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THE SULTAN OF SULU

A MUSICAL COMEDY

LYRICS BY

GEORGE ADE

OF "FABLES IN SLANG" FAME

MUSIC BY

ALFRED G. WATHALL

M. WITMARK & SONS
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LYRICS BY

GEORGE ADE

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VOCAL SCORE..

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6/

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"THE SULTAN OF SULU"

An Original Musical Satire in Two Acts

Produced under the Direction of

THE CASTLE SQUARE OPERA CO.

(Henry W. Savage, President.)

Book and Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Ki-Ram, the Sultan of Sulu	FRANK MOULAN
Col. Jefferson Budd, of the Volunteers	GEO. SHIELDS
Lieutenant William Hardy, of the Regulars	TEMPLAR SAXE
Hadji Tantong, the Sultan's Private Secretary	FRED. FREAR
Datto Mandi, of Parang	WM. H. HATTER
Wakeful M. Jones, Agent and Salesman	PAUL NICHOLSON
Ding Bat, Captain of the Guard	HAROLD WARREN
Didymos, Nubian Slaves	JOHN J. FOGARTY
Rastos, Nubian Slaves	GILBERT F. BROWN
Henrietta Budd, the Colonel's Daughter	MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI
Pamela Frances Jackson, Judge Advocate	BLANCHE CHAPMAN
Chiquita, Wife Number One	GERTRUDE QUINLAN
Maurica, Wives of Ki-Ram	JESSIE BRADBURY
Ramona, Wives of Ki-Ram	LILLIAN SEFTON
Galula, Wives of Ki-Ram	MILDRED ELAINE
Natividad, Wives of Ki-Ram	LAURA DOTY
Remenita, Wives of Ki-Ram	LOUISE KELLY
Natalia, Wives of Ki-Ram	ADELE LORRAINE
Selina, Wives of Ki-Ram	GLADYS COEMAN
Miss Roxbury, The Schoolma'ams	BONNIE HENKLE
Miss Dorchester, The Schoolma'ams	NORA JOHNSON
Miss Cambridge, The Schoolma'ams	RUBY POWELL
Miss Newton, The Schoolma'ams	LILLIAN MAURE
Musical Director	ALEX. SPENCER
Stage Manager	CHARLES JONES

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I—Exterior of Sultan's Palace, Island of Sulu, in the Fillippino group.

ACT II—Roof Garden of Sultan's Palace.

Marches by Chas. H. Jones.

Dances arranged by James F. MacDonald.

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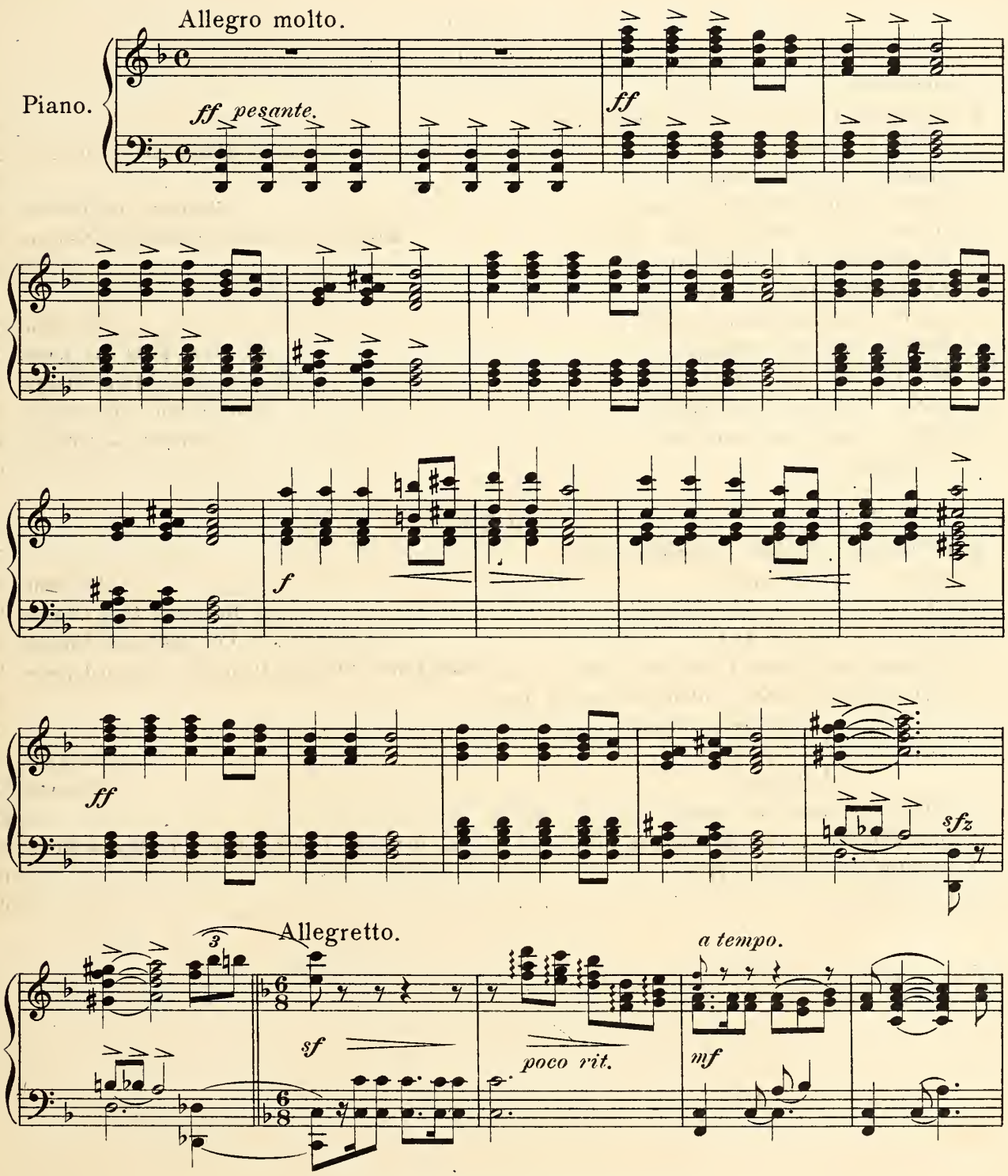
THE SULTAN OF SULU.

No 1.

Overture.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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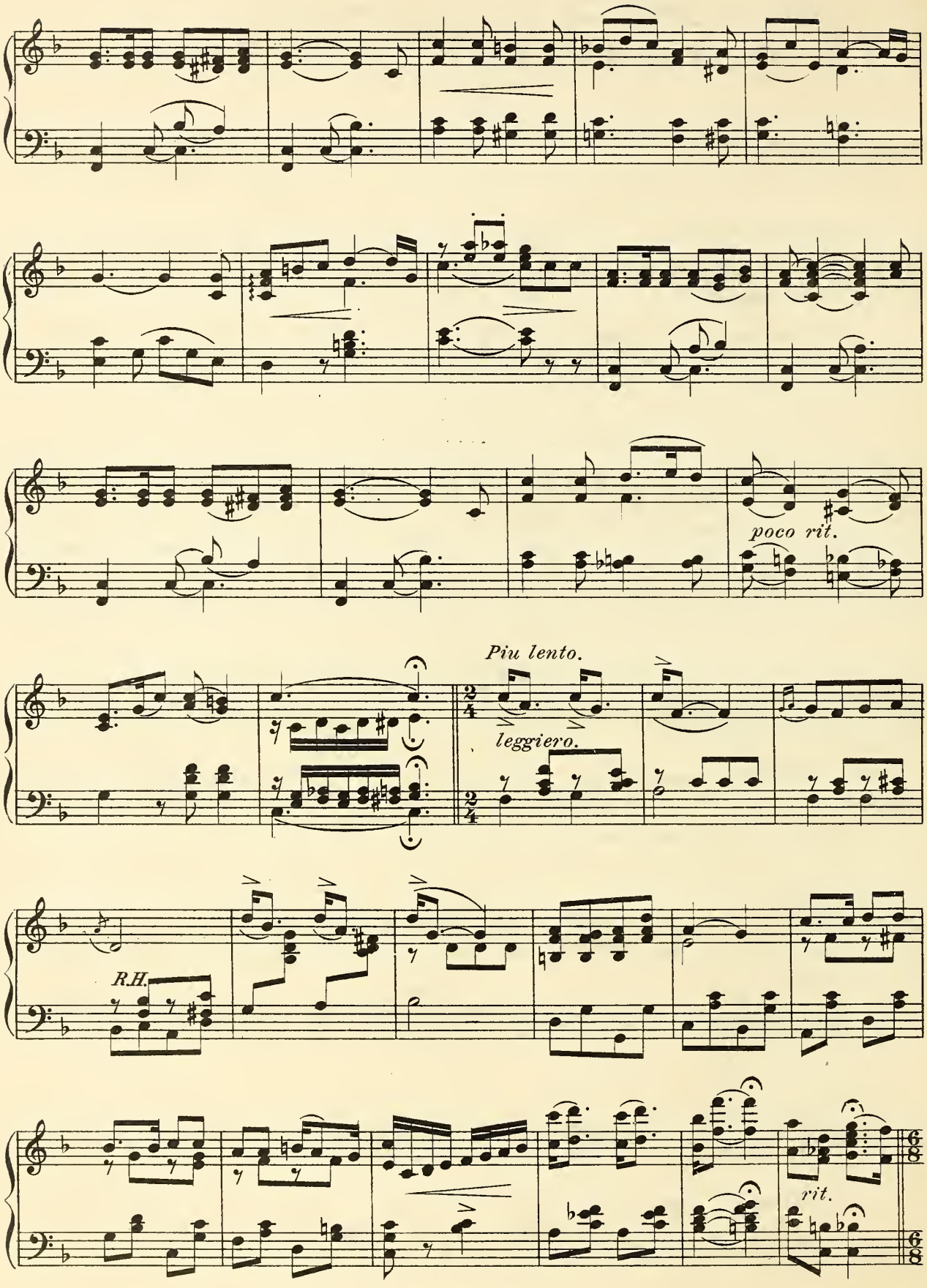
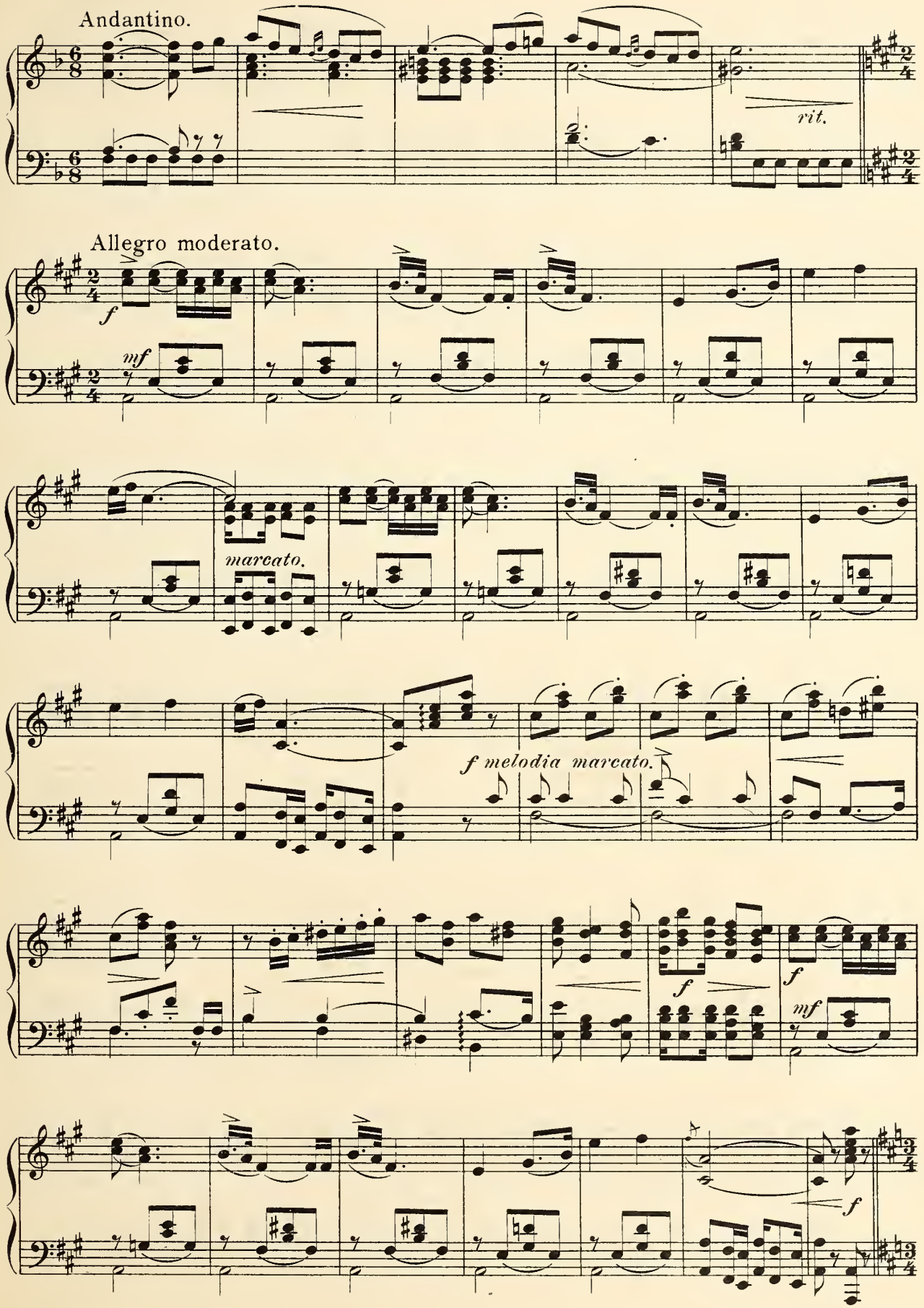
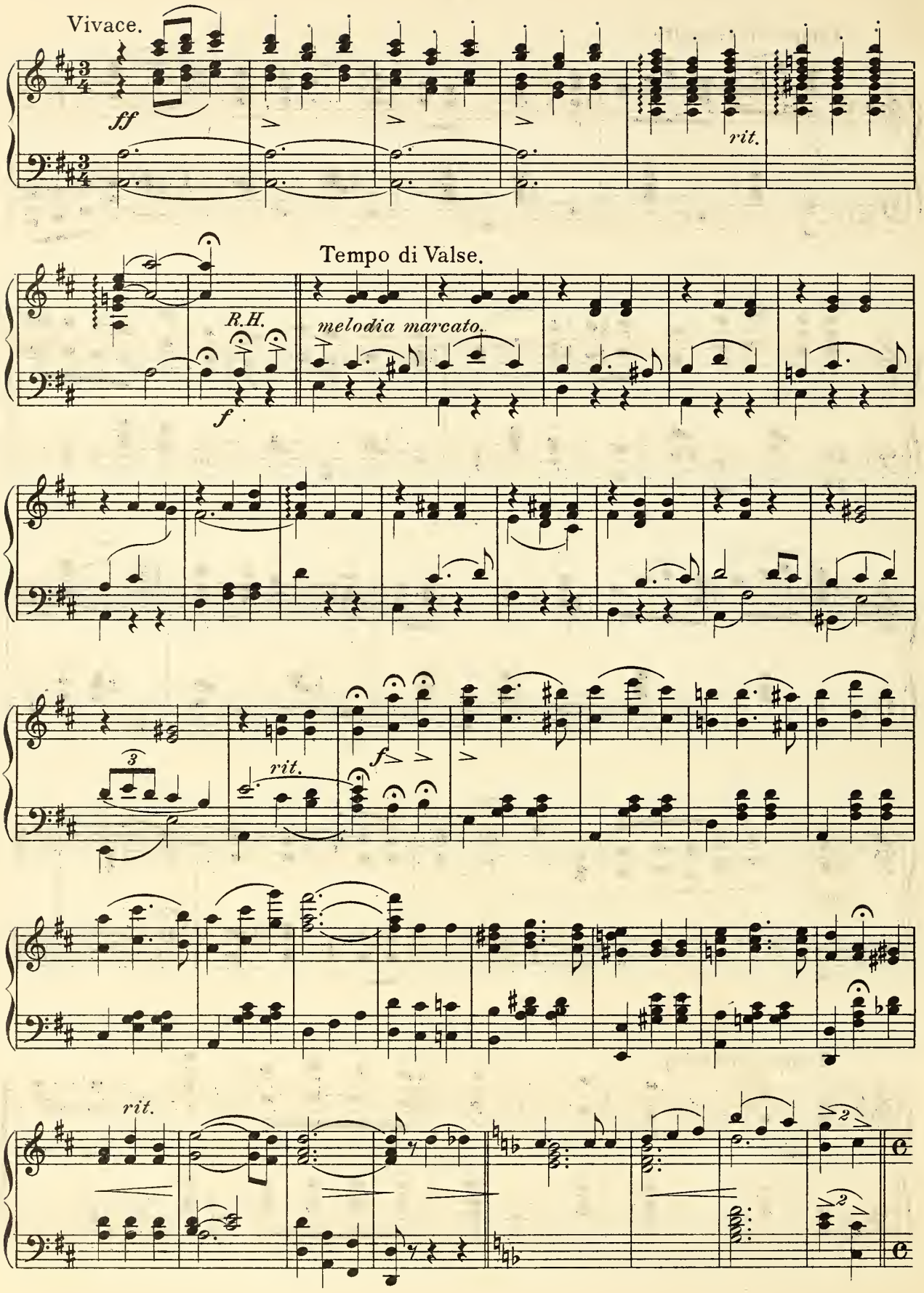
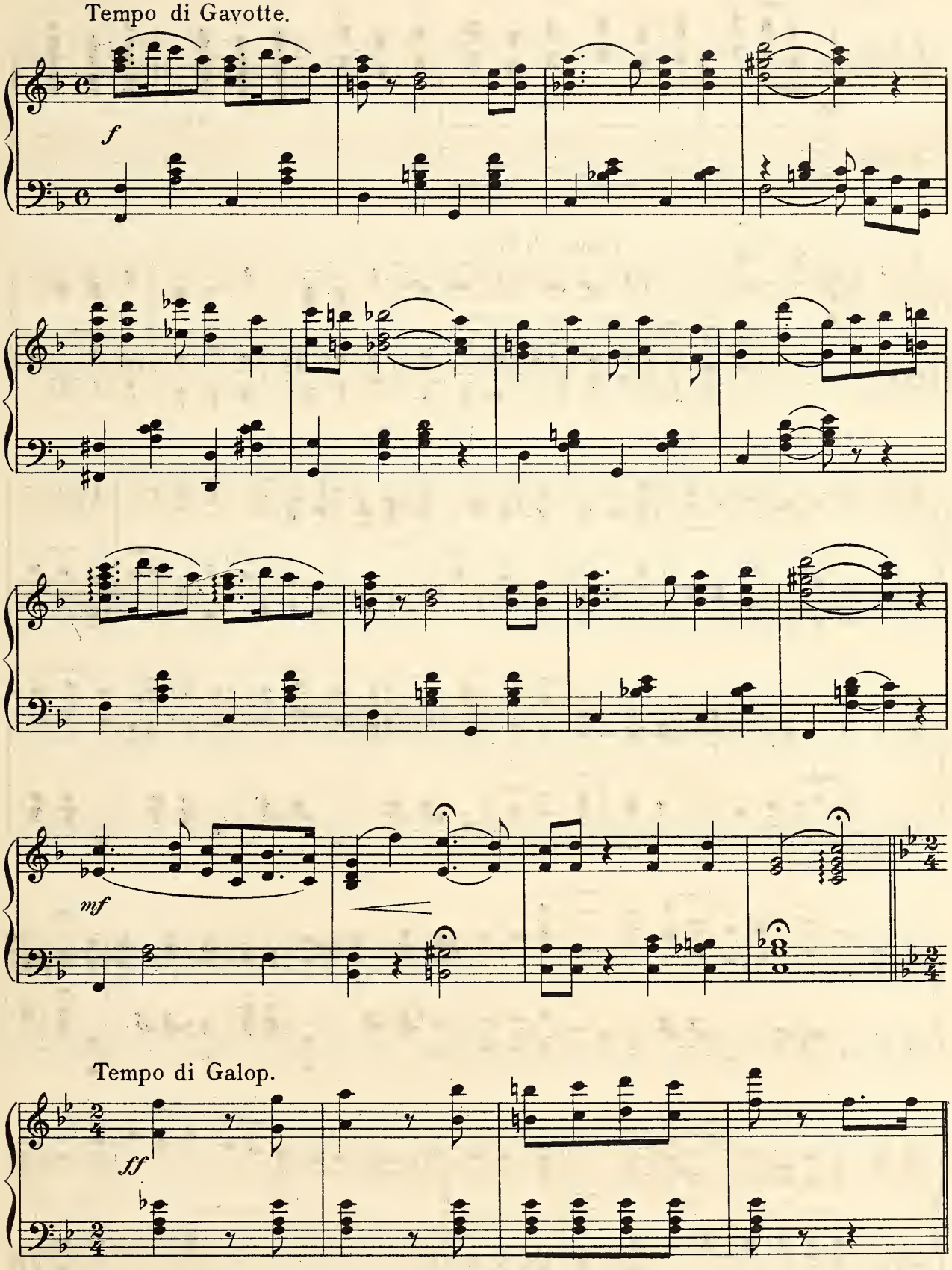
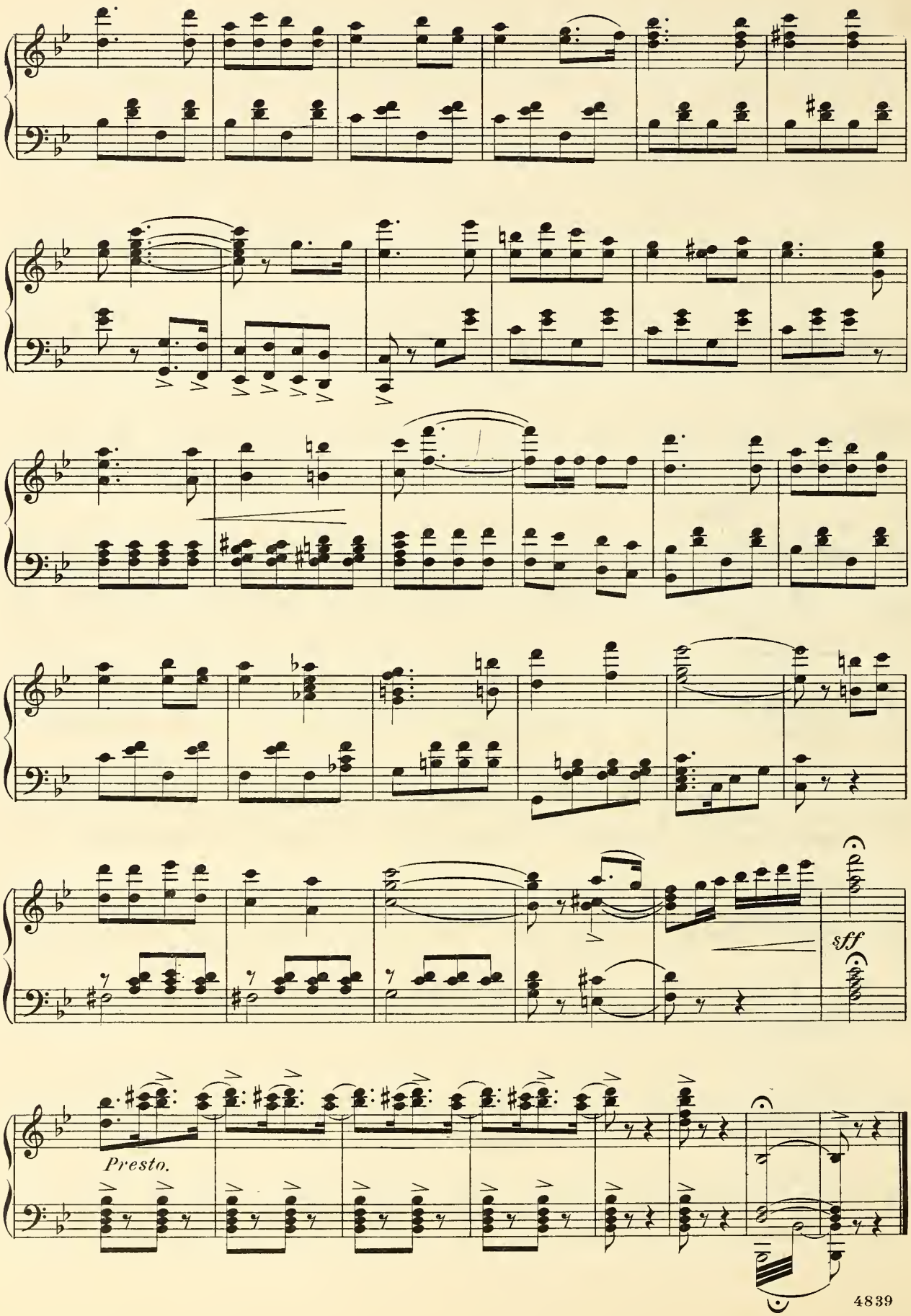

poco rit.
Piu lento.
leggiero.
R.H.
rit.


Andantino.
rit.
Allegro moderato.
f
mf
marcato.
f melodia marcato.
f
f
mf
f


Vivace.
ff
rit.
Tempo di Valse.
R.H.
f
melodia marcato.
3
rit.
f
rit.
2
2


Tempo di Gavotte.
f
mf
Tempo di Galop.
ff


sff
Presto.

ACT I.

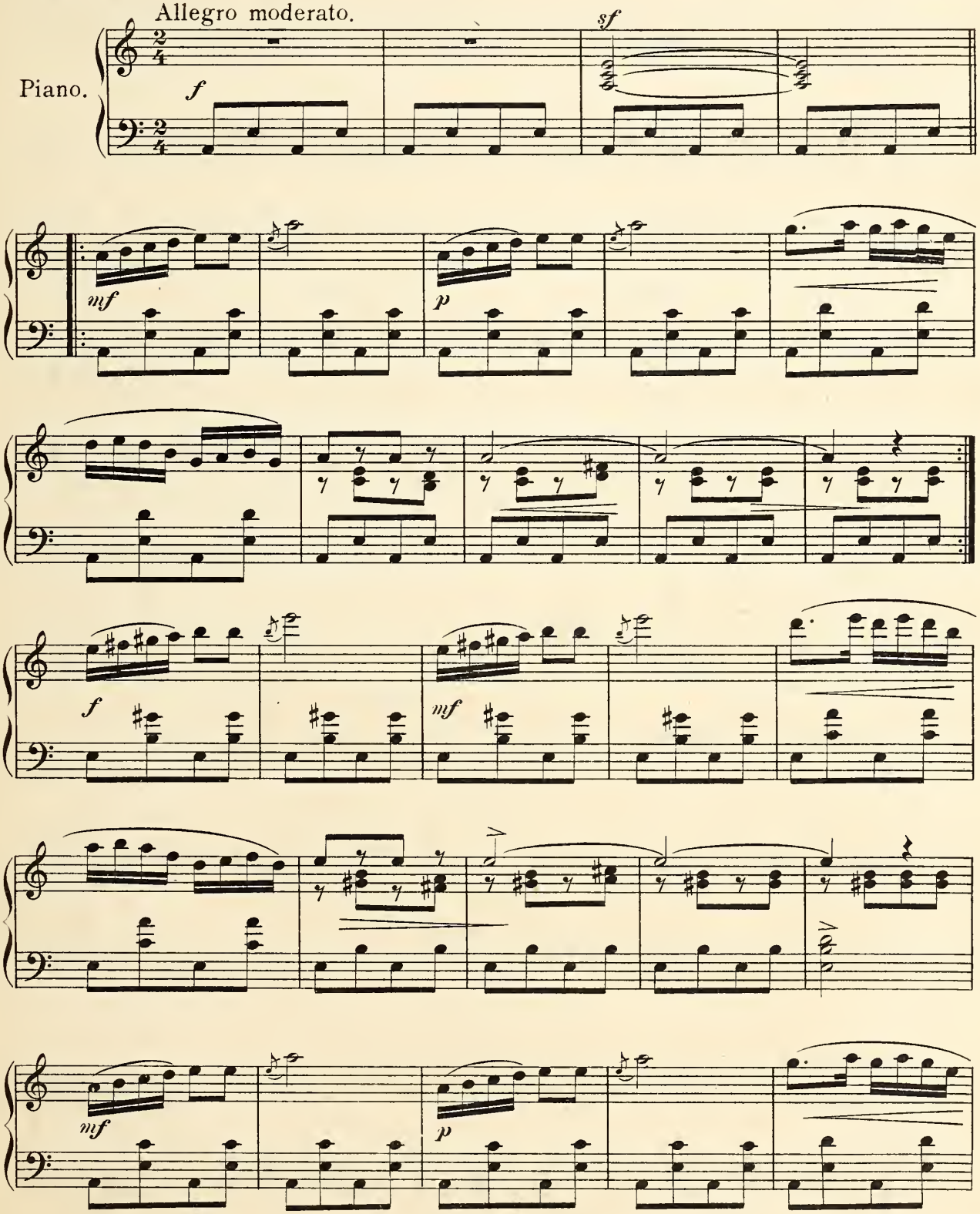
No. 2.

Opening Ensemble.

The Dawning Day.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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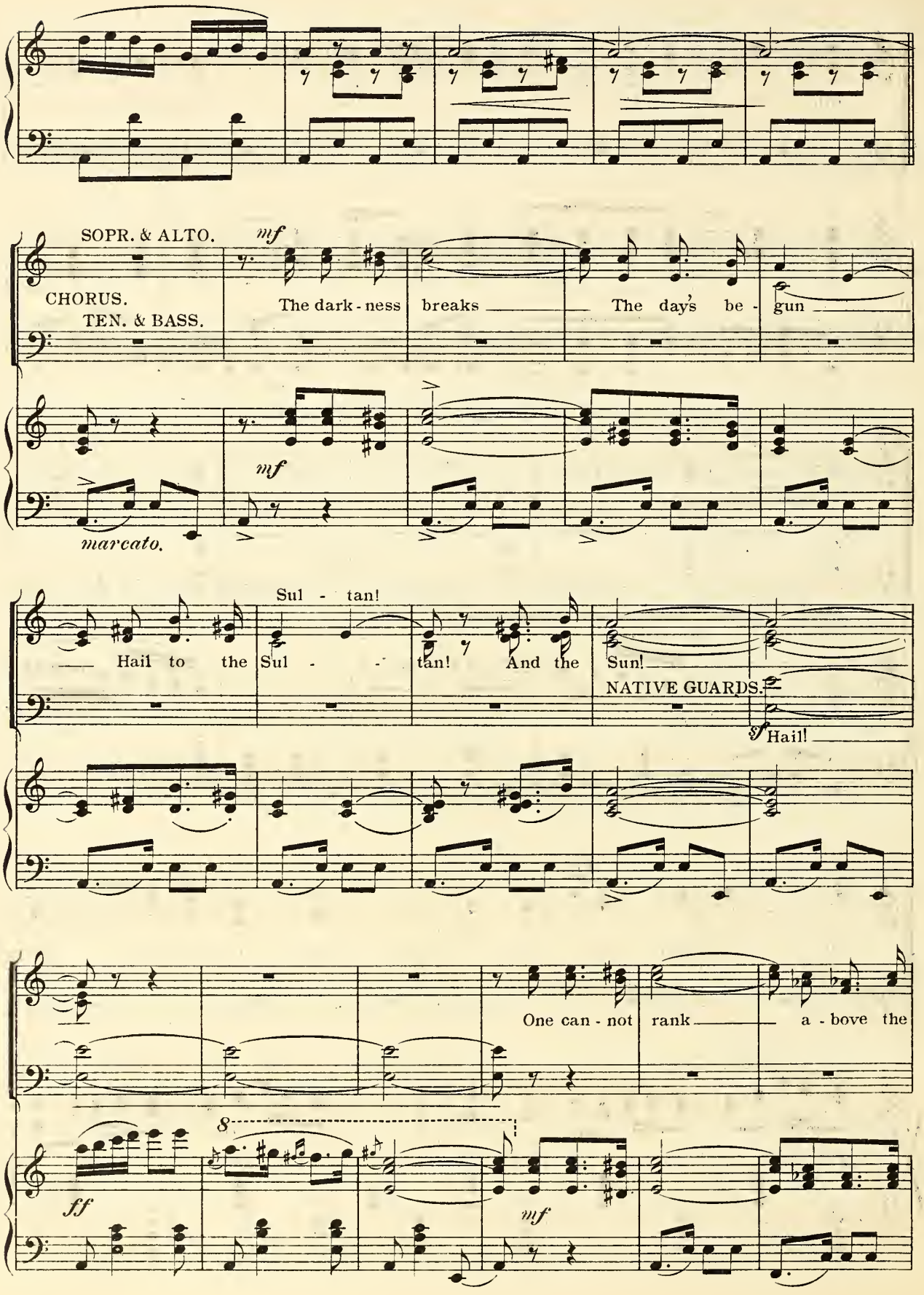
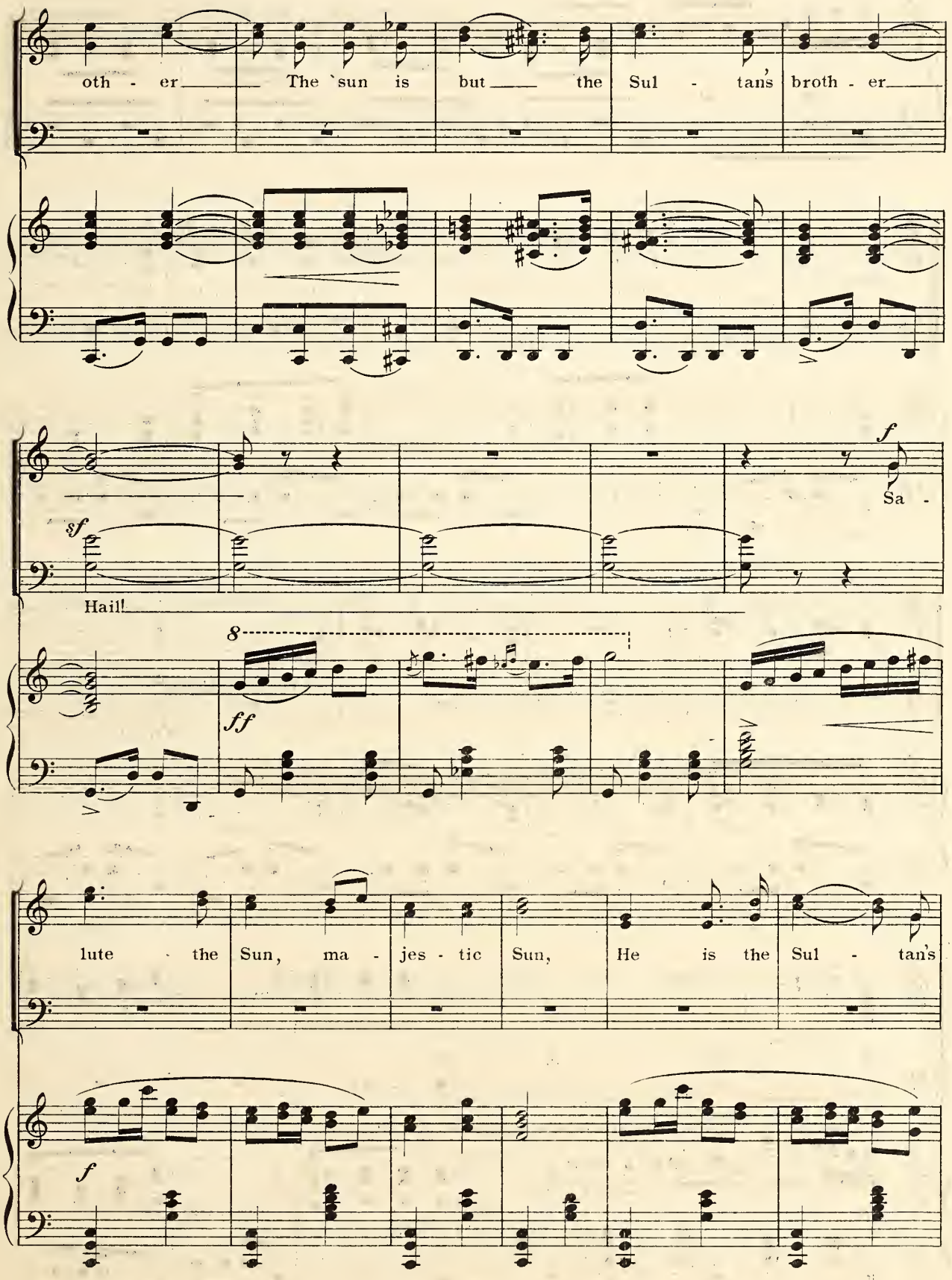
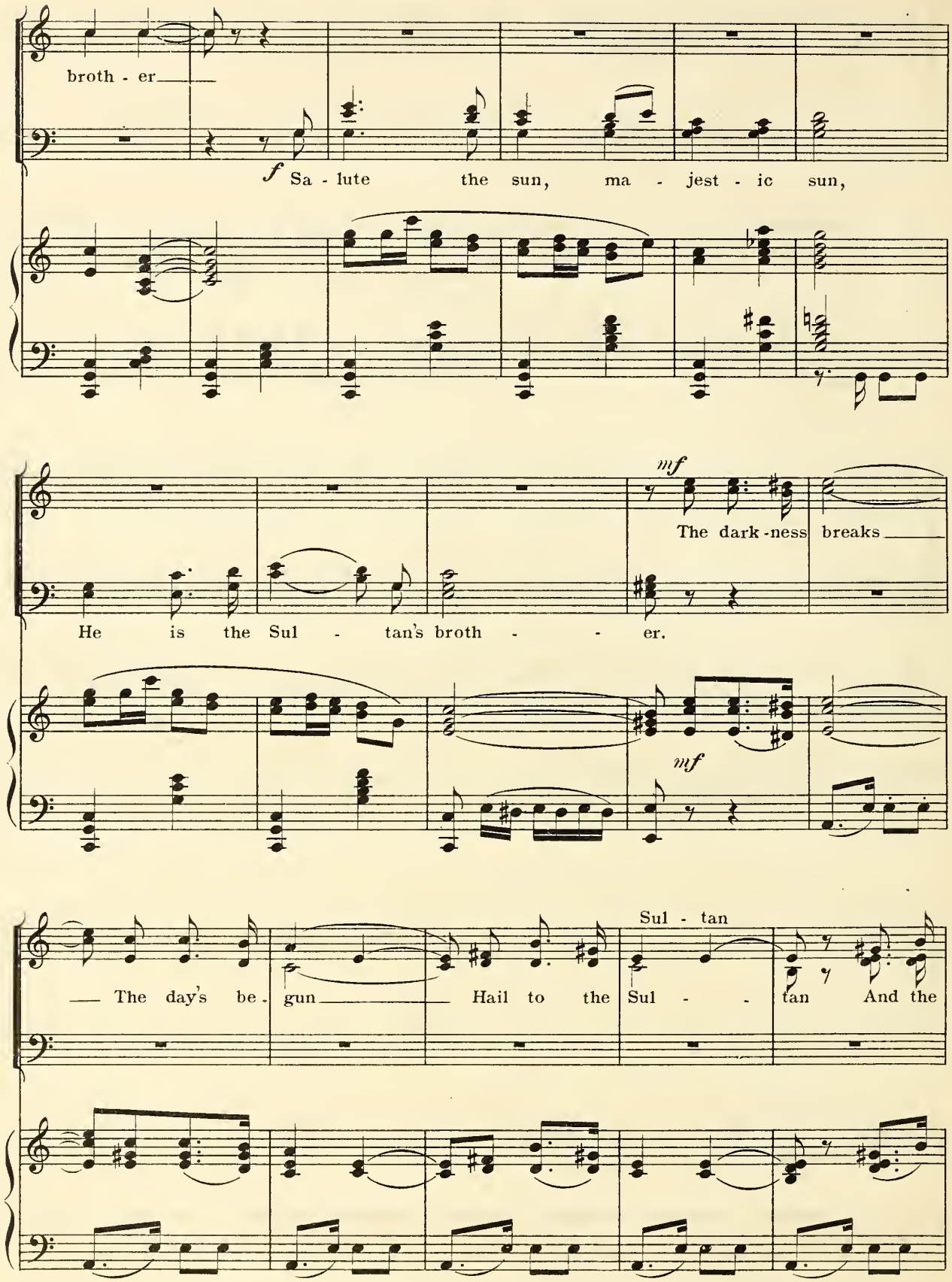
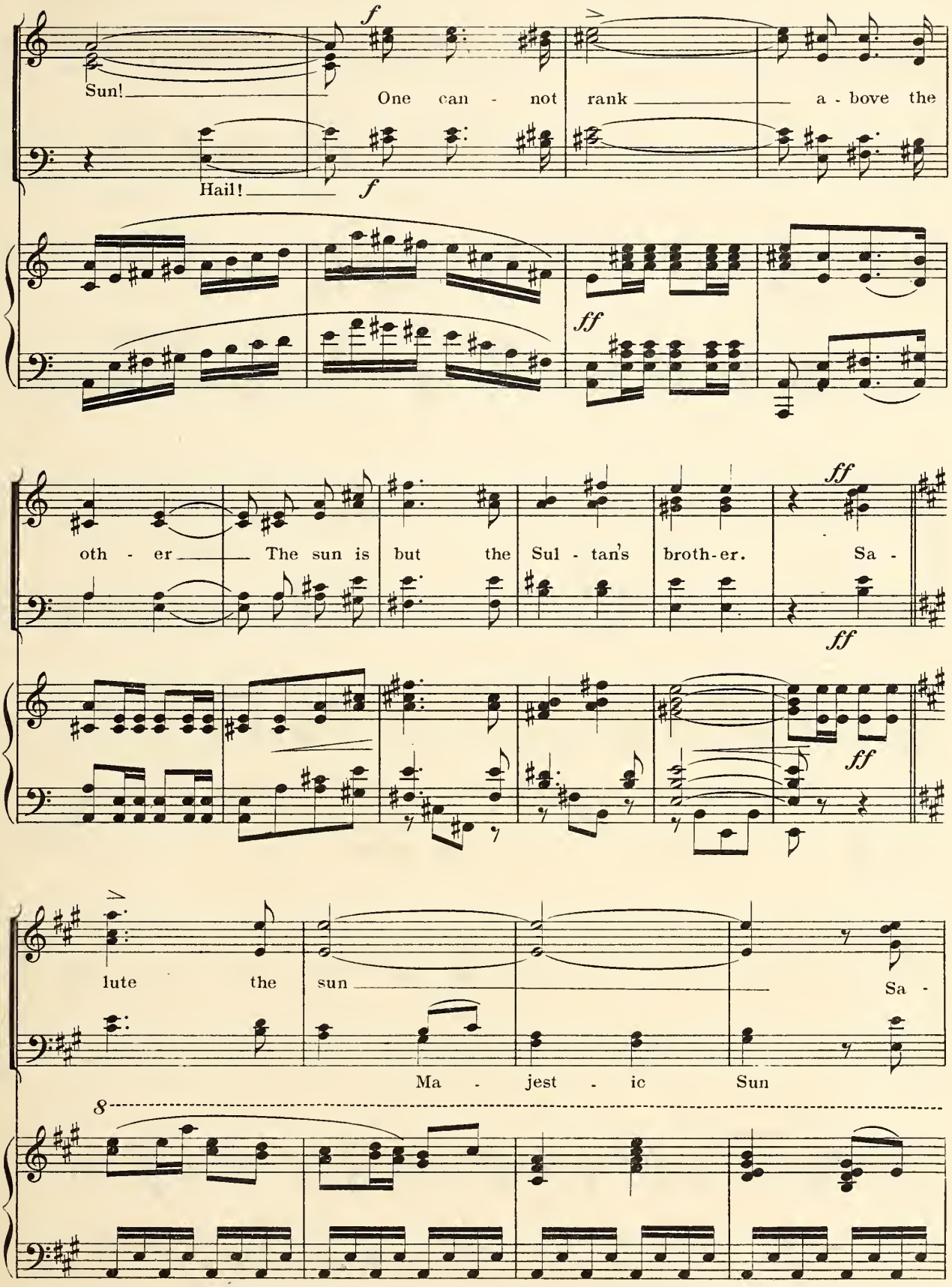
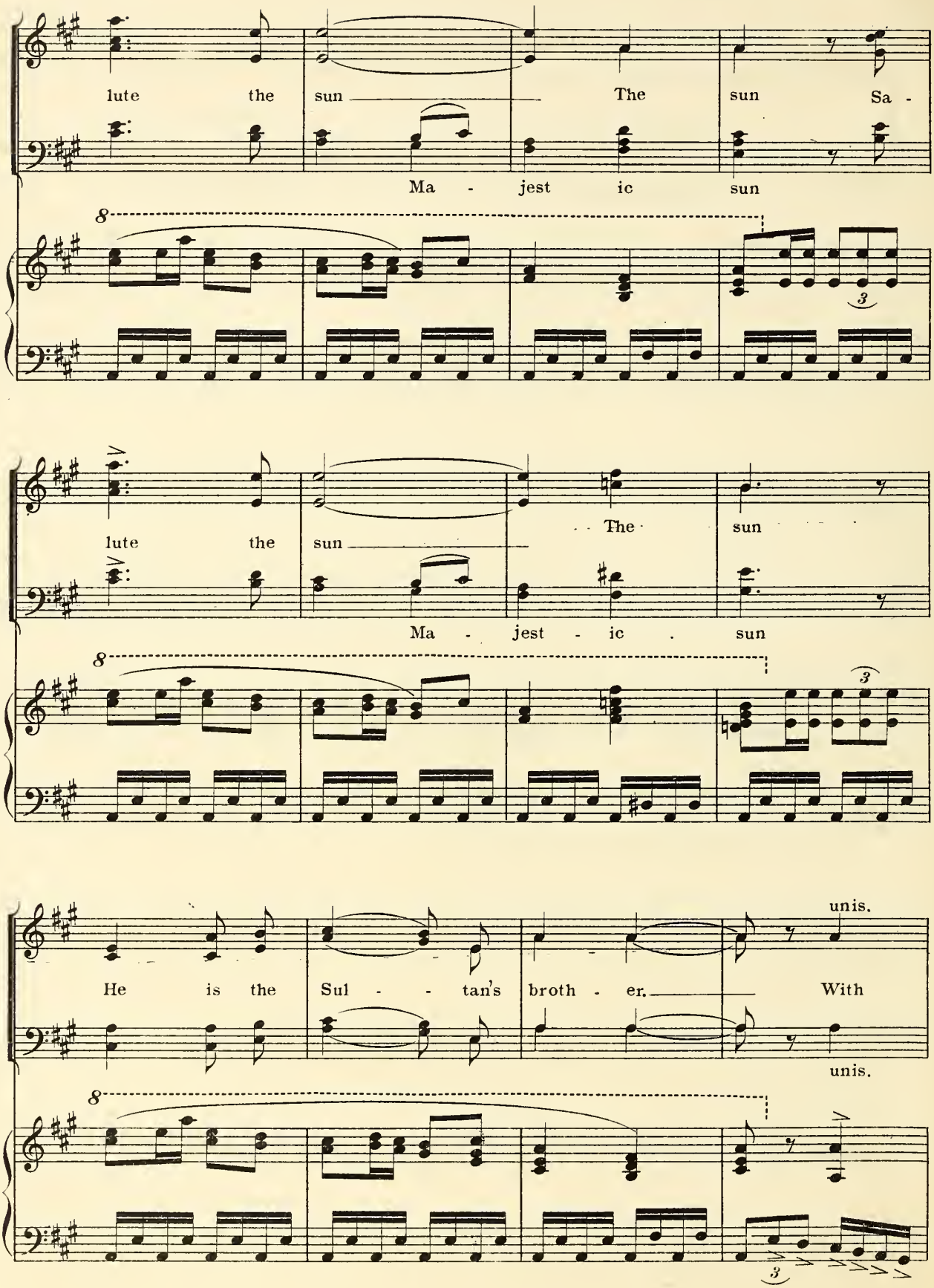
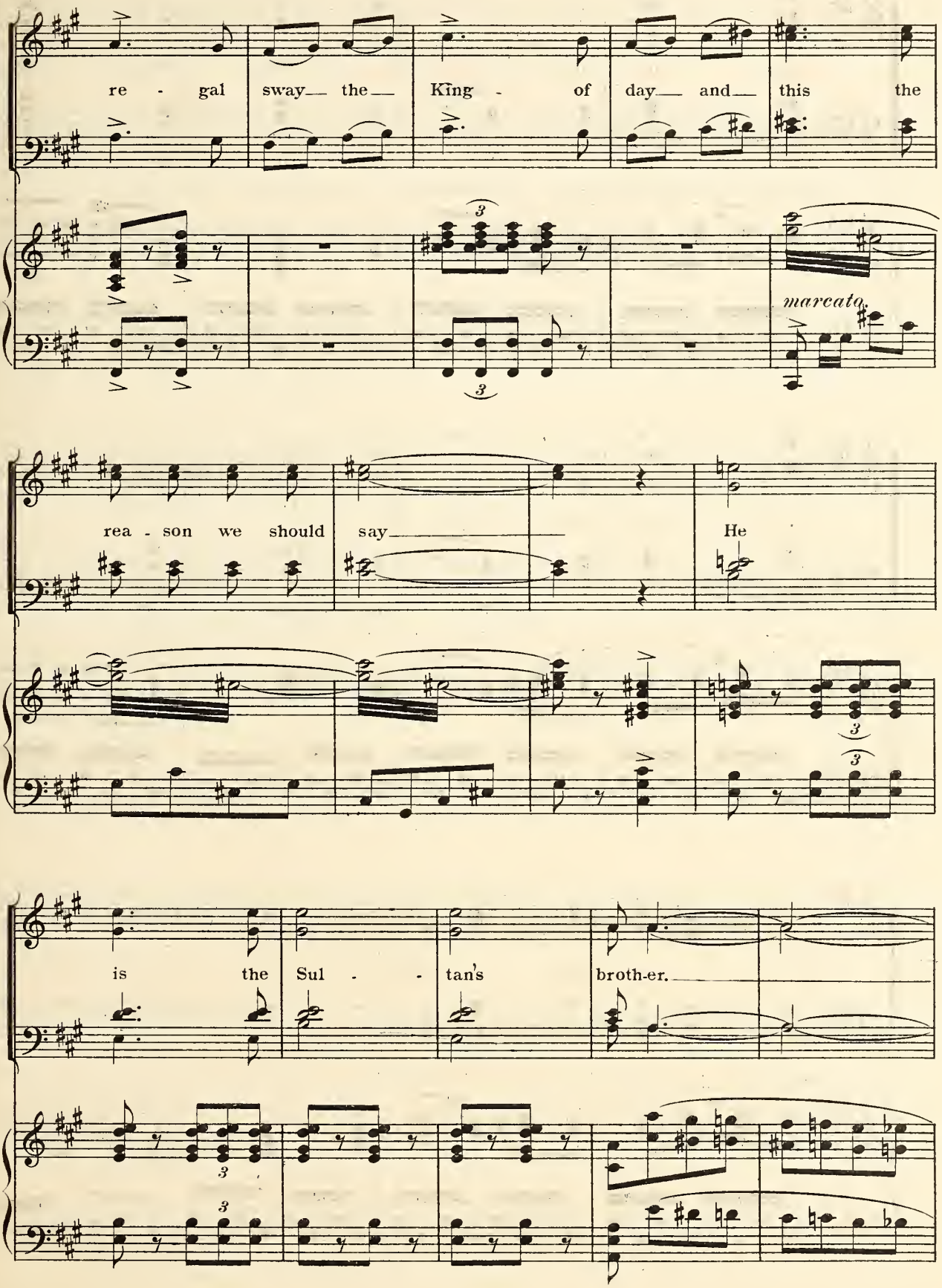

SOPR. & ALTO.
CHORUS.
TEN. & BASS.
mf
The dark - ness breaks The day's be - gun
marcato.
Sul - tan!
Hail to the Sul - tan! And the Sun!
NATIVE GUARDS.
sf Hail!
One can - not rank a - bove the
ff
8
mf

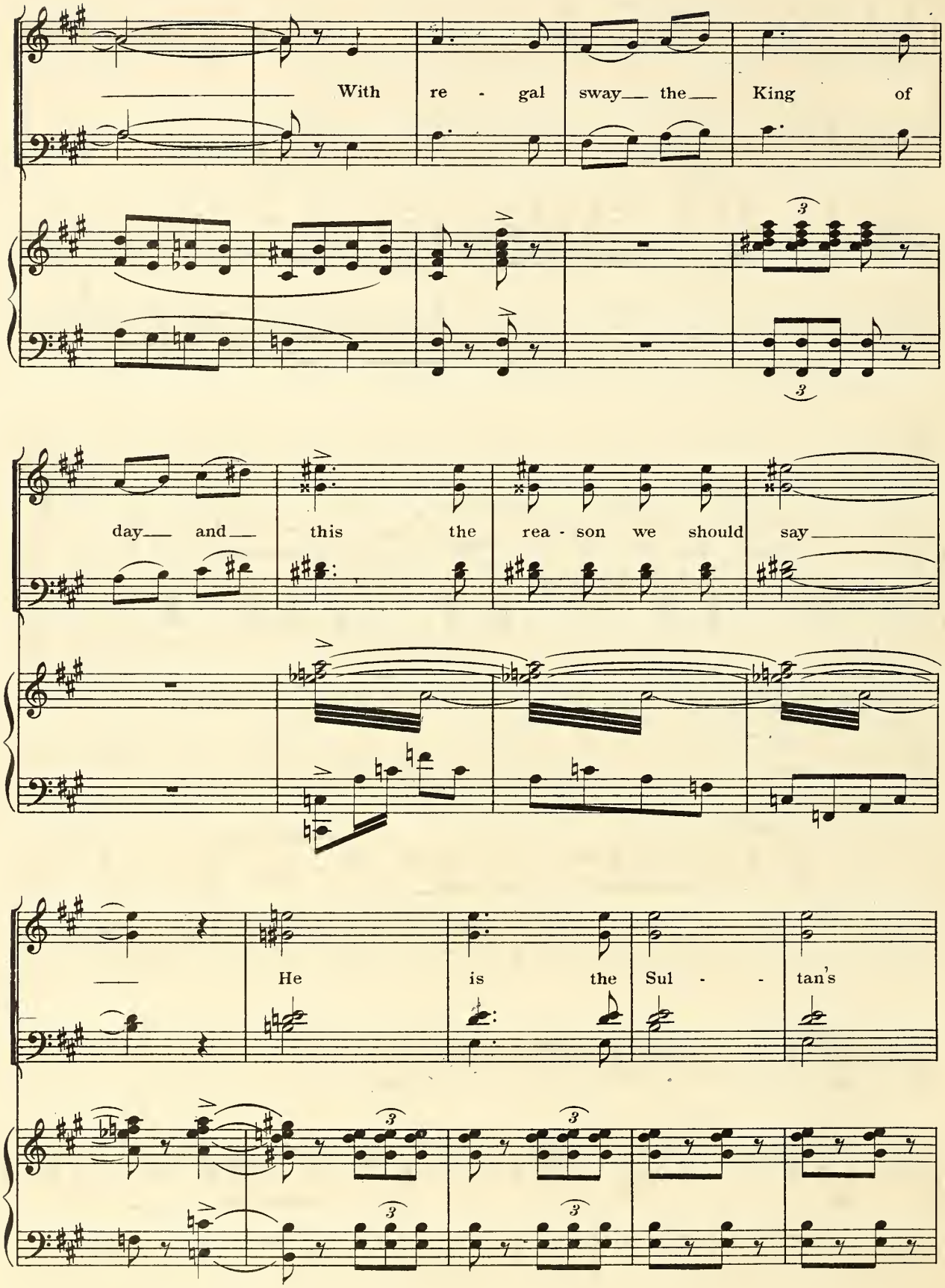

oth - er
The sun is but the Sul - tan's broth - er
sf
Hail!
f
Sa -
8
ff
lute the Sun, ma - jes - tic Sun, He is the Sul - tan's
f

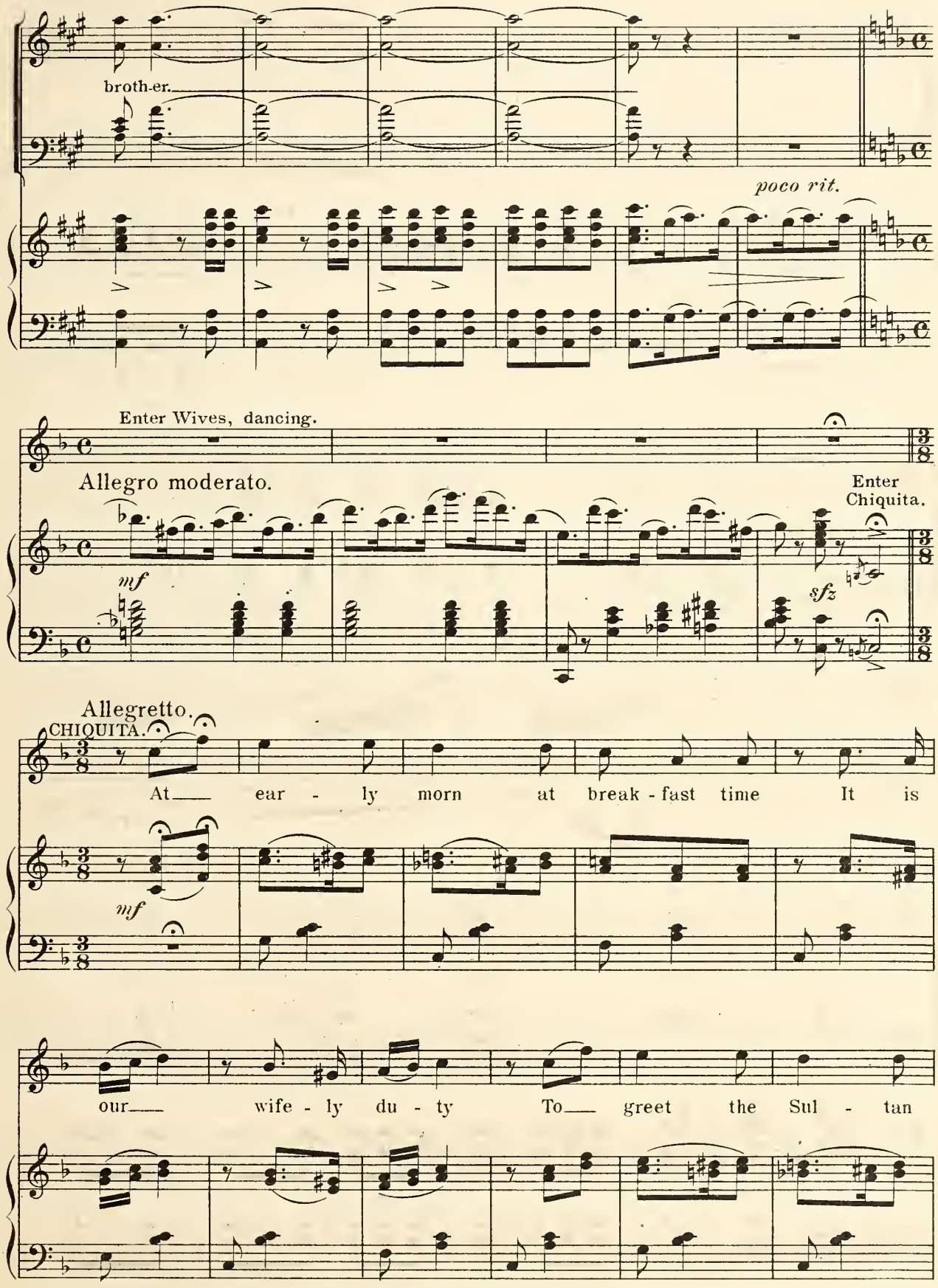

broth - er
f Sa - lute the sun, ma - jest - ic sun,
mf
The dark - ness breaks
He is the Sul - tan's broth - - er.
mf
Sul - tan
The day's be - gun Hail to the Sul - - tan And the

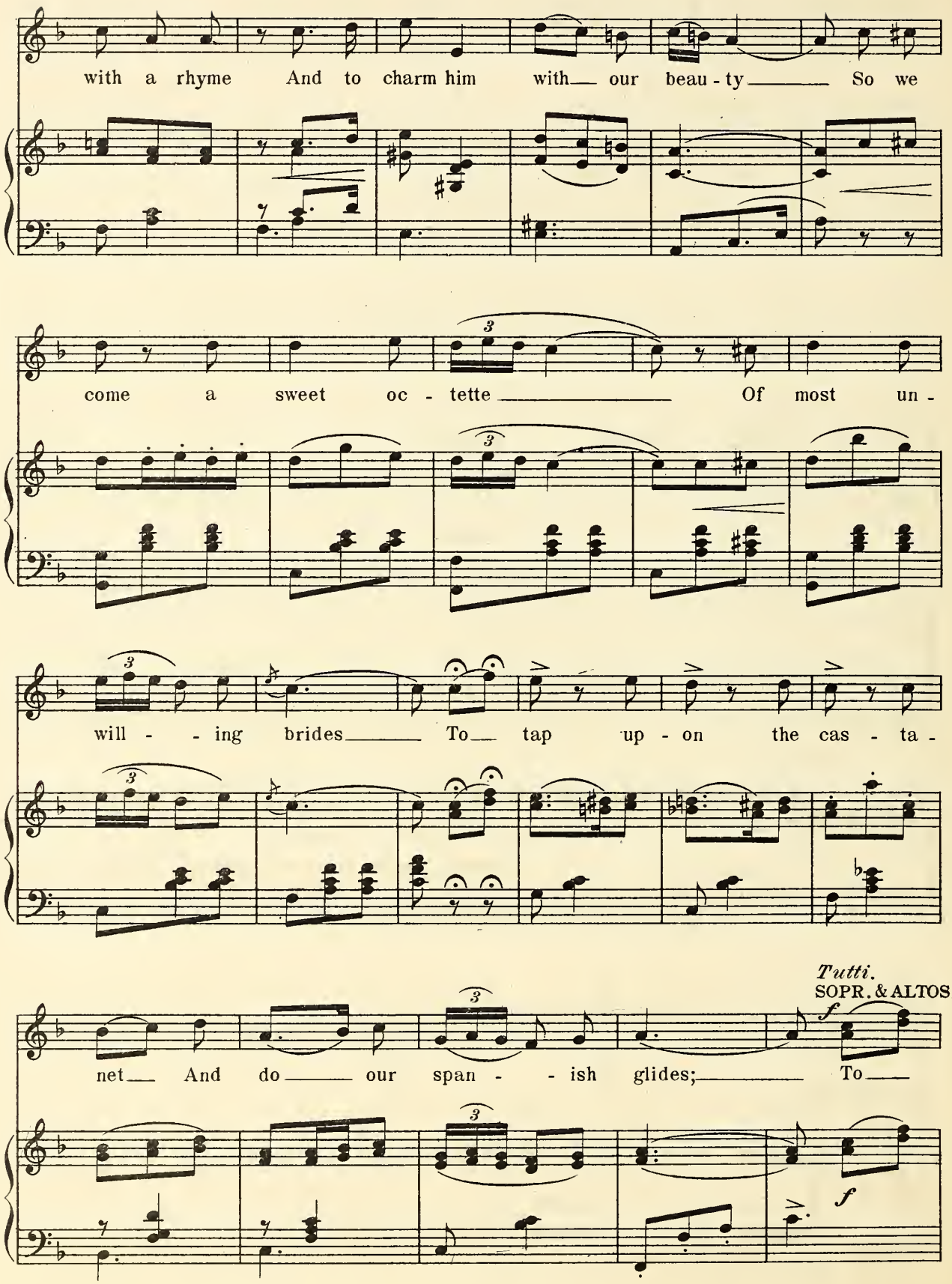

Sun!
Hail!
One can - not rank a - bove the
oth - er The sun is but the Sul - tan's broth-er. Sa -
lute the sun Sa -
Ma - jest - ic Sun

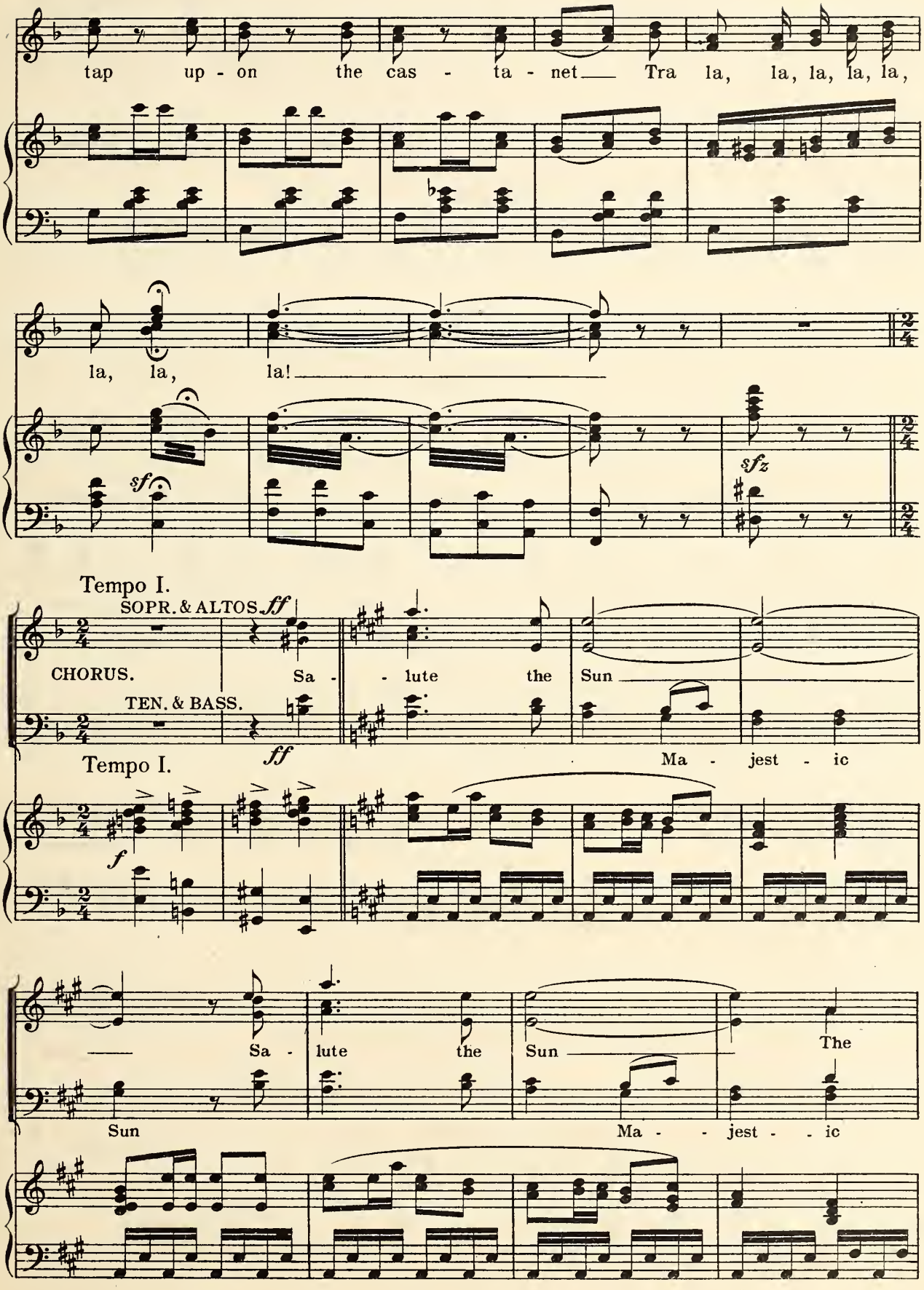

lute the sun The sun Sa -
Ma - jest ic sun
lute the sun The sun
Ma - jest - ic . sun
He is the Sul - - tan's broth - er. With
unis.
unis.

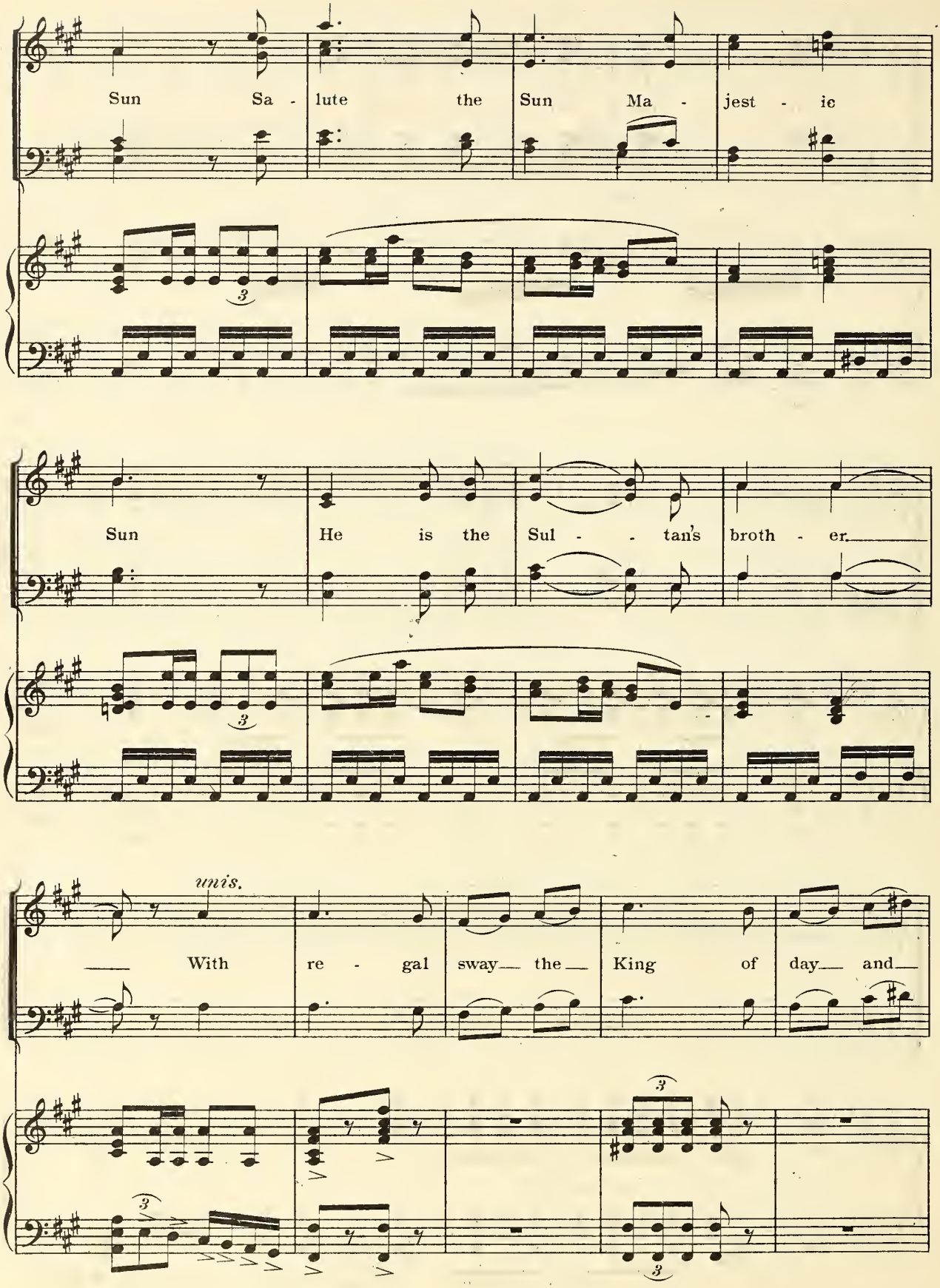

re - gal sway the King - of day and this the
marcato
rea - son we should say He
is the Sul - - tan's broth-er.

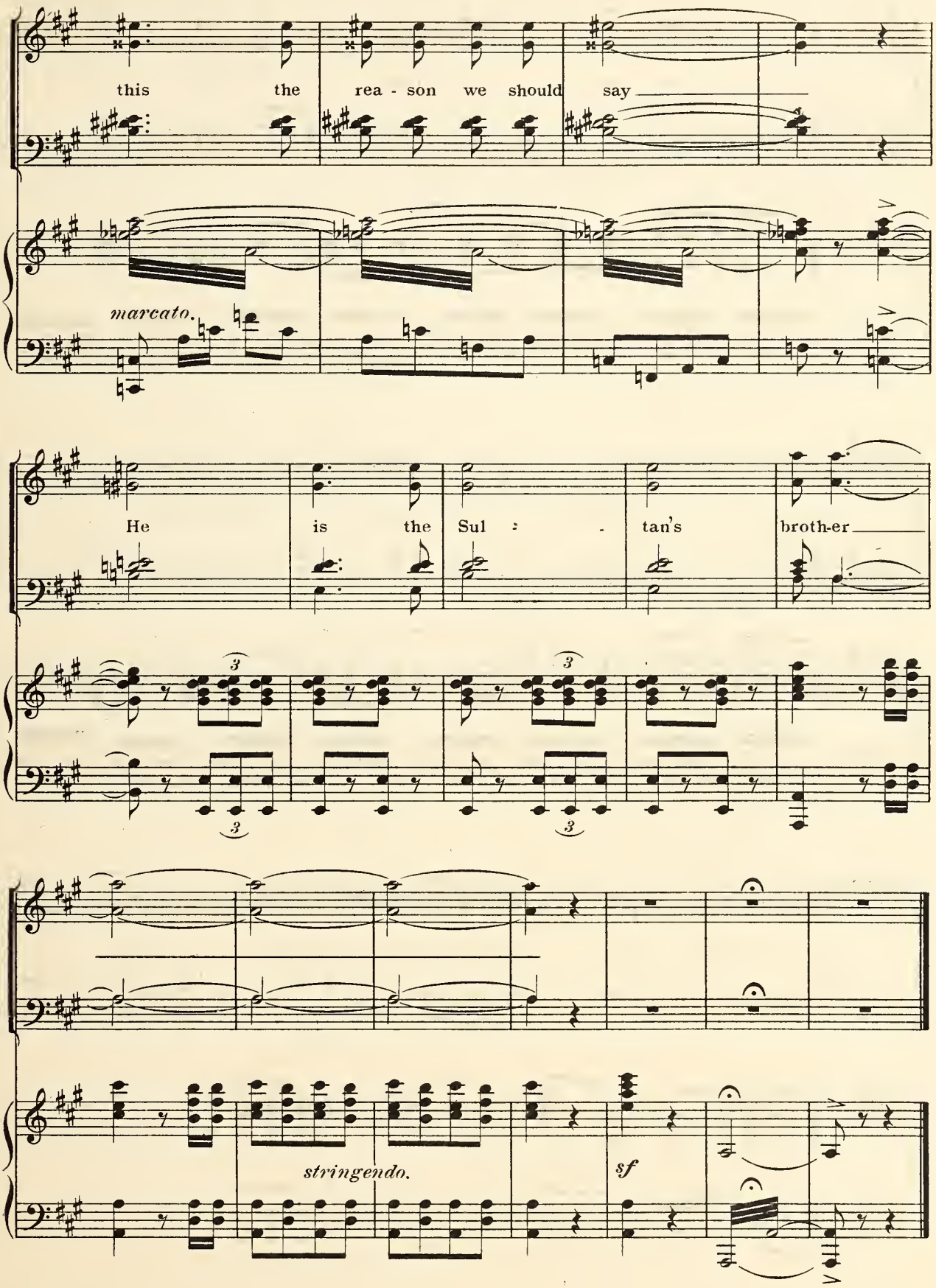

With re - gal sway the King of
day and this the rea - son we should say
He is the Sul - tan's


broth-er.
poco rit.
Enter Wives, dancing.
Allegro moderato.
mf
Enter Chiquita.
sfz
Allegretto.
CHIQUITA.
At ear - ly morn at break - fast time It is
mf
our wife - ly du - ty To greet the Sul - tan


with a rhyme And to charm him with our beau - ty So we
come a sweet oc - tette Of most un -
will - - ing brides To tap up - on the cas - ta -
Tutti.
SOPR. & ALTOS.
net And do our span - - ish glides; To


tap up - on the cas - ta - net Tra la, la, la, la, la,
la, la, la!
sf
sfz
Tempo I.
SOPR. & ALTOS
ff
CHORUS.
Sa - - lute the Sun
TEN. & BASS.
ff
Tempo I.
Ma - jest - ic
f
Sa - lute the Sun
The
Sun
Ma - - jest - - ic


Sun Sa - lute the Sun Ma - jest - ic
Sun He is the Sul - - tan's broth - er.
unis.
With re - gal sway the King of day and


this the rea - son we should say
marcato.
He is the Sul - tan's broth-er
stringendo.
sf

No 3.

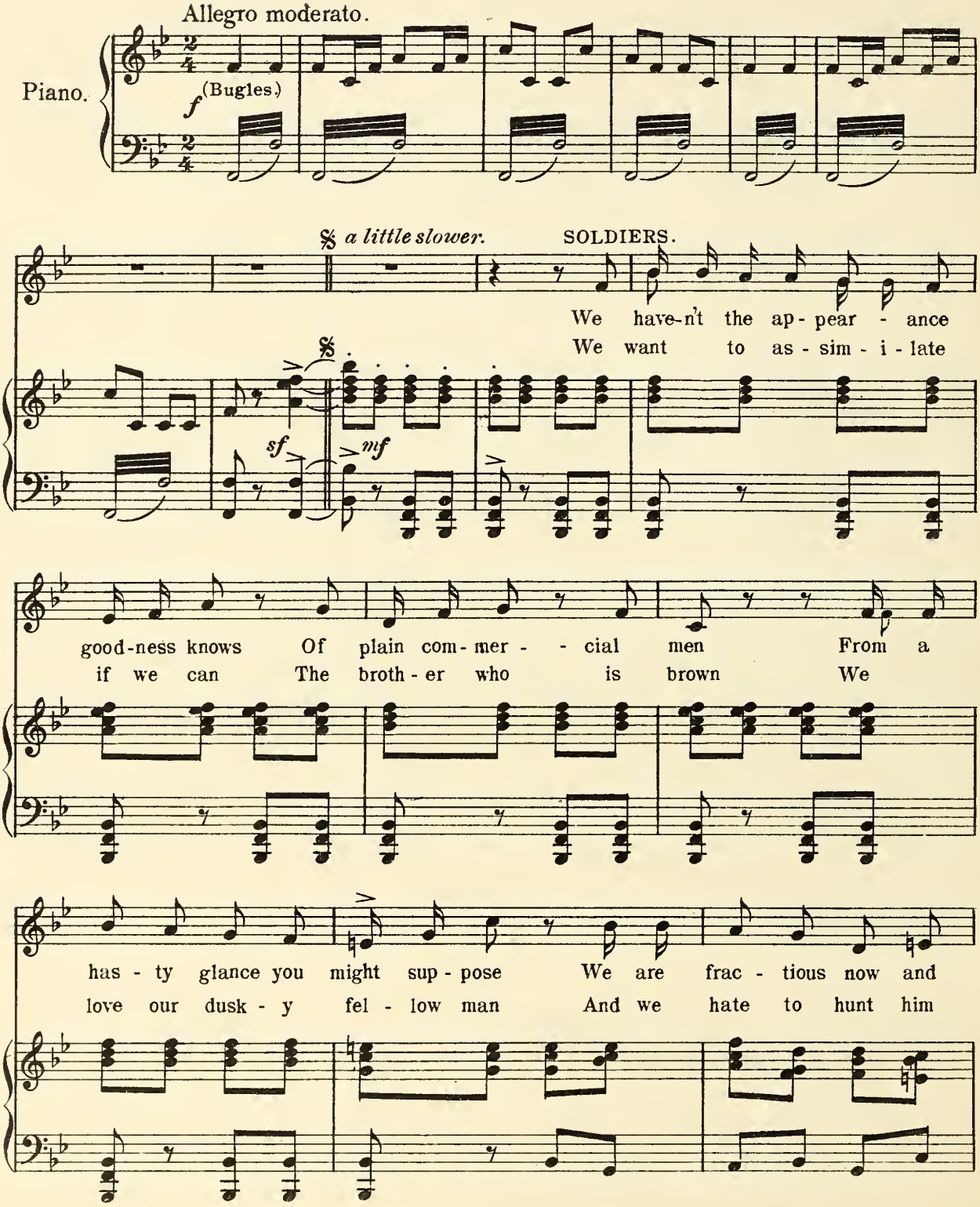
"Hike!"

SOLDIERS SONG.

Lieut. Hardy and Volunteers.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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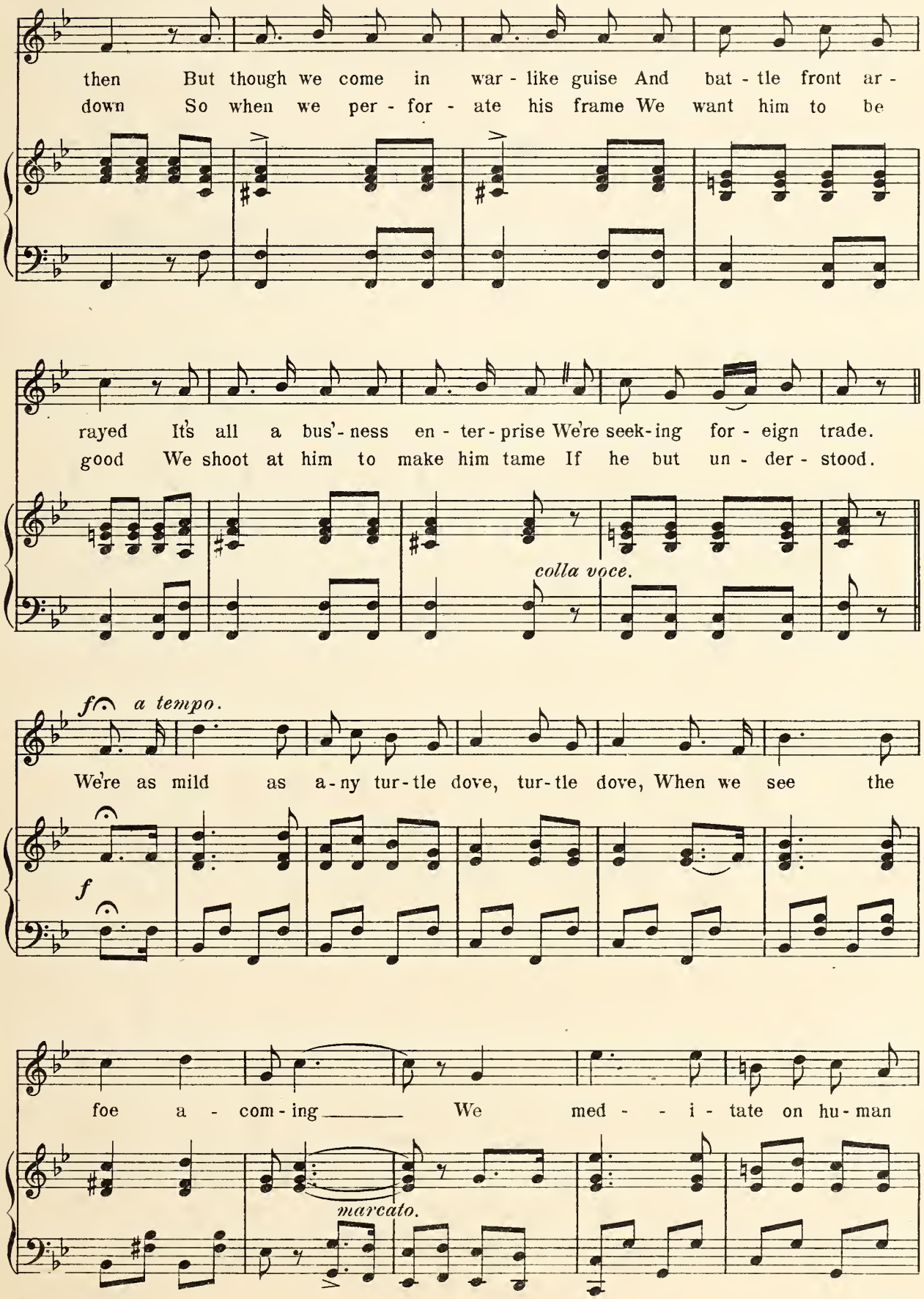
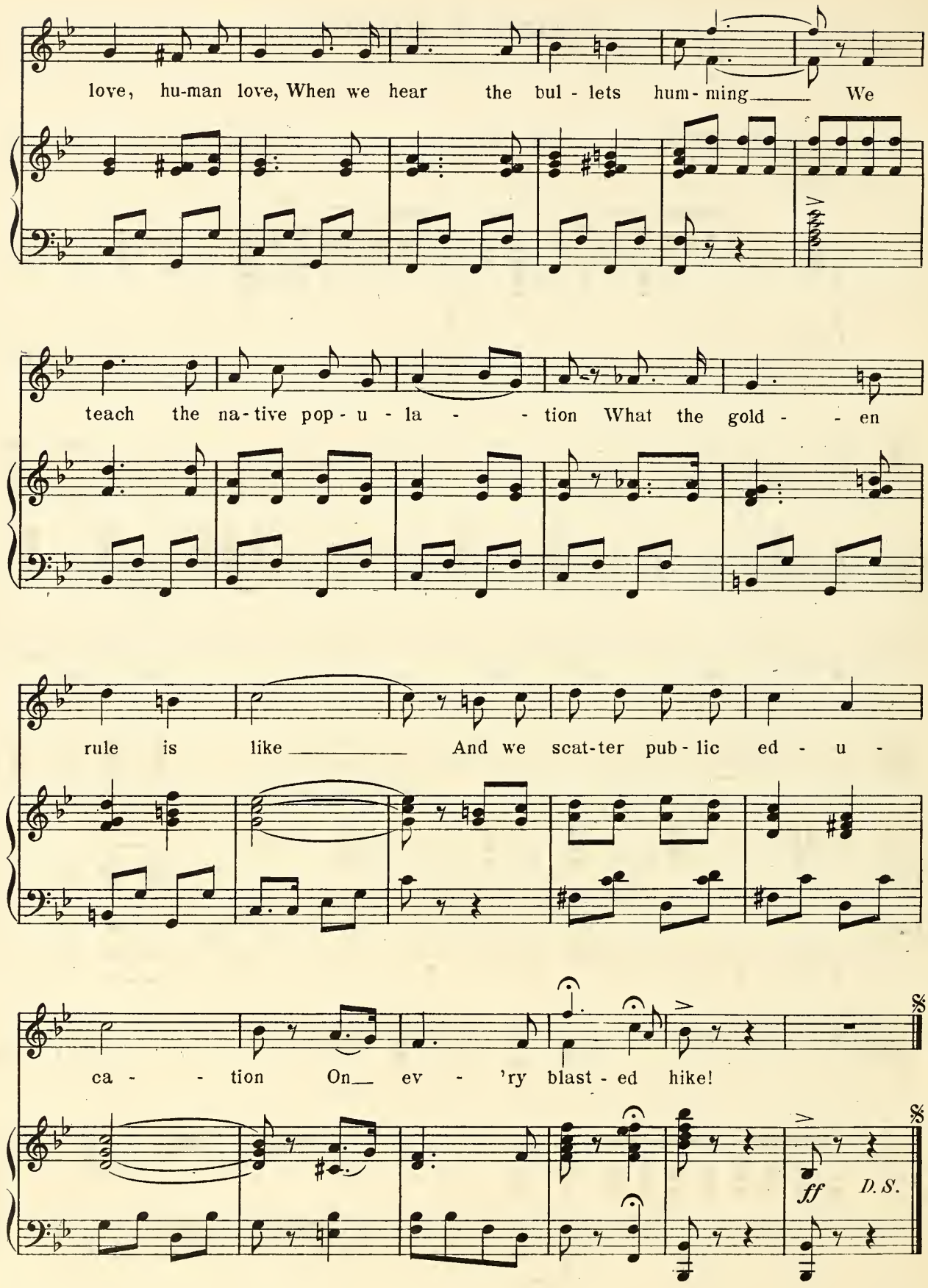
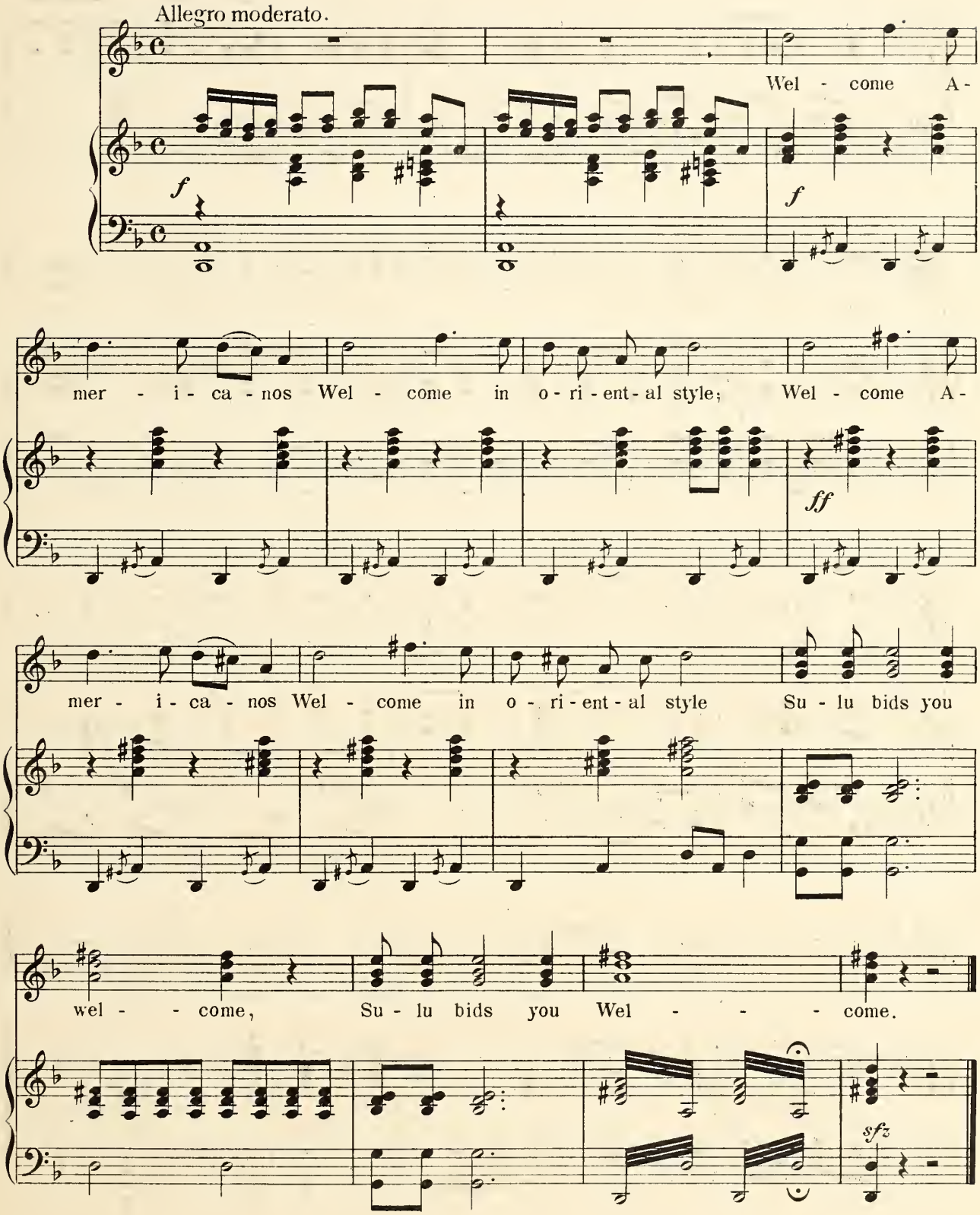

then But though we come in war - like guise And bat - tle front ar -
down So when we per - for - ate his frame We want him to be
rayed It's all a bus'- ness en - ter - prise We're seek-ing for - eign trade.
good We shoot at him to make him tame If he but un - der - stood.
colla voce.
f a tempo.
We're as mild as a - ny tur - tle dove, tur - tle dove, When we see the
f
foe a - com - ing We med - - i - tate on hu - man
marcato.


love, hu-man love, When we hear the bul - lets hum - ming We
teach the na - tive pop - u - la - tion What the gold - en
rule is like And we scat - ter pub - lic ed - u -
ca - tion On ev - 'ry blast - ed hike!
ff
D. S.

Nº 4. Chorus of Greeting.

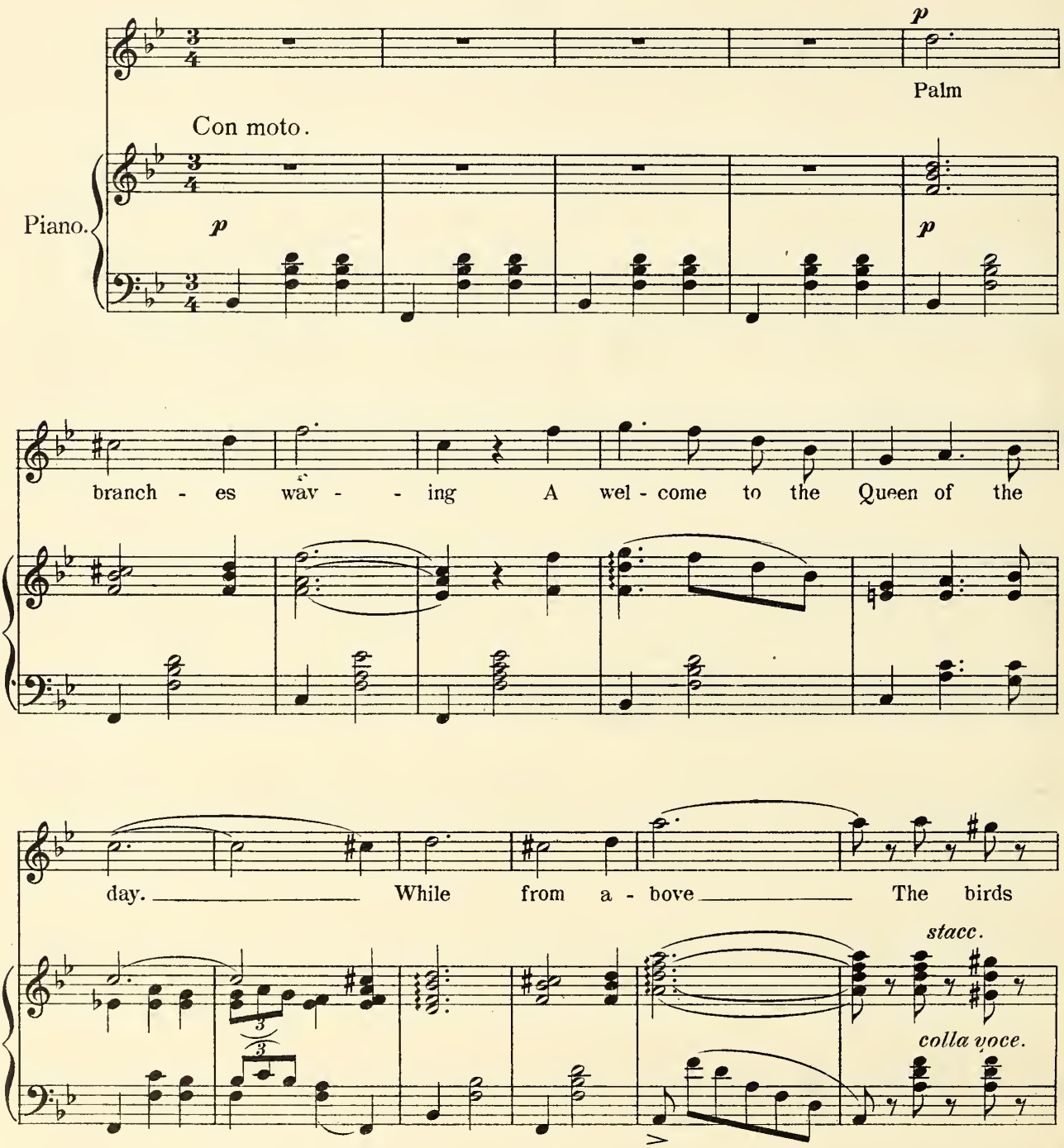


Palm Branches Waving.

No 5.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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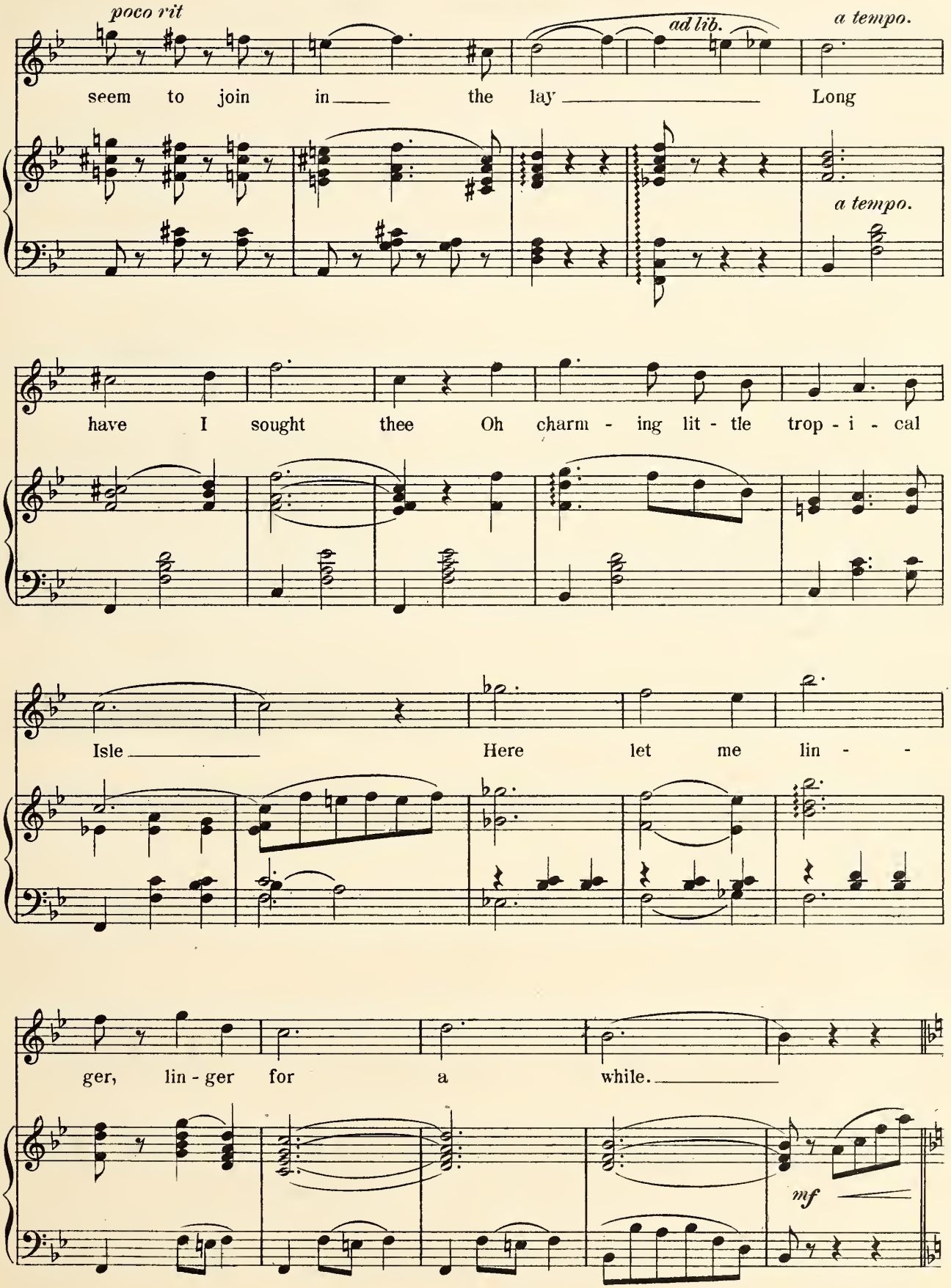
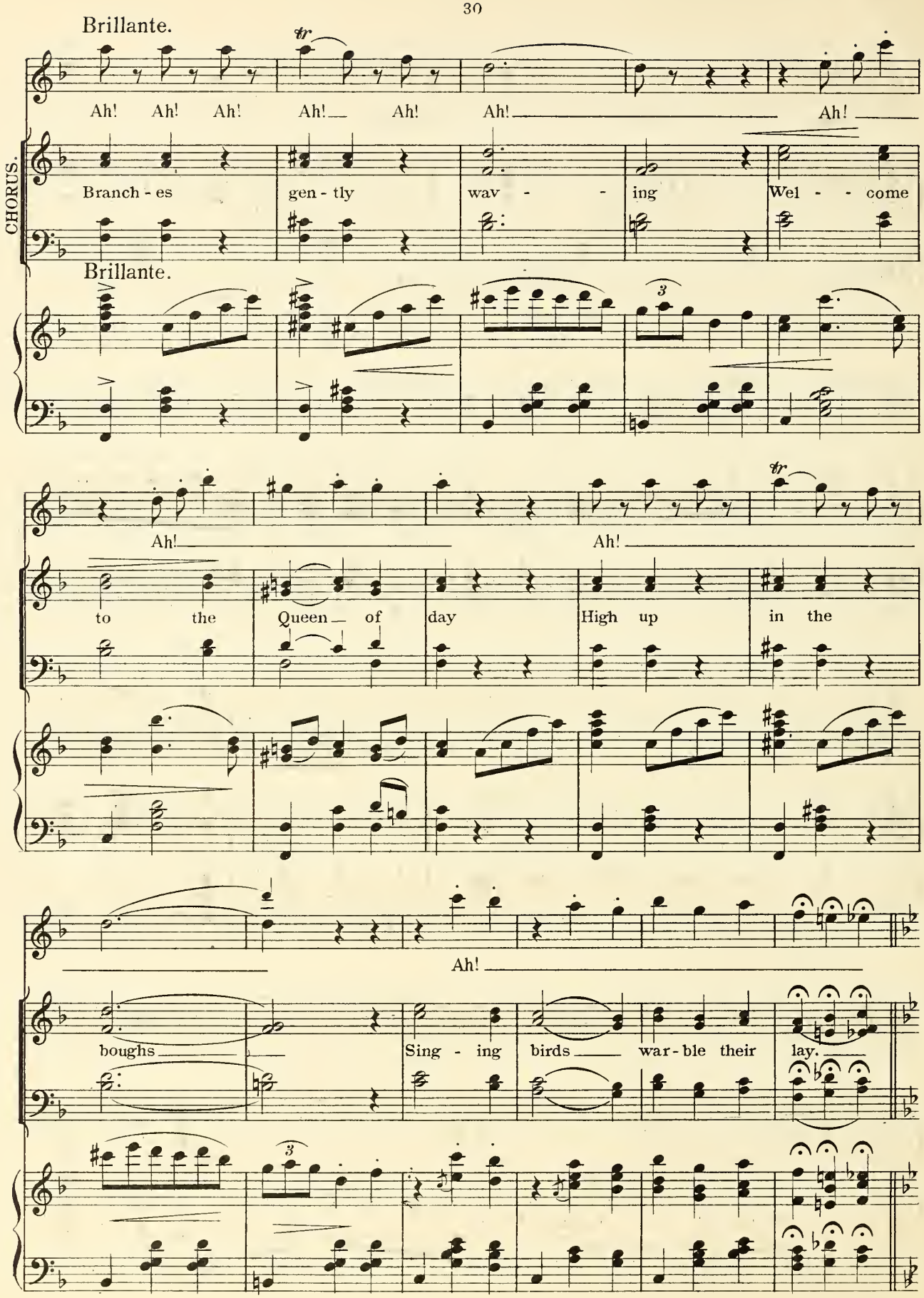
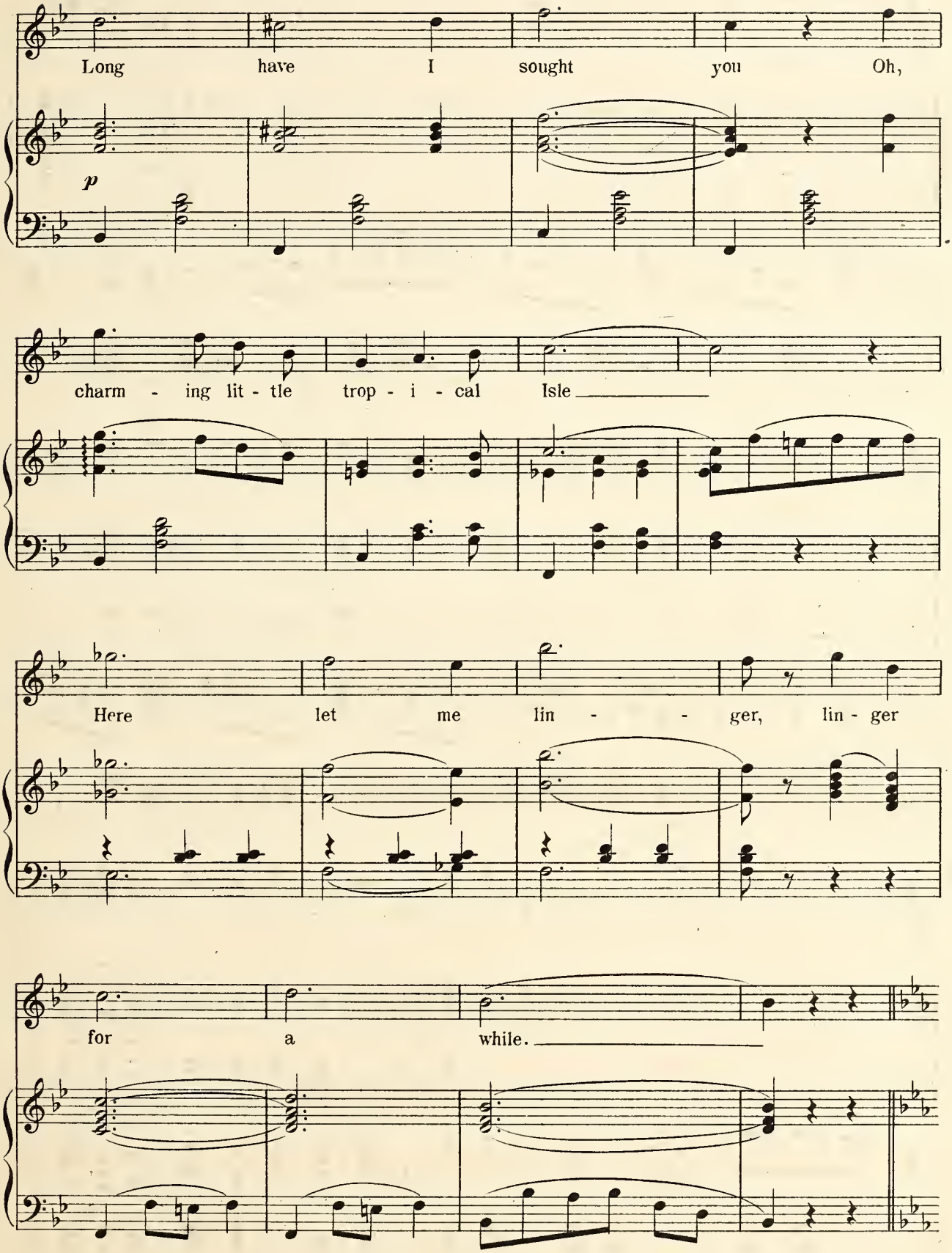
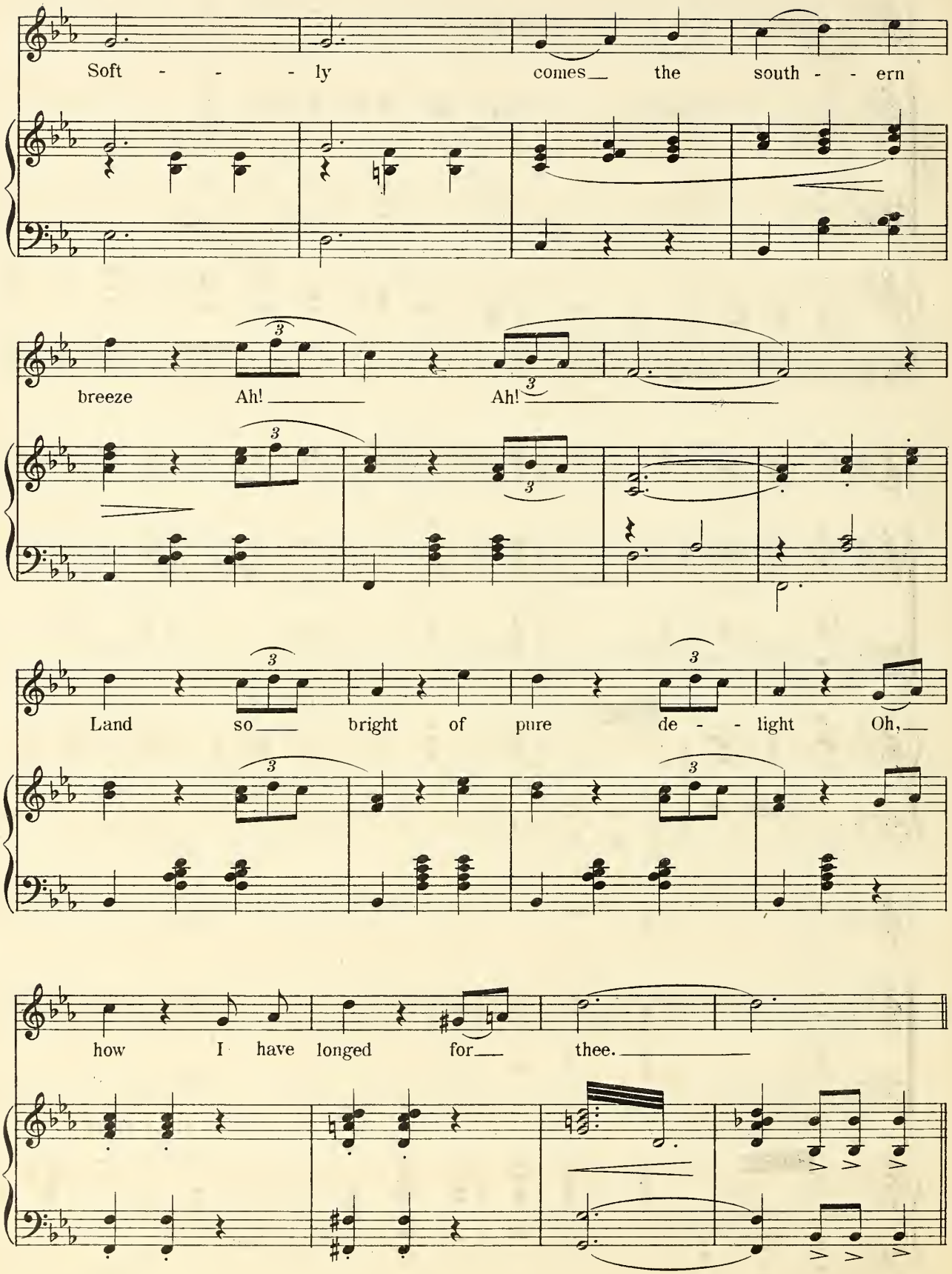
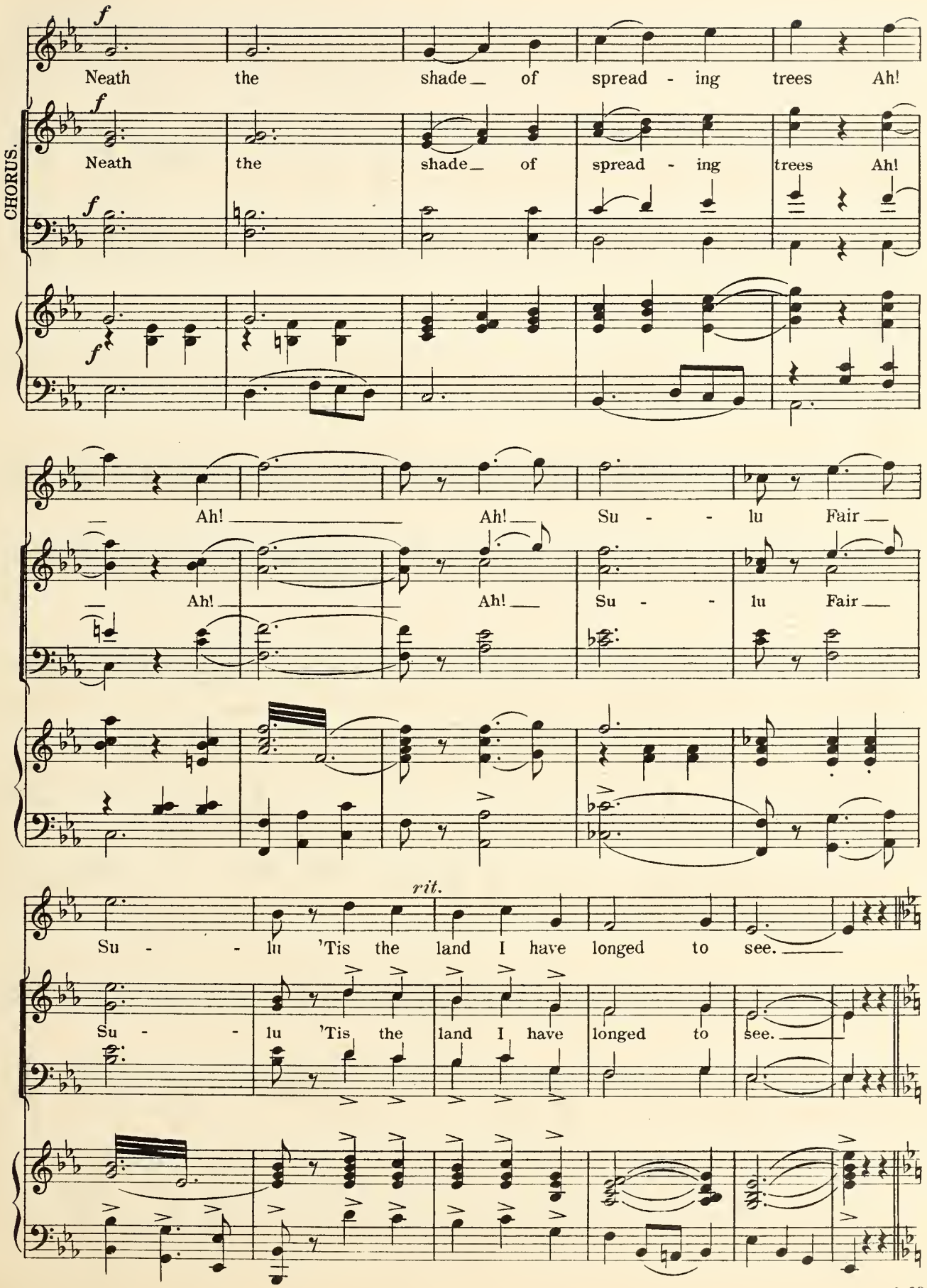
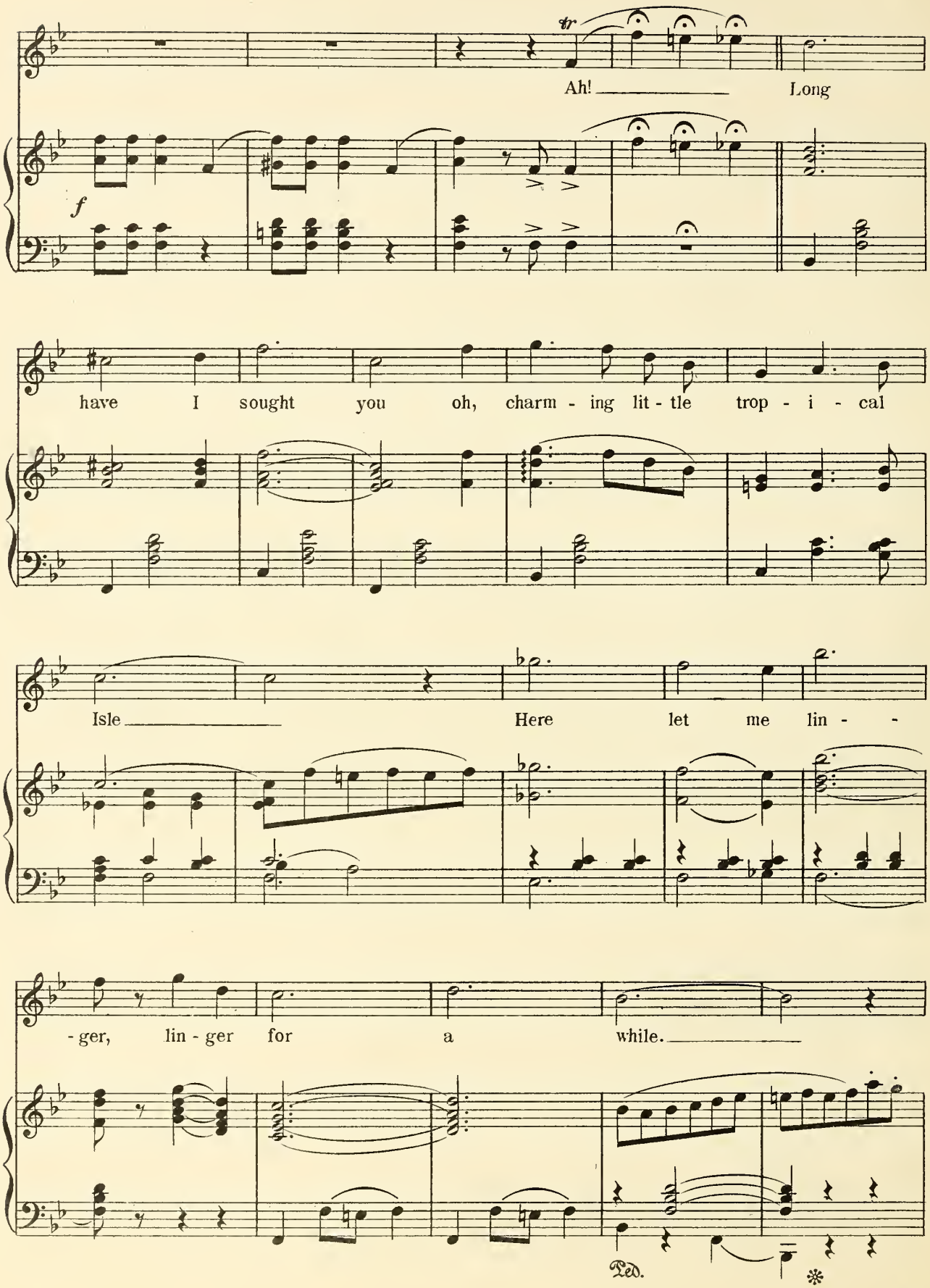

poco rit
ad lib.
a tempo.
seem to join in the lay Long
a tempo.
have I sought thee Oh charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal
Isle Here let me lin - -
ger, lin - ger for a while.
mf

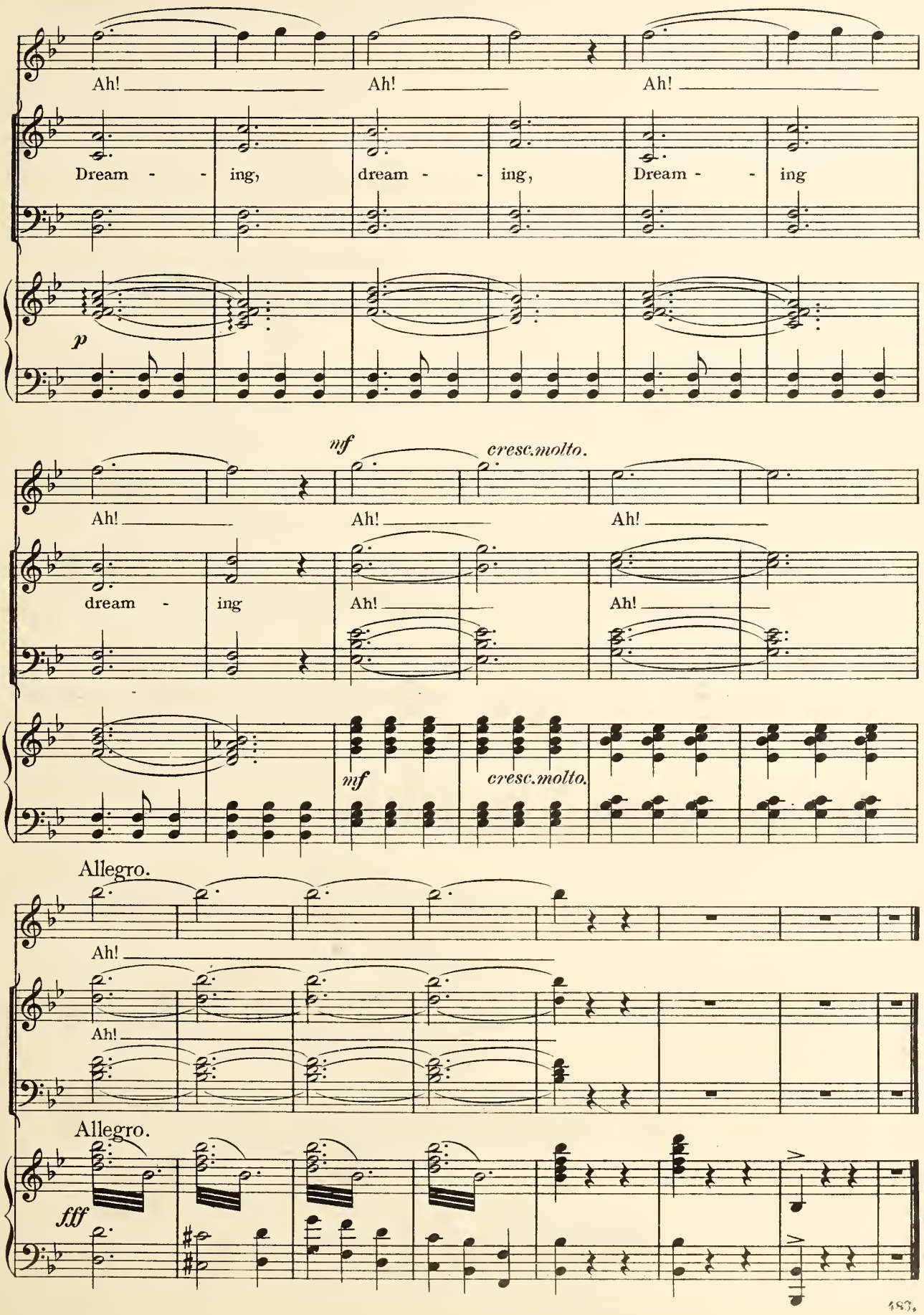

Brillante.
CHORUS.
Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!
Branch - es gen - tly wav - - ing Wel - - come
Brillante.
Ah! Ah!
to the Queen of day High up in the
Ah!
boughs Sing - ing birds war - ble their lay.


Long have I sought you Oh,
p
charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal Isle
Here let me lin - - ger, lin - ger
for a while.


Soft - - - ly comes the south - - ern
breeze Ah! Ah!
Land so bright of pure de - - light Oh,
how I have longed for thee.


CHORUS.
f
Neath the shade of spread - ing trees Ah!
Neath the shade of spread - ing trees Ah!
Ah! Ah! Su - - lu Fair
Ah! Ah! Su - - lu Fair
rit.
Su - - lu 'Tis the land I have longed to see.
Su - - lu 'Tis the land I have longed to see.


Ah! Long
f
have I sought you oh, charm - ing lit - tle trop - i - cal
Isle Here let me lin - -
- ger, lin - ger for a while.
Ped.
*

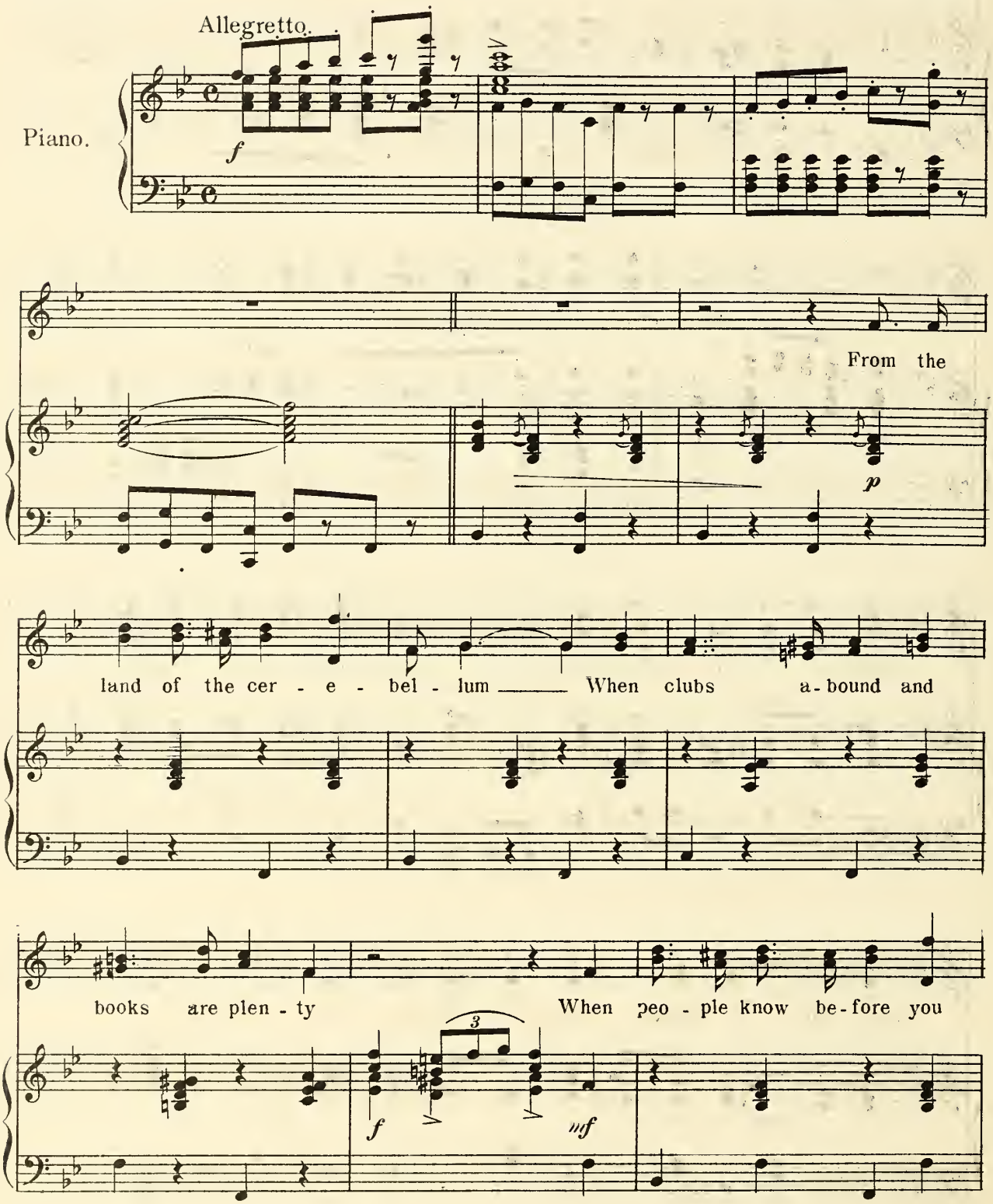

Ah! Ah! Ah!
Dream - - ing, dream - - ing, Dream - - ing
p
nf
cresc.molto.
Ah! Ah! Ah!
dream - ing Ah! Ah!
mf
cresc.molto.
Allegro.
Ah!
Ah!
Allegro.
fff

No 6. Schoolma'am's Song.

Roxbury, Dorchester, Cambridge, Newton.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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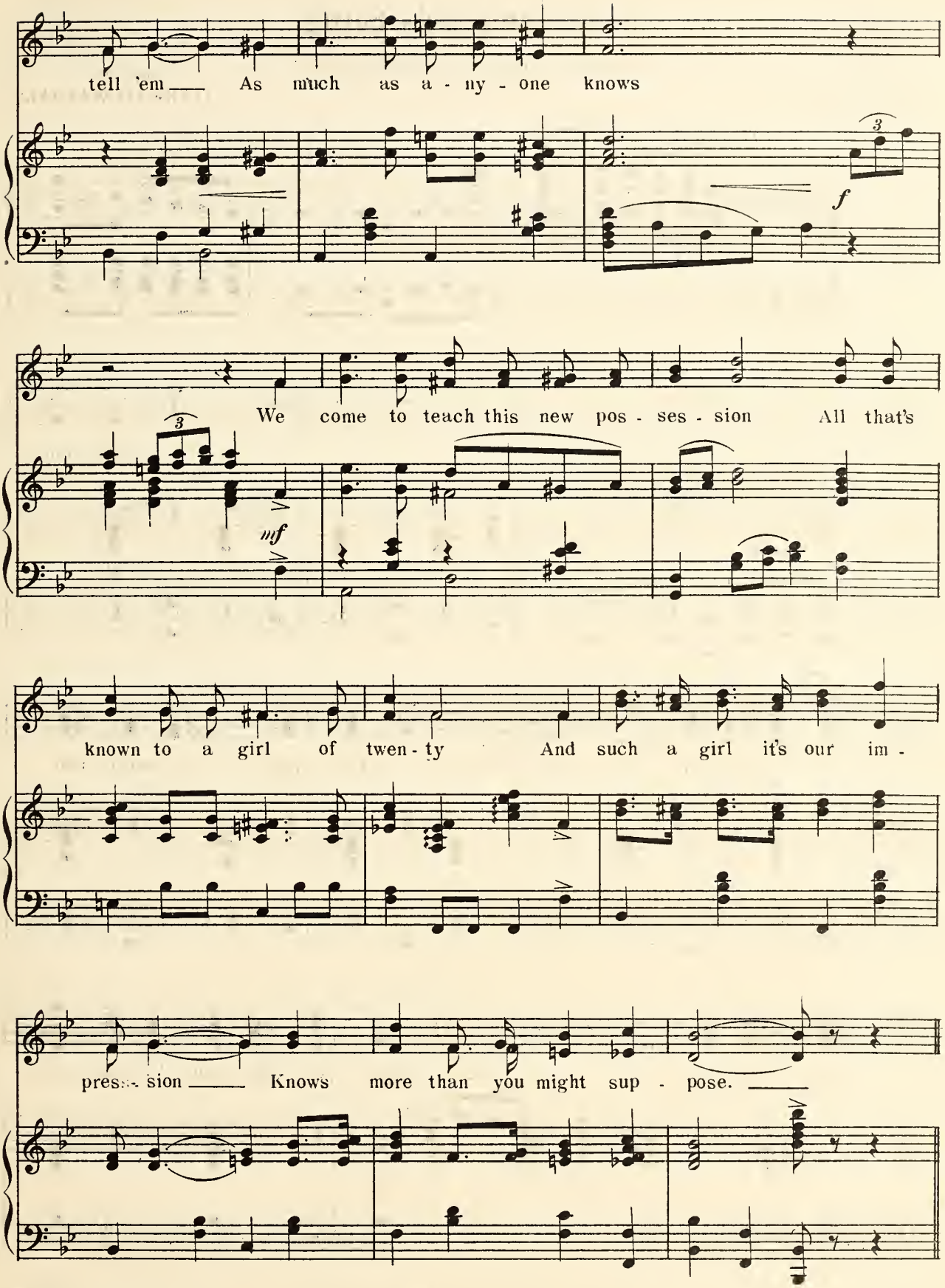
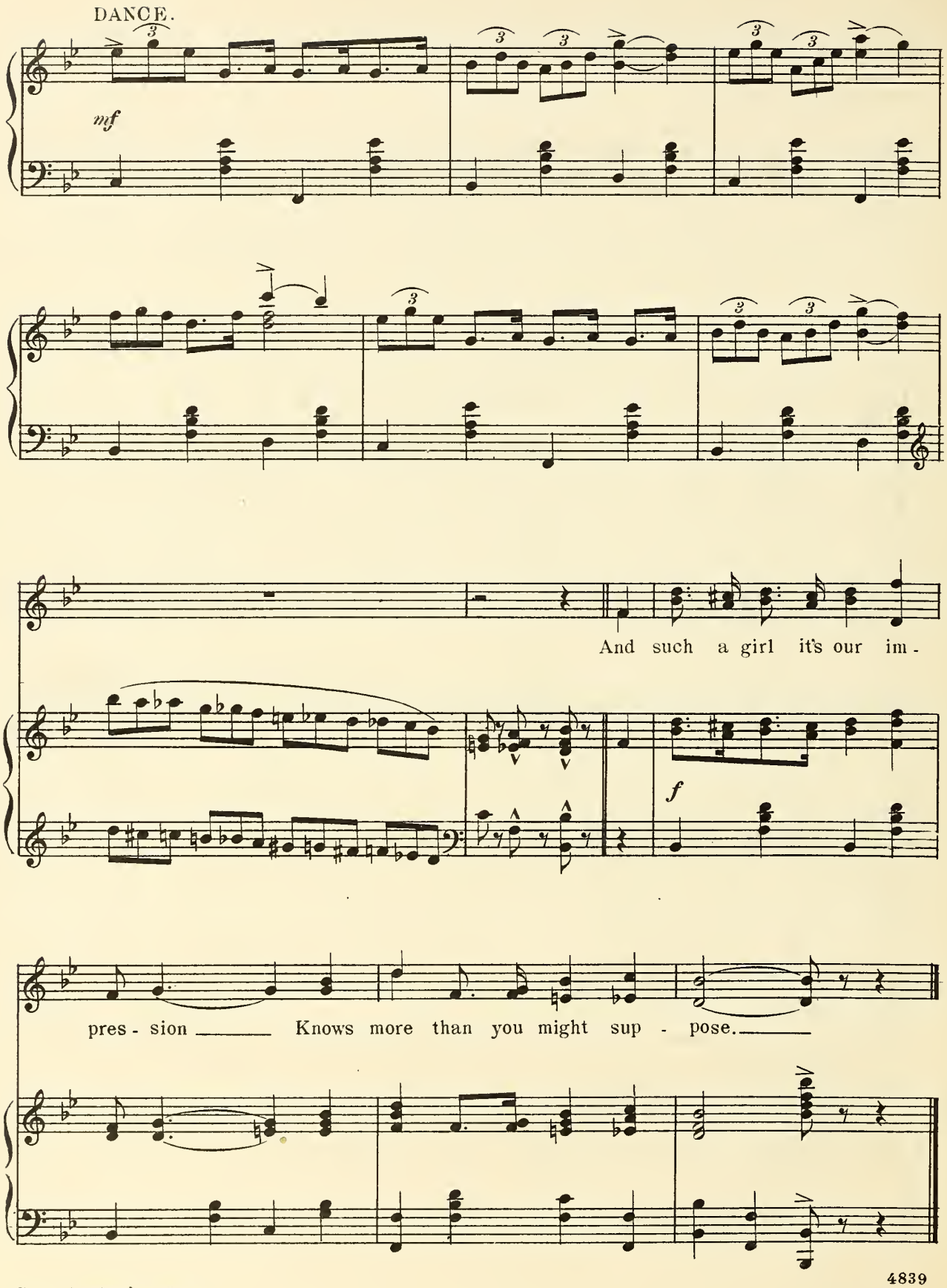

tell 'em As much as a - ny - one knows
f
We come to teach this new pos - ses - sion All that's
mf
known to a girl of twen - ty And such a girl it's our im -
pres - sion Knows more than you might sup - pose.

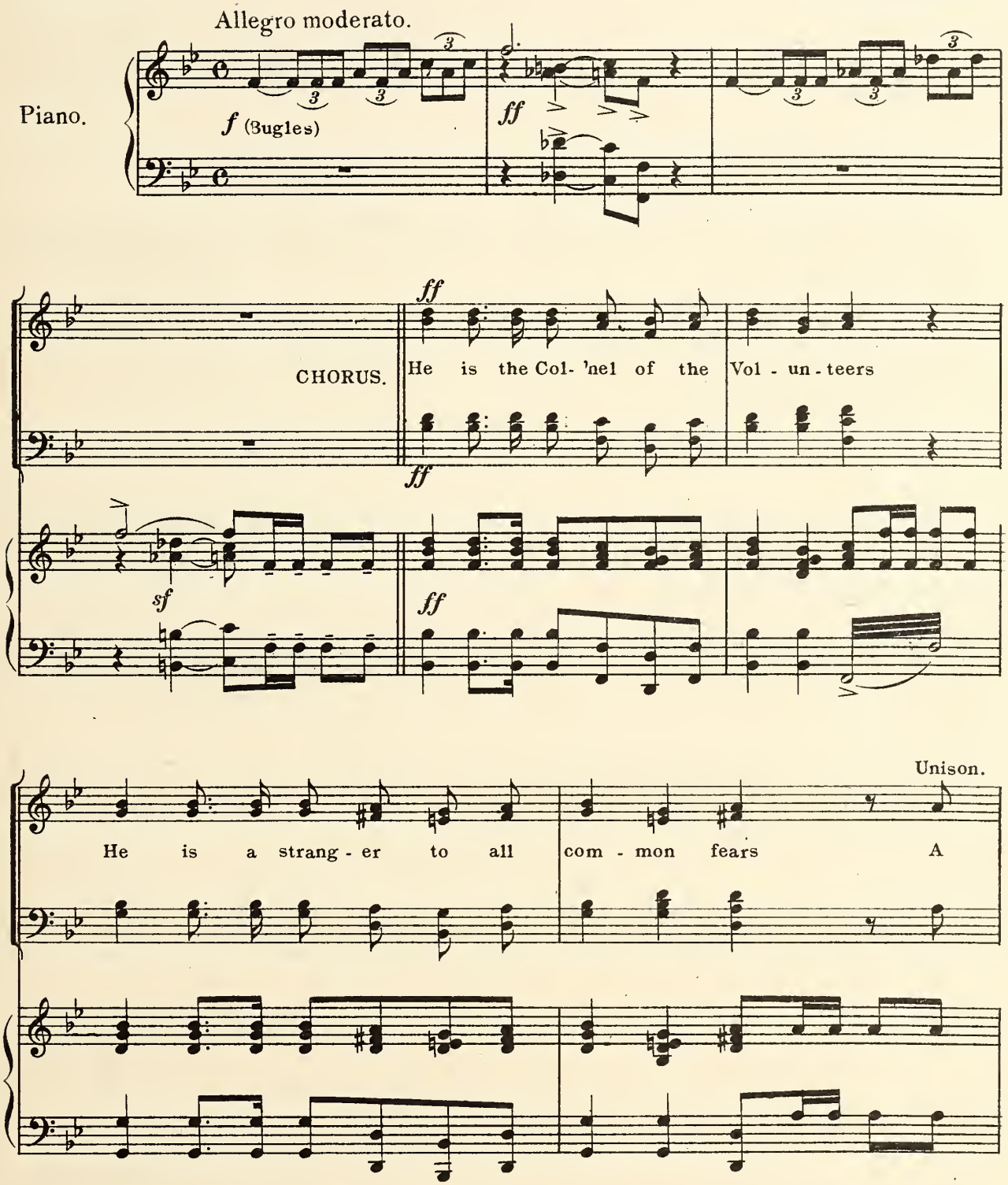

DANCE.
mf
And such a girl it's our im -
f
pres - sion Knows more than you might sup - pose.

Entrance of Colonel Budd.

No 7.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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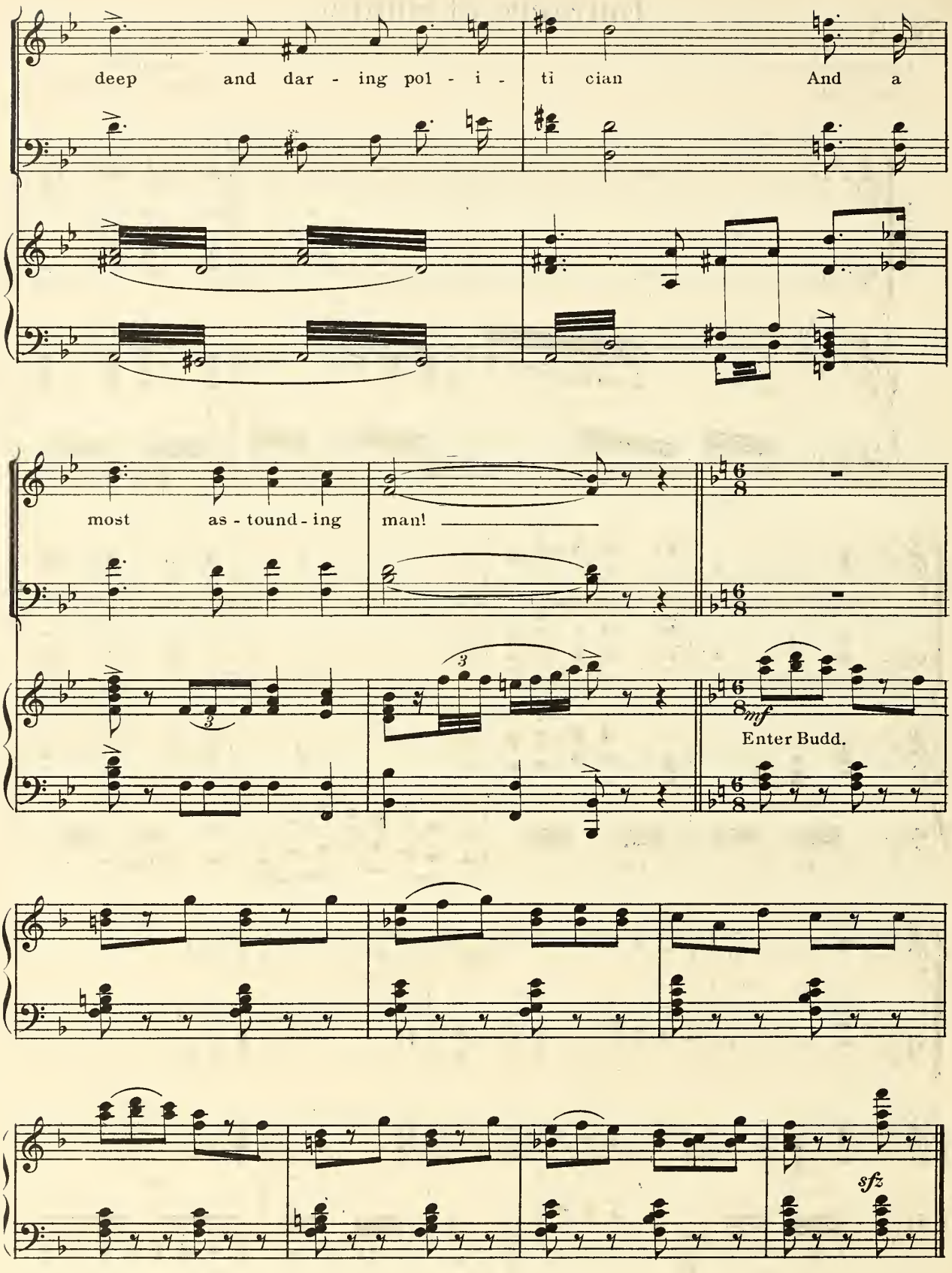

deep and dar - ing pol - i - ti cian And a
most as - tound - ing man!
mf
Enter Budd.
sfz

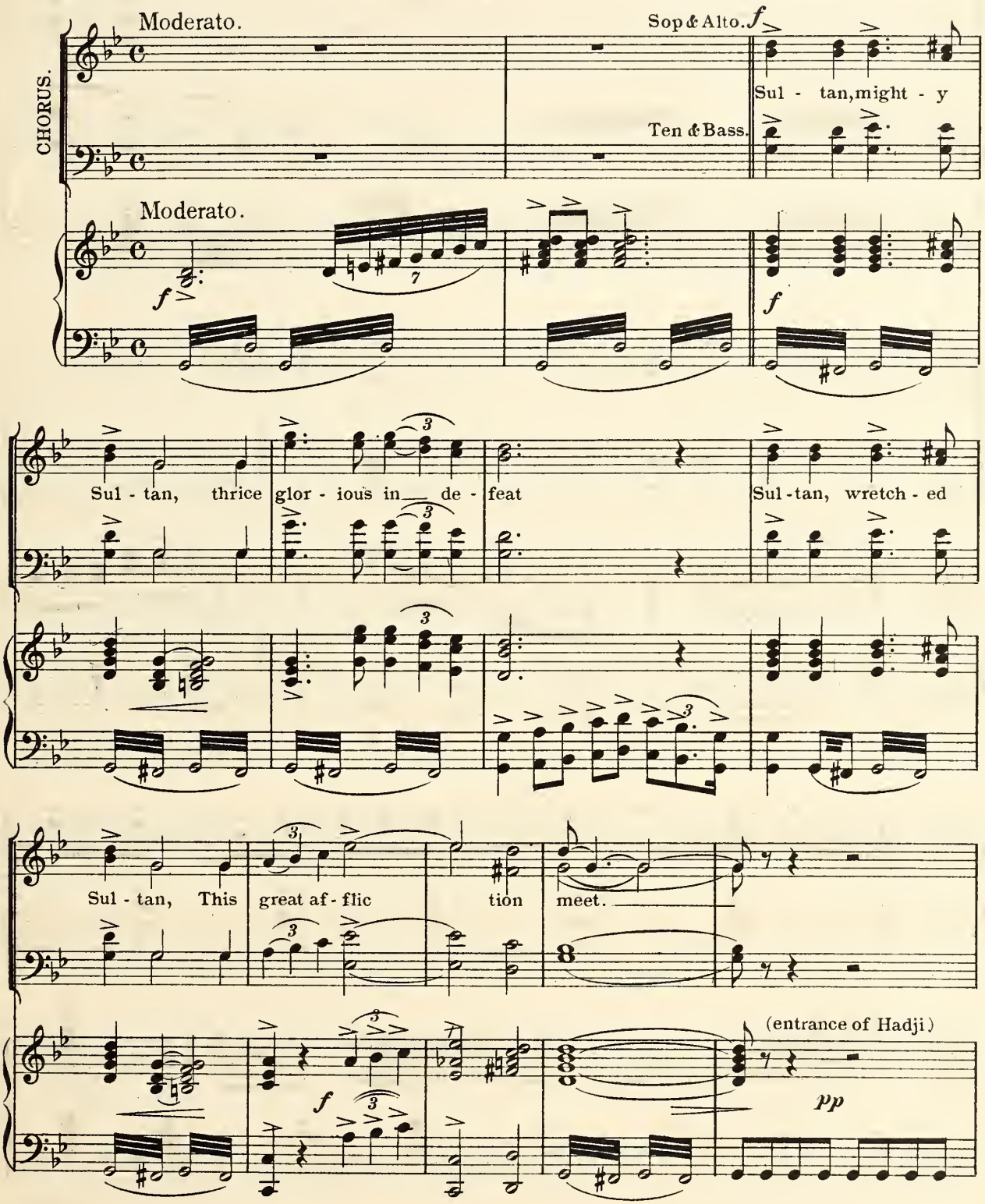
attacca.

Entrance of Sultan.

No. 8.

Lyric by,
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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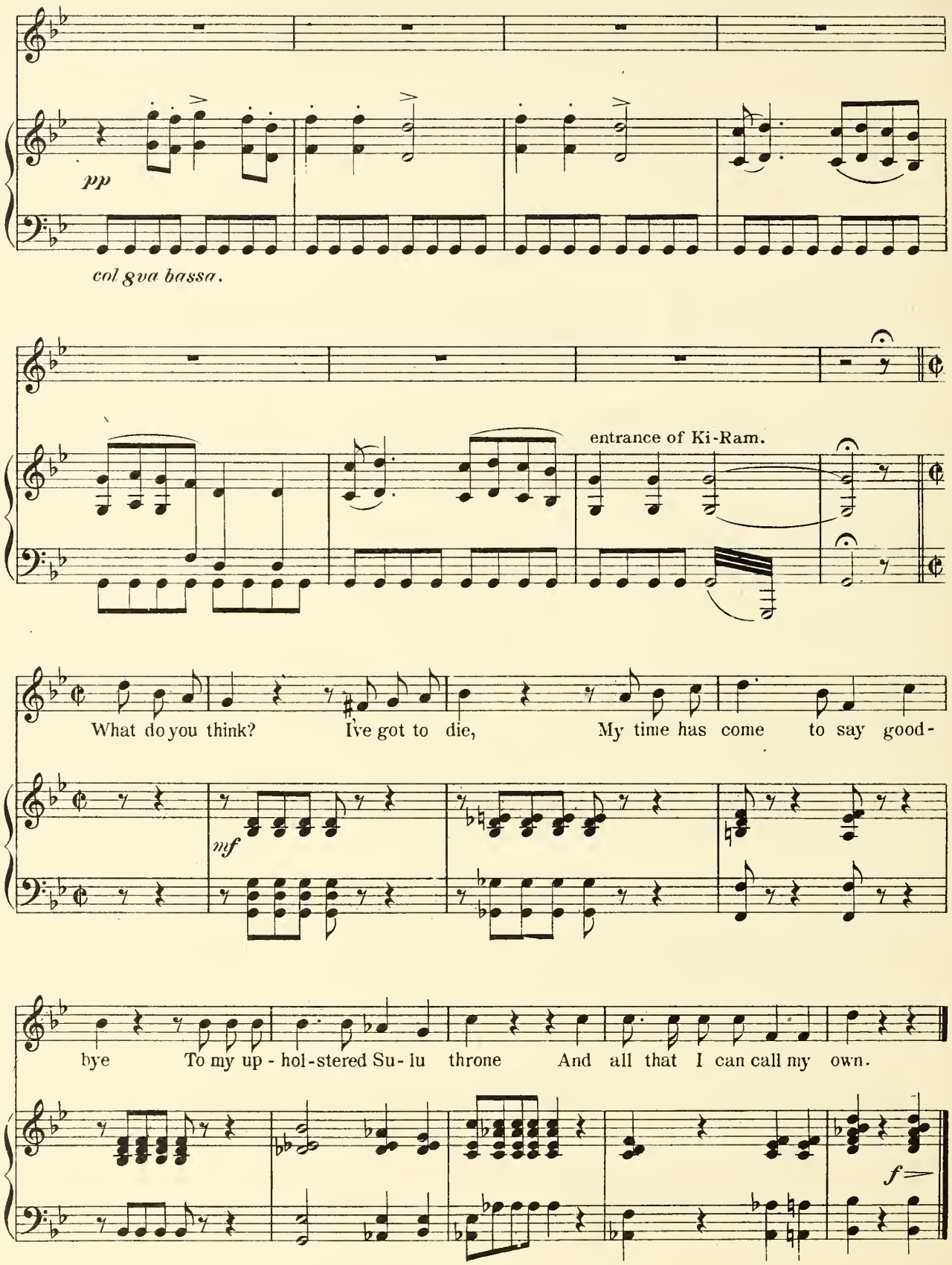

pp
col 8va bassa.
entrance of Ki-Ram.
What do you think? I've got to die, My time has come to say good-
mf
bye To my up - hol-stered Su- lu throne And all that I can call my own.
f

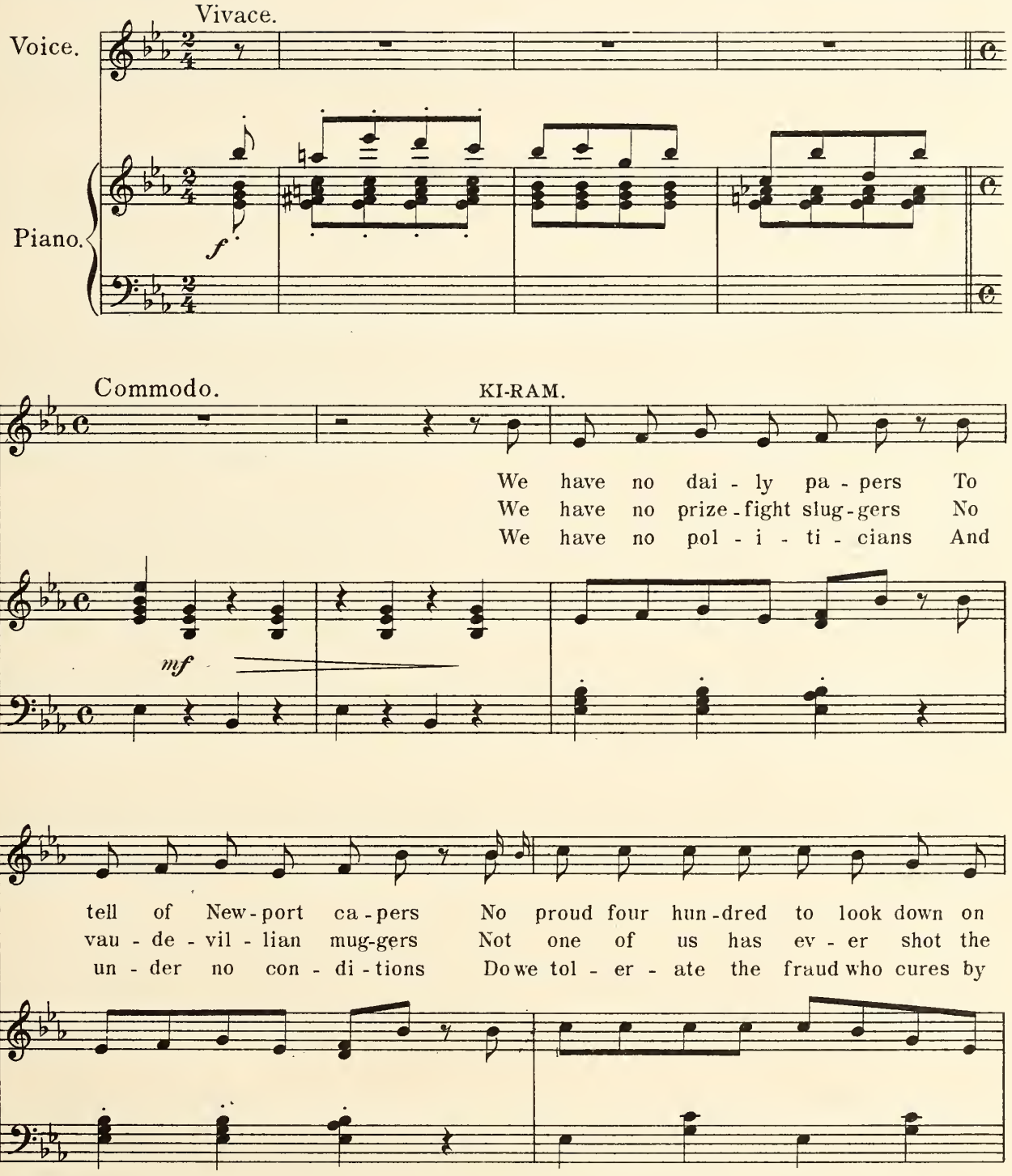
The Smiling Isle.

No. 9.

KI-RAM.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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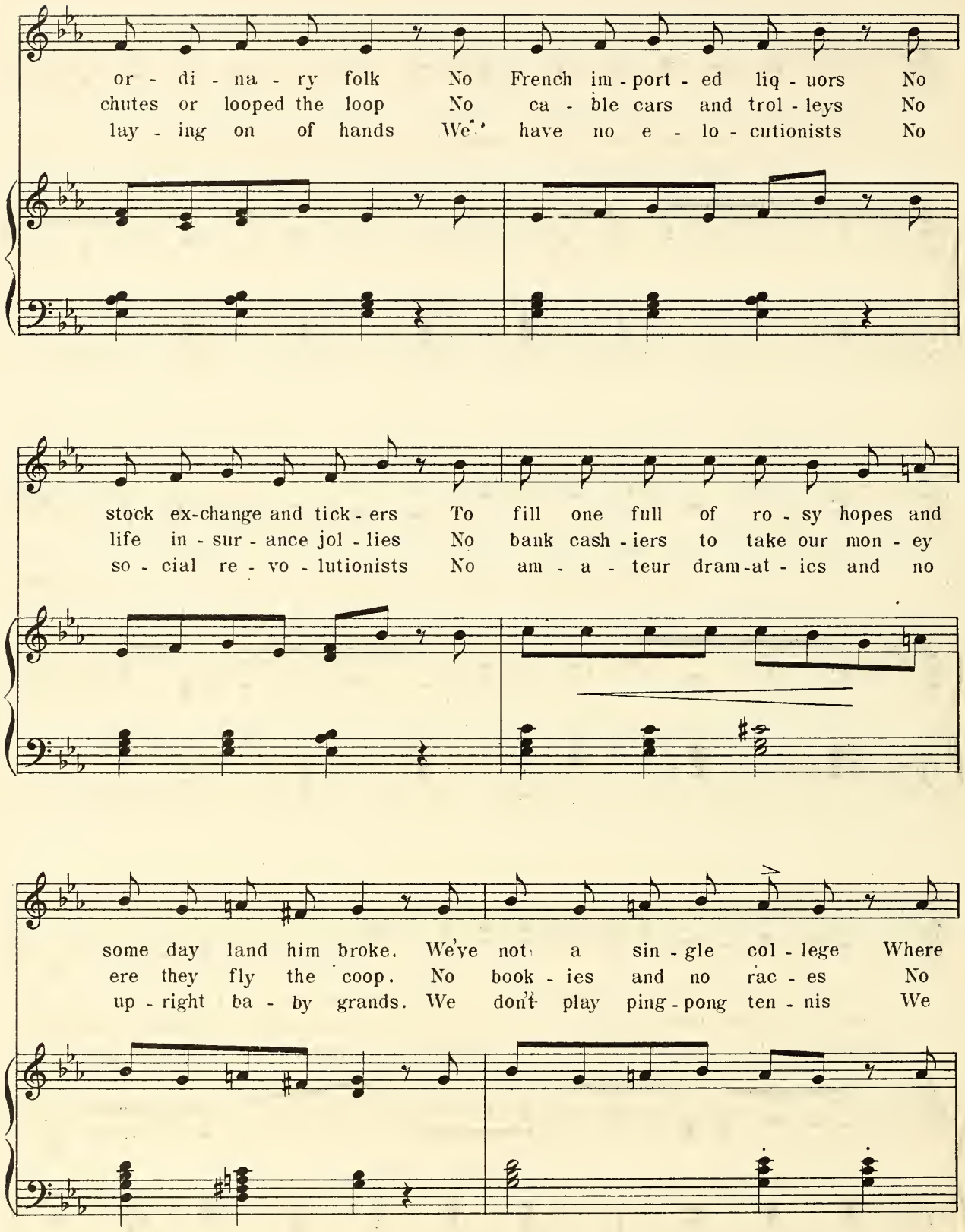
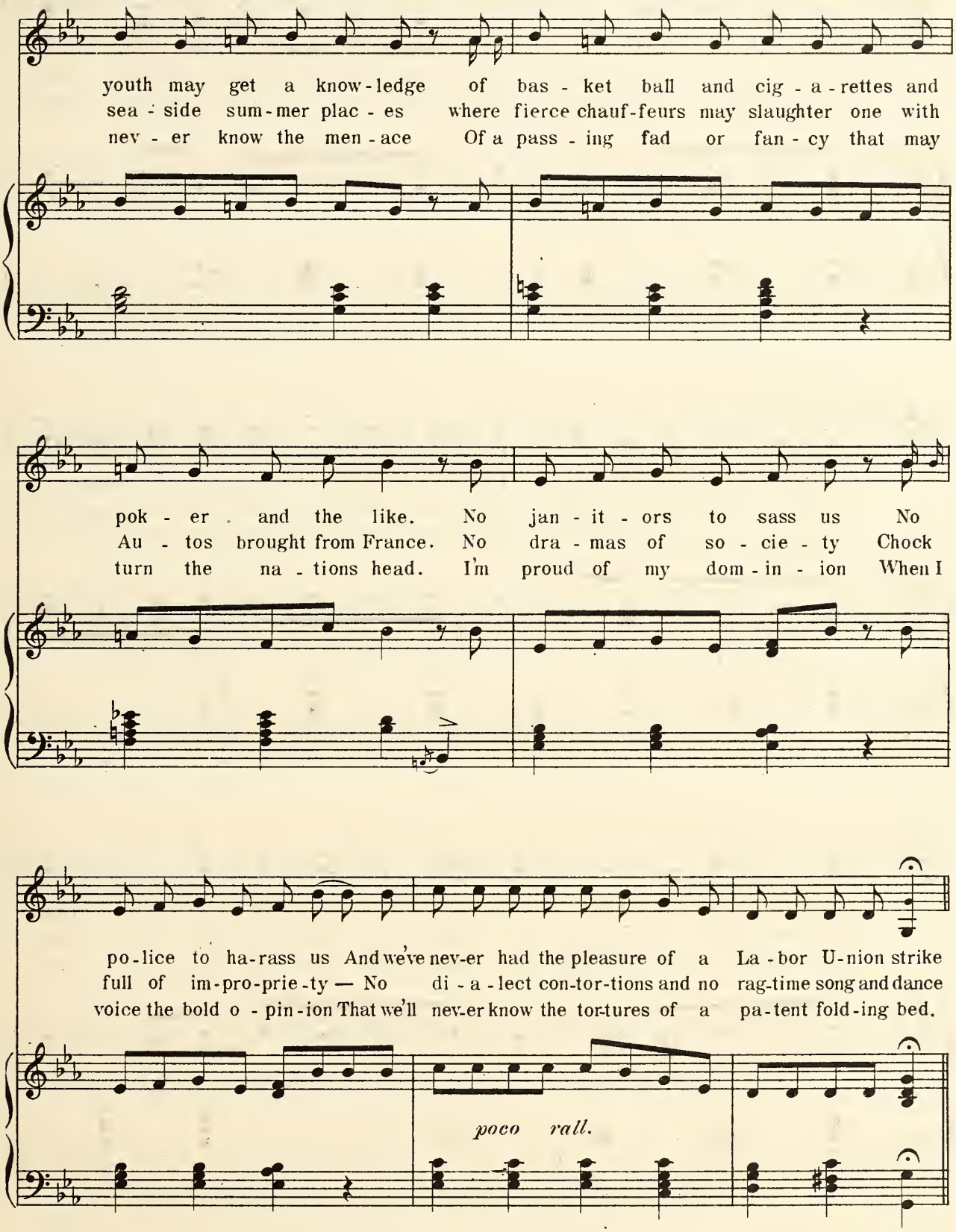
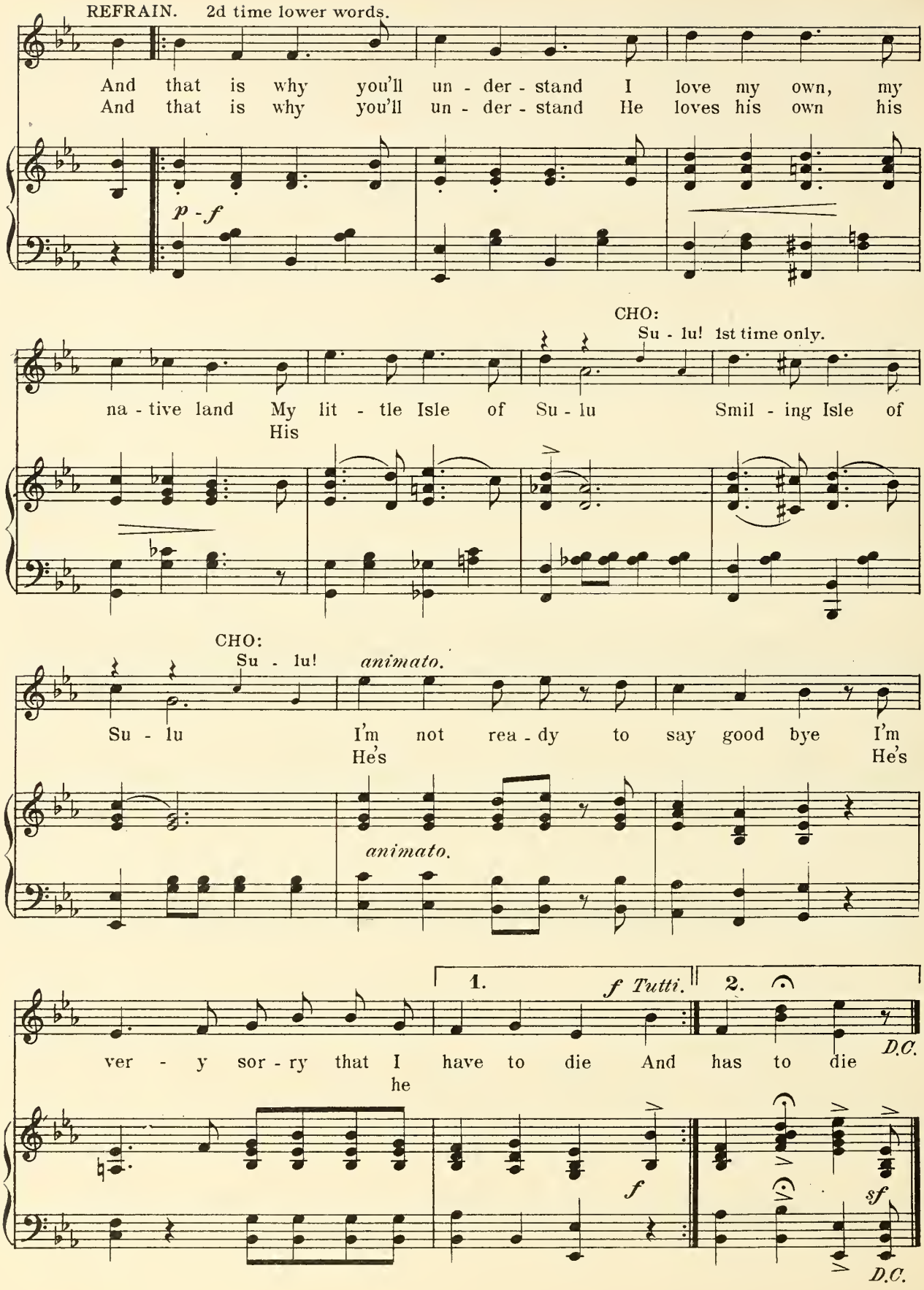

or - di - na - ry folk No French im - port - ed liq - uors No
chutes or looped the loop No ca - ble cars and trol - leys No
lay - ing on of hands We have no e - lo - cutionists No
stock ex-change and tick - ers To fill one full of ro - sy hopes and
life in - sur - ance jol - lies No bank cash - iers to take our mon - ey
so - cial re - vo - lutionists No am - a - teur dram-at - ics and no
some day land him broke. We've not a sin - gle col - lege Where
ere they fly the coop. No book - ies and no rac - es No
up - right ba - by grands. We don't play ping - pong ten - nis We


youth may get a know-ledge of bas - ket ball and cig - a - rettes and
sea - side sum-mer plac - es where fierce chauf-feurs may slaughter one with
nev - er know the men - ace Of a pass - ing fad or fan - cy that may
pok - er and the like. No jan - it - ors to sass us No
Au - tos brought from France. No dra - mas of so - cie - ty Chock
turn the na - tions head. I'm proud of my dom - in - ion When I
po-lice to ha-rass us And we've nev-er had the pleasure of a La - bor U-nion strike
full of im-pro-prie-ty — No di - a - lect con-tor-tions and no rag-time song and dance
voice the bold o - pin-ion That we'll nev-er know the tor-tures of a pa-tent fold-ing bed.
poco rall.


REFRAIN. 2d time lower words.
And that is why you'll un - der - stand I love my own, my
And that is why you'll un - der - stand He loves his own his
p - f
CHO:
Su - lu! 1st time only.
na - tive land My lit - tle Isle of Su - lu Smil - ing Isle of
His
CHO:
Su - lu!
animato.
Su - lu I'm not rea - dy to say good bye I'm
He's He's
animato.
1.
f Tutti.
2.
ver - y sor - ry that I have to die And has to die
he
D.C.
f
sf
D.C.

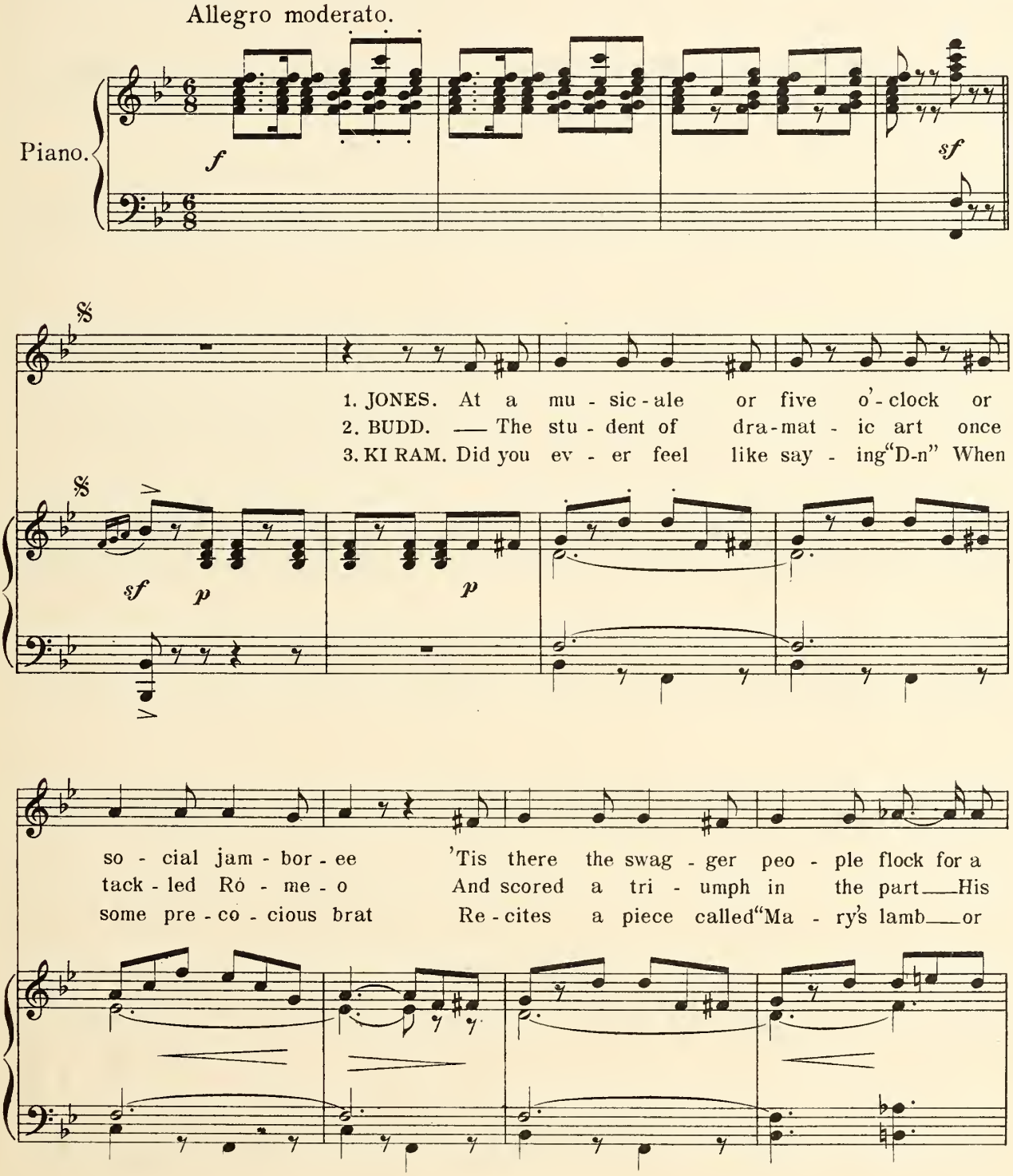
Nº 10. Oh! What a Bump.

TRIO.

Jones, Ki-Ram and Budd.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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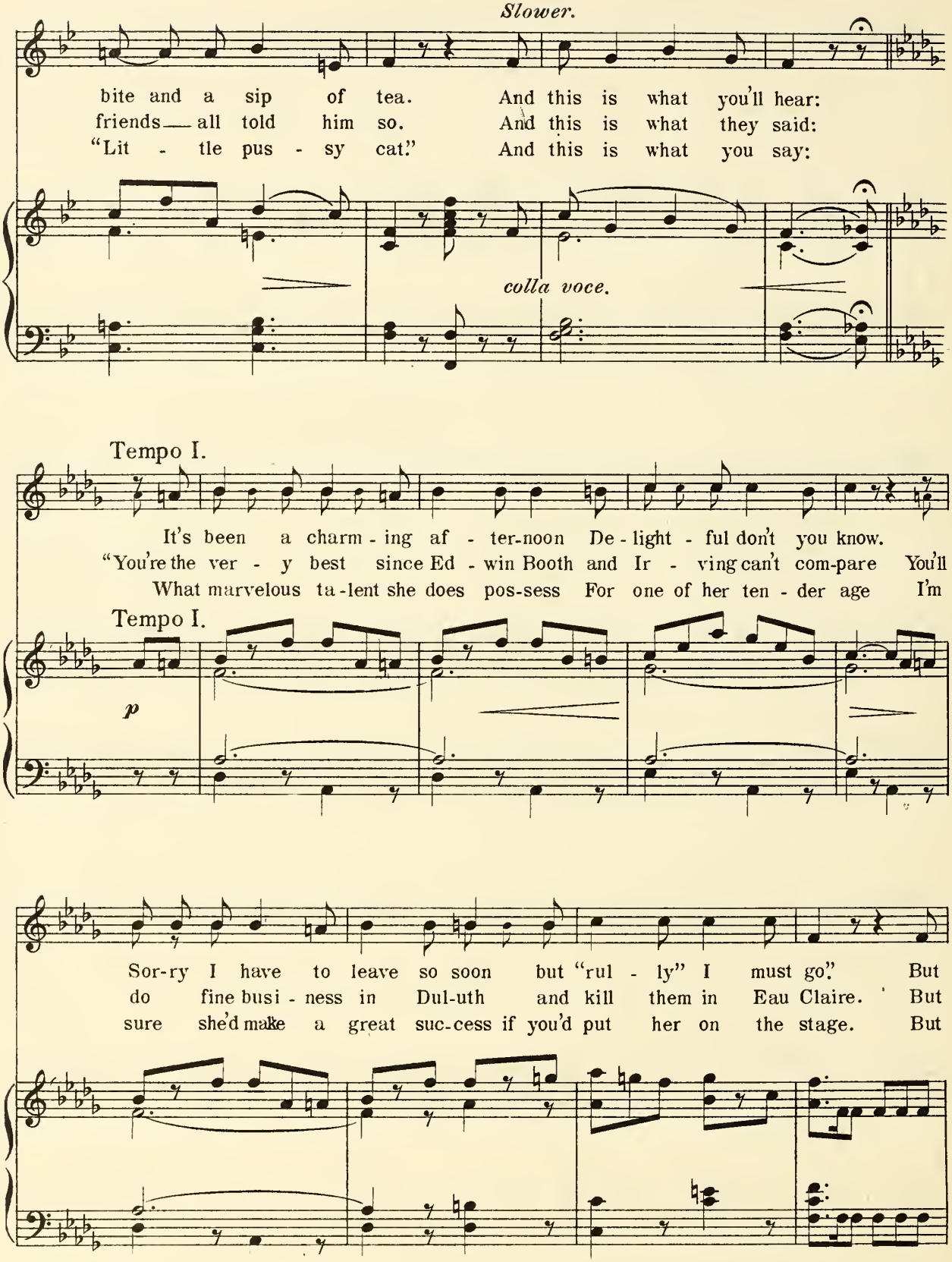

Slower.
bite and a sip of tea. And this is what you'll hear:
friends — all told him so. And this is what they said:
"Lit - tle pus - sy cat." And this is what you say:
colla voce.
Tempo I.
It's been a charm - ing af - ter-noon De - light - ful don't you know.
"You're the ver - y best since Ed - win Booth and Ir - ving can't com-pare You'll
What marvelous ta-lent she does pos-sess For one of her ten - der age I'm
Tempo I.
p
Sor-ry I have to leave so soon but "rul - ly" I must go." But
do fine busi - ness in Dul-uth and kill them in Eau Claire. But
sure she'd make a great suc-cess if you'd put her on the stage. But

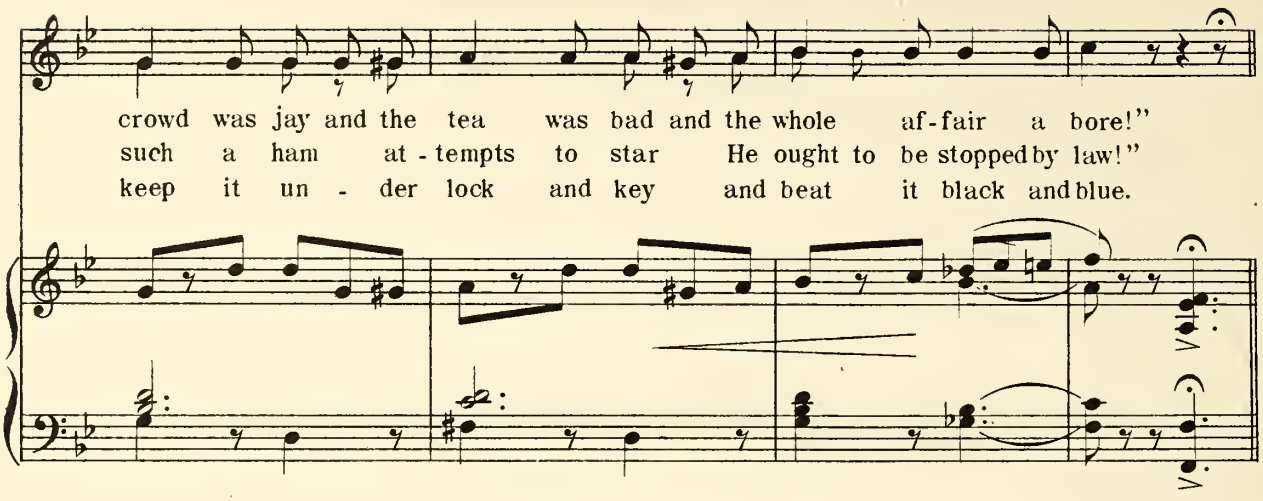
af - ter she's a - way In her cou - pe
when they got a - way In some ca - fe
lat - er in the day When you're a - way

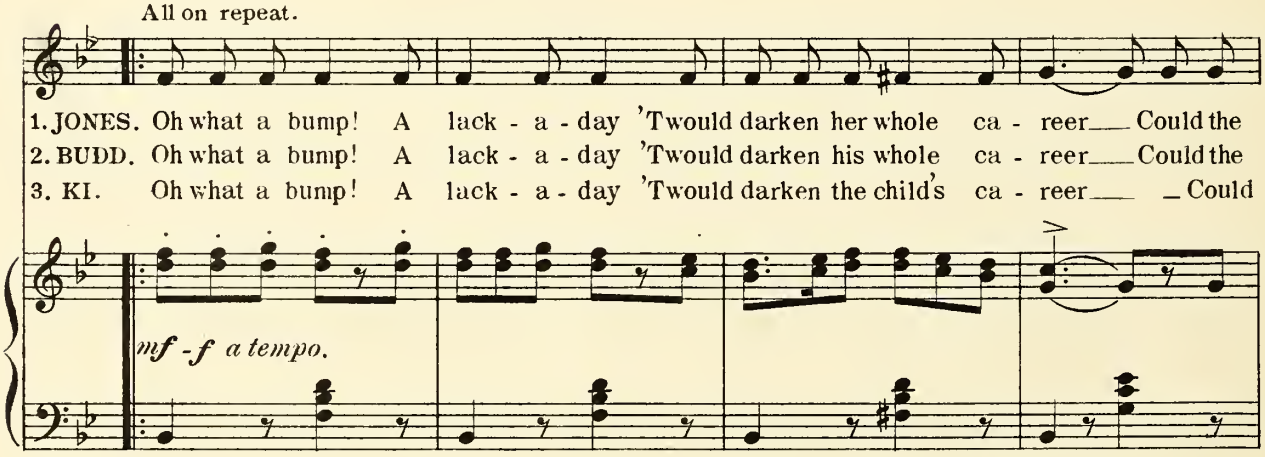
1. KI.& BUDD.
2. KI.& JONES.
3. JONES & BUDD.

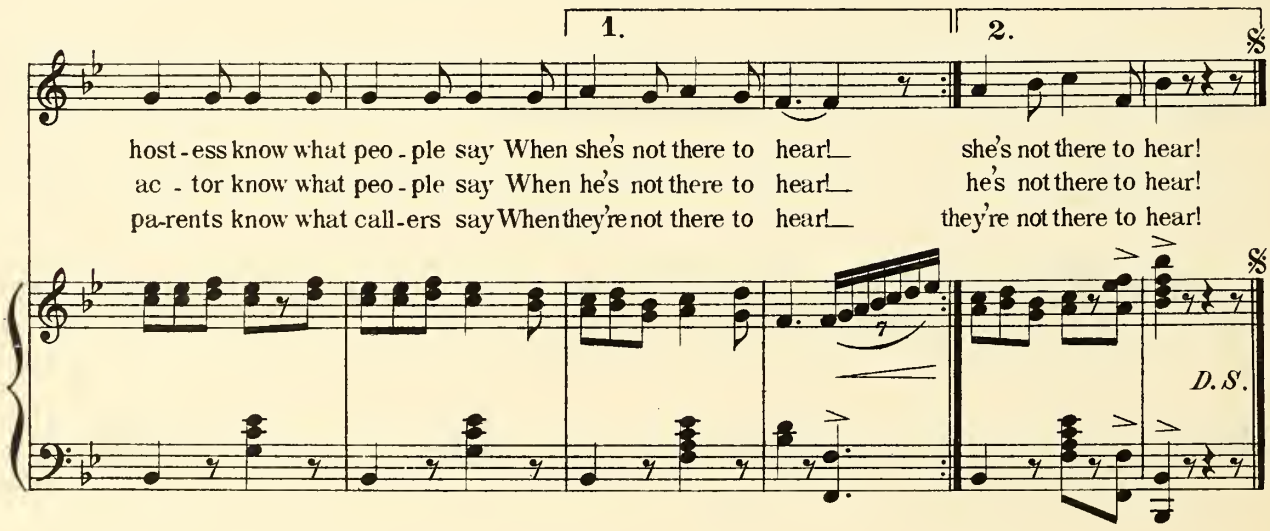
"What does this self - same wom-an say? Well! what does she say? —
"What did these self - same crit-ics say? Well! what did they say? —
What do you then pro - ceed to say? Well! what do you say? (KI) If that

colla voce.

1. JONES. That was the tack - i - est time I've had in twen - ty years or more The
2. BUDD. His prop-er place is a trol - ley car He's the worst I ev - er saw When
aw - ful kid be - longed to me I'll tell you what I'd do I'd


crowd was jay and the tea was bad and the whole af-fair a bore!"
such a ham at-tempts to star He ought to be stopped by law!"
keep it un-der lock and key and beat it black and blue.


All on repeat.
1. JONES. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken her whole ca-reer Could the
2. BUDD. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken his whole ca-reer Could the
3. KI. Oh what a bump! A lack-a-day 'Twould darken the child's ca-reer Could
mf-f a tempo.


1.
2.
host-ess know what peo-ple say When she's not there to hear she's not there to hear!
ac-tor know what peo-ple say When he's not there to hear he's not there to hear!
pa-rents know what call-ers say When they're not there to hear they're not there to hear!
D.S.

We Are Engaged.

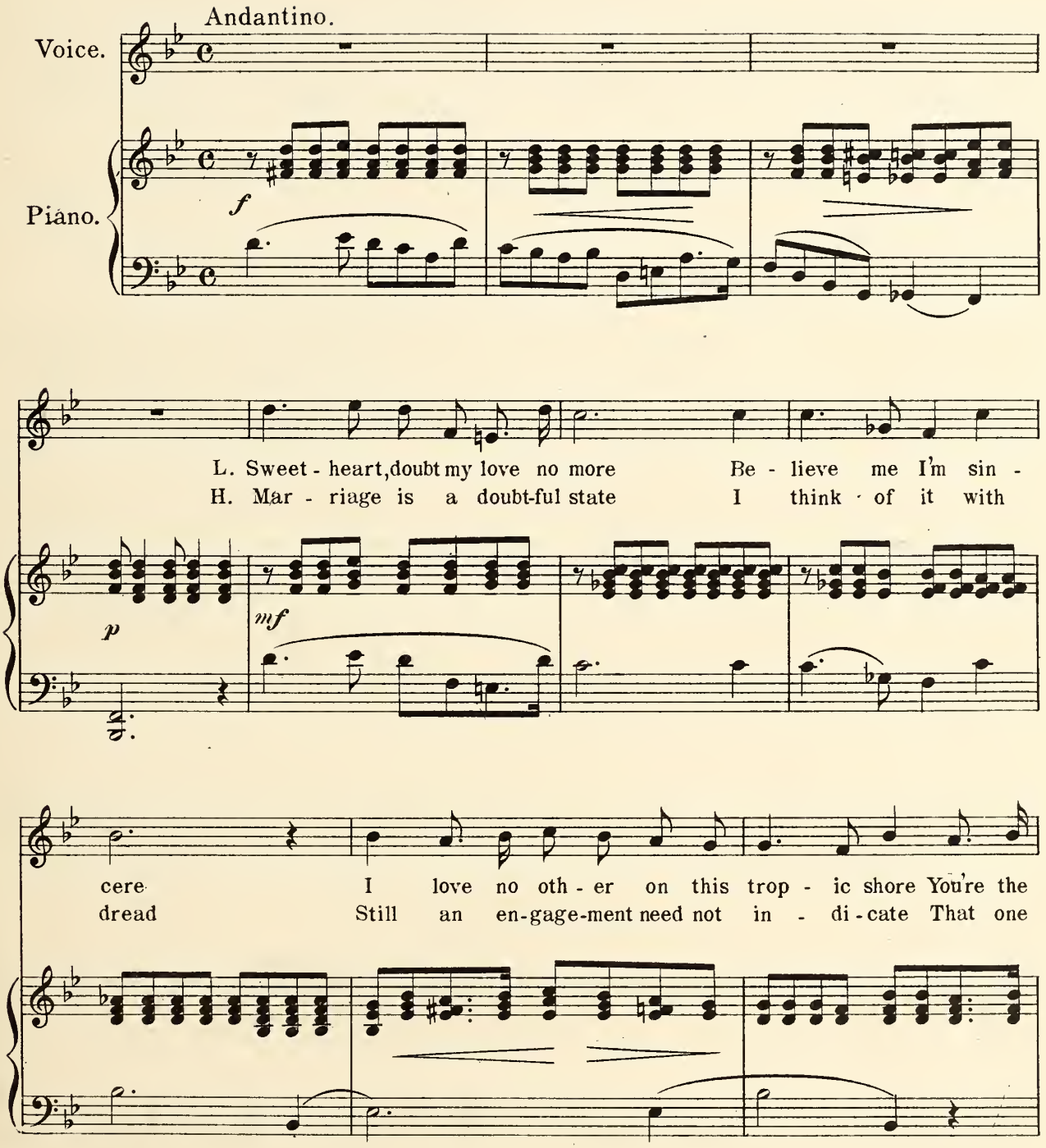
No 11.

DUET.

Henrietta & Lieut. Hardy.

Words by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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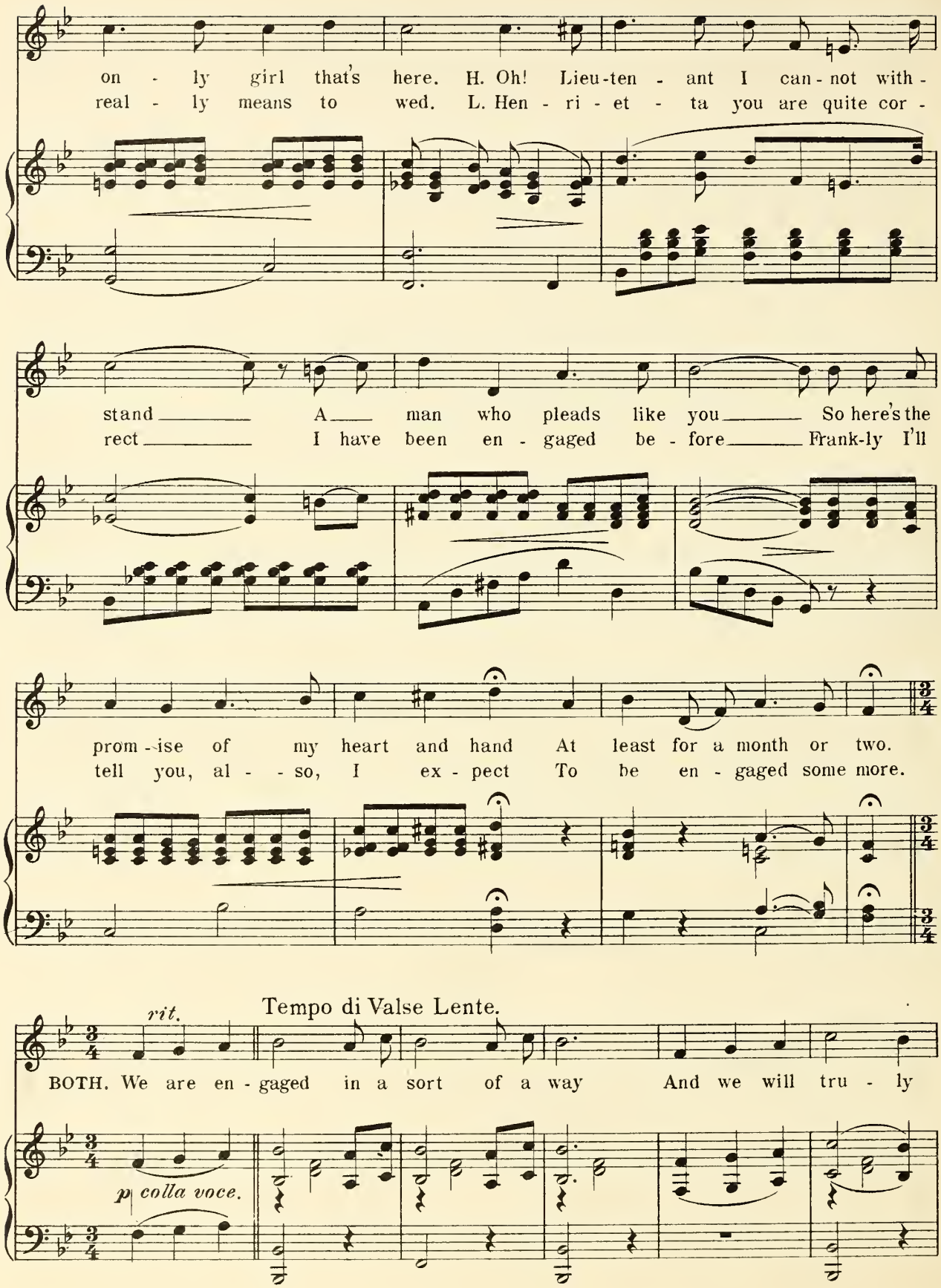
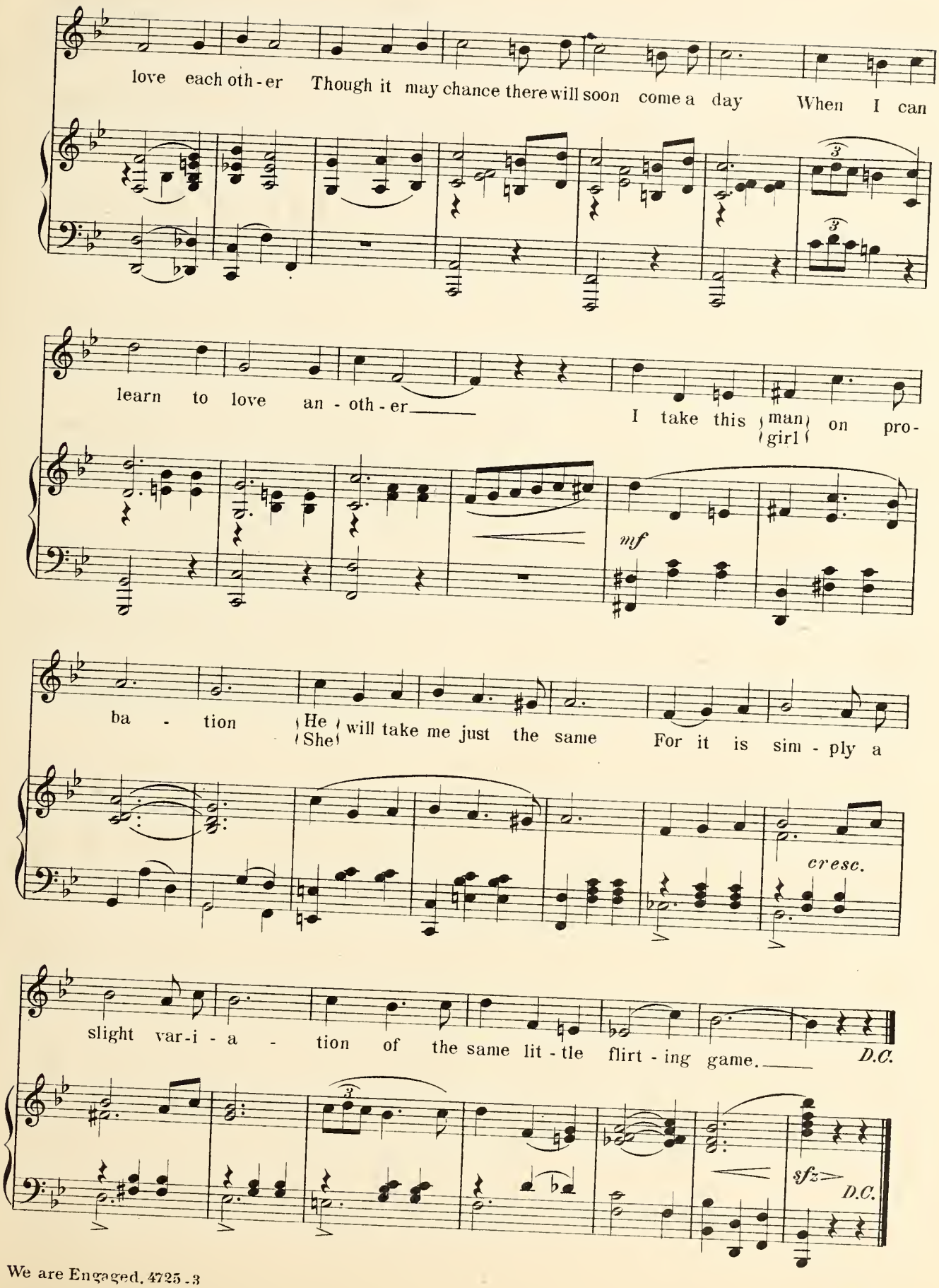

on - ly girl that's here. H. Oh! Lieu-ten - ant I can-not with-
real - ly means to wed. L. Hen - ri - et - ta you are quite cor -
stand A man who pleads like you So here's the
rect I have been en - gaged be - fore Frank-ly I'll
prom - ise of my heart and hand At least for a month or two.
tell you, al - so, I ex - pect To be en - gaged some more.
rit.
Tempo di Valse Lente.
BOTH. We are en - gaged in a sort of a way And we will tru - ly
p colla voce.


love each oth - er Though it may chance there will soon come a day When I can
learn to love an - oth - er
I take this man / girl on pro -
mf
ba - tion He / She will take me just the same For it is sim - ply a
cresc.
slight var-i - a - tion of the same lit - tle flirt - ing game.
D.C.
sfz
D.C.

In Our Little School.

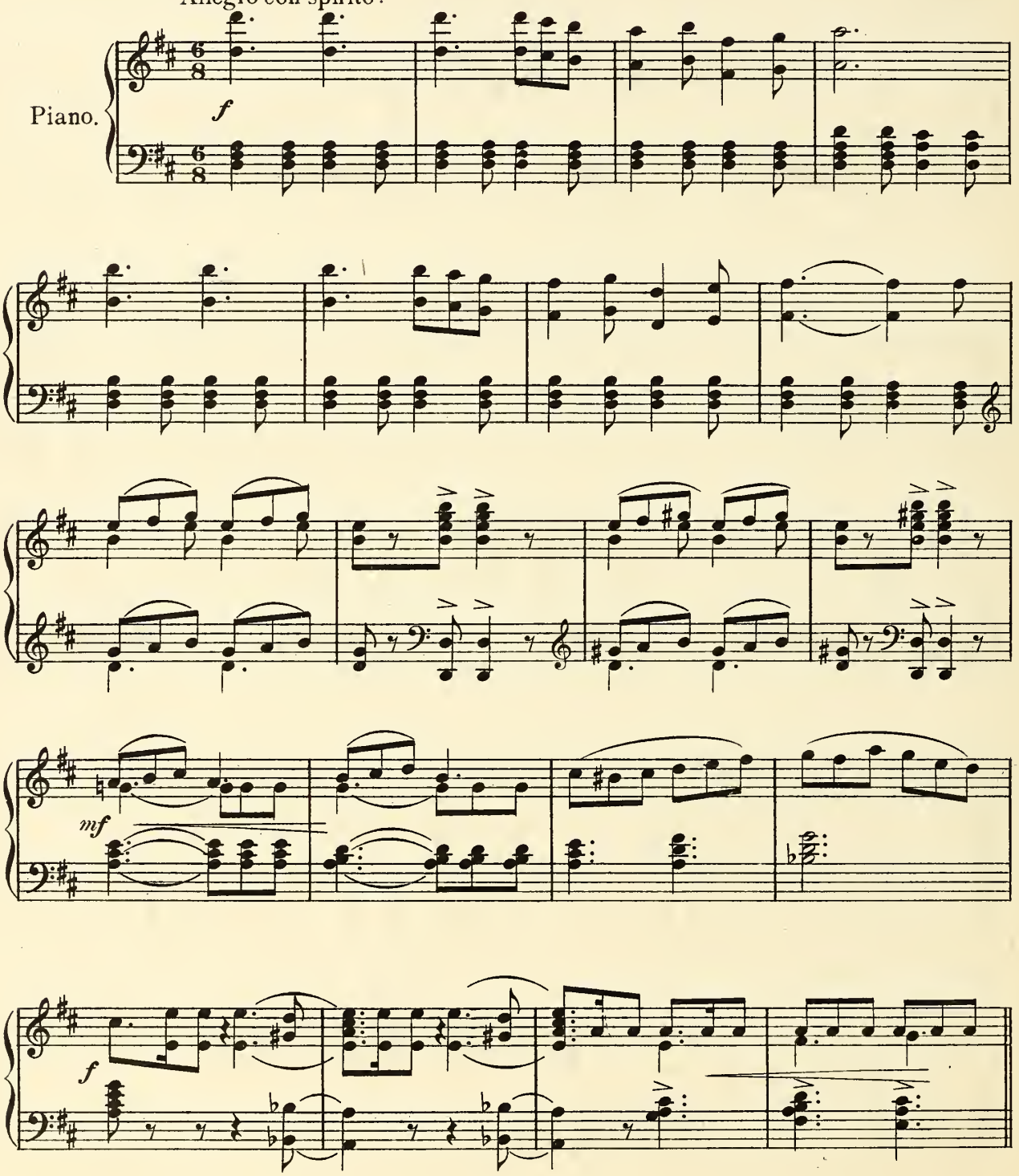
No. 12.

Schoolmaams and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Allegro con spirito.



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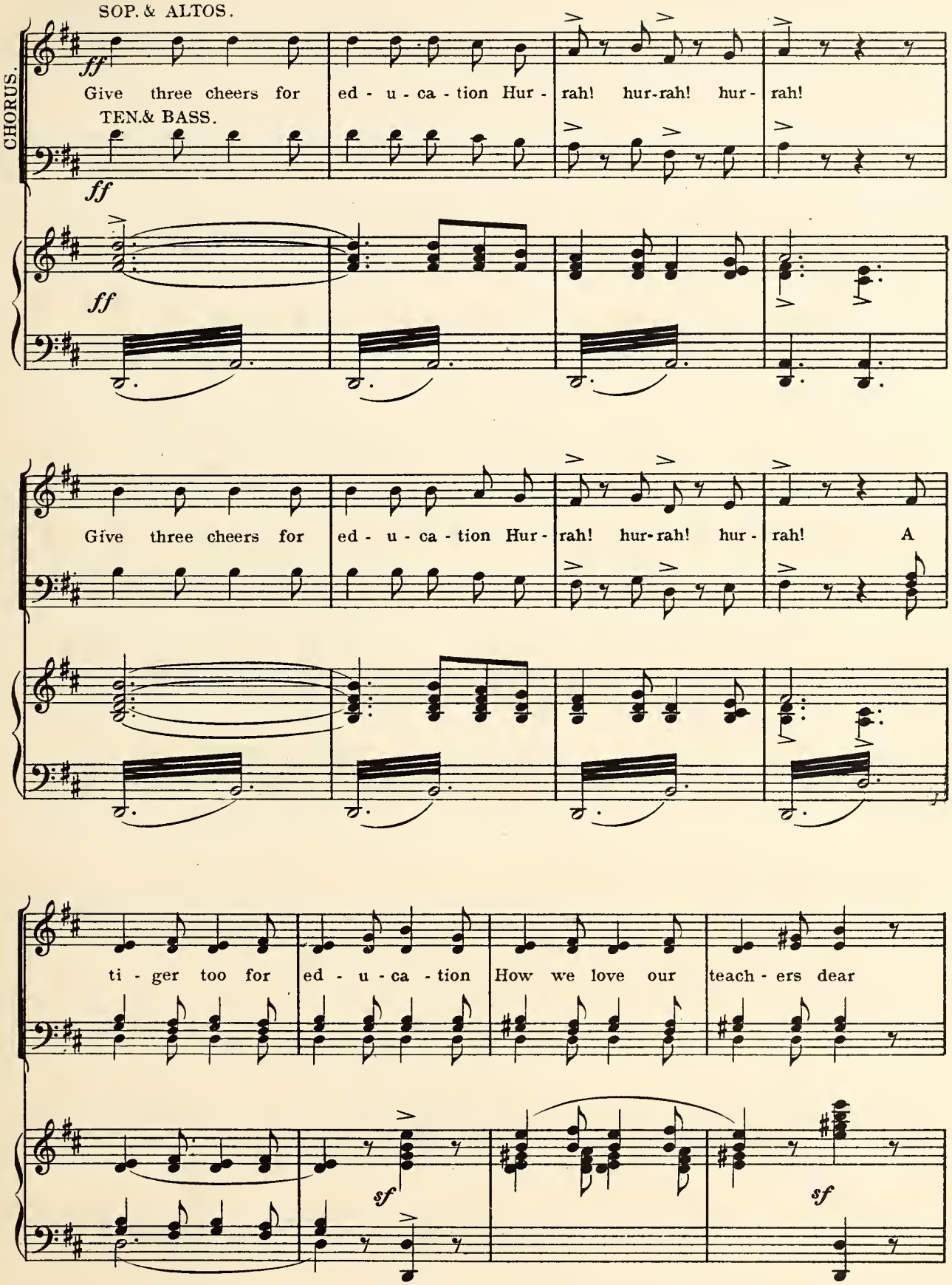
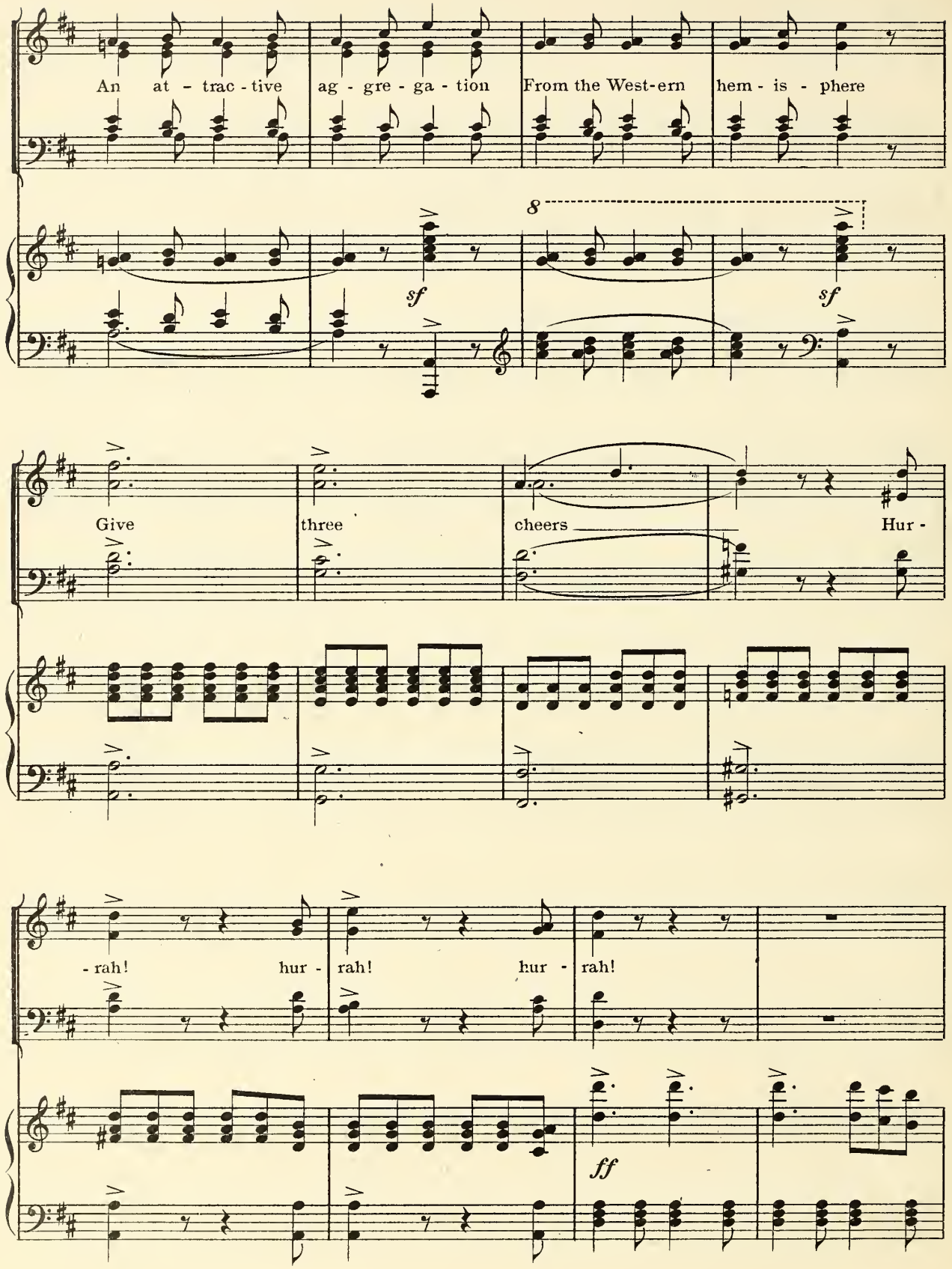
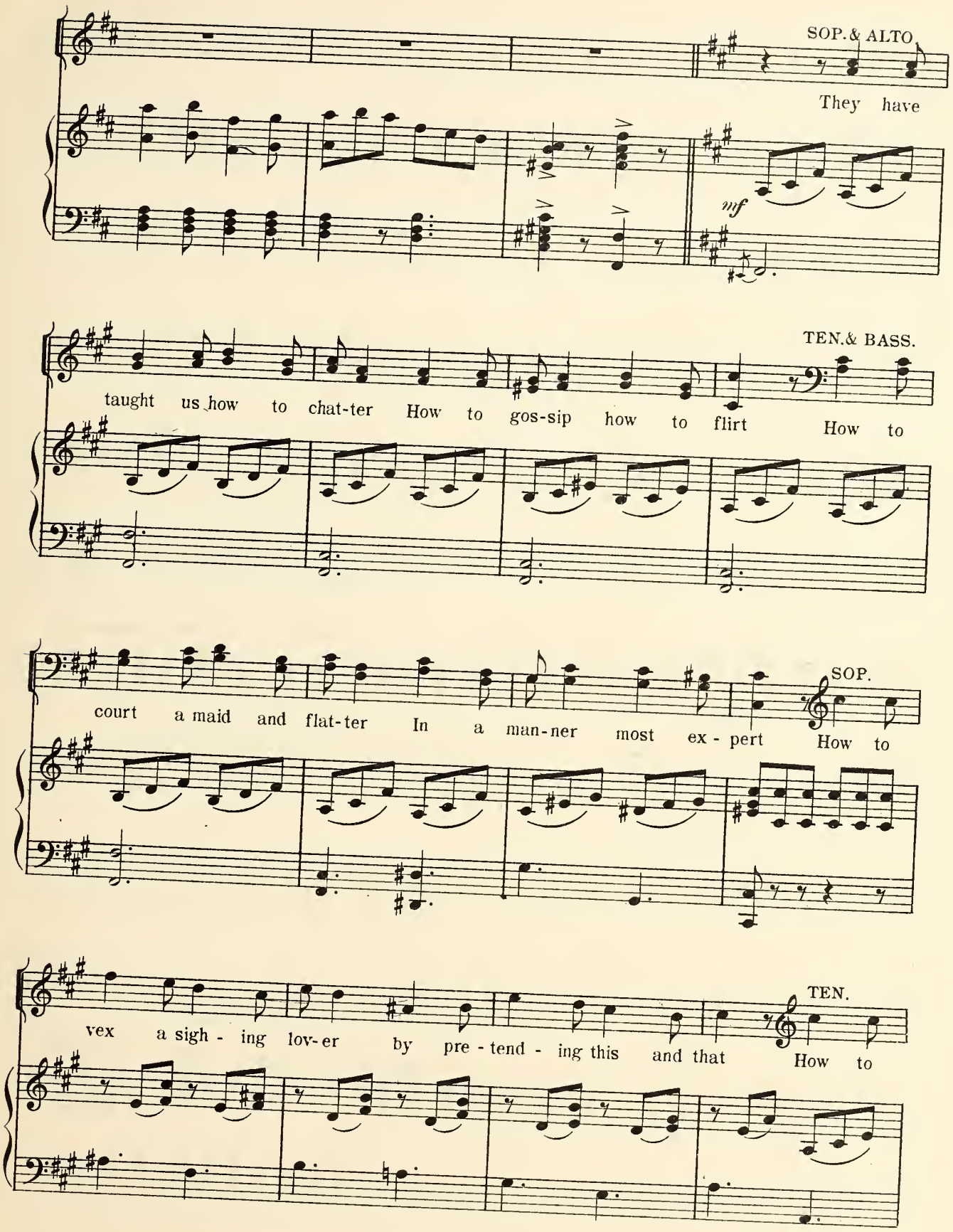
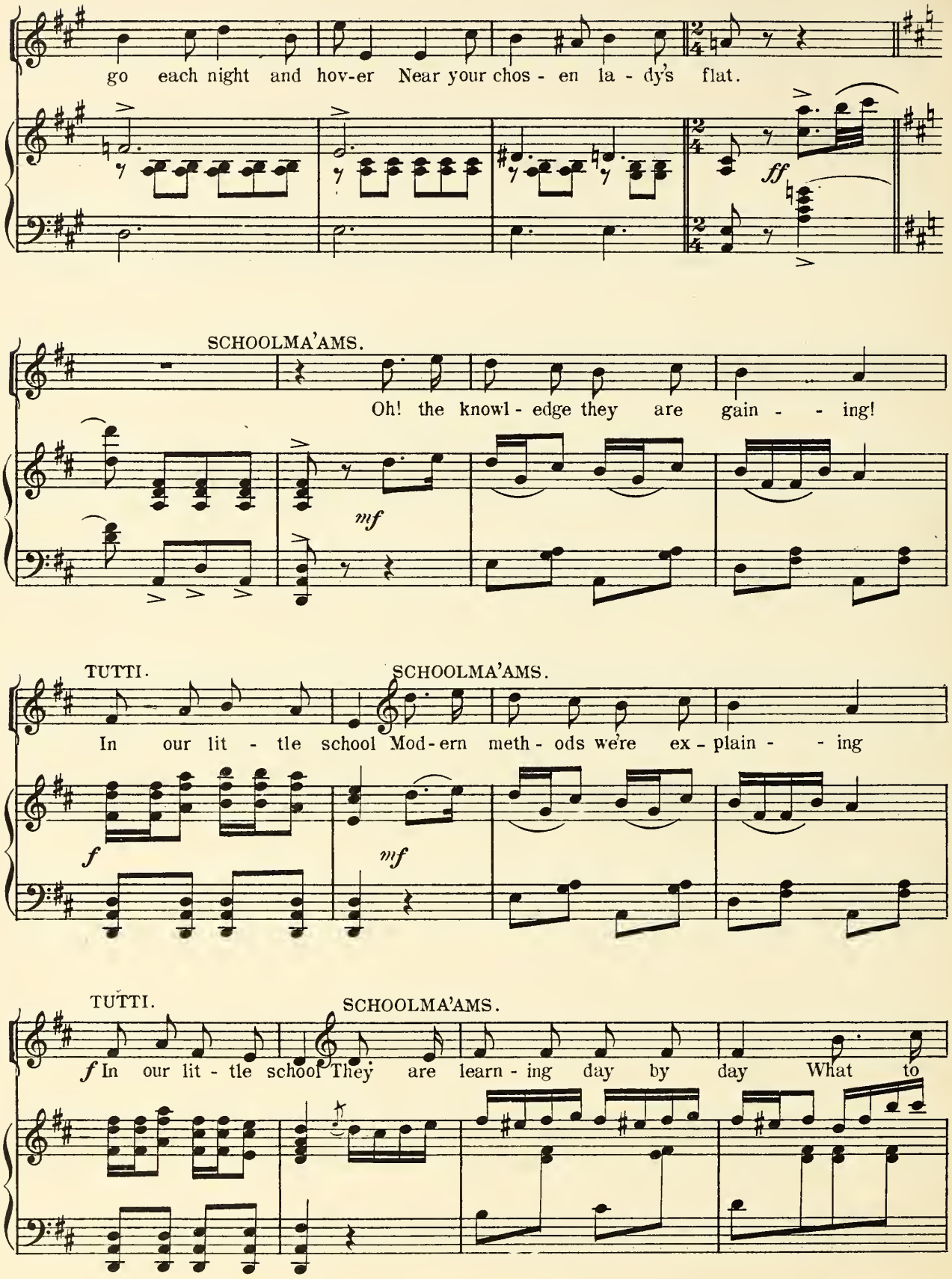
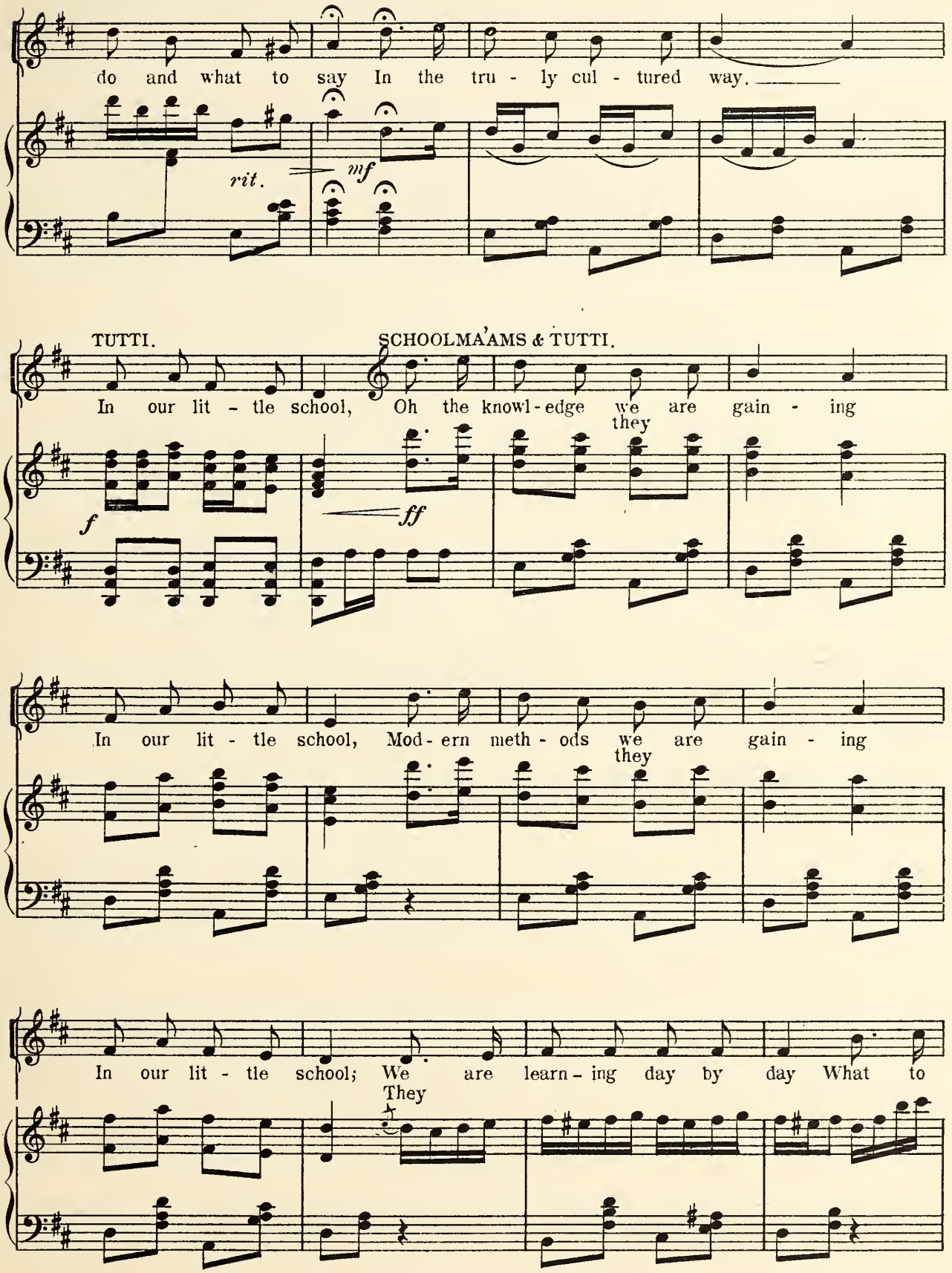
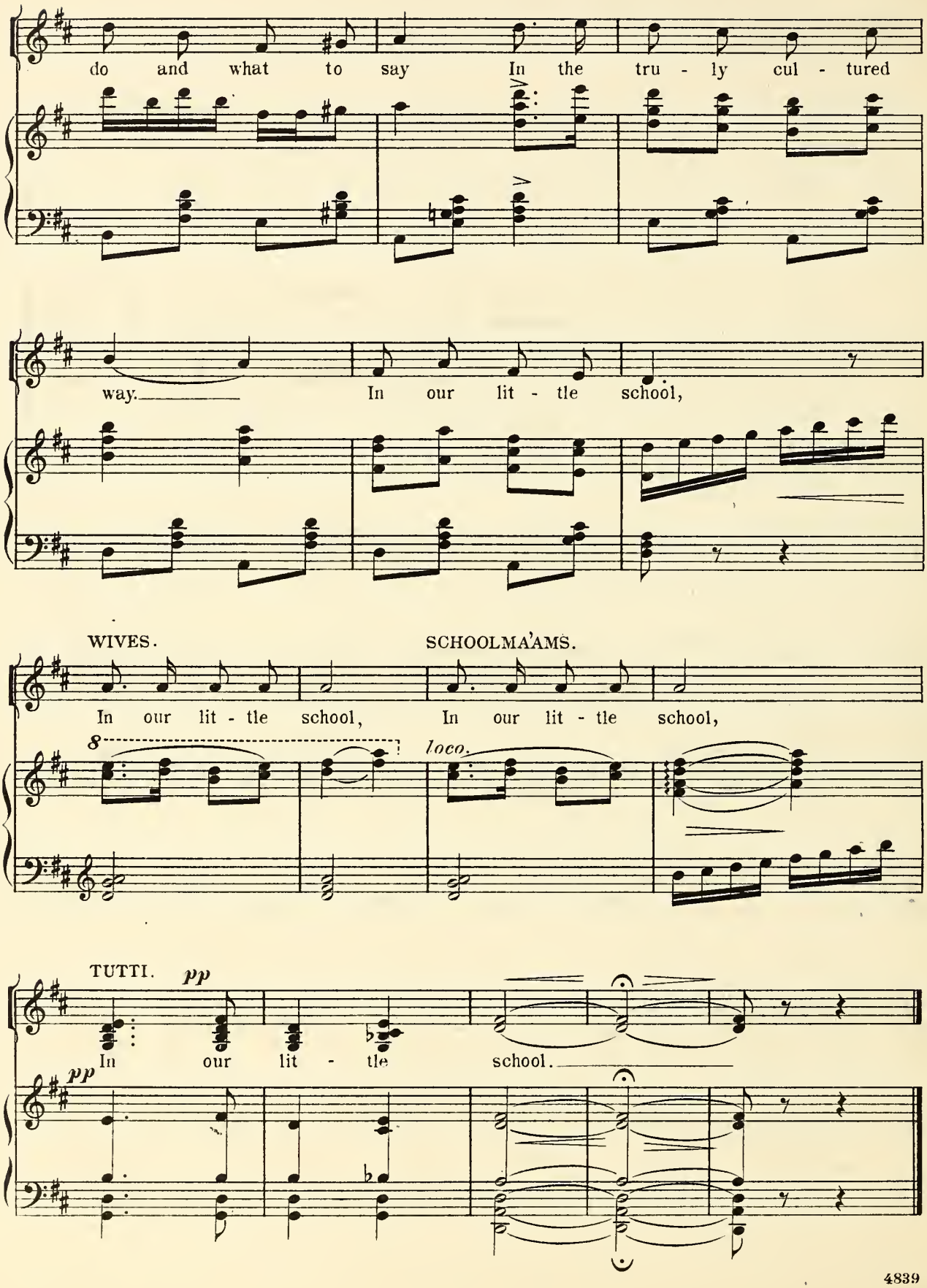

SOP. & ALTOS.
CHORUS.
ff
Give three cheers for ed - u - ca - tion Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah!
TEN.& BASS.
ff
ff
Give three cheers for ed - u - ca - tion Hur - rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! A
ti - ger too for ed - u - ca - tion How we love our teach - ers dear
sf
sf


An at - trac - tive ag - gre - ga - tion From the West-ern hem - is - phere
8
sf
sf
Give three cheers Hur -
- rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!
ff


SOP. & ALTO
They have
mf
TEN. & BASS.
taught us how to chat-ter How to gos-sip how to flirt How to
SOP.
court a maid and flat-ter In a man-ner most ex - pert How to
TEN.
vex a sigh - ing lov-er by pre - tend - ing this and that How to


go each night and hov-er Near your chos - en la - dy's flat.
ff
SCHOOLMA'AMS.
Oh! the knowl - edge they are gain - - ing!
mf
TUTTI.
SCHOOLMA'AMS.
In our lit - tle school Mod-ern meth - ods we're ex - plain - - ing
f
mf
TUTTI.
SCHOOLMA'AMS.
f In our lit - tle school They are learn - ing day by day What to


do and what to say In the tru - ly cul - tured way.
rit.
mf
TUTTI.
SCHOOLMA'AMS & TUTTI.
In our lit - tle school, Oh the knowl - edge we are gain - ing
they
f
ff
In our lit - tle school, Mod - ern meth - ods we are gain - ing
they
In our lit - tle school; We are learn - ing day by day What to
They


do and what to say In the tru - ly cul - tured
way. In our lit - tle school,
WIVES.
SCHOOLMA'AMS.
In our lit - tle school, In our lit - tle school,
8
loco.
TUTTI.
pp
In our lit - tle school.
pp

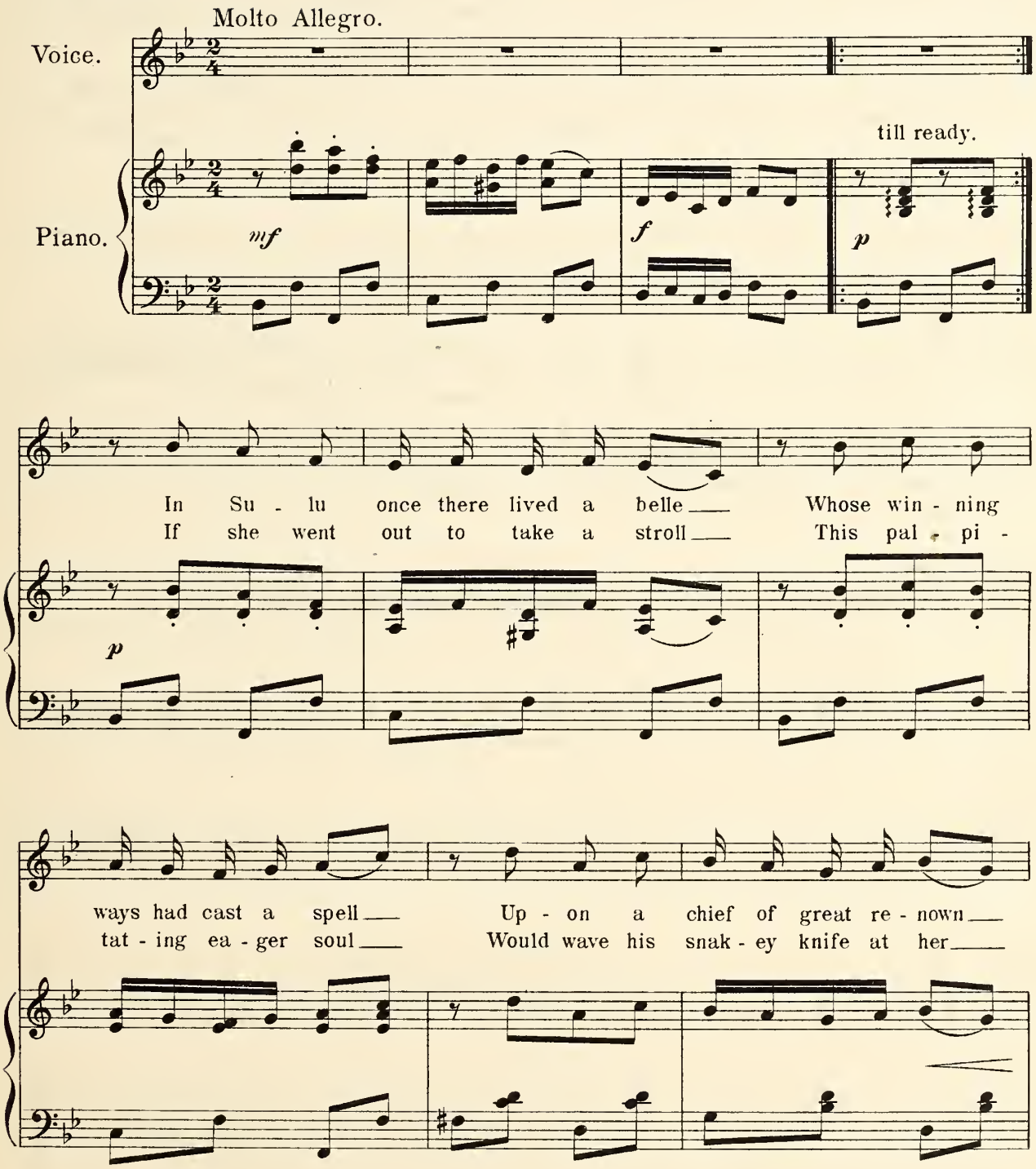
No 13.

My Sulu Lulu Loo.

Chiquita & Wives.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
NAT. D. MANN.



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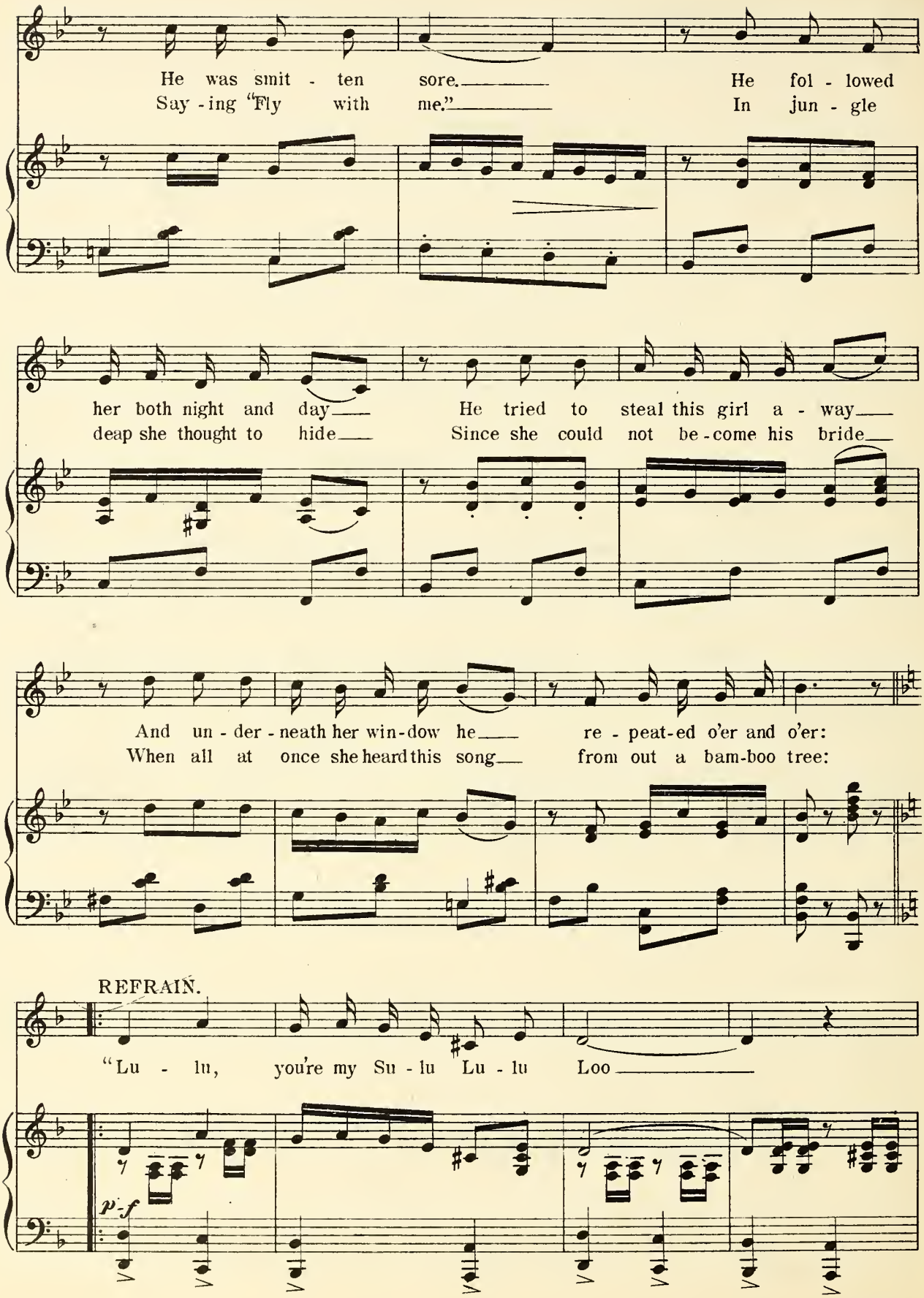
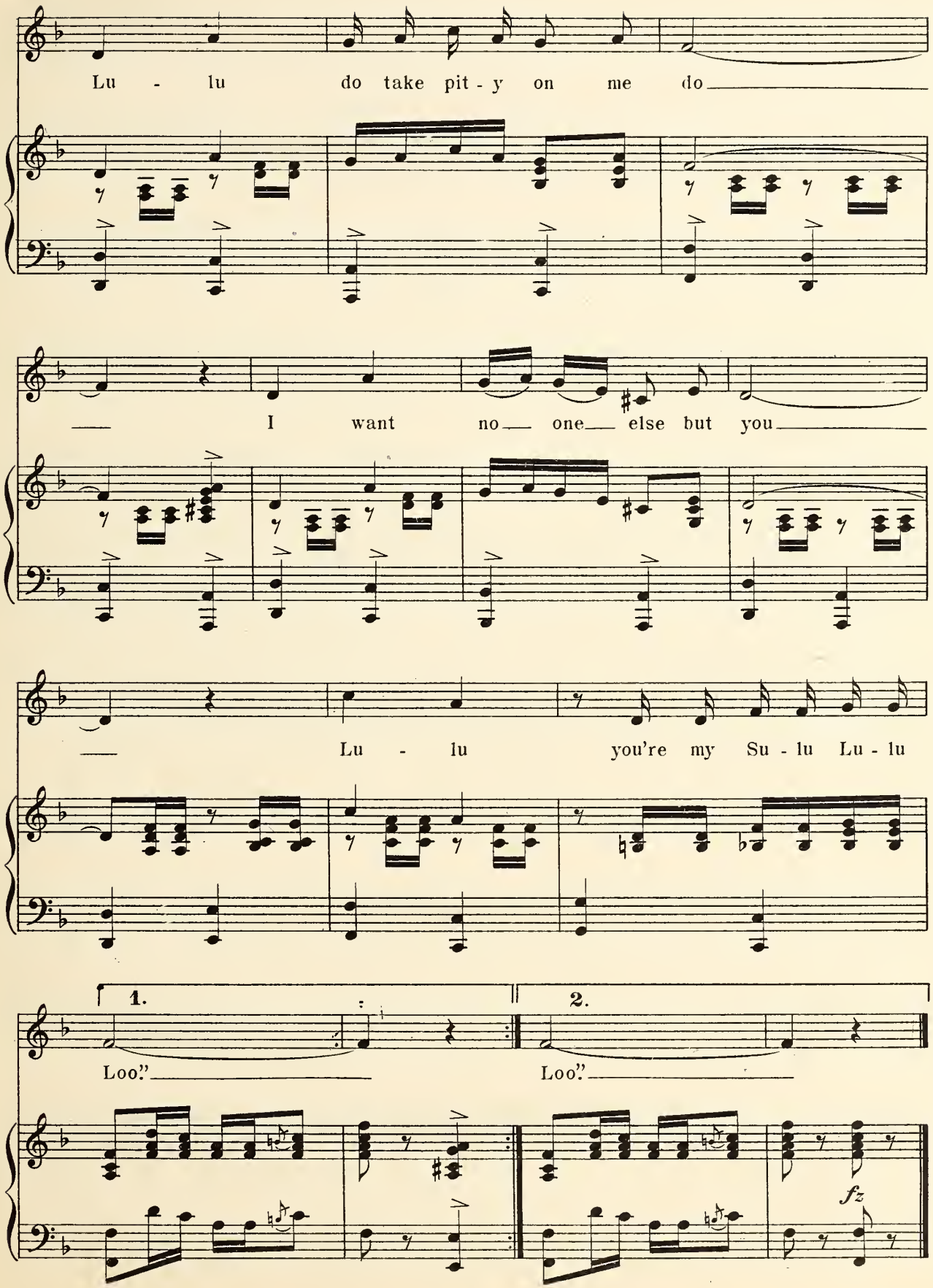
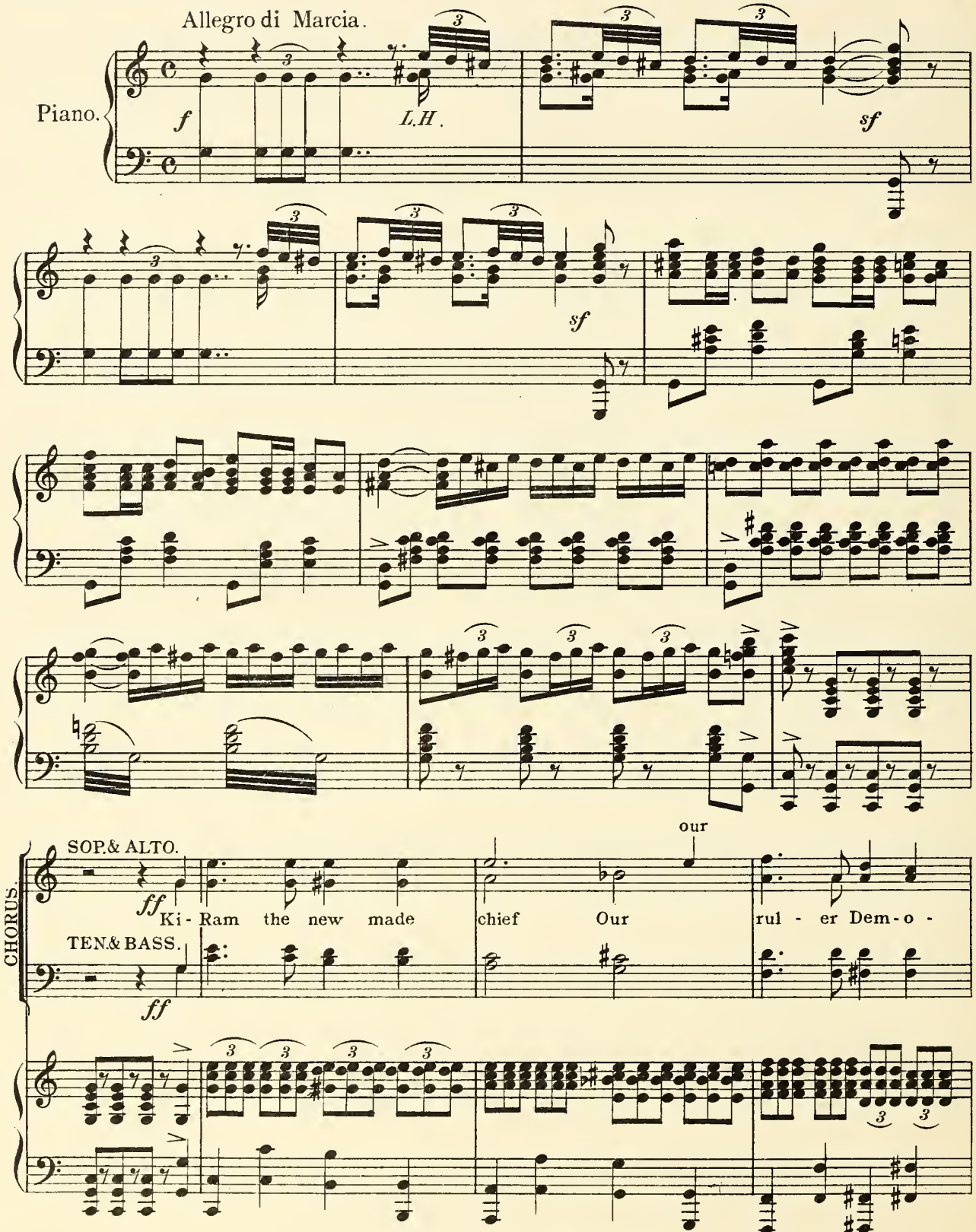

He was smit - ten sore. He fol - lowed
Say - ing "Fly with me." In jun - gle
her both night and day He tried to steal this girl a - way
deap she thought to hide Since she could not be - come his bride
And un - der - neath her win-dow he re - peat-ed o'er and o'er:
When all at once she heard this song from out a bam-boo tree:
REFRAIN.
"Lu - lu, you're my Su - lu Lu - lu Loo
p-f


Lu - lu do take pit - y on me do
I want no one else but you
Lu - lu you're my Su - lu Lu - lu
1.
Loo."
2.
Loo."
fz

No. 14. Finale I.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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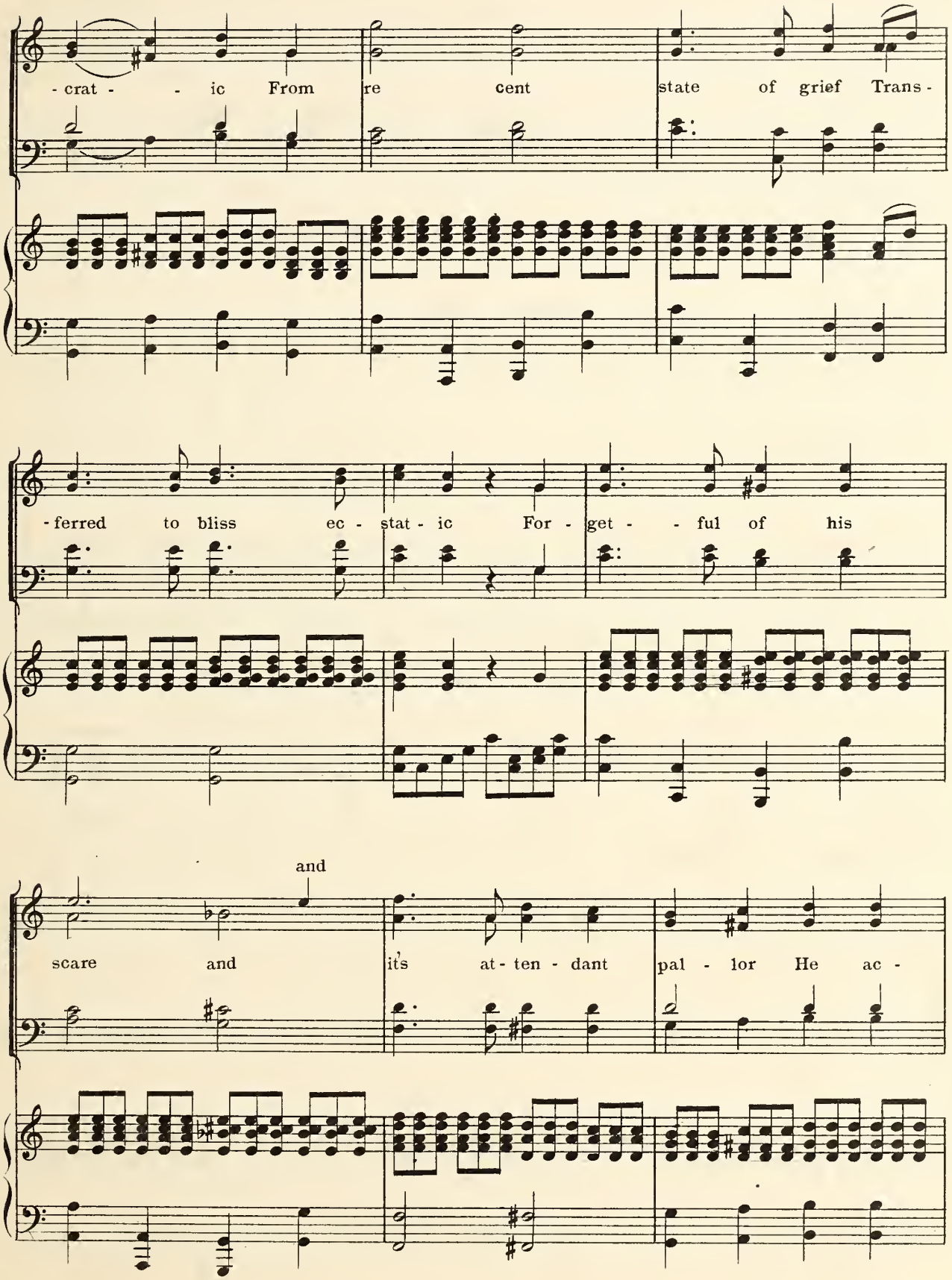
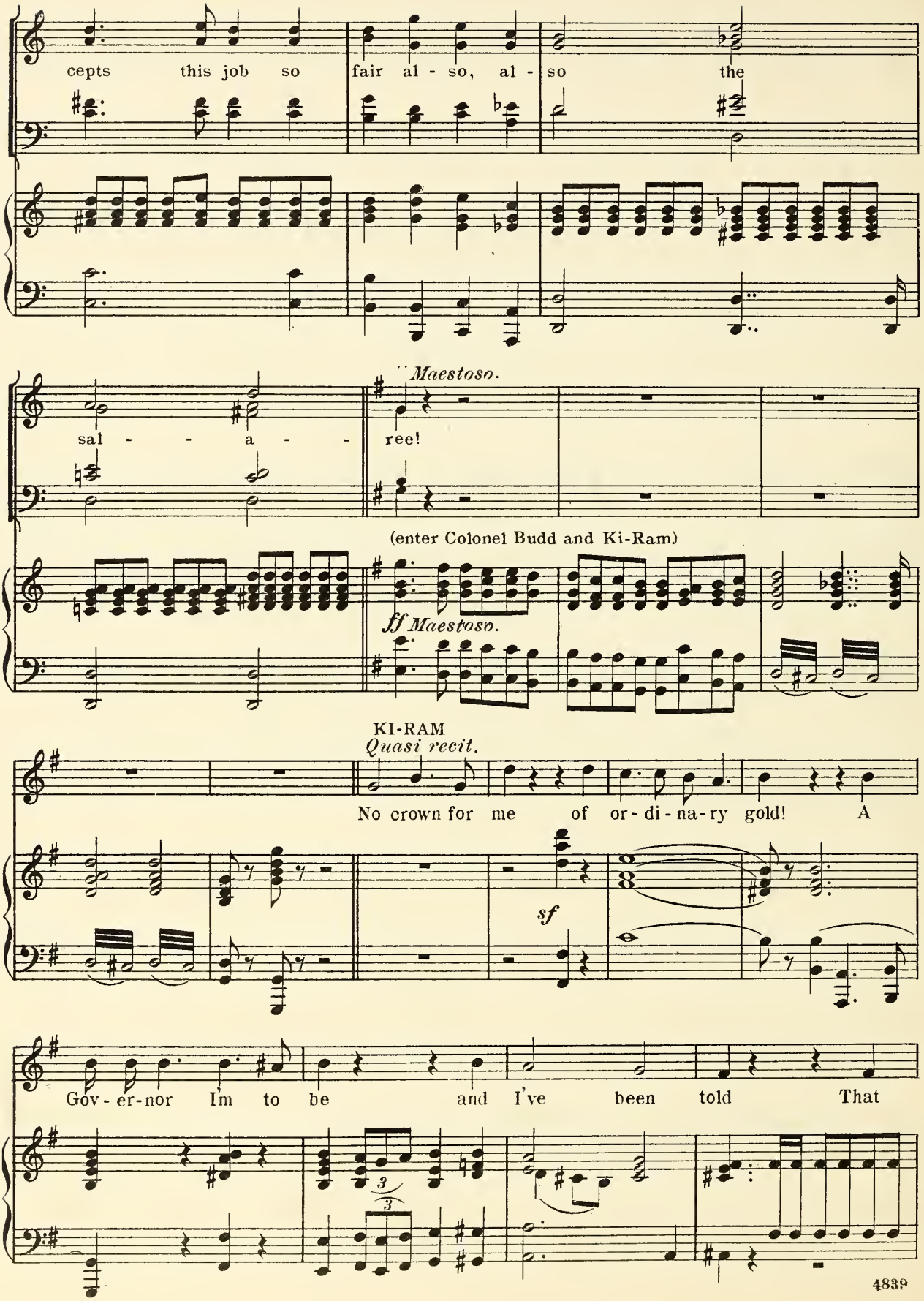
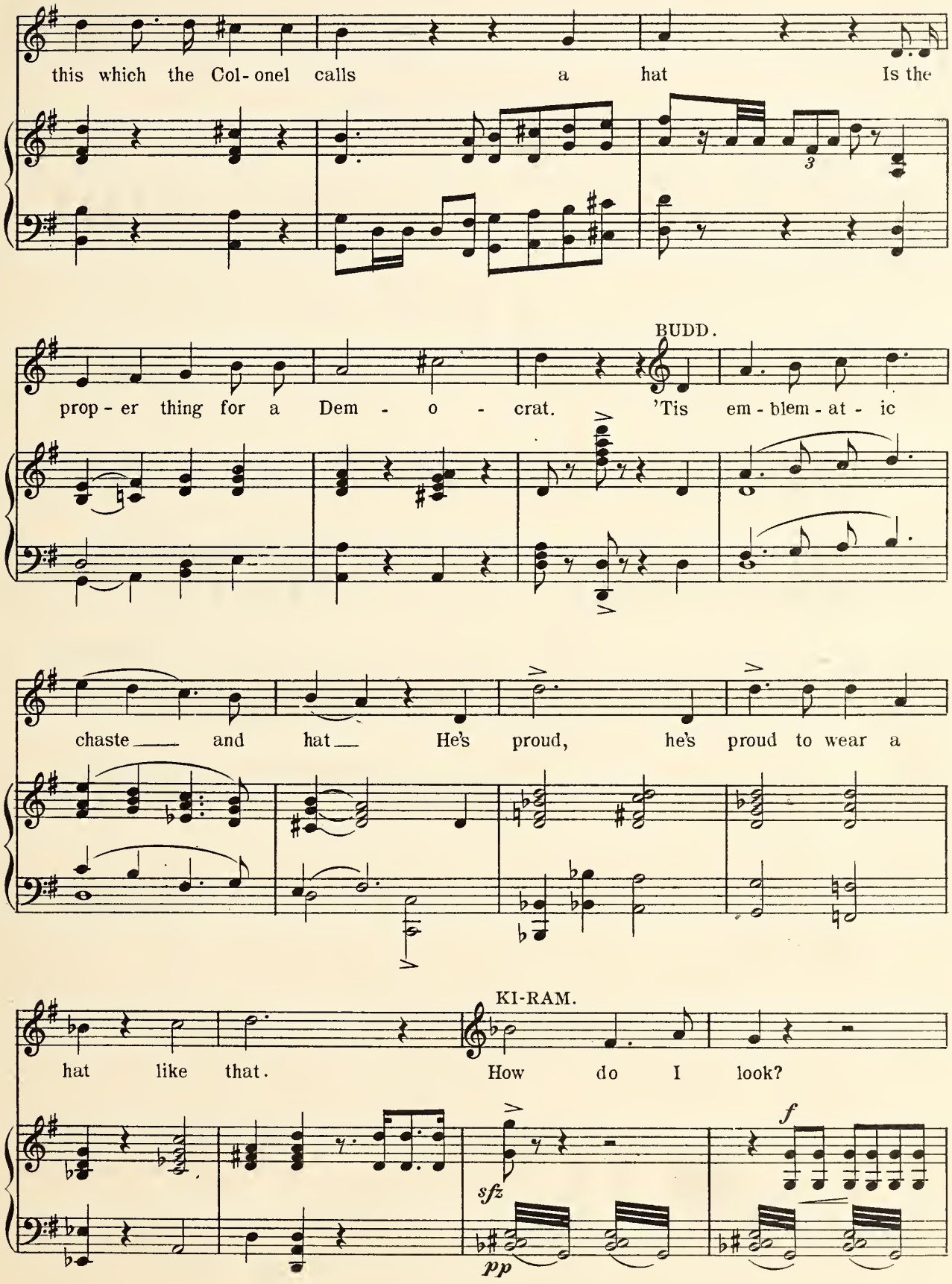
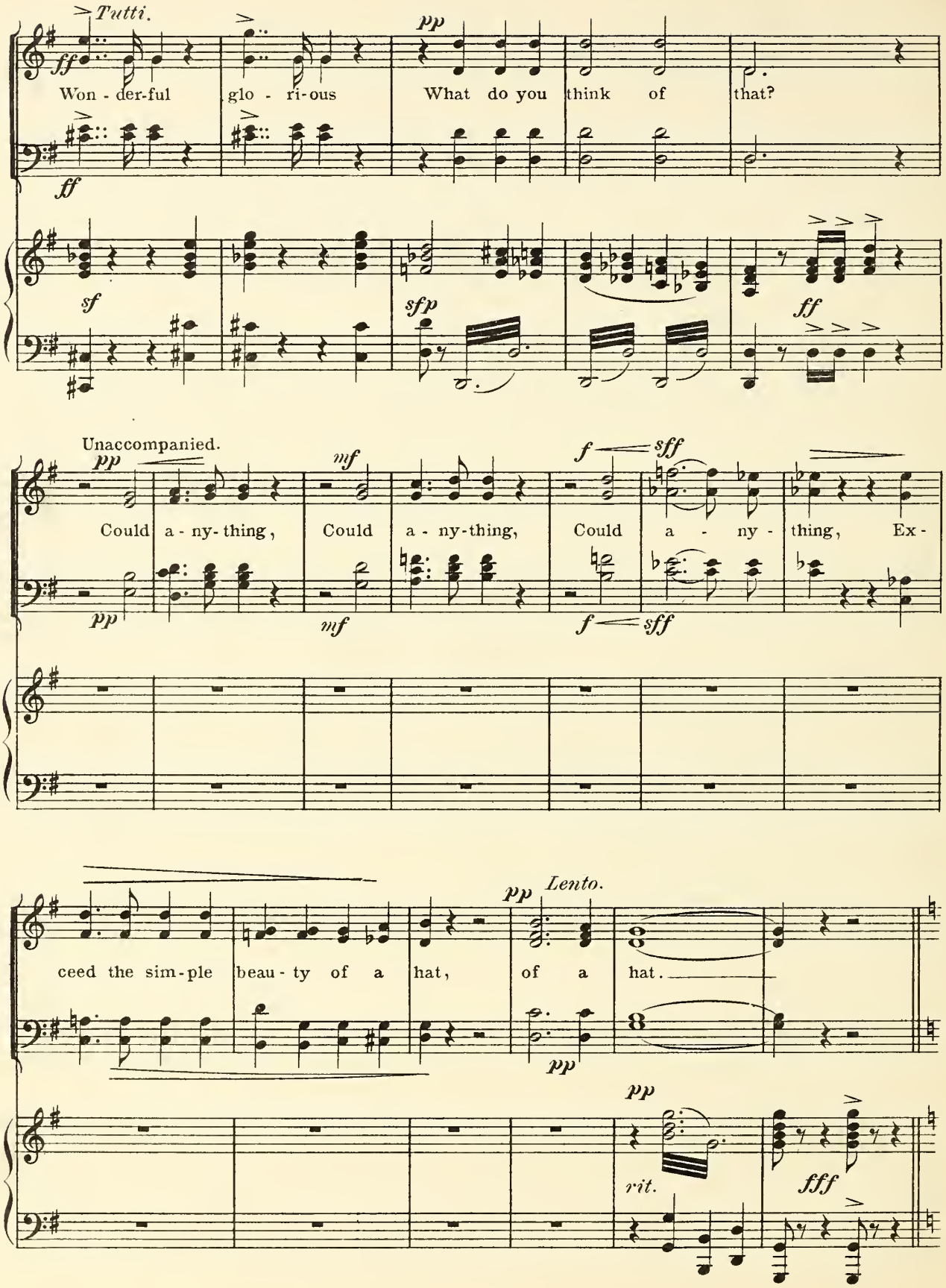
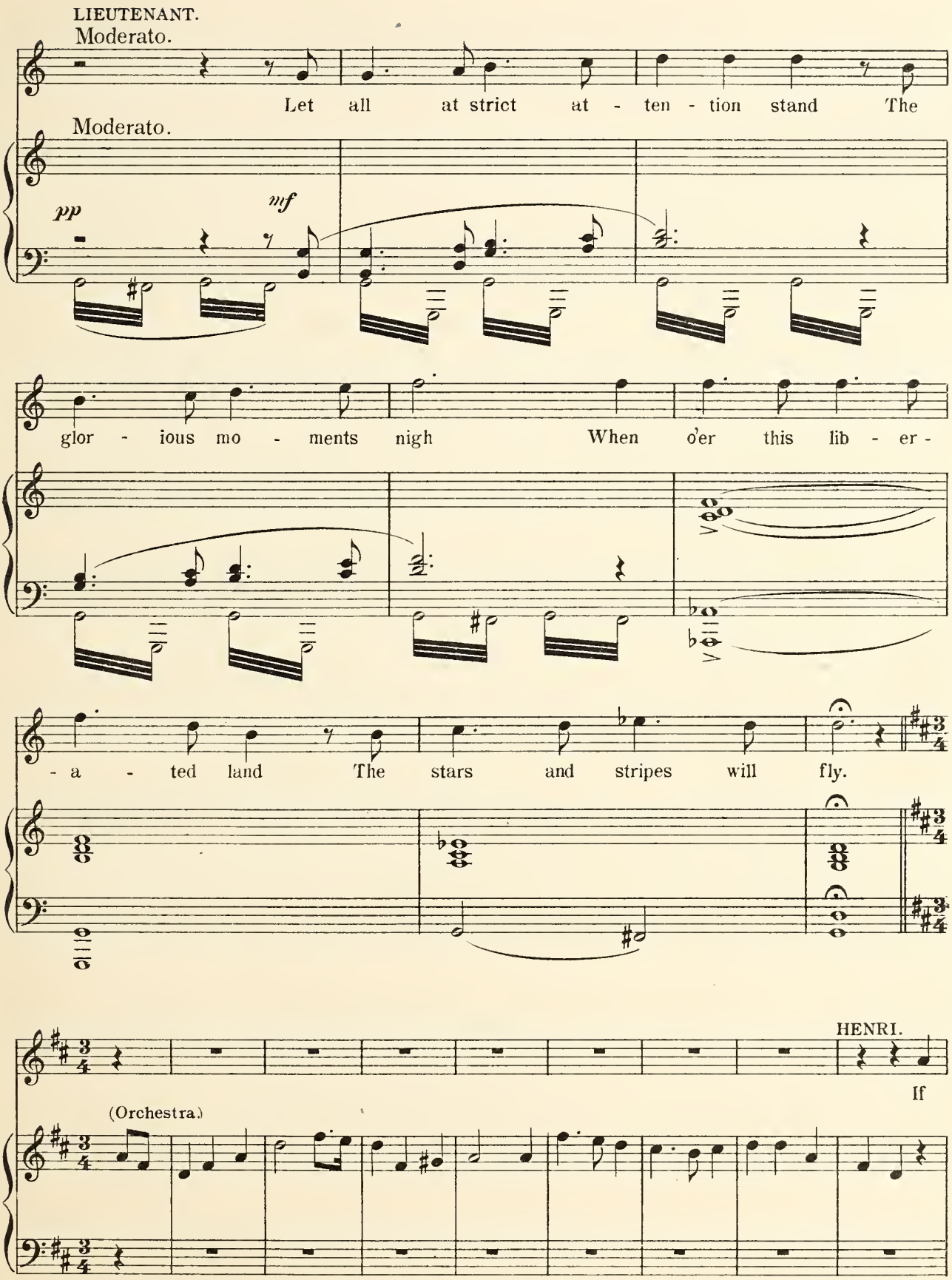
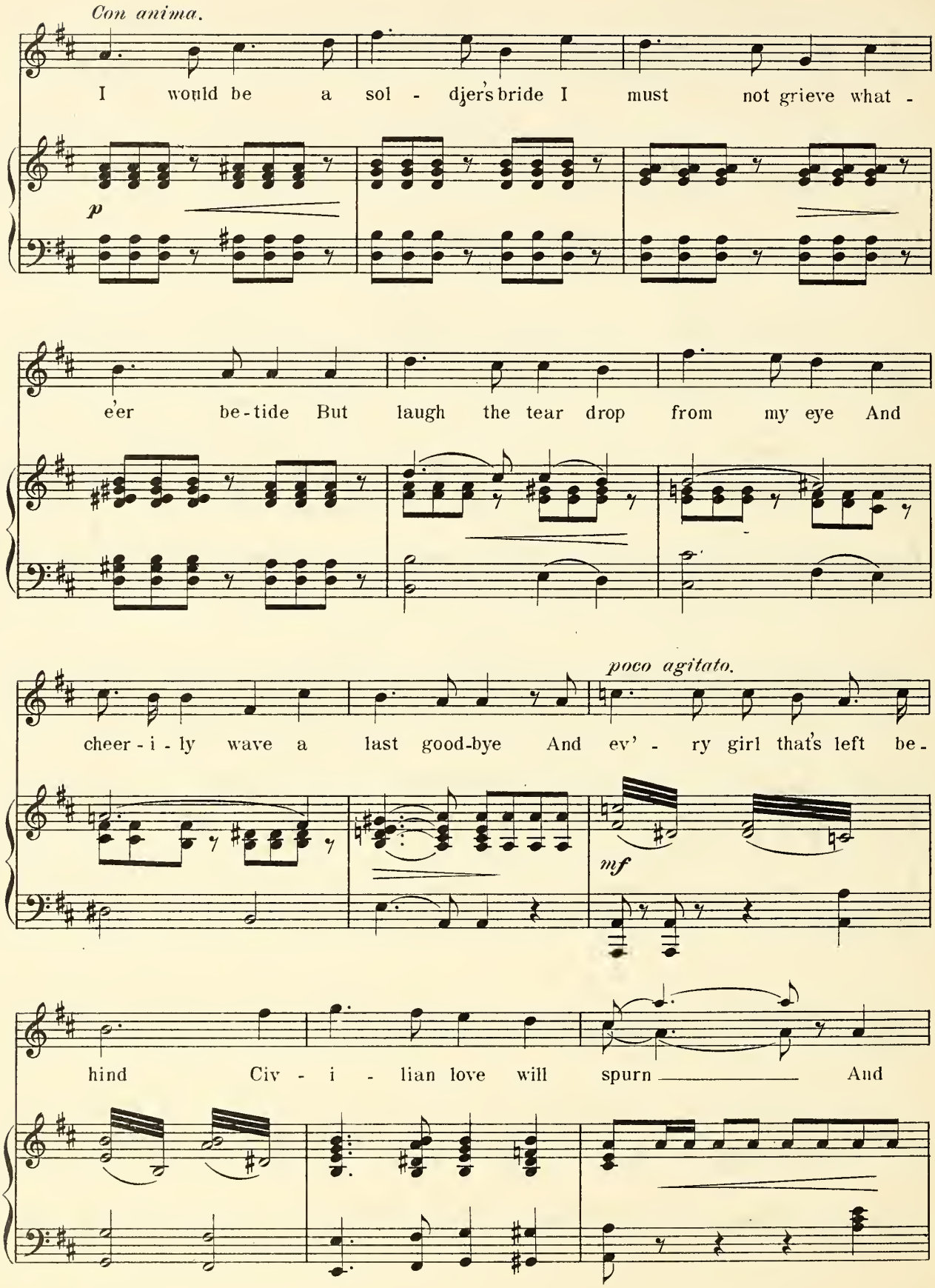

- crat - - ic From re cent state of grief Trans -
- ferred to bliss ec - stat - ic For - get - - ful of his
and
scare and it's at - ten - dant pal - lor He ac -

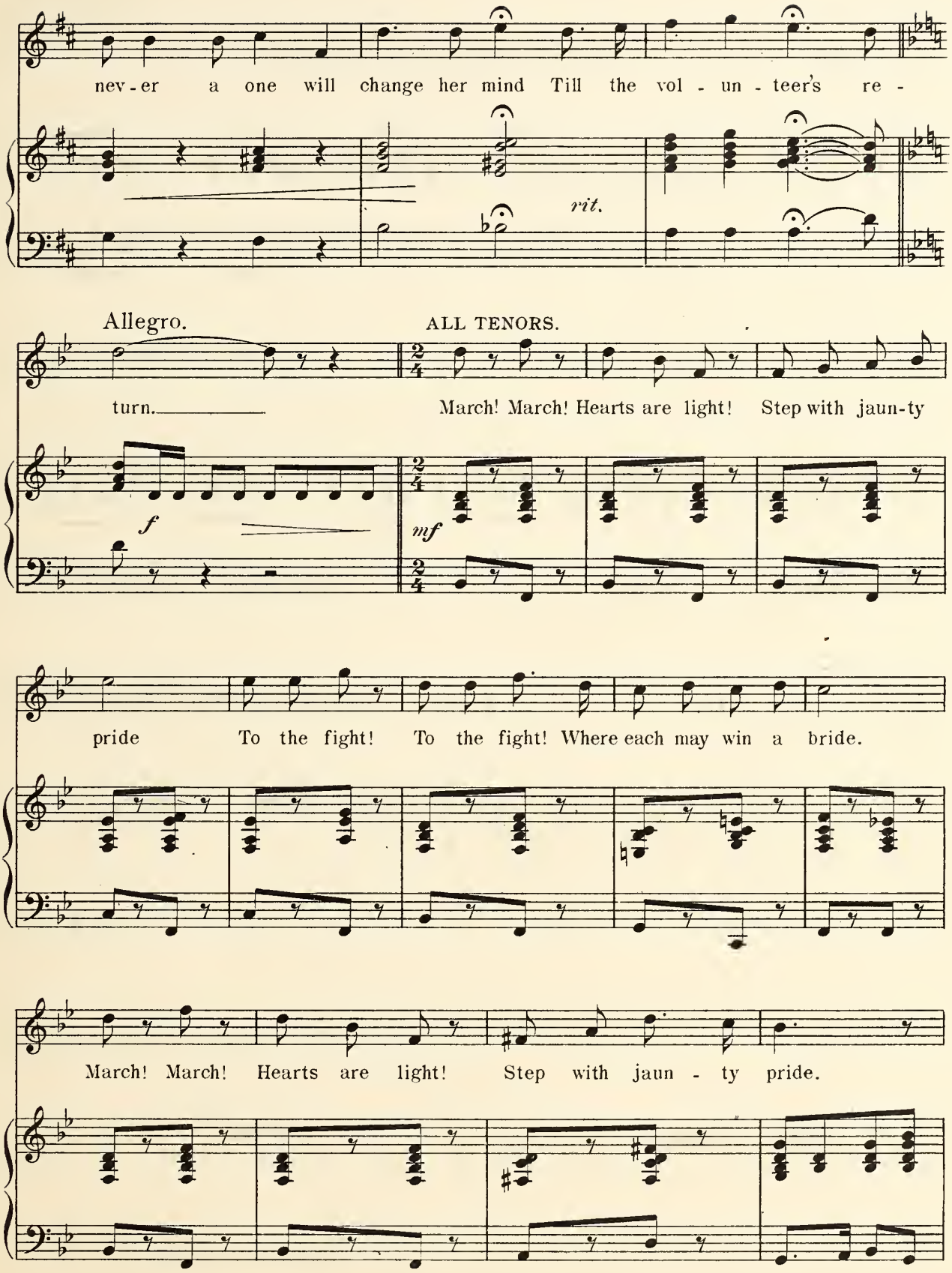

cepts this job so fair al - so, al - so the
sal - - a - - ree!
Maestoso.
(enter Colonel Budd and Ki-Ram.)
ff Maestoso.
KI-RAM
Quasi recit.
No crown for me of or - di - na - ry gold! A
sf
Gov - er - nor I'm to be and I've been told That
3
3

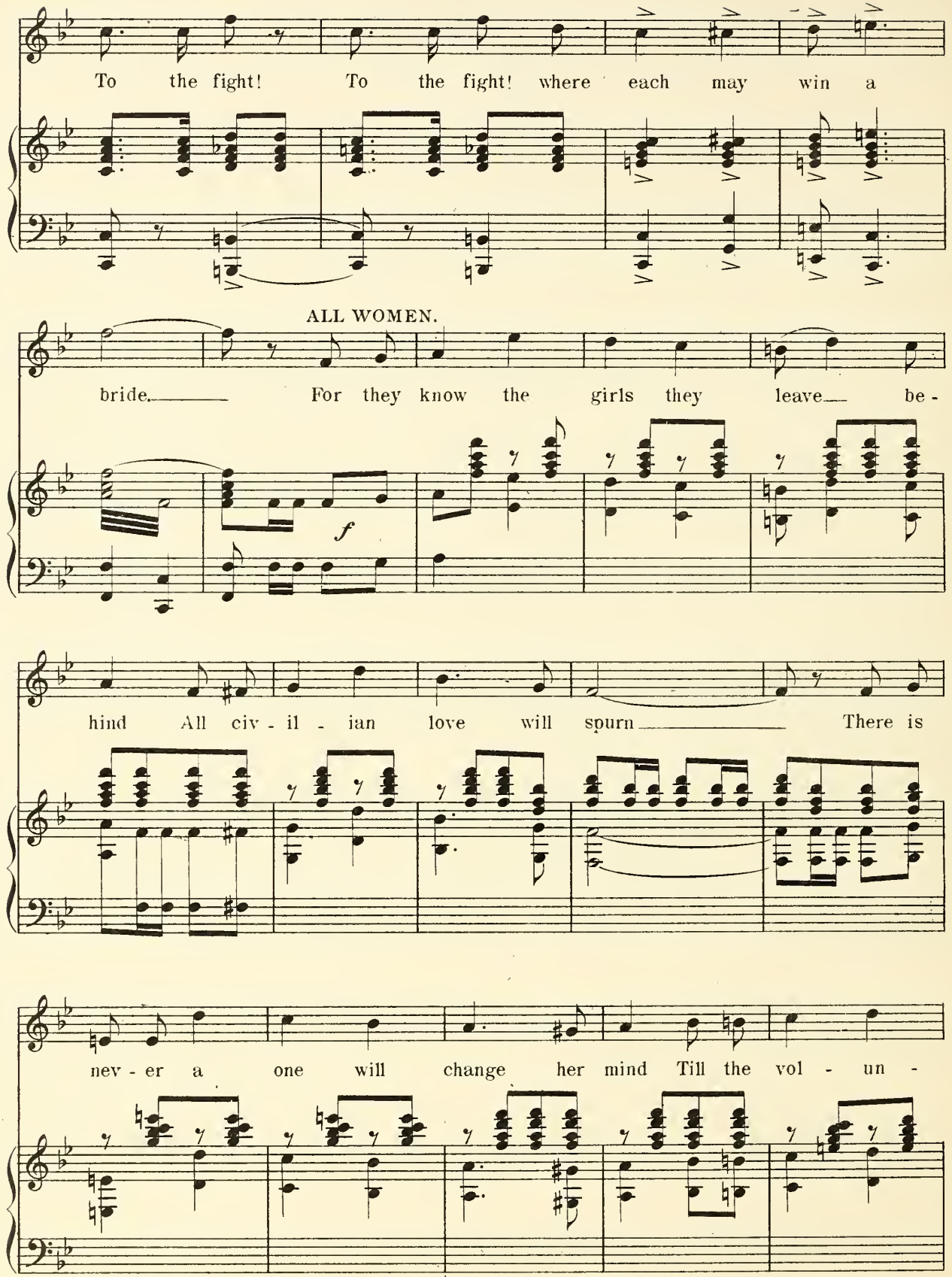

this which the Col- onel calls a hat Is the
BUDD.
prop - er thing for a Dem - o - crat. 'Tis em - blem - at - ic
chaste and hat He's proud, he's proud to wear a
KI-RAM.
hat like that. How do I look?
sfz
pp
f

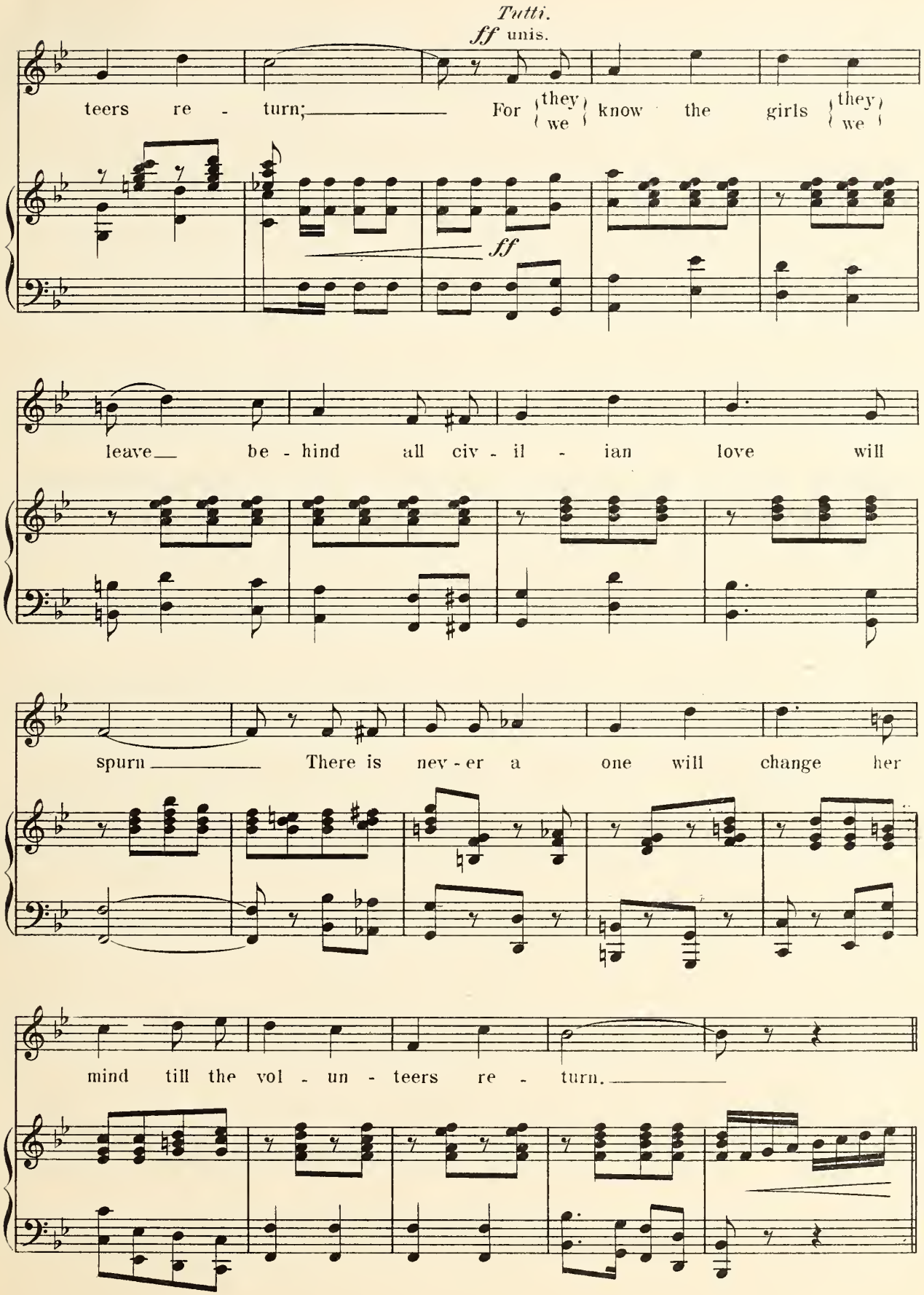

Tutti.
ff
Won - der-ful
glo - ri-ous
pp
What do you
think of
that?
ff
sf
sfp
ff
Unaccompanied.
pp
Could a - ny- thing,
mf
Could a - ny-thing,
f
sff
Could a - ny -
thing, Ex -
pp
mf
f
sff
ceed the sim-ple
beau - ty of a
hat,
pp
Lento.
of a
hat.
pp
pp
rit.
fff

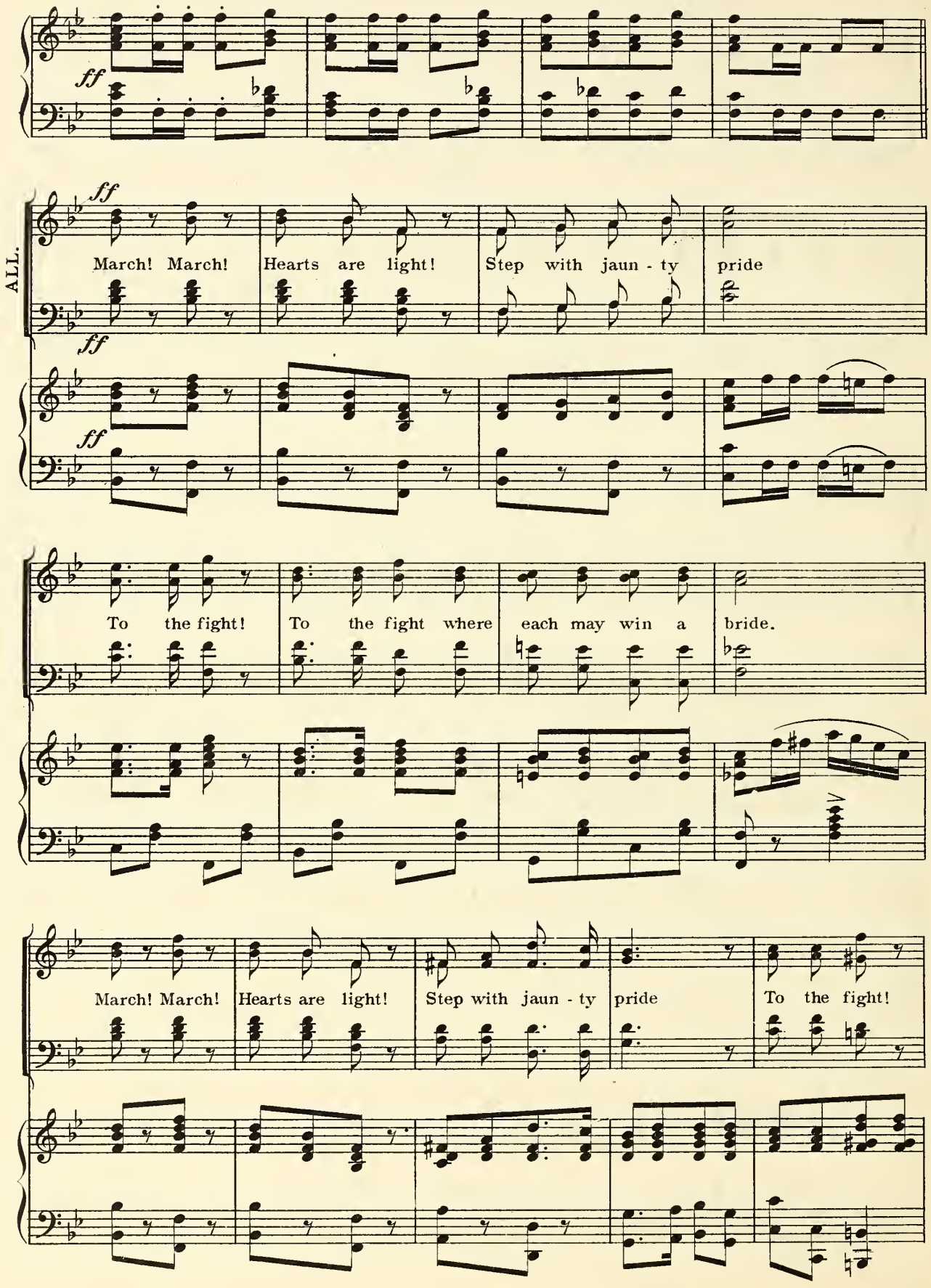

LIEUTENANT.
Moderato.
Let all at strict at - ten - tion stand The
Moderato.
pp
mf
glor - ious mo - ments nigh When o'er this lib - er -
- a - ted land The stars and stripes will fly.
HENRI.
If
(Orchestra.)

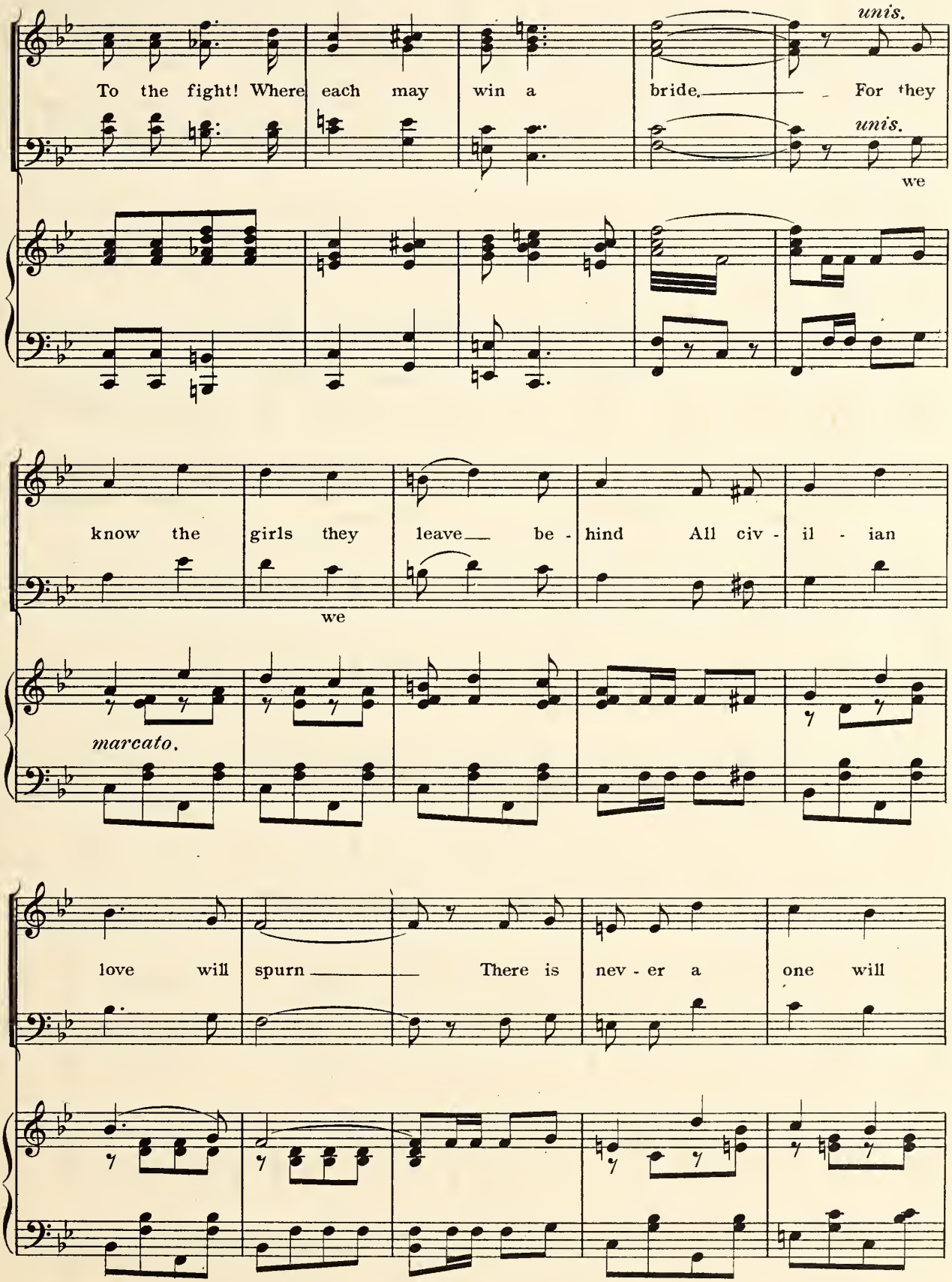

Con anima.
I would be a sol - dier's bride I must not grieve what -
p
e'er be-tide But laugh the tear drop from my eye And
poco agitato.
cheer - i - ly wave a last good-bye And ev' - ry girl that's left be -
mf
hind Civ - i - lian love will spurn And

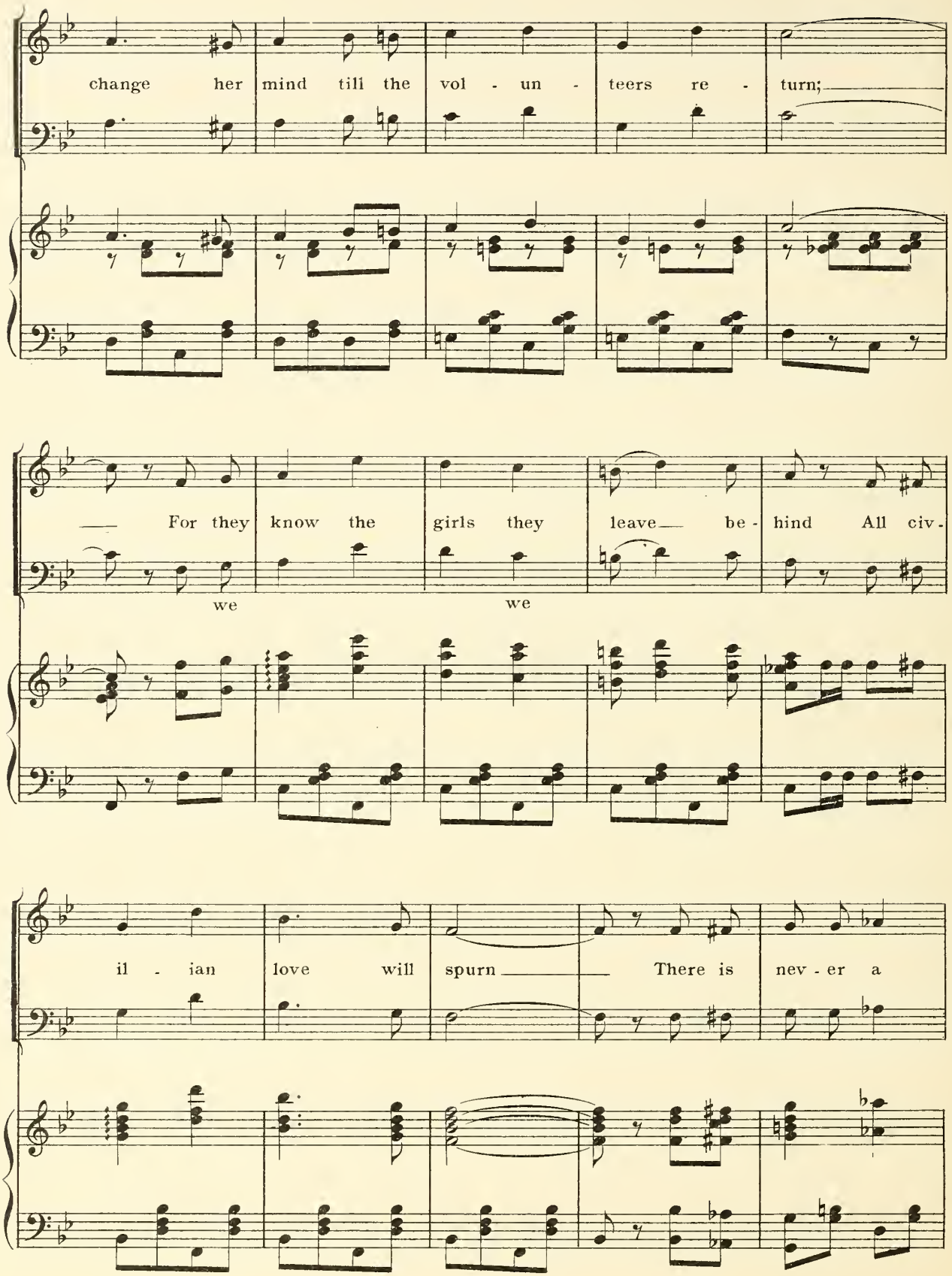

nev - er a one will change her mind Till the vol - un - teer's re -
rit.
Allegro.
ALL TENORS.
turn.
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun-ty
f
mf
pride To the fight! To the fight! Where each may win a bride.
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride.

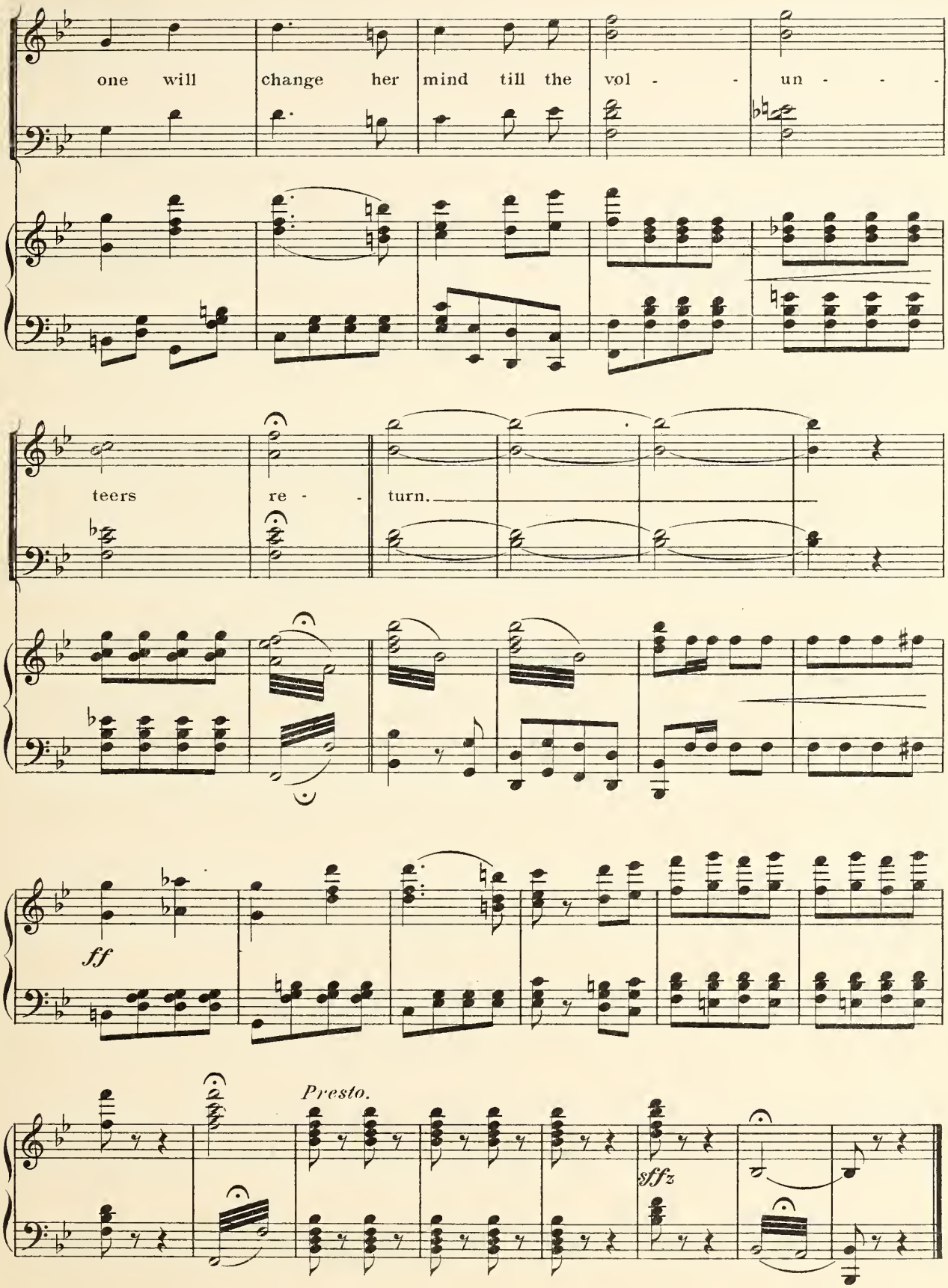

To the fight! To the fight! where each may win a
ALL WOMEN.
bride. For they know the girls they leave be -
f
hind All civ - il - ian love will spurn There is
nev - er a one will change her mind Till the vol - un -


Tutti.
ff unis.
teers re - turn; For they we know the girls they we
ff
leave be - hind all civ - il - ian love will
spurn There is nev - er a one will change her
mind till the vol - un - teers re - turn.


ff
ALL.
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride
To the fight! To the fight where each may win a bride.
March! March! Hearts are light! Step with jaun - ty pride To the fight!


unis.
To the fight! Where each may win a bride. For they
unis.
we
know the girls they leave be - hind All civ - il - ian
we
marcato.
love will spurn There is nev - er a one will


change her mind till the vol - un - teers re - turn;
For they know the girls they leave be - hind All civ -
we
we
il - ian love will spurn There is nev - er a

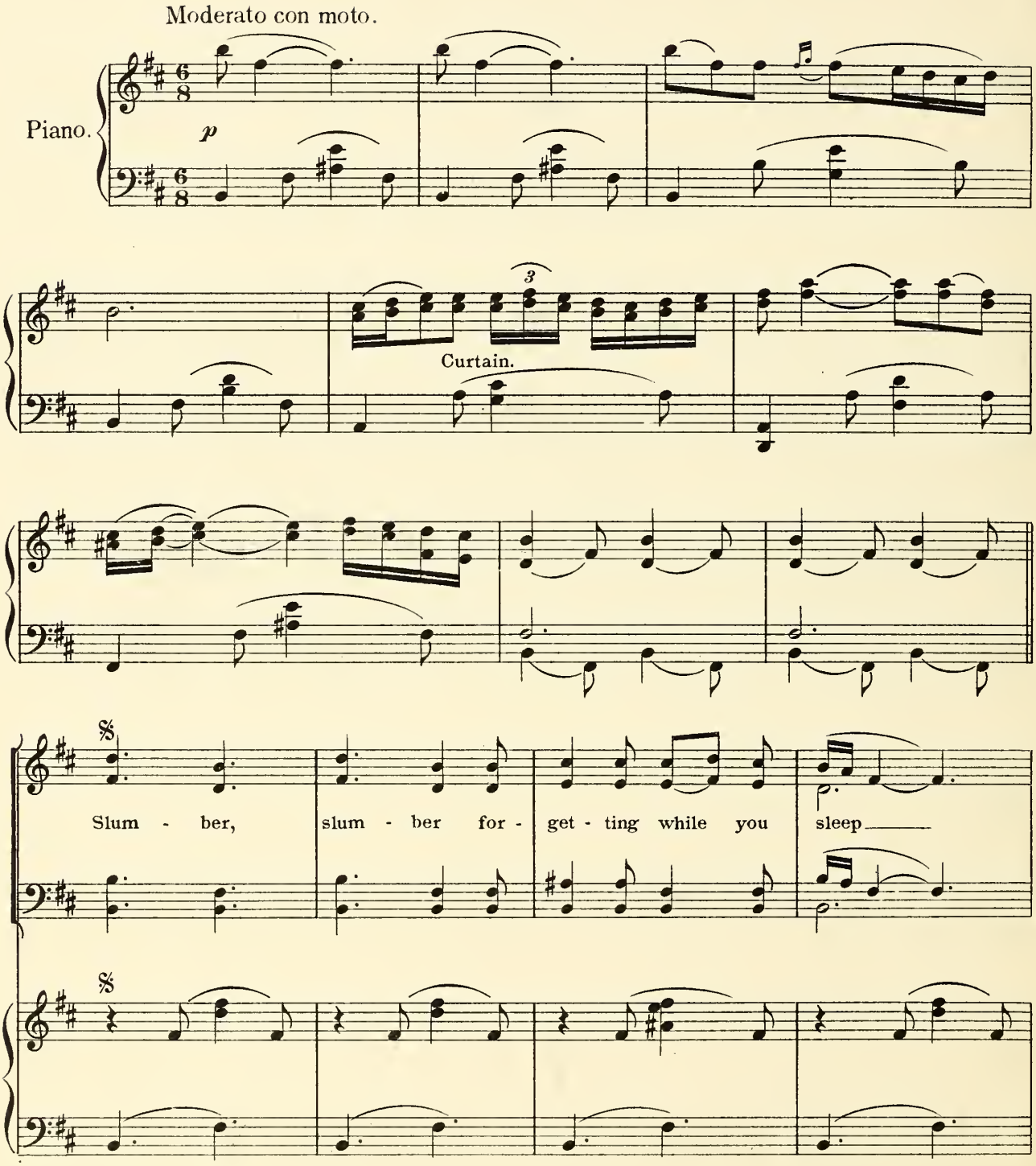

one will change her mind till the vol - - un - - -
teers re - - turn.
ff
Presto.
sffz

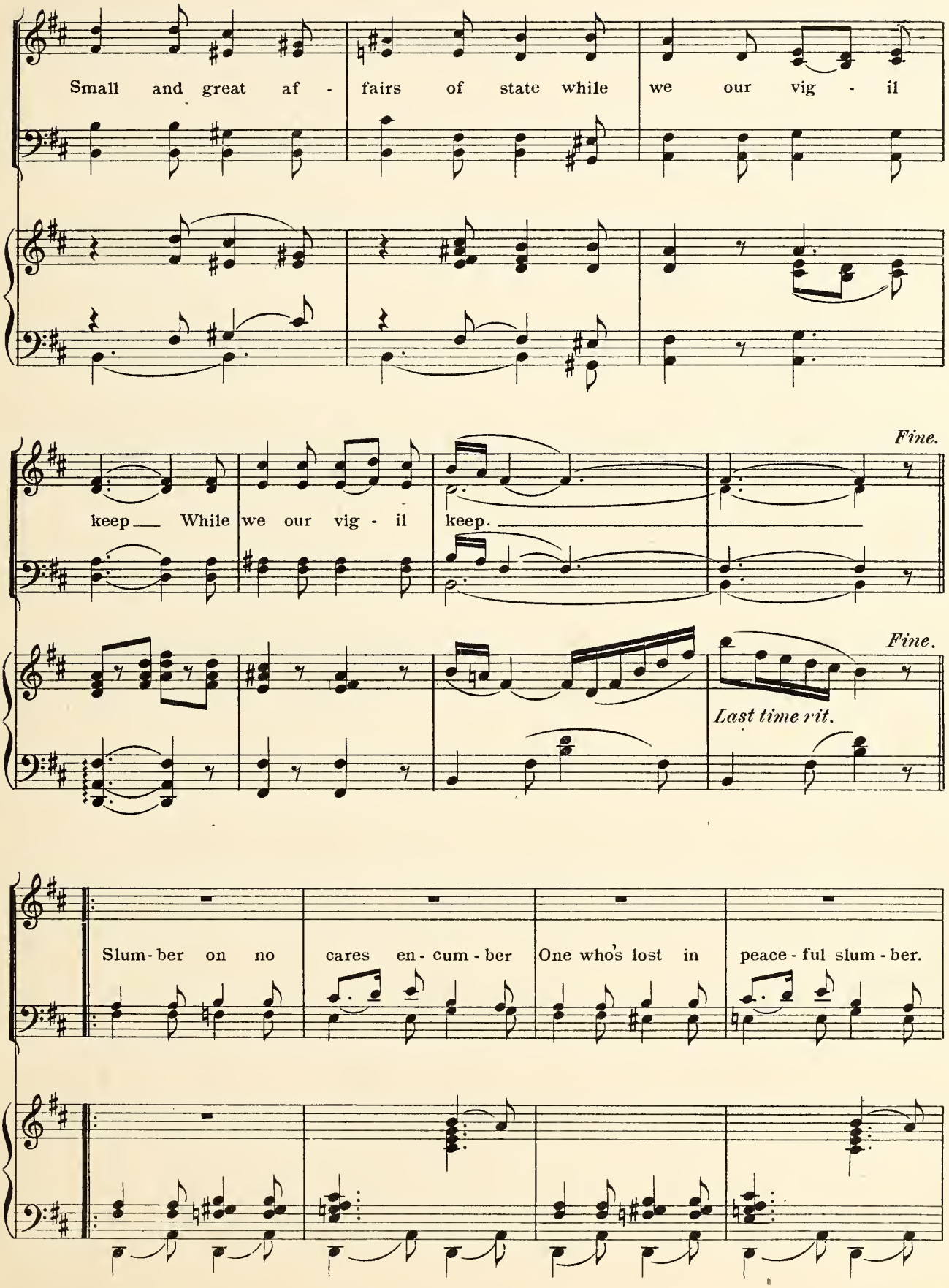
End of Act I.

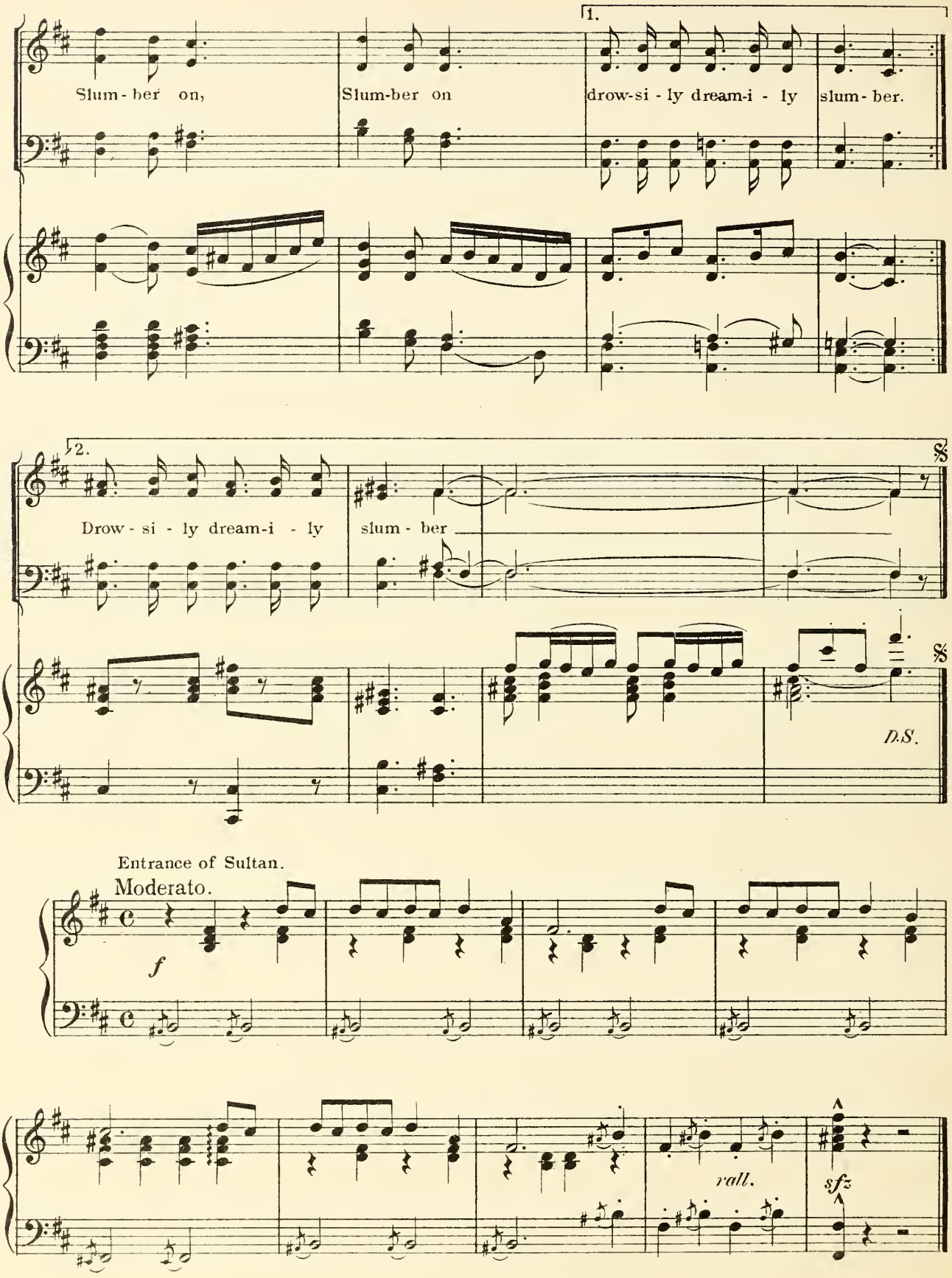
ACT II.

№15. Opening Chorus.

Slumber Song.




Small and great af - fairs of state while we our vig - il
keep While we our vig - il keep.
Fine.
Fine.
Last time rit.
Slum - ber on no cares en - cum - ber One who's lost in peace - ful slum - ber.


1.
Slum - ber on,
Slum-ber on
drow-si - ly dream-i - ly
slum - ber.
2.
Drow - si - ly dream-i - ly
slum - ber
D.S.
Entrance of Sultan.
Moderato.
f
rall.
sfz

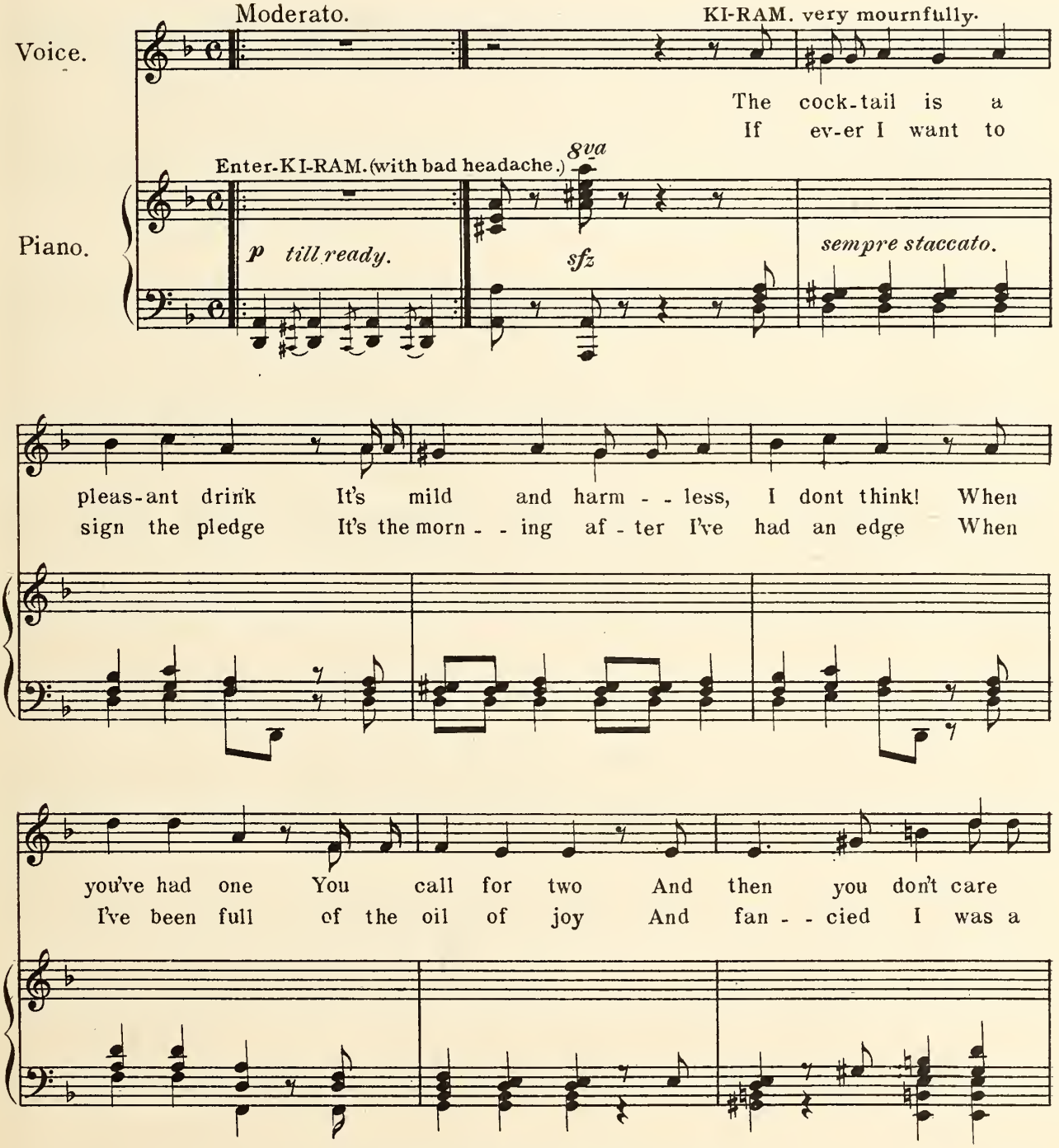
R-e-m-o-r-s-e.

KI-RAM.

№16.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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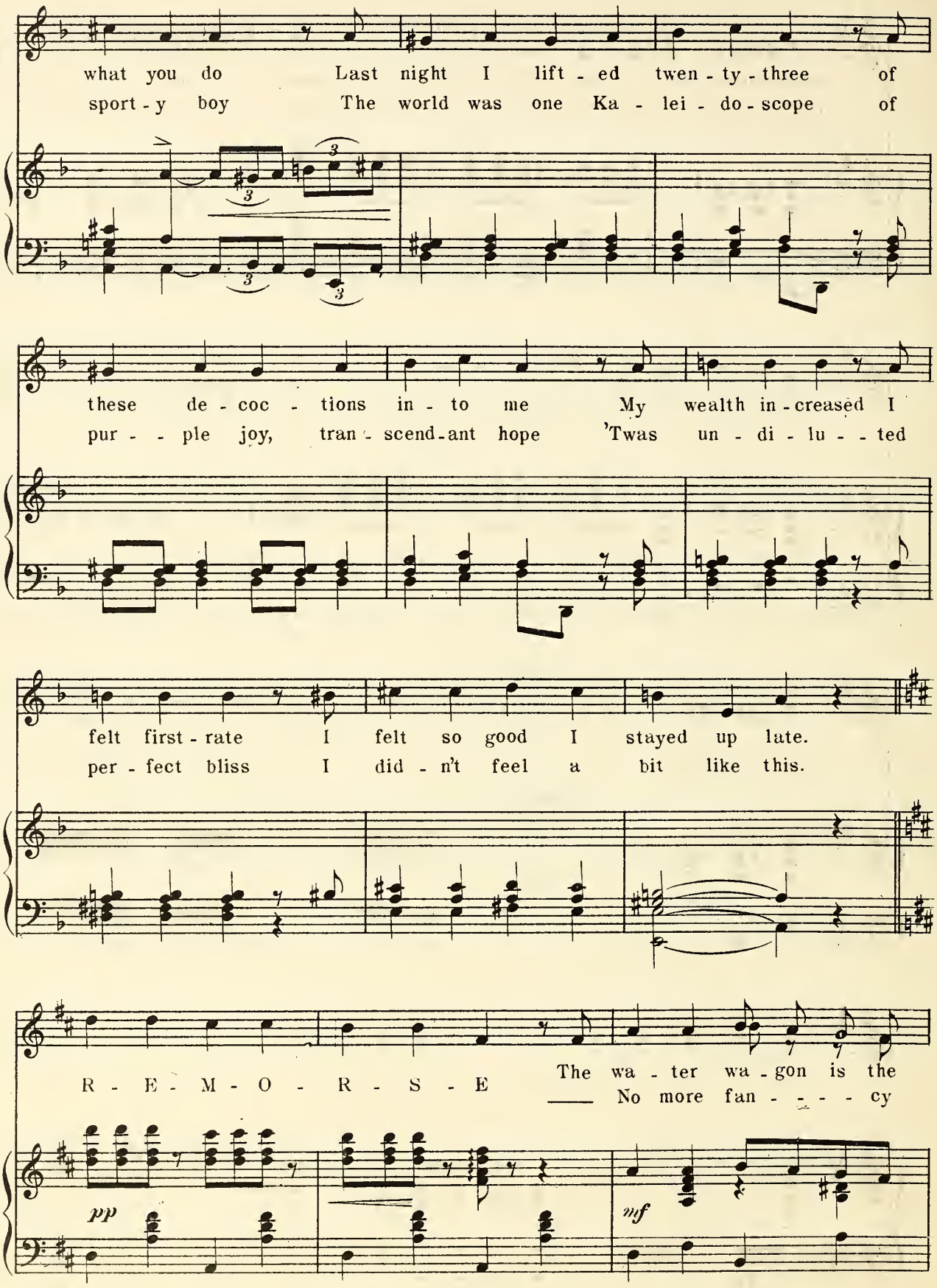
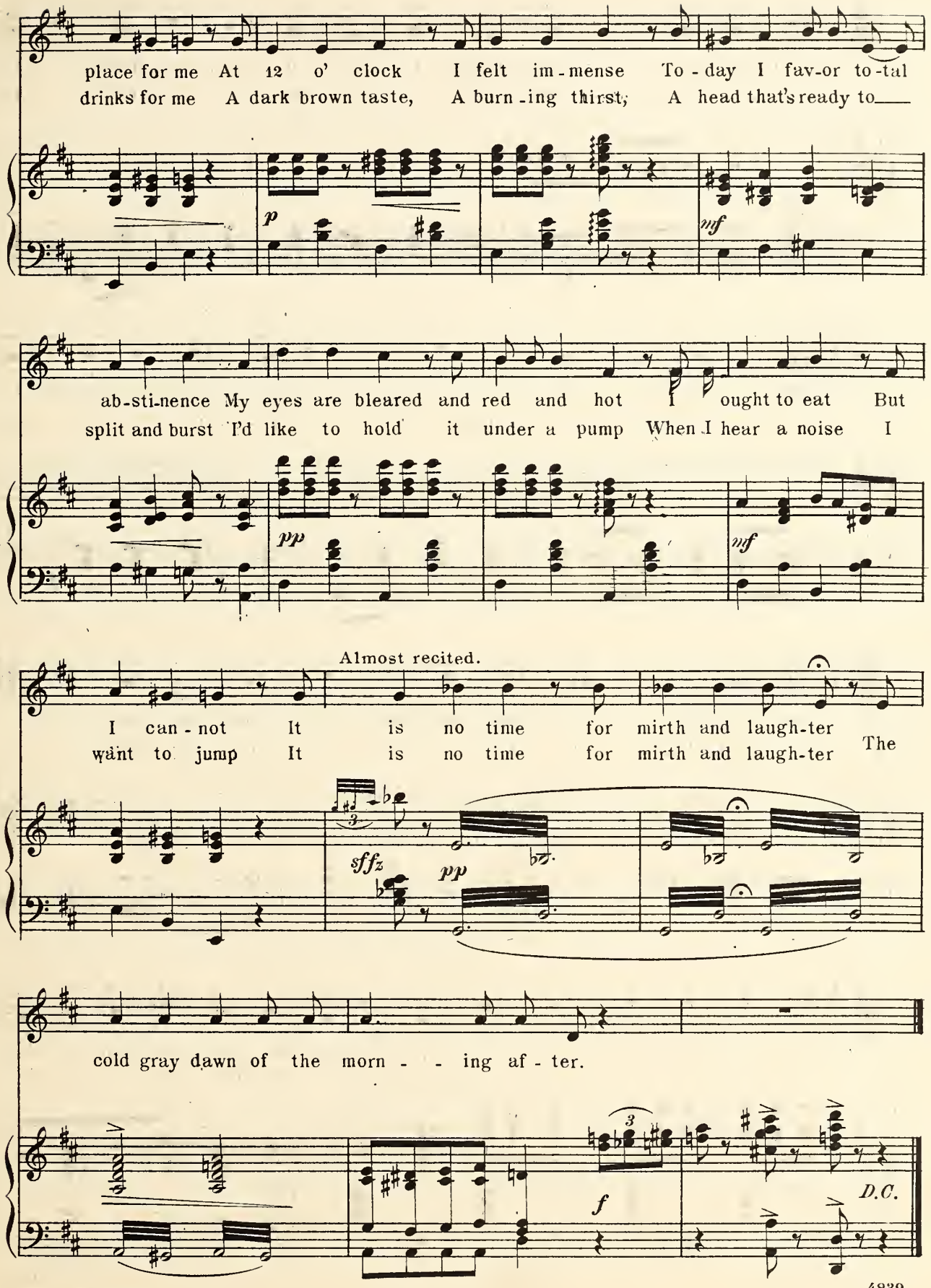

what you do Last night I lift - ed twen - ty - three of
sport - y boy The world was one Ka - lei - do - scope of
these de - coc - tions in - to me My wealth in - creased I
pur - - ple joy, tran - scend - ant hope 'Twas un - di - lu - - ted
felt first - rate I felt so good I stayed up late.
per - fect bliss I did - n't feel a bit like this.
R - E - M - O - R - S - E
The wa - ter wa - gon is the
No more fan - - - - cy
pp
mf


place for me At 12 o' clock I felt im-mense To-day I fav-or to-tal
drinks for me A dark brown taste, A burn-ing thirst; A head that's ready to
p
mf
ab-sti-nence My eyes are bleared and red and hot I ought to eat But
split and burst I'd like to hold it under a pump When I hear a noise I
pp
mf
Almost recited.
I can-not It is no time for mirth and laugh-ter
want to jump It is no time for mirth and laugh-ter
The
sffz
pp
cold gray dawn of the morn - - ing af-ter.
f
D.C.

No 17. Entrance

Imperial Guards—Col. Budd & Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.

ff

f SOLDIERS—(TENORS & BASSES.)

No long - er than a cen - tu - ry a -

mf

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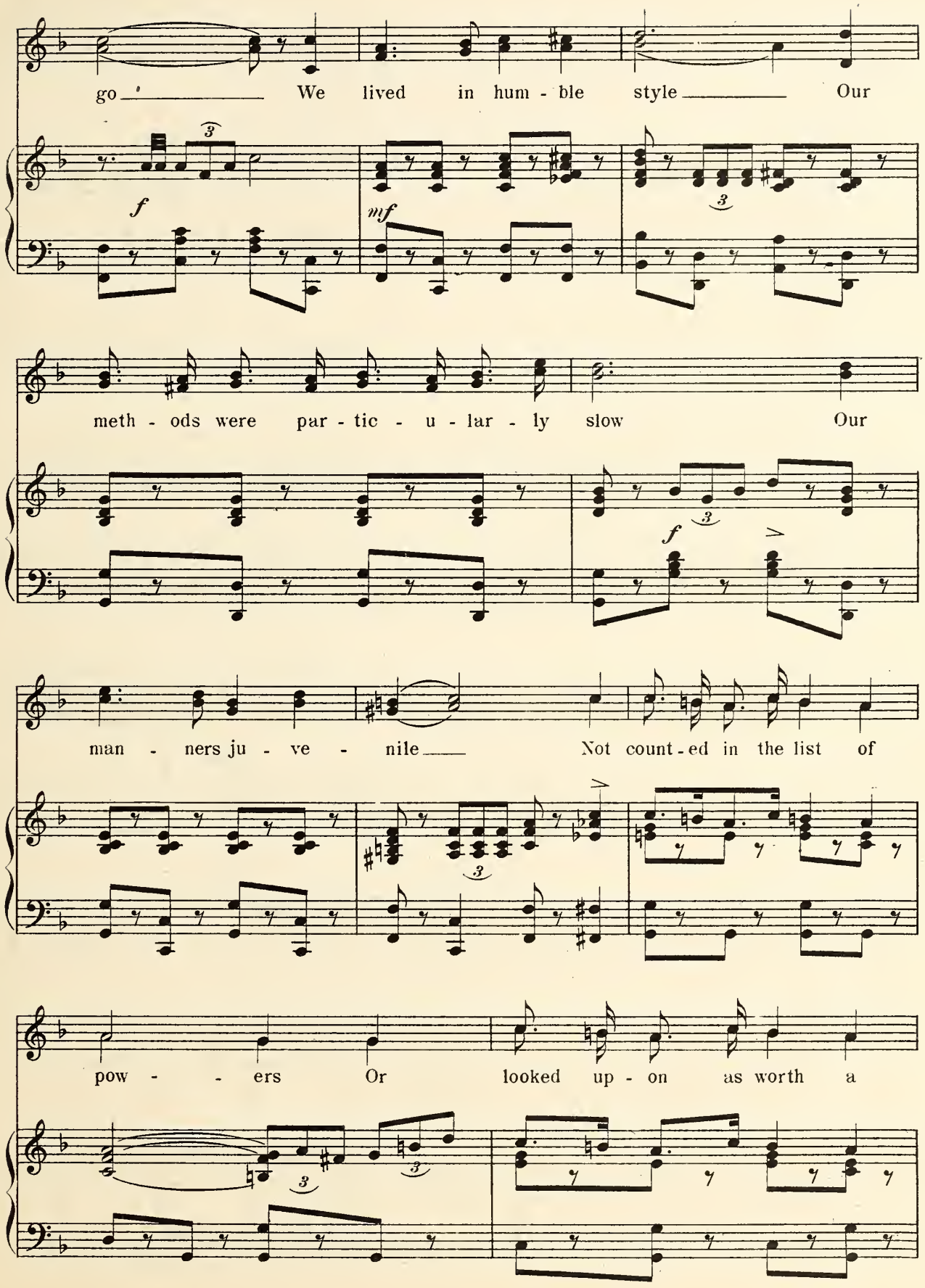
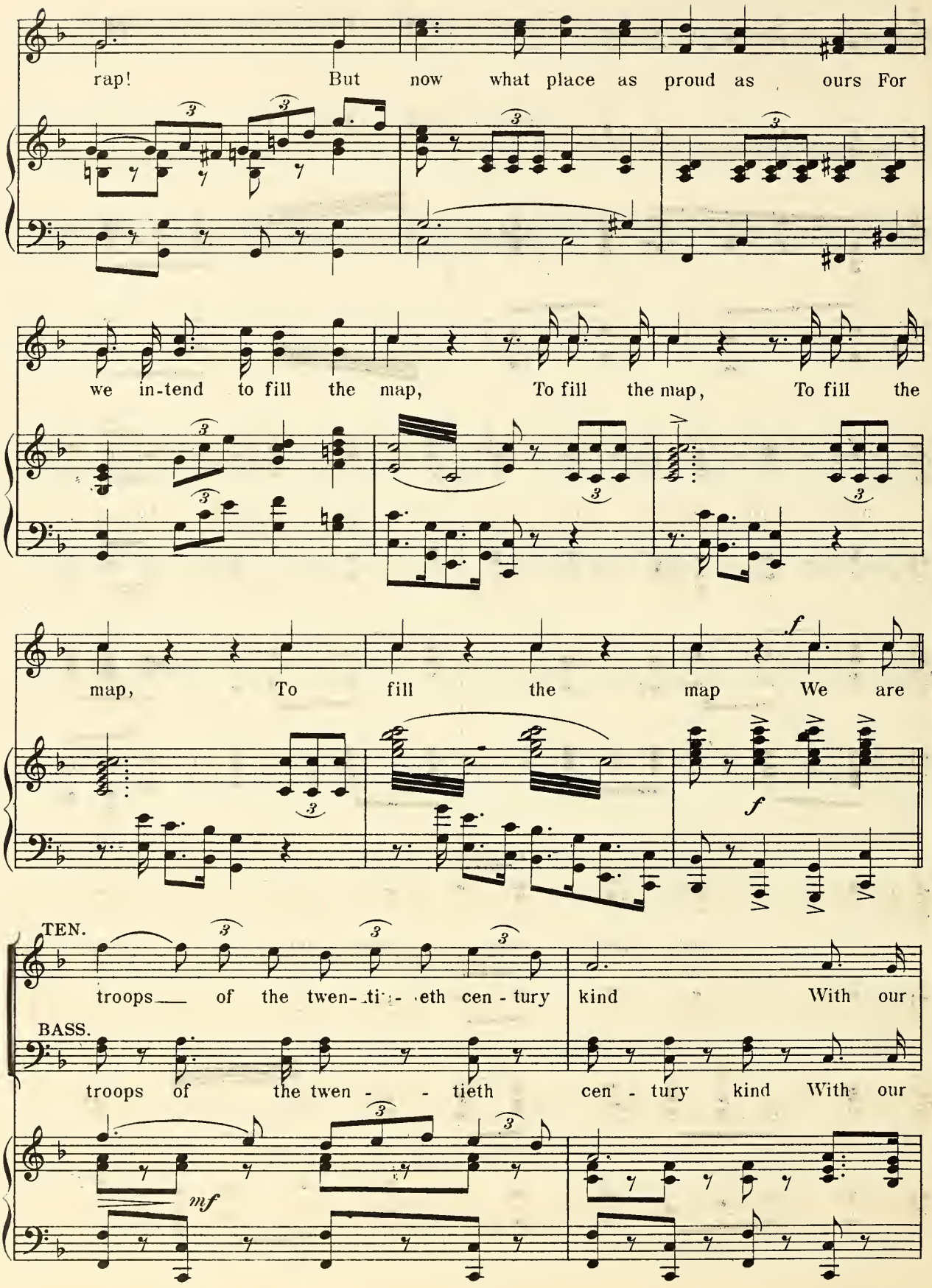
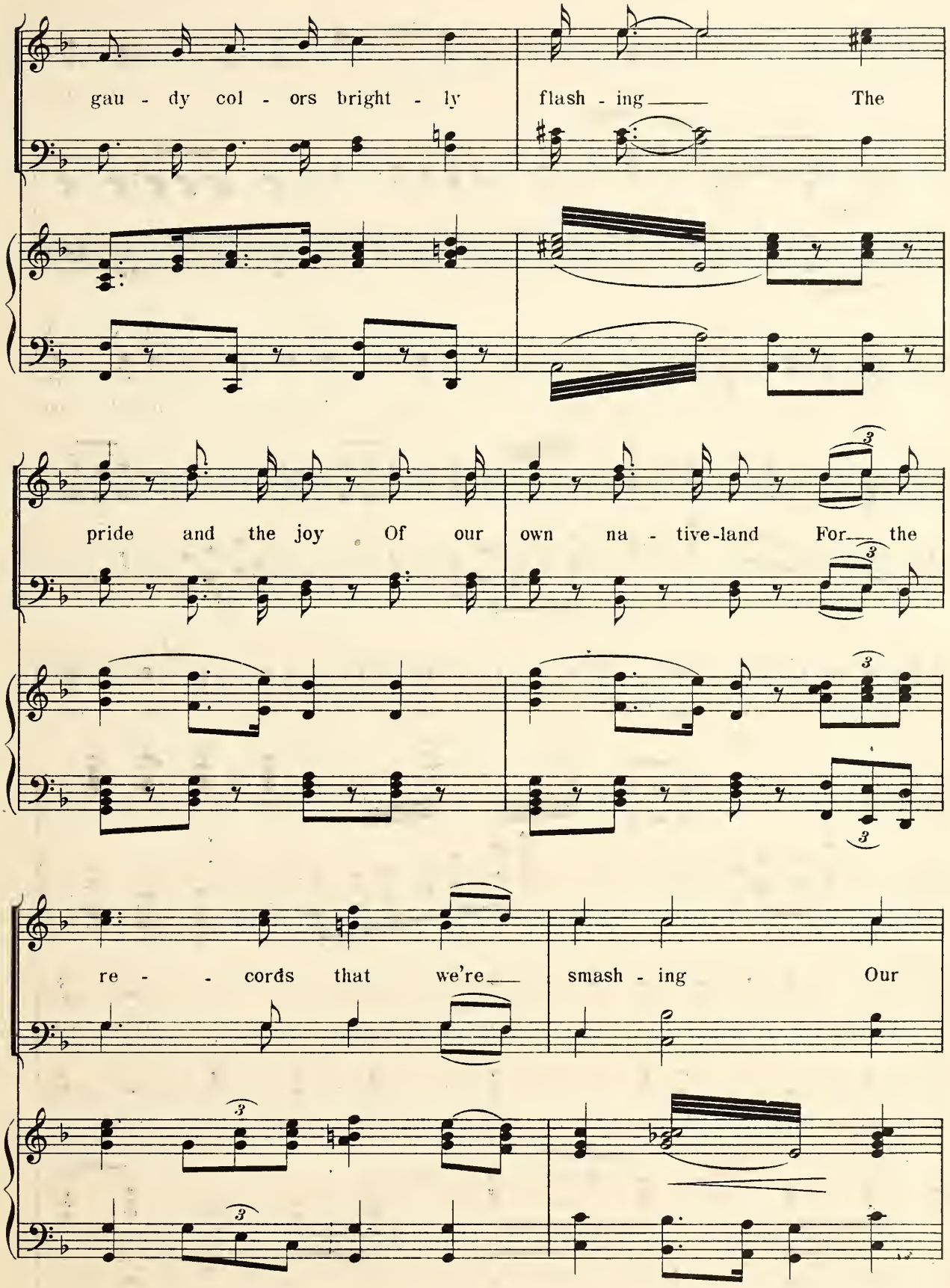
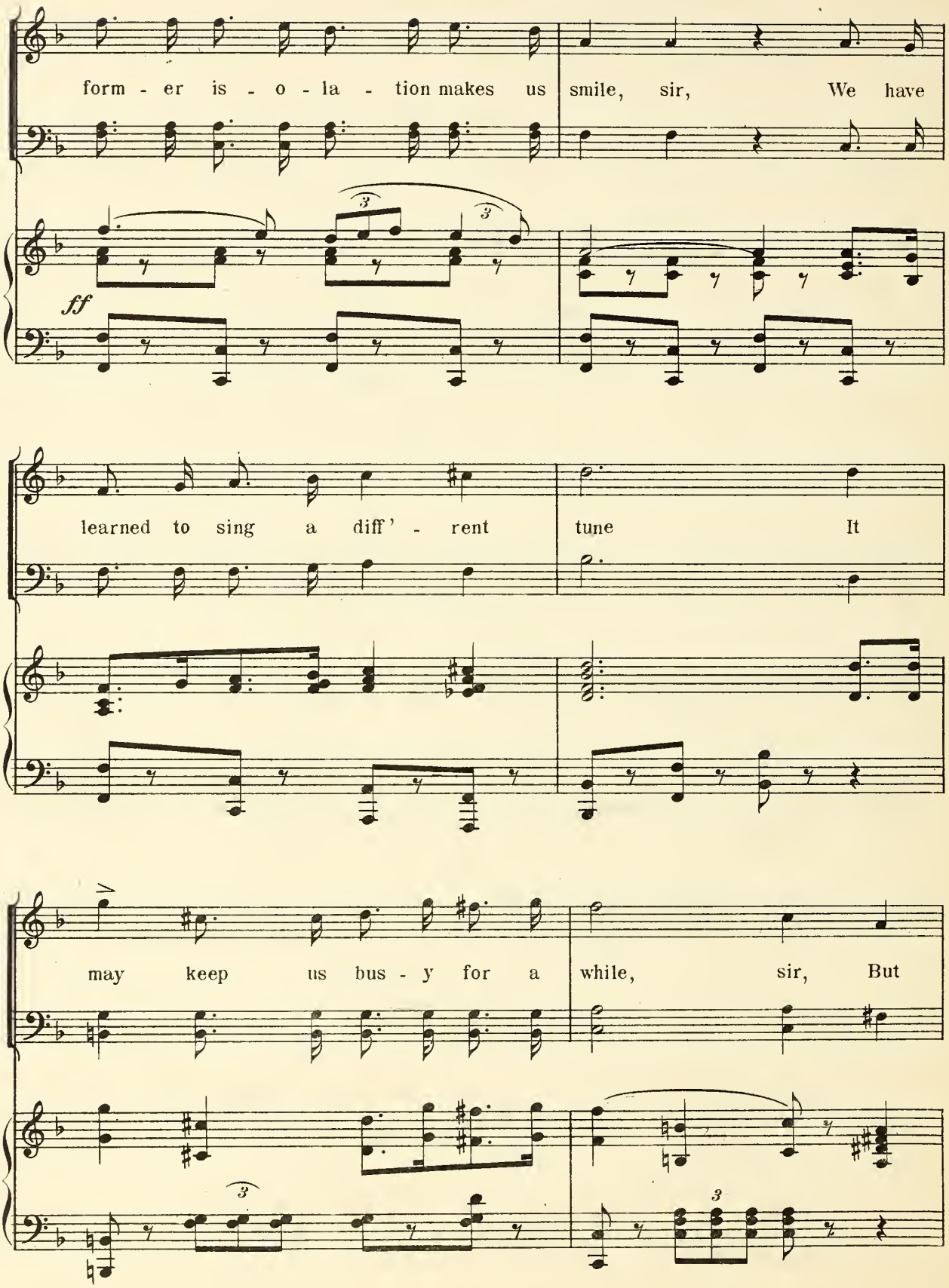
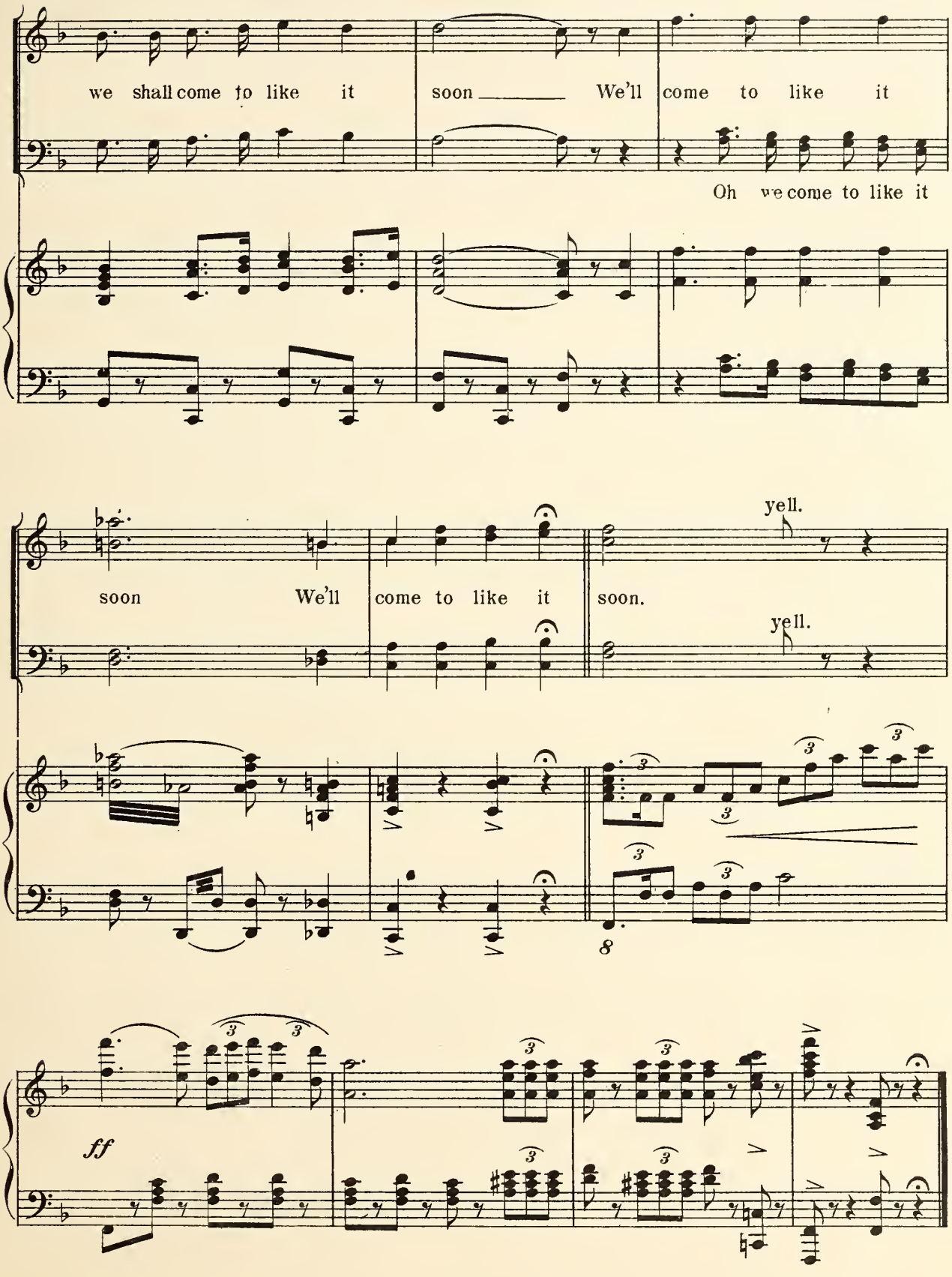

go We lived in hum - ble style Our
f
mf
meth - ods were par - tic - u - lar - ly slow Our
f
man - ners ju - ve - nile Not count - ed in the list of
pow - - ers Or looked up - on as worth a


rap! But now what place as proud as ours For
we in-tend to fill the map, To fill the map, To fill the
map, To fill the map We are
TEN.
troops of the twen-ti-eth cen-tury kind With our
BASS.
troops of the twen-tieth cen-tury kind With our


gau - dy col - ors bright - ly
flash - ing
The
pride and the joy Of our
own na - tive-land For
the
re - - cords that we're
smash - ing
Our


form - er is - o - la - tion makes us smile, sir, We have
ff
learned to sing a diff' - rent tune It
may keep us bus - y for a while, sir, But


we shall come to like it
soon
We'll come to like it
Oh we come to like it
soon
We'll come to like it
yell.
soon.
yell.
ff

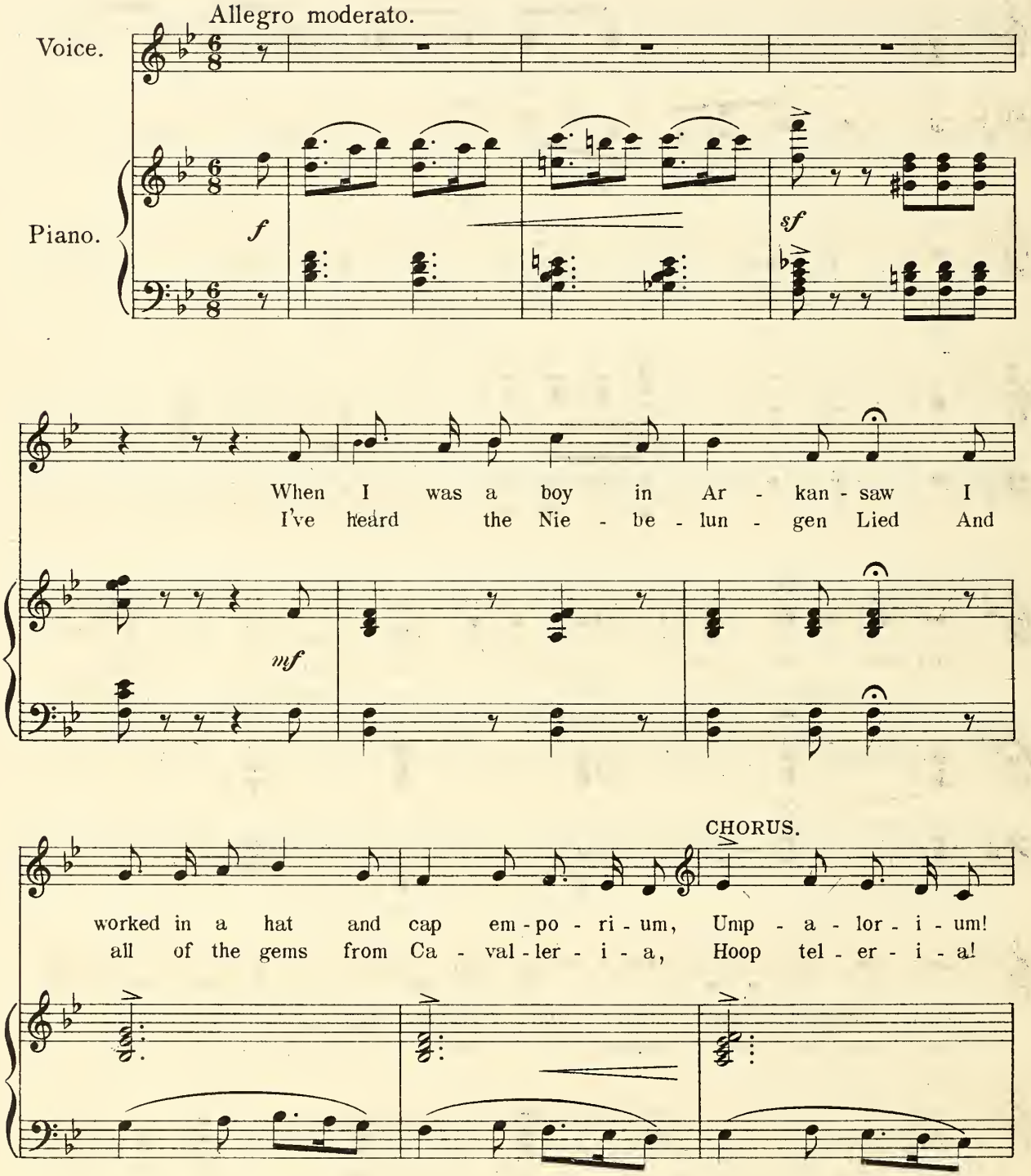
No. 18.

The Old Jay-Bird.

(COLONEL'S SONG.)

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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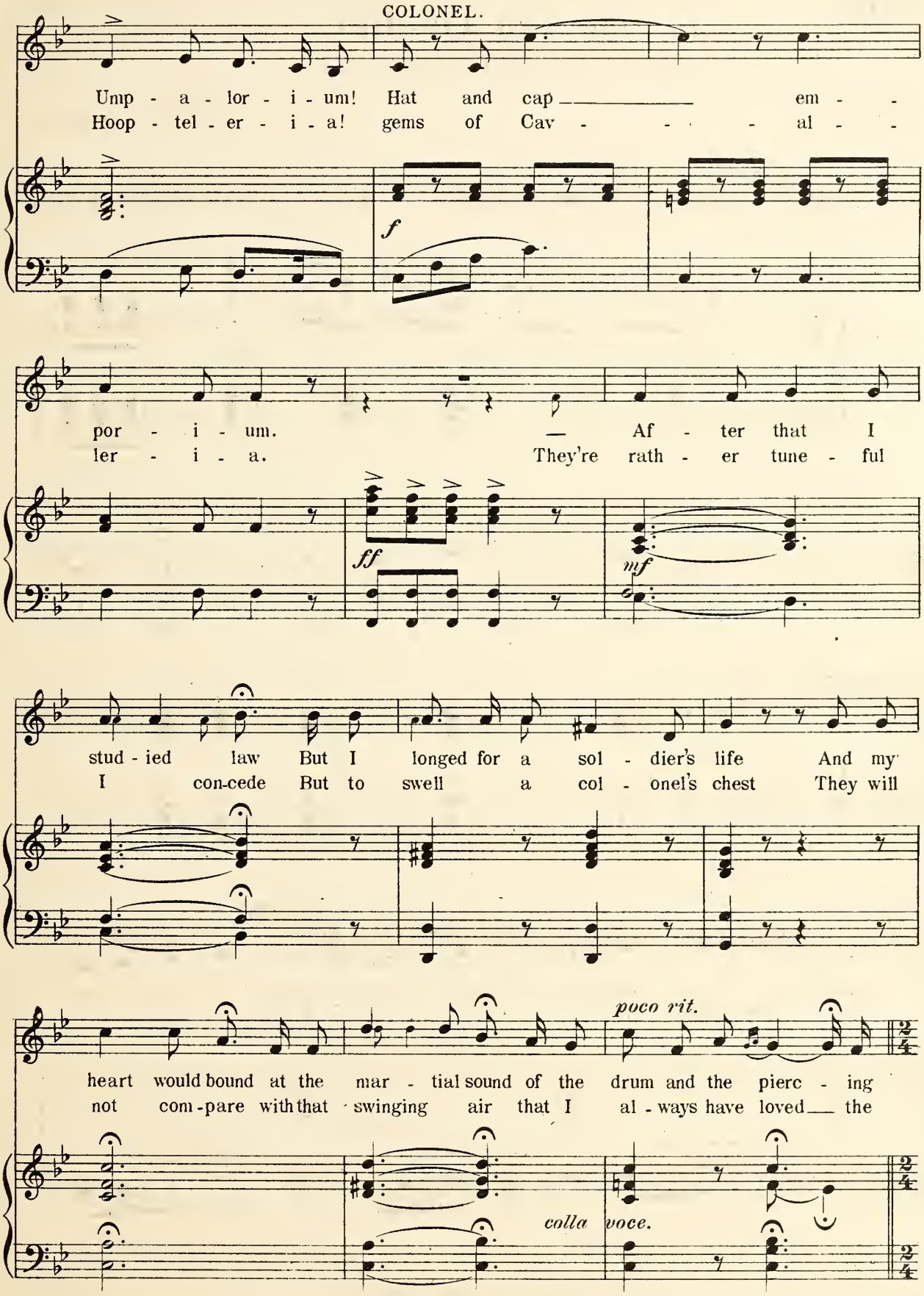
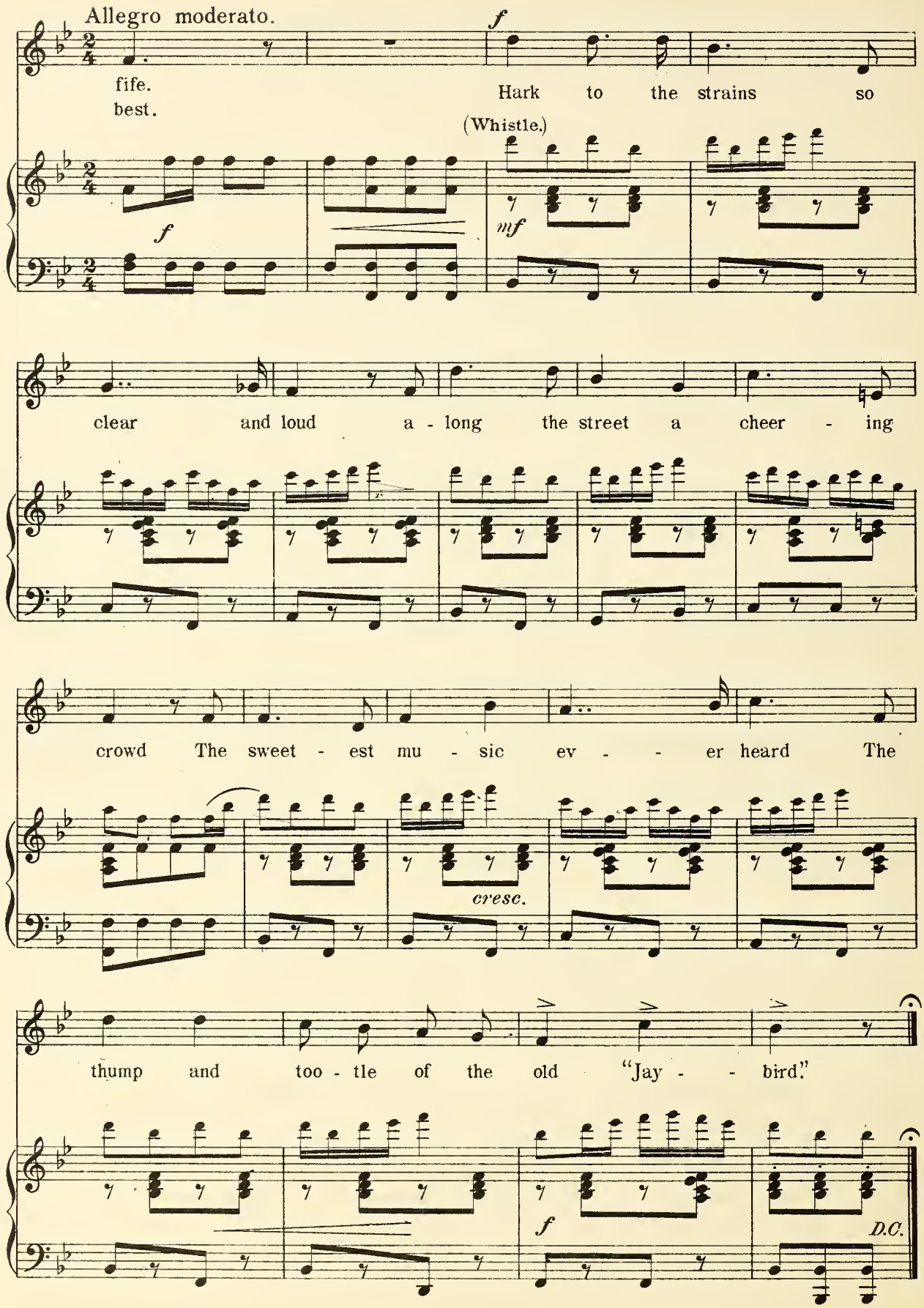

COLONEL.
Ump - a - lor - i - um! Hat and cap em - -
Hoop - tel - er - i - a! gems of Cav - - - al - -
f
por - i - um. — Af - ter that I
ler - i - a. They're rath - er tune - ful
ff
mf
stud - ied law But I longed for a sol - dier's life And my
I con-cede But to swell a col - onel's chest They will
poco rit.
heart would bound at the mar - tial sound of the drum and the pierc - ing
not com-pare with that swinging air that I al - ways have loved the
colla voce.


Allegro moderato.
f
fife.
best.
Hark to the strains so
(Whistle.)
f
mf
clear and loud a - long the street a cheer - ing
crowd The sweet - est mu - sic ev - - er heard The
cresc.
thump and too - tle of the old "Jay - - bird."
f
D.C.

Since I First Met You.

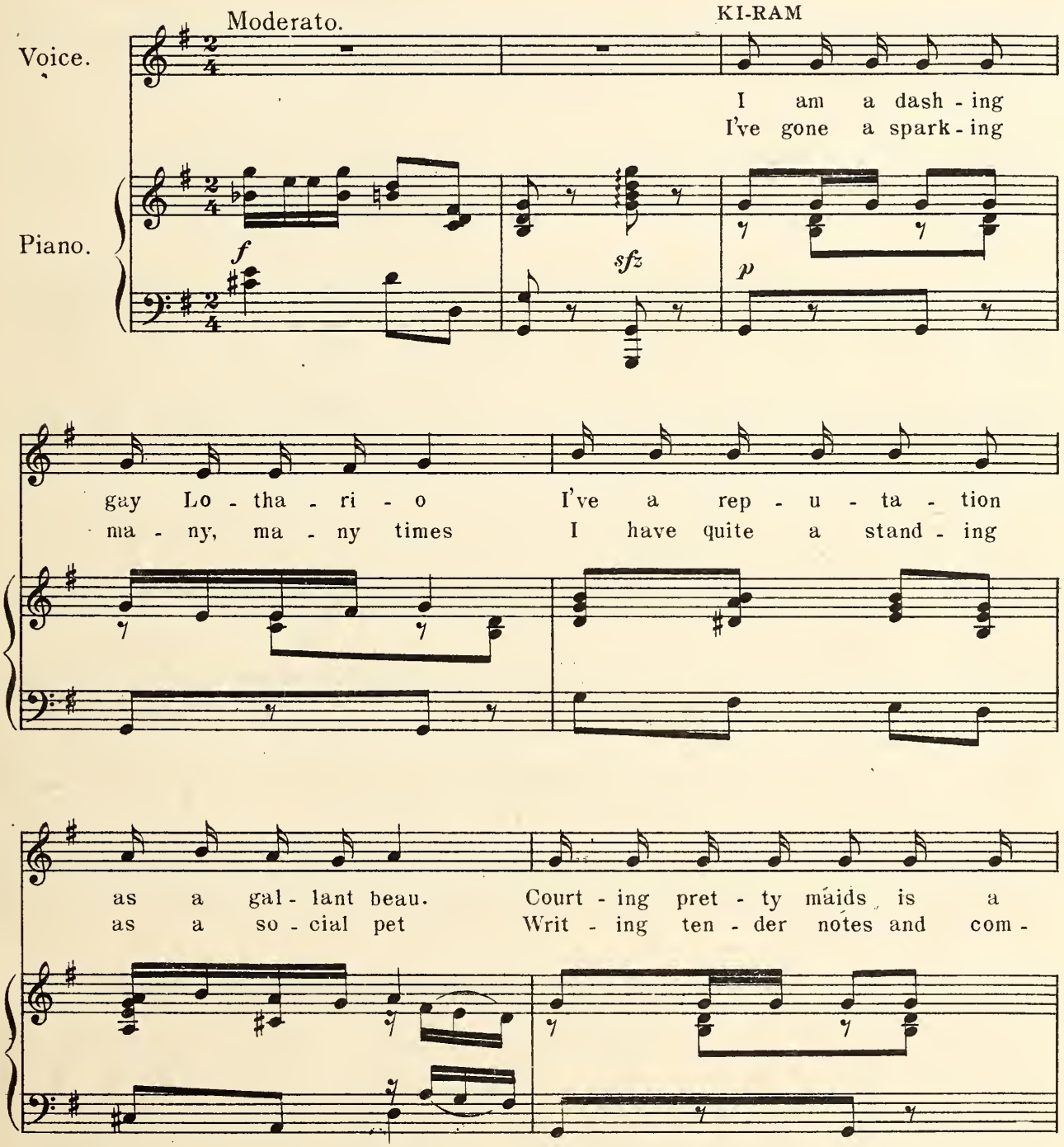
(Drippling Sunshine.)

KI-RAM.

No. 19.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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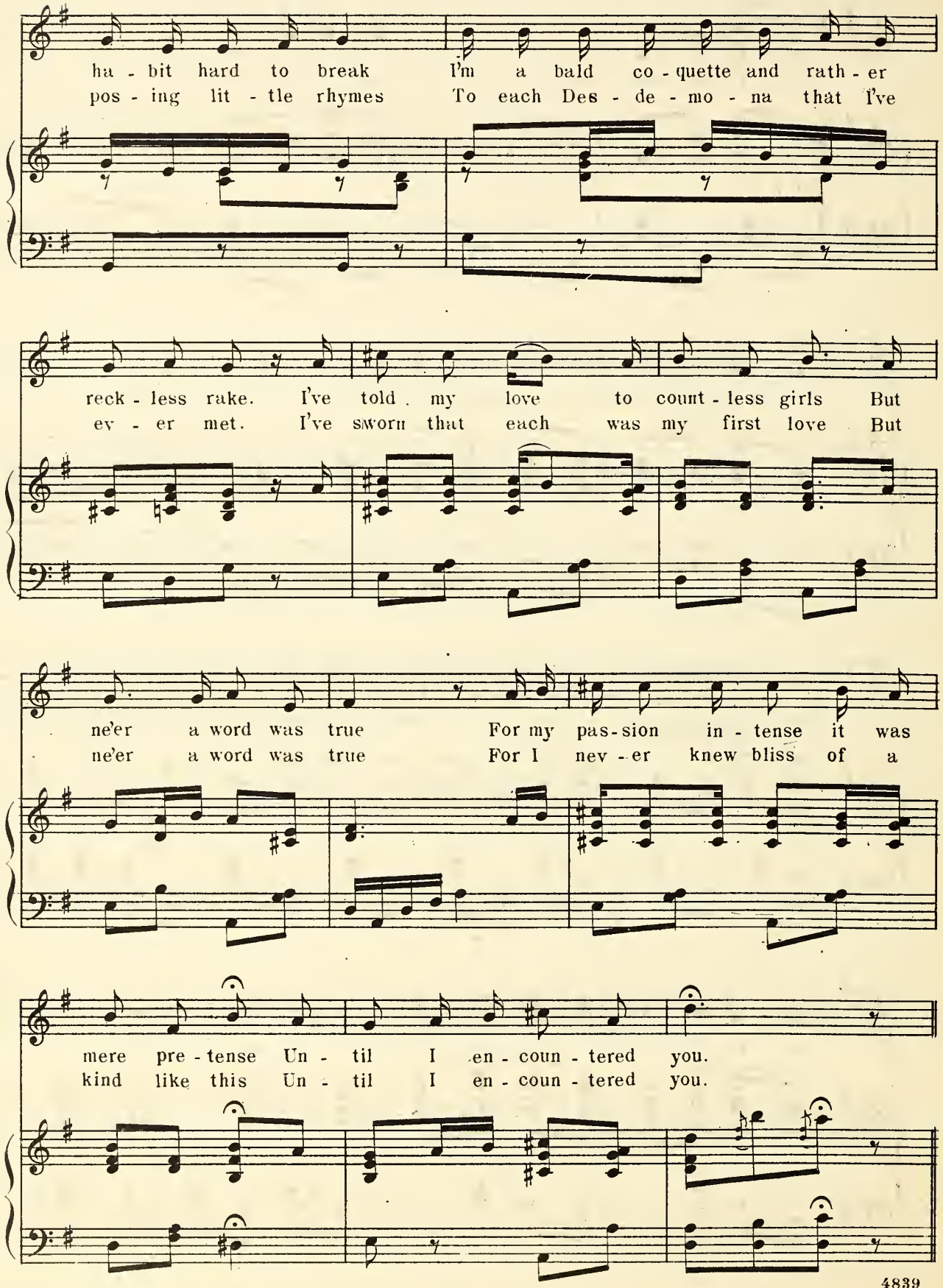
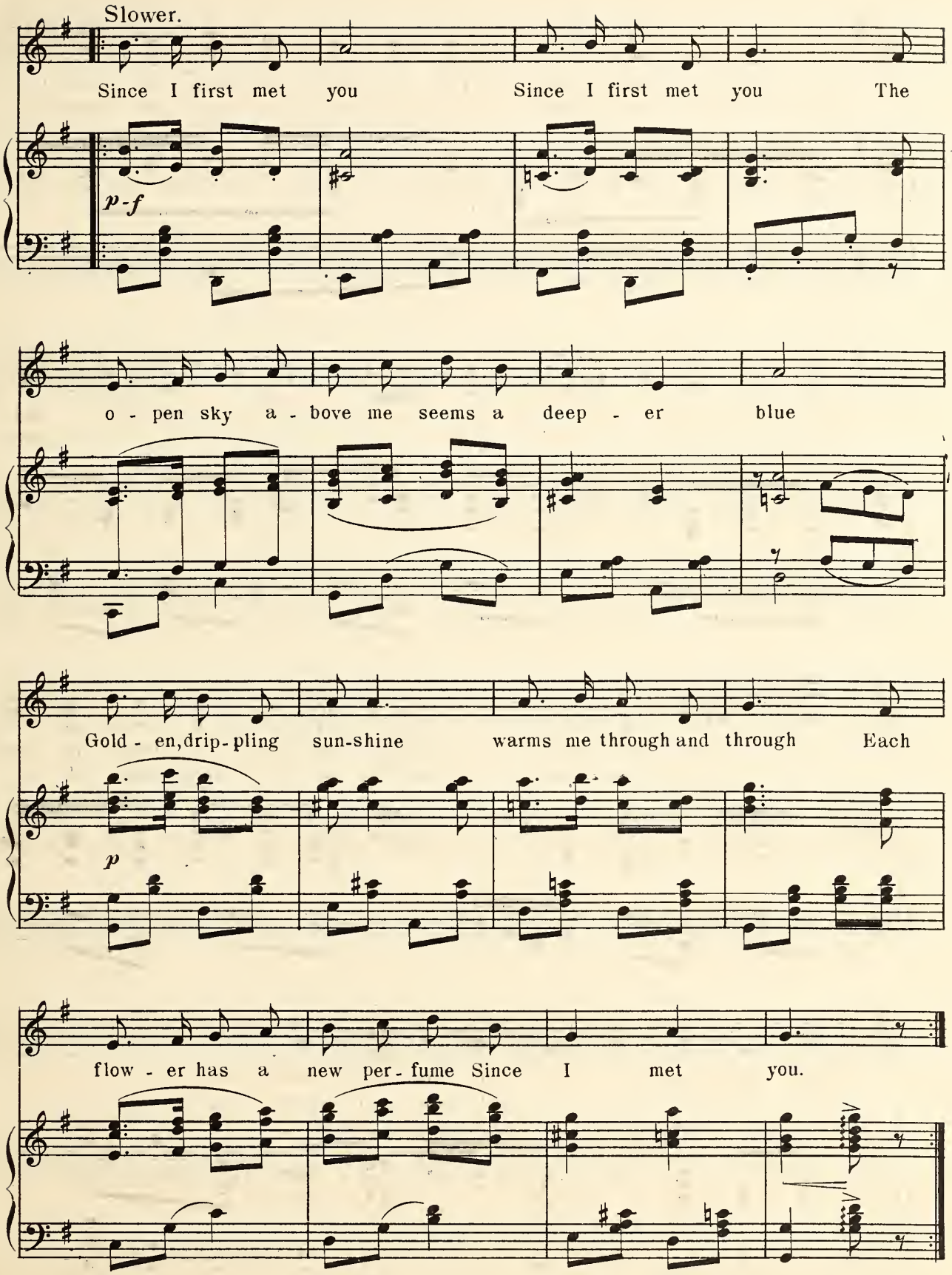

ha - bit hard to break I'm a bald co - quette and rath - er
pos - ing lit - tle rhymes To each Des - de - mo - na that I've
reck - less rake. I've told my love to count - less girls But
ev - er met. I've sworn that each was my first love But
ne'er a word was true For my pas - sion in - tense it was
ne'er a word was true For I nev - er knew bliss of a
mere pre - tense Un - til I en - coun - tered you.
kind like this Un - til I en - coun - tered you.


Slower.
Since I first met you Since I first met you The
p-f
o - pen sky a - bove me seems a deep - er blue
Gold - en, drip - pling sun-shine warms me through and through Each
p
flow - er has a new per - fume Since I met you.

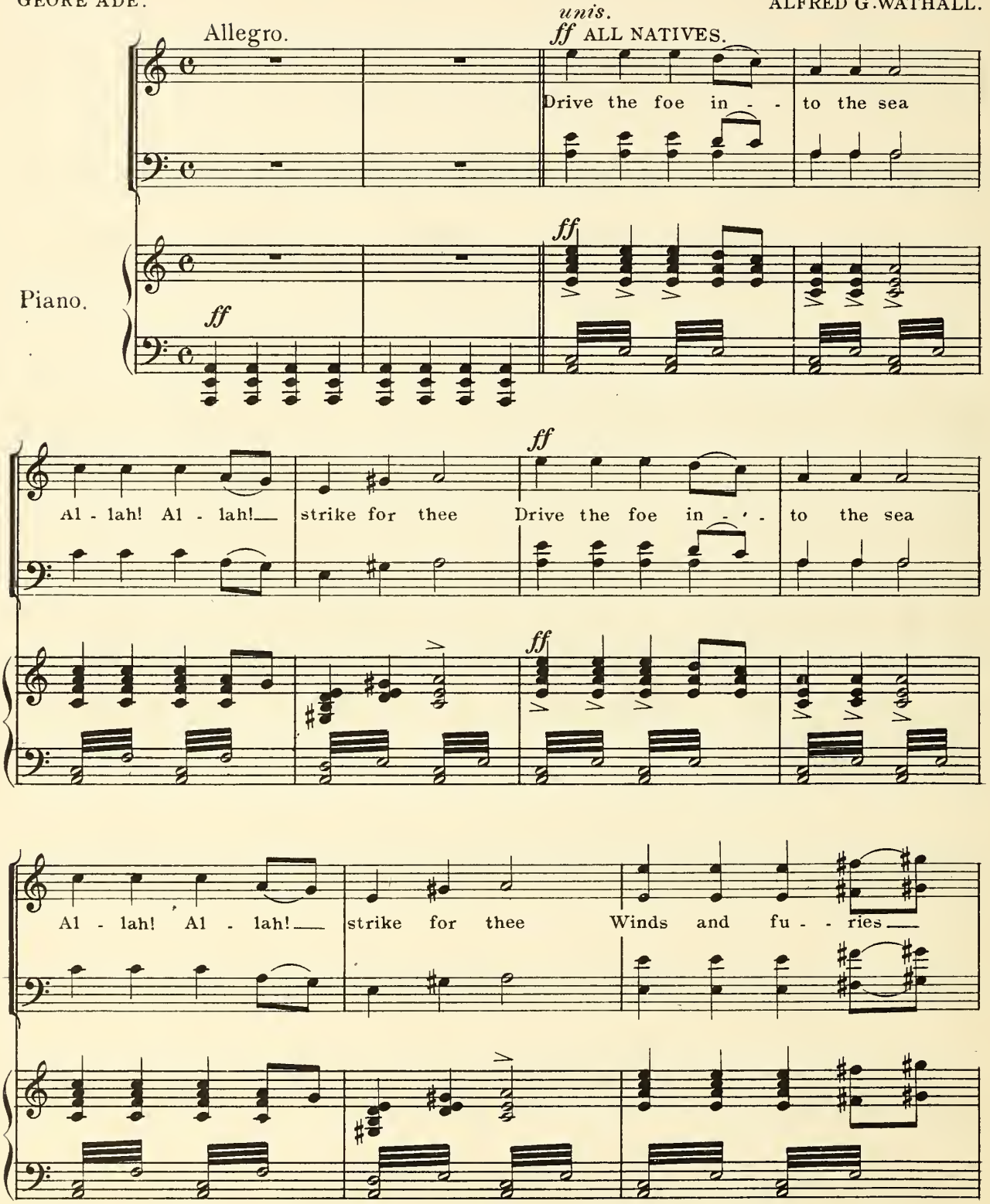
Allah! Strike for Thee.

NATIVE WAR SONG.

No. 20.

Lyric by
GEORE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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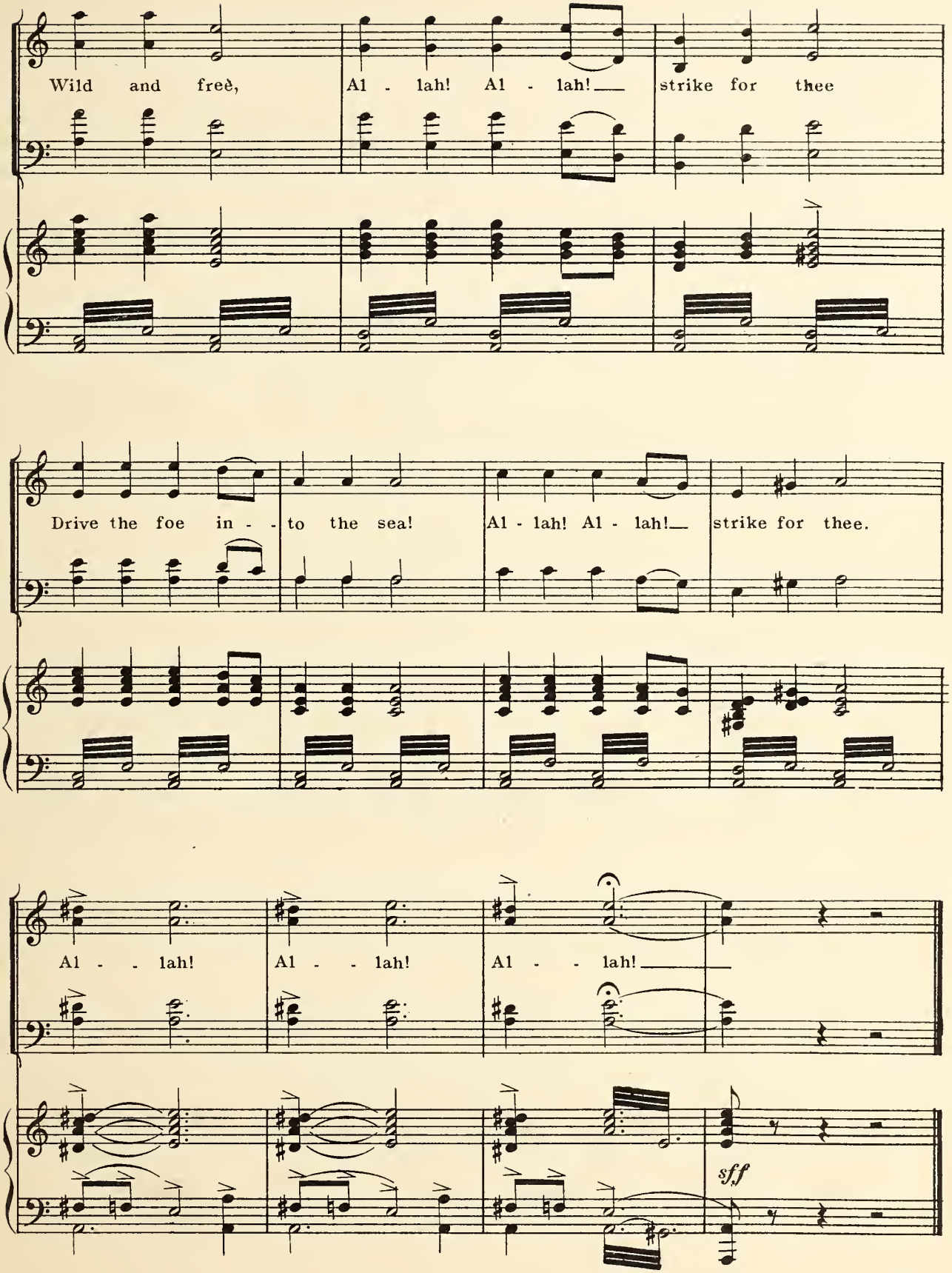
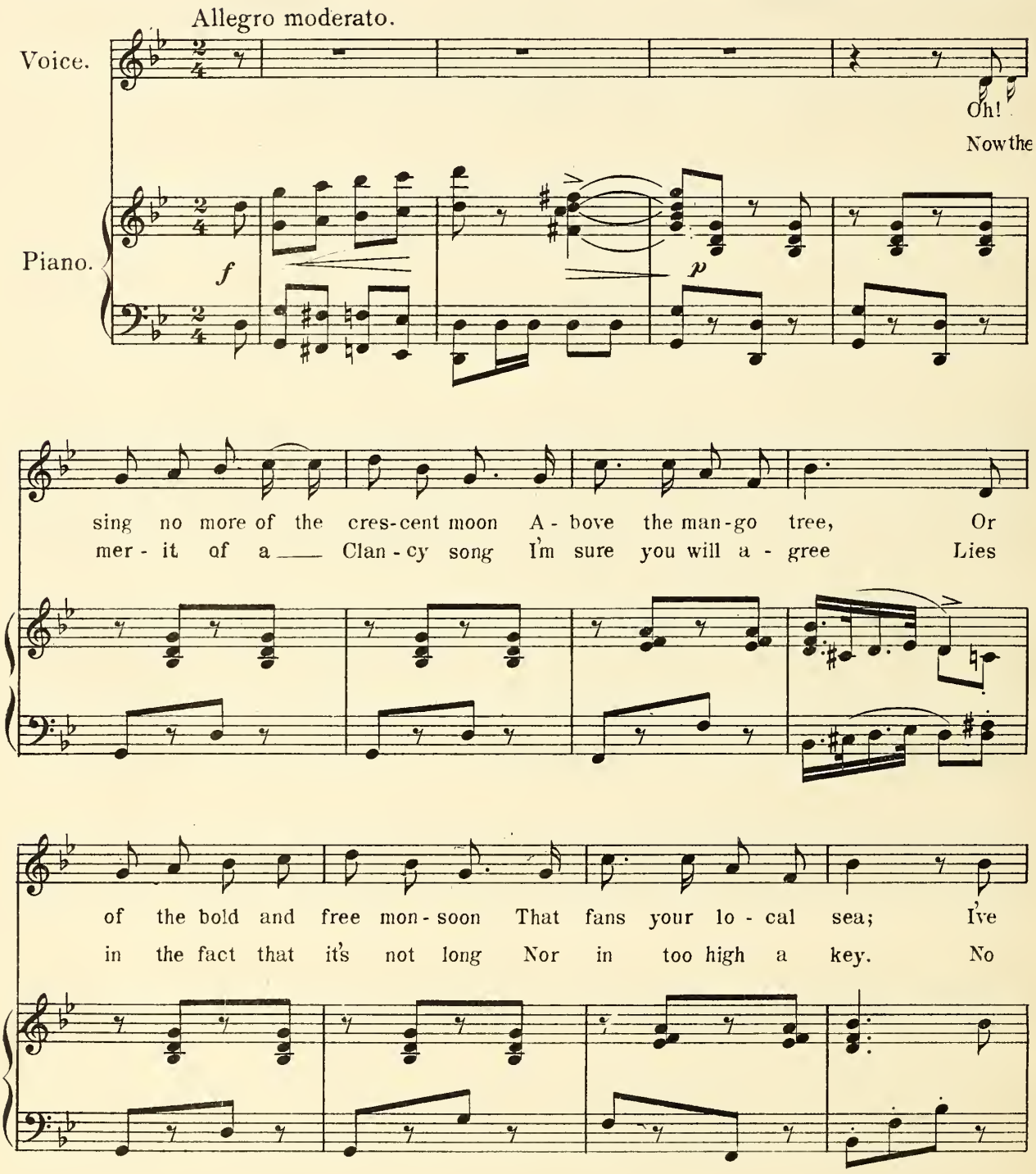

Wild and freè, Al - lah! Al - lah!___ strike for thee
Drive the foe in - - to the sea! Al - lah! Al - lah!___ strike for thee.
Al - - lah! Al - - lah! Al - - lah!___
sff

No 21 a Rosabella Clancy.

JONES.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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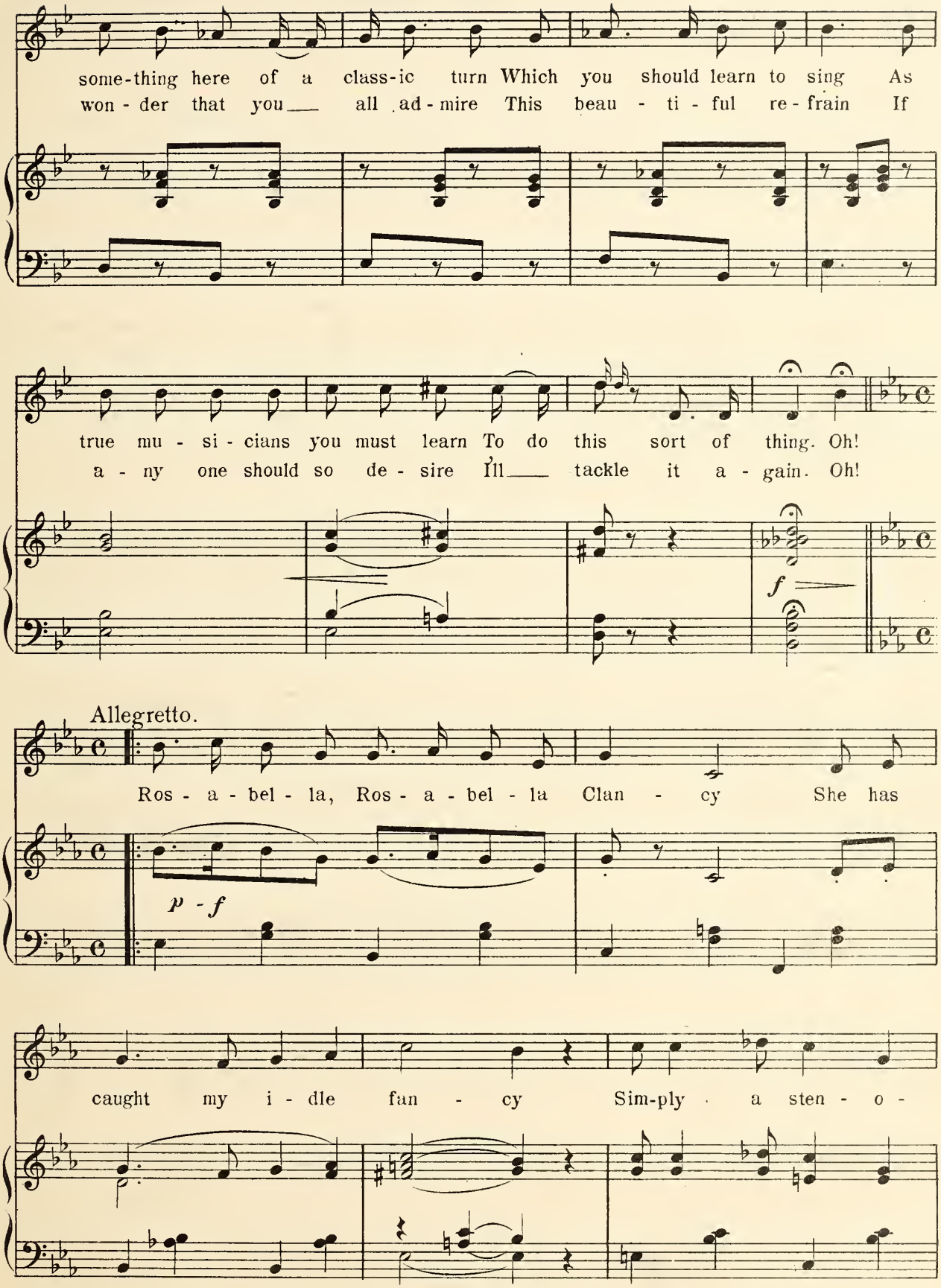
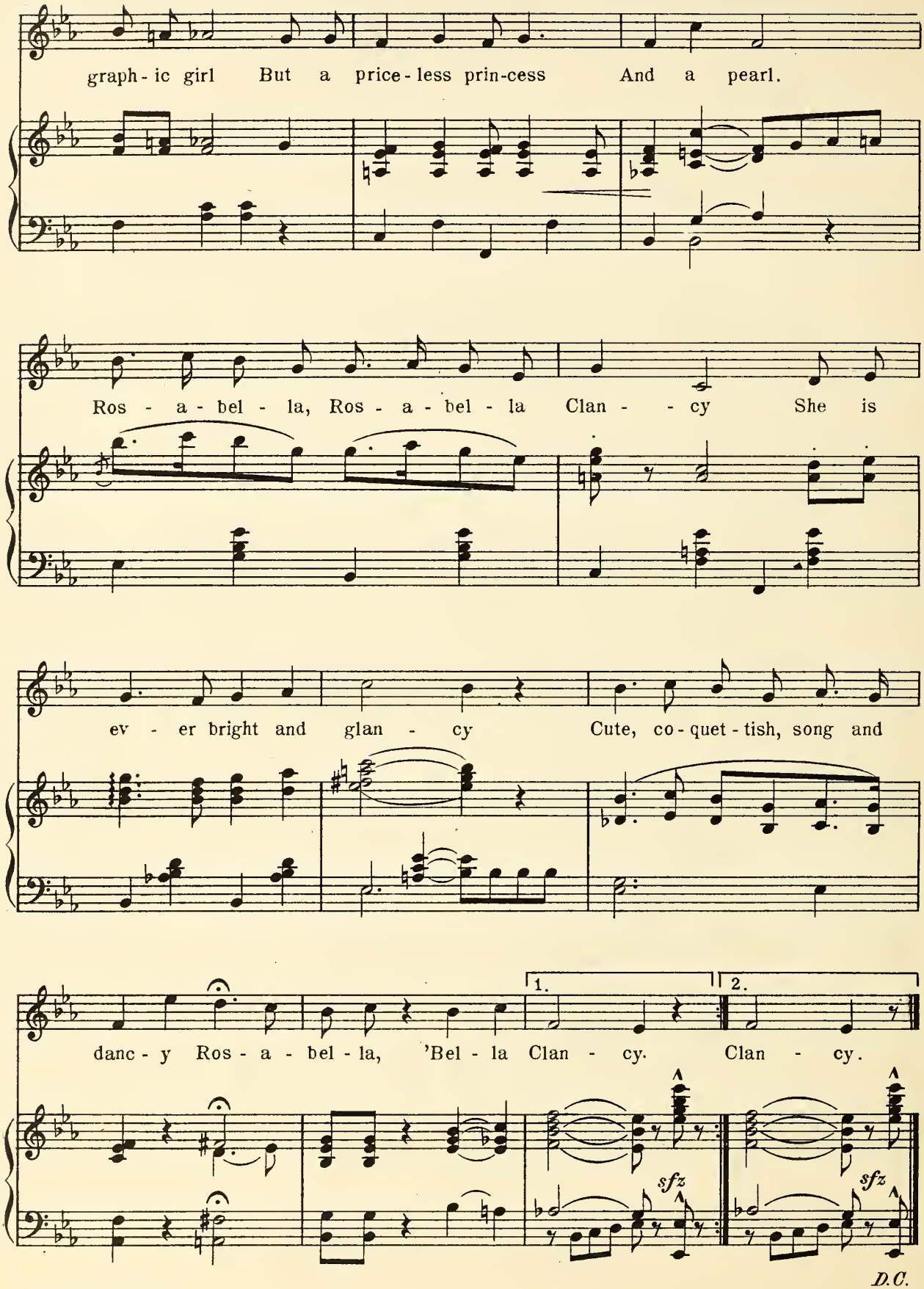

some-thing here of a class-ic turn Which you should learn to sing As
won - der that you all ad - mire This beau - ti - ful re - frain If
true mu - si - cians you must learn To do this sort of thing. Oh!
a - ny one should so de - sire I'll tackle it a - gain. Oh!
f
Allegretto.
Ros - a - bel - la, Ros - a - bel - la Clan - cy She has
p - f
caught my i - dle fan - cy Sim-ply a sten - o -


graph - ic girl But a price - less prin-cess And a pearl.
Ros - a - bel - la, Ros - a - bel - la Clan - - cy She is
ev - er bright and glan - cy Cute, co - quet - tish, song and
danc - y Ros - a - bel - la, 'Bel - la Clan - cy. Clan - cy.
1.
2.
sfz
sfz
D.C.

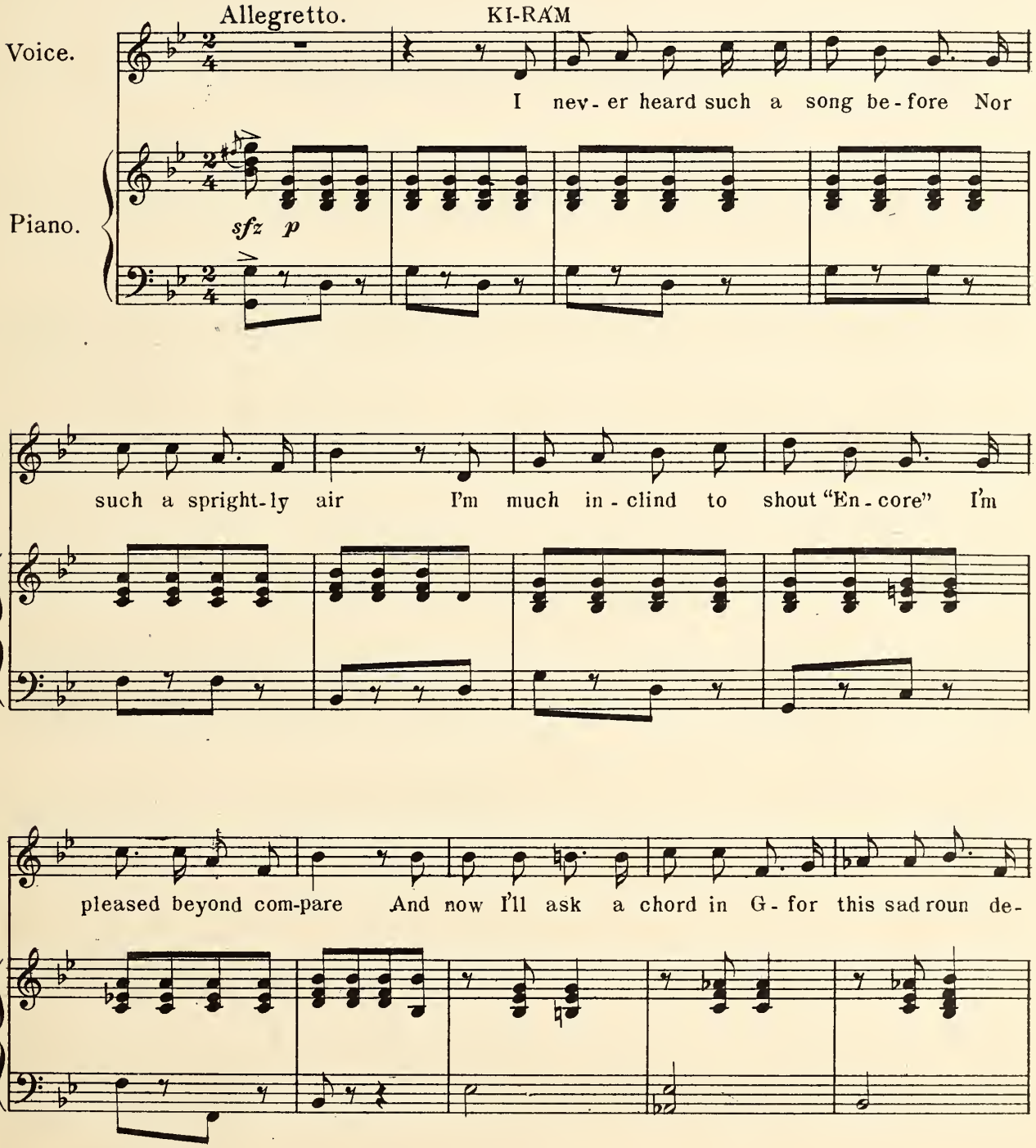
Manistee.

No. 21 b

Ki-Ram and Chorus.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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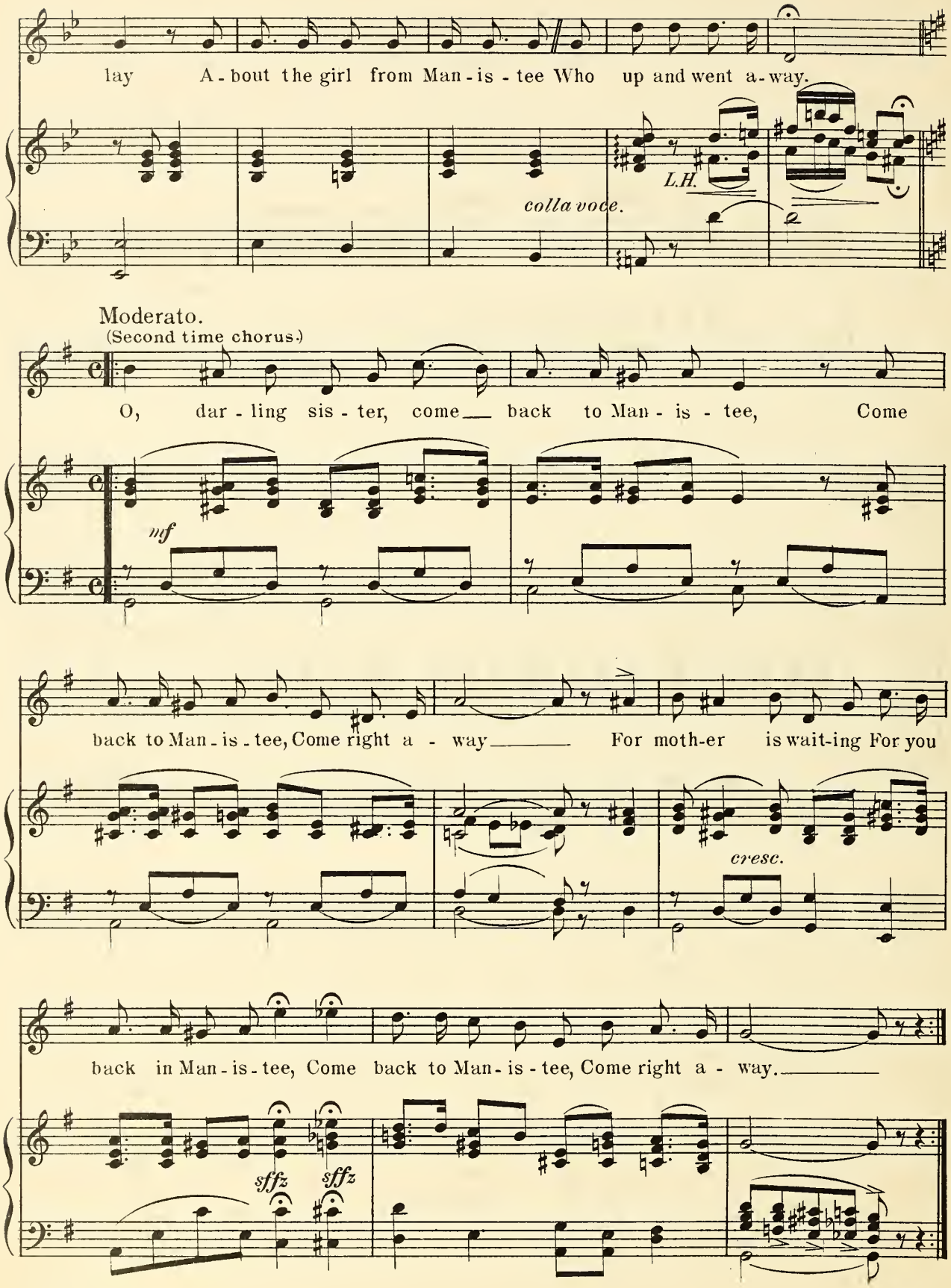

lay A - bout the girl from Man - is - tee Who up and went a - way.
L.H.
colla voce.
Moderato.
(Second time chorus.)
O, dar - ling sis - ter, come back to Man - is - tee, Come
mf
back to Man - is - tee, Come right a - way For moth-er is wait-ing For you
cresc.
back in Man - is - tee, Come back to Man - is - tee, Come right a - way.
sffz
sffz

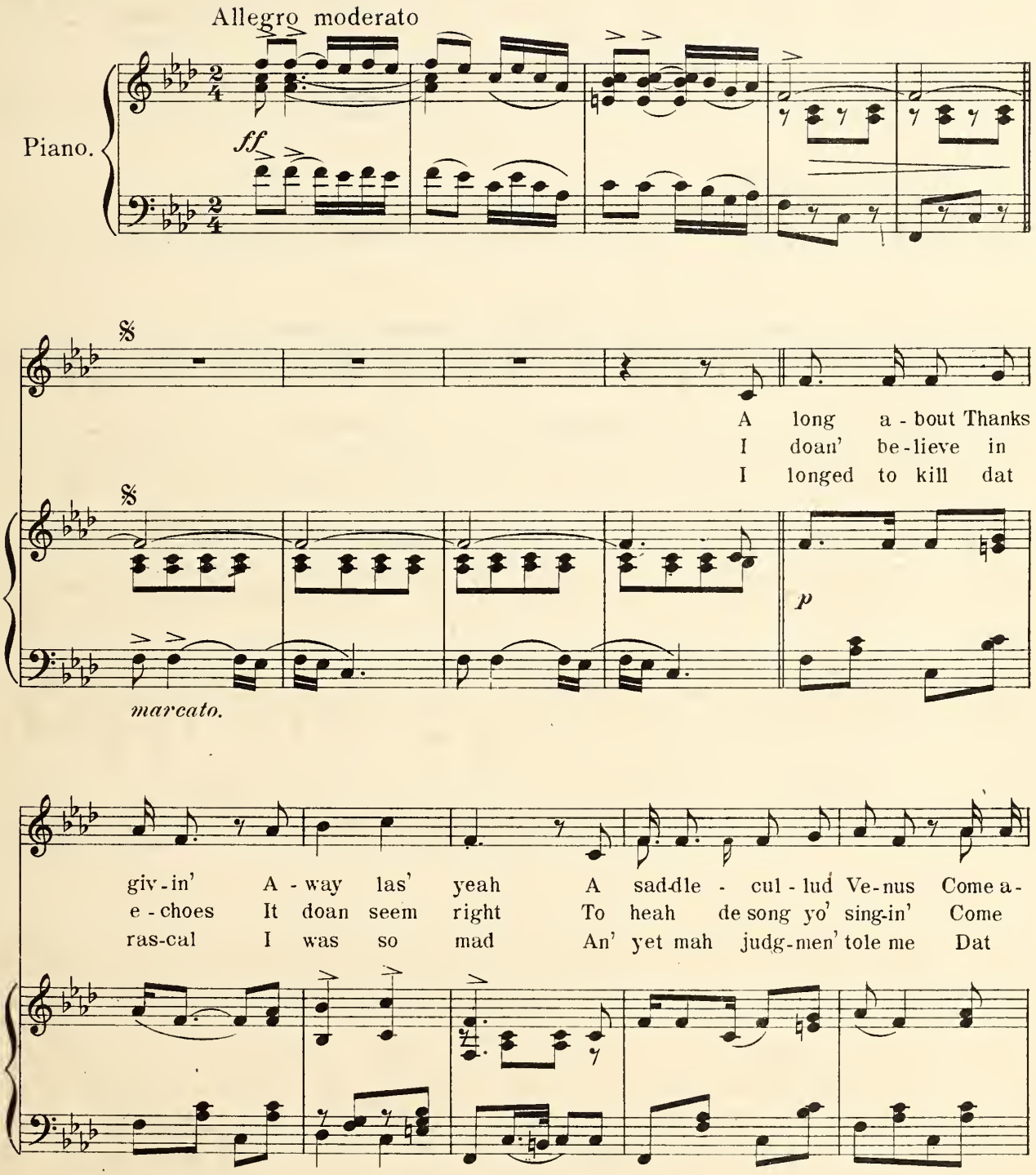
No 21.c

Delia.

Chiquita.

Lyrics by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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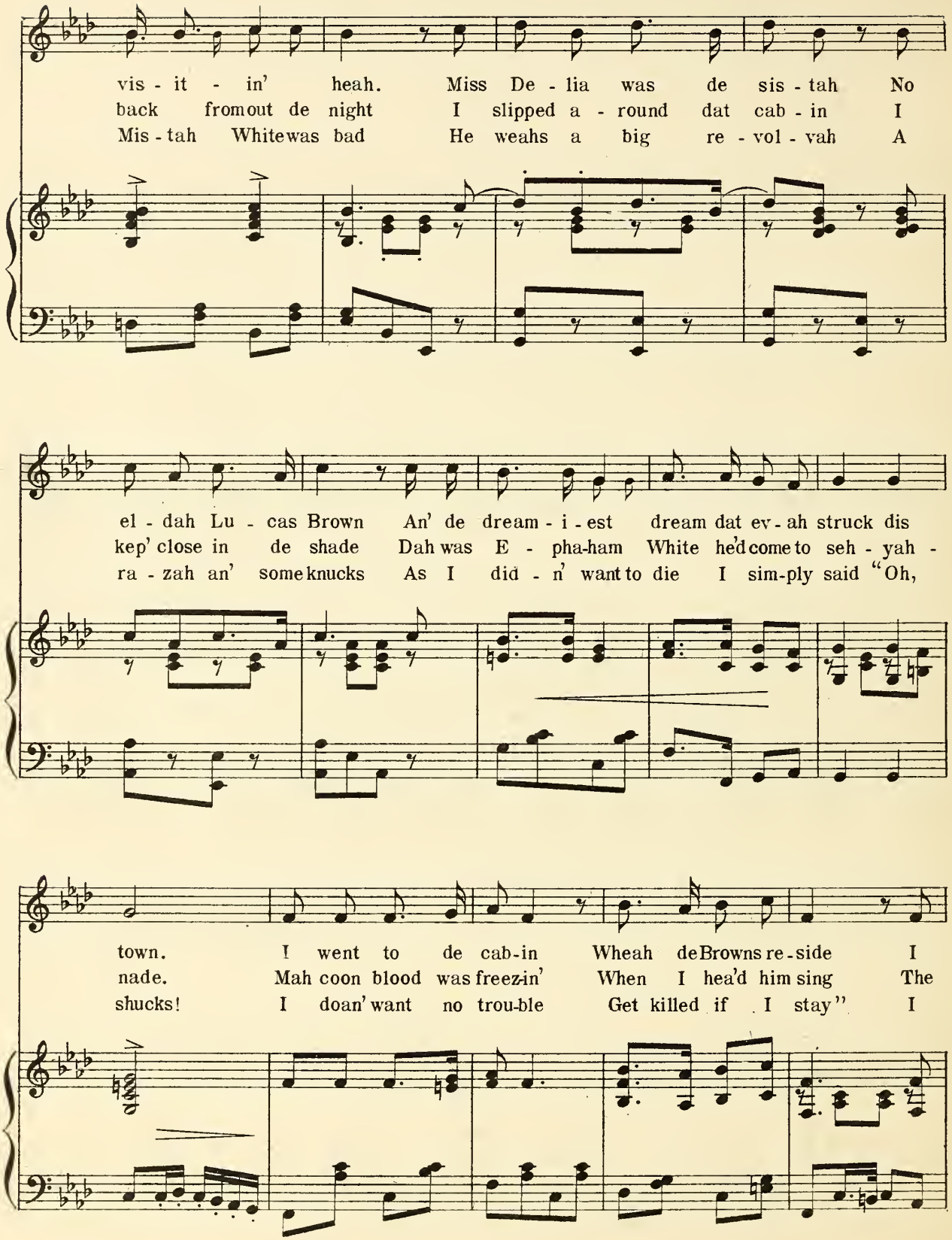
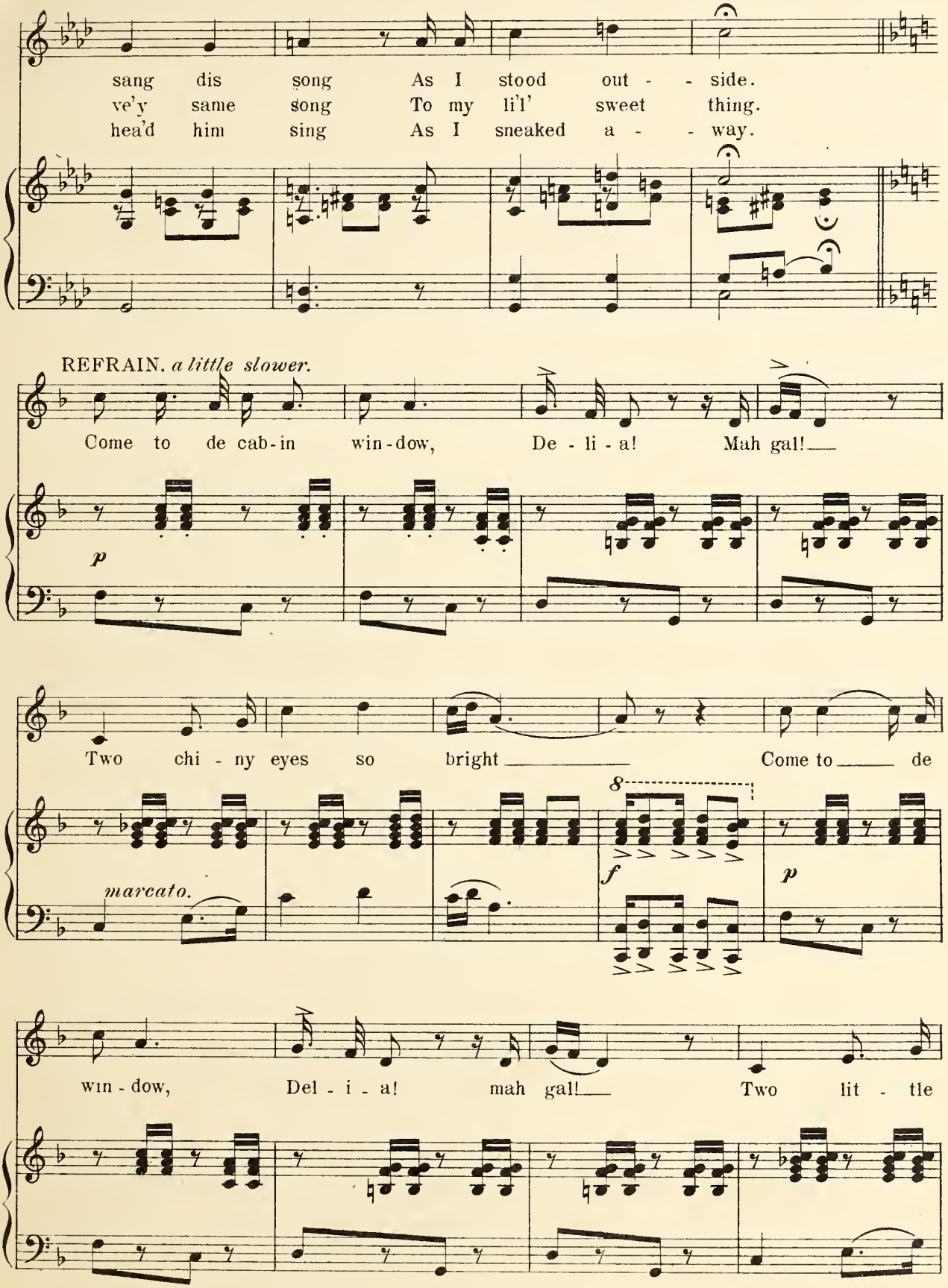
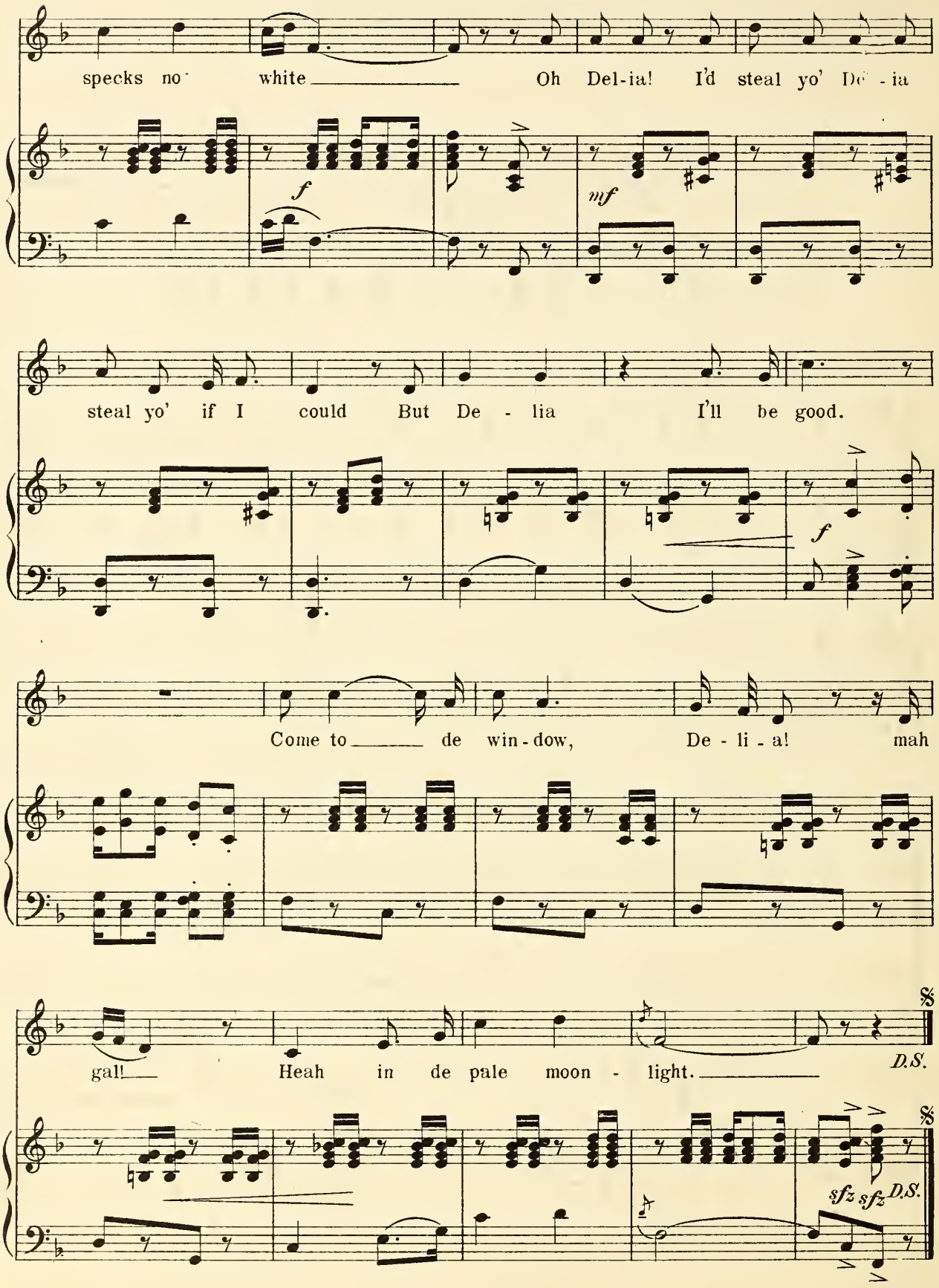

vis - it - in' heah. Miss De - lia was de sis - tah No
back from out de night I slipped a - round dat cab - in I
Mis - tah White was bad He weahs a big re - vol - vah A
el - dah Lu - cas Brown An' de dream - i - est dream dat ev - ah struck dis
kep' close in de shade Dah was E - pha-ham White he'd come to seh - yah -
ra - zah an' some knucks As I did - n' want to die I sim-ply said "Oh,
town. I went to de cab-in Wheah de Browns re-side I
nade. Mah coon blood was freez-in' When I hea'd him sing The
shucks! I doan' want no trou-ble Get killed if I stay" I

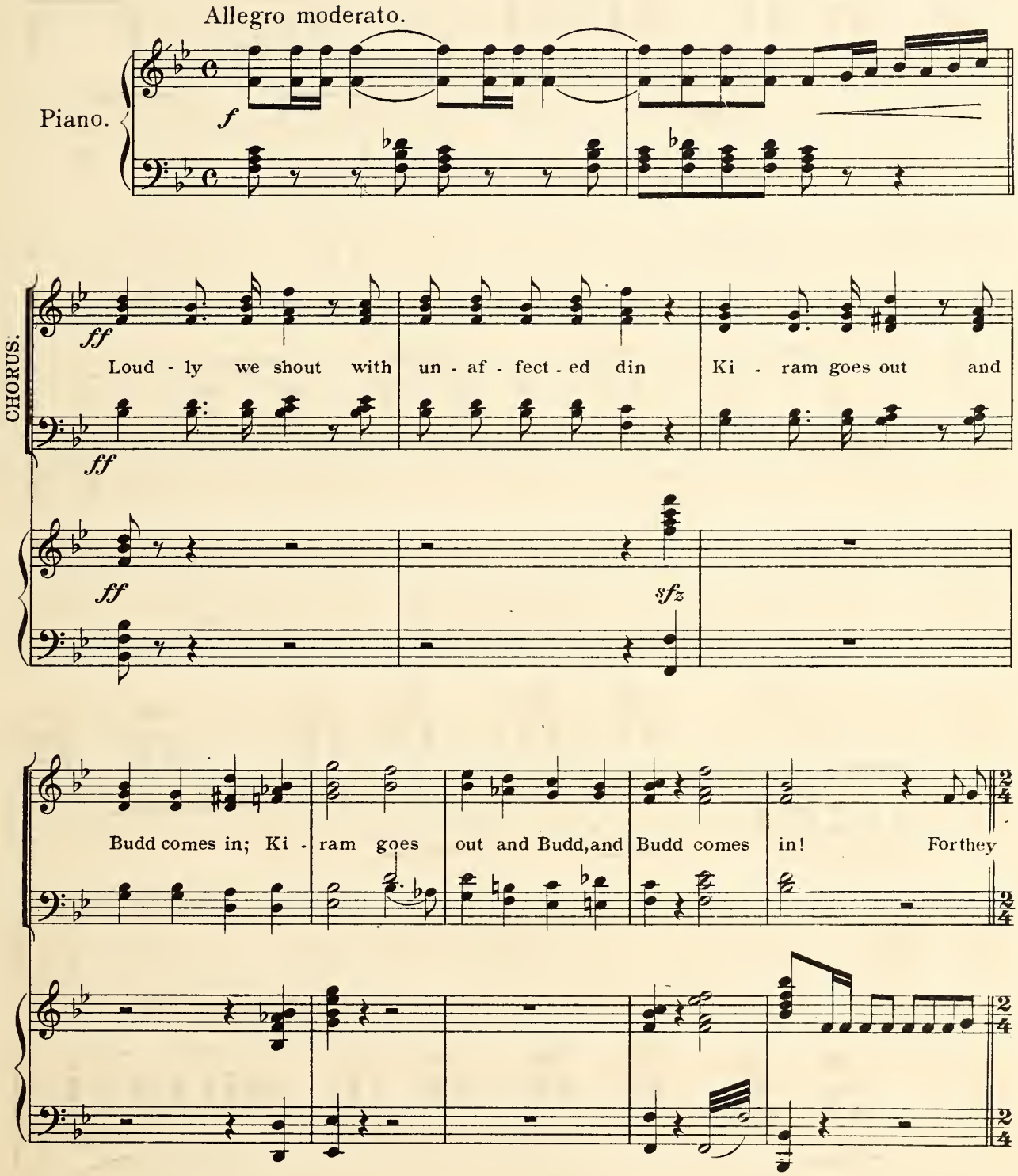

sang dis song As I stood out - - side.
ve'y same song To my li'l' sweet thing.
hea'd him sing As I sneaked a - - way.
REFRAIN. a little slower.
Come to de cab-in win-dow, De - li - a! Mah gal!
p
Two chi - ny eyes so bright Come to de
marcato.
8
f
p
win - dow, Del - i - a! mah gal! Two lit - tle


specks no white Oh Del-ia! I'd steal yo' De - ia
f
mf
steal yo' if I could But De - lia I'll be good.
f
Come to de win-dow, De - li - a! mah
gal! Heah in de pale moon - light.
D.S.
sfz sfz D.S.

No. 22. Loudly We Shout.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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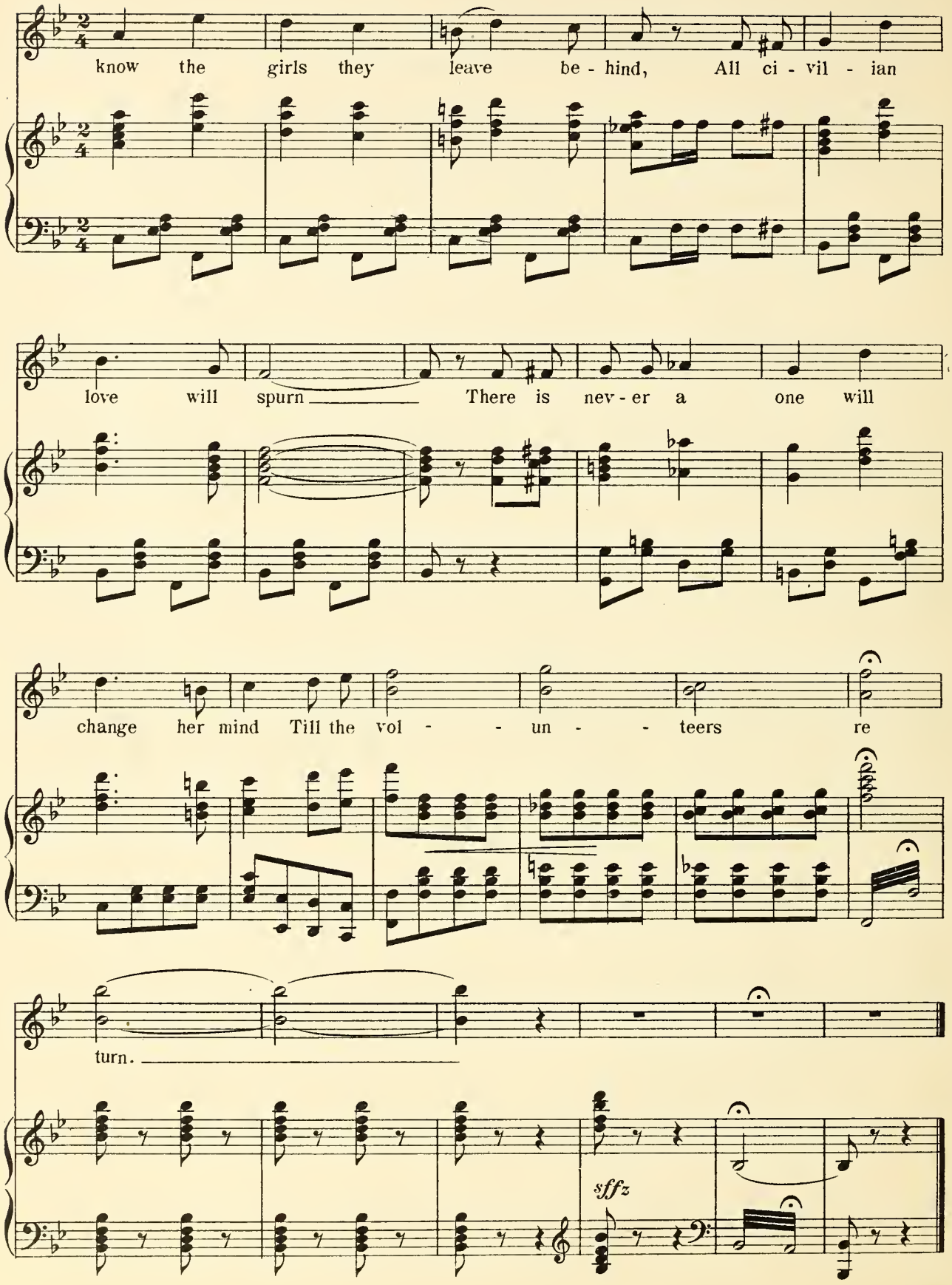
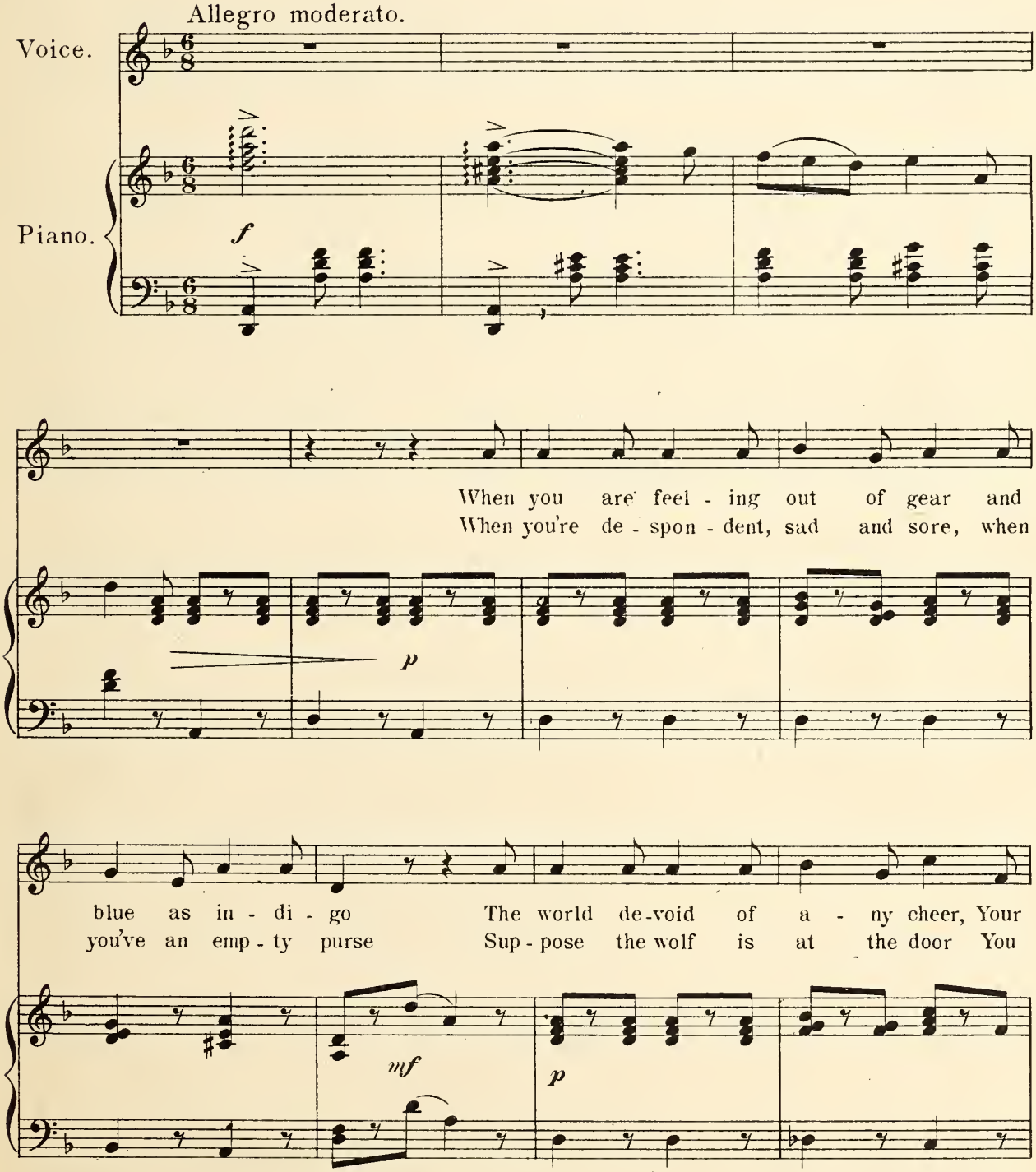

know the girls they leave be - hind, All ci - vil - ian
love will spurn There is nev - er a one will
change her mind Till the vol - un - teers re
turn.
sffz

No 23. Foolish Wedding Bells.

Henrietta, Lieut. Hardy, Chiquita, Col. Budd & Wives.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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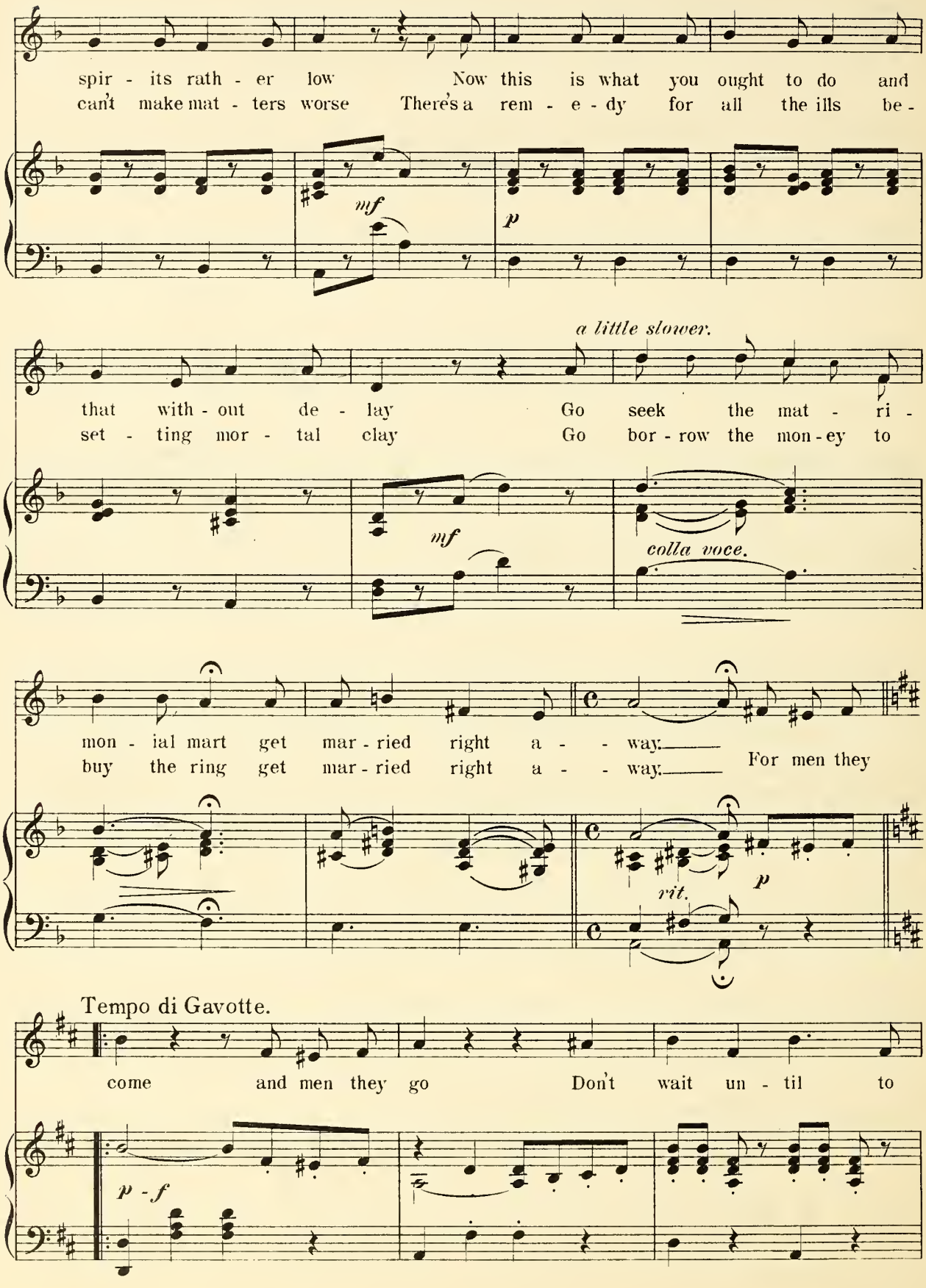
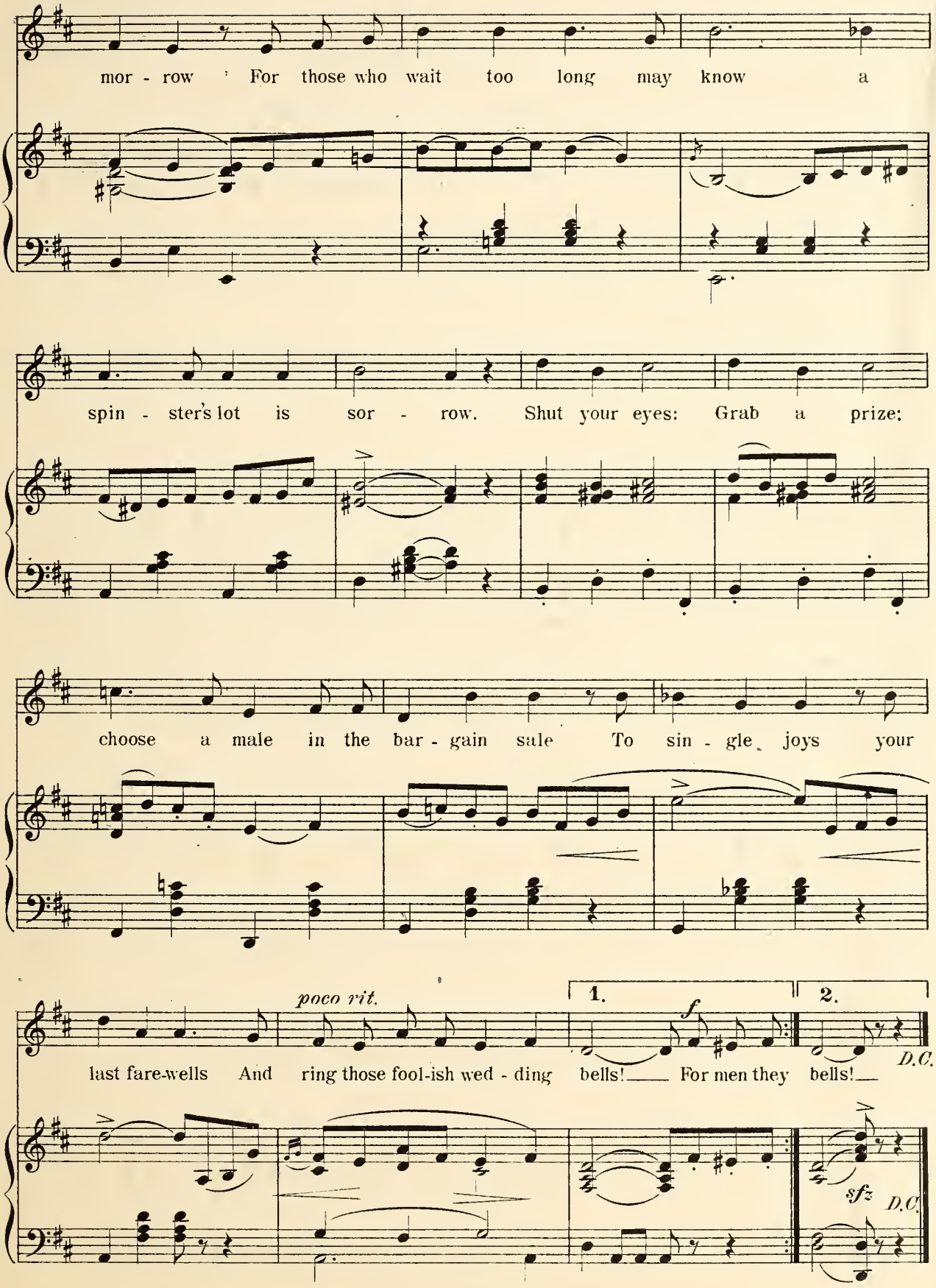

spir - its rath - er low Now this is what you ought to do and
can't make mat - ters worse There's a rem - e - dy for all the ills be -
mf
p
a little slower.
that with - out de - lay Go seek the mat - ri -
set - ting mor - tal clay Go bor - row the mon - ey to
mf
colla voce.
mon - ial mart get mar - ried right a - - way.
buy the ring get mar - ried right a - - way.
For men they
rit.
p
Tempo di Gavotte.
come and men they go Don't wait un - til to
p - f


mor - row For those who wait too long may know a
spin - ster's lot is sor - row. Shut your eyes: Grab a prize:
choose a male in the bar - gain sale To sin - gle joys your
poco rit.
1.
2.
f
last fare-wells And ring those fool-ish wed - ding bells! For men they bells!
D.C.
sfz
D.C.

March of the Candidates.

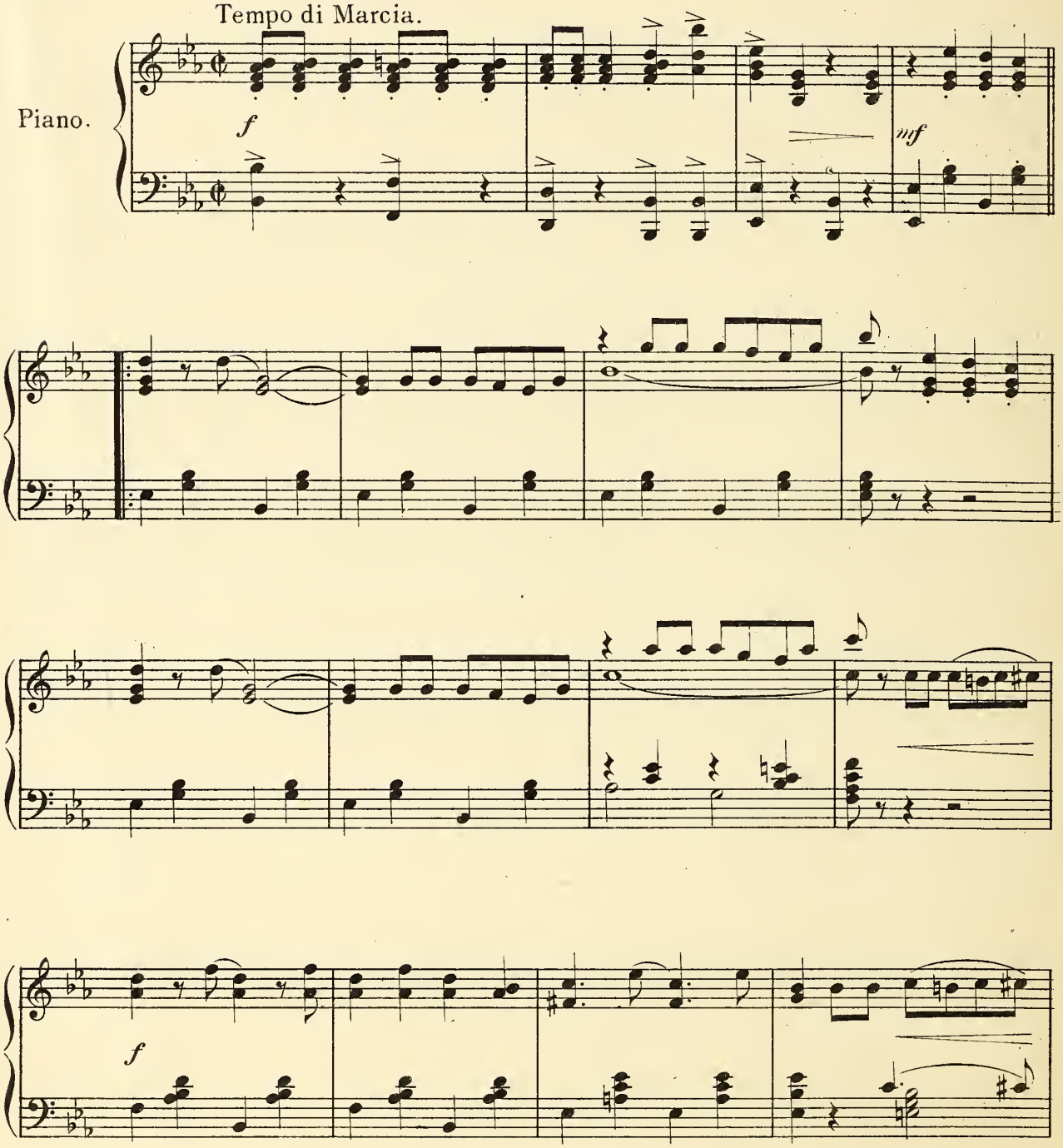
No. 24.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.

Tempo di Marcia.

Piano.



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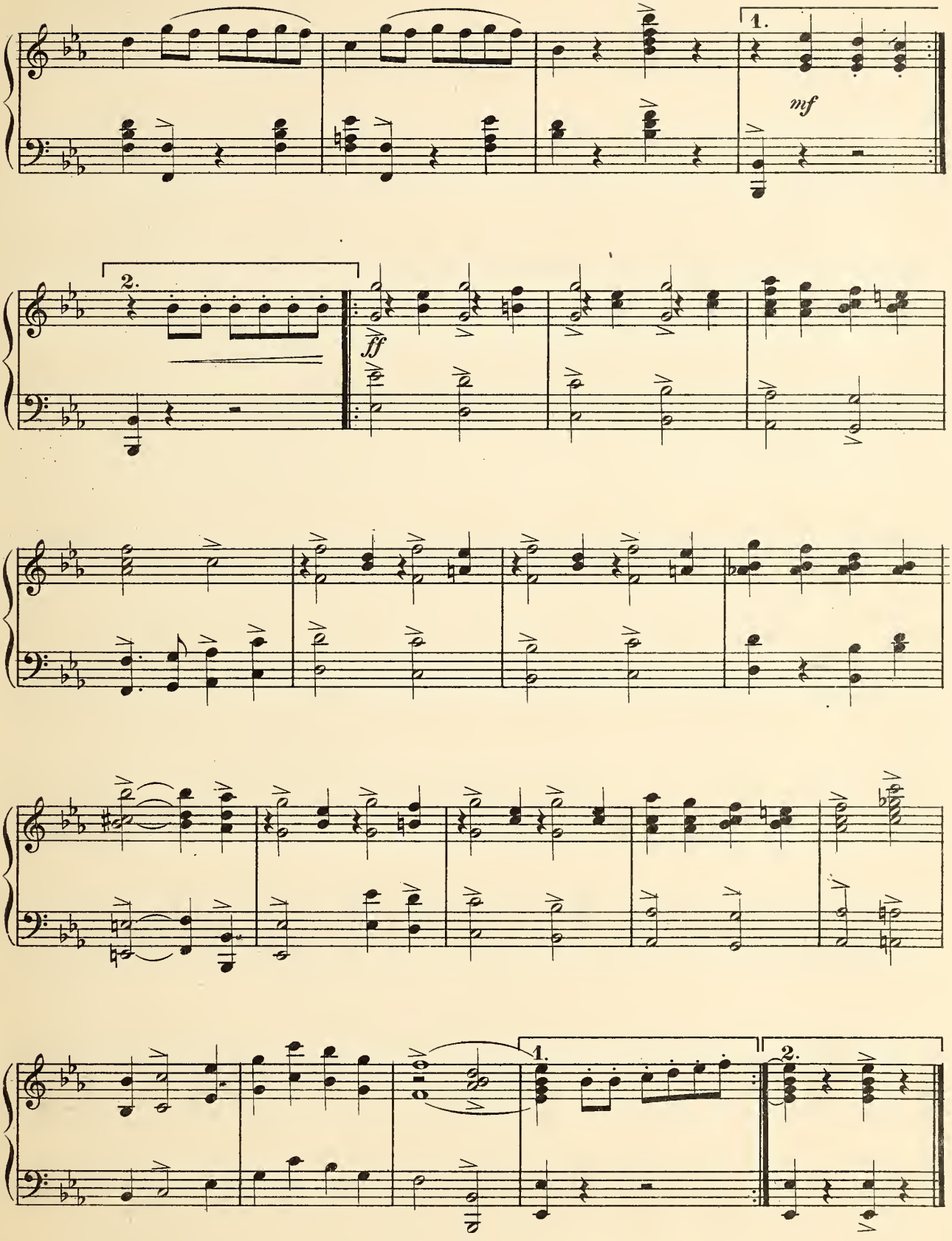
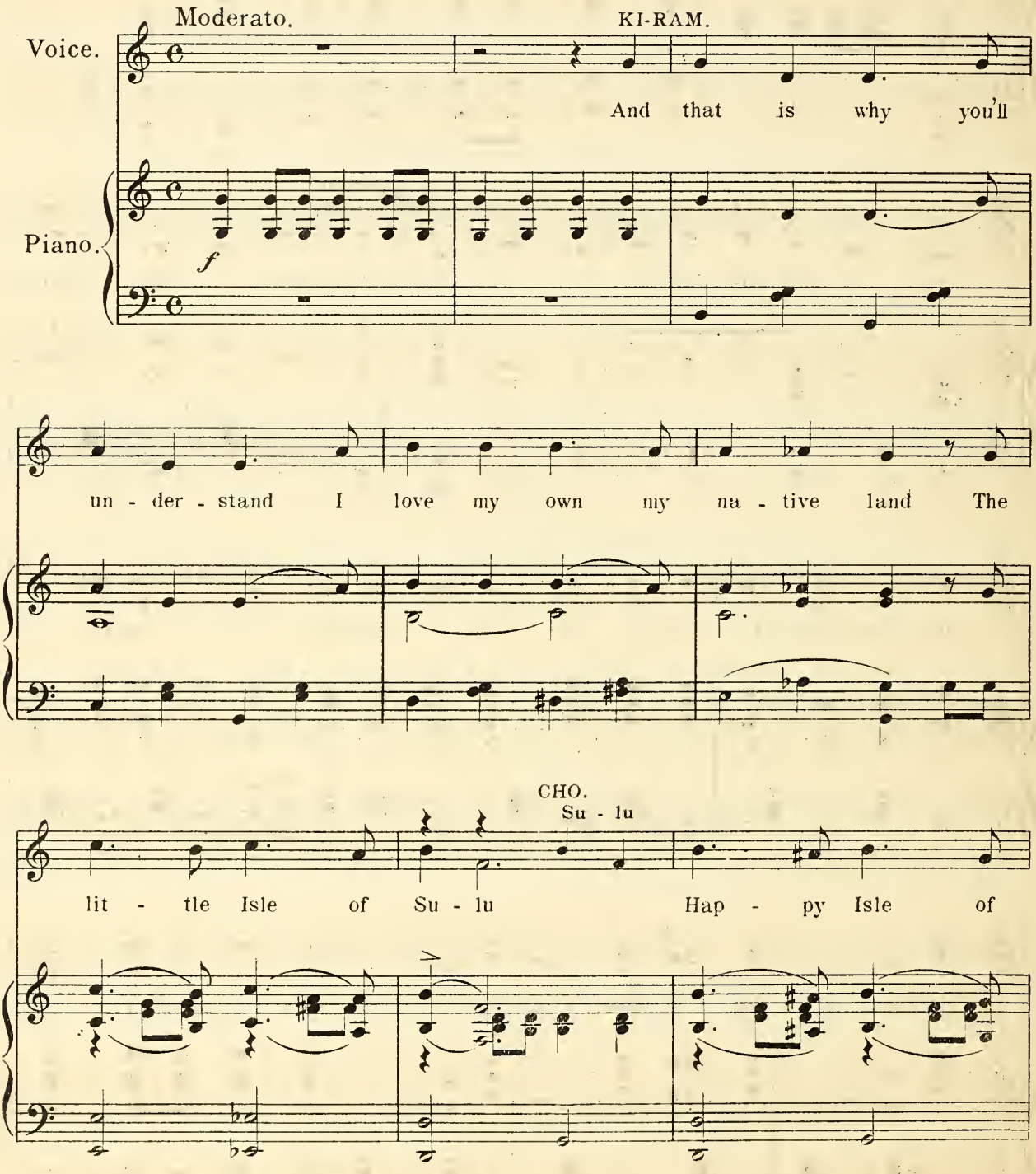

1.
mf
2.
ff
1.
2.

No 25. Finale III.

Lyric by
GEORGE ADE.

Music by
ALFRED G. WATHALL.



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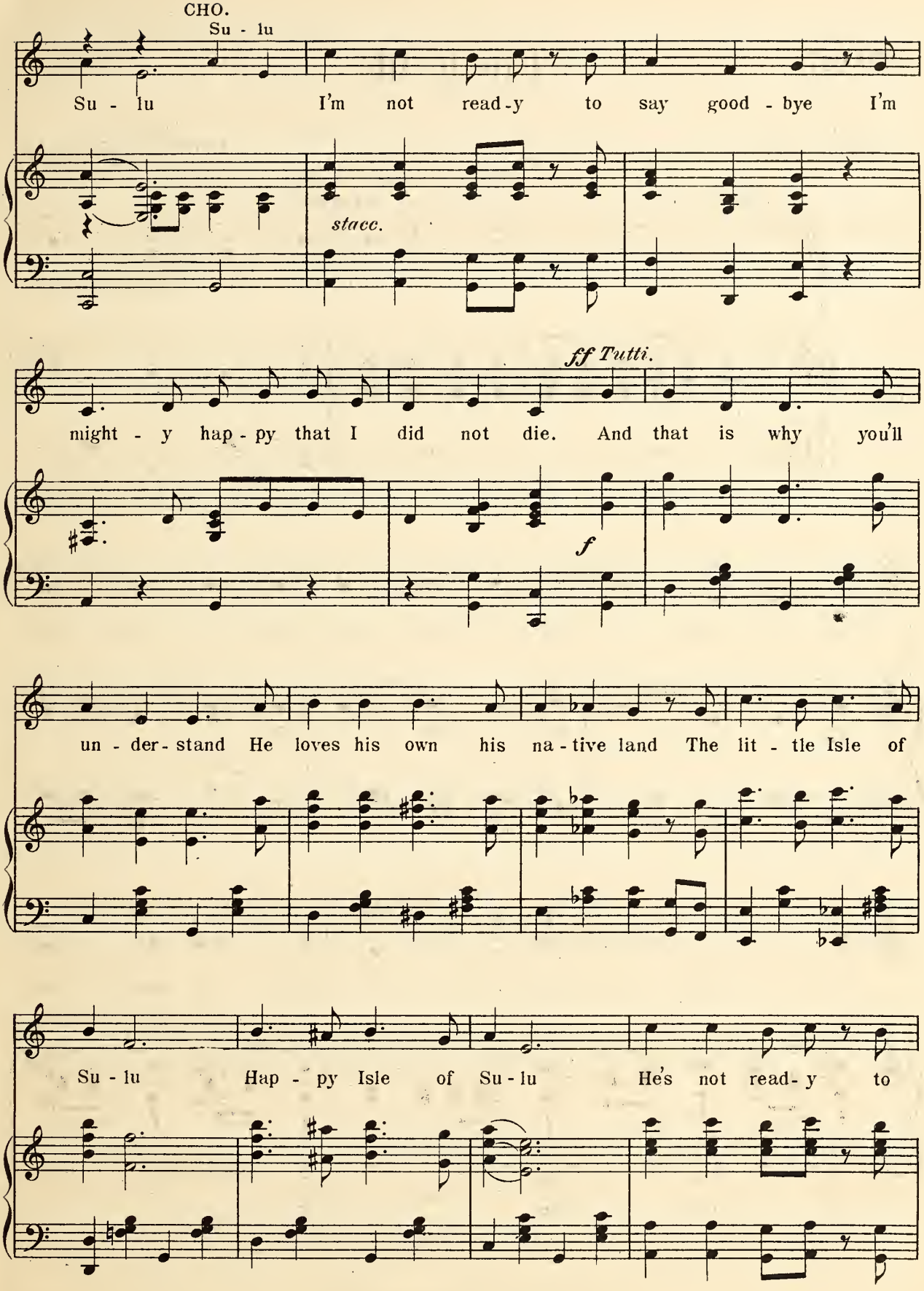
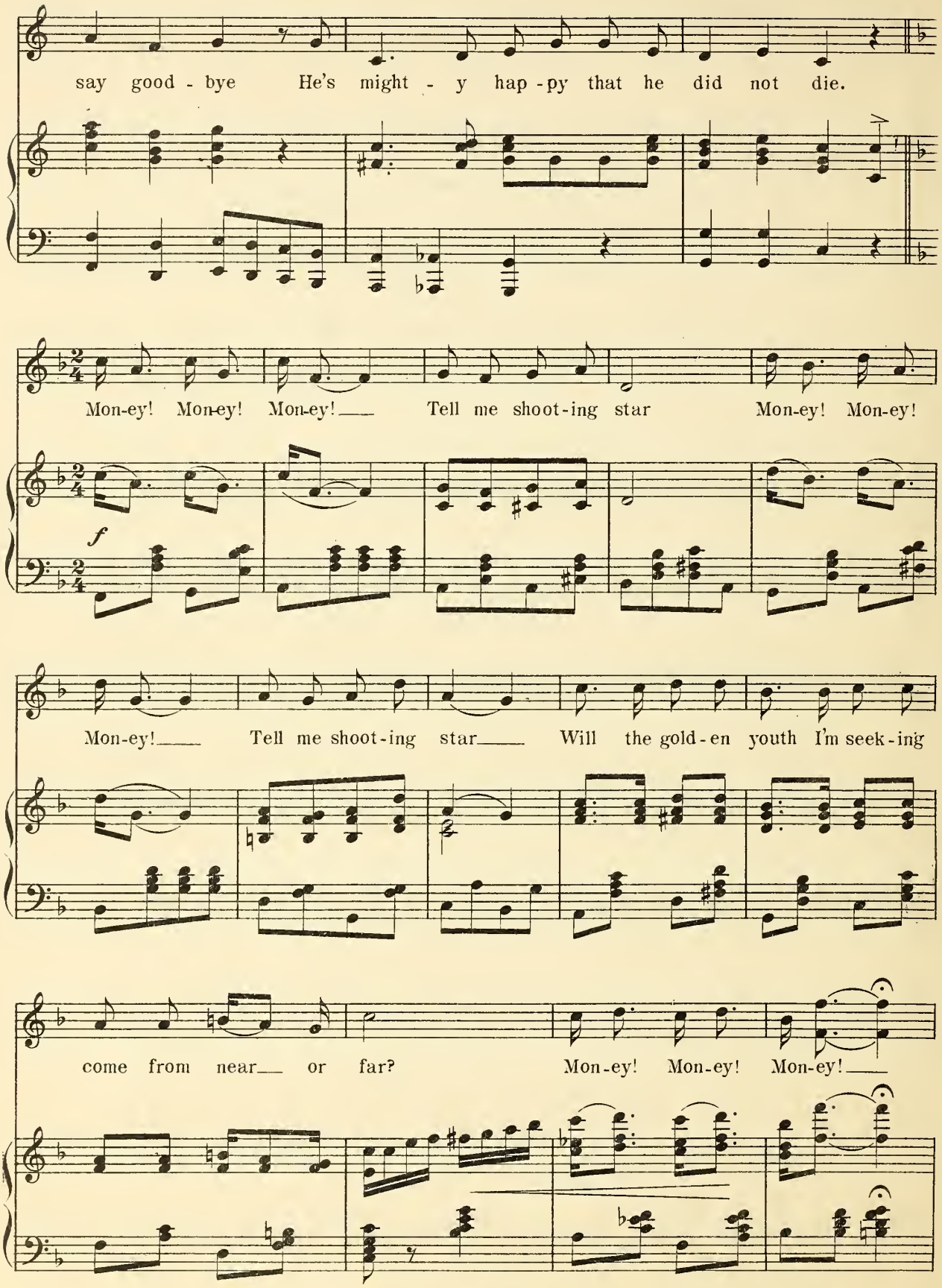
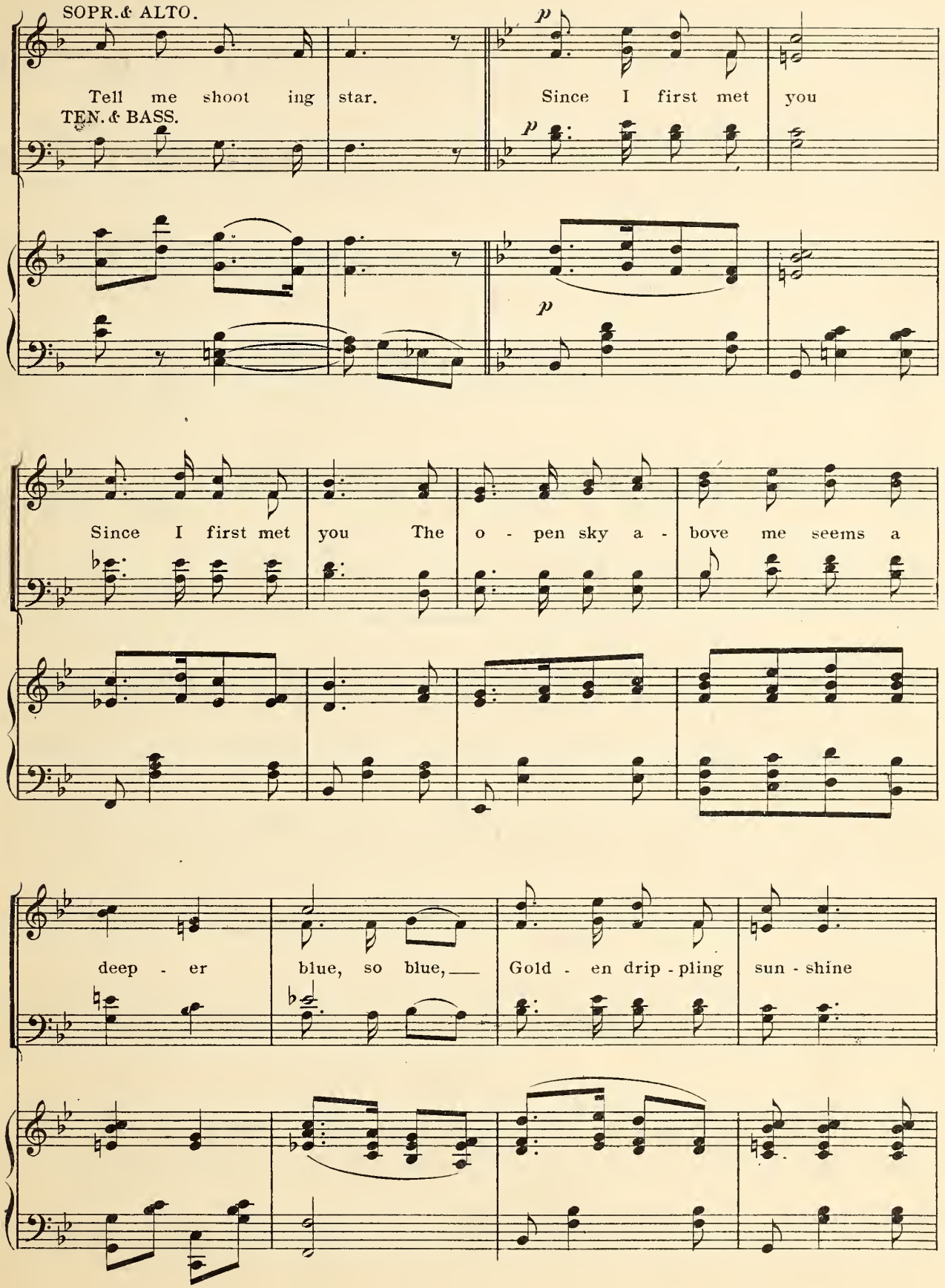
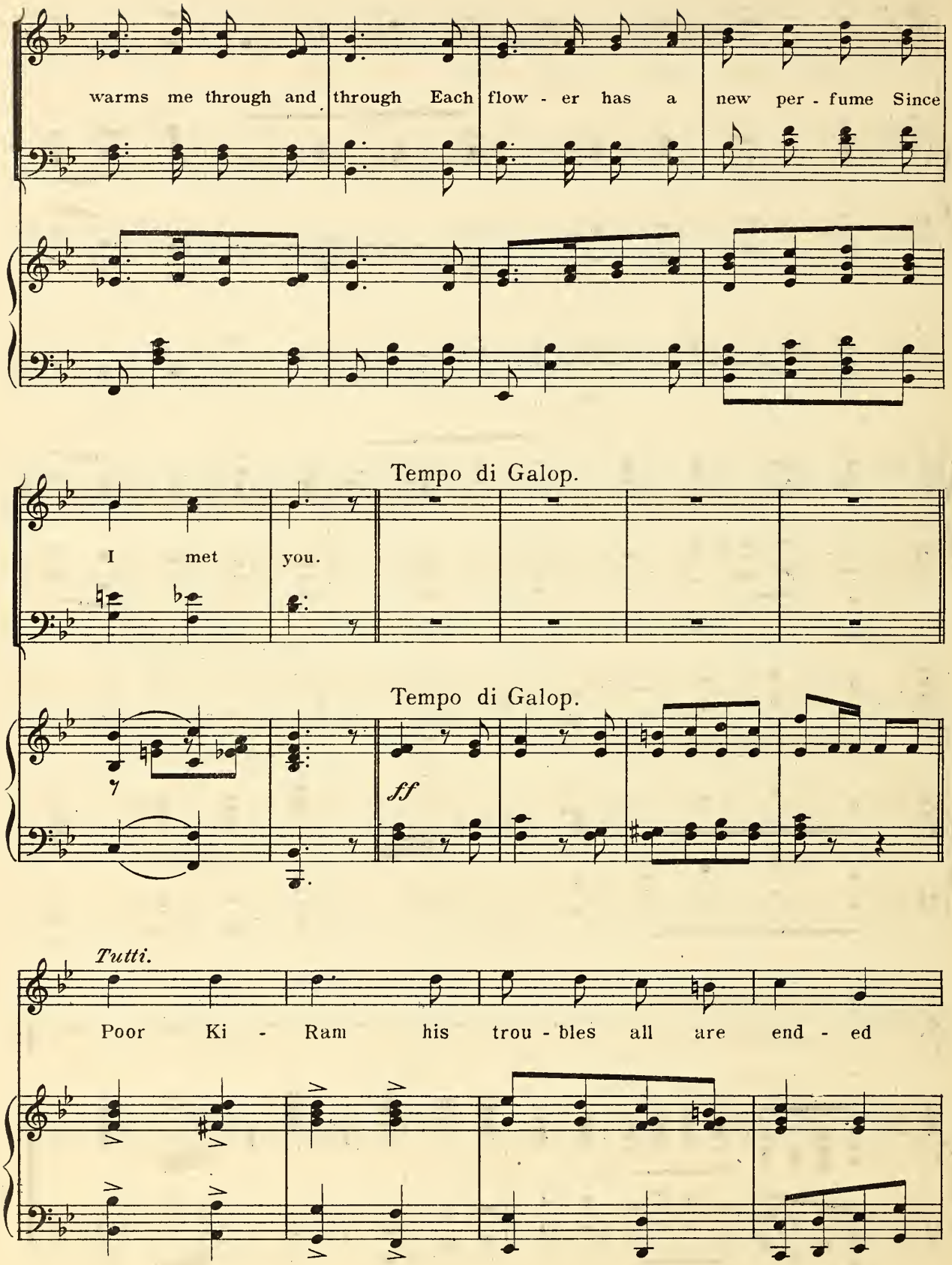
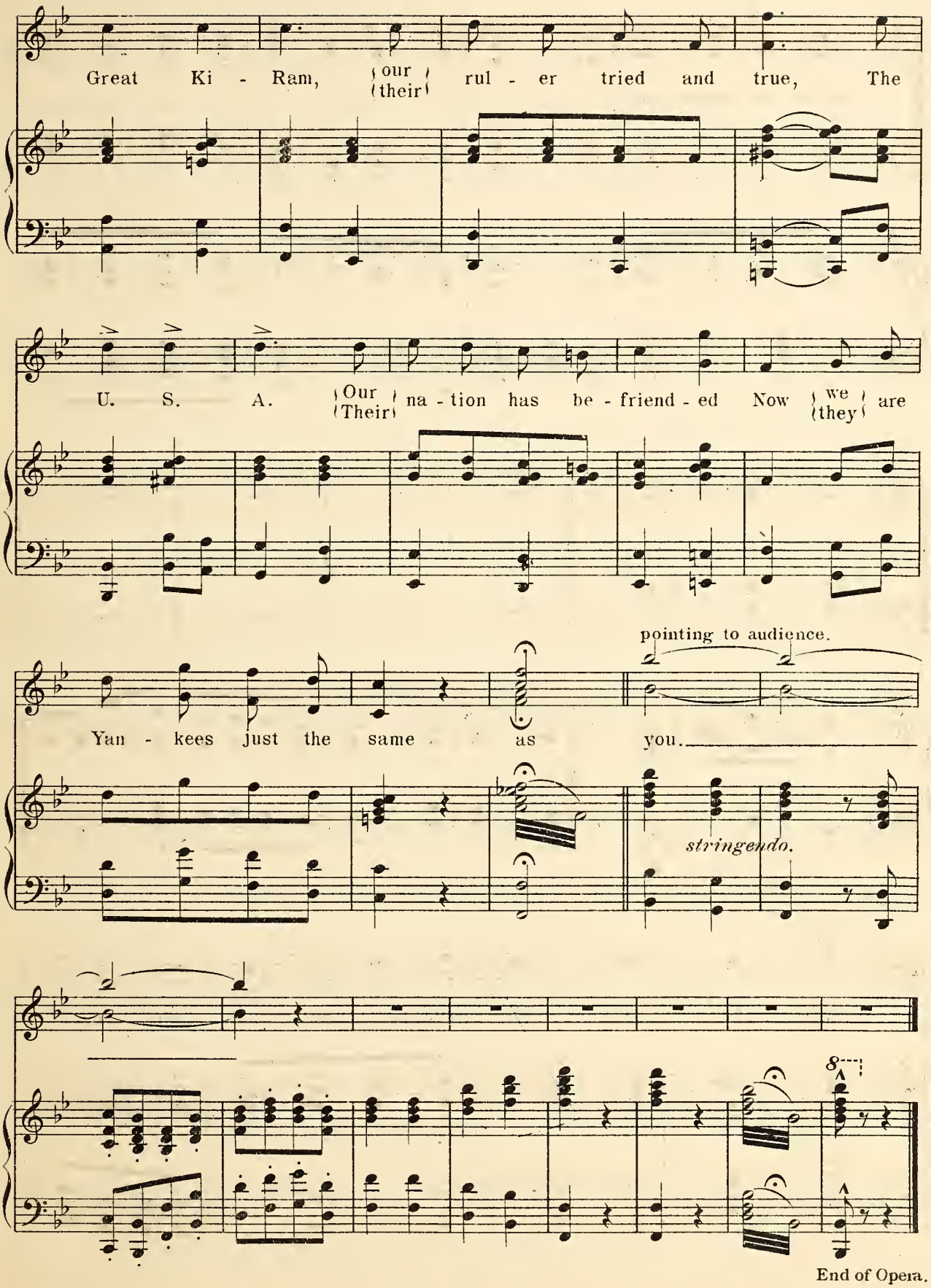

CHO.
Su - lu
Su - lu I'm not read-y to say good - bye I'm
stacc.
ff Tutti.
might - y hap - py that I did not die. And that is why you'll
f
un - der - stand He loves his own his na - tive land The lit - tle Isle of
Su - lu Hap - py Isle of Su - lu He's not read - y to


say good - bye He's might - y hap - py that he did not die.
Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Tell me shoot-ing star Mon-ey! Mon-ey!
f
Mon-ey! Tell me shoot-ing star Will the gold-en youth I'm seek-ing
come from near or far? Mon-ey! Mon-ey! Mon-ey!


SOPR. & ALTO.
Tell me shoot ing star.
TEN. & BASS.
p
Since I first met you
p
p
Since I first met you The o - pen sky a - bove me seems a
deep - er blue, so blue, Gold - en drip - pling sun - shine


warms me through and through Each flow - er has a new per - fume Since
Tempo di Galop.
I met you.
Tempo di Galop.
ff
Tutti.
Poor Ki - Ram his trou - bles all are end - ed


Great Ki - Ram, our / their rul - er tried and true, The
U. S. A. Our / Their na - tion has be - friend - ed Now we / they are
pointing to audience.
Yan - kees just the same as you.
stringendo.
8
End of Opera.

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