PERFORMED AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, LONDON.

MISS ESMERALDA

Burlesque Melodrama,

WRITTEN BY

A.C. TORR & HORACE MILLS,

WITH INCIDENTAL SONGS.

BY

Robert Martin,

THE MUSIC

BY

W. MEYER LUTZ.

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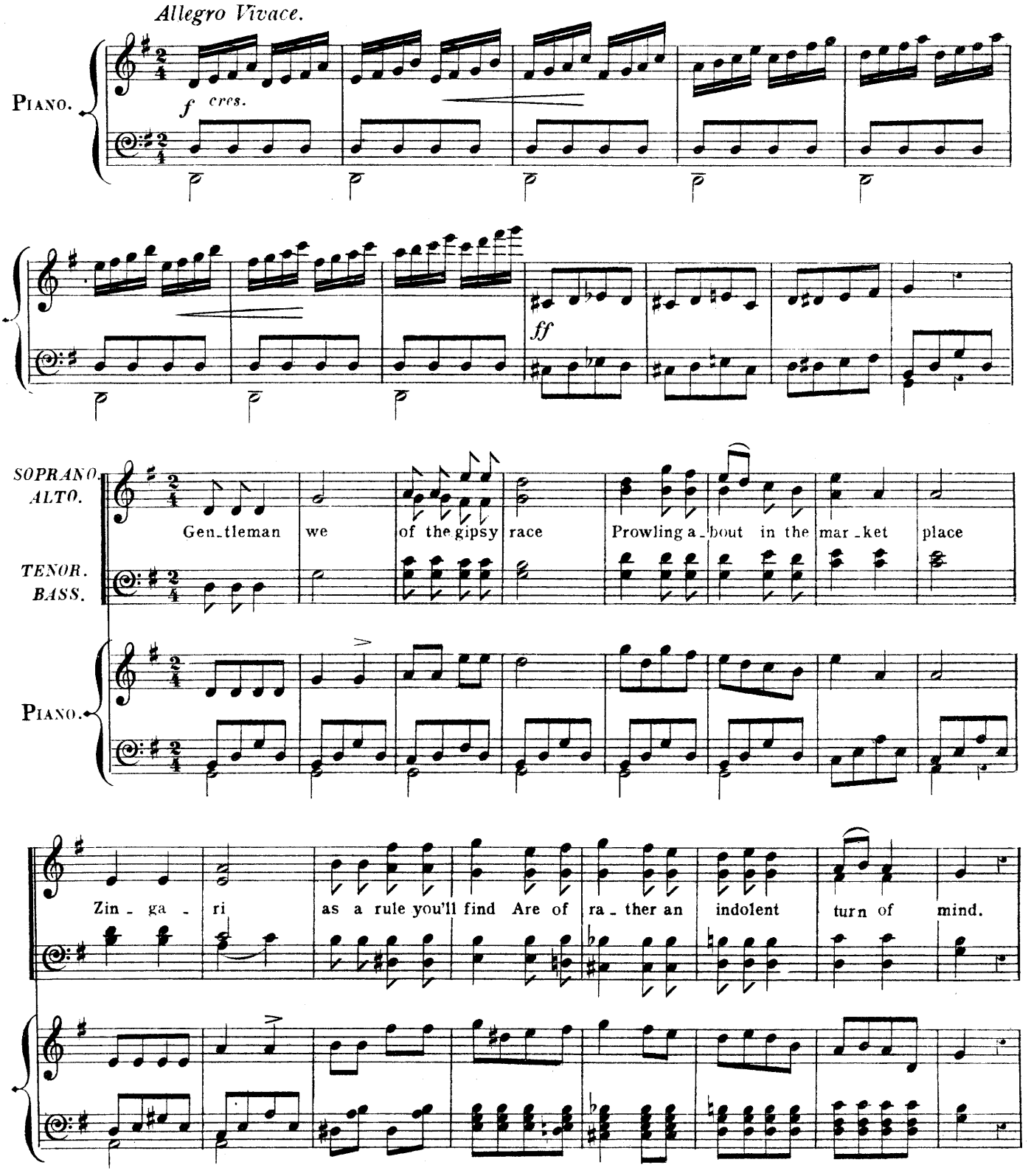
MISS ESMERALDA.

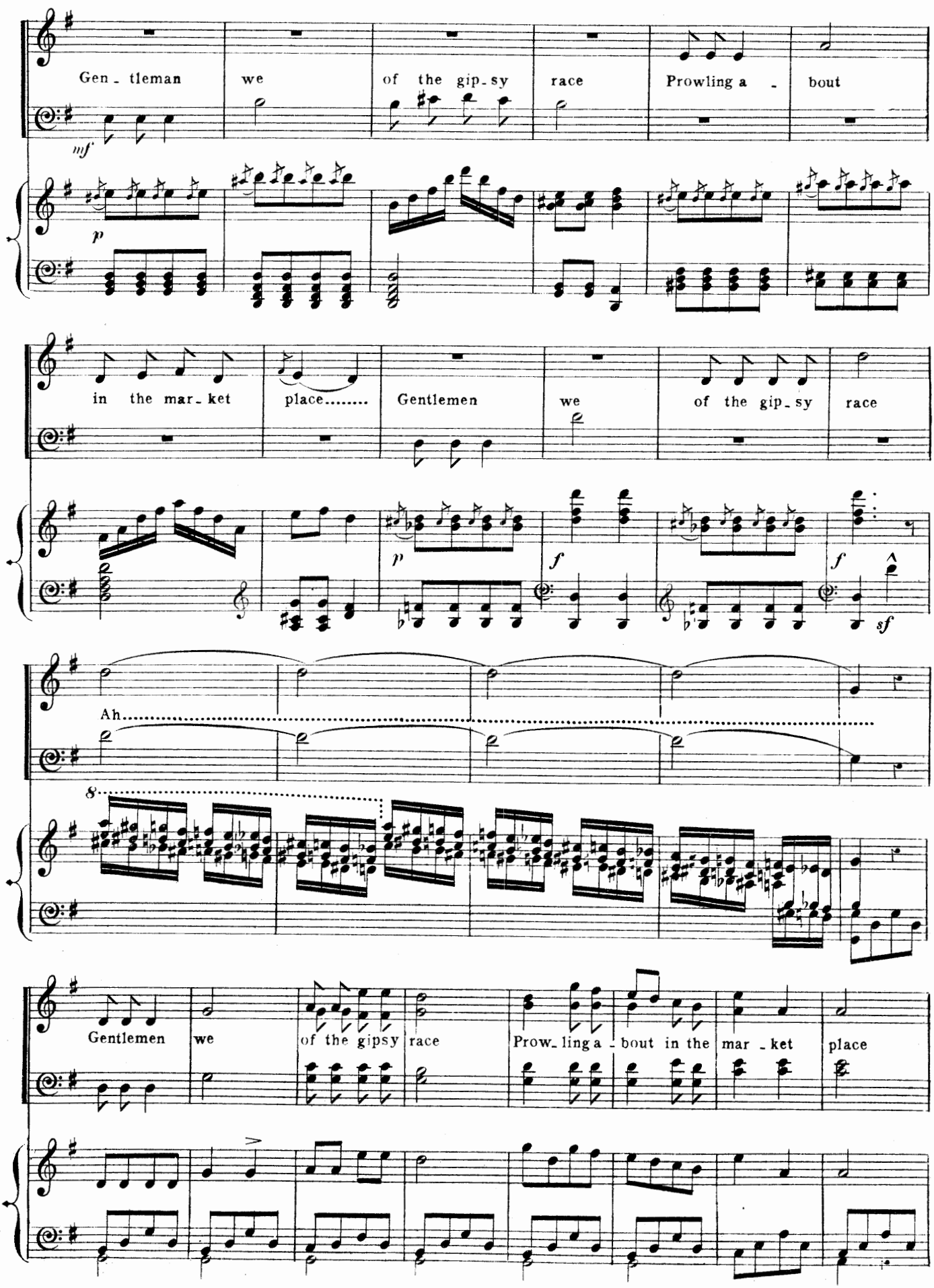
BURLESQUE MELODRAMA.

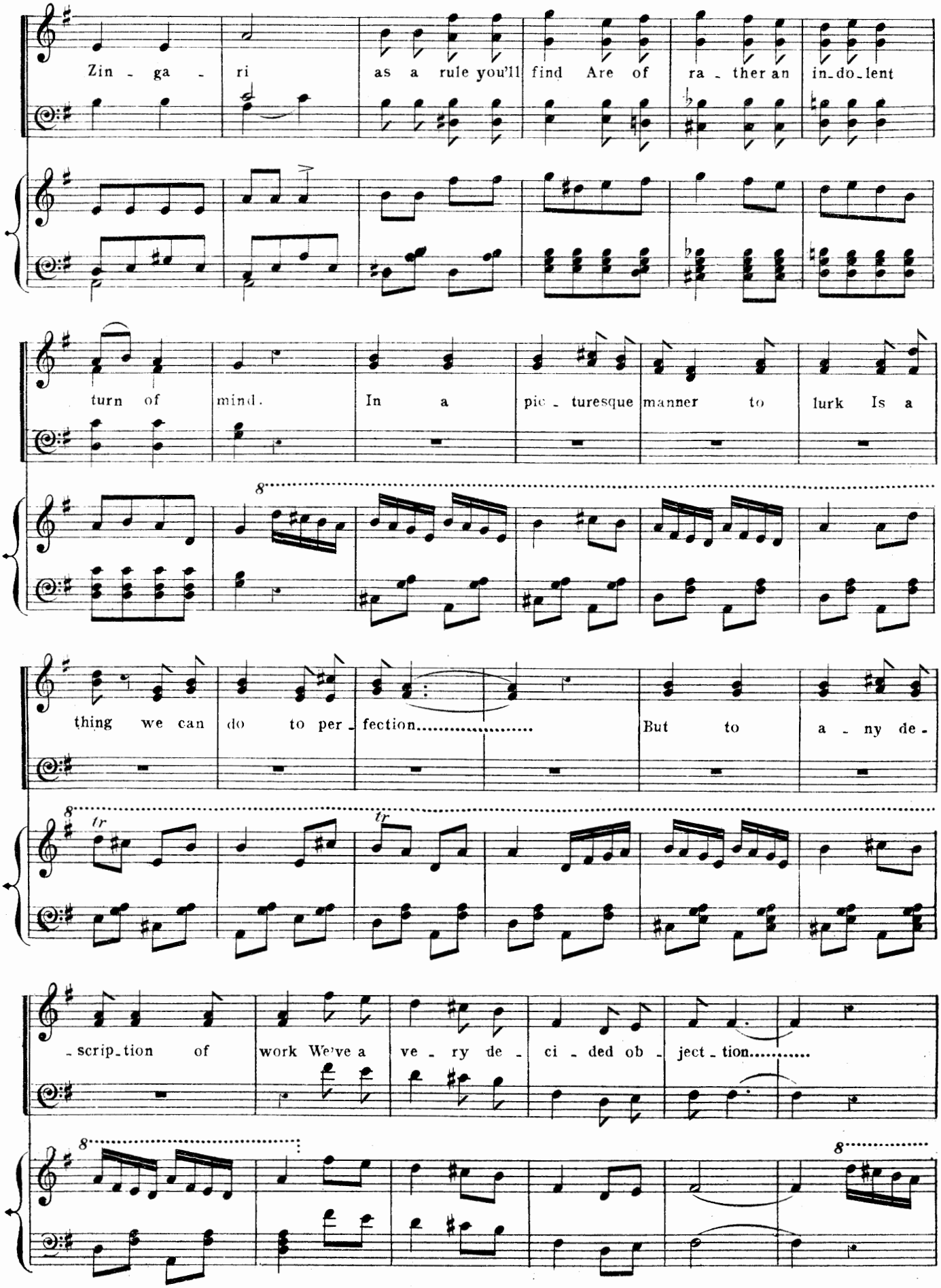
Written by
A.C. TORR & HORACE MILLS.

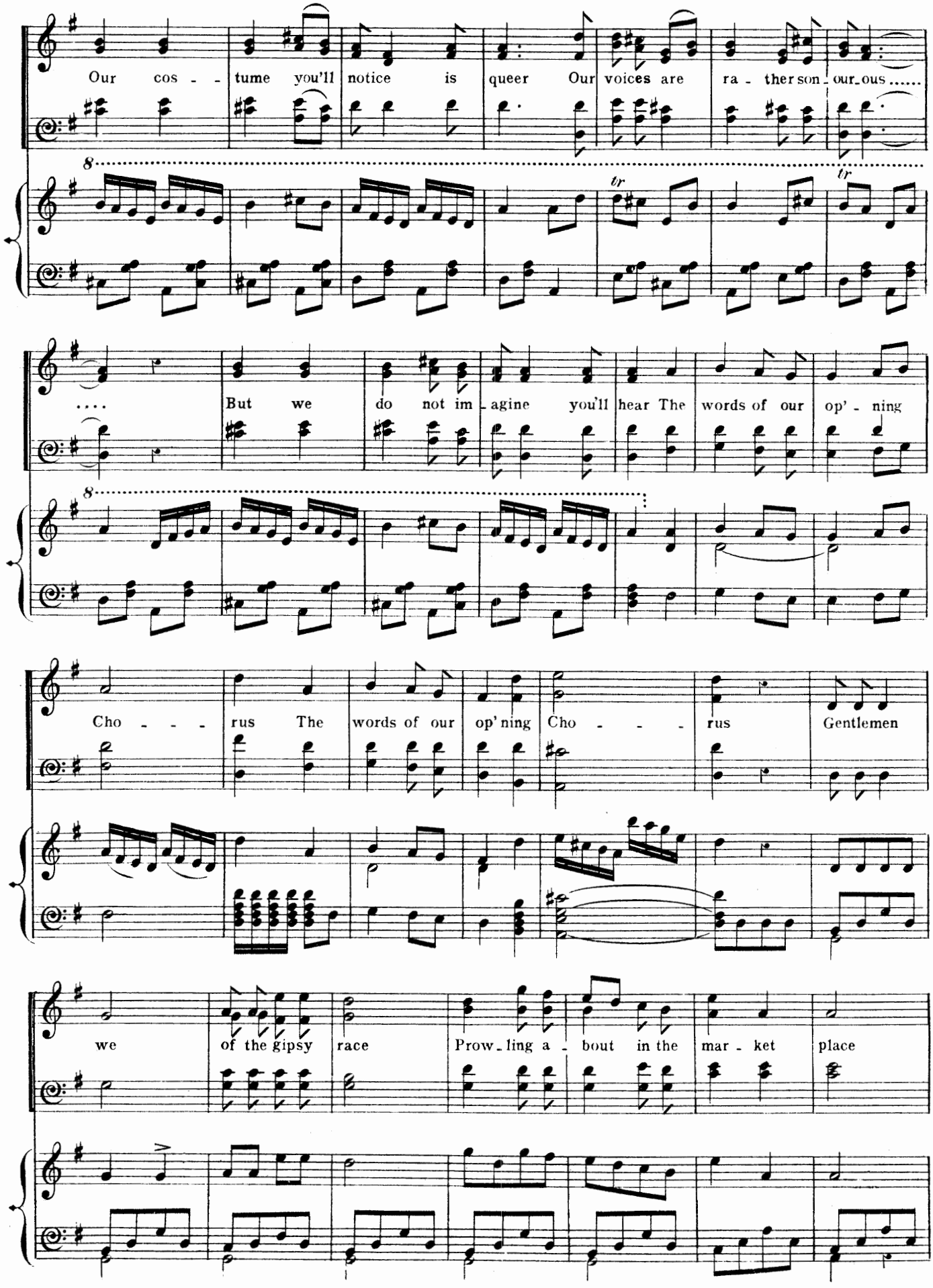
Composed by
W. MEYER LUTZ & ROBERT MARTIN.

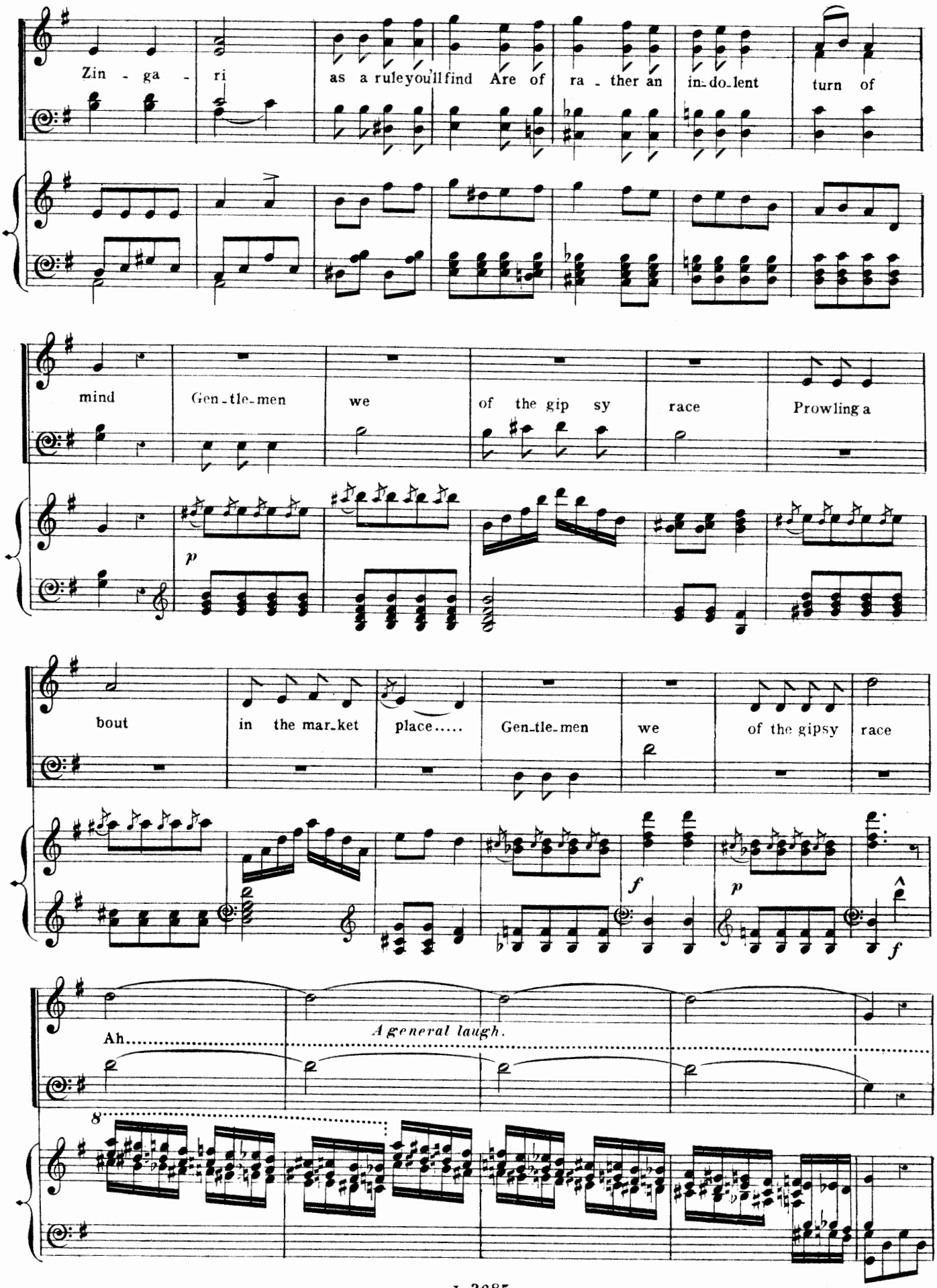
No. 1. — CHORUS.

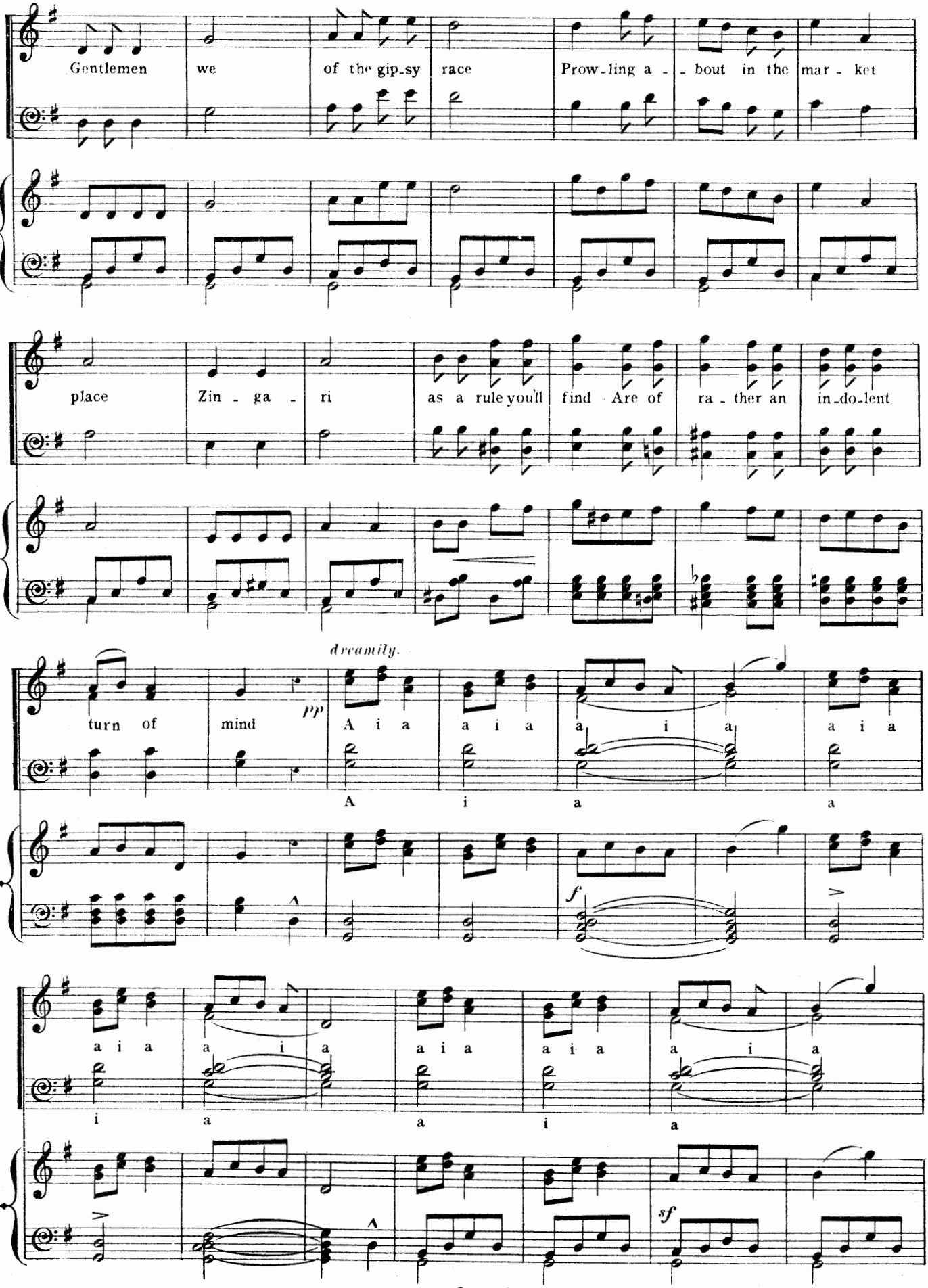


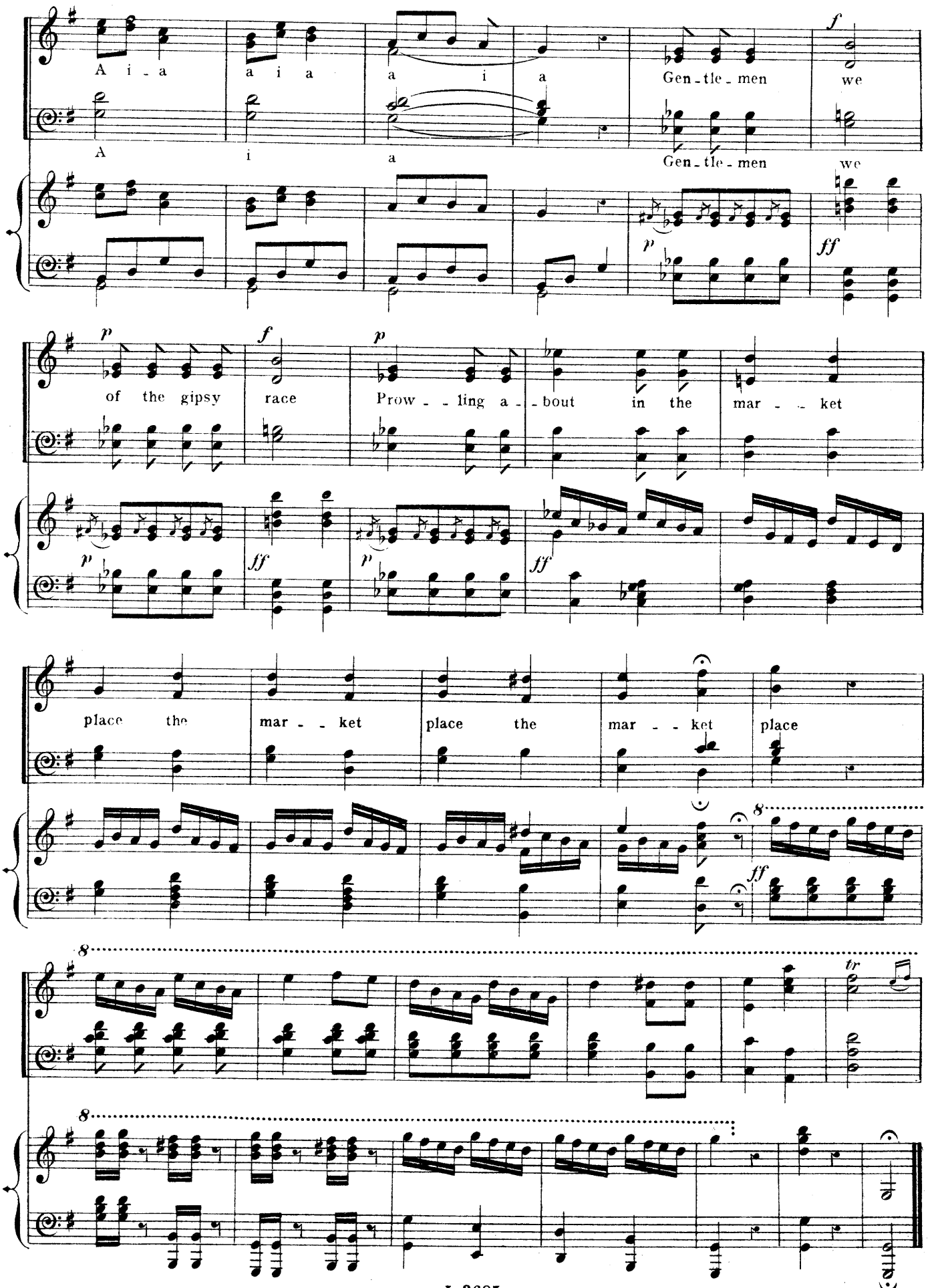

Gen - tleman we of the gip - sy race Prowling a - bout
mf
p
in the mar - ket place..... Gentlemen we of the gip - sy race
p
f
f
sf
Ah.....
8
Gentlemen we of the gipsy race Prow - ling a - bout in the mar - ket place


Zin - ga - ri as a rule you'll find Are of ra - ther an in-do-lent
turn of mind. In a pic - turesque manner to lurk Is a
thing we can do to per - fection..... But to a - ny de -
- scrip-tion of work We've a ve - ry de - ci - ded ob - ject - tion.....


Our cos - - tume you'll notice is queer Our voices are ra - ther son - our - ous .....
8
tr
tr
.... But we do not im - agine you'll hear The words of our op' - ning
8
Cho - - - rus The words of our op' ning Cho - - - rus Gentlemen
we of the gipsy race Prow - ling a - bout in the mar - ket place

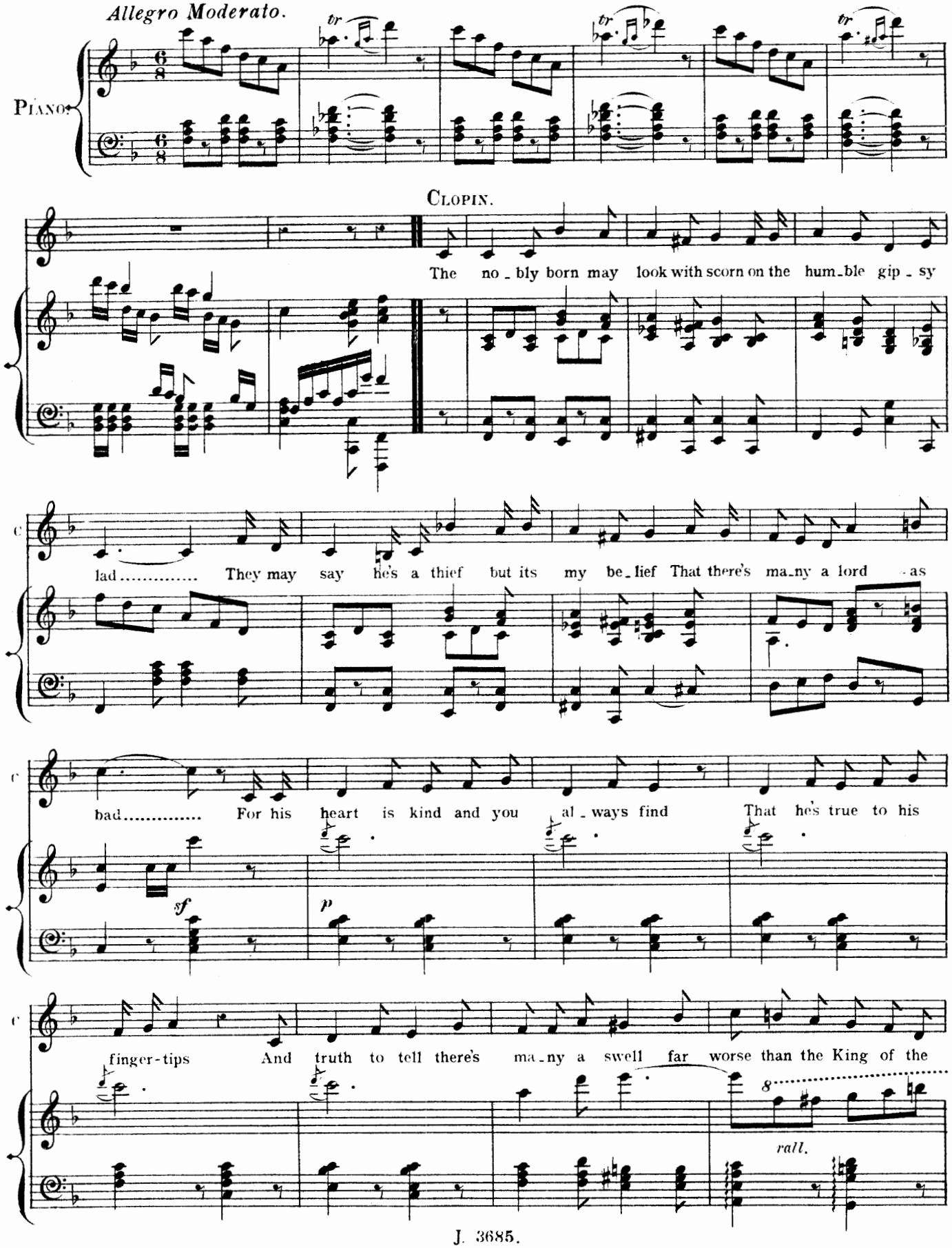

Zin - ga - ri
as a rule you'll find Are of ra - ther an in-do-lent turn of
mind
Gen-tle-men we
of the gip sy race
Prowling a
bout
in the mar-ket place.....
Gen-tle-men we
of the gipsy race
Ah.....
A general laugh.

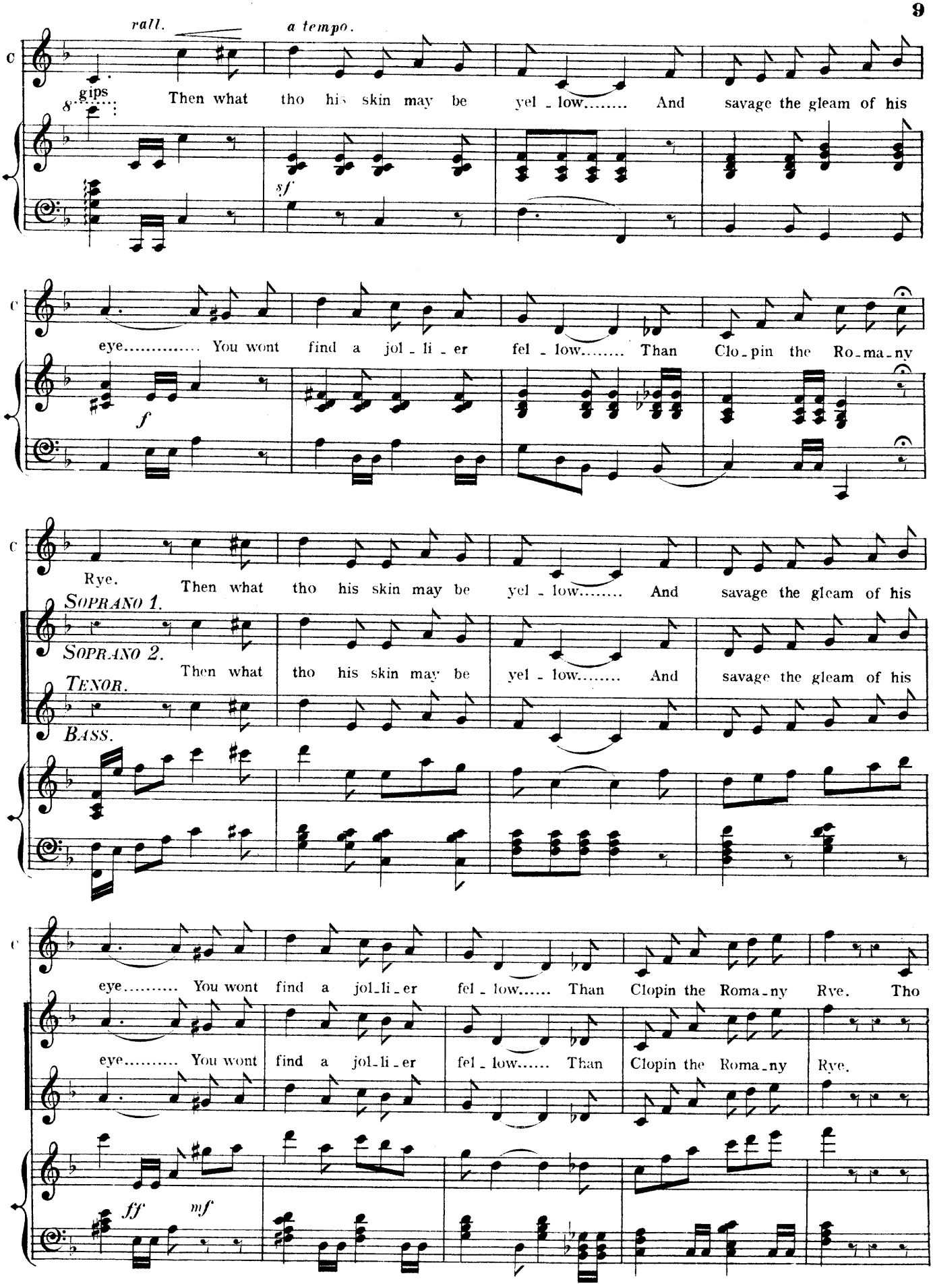

Gentlemen we of the gip-sy race Prow-ling a - bout in the mar - ket
place Zin - ga - ri as a rule you'll find Are of ra - ther an in-do-lent
dreamily.
turn of mind pp A i a a i a a i a a i a
A i a a
f
a i a a i a a i a a i a a i a
i a a i a
sf

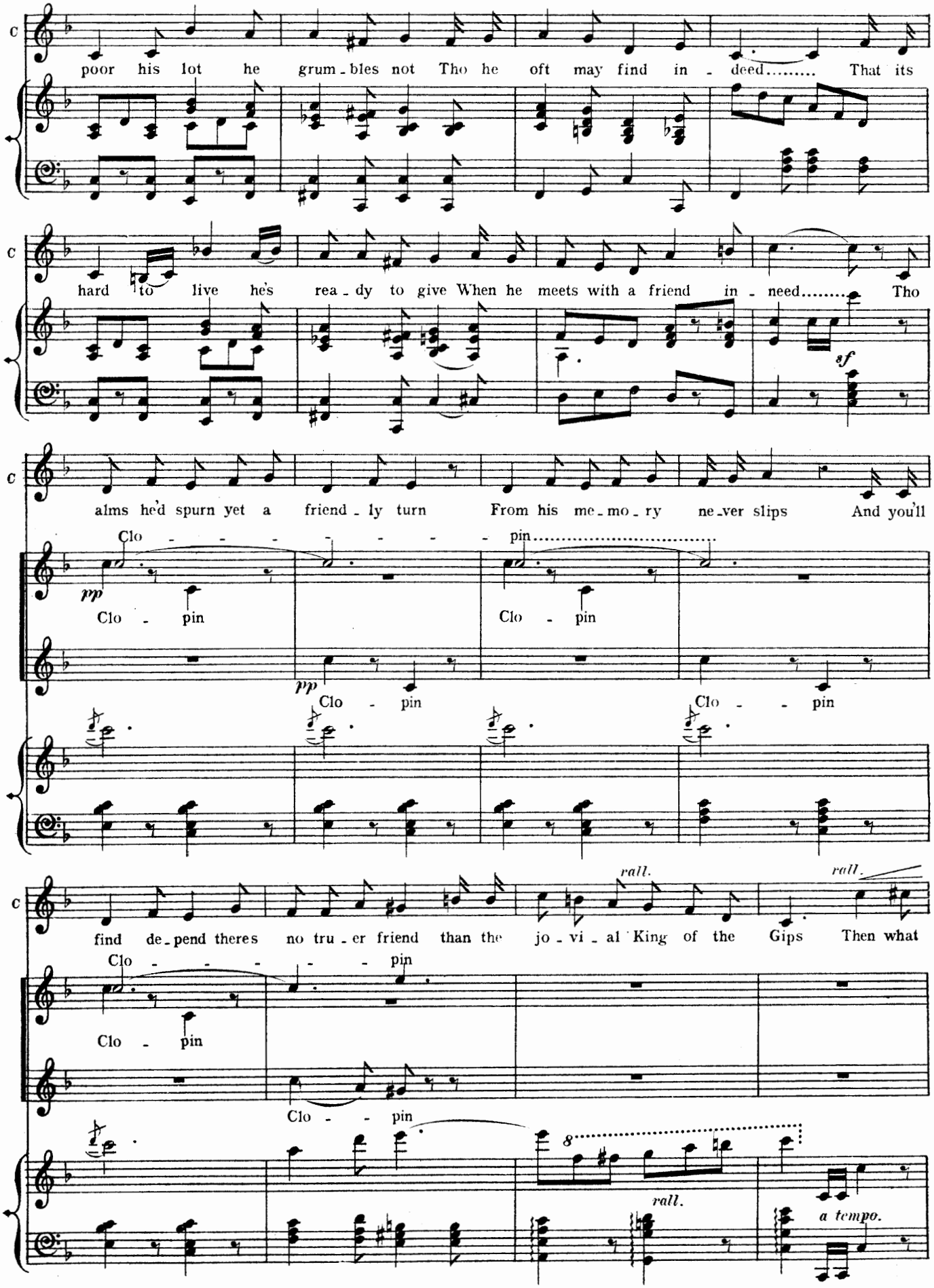

A i - a
a i a
a i a
Gen - tle - men
we
A
i
a
Gen - tle - men
we
of the gipsy
race
Prow - - ling a - - bout
in the
mar - - ket
place the
mar - - ket
place the
mar - - ket
place
8
8
tr

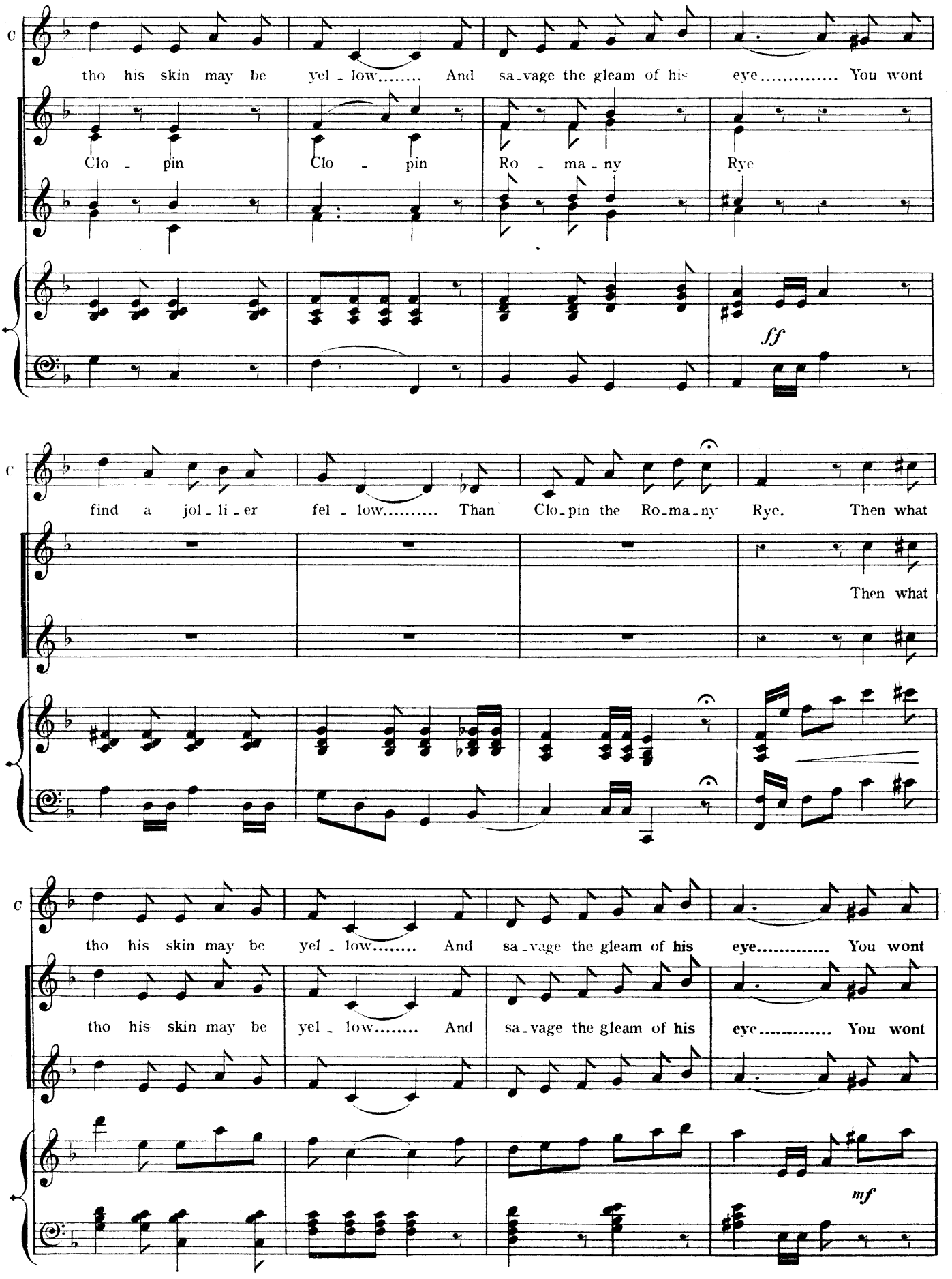
Nº 2. – SONG.

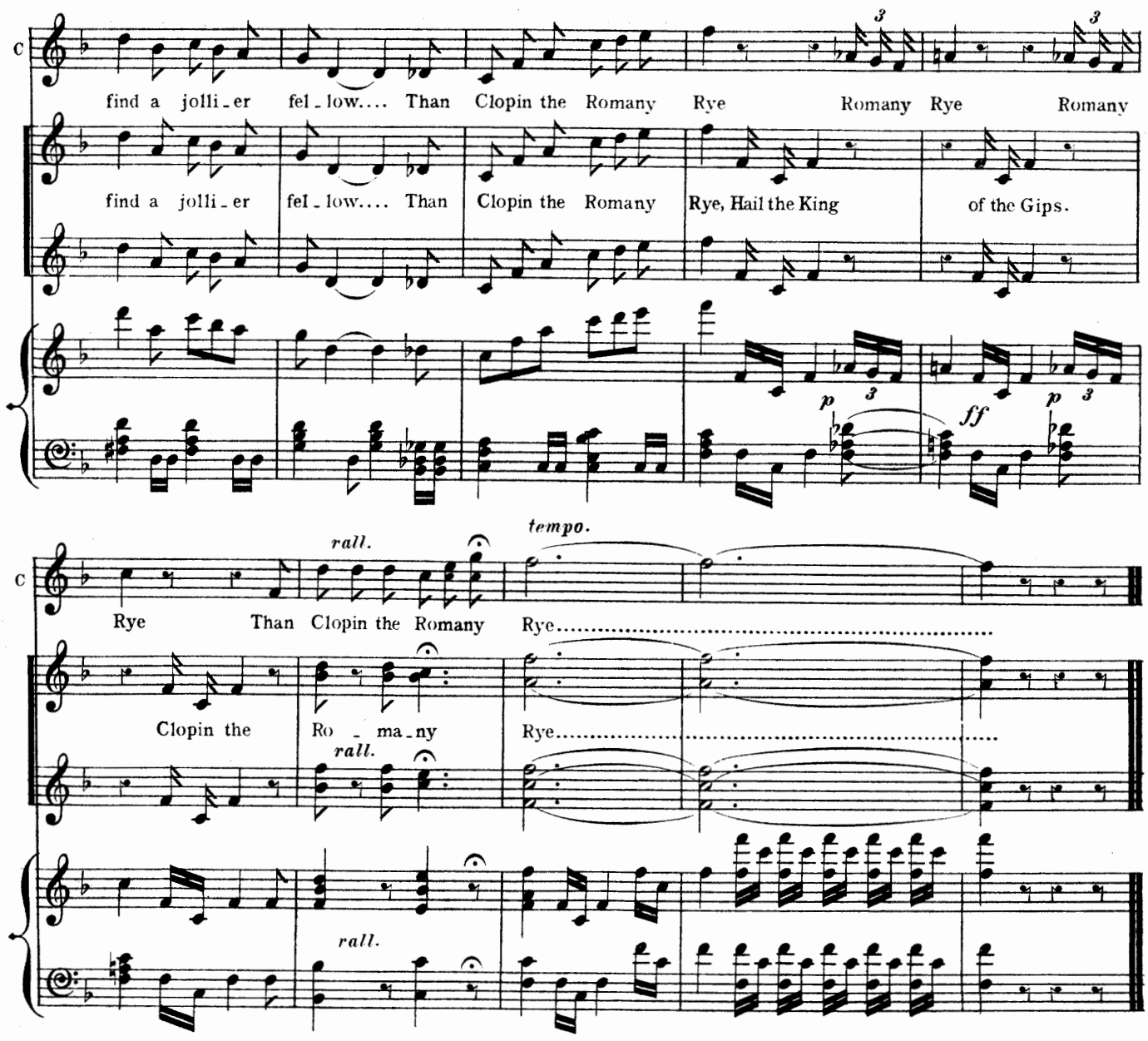
CLOPIN.




rall.
a tempo.
gips
Then what tho his skin may be yel - low..... And savage the gleam of his
sf
eye..... You wont find a jol - li - er fel - low..... Than Clo - pin the Ro - ma - ny
f
Rye. Then what tho his skin may be yel - low..... And savage the gleam of his
SOPRANO 1.
SOPRANO 2.
Then what tho his skin may be yel - low..... And savage the gleam of his
TENOR.
BASS.
eye..... You wont find a jol - li - er fel - low..... Than Clopin the Roma - ny Rye. Tho
eye..... You wont find a jol - li - er fel - low..... Than Clopin the Roma - ny Rye.
ff
mf

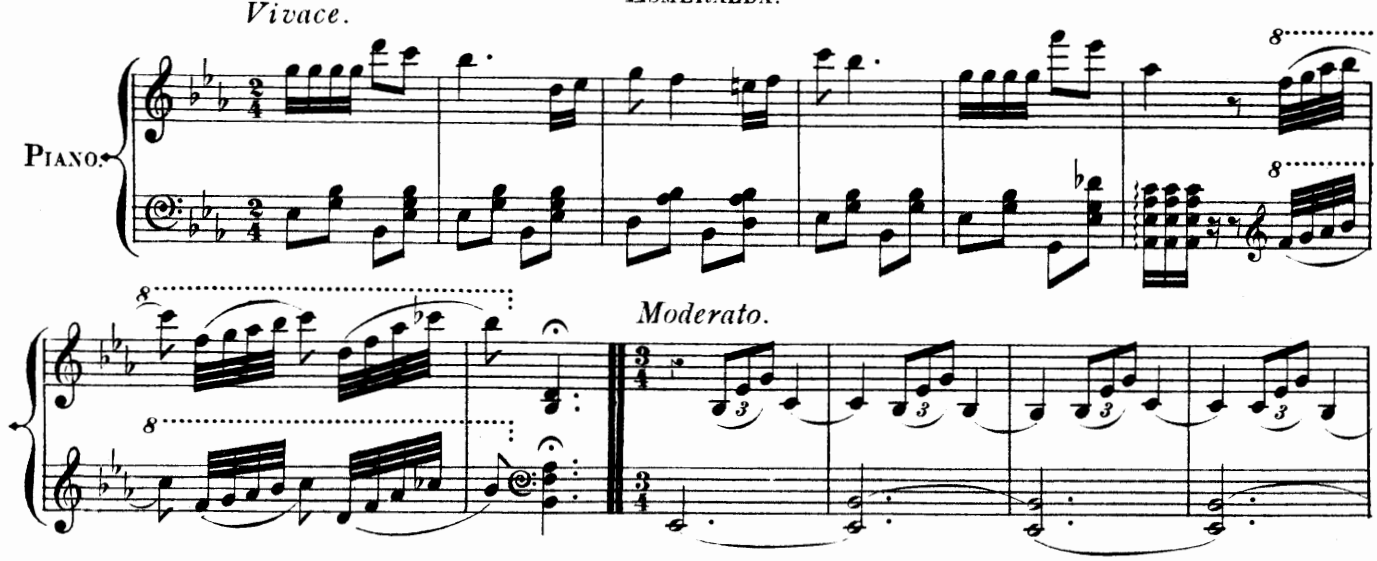

poor his lot he grum - bles not Tho he oft may find in - deed..... That its
hard to live he's rea - dy to give When he meets with a friend in - need..... Tho
sf
alms he'd spurn yet a friend - ly turn From his me - mo - ry ne - ver slips And you'll
Clo - - - - - - - - pin.....
pp
Clo - pin
Clo - pin
pp
Clo - pin
Clo - - pin
rall.
rall.
find de - pend theres no tru - er friend than the jo - vi - al King of the Gips Then what
Clo - - - - - - pin
Clo - pin
Clo - - pin
8
rall.
a tempo.


tho his skin may be yel - low..... And sa-vage the gleam of his eye..... You wont
Clo - pin Clo - pin Ro - ma - ny Rye
ff
find a jol - li - er fel - low..... Than Clo-pin the Ro-ma-ny Rye. Then what
Then what
tho his skin may be yel - low..... And sa-vage the gleam of his eye..... You wont
tho his skin may be yel - low..... And sa-vage the gleam of his eye..... You wont
mf

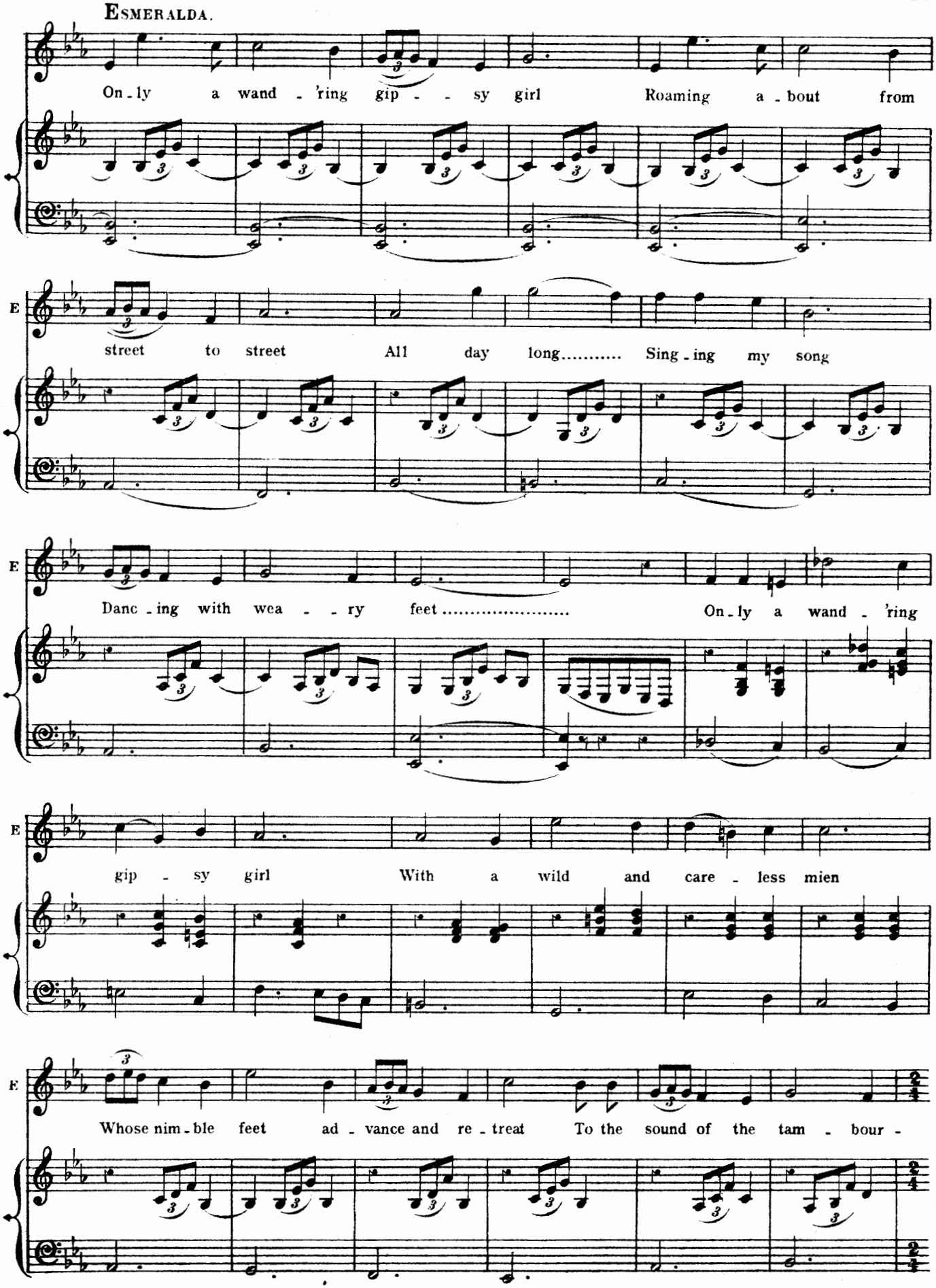


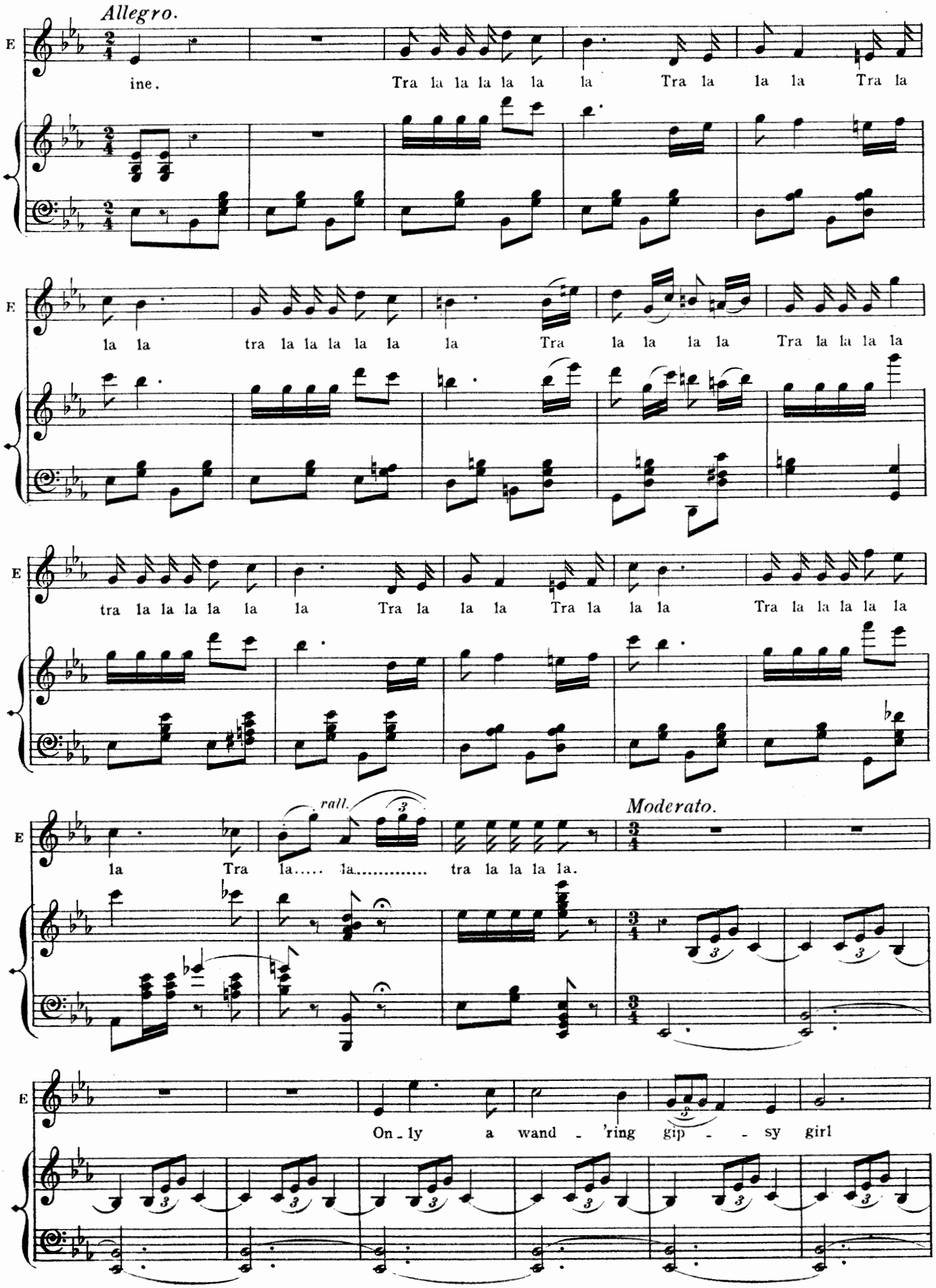
Nº 3. — SONG.

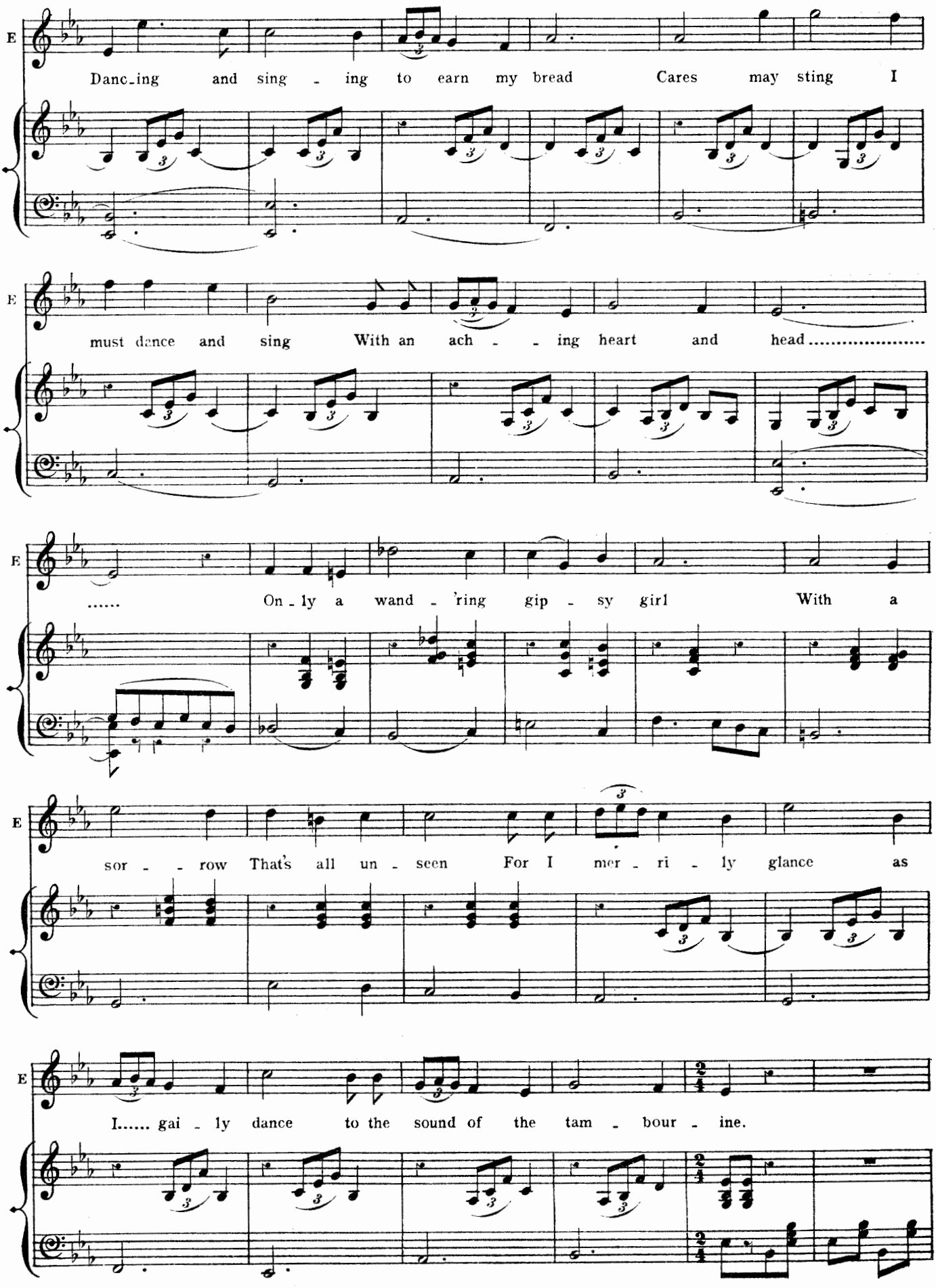
ESMERALDA.

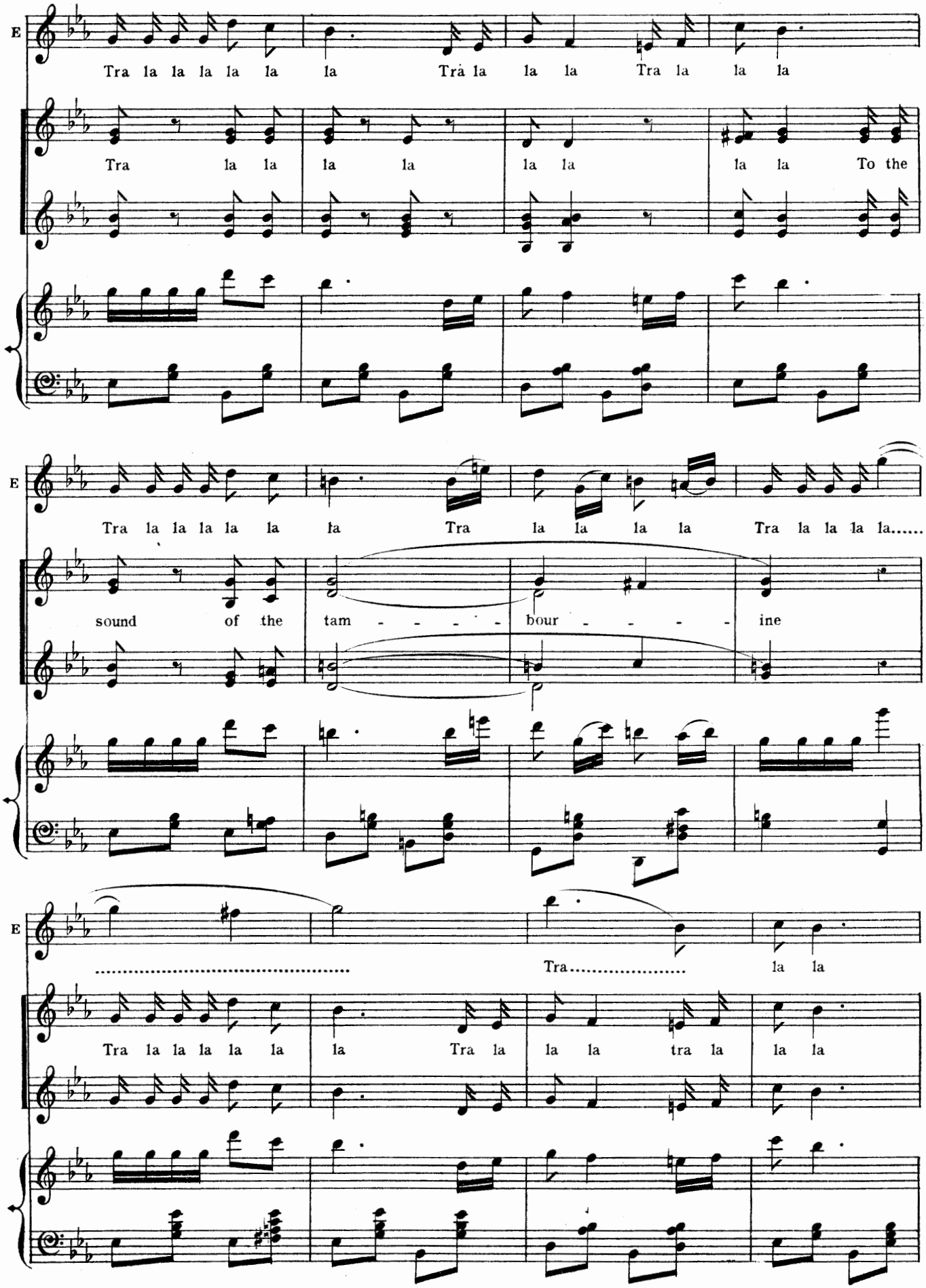


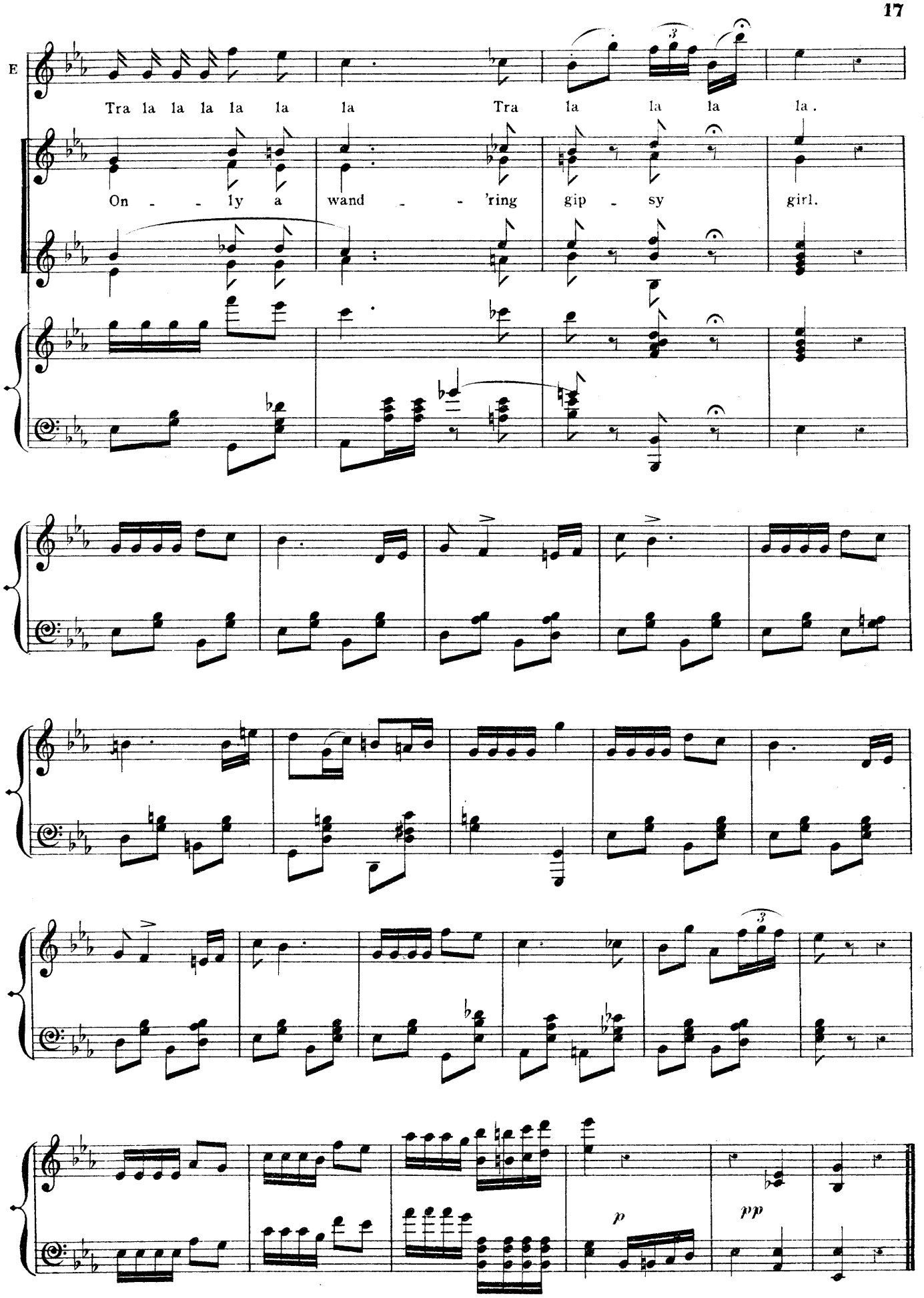
ESMERALDA.


On - ly a wand - 'ring gip - - sy girl Roaming a - bout from
E
street to street All day long..... Sing - ing my song
E
Danc - ing with wea - - ry feet..... On - ly a wand - 'ring
E
gip - sy girl With a wild and care - less mien
E
Whose nim - ble feet ad - vance and re - treat To the sound of the tam - bour -


Allegro.
E
ine.
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la Tra la
la la tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la Tra la la la la
tra la la la la la la Tra la la la Tra la la la Tra la la la la
la Tra la..... la..... tra la la la la.
rall.
Moderato.
On_ly a wand_'ring gip_sy girl

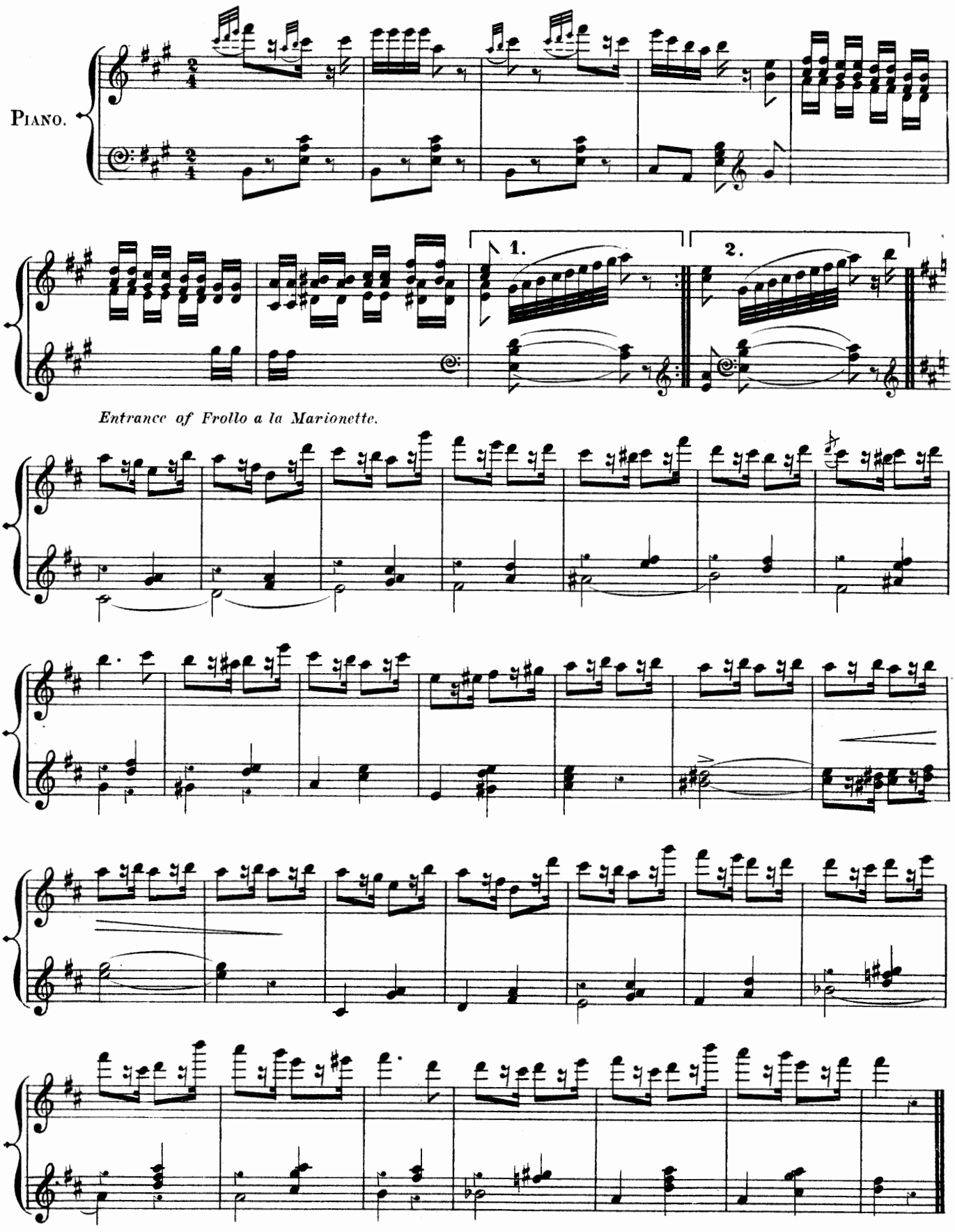

E
Danc_ing and sing - ing to earn my bread Cares may sting I
must dance and sing With an ach - - ing heart and head .....
..... On - ly a wand - 'ring gip - sy girl With a
sor - - row That's all un - seen For I mer - ri - ly glance as
I..... gai - ly dance to the sound of the tam - bour - ine.


E
Tra la la la la la la Trà la la la Tra la la la
Tra la la la la la la To the
E
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la Tra la la la la.....
sound of the tam - - - - - bour - - - - - ine
E
..... Tra..... la la
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la tra la la la


E
Tra la la la la la la Tra la la la la.
On - - ly a wand - - 'ring gip - sy girl.
p
pp

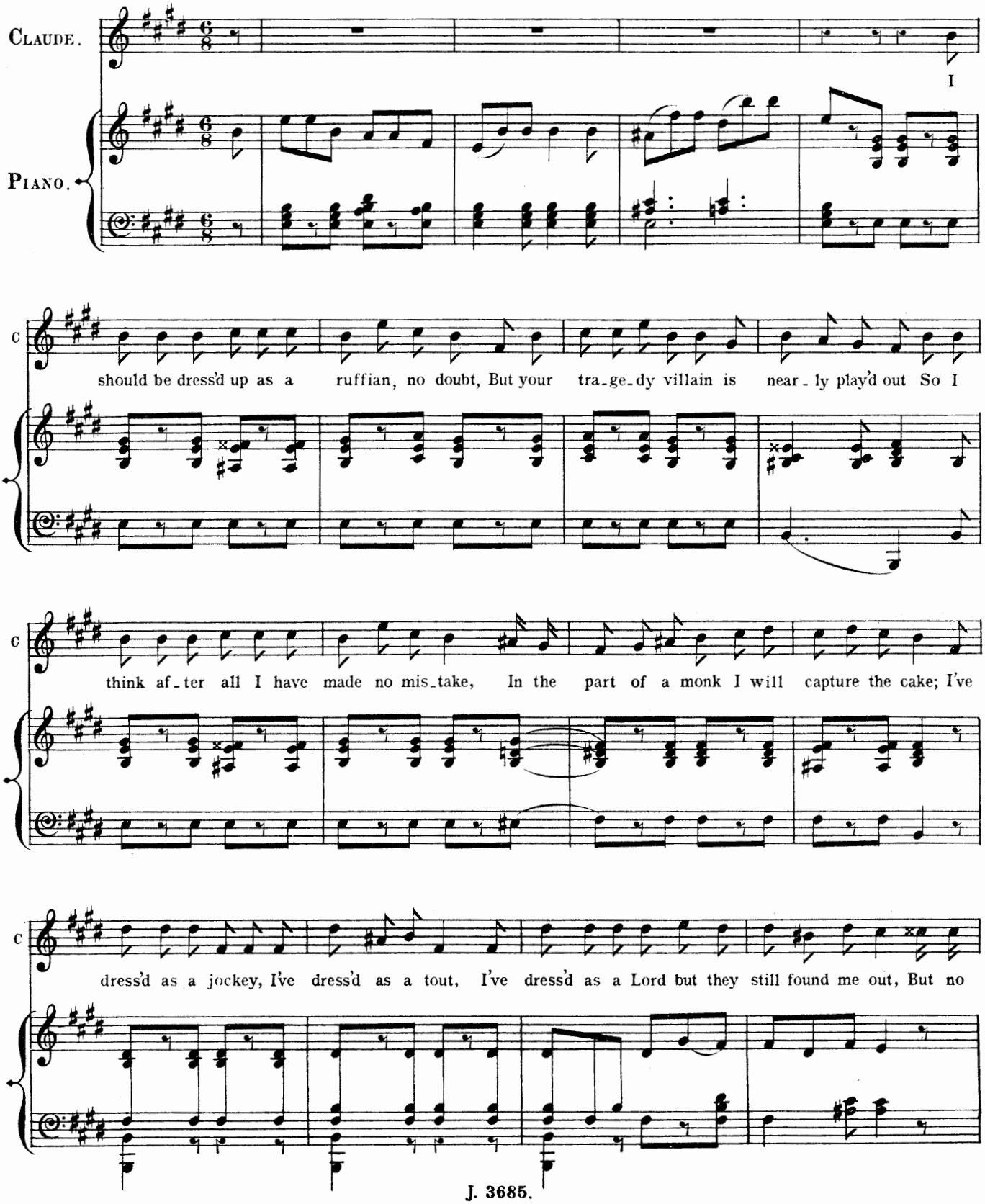
Nº 4.- ECCENTRIC DANCE.

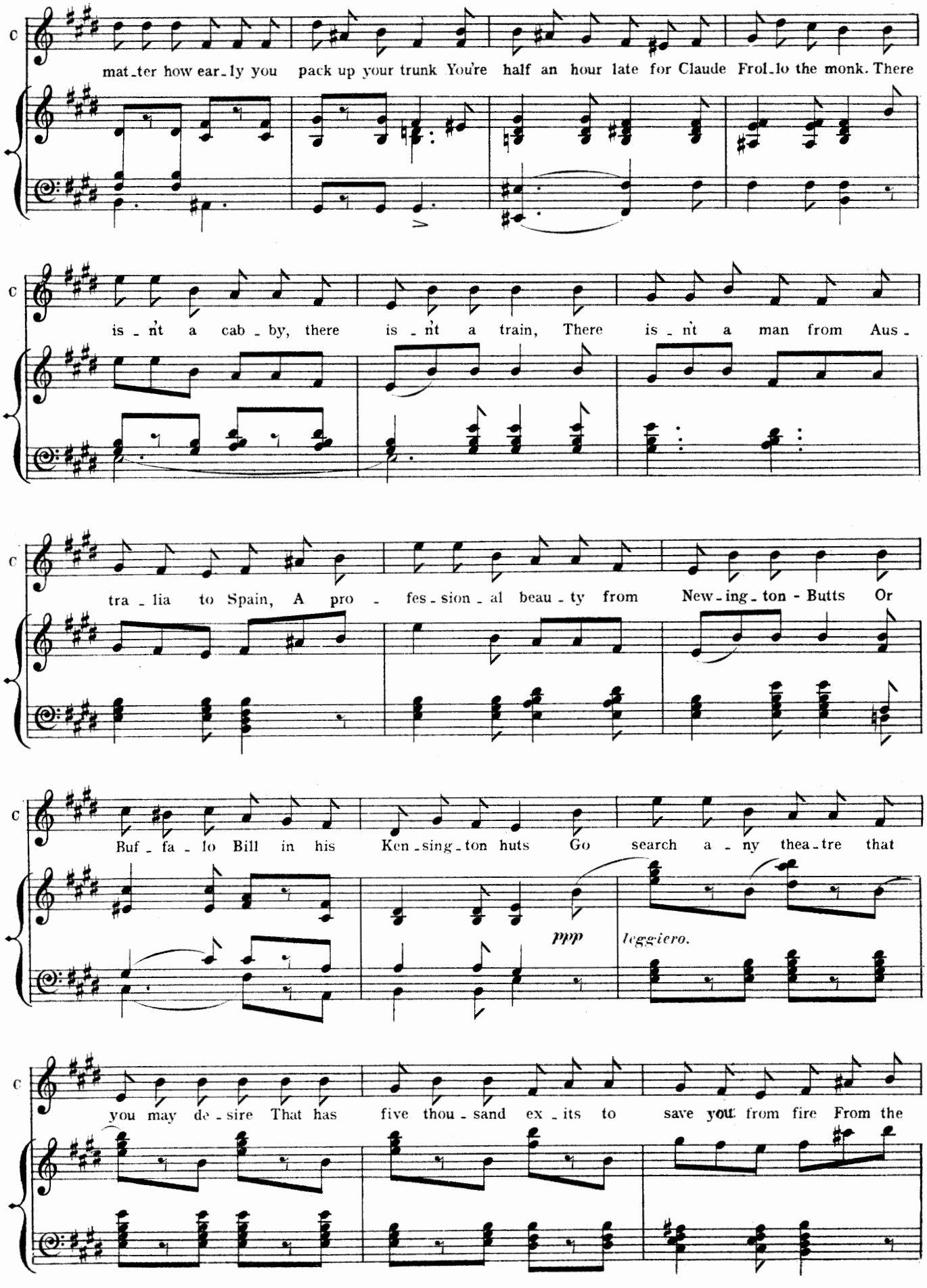
CLAUDE FROLLO.

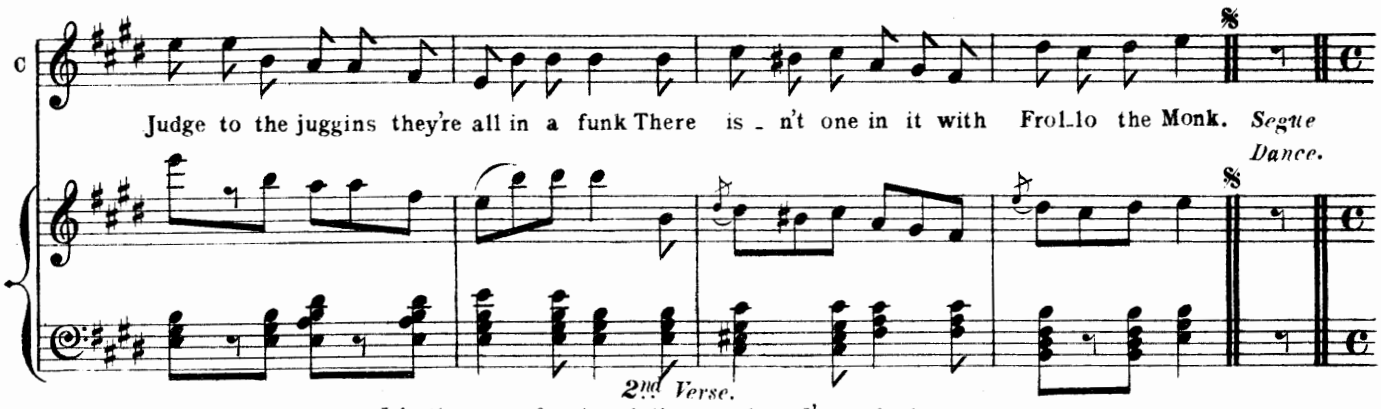


Nº 5.— SONG.

CLAUDE.



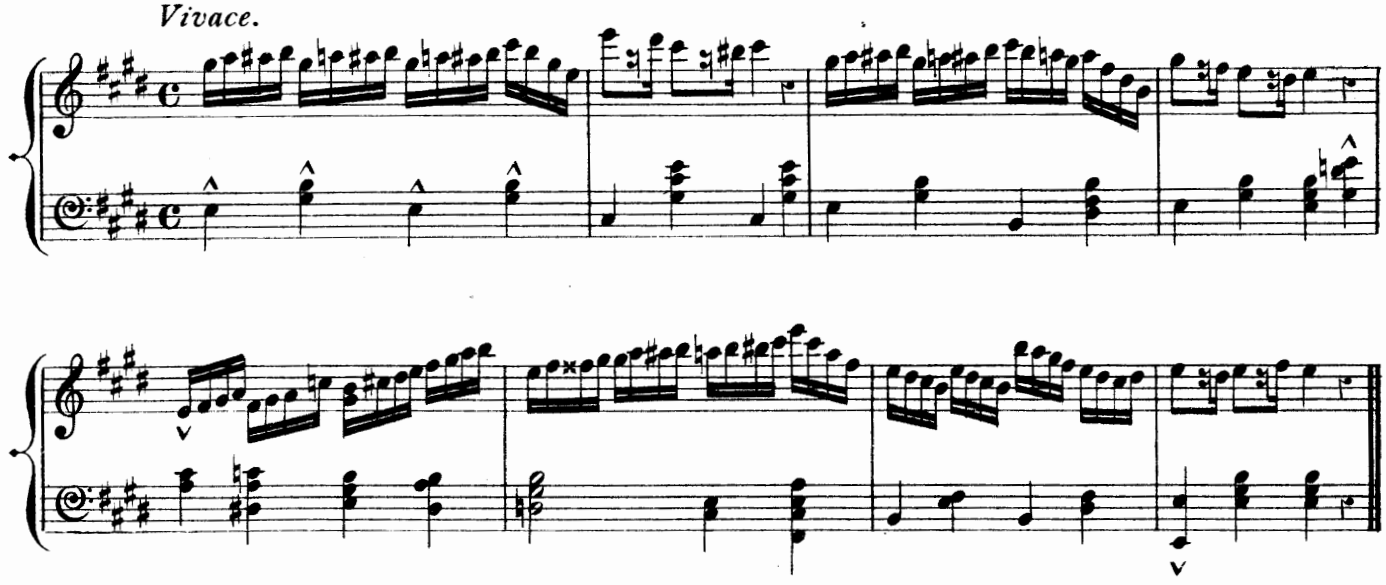

mat-ter how ear-ly you pack up your trunk You're half an hour late for Claude Frol-lo the monk. There
is-n't a cab-by, there is-n't a train, There is-n't a man from Aus-
tra-lia to Spain, A pro-fes-sion-al beau-ty from New-ing-ton-Butts Or
Buf-fa-lo Bill in his Ken-sing-ton huts Go search a-ny thea-tre that
ppp
leggiero.
you may de-sire That has five thou-sand ex-its to save you from fire From the



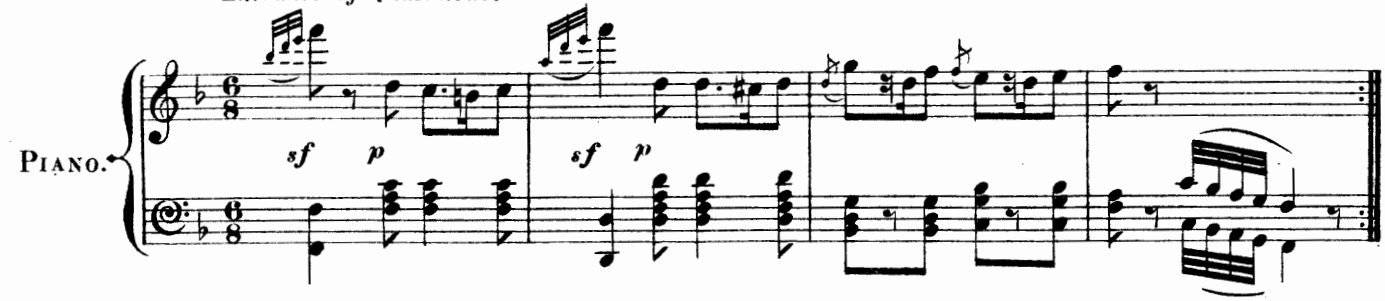
2nd Verse.

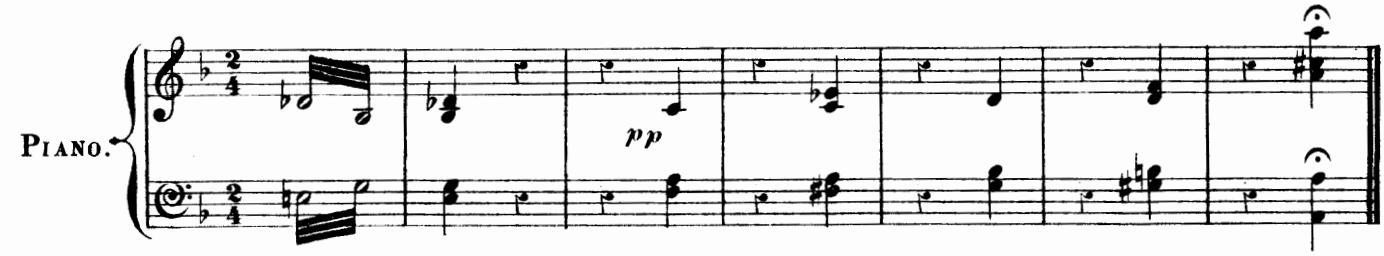
It's the age of subscriptions, and as I'm no fool,
I take round a card for church or a school;
And there's one pious office I greatly affect
When charitys going I always collect.
The salvation army I don't like the crowd,
They play the same game, but their dress is too loud,
These garments, fast colours, and thoroughly shrunk,
Best suit the designs of Claude Frollo the Monk.

Chorus.



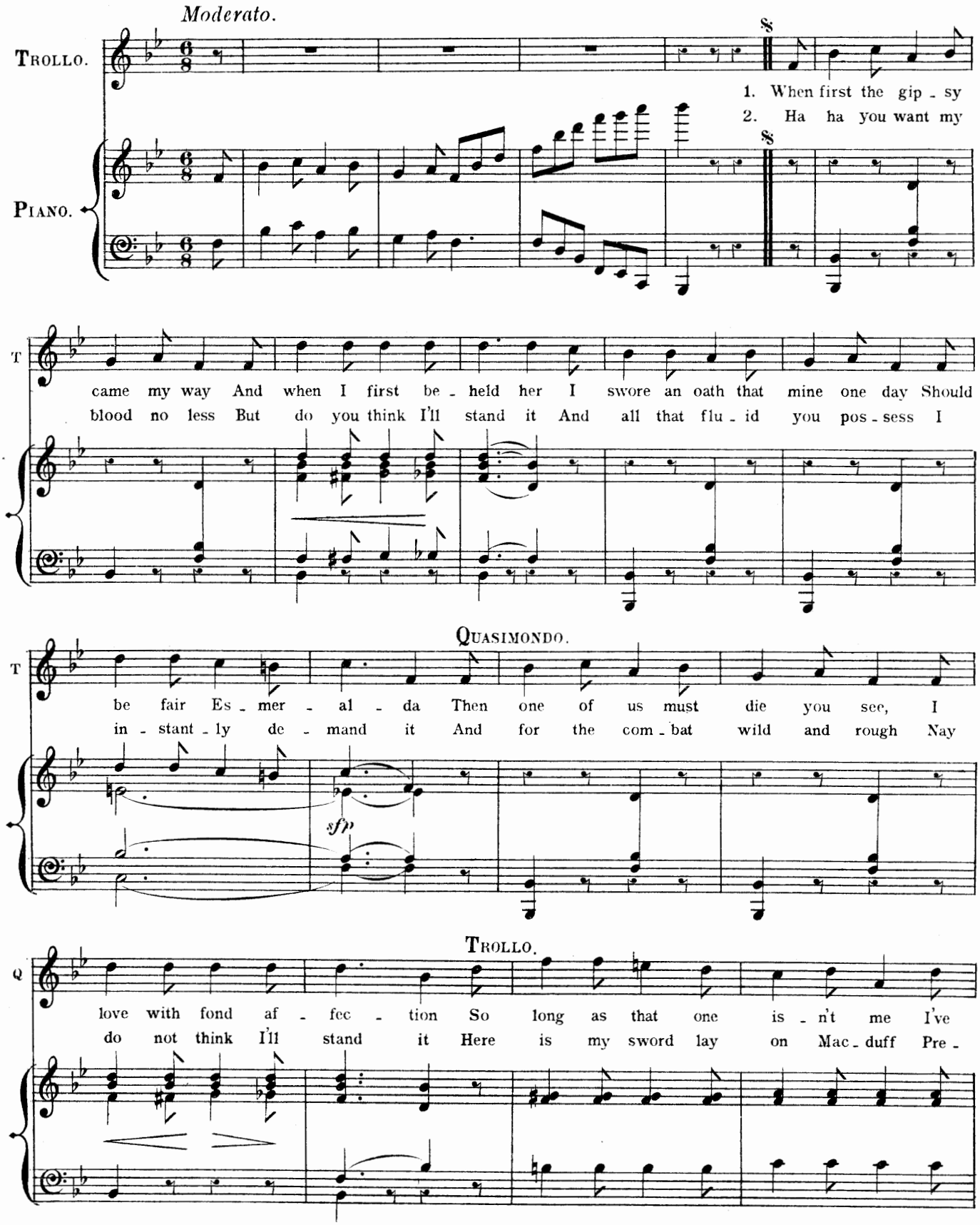
Entrance of Quasimodo.

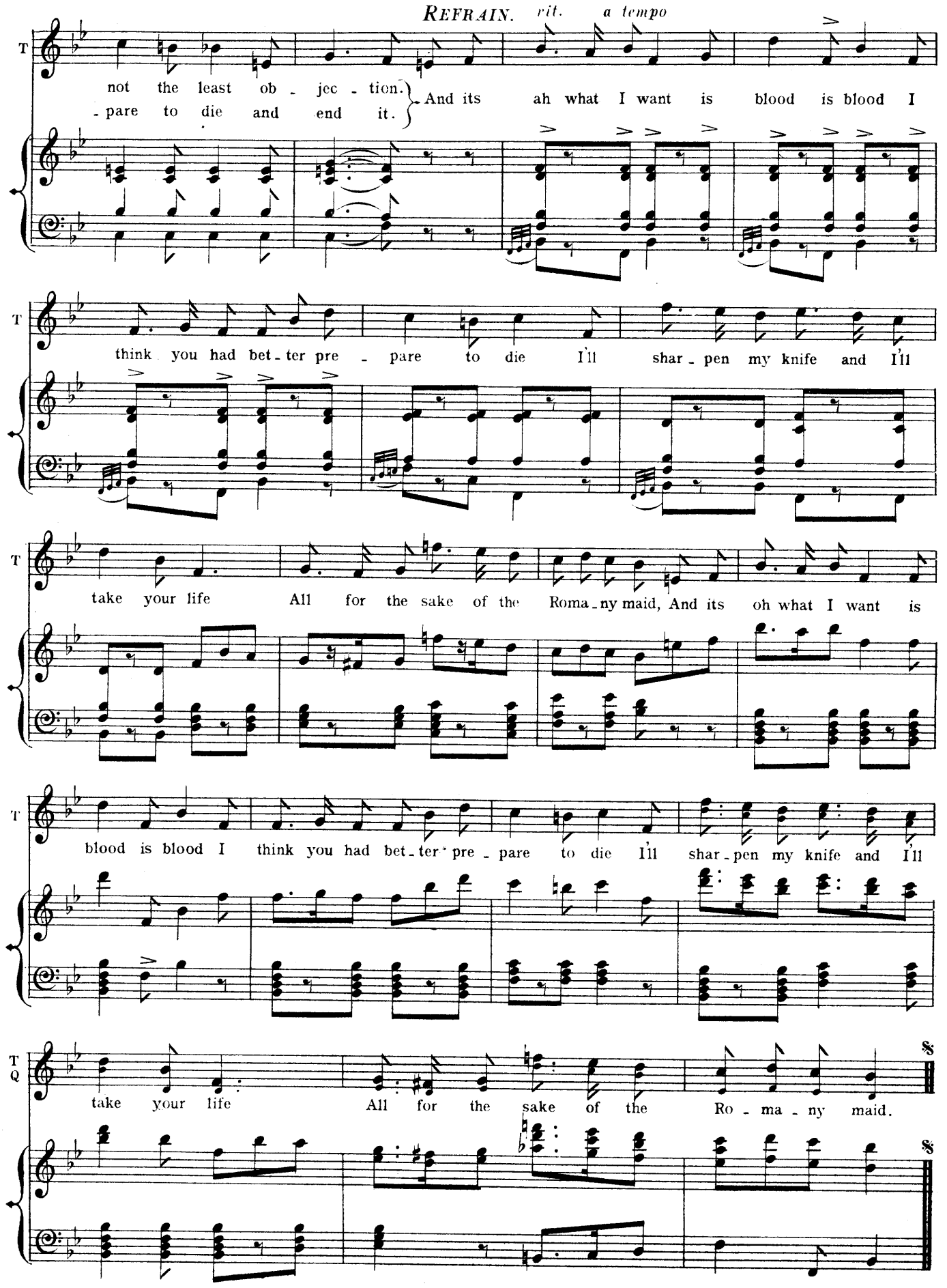




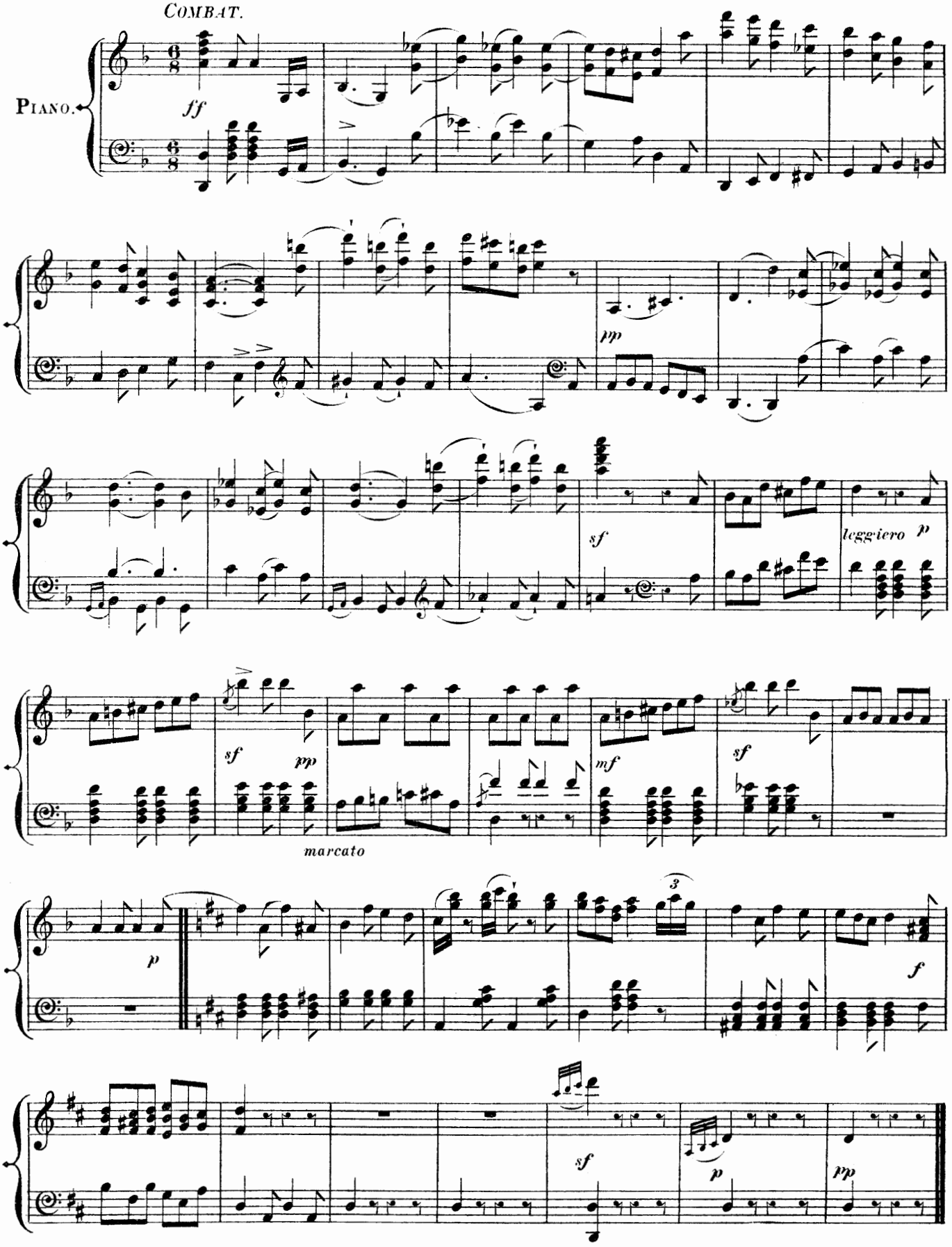
Nº 6.— DUET.

FROLLO & QUASIMONDO.

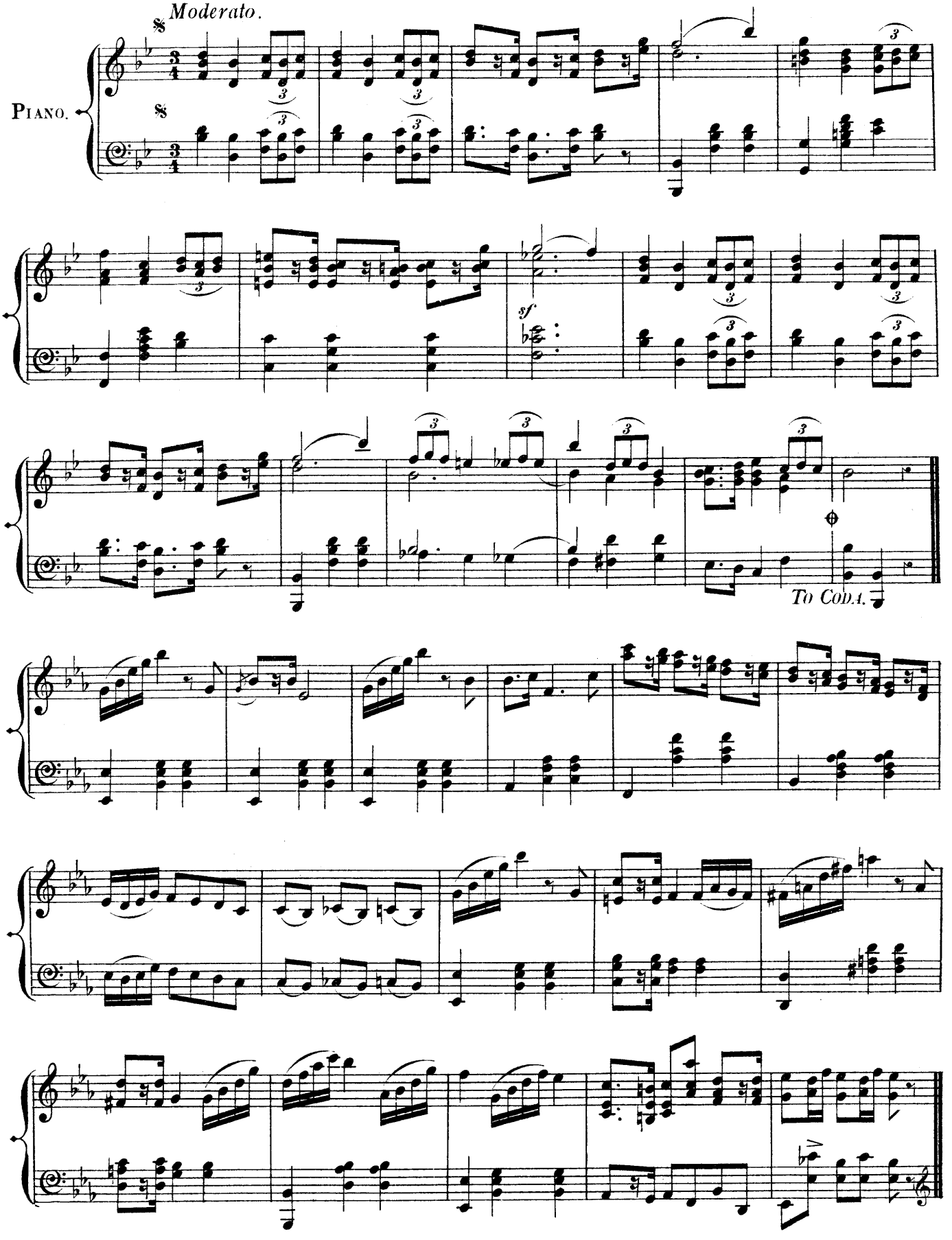


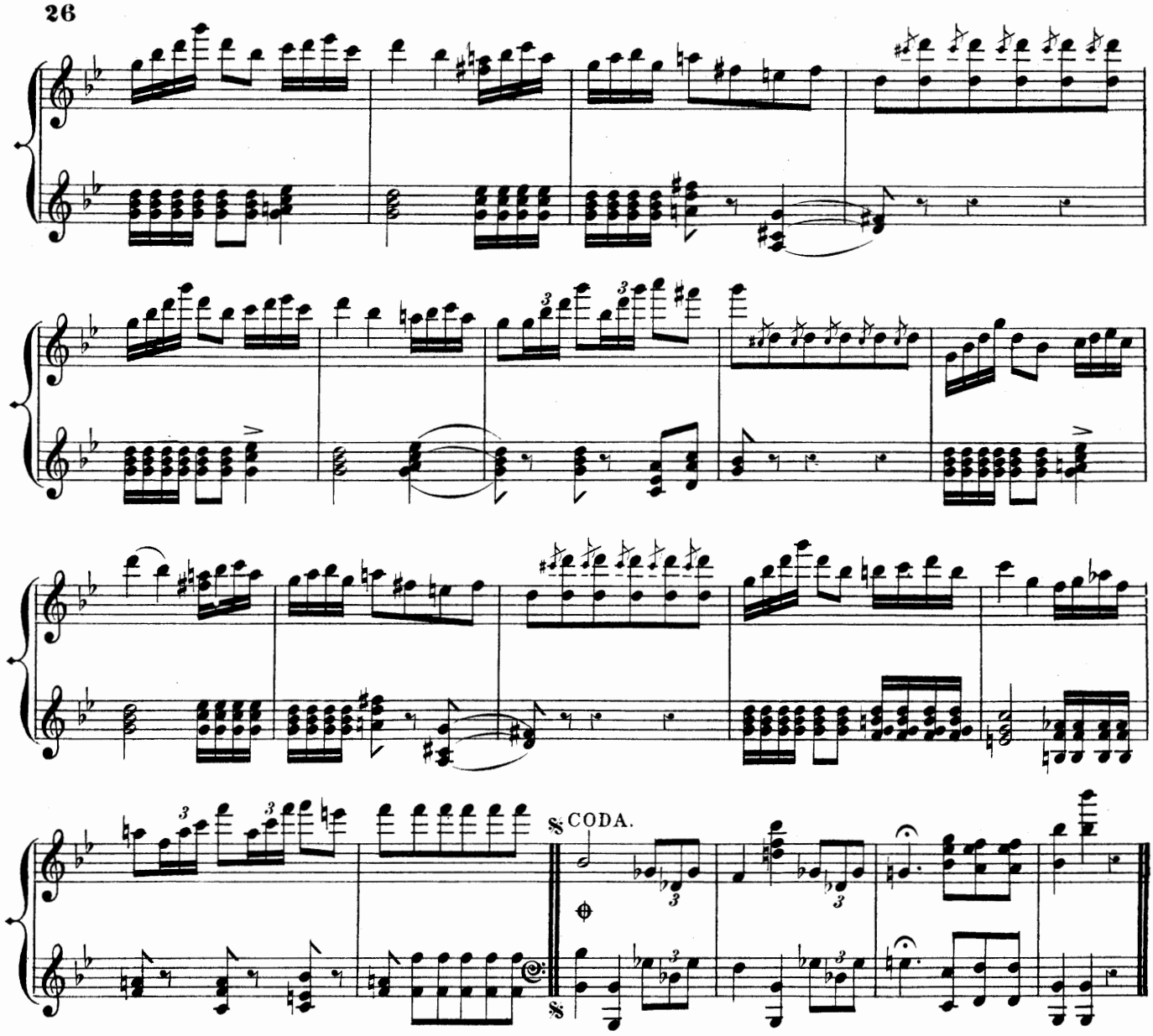

REFRAIN.
rit.
a tempo
T
not the least ob - jec - tion.
- pare to die and end it.
And its ah what I want is blood is blood I
think you had bet - ter pre - pare to die I'll shar - pen my knife and I'll
take your life All for the sake of the Roma - ny maid, And its oh what I want is
blood is blood I think you had bet - ter pre - pare to die I'll shar - pen my knife and I'll
T
Q
take your life All for the sake of the Ro - ma - ny maid.

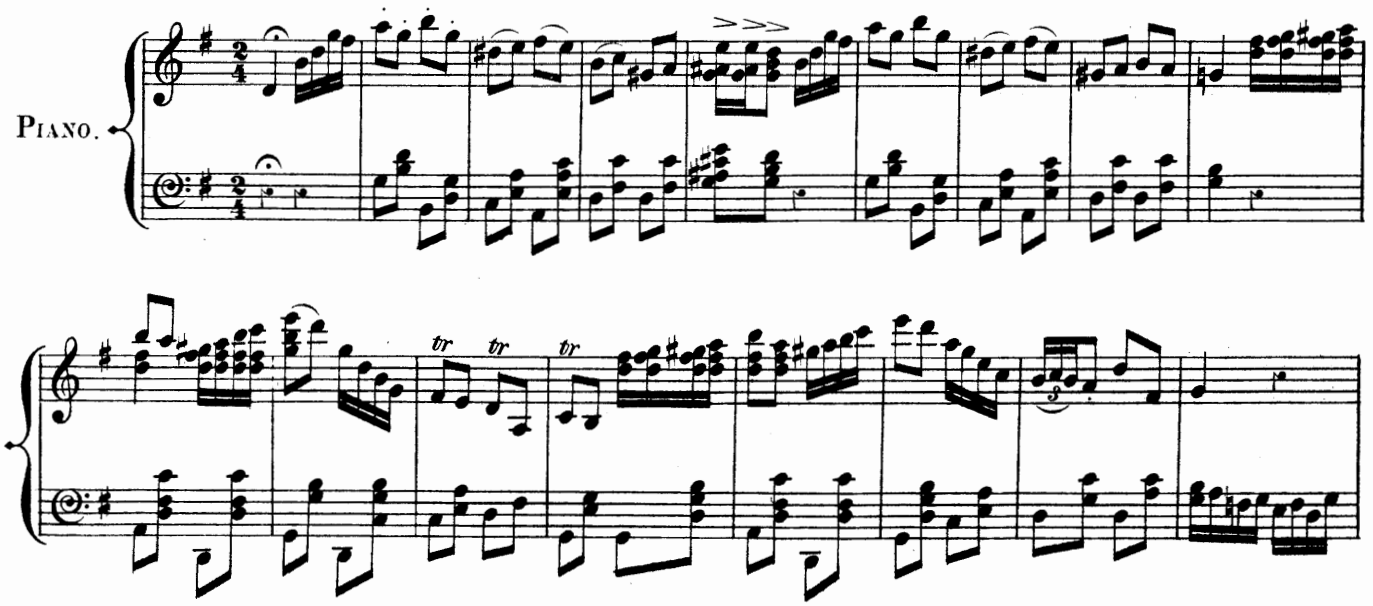
Nº 7.

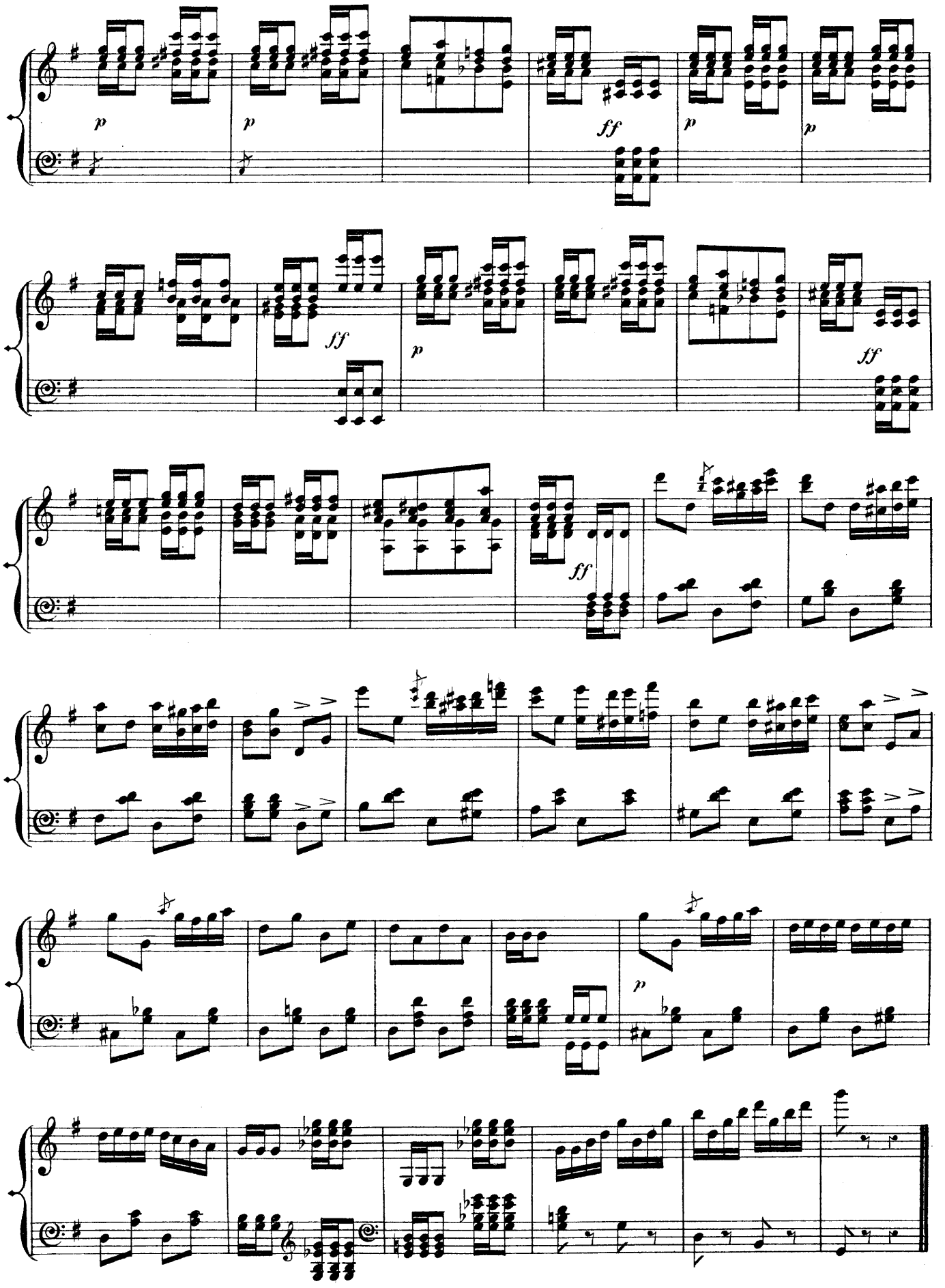


Nº 8.— BALLET MUSIC.




CODA.


PIANO.


p
p
ff
p
p
ff
p
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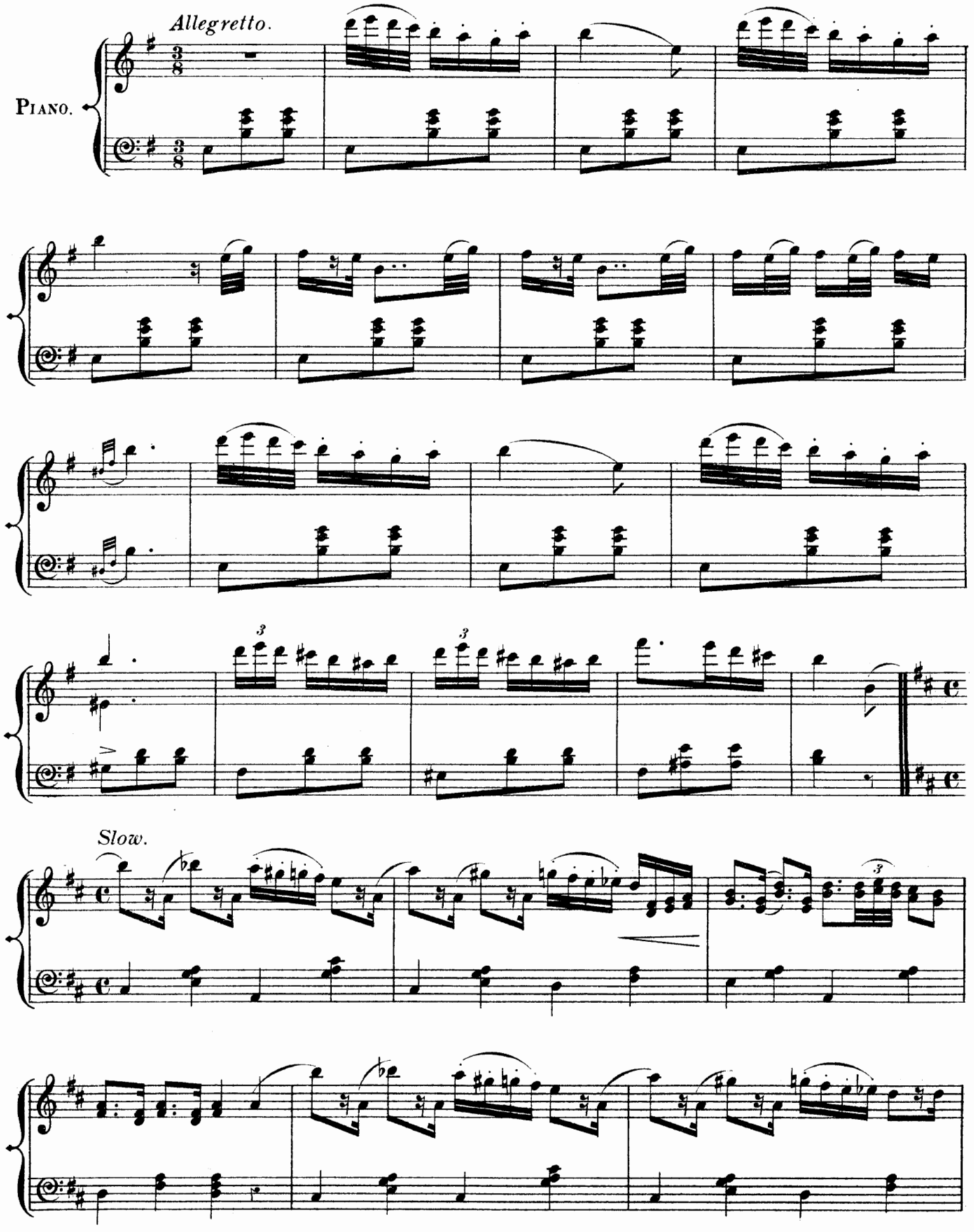
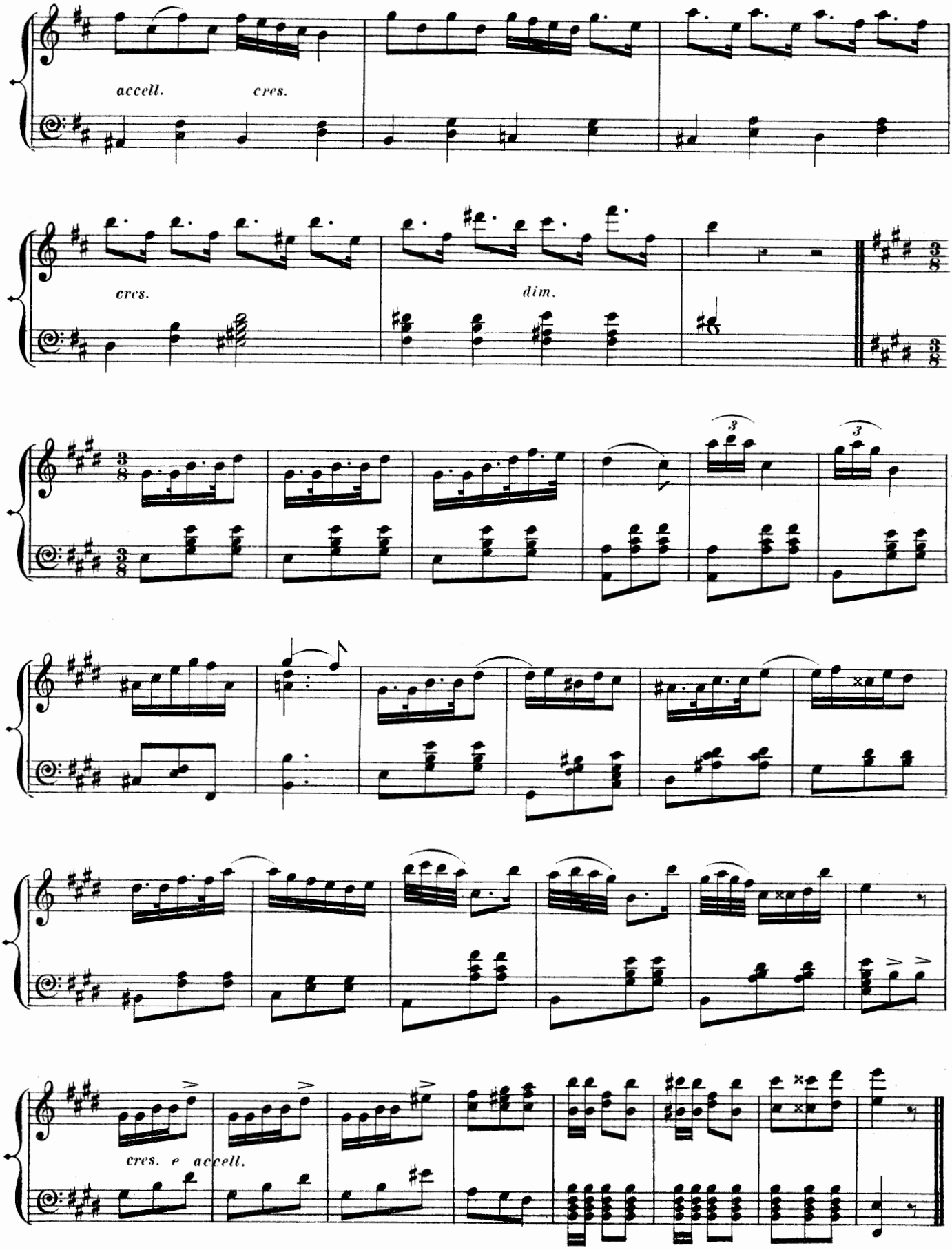
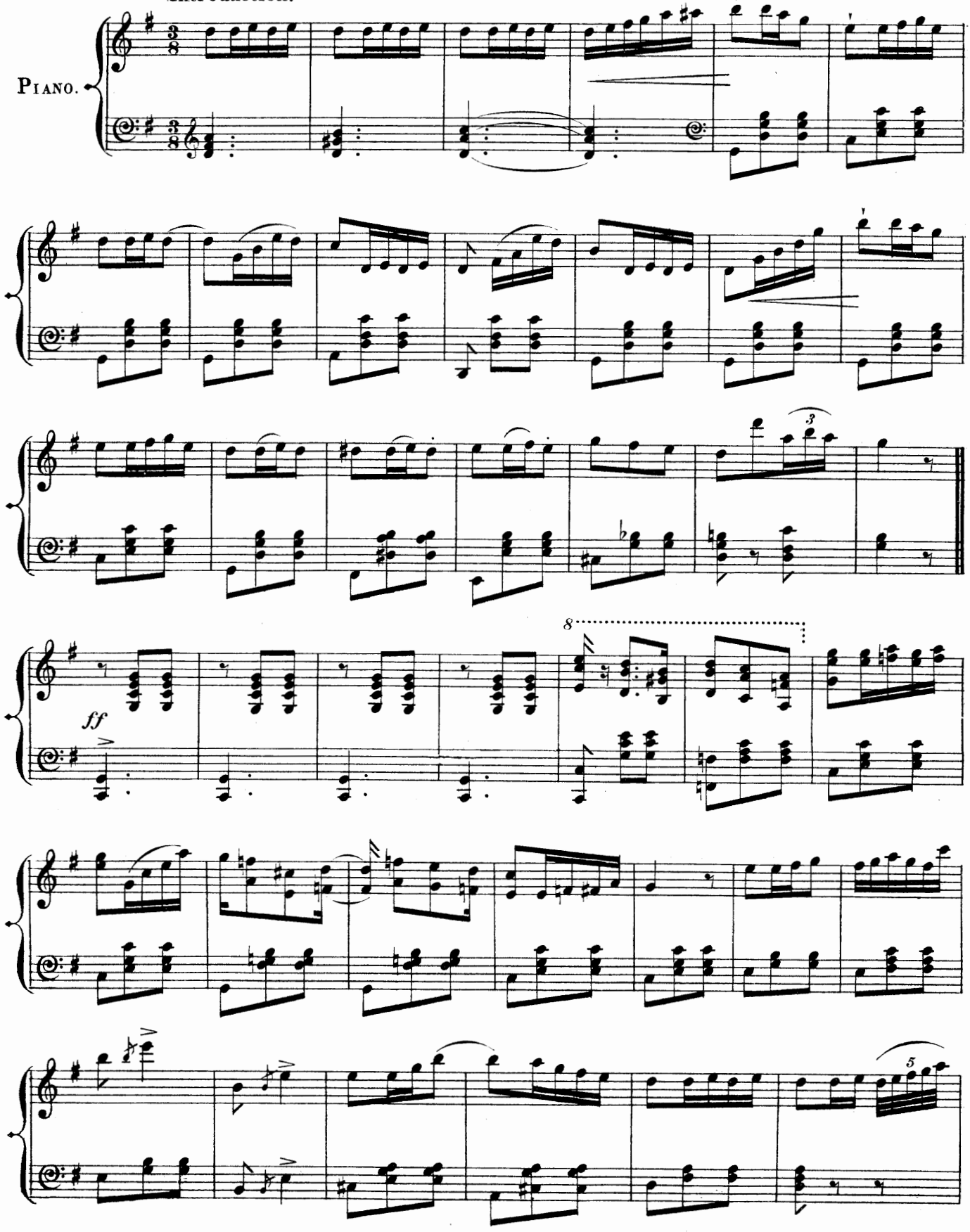
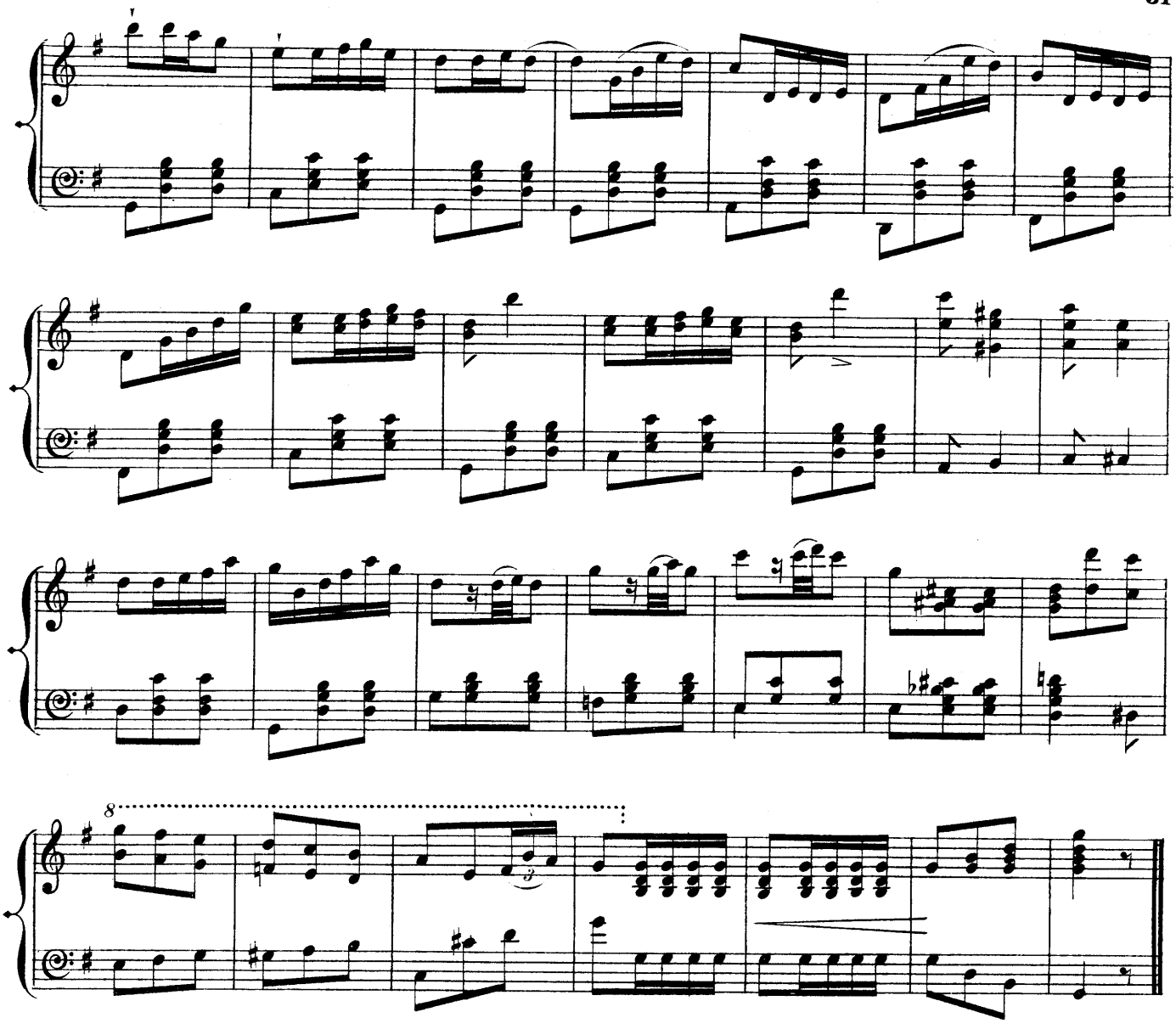
p


Allegretto.
Piano.
Slow.

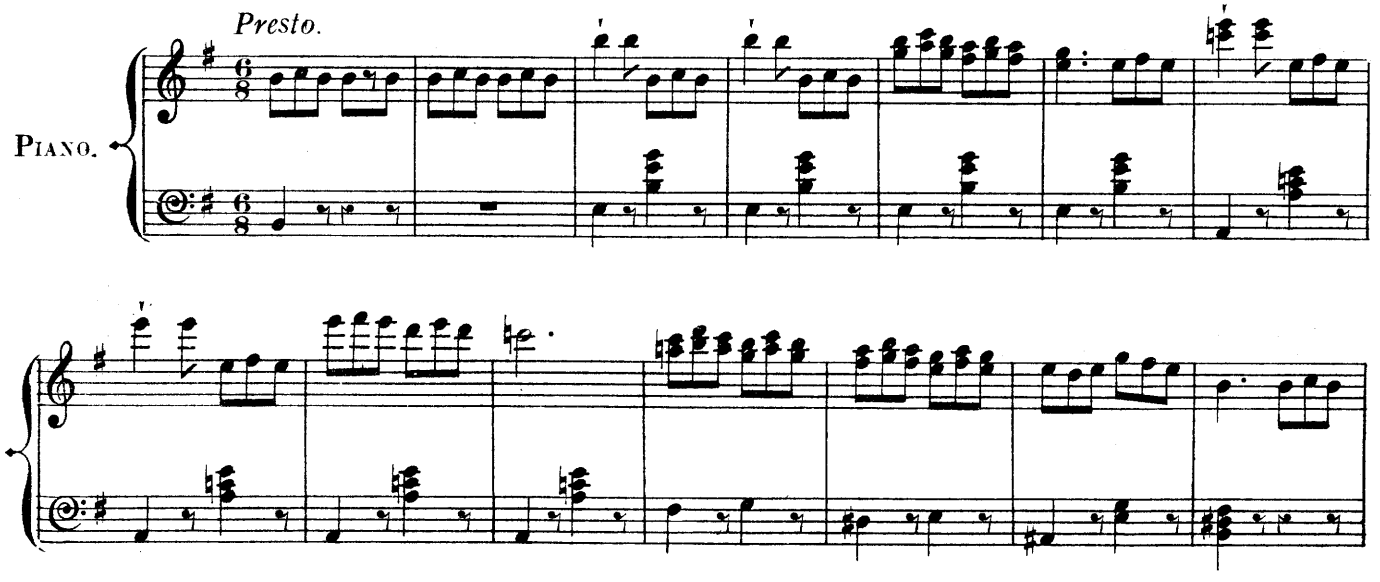

accell.
cres.
cres.
dim.
3
3
cres. e accell.

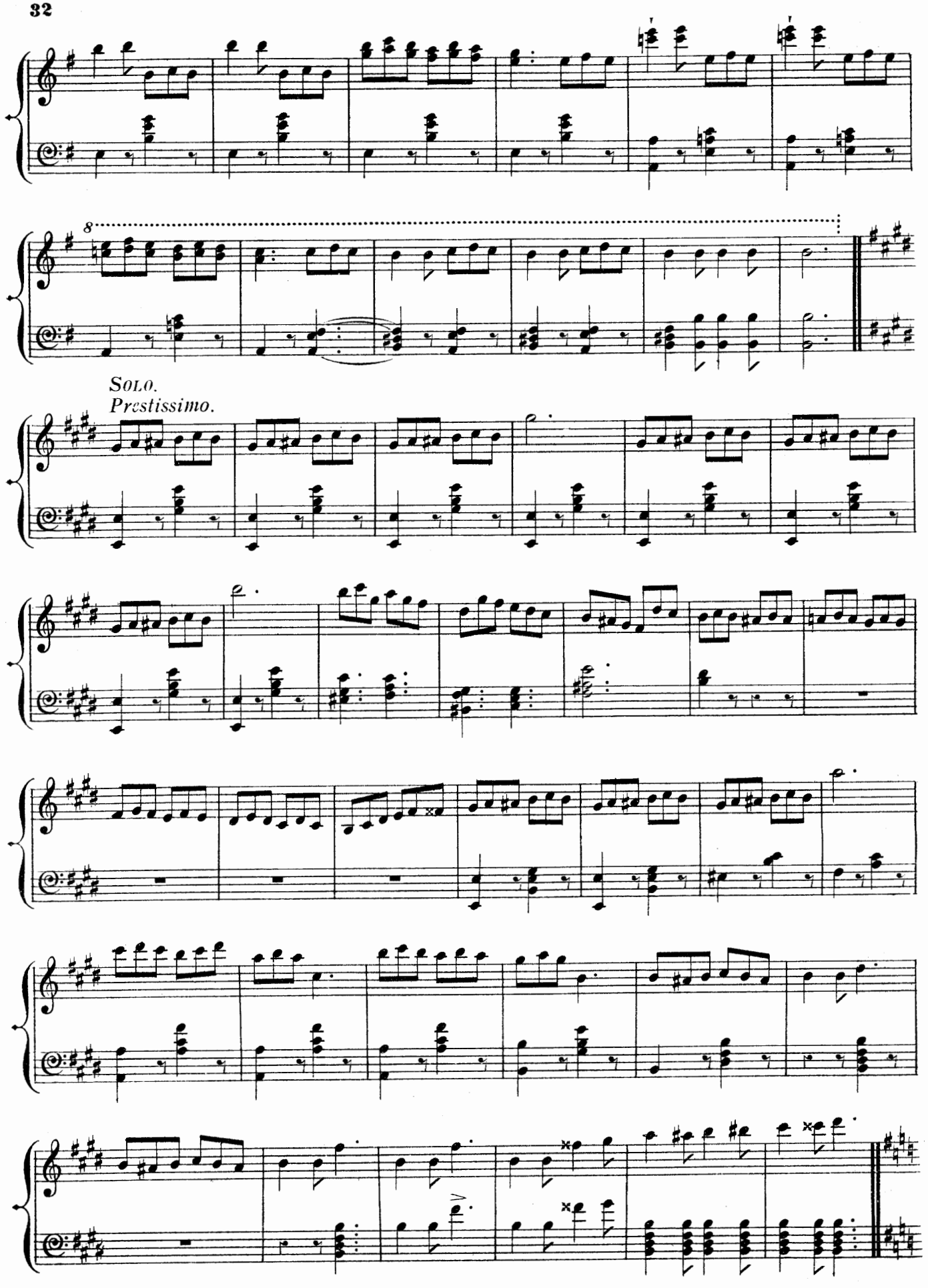
Tempo di Valse.
Introduction.

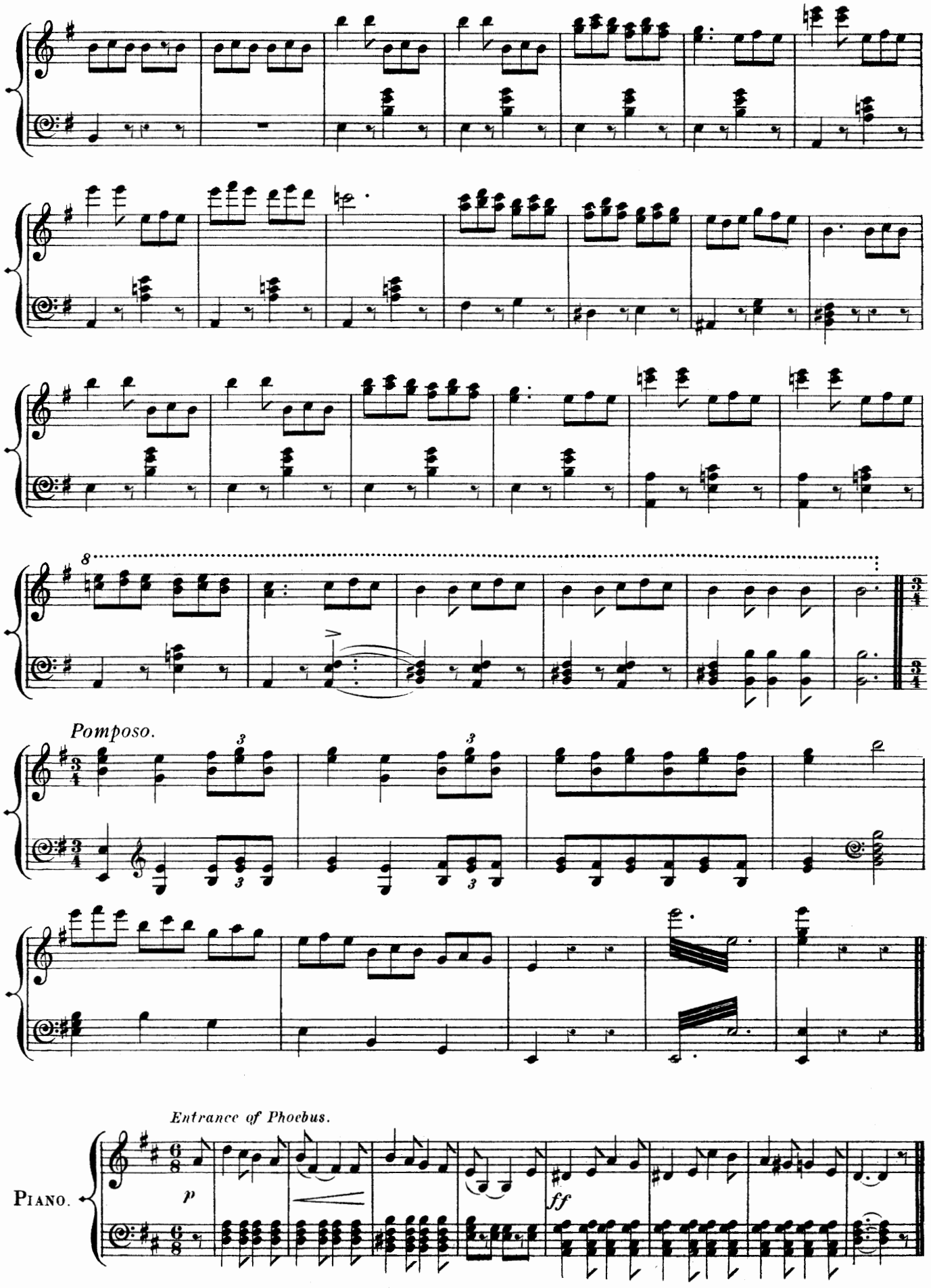




Nº 9.— ENSEMBLE.



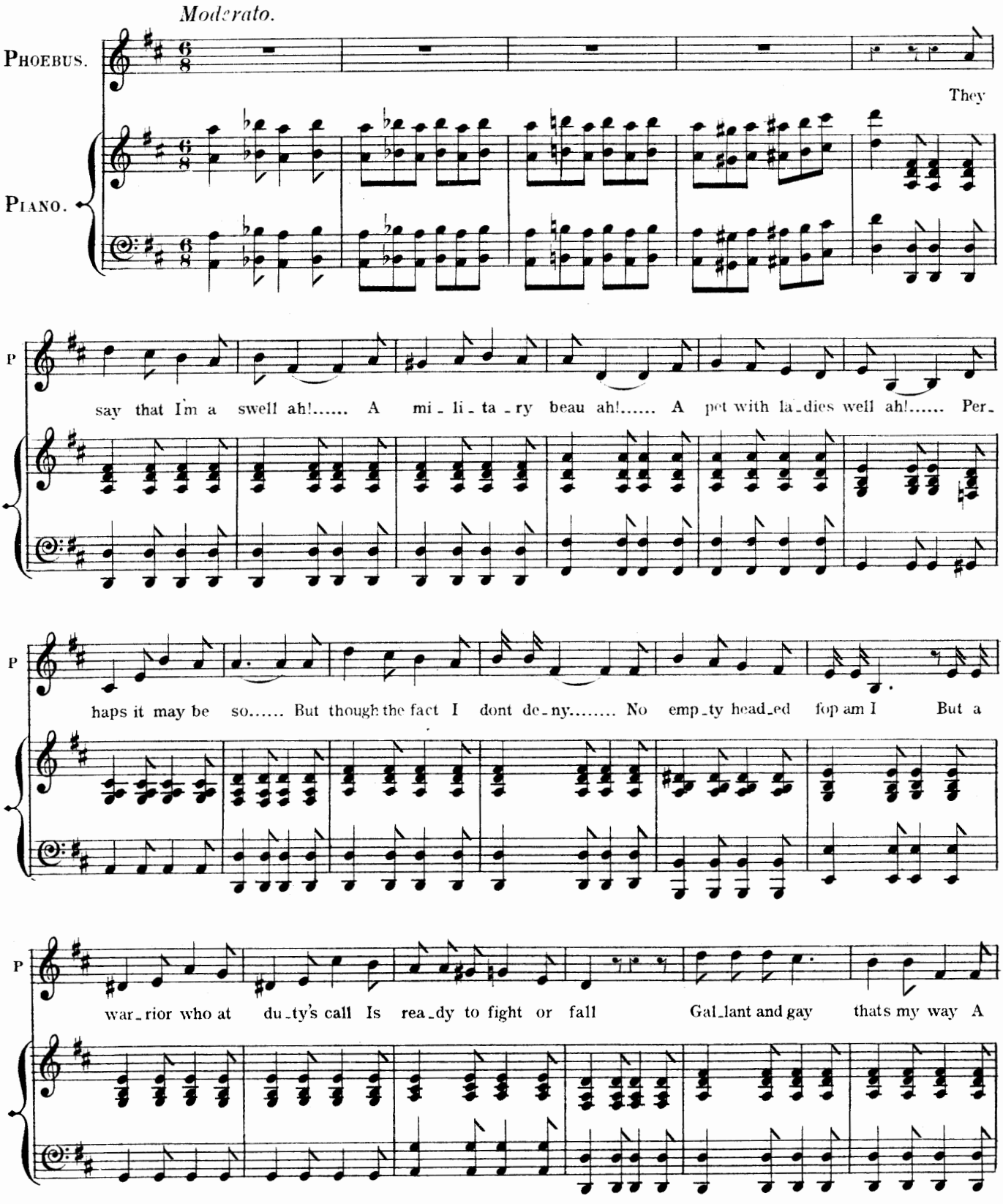

8
Solo.
Prestissimo.

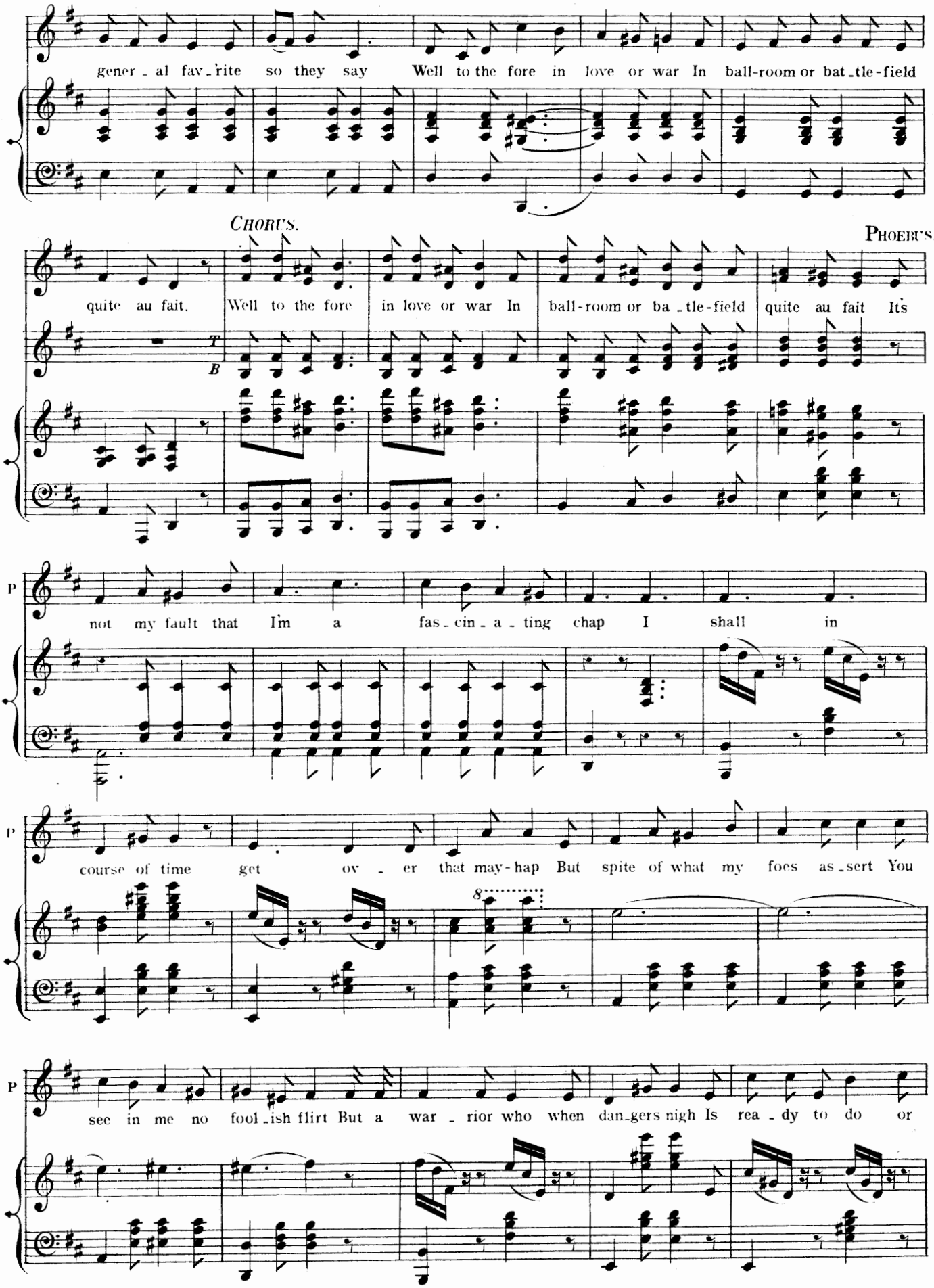


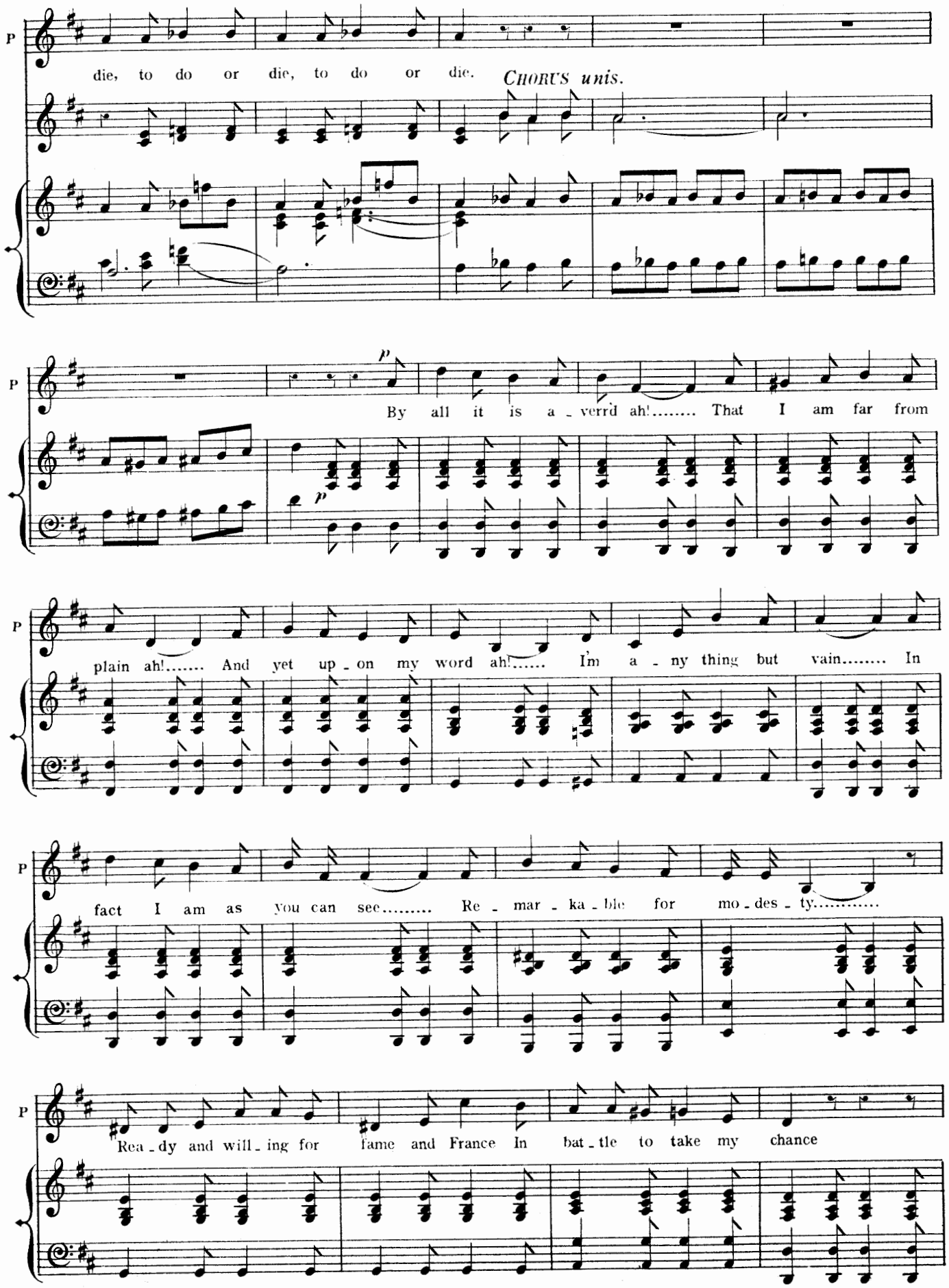
Entrance of Phœbus.

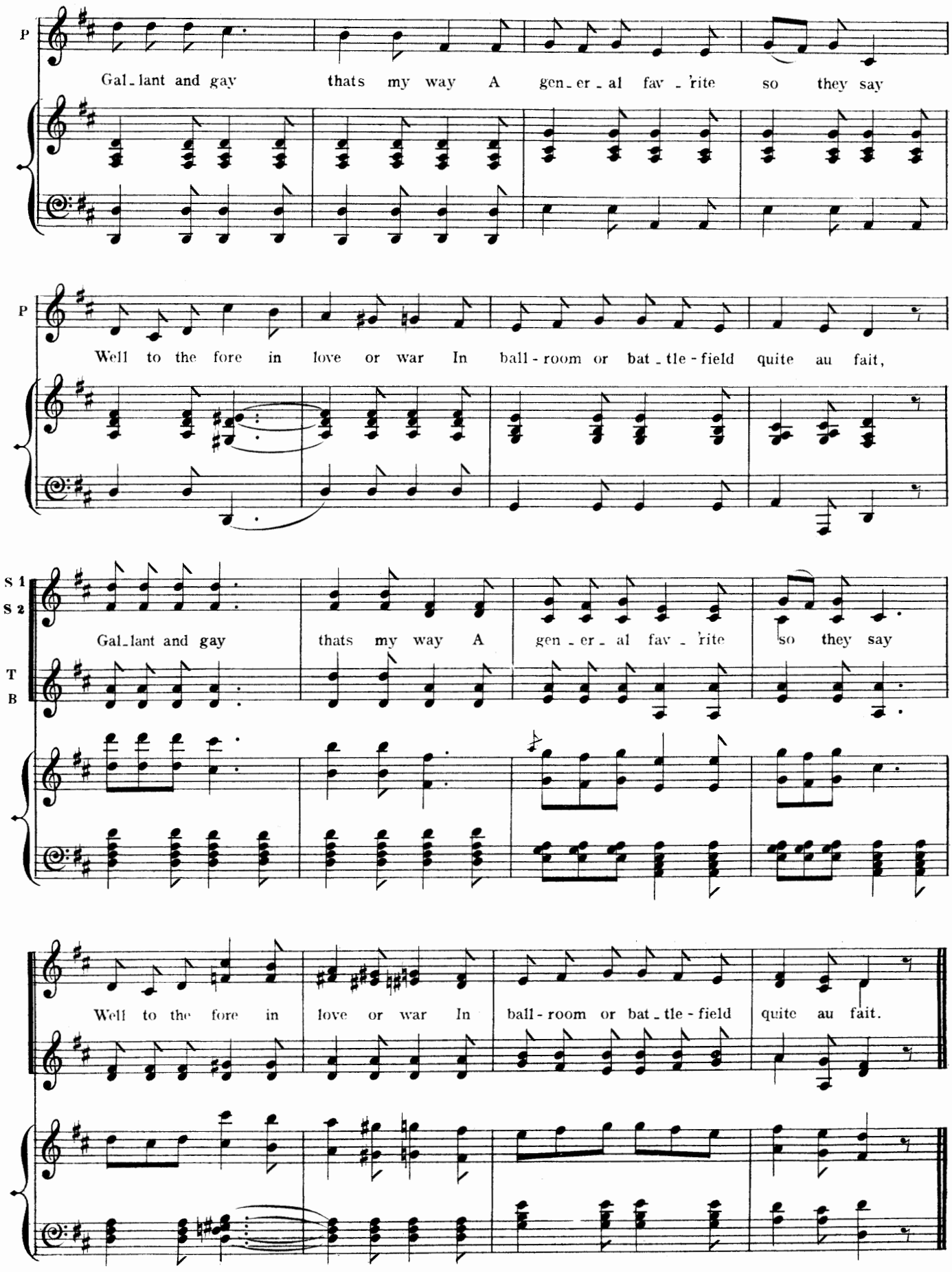
Nº 9. - SONG.

PHOEBUS.

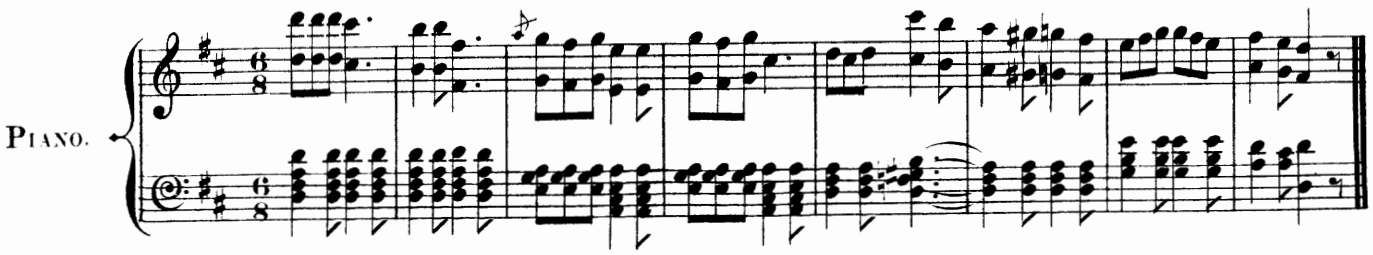



gener - al fav - rite so they say Well to the fore in love or war In ball-room or bat - tle-field
CHORUS.
PHOEBUS.
quite au fait. Well to the fore in love or war In ball-room or ba - tle-field quite au fait Its
T
B
P
not my fault that I'm a fas - cin - a - ting chap I shall in
P
course of time get ov - er that may-hap But spite of what my foes as - sert You
8
P
see in me no fool - ish flirt But a war - rior who when dan - gers nigh Is rea - dy to do or

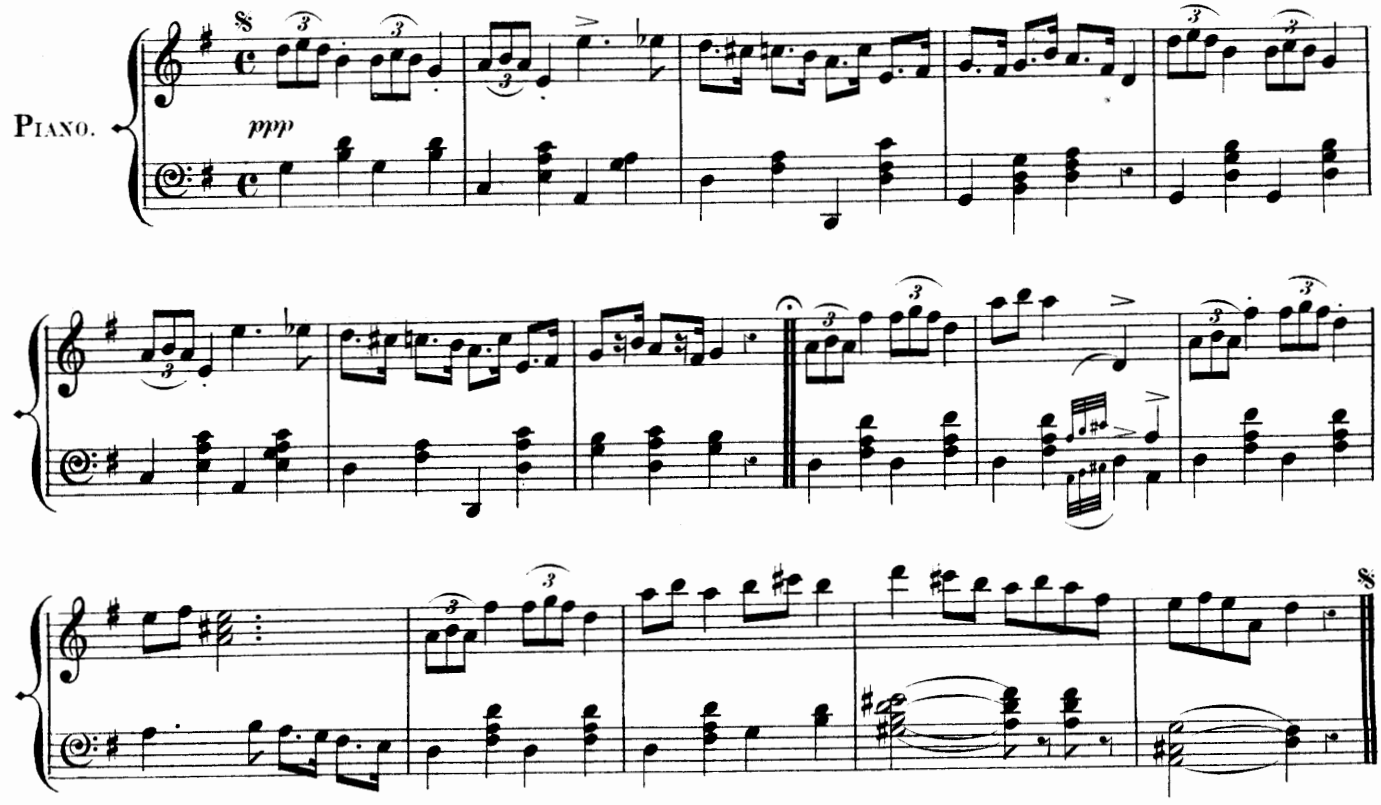

P
die, to do or die, to do or die.
CHORUS unis.
P
By all it is a - verrd ah!..... That I am far from
P
plain ah!..... And yet up - on my word ah!..... I'm a - ny thing but vain..... In
P
fact I am as you can see..... Re - mar - ka - ble for mo - des - ty.....
P
Rea - dy and will - ing for fame and France In bat - tle to take my chance


P
Gal-lant and gay thats my way A gen-er-al fav-'rite so they say
P
Well to the fore in love or war In ball-room or bat-tle-field quite au fait,
S 1
S 2
T
B
Gal-lant and gay thats my way A gen-er-al fav-'rite so they say
Well to the fore in love or war In ball-room or bat-tle-field quite au fait.

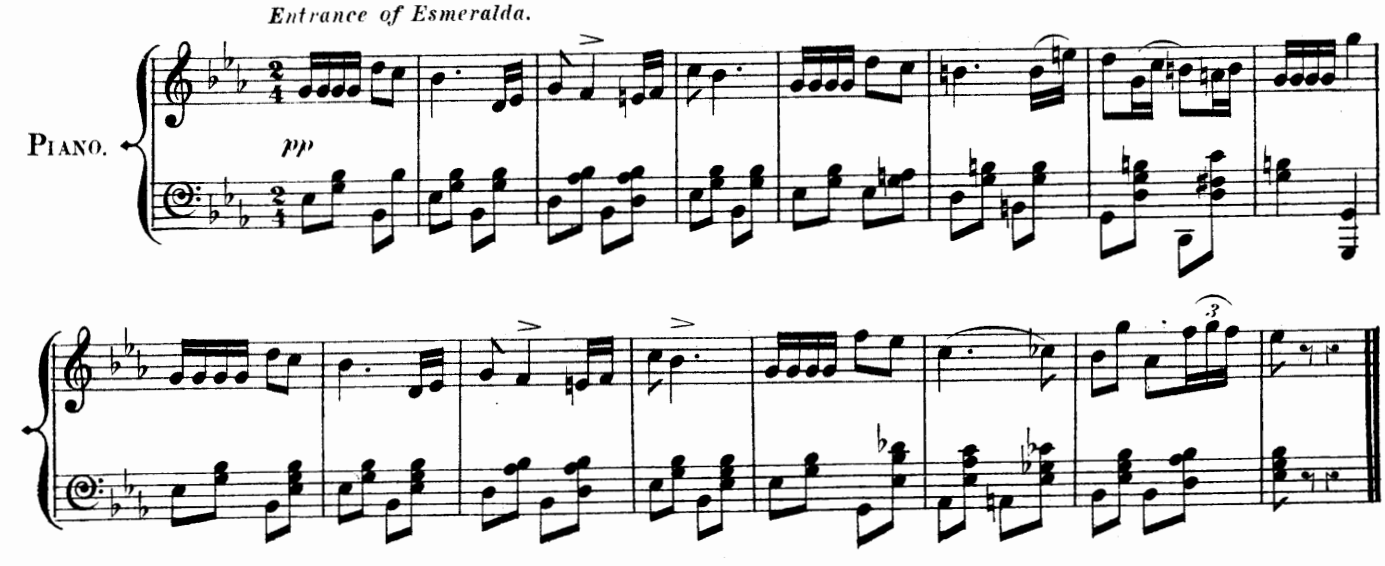
Exit of Soldiers.



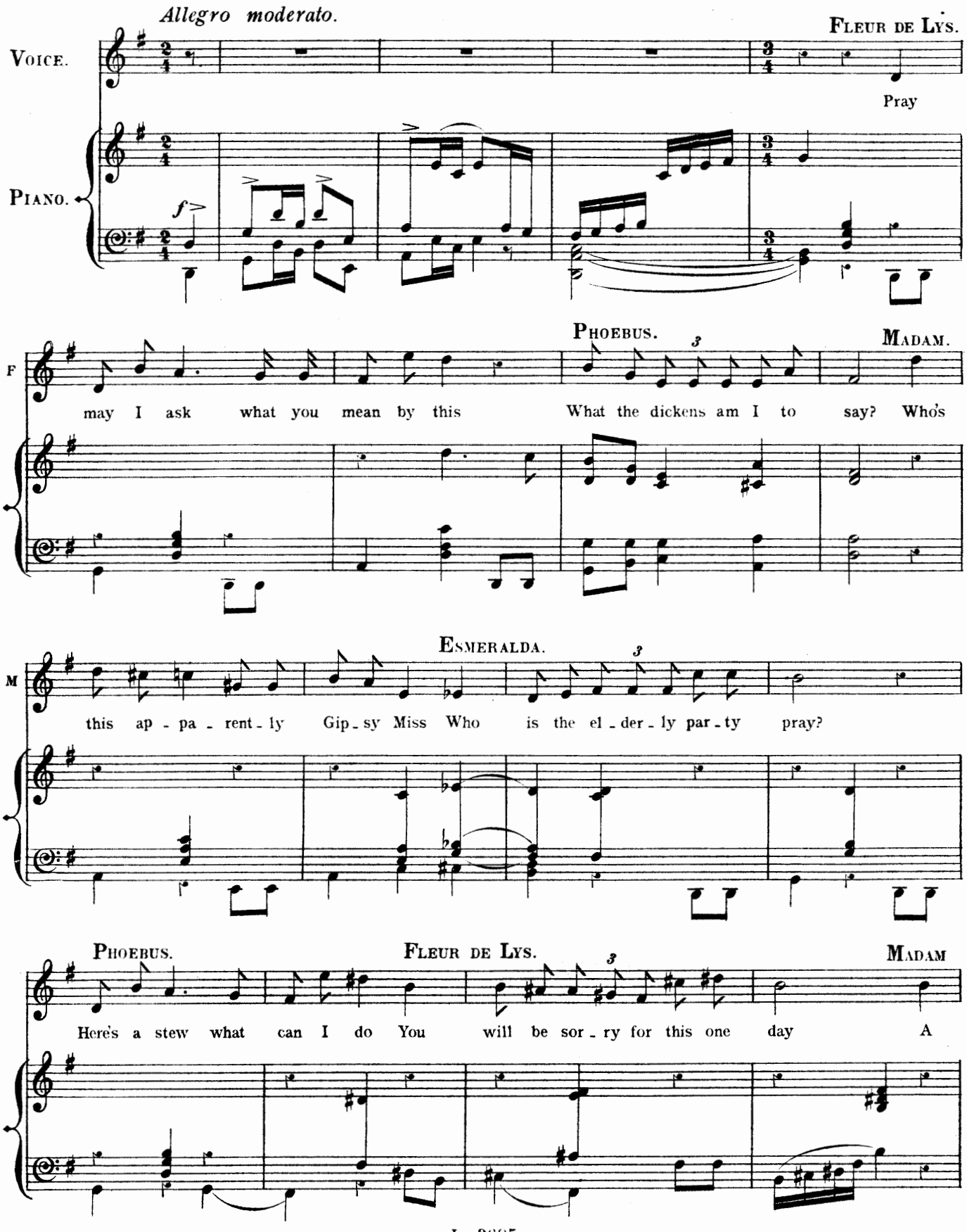
Moderato.

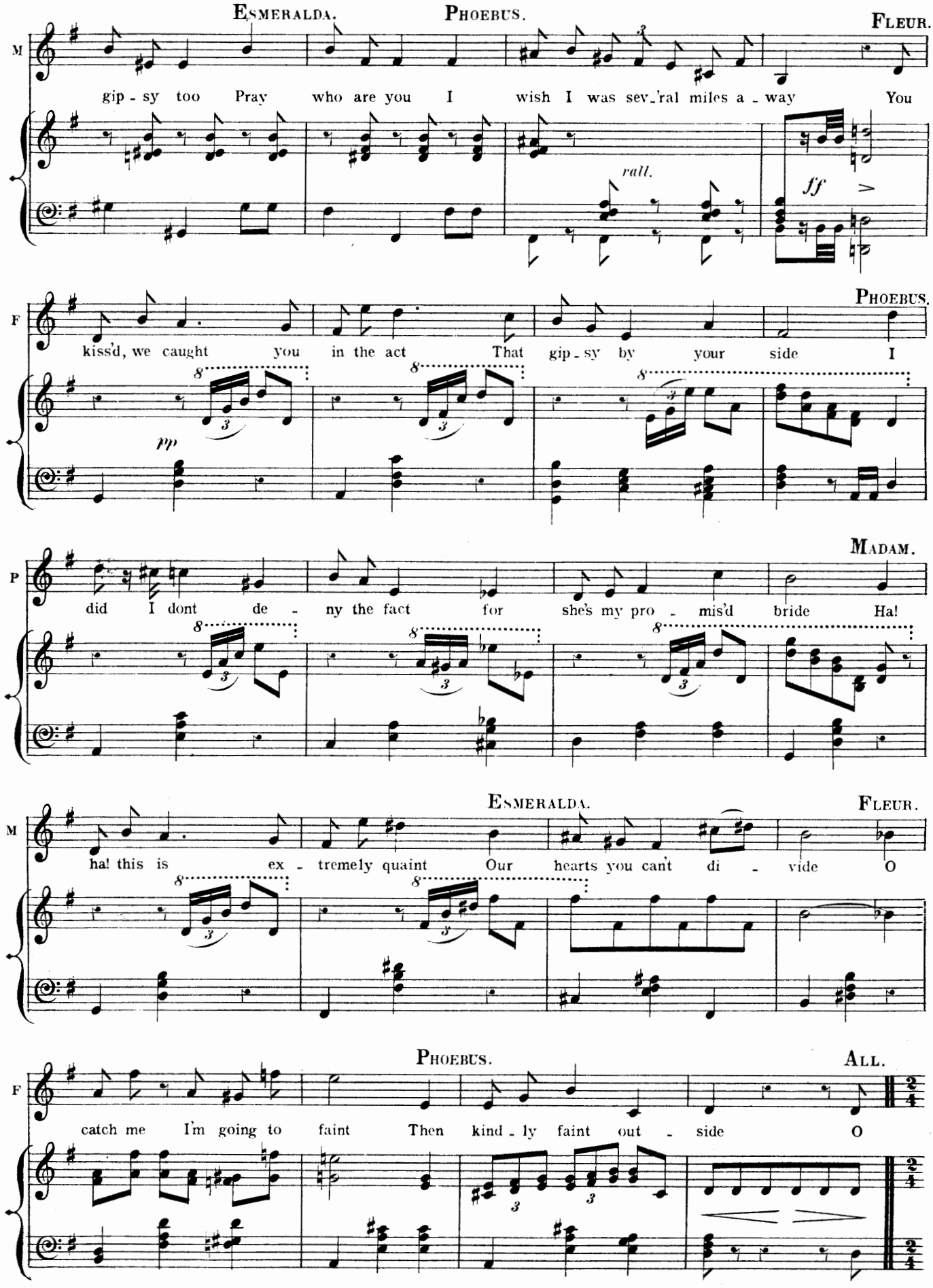


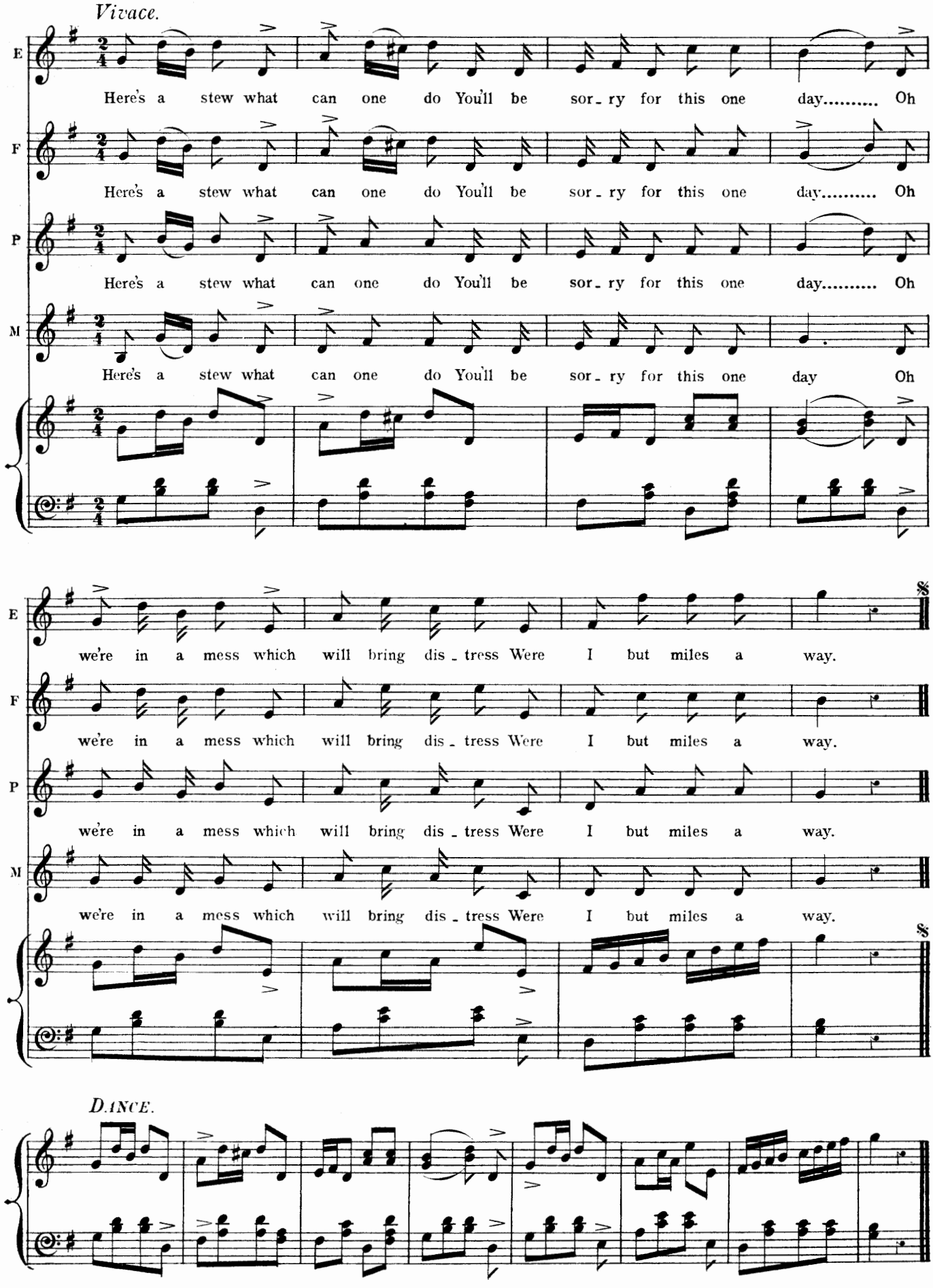
Entrance of Esmeralda.

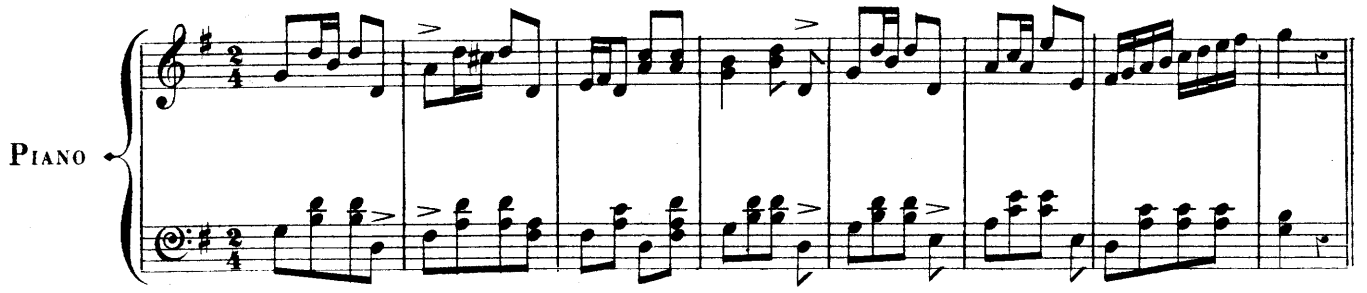


Nº 10.— QUARTETT.

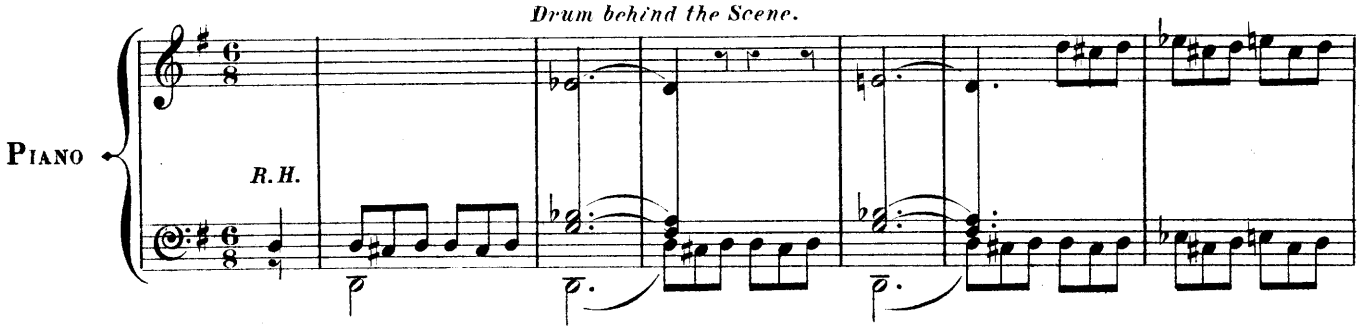


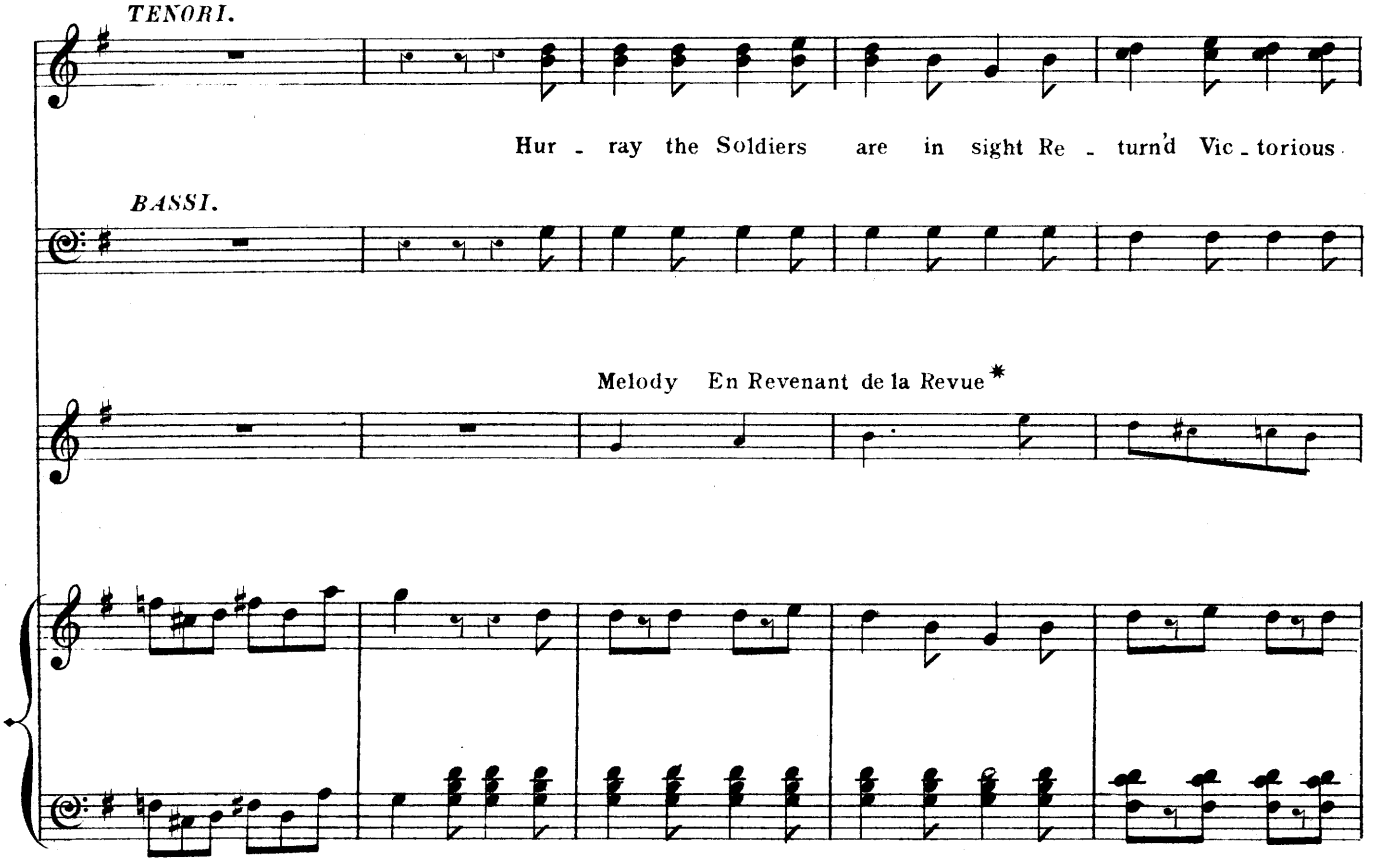

ESMERALDA.
PHOEBUS.
FLEUR.
M
gip - sy too Pray who are you I wish I was sev'ral miles a - way You
rall.
ff
PHOEBUS.
F
kiss'd, we caught you in the act That gip - sy by your side I
pp
MADAM.
P
did I dont de - ny the fact for she's my pro - mis'd bride Ha!
ESMERALDA.
FLEUR.
M
ha! this is ex - tremely quaint Our hearts you can't di - vide O
PHOEBUS.
ALL.
F
catch me I'm going to faint Then kind - ly faint out - side O


Vivace.
E
Here's a stew what can one do You'll be sor - ry for this one day..... Oh
F
Here's a stew what can one do You'll be sor - ry for this one day..... Oh
P
Here's a stew what can one do You'll be sor - ry for this one day..... Oh
M
Here's a stew what can one do You'll be sor - ry for this one day Oh
we're in a mess which will bring dis - tress Were I but miles a way.
we're in a mess which will bring dis - tress Were I but miles a way.
we're in a mess which will bring dis - tress Were I but miles a way.
we're in a mess which will bring dis - tress Were I but miles a way.
DANCE.

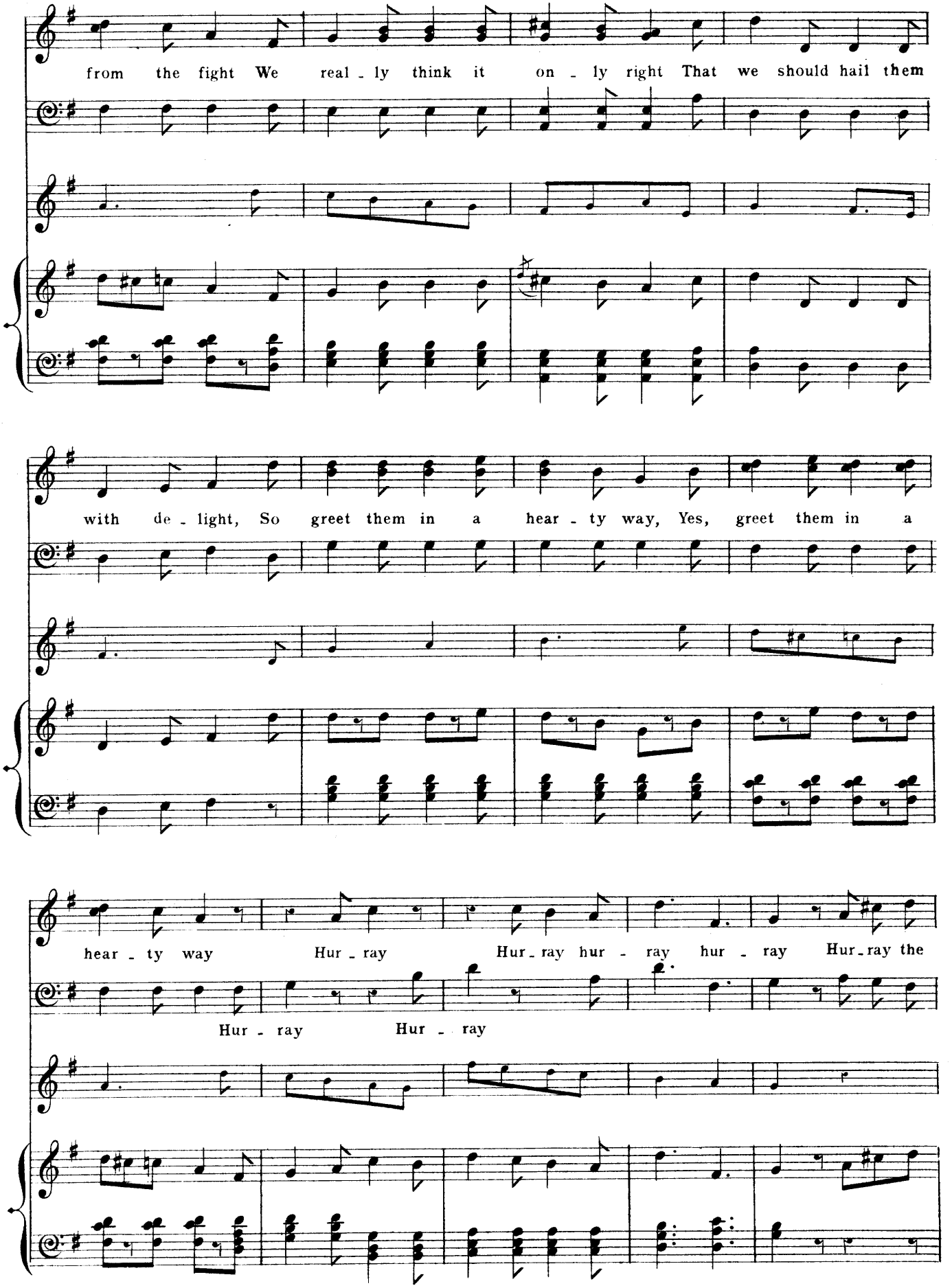


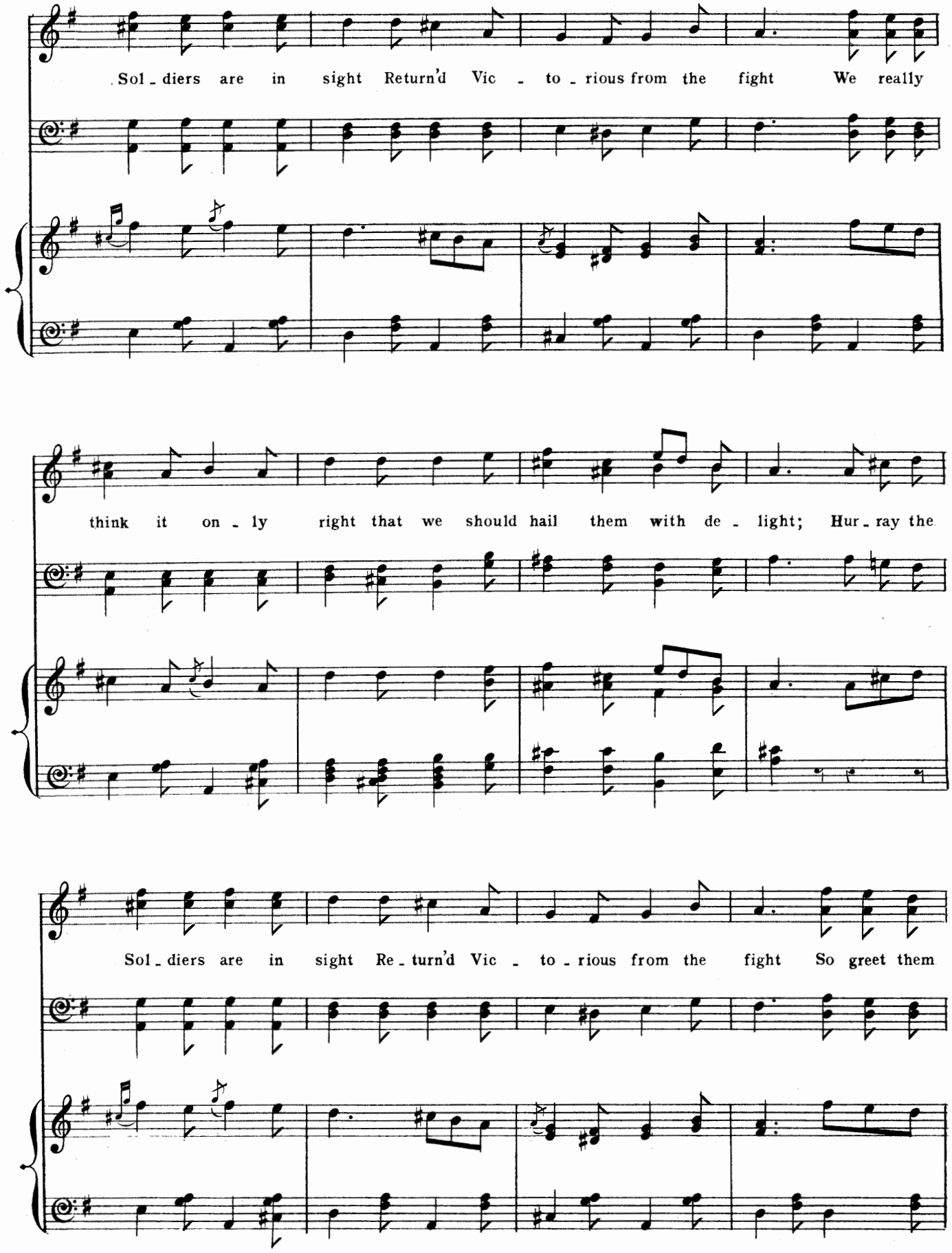
Nº 11. - REVUE.

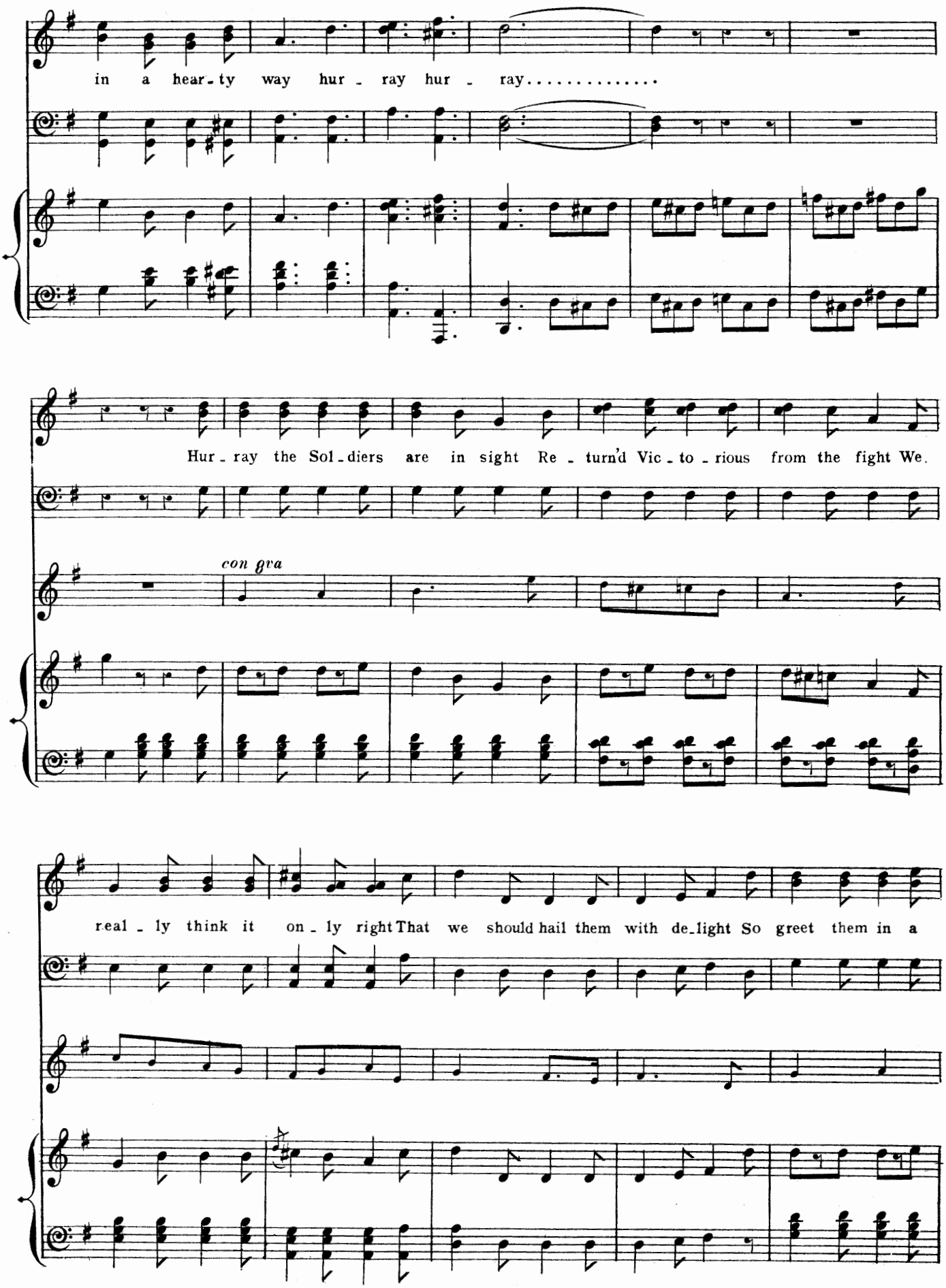


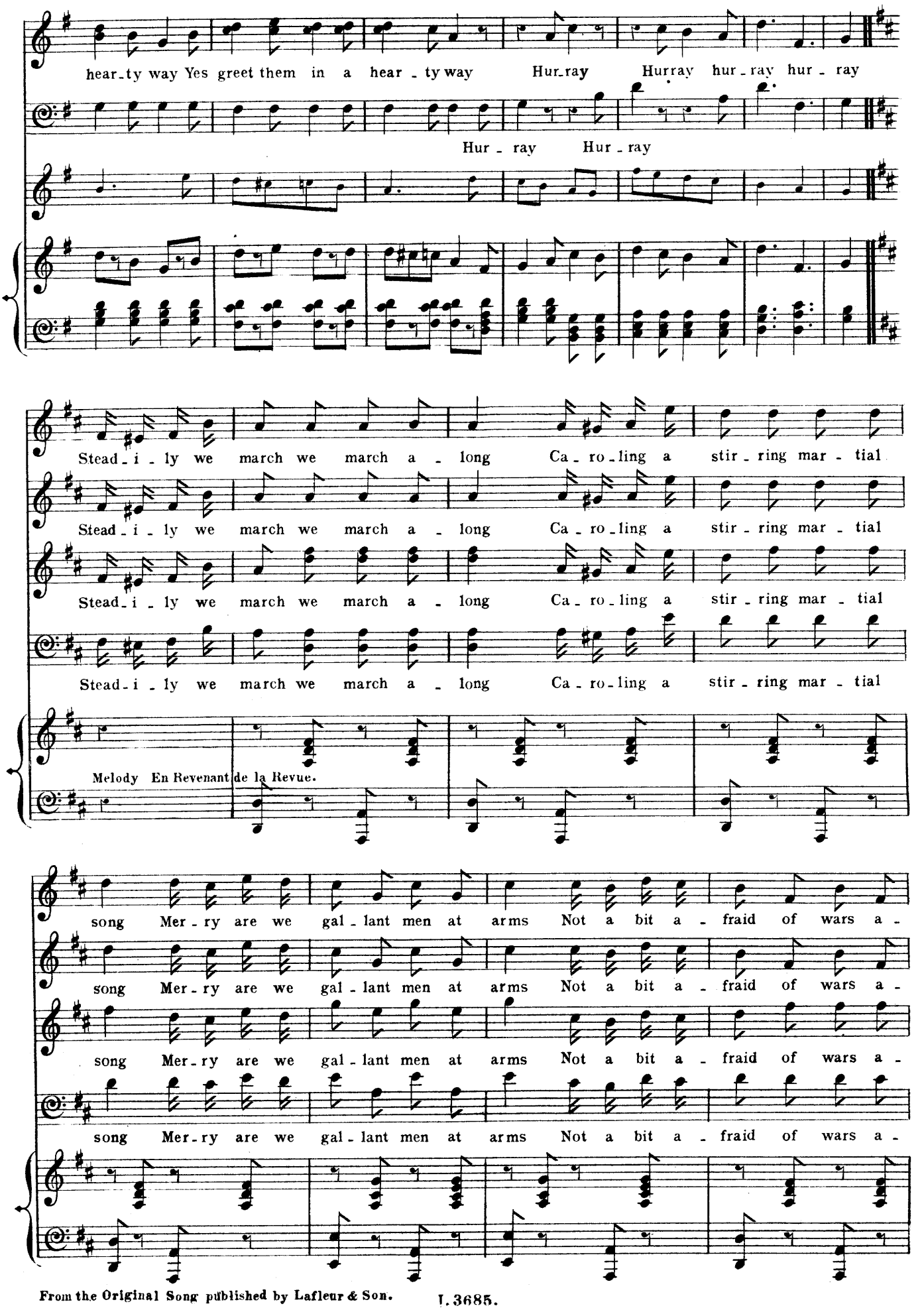


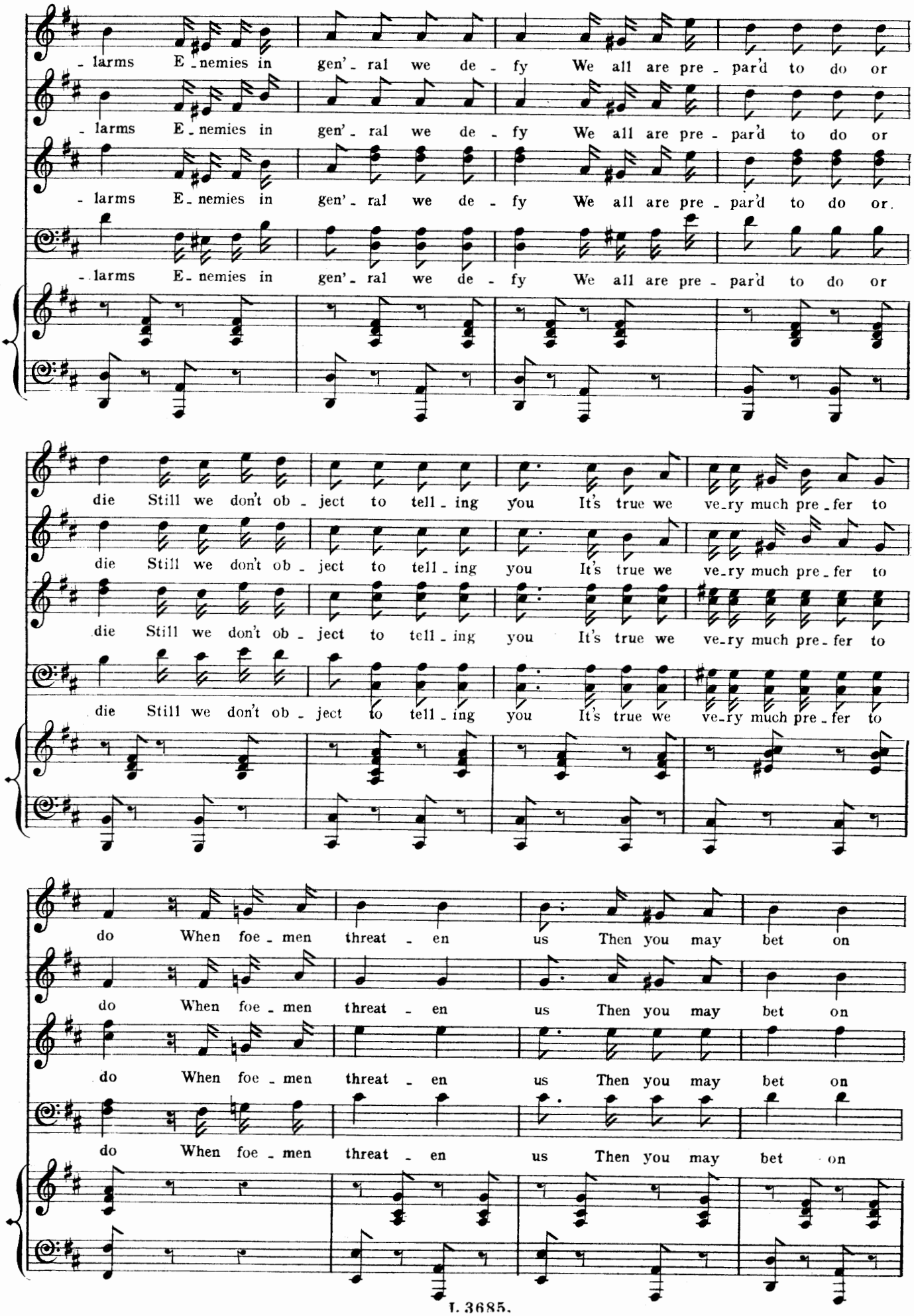
* By permission from the Original March by Desormes, Published by Lafleur & Son.

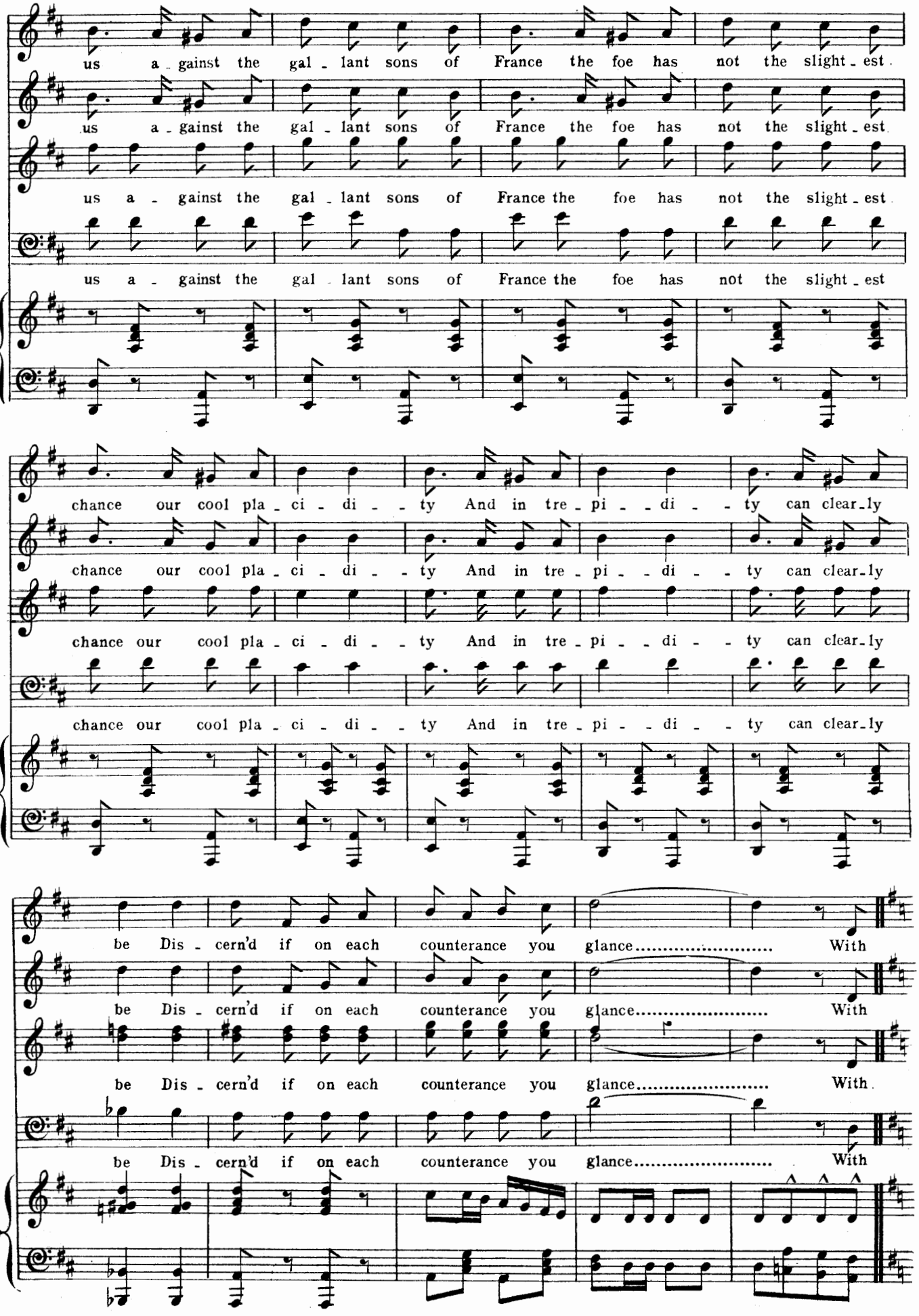

from the fight We real - ly think it on - ly right That we should hail them
with de - light, So greet them in a hear - ty way, Yes, greet them in a
hear - ty way Hur - ray Hur - ray hur - ray hur - ray Hur - ray the
Hur - ray Hur - ray

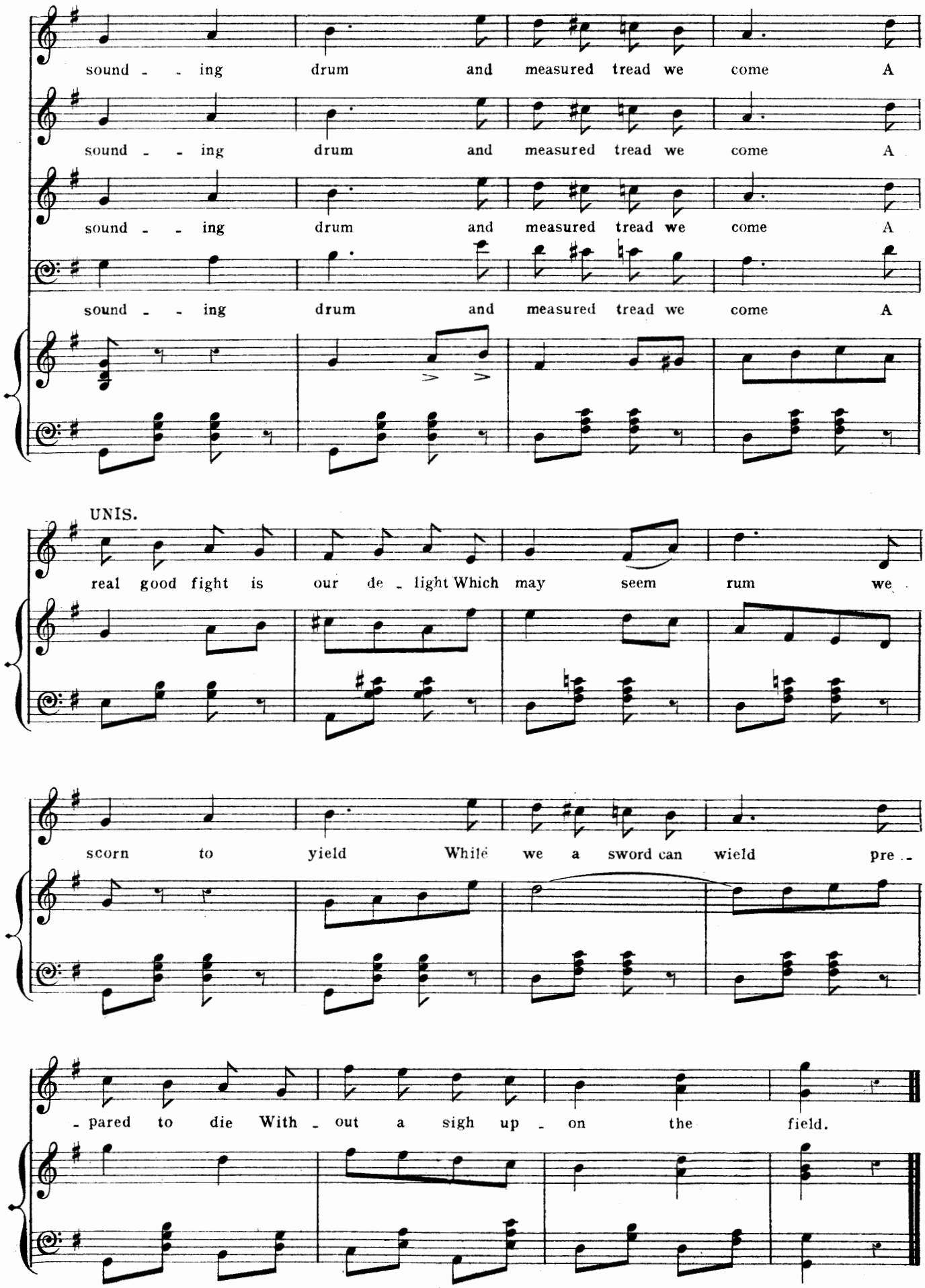

Sol - diers are in sight Return'd Vic - to - rious from the fight We really
think it on - ly right that we should hail them with de - light; Hur - ray the
Sol - diers are in sight Re - turn'd Vic - to - rious from the fight So greet them

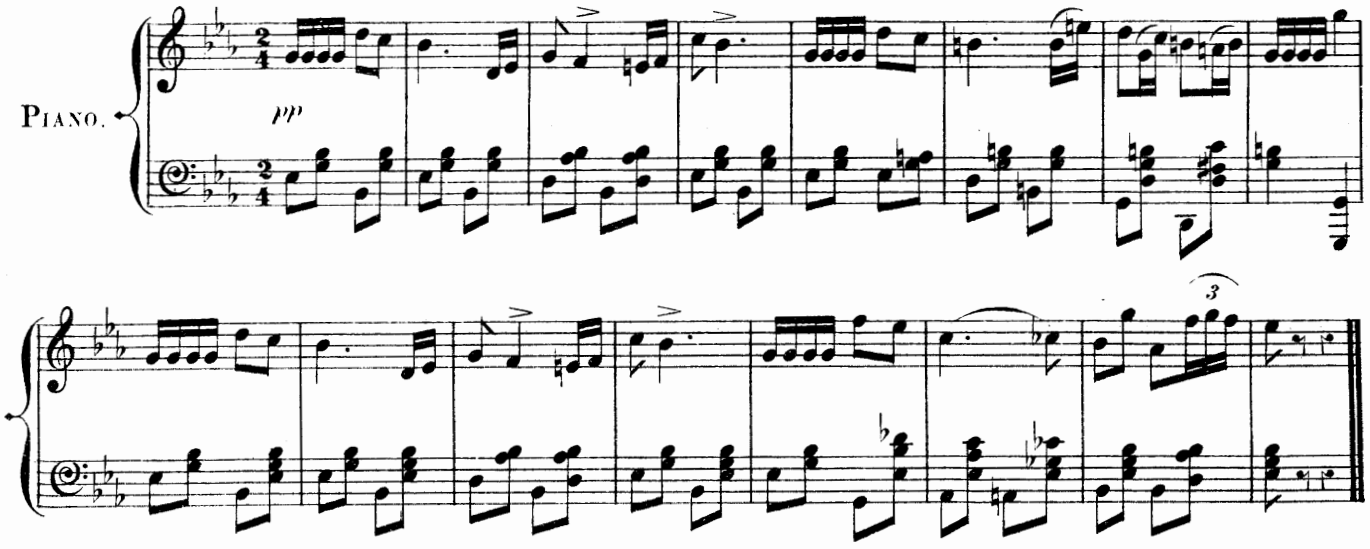

in a hear-ty way hur - ray hur - ray.....
Hur - ray the Sol - diers are in sight Re - turn'd Vic - to - rious from the fight We.
con gva
real - ly think it on - ly right That we should hail them with de-light So greet them in a


hear-ty way Yes greet them in a hear - ty way Hur-ray Hurray hur - ray hur - ray
Hur - ray Hur - ray
Stead - i - ly we march we march a - long Ca - ro - ling a stir - ring mar - tial
Stead - i - ly we march we march a - long Ca - ro - ling a stir - ring mar - tial
Stead - i - ly we march we march a - long Ca - ro - ling a stir - ring mar - tial
Stead - i - ly we march we march a - long Ca - ro - ling a stir - ring mar - tial
Melody En Revenant de la Revue.
song Mer - ry are we gal - lant men at arms Not a bit a - fraid of wars a -
song Mer - ry are we gal - lant men at arms Not a bit a - fraid of wars a -
song Mer - ry are we gal - lant men at arms Not a bit a - fraid of wars a -
song Mer - ry are we gal - lant men at arms Not a bit a - fraid of wars a -

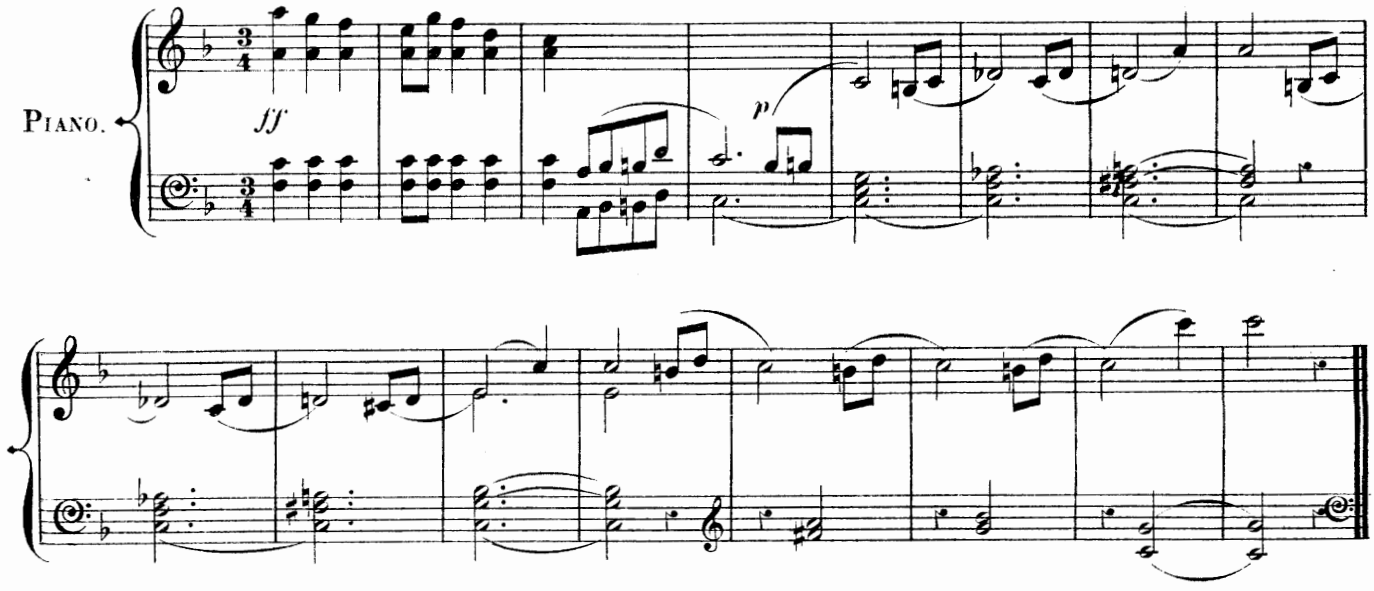

- larms E - nemies in gen' - ral we de - fy We all are pre - par'd to do or
- larms E - nemies in gen' - ral we de - fy We all are pre - par'd to do or
- larms E - nemies in gen' - ral we de - fy We all are pre - par'd to do or.
- larms E - nemies in gen' - ral we de - fy We all are pre - par'd to do or
die Still we don't ob - ject to tell - ing you It's true we ve - ry much pre - fer to
die Still we don't ob - ject to tell - ing you It's true we ve - ry much pre - fer to
die Still we don't ob - ject to tell - ing you It's true we ve - ry much pre - fer to
die Still we don't ob - ject to tell - ing you It's true we ve - ry much pre - fer to
do When foe - men threat - en us Then you may bet on
do When foe - men threat - en us Then you may bet on
do When foe - men threat - en us Then you may bet on
do When foe - men threat - en us Then you may bet on

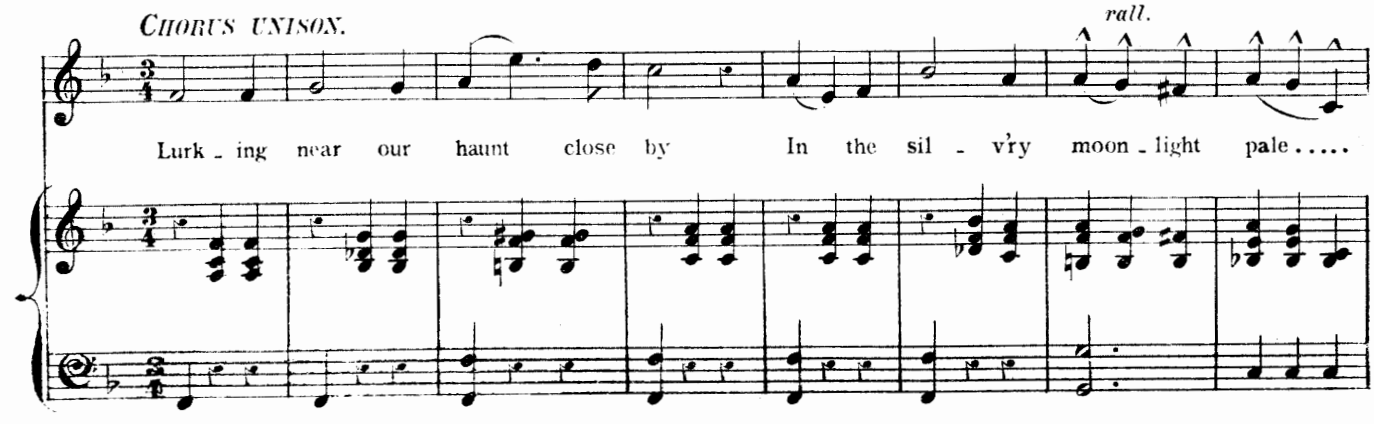

us a - gainst the gal - lant sons of France the foe has not the slight - est
us a - gainst the gal - lant sons of France the foe has not the slight - est
us a - gainst the gal - lant sons of France the foe has not the slight - est
us a - gainst the gal - lant sons of France the foe has not the slight - est
chance our cool pla - ci - di - - ty And in tre - pi - - di - - ty can clear - ly
chance our cool pla - ci - di - - ty And in tre - pi - - di - - ty can clear - ly
chance our cool pla - ci - di - - ty And in tre - pi - - di - - ty can clear - ly
chance our cool pla - ci - di - - ty And in tre - pi - - di - - ty can clear - ly
be Dis - cern'd if on each counterance you glance..... With
be Dis - cern'd if on each counterance you glance..... With
be Dis - cern'd if on each counterance you glance..... With
be Dis - cern'd if on each counterance you glance..... With

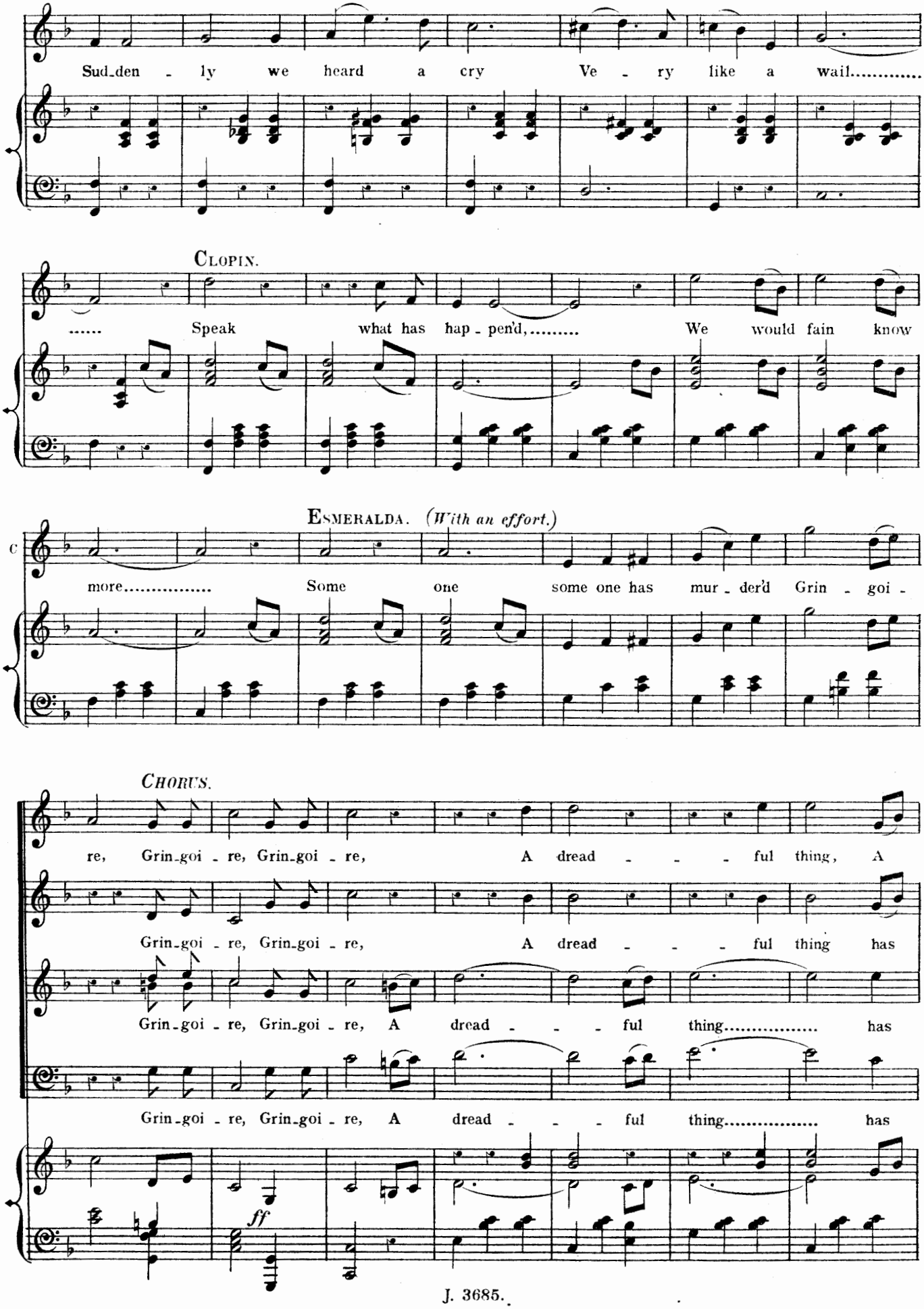

sound - - ing drum and measured tread we come A
sound - - ing drum and measured tread we come A
sound - - ing drum and measured tread we come A
sound - - ing drum and measured tread we come A
UNIS.
real good fight is our de - light Which may seem rum we
scorn to yield While we a sword can wield pre -
- pared to die With - out a sigh up - on the field.

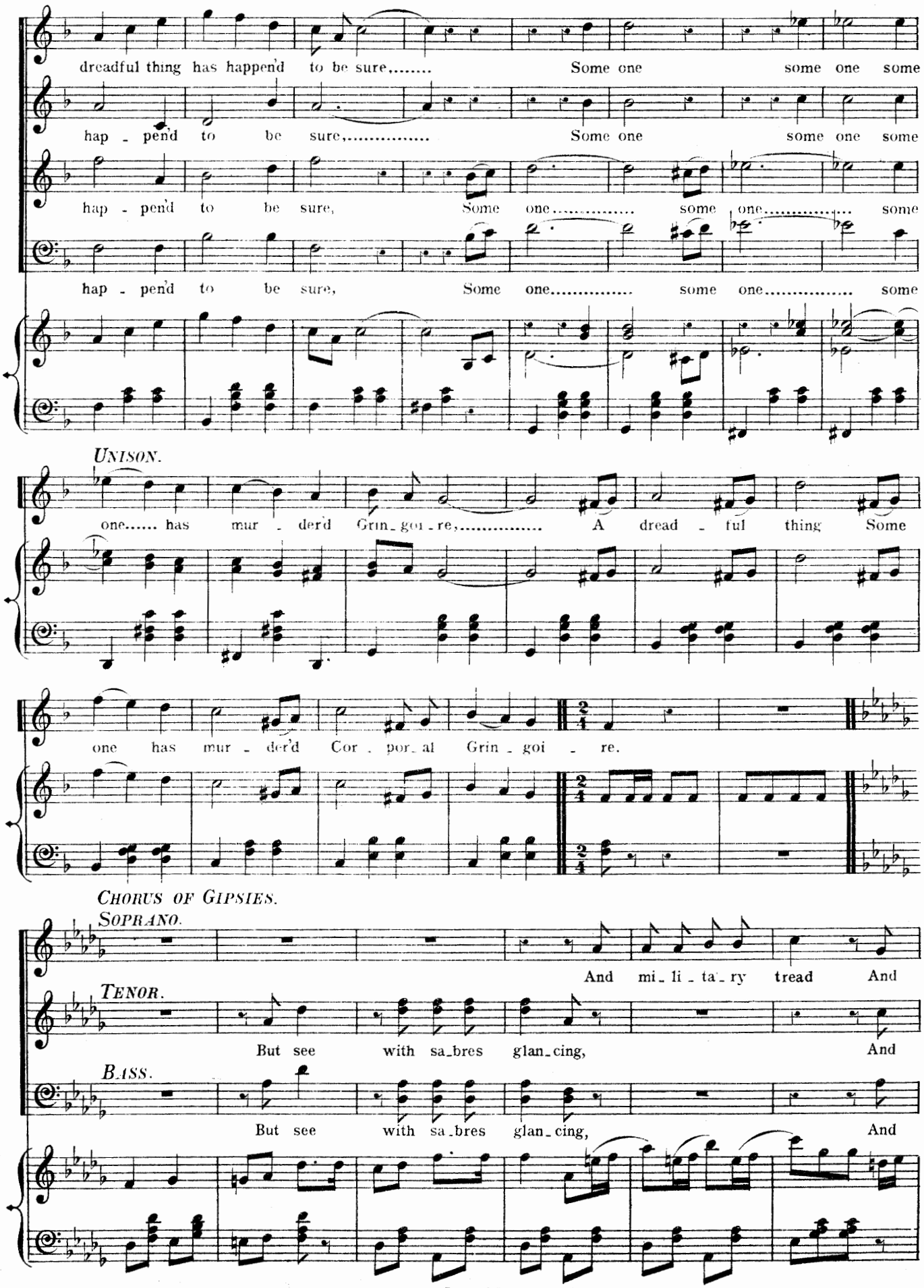

Piano.
pp
3

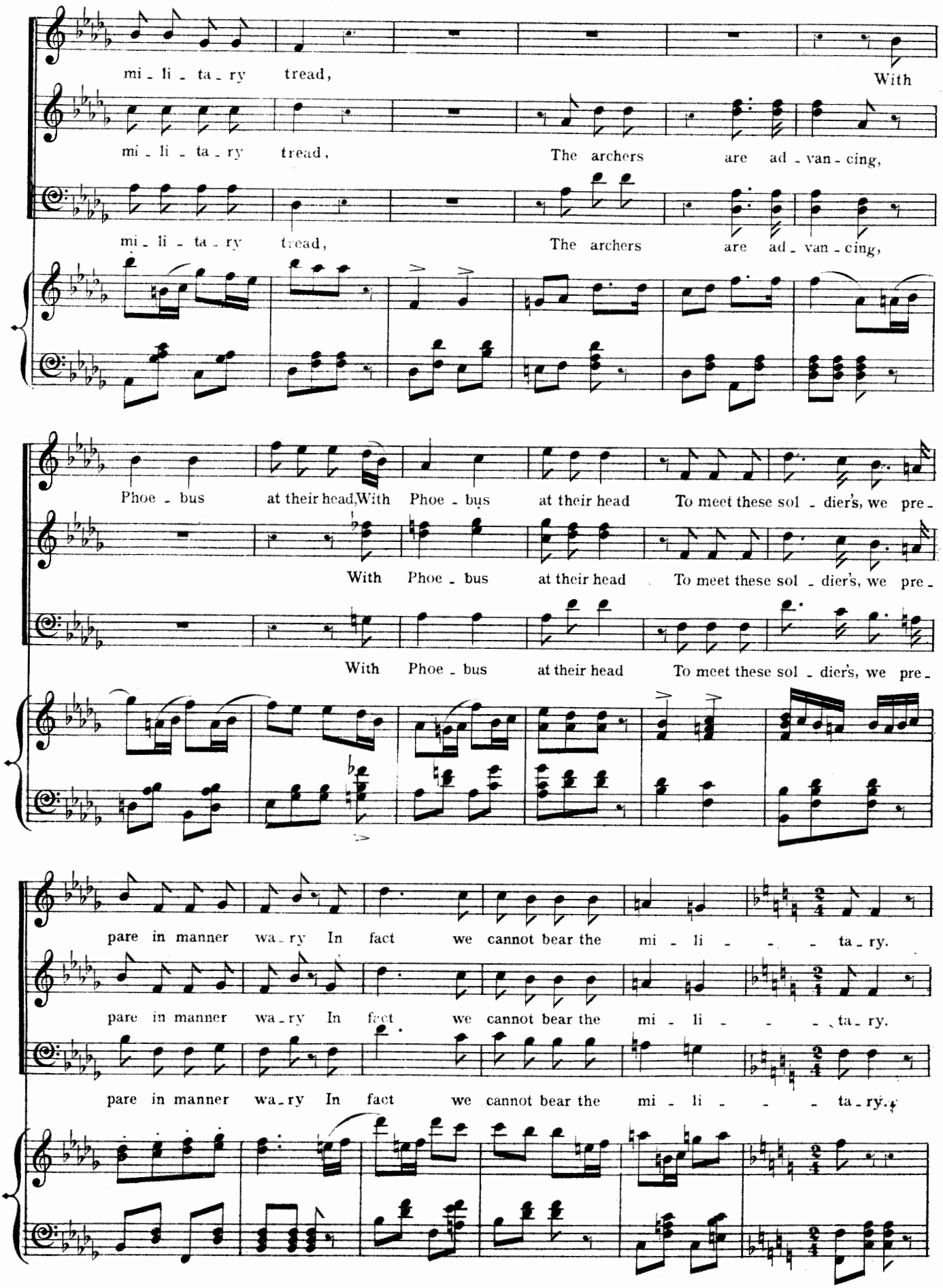
Nº 12.- FINALE.

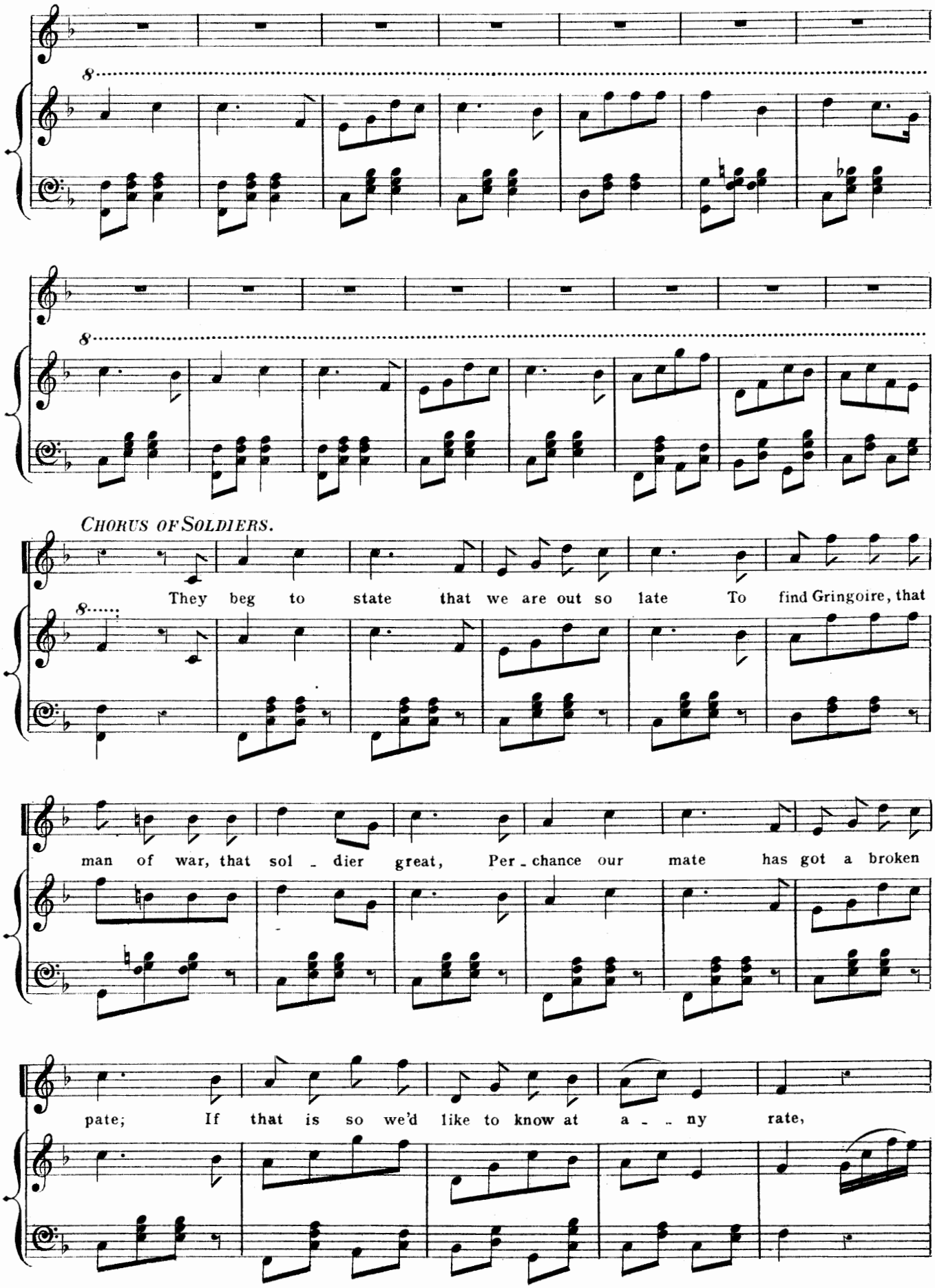

Piano.
ff
p

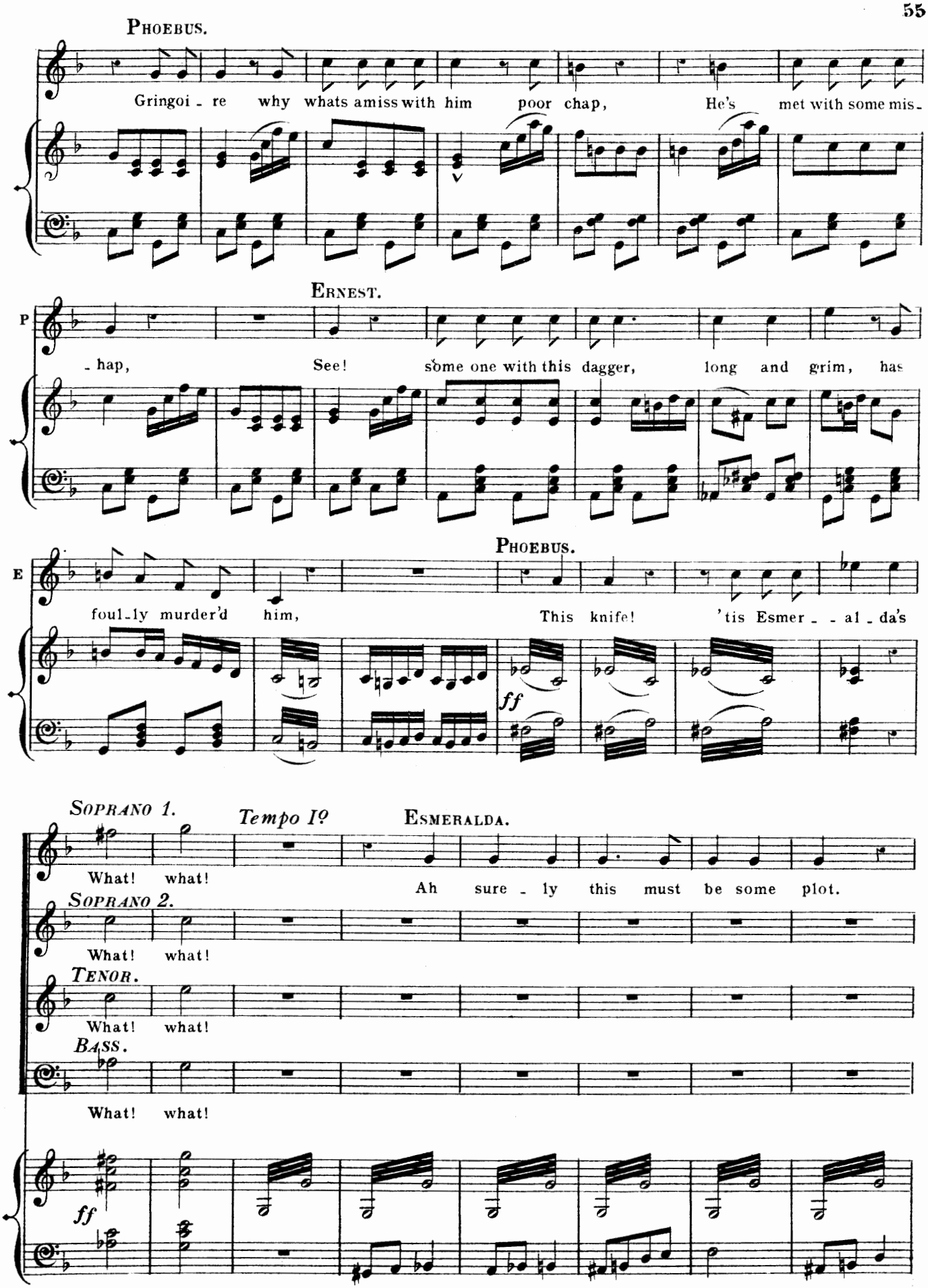

Chorus unison.
rall.
Lurk - ing near our haunt close by In the sil - v'ry moon - light pale.....


Sud_den - ly we heard a cry Ve - ry like a wail.....
CLOPIN.
..... Speak what has hap - pen'd,..... We would fain know
ESMERALDA. (With an effort.)
more..... Some one some one has mur - der'd Grin - goi -
CHORUS.
re, Grin_goi - re, Grin_goi - re, A dread - - - ful thing, A
Grin_goi - re, Grin_goi - re, A dread - - - ful thing has
Grin_goi - re, Grin_goi - re, A dread - - - ful thing..... has
Grin_goi - re, Grin_goi - re, A dread - - - ful thing..... has
ff


dreadful thing has happend to be sure..... Some one some one some
hap - pend to be sure..... Some one some one some
hap - pend to be sure, Some one..... some one..... some
hap - pend to be sure, Some one..... some one..... some
UNISON.
one..... has mur - der'd Grin - goi - re,..... A dread - ful thing Some
one has mur - der'd Cor - por - al Grin - goi - re.
CHORUS OF GIPSIES.
SOPRANO.
And mi - li - ta - ry tread And
TENOR.
But see with sa - bres glan - cing, And
BASS.
But see with sa - bres glan - cing, And


mi - li - ta - ry tread, With
mi - li - ta - ry tread, The archers are ad - van - cing,
mi - li - ta - ry tread, The archers are ad - van - cing,
Phoe - bus at their head, With Phoe - bus at their head To meet these sol - dier's, we pre -
With Phoe - bus at their head To meet these sol - dier's, we pre -
With Phoe - bus at their head To meet these sol - dier's, we pre -
pare in manner wa - ry In fact we cannot bear the mi - li - - - ta - ry.
pare in manner wa - ry In fact we cannot bear the mi - li - - - ta - ry.
pare in manner wa - ry In fact we cannot bear the mi - li - - - ta - ry.


CHORUS OF SOLDIERS.
They beg to state that we are out so late To find Gringoire, that
man of war, that sol - dier great, Per - chance our mate has got a broken
pate; If that is so we'd like to know at a - - ny rate,


PHOEBUS.
Gringoi - re why whats amiss with him poor chap, He's met with some mis-
ERNEST.
P
- hap, See! some one with this dagger, long and grim, has
PHOEBUS.
E
foul-ly murder'd him, This knife! 'tis Esmer - - al - da's
ff
SOPRANO 1.
Tempo Iº
ESMERALDA.
What! what!
Ah sure - ly this must be some plot.
SOPRANO 2.
What! what!
TENOR.
What! what!
BASS.
What! what!
ff

ESMERALDA.

PHOEBUS.

piu mosso.

What Es-mer-al-da here,..... Oh faith-less one, to so de-ceive me,

piu mosso.

PHOEBUS. ESMERALDA.

Tell me what I've done..... This let-ter,

PHOEBUS. ESMERALDA.

Heavens, What is this I see,..... Faith-less one to

PHOEBUS.

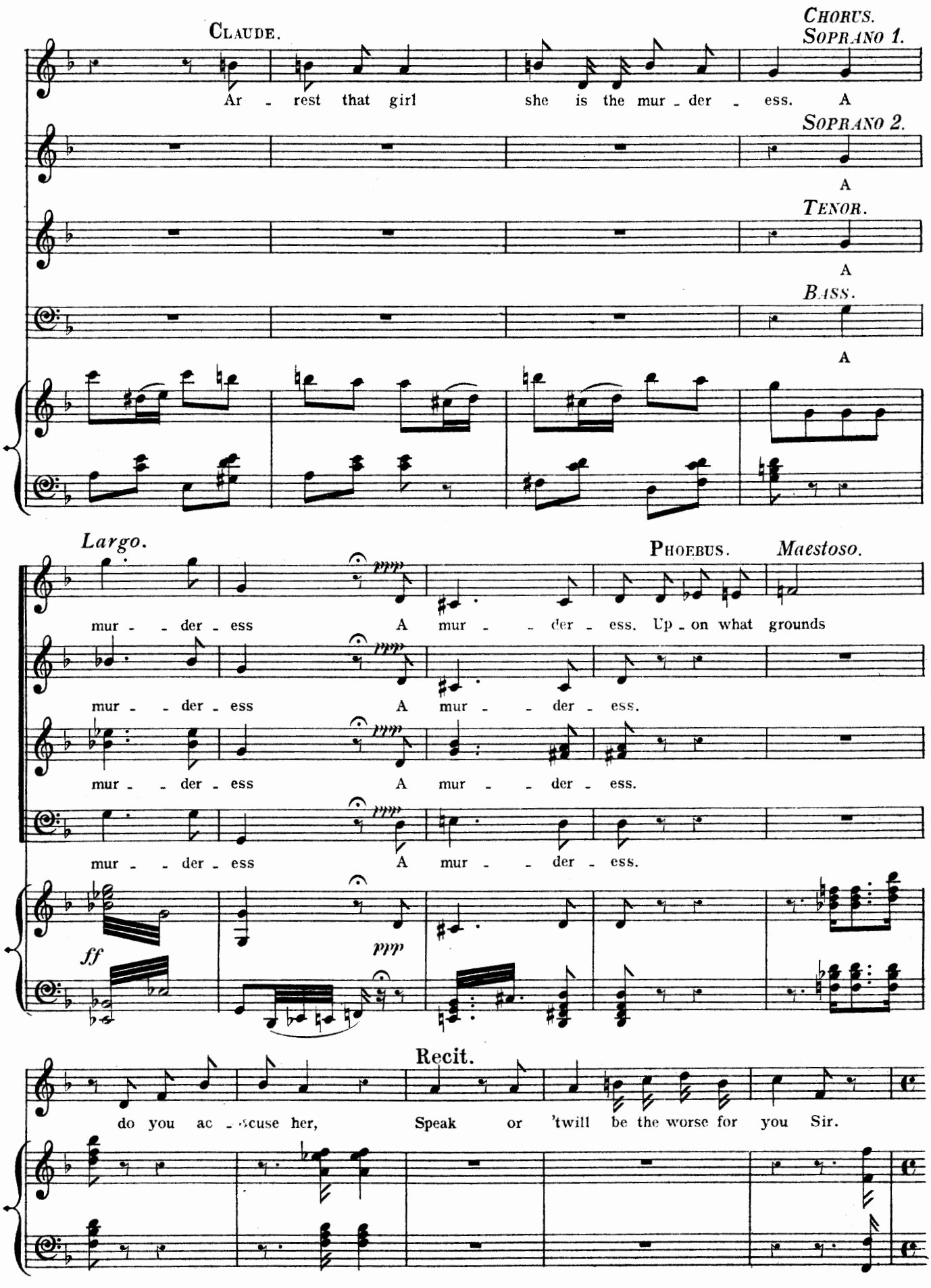
E

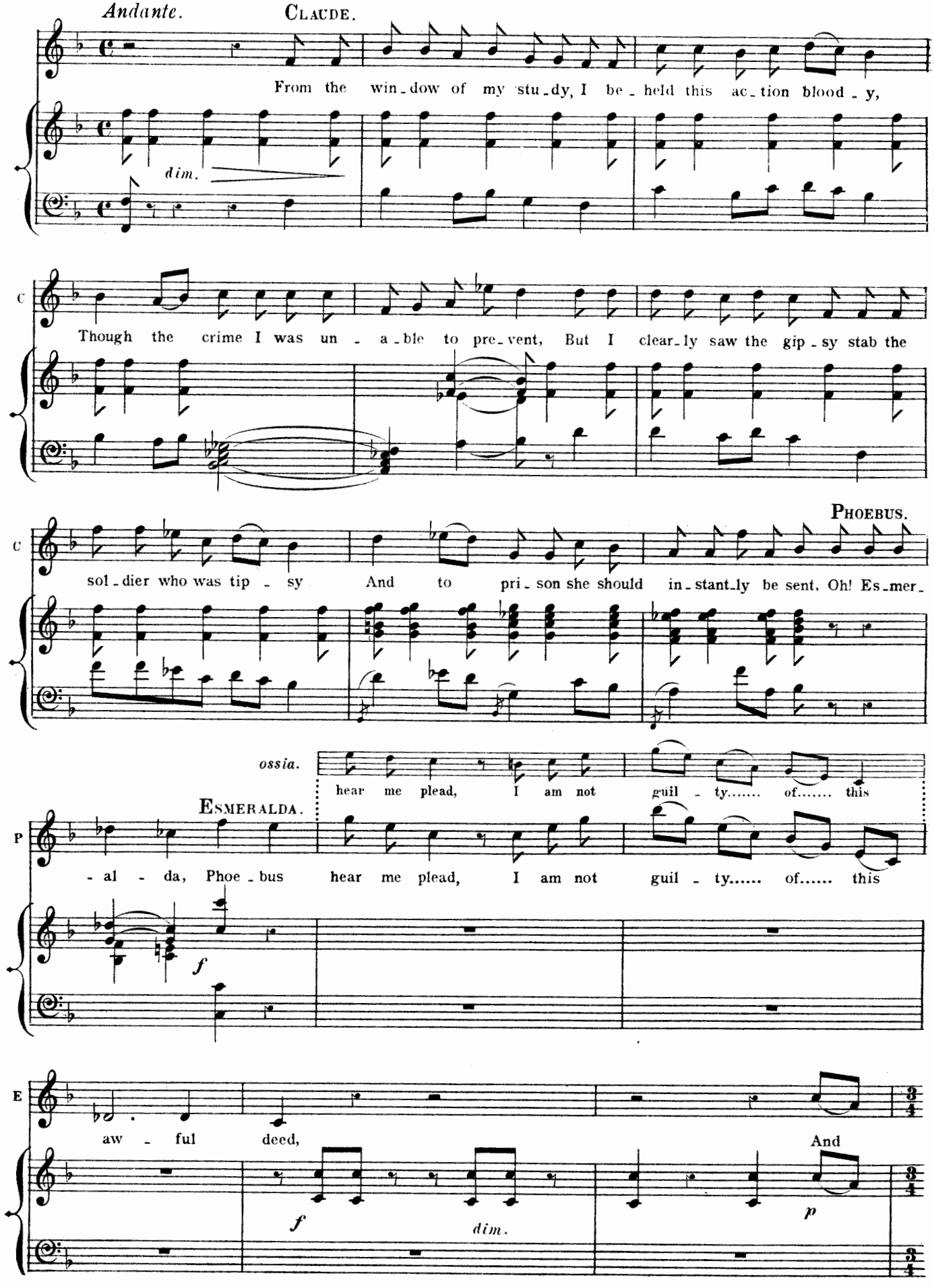
so de-ceive me, I ne-ver wrote this 'tis a for-ger-y I

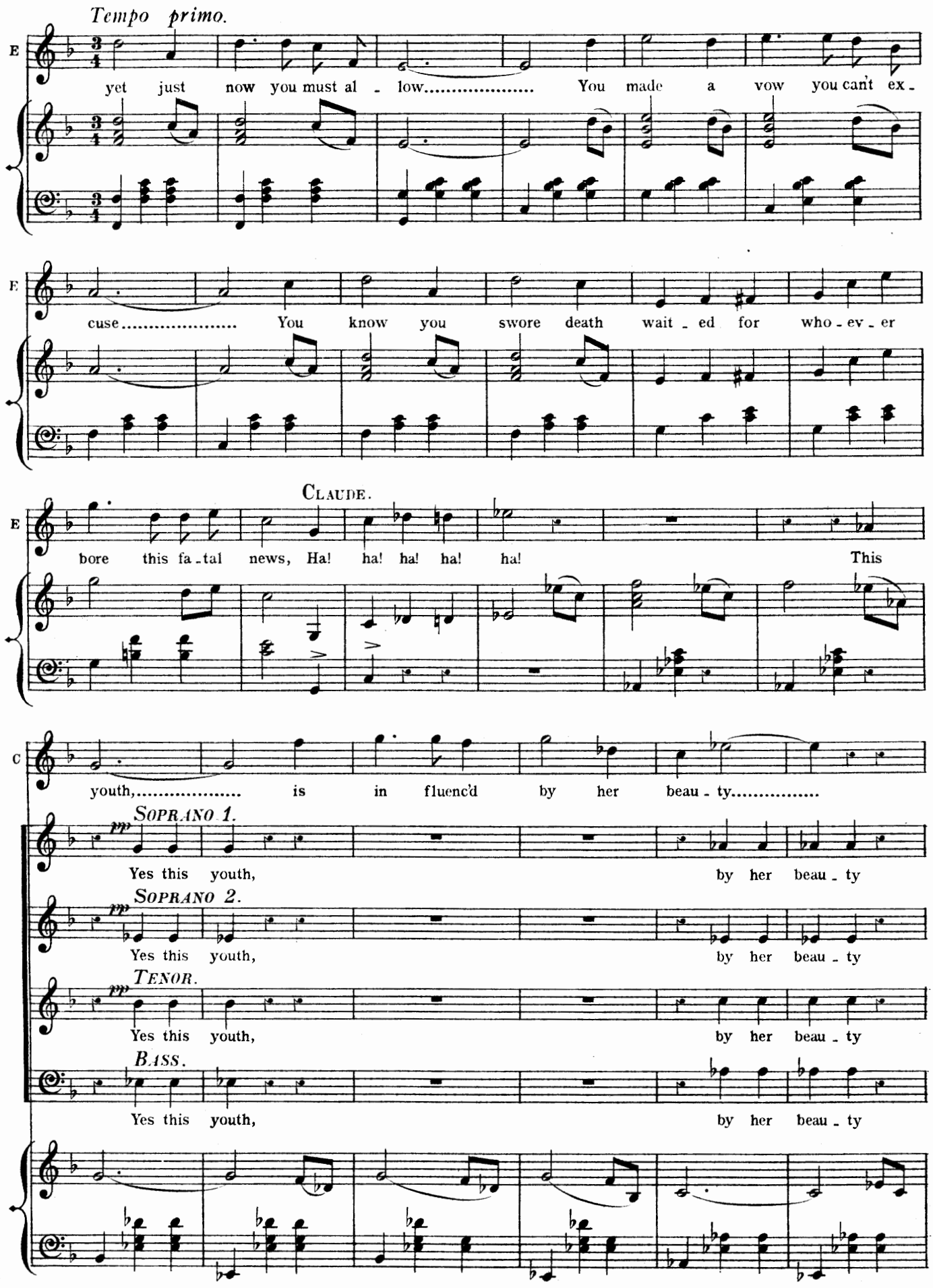
ESMERALDA. PHOEBUS.

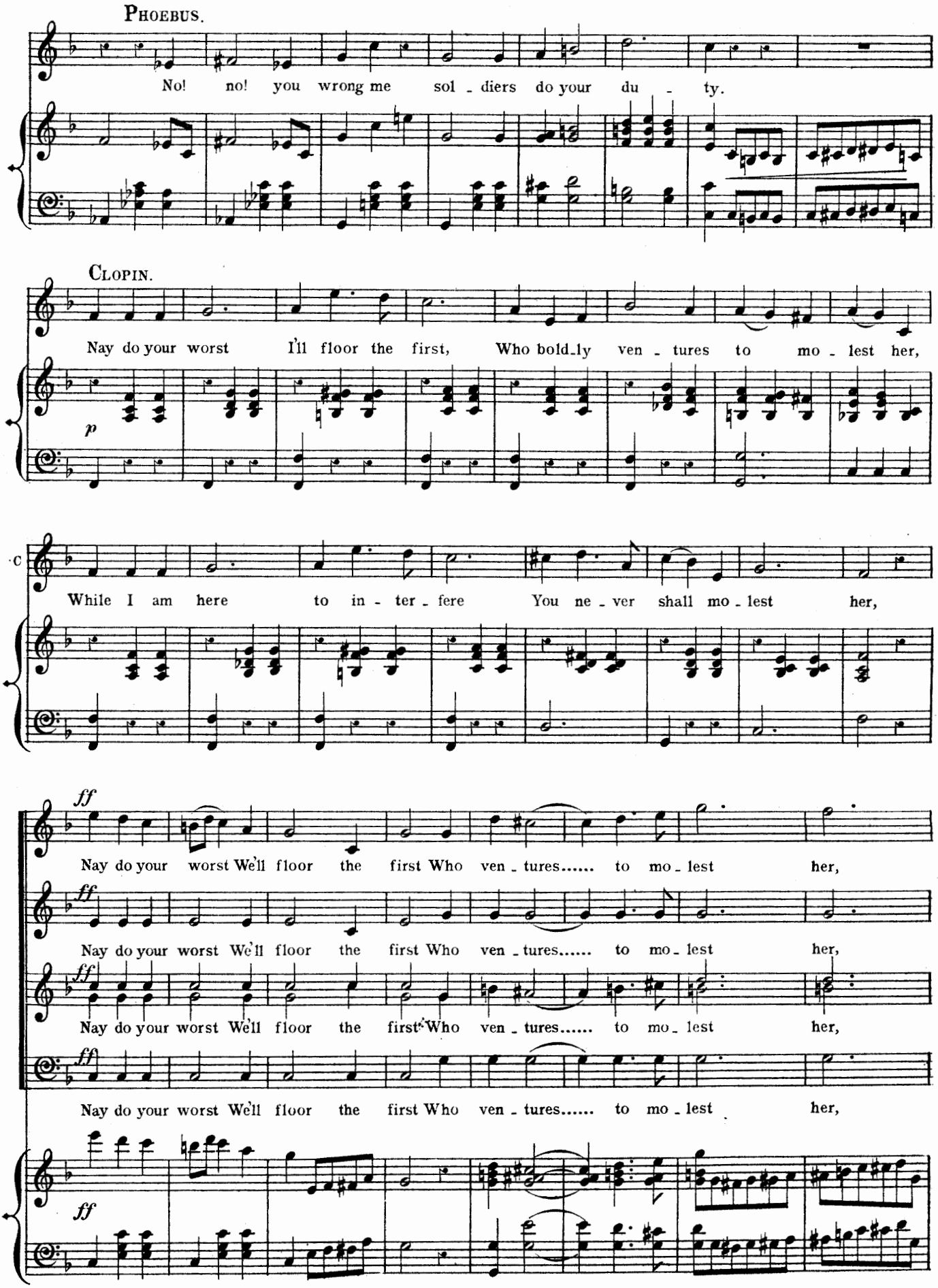
P

swear, I swear, Oh! Phoe-bus, Who wrote this let-ter, I can't guess,


CLAUDE.
CHORUS.
SOPRANO 1.
Ar - rest that girl she is the mur - der - ess. A
SOPRANO 2.
A
TENOR.
A
BASS.
A
Largo.
PHOEBUS.
Maestoso.
mur - - der - ess A mur - - der - ess. Up - on what grounds
mur - - der - ess A mur - - der - ess.
mur - - der - ess A mur - - der - ess.
mur - - der - ess A mur - - der - ess.
ff
ppp
Recit.
do you ac - cuse her, Speak or 'twill be the worse for you Sir.


Andante.
CLAUDE.
From the win-dow of my stu-dy, I be-held this ac-tion blood-y,
dim.
C
Though the crime I was un-a-ble to pre-vent, But I clear-ly saw the gip-sy stab the
PHOEBUS.
C
sol-dier who was tip-sy And to pri-son she should in-stant-ly be sent, Oh! Es-mer-
ossia.
hear me plead, I am not guil-ty..... of..... this
ESMERALDA.
P
-al-da, Phoe-bus hear me plead, I am not guil-ty..... of..... this
f
E
aw-ful deed,
And
f
dim.
p


Tempo primo.
E
yet just now you must al - low..... You made a vow you can't ex -
E
cuse..... You know you swore death wait - ed for who - ev - er
CLAUDE.
E
bore this fa - tal news, Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! This
C
youth,..... is in fluenc'd by her beau - ty.....
SOPRANO 1.
Yes this youth, by her beau - ty
SOPRANO 2.
Yes this youth, by her beau - ty
TENOR.
Yes this youth, by her beau - ty
BASS.
Yes this youth, by her beau - ty


PHOEBUS.
No! no! you wrong me sol - diers do your du - ty.
CLOPIN.
Nay do your worst I'll floor the first, Who bold-ly ven - tures to mo - lest her,
p
While I am here to in - ter - fere You ne - ver shall mo - lest her,
ff
Nay do your worst We'll floor the first Who ven - tures..... to mo - lest her,
Nay do your worst We'll floor the first Who ven - tures..... to mo - lest her,
Nay do your worst We'll floor the first Who ven - tures..... to mo - lest her,
Nay do your worst We'll floor the first Who ven - tures..... to mo - lest her,

While we are here to in - ter - fere, You ne-ver shall ar - rest..... her Ah!.....

While we are here to in - ter - fere, You ne-ver shall ar - rest..... her Ah!.....

While we are here to in - ter - fere, You ne-ver shall ar - rest her Ah!.....

While we are here to in - ter - fere, You ne-ver shall ar - rest her Ah!.....

UNISON.

..... By act - ing thus you'll cause a

con 8va

fuss, And show the great - est want of gump - tion Despite your

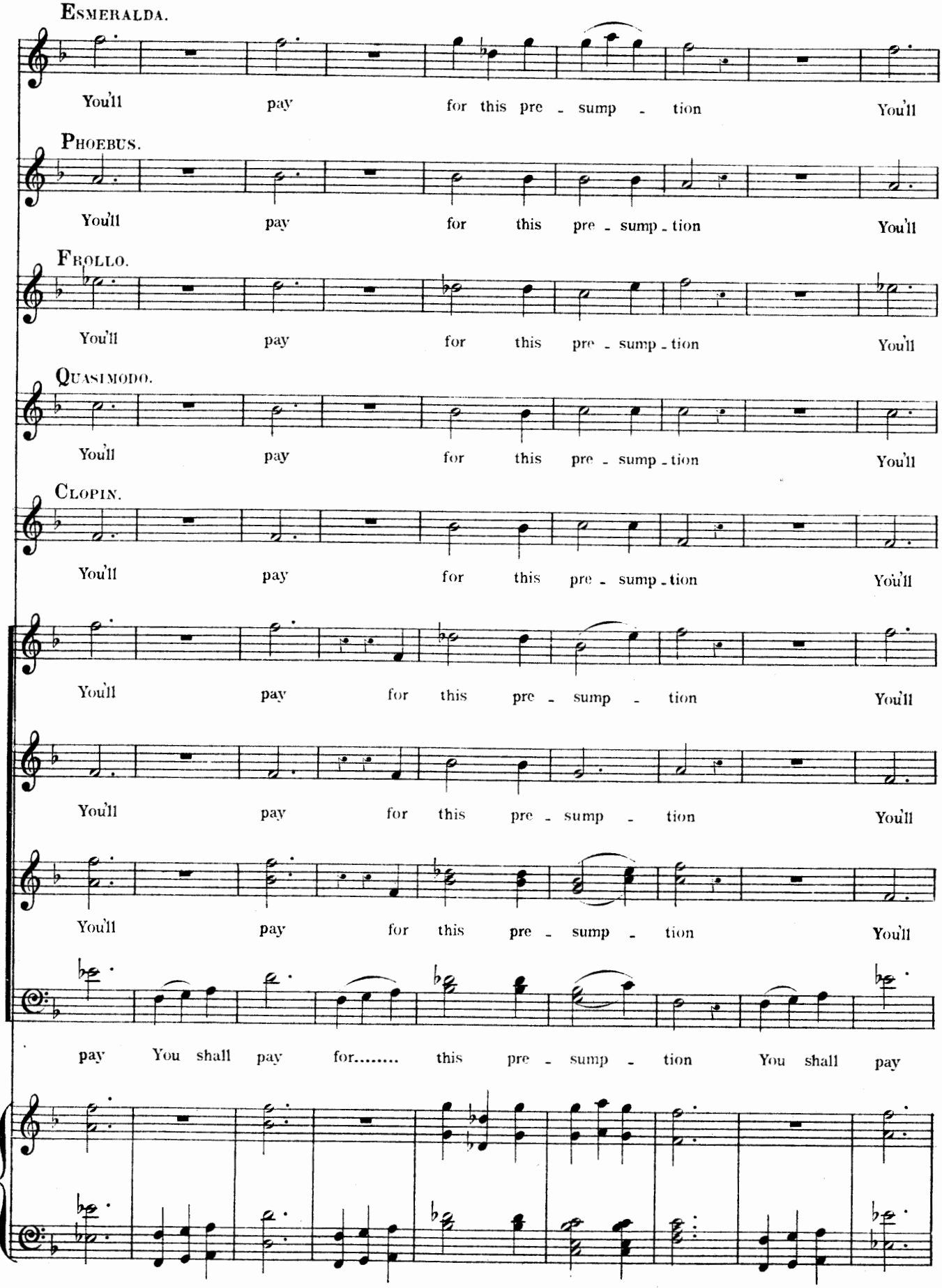
piu mosso.

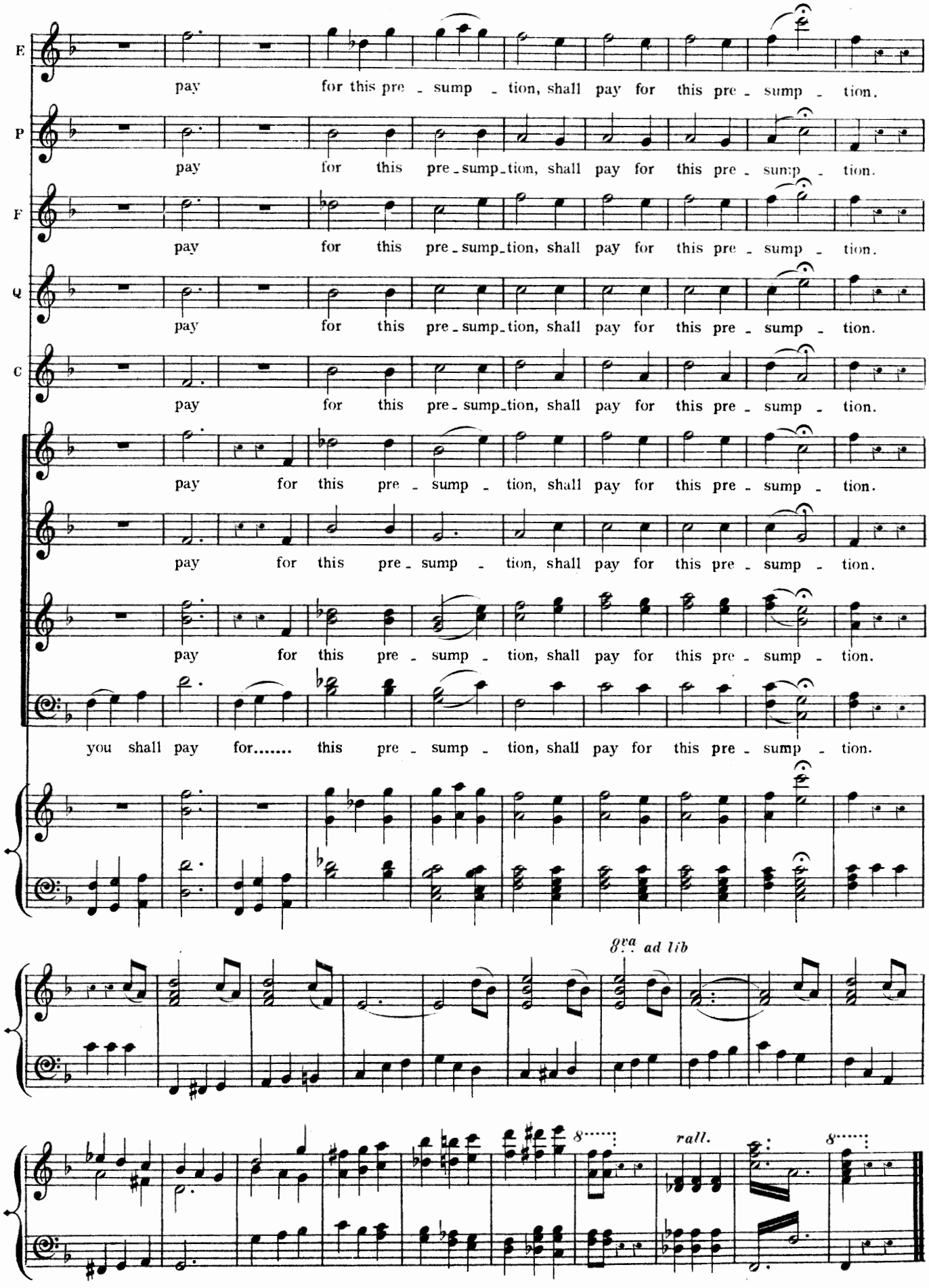
knives your wretched lives shall pay for this great pre - sump - - tion,

knives your wretched lives shall pay for this great pre - sump - - tion,

knives your wretched lives shall pay for this great pre - sump - tion, You shall

con 8va

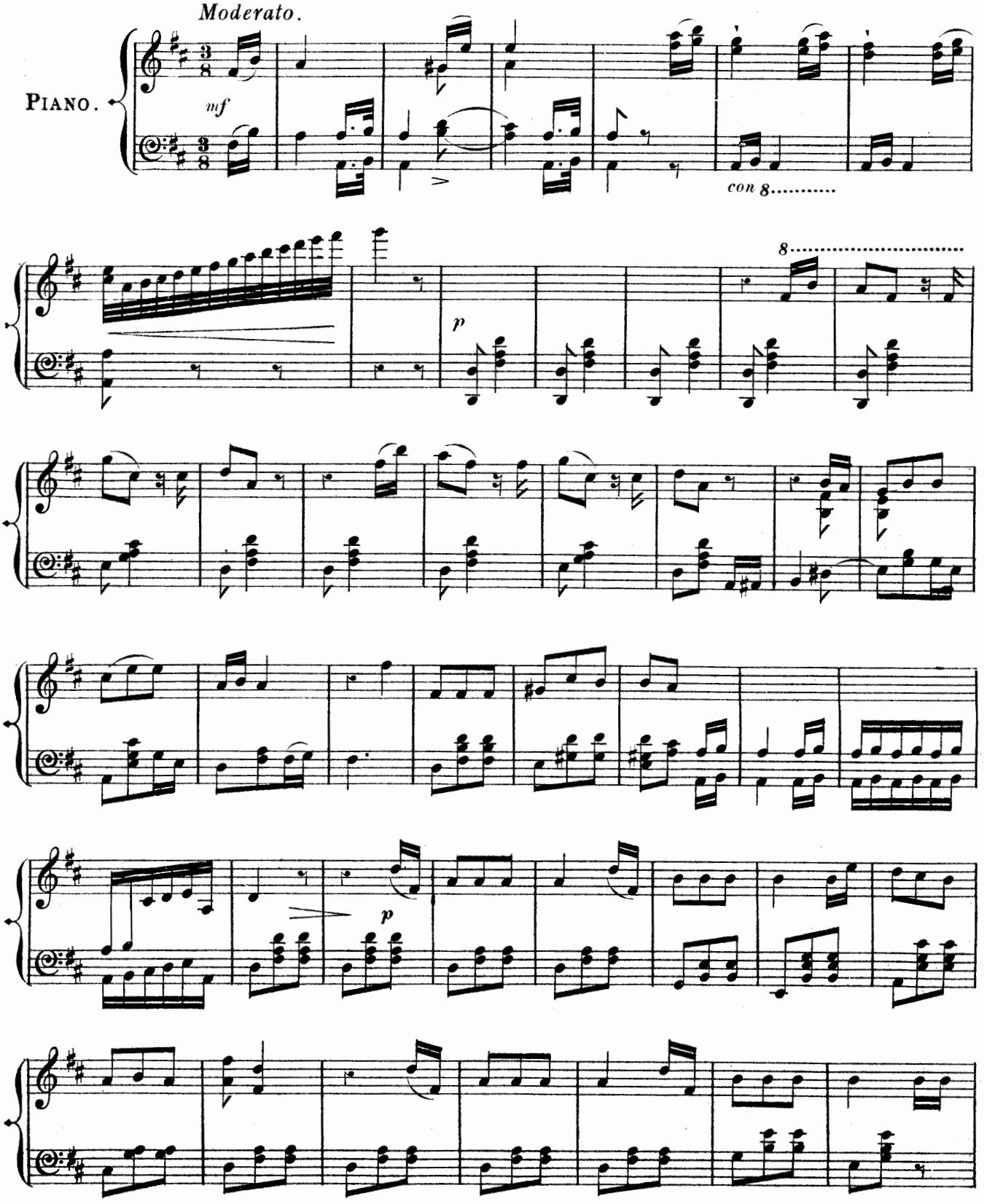

ESMERALDA.
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
PHOEBUS.
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
FROLLO.
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
QUASIMODO.
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
CLOPIN.
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
You'll pay for this pre - sump - tion You'll
pay You shall pay for..... this pre - sump - tion You shall pay

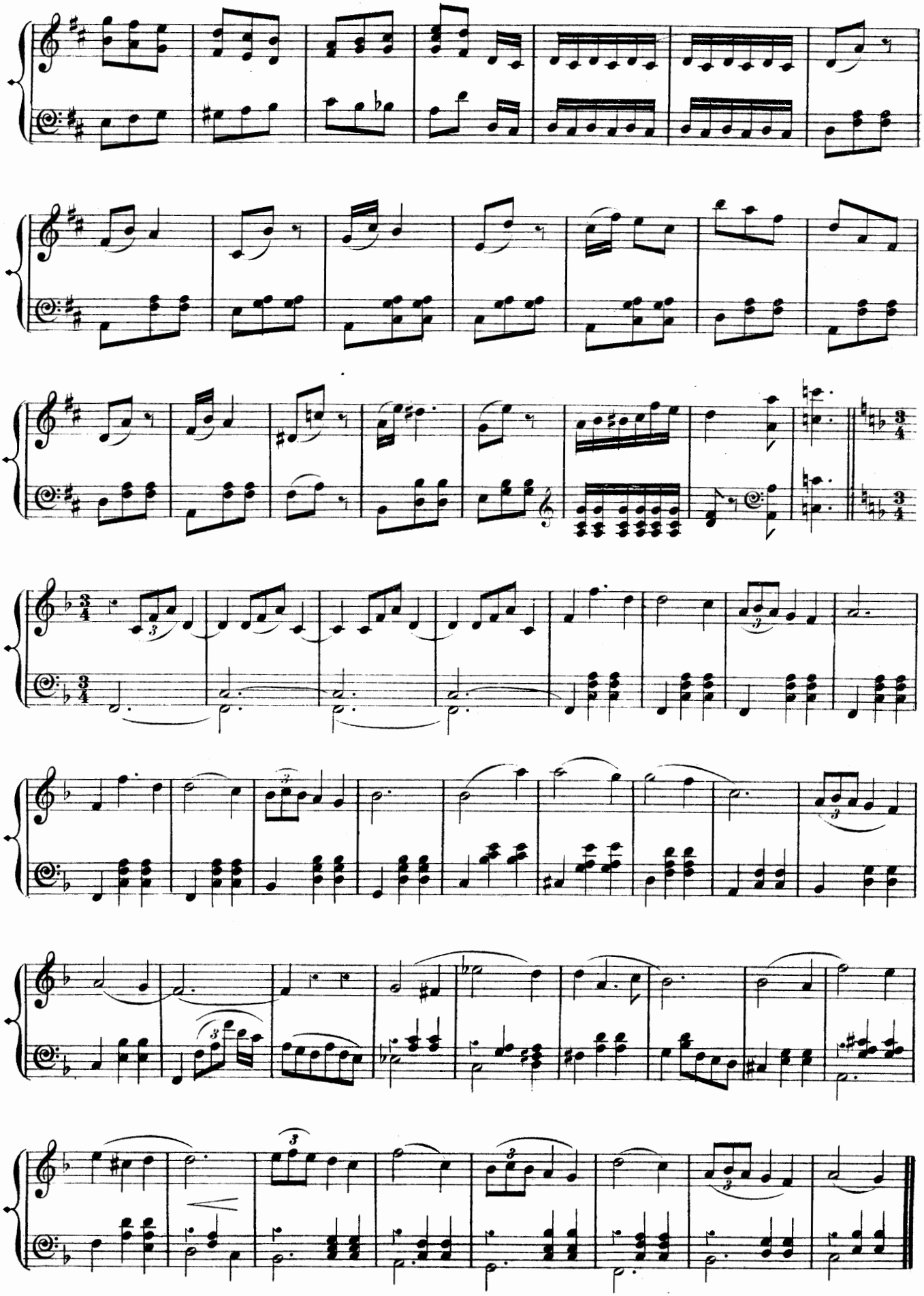


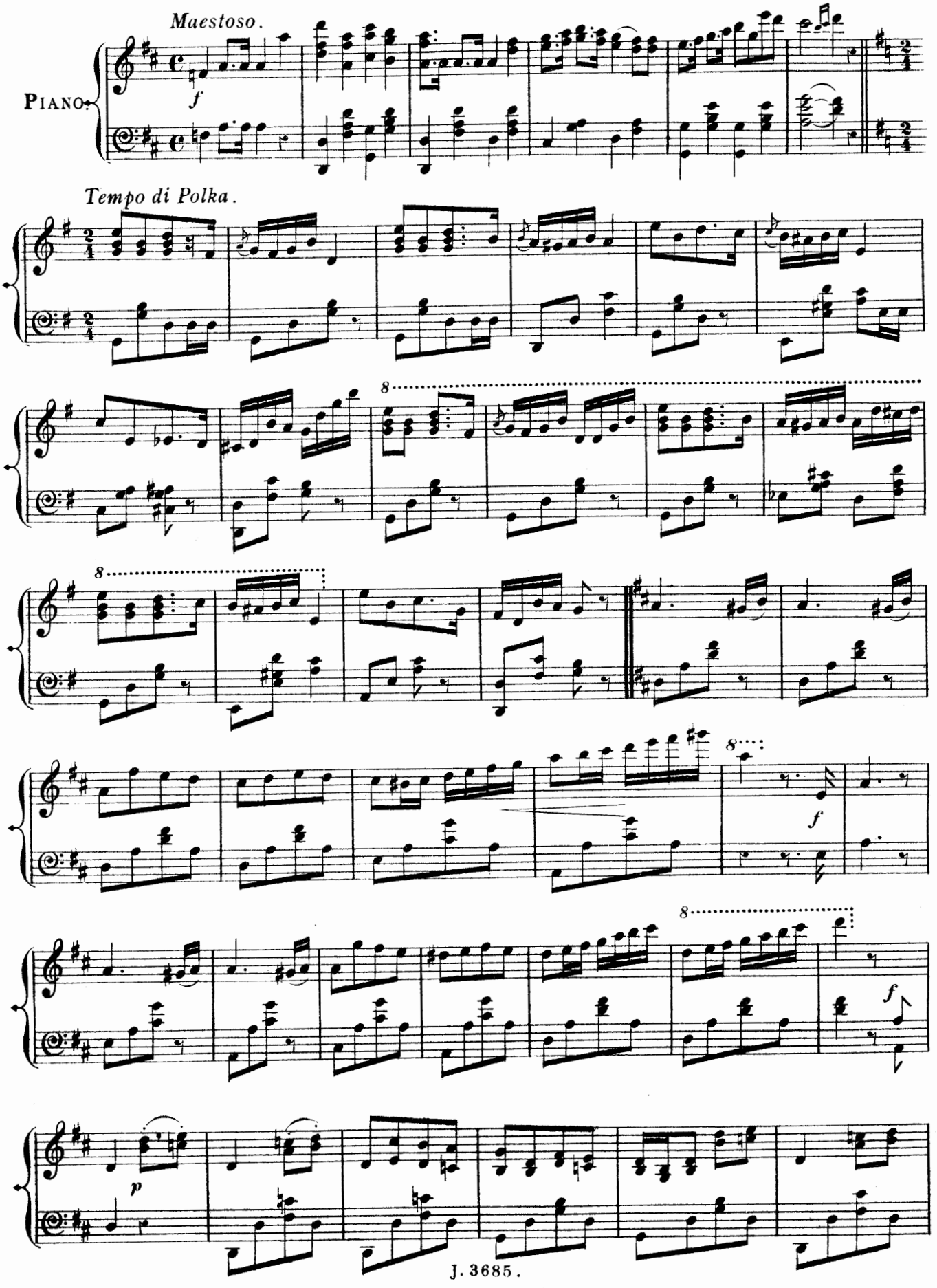
END OF FIRST ACT.

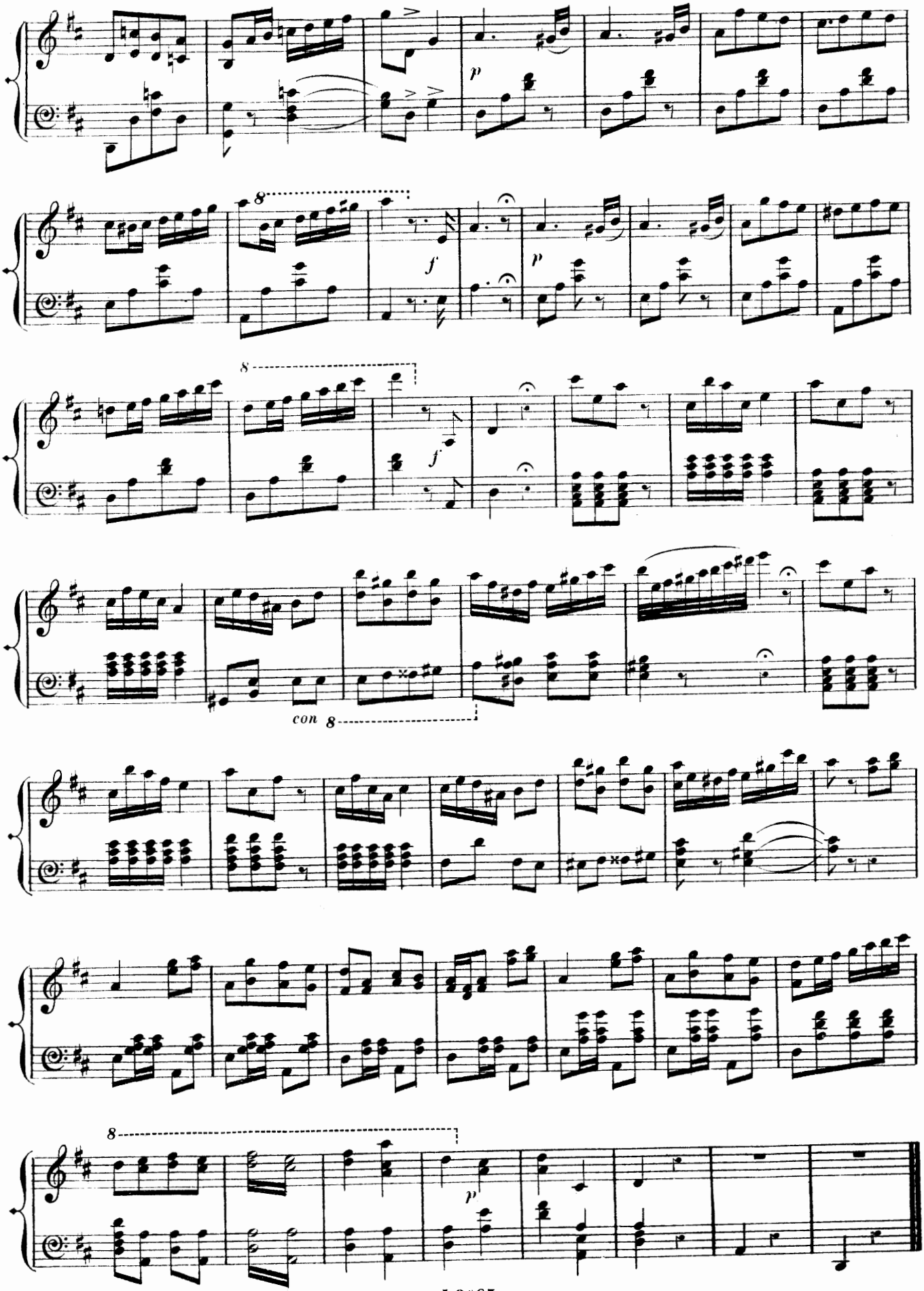
SECOND ACT.

Nº 13.- ENT'RACT.

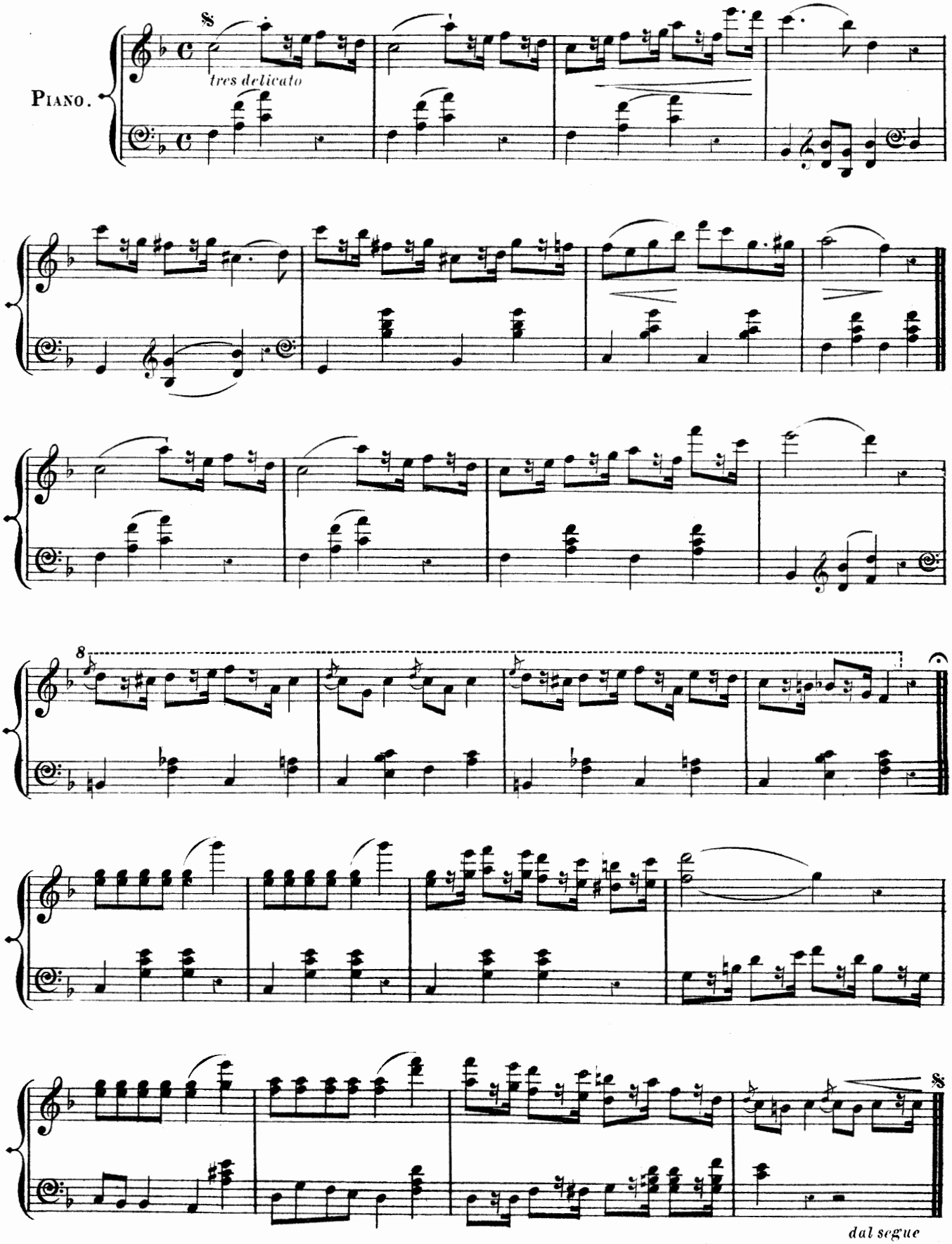





Maestoso.
PIANO.
f
Tempo di Polka.
8
8
8
f
8
f
p

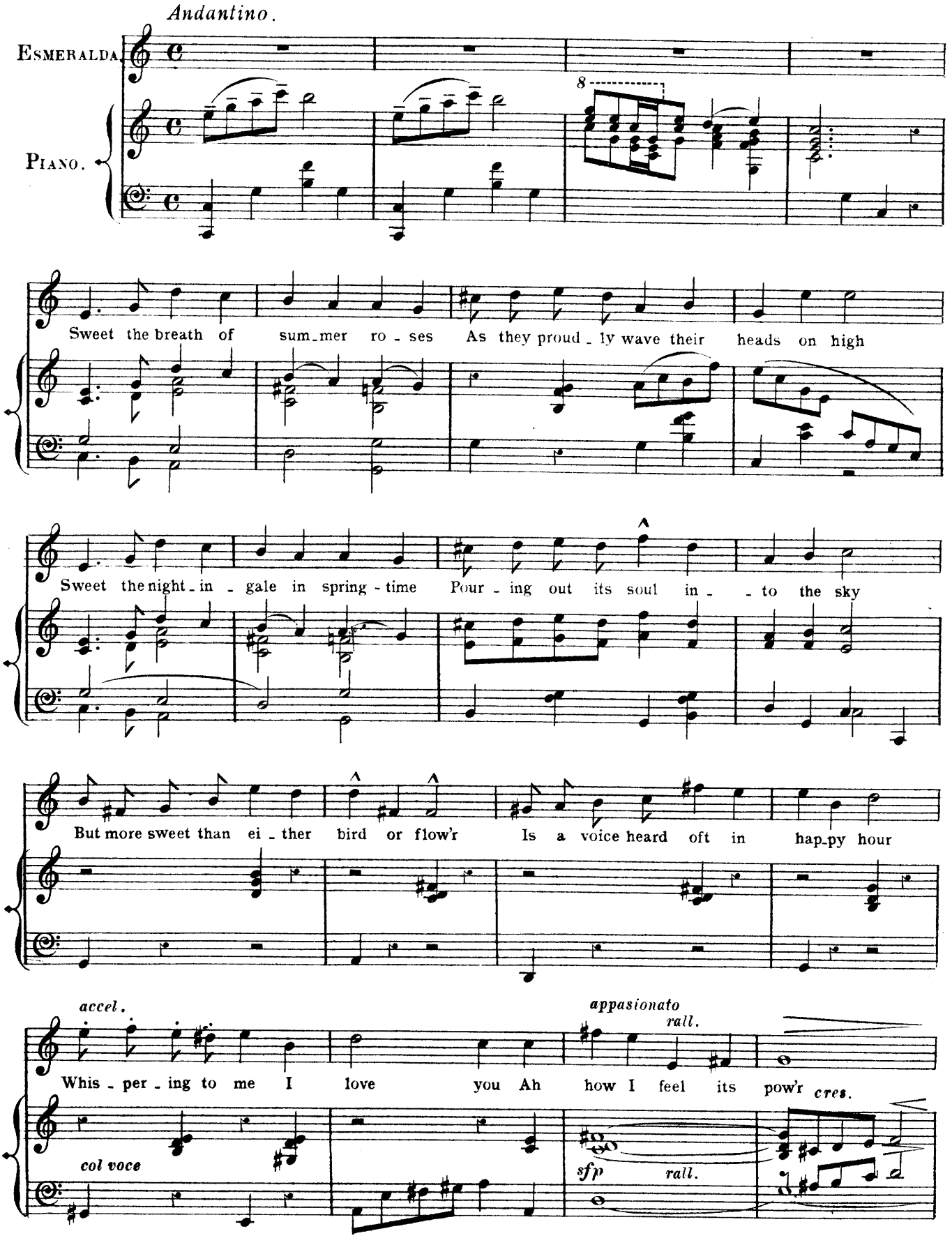

8
p
f
p
8
f
con 8
8
p

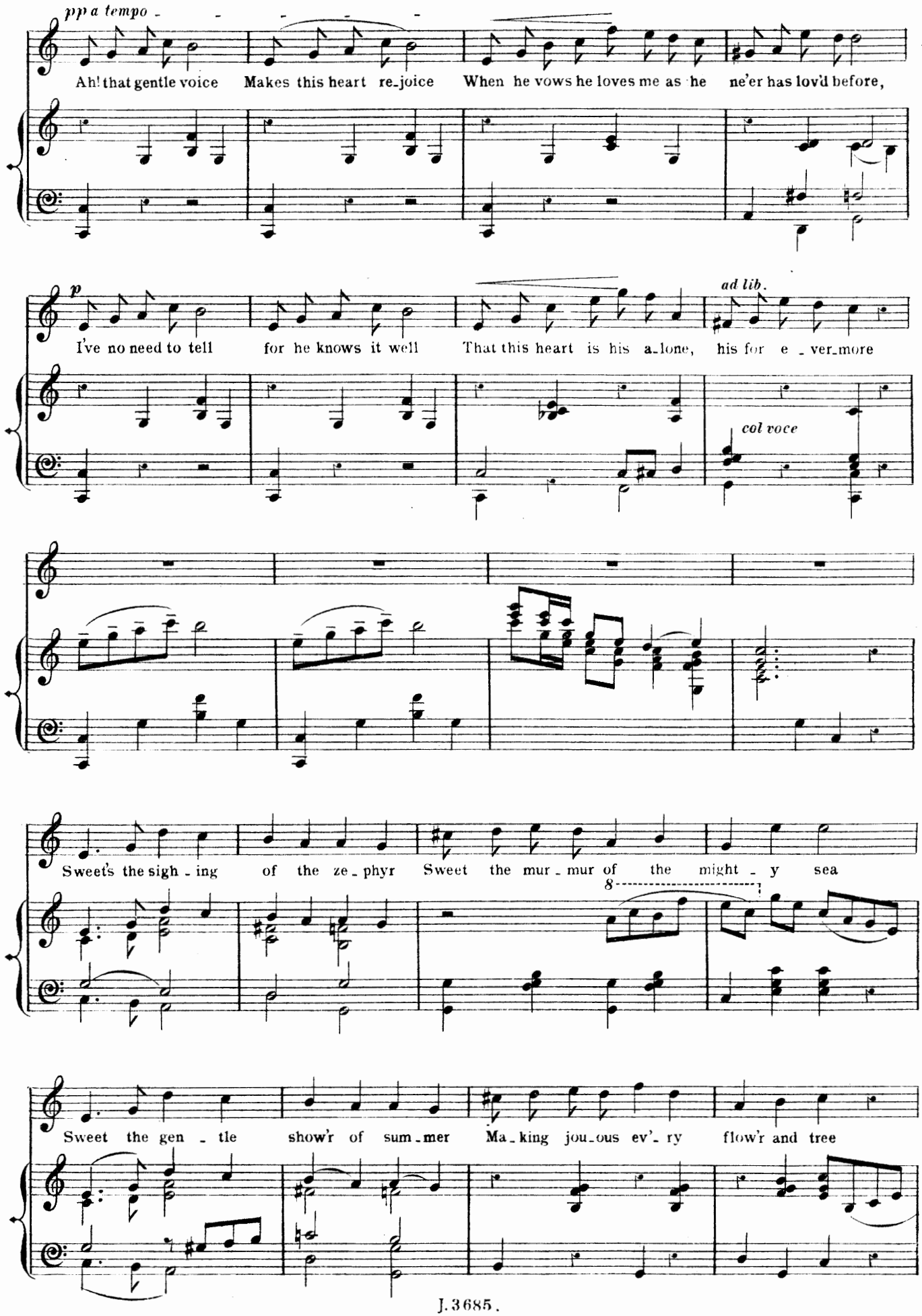
Nº 14. - DANCE.

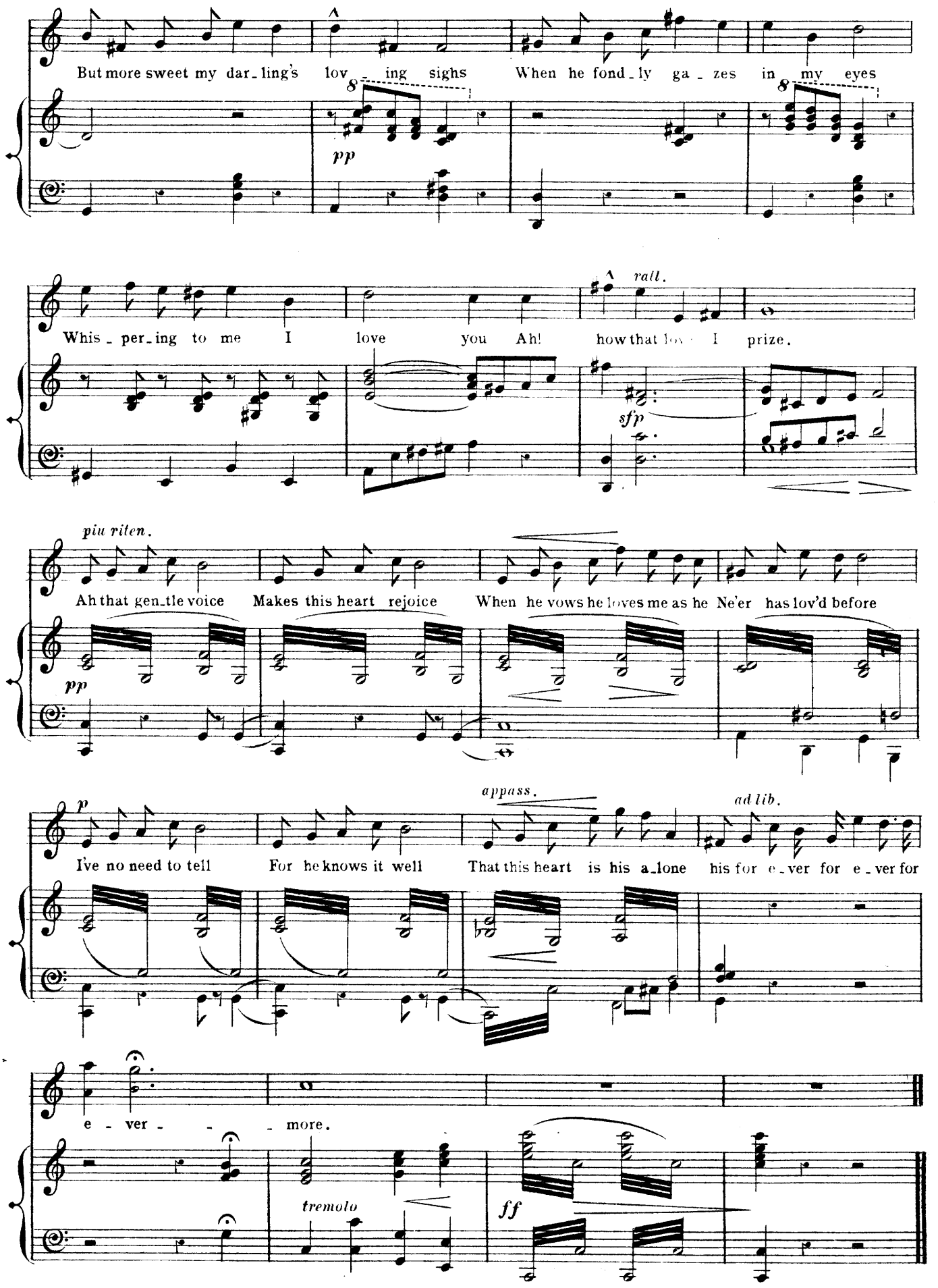


Nº 15. - BALLAD.

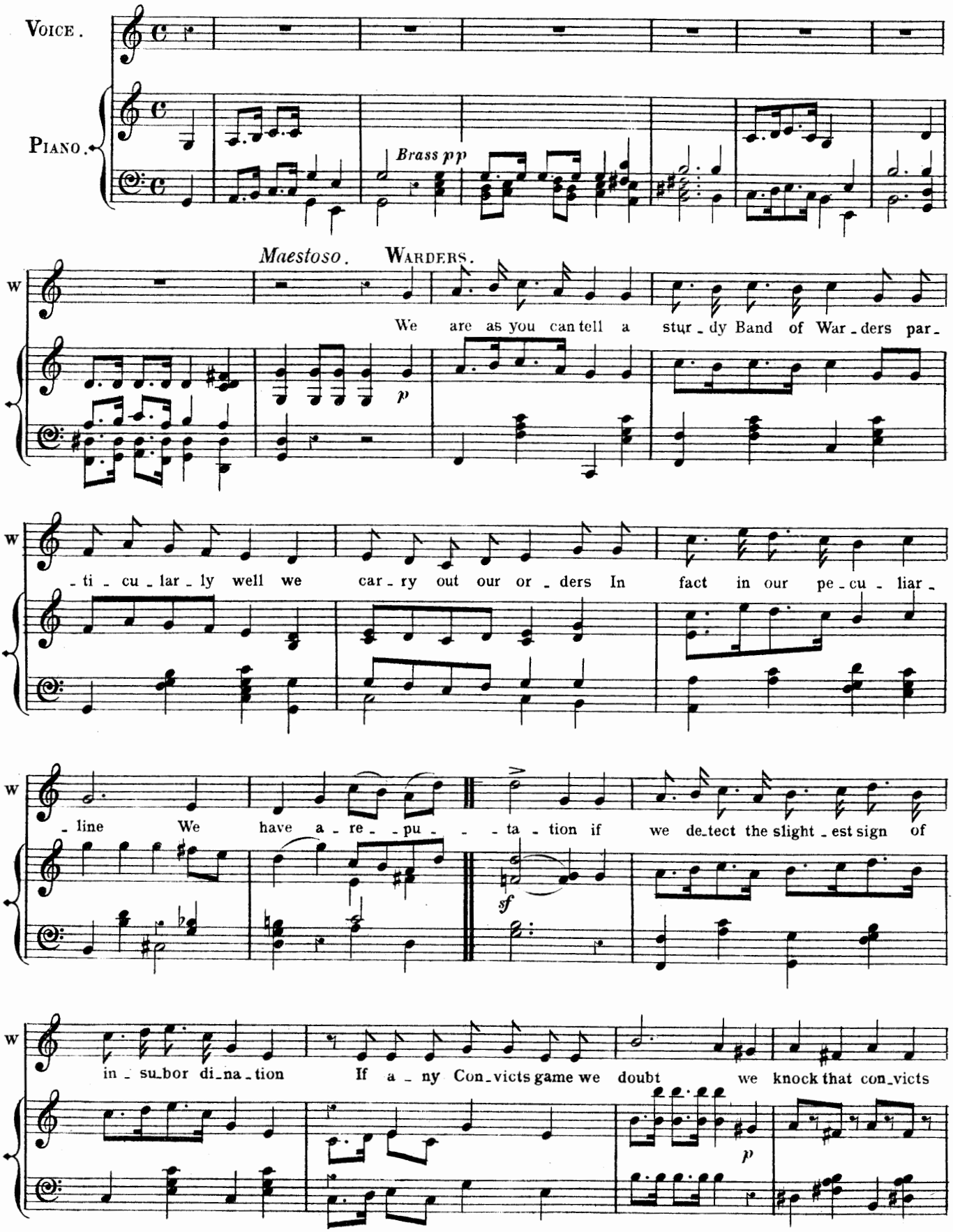
SWEET THE BREATH OF SUMMER ROSES.

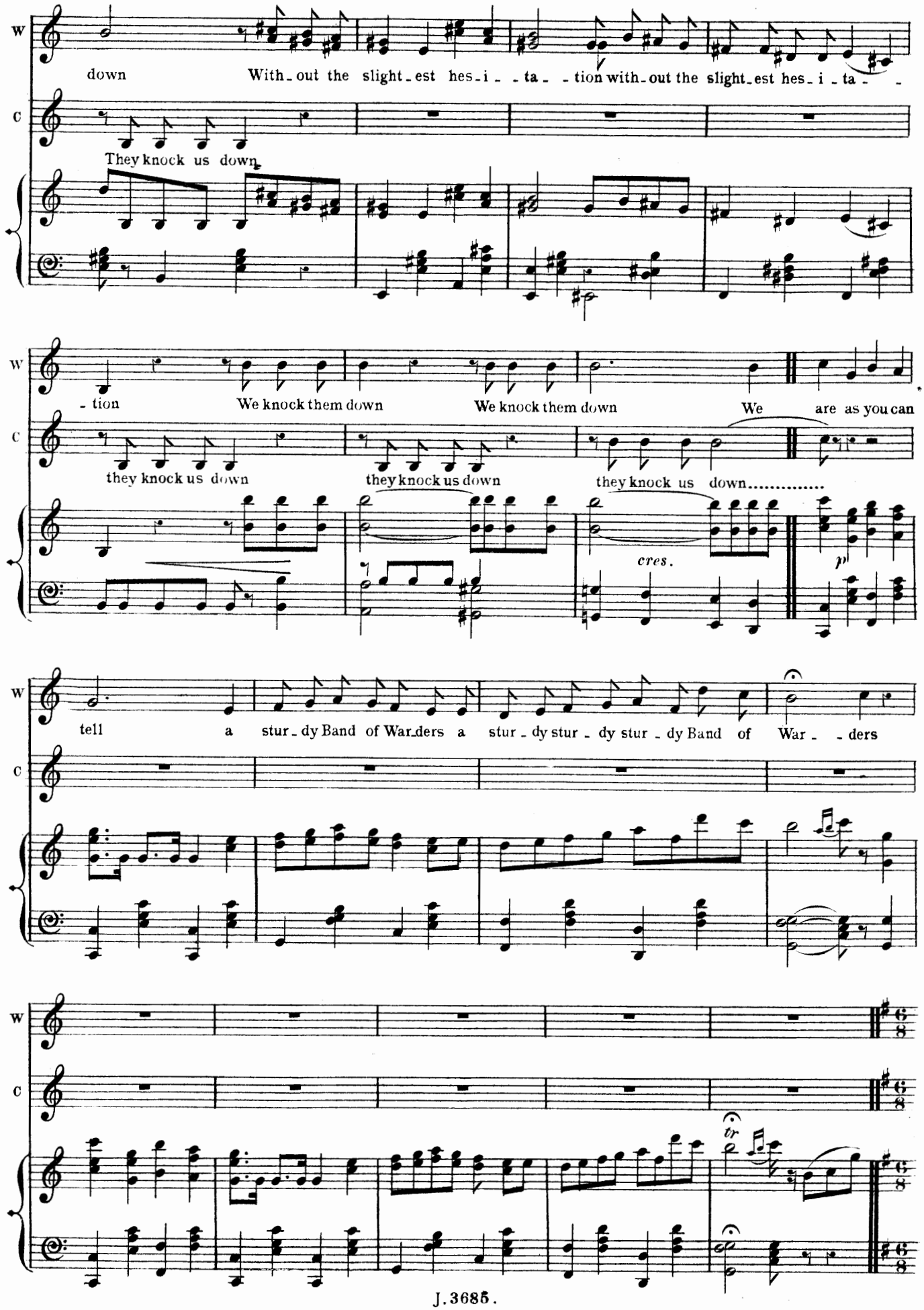


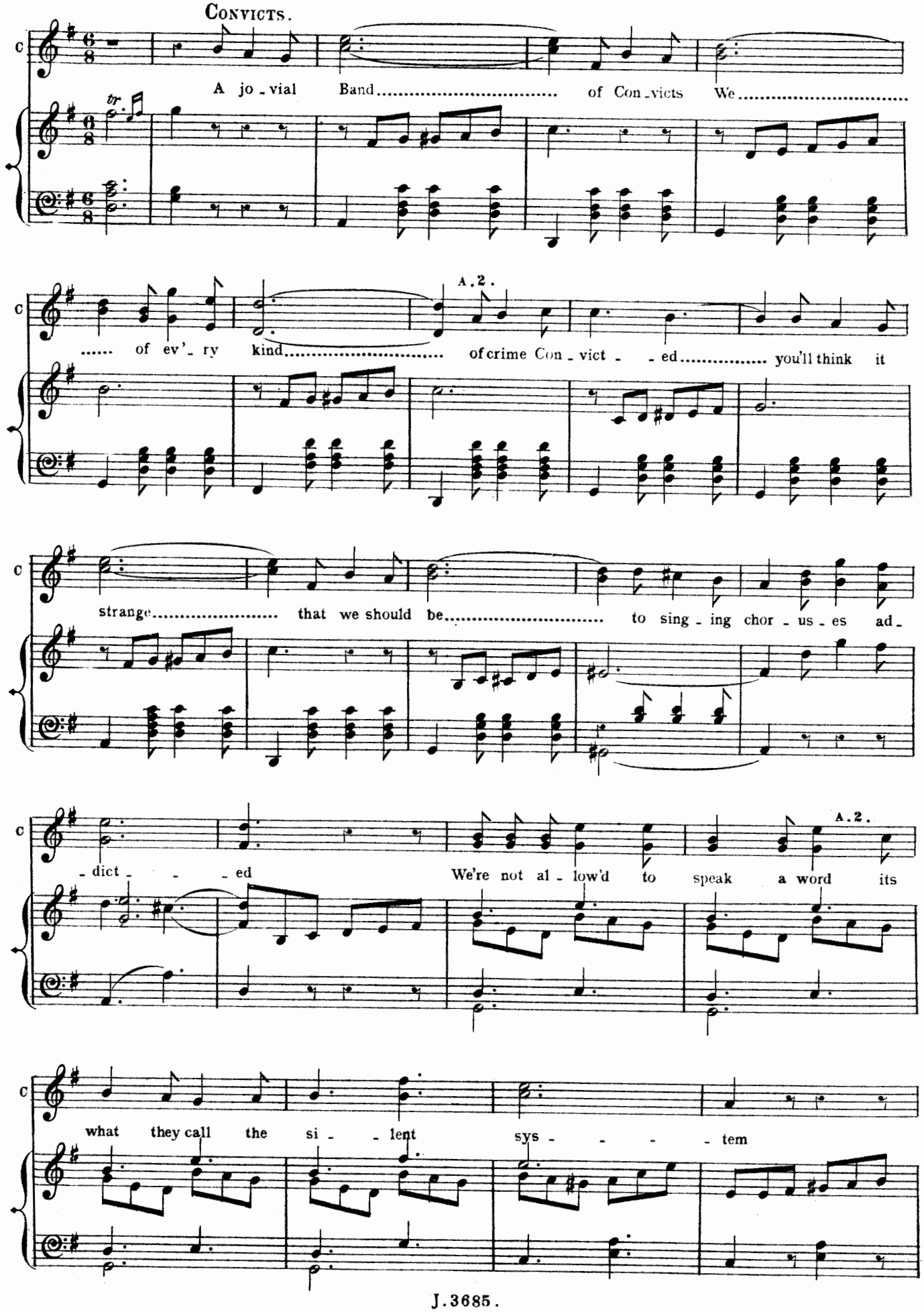

pp a tempo
Ah! that gentle voice Makes this heart re_joice When he vows he loves me as he ne'er has lov'd before,
p
I've no need to tell for he knows it well That this heart is his a_lone, his for e_ver_more
ad lib.
col voce
Sweet's the sigh_ing of the ze_phyr Sweet the mur_mur of the might_y sea
8
Sweet the gen_tle show'r of sum_mer Ma_king jou_ous ev'_ry flow'r and tree

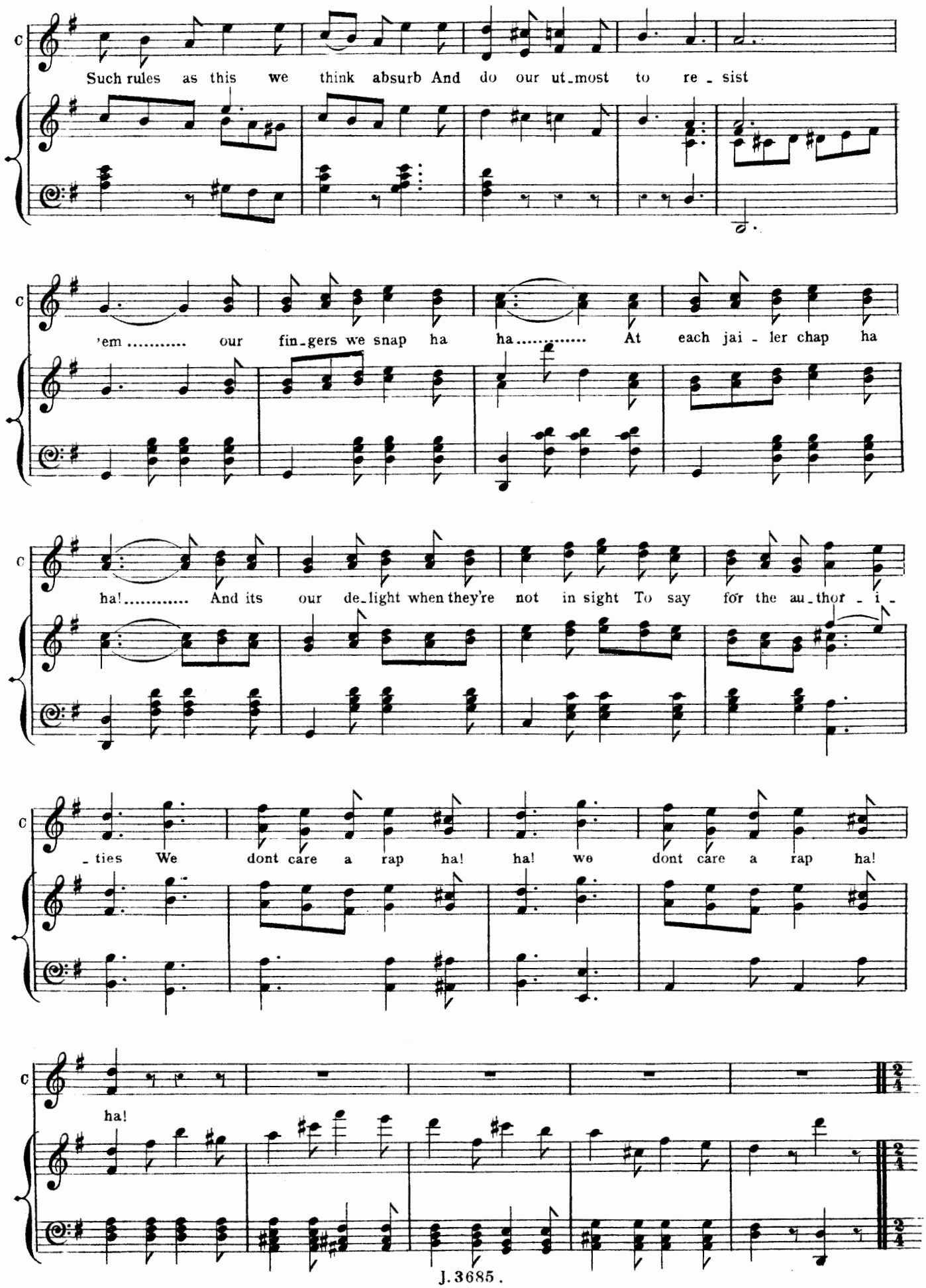

But more sweet my dar_ling's lov_ing sighs When he fond_ly ga_zes in my eyes
pp
Whis_per_ing to me I love you Ah! how that lov_ I prize.
rall.
sfp
piu riten.
Ah that gen_tle voice Makes this heart rejoice When he vows he loves me as he Ne'er has lov'd before
pp
p
appass.
ad lib.
I've no need to tell For he knows it well That this heart is his a_lone his for e_ver for e_ver for
e - ver - - - more.
tremolo
ff

Nº 16.- CHORUS.


Voice.
Piano.
Brass pp
Maestoso.
Warders.
We are as you can tell a stur-dy Band of War-ders par-
p
-ti-cu-lar-ly well we car-ry out our or-ders In fact in our pe-cu-liar-
-line We have a re-pu-ta-tion if we de-tect the slight-est sign of
sf
in-su-bor di-na-tion If a-ny Con-victs game we doubt we knock that con-victs
p

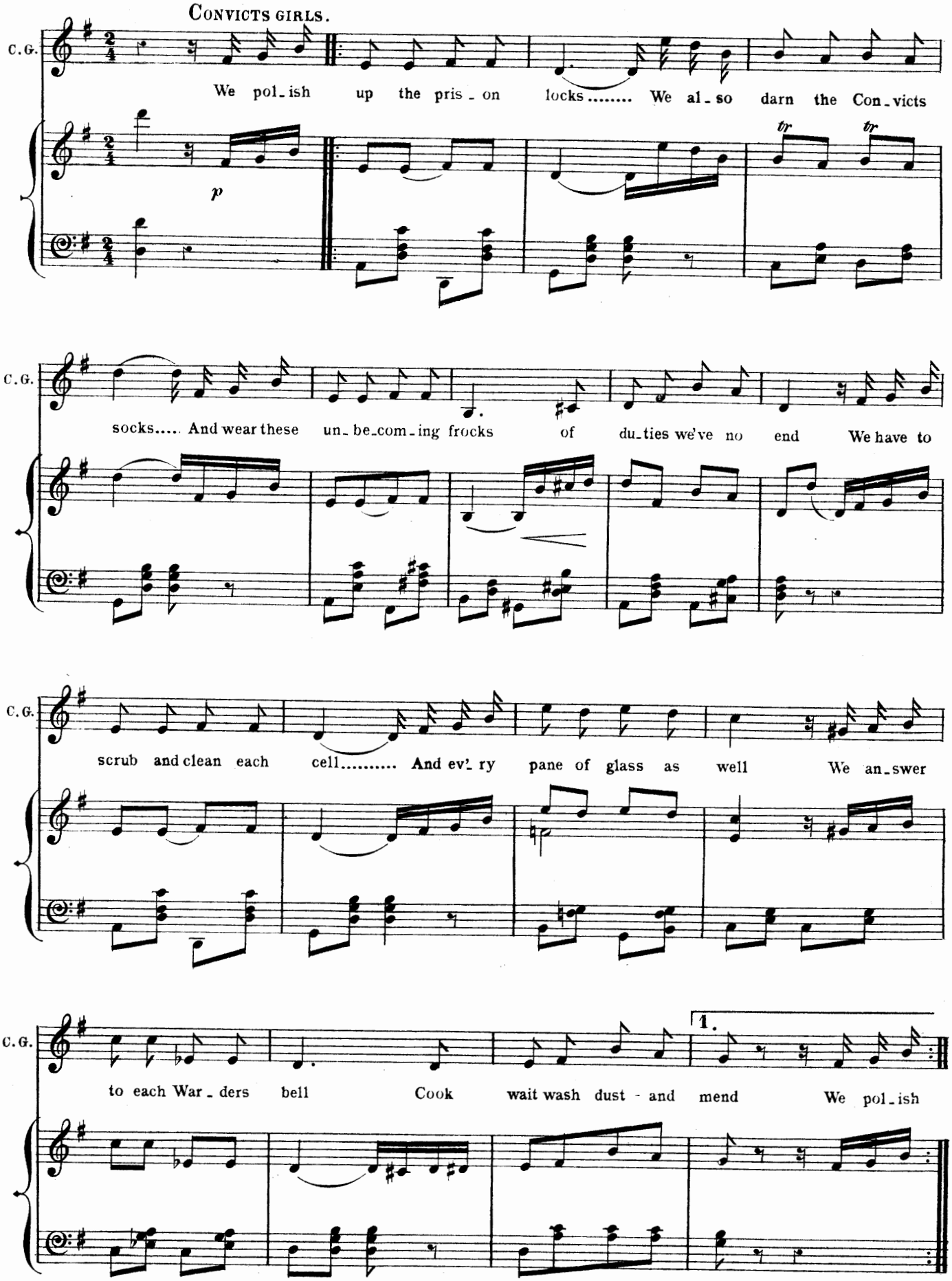

W
down
With-out the slight-est hes-i--ta--tion with-out the slight-est hes-i-ta--
C
They knock us down
W
-tion
We knock them down
We knock them down
We
are as you can
C
they knock us down
they knock us down
they knock us down.....
cres.
p
W
tell
a
stur-dy Band of War-ders a
stur-dy stur-dy stur-dy Band of
War--ders
C
W
C
tr


CONVICTS.
A jo - vial Band ..... of Con - victs We .....
..... of ev'- ry kind ..... of crime Con - vict - - ed ..... you'll think it
A.2.
strange ..... that we should be ..... to sing - ing chor - us - es ad -
- dict - - - ed
We're not al - low'd to speak a word its
A.2.
what they call the si - - lent sys - - - - - tem


Such rules as this we think absurb And do our ut_most to re_sist
'em ..... our fin_gers we snap ha ha..... At each jai_ler chap ha
ha!..... And its our de_light when they're not in sight To say for the au_thor_i_
_ties We dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha!
ha!

Andantino.

CONVICTS GIRLS.



2. CONVICTS.

Our fin-gers we snap ha! ha!..... At each gaol-er chap ha!

Our fin-gers we snap ha! ha!..... At each gaol-er chap ha!

Our fin-gers we snap ha! ha!..... At each gaol-er chap ha!

Our fin-gers we snap ha! ha!..... At each gaol-er chap ha!

2.

ha!..... And its our de-light when they're not in sight, To say for the au-thor-i-

ha!..... And its our de-light when they're not in sight, To say for the au-thor-i-

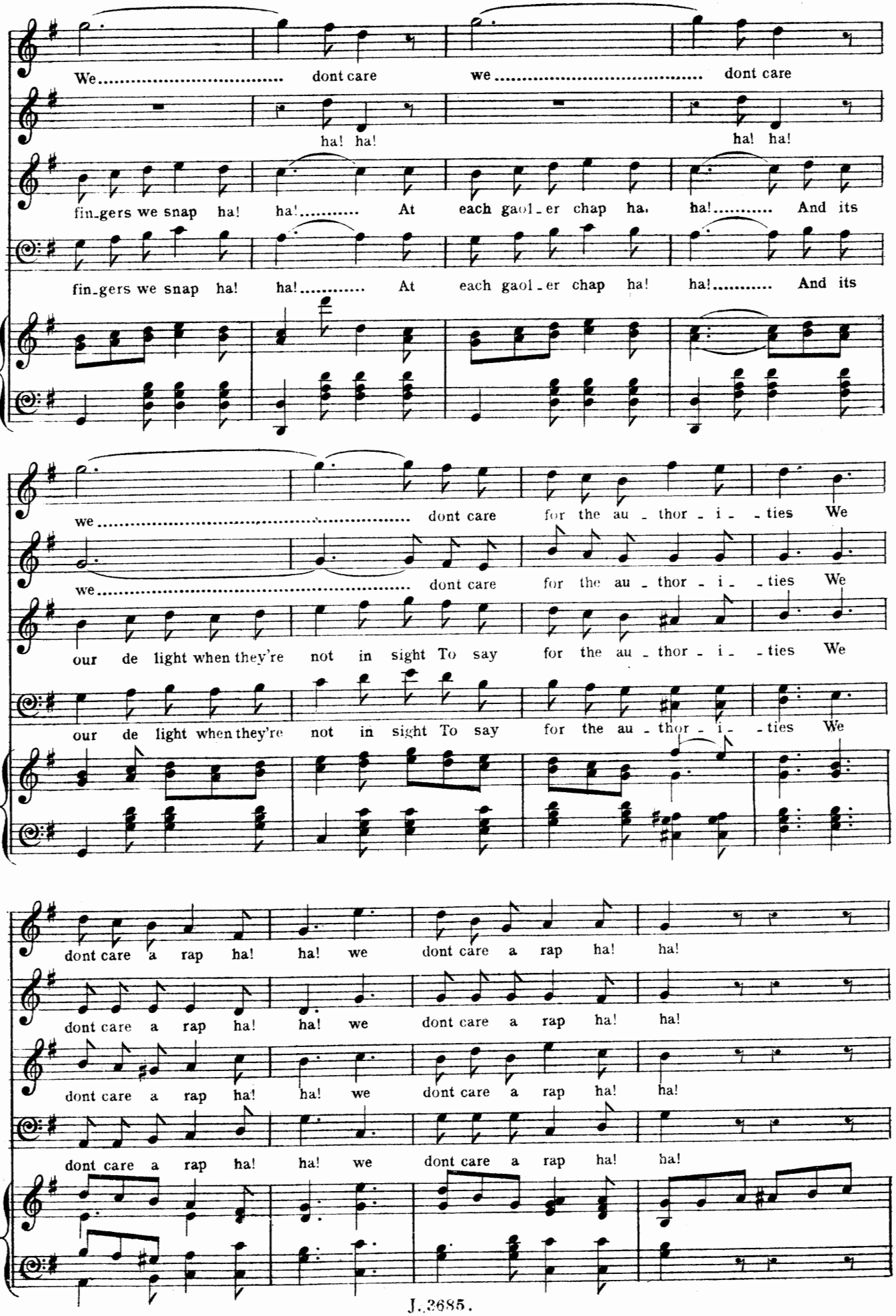
ha!..... And its our de-light when they're not in sight, To say for the au-thor-i-

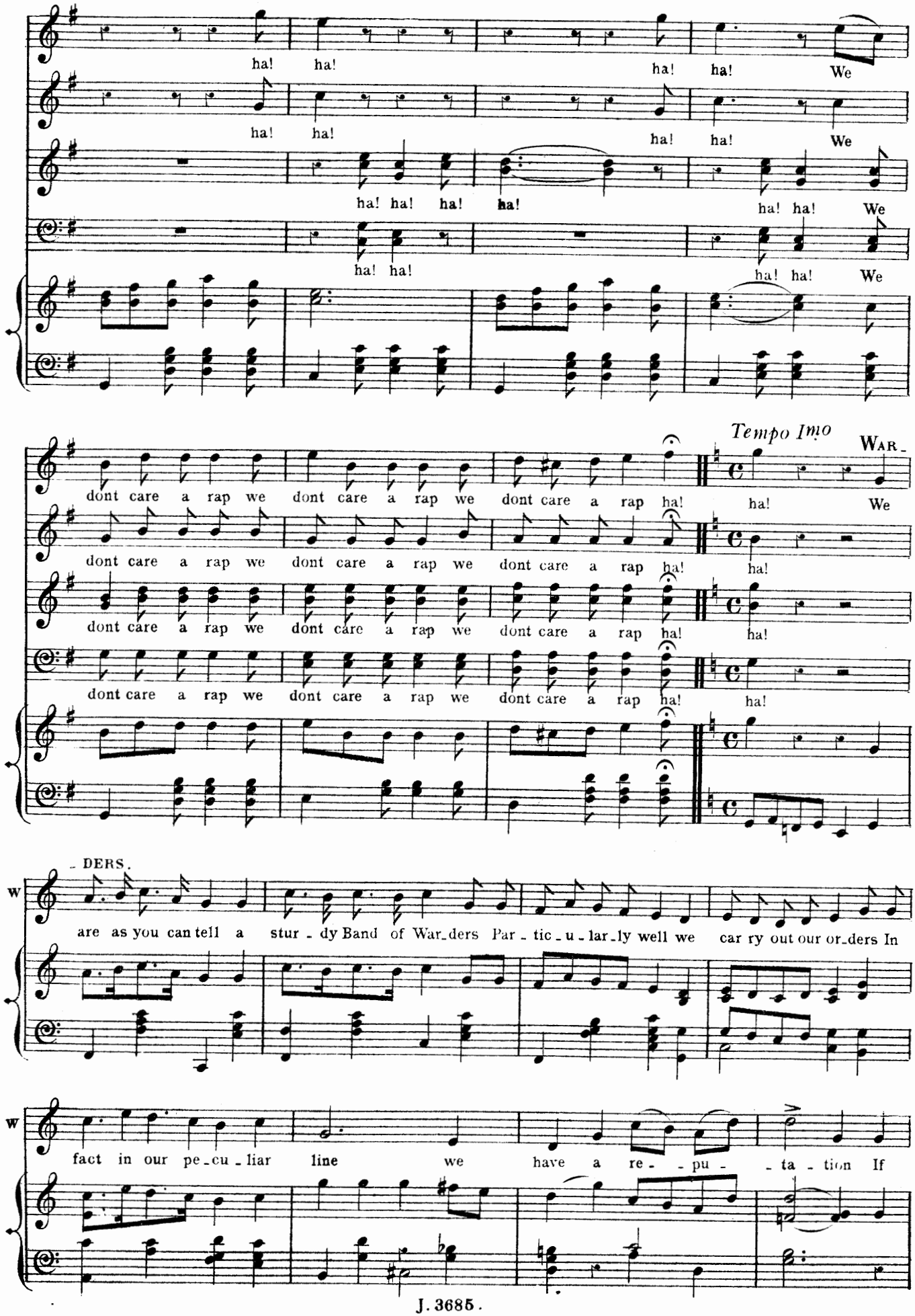
ties We dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!

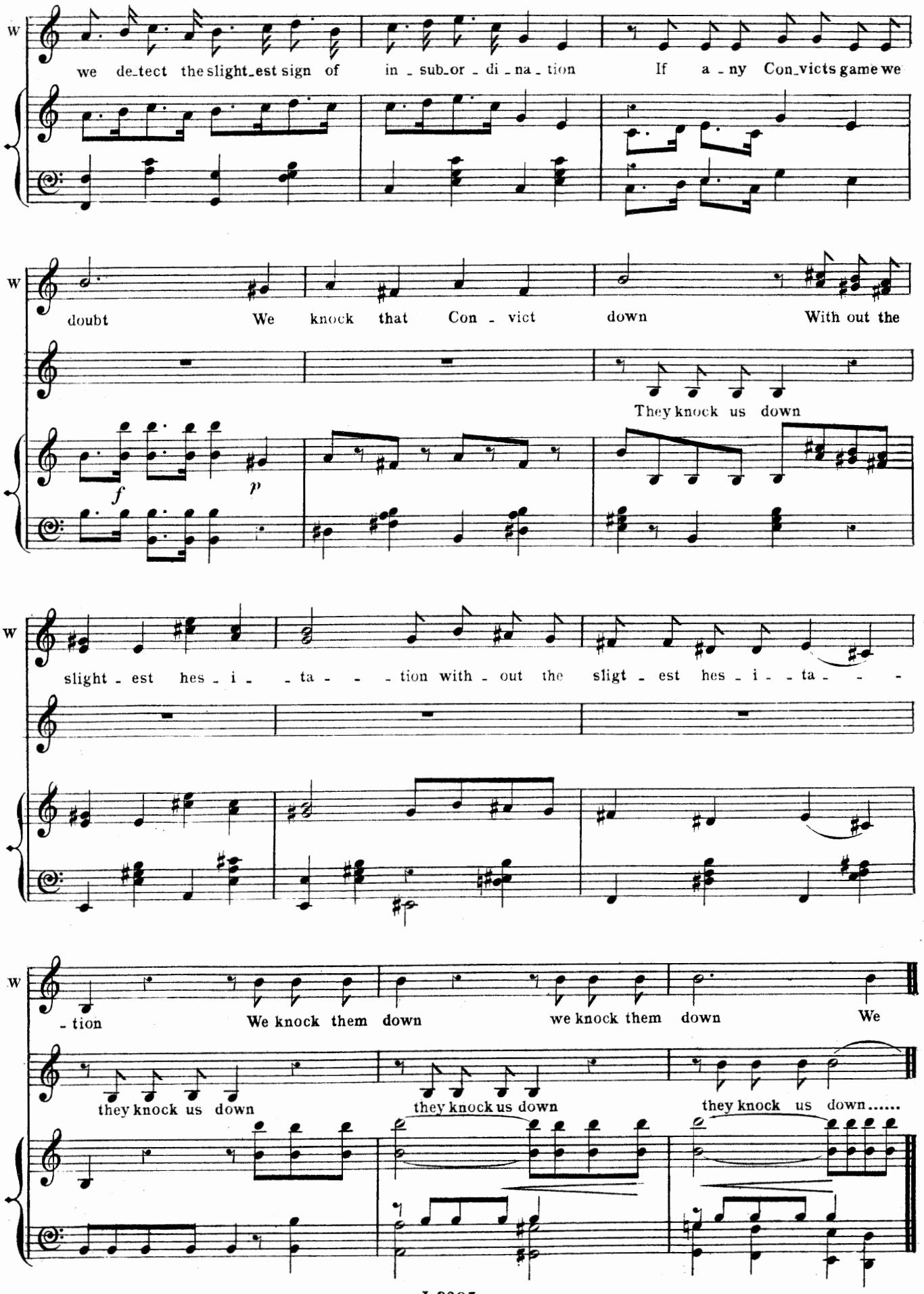
ties We dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!

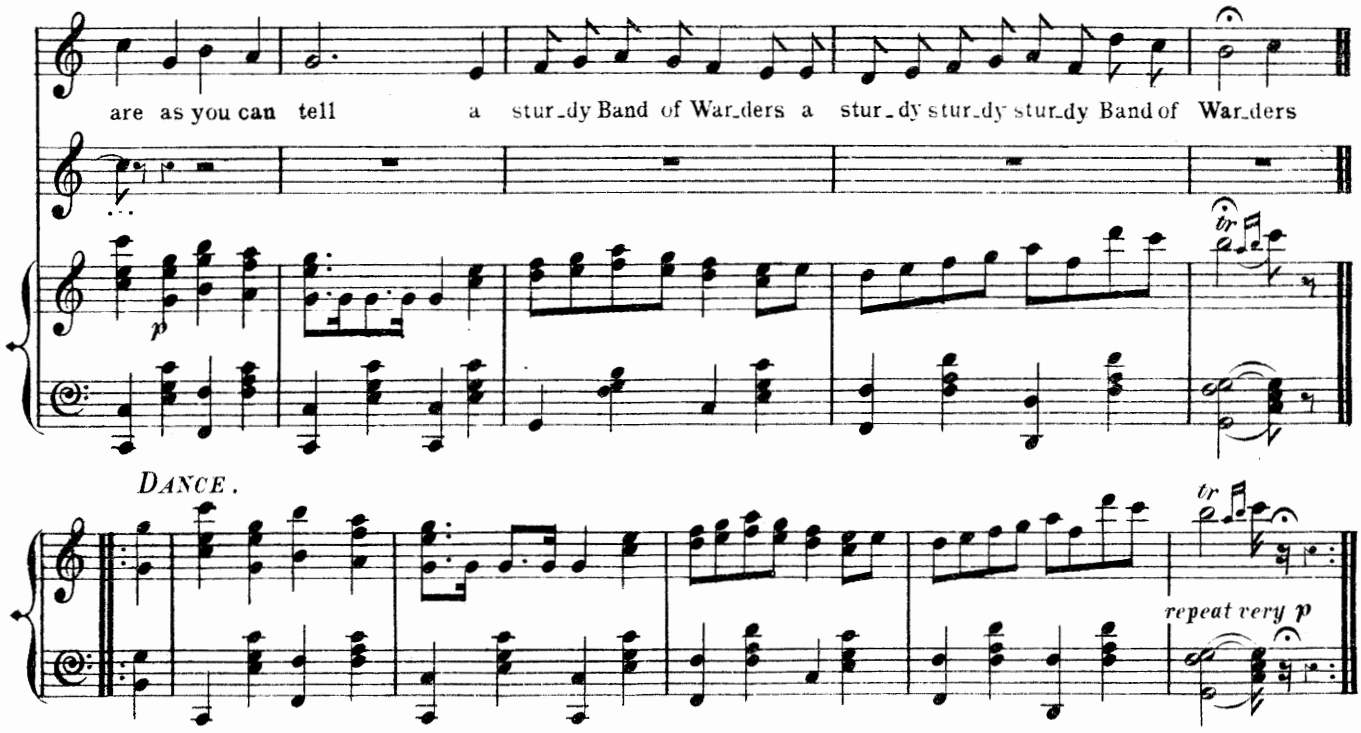
ties We dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha! Our

ties We dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha! Our


We dont care we dont care
ha! ha! ha! ha!
fin_gers we snap ha! ha! At each gaol_er chap ha. ha! And its
fin_gers we snap ha! ha! At each gaol_er chap ha! ha! And its
we dont care for the au_thor_i_ties We
we dont care for the au_thor_i_ties We
our de light when they're not in sight To say for the au_thor_i_ties We
our de light when they're not in sight To say for the au_thor_i_ties We
dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!
dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!
dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!
dont care a rap ha! ha! we dont care a rap ha! ha!


ha! ha! ha! ha! We
ha! ha! ha! ha! We
ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! We
ha! ha! ha! ha! We
dont care a rap we dont care a rap we dont care a rap ha! ha! We
dont care a rap we dont care a rap we dont care a rap ha! ha!
dont care a rap we dont care a rap we dont care a rap ha! ha!
dont care a rap we dont care a rap we dont care a rap ha! ha!
Tempo Imo
WAR_
_DERS.
are as you can tell a stur_dy Band of War_ders Par_tic_u_lar_ly well we car ry out our or_ders In
fact in our pe_cu_liar line we have a re_pu_ta_tion If

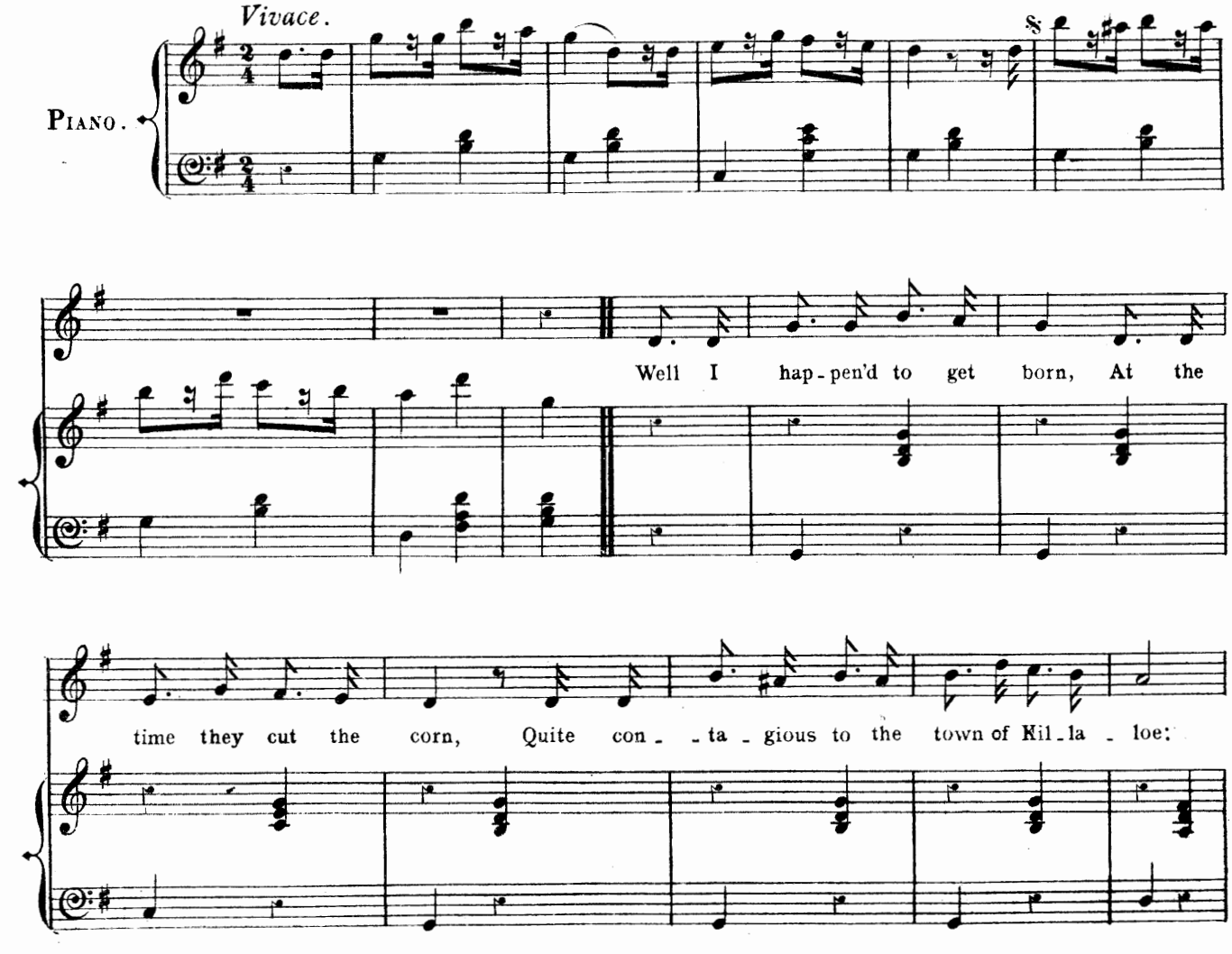

W
we de_tect the slight_est sign of in _ sub_or _ di _ na _ tion If a _ ny Con_victs game we
W
doubt We knock that Con _ vict down With out the
They knock us down
f
p
W
slight _ est hes _ i _ _ ta _ _ _ tion with _ out the sligt _ est hes _ i _ _ ta _ _ _
W
_ tion We knock them down we knock them down We
they knock us down
they knock us down
they knock us down.....

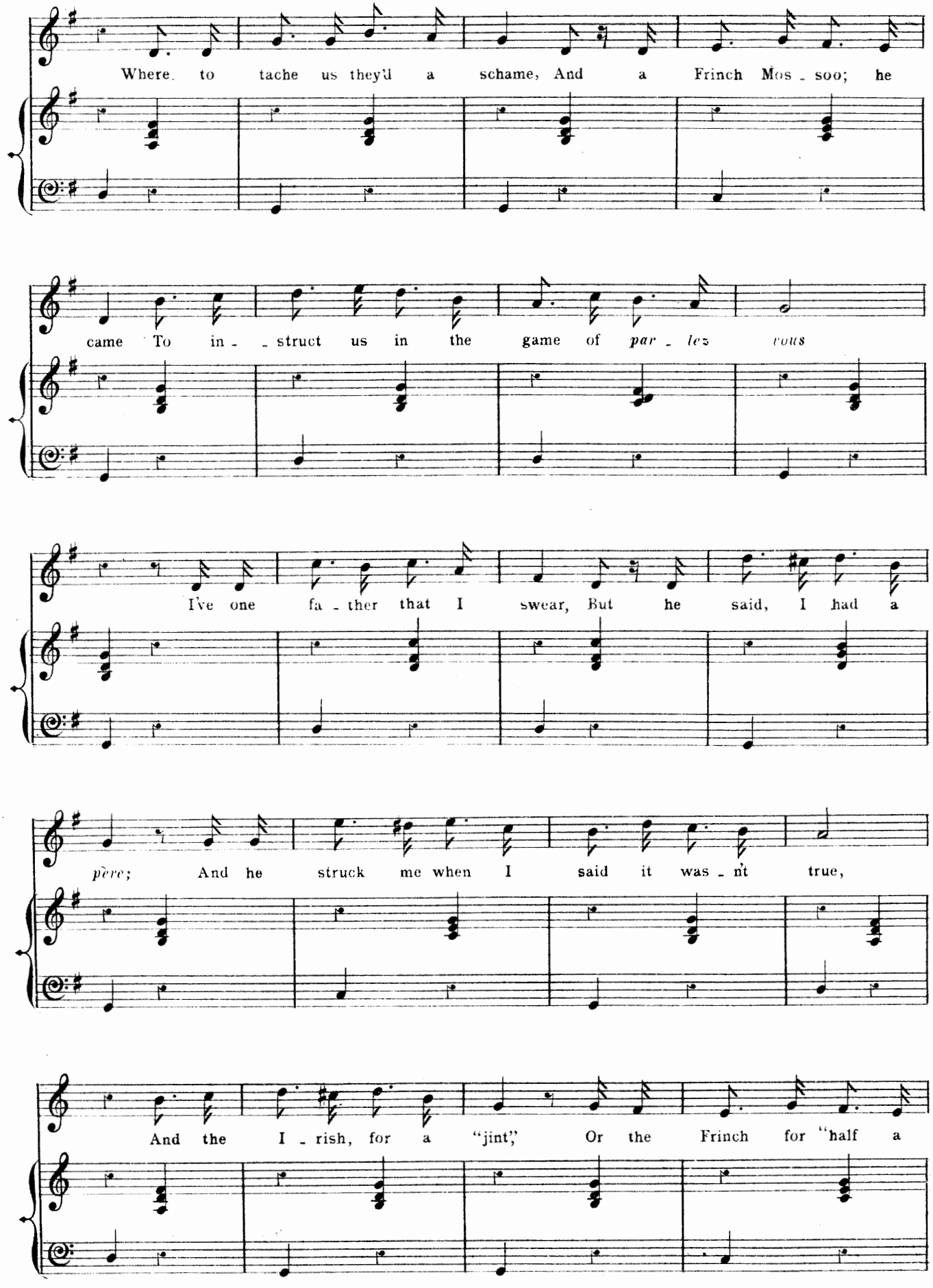


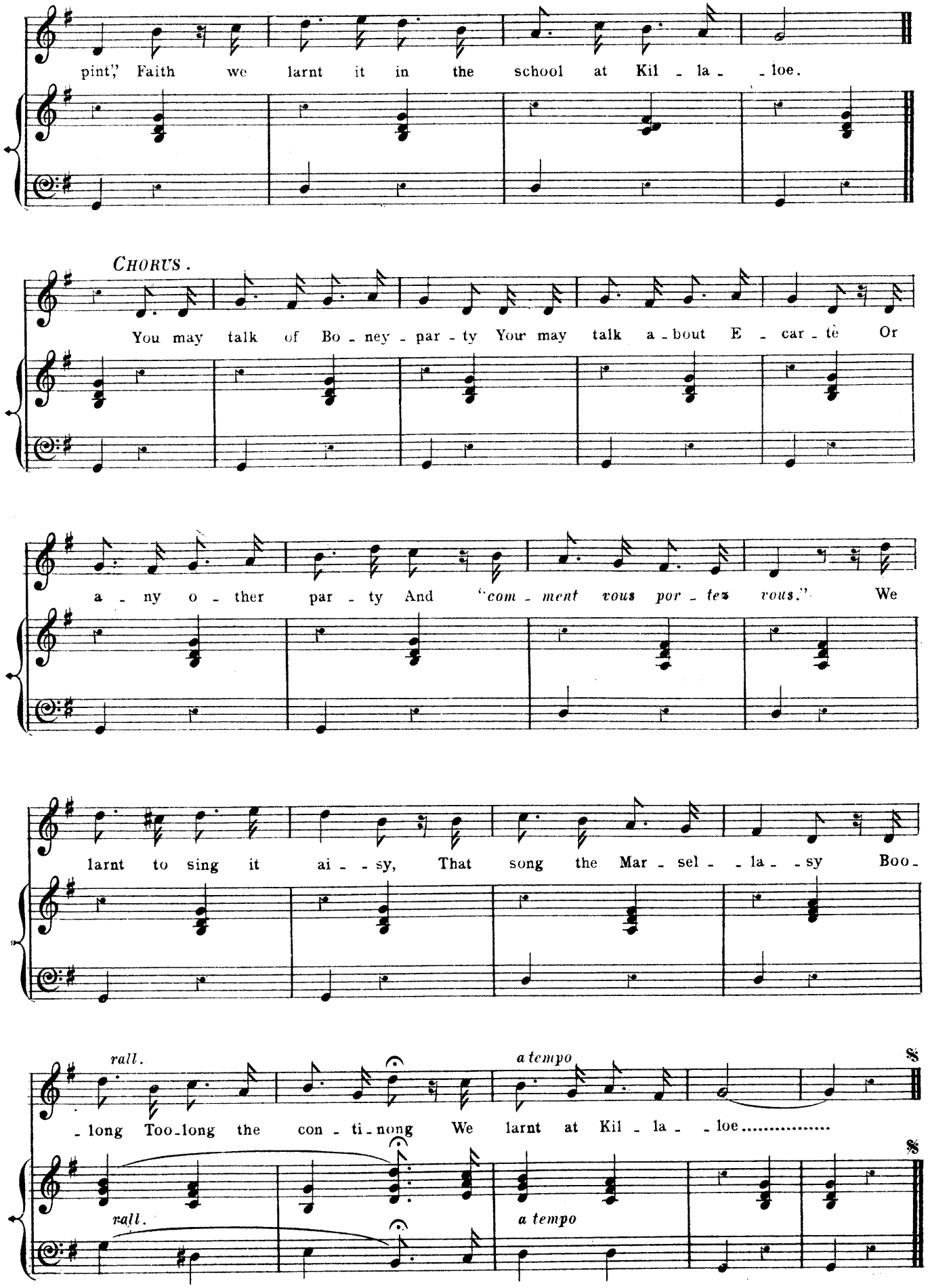
Nº 17. - SONG.

KILLALOE.

ROBERT MARTIN.




Where to tache us they'd a schame, And a Frinch Mos - soo; he
came To in - - struct us in the game of par - les vous
I've one fa - ther that I swear, But he said, I had a
père; And he struck me when I said it was - n't true,
And the I - rish, for a "jint," Or the Frinch for "half a


pint," Faith we larnt it in the school at Kil - la - loe.
CHORUS.
You may talk of Bo - ney - par - ty You may talk a - bout E - car - tè Or
a - ny o - ther par - ty And "com - ment vous por - tez vous." We
larnt to sing it ai - - sy, That song the Mar - sel - - la - - sy Boo -
rall.
- long Too-long the con - ti - nong We
a tempo
larnt at Kil - la - loe.....
rall.
a tempo

KILLALOE.

2

"*Mais oui*," Mossoo would cry, "well of course you can," says I,
Non, no—"I know," says I with some surprise;
When a boy straight up from Clare, heard his mother called a *mère*,
He gave Mossoo his fist between the eyes.
Says Mossoo, with much alarm, "Go and call for *Johnny Darn*,"
"There's no such name," said I "about the place,"
"*Comment*," he made reply, "*come on*, yerself," says I,
And I scattered all the features of his face.

CHORUS.

You may talk of Boneyparty, you may talk about *écarté*
Or any other party, and "*comment vous portez vous*;"
We larnt to sing it aisy, that song, the "*Marsellasy*,"
Boolong, Toolong, the Continong, we larnt at Killaloe.

3

Oh, boys, there was the fun, you should see him when 'twas done,
His eyeballs one by one did disappear,
And a doctor from the south took some days to find his mouth,
Which had somehow got concealed behind his ear.
Then he swore an awful oath he'd have law agin' us both,
And thin he'd lave both Limerick and Clare;
For he found it wouldn't do to tache Frinch in Killaloe,
Unless he had a face or two to spare.

Chorus. You may talk, &c.

4

To the Magistrate he wint, and a lot of time he spint,
Says the Magistrate, "Begorry, I'm perplexed,
For a fellow who, you see, spells whisky, *O, D, V*,
You never know what he'll be up to next."
Thin nothing more was said, Mossoo wint home to bed,
And mixed no more in Killaloe affairs,
And the papers of the place, said the Foreign tacher's face
Was closed for alterations and repairs.

Chorus. You may talk, &c.

5

If disguises you would try, or would prove an alibi,
Or alter your appearance just for fun;
You've just one thing to do, go tache Frinch at Killaloe
And your mother will not know you for her son.
Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine,
But as I think you'll aisily suppose,
Whatever tongue you take, it is mighty hard to spake
While your ear keeps changing places with your nose.

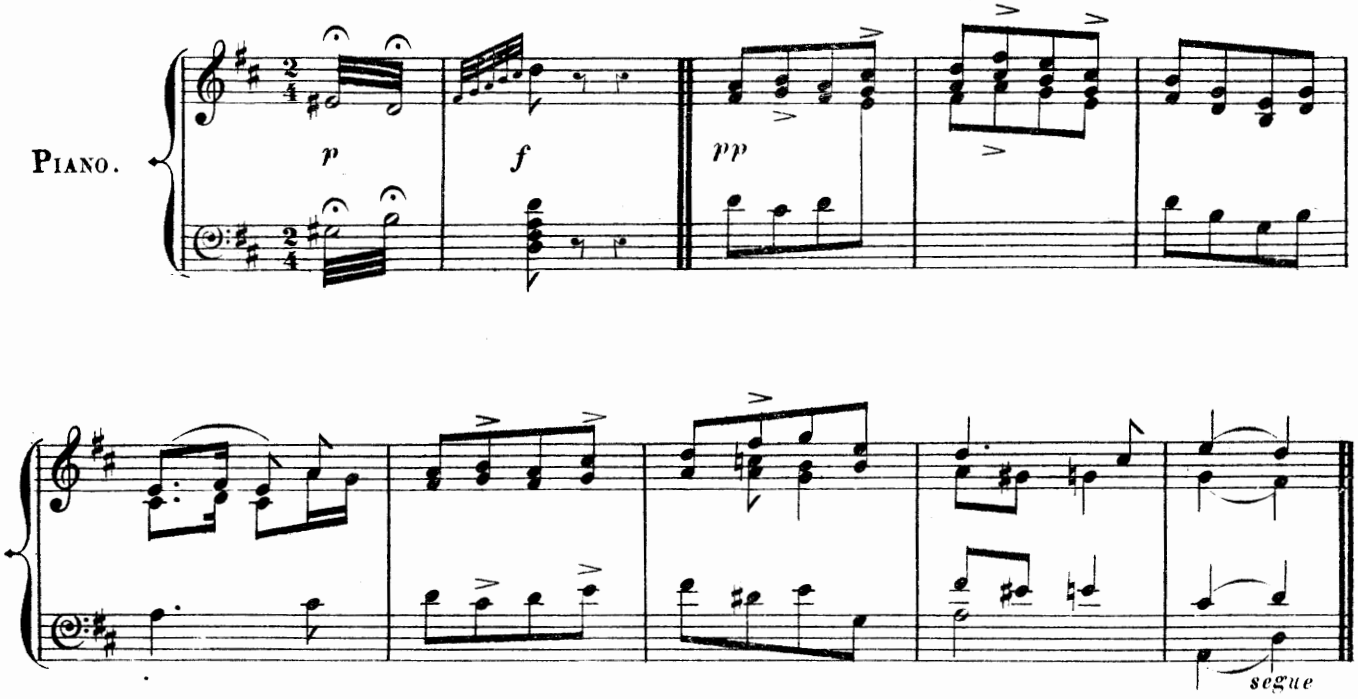
Chorus. You may talk, &c.

6

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are plased with Killaloe,
And our conduct to the tacher they did send;
But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last,
That's the reason I have left it to the end.
We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear,
That to the Irish language we'll be true;
But we all, wid one consint, when they ax us for the rint,
Sure we answer them in Frinch in Killaloe.

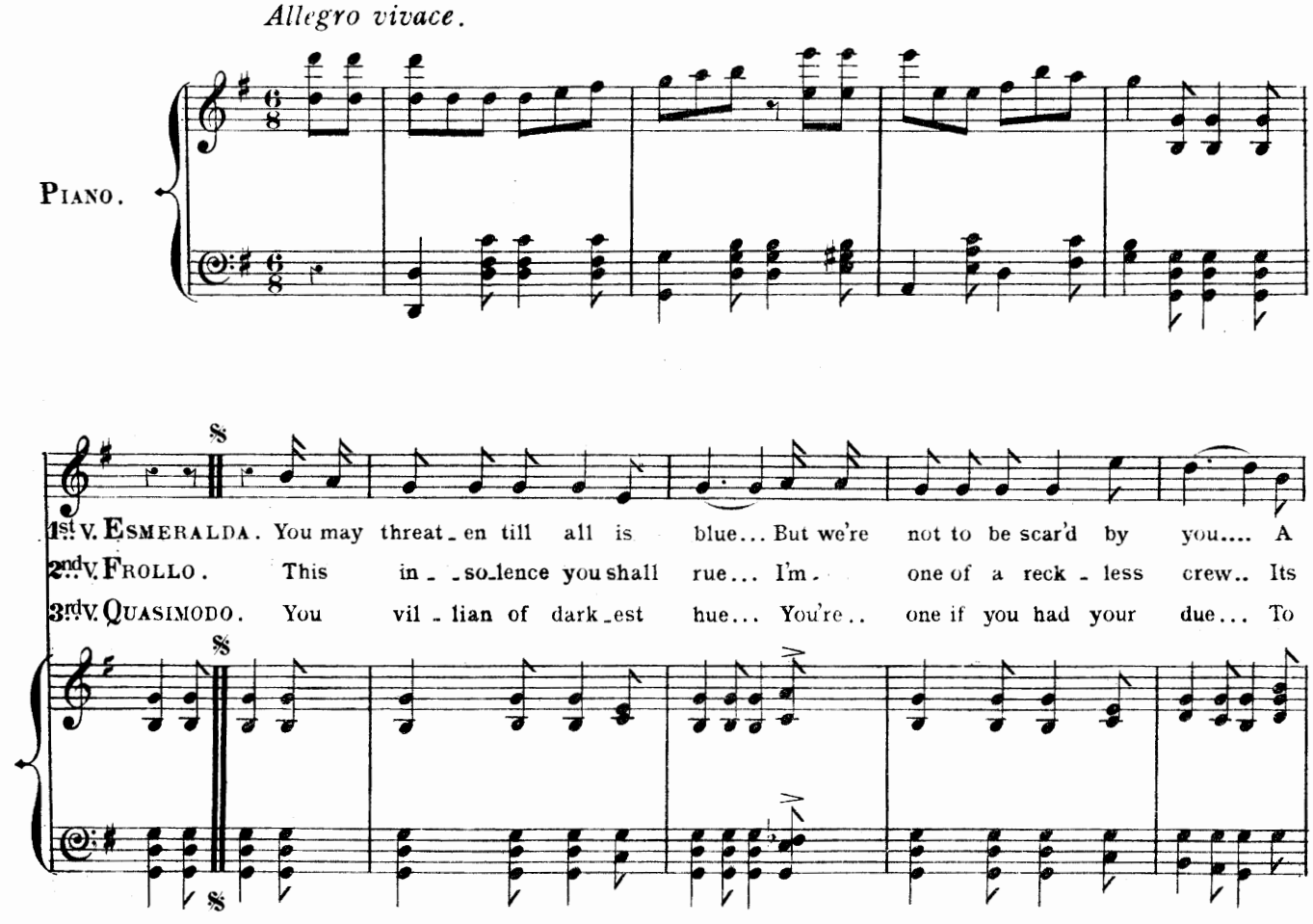
Chorus. You may talk, &c.

Nº 18.- MELOS.



Nº 19. - TRIO.

Allegro vivace.



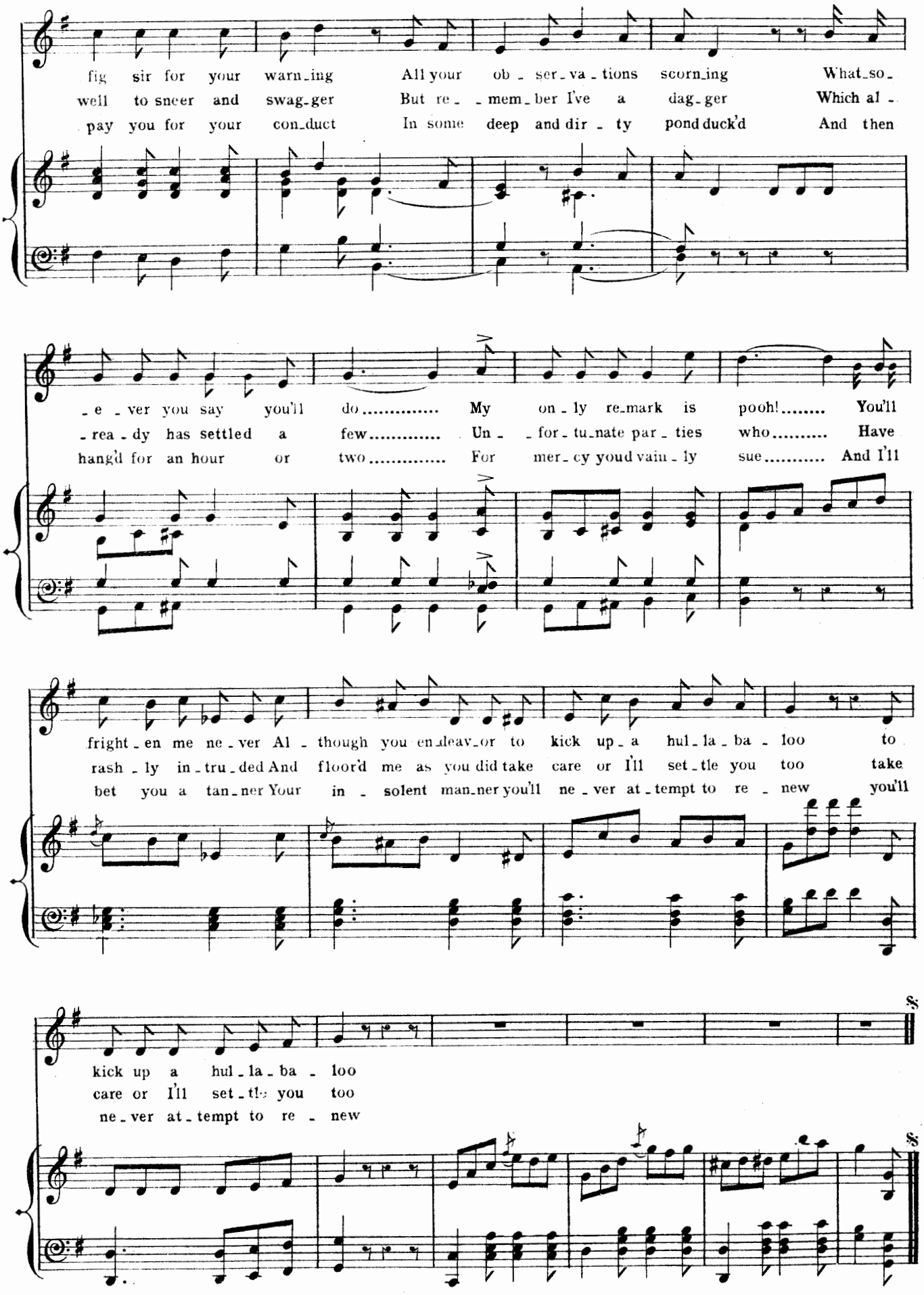
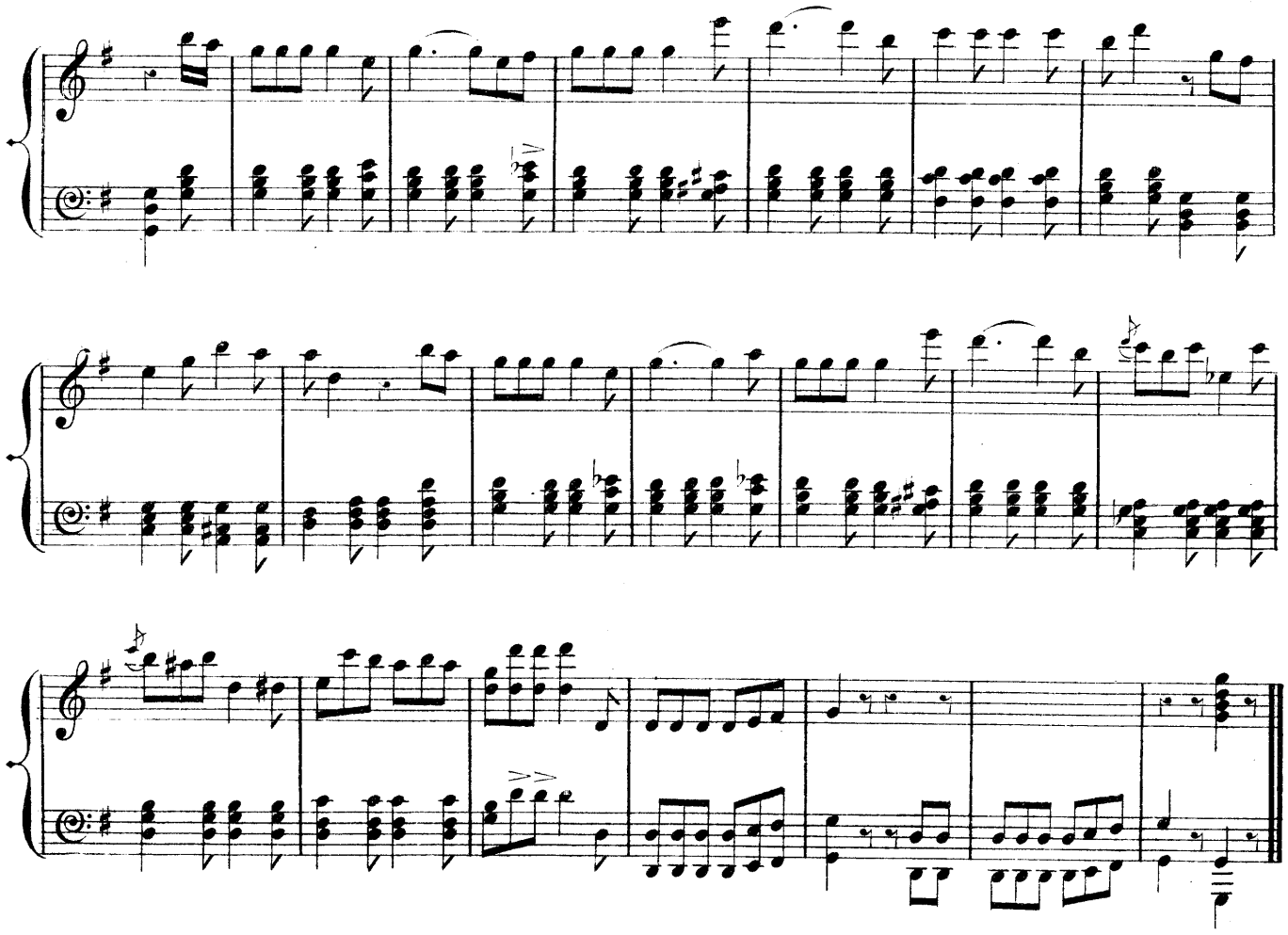
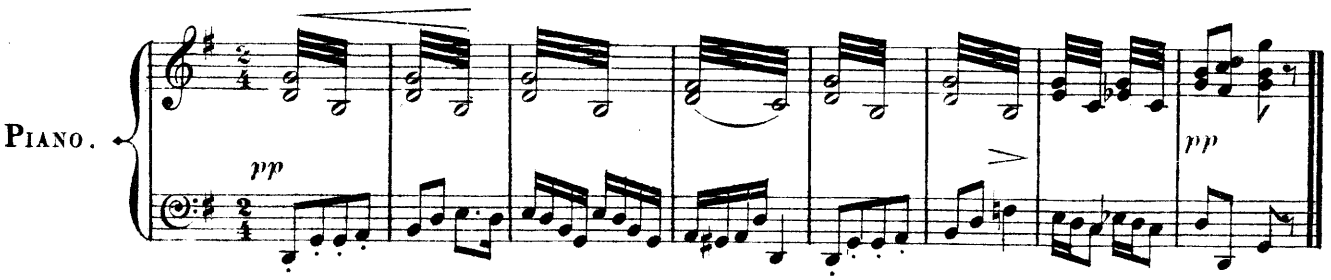


fig sir for your warn_ing All your ob _ ser_va _ tions scorn_ing What_so_
well to sneer and swag_ger But re_ _mem_ber I've a dag_ger Which al _
pay you for your con_duct In some deep and dir _ ty pond duck'd And then
_e _ ver you say you'll do..... My on _ ly re_mark is pooh!..... You'll
_rea _ dy has settled a few..... Un _ _for _ tu_nate par _ ties who..... Have
hang'd for an hour or two..... For mer_cy youd vain _ ly sue..... And I'll
fright _ en me ne _ ver Al _ though you en_deav_or to kick up a hul _ la _ ba _ loo to
rash _ ly in _ tru _ ded And floor'd me as you did take care or I'll set _ tle you too take
bet you a tan _ ner Your in _ solent man_ner you'll ne _ ver at _ tempt to re _ new you'll
kick up a hul _ la _ ba _ loo
care or I'll set _ tle you too
ne _ ver at _ tempt to re _ new

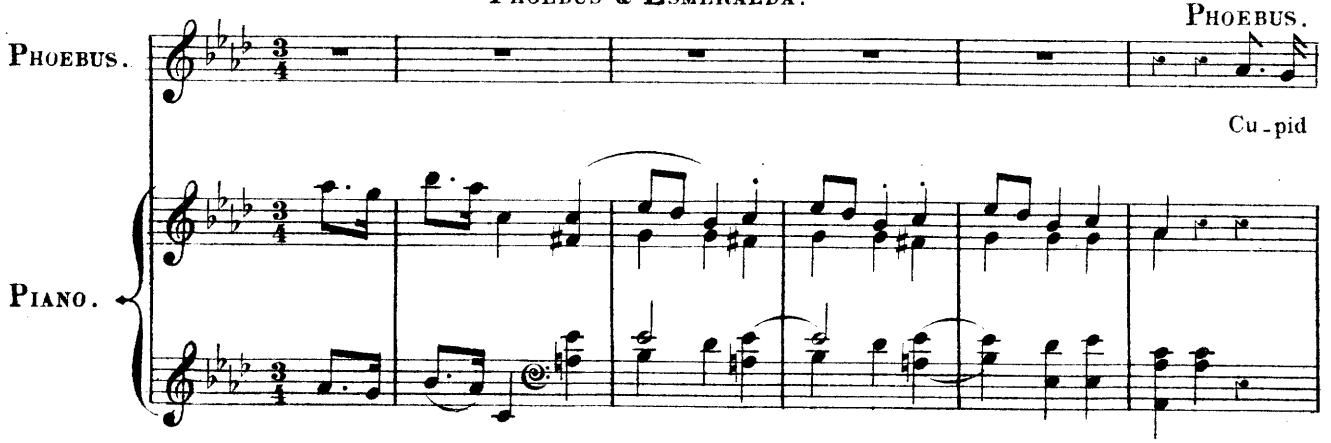


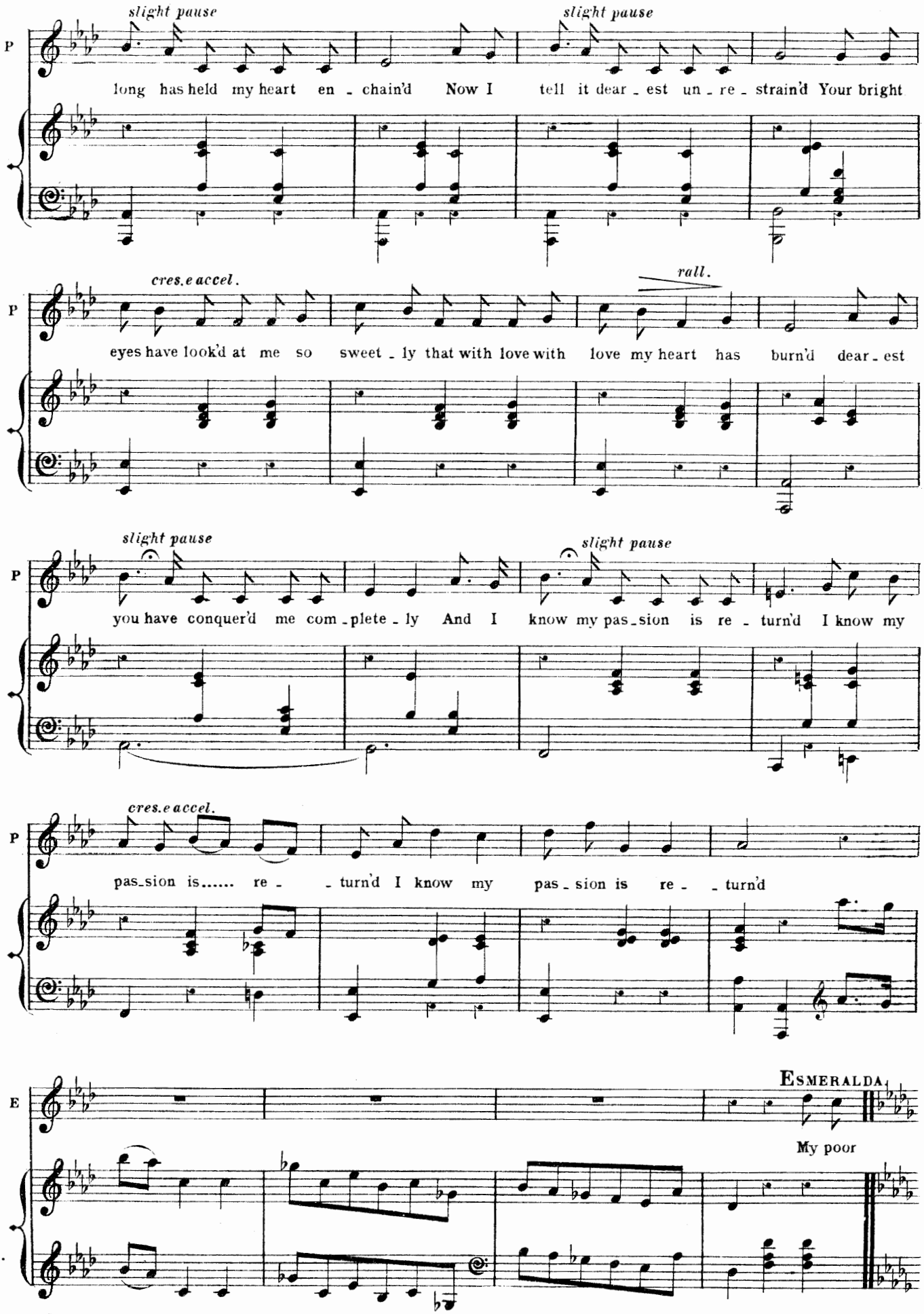
Nº 20.- MELOS.

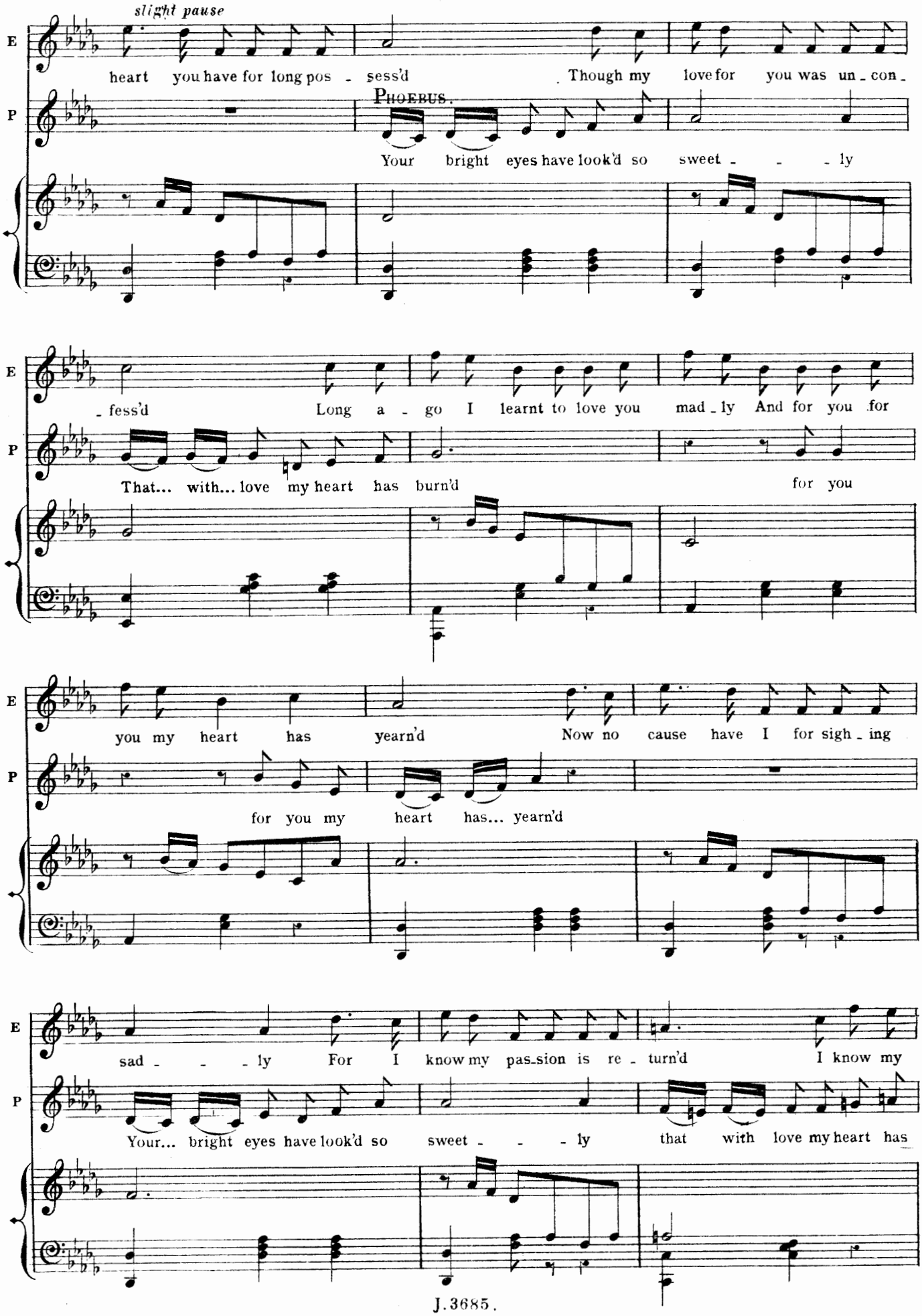


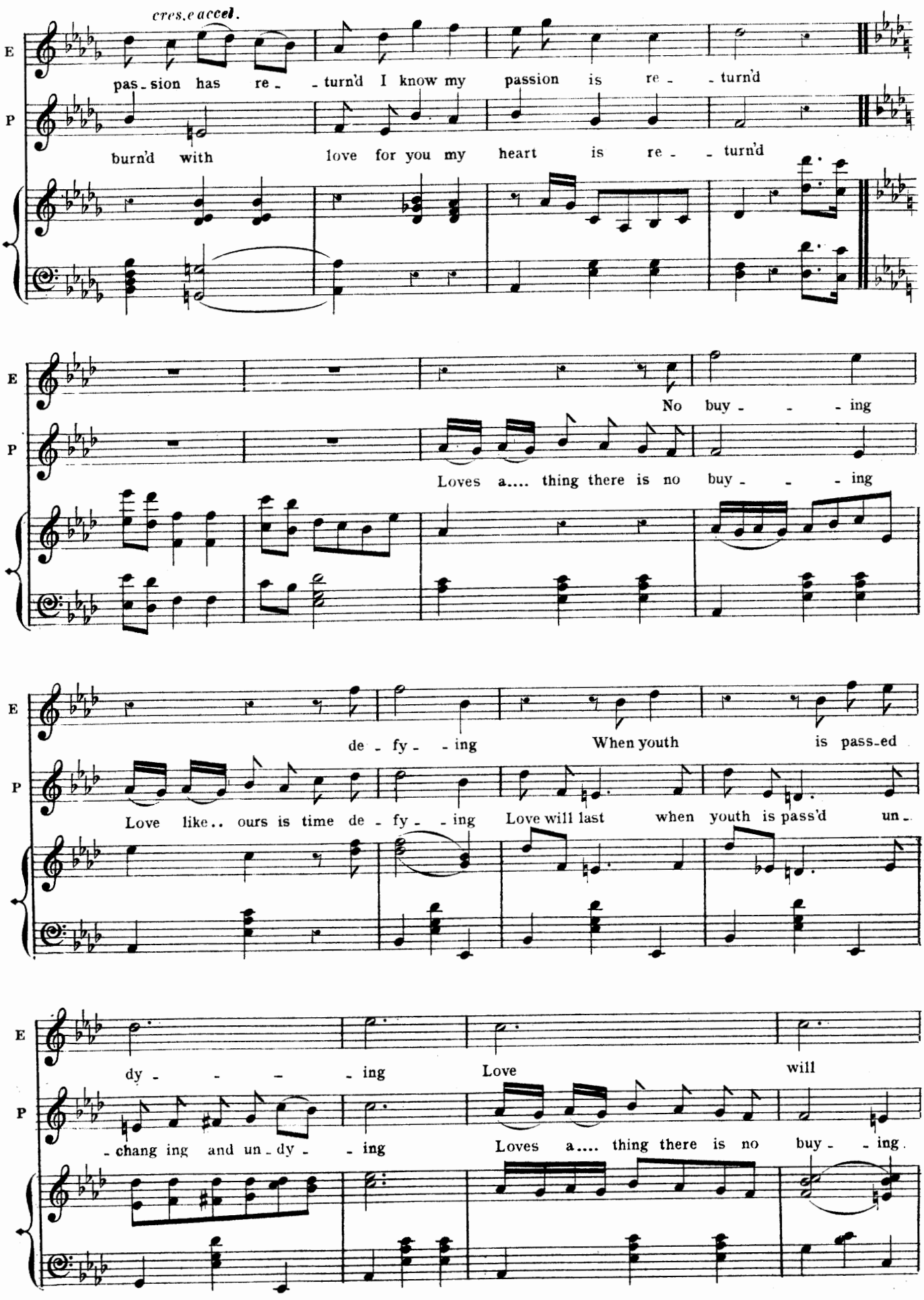
Nº 21.- DUET.

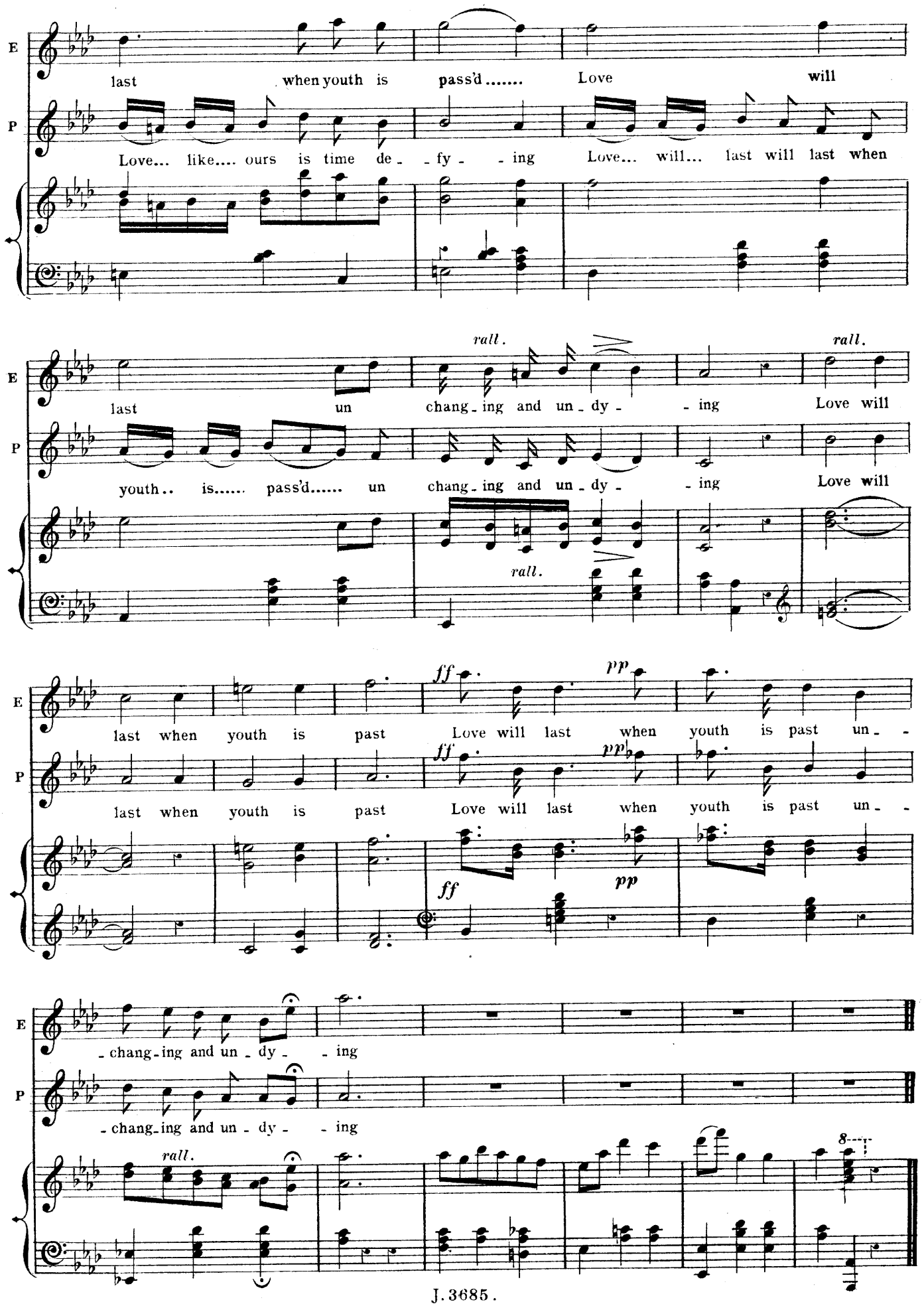
Phoebus & Esmeralda.



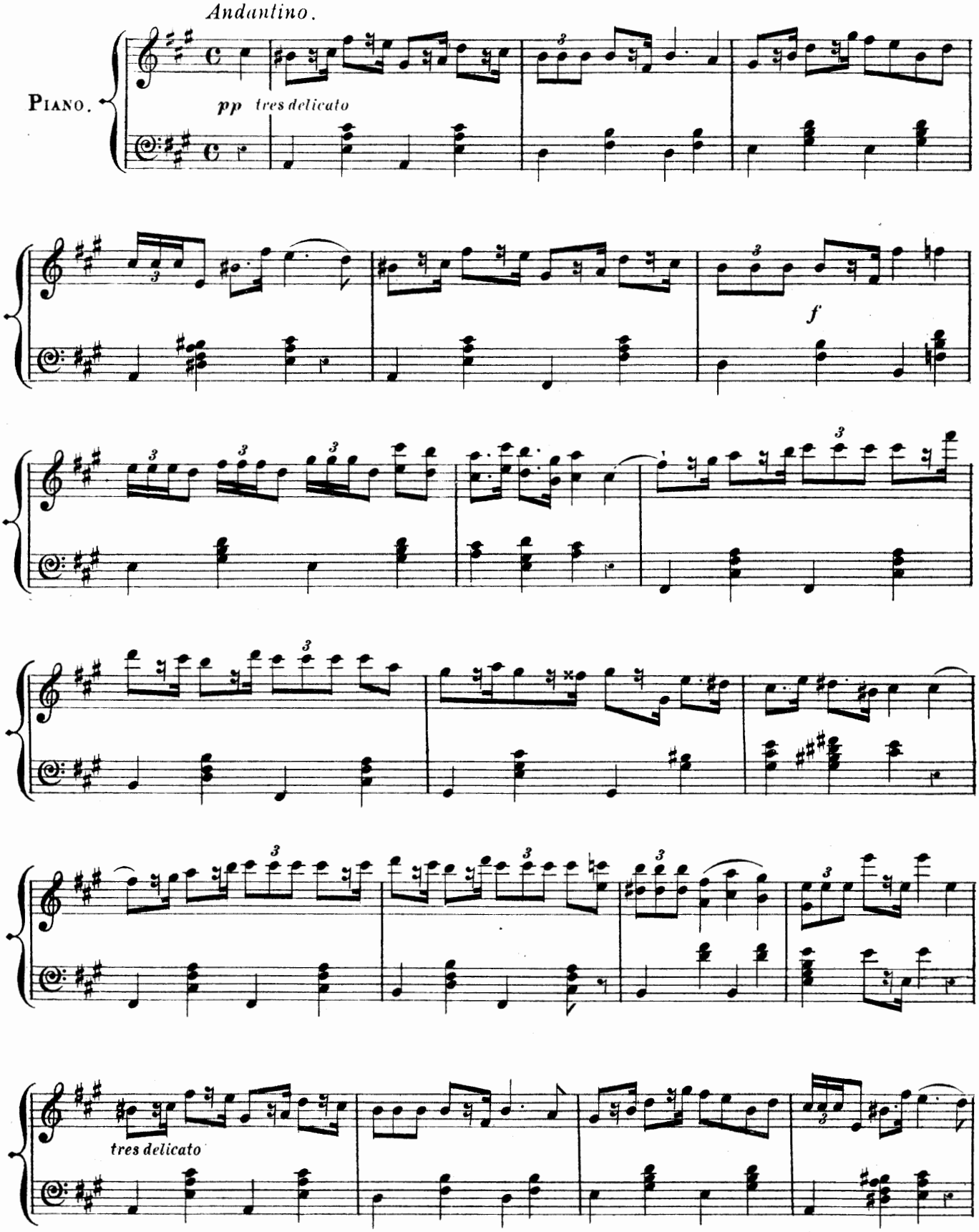

slight pause
slight pause
P
long has held my heart en - chain'd Now I tell it dear - est un - re - strain'd Your bright
cres.e accel.
rall.
P
eyes have look'd at me so sweet - ly that with love with love my heart has burn'd dear - est
slight pause
slight pause
P
you have conquer'd me com - plete - ly And I know my pas - sion is re - turn'd I know my
cres.e accel.
P
pas - sion is..... re - - turn'd I know my pas - sion is re - - turn'd
ESMERALDA
E
My poor


slight pause
E
heart you have for long pos - sess'd . Though my love for you was un - con -
P
PHOEBUS.
Your bright eyes have look'd so sweet - - - ly
E
- fess'd Long a - go I learnt to love you mad - ly And for you for
P
That... with... love my heart has burn'd for you
E
you my heart has yearn'd Now no cause have I for sigh - ing
P
for you my heart has... yearn'd
E
sad - - - ly For I know my pas-sion is re - turn'd I know my
P
Your... bright eyes have look'd so sweet - - - ly that with love my heart has

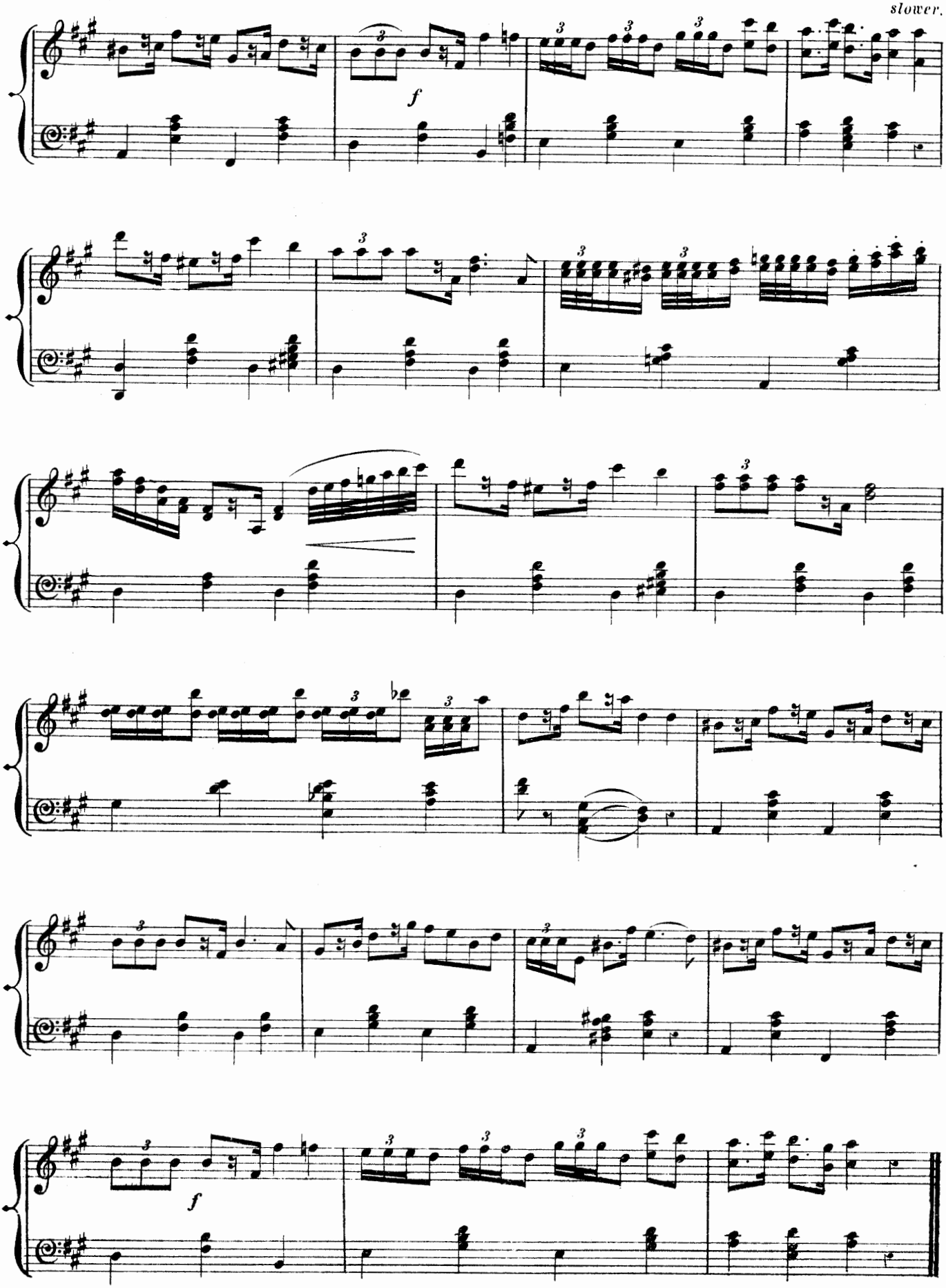

cres. e accel.
E
pas - sion has re - - turn'd I know my passion is re - - turn'd
P
burn'd with love for you my heart is re - - turn'd
No buy - - - ing
Loves a.... thing there is no buy - - - ing
de - fy - - ing When youth is pass-ed
Love like.. ours is time de - fy - - ing Love will last when youth is pass'd un -
dy - - - - ing Love will
- chang ing and un - dy - - ing Loves a.... thing there is no buy - - ing.


E
last when youth is pass'd..... Love will
P
Love... like.... ours is time de - fy - ing Love... will... last will last when
rall.
rall.
E
last un chang - ing and un - dy - ing Love will
P
youth.. is..... pass'd..... un chang - ing and un - dy - ing Love will
rall.
E
last when youth is past Love will last when youth is past un - -
ff
pp
P
last when youth is past Love will last when youth is past un - -
ff
pp
E
- chang - ing and un - dy - ing
P
- chang - ing and un - dy - ing
rall.
8

Nº 22.- DANCE.



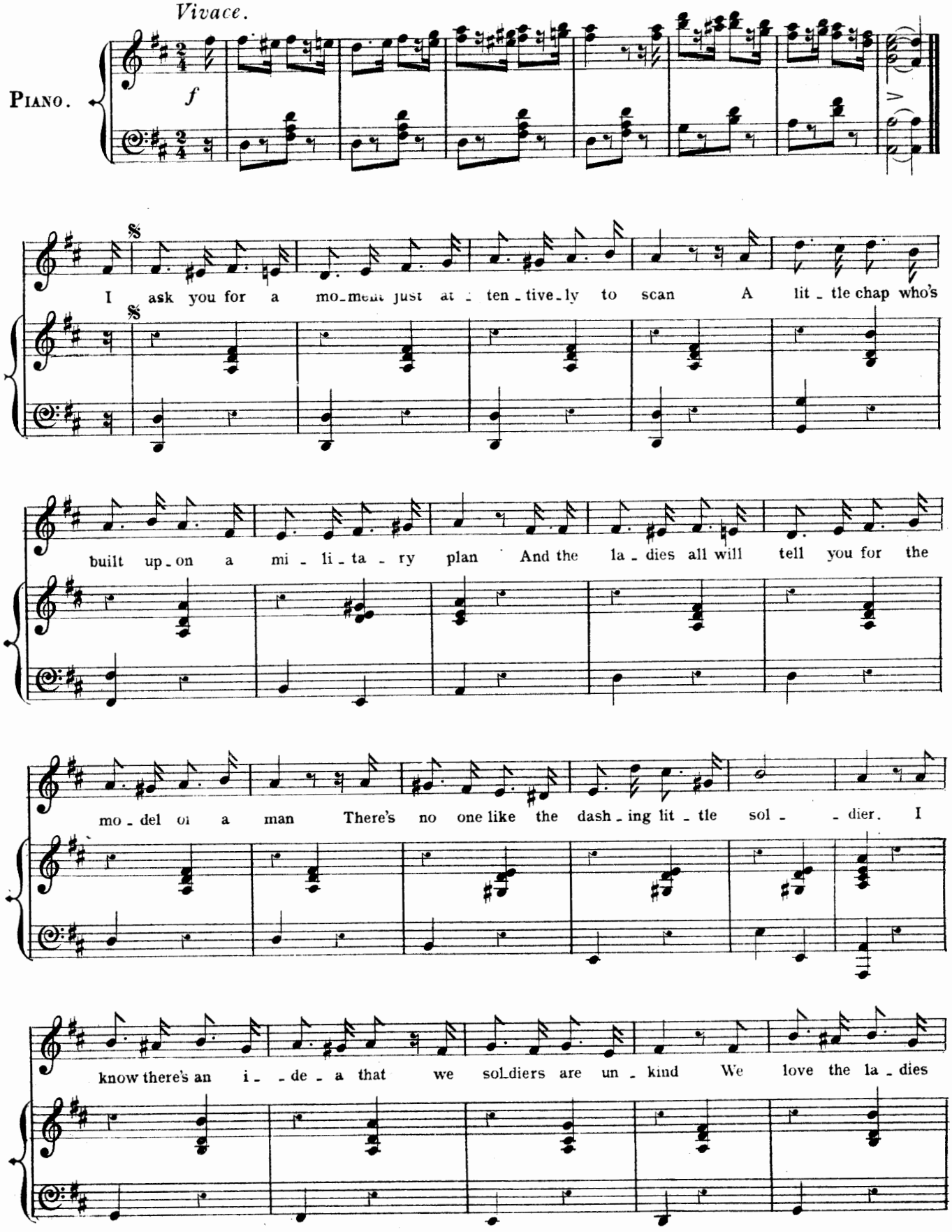
slower.

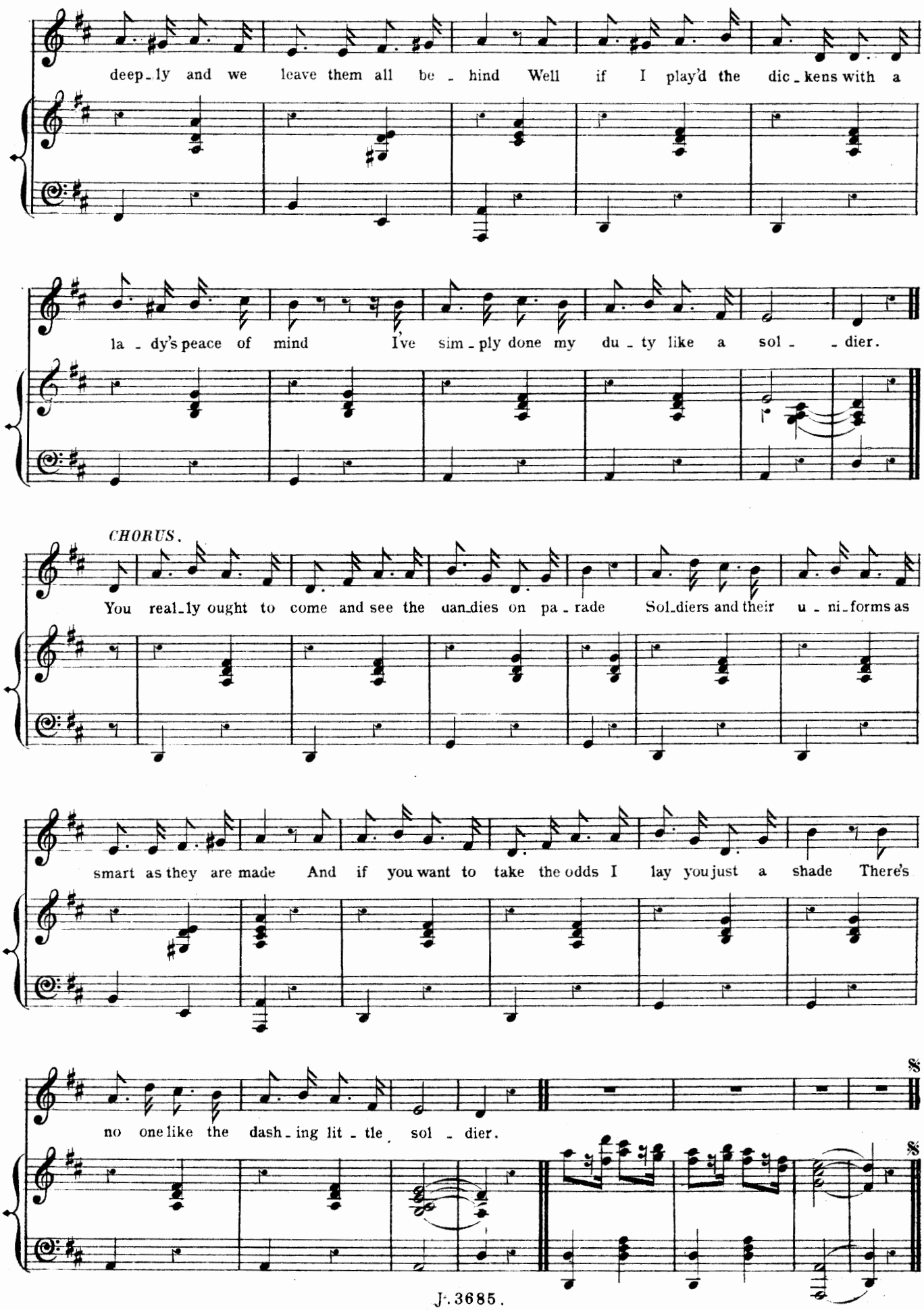


Nº 23.- SONG.

THE DASHING LITTLE SOLDIER.

ROBERT MARTIN.




deep_ly and we leave them all be_hind Well if I play'd the dic_kens with a
la_dy's peace of mind I've sim_ply done my du_ty like a sol_dier.
CHORUS.
You real_ly ought to come and see the dan_dies on pa_rade Sol_diers and their u_ni_forms as
smart as they are made And if you want to take the odds I lay you just a shade There's
no one like the dash_ing lit_tle sol_dier.

THE DASHING LITTLE SOLDIER.

2.

There's lately been no fighting, which the soldier boy will suit,
We like an easy victory, and lots of precious loot;
So we simply shoot our linen, as we've nothing else to shoot,
Like a dashing and a mashing little soldier.
We'd like to spend the ready, and we'd do it with a will,
But to do it is not easy when there's nothing in the till;
And the tailors all acknowledge, that for running up a bill
There's no one like the dashing little soldier.

CHORUS.

You really ought to come and see the dandies on parade,
Soldiers and their uniforms as smart as they are made;
And if you want to take the odds, I'll lay you just a shade,
There's no one like the dashing little soldier.

3.

Some hint that our affection, well, it doesn't last for long,
But love it can't be possibly perpetually strong;
And a case of breach of promise, though I'll own its very wrong
Is an every day occurence with a soldier.
Of course we love the daughter who is really nice and kind,
And brothers, if they're little, we dont exactly mind;
But a mother who puts posers of a most unpleasant kind
She can make it pretty sultry for a soldier.

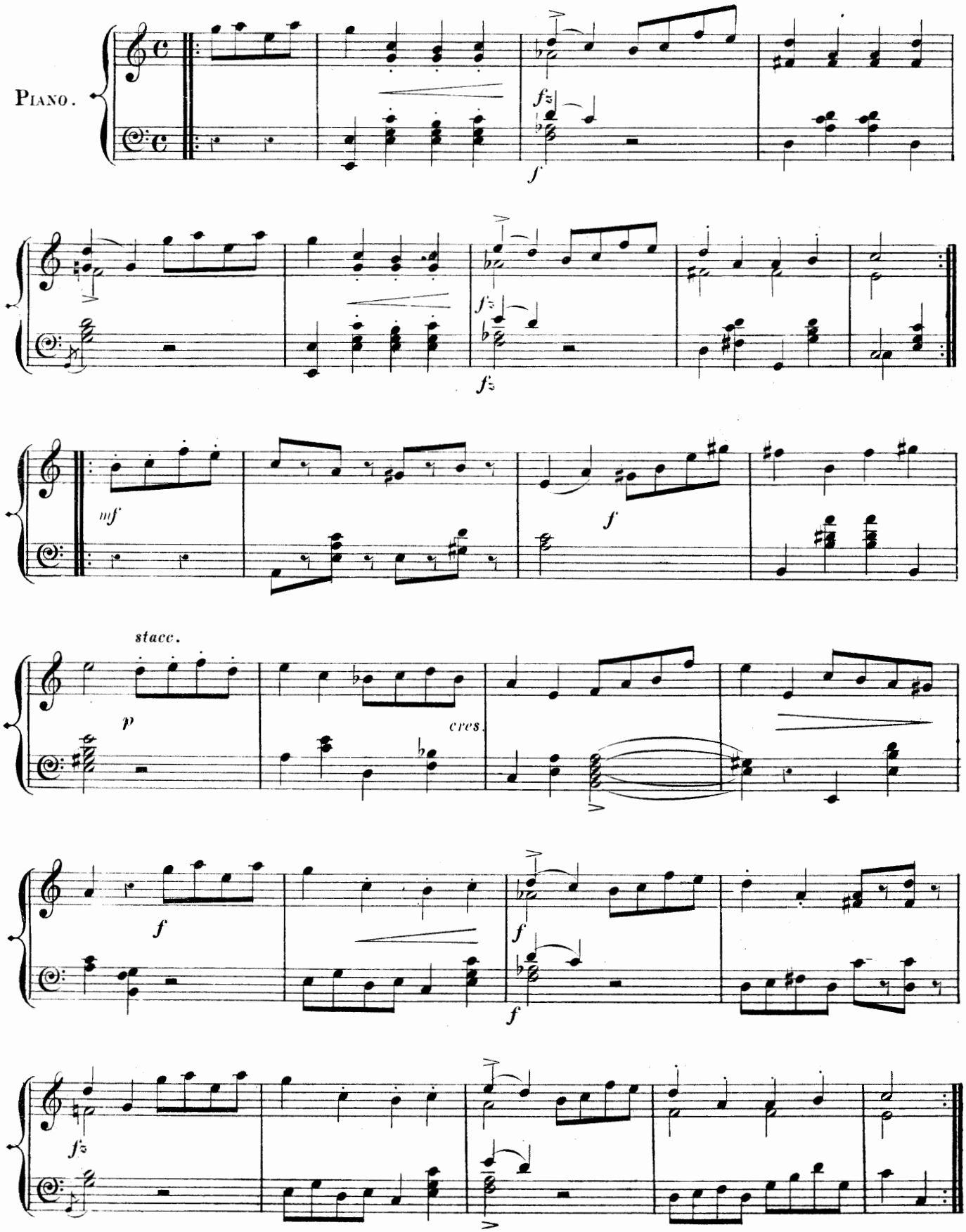
Chorus. You really ought to &c.

4.

For some knowledge about racing, well, we very often thirst,
But the tips that are the straightest they are generally the worst
And the race horse that we plunge on he is everything but first,
Which makes things rather rocky for the soldier.
But yet you meet a fellow who turns out an awful swell,
But how on earth he does it, well, no man alive can tell;
He's living upon nothing and he's going strong and well,
In a style that's puzzling even to the soldier.

Chorus. You really ought to &c.

Nº 24. - GAVOTTE.

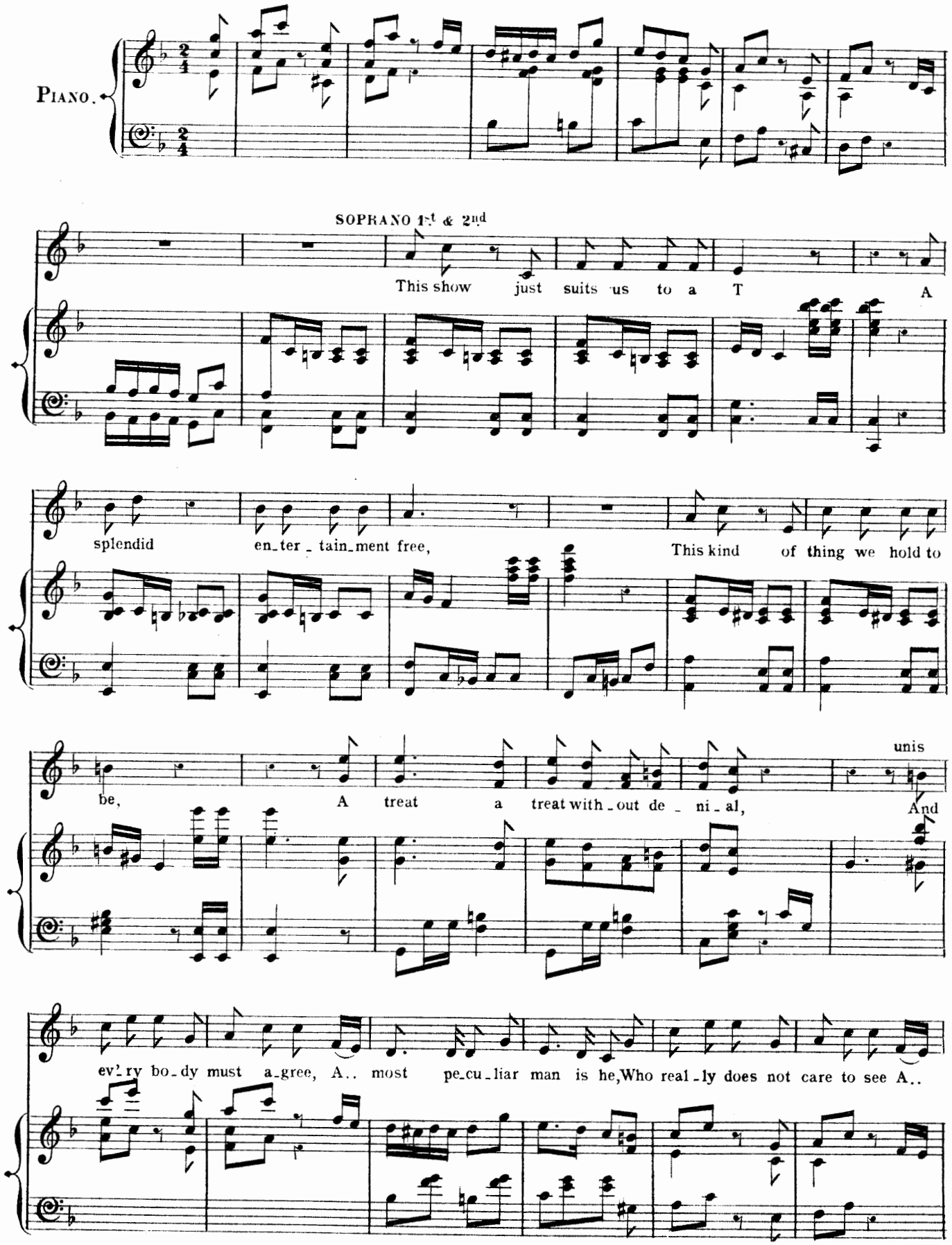


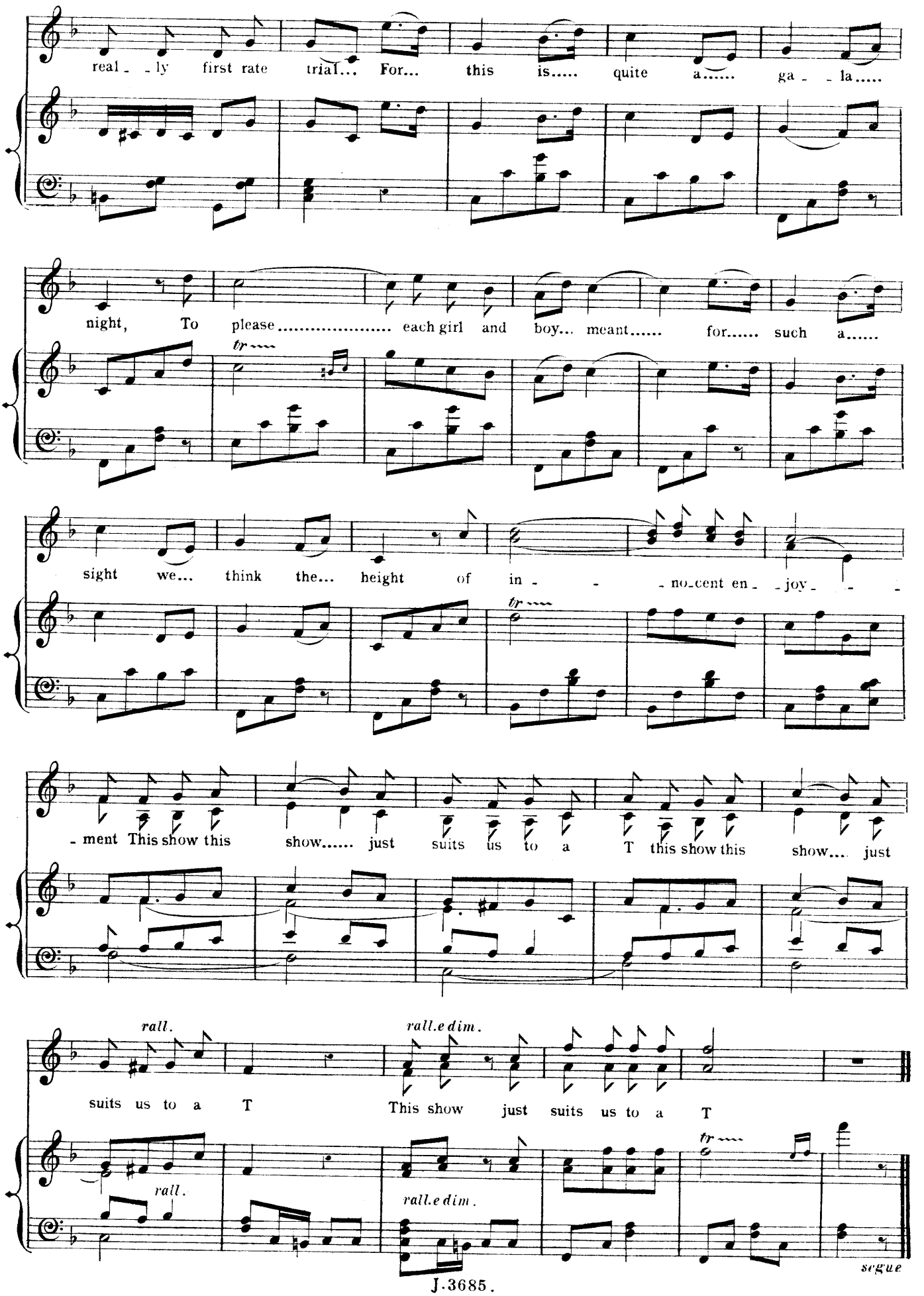
Entract from the Pompadour Gavotte by W. Meyer Lutz by permission of Messrs Riviere & Hawkes 28 Leicester Square W.C.

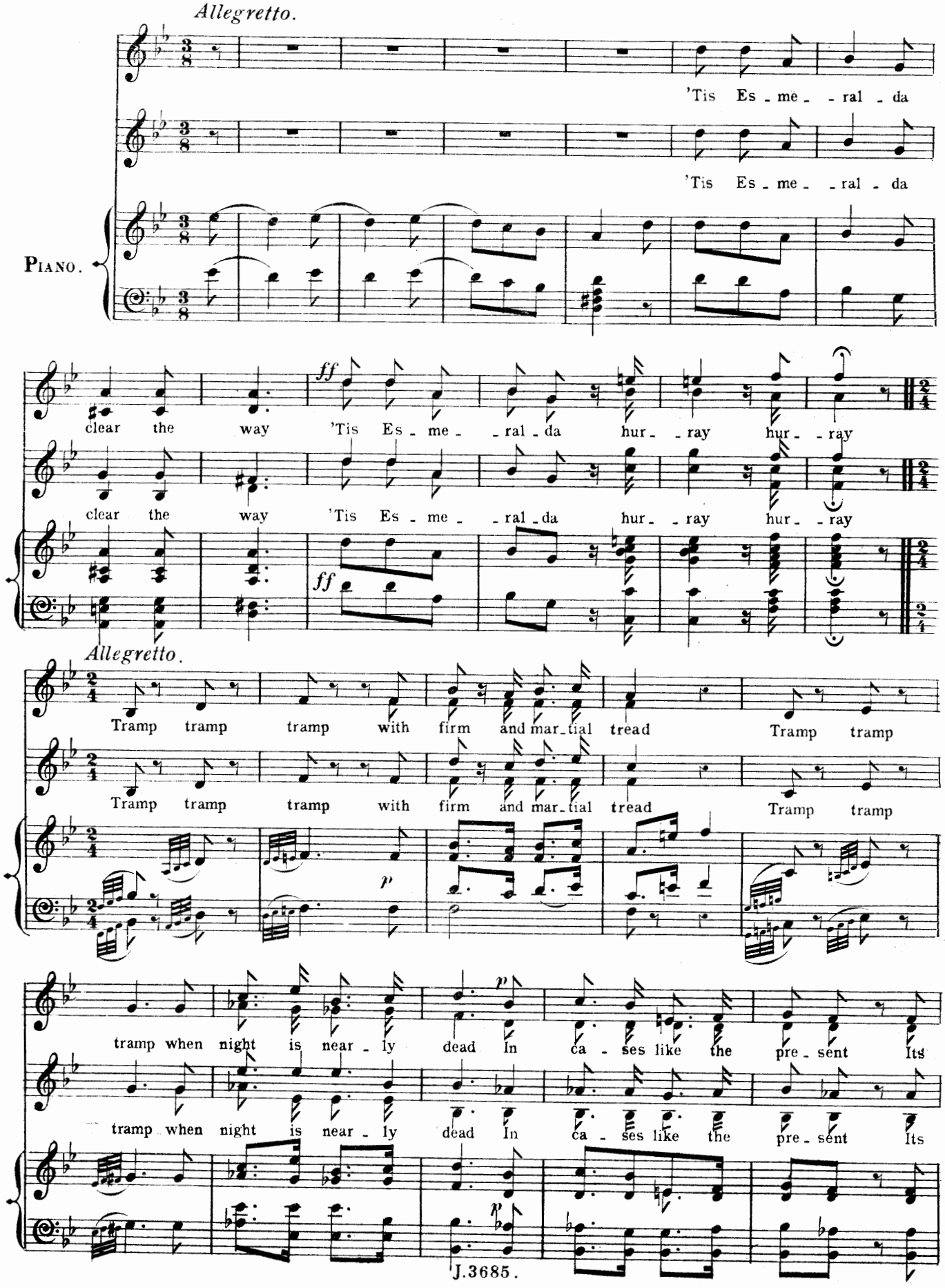
J.3685.

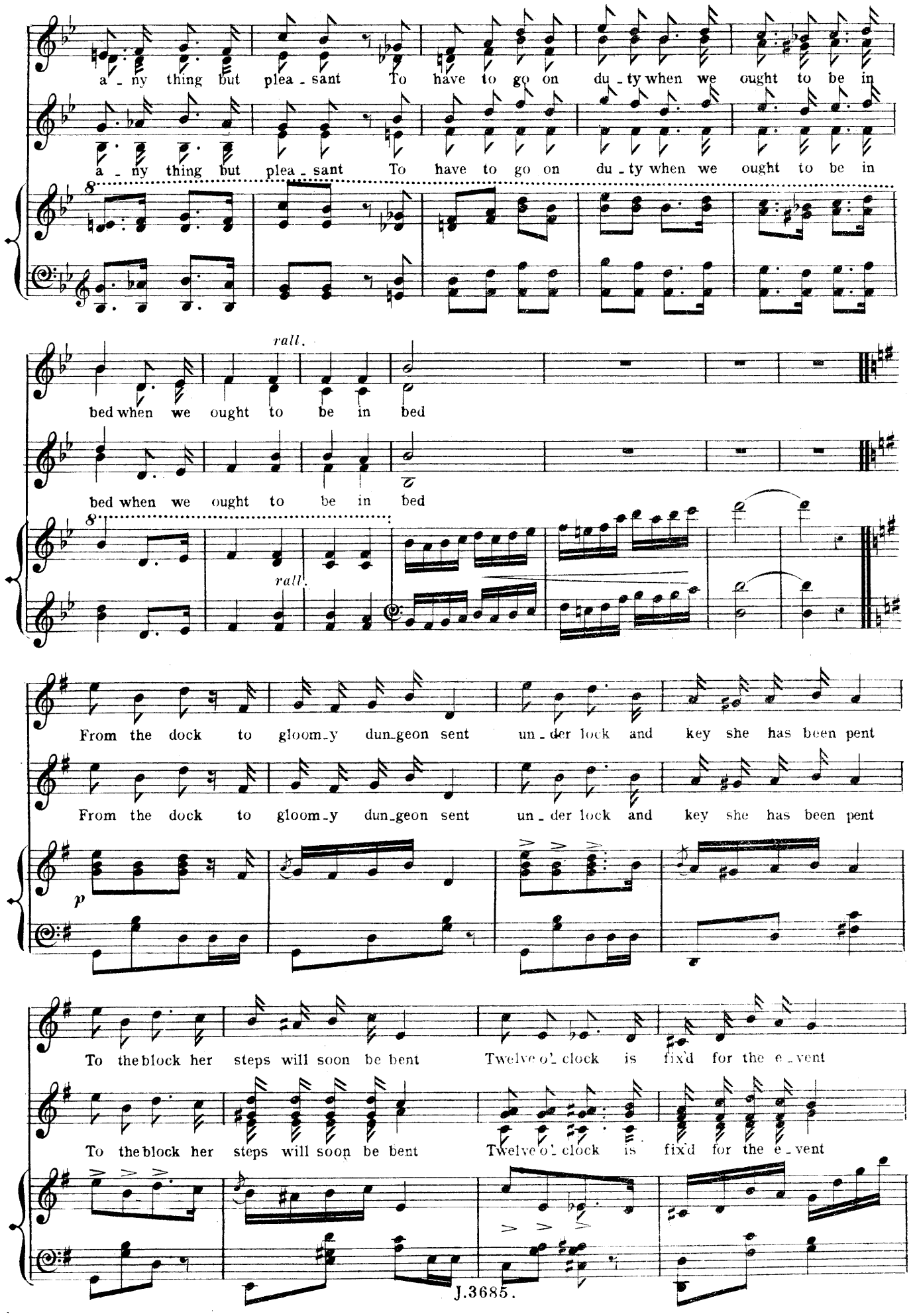
Nº 25. - CHORUS OF POPULACE.

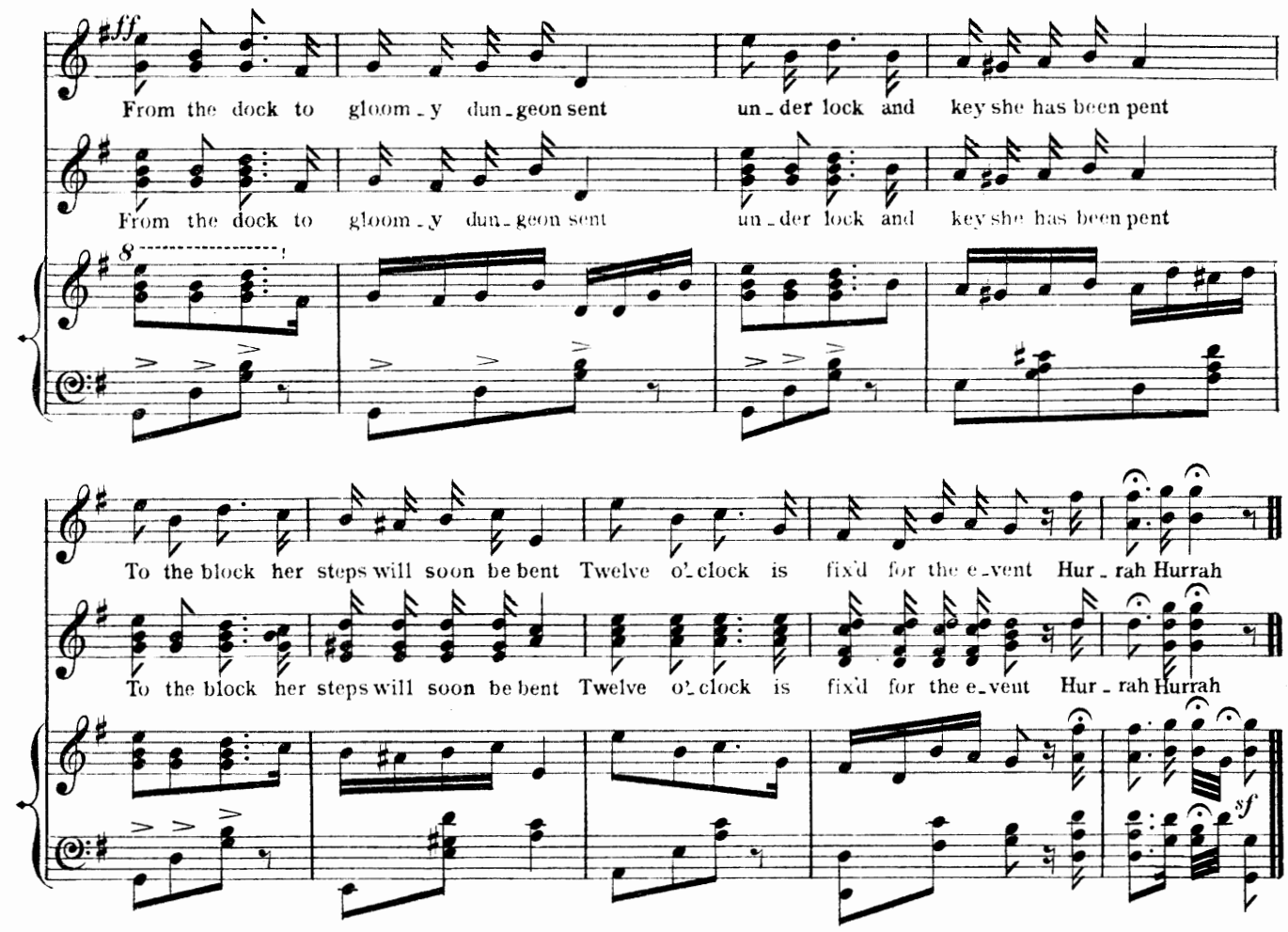
COURT SCENE.



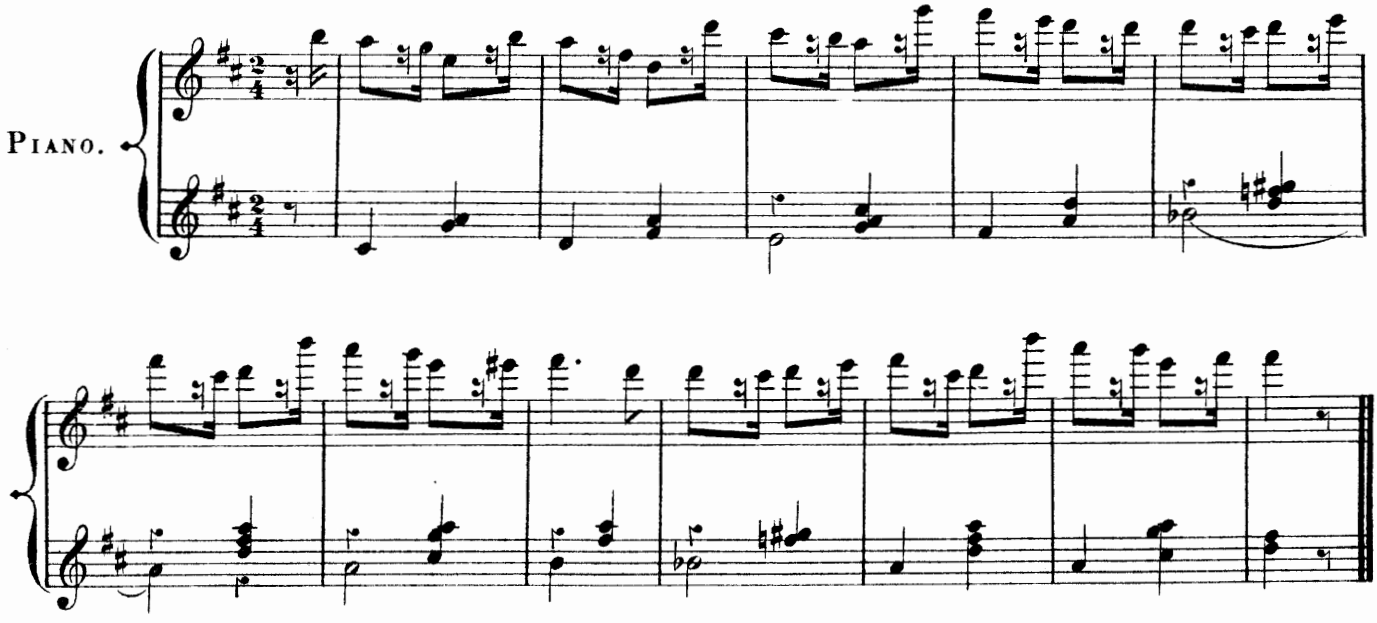

real - - ly first rate trial... For... this is..... quite a..... ga - - la.....
night, To please..... each girl and boy... meant..... for..... such a.....
tr
sight we... think the... height of in - - - no-cent en - - joy - - -
tr
- ment This show this show..... just suits us to a T this show this show.... just
rall.
rall.e dim.
suits us to a T This show just suits us to a T
rall.
rall.e dim.
tr
segue

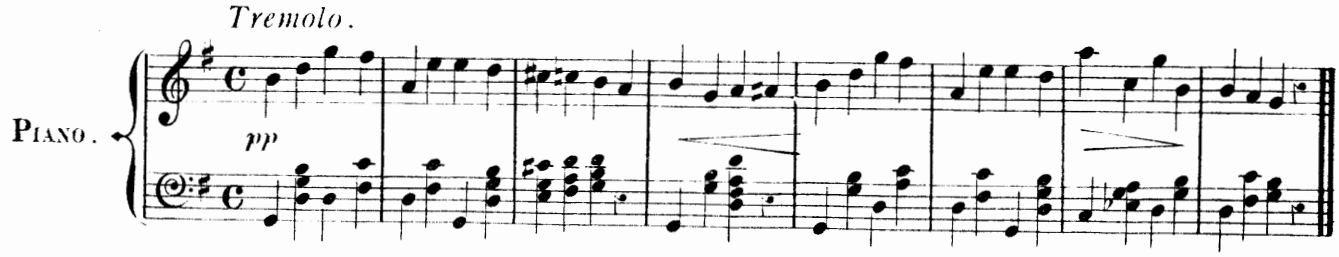

Allegretto.
'Tis Es - me - - ral - da
'Tis Es - me - - ral - da
Piano.
clear the way 'Tis Es - me - - ral - da hur - - ray hur - - ray
clear the way 'Tis Es - me - - ral - da hur - - ray hur - - ray
Allegretto.
Tramp tramp tramp with firm and mar - tial tread Tramp tramp
Tramp tramp tramp with firm and mar - tial tread Tramp tramp
tramp when night is near - ly dead In ca - ses like the pre - sent Its
tramp when night is near - ly dead In ca - ses like the pre - sent Its


a - ny thing but plea - sant To have to go on du - ty when we ought to be in
a - ny thing but plea - sant To have to go on du - ty when we ought to be in
rall.
bed when we ought to be in bed
bed when we ought to be in bed
rall.
From the dock to gloom - y dun - geon sent un - der lock and key she has been pent
From the dock to gloom - y dun - geon sent un - der lock and key she has been pent
p
To the block her steps will soon be bent Twelve o'clock is fix'd for the e - vent
To the block her steps will soon be bent Twelve o'clock is fix'd for the e - vent



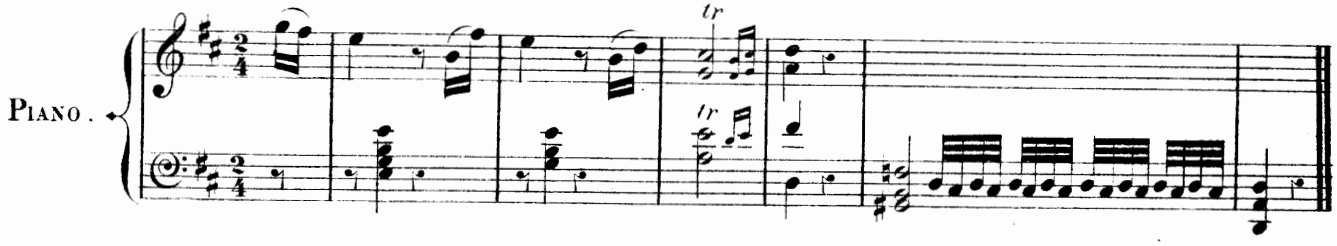
ENTRANCE OF CLAUDE FROLLO.



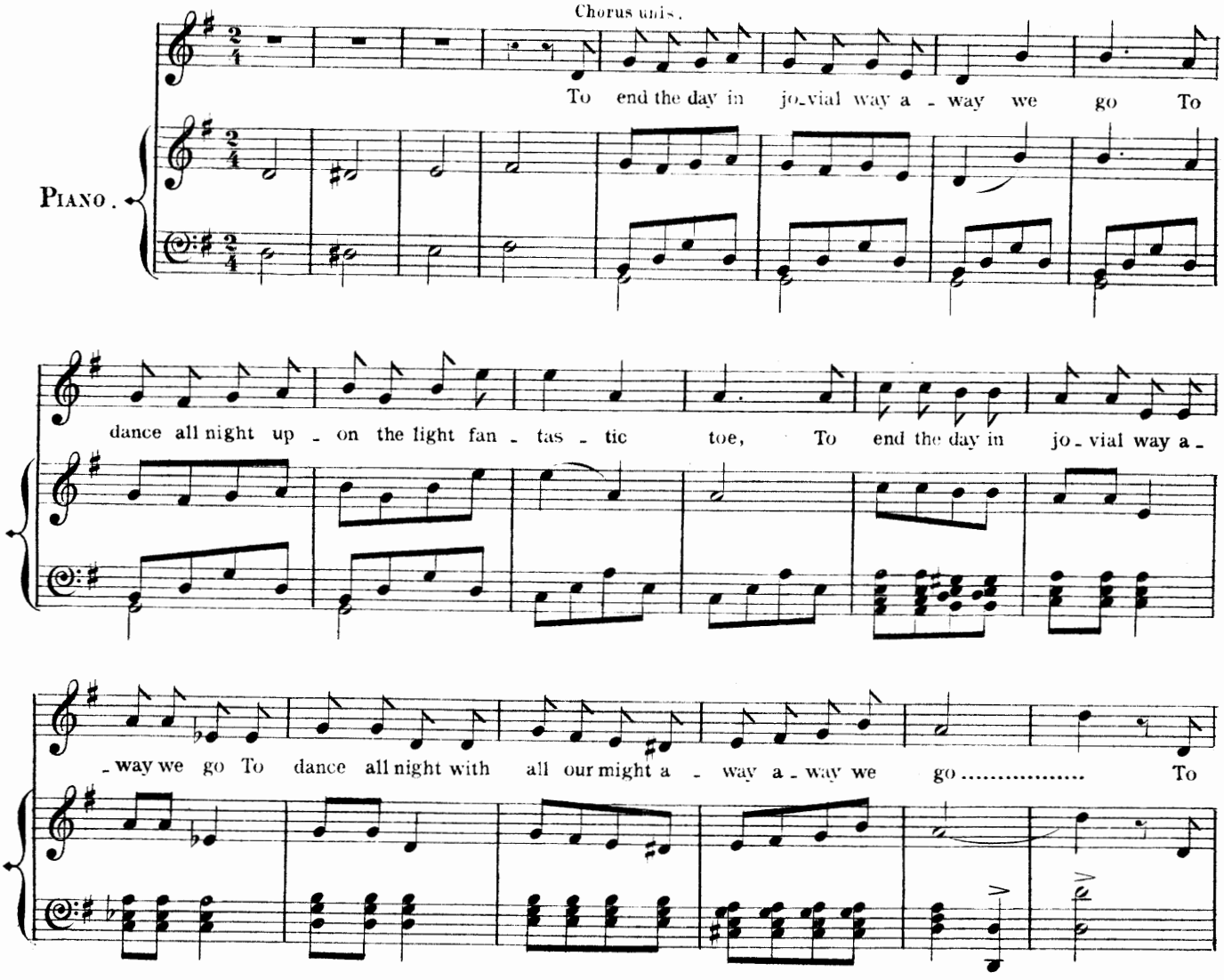


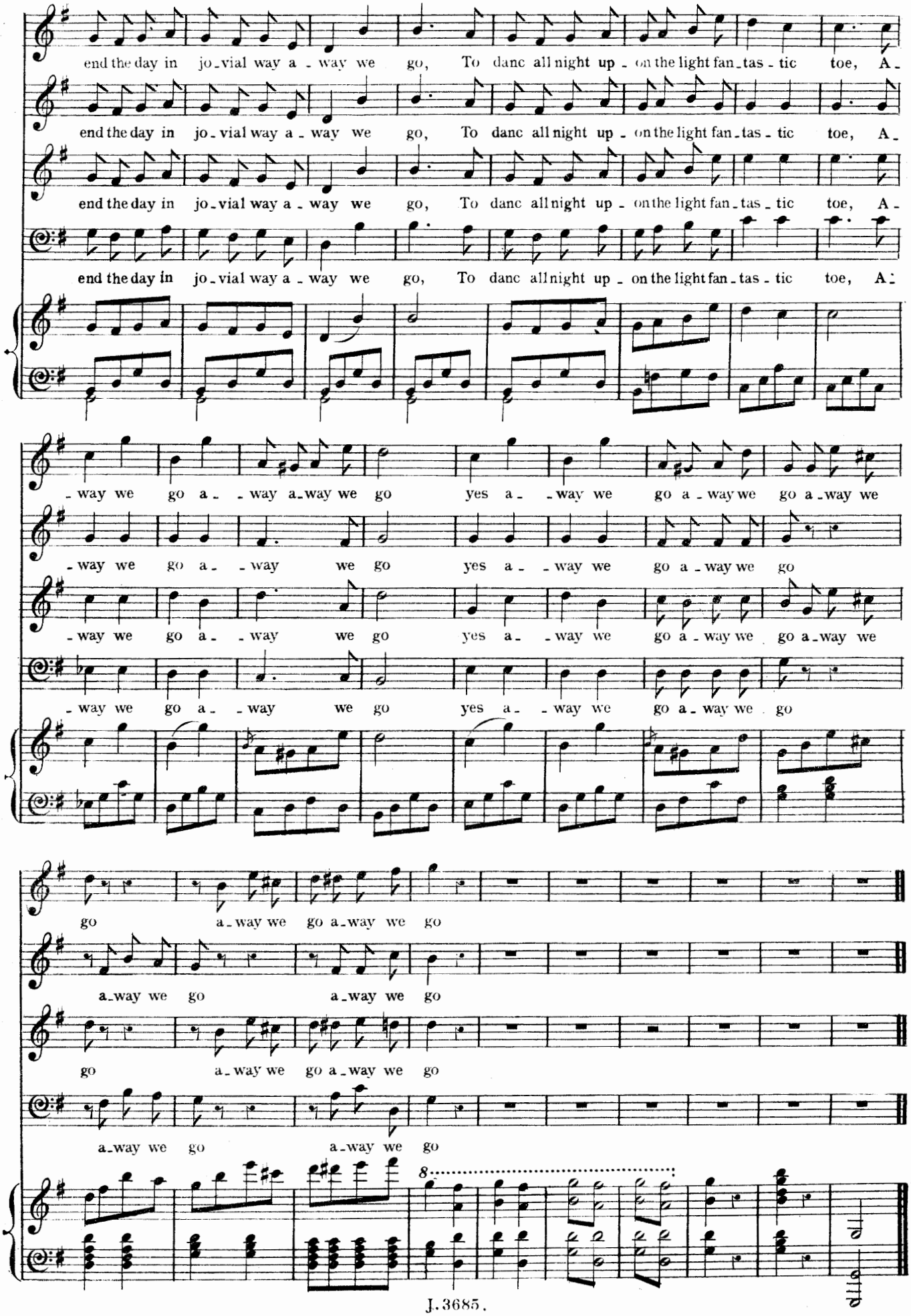
Nº 26.- MELOS.

EXIT FROLLO.



Nº 27.- ENSEMBLE.

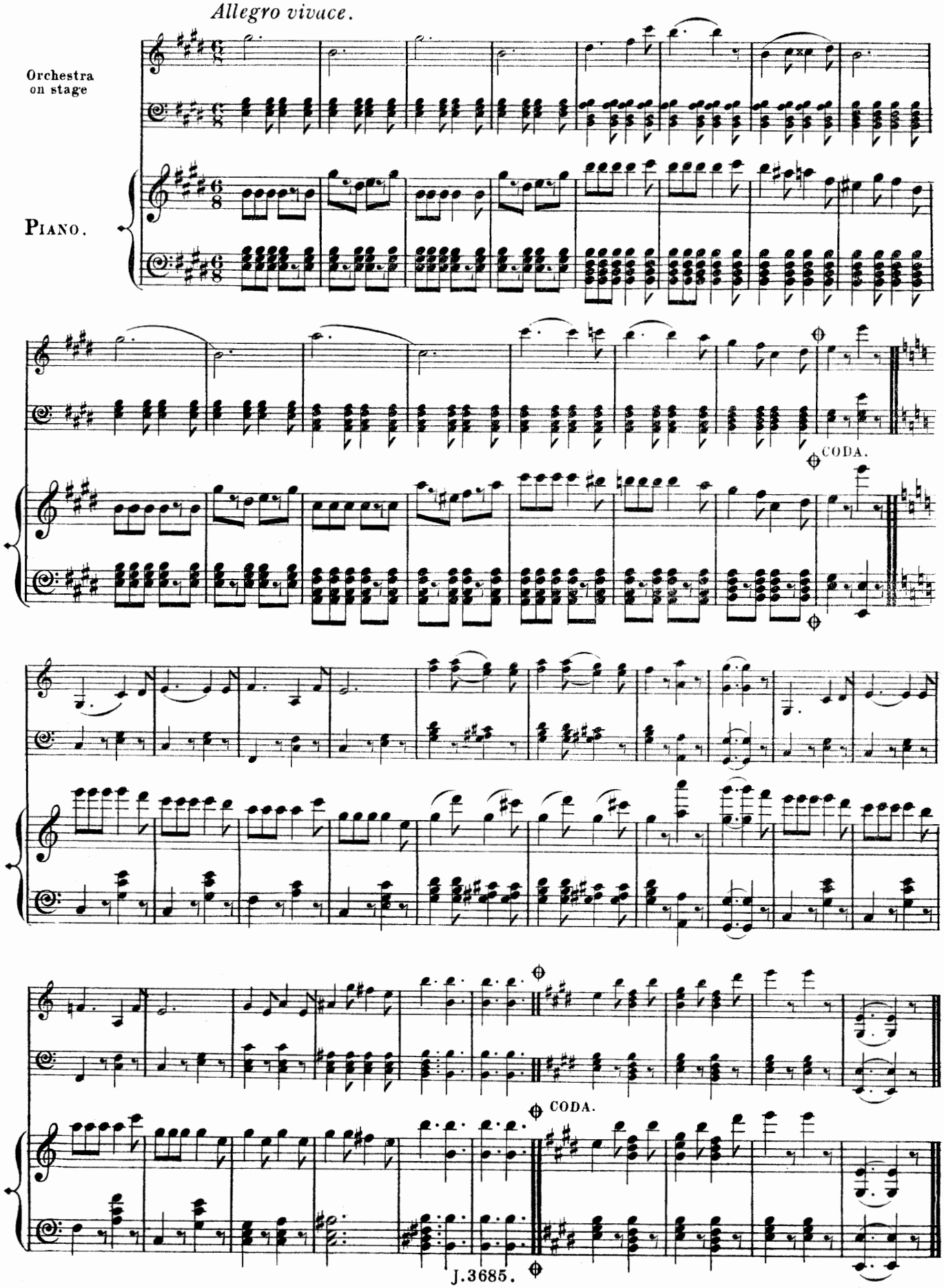



end the day in jo_vial way a_way we go, To danc all night up_on the light fan_tas_tic toe, A_
-way we go a_ _way a_way we go yes a_ _way we go a_way we go a_way we
-way we go a_ _way we go yes a_ _way we go a_way we go
go a_way we go a_way we go
a_way we go a_way we go
8

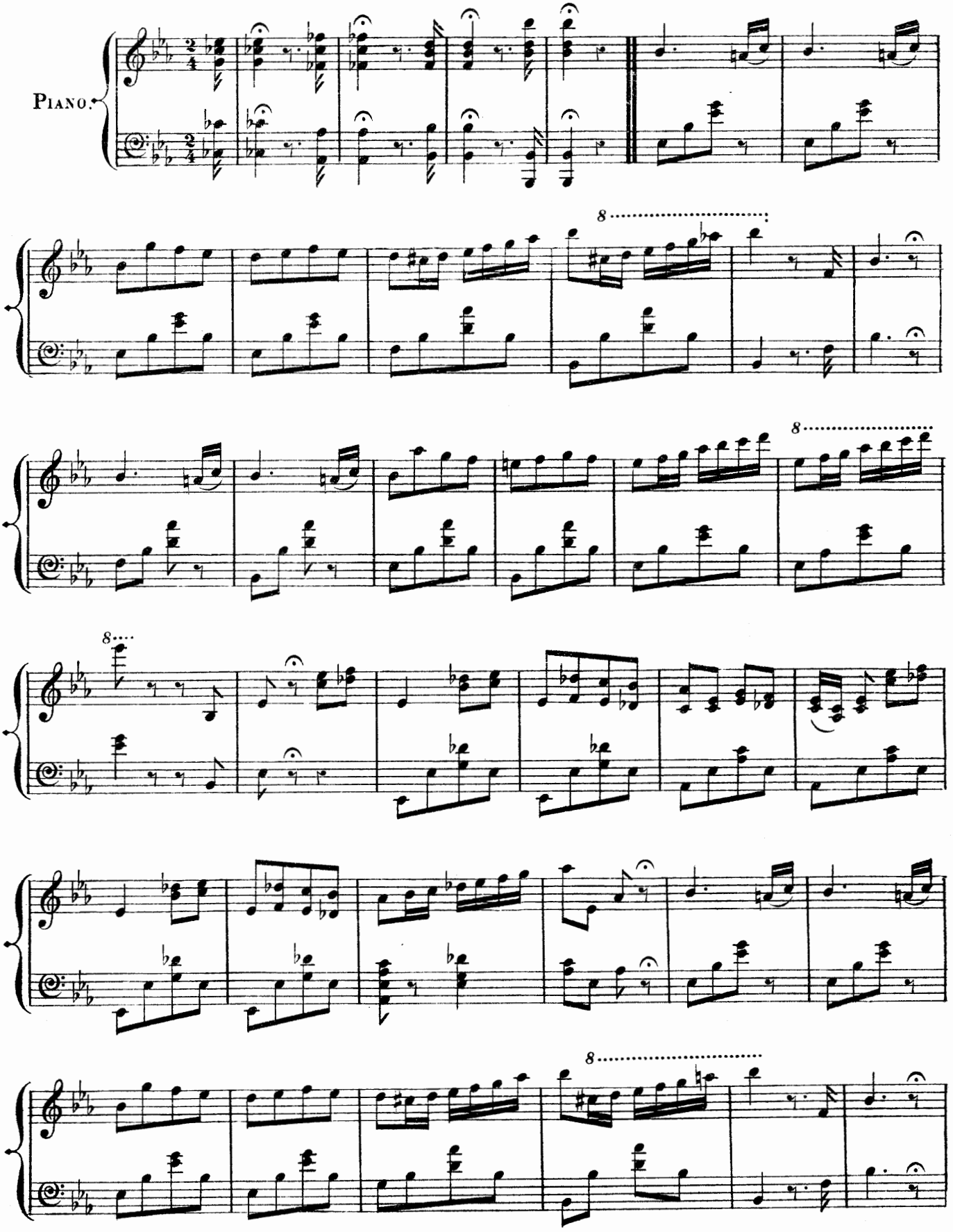
LAST SCENE.

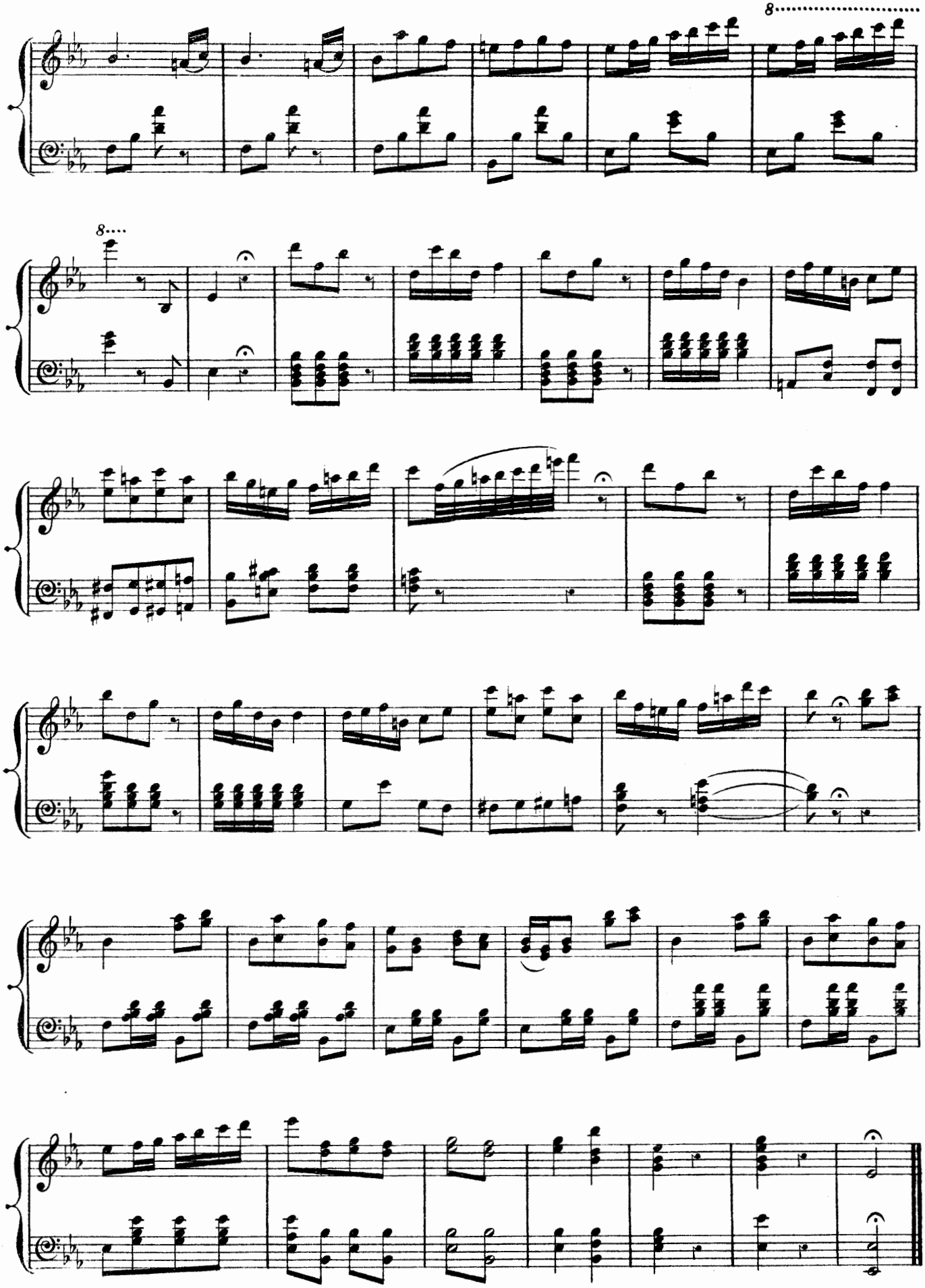
Nº 28. - PIERROTS.

Allegro vivace.



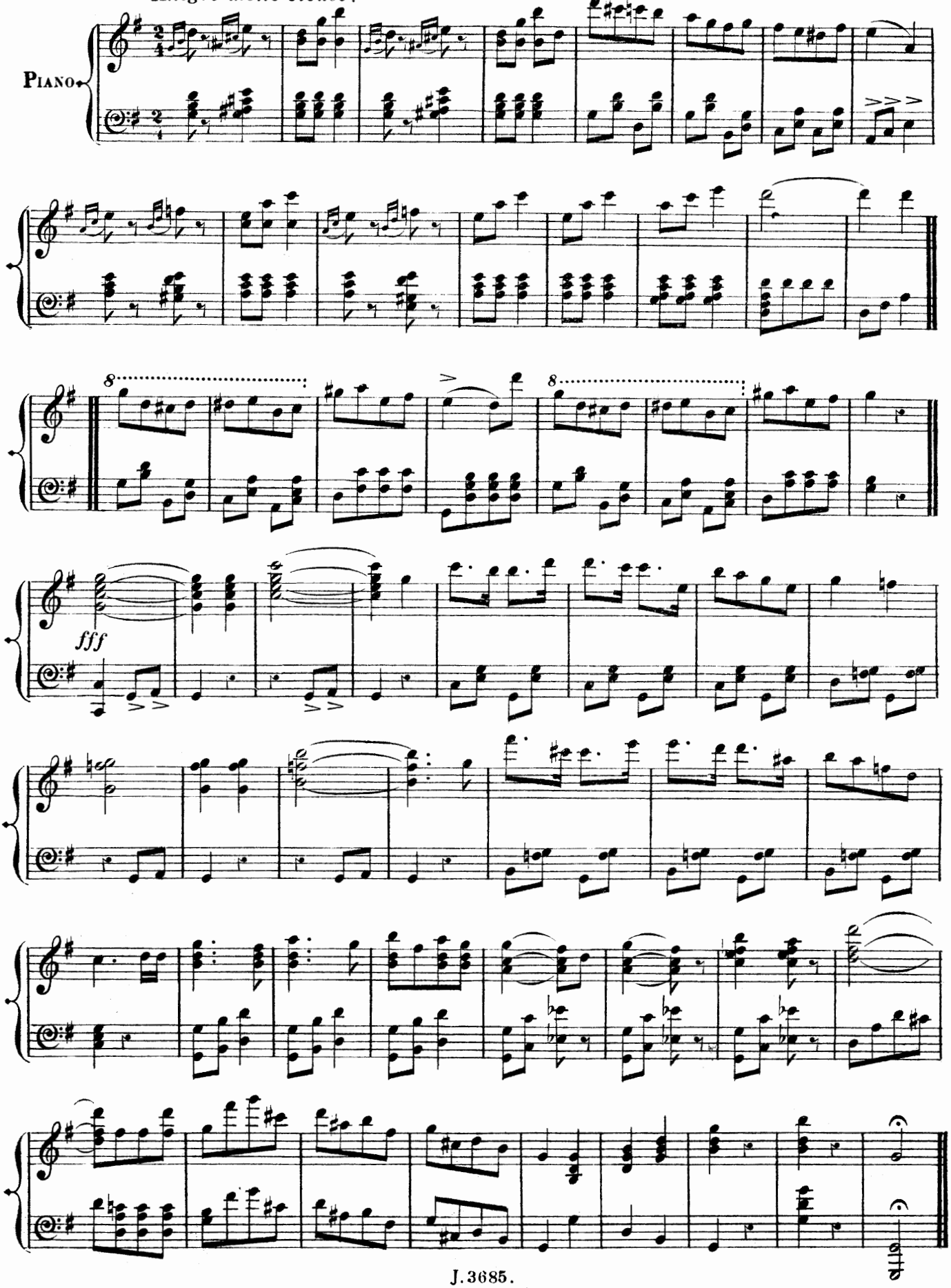
Nº 29. - PYRAMID BALLET.




8
8

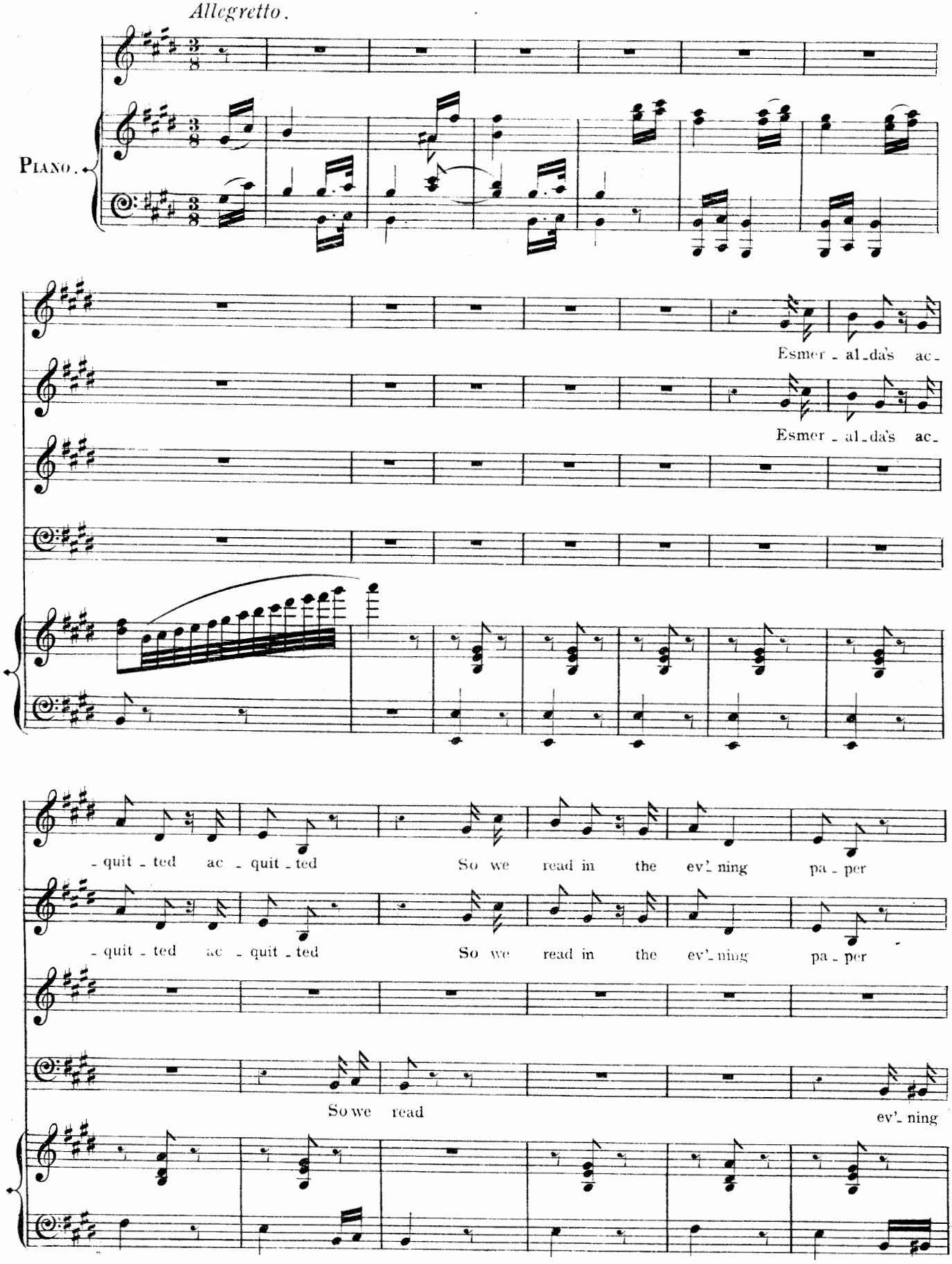
Nº 30.- BALLET MUSIC.

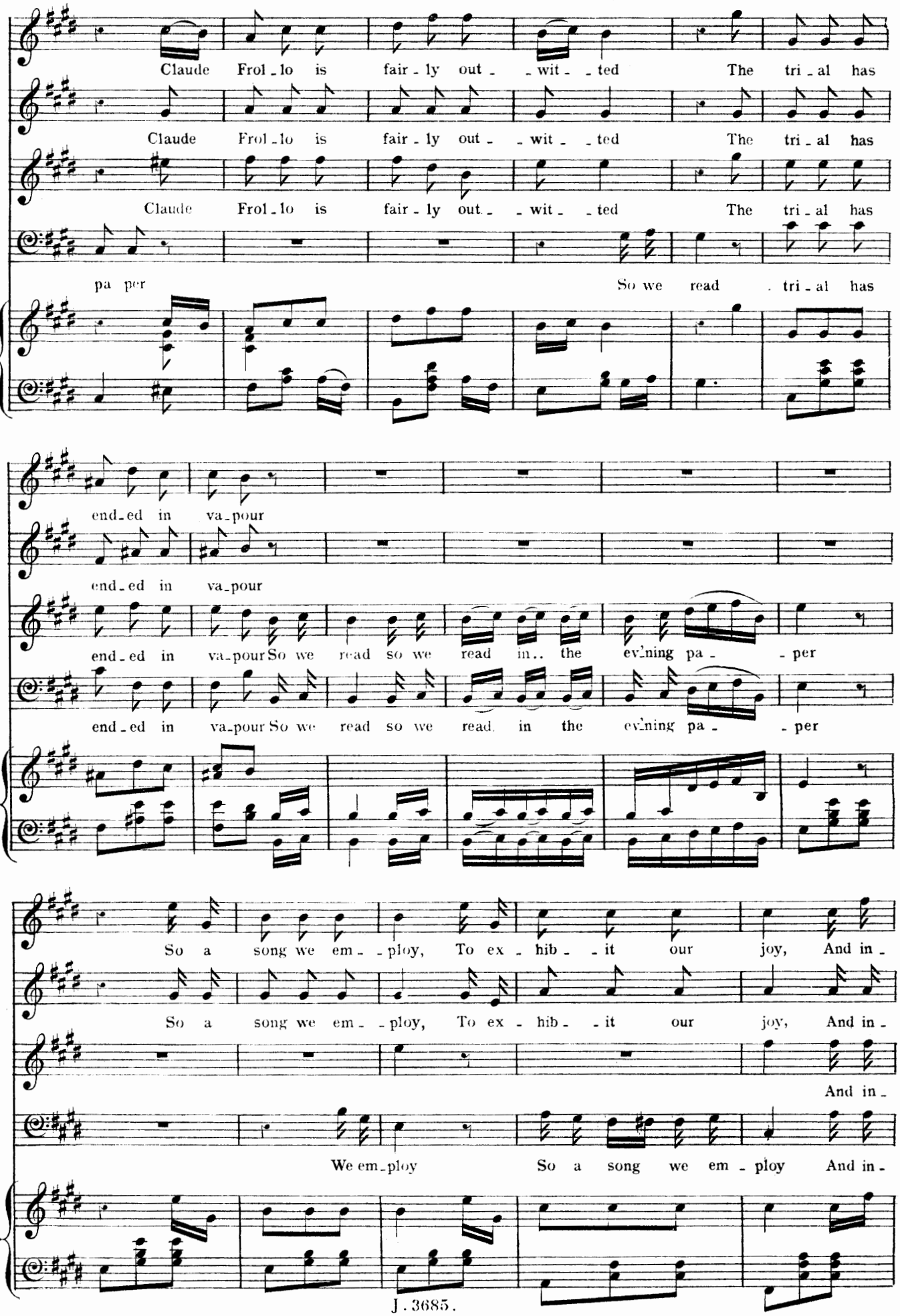
Allegro molto vivace.

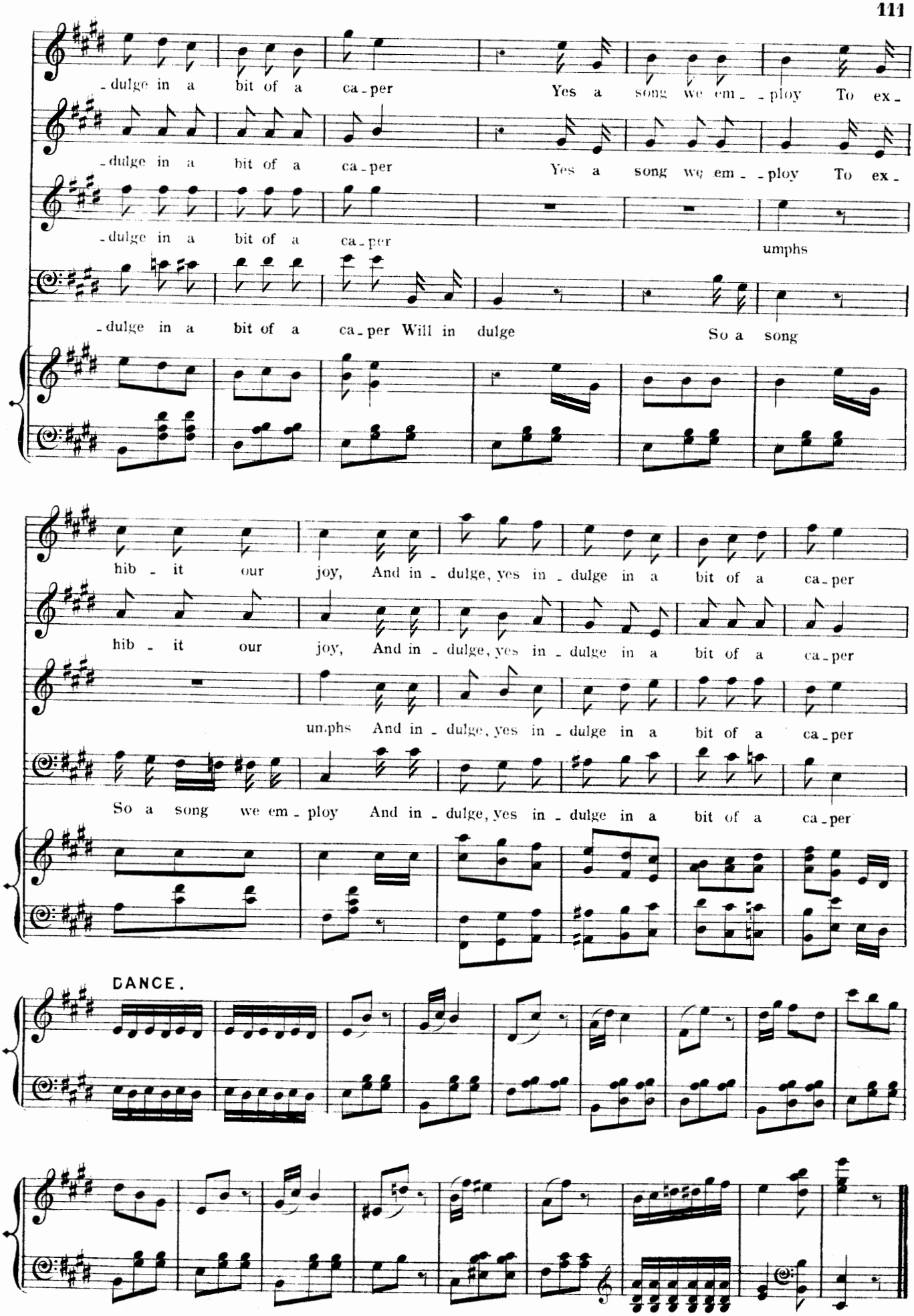


Nº 31.- CHORUS.

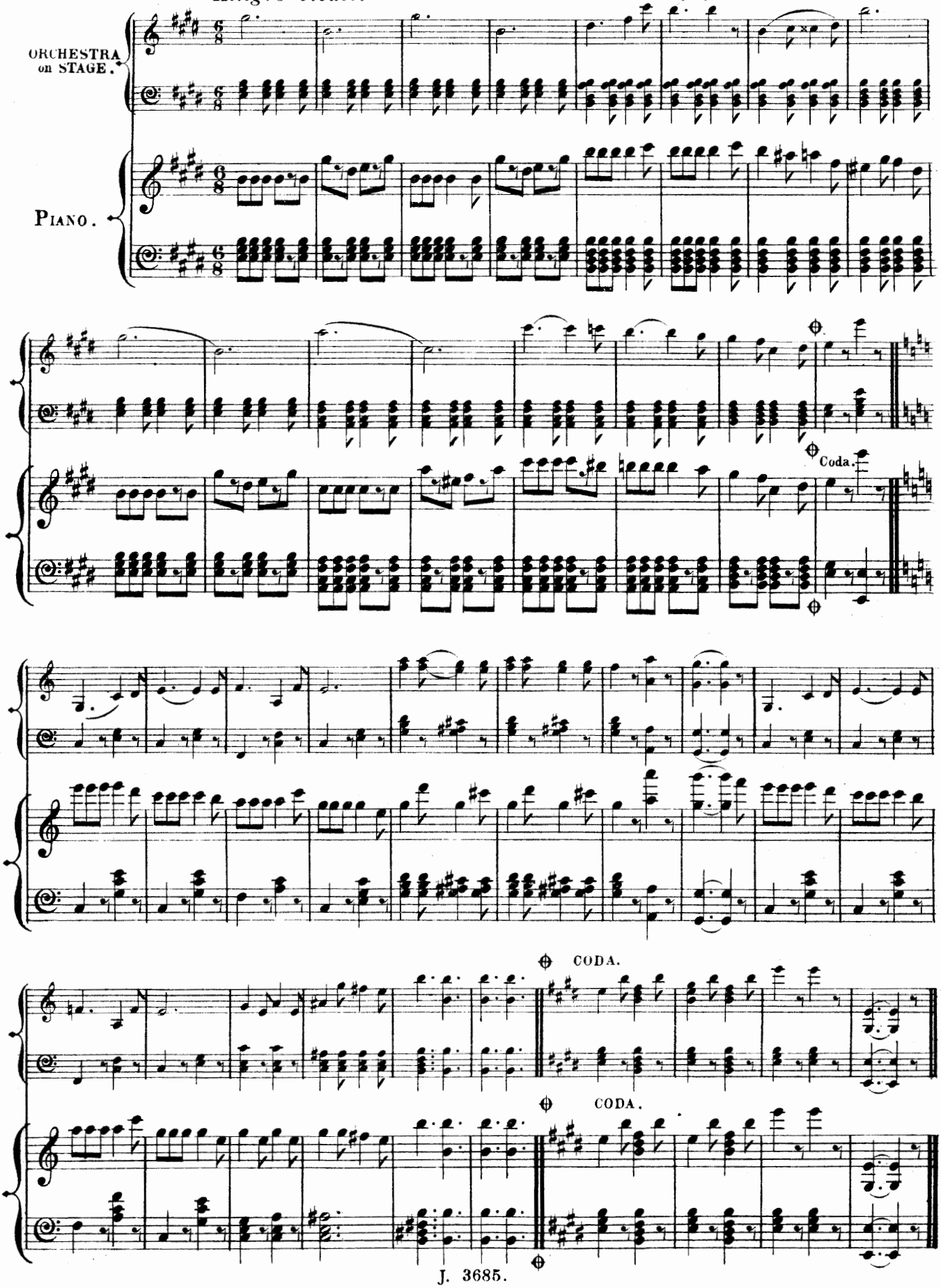
Allegretto.



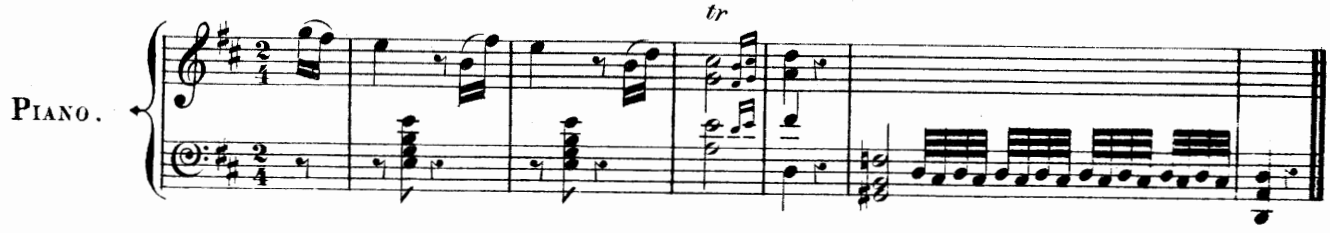

Claude Frol - lo is fair - ly out - - wit - - ted The tri - al has
Claude Frol - lo is fair - ly out - - wit - - ted The tri - al has
Claude Frol - lo is fair - ly out - - wit - - ted The tri - al has
pa per So we read . tri - al has
end - ed in va - pour
end - ed in va - pour
end - ed in va - pour So we read so we read in.. the ev'ning pa - - per
end - ed in va - pour So we read so we read in the ev'ning pa - - per
So a song we em - - ploy, To ex - hib - - it our joy, And in -
So a song we em - - ploy, To ex - hib - - it our joy, And in -
And in -
We em - ploy So a song we em - ploy And in -


-dulge in a bit of a ca-per
Yes a song we em--ploy To ex-
-dulge in a bit of a ca-per
Yes a song we em--ploy To ex-
-dulge in a bit of a ca-per
umphs
-dulge in a bit of a ca-per Will in dulge
So a song
hib - it our joy, And in - dulge, yes in - dulge in a bit of a ca-per
hib - it our joy, And in - dulge, yes in - dulge in a bit of a ca-per
umphs And in - dulge, yes in - dulge in a bit of a ca-per
So a song we em - ploy And in - dulge, yes in - dulge in a bit of a ca-per
DANCE.

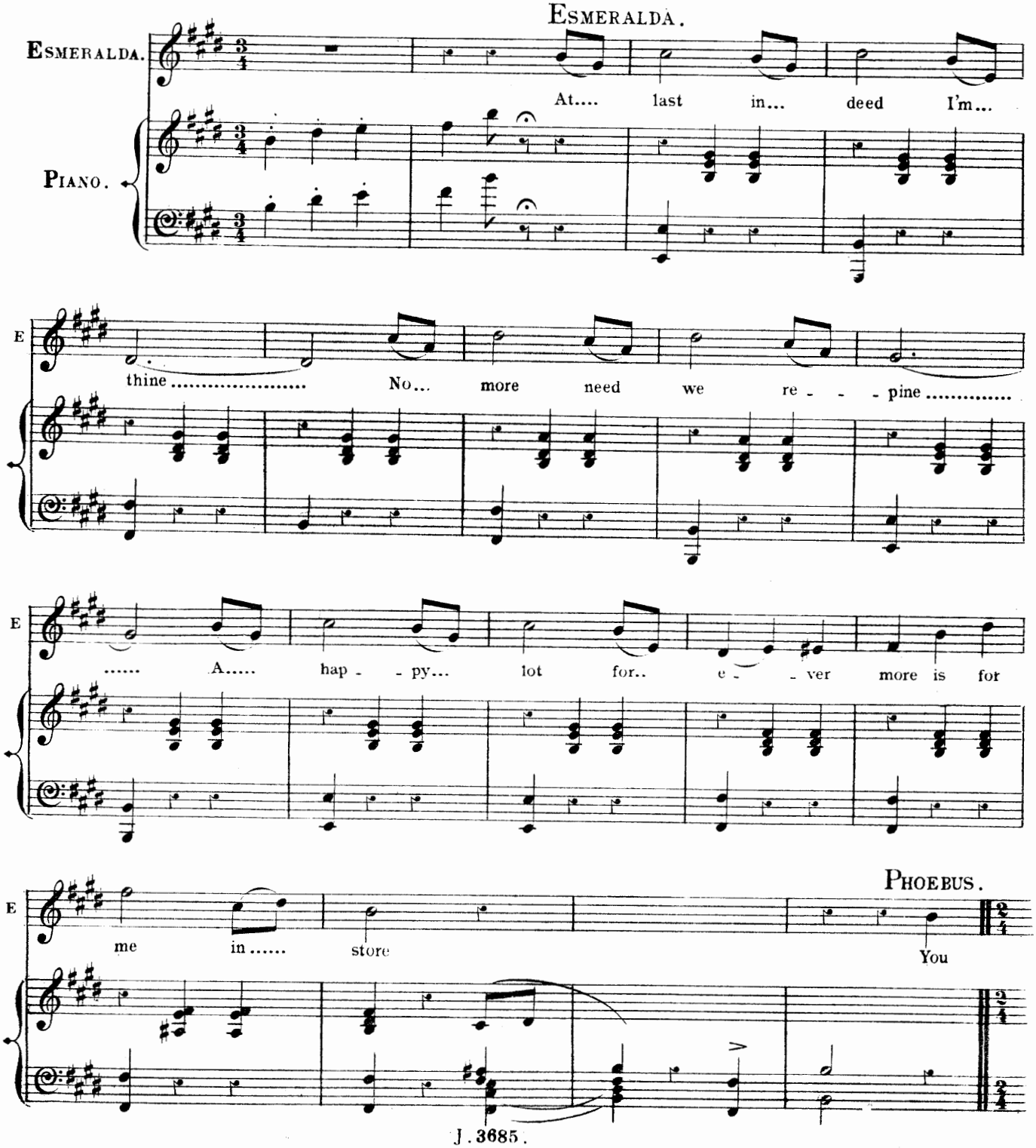
Allegro vivace.

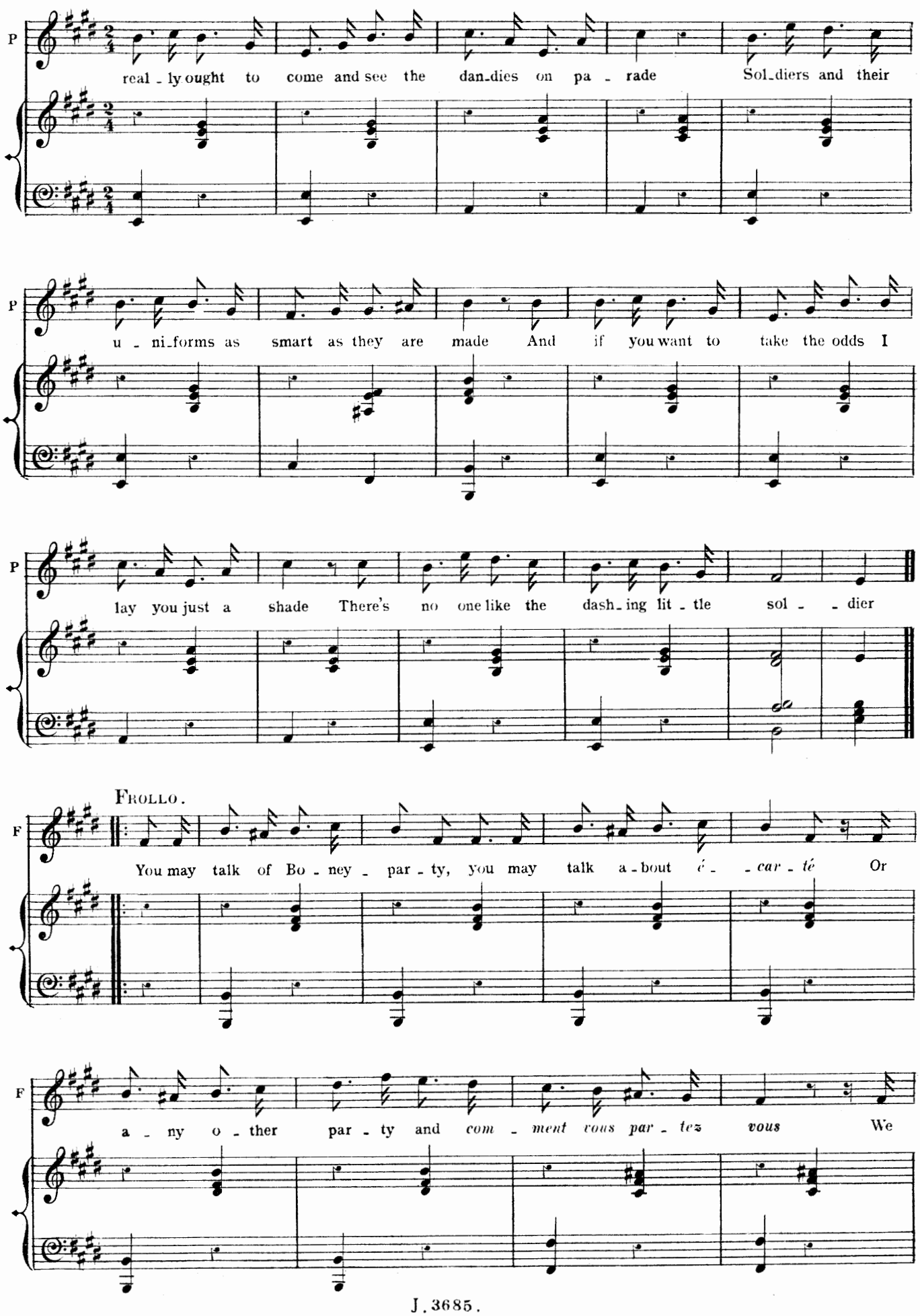


Nº 32.- MELOS.



Nº 33.- FINALE.




P
real - ly ought to come and see the dan-dies on pa - rade Sol-diers and their
P
u - ni-forms as smart as they are made And if you want to take the odds I
P
lay you just a shade There's no one like the dash-ing lit - tle sol - - dier
FROLLO.
F
You may talk of Bo - ney - par - ty, you may talk a-bout é - - car - té Or
F
a - ny o - ther par - ty and com - ment vous par - tez vous We

rall.

larnt to sing it ai - sy, that song the *Mar - sel - la - sy* Boo - long, Too-long, the

larnt to sing it ai - sy, that song the *Mar - sel - la - sy* Boo - long, Too-long, the

hoorooh!

Repeated by the Chorus.

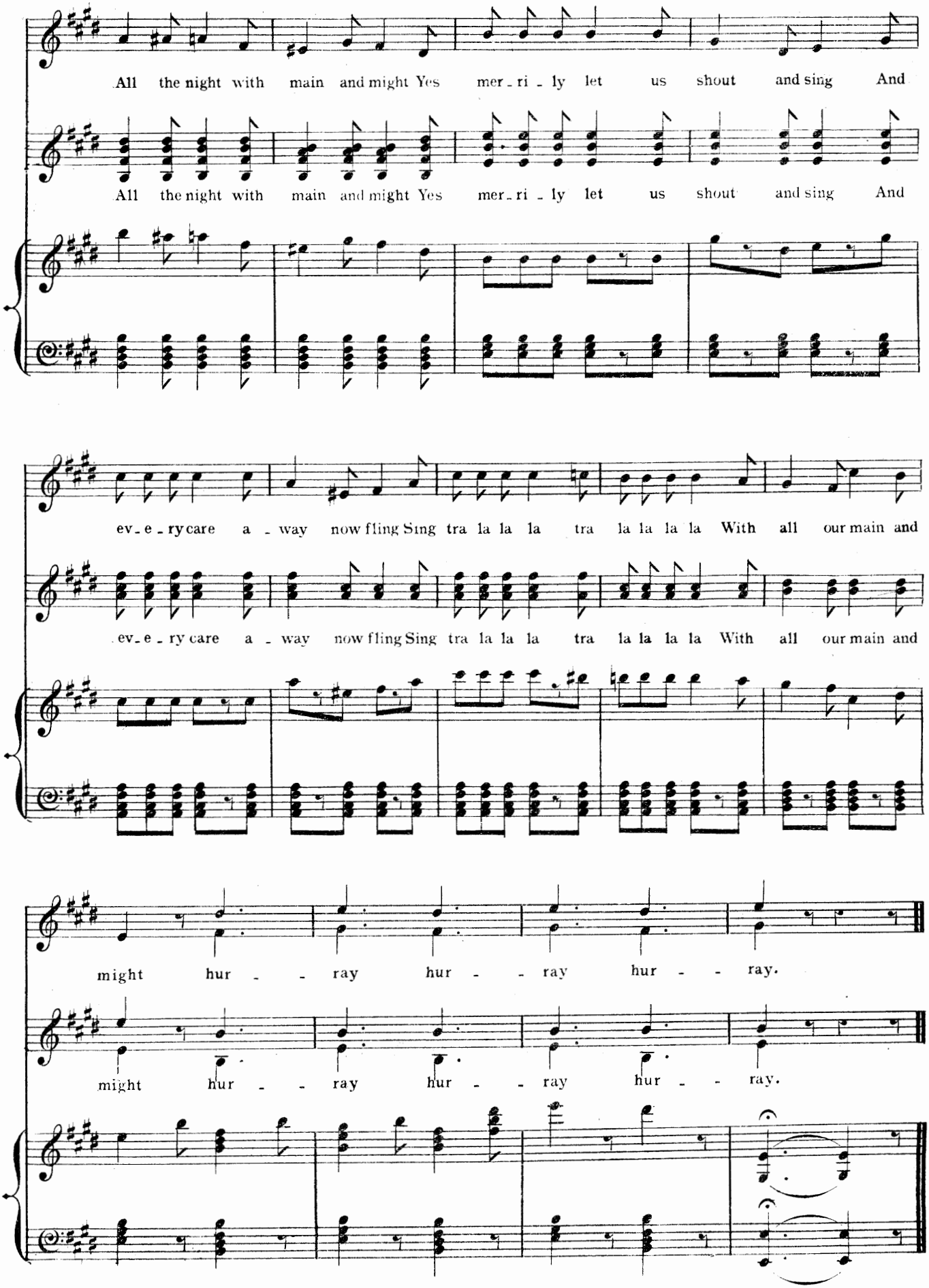
Con - ti - nong, we larnt at Kil - la - - loe. Mer - ri - ly let us

Con - ti - nong, we larnt at Kil - la - - loe. Mer - ri - ly let us

a.2.

shout and sing And ev - e - ry care a - way now fling Sing tra la la la tra tra la la la tra

shout and sing And ev - e - ry care a - way now fling Sing tra la la la tra tra la la la tra


All the night with main and might Yes mer - ri - ly let us shout and sing And
All the night with main and might Yes mer - ri - ly let us shout and sing And
ev - e - ry care a - way now fling Sing tra la la la tra la la la la With all our main and
ev - e - ry care a - way now fling Sing tra la la la tra la la la la With all our main and
might hur - - ray hur - - ray hur - - ray.
might hur - - ray hur - - ray hur - - ray.