

CHORAL BALLAD

Set for Soprano Solo, Contralto Solo and Chorus of Female Voices

With Accompaniment for Piano or Orchestra

Words and Music by CECIL FORSYTH

Price, 50 Cents

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TINKER, TAILOR

CHORAL BALLAD

The Prologue

Ladies! a true-love tale we sing to you, Pink-perfect as a coral. First we'll provide you with the quaintest facts, And then we'll point the moral.

The Ballad

When Molly O'Keefe was just thirteen And asleep in the moonlight clear, Dan Cupid stood at the foot of her bed, And he said to her: "Molly, my dear,

"Ev'ry girl when she grows up Must marry a man or two, The only question's: Who's the man For a pretty little girl like you? When you grow up you'll have to choose (My regular list is brief) From a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,

Ploughboy, 'pothecary, thief."

"You can keep that gang," said Molly, "They're not for a well-bred girl.

I mean to marry a prince or a duke, Or at any rate a belted earl. Pray, what has it got to do with you?

No chance with Molly O'Keefe Has a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, Ploughboy, 'pothecary, thief."

Dan Cupid frowned. Ten thousand years He'd been caressed and courted; And now he found his well-laid schemes

Contemptuously thwarted. He drew his bow. With blazing eyes His stern decree he told her:

"By this arrow-shot, you shall marry the lot Before you're ten years older."

Now nine years later Ben McGrew Was pretty well on in life, The exact amount of his bank account Was a billion. He'd no wife. He had tried to make good at various trades, And at all of them come to grief, As a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,

Ploughboy, 'pothecary, thief.

But for nine years past he had "plunged" in oil And all his investing folly, However stupid, was bleased by Cupid, Who wanted to get square with Molly. So here he was with a billion cold And a heart warm past belief, Ex-tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, Ploughboy, 'pothecary, thief.

And when Molly, twenty-two years old, Set eyes on Ben McGrew,
She said, "My saint! my hero! My dreams are coming true!"
And such was her simple girlish charm And her innocence of men,
That in three months' time she had pulled it off And was signing "Mrs. Ben."
He bought up ten country-places, A ruby-mine for his queen,
Three yachts, a dozen motor-cars, A diamond soup-tureen.
And with these and him she laved sensibly

Without splurge or profusion or waste; Her motto was, "All of the best, But quiet and in good taste."

Then praise to dear Dan Cupid! Dan Cupid ever young! He holds his sway, from day to day, All happy hearts among.

And on this bright occasion He triumphed speciallee; For he sat on a cloud and he laughed aloud, And he said to himself, said he, "My shooting ne'er was better (Bad shots are indeed a grief) Than the day I drew on Ben McGrew And I drew on Molly O'Keefe.

"And I'd stake my wings and my team of dover That Molly'll never know, When I saw her dream in the moonlight, 'Twas a shrapnel-shot from my bow Struck her; and then, in bouncing back, The arrow from my sheaf

Bagged a tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, Ploughboy, 'pothecary, thief."

The Epilogue

Ladies! the moral of our simple tale Will close attention bear: "Dan Cupid gilds the tinker's lowly life, And turns him billionaire."

To the St. Cecilia Club, New York, Victor Harris, Conductor.

Tinker, Tailor Choral Ballad

Words and Music by CECIL FORSYTH

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