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M. WITMARK'E SONS. SCHILLER THEATRE BUILDS



## OUR BAZAAR.

Written by Albert Chevalier & Brian Daly

Composed by Bond Andrews.



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Our bazaar - 3

You have probably heard of our school-room bazaar,
Which was held for the poor of the parish;
Where the odour of sanctity keeps it afar
From the vulgar, suggestive or garish.
Charming ladies preside over various stalls,
And their beauty I own's an attraction;
A society actress—a girl from the halls,
To give tone to the Sunday school faction.

(Refrain.) We're quite aware these people are employed upon the stage,
We rather court the presence of a star,
For when Charity's the moral,
We should never pick a quarrel,
And we tolerate them all at our bazaar!

My dear brother the curate who labors with me,
Opportunely observes to the needy,
"At a guinea a cup we have coffee or tea,
And a cake that's decidedly 'seedy.'"
Oh! we've no end of fun at our School-room Bazaar,
We of course taboo spirituous liquor;
At our Café Chantant smoke a choc'late cigar,
And hear "Old Kent Road" sung by the Vicar!
(Refrain.) Of course we couldn't tolerate such songs upon the stage;
We take the compositions as they are;
Though at times we may abuse them,
Our surroundings will excuse them,
And they're quite a big success at our Bazaar!

We've a programme that lit'rally twinkles with stars, I am told it obscures the Pavilion,
We have sherbet and pineapple served at the bars,
We so well know the tastes of the million.
There are oranges, filberts, and Turkish delight.
And vanilla and strawberry ices,
At the race-game our Vicar amazes us quite
For he offers phenomenal prices.

(Spoken.) Programme of the Concert. No charge for admission, but a silver collection will be made during the interval, by several well-known professional ladies in appropriate costume.

(Reading programme.) What are the wild waves saying? Oh! dem golden kippers!

Up I come with my little lot. Just before the battle, mother!

The boy stood on a burning deck. He wore a worried look.

The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock. That is Love. In the dear Homeland!

Look at her crinoline! Fighting with the 7th Royal Fusiliers.

Ye shepherds, tell me? Has anyone seen a moving job?

Oh! Mr. Porter! It makes you careful, doesn't it? Ask a p'liceman. [to a soldier.

Maggie Murphy's home! Nobody knows what trouble was there. All thro' sticking He's got ten thousand a year. I could do could do could do could do could do with a bit!

The minstrel boy to the war is gone. All through a little bit of bacon.

The property is a job lot! We give 'em away in our Society! Down at the Welsh Harp, which is

They're a job lot! We give 'em away in our Society! Down at the Welsh Harp, which is (Refrain.) Of course we couldn't countenance frivolities like these, [Hendon way.

But Church and Stage are here upon a par, And to quote the words selected, By a Serio much respected, We fairly "take the bun" at our Bazaar!

(Spoken through music, as if receiving visitors.) So pleased to see you! Just arrived! Lady Violet's Jumble Stall? Over there, close to the Dowager's Art towel horses! Programme? delighted! Half crown quite right. Oh we never give any change! My dear Count! been making some purchases? What a duck of a little holder! You don't say. Only three guineas, how ridiculously cheap! My dear Miss Smith. Lady Curling Irons (introduction) Charmed I'm sure. Café chantant? No he hasn't started yet. Eh! oh yes, the dear man's here. Is he going to sing "The little koster dona." I believe so. Where did you say you heard him? Oh! Get you a seat? With pleasure! Allow me, Oh! there's plenty of time. He can't begin without me. I'm going to play his accompaniments for him on the harmonium! (Exit to music.)

## MARVELOUS SUCCESSES

IN LYRICS AND MELODIES BY THE YOUNG AMERICAN SONG WRITERS

## WALTER H. FORD N JOHN W. BRATTON

|       | (AUT   | HOR)   |  |  | (COMPO   | DSER;  |  |
|-------|--|--|--|--|--|--|--|
|       | STORY  | BALLADS  | S AND  | DESCRI   | PTIVE S  | SONGS.   |  |
| THE   | New York dailies we makes success. The attended its first perfollow to meet the sells, but pleases | vere a unit in volume story is new, to production, while the demand. It is | cing its praiche melody:<br>e gratifying<br>a pleasure | ses. It posses<br>is swinging an<br>, only partly<br>to the publis | sses that und id easily ret foretold the shers to reco | efinable ''son<br>ained, and th<br>numerons ecommend a son | nething' which e success which litions that nius ig, that not only |
|       | OLD STAGE A truthful and vivi hears. A beautiful   | d portrayal of a lidea, gracefully   | portion of s<br>carried out                            | tageland, of v   | which the pl   | easure-seekin  | g public seldon  |
|       | PICTURES.  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
|       | poem, set to a beau  | itiful waltz meloc   | ly. A little   | surprise occu  | rs at the end  | of the second  | d verse 40   |
| ONLY  | ME.—The story acquainted with a child, while the otl only me," made a could possibly have          | lady of social in<br>her she treated was<br>deeper impress                 | mportance,<br>vith indiffere<br>ion on the             | who lavished<br>ence, not to sa<br>hearer, than a                  | all her natu<br>y neglect ''<br>i masterpiece          | ral caresses u<br>The childish e<br>of grammati            | pon one favorite<br>expression "It'<br>cal construction            |
| THE   | MELODY HE in a graphic manner  | USED TO  | SING.  | —The story of  | of a waywar  | d son and lovi   | ing parents, told  |
| UNDI  | ER THE CITY that impresses the   | LIGHTS.  | A descrip  | tive song of   | unusual mer  | it. A swingi   | ng waltz choru   |
| HIS I | that lingers   | ETHEART  | NELL.  | —A plaintive   | story of tw  | o little urchi   | ns. A melody   |
| WAIT  | ring FOR NO<br>erring daughter's r   | DRA'S RE7  | TURN.  | A pathetic bal   | llad, telling o  | of a loving fat  | her awaiting hi  |
| JUST  | A WORD FO  | OR FATHE   | R.—As the  | e title implie<br>as much as m                                     | es, this song other                                    | is a plea to l   | oestow a little o  |
| TARF  | RY CARRIE, any voice, with an  | FILL WE I extremely catch  | <b>VARRY</b><br>y ad-libitun                           | -A daintly dance   | little semi-   | humorous ba  | llad suitable 3  |
| TELL  | ME, RUBY,<br>and dance-inspirin  |  |  | E BE.—A  | -  | _  | • • •  |
| MYD   | has been written is beautiful gavotte ch   | in years. It is o  | equally adap   | oted to male o   | r female voic  | e, parlor or s   | stage. It has a  |
| THE   | BELLS OF F<br>years, this one star<br>indescribable effect   | ids pre-eminent.   | It has the   | ring of genui  | ne merit, an   | d never fails  | to produce tha   |
|       | CON  | IIC AND S  | SERIO-   | COMIC N  | OVELT  | IES.   |  |
| HENI  | The only one of its a song for and wa gained by placing  | s kind that has b<br>inted by the peo                                      | een a financ   | ial as well as a<br>best comedier                                  | a stage succe<br>mes have ad                           | ss; thereby plded laurels t                                | proving it to be<br>to those already                               |
| SHE   | ALWAYS DR<br>worthy companion  | to the successfu   | BLAC Henriet   | <b>K.</b> Very ne<br>ca.'' Handson                                 | ew, winning<br>mely colored                            | popularity of title page                                   | everywhere. A  |
| SINC  | E MAGGIE B<br>are humorously ex  | OUGHT T  | HE PA  | RROT.—1  | The many ex  | periences witl   | ı ''Pretty Polly'<br>4   |
|       | YER CAUGH  |  |  | -  |  |  |  |
|       | HOUGHT HE<br>N'T THINK   | HE'D DO  | IT, (Bu  | t He Did   | .—A very   | popular topic  | cal ditty. Title   |
| CUE.  | has become a by-w DIDN'T DO A  | T.   |  |  |  |  |  |
|       | ALL RIGHT, E   | BUT ITS AV   | <b>VKWA</b>  | RD.—Parad  | oxically it is   | far from bein  | ig awkwaid. N  |
| WHA   | T D'YE THIN hear the song Wo   | K OF HO  | OLIHAI   | N?—We wil  | l let you ex   | press your op  | oinion when yo   |
| SONO  | pathetic except the are created when r   | ON THE S   | TAGE<br>which is so                                    | —A positive nabsurd and fo   | ovelty in a d<br>oreign to the                         | escriptive sati<br>theme, that r                           | re. Thoroughl  |
| JUST  | AS IF SHE music out of the o   | DIDN'T K   | NOW  | -A fine little   | serio-comic  | number. W  | ords up to date  |
| HON   | of it. Coon!!! E it does with those  | ER LOVE Y  | O' MA  | N?—Coon!<br>even to the m<br>Keeps the fee                         | Every vers usic. It ca                                 | e of it. Coonnot belp bu                                   | on!! Every lin<br>t gain the favo                                  |
|       | JCHEDS   | . WIT  | MAR  |  |  |  |  |
| DUDI  | ICHEDS   |  | The same   |  | NEW V  | ODK &  | CHICAGO  |

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