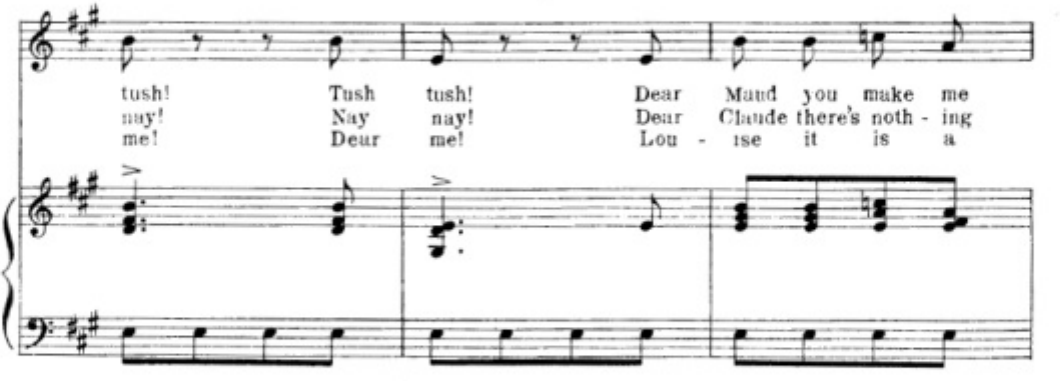
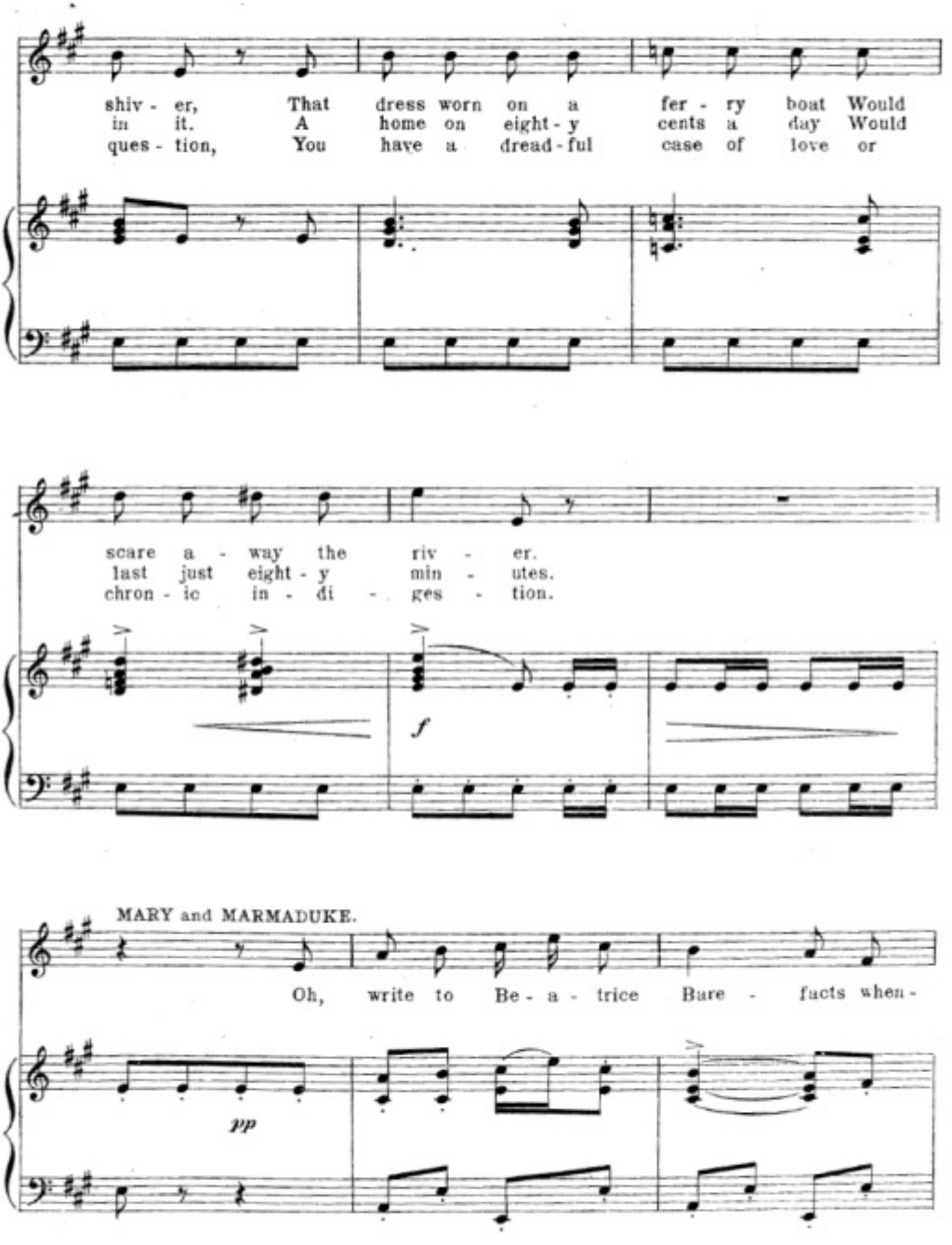
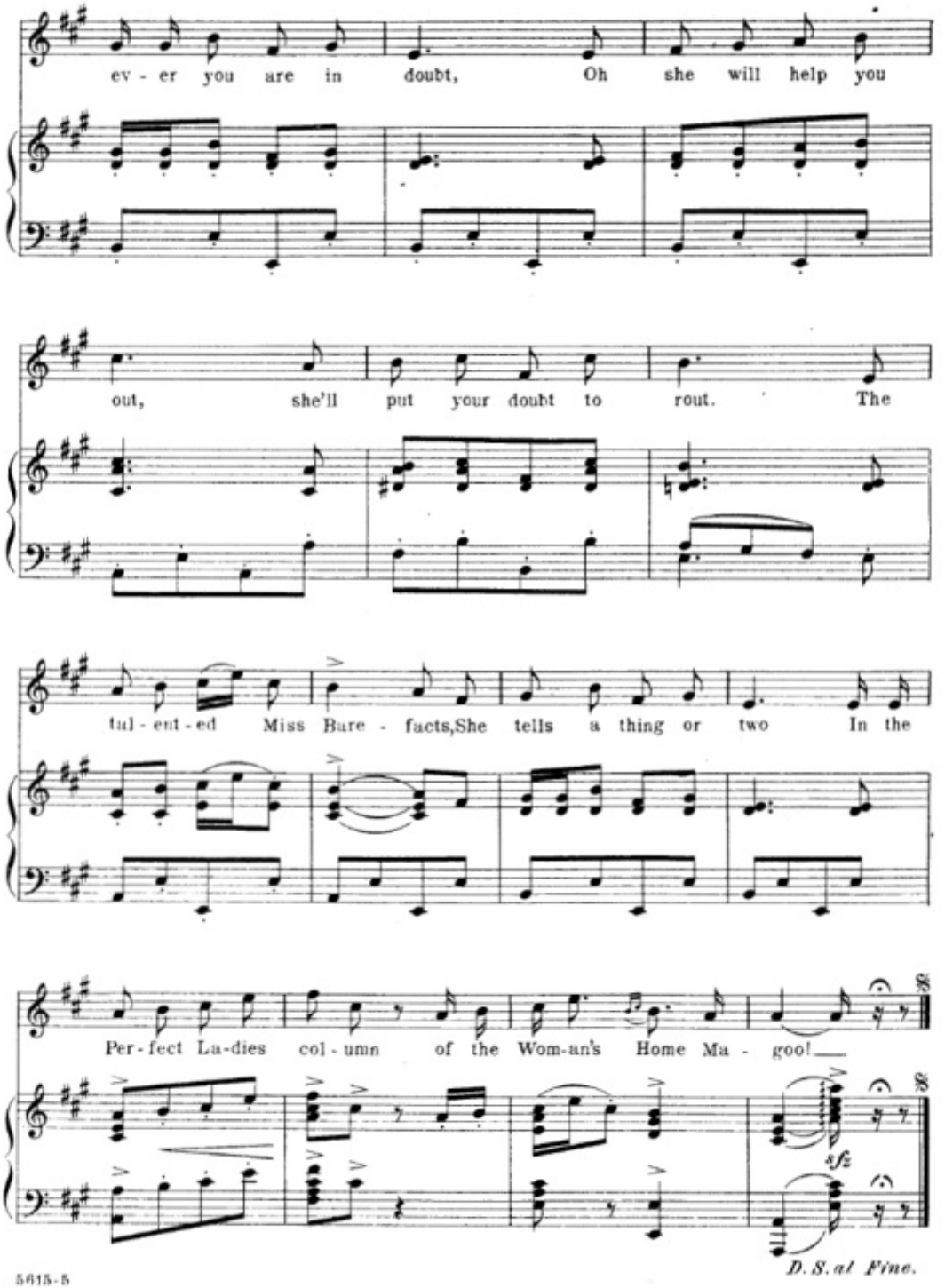

down to town, so tell me how to make a gown of
smoke or swear, I tint my nails and bang my hair, and
par - ty saw I sleep and smile and eat no more, but
scraps that I've put by. I've care - ful - ly saved
cards and rac - es ban. My sal - a - ry
weep an aw - ful lot. When - ev - er I meet
up A skirt of pur - ple plush, With
week - ly is small, I beg to say But
him I'm froz - en to the spot, My


this would it be quite in taste To wear a yel - low
I'd no long - er dwell a - lone Now would you wed and
blood goes rush - ing to my head I know my nose turns


MARMADUKE.
vel - vet waist? your an - swer quick - ly rush Tush!
start a home on eight - y cents a day? Nay!
fier - y red Cun this be Love or what? Dear


tush! Tush tush! Dear Maud you make me
nay! Nay nay! Dear Claude there's noth - ing
me! Deur me! Lou - ise it is a


shiv - er, That dress worn on a fer - ry boat Would
in it. A home on eight - y cents a day Would
ques - tion, You have a dread - ful case of love or
scare a - way the riv - er.
last just eight - y min - utes.
chron - ic in - di - ges - tion.
f
MARY and MARMADUKE.
Oh, write to Be - a - trice Bare - facts when -
pp


ev - er you are in doubt, Oh she will help you
out, she'll put your doubt to rout. The
tal - ent - ed Miss Bare - facts,She tells a thing or two In the
Per - fect La-dies col - umn of the Wom-an's Home Ma - goo!
sfz
D. S. al Fine.