THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF
JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK
A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA
The words by R. A. Barnet
The music by A. B. Sloane
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Range, d to a.

LOW VOICE IN E FLAT.

Range, b to f.

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The Strange Adventures of

JACK

AND THE

BEAN-STALK.

A Fairy Extravaganza.

THE WORDS BY

R.A.BARNET.

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THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.

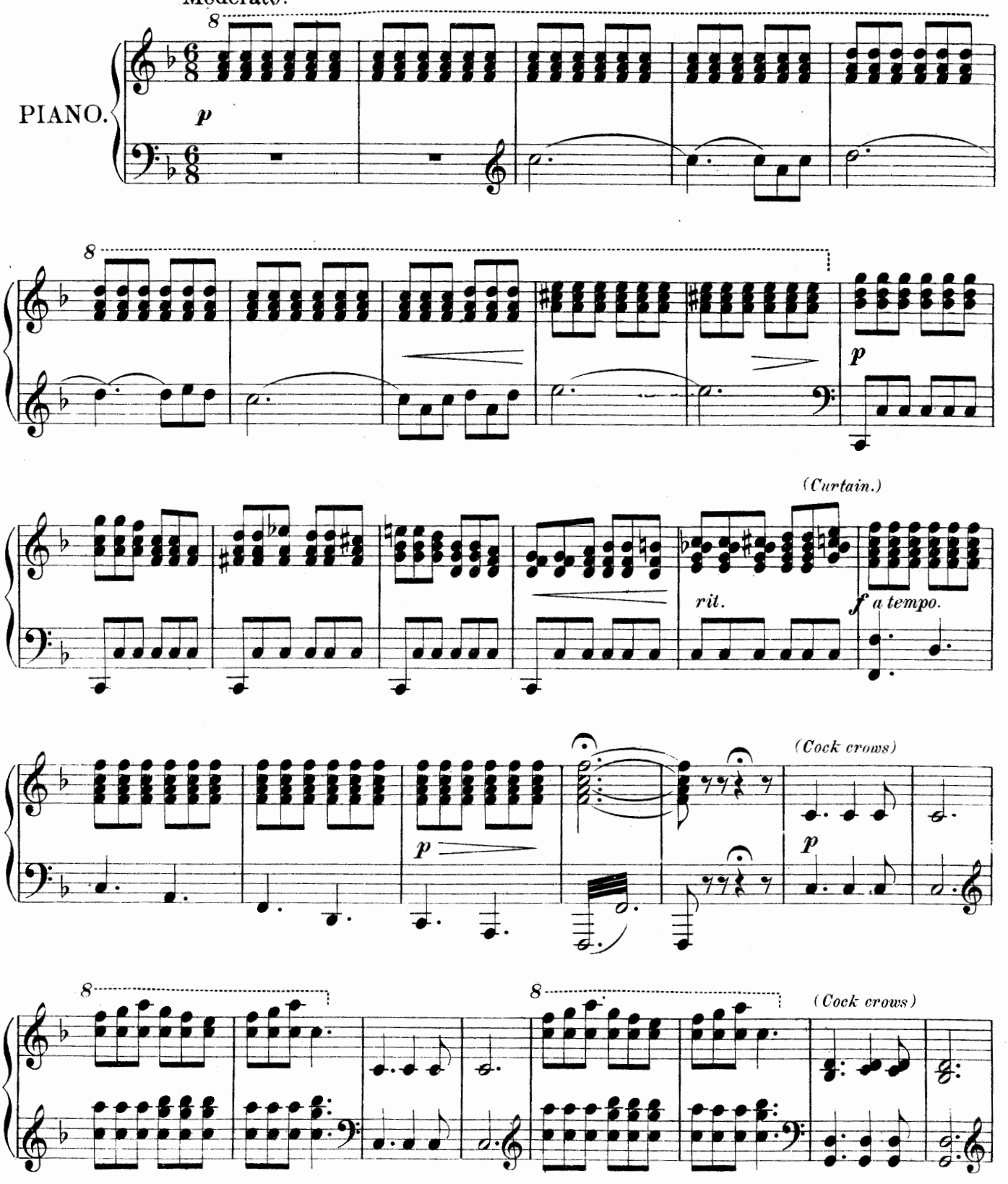
ACT I.

No. 1.

OPENING CHORUS.

R. A. BARNET. A. B. SLOANE.

Moderato.



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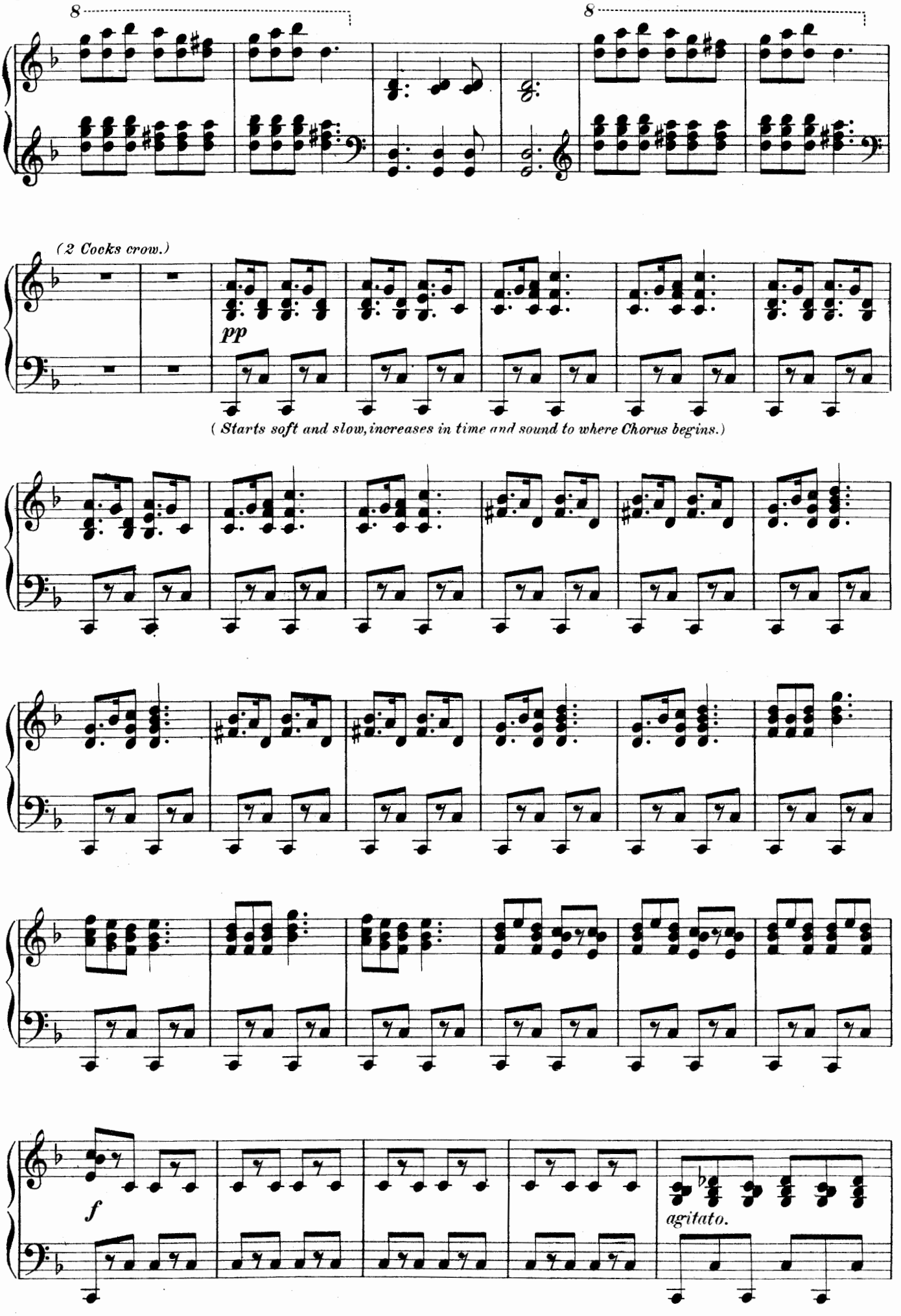
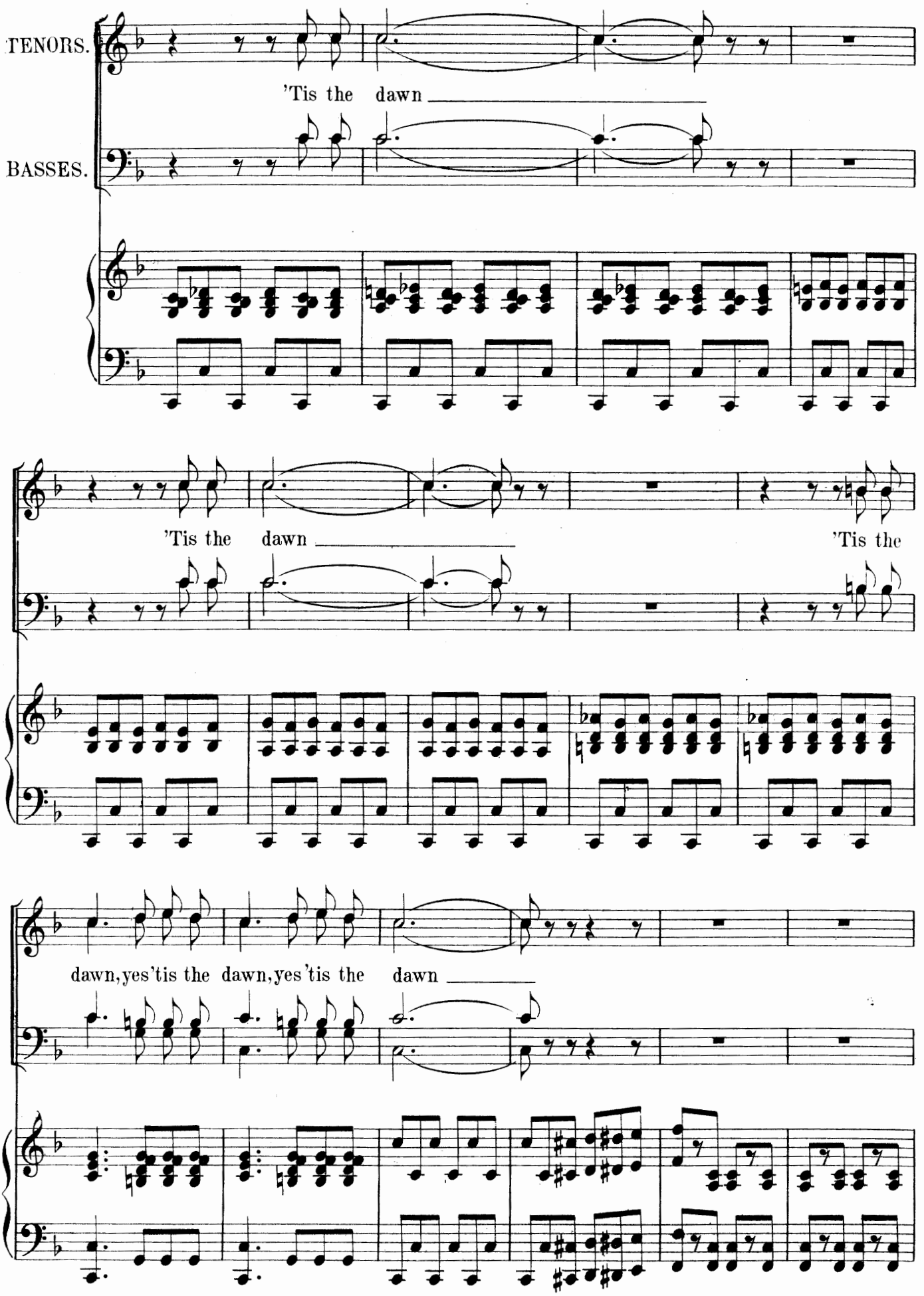
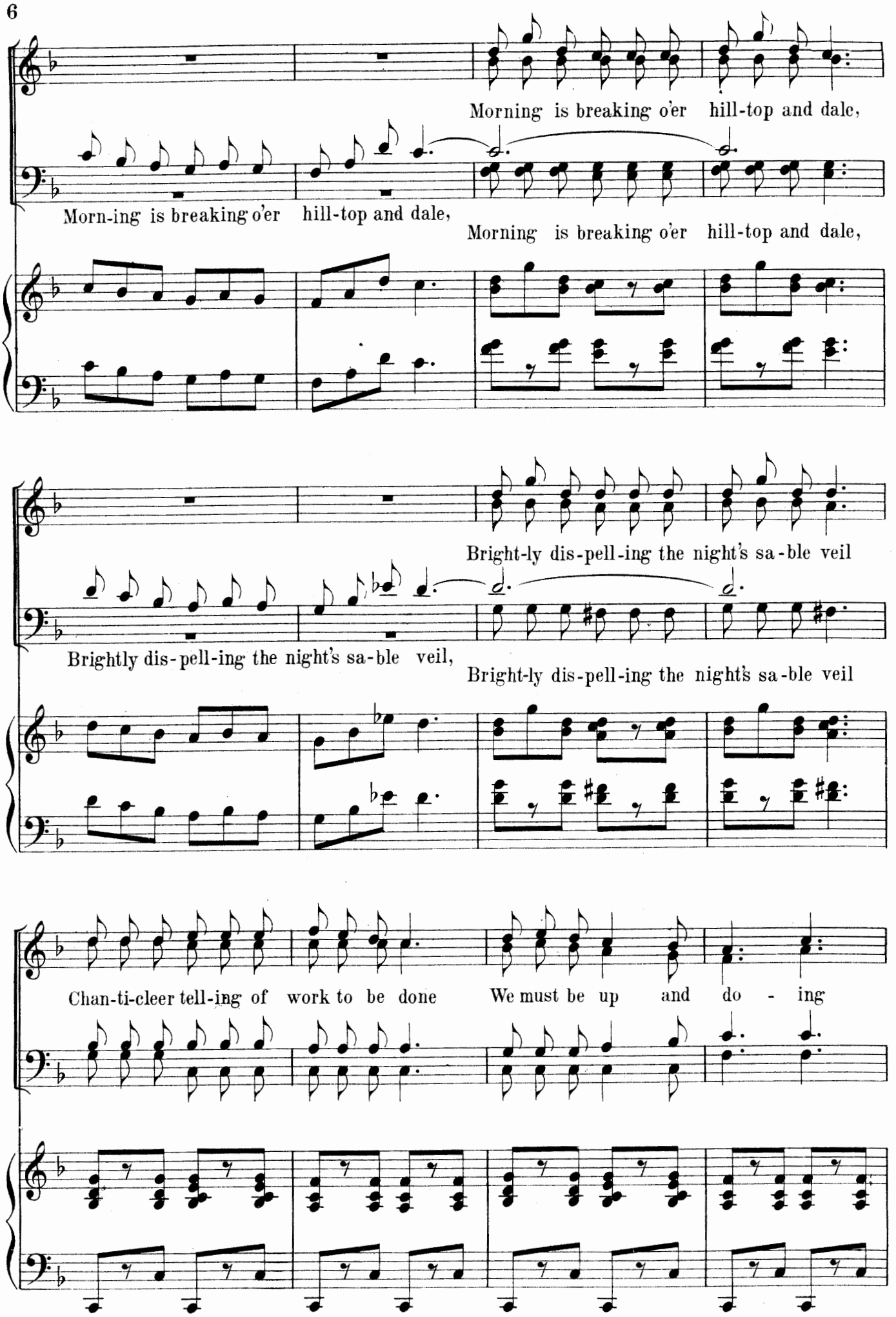
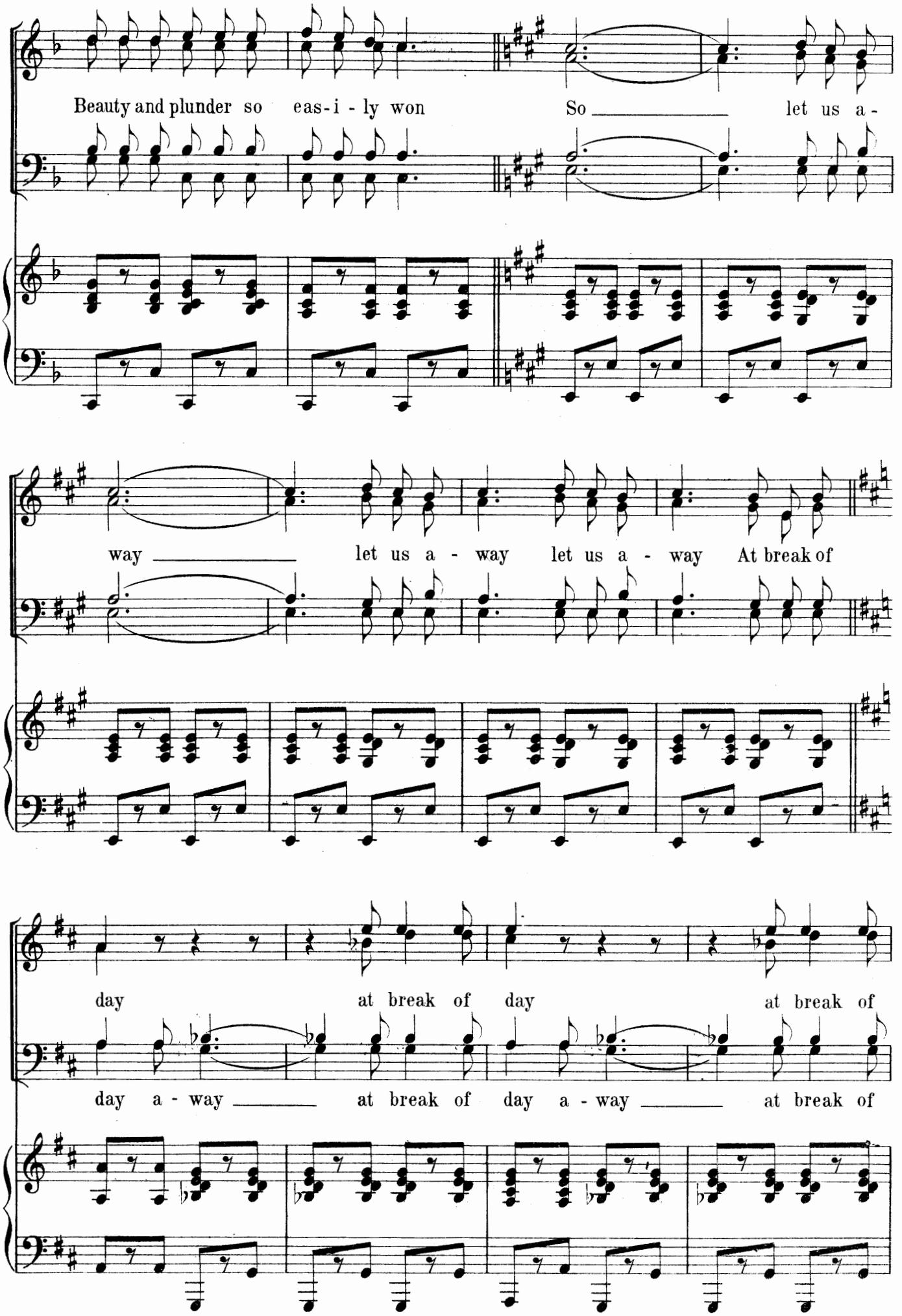
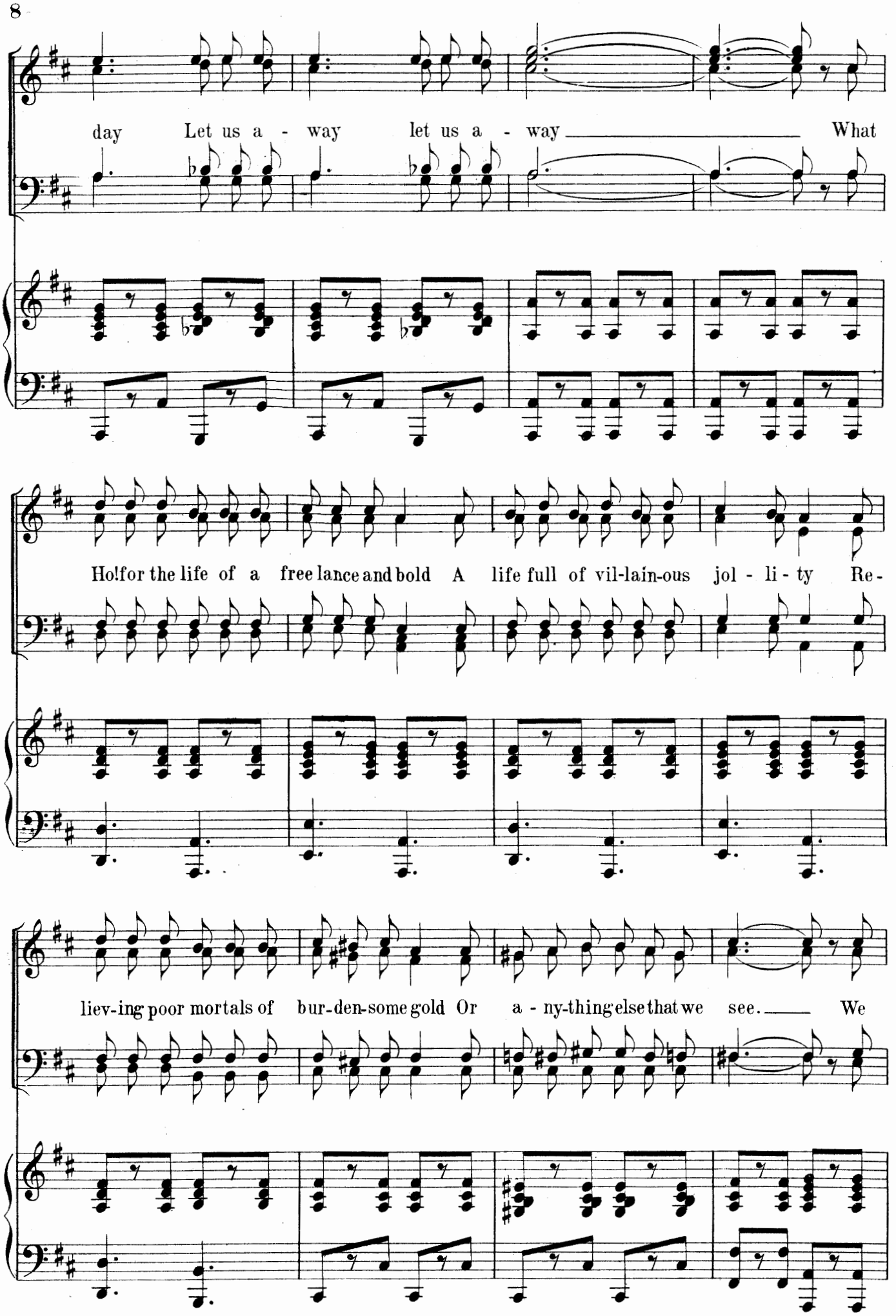
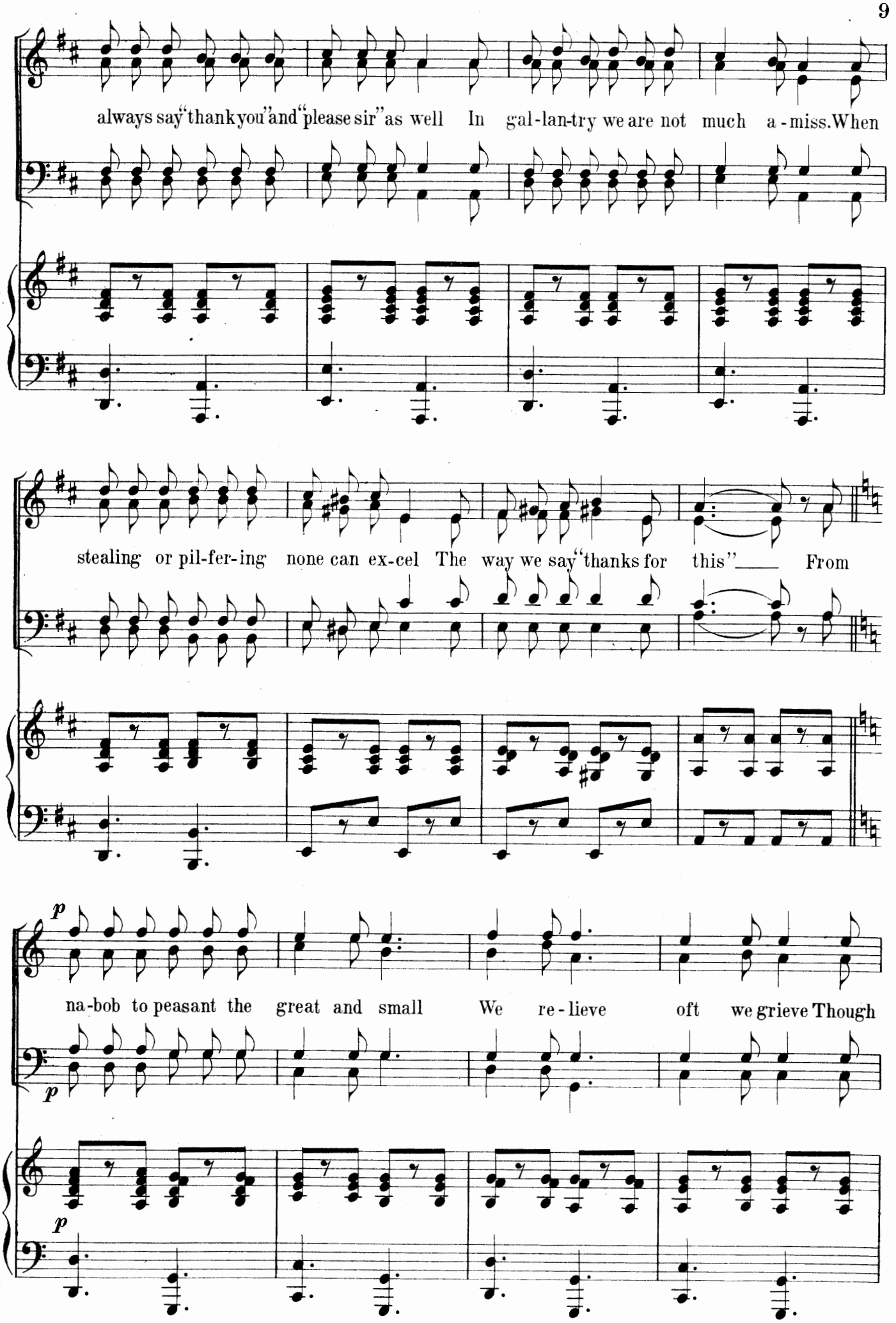

8
8
(2 Cocks crow.)
pp
(Starts soft and slow, increases in time and sound to where Chorus begins.)
f
agitato.

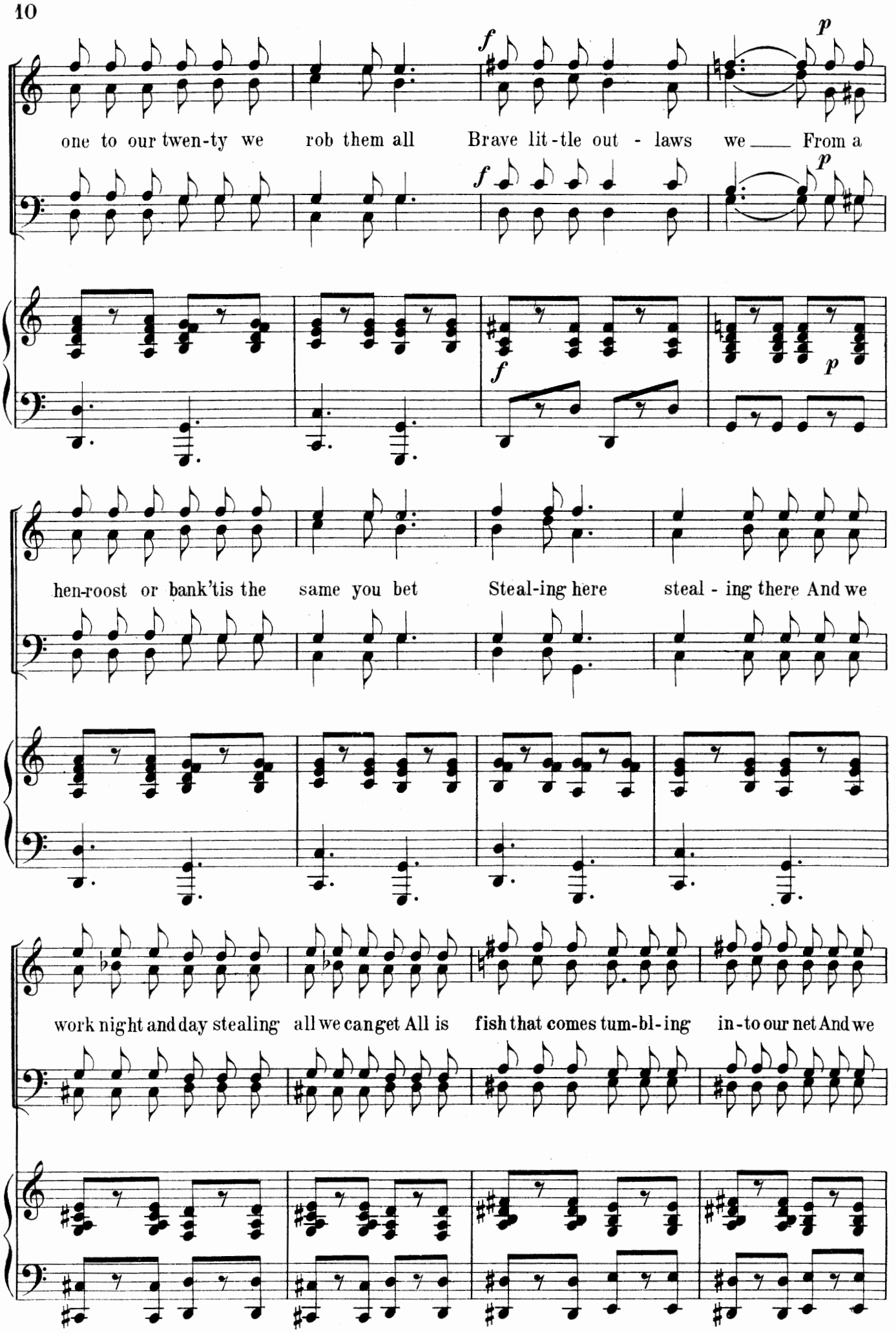

TENORS.
'Tis the dawn
BASSES.
'Tis the dawn
'Tis the
dawn, yes 'tis the dawn, yes 'tis the dawn

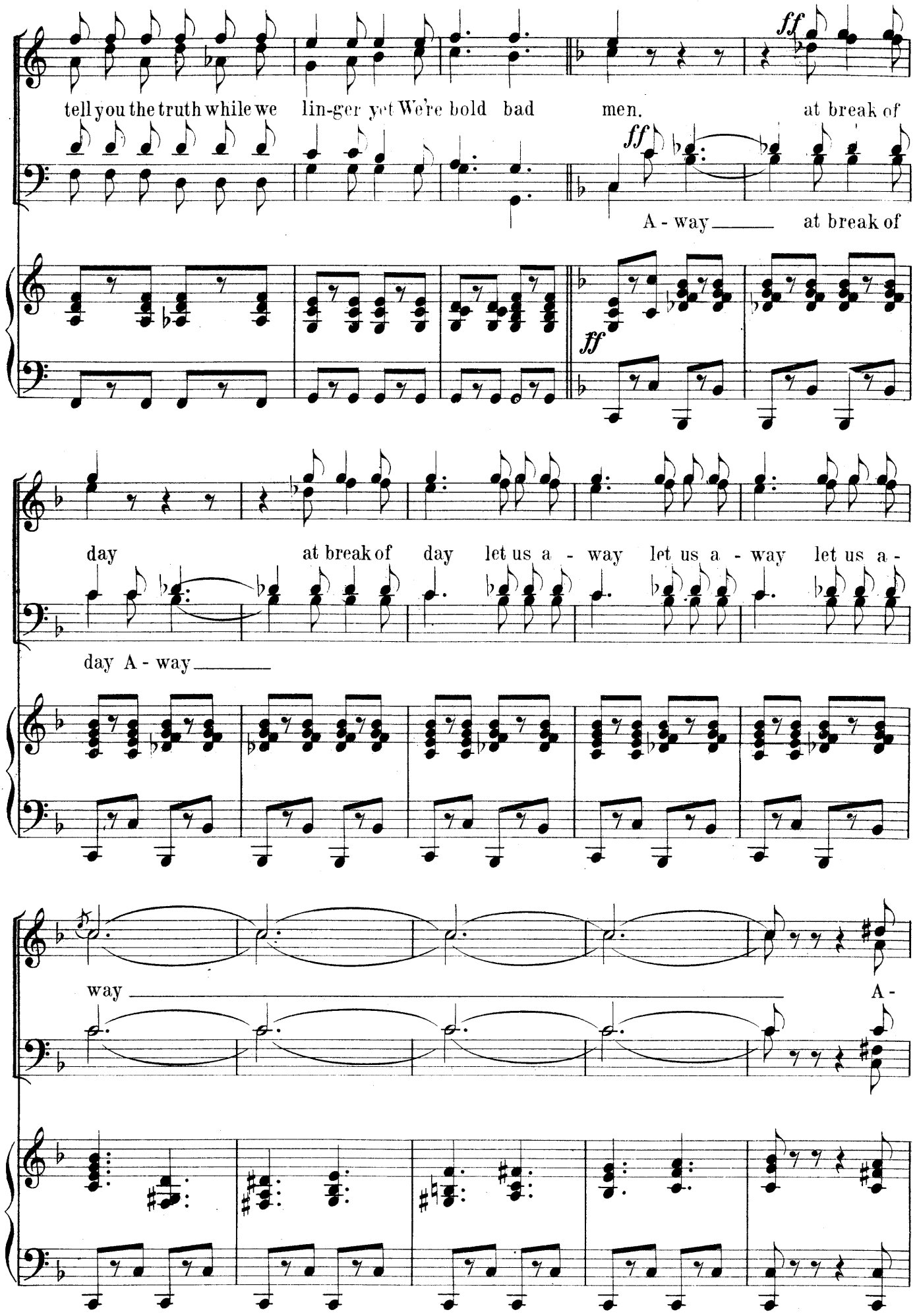

Morning is breaking o'er hill-top and dale,
Morn-ing is breaking o'er hill-top and dale,
Morning is breaking o'er hill-top and dale,
Bright-ly dis-pell-ing the night's sa-ble veil
Brightly dis-pell-ing the night's sa-ble veil,
Bright-ly dis-pell-ing the night's sa-ble veil
Chan-ti-cleer tell-ing of work to be done
We must be up and do - ing

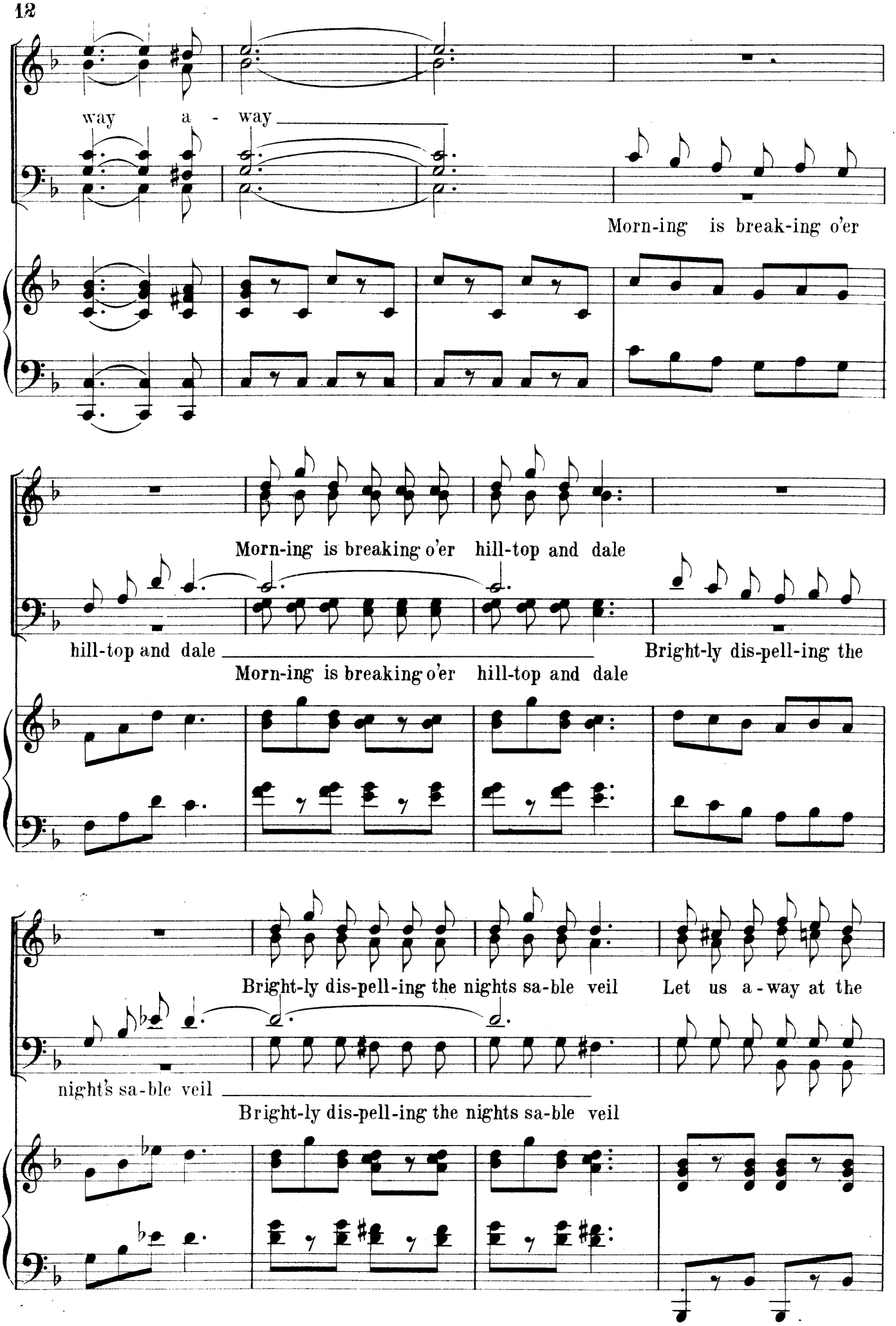

Beauty and plunder so eas-i-ly won
So ____ let us a-
way ____ let us a-way let us a-way At break of
day at break of day at break of
day a-way ____ at break of day a-way ____ at break of

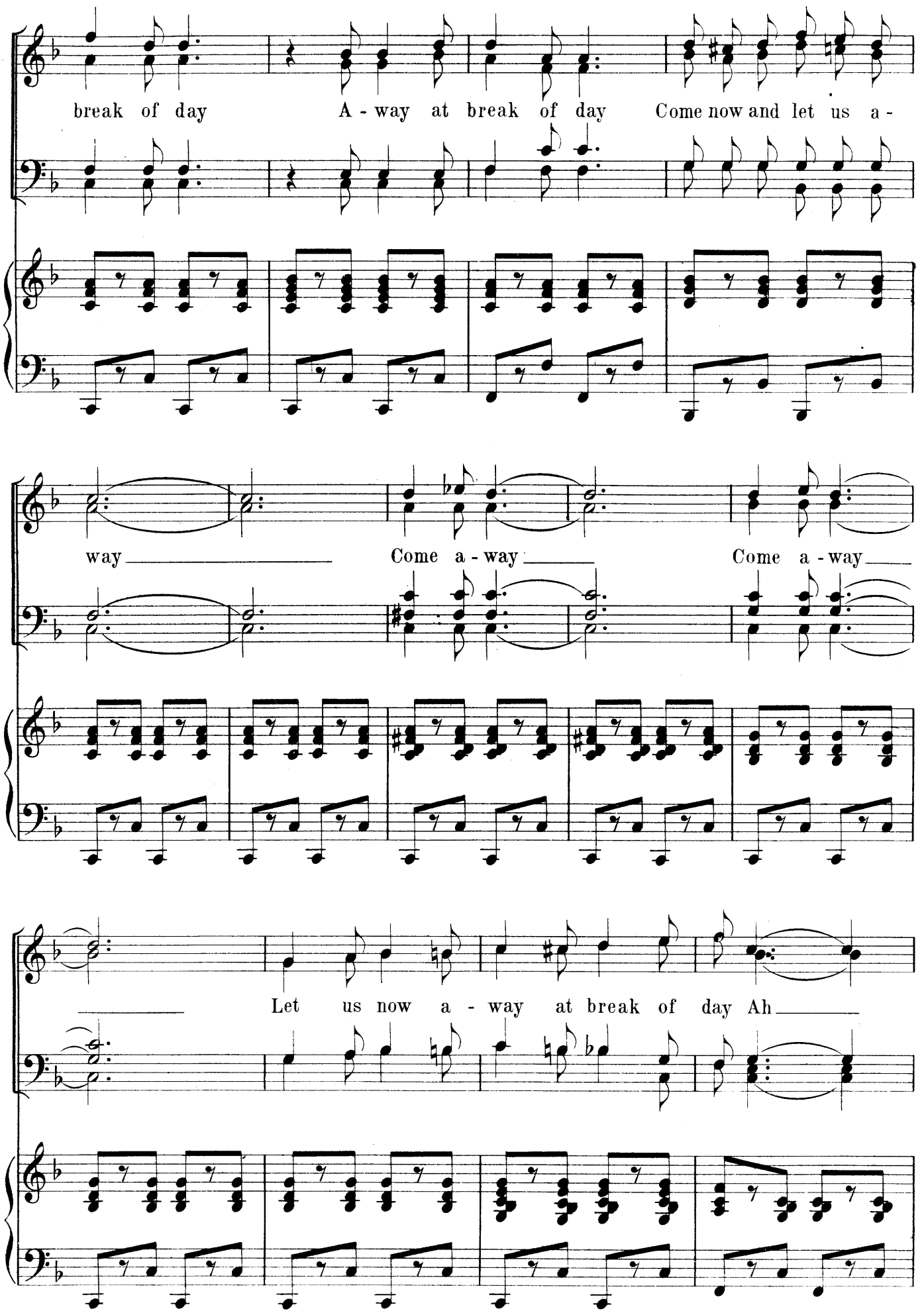

day Let us a - way let us a - way What
Ho! for the life of a free lance and bold A life full of vil-lain-ous jol - li - ty Re-
liev-ing poor mortals of bur-den-some gold Or a - ny-thing else that we see. We

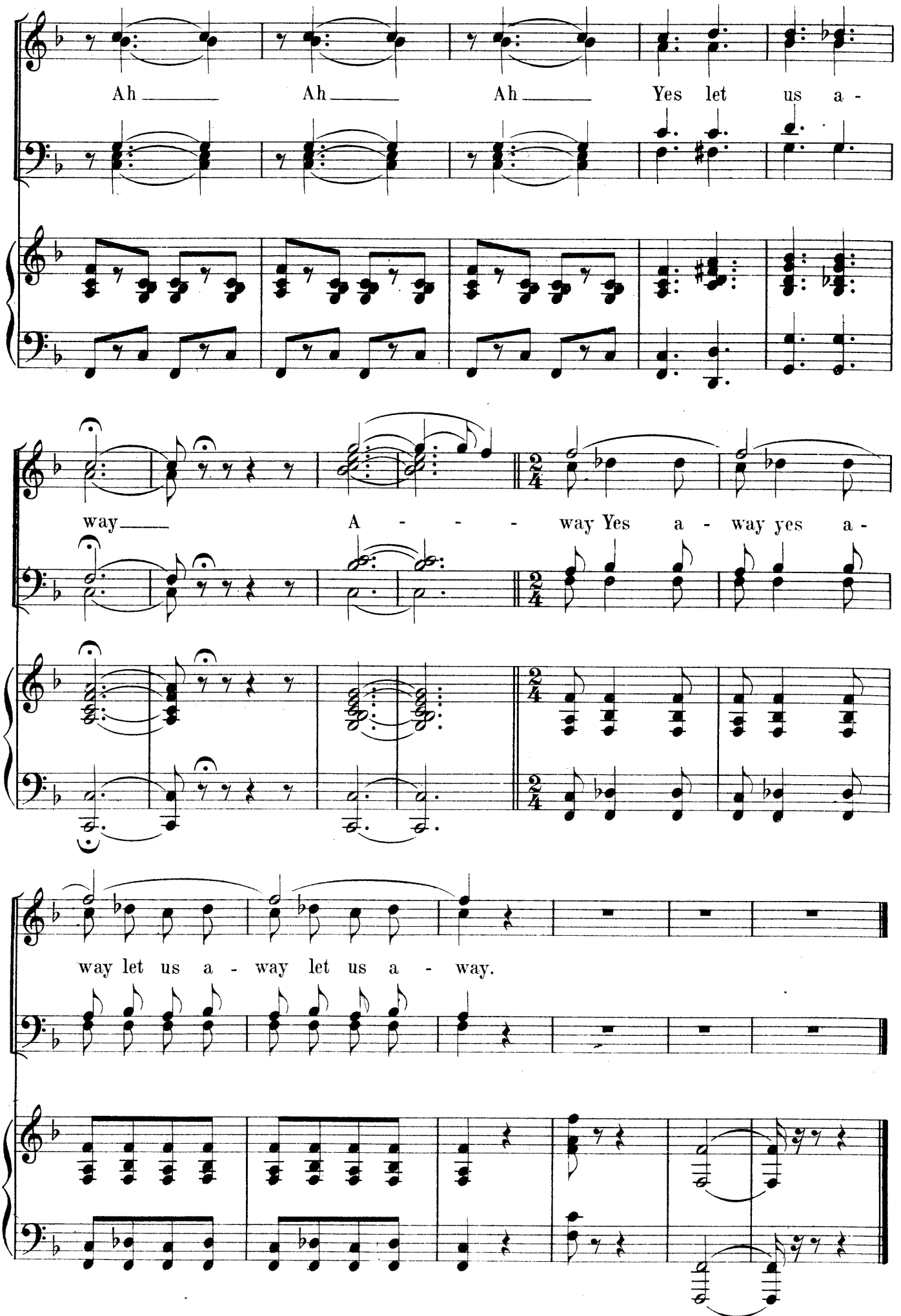

always say "thank you" and "please sir" as well In gal-lan-try we are not much a-miss. When
stealing or pil-fer-ing none can ex-cel The way we say "thanks for this" ___ From
p
na-bob to peasant the great and small We re-lieve oft we grieve Though
p
p


one to our twen-ty we rob them all Brave lit-tle out - laws we From a
hen-roost or bank'tis the same you bet Steal-ing here steal - ing there And we
work night and day stealing all we can get All is fish that comes tum-bl-ing in-to our net And we


tell you the truth while we lin-ger yet We're bold bad men. at break of
ff
A - way at break of
day at break of day let us a - way let us a - way let us a -
day A - way
way A -


way a - way
Morn-ing is break-ing o'er
Morn-ing is breaking o'er hill-top and dale
hill-top and dale
Morn-ing is breaking o'er hill-top and dale
Bright-ly dis-pell-ing the
Bright-ly dis-pell-ing the nights sa-ble veil
Let us a-way at the
night's sa-ble veil
Bright-ly dis-pell-ing the nights sa-ble veil

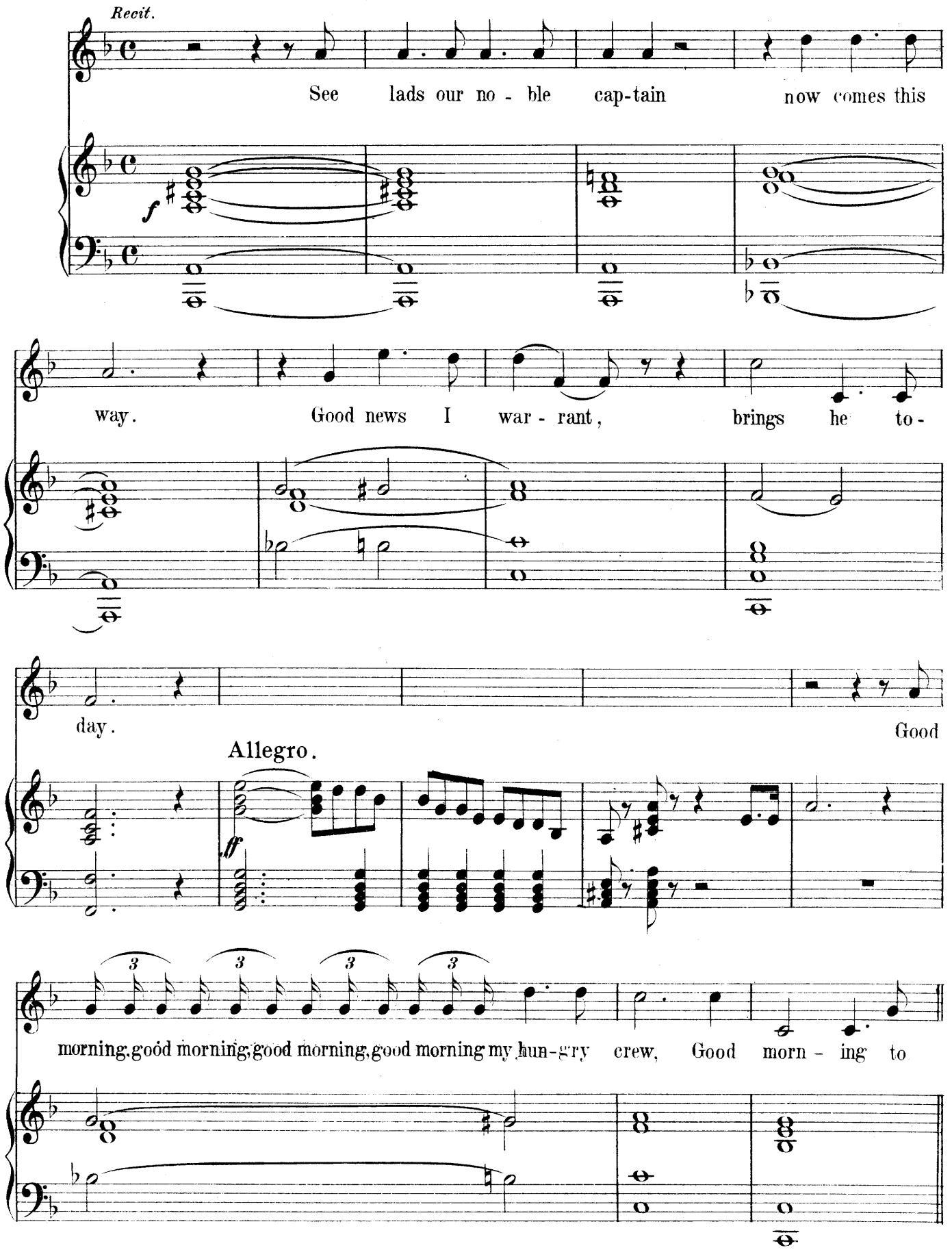

break of day A - way at break of day Come now and let us a -
way Come a - way Come a - way
Let us now a - way at break of day Ah


Ah Ah Ah Yes let us a -
way A - - - way Yes a - way yes a -
way let us a - way let us a - way.

A CAPTAIN BOLD.

(*CAPTAIN and THIEVES.*)

No. 2.



Allegro. Tempo di Marcia.

you. In me be - hold a rob - ber bold with nerve of steel.
To mur - der, rob and burn, I vow 'tis my de - light.

CHORUS.

With
'Tis

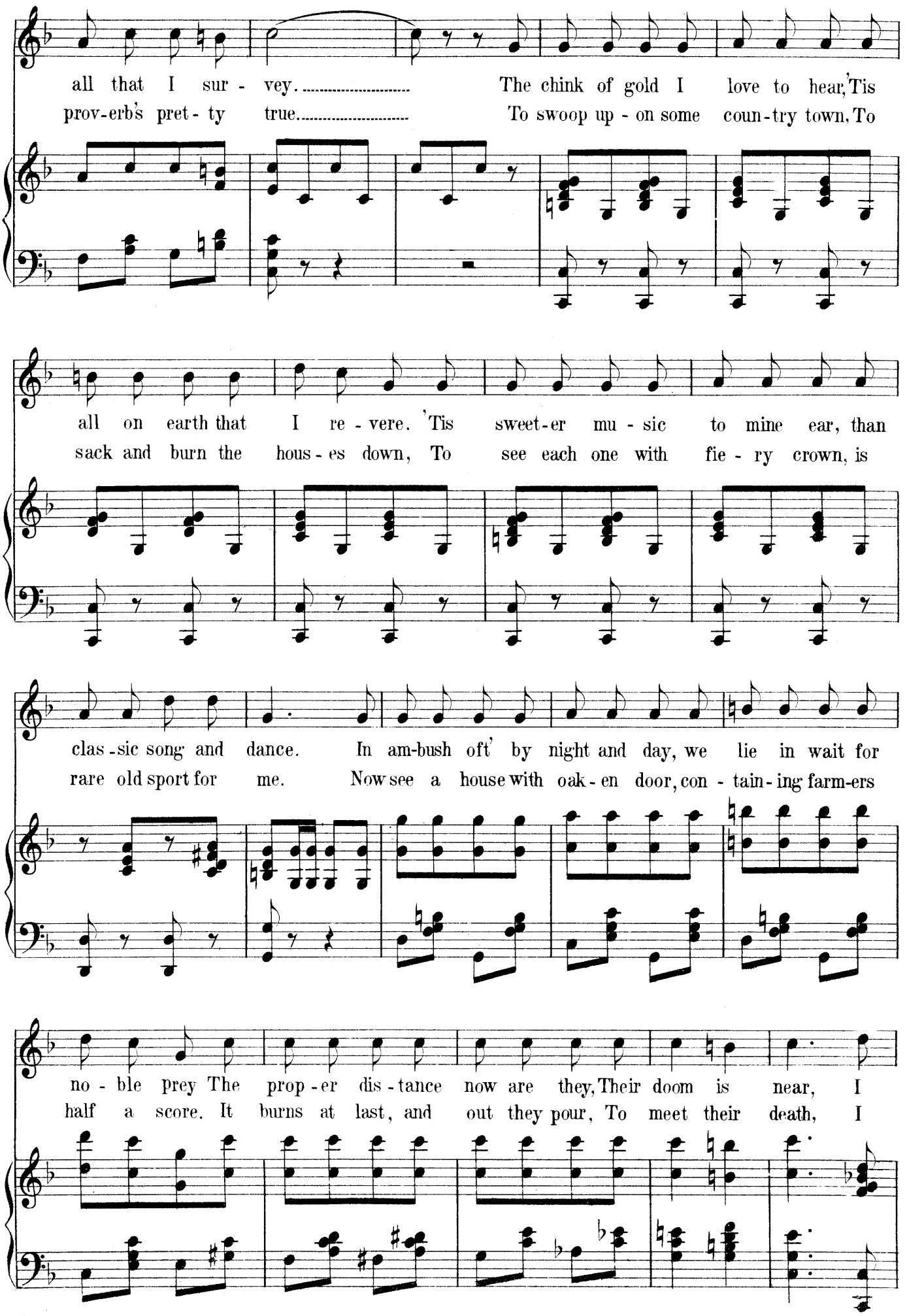
Allegro. Tempo di Marcia.

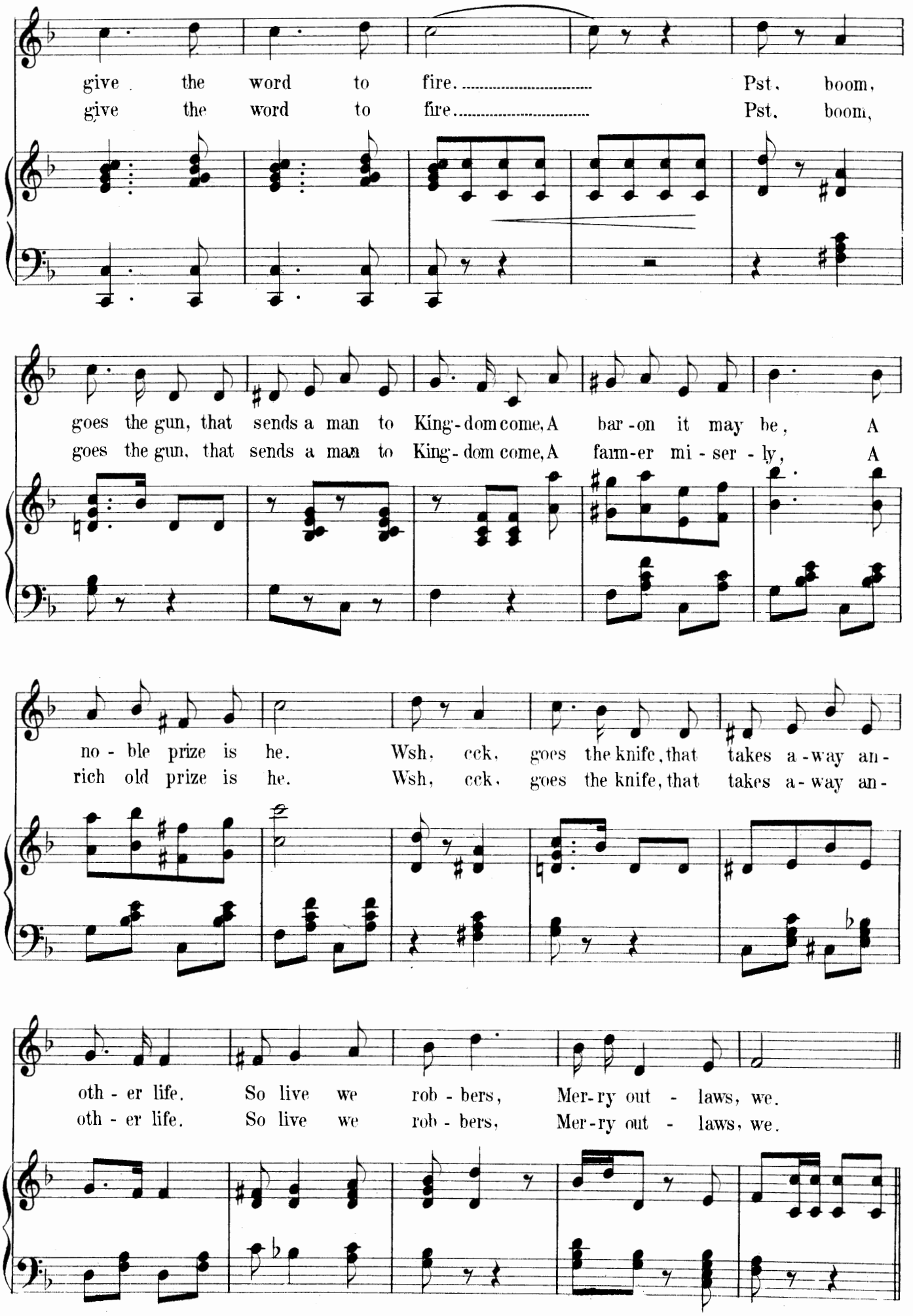
And like my an - cient namesake old, I've nerve to steal. Though
The lit - tle con - science that I have, is wa - ter - tight. The

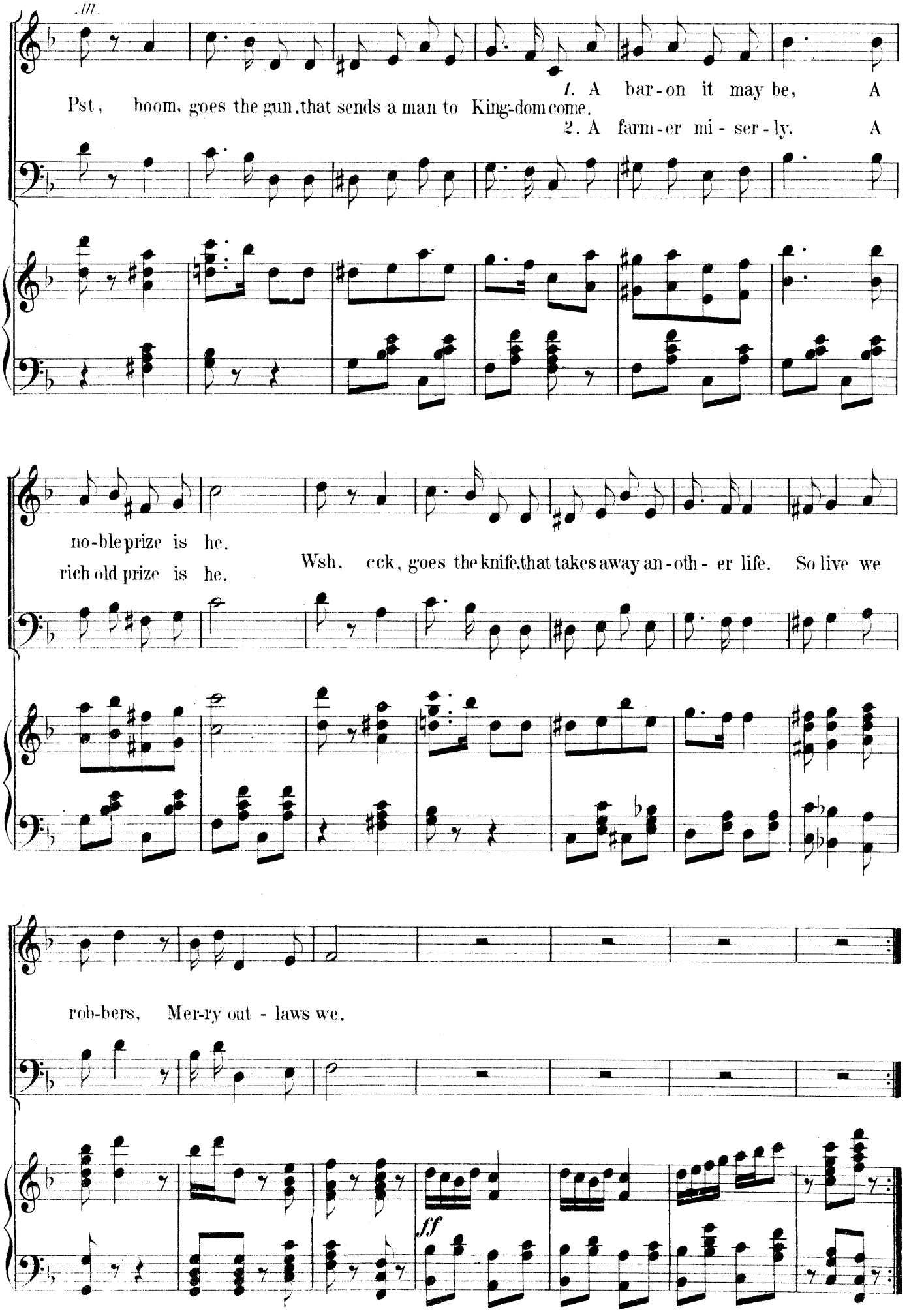
nerve of steel. Has nerve to steal.
his de - light. Is wa - ter - tight.

cap - tain of the mur - drous crew, no fear I feel. Im mon - arch here of
an - cient prov - erb tells us all that might is right. Make no mis - take, that

No fear he feels.
That might is right.

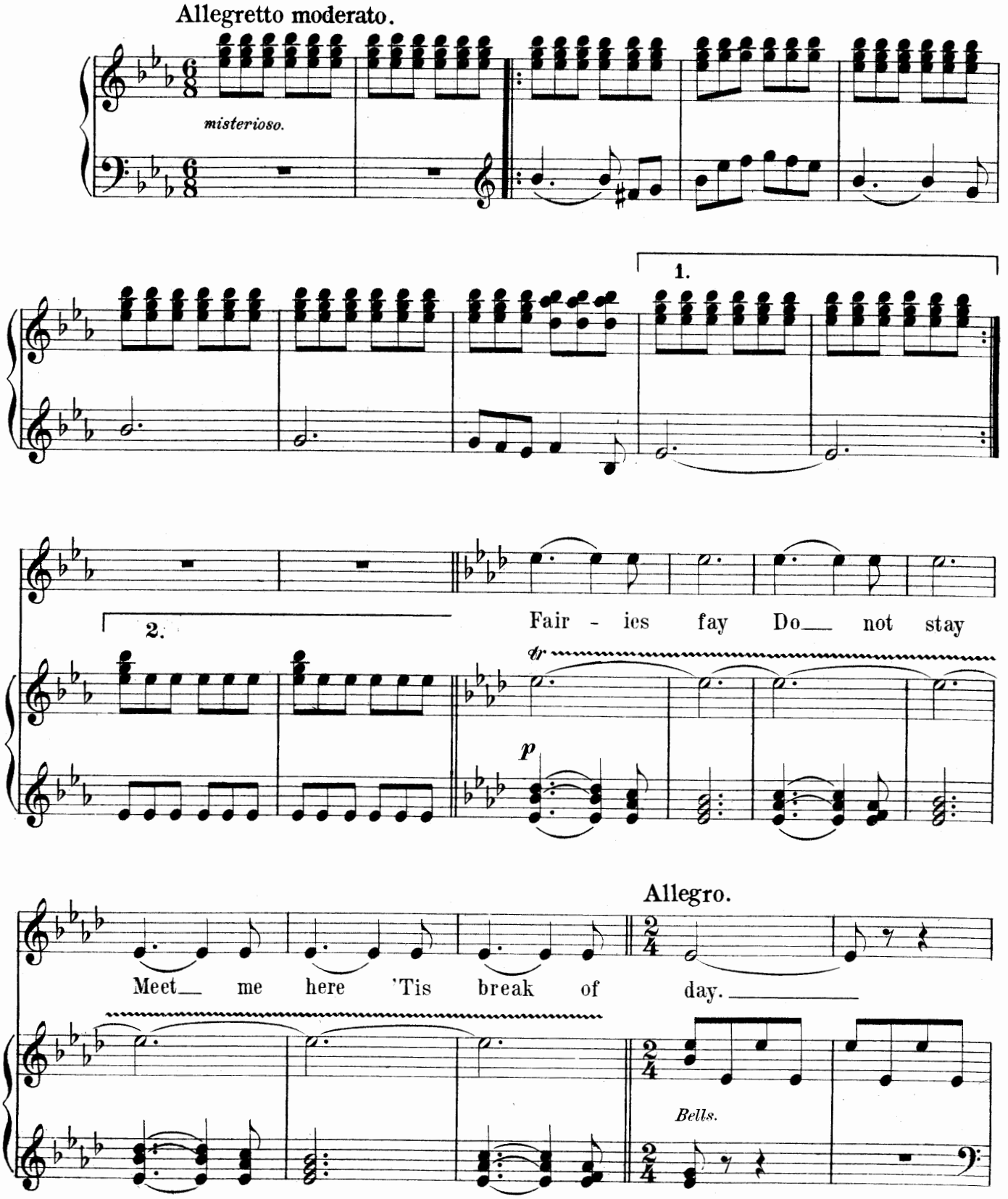

all that I sur - vey. The chink of gold I love to hear, 'Tis
prov-erb's pret - ty true. To swoop up - on some coun-try town, To
all on earth that I re - vere. 'Tis sweet-er mu - sic to mine ear, than
sack and burn the hous - es down, To see each one with fie - ry crown, is
clas - sic song and dance. In am-bush oft' by night and day, we lie in wait for
rare old sport for me. Now see a house with oak - en door, con - tain - ing farm-ers
no - ble prey The prop - er dis - tance now are they, Their doom is near, I
half a score. It burns at last, and out they pour, To meet their death, I


give the word to fire. Pst, boom,
give the word to fire. Pst, boom,
goes the gun, that sends a man to King-dom come, A bar-on it may be, A
goes the gun, that sends a man to King-dom come, A farm-er mi-ser-ly, A
no-ble prize is he. Wsh, cck, goes the knife, that takes a-way an-
rich old prize is he. Wsh, cck, goes the knife, that takes a-way an-
oth-er life. So live we rob-bers, Mer-ry out-laws, we.
oth-er life. So live we rob-bers, Mer-ry out-laws, we.

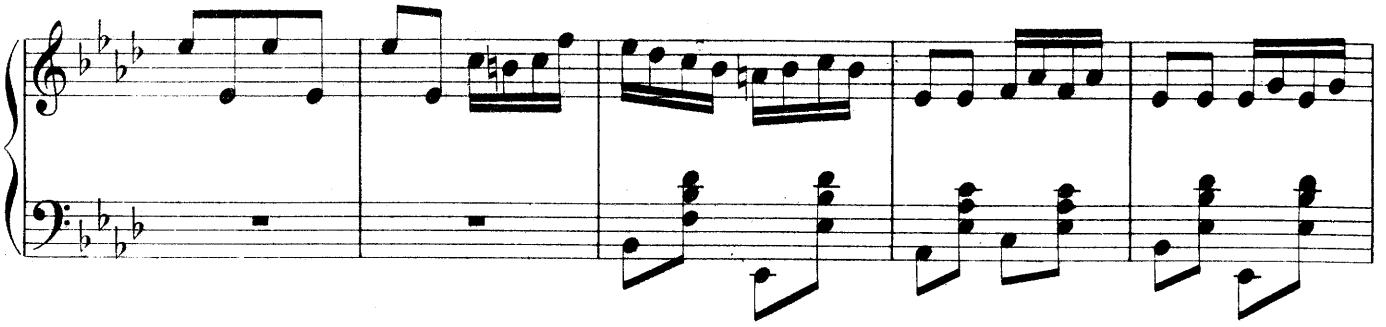

Pst, boom, goes the gun, that sends a man to King-dom come.
1. A bar-on it may be, A
2. A farm-er mi-ser-ly, A
no-ble prize is he.
rich old prize is he.
Wsh, eck, goes the knife, that takes away an-oth-er life. So live we
rob-bers, Mer-ry out-laws we.
ff

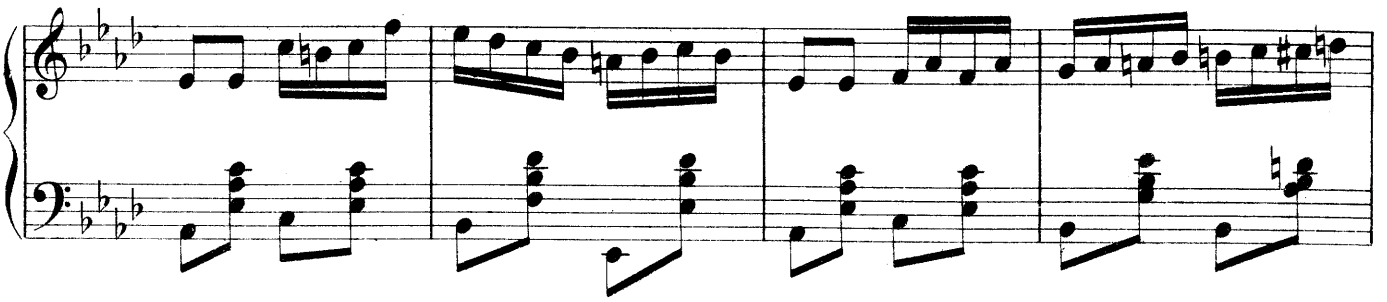
THE COMING OF THE FAIRIES.

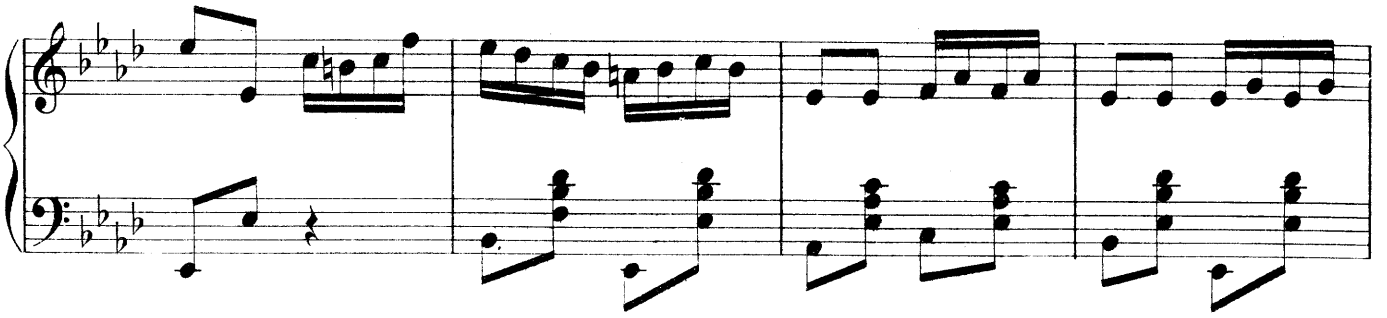
No.3.

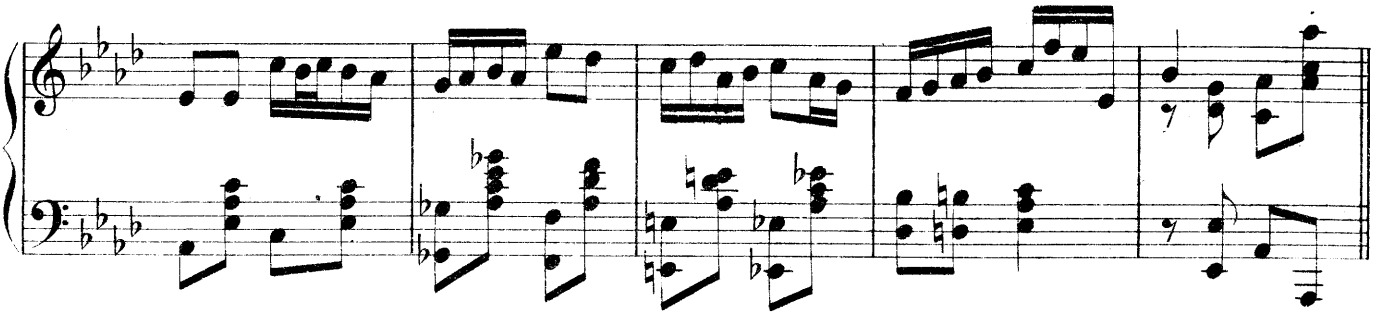


Spoken.
("Young ladies!")

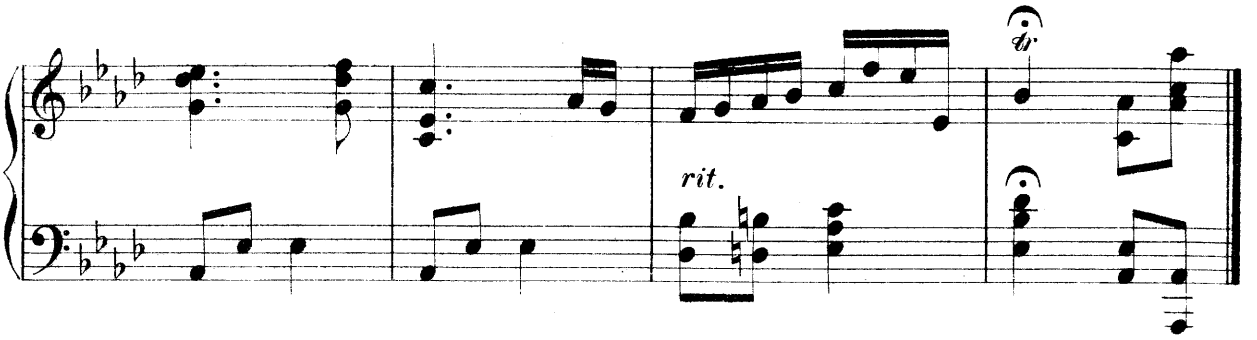








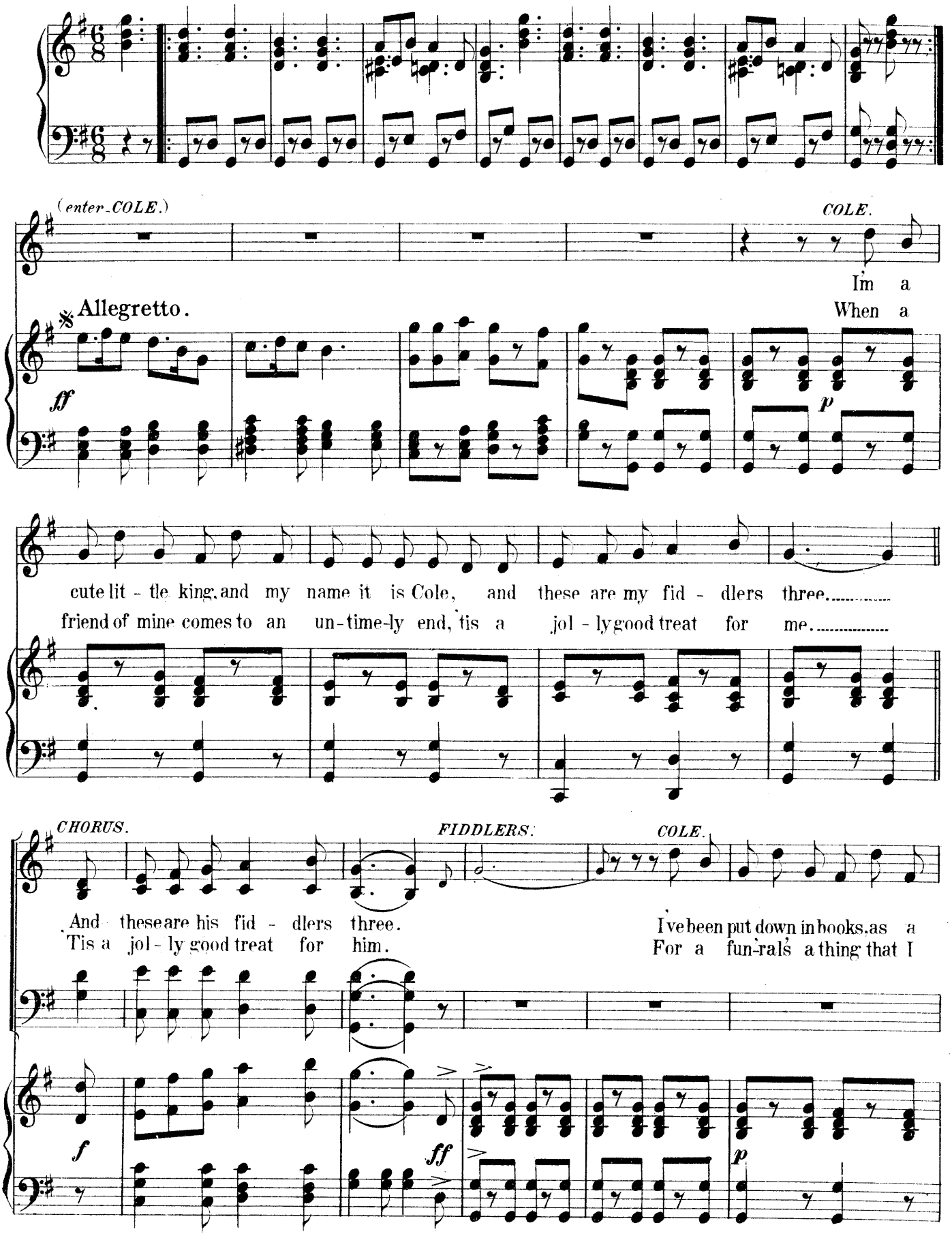
Coda.



No. 4.

ENTRANCE OF KING COLE.

Tempo di Marcia.



CHORUS.

mer-ry old soul, but that's all a joke you see. ..... But that's all a joke you
high-ly commend and I chuck-le with ghoul-ish glee..... He chuck-les with ghoul-ish

f

FIDDLERS. *COLE.*

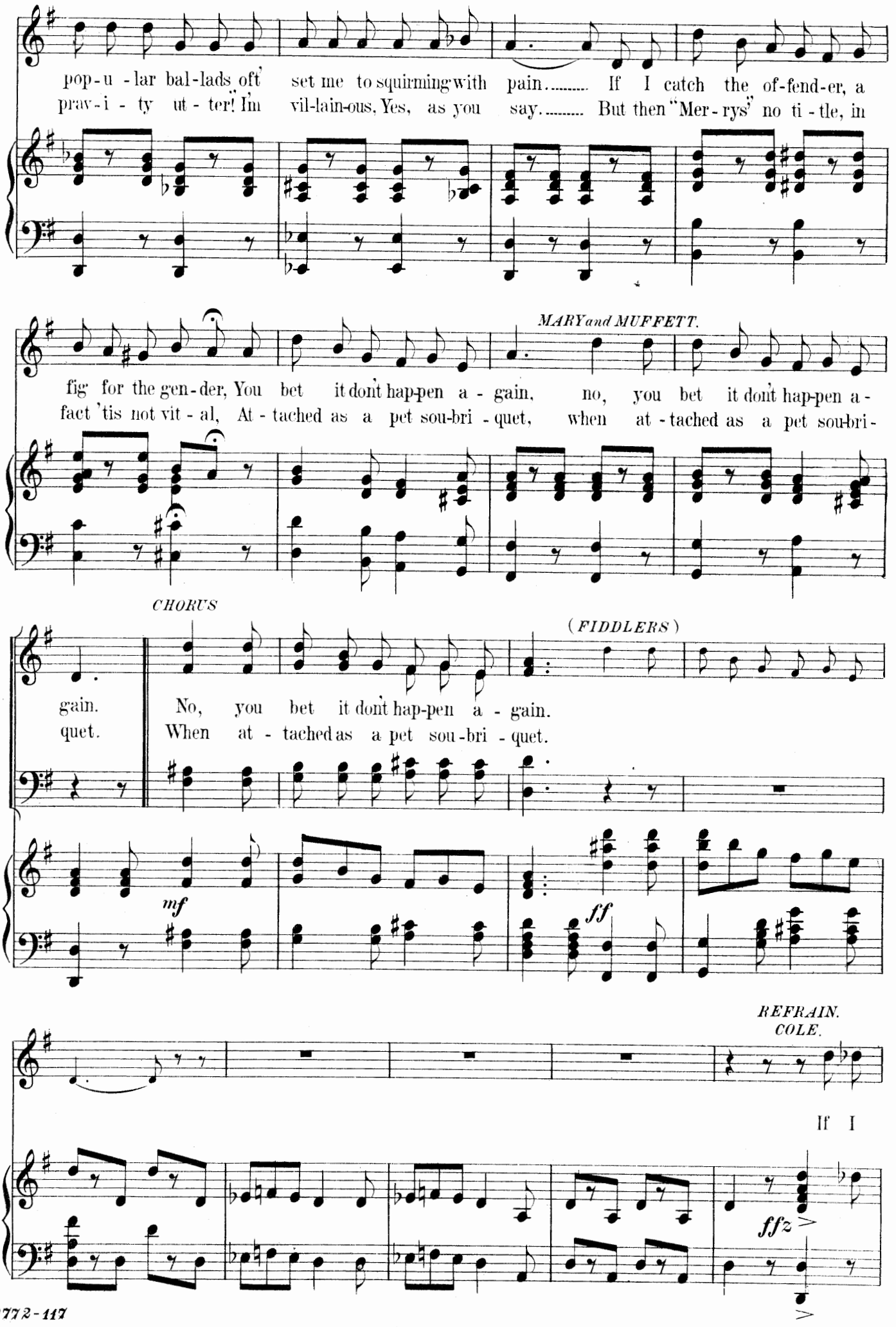
see.....
glee.....

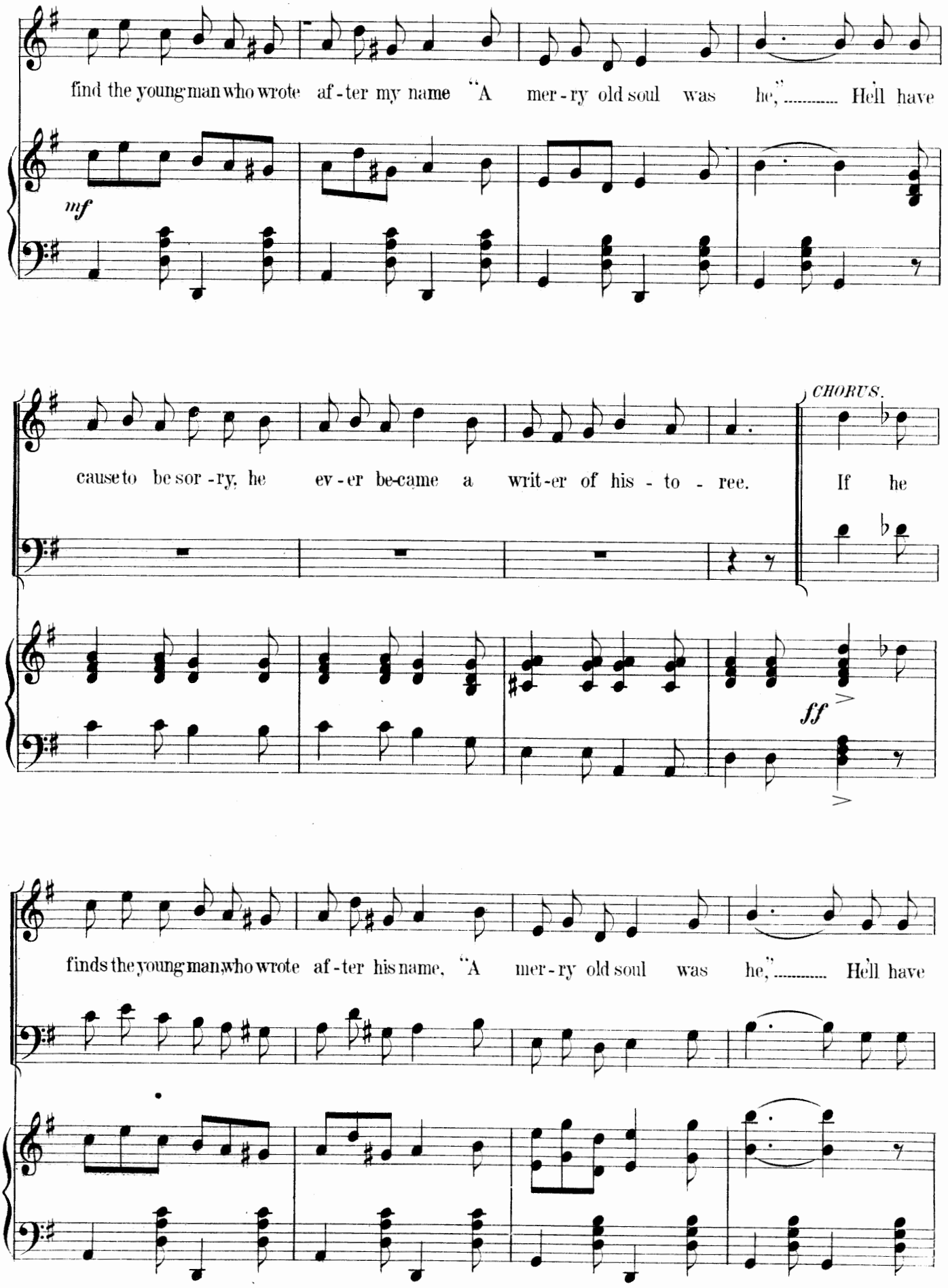
For I'm mor-bid-ly rab-id, I'm
For I'm craf-ty and cun-ning, in-

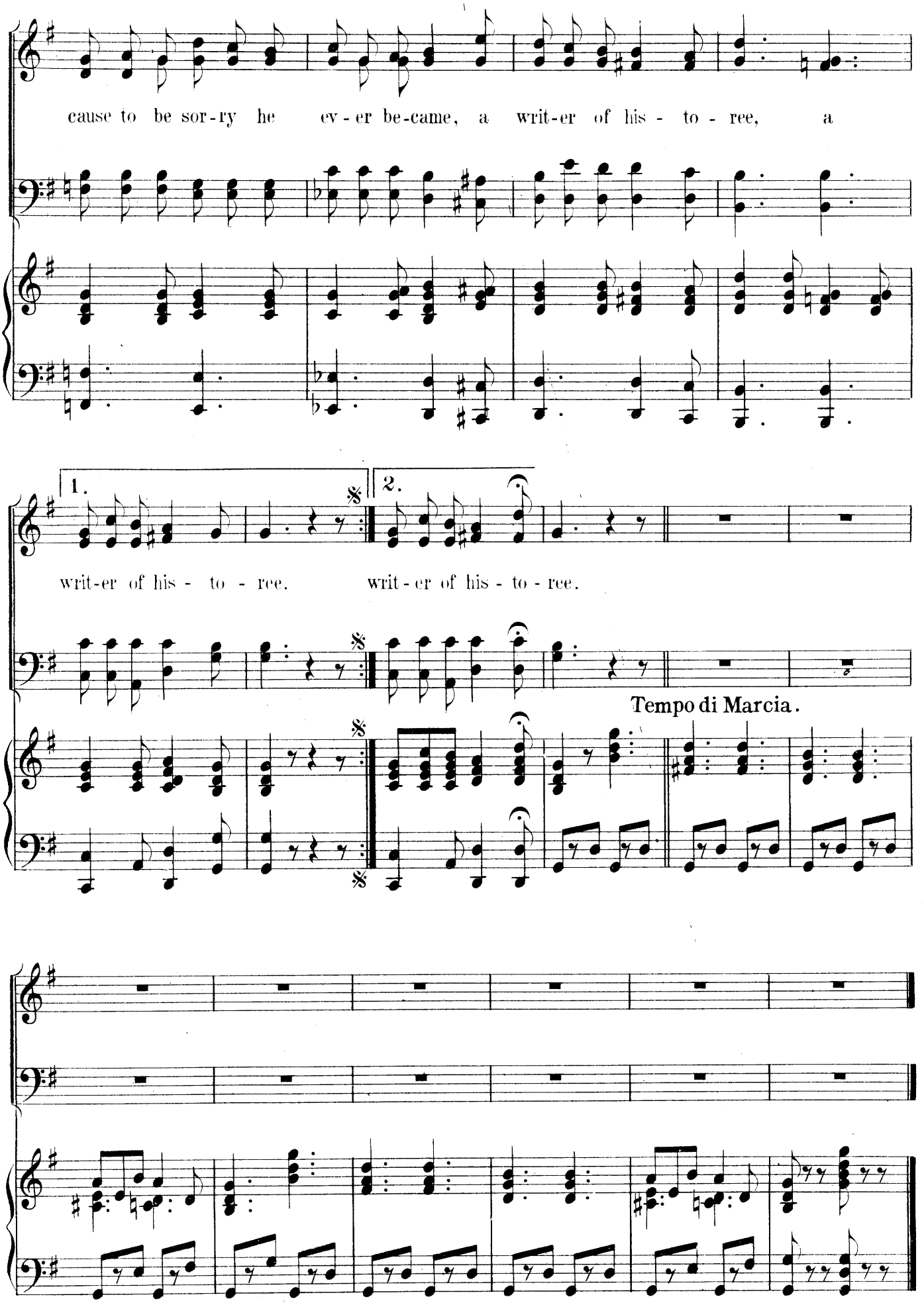
ff *mf*

cross grained and crabbed, I'm filled to the muz-zle with bile..... And an-oth-er man's jest is a
ces-sant-ly shunning the haunts of all my fel-low men..... I am bil-ious and gruesome, they

thing I de-test and I've nev-er been known to smile..... All mu-si-cal sal-ads of
say that I do some queer mag-i-cal tricks now and then...(*to audience*) I hear you just mut-ter "Pe-


pop-u-lar bal-lads oft' set me to squirming with pain..... If I catch the of-fend-er, a
prav-i-ty ut-ter! I'm vil-lain-ous, Yes, as you say..... But then "Mer-rys" no ti-tle, in
MARY and MUFFETT.
fig for the gen-der, You bet it don't hap-pen a-gain, no, you bet it don't hap-pen a-
fact 'tis not vit-al, At-tached as a pet sou-bri-quet, when at-tached as a pet sou-bri-
CHORUS
(FIDDLERS)
gain. No, you bet it don't hap-pen a-gain.
quet. When at-tached as a pet sou-bri-quet.
mf
ff
REFRAIN.
COLE.
If I
fffz


find the young man who wrote af - ter my name "A mer - ry old soul was he," ..... He'll have
mf
cause to be sor - ry, he ev - er be-came a writ - er of his - to - ree.
CHORUS.
If he
ff
finds the young man, who wrote af - ter his name, "A mer - ry old soul was he," ..... He'll have


cause to be sor-ry he ev-er be-came, a writ-er of his - to - ree, a
1.
2.
writ-er of his - to - ree.
writ-er of his - to - ree.
Tempo di Marcia.

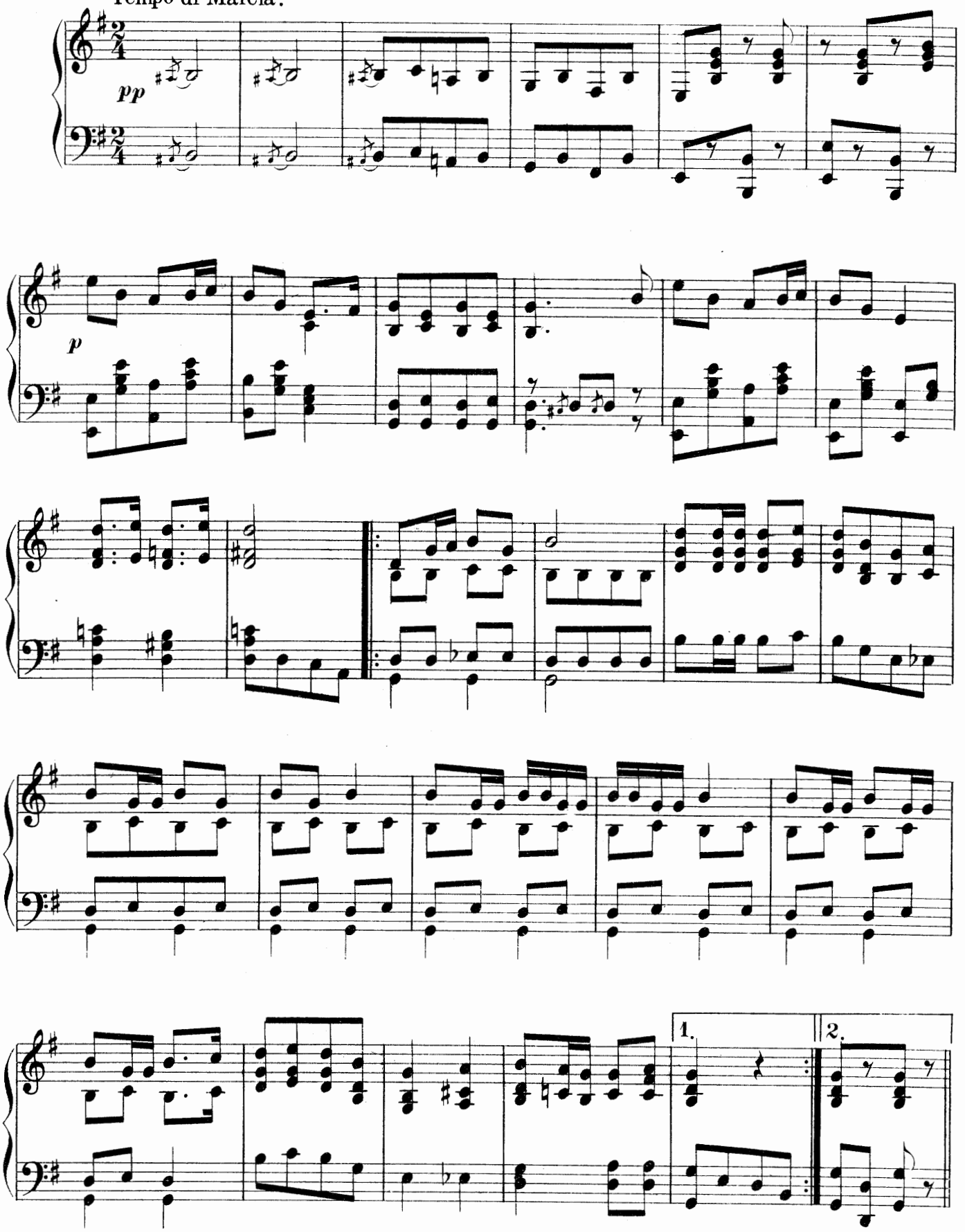
"CUM ALONG WID ME."

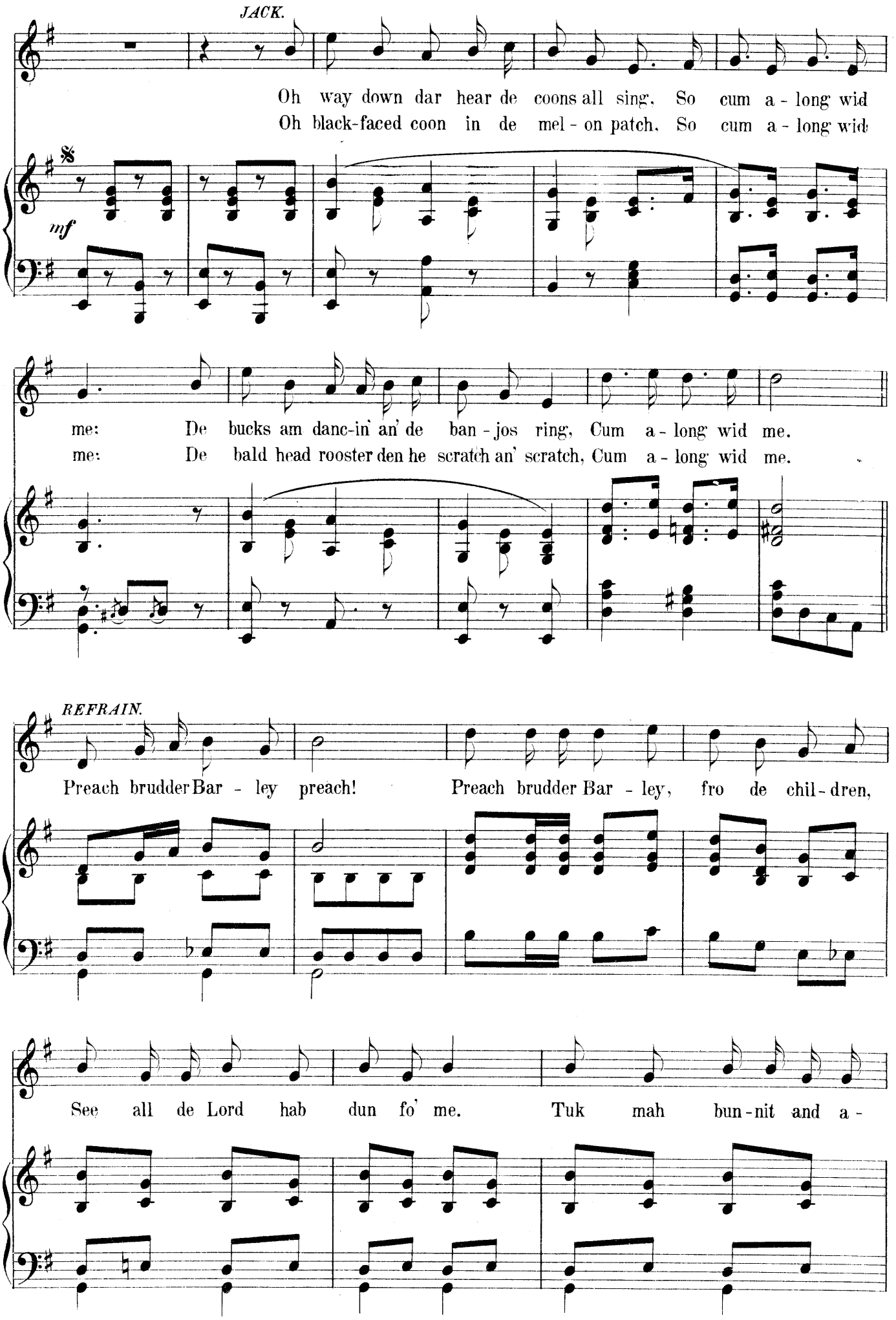
PLANTATION SONG.

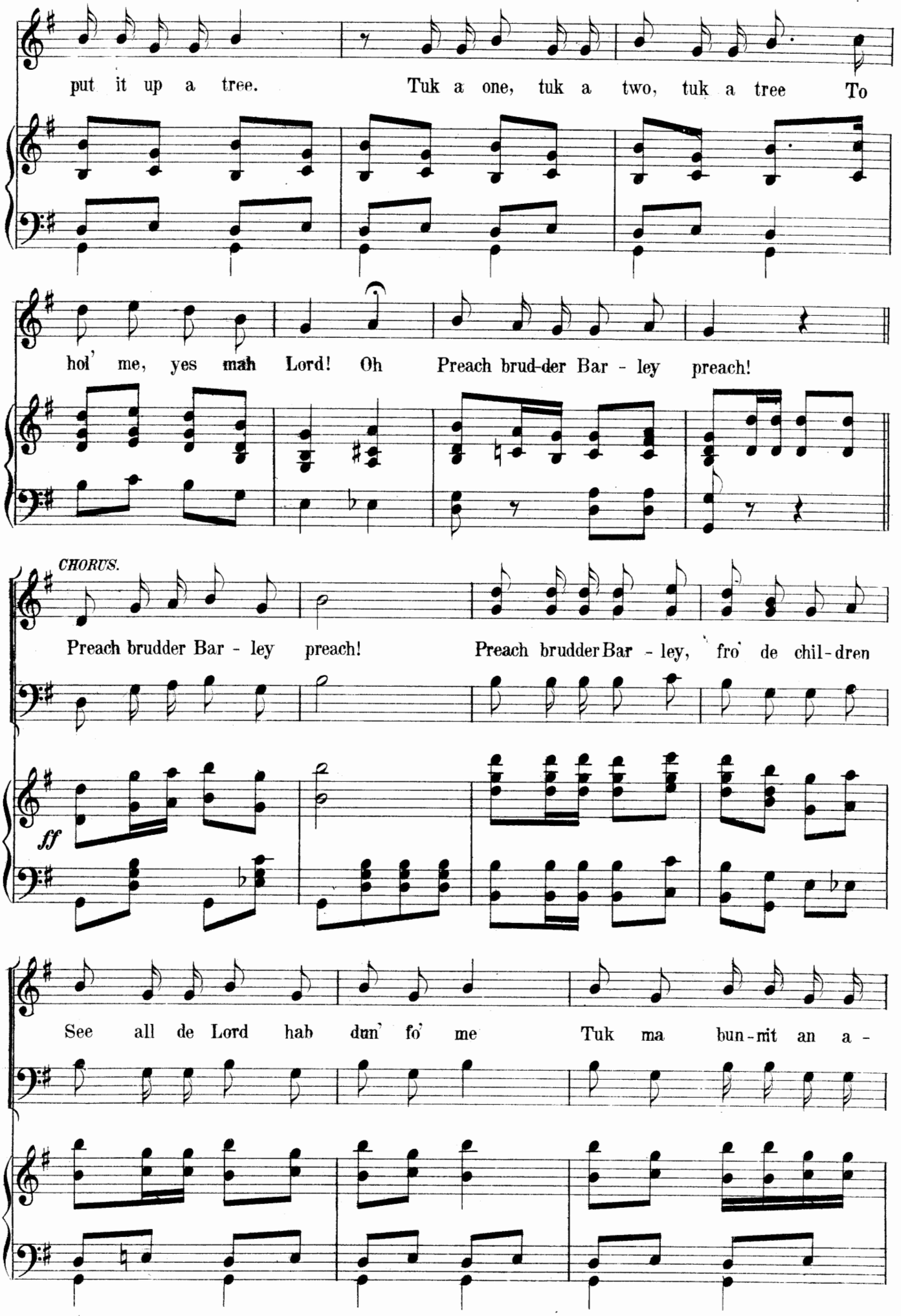
No. 5.

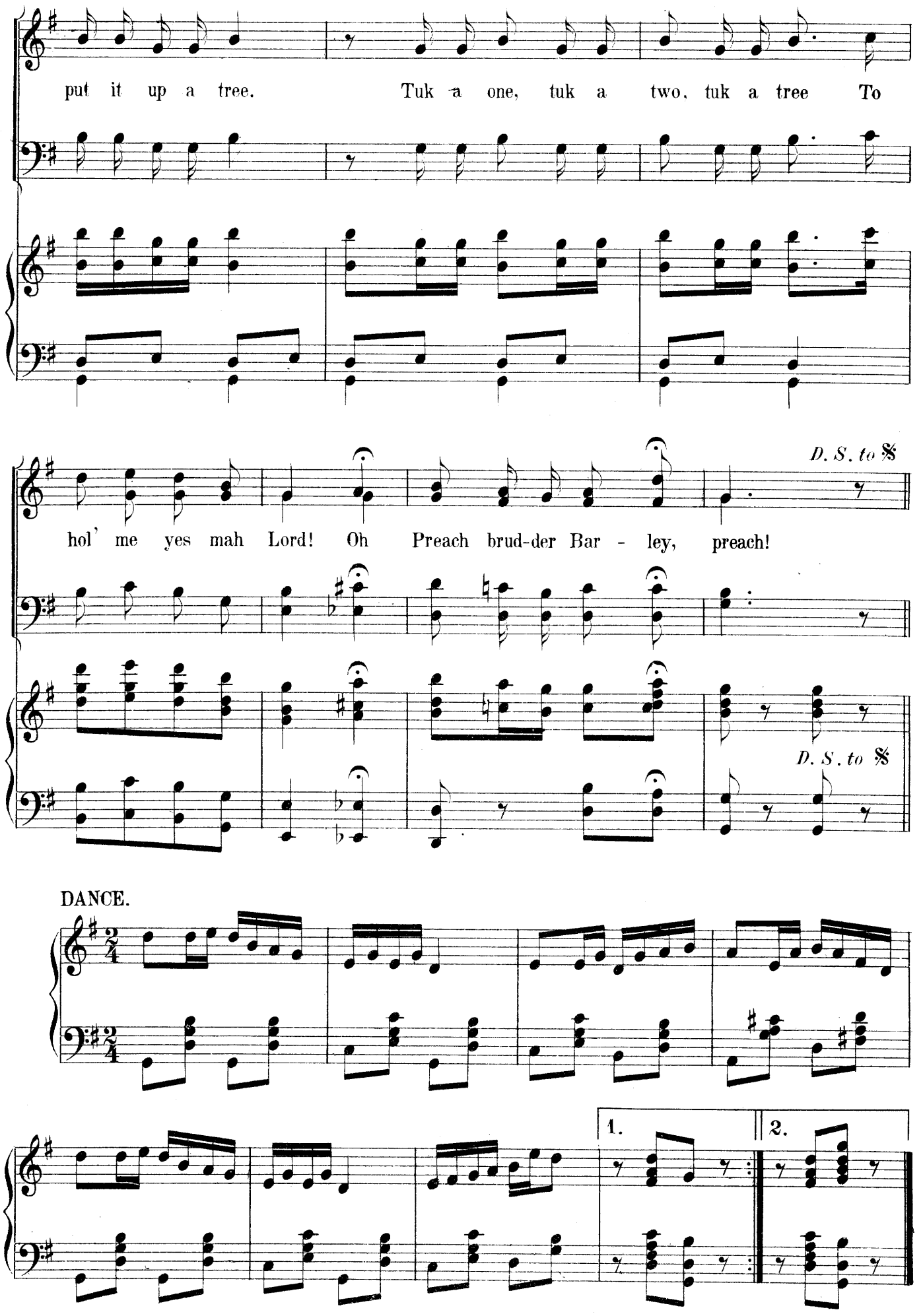
JACK, SINBAD & CHORUS.

Tempo di Marcia.




JACK.
Oh way down dar hear de coons all sing. So cum a - long wid
Oh black-faced coon in de mel - on patch. So cum a - long wid
mf
me: De bucks am danc-in' an' de ban - jos ring, Cum a - long wid me.
me: De bald head rooster den he scratch an' scratch, Cum a - long wid me.
REFRAIN.
Preach brudder Bar - ley preach! Preach brudder Bar - ley, fro de chil - dren,
See all de Lord hab dun fo' me. Tuk mah bun - nit and a -

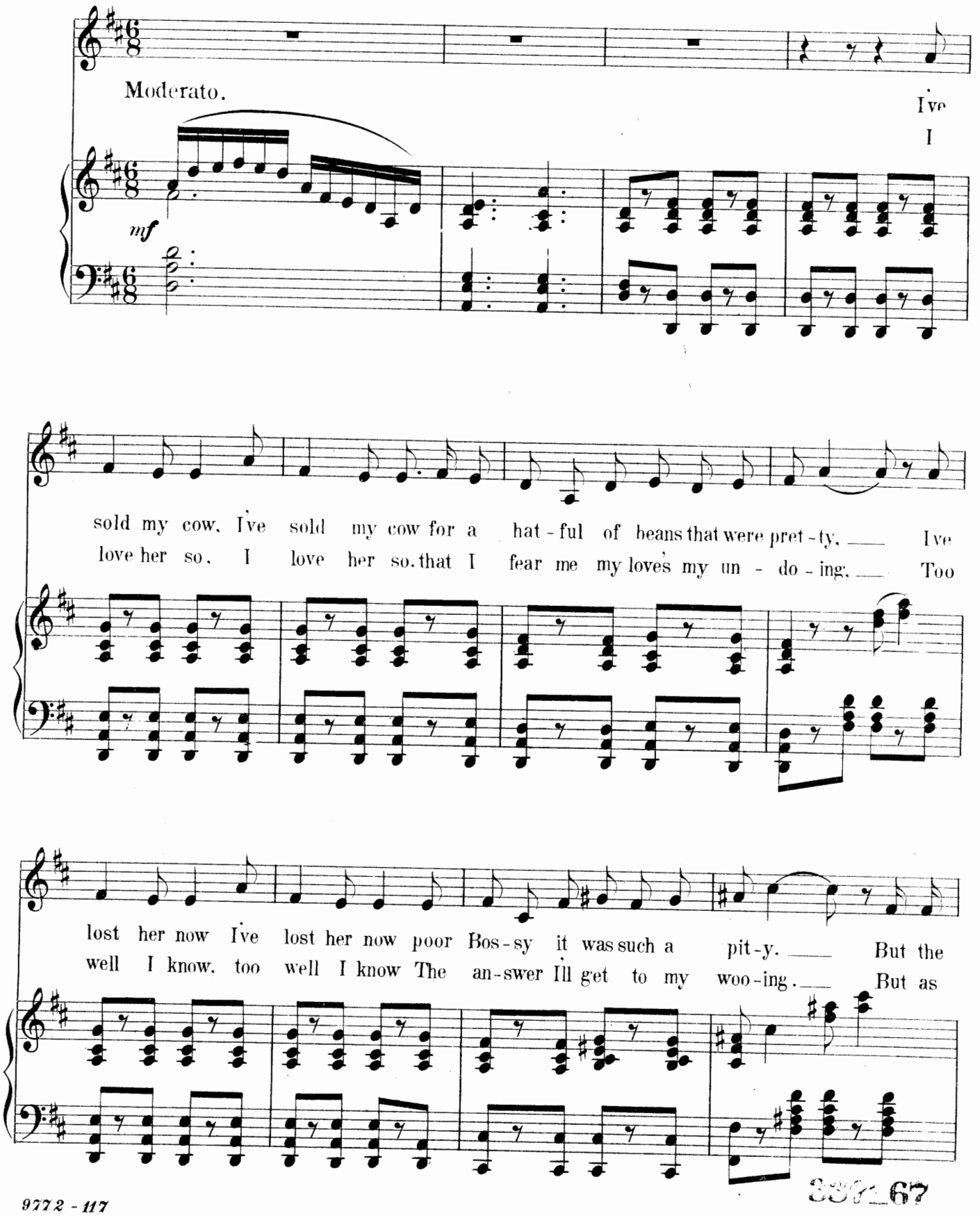

put it up a tree. Tuk a one, tuk a two, tuk a tree To
hol' me, yes mah Lord! Oh Preach brud-der Bar - ley preach!
CHORUS.
Preach brudder Bar - ley preach! Preach brudder Bar - ley, fro' de chil-dren
ff
See all de Lord hab dun' fo' me Tuk ma bun-nit an a -


put it up a tree. Tuk a one, tuk a two, tuk a tree To
hol' me yes mah Lord! Oh Preach brud-der Bar - ley, preach!
D. S. to 𝄋
D. S. to 𝄋
DANCE.
1.
2.

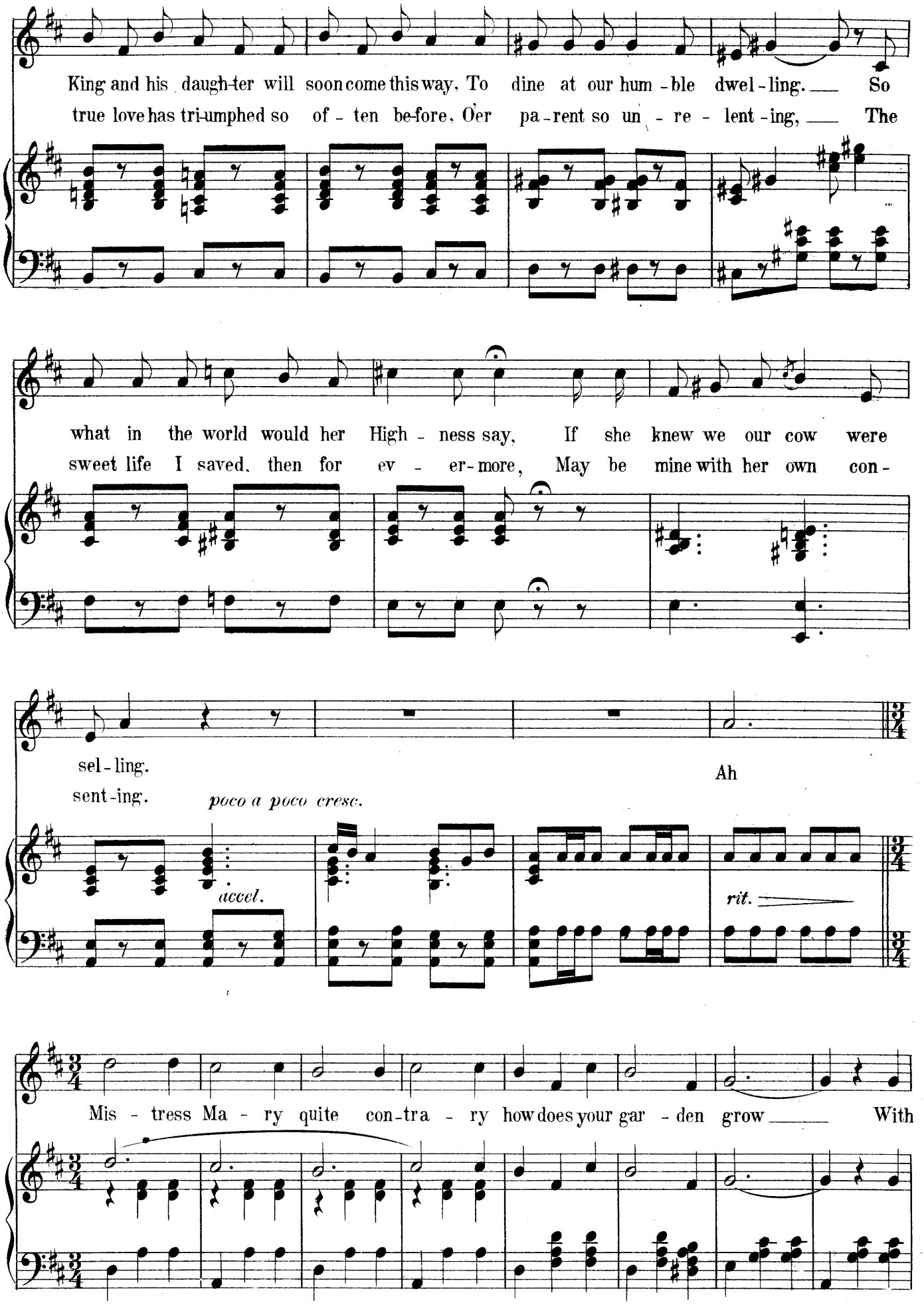
I'VE SOLD MY COW.

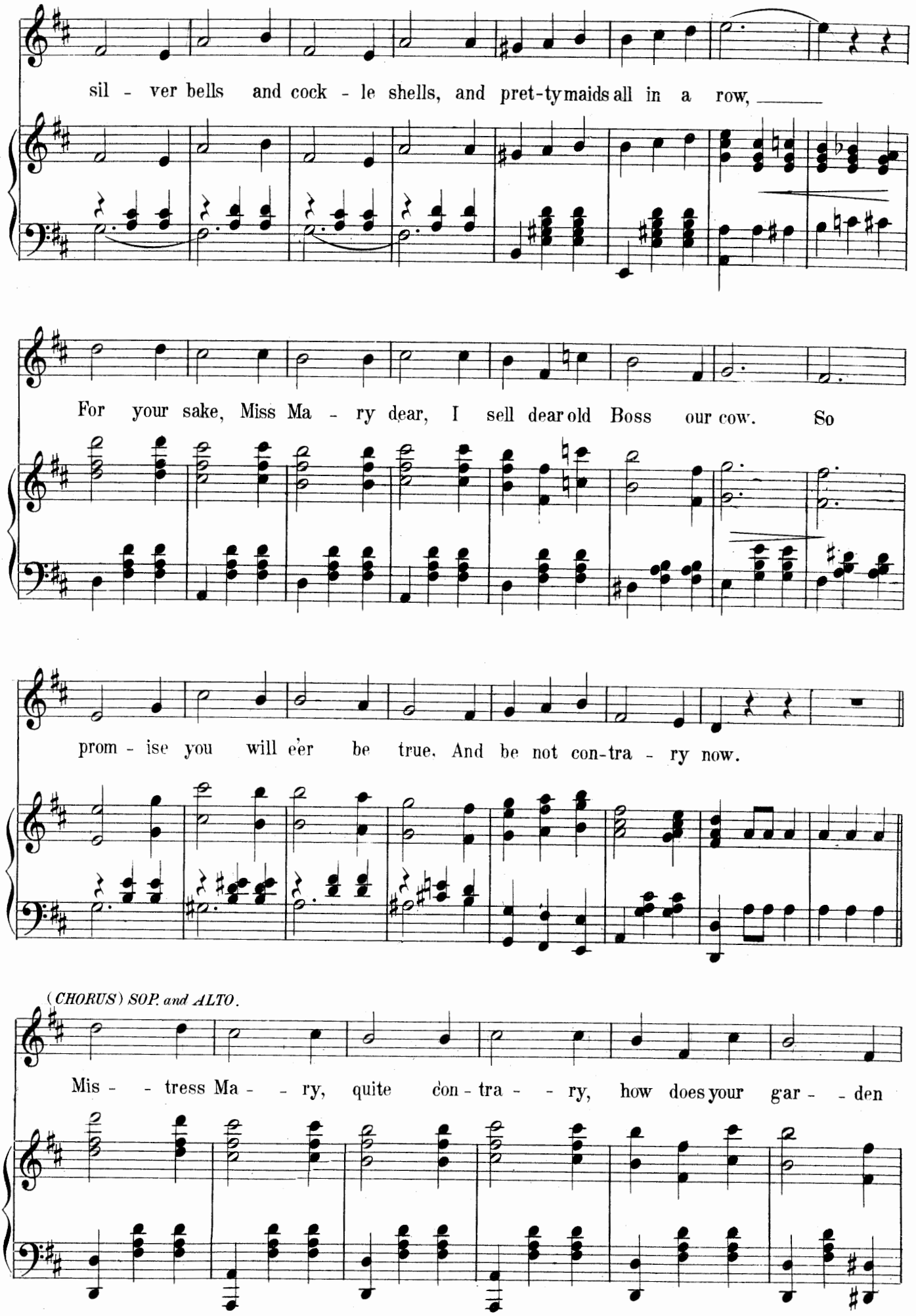
(JACK and CHORUS.)

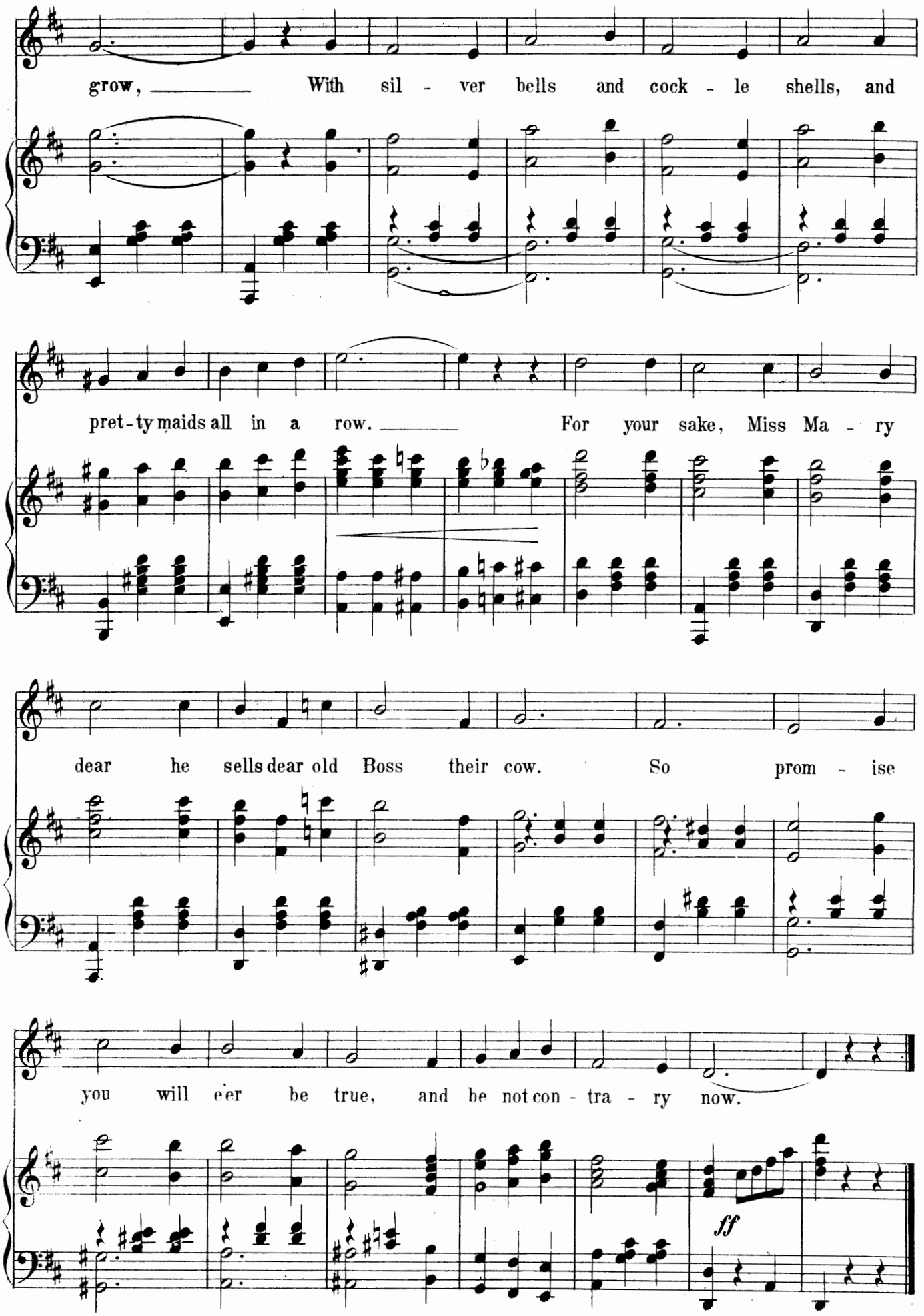
No.6.



3381-67


King and his daugh-ter will soon come this way, To dine at our hum-ble dwel-ling. So
true love has tri-umphed so of-ten be-fore, O'er pa-rent so un-re-lent-ing, The
what in the world would her High-ness say, If she knew we our cow were
sweet life I saved, then for ev-er-more, May be mine with her own con-
sel-ling.
sent-ing.
poco a poco cresc.
accel.
Ah
rit.
Mis-tress Ma-ry quite con-tra-ry how does your gar-den grow With


sil - ver bells and cock - le shells, and pret-ty maids all in a row,
For your sake, Miss Ma - ry dear, I sell dear old Boss our cow. So
prom - ise you will e'er be true. And be not con-tra - ry now.
(CHORUS) SOP. and ALTO.
Mis - - tress Ma - - ry, quite con - tra - - ry, how does your gar - - den


grow, With sil - ver bells and cock - le shells, and
pret-ty maids all in a row. For your sake, Miss Ma - ry
dear he sells dear old Boss their cow. So prom - ise
you will e'er be true, and be not con - tra - ry now.
ff

LOOKING FOR ANOTHER OCCUPATION.

TOPICAL TRIO.

No. 7.

QUEEN of FAIRIES, JACK and SINBAD.

Allegro.

ff

(*Queen of Faries.*) Good lit - tle boys, good lit - tle girls, all love the fai - ries so. The

(*Jack.*) A truth - ful boy, a gro - cery store, a man came in to buy, "Ten

(*Sinbad.*) An a - ged horse on Broad-way stood, with air that was for - lorn. "Ah

fai - ries love good boys and girls, They al-ways do you know. But naugh - ty boys and

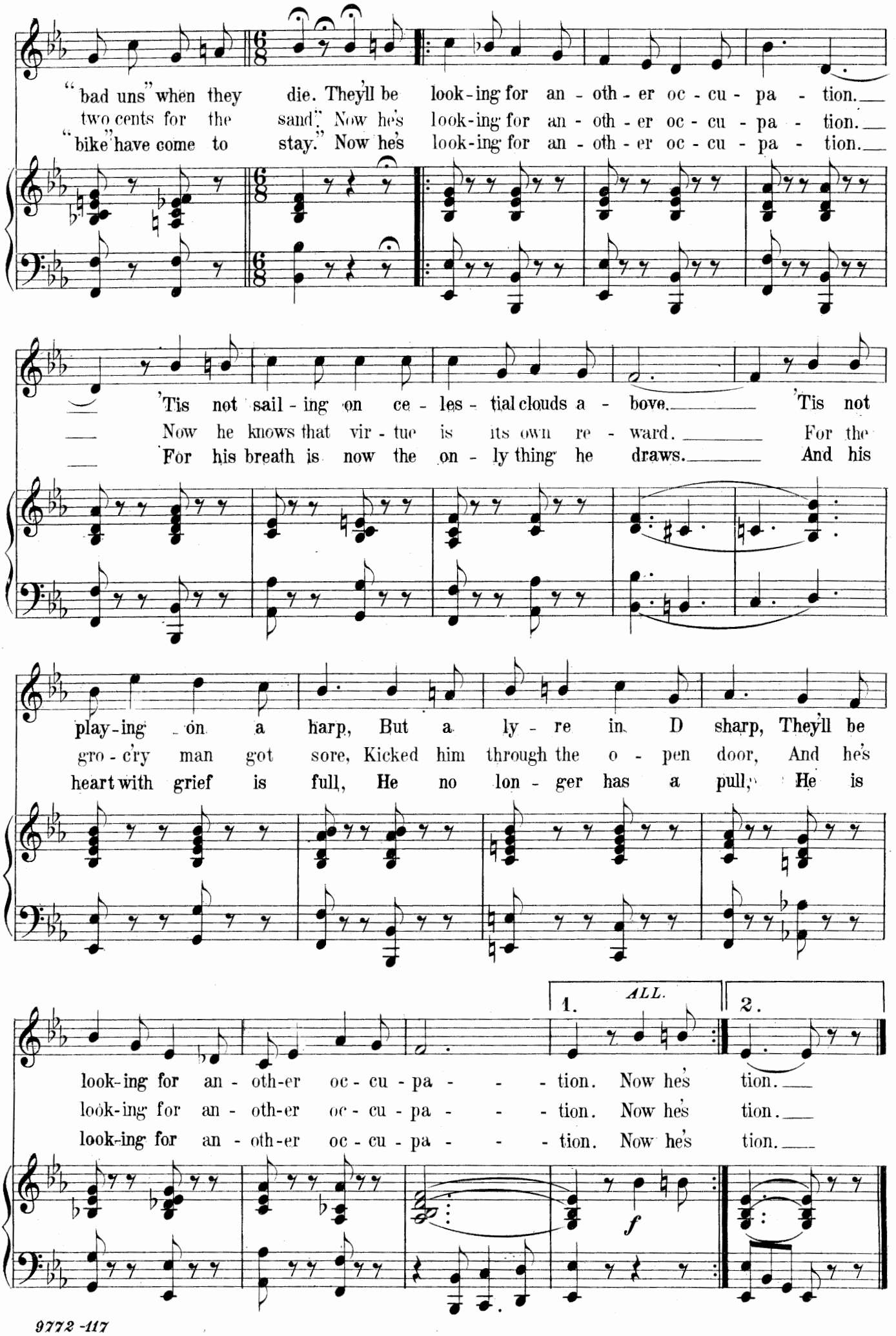
pounds of su - gar, lad," said he. "Yes sir" the boys re - ply, "Why do you charge eight

me," said he, "My use - ful - ness to man is past and gone." And as he kicked a

naugh - ty girls all say they pre - fer pie. Do you think they will be an-gels, all those

cents a pound," the man did then de - mand, "Well, it's six cents for the su - gar, and it's

news-boy in the gut - ter he did say, "Well, I plain - ly see, the trol - ley and the


"bad uns" when they die. They'll be look-ing for an - oth - er oc - cu - pa - tion.
two cents for the sand." Now he's look-ing for an - oth - er oc - cu - pa - tion.
"bike" have come to stay." Now he's look-ing for an - oth - er oc - cu - pa - tion.
'Tis not sail - ing on ce - les - tial clouds a - bove. 'Tis not
Now he knows that vir - tue is its own re - ward. For the
For his breath is now the on - ly thing he draws. And his
play-ing on a harp, But a ly - re in D sharp, They'll be
gro - cery man got sore, Kicked him through the o - pen door, And he's
heart with grief is full, He no lon - ger has a pull, He is
1.
ALL.
2.
look-ing for an - oth-er oc - cu - pa - - - tion. Now he's tion.
look-ing for an - oth-er oc - cu - pa - - - tion. Now he's tion.
look-ing for an - oth-er oc - cu - pa - - - tion. Now he's tion.
f

"NOW BEHOLD A KING."

CHORUS

No.8.

Tempo di Marcia.

pp

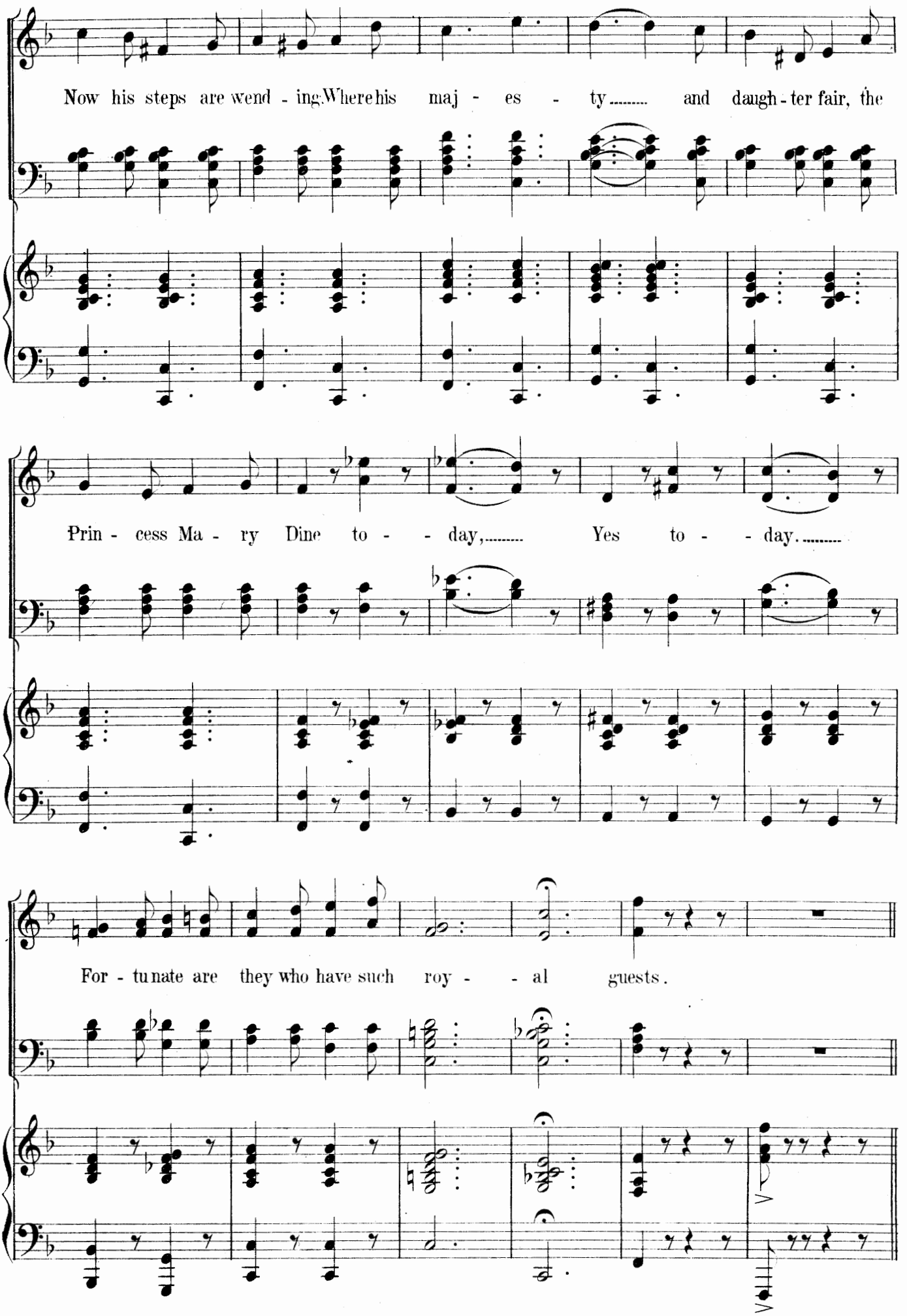
f

8

SOP. and ALTO.

Now be - - hold..... a King most con-de-scend-ing to the Hub-bard cot - - tage.

MALE VOICES.


Now his steps are wend - ing Where his maj - es - ty ..... and daugh - ter fair, the
Prin - cess Ma - ry Dine to - - day, ... Yes to - - day. .....
For - tu nate are they who have such roy - - al guests.

DUETT "'TIS WITH LOVE."

JACK and MARY.

No. 9.

Allegro.

JACK.

Ah la - dy fair, I love but thee.

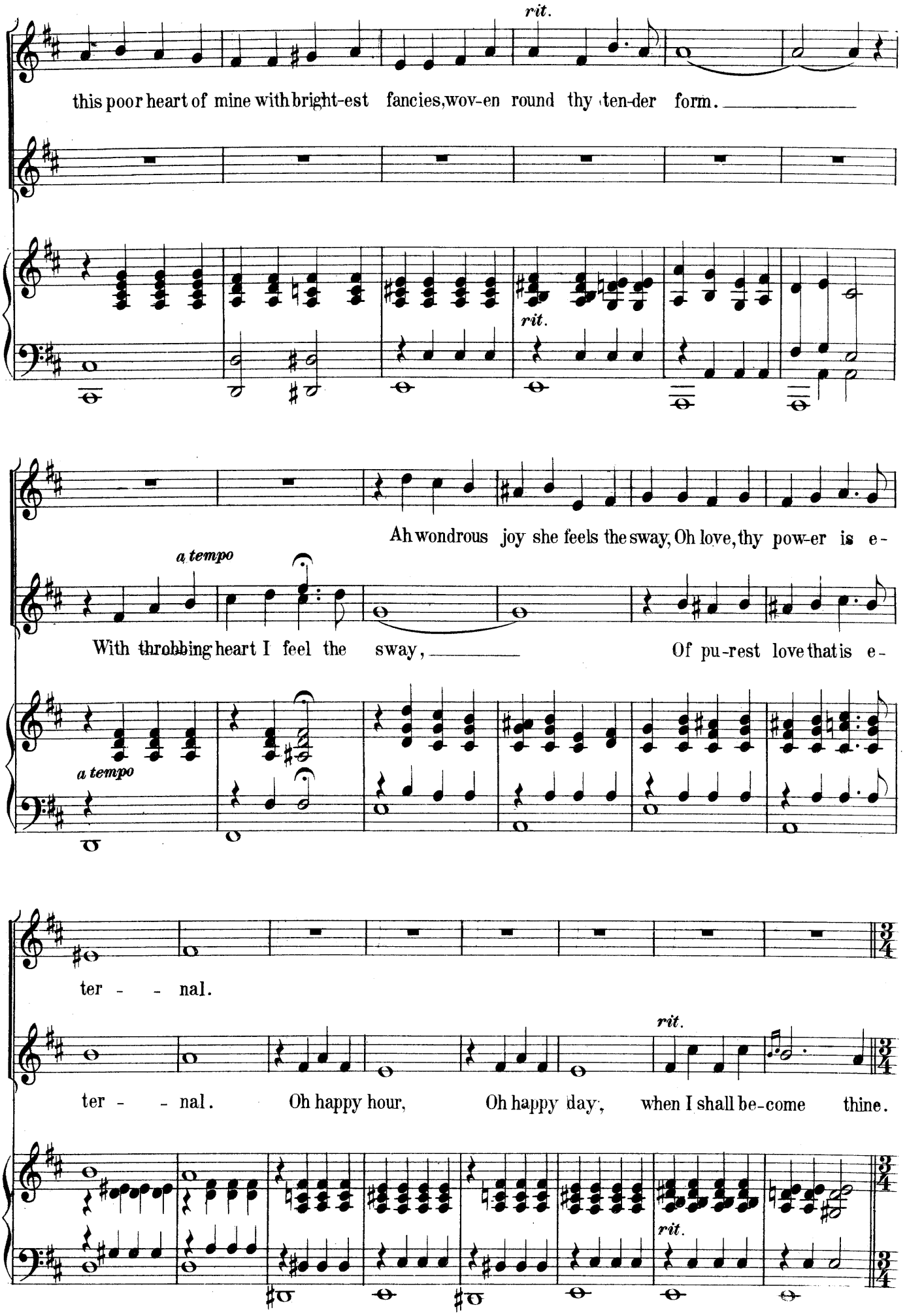
MARY.

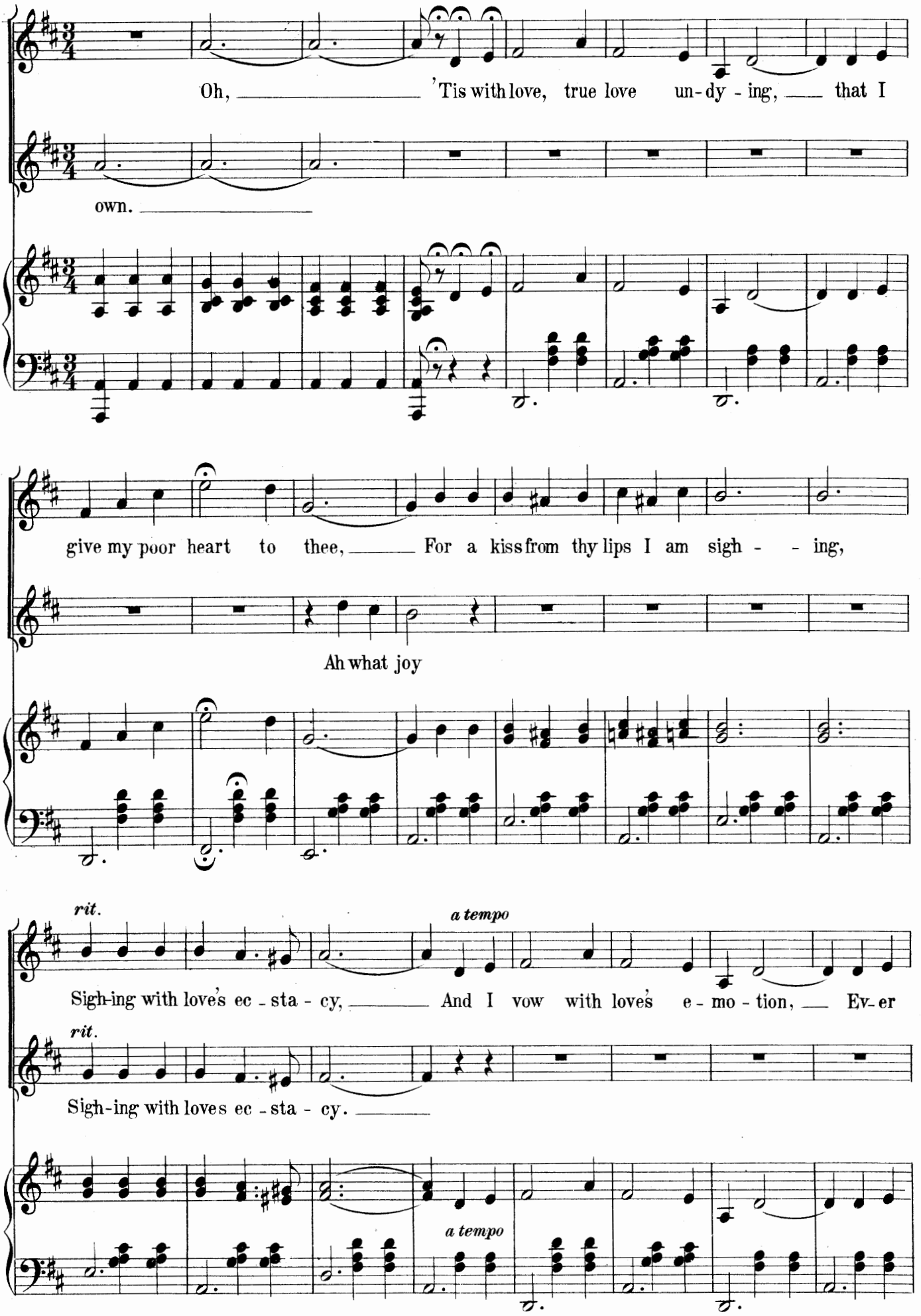
Be still my heart, he loves but

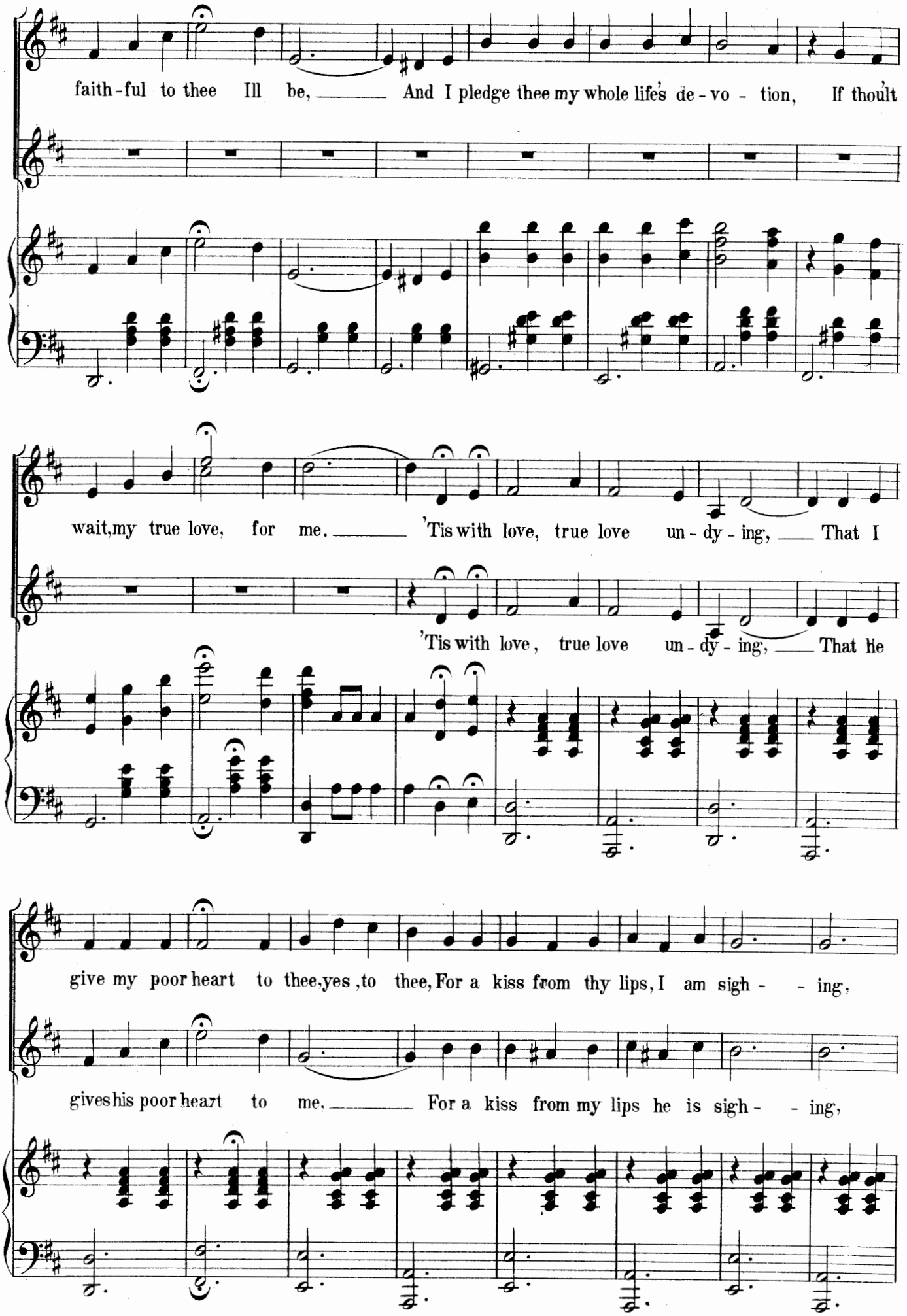
Moderato.

Con-sumed by love Oh fa - tal pas - - - sion, Thine im-age fil - ling

me, Oh won-drous love, Oh fa - tal pas - - - sion.


rit.
this poor heart of mine with bright-est fancies, wov-en round thy ten-der form.
rit.
Ah wondrous joy she feels the sway, Oh love, thy pow-er is e-
a tempo
With throbbing heart I feel the sway,
Of pu-rest love that is e-
a tempo
ter - - nal.
ter - - nal.
Oh happy hour,
Oh happy day,
when I shall be-come thine.
rit.
rit.


Oh, 'Tis with love, true love un-dy-ing, that I
own.
give my poor heart to thee, For a kiss from thy lips I am sigh - - ing,
Ah what joy
rit.
a tempo
Sigh-ing with love's ec-sta-cy, And I vow with love's e-mo-tion, Ev-er
rit.
Sigh-ing with loves ec-sta-cy.
a tempo


faith-ful to thee Ill be, And I pledge thee my whole life's de-vo - tion, If thoult
wait,my true love, for me. 'Tis with love, true love un-dy-ing, That I
'Tis with love, true love un-dy-ing, That He
give my poor heart to thee,yes ,to thee,For a kiss from thy lips,I am sigh - - ing,
gives his poor heart to me, For a kiss from my lips he is sigh - - ing,

rit. a tempo

Sigh-ing with love's ec - sta - cy. And I vow with love's e - mo - tion, ev - er

rit.

Sigh-ing with love's ec - sta - cy, And he vows with love's e - mo - tion, ev - er

rit. a tempo

faith-ful to thee I'll be, And I pledge thee my whole life's de - vo - tion, If thou'lt

faith-ful to me he'll be, So I pledge thee my whole life's de - vo - tion, And I'll

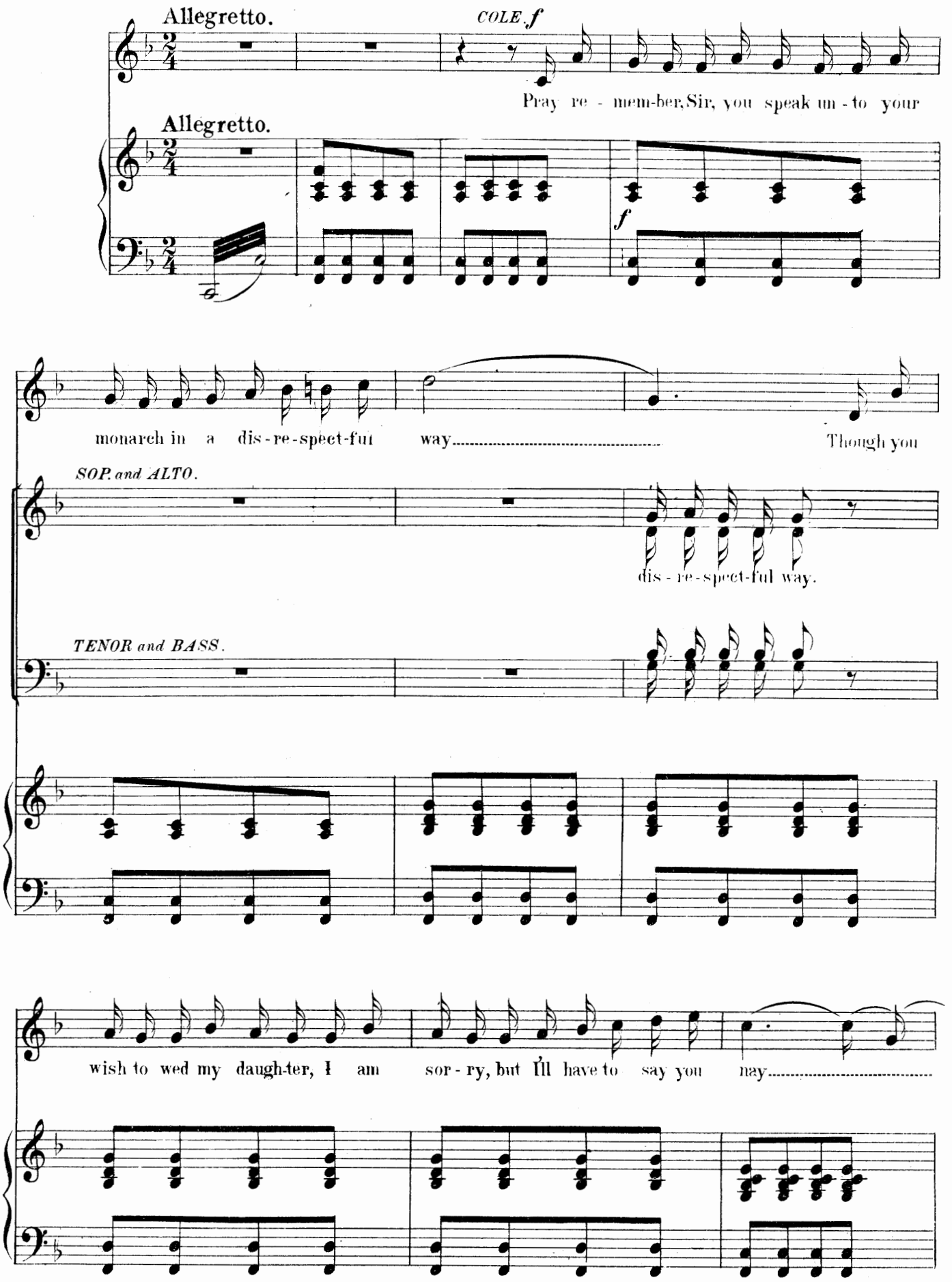
wait, my true love, for me.

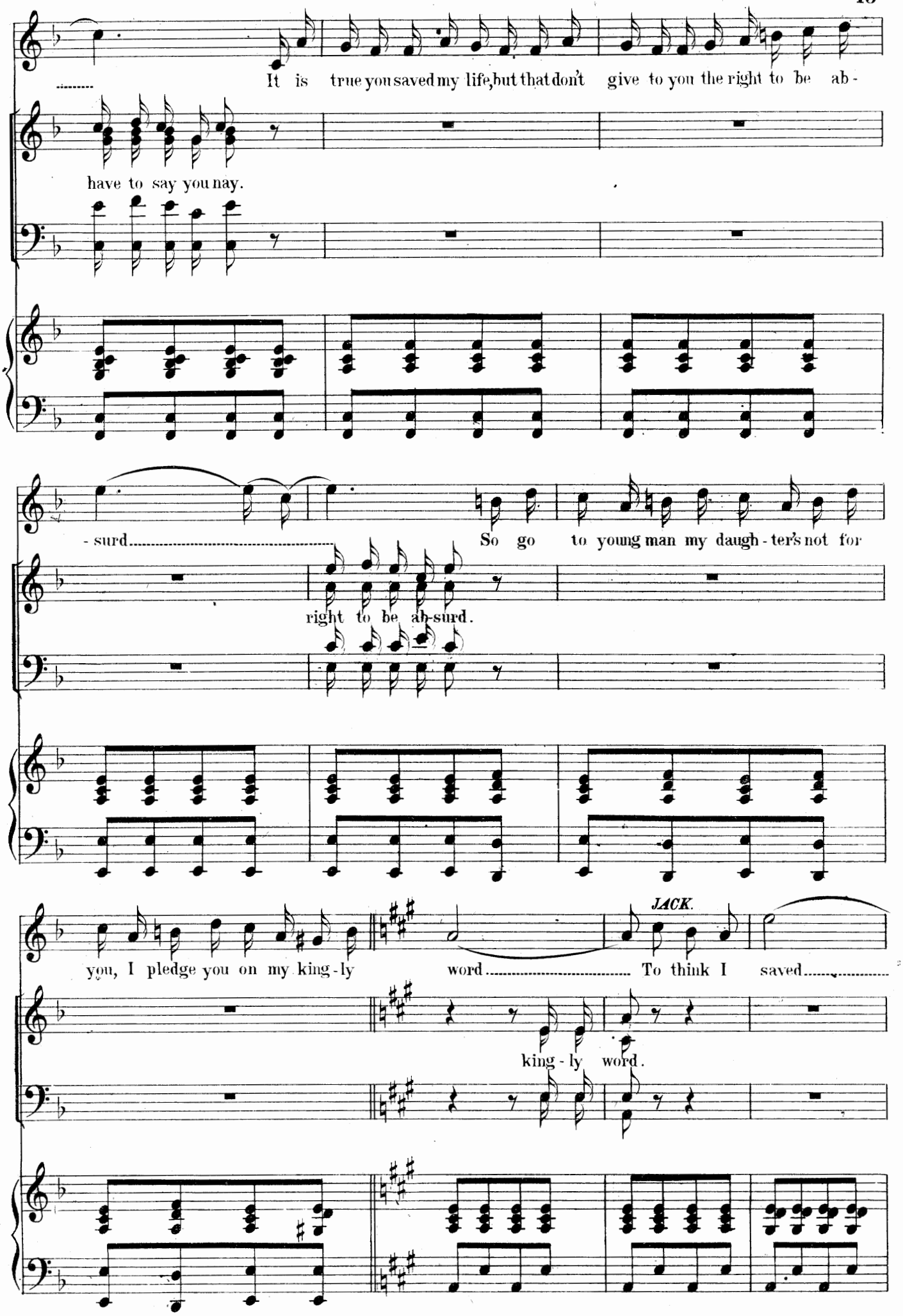
wait, my true love, for thee.

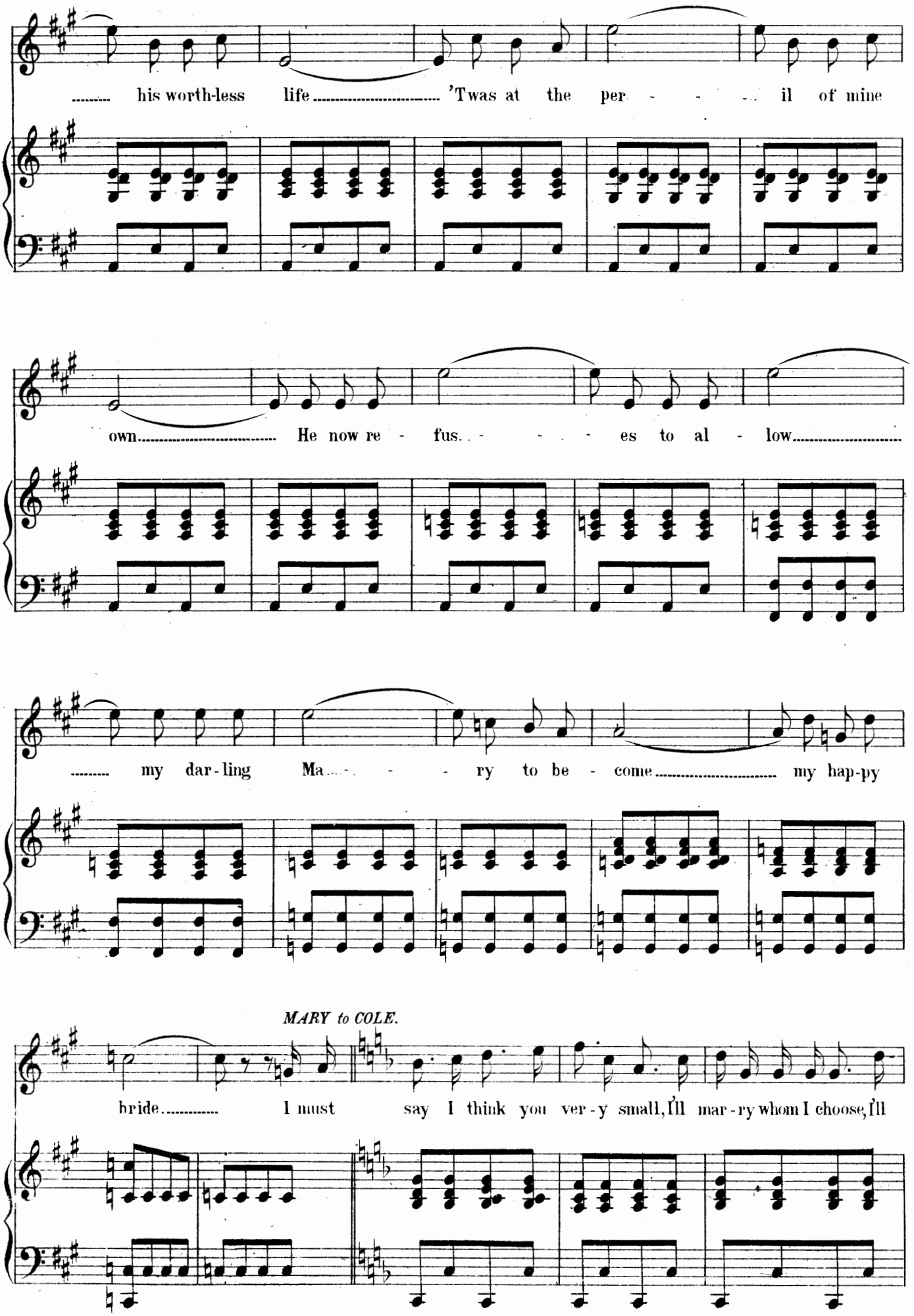
Presto.

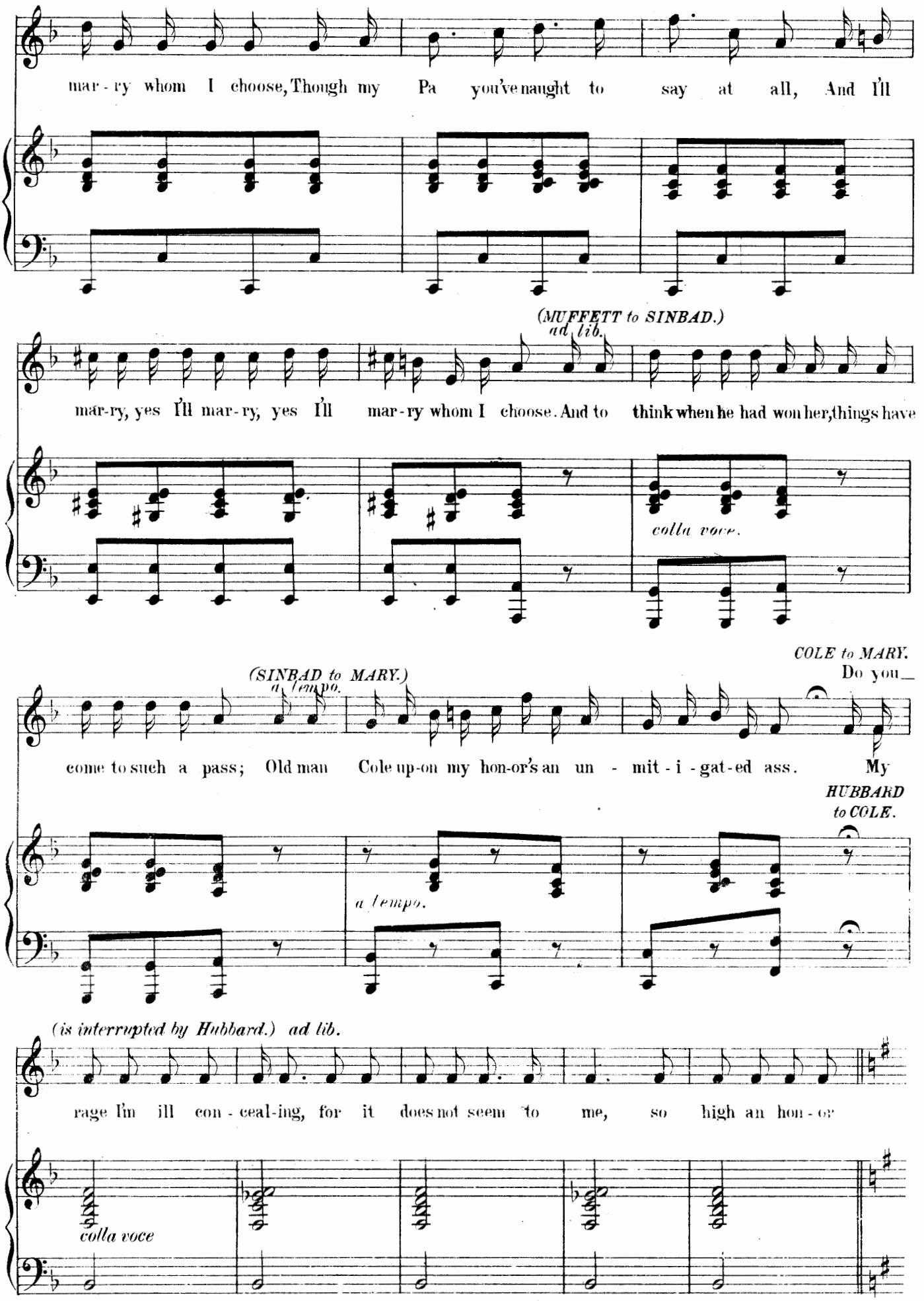
No.10.

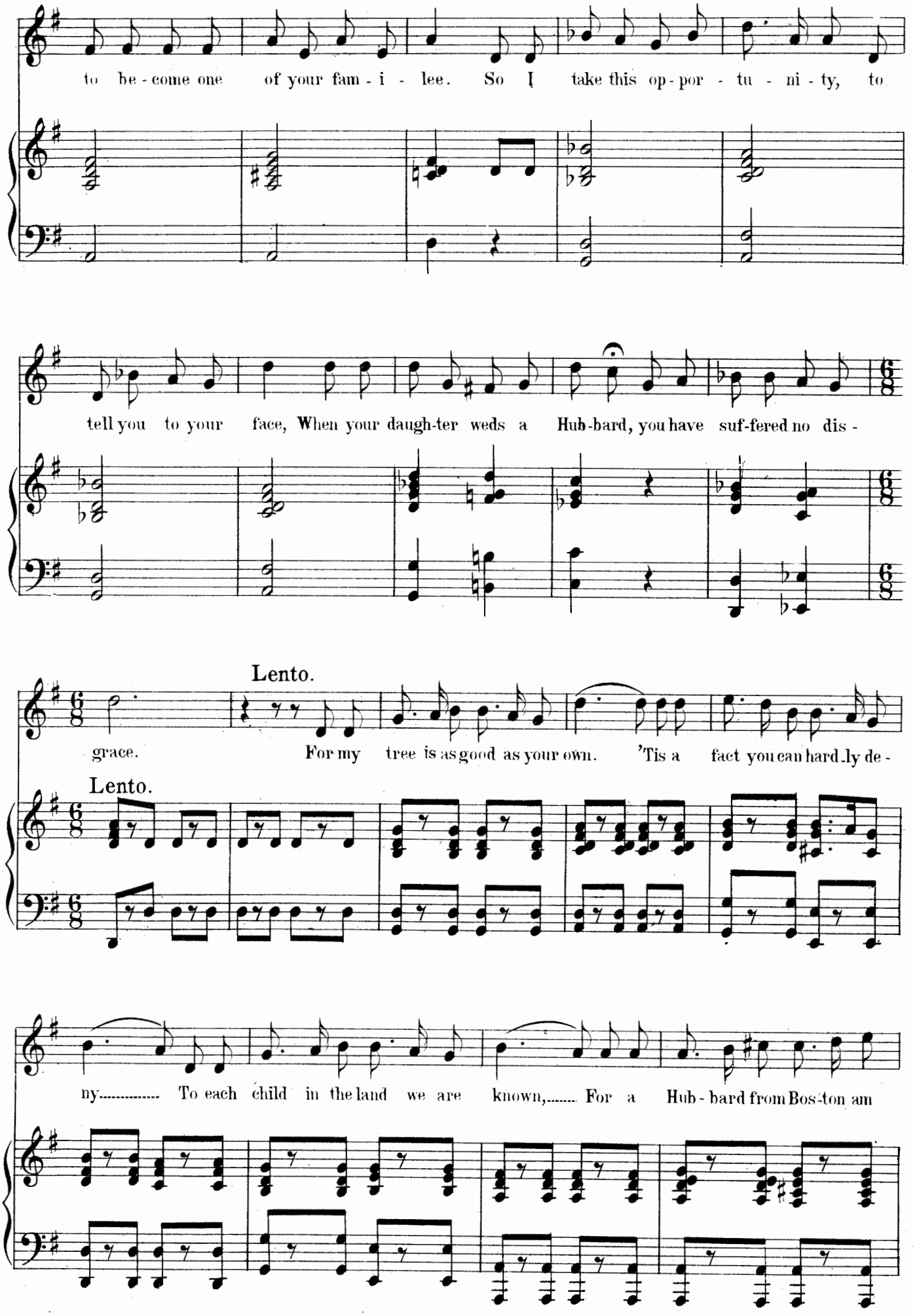
FINALE.


Allegretto.
COLE. f
Pray re - mem-ber, Sir, you speak un - to your
Allegretto.
f
monarch in a dis - re - spect-ful way.....
Though you
SOP. and ALTO.
dis - re - spect-ful way.
TENOR and BASS.
wish to wed my daugh-ter, I am sor - ry, but I'll have to say you nay.....


It is true you saved my life, but that don't give to you the right to be ab-
have to say you nay.
-surd
So go to young man my daugh-ter's not for
right to be ab-surd.
you, I pledge you on my king-ly
word
JACK.
To think I saved
king-ly word.


his worth-less life 'Twas at the per - - - il of mine
own He now re - fus. - - - - es to al - low
my dar-ling Ma - - - - ry to be - come my hap-py
MARY to COLE.
bride I must say I think you ver-y small, I'll mar-ry whom I choose, I'll


mar - ry whom I choose, Though my Pa you've naught to say at all, And I'll
(MUFFETT to SINBAD.)
ad lib.
mar-ry, yes I'll mar-ry, yes I'll mar-ry whom I choose. And to think when he had won her, things have
colla voce.
COLE to MARY.
Do you_
(SINBAD to MARY.)
a tempo.
come to such a pass; Old man Cole up-on my hon-or's an un - mit - i - gat-ed ass. My
HUBBARD to COLE.
a tempo.
(is interrupted by Hubbard.) ad lib.
rage I'm ill con - ceal-ing, for it does not seem to me, so high an hon - or
colla voce


to be - come one of your fam - i - lee. So I take this op - por - tu - ni - ty, to
tell you to your face, When your daugh-ter weds a Hub-bard, you have suf-fered no dis -
Lento.
grace. For my tree is as good as your own. 'Tis a fact you can hard-ly de -
Lento.
ny..... To each child in the land we are known,..... For a Hub - bard from Bos-ton am

HUBBARD.

MARY. I For (my / her) tree is as good as (your / my) own, 'Tis a fact (you / I) can hard - ly de-

JACK.

MUFFET. For (my / her) tree is as good as (your / his) own, 'Tis a fact (you / he) can hard - ly de-

SINBAD.

COLE. For her tree is as good as (your / my) own, 'Tis a fact (you / I) can hard - ly de-

ny..... To each child in the land (I / she) am is known,..... For a Hub-bard from

pp

ny..... To each child in the land (we / she) are is known,..... For a Hub-bard from

pp

ny..... To each child in the land she is known,..... For a Hub-bard from

pp

JACK to COLE.

Allegro.

Bos - ton (am / is) I..... she..... Since you re - fuse my

poco a poco cresc.

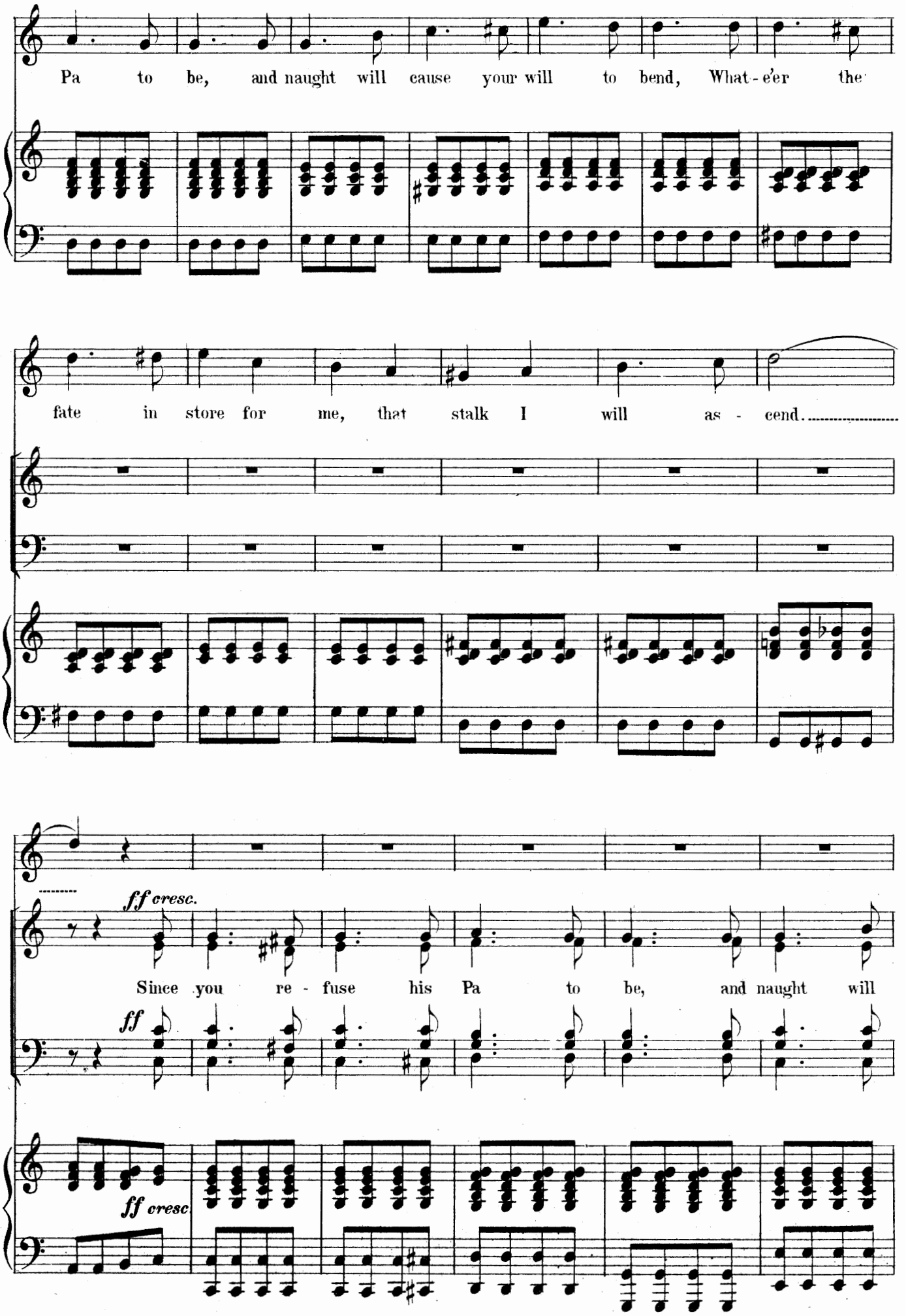
Bos - ton am / is I..... she.....

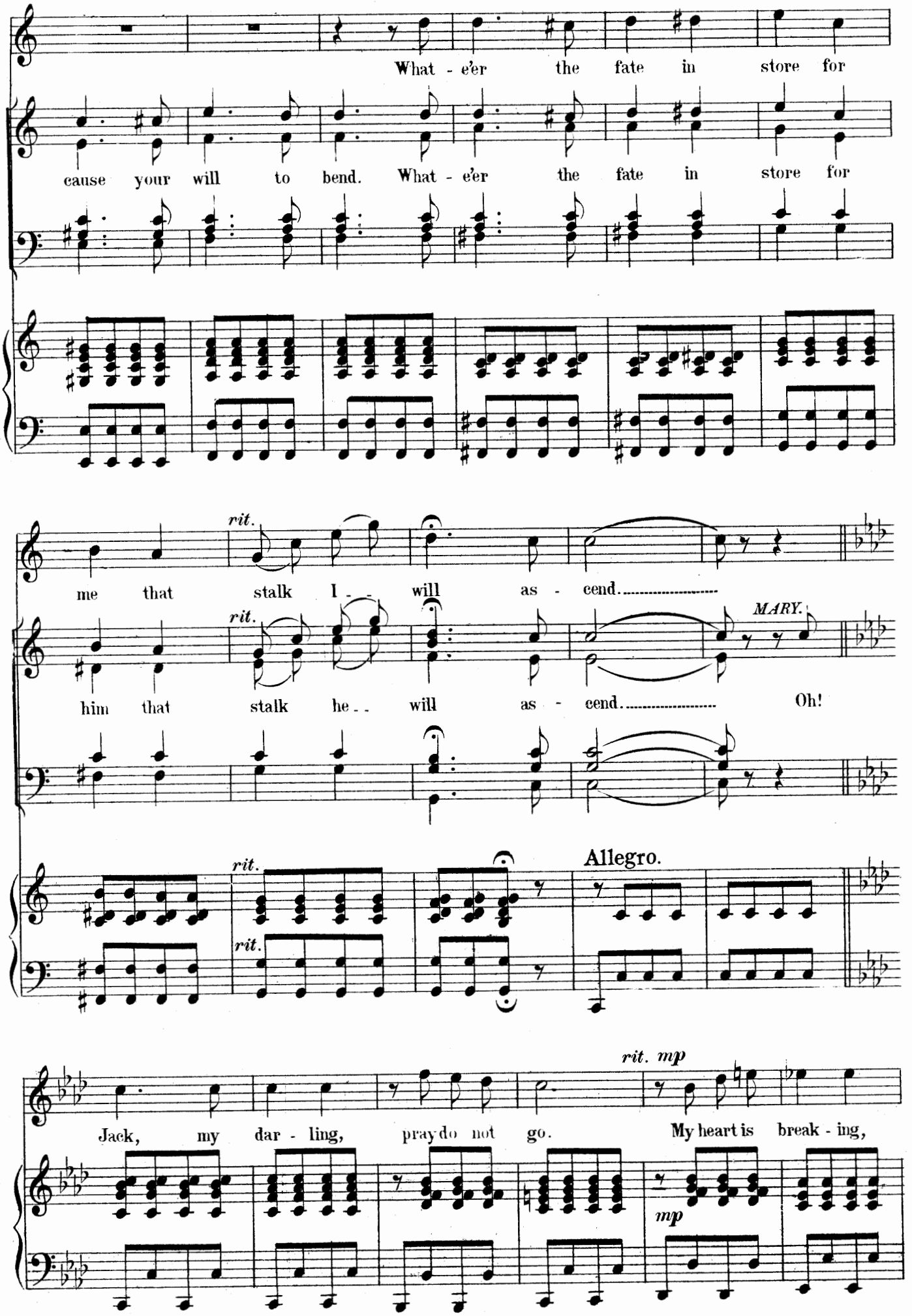
Bos - ton is she.....

Allegro.

poco a poco

crescendo.


Pa to be, and naught will cause your will to bend, What-e'er the
fate in store for me, that stalk I will as - cend.
ff cresc.
Since you re - fuse his Pa to be, and naught will
ff
ff cresc


What - e'er the fate in store for
cause your will to bend. What - e'er the fate in store for
rit.
me that stalk I - - will as - cend.
rit.
him that stalk he - - will as - cend.
MARY.
Oh!
rit.
rit.
Allegro.
rit. mp
Jack, my dar - ling, pray do not go. My heart is break - ing,
mp

Lento.

MUFFETT (Softly.)

p

I love you so. Poor lit-tle prin-cess, poor lit-tle maid.

Lento.

p

JACK.

Andante.

Oh love be

p

Poor lit-tle prin-cess, poor lit-tle maid.

pp

(Humming.)

p

pp

(Humming.)

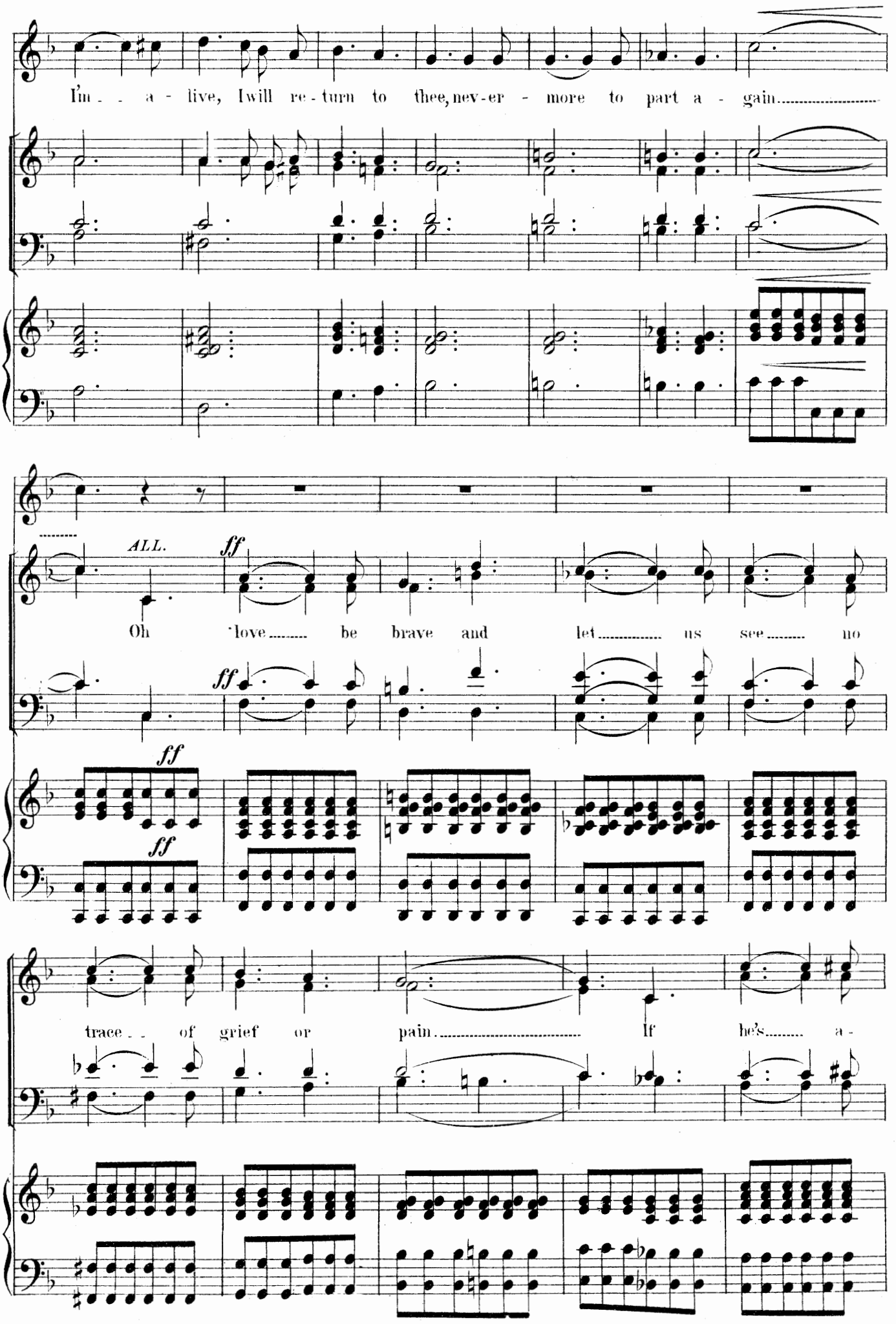
Andante.

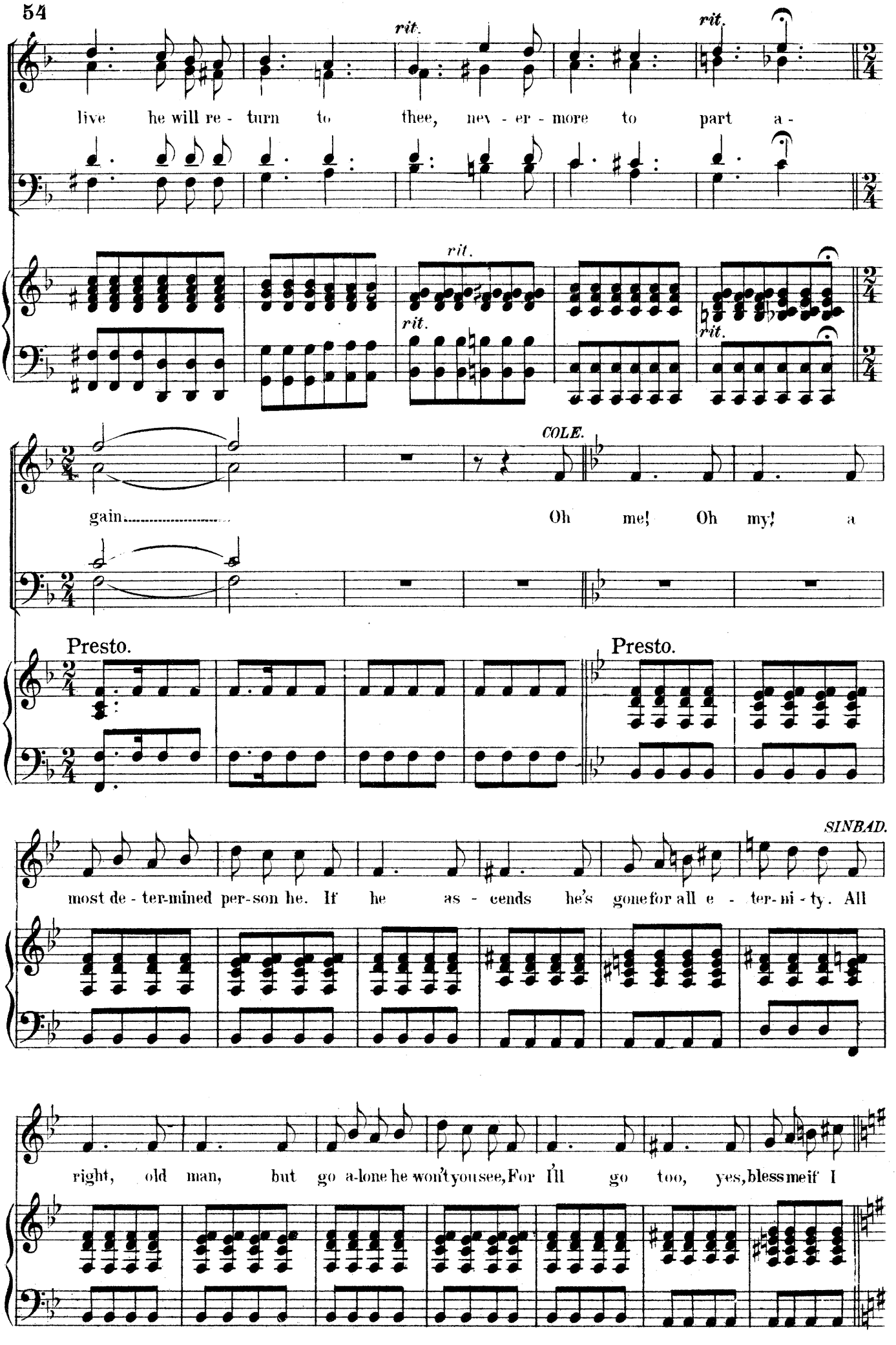
p

rit.

pp

brave and let them see no trace of grief or pain..... If


I'm - - a - live, I will re - turn to thee, nev - er - more to part a - gain.....
ALL.
ff
Oh love..... be brave and let..... us see..... no
ff
ff
ff
trace - - of grief or pain..... If he's..... a -


rit.
rit.
live he will re - turn to thee, nev - er - more to part a -
rit.
rit.
rit.
COLE.
gain.....
Oh me! Oh my! a
Presto.
Presto.
SINBAD.
most de - ter-mined per-son he. If he as - cends he's gone for all e - ter-ni - ty. All
right, old man, but go a-lone he won't you see, For I'll go too, yes, bless me if I

JACK.

ALL.

don't. For he'll go too, yes bless me if he don't. Fare - - well, my

rit.

Emphasize by clapping hands.

rit.

friends, for I must leave you now.

a tempo

a tempo

JACK to MARY.

con espressione

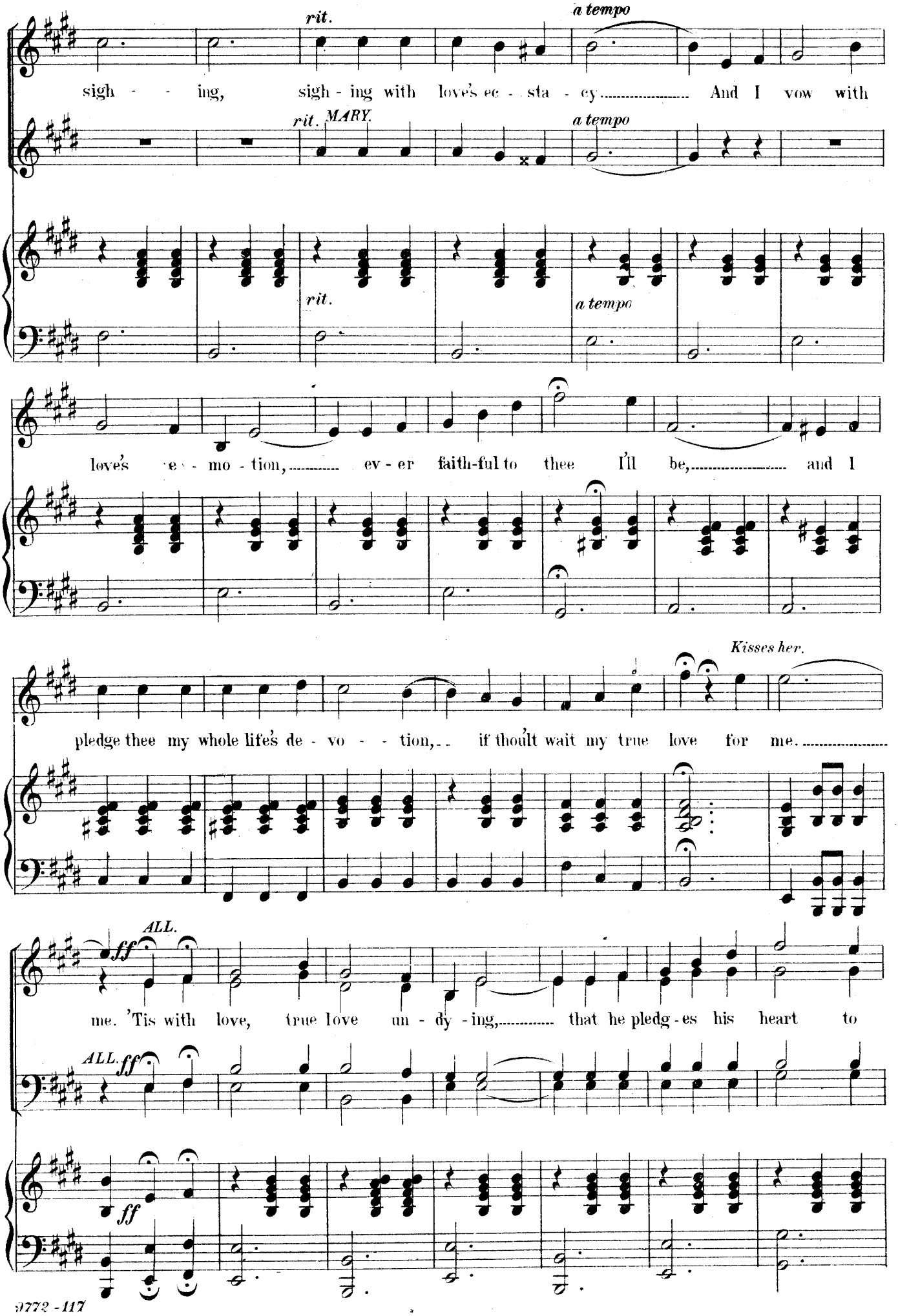
'Tis with love, true love un - dy - ing,

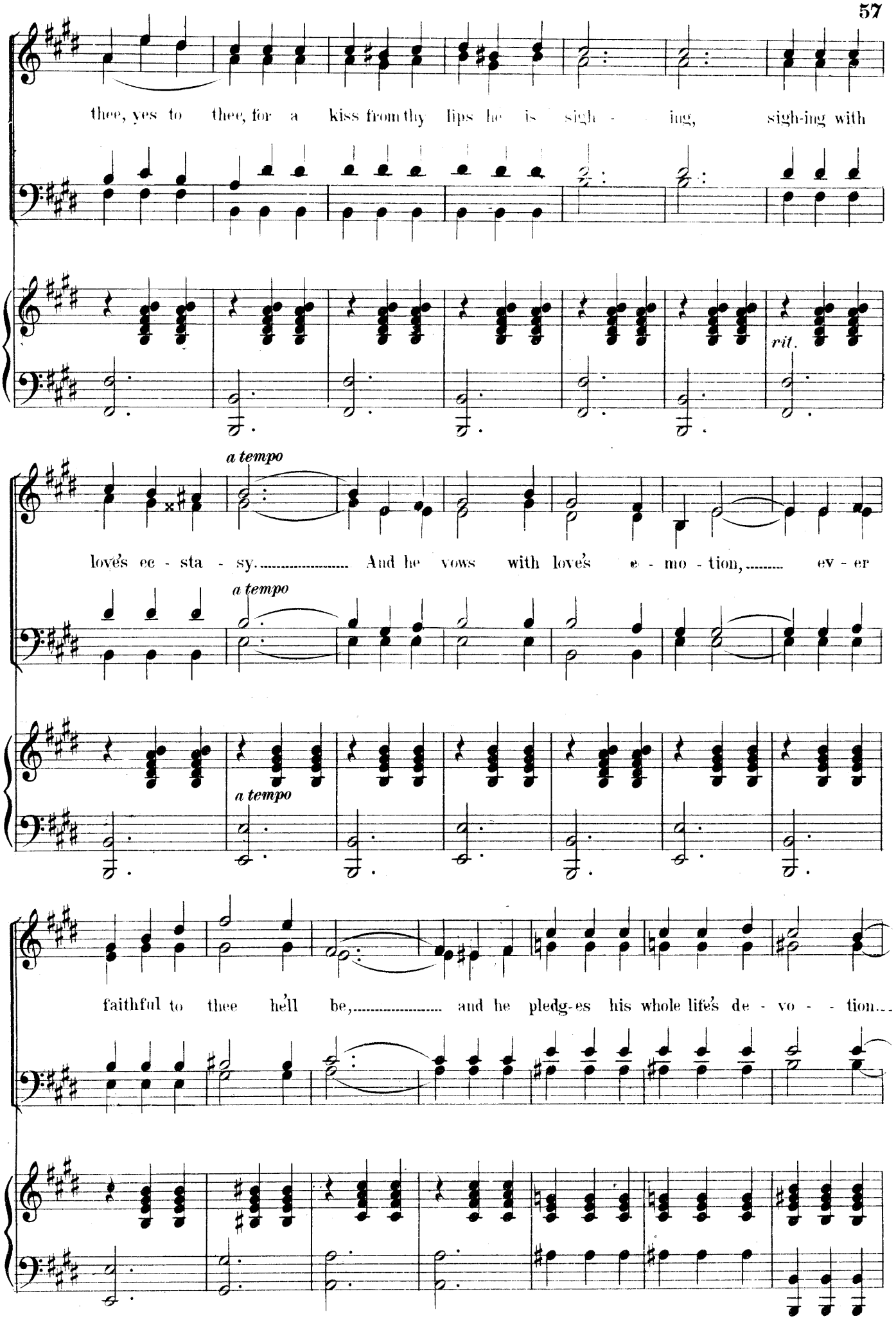
con espressione

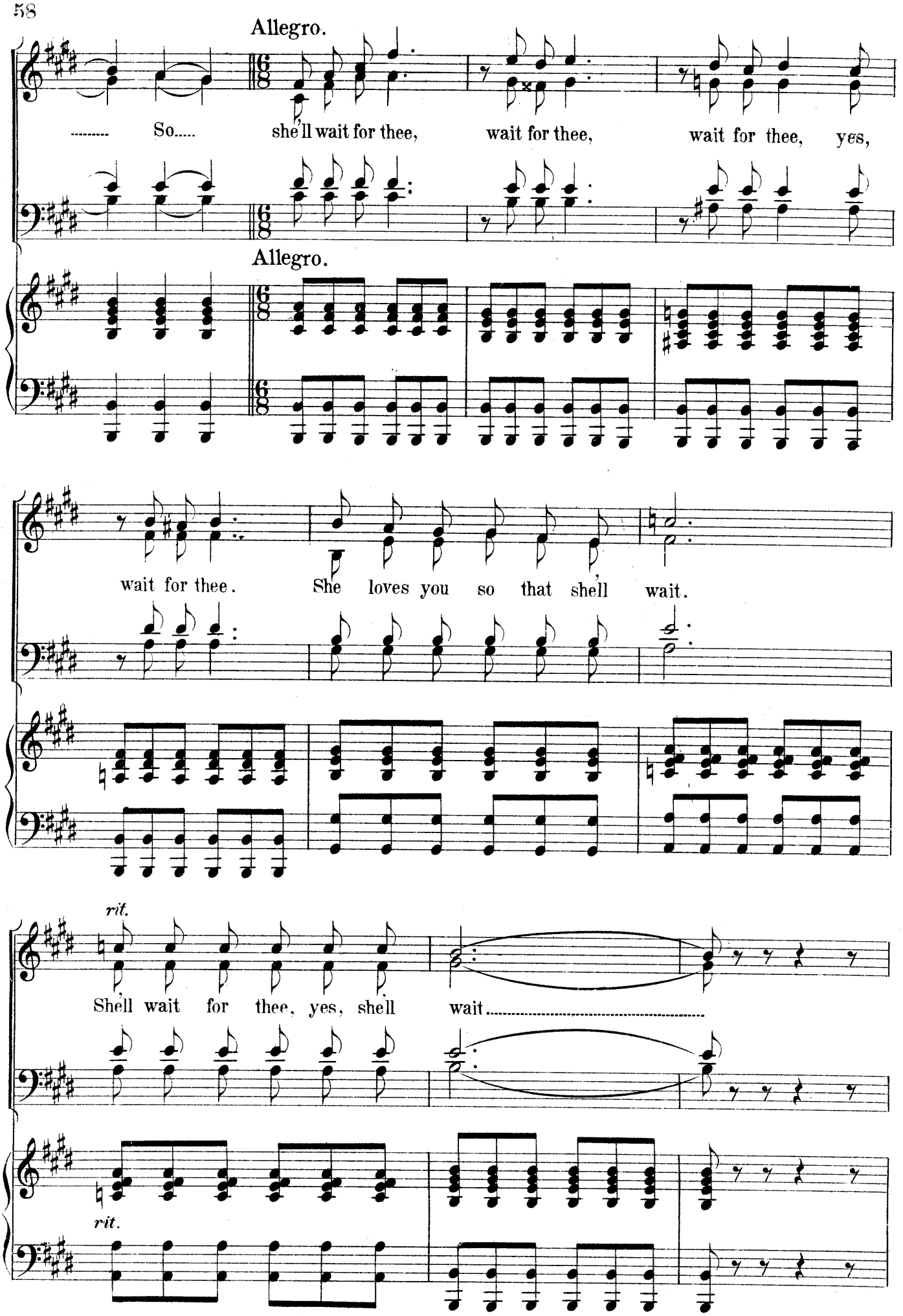
that I pledge my poor heart to thee. For a kiss from thy lips I am

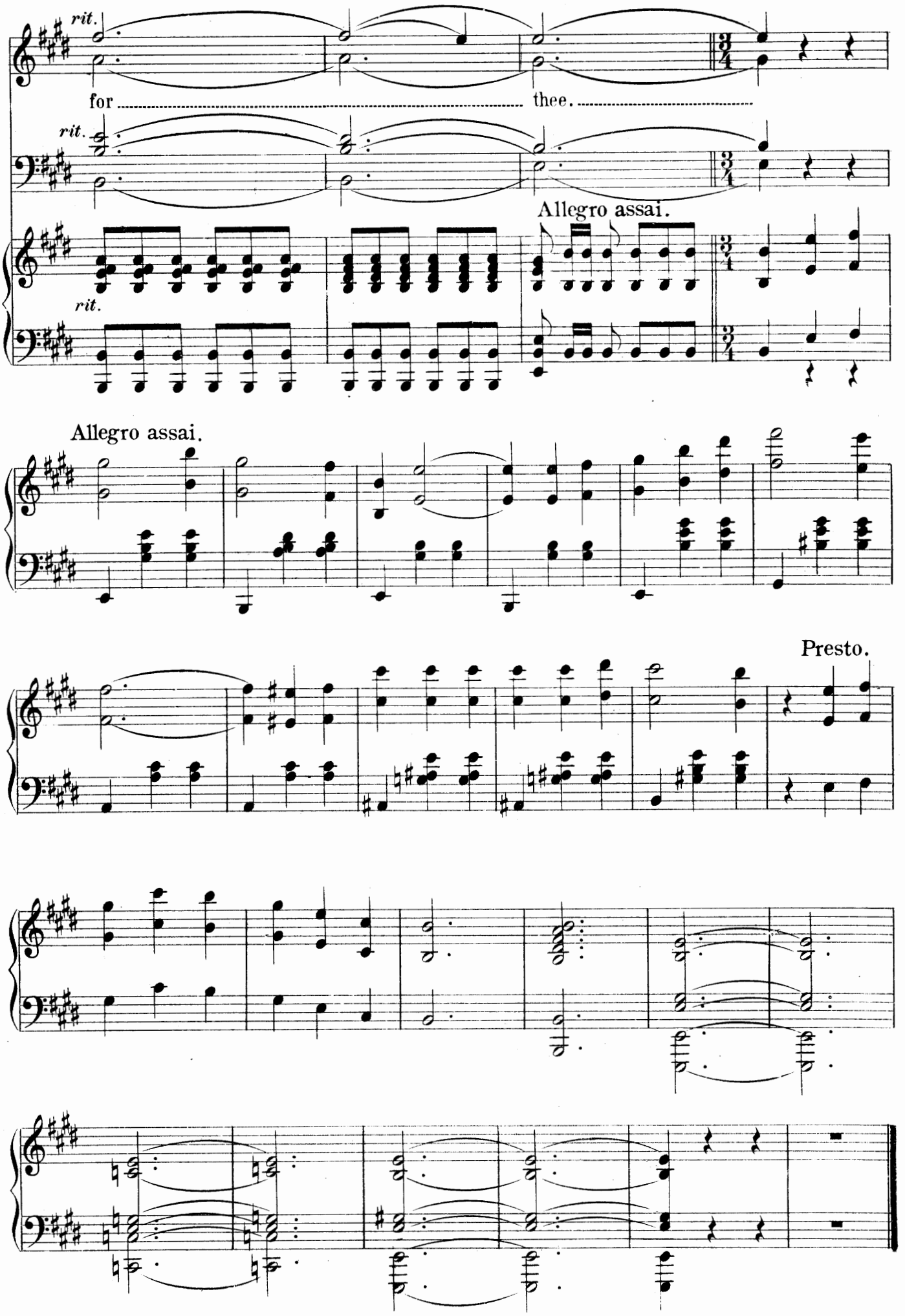
MARY.

Ah what joy.


rit.
a tempo
sigh - - ing, sigh - ing with love's ec - sta - cy..... And I vow with
rit. MARY.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
love's e - mo - tion,..... ev - er faith-ful to thee I'll be,..... and I
Kisses her.
pledge thee my whole life's de - vo - - tion,-- if thoult wait my true love for me.
ALL. ff
me. 'Tis with love, true love un - dy - ing,..... that he pledg - es his heart to
ALL. ff
ff


thee, yes to thee, for a kiss from thy lips he is sigh - ing, sigh-ing with
rit.
a tempo
love's ec - sta - sy. And he vows with love's e - mo - tion, ev - er
a tempo
a tempo
faithful to thee he'll be, and he pledg-es his whole life's de - vo - - tion...

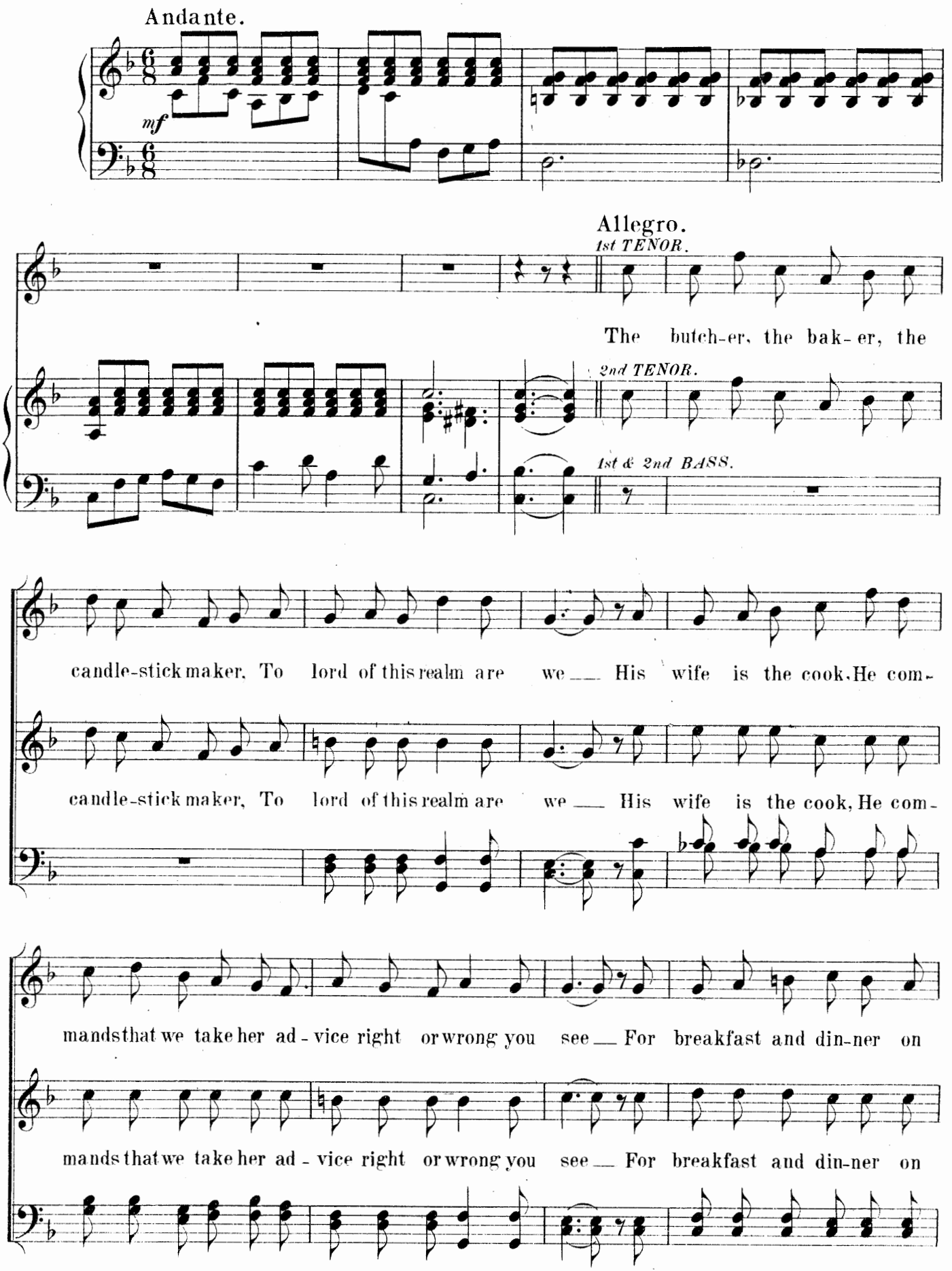

Allegro.
So..... she'll wait for thee, wait for thee, wait for thee, yes,
Allegro.
wait for thee. She loves you so that she'll wait.
rit.
She'll wait for thee, yes, she'll wait.....
rit.

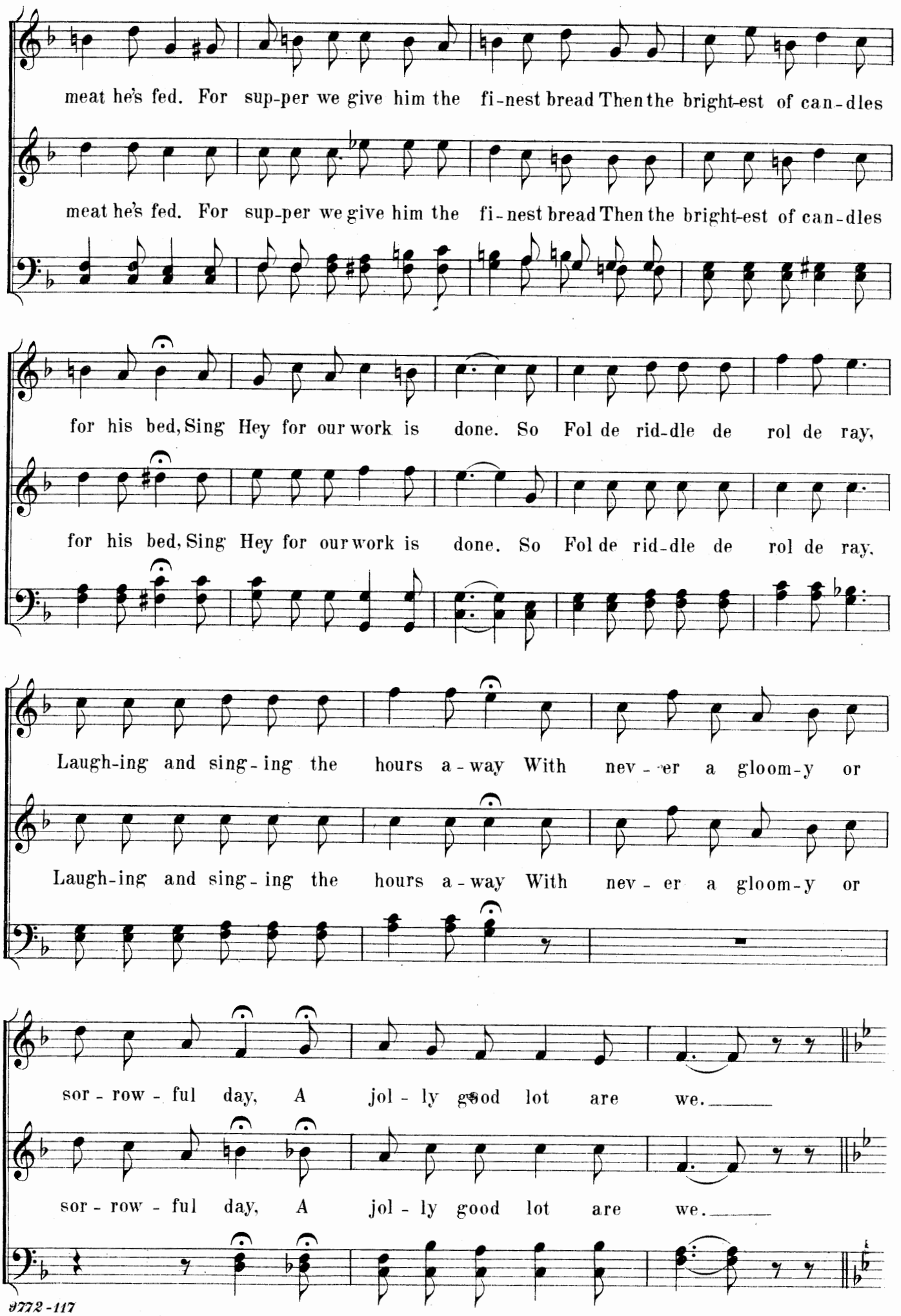

rit.
for
thee.
rit.
Allegro assai.
rit.
Allegro assai.
Presto.

ACT II.

THE BUTCHER, THE BAKER, THE CANDLE-STICK MAKER.

No. 11. *GIANTESS & OCTETTE.*




meat he's fed. For sup-per we give him the fi-nest bread Then the bright-est of can-dles
meat he's fed. For sup-per we give him the fi-nest bread Then the bright-est of can-dles
for his bed, Sing Hey for our work is done. So Fol de rid-dle de rol de ray,
for his bed, Sing Hey for our work is done. So Fol de rid-dle de rol de ray.
Laugh-ing and sing-ing the hours a-way With nev-er a gloom-y or
Laugh-ing and sing-ing the hours a-way With nev-er a gloom-y or
sor-row-ful day, A jol-ly good lot are we.
sor-row-ful day, A jol-ly good lot are we.

GIANTESS.

Bak - ing, mak - ing, aching, when work is done Ma - ny are the mouths to be fed:

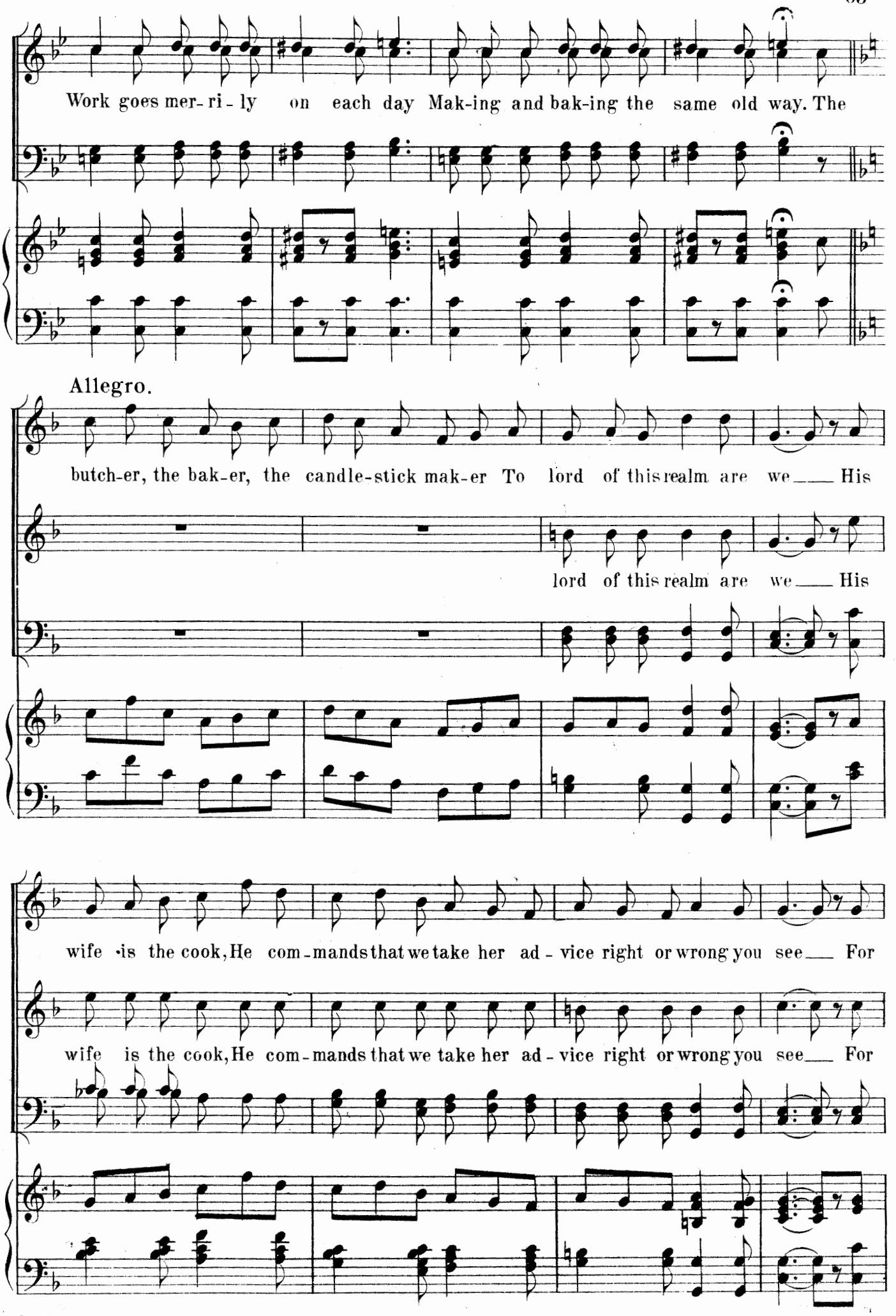
Moderato.

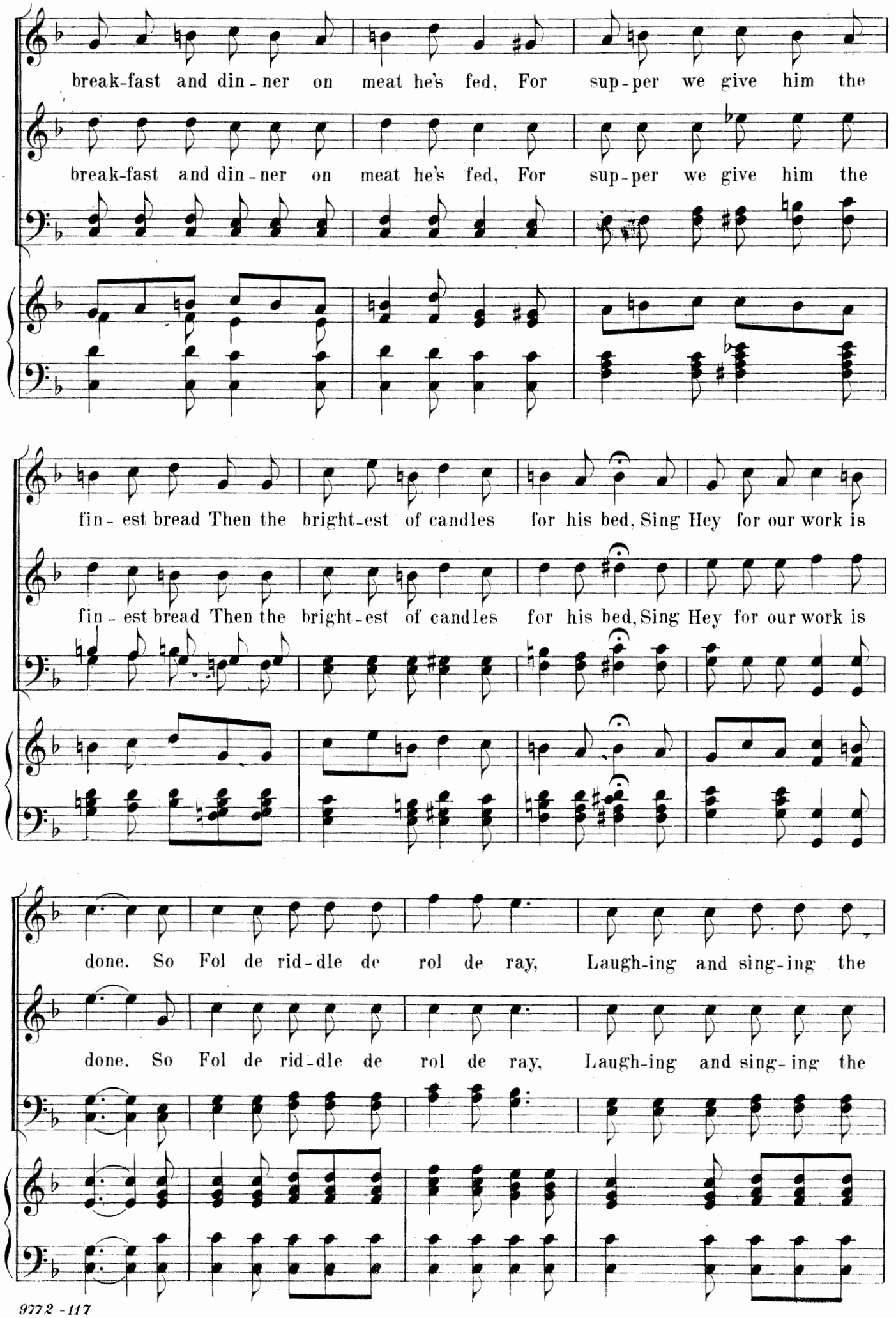
p

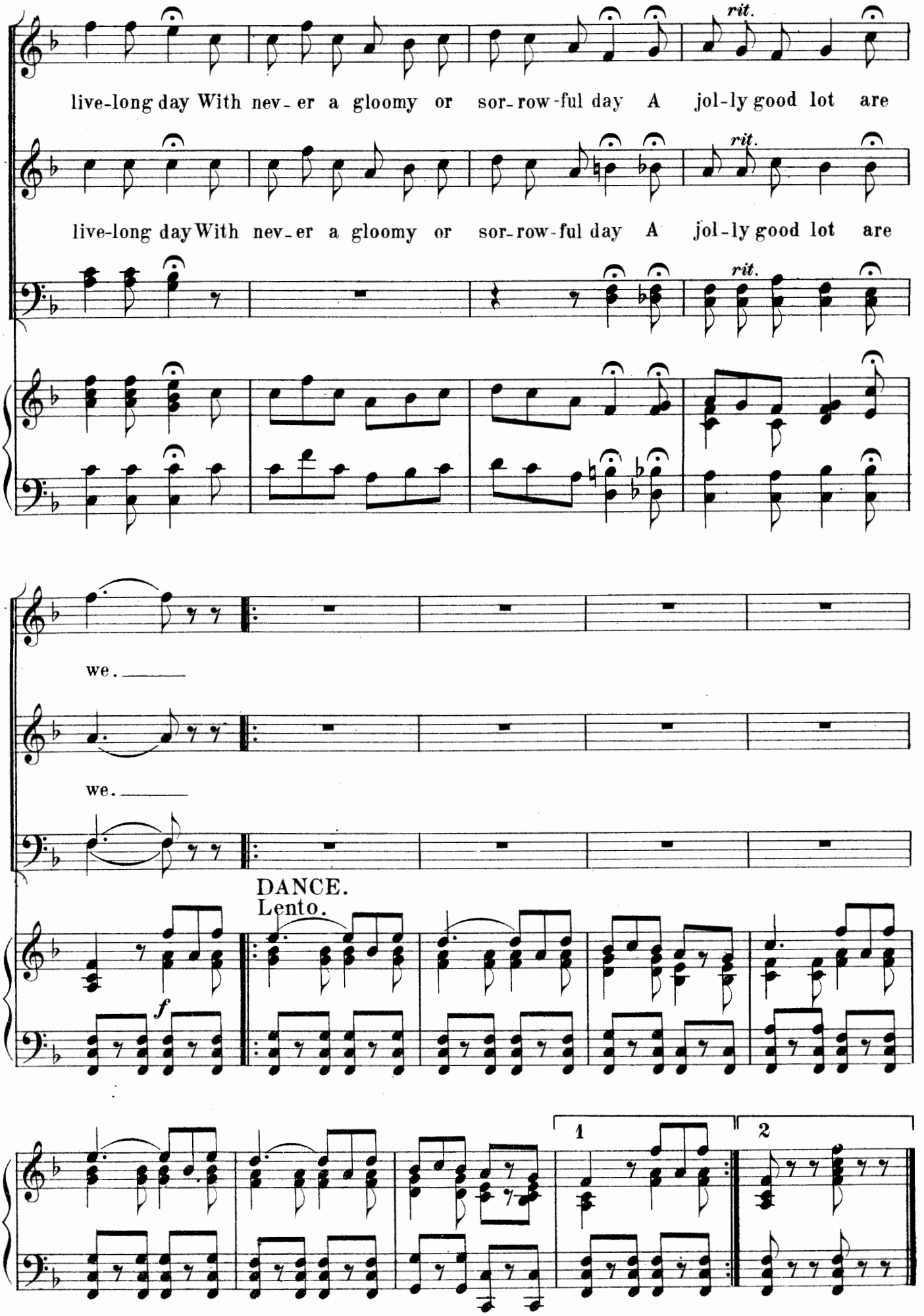
Scrub - bing, rub - bing, drub-bing the la-zy one Id - le - ness goes hungry to bed.

Bas - ting, pas - ting, tas-ting his food for him. Care - less one oft burn-ing his hands,

Roast - ing, toast - ing, boast-ing, we know each whim His ca-pri - cious pal - ate de-mands.


Work goes mer-ri-ly on each day Mak-ing and bak-ing the same old way. The
Allegro.
butch-er, the bak-er, the candle-stick mak-er To lord of this realm are we His
lord of this realm are we His
wife is the cook, He com-mands that we take her ad-vice right or wrong you see For
wife is the cook, He com-mands that we take her ad-vice right or wrong you see For


break-fast and din-ner on meat he's fed, For sup-per we give him the
break-fast and din-ner on meat he's fed, For sup-per we give him the
fin-est bread Then the bright-est of candles for his bed, Sing Hey for our work is
fin-est bread Then the bright-est of candles for his bed, Sing Hey for our work is
done. So Fol de rid-dle de rol de ray, Laugh-ing and sing-ing the
done. So Fol de rid-dle de rol de ray, Laugh-ing and sing-ing the

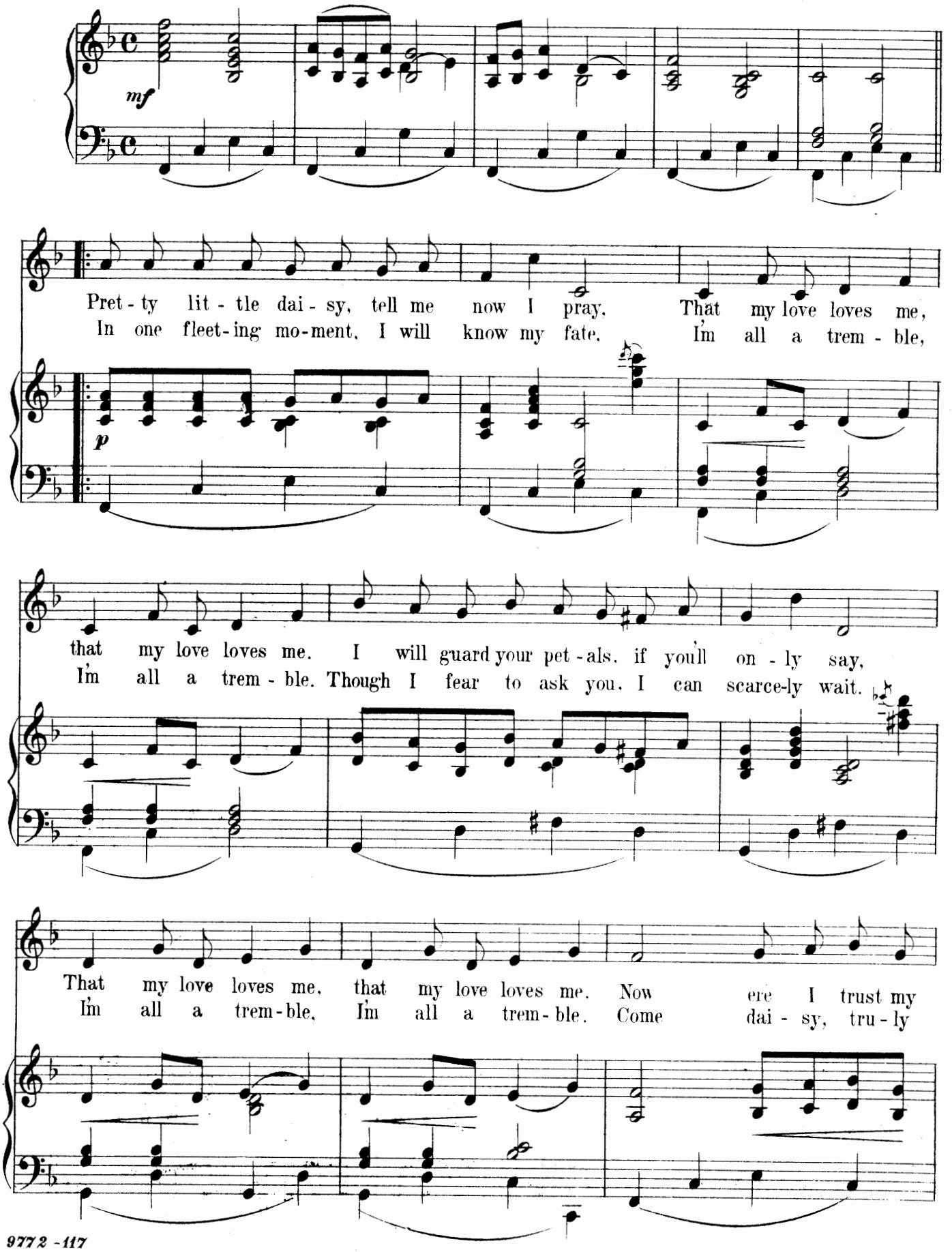

rit.
live-long day With nev-er a gloomy or sor-row-ful day A jol-ly good lot are
rit.
live-long day With nev-er a gloomy or sor-row-ful day A jol-ly good lot are
rit.
we.
we.
DANCE.
Lento.
f
1
2

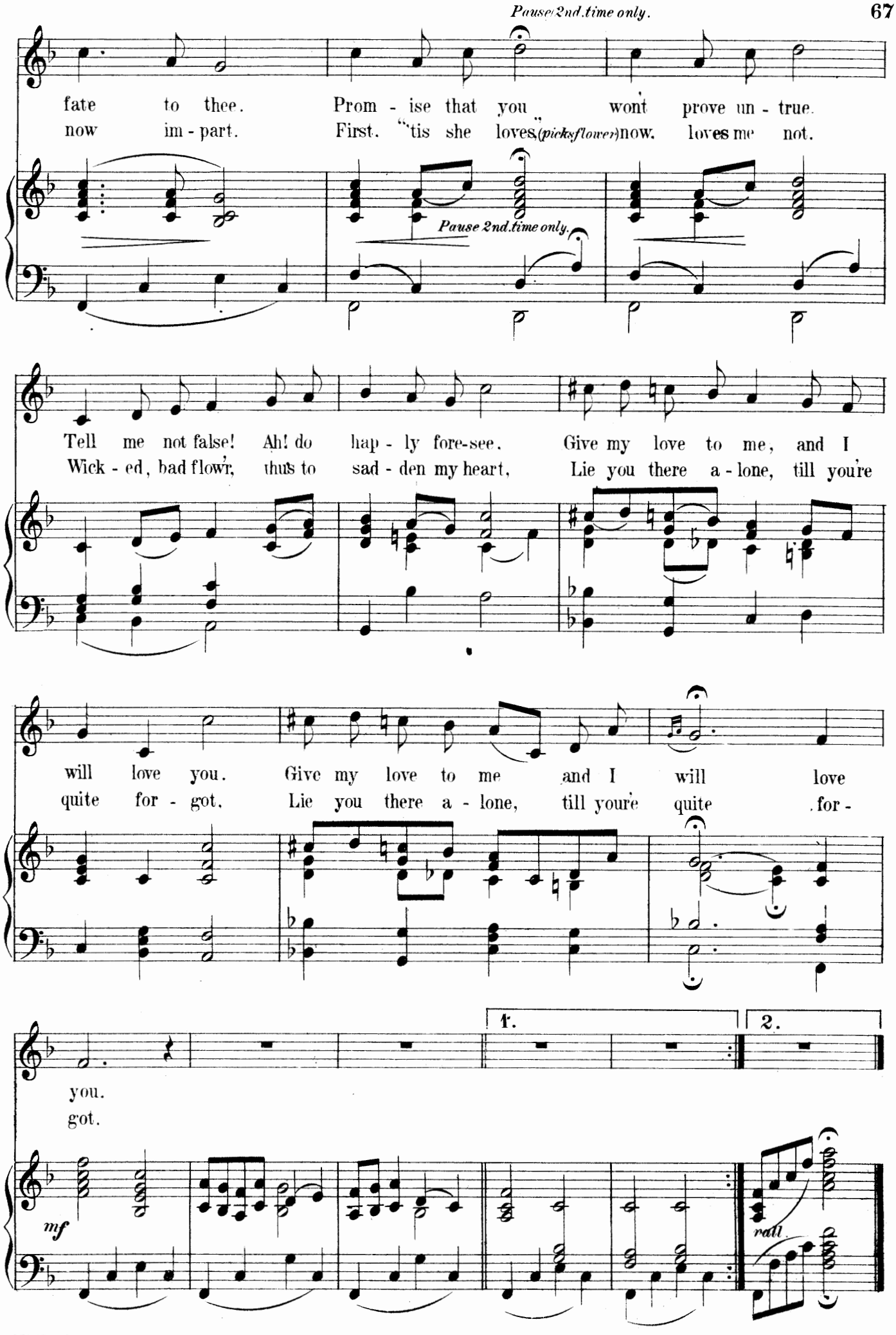
TELL ME TRULY, DAISY.

(*JACK.*)

No. 12.

Moderato.



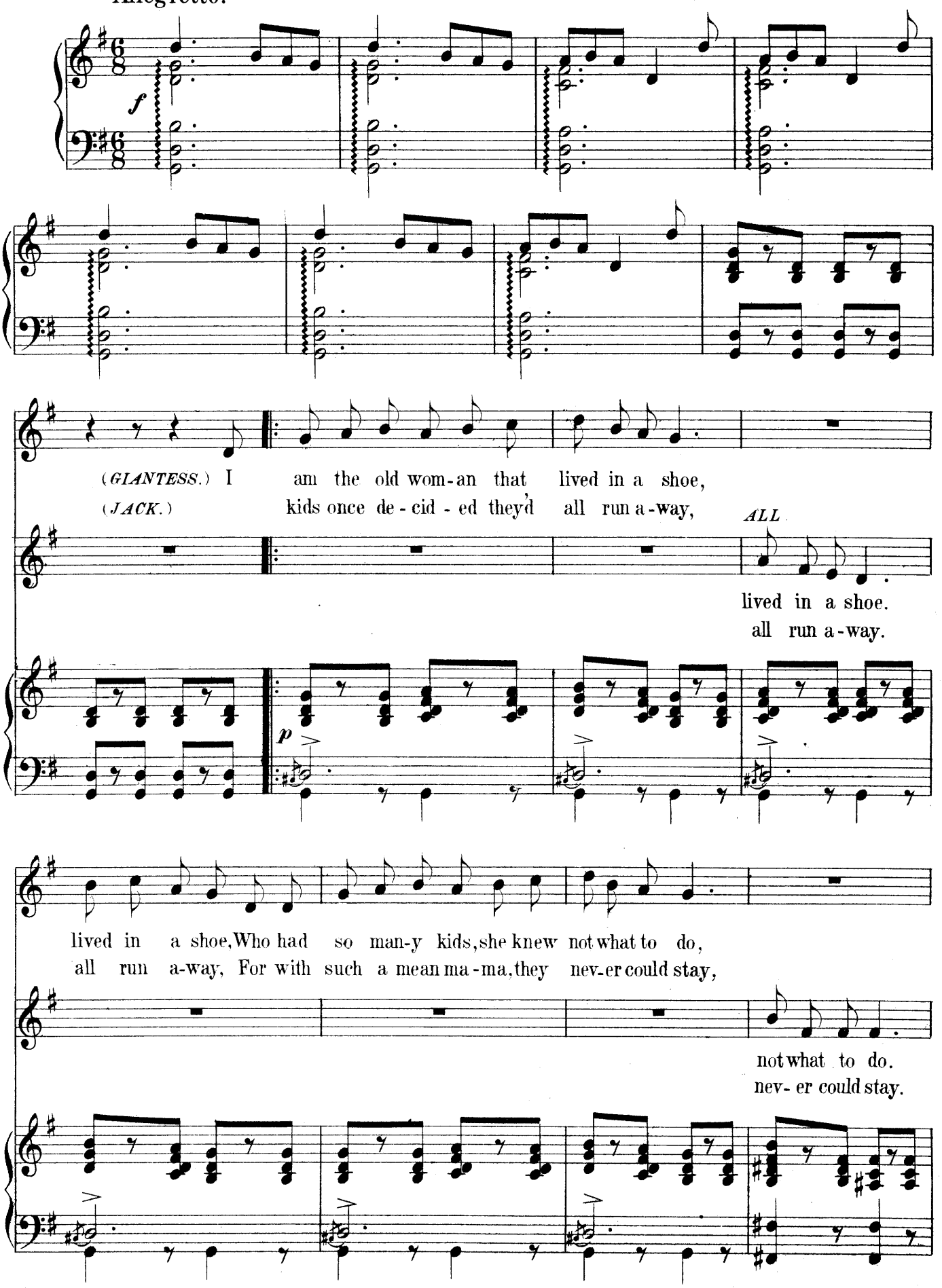

Pause 2nd. time only.
fate to thee. Prom - ise that you won't prove un - true.
now im - part. First, "'tis she loves, (picks flower) now, loves me not.
Pause 2nd. time only.
Tell me not false! Ah! do hap - ly fore-see. Give my love to me, and I
Wick - ed, bad flow'r, thus to sad - den my heart, Lie you there a - lone, till you're
will love you. Give my love to me and I will love
quite for - got. Lie you there a - lone, till you're quite for -
you.
got.
1.
2.
mf
rall.

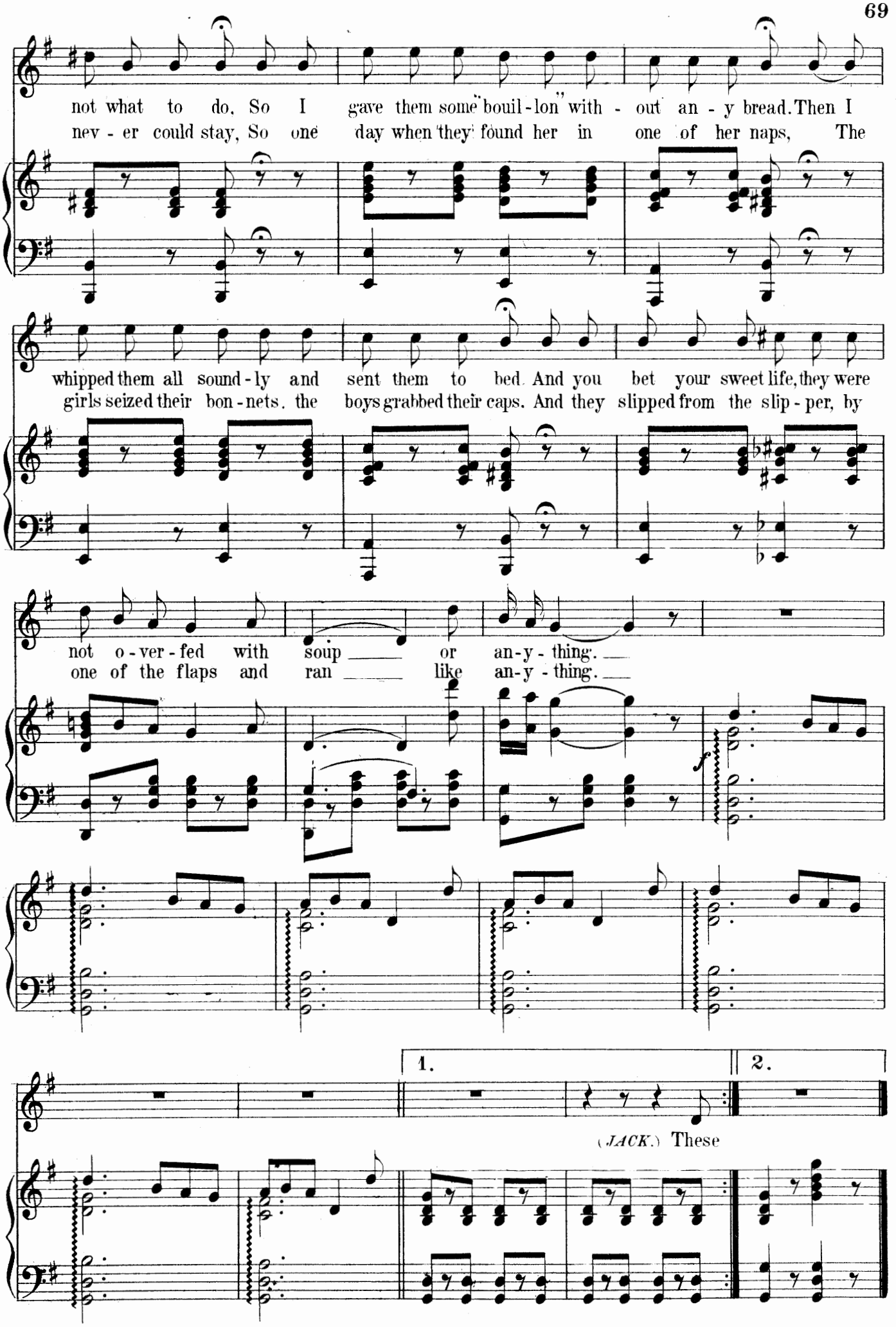
SONG OF THE SHOE - OCTETTE.

JACK, COLE, SINBAD, PHYSICIAN, MARY, MUFFETT, HUBBARD, Mrs. RUSÈ.

No. 13.

Allegretto.

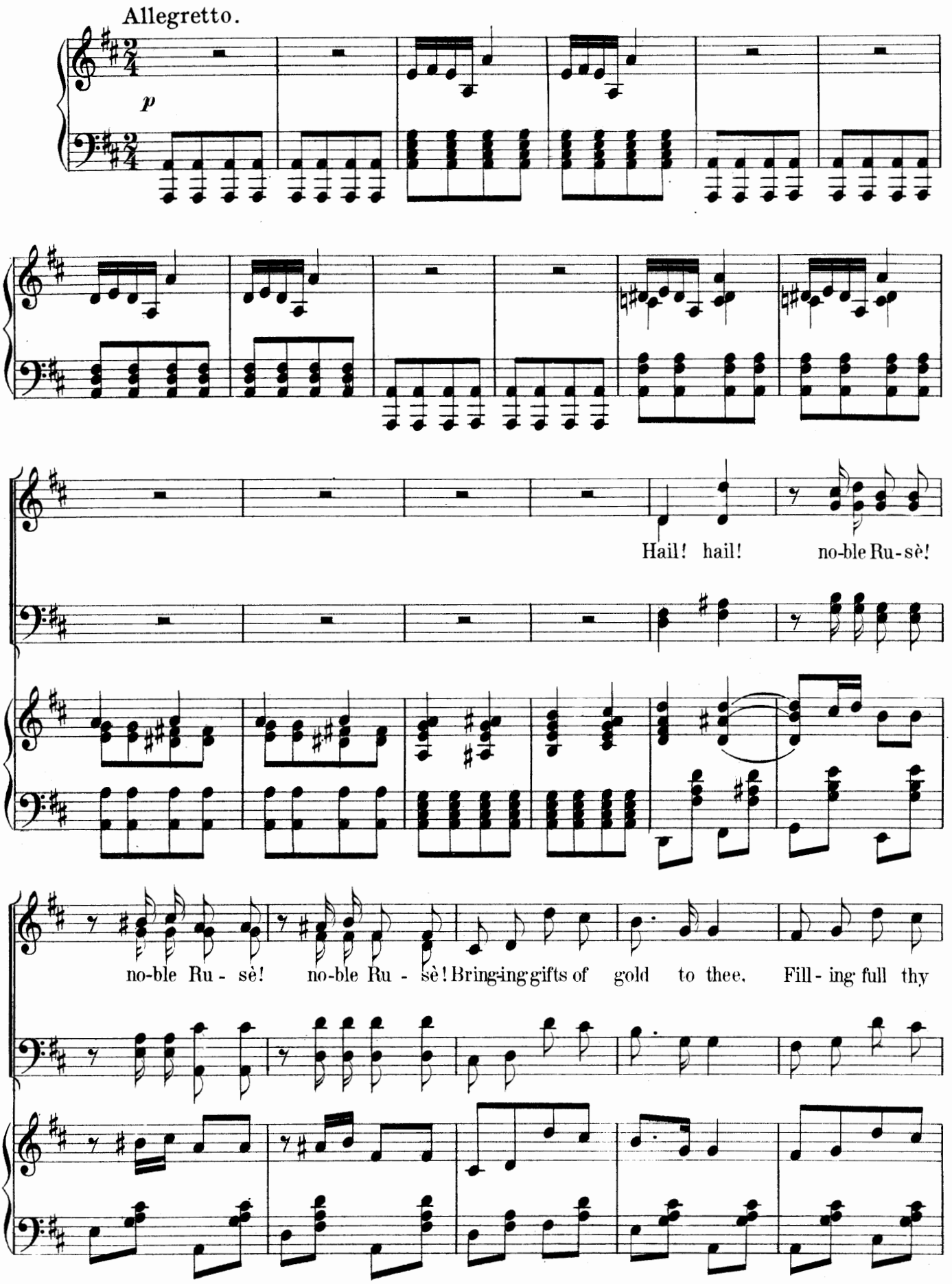


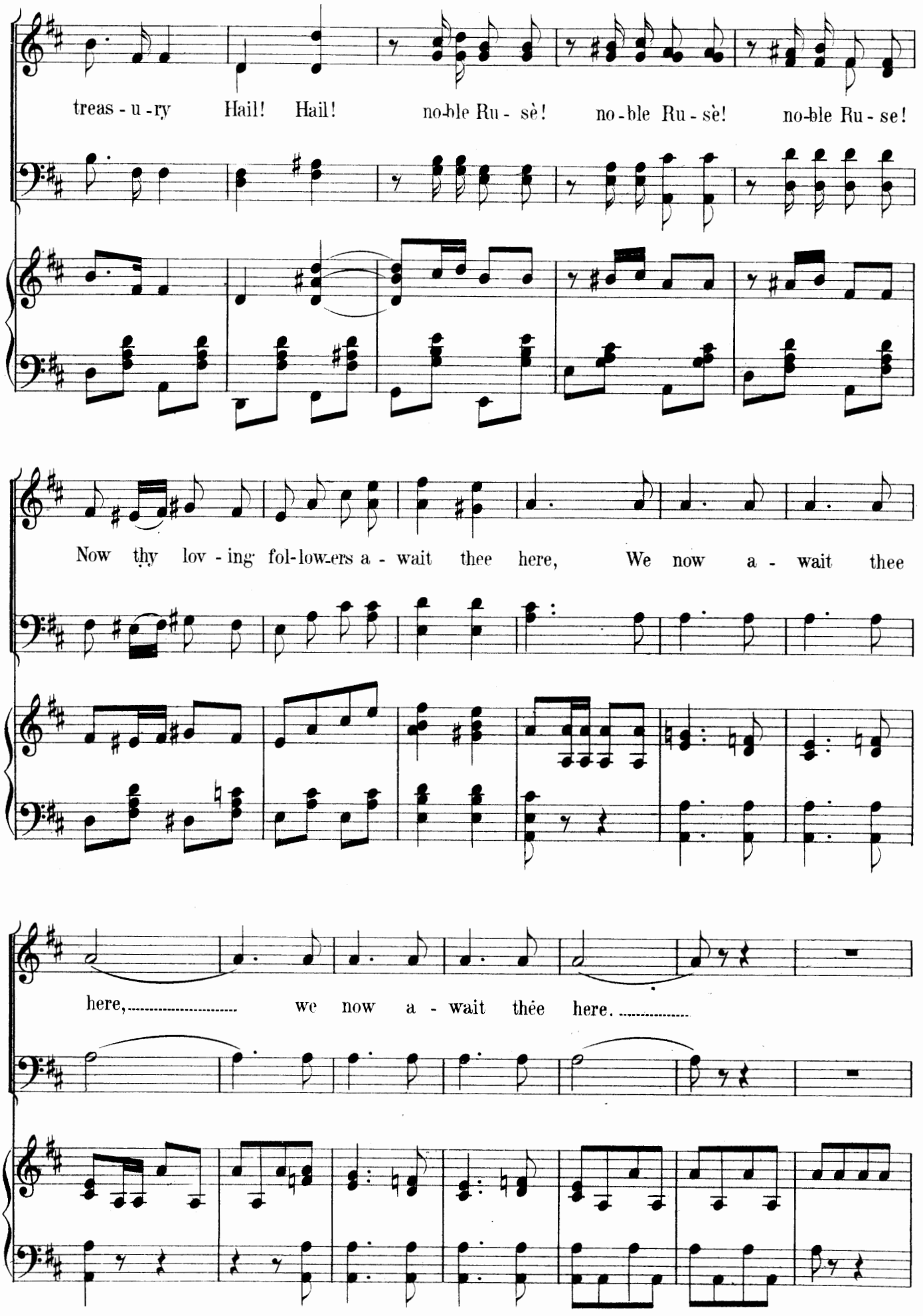

not what to do, So I gave them some "bouil-lon" with-out an-y bread. Then I
nev-er could stay, So one day when they found her in one of her naps, The
whipped them all sound-ly and sent them to bed. And you bet your sweet life, they were
girls seized their bon-nets, the boys grabbed their caps. And they slipped from the slip-per, by
not o-ver-fed with soup or an-y-thing.
one of the flaps and ran like an-y-thing.
f
1.
2.
(JACK.) These

ENTRANCE OF RUSÈ

SONG and CHORUS.

No. 14.




treas - u - ry Hail! Hail! no-ble Ru - sè! no - ble Ru - sè! no-ble Ru - se!
Now thy lov - ing fol-low-ers a - wait thee here, We now a - wait thee
here, we now a - wait thée here.

HAITEWORK.

Be-hold be - fore you ..... our year-ly trib - ute.....

p

..... to no - ble Ru - se. .....

NEVERWASH.

He in re - turn, re - news our li-cen-ses to steal, Our li - - cen

EVERTYDE.

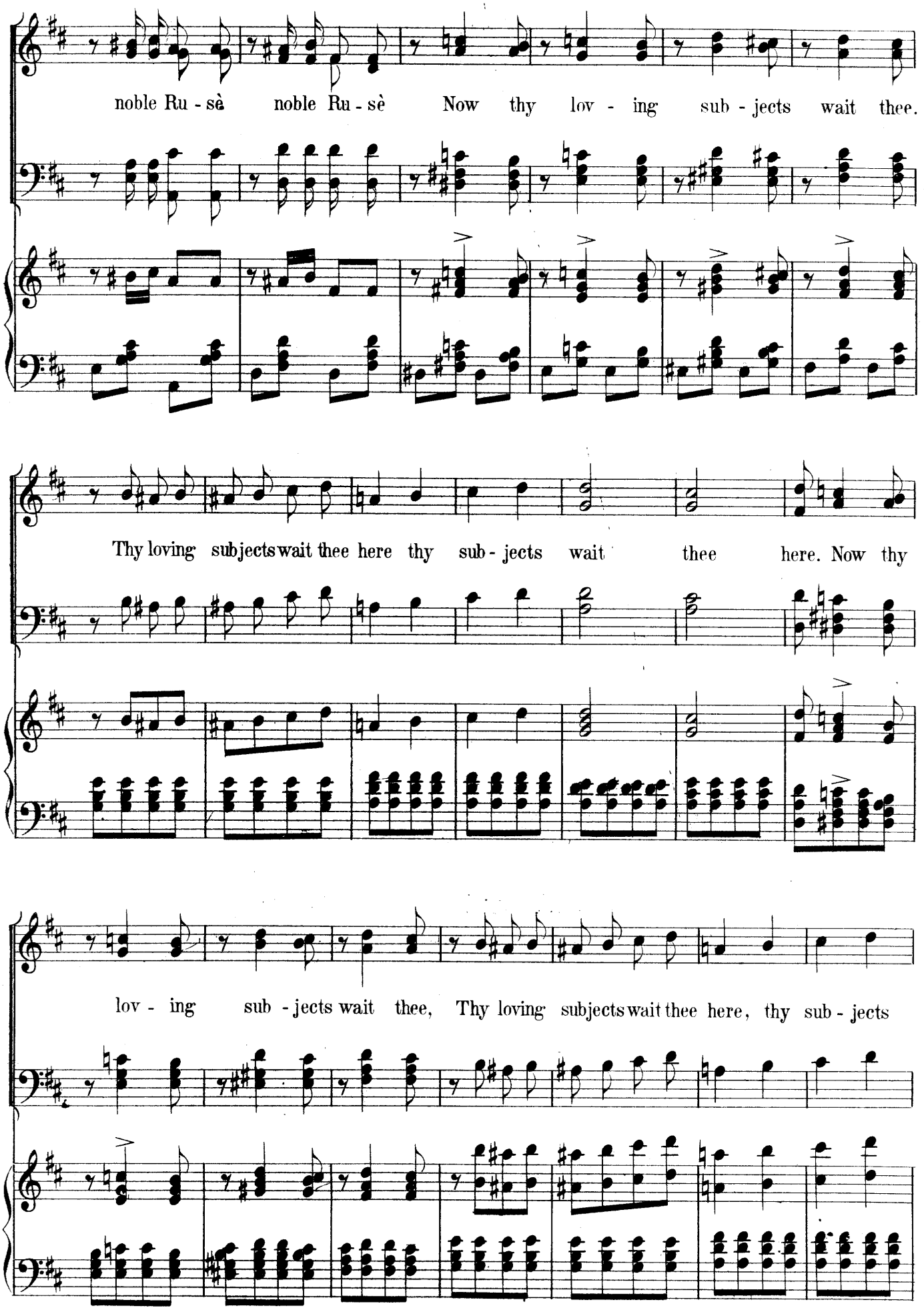
ses to steal, ... Our li - - cen - ses to steal. .....

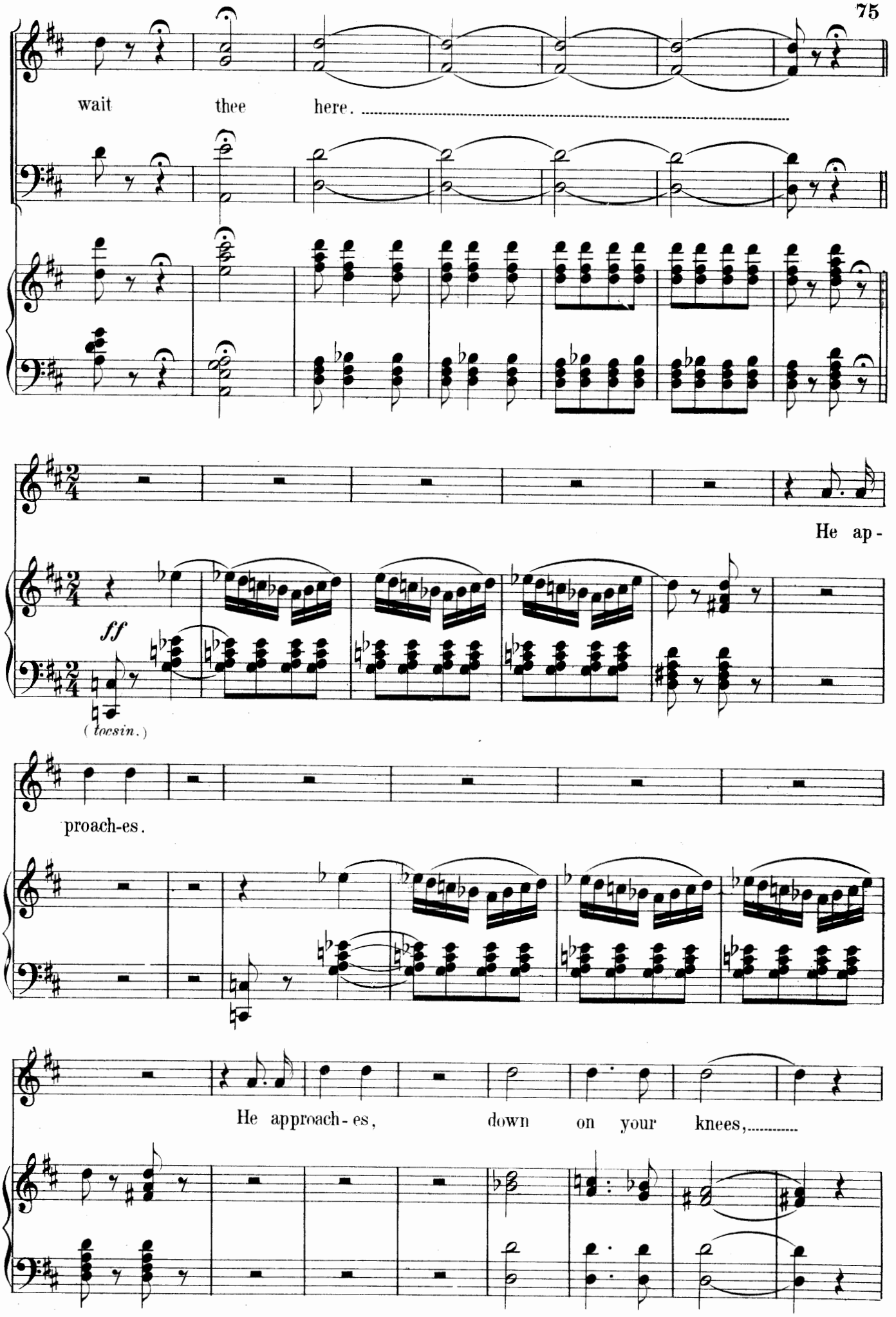
CHORUS.

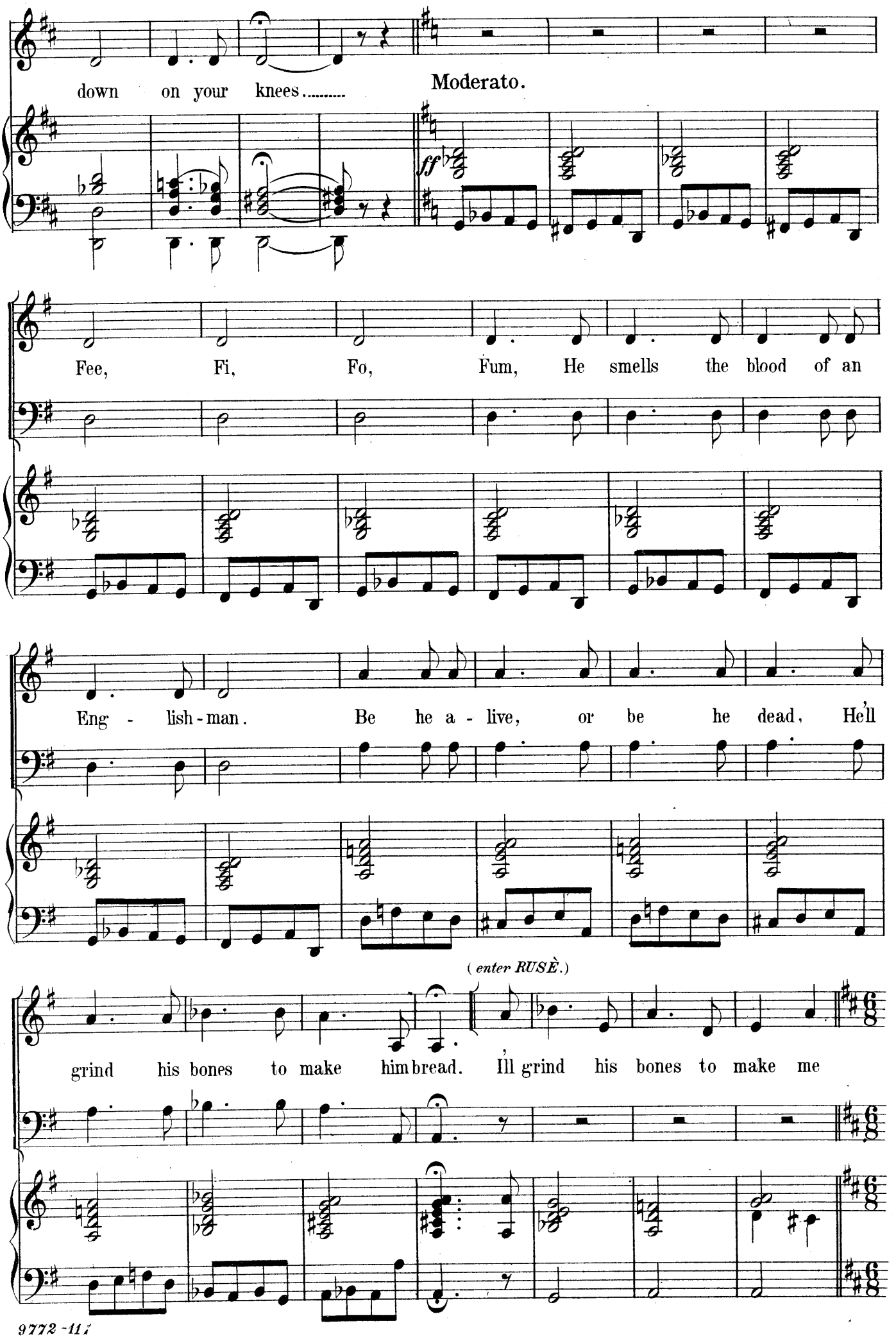
..... Our li - cen - ses to steal, ... Our li - cen - ses to

steal ..... Hail! Hail! no-ble Ru - sè! no-ble Ru - sè! no-ble Ru - sè!

bring - ing gifts of gold to thee, Fill-ing up thy treas - u - ry. Hail! Hail! noble Ru - sè!


noble Ru - sè noble Ru - sè Now thy lov - ing sub - jects wait thee.
Thy loving subjects wait thee here thy sub - jects wait thee here. Now thy
lov - ing sub - jects wait thee, Thy loving subjects wait thee here, thy sub - jects


wait thee here.
He ap-
ff
(tocsin.)
proach-es.
He approach-es, down on your knees,


down on your knees.....
Moderato.
ff
Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum, He smells the blood of an
Eng - lish-man. Be he a - live, or be he dead, He'll
(enter RUSÈ.)
grind his bones to make him bread. I'll grind his bones to make me

CHORUS.

bread..... For a typ-i-cal gi-ant am I..... For a

For a mi-ser-ly gi-ant am I..... For a

Allegretto.

RUSÈ.

typ-i-cal gi-ant is he..... For a pic-ture-book gi-ant am

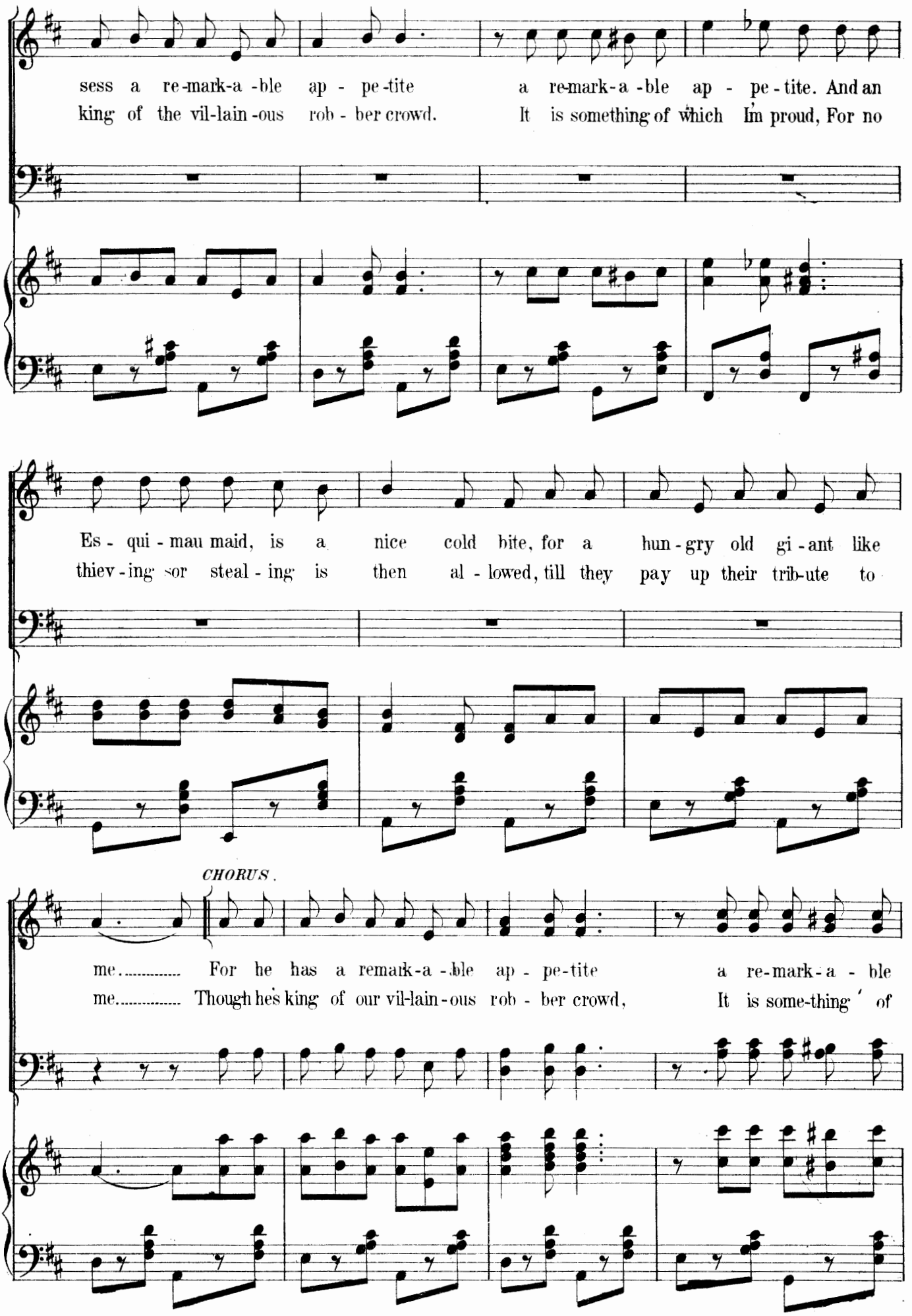
mi-ser-ly gi-ant is he..... For a "want-it-all" gi-ant am

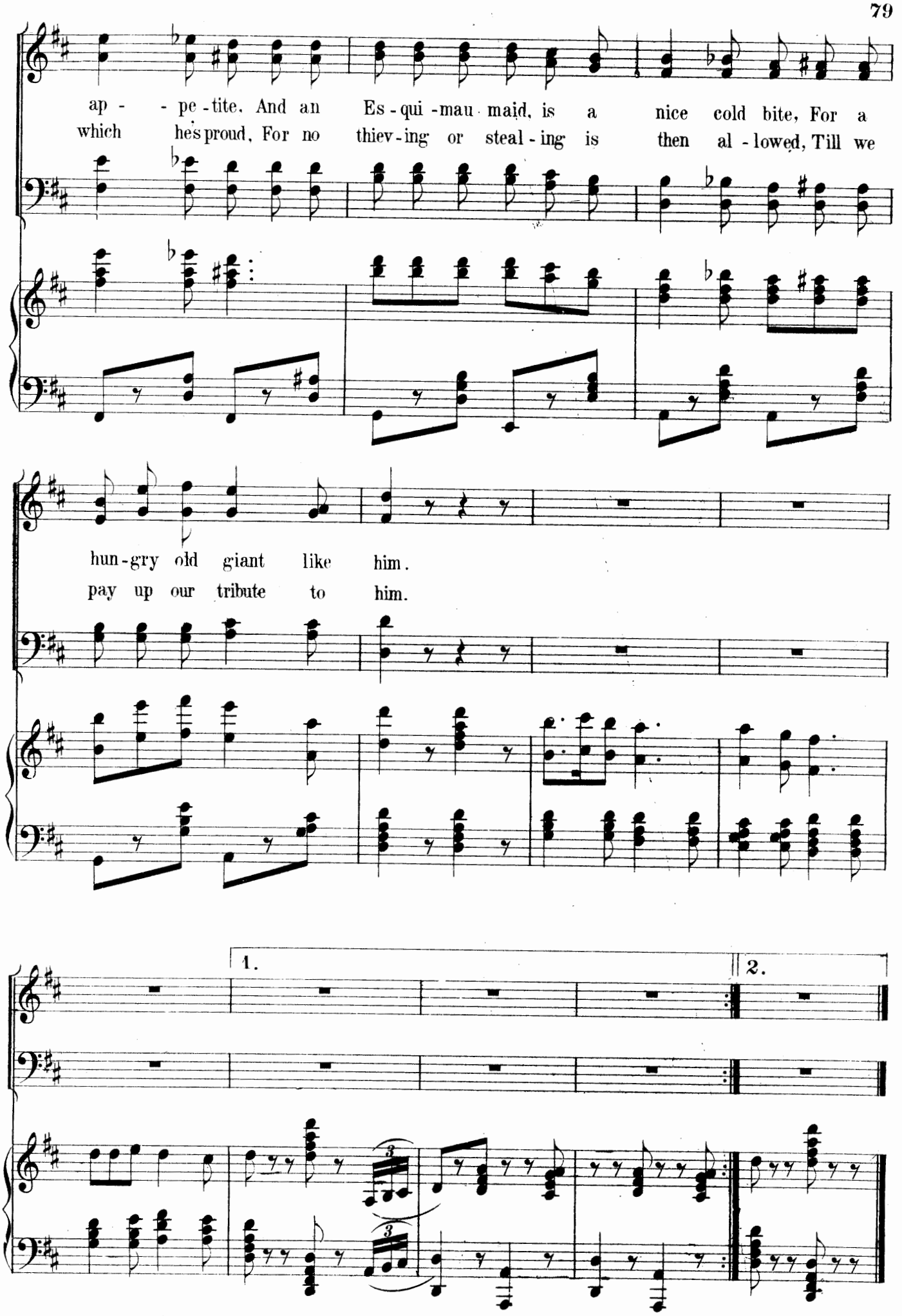
CHORUS.

RUSÈ.

I..... For a pic-ture-book gi-ant is he..... I pos-

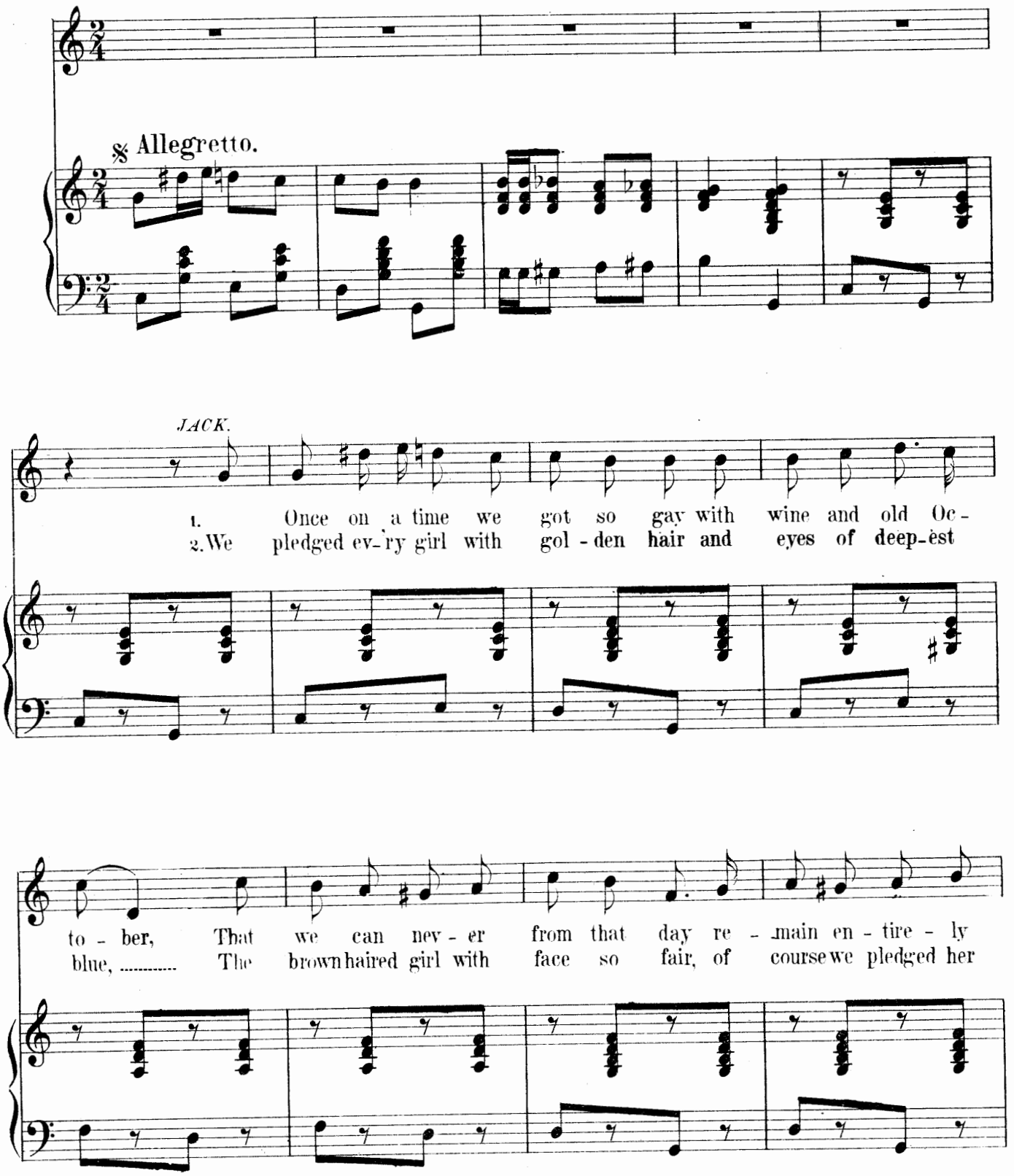
I..... For a mi-ser-ly gi-ant is he..... Though I'm

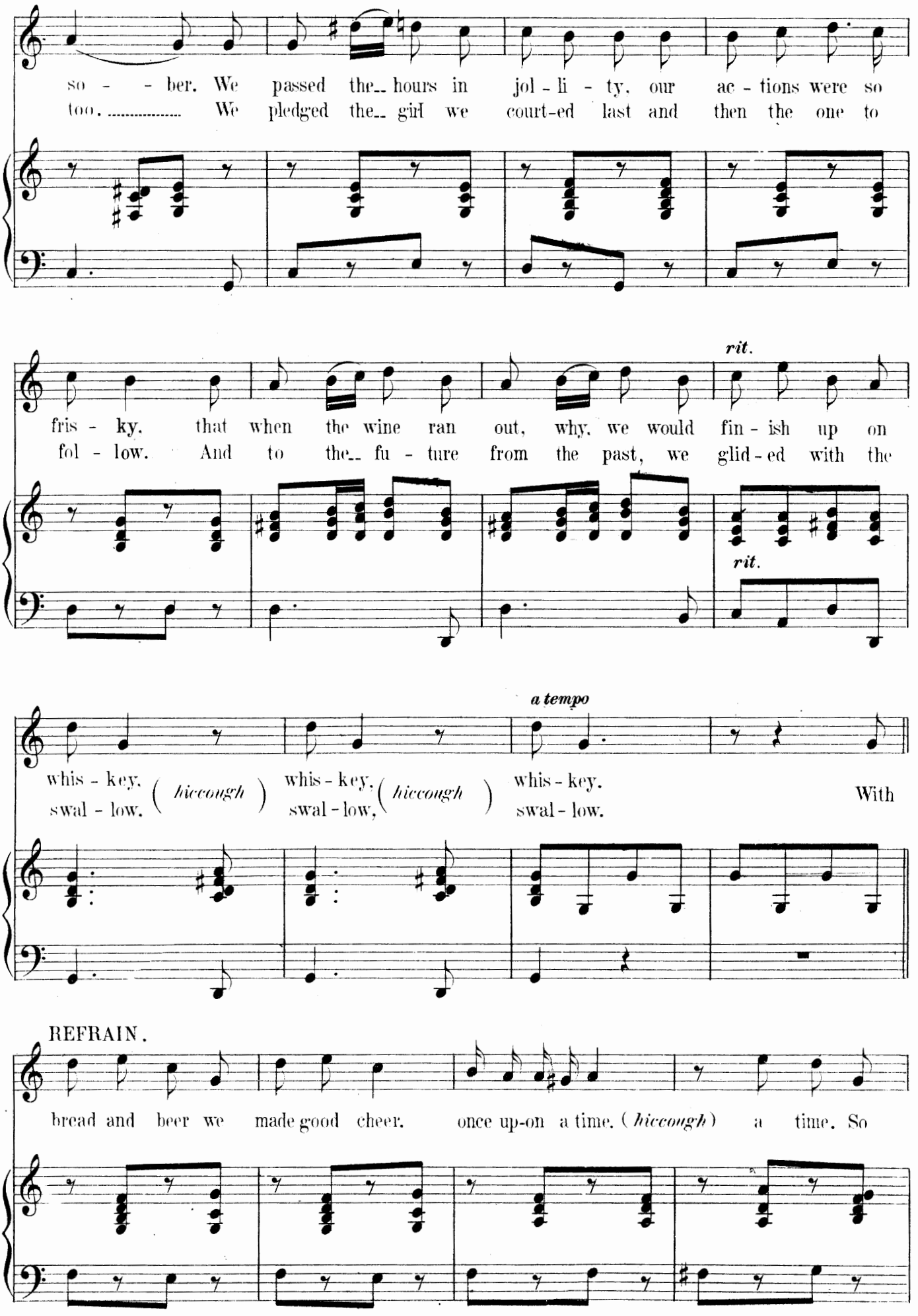

sess a re-mark-a-ble ap - pe-tite a re-mark-a-ble ap - pe-tite. And an
king of the vil-lain-ous rob - ber crowd. It is something of which I'm proud, For no
Es - qui - mau maid, is a nice cold bite, for a hun-gry old gi-ant like
thiev-ing sor steal-ing is then al - lowed, till they pay up their trib-ute to
CHORUS.
me..... For he has a remark-a-ble ap - pe-tite a re-mark-a - ble
me..... Though he's king of our vil-lain-ous rob - ber crowd, It is some-thing of

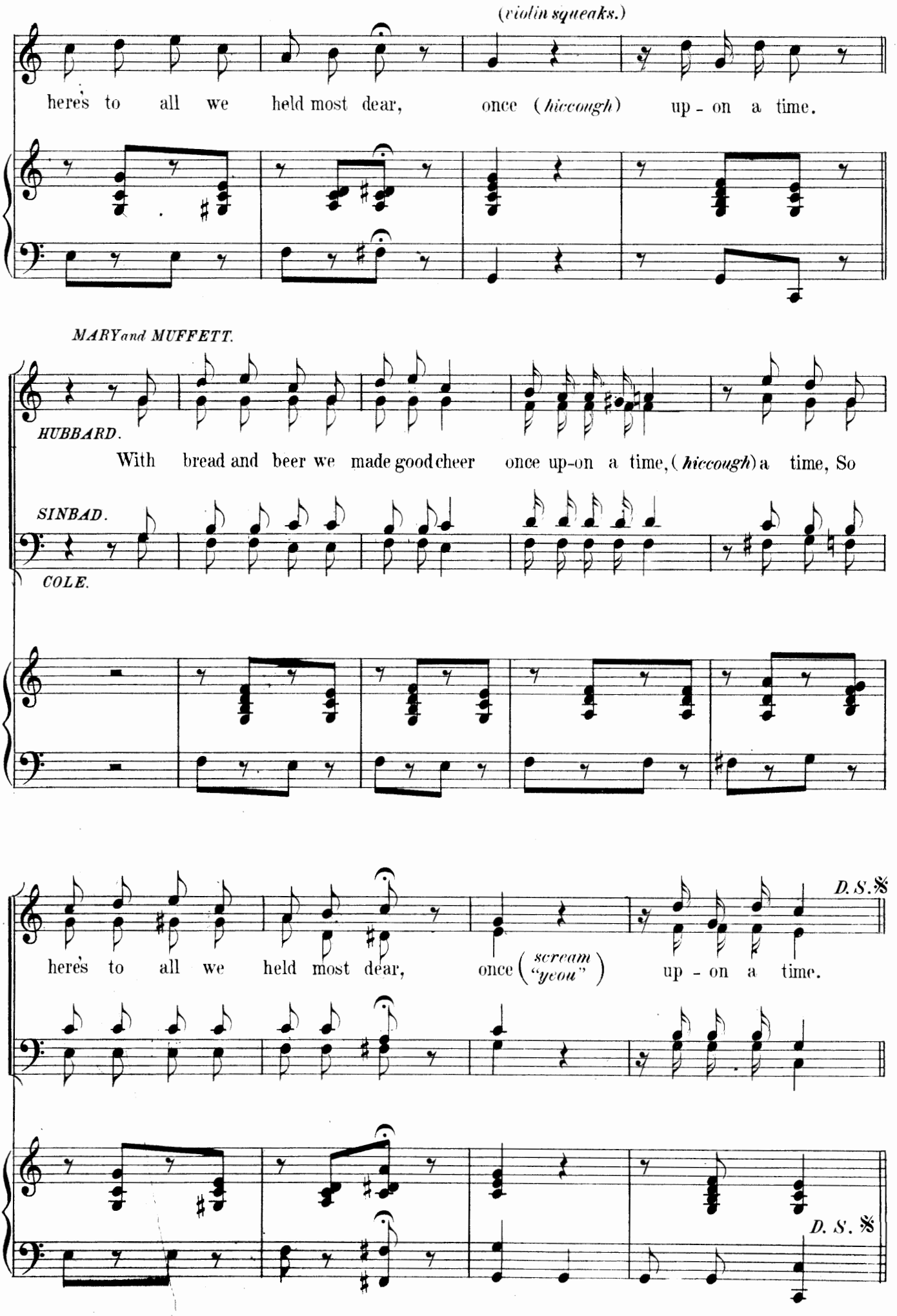

ap - - pe - tite. And an Es - qui - mau maid, is a nice cold bite, For a
which he's proud, For no thiev - ing or steal - ing is then al - lowed, Till we
hun - gry old giant like him.
pay up our tribute to him.
1.
2.

DRINKING SONG.

No. 15.

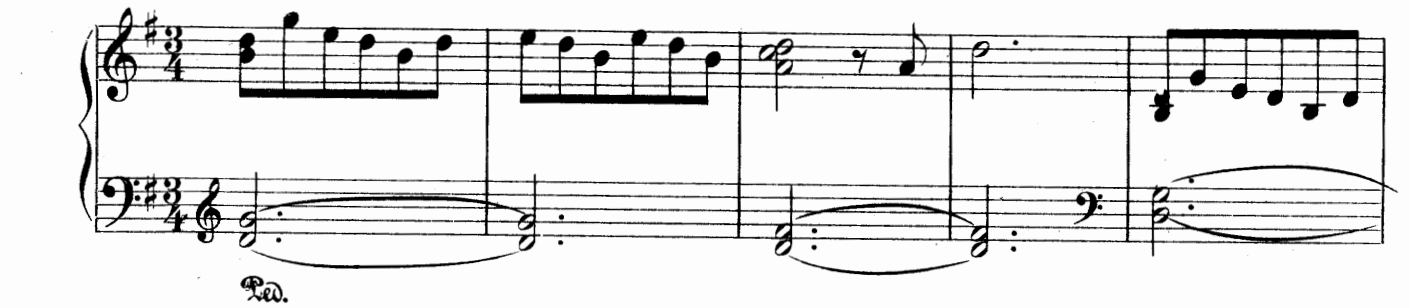


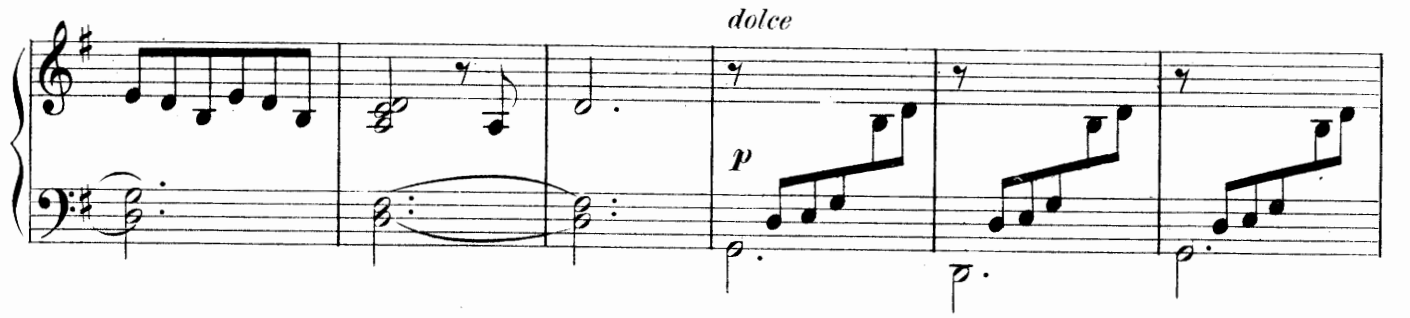

so - - ber. We passed the hours in jol - li - ty, our ac - tions were so
too. ..... We pledged the girl we court-ed last and then the one to
rit.
fris - ky. that when the wine ran out, why, we would fin - ish up on
fol - low. And to the fu - ture from the past, we glid - ed with the
rit.
a tempo
whis - key, (hiccough) whis - key, (hiccough) whis - key. With
swal - low. swal - low, swal - low.
REFRAIN.
bread and beer we made good cheer. once up-on a time. (hiccough) a time. So

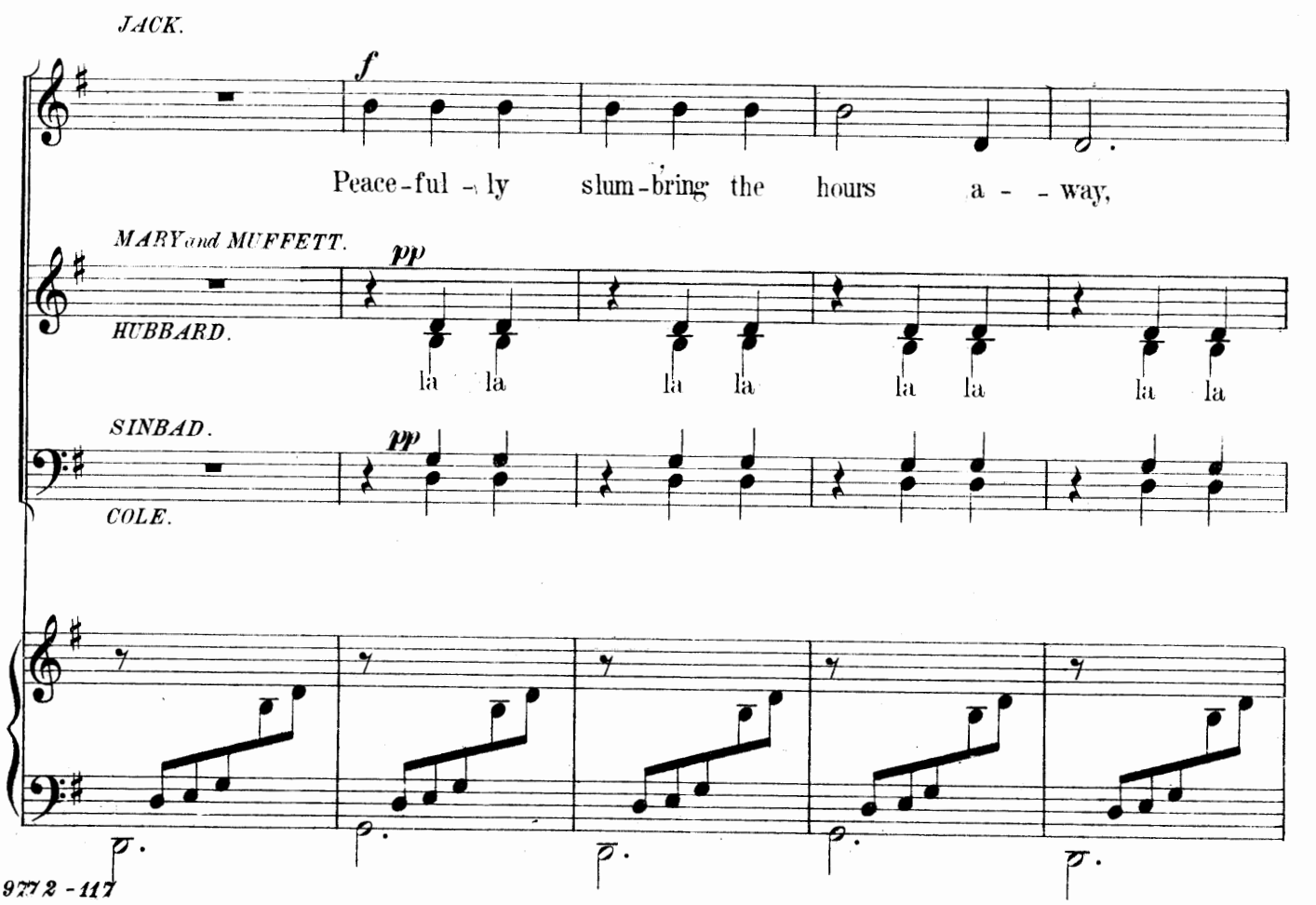

(violin squeaks.)
here's to all we held most dear, once (hiccough) up - on a time.
MARY and MUFFETT.
HUBBARD.
With bread and beer we made good cheer once up-on a time, (hiccough) a time, So
SINBAD.
COLE.
here's to all we held most dear, once ("scream" "yeou") up - on a time.
D. S. 𝄋
D. S. 𝄋

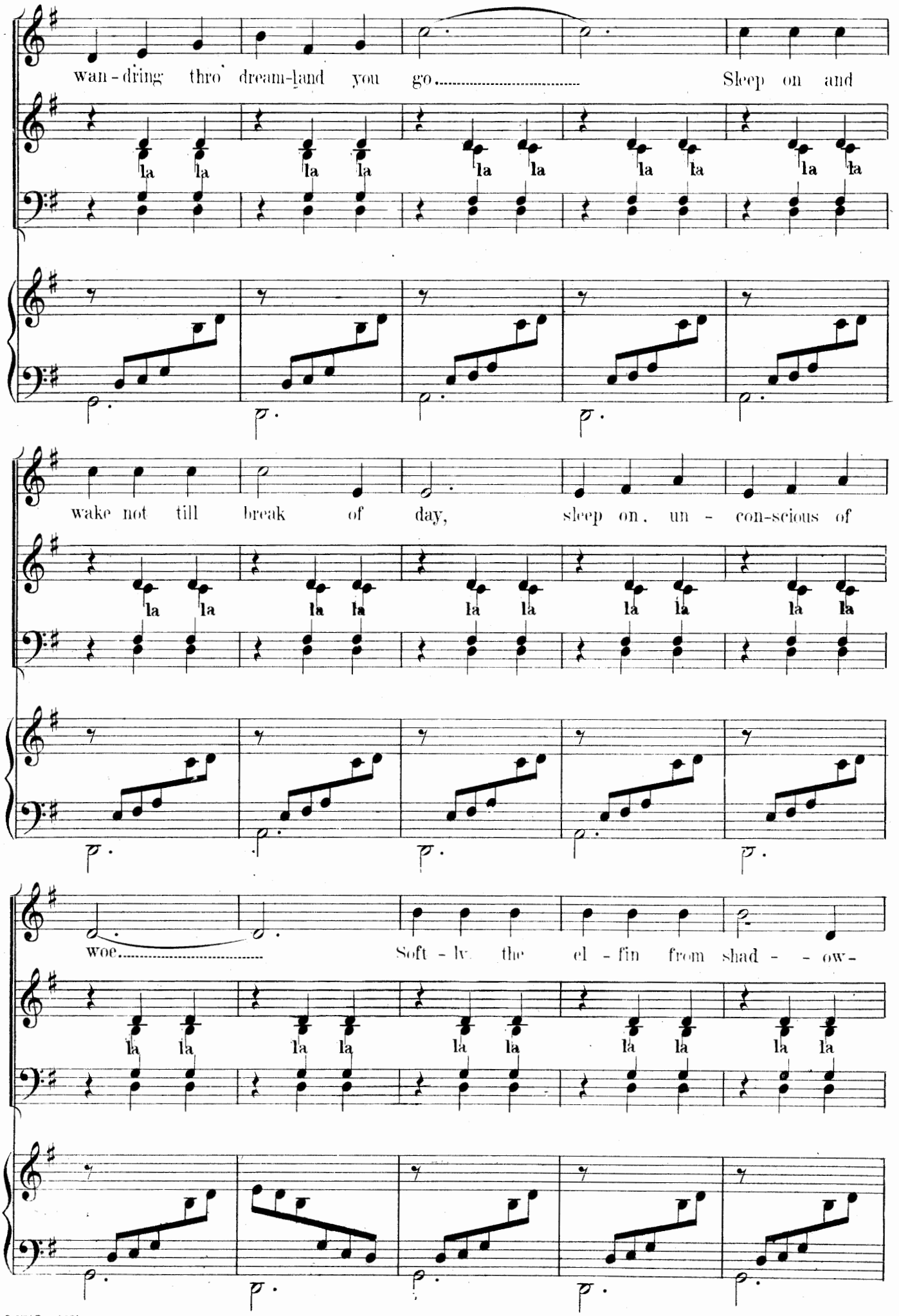
SLUMBER SONG.

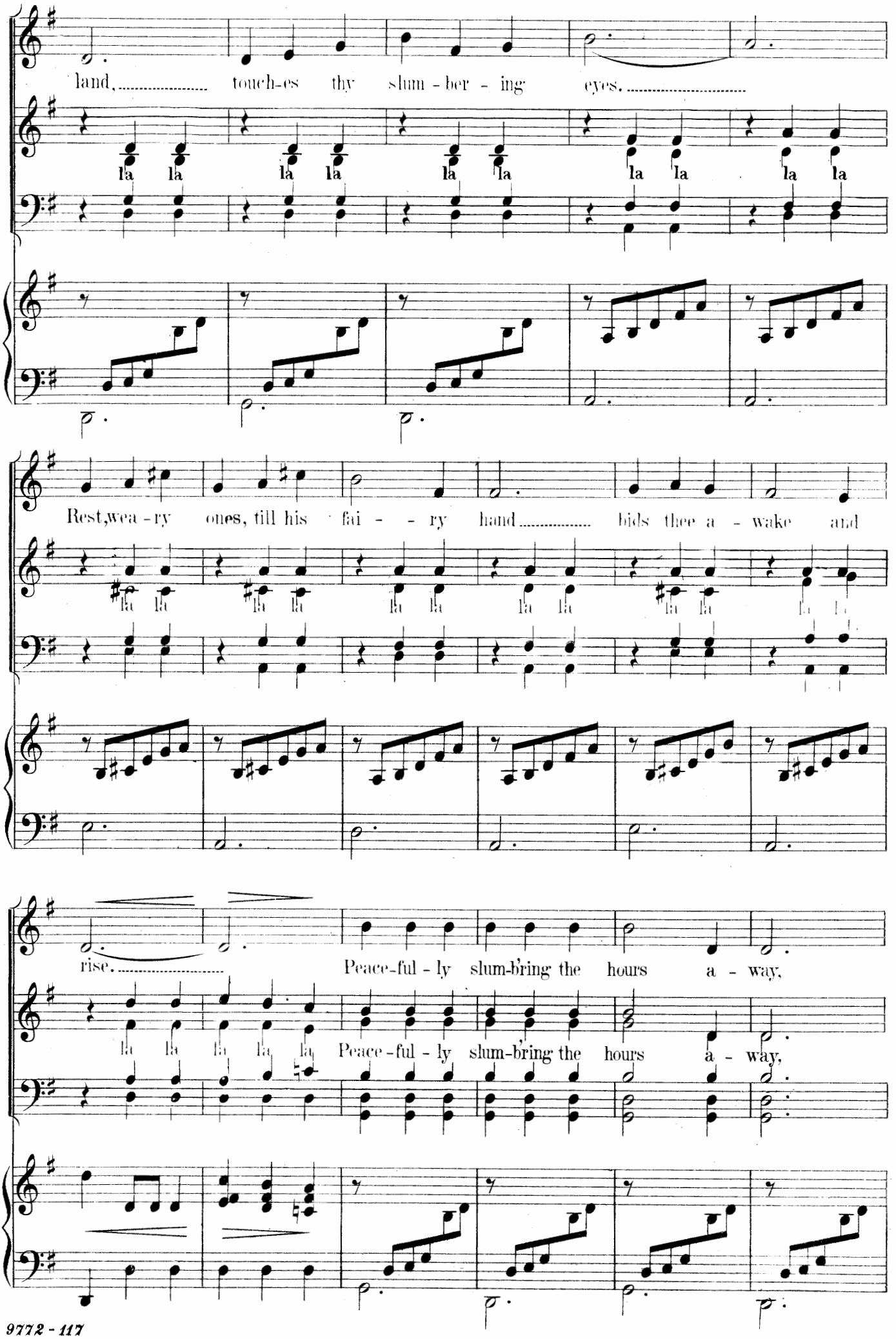
No. 16.

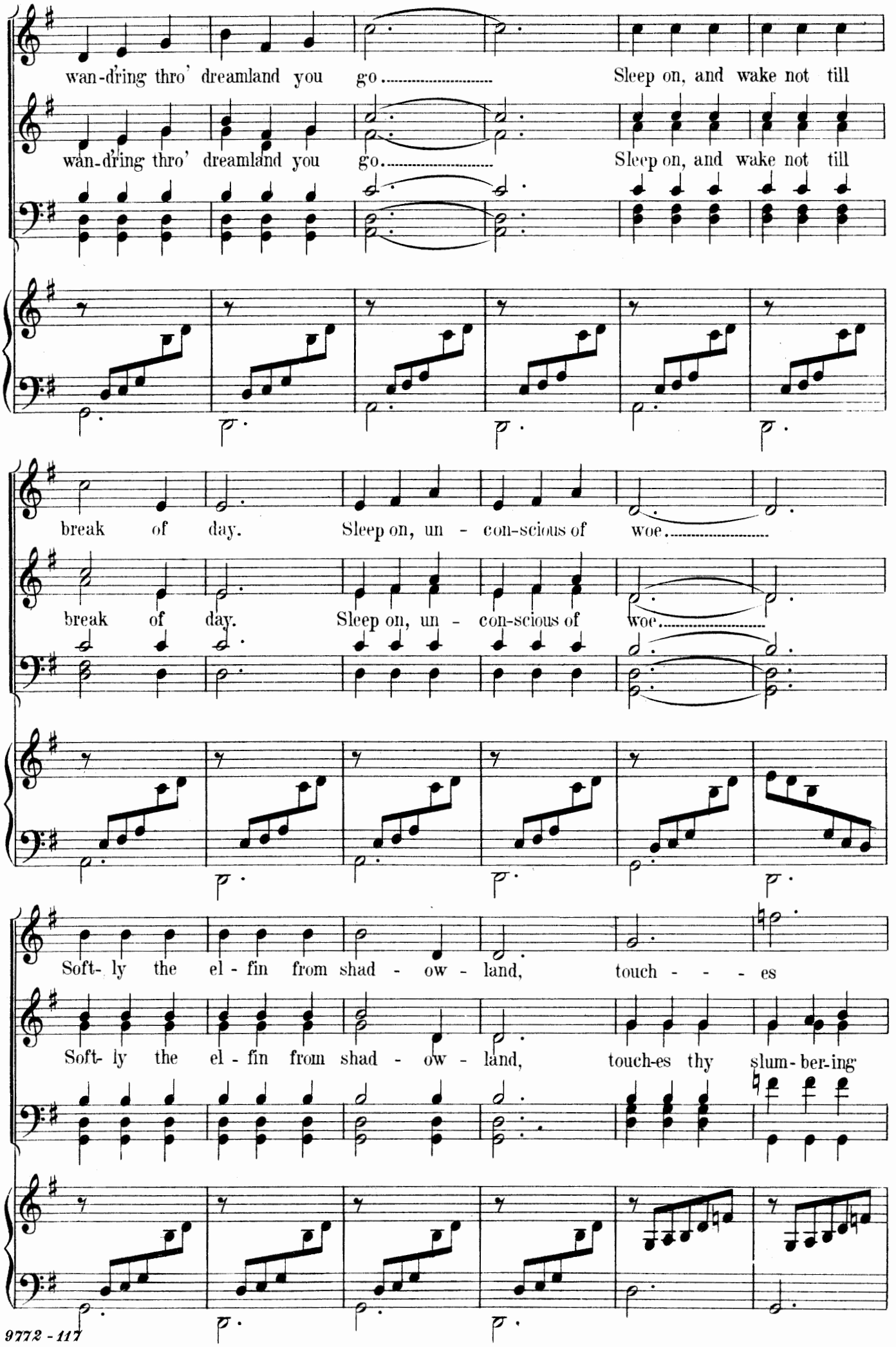


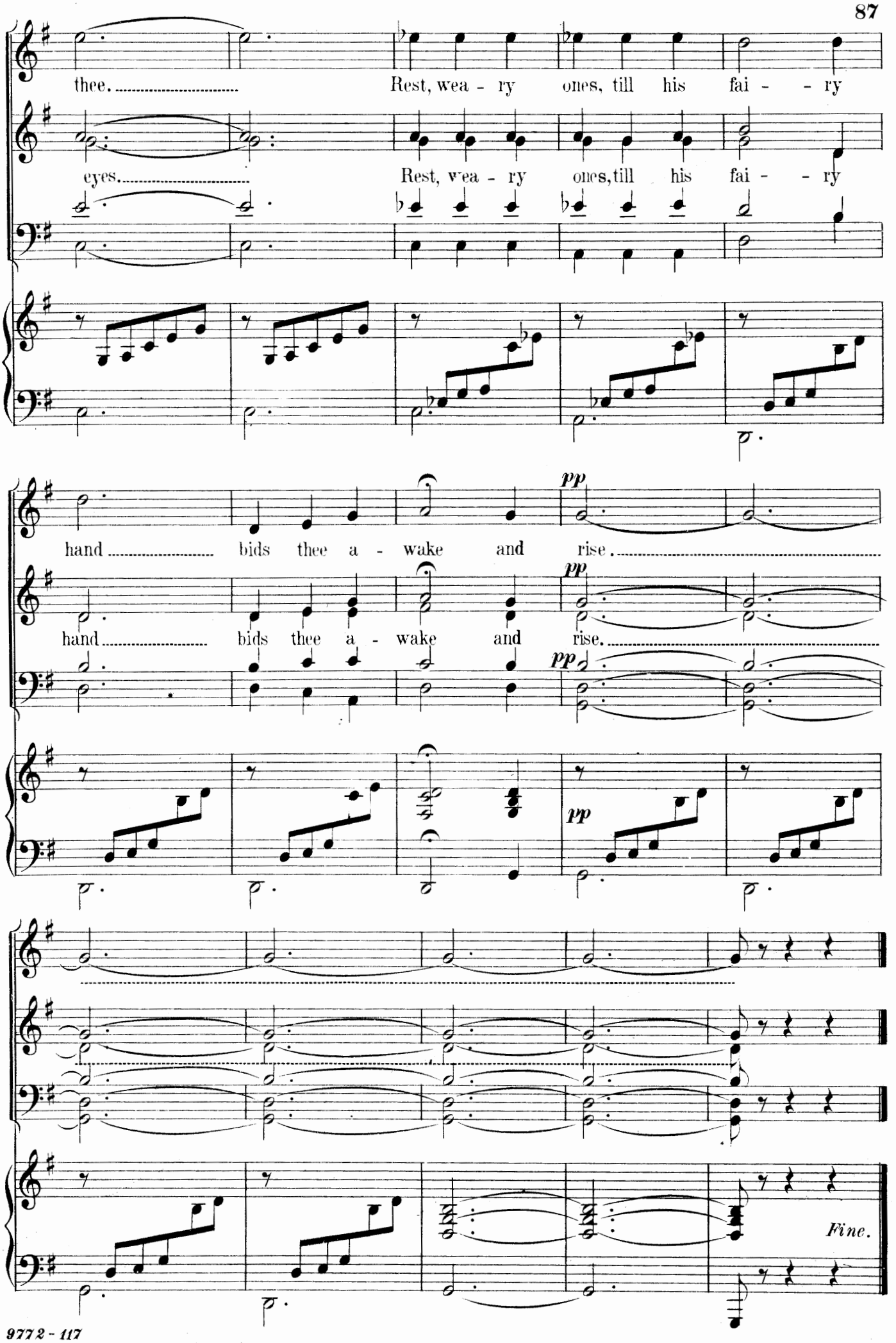





wan - dring thro dream-land you go..... Sleep on and
la la la la la la la la la la
wake not till break of day, sleep on, un - con-scious of
la la la la la la la la la la
woe..... Soft - ly the el - fin from shad - - ow-
la la la la la la la la la la


land, touch-es thy slum - ber - ing eyes.
la la la la la la la la la la
Rest, wea - ry ones, till his fai - - ry hand bids thee a - wake and
la la la la la la la la la la
rise. Peace-ful - ly slum-bring the hours a - way,
la la la la la Peace - ful - ly slum-bring the hours a - way,

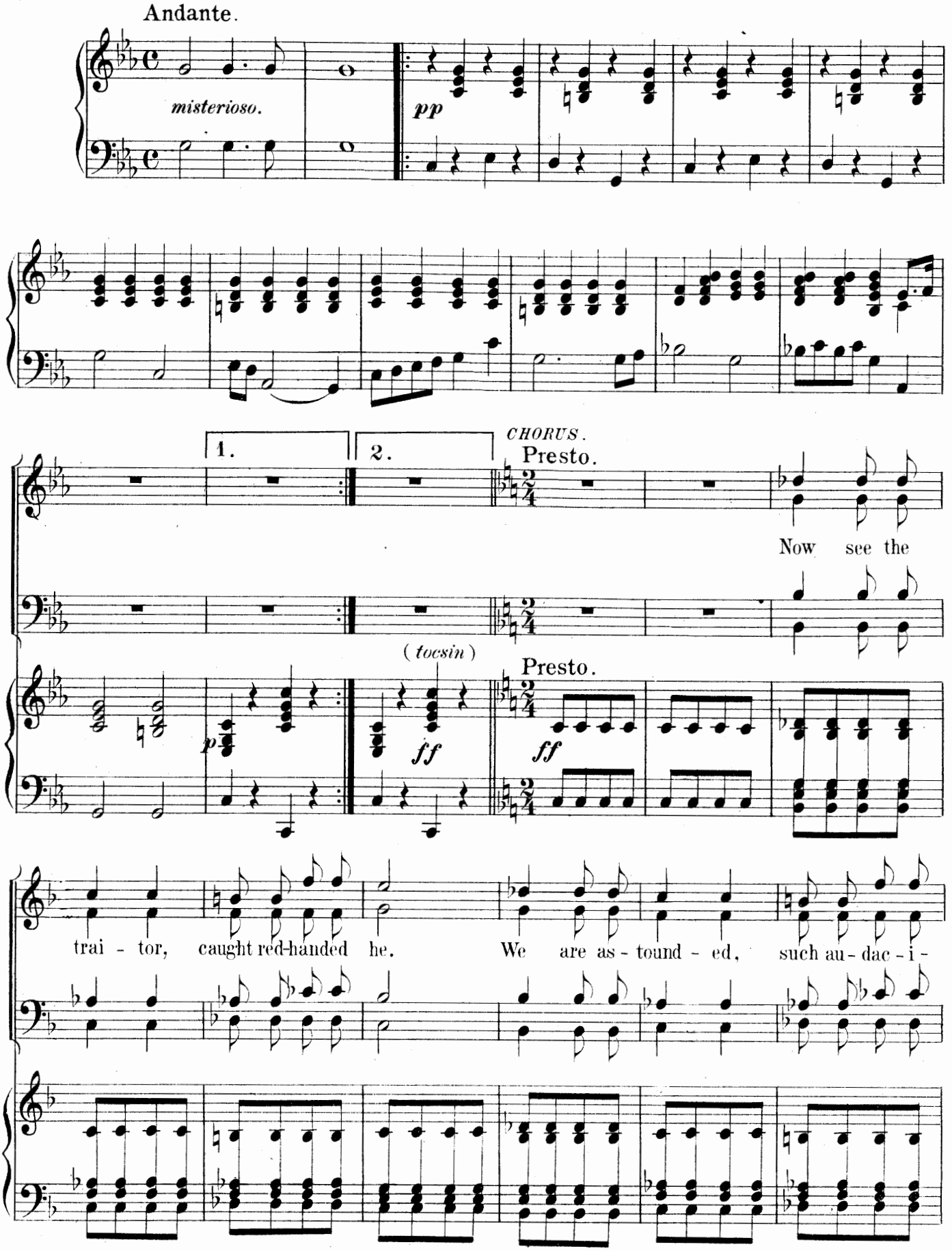

wan-dring thro' dreamland you go..... Sleep on, and wake not till
wan-dring thro' dreamland you go..... Sleep on, and wake not till
break of day. Sleep on, un - con-scious of woe.....
break of day. Sleep on, un - con-scious of woe.....
Soft- ly the el - fin from shad - ow - land, touch - - - es
Soft- ly the el - fin from shad - ow - land, touch-es thy slum - ber-ing

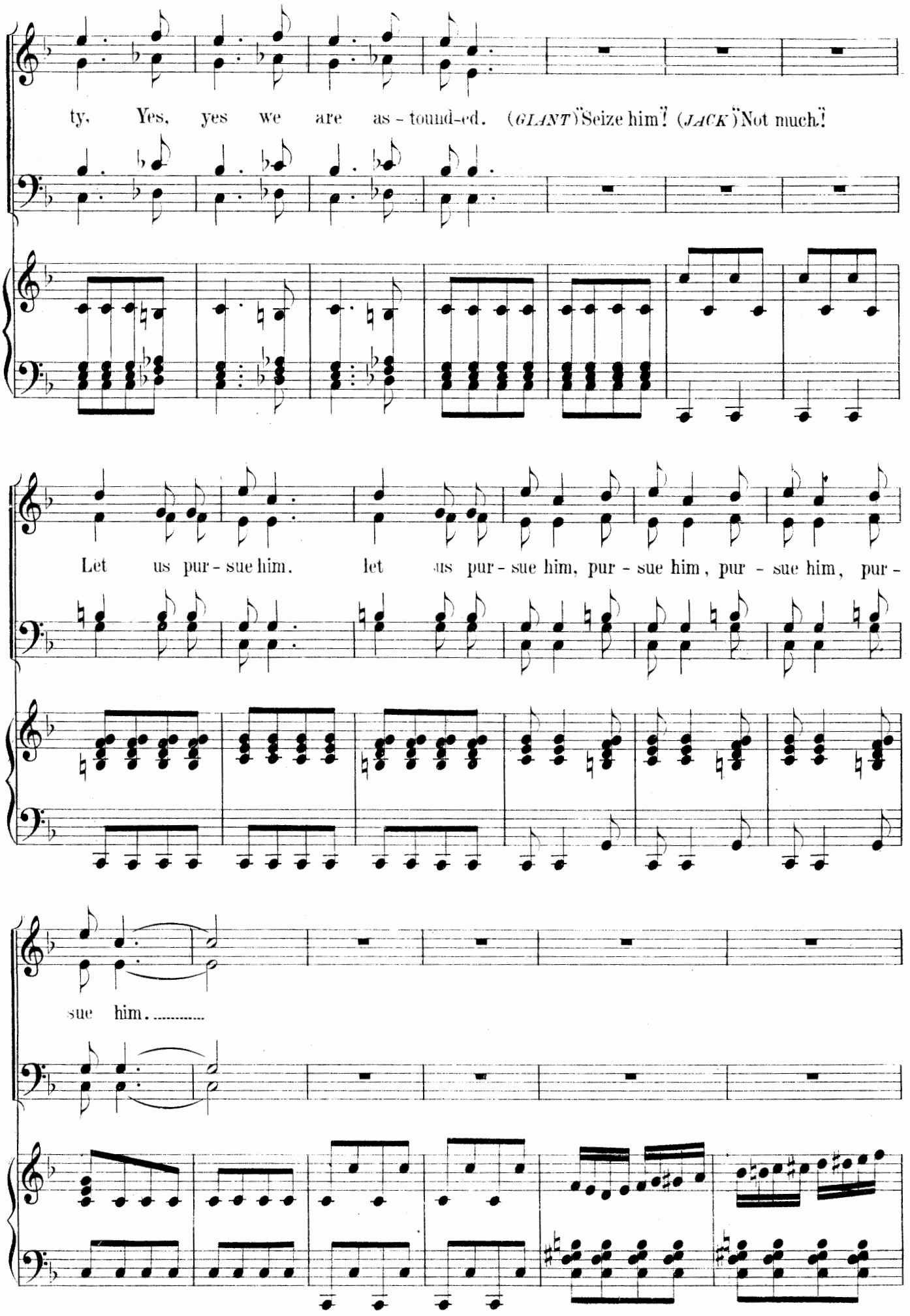

thee.
Rest, wea - ry ones, till his fai - - ry
eyes.
Rest, wea - ry ones, till his fai - - ry
hand
bids thee a - wake and rise.
pp
hand
bids thee a - wake and rise.
pp
pp
Fine.

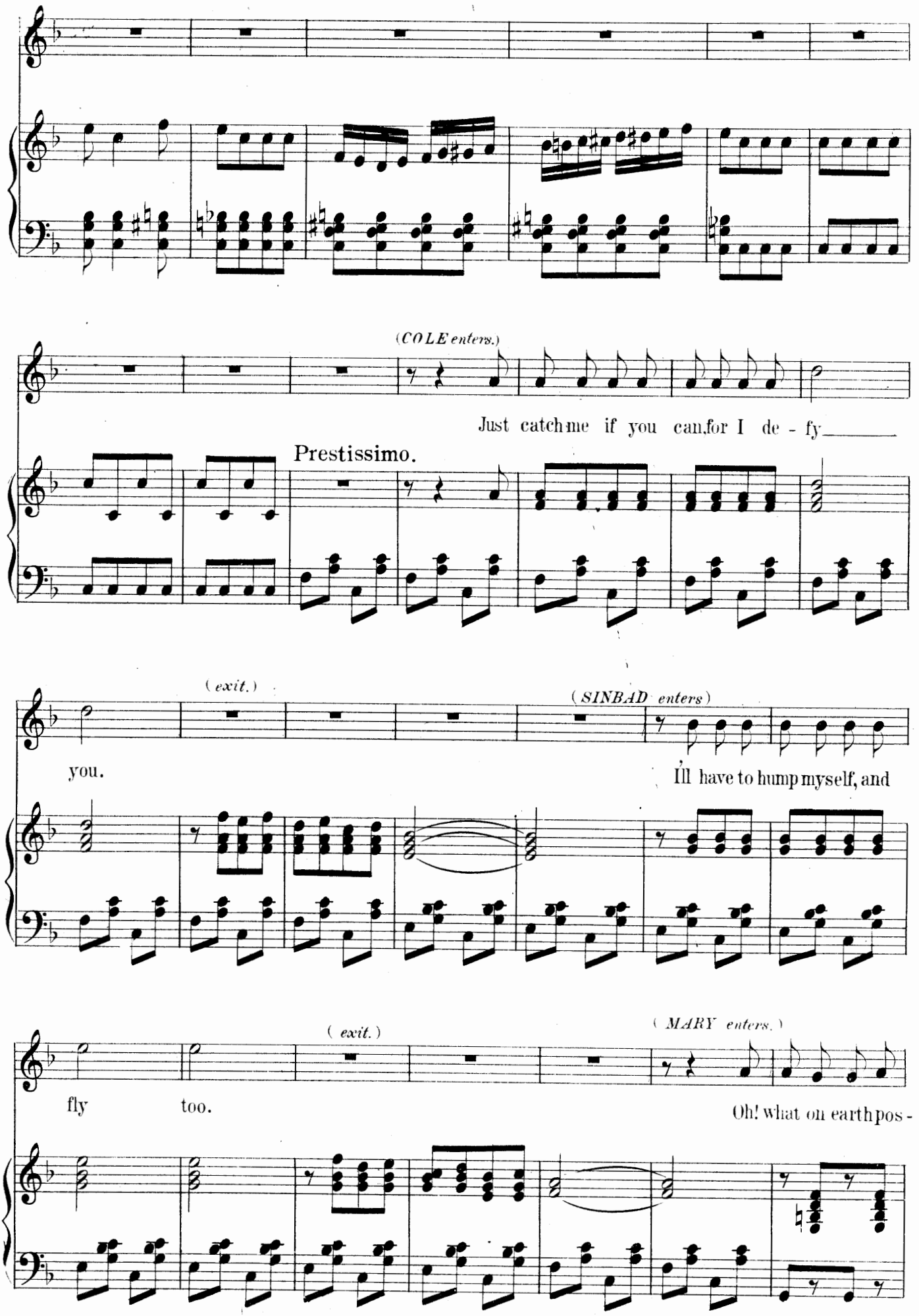
FINALE ACT II.

"NOW SEE THE TRAITOR".

No. 17.




ty. Yes, yes we are as - tound-ed. (GIANT)"Seize him"! (JACK)"Not much"!
Let us pur - sue him. let us pur - sue him, pur - sue him, pur - sue him, pur -
sue him.


(COLE enters.)
Just catch me if you can, for I de - fy
Prestissimo.
(exit.)
(SINBAD enters)
you.
I'll have to hump myself, and
(exit.)
(MARY enters.)
fly too.
Oh! what on earth pos -

(exit) (MUFFET enters.)

sessed us to at - tempt to steal that gold? I've run so fast, I real - ly think my nose is get-ting

(exit) (HUBBARD enters.)

(exit) (JACK enters.)

cold. The saints a - bove pro - tect me, for I'm scared al-most to death. I cant

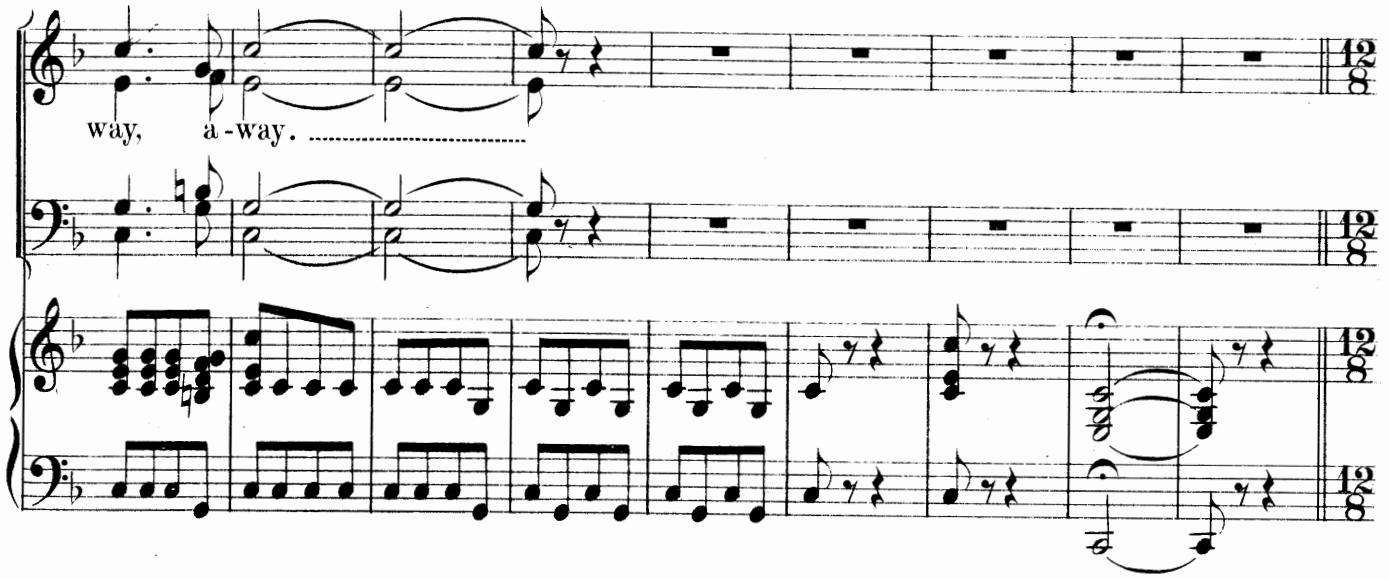
CHORUS. (without)

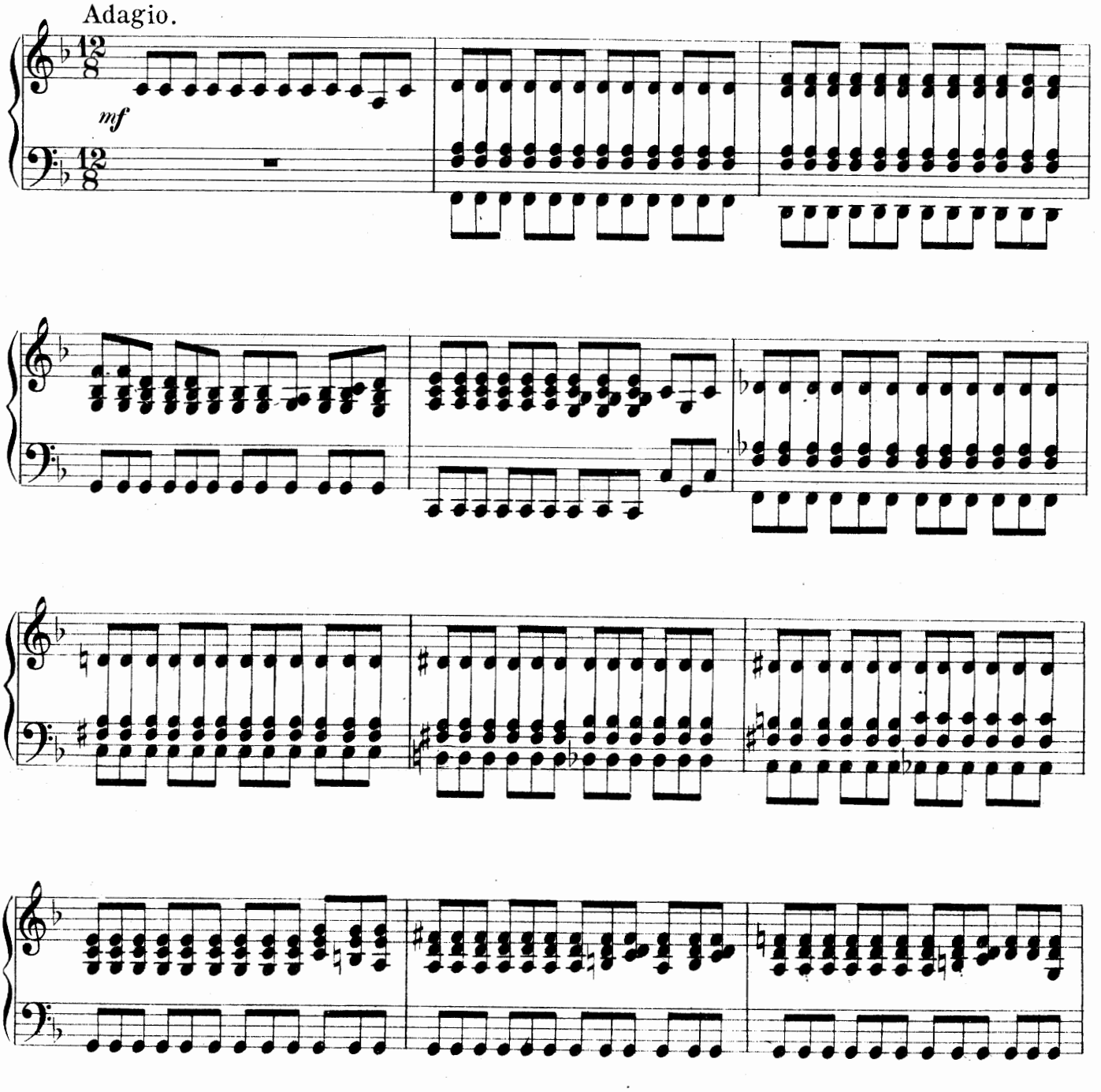
get an - - oth - - er breath. Seize the trai - tor, seize the

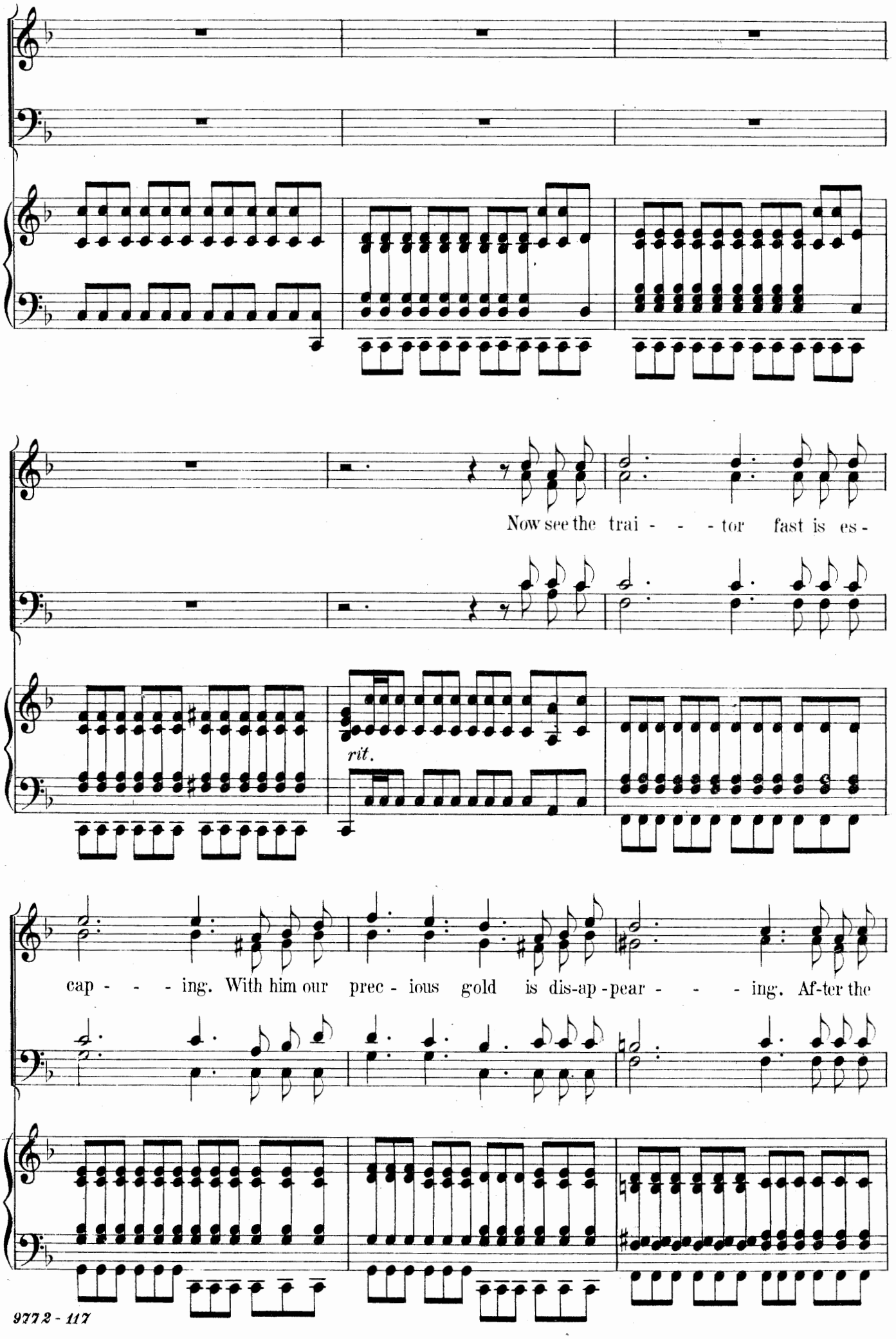
(JACK exits)

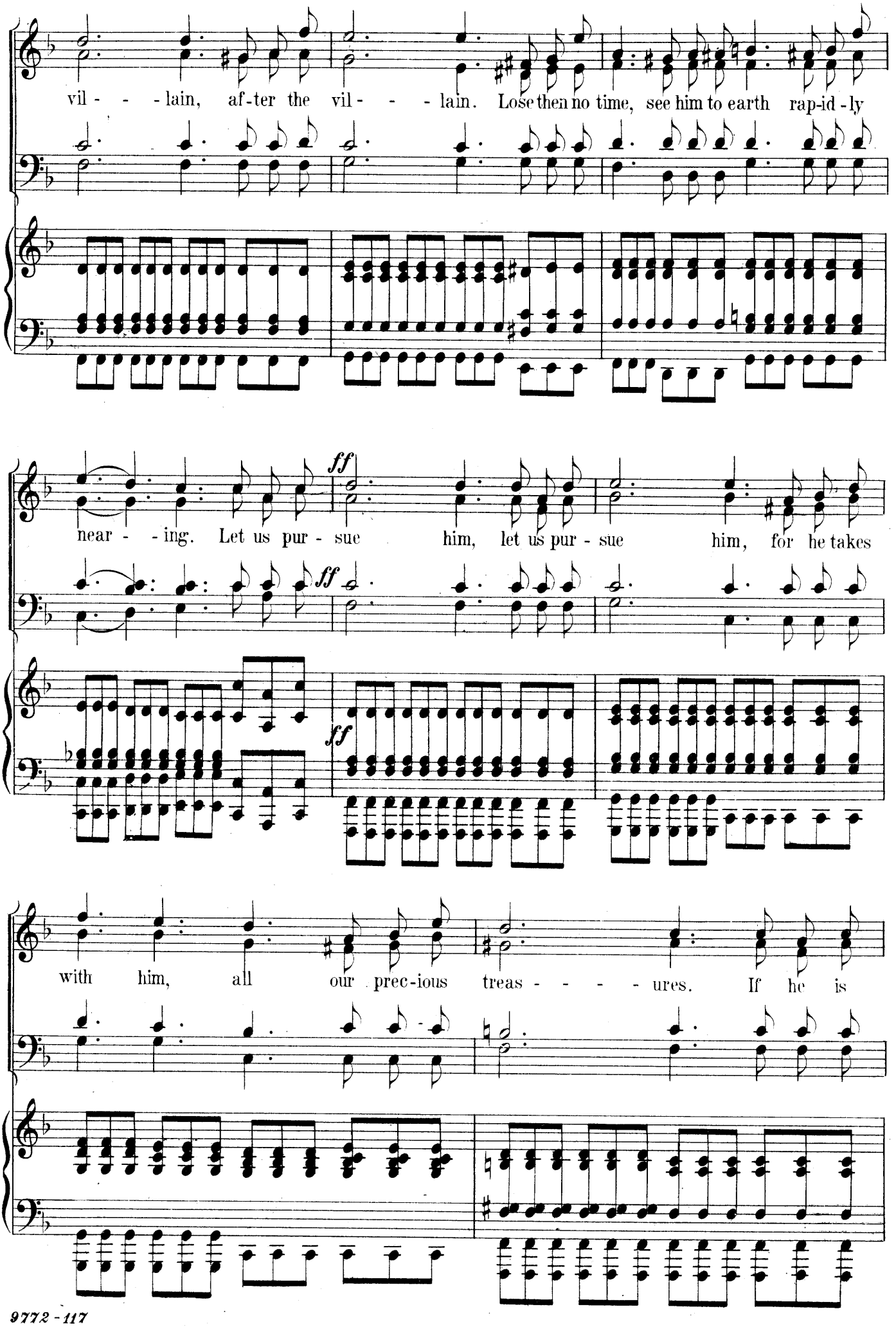
(CHORUS enter)

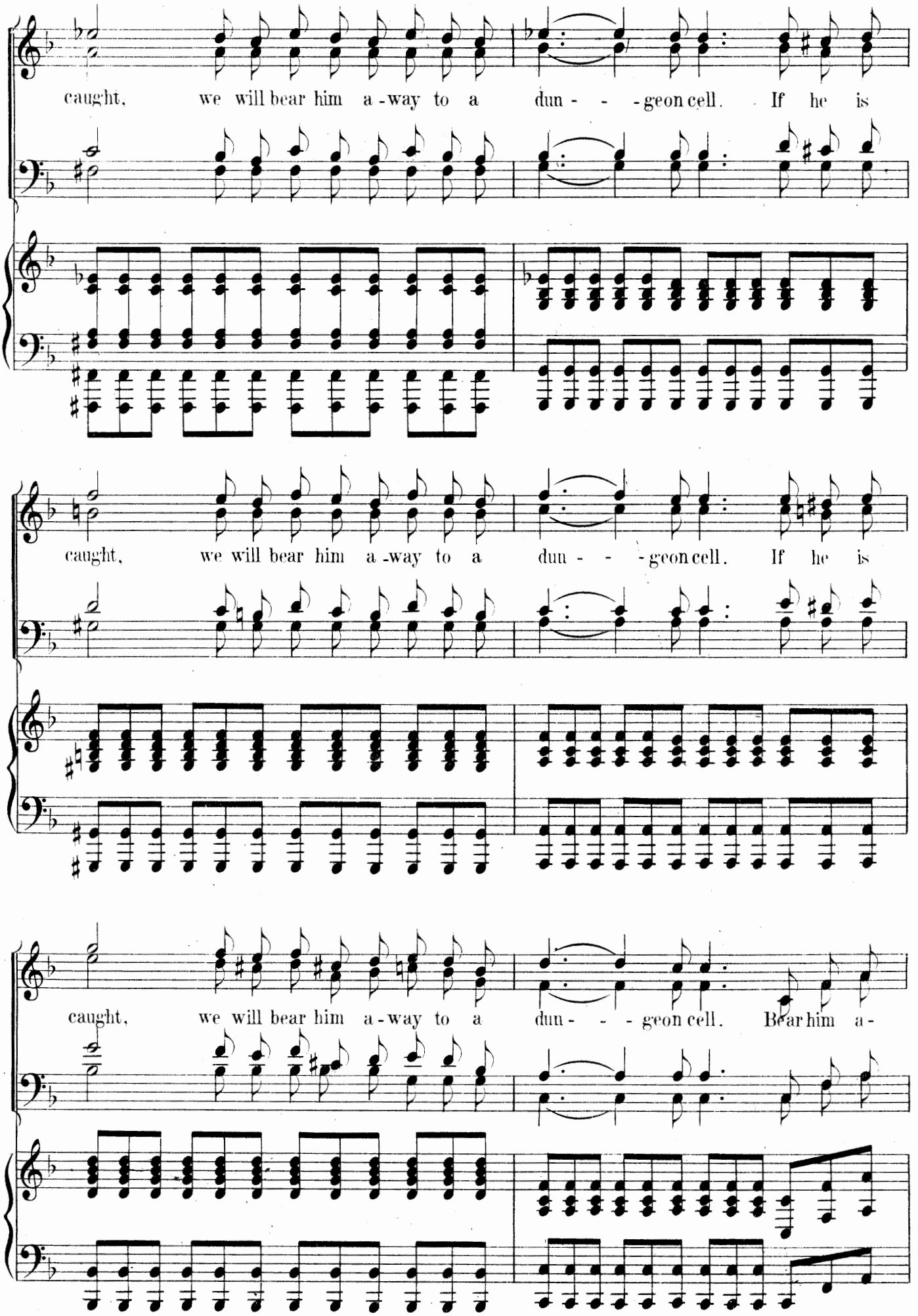
trai - tor, seize the trai - - tor, ere he gets a - way, a - way, a -

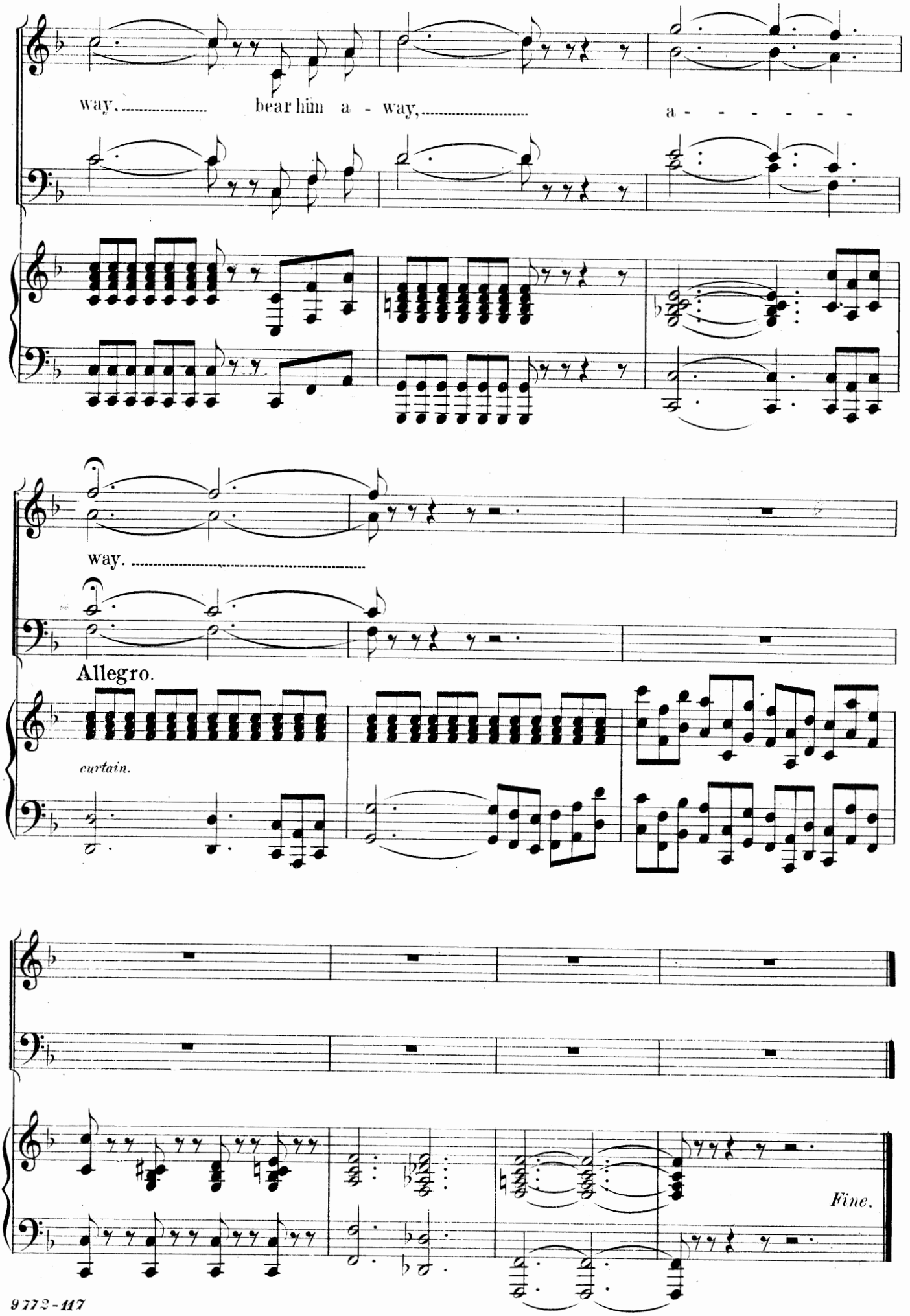

way, a-way.


Adagio.
mf


Now see the trai - - - tor fast is es -
rit.
cap - - - ing. With him our prec - ious gold is dis-ap - pear - - - ing. Af-ter the


vil - - - lain, af-ter the vil - - - lain. Lose then no time, see him to earth rap-id-ly
near - - ing. Let us pur - sue him, let us pur - sue him, for he takes
ff
ff
ff
with him, all our prec-ious treas - - - - ures. If he is


caught, we will bear him a-way to a dun - - - geon cell. If he is
caught, we will bear him a-way to a dun - - - geon cell. If he is
caught, we will bear him a-way to a dun - - - geon cell. Bear him a-

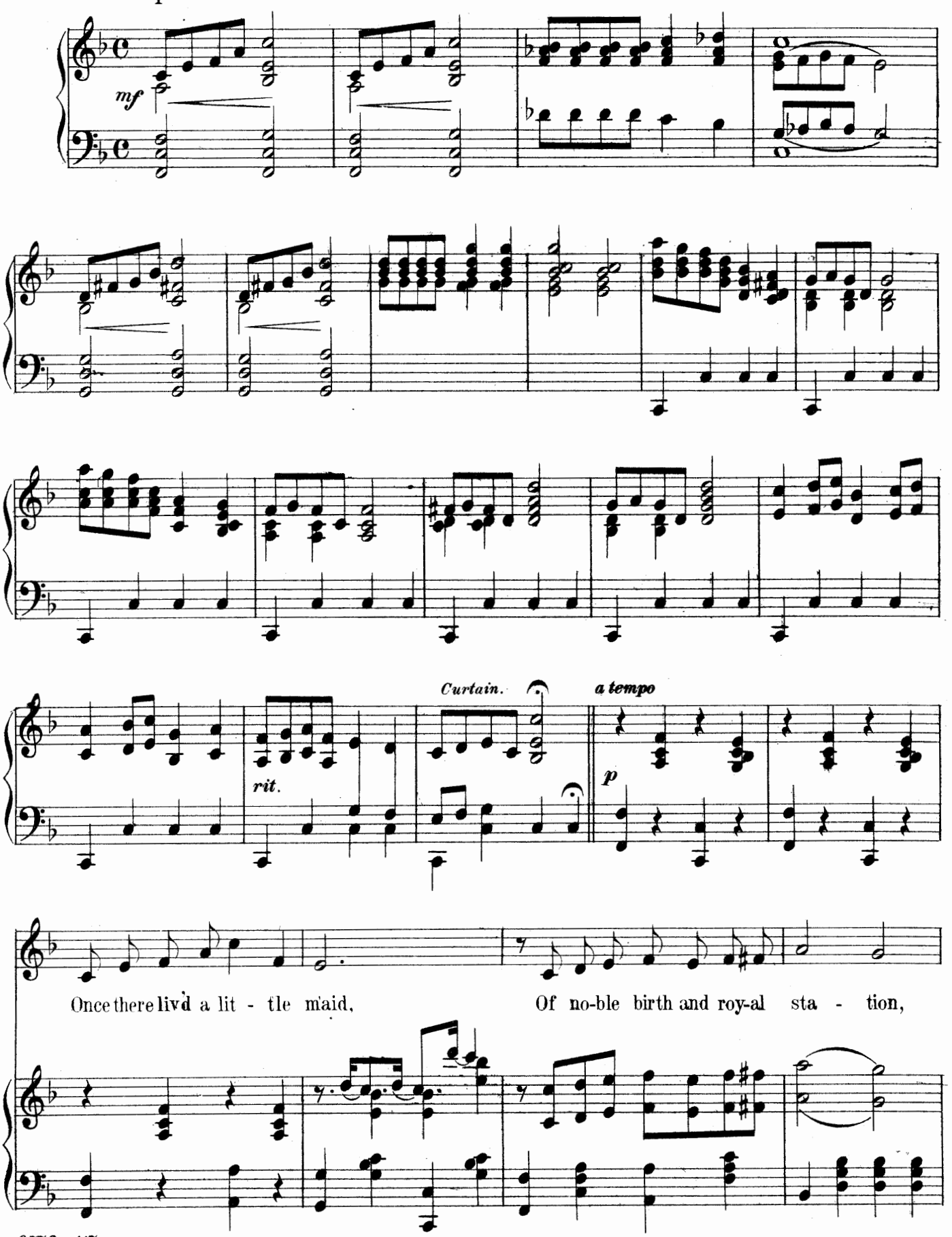

way, bear him a - way, a - - - - - - -
way.
Allegro.
curtain.
Fine.

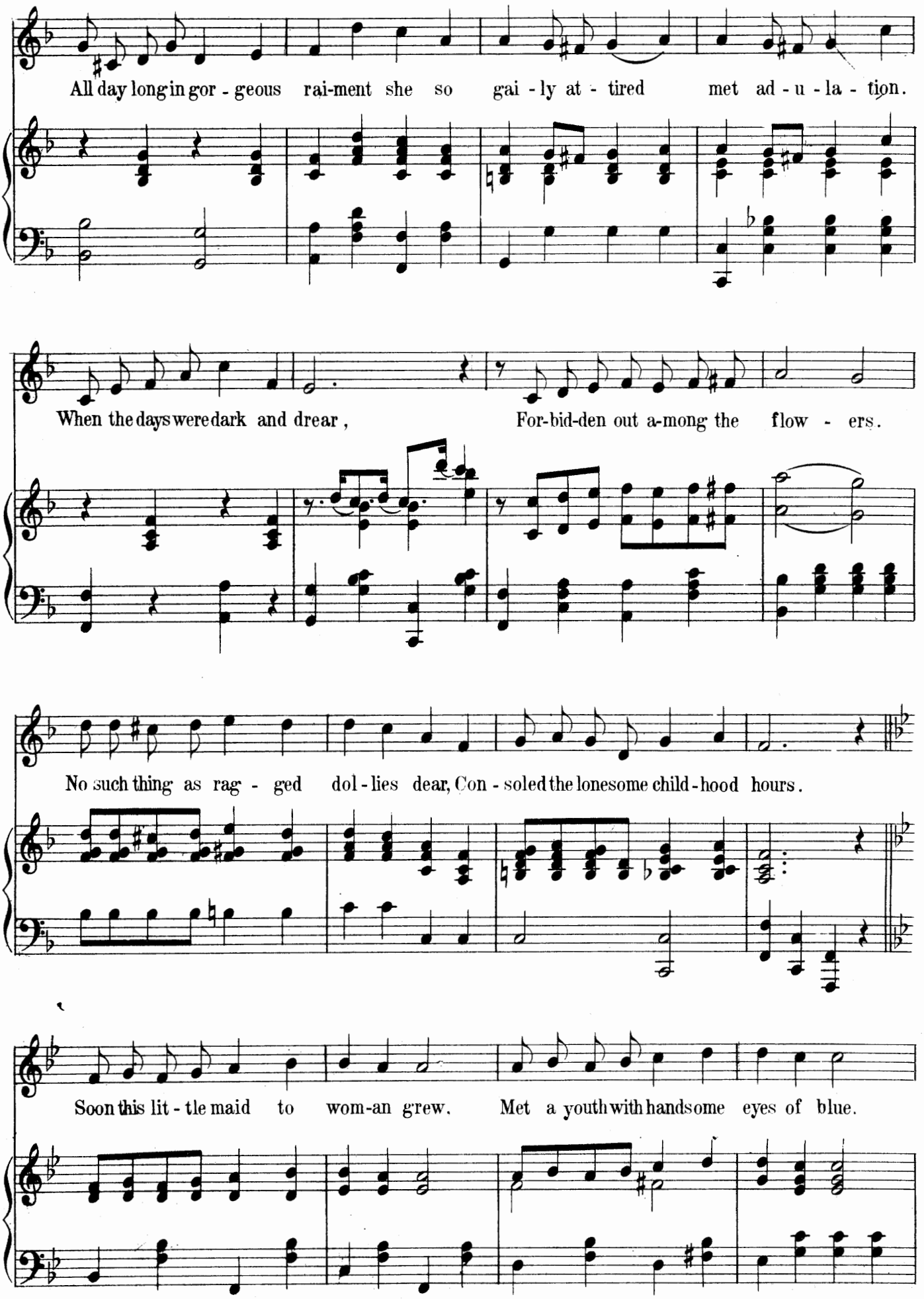
ACT III.

ONCE THERE LIVED A LITTLE MAID.

No. 18. *MARY.*

Tempo di Gavotte.




All day long in gor - geous rai-ment she so gai - ly at - tired met ad - u - la - tion.
When the days were dark and drear, For-bid-den out a-mong the flow - ers.
No such thing as rag - ged dol - lies dear, Con - soled the lonesome child - hood hours.
Soon this lit - tle maid to wom-an grew. Met a youth with handsome eyes of blue.

(*JACK starts to caress her*)

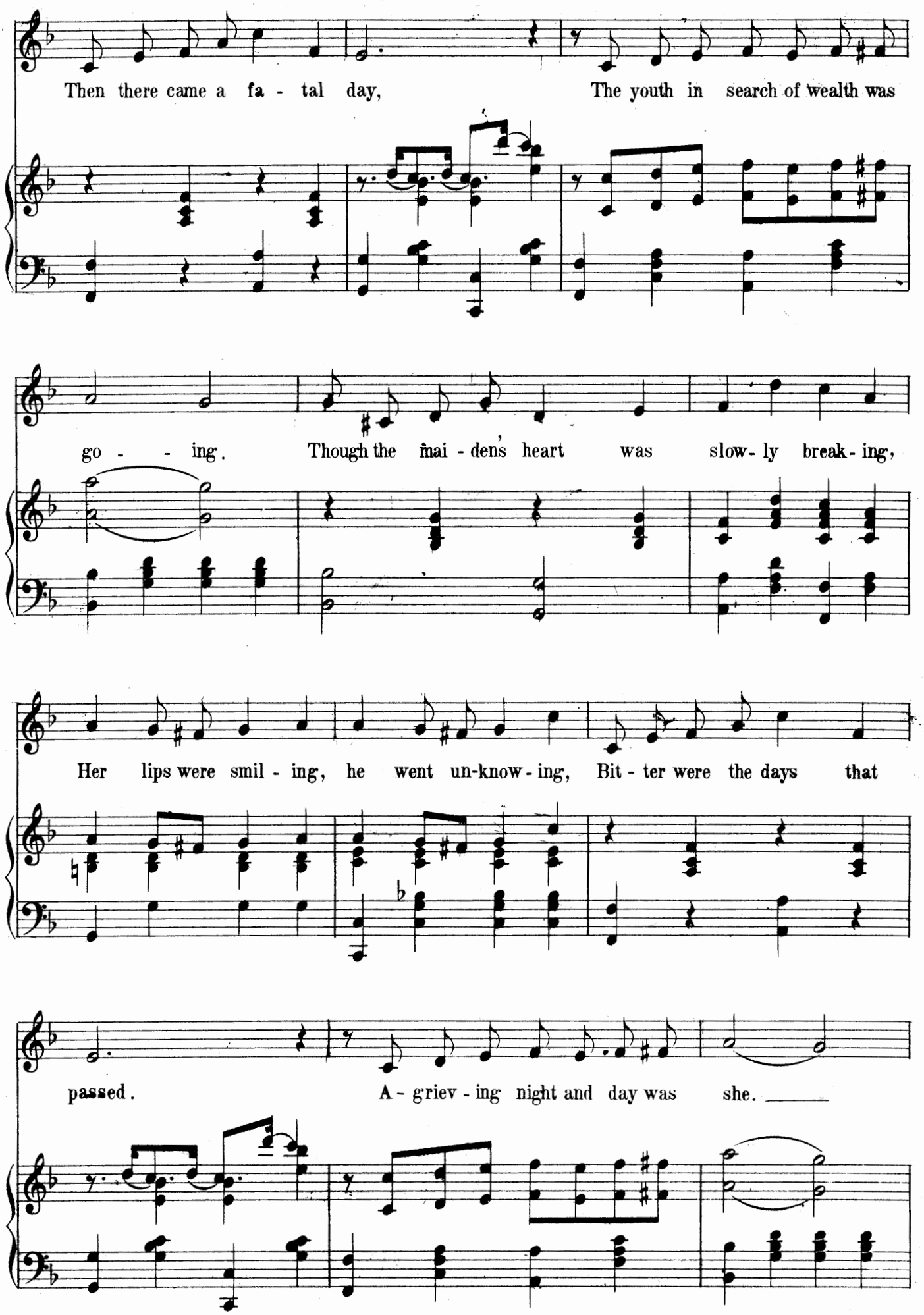
He a-dored the maid, she loved him too. Do not in-ter-rupt my sto-ry, if you please,

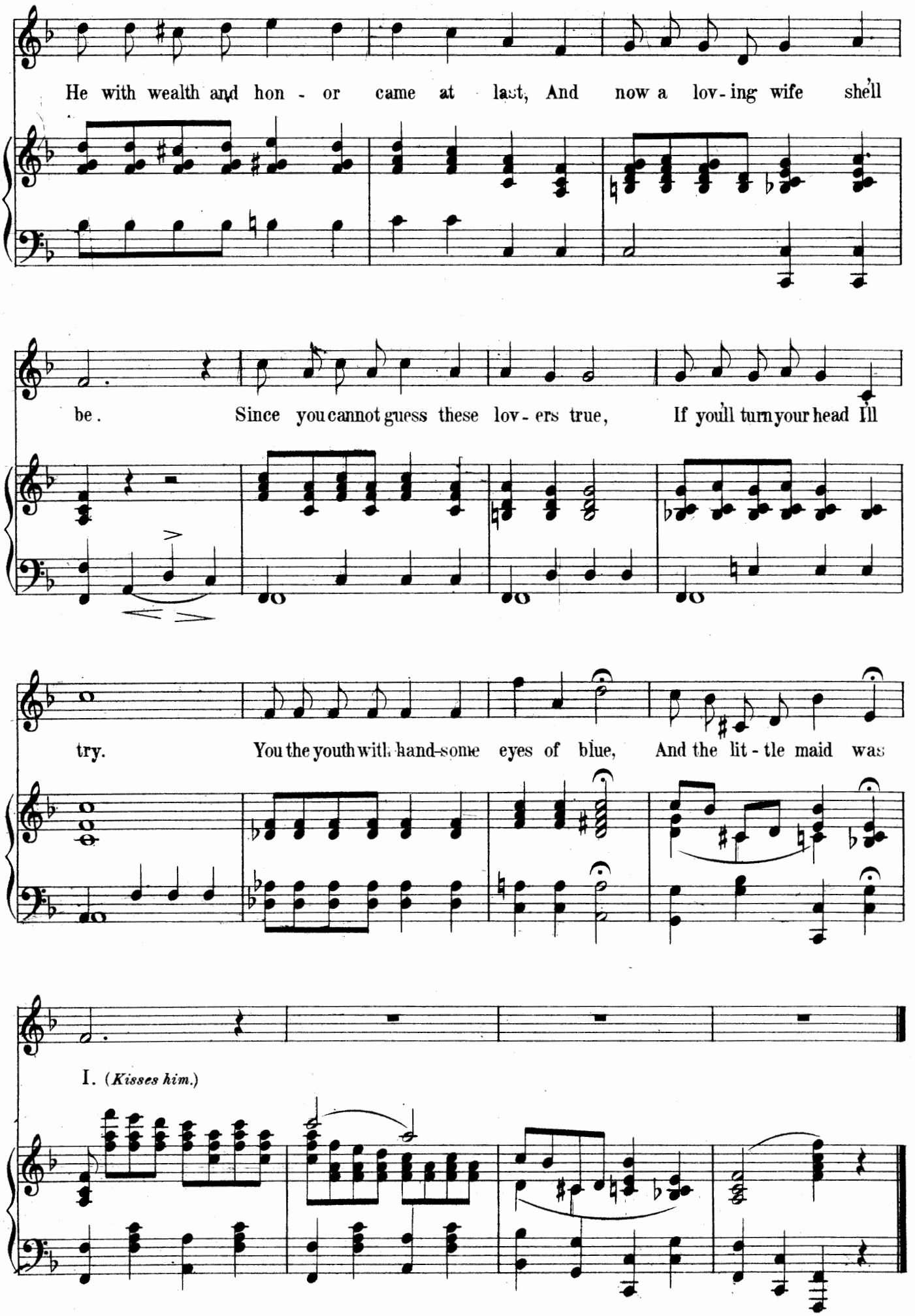
But the youth was poor and low-ly born. Dared not brave her king-ly fa-ther's scorn,

(*JACK starts again.*) (*Sits and smokes vigorously.*)

Then the lit-tle maid was so for-lorn. If you don't keep still I'll go.

If you care to have me stay. Blow your smoke the oth-er way.


Then there came a fa - tal day, The youth in search of wealth was
go - - ing. Though the mai - dens heart was slow- ly break- ing,
Her lips were smil - ing, he went un-know - ing, Bit - ter were the days that
passed. A - griev - ing night and day was she.


He with wealth and hon - or came at last, And now a lov - ing wife she'll
be. Since you cannot guess these lov - ers true, If you'll turn your head I'll
try. You the youth with hand-some eyes of blue, And the lit - tle maid was
I. (Kisses him.)

DUETT.

(*MUFFETT and SINBAD.*)

No. 19.

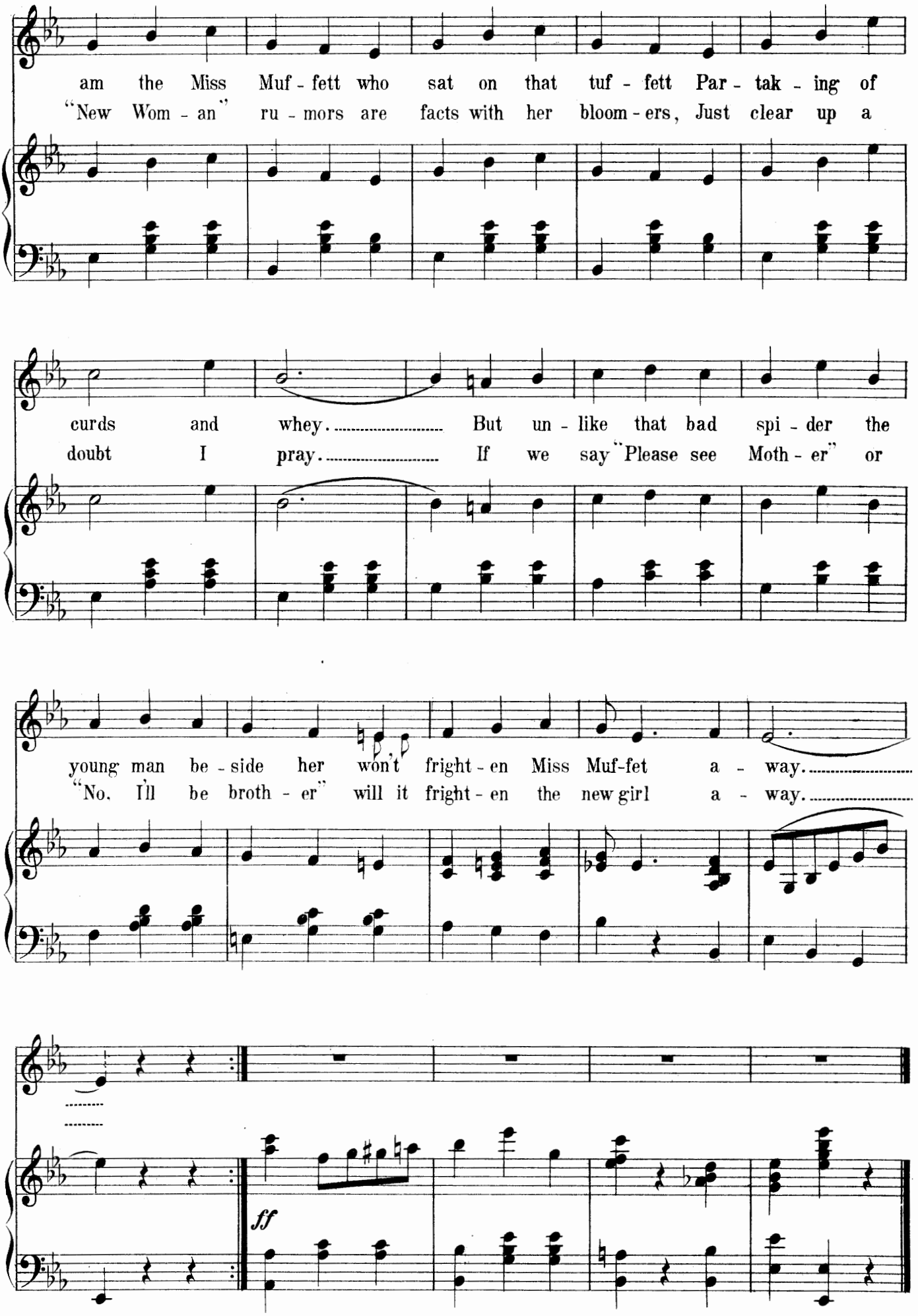
Tempo di Valse.

ff

(*SINBAD.*) Oh lit - tle Miss Muf - fett, One day on a tuf - fett, Sat eat - ing of
(*MUFFETT.*) The "New Wom-an" craz - es are rais - ing the blaz - es, With all the poor

curds and whey, ... When a - long came a spi - der and sat down be -
men they say. ..... While they chide and ad - vise her and lor! crit - i -

side her And fright-ened Miss Muf - fett a - way ..... (*MUFFETT.*) Yes I
cize her Can't fright - en the new girl a - way ..... (*SINBAD.*) Since the

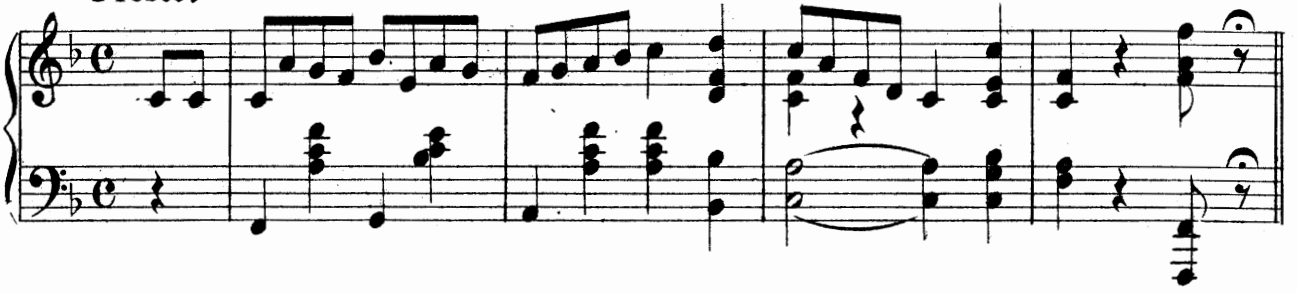

am the Miss Muf - fett who sat on that tuf - fett Par - tak - ing of
"New Wom - an" ru - mors are facts with her bloom - ers, Just clear up a
curds and whey. But un - like that bad spi - der the
doubt I pray. If we say "Please see Moth - er" or
young man be - side her won't fright - en Miss Muf-fet a - way.
"No. I'll be broth - er" will it fright - en the new girl a - way.
ff

PERHAPS HE WOULD.

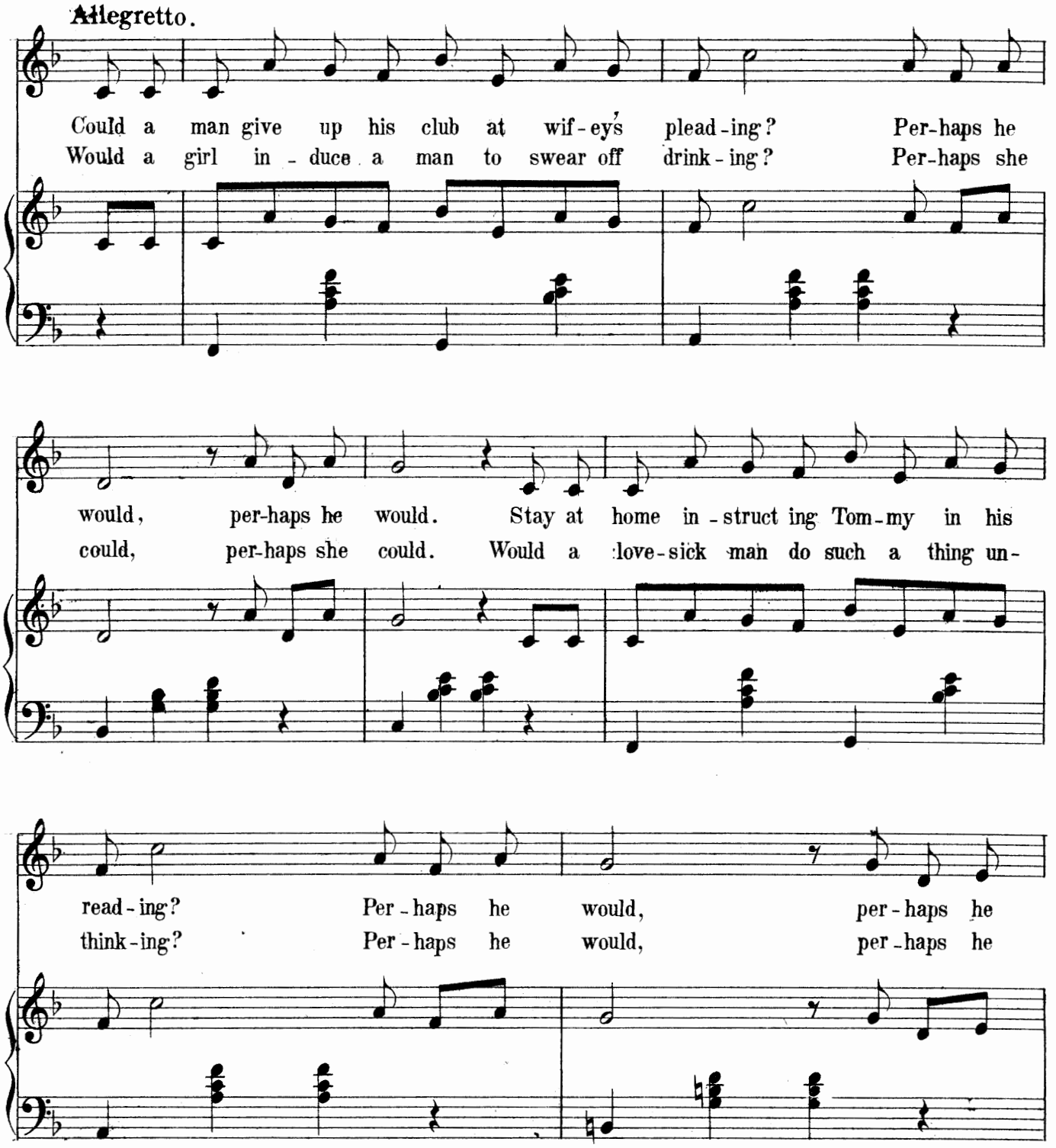
No. 20.

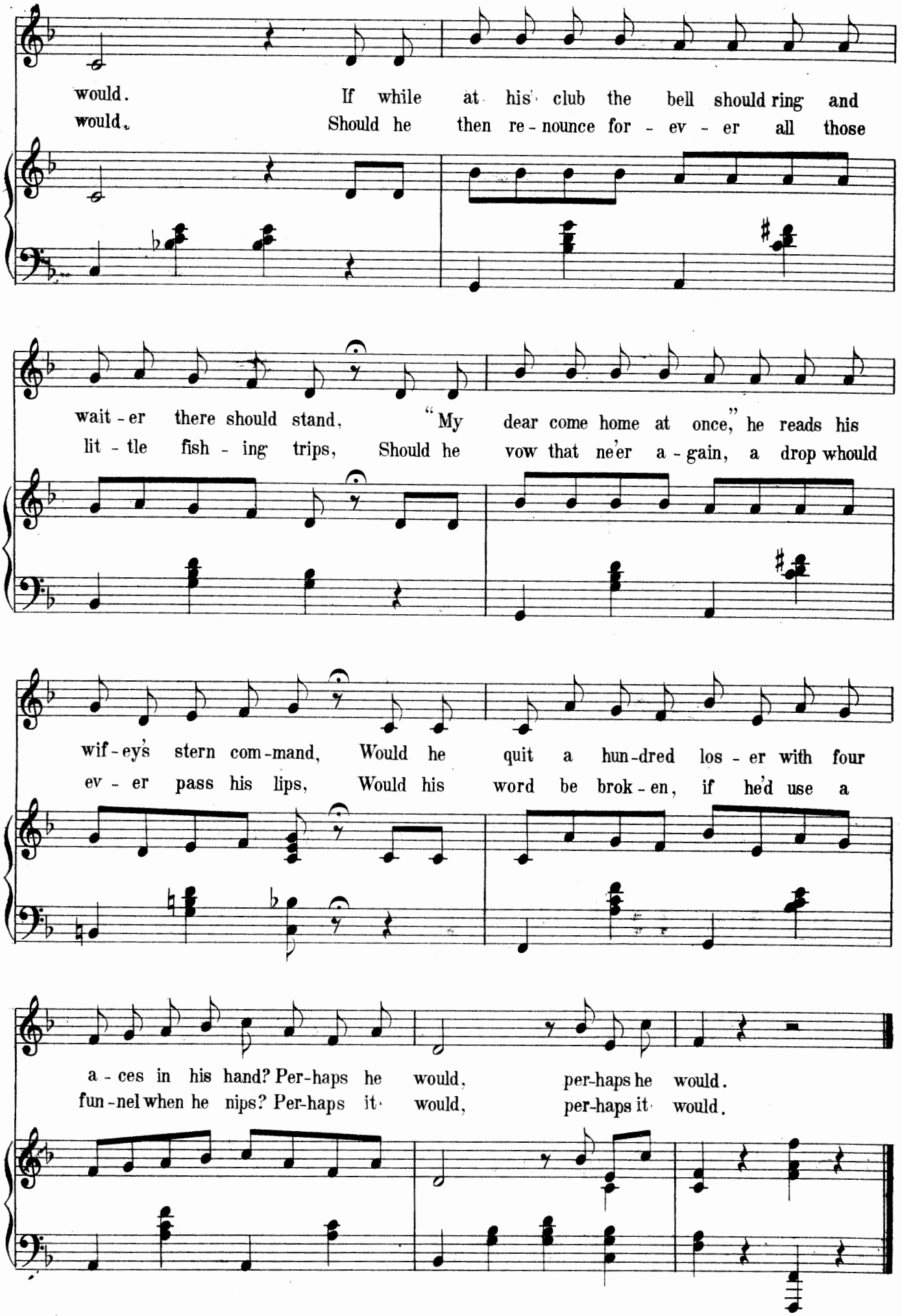
(*COLE.*)

Presto.



Allegretto.

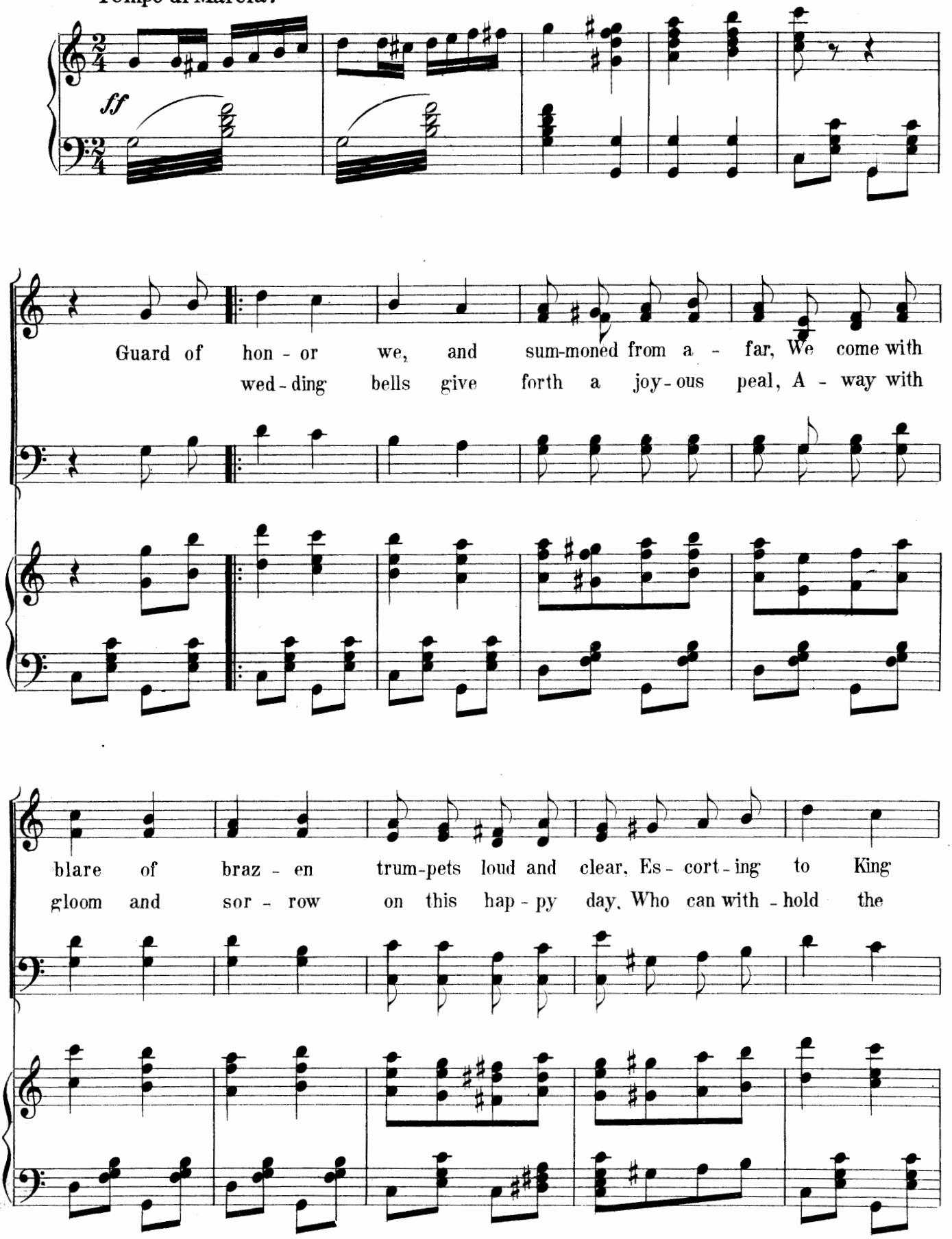


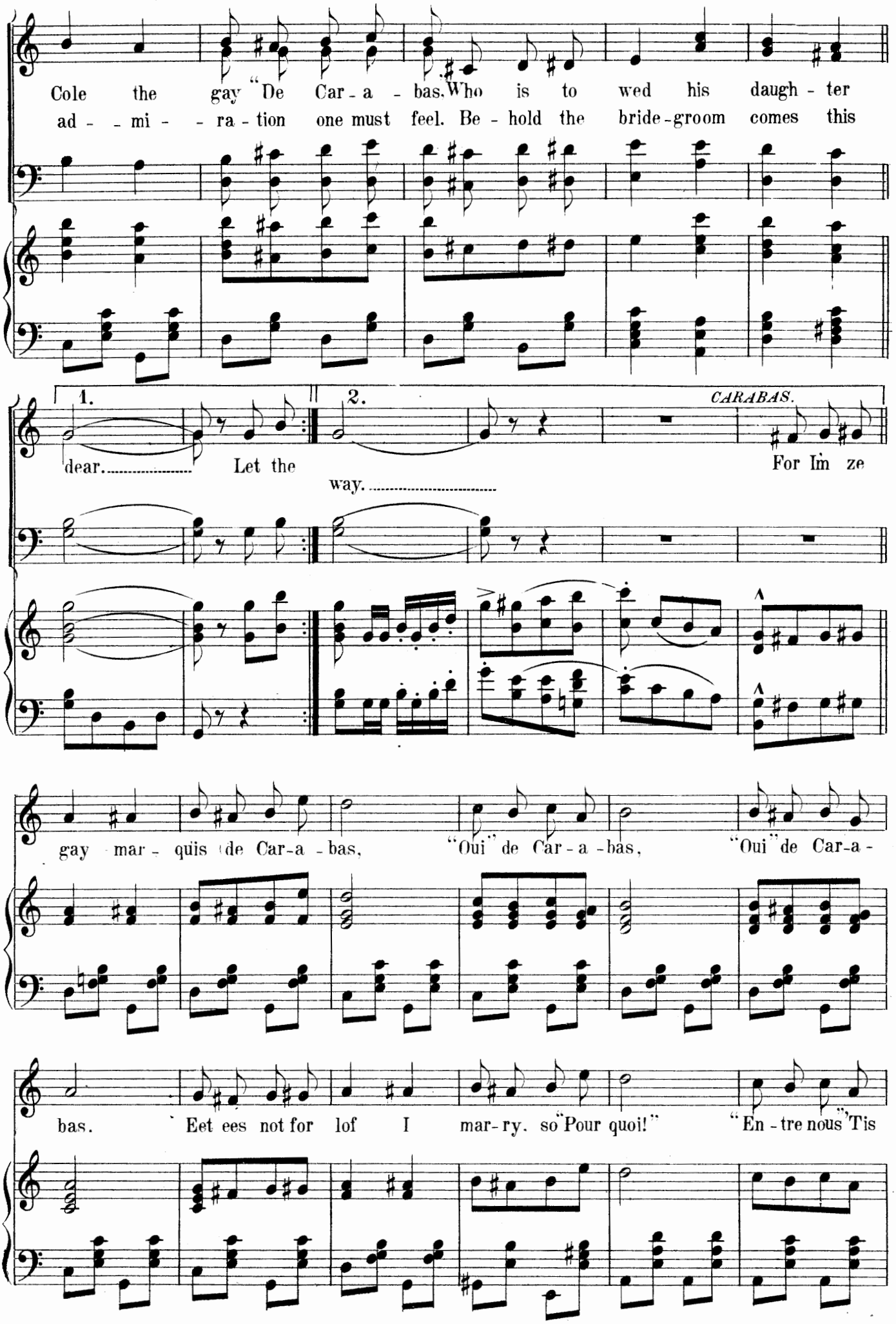

would. If while at his club the bell should ring and
would. Should he then re-nounce for-ev-er all those
wait-er there should stand, "My dear come home at once," he reads his
lit-tle fish-ing trips, Should he vow that ne'er a-gain, a drop whould
wif-ey's stern com-mand, Would he quit a hun-dred los-er with four
ev-er pass his lips, Would his word be brok-en, if he'd use a
a-ces in his hand? Per-haps he would, per-haps he would.
fun-nel when he nips? Per-haps it would, per-haps it would.

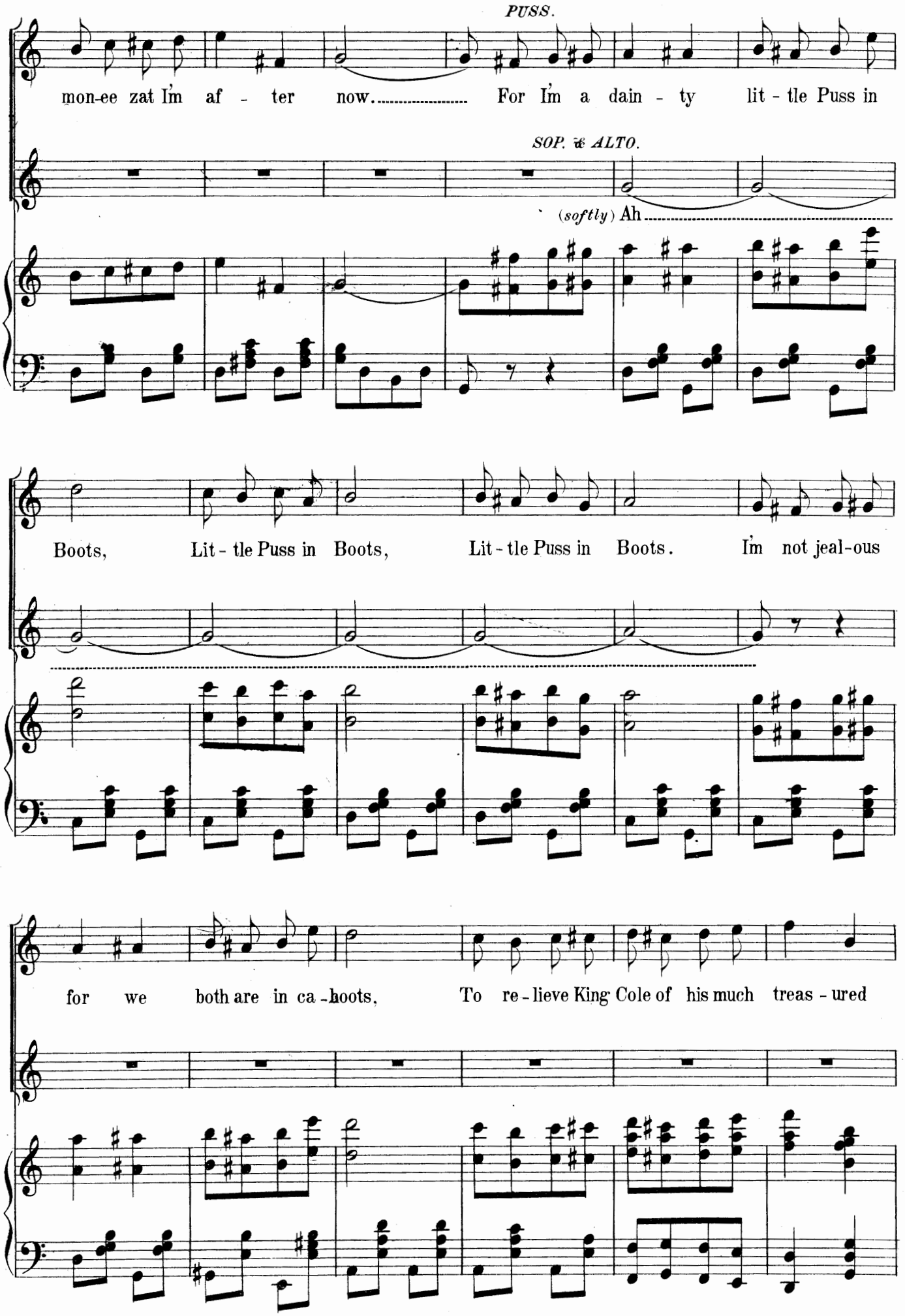
ENTRANCE OF CARABAS AND PUSS.

No. 21. MARCH SONG.

Tempo di Marcia.



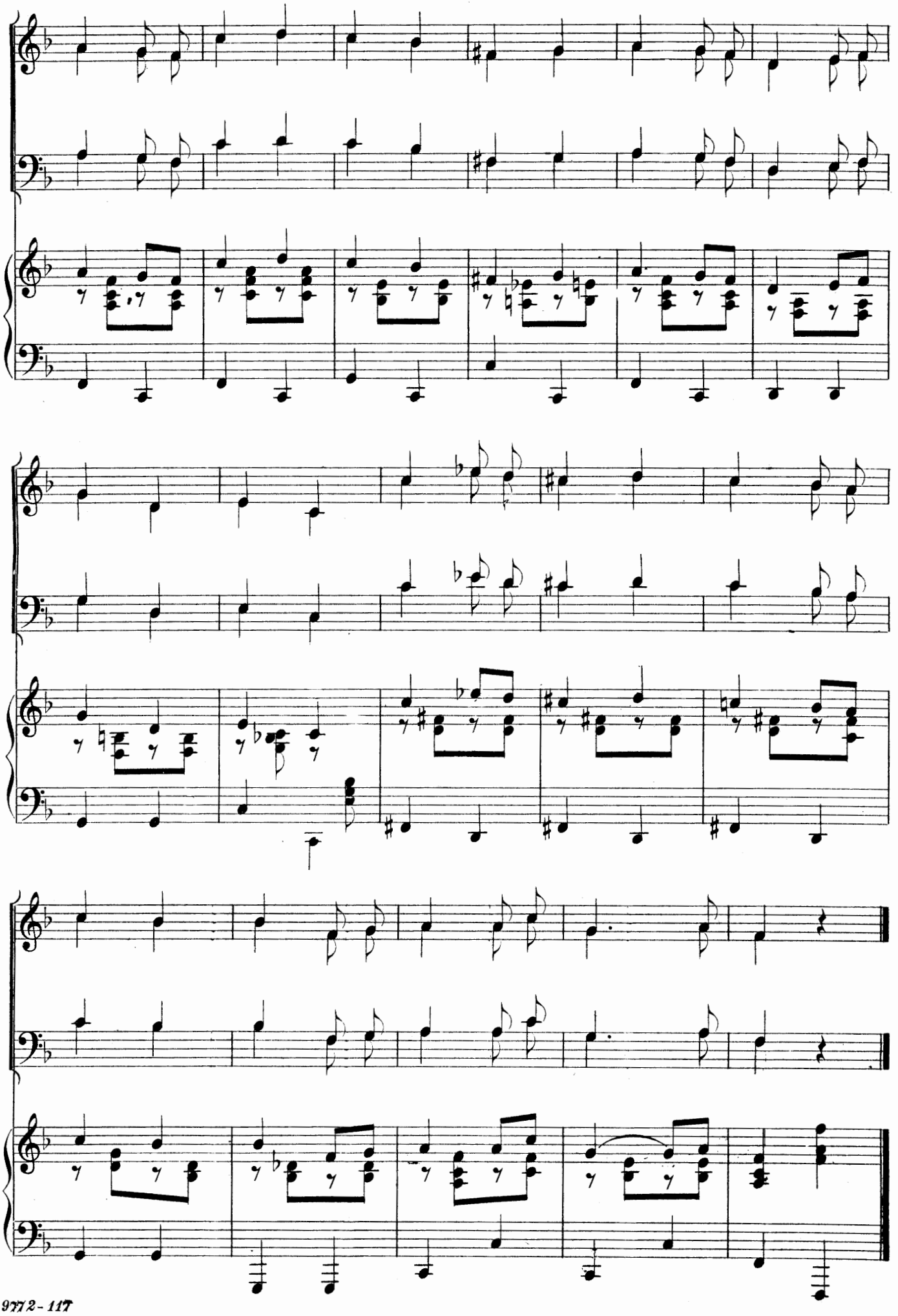

Cole the gay "De Car - a - bas. Who is to wed his daugh - ter
ad - - mi - - ra - tion one must feel. Be - hold the bride - groom comes this
1.
dear.
Let the
2.
way.
CARABAS.
For Im ze
gay mar - quis de Car - a - bas,
"Oui" de Car - a - bas,
"Oui" de Car - a -
bas.
Eet ees not for lof I mar - ry. so "Pour quoi!"
"En - tre nous" 'Tis


PUSS.
mon-ee zat I'm af - ter now..... For I'm a dain - ty lit - tle Puss in
SOP. & ALTO.
(softly) Ah.....
Boots, Lit - tle Puss in Boots, Lit - tle Puss in Boots. I'm not jeal-ous
for we both are in ca - hoots, To re - lieve King Cole of his much treas - ured

CHORUS (humming.)

gold.....

(*with horns*)

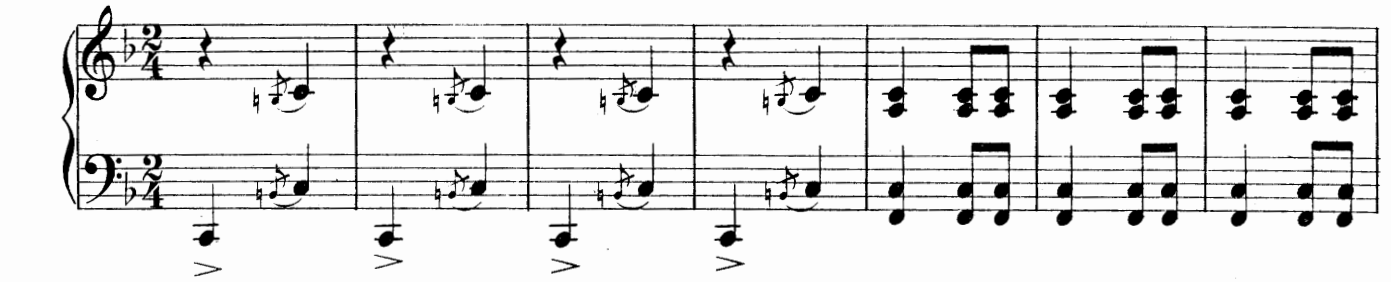


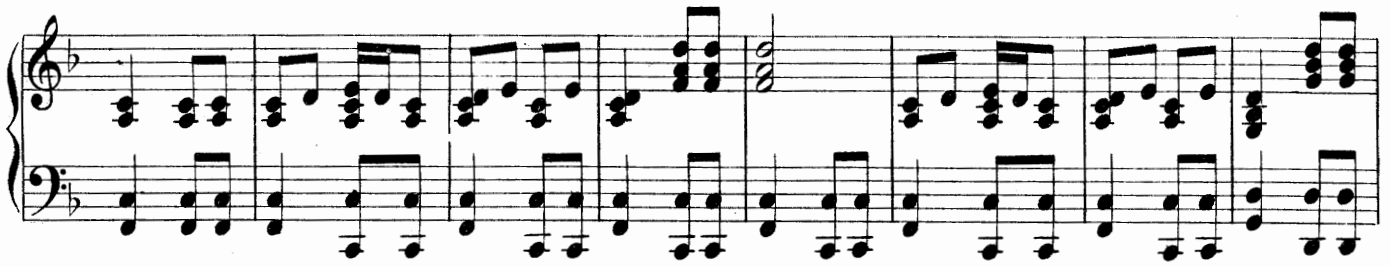
No. 22.

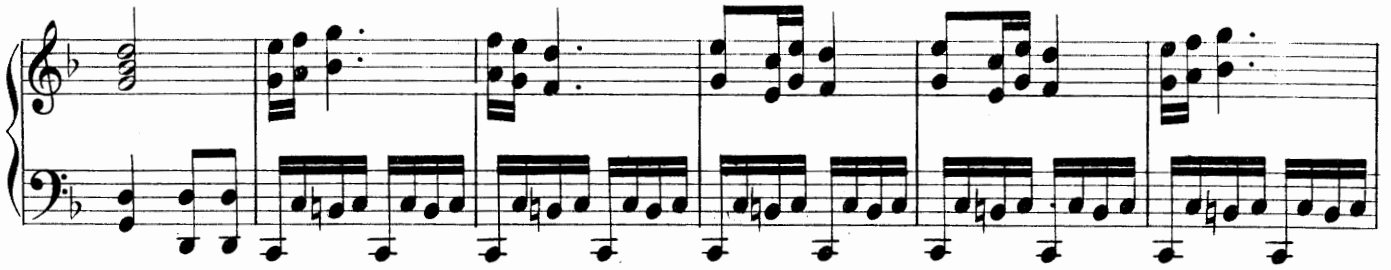
WEDDING CEREMONY.

FINALE.

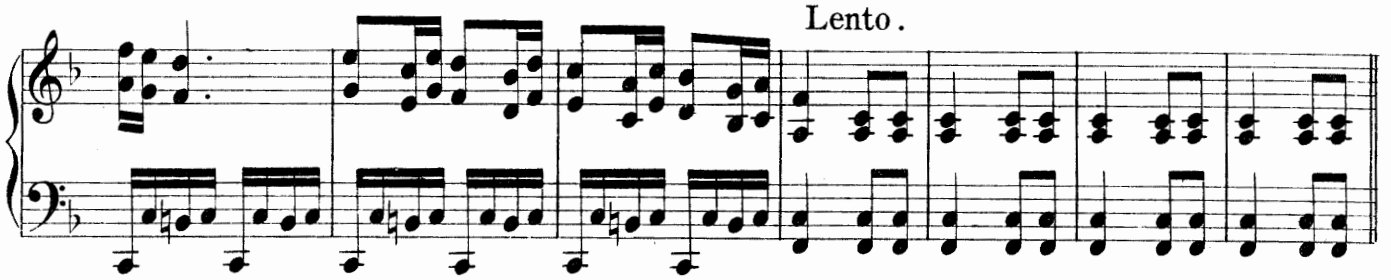
Tempo di Marcia.



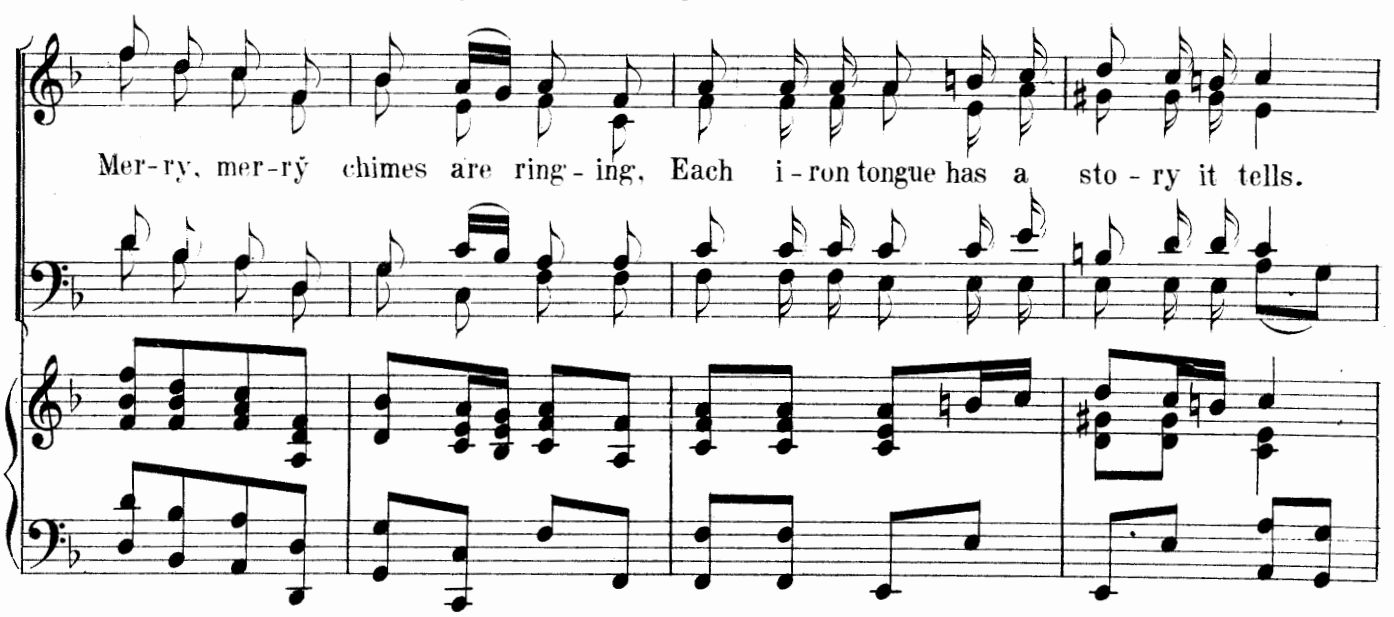


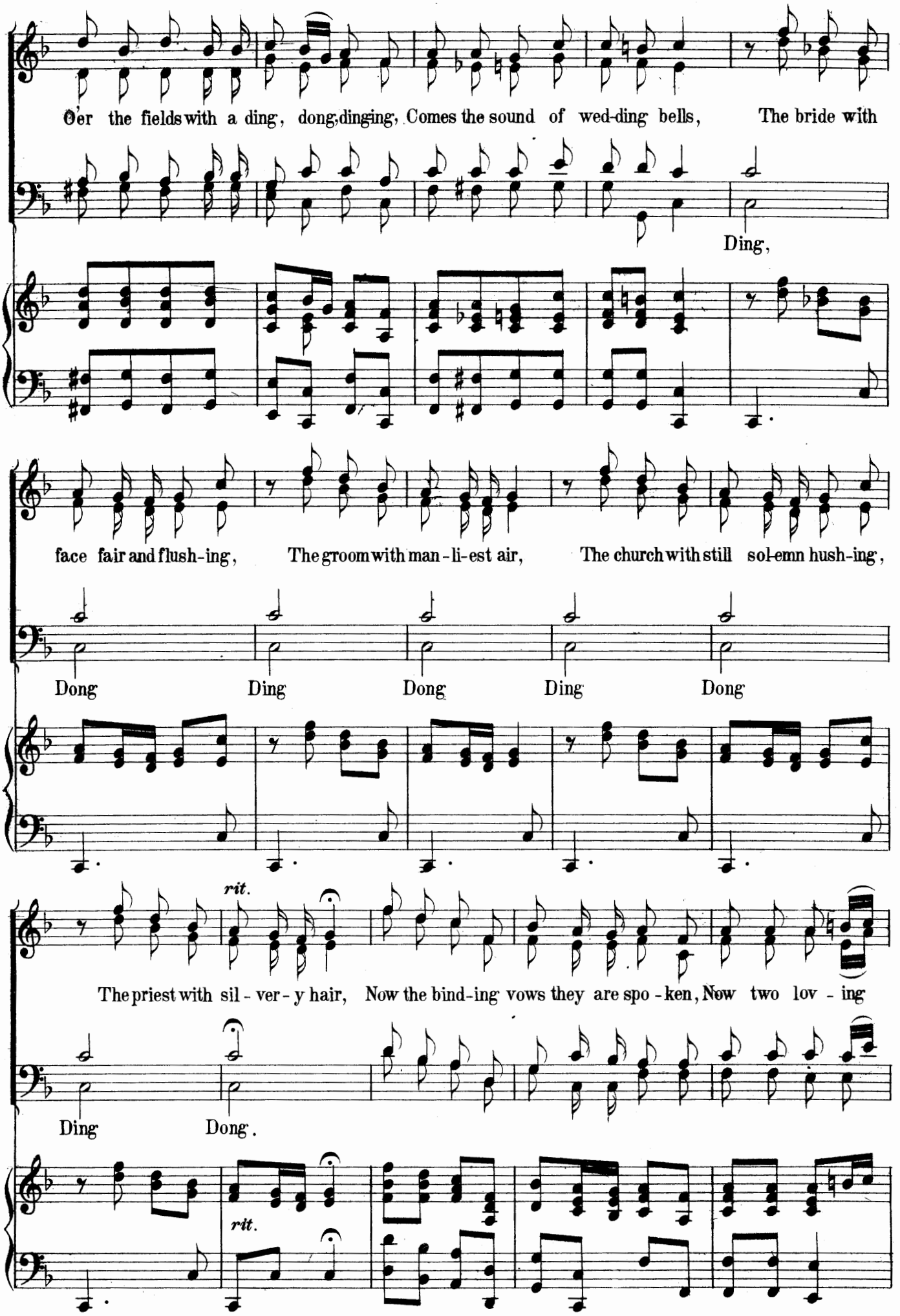


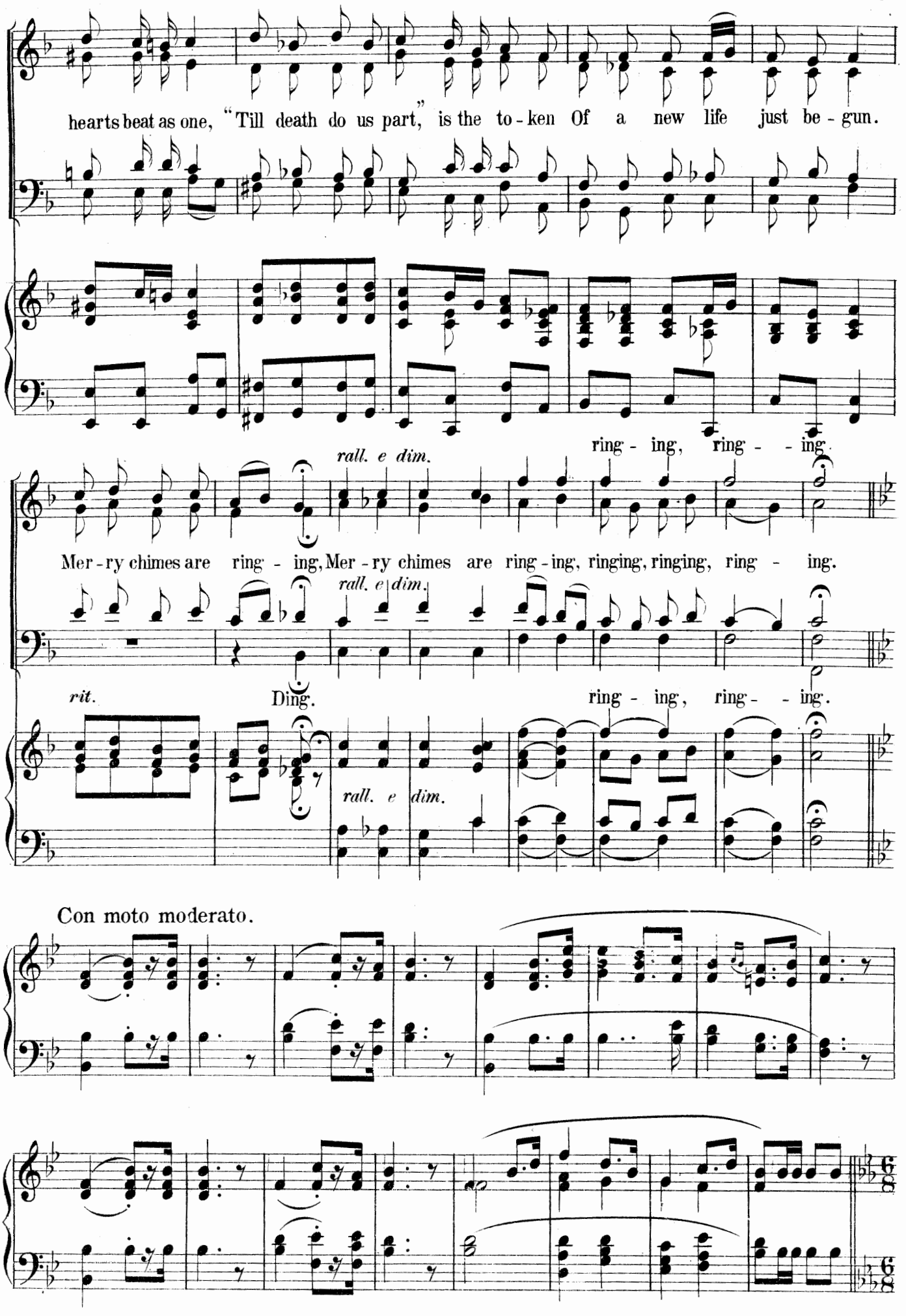
Lento.



Mer-ry, mer-ry chimes are ring-ing, Each i-ron tongue has a sto-ry it tells.




O'er the fields with a ding, dong, dinging, Comes the sound of wed-ding bells, The bride with
Ding,
face fair and flush-ing, The groom with man-li-est air, The church with still sol-emn hush-ing,
Dong Ding Dong Ding Dong
rit.
The priest with sil-ver-y hair, Now the bind-ing vows they are spo-ken, Now two lov-ing
Ding Dong.
rit.


hearts beat as one, "Till death do us part," is the to-ken Of a new life just be-gun.
ring-ing, ring- -ing.
rall. e dim.
Mer-ry chimes are ring-ing, Mer-ry chimes are ring-ing, ringing, ringing, ring- ing.
rall. e dim.
rit.
Ding.
ring-ing, ring- -ing.
rall. e dim.
Con moto moderato.

Allegretto moderato.

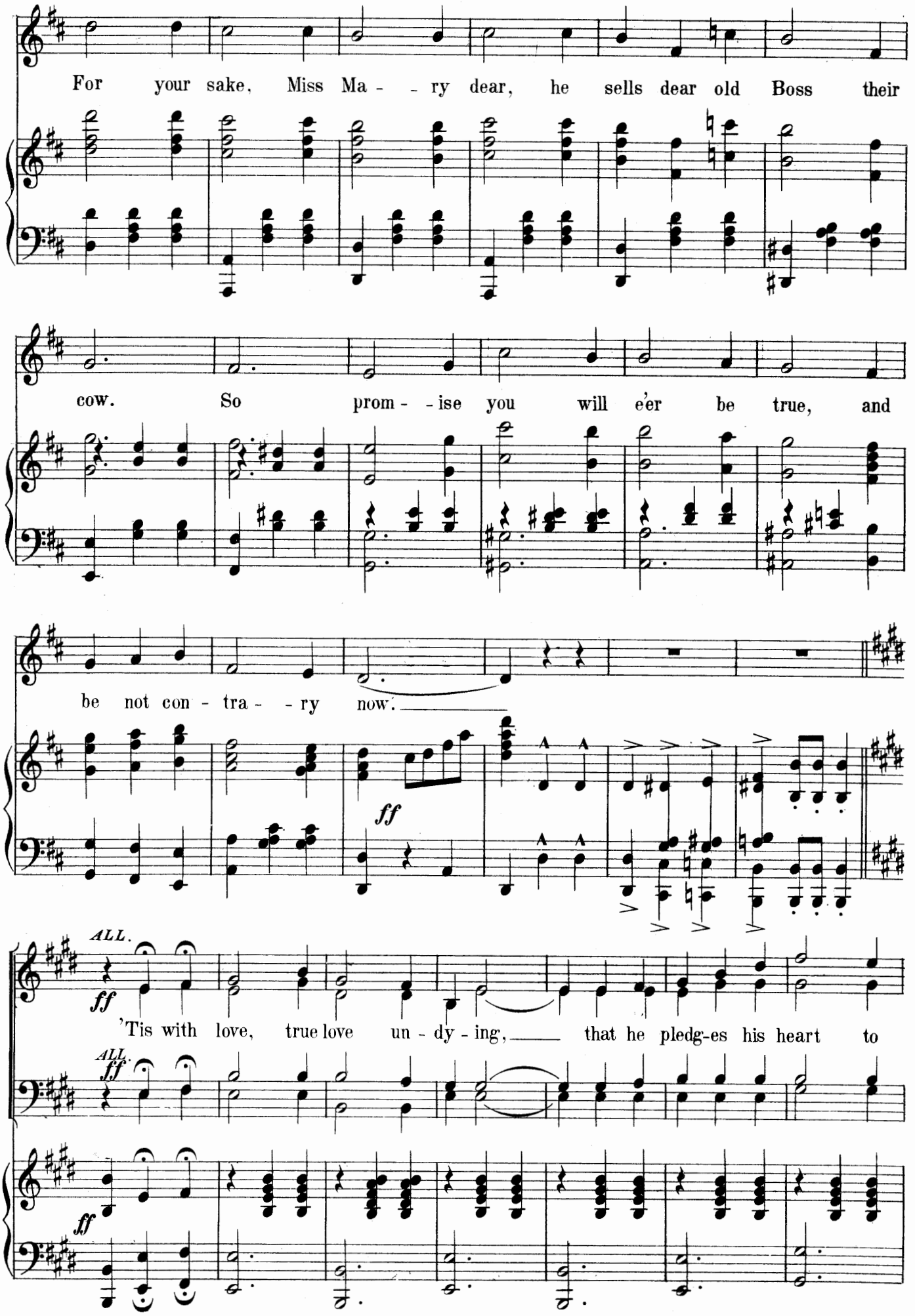
(*CHORUS.*) *SOP. and ALTO.*

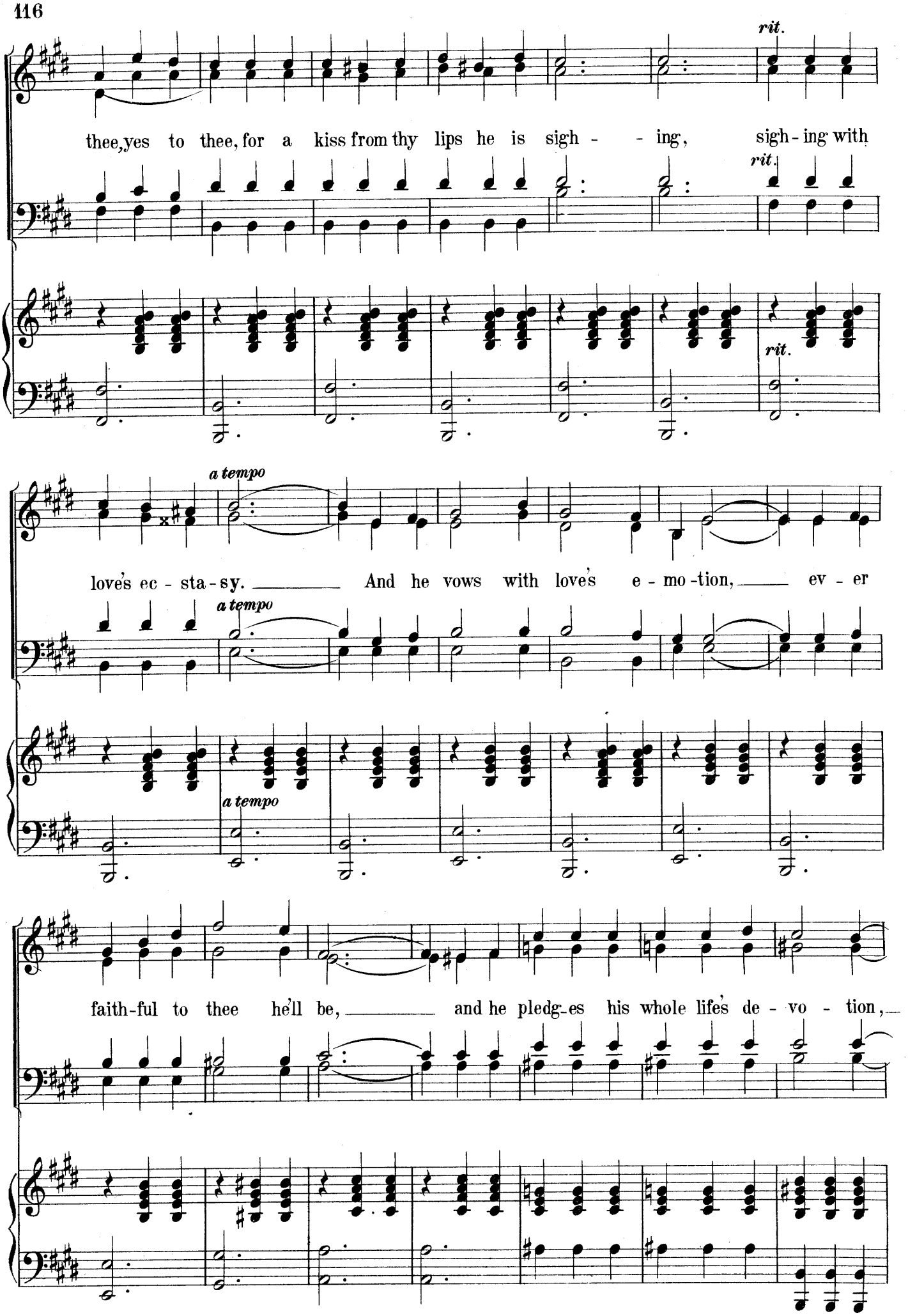
Tempo di Valsé.

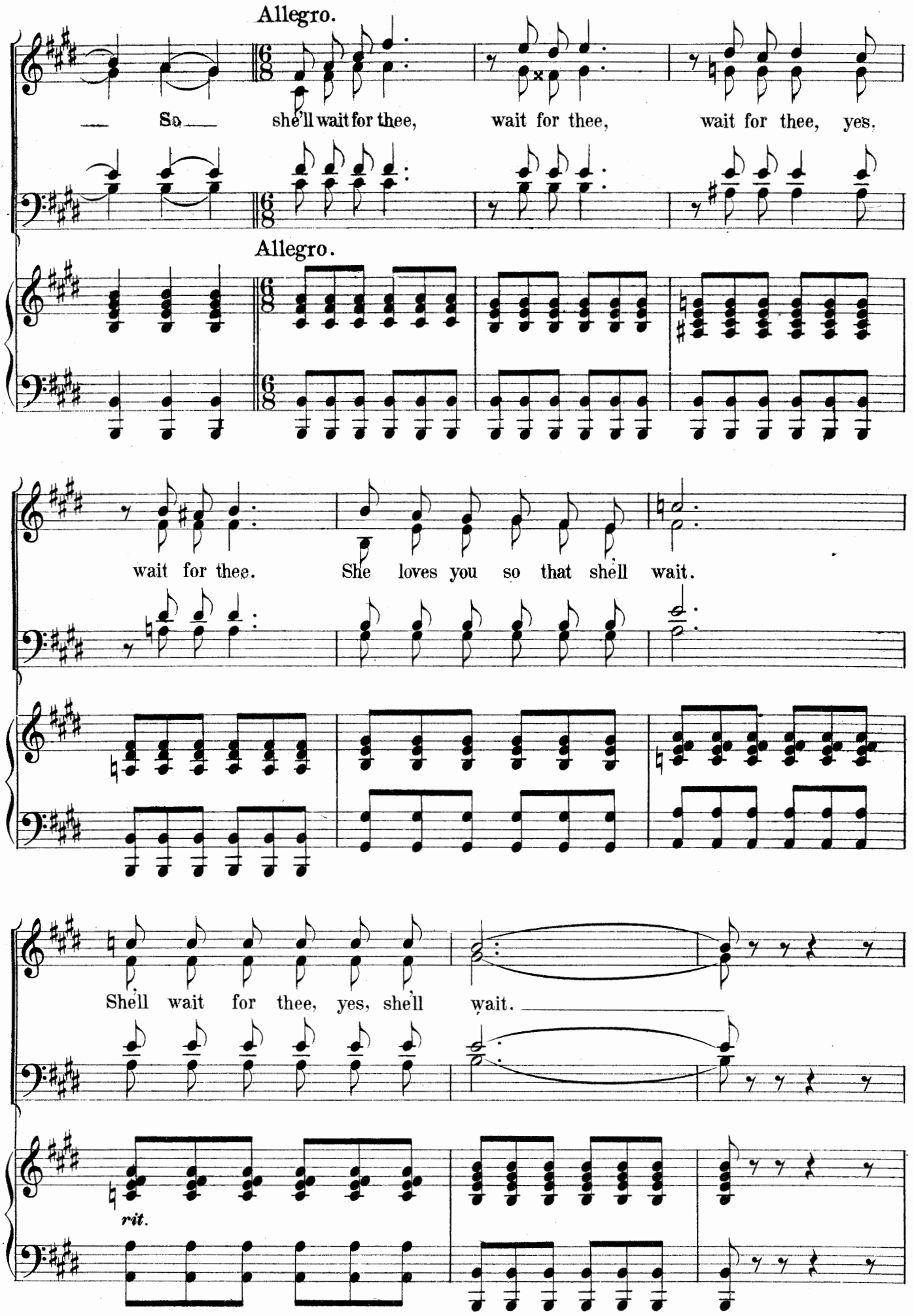
Mis - - tress Ma - ry, quite con-

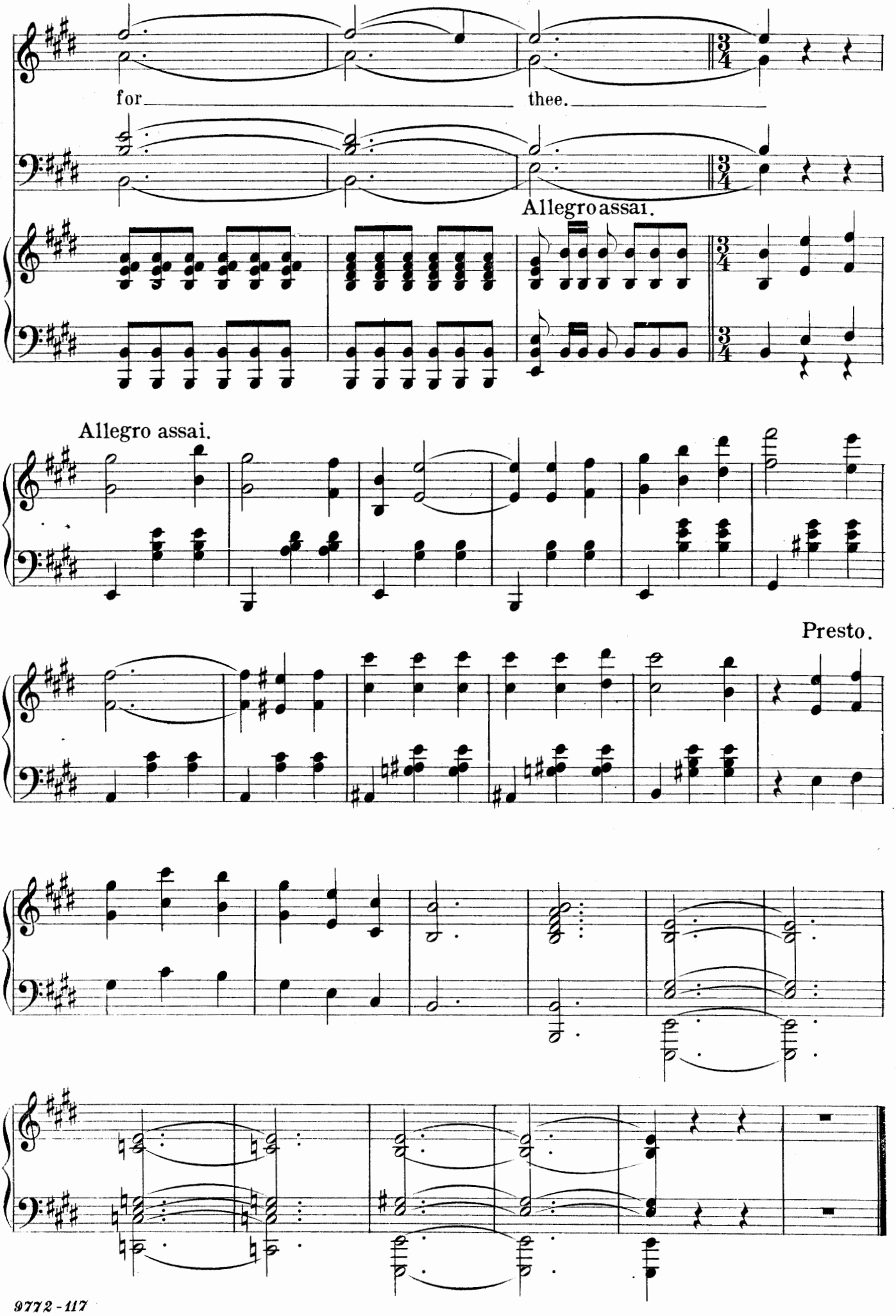
tra - - ry, how does your gar - - den grow, ____ With sil - - ver

bells, and cock - le shells, and pret - ty maids all in a row. ____


For your sake, Miss Ma - - ry dear, he sells dear old Boss their
cow. So prom - - ise you will e'er be true, and
be not con - tra - - ry now.
ff
ALL.
ff
'Tis with love, true love un - dy - ing, that he pledg-es his heart to
ALL.
ff
ff


rit.
thee, yes to thee, for a kiss from thy lips he is sigh - - ing, sigh - ing with
rit.
rit.
a tempo
love's ec - sta - sy. And he vows with love's e - mo - tion, ev - er
a tempo
a tempo
faith - ful to thee he'll be, and he pledg - es his whole life's de - vo - tion,


Allegro.
So she'll wait for thee, wait for thee, wait for thee, yes,
Allegro.
wait for thee. She loves you so that she'll wait.
She'll wait for thee, yes, she'll wait.
rit.


for
thee.
Allegro assai.
Allegro assai.
Presto.

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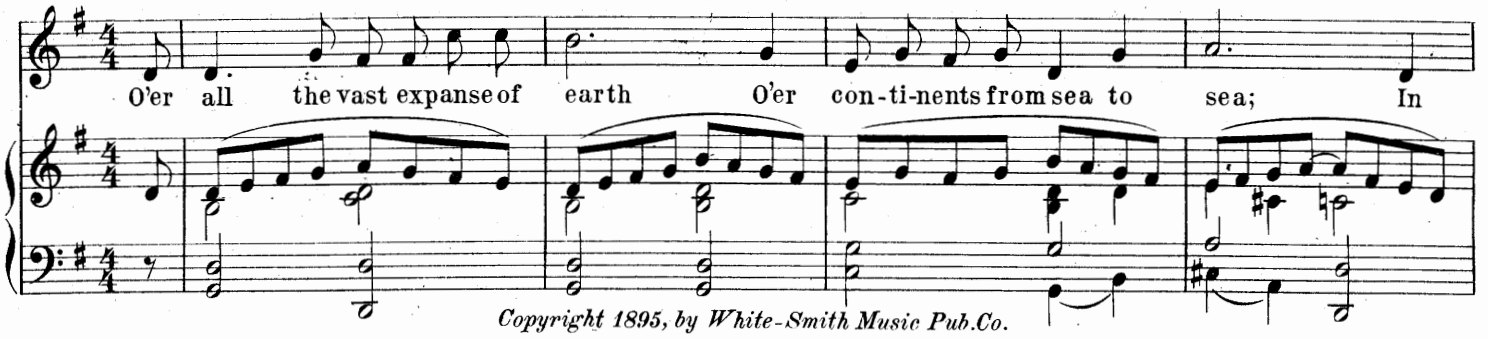

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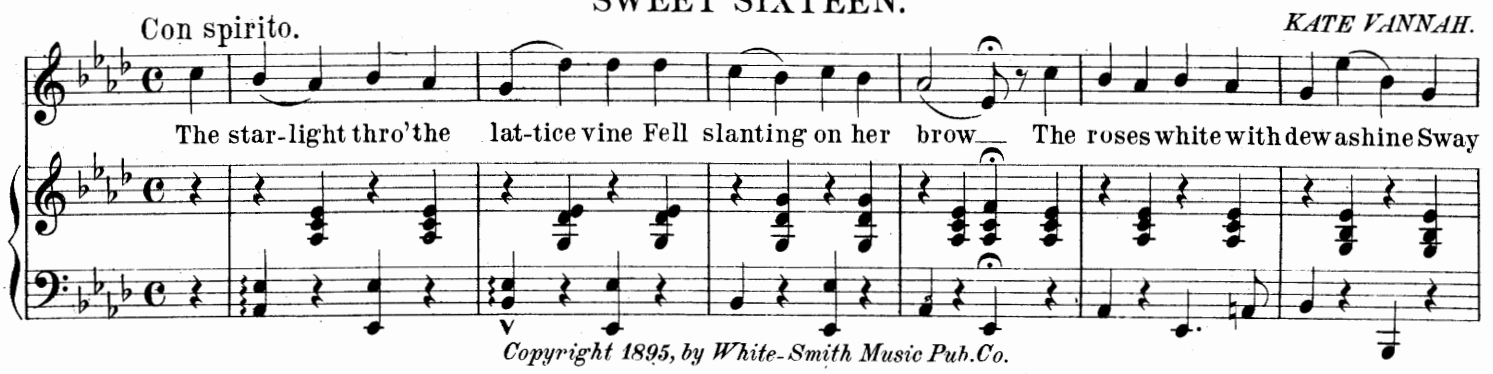

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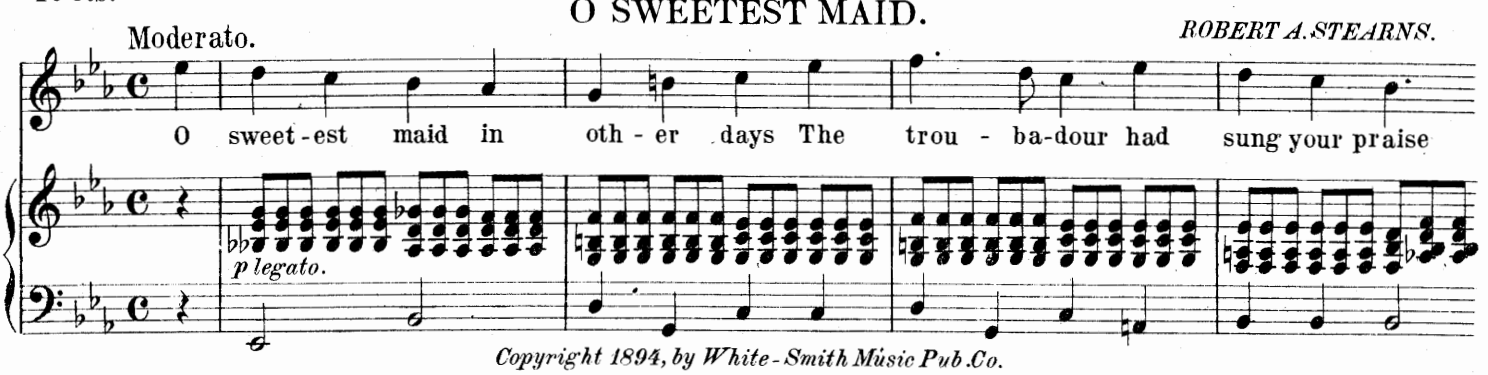

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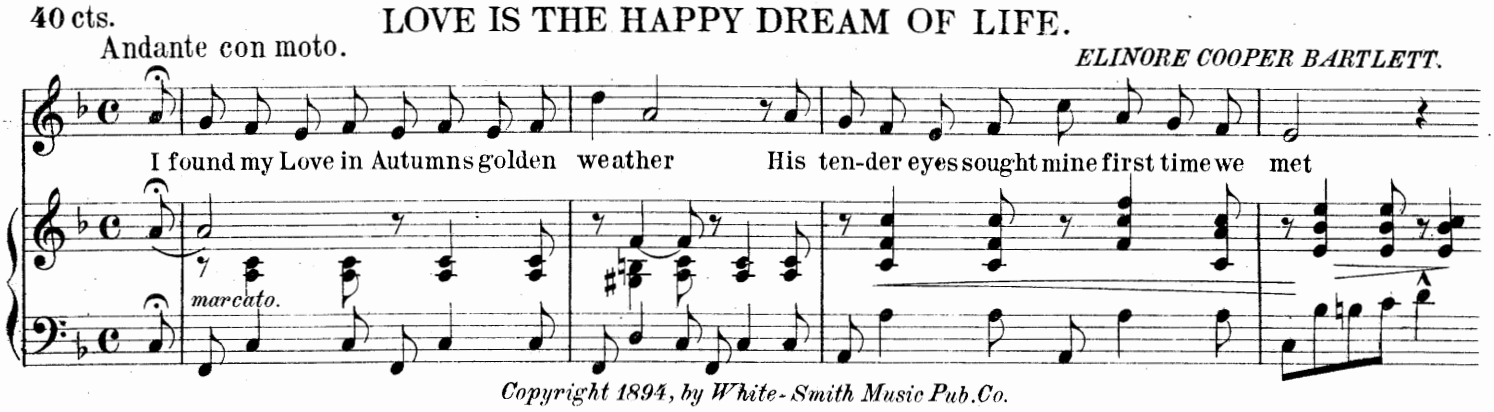

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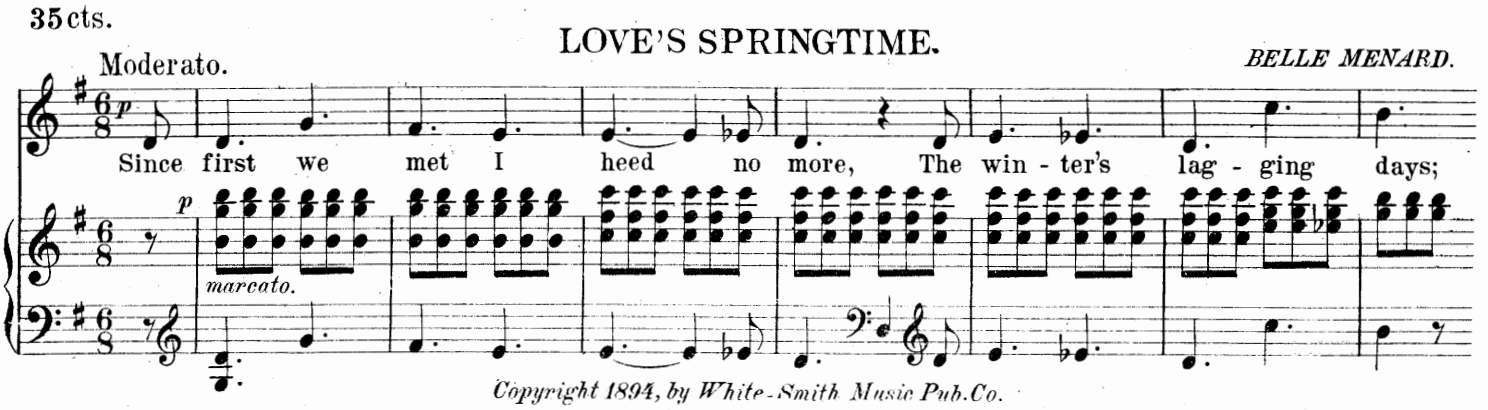

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