A Southern Maid

Miss JOSE COLLINS (*Photo. Foulsham & Banfield.*

Music by HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON

Additional Numbers by
Ivor Novello & G. H. Clutsam

Book by
Dion Clayton Calthrop & Harry Graham

VOCAL SCORE 7/6 NET

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252852

A Southern Maid

A : MUSICAL : PLAY : IN : THREE : ACTS

Book by

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

and

HARRY GRAHAM

Music by

HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON

Lyrics by

HARRY GRAHAM

Additional Numbers by

Ivor Novello

AND

G. H. Clutsam

Additional Lyrics by

Adrian Ross

AND

Douglas Furber

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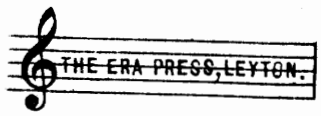
THE ERA PRESS, LEYTON.

Daly's Theatre, London.

The whole under the Personal Direction of **Robert Evett**

The George Edwardes' Production

A SOUTHERN MAID

Dramatis Personæ

WALTER WEX	MARK LESTER ...
SIR WILLOUGHBY RAWDON	CLAUDE FLEMMING ...
TODO	LIONEL VICTOR ...
LORD TOSHINGTON	WILLIAM SPRAY ...
LOPEZ	LEONARD RUSSELL ...
SEBASTIAN	GARTH TREVOR ...
MIGUEL	JACK SPURLING ...
GOMEZ	FRED VIGAY ...
FRANCESCO DEL FUEGO	BERTRAM WALLIS ...
LADY JULIA CHICHESTER	JESSIE FRASER ...
LADY MENDIE	THERESE MILLS ...
ESTELLA	JEAN STIRLING ...
JUANITA	DOROTHY MONKMAN ...
CHIQUITA	GWENDOLINE BROGDEN
AND	
Dolores	**JOSE COLLINS**

Synopsis of Scenery

ACT I	The Market Place, Santiago (Joseph Harker)
ACT II	Café del Santiago ... ,,
ACT III	The Orange Grove, Santiago ,,

Production by OSCAR ASCHE

Musical Director: MERLIN MORGAN

Stage Director: FRED J. BLACKMAN

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A SOUTHERN MAID.

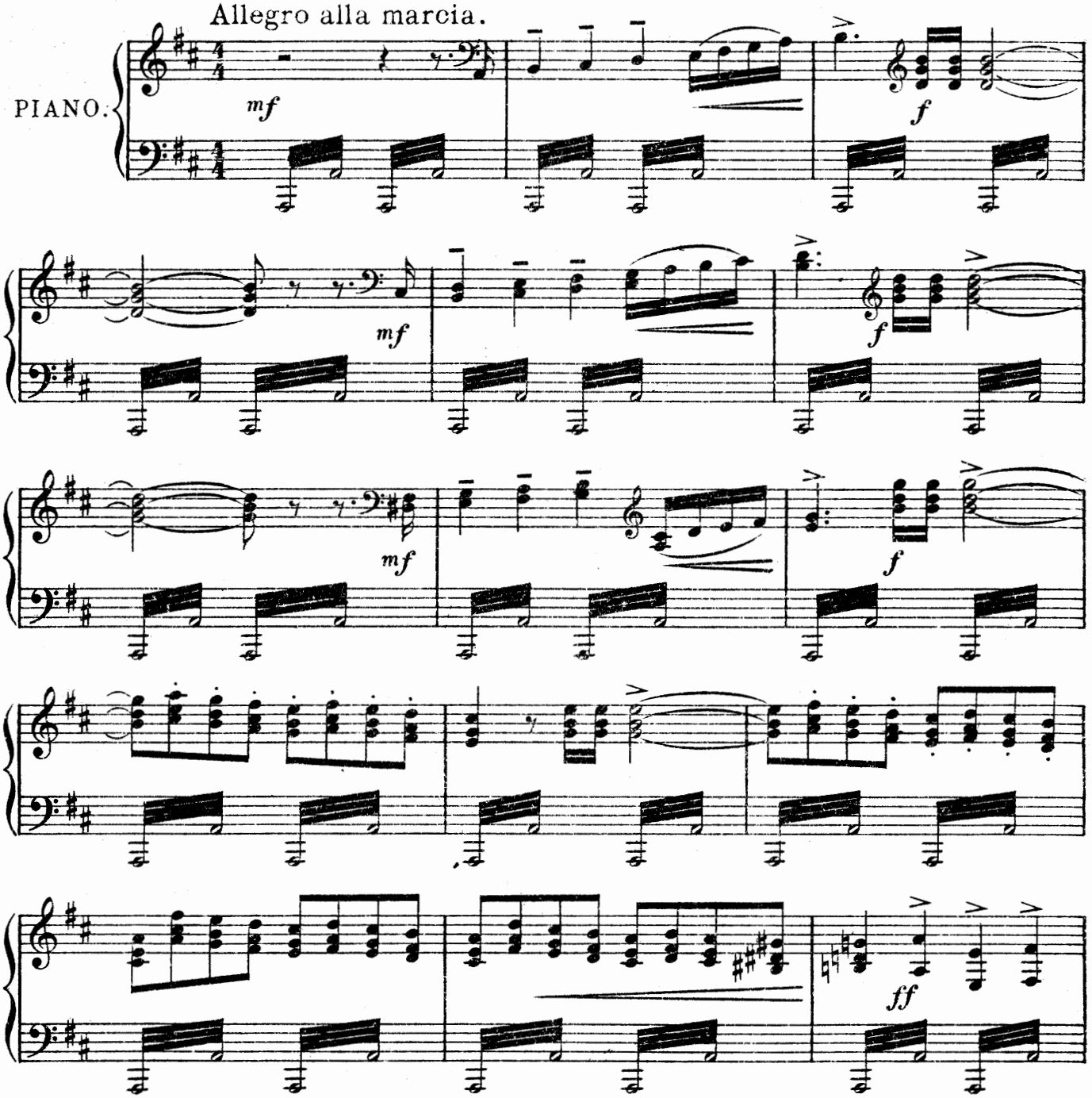
Act I.

No 1.

INTRODUCTION AND OPENING MUSIC WITH SOLO— SEBASTIAN.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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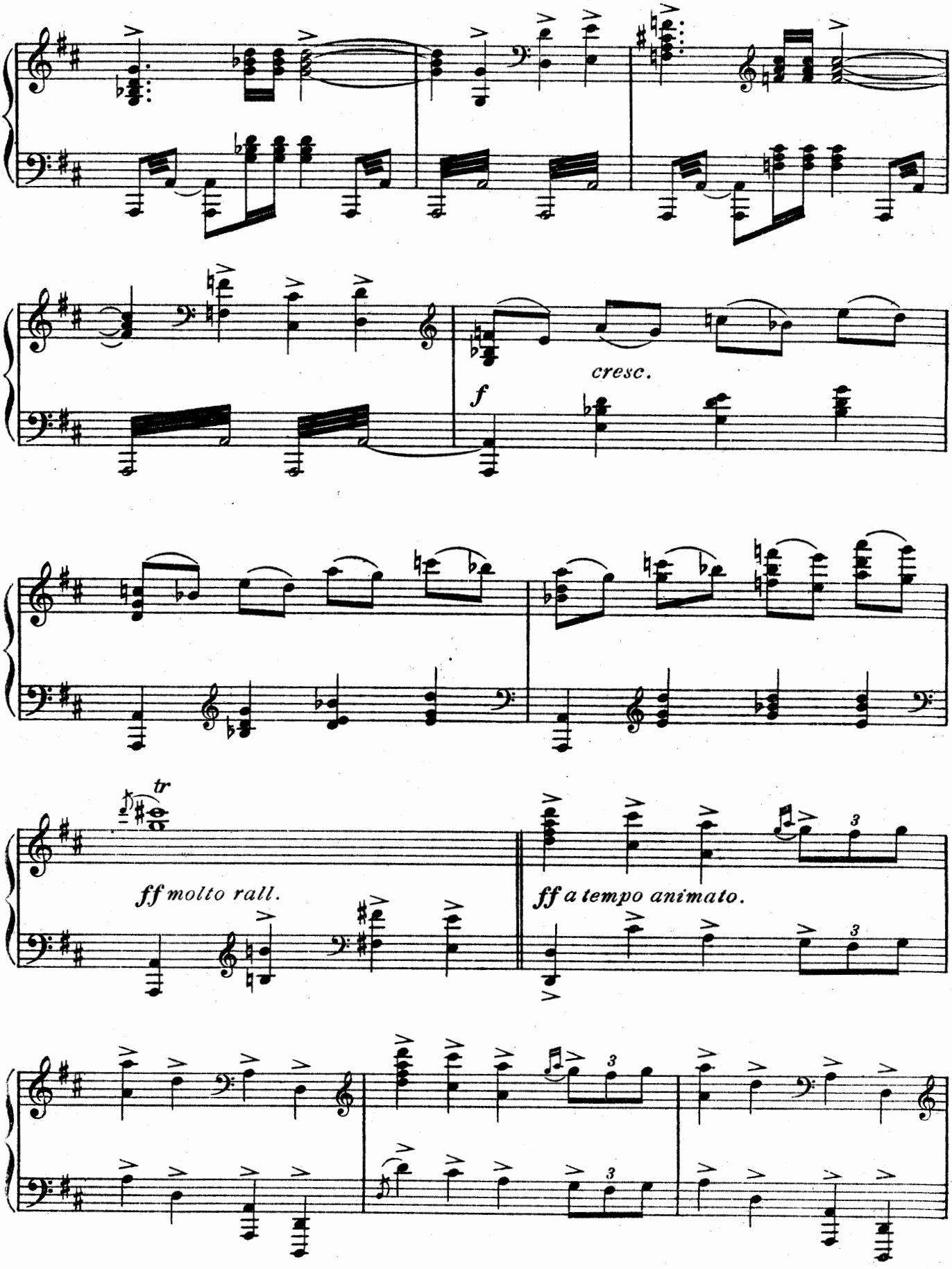
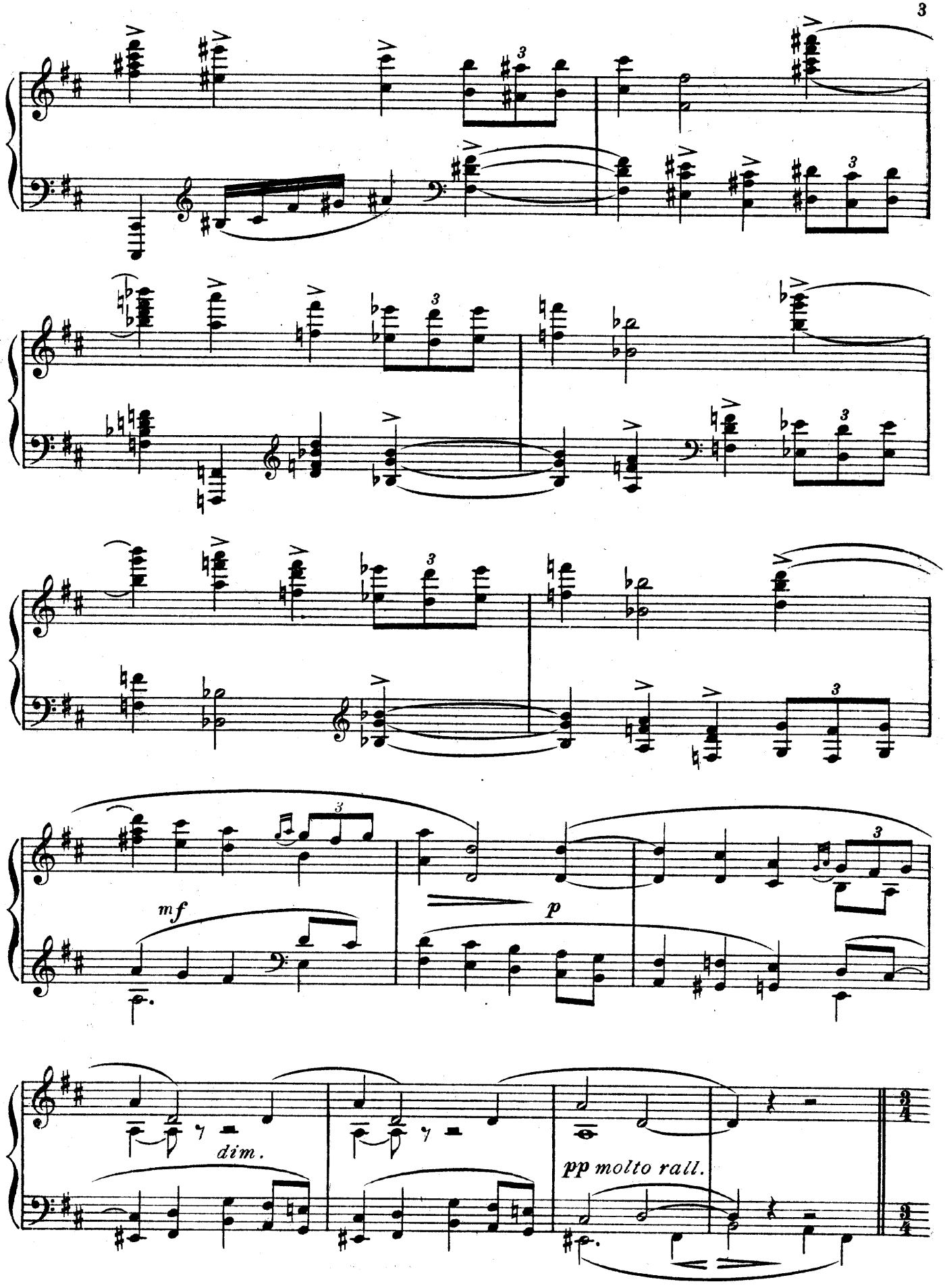
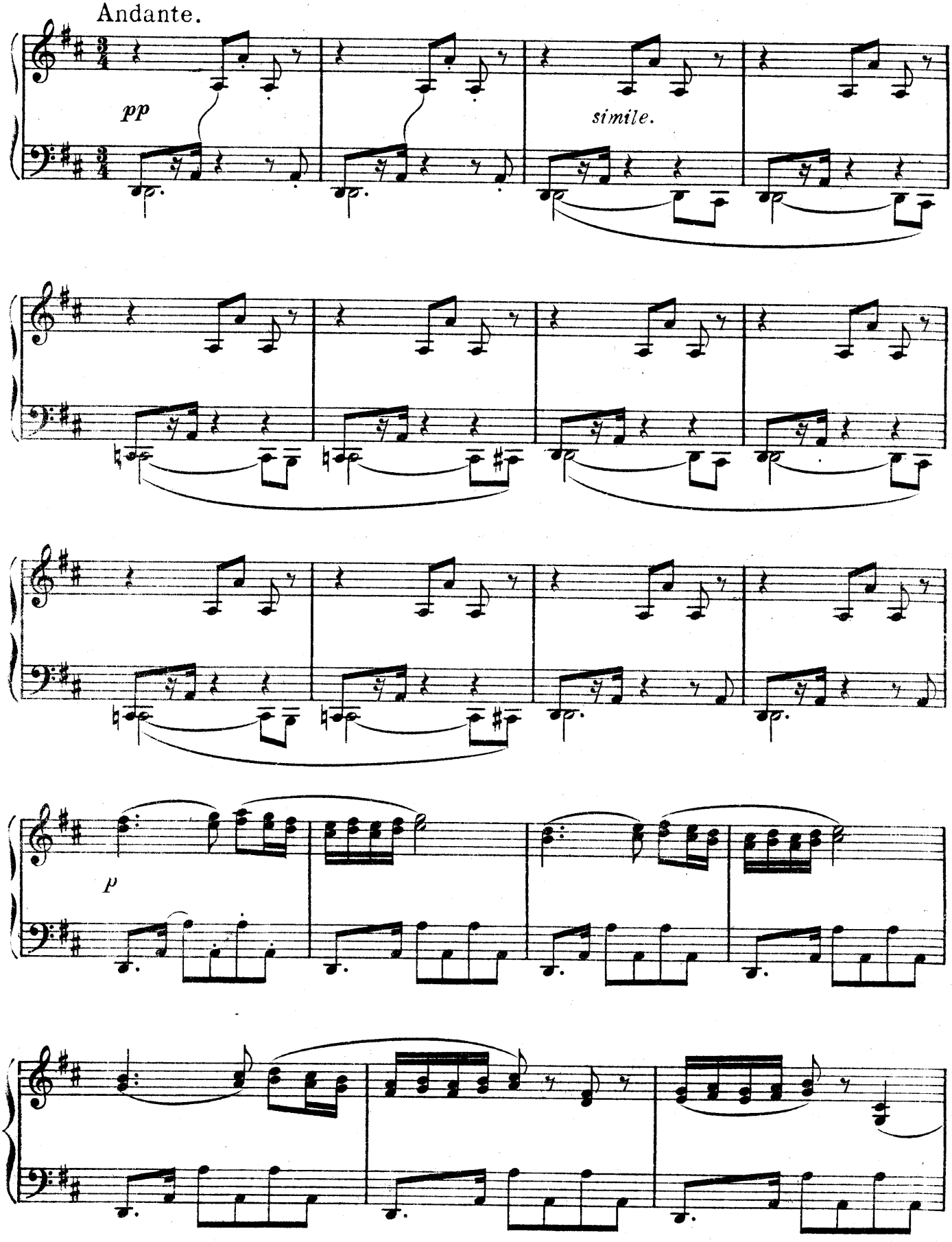
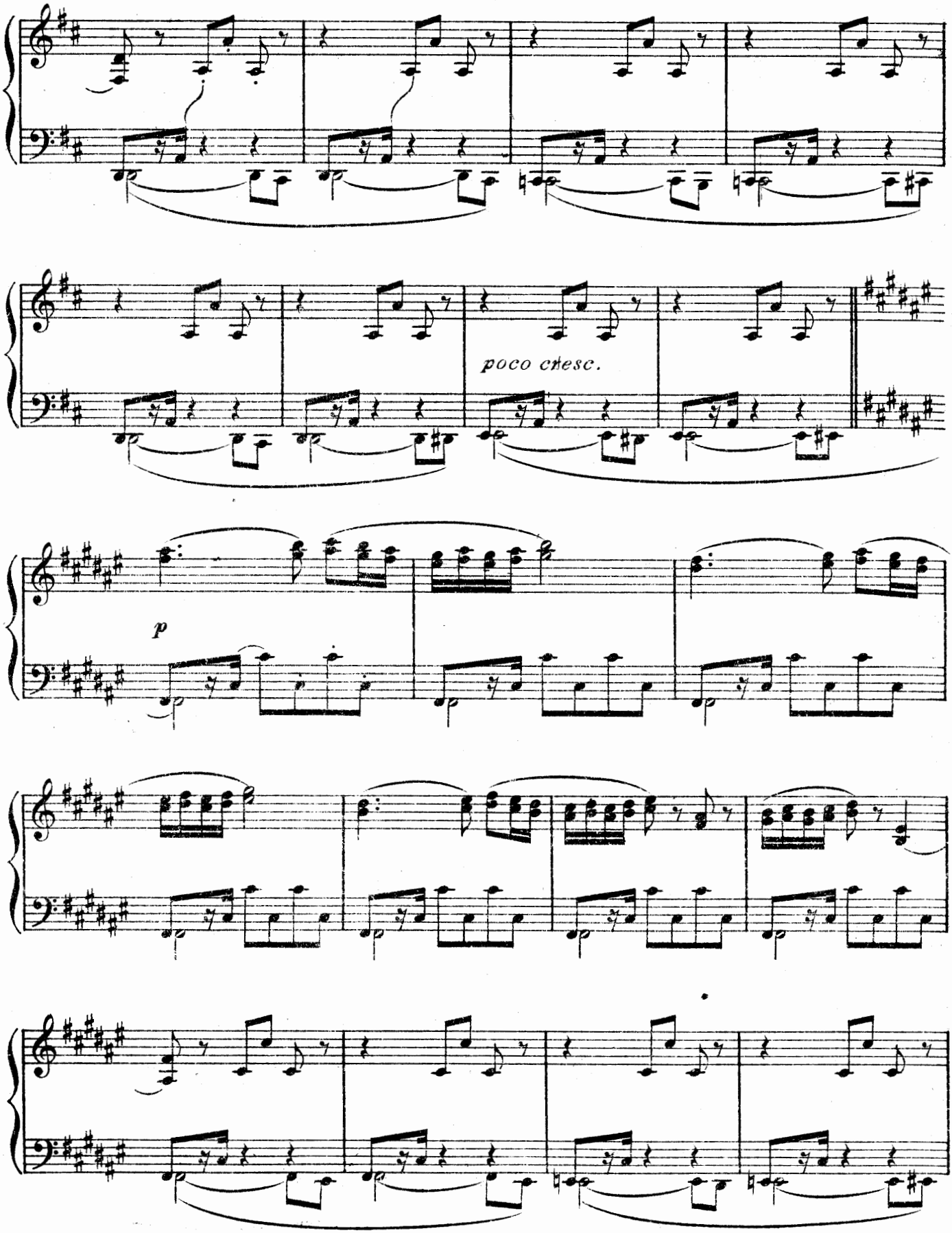
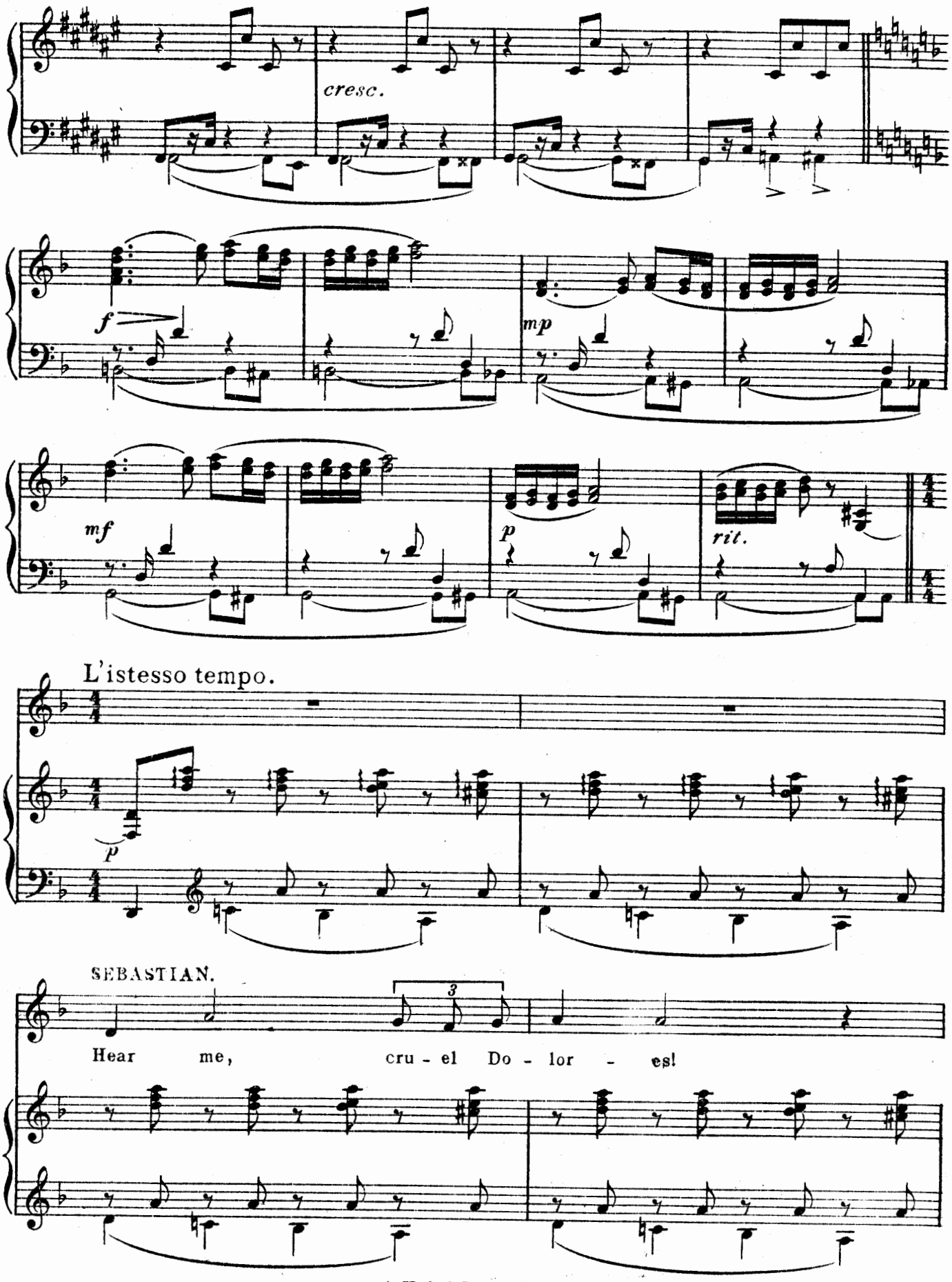
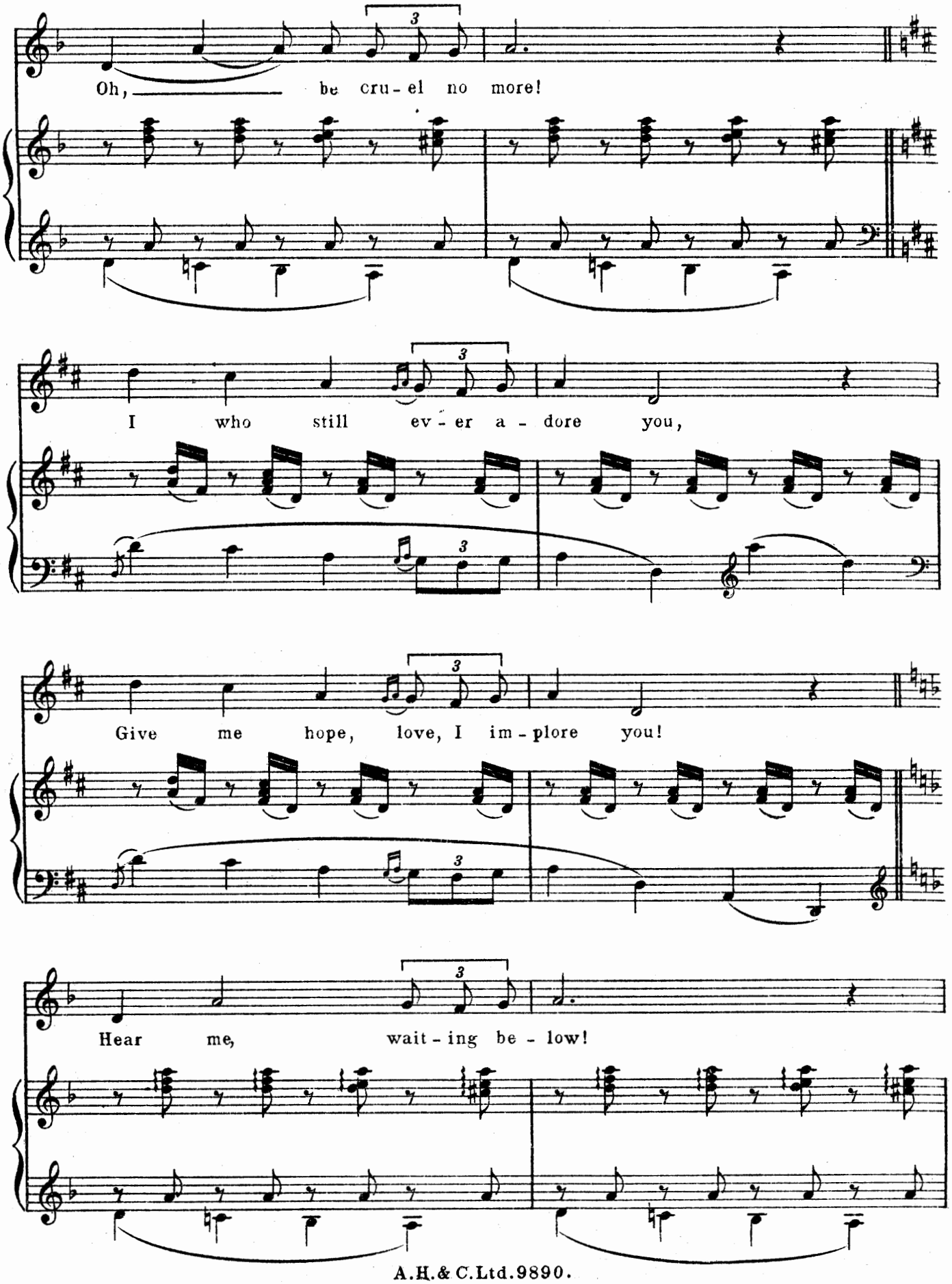

cresc.
f
tr
ff molto rall.
ff a tempo animato.

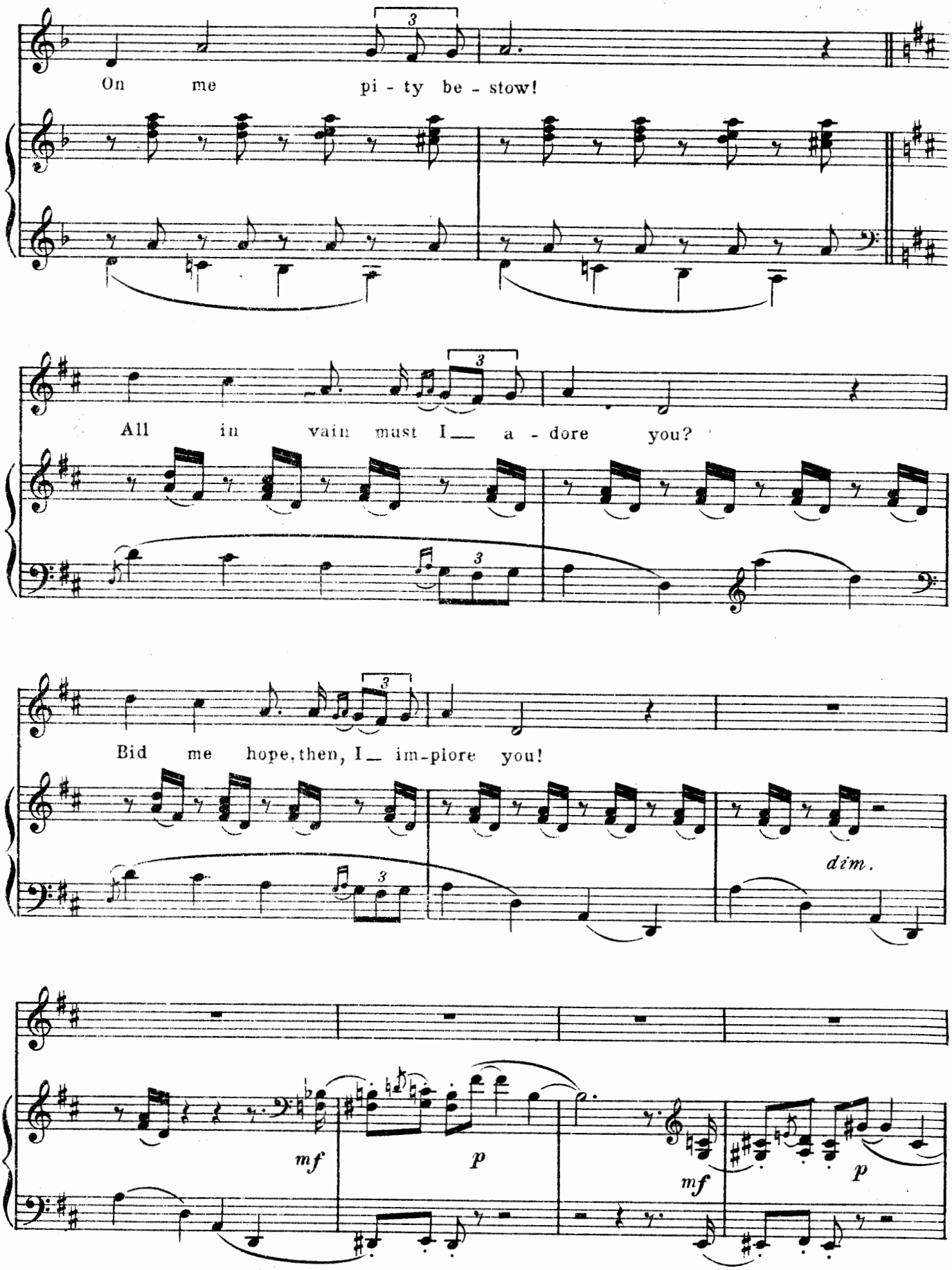

mf
p
dim.
pp molto rall.

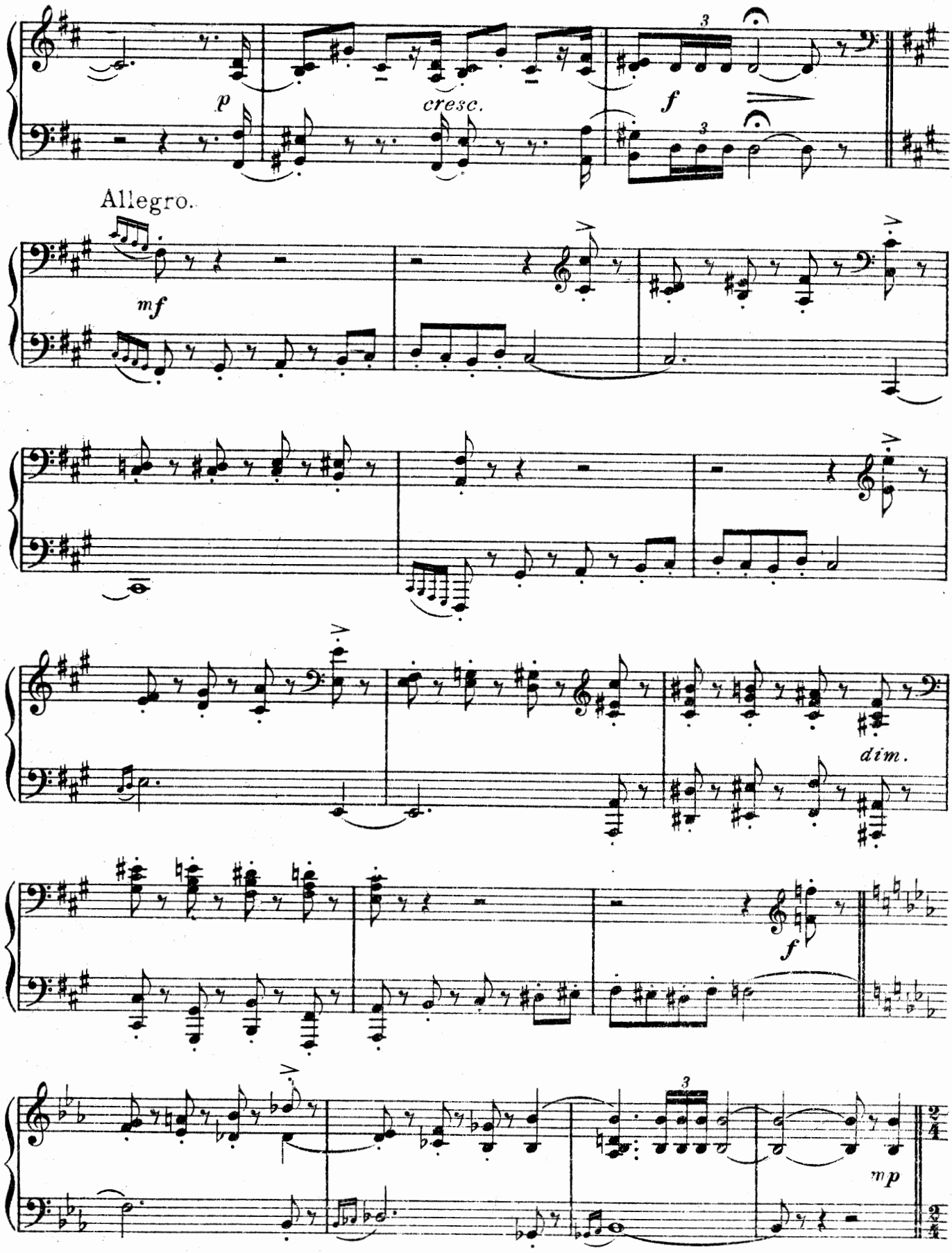

Andante.
pp
simile.
p


poco cresc.
p

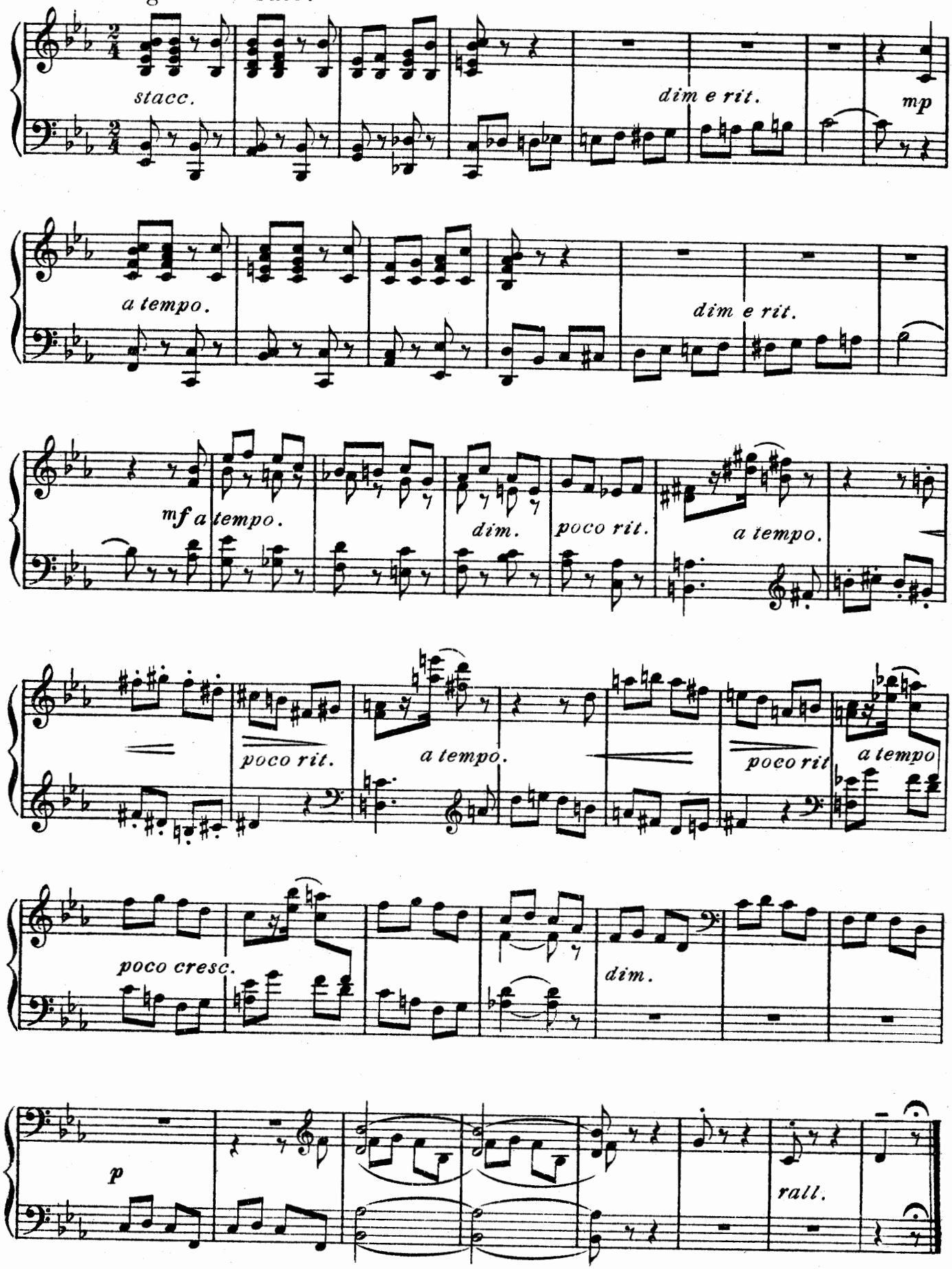

cresc.
f
mp
mf
p
rit.
L'istesso tempo.
p
SEBASTIAN.
3
Hear me, cru - el Do - lor - es!


Oh, be cru - el no more!
I who still ev - er a - dore you,
Give me hope, love, I im - plore you!
Hear me, wait - ing be - low!


On me pi - ty be - stow!
All in vain must I a - dore you?
Bid me hope, then, I im-plore you!
dim.
mf
p
mf
p


p
cresc.
f
Allegro.
mf
dim.
f
mp

Allegro moderato.



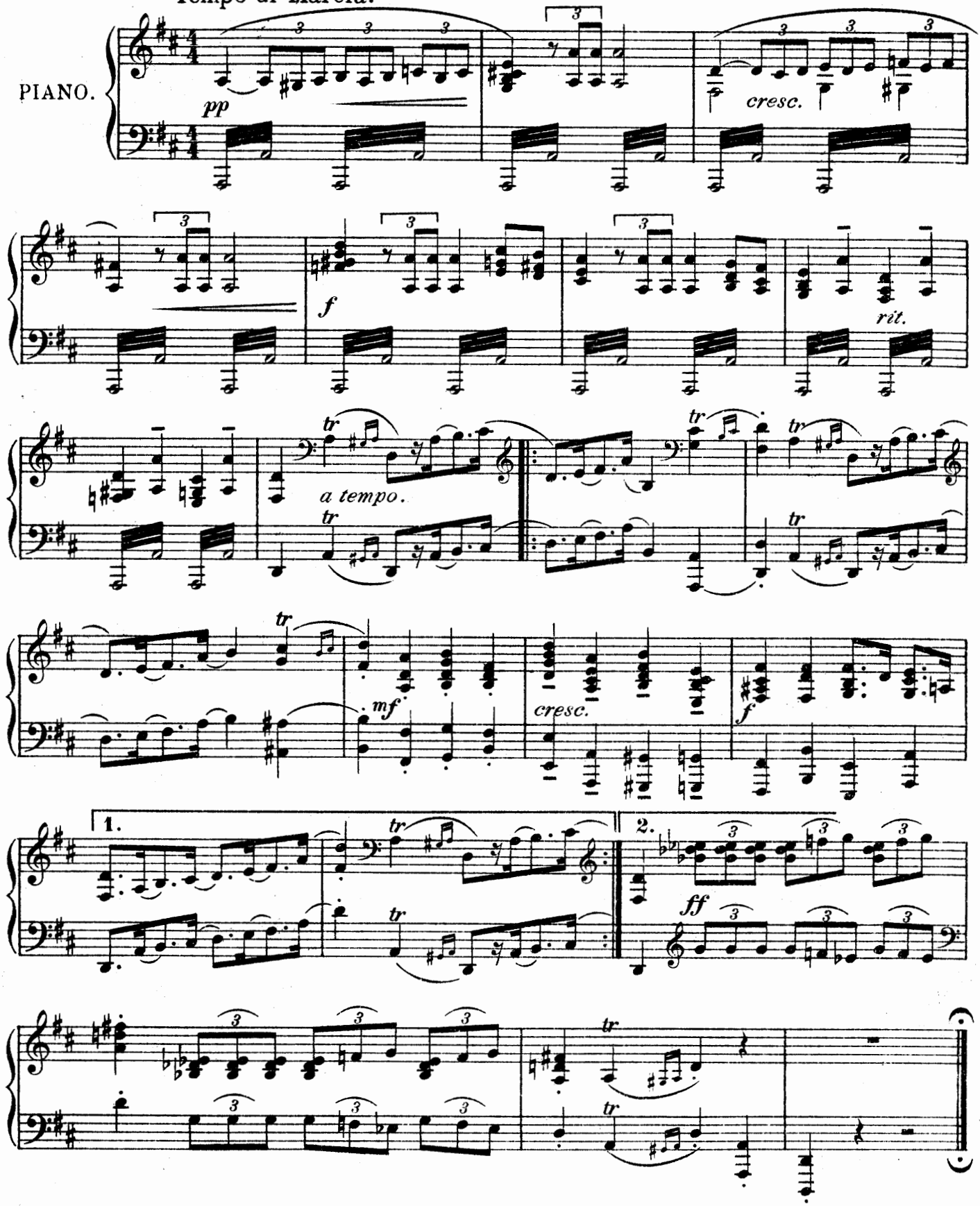
segue.

Entrance of Wex.

Nº 2.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Tempo di Marcia.



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SONG- "Francesco del Fuego."

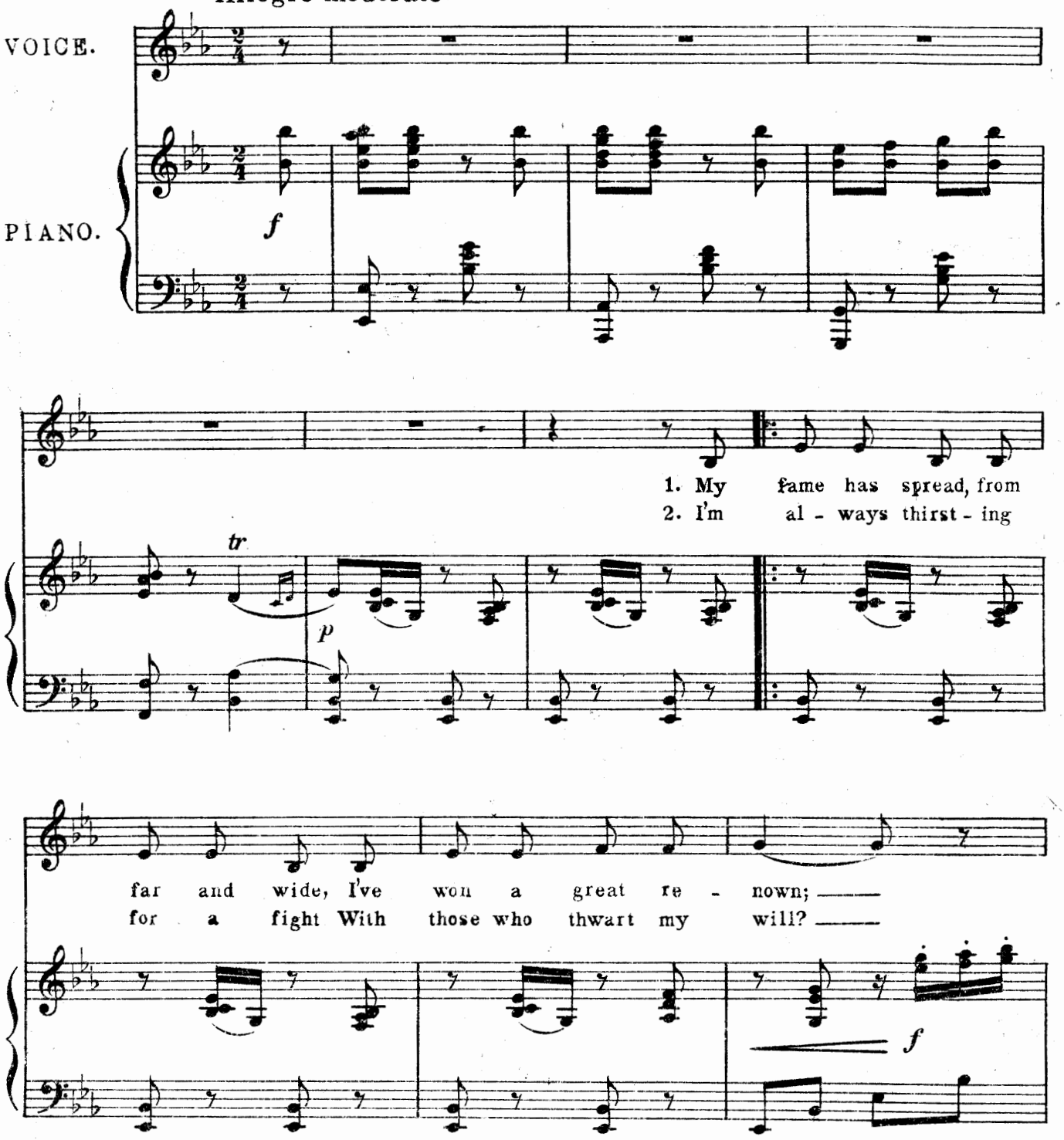
No 3.

(FRANCESCO & CHORUS.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegro moderato.



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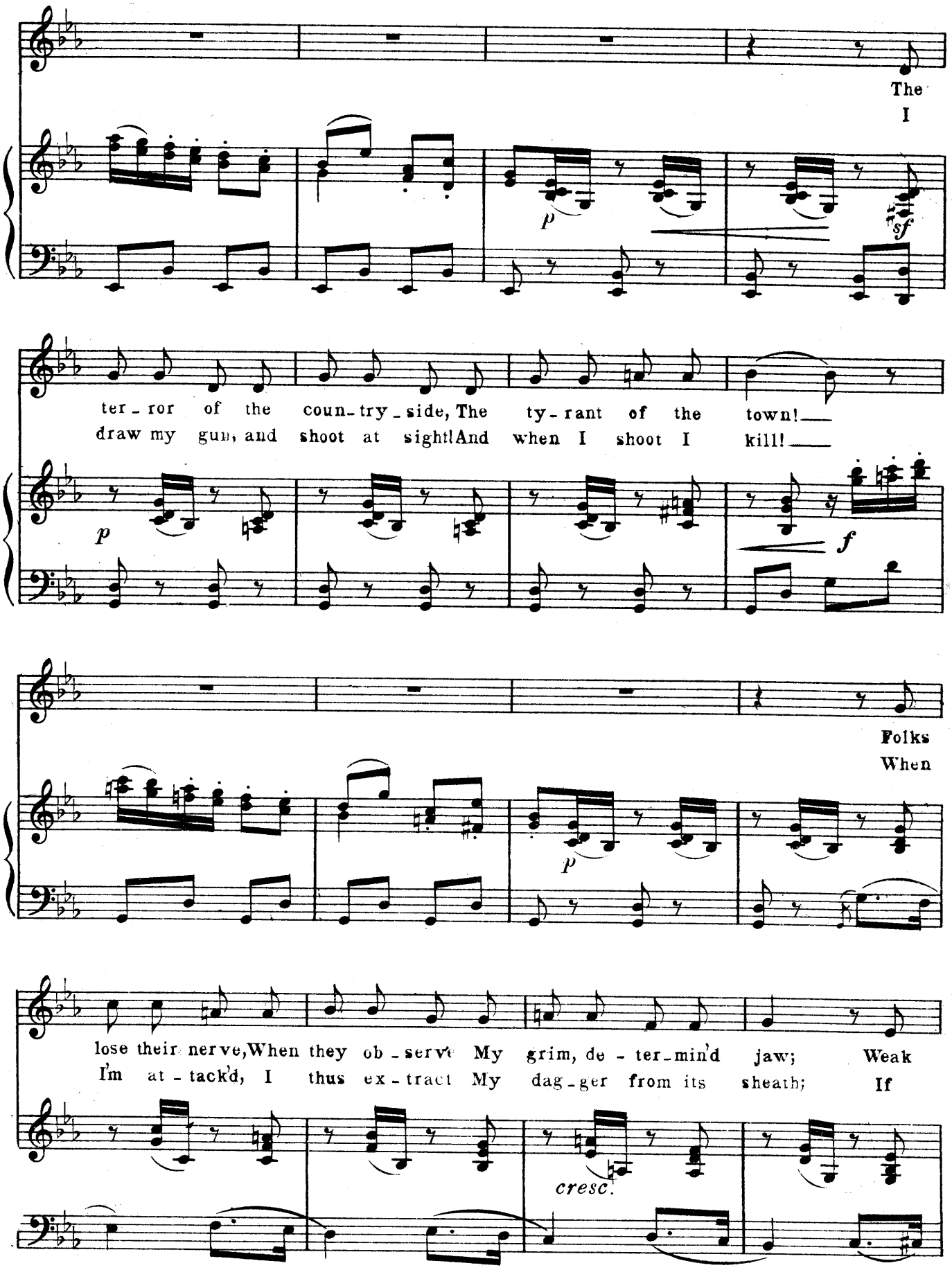
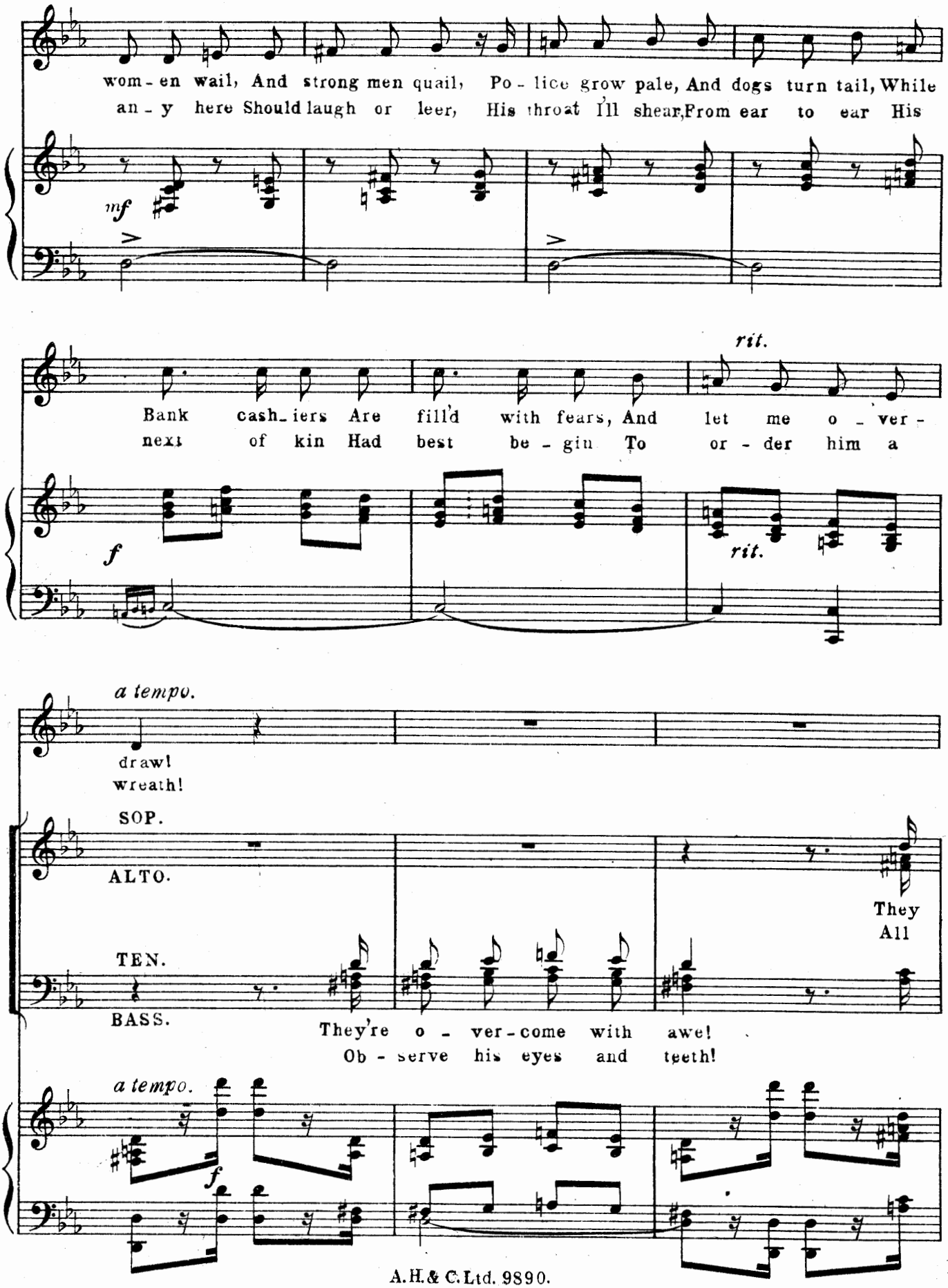
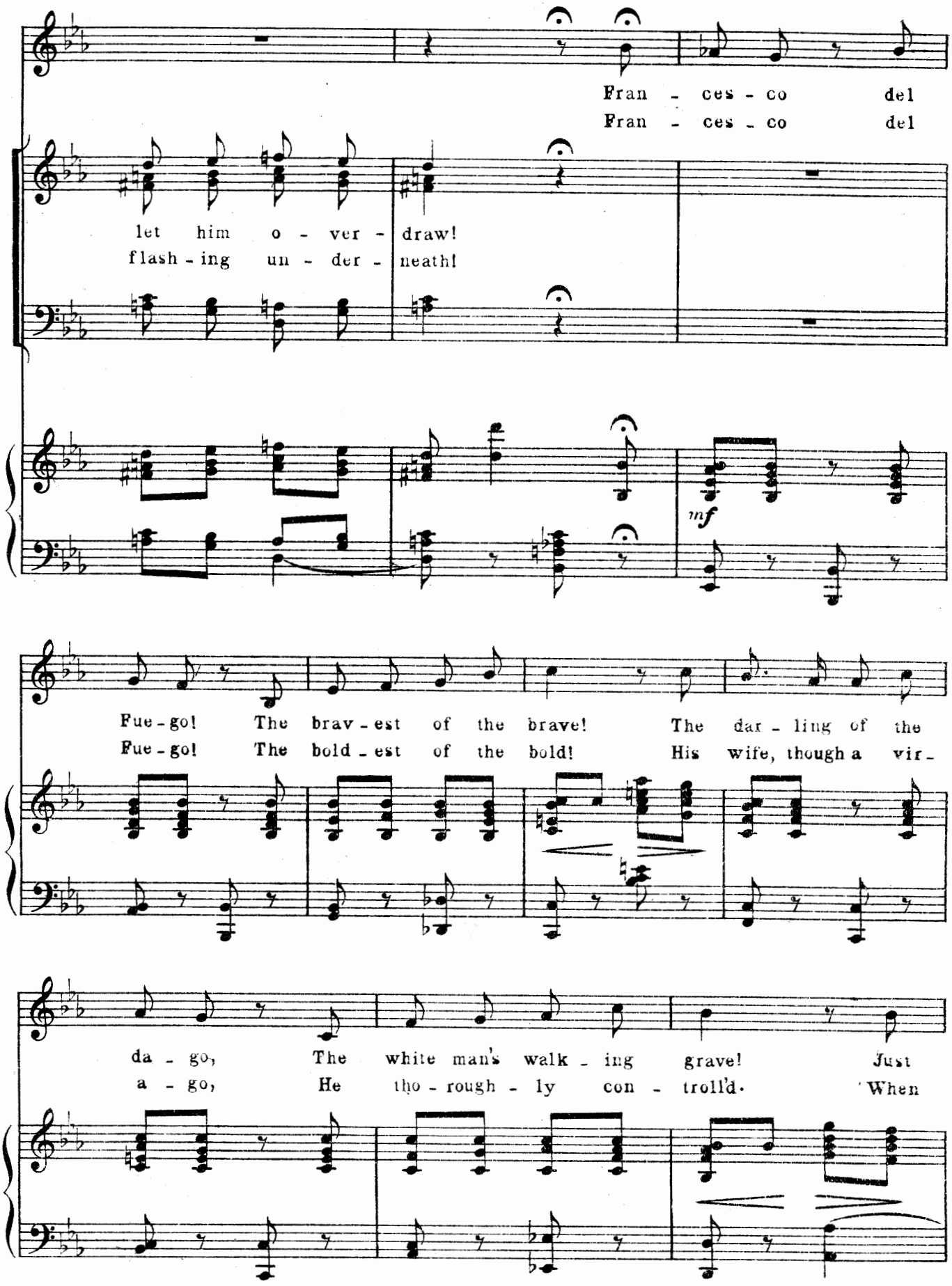
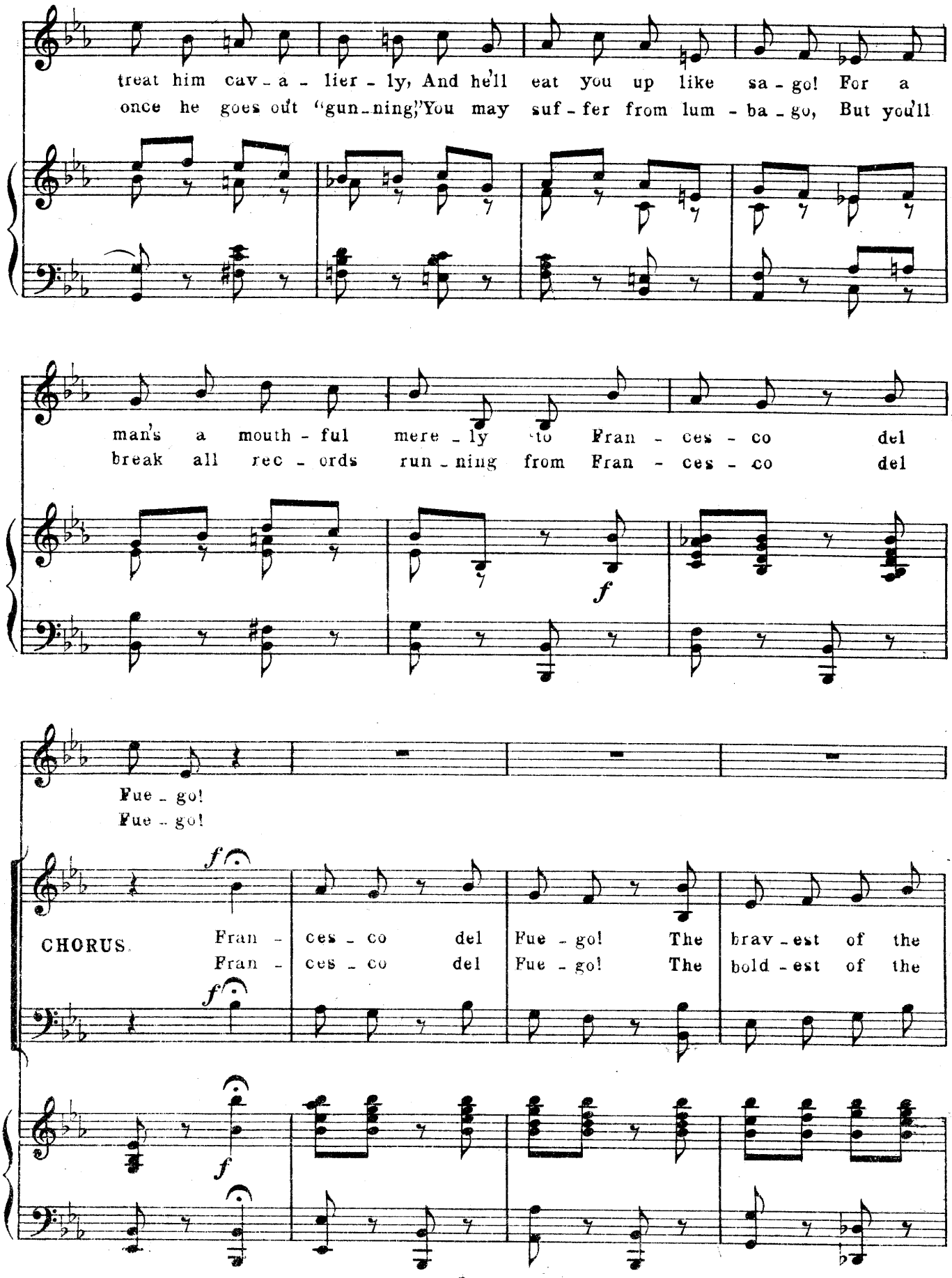
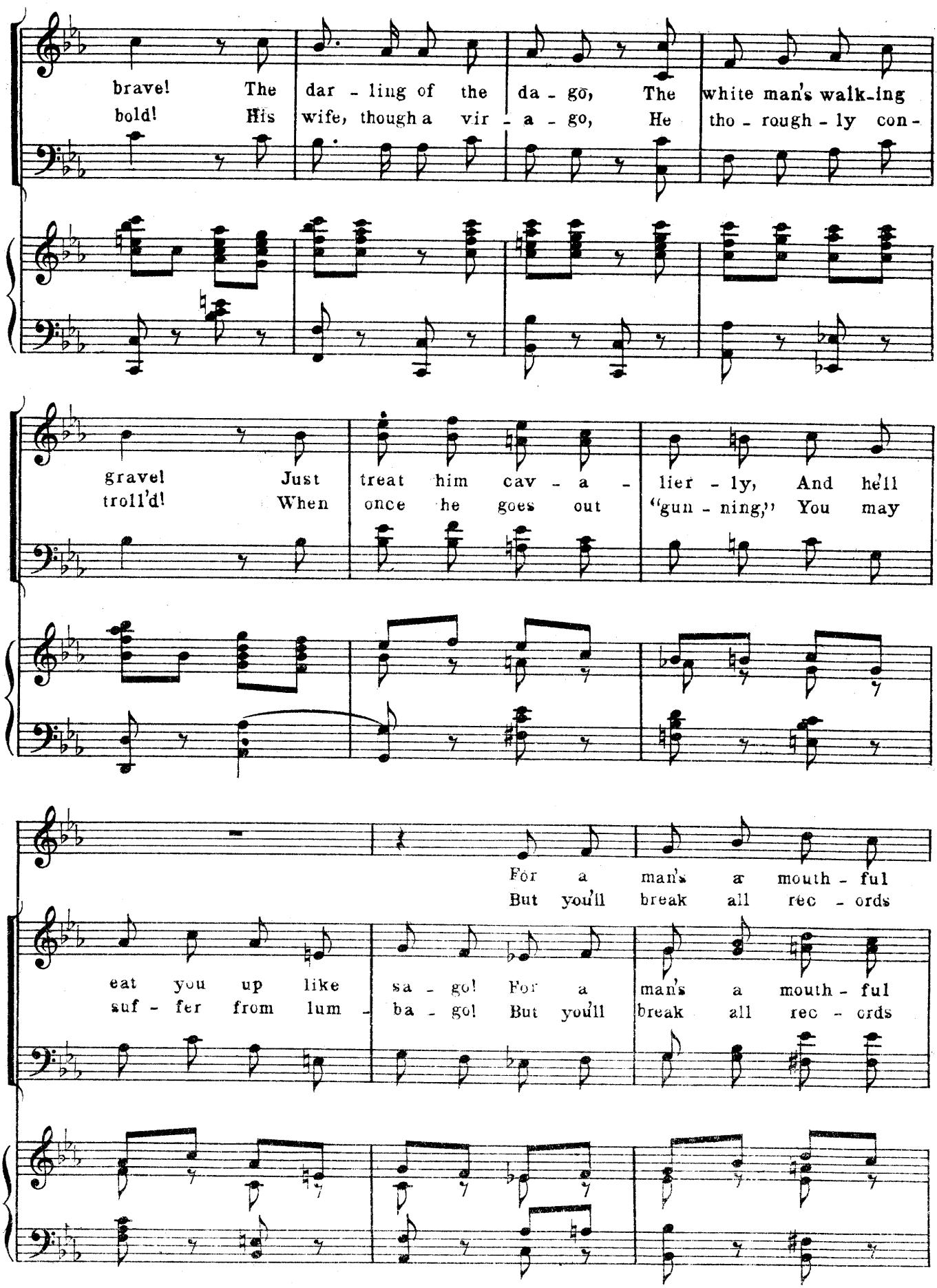
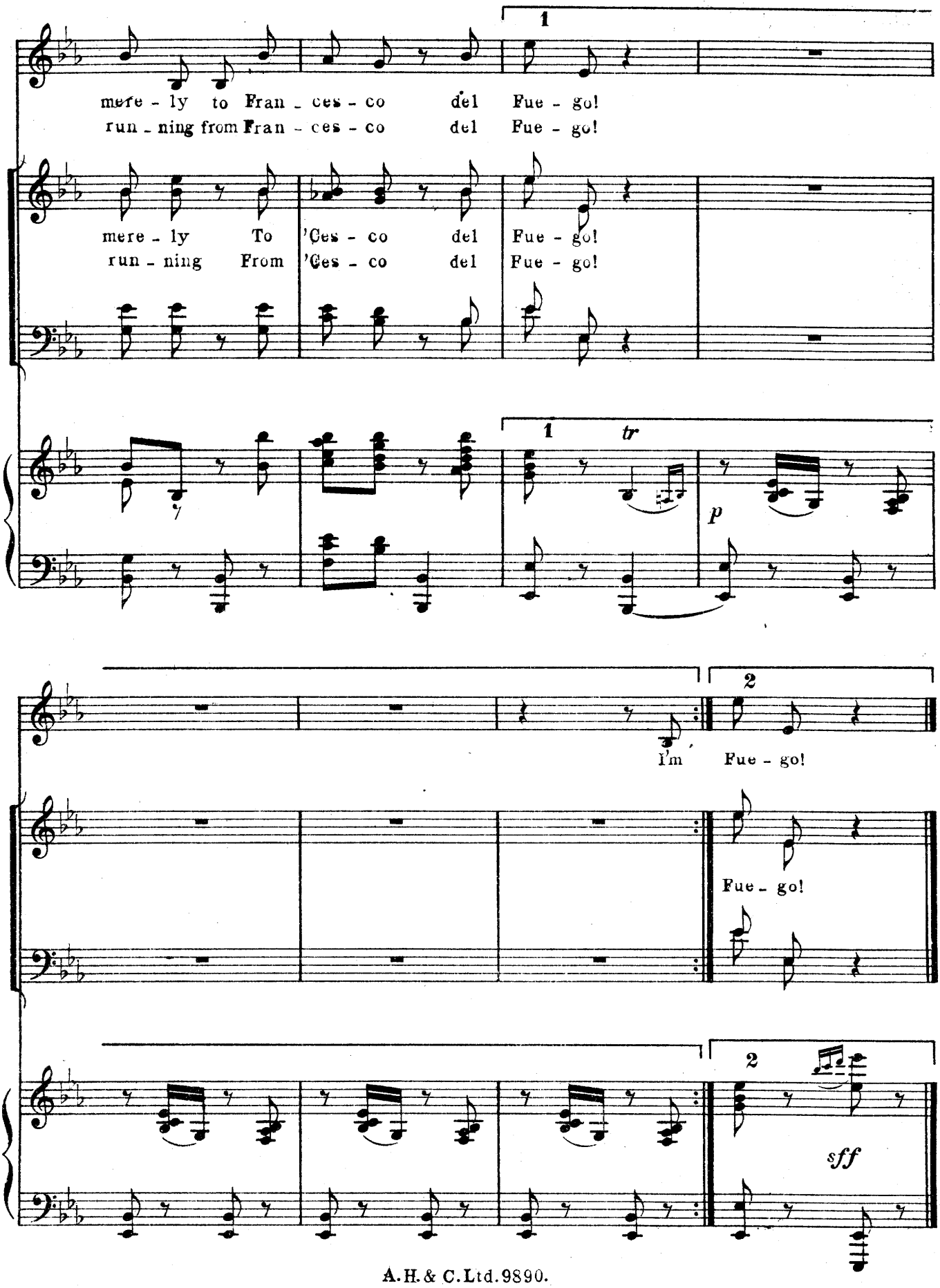

The
I
p
sf
ter - ror of the coun - try - side, The ty - rant of the town!
draw my gun, and shoot at sight! And when I shoot I kill!
p
f
Folks
When
p
lose their nerve, When they ob - serve My grim, de - ter - min'd jaw; Weak
I'm at - tack'd, I thus ex - tract My dag - ger from its sheath; If
cresc.


wom - en wail, And strong men quail, Po - lice grow pale, And dogs turn tail, While
an - y here Should laugh or leer, His throat I'll shear, From ear to ear His
mf
Bank cash - iers Are fill'd with fears, And let me o - ver -
next of kin Had best be - gin To or - der him a
rit.
f
rit.
a tempo.
draw!
wreath!
SOP.
ALTO.
They
All
TEN.
BASS.
They're o - ver - come with awe!
Ob - serve his eyes and teeth!
a tempo.
f


Fran - ces - co del
Fran - ces - co del
let him o - ver - draw!
flash - ing un - der - neath!
mf
Fue - go! The brav - est of the brave! The dar - ling of the
Fue - go! The bold - est of the bold! His wife, though a vir -
da - go, The white man's walk - ing grave! Just
a - go, He tho - rough - ly con - troll'd. When


treat him cav - a - lier - ly, And he'll eat you up like sa - go! For a
once he goes out "gun - ning," You may suf - fer from lum - ba - go, But you'll
man's a mouth - ful mere - ly to Fran - ces - co del
break all rec - ords run - ning from Fran - ces - co del
f
Fue - go!
Fue - go!
f
CHORUS. Fran - ces - co del Fue - go! The brav - est of the
Fran - ces - co del Fue - go! The bold - est of the
f
f

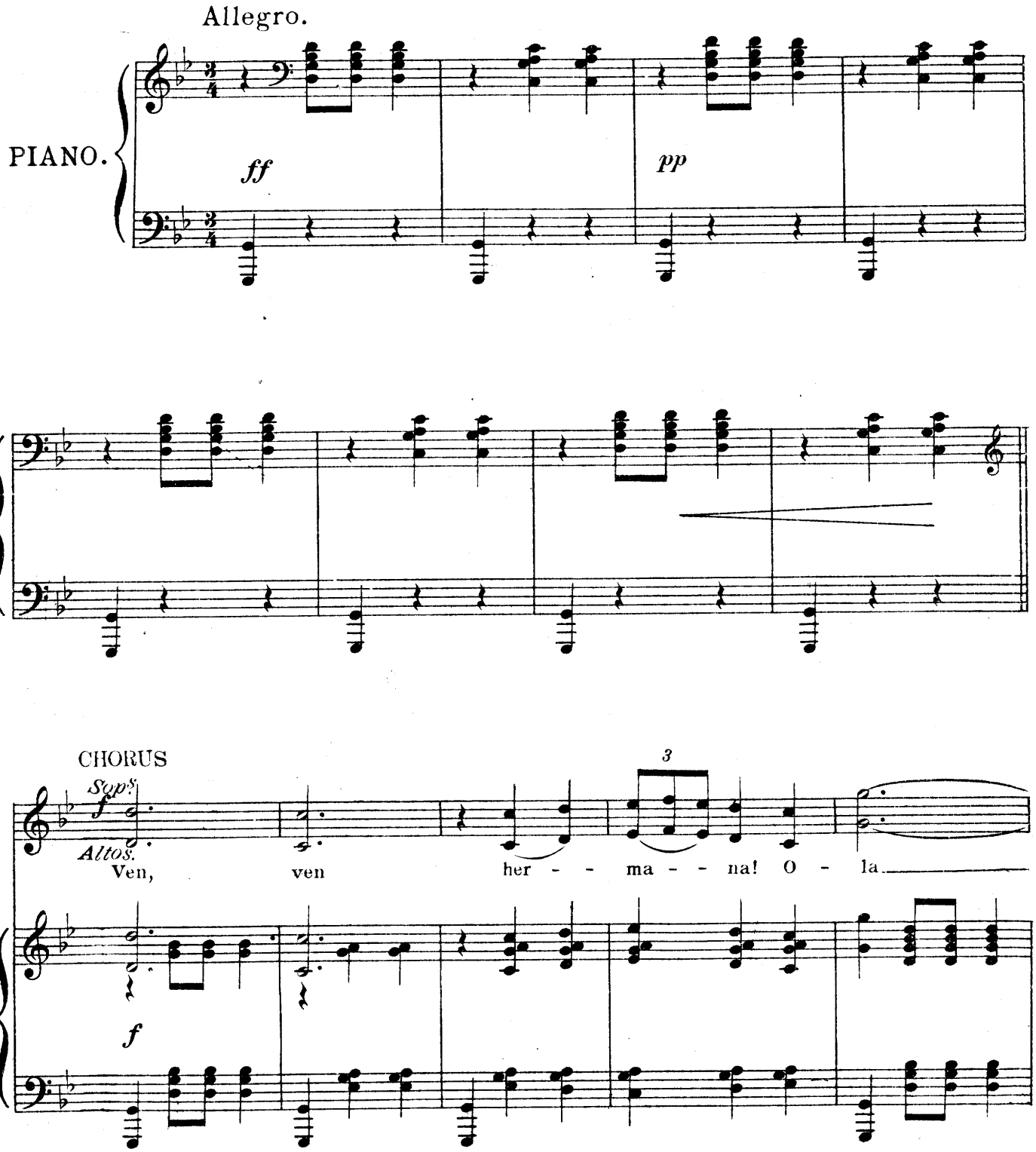

brave! The dar - ling of the da - go, The white man's walk-ing
bold! His wife, though a vir - a - go, He tho - rough - ly con -
grave! Just treat him cav - a - lier - ly, And he'll
troll'd! When once he goes out "gun - ning," You may
For a man's a mouth - ful
But you'll break all rec - ords
eat you up like sa - go! For a man's a mouth - ful
suf - fer from lum - ba - go! But you'll break all rec - ords


1
mere - ly to Fran - ces - co del Fue - go!
run - ning from Fran - ces - co del Fue - go!
mere - ly To 'Ces - co del Fue - go!
run - ning From 'Ces - co del Fue - go!
1
tr
p
2
I'm Fue - go!
Fue - go!
2
sff

No 4. Entrance of Dolores.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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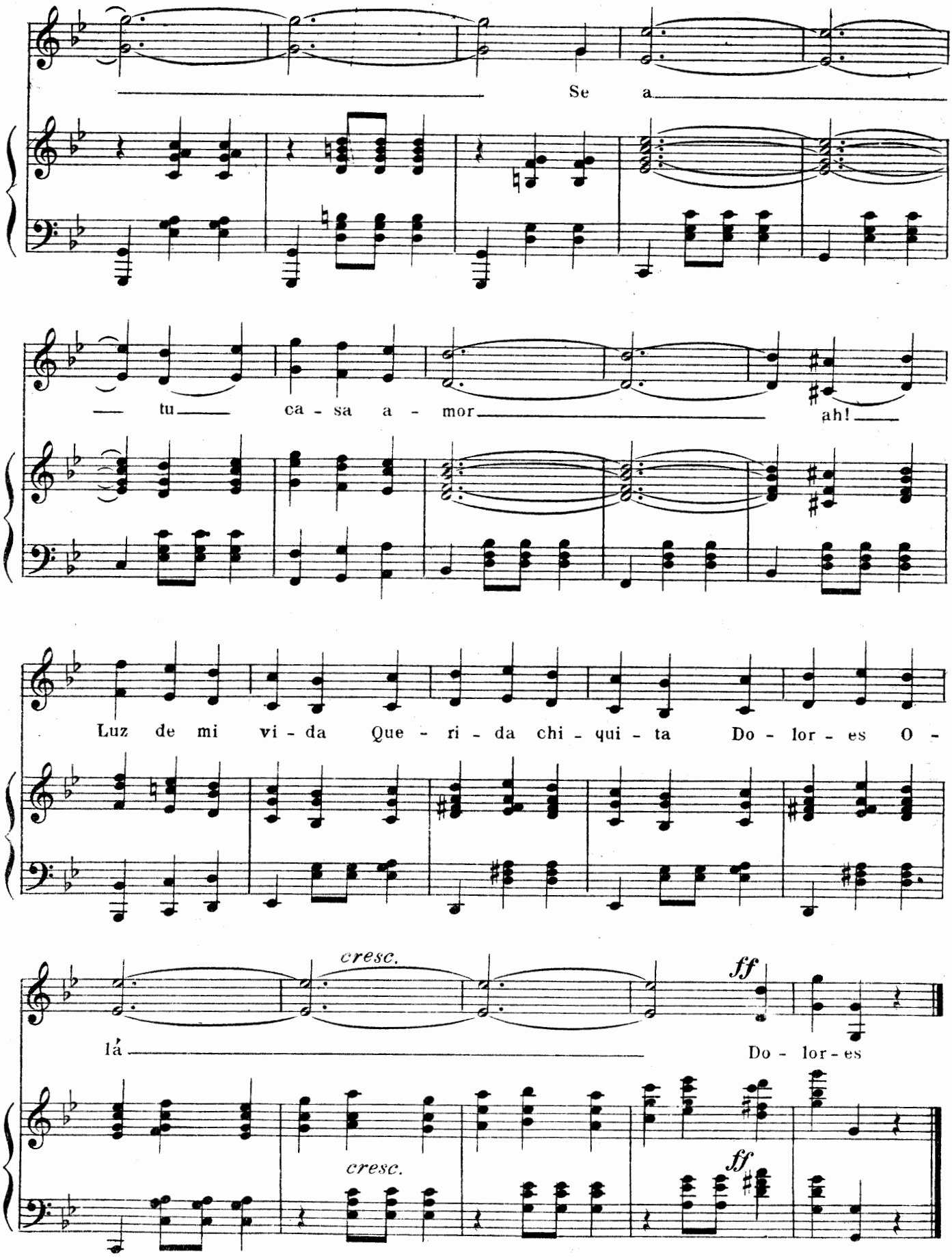

Se a
tu ca - sa a - mor ah!
Luz de mi vi - da Que - ri - da chi - qui - ta Do - lor - es O -
cresc.
ff
lá
Do - lor - es
cresc.
ff

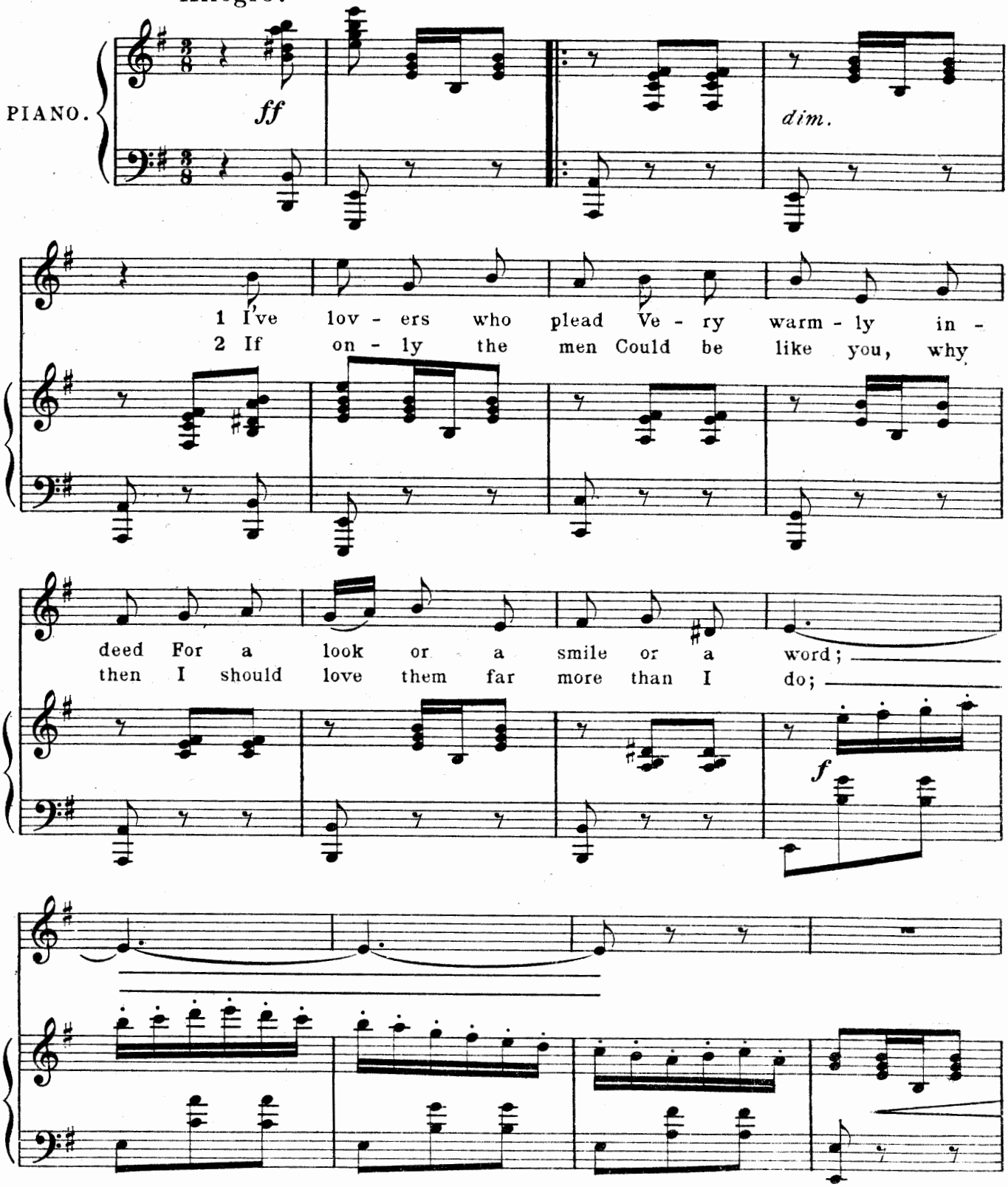
No 5. SONG.—"Love's Cigarette."

(DOLORES)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM and ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegro.



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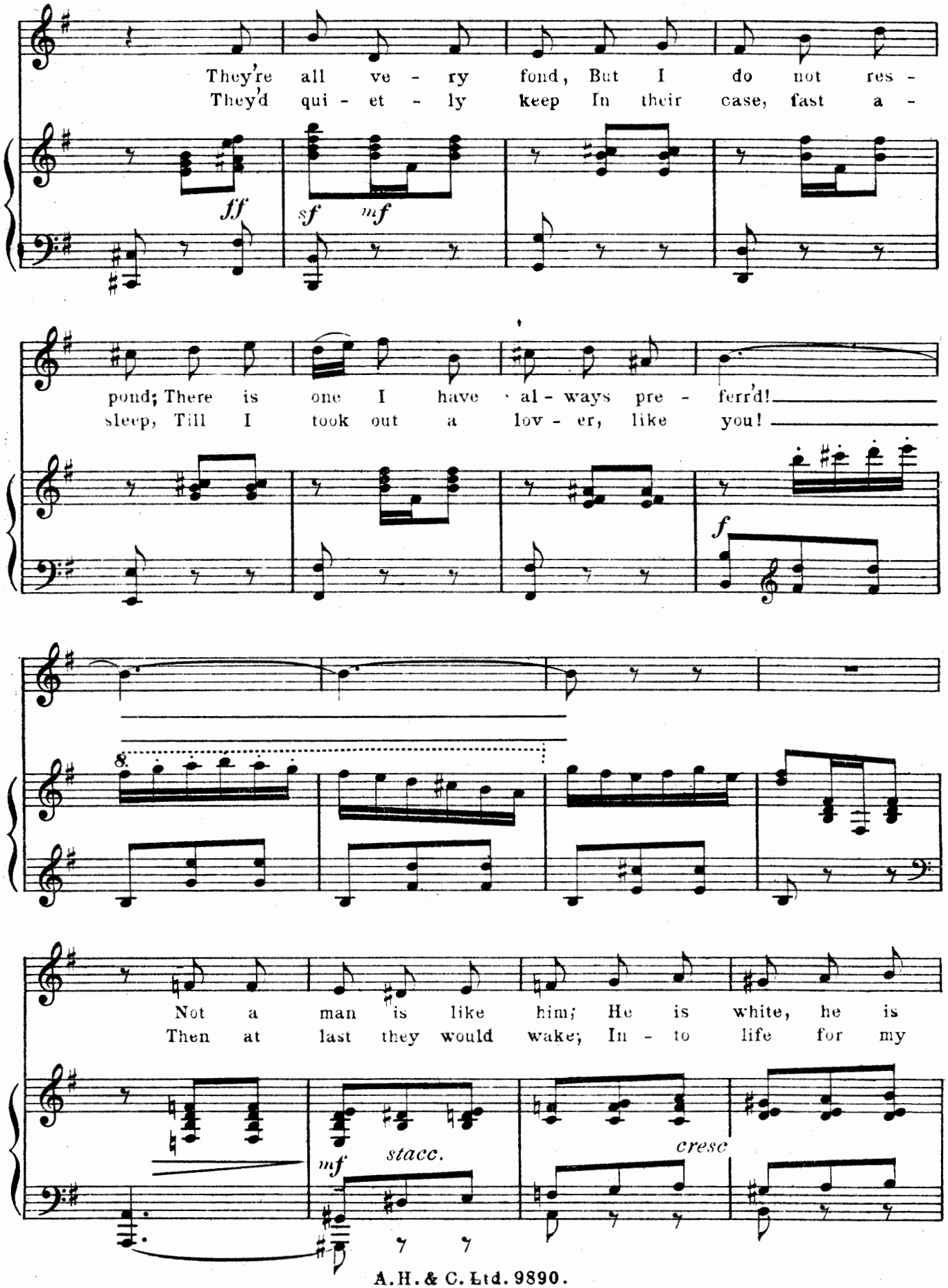
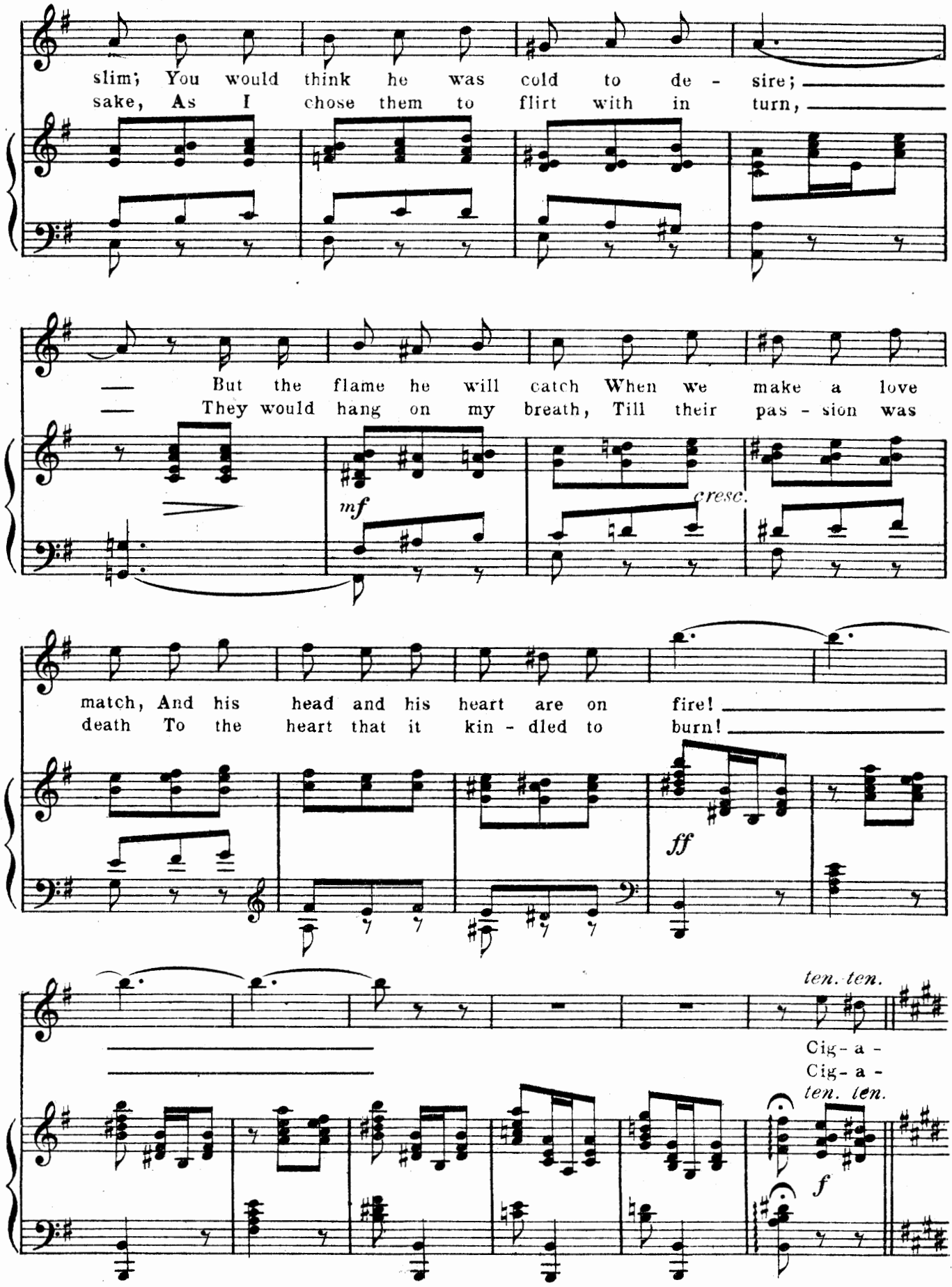
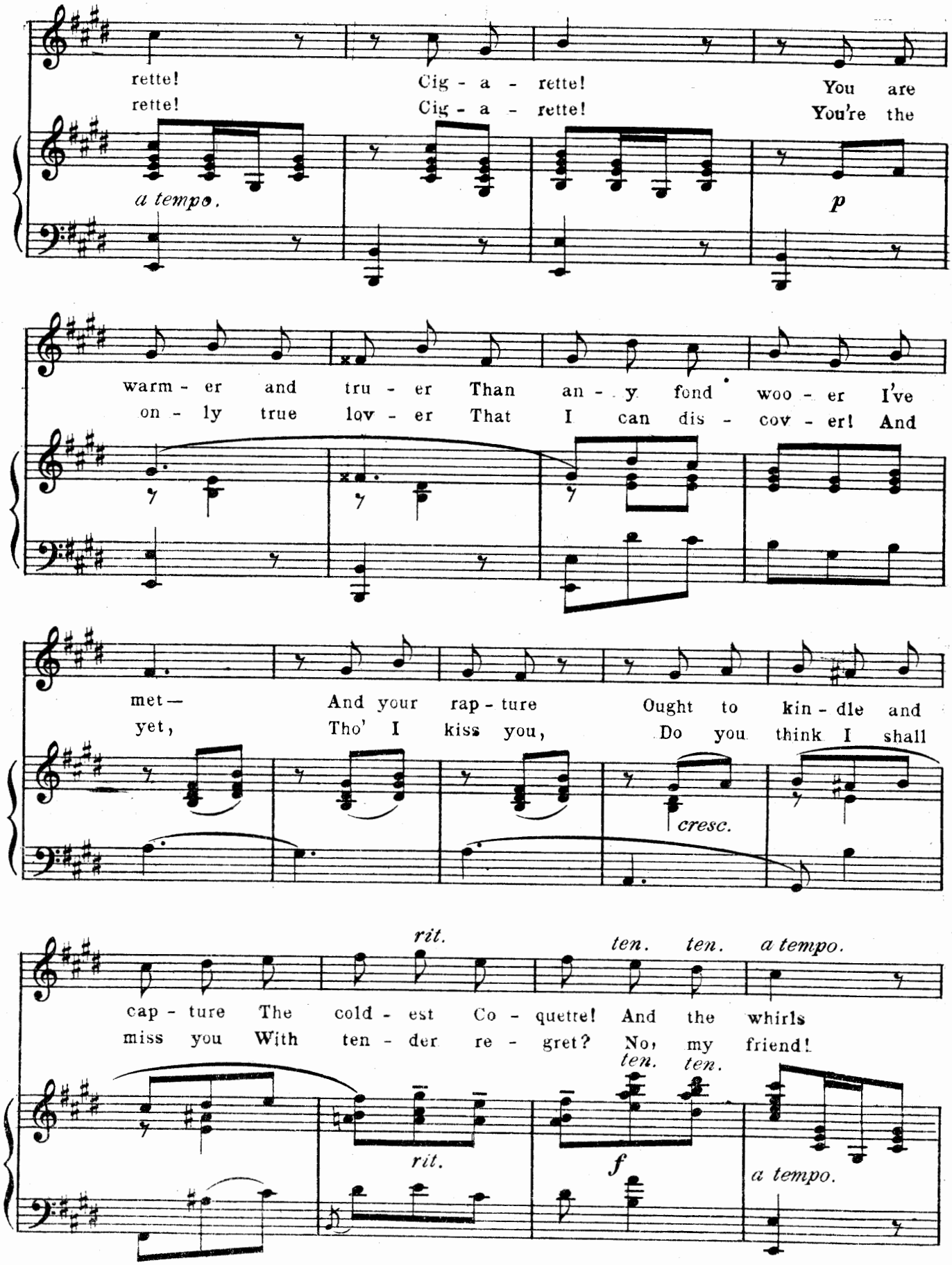
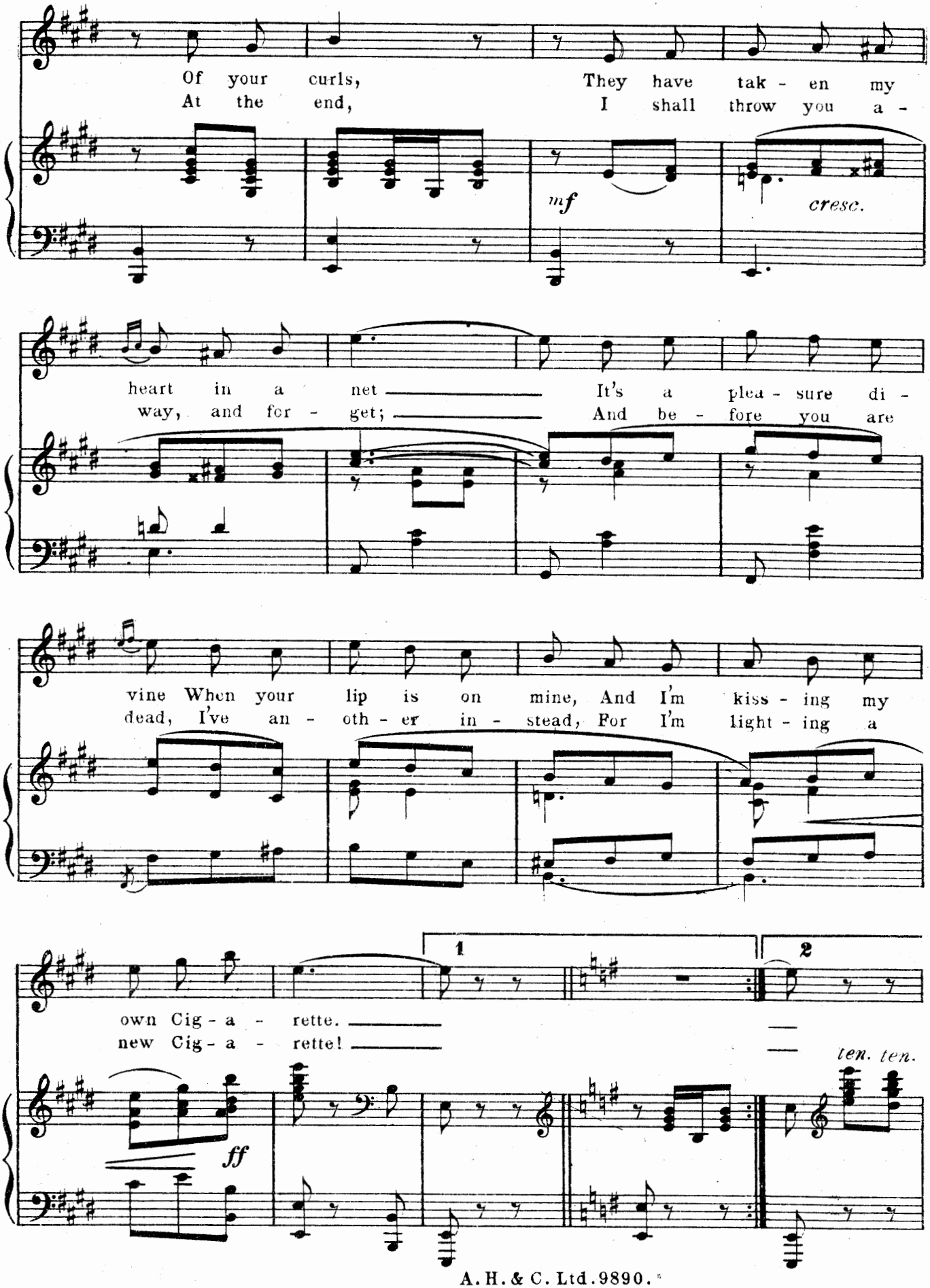
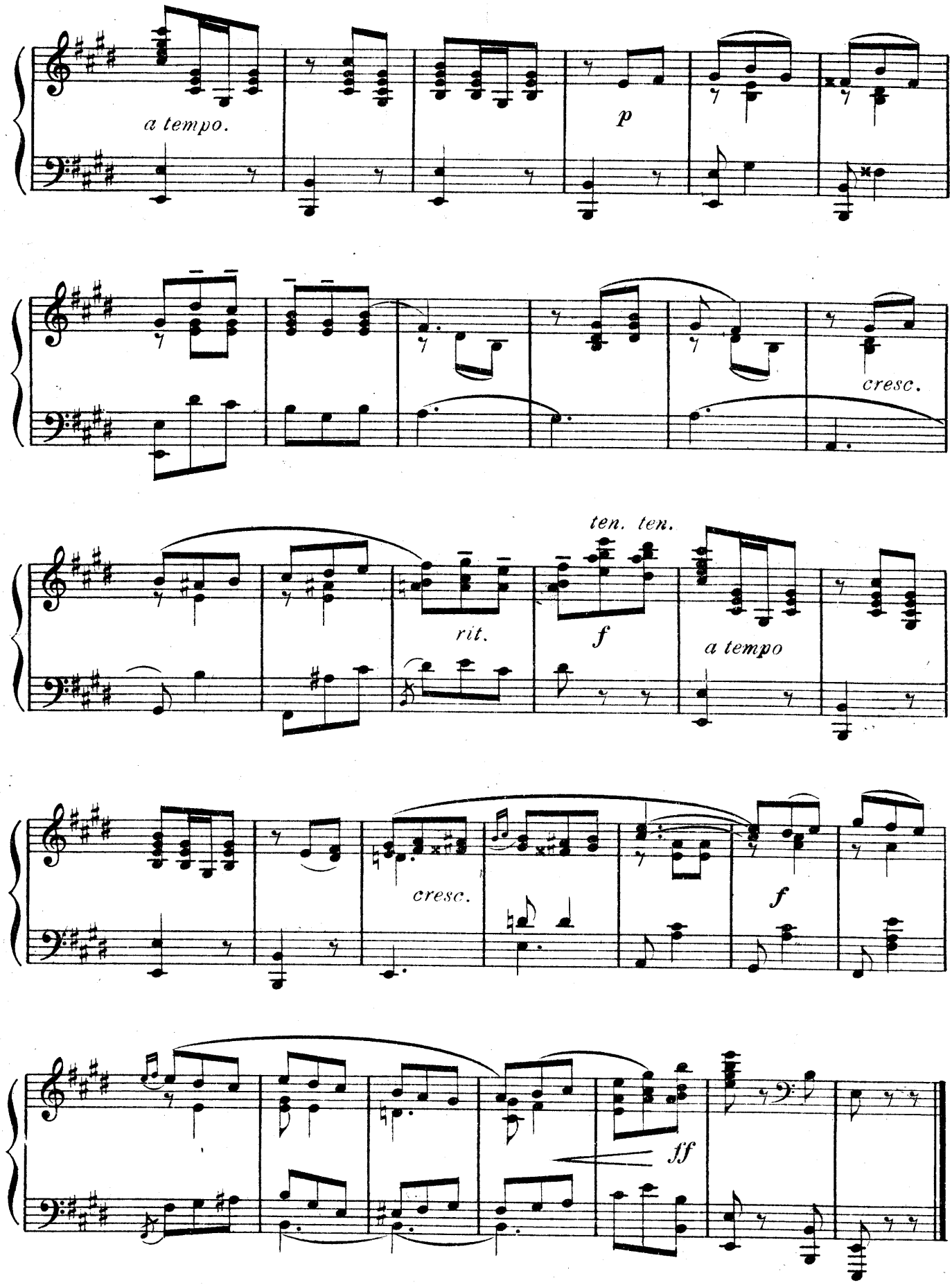

They're all ve - ry fond, But I do not res -
They'd qui - et - ly keep In their case, fast a -
ff
sf
mf
pond; There is one I have · al - ways pre - ferr'd!
sleep, Till I took out a lov - er, like you!
f
8.
Not a man is like him; He is white, he is
Then at last they would wake; In - to life for my
mf
stacc.
cresc


slim; You would think he was cold to de - sire;
sake, As I chose them to flirt with in turn,
But the flame he will catch When we make a love
They would hang on my breath, Till their pas - sion was
mf
cresc.
match, And his head and his heart are on fire!
death To the heart that it kin - dled to burn!
ff
ten. ten.
Cig - a -
Cig - a -
ten. ten.
f


rette! Cig - a - rette! You are
rette! Cig - a - rette! You're the
a tempo.
p
warm - er and tru - er Than an - y fond woo - er I've
on - ly true lov - er That I can dis - cov - er! And
met— And your rap - ture Ought to kin - dle and
yet, Tho' I kiss you, Do you think I shall
cresc.
rit.
ten. ten. a tempo.
cap - ture The cold - est Co - quette! And the whirls
miss you With ten - der re - gret? No, my friend!
ten. ten.
rit.
f
a tempo.


Of your curls, They have tak - en my
At the end, I shall throw you a -
mf
cresc.
heart in a net It's a plea - sure di -
way, and for - get; And be - fore you are
vine When your lip is on mine, And I'm kiss - ing my
dead, I've an - oth - er in - stead, For I'm light - ing a
1
2
own Cig - a - rette.
new Cig - a - rette!
ten. ten.
ff

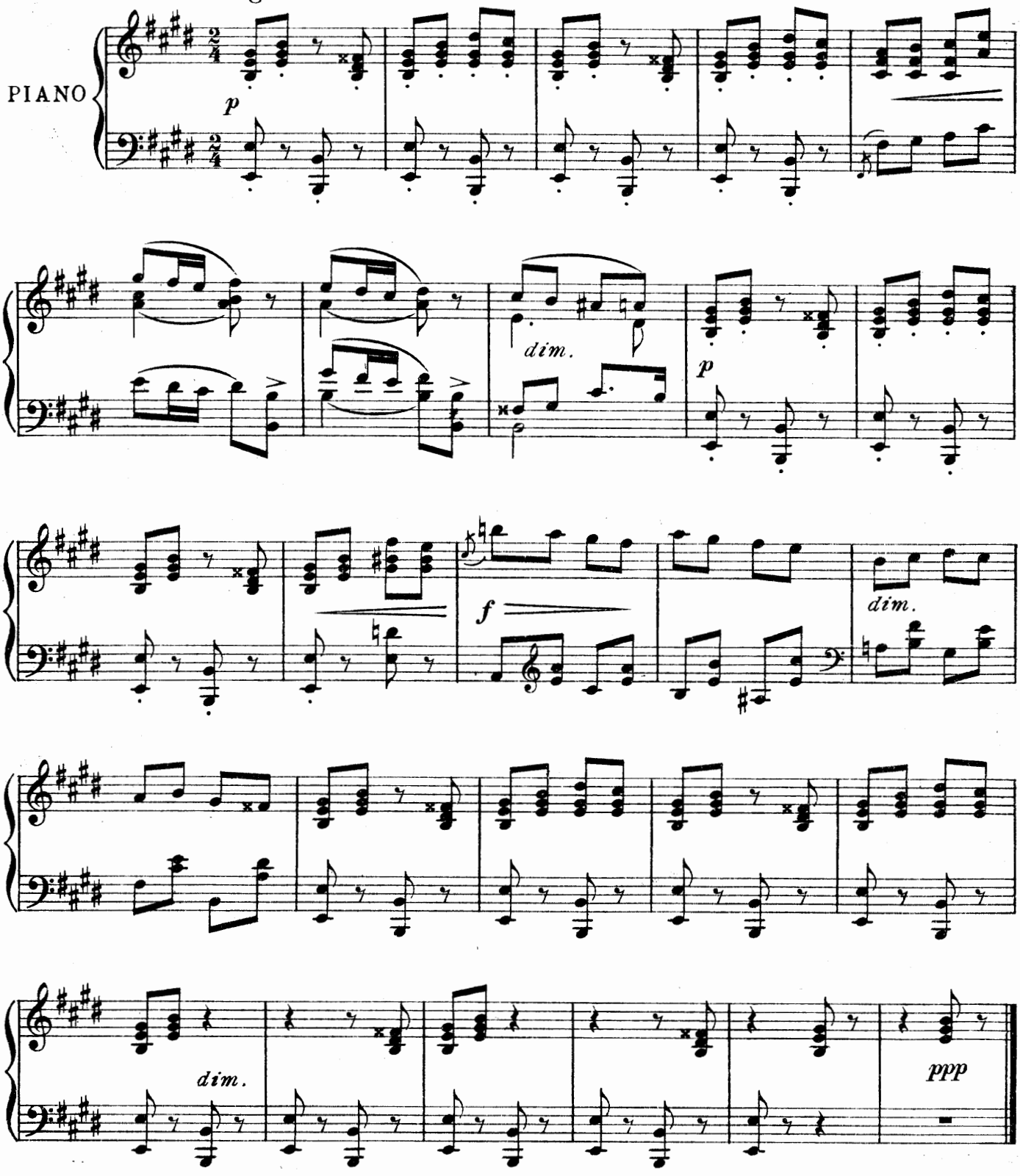

a tempo.
p
cresc.
ten. ten.
rit.
f
a tempo
cresc.
f
ff

"Entrance of English Party."

No 6.

HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegretto moderato.



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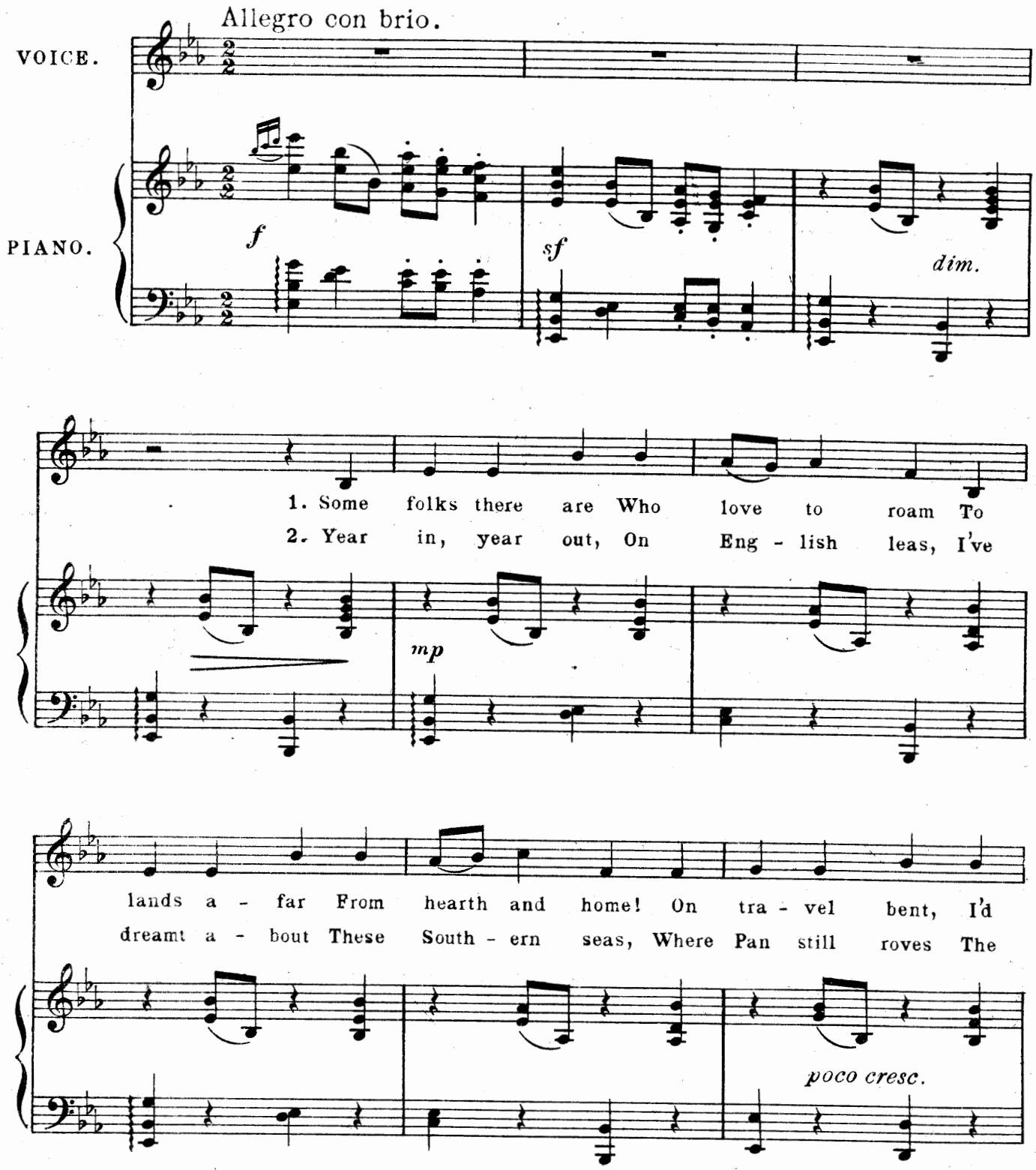
No 7. SONG—"The Call of the Sea."

(DICK AND CHORUS.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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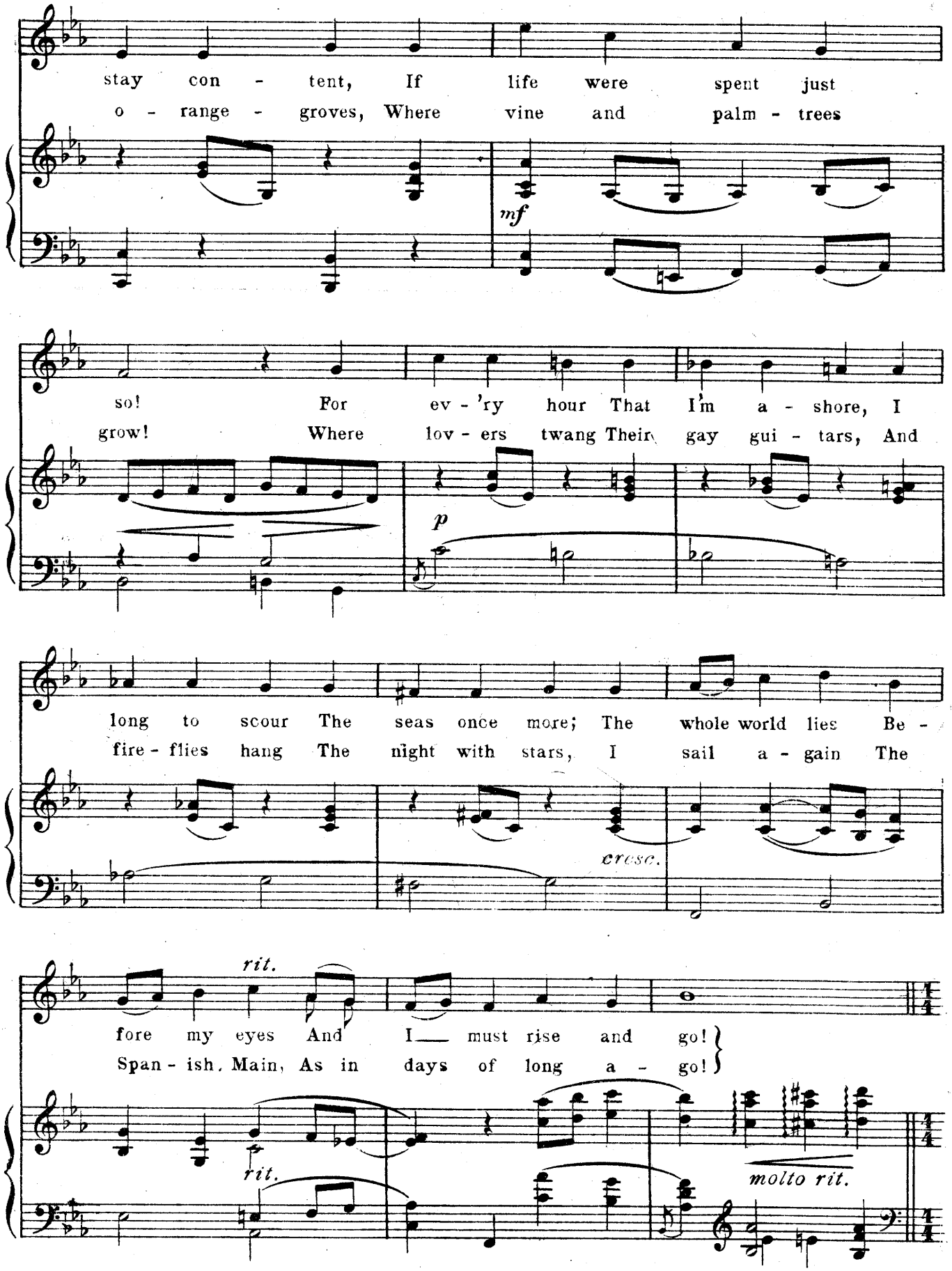
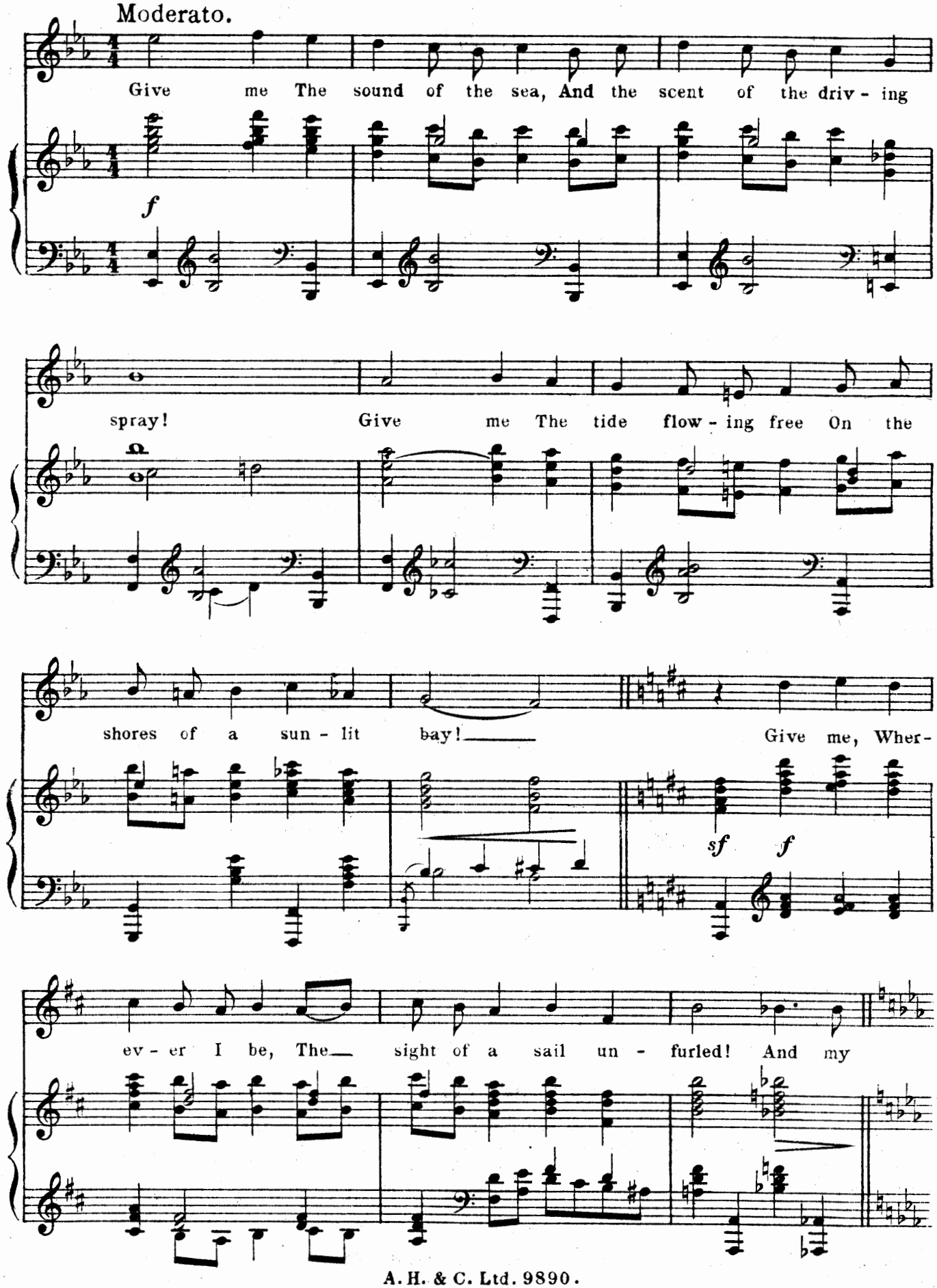
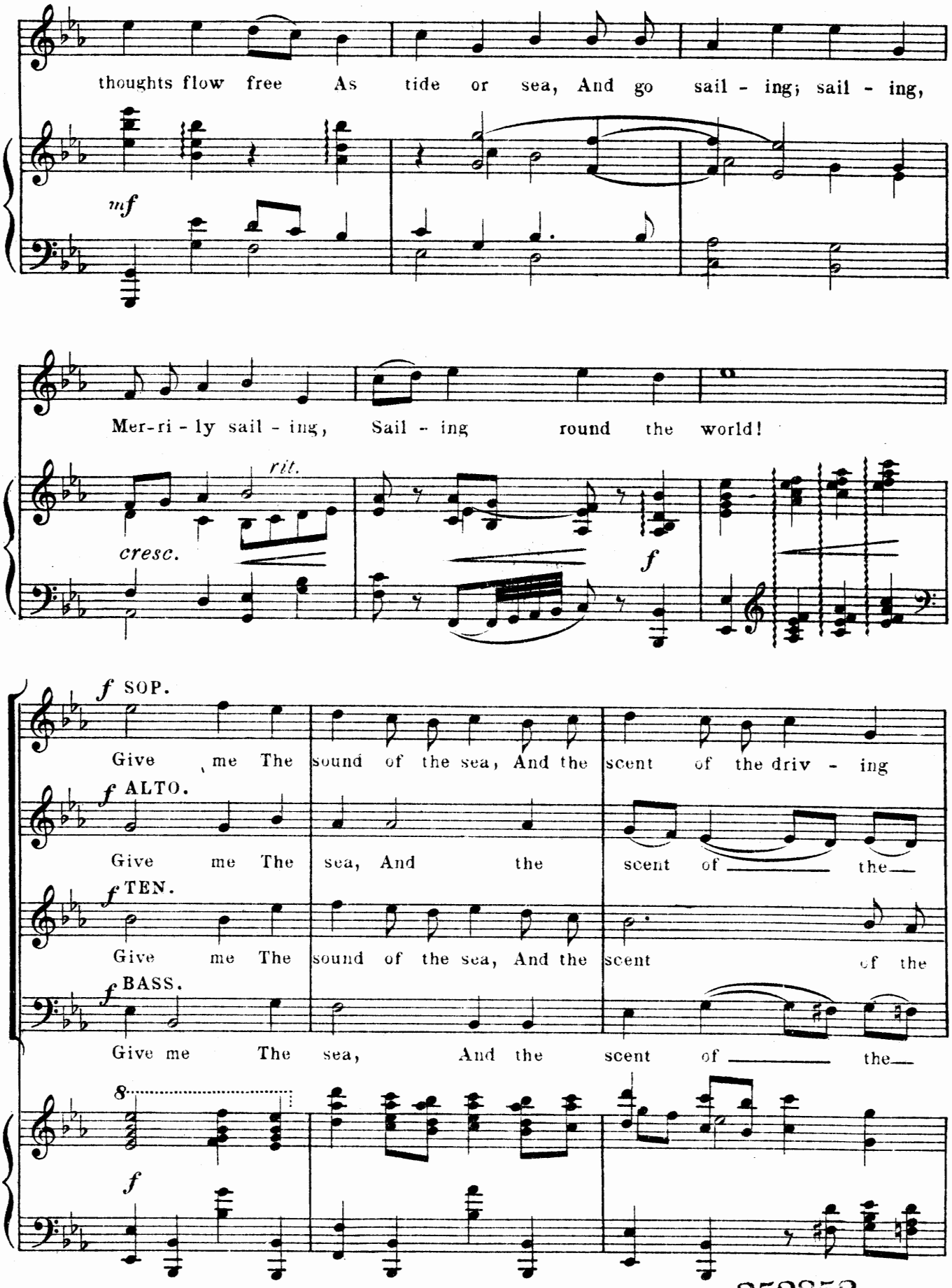
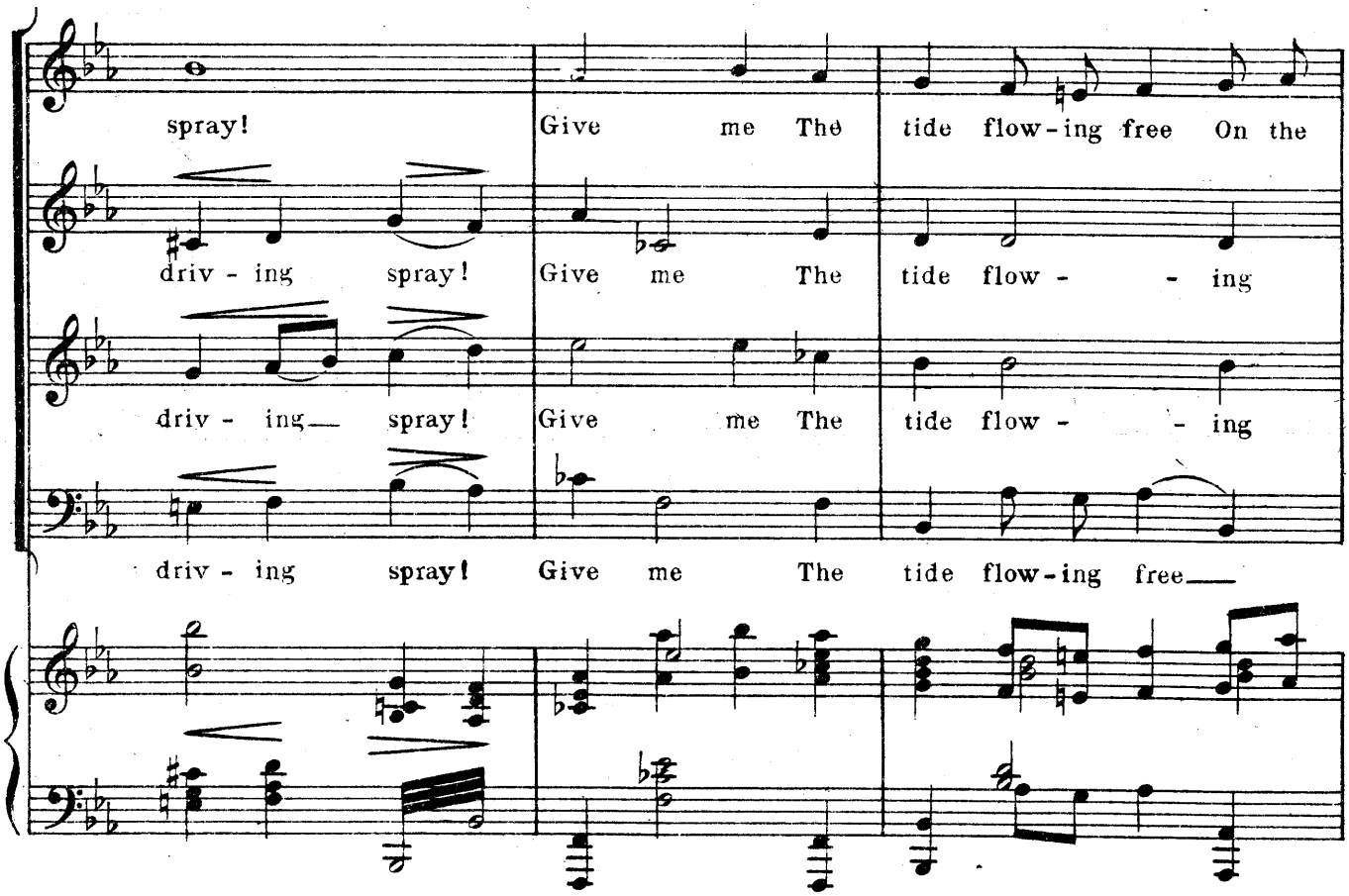
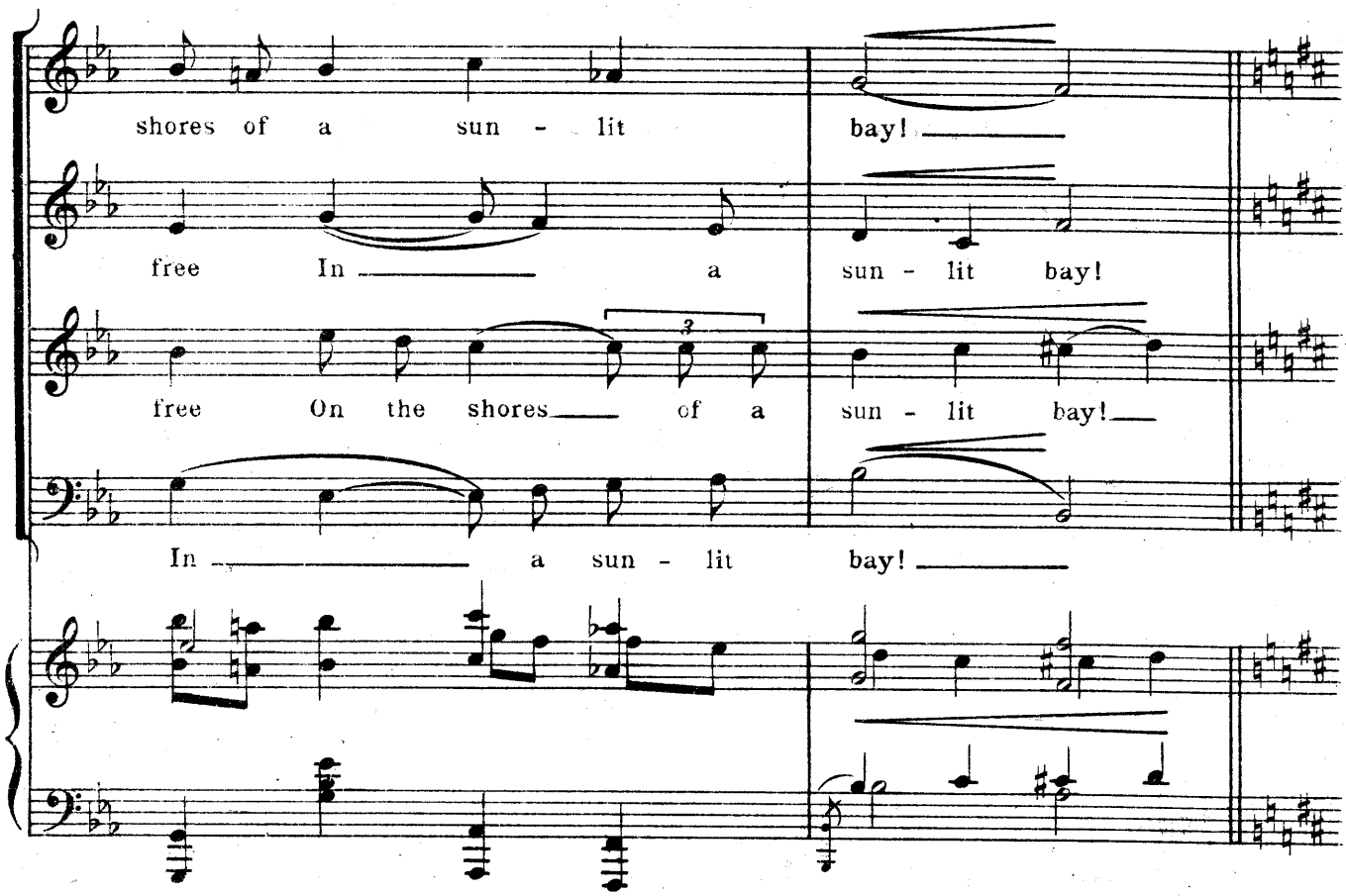

stay con - tent, If life were spent just
o - range - groves, Where vine and palm - trees
mf
so! For ev - 'ry hour That I'm a - shore, I
grow! Where lov - ers twang Their gay gui - tars, And
p
long to scour The seas once more; The whole world lies Be -
fire - flies hang The night with stars, I sail a - gain The
cresc.
rit.
fore my eyes And I must rise and go!
Span - ish Main, As in days of long a - go!
rit.
molto rit.

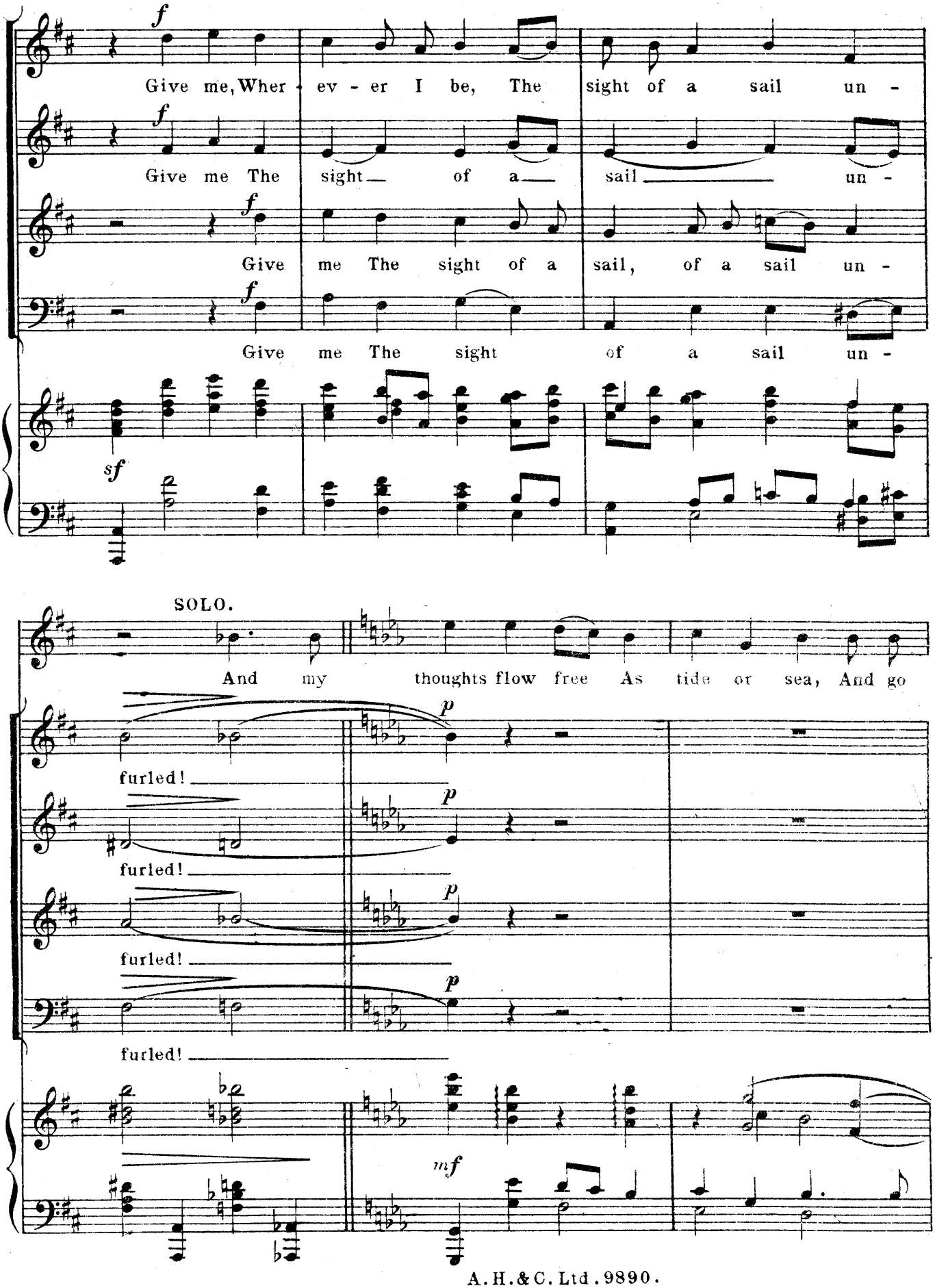

Moderato.
Give me The sound of the sea, And the scent of the driv - ing
f
spray! Give me The tide flow - ing free On the
shores of a sun - lit bay! Give me, Wher-
sf f
ev - er I be, The sight of a sail un - furled! And my

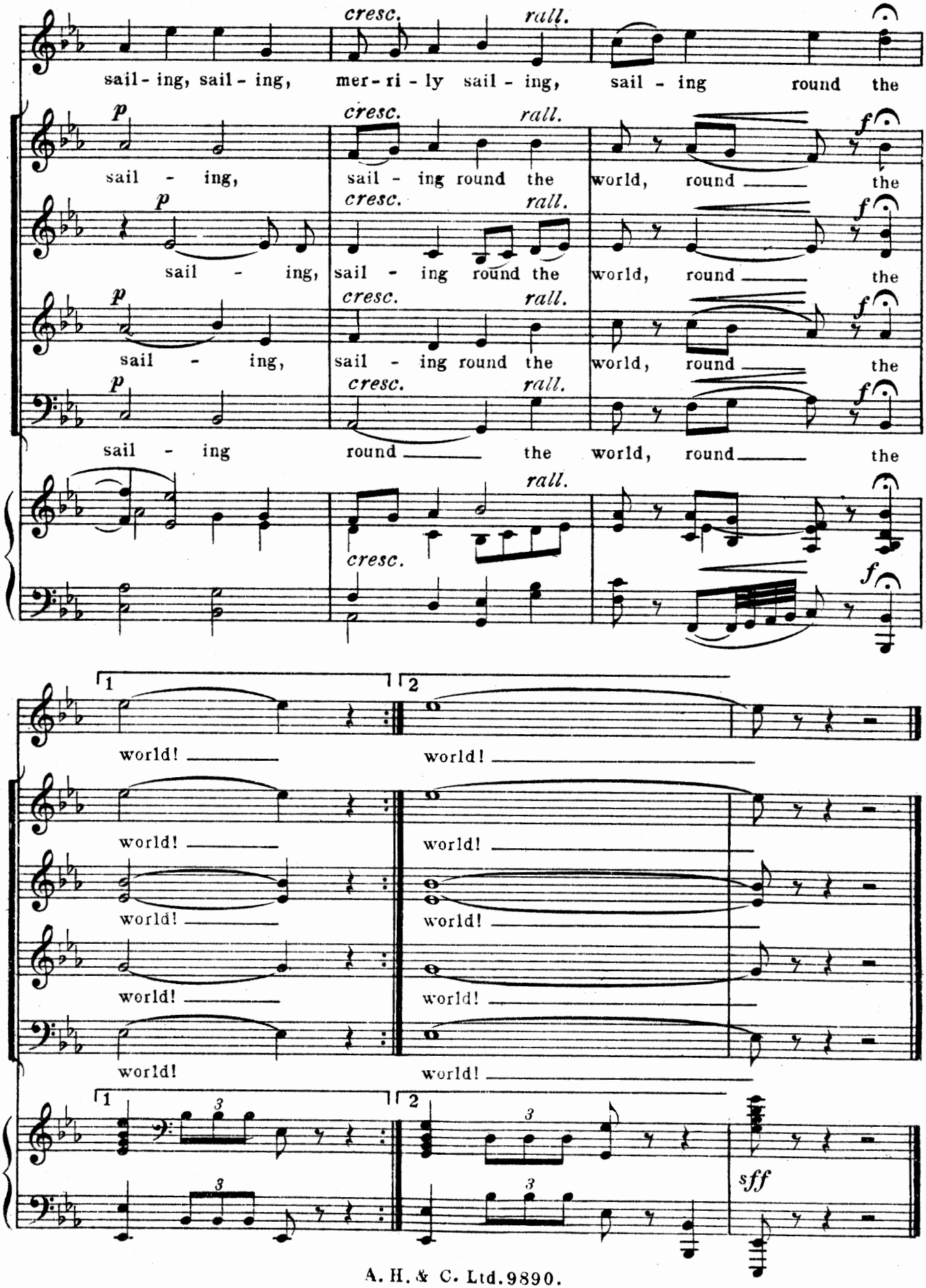

thoughts flow free As tide or sea, And go sail - ing; sail - ing,
mf
Mer-ri - ly sail - ing, Sail - ing round the world!
rit.
cresc.
f
f SOP.
Give me The sound of the sea, And the scent of the driv - ing
f ALTO.
Give me The sea, And the scent of the
f TEN.
Give me The sound of the sea, And the scent of the
f BASS.
Give me The sea, And the scent of the
8
f

252852


spray! Give me The tide flow-ing free On the
driv - ing spray! Give me The tide flow - - ing
driv - ing spray! Give me The tide flow - - ing
driv - ing spray! Give me The tide flow-ing free


shores of a sun - lit bay!
free In a sun - lit bay!
free On the shores of a sun - lit bay!
In a sun - lit bay!


f
Give me, Wher - ev - er I be, The sight of a sail un -
f
Give me The sight of a sail un -
f
Give me The sight of a sail, of a sail un -
f
Give me The sight of a sail un -
sf
SOLO.
And my thoughts flow free As tide or sea, And go
p
furled!
p
furled!
p
furled!
p
furled!
mf


cresc.
rall.
sail - ing, sail - ing, mer - ri - ly sail - ing, sail - ing round the
p
sail - ing,
sail - ing round the world, round the
sail - ing round the world, round the
sail - ing round the world, round the
sail - ing round the world, round the
f
world!
1
2
3
sff

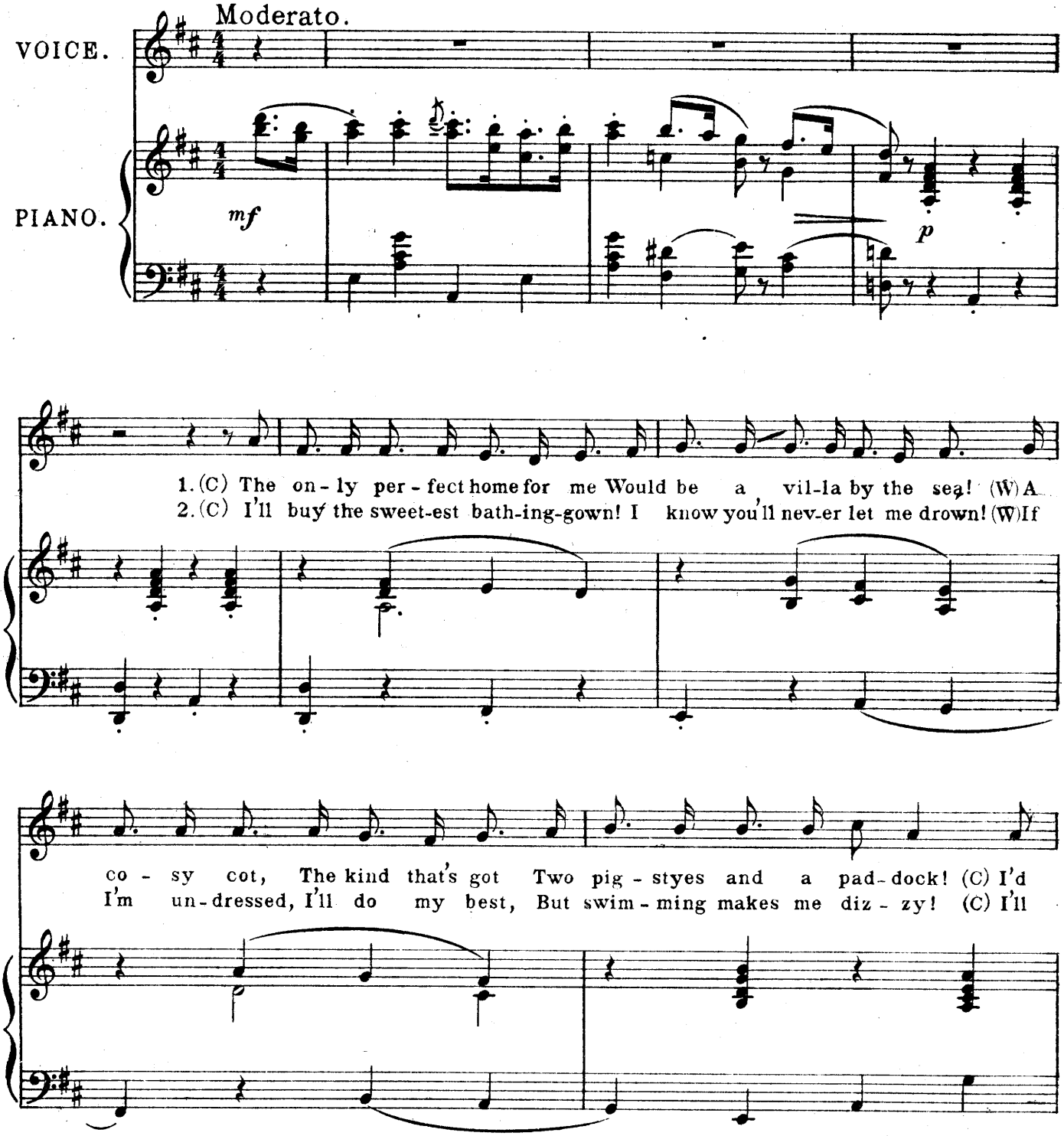
DUET - "Our Cottage by the Sea."

No 8.

(WEX & CHIQUITA.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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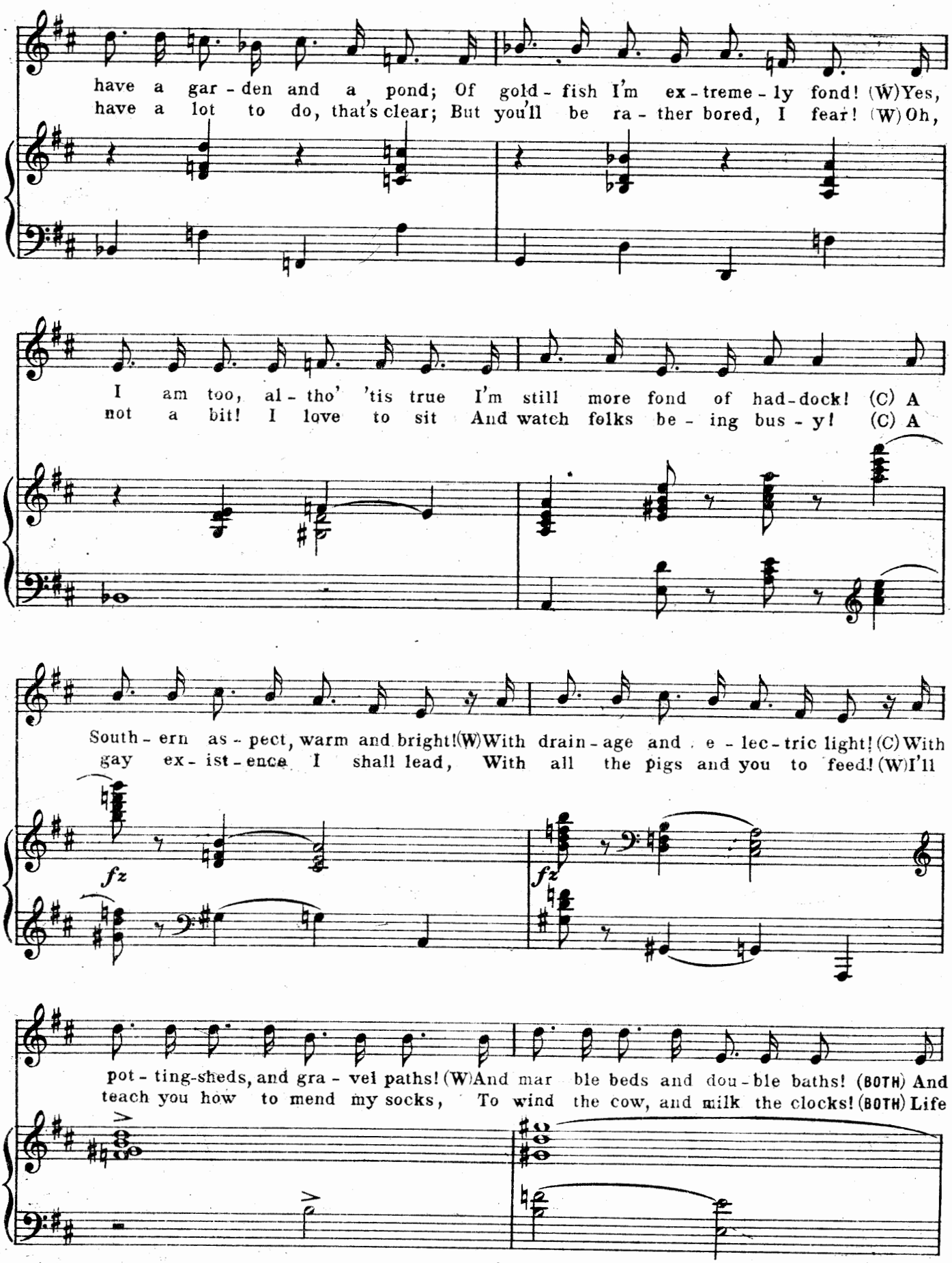
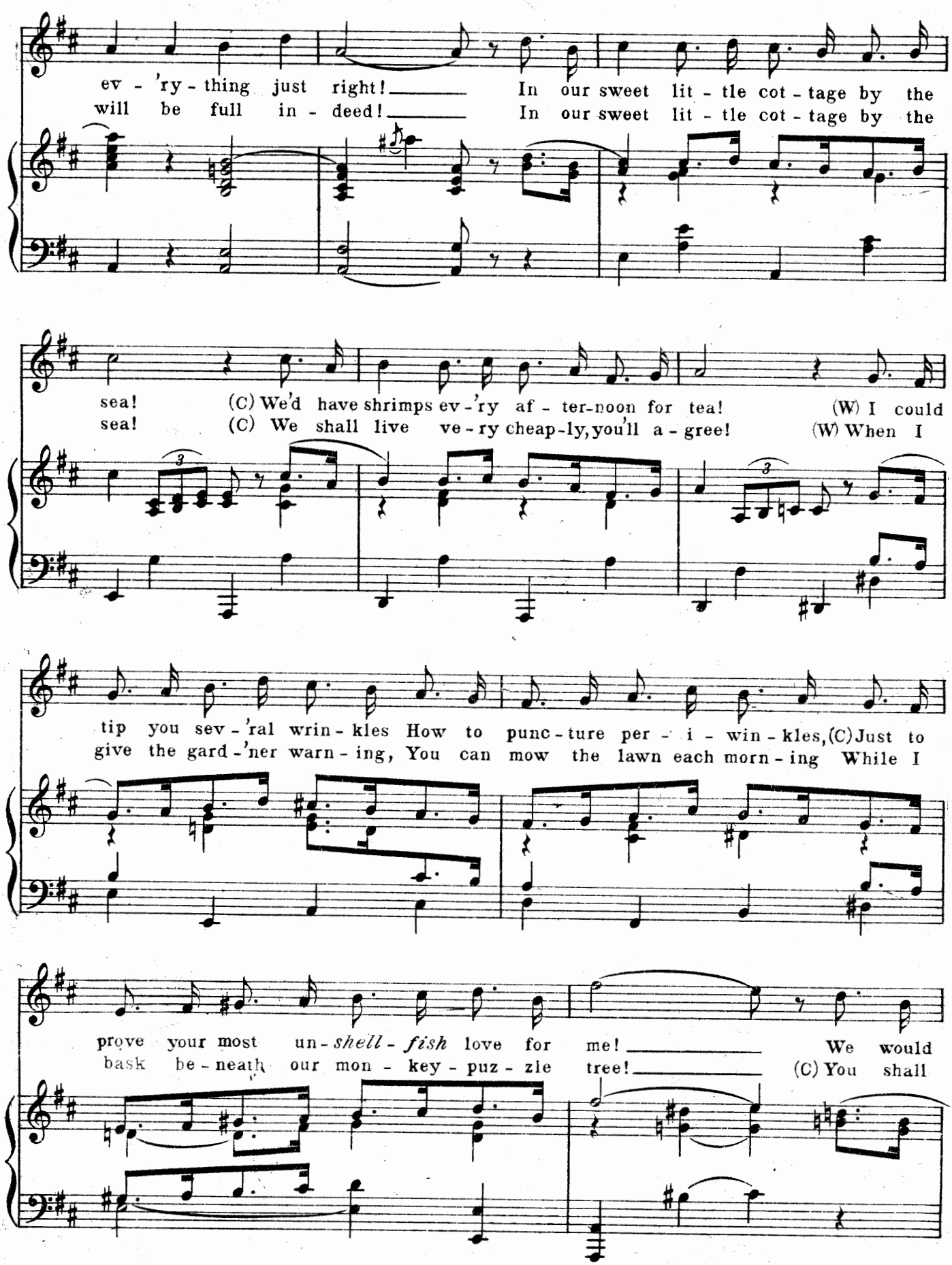
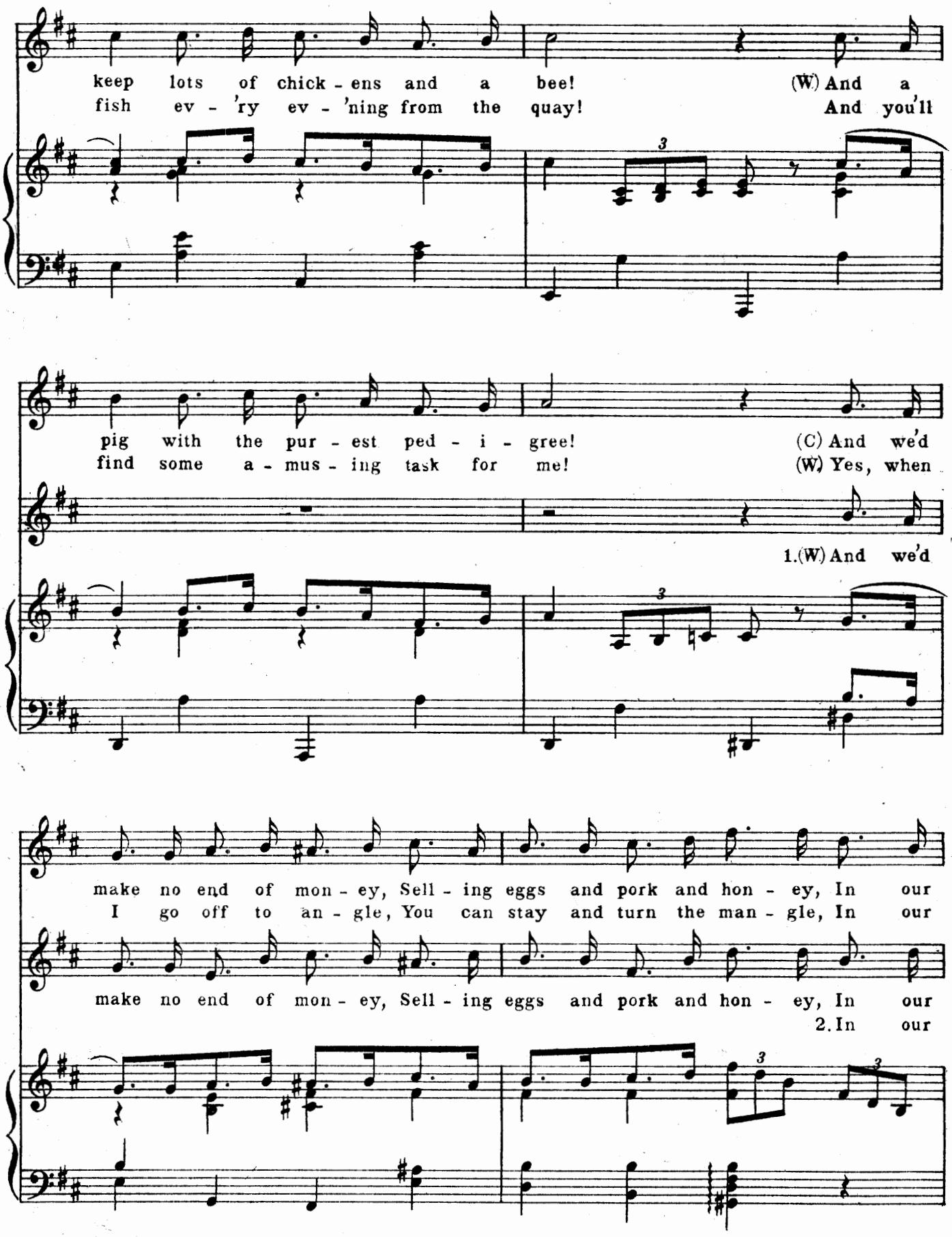
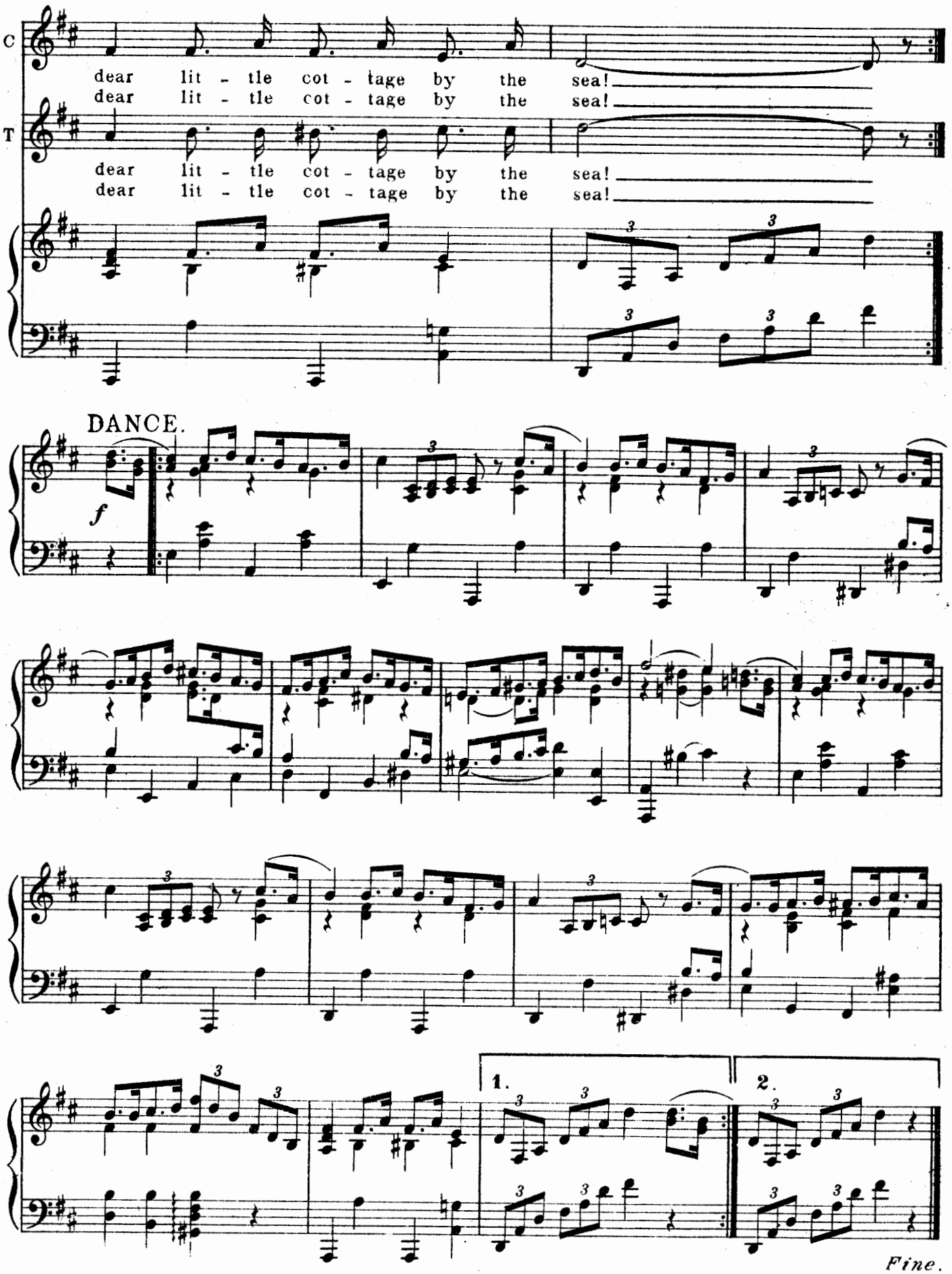

have a gar - den and a pond; Of gold - fish I'm ex - treme - ly fond! (W) Yes,
have a lot to do, that's clear; But you'll be ra - ther bored, I fear! (W) Oh,
I am too, al - tho' 'tis true I'm still more fond of had - dock! (C) A
not a bit! I love to sit And watch folks be - ing bus - y! (C) A
South - ern as - pect, warm and bright! (W) With drain - age and e - lec - tric light! (C) With
gay ex - ist - ence I shall lead, With all the pigs and you to feed! (W) I'll
fz
fz
pot - ting-sheds, and gra - vel paths! (W) And mar ble beds and dou - ble baths! (BOTH) And
teach you how to mend my socks, To wind the cow, and milk the clocks! (BOTH) Life


ev - 'ry - thing just right! In our sweet lit - tle cot - tage by the
will be full in - deed! In our sweet lit - tle cot - tage by the
sea! (C) We'd have shrimps ev - 'ry af - ter-noon for tea! (W) I could
sea! (C) We shall live ve - ry cheap-ly, you'll a - gree! (W) When I
tip you sev - 'ral wrin - kles How to punc - ture per - i - win - kles, (C) Just to
give the gard - 'ner warn - ing, You can mow the lawn each morn - ing While I
prove your most un - *shell* - *fish* love for me! We would
bask be - neath our mon - key - puz - zle tree! (C) You shall


keep lots of chick - ens and a bee!
fish ev - 'ry ev - 'ning from the quay!
(W) And a
And you'll
pig with the pur - est ped - i - gree!
find some a - mus - ing task for me!
(C) And we'd
(W) Yes, when
1.(W) And we'd
make no end of mon - ey, Sell - ing eggs and pork and hon - ey, In our
I go off to an - gle, You can stay and turn the man - gle, In our
make no end of mon - ey, Sell - ing eggs and pork and hon - ey, In our
2.In our


C
dear lit - tle cot - tage by the sea!
dear lit - tle cot - tage by the sea!
T
dear lit - tle cot - tage by the sea!
dear lit - tle cot - tage by the sea!
DANCE.
f
1.
2.
Fine.

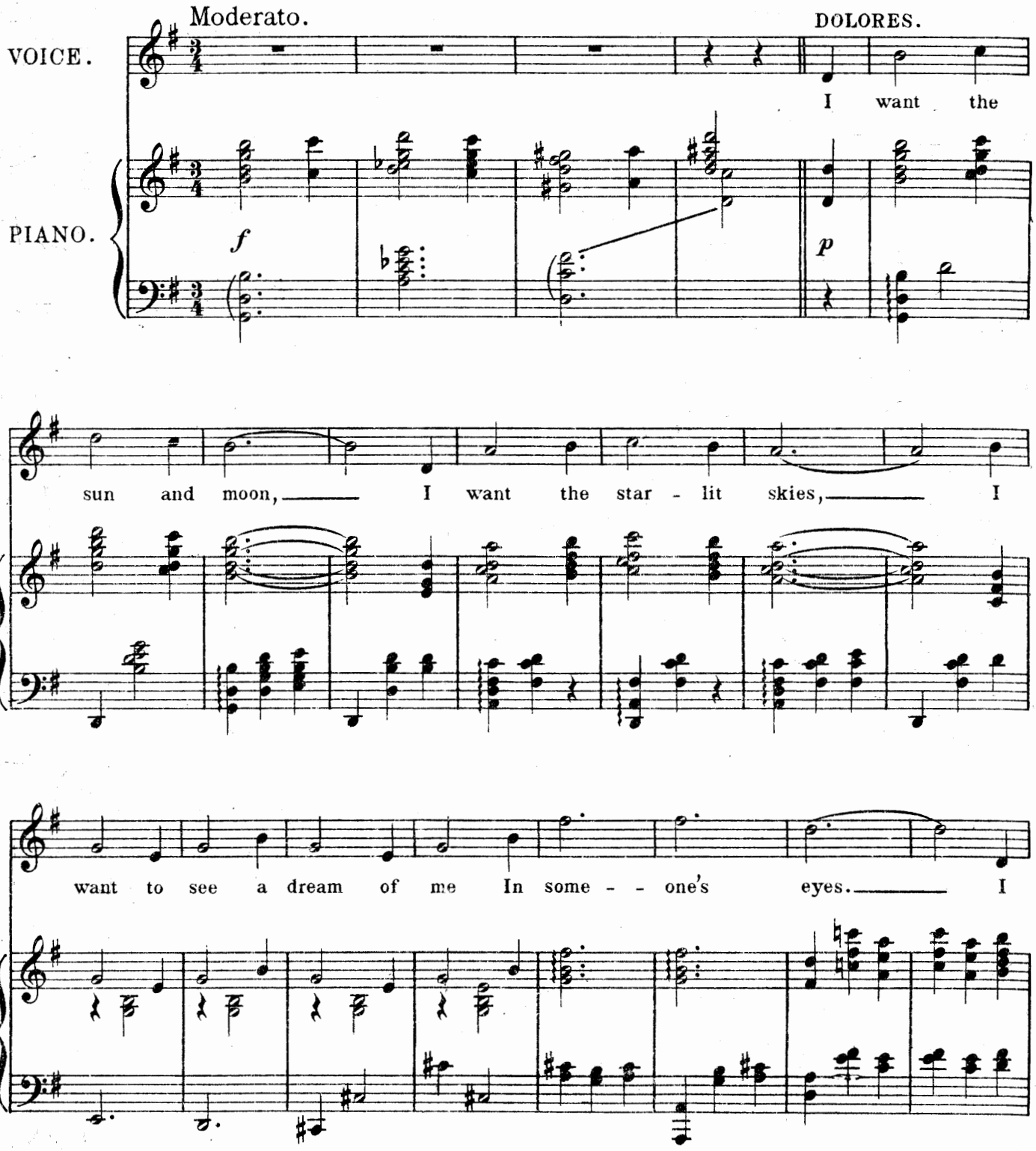
DUET – "I want the Sun and Moon."

Nº 9.

(DOLORES & DICK.)

Words by
DOUGLAS FURBER.

Music by
IVOR NOVELLO.



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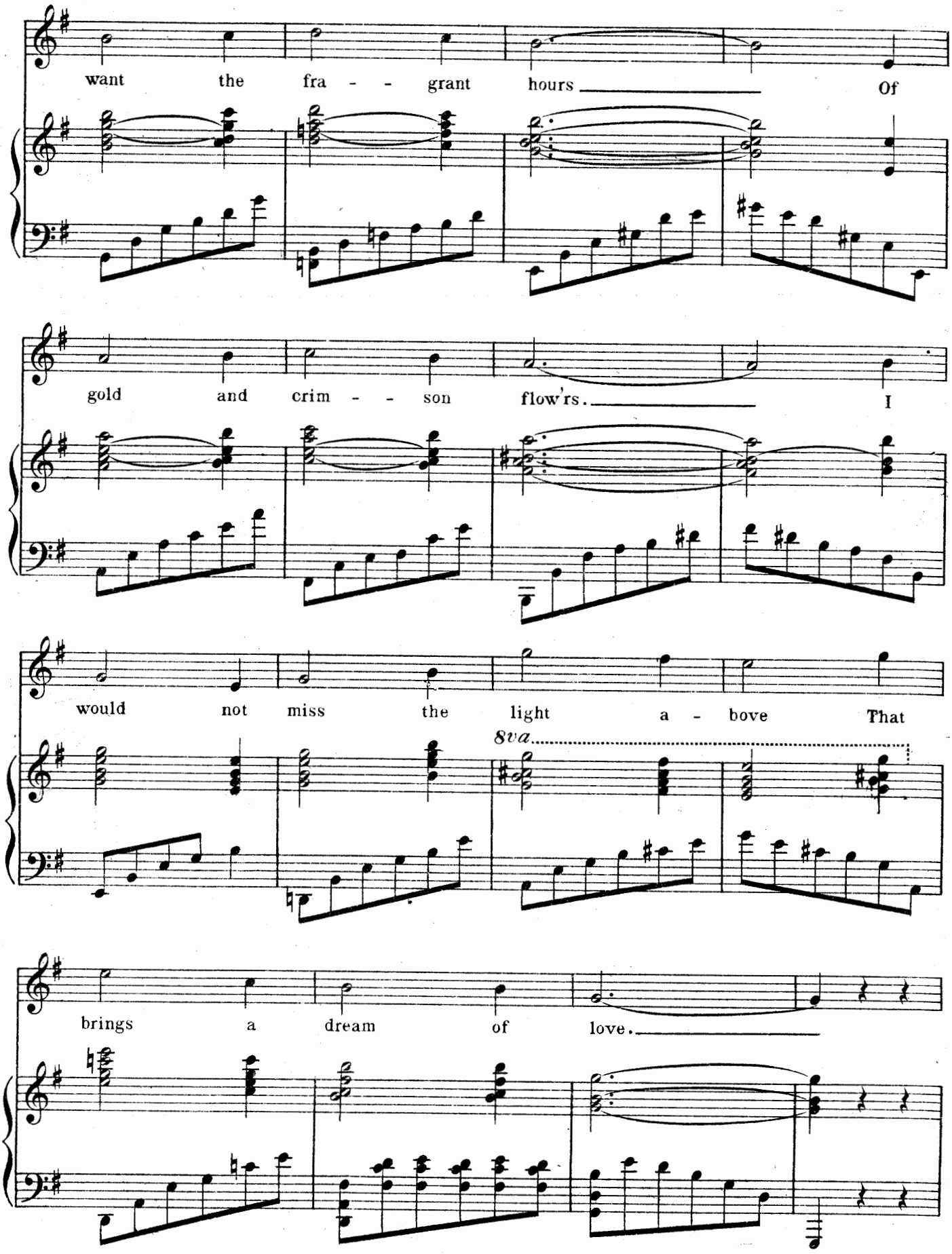
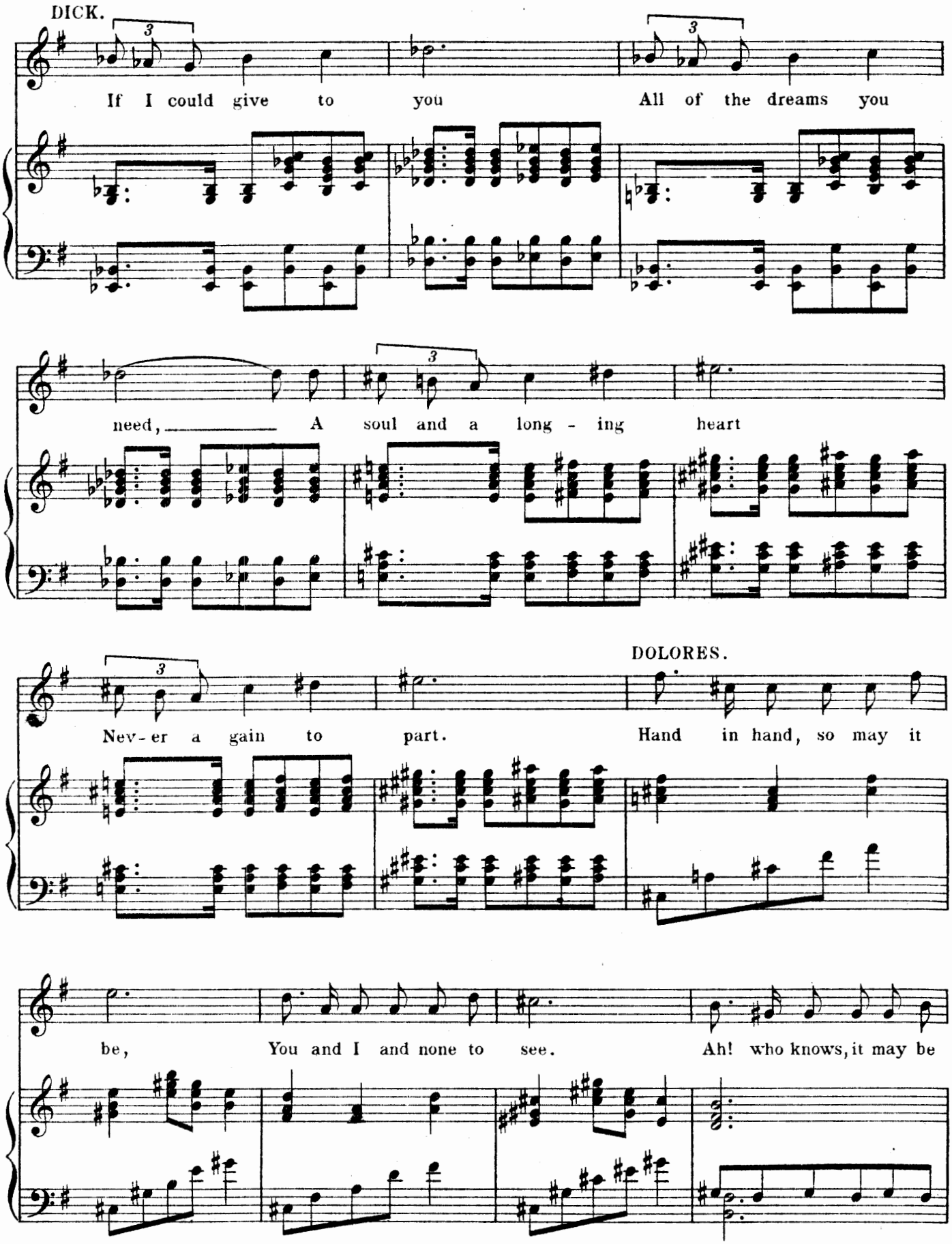
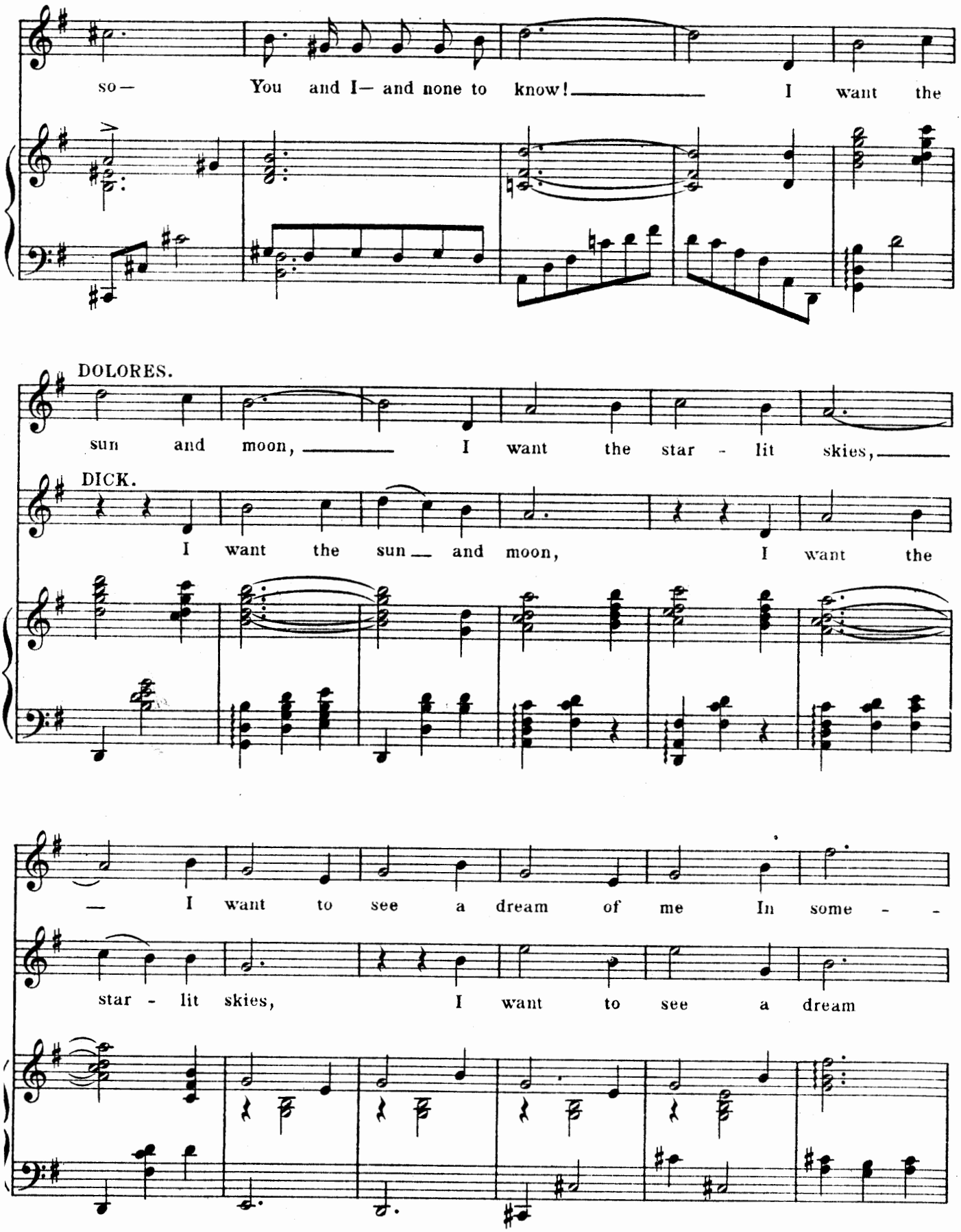
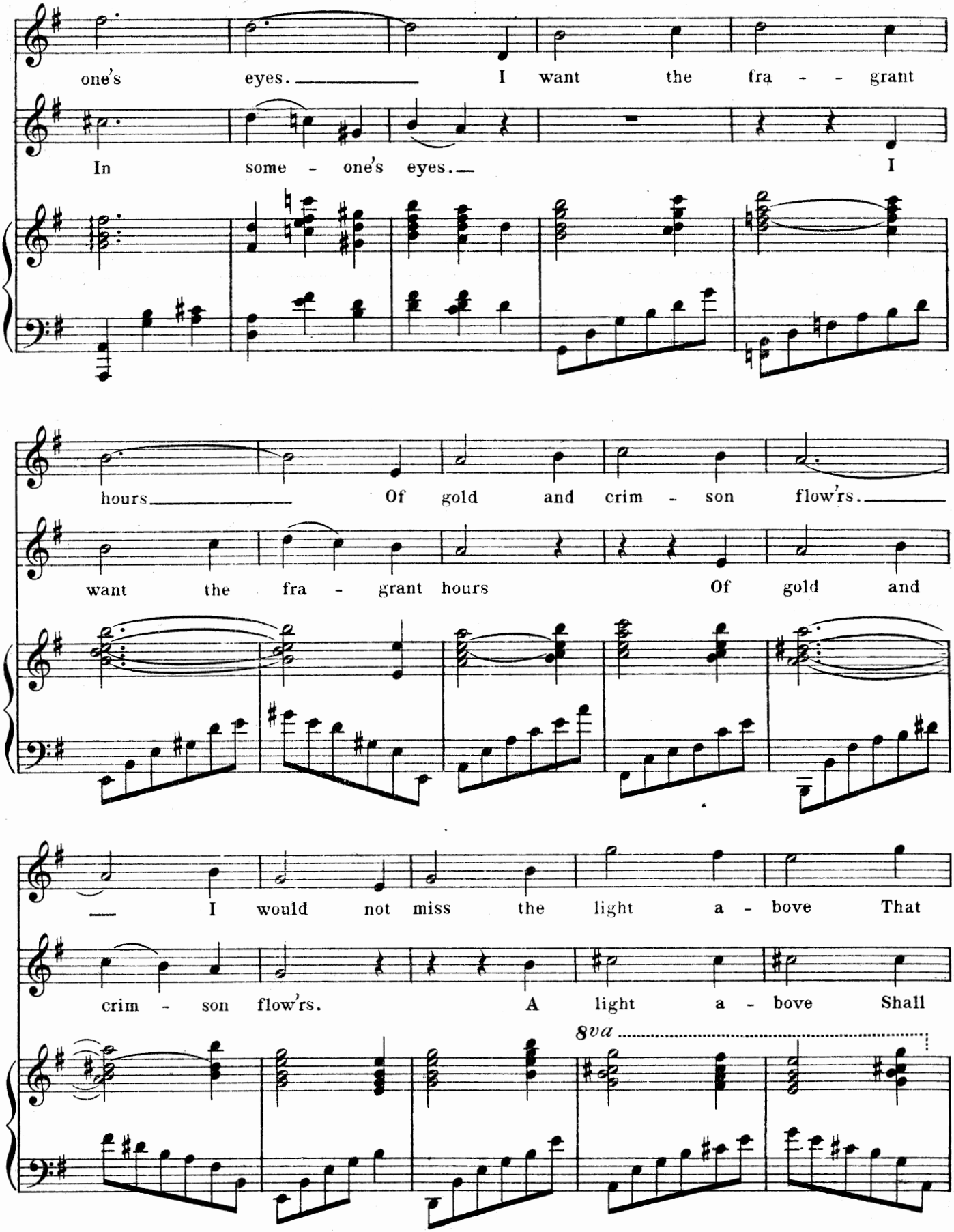
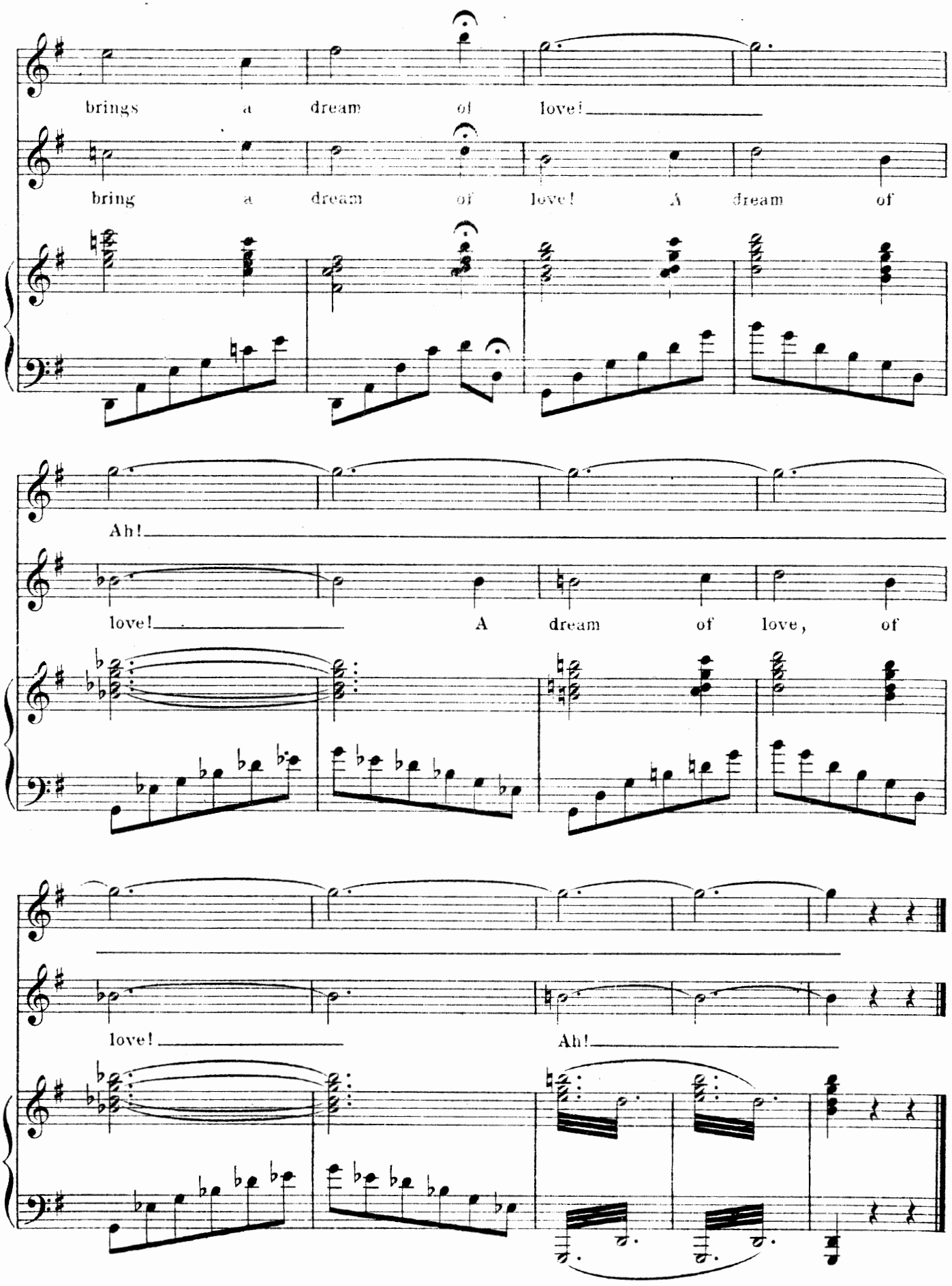

want the fra - - grant hours Of
gold and crim - - son flow'rs. I
would not miss the light a - bove That
8va
brings a dream of love.


DICK.
If I could give to you All of the dreams you
need, A soul and a long - ing heart
DOLORES.
Nev-er a gain to part. Hand in hand, so may it
be, You and I and none to see. Ah! who knows, it may be


so— You and I— and none to know! I want the
DOLORES.
sun and moon, I want the star - lit skies,
DICK.
I want the sun and moon, I want the
— I want to see a dream of me In some - -
star - lit skies, I want to see a dream


one's eyes. I want the fra - - grant
In some - one's eyes. I
hours Of gold and crim - son flow'rs.
want the fra - grant hours Of gold and
I would not miss the light a - bove That
crim - son flow'rs. A light a - bove Shall
8va


brings a dream of love!
bring a dream of love! A dream of
Ah!
love! A dream of love, of
love! Ah!

Nº 10.

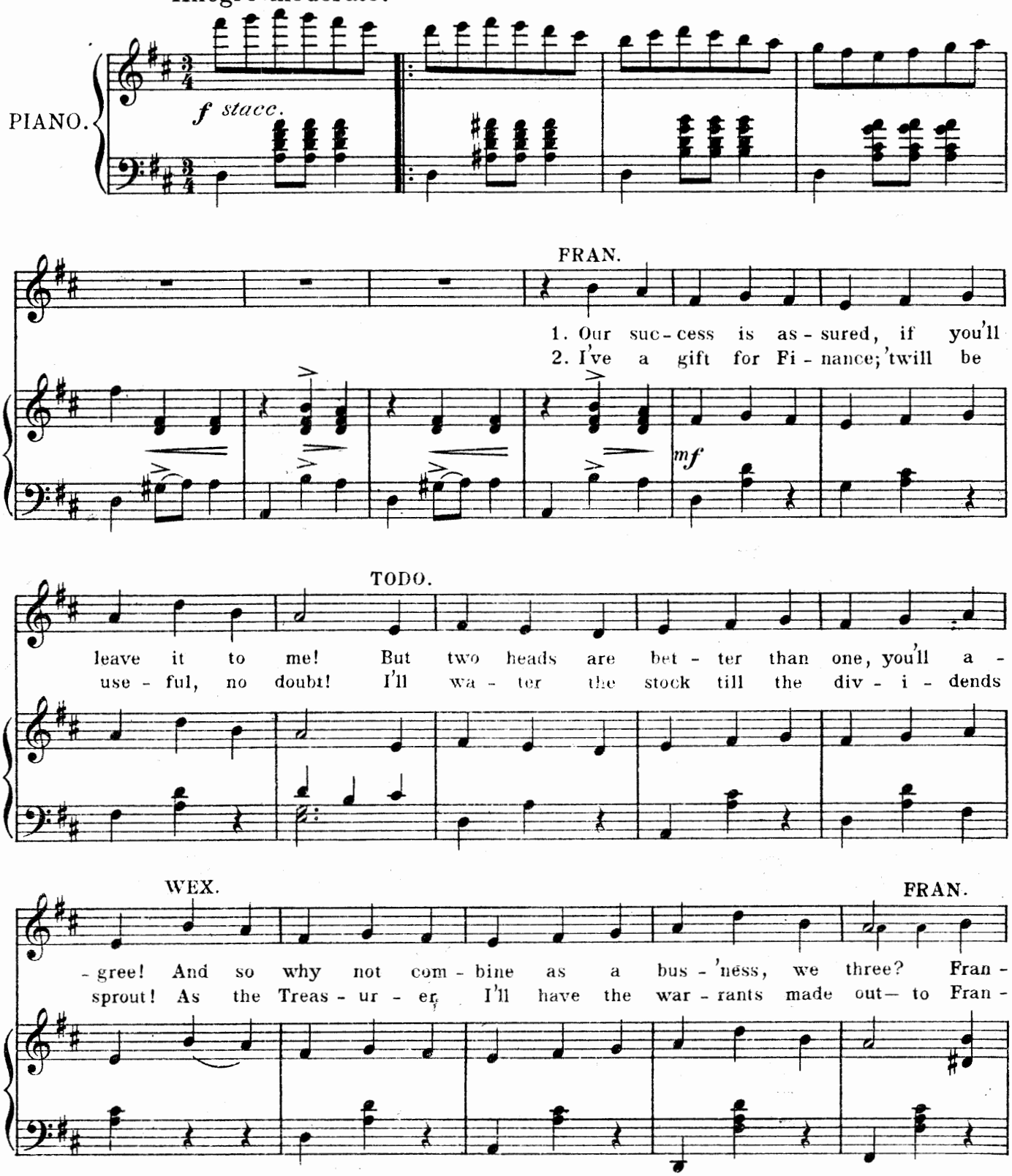
TRIO— "The New Firm."

(FRANCESCO, TODO and WEX.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegro moderato.



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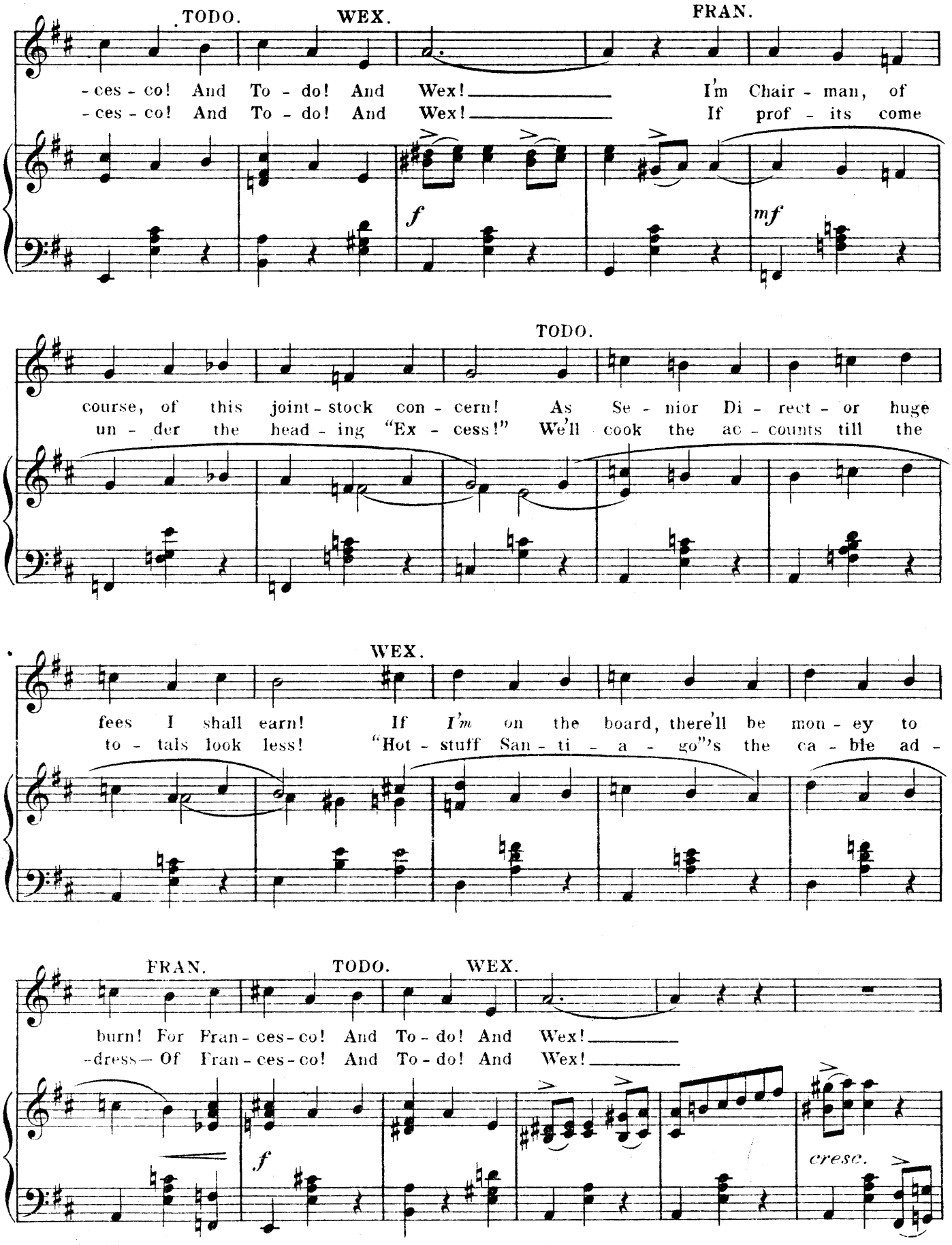
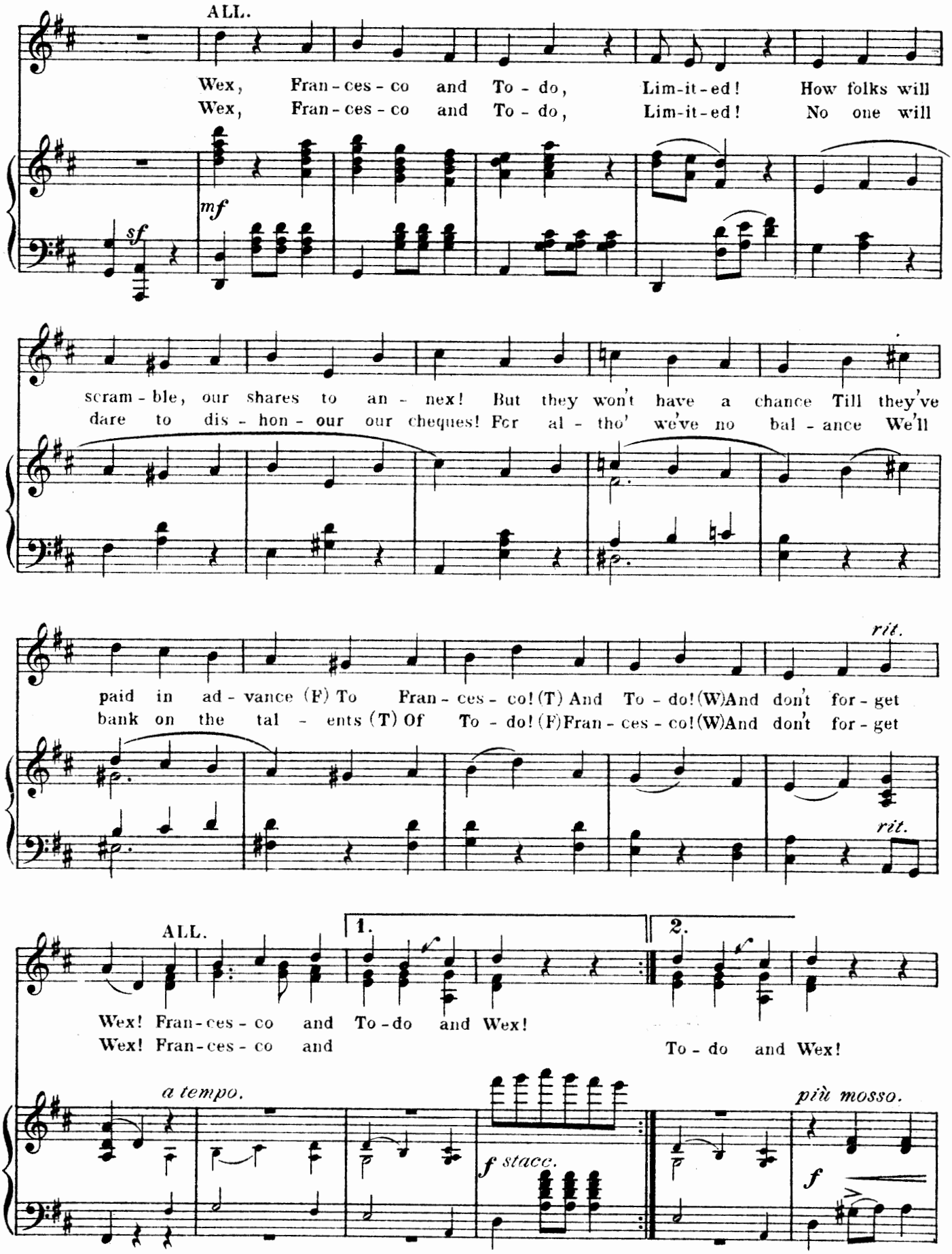
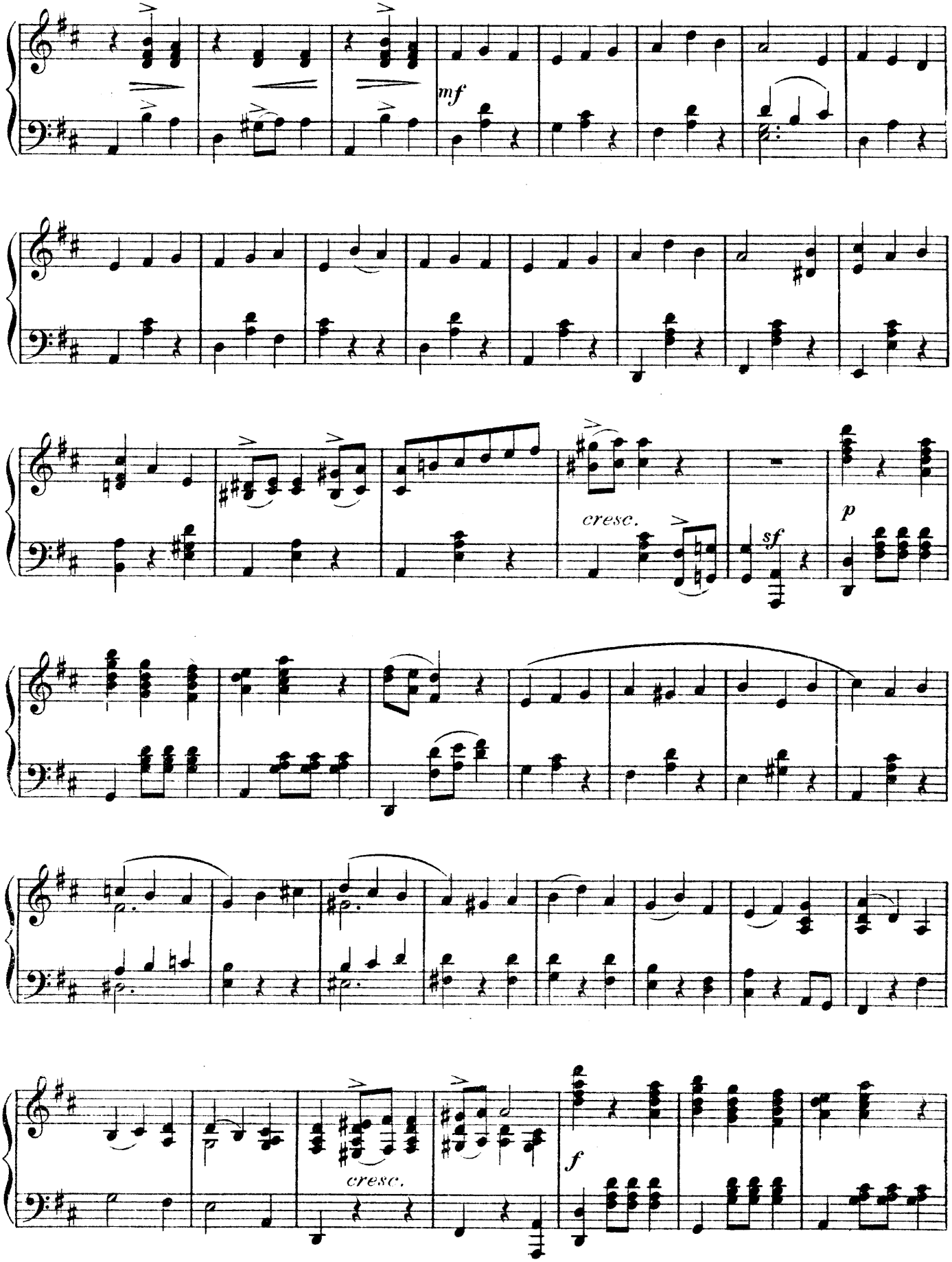
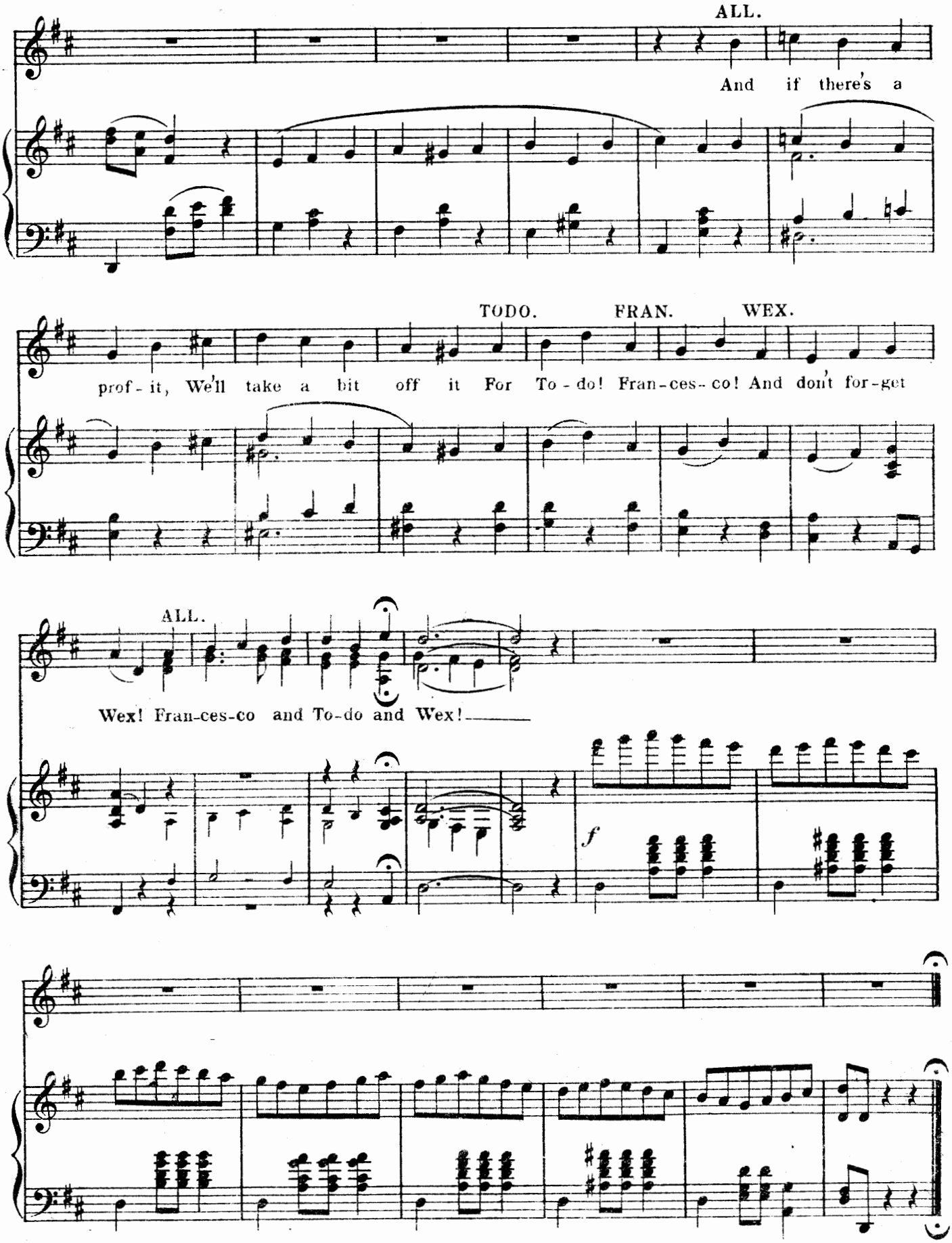

TODO.
WEX.
FRAN.
-ces-co! And To-do! And Wex!
-ces-co! And To-do! And Wex!
I'm Chair-man, of
If prof-its come
f
mf
TODO.
course, of this joint-stock con-cern! As Se-nior Di-rect-or huge
un-der the head-ing "Ex-cess!" We'll cook the ac-counts till the
WEX.
fees I shall earn! If I'm on the board, there'll be mon-ey to
to-tals look less! "Hot-stuff San-ti-a-go"'s the ca-ble ad-
FRAN.
TODO.
WEX.
burn! For Fran-ces-co! And To-do! And Wex!
-dress— Of Fran-ces-co! And To-do! And Wex!
f
cresc.


ALL.
Wex, Fran-ces-co and To-do, Lim-it-ed! How folks will
Wex, Fran-ces-co and To-do, Lim-it-ed! No one will
mf
sf
scram-ble, our shares to an-nex! But they won't have a chance Till they've
dare to dis-hon-our our cheques! For al-tho' we've no bal-ance We'll
rit.
paid in ad-vance (F) To Fran-ces-co! (T) And To-do! (W) And don't for-get
bank on the tal-ents (T) Of To-do! (F) Fran-ces-co! (W) And don't for-get
rit.
ALL.
1.
2.
Wex! Fran-ces-co and To-do and Wex!
Wex! Fran-ces-co and To-do and Wex!
a tempo.
f stacc.
più mosso.
f


mf
cresc.
sf
p
cresc.
f


ALL.
And if there's a
TODO. FRAN. WEX.
prof-it, We'll take a bit off it For To-do! Fran-ces-co! And don't for-get
ALL.
Wex! Fran-ces-co and To-do and Wex!
f

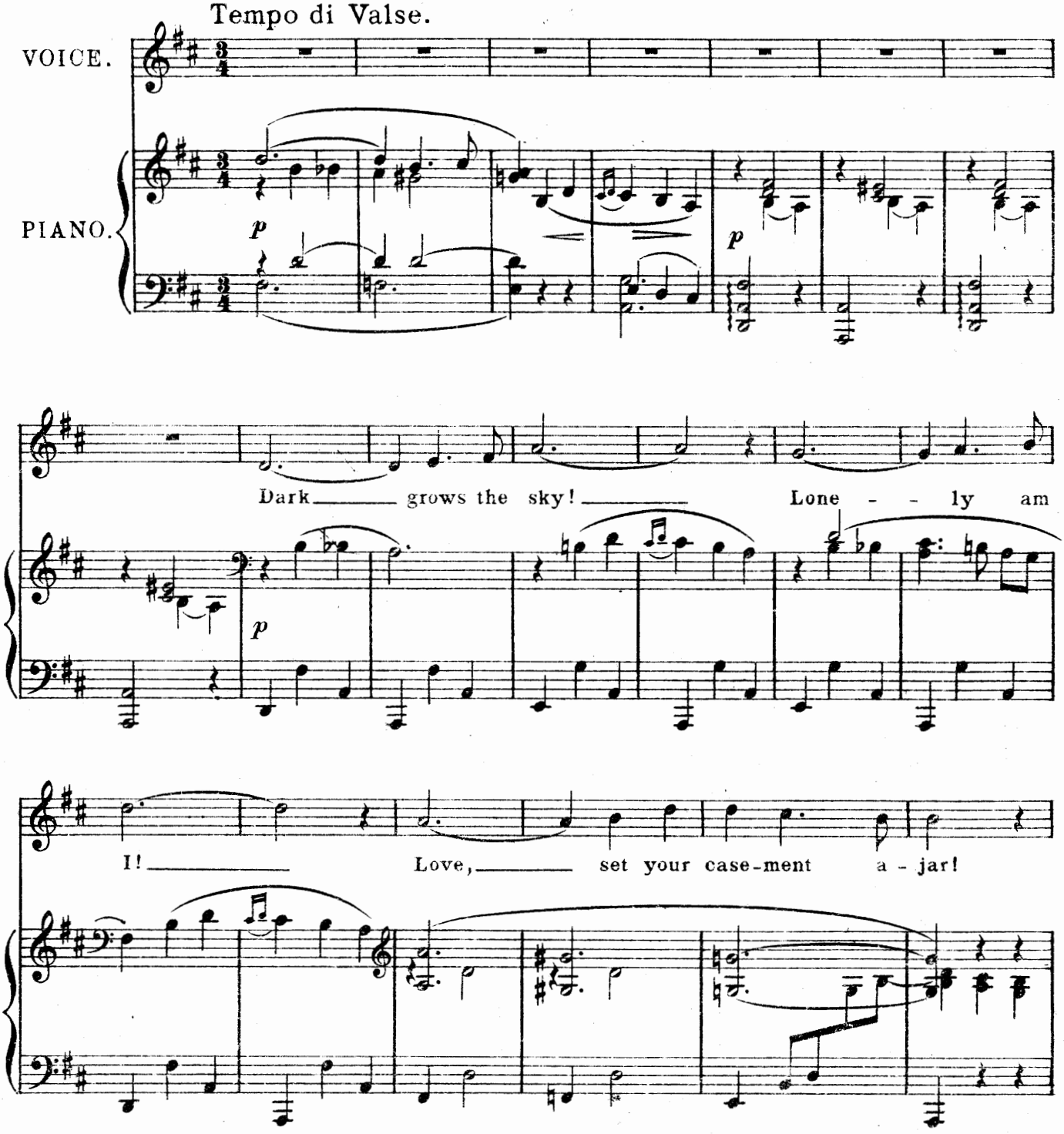
SERENADE.—"Dark grows the Sky."

No 11.

(DOLORES.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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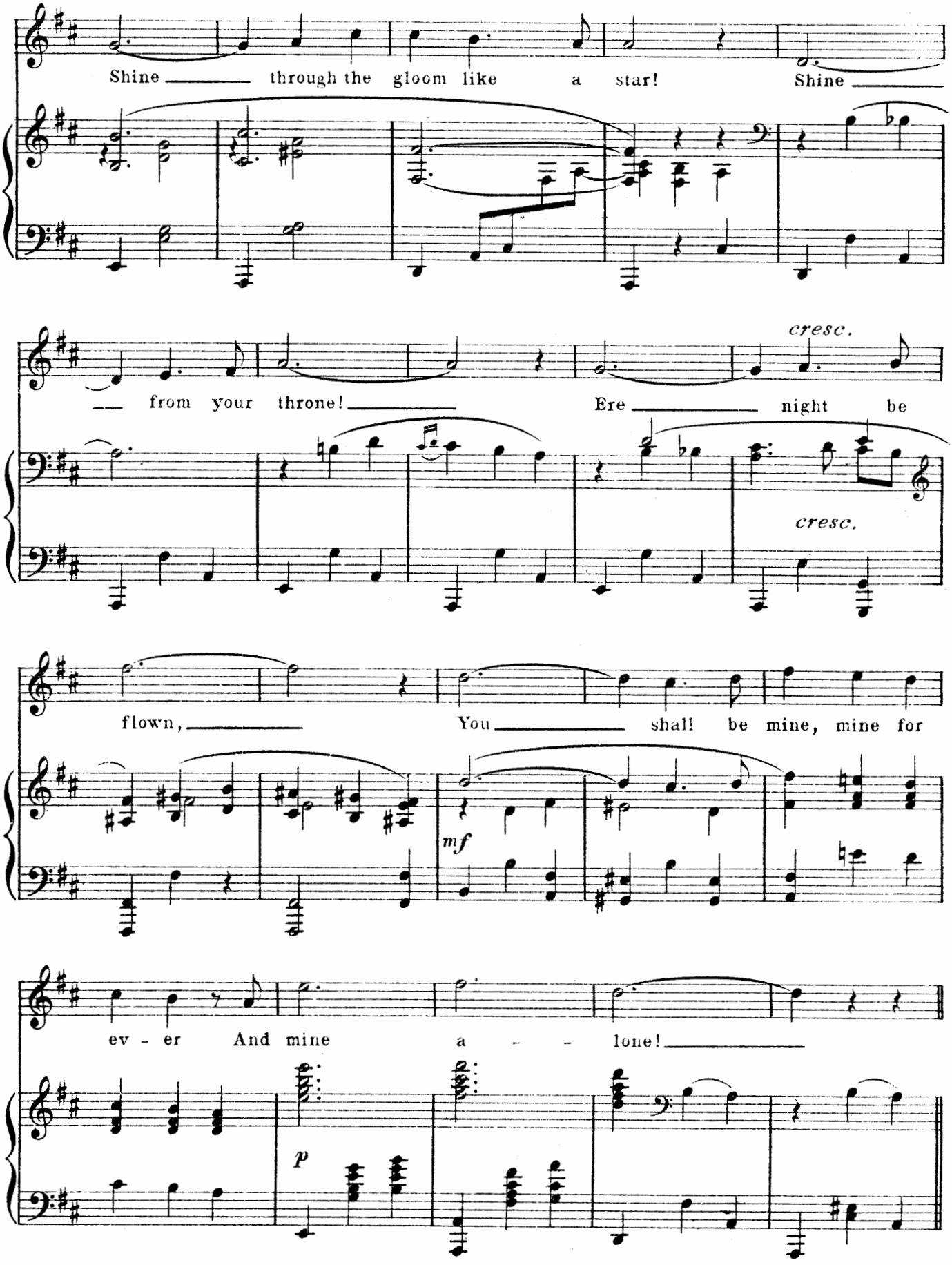
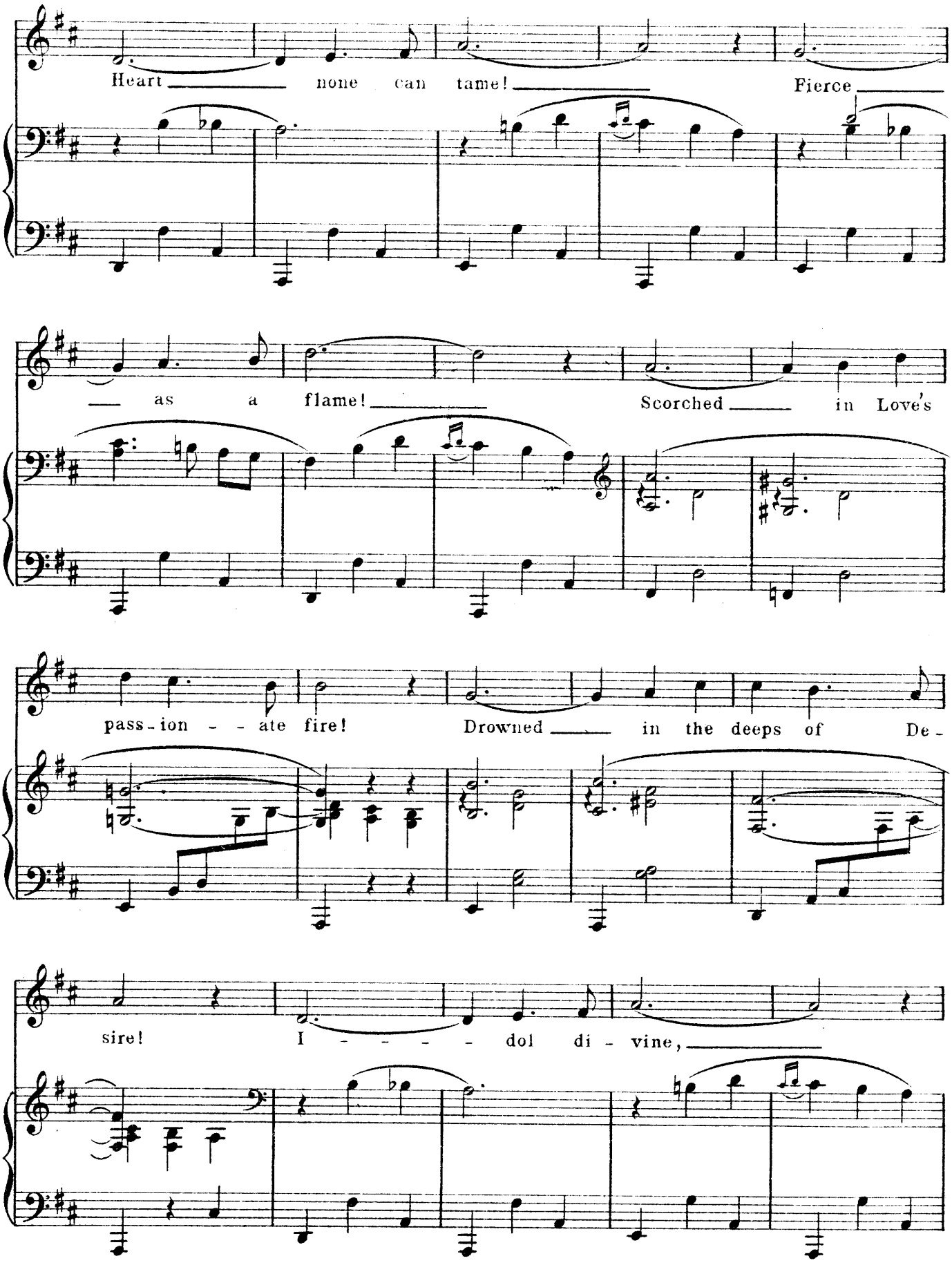
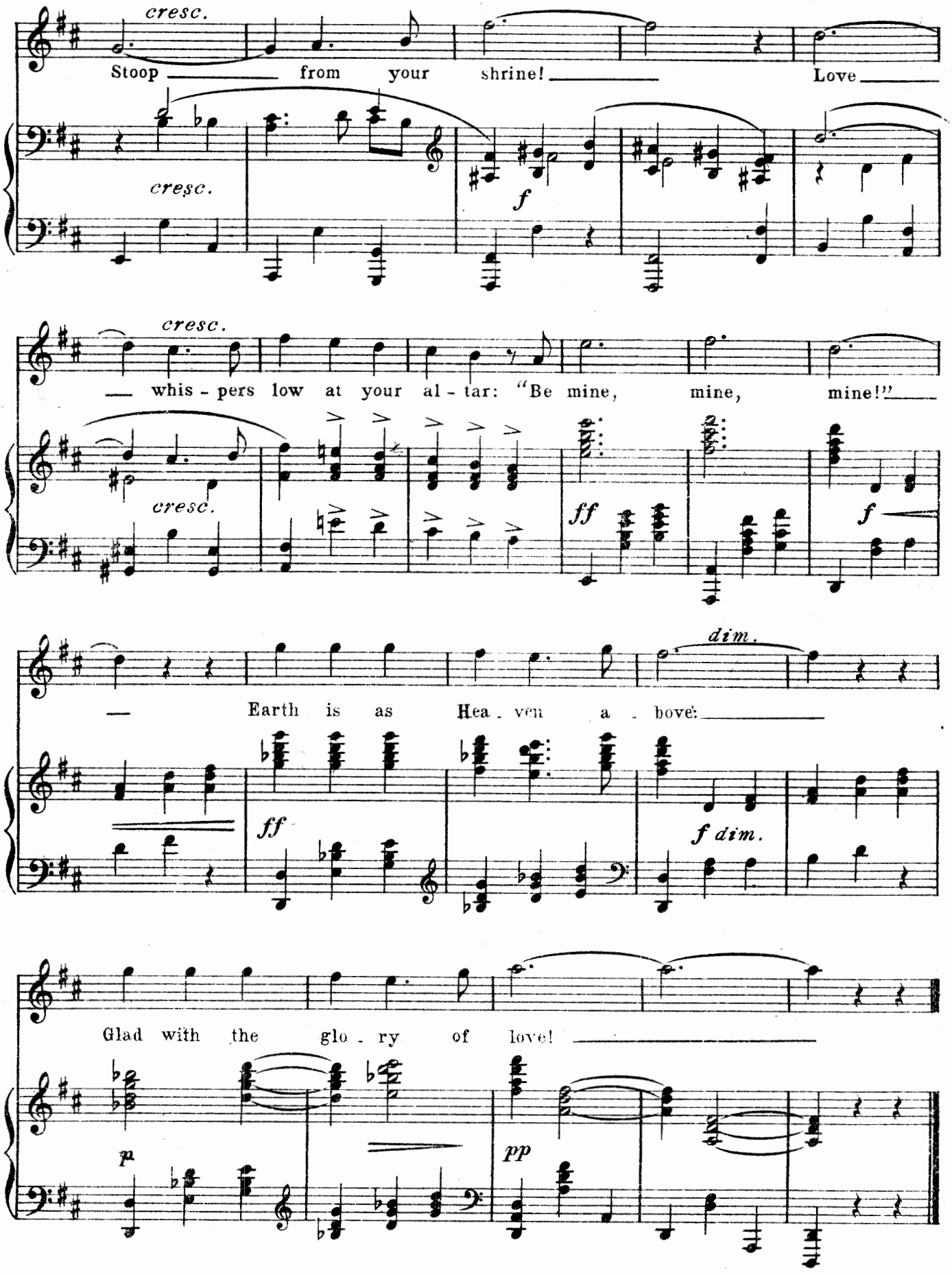

Shine through the gloom like a star! Shine
from your throne! Ere night be
cresc.
cresc.
flown, You shall be mine, mine for
mf
ev - er And mine a - - lone!
p


Heart none can tame! Fierce
as a flame! Scorched in Love's
pass-ion - - ate fire! Drowned in the deeps of De-
sire! I - - - - dol di - vine,


cresc.
Stoop from your shrine! Love
cresc.
f
cresc.
whis - pers low at your al - tar: "Be mine, mine, mine!"
cresc.
ff
f
dim.
Earth is as Hea - ven a - bove:
ff
f dim.
Glad with the glo - ry of love!
p
pp

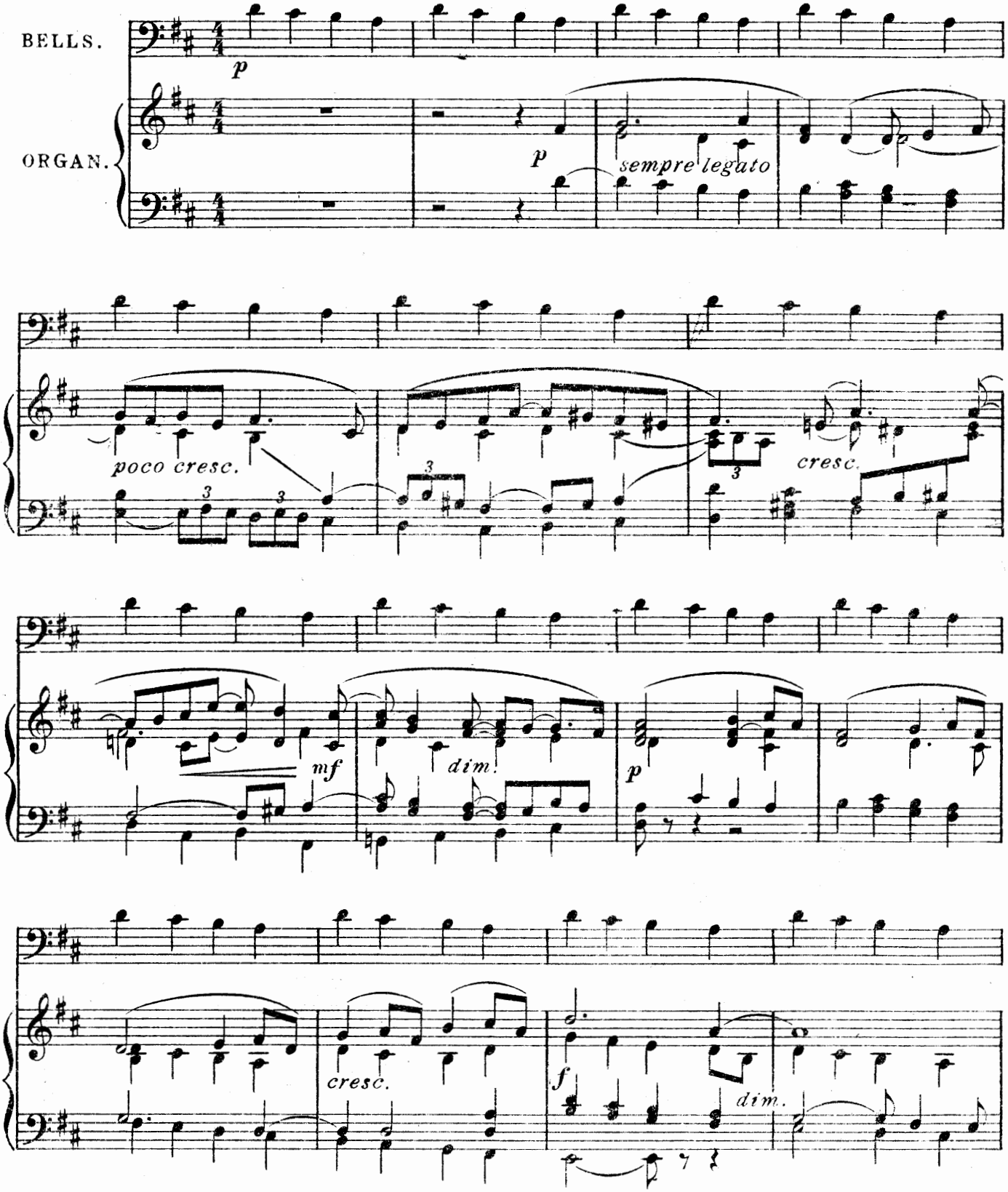
Finale Act I.

No. 12.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Andante sostenuto.



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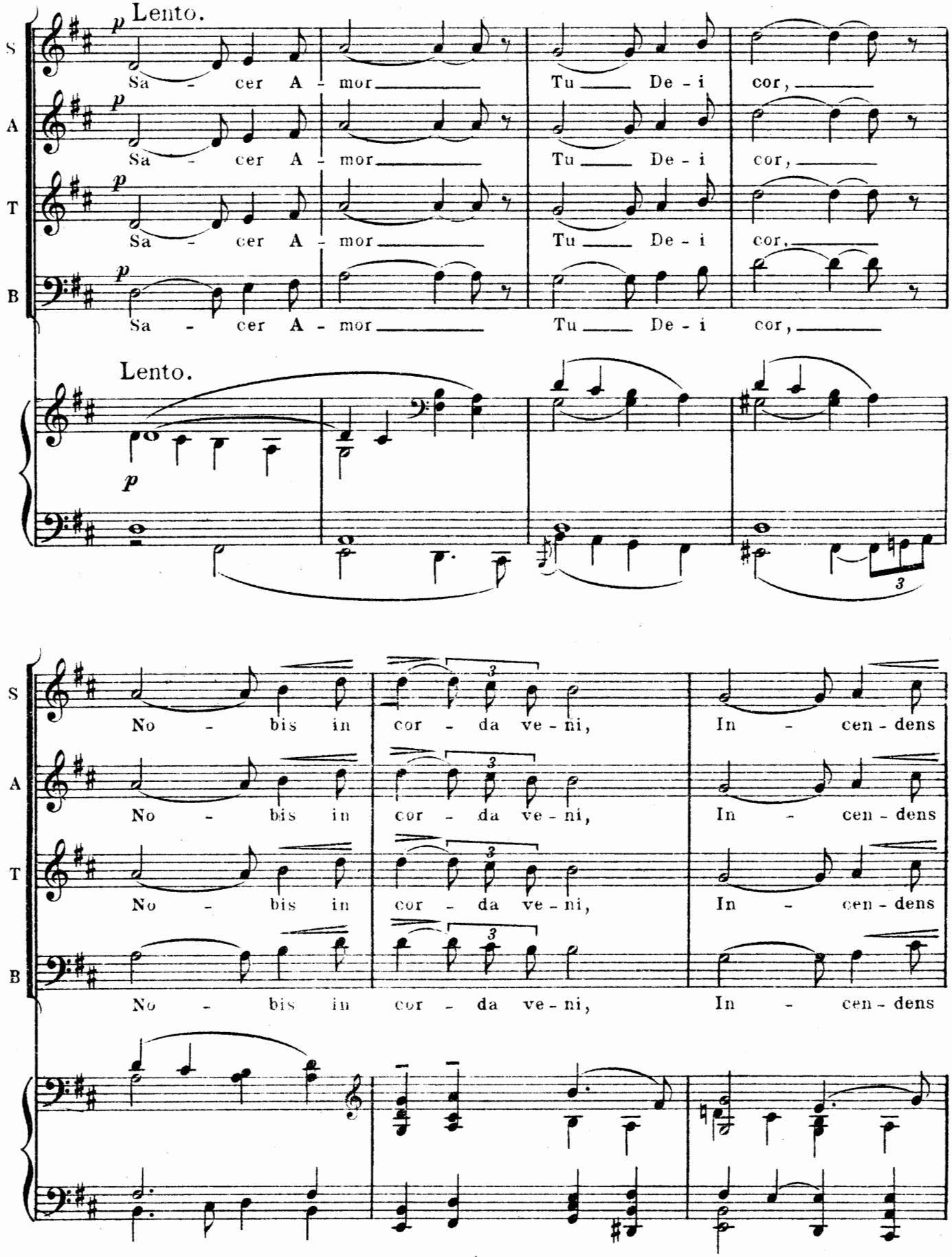
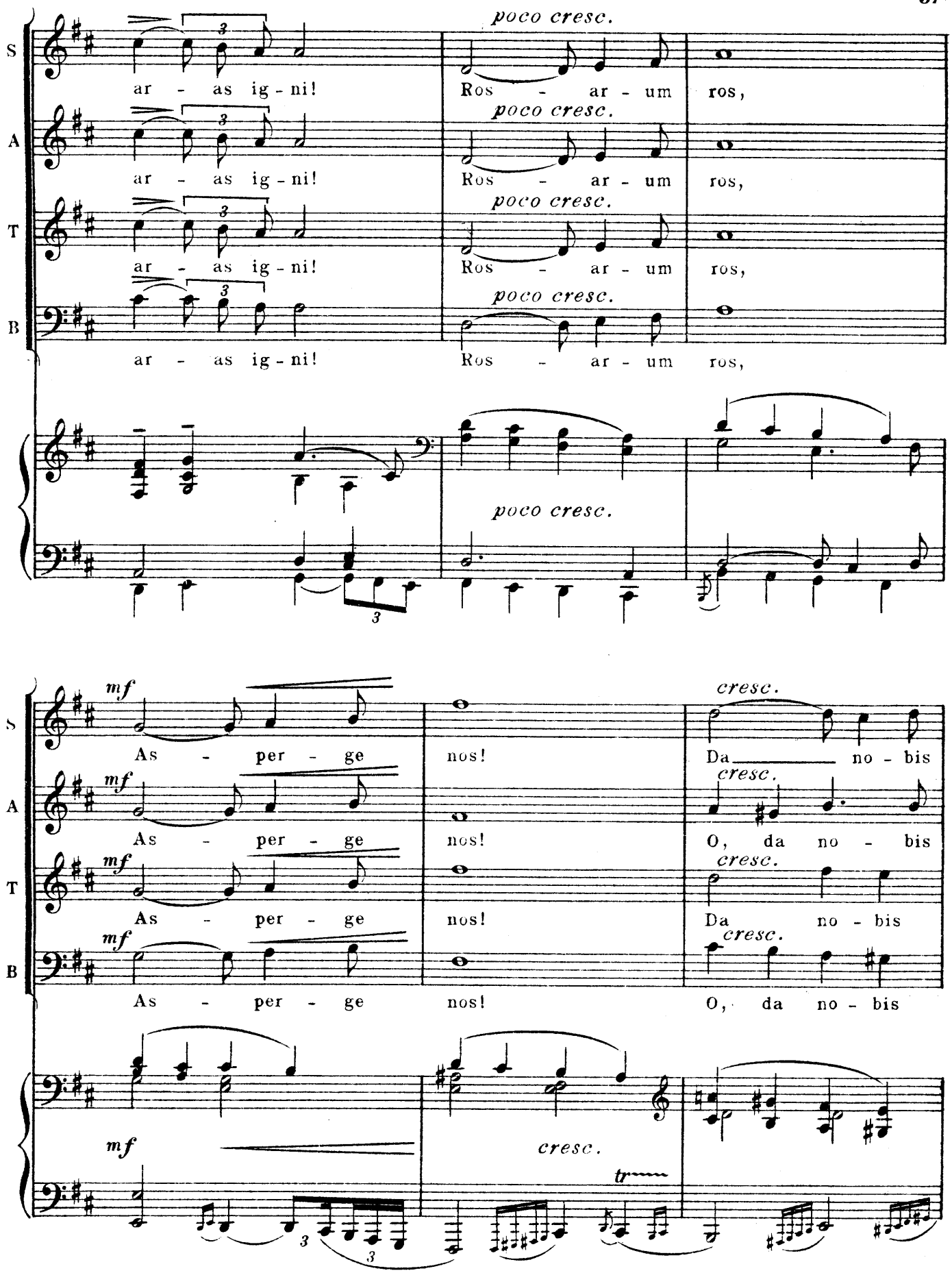
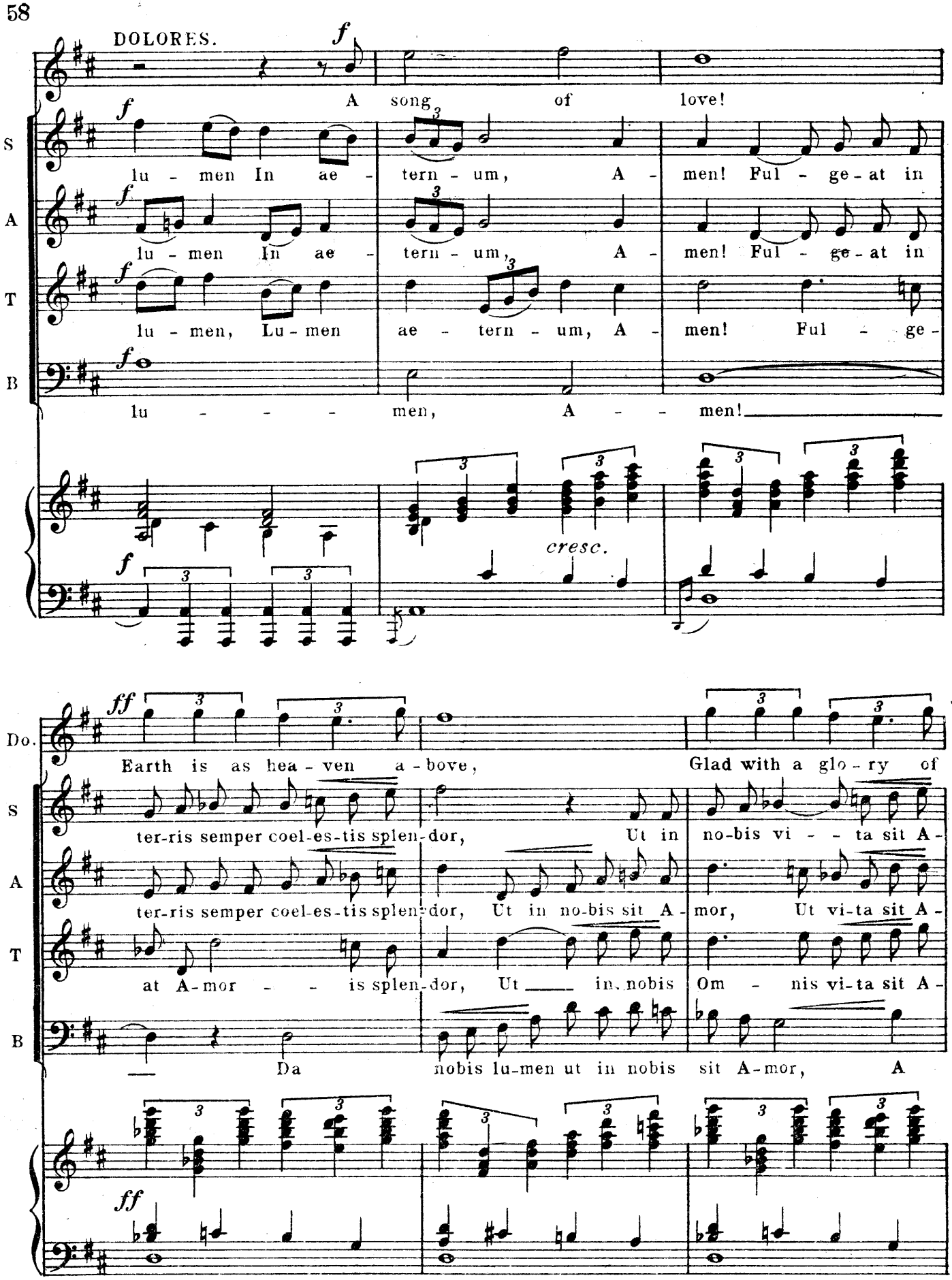
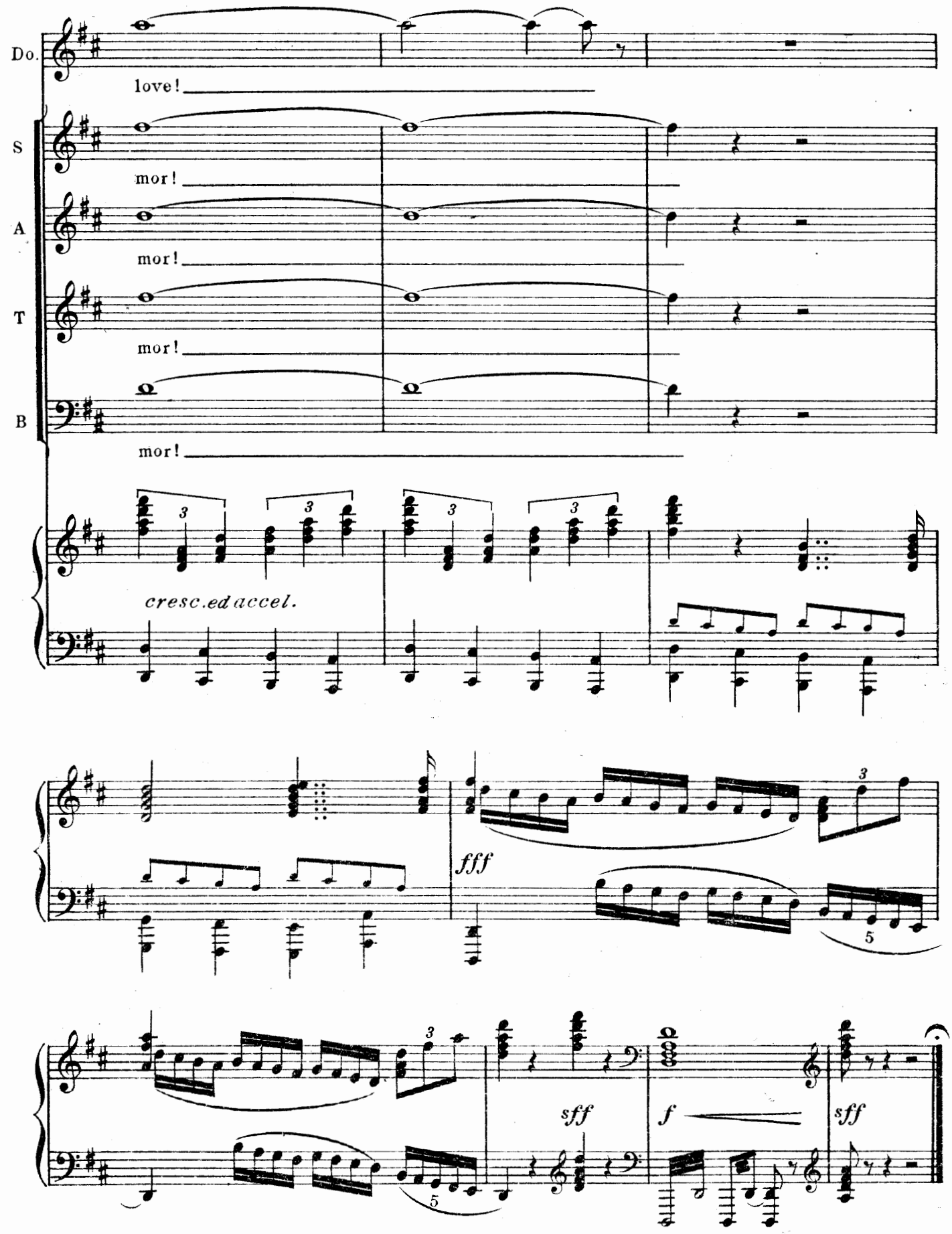
CHORUS.


Lento.
S
A
T
B
Sa - cer A - mor Tu De - i cor,
Lento.
No - bis in cor - da ve - ni, In - cen - dens


S
A
T
B
poco cresc.
ar - as ig - ni!
Ros - ar - um ros,
mf
As - per - ge nos!
cresc.
Da no - bis
O, da no - bis
tr

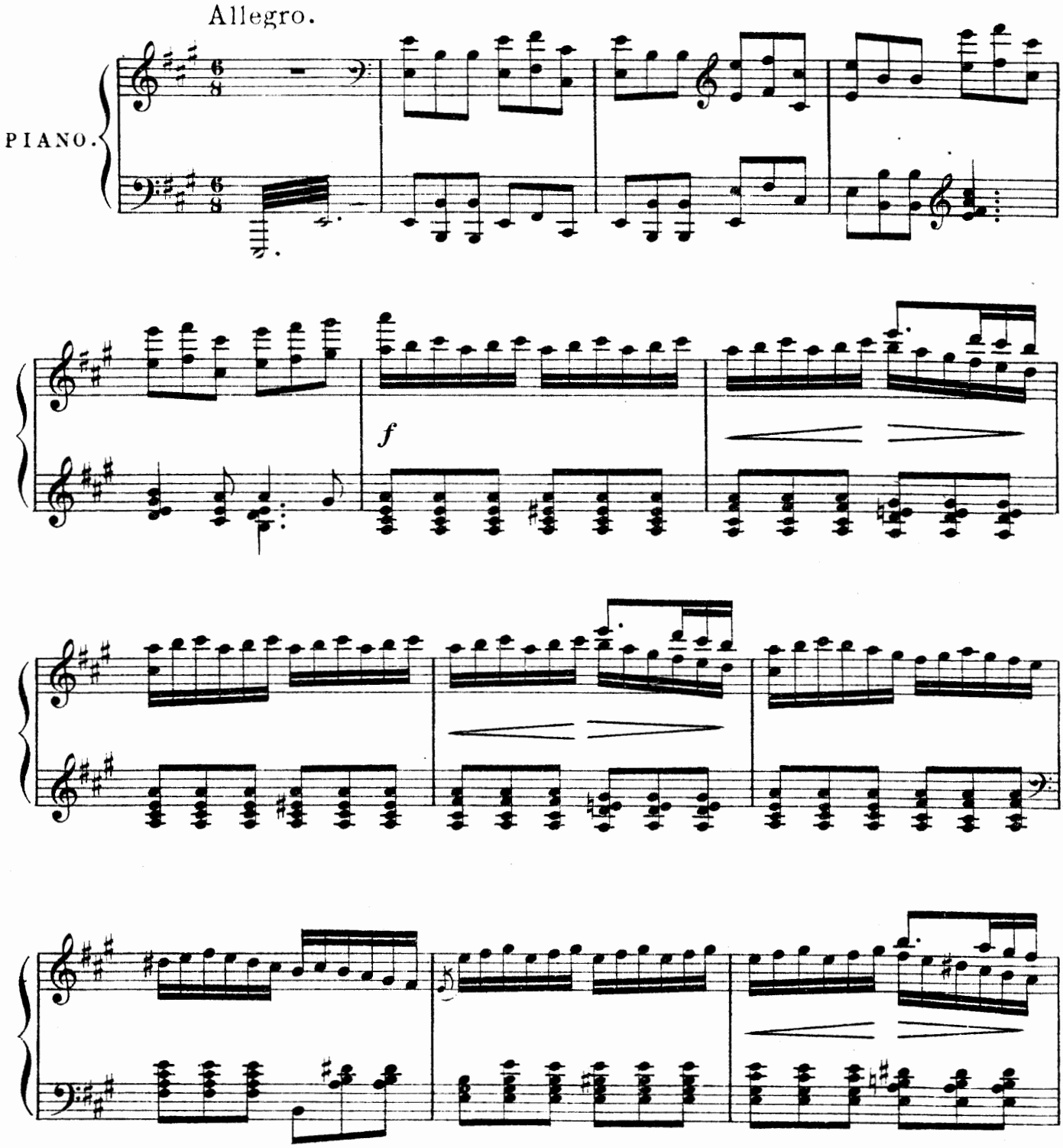

DOLORES.
A song of love!
lu - men In ae - tern - um, A - men! Ful - ge - at in
lu - men In ae - tern - um, A - men! Ful - ge - at in
lu - men, Lu - men ae - tern - um, A - men! Ful - ge -
lu - - - - men, A - - men!
cresc.
Earth is as hea - ven a - bove, Glad with a glo - ry of
ter-ris semper coel-es-tis splen-dor, Ut in no-bis vi - - ta sit A -
ter-ris semper coel-es-tis splen-dor, Ut in no-bis sit A - mor, Ut vi-ta sit A -
at A-mor - - is splen-dor, Ut in nobis Om - nis vi-ta sit A -
Da nobis lu-men ut in nobis sit A-mor, A


Do.
love!
S
mor!
A
mor!
T
mor!
B
mor!
cresc.ed accel.
fff
sff
f
sff

Nº 13.

OPENING MUSIC ACT II. Dance.

HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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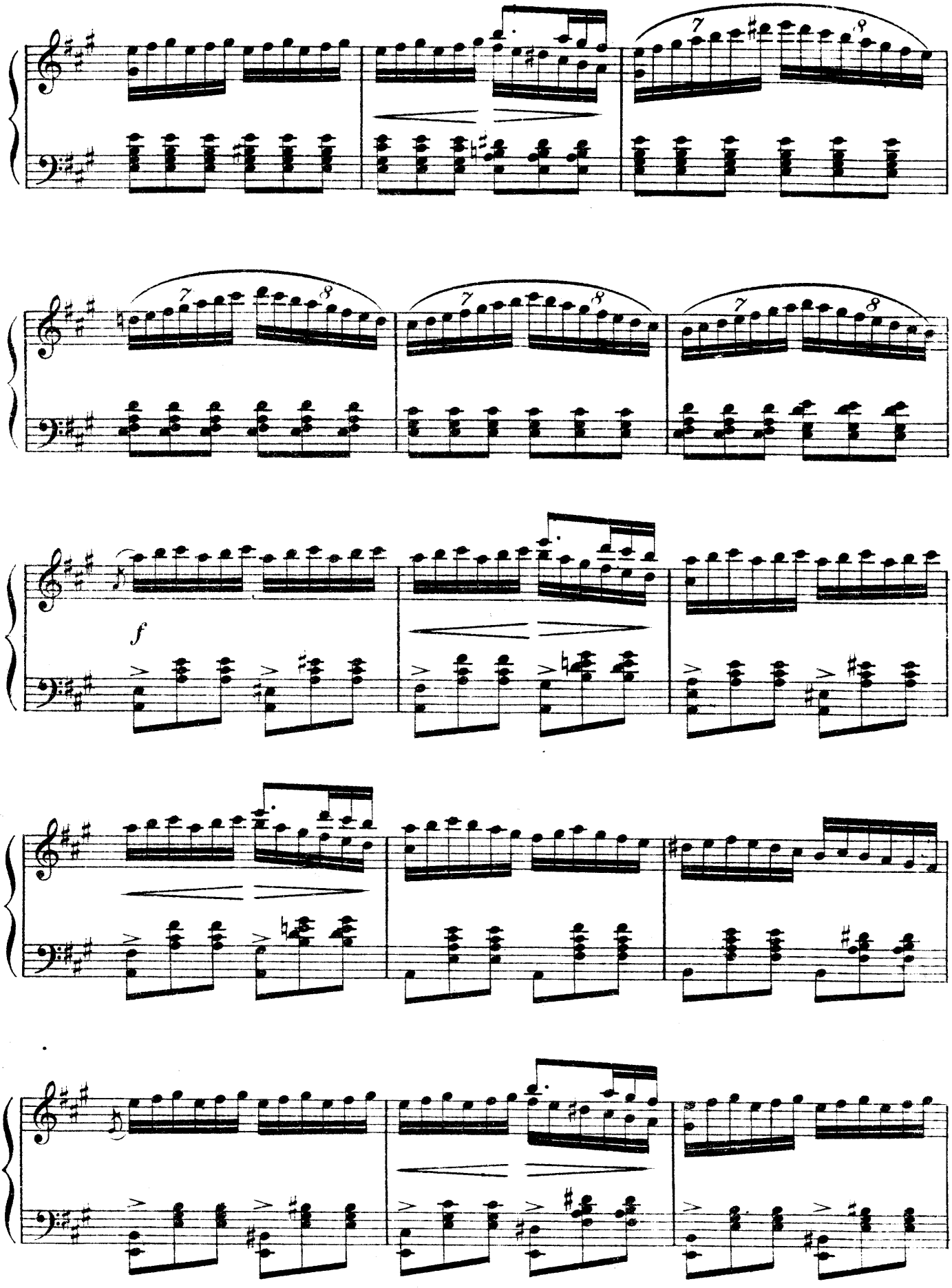
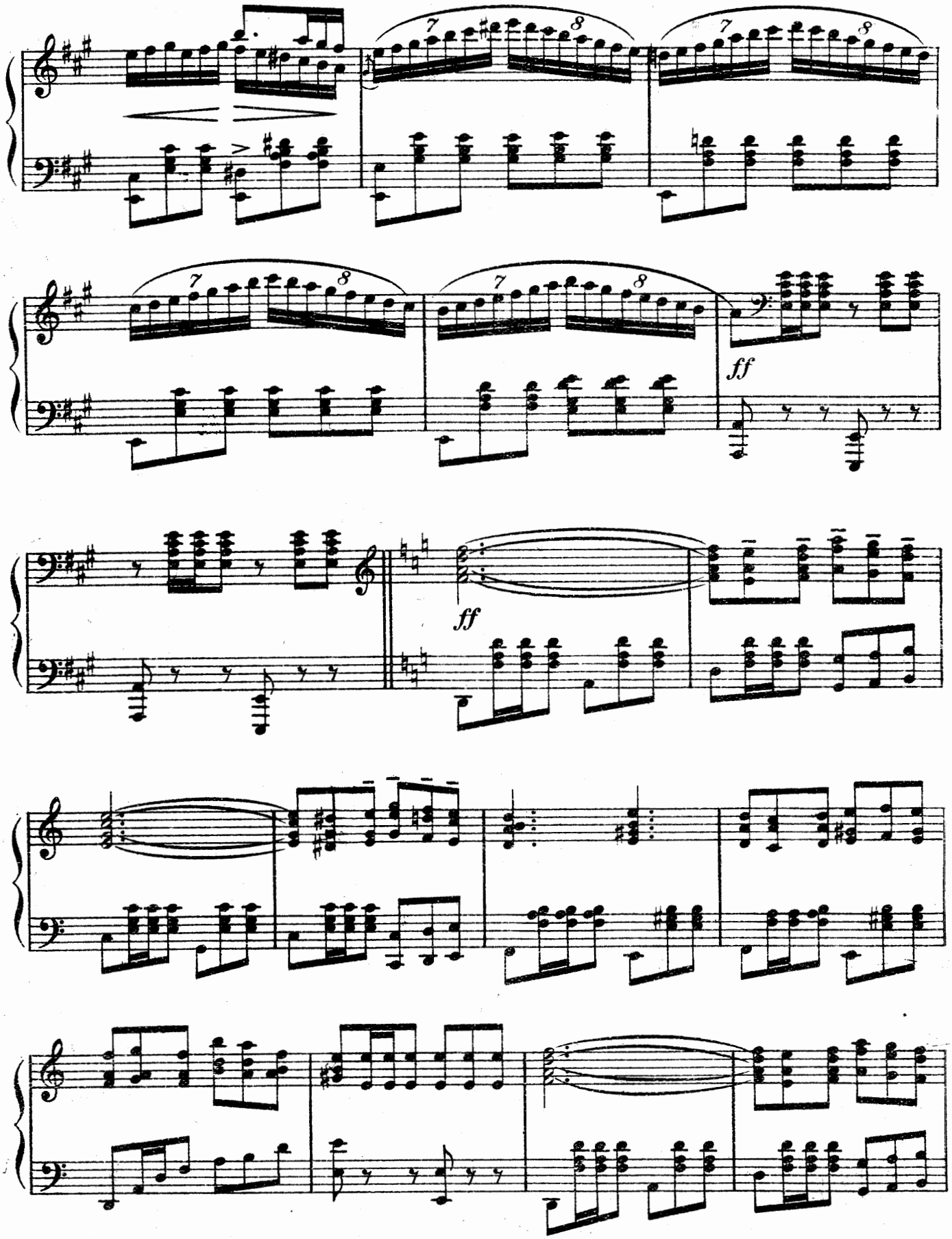
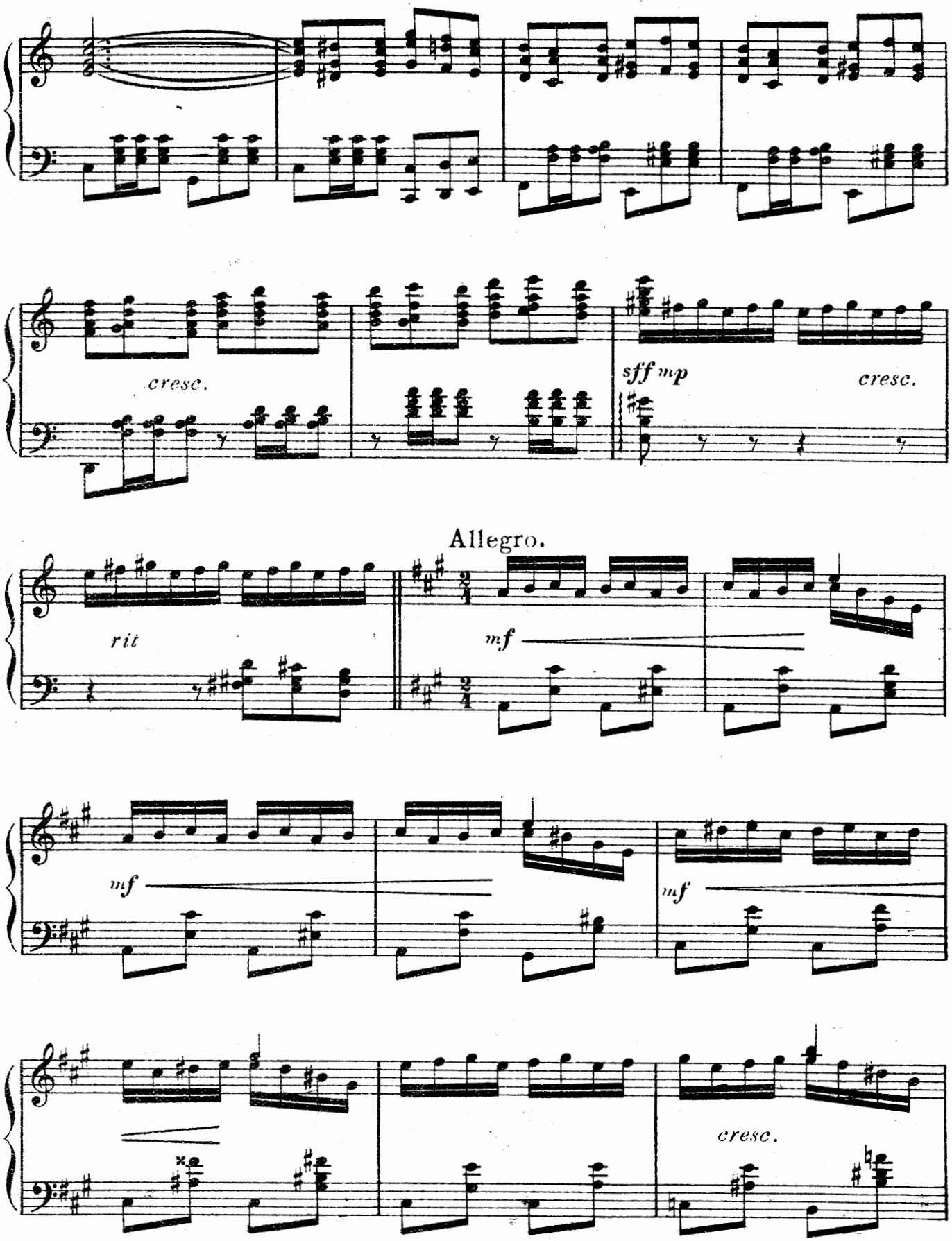
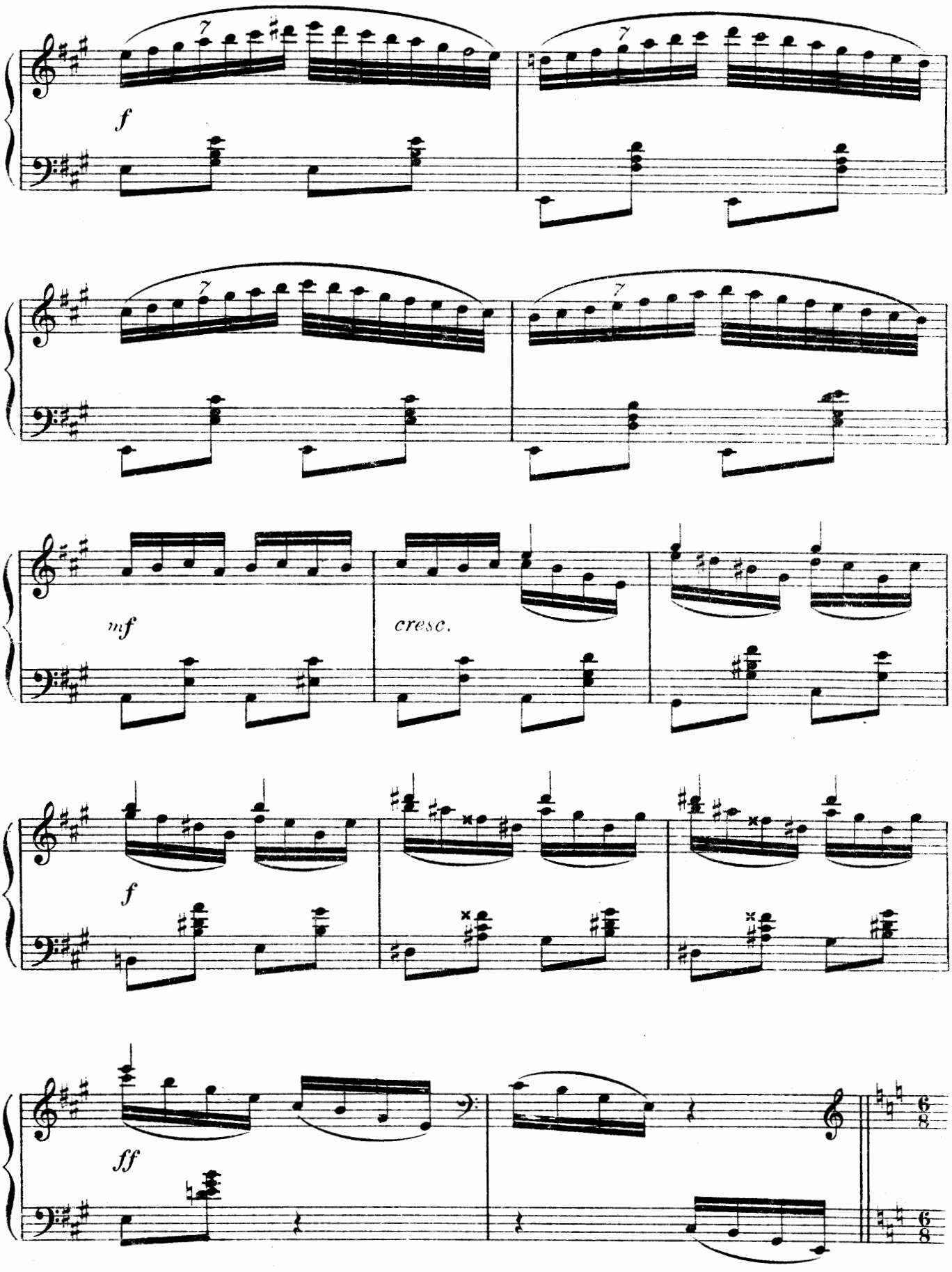
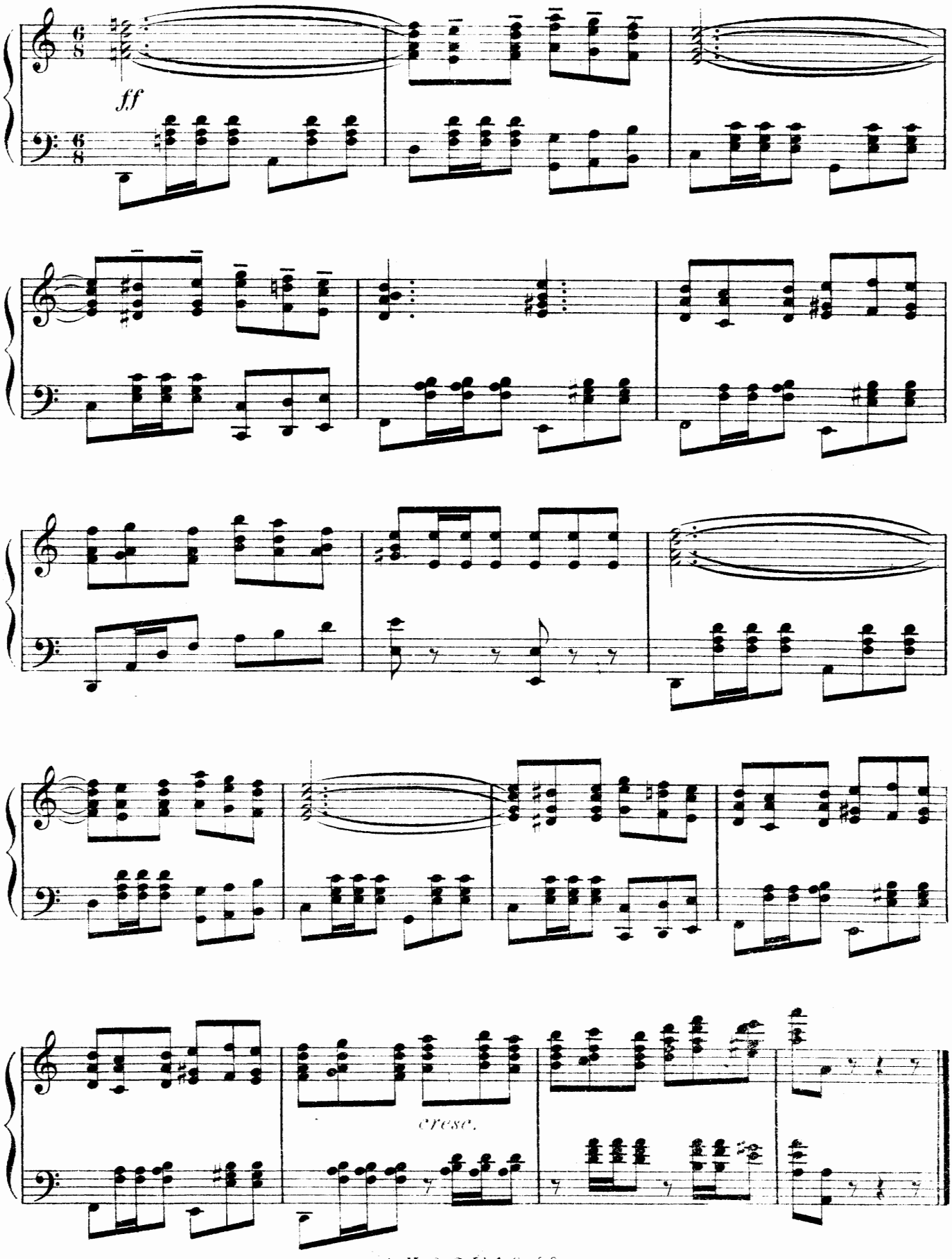

7
8
7
8
7
8
f


7
8
7
8
7
8
7
8
ff
ff


cresc.
sff mp
cresc.
Allegro.
rit
mf
mf
mf
cresc.


7
f
7
7
7
mf
cresc.
f
ff
6
8
6
8


ff
cresc.

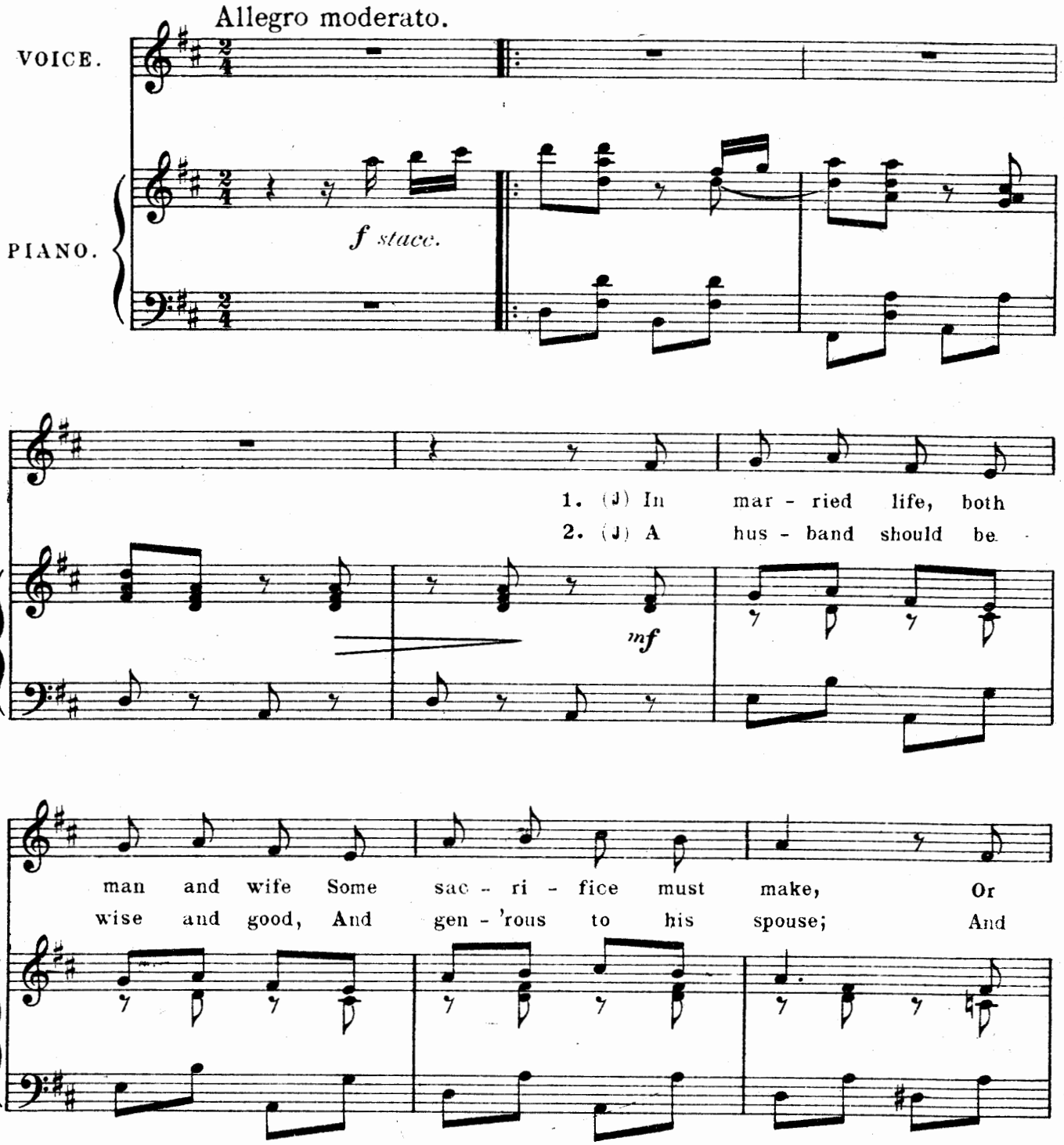
No. 14.

DUET "A little job for two."

(TODO & JUANITA.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON



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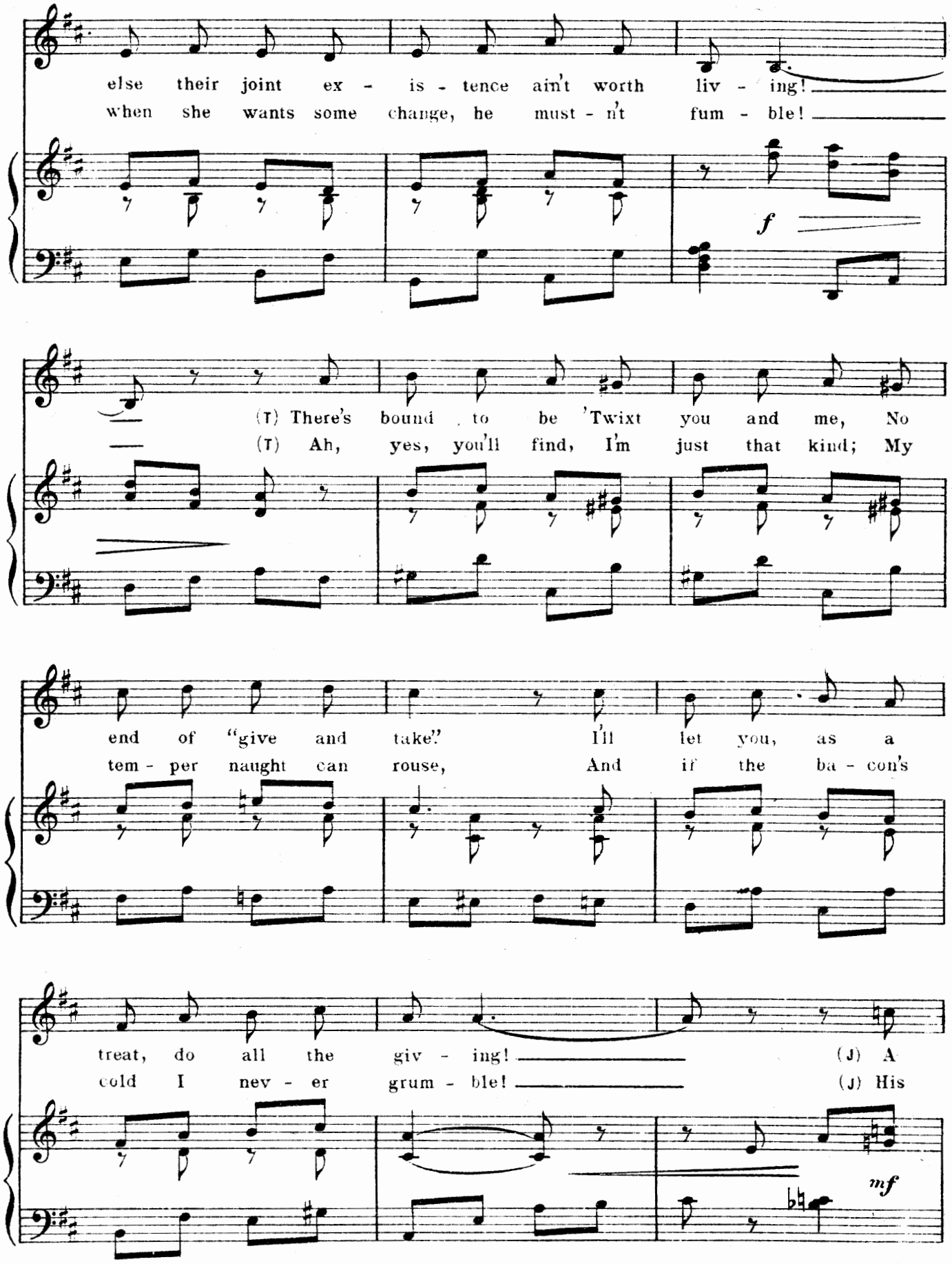
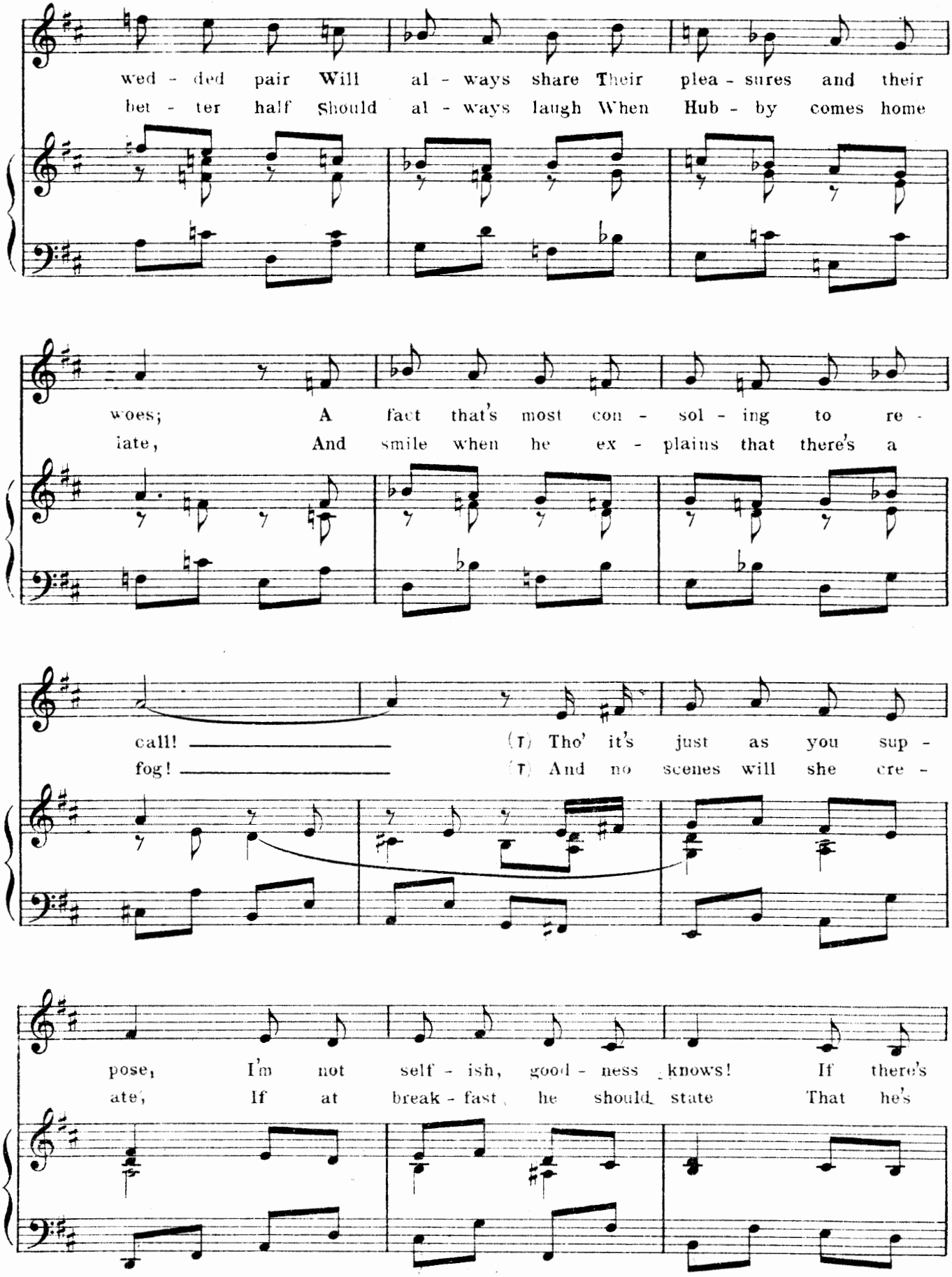
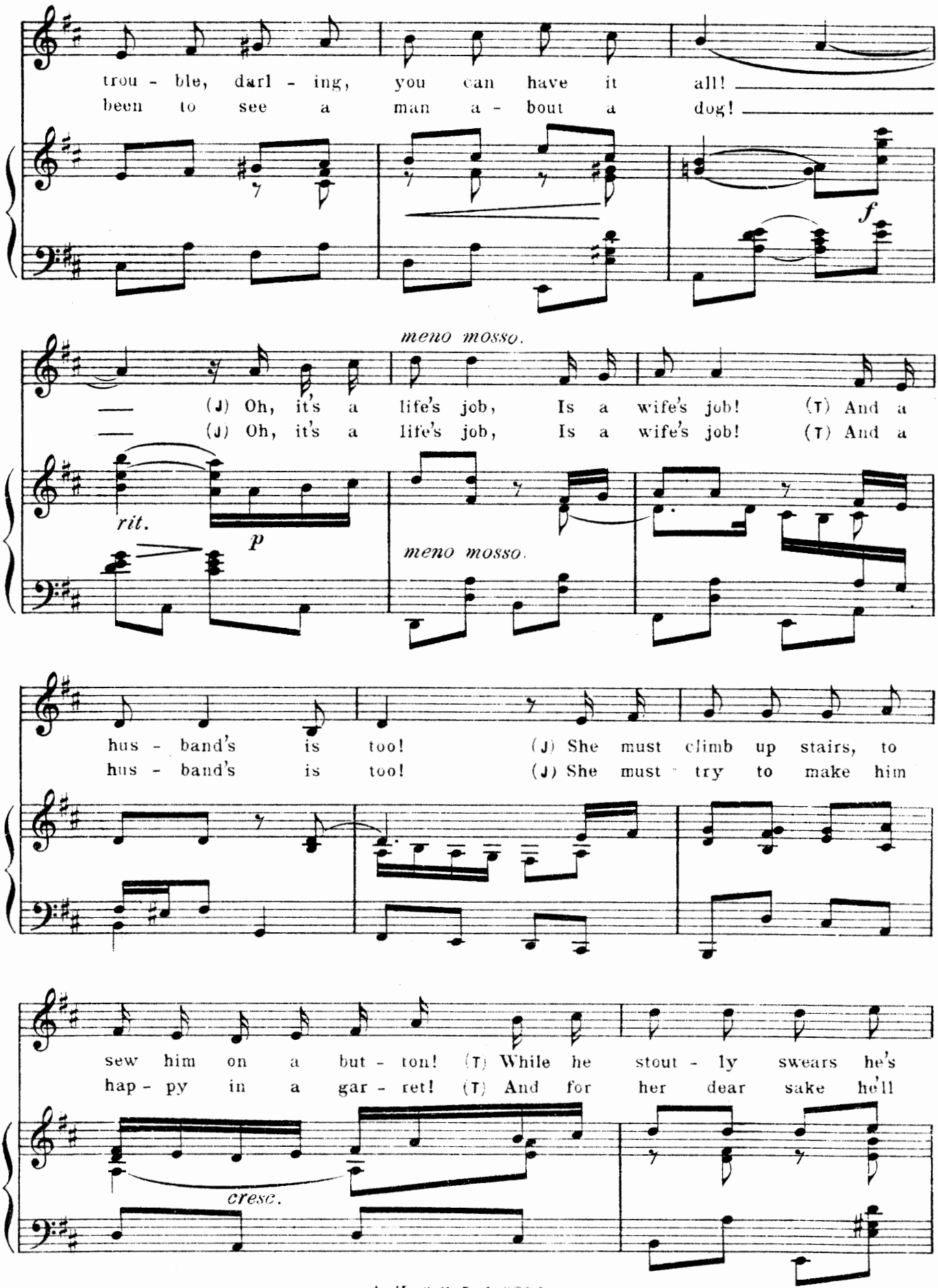
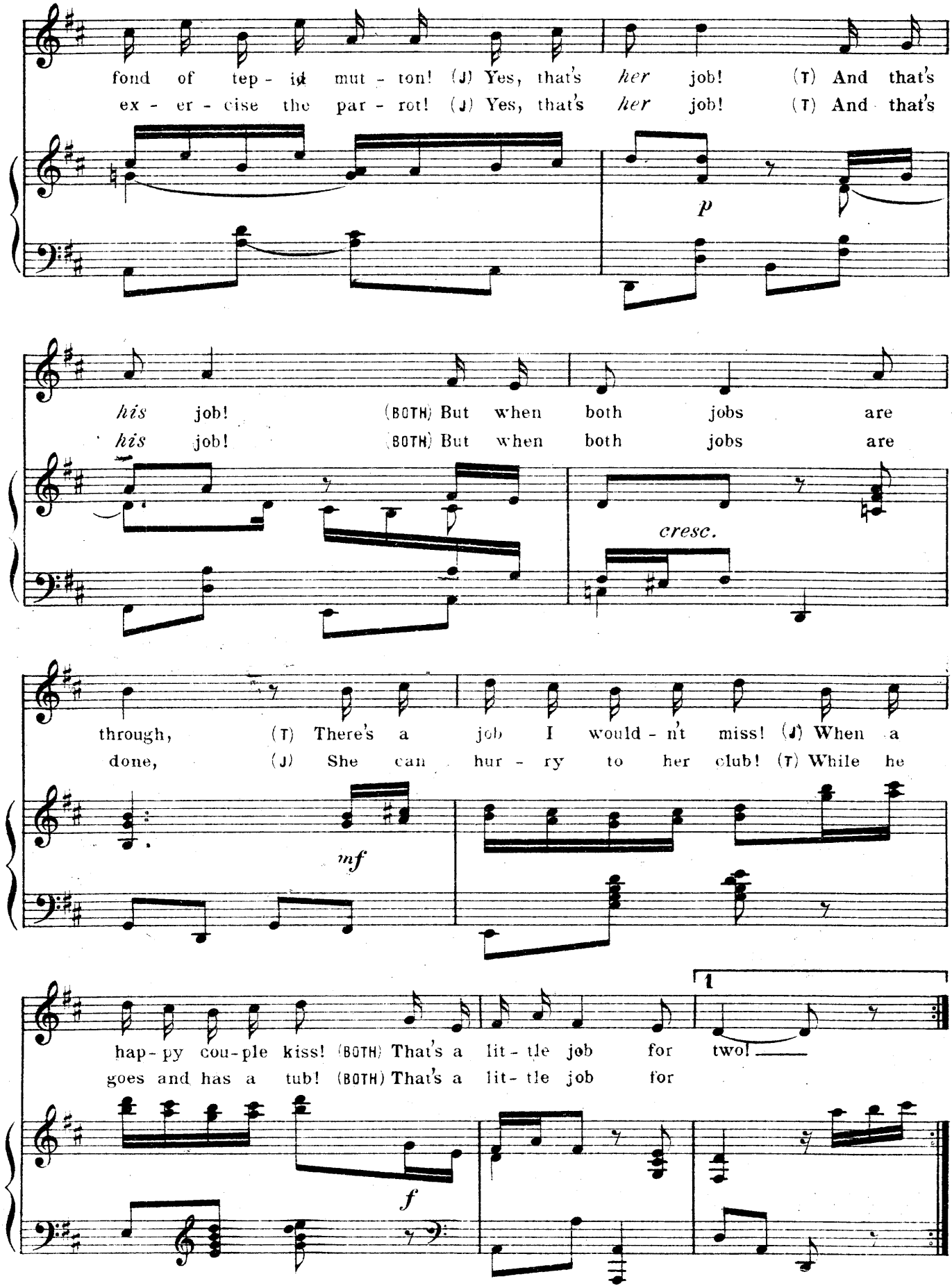

else their joint ex - is - tence ain't worth liv - ing!
when she wants some change, he must - n't fum - ble!
f
(T) There's bound to be 'Twixt you and me, No
(T) Ah, yes, you'll find, I'm just that kind; My
end of "give and take." I'll let you, as a
tem - per naught can rouse, And if the ba - con's
treat, do all the giv - ing! (J) A
cold I nev - er grum - ble! (J) His
mf


wed - ded pair Will al - ways share Their plea - sures and their
bet - ter half Should al - ways laugh When Hub - by comes home
woes; A fact that's most con - sol - ing to re -
late, And smile when he ex - plains that there's a
call! (T) Tho' it's just as you sup -
fog! (T) And no scenes will she cre -
pose, I'm not self - ish, good - ness knows! If there's
ate, If at break - fast he should state That he's


trou - ble, darl - ing, you can have it all!
been to see a man a - bout a dog!
f
meno mosso.
— (J) Oh, it's a life's job, Is a wife's job! (T) And a
— (J) Oh, it's a life's job, Is a wife's job! (T) And a
rit.
p
meno mosso.
hus - band's is too! (J) She must climb up stairs, to
hus - band's is too! (J) She must try to make him
sew him on a but - ton! (T) While he stout - ly swears he's
hap - py in a gar - ret! (T) And for her dear sake he'll
cresc.


fond of tep - id mut - ton! (J) Yes, that's her job! (T) And that's
ex - er - cise the par - rot! (J) Yes, that's her job! (T) And that's
p
his job! (BOTH) But when both jobs are
his job! (BOTH) But when both jobs are
cresc.
through, (T) There's a job I would - n't miss! (J) When a
done, (J) She can hur - ry to her club! (T) While he
mf
1
hap - py cou - ple kiss! (BOTH) That's a lit - tle job for two!
goes and has a tub! (BOTH) That's a lit - tle job for
f

2

DANCE.

one!

f

cresc.

sf

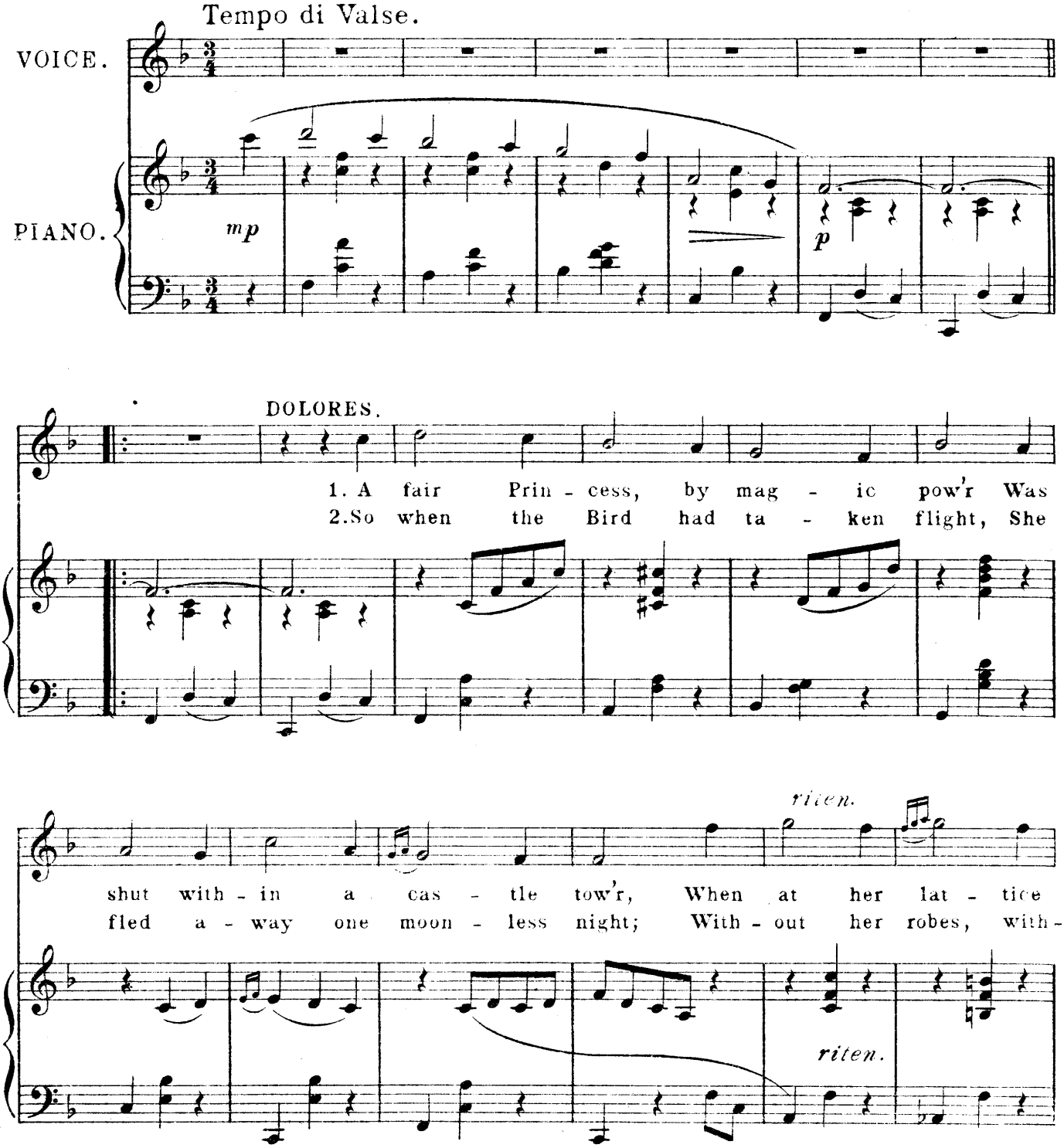
No 15.

SONG—"Bird of Blue."

(DOLORES.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON



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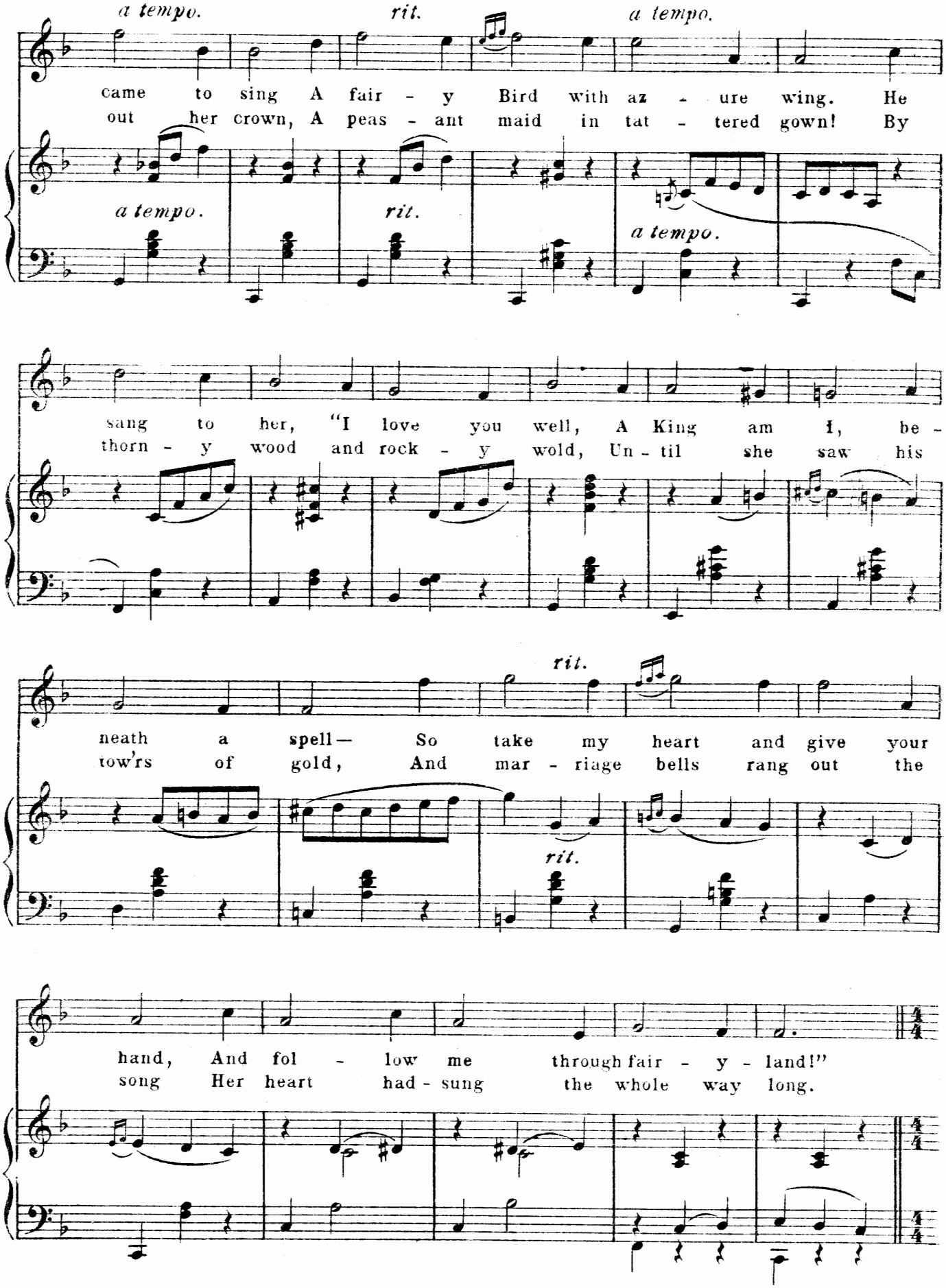
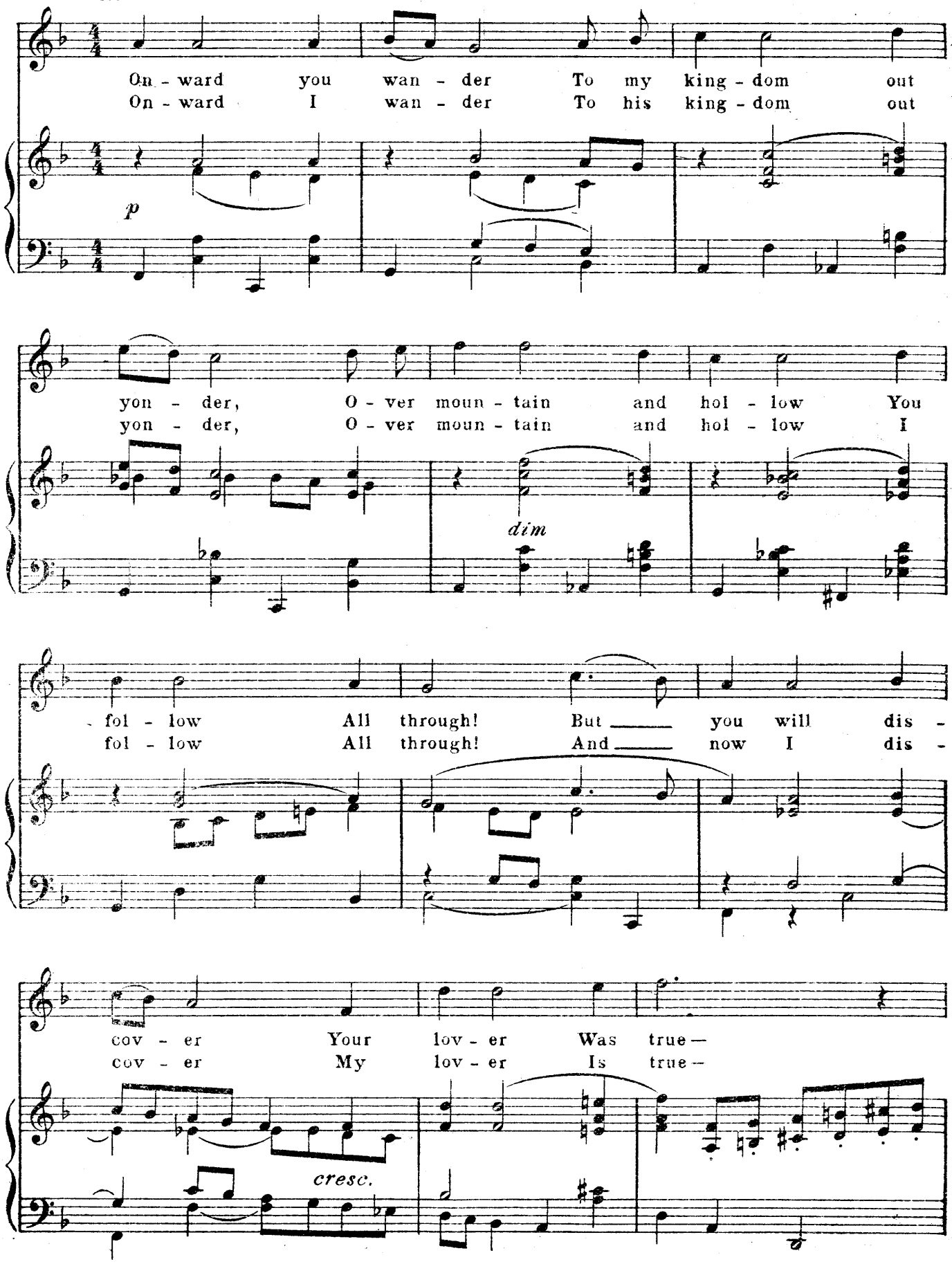
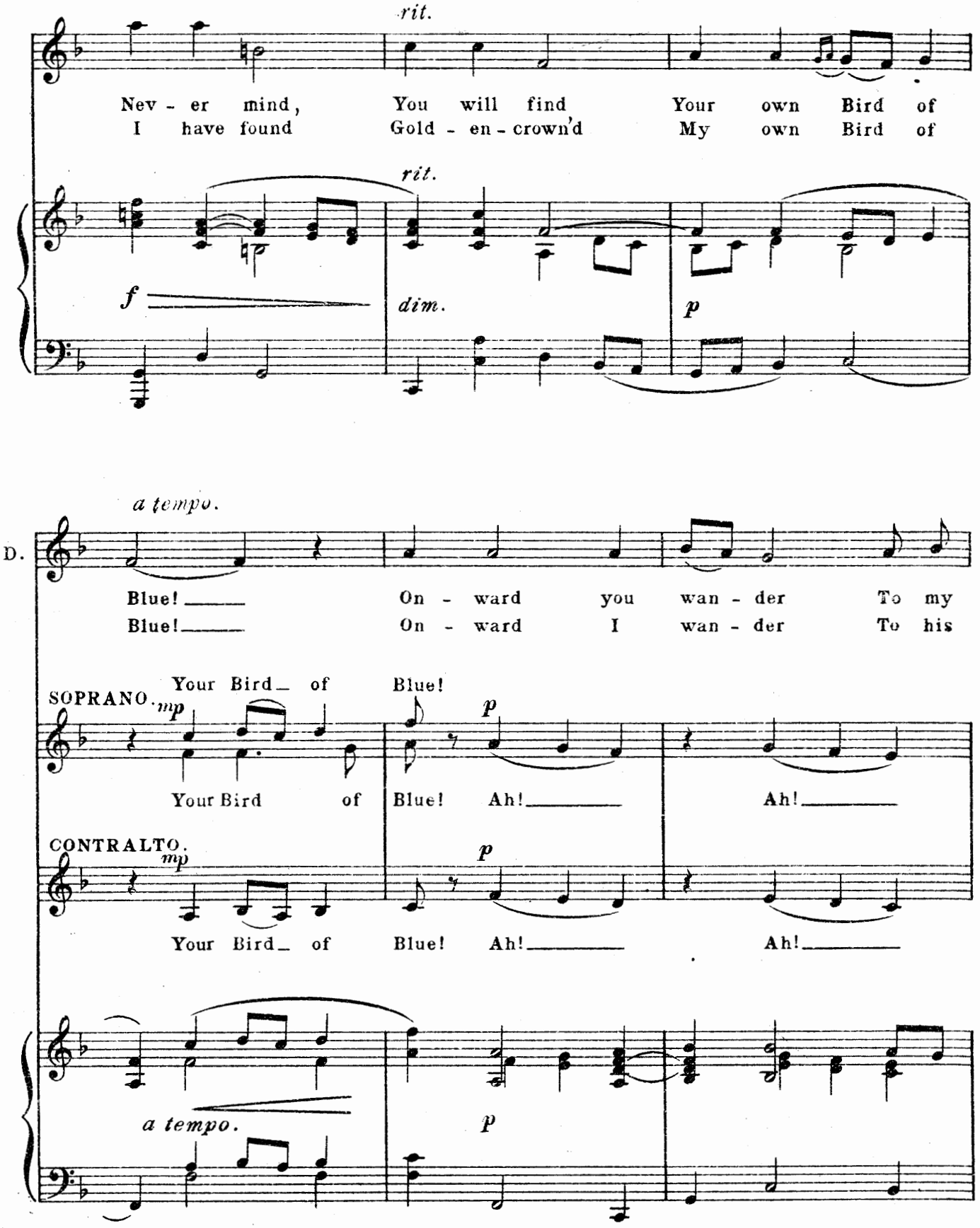
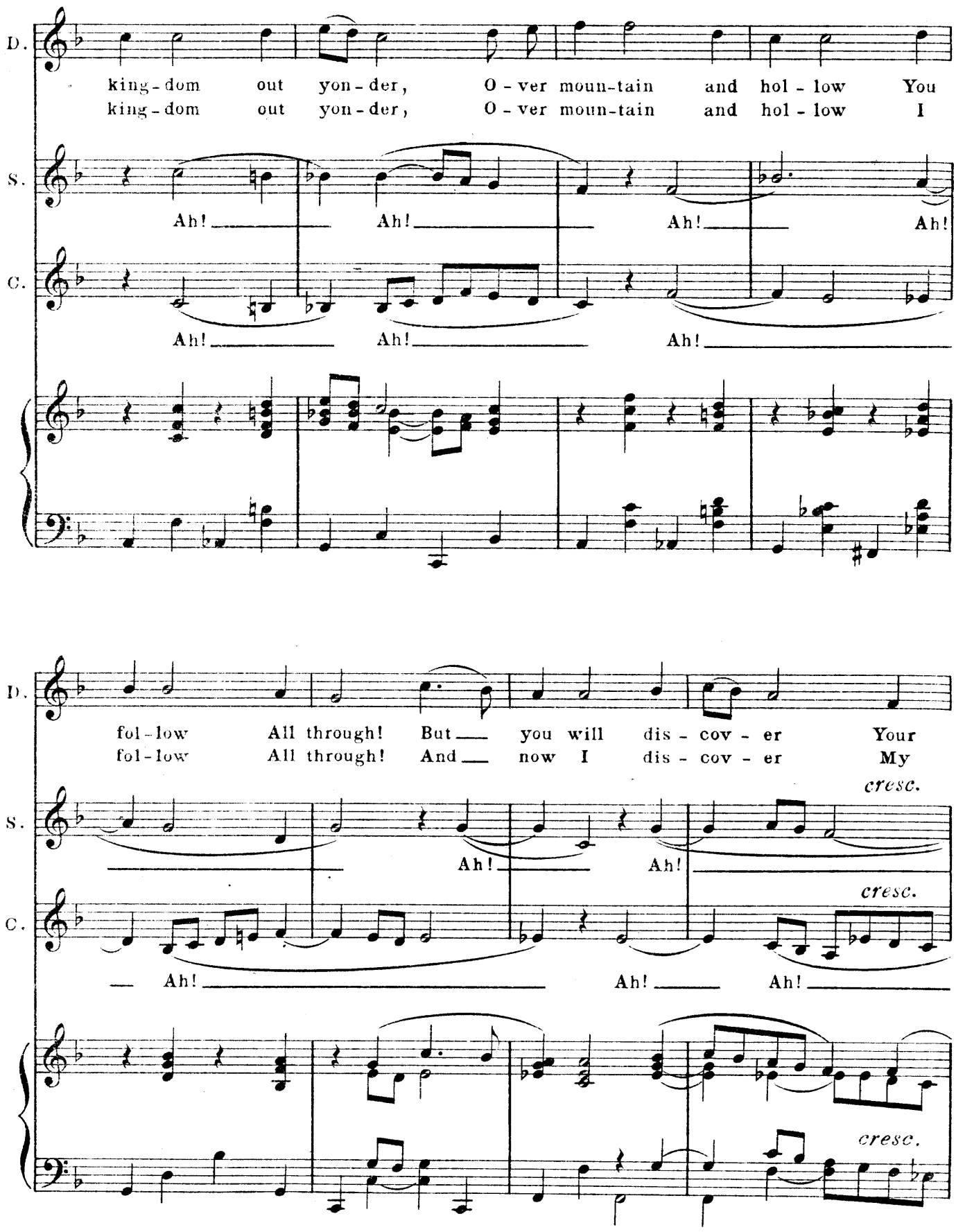
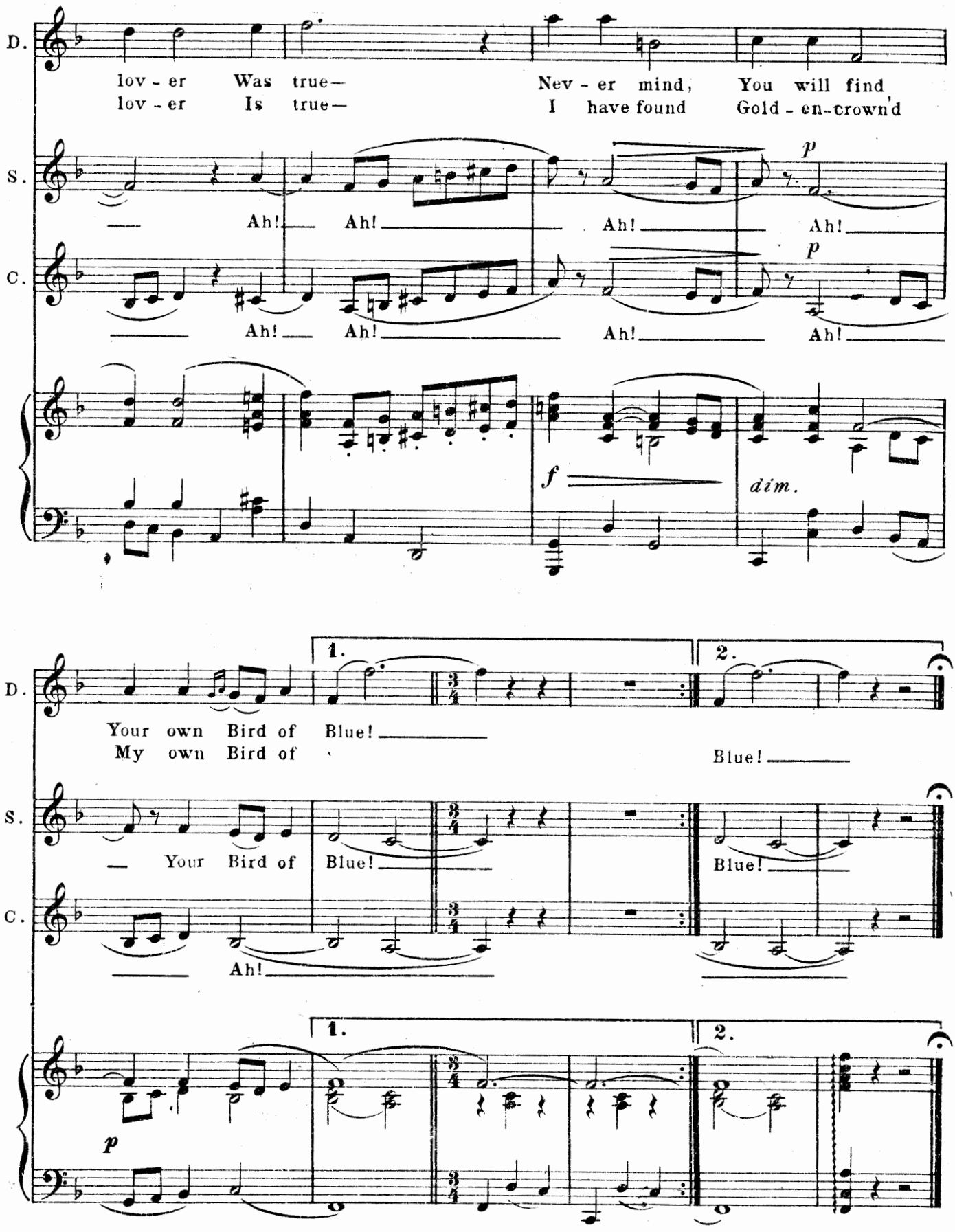

a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
came to sing A fair - y Bird with az - ure wing. He
out her crown, A peas - ant maid in tat - tered gown! By
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
sang to her, "I love you well, A King am I, be -
thorn - y wood and rock - y wold, Un - til she saw his
rit.
neath a spell— So take my heart and give your
tow'rs of gold, And mar - riage bells rang out the
rit.
hand, And fol - low me through fair - y - land!"
song Her heart had - sung the whole way long.

Andante con moto.




rit.
Nev - er mind, You will find Your own Bird of
I have found Gold - en - crown'd My own Bird of
rit.
f
dim.
p
a tempo.
D.
Blue! On - ward you wan - der To my
Blue! On - ward I wan - der To his
Your Bird of Blue!
SOPRANO.
mp
p
Your Bird of Blue! Ah! Ah!
CONTRALTO.
mp
p
Your Bird of Blue! Ah! Ah!
a tempo.
p


D.
king-dom out yon-der, O-ver moun-tain and hol-low You
king-dom out yon-der, O-ver moun-tain and hol-low I
S.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
C.
Ah! Ah! Ah!
D.
fol-low All through! But you will dis-cov-er Your
fol-low All through! And now I dis-cov-er My
cresc.
S.
Ah! Ah!
cresc.
C.
Ah! Ah! Ah!
cresc.


D.
lov - er Was true— Nev - er mind, You will find
lov - er Is true— I have found Gold - en-crown'd
S.
— Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
C.
— Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
p
f
dim.
1.
2.
Your own Bird of Blue!
My own Bird of Blue!
— Your Bird of Blue! Blue!
Ah!
p

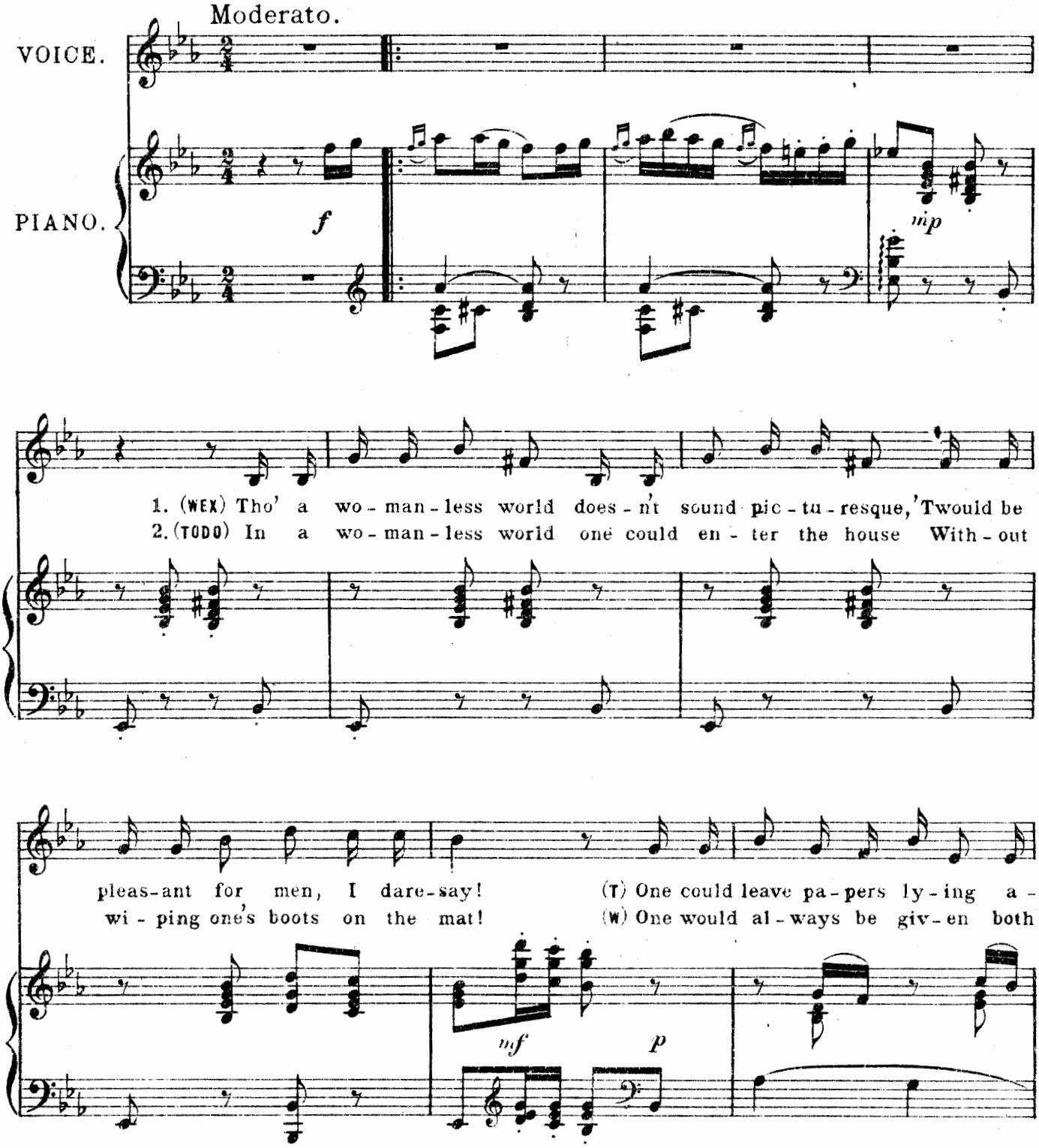
DUET – "A World without Women."

Nº 16.

(WEX & TODO.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by.
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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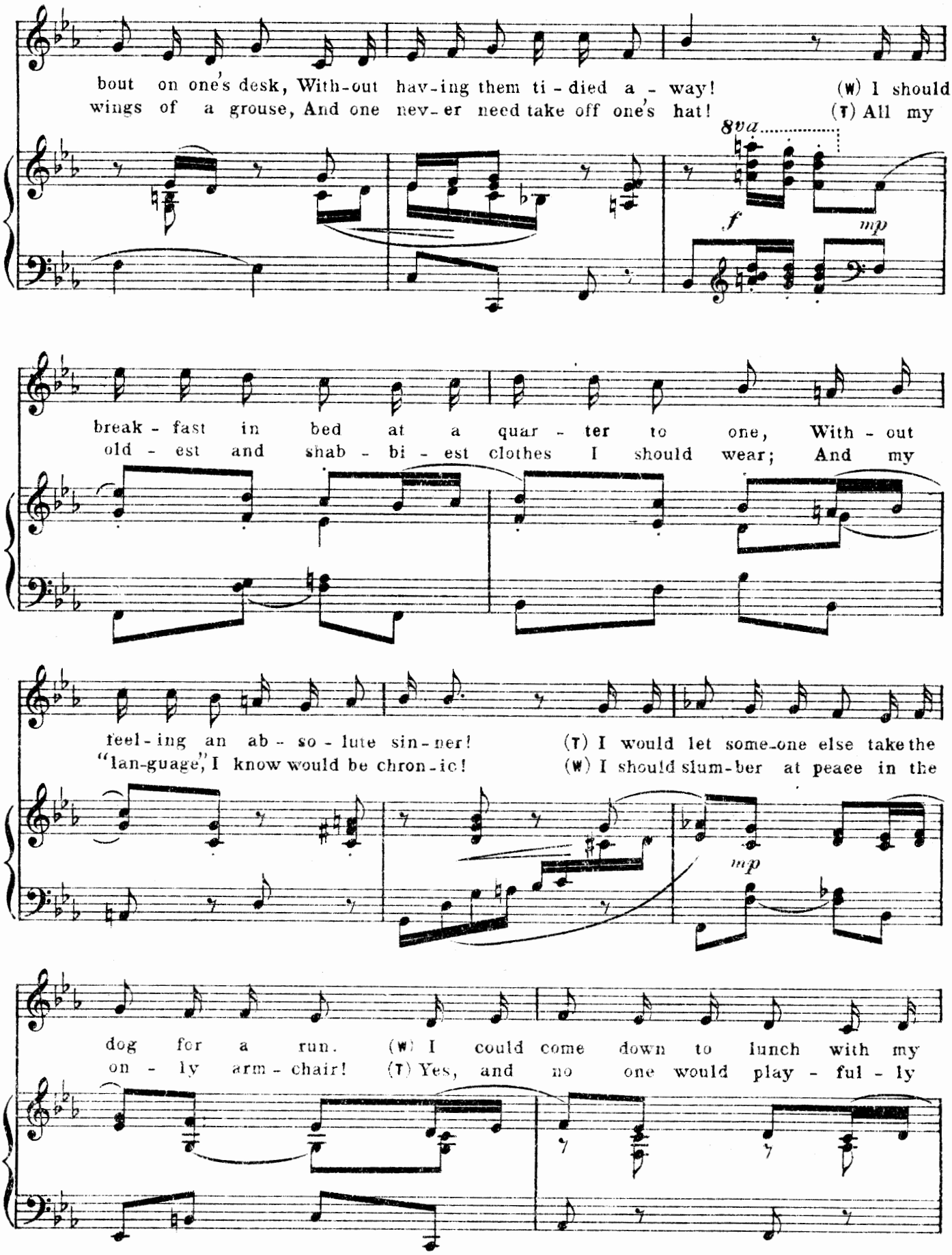
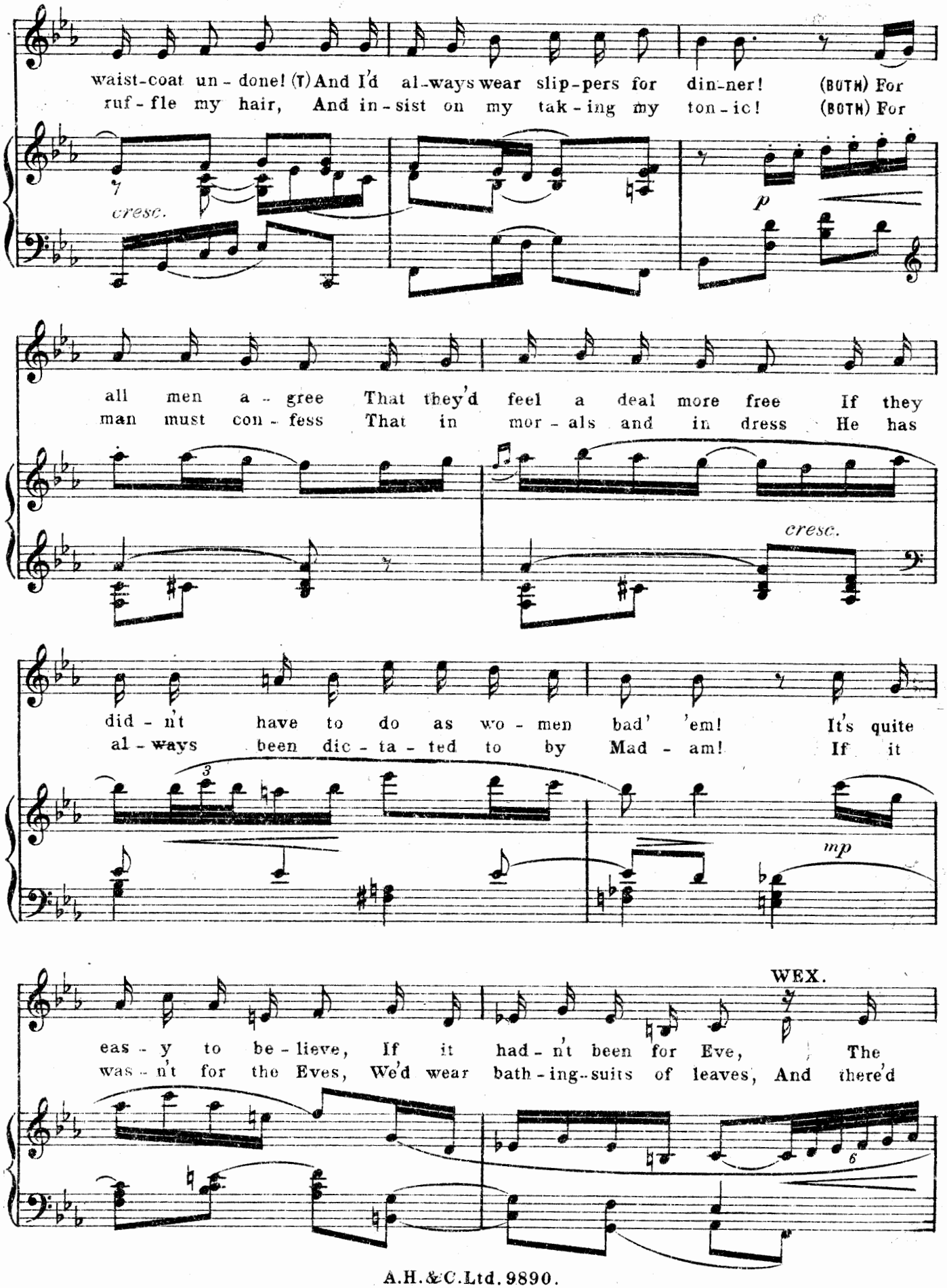
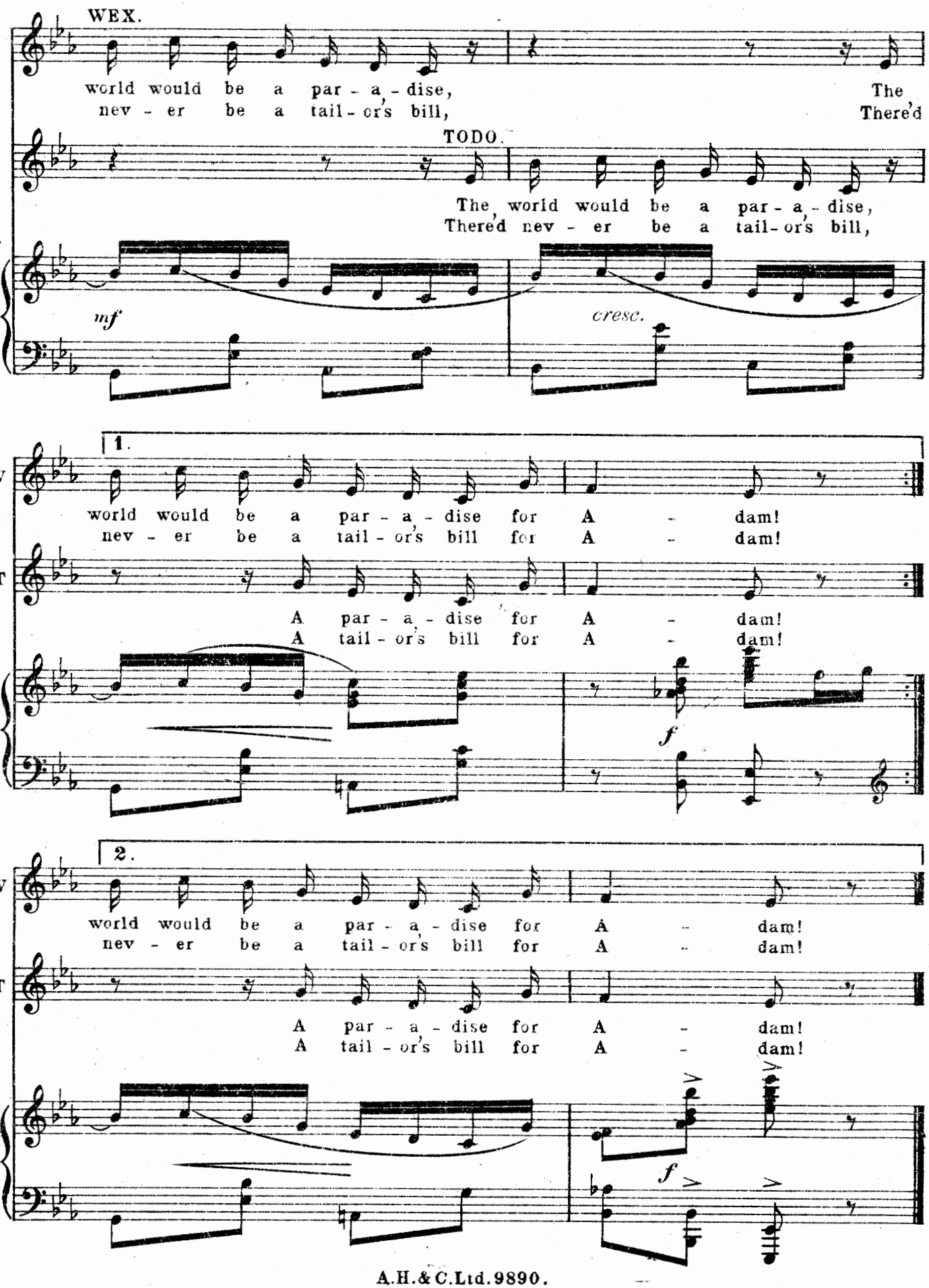
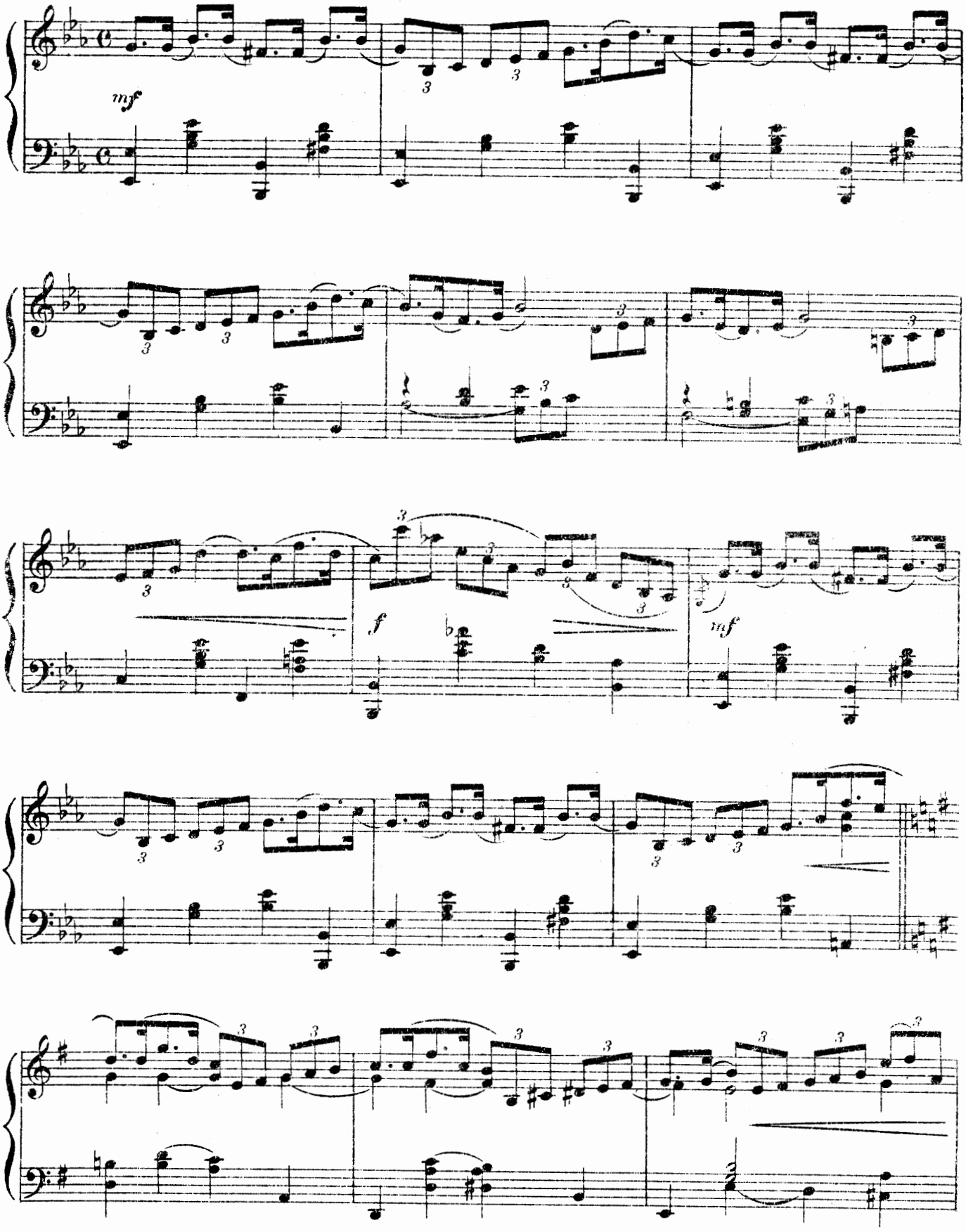
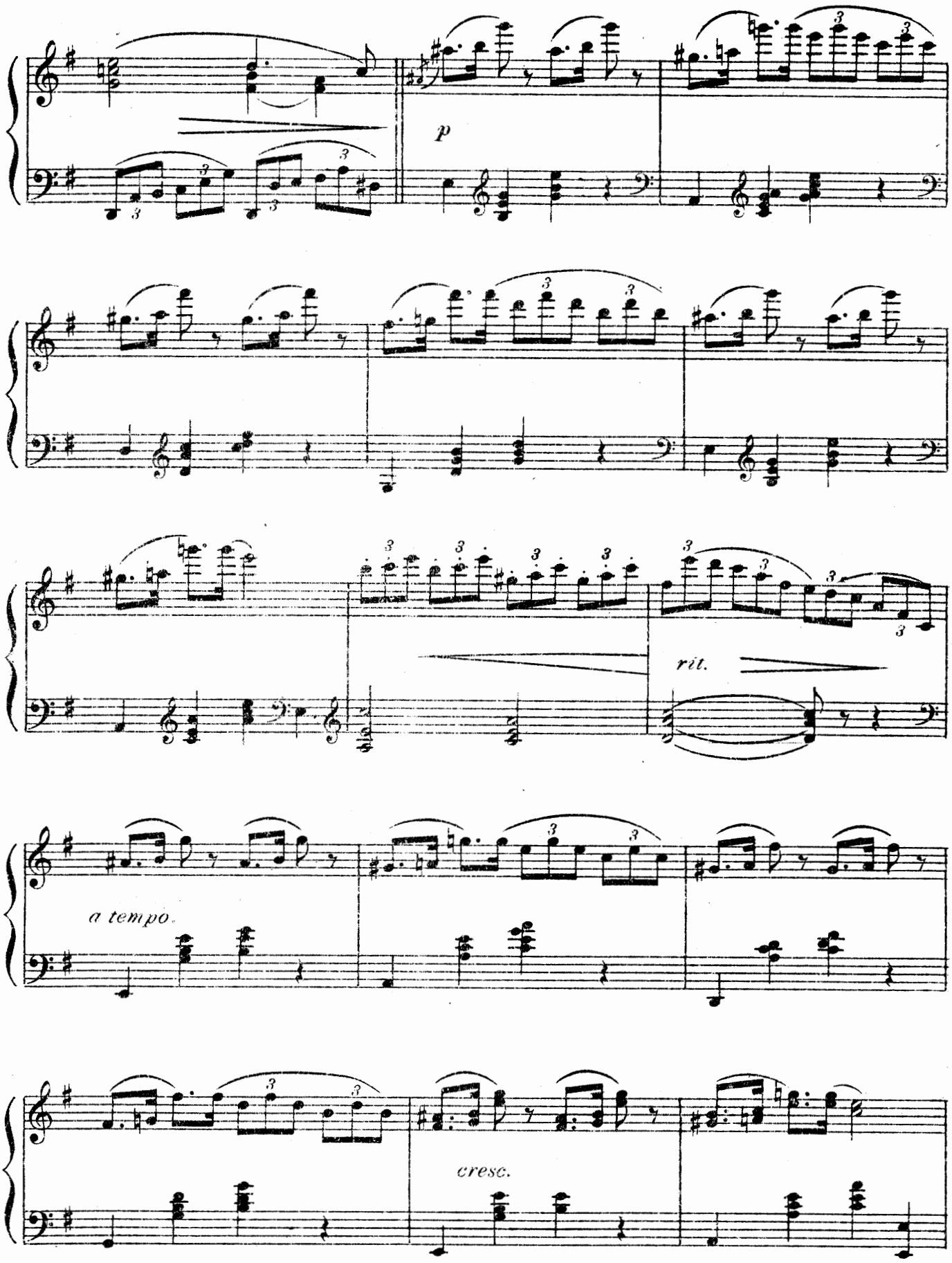

bout on one's desk, With-out hav-ing them ti-died a-way!
wings of a grouse, And one nev-er need take off one's hat!
(W) I should
(T) All my
8va
f
mp
break-fast in bed at a quar-ter to one, With-out
old-est and shab-bi-est clothes I should wear; And my
feel-ing an ab-so-lute sin-ner!
"lan-guage," I know would be chron-ic!
(T) I would let some-one else take the
(W) I should slum-ber at peace in the
mp
dog for a run.
on-ly arm-chair!
(W) I could come down to lunch with my
(T) Yes, and no one would play-ful-ly

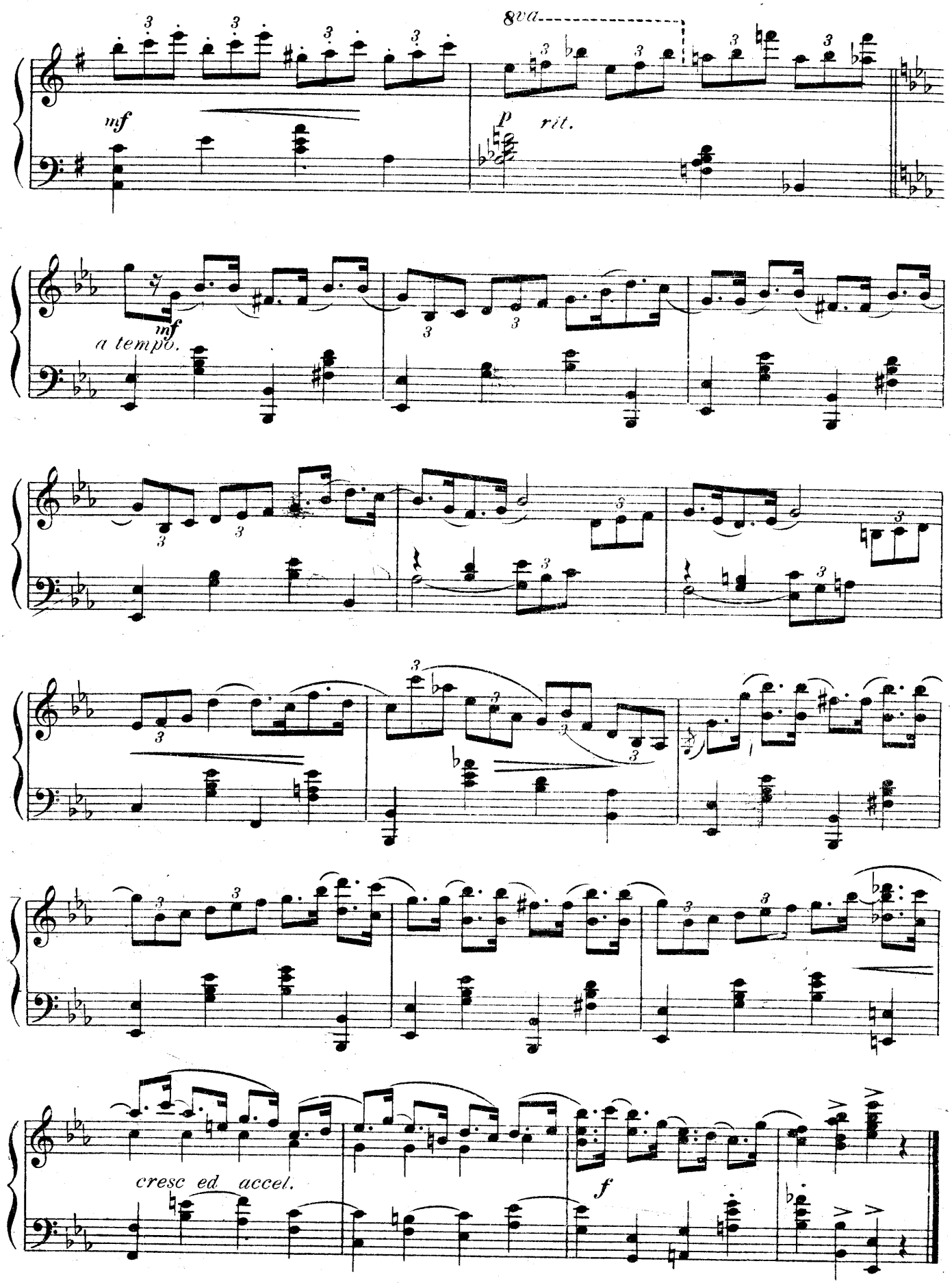

waist-coat un - done! (T) And I'd al-ways wear slip-pers for din-ner! (BOTH) For
ruf - fle my hair, And in - sist on my tak - ing my ton - ic! (BOTH) For
cresc.
p
all men a - gree That they'd feel a deal more free If they
man must con - fess That in mor - als and in dress He has
cresc.
did - n't have to do as wo - men bad' 'em! It's quite
al - ways been dic - ta - ted to by Mad - am! If it
3
mp
WEX.
eas - y to be - lieve, If it had - n't been for Eve, The
was - n't for the Eves, We'd wear bath - ing-suits of leaves, And there'd
6


WEX.
world would be a par - a - dise, The
nev - er be a tail - or's bill, There'd
TODO.
The world would be a par - a - dise,
There'd nev - er be a tail - or's bill,
mf
cresc.
1.
W
world would be a par - a - dise for A - dam!
nev - er be a tail - or's bill for A - dam!
T
A par - a - dise for A - dam!
A tail - or's bill for A - dam!
f
2.
W
world would be a par - a - dise for A - dam!
nev - er be a tail - or's bill for A - dam!
T
A par - a - dise for A - dam!
A tail - or's bill for A - dam!
f

DANCE.




p
rit.
a tempo.
cresc.

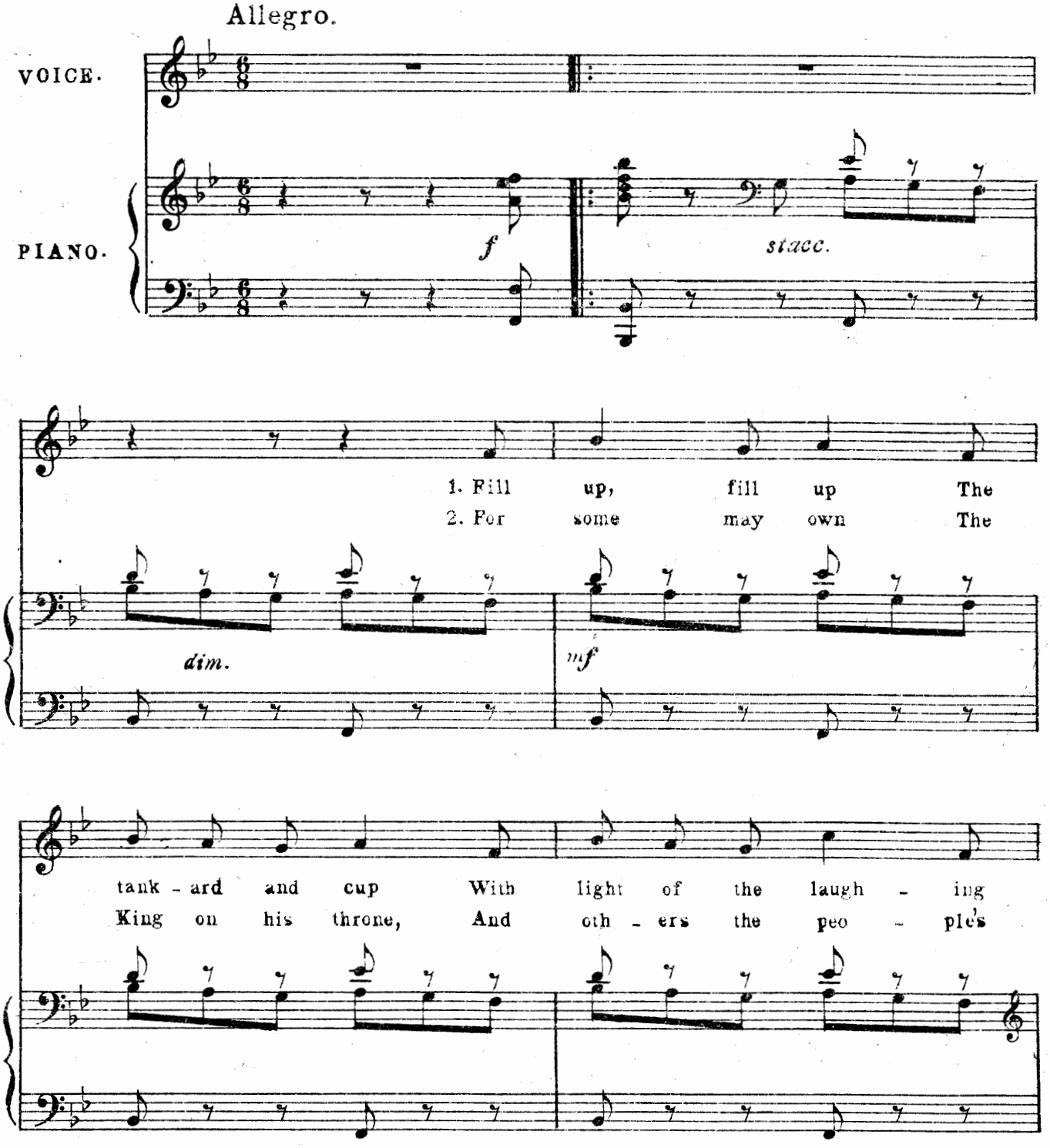

8va
mf
p
rit.
mf
a tempo.
cresc ed accel.
f

SONG— "Here's to those we Love."

No 17. (DICK.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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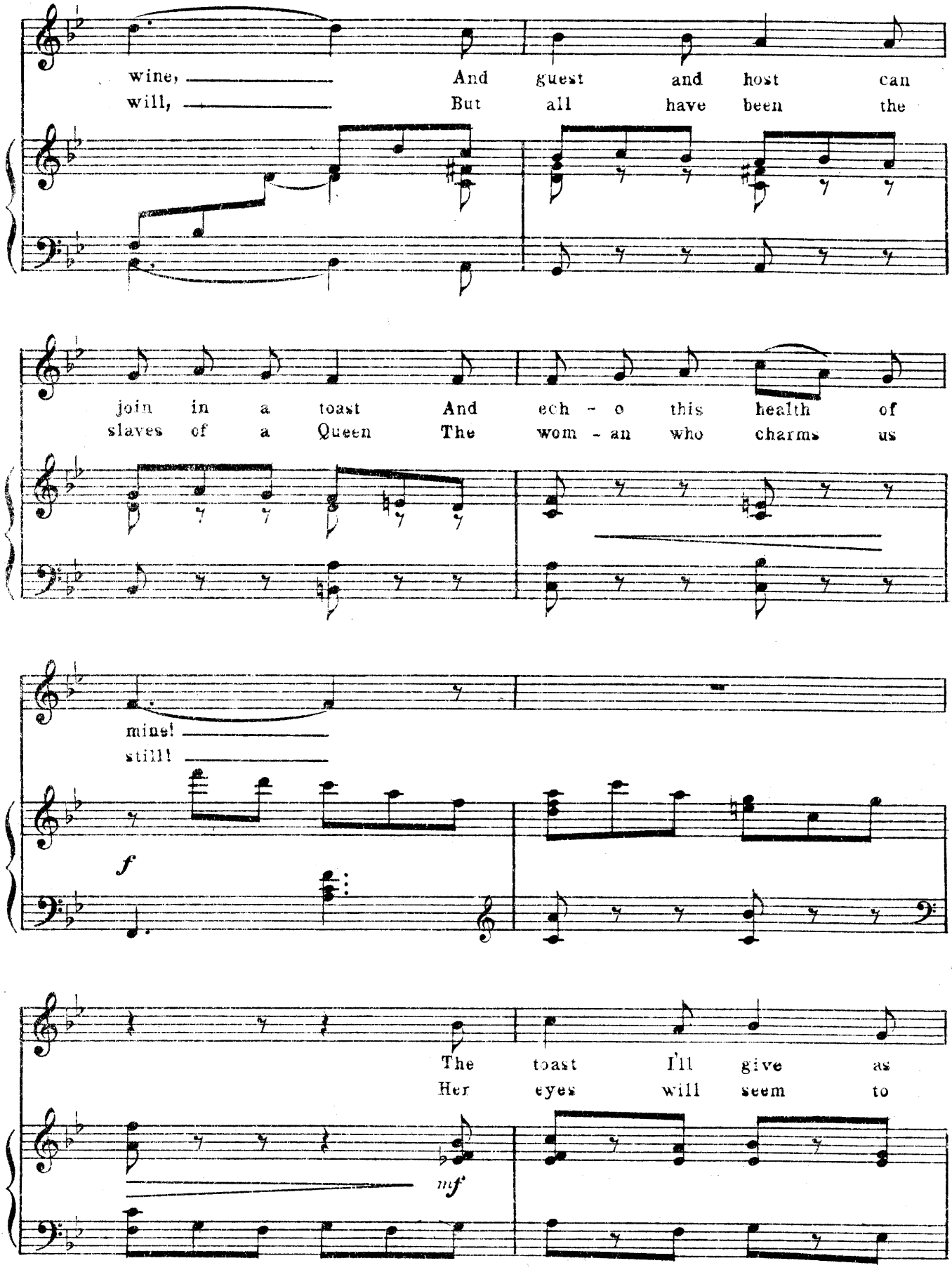
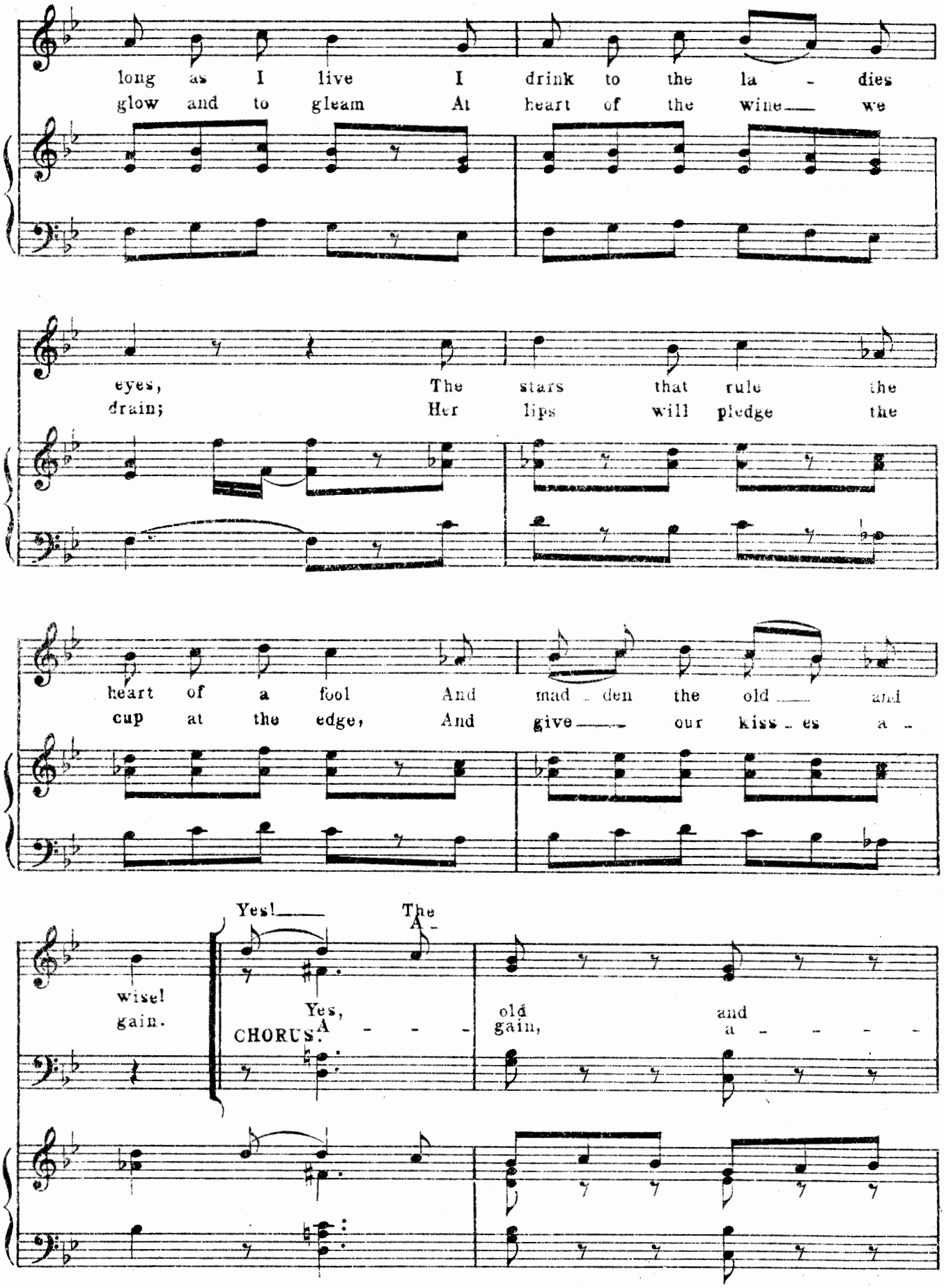
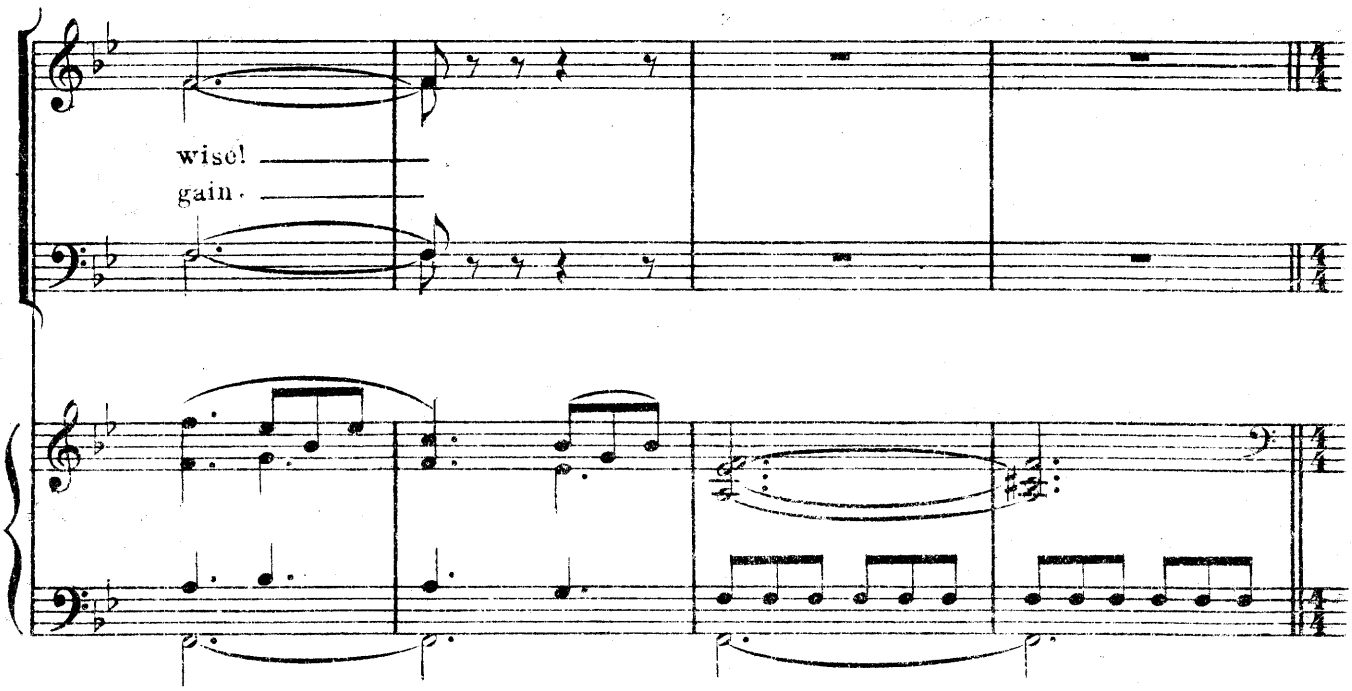
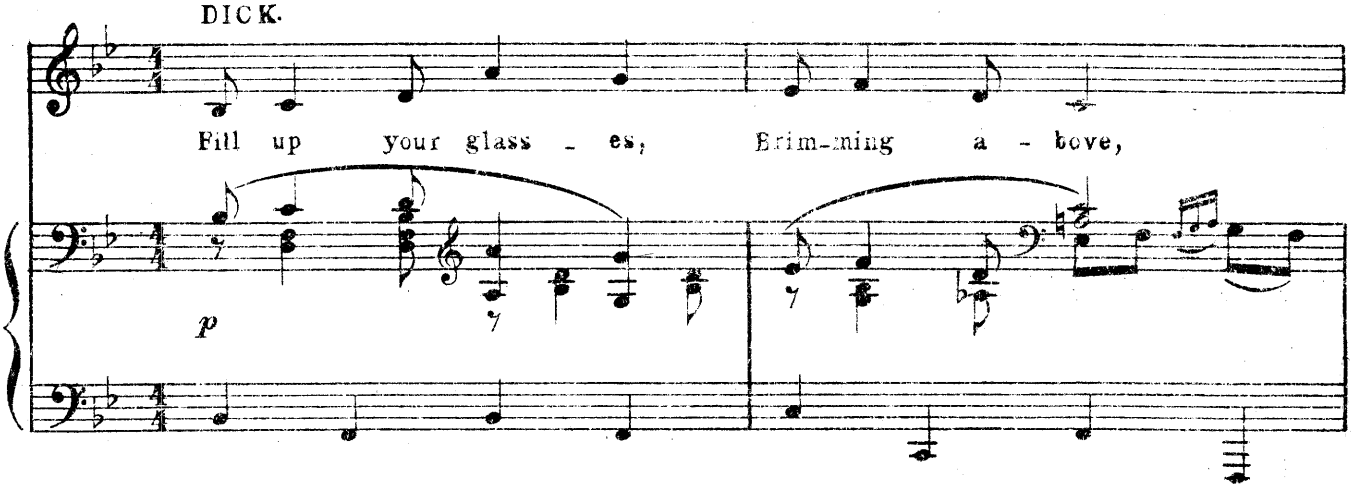

wine, And guest and host can
will, But all have been the
join in a toast And ech - o this health of
slaves of a Queen The wom - an who charms us
mine!
still!
f
The toast I'll give as
Her eyes will seem to
mf

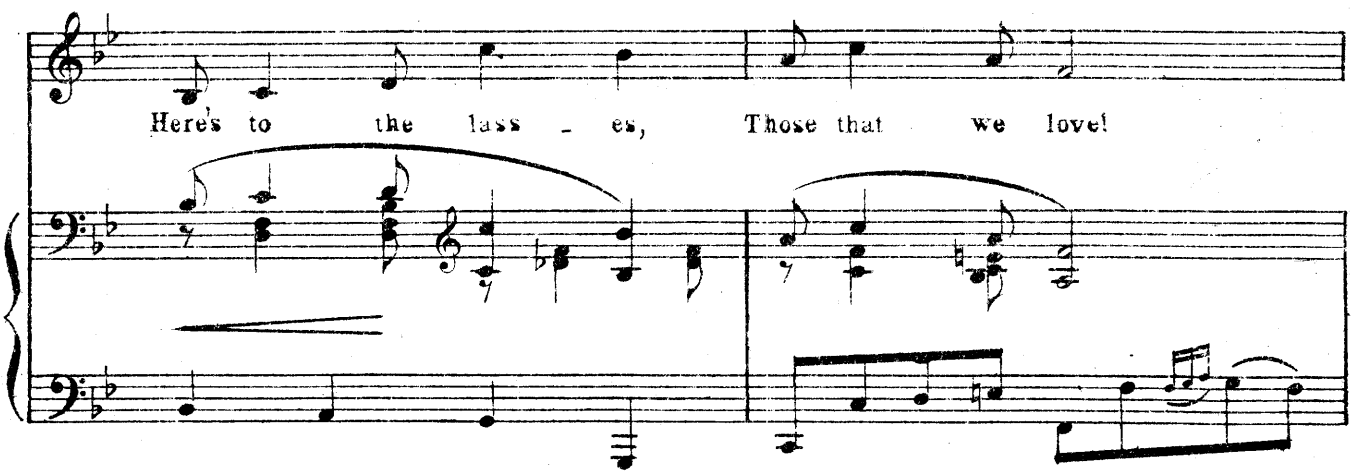

long as I live I drink to the la - dies
glow and to gleam At heart of the wine we
eyes, The stars that rule the
drain; Her lips will pledge the
heart of a fool And mad - den the old and
cup at the edge, And give our kiss - es a -
wise!
gain.
Yes! The A -
Yes,
CHORUS. A - - - -
old and
gain, a - - - -

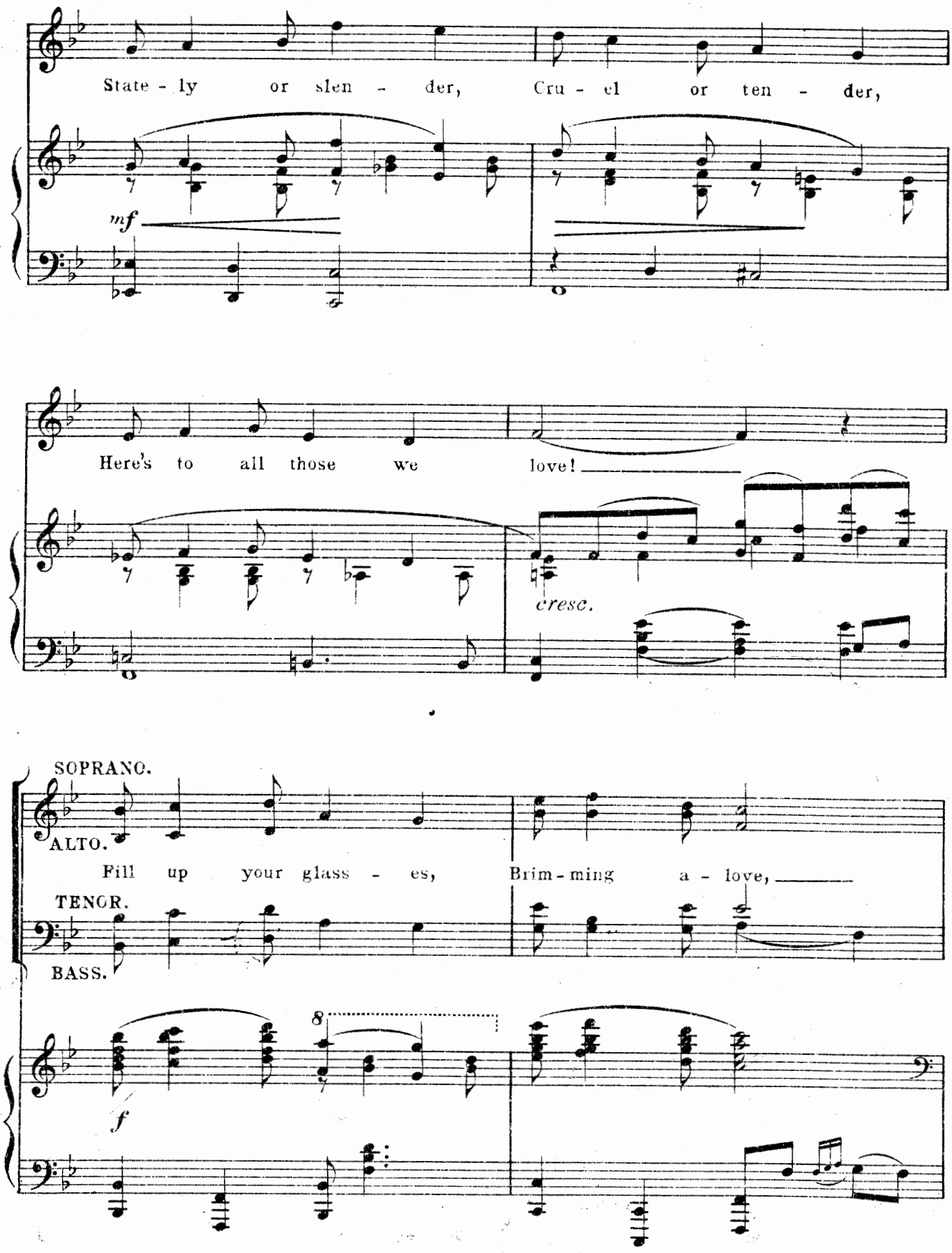


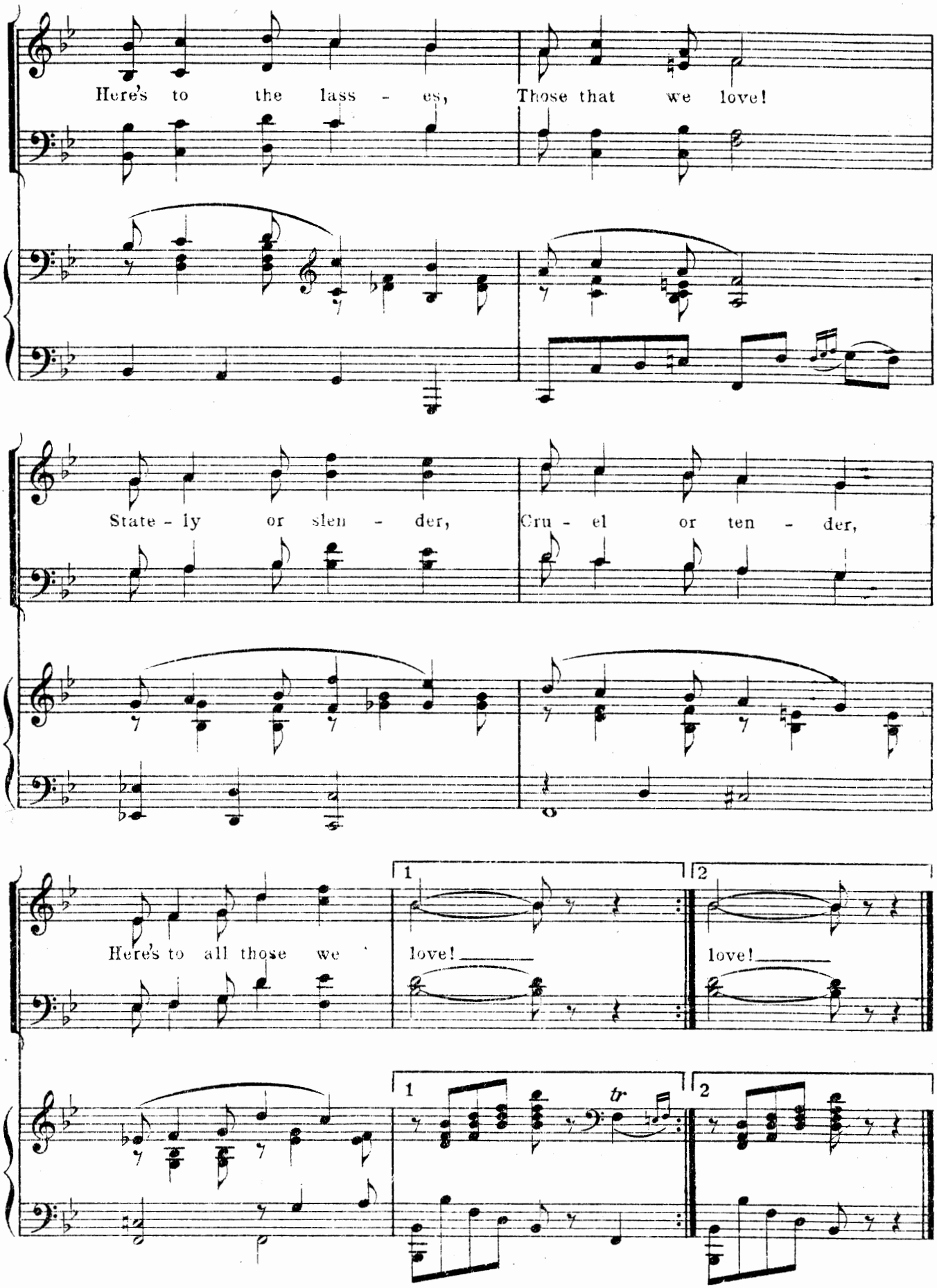
Andante.

DICK.






State - ly or slen - der, Cru - el or ten - der,
mf
Here's to all those we love!
cresc.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
Fill up your glass - es, Brim - ming a - love,
TENOR.
BASS.
8
f


Here's to the lass - es, Those that we love!
State - ly or slen - der, Cru - el or ten - der,
Here's to all those we love!
1
2
love!
1
2
tr

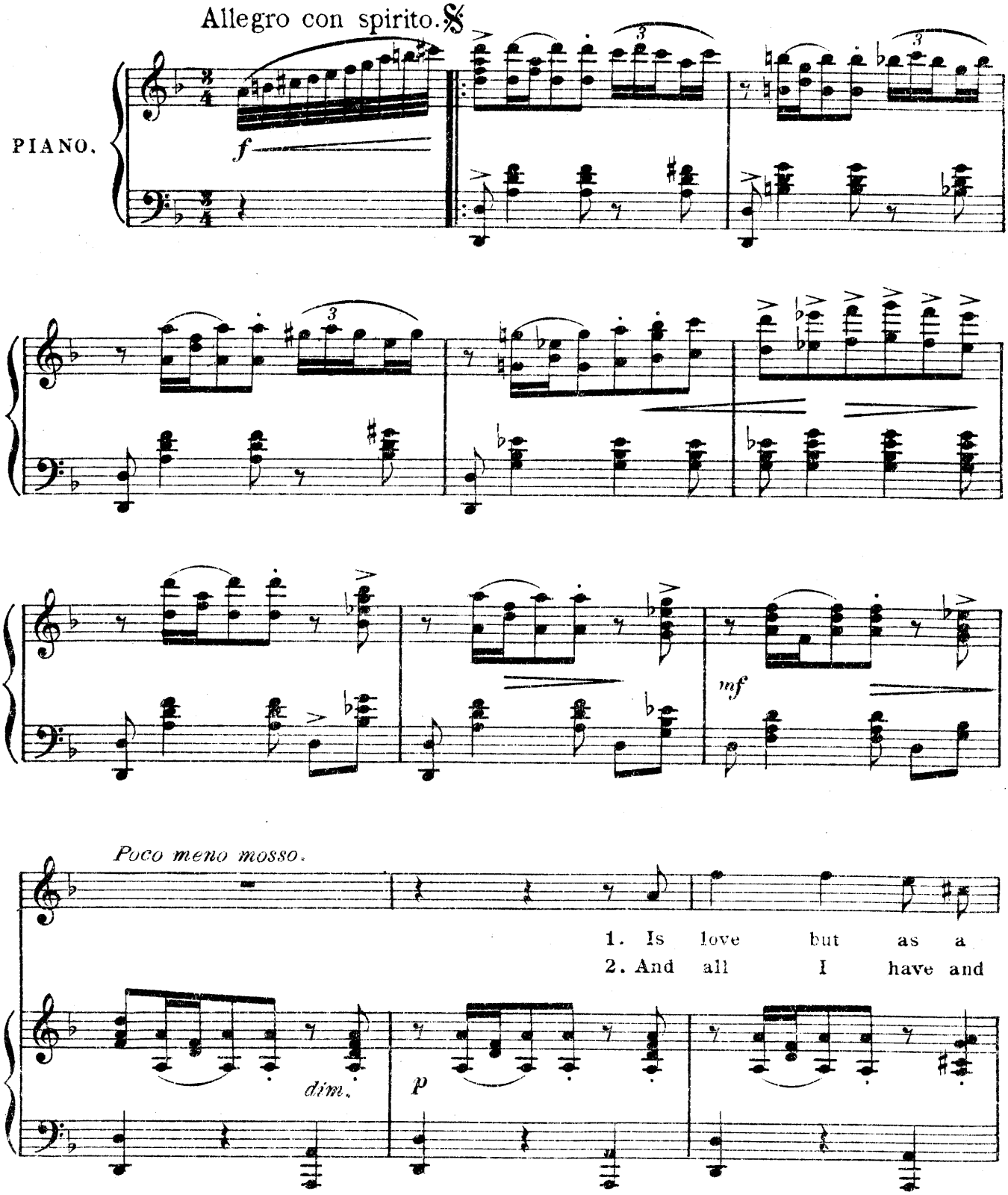
No. 18.

SONG. "My Way of Love."

(DOLORES.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
G. H. CLUTSAM.



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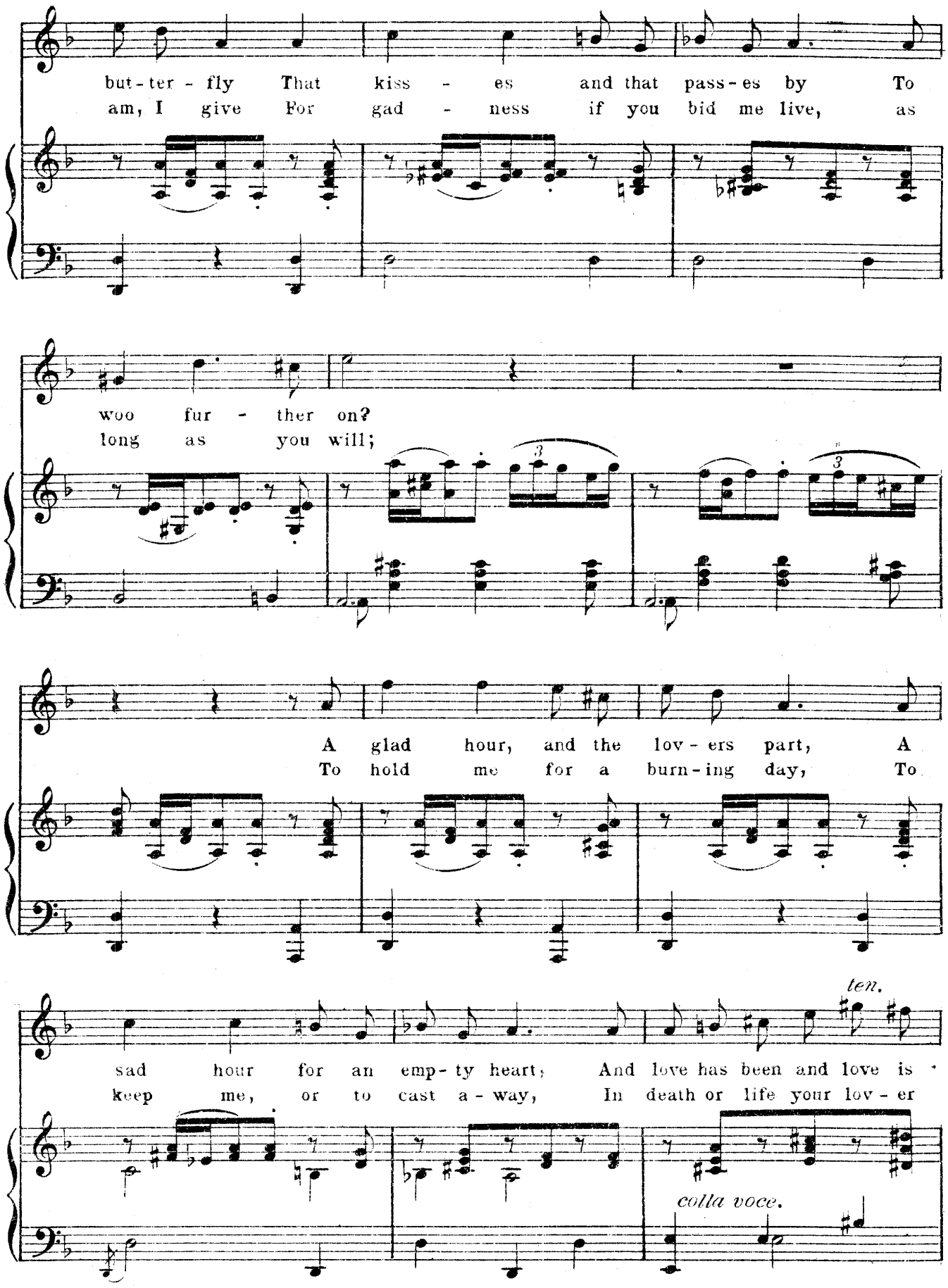
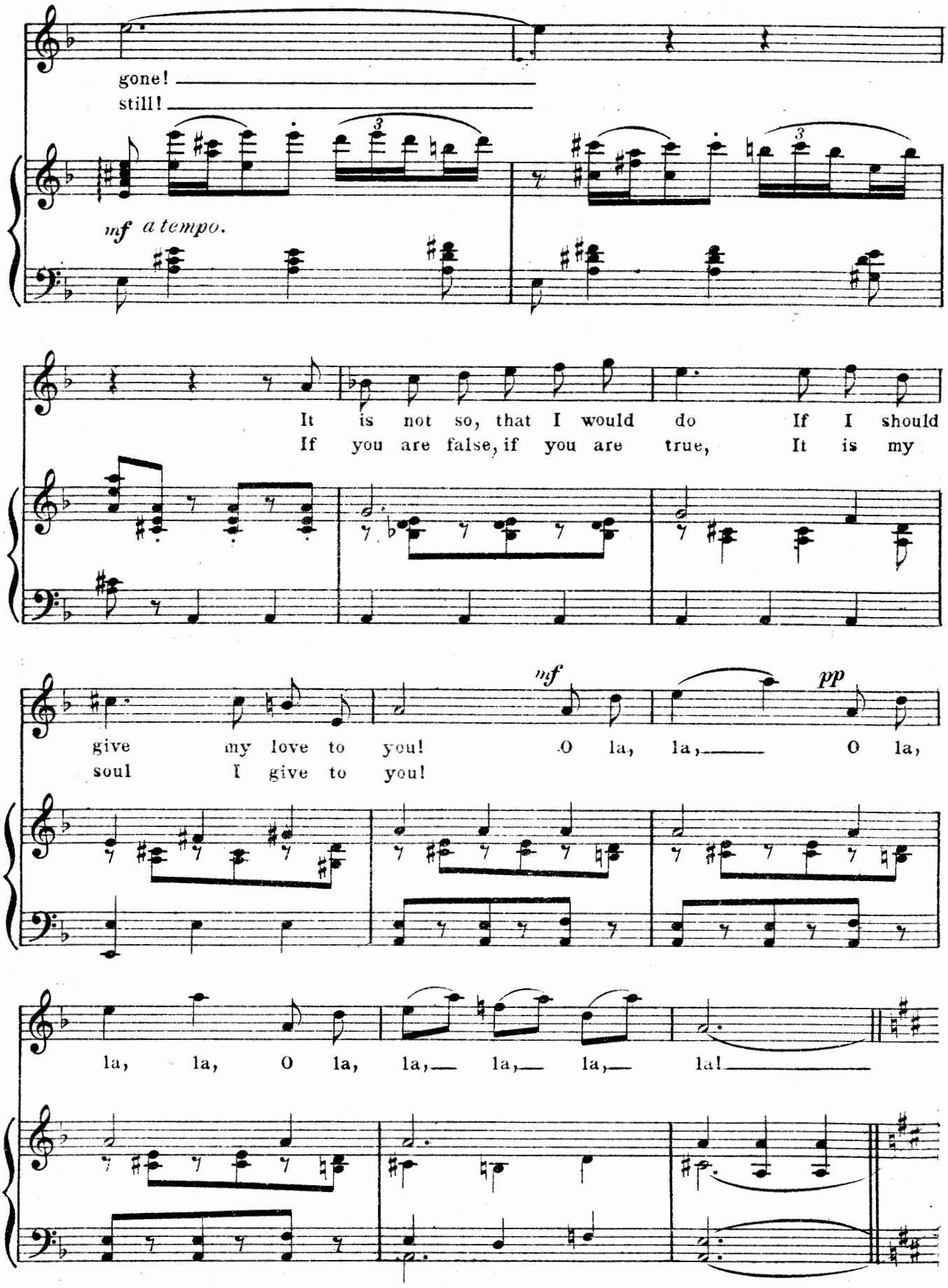
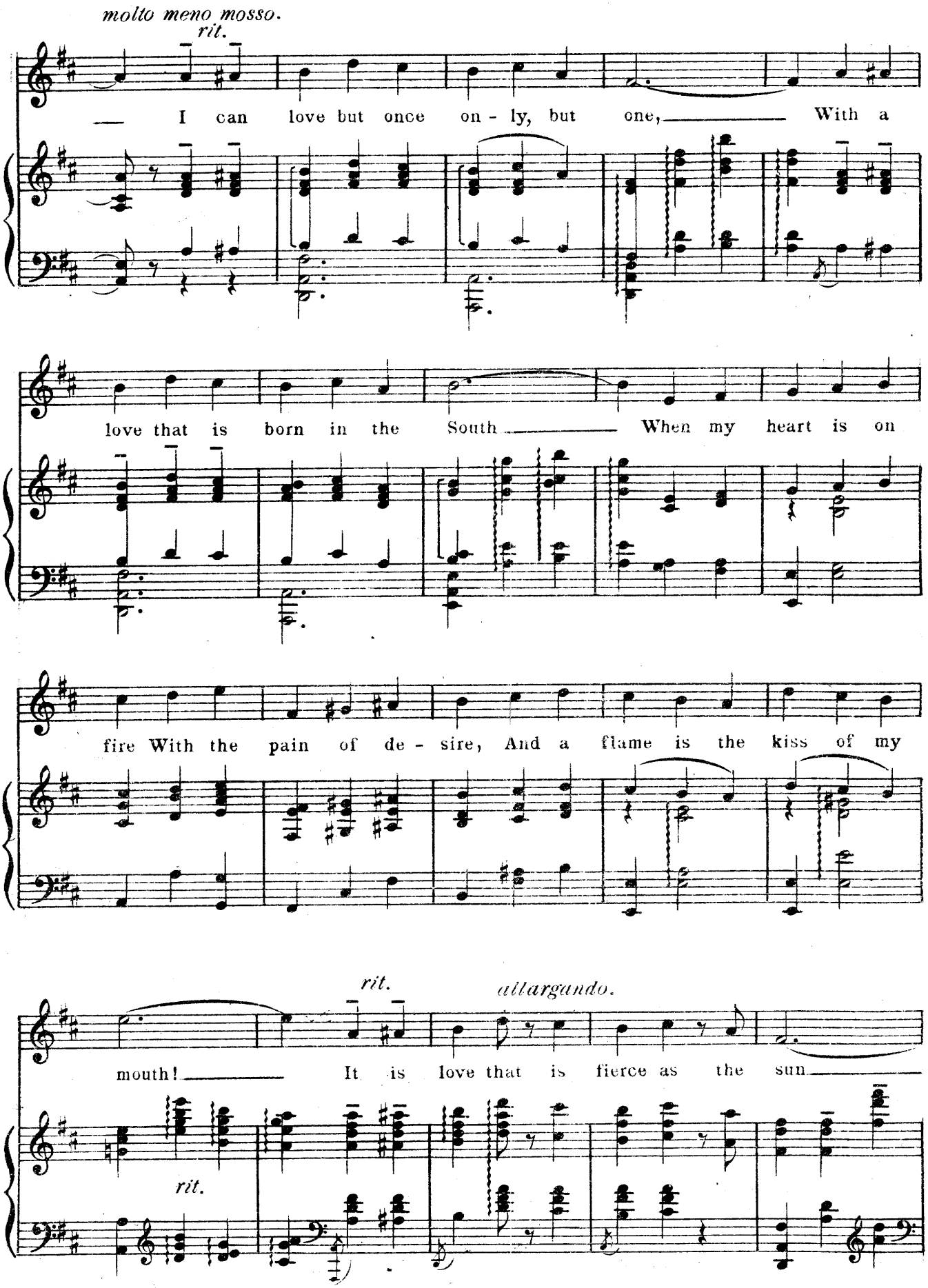
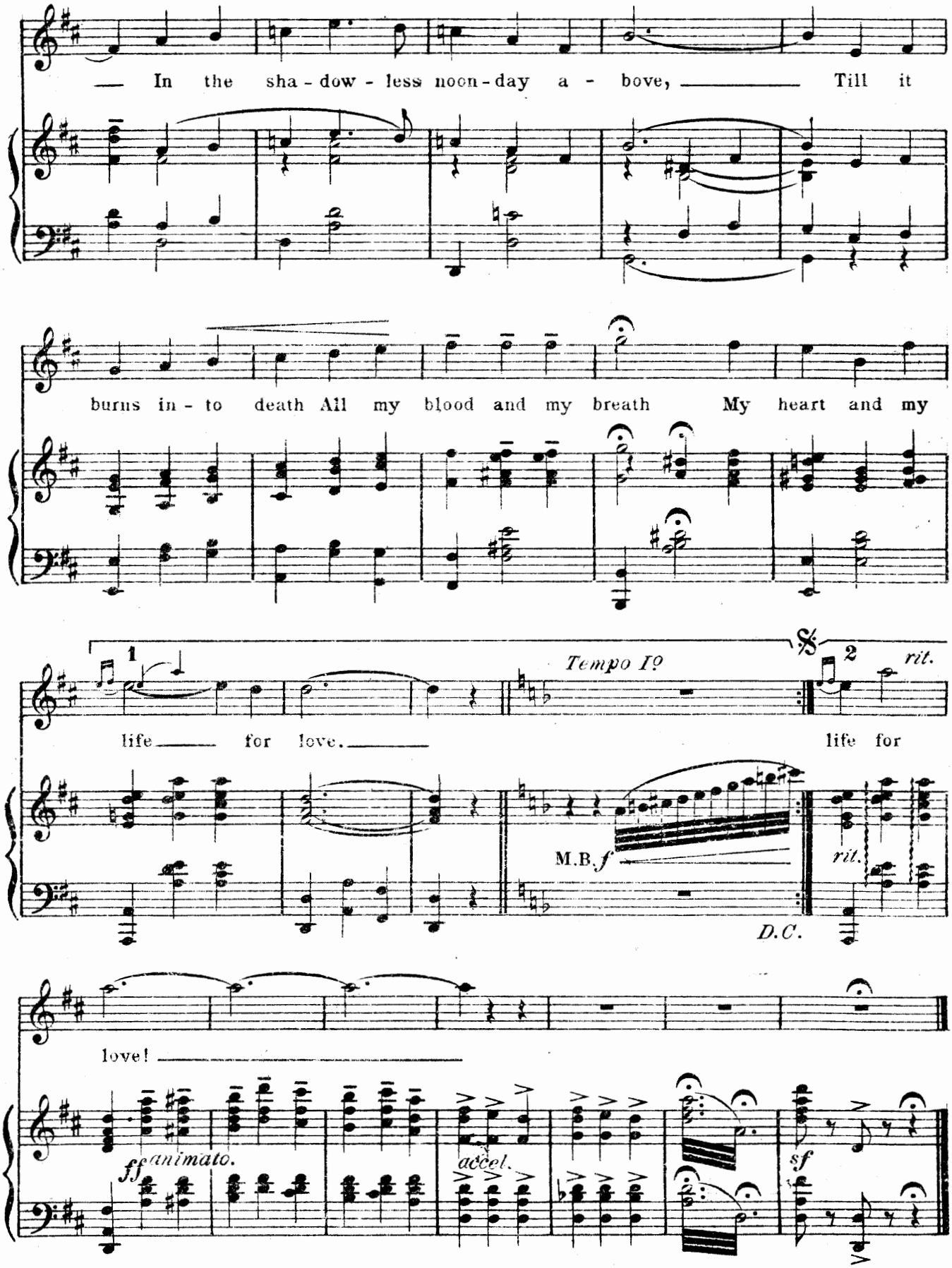

but-ter-fly That kiss-es and that pass-es by To
am, I give For gad-ness if you bid me live, as
woo fur-ther on?
long as you will;
A glad hour, and the lov-ers part, A
To hold me for a burn-ing day, To
ten.
sad hour for an emp-ty heart; And love has been and love is
keep me, or to cast a-way, In death or life your lov-er
colla voce.


gone!
still!
mf a tempo.
It is not so, that I would do If I should
If you are false, if you are true, It is my
give my love to you! O la, la, O la,
soul I give to you!
mf
pp
la, la, O la, la, la, la, la!


molto meno mosso.
rit.
I can love but once on - ly, but one, With a
love that is born in the South When my heart is on
fire With the pain of de - sire, And a flame is the kiss of my
rit.
allargando.
mouth! It is love that is fierce as the sun
rit.


In the sha - dow - less noon - day a - bove, Till it
burns in - to death All my blood and my breath My heart and my
1
Tempo I?
2
rit.
life for love.
life for
M.B. f
rit.
D.C.
love!
ff animato.
accel.
sf

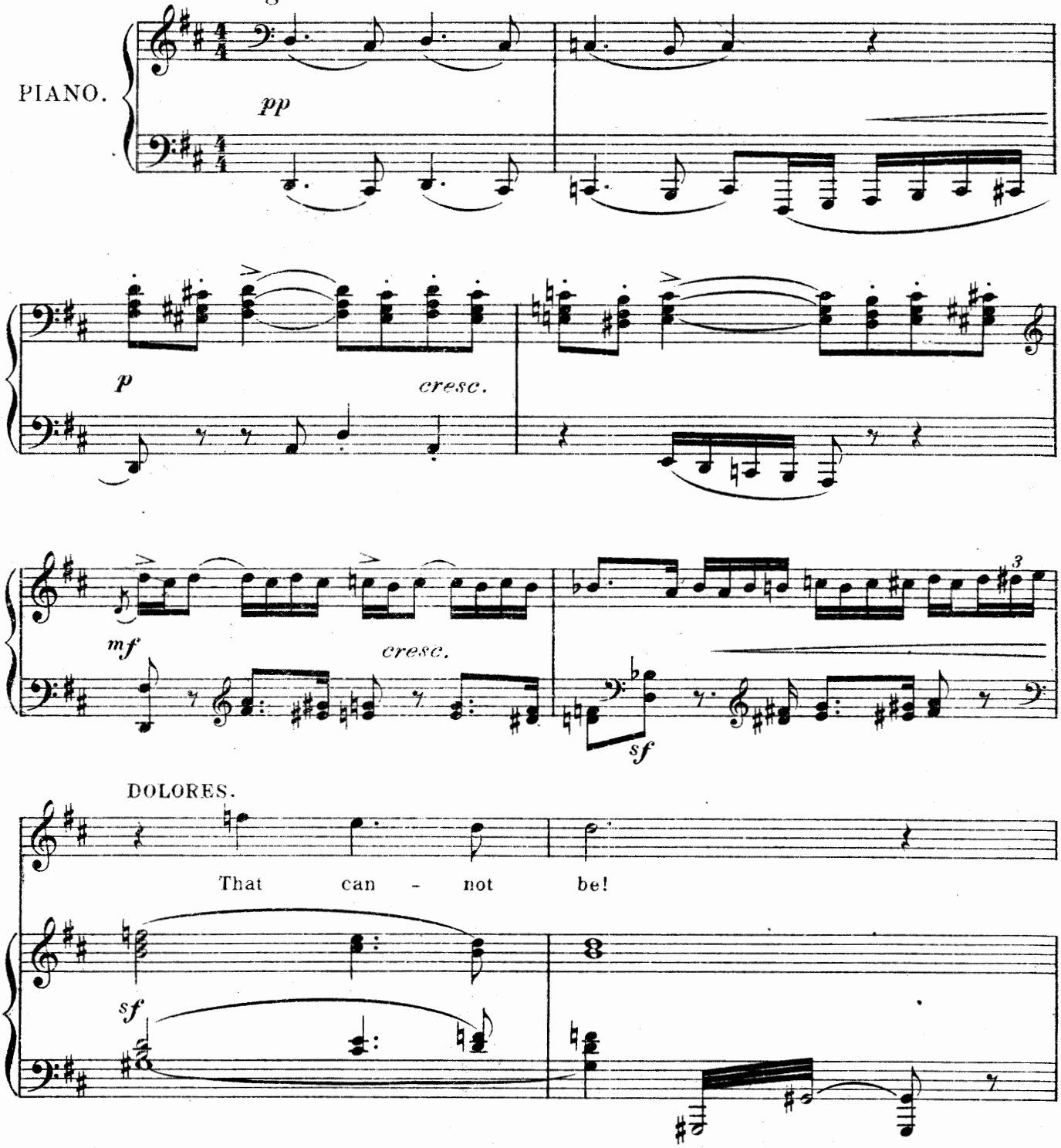
SCENA: Finale Act II.

Nº 19.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.

Allegro assai.



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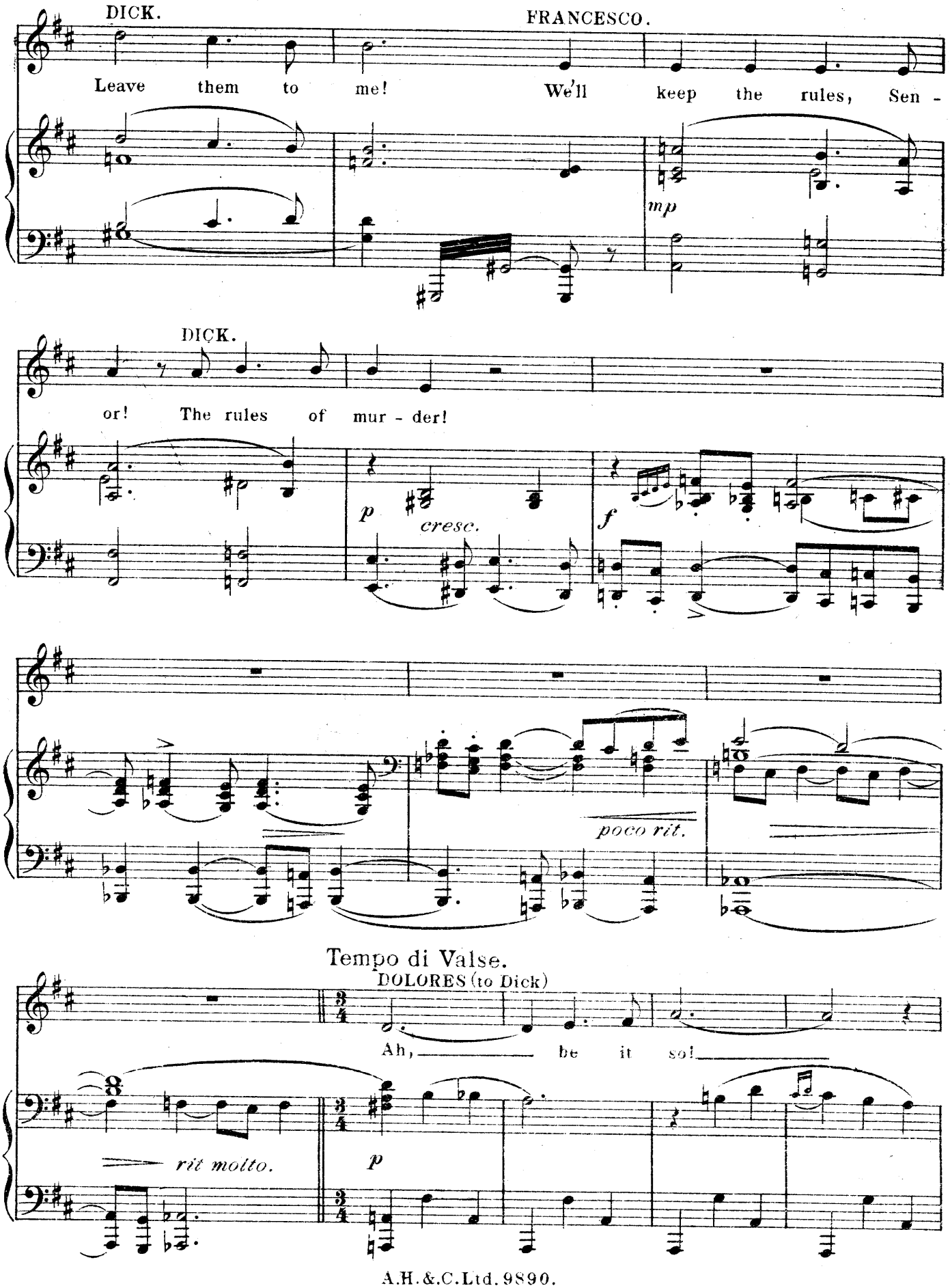
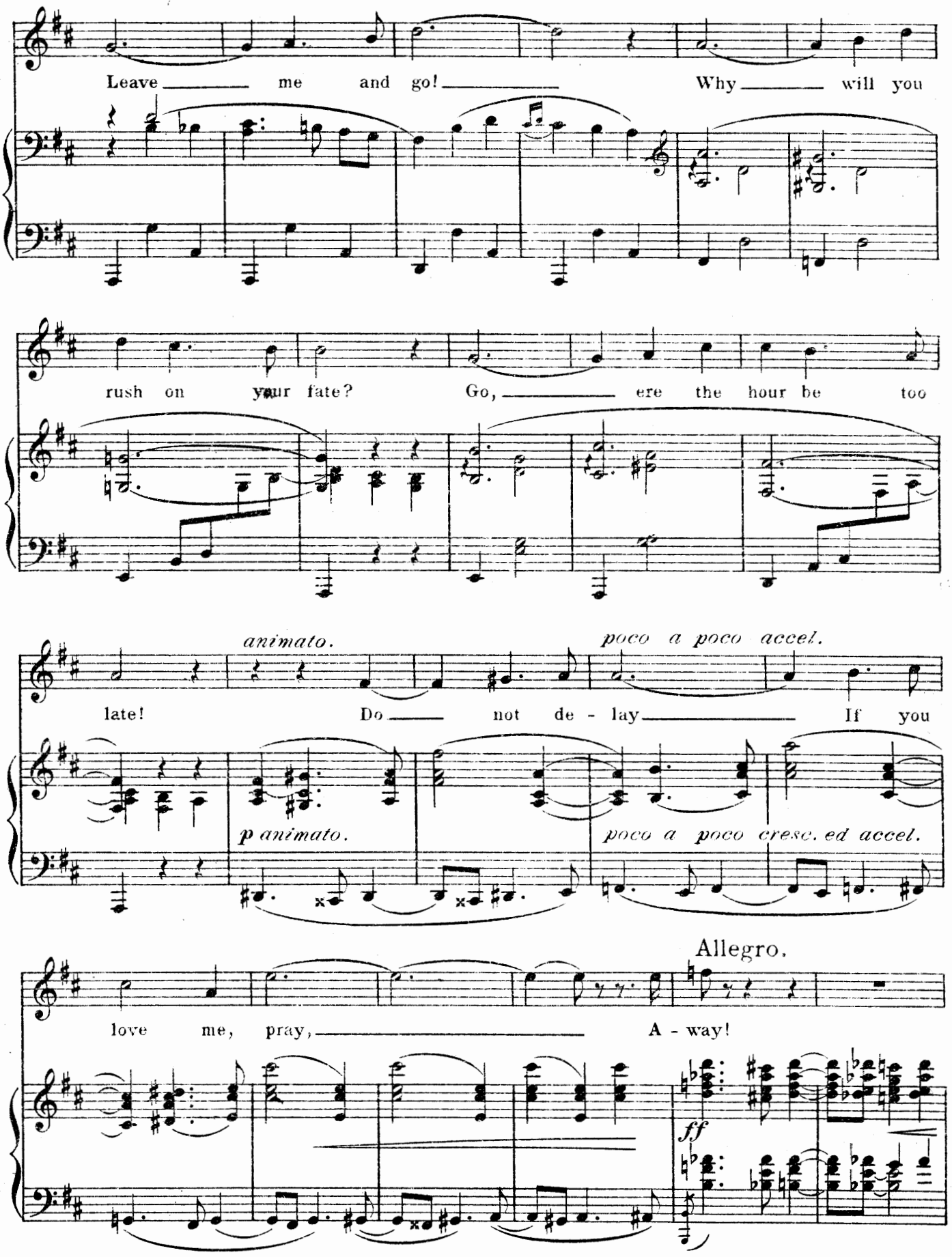

DICK.
Leave them to me!
FRANCESCO.
We'll keep the rules, Sen -
mp
DICK.
or! The rules of mur - der!
p
cresc.
f
poco rit.
Tempo di Valse.
DOLORES (to Dick)
Ah, be it so!
rit molto.
p


Leave me and go! Why will you
rush on your fate? Go, ere the hour be too
animato.
poco a poco accel.
late! Do not de - lay If you
p animato.
poco a poco cresc. ed accel.
Allegro.
love me, pray, A - way!
ff

PEDRO *(speaks)*
Dog of a man! he dies!

FRANCESCO.

Lis-ten to me!

sff *sff* *mp* *rit.*

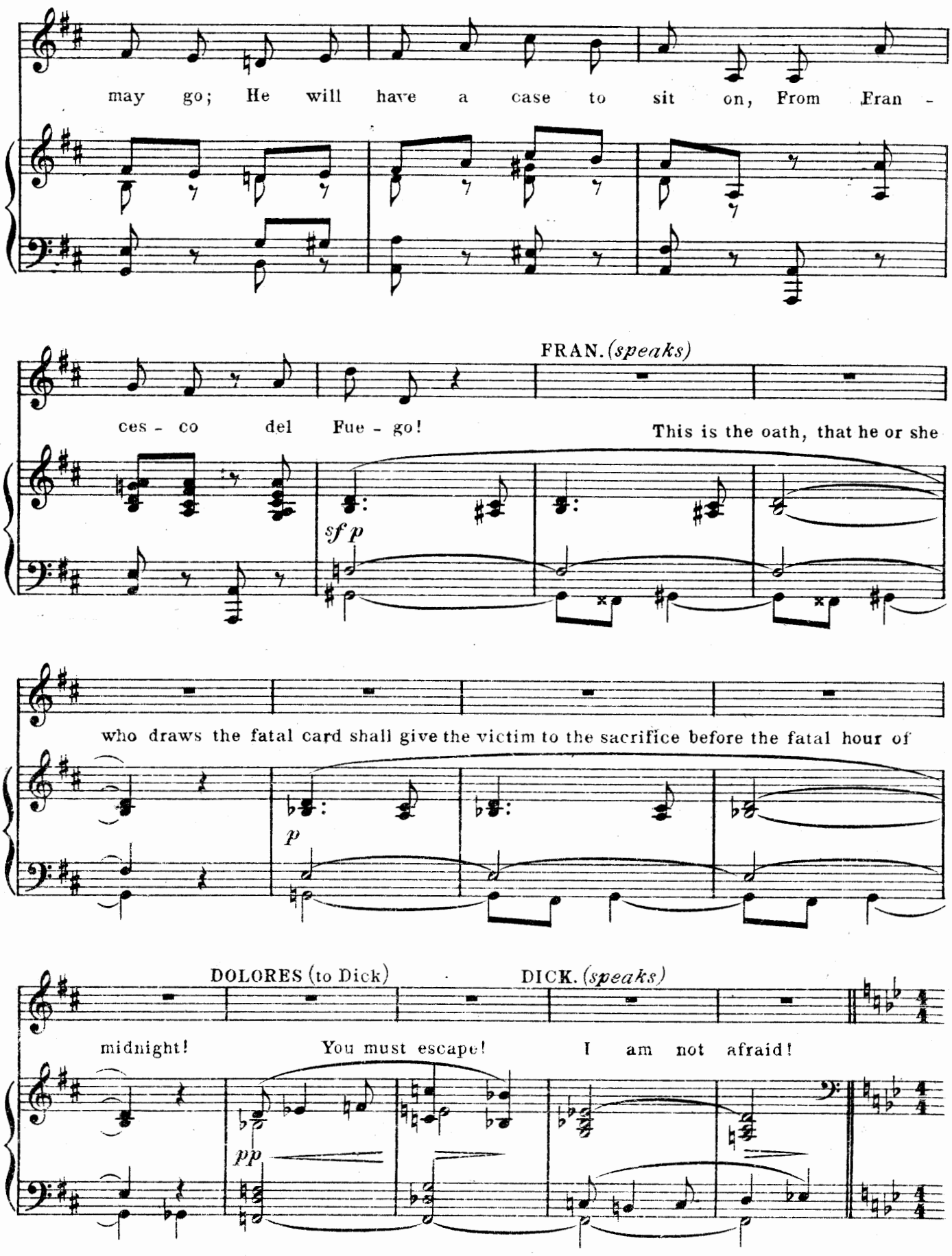
Allegro moderato.

mf

Fran - ces - co del Fue - go, Is lord and mas - ter

here; For I have but to say, Go! And peo - ple dis - ap -

pear! If I dis - like a Bri - ton, To the cor - o - ner you


may go; He will have a case to sit on, From Eran -
FRAN. (speaks)
ces - co del Fue - go!
This is the oath, that he or she
sf p
who draws the fatal card shall give the victim to the sacrifice before the fatal hour of
p
DOLORES (to Dick)
DICK. (speaks)
midnight!
You must escape!
I am not afraid!
pp

Andante con moto.

DICK.

If there is dan - ger, Why should I fear, Fly like a stran - ger,

p

Leav-ing you here? Come wind and wea - ther, Face them to-geth - er,

mf

I will be there, my dear!

f

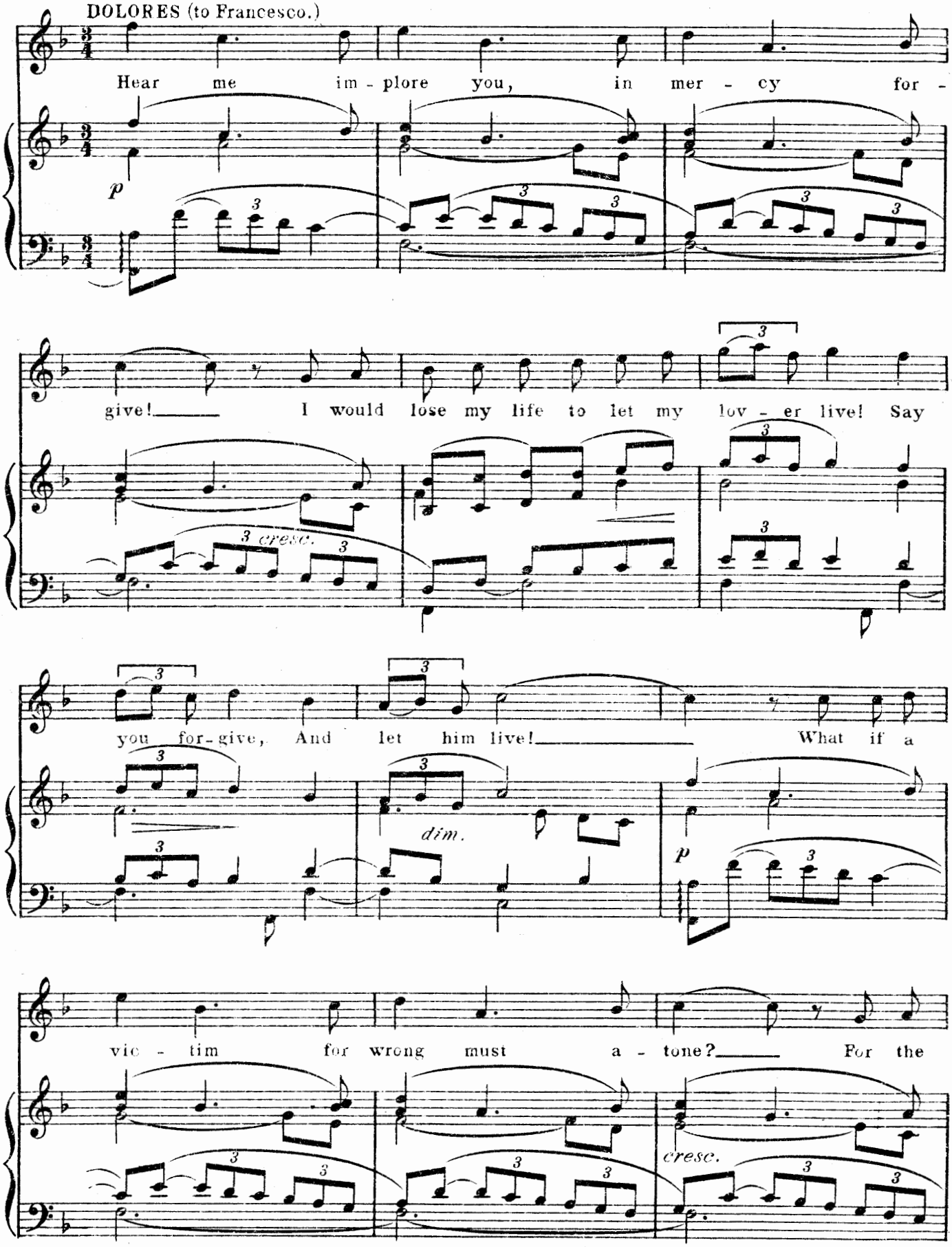
molto rall.

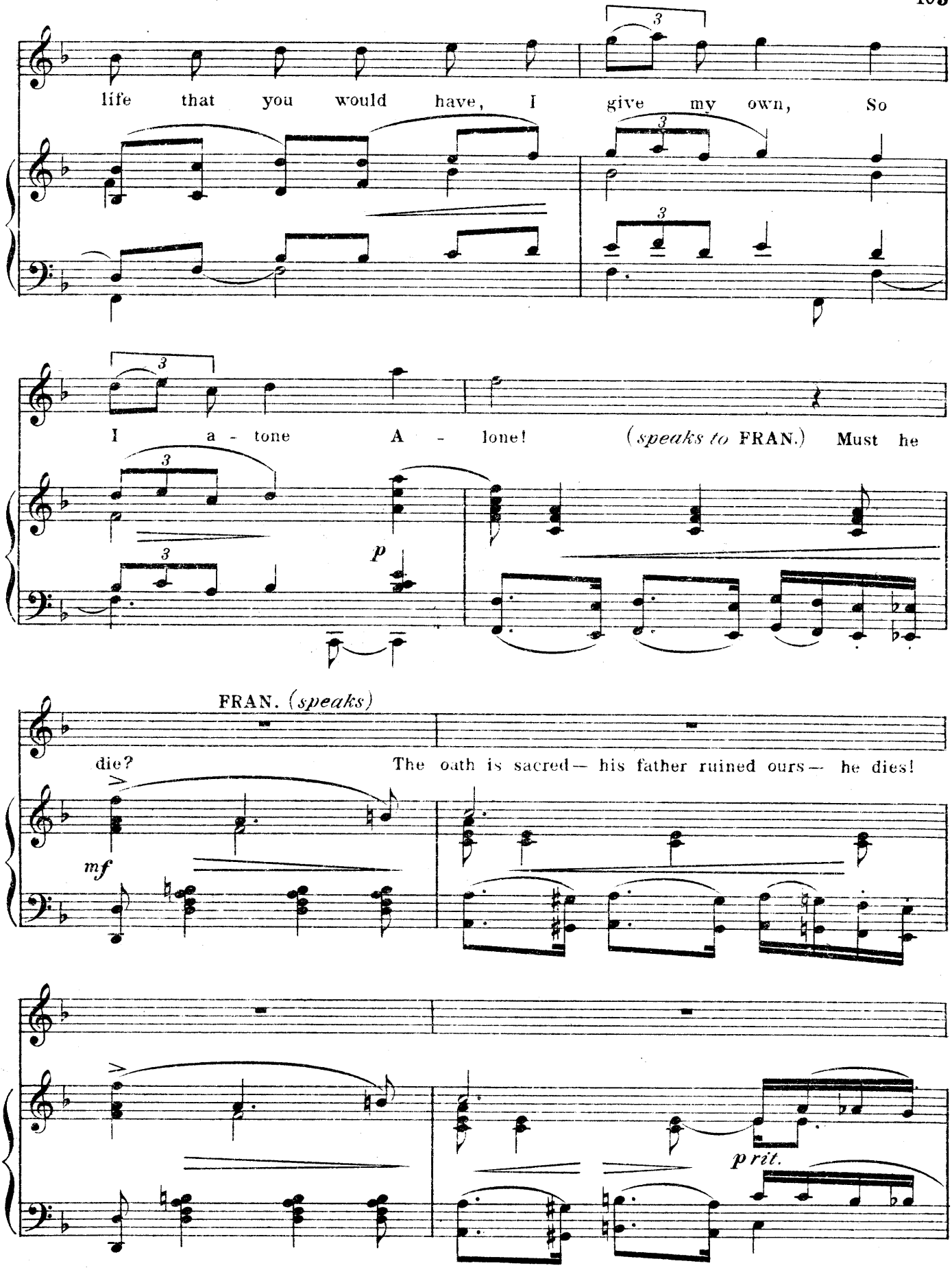
cresc. ed accel.

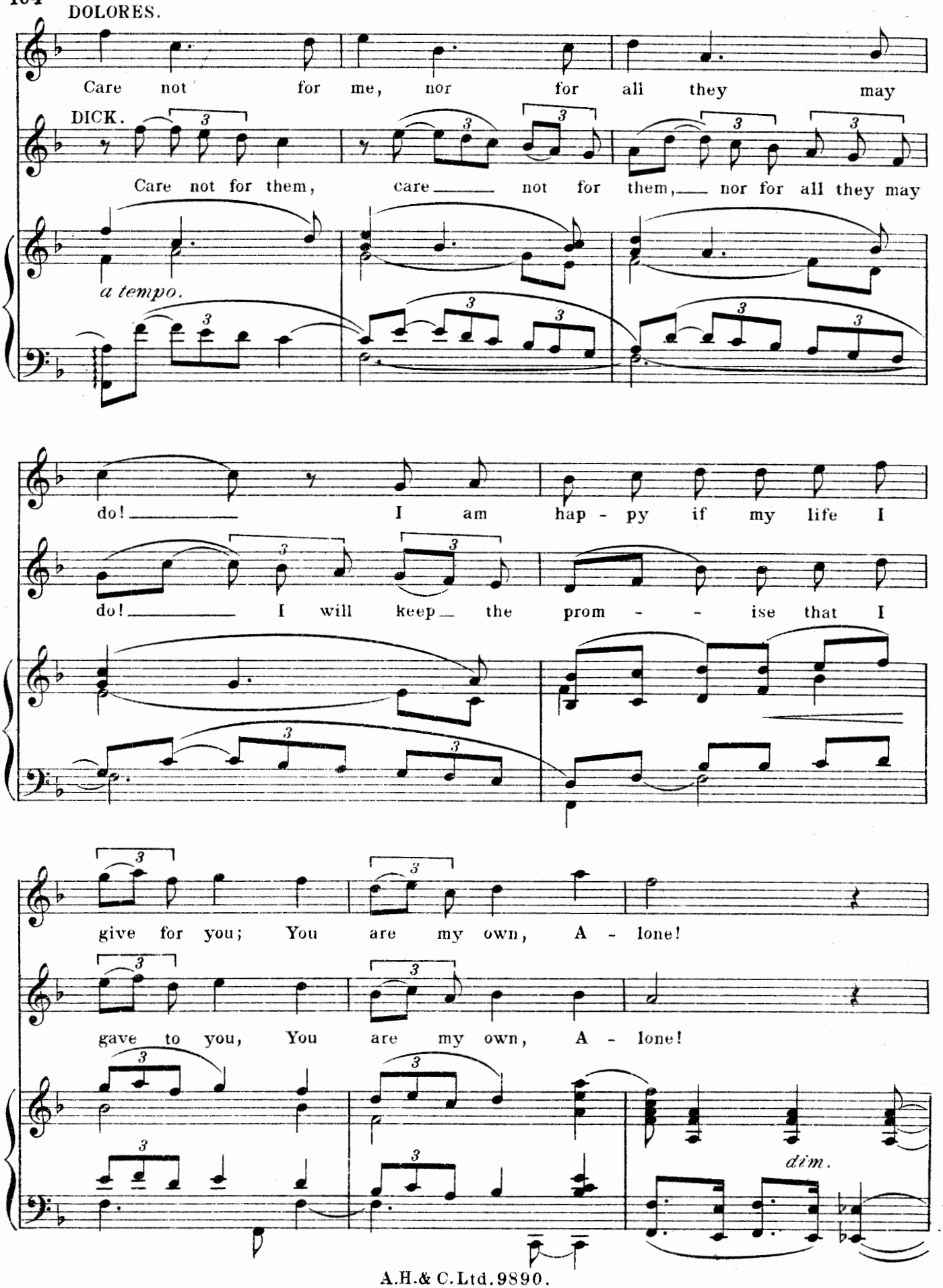
sf *dim.*

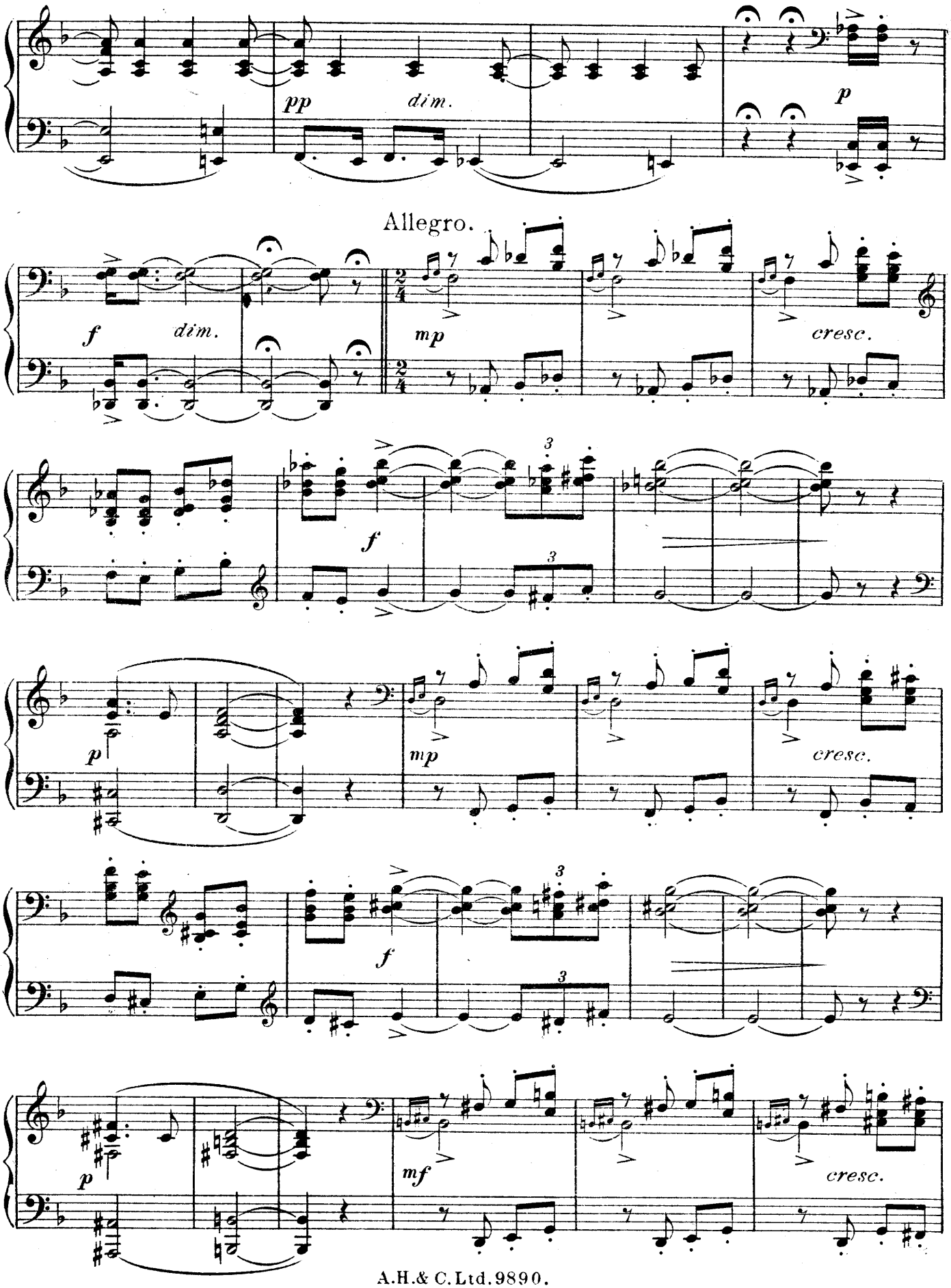
Andante.

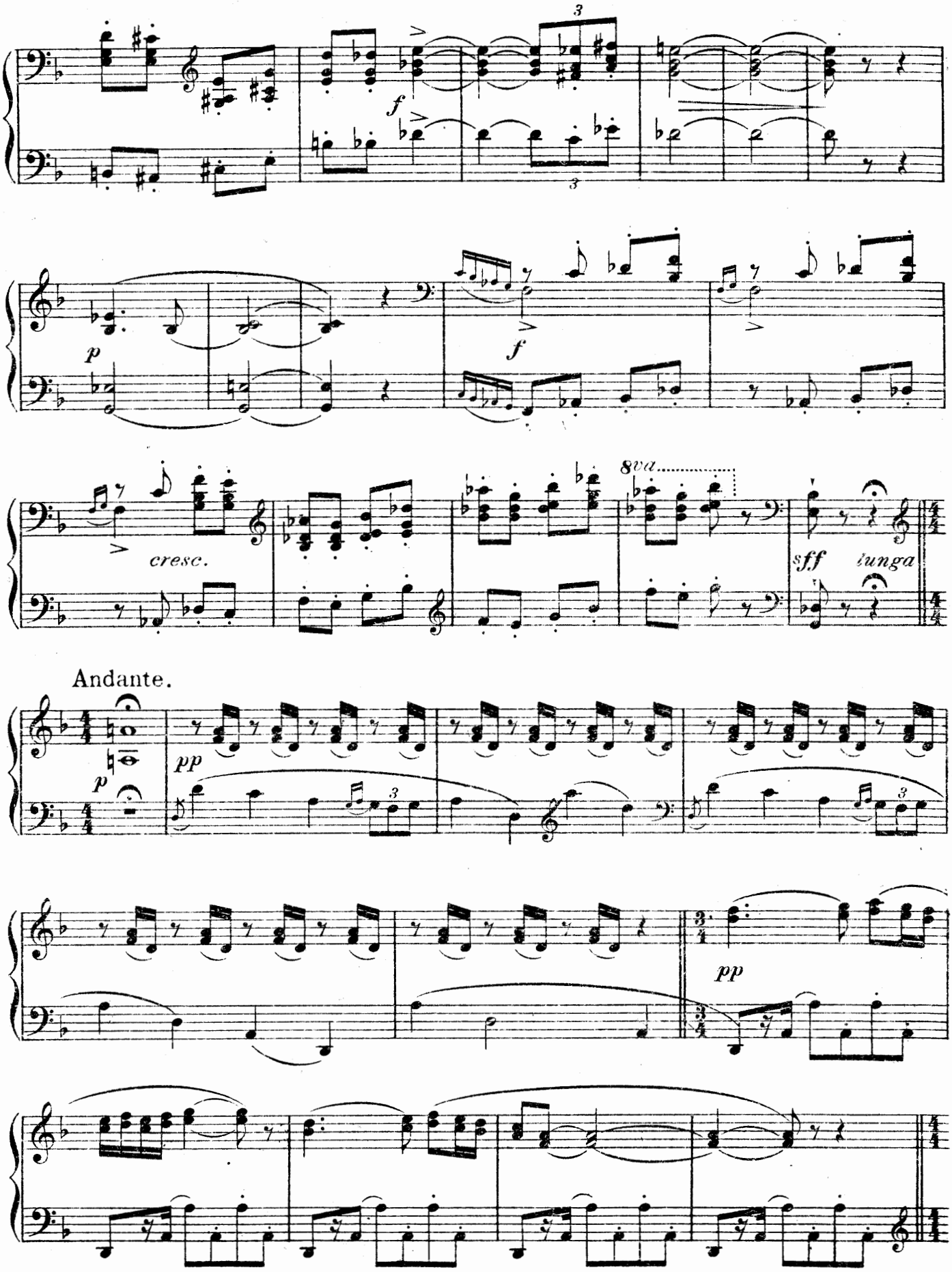
DOLORES (to Francesco.)

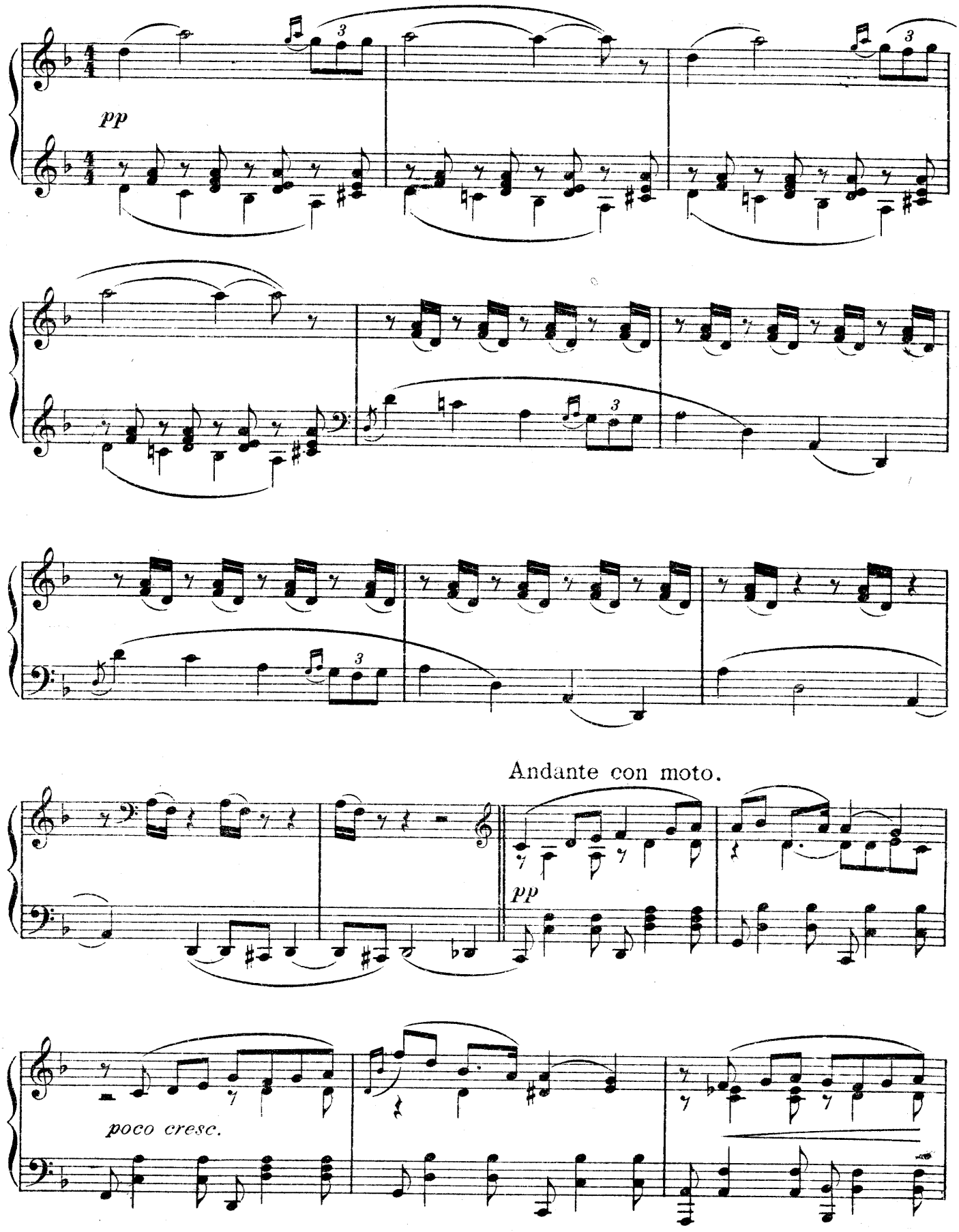


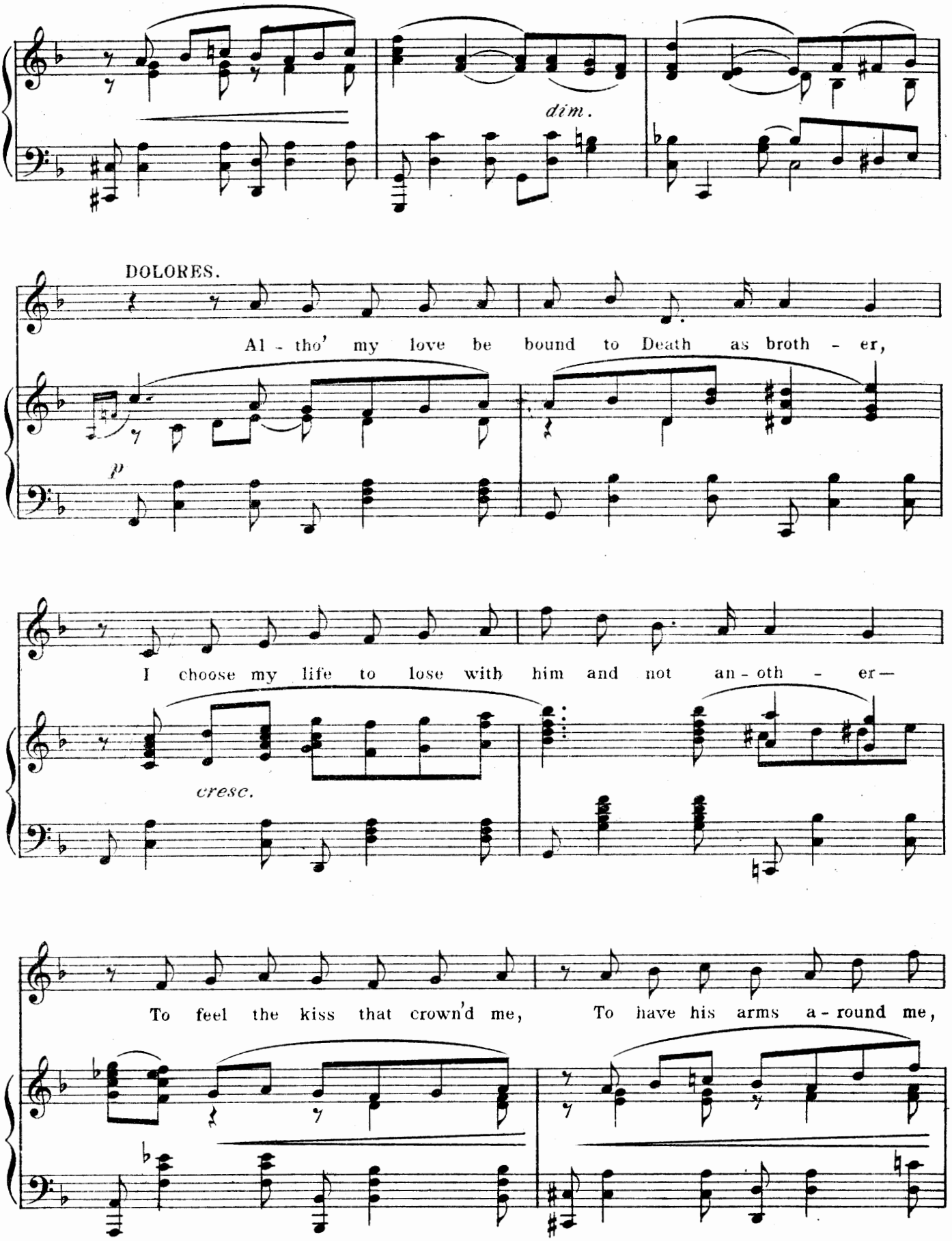

life that you would have, I give my own, So
I a - tone A - lone! (speaks to FRAN.) Must he
p
FRAN. (speaks)
die?
The oath is sacred— his father ruined ours— he dies!
mf
p rit.

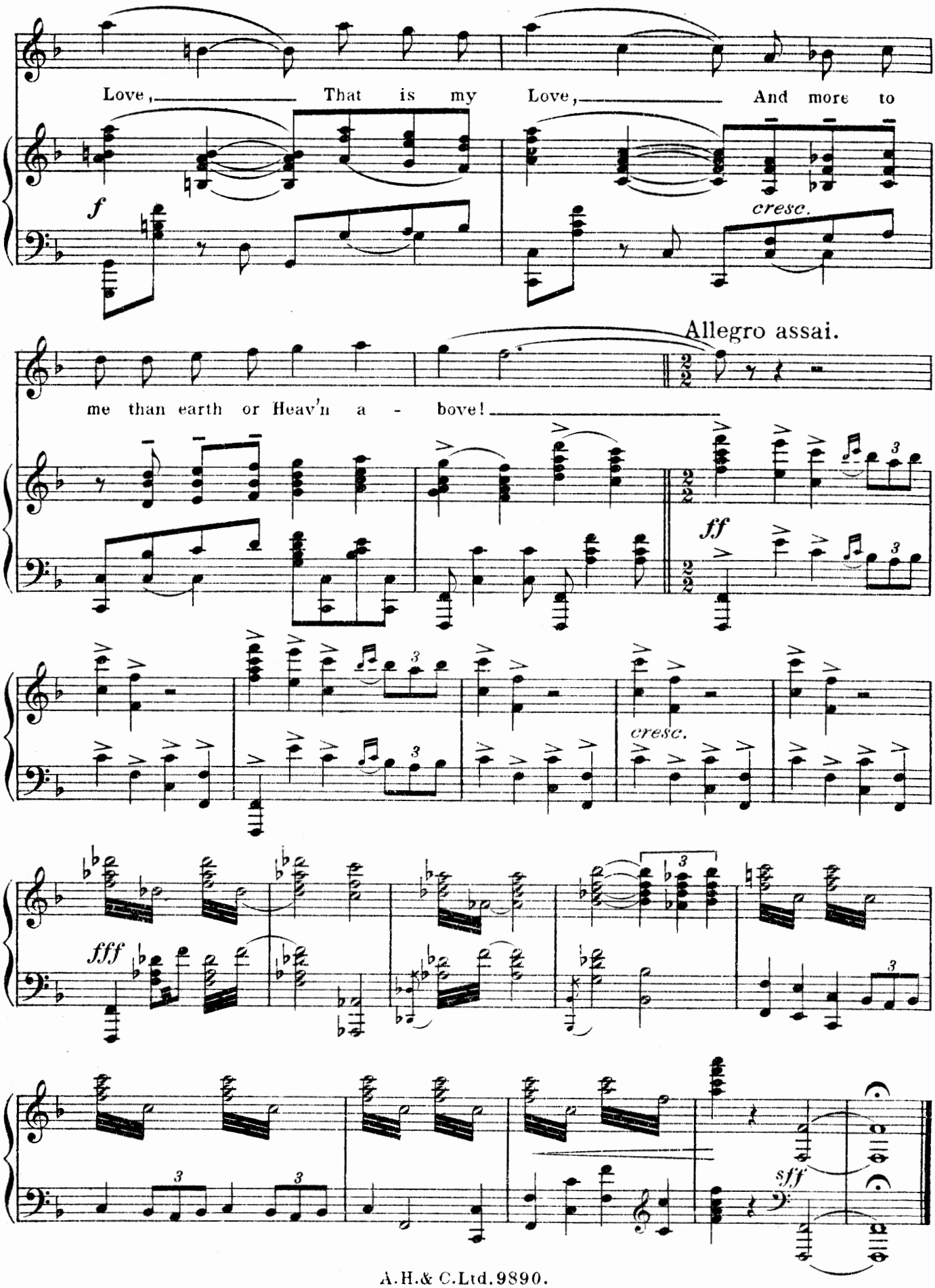

DOLORES.
Care not for me, nor for all they may
DICK.
Care not for them, care not for them, nor for all they may
a tempo.
do! I am hap - py if my life I
do! I will keep the prom - - ise that I
give for you; You are my own, A - lone!
gave to you, You are my own, A - lone!
dim.


pp
dim.
p
Allegro.
f
dim.
mp
cresc.
f
p
mp
cresc.
f
p
mf
cresc.


f
p
f
cresc.
8va
sff
lunga
Andante.
p
pp
pp


pp
Andante con moto.
pp
poco cresc.

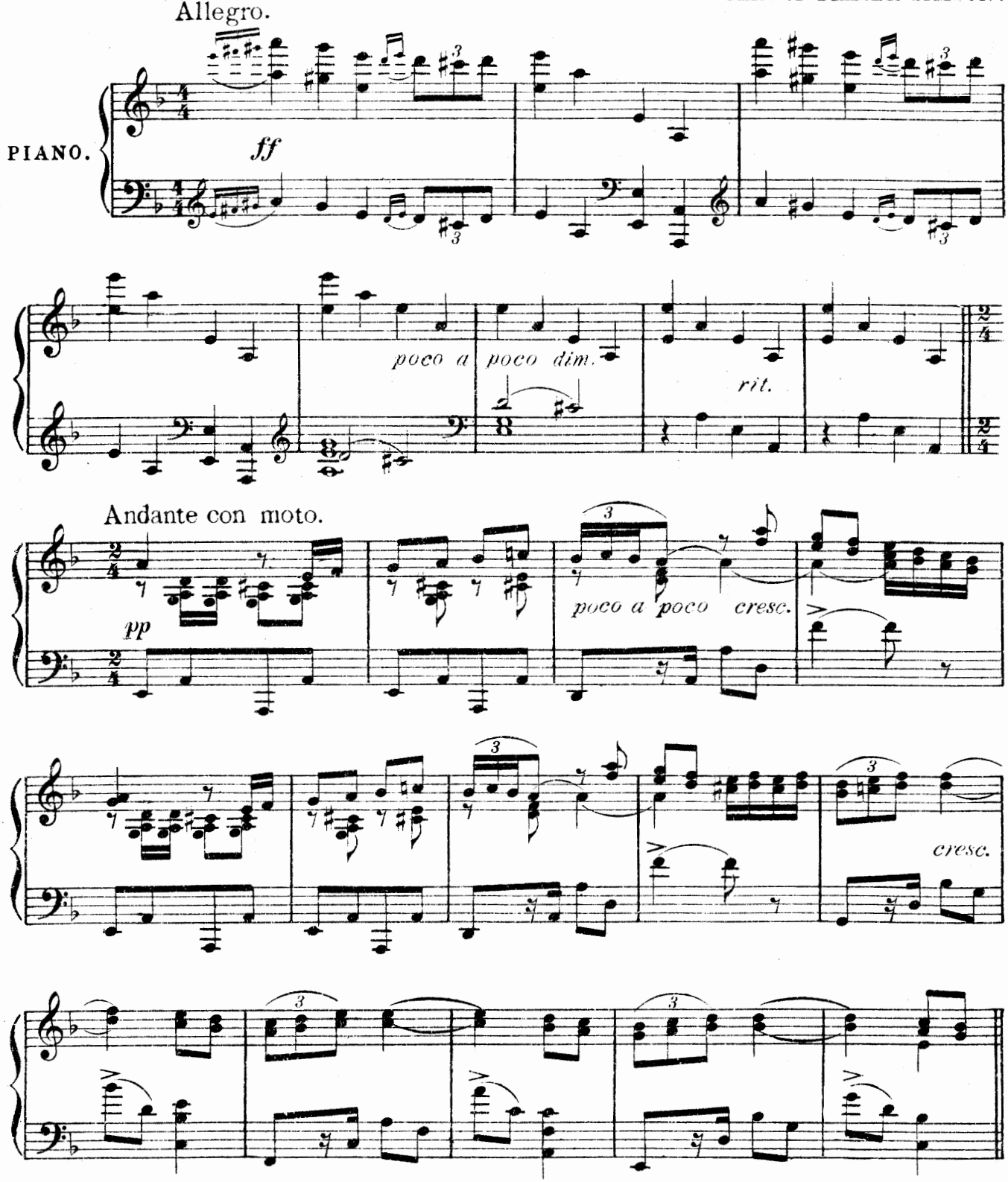

dim.
DOLORES.
Al - tho' my love be bound to Death as broth - er,
p
I choose my life to lose with him and not an - oth - er—
cresc.
To feel the kiss that crown'd me, To have his arms a - round me,


Love, That is my Love, And more to
f
cresc.
Allegro assai.
me than earth or Heav'n a - bove!
ff
cresc.
fff
sff

INTRODUCTION and OPENING MUSIC ACT III.

Nº 20.

HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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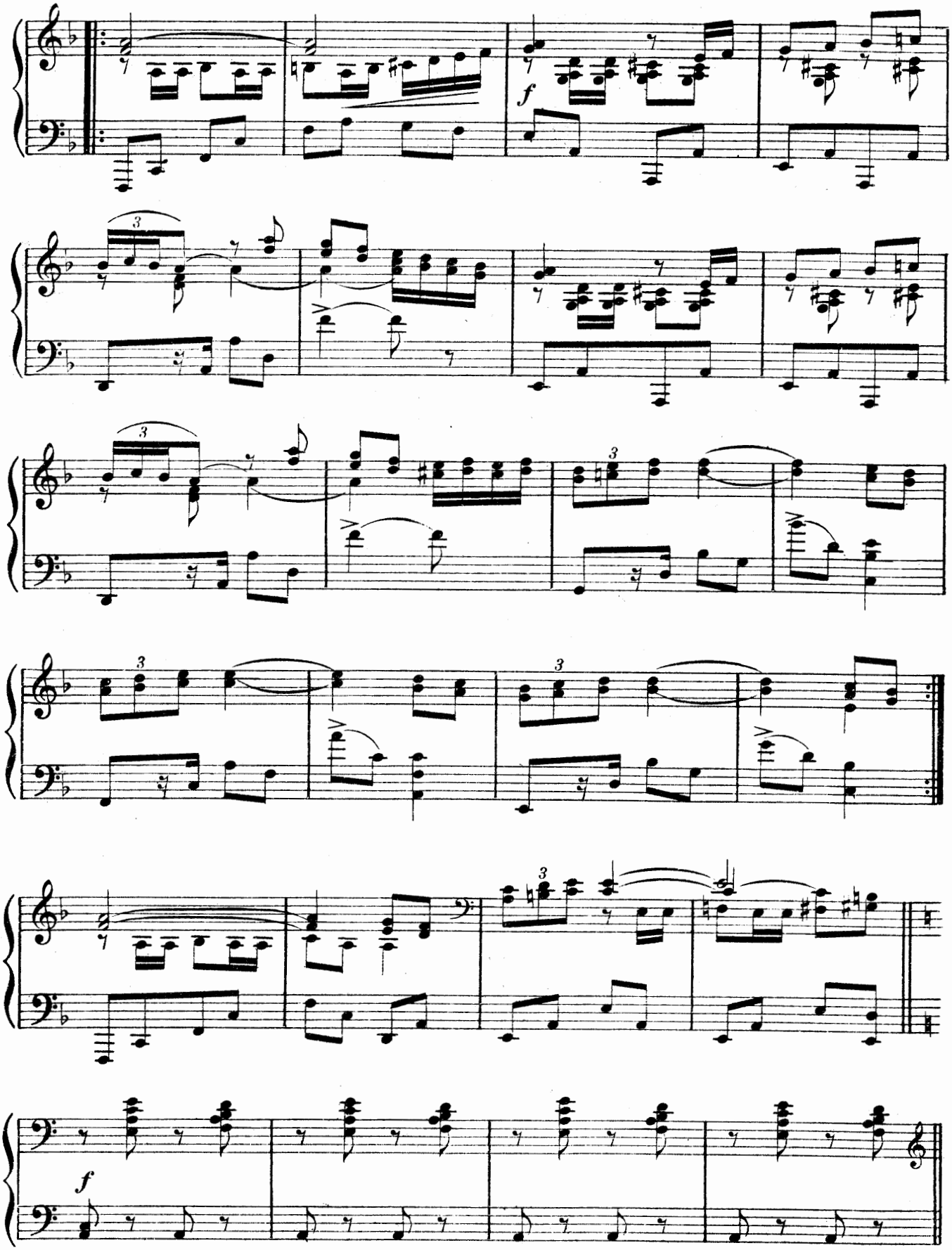
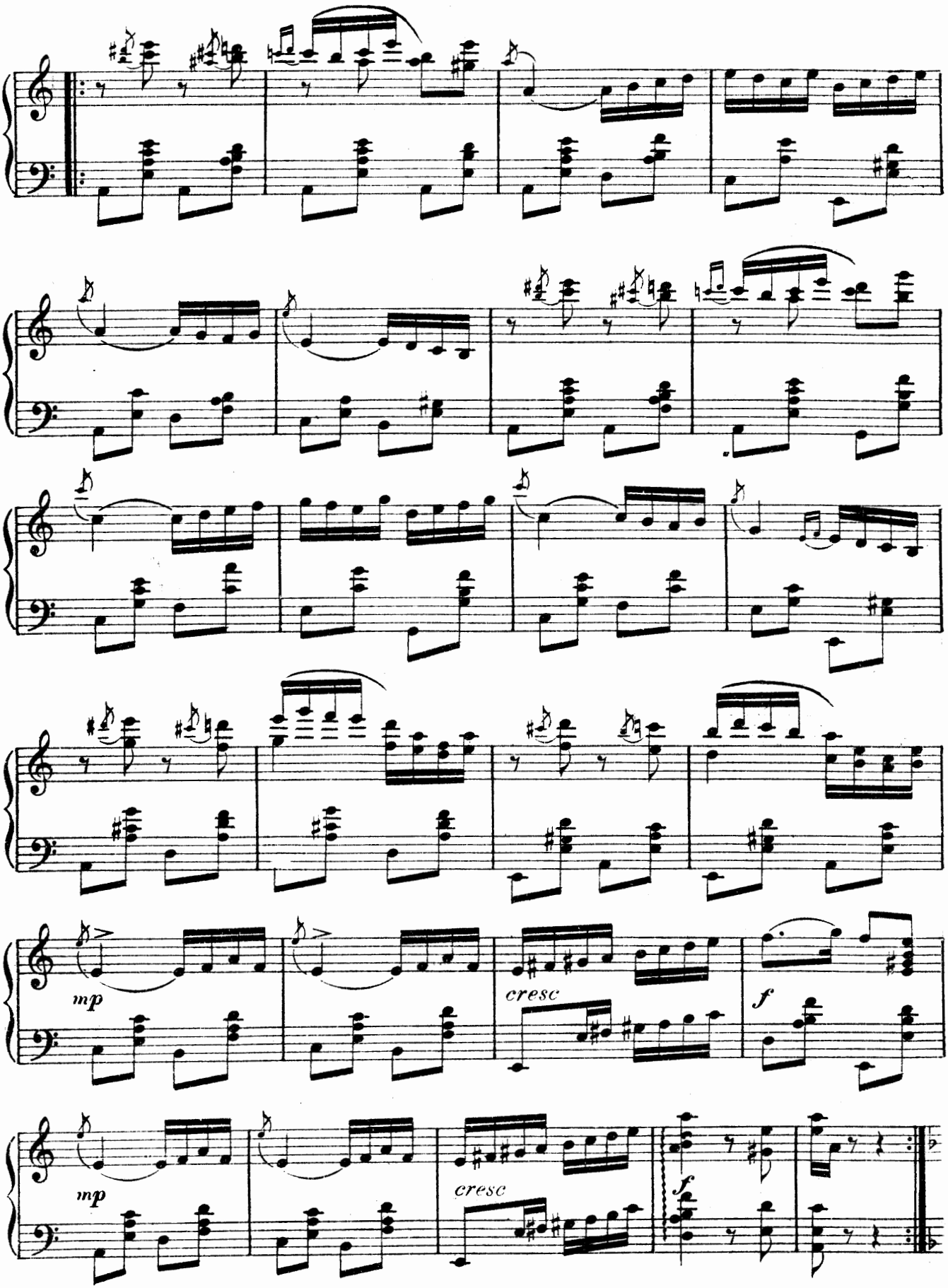
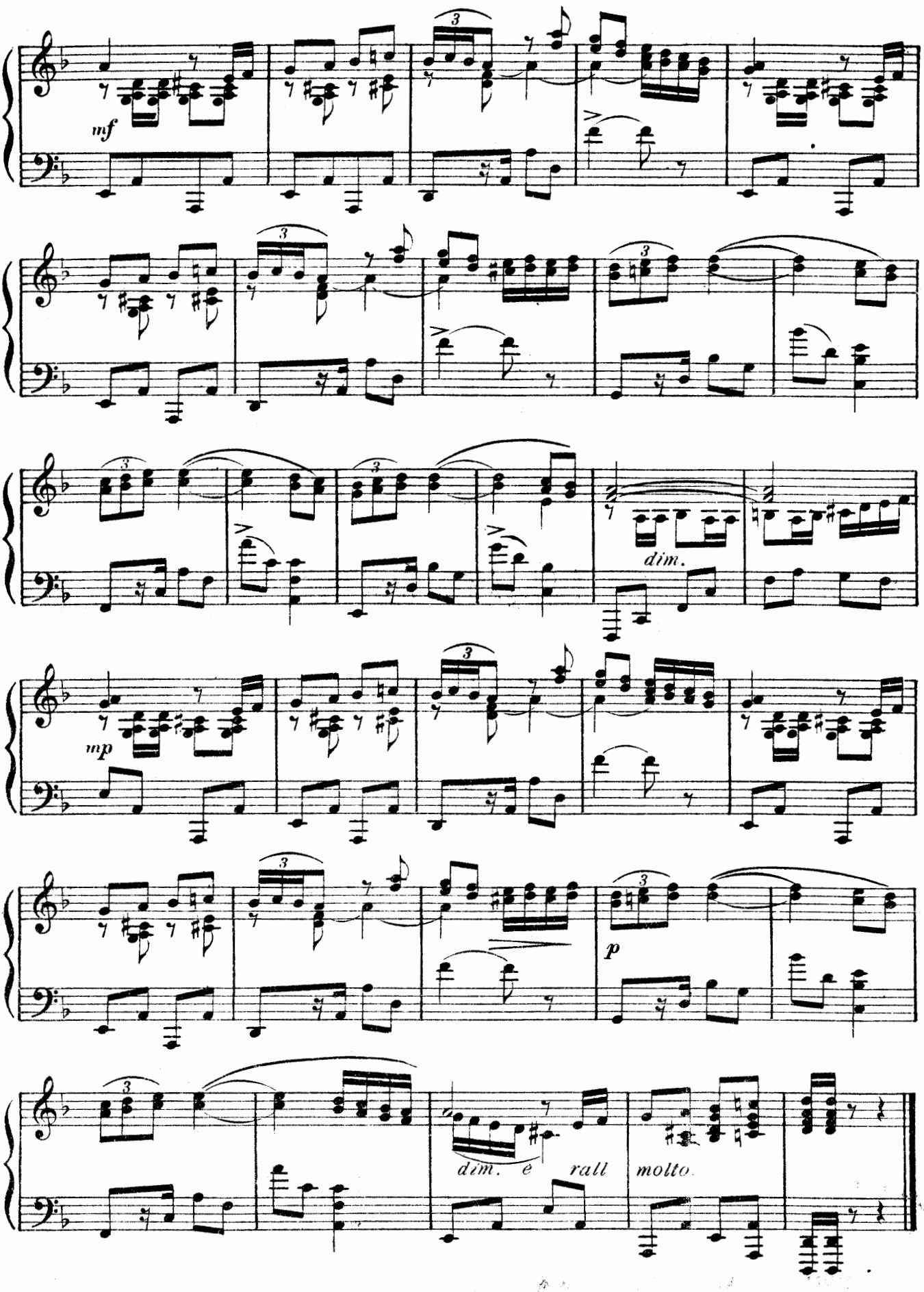

f
3
3
3
3
3
3
f


mp
cresc
f
mp
cresc
f


mf
dim.
mp
p
dim. e rall molto.

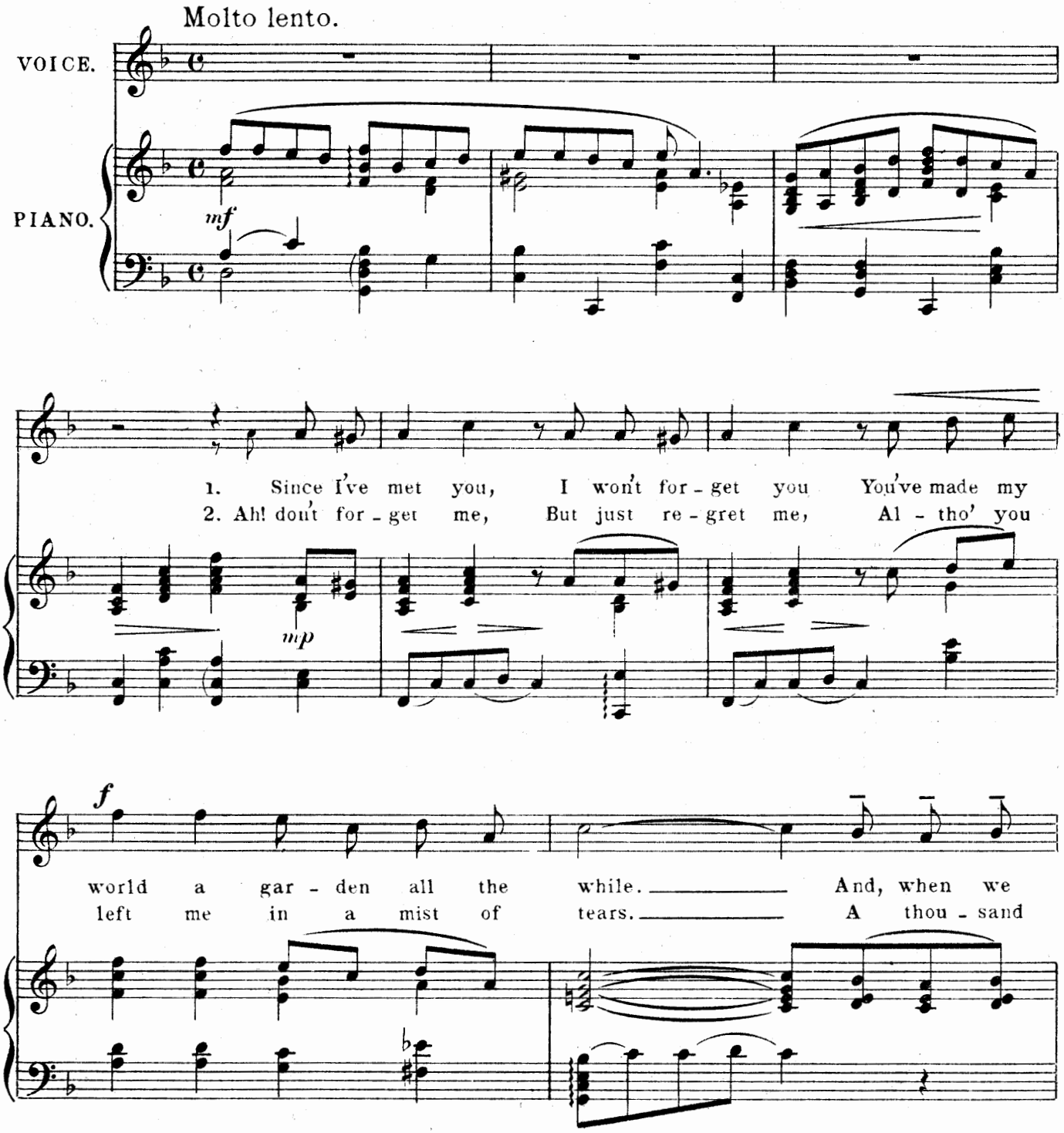
SONG.—"Every bit of loving in the world."

(DOLORES.)

No 21.

Words by
DOUGLAS FURBER.

Music by
IVOR NOVELLO.



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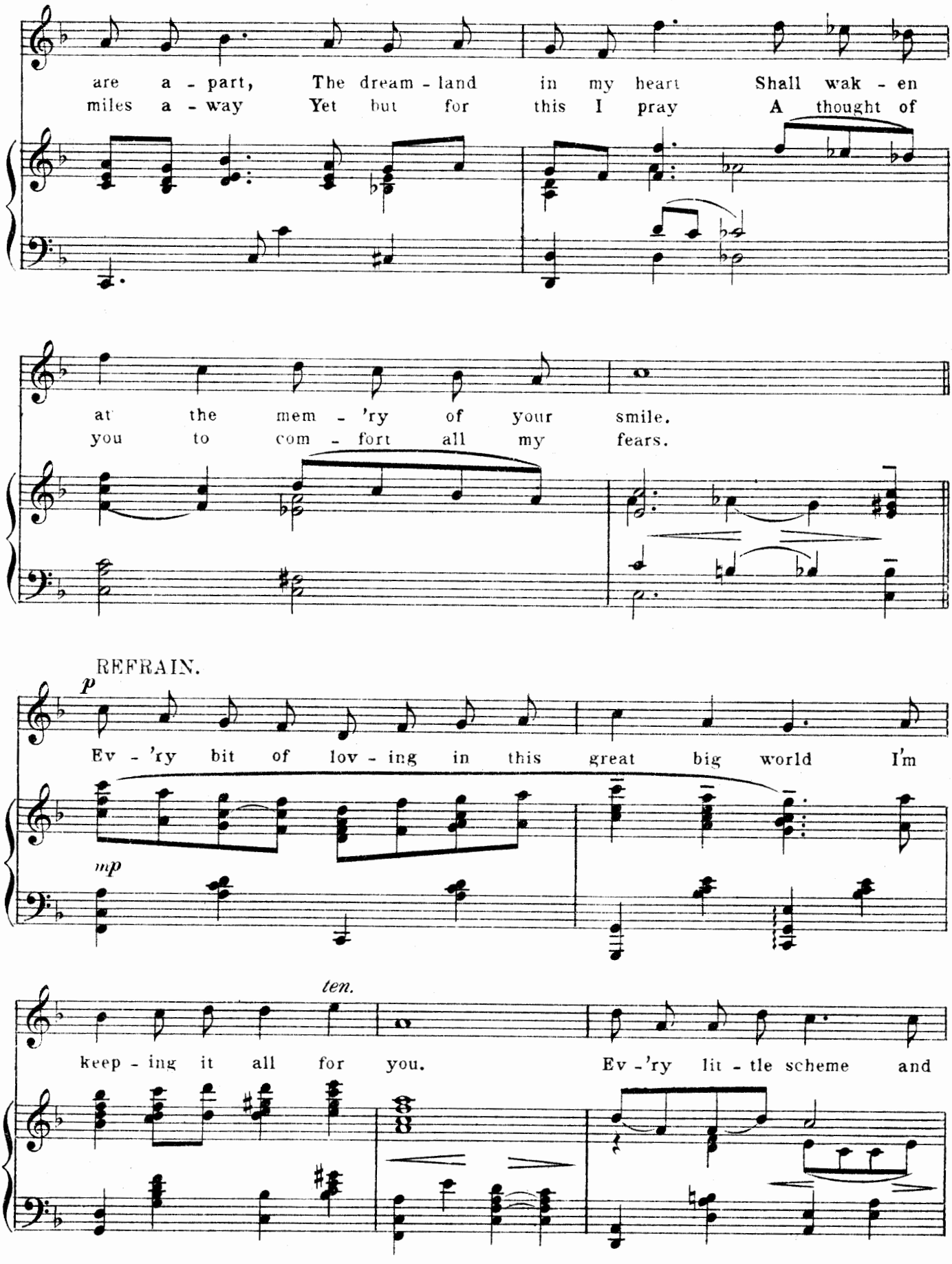
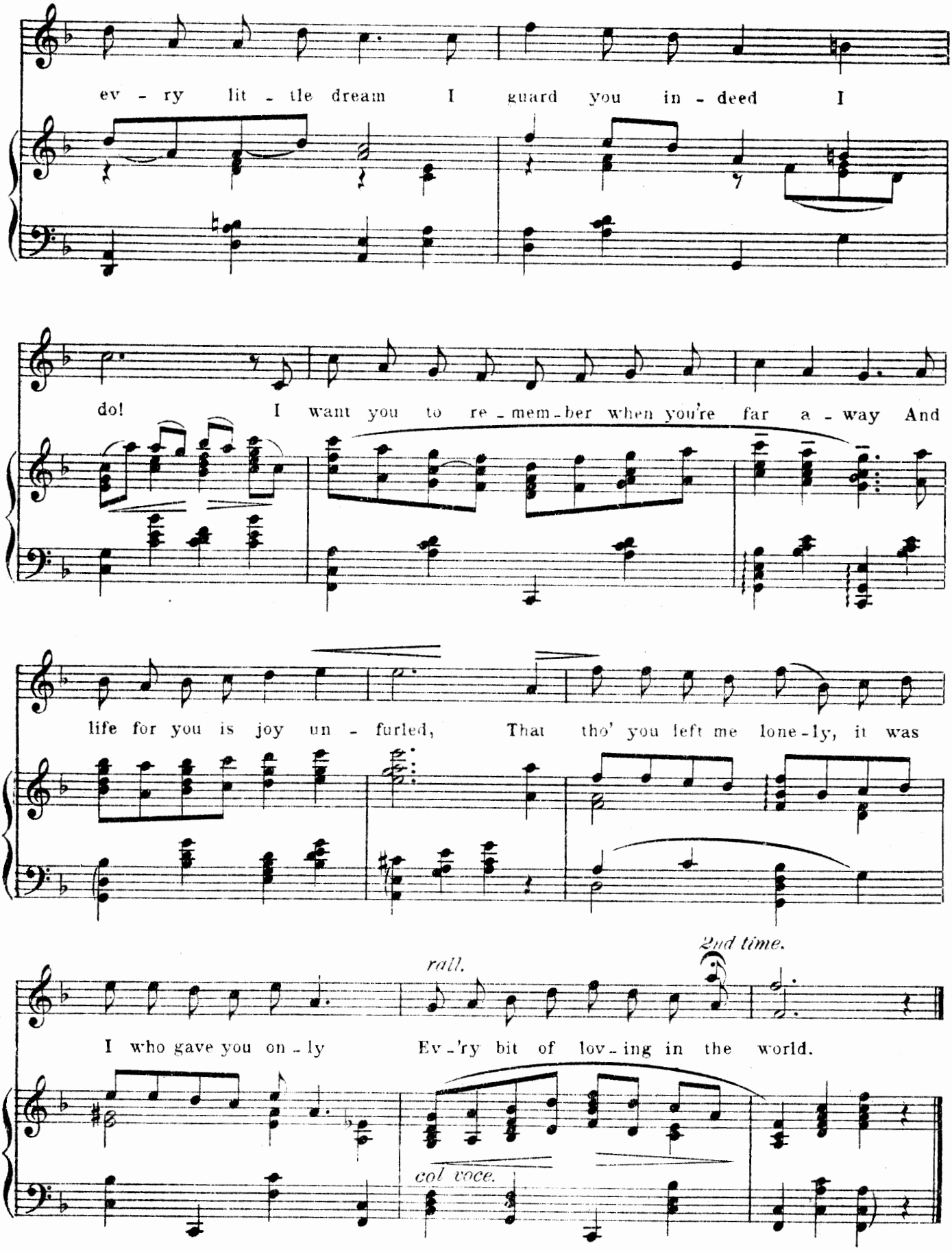

are a - part, The dream - land in my heart Shall wak - en
miles a - way Yet but for this I pray A thought of
at the mem - 'ry of your smile.
you to com - fort all my fears.
REFRAIN.
p
Ev - 'ry bit of lov - ing in this great big world I'm
mp
ten.
keep - ing it all for you. Ev - 'ry lit - tle scheme and


ev - ry lit - tle dream I guard you in - deed I
do! I want you to re - mem - ber when you're far a - way And
life for you is joy un - furled, That tho' you left me lone - ly, it was
rall.
2nd time.
I who gave you on - ly Ev - 'ry bit of lov - ing in the world.
col voce.

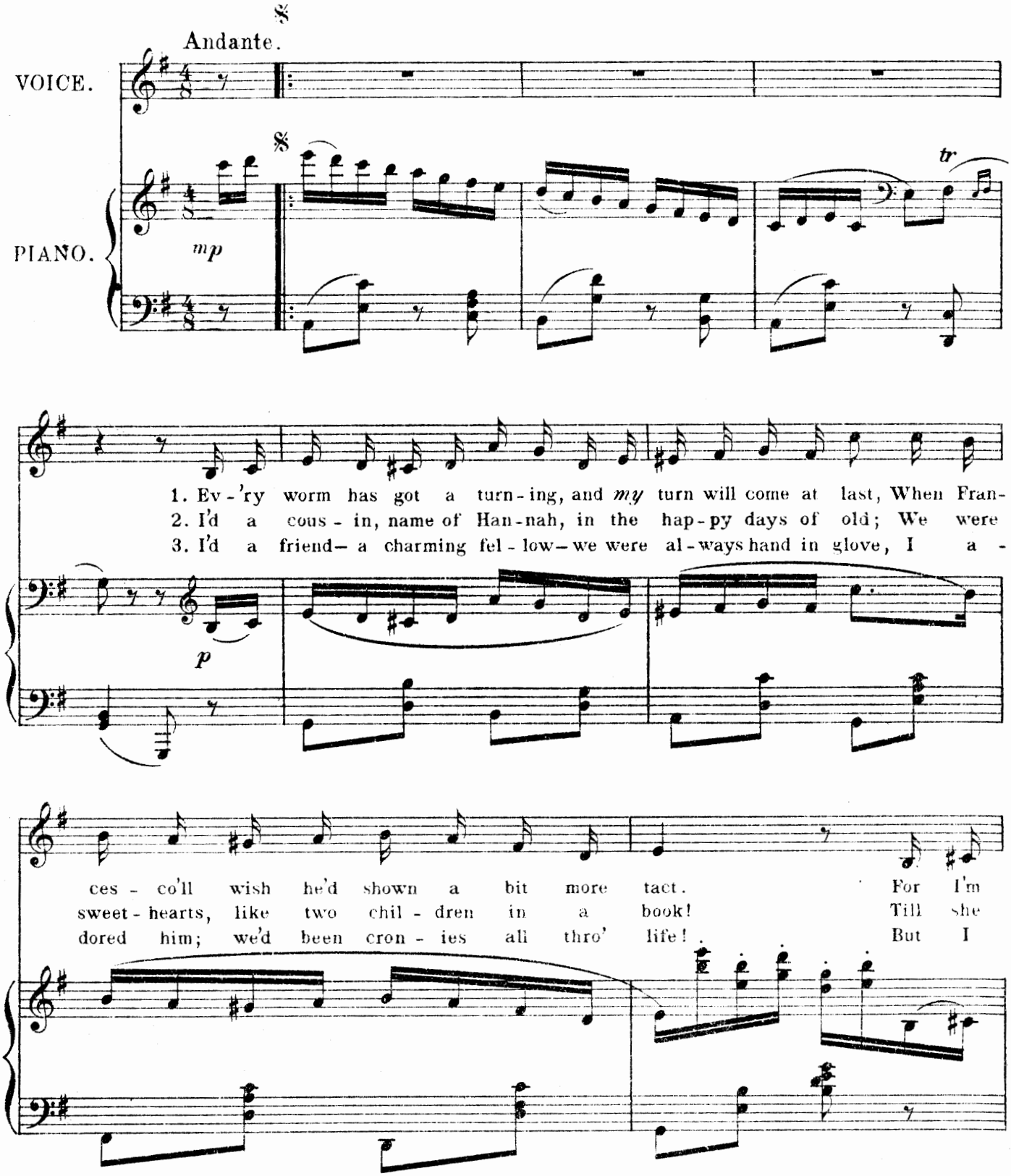
SONG— "He won't worry me again."

(WEX.)

Nº 22.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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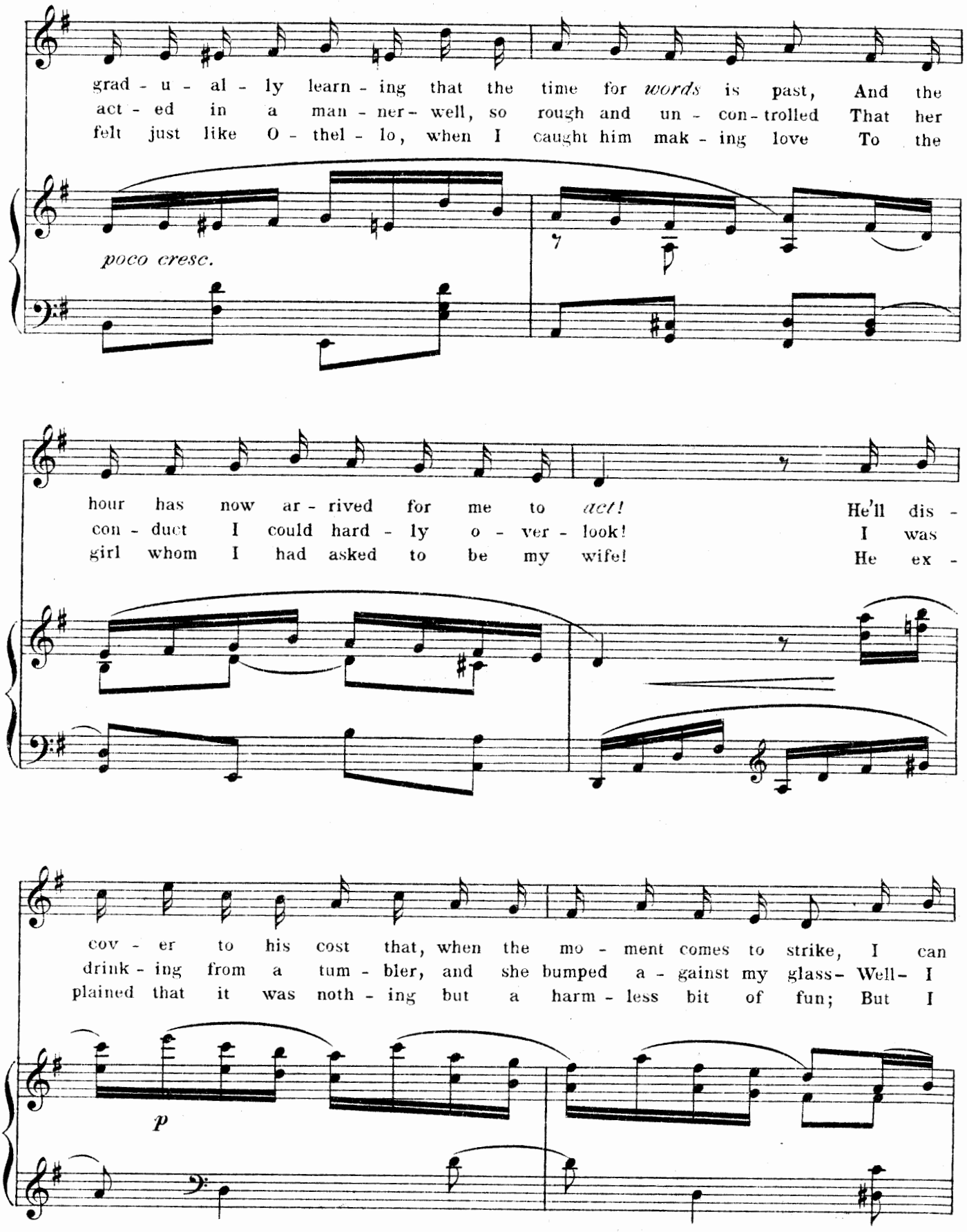
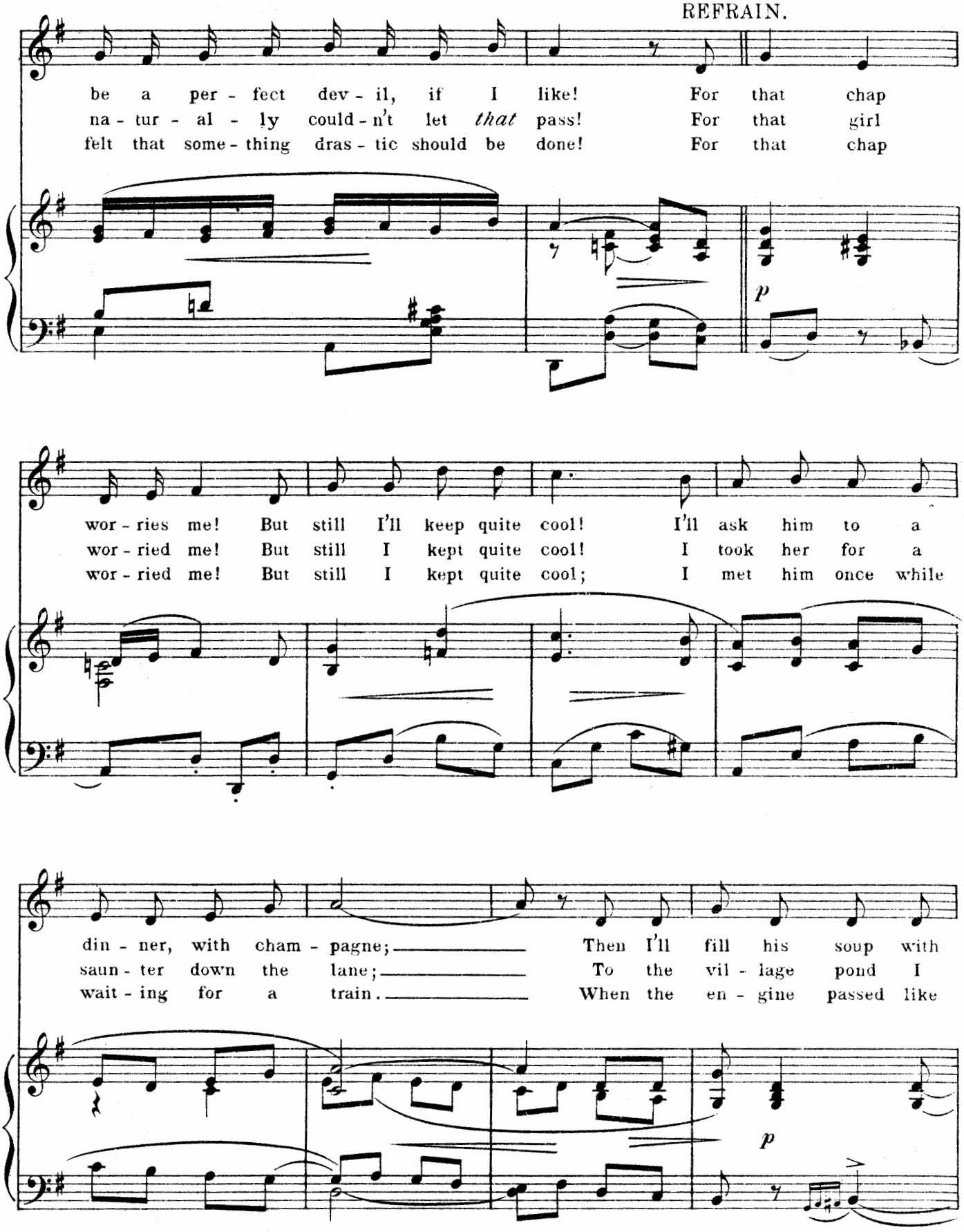
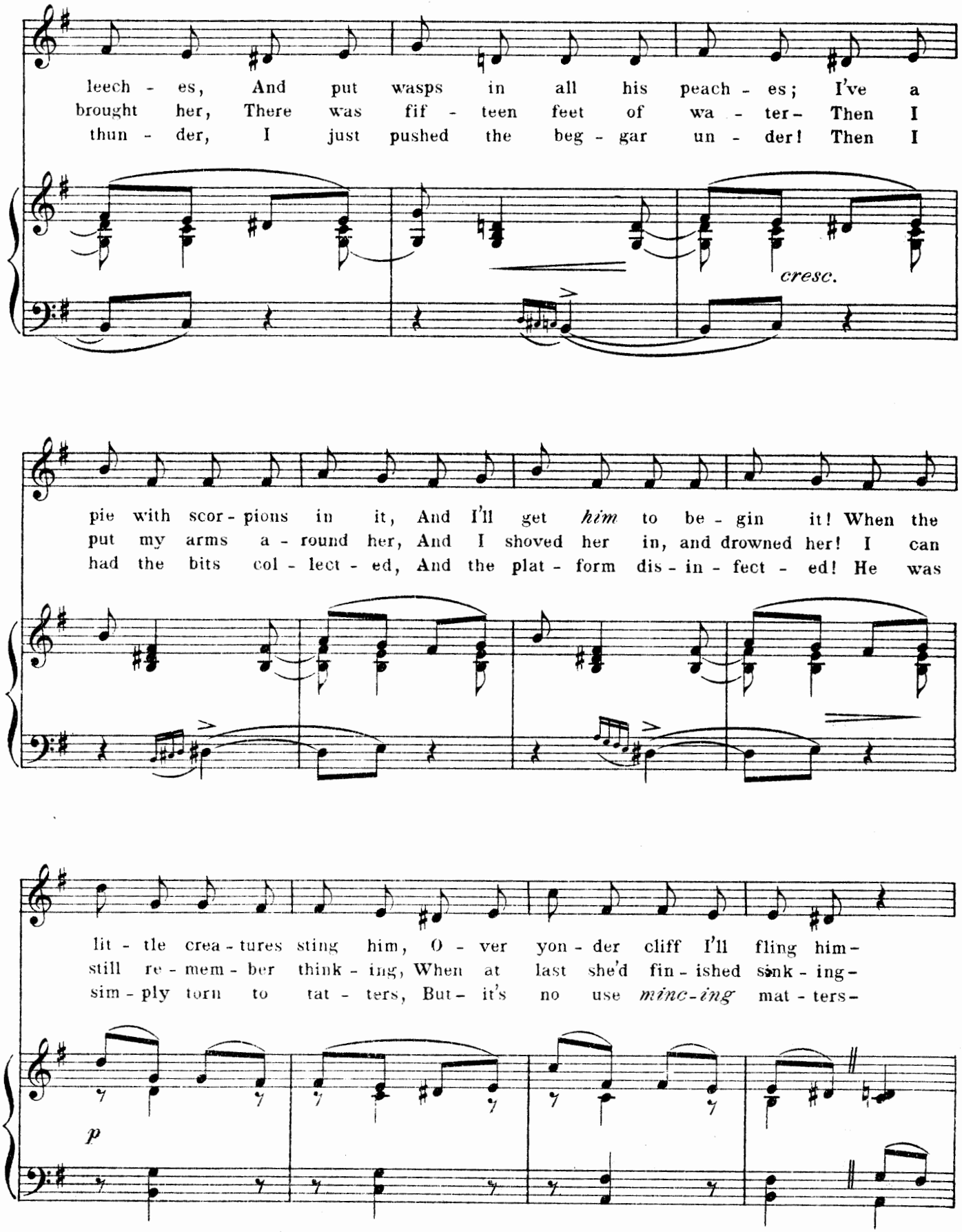
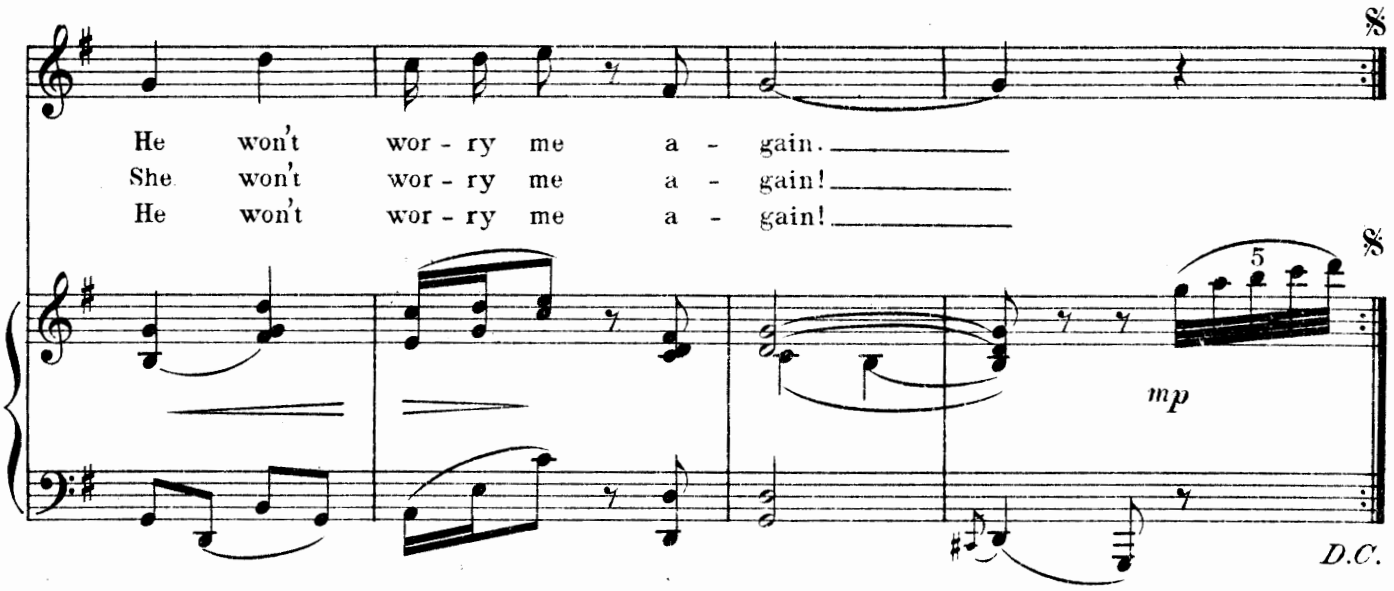
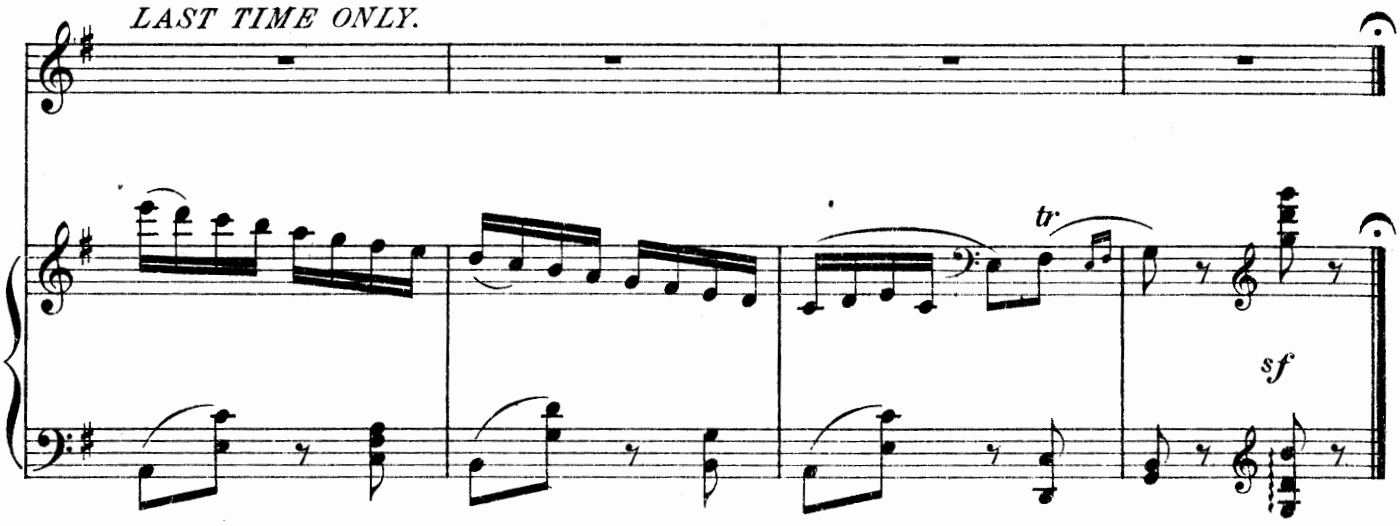

grad - u - al - ly learn - ing that the time for *words* is past, And the
act - ed in a man - ner - well, so rough and un - con - trolled That her
felt just like O - thel - lo, when I caught him mak - ing love To the
poco cresc.
hour has now ar - rived for me to *act!* He'll dis -
con - duct I could hard - ly o - ver - look! I was
girl whom I had asked to be my wife! He ex -
cov - er to his cost that, when the mo - ment comes to strike, I can
drink - ing from a tum - bler, and she bumped a - gainst my glass - Well - I
plained that it was noth - ing but a harm - less bit of fun; But I
p

REFRAIN.


be a per - fect dev - il, if I like! For that chap
na - tur - al - ly could - n't let *that* pass! For that girl
felt that some - thing dras - tic should be done! For that chap
p
wor - ries me! But still I'll keep quite cool! I'll ask him to a
wor - ried me! But still I kept quite cool! I took her for a
wor - ried me! But still I kept quite cool; I met him once while
din - ner, with cham - pagne; Then I'll fill his soup with
saun - ter down the lane; To the vil - lage pond I
wait - ing for a train. When the en - gine passed like
p


leech - es, And put wasps in all his peach - es; I've a
brought her, There was fif - teen feet of wa - ter- Then I
thun - der, I just pushed the beg - gar un - der! Then I
cresc.
pie with scor - pions in it, And I'll get *him* to be - gin it! When the
put my arms a - round her, And I shoved her in, and drowned her! I can
had the bits col - lect - ed, And the plat - form dis - in - fect - ed! He was
lit - tle crea - tures sting him, O - ver yon - der cliff I'll fling him-
still re - mem - ber think - ing, When at last she'd fin - ished sink - ing-
sim - ply torn to tat - ters, But- it's no use *mine-ing* mat - ters-
p





4.

If you'd met my uncle Roger, you'd have fallen to his charm;
But I always think his end was rather sad.
I just loved that dear old codger, yet I noticed with alarm
That his manners in old age were getting bad!
For the noises that he made when he was swallowing his [soup,
Were exactly like an infant's with the croup!

REFRAIN.

And oh! that worried me!
But still I kept quite cool!
I dosed his dish of Benger with cocaine!
But his lips he still would smack, so
I put arsenic in his Glaxo!
Then I placed him on a shutter,
And I flung him in the gutter!
Now he's floating down the sewer,
And there's just *one* uncle fewer–
He won't worry me again!

5.

I was hunting in the Midlands once–well, hunting for a job–
When I met a well-known Master with his pack;
So I smiled at him politely, and I said "Good morning, Bob!"
For I always called him Bob– behind his back!
When he answered very rudely, "Get away you quarter- [wit!"
'Twas a liberty I couldn't well permit!

REFRAIN.

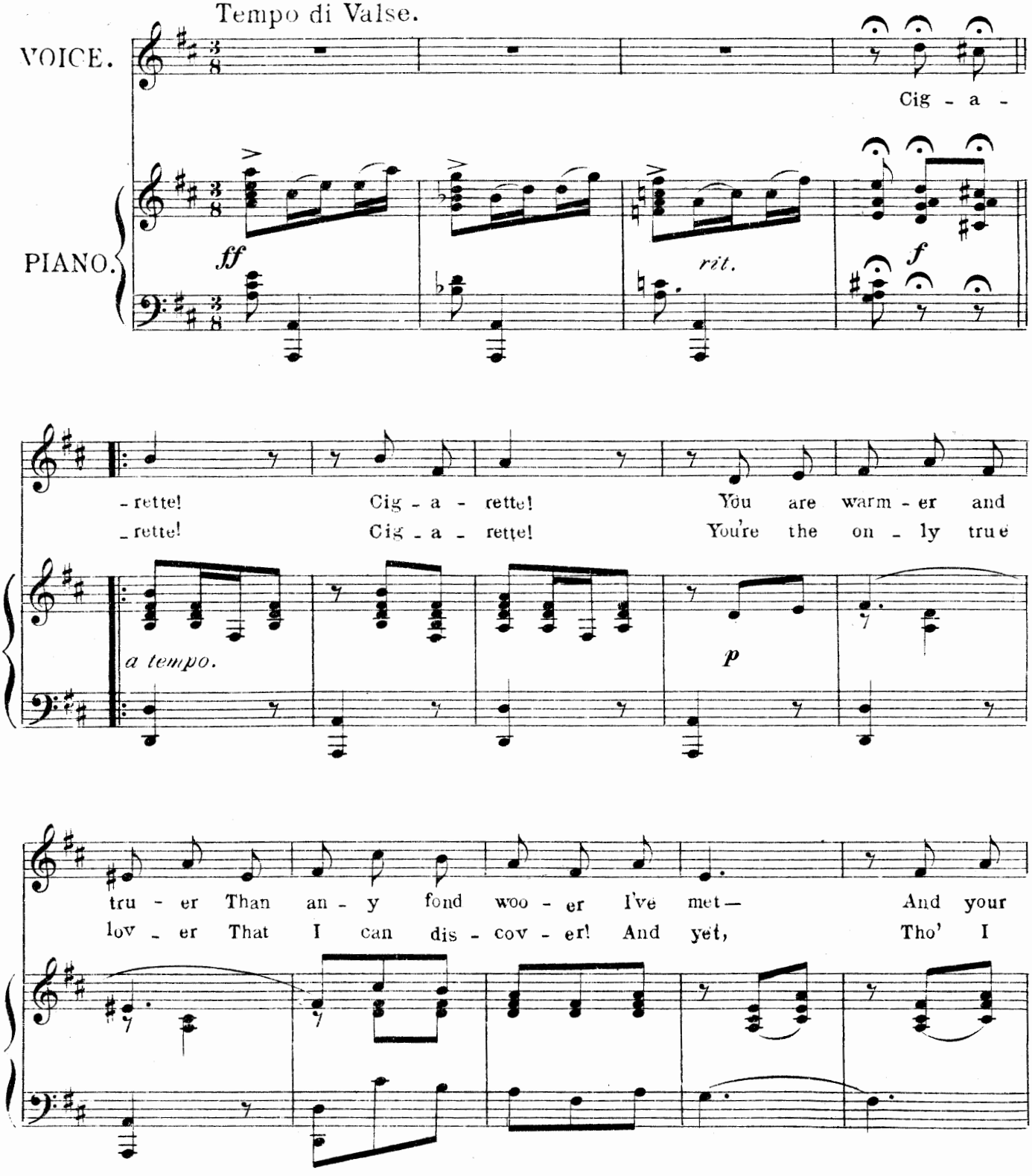
But though he worried me,
I kept quite calm and cool.
That evening I waylaid him in the rain!
Yes, I waited near his villa
With some patent vermin killer!
First I stunned him with the bottle,
Then I poured it down his throttle!
Then I pushed a bomb I'd loaded
Down his neck– and it exploded!
He won't worry me again!

Finale Act III.

Nº 23.

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM and ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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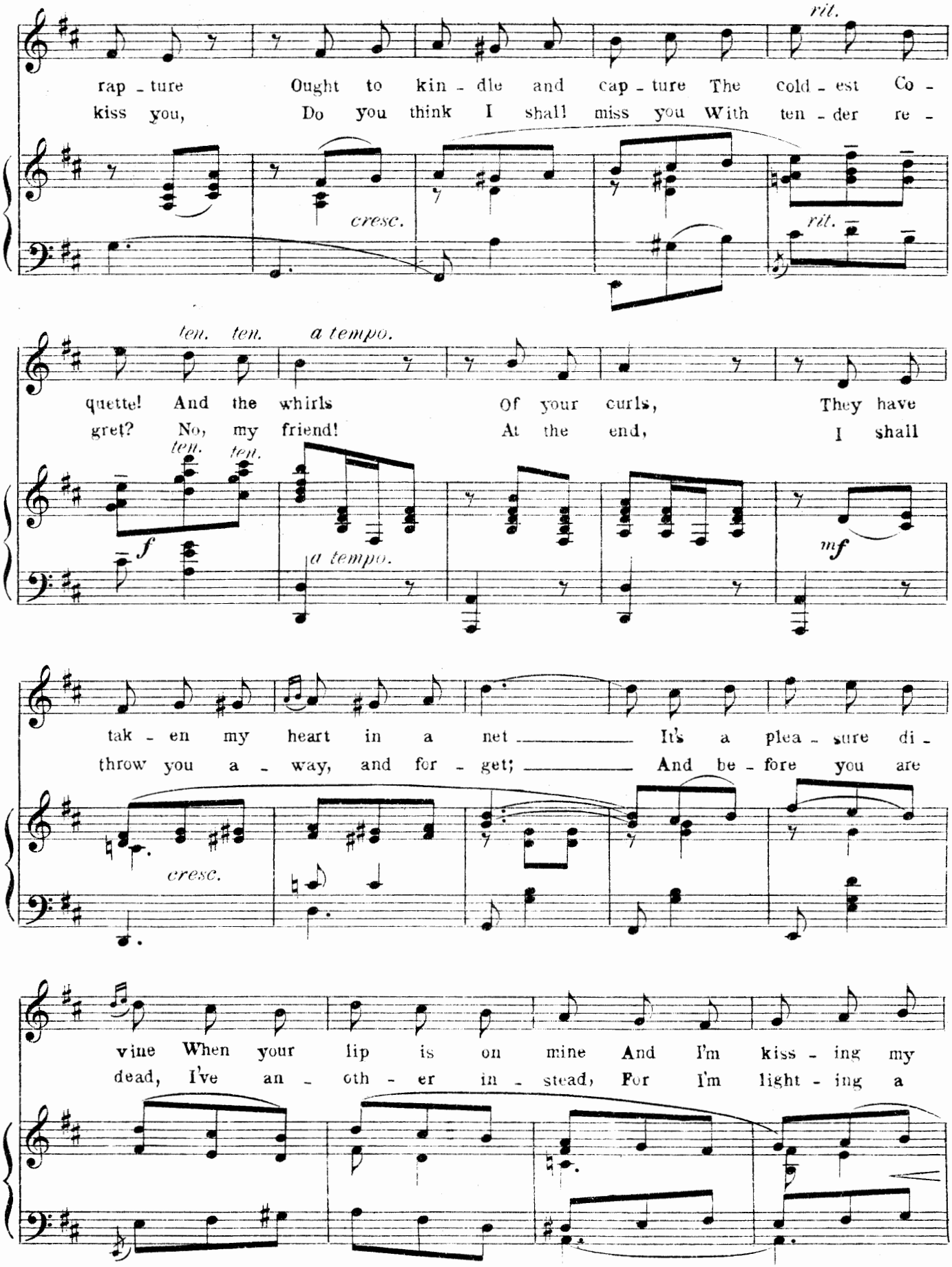
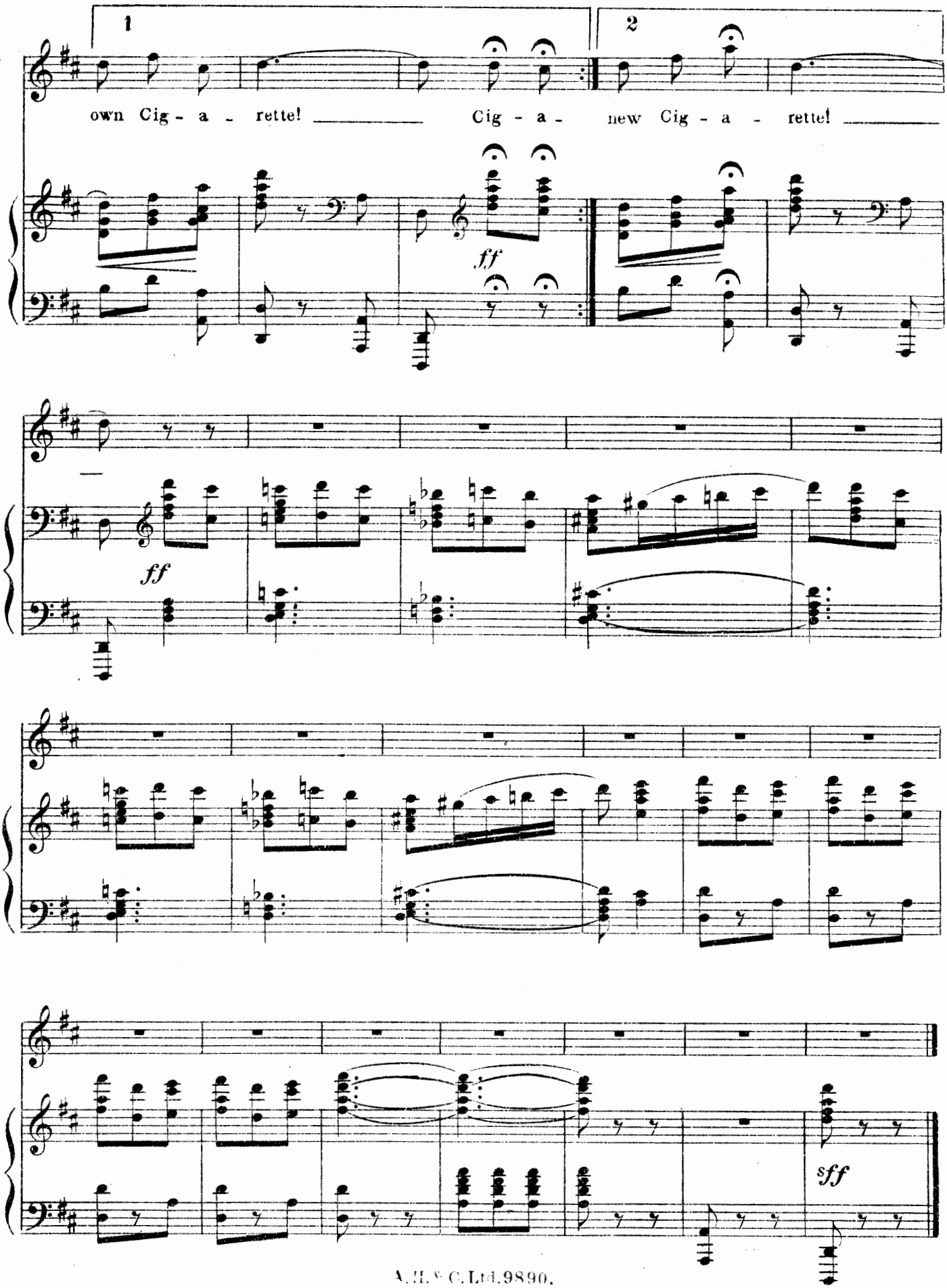

rit.
rap - ture Ought to kin - dle and cap - ture The cold - est Co -
kiss you, Do you think I shall miss you With ten - der re -
cresc.
rit.
ten. ten. a tempo.
quette! And the whirls Of your curls, They have
gret? No, my friend! At the end, I shall
ten. ten.
f
a tempo.
mf
tak - en my heart in a net It's a plea - sure di -
throw you a - way, and for - get; And be - fore you are
cresc.
vine When your lip is on mine And I'm kiss - ing my
dead, I've an - oth - er in - stead, For I'm light - ing a

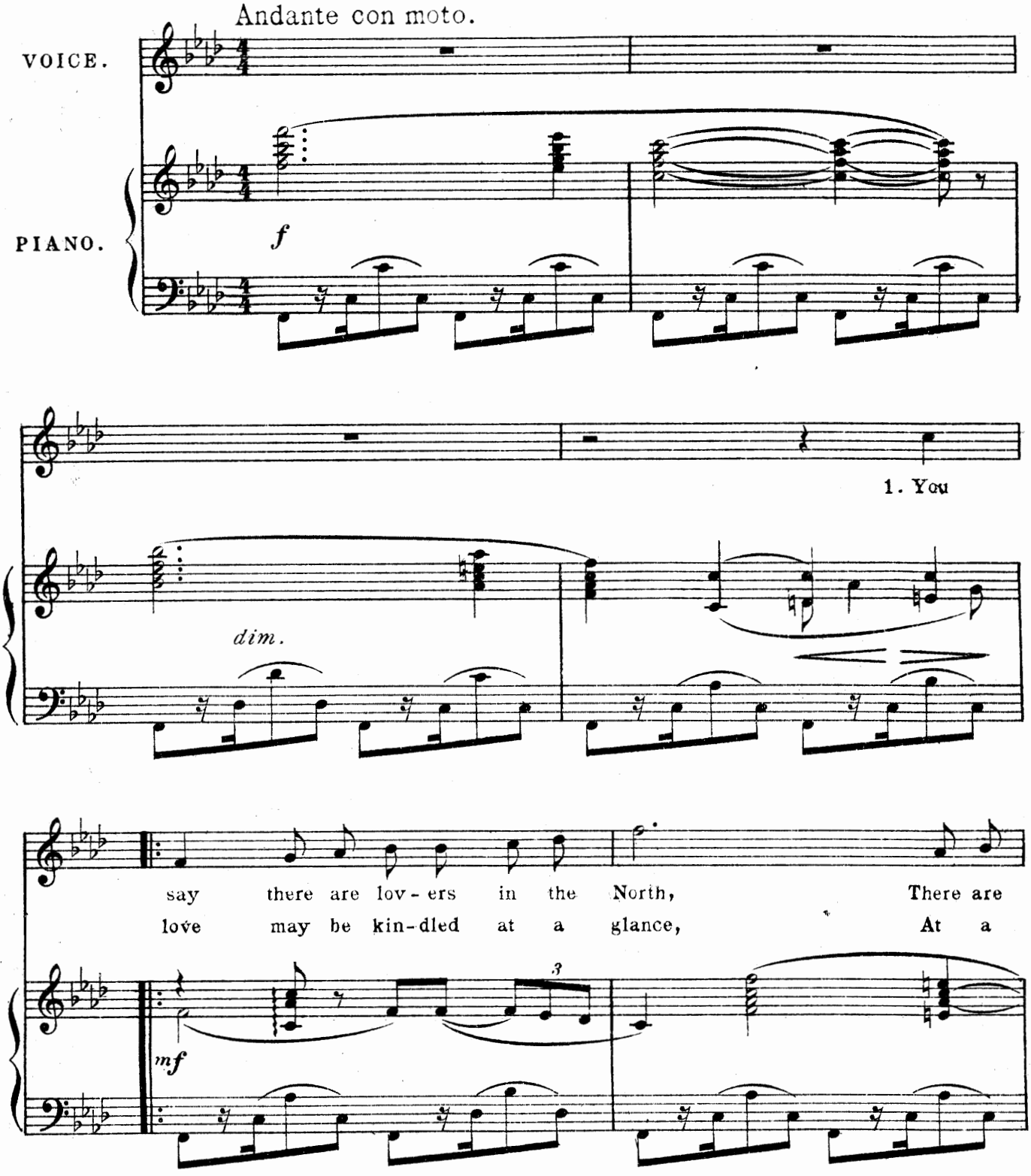

1
2
own Cig - a - rette! Cig - a - new Cig - a - rette!
ff
ff
sff

Nº 24. SONG—"Southern Love."

(DOLORES.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM and ADRIAN ROSS.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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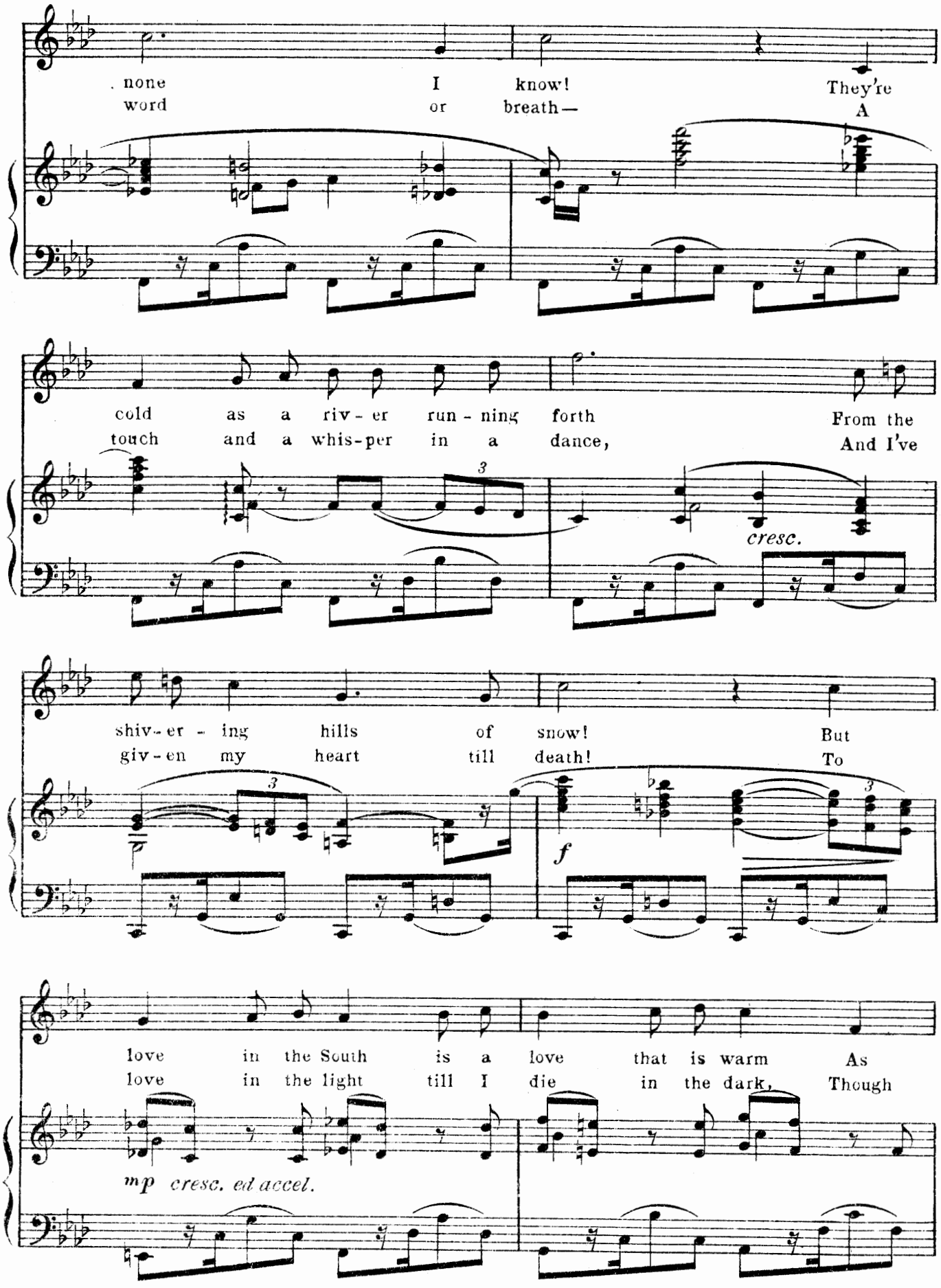
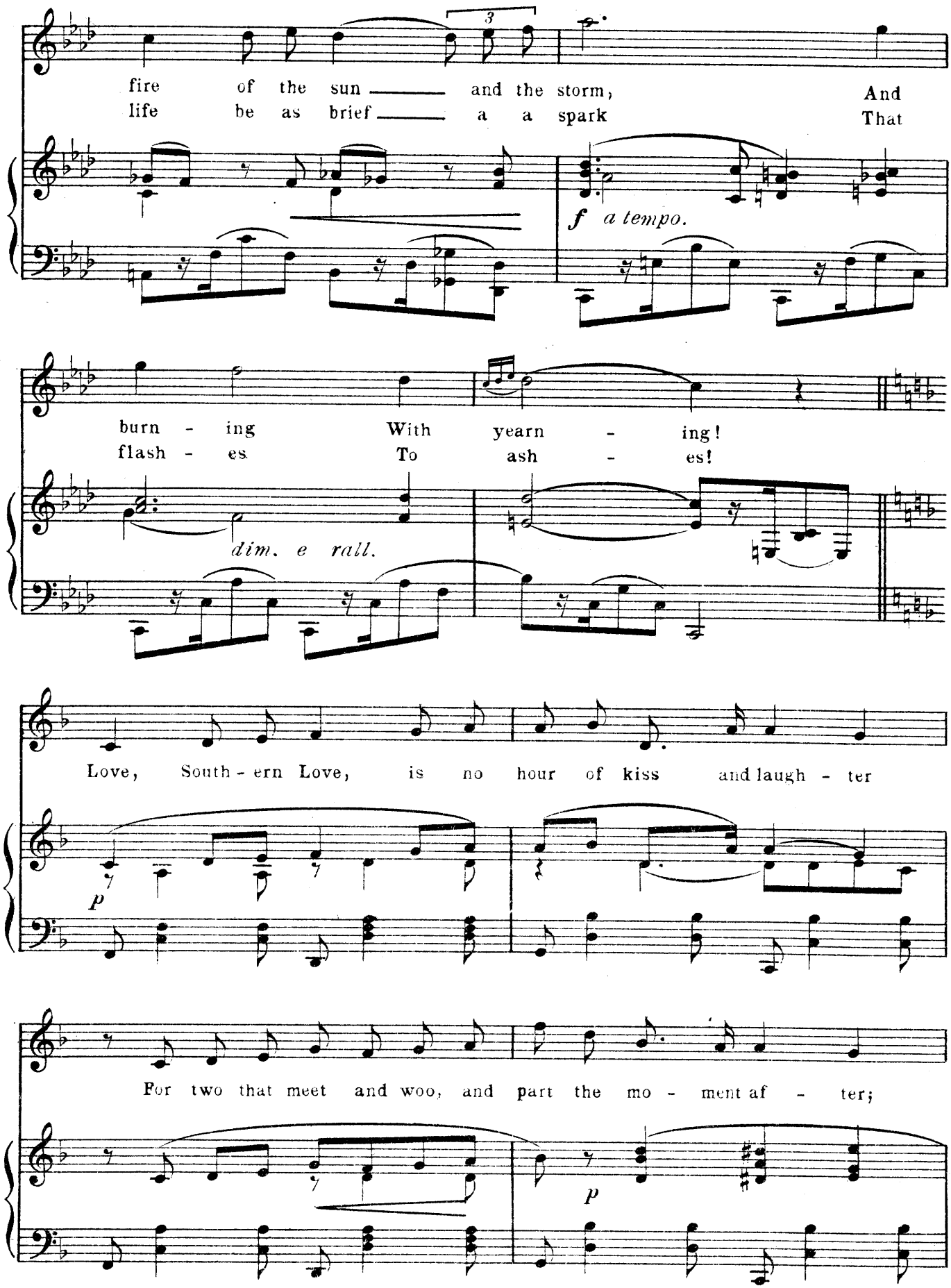
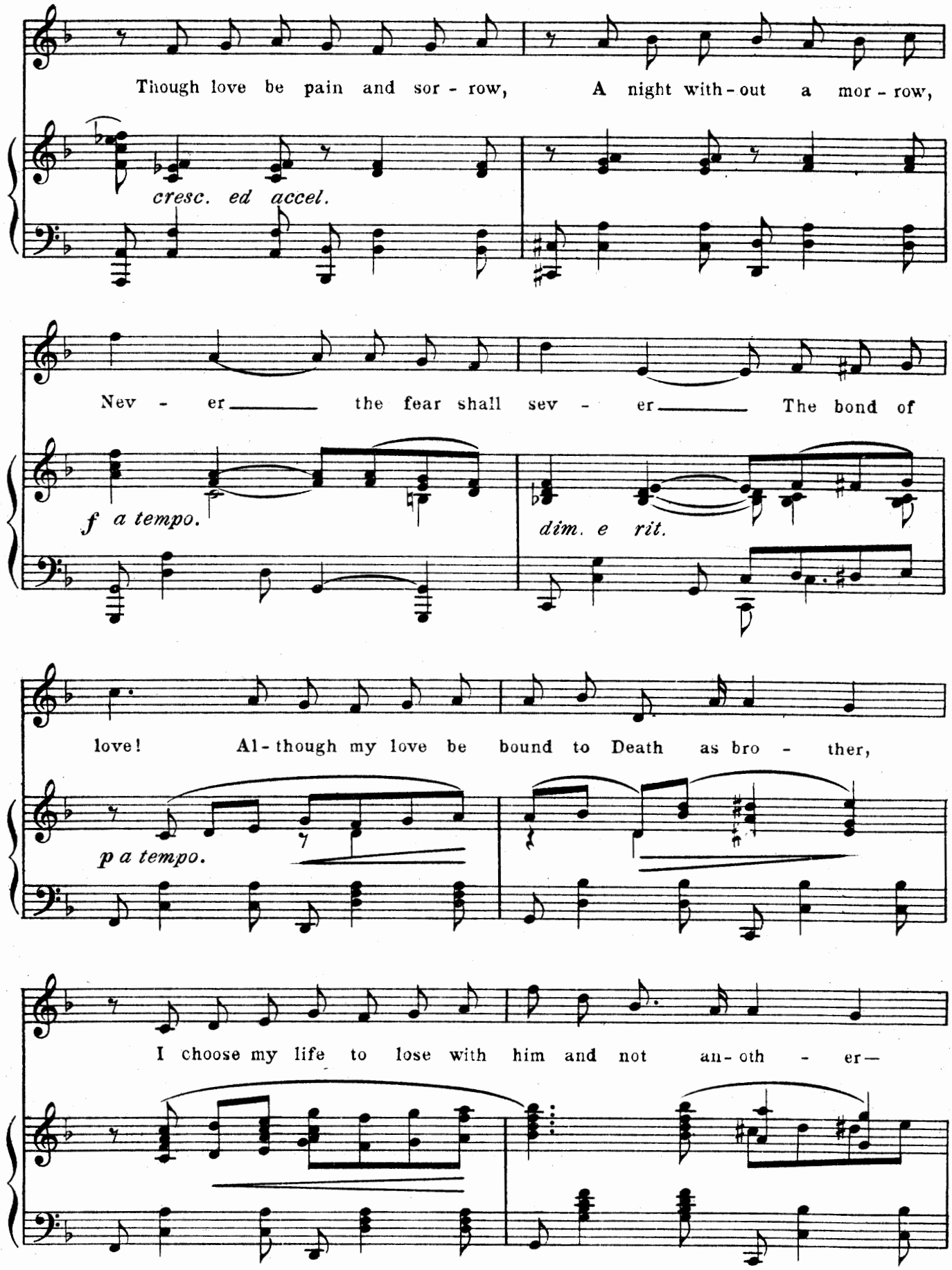
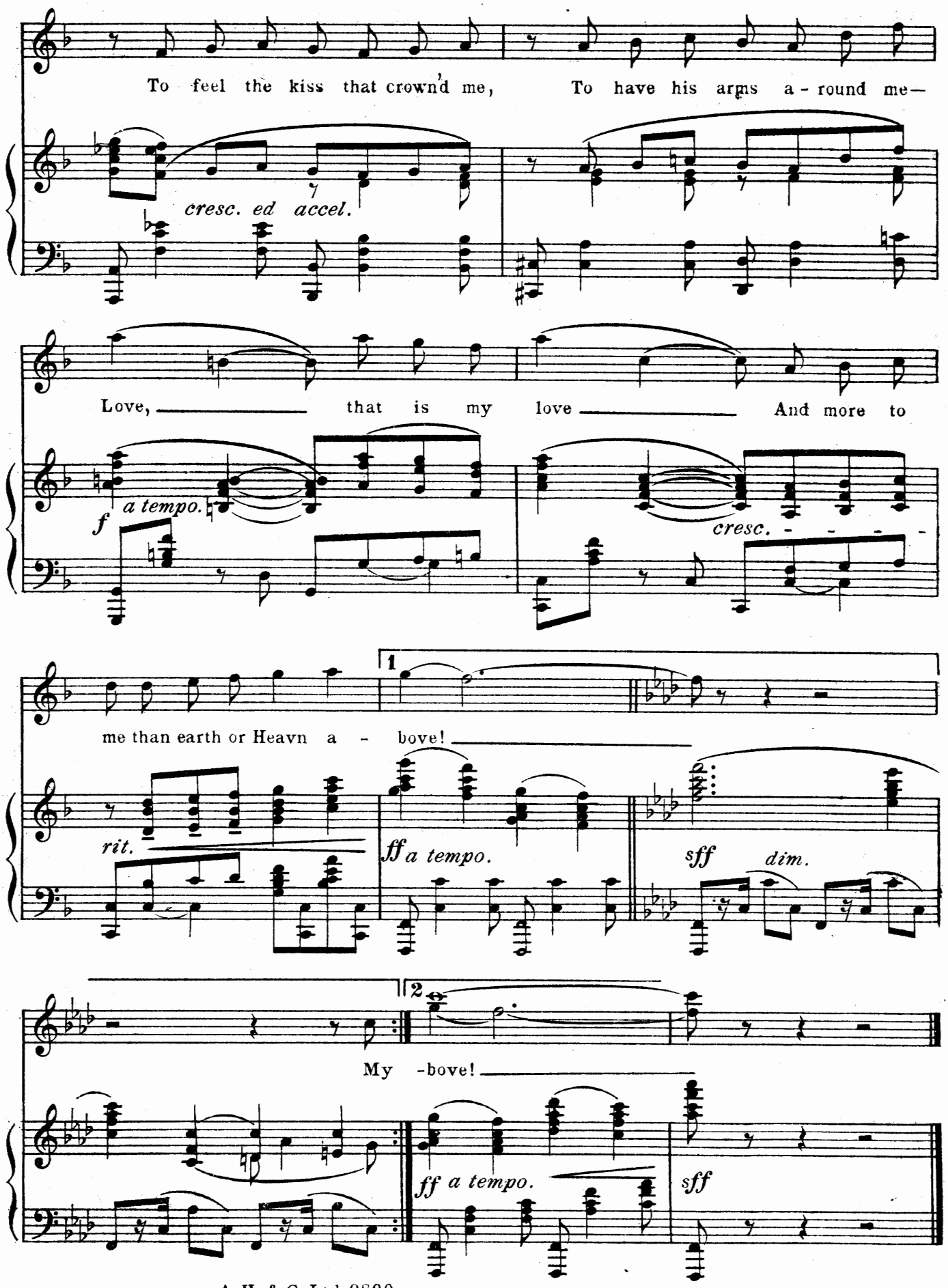

. none I know! They're
word or breath— A
cold as a riv - er run - ning forth From the
touch and a whis-per in a dance, And I've
cresc.
shiv - er - ing hills of snow! But
giv - en my heart till death! To
f
love in the South is a love that is warm As
love in the light till I die in the dark, Though
mp cresc. ed accel.


fire of the sun and the storm, And
life be as brief a a spark That
f a tempo.
burn - ing With yearn - ing!
flash - es To ash - es!
dim. e rall.
Love, South - ern Love, is no hour of kiss and laugh - ter
p
For two that meet and woo, and part the mo - ment af - ter;
p


Though love be pain and sor - row, A night with - out a mor - row,
cresc. ed accel.
Nev - er the fear shall sev - er The bond of
f a tempo.
dim. e rit.
love! Al - though my love be bound to Death as bro - ther,
p a tempo.
I choose my life to lose with him and not an - oth - er—


To feel the kiss that crown'd me, To have his arms a - round me—
cresc. ed accel.
Love, that is my love And more to
f a tempo.
cresc.
me than earth or Heavn a - bove!
1
rit.
ff a tempo.
sff dim.
My -bove!
2
ff a tempo.
sff

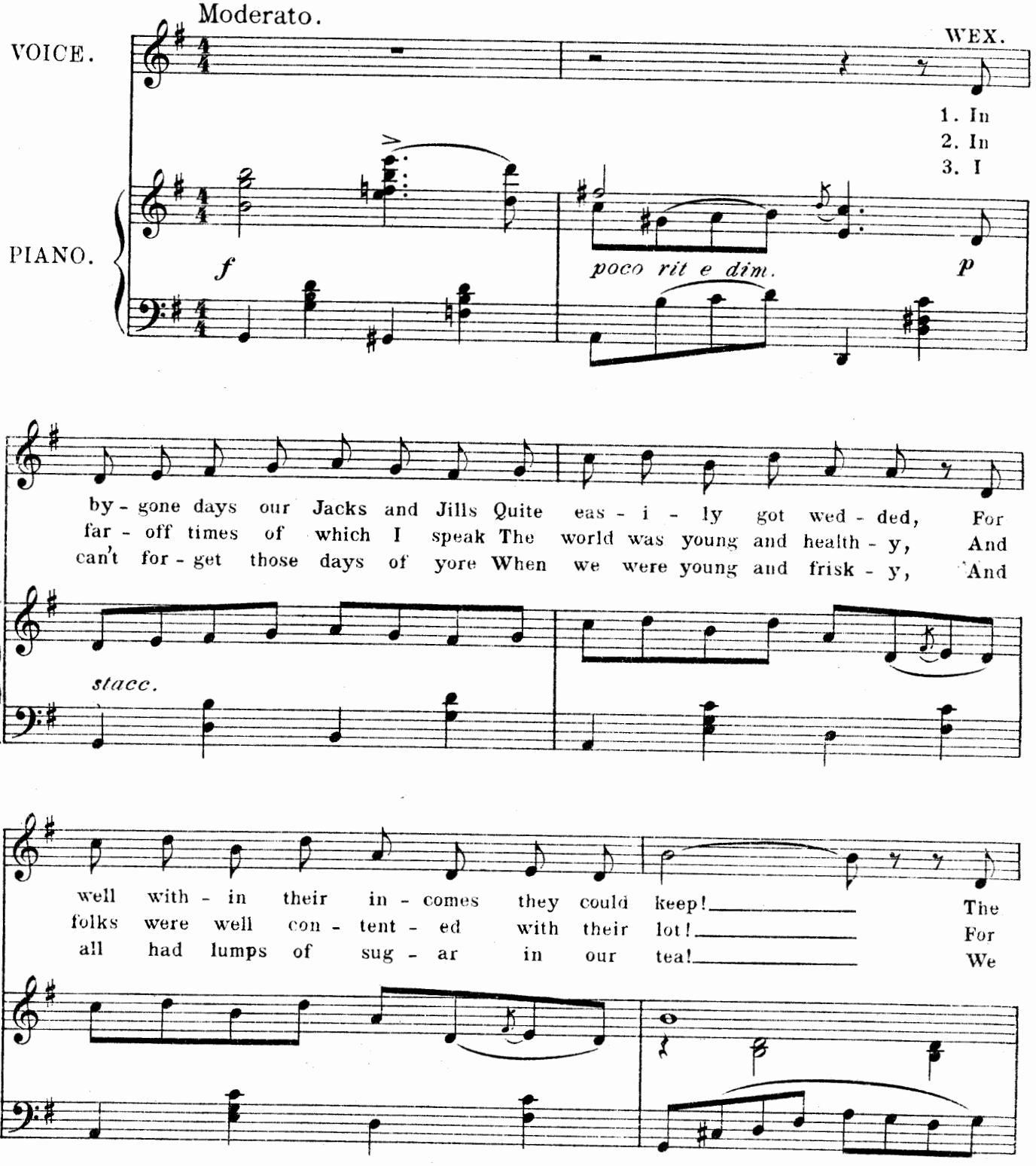
Nº 25.

SONG— "Dear Old Days!"

(WEX and CHORUS.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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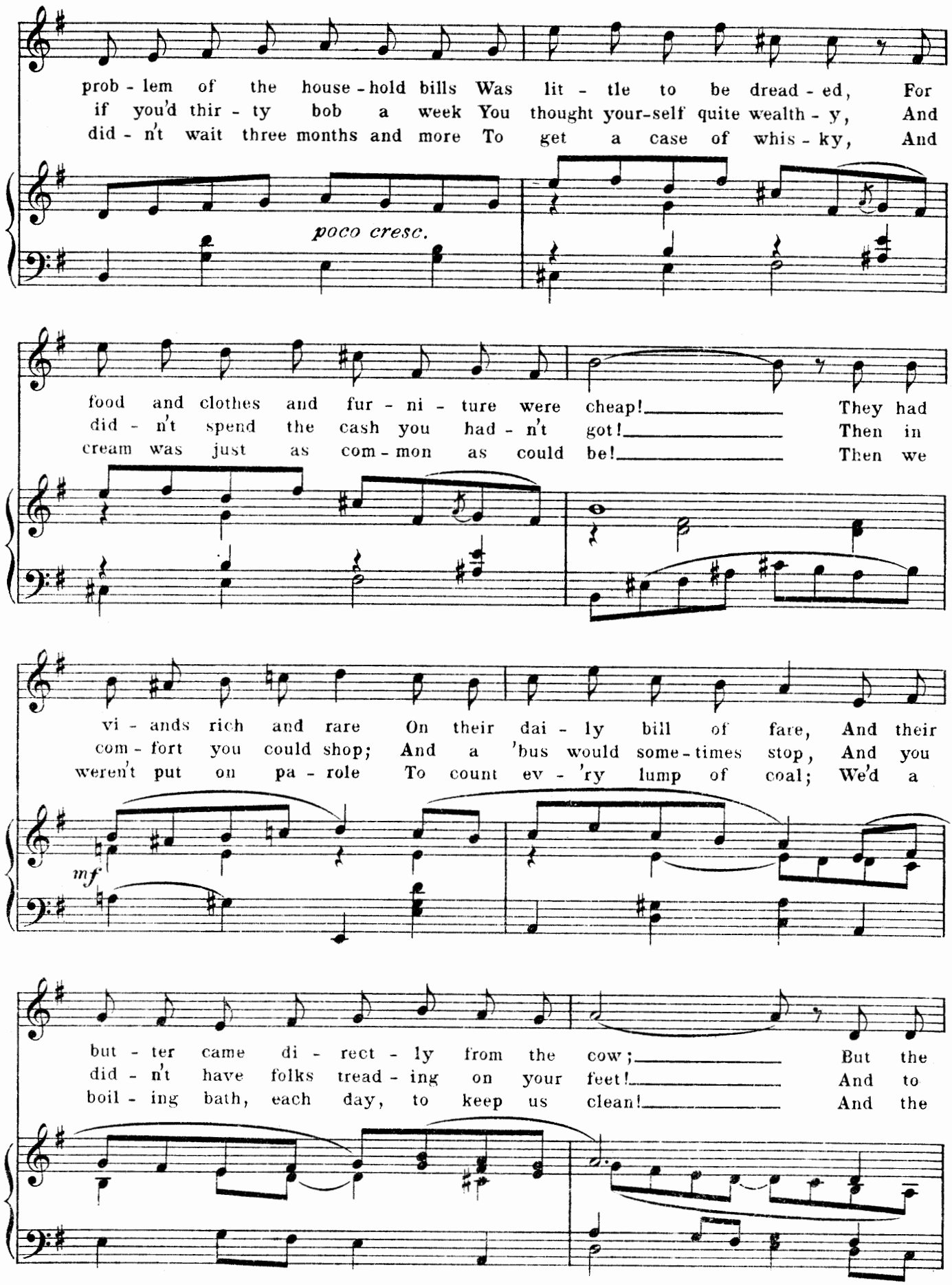
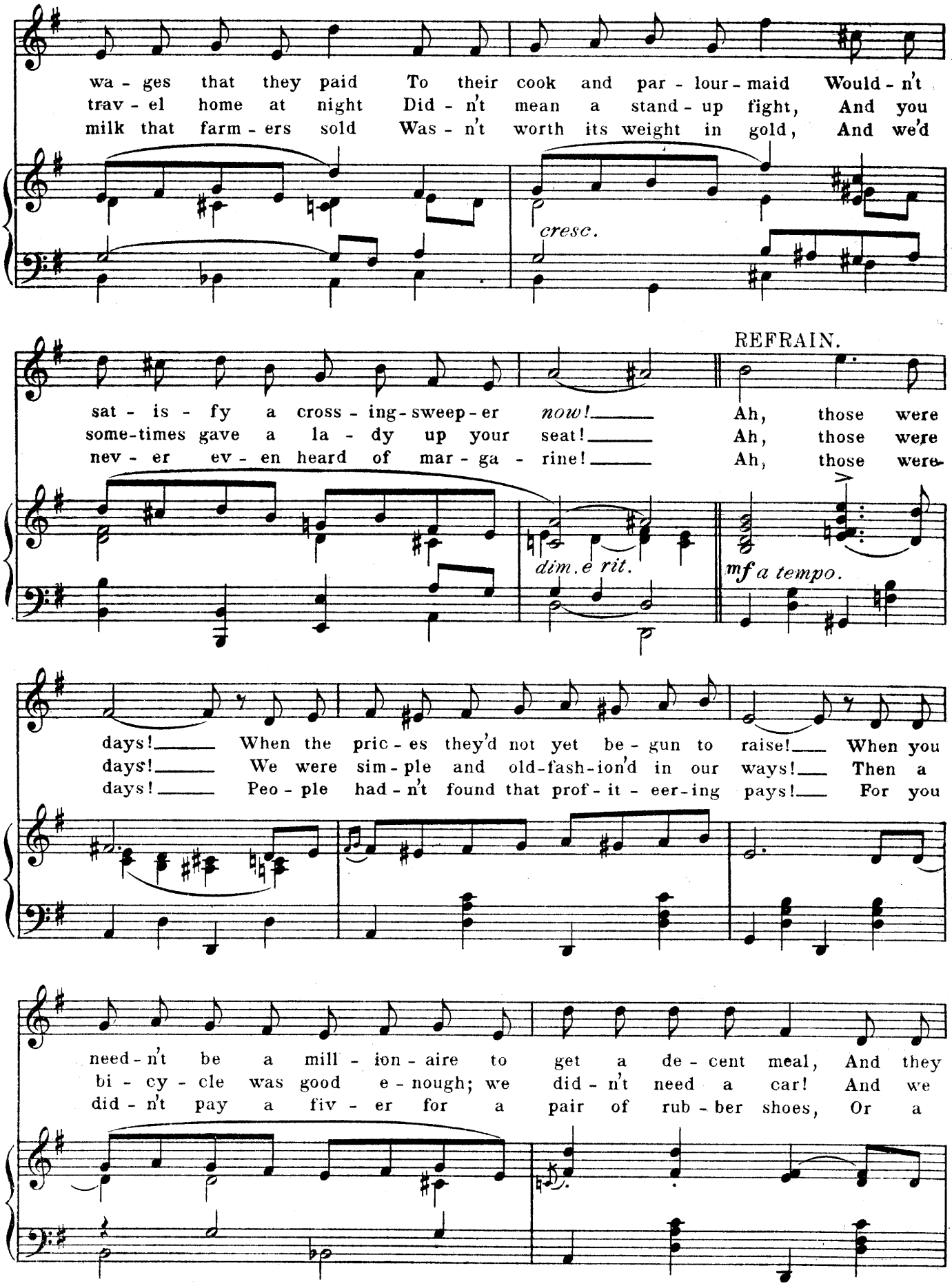
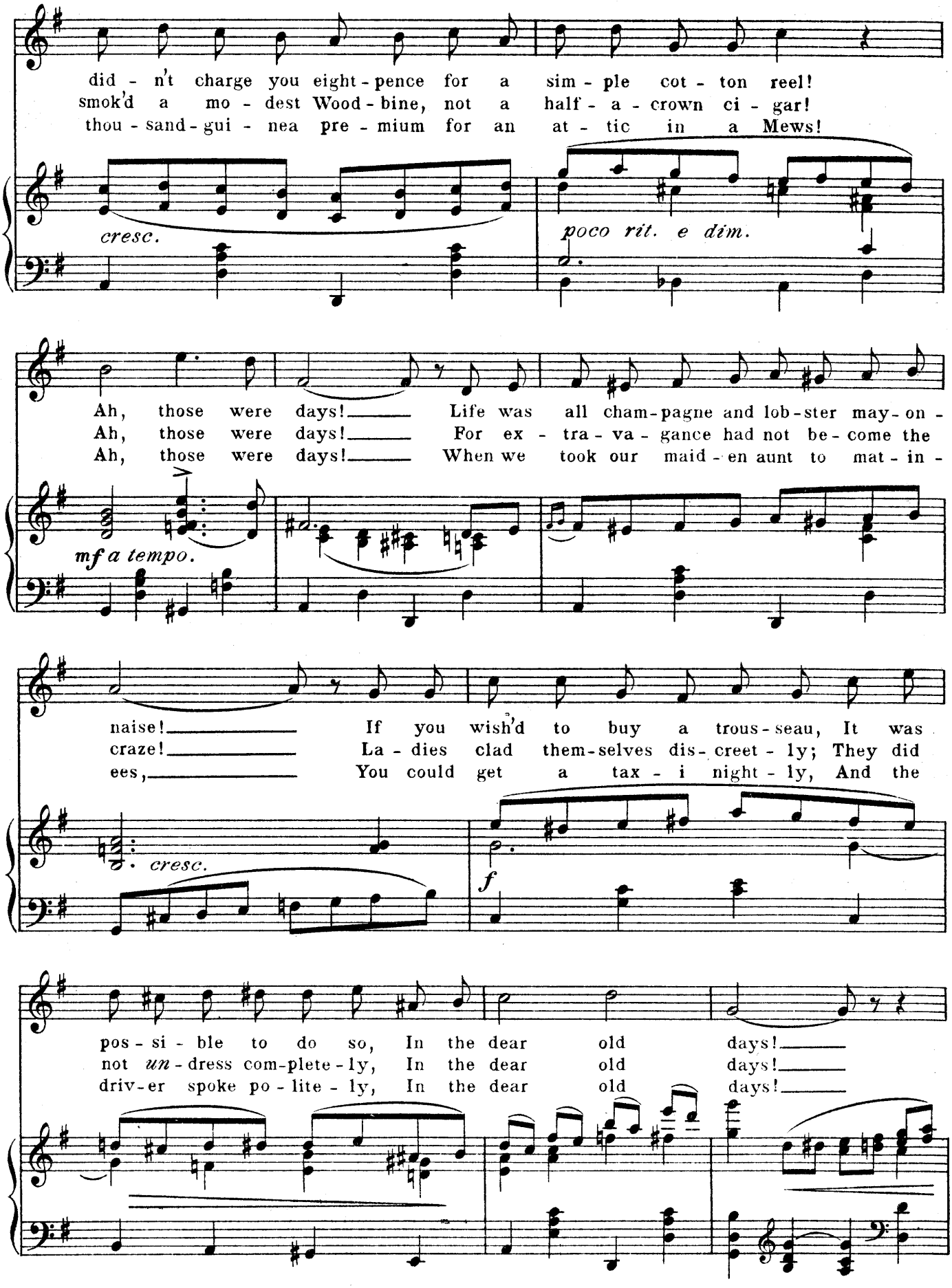

prob - lem of the house - hold bills Was lit - tle to be dread - ed, For
if you'd thir - ty bob a week You thought your-self quite wealth - y, And
did - n't wait three months and more To get a case of whis - ky, And
poco cresc.
food and clothes and fur - ni - ture were cheap! They had
did - n't spend the cash you had - n't got! Then in
cream was just as com - mon as could be! Then we
vi - ands rich and rare On their dai - ly bill of fare, And their
com - fort you could shop; And a 'bus would some - times stop, And you
weren't put on pa - role To count ev - 'ry lump of coal; We'd a
mf
but - ter came di - rect - ly from the cow; But the
did - n't have folks tread - ing on your feet! And to
boil - ing bath, each day, to keep us clean! And the


wa - ges that they paid To their cook and par - lour - maid Would - n't
trav - el home at night Did - n't mean a stand - up fight, And you
milk that farm - ers sold Was - n't worth its weight in gold, And we'd
cresc.
REFRAIN.
sat - is - fy a cross - ing - sweep - er now! Ah, those were
some-times gave a la - dy up your seat! Ah, those were
nev - er ev - en heard of mar - ga - rine! Ah, those were
dim. e rit.
mf a tempo.
days! When the pric - es they'd not yet be - gun to raise! When you
days! We were sim - ple and old-fash-ion'd in our ways! Then a
days! Peo - ple had - n't found that prof - it - eer - ing pays! For you
need - n't be a mill - ion - aire to get a de - cent meal, And they
bi - cy - cle was good e - nough; we did - n't need a car! And we
did - n't pay a fiv - er for a pair of rub - ber shoes, Or a


did - n't charge you eight - pence for a sim - ple cot - ton reel!
smok'd a mo - dest Wood - bine, not a half - a - crown ci - gar!
thou - sand - gui - nea pre - mium for an at - tic in a Mews!
cresc.
poco rit. e dim.
Ah, those were days! Life was all cham - pagne and lob - ster may - on -
Ah, those were days! For ex - tra - va - gance had not be - come the
Ah, those were days! When we took our maid - en aunt to mat - in -
mf a tempo.
naise! If you wish'd to buy a trous - seau, It was
craze! La - dies clad them - selves dis - creet - ly; They did
ees, You could get a tax - i night - ly, And the
cresc.
f
pos - si - ble to do so, In the dear old days!
not un - dress com - plete - ly, In the dear old days!
driv - er spoke po - lite - ly, In the dear old days!

CHORUS.

Ah, those were days! When the pric - es they'd not yet be - gun to
Ah, those were days! We were sim - ple and old - fash - ion'd in our
Ah, those were days! Peo - ple had - n't found that prof - it - eer - ing

WEX.

raise! And you did - n't pay a tan - ner For an
ways! Tho' we bought no Grand Pi - *an* - ners, We had
pays! We'd en - joy our pint of por - ter, And the

CHORUS.

ov - er - ripe ban - *nan* - ner, In the dear old days!
far, far bet - ter man - ners, In the dear old days!
beer *was* beer— not wa - ter! In the dear old days!

D.C.

D.C.

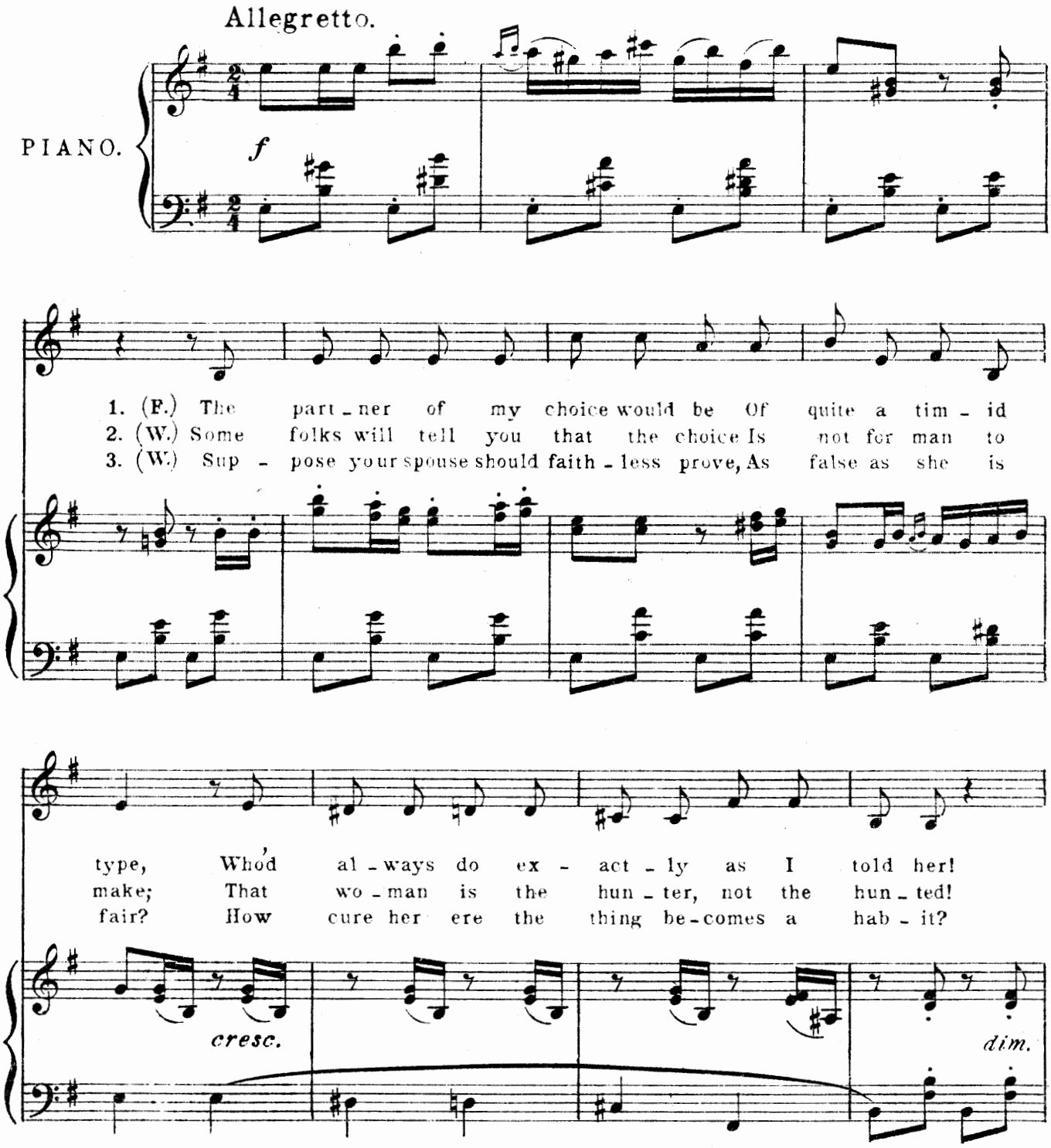
TRIO — "Choosing a wife."

No. 26.

(FRANCESCO, TODO & WEX.)

Words by
HARRY GRAHAM.

Music by
HAROLD FRASER-SIMSON.



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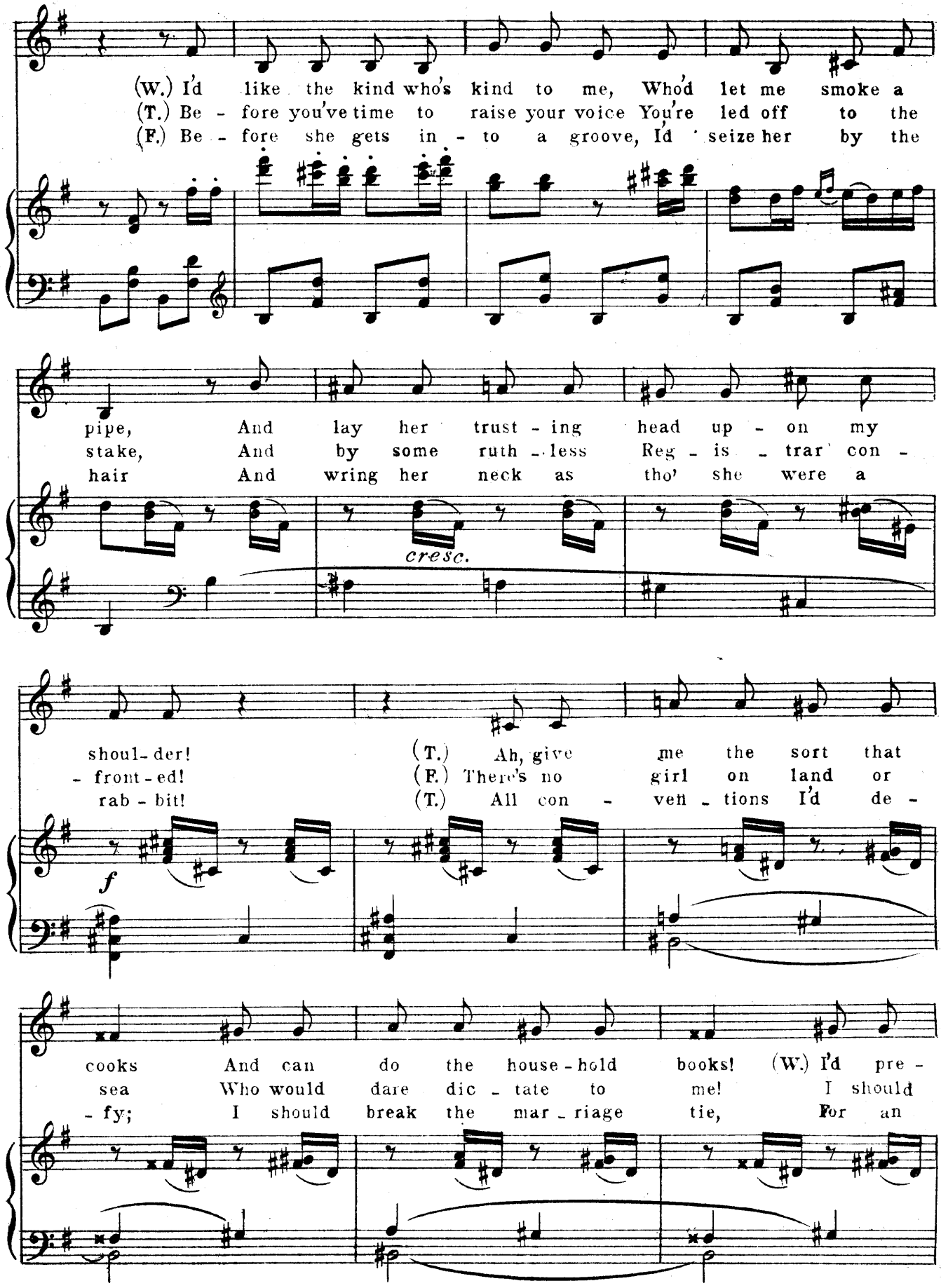
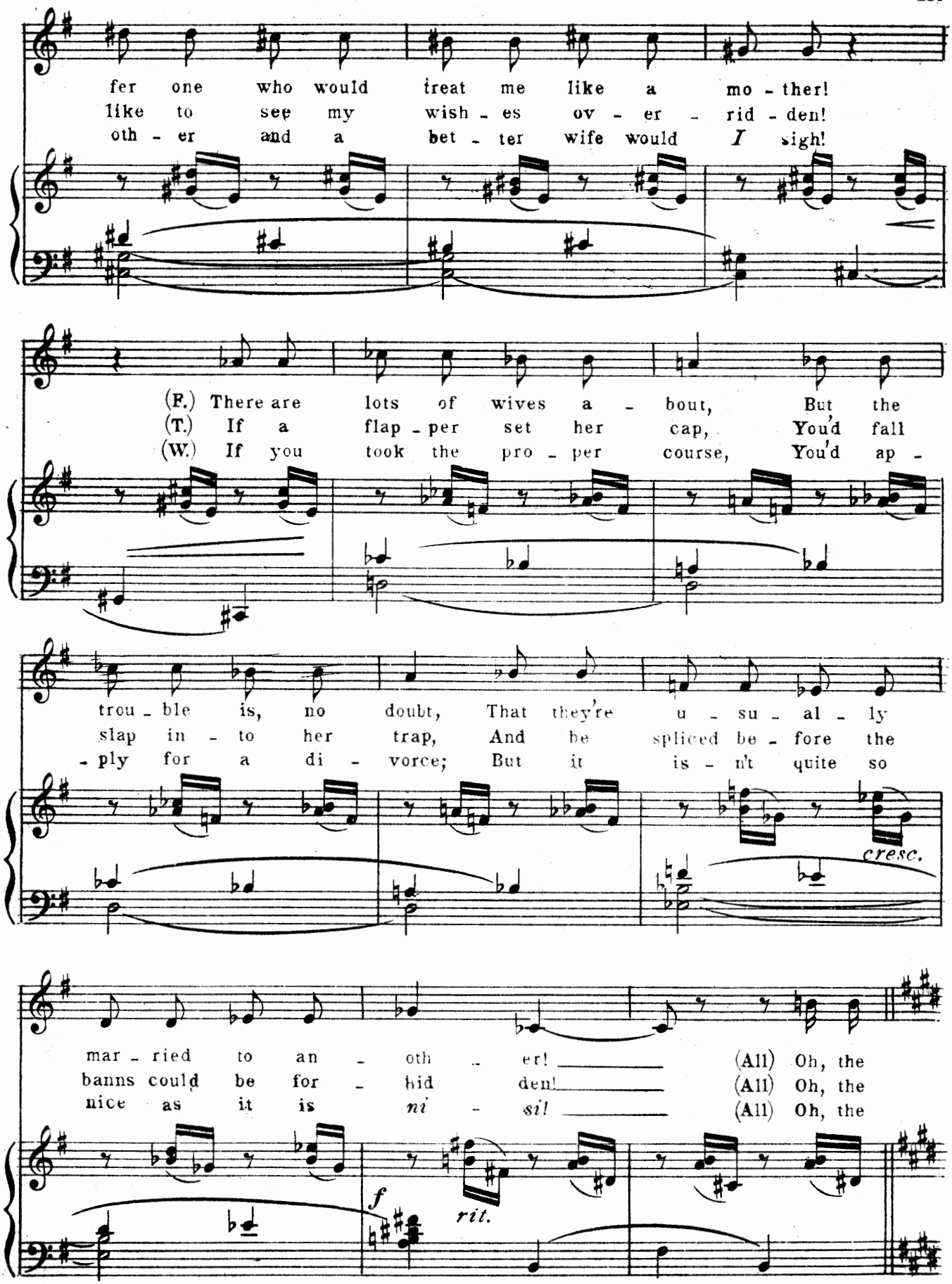
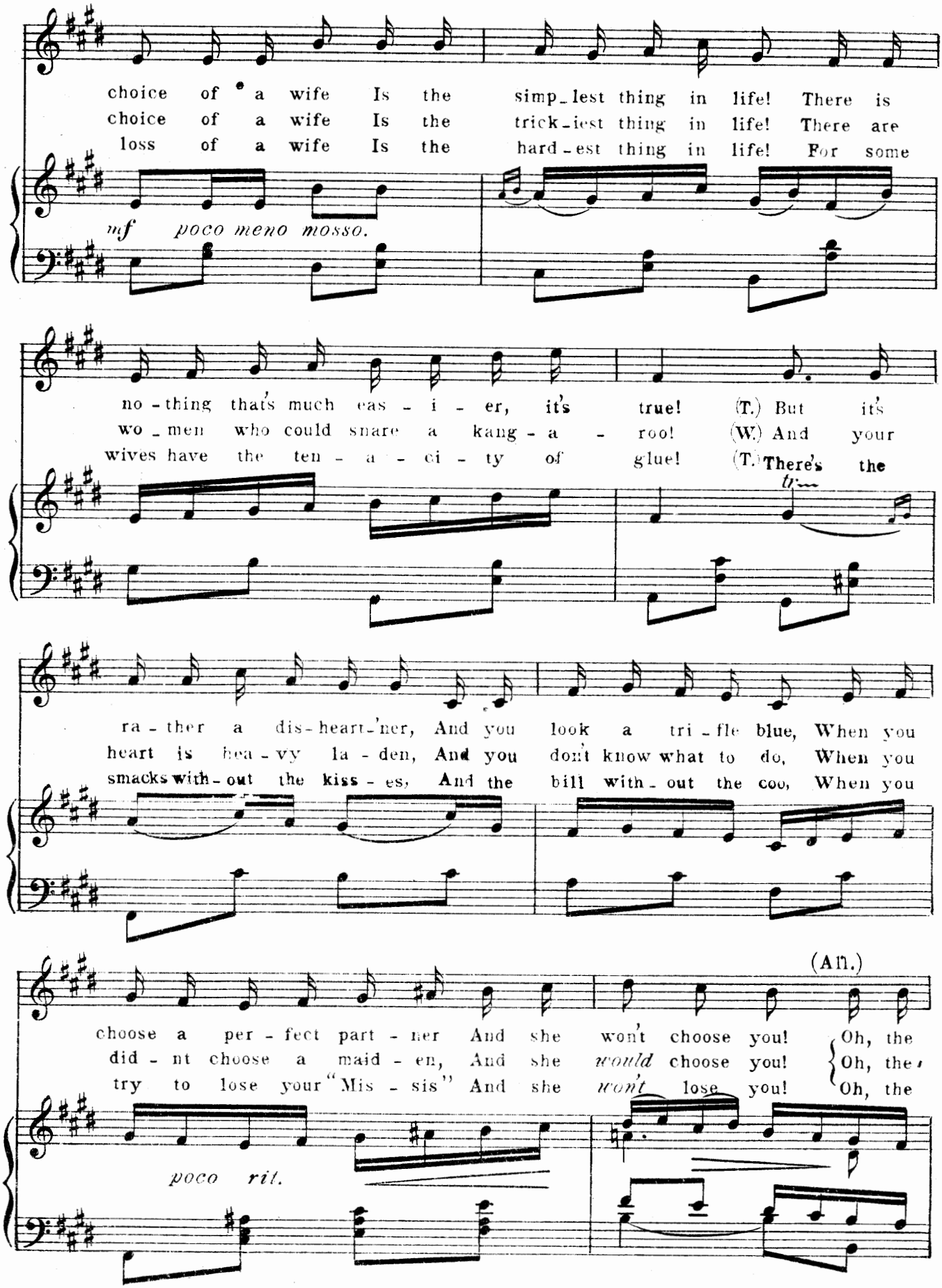
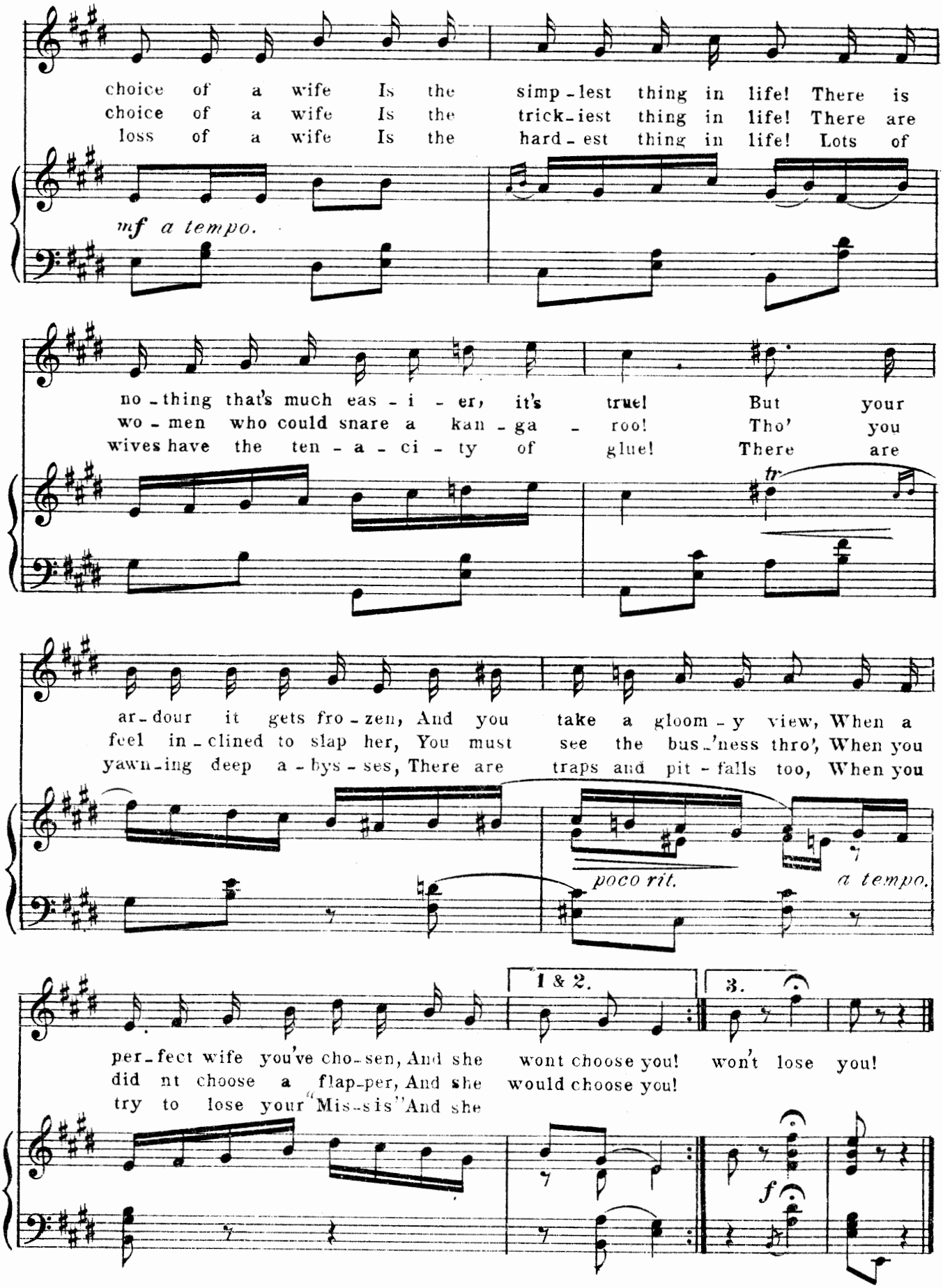
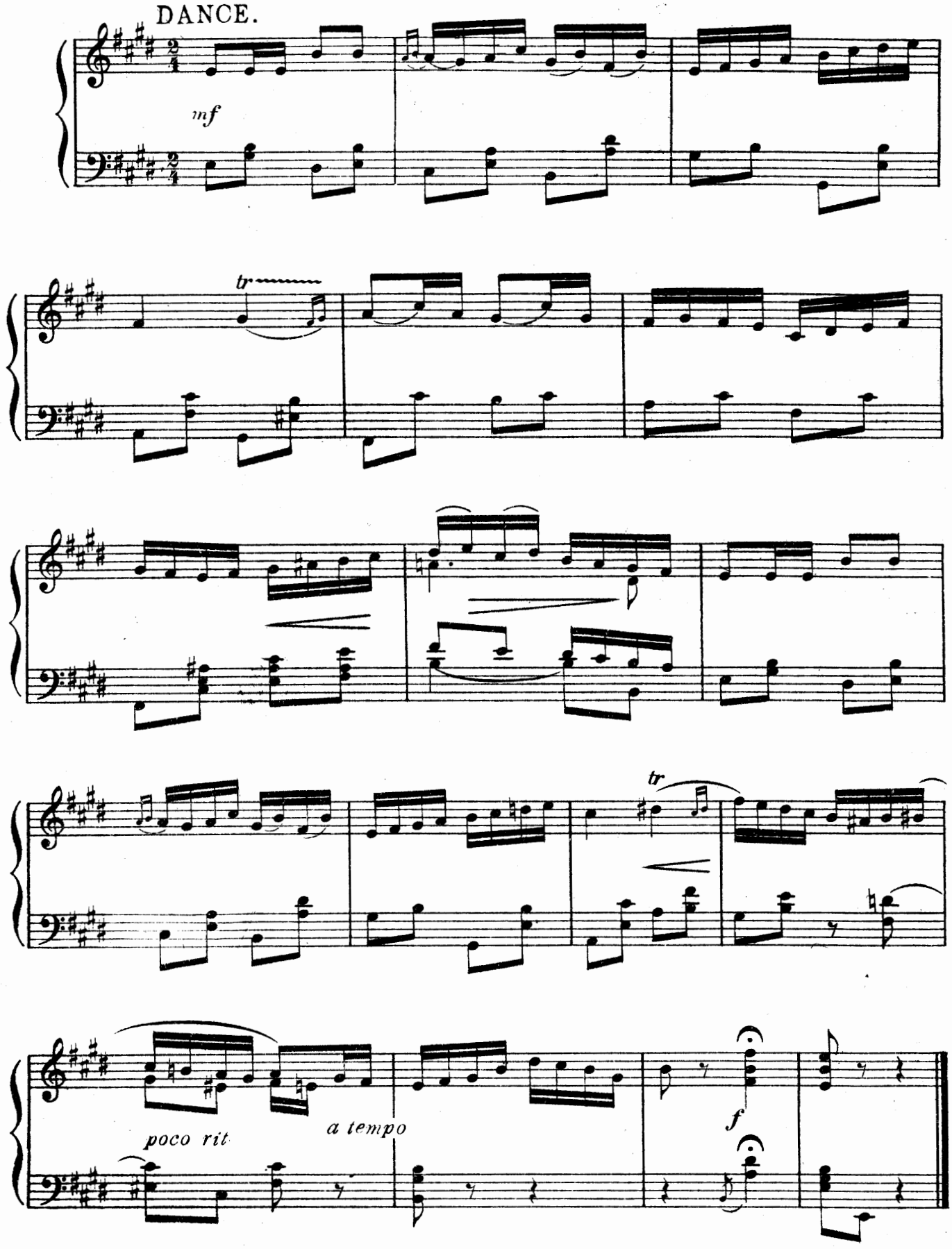

(W.) I'd like the kind who's kind to me, Who'd let me smoke a
(T.) Be - fore you've time to raise your voice You're led off to the
(F.) Be - fore she gets in - to a groove, I'd seize her by the
pipe, And lay her trust - ing head up - on my
stake, And by some ruth - less Reg - is - trar con -
hair And wring her neck as tho' she were a
cresc.
shoul - der!
- front - ed!
rab - bit!
(T.) Ah, give me the sort that
(F.) There's no girl on land or
(T.) All con - ven - tions I'd de -
f
cooks And can do the house - hold books! (W.) I'd pre -
sea Who would dare dic - tate to me! I should
- fy; I should break the mar - riage tie, For an


fer one who would treat me like a mo - ther!
like to see my wish - es ov - er - rid - den!
oth - er and a bet - ter wife would I sigh!
(F.) There are lots of wives a - bout, But the
(T.) If a flap - per set her cap, You'd fall
(W.) If you took the pro - per course, You'd ap -
trou - ble is, no doubt, That they're u - su - al - ly
slap in - to her trap, And be spliced be - fore the
- ply for a di - vorce; But it is - n't quite so
cresc.
mar - ried to an - oth - er! (All) Oh, the
banns could be for - bid den! (All) Oh, the
nice as it is ni - ce! (All) Oh, the
f
rit.


choice of a wife Is the simp-lest thing in life! There is
choice of a wife Is the trick-iest thing in life! There are
loss of a wife Is the hard-est thing in life! For some
mf poco meno mosso.
no-thing that's much eas-i-er, it's true! (T.) But it's
wo-men who could snare a kang-a-roo! (W.) And your
wives have the ten-a-ci-ty of glue! (T.) There's the
tr
ra-ther a dis-heart-'ner, And you look a tri-fle blue, When you
heart is hea-vy la-den, And you don't know what to do, When you
smacks with-out the kiss-es, And the bill with-out the coo, When you
(All.)
choose a per-fect part-ner And she won't choose you! Oh, the
did-nt choose a maid-en, And she would choose you! Oh, the
try to lose your "Mis-sis" And she won't lose you! Oh, the
poco rit.


choice of a wife Is the simp-lest thing in life! There is
choice of a wife Is the trick-iest thing in life! There are
loss of a wife Is the hard-est thing in life! Lots of
mf a tempo.
no-thing that's much eas-i-er, it's true! But your
wo-men who could snare a kan-ga-roo! Tho' you
wives have the ten-a-ci-ty of glue! There are
tr
ar-dour it gets fro-zen, And you take a gloom-y view, When a
feel in-clined to slap her, You must see the bus-'ness thro', When you
yawn-ing deep a-bys-ses, There are traps and pit-falls too, When you
poco rit.
a tempo.
1 & 2.
3.
per-fect wife you've cho-sen, And she wont choose you! won't lose you!
did nt choose a flap-per, And she would choose you!
try to lose your "Mis-sis" And she
f


DANCE.
mf
tr
tr
poco rit
a tempo
f