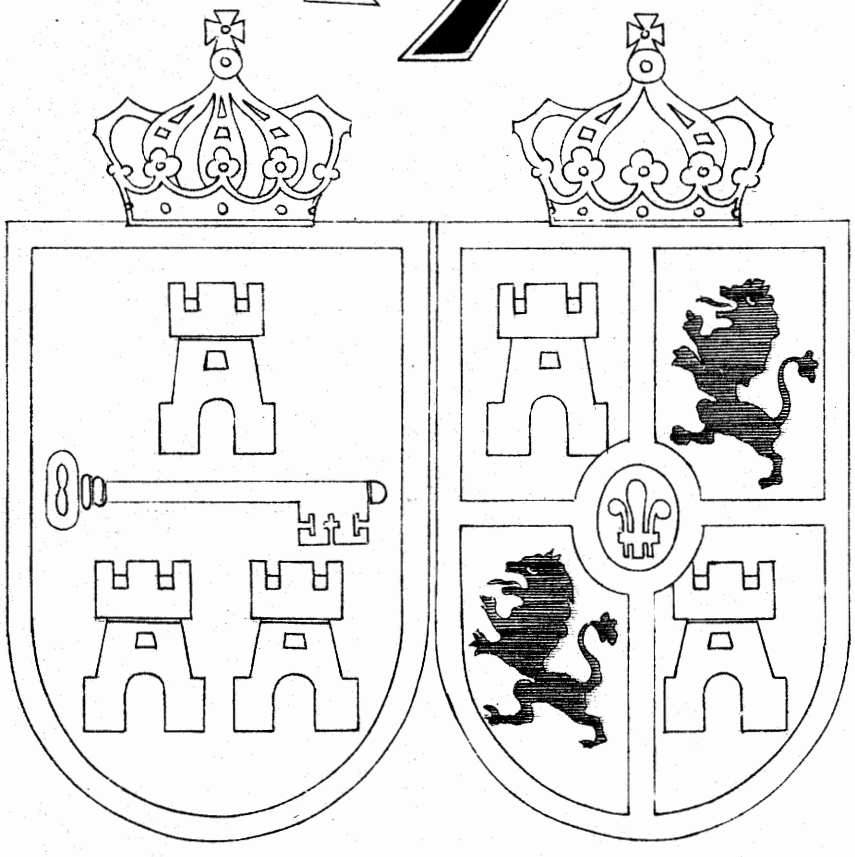
"1492"



Operatic Extravaganza

Words by
R. A. Barnet.

Music by
Carl Pflueger.

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"1492"

Operatic Extravaganza

Vocal Score

WORDS BY

R.A. BARNET.

MUSIC BY

CARL PFLUEGER.

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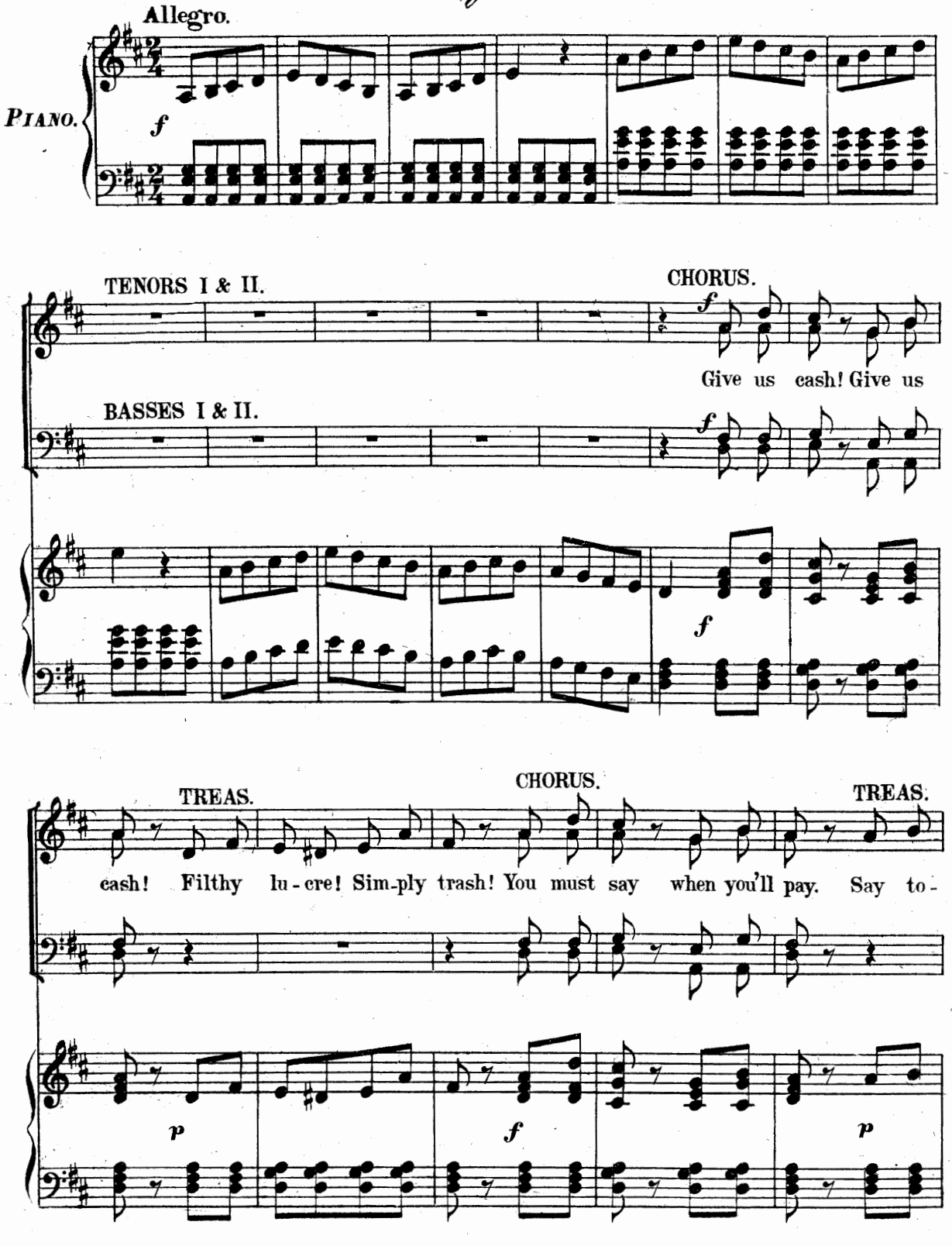
"1492"

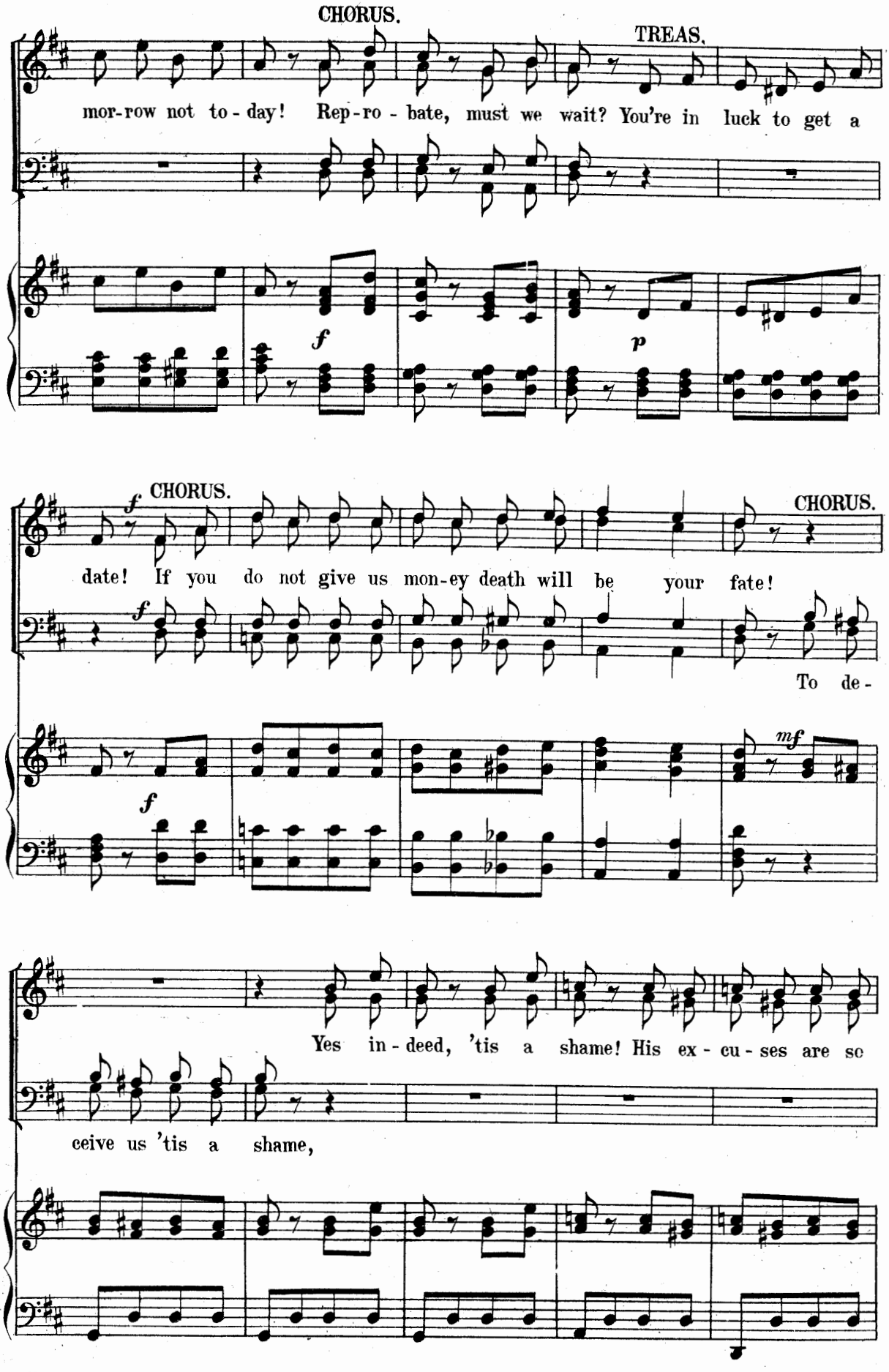
Act I.

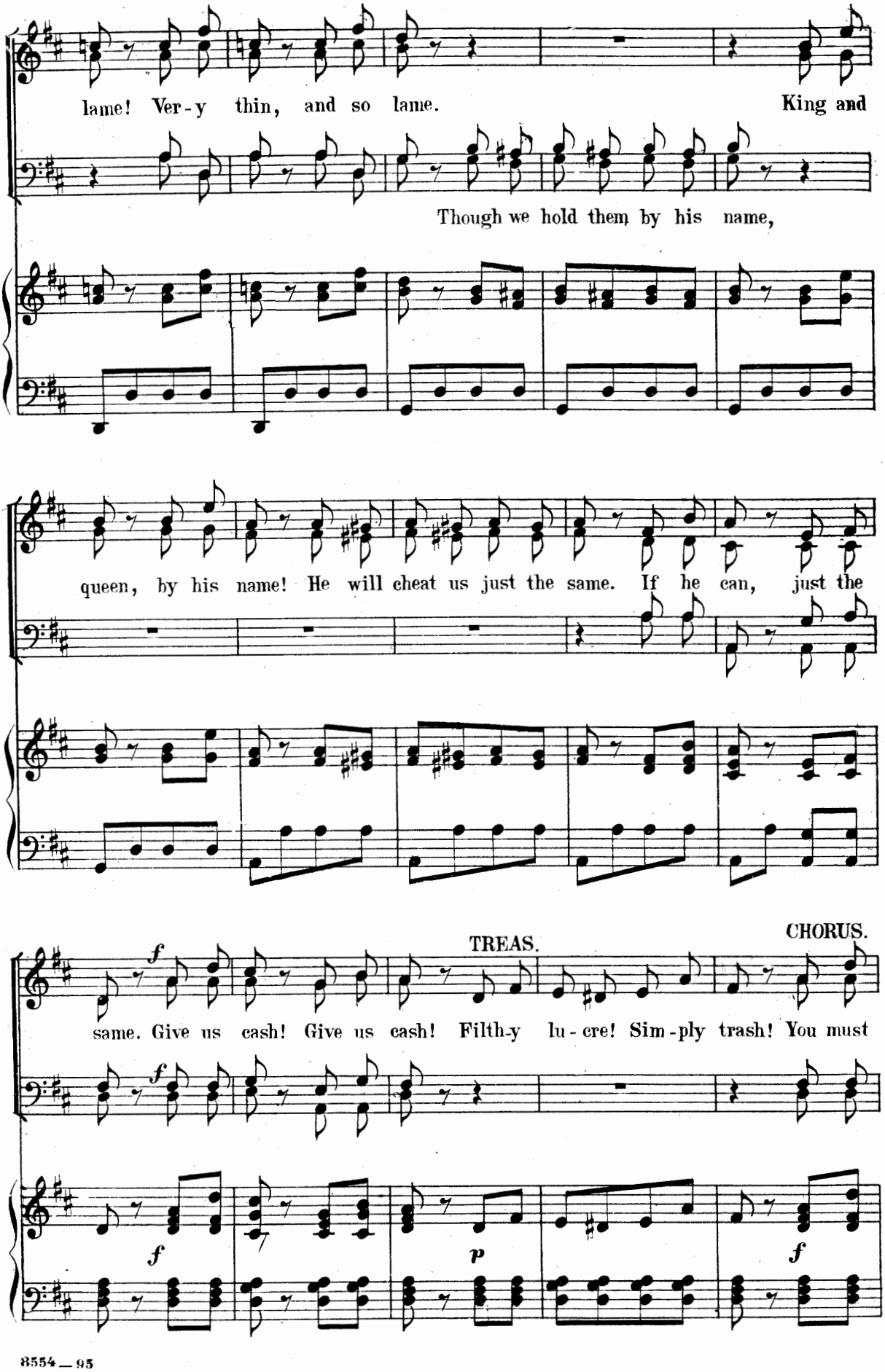
Opening Chorus.

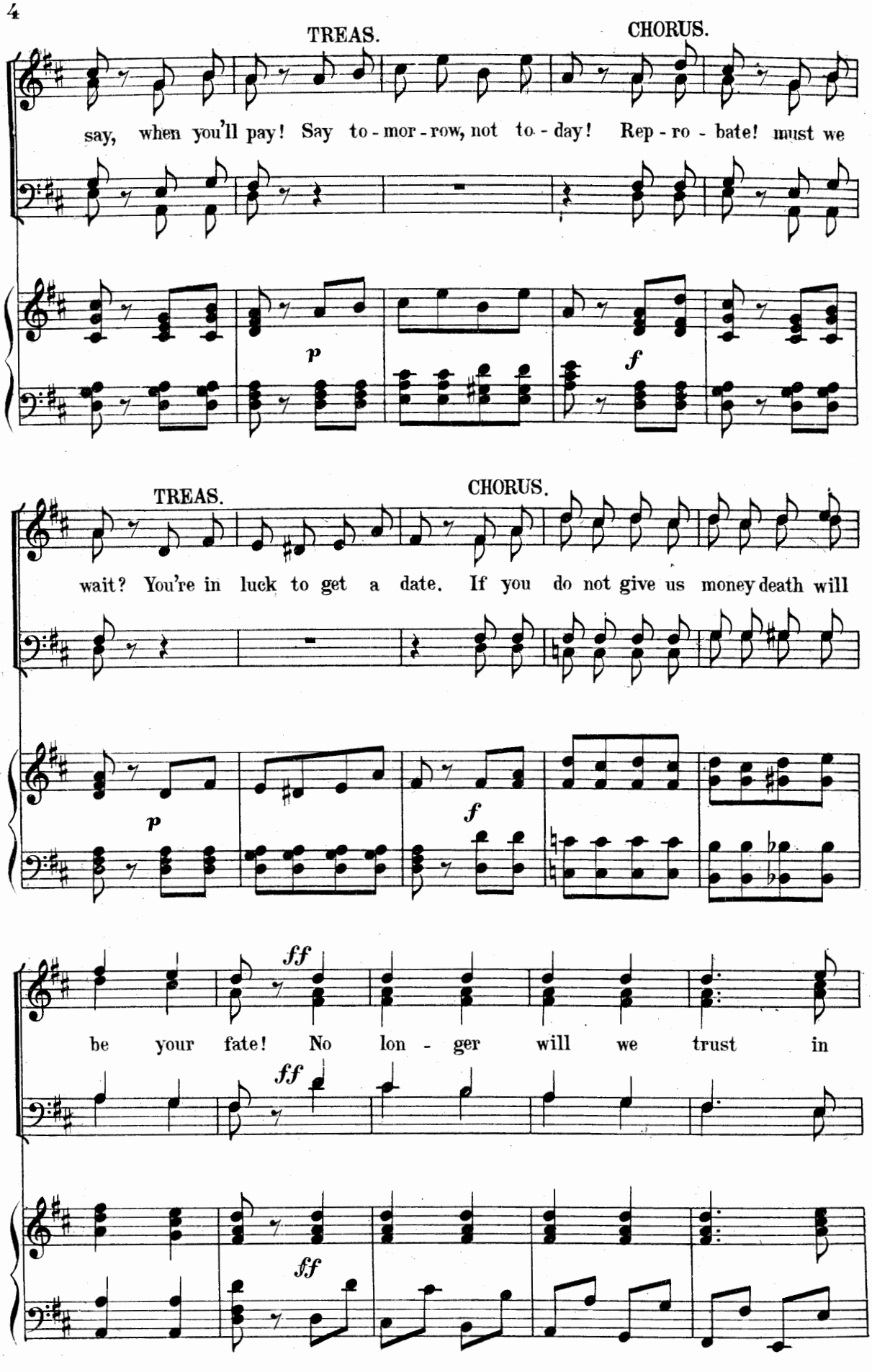
No 1.

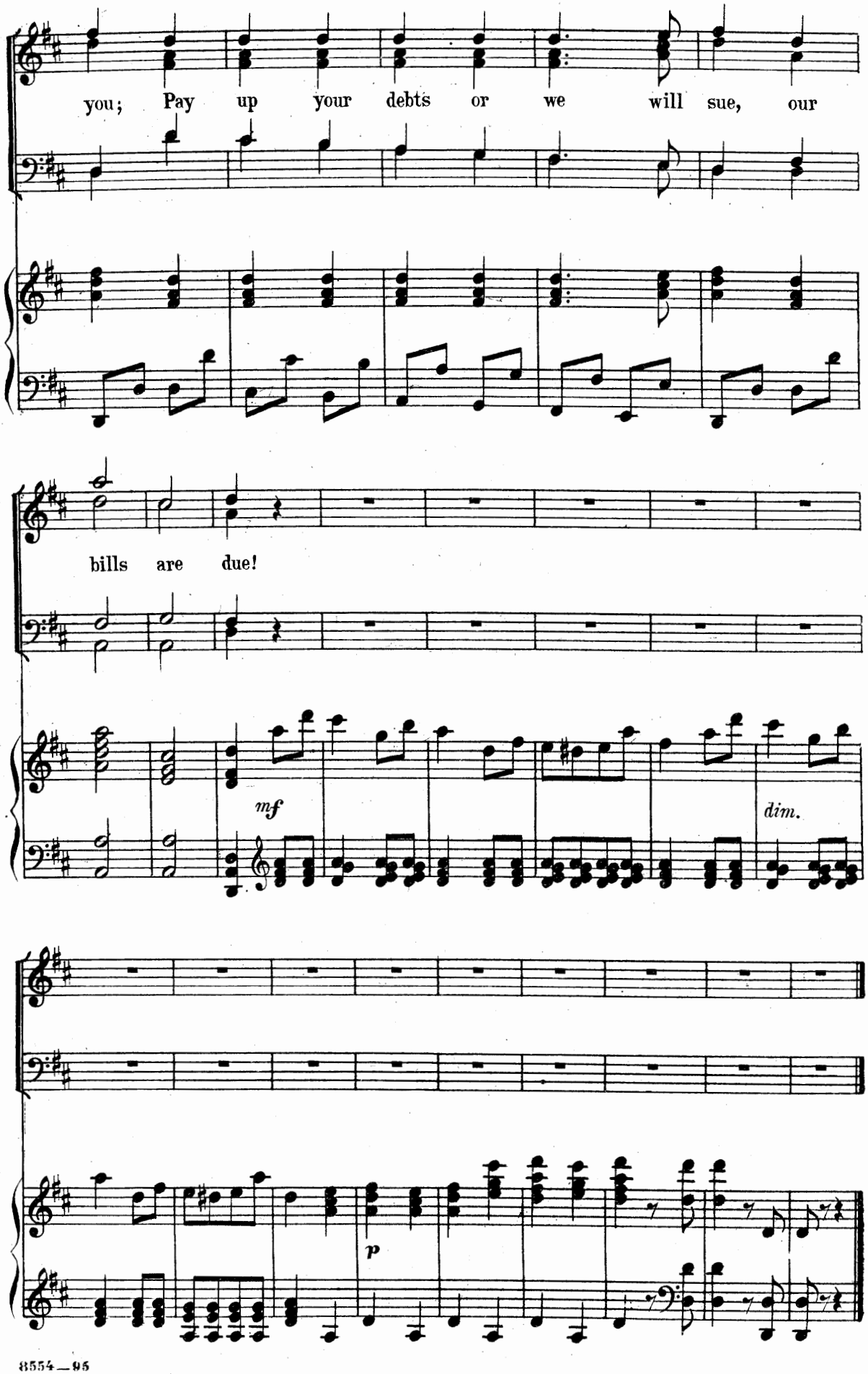
CARL PFLUEGER.




CHORUS.
TREAS.
mor-row not to-day! Rep-ro-bate, must we wait? You're in luck to get a
f
p
f CHORUS.
CHORUS.
date! If you do not give us mon-ey death will be your fate!
f
To de-
f
mf
Yes in-deed, 'tis a shame! His ex-cu-ses are so
ceive us 'tis a shame,


lame! Ver-y thin, and so lame.
King and
Though we hold them by his name,
queen, by his name! He will cheat us just the same. If he can, just the
TREAS.
CHORUS.
same. Give us cash! Give us cash! Filth-y lu-cre! Sim-ply trash! You must
f
f
f
p
f


TREAS.
CHORUS.
say, when you'll pay! Say to - mor - row, not to - day! Rep - ro - bate! must we
p
f
TREAS.
CHORUS.
wait? You're in luck to get a date. If you do not give us money death will
p
f
ff
be your fate! No lon - ger will we trust in
ff
ff

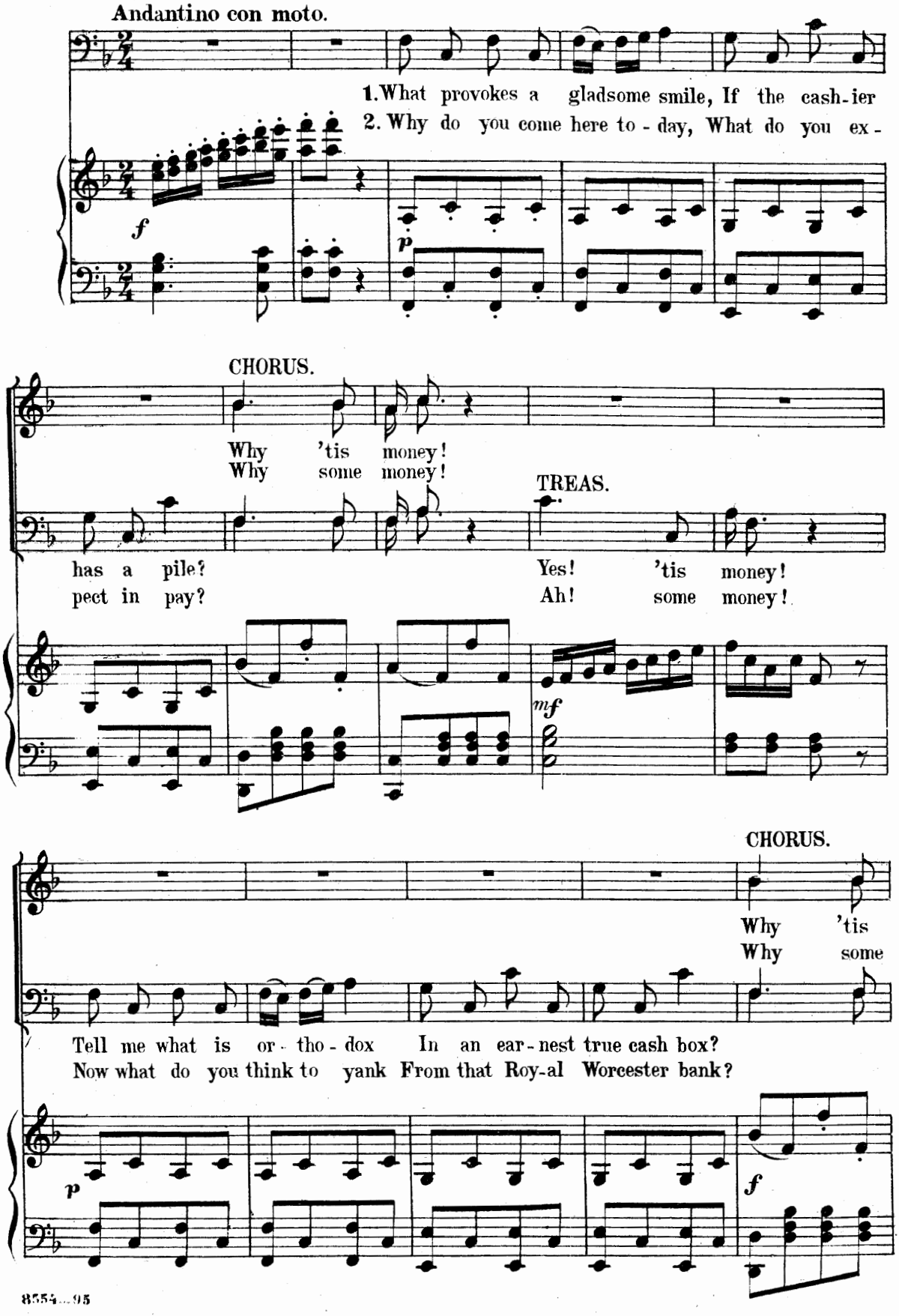

you; Pay up your debts or we will sue, our
bills are due!
mf
dim.
p

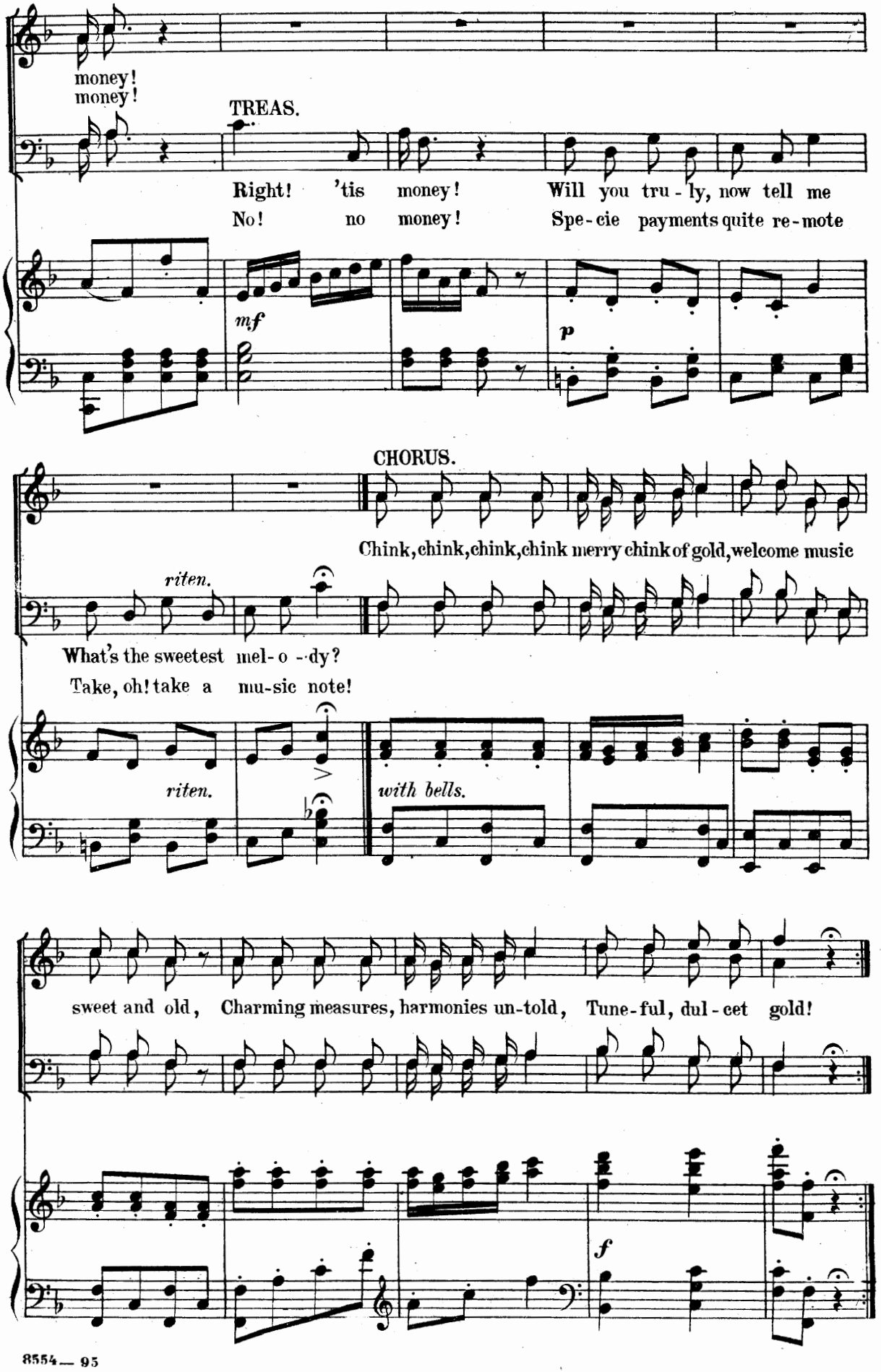
The Treasurer's Song.

No 2.

Arranged from GENÈE by
CARL PFLUEGER.

Andantino con moto.

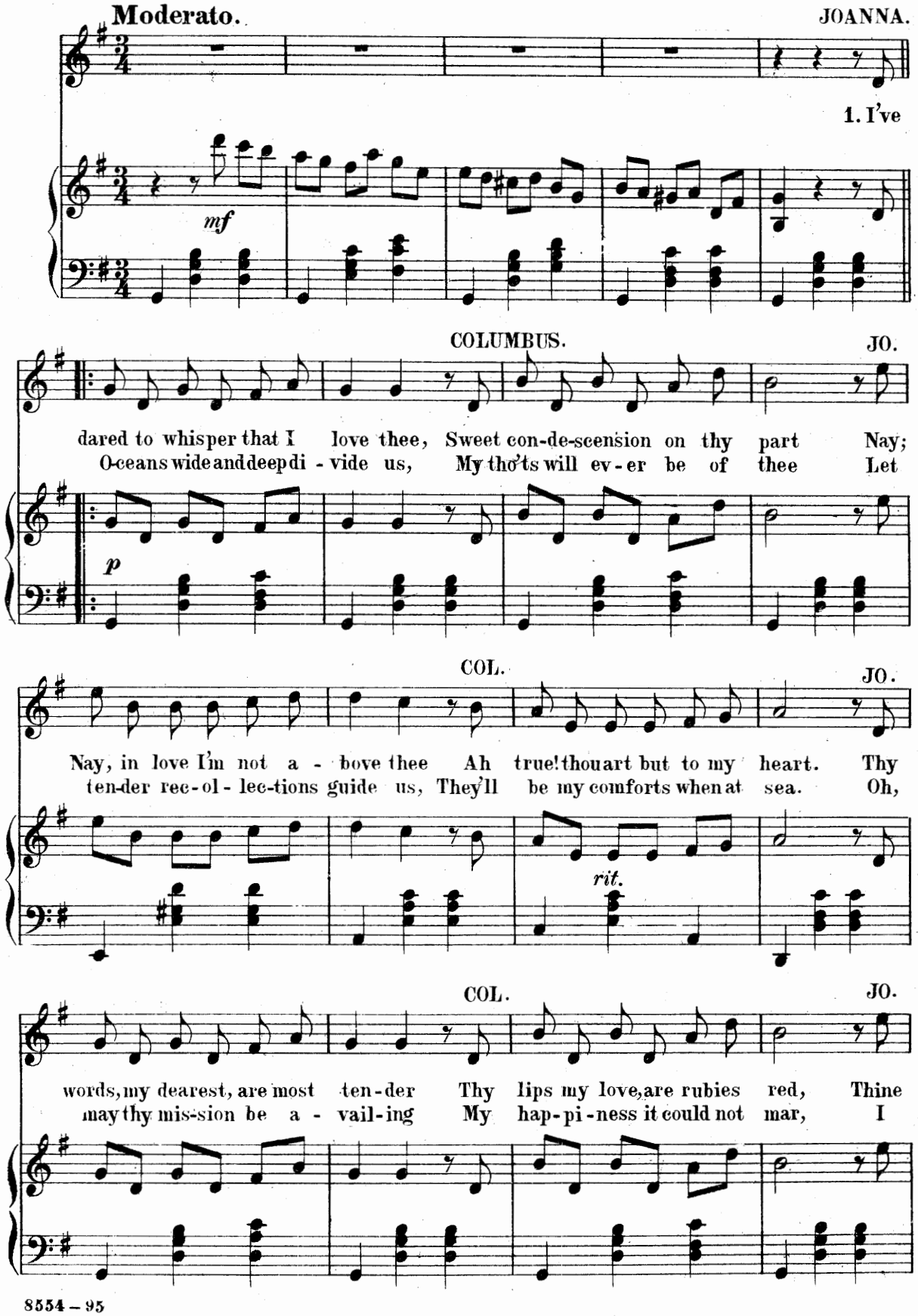


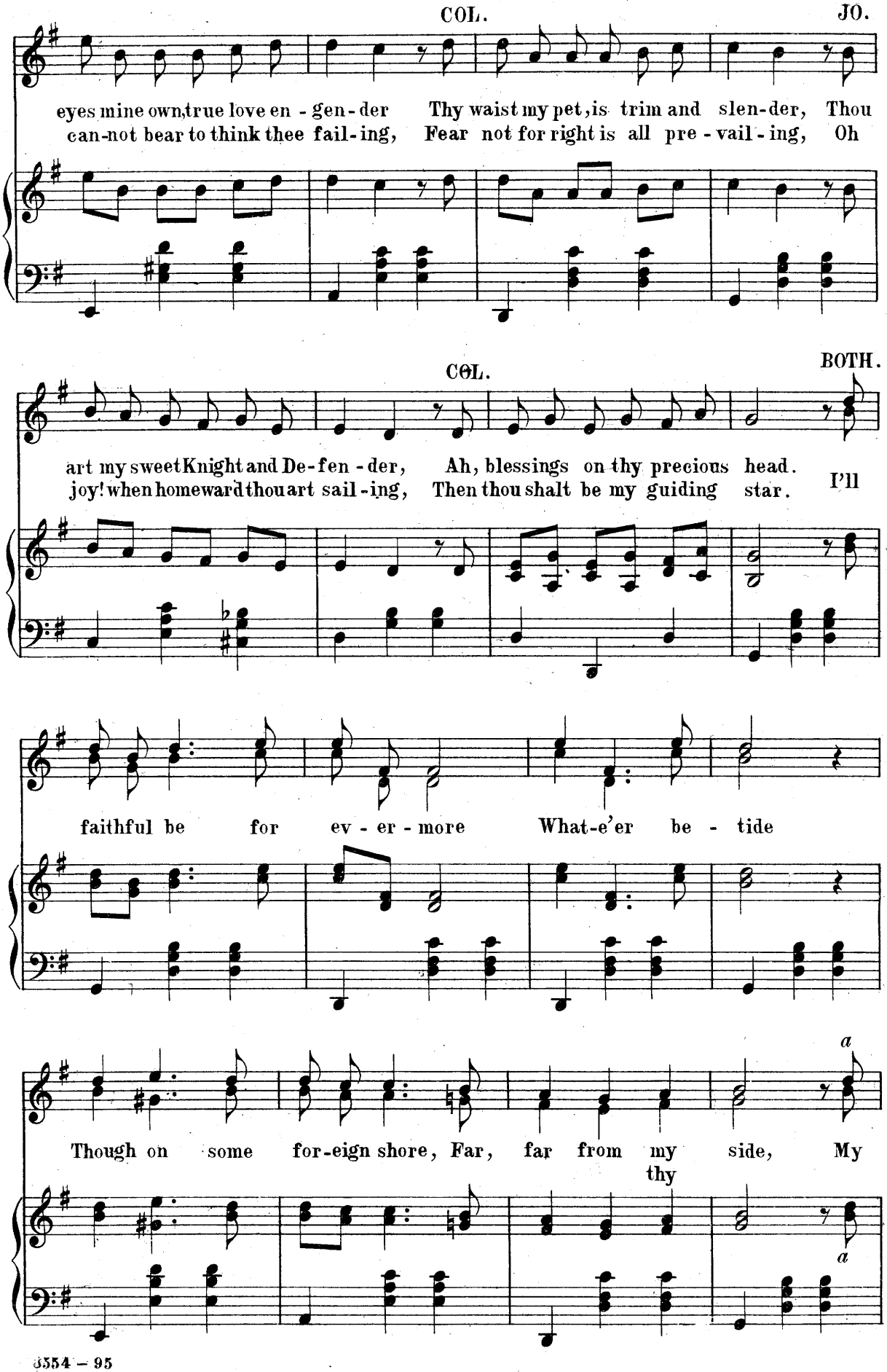

money!
money!
TREAS.
Right! 'tis money! Will you tru - ly, now tell me
No! no money! Spe - cie payments quite re - mote
mf
p
CHORUS.
Chink, chink, chink, chink merry chink of gold, welcome music
riten.
What's the sweetest mel - o - dy?
Take, oh! take a mu-sic note!
riten.
with bells.
sweet and old, Charming measures, harmonies un-told, Tune-ful, dul - cet gold!
f

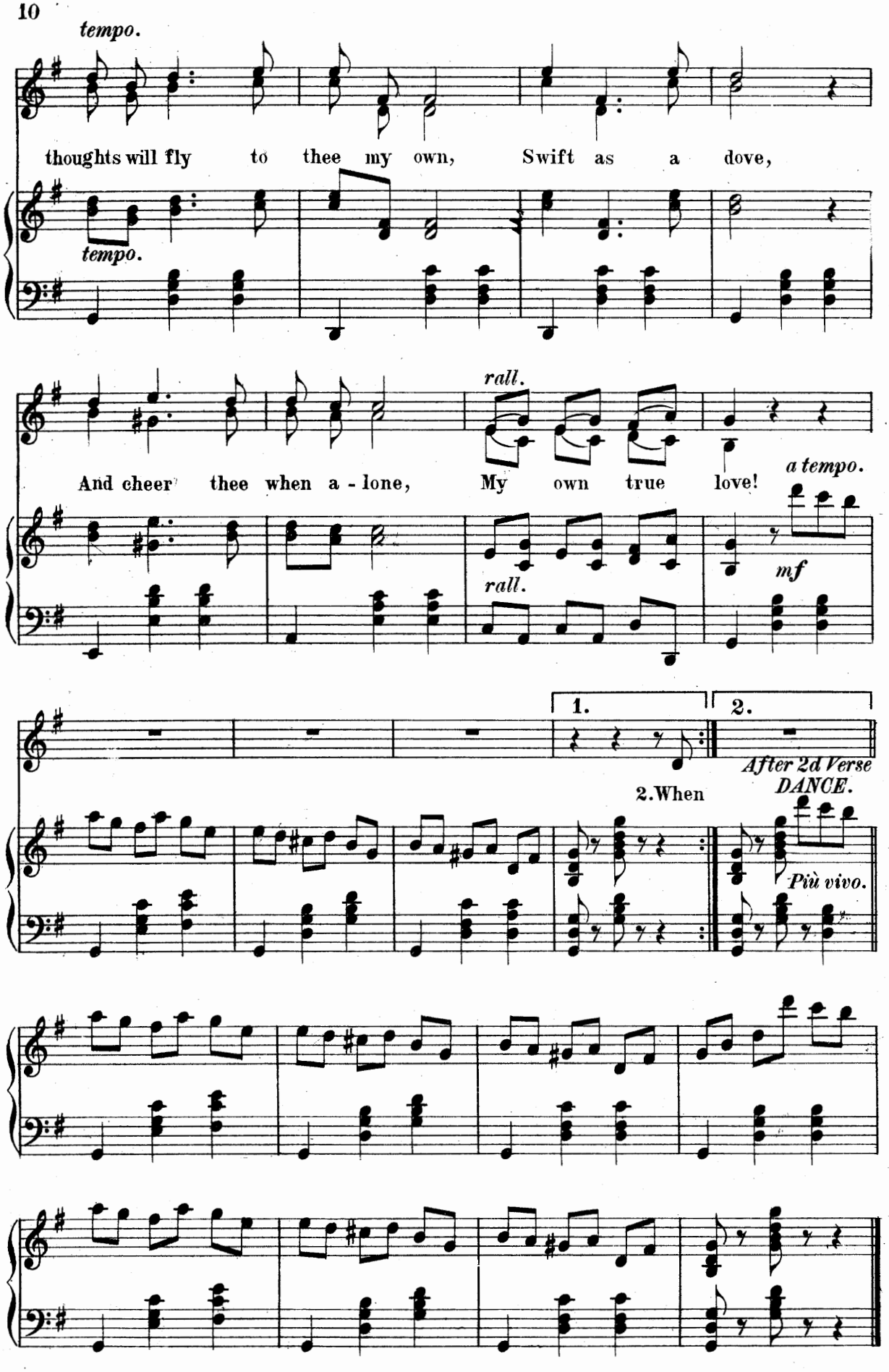
Duett-Joanna & Columbus.

№ 3.

CARL PFLUEGER.

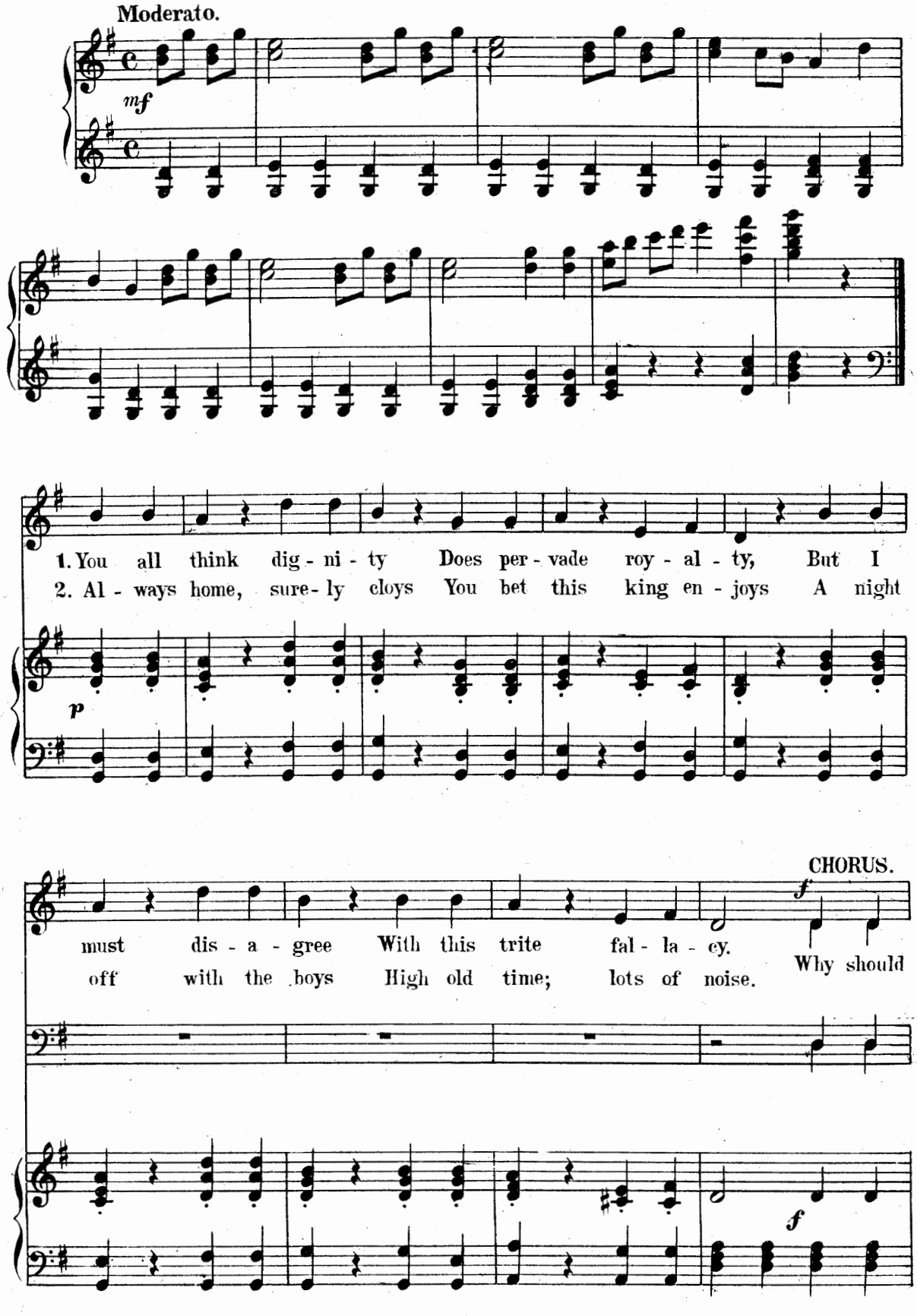


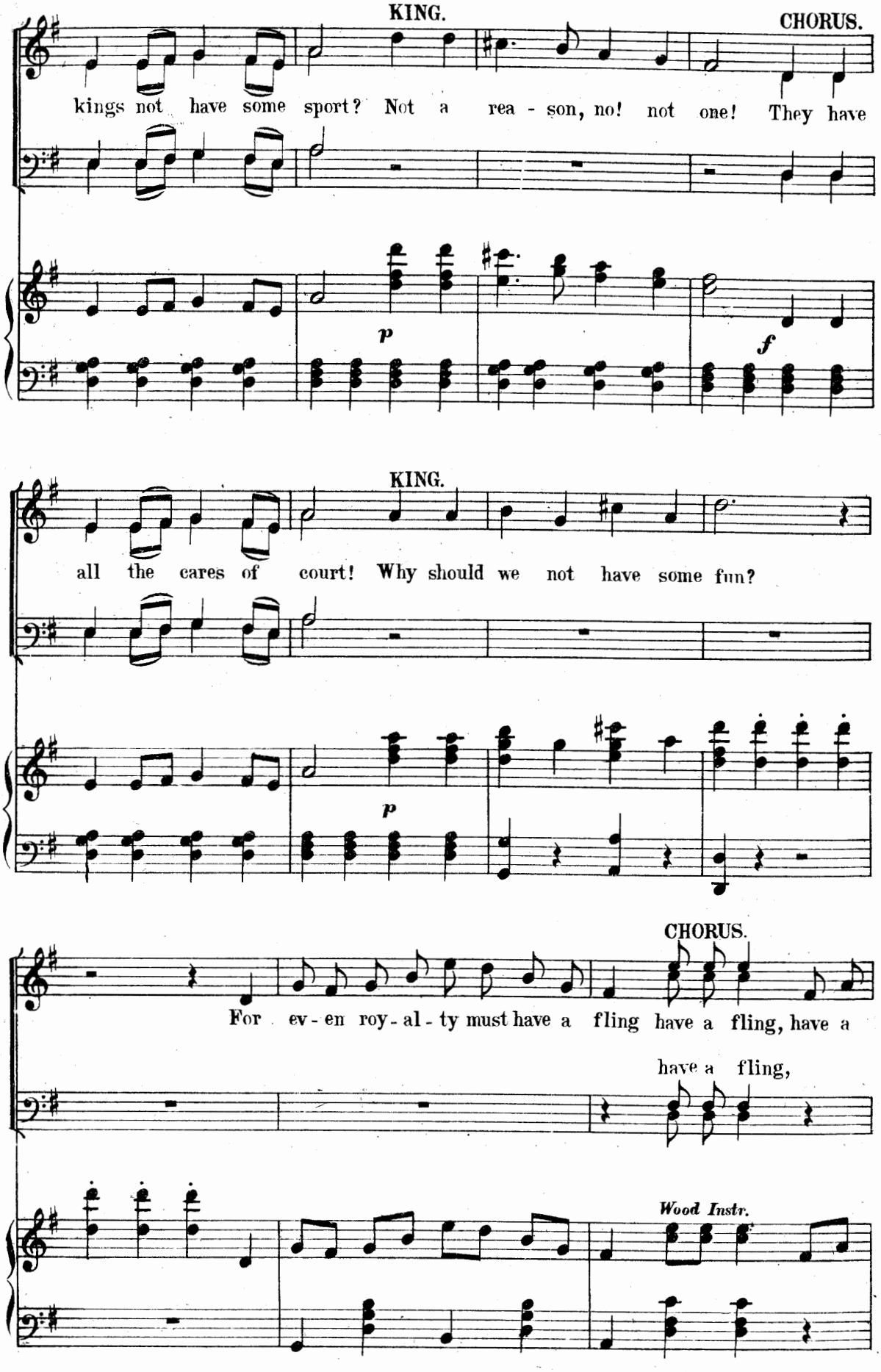

COL.
JO.
eyes mine own, true love en - gen - der Thy waist my pet, is trim and slen - der, Thou
can-not bear to think thee fail - ing, Fear not for right is all pre - vail - ing, Oh
COL.
BOTH.
art my sweet Knight and De - fen - der, Ah, blessings on thy precious head.
joy! when homeward thou art sail - ing, Then thou shalt be my guiding star.
I'll
faithful be for ev - er - more What-e'er be - tide
a
Though on some for-eign shore, Far, far from my side, My
thy
a

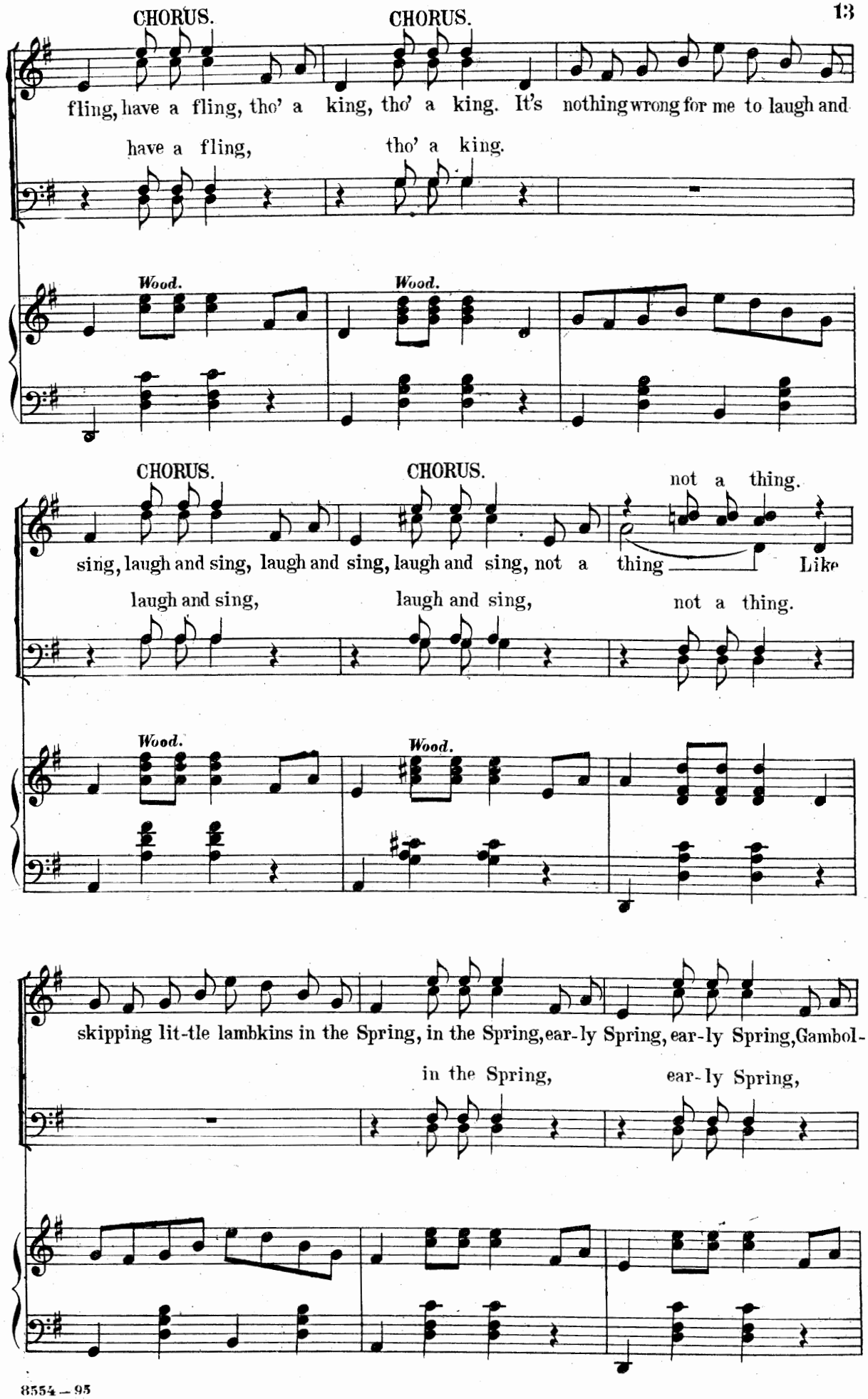

tempo.
thoughts will fly to thee my own, Swift as a dove,
tempo.
rall.
And cheer thee when a - lone, My own true love!
a tempo.
mf
rall.
1.
2.
After 2d Verse
DANCE.
2. When
Più vivo.

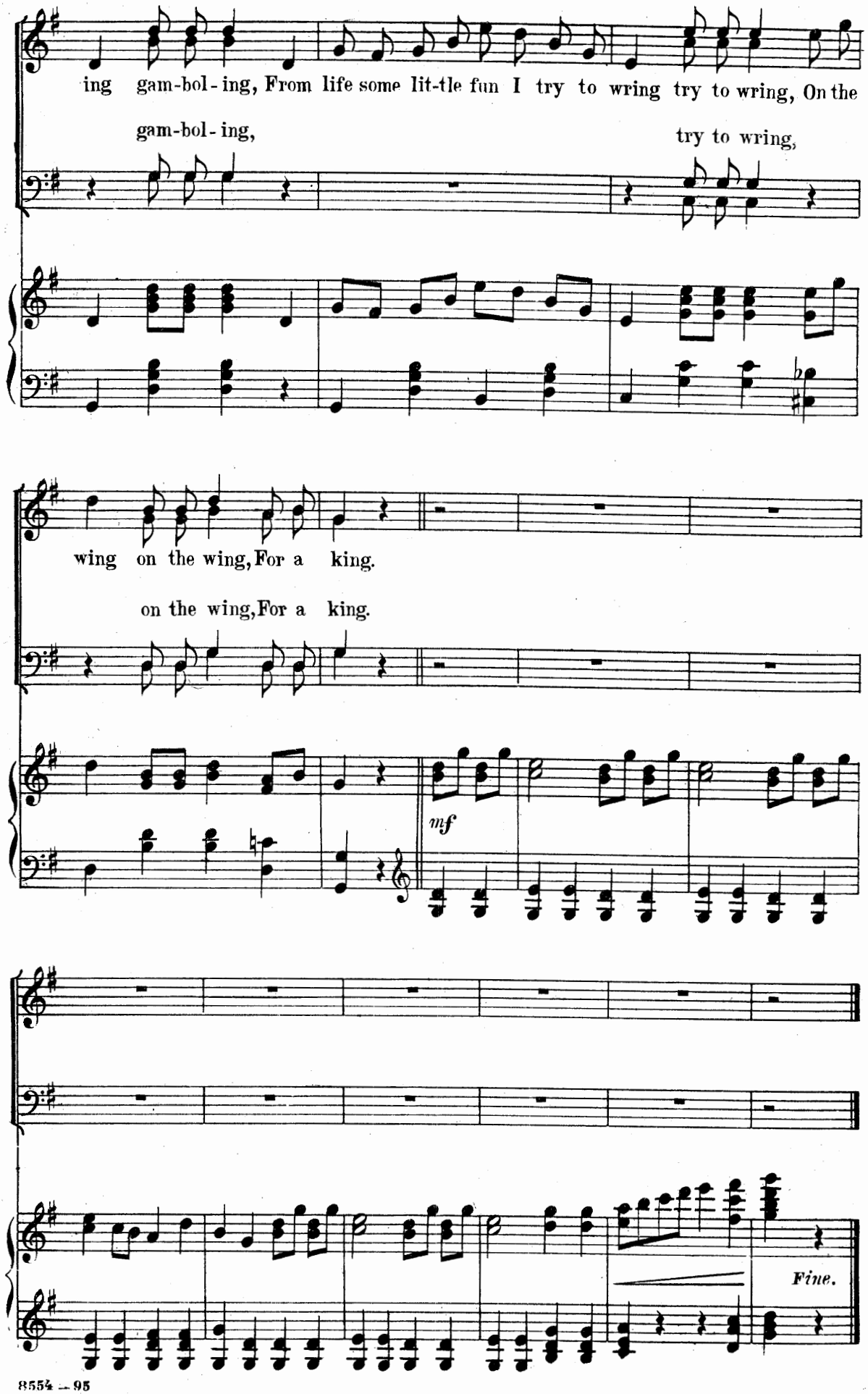
The King's Song.

No 4. CARL PFLUEGER.




KING.
CHORUS.
kings not have some sport? Not a rea - son, no! not one! They have
p
f
KING.
all the cares of court! Why should we not have some fun?
p
CHORUS.
For ev - en roy - al - ty must have a fling have a fling, have a
have a fling,
Wood Instr.


CHORUS.
CHORUS.
fling, have a fling, tho' a king, tho' a king. It's nothing wrong for me to laugh and
have a fling,
tho' a king.
Wood.
Wood.
CHORUS.
CHORUS.
not a thing.
sing, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, laugh and sing, not a thing Like
laugh and sing,
laugh and sing,
not a thing.
Wood.
Wood.
skipping lit-tle lambkins in the Spring, in the Spring, ear-ly Spring, ear-ly Spring, Gambol-
in the Spring,
ear-ly Spring,


ing gam-bol-ing, From life some lit-tle fun I try to wring try to wring, On the
gam-bol-ing,
try to wring,
wing on the wing, For a king.
on the wing, For a king.
mf
Fine.

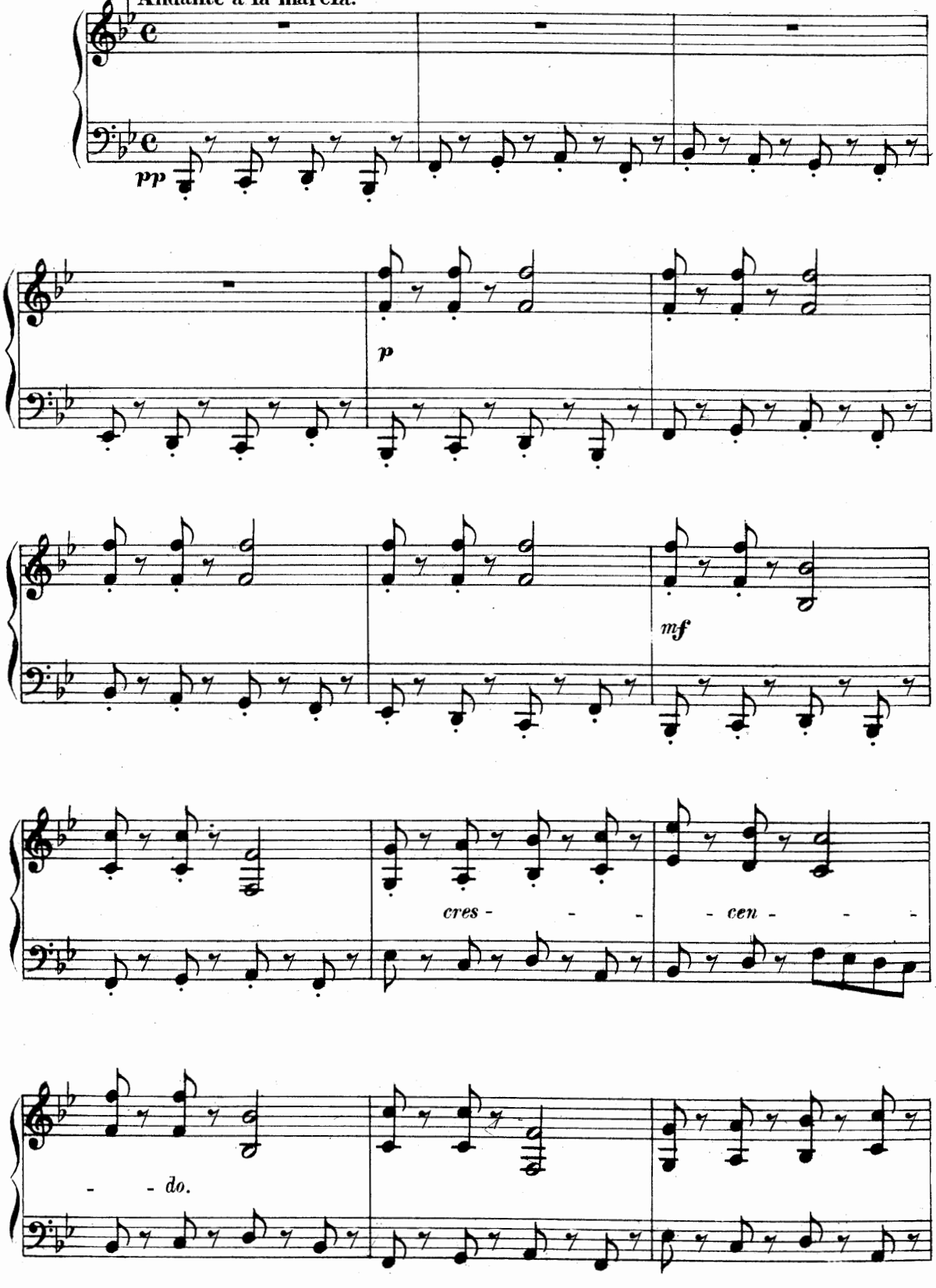
(A) *Grand Proceſſional.*
(B) *Queen's Song.*

Nº 5.

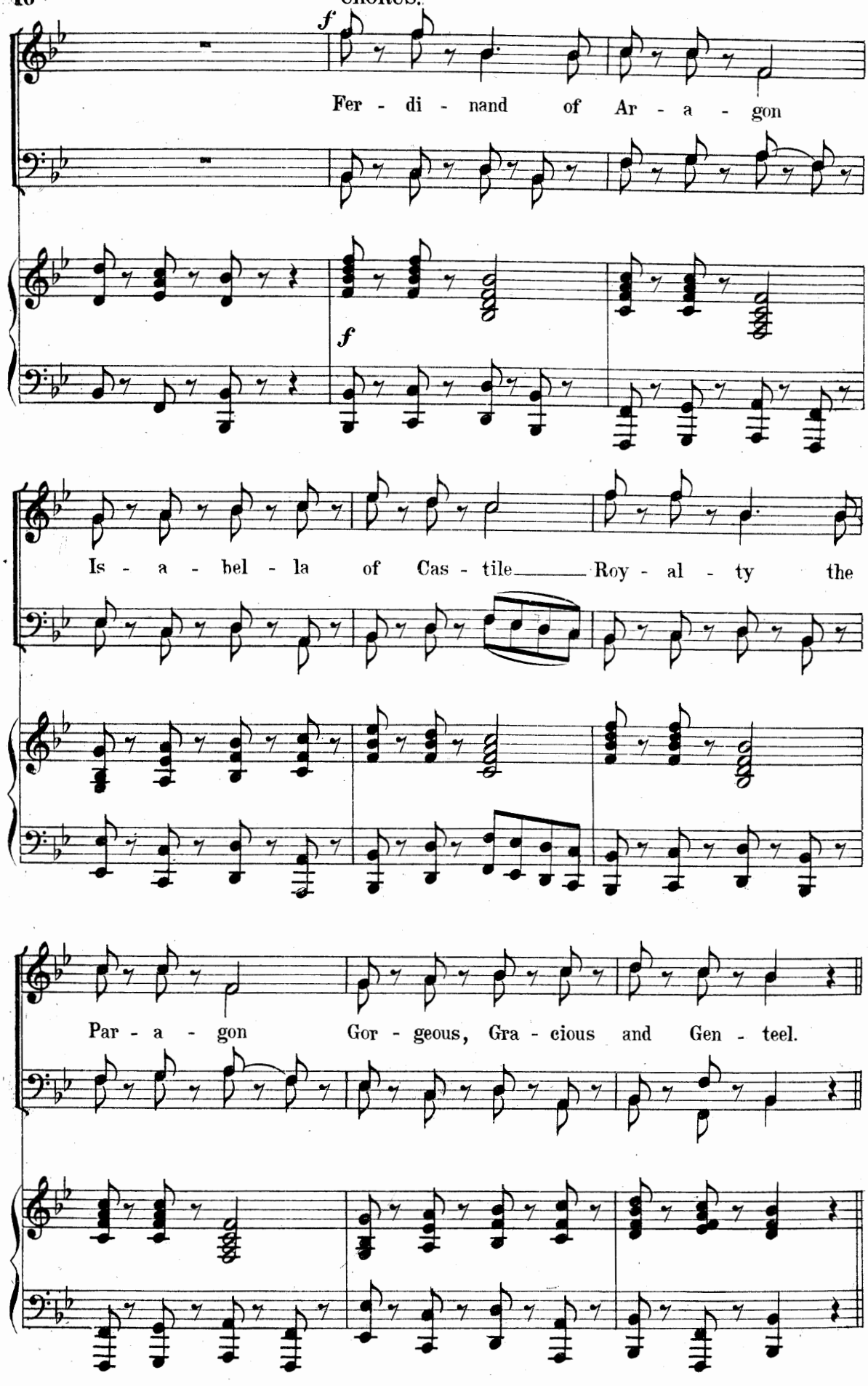
(A)

CARL PFLUEGER.

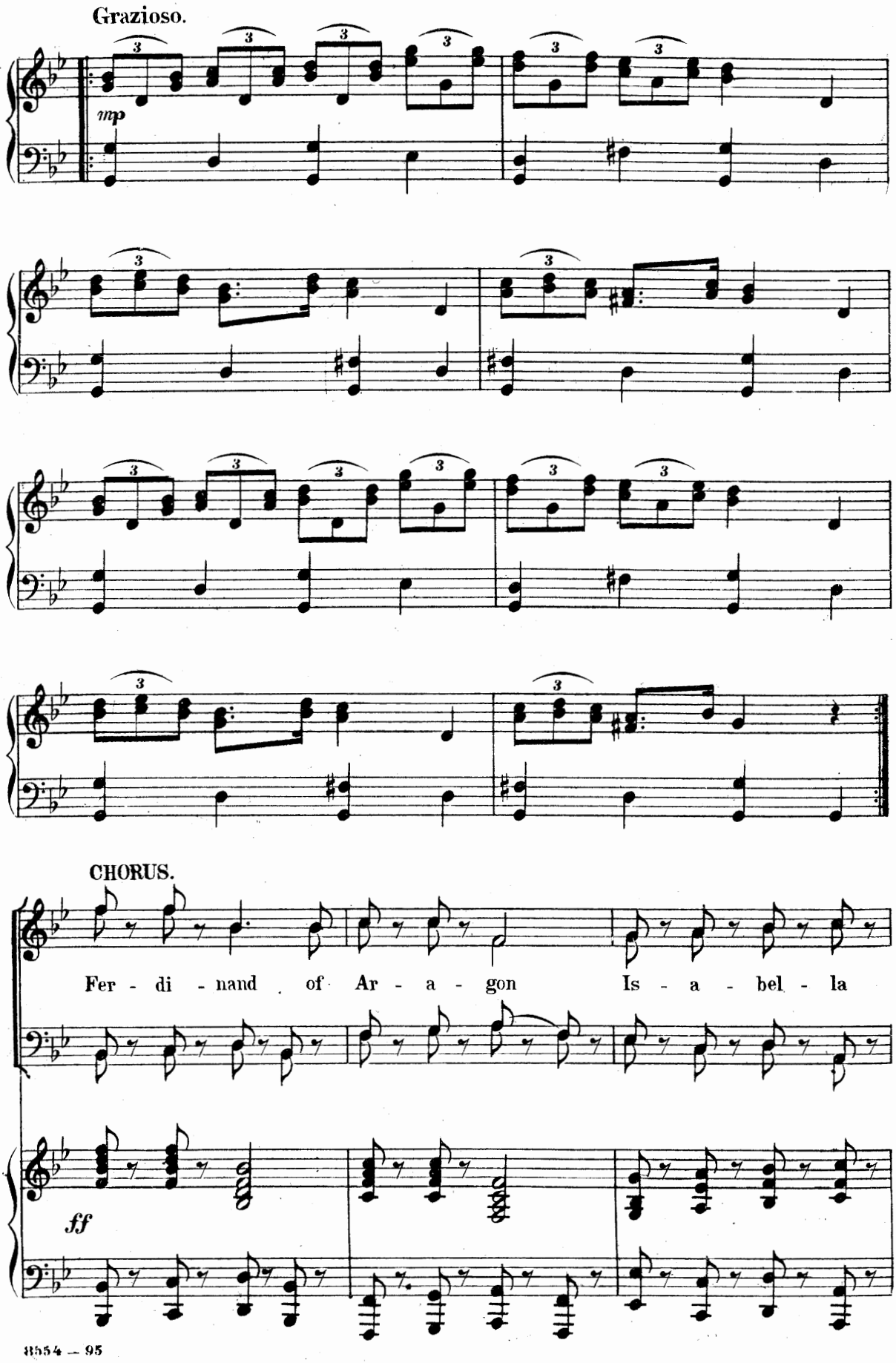
Andante a la marcia.

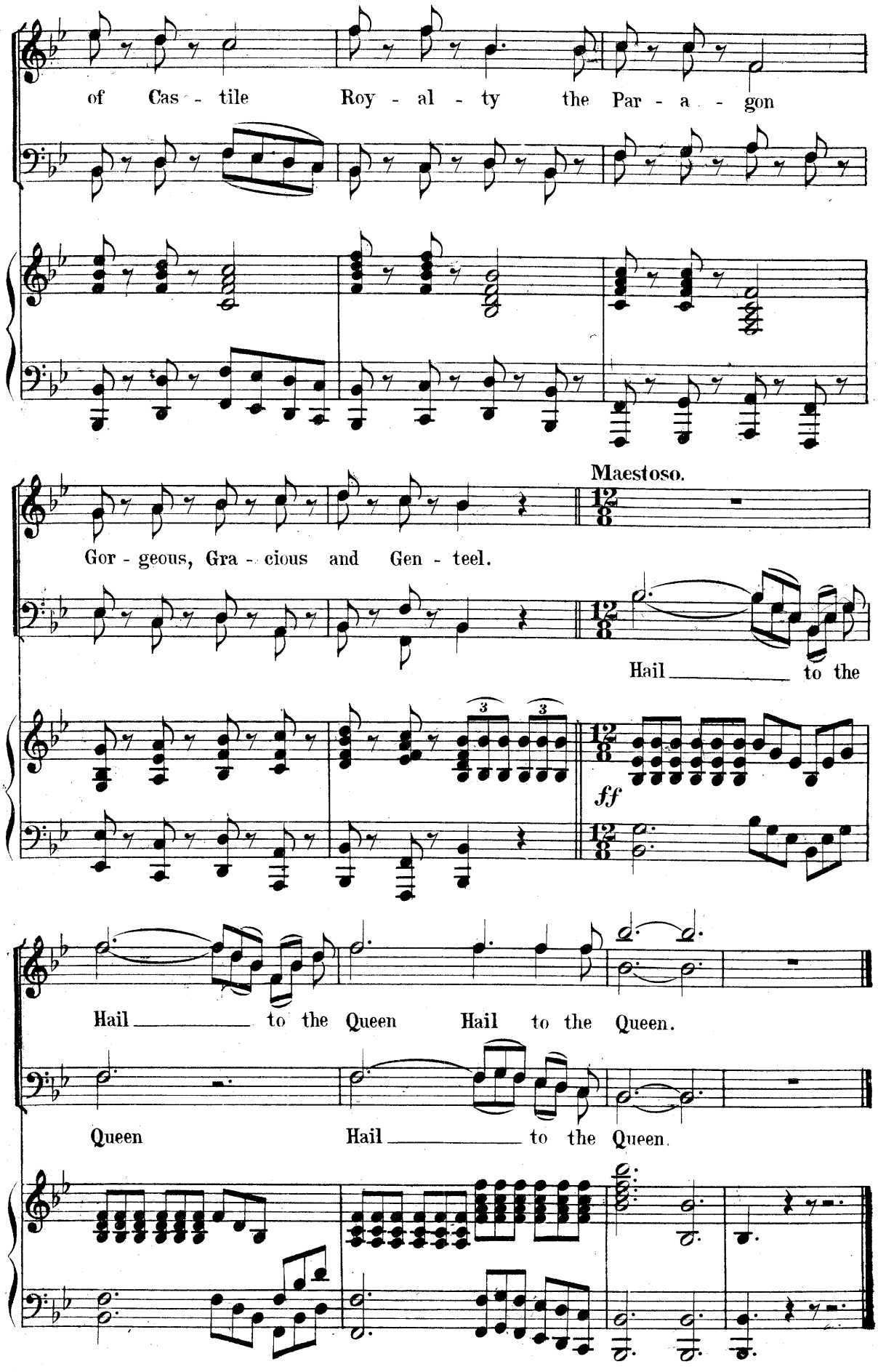


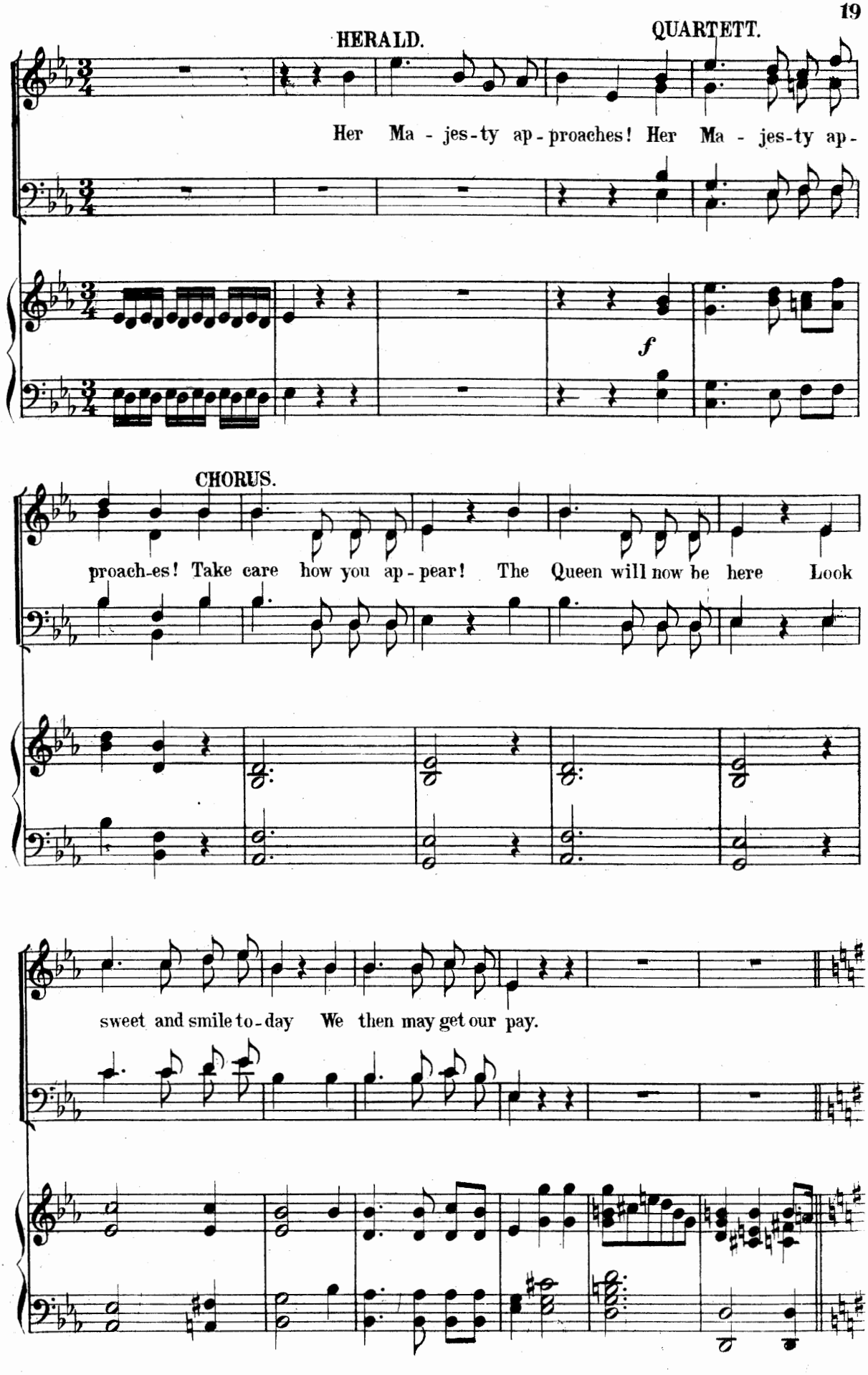
CHORUS.


f
Fer - di - nand of Ar - a - gon
f
Is - a - bel - la of Cas - tile Roy - al - ty the
Par - a - gon Gor - geous, Gra - cious and Gen - teel.

BALLET.




of Cas - tile Roy - al - ty the Par - a - gon
Maestoso.
Gor - geous, Gra - cious and Gen - teel.
Hail to the
ff
Hail to the Queen Hail to the Queen.
Queen Hail to the Queen.


HERALD.
QUARTETT.
Her Ma - jes-ty ap - proaches! Her Ma - jes-ty ap -
f
CHORUS.
proach-es! Take care how you ap - pear! The Queen will now be here Look
sweet and smile to-day We then may get our pay.

(B)

THE QUEEN.

1. I am the queen who in fourteen and nine - ty two Can
2. Could I have been some la-ter queen oh my what sport In

p

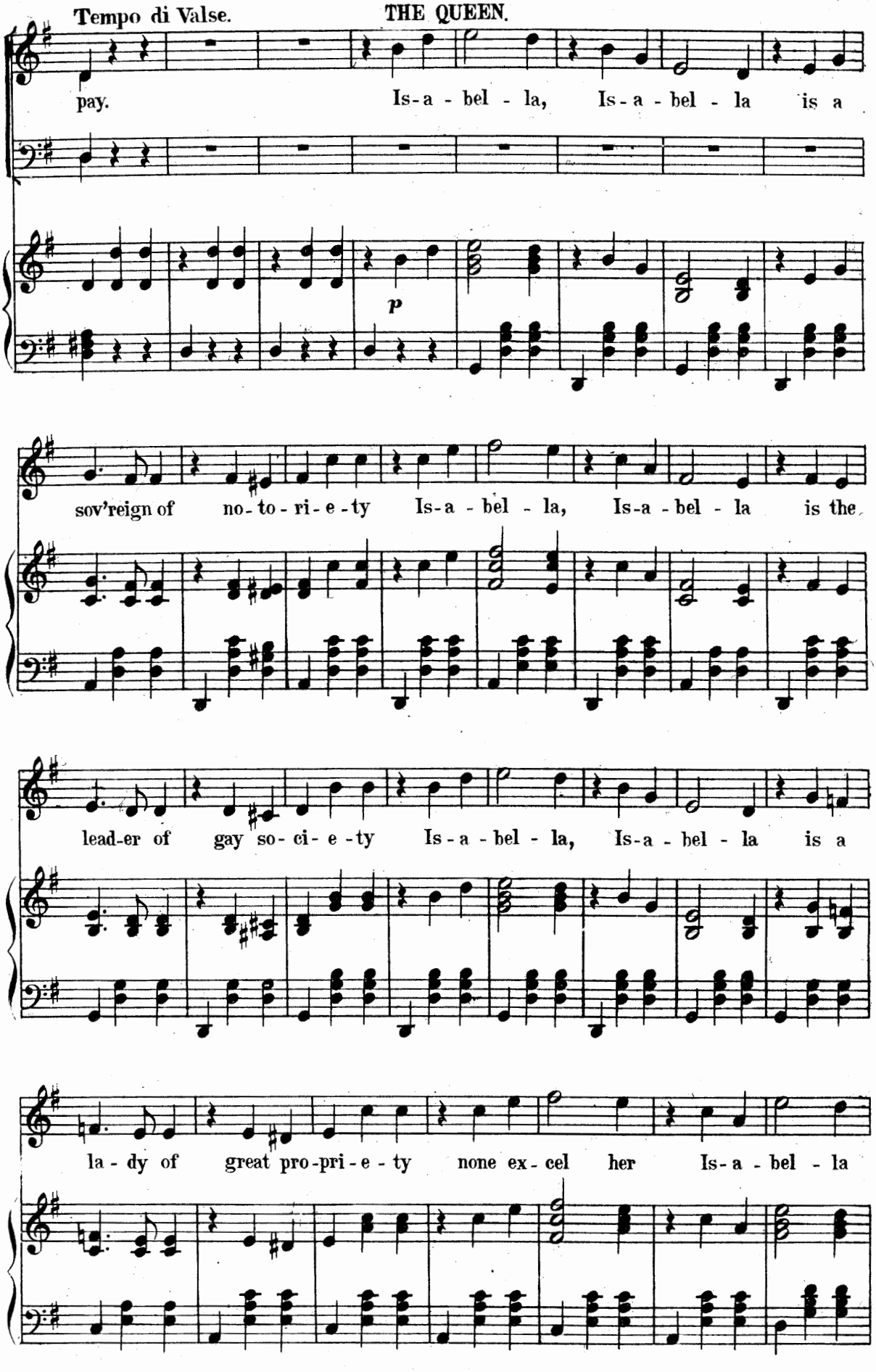
rule this land and Fer-dinand and may_ be you. I dote on war I
the smart set to be the pet at gay_ New-port. To gain re-nown for

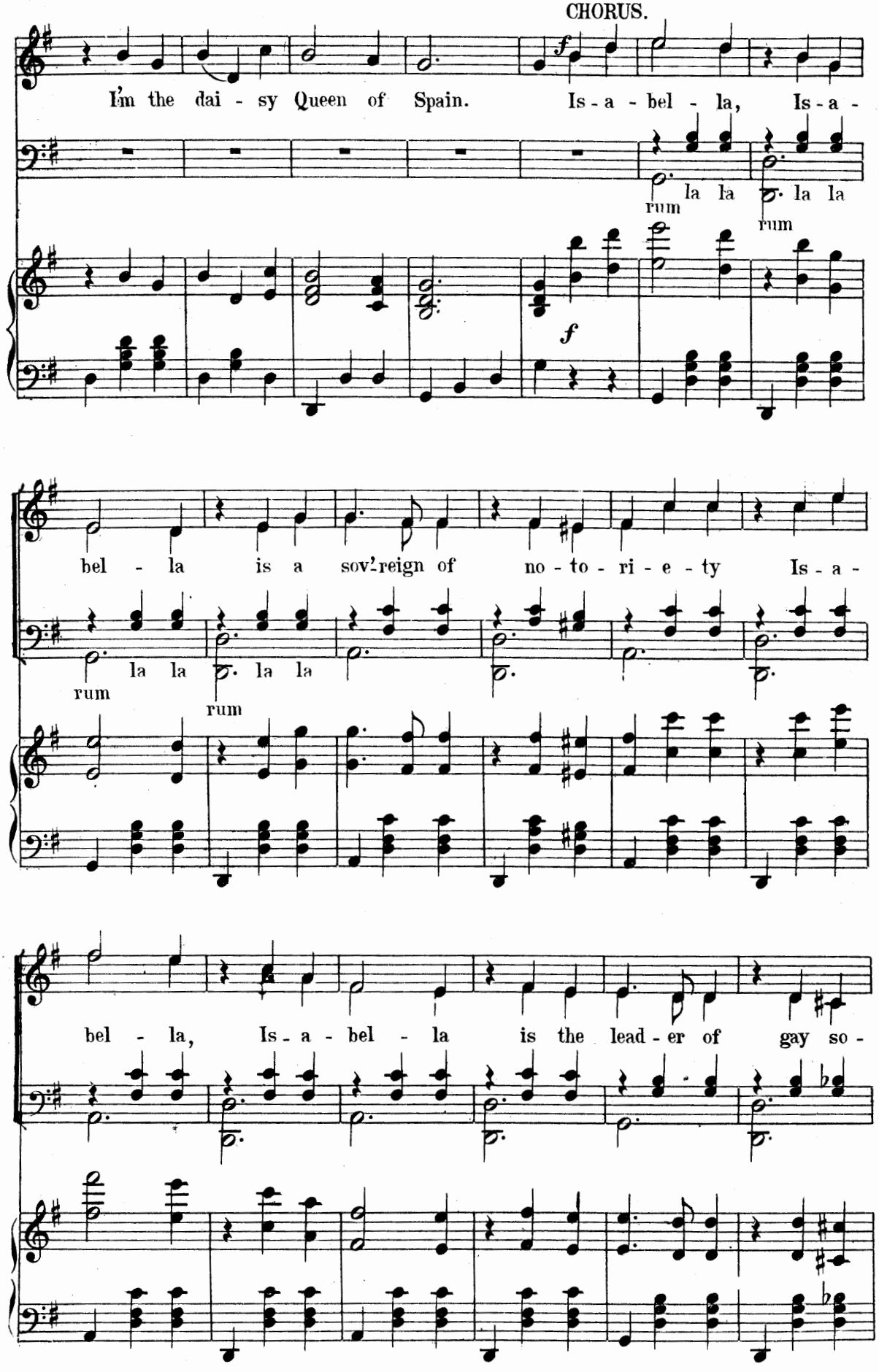
have a corps of sol - diers brave The pomp and show of peace al-so I
hat and gown in styles of these days To al-ways stop at Huyler's shop, from

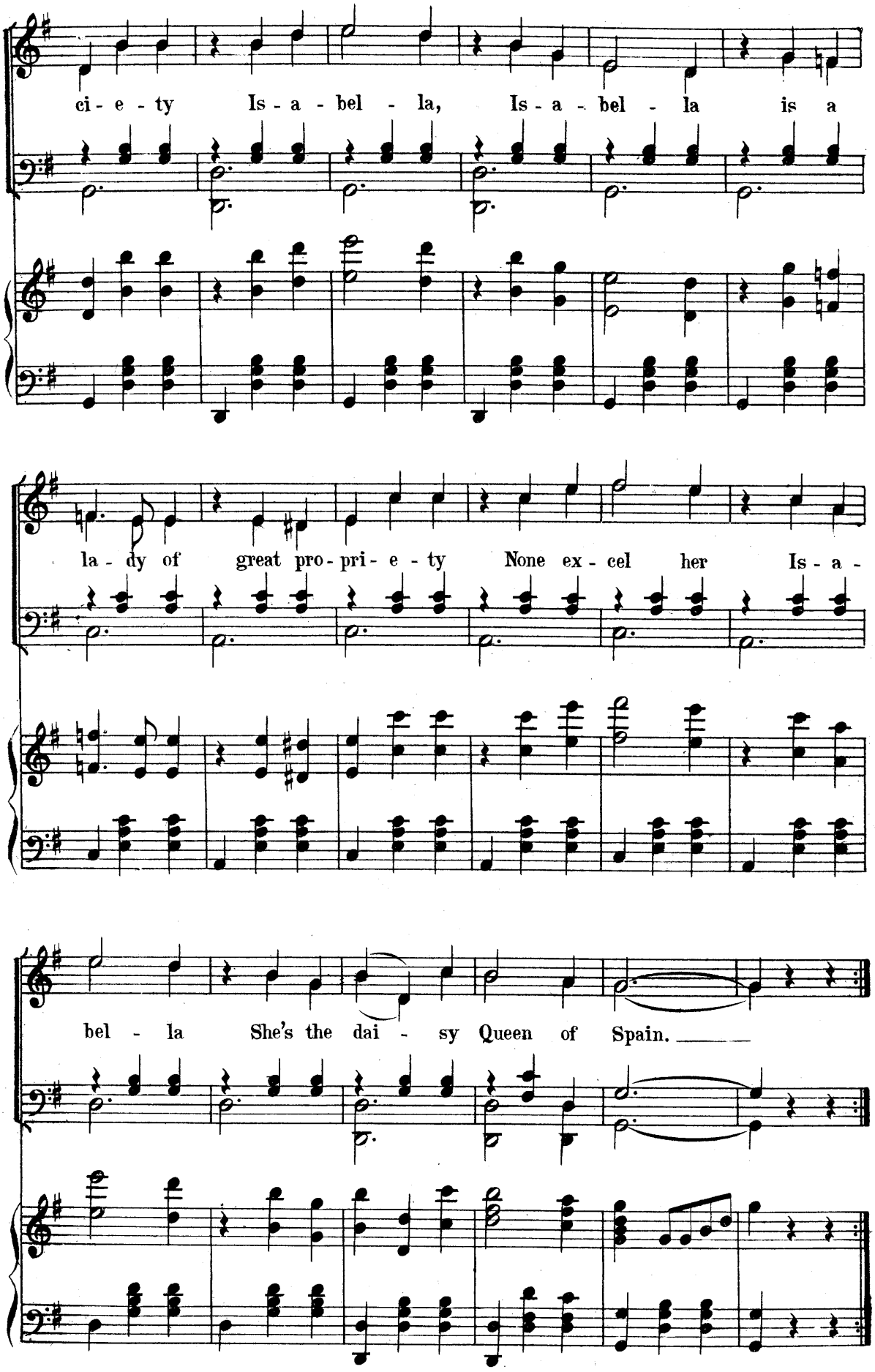
CHORUS.

like - wise crave. In con-fi-dence we would say For all of this we have to
all mat-i - nees.

f


Tempo di Valse.
THE QUEEN.
pay.
Is-a - bel - la, Is-a - bel - la is a
p
sov'reign of no-to-ri-e-ty Is-a - bel - la, Is-a - bel - la is the
lead-er of gay so-ci-e-ty Is-a - bel - la, Is-a - bel - la is a
la - dy of great pro-pri-e - ty none ex-cel her Is-a - bel - la

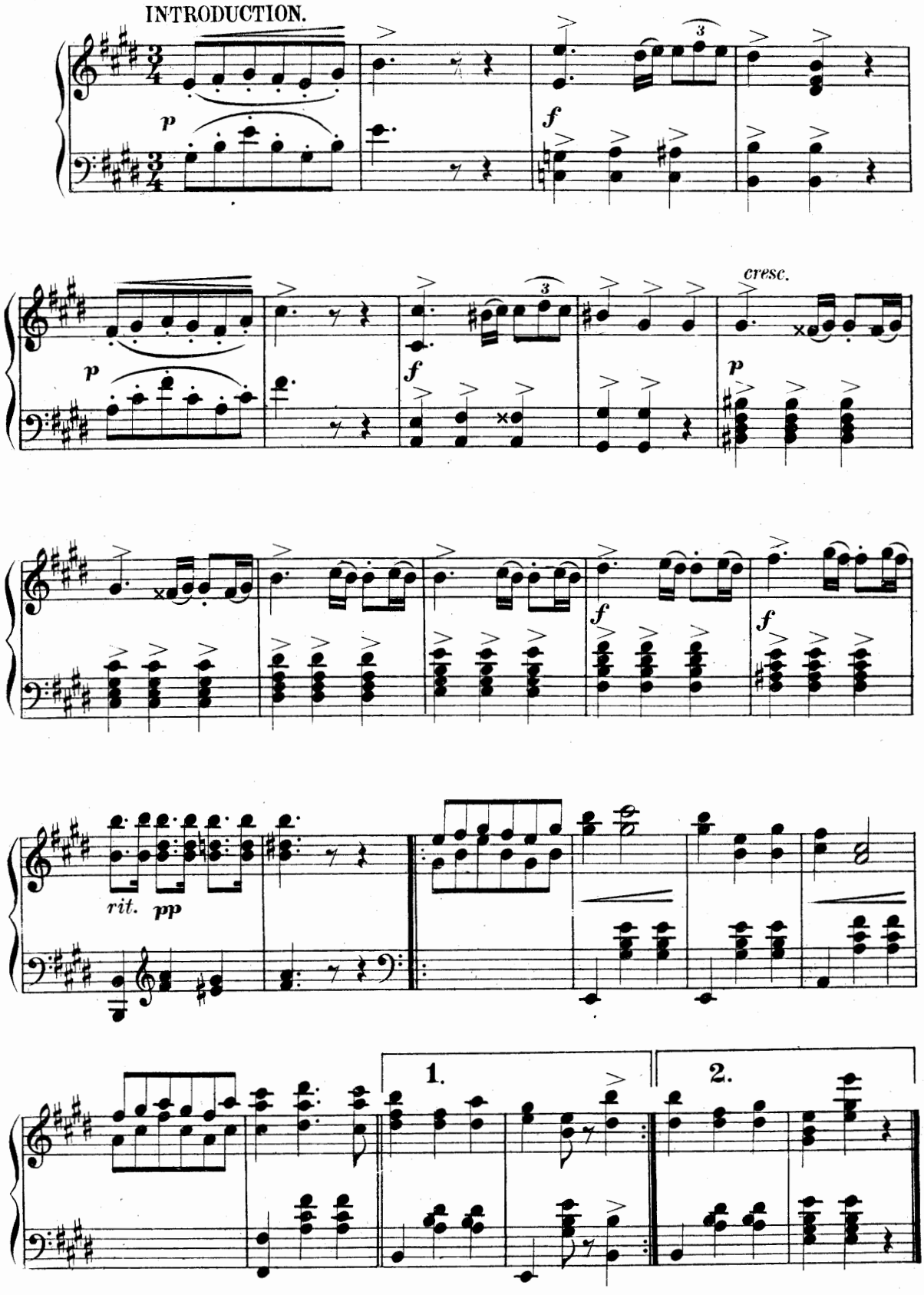

CHORUS.
I'm the dai - sy Queen of Spain. Is - a - bel - la, Is - a -
rum la la la la
rum
bel - la is a sov'reign of no - to - ri - e - ty Is - a -
rum la la la la
rum
bel - la, Is - a - bel - la is the lead - er of gay so -

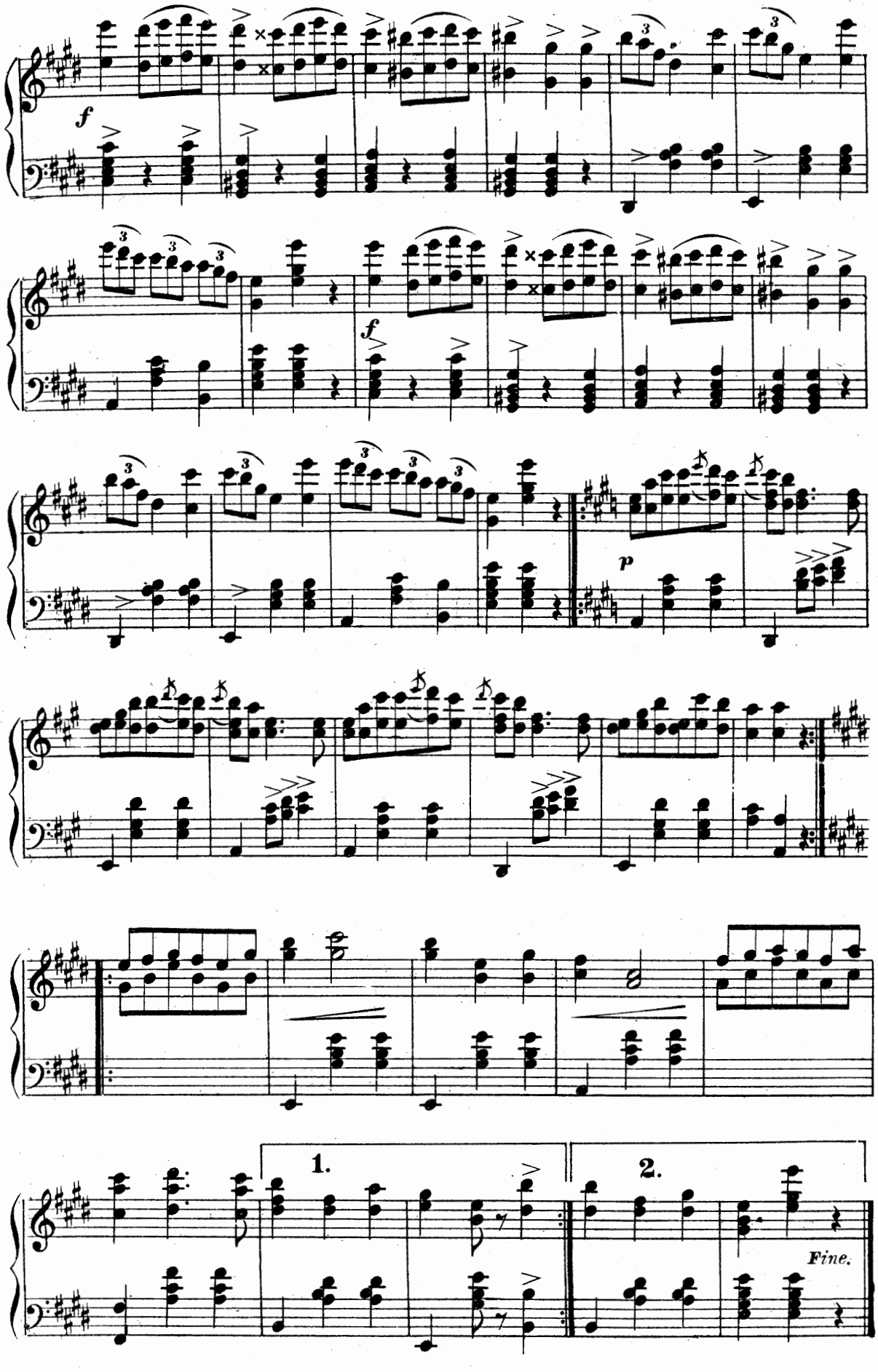

ci - e - ty Is - a - bel - la, Is - a - bel - la is a
la - dy of great pro - pri - e - ty None ex - cel her Is - a -
bel - la She's the dai - sy Queen of Spain.

Spanish Dance.

No. 6.

ABERANO COLON.




f
f
p
1.
2.
Fine.

Finale.

№ 7.

CARL PFLUEGER.

Tempo di Bolero.

CHORUS.

A - di - os bel-la His - pa-ni-a!

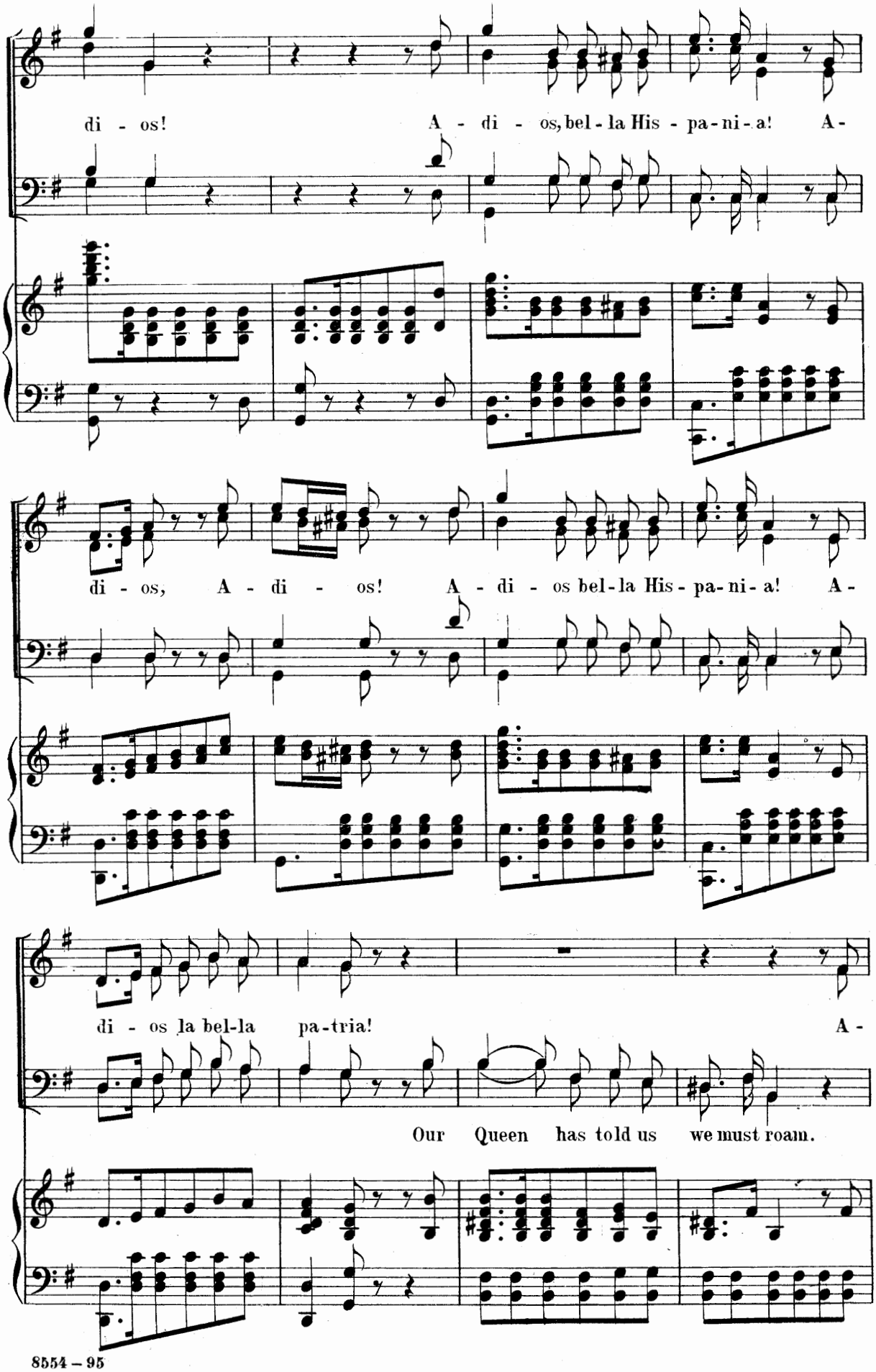
f

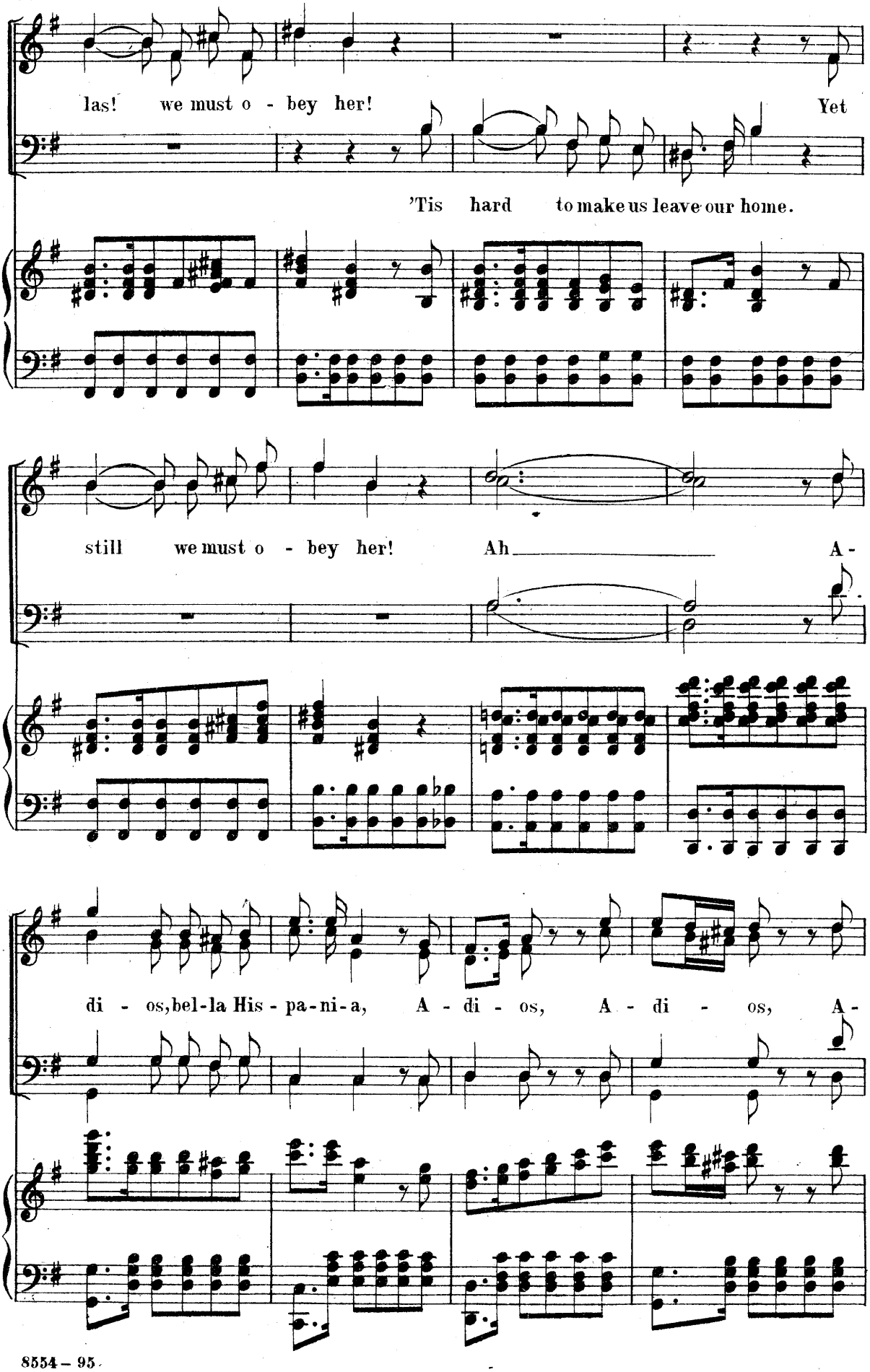
A - di - os la bel-la pa-tri-a!

f

A - di - os, A - di - os, A - di - os, A -

sempre f


di - os! A - di - os, bel - la His - pa - ni - a! A -
di - os, A - di - os! A - di - os bel - la His - pa - ni - a! A -
di - os la bel - la pa - tria! A -
Our Queen has told us we must roam.


las! we must o - bey her! Yet
'Tis hard to make us leave our home.
still we must o - bey her! Ah A -
di - os, bel-la His - pa-ni-a, A - di - os, A - di - os, A -

QUEEN.

di - os, bel-la His - pa-ni-a, A - di - os la bel-la pa-tria. Pray

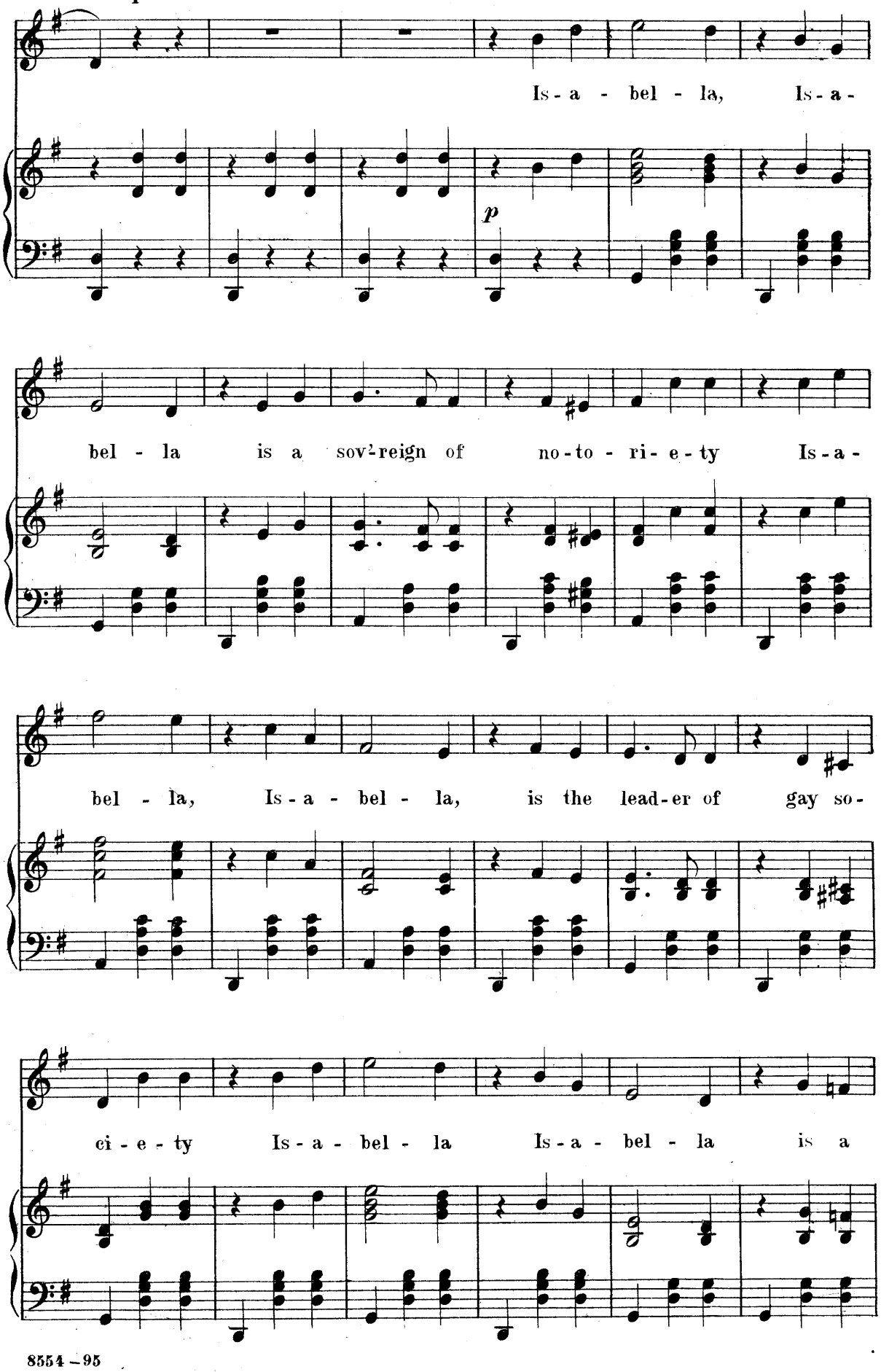
p

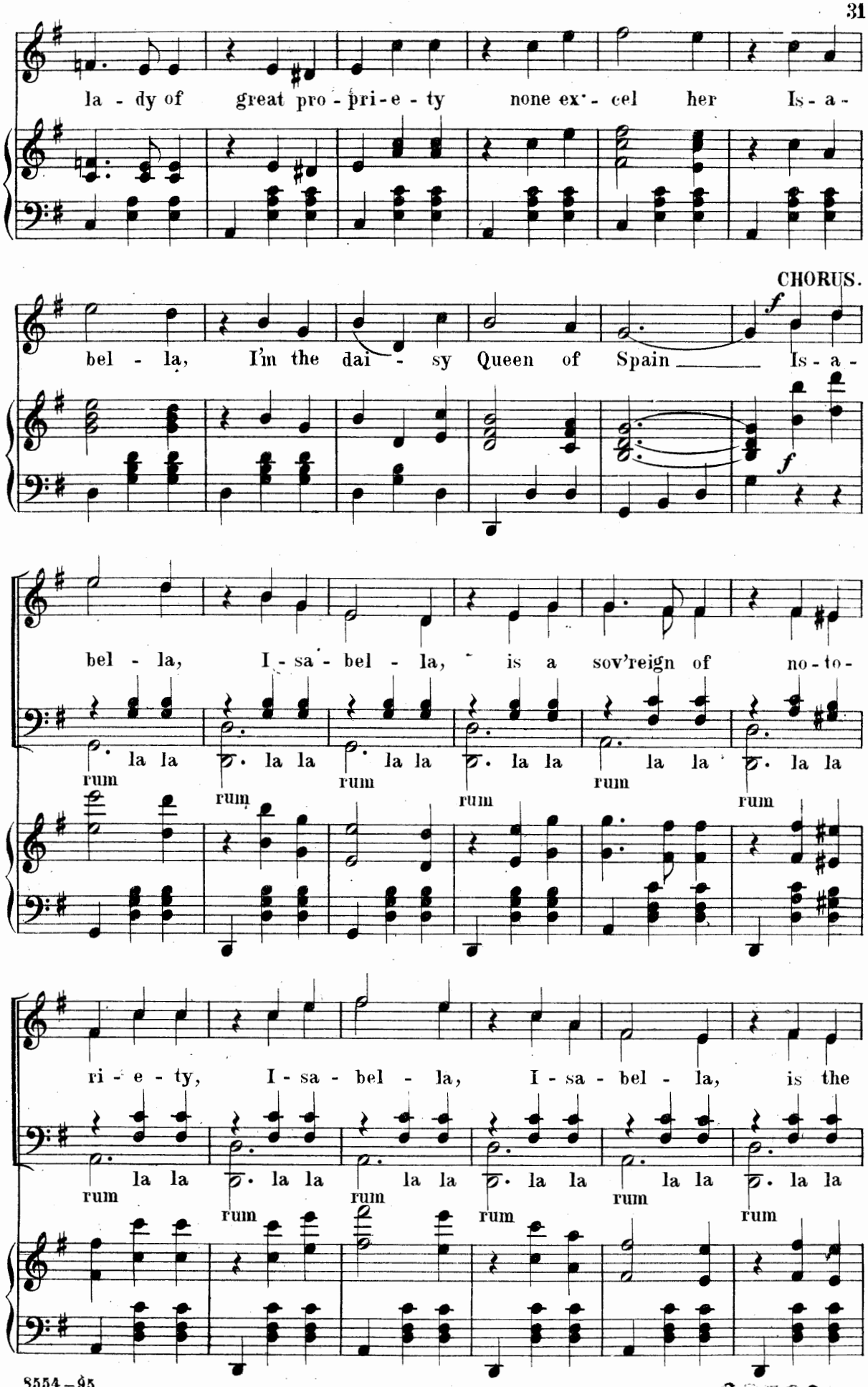
why this sigh? please dry your eye, don't try to shy say

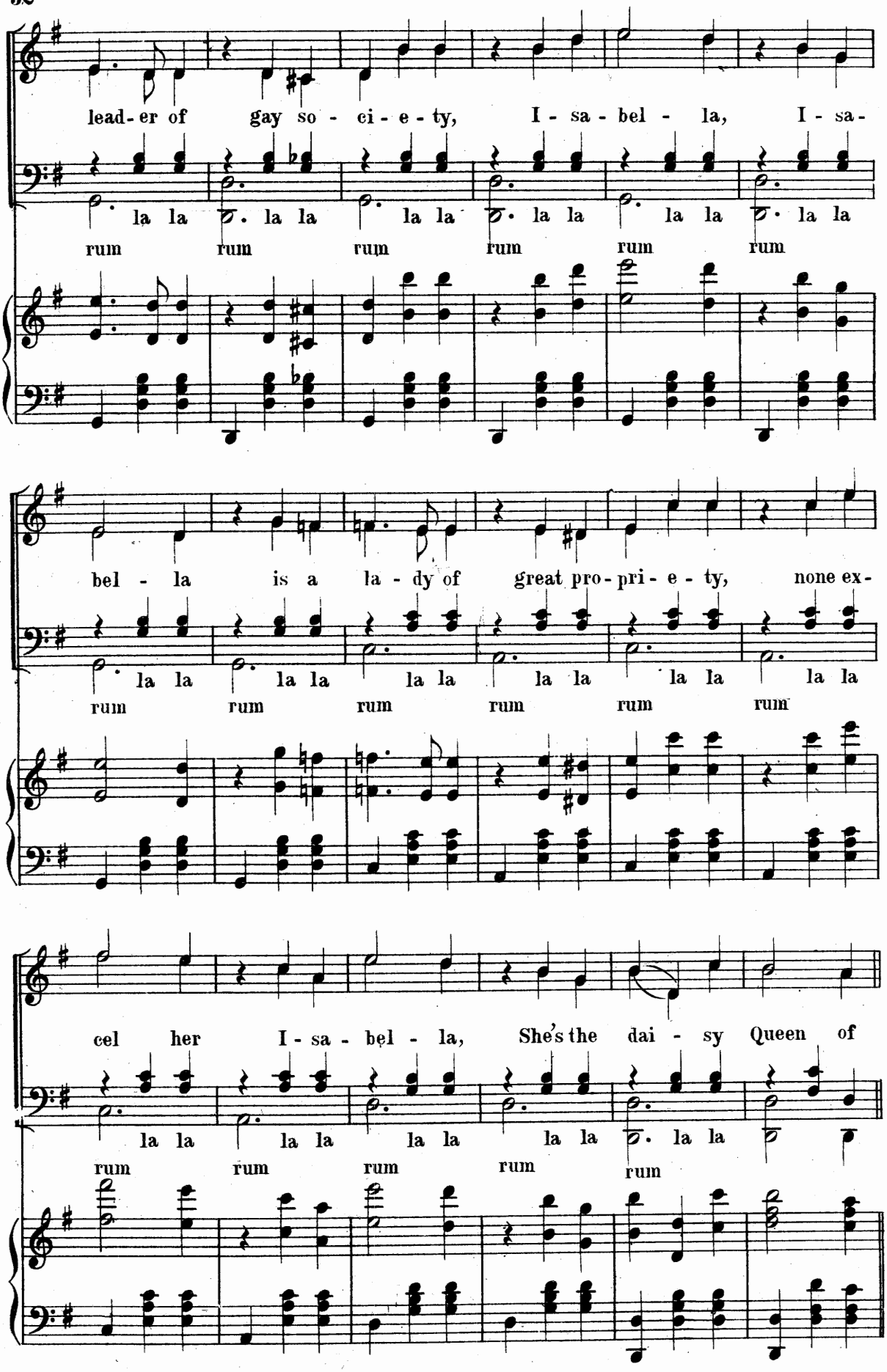
Cadenza.

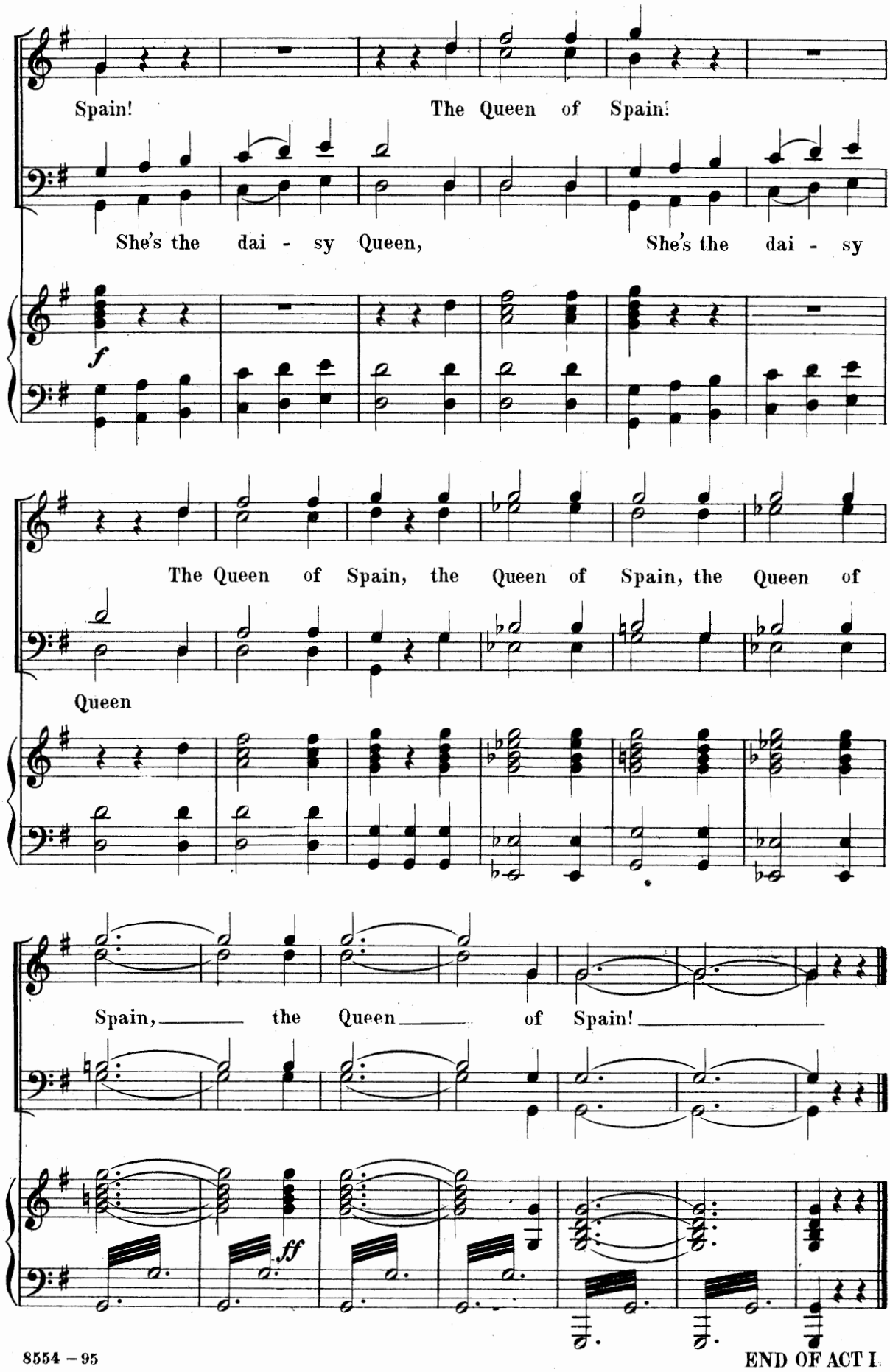
bye! go! hie! Ah

Tempo di Valse.




la - dy of great pro - pri - e - ty none ex - cel her Is - a -
CHORUS.
f
bel - la, I'm the dai - sy Queen of Spain Is - a -
f
bel - la, I - sa - bel - la, is a sov'reign of no - to -
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum
ri - e - ty, I - sa - bel - la, I - sa - bel - la, is the
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum

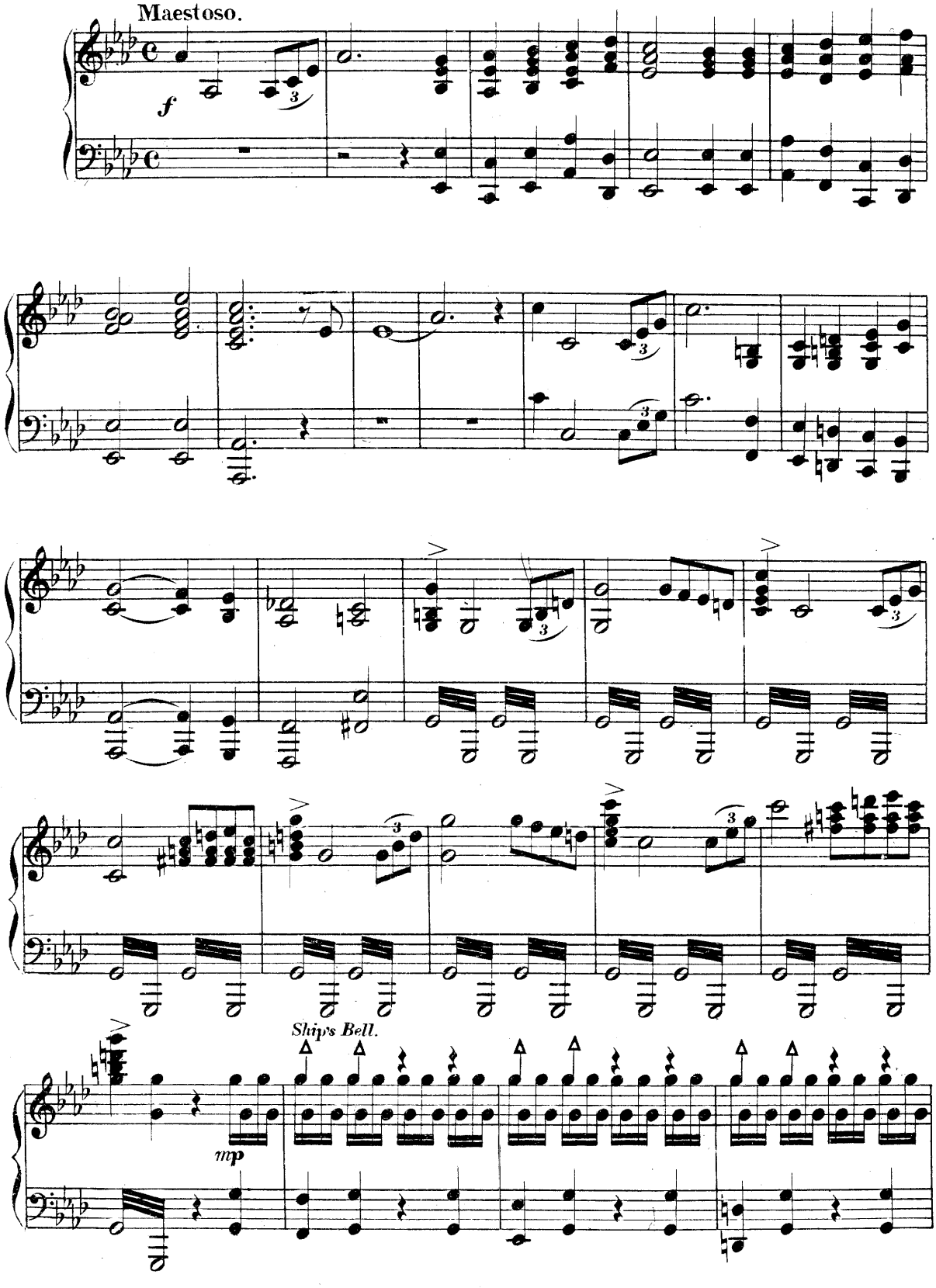

lead-er of gay so - ci - e - ty, I - sa - bel - la, I - sa-
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum
bel - la is a la - dy of great pro-pri - e - ty, none ex-
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum
cel her I - sa - bel - la, She's the dai - sy Queen of
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum

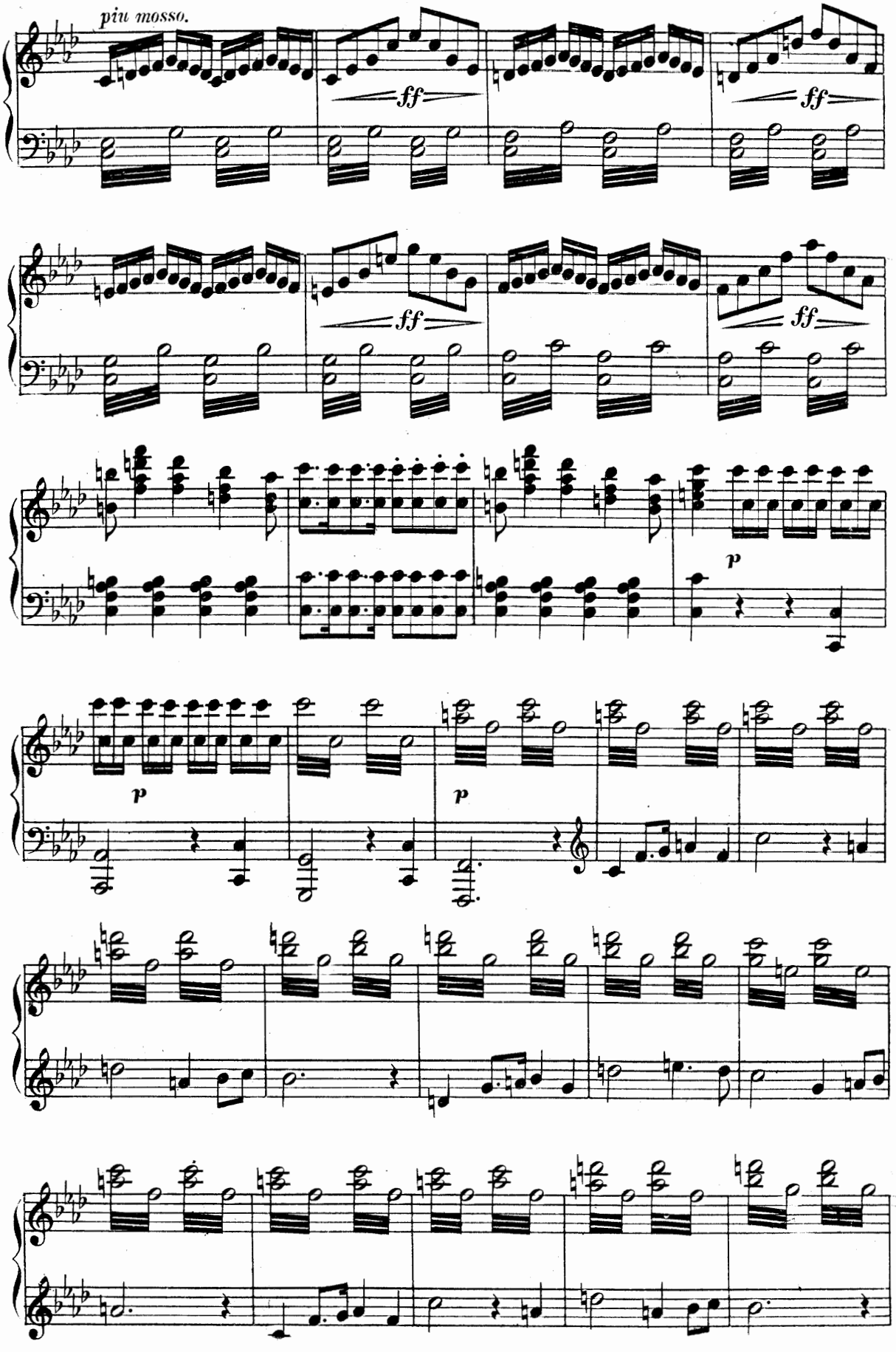

Spain! The Queen of Spain!
She's the dai - sy Queen, She's the dai - sy
f
The Queen of Spain, the Queen of Spain, the Queen of
Queen
Spain, the Queen of Spain!
ff

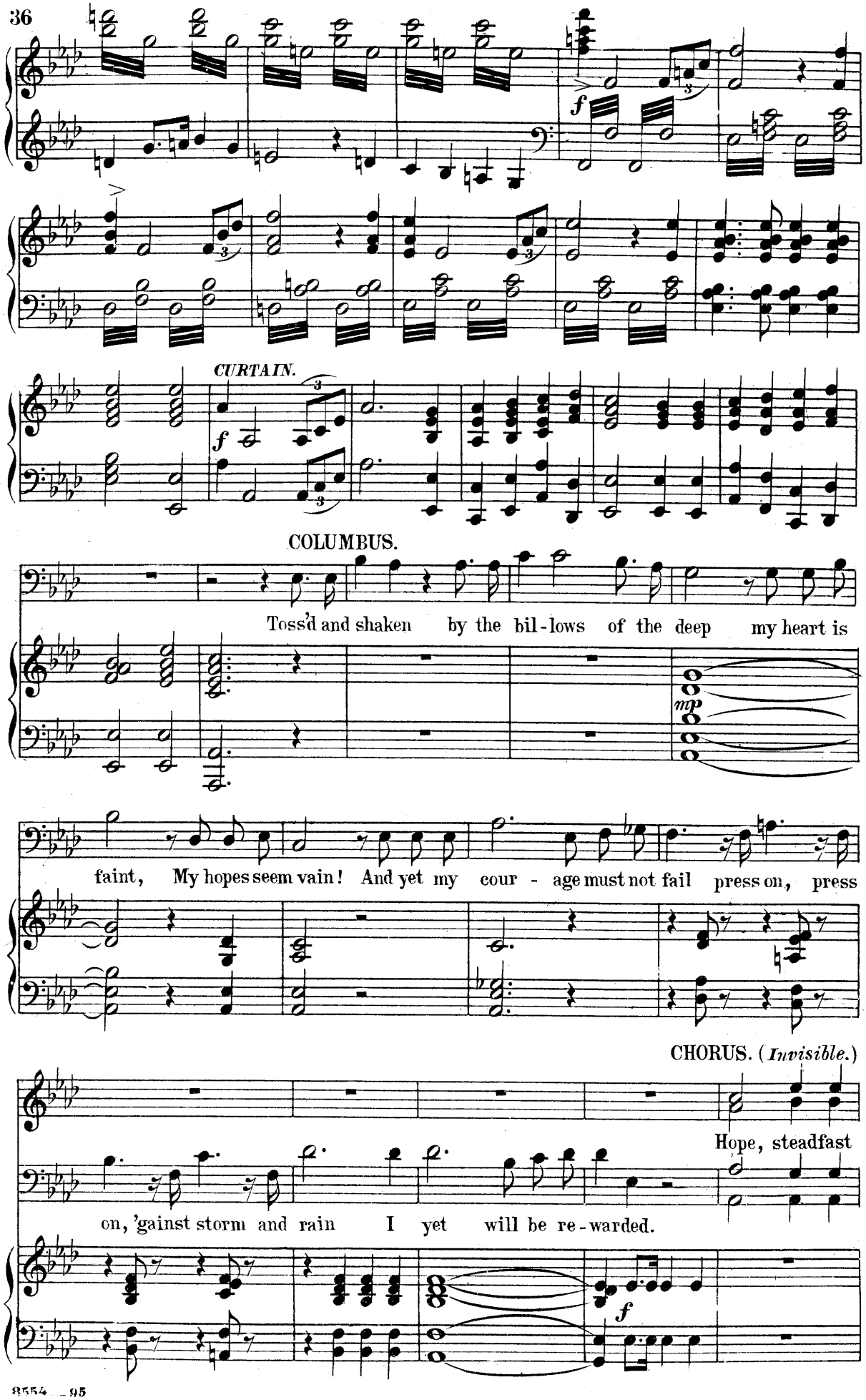
END OF ACT I.

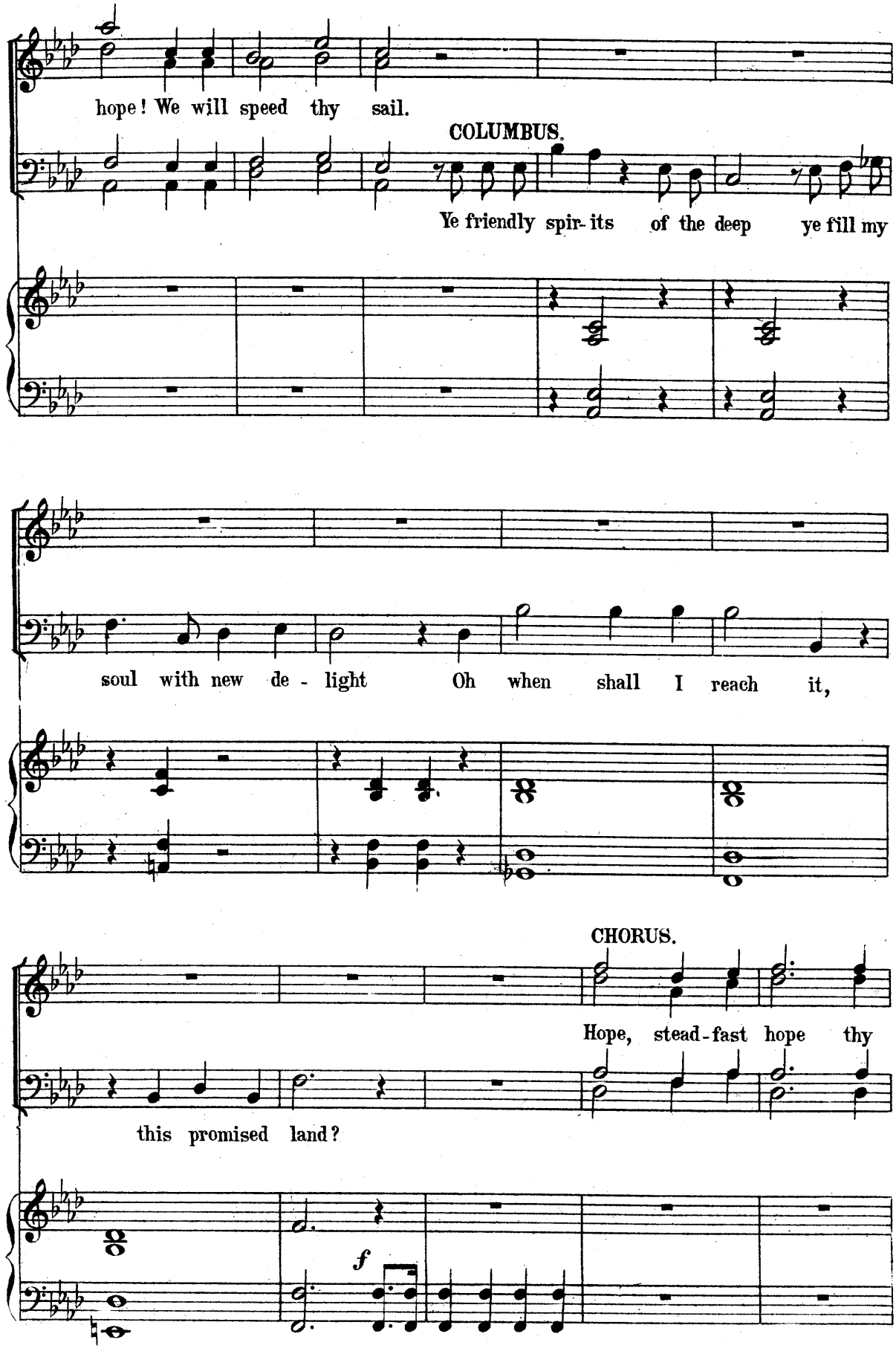
Act II.
Columbus' Vision.

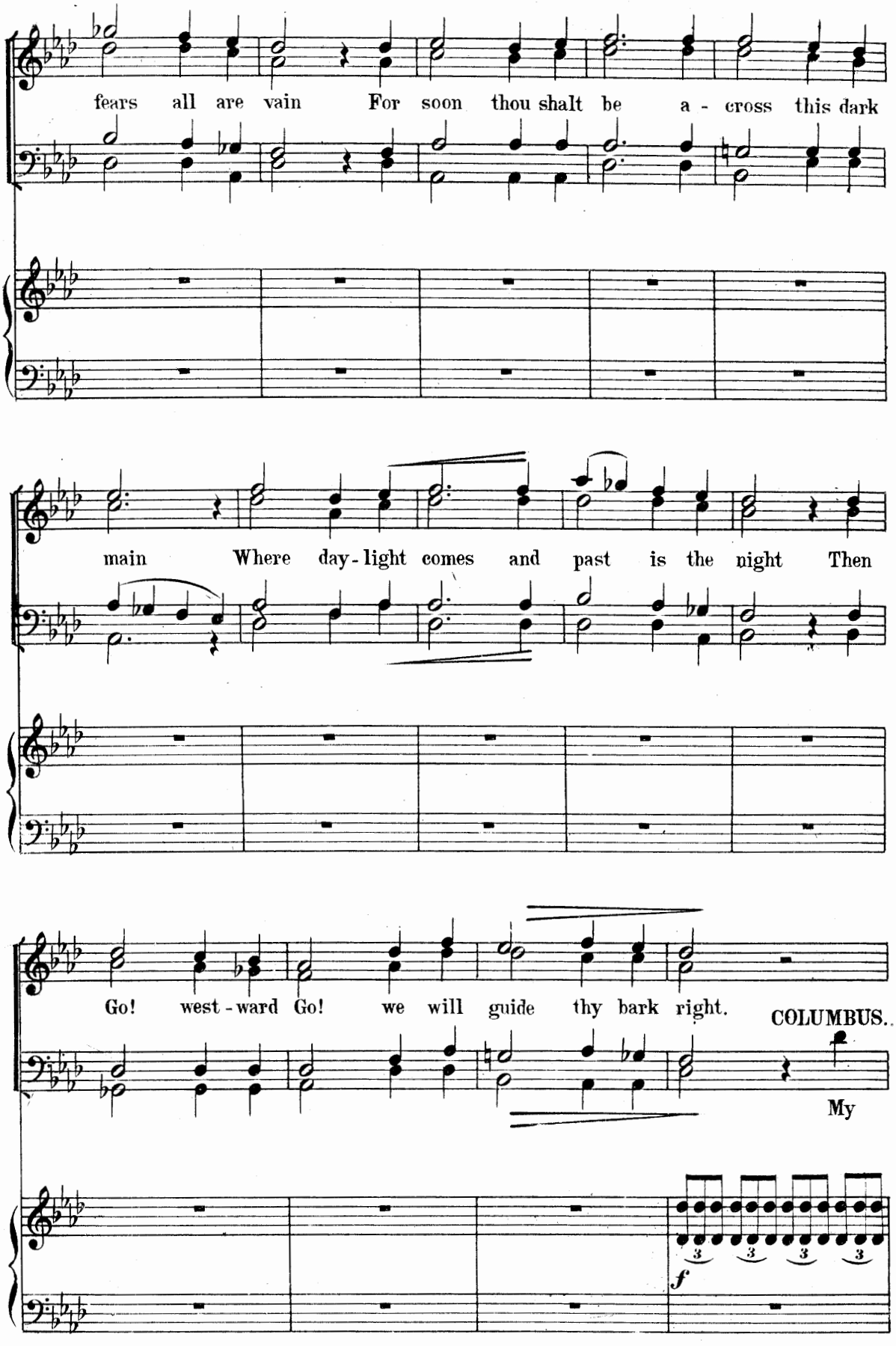
No 8. CARL PFLUEGER.

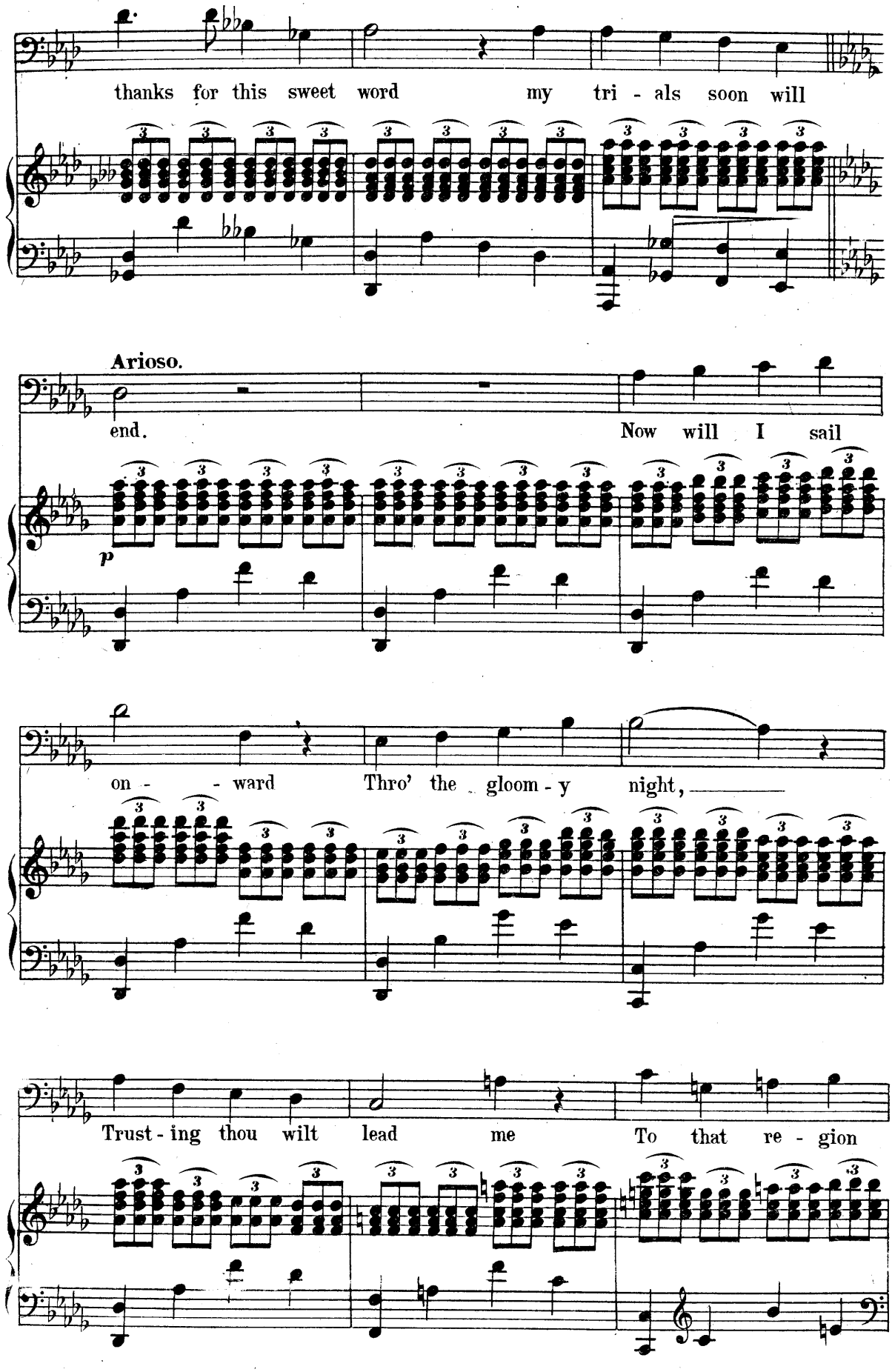


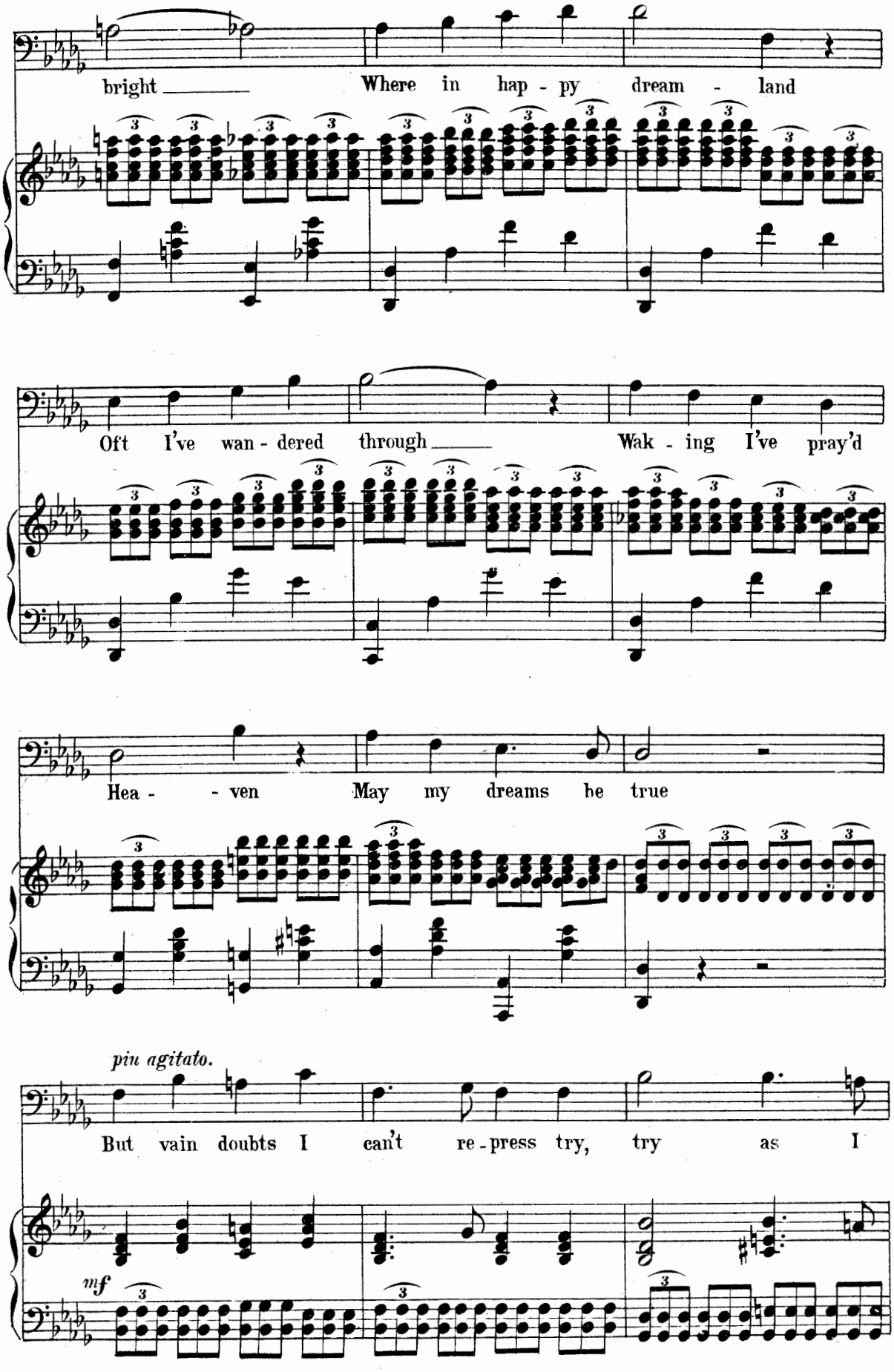

più mosso.
ff
ff
ff
ff
p
p
p

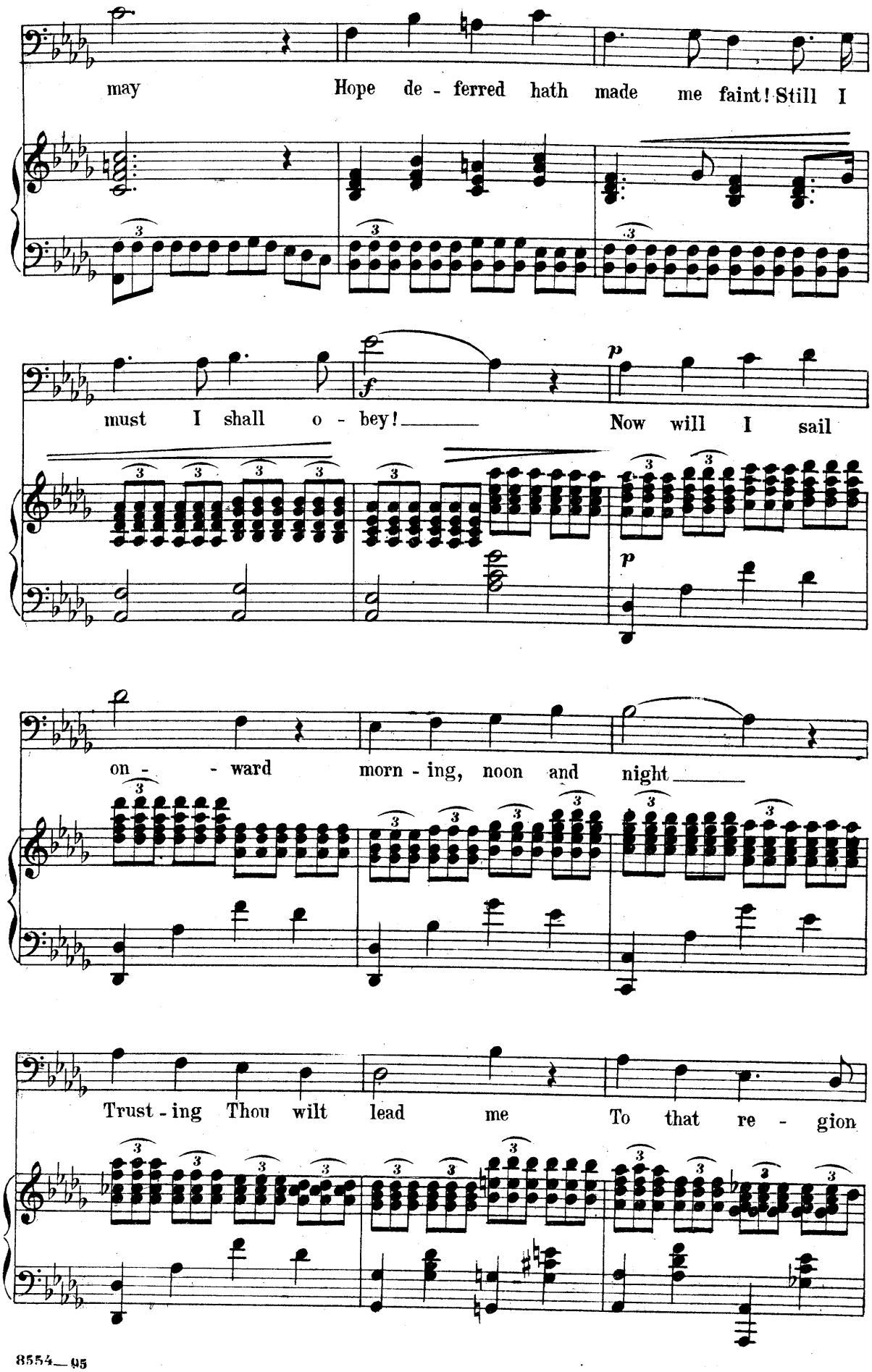

CURTAIN.
COLUMBUS.
Toss'd and shaken by the bil-lows of the deep my heart is
faint, My hopes seem vain! And yet my cour - age must not fail press on, press
CHORUS. (Invisible.)
Hope, steadfast
on, 'gainst storm and rain I yet will be re-warded.

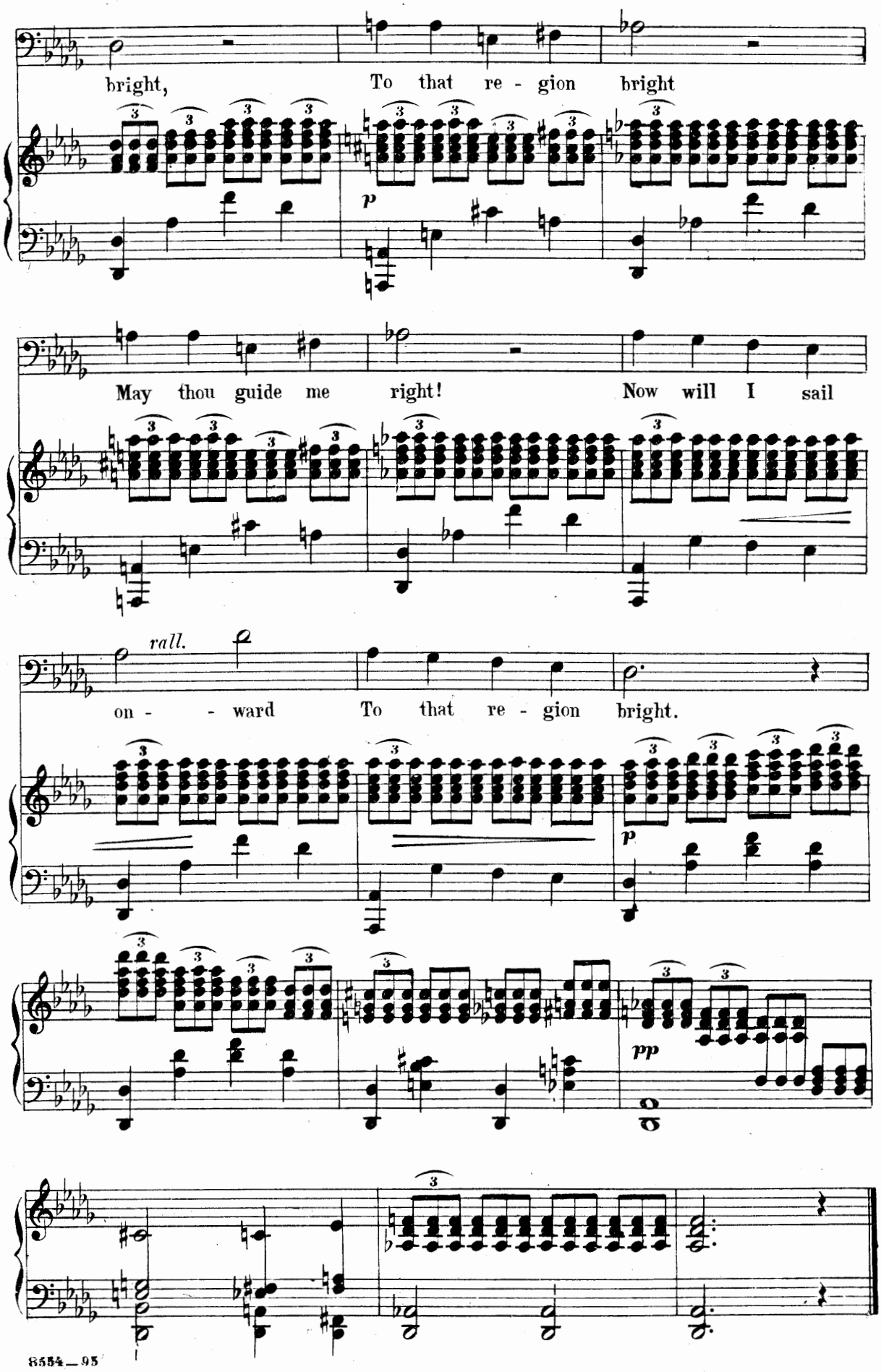

hope! We will speed thy sail.
COLUMBUS.
Ye friendly spir-its of the deep ye fill my
soul with new de - light Oh when shall I reach it,
CHORUS.
Hope, stead-fast hope thy
this promised land?
f


fears all are vain For soon thou shalt be a - cross this dark
main Where day - light comes and past is the night Then
Go! west - ward Go! we will guide thy bark right.
COLUMBUS.
My
f


thanks for this sweet word my tri - als soon will
Arioso.
end.
Now will I sail
p
on - - ward
Thro' the gloom - y night,
Trust - ing thou wilt lead me
To that re - gion

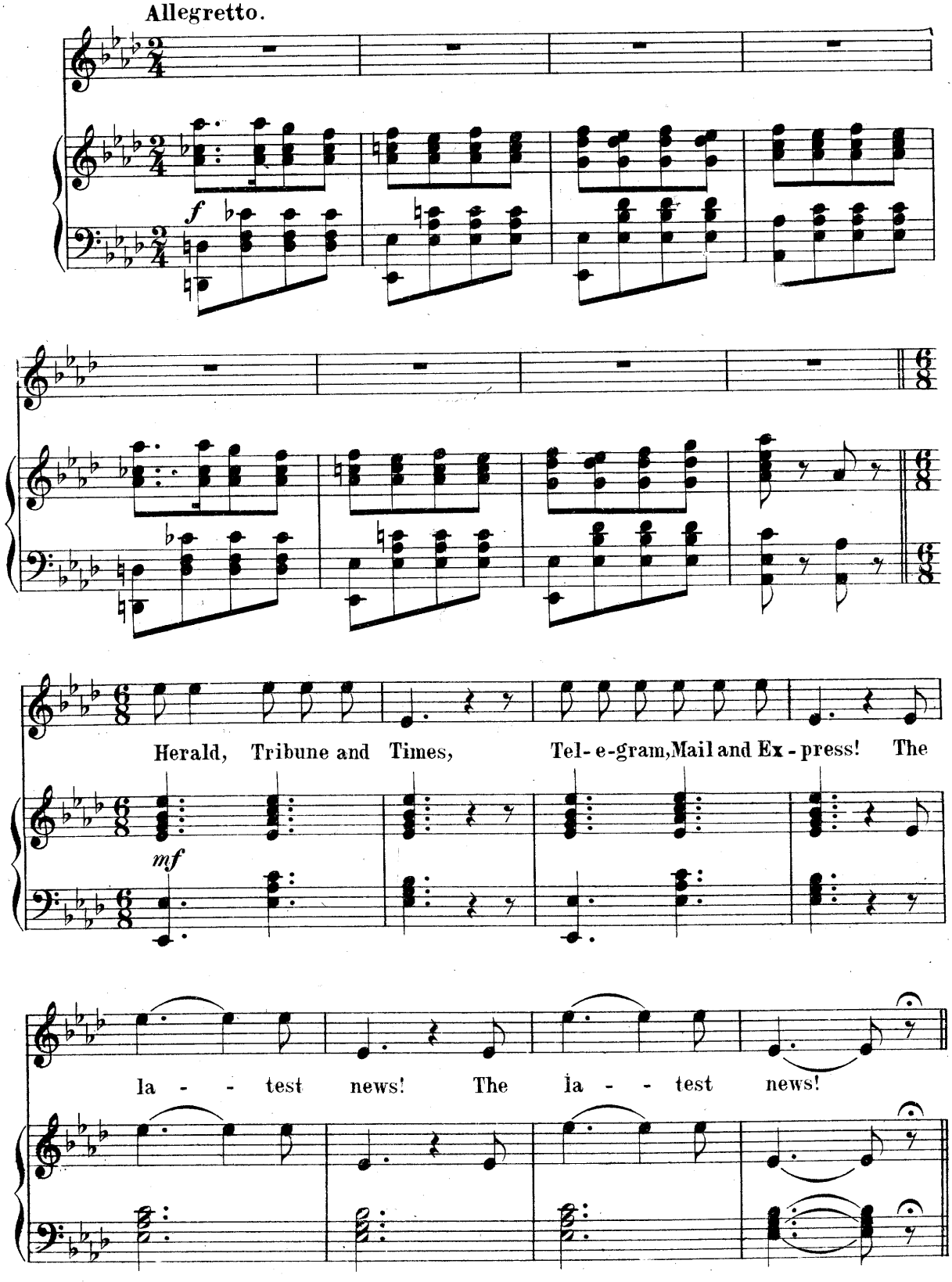

bright ___ Where in hap - py dream - land
Oft I've wan - dered through ___ Wak - ing I've pray'd
Hea - - ven May my dreams be true
piu agitato.
But vain doubts I can't re - press try, try as I
mf

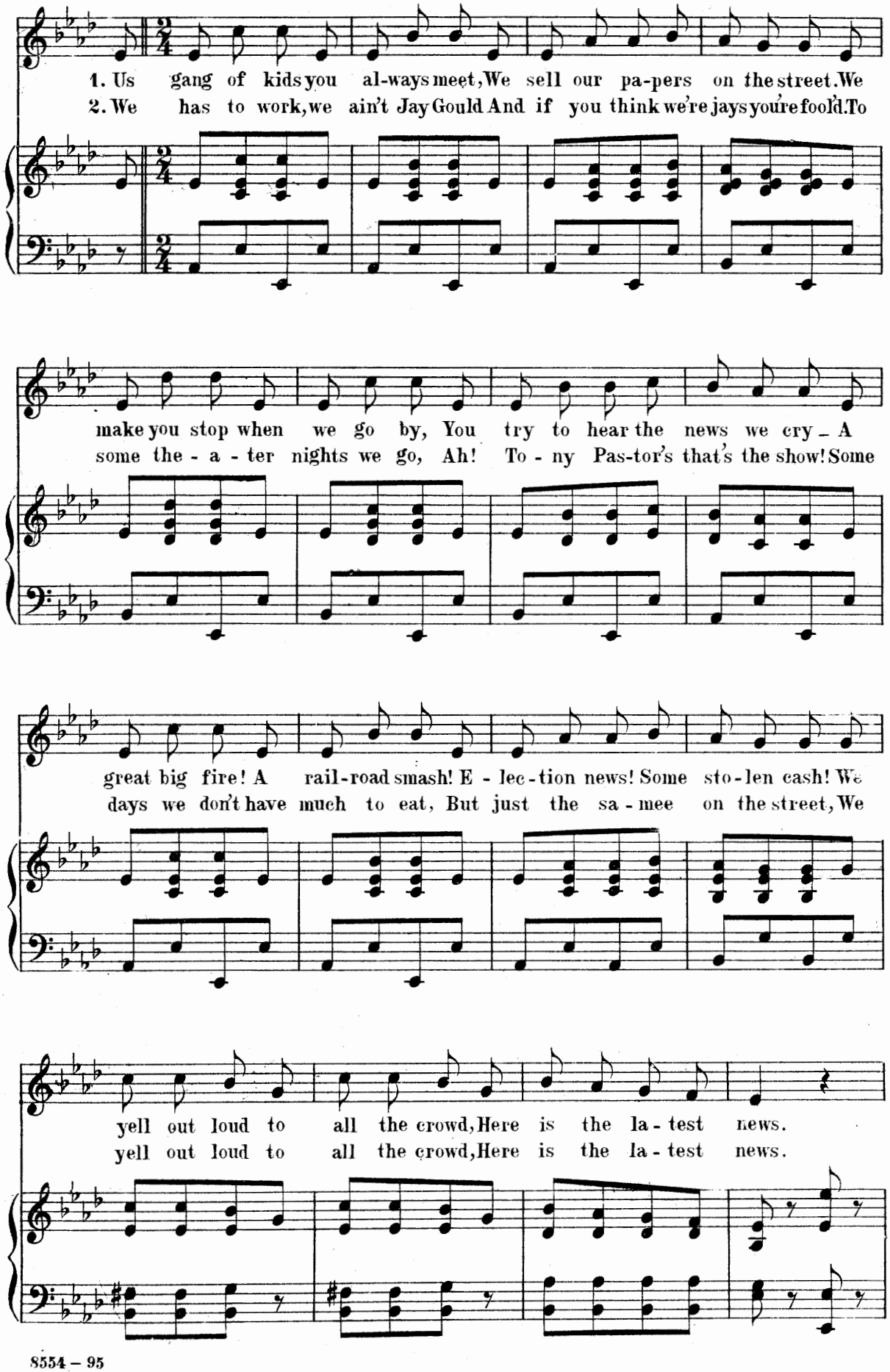

may Hope de - ferred hath made me faint! Still I
must I shall o - bey! Now will I sail
on - - ward morn - ing, noon and night
Trust - ing Thou wilt lead me To that re - gion

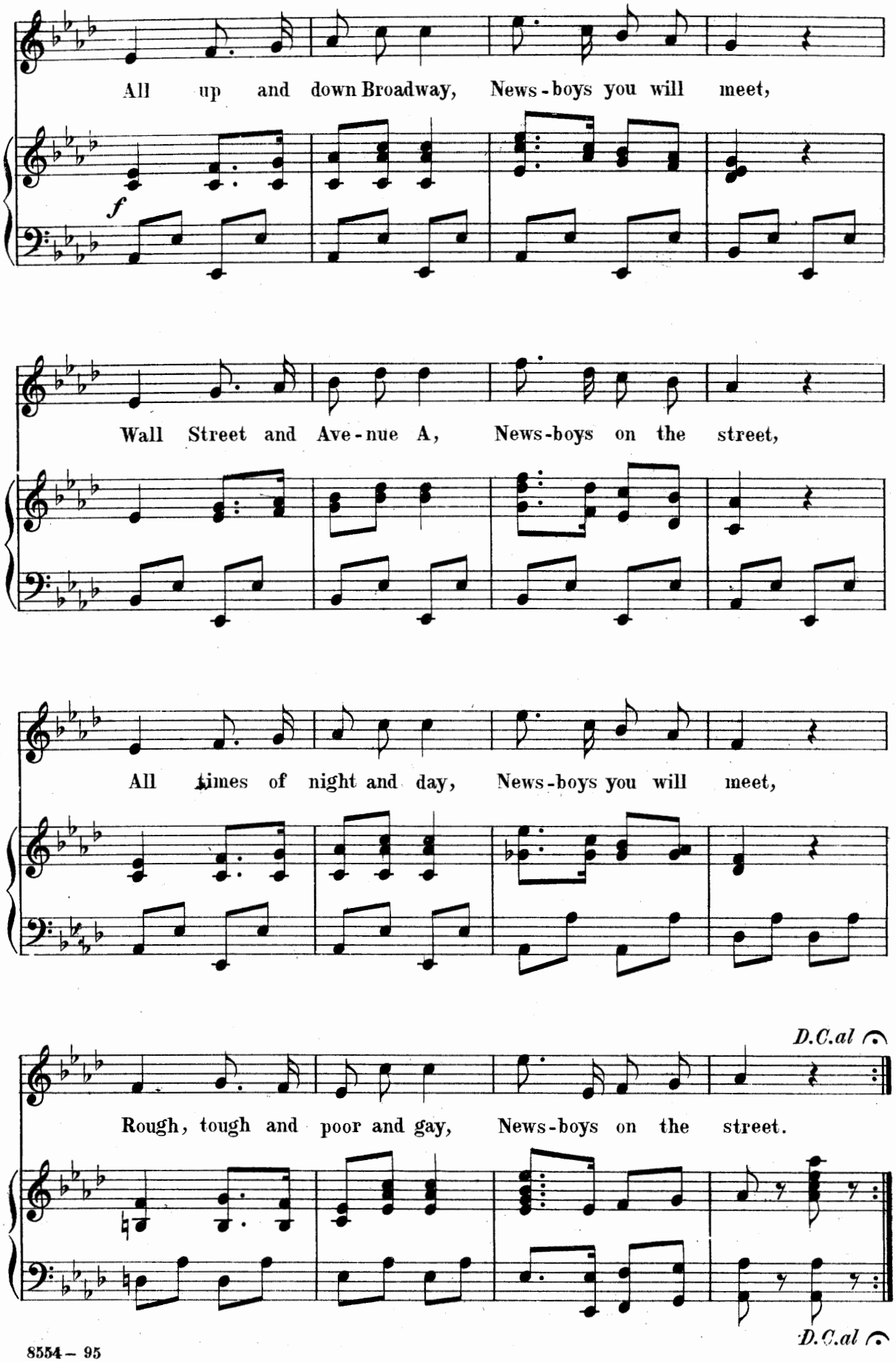

bright, To that re - gion bright
p
May thou guide me right! Now will I sail
rall.
on - - ward To that re - gion bright.
p
pp

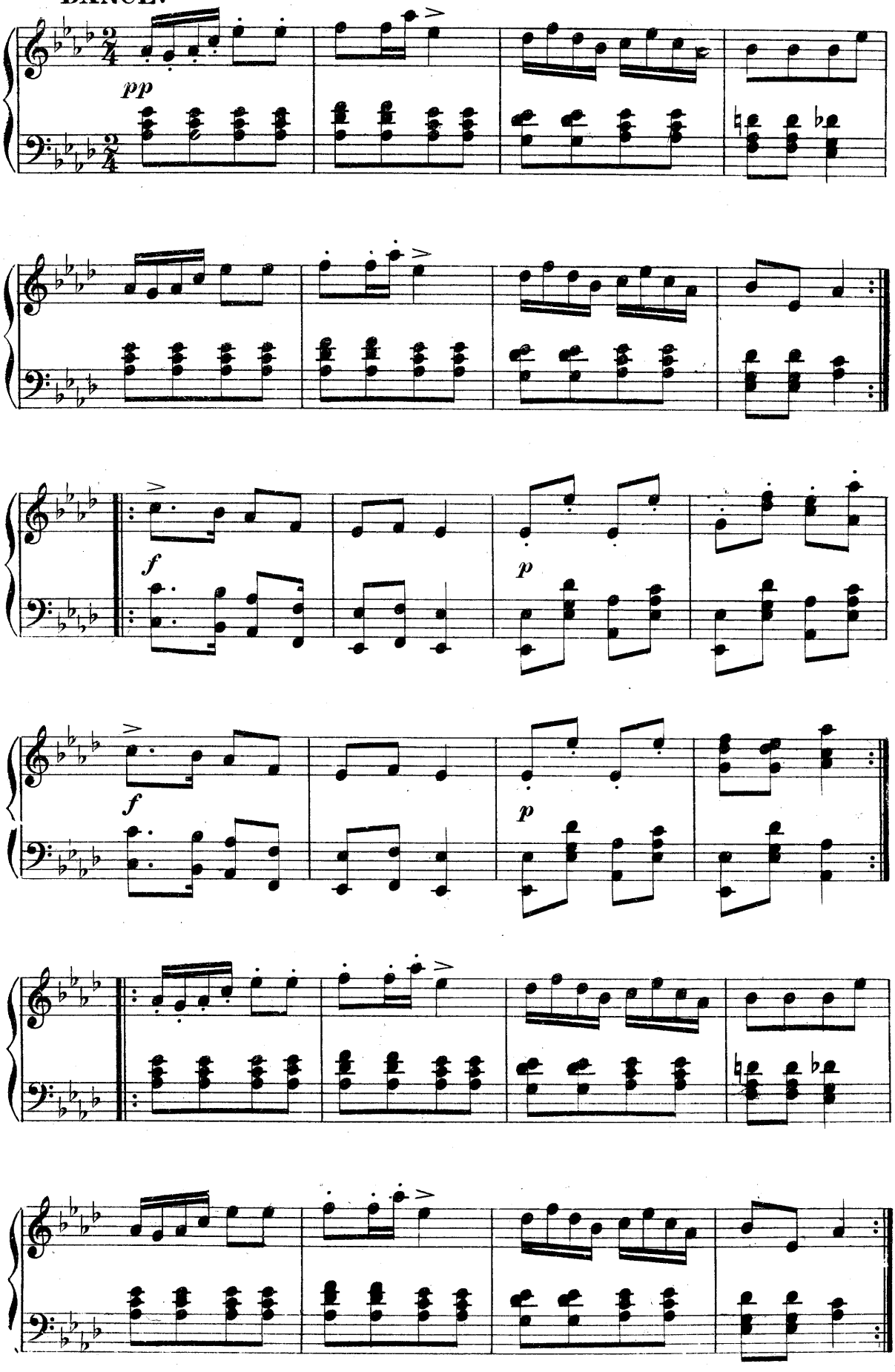
Chorus of Newsboys.

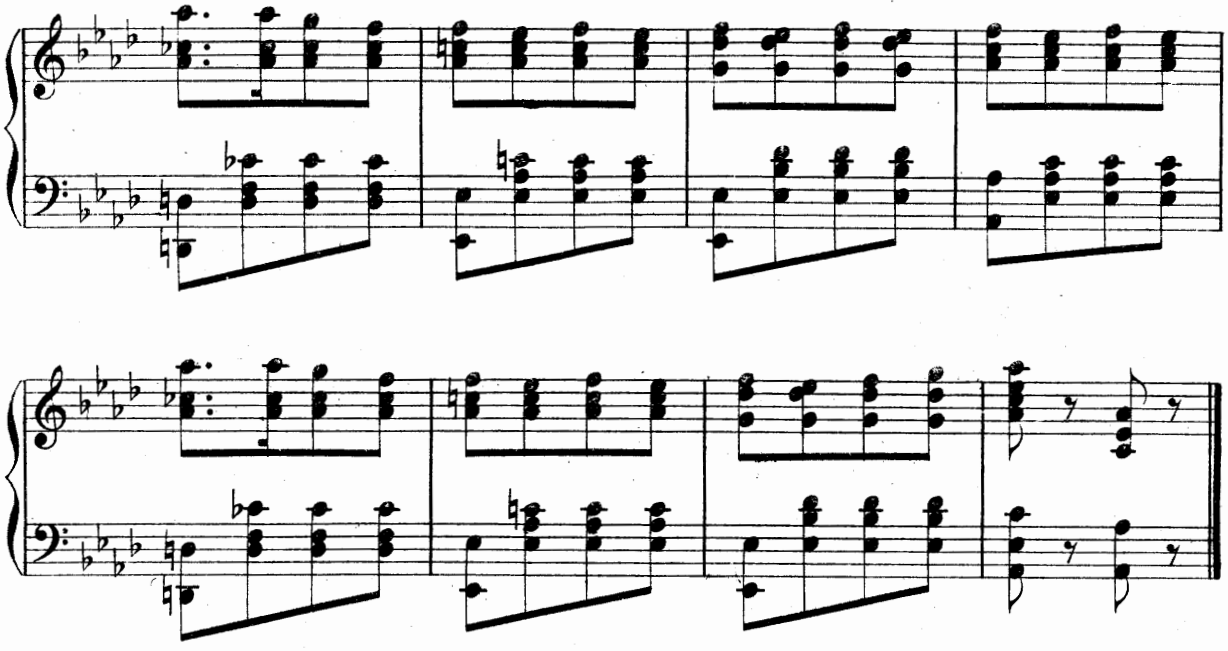
No 9. CARL PFLUEGER.




1. Us gang of kids you al-ways meet, We sell our pa-pers on the street. We
2. We has to work, we ain't Jay Gould And if you think we're jays you're fool'd. To
make you stop when we go by, You try to hear the news we cry - A
some the - a - ter nights we go, Ah! To - ny Pas-tor's that's the show! Some
great big fire! A rail-road smash! E - lec - tion news! Some sto - len cash! We
days we don't have much to eat, But just the sa - mee on the street, We
yell out loud to all the crowd, Here is the la - test news.
yell out loud to all the crowd, Here is the la - test news.

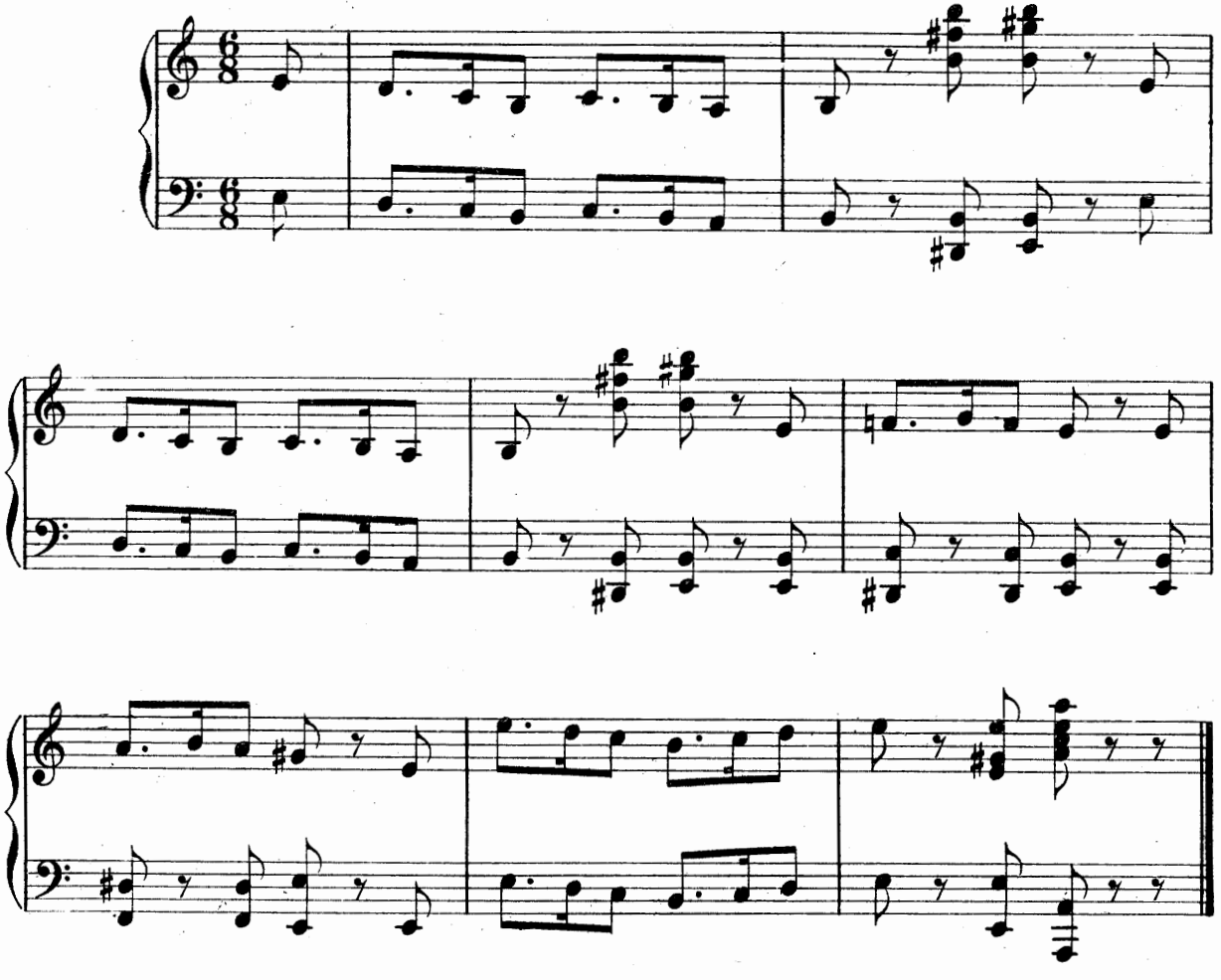

All up and down Broadway, News-boys you will meet,
f
Wall Street and Ave-nue A, News-boys on the street,
All times of night and day, News-boys you will meet,
D.C.al
Rough, tough and poor and gay, News-boys on the street.
D.C.al


pp
f
p
f
p



Conspirators' Music.

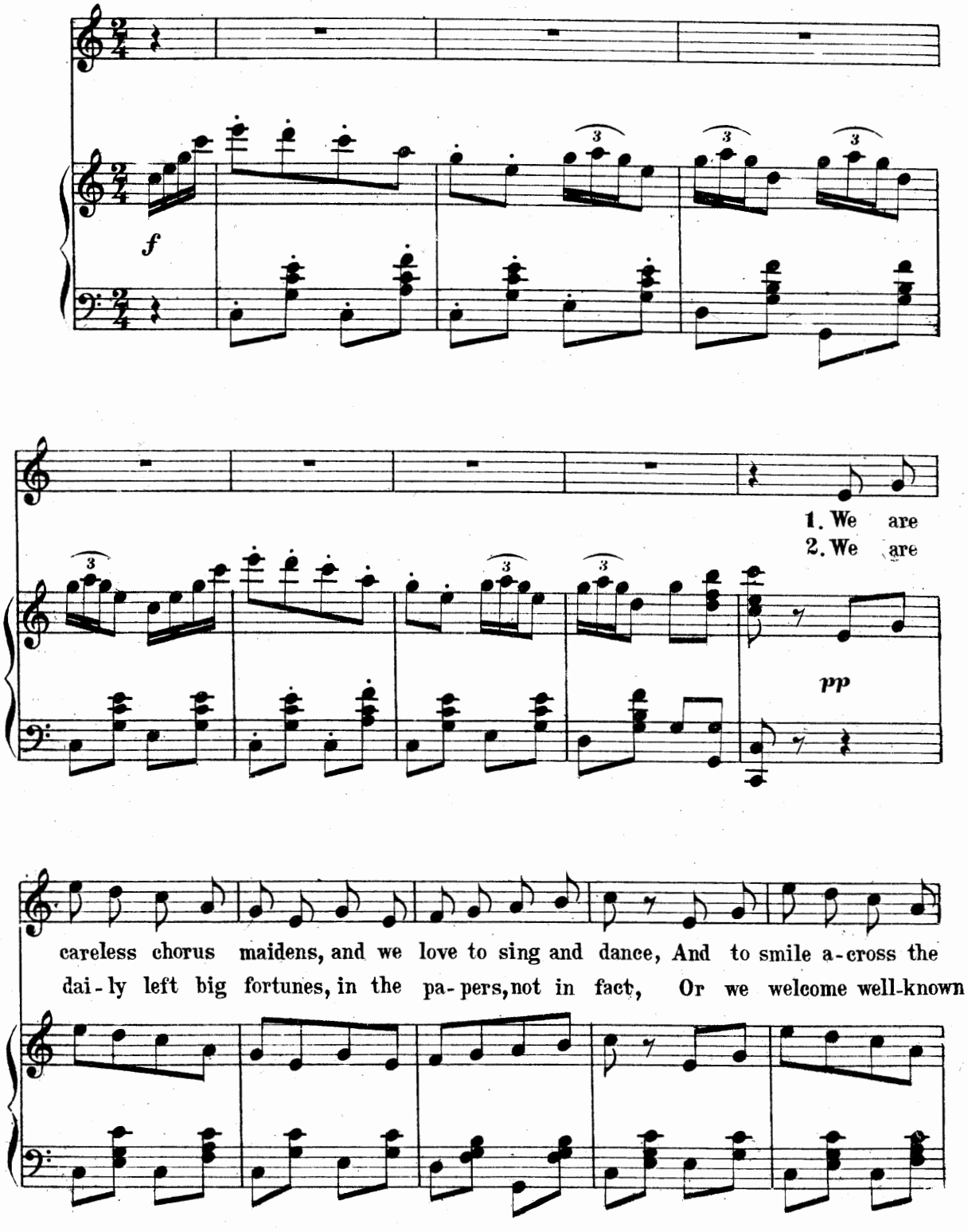
№ 10.

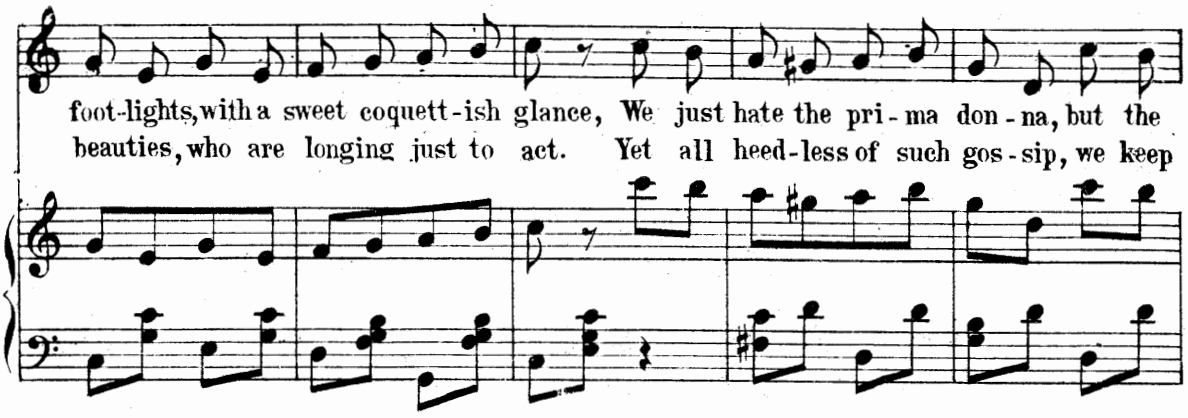


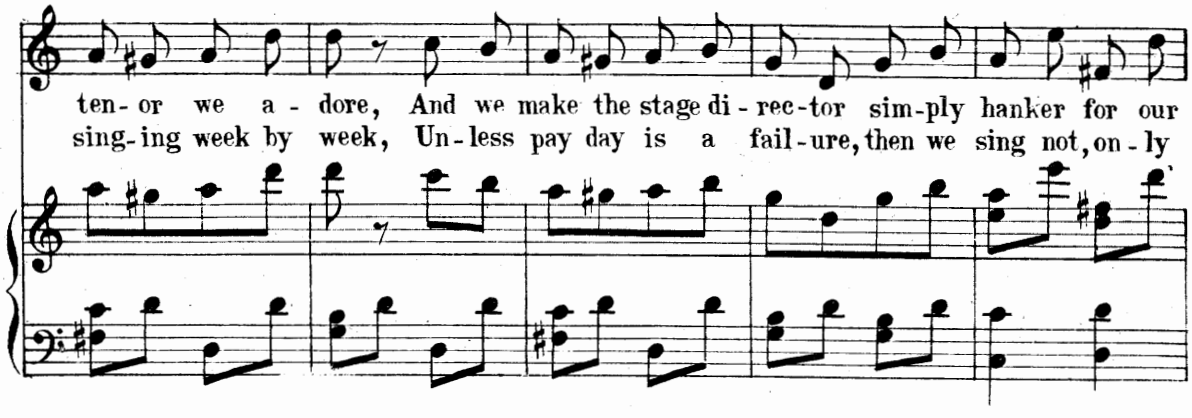
Casino Girl's Chorus.

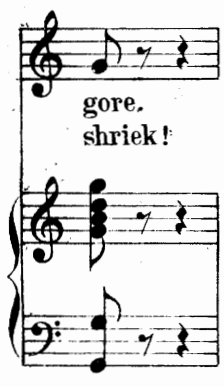
No 11.

CARL PFLUEGER.









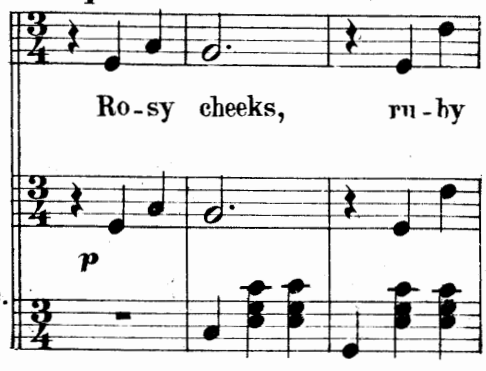
SPOKEN. 1*st. Verse.*

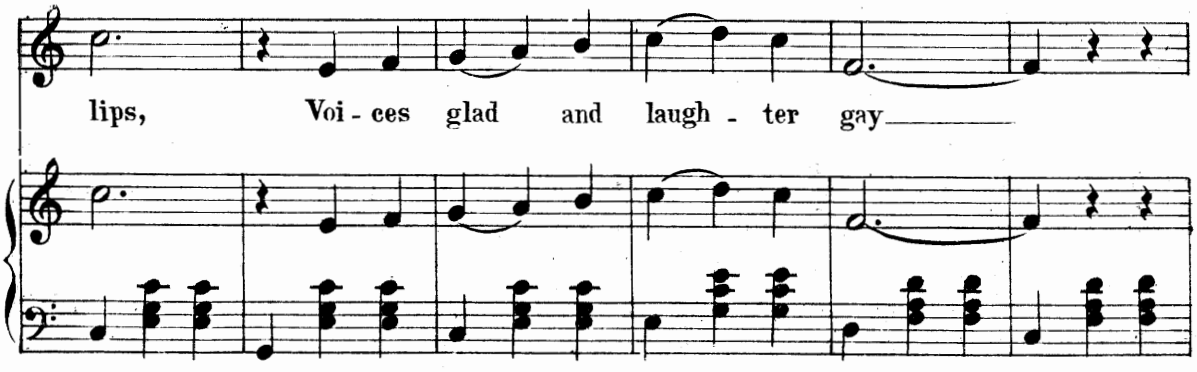
The careless chorus girl
Does her hair up in a curl
All over her sweet little forehead,
And when she is good,
She is very, very good,
But when she is bad, she is horrid.

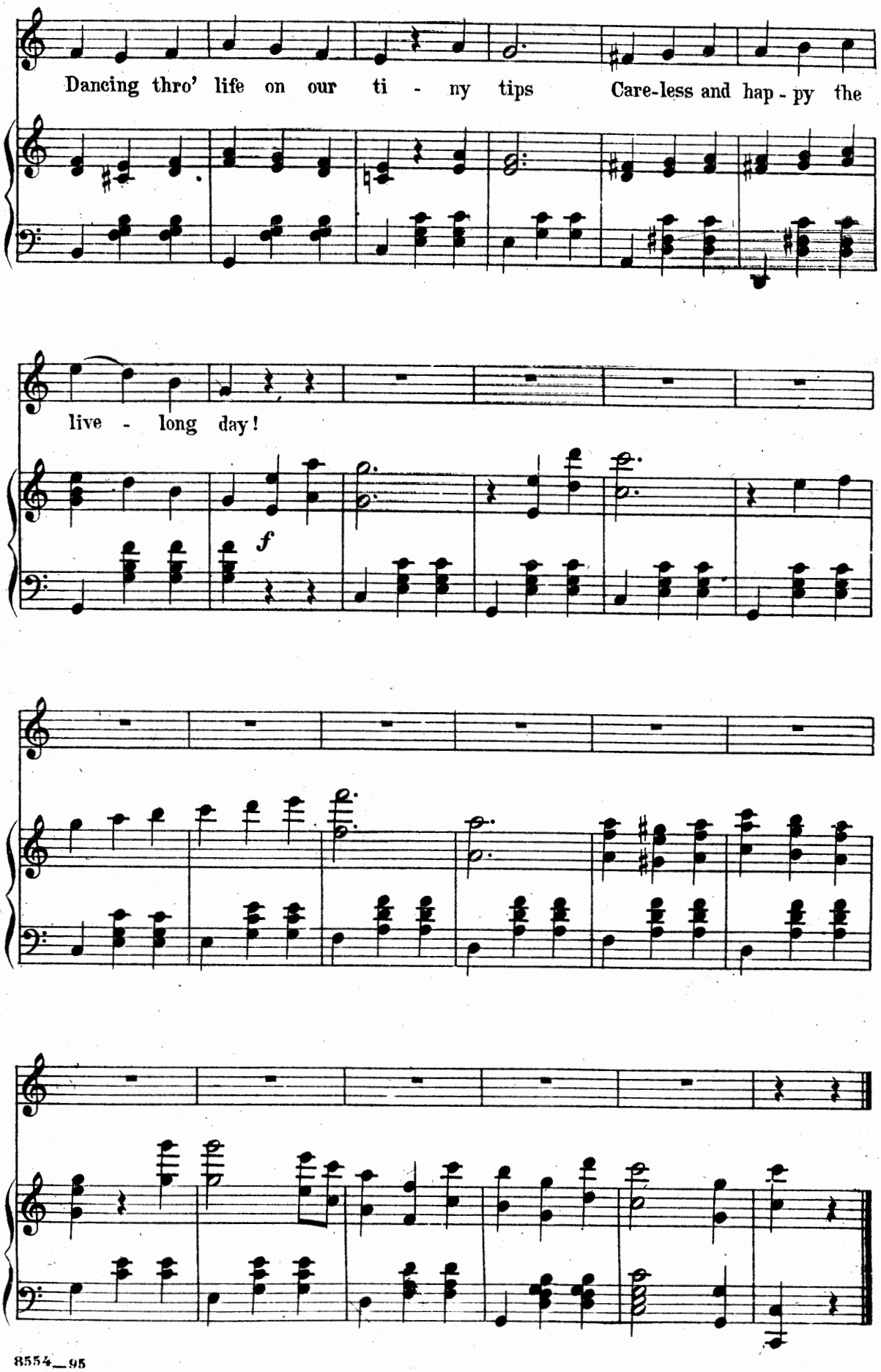
SPOKEN. 2*d. Verse.*

She went to the cupboard
In an old mother Hubbard,
For some beer and a cold chicken bone.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor girl ate pie.

Tempo di Valse.

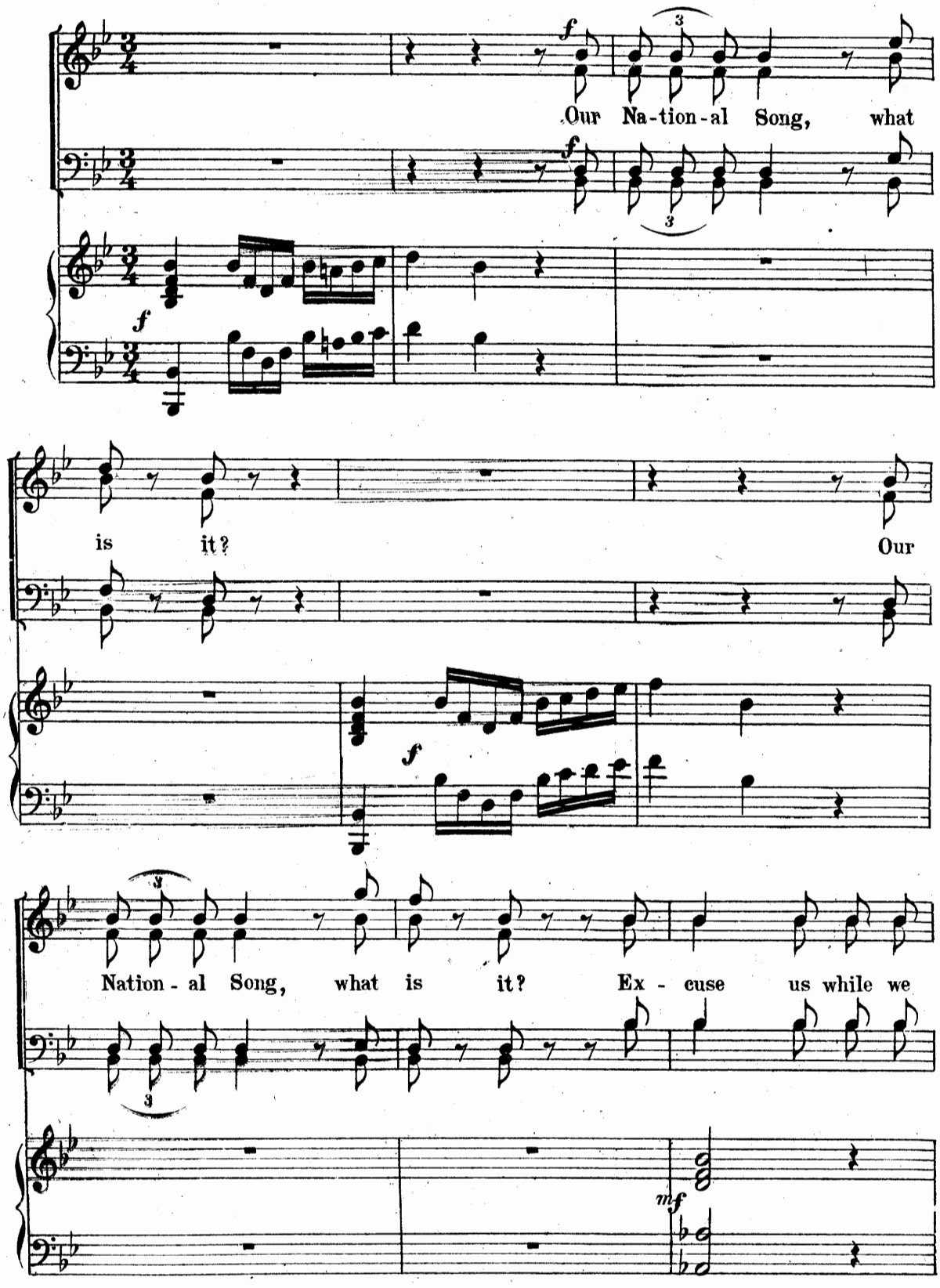


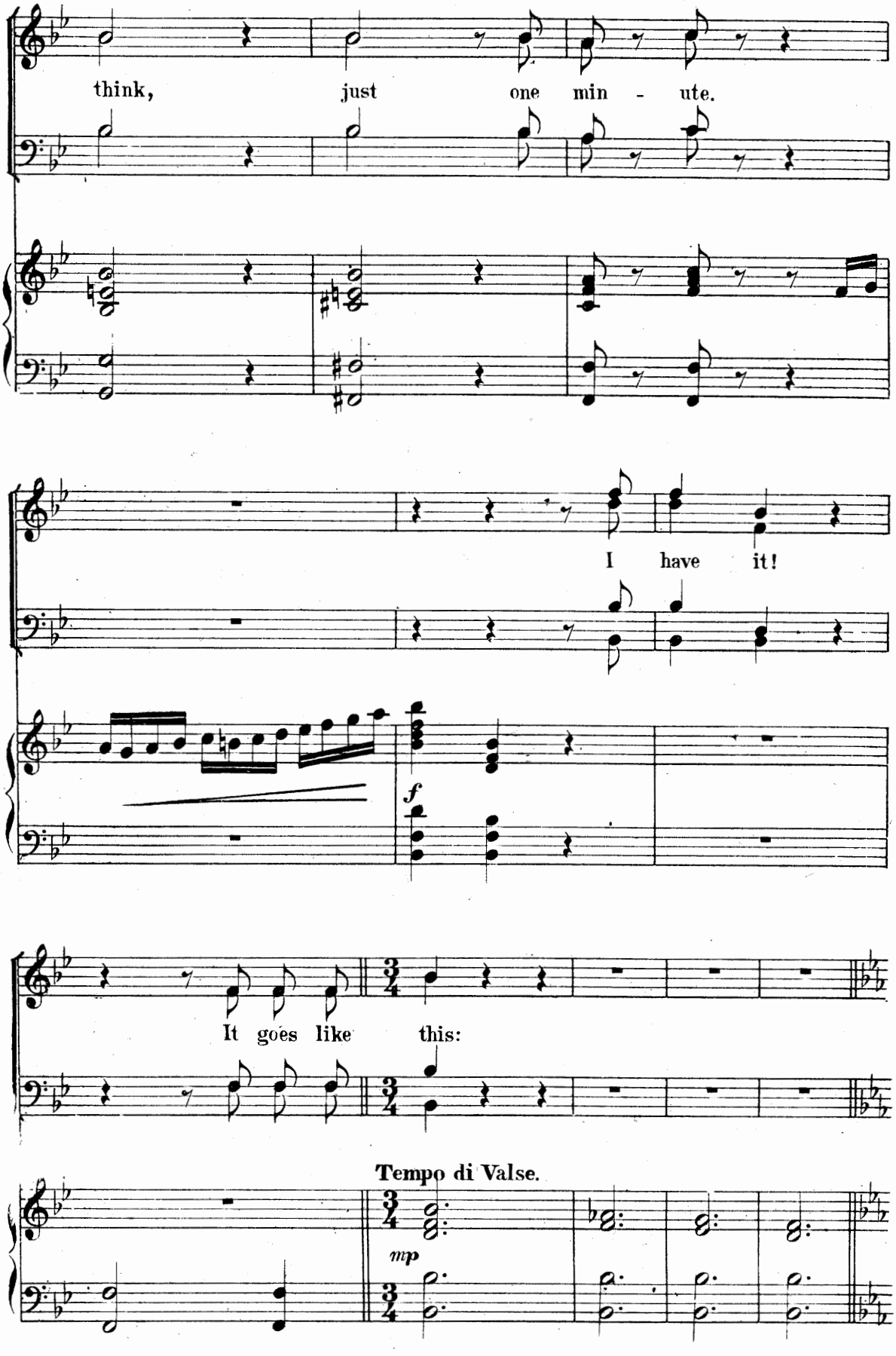


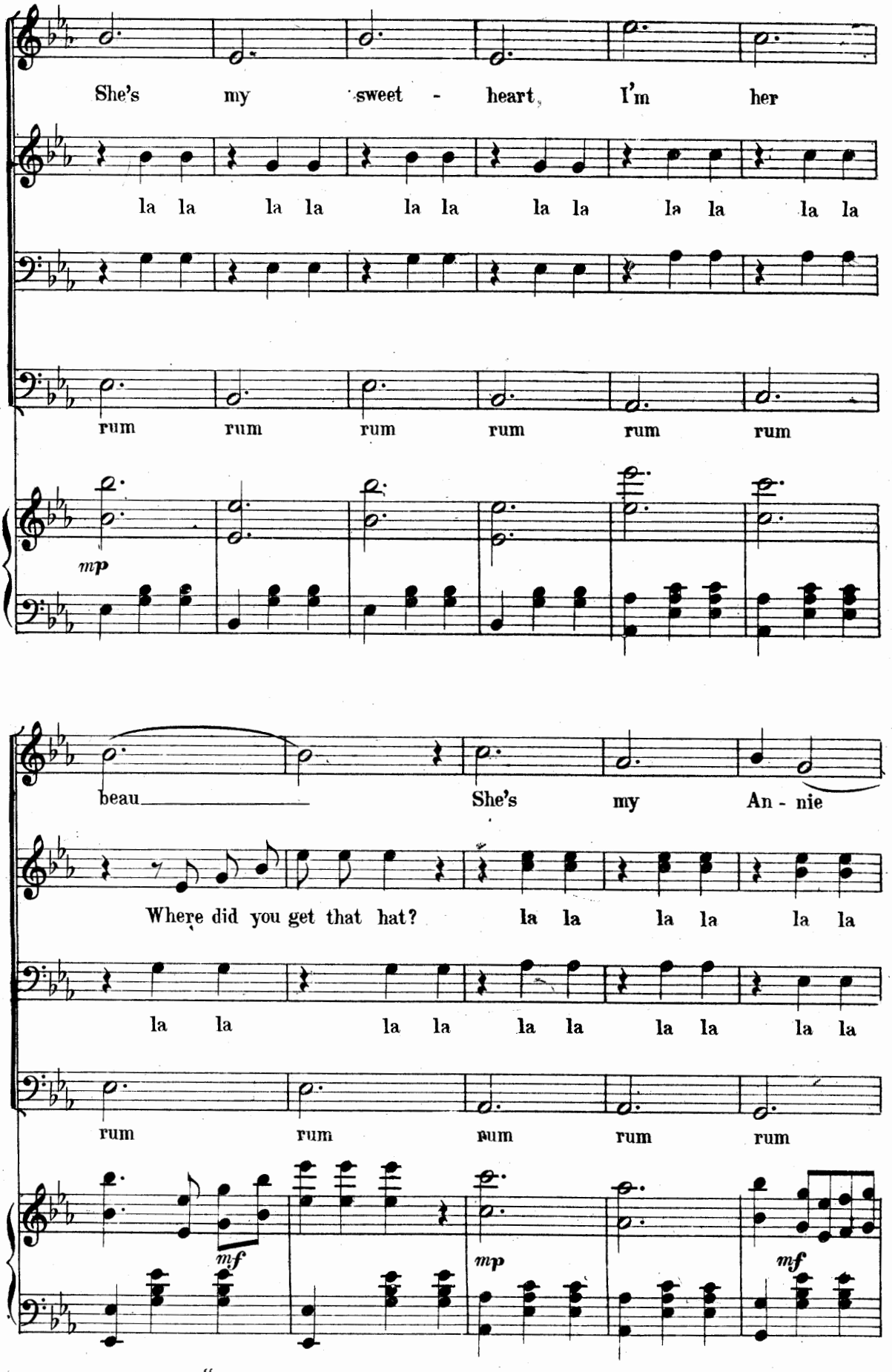

Dancing thro' life on our ti - ny tips Care-less and hap - py the
live - long day!
f

Finale.

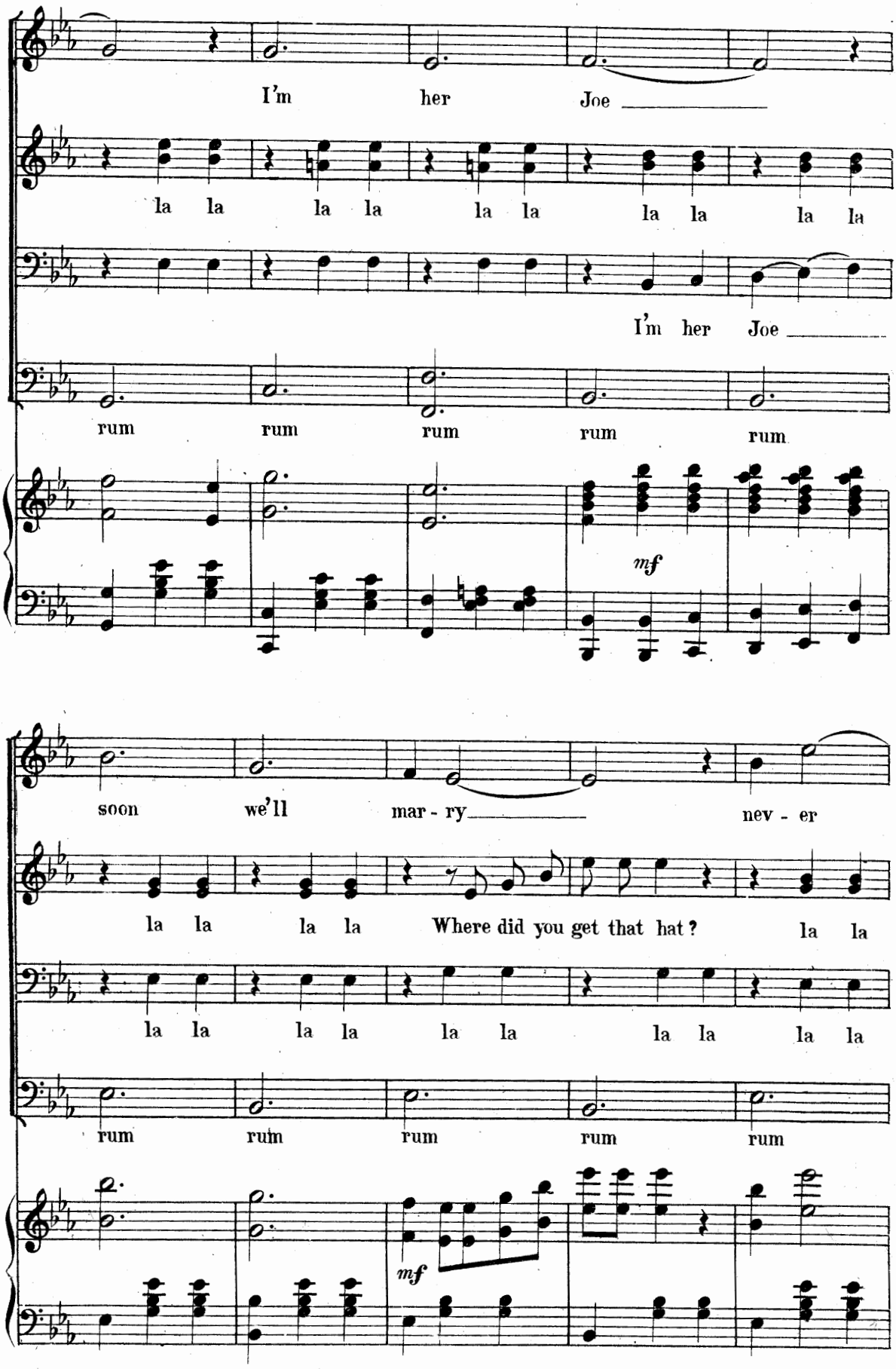
Nº 12. **CARL PFLUEGER.**

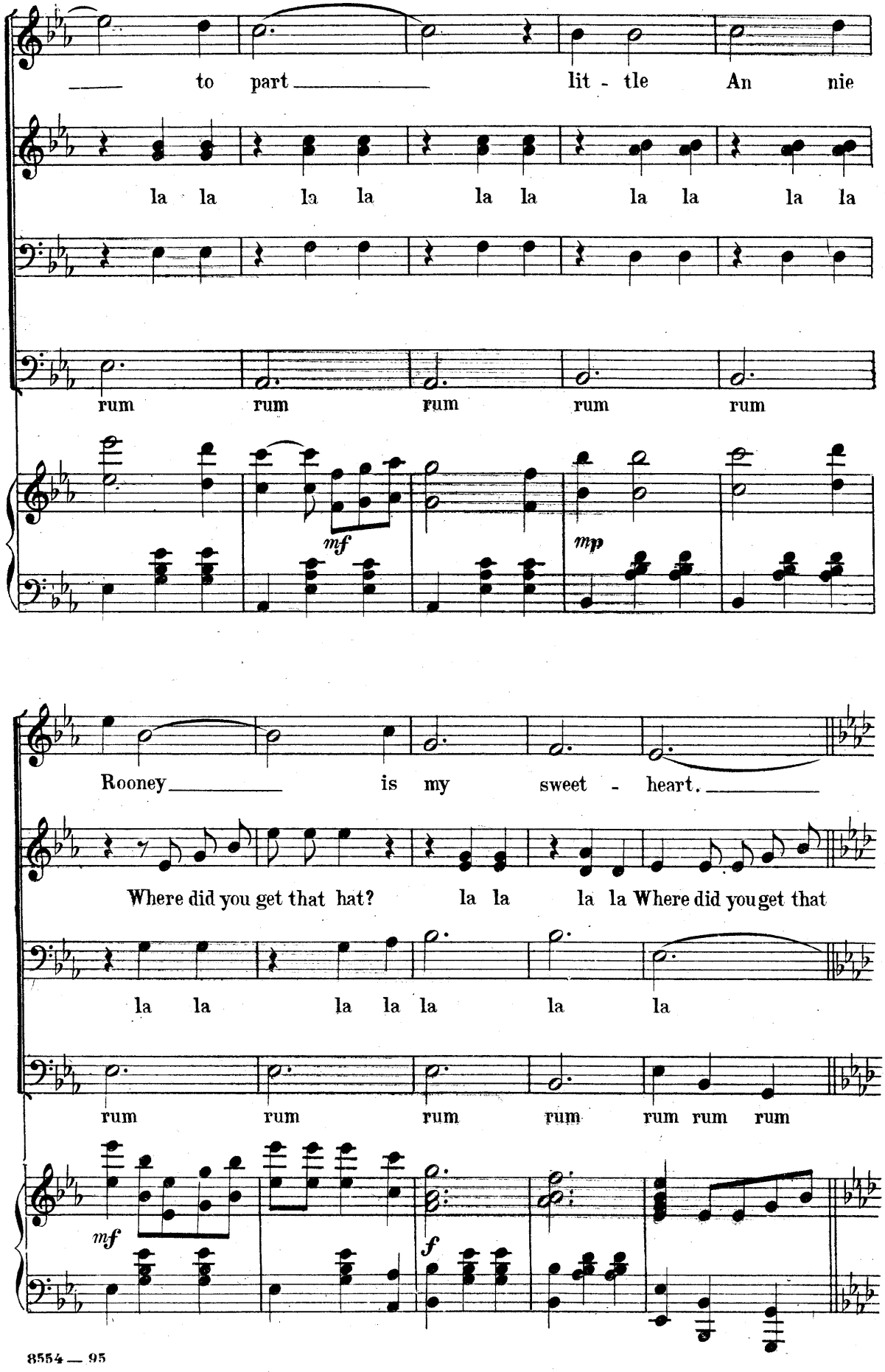


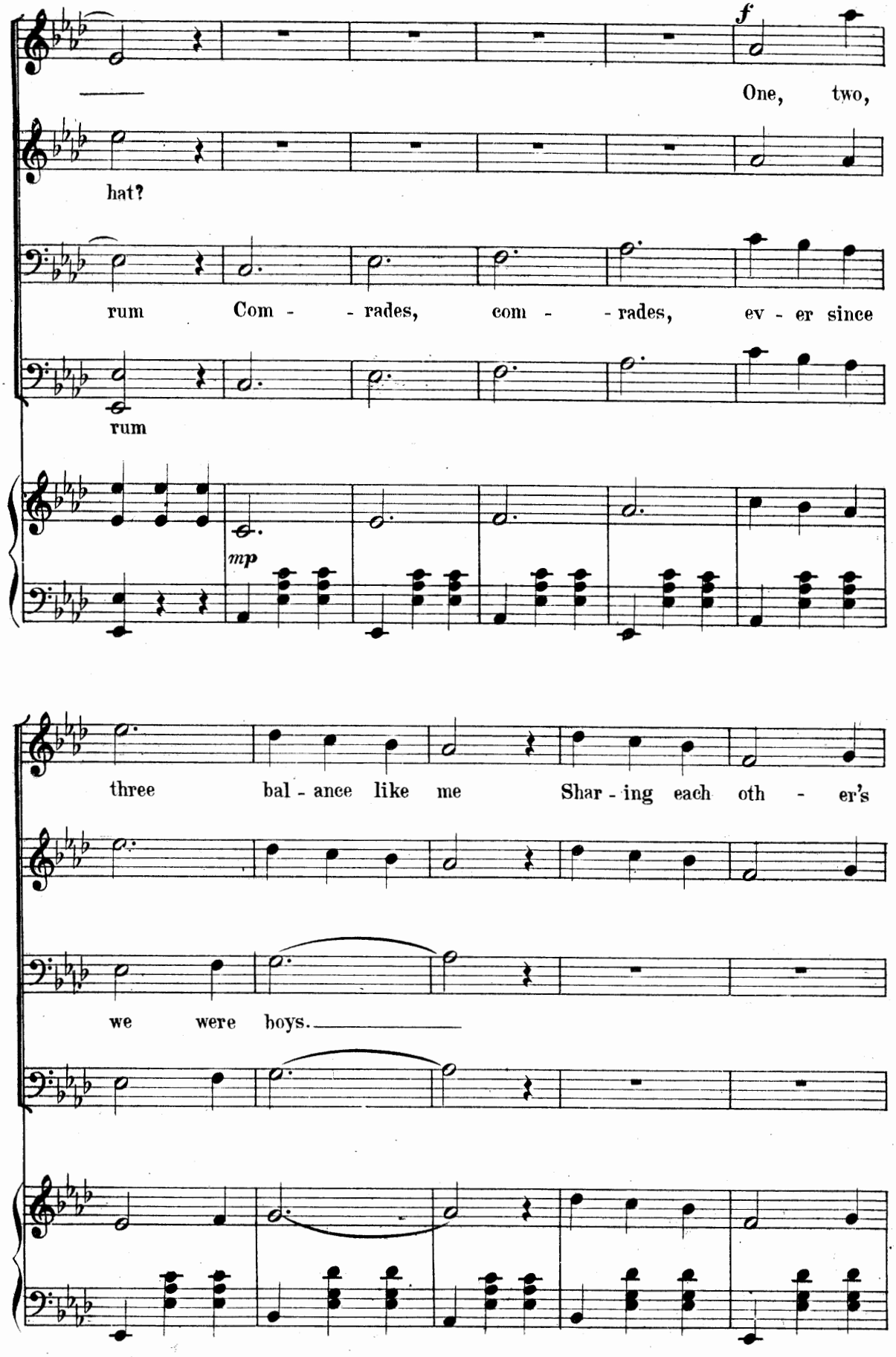

think, just one min - ute.
I have it!
f
It goes like this:
Tempo di Valse.
mp



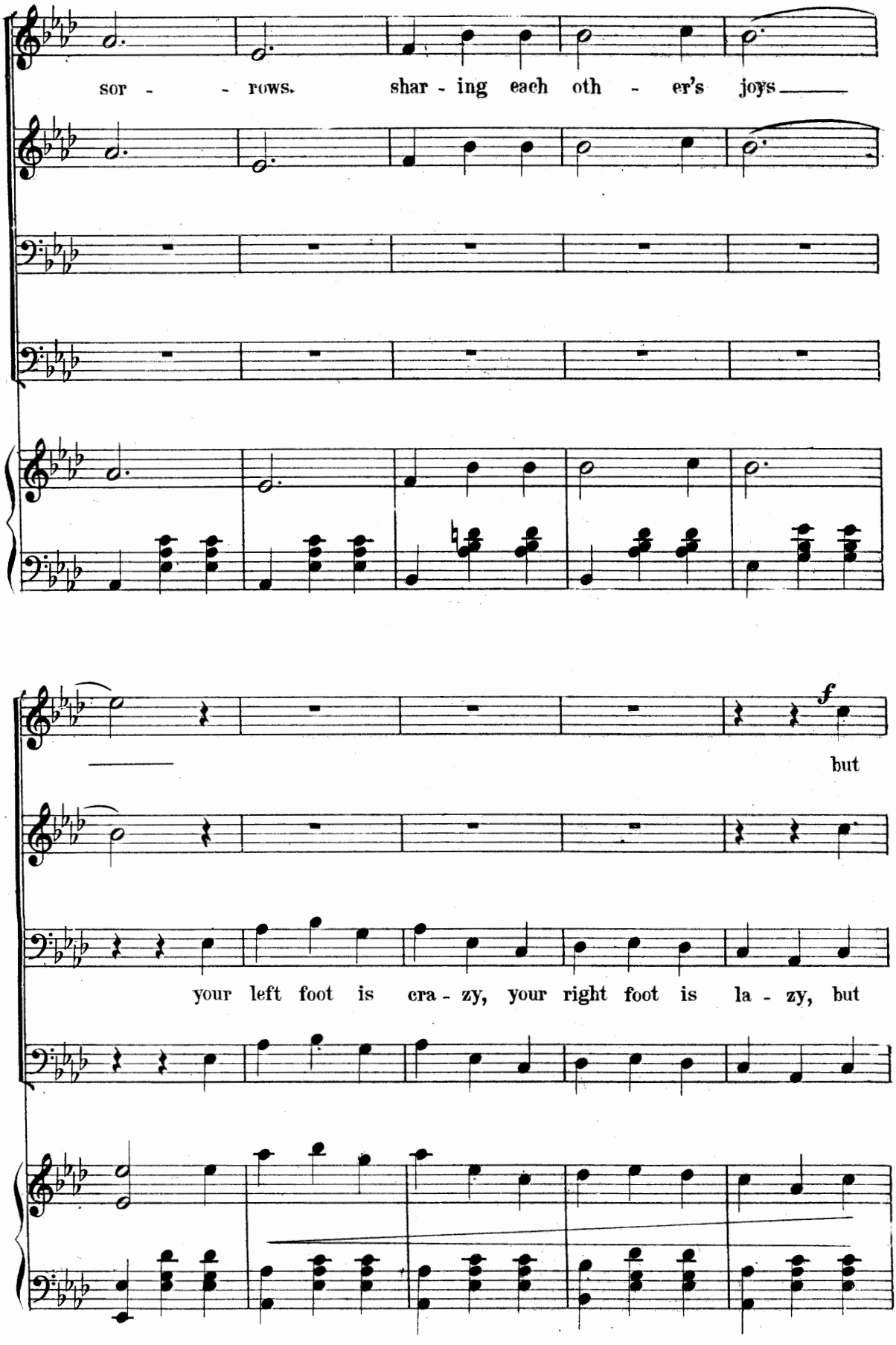
8554 — 95 *Melody of "Where did you get that hat" used by permission of Frank Harding, New York.*

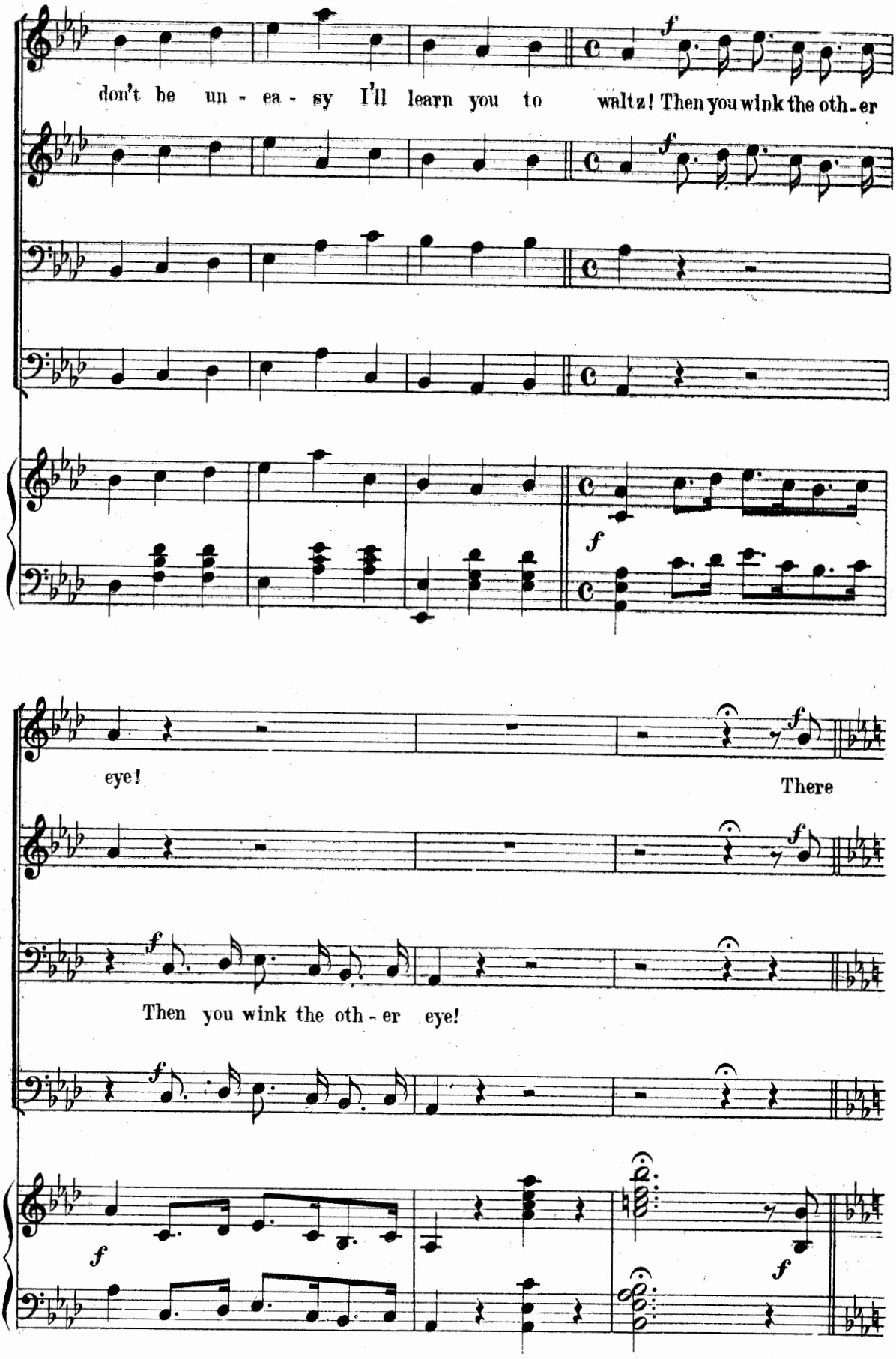

I'm her Joe
la la la la la la la la la la
I'm her Joe
rum rum rum rum rum
mf
soon we'll mar - ry nev - er
la la la la Where did you get that hat? la la
la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum
mf

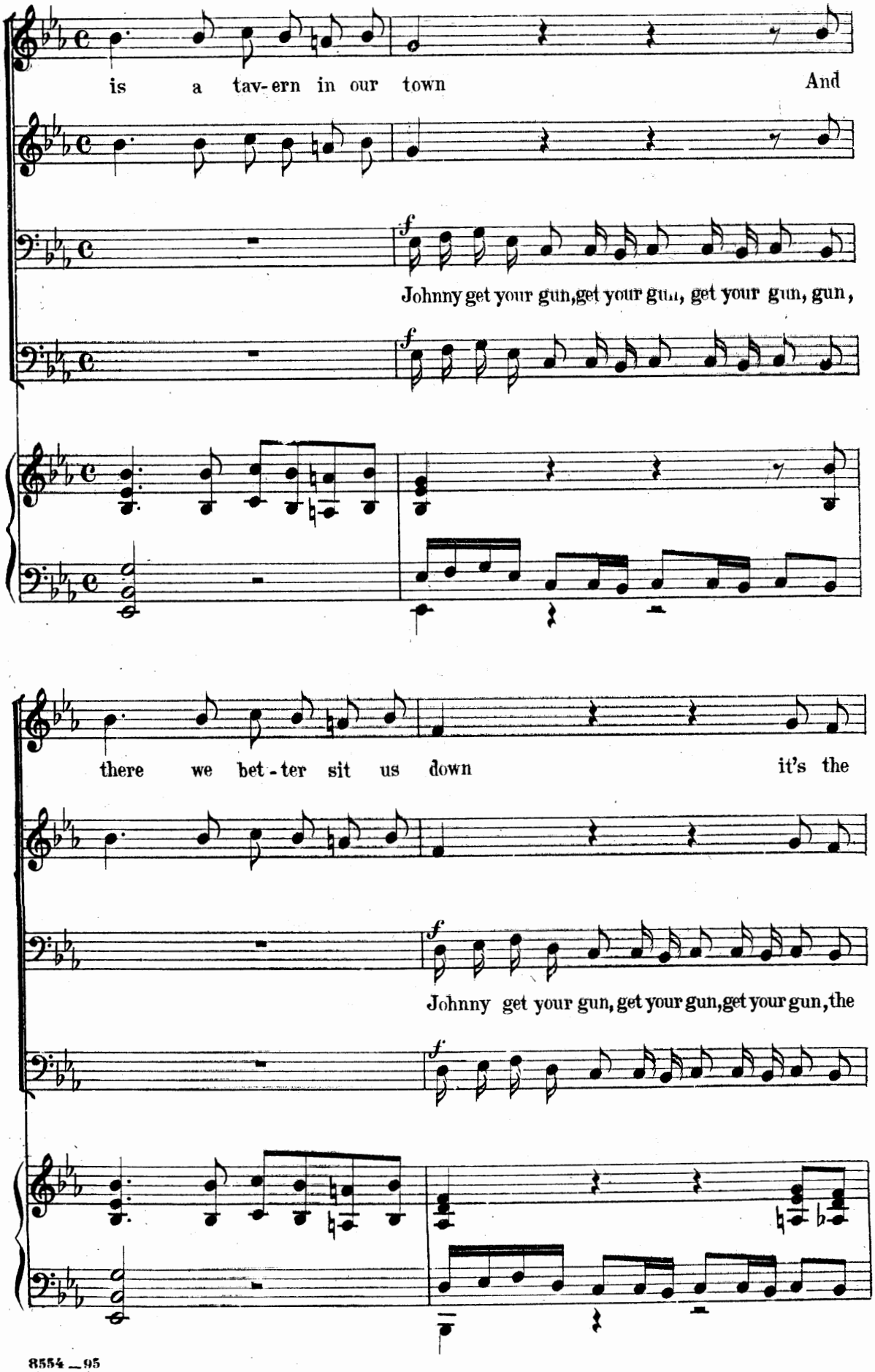

to part lit - tle An nie
la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum
mf
mp
Rooney is my sweet - heart.
Where did you get that hat? la la la la Where did you get that
la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum rum
mf
f

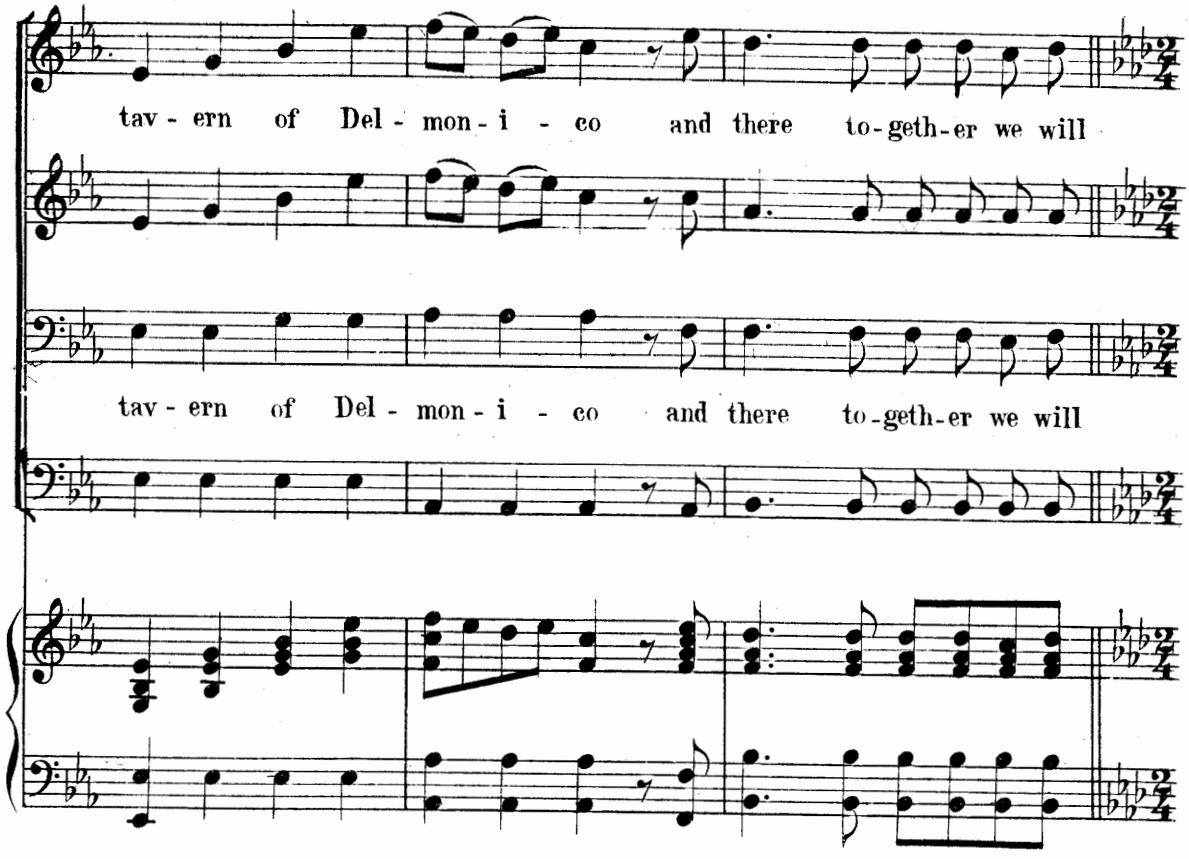


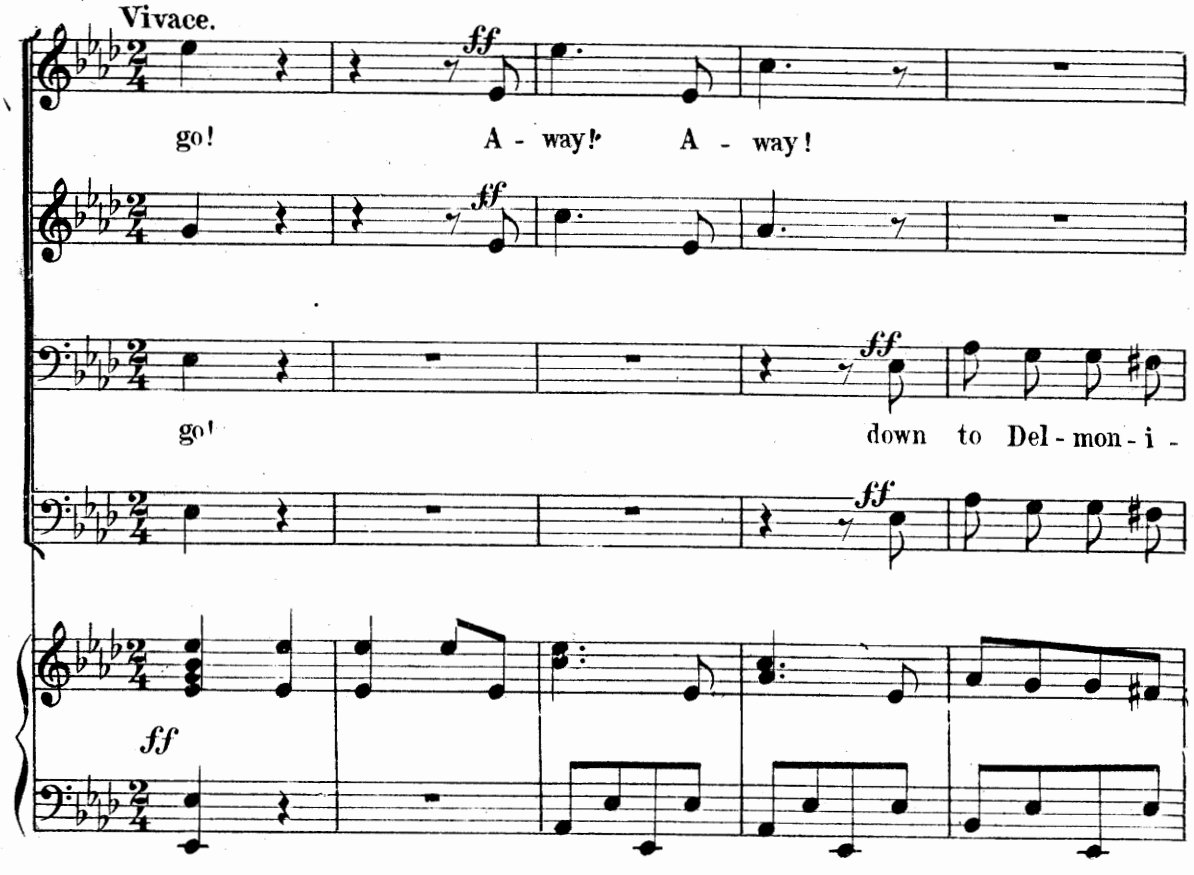
8554—95 *Melody of "Learning Mc Fadden to Waltz" used by permission of Cluett & Sons, Albany N.Y.*

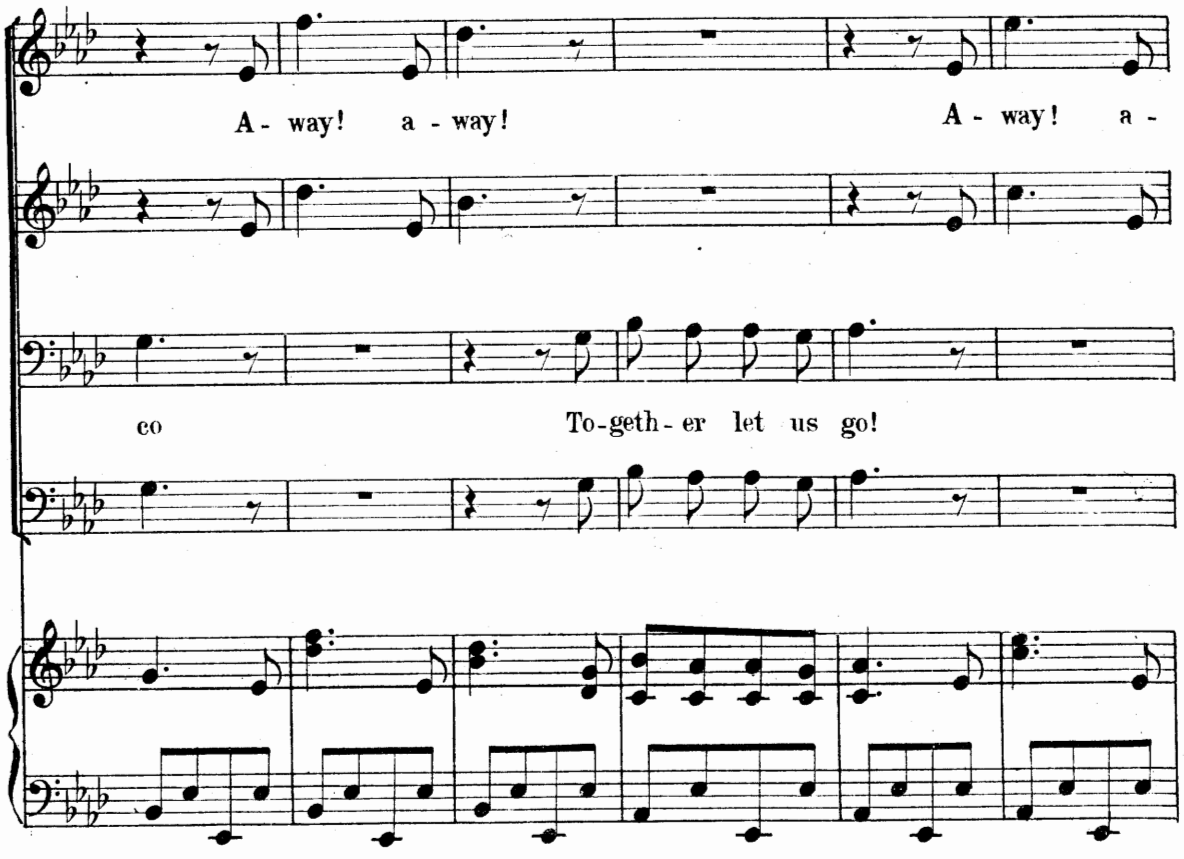

sor - - rows. shar - ing each oth - er's joys
f
but
your left foot is cra - zy, your right foot is la - zy, but

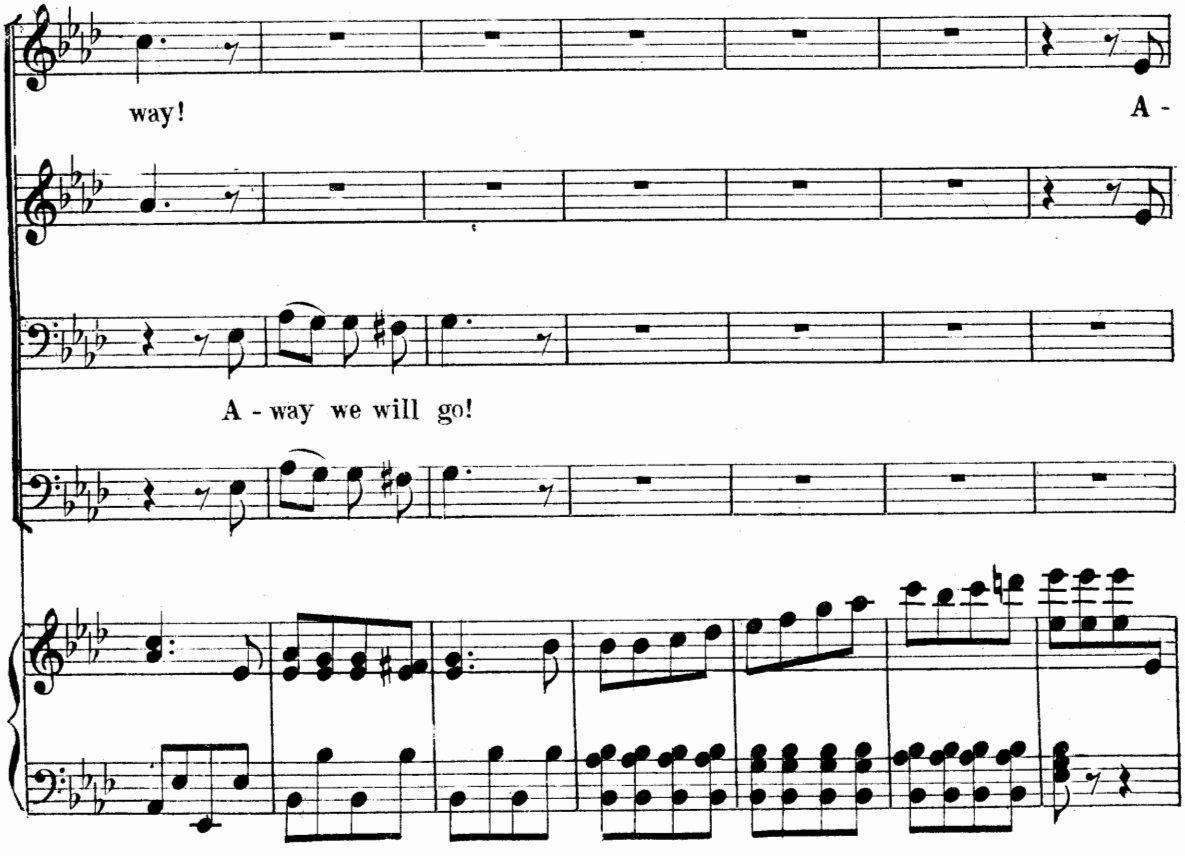

don't be un - ea - sy I'll learn you to waltz! Then you wink the oth-er
eye!
There
Then you wink the oth - er eye!

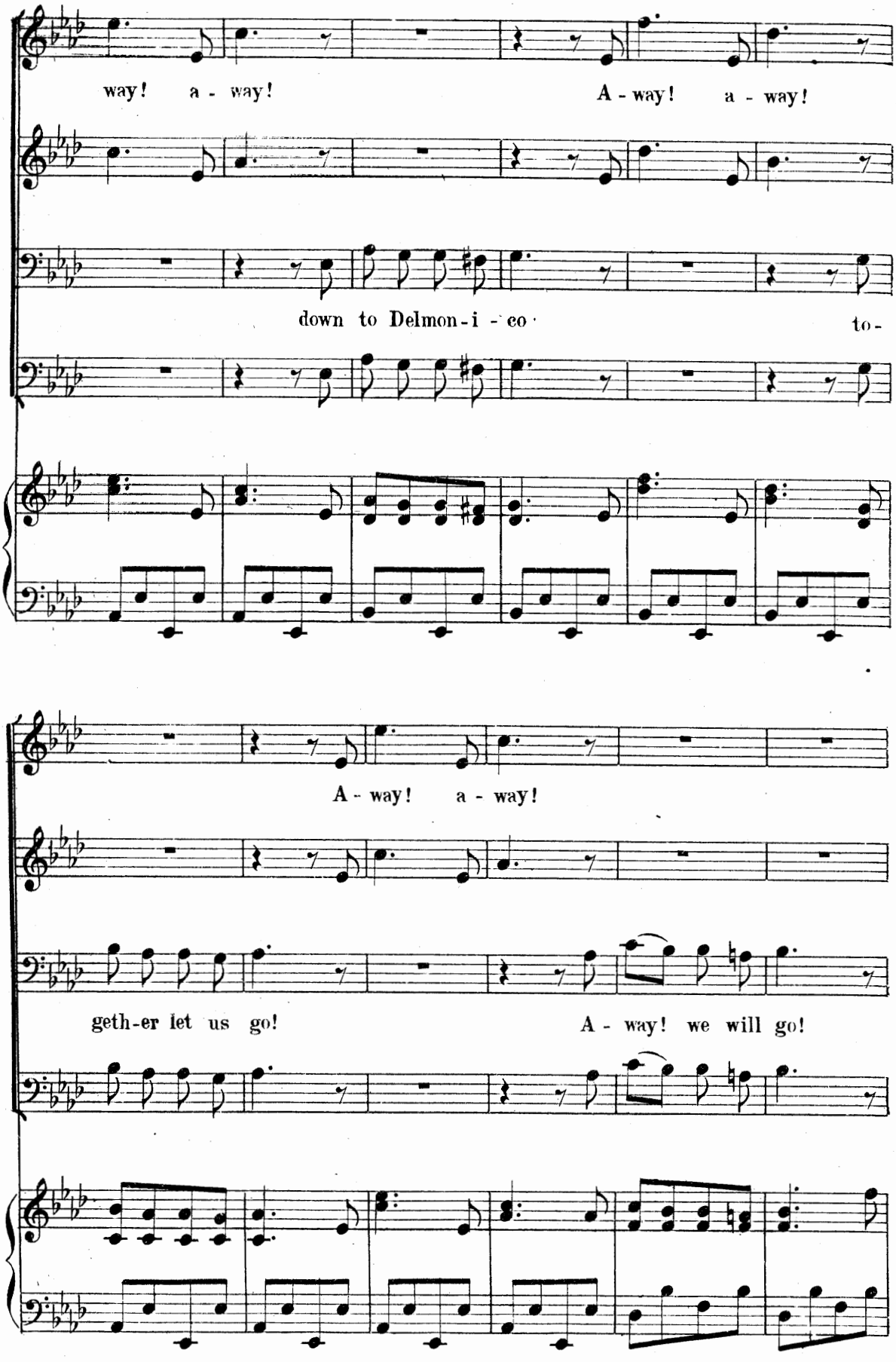

is a tav-ern in our town And
Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, gun,
there we bet-ter sit us down it's the
Johnny get your gun, get your gun, get your gun, the

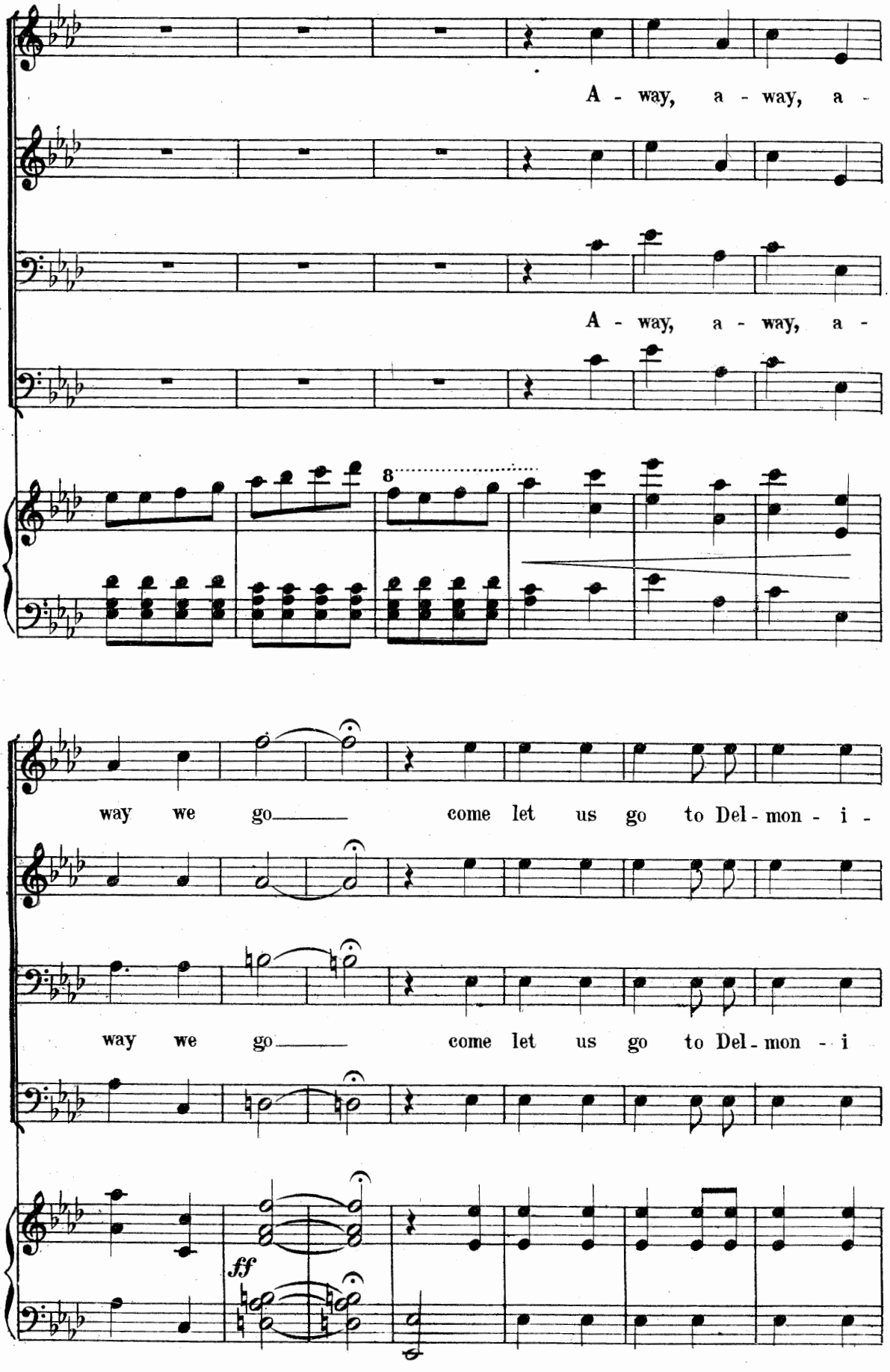

tav - ern of Del - mon - i - co and there to-geth-er we will
tav - ern of Del - mon - i - co and there to-geth-er we will

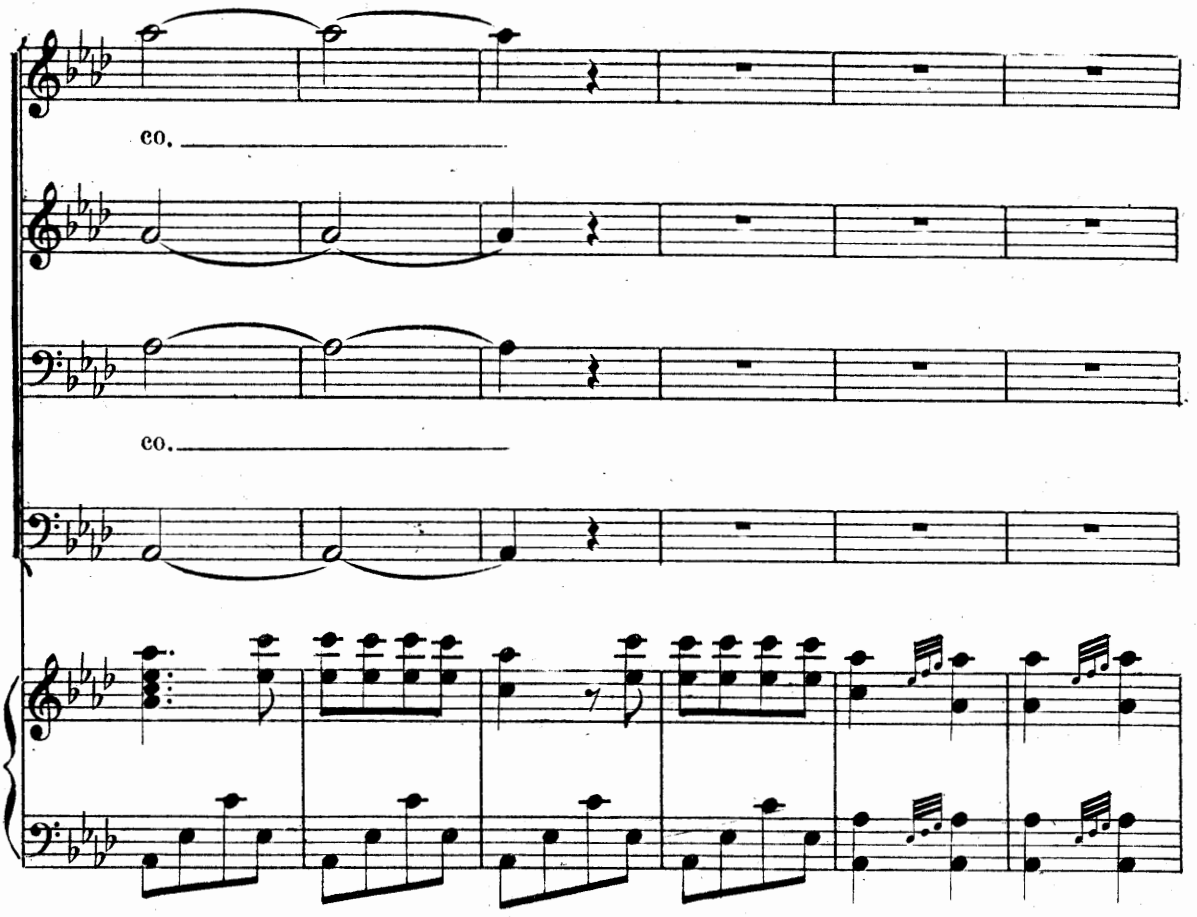

Vivace.
ff
go! A - way! A - way!
ff
go! down to Del - mon - i -
ff
ff

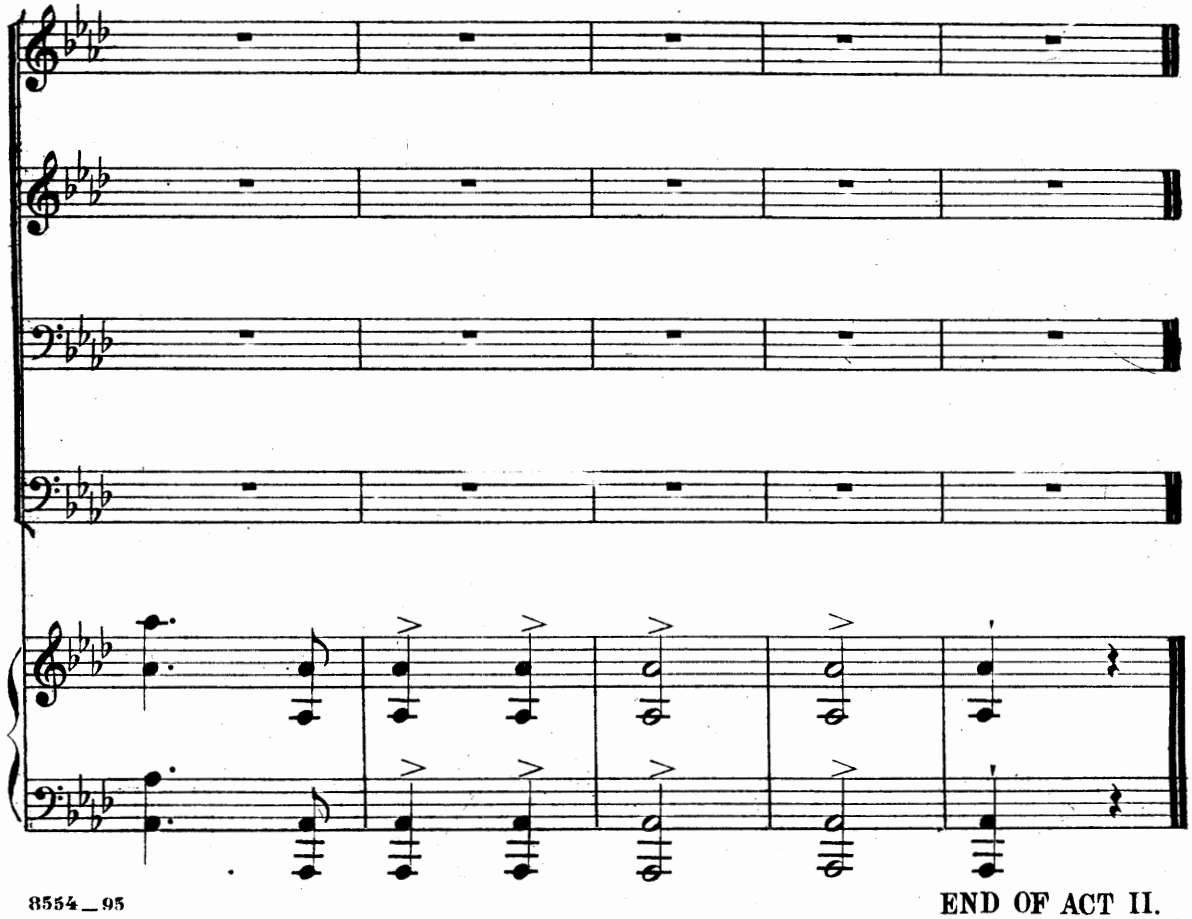

A - way! a - way!
A - way! a -
co
To-geth - er let us go!


way!
A -
A - way we will go!


way! a - way!
A - way! a - way!
down to Delmon - i - co
to -
A - way! a - way!
geth-er let us go!
A - way! we will go!


A - way, a - way, a -
A - way, a - way, a -
8
way we go_____ come let us go to Del - mon - i -
way we go_____ come let us go to Del - mon - i
ff





END OF ACT II.

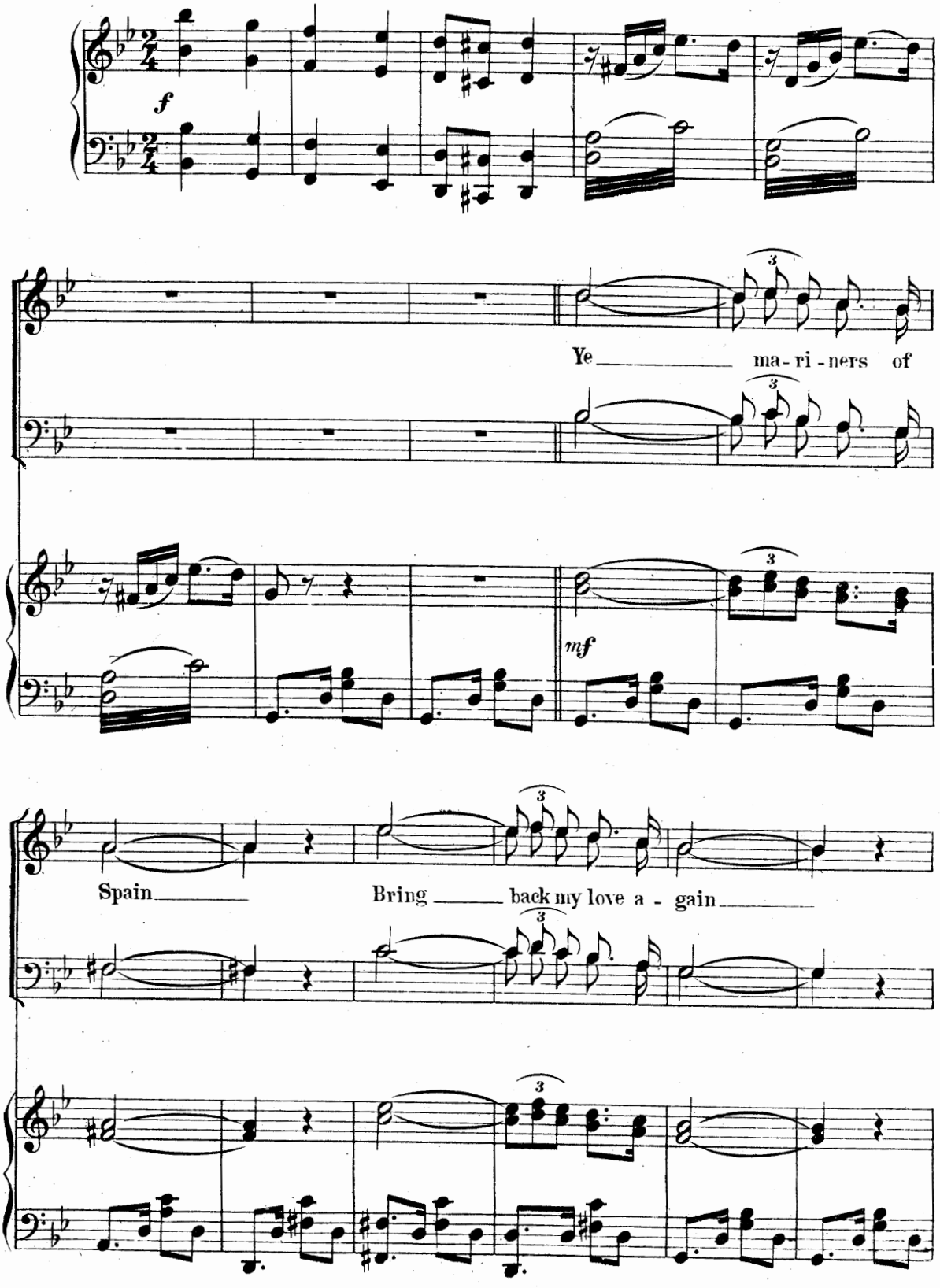
Act III.

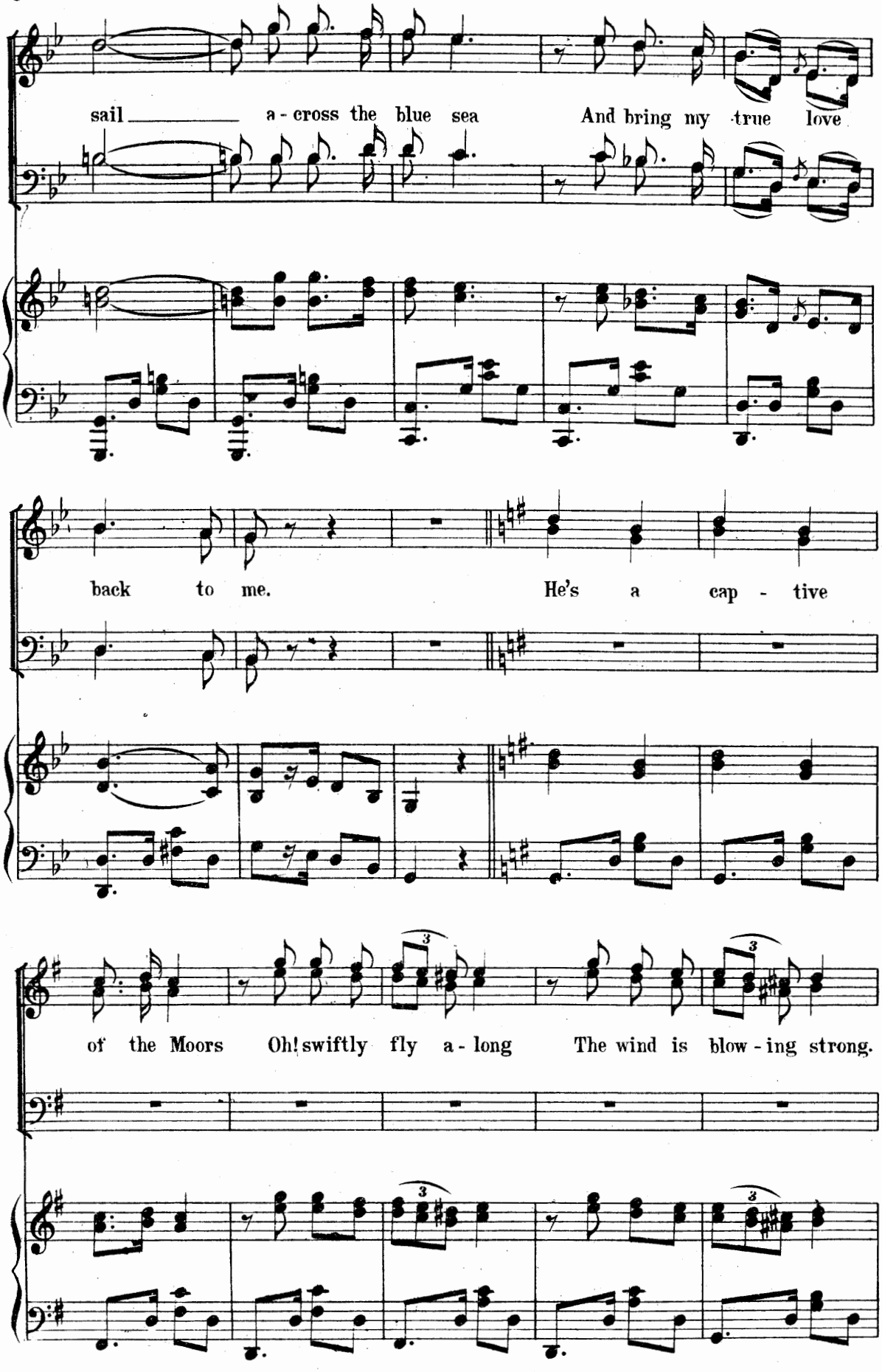
Barcarolle.

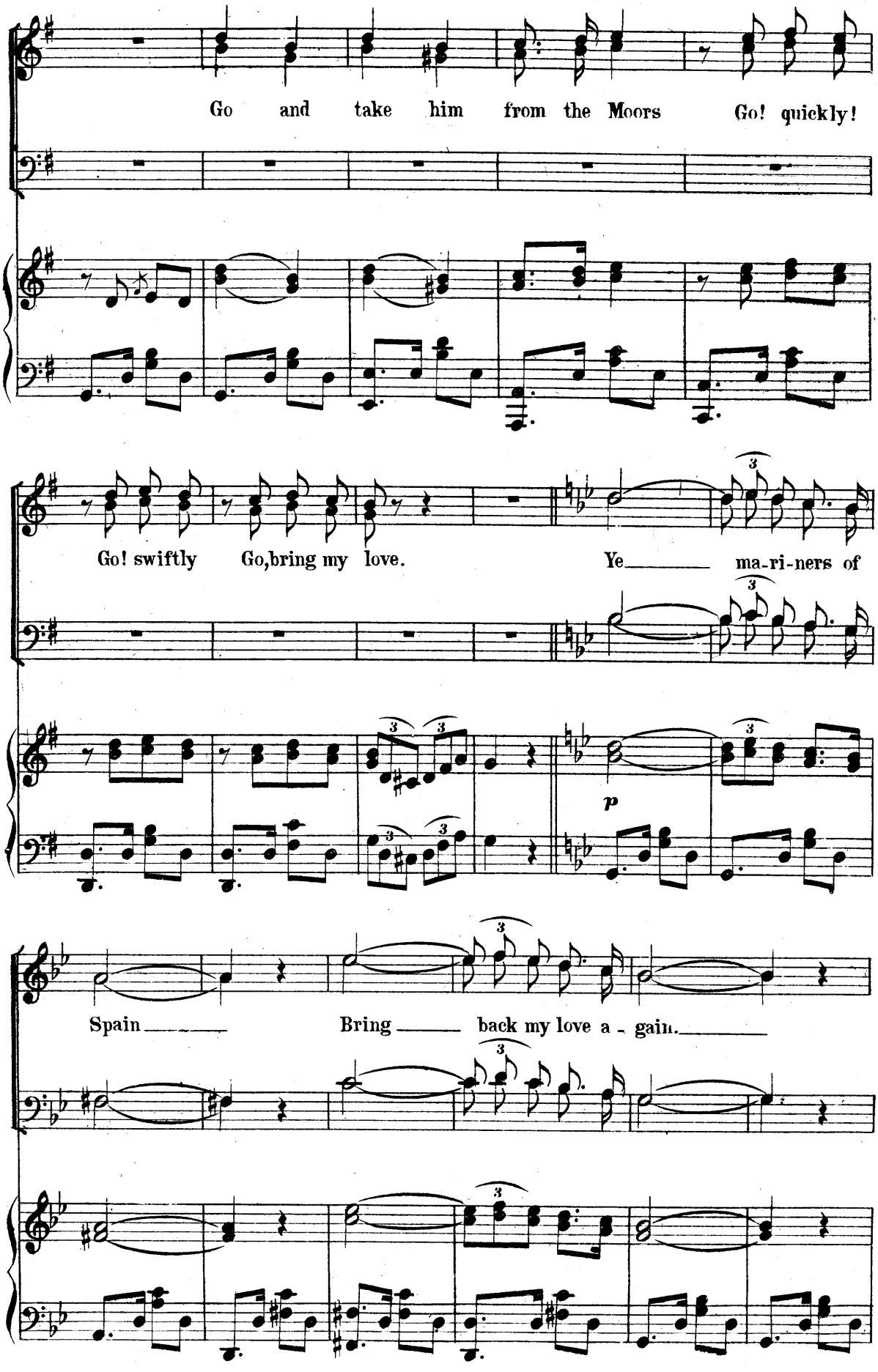
No. 13.

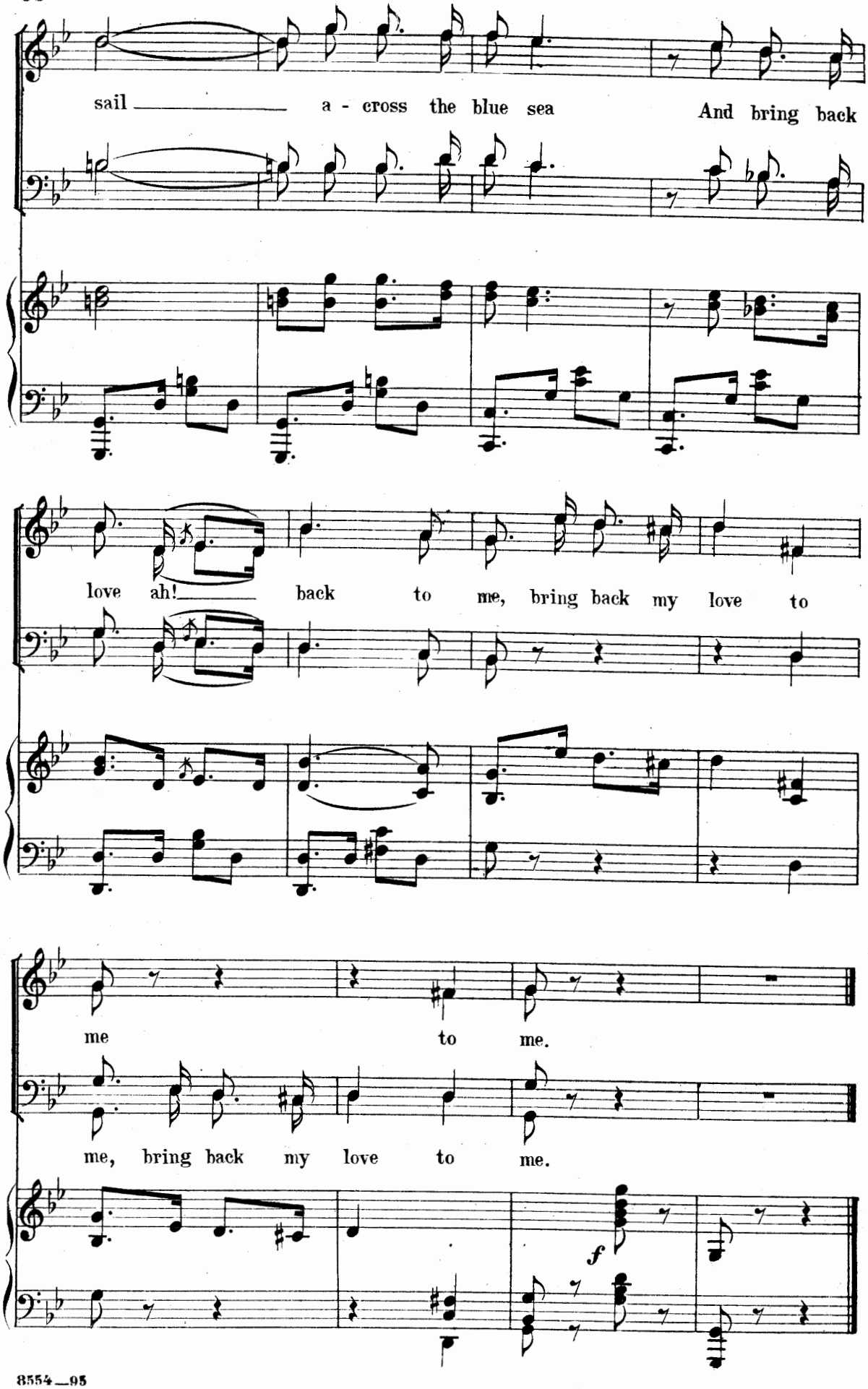
Arr. from a Spanish Air

By CARL PFLUEGER.




sail a - cross the blue sea And bring my true love
back to me. He's a cap - tive
of the Moors Oh! swiftly fly a - long The wind is blow - ing strong.

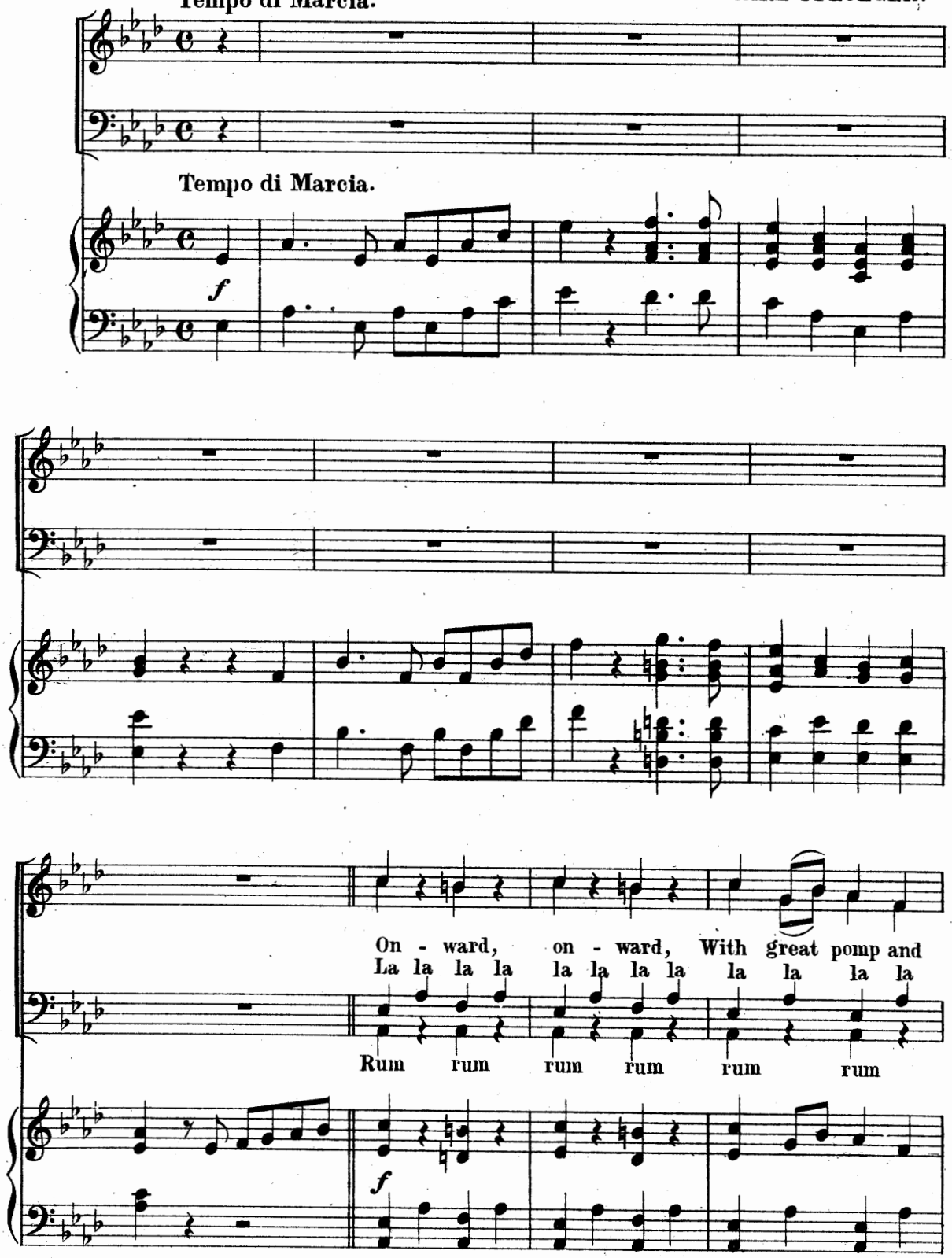

Go and take him from the Moors Go! quickly!
Go! swiftly Go, bring my love. Ye ma-ri-ners of
p
Spain Bring back my love a - gain.

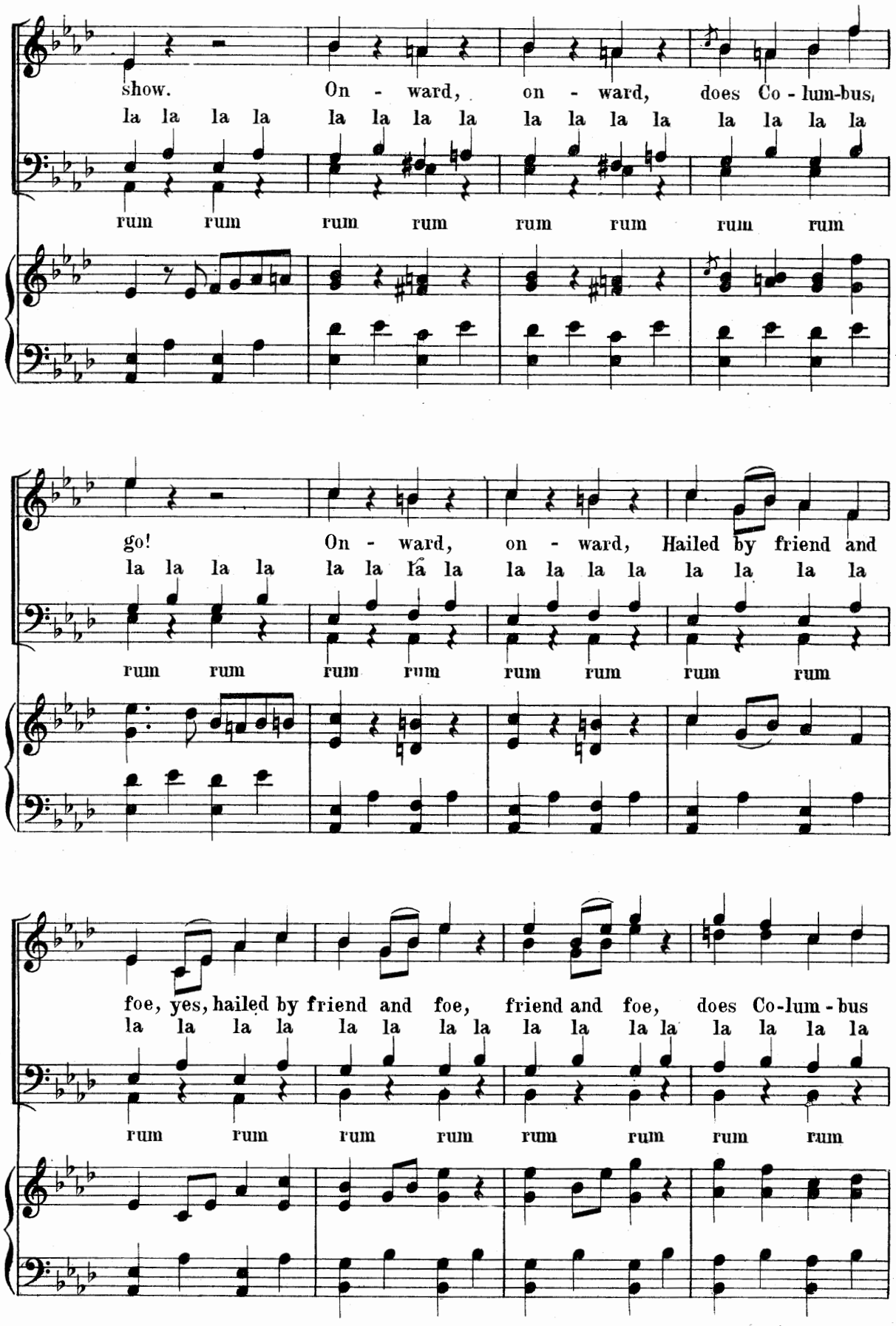

sail a - cross the blue sea And bring back
love ah! back to me, bring back my love to
me to me.
me, bring back my love to me.
f

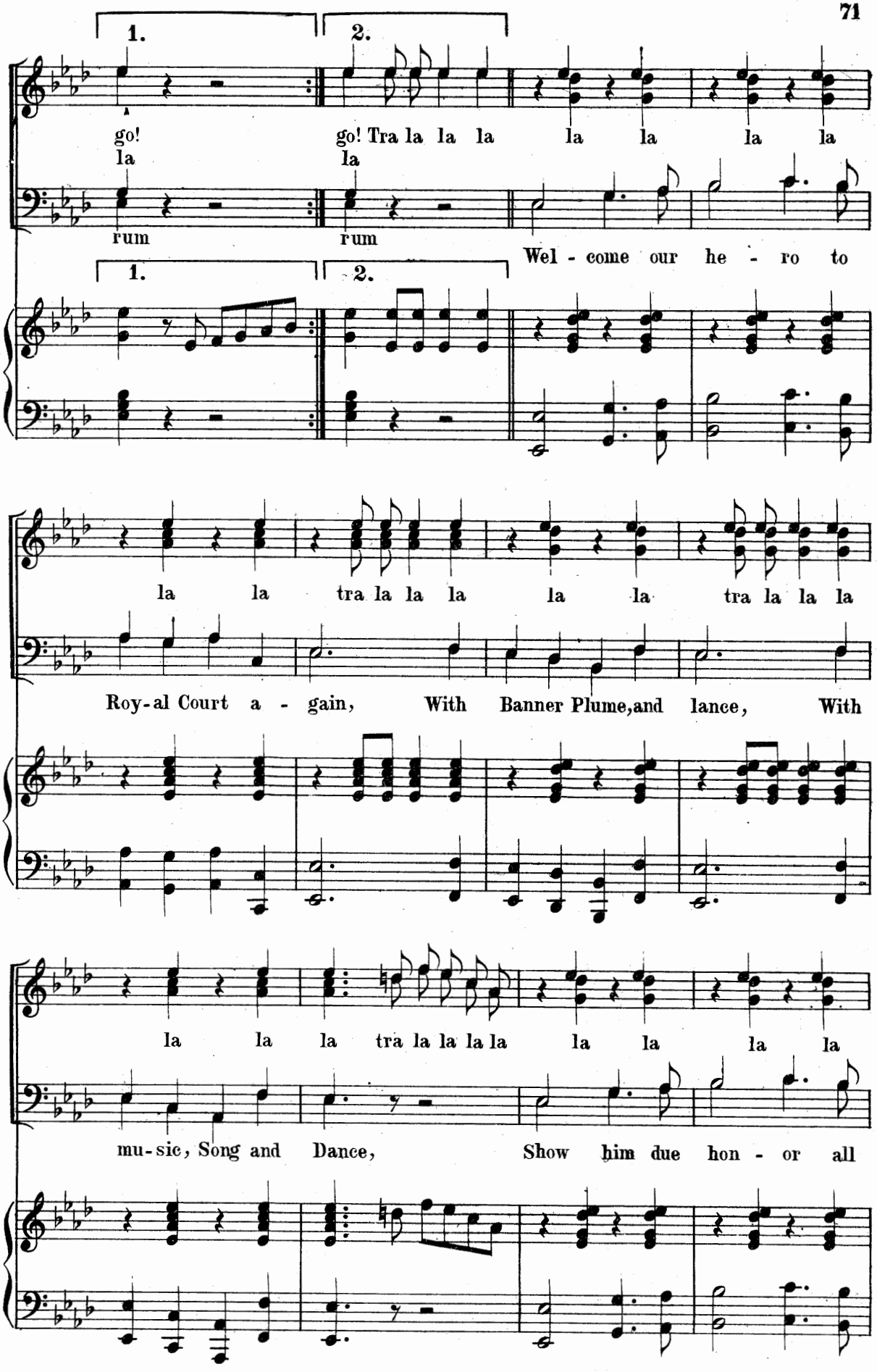
Vocal March-Return of Columbus.

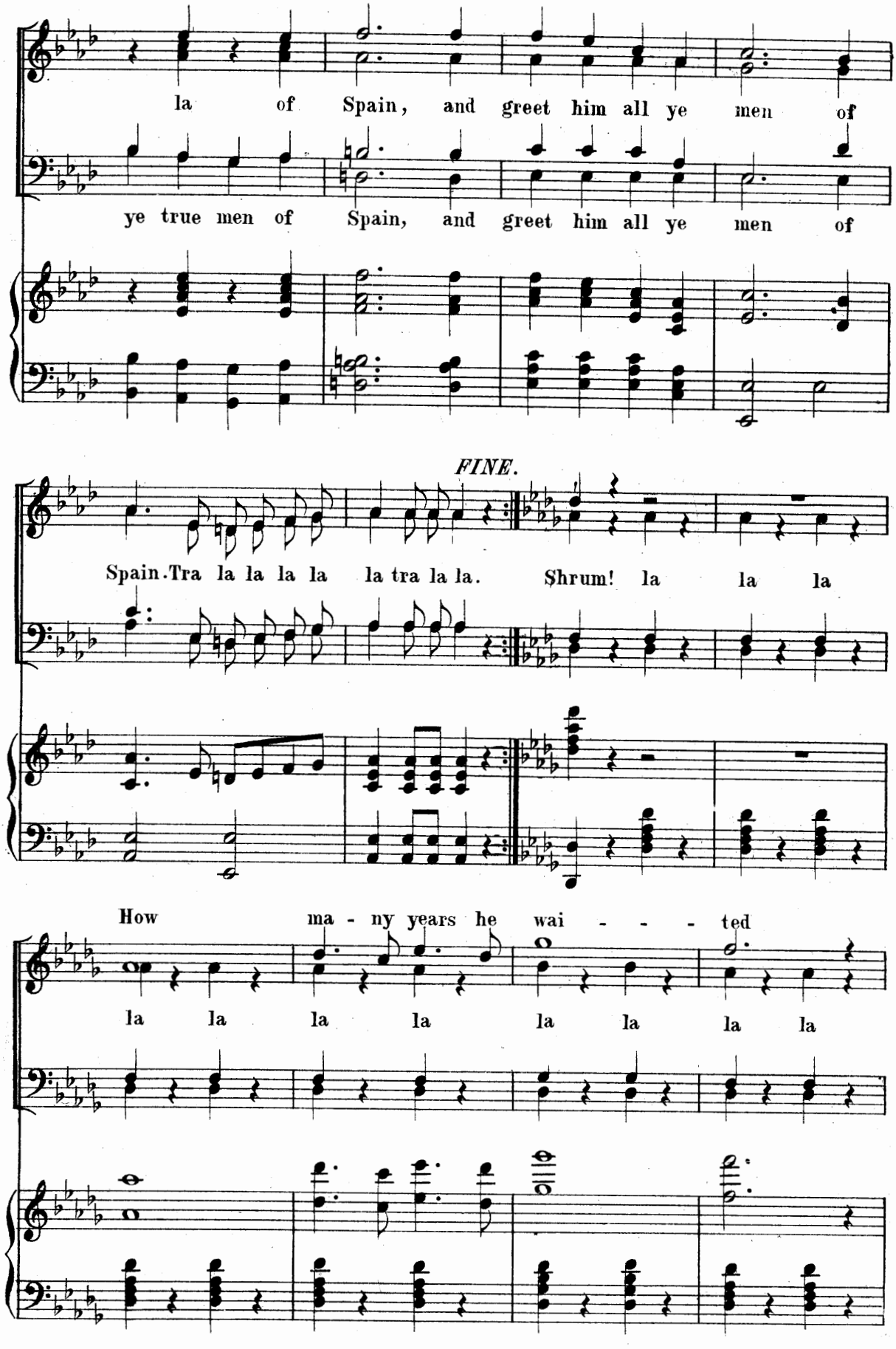
№ 14.

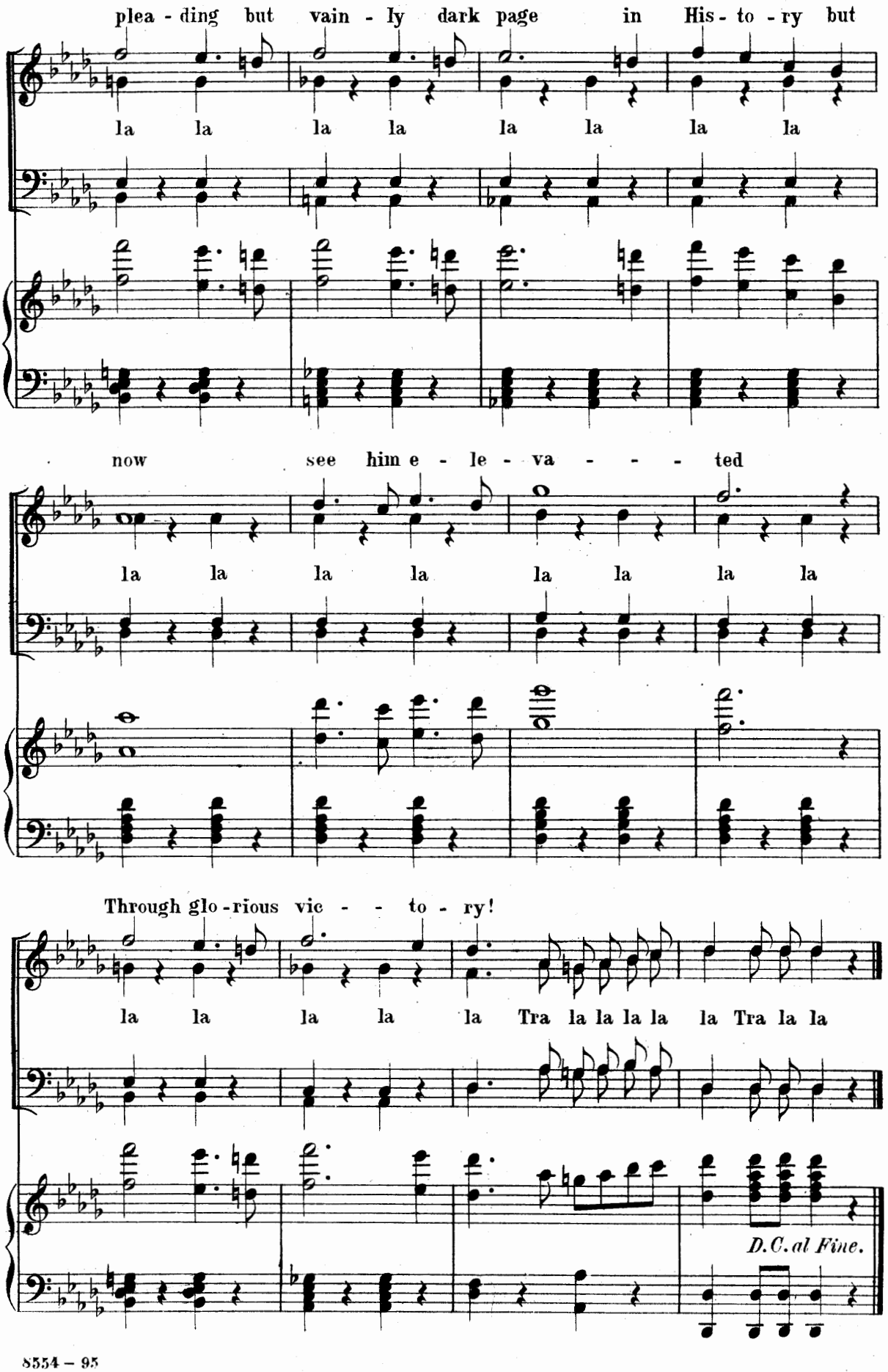
Tempo di Marcia. CARL PFLUEGER.




show. On - ward, on - ward, does Co - lum-bus,
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum rum rum
go! On - ward, on - ward, Hailed by friend and
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum rum rum
foe, yes, hailed by friend and foe, friend and foe, does Co-lum - bus
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum rum rum


1.
2.
go!
go! Tra la la la la la la la
la
la
rum
rum
Wel - come our he - ro to
1.
2.
la la tra la la la la la tra la la la
Roy-al Court a - gain, With Banner Plume,and lance, With
la la la tra la la la la la la la la
mu-sic, Song and Dance, Show him due hon - or all


la of Spain, and greet him all ye men of
ye true men of Spain, and greet him all ye men of
FINE.
Spain. Tra la la la la la tra la la. Shrum! la la la
How ma - ny years he wai - - - ted
la la la la la la la la

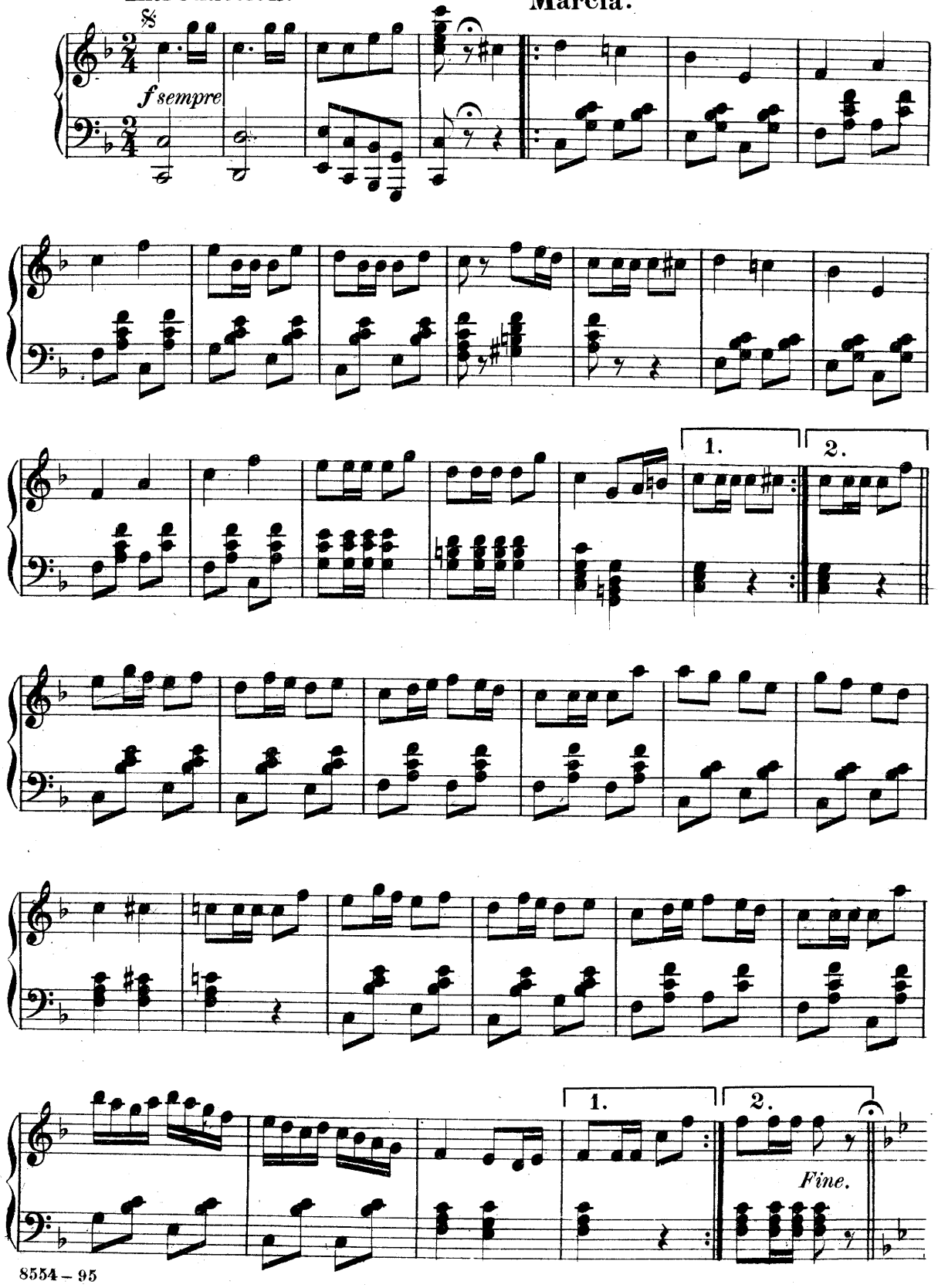

plea - ding but vain - ly dark page in His - to - ry but
la la la la la la la la
now see him e - le - va - - - - ted
la la la la la la la la
Through glo - rious vic - - - to - ry!
la la la la la Tra la la la la la Tra la la
D.C. al Fine.

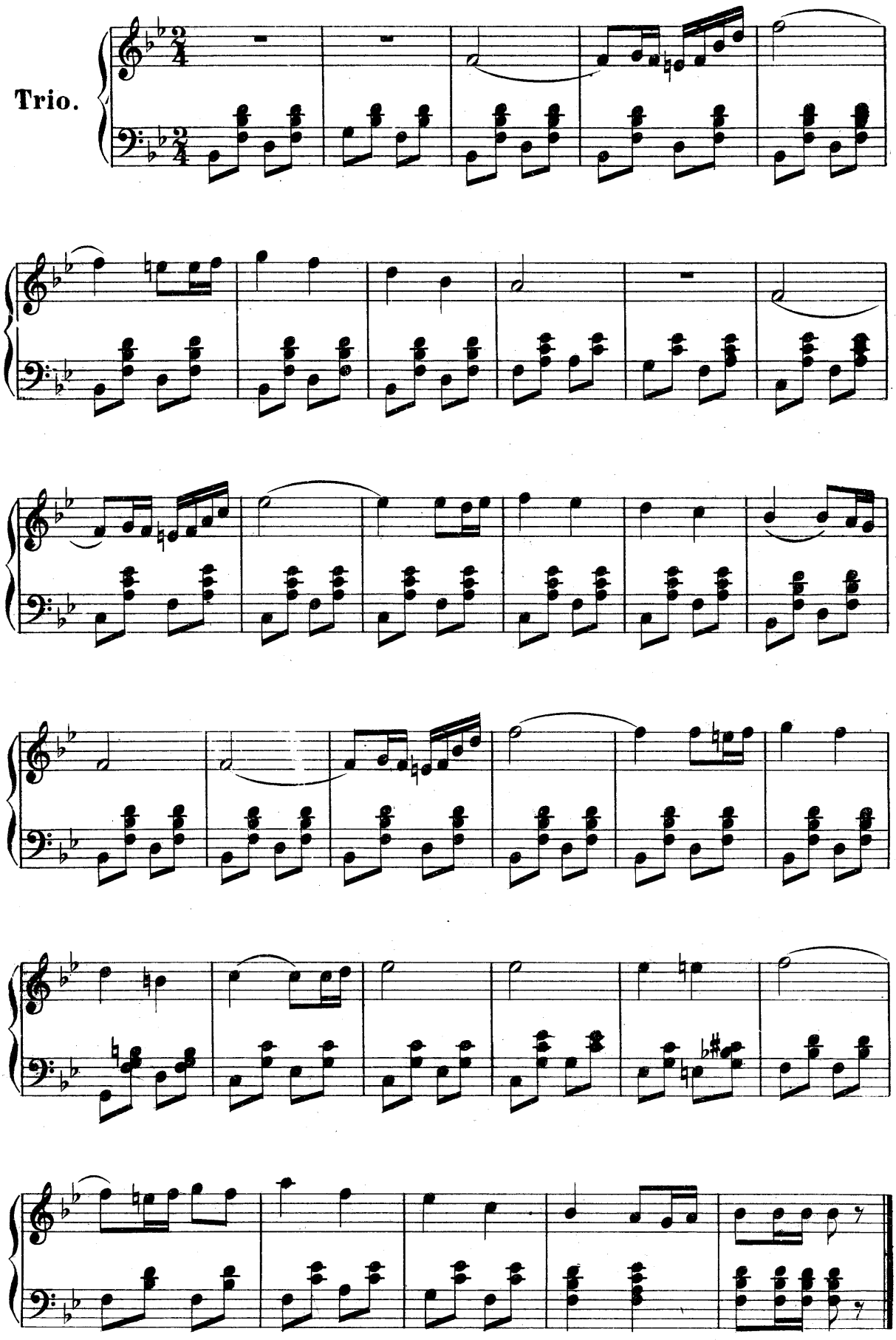
Amazonen March.

(Spanish.)

No. 15.

Introduction. **Marcia.**

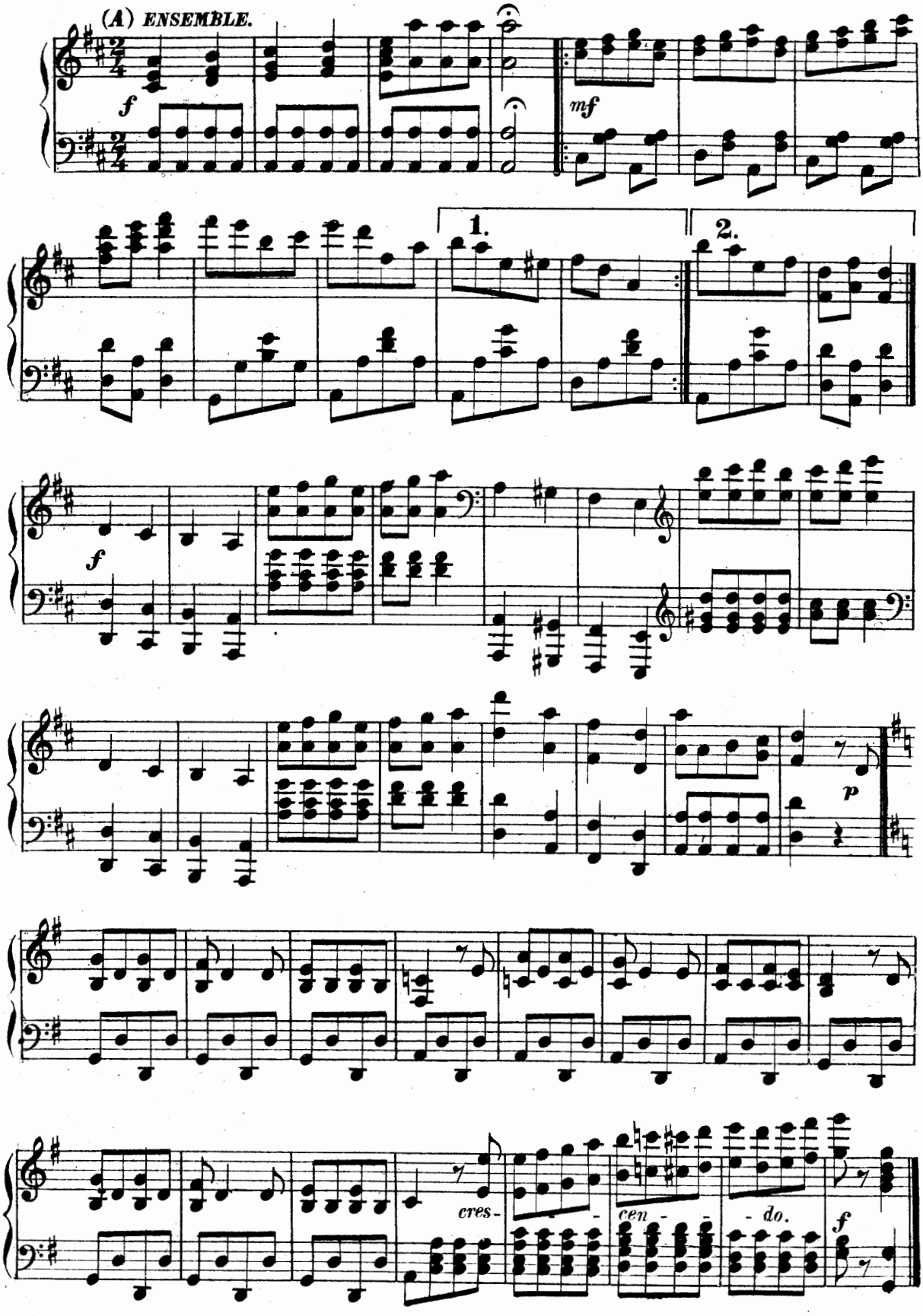



Trio.
D.C. % al Fine.

Ballet Music.

Nº 16.

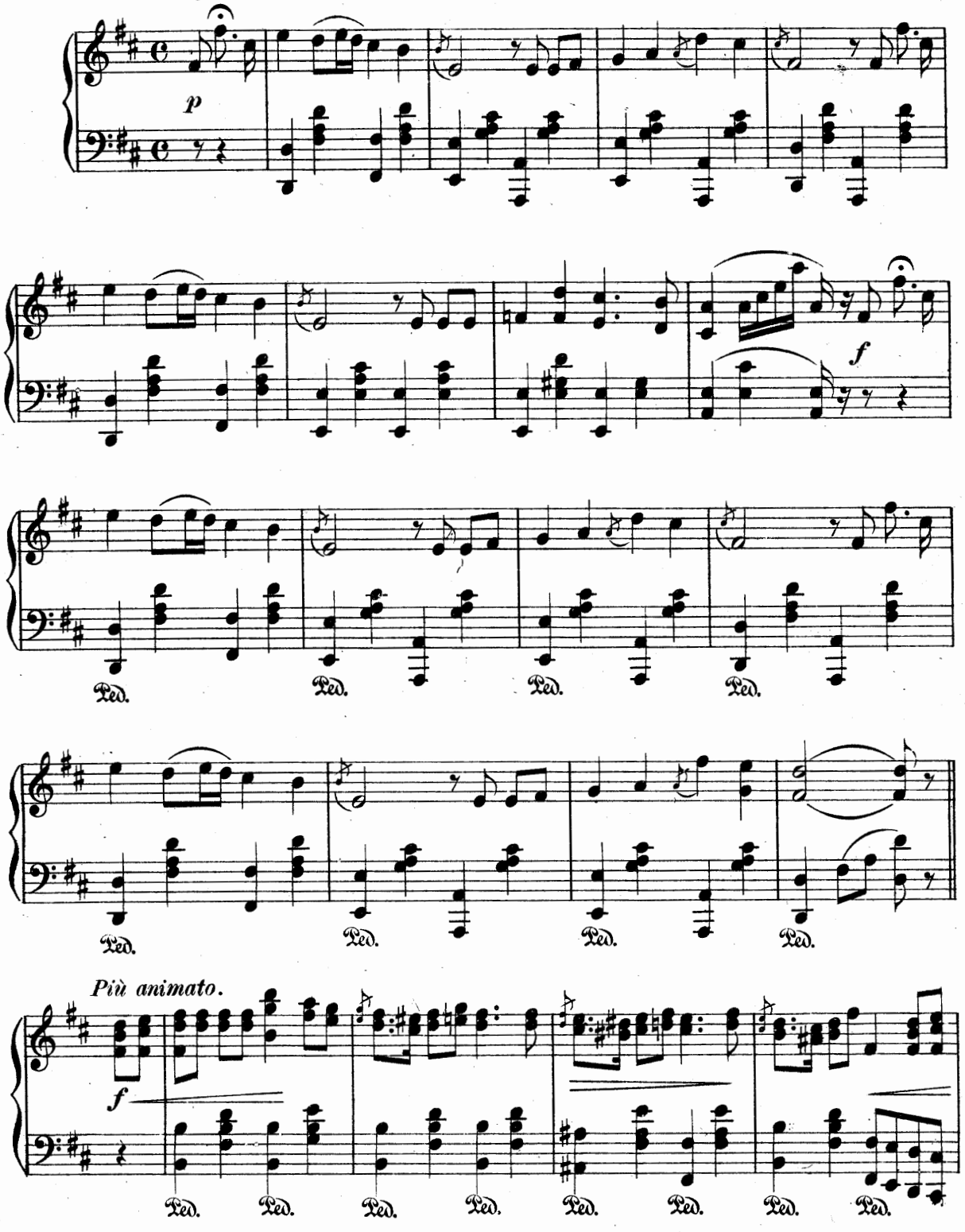
CARL PFLUEGER.

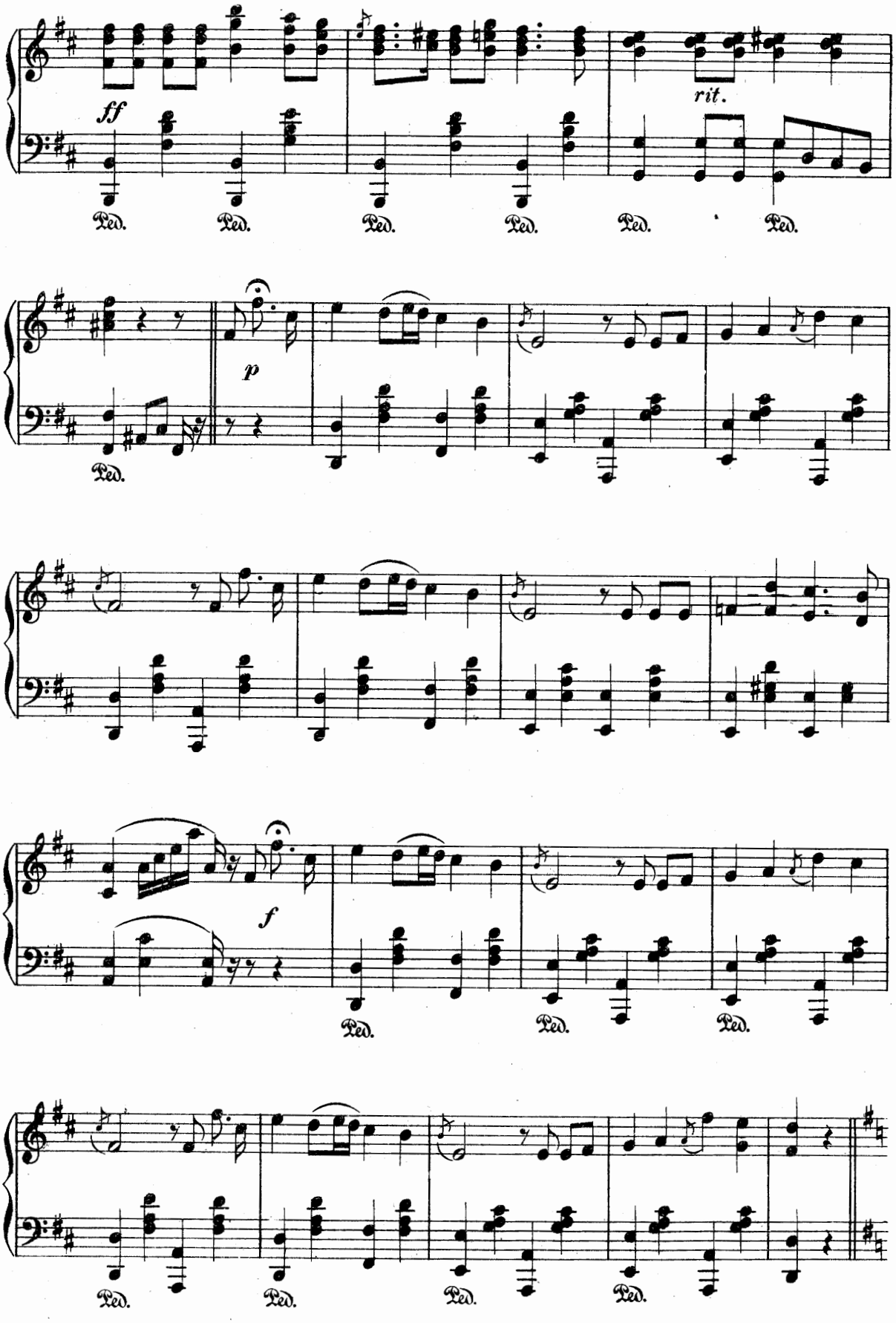


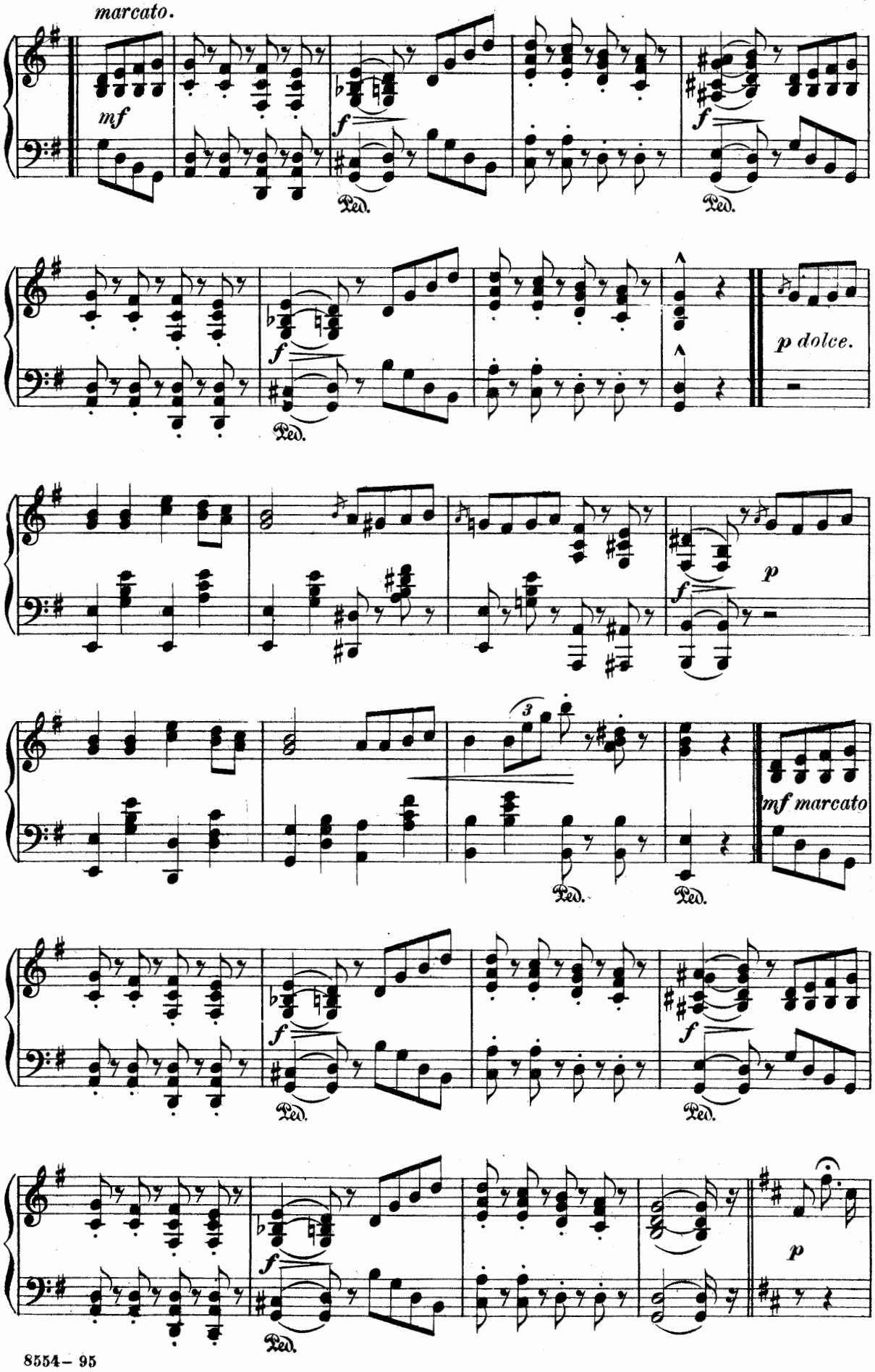
(B) SOLO.

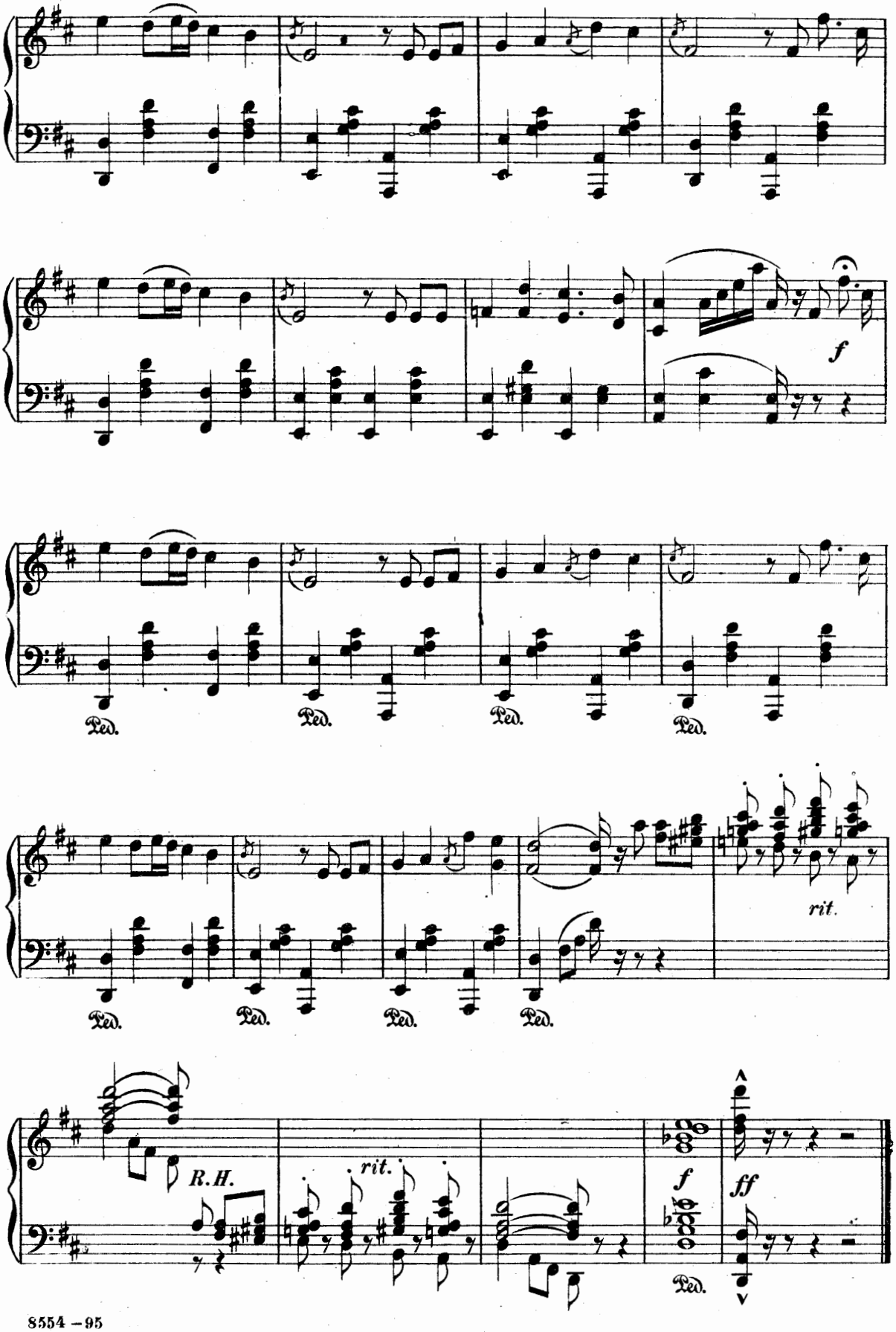
CARL PFLUEGER.

Allegretto grazioso.

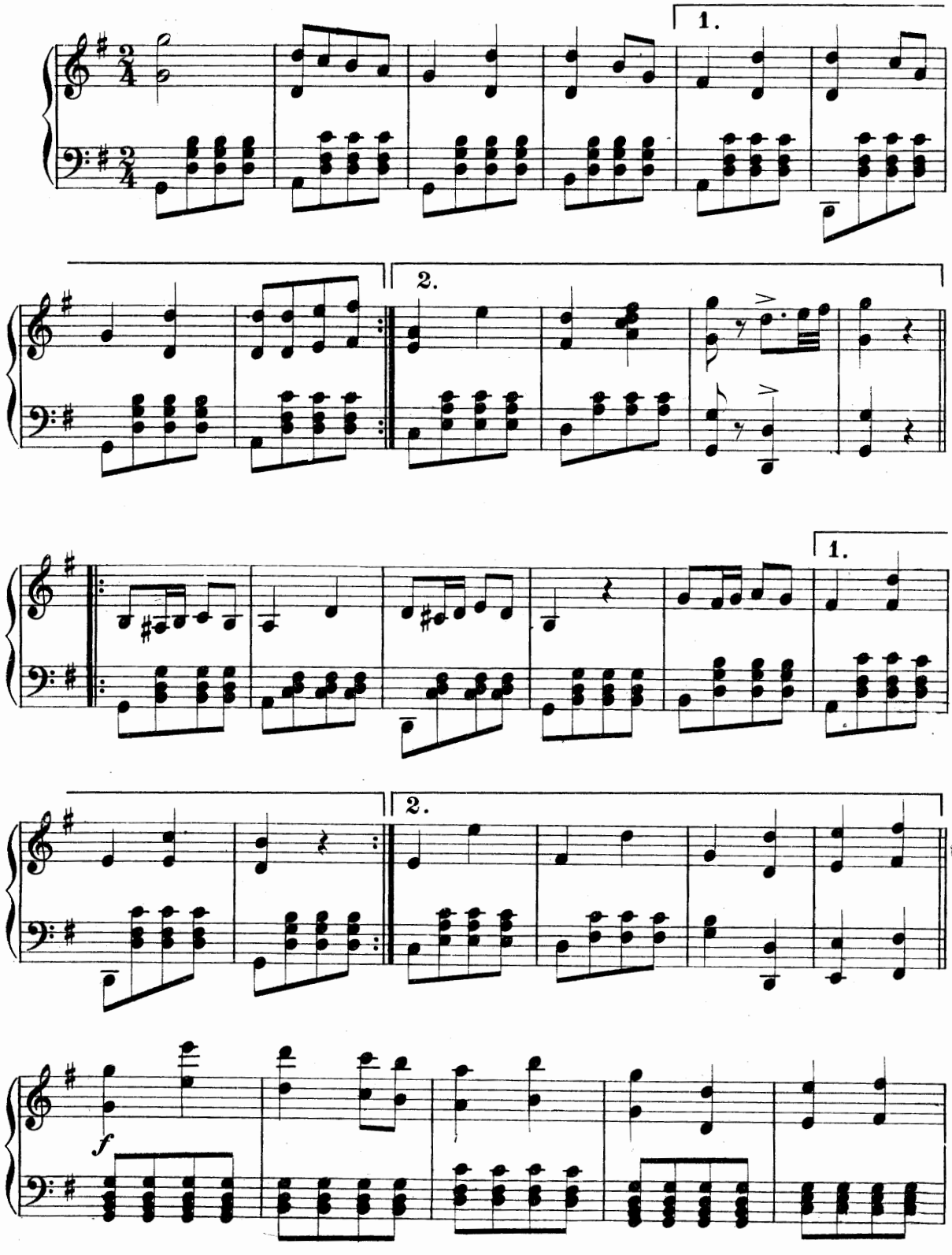


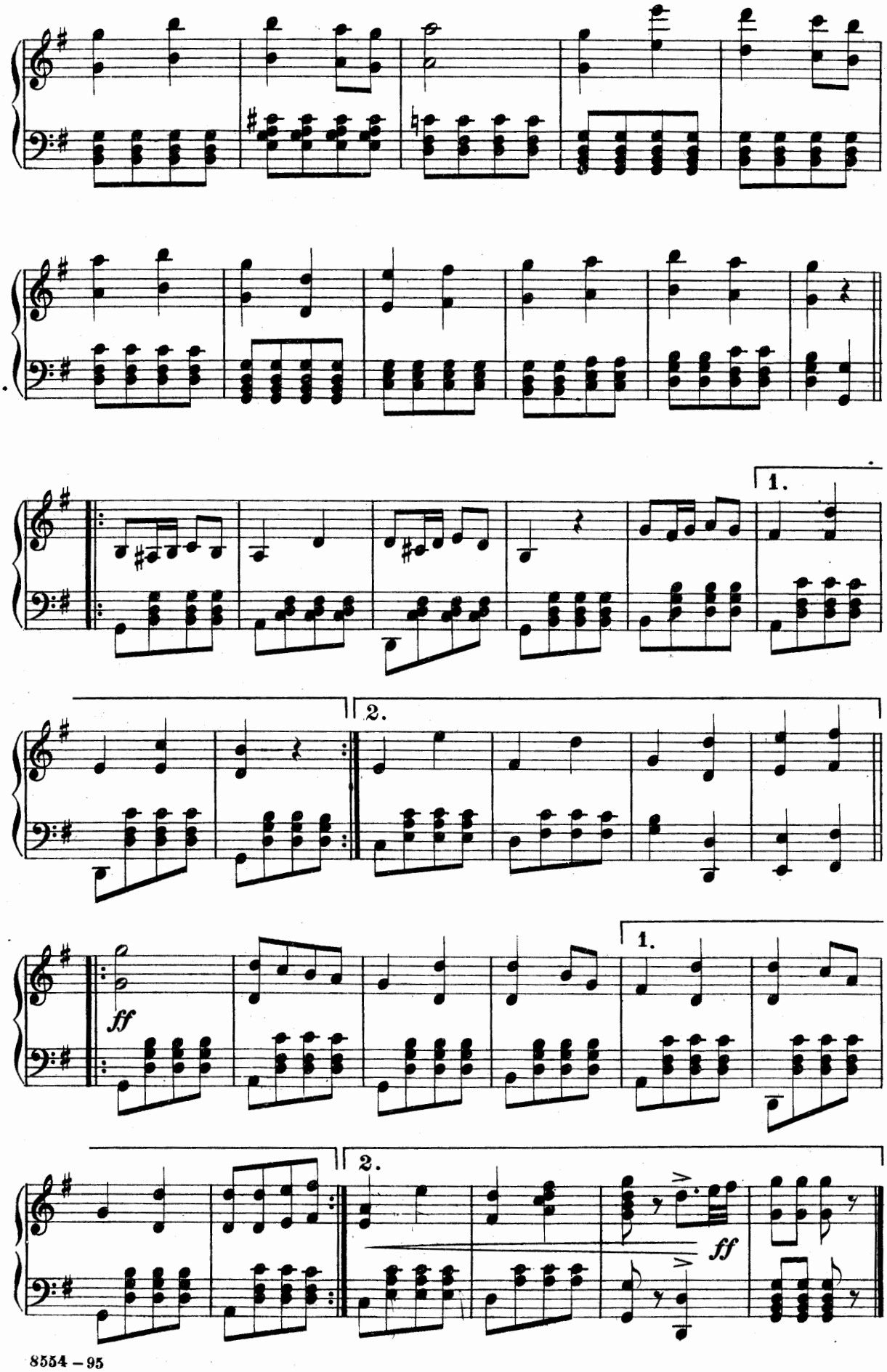

ff
rit.
Ped.
p
f


marcato.
mf
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
p dolce.
f
Ped.
p
f
3
Ped.
Ped.
mf marcato
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
f
Ped.
p


f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
R.H.
rit.
f
ff
Ped.

(C) FINALE.

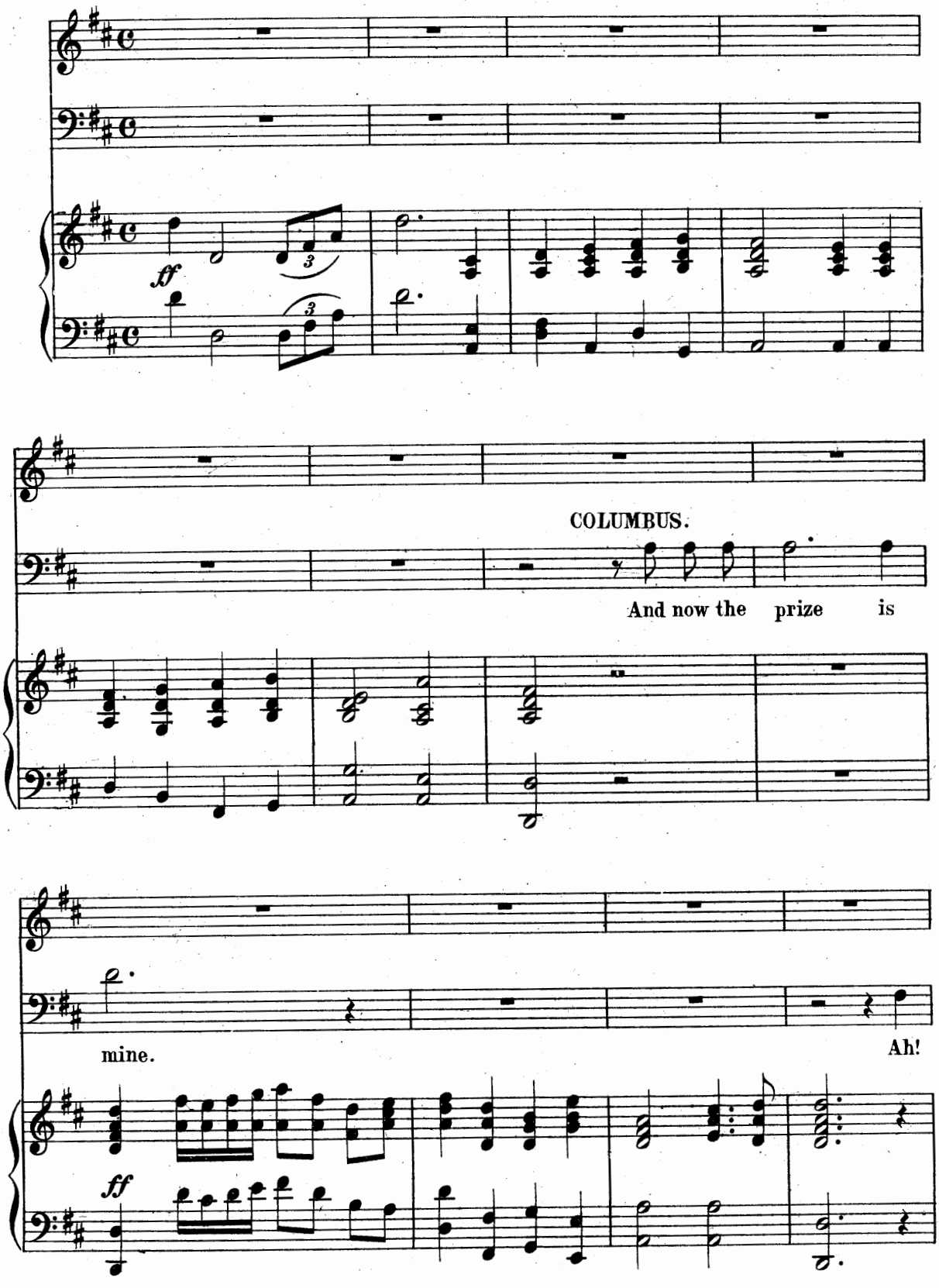


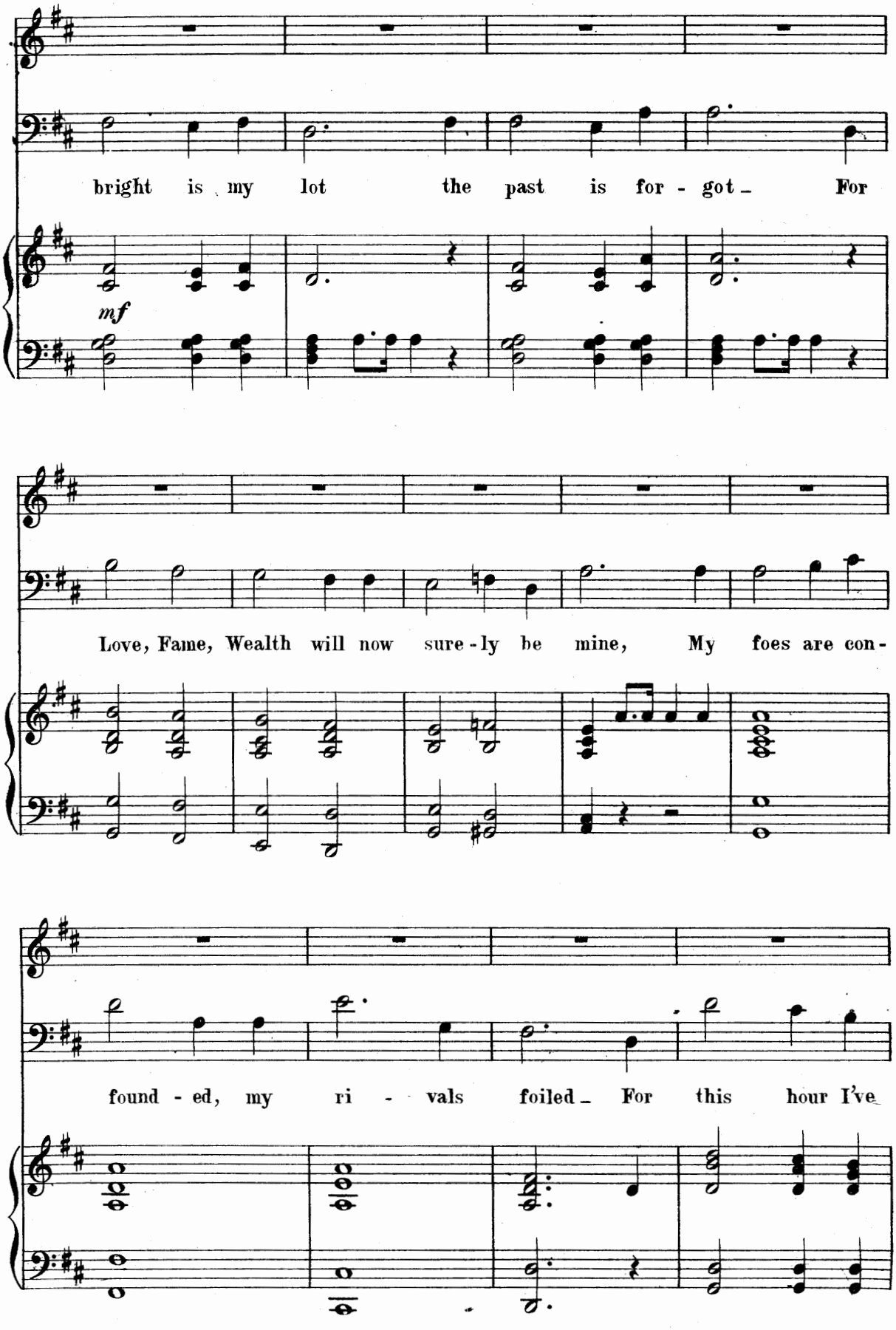

1.
2.
ff
1.
2.
ff

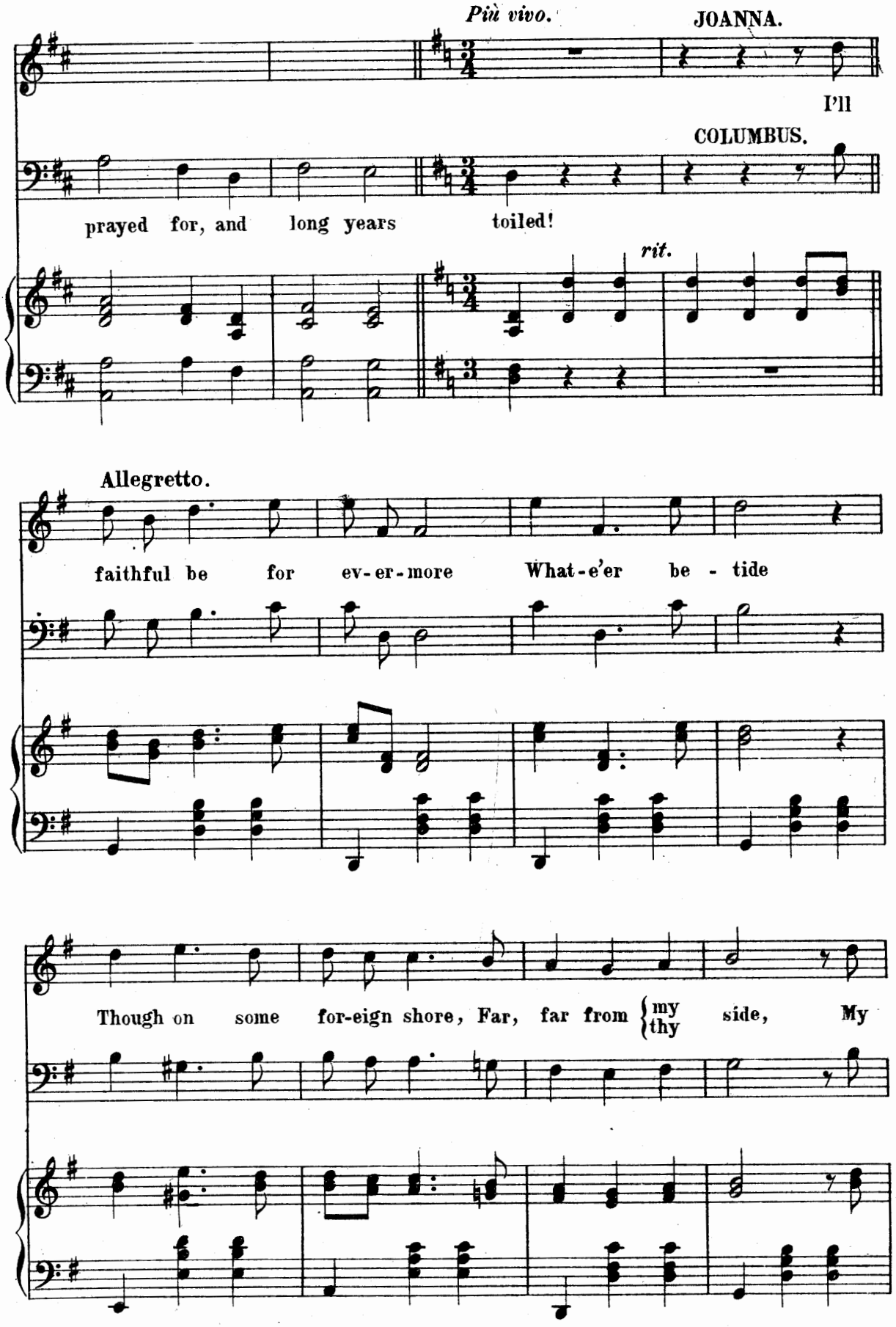
Finale.

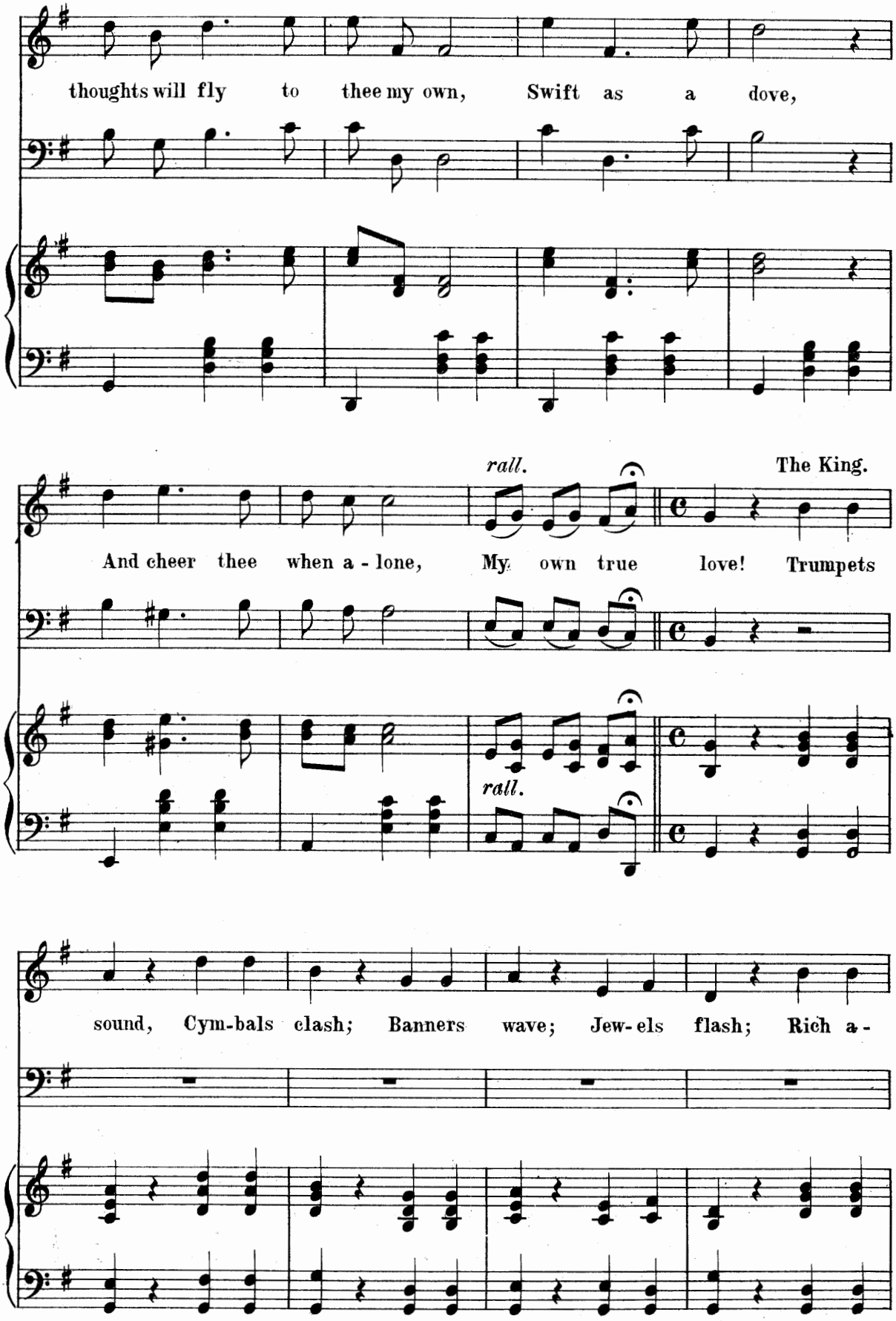
№ 17.

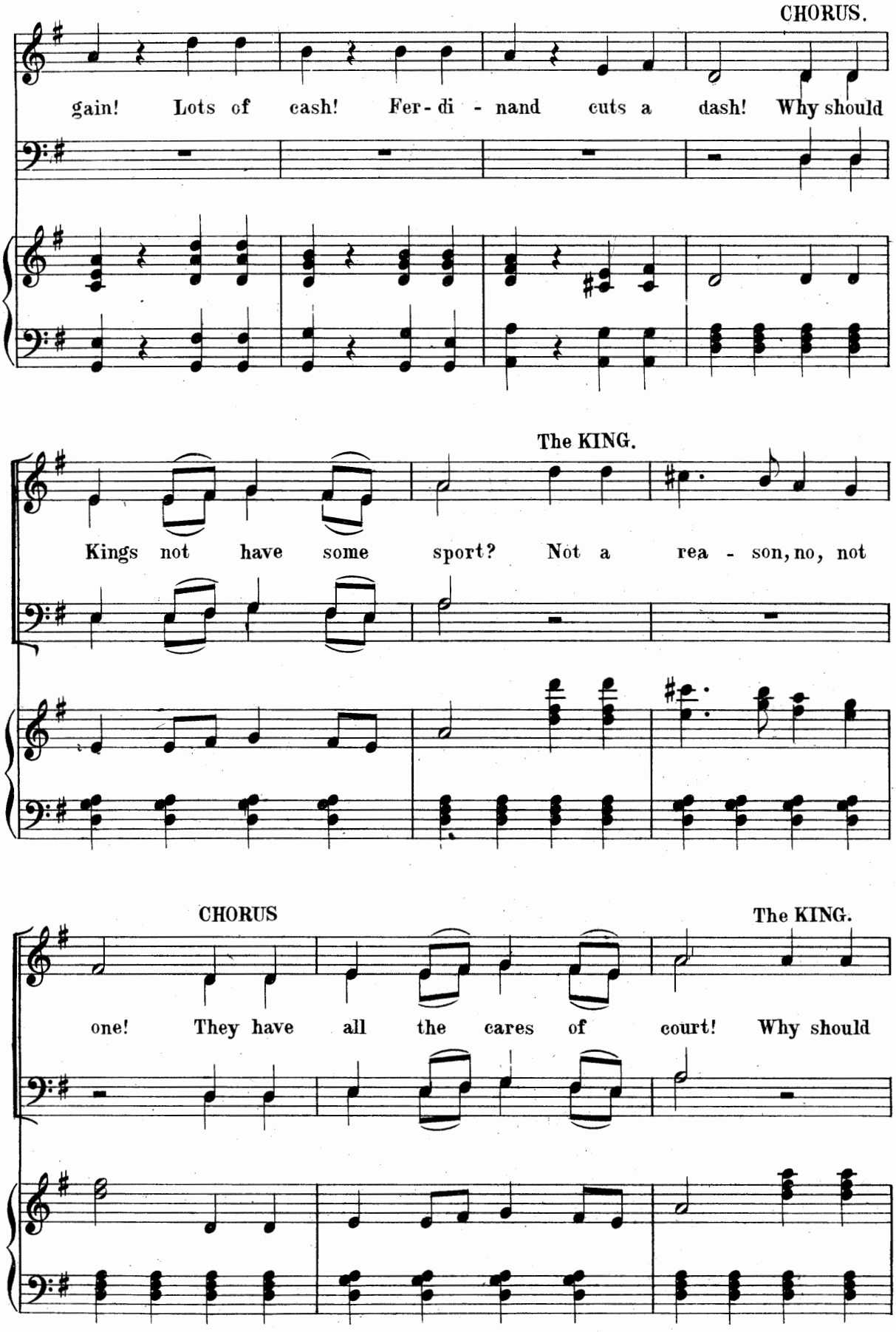
CARL PFLUEGER.

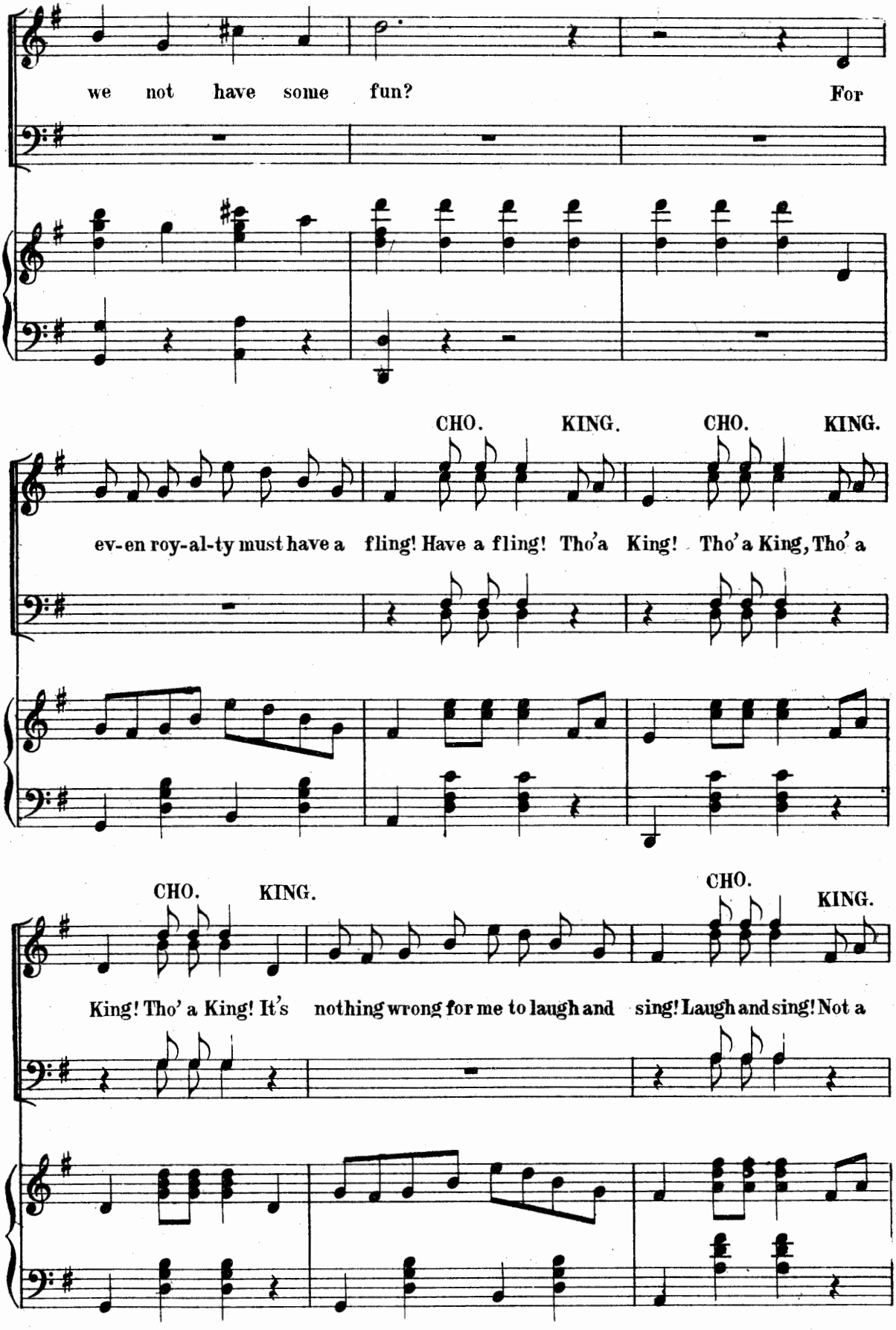


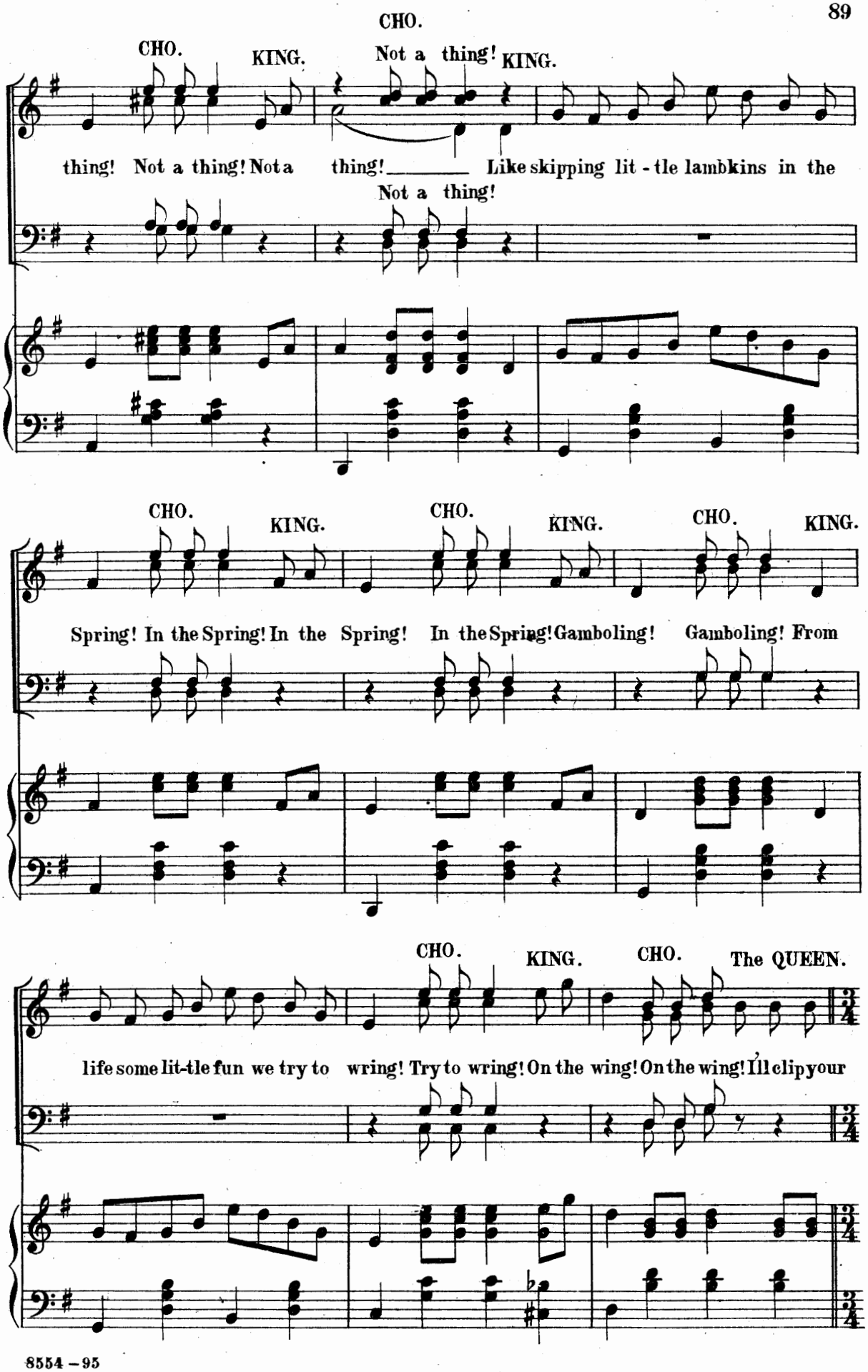

bright is my lot the past is for - got - For
mf
Love, Fame, Wealth will now sure - ly be mine, My foes are con -
found - ed, my ri - vals foiled - For this hour I've


Più vivo.
JOANNA.
I'll
COLUMBUS.
prayed for, and long years toiled!
rit.
Allegretto.
faithful be for ev-er-more What-e'er be - tide
Though on some for-eign shore, Far, far from {my thy} side, My

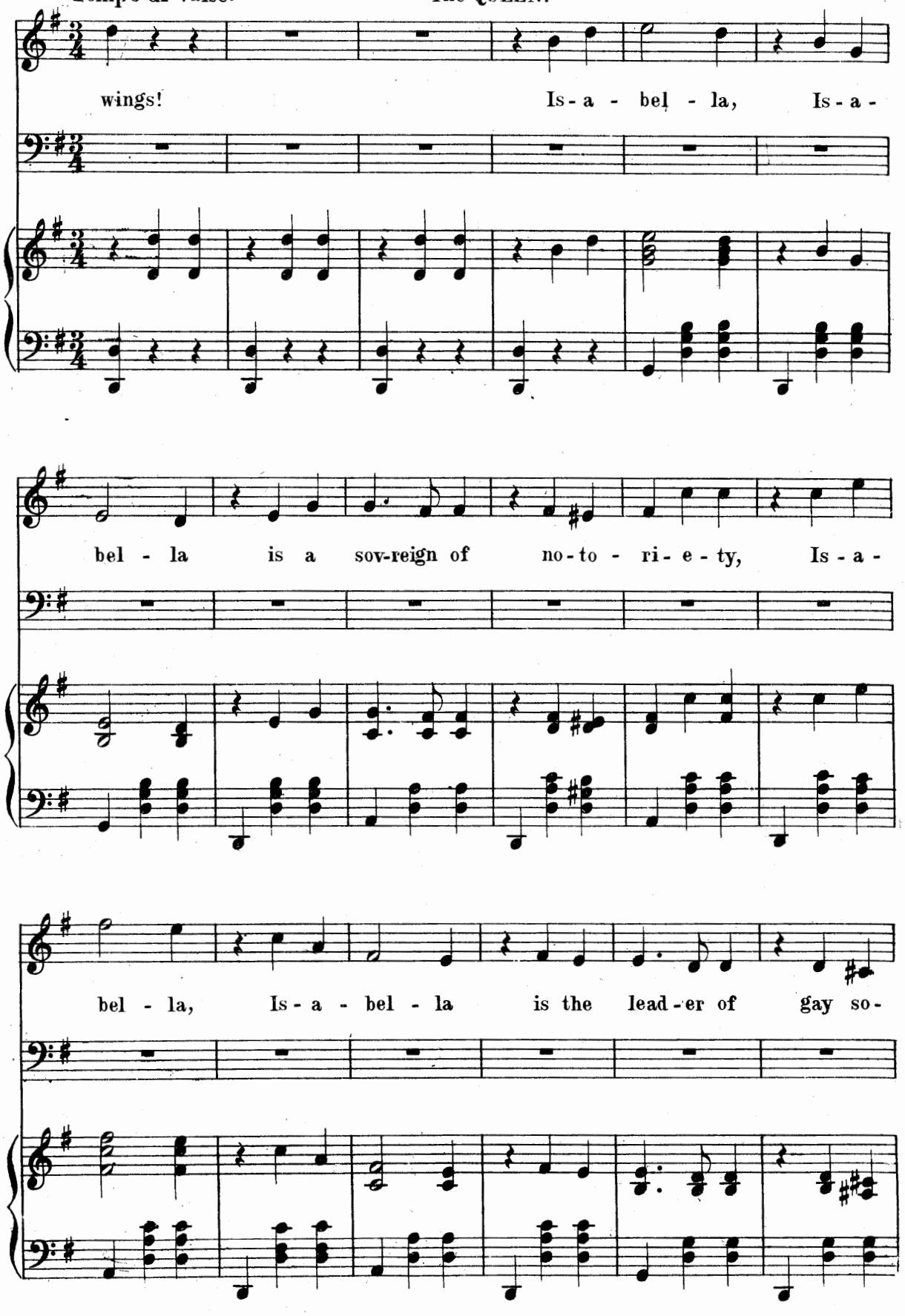

thoughts will fly to thee my own, Swift as a dove,
rall.
The King.
And cheer thee when a - lone, My own true love! Trumpets
rall.
sound, Cym-bals clash; Banners wave; Jew-els flash; Rich a -

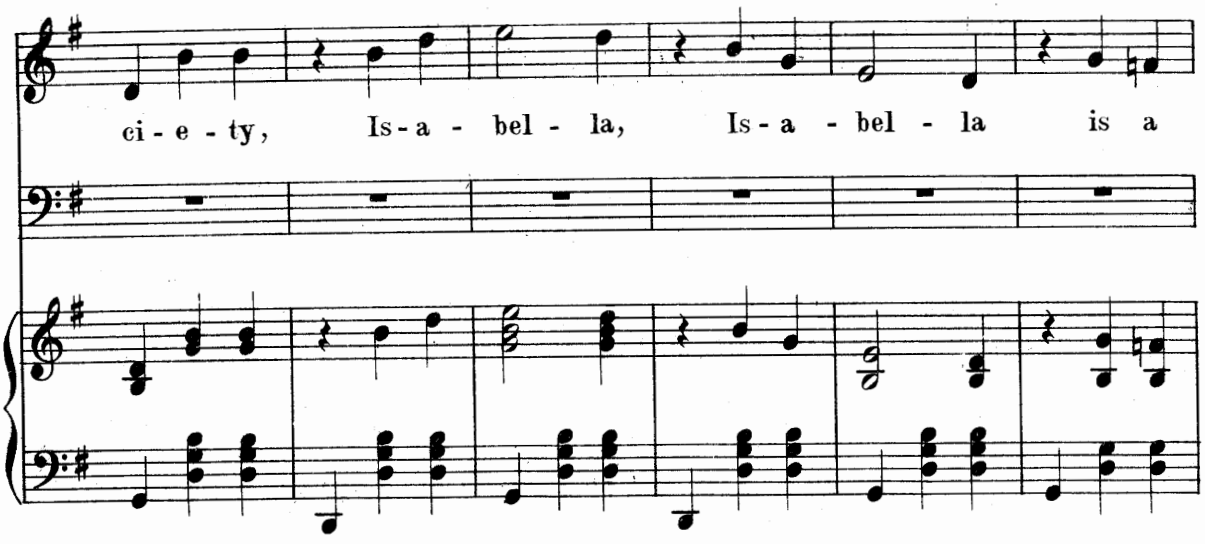

CHORUS.
gain! Lots of cash! Fer-di-nand cuts a dash! Why should
The KING.
Kings not have some sport? Not a rea-son, no, not
CHORUS
The KING.
one! They have all the cares of court! Why should

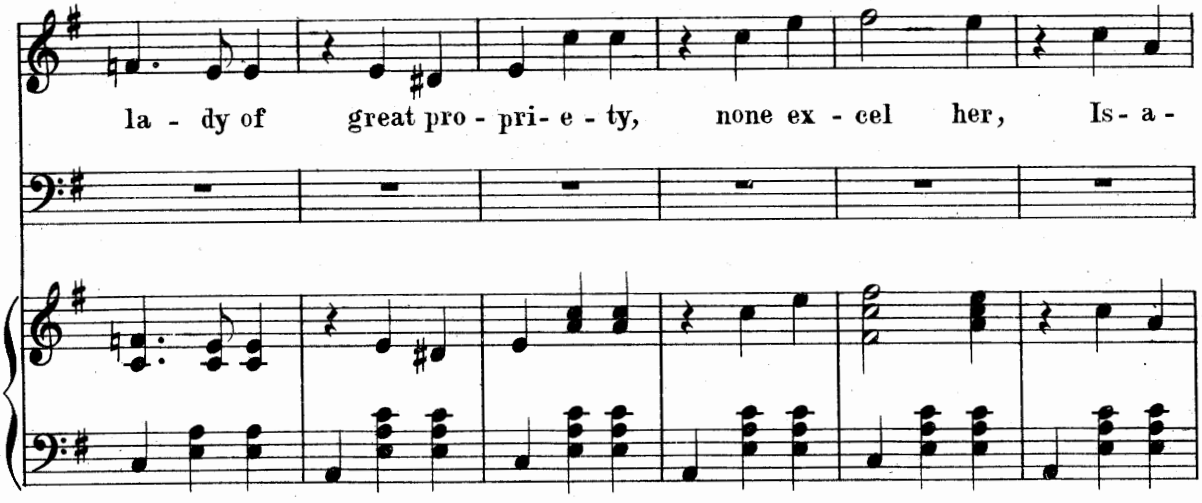

we not have some fun? For
CHO. KING. CHO. KING.
ev-en roy-al-ty must have a fling! Have a fling! Tho'a King! Tho'a King, Tho' a
CHO. KING. CHO. KING.
King! Tho' a King! It's nothing wrong for me to laugh and sing! Laugh and sing! Not a


CHO.
CHO.
KING.
Not a thing!
KING.
thing! Not a thing! Not a thing! Like skipping lit - tle lambkins in the
Not a thing!
CHO.
KING.
CHO.
KING.
CHO.
KING.
Spring! In the Spring! In the Spring! In the Spring! Gamboling! Gamboling! From
CHO.
KING.
CHO.
The QUEEN.
life some lit-tle fun we try to wring! Try to wring! On the wing! On the wing! I'll clip your

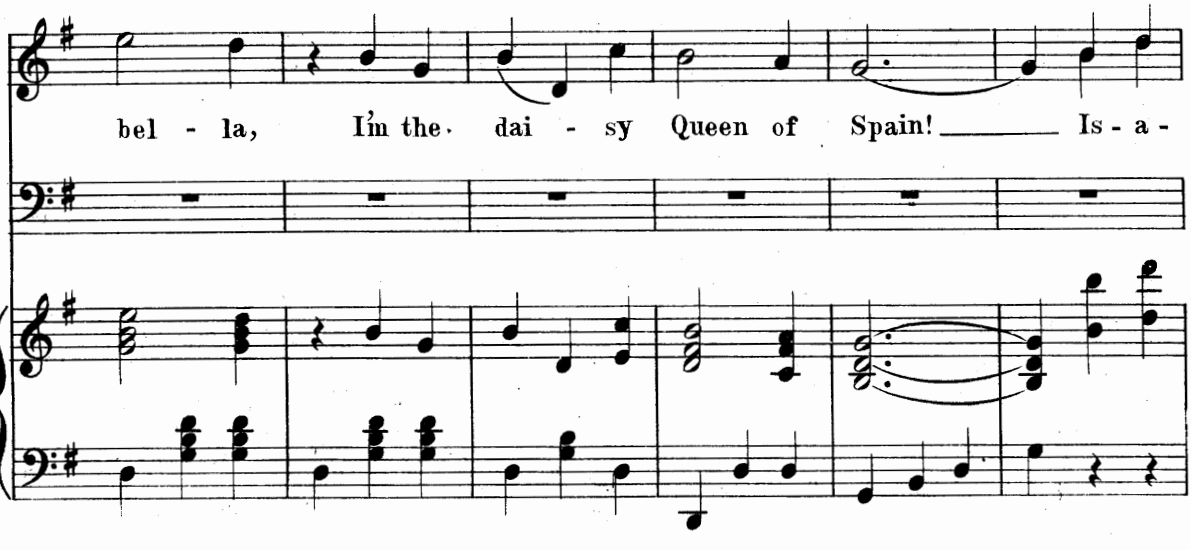
Tempo di Valse. The QUEEN.

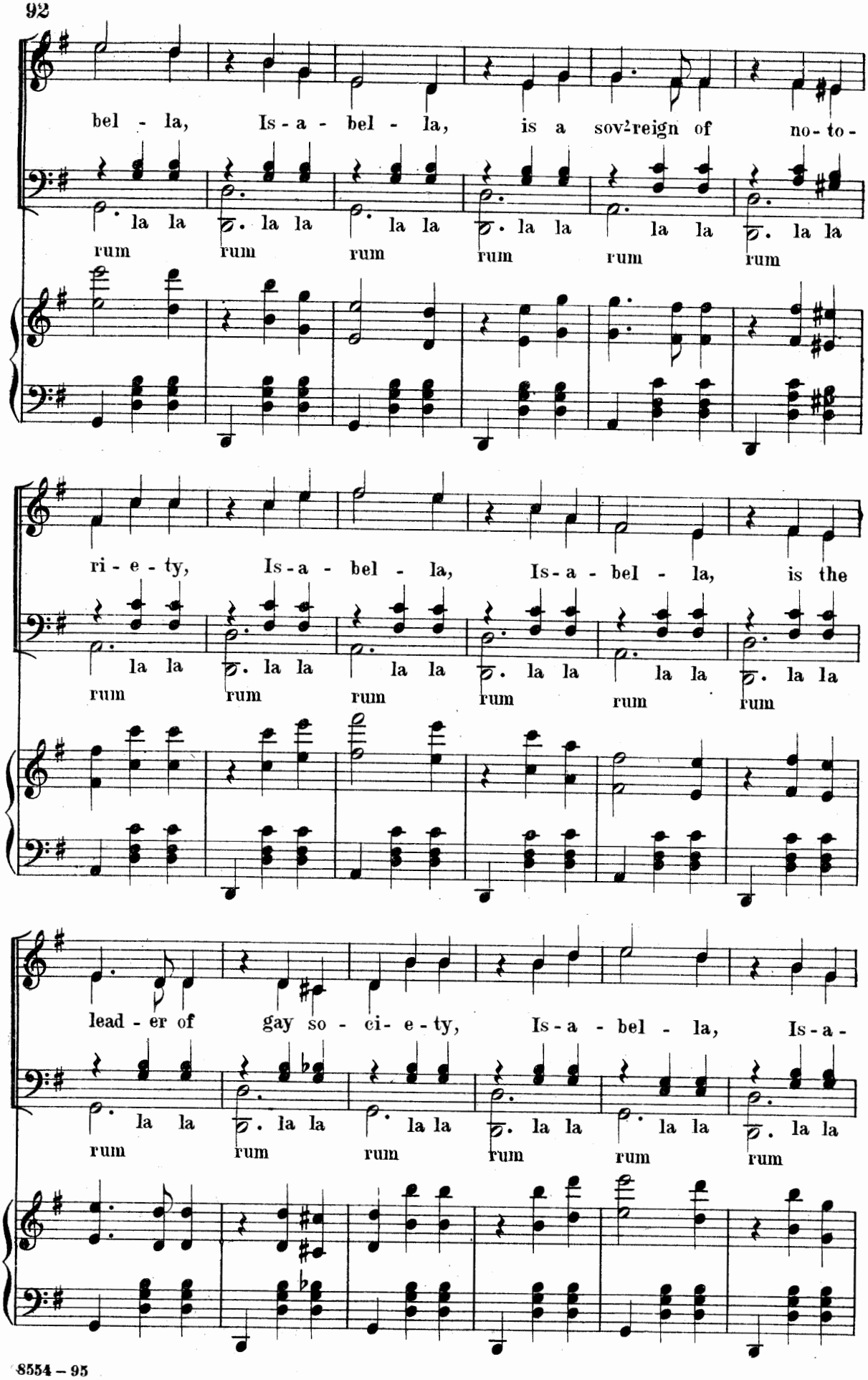


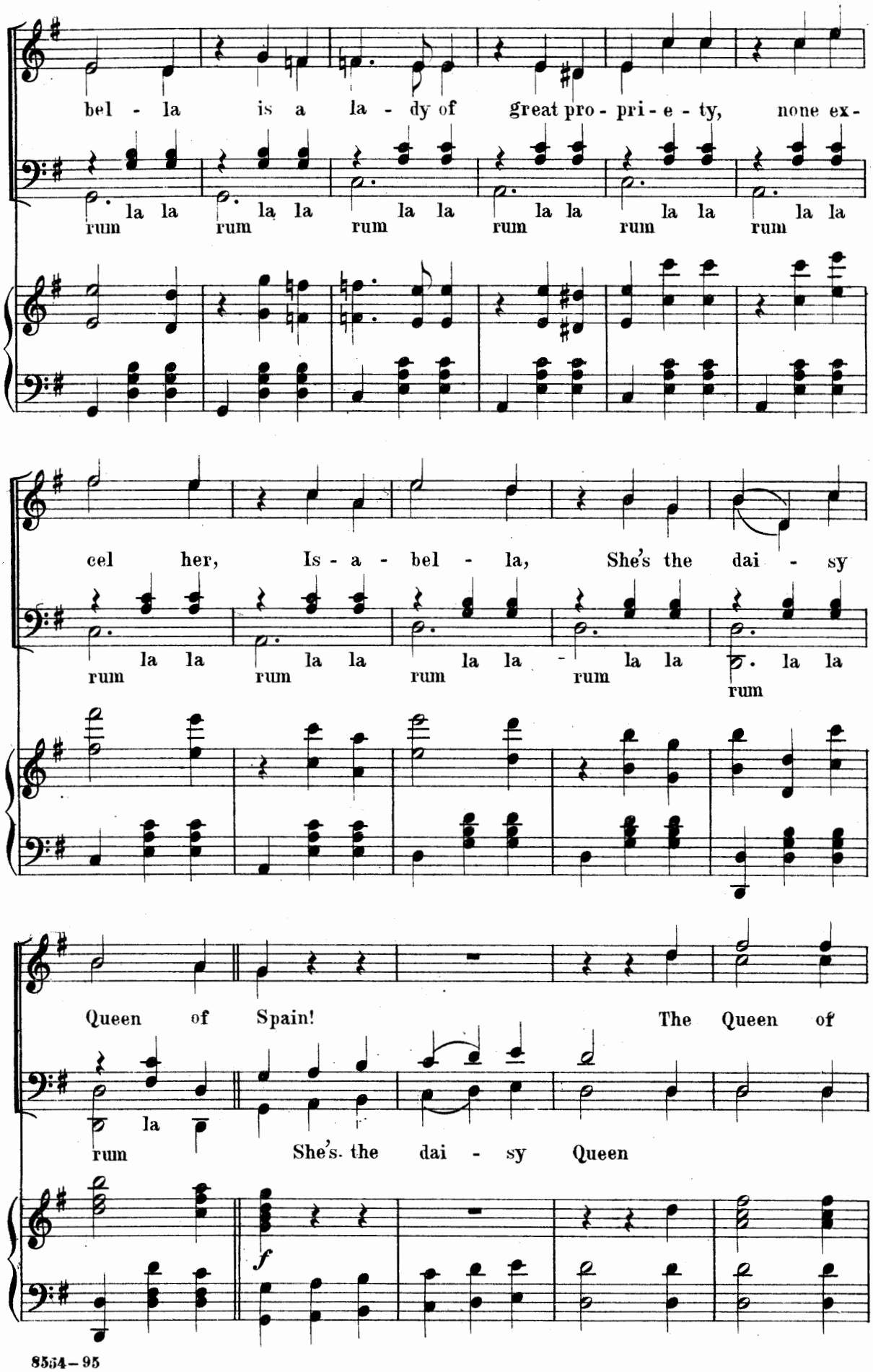

ci - e - ty, Is - a - bel - la, Is - a - bel - la is a

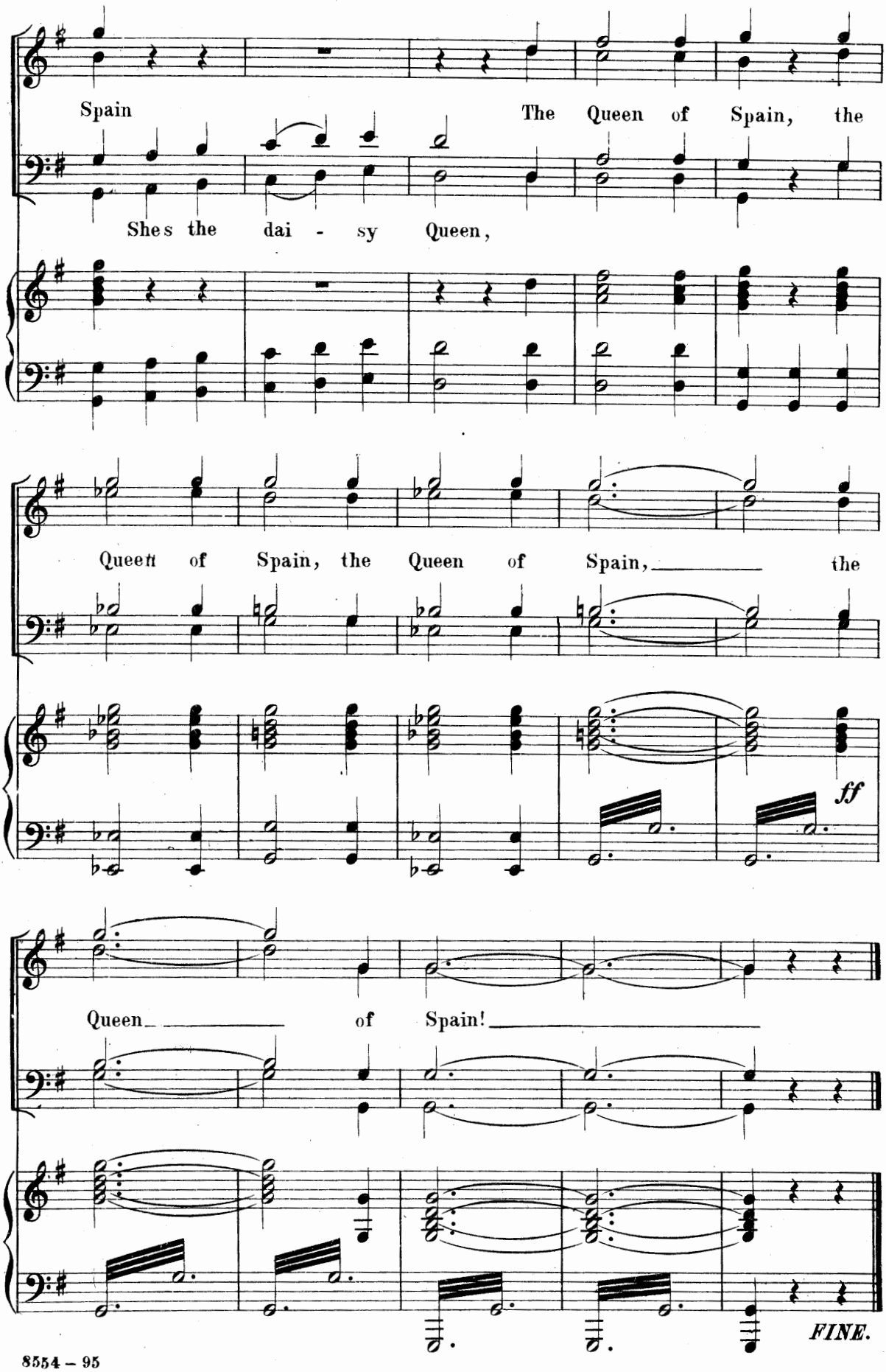

la - dy of great pro - pri- e - ty, none ex - cel her, Is - a -

CHORUS.


bel - la, I'm the dai - sy Queen of Spain! Is - a -


bel - la, Is - a - bel - la, is a sov²reign of no - to -
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum
ri - e - ty, Is - a - bel - la, Is - a - bel - la, is the
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum
lead - er of gay so - ci - e - ty, Is - a - bel - la, Is - a -
la la la la la la la la la la la la
rum rum rum rum rum rum

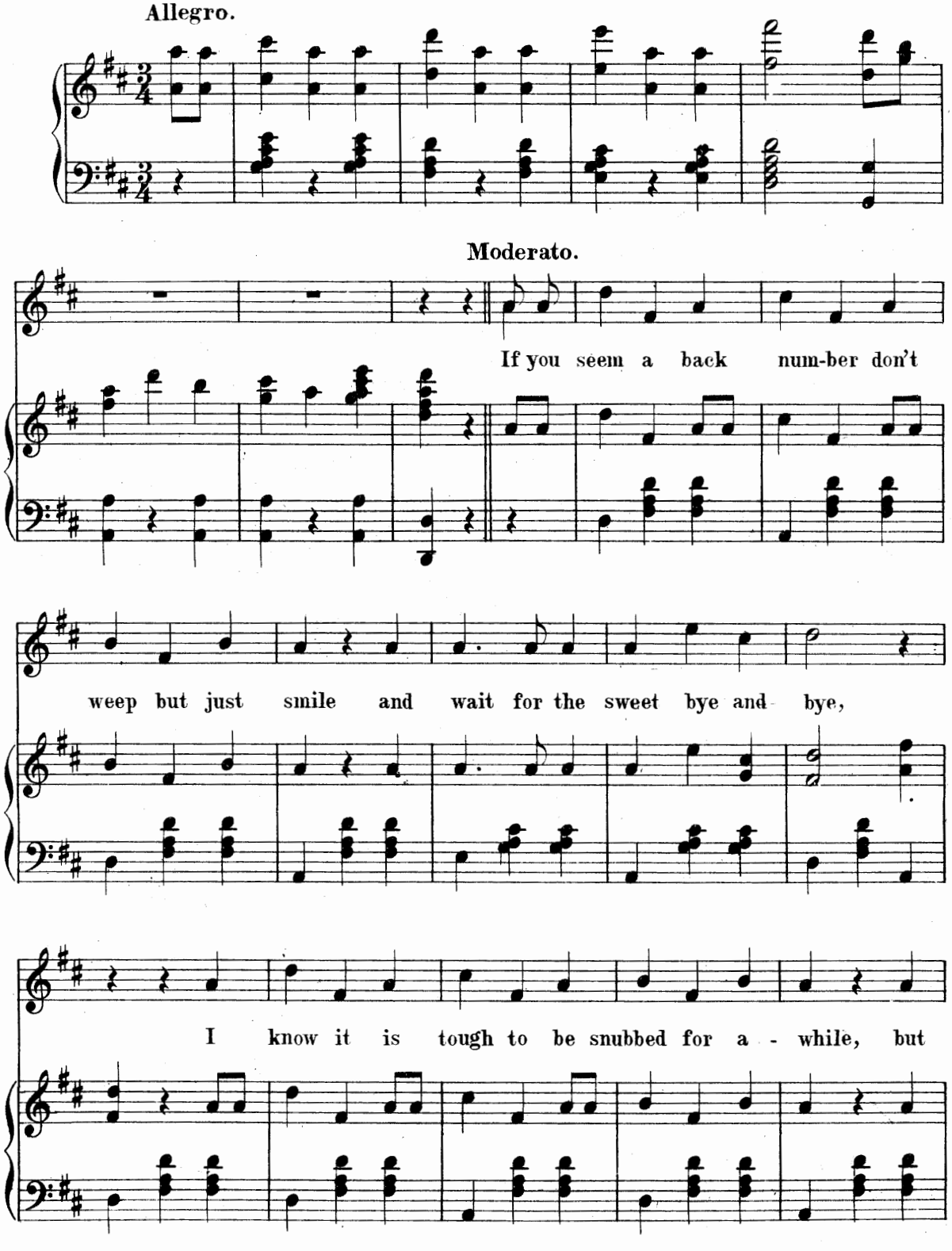

bel - la is a la - dy of great pro - pri - e - ty, none ex-
rum la la rum la la rum la la rum la la rum la la rum la la
cel her, Is - a - bel - la, She's the dai - sy
rum la la rum la la rum la la - rum la la rum la la
Queen of Spain! The Queen of
rum She's the dai - sy Queen
f

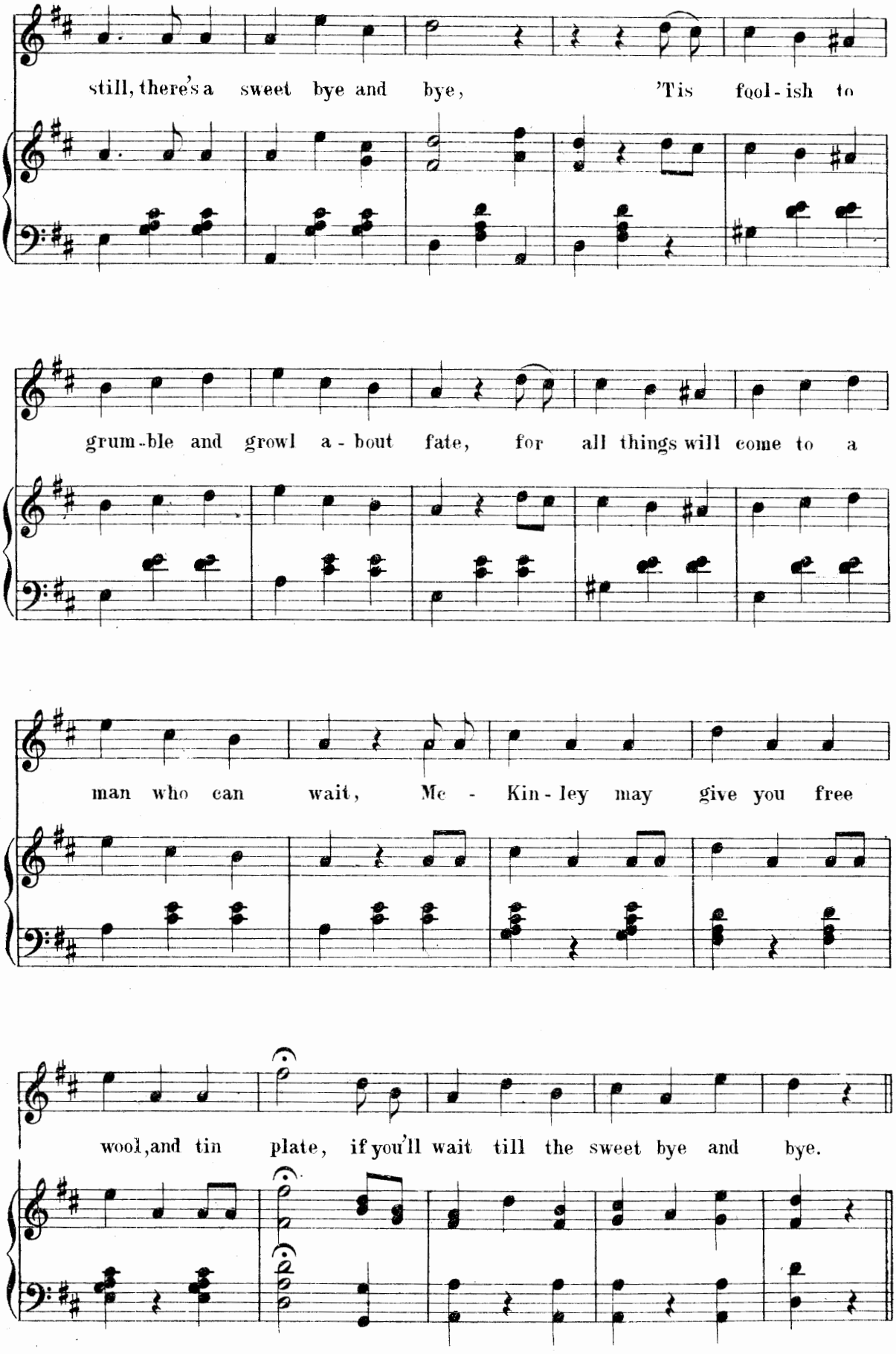

Spain
The Queen of Spain, the
She's the dai - sy Queen,
Queen of Spain, the Queen of Spain, the
ff
Queen of Spain!
FINE.

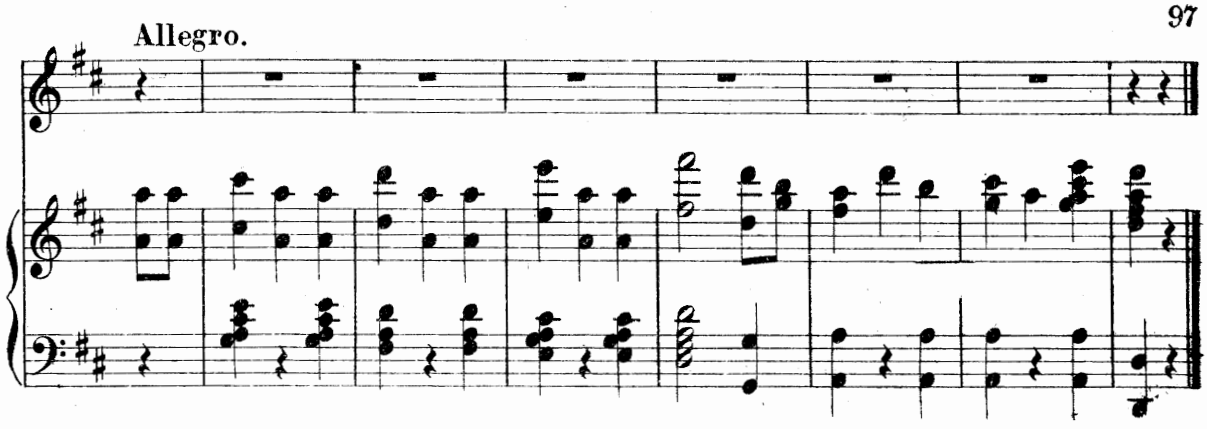
Appendix.

Wait till the sweet Bye and Bye.

TOPICAL SONG. CARL PFLUEGER.




still, there's a sweet bye and bye, 'Tis fool-ish to
grum-ble and growl a-bout fate, for all things will come to a
man who can wait, Mc - Kin-ley may give you free
wool, and tin plate, if you'll wait till the sweet bye and bye.



2.

A young miss of eighteen when asked whom she'd wed
Says – I'll see in the sweet bye and bye
The man must be wealthy, good looking, high bred
Or I'll wait for the sweet bye and bye.
Should she single remain till she's say – thirty-four
Ah! the risk she is running she does not ignore
If he *only* means *business* she *dallies* no more
Takes no chance on the sweet bye and bye.

3.

There'll be no blockade of the cars in the street
If you'll wait till the sweet bye and bye
You need not stand up – you can all have a seat
If you'll wait for the sweet bye and bye
The electrics will run without wires overhead
Or perhaps underground in a tunnel instead
The West End will do it – but I'm afraid you'll be dead
When they get to that sweet bye and bye.

4.

If "Ta-ra-boom-de-ray" you don't want to hear,
You must wait till the sweet bye and bye,
If after eleven you want some more beer,
You must wait till the sweet bye and bye.
For the Court House all finished in Pemberton Square,
For "Sugar Preferred" at two hundred per share,
For dear Paderewski to once cut his hair,
You must wait till the sweet bye and bye.

5.

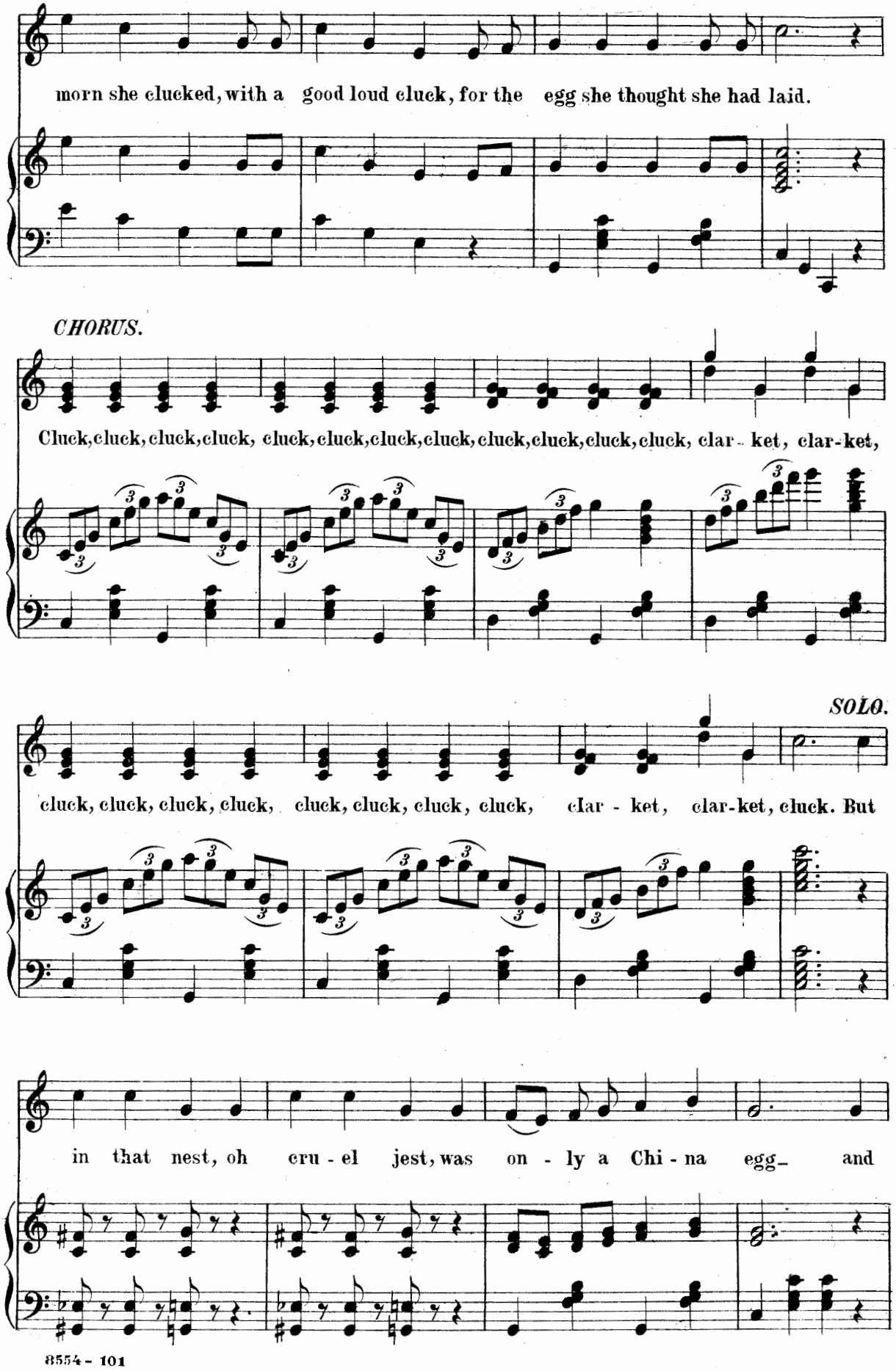
If you want any more of this topical song
You must wait till the sweet bye and bye
To respond and respond would make it so long
'Twould reach to the sweet bye and bye
If 'tis words you desire – not keen epigram
Just read all the "ads" in your theatre program
But if I sing any longer I shall surely say
You must wait till the sweet bye and bye.

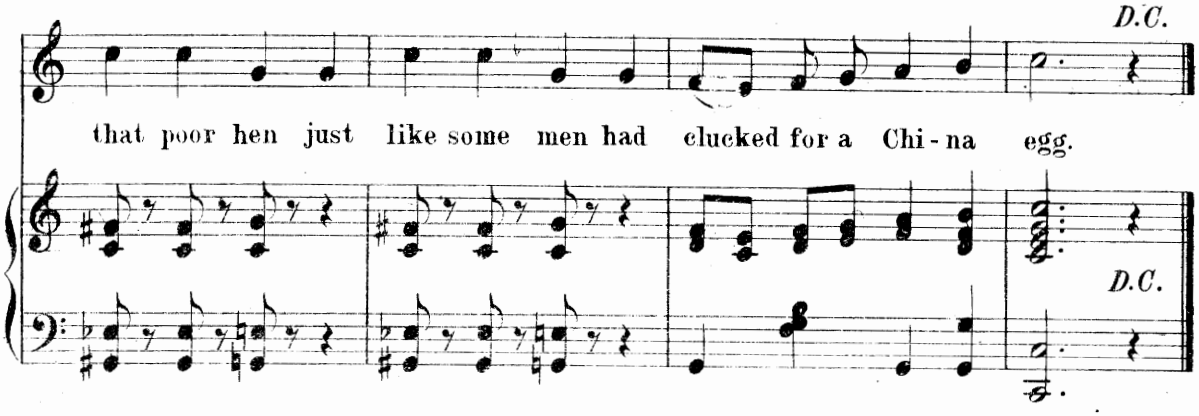
The Hen and the China Egg.

CARL PFLUEGER.

Allegretto.

A proud hen walked in an old farmyard, with a know-it-all smil-ing face, Though eggs were scarce, and the hens were poor, she seemed to own the place. Oh she was a hen with a good strong mind, mis-takes she had nev-er made; So this


morn she clucked, with a good loud cluck, for the egg she thought she had laid.
CHORUS.
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, clar - ket, clar-ket,
SOLO.
cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, clar - ket, clar-ket, cluck. But
in that nest, oh cru - el jest, was on - ly a Chi - na egg_ and



A nice young man with a sad sad face
On a beautiful summer's day
Went to his firm to be excused
As his aunt on a sick bed lay
But when outside the office door
His face wasn't sad at all
For he had no aunt so he chuckles with joy
As he hurries to the game of ball

CHORUS.

Cluck, cluck, &c.
But his firm came
To see that game
He had clucked for a china egg
A bran new clerk
Now does his work
That "aunt" was a china egg

One night I had a country Duke
Don Munoz was his name
To join some friends Grandees of Spain
In a quiet little gentlemen's game
The Duke he said he couldn't play cards
Only checkers and dominoes
But we urged so hard he bought some chips
This innocent Don Munoz

CHORUS.

Cluck, cluck, &c.
But he bluffed all there
On one small pair
We had clucked for a china egg
He went to bed
Four "thous" ahead
Oh he was a china egg

FIVE NEW SONGS

BY

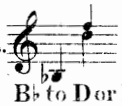
WELL KNOWN COMPOSERS

MY LOVER WILL COME TO-DAY.

Price 40 c. In 3 Keys. Reginald de Koven.

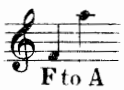
D. D to F♯ or A.

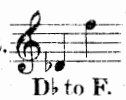
C. C to E or G.

B Flat.  B♭ to D or F.

BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

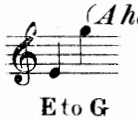
Price 60 c. In 2 Keys. John Wiegand.

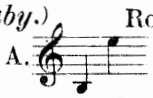
F.  F to A

D Flat.  D♭ to F.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

Price 35 c. *(A hammock lullaby.)* In 2 Keys. Robert Coverley.

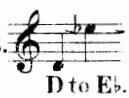
C.  E to G

A.  B to E.

TO A ROSE.

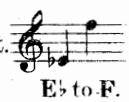
Price 35 c. In 2 Keys. Robert Bruce.

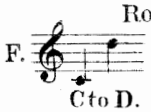
D Flat. F to G♭.

B Flat.  D to E♭.

ASK THINE HEART AGAIN.

Price 35 c. In 2 Keys. Robert Coverley.

A Flat.  E♭ to F.

F.  C to D.

White-Smith Music Pub.Co. *Boston. New York. Chicago.*

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Sung nightly with phenomenal success by

R. J. JOSÉ, **Contra-Tenor**

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Words & Music by D. L. WHITE.

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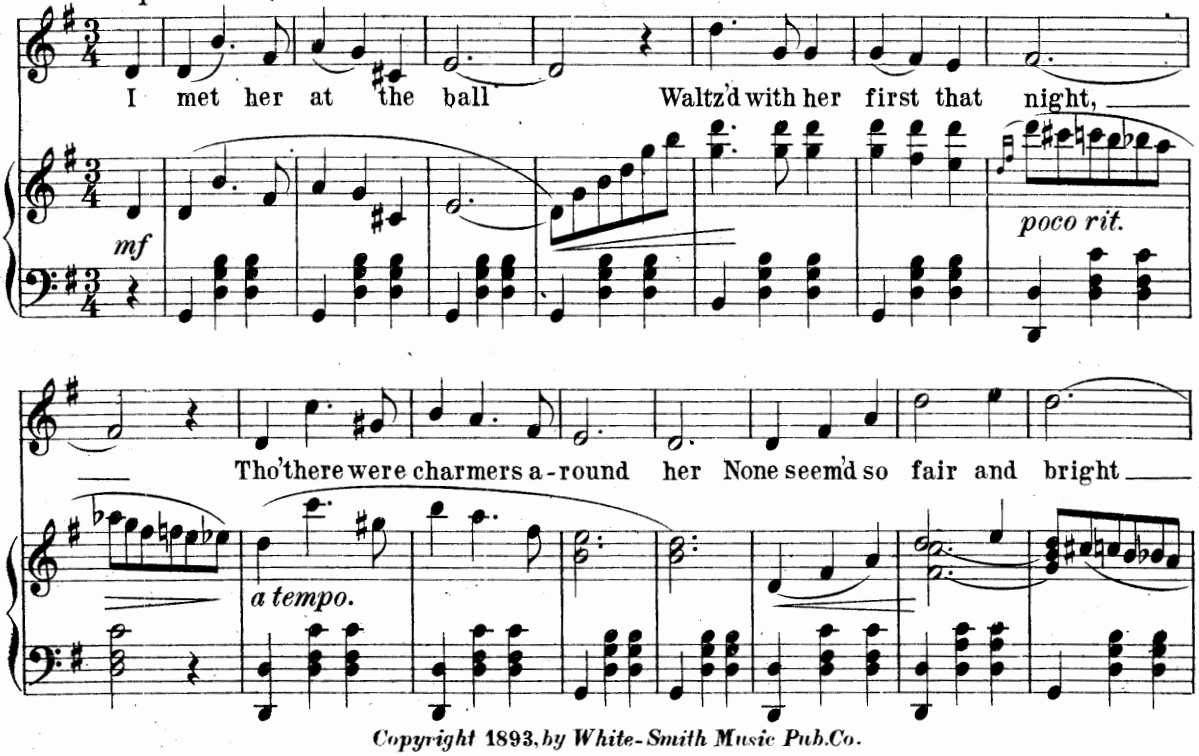

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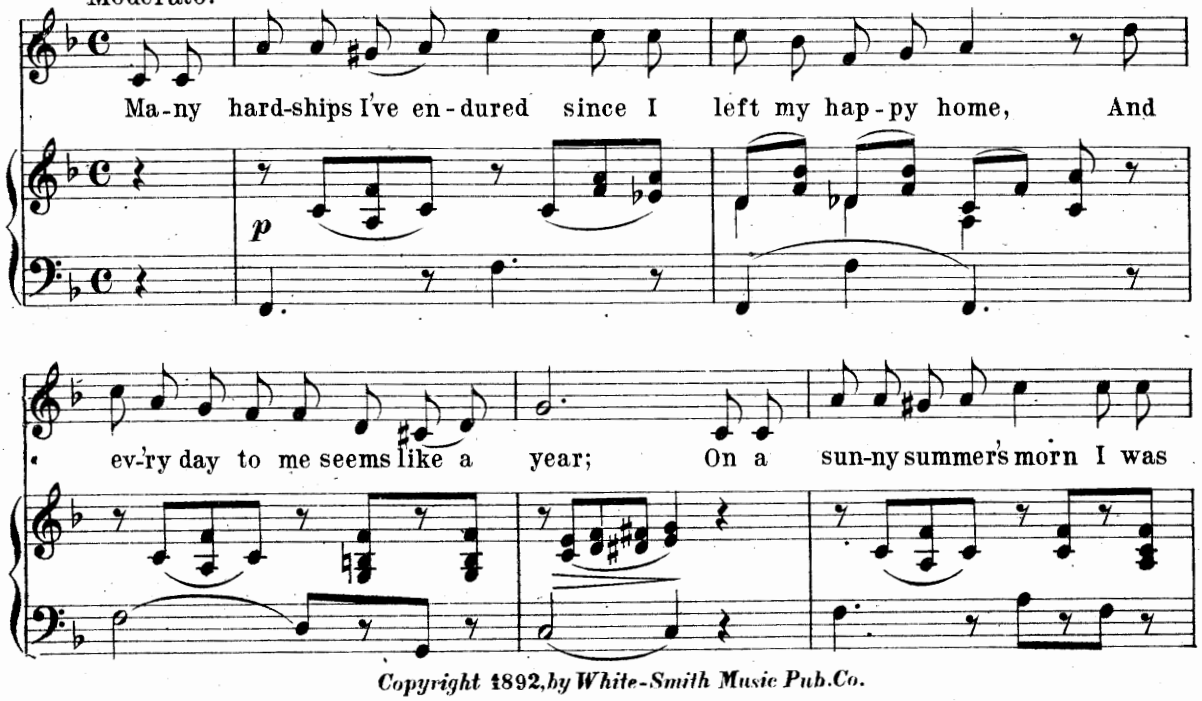

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