WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.

GEORGE GROSSMITH and J. A. E. MALONE present

THE CABARET GIRL

A New Musical Comedy

IN THREE ACTS.

BOOK & LYRICS BY

GEORGE GROSSMITH

AND

P. G. WODEHOUSE.

MUSIC BY

JEROME KERN.

Vocal Score - - Price 8/- net.

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
AND SYDNEY.

T. B. HARMS CO.,
62-64, WEST 45th STREET,
NEW YORK.

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Printed by
LOWE & BRYDONE PRINTERS,
LTD.,
101, Park Street, Camden Town,
London, N.W. 1.

The Play produced by GEORGE GROSSMITH.

THE CABARET GIRL.

CHARACTERS

(In order of their appearance)

Marchioness of Harrogate		Miss FORTESCUE
Marquis of Harrogate (*Her Son*)		Mr. PETER HADDON
Effie Dix		Miss VERA LENNOX
Miss Simmons	*Assistants at Gripps & Gravvins*	Miss DOROTHY HURST
Miss Tompkins	*Assistants at Gripps & Gravvins*	Miss DOROTHY FIELD
Miss Witmore	*Assistants at Gripps & Gravvins*	Miss CECILE MAULE-COLE
Miss Brownlow	*Assistants at Gripps & Gravvins*	Miss EILEEN SEYMOUR
Commissionaire		Mr. JACK GLYN
A Customer		Miss DOROTHY BENTHAM
Mr. Gripps and Mr. Gravvins	*Partners in the firm of Messrs. Gripps & Gravvins, Music Publishers*	Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH Mr. NORMAN GRIFFIN
James Paradene		Mr. GEOFFREY GWYTHER
Harry Zona	*Members of the All Night Follies Cabaret Troupe*	Mr. THOMAS WEGUELIN
March	*Members of the All Night Follies Cabaret Troupe*	Mr. SEYMOUR BEARD
April	*Members of the All Night Follies Cabaret Troupe*	Miss ENID TAYLOR
Little Ada	*Members of the All Night Follies Cabaret Troupe*	Miss HEATHER THATCHER
Lily de Jigger	*Members of the All Night Follies Cabaret Troupe*	Miss MOLLY RAMSDEN
Marilynn Morgan ("*Flick*")		Miss DOROTHY DICKSON
Feloosi (*An Agent*)		Mr. JOSEPH SPREE
Quibb (*A Piano Tuner*)		Mr. LEIGH ELLIS
Mrs. Drawbridge	*Housekeeper at "The Pergola"*	Miss MURIEL BARNBY
The Mayor of Woollam Chersey		Mr. CLAUDE HORTON
Laburnum Brown		Miss MOLLY VERE
Lilac Smith		Miss VERA KIRKWOOD
Poppy Robinson		Miss DOROTHY DEANE
Hyacinth Green		Miss MONICA NOYES
Tulip Williams		Miss BETTY SHIELDS
The Vicar of Woollam Chersey		Mr. ERNEST GRAHAM
Box Office Keeper		Mr. FRED WHITLOCK
Cabaret Dancer		Mr. JINOS

Customers, Guests, Villagers, etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I.—The Showroom of Messrs. Gripps & Gravvins, Music Publishers. Bond Street.

ACT II.—The Pergola, Woollam Chersey.

ACT III.—Scene I.—Entrance to THE ALL NIGHT FOLLIES.

Scene II.—The Cabaret.

741

Manager: Mr. ALFRED TURNER. **Musical Director: Mr. JOHN ANSELL.**

Stage Director: Mr. CHARLES A. MAYNARD. **Stage Manager: Mr. F. BEESON KING.**

THE CABARET GIRL

ACT I.

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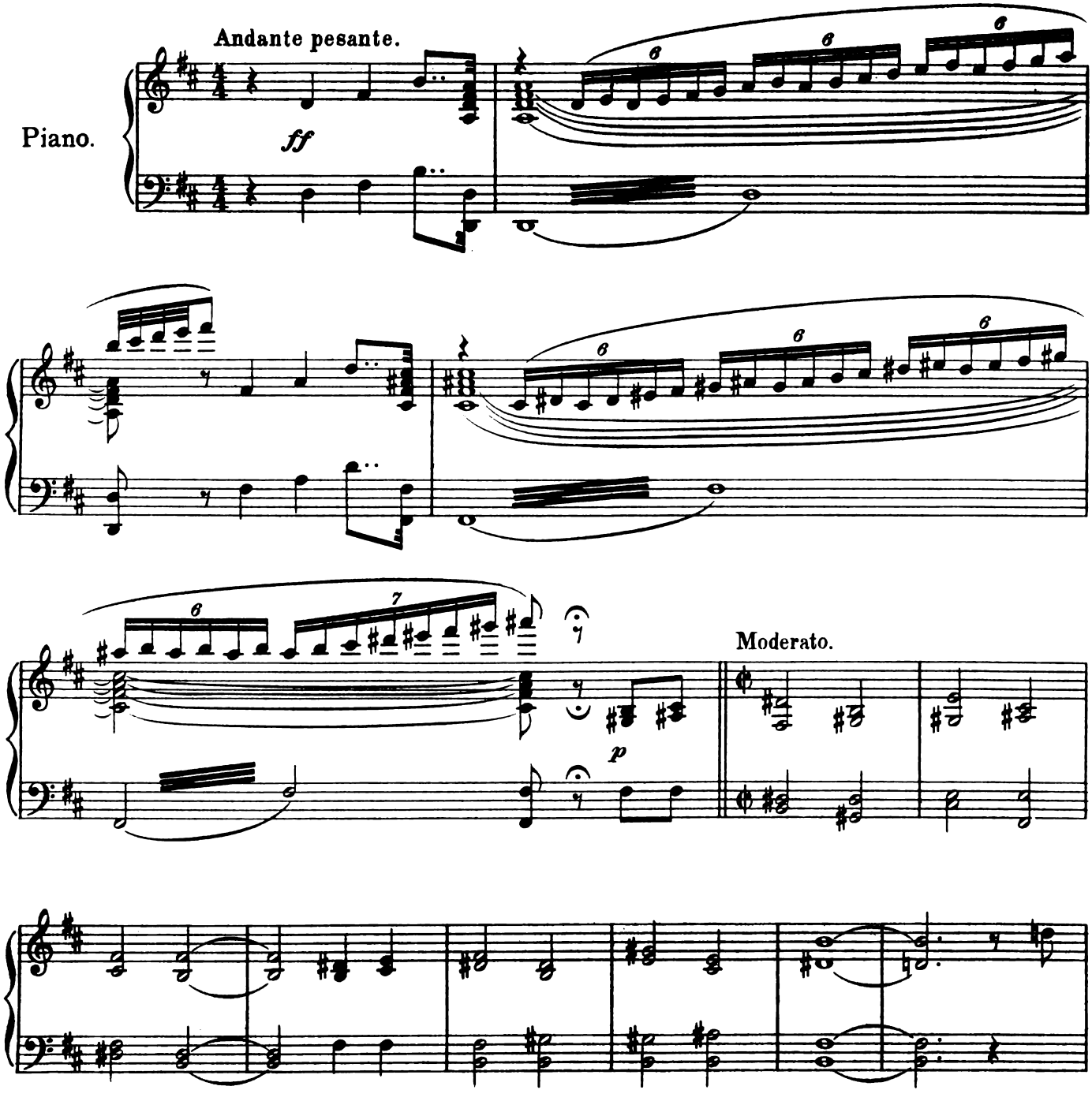
THE CABARET GIRL.

Music by
JEROME KERN.

OVERTURE.



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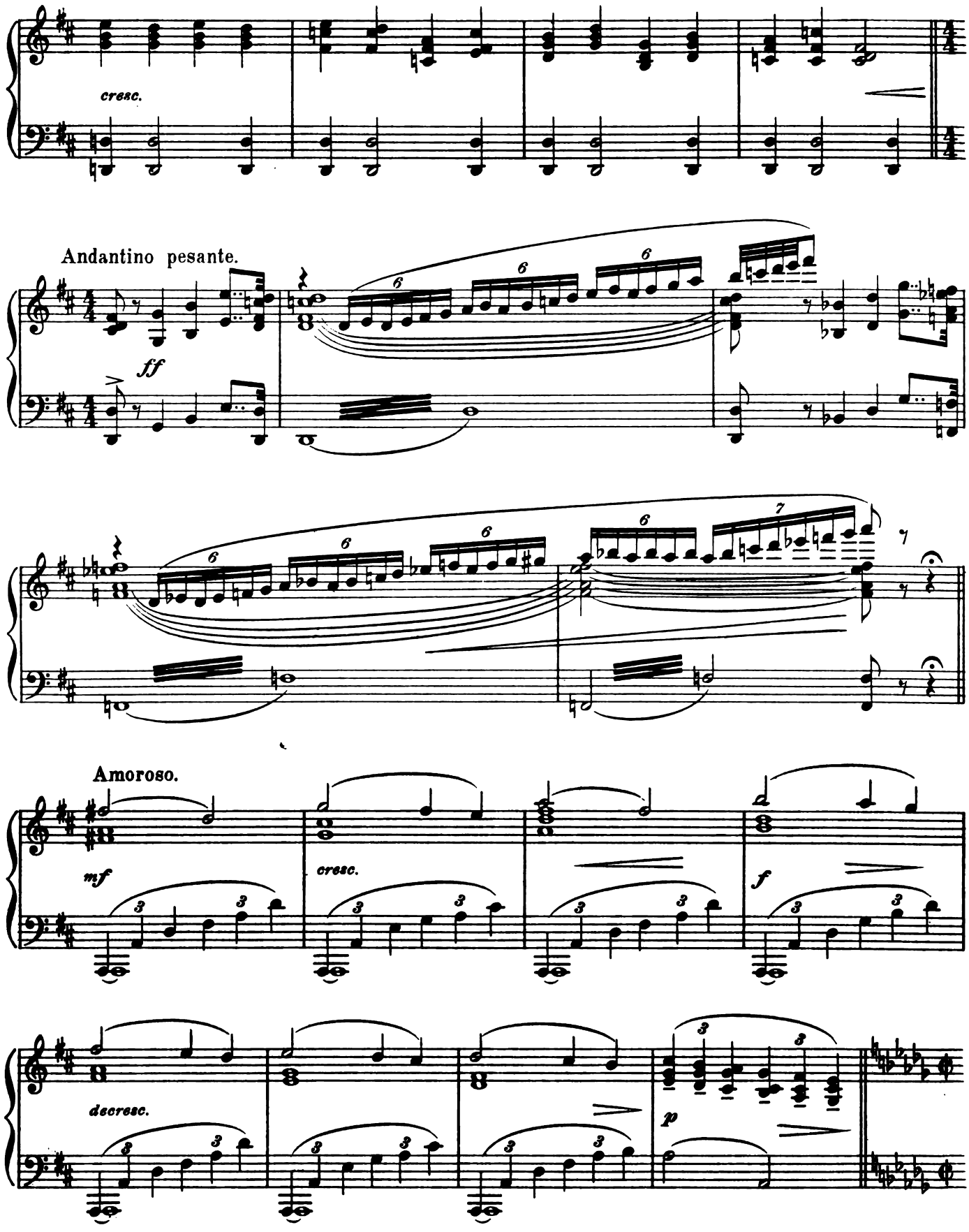
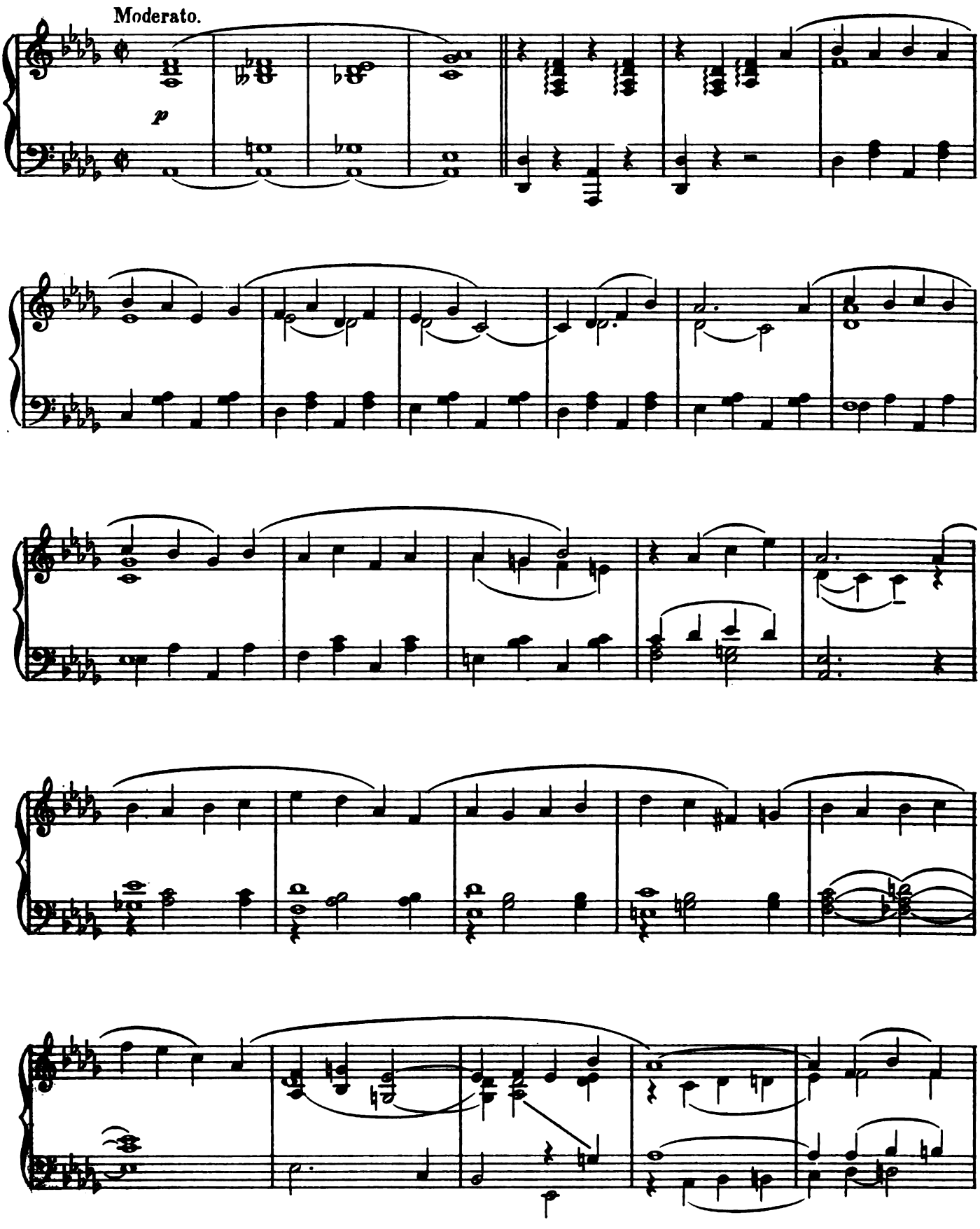
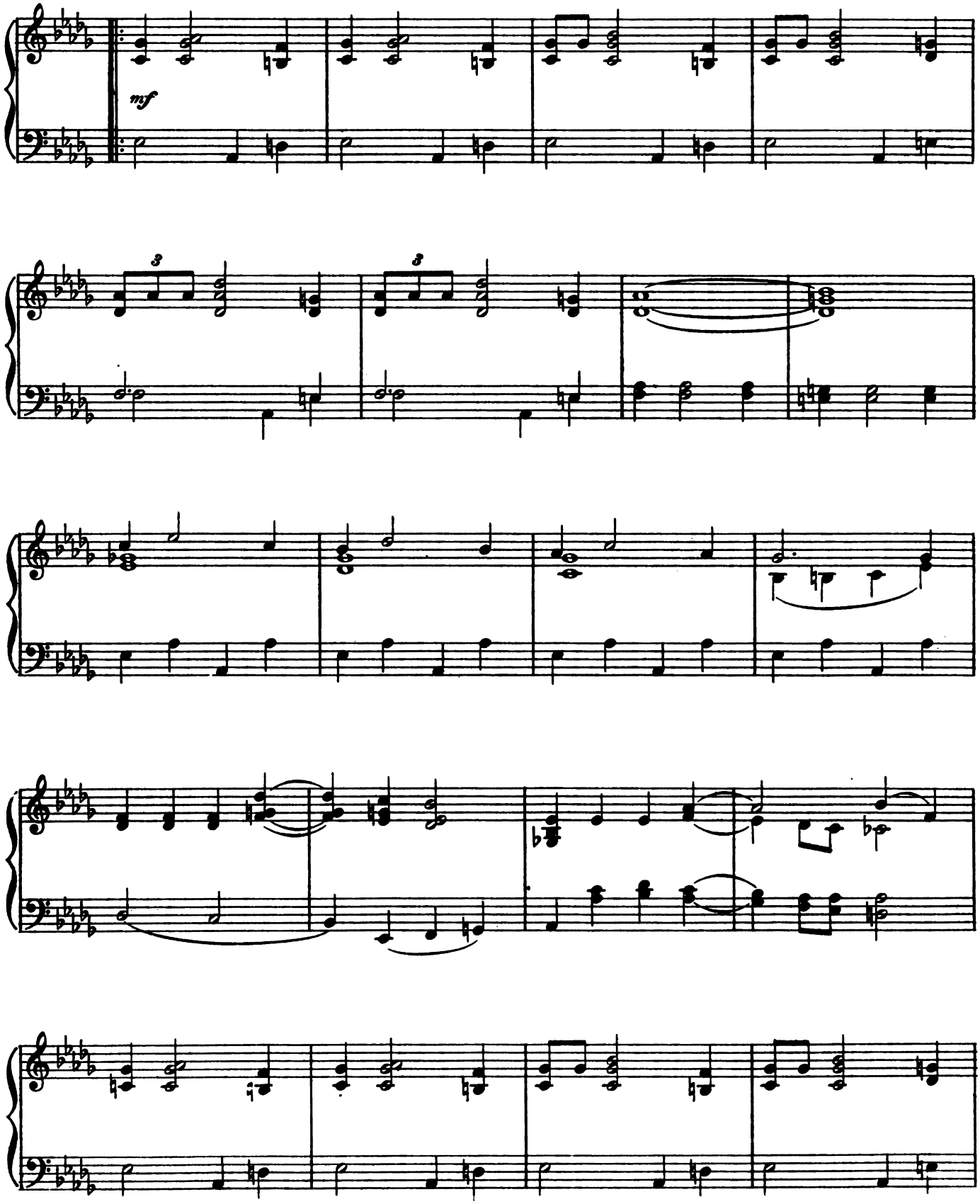
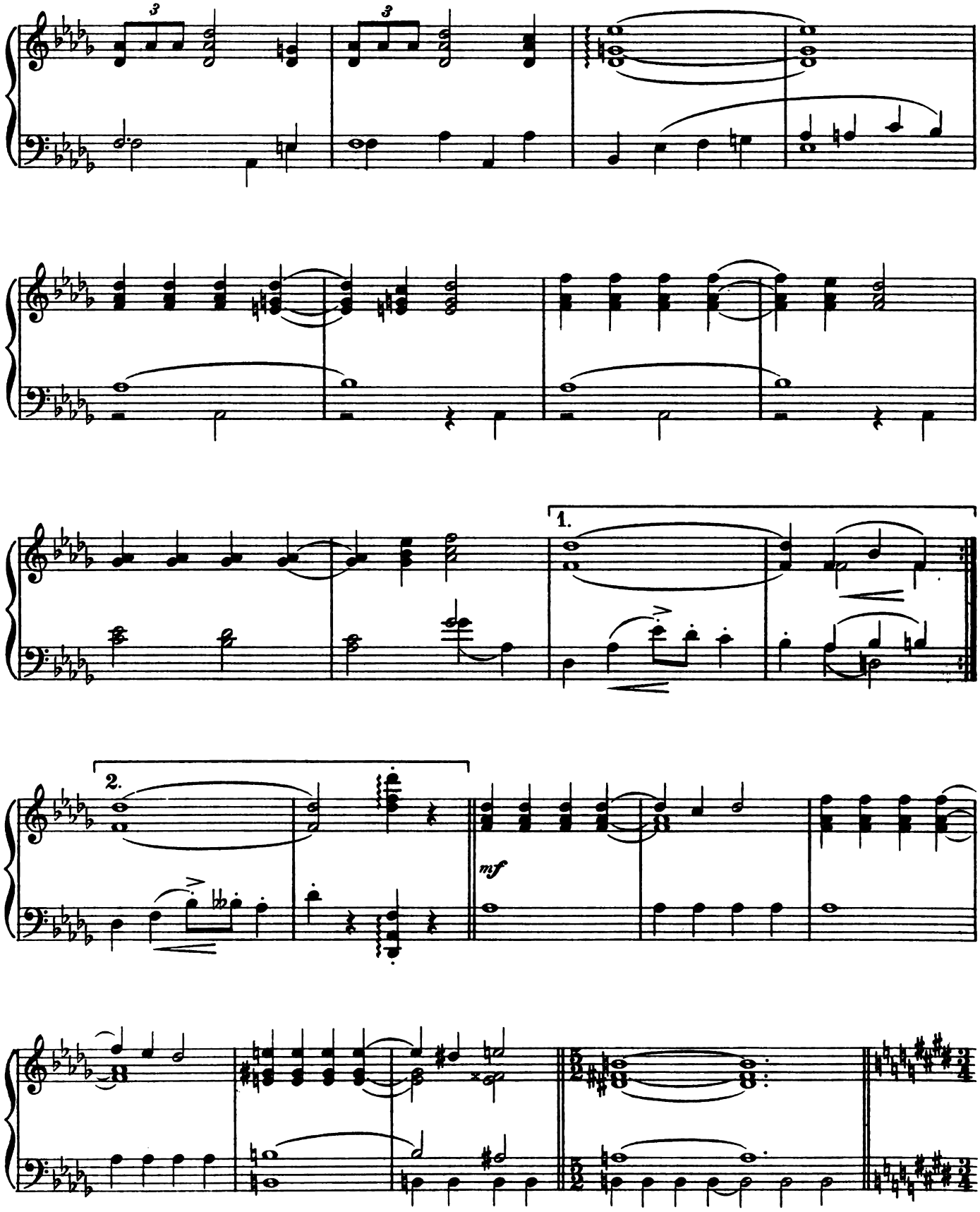
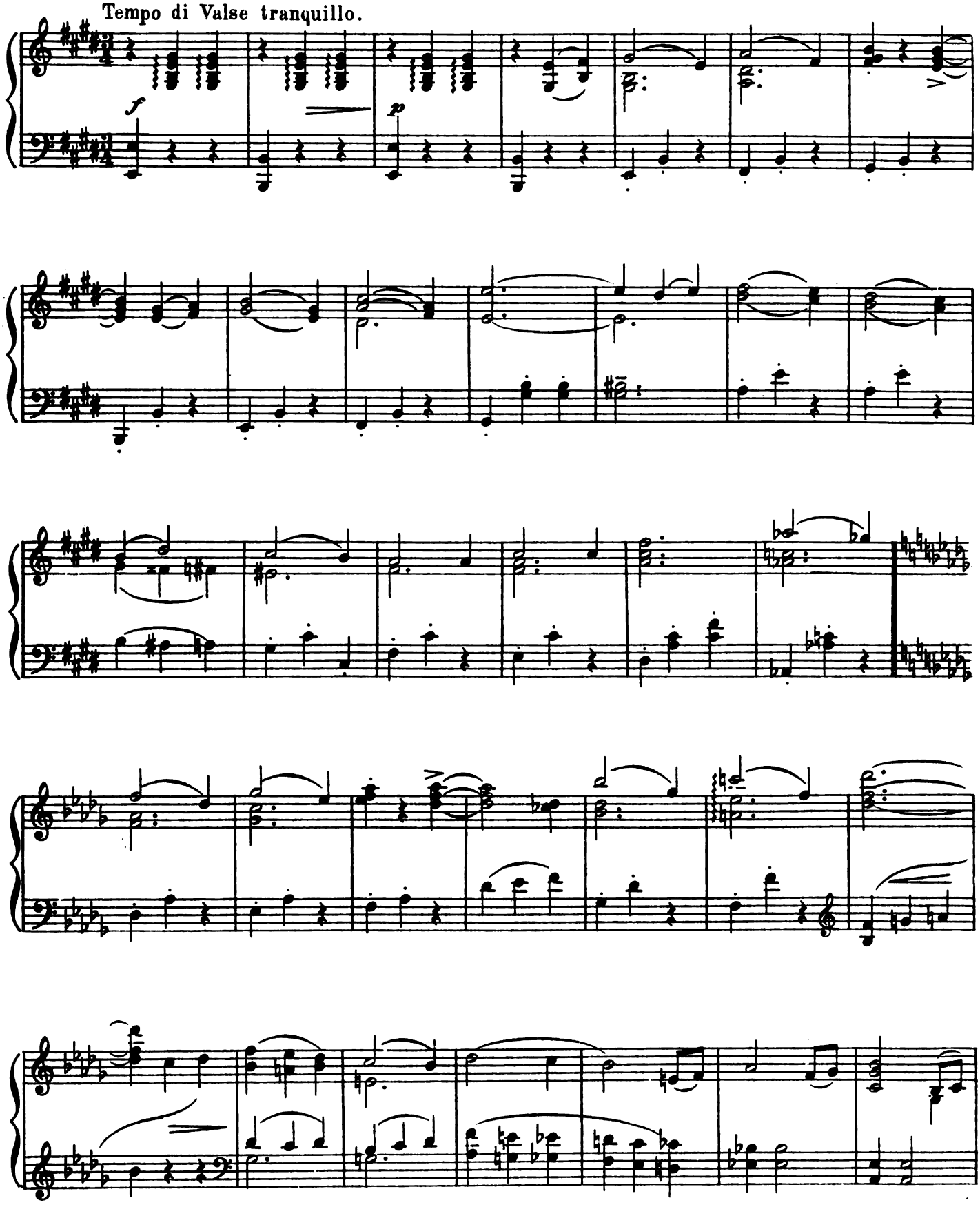

cresc.
Andantino pesante.
ff
Amoroso.
mf
cresc.
f
decresc.
p

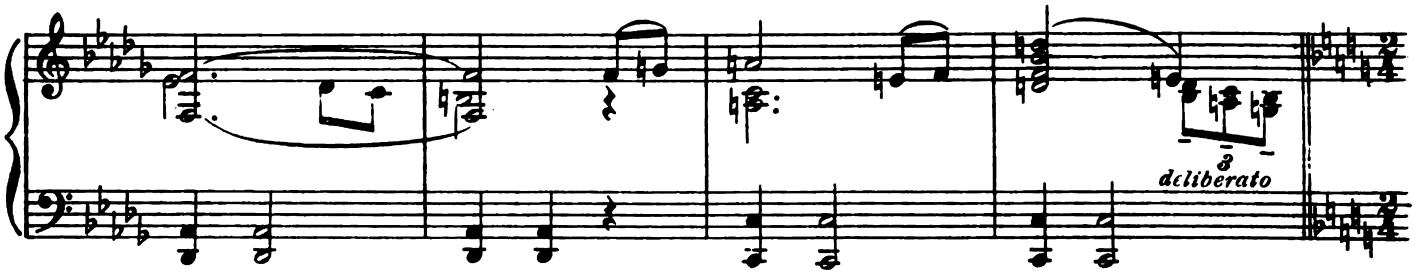

Moderato.
p


mf

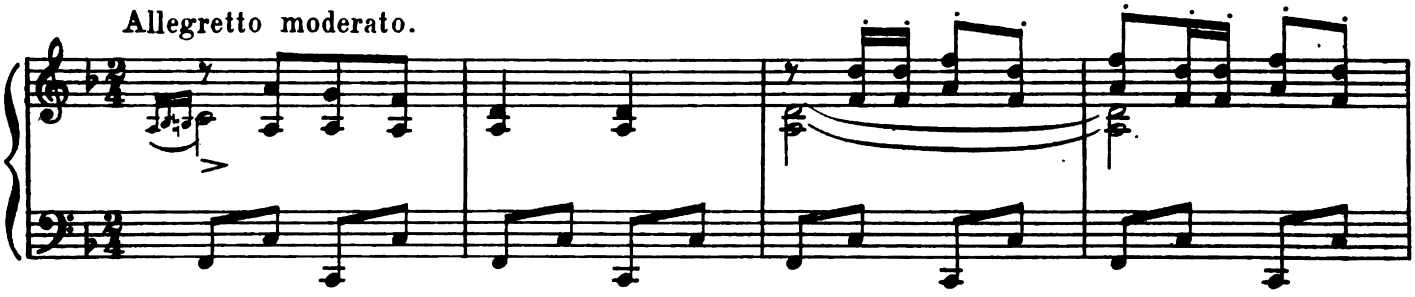

1.
2.
mf

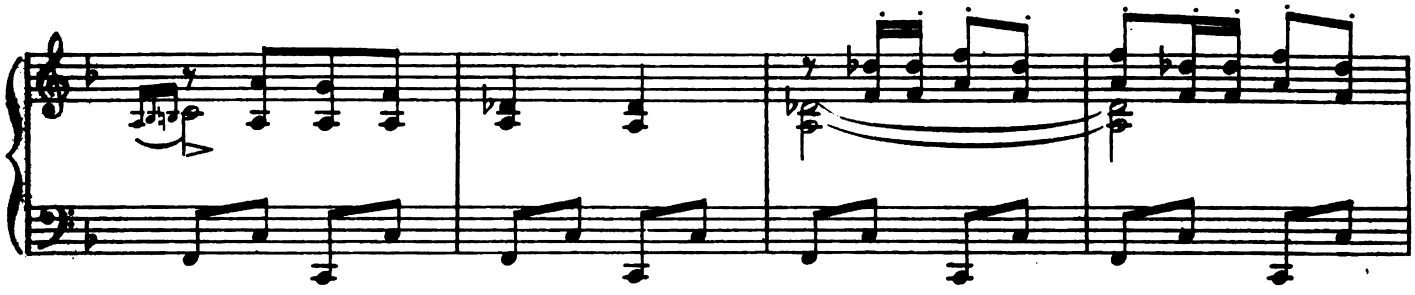
Tempo di Valse tranquillo.

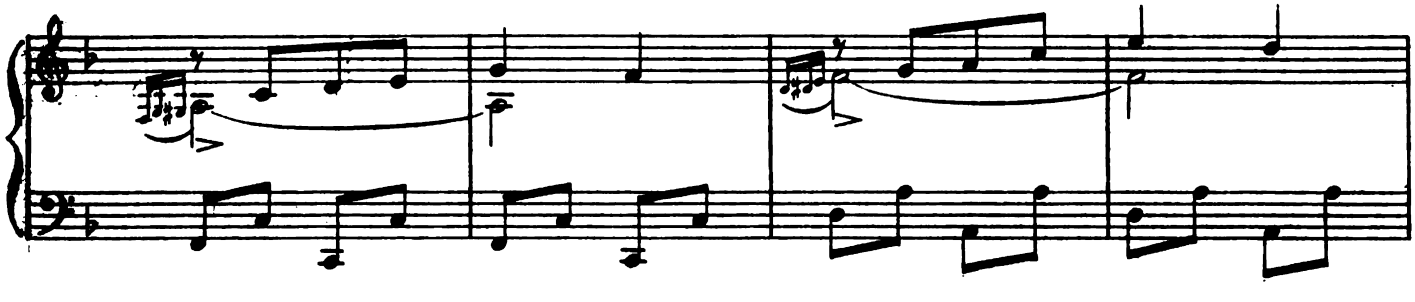


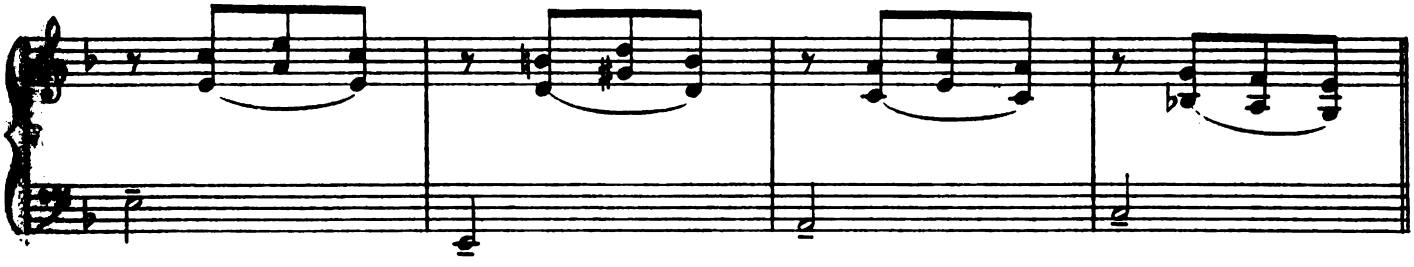


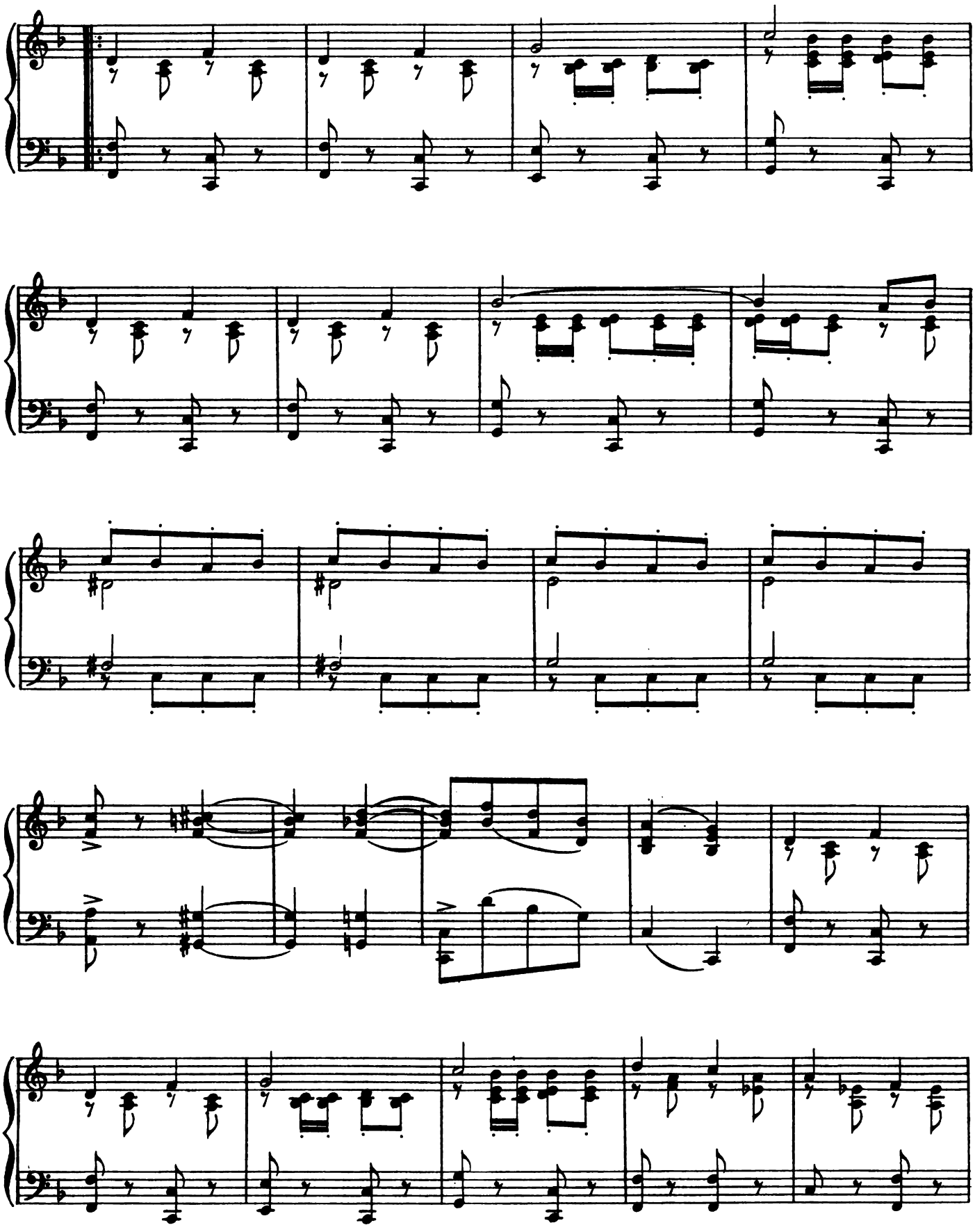
Allegretto moderato.

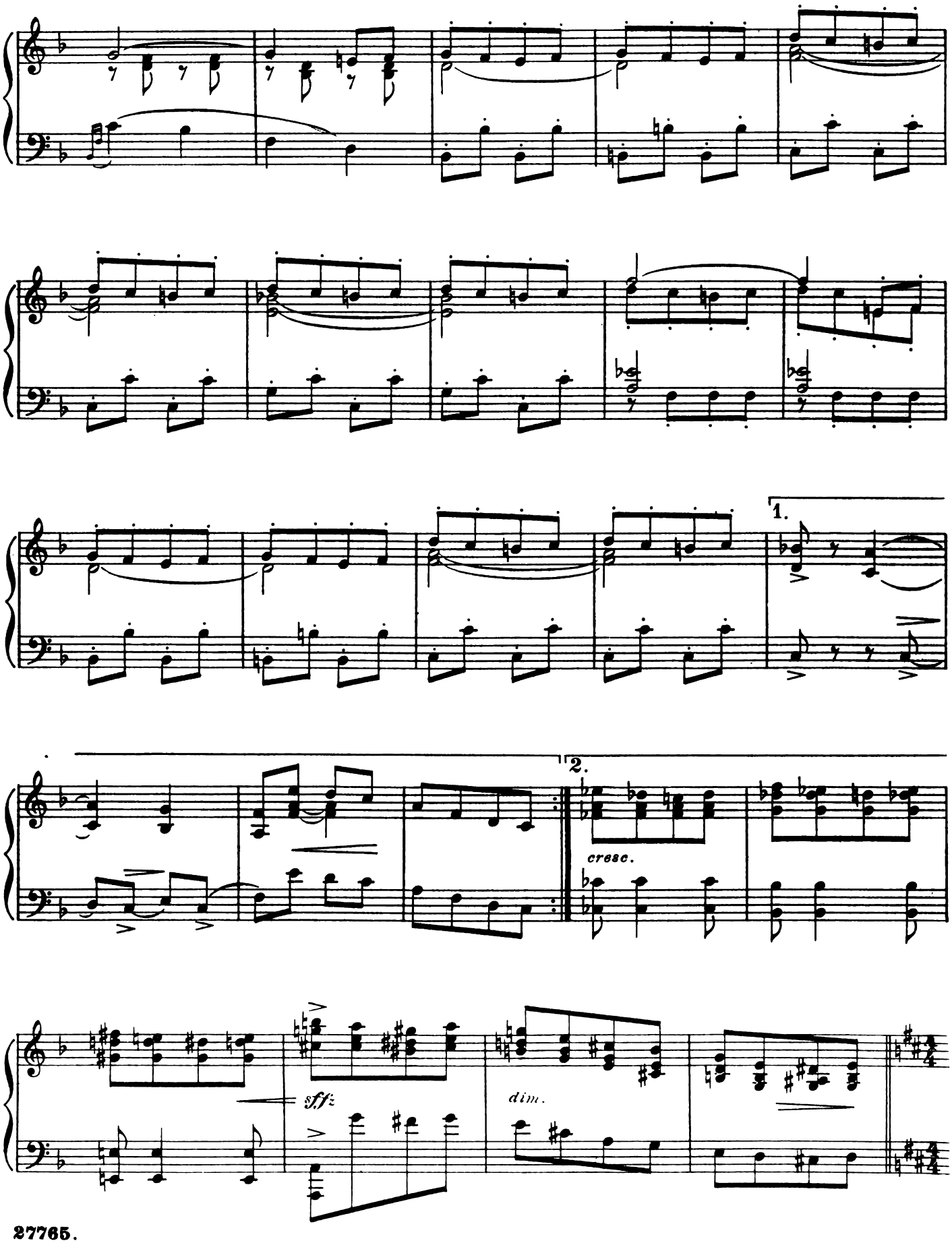


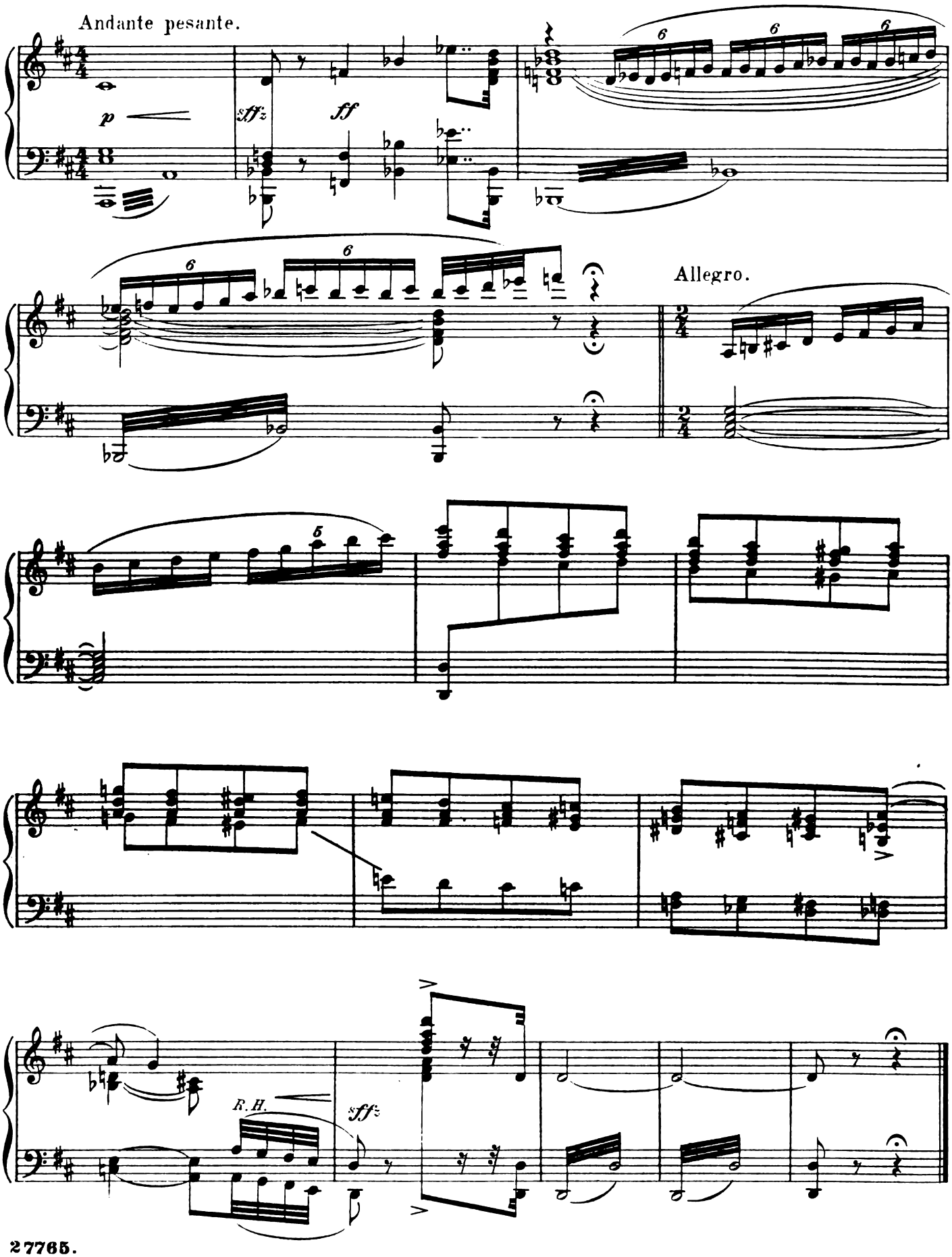









1.
2.
cresc.
sff
dim.


Andante pesante.
p
sff
ff
Allegro.
R.H.
sff

ACT I.

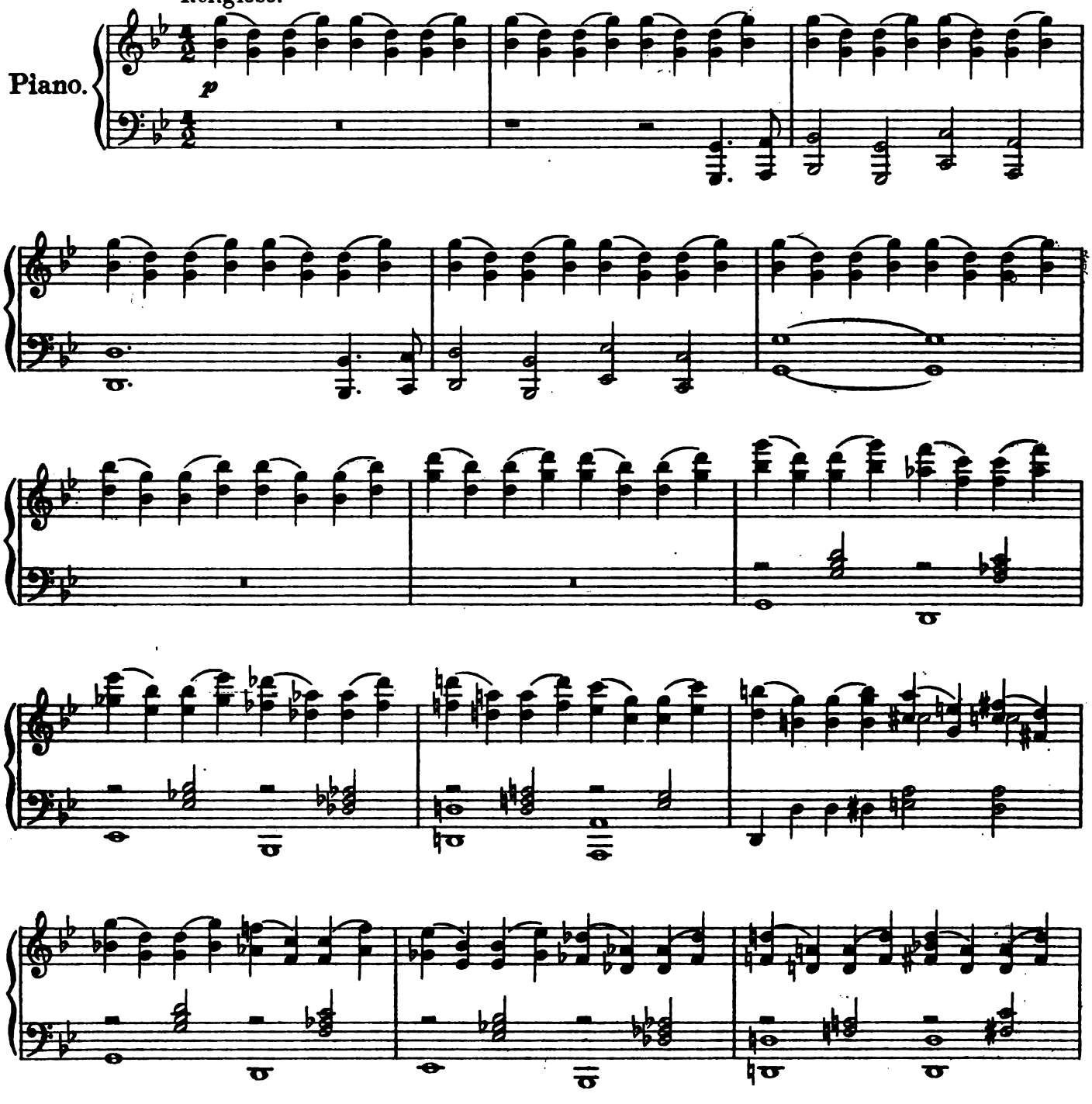
No. 1. OPENING CHORUS.

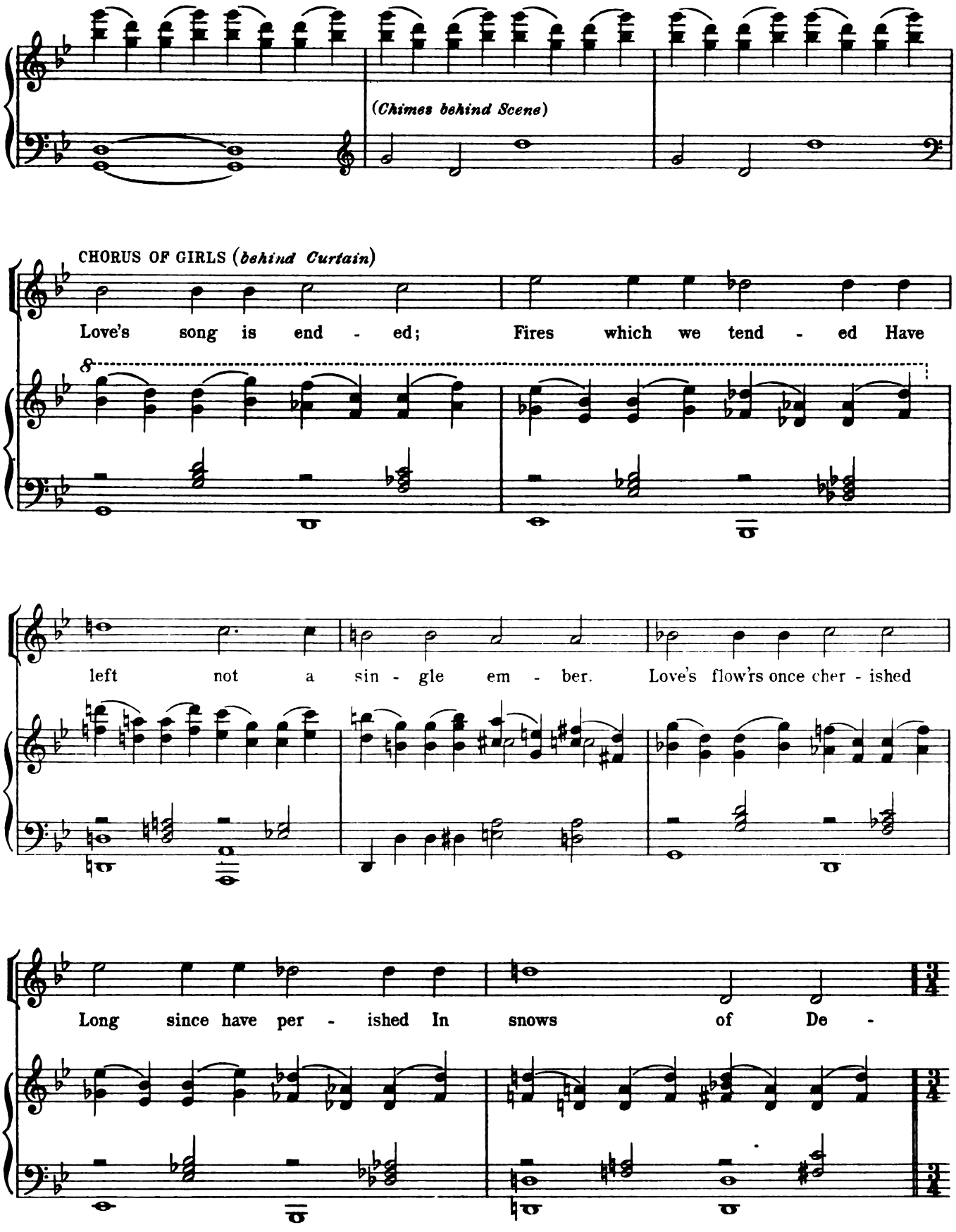
"CHOPIN AD LIB."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

Religioso.

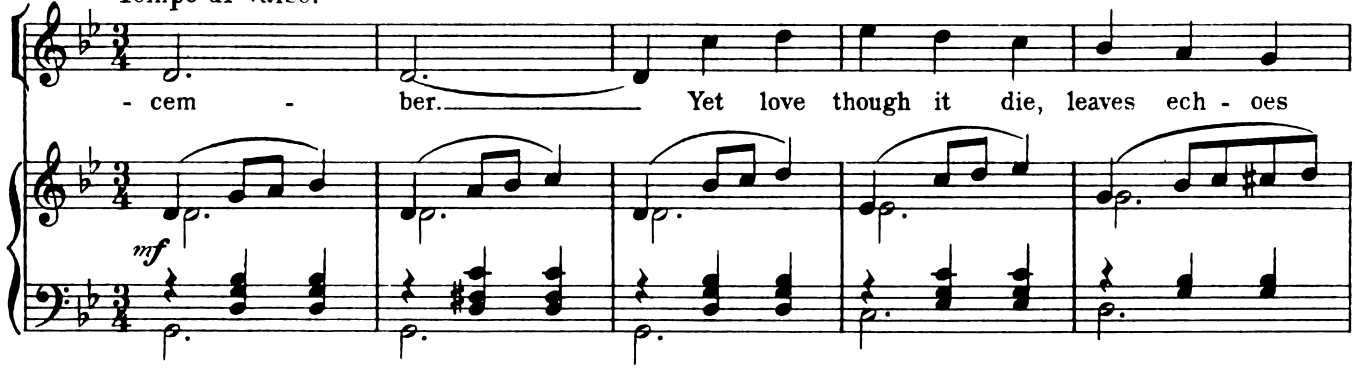
Piano.



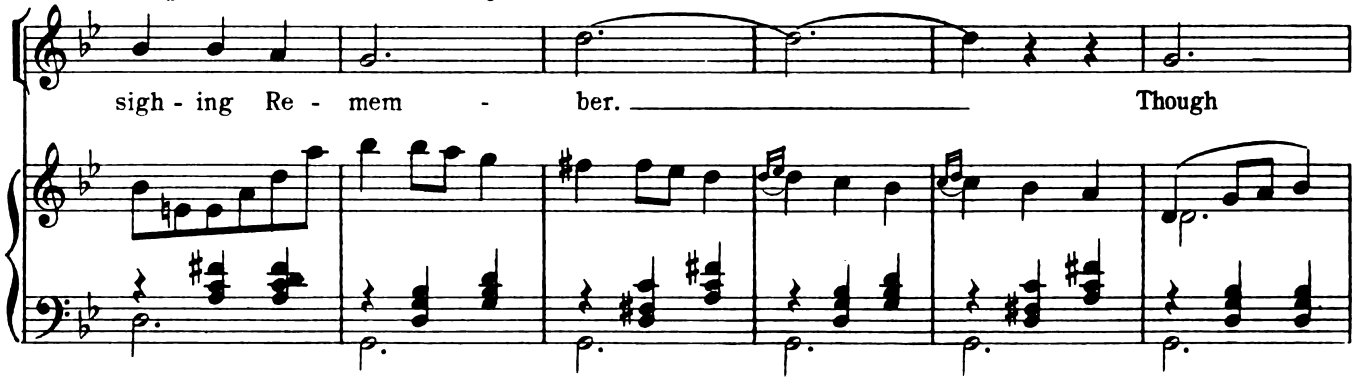

(Chimes behind Scene)
CHORUS OF GIRLS (behind Curtain)
Love's song is end - ed; Fires which we tend - ed Have
left not a sin - gle em - ber. Love's flow'rs once cher - ished
Long since have per - ished In snows of De -

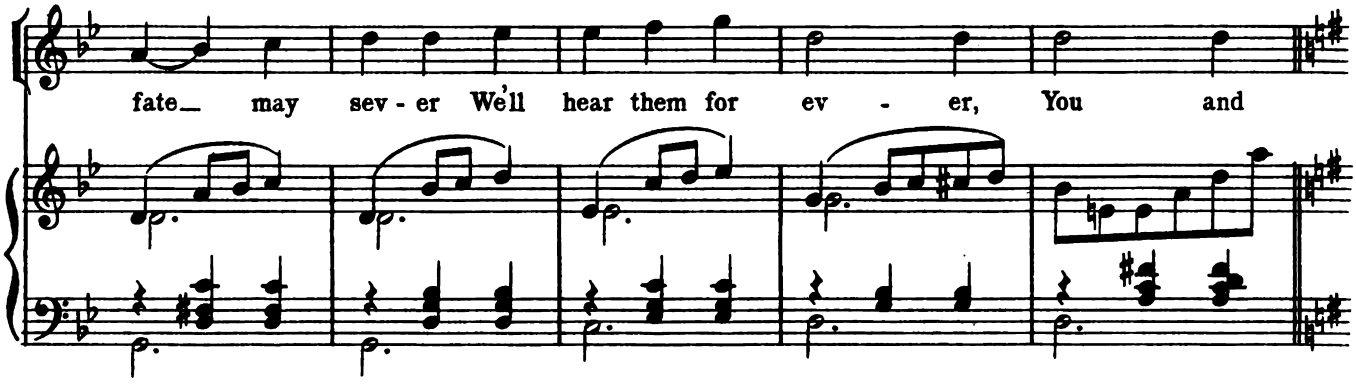
Curtain rises showing Miss Simmons demonstrating ballad to customer. The scene is one of business ac-

Tempo di Valse.

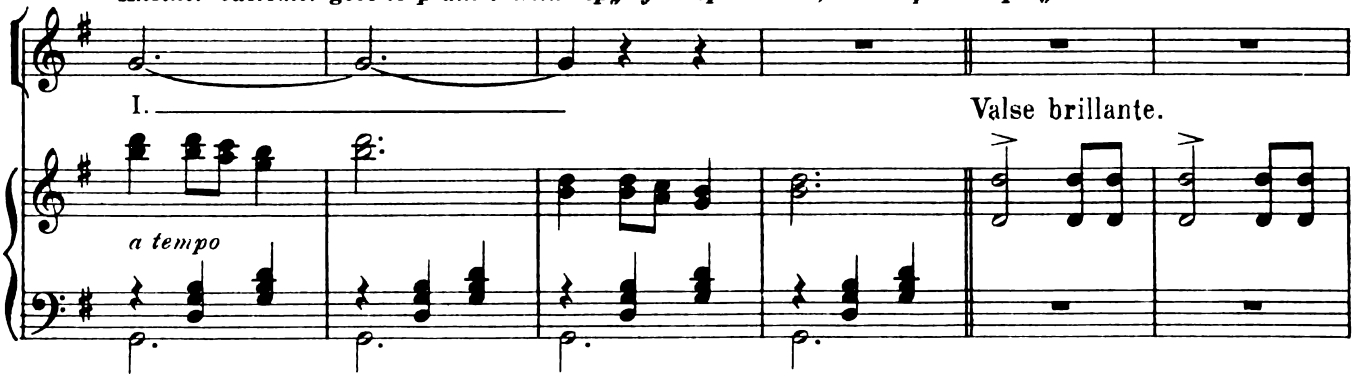


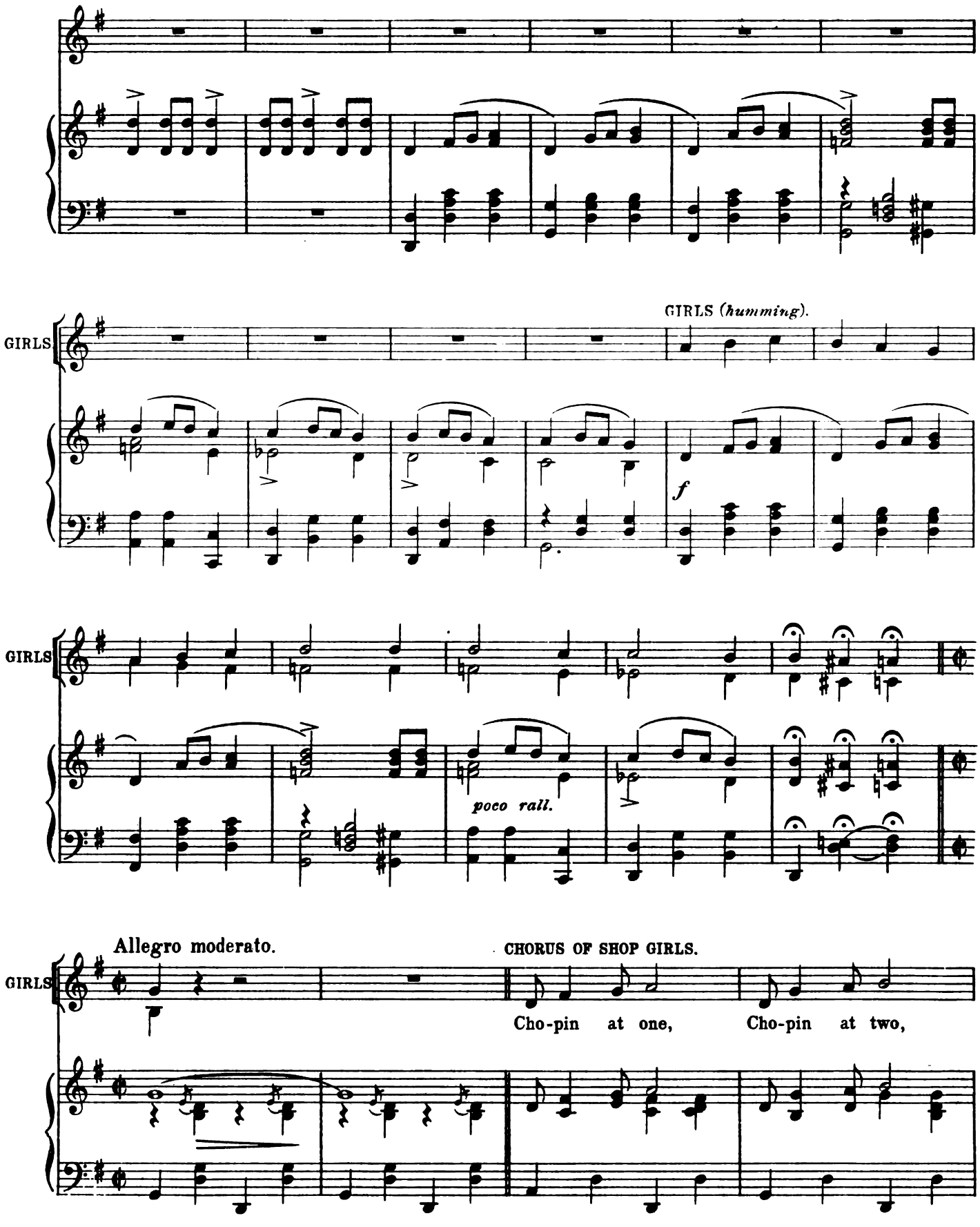
-tivity in contrast to character of music.

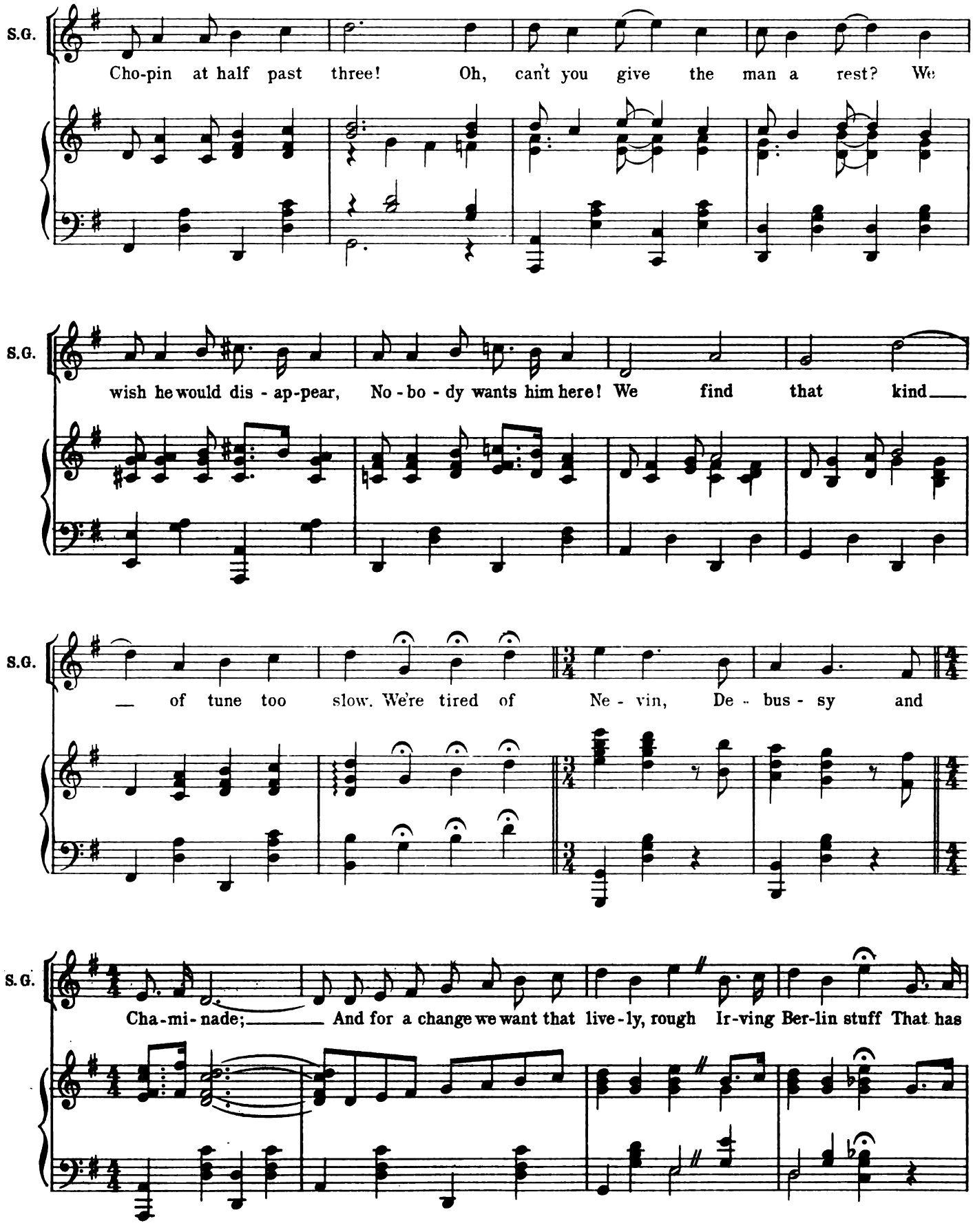


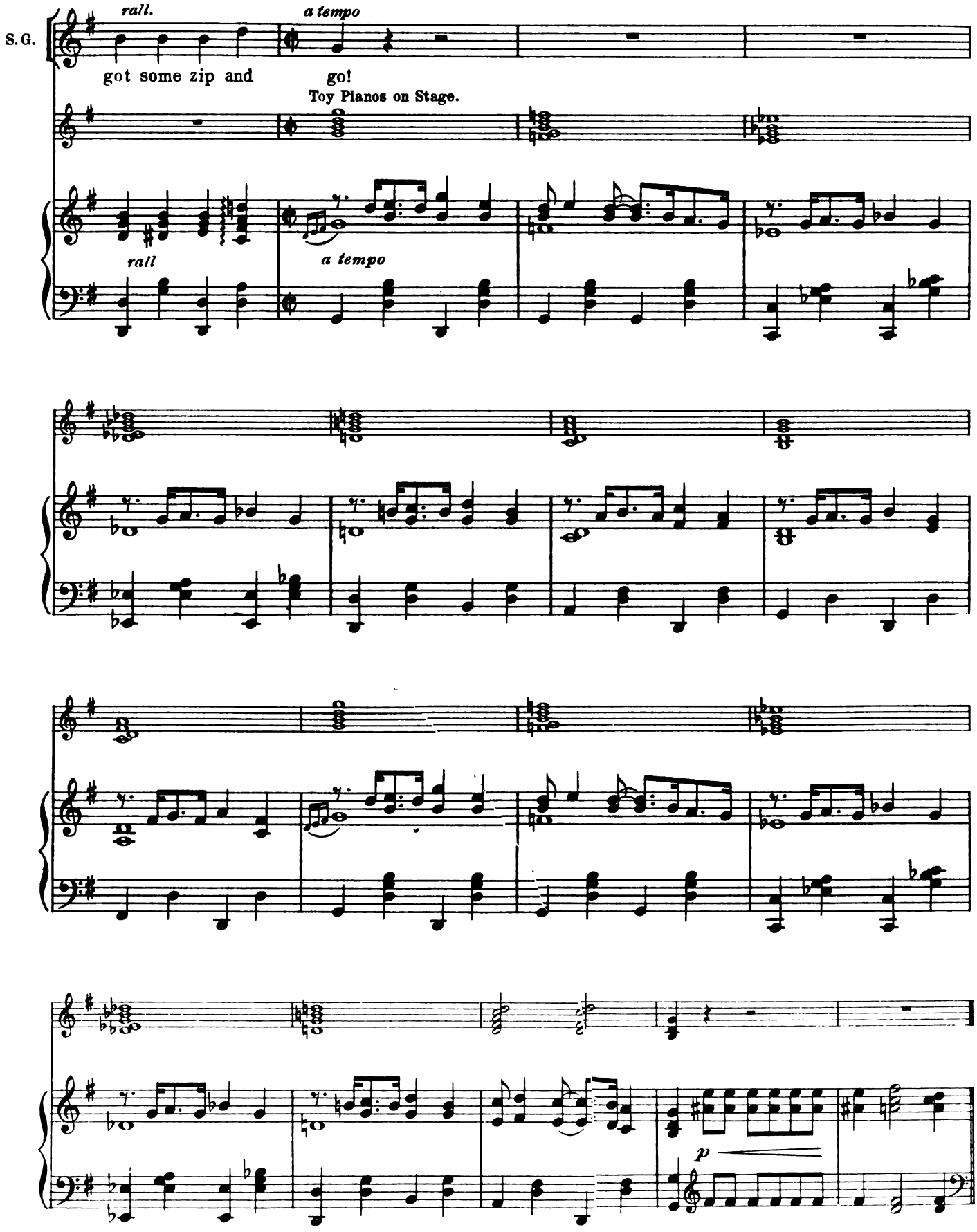


Another customer goes to pianist with copy of Chopin Waltz, which pianist plays.

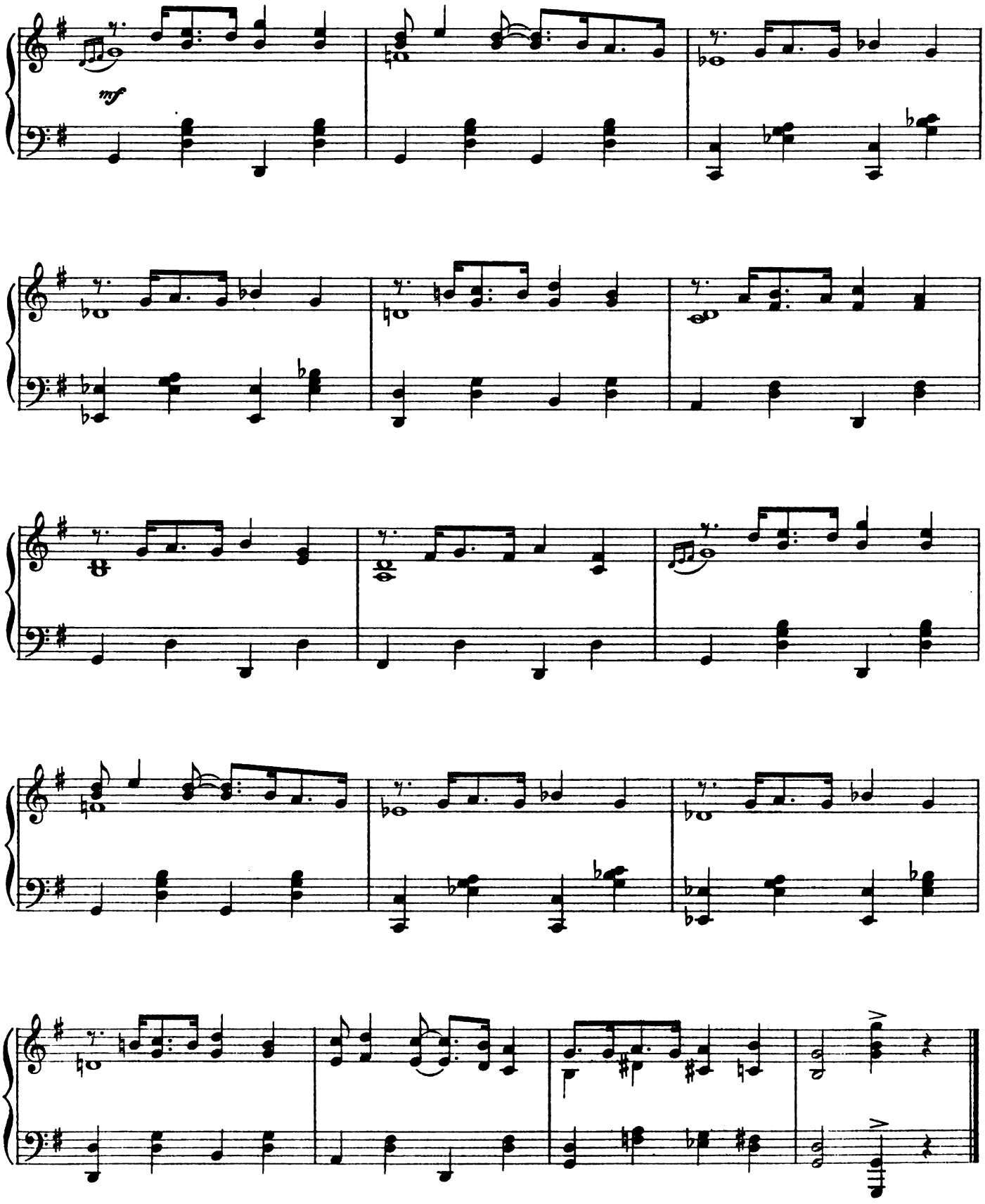



GIRLS
GIRLS (humming).
f
GIRLS
poco rall.
GIRLS
Allegro moderato.
CHORUS OF SHOP GIRLS.
Cho-pin at one, Cho-pin at two,


S.G.
Cho-pin at half past three! Oh, can't you give the man a rest? We
S.G.
wish he would dis - ap-pear, No - bo - dy wants him here! We find that kind
S.G.
of tune too slow. We're tired of Ne - vin, De - bus - sy and
S.G.
Cha-mi-nade; And for a change we want that live-ly, rough Ir-ving Ber-lin stuff That has


S. G.
rall.
a tempo
got some zip and
go!
Toy Pianos on Stage.
rall
a tempo
p

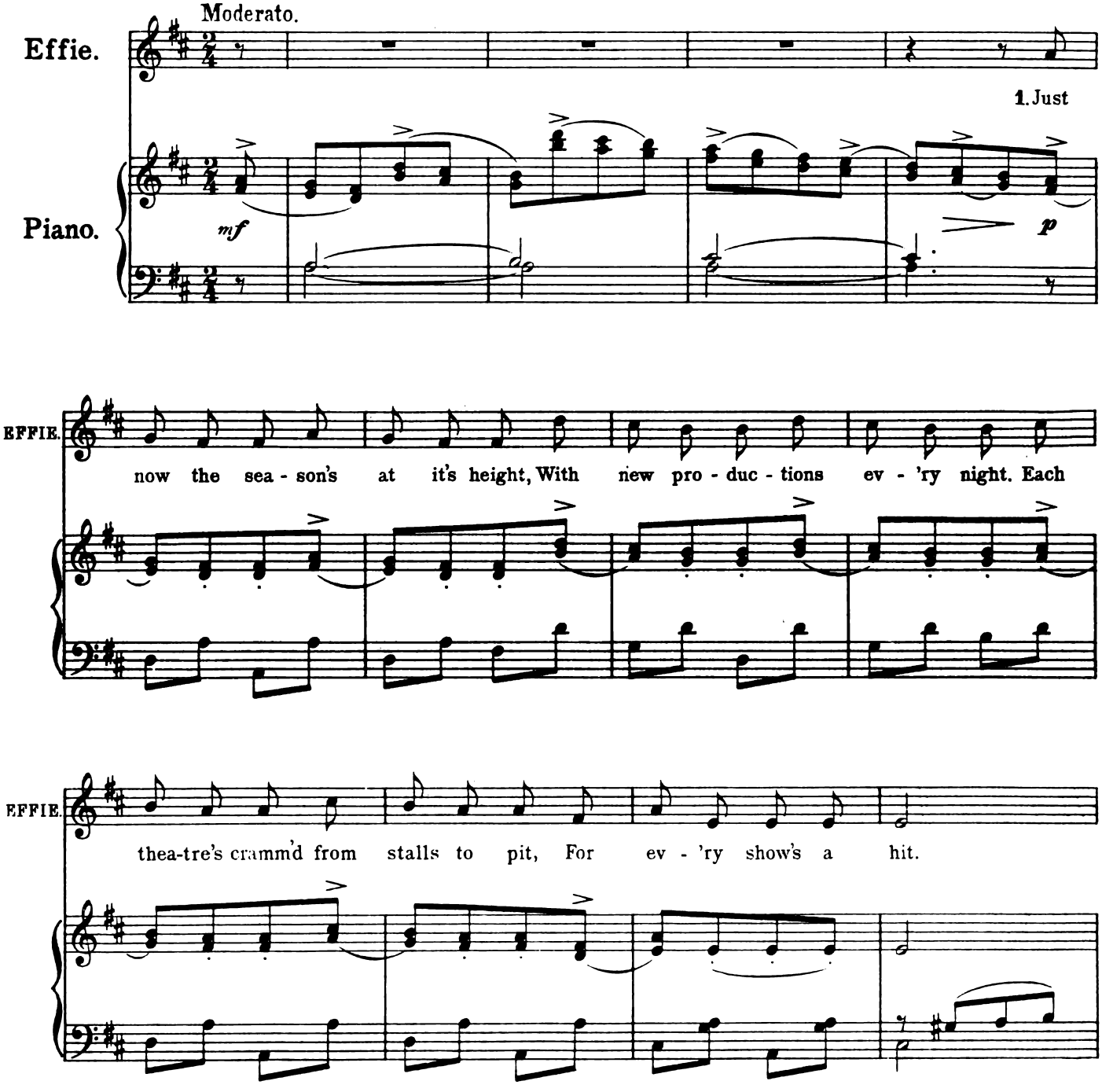
DANCE.

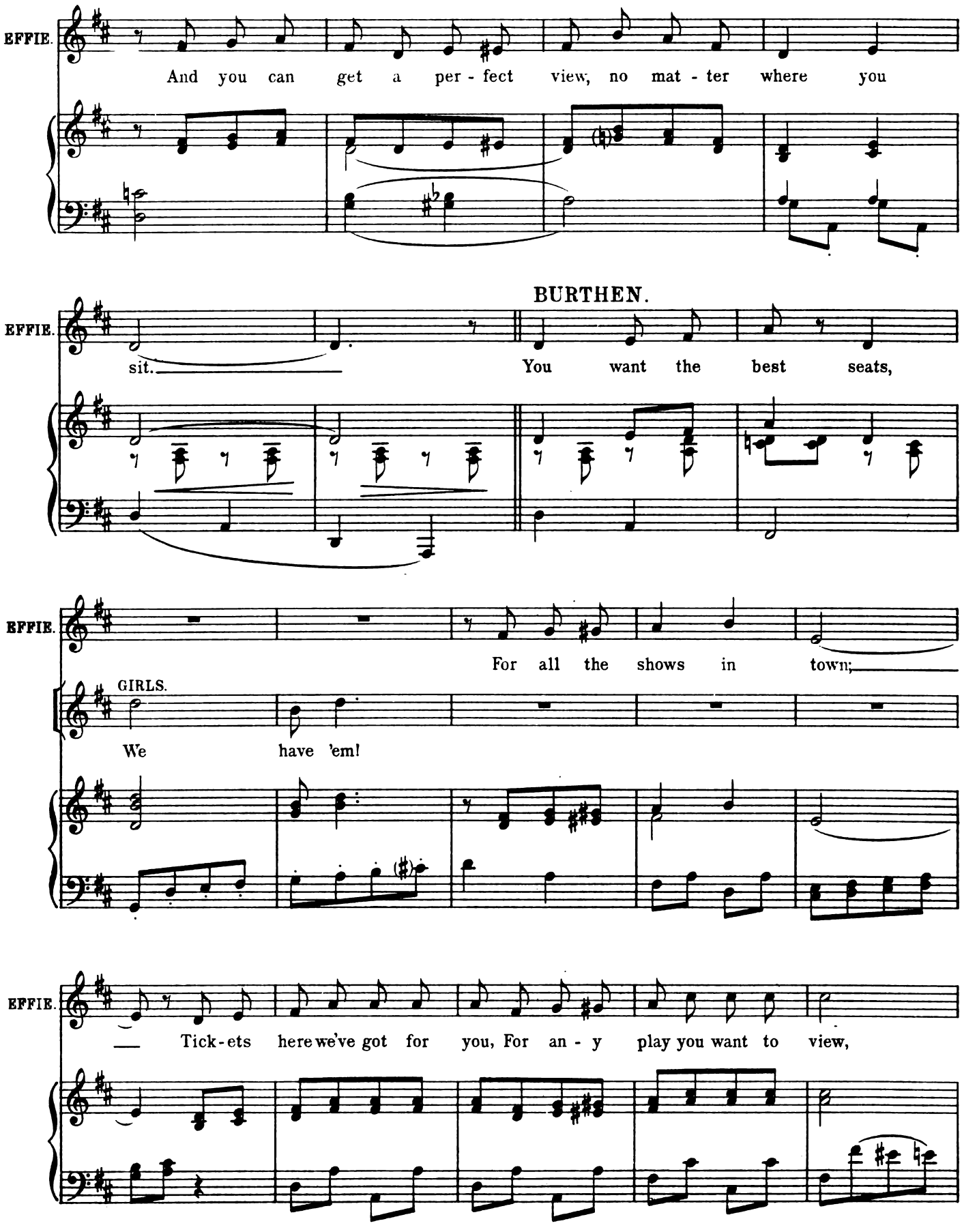


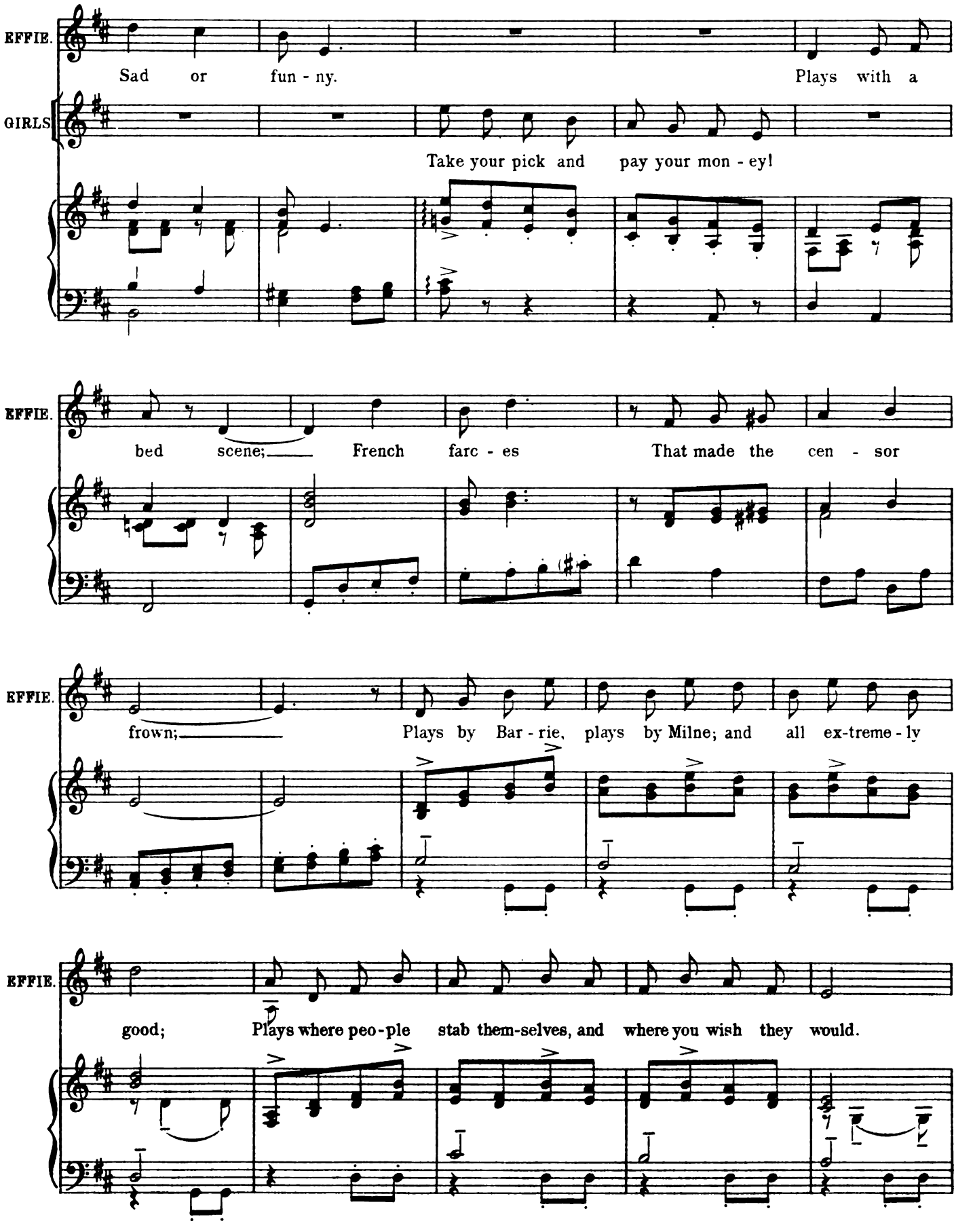
No 2. SONG:—(Effie) & CHORUS OF SHOP-GIRLS.

"YOU WANT THE BEST SEATS, WE HAVE 'EM."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.




EFFIE.
And you can get a per - fect view, no mat - ter where you
BURTHEN.
EFFIE.
sit.
You want the best seats,
EFFIE.
For all the shows in town;
GIRLS.
We have 'em!
EFFIE.
Tick-ets here we've got for you, For an - y play you want to view,


EFFIE.
Sad or fun - ny.
Plays with a
GIRLS
Take your pick and pay your mon - ey!
EFFIE.
bed scene;
French farc - es
That made the cen - sor
EFFIE.
frown;
Plays by Bar - rie, plays by Milne; and all ex-treme - ly
EFFIE.
good;
Plays where peo-ple stab them-selves, and where you wish they would.

EFFIE. You want the best seats, For all the shows in

GIRLS We have 'em! For all the shows in

EFFIE. town. 2. We've plays a - bout ro - man - tic crooks: We've plays made out of

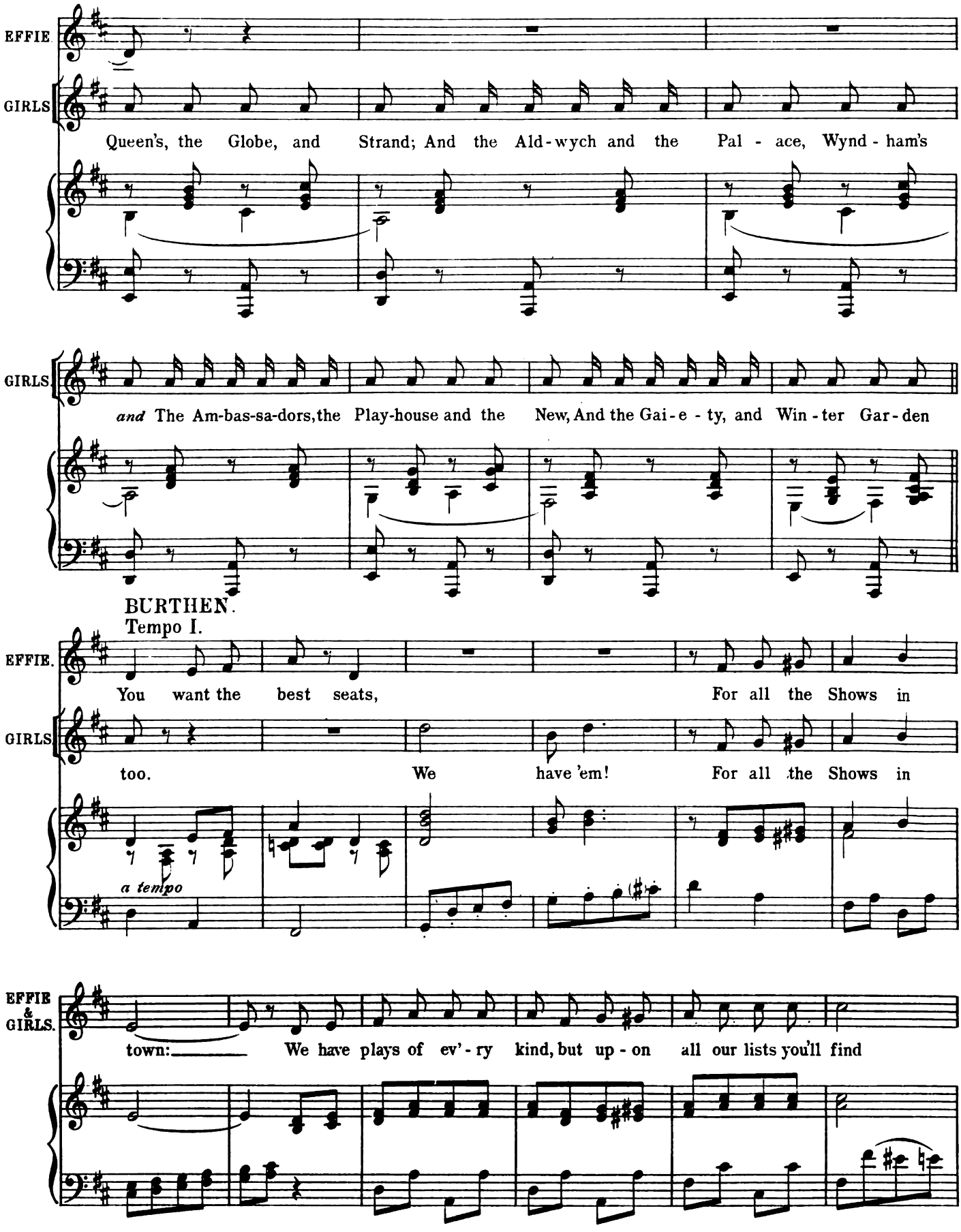
GIRLS town.

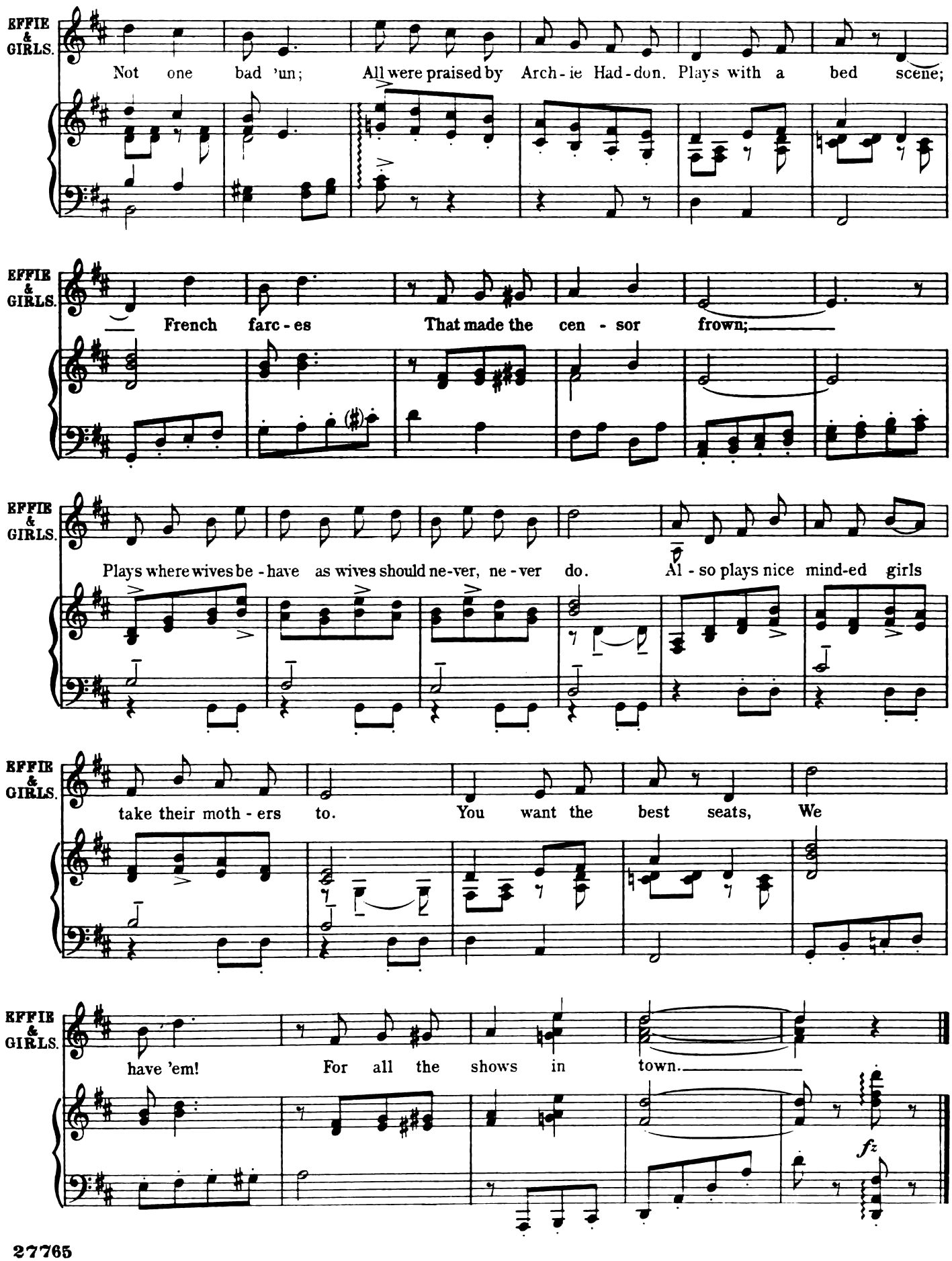
EFFIE. well known books: We've East-ern dram - as Where they dress In strings of beads and less:

Slower.

EFFIE. And ev - 'ry play up - on our list's a gen - u - ine suc - cess.

GIRLS There's His Ma-jes-ty's, the

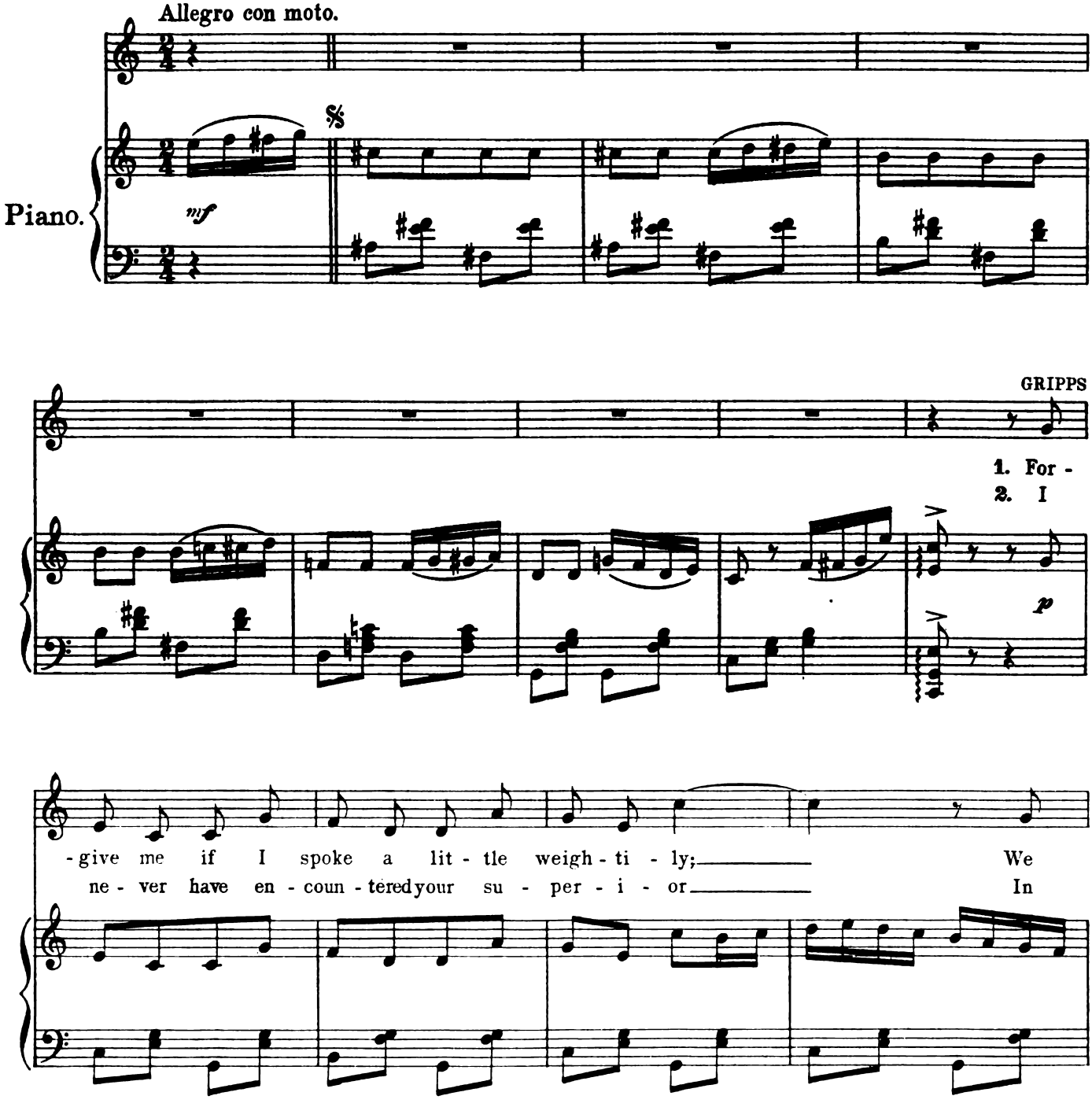

EFFIE
GIRLS
Queen's, the Globe, and Strand; And the Ald-wych and the Pal - ace, Wynd - ham's
GIRLS
and The Am-bas-sa-dors, the Play-house and the New, And the Gai-e - ty, and Win - ter Gar-den
BURTHEN.
Tempo I.
EFFIE.
You want the best seats, For all the Shows in
GIRLS
too. We have 'em! For all the Shows in
a tempo
EFFIE & GIRLS.
town: We have plays of ev' - ry kind, but up - on all our lists you'll find

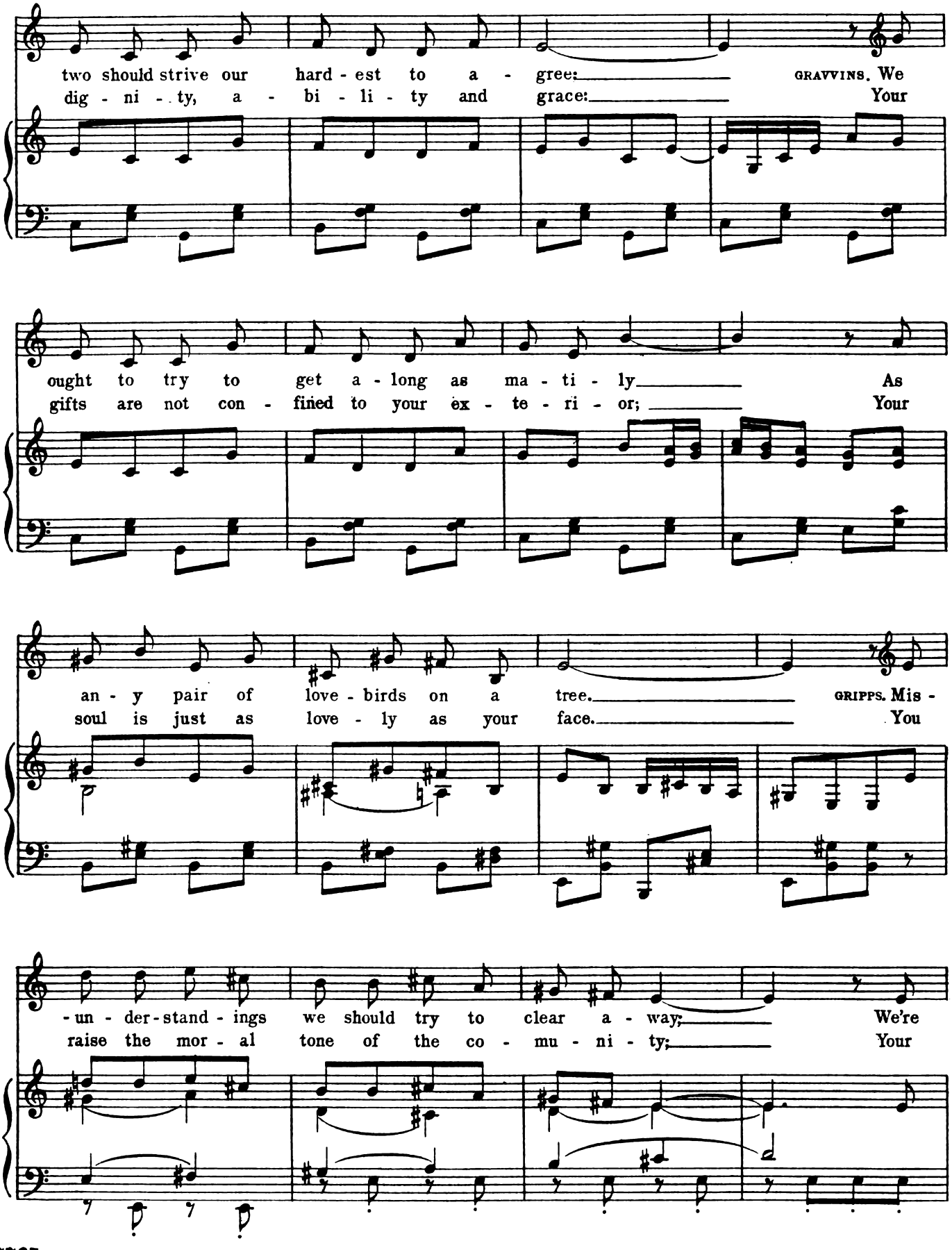

EFFIE & GIRLS.
Not one bad 'un; All were praised by Arch-ie Had-don. Plays with a bed scene;
EFFIE & GIRLS.
French farc-es That made the cen-sor frown;
EFFIE & GIRLS.
Plays where wives be-have as wives should ne-ver, ne-ver do. Al-so plays nice mind-ed girls
EFFIE & GIRLS.
take their moth-ers to. You want the best seats, We
EFFIE & GIRLS.
have 'em! For all the shows in town.
fz

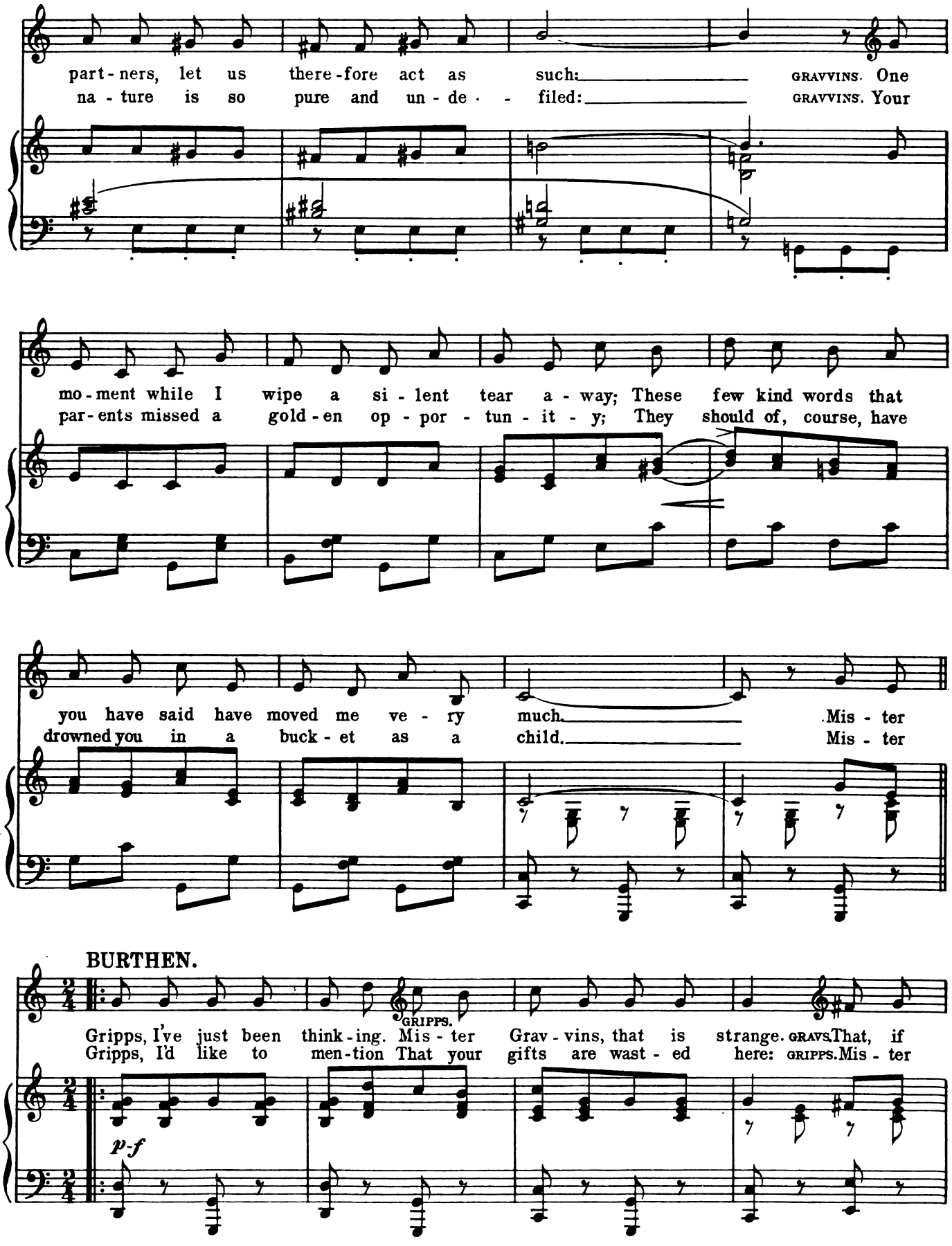
No 3. DUET.-(Gravvins and Gripps.)

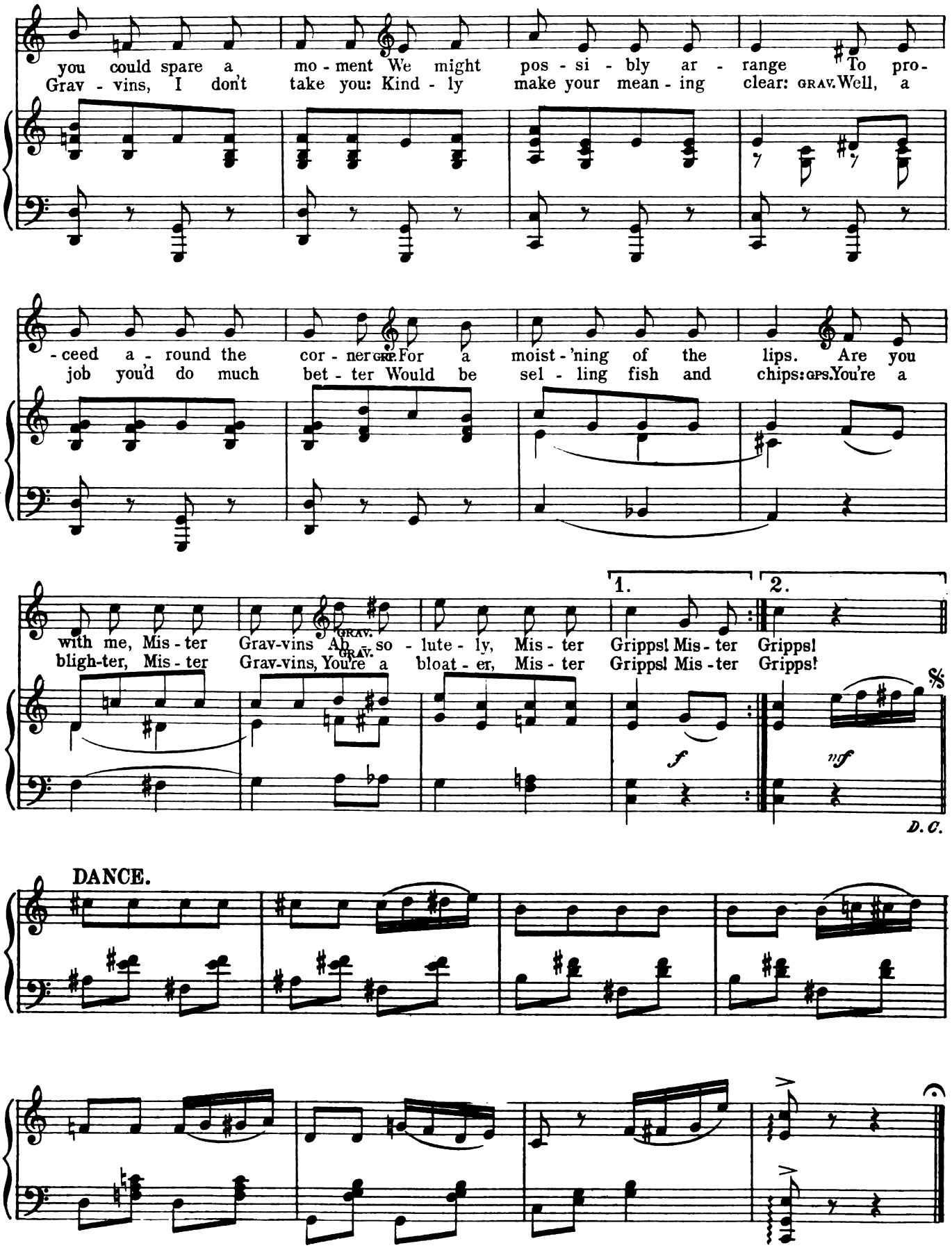
"Mr GRAVVINS— Mr GRIPPS."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE &
GEORGE GROSSMITH.




two should strive our hard - est to a - gree: GRAVVINS. We
dig - ni - ty, a - bi - li - ty and grace: Your
ought to try to get a - long as ma - ti - ly As
gifts are not con - fined to your ex - te - ri - or; Your
an - y pair of love - birds on a tree. GRIPPS. Mis -
soul is just as love - ly as your face. You
- un - der - stand - ings we should try to clear a - way; We're
raise the mor - al tone of the co - mu - ni - ty; Your


part-ners, let us there-fore act as such:
GRAVVINS. One
na-ture is so pure and un-de-filed:
GRAVVINS. Your
mo-ment while I wipe a si-lent tear a-way; These few kind words that
par-ents missed a gold-en op-por-tun-it-y; They should of, course, have
you have said have moved me ve-ry much.
Mis-ter
drowned you in a buck-et as a child.
Mis-ter
BURTHEN.
GRIPPS.
Gripps, I've just been think-ing. Mis-ter Grav-vins, that is strange.
GRAVS. That, if
Gripps, I'd like to men-tion That your gifts are wast-ed here:
GRIPPS. Mis-ter
p-f

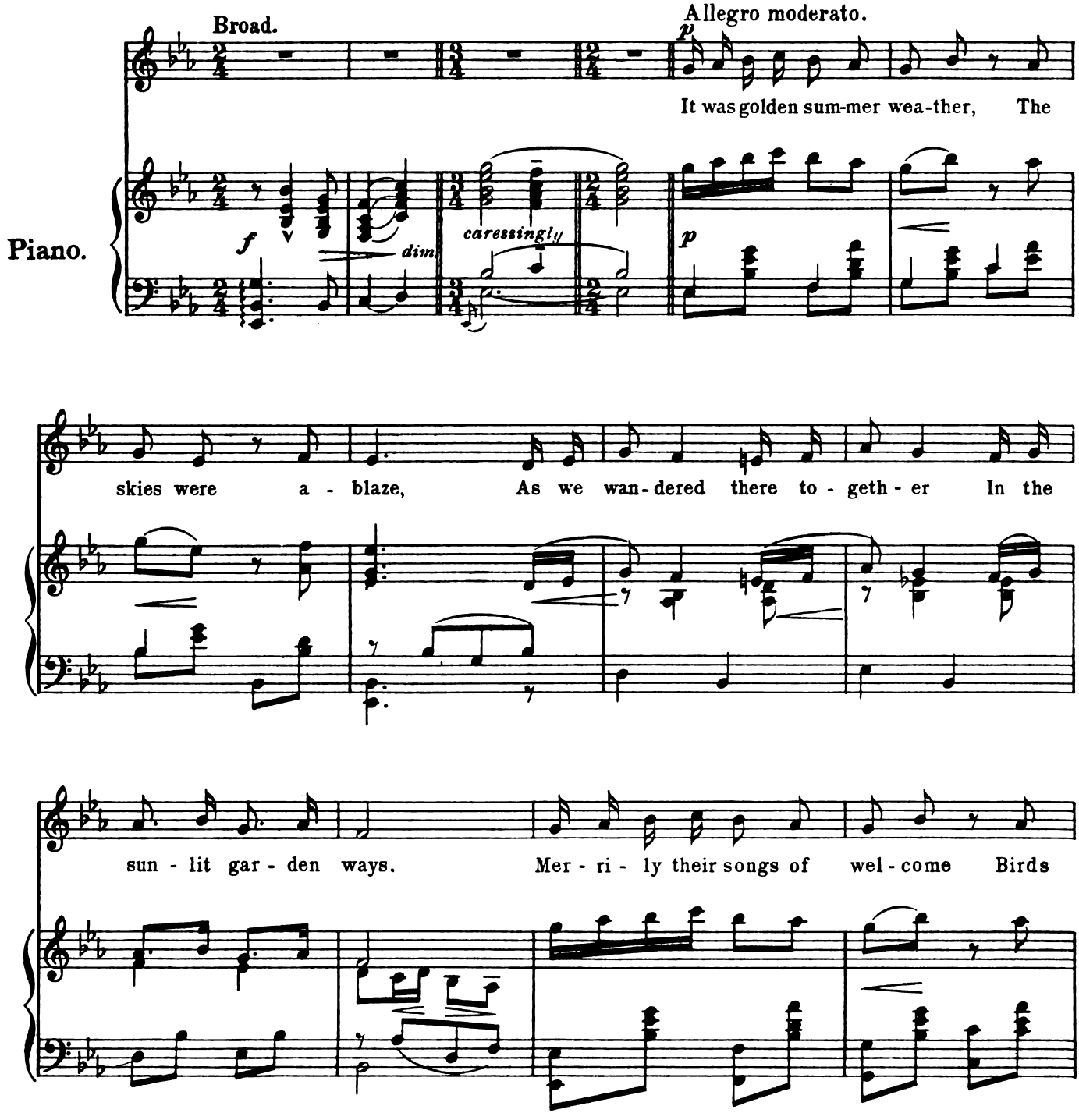

you could spare a mo - ment We might pos - si - bly ar - range To pro-
Grav - vins, I don't take you: Kind - ly make your mean - ing clear: GRAV. Well, a
-ceed a - round the cor - ner GRP. For a moist - 'ning of the lips. Are you
job you'd do much bet - ter Would be sel - ling fish and chips: GPS. You're a
with me, Mis - ter Grav-vins GRAV. Ab so - lute - ly, Mis - ter Gripps! Mis - ter Gripps!
bligh-ter, Mis - ter Grav-vins, You're a bloat - er, Mis - ter Gripps! Mis - ter Gripps!
1.
2.
f
mf
D. C.
DANCE.

No 4.

SONG:-(Jim)

"FIRST ROSE OF SUMMER."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE &
ANNE CALDWELL.



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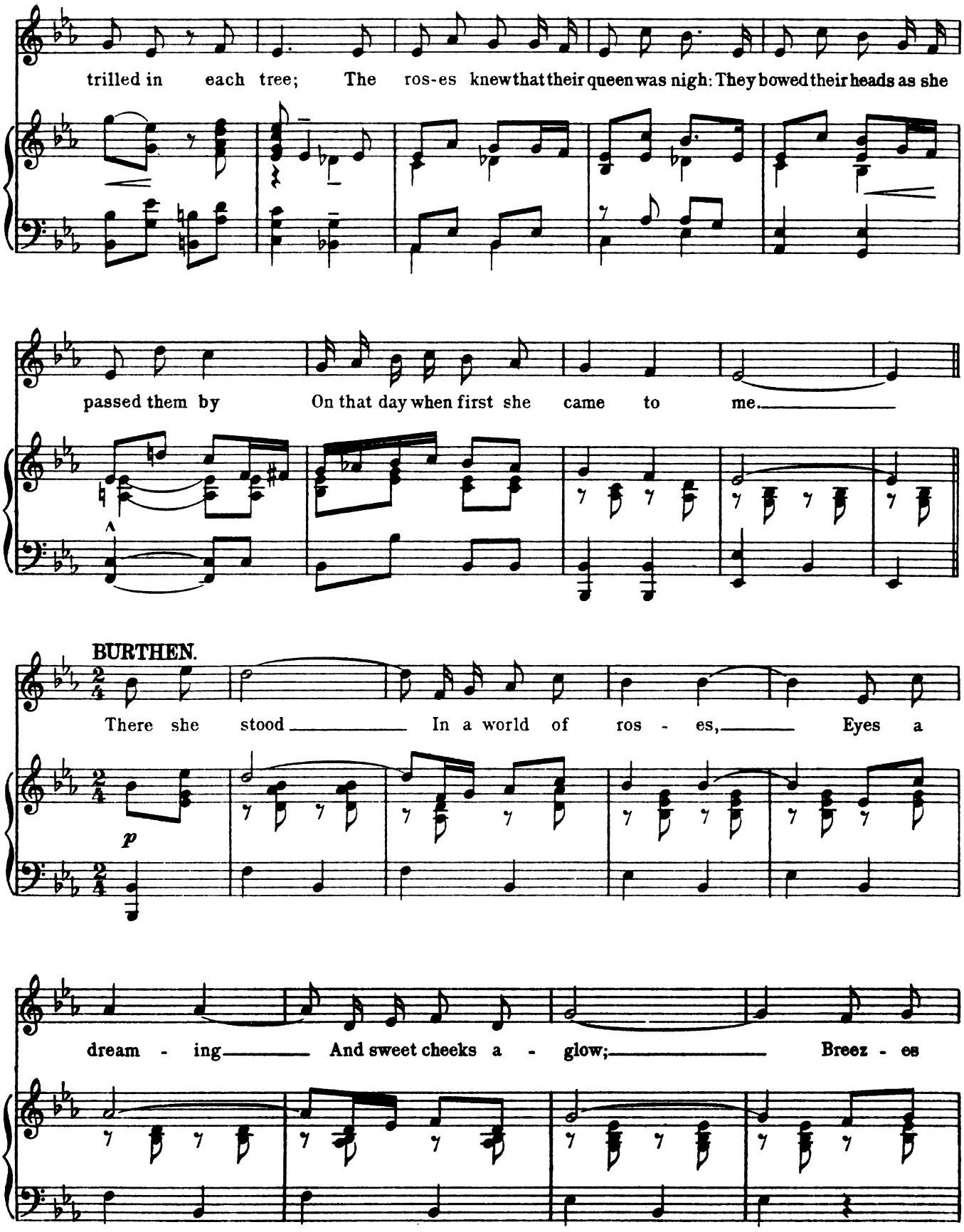
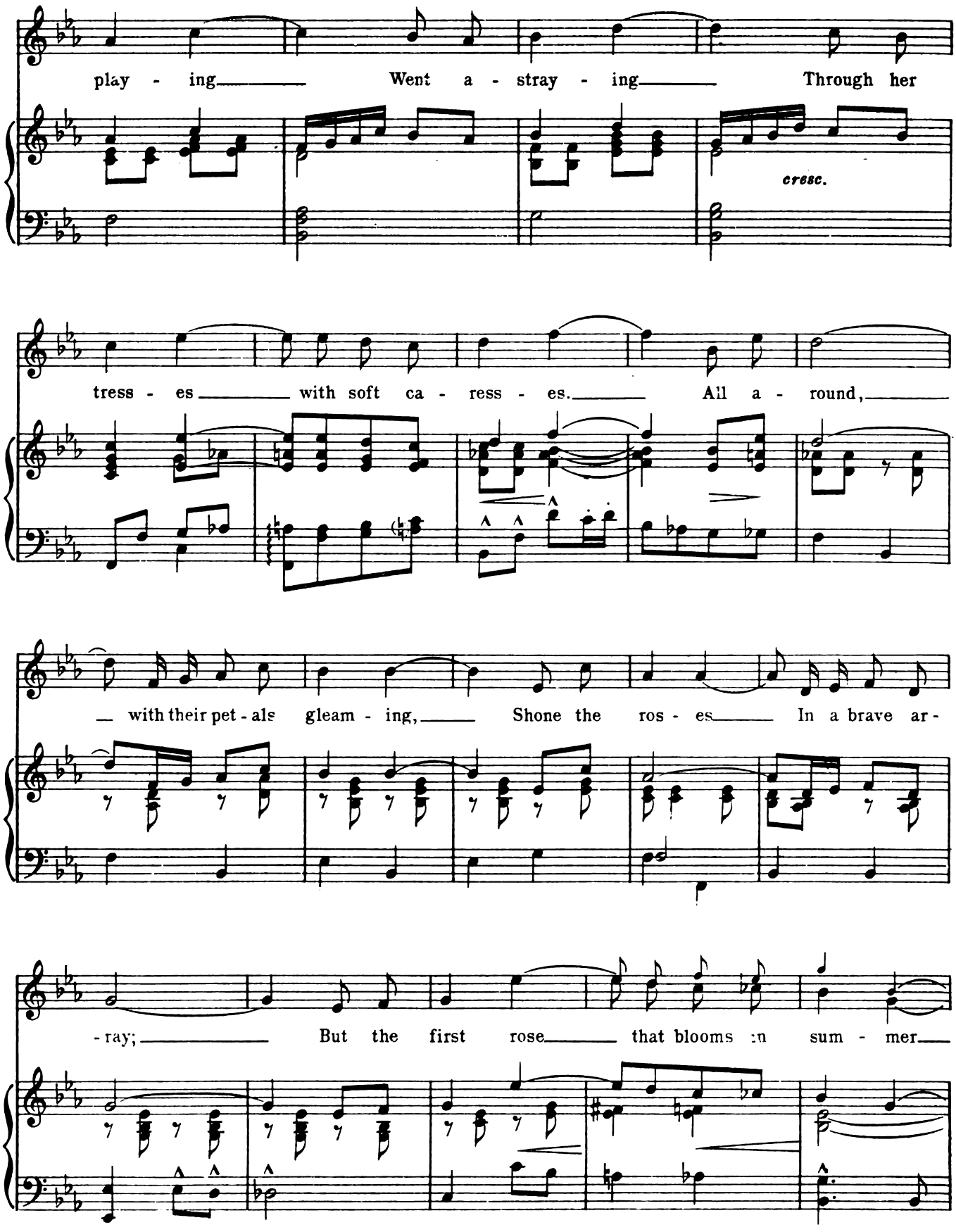
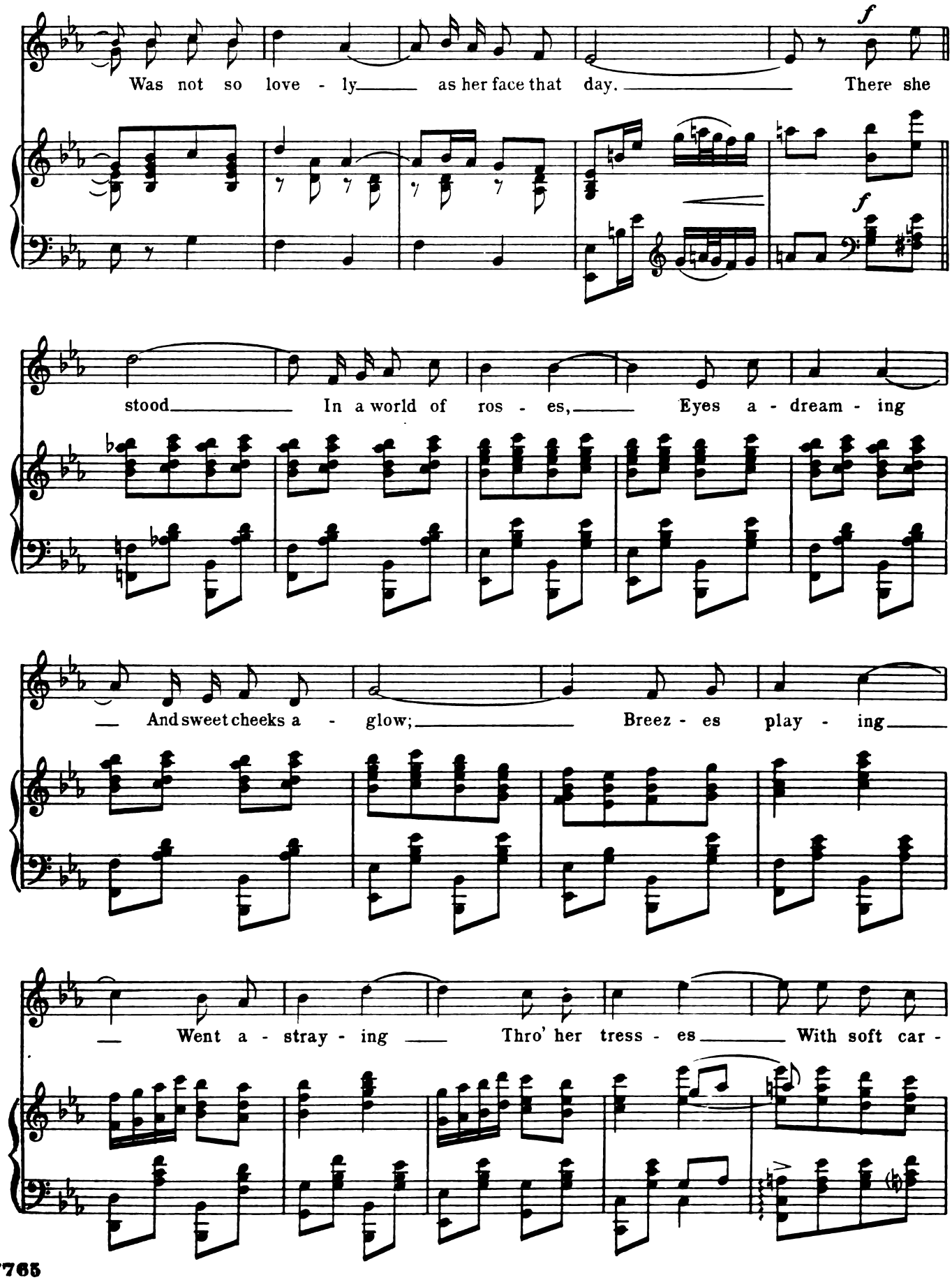
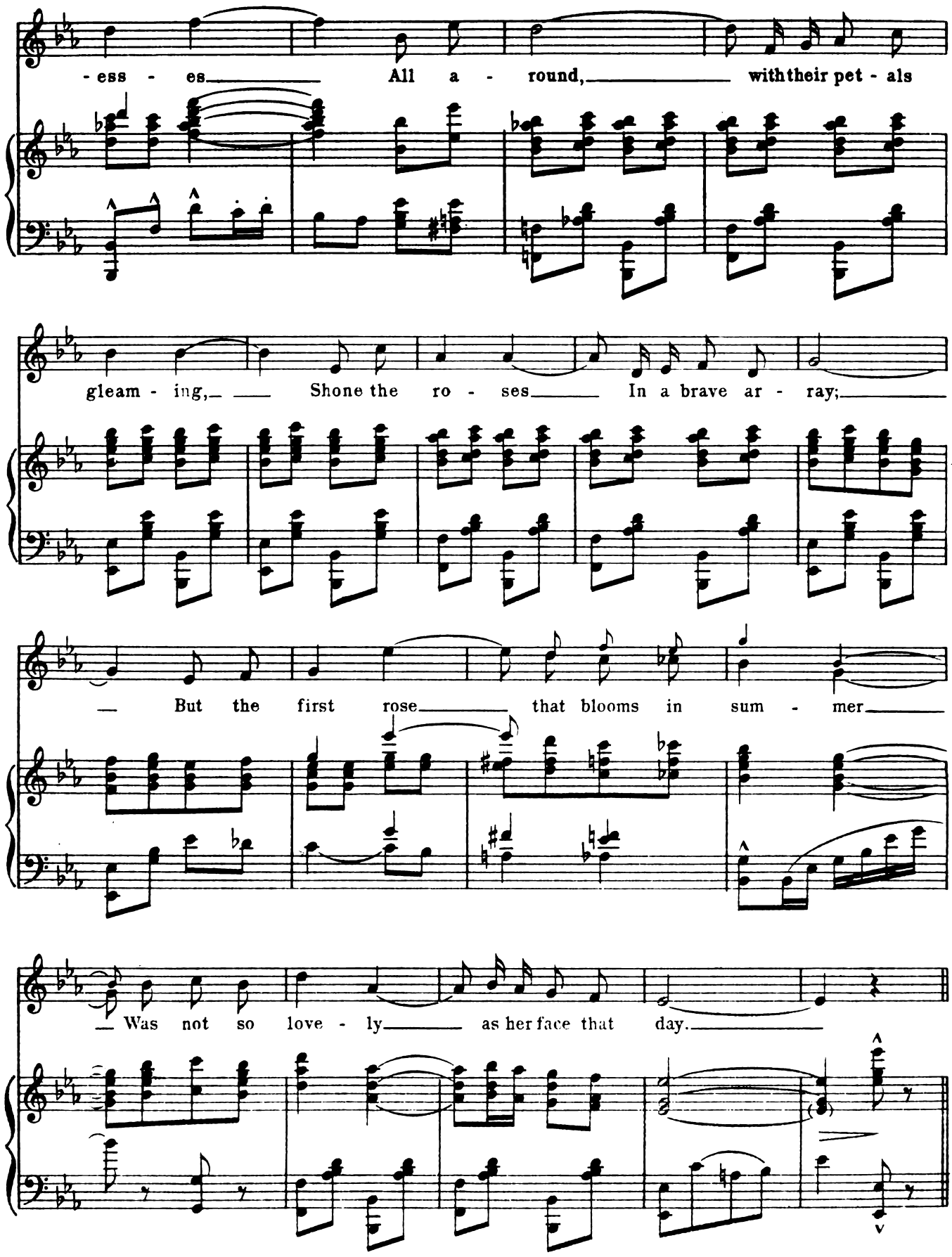
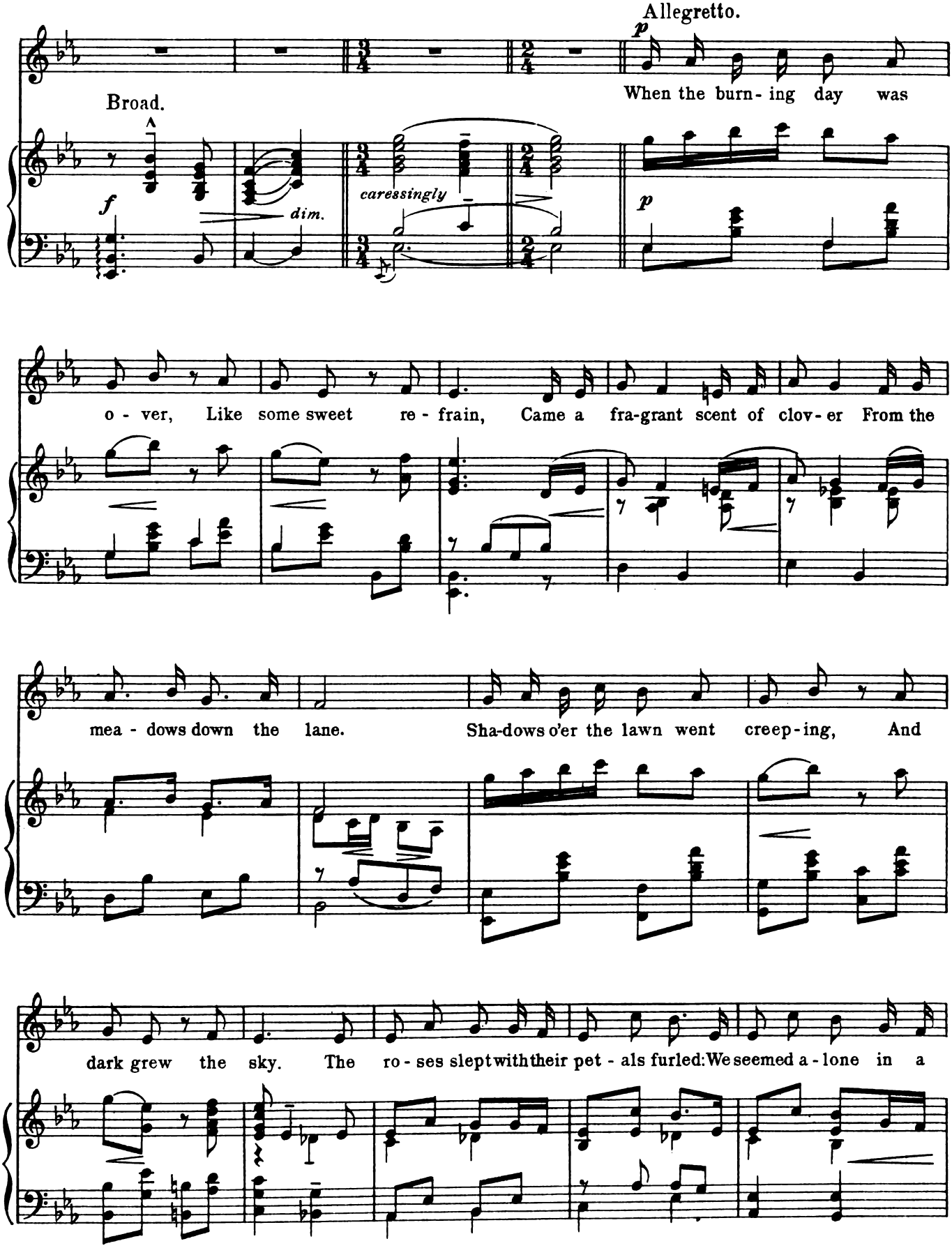
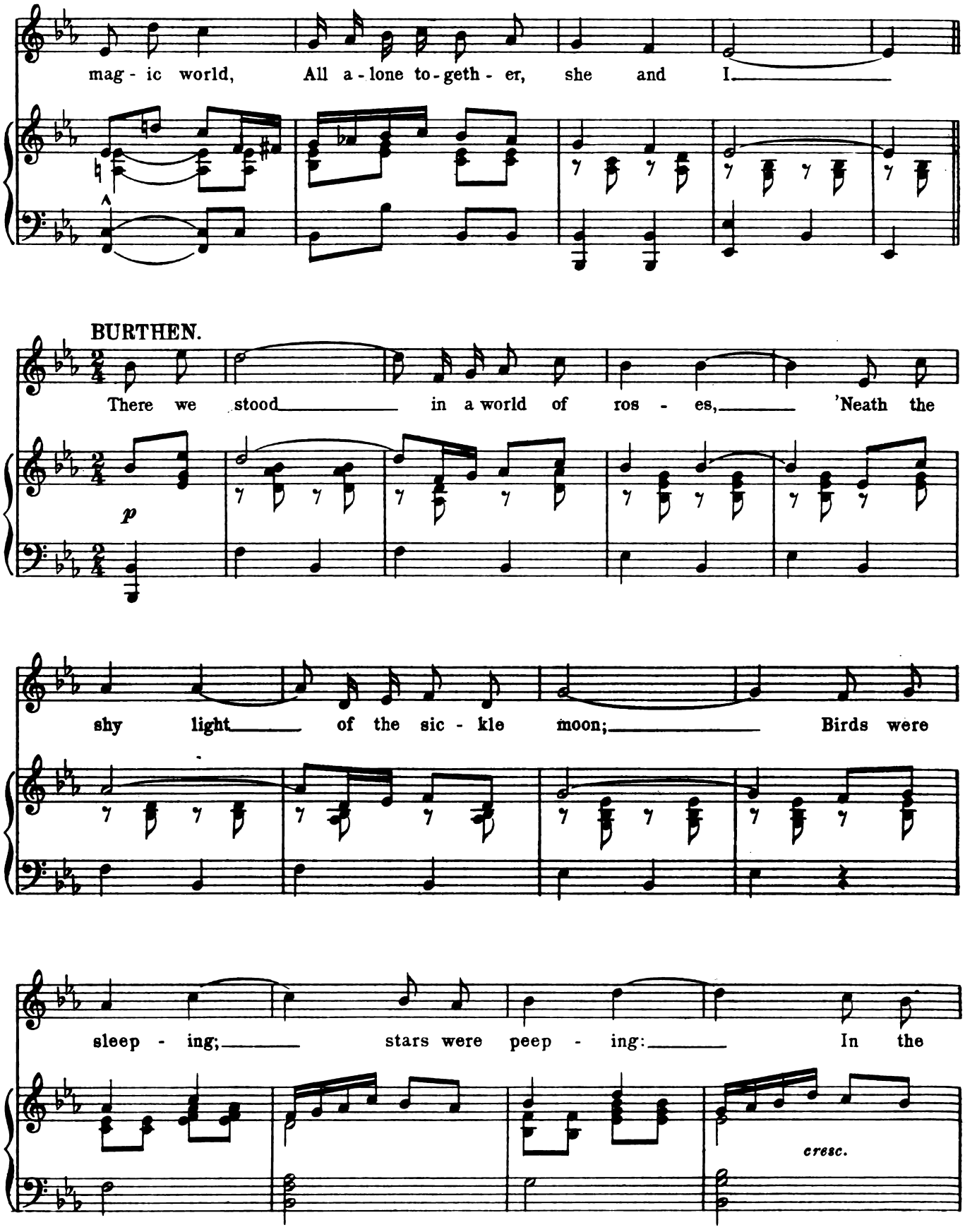

trilled in each tree; The ros-es knew that their queen was nigh: They bowed their heads as she
passed them by On that day when first she came to me.
BURTHEN.
There she stood In a world of ros - es, Eyes a
p
dream - ing And sweet cheeks a - glow; Breez - es

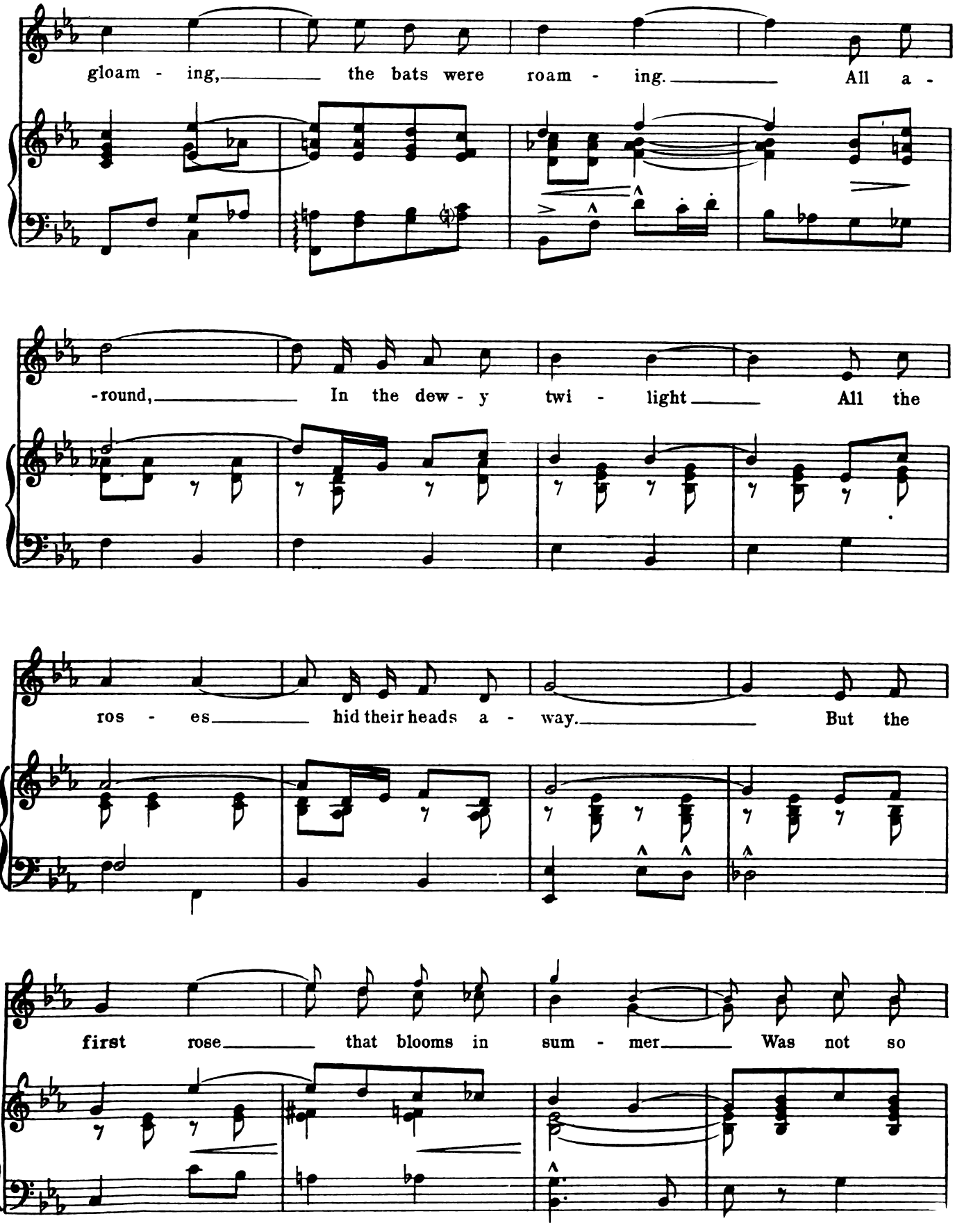

play - ing Went a - stray - ing Through her
cresc.
tress - es with soft ca - ress - es. All a - round,
with their pet - als gleam - ing, Shone the ros - es In a brave ar -
- ray; But the first rose that blooms in sum - mer

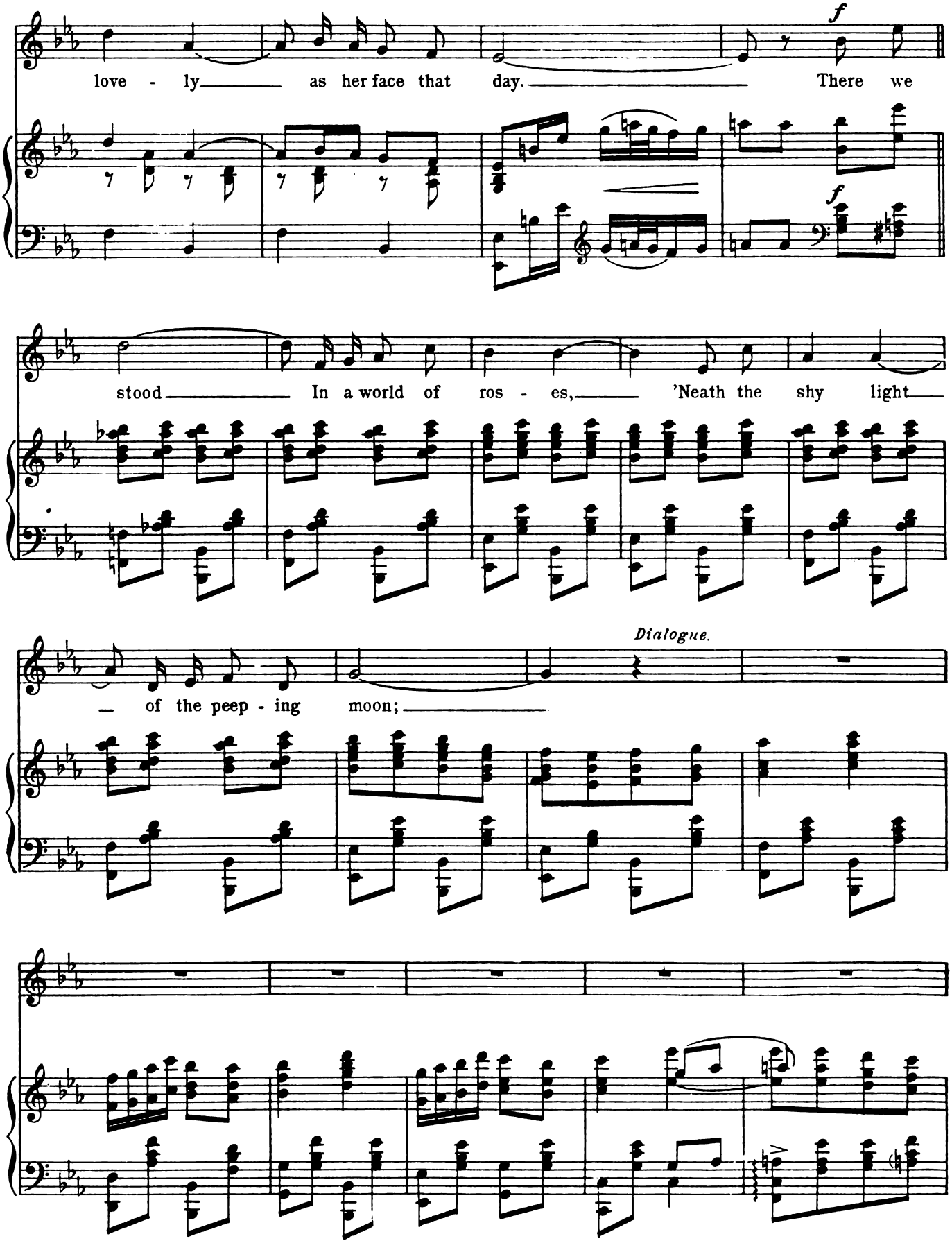

Was not so love - ly as her face that day. There she
f
f
stood In a world of ros - es, Eyes a - dream - ing
And sweet cheeks a - glow; Breez - es play - ing
Went a - stray - ing Thro' her tress - es With soft car -

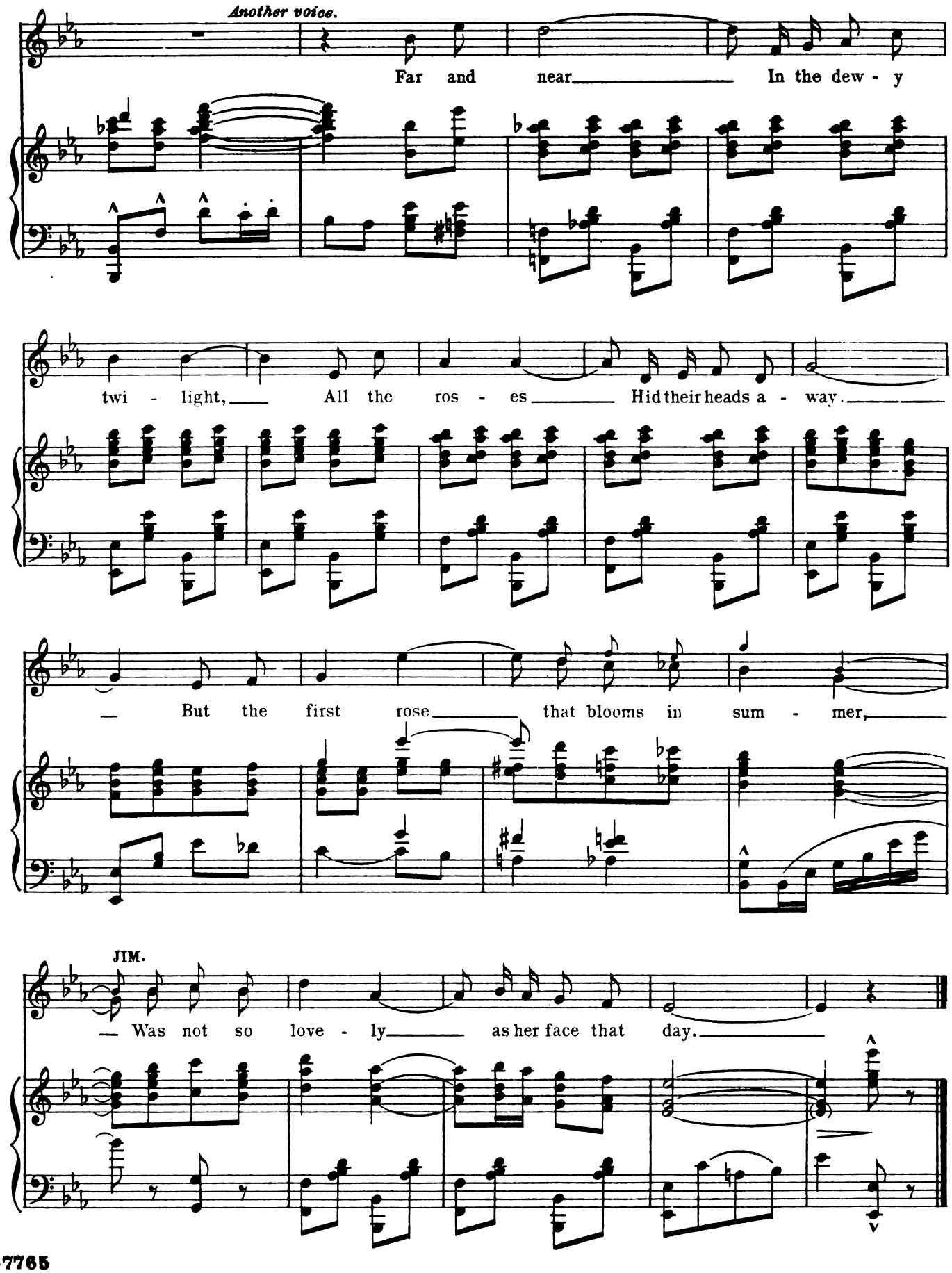

- ess - es. All a - round, with their pet - als
gleam - ing, Shone the ro - ses In a brave ar - ray;
But the first rose that blooms in sum - mer
Was not so love - ly as her face that day.


Allegretto.
Broad.
When the burn - ing day was
caressingly
dim.
o - ver, Like some sweet re - frain, Came a fra-grant scent of clov - er From the
mea - dows down the lane. Sha-dows o'er the lawn went creep - ing, And
dark grew the sky. The ro - ses slept with their pet - als furled: We seemed a - lone in a


mag - ic world, All a - lone to - geth - er, she and I.
BURTHEN.
There we stood in a world of ros - es, 'Neath the
p
shy light of the sic - kle moon; Birds were
sleep - ing; stars were peep - ing: In the
cresc.


gloam - ing, the bats were roam - ing. All a -
-round, In the dew - y twi - light All the
ros - es hid their heads a - way. But the
first rose that blooms in sum - mer Was not so


love - ly as her face that day. There we
f
f
stood In a world of ros - es, 'Neath the shy light
Dialogue.
of the peep - ing moon;

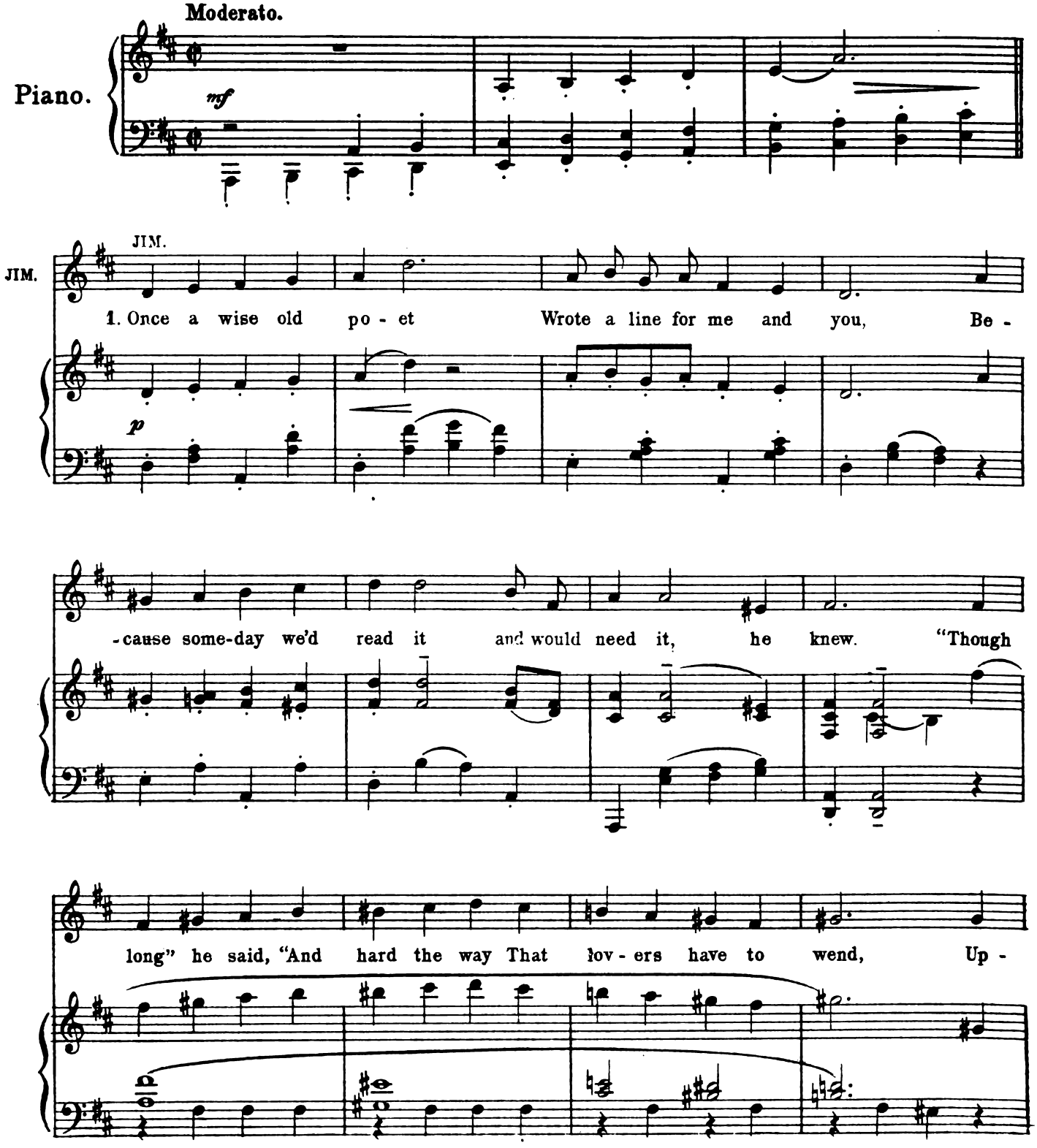

Another voice.
Far and near In the dew - y
twi - light, All the ros - es Hid their heads a - way.
But the first rose that blooms in sum - mer,
JIM.
Was not so love - ly as her face that day.

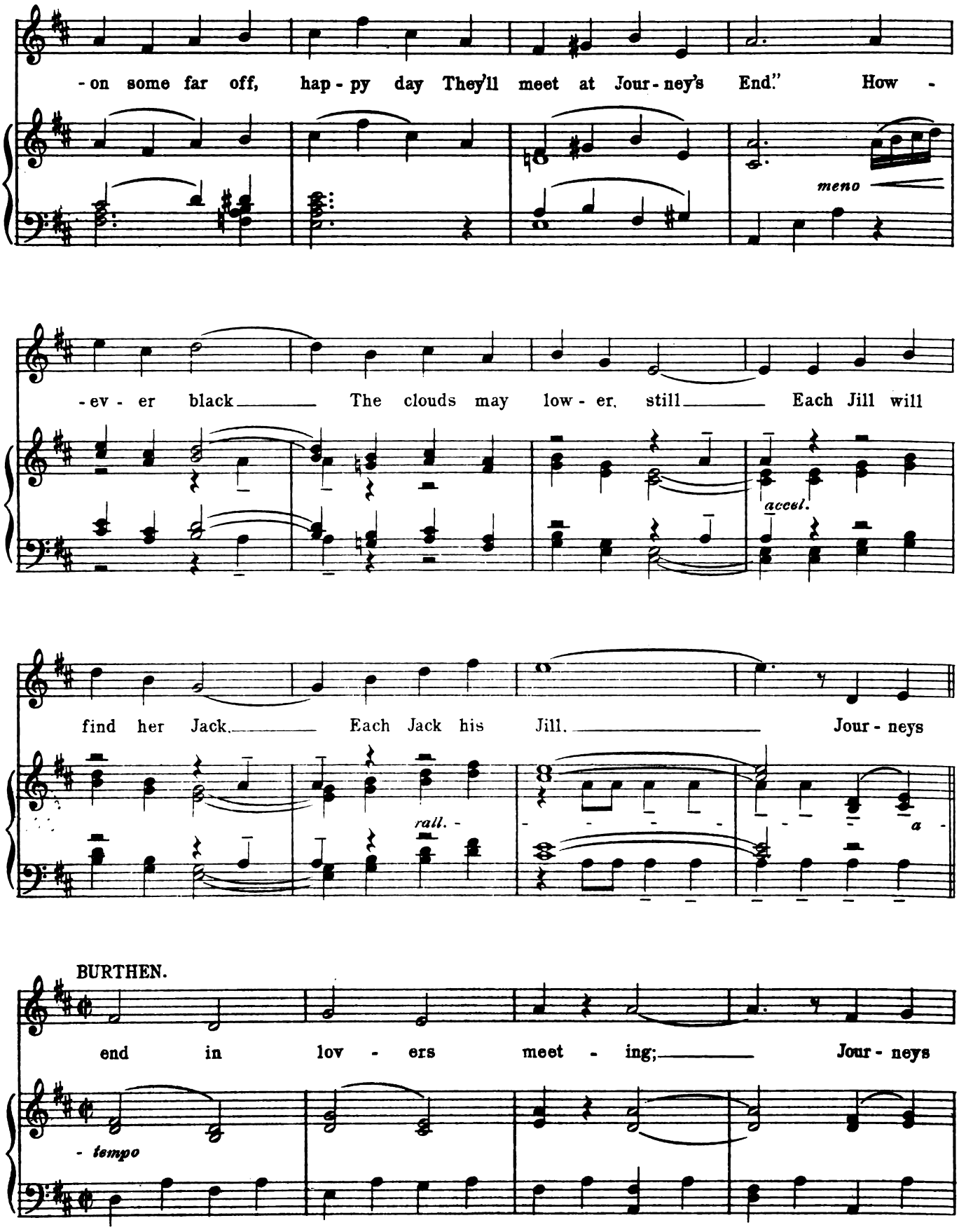
No. 5.

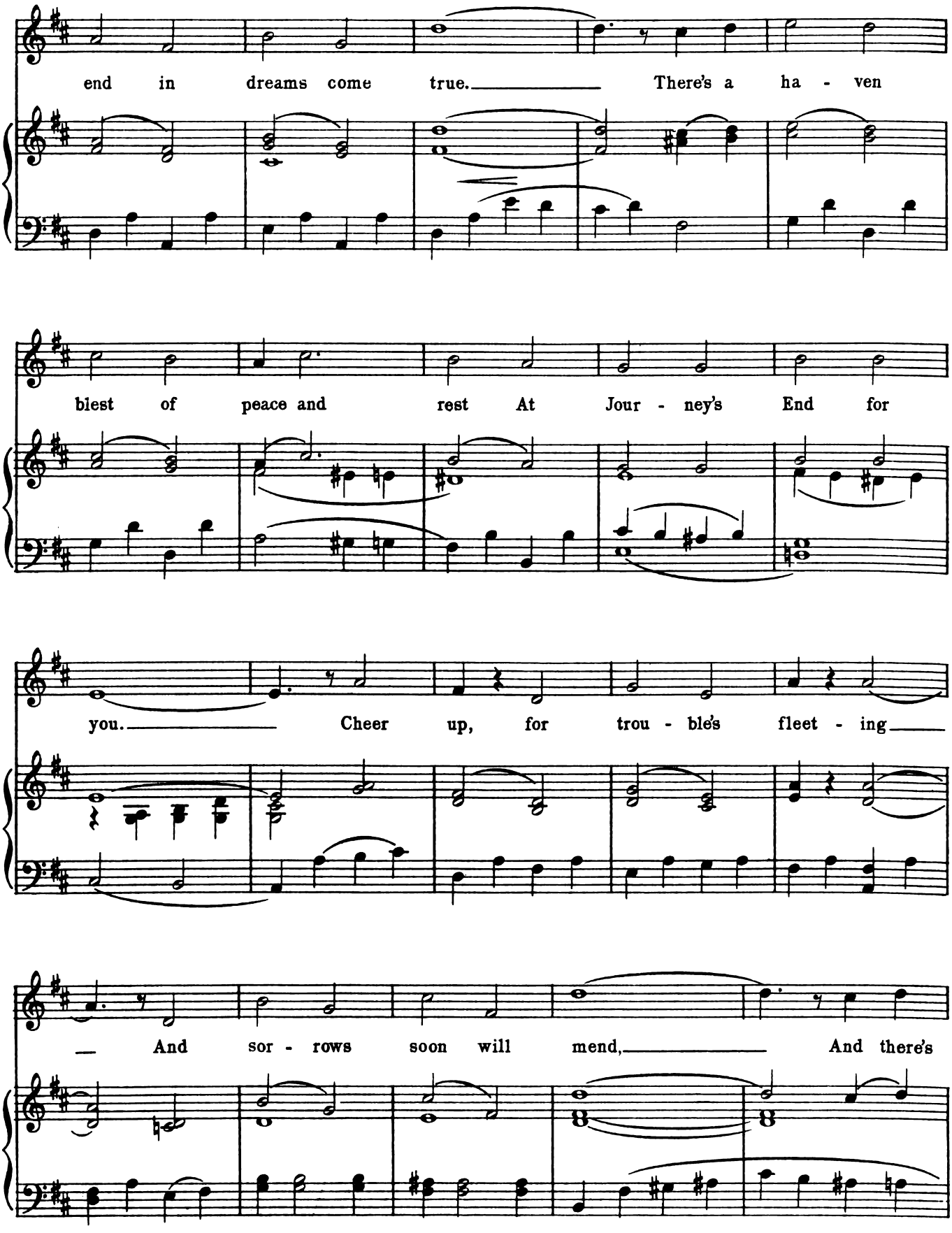
DUETTINO.- (Marilynn and Jim.)

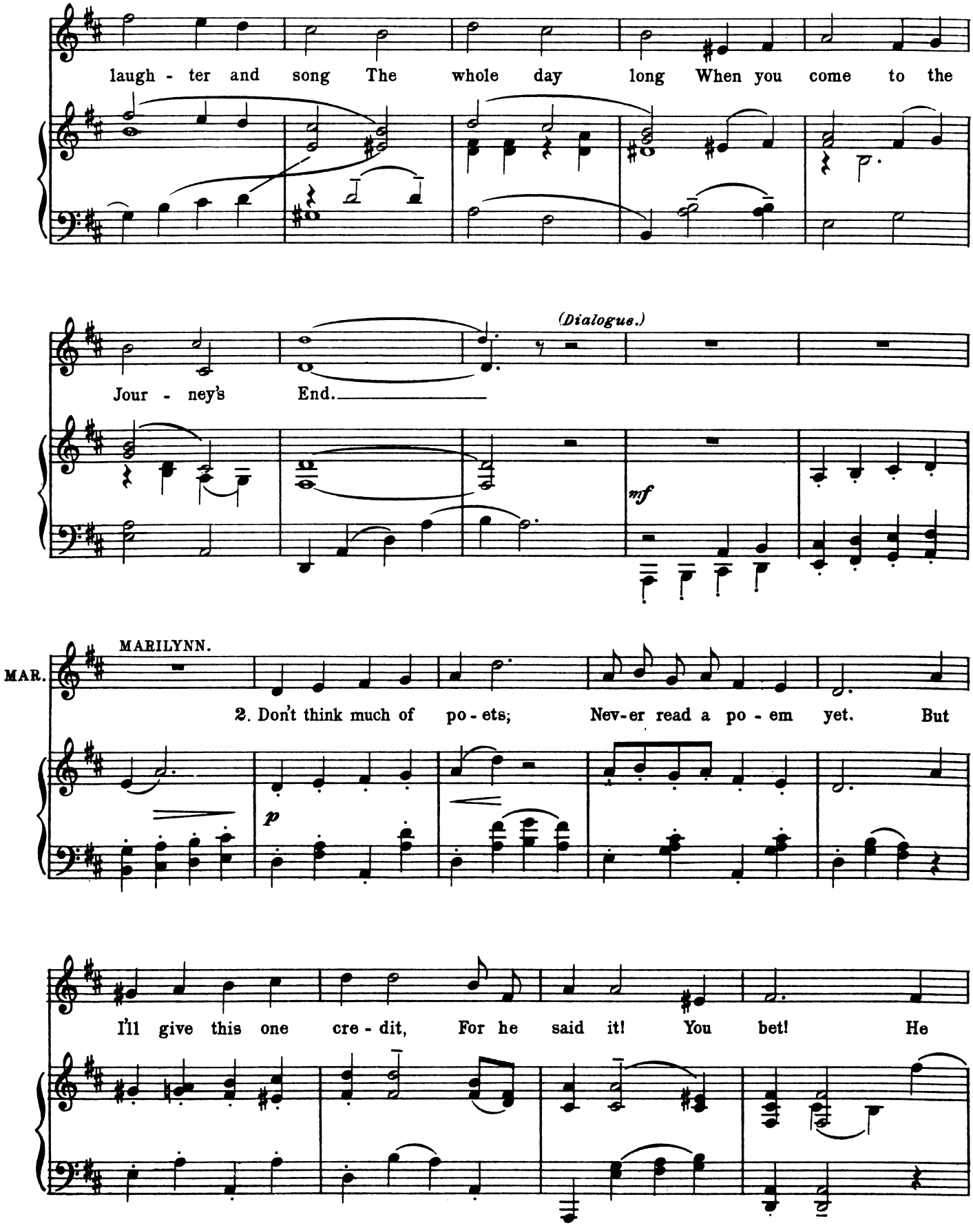
"JOURNEY'S END."

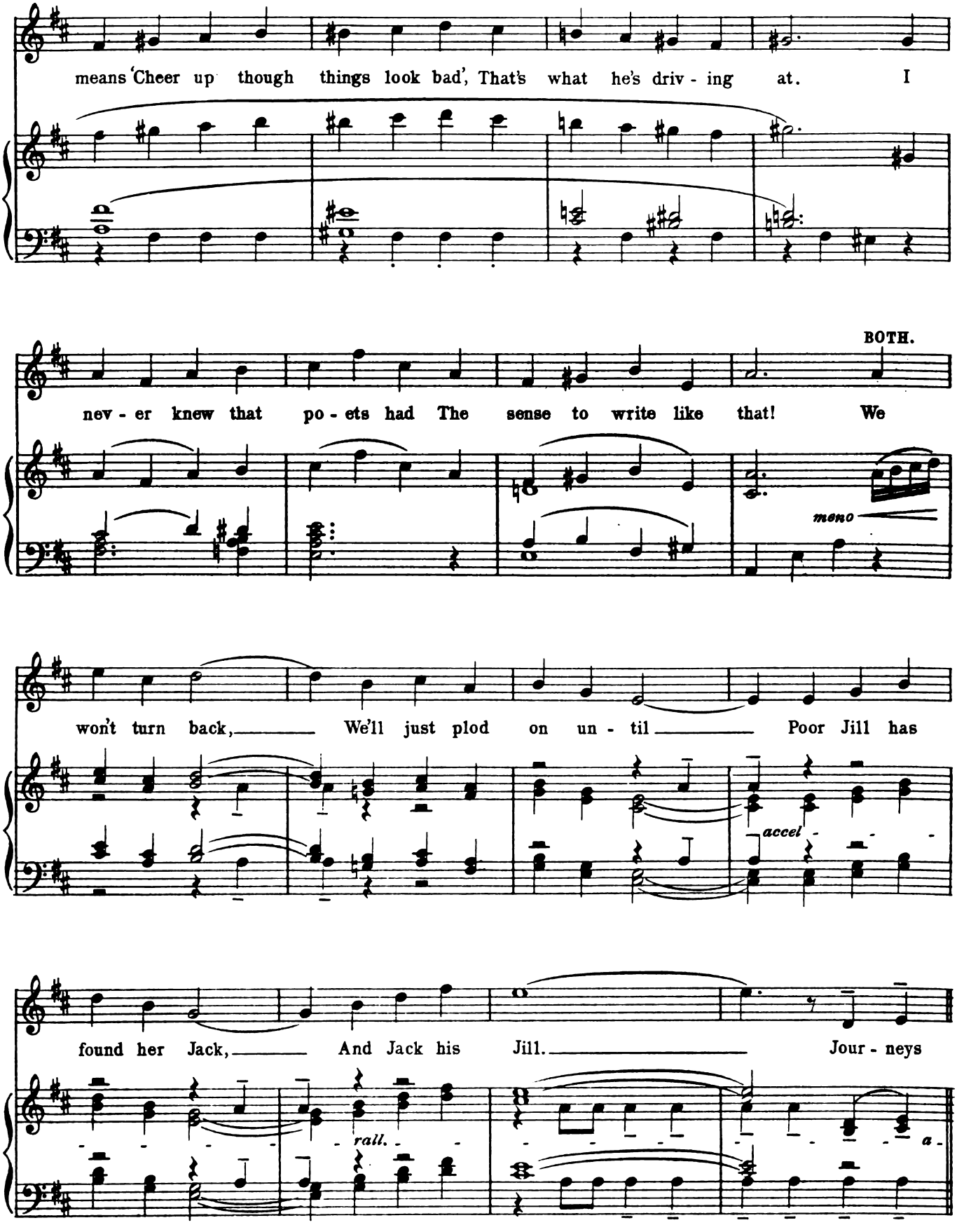
Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

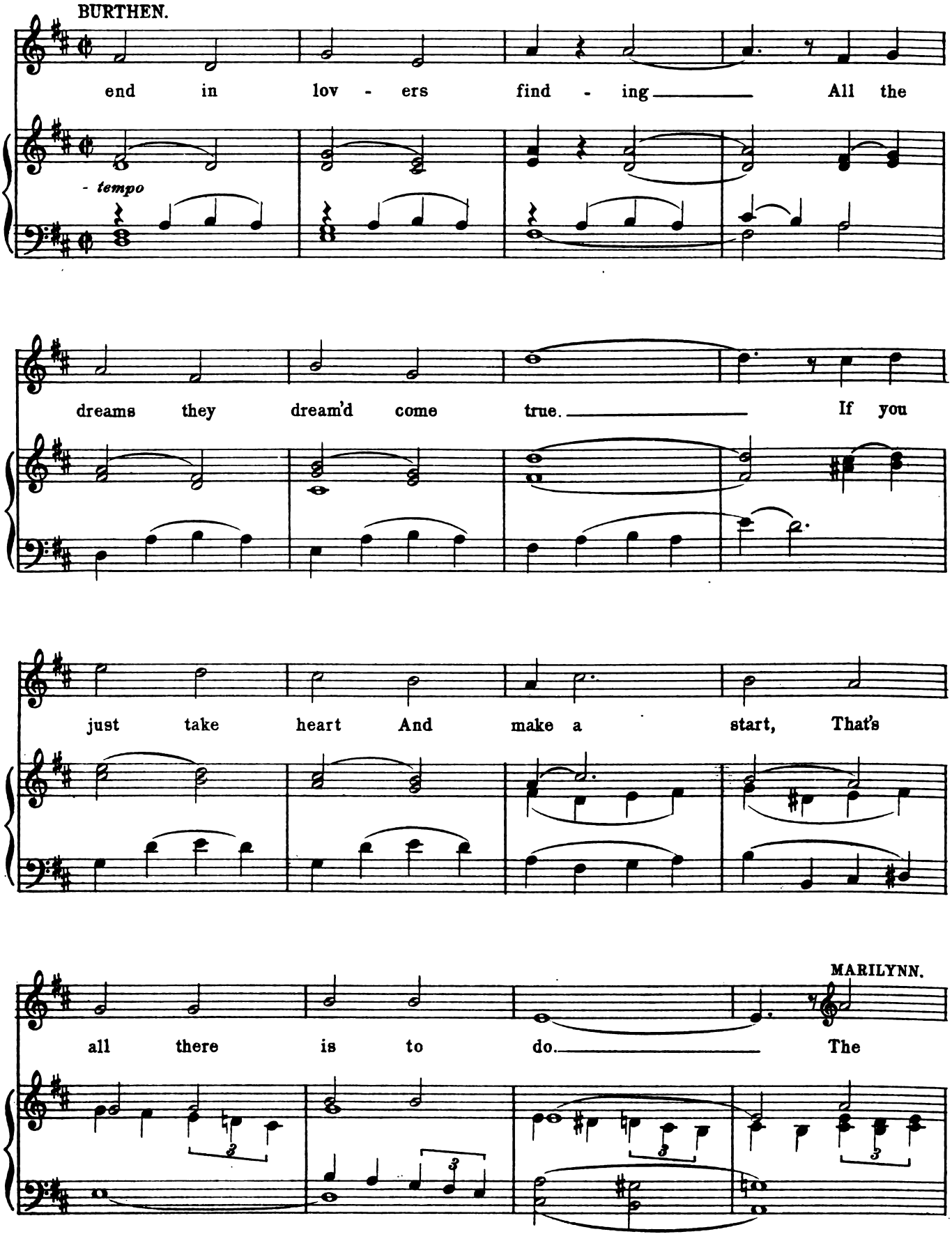


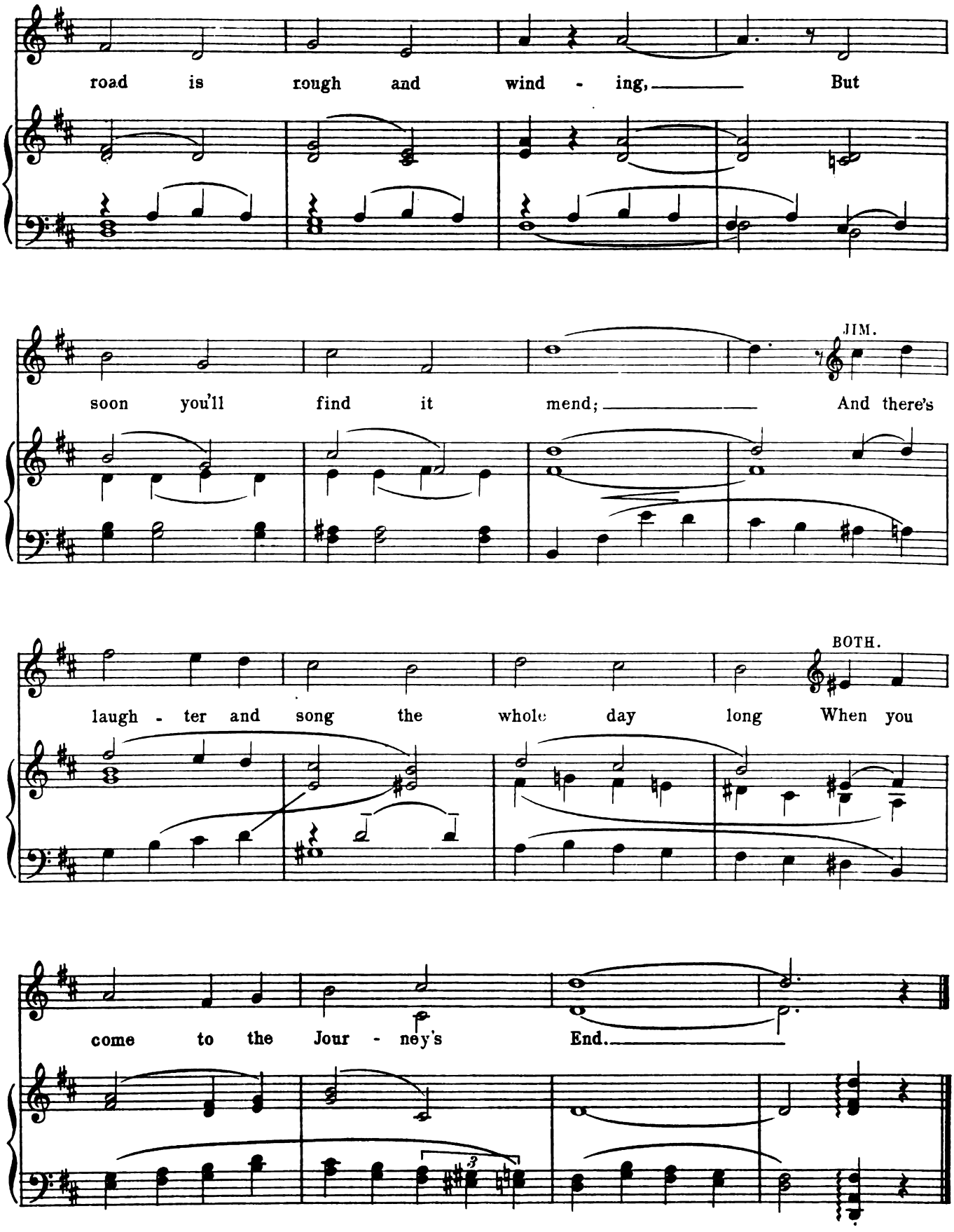

-on some far off, hap-py day They'll meet at Jour-ney's End." How -
meno
-ev-er black The clouds may low-er, still Each Jill will
accel.
find her Jack. Each Jack his Jill. Jour-neys
rall. -
a -
BURTHEN.
end in lov-ers meet-ing; Jour-neys
- tempo


end in dreams come true. There's a ha - ven
blest of peace and rest At Jour - ney's End for
you. Cheer up, for trou - ble's fleet - ing
And sor - rows soon will mend, And there's


laugh - ter and song The whole day long When you come to the
(Dialogue.)
Jour - ney's End.
mf
MARILYNN.
MAR.
2. Don't think much of po - ets; Nev-er read a po - em yet. But
p
I'll give this one cre - dit, For he said it! You bet! He


means 'Cheer up though things look bad', That's what he's driv - ing at. I
BOTH.
nev - er knew that po - ets had The sense to write like that! We
meno
won't turn back, We'll just plod on un - til Poor Jill has
accel
found her Jack, And Jack his Jill. Jour - neys
rall.
a -

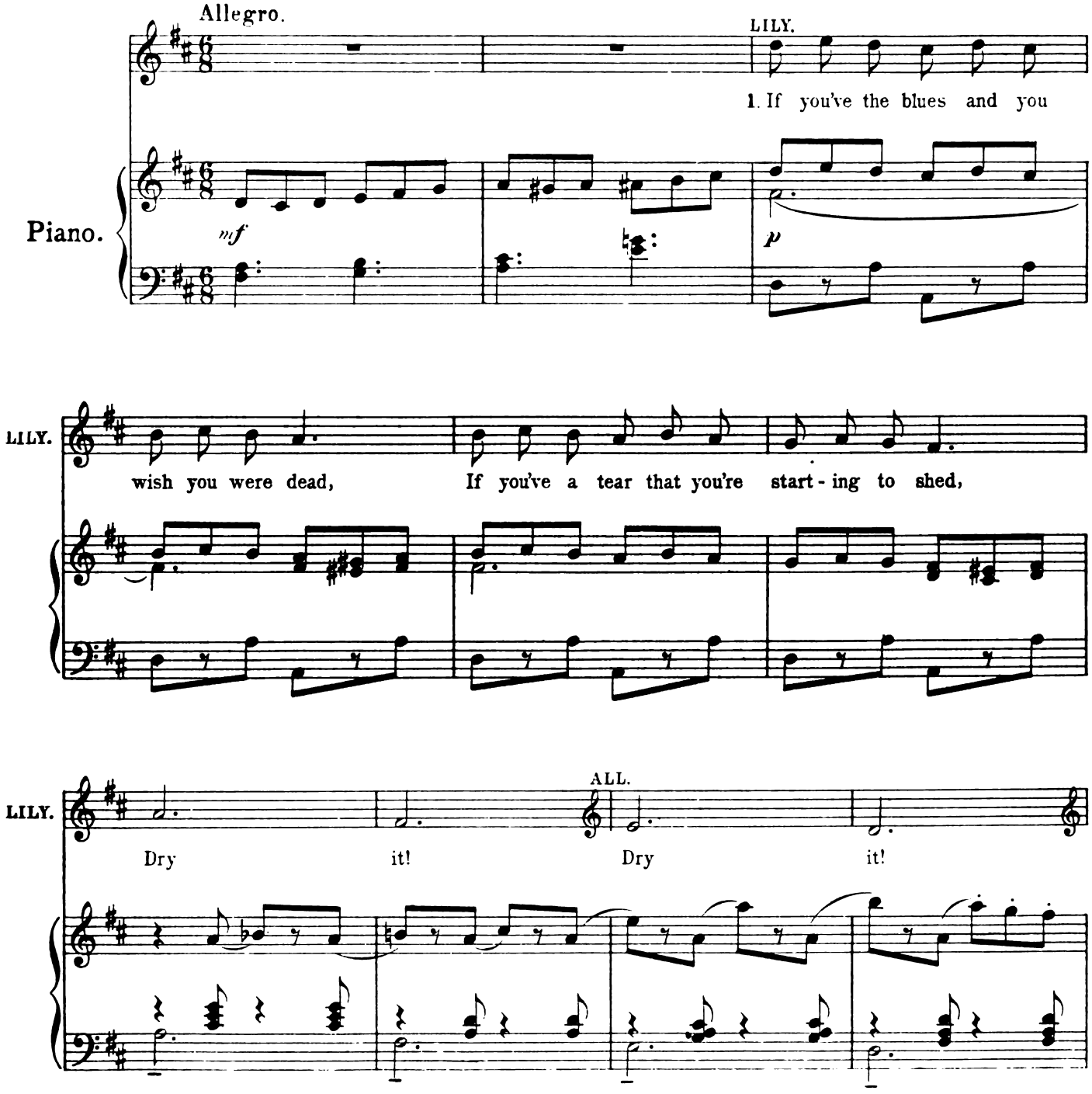

BURTHEN.
end in lov - ers find - ing All the
- tempo
dreams they dream'd come true. If you
just take heart And make a start, That's
MARILYNN.
all there is to do. The

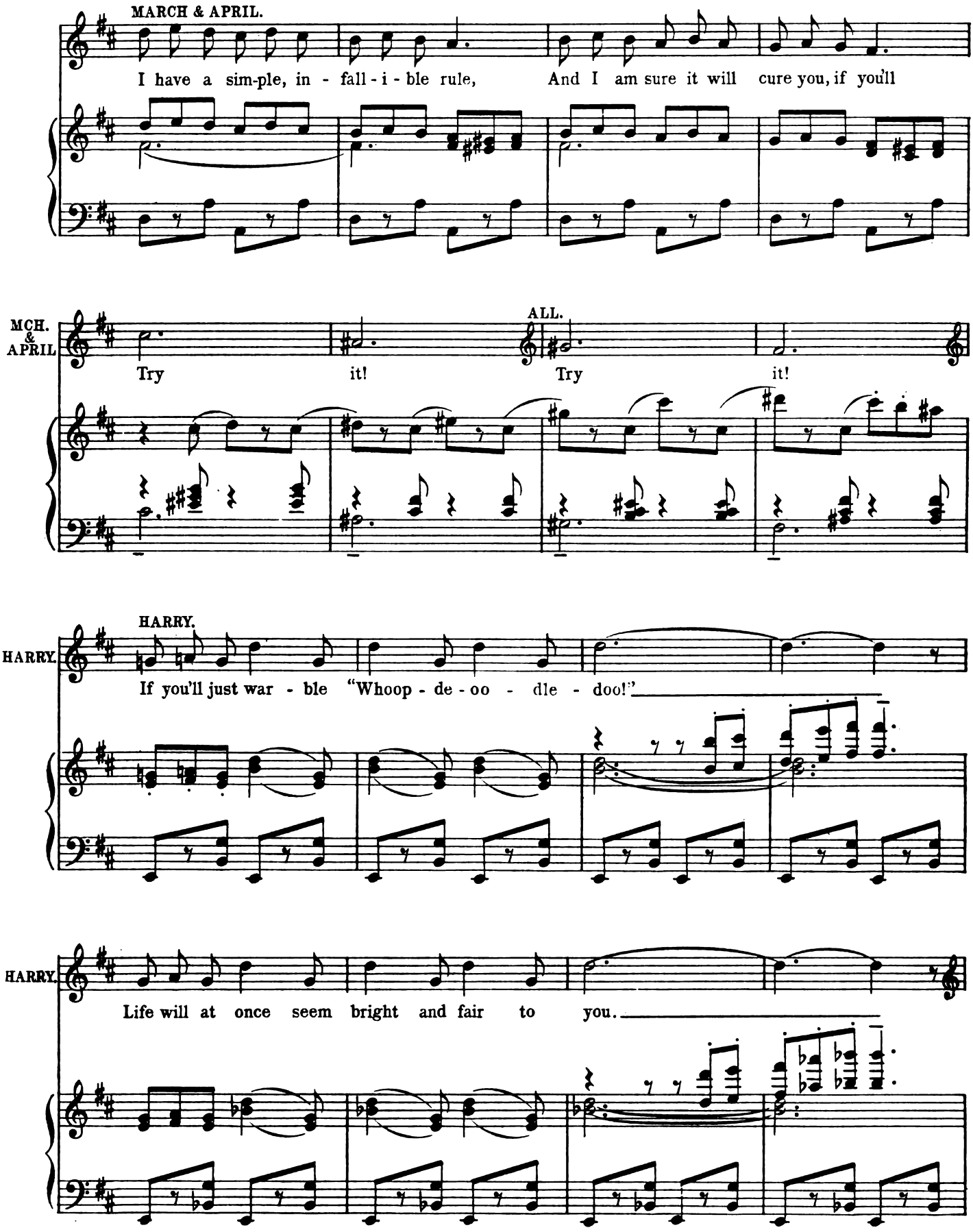

road is rough and wind - ing, But
JIM.
soon you'll find it mend; And there's
BOTH.
laugh - ter and song the whole day long When you
come to the Jour - ney's End.

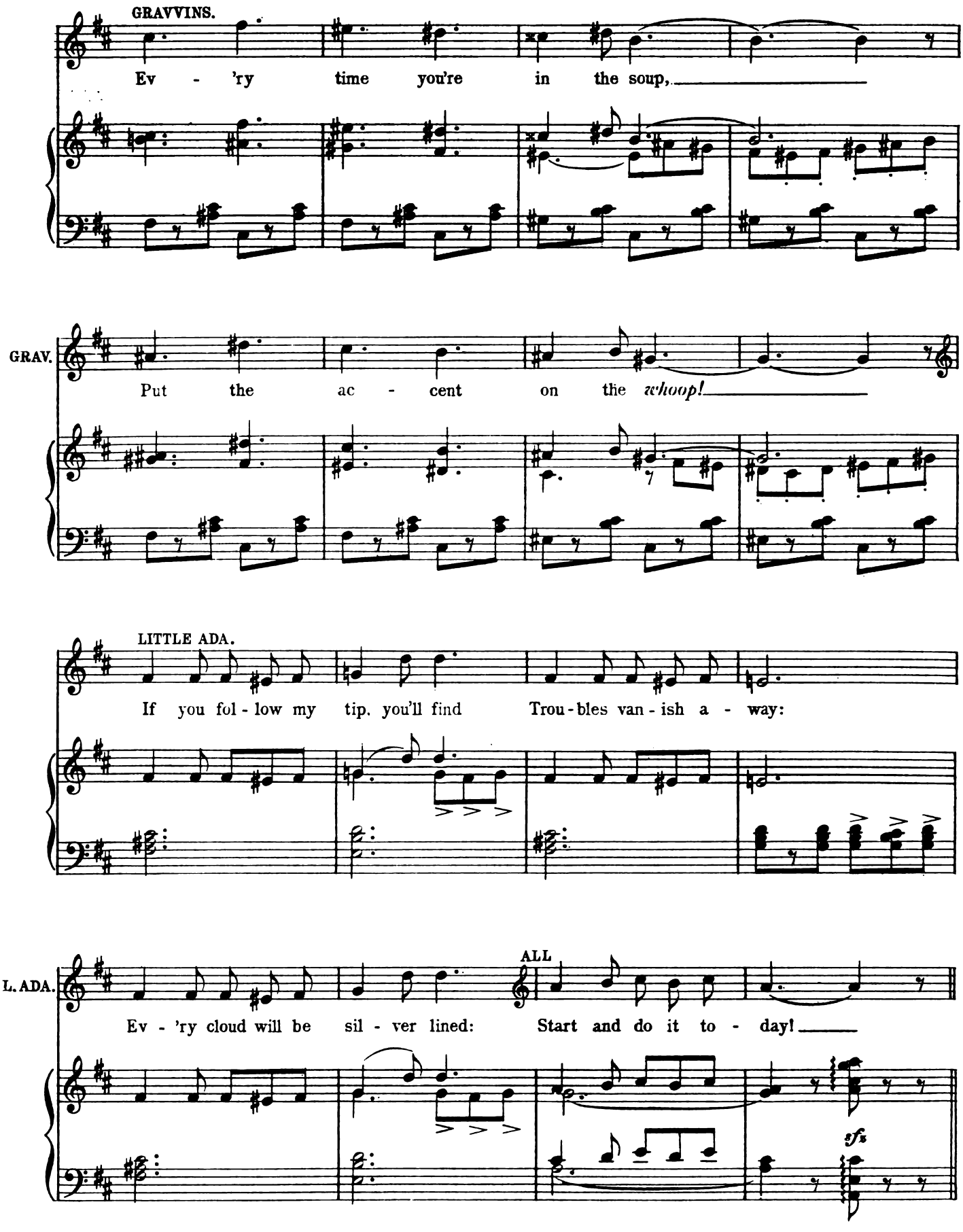
No 6. SEXTET.– Gravvins & Cabaret Troupe.

"WHOOP-DE-OODLE-DO!"

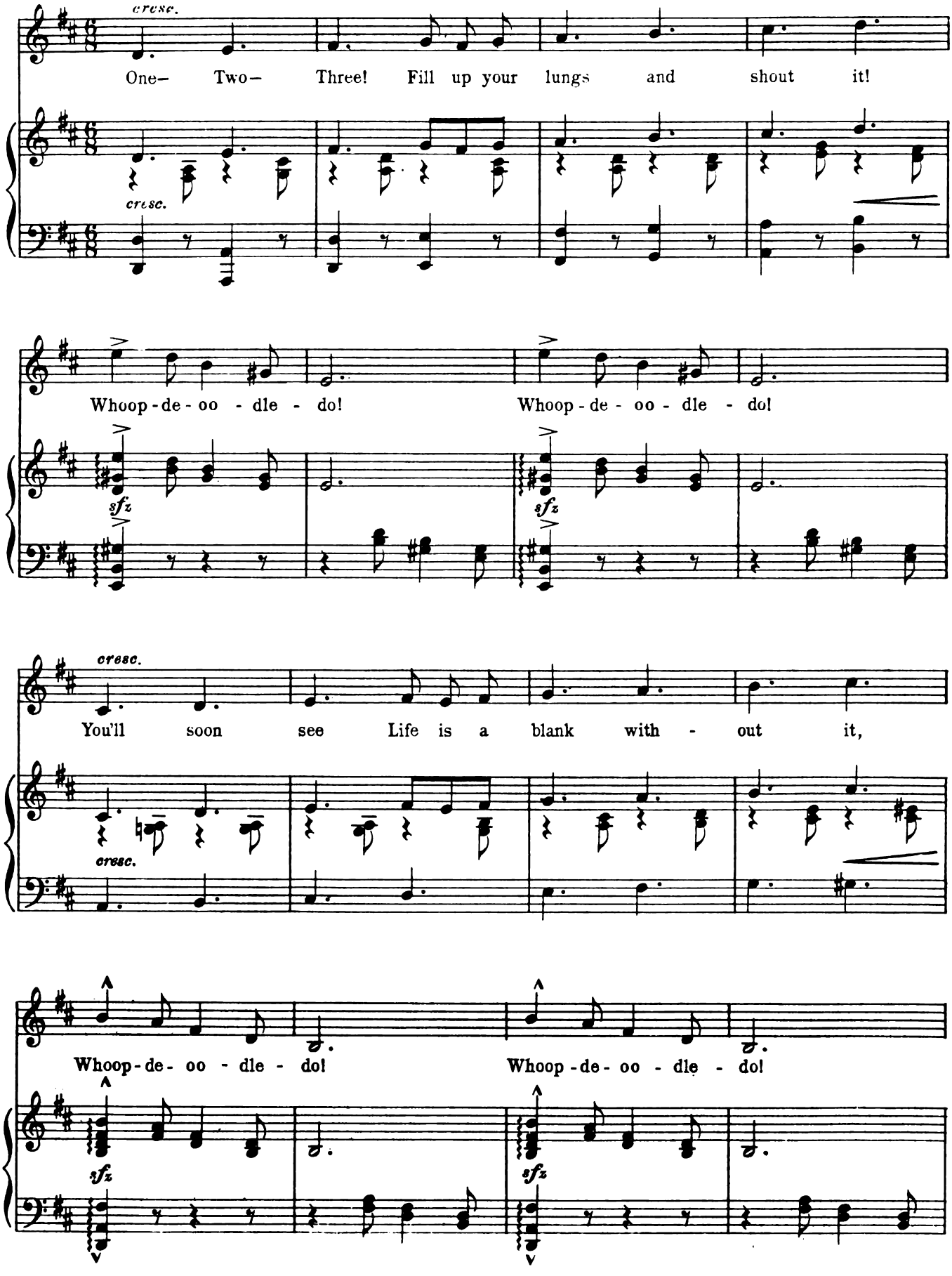
Words by
P.G. WODEHOUSE.

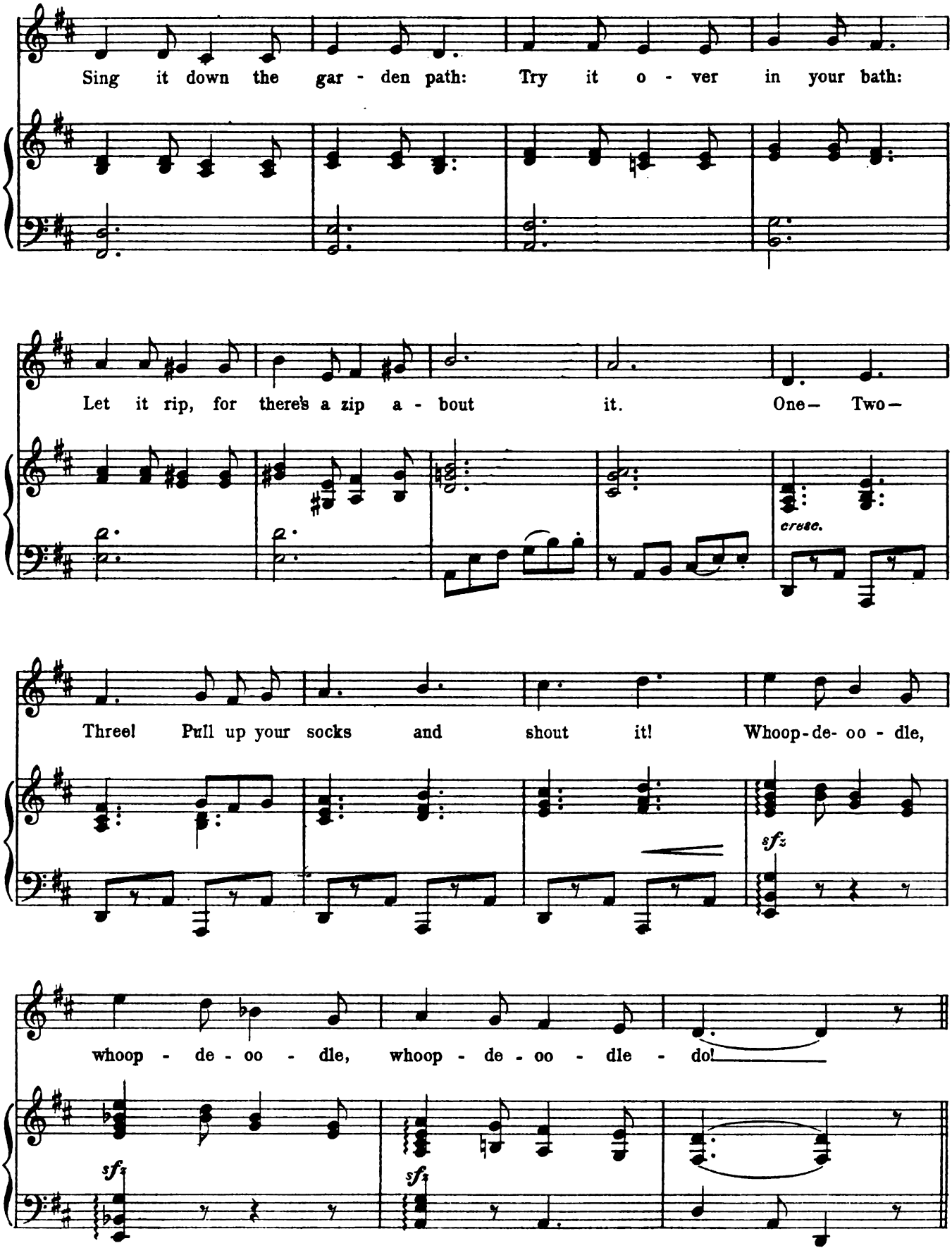


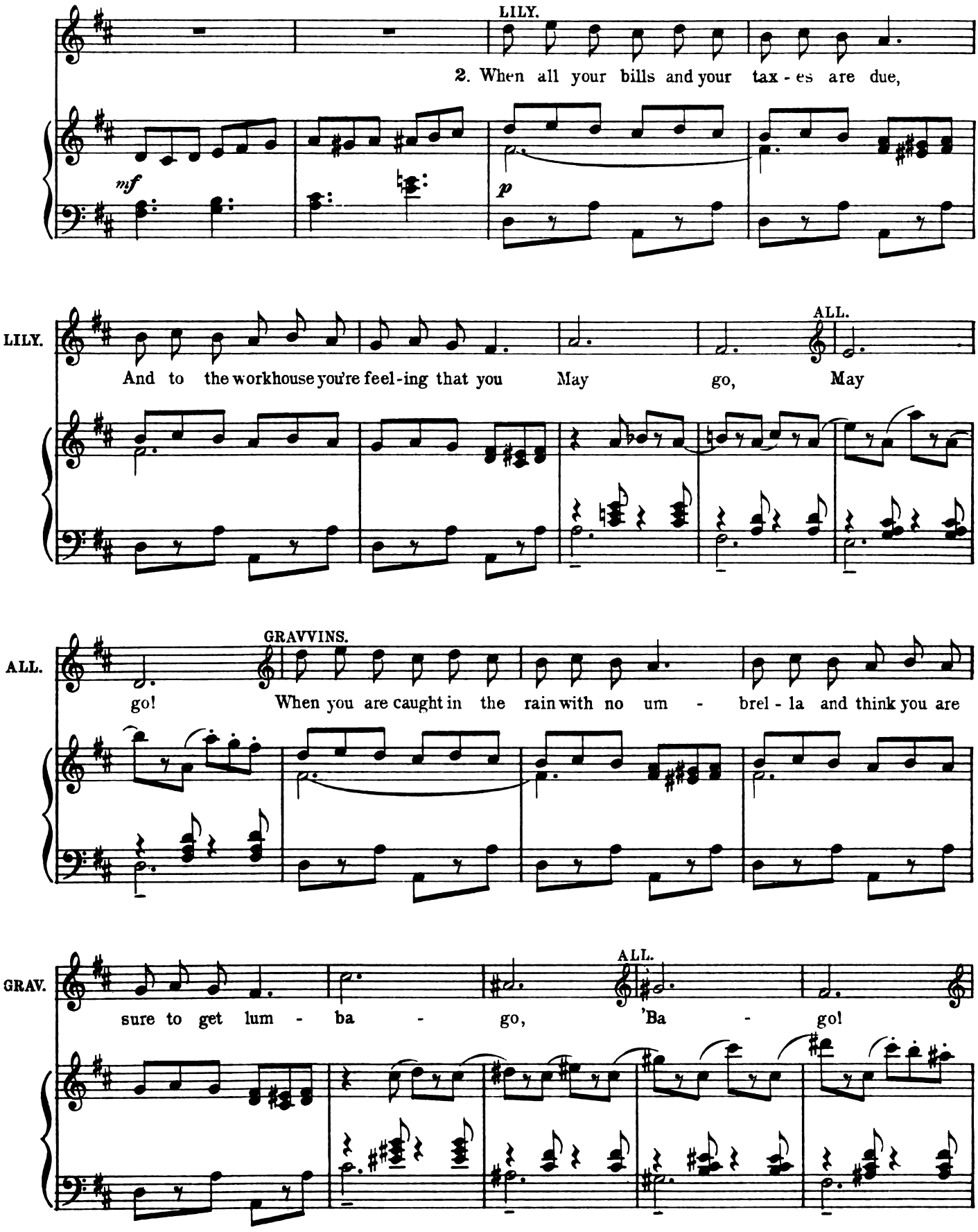

MARCH & APRIL.
I have a sim-ple, in - fall - i - ble rule, And I am sure it will cure you, if you'll
MCH. & APRIL
ALL.
Try it! Try it!
HARRY.
HARRY.
If you'll just war - ble "Whoop - de - oo - dle - doo!"
HARRY.
Life will at once seem bright and fair to you.

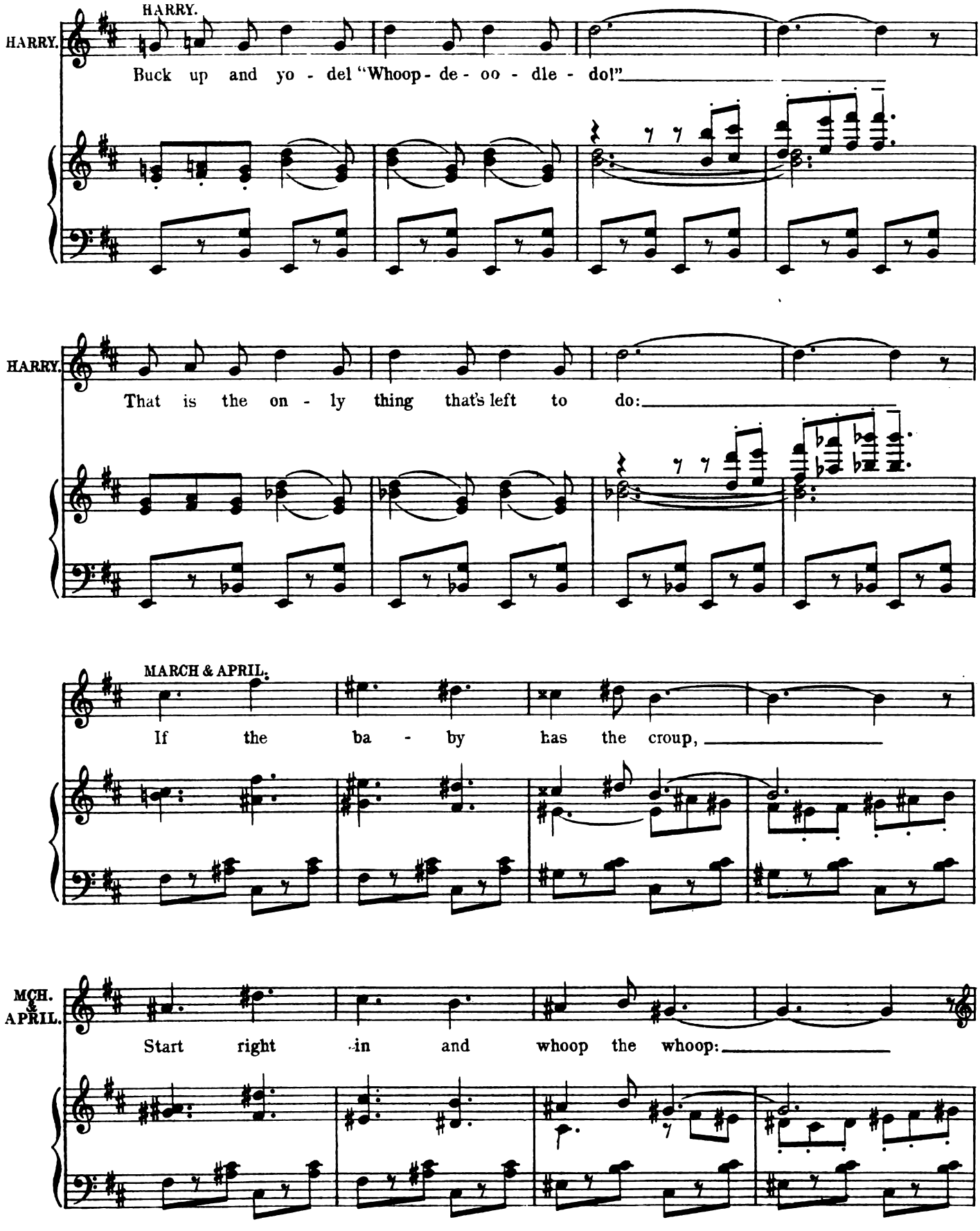

GRAVVINS.
Ev - 'ry time you're in the soup,
GRAV.
Put the ac - cent on the whoop!
LITTLE ADA.
If you fol - low my tip, you'll find Trou - bles van - ish a - way:
L. ADA.
ALL
Ev - 'ry cloud will be sil - ver lined: Start and do it to - day!
sfz

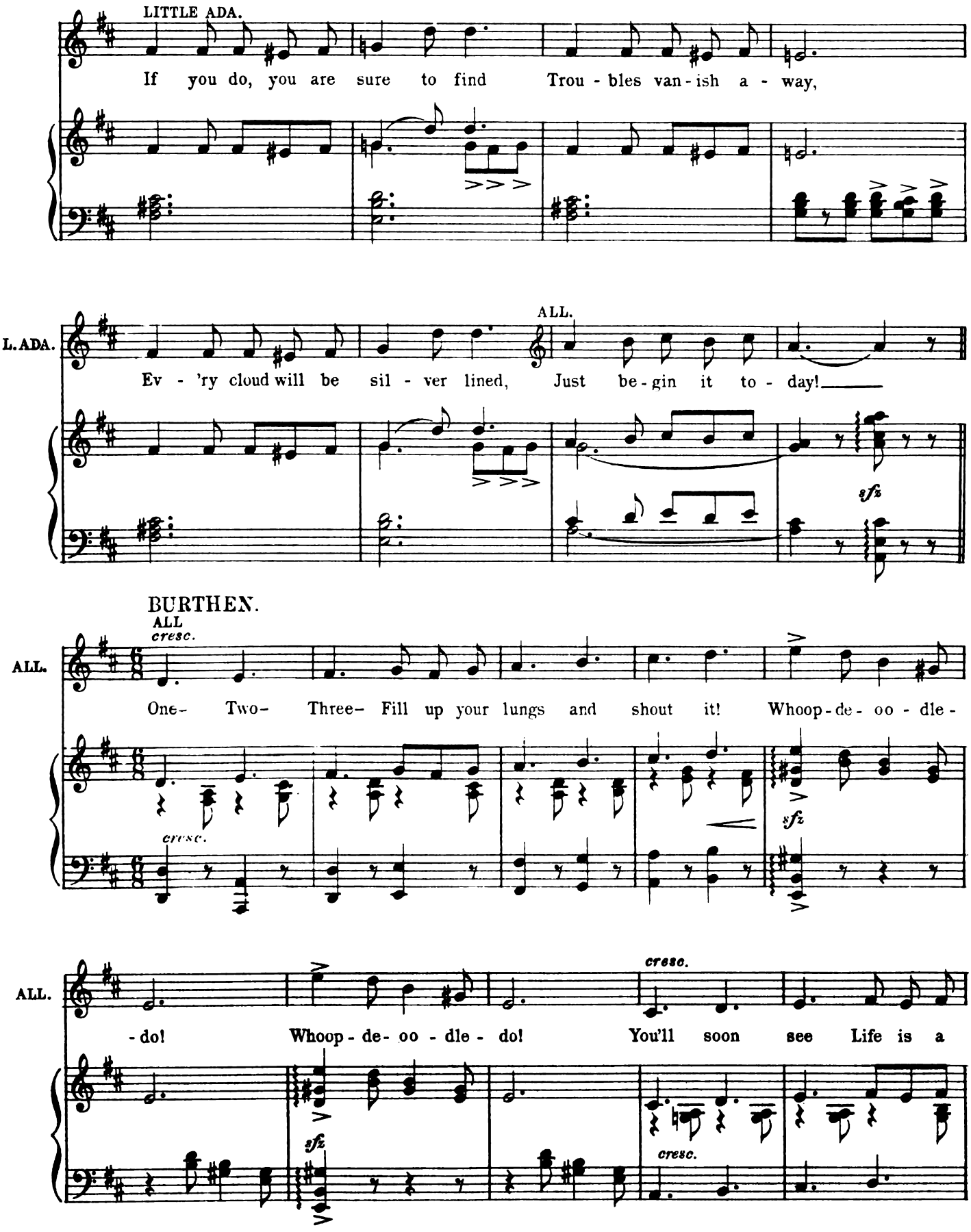
BURTHEN.

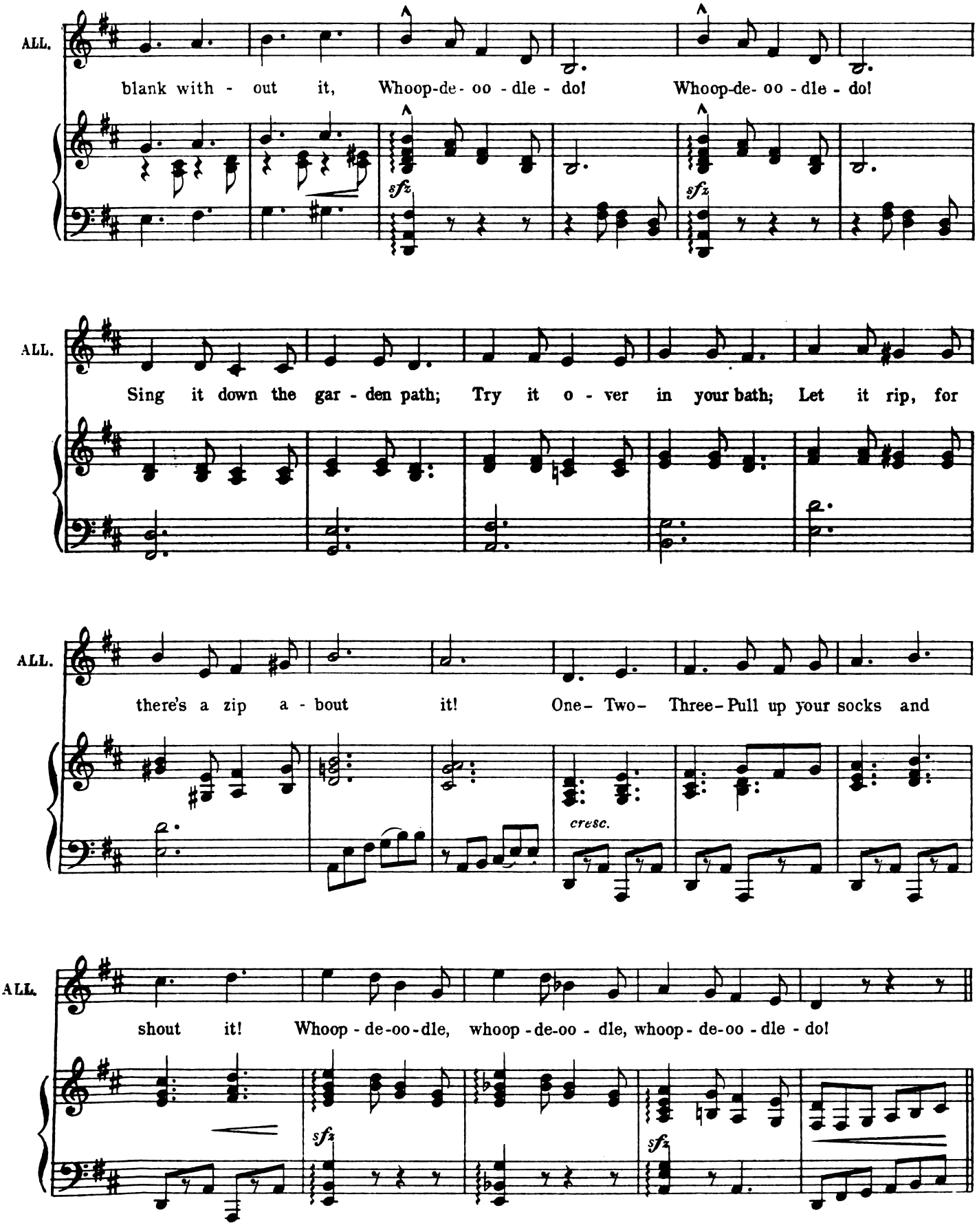

cresc.
One— Two— Three! Fill up your lungs and shout it!
cresc.
Whoop-de-oo-dle-do! Whoop-de-oo-dle-do!
sfz
sfz
cresc.
You'll soon see Life is a blank with-out it,
cresc.
Whoop-de-oo-dle-do! Whoop-de-oo-dle-do!
sfz
sfz


Sing it down the gar - den path: Try it o - ver in your bath:
Let it rip, for there's a zip a - bout it. One— Two—
cresc.
Three! Pull up your socks and shout it! Whoop-de- oo - dle,
sfz
whoop - de - oo - dle, whoop - de - oo - dle - do!
sfz
sfz

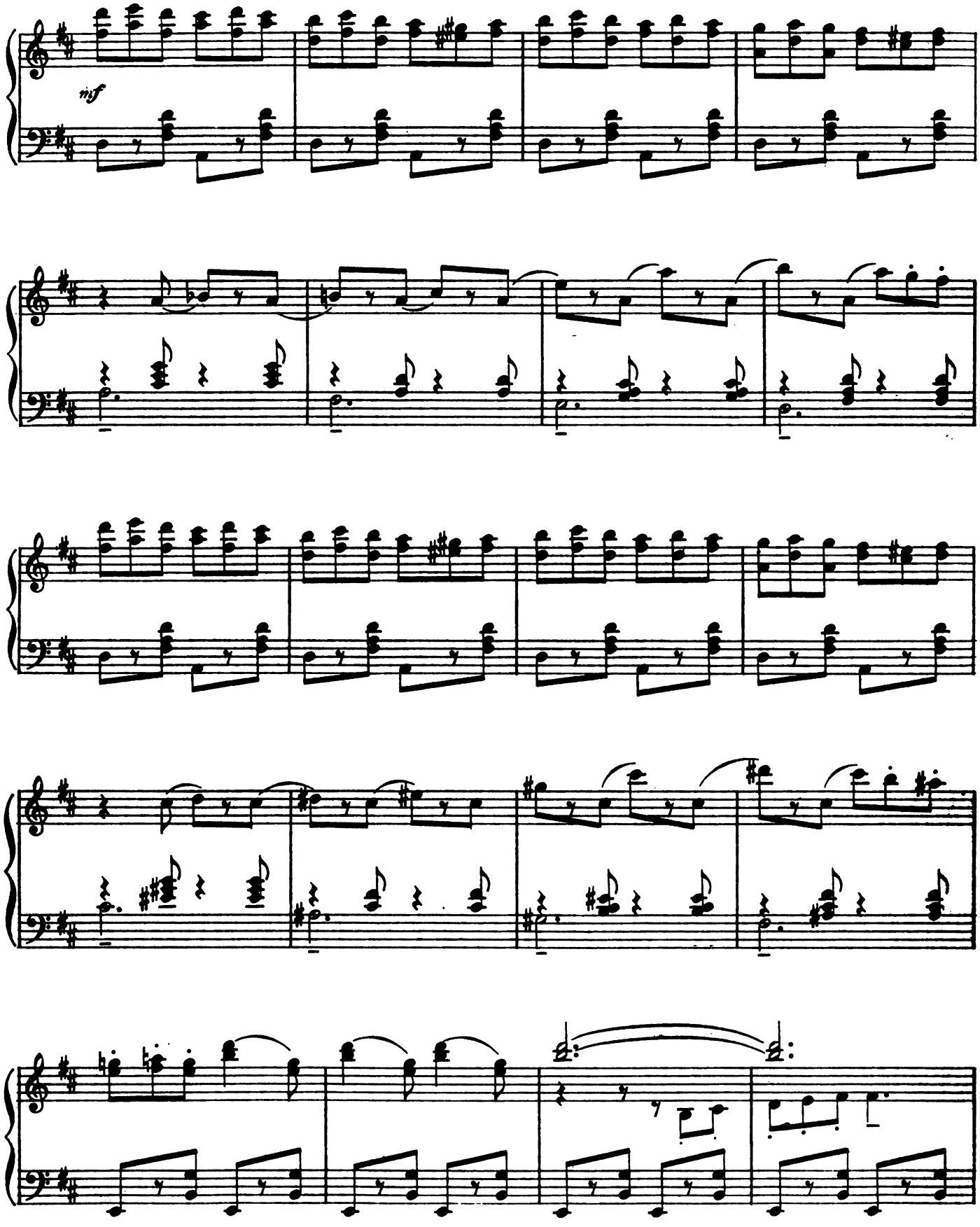

LILY.
2. When all your bills and your tax - es are due,
mf
p
LILY.
And to the workhouse you're feel-ing that you May go, May
ALL.
ALL.
GRAVVINS.
go! When you are caught in the rain with no um - brel - la and think you are
GRAV.
ALL.
sure to get lum - ba - go, 'Ba - go!

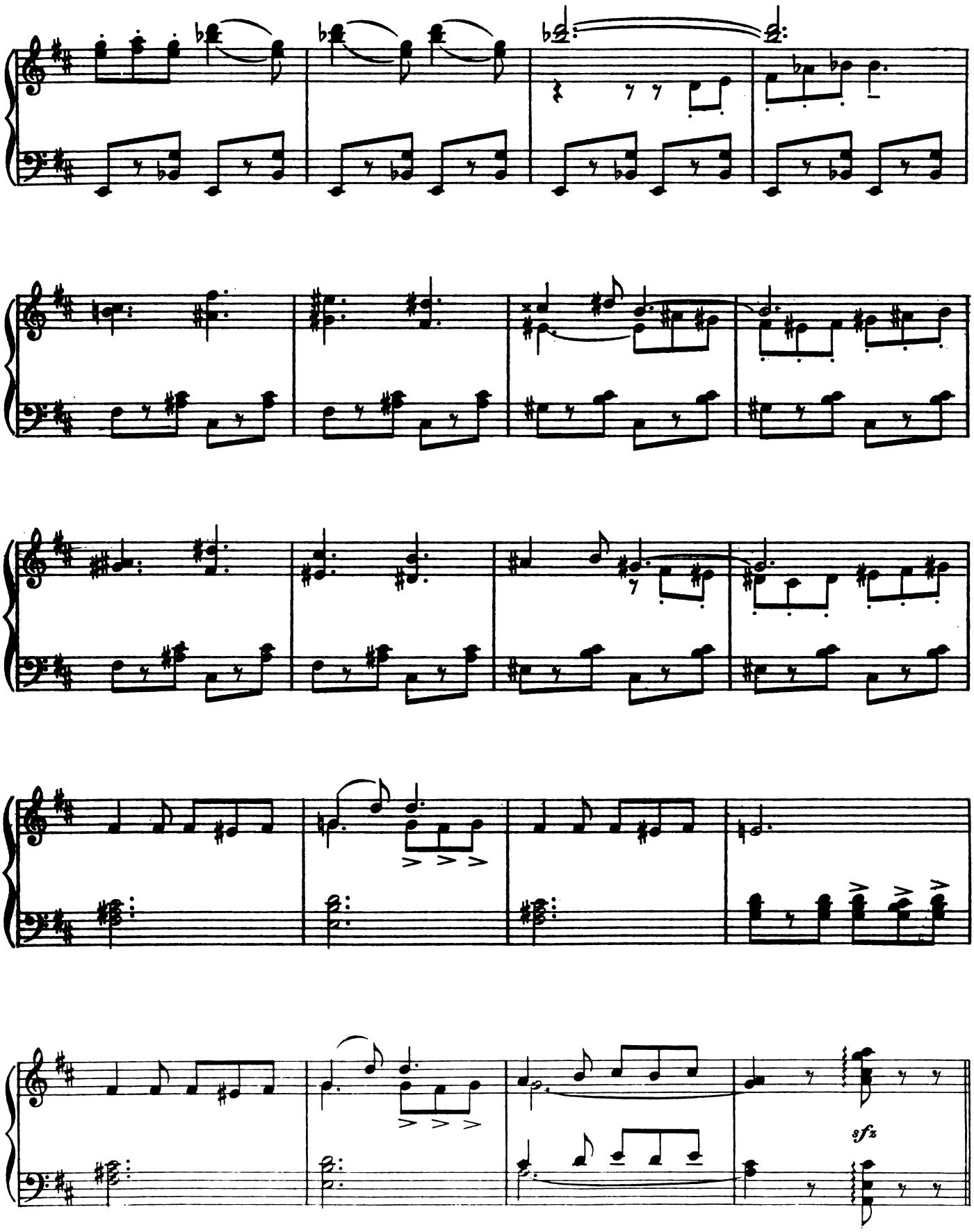

HARRY.
Buck up and yo - del "Whoop - de - oo - dle - do!"
HARRY.
That is the on - ly thing that's left to do:
MARCH & APRIL.
If the ba - by has the croup,
MCH. & APRIL.
Start right in and whoop the whoop:

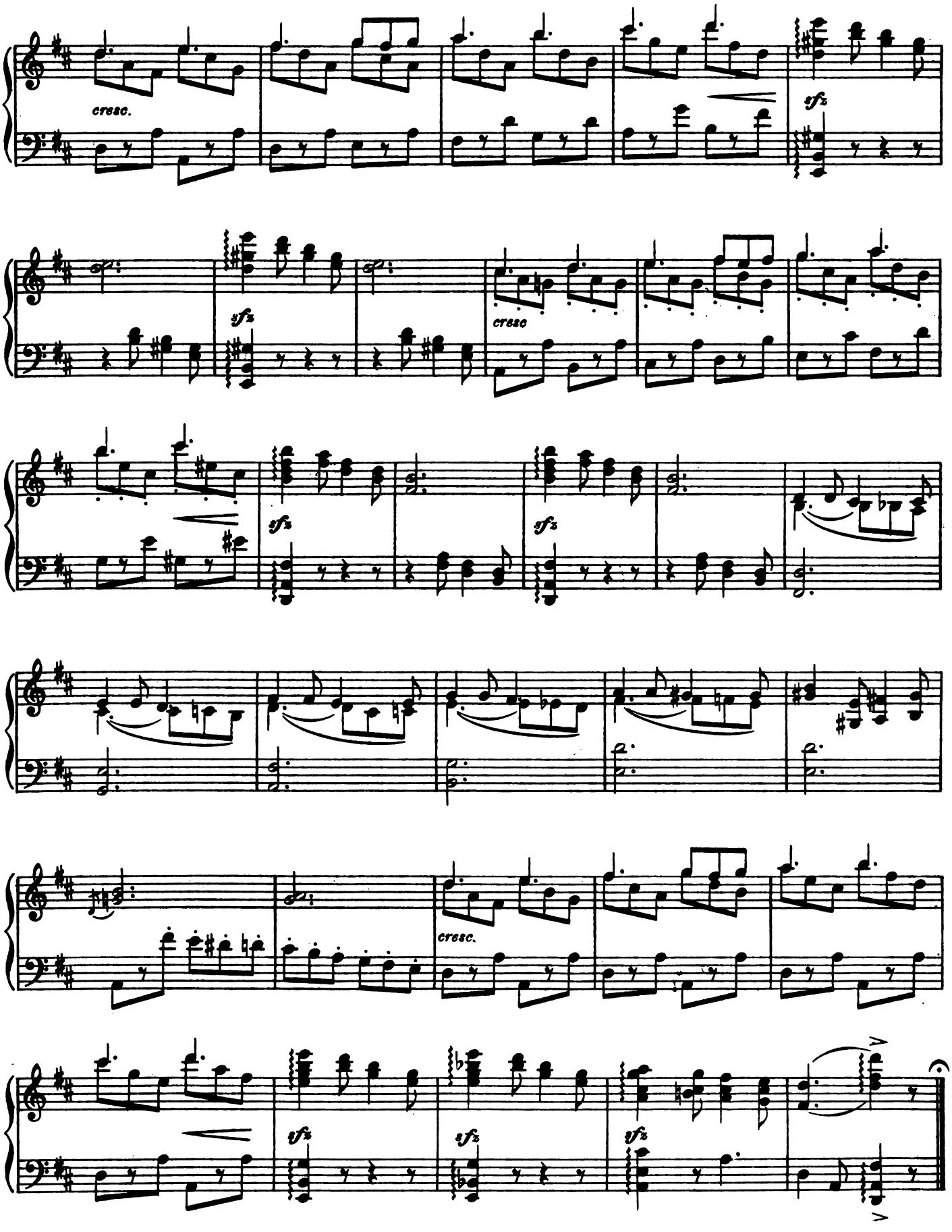

LITTLE ADA.
If you do, you are sure to find Trou - bles van - ish a - way,
L. ADA.
ALL.
Ev - 'ry cloud will be sil - ver lined, Just be - gin it to - day!
sfz
BURTHEN.
ALL
cresc.
ALL.
One- Two- Three- Fill up your lungs and shout it! Whoop - de - oo - dle -
cresc.
sfz
ALL.
cresc.
- do! Whoop - de - oo - dle - do! You'll soon see Life is a
sfz
cresc.


ALL.
blank with - out it, Whoop-de- oo - dle - do! Whoop-de- oo - dle - do!
sfz
sfz
ALL.
Sing it down the gar - den path; Try it o - ver in your bath; Let it rip, for
ALL.
there's a zip a - bout it! One- Two- Three- Pull up your socks and
cresc.
ALL.
shout it! Whoop - de-oo-dle, whoop - de-oo - dle, whoop - de-oo - dle - do!
sfz
sfz

DANCE.




sfz

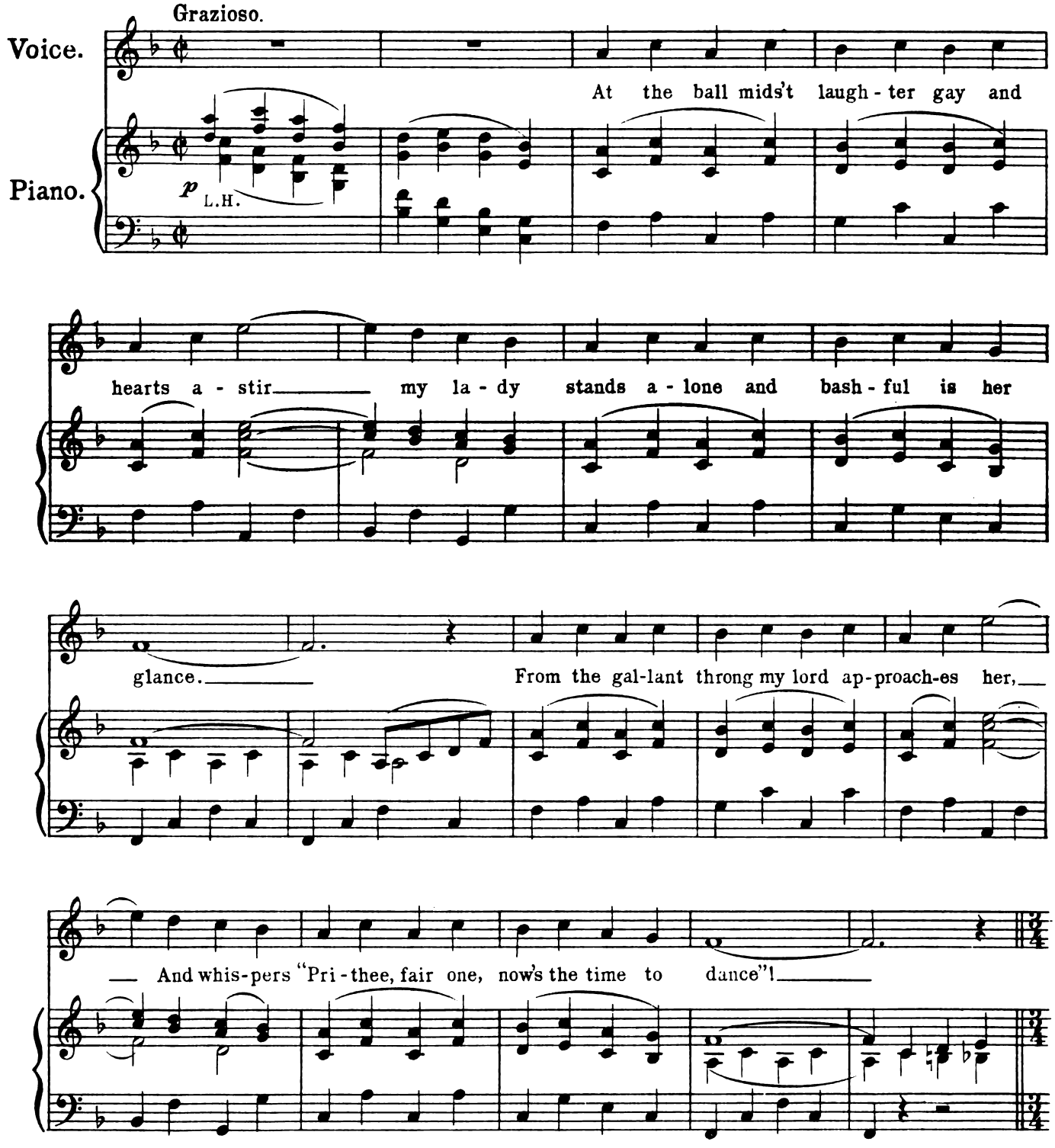

cresc.
sfz
sfz
cresc
sfz
sfz
cresc.
sfz
sfz
sfz

No. 7.

SONG – (Quibb.)

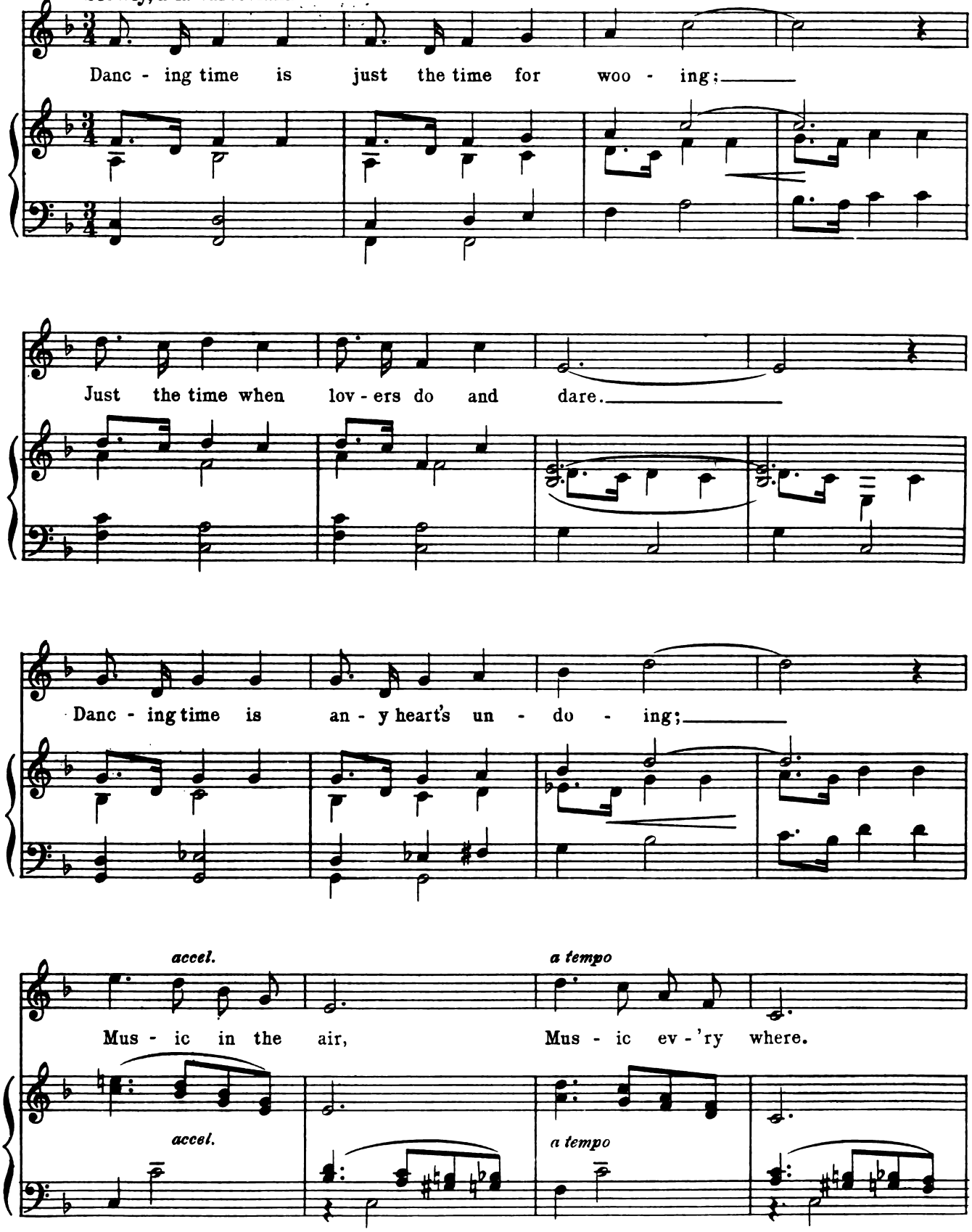
AT THE BALL.

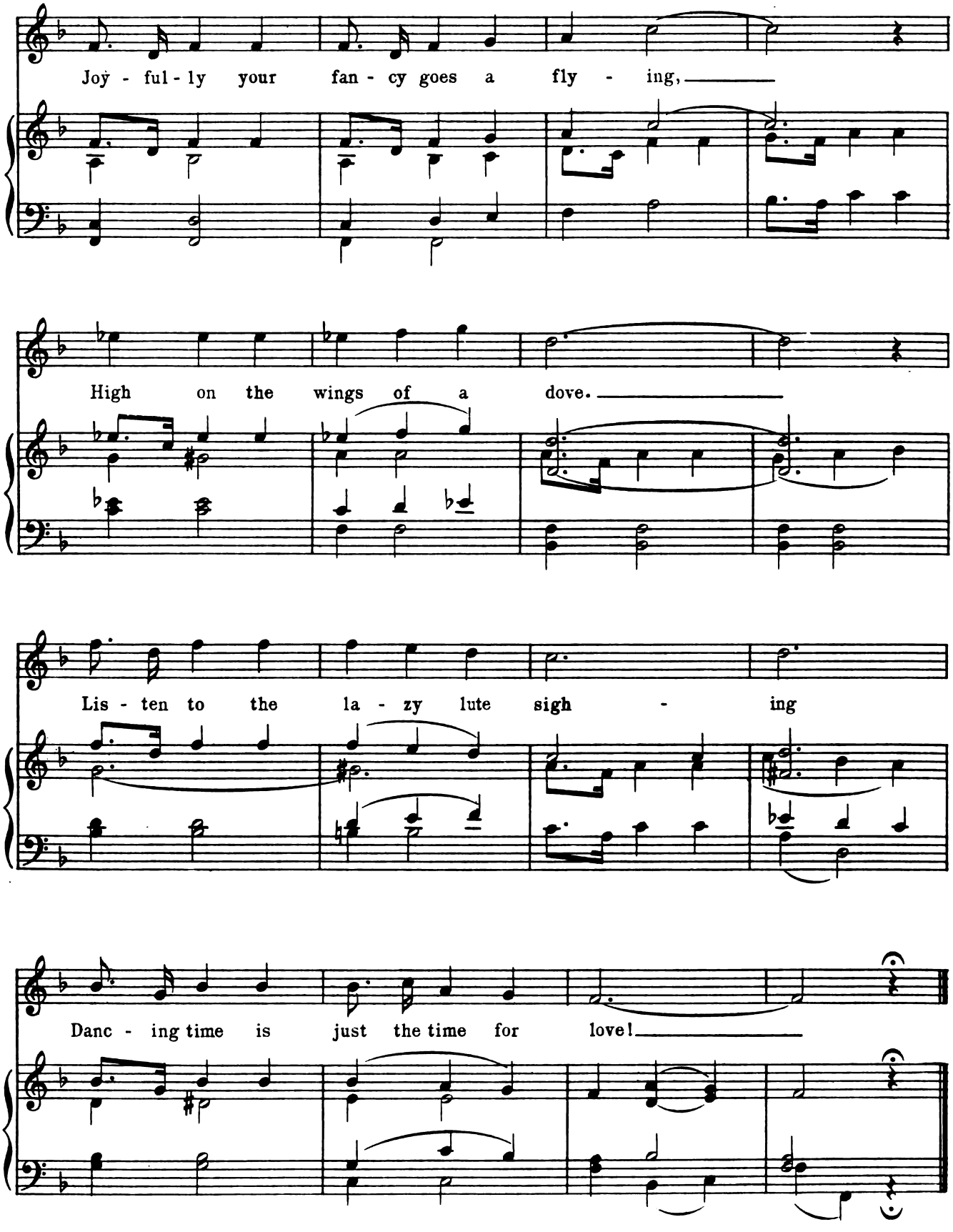
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH.



BURTHEN

Slowly, a la Varsoviana



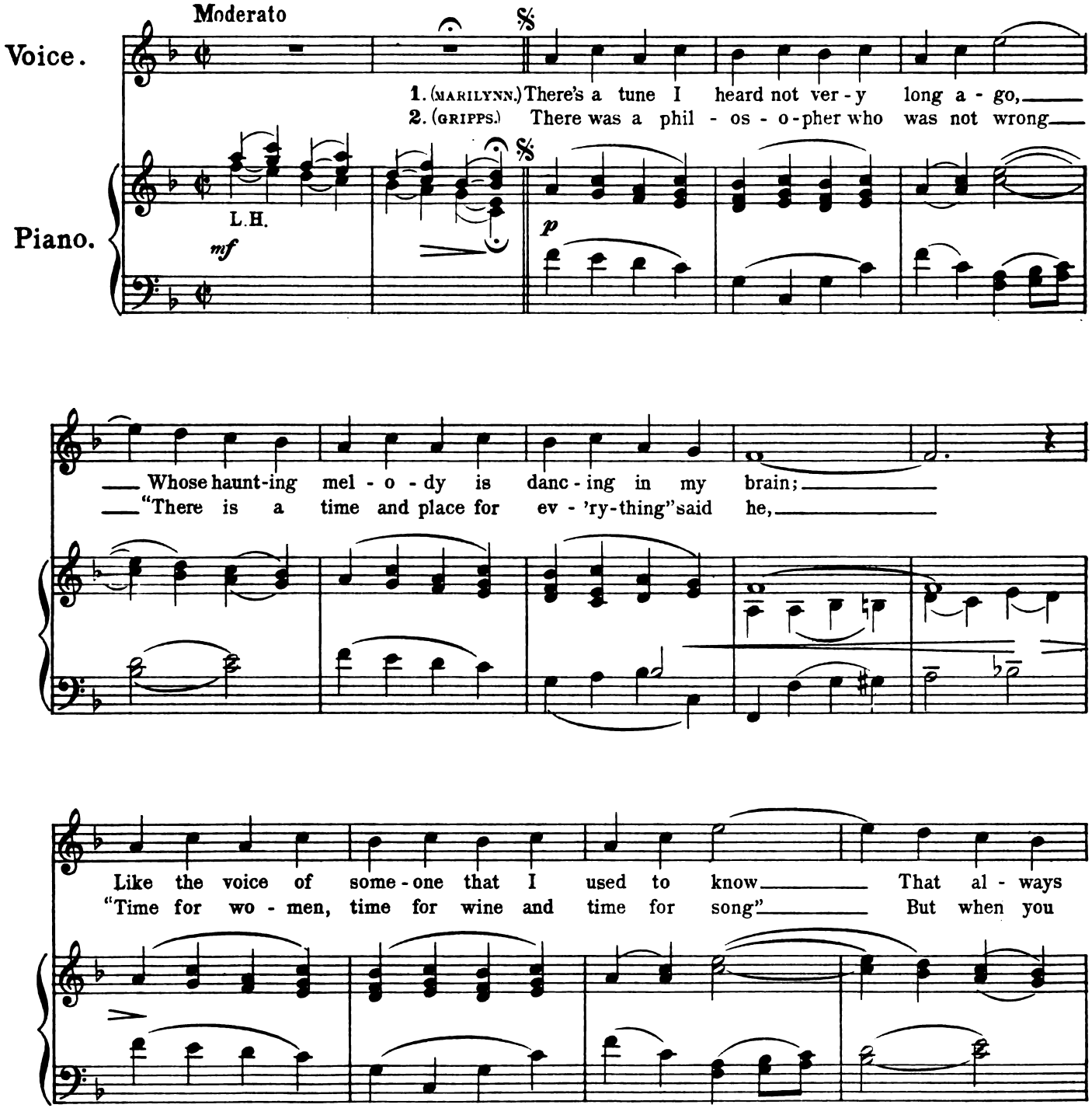

Joy - ful - ly your fan - cy goes a fly - ing,
High on the wings of a dove.
Lis - ten to the la - zy lute sigh - ing
Danc - ing time is just the time for love!

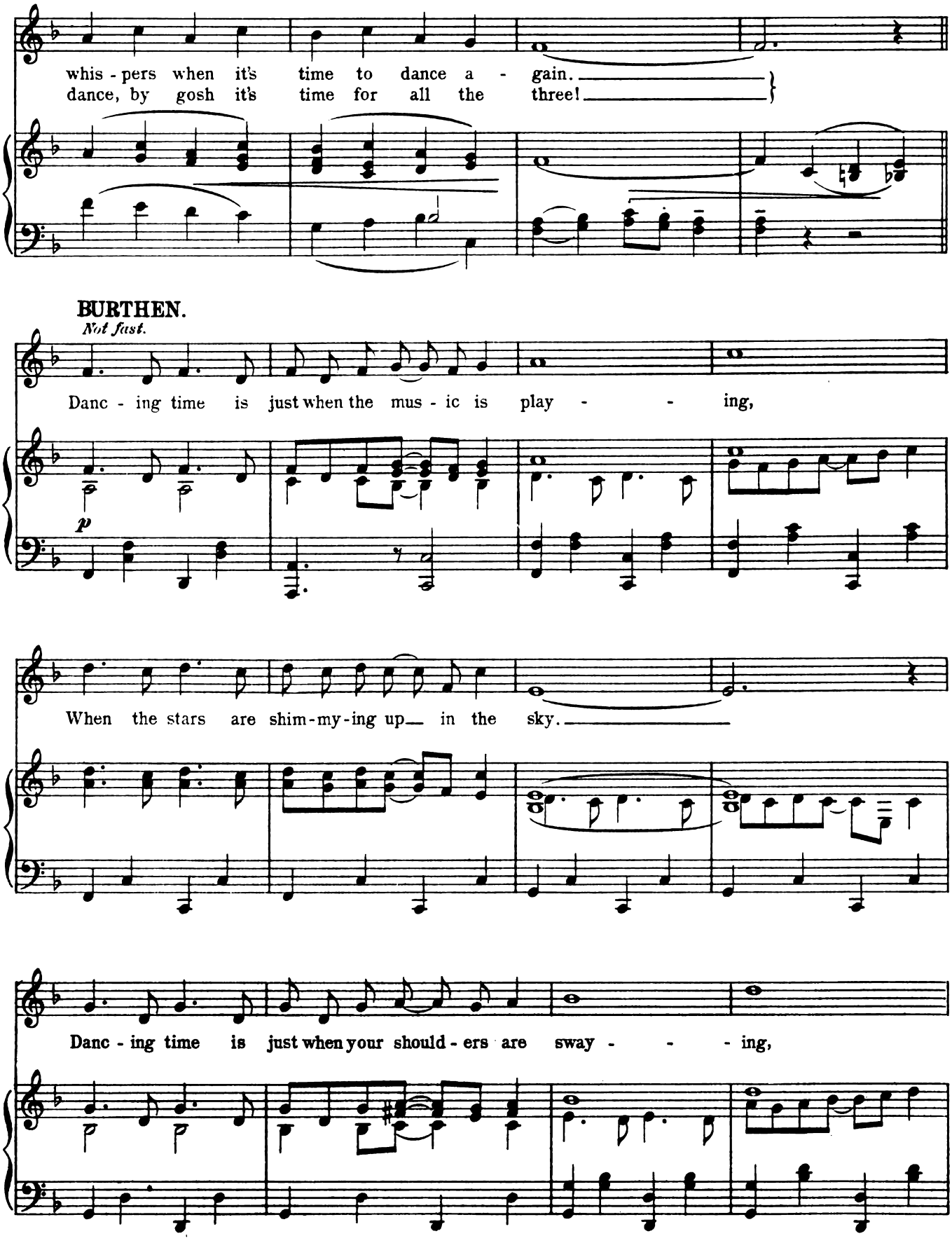
No. 8.

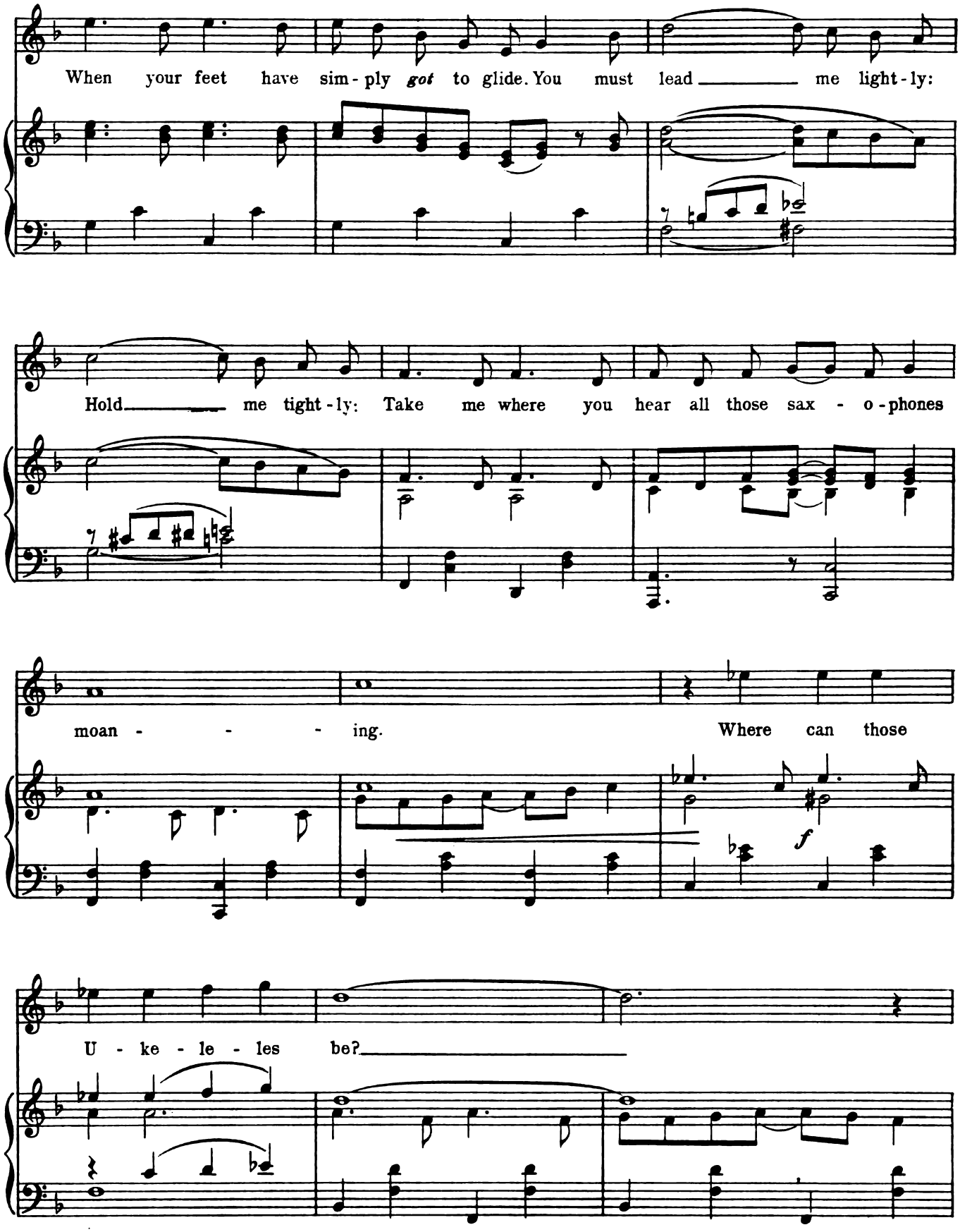
DUET:- (Marilynn and Gripps.)

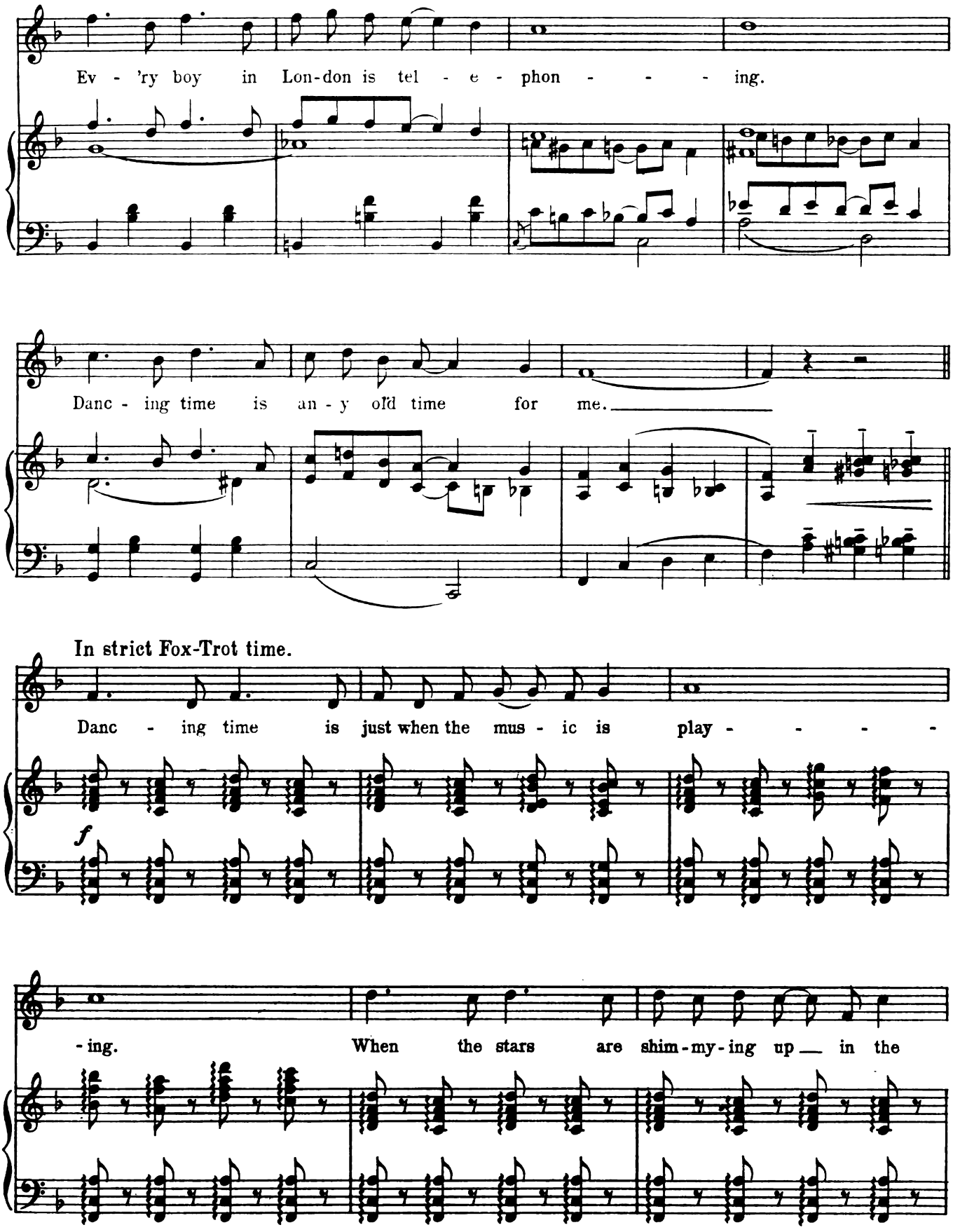
"DANCING TIME."

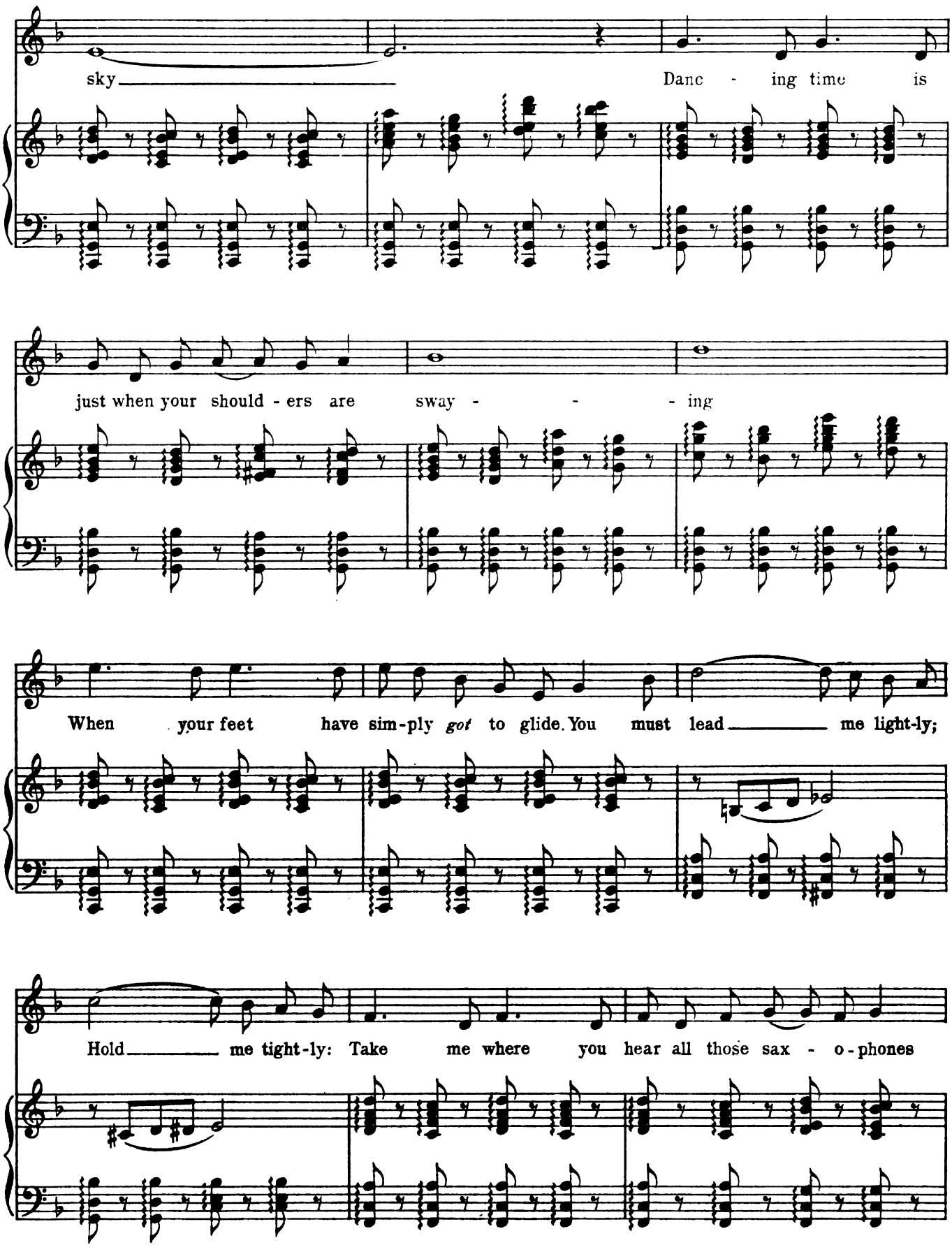
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH.

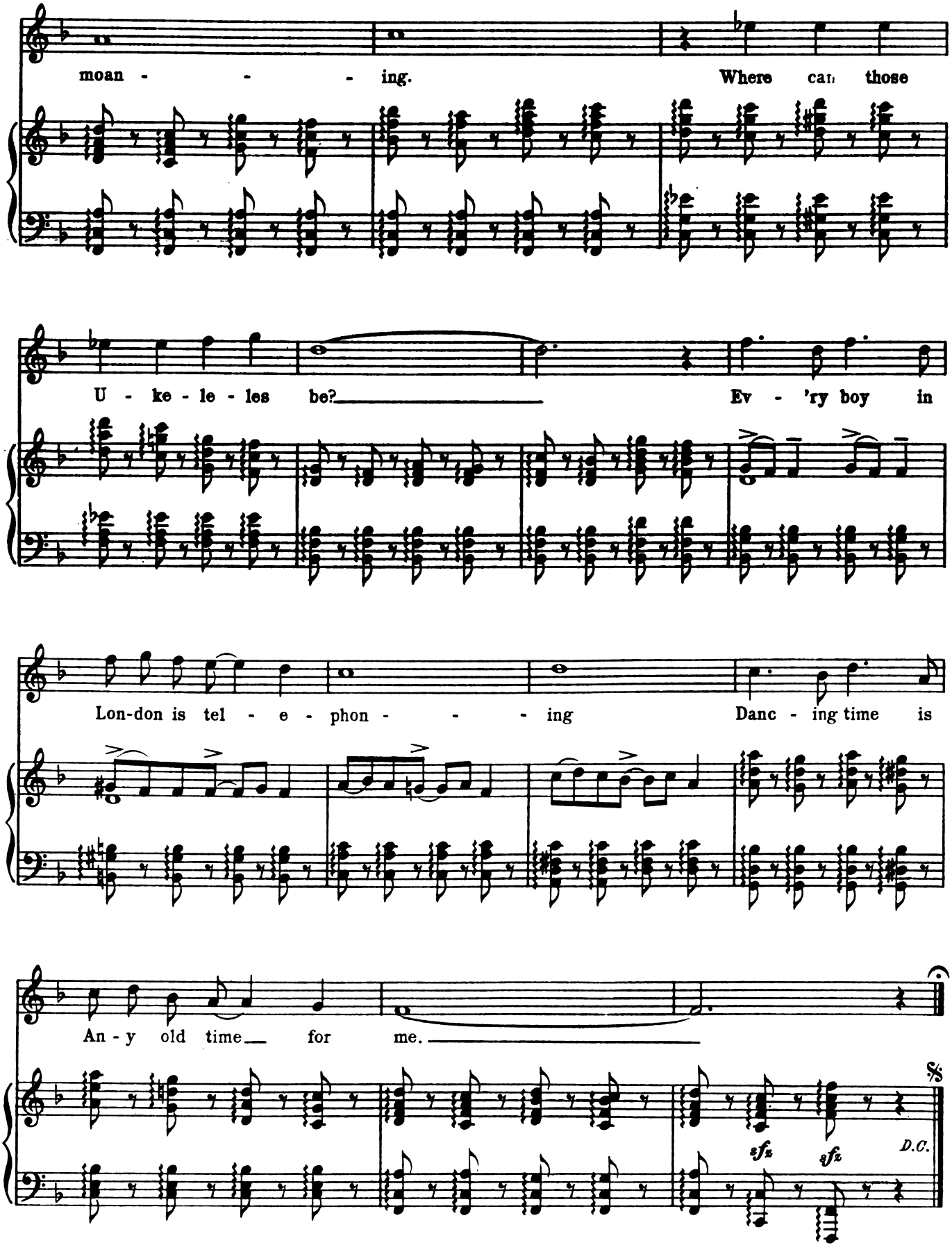



whis - pers when it's time to dance a - gain.
dance, by gosh it's time for all the three!
BURTHEN.
Not fast.
Danc - ing time is just when the mus - ic is play - - ing,
p
When the stars are shim-my-ing up in the sky.
Danc - ing time is just when your should - ers are sway - - - ing,


When your feet have sim - ply got to glide. You must lead me light - ly:
Hold me tight - ly: Take me where you hear all those sax - o - phones
moan - - - ing. Where can those
f
U - ke - le - les be?

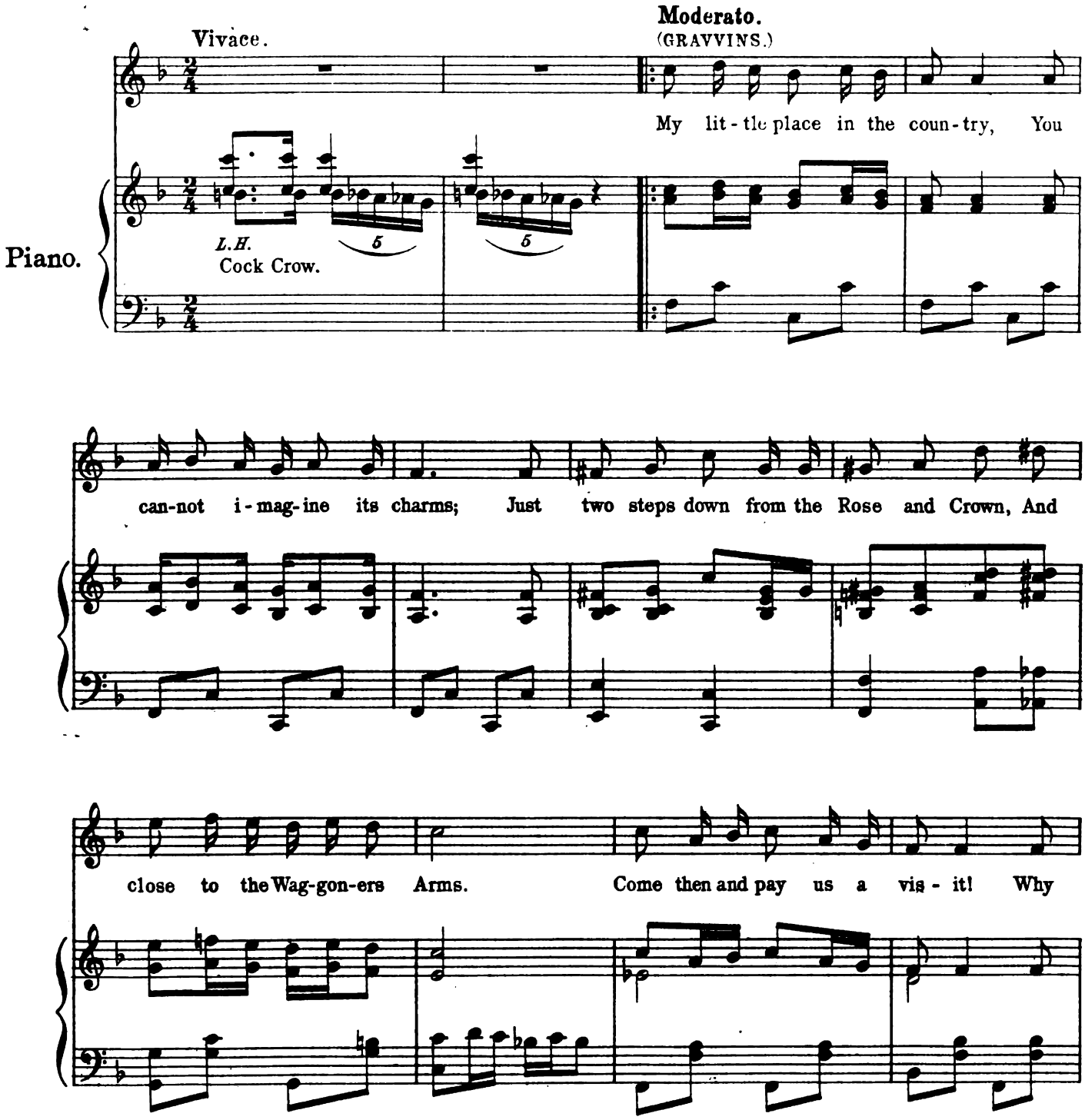

Ev - 'ry boy in Lon-don is tel - e - phon - - - - ing.
Danc - ing time is an - y old time for me.
In strict Fox-Trot time.
Danc - ing time is just when the mus - ic is play - - - - -
f
- ing.
When the stars are shim-my-ing up in the

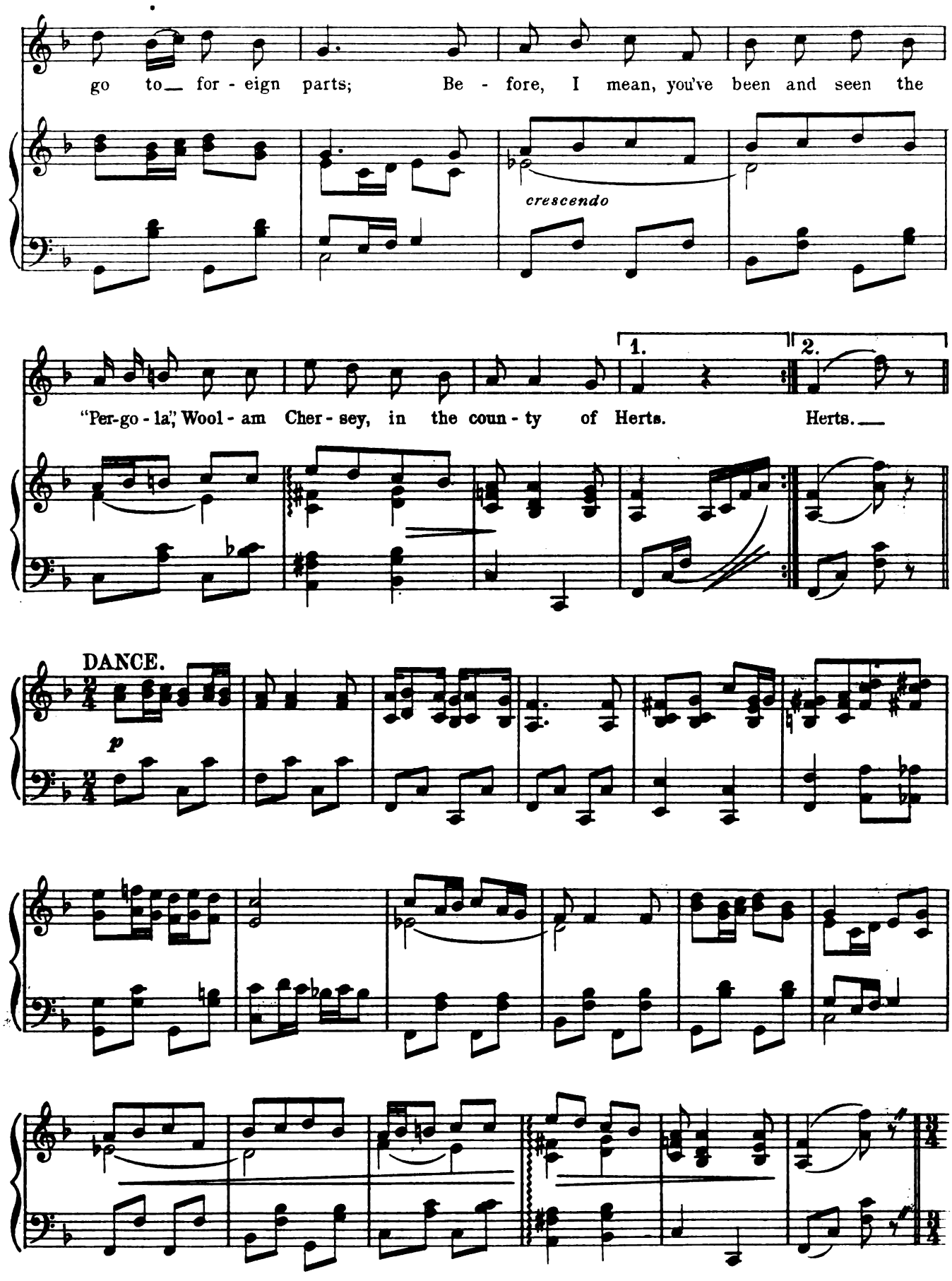

sky
Danc - ing time is
just when your should - ers are sway - - - ing
When your feet have sim-ply got to glide. You must lead me light-ly;
Hold me tight-ly: Take me where you hear all those sax - o-phones

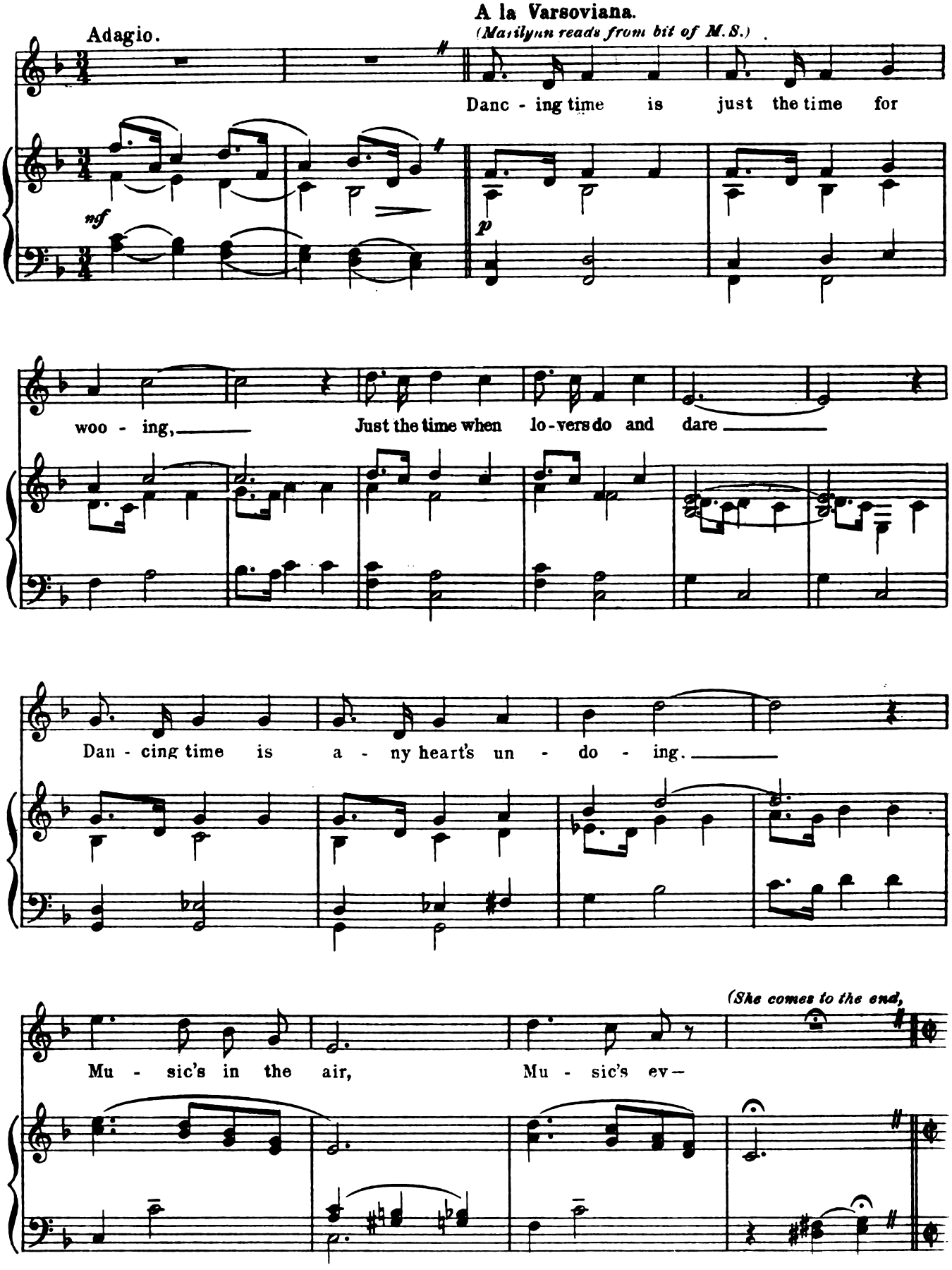

moan - - - ing. Where can those
U - ke - le - les be? Ev - 'ry boy in
Lon-don is tel - e - phon - - - ing Danc - ing time is
An - y old time for me.
sfz
sfz
D.C.

No. 9. FINALETTO-ACT I.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

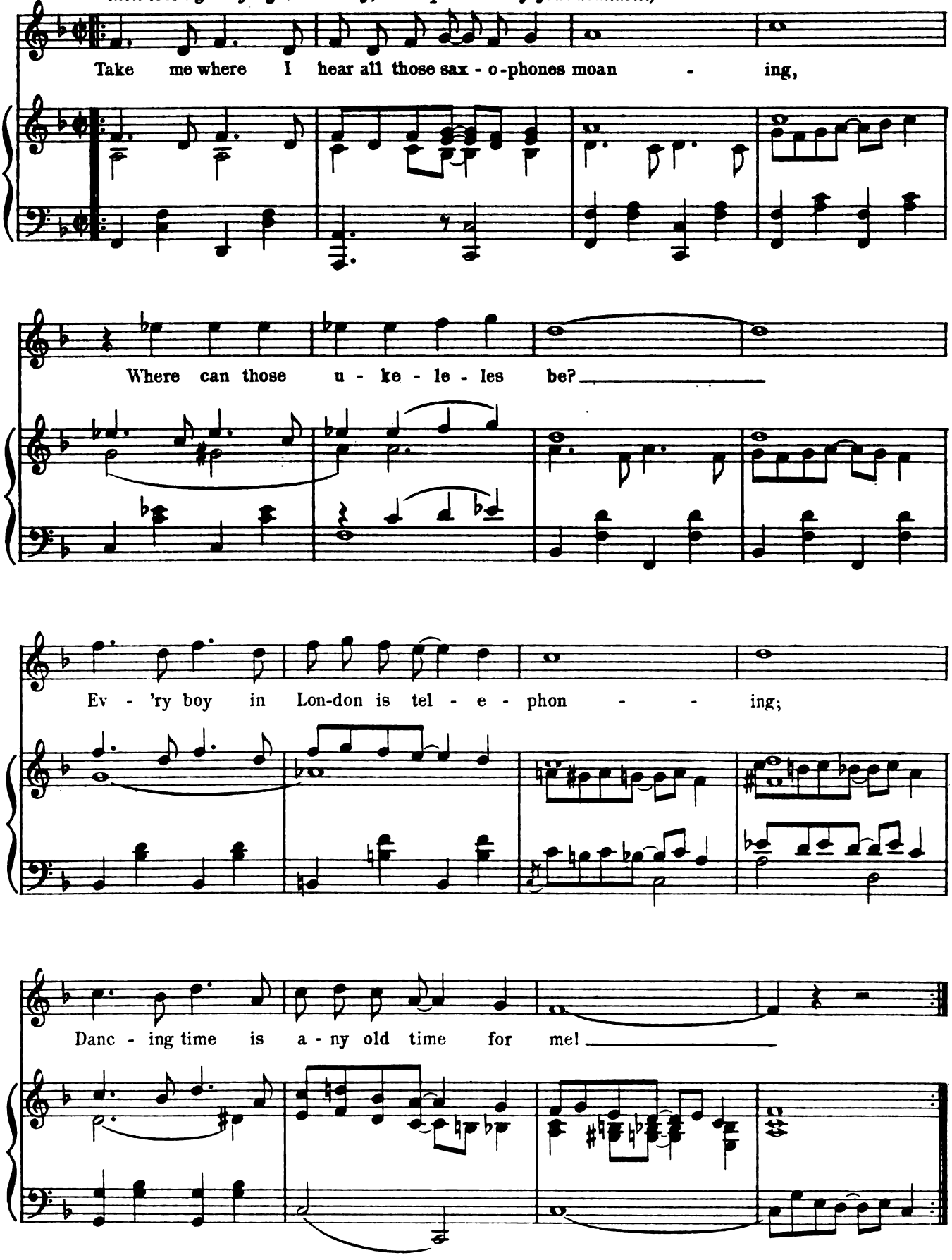


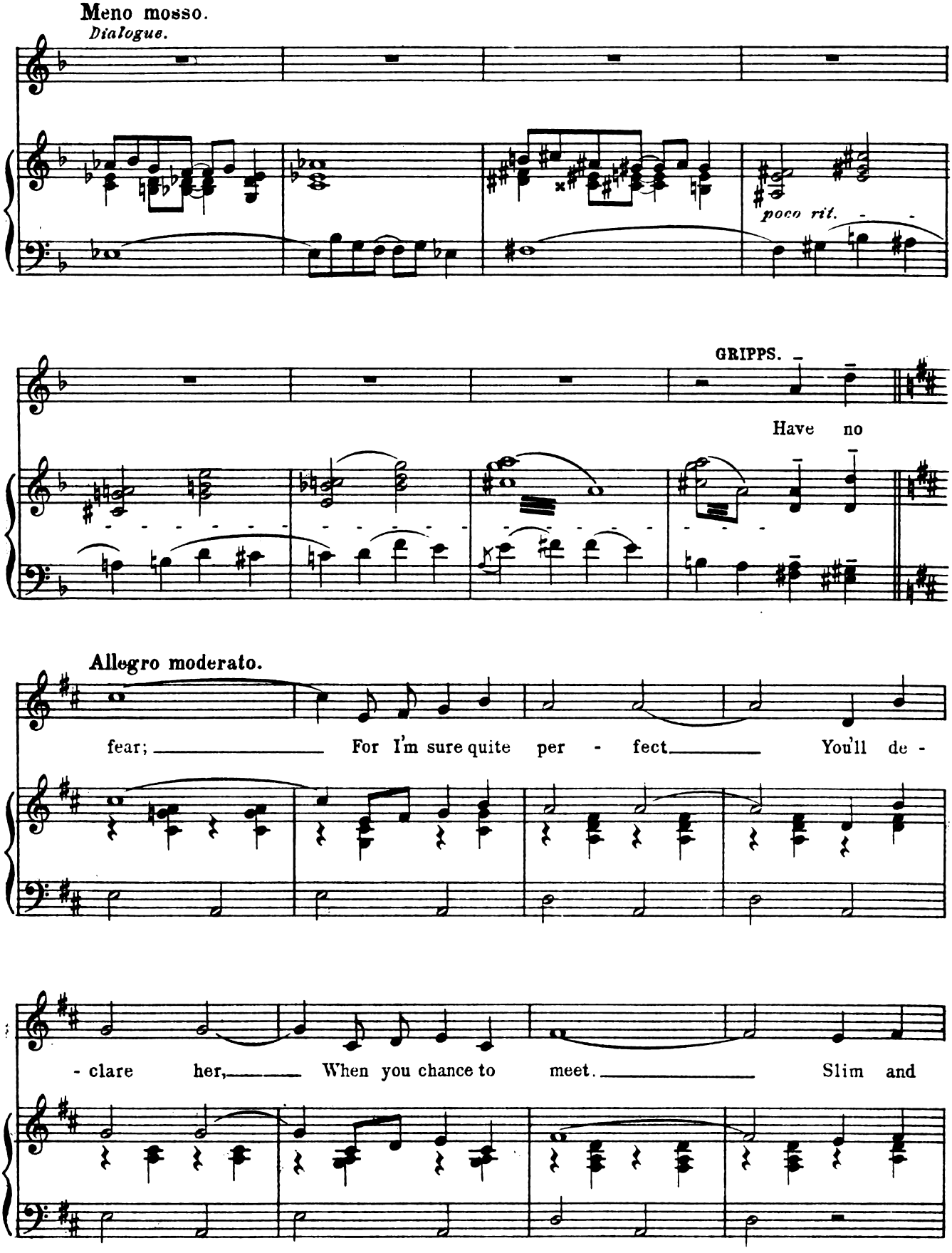

go to_ for - eign parts; Be - fore, I mean, you've been and seen the
crescendo
1.
2.
"Per-go - la", Wool - am Cher - sey, in the coun - ty of Herts. Herts._
DANCE.
p

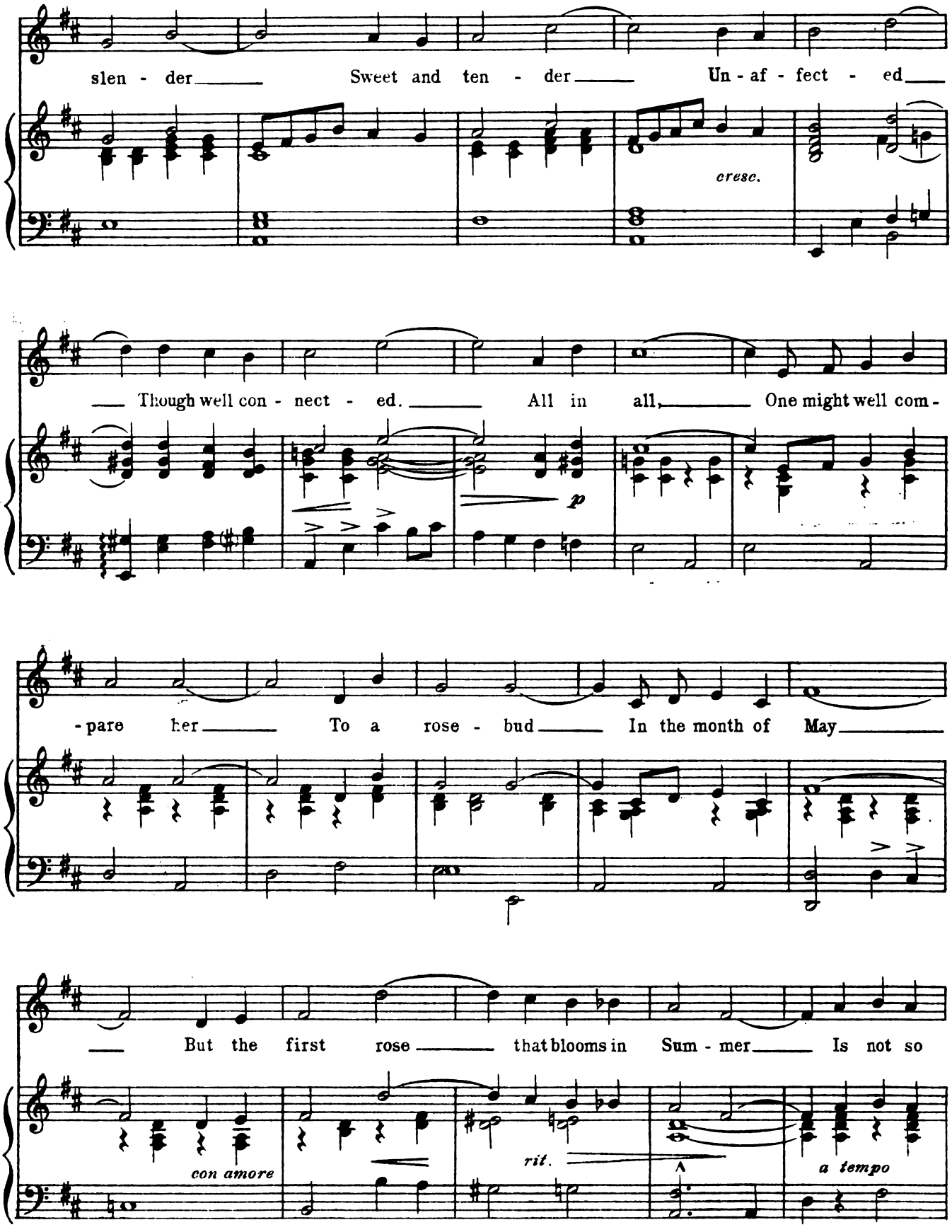

A la Varsoviana.
(Marilynn reads from bit of M.S.)
Adagio.
mf
p
Danc - ing time is just the time for
woo - ing,
Just the time when lo-vers do and dare
Dan - cing time is a - ny heart's un - do - ing.
(She comes to the end,
Mu - sic's in the air,
Mu - sic's ev—

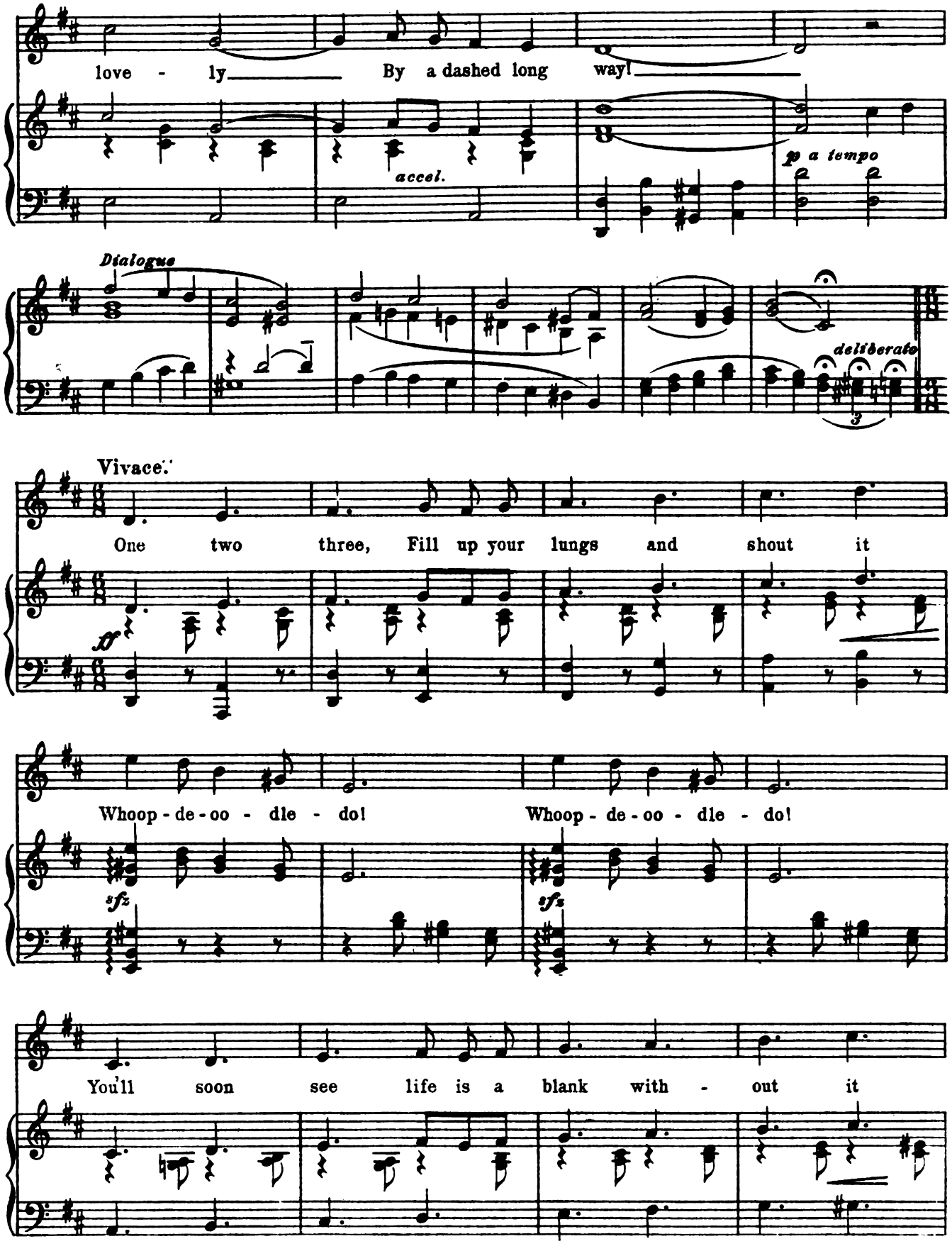
Strict Fox-Trot Tempo.

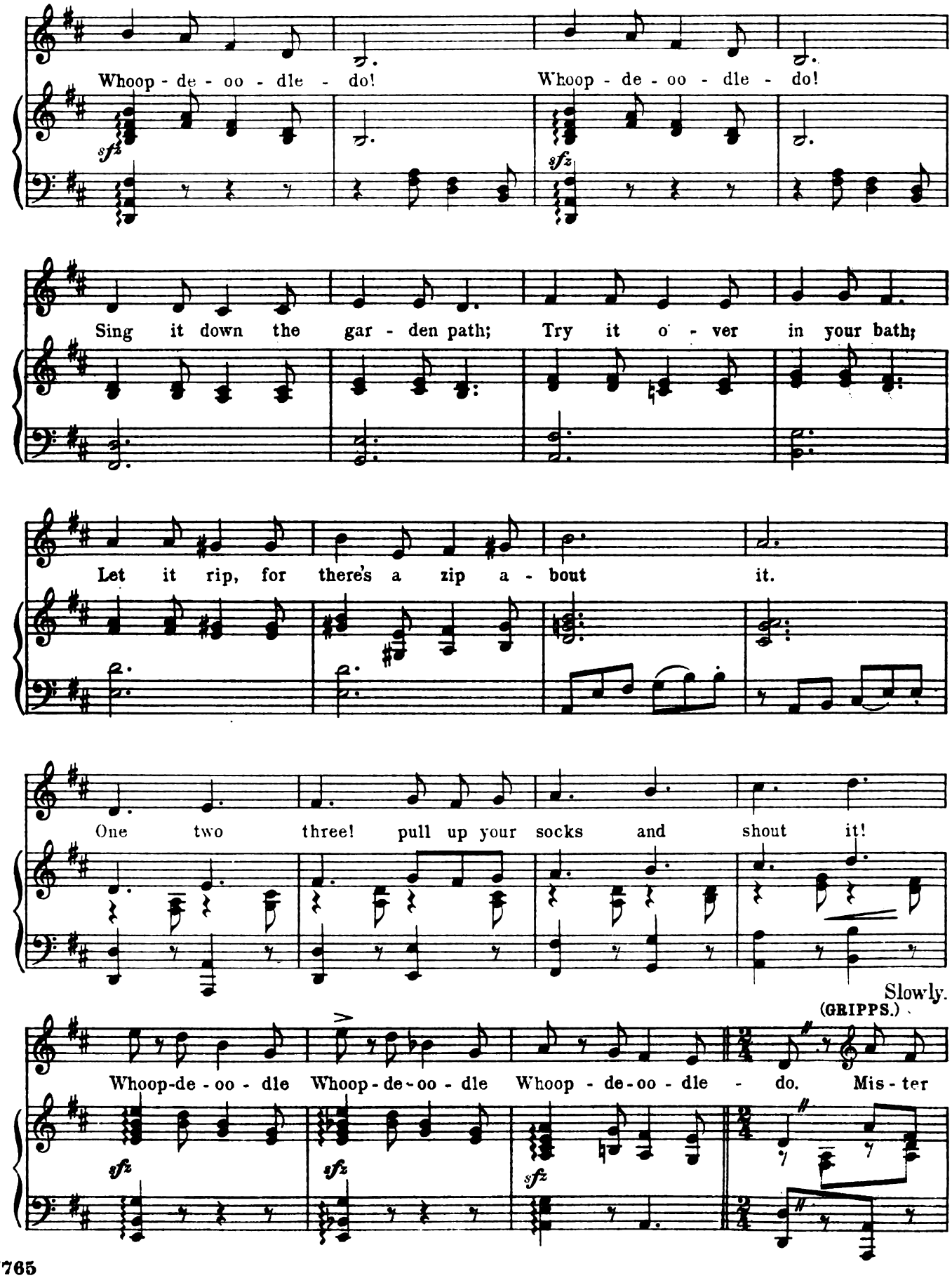
then tossing the fragments away, she improvises in joyous abandon.)




Meno mosso.
Dialogue.
poco rit.
GRIPPS.
Have no
Allegro moderato.
fear; For I'm sure quite per - fect You'll de -
- clare her, When you chance to meet. Slim and


slen - der Sweet and ten - der Un - af - fect - ed
cresc.
Though well con - nect - ed. All in all, One might well com -
p
- pare her To a rose - bud In the month of May
But the first rose that blooms in Sum - mer Is not so
con amore
rit.
a tempo


love - ly By a dashed long way!
accel.
p a tempo
Dialogue
deliberate
Vivace.
One two three, Fill up your lungs and shout it
ff
Whoop - de - oo - dle - do! Whoop - de - oo - dle - do!
sfz
sfz
You'll soon see life is a blank with - out it


Whoop - de - oo - dle - do!
Whoop - de - oo - dle - do!
Sing it down the gar - den path; Try it o - ver in your bath;
Let it rip, for there's a zip a - bout it.
One two three! pull up your socks and shout it!
Slowly.
(GRIPPS.)
Whoop-de - oo - dle Whoop - de-oo - dle Whoop - de-oo - dle - do. Mis - ter

GRAVVINS.

Grav - vins, it's one thir - ty, and I feel the need for lunch. We have

GRIPPS.

had a bu - sy morn - ing; We've got rid of all the bunch. From a

bot - tle of Pol Ro - ger We'll take long and fre - quent sips. Are you

GRAVVINS. (*The*

with - me, Mis - ter Grav-vins? I pre - cede you, Mis - ter Gripps!

two partners exeunt arm in arm)

Andante. (*Marilynn*

appears on the steps.)

Grandioso.

Curtain falls

ff

allarg.

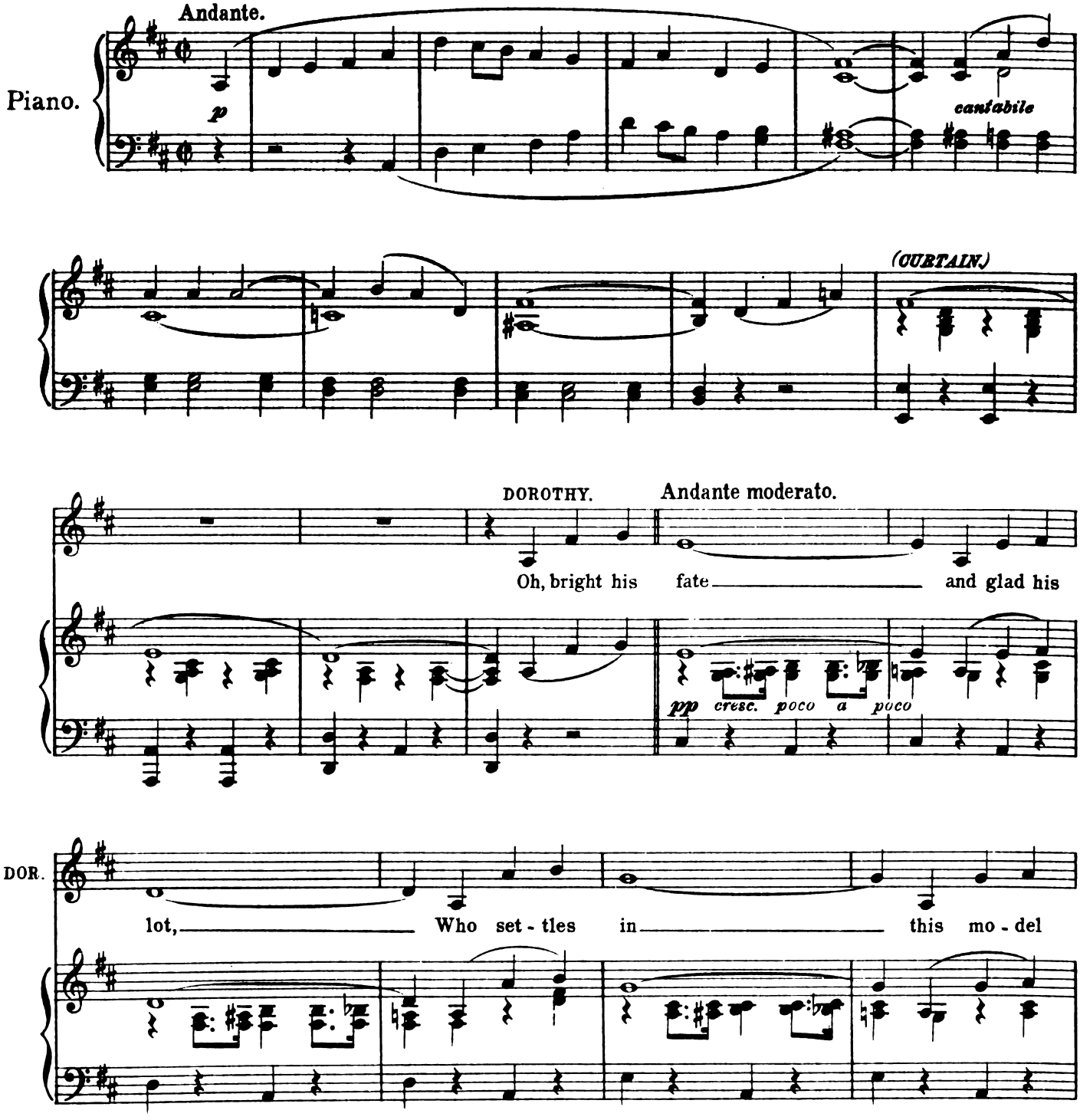
END OF ACT I.

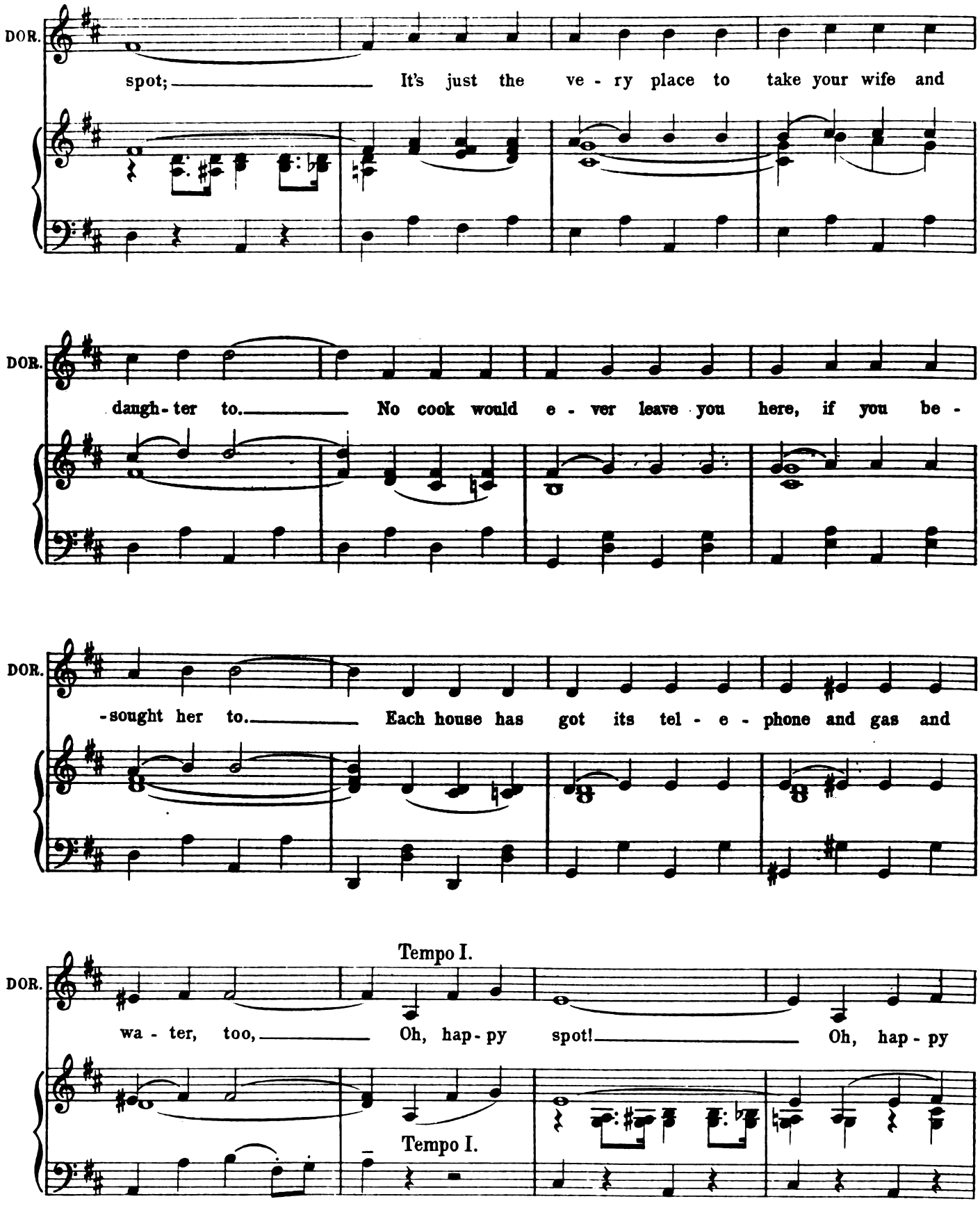
ACT II.

No. 10. OPENING NUMBER.

"THE PERGOLA PATROL."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.




DOR.
spot; It's just the ve - ry place to take your wife and
DOR.
daugh - ter to. No cook would e - ver leave you here, if you be -
DOR.
- sought her to. Each house has got its tel - e - phone and gas and
Tempo I.
DOR.
wa - ter, too, Oh, hap - py spot! Oh, hap - py
Tempo I.

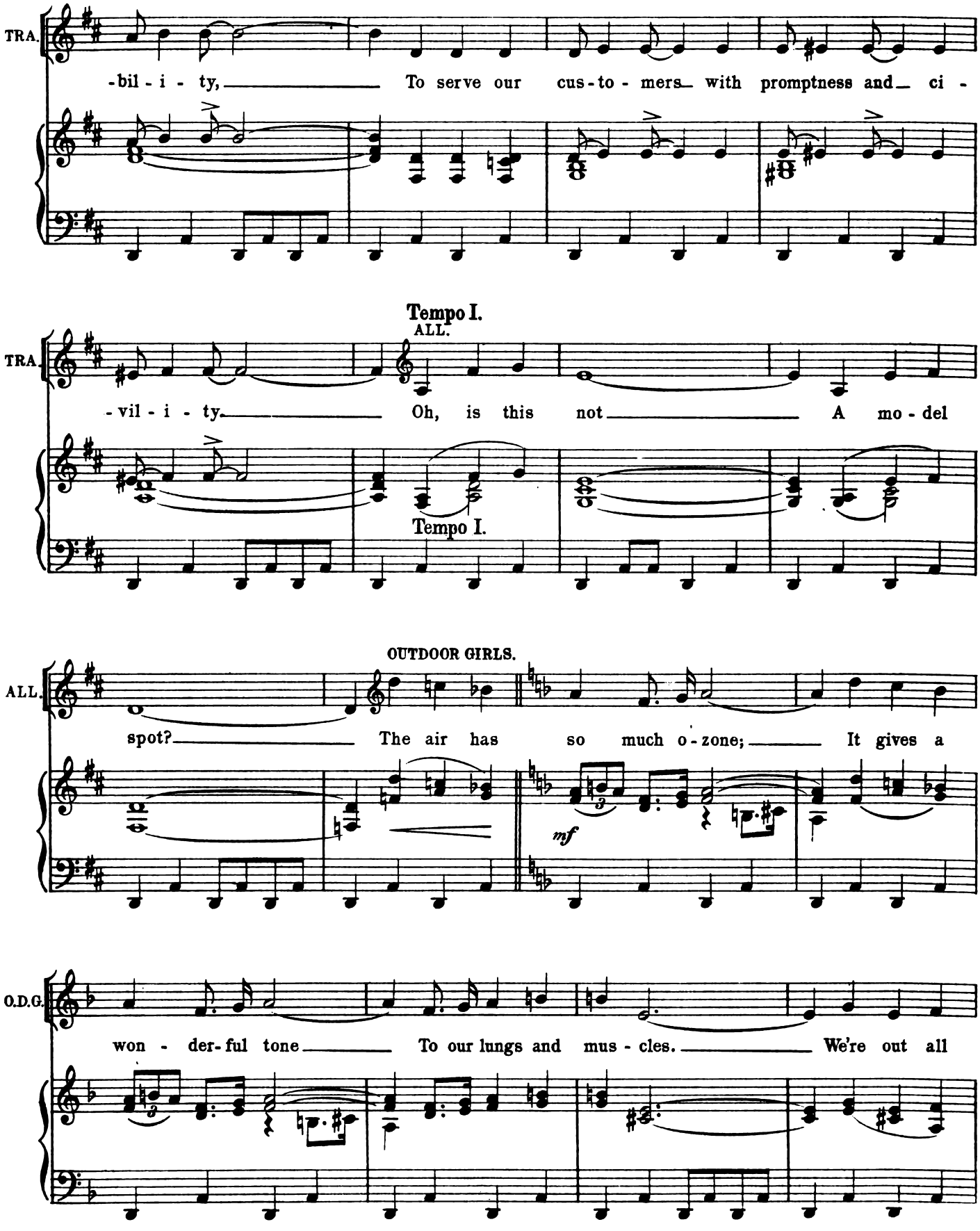
TRADESMEN. (*to Housekeeper.*)

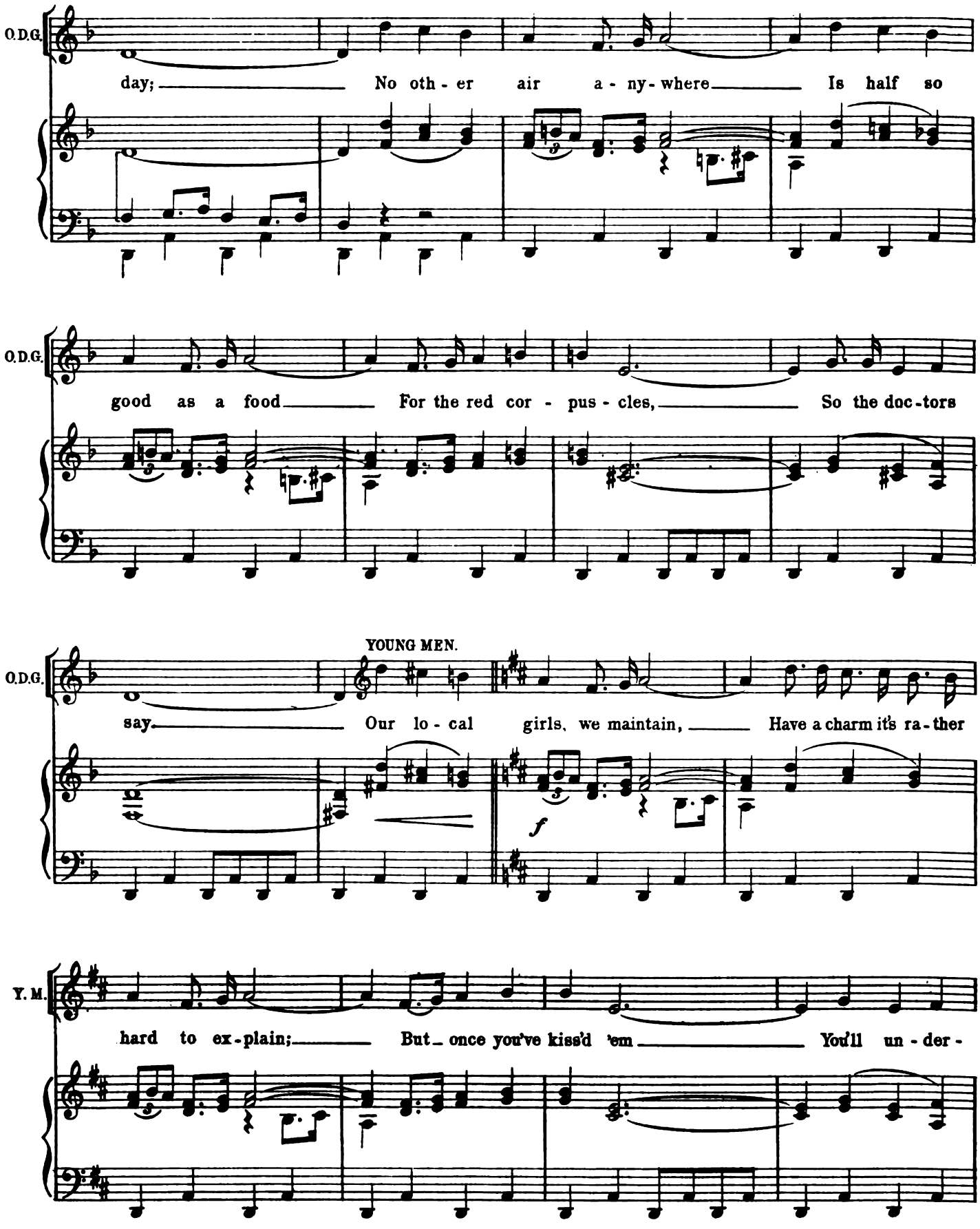
DOR. spot! Good morn-ing, mum! For your cus-tom we have

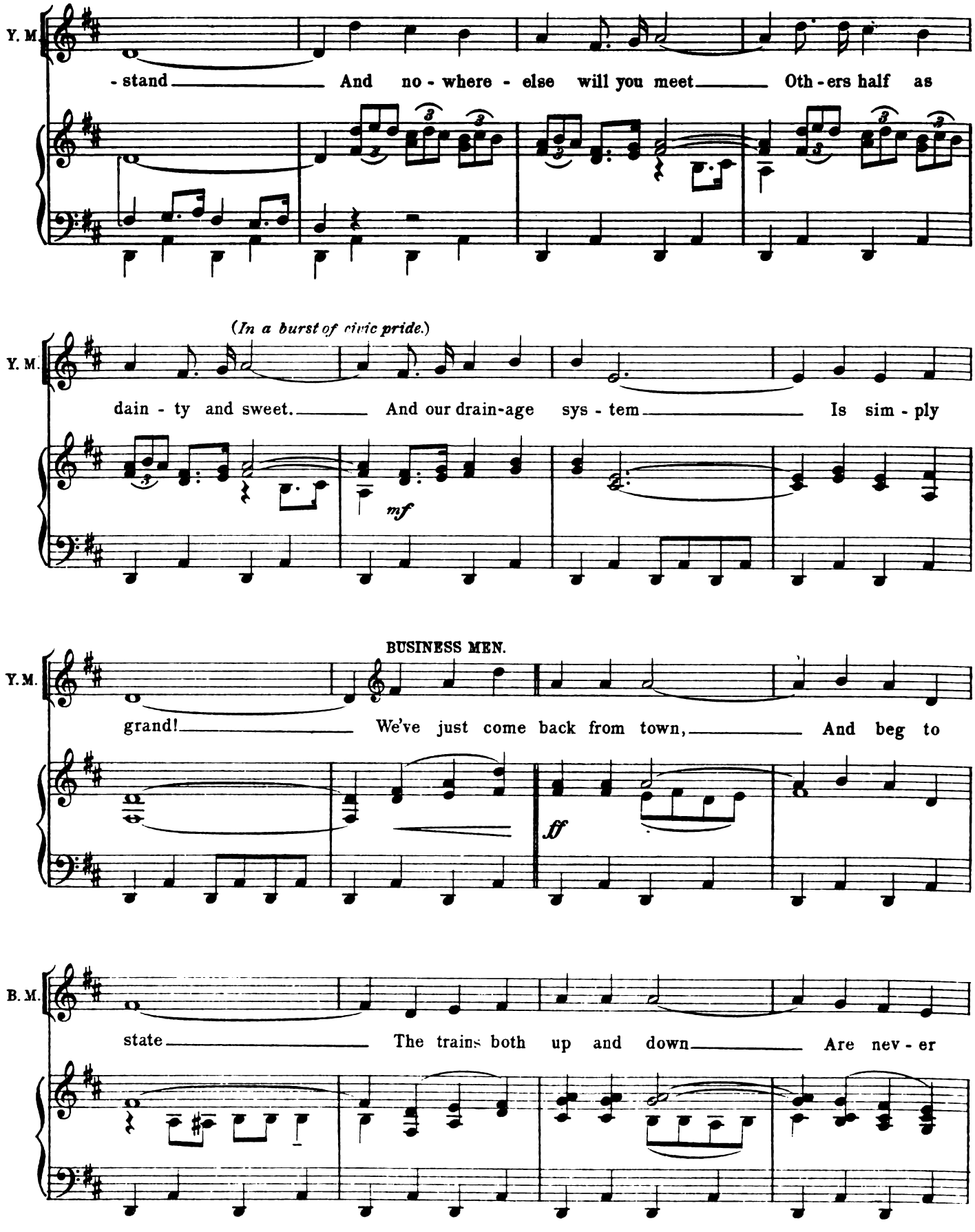
TRA. come. So kind - ly say, A - ny or-ders for to -

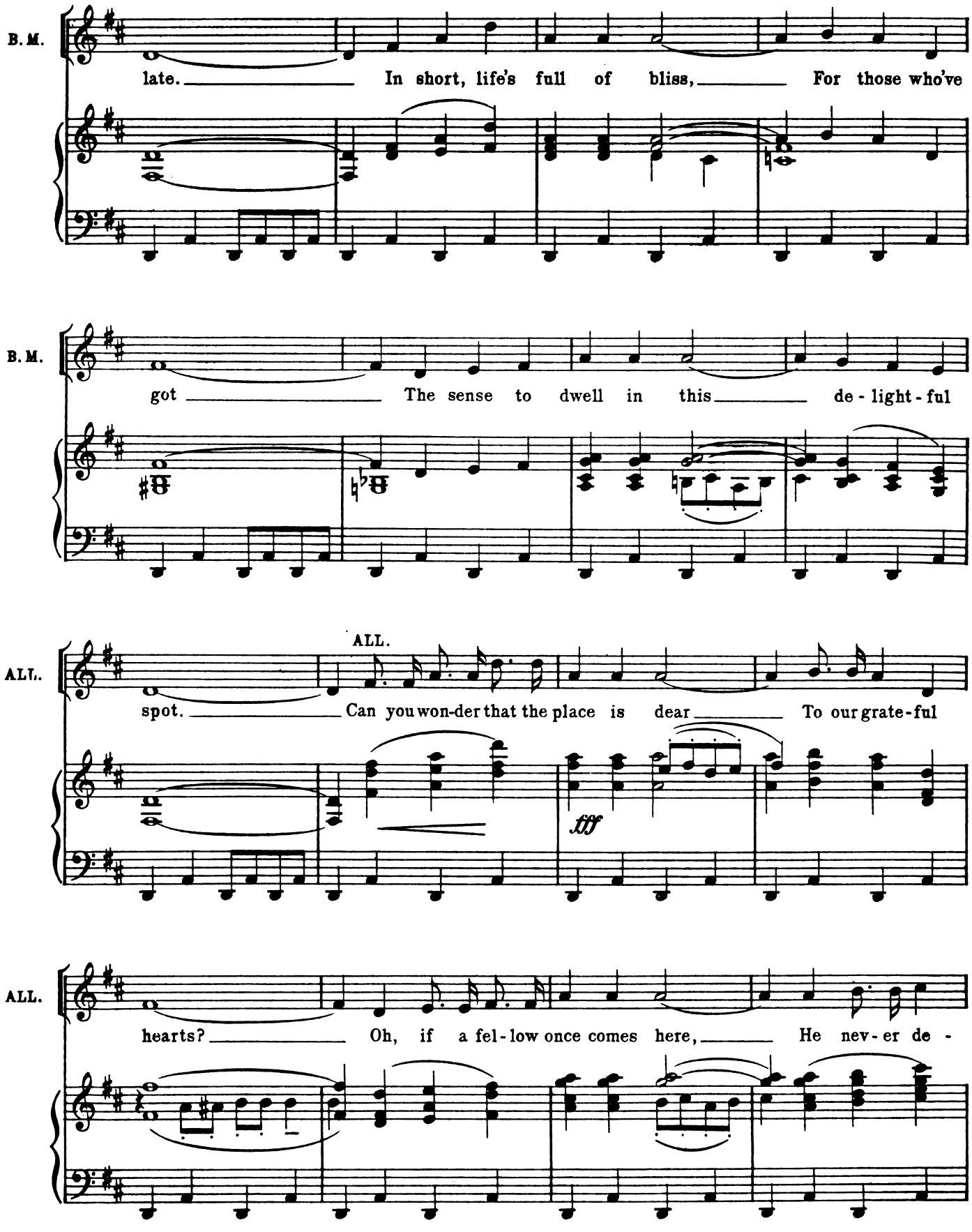
TRA. -day? We'll rush to ex- e - cute com - mis-sions with a -

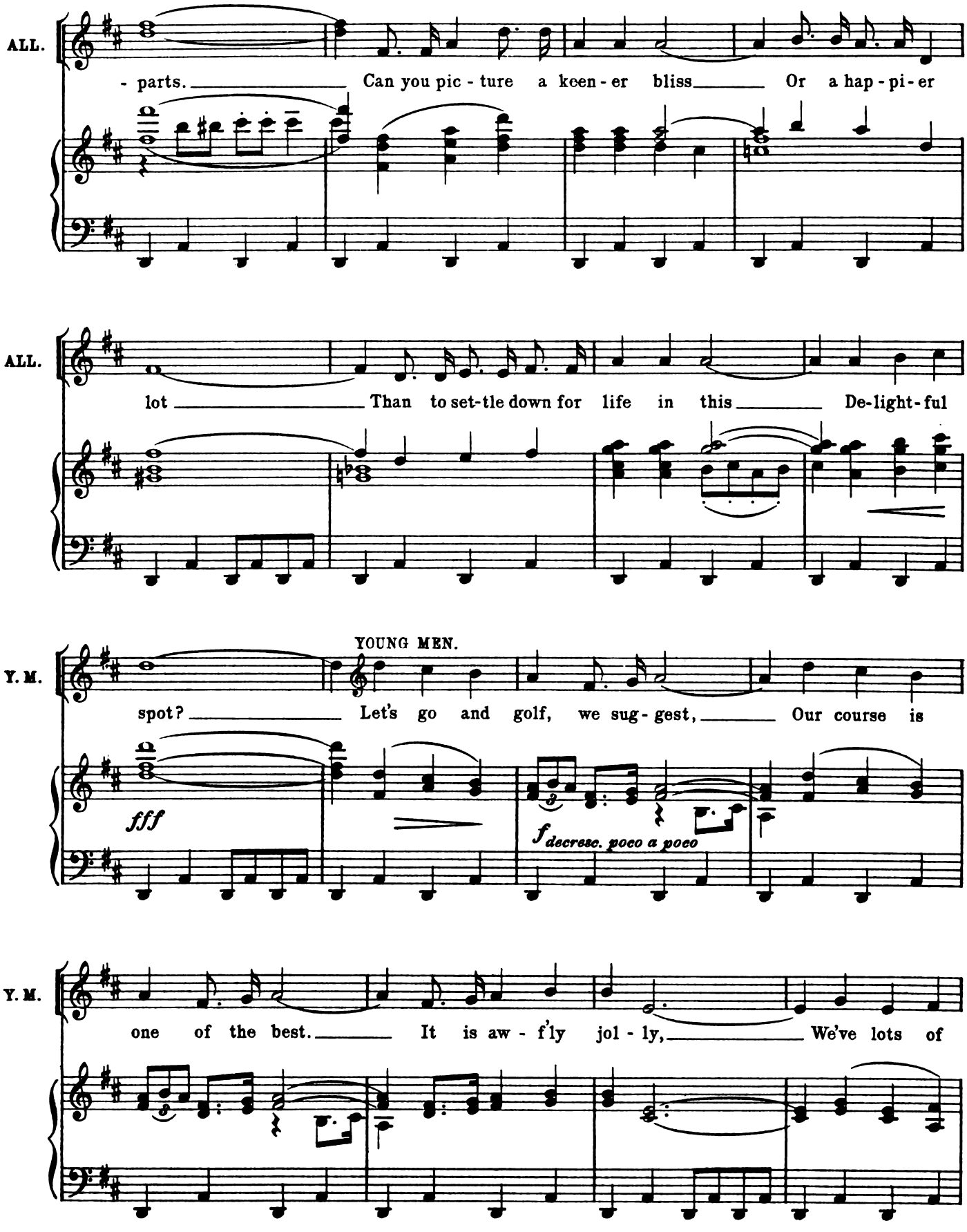
TRA. -gil - i - ty, For we en - dea-vour to the best of our a -

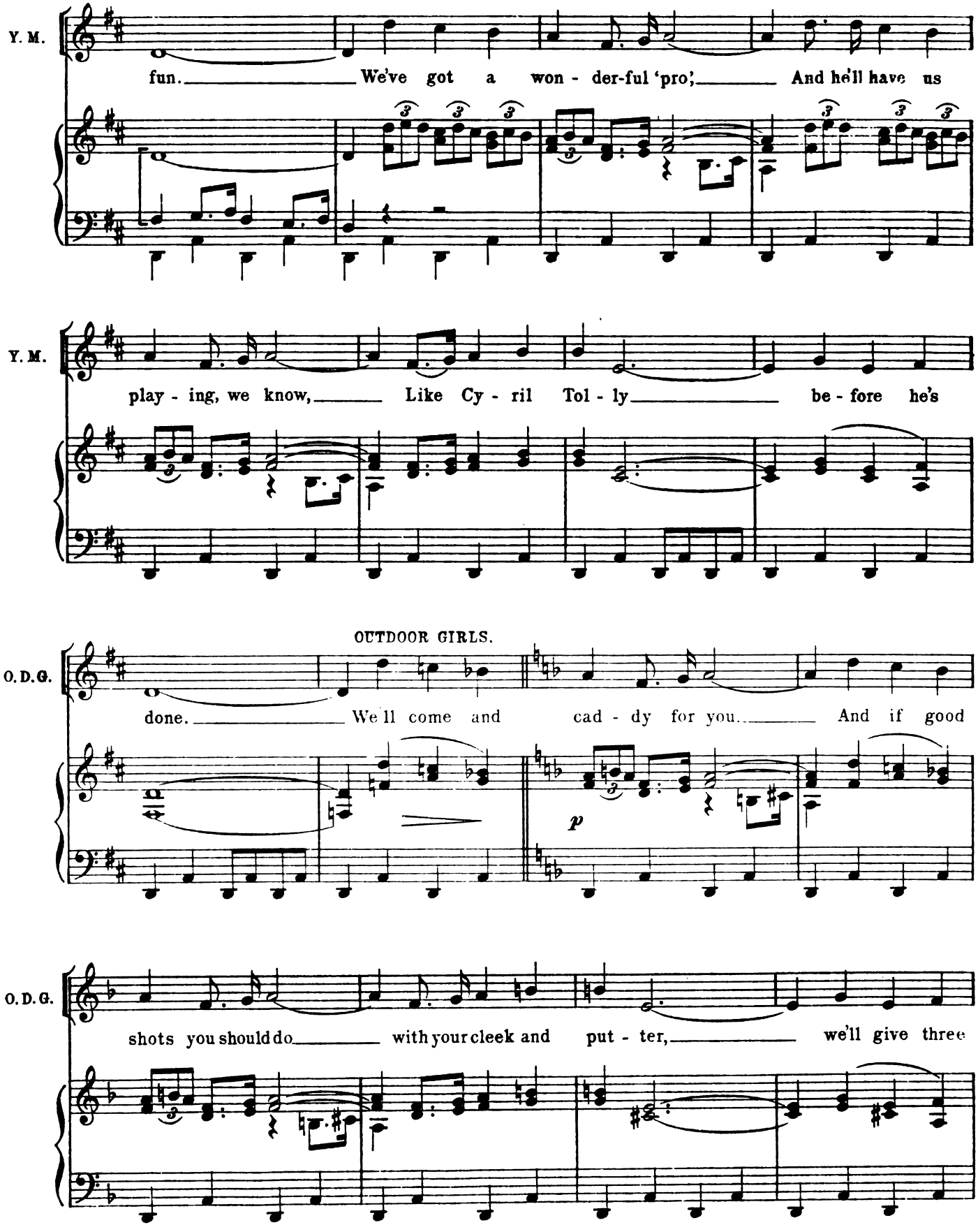

TRA.
-bil - i - ty, To serve our cus - to - mers with promptness and ci -
Tempo I.
ALL.
TRA.
-vil - i - ty. Oh, is this not A mo - del
Tempo I.
OUTDOOR GIRLS.
ALL.
spot? The air has so much o - zone; It gives a
mf
O.D.G.
won - der - ful tone To our lungs and mus - cles. We're out all

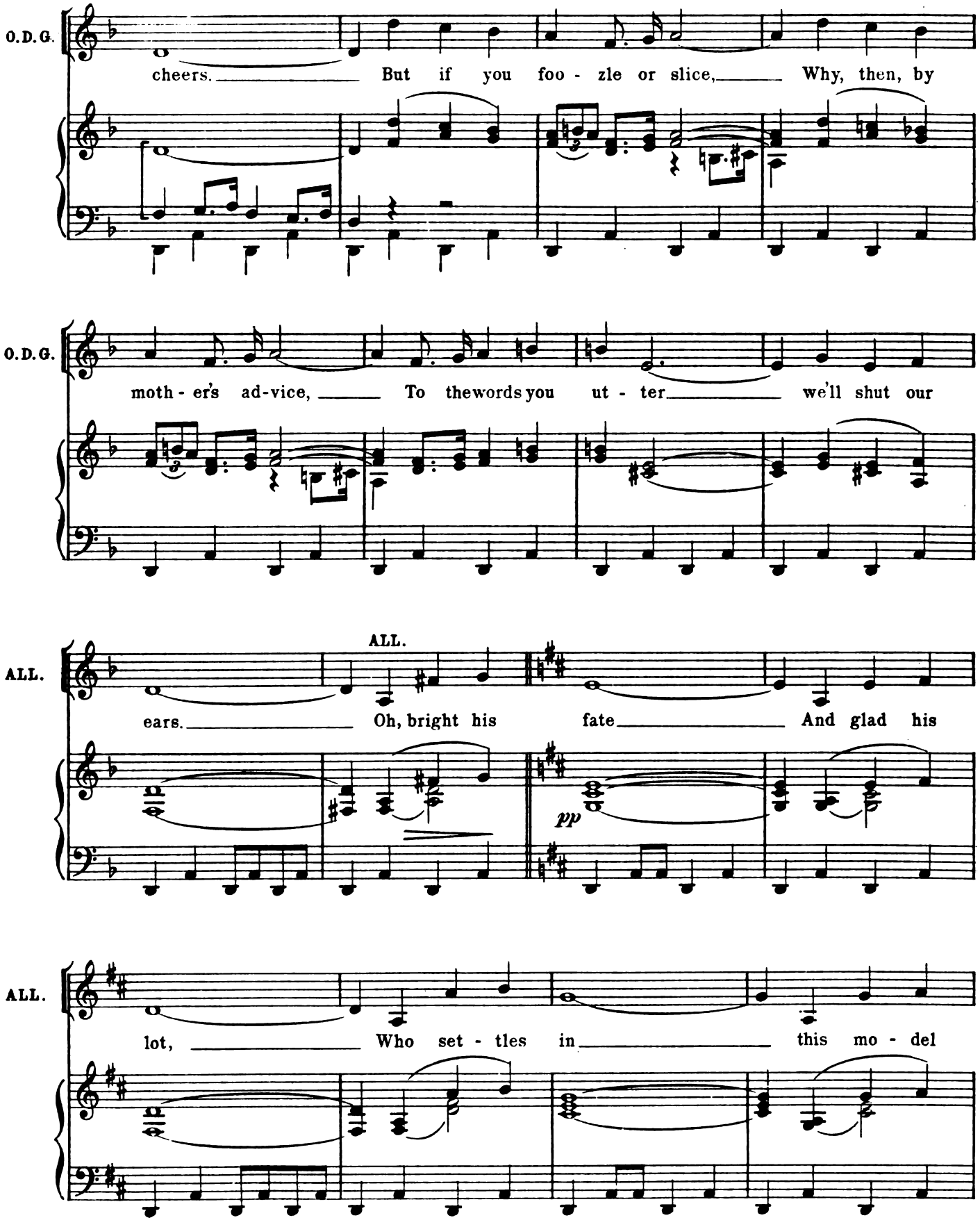

O.D.G.
day; No oth - er air a - ny - where Is half so
O.D.G.
good as a food For the red cor - pus - cles, So the doc - tors
YOUNG MEN.
O.D.G.
say. Our lo - cal girls, we maintain, Have a charm it's ra - ther
f
Y. M.
hard to ex - plain; But once you've kiss'd 'em You'll un - der -

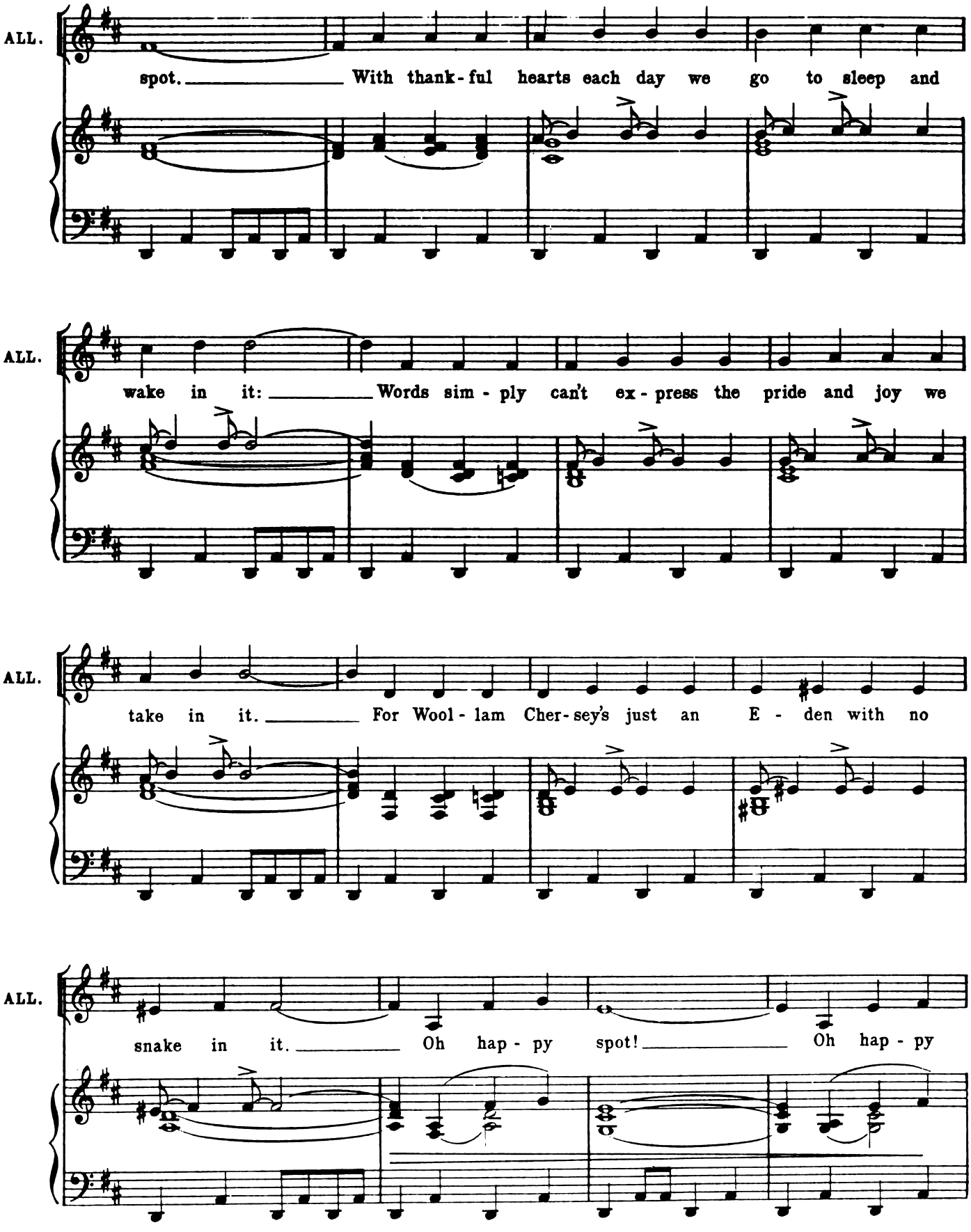

Y. M.
- stand And no - where - else will you meet Oth - ers half as
(In a burst of civic pride.)
Y. M.
dain - ty and sweet. And our drain-age sys - tem Is sim - ply
mf
BUSINESS MEN.
Y. M.
grand! We've just come back from town, And beg to
ff
B. M.
state The trains both up and down Are nev - er

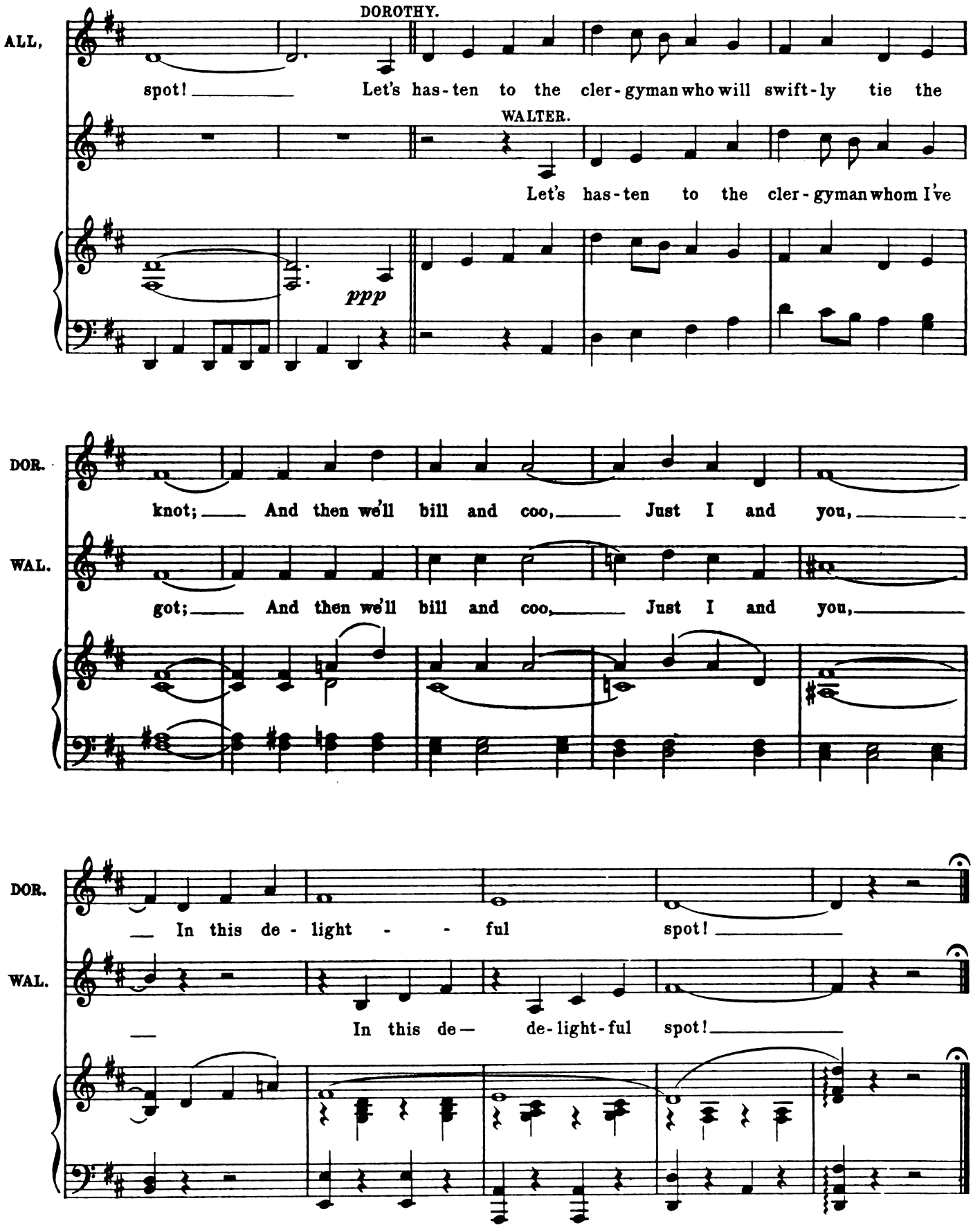

B. M.
late. In short, life's full of bliss, For those who've
B. M.
got The sense to dwell in this de - light - ful
ALL.
ALL.
spot. Can you won-der that the place is dear To our grate-ful
fff
ALL.
hearts? Oh, if a fel - low once comes here, He nev - er de -


ALL.
- parts. Can you pic - ture a keen - er bliss Or a hap - pi - er
ALL.
lot Than to set-tle down for life in this De-light-ful
YOUNG MEN.
Y. M.
spot? Let's go and golf, we sug - gest, Our course is
fff
f decresc. poco a poco
Y. M.
one of the best. It is aw - f'ly jol - ly, We've lots of


Y. M.
fun. We've got a won - der-ful 'pro', And he'll have us
Y. M.
play - ing, we know, Like Cy - ril Tol - ly be - fore he's
OUTDOOR GIRLS.
O. D. G.
done. We'll come and cad - dy for you. And if good
p
O. D. G.
shots you should do with your cleek and put - ter, we'll give three


O.D.G.
cheers. But if you foo - zle or slice, Why, then, by
O.D.G.
moth - er's ad-vice, To the words you ut - ter we'll shut our
ALL.
ALL.
ears. Oh, bright his fate And glad his
pp
ALL.
lot, Who set - tles in this mo - del


ALL.
spot. With thank-ful hearts each day we go to sleep and
ALL.
wake in it: Words sim-ply can't ex-press the pride and joy we
ALL.
take in it. For Wool-lam Cher-sey's just an E-den with no
ALL.
snake in it. Oh hap-py spot! Oh hap-py


ALL,
DOROTHY.
spot! Let's has-ten to the cler-gyman who will swift-ly tie the
WALTER.
Let's has-ten to the cler-gyman whom I've
ppp
DOR.
knot; And then we'll bill and coo, Just I and you,
WAL.
got; And then we'll bill and coo, Just I and you,
DOR.
In this de-light-ful spot!
WAL.
In this de- de-light-ful spot!

No 11.

ENTRANCE SCENA.

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

(Enter two railway porters with luggage.)

Moderato.

Porters.

Piano.

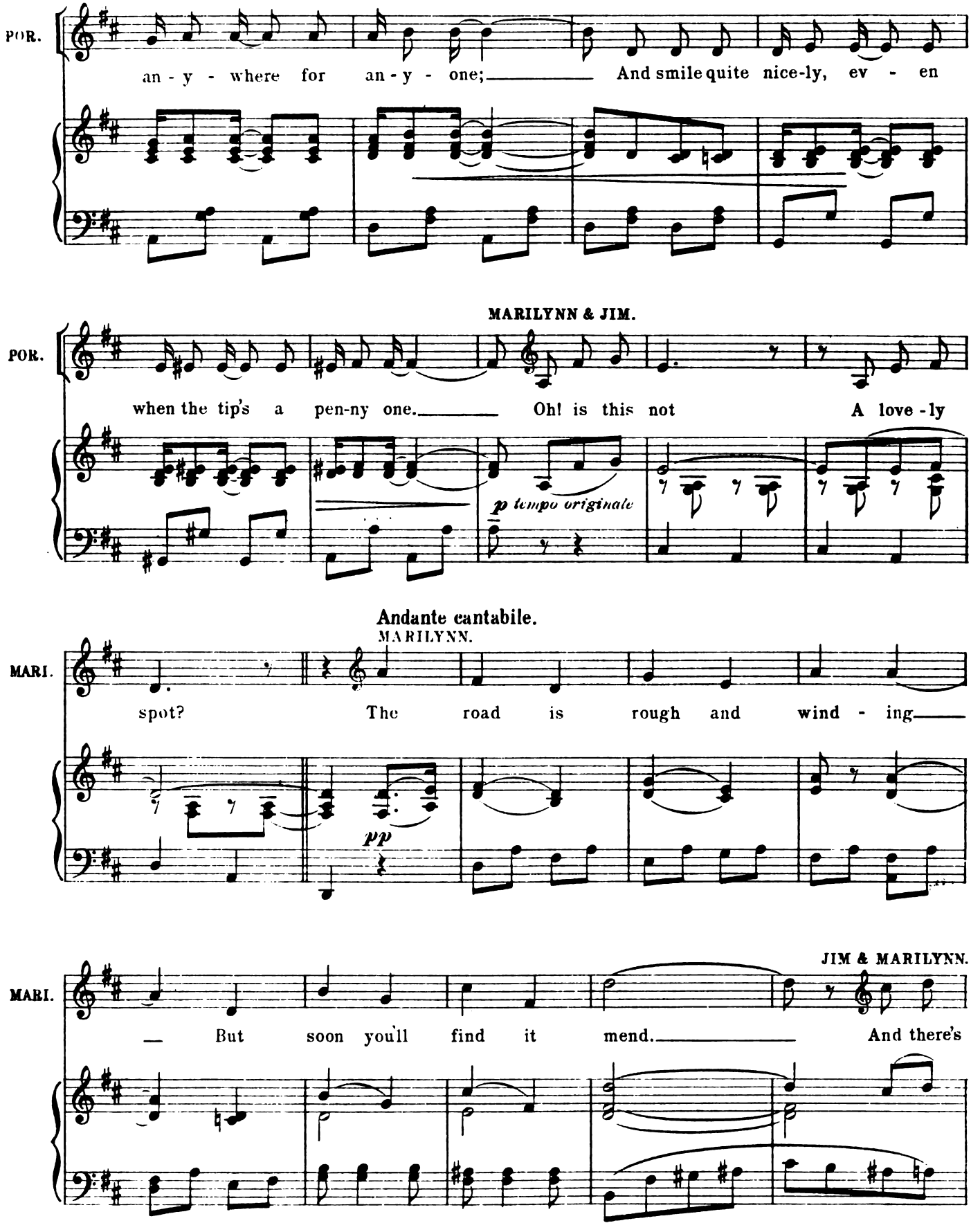
f

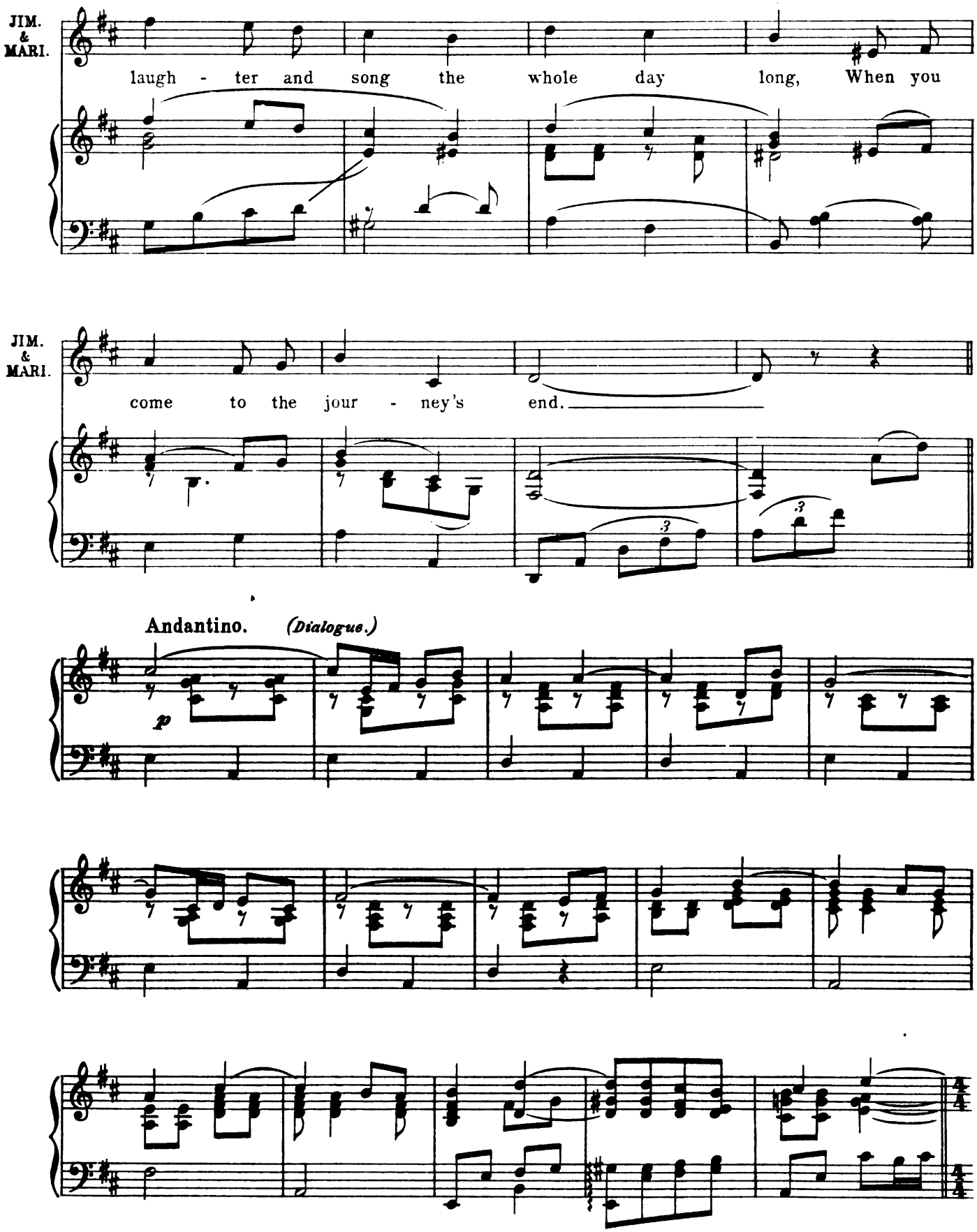
PORTERS. *Enter Jim and Marilynn.*

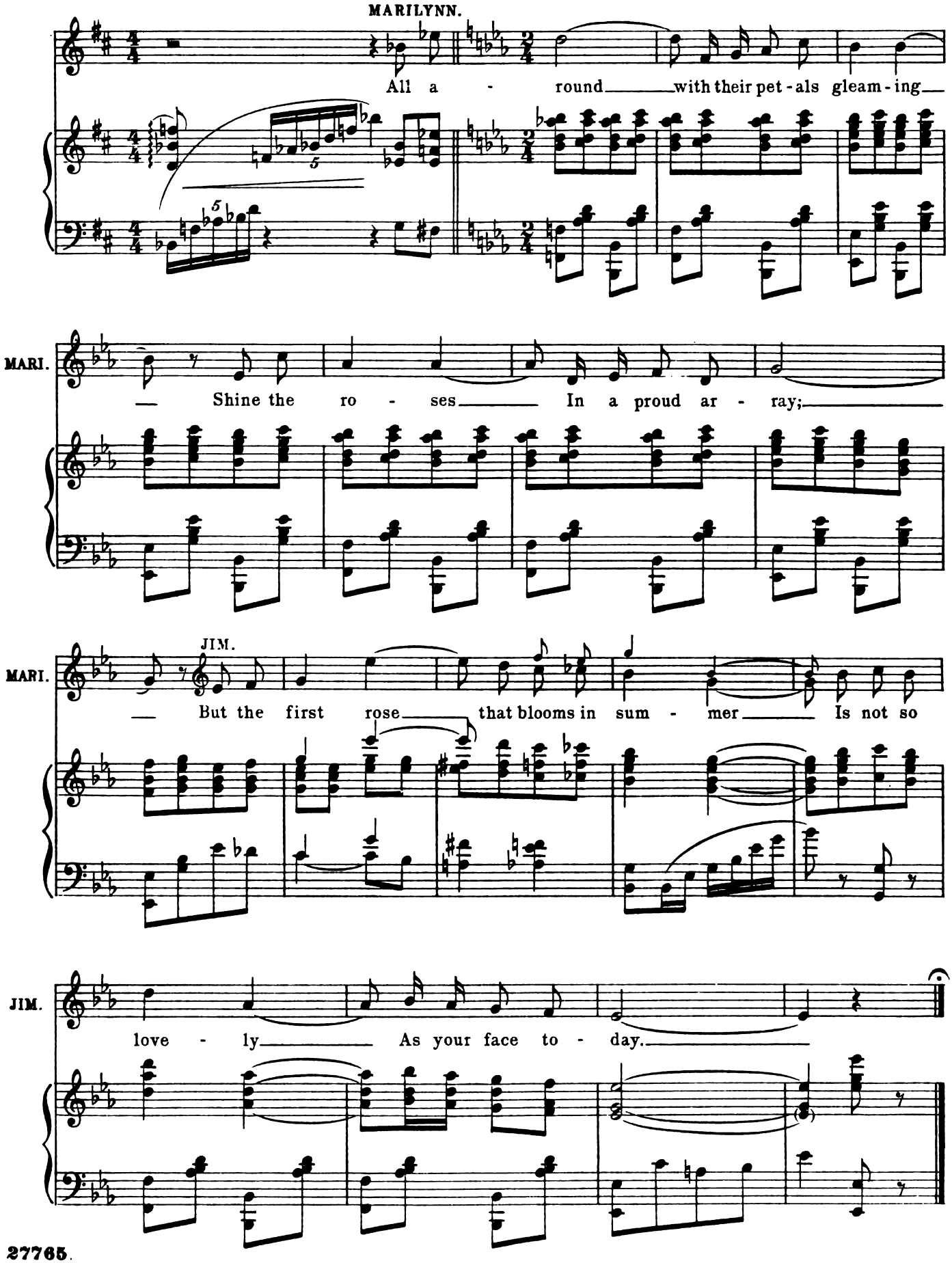
Praise for our zeal and love of

POR.

work We have from man-y won: ____ We car - ry an - y lug - gage


POR.
an - y - where for an - y - one; And smile quite nice-ly, ev - en
MARILYNN & JIM.
POR.
when the tip's a pen-ny one. Oh! is this not A love - ly
p tempo originale
Andante cantabile.
MARILYNN.
MARI.
spot? The road is rough and wind - ing
pp
JIM & MARILYNN.
MARI.
But soon you'll find it mend. And there's

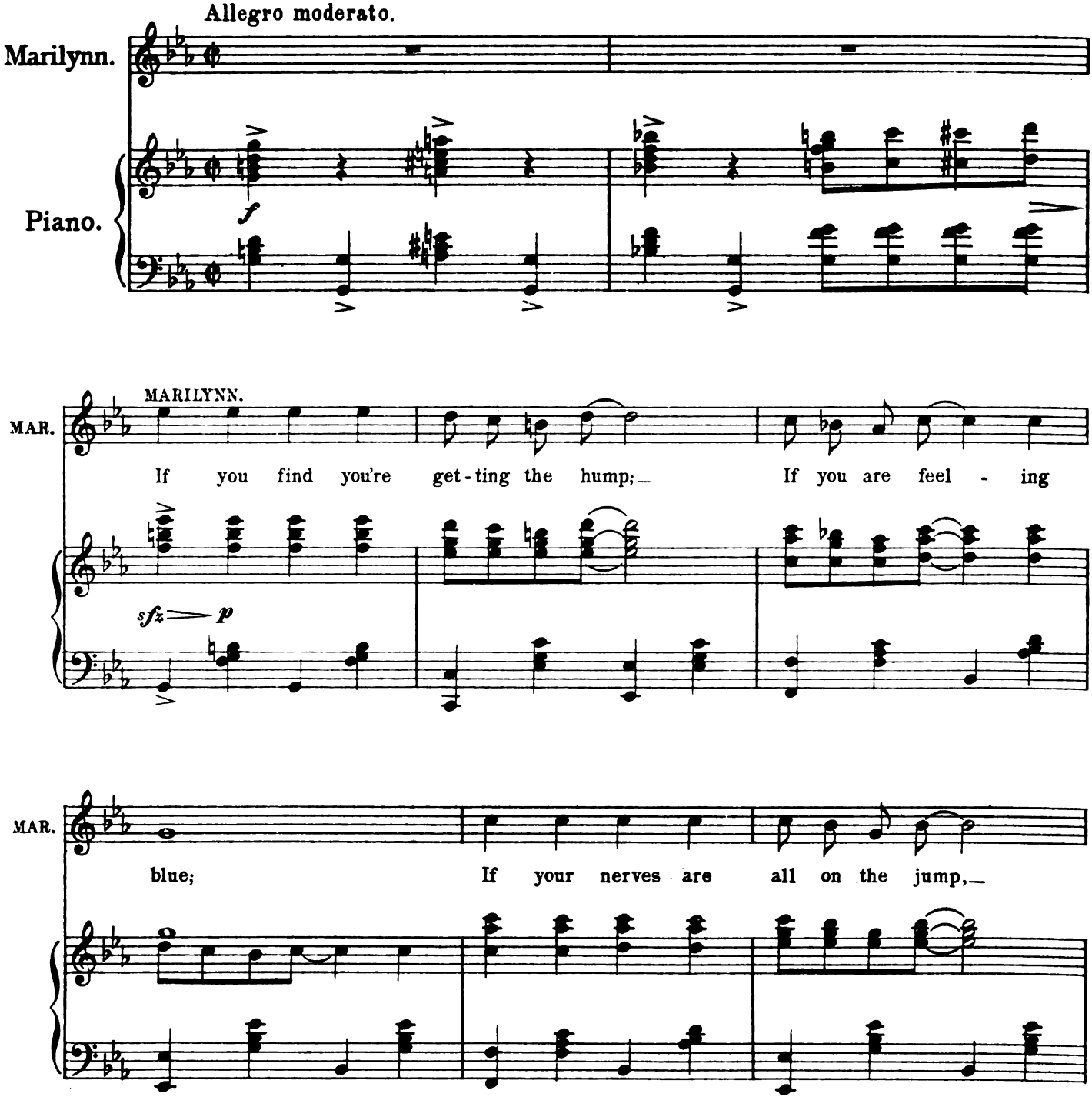

JIM. & MARI.
laugh - ter and song the whole day long, When you
JIM. & MARI.
come to the jour - ney's end.
Andantino. (Dialogue.)
p

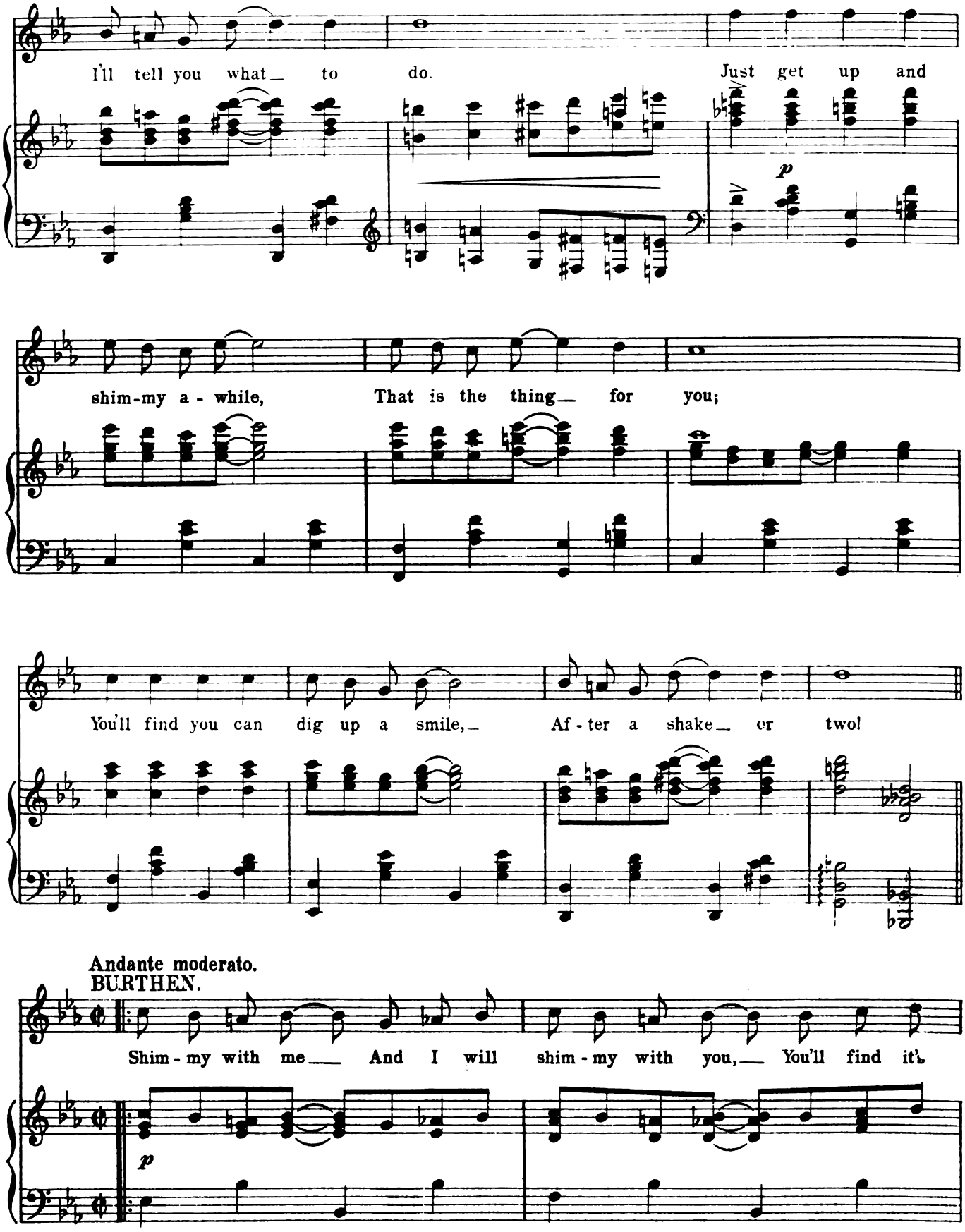

MARILYNN.
All a - round with their pet - als gleam - ing
MARI.
Shine the ro - ses In a proud ar - ray;
JIM.
MARI.
But the first rose that blooms in sum - mer Is not so
JIM.
love - ly As your face to - day.

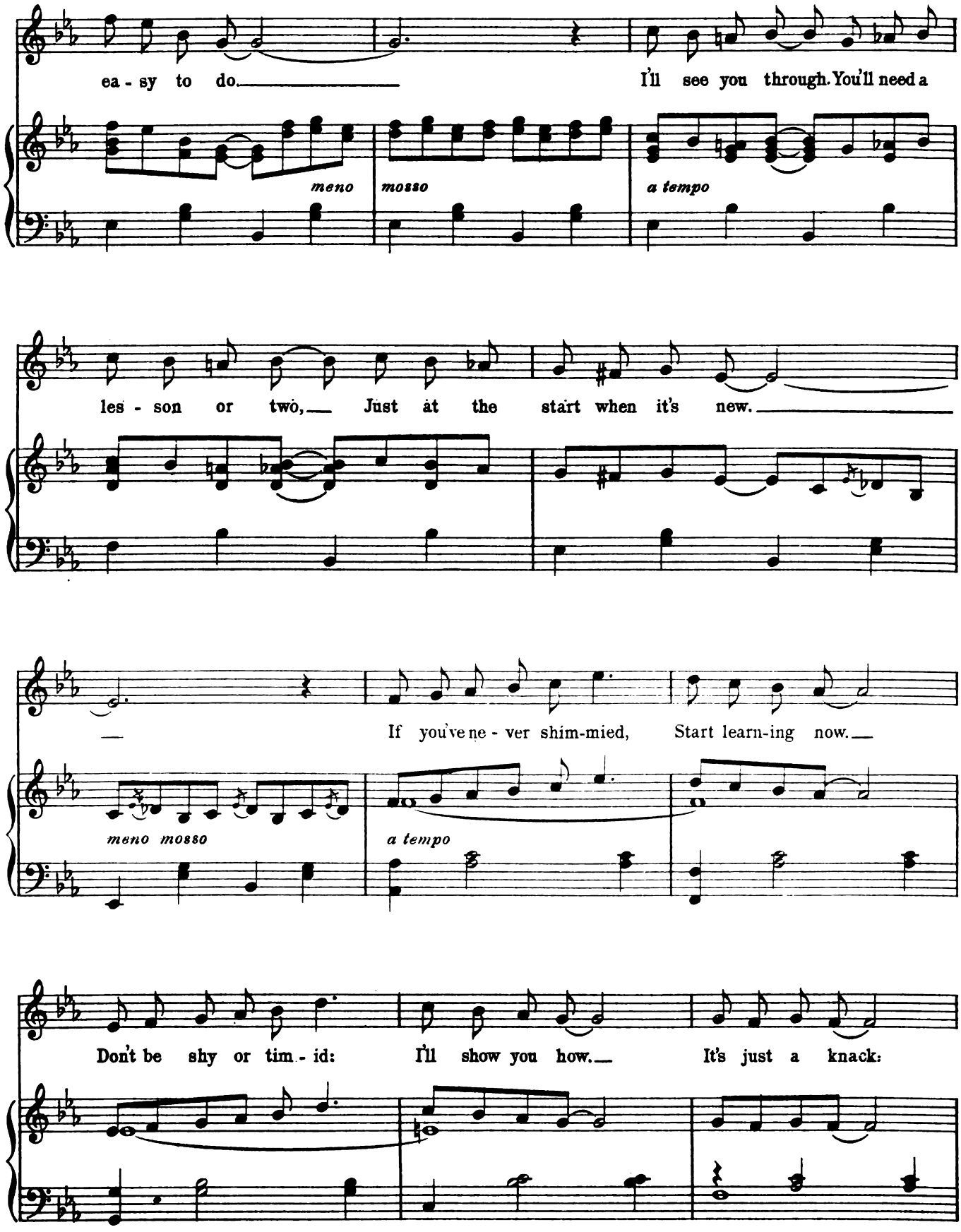
No. 12. SONG.– (Marilynn) & GIRLS.

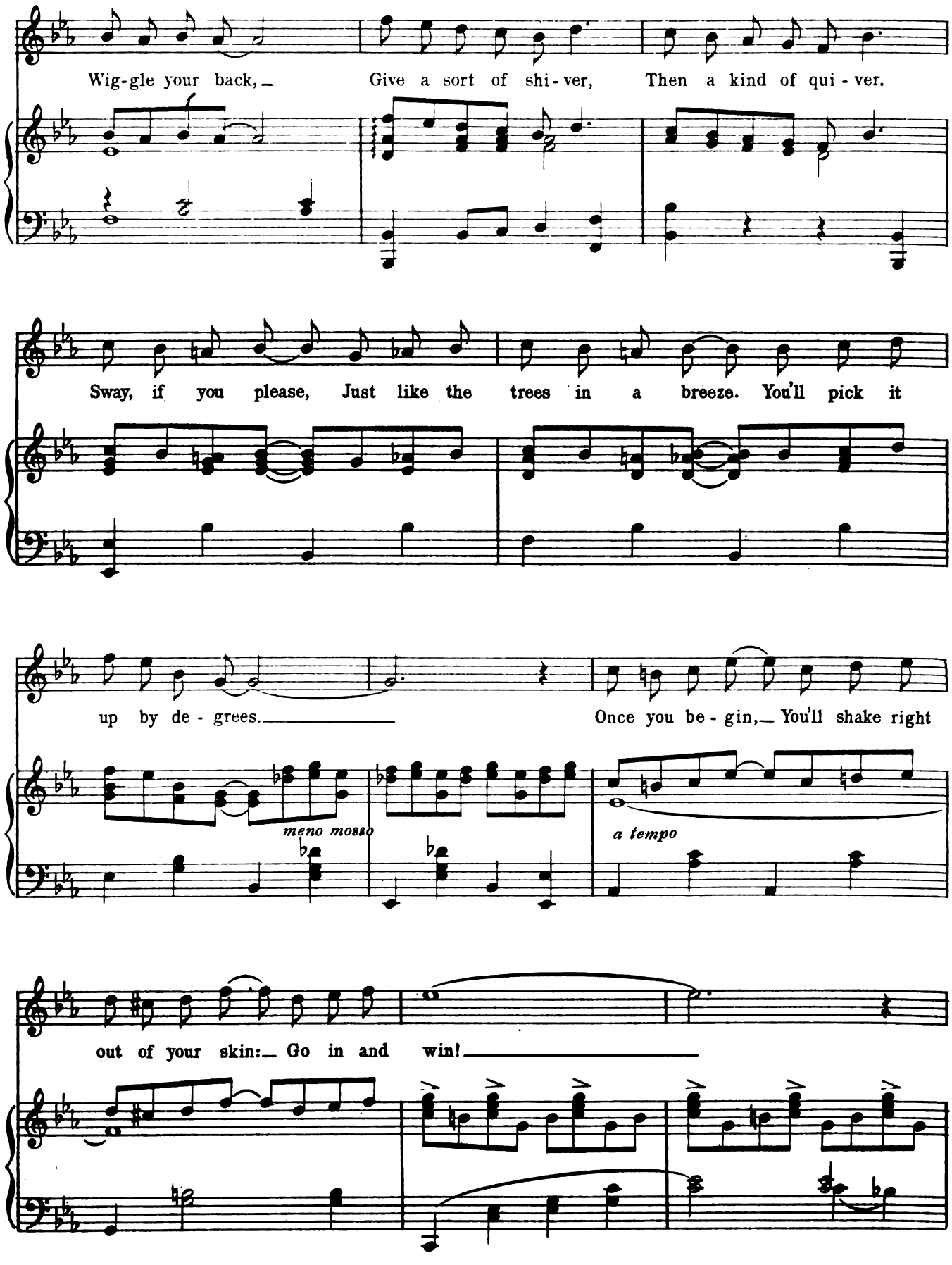
"SHIMMY WITH ME."

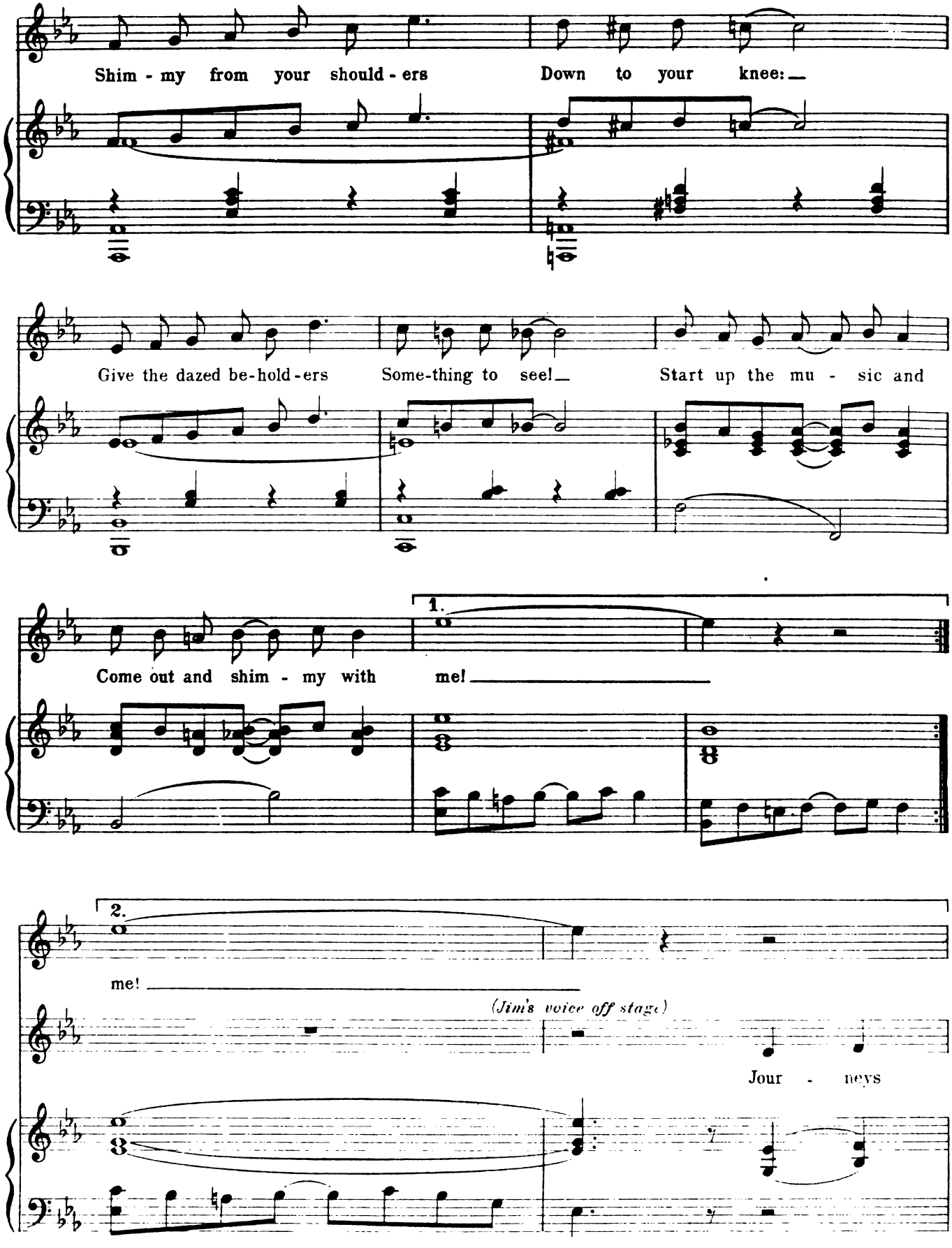
Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

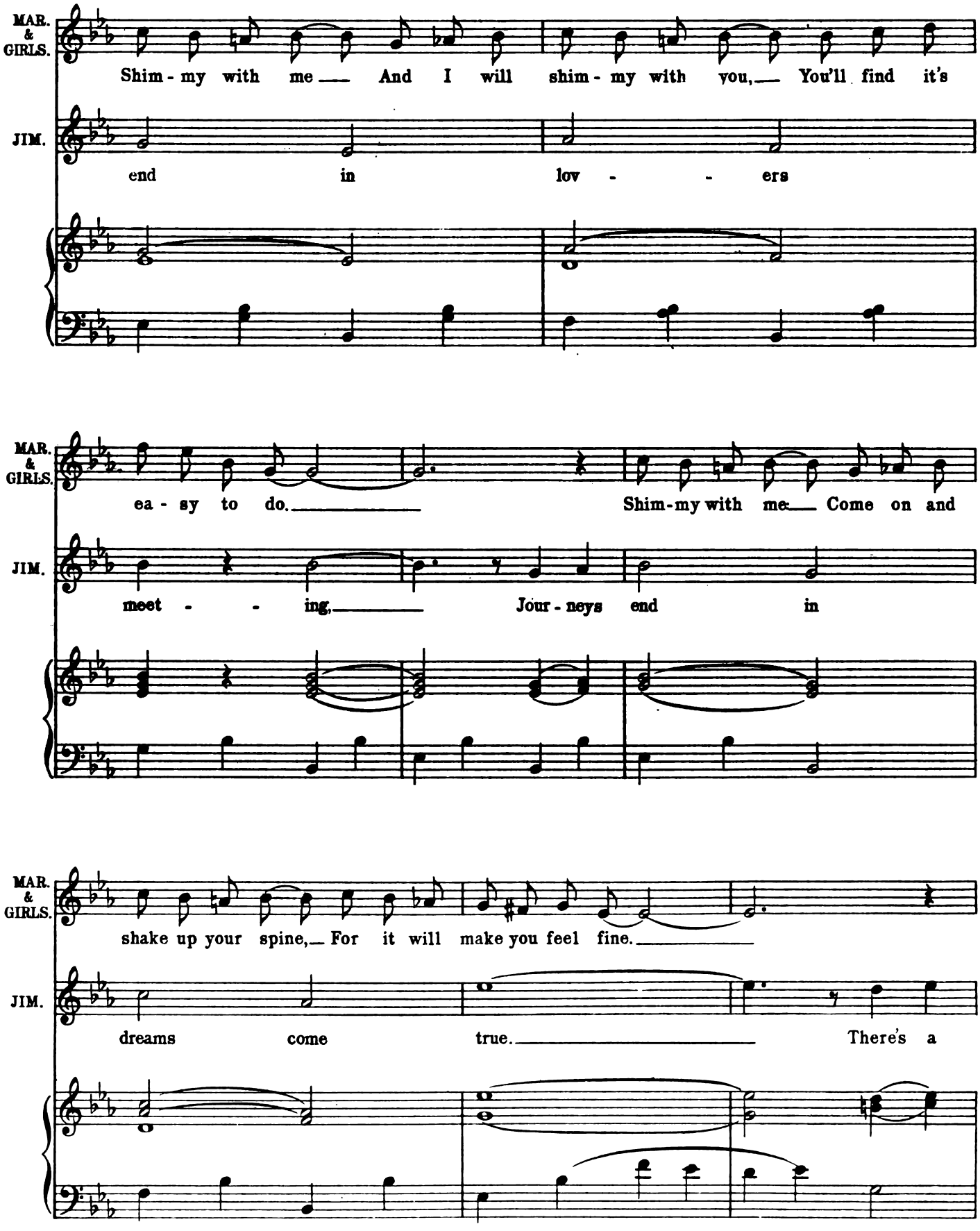


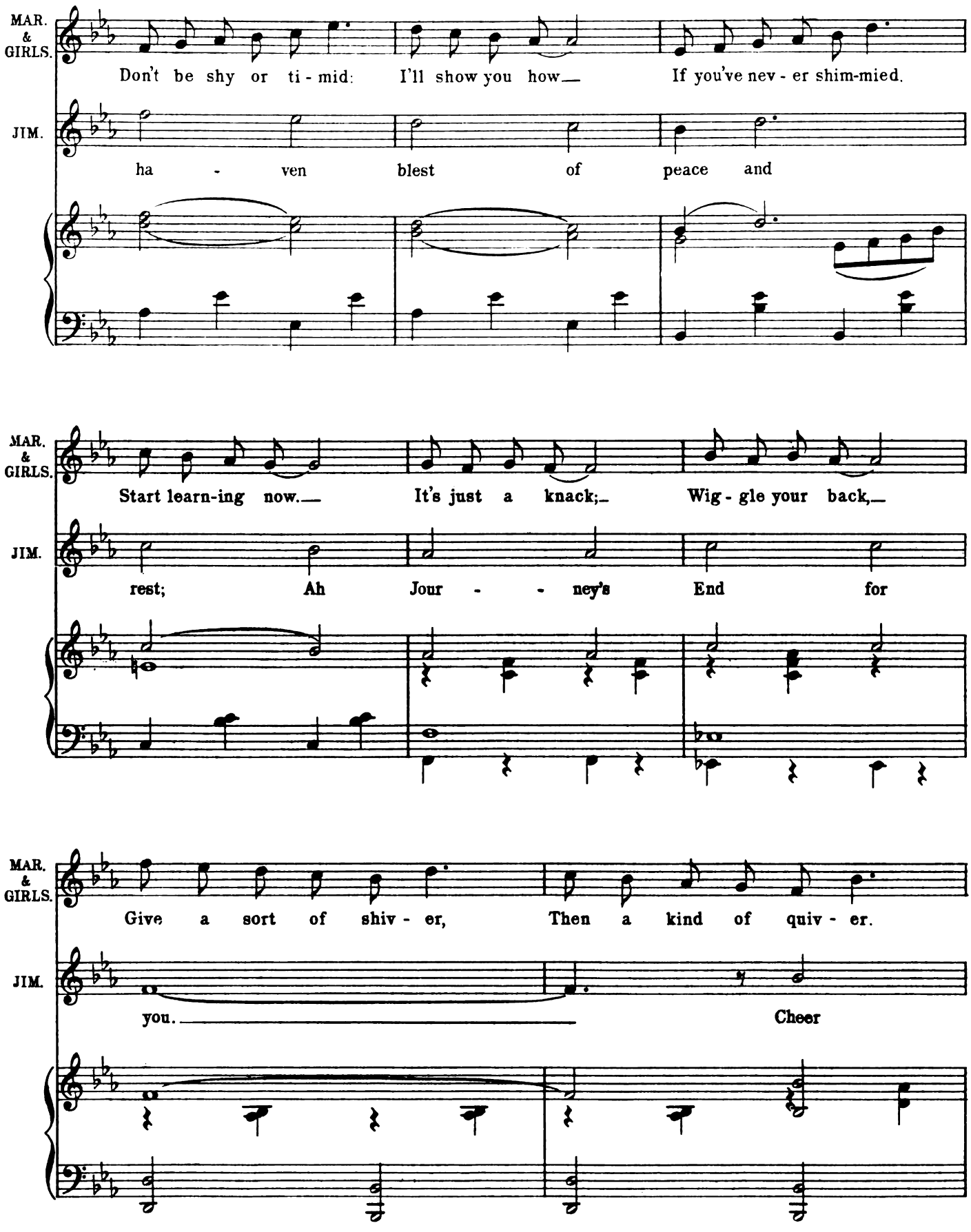

I'll tell you what to do. Just get up and
p
shim-my a - while, That is the thing for you;
You'll find you can dig up a smile, Af - ter a shake or two!
Andante moderato.
BURTHEN.
Shim - my with me And I will shim - my with you, You'll find it's
p

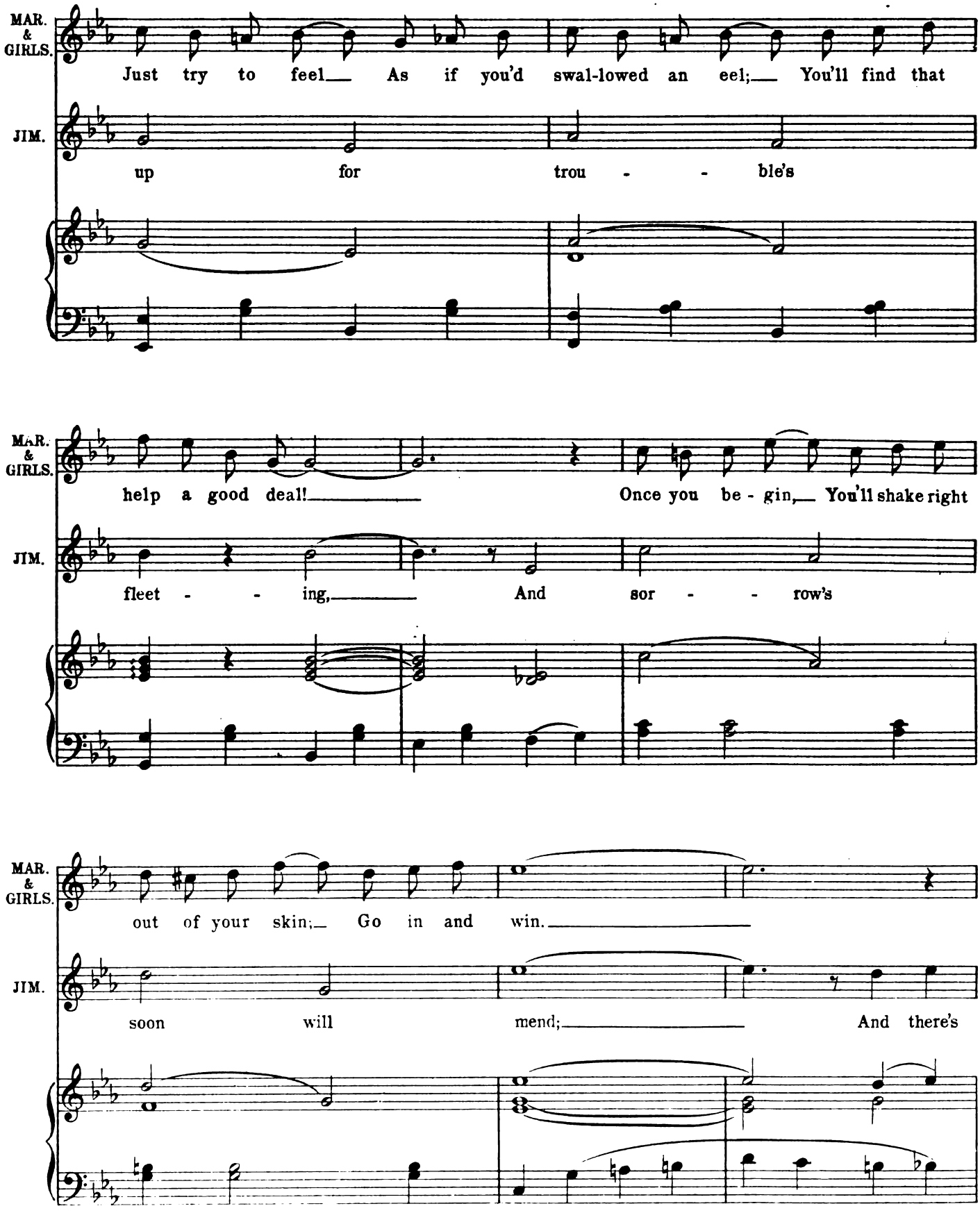

ea - sy to do.
I'll see you through. You'll need a
meno
mosso
a tempo
les - son or two, Just at the start when it's new.
If you've ne - ver shim-mied, Start learn-ing now.
meno mosso
a tempo
Don't be shy or tim - id: I'll show you how. It's just a knack:

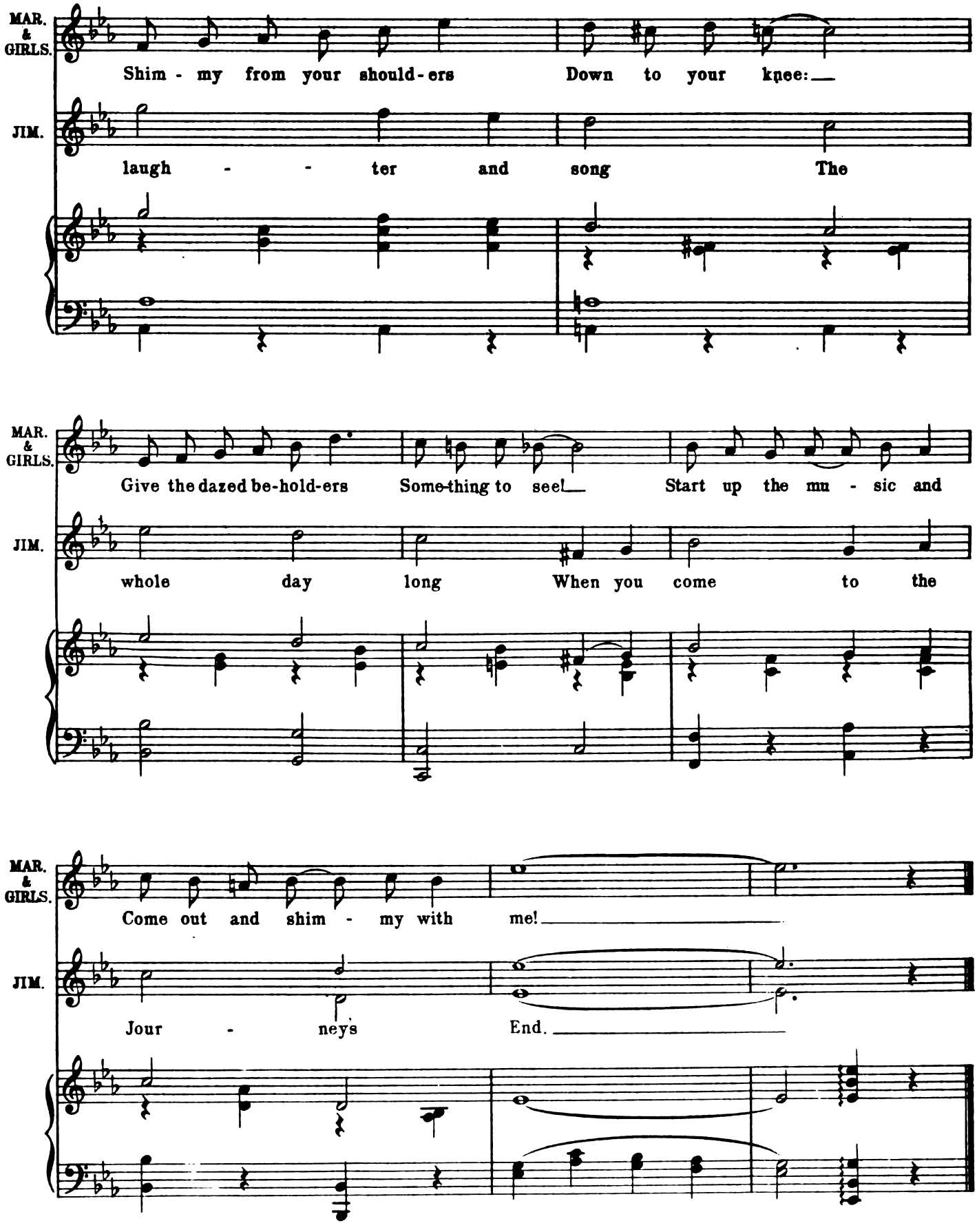

Wig-gle your back, Give a sort of shi-ver, Then a kind of qui-ver.
Sway, if you please, Just like the trees in a breeze. You'll pick it
up by de-grees. Once you be-gin, You'll shake right
meno mosso
a tempo
out of your skin: Go in and win!


Shim - my from your should - ers
Down to your knee: _
Give the dazed be-hold-ers
Some-thing to see! _
Start up the mu - sic and
1.
Come out and shim - my with
me! _
2.
me! _
(Jim's voice off stage)
Jour - neys


MAR. & GIRLS.
Shim - my with me — And I will shim - my with you, — You'll find it's
JIM.
end in lov - - ers
MAR. & GIRLS.
ea - sy to do. — Shim-my with me — Come on and
JIM.
meet - - ing, — Jour - neys end in
MAR. & GIRLS.
shake up your spine, — For it will make you feel fine. —
JIM.
dreams come true. — There's a


MAR. & GIRLS.
Don't be shy or ti - mid: I'll show you how— If you've nev - er shim-mied.
JIM.
ha - ven blest of peace and
MAR. & GIRLS.
Start learn-ing now.— It's just a knack;— Wig - gle your back,—
JIM.
rest; Ah Jour - - ney's End for
MAR. & GIRLS.
Give a sort of shiv - er, Then a kind of quiv - er.
JIM.
you. Cheer


MAR. & GIRLS.
Just try to feel As if you'd swal-lowed an eel; You'll find that
JIM.
up for trou - - ble's
MAR. & GIRLS.
help a good deal! Once you be - gin, You'll shake right
JIM.
fleet - - ing, And sor - - row's
MAR. & GIRLS.
out of your skin; Go in and win.
JIM.
soon will mend; And there's

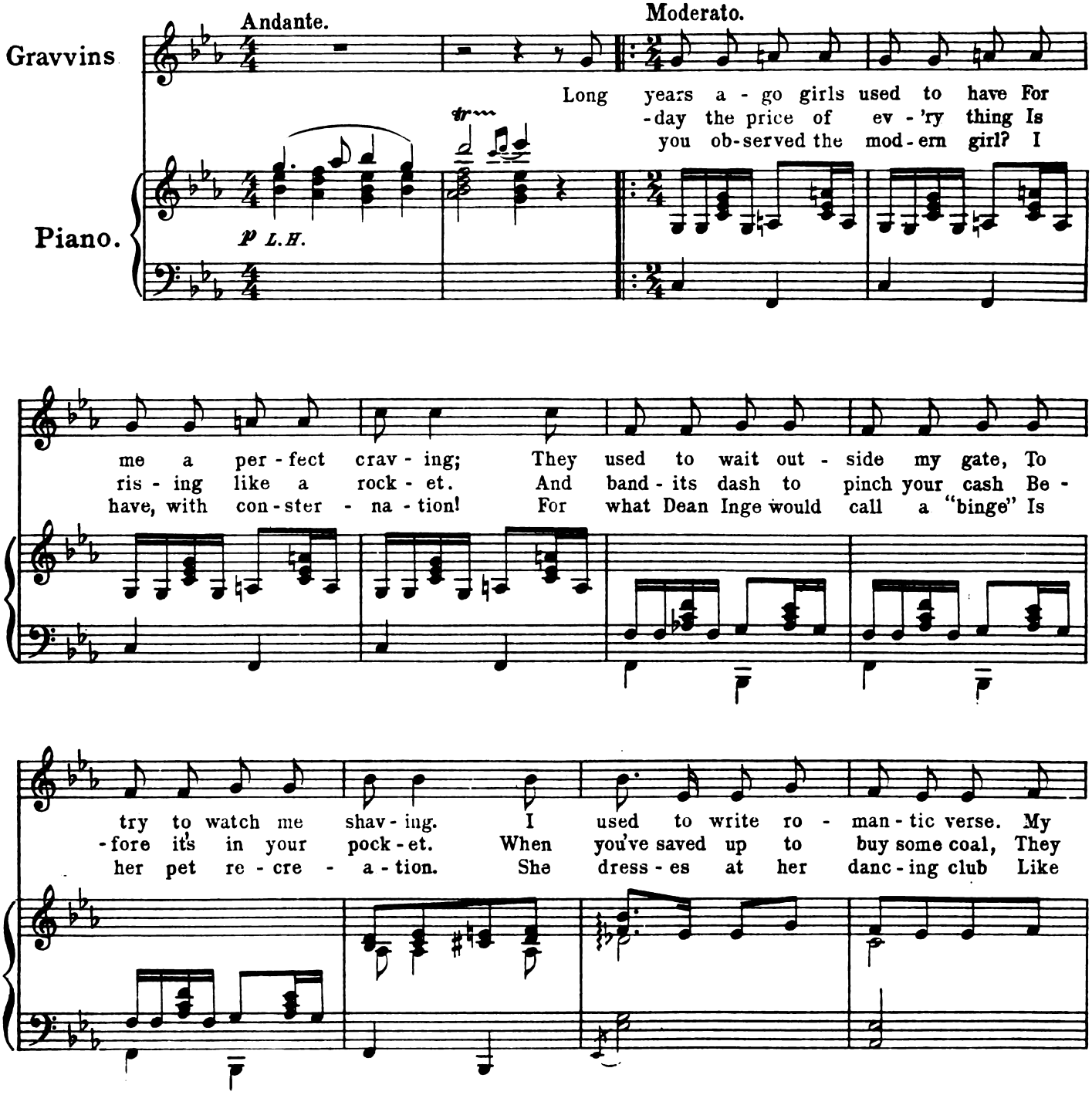

MAR. & GIRLS.
Shim - my from your should-ers Down to your knee:
JIM.
laugh - - ter and song The
MAR. & GIRLS.
Give the dazed be-hold-ers Some-thing to see! Start up the mu - sic and
JIM.
whole day long When you come to the
MAR. & GIRLS.
Come out and shim - my with me!
JIM.
Jour - neys End.

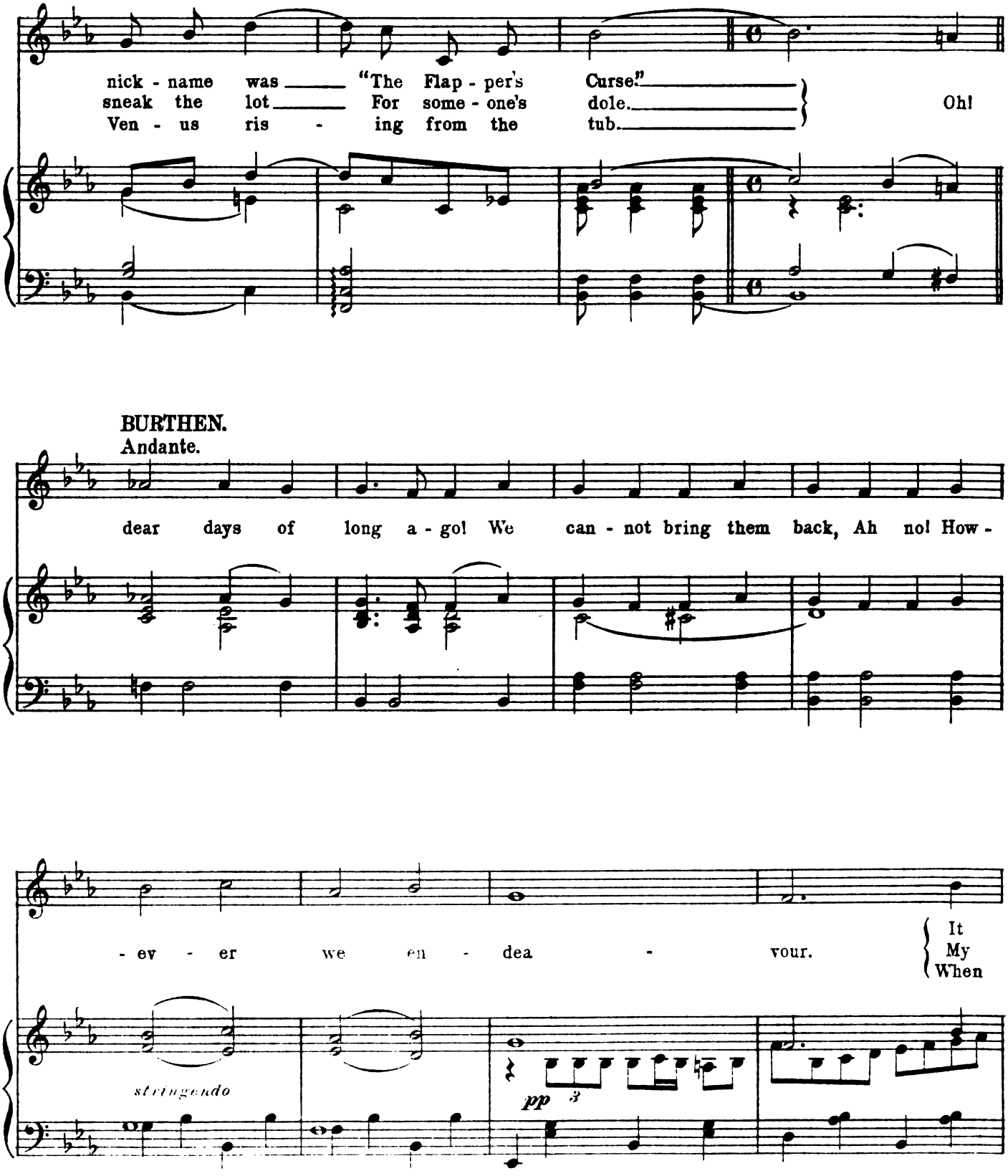
No. 13.

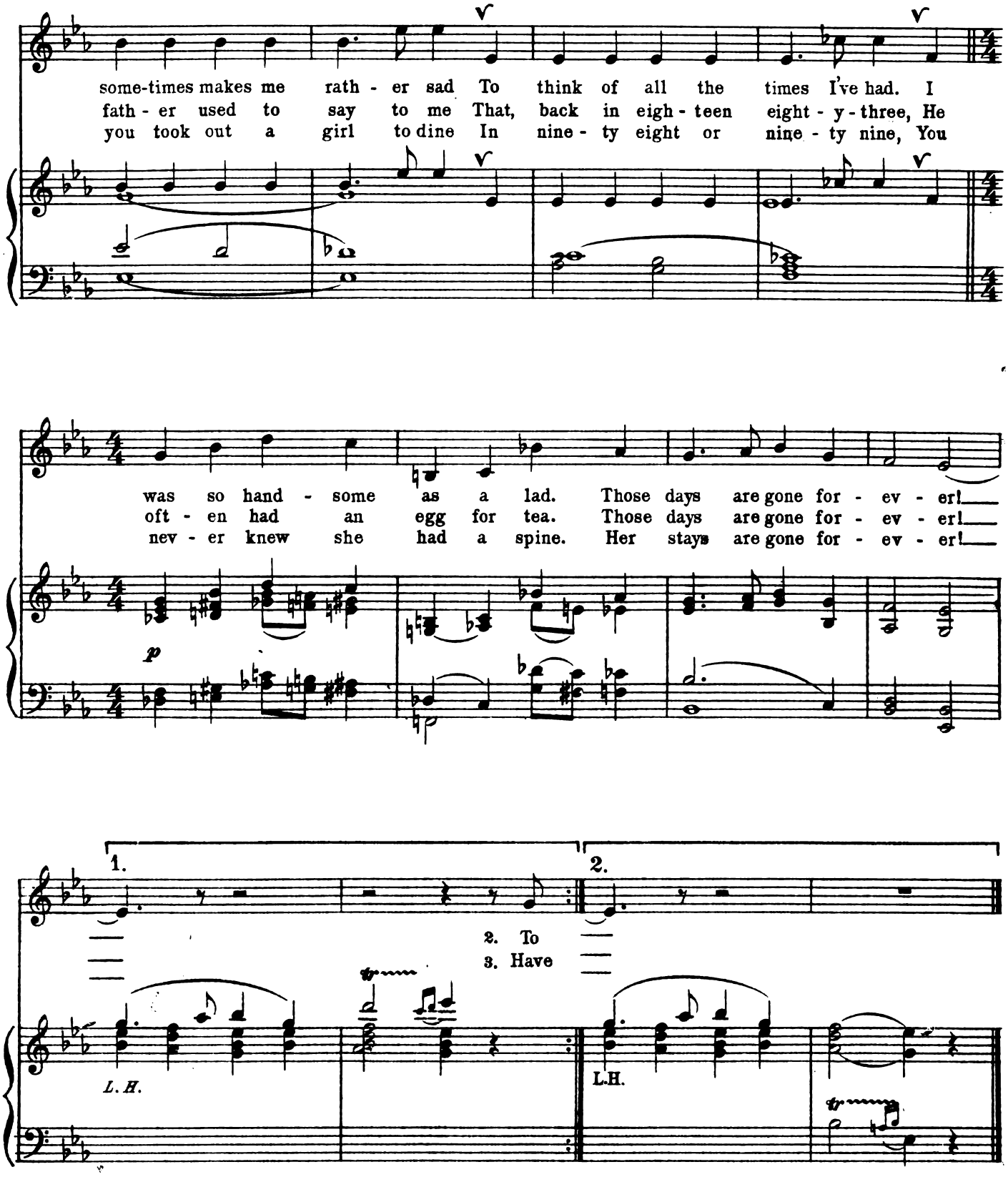
SONG.—(Gravvins.)

"THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER."

Words by
P.G. WODEHOUSE.



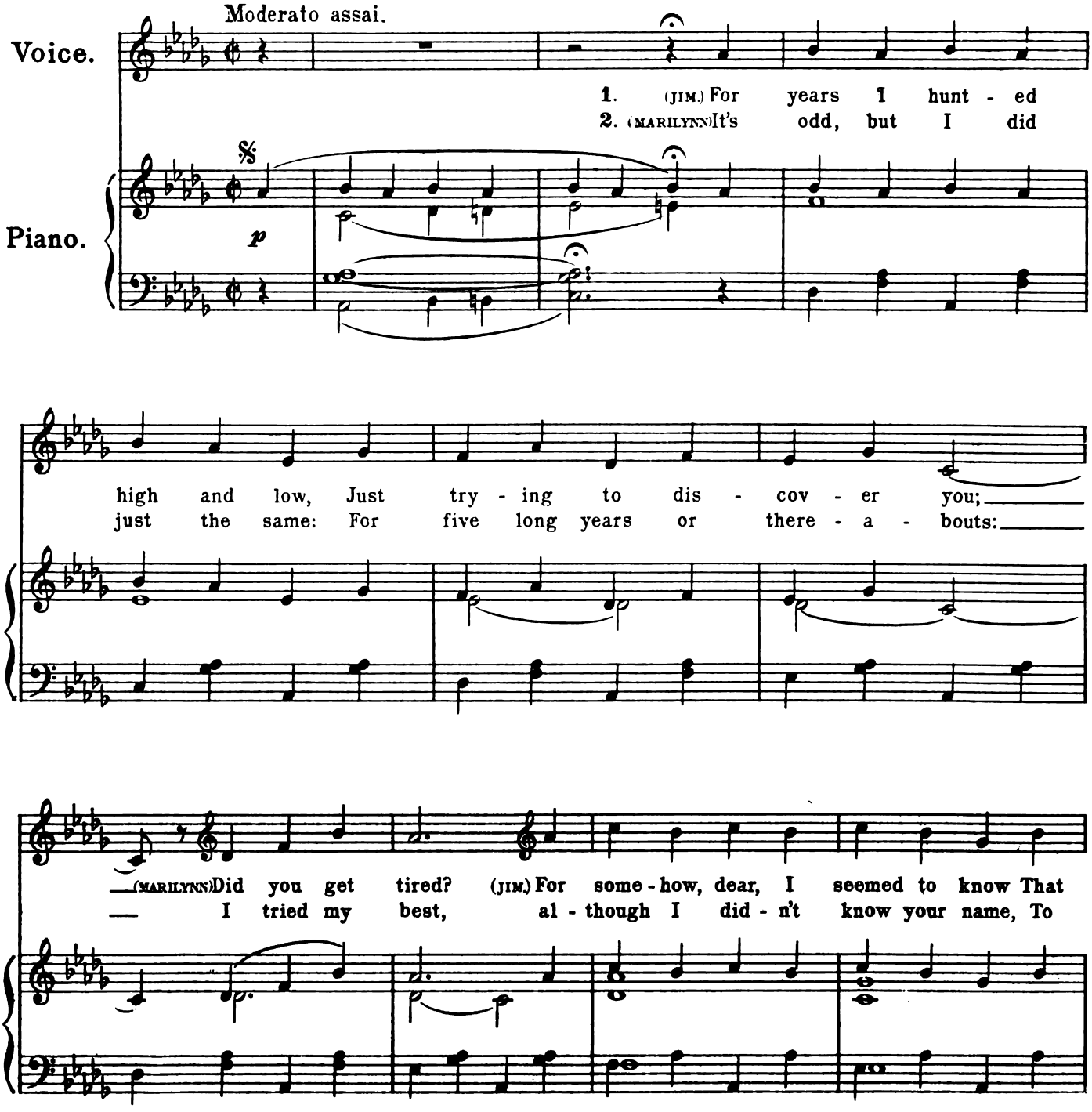

nick - name was "The Flap - per's Curse!"
sneak the lot For some - one's dole.
Ven - us ris - ing from the tub.
Oh!
BURTHEN.
Andante.
dear days of long a - go! We can - not bring them back, Ah no! How -
- ev - er we en - dea - vour.
It
My
When
stringendo
pp

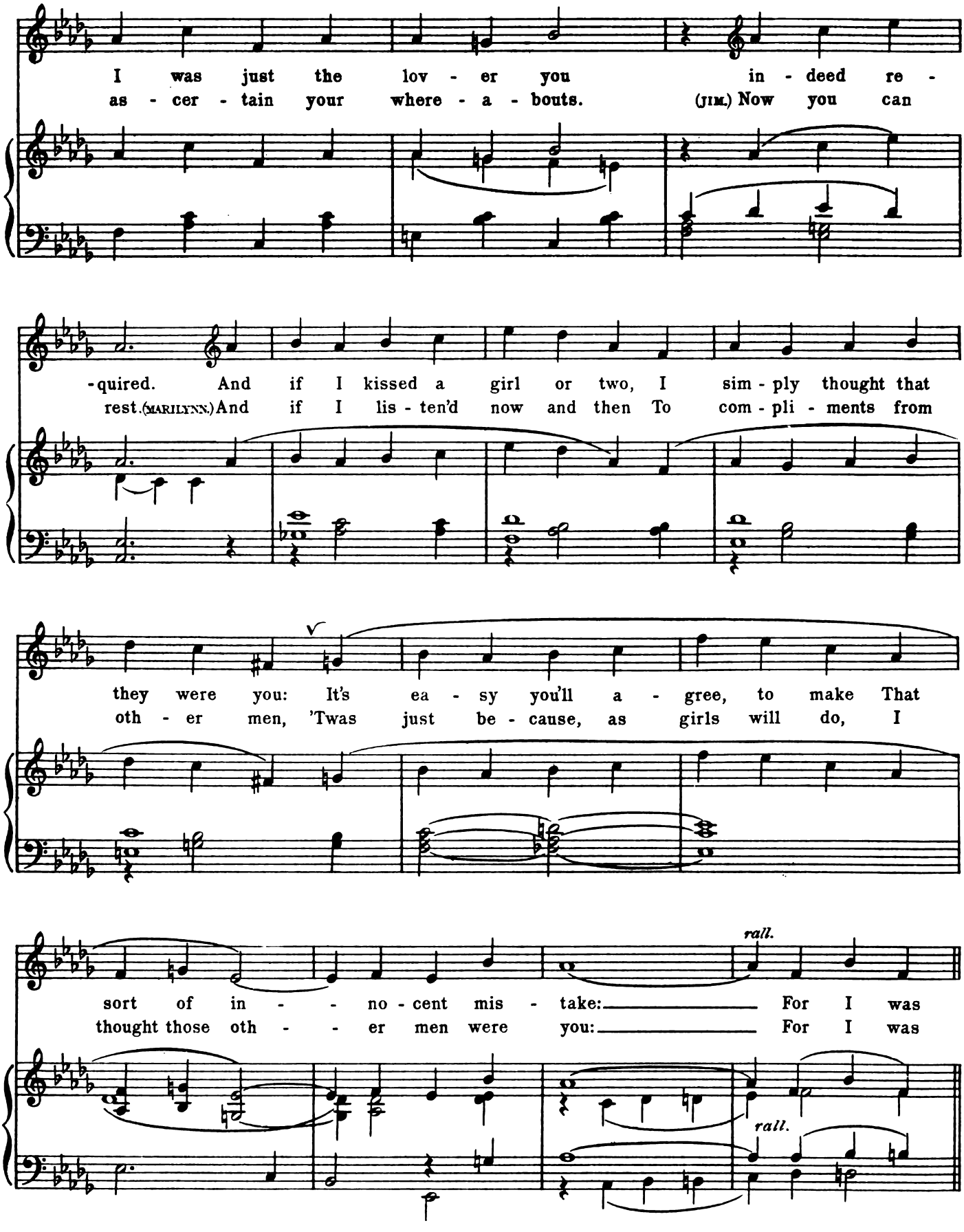

some-times makes me rath - er sad To think of all the times I've had. I
fath - er used to say to me That, back in eigh - teen eight - y - three, He
you took out a girl to dine In nine - ty eight or nine - ty nine, You
was so hand - some as a lad. Those days are gone for - ev - er!
oft - en had an egg for tea. Those days are gone for - ev - er!
nev - er knew she had a spine. Her stays are gone for - ev - er!
p
1.
2.
2. To
3. Have
L. H.
L.H.

No. 14. DUET:-(Marilynn and Jim.)

"LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU."

Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.




I was just the lov - er you in - deed re -
as - cer - tain your where - a - bouts. (JIM.) Now you can
-quired. And if I kissed a girl or two, I sim - ply thought that
rest. (MARILYNN.) And if I lis - ten'd now and then To com - pli - ments from
they were you: It's ea - sy you'll a - gree, to make That
oth - er men, 'Twas just be - cause, as girls will do, I
rall.
sort of in - - no - cent mis - take: For I was
thought those oth - - er men were you: For I was
rall.

BURTHEN.

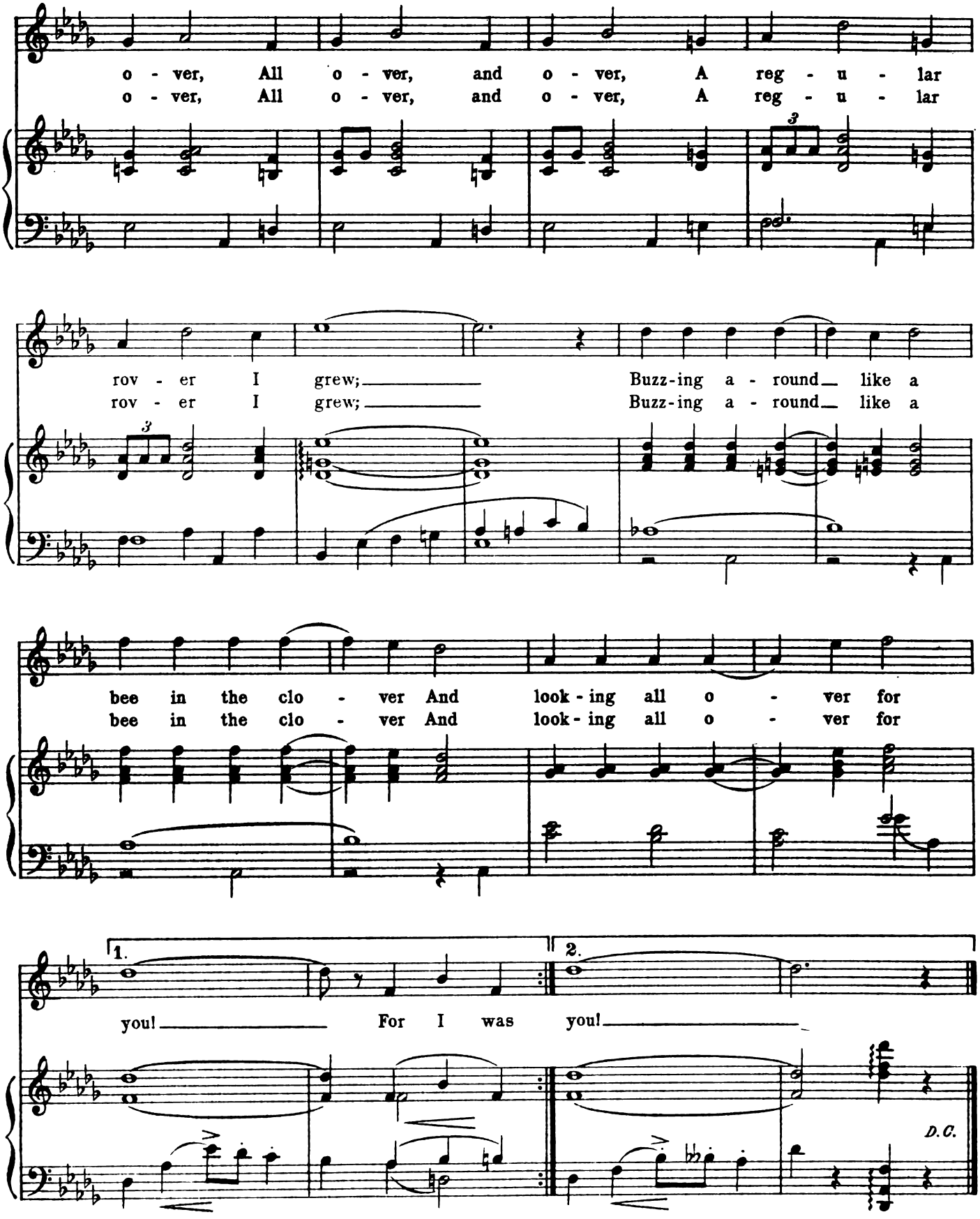
look - ing all o - ver, All o - ver, all o - ver; Just
look - ing all o - ver, All o - ver, all o - ver; Just

p-f
a tempo

search - ing all o - ver for you. Some-times I'd
search - ing all o - ver for you. Some-times I'd

think I had found you— and then I'd see that I had -
think I had found you— but no! I'd see that I had -

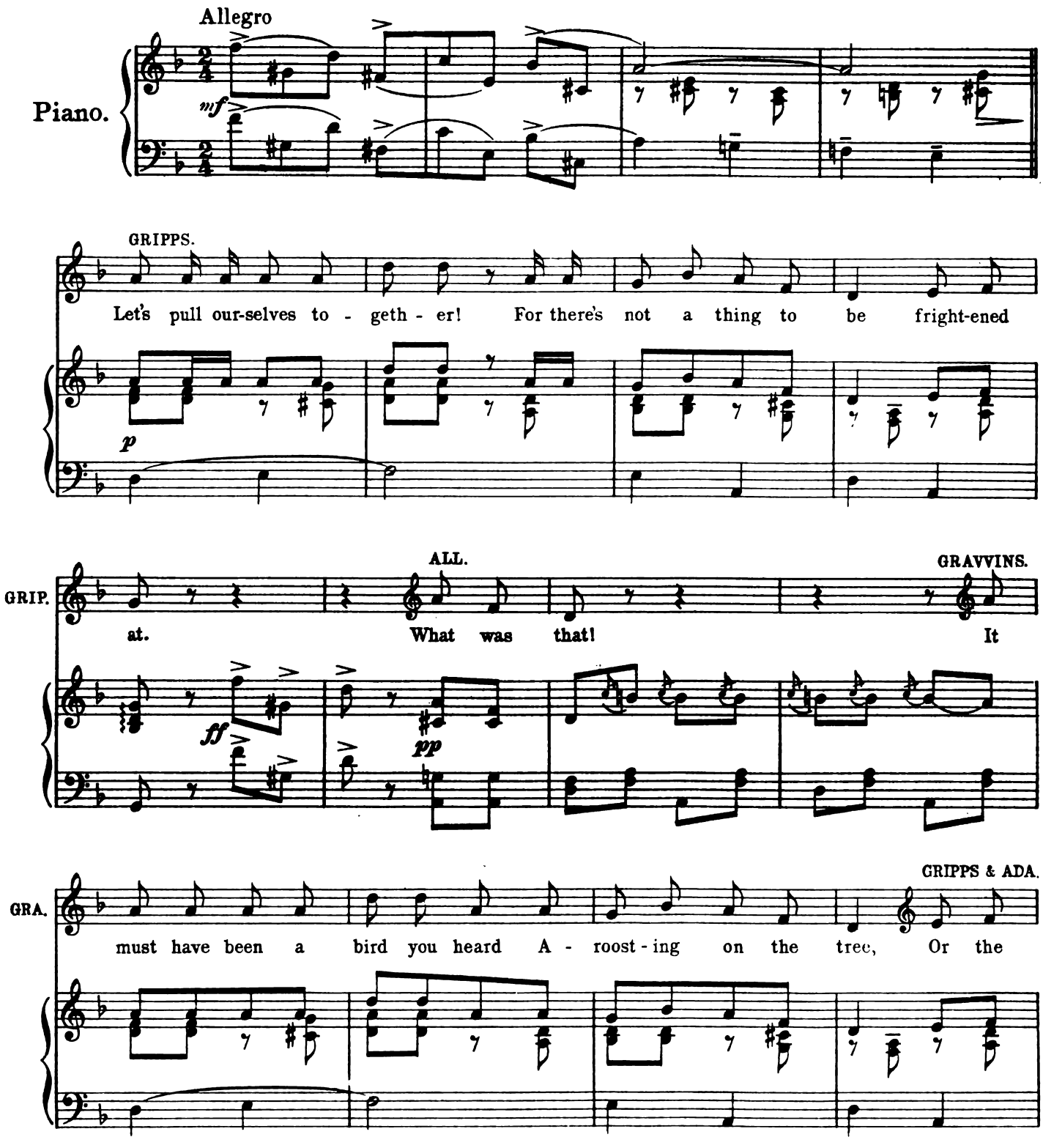
- - n't and start once a - gain. Look - ing o - ver, and
- - n't then off I would go. Look - ing o - ver, and

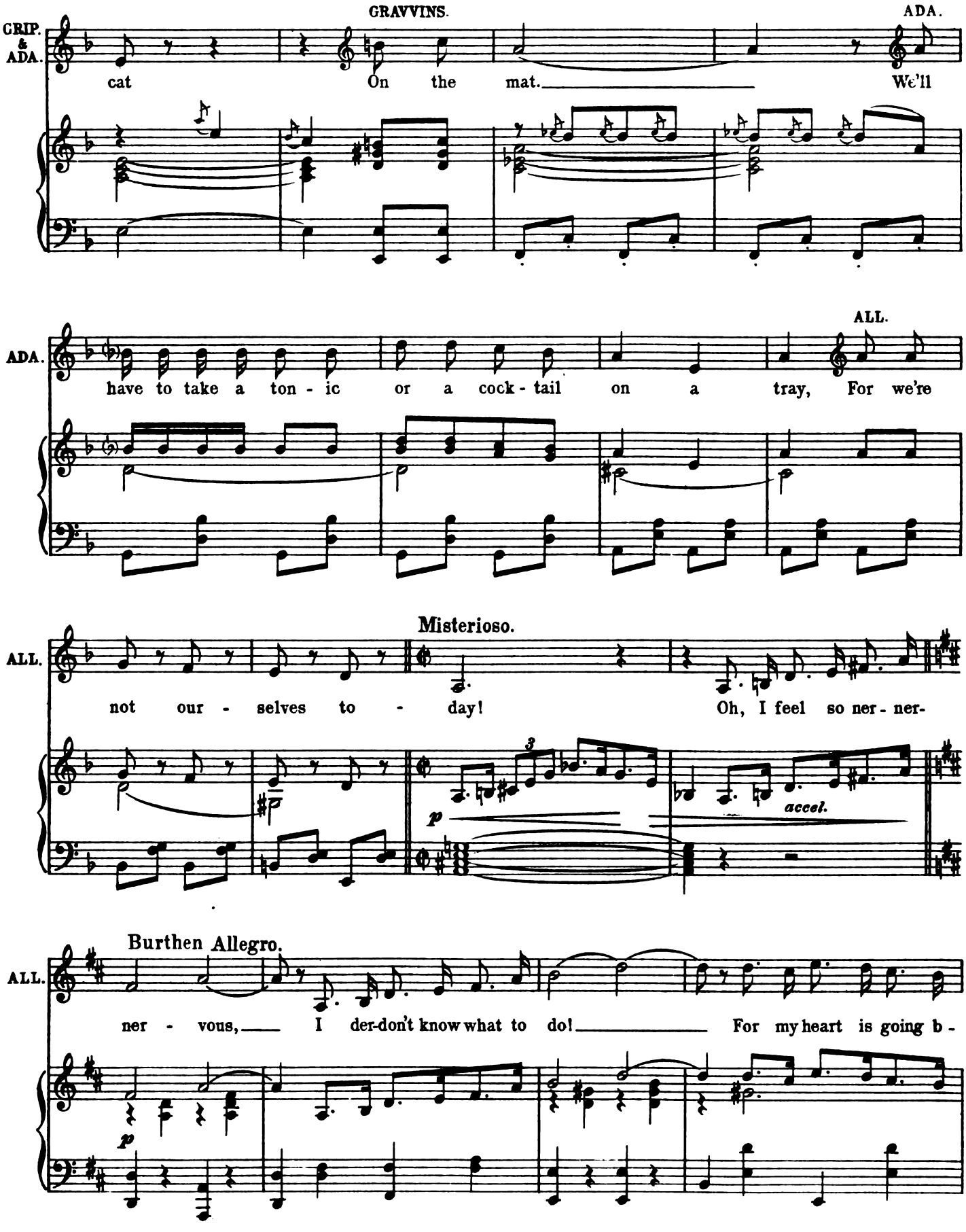

o - ver, All o - ver, and o - ver, A reg - u - lar
o - ver, All o - ver, and o - ver, A reg - u - lar
rov - er I grew; Buzz-ing a - round like a
rov - er I grew; Buzz-ing a - round like a
bee in the clo - ver And look - ing all o - ver for
bee in the clo - ver And look - ing all o - ver for
1.
2.
you! For I was
you!
D.C.

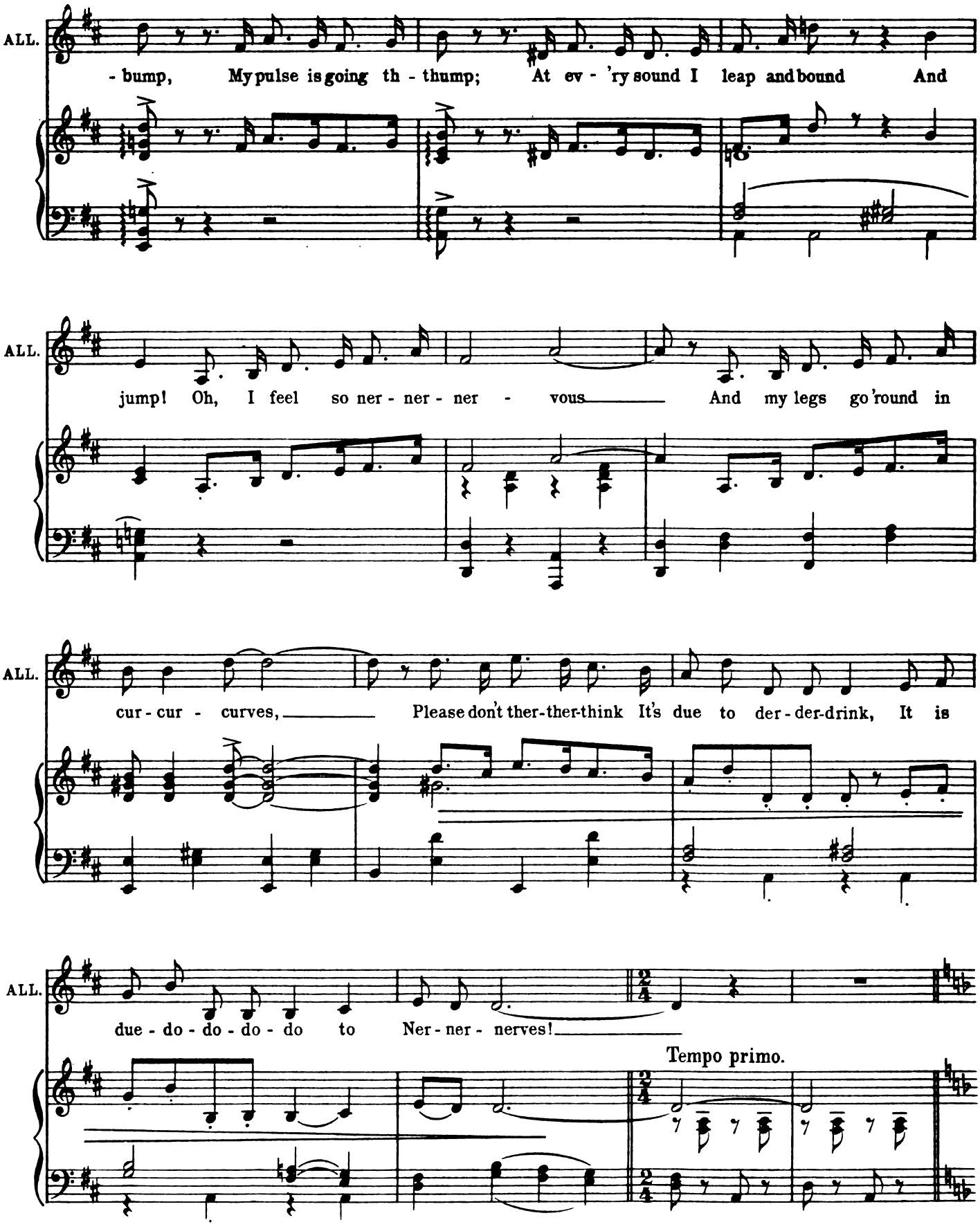
No. 15. TRIO.– (Ada, Gripps and Gravvins).

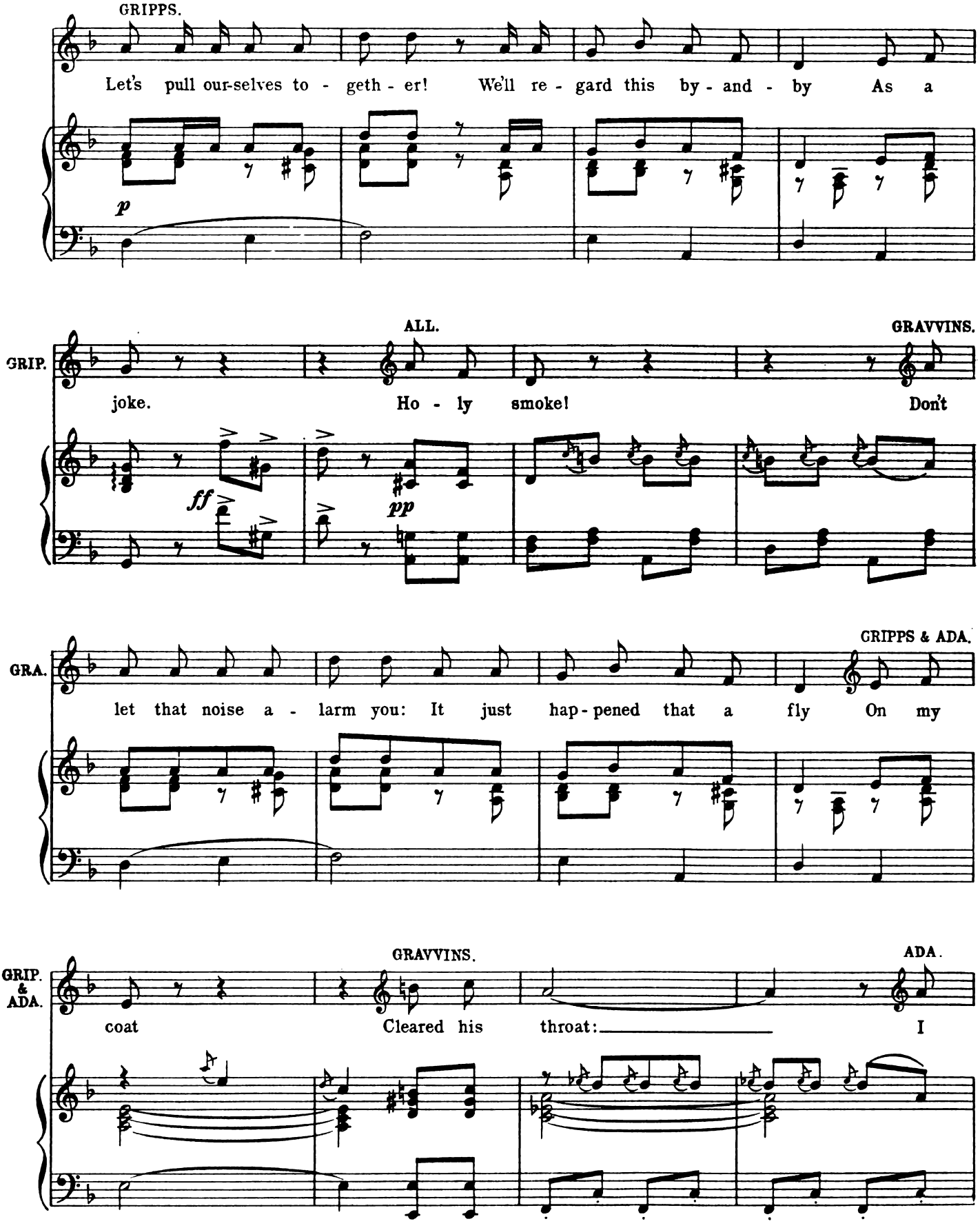
"NERVES."

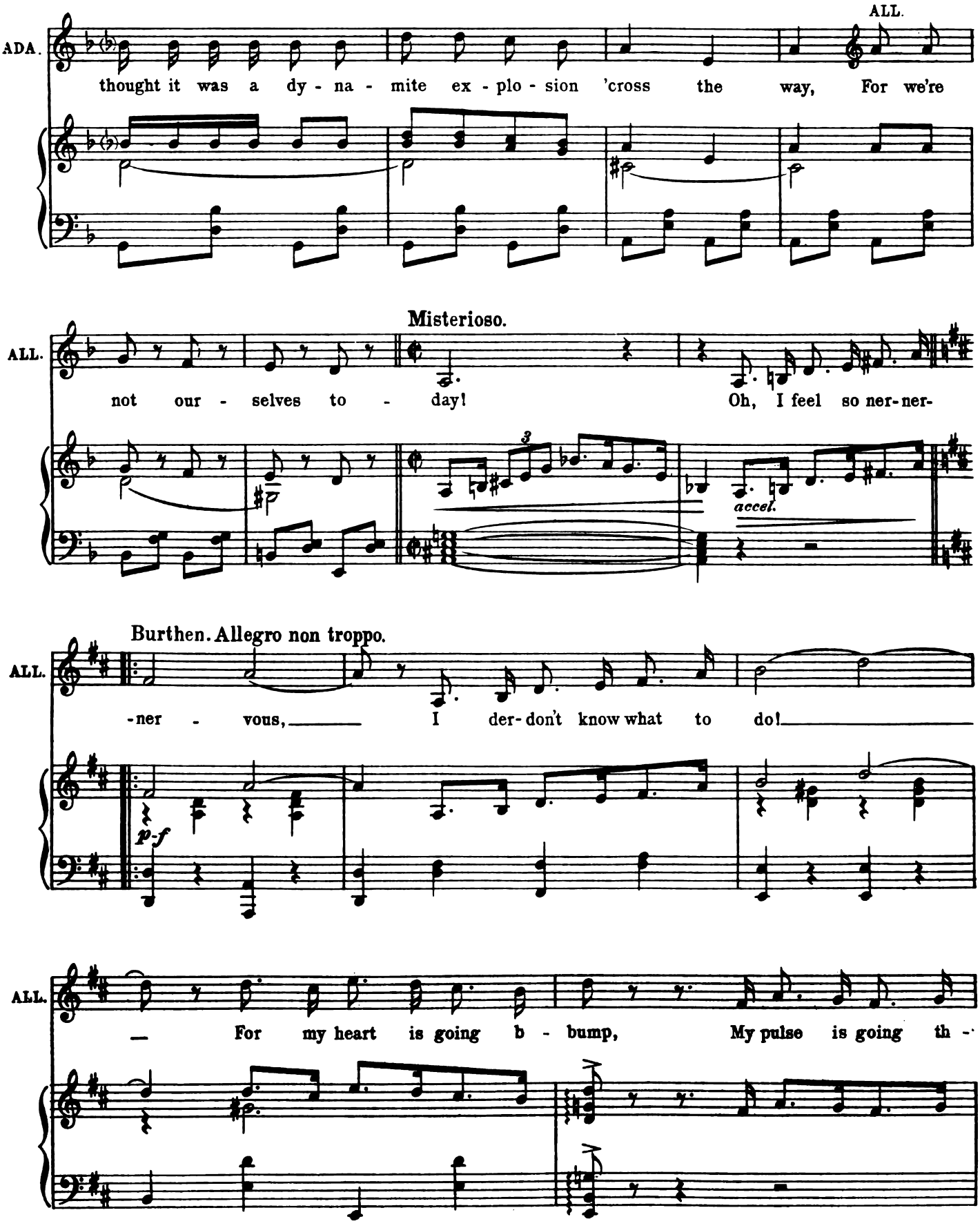
Words by
P.G. WODEHOUSE.

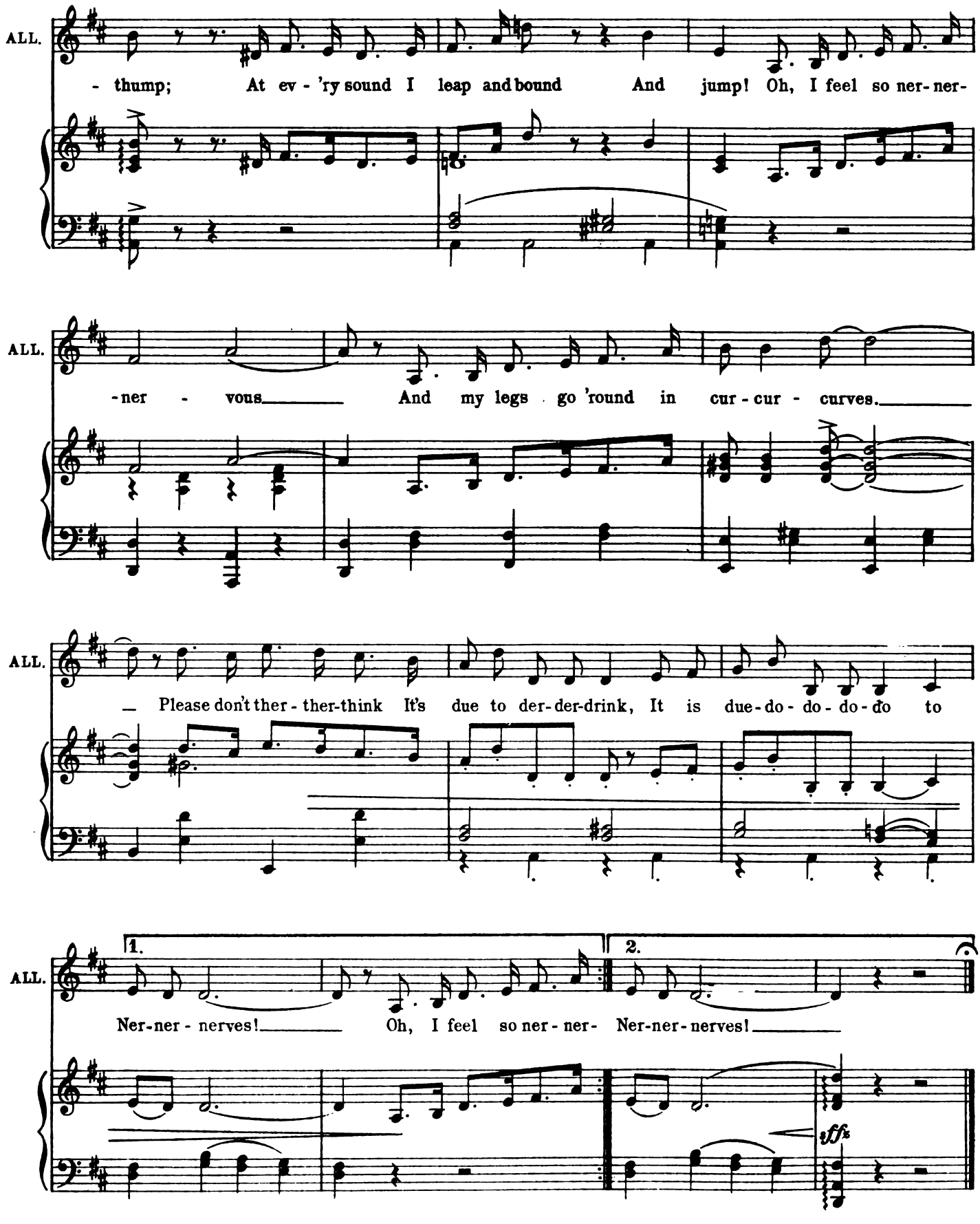



GRAVVINS.
ADA.
GRIP. & ADA.
cat On the mat. We'll
ALL.
ADA.
have to take a ton - ic or a cock - tail on a tray, For we're
Misterioso.
ALL.
not our - selves to - day! Oh, I feel so ner - ner-
3
p
accel.
Burthen Allegro.
ALL.
ner - vous, I der-don't know what to do! For my heart is going b -
p


ALL.
- bump, My pulse is going th - thump; At ev - 'ry sound I leap and bound And
ALL.
jump! Oh, I feel so ner - ner - ner - vous And my legs go 'round in
ALL.
cur - cur - curves, Please don't ther-ther-think It's due to der-der-drink, It is
ALL.
due - do - do - do - do to Ner - ner - nerves!
Tempo primo.

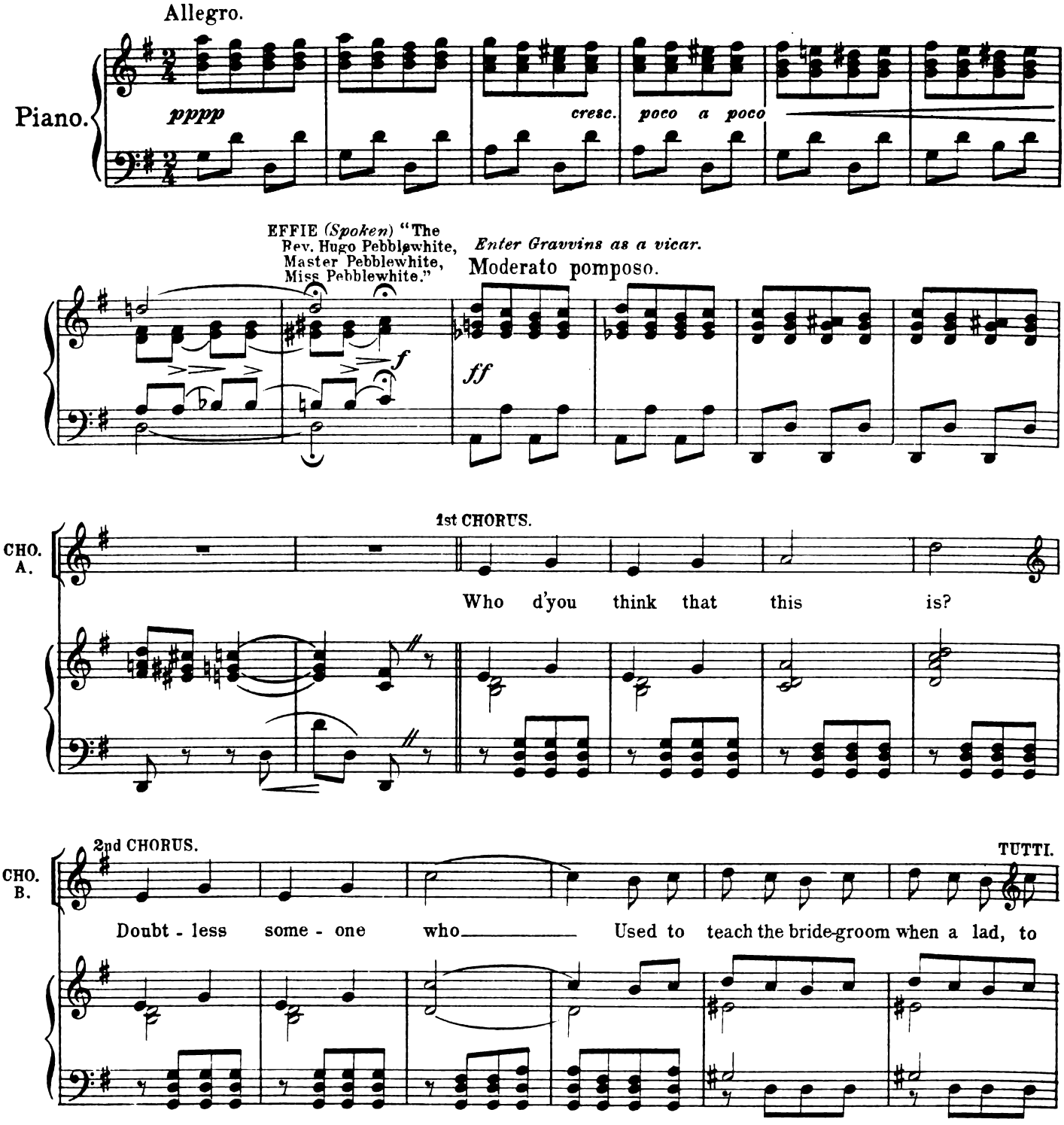

GRIPPS.
Let's pull our-selves to - geth - er! We'll re - gard this by - and - by As a
p
ALL.
GRAVVINS.
GRIP.
joke. Ho - ly smoke! Don't
ff
pp
GRIPPS & ADA.
GRA.
let that noise a - larm you: It just hap - pened that a fly On my
GRAVVINS.
ADA.
GRIP. & ADA.
coat Cleared his throat: I

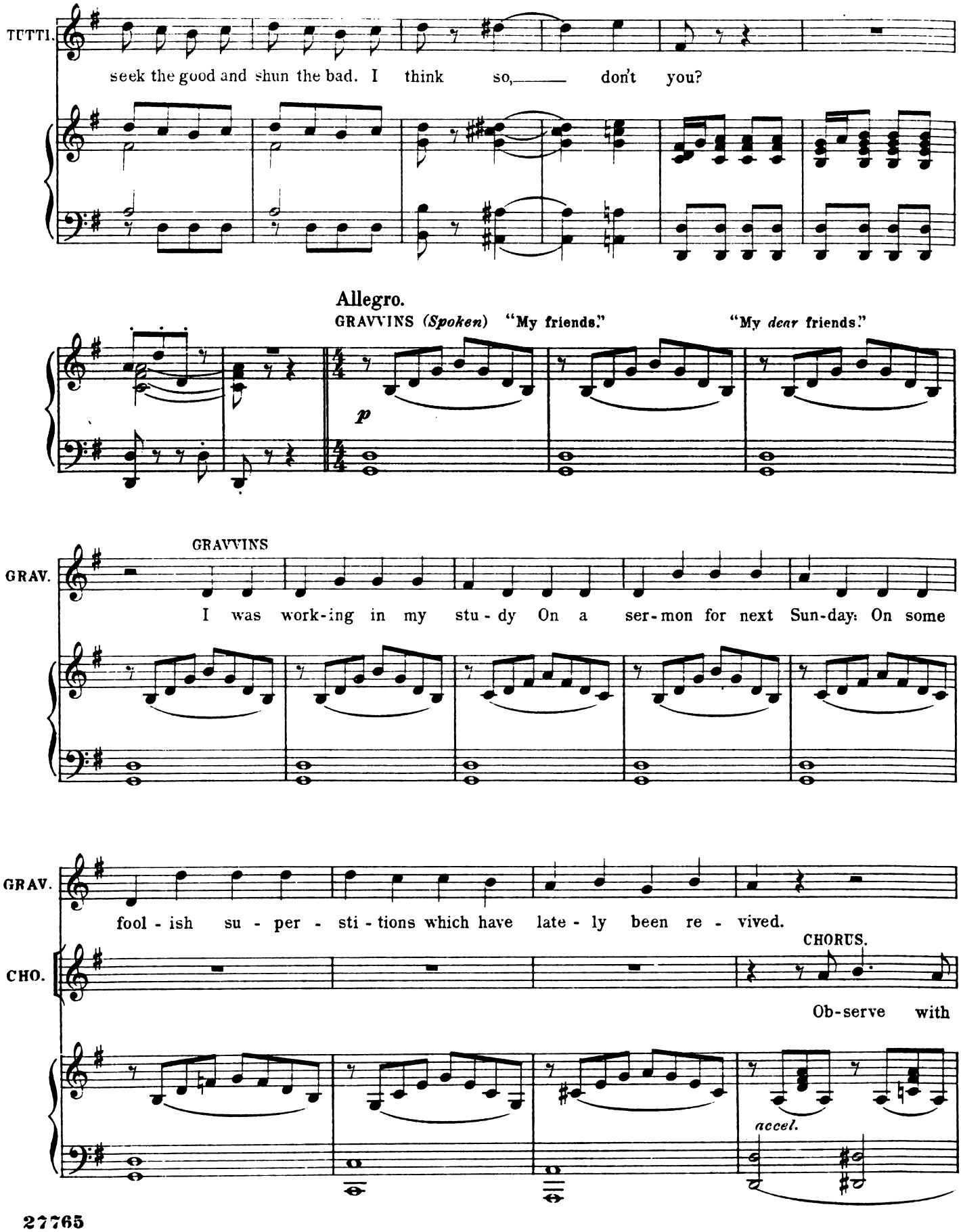

ALL.
ADA.
thought it was a dy - na - mite ex - plo - sion 'cross the way, For we're
Misterioso.
ALL.
not our - selves to - day! Oh, I feel so ner-ner-
accel.
Burthen. Allegro non troppo.
ALL.
-ner - vous, I der- don't know what to do!
p-f
ALL.
For my heart is going b - bump, My pulse is going th -

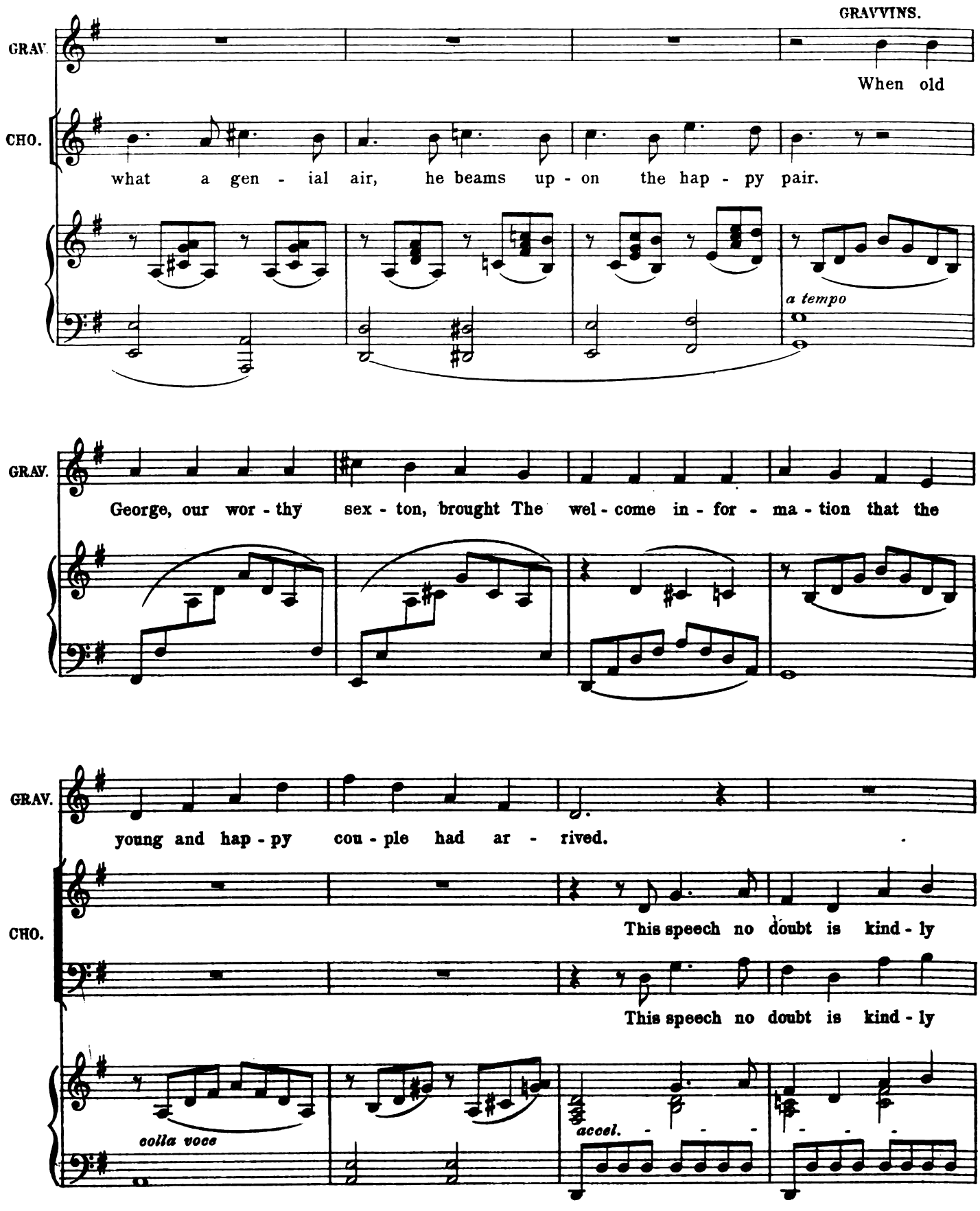

ALL.
- thump; At ev - 'ry sound I leap and bound And jump! Oh, I feel so ner- ner-
ALL.
-ner - vous And my legs go 'round in cur - cur - curves.
ALL.
Please don't ther - ther-think It's due to der-der-drink, It is due-do - do - do - do to
1.
2.
ALL.
Ner-ner - nerves! Oh, I feel so ner - ner- Ner-ner - nerves!
sffz

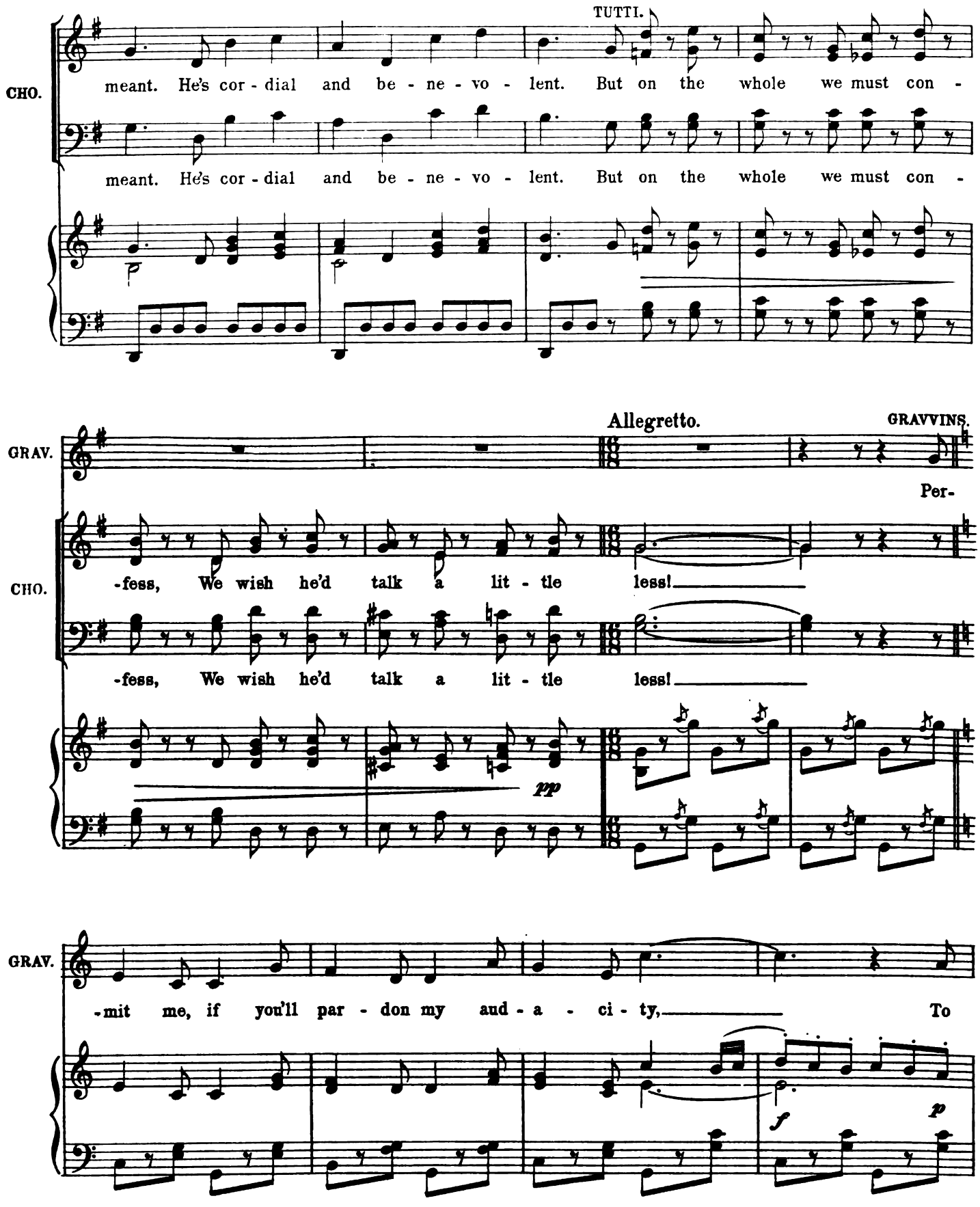
Nº 16. FINALE— ACT II.

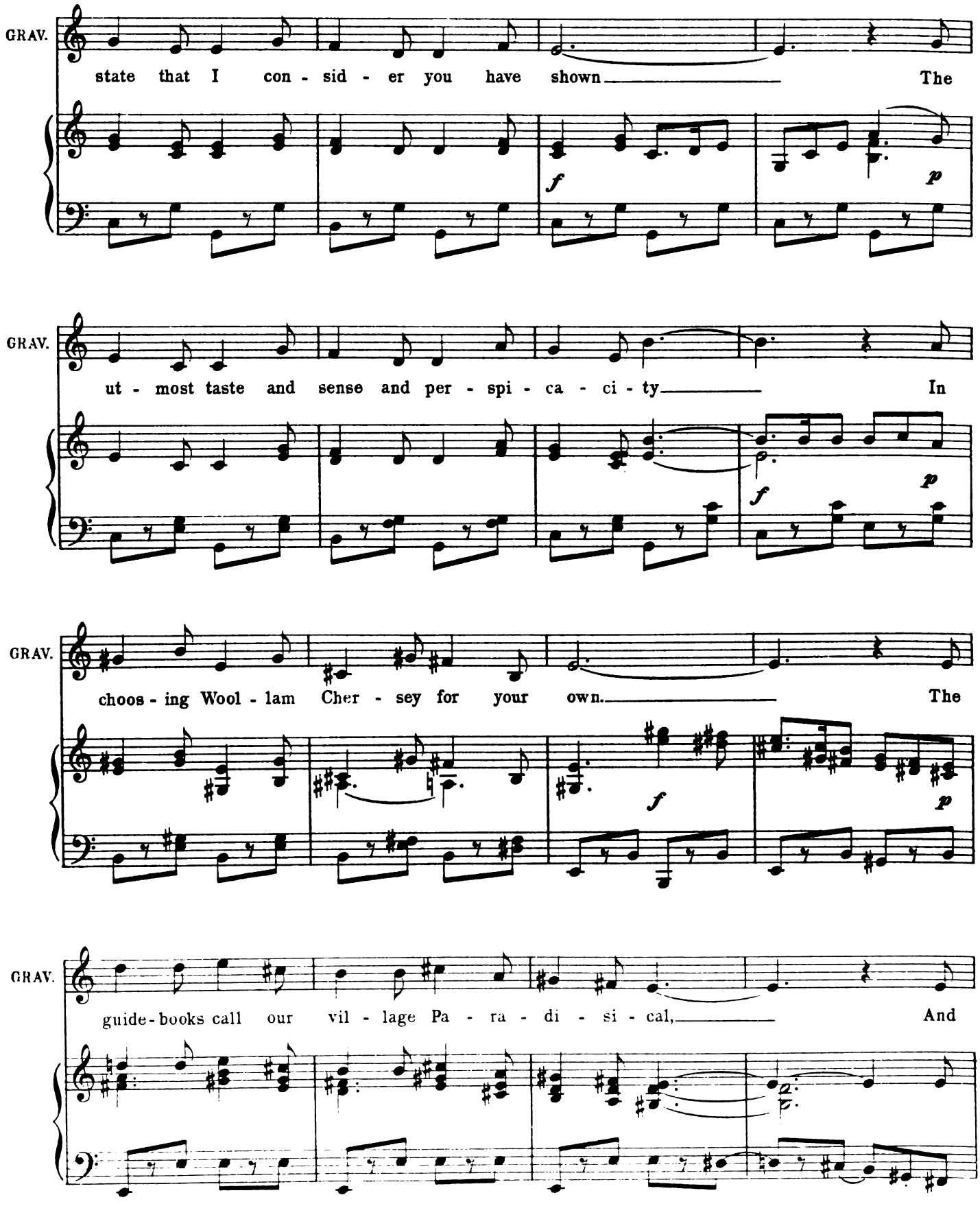
Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.

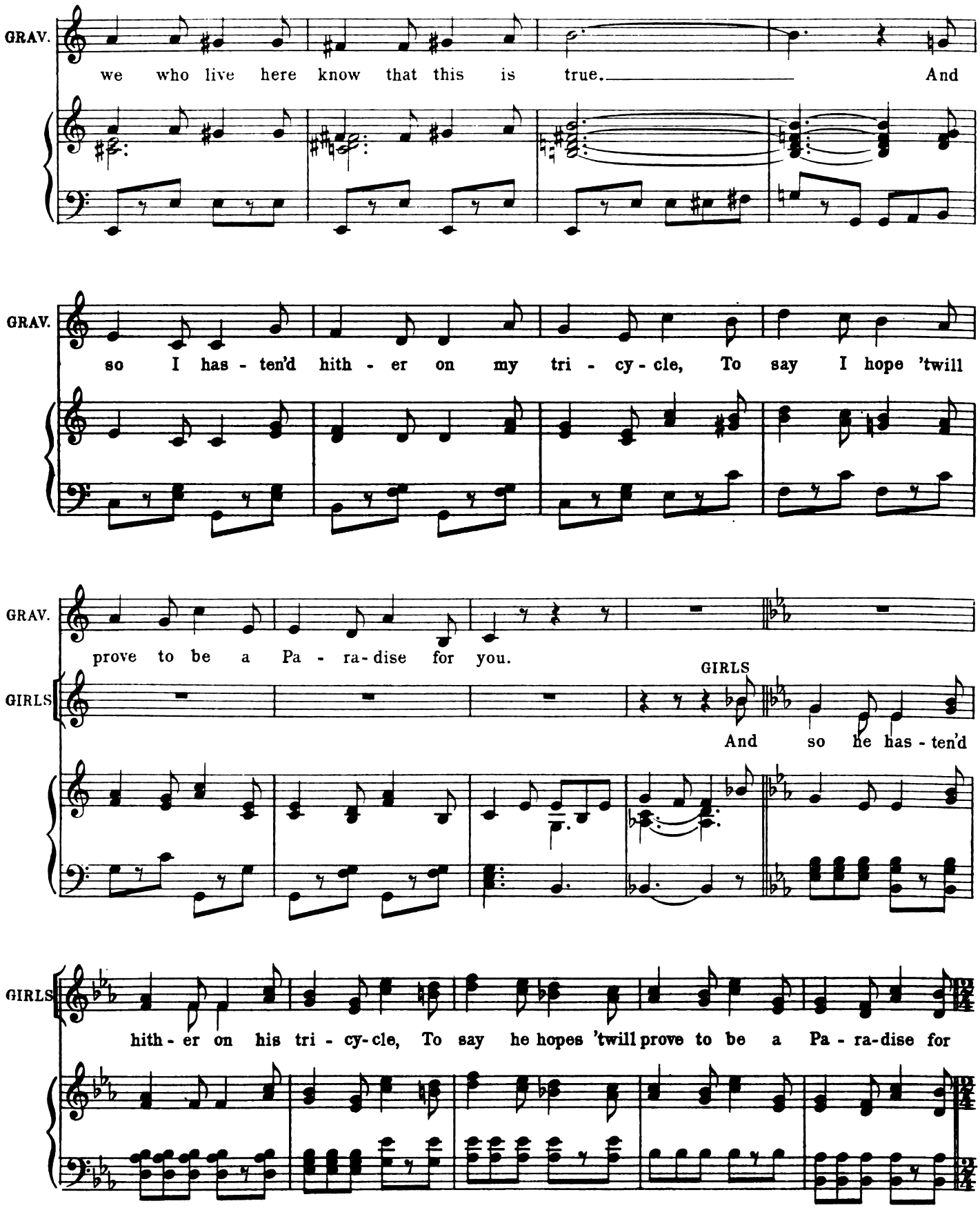


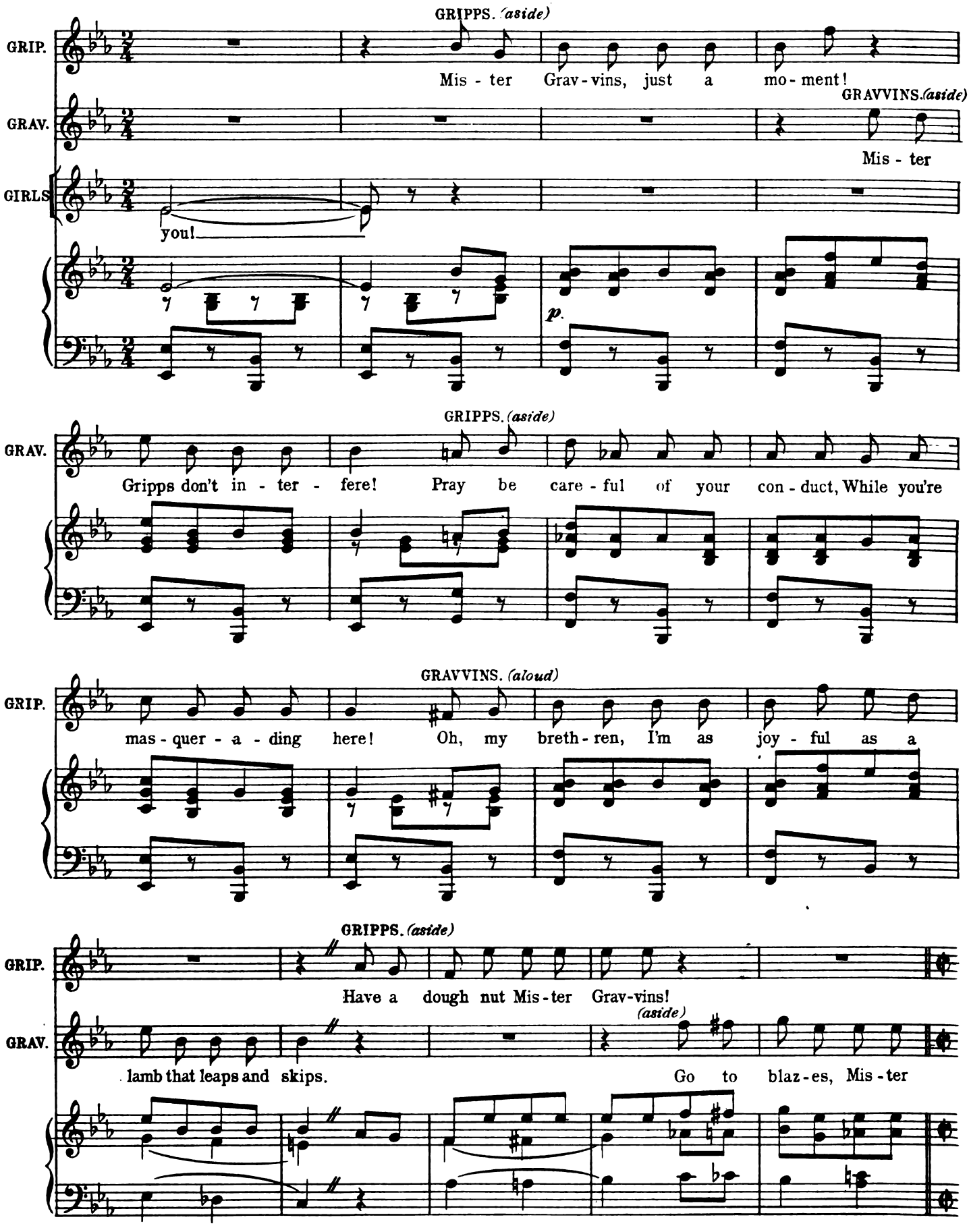

TUTTI.
seek the good and shun the bad. I think so, don't you?
Allegro.
GRAVVINS (Spoken) "My friends." "My dear friends."
p
GRAVVINS
GRAV.
I was work-ing in my stu-dy On a ser-mon for next Sun-day: On some
GRAV.
fool-ish su-per-sti-tions which have late-ly been re-vived.
CHORUS.
CHO.
Ob-serve with
accel.

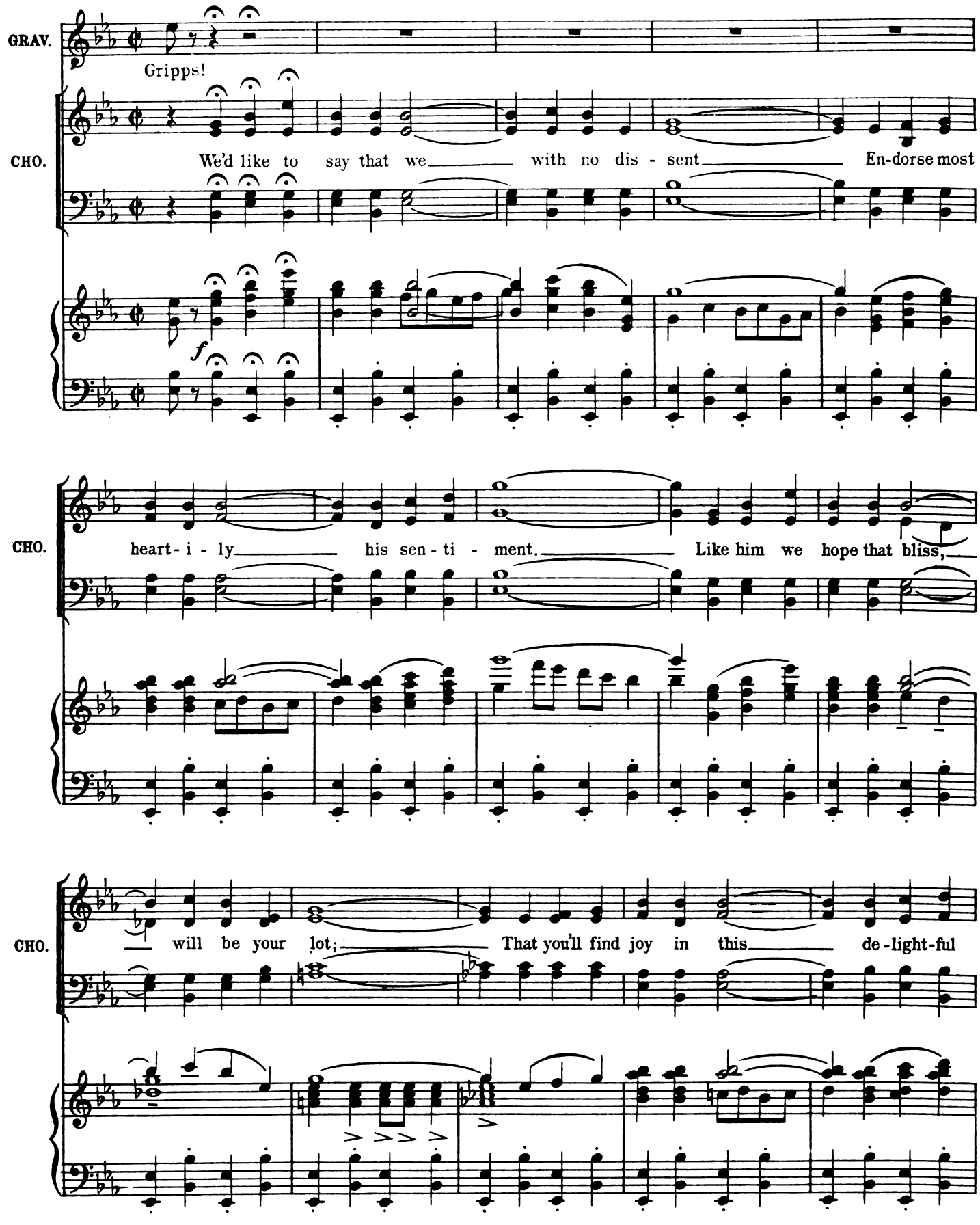

GRAVVINS.
GRAV.
When old
CHO.
what a gen - ial air, he beams up - on the hap - py pair.
a tempo
GRAV.
George, our wor - thy sex - ton, brought The wel - come in - for - ma - tion that the
GRAV.
young and hap - py cou - ple had ar - rived.
CHO.
This speech no doubt is kind - ly
This speech no doubt is kind - ly
colla voce
accel.

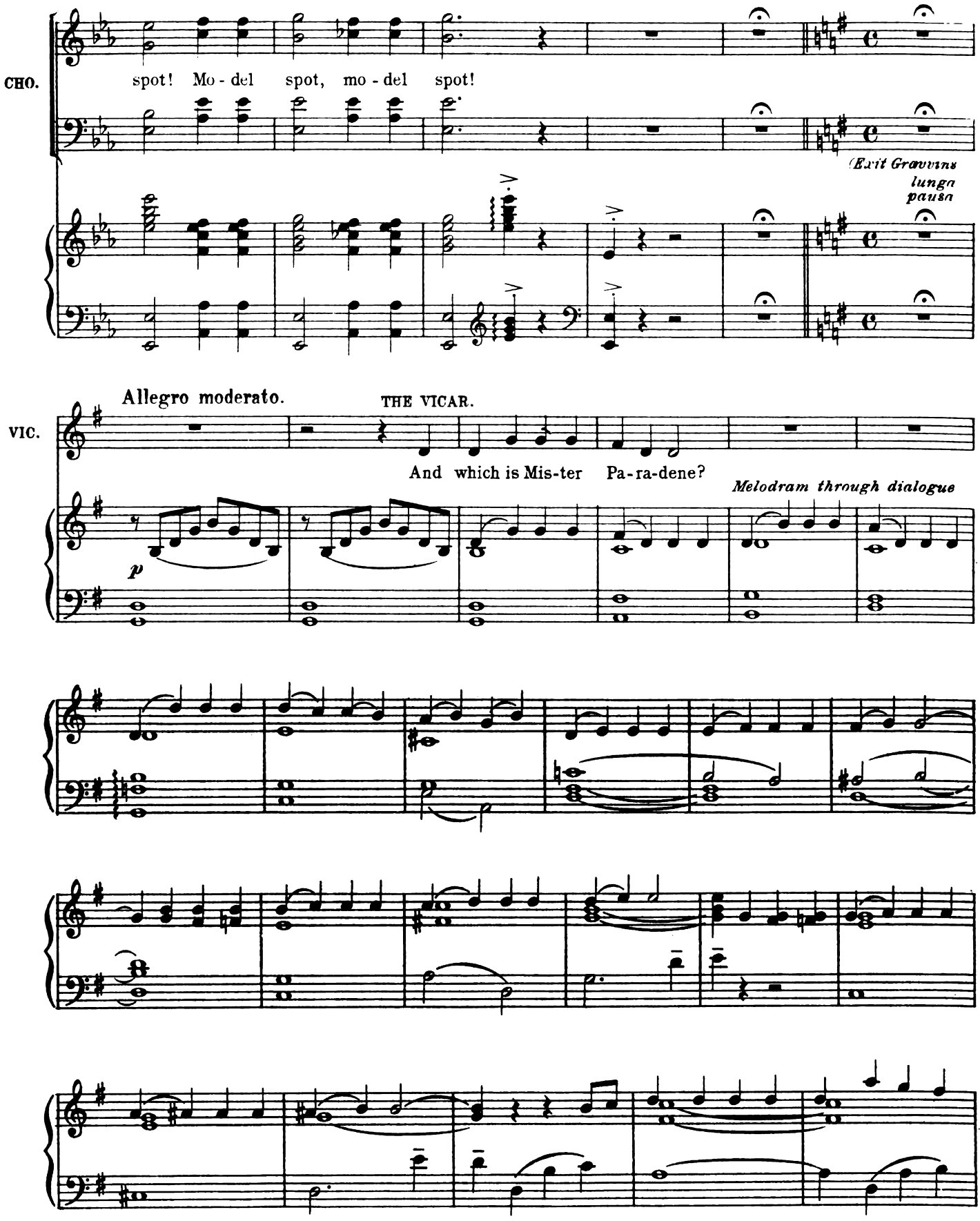

TUTTI.
CHO.
meant. He's cor - dial and be - ne - vo - lent. But on the whole we must con -
meant. He's cor - dial and be - ne - vo - lent. But on the whole we must con -
Allegretto.
GRAVVINS.
GRAV.
Per-
CHO.
-fess, We wish he'd talk a lit - tle less!
-fess, We wish he'd talk a lit - tle less!
pp
GRAV.
-mit me, if you'll par - don my aud - a - ci - ty, To
f
p

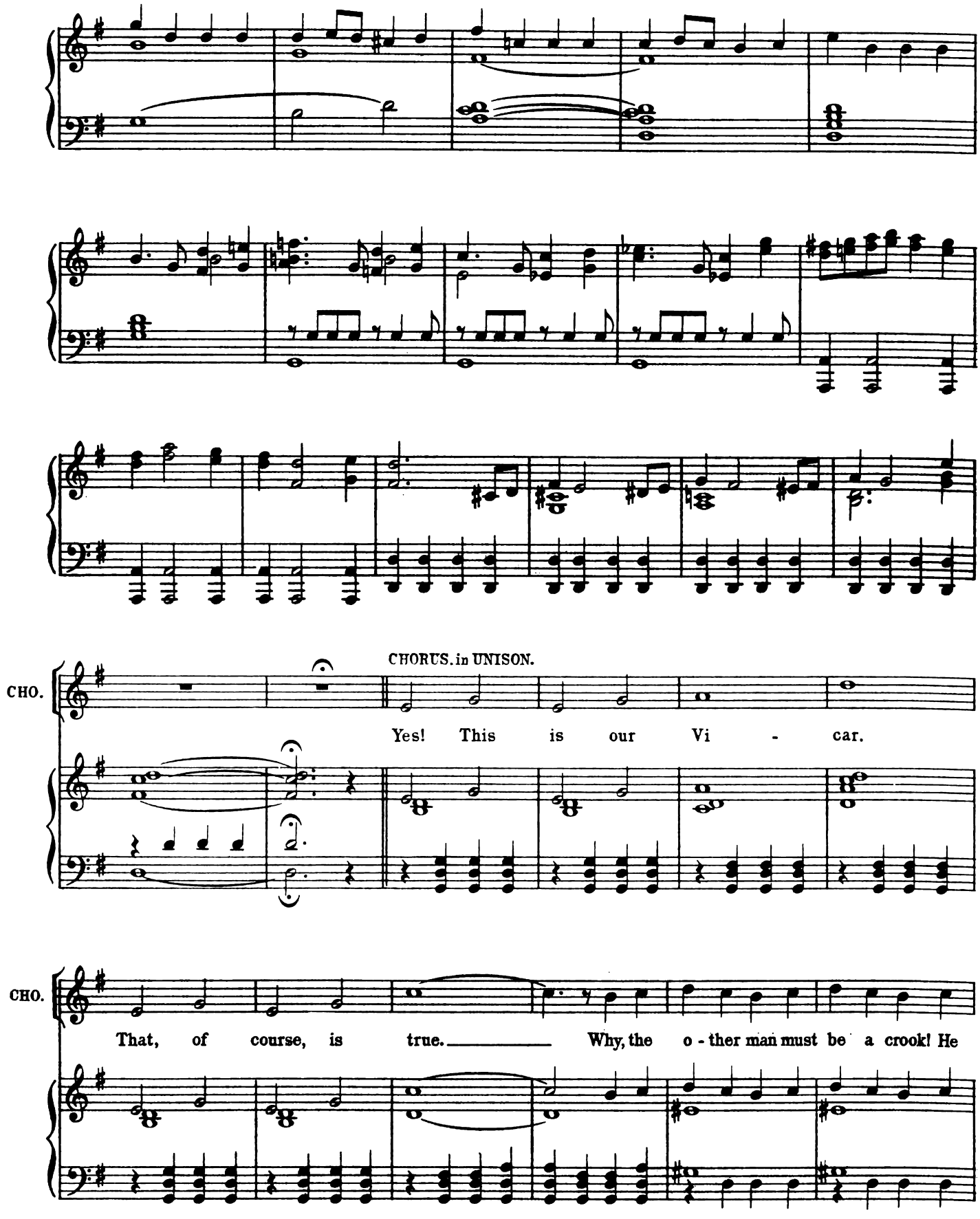

GRAV.
state that I con - sid - er you have shown The
f
p
GRAV.
ut - most taste and sense and per - spi - ca - ci - ty In
f
p
GRAV.
choos - ing Wool - lam Cher - sey for your own. The
f
p
GRAV.
guide - books call our vil - lage Pa - ra - di - si - cal, And

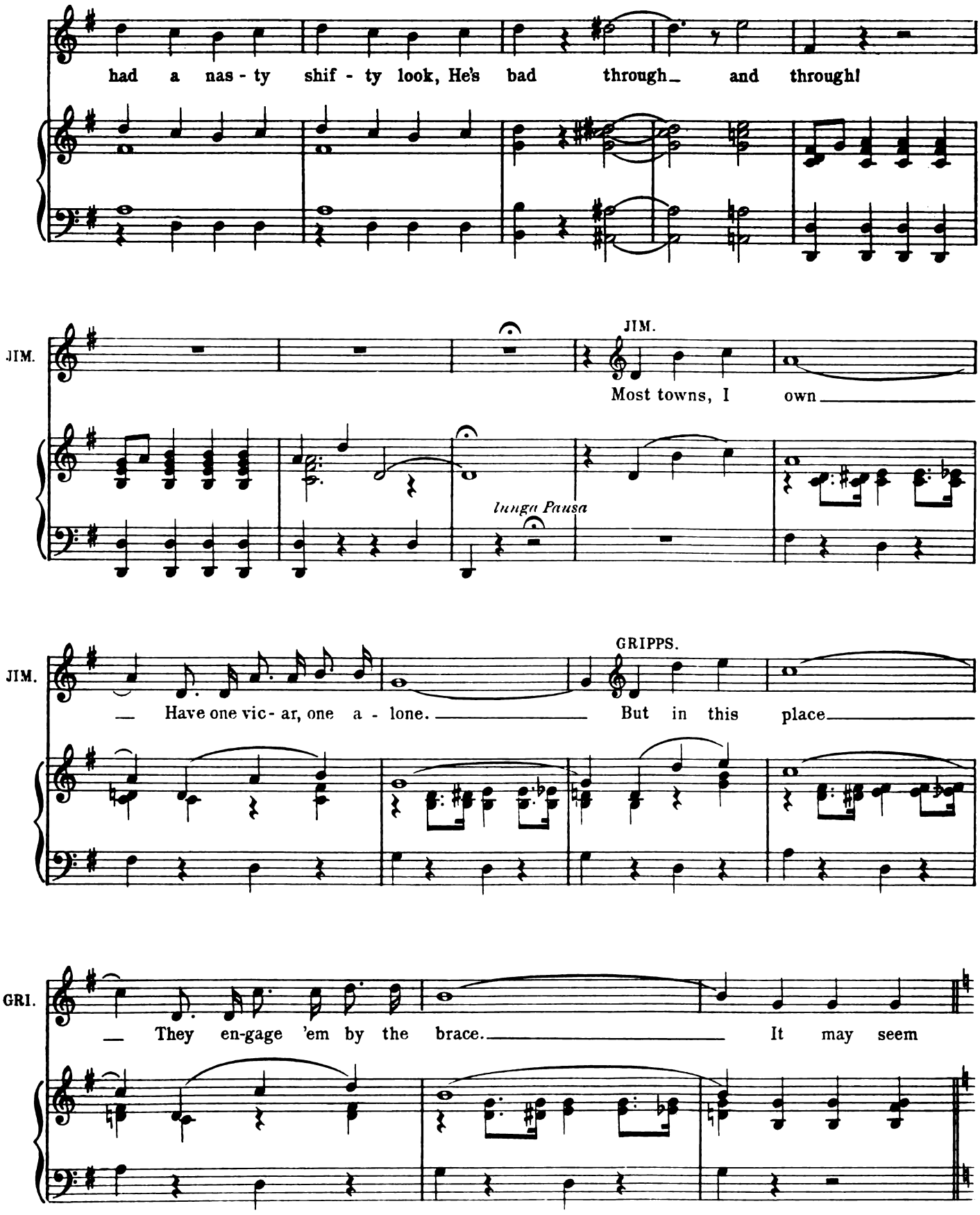

GRAV.
we who live here know that this is true. And
GRAV.
so I has - ten'd hith - er on my tri - cy - cle, To say I hope 'twill
GRAV.
prove to be a Pa - ra - dise for you.
GIRLS
GIRLS
And so he has - ten'd
GIRLS
hith - er on his tri - cy - cle, To say he hopes 'twill prove to be a Pa - ra - dise for

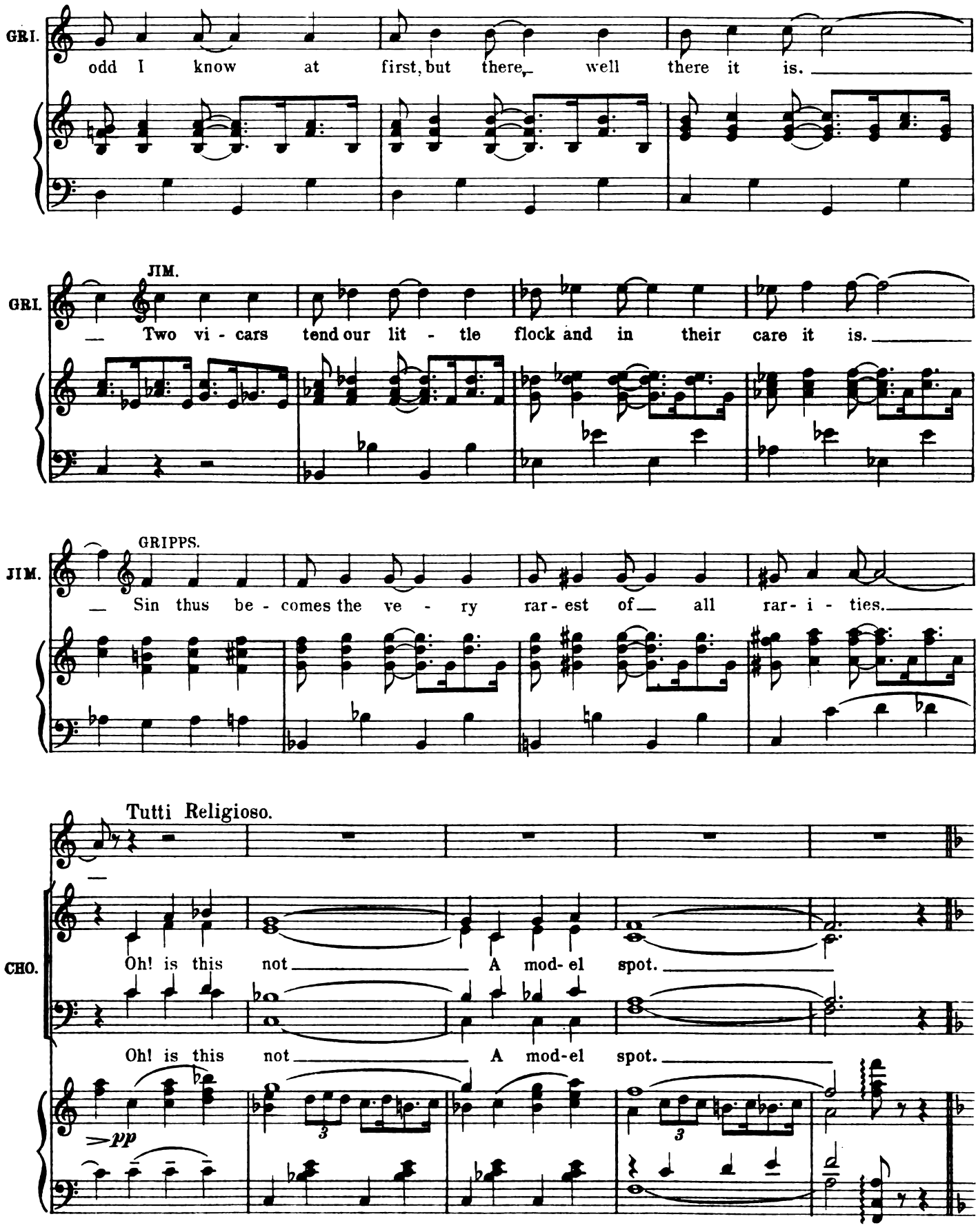

GRIPPS. (aside)
GRIP.
Mis - ter Grav - vins, just a mo - ment!
GRAVVINS. (aside)
GRAV.
Mis - ter
GIRLS
you!
p.
GRIPPS. (aside)
GRAV.
Gripps don't in - ter - fere! Pray be care - ful of your con - duct, While you're
GRAVVINS. (aloud)
GRIP.
mas - quer - a - ding here! Oh, my breth - ren, I'm as joy - ful as a
GRIPPS. (aside)
GRIP.
Have a dough nut Mis - ter Grav - vins!
(aside)
GRAV.
lamb that leaps and skips. Go to blaz - es, Mis - ter


GRAV.
Gripps!
CHO.
We'd like to say that we with no dis - sent En-dorse most
f
CHO.
heart - i - ly his sen - ti - ment. Like him we hope that bliss,
CHO.
will be your lot; That you'll find joy in this de - light - ful


CHO.
spot! Mo - del spot, mo - del spot!
(Exit Gravvins
lunga
pausa
Allegro moderato.
VIC.
THE VICAR.
And which is Mis-ter Pa-ra-dene?
Melodram through dialogue
p


CHORUS. in UNISON.
CHO.
Yes! This is our Vi - car.
CHO.
That, of course, is true. Why, the o - ther man must be a crook! He


had a nas - ty shif - ty look, He's bad through and through!
JIM.
JIM.
Most towns, I own
lunga Pausa
JIM.
GRIPPS.
Have one vic - ar, one a - lone. But in this place
GRI.
They en-gage 'em by the brace. It may seem


GRI.
odd I know at first, but there, well there it is.
JIM.
GRI.
— Two vi - cars tend our lit - tle flock and in their care it is.
GRIPPS.
JIM.
— Sin thus be - comes the ve - ry rar - est of all rar - i - ties.
Tutti Religioso.
CHO.
Oh! is this not A mod - el spot.
Oh! is this not A mod - el spot.
pp

Through Dialogue

Andantino.

p

cantabile

Ped.

Pesante.

L.H.

CABARET TROUPE.

One, two, three, Pull up your socks and

ff prestissimo - -

a tempo originale

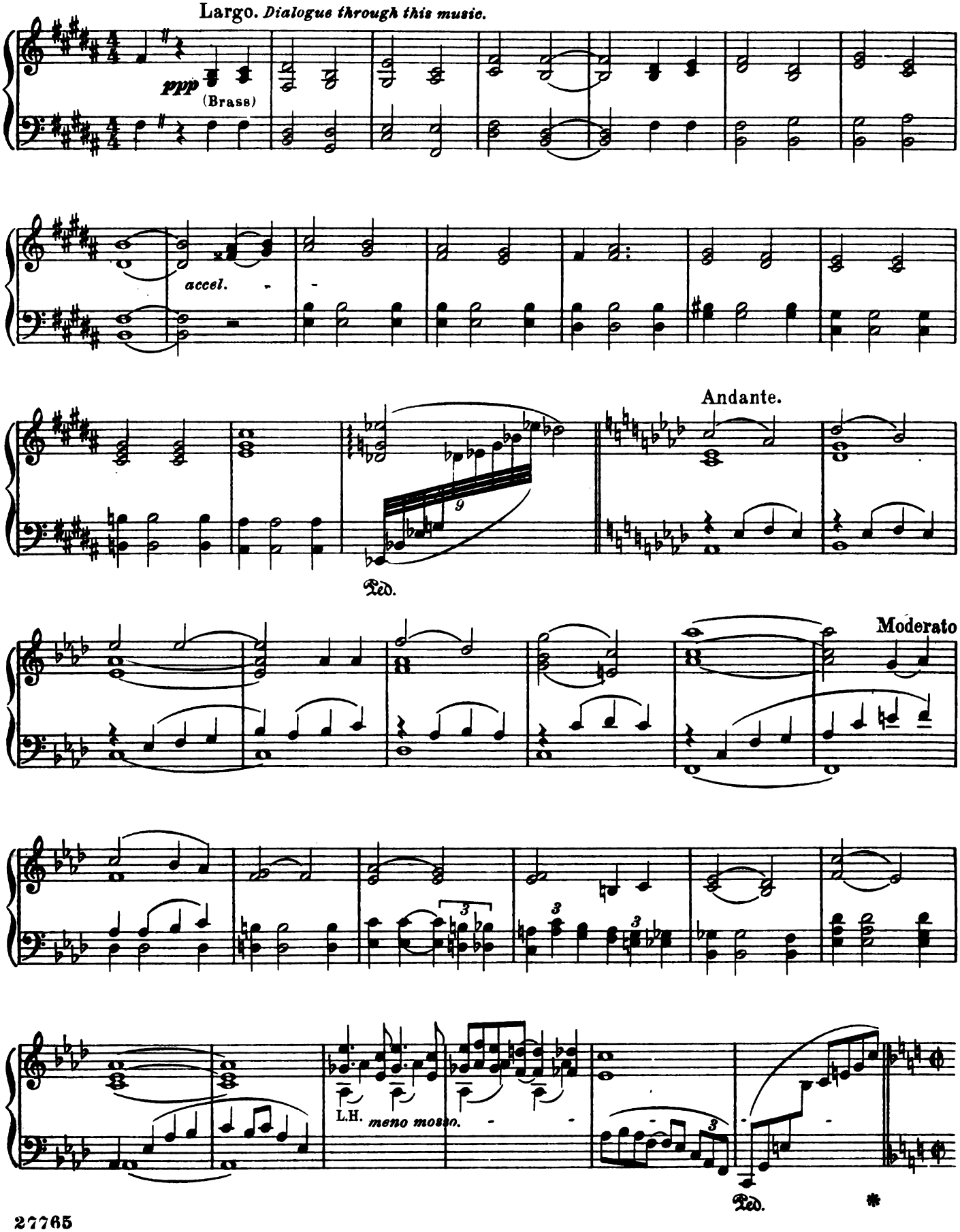
C.T.

shout it. Whoop - de - oo - dle, Whoop - de - oo - dle Whoop!

MARILYNN *(Spoken)* Stop!

sfz

sfz


Largo. *Dialogue through this music.*
ppp
(Brass)
accel.
Andante.
Ped.
Moderato
L.H. *meno mosso.*
Ped.

Andante.

SOLO MARILYNN.

All my rain - bow vi-sions are o - ver and end - - - -

p

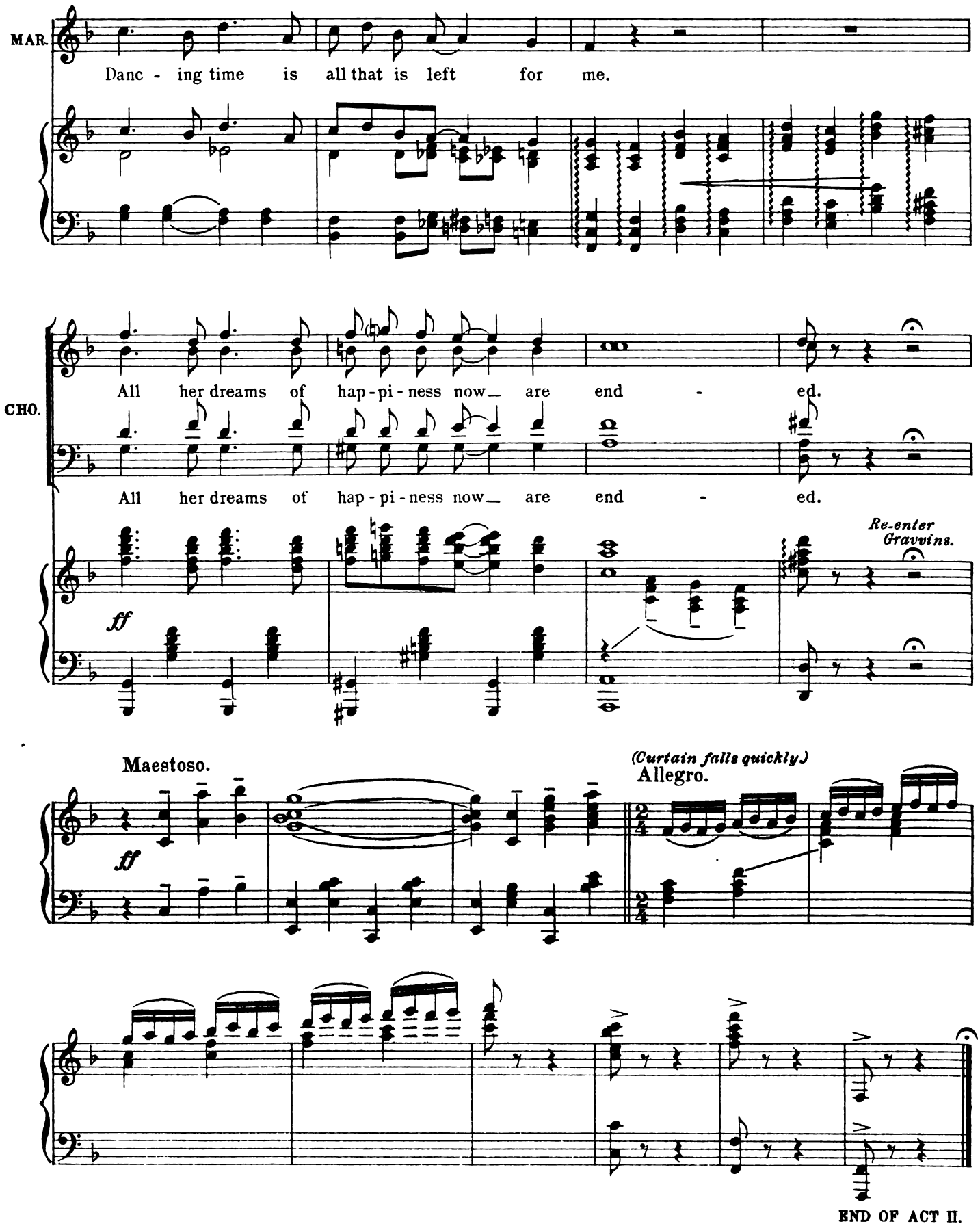
JIM (disconsolately.)

MAR. -ed, Rain - bow vi - sions which I used to

JIM. see: All my dreams are

Ped.

JIM. bro - ken and can't be mend - - ed.

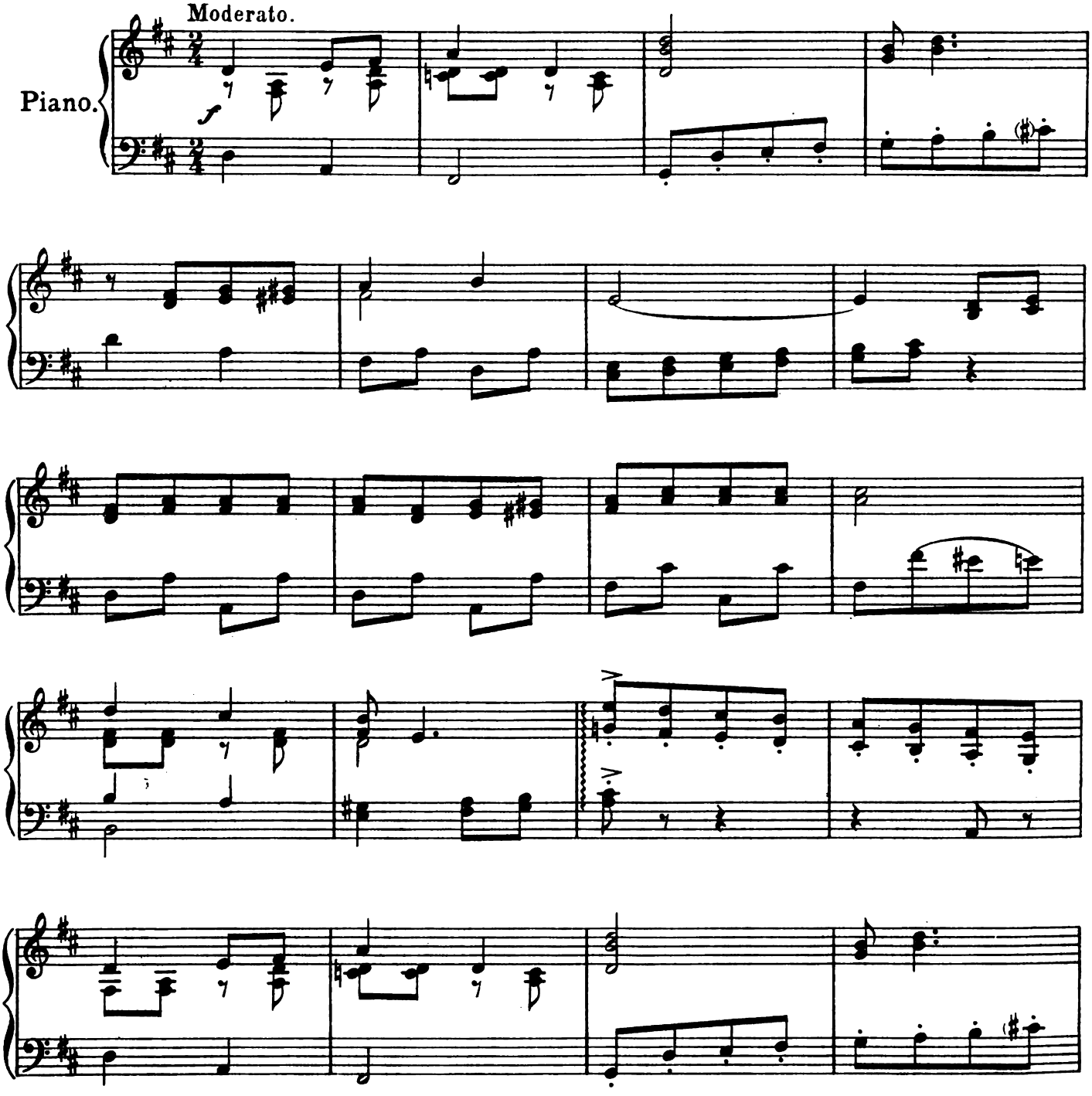

MAR.
Danc - ing time is all that is left for me.
CHO.
All her dreams of hap-pi-ness now_ are end - ed.
All her dreams of hap-pi-ness now_ are end - ed.
ff
Re-enter Gravvins.
Maestoso.
ff
(Curtain falls quickly)
Allegro.

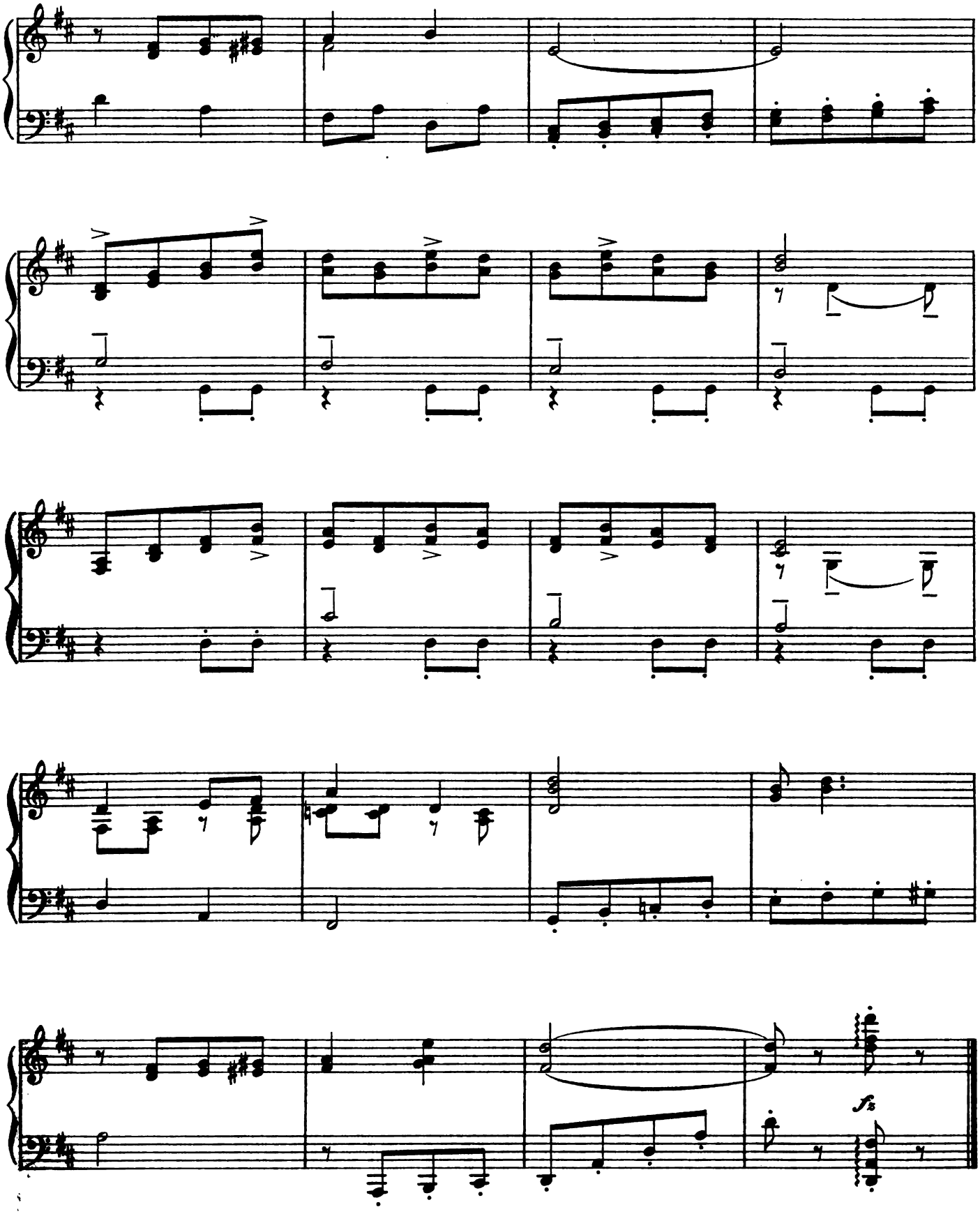
END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.

Nº 17. OPENING MUSIC.

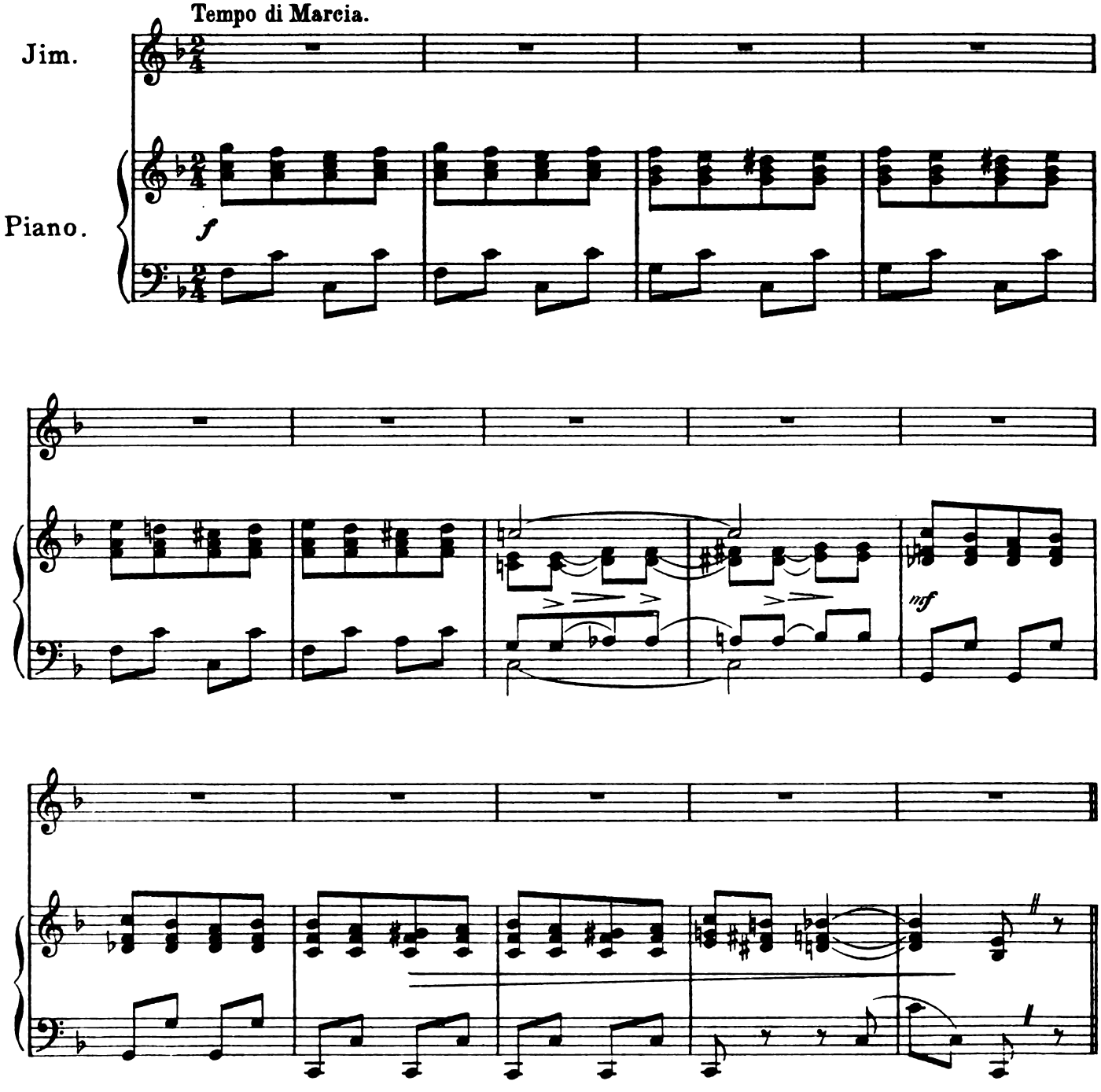


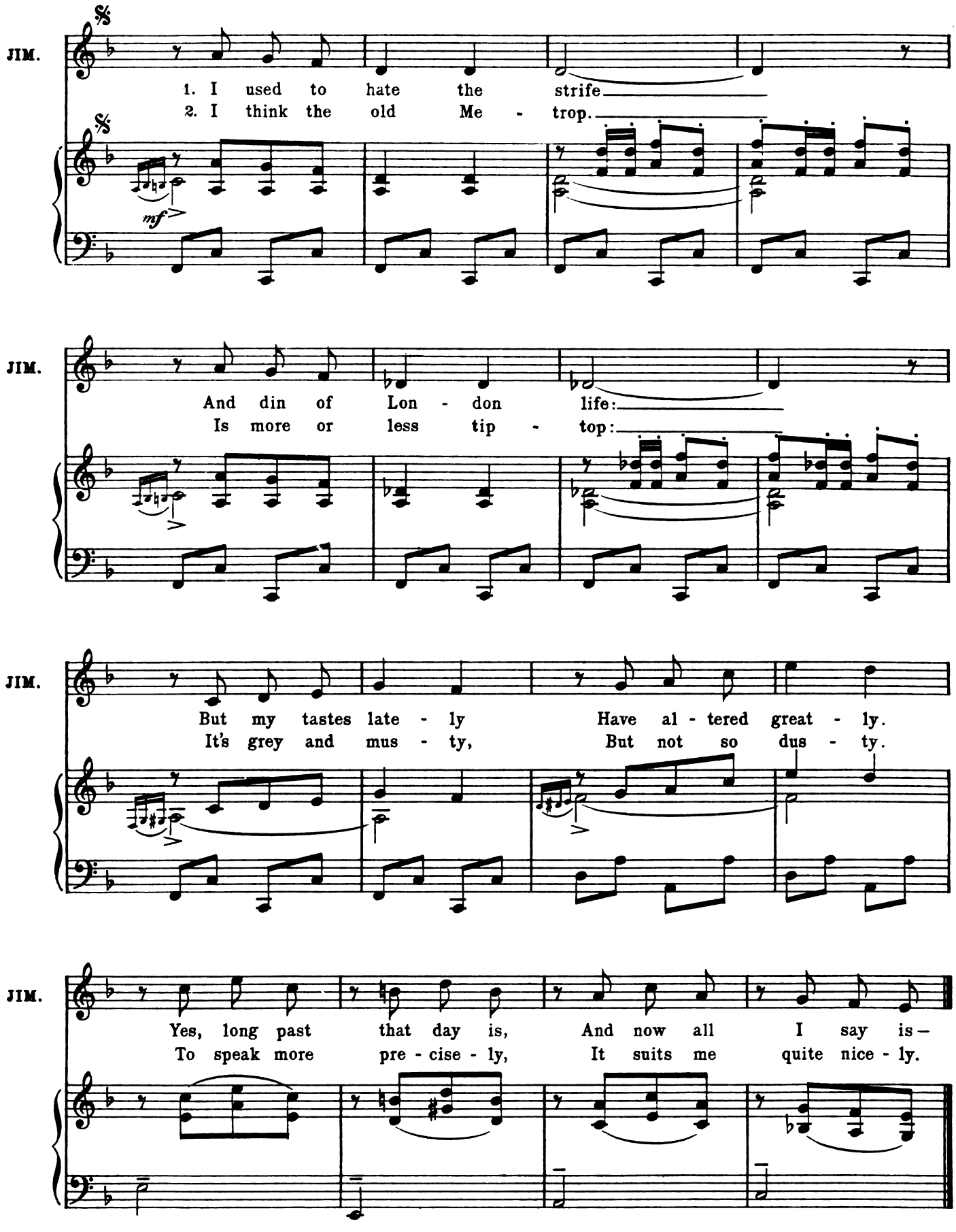

fz

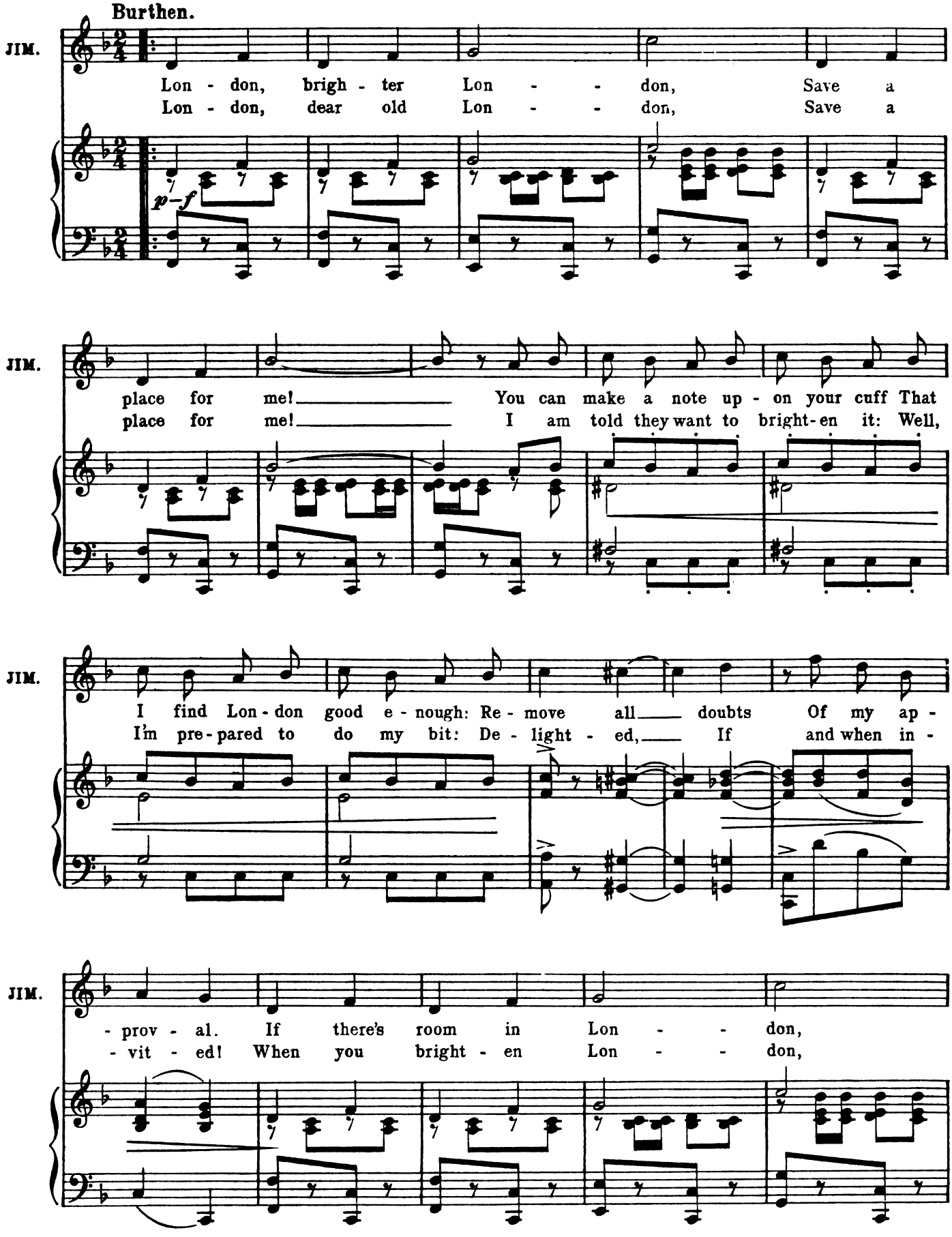
No. 18. SONG.- (Jim) & CHORUS OF MEN.

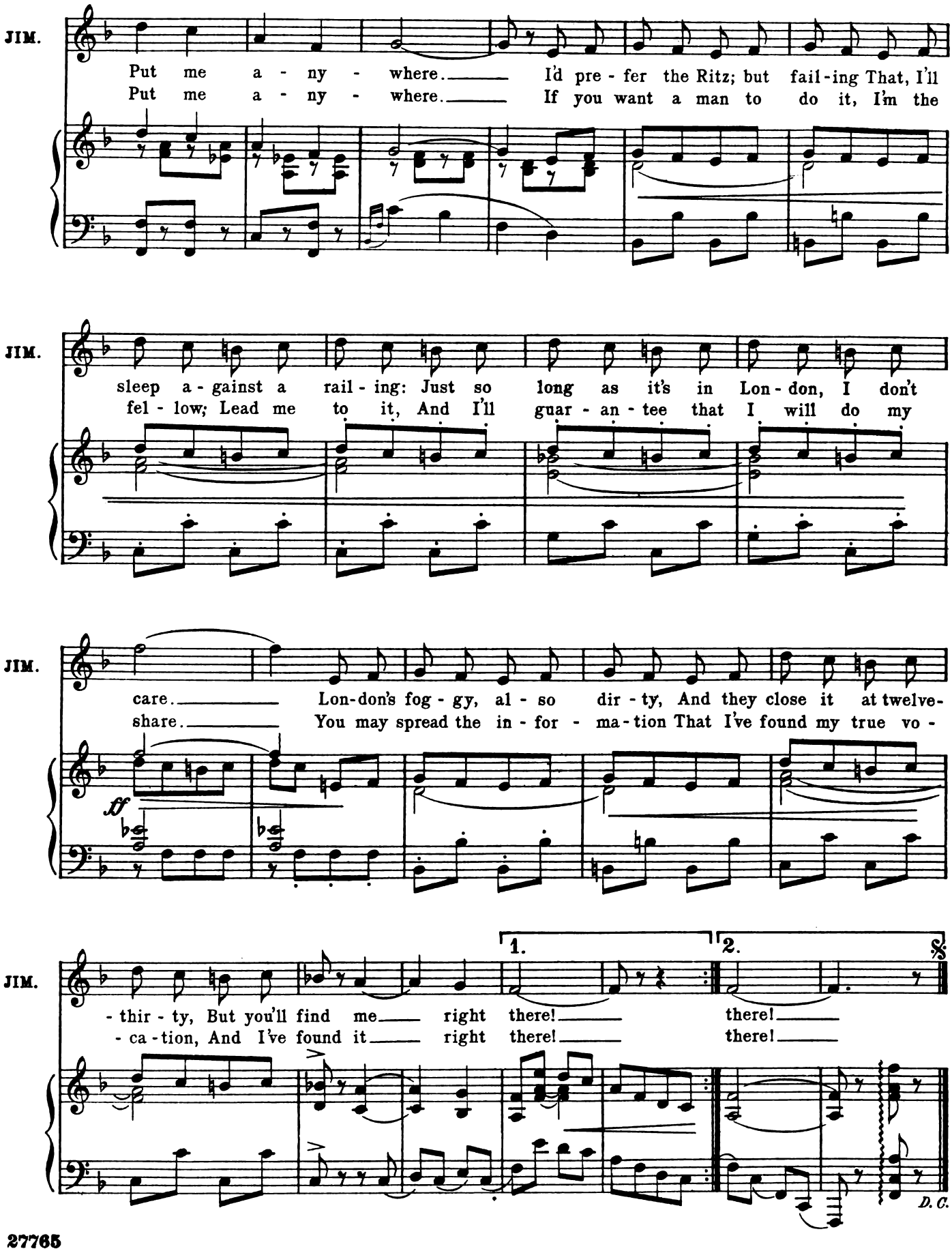
"LONDON, DEAR OLD LONDON."

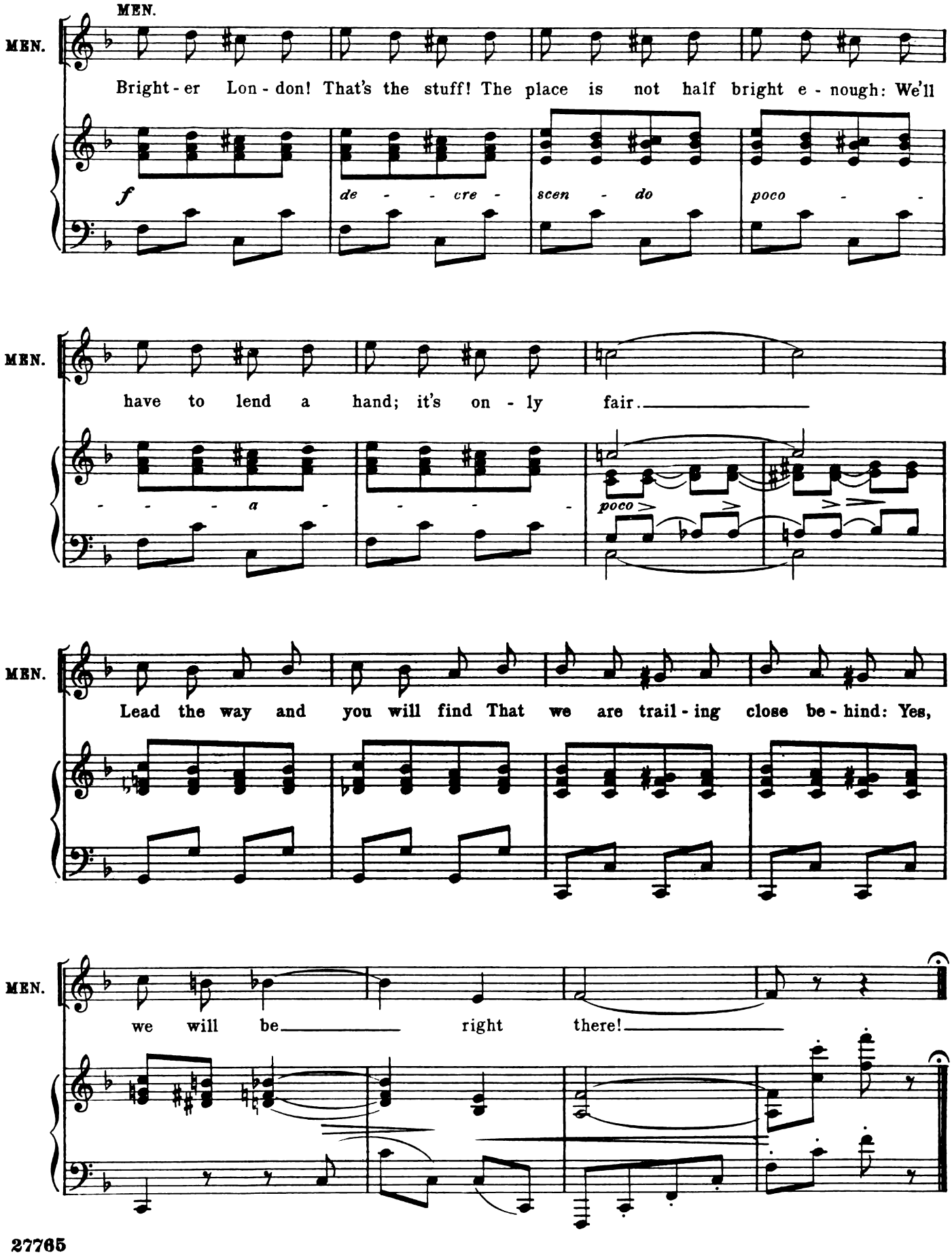
Words by
P. G. WODEHOUSE.




JIM.
1. I used to hate the strife
2. I think the old Me - trop.
mf
JIM.
And din of Lon - don life:
Is more or less tip - top:
JIM.
But my tastes late - ly Have al - tered great - ly.
It's grey and mus - ty, But not so dus - ty.
JIM.
Yes, long past that day is, And now all I say is—
To speak more pre - cise - ly, It suits me quite nice - ly.


Burthen.
JIM.
Lon - don, brigh - ter Lon - - don, Save a
Lon - don, dear old Lon - - don, Save a
p–f
JIM.
place for me! You can make a note up - on your cuff That
place for me! I am told they want to bright-en it: Well,
JIM.
I find Lon-don good e - nough: Re - move all doubts Of my ap -
I'm pre-pared to do my bit: De - light - ed, If and when in -
JIM.
- prov - al. If there's room in Lon - - don,
- vit - ed! When you bright - en Lon - - don,

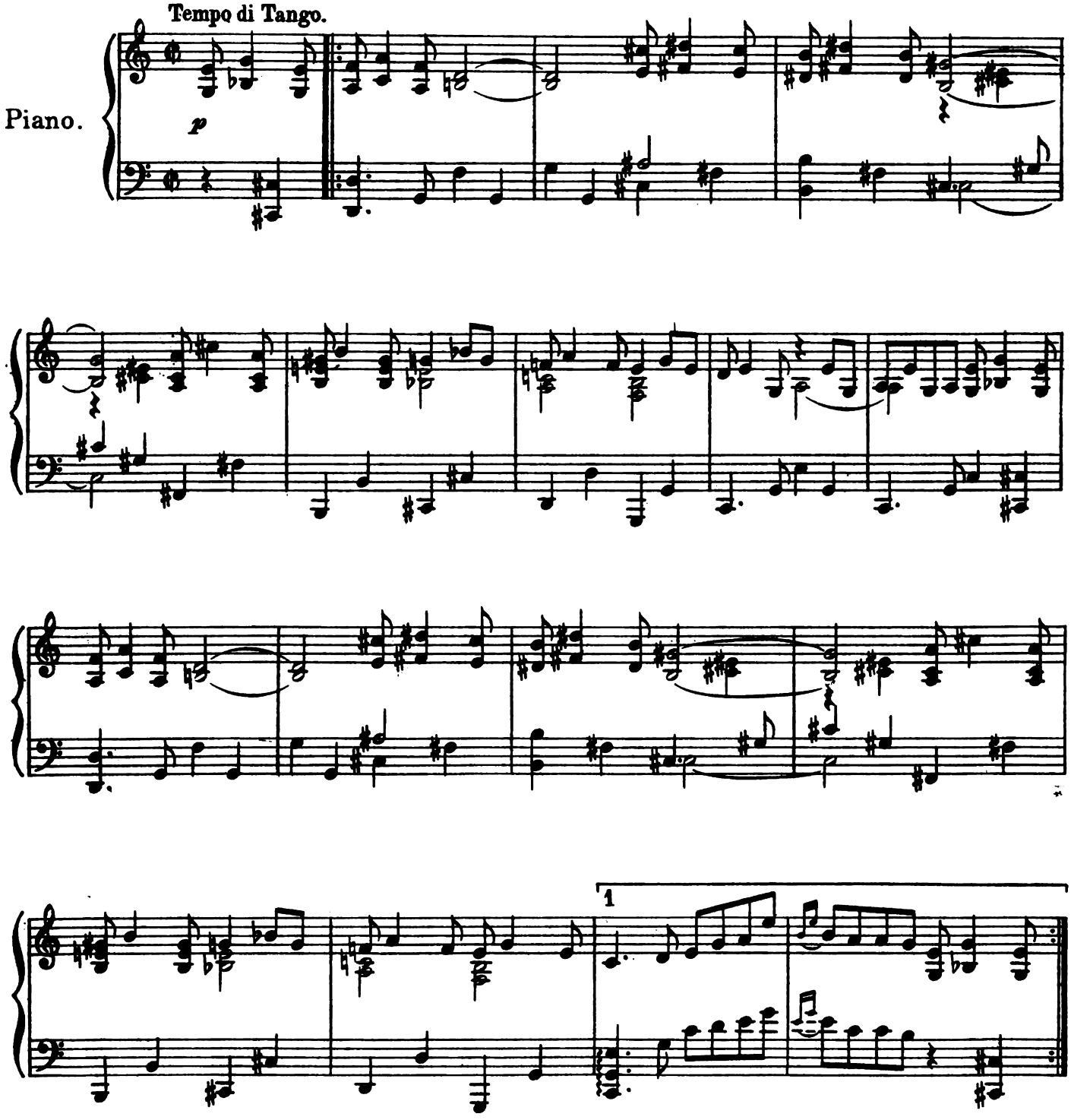

JIM.
Put me a - ny - where. I'd pre - fer the Ritz; but fail - ing That, I'll
Put me a - ny - where. If you want a man to do it, I'm the
JIM.
sleep a - gainst a rail - ing: Just so long as it's in Lon - don, I don't
fel - low; Lead me to it, And I'll guar - an - tee that I will do my
JIM.
care. Lon - don's fog - gy, al - so dir - ty, And they close it at twelve -
share. You may spread the in - for - ma - tion That I've found my true vo -
ff
JIM.
1.
2.
- thir - ty, But you'll find me right there! there!
- ca - tion, And I've found it right there! there!
D.C.

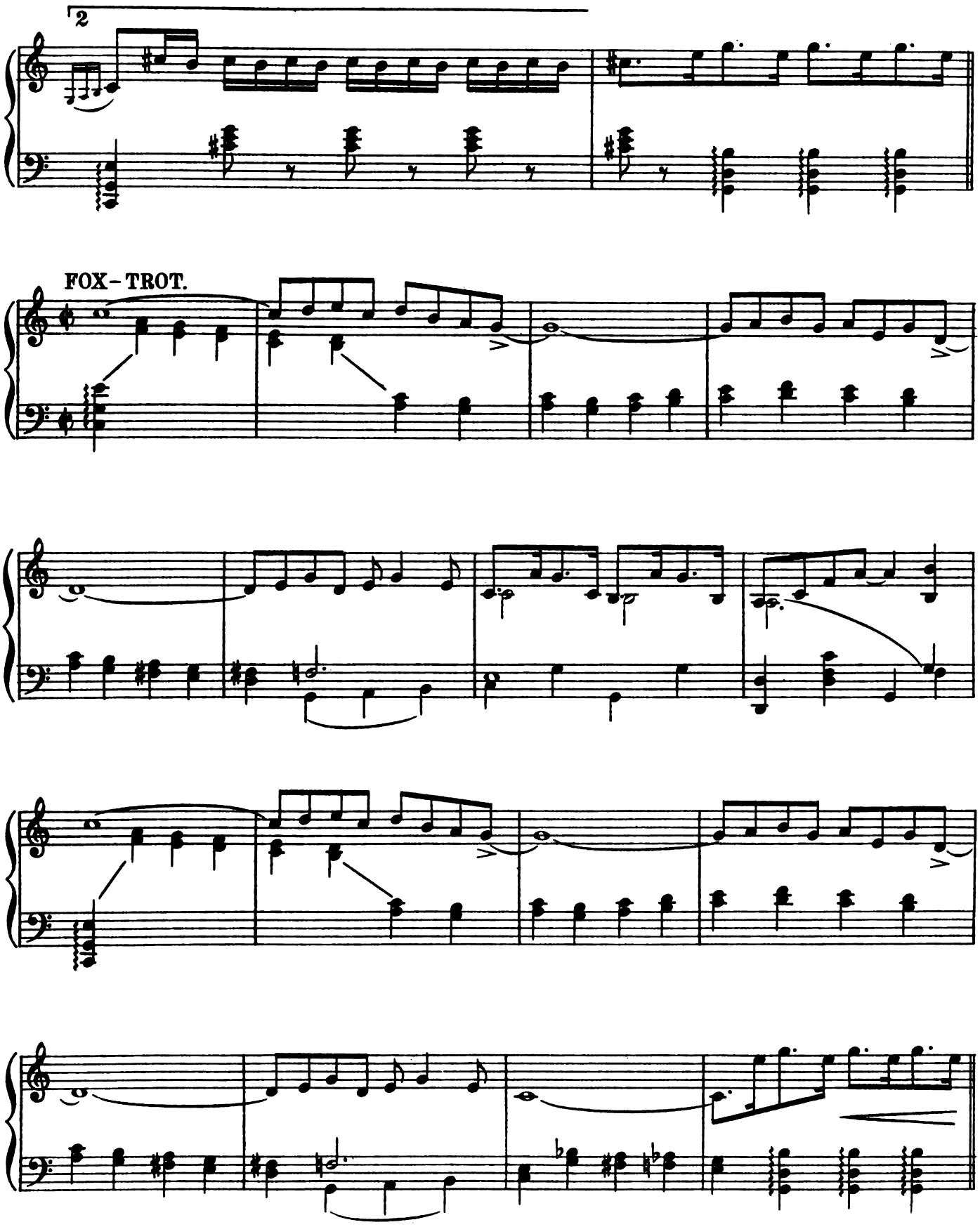

MEN.
MEN.
Bright-er Lon-don! That's the stuff! The place is not half bright e-nough: We'll
f
de - - cre - scen - do poco - -
MEN.
have to lend a hand; it's on-ly fair.
- - - a - - - -
poco
MEN.
Lead the way and you will find That we are trail-ing close be-hind: Yes,
MEN.
we will be right there!

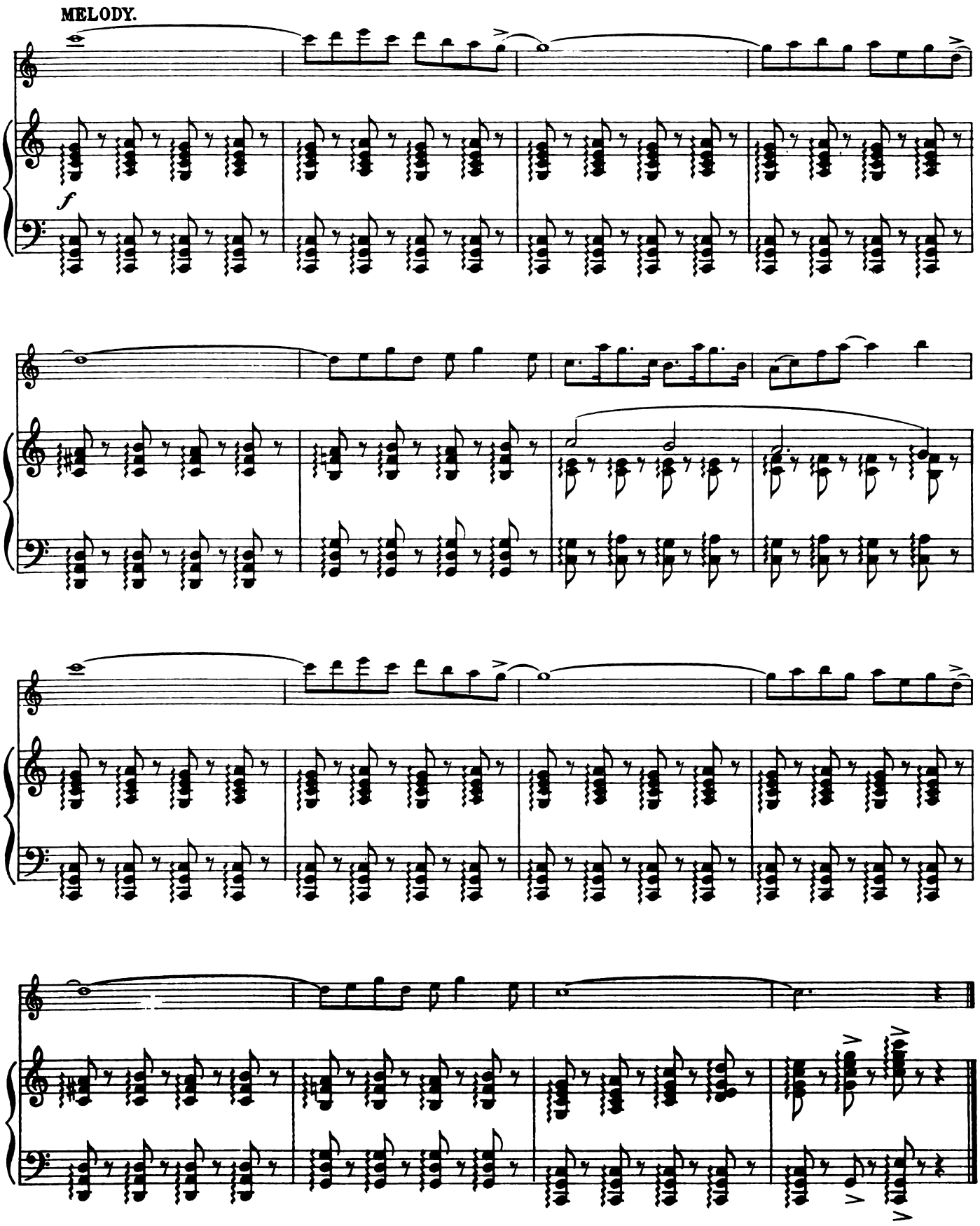
Scene II.

No. 19. OPENING MUSIC.

(a) Tango. (b) Fox-Trot.



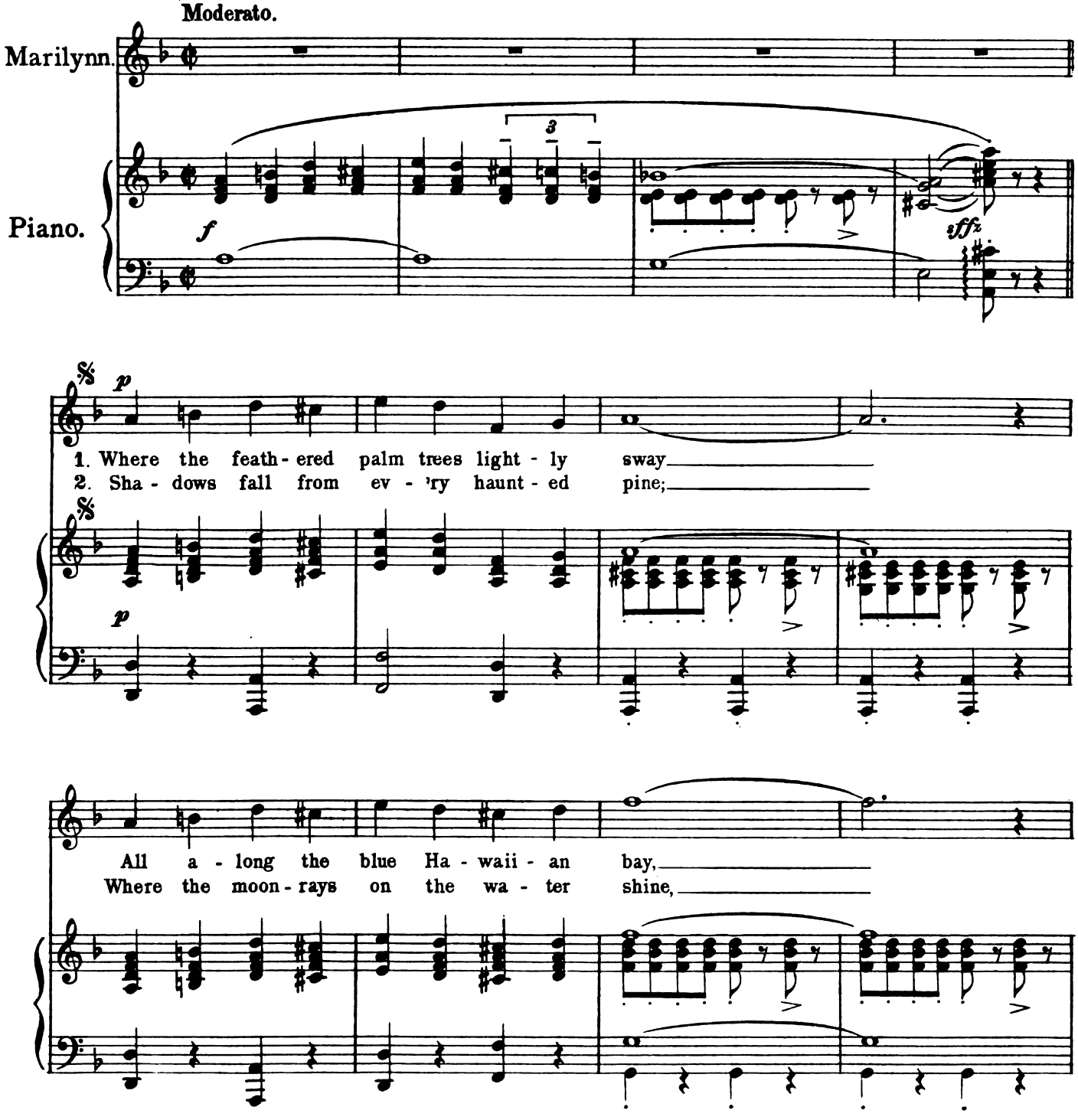

2
FOX-TROT.


MELODY.
f

Nº 20. SONG.-(Marilynn) & CHORUS OF GIRLS.

"KA-LU-A"

Words by
ANNE CALDWELL.



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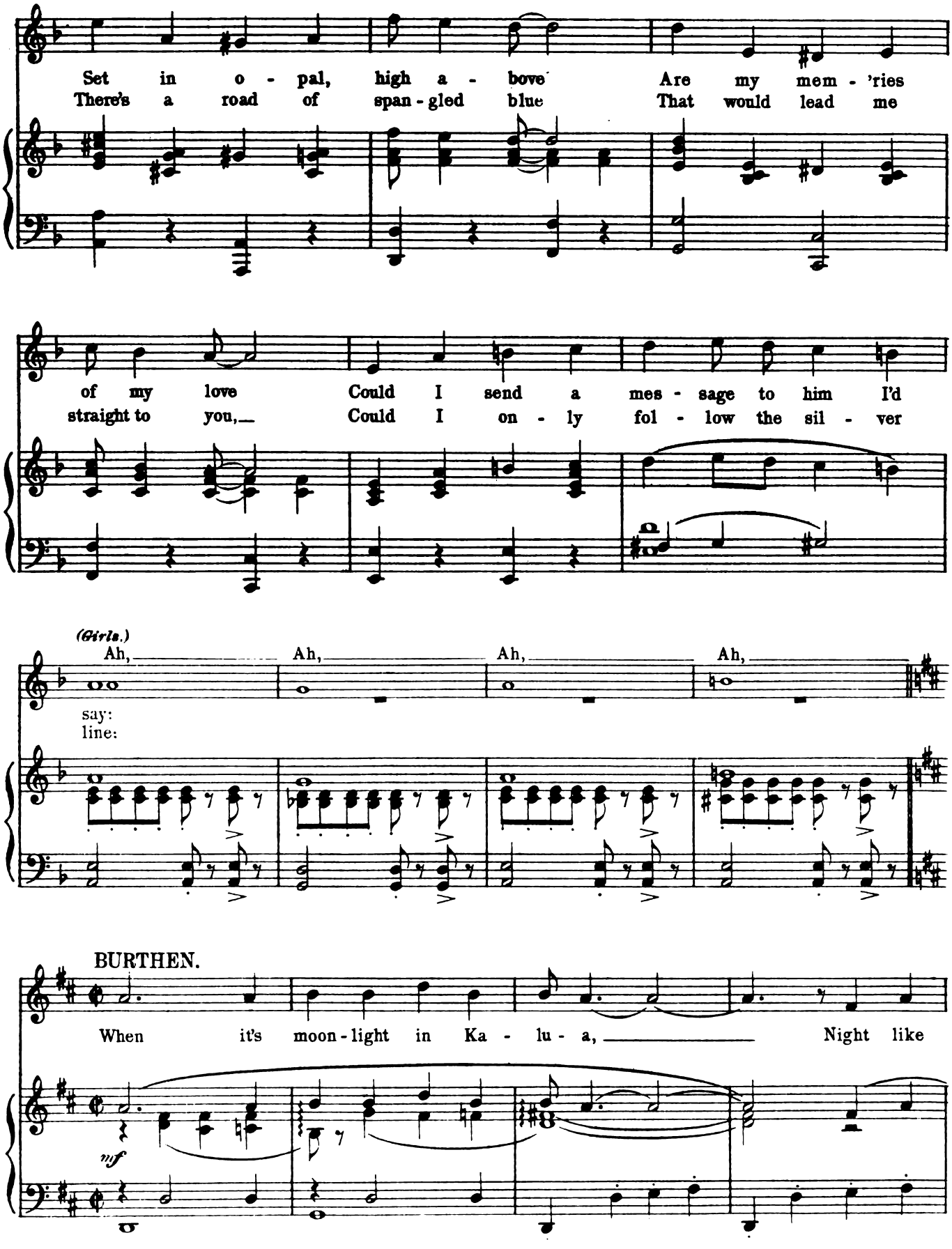
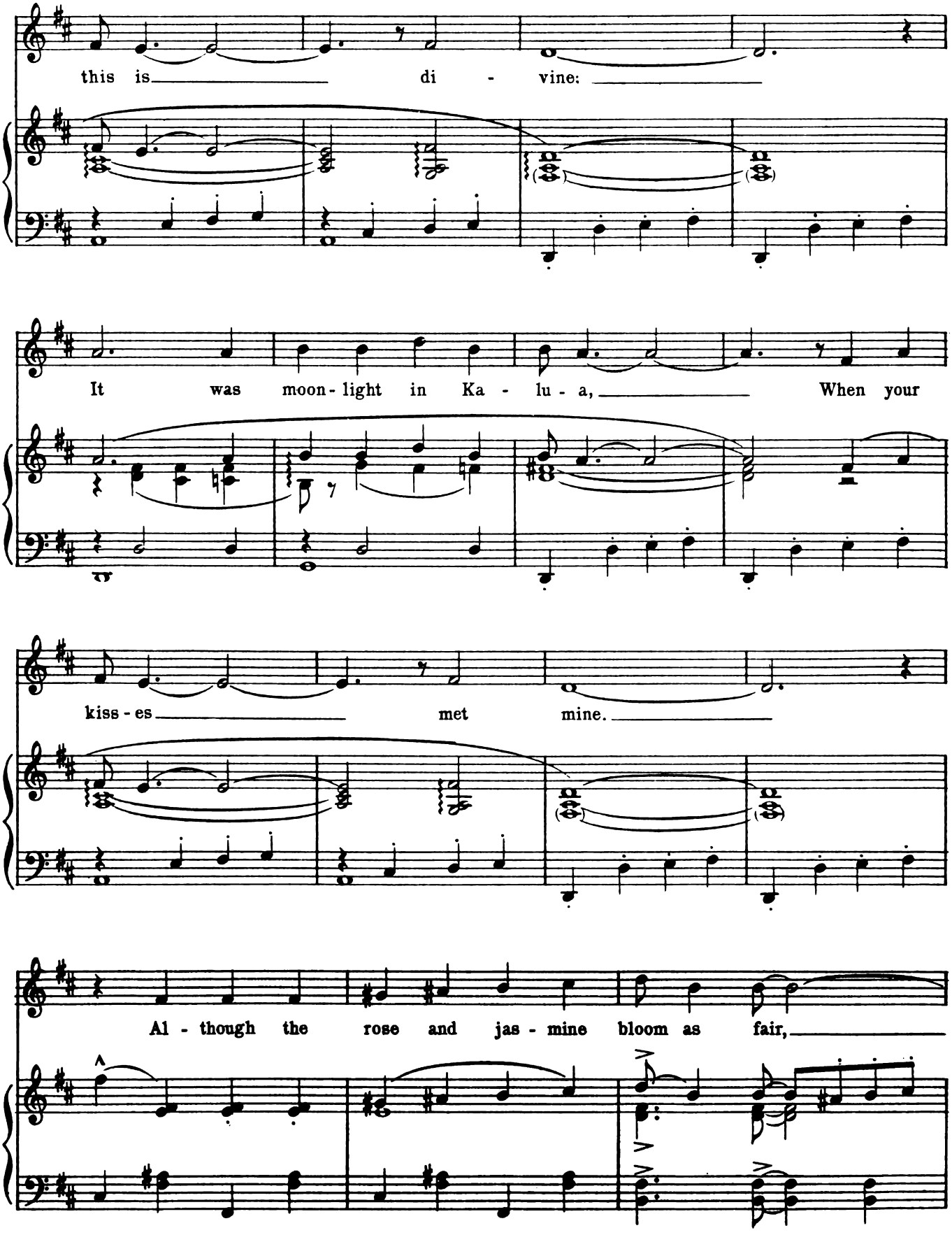
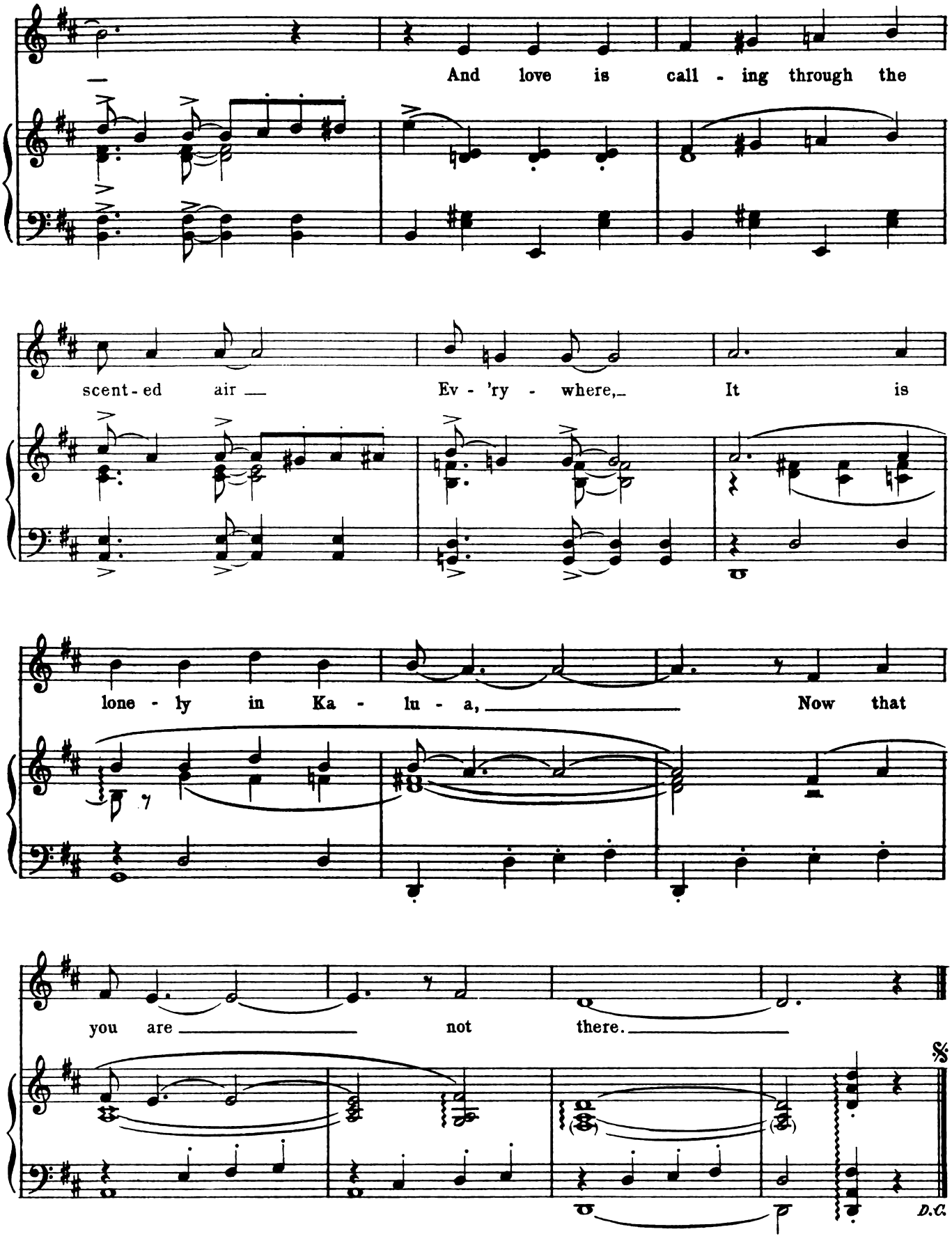

Set in o - pal, high a - bove Are my mem - 'ries
There's a road of span - gled blue That would lead me
of my love Could I send a mes - sage to him I'd
straight to you, Could I on - ly fol - low the sil - ver
(Girls.)
Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah,
say:
line:
BURTHEN.
When it's moon - light in Ka - lu - a, Night like
mf

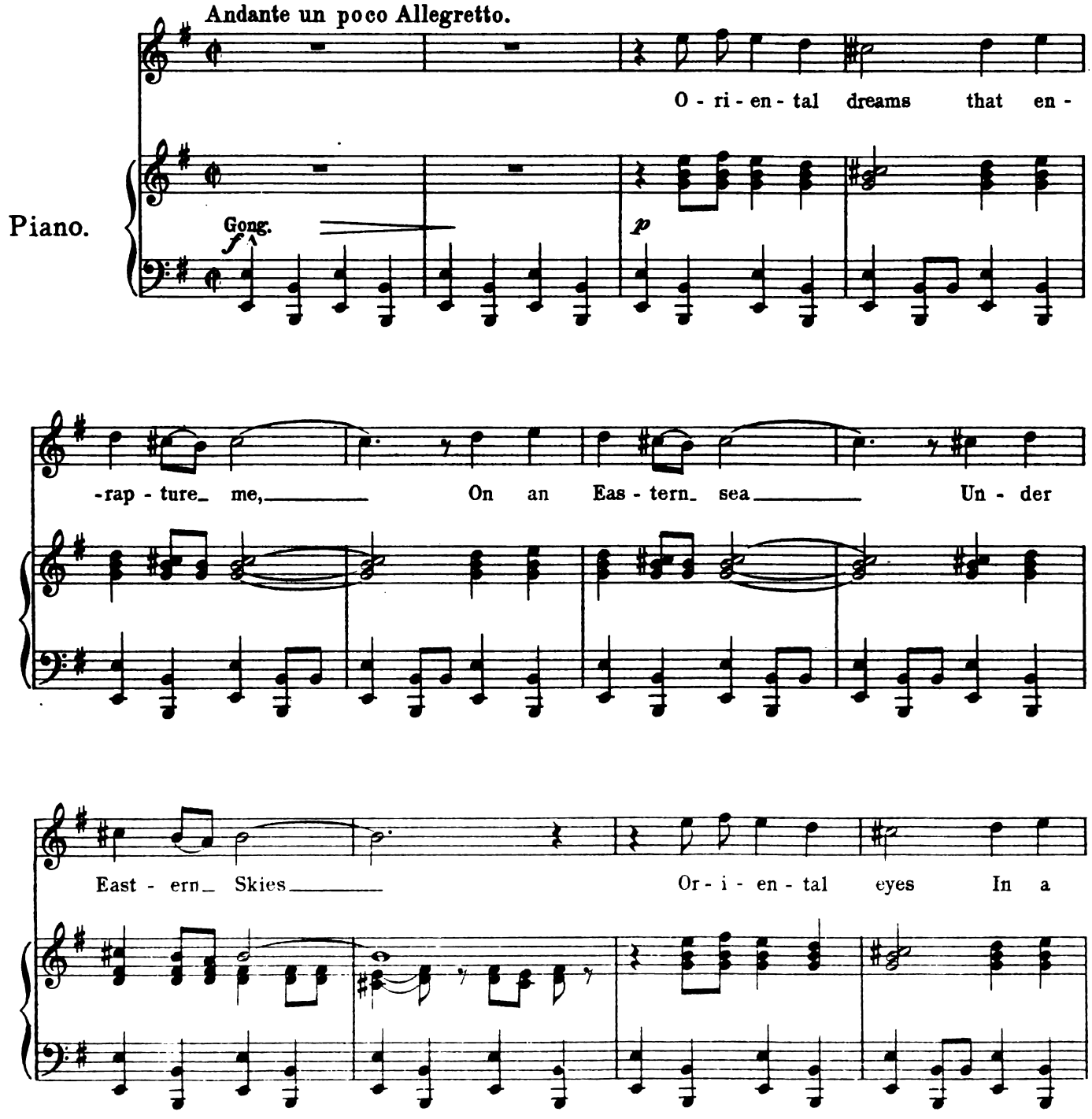

this is di - vine:
It was moon - light in Ka - lu - a, When your
kiss - es met mine.
Al - though the rose and jas - mine bloom as fair,

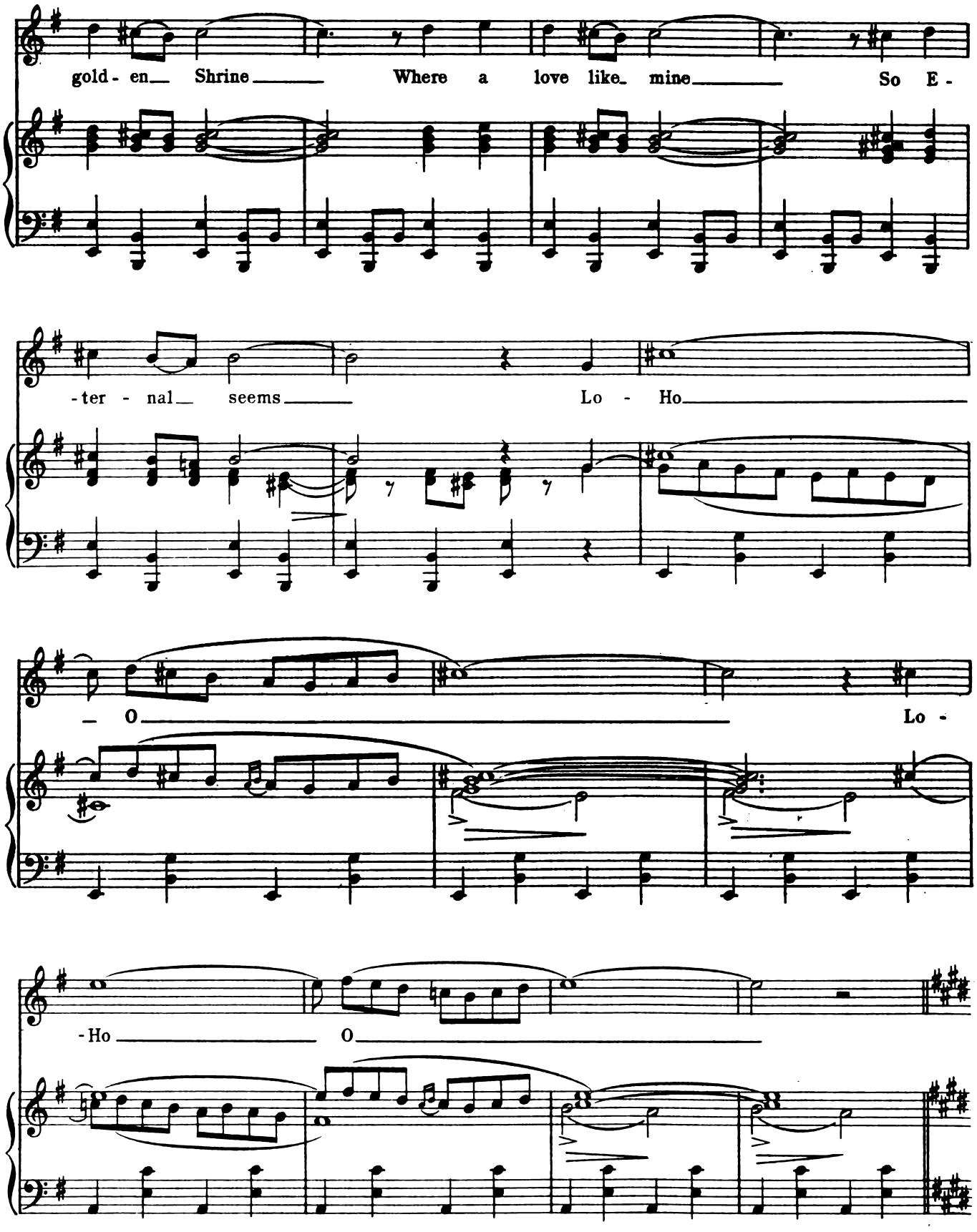

And love is call - ing through the
scent - ed air
Ev - 'ry - where,
It is
lone - ly in Ka - lu - a,
Now that
you are
not
there.
D.C.

No. 21. FINALE.-

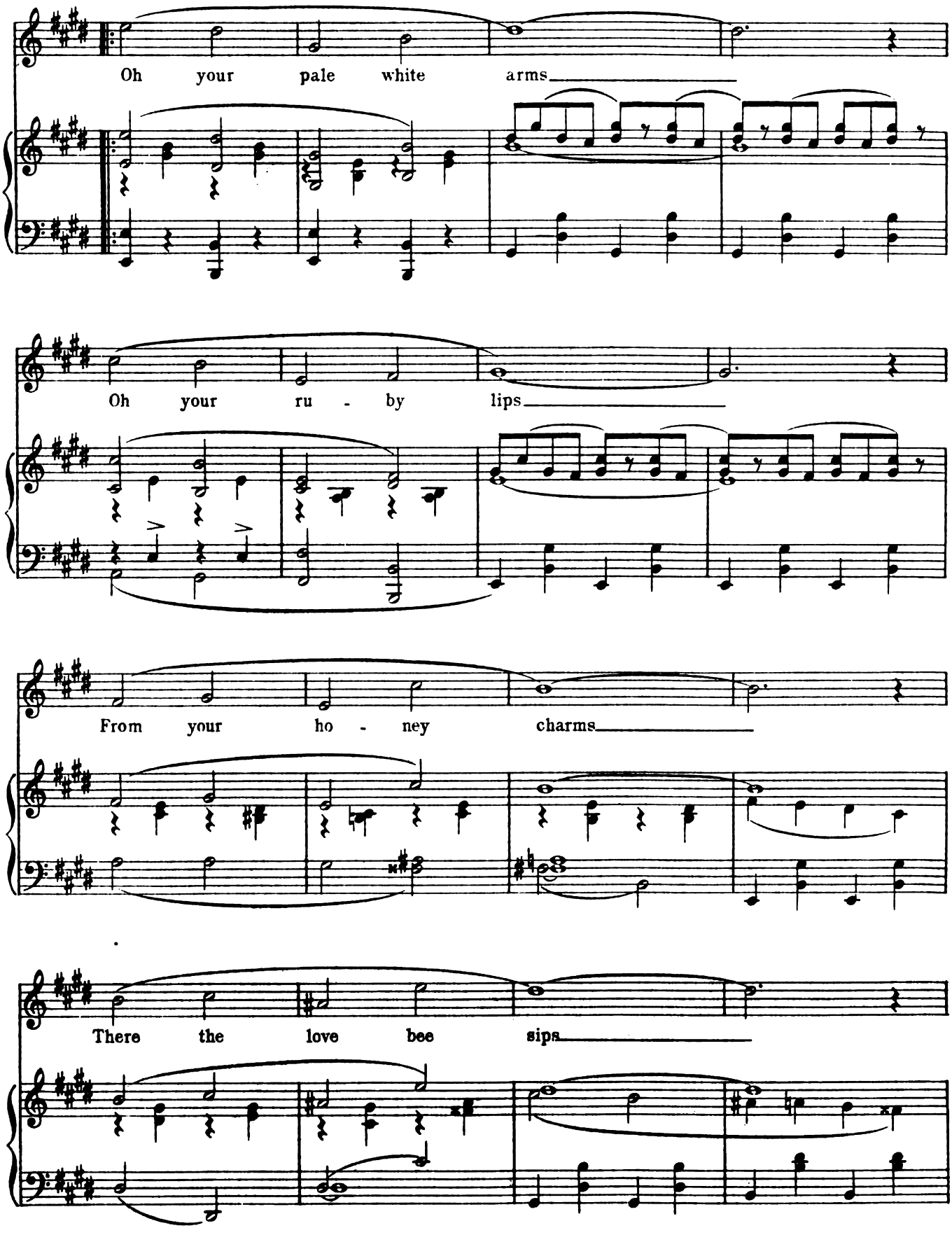
"ORIENTAL DREAMS."

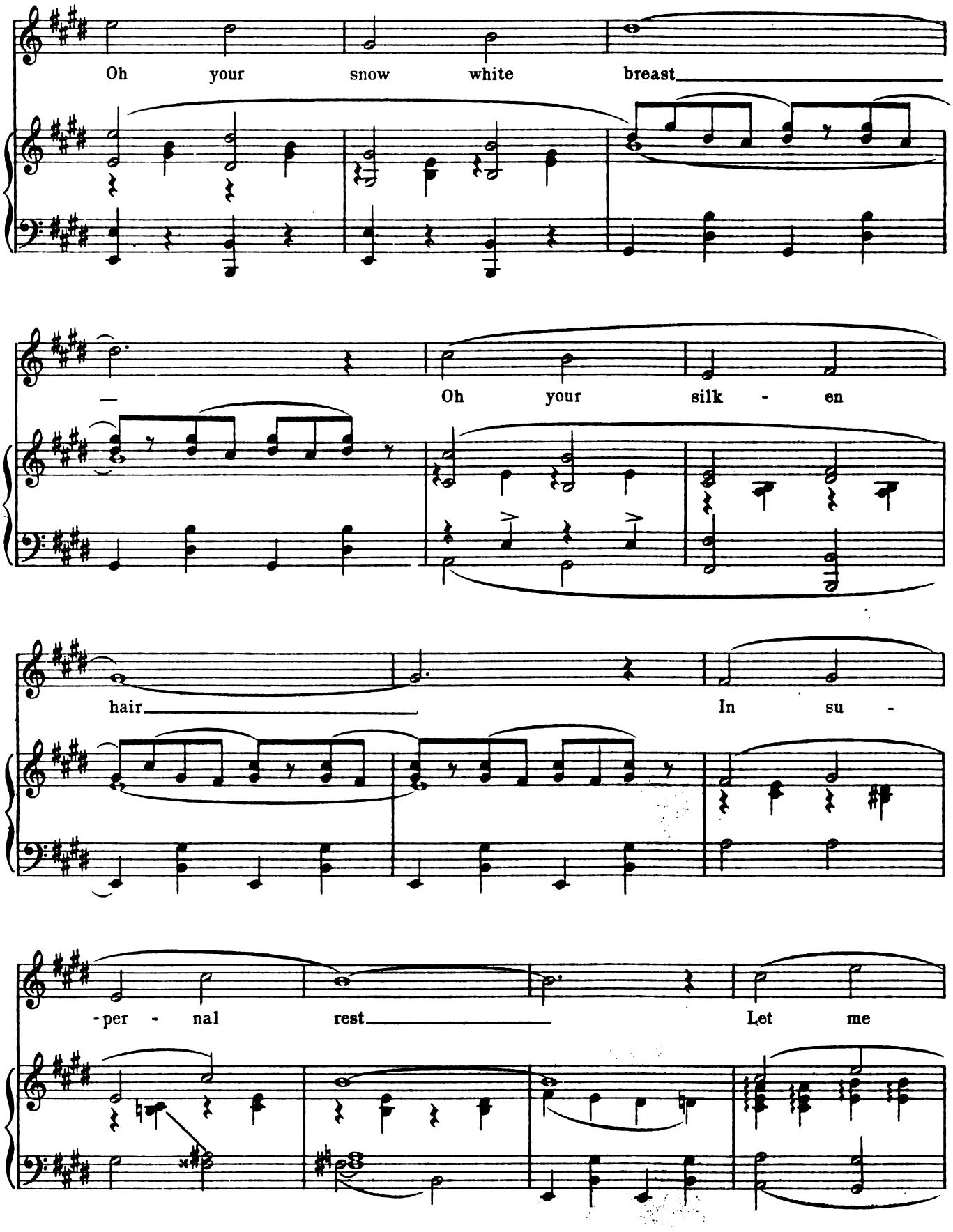
Words by
GEORGE GROSSMITH.

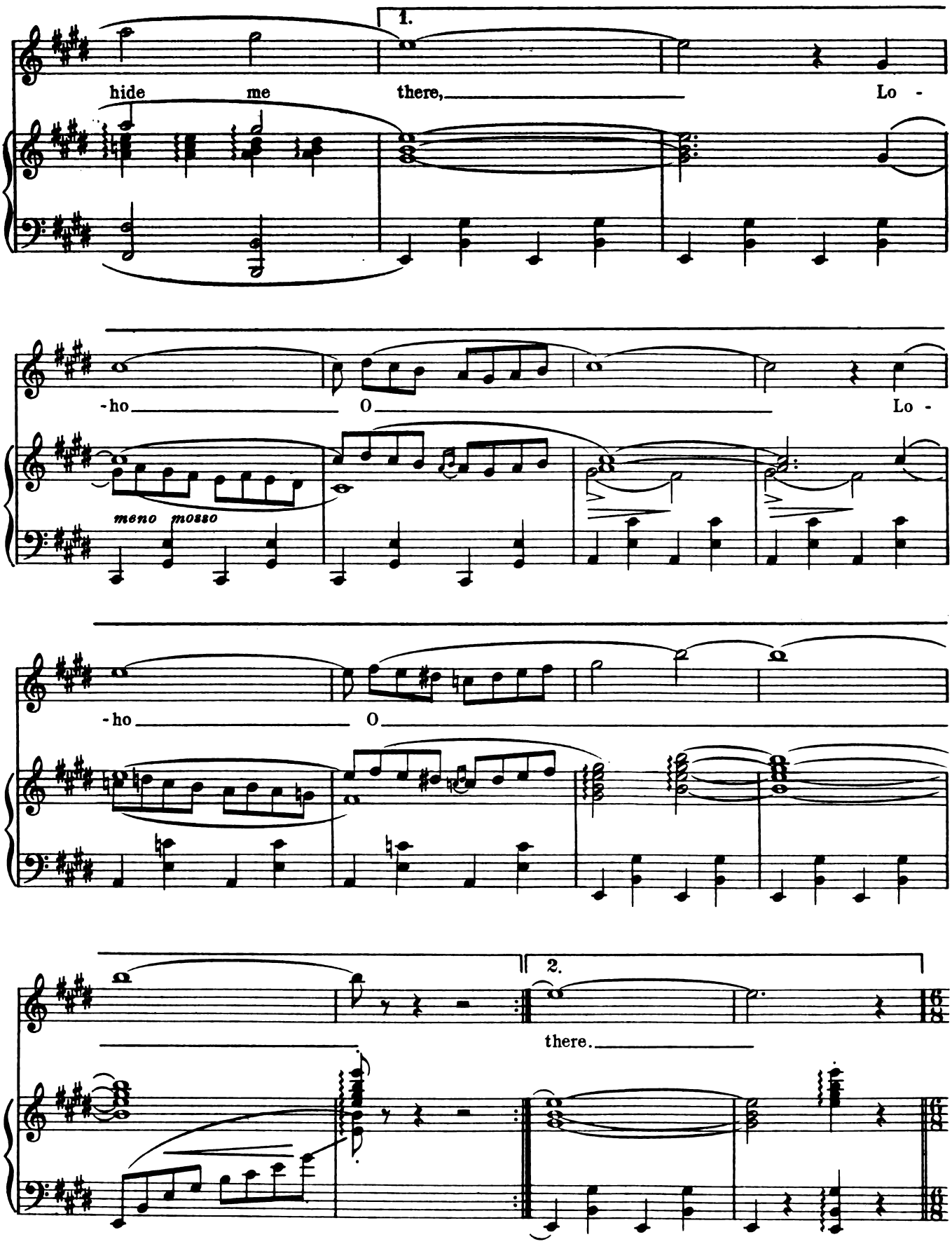


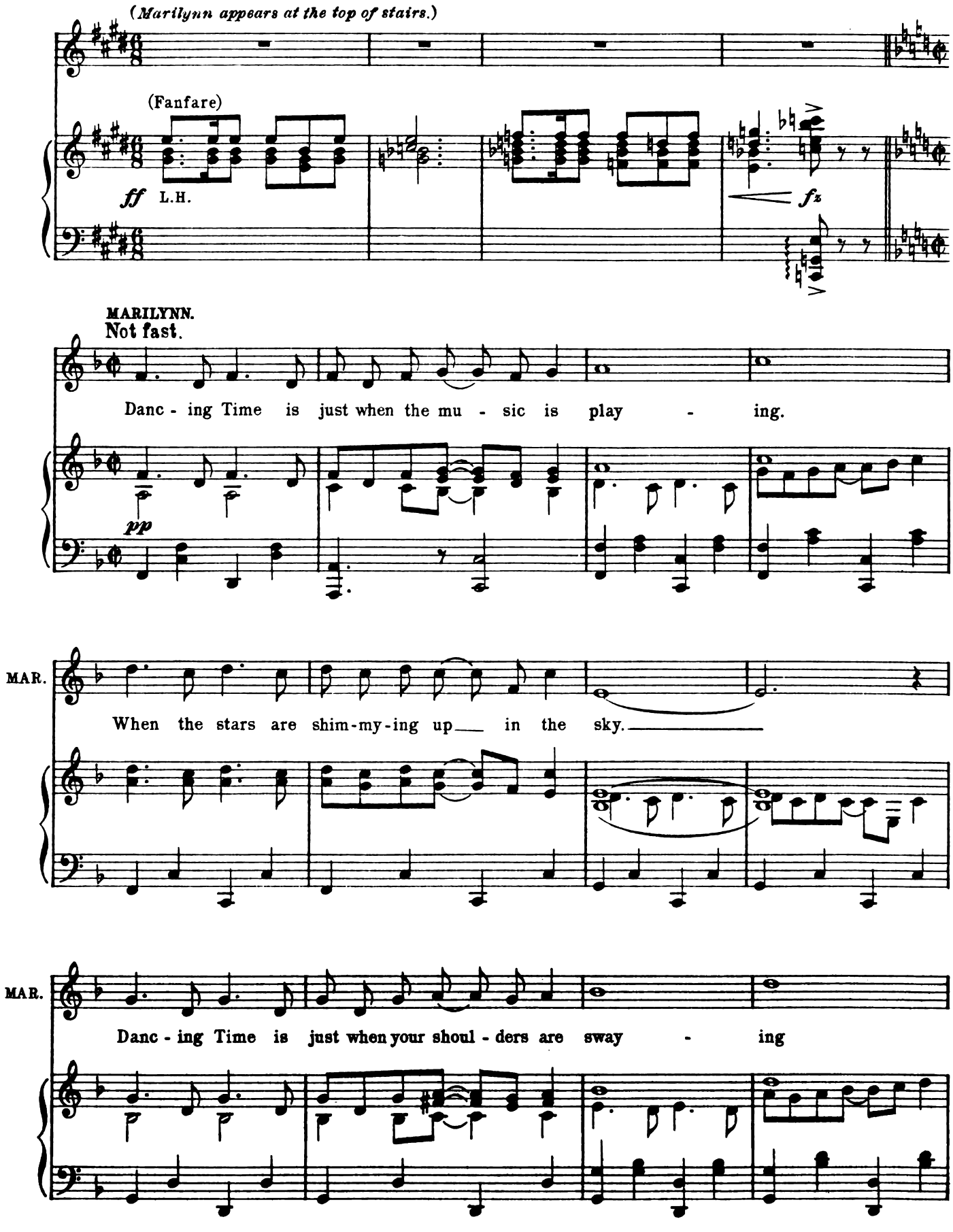

gold - en Shrine Where a love like mine So E -
-ter - nal seems Lo - Ho
O Lo -
-Ho O

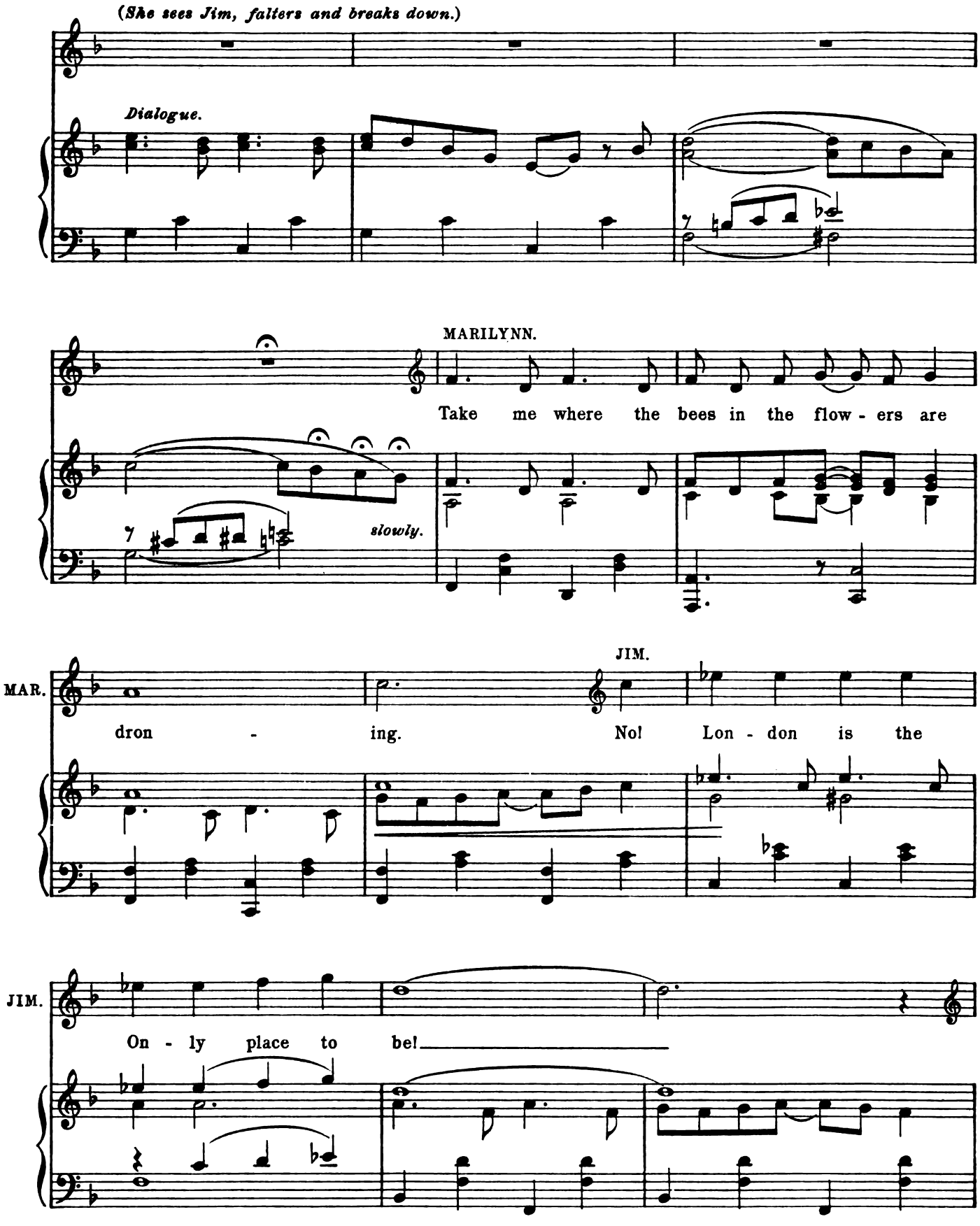
Burthen.

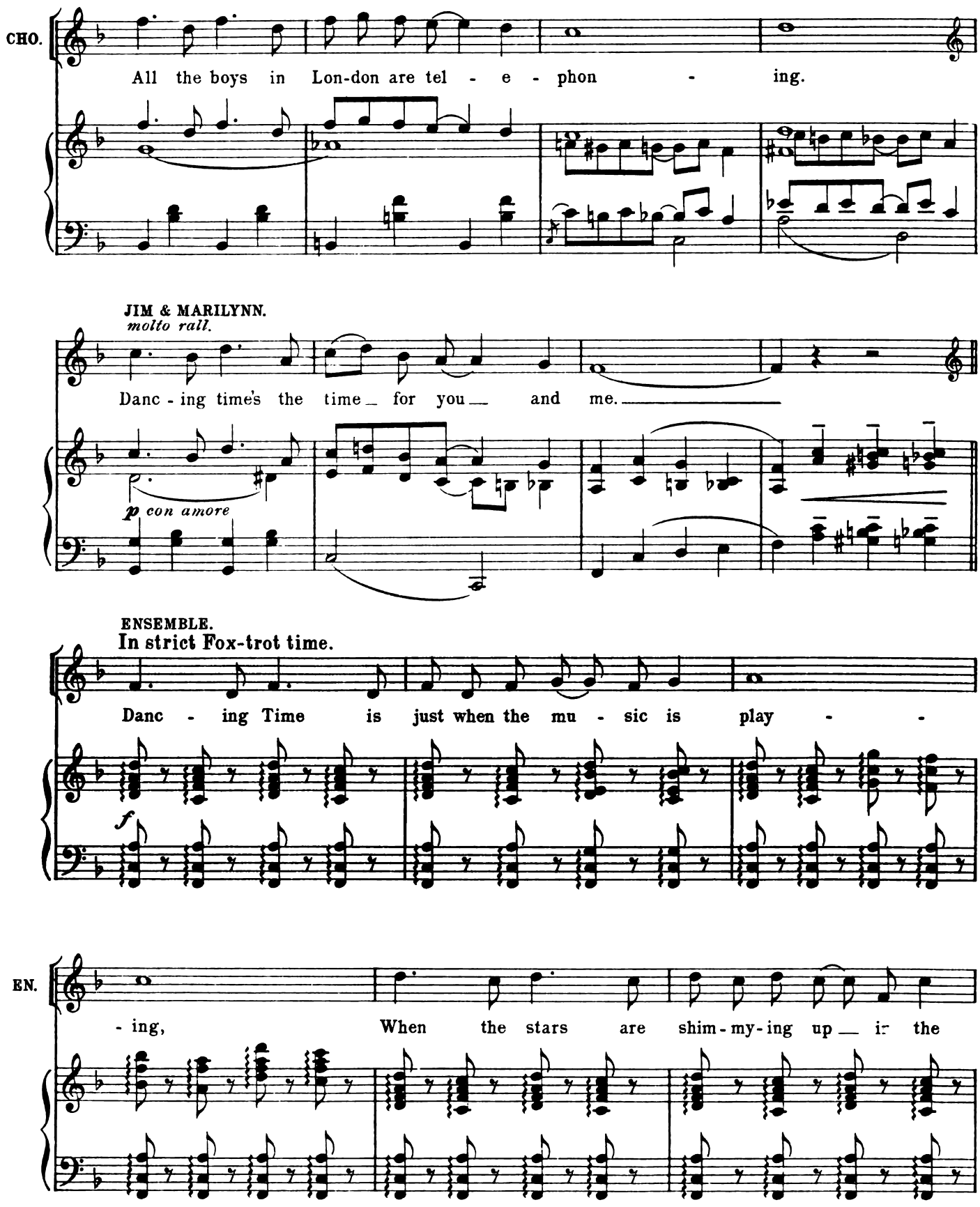

Oh your pale white arms
Oh your ru - by lips
From your ho - ney charms
There the love bee sips

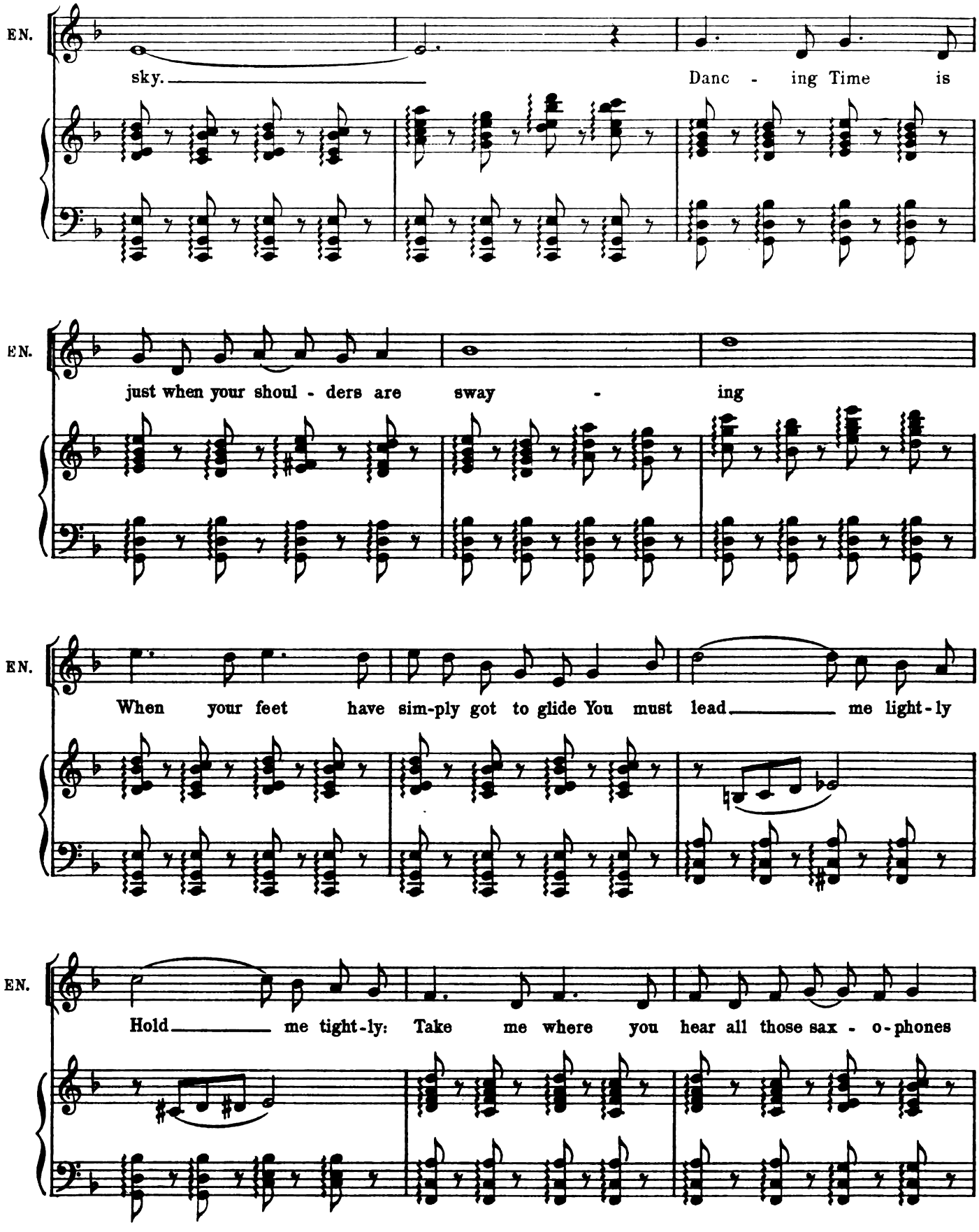

Oh your snow white breast
Oh your silk - en
hair
In su -
-per - nal rest
Let me

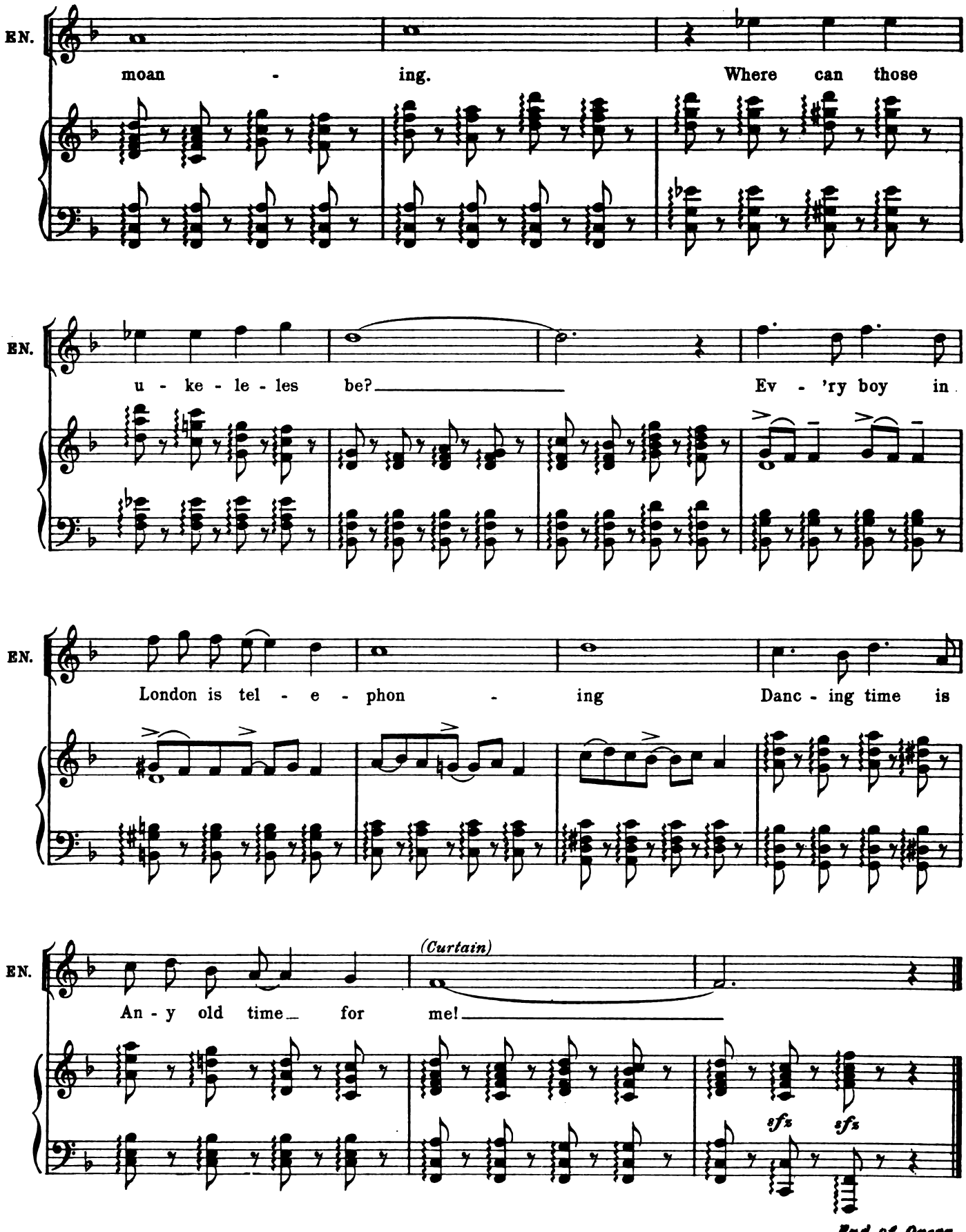

1.
hide me there, Lo -
-ho O Lo -
meno mosso
-ho O
2.
there.


(Marilynn appears at the top of stairs.)
(Fanfare)
ff L.H.
fz
MARILYNN.
Not fast.
Danc - ing Time is just when the mu - sic is play - ing.
pp
MAR.
When the stars are shim-my-ing up in the sky.
MAR.
Danc - ing Time is just when your shoul - ders are sway - ing


(She sees Jim, falters and breaks down.)
Dialogue.
MARILYNN.
Take me where the bees in the flow - ers are
slowly.
JIM.
MAR.
dron - ing. No! Lon - don is the
JIM.
On - ly place to be!


CHO.
All the boys in Lon-don are tel - e - phon - ing.
JIM & MARILYNN.
molto rall.
Danc - ing time's the time for you and me.
p con amore
ENSEMBLE.
In strict Fox-trot time.
Danc - ing Time is just when the mu - sic is play - -
f
EN.
- ing, When the stars are shim - my - ing up in the


EN.
sky.
Danc - ing Time is
EN.
just when your shoul - ders are sway - ing
EN.
When your feet have sim-ply got to glide You must lead me light-ly
EN.
Hold me tight-ly: Take me where you hear all those sax - o-phones


EN.
moan - ing. Where can those
EN.
u - ke - le - les be? Ev - 'ry boy in
EN.
London is tel - e - phon - ing Danc - ing time is
EN.
(Curtain)
An - y old time for me!
sfz
sfz

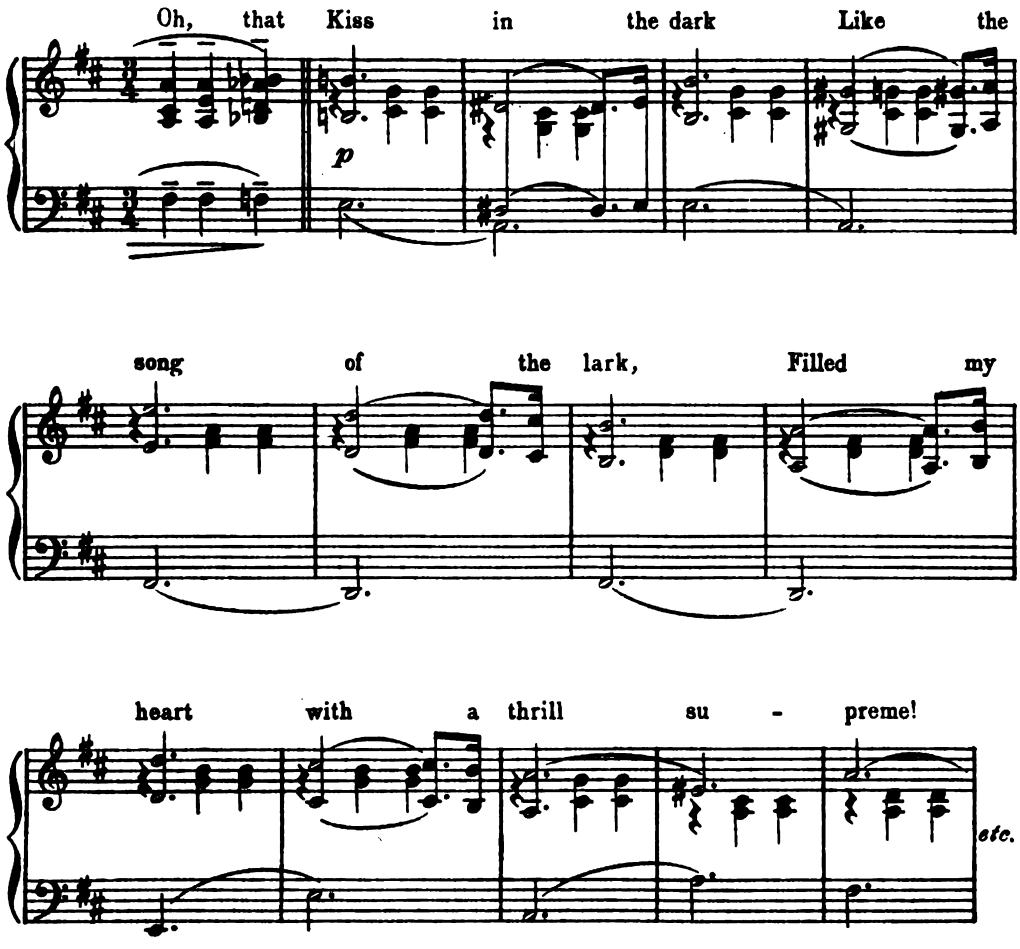
End of Opera.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Valse Song.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

REFRAIN.



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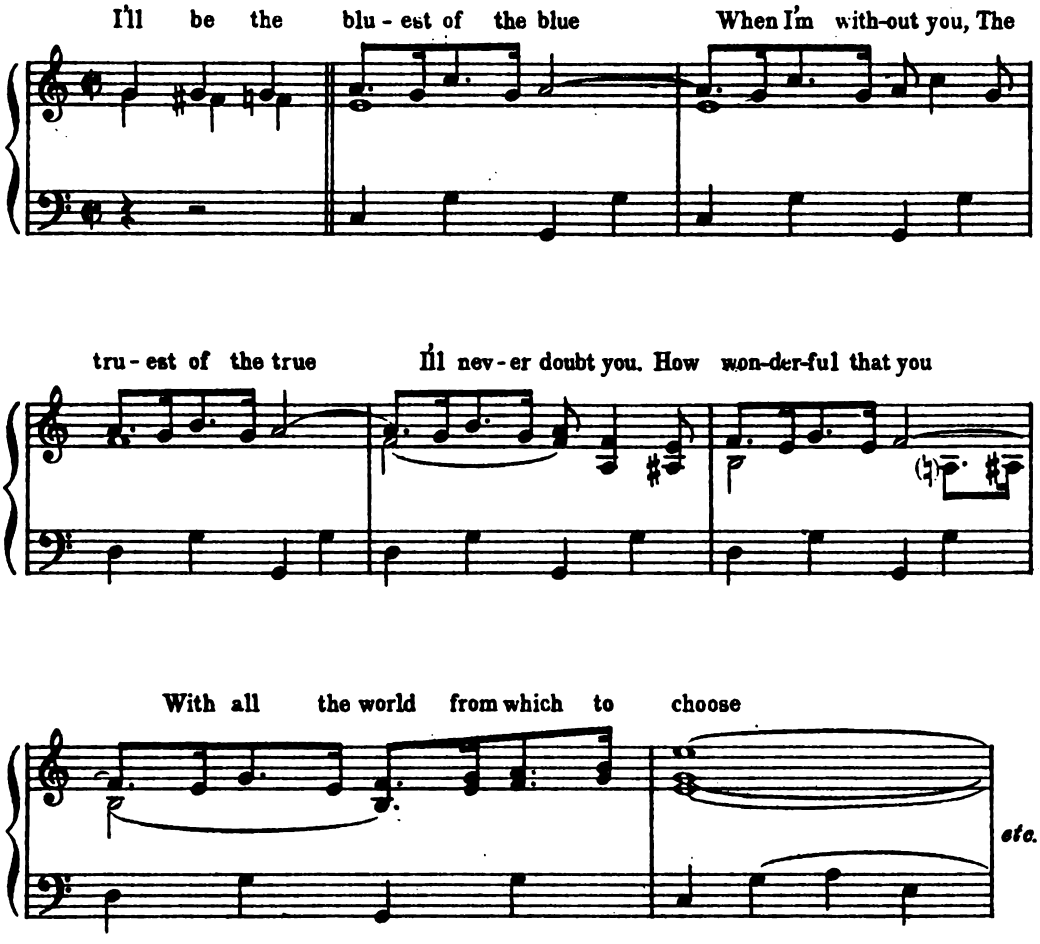

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