

Price 25 cents

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF McLIZZIE

By
ONA WINANTS BORLAND



Two figures, a man on the left and a woman on the right, dressed in classical-style robes and headpieces, stand on either side of a large banner. The banner is held up by their hands and contains the text 'SERGEL'S ACTING DRAMA'. The man's robe features a prominent cross-like emblem on the chest. The woman's dress is draped and has a floral headpiece. The entire scene is framed by a decorative border.

**SERGEL'S
ACTING
DRAMA**

No. 634

ART-WORKERS-LEAGUE

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THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY
OF
McLIZZIE

IN SONG AND VERSE

By
ONA WINANTS BORLAND

Author of

“The Lamentable Tragedy of Julius Caesar,”
“The Lamentable Tragedy of Omelet and Oatmeal,” etc.

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CHARACTERS

DUNCAN—Prohibition senator.

MICHAEL McLIZZIE—Candidate for U. S. Senate, backed by “wets” and “suffragettes.”

HOWCOME—Duncan’s son.

ADDLEBRAIN—Duncan’s secretary.

PAT FINNIGAN }
MIKE MAGUIRE } Adherents of McLizzie.
BILLY FLYNN }
MIKE MCGLYN }

DINNIS }
PETE } Policemen
DYER }

HERR VON TOUGH—The dark horse candidate.

SCHNEIDER AND HIS BAND OF THREE—Adherents of von Tough.

LIZZIE McLIZZIE—An ambitious wife.

FIRST SUFFRAGETTE }
SECOND SUFFRAGETTE } Who speak for themselves.
THIRD SUFFRAGETTE }

Chorus of from eight to fifty male and female voices.

Nearly all the tunes referred to will be found in “College Songs,” published by Oliver Ditson.

Amateur actors are warned not to perform this play until they have the written permission of the publishers. The royalty fee is five dollars for each performance, payable in advance.

\$0.25

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DEC 23 1916

no. 1

COSTUMES

DUNCAN—Silk hat, crepe band, Prince Albert coat, sideburns; anything sanctimonious.

McLIZZIE—Extreme Irish burlesque, red wig.

HOWCOME—The plate of fashion.

ADDLEBRAIN—Extreme English burlesque, plaid trousers, monocle, etc.

PAT FINNIGAN }
MIKE MAGUIRE } Extreme Irish burlesque, with as much variety
BILLY FLYNN } as possible.
MIKE MCGLYN }

DINNIS¹ }
PETE } If impossible to obtain policemen's uniforms, cadet uni-
DYER } forms may be adapted.

HERR VON TOUGH—German burlesque, long pipe, grey chin whiskers, trousers baggy at knees, little cap, etc.

LITTLE GERMAN BAND—With emphasis on large horn, trombone and drum. Wear wooden shoes.

LIZZIE McLIZZIE—Red wig, green dress.

THREE SUFFRAGETTES—*First.* College girl, cap and gown, very pretty. *Second.* Old maid to look like "Miss Democracy," curls, spectacles, poke bonnet, hoop skirts, etc. *Third.* Short, fat, belligerent; flat sailor hat, umbrella unfurled, market basket, etc.

CHORUS—Bright fantastic costumes, a preponderance of Scottish plaids when possible. Female voices only are used for Suffragette numbers; male and female for constituents; German Band, etc.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY OF McLIZZIE

ACT I

SCENE I. [*Three suffragettes under one umbrella. Imitation rainstorm, by means of sandpaper, electric fans, flashlights, etc., behind the scenes. Tune, "Annie Laurie."*]

FIRST SUFFRAGETTE.

When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning and rain?

SECOND SUFFRAGETTE.

When the hurly-burly's over
And men have run to cover.

THIRD SUFFRAGETTE.

When the battle's fought and won
And our suffrage race is run.

ALL. But for equal rights for women
We would gladly curl up and die.

[*After whirling in dance, sing—Tune, "Man Who Has Plenty of Peanuts."*]

ALL. The man who has plenty of ballots and votes
And giveth his sister none,
He shan't have any of our good votes
When we the ballot have won,
When we the ballot have won,
When we the ballot have won;
He shan't have any of our good votes
When we the ballot have won.

[*Clap of thunder, flash of lightning. They vanish.*]

SCENE II. [DUNCAN, HOWCOME and ADDLEBRAIN enter, in a parade with a Temperance Transparency. Tune, "Yale, W. C. T. U. Song."]

We're coming we're coming, our brave little band;
 On the right side of temperance we now take our stand.
 We don't use tobacco, for this is what we think,
 That them as does use it most always does drink.
 Down with King Alcohol!

DUNCAN. [*Tune, "Bullfrog."*]

Oh, I'm Senator Duncan.

H. & A. He is Senator Duncan.

DUNCAN. Prohibition Senator.

H. & A. Prohibition Senator.

ALL. Famous Senator Duncan,
 Who was never, never drunken.
 He voted dry, and that is why
 The wets are after him;
 Singing, "Old Duncan's day is ended,
 For the wets he has offended,"
 Singing, "Give us Duncan's scalp,"
 Singing, "We want Duncan's scalp,
 Tra la la la, tra la la la,
 Give us Duncan's scalp."

DUNCAN. [*Tune, "Drink to Me Only—"*]

Drink to me only with closed eyes,
 And I will close mine, too.
 My rule is, "Look not on the cup,"
 And that is a good rule, too.
 No man has ever seen me drink,
 Nor ever seen me drunk;
 To no such depths would ever sink
 Your good old Senator Dunk.

For six long years we've served the State,
 And served it many a trick,
 And if the Boss don't change his slate,
 Six more we'd like to stick.
 Our record is clean, an absolute blank;
 Six years in silence we sat.
 Conservatives, you've got us to thank
 For always sitting pat.

HOWCOME. [*Tune, "A Way We Have at Old Harvard."*]

How come Pa to get to the Senate?

How come I to be his own son?

How come Pa to hold such a tenet

As Pro-hi-bi-bi-ti-on?

NO Pro-hi-bi-ti-on,

Not for this young son of a gun.

How come Pa to get to the Senate?

How come I to be his own son?

How come Pa to hold such a tenet

As Pro-hi-bi-ti-on?

It's a way they have in the Senate

To hold an untenable tenet,

Defend it, amend it, ne'er end it,

But table it SINE DIE.

They table it SINE DIE.

But don't tell the people why

We wait for legislation

And get only agitation

While the Senate takes a vacation,

Adjourning SINE DIE.

ADDLEBRAIN. [*Tune, "Mush, Mush."*]

'Twas in Washington I learned to dance,

To hesitate, tango and prance,

The fox trot and the lame duck and canter,

I took them all in at a glance.

Oh, I'm agile in ankle and knee,

The Castles aren't in it with me.

The Maxixe and the Fishcrawl and Spanish

Are easy as walking to me.

Oh, it's slush, slush, slush, tu-ra-liaydy.

And it's slush, slush, slush, tu-ra-liay,

With a dip and a glide and a lady

LIFE in Washington suits me O. K.

'Twas in Washington I learned to flirt

With the maidens so pretty and pert;

But to judge of the heart by the dress skirt,

Oh, I had to be very alert.

When the dress skirt was full 'twas a sure sign

The heart was as empty as—mine.

When the skirt was most filmy and soft-like,
The heart was quite hard as a spike.

Oh, it's mush, mush, mush, tu-ra-liay-dy,
And it's mush, mush, mush, tu-ra-liay;

With a smile and a nod from a lady,
LIFE in Washington suits me O. K.

[ADDLEBRAIN and HOWCOME *exceunt*, dancing. Enter R.
THREE SUFFRAGETTES.]

THREE SUFF. [*To DUNCAN—Tune, "Coming Thro' the Rye."*]

If elected to the Senate will suffrage get your vote?

If you promise and then fail us, we will get your goat.
Every statesman has his hobby; you must have one too.

Unless you help the suffrage lobby, we'll beat you
black and blue.

DUNCAN. [*Tune, "Believe Me."*]

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,

Which I gaze on so coldly today,

Were to fling themselves suddenly right in my arms,

I would still have the courage to say,

"Avaunt and begone! Tempt me never again.

Let thy loveliness lure as it will,

I have one hobby now, and for that I'd be slain;

Prohibition is my hobby still."

ACT II

SCENE I. McLIZZIE. [*Enters with CHORUS. Tune, "Harrigan,"*
by George M. Cohan.]

Who is the man who will wink when you want a drink?

McLizzie, that's me.

Who do you think is the fellow who's got the chink?

McLizzie, that's me.

I'm just as proud of my name, you see,

As an emperor, czar or a king could be.

Who gets so busy as Michael McLizzie?

McLizzie, that's me.

CHORUS

M-C-L-I-Z-Z-I-E, spells McLizzie,
 Proud of all the Irish blood that's in me;
 Where's the man that can say a word ag'in me?
 M-C-L-I-Z-Z-I-E, you sec,
 Is a name that a shame never has been^m connected with,
 McLizzie, that's me.

Where is the man you can't find something bad about?
 McLizzie, that's me.
 Who is the man that the town's simply mad about?
 McLizzie, that's me!
 The ladies and babies are fond of me;
 I'm fond of them, too, in return, you see.
 Who is the gent that's deserving a monument?
 McLizzie, that's me. [*Repeat chorus.*]

THREE SUFF. [*To McLIZZIE—Tune, "My Bonnie."*]

McLizzie is surely a statesman.
 McLizzie is going to be great.
 McLizzie must surely get onto
 The Bosses' political slate. [*He starts to turn from
 them.*]

CHORUS. [*Sung with soprano, alto and tenor parts.*]

Come back, come back,
 Come back, McLizzie, to us, to us.
 Come back, come back,
 We *will* give you *no* cause to cuss.

1ST SUF. Last night as I lay on my pillow.
 2D SUF. Last night as I lay on my bed.
 3D SUF. Last night as I lay on my ostermoor.
 ALL. I dreamed that old Duncan was dead.

CHORUS. Campaign, campaign,
 Campaign, McLizzie, for us, for us.
 Campaign, campaign,
 It's Senate and suffrage, or bust.

THREE SUFFS. [*Tune, "Coming Thro' the Rye."*]

If elected to the Senate, will suffrage yet your vote?

McLIZZIE.

Oh, Suffragette, now you may bet, for ye I'll doff me coat.

Ivery statesman has his hobby; suffrage shall be mine.
I'll back that three-leaf suffrage lobby with money,
brains and time.

THREE SUFS.

If elected to the Senate, will you make a speech,
Saying man is but the peach-stone, woman is the peach?

McLIZZIE.

Yis, I'll make you that oration, I'll do that very thing;
But I will claim that I'm a *free*-stone,
And you are but a *cling*.

[McLIZZIE and THREE SUFFRAGETTES *dance and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. MRS. McLIZZIE. [*Enters. Tune, "Forsaken."*]

Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I,
Like cement in a subway my buried hopes lie;
McLizzie has left me for three suffragettes,
And left me no money to pay his old debts,
And left me no money to pay his bad debts.

I've tried to reform him, reform him I've tried,
But I might's well have lain down, have lain down
and died!

He might have been Governor or Secret'ry of State,
But he wouldn't stay sober, and rum's out of date.
But he wouldn't stay sober, and rum's out of date.

McLIZZIE. [*Enters. Tune, "Wearing of the Green."*]

Oh, oh, Lizzie, dear, McLizzie, hear, Oi've got good news
for you.

Oi'm going to get the suffrage vote, and get elected, too.

Oh, oh, you may bet the suffragettes will put the thing
right through.

We'll get there yet, and Washington's pet, dear Lizzie,
shall be you!

Oi met by chance three suffragettes who tuk me by the hand,

And they asked me now for Senator how would Oi like to stand.

And Oi says, "How would Oi like to stand?"

Says Oi, "Why, not at all;

Oi could not stand to *stand*," says Oi,

"But RUN, and beat them all."

[McLIZZIE and MRS. McLIZZIE do a dance illustrating
Running for Office.]

MRS. McLIZZIE. [*Tune, "Buttercup."*]

My name may be Lizzie, yis, Lizzie McLizzie,

But Oi'll get there jist all the same.

Oi'll turn their heads dizzy with Lizzie McLizzie,

Begorry, for what's in a name?

His name is McLizzie, yis, Mickie McLizzie,

But Senator Macbeth he'll be.

He'll keep them all busy, their brains all gin-fizzy,

When he goes to Washington, D. C. [Both dance.]

McLIZZIE. [*Tune, "Paddy Duffy's Cart."*]

The many happy evenings Oi've spent with all the boys,
A-sitting round the old wood stove at Timothy Malloy's
Saloon down at the corner near the old lamp light.

You should see the congregation there on ivery summer
night.

Oh, there was Patrick Finnigan, now State Senator;

Billy Flynn and Mike McGlyn, who've lately gone to war;

Sure, we were all good Dimicrats, singing "Stars and
Stripes"

All swearing at the G. O. P. and smoking our cob pipes.

But now these days are over and Oi must lave the Boys,

Must say good-boy to Tim Malloy and all those innocent
joys.

To Washington Oi must go, the Senate bids me come.

But e'er I go I'll give one blow-out that will make things
hum.

Oh, there is Patrick Finnigan, Michael Maguire,

Billy Flynn and Mike McGlyn, and Dinnis, Pete and Dyer.

THE LAMENTABLE TRAGEDY

We'll give them all a banquet 'neath the Stars and Stripes,
Some liquid for their thirsty throats, tobacco for their
pipes.

THREE SUFFRAGETTES and CHORUS. [*Enter R. To DUNCAN,
who enters L. Tune, "Tavern in the Town."*]

There is a drug store in the town, in the town,
Owned by a man of great renown, great renown,
And there they sell, in bottles marked "grape juice,"
This most obnoxious sort of booze!

[*Display bottle, marked "grape juice," full of strong-
smelling wood alcohol to deputation of reverent
and respectable constituents.*]

CHORUS OF SUFFRAGETTES and LIZZIE McLIZZIE.

Fare thee well, we're going to beat you.
In the Senate we'll unseat you.
Fourth of March next from your toga you must part,
must part.
Adieu, adieu, Duncan—a pretty howdy-do!
We can no longer vote for you, vote for you.
We'll vote our ticket straight for McLizzie,
And he your goose will fricassee!

DUNCAN.

Oh, this is deep-dyed treachery, treachery,
In which I see the hand of Lizzie McLizzie
In this death blow to my reputation
Before this august deputation.

CHORUS. [*SUFFRAGETTES, LIZZIE McLIZZIE and reverent con-
stituents.*]

Fare thee well, we're going to beat you.
In the Senate we'll unseat you.
Fourth of March next from your toga you must part,
must part.
Adieu, adieu, Duncan—a pretty howdy-do!
We can no longer vote for you, vote for you;
We'll vote our ticket straight for McLizzie,
And he your goose will fricassee!

[*LIZZIE McLIZZIE pours wood alcohol all over DUNCAN
and all exeunt, leaving him alone.*]

DUNCAN. [*Spoken.*] I seem to be in bad odor with my constituents. [*Tune, "Old Black Joe."*]

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay.
Gone are my friends from the voting place away.
Gone my last chance to deceive them with more bunk.
I hear their fading voices crying,

FAR-OFF VOICES. Poor old Dunk!

DUNCAN. I'm done for, I'm done for,
Prohibition Platform's junk;
I hear those far-off voices sighing,

FAR-OFF VOICES. Poor old Dunk!

DUNCAN. Why did I let that old drug store sell that dope?
Were not enough soda water and tar soap?
Why did I sell grape-juice that could make one drunk?
When I was known the world around as "Good Old Dunk"?
I'm a dead one, I'm a dead one!
Prohibition Platform's punk.
No more to hear the voters saying, "Good Old Dunk!"

[*Collapses on ground. Enter LIZZIE McLIZZIE, with a Nazimova shudder, wringing her pocket handkerchief and sniffing at it.*]

LIZZIE. [*Spoken.*]

Out, out, damnéd smell!
For 'tis a smell of booze that smelleth to high Heaven or
too well.
Ah, here is the smell of the booze still.
All the perfume of Arabia will not sweeten this little
handkerchief.

[*Shudders as she looks at DUNCAN.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT III

SCENE I. [*Banquet.* PAT FINNIGAN, MIKE MAGUIRE, BILLY FLYNN, MIKE MCGLYN, DINNIS, PETE, DYER *seated at table.* McLIZZIE *at end of table;* MRS. McLIZZIE *standing behind him.* DINNIS, PETE *and DYER are in policemen's uniforms.*]

ALL. [*Tune, "Bingo."*]

Here's to Mike McLizzie, drink him down, drink him down,
Here's to Mike McLizzie, drink him down, drink him down,
Here's to Mike McLizzie and his wife, Lizzie McLizzie,
Drink 'em down, drink 'em down, drink 'em down, down,
down.

Off for Washington, Washington,
Off for Washington, Washington,
Off for Washington,
'Way down on the Po-to-mack.

McLIZZIE. [*Spoken.*] Po-to-mack. That's right. You see,—
[*Tune, "Father and Mother Were Irish."*]

They went to live by the river,
And it was Irish, too.
And it was Irish, too.
And it was Irish, too.
They went to live by the river,
And it was Irish, too.

[*McLIZZIE dances until MRS. McLIZZIE joins.*]

McLIZZIE *and wife.* [*Tune, Chorus to "Bingo."*]

We won't go home any more,
We won't go home any more,
We won't go home any more,
'Way down on the Potomack!
Poto, Poto, Poto, Poto, Poto, Poto,
'Way down on the Potomack!

McLIZZIE. [*Tune, "Tipperary."*]

To go up to the Senate tried an Irishman one day.
Had an awful time, because he didn't know the way.
Had to dodge Protection, Cost of Living, and Reform,
And so he called his friends to him, and them he did inform:

CHORUS.

The election is tomorrow, and my *name's* on the slate.
Get them out, boys, and vote 'em early,
Vote 'em often, vote 'em late!

Autos for the lame ones; who cares for the cost?
 I'm a long, long way from being elected.
 If Duncan wins, Oi'm lost.

[*Repeat chorus.*]

McLIZZIE. Up before the voters came an Irishman one day,
 Claiming he was just the stuff to make the Senate gay,
 Promising the cost of living should go down to stay,
 And wages should be sky-high if they'd let him have his way.

CHORUS.

Get your ballots, mark them neatly, there is *my* name up here.
 Ivery voter, if he's honest, will receive a keg of beer.
Vote them in one precinct,
 Then drive all round town,
 Vote 'em three times three in *ivery* precinct.
 Prohibition must go down!

[*Repeat chorus.*]

McLIZZIE. [*Spoken.*] Now for the feast, boys; bring in the pie—political pie. Every henchman shall have a slice. Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both.

CHORUS. Speech, speech, the Senator-to-be will now make a speech!

McLIZZIE. [*Aside to LIZZIE.*] Saints, save me! Lizzie, tell me what to say! Oi niver made a speech in all me loife! Gintlemen, divil a speech can Oi make yez!

LIZZIE. [*Aside.*] Hush, now, Oi'll be after helping yez! Here's a speech in the marnin's paper; ye can make this. It's old Duncan's speech that he made last night, so it ought to be a good speech, all right, all right. It begins, "Friends and Fellow Citizens," say that!

McLIZZIE. Friends and Sellow Fitizens, Oi mean, Stitzikens!

LIZZIE. We are met here tonight on a most momentous occasion.

McLIZZIE. We are met here tonight on a most monumentous occasion.

LIZZIE. The foundations of the Constitution are afloat in a boundless sea.

McLIZZIE. The foundations of the Constitution are a boat in a soundless bay.

LIZZIE. The Ship of State is undermined.

McLIZZIE. The Ship of State has been torpedoed.

LIZZIE. And the American Eagle is flapping his wings in helpless rage.

McLIZZIE. And the American Eagle is gnashing his teeth in helpless rage.

CHORUS. Hear, hear! Hooray! Hooray!

[DUNCAN'S ghost appears, so that only McL. sees it; smelling of wood alcohol.]

McLIZZIE. [*To Ghost.*]

Whence this smell? Who uncorked the booze?
Get out of here, go back to bed, and snooze.

LIZZIE. Gentlemen, be seated. Mike often frets and stews.

McLIZZIE. [*To Ghost.*]

You dassn't say I done it.
Dead ones tell no news. [*Ghost disappears.*]

LIZZIE. [*Reading newspaper.*] This is no ordinary election.

McLIZZIE. This ain't no ordinary election. You bet your bottom dollar it ain't.

LIZZIE. It is a mighty struggle of the masses against the classes.

McLIZZIE. It is a mighty struggle of the mashes against the clashes.

LIZZIE. The masses are demanding equal rights.

McLIZZIE. The masses are demanding equal rights, and then some.

LIZZIE. The masses demand protection and prohibition.

McLIZZIE. The masses demand protection and prohibition. Oi mean the asses, the party now in power.

LIZZIE. I stand for protection and prohibition.

McLIZZIE. [*Aside.*] Cut that out and tell me how to end this thing! Down with protection and prohibition!

CHORUS. Down with them. Hooray!

[*Ghost of DUNCAN appears so that only McL. sees it.*]

McLIZZIE. Git out of here, ne'er show your face again.
Don't shake your hoary locks nor wag your mane.

LIZZIE. Gentlemen, be seated. He's seeing snakes again.
St. Patrick, drive the snakes out of his Irish brain!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

LIZZIE. In all the history of this great and glorious country.

McLIZZIE. In all the history of this great and glee-orious country,

LIZZIE. Now is the time of all times to stand pat.

McLIZZIE. Now is the time of all times to stand pat. Oi mean to stand by Pat—Oir-land for the Irish.

LIZZIE. Oi am against woman's suffrage.

McLIZZIE. I am dead again woman's suffrage. [THREE SUFFRAGETTES appear at back of stage so that only McL. sees them.] As Oi said before, Oi'm dead again woman's suffering any further neglect. We men have exiled her long enough by putting her far above us on a pedestal, and, poor thing, she has been lonely. And haven't we been lonely without her society? I believe that on election day woman's place is at the Poles—the North Pole and the South Pole. [Great excitement, stampede for the exit.]

LIZZIE. That's right! Stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once. [To McLIZZIE.] You great blithering, blundering dunce.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV

SCENE I. CHORUS sings one verse and chorus of "Schneider's Band," by A. J. Munday. "Sojers marchin' up der street," etc.

VON TOUGH. [Sings "Dutch Company."]

Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,
Then you may know that the Dutch have come;
For the Dutch company is the best company
That ever came over from Old Germany.

CHORUS. Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah! Standpatters we.
Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah! The G. O. P.
Tra-la-la-la-lee,
Tra-la-la-la-lee, we're the G. O. P.

When Dutch meets Dutch than comes a rousing cheer,
When Dutch meets Dutch then flows the lager beer;
For the Dutch company is the best company
That ever came over from Old Germany.

CHORUS. Hoorah! etc.

[Enter another German.]

GERMAN. [*Tune, "Oh, Where, oh, Where."*]

Oh where, oh where, is mein Herr von Tough?
 Oh where, oh where, can't he be?
 How his ears would burn if my tale he'd learn.
 Oh where, oh where ish he?

CHORUS. Ach there, mein Herr von Tou-ough I spy!
 I bring you good news that won't make you cry.
 Old Duncan was drunken and he's off the slate.
 You're the dark horse candidate!

VON TOUGH. Oh where, or where, is that little dark horse?
 Oh where, oh where, can he be?
 With his ears cut short and his tail cut long,
 Oh where, oh where can he be?

CHORUS. I'll ride that dark horse now to my victory,
 So 'twill remind them of Old Hickory!
 Oh, Hickory Dickory Herman von Tough,
 He is one man you can't bluff.

[*Dark horse is brought in, which VON TOUGH mounts.*]

ALL. [*Tune, "Stein Song."*]

Give a cheer, then, for election,
 For we'll meet mit no rebuff;
 They haf made one goot selection
 When they bicked out Herr von Tough.
 For we're going to elect him,
 The Bosses did vell select him
 To reply in the Senate
 To all Democratic bluff;
 For we're going to elect him,
 The voters will all select him
 To preside o'er the Senate—
 President Pro-Tem, von Tough!

ALL. [*Except VON TOUGH. Tune, "Augustine."*]

Ach du lieber Herr von Tough,
 Herr von Tough, Herr von Tough.
 Ach du lieber Herr von Tough,
 How vell thou ridest!

How vell thou ridest, the Dark Horse bestridest.
 Ach, *how* we love thee, Herr von Tough.
 Thou art the stuff!

Hon-or-a-ble Herr von Tough, Herr von Tough,
 Herr von Tough,
 Hon-or-a-ble Herr von Tough,
 How vell thou ridest!
 How vell thou ridest, the Dark Horse bestridest.
 Ach, Hon-or-a-ble Herr von Tough,
 Du bist kein "bluff!"

[*All dance out, clacking wooden shoes, leading
 the Dark Horse in triumph.*]

ACT V

SCENE. *The night of election day, in front of the bulletin-board of the leading newspaper. The bulletin-board reads:—*

MUCH RIOTING AROUND THE POLLS.
 SUFFRAGETTES THROW BRICKS.
 DUNCAN FOUND DEAD (drunk).
 REPUBLICANS SWING OVER TO VON TOUGH,
 THE DARK HORSE.
 McLIZZIE'S TIRE PUNCTURED.

McLIZZIE. [*Enters with FINNIGAN, MAGUIRE, FLYNN, and
 McGLYN. Tune, "Tipperary."*]

Up before the voters came this Irishman this day,
 Claiming he was just the stuff to make the Senate gay;
 Promising the cost of living should go down to stay,
 And wages would be sky-high if they'd help him win the day.

[*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55711; Duncan, 23000; von
 Tough, 12345.*]

CHORUS.

Here's the *re-türns*, mark them closely, here is my name up
 here.
 Ivery voter who was for me did receive his keg of beer.
 Voted in one precinct then drove all 'round town,
 Voted three times three in every precinct.
 Prohibition shure went down.

[Enter THREE SUFFRAGETTES.]

FIRST SUF. McLizzie, get busy.

SECOND SUF. Beware, von Tough.

THIRD SUF. The ballot boxes you must stuff.

McLIZZIE. [*Aside.*] That Oi did, believe me! Oi'd have stuffed them more, but they'd have busted.

THREE SUFS. [*In stage whisper.*] Von Tough—enough!

[*They vanish.*]

[*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55711; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 23456.*]

McLIZZIE. [*Tune, "McSorley's Twins."*]

Arrah, what do we care for von Tough and his Dutch,
For they can't scare us, no, not much—

With music and dancing from marnin' 'til night,
They'll find out they can't win in this foight.

By St. Patrick and Michael, those three Suffragettes
Promised they would put *me* in the Senate,

And yet here they be saying, "Beware of von Tough!"

Did you hear them right here just this minute?

To the Senate I'm going this next fourth of March,
And von Tough better stand out my way.

Oi will take out of him all his Oswego Starch,

And he'll wish he'd kept out of the fray. [*Exeunt. Enter*
VON TOUGH, *mopping perspiration and fanning with large*
palm leaf. He is followed by his little German Band.]

VON TOUGH. [*Tune, "Bavarian Yodle," The Waterfall.*]

I'm the Dark Horse, I'm the Dark Horse, tra-la-la-la-la.

I'll send McLizzie to the horse-pital, tra-la-la-la-la.

I'm the Dark Horse, I'm the Dark Horse, tra-la-la-la-la.

I'll send McLizzie to the horse-pital, tra-la-la-la-la.

I'm as limber, I'm as limber

As li-i-im-berger cheese.

I have double joints, I have double joints,

In bo-o-oth of my knees.

I'm as limber, I'm as limber

As li-i-im-berger cheese.

I have double joints, I have double joints,

In bo-o-oth of my knees.

[*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55711; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 34567. Little German Band shows enthusiasm.*]

ALL. [*Tune, "Stein Song."*]

Give a rouse then in the night time
 For a candidate so dear ;
 Heraus then mit McLizzie,
 But hieraur kein keg von beer,
 For it's always warm weather
 When us Deutsch gets together
 With a stein on the table
 And a good song ringing clear,
 etc.

[*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55713; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 45678. Much beating of drums, and tooting. Three police, DINNIS, DYER, and PETE, club them off stage. Enter McLIZZIE, with FINNIGAN, MAGUIRE, FLYNN and MCGLYN.*]

ALL. [*Tune, "The Irish Christening."*]

We stuffed ballot boxes outrageous
 'Twas work umbrageous, but we're courageous;
 The stealing we did was outrageous
 When we tried to elect McLizzie
 One could hear in our pockets coin clinking,
 And so the chinking set one to thinking,
 What a treat it would be to be drinking
 With that great candidate McLizzie
 When back to the polls they came
 With Finnigan and Michael O'Harrigan,
 Pat Maguire, Dinnis and Dyer, and Sirs
 Patrick McGlyn and O'Flyn,
 Cornelius Horatio Flaherty's son,
 Hogan and Hegan and Dr. O'Raggerty ;
 Oh, what a row! Never, I vow,
 Was there election like this.
 And McLizzie keeps on making speeches,
 Which his wife teaches—she wears the breeches.
 And those Suffragettes they were peaches
 When they tried to elect McLizzie.
 Those policemen were onto their jobs.
 They whacked all snobs and cracked all slobs,
 And gathered in dough in great gobs
 From their candidate, Michael McLiz.

[*Exeunt omnes as enters LIZZIE MCLIZZIE, in night gown and night cap, with candle in tin candle stick.*]

LIZZIE. [Tune, "What Can the Matter Be?"]

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Michael's so long at the polls.
 He promised to take me to Washington, D. C.
 And promised to make me the belle of society;
 Promised to act like a man of propriety.
 Now he's got beat at the polls.

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Duncan was safe out the way.
 I made him a dead one by raiding his drug store.
 The Suffragettes helped me but now they will help me no more.
 Who is this bore whom the Dutch so much adore?
 Who is von Tough any way?

Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be?
 Michael was certainly done.
 I've worked every day and I've worked all the night again;
 Washing my dress but 't will never be white again;
 Brain all gin-fizzled will never be right again.
 What's done cannot be undone. [*Exits.*]

[*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55713; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 56789. Re-enter VON TOUGH and his little German Band with DINNIS, PETE and DYER lined up on their side. Re-enter from opposite side, MCLIZZIE, FINNIGAN, MAGUIRE, FLYNN and MCGLYN.*]

MCL. AND HIS CHORUS. [Tune, "Meershaum Pipe."]

Well, now, if that don't beat the Dutch, beat the Dutch.

VON T. AND HIS CHORUS.

No that don't beat the Dutch, not much, no, not much.
 The Dutch have got you in their clutch

And they are going to win.
 Going to win, win at a walk.
 That's how to talk, chalk talk.

[*Point to bulletin board which now reads:—McLizzie, 55713; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 67890.*]

Who now will ride upon my horse, my dark horse?
 Who now will ride upon my horse, my dark horse?
 Who now will ride upon my horse, when I to Wash-
 ington go?

CHORUS. Michael McLiz, what's left of him,
 That's if he can, can can.

[*Exit McLIZZIE, FINNIGAN, MAGUIRE, FLYNN and MCGLYN.*]
 [*Bulletin now reads:—McLizzie, 55713; Duncan, 23000; von Tough, 78910. The Little German Band, DINNIS, DYER and PETE sing to tune: "Die Wacht Am Rhine."*]

ALL. Thus end the great election day,
 Thus ends the fracas and the fray.
 The grand old party G. O. P.
 Has won another victoree.
 Amerika, magst ruhig sein,
 Amerika, magst ruhig sein,
 Fest steht und treu von Tough, der Herr von Tough.
 Fest steht und treu von Tough, der Herr von Tough.

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