

STAGE LYRICS



BY
HARRY
B
SMITH

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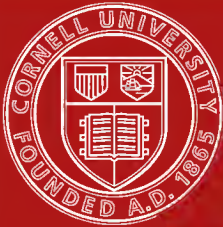
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Stage Lyrics



Stage Lyrics

By

Harry B. Smith

With Illustrations by

Archie Gunn, Ray Brown and F. W. Kemble

*And with Forty-one Character
Portraits of Stage Favorites*



NEW YORK

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1900



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by
Robert Howard Russell

*These verses, from operas and
musical comedies, are dedicated
to the singers and comedians
who have made them popular.*

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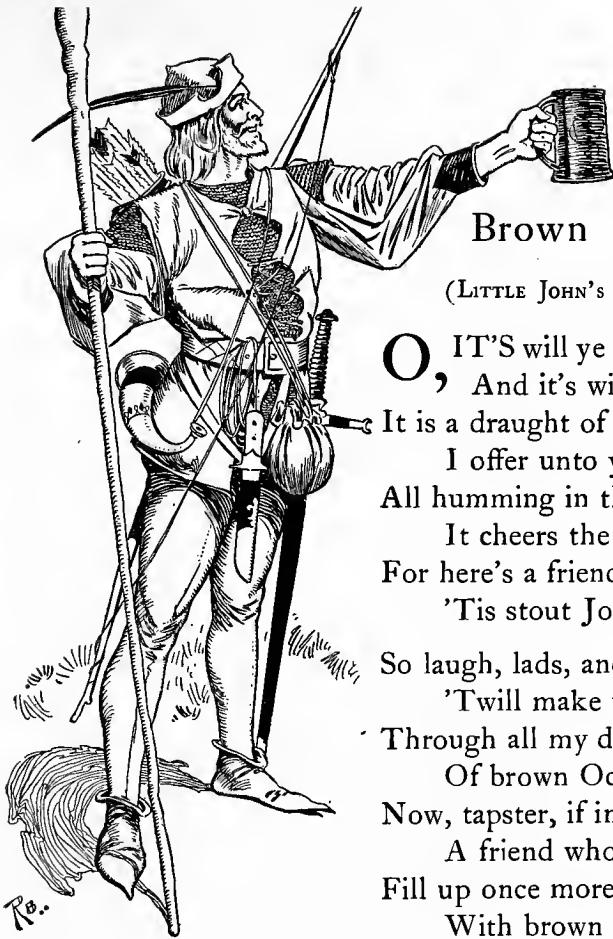
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THE FORTUNE TELLER



Brown October Ale

(LITTLE JOHN'S SONG in *Robin Hood*)

O IT'S will ye quaff with me, my lads,
' And it's will ye quaff with me?

It is a draught of nut-brown ale
I offer unto ye.

All humming in the tankard, lads,
It cheers the heart forlorn;
For here's a friend to ev'ryone—
'Tis stout John Barleycorn.

So laugh, lads, and quaff, lads;
'Twill make you stout and hale;
Through all my days, I'll sing the praise
Of brown October ale.

Now, tapster, if in me you'd win
A friend who will not fail,
Fill up once more the cannikin
With brown October ale.

And it's will you love me true, my lass,
And it's will you love me true?
If not, I'll drink one flagon more,
And so farewell to you.
If Joan or Moll or Nan or Doll
Should make your heart to mourn,
I'll give a friend who will be stanch—
'Tis rare John Barleycorn.

So laugh, lads, and quaff, lads.
While flagons do not fail,
We'll happy be with three times three
Of brown October ale.
Now, you, good wife, and you, good man,
Let not your mirth grow stale;
But round we'll pass the clinking can
Of brown October ale.



W. H. MacDonald

The Armorer

(WILL SCARLET'S Song in *Robin Hood*)

LET hammer on anvil ring, ring, ring,
And the forge fire brightly shine;
Let the wars rage still, while I work with a will
At this peaceable trade of mine.
The sword is a weapon to conquer fields;
I honor the man who shakes it;
But naught is the lad who the broadsword wields
Compared to the lad who makes it.
Huzzah for the anvil, the forge
and the sledge,
Huzzah for the sparks
that fly;
If I had a cup I would straight-
way pledge
The armorer—that is I.

Clang, clang, clang!
Let carking care go hang.
Let the trusty sledge
On the anvil's edge
By a lusty arm be whirled.
Cling, cling, cling!
Let the armorer blithely sing;
For it's here is made
The hero's blade
That may conquer all the
world.

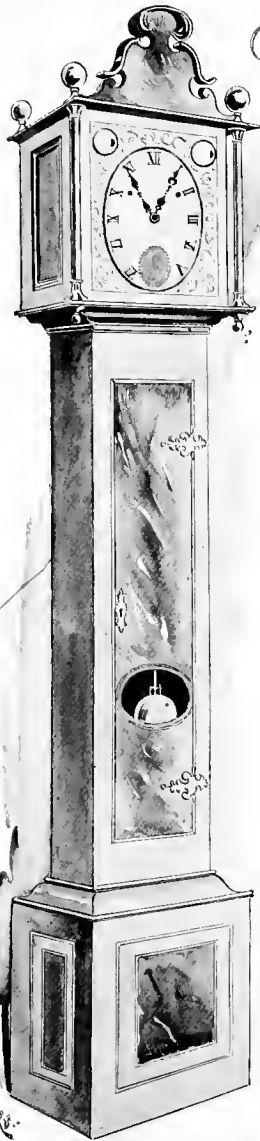


Eugene Cowles

Let others of glory sing, sing, sing,
As they struggle in glory's quest.
Let them wield their brands in their mailéd hands,
While the sword smites shield and crest.
The soldier's a lad who is stanch and leal,
And his calling is most glorious ;
But who is it gives him the trusty steel
That can render him victorious ?
Huzzah for the wight who can fashion a blade
That can make a traitor fly ;
Huzzah for the lad who this broadsword made,
The armorer—that is I.

Clang, clang, clang !
Let carking care go hang.
Let the trusty sledge
On the anvil's edge
By a lusty arm be whirled.
Cling, cling, cling !
Let the armorer blithely sing ;
For it's here is made
The hero's blade
That may conquer all the world.





The Naughty Little Clock



(From *The Casino Girl*)

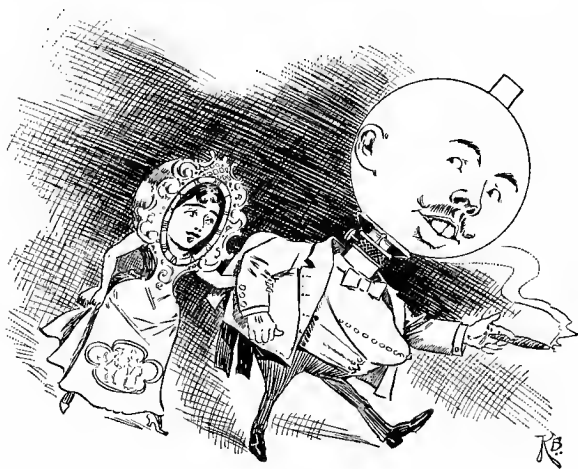
THERE once was a frivolous and giddy little clock,
A little French clock rather gay,
Very trim and very neat, but a creature of deceit
When you wished to know the time of day;
Its goings-on would shock the old hall clock,
Till it held up its hands aghast.
I'm sure, to tell the truth, it went wrong in early youth,
Had a natural inclination to be fast.

“Tic-toc! tic-toc!” said the silly little clock,
“O life in this house is slow,
So cold and grim, very dull and prim—
I'm getting run down I know.”
So she sighed all day for a life more gay,
She longed for a shady past,
This naughty little, haughty little clock—tic-toc—
That had an inclination to be fast.



“I’m quite wound up,” declared the giddy little clock,
“I’m weary of the mantel-shelf;
For years I’ve had to chime to give other folks a time,
Now I’d like to have a time myself.
I would even run away with a terrible *roué*,
If he’d show me the town’s great sights.”
So she took up with the lamp, an incorrigible scamp,
Who always smoked and went out nights.

“Tic-toc! tic-toc!” said the foolish little clock;
“Oh, won’t you elope with me?
I’m yours from to-day if you’ll take me away
Where something of life I’ll see.”
So they ne’er came back, and the bric-a-brac
Had scandal enough at last,
In gossiping about the little clock — tic-toc—
With inherited ambition to be fast.



“I will hide my face,” said the foolish little clock,
“My case is a scandal quite,
For that shady lamp stays out all night;
His conduct is dreadfully light.
It gives me ‘wheels in my head,’” said she
(Though ’twas slang that she did not like);
“He calls me a slow old thing; he won’t answer when I ring;
No wonder that I’m going to strike.”

“Tic-toc! tic-toc!” said the lonely little clock,
“I wish I had not left home.
I’d rather be straight than up to date,
And I never again will roam.”
So now she’s there on the mantel-shelf,
A lady who has a past.
No reputable bric-a-brac will speak to her,
That little clock that used to be so fast.



Ella Snyder



The Highwayman

WHOSE figure is that on the crest of the hill,
Astride of a nag that is black as a raven,
With barkers at belt, never statue more still?

'Tis he whose mere name gives a quake to the craven.
Red mask upon phiz, a red cloak he is wrapped in ;
Like an eagle he poises to swoop on his prey.
Why, who should it be but the bold Scarlet Captain,
The only true King of the King's Highway?

It is bad to be fobbed,
It is rough to be robbed
By a beetle-browed blackguard who boldly browbeats you ;
But believe me, 'tis worse
To deliver your purse
To a genial rascal who courteously treats you.

With a cheery chit-chat to you—
Doffing plumed hat to you—
Blandly he tells you the toll you must pay.
Shockingly chaffs at you,
Mockingly laughs at you,
Gives you good-day and then gallops away.

Let Jehu beware, let the guard have a care,
Let Bishop or Magistrate shiver and quiver
When Scarlet rides up on his ebon-black mare
And out of the night rings his "Stand and deliver."
But if 'tis a dame that is youthful and handsome,
Then never a courtier more gallant and gay ;
And never a jewel—just a kiss for a ransom,
'Tis a tax to the King of the King's Highway.

It is bad to be fobbed,
It is rough to be robbed



By a beetle-browed blackguard who boldly browbeats you;
 But believe me, 'tis worse
 To deliver your purse
To a genial rascal who courteously treats you.
 With a cheery chit-chat to you—
 Doffing plumed hat to you—
Blandly he tells you the toll you must pay.
 Shockingly chaffs at you,
 Mockingly laughs at you,
Gives you good-day and then gallops away.





IN

THE
MORNING

(The Highwayman's Last Song)

COME, fill me a flagon as high as you please,
And look that the wine be old,
For I have a toast I would drink ere we part,
To one fair face that is in this heart
That shall soon be still and cold.
This one fair girl, had she cared for me
As I have loved her in the days of old,
Why, certain purses there still might be
In their owners' pockets with all their gold.

(They give him a tankard.)

Health for aye to you!
Masters, good-day to you!
Ladies, a kiss to ye.
Your years may be long
For laughter and song,
But I shall be
Upon Tyburn tree
In the morning.

*(He takes from his pocket a miniature, at which he looks
as he sings.)*

I never have told you, for scarcely I knew,
 Never offered you kiss nor vow,
And lest, little sweetheart, I put you to shame,
I never will breathe to the world your name,
 But you'll know all soon, dear, now.
So let the devil come claim his own!
 I've led him a pace; I'll laugh in his face;
But say to those who my story tell
That I loved one long and well.

Fortune bright to you!
Ladies, good-night to you!
 Rascals must have their day.
My ghost may ride
A black steed astride,
 But I shall fade
Like a phantom shade
 In the morning.



De Voodoo Man

SETTIN' roun' de cabin do' at sittin' o' de sun—

(Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, *won't* yeh?)

Crowd of pickaninnies dar waitin' fo' de fun—

(Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, do!)

All de chillen waitin' wid dere wides' ivory grin,

When ole Uncle Remus dar begins de yahns to spin,

O Brer Bar and Brer Fox and Brer Tarrypin—

(Um, um! Ef all dem yahns was true!)

Refrain.

But don' yo' go believin' 'em, ma honey!

Ole Remus is a Voodoo man!

He talks to all de critters,

Knows ev'ry bird dat twitters;

He'll fool yo' chillen if he can.

Look out for him! He's witchin' yo'—fo' money!

He's weavin' dem Voodoo spells;

Else de chillen wouldn't listen

Wid dere shiny eyes a-glisten

To de yahns Uncle Remus tells.

All de critters o' de woods is neighbors wif him, hon'—

(Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, *won't* yeh?)

He kin talk dere languages; yas suh, ev'ry one—

(Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, do!)

Knows how Brer Rabbit fixed a baby out o' tar;

Knows how Brer Tarrypin done fool ole Brer Bar;

An' how ole Brer Fox's tail got bushy like it are—

(Um, um! Ef all dem yahns was true!)



Kemp
1900

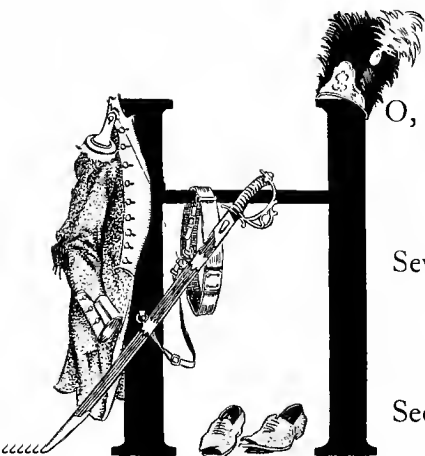
But don' yo' go believin' 'em, ma honey!
Ole Remus is a Voodoo man!
 He talks to all de critters,
 Knows ev'ry bird dat twitters;
 He'll fool yo' chillen if he can.
Look out for him! He's witchin' yo'—fo' money!
 He's weavin' dem Voodoo spells;
 Else de chillen wouldn't listen
 Wid dere shiny eyes a-glisten
 To de yahns Uncle Remus tells.

Ev'rybody say so, and fo' sho' dey all is right—
 (Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, *won't* yeh?)
Remus goes a-prowlin' roun' de forest in de night—
 (Tell us a story, Uncle Remus, do!)
When de moon's behin' a cloud, dey say fo' sho' he goes
Deep into the dahkes' wood. De critters set in rows
An' he chahms 'em and dey tells him all de secrets what
 dey knows—
 (Um, um! Ef all dem yahns was true!)

But don' yo' go believin' 'em, ma honey!
Ole Remus is a Voodoo man!
 He talks to all de critters,
 Knows ev'ry bird dat twitters;
 He'll fool yo' chillen if he can.
Look out for him! He's witchin' yo'—fo' money!
 He's weavin' dem Voodoo spells;
 Else de chillen wouldn't listen
 Wid dere shiny eyes a-glisten
 To de yahns Uncle Remus tells.

The Song of a Veteran

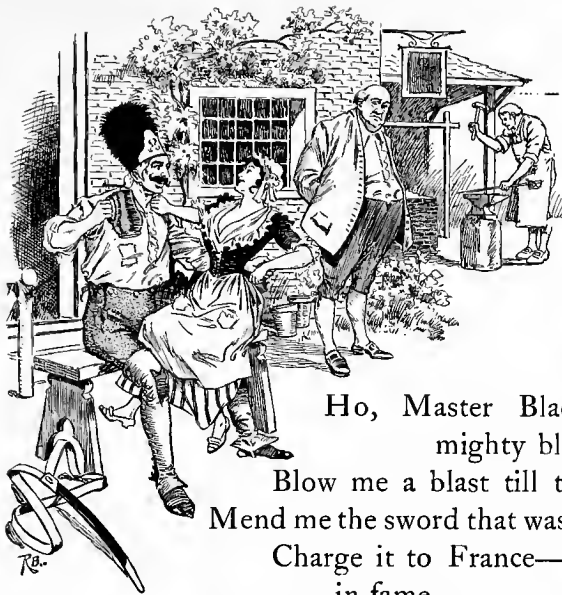
(From *The Little Corporal*)



O, Master Tailor! perch on your marrow
bones,
Patch up the coat where the bullet
tickled me ;
Sew up the seams so the coat will last a
year or two ;
Charge it to France, and a patriot
you'll be.
See, Master Cobbler, boots could not be
sorrer ;
Bad at the heels, ay, and worse at
the toes.

Make 'em so strong they can carry a warrior
Half 'round the world if the tri-color goes.

Oh, a tailor's meek,
And a cobbler's weak,
Like a couple of grandams old.
It's right they should work
In their meek, weak way
For the men who are brave and bold.
Peg away and sew,
For the work, you know,
Is for one of your bold defenders.
Coat and boots shall share
In the fame of the Guard
That dies but never surrenders.



Ho, Master Blacksmith! blow me a
mighty blast,
Blow me a blast till the forge is in a flame.
Mend me the sword that was broken on the enemy;
Charge it to France—you will get your pay
in fame.

Strike me a blow there, and strike me a lusty one :

Swing that big arm of yours. Do the best you know.
The sabre you hold there has e'er been a trusty one ;
The edge that you sharpen was blunted on the foe.

Let the strong arm swing,
And the hammer ring,
Till the sabre's done for me ;
Each blow that you strike
Is a blow for France,
And shall help us make you free.
For that steel, I swear,
Aye shall win its share
Of our new Republic's splendors.
It shall share in the fame
Of the brave Old Guard
That dies but never surrenders.

Ho, Master Boniface! fill me a cup or two.

Mind you, the best wine is none too good, my man.

Don't speak of cash! You are honored when I drink with you.

Charge it to France; she will pay you when she can.

You, little girl with the starry eyes and ebon hair,

Lend me your waist for a roving arm or two.

Pay France's soldiers with smiles sweet and debonair.

Give me a kiss; 'tis the least that you can do.

For it's only fair,

So it is, I swear,

That the men who fight for France

Should drink of her best,

And make love to her girls,

For it's rarely they have the chance.

So give a kiss

To a soldier, miss;

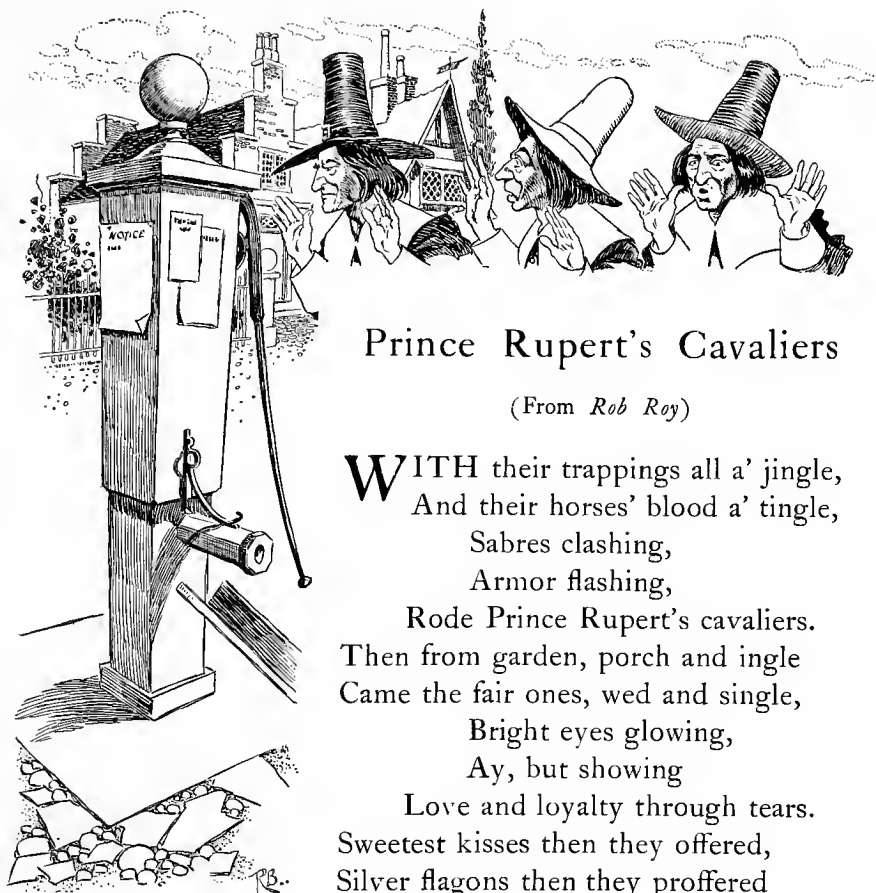
To one of your bold defenders.

It's all for the sake

Of the brave Old Guard

That dies but never surrenders.





Prince Rupert's Cavaliers

(From *Rob Roy*)

WITH their trappings all a' jingle,
And their horses' blood a' tingle,
Sabres clashing,
Armor flashing,
Rode Prince Rupert's cavaliers.
Then from garden, porch and ingle
Came the fair ones, wed and single,
Bright eyes glowing,
Ay, but showing
Love and loyalty through tears.
Sweetest kisses then they offered,
Silver flagons then they proffered
For a stirrup
Cup to cheer up;
Then the bugles clear would ring;
And with gay farewells in chorus
How those cavaliers before us
Galloped madly,
Riding gladly,
Forth to battle for their King.



Chorus

Boots and saddles, cavaliers !
 Pistols, carabines !
 Down with all the Brunswick crew !
 Up with Kings and Queens !
 As we ride, as we ride
 With our sabres at our side,
 All our faith is for our King
 As love is for a bride.

Noblest lords and sweetest ladies
 Wished the Puritans in Hades.
 For the Stuart
 Beat each true heart,
 'Neath chain-mail or silken gown,
 Merry Tory lads and lasses,
 Crumbling bread into their glasses,
 Slyly winking,
 Said ere drinking :
 "Heaven send this Crumb-well down !"
 Ev'ry high-born wife and daughter
 Pledged "The King's health—o'er the water,"
 Gladly guiding
 Friends in hiding,



All despite the risk and blame.
Those were stirring days and glorious,
Till our cause arose victorious,
Till knell sounded
For the Roundhead,
Till the Merry Monarch came.

Chorus

Boots and saddles, cavaliers!
Pistols, carabines!
Down with all the Brunswick crew!
Up with Kings and Queens.
As we ride, as we ride
With our sabres at our side,
All our faith is for our King
As love is for a bride.



Richard Carroll

Her Faults

(From *The Mandarin*)



Y sweetheart has her faults in plenty,
Which I perceive with much distress;
For instance, she is only twenty,
And one would think her even less;
While I may mention it between us—
(Excuse the confidence betrayed)—
Her form is plagiarized from Venus,
And no acknowledgment is made.
Her hair is much too fine and curly;
Her lips are merely Cupid's bow;
Her teeth absurdly white and pearly;
But still we all have faults, you know.

So, spite of this and spite of that,
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
These things let others cavil at;
I love my sweetheart, faults and all.

From such defects this little lady
Of mine is anything but free.
Her lashes are "extremely shady,"
Her eyes are "much too deep for me."
Two dimples have been thought too many
For one small maiden to possess.
Her rivals wish she hadn't any;
But what's a dimple more or less?

Her voice attracts o'er much attention
Because of its melodious ring.
Her foot—but that I shall not mention—
It's such a very little thing.

Yes, spite of that and spite of this,
Whate'er betide, whate'er befall,
Though others may perfection miss,
I love my sweetheart, faults and all.



Same Old Story

(From *The Rounders*)

HISTORY, and nature too, repeat themselves, they say,
Men are only habit's slaves; we see it every day.
Life has done its best for me—I found it tiresome still;
For nothing's anything at all, and everything is *nil*.

Same old get up, dress, and tub;
Same old breakfast; same old club;
Same old feeling, same old blue;
Same old story—nothing new!

Life consists of paying bills as long as you have health;
Woman? she'll be true to you—as long as you have wealth;
Think sometimes of marriage, if the right girl I could strike;
But the more I see of girls, the more they are alike.

Same old giggles, smiles, and eyes;
Same old kisses; same old sighs;
Same old chaff you; same adieu;
Same old story—nothing new!

Go to theatres sometimes, to see the latest plays;
Same old plots I played with in my happy childhood's days.
Hero, same; same villain, and same heroine in tears,
Starving, homeless in the snow— with diamonds in her ears.

Same stern father making “bluffs”;
Leading man all teeth and cuffs;
Same soubrettes, still twenty-two;
Same old story—nothing new!

Friend of mine got married ; in a year or so—a boy !
Father really foolish in his fond paternal joy ;
Talked about that “kiddy,” and became a dreadful bore—
Just as if a baby never had been born before.

Same old crying, only more ;
Same old business, walking floor ;
Same old “kitchy—coochy—coo !”
Same old baby—nothing new !



Dan Daly

Orchard Song

UNDER the trees where the pippins grow
I'm bound to be every morning ;
There once on a time came Robin the rogue,
Who kissed me with never a warning ;
And it's " Will you be mine," quoth he, quoth he ;
" For love I am like to die-a."
Quoth I, " I'll never wed Robin the rogue,
Who kisses upon the sly-a."

But heigho ! Whether or no,
The breeze is soft i' the morning.
Kiss me again before I go,
Under the trees where the pippins grow ;
But see that you give me warning !

Under the trees where the pippins grow,
Through half of the day I tarry ;
A' thinking of winsome Robin the rogue,
And making my mind to marry.
" I love you ; marry me, sweet," quoth he,
And maybe I will bye and bye-a ;
Yet, after a year, will Robin the rogue
Kiss Moll-o'-the-Mill on the sly-a ?


But heigho! Whether or no,
The breeze is soft i' the morning.
Kiss me again, though I tell you no;
Under the trees where the pippins grow;
No matter about the warning!



Lulu Glaser

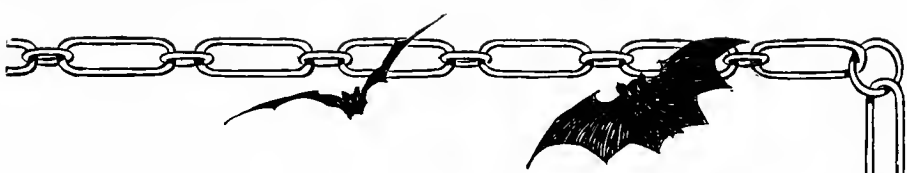
TURNKEY'S SONG

(From *Rob Roy*)



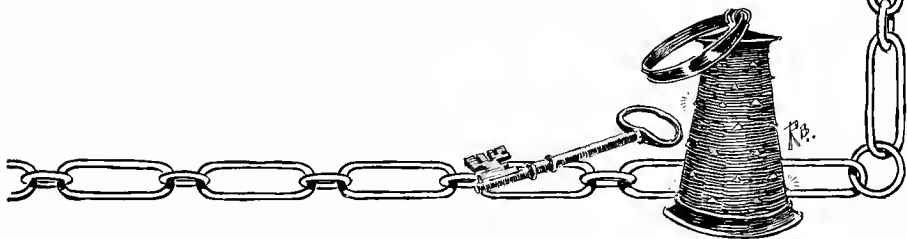
IN the darkness deep
Of the donjon-keep,
Where the spiders spin their strands;
In the home of bats
And of gray old rats,
Are my lord the turnkey's lands.
O, his task is light,
But from morn till night
On his rounds he needs must go.
It is tramp, tramp, tramp,
With his keys and lamp,
In the corridors down below.

“Then it's ho—ho—ho!
I am king of the donjon deep.
There is music of bolt and chain
In the turnkey's dark domain.
How merrily jingle chains that cling,
How cheerily tinkle keys that swing!
I am king—king—king of the donjon-keep.”



Though the ravens scream
From the gallow's beam,
It is little heed he takes;
And a song he roars
Through the corridors
As his watchful round he makes.
None are false to him
In his kingdom grim,
For their monarch never sleeps.
O, there's none dares say
To the turnkey nay;
He is king of the donjon deeps.

“Then it's ho—ho—ho!
I am king of the donjon deep.
There is music of bolt and chain
In the turnkey's dark domain.
How merrily jingle chains that cling,
How cheerily tinkle keys that swing!
I am king—king—king of the donjon-keep.”





A Drinking Song at the Mermaid Tavern

(From *Will Shakespeare*)

WHEN silly sheep freeze on the moor;
When May-day bringeth ring-time;
When Autumn's brisk wind shakes the door;
When blackbirds whistle Springtime;
St. Dunstan's day; St. Swithin's day;
Howe'er the seasons vary;
Or shine or sleet; all times are meet
For bowsing good Canary.

Fill high! Fill high!
Pour down and fill again!
Troll, troll, the steaming bowl,
An ye be Englishmen.
Thirst is a dragon
We'll kill with a flagon;
Let Gossip Care go pack;
We'll drown the jade
In oceans made
Of stout Canary sack.

When old Sir Crow against the snow
Sits rueful on bare trees-a,
When blossoms from the hawthorn blow
With every April breeze-a;
When bare-kneed boys sit by the brook,
To hook the trout so wary;
When acorns brown the squirrel pelts down,—
'Tis then I quaff Canary.

Fill high! Fill high!
Pour down and fill again!
Troll, troll, the steaming bowl,
An ye be Englishmen.
Thirst is a dragon
We'll kill with a flagon;
Let Gossip Care go pack;
We'll drown the jade
In oceans made
Of stout Canary sack.



A Japanese Elopement

(From *The Mandarin*)

TING-LING was a Mandarin's daughter,
And a radiant sight to see.
Full many a suitor sought her ;
Ne'er was damsel fair as she.
She had jet black diagonal eyes ;
Her finger-tips were of rosy dyes,
While widely known for their lack of size
Were the feet of the fair Ting-Ling.

Chorus

O, the smile was sweet of shy Ting-Ling
And the wink was neat of sly Ting-Ling ;
But still more sweet
And still more neat
Were her dainty, diminutive mites of feet,
As she teetered away, that coy young thing,
To meet the lover who loved Ting-Ling.





Ting-Ling was to be wedded
To a wizen, doddering
sage;

A marriage greatly dreaded—
He was quite four times
her age.

His voice was gruff and his
face was grim;

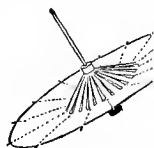
His talk was dull and his eyes were dim;
And passing gay, when she looked at him,
Was the laugh of pert Ting-Ling.

Chorus

He was much too old for young Ting-Ling;
He was much too cold for gay Ting-Ling;
So just the same,
The same old game

Would she carry on with her former flame,
For youth is a thing must have its fling.

“One must love some one,” said sweet Ting-Ling.



One day he chanced to discover,
With blood in his aged eye,
Ting-Ling had a gallant young lover,
So he vowed they both should die.
His minions chased those lovers sweet,
Who alas! could not make progress fleet,
For oh, those dear little dumpy feet
Wouldn't carry the fair Ting-Ling.

Chorus

Oh, she swooned and shrieked did poor Ting-Ling,
And the husband squeaked : " She's *my* Ting-Ling."

The lover drew
His sword and slew

That sage and his pursuing crew ;
Then she teetered away, that coy young thing
To wed the lover who loved Ting-Ling.





The Tinkers' Song

(From *Robin Hood*)

'TIS merry journeymen we are,
All in the tinkering line, sirs;
We tramp the roadways near and far,
If the weather it be fine, sirs.
And if so be some churlish lout
Should make us surly answers,
We straightway drown his utterance out
By tapping on our pans, sirs.

Refrain

Then we rap, rap, rap,
And we tap, tap, tap,
From the dawn till the dark of night, sirs;
We are men of metal,
And the can or kettle
Doesn't live that we can't set right, sirs.
Tink tank, clink clank—
Hear our hammers ring;

When trade is brisk
We frolic and we frisk
As happy and gay as a king.

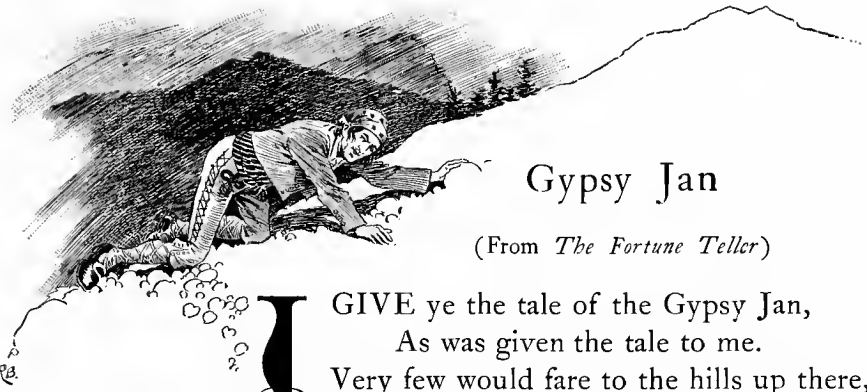
Your tinker is a blithesome blade,
A cheerful soul I wot, sirs;
And if enow he be not paid,
He thieves what you have got, sirs.
He tells the news from town to town,
The true news and the lie, sirs;
You'll search the whole world up and down
And find no wight so sly, sirs.

Refrain

Then we rap, rap, rap,
And we tap, tap, tap,
From the dawn till the dark of night, sirs;
We are men of metal,
And the can or kettle
Doesn't live that we can't set right, sirs.

Tink tank, clink clank—
Hear our hammers ring;
When trade is brisk
We frolic and we frisk
As happy and gay as a king.





Gypsy Jan

(From *The Fortune Teller*)

I GIVE ye the tale of the Gypsy Jan,
As was given the tale to me.
Very few would fare to the hills up there,
But there in the night went he;
And there in the dark he'd crouch and hark,
With his ear to the ground so cold;
And he'd hear the clamor of pick and hammer,
As the dwarfmen mined their gold.

Oh, down, down, down in the mountain's heart,
Where a mortal has entered never,
Down in the mines where the red gold shines,
The dwarfmen toil forever.
And the clatter and clang of their hammers rang
As they quarried their wealth untold.
Jan swore he would creep to the caverns deep
To rob—rob the dwarfs of their gold
Ho! Ho!
For Jan was a gypsy bold.

Oh, he lay in wait, did the Gypsy Jan,
Till a truant dwarf passed by;
Then he cried: "Come, show me the mines below,
Or here by my hand you die."

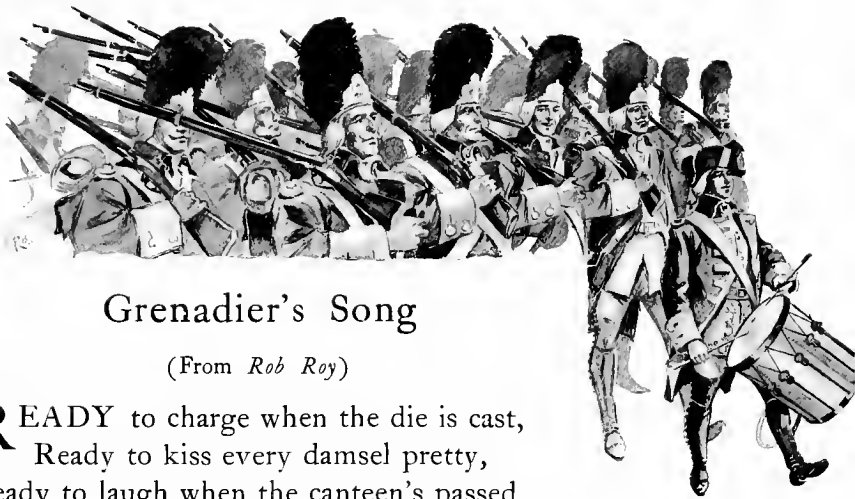
So the dwarf in fright, with a torch alight,
Led him down to the dark domains ;
There he drank and slept — then he woke and wept ;
For the dwarf had Jan in chains.

So down, down, down in the mountain's heart,
Gypsy Jan toileth on forever ;
Oh, he hews the rock while the dwarfmen mock,
And his chains he can never sever.
And there he shall stay till the Judgment Day,
The slave of the dwarfmen old ;
When the nights are still ye may hear on the hill
Gypsy Jan as he mines his gold.

Ho! Ho!

And the sound makes the blood run cold.





Grenadier's Song

(From *Rob Roy*)

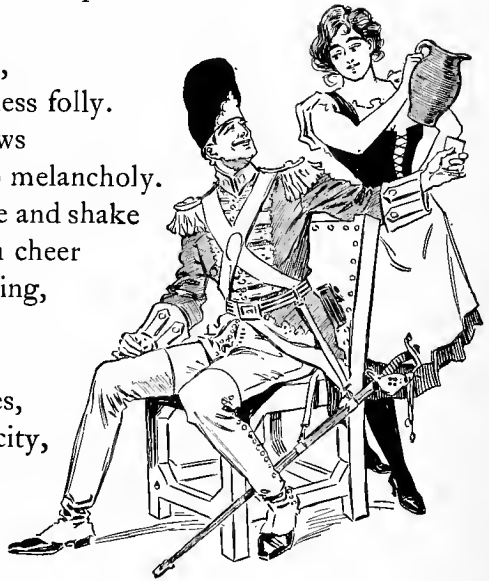
READY to charge when the die is cast,
Ready to kiss every damsel pretty,
Ready to laugh when the canteen's passed
Whether the jest be dull or witty ;
Willing to tackle 'em one to ten,
Stranger alike to care or fear,
I'm a dashing, plucky,
Happy-go-lucky,
Rollicking grenadier.
Never a girl in old Scotia dwells,
Never a damozel lives in Britain
Who, when a noble warrior tells
Tidings of love, will give the mitten.
Eager to rush on a craven foe
When such an article is near,
I'm a ranting, tearing,
Devil-may-caring,
Swaggering grenadier.

Chorus

One—two—left—right,
Primly the goose-step marking ;

The bugle shrill
Each heart must thrill,
As His Majesty's defenders come.
One—two—left—right!
Fighting the foe or larking,
The life is joy
Of the soldier boy
Who follows at the tap of the drum.

Pity have I for England's foes,
Fighting 'gainst us is useless folly.
Only a sight of our army throws
Louis' "Mounseers" into melancholy.
Frenchies and Dutchmen quake and shake
Only to list to an English cheer
From a bold, defying,
Never-say-dying,
Roistering grenadier.
Pity have I for love-lorn dames,
Whether of village or of city,
Whether of humble or noble
names,
The rich and plain or the
poor and pretty.
Ne'er taking thought of the hearts I break,
I'm really too cruel I often fear—
A never-regret-them,
Kiss-and-forget-them,
Rollicking grenadier.



Chorus

One—two—left—right,
Primly the goose-step marking;
The bugle shrill
Each heart must thrill,
As His Majesty's defenders come.
One—two—left—right!
Fighting the foe or larking,
The life is joy
Of the soldier boy
Who follows at the tap of the drum.



William Pruette

The Beau of Georgian Days

(From *The Highwayman*)

IN gaming or duello I'm a very ready fellow,
As any rival gallant is aware.
To hold my own I'm able, and my cronies at the table
Are under it before I turn a hair.
At cards I love a battle, or the dice's click and rattle ;
A gallop steeplechase I prize ;
But, other things above, I most love love,
And a pretty pair of sparkling eyes.

Oh, life is folly,
If you do not make it jolly ;
Look upon it ever with a laugh.
Dolly, Polly, Molly,
You may make them melancholy ;
They may weep and sigh, but you may chaff.
They may plead and sigh,
But that's your cue to cry :
“Crick-crack! Find another love, ma belle.
Hide that pouting face,
Another's in your place.”
Crick-crack! Vive la bagatelle!

I like the dainty kisses of a darling little Duchess
Who married with her ducal liege for gold,
But I like the rustic fairy who is duchess of a dairy,
And who quite believes whatever she is told.

I adore the jade that's naughty and I tame my Lady Haughty.
I've caprices for the siren or the shrew.
I've the person and the pelf to amuse my noble self,
And there's nothing else in life to do.

Oh, life is folly,
If you do not make it jolly ;
Look upon it ever with a laugh.
Dolly, Polly, Molly,
You may make them melancholy ;
They may weep and sigh, but you may chaff.
They may plead and sigh,
But that's your cue to cry :
"Crick-crack! Find another love, ma belle.
Hide that pouting face,
Another's in your place."
Crick-crack! Vive la bagatelle!



Hilda Clark



The Cobbler's Ghost

(From *The Little Corporal*)

AS Jean Nigaud, the cobbler, sat
Before his shop one day,
And at a pair of hobnailed boots
He gaily tapped away,
The blue-coats marching down the street,
Espied the luckless knave,
And then and there insisted that
He seek a soldier's grave.
He cried, "I'm very busy
With my rap-tap, tap-tap-tap.
And marching makes me dizzy,
I would rather rap-tap-tap."
In vain did poor Jean fume and fret,
A scant ten minutes he could get
To say good-bye to his Babette,
With a rap-tap, rap-tap-tap.

Refrain

Adieu, Babette, ma belle, and if perchance I'm slew,
Don't wed another fellow, or my ghost will worry you.
My spectre'll sit beside your bed, and mar your nuptial nap,
By making ghostly boots and shoes with a ghostly rap-tap-tap.

He fought a lot did Jean Nigaud ;
He lost an arm, a leg ;
He substituted for the same
A hook and wooden peg.
He lost an eye; he lost an ear ;
Of teeth he'd half a set.
At last he wandered homeward and
He hunted up Babette.
To his old shop a-hobbling ;
Then he heard a rap-tap-tap.
Another chap sat cobbling,
With his rap tap, tap-tap-tap.
That cobbler said: "I'm glad we've met
A hero; and my wife shall get
A drink for you. Come here,
Babette!"
What a rap-tap, rap-tap-
tap!

Refrain

"So so, Babette, coquette! You could
not wait for me."
"I would not be the better half of
half a man," said she.
"As you have one foot in the grave,"
she said, "my poor old chap,
I couldn't stand that wooden leg with
its rap-tap-tap-tap-tap."



Of course Jean went and hanged himself,
His dread revenge to wreak.
That night when fair Babette awoke,
She gave a gruesome shriek ;
A shriek that woke her second spouse,
For in the moonlight dim
They saw the ghost of Jean Nigaud—
Or what was left of him.
A pair of brogans making,
With a rap-tap-tap-tap-tap,
He set them quaking, shaking,
With his rap-tap-tap-tap-tap.
He grinned and gibbered with delight.
Imagine, if you can, their fright.
He came thereafter every night,
With his rap-tap, rap-tap-tap !

Refrain

“So so, Babette, coquette, you couldn’t wait, my dear ;
How do you like a one-eyed ghost who’s lost his larboard ear?
At twelve o’clock on ev’ry night I’ll come and spoil your nap,
A dismal spook with peg and hook, and a rap-tap-tap-tap-tap.”



Eyes of Black and Eyes of Blue

(From *The Viceroy*)

ONE day I swear by the eyes of black,
The next by the eyes of blue;
'Tis in merry black eyes that the love-light lies,
But the blue are more apt to be true.
The dusky-eyed maid has a laughing look
That can make you the world forget, my boy;
But the gentle blue eye never causes a sigh,
And it rarely denotes the coquette, my boy.

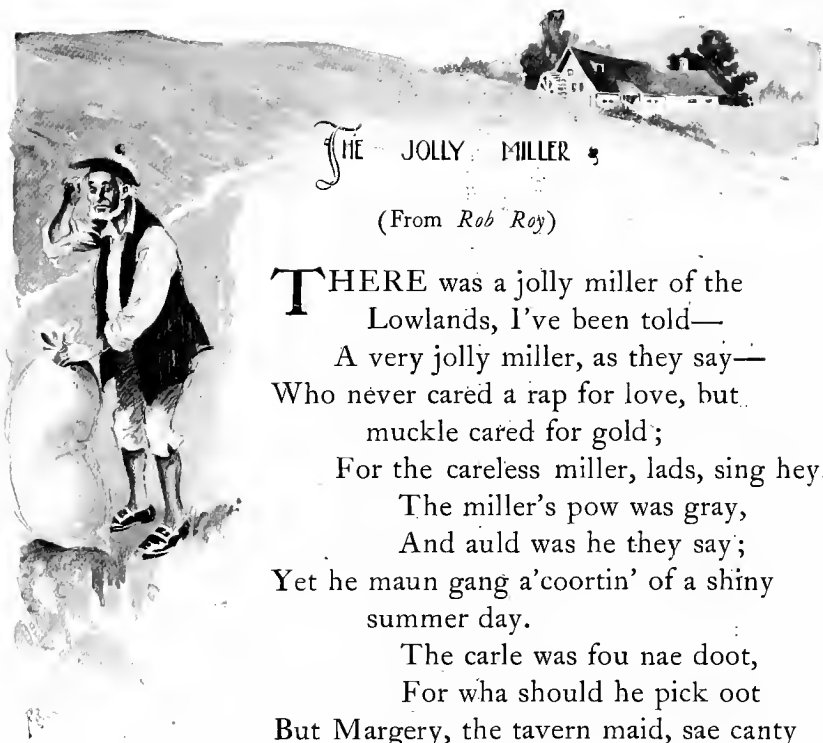
Eyes of black or eyes of blue,
Devil a bit does it matter I say!
If I love one to-day, why to-morrow I may
Have a caprice for the brown or the gray.
So here is a toast to the feminine host,
The blue eyes for me or the black for you.
The one for a time I shall think sublime,
And then if you like I will change with you.

One day I sing of the raven curls,
The next of the ringlets fair.
Be mine the brunette of the tresses jet,
Mine the Hebe of golden hair.
For the gypsy-like maid has a heart that's warm,
You are lucky indeed if you're hers, my boy;
But there's many a blonde can be equally fond,
If you're only the one she prefers, my boy.

Raven hair or hair of gold,
Devil a bit does it matter I say!
If I love one to-day, why to-morrow I may
Have a caprice for the auburn gay
So here is a toast to the feminine host,
Blonde ringlets for me and the black for you.
The one for a time I shall think sublime,
And then if you like I will change with you.



Marcea Van Dresser



THE JOLLY MILLER ;

(From *Rob Roy*)

THERE was a jolly miller of the
Lowlands, I've been told—
A very jolly miller, as they say—
Who never cared a rap for love, but
muckle cared for gold ;
For the careless miller, lads, sing hey.
The miller's pow was gray,
And auld was he they say ;
Yet he maun gang a'coortin' of a shiny
summer day.
The carle was fou nae doot,
For wha should he pick oot
But Margery, the tavern maid, sae canty
and sae gay.

Chorus

What! Margery? Ay, Margery ;
The pouting, flouting Margery ;
The laughing, chaffing Margery,
Wi' all her smiles and winks,
The minx!
She married him for siller,
The rusty, dusty miller.
Ha ha ha ha! ho ho ho ho!
The miller's cake was dough.



Oh, Margery, the tavern maid, she makes a
 merry wife,
 A very merry wife, as they say ;
 The miller, puir unlucky soul, he leads the
 deil's ane life ;
 For the life she leads him, lads, sing hey.
 The way she flirts and gads
 Wi' all the likely lads,
 A kiss for one, a kiss for all ; she comes at
 every call.
 That's what a man maun get
 Who weds a wild coquette
 Like Margery, the tavern maid, who gives
 her smiles to all.



Chorus

What! Margery? Ay, Margery ;
 The pouting, flouting Margery ;
 The laughing, chaffing Margery ;
 Wi' all her smiles and winks,
 The minx !
 She married him for siller,
 The rusty, dusty miller.
 Ha ha ha ha ! ho ho ho ho !
 The miller's cake was dough.



Anna O'Keefe

The Skirt Dancer

(From *The Idol's Eye*)

SHE came from England's shore,
A siren to adore;
Her face so fair, a seraph's you'd imagine it.
Skirt-dancing was her game;
She had a stately name;
They programmed her as Gwendolen Plantagenet.
On my last ocean trip
I met her on the ship,
And when they had the customary benefit,
They asked her to appear;
She said: "I'll volunteer;
I fawncy 'mong my dawnces I have many fit."

Refrain

She did a little step or two. (Tra la la la la!)
Swung her slipper like the pendulum of a clock.
A gleam of silken shapeliness. (Tra la la la la!)
A dozen chappies fainted from the shock.
A fluttering of lingerie. (Tra la la la la!)
A flash of lightning never was as quick.
It caused a great sensation, did the pedal elevation
Of the five-foot little lady with the eight-foot kick.
"Brava! Encore!" they roared.
A Bishop was on board;
A portly man who frowned upon hilarity.
He said; "Miss, I entreat,
Your little dance repeat.



It's shocking; but, of course, it's done for charity."
 She posed upon one toe.
 She swung her foot—just so;
 The bits of chandelier began to scatter 'round.
 Once more! As quick as that!
 Off flew the Bishop's hat,
 And the agitated Bishop passed that hat around.



Refrain

She did a little step or two. (Tra la la la la la!)
 Swung her slipper like the pendulum of a clock.
 A gleam of silken shapeliness. (Tra la la la la la!)
 A dozen chappies fainted from the shock.
 A fluttering of lingerie. (Tra la la la la la!)
 A flash of lightning never was as quick.
 It caused a great sensation, did the pedal elevation
 Of the five-foot little lady with the eight-foot kick.

With gold and bills the hat
Was packed as high as that.
The matrons frowned and said: "What do you think of it?"
The Captain went insane;
He ordered up champagne
By basketfuls; made ev'rybody drink of it.
The dudes all sighed: "Ah, do
Give me that little shoe."
But dudish hopes immediately were baffled, for
The Bishop said, said he:
"Young men, pray pardon me;
For charity, that shoe is to be raffled for."

Refrain

She did a little step or two. (Tra la la la la la!)
Swung her slipper like the pendulum of a clock.
A gleam of silken shapeliness. (Tra la la la la la!)
A dozen chappies fainted from the shock.
A fluttering of lingerie. (Tra la la la la la!)
A flash of lightning never was as quick.
It caused a great sensation, did the pedal elevation
Of the five-foot little lady with the eight-foot kick.

Oh, when she reached these shores
She wearied of encores,
And they deluged her with posies odoriferous.
The moral, by the bye,
Is let your aim be high
If you would win applause that is vociferous.

The Bishop was a catch,
And as he was a "bach,"
He offered her his hand; but she said, "Never! Oh!
Why, I'm engaged," she said;
"I'm going 'ome to wed
A nice young chap, Lord Halfred 'Arold Devereaux."

Refrain

She did a little step or two. (Tra la la la la!)
Swung her slipper like the pendulum of a clock.
A gleam of silken shapeliness. (Tra la la la la!)
A dozen chappies fainted on the spot.
A fluttering of lingerie. (Tra la la la la!)
A flash of lightning never was as quick.
It caused a great sensation, did the pedal elevation
Of the five-foot little lady with the eight-foot kick.



Helen Redmund

A Gypsy's Song

(From *The Fortune Teller*)

HO, ye townsmen, ye clerks and ye gownsmen,
Creatures of books and of yardstick and trade,
Bending you double with care and with trouble,
 Toiling with brain or with pen or with spade,
Ye play a game where the winners are losers;
 He in the van is the soonest to die.
Think you that I would change places with you, sirs?
 Thank you, good slaves of the city—not I.



Eugene Cowles

Refrain

What! Up with the sun and to
 work? Oh, no!

You may do that. It is not my way.

What! Keep within doors and rot?
 Oh, no!

That is for *you*, but I cry you nay.

 If the slaves toil on, shall I?

 In the dusk, in the dawn,
 shall I?

 Let theirs be the strife, but a lazy life
Is a happier life, I know.

 Ho ho!

What! work like the fools? Oh, no!

Ye that labor at "beggar my neighbor,"

 All ye that chase for the will-o'-wisp Fame,

While you are hasting, your youth you are wasting.

 Idlers like me have the best of the game.



Mine are the joys that the best of you misses,
Pleasure and leisure that aye pass you by.
Mine is the true love and mine are the kisses;
Buy them as you do, poor fools? No, not I.

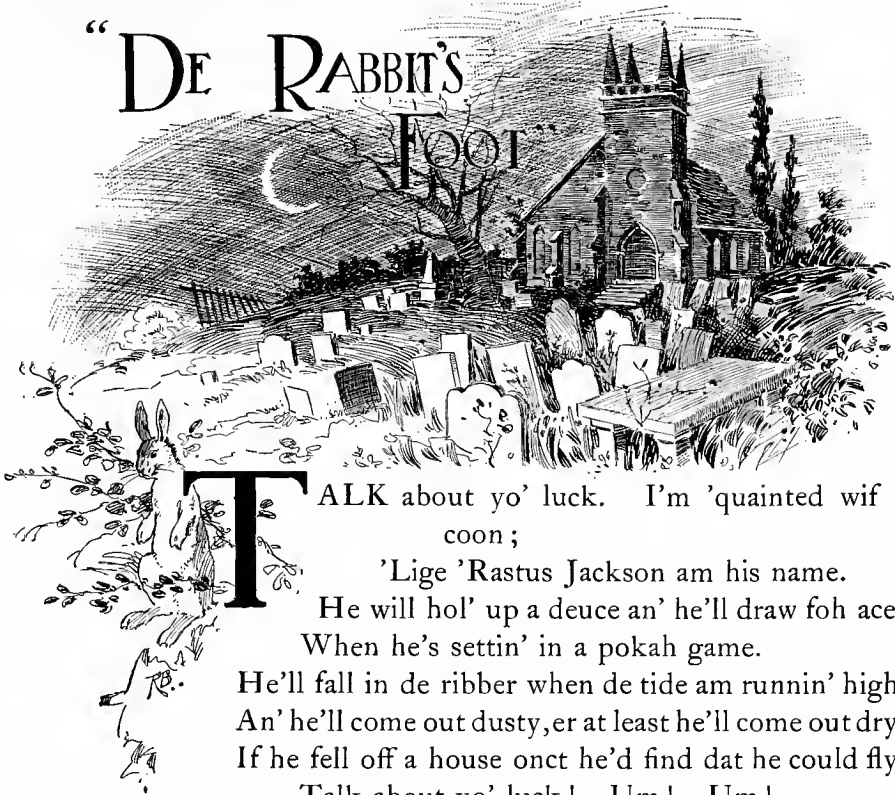
Refrain

What! Waste all my life as you do? Oh, no!
Toil is for slaves. It's not my way.
What! Buy all my joys for cash? Oh, no!
Do it ye may, but I cry you nay.
Turn blood into gold, shall I?
Let my heart grow old, shall I?
To lie in the shade of a mossy glade
Is a happier dream, I know.
Ho ho!
What! Work like the fools? Oh, no!



Alice Neilsen

“DE RABBIT’S FOOT”



TALK about yo' luck. I'm 'quainted wif a
coon ;

'Lige 'Rastus Jackson am his name.

He will hol' up a deuce an' he'll draw foh aces
When he's settin' in a pokah game.

He'll fall in de ribber when de tide am runnin' high,
An' he'll come out dusty, er at least he'll come out dry.
If he fell off a house onct he'd find dat he could fly.

Talk about yo' luck! Um! Um!

Fo' I tell yo' what he's got—

ALL. What's he got? What's he got?

Dat's de secret ob dis good-luck coon.

It's de lef' hin' foot ob a grabe-yahd rabbit

Which am plucked in de dahk o' de moon.

An' it ain't a bit o' use—

ALL. Not a bit! Not a bit!

To buck up against a big fat coon

When he carries in his clo'es de foot ob a rabbit

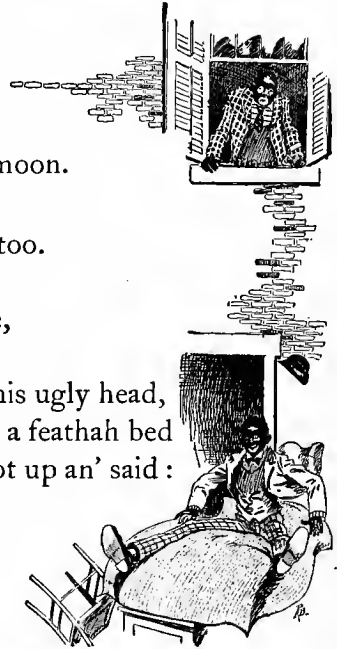
Dat was plucked in de dahk o' de moon.

Went out to a dance Friday night a week ago ;
 Took little Mattie Hawkins 'long.
 Wore a new pink shirt an' a diamon' big ez dat ;
 Little Mattie said she loved me strong.
 But 'Lige 'Rastus Jackson, he showed up ez big ez life ;
 He put a hoodoo on me so I couldn't draw my knife ;
 He stole dat little Mattie, an' she's gwine to be his wife.
 Talk about yo' luck! Um! Um!

Fo' I tell yo' what he's got—
 ALL. What's he got? What's he got?
 Dat's de secret ob dis good-luck coon.
 It's de lef' hin' foot ob a grabe-yahd rabbit
 Which am plucked in de dahk o' de moon.
 An' it ain't a bit o' use—

ALL. Not a bit! Not a bit!
 To buck up against a big fat coon
 When he carries in his clo'es
 de foot ob a rabbit
 Dat was plucked in de dahk o' de moon.

I'm ez big ez 'Lige an' I'm full o' muscle too.
 'Lige he'd be easy meat fo' me.
 De las' time we met 'twas at a pokah game,
 An' I picked a row o' purpose—see?
 I frew him out o' window, hoped he smash his ugly head,
 But de folks nex' do' was movin' an dey put a feathah bed
 Where 'Rastus done fell on it, an' he jes' got up an' said :
 "Talk about yo' luck!
 Um! Um!"



Fo' I tell yo' what he's got—
ALL. What's he got? What's he got?
Dat's de secret ob dis good-luck coon.
 It's de lef' hin' foot ob a grabe-yahd rabbit
Which am plucked in de dahk o' de moon.
 An' it ain't a bit o' use—

ALL. Not a bit! Not a bit!
 To buck up against a big fat coon
When he carries in his clo'es de foot ob a rabbit
 Dat was plucked in de dahk o' de moon.

'Lige, he made a raid on a watahmillion patch.
 Got one, de bigges' ob its race;
Went down by de railroad, set upon de track,
 Begun to tuck dat million in his face.
Along come express train goin' like to split,
Struck 'Lige upon de cranium. De ingine had a fit;
But de million? Bless yo' heart, chile. It wan't hurt a bit
 Talk about yo' luck! Um! Um!


Fo' I tell yo' what he's got—
ALL. What's he got? What's he got?
Dat's de secret ob dis good-luck coon.
 It's de lef' hin' foot ob a grabe-yahd rabbit
Which am plucked in de dahk o' de moon.
 An' it ain't a bit o' use—

ALL. Not a bit! Not a bit!
 To buck up against a big fat coon
When he carries in his clo'es de foot ob a rabbit
 Dat was plucked in de dahk o' de moon.



KITTY O'BRIEN?

(From *The Highwayman*)



THE kind av a sweetheart for me, d'ye moind,
Is young Kitty O'Brien, and she lives near
Killarney.

Ye may have a kiss, if to steal ye're inclined,
And she'll give you as good as ye'll give her in
blarney.

Don't try to decave, for she will not belave,
She knows by the looks av ye what ye are afther;
If ye sigh that ye die for the glance of her eye,
Then the divil himself couldn't dale wid her laughter.

Thin it's arrah, mavourneen, have pity,
Me beautiful cowl'd-hearted Kitty.
For love av ye, dear, I'm wastin' away and dyin'.
With the sighin' and burnin' and frettin',
D'ye moind, dear, how thin I am gettin' ?
All becaze I fear to lose you, pretty Kitty O'Brien.

Her eye is the foineest that Ireland can show,
Exceptin' wan only, and that is her other.
To find such a foot 'round the world ye might go,
But ye'd never succade, so ye'd better not bother.
Her hand would drive envyin' duchesses mad,
Sometimes ye can take it; at others—it's risky;
She smiles like a beautiful angel who's had
The laste taste in life av most illigent whiskey.

Thin it's arrah, mavourneen, have pity,
Me beautiful cowl'd-hearted Kitty,
For love av ye, dear, I'm wastin' away and dyin'.
Ye have ways so provokin' and plazin',
Wid yer tazin' I'm losin' me rayson.
Sure me ghost will come and haunt yez, pretty Kitty
O'Brien.



Life is a Toy Shop

(From *The Casino Girl*)

SHE. I REMEMBER, I remember when I was a little girl,
My little girlish faith I pinned—O!
To a lovely great big dolly,
With a smile so bright and jolly,
That was standing in a toy-shop window.

HE. I recognize the kind of lovely dolly that you mean—
A flaxen-haired and blue-eyed waxen miss
That would open widest eyes
With expression of surprise;
And, when you wound it up, would walk like this—

SHE. When in its little chest
A little spring you pressed,
It said, “Mamma! Papa!”
It laughed, “Ha! ha! ha! ha!”

HE. But much as ’twas admired,
Of it you soon were tired;
To open it you tried
To see what was inside.

Refrain

BOTH. Oh, life is a great big toy-shop
We men and women little folks who haunt it
A pretty thing we see,
We clap our hands with glee,

And cry, "Mamma, oh, buy me that, I want it!"
But soon as once we get it
We speedily regret it,
We take another fancy, at the former one we scoff;
The doll is stuffed with sawdust,
Of frauds it is the fraudest,
Its little head is hollow, and the paint comes off.

HE. I remember, I remember when I was a little boy,
My little boyish heart was merry
With a noisy toy tin trumpet,
And a drum—how I would thump it!
I was very, very military.

SHE. I recognize the instruments of torture that you mean—
The kind that comfort neighbors in a flat.
The folk who lived next door
For mercy would implore,
And send in word to "kindly stop that brat."

HE. Until my hands were numb
I'd beat upon that drum;
A popgun I would shoot,
A trumpet I would toot.

SHE. The novelty once o'er,
You loved those toys no more;
No more disturbed the peace
While neighbors cried, "Police!"

BOTH. Oh, life is a great big toy-shop,
We men and women little folks who haunt it



A pretty thing we see,
We clap our hands with glee,
And cry, "Mamma, oh, buy me that, I want it!"
But soon as once we get it
We speedily regret it,
We take another fancy, at the former one we scoff;
The doll is stuffed with sawdust,
Of frauds it is the fraudest,
Its little head is hollow, and the paint comes off.

HE. I remember, I remember when I was a silly youth,
I loved a damsel blonde and charming;
I was gloomy and Byronic
(What I needed was a tonic),
In fact my case was quite alarming.

SHE. I recognize the specimen of damsel that you mean—
A pink-and-white peroxide Miss,
Much older, sir, than you,
And too good to be true,
Whose high heels made her walk like this—

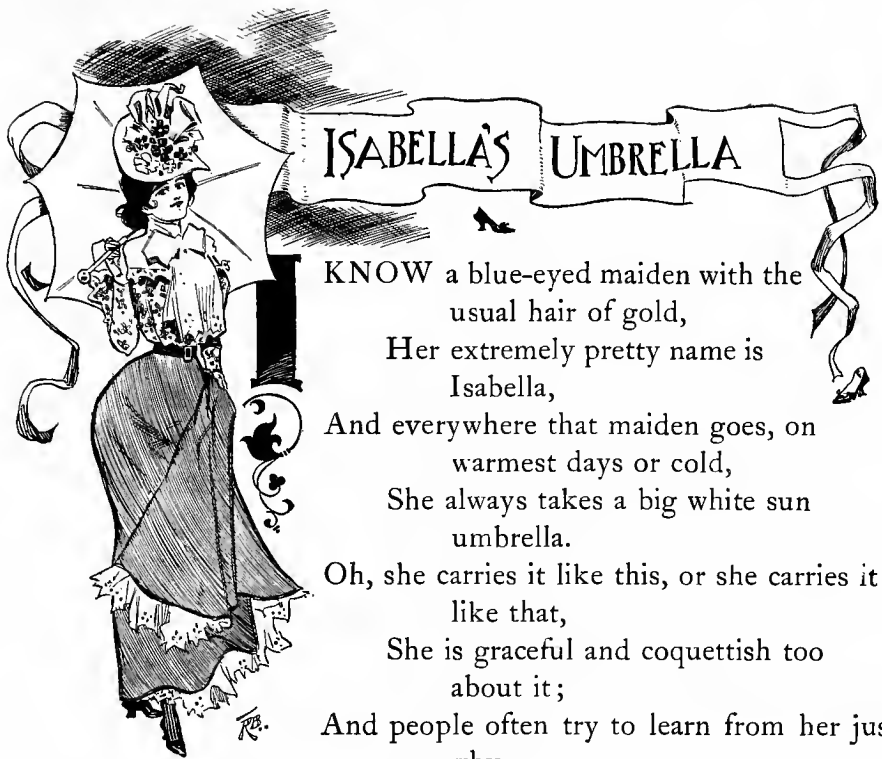
HE. A girl who giggled so,
Whose gowns were rather low,
Not overstocked with brain,
But partial to champagne.

SHE. When she refused to wed,
You wished that you were dead,
With martyrdom sublime;
But you found her out in time.

BOTH. Oh, life is a great big toy-shop,
We men and women little folks who haunt it
 A pretty thing we see,
 We clap our hands with glee,
And cry, "Mamma, oh, buy me that, I want it!"
 But soon as once we get it
 We speedily regret it,
We take another fancy, at the former one we scoff;
 The doll is stuffed with sawdust,
 Of frauds it is the fraudest,
Its little head is hollow, and the paint comes off.



Marie George



ISABELLA'S UMBRELLA

KNOW a blue-eyed maiden with the
usual hair of gold,
Her extremely pretty name is
Isabella,
And everywhere that maiden goes, on
warmest days or cold,
She always takes a big white sun
umbrella.
Oh, she carries it like this, or she carries it
like that,
She is graceful and coquettish too
about it;
And people often try to learn from her just
why
She's so very, very rarely seen without it.

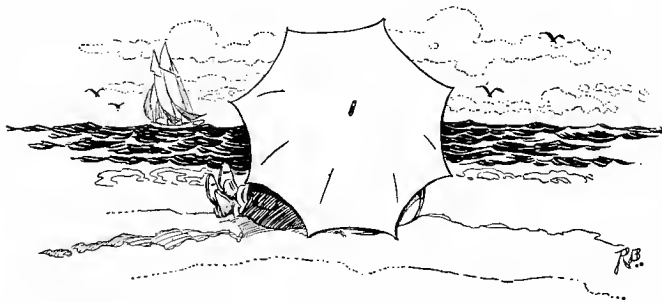
Refrain

Pretty Isabella, with a foot like Cinderella,
And a mouth like Cupid's bow,
Always spread above her head a big white sun umbrella—
Found it useful, don't you know.
Useful for a sunshade, it can more than one shade;
Useful, too, if gossip one would miss,
But particularly neat if a lover indiscreet
Should try to steal a kiss, kiss, kiss.

If you are at the seaside and you stroll upon the sand,
You will see the parasol of Isabella;
She's out of sight, and *some one else* is too, you understand,
A happy couple under that umbrella.
If the moon is shining bright on a pleasant summer night,
In a quiet corner of the porch you'll find it—
It is useful, without doubt, just to keep the moonshine out;
Only Cupid knows what's going on behind it.

Refrain

Pretty Isabella, with a foot like Cinderella,
And a mouth like Cupid's bow,
Always spread above her head a big white sun umbrella—
Found it useful, don't you know.
Useful for a sunshade, it can more than one shade;
Useful, too, if gossip one would miss,
But particularly neat if a lover indiscreet
Should try to steal a kiss, kiss, kiss.



Fra Francisco's Flirtation

(From *The Serenade*)

WHEN I went my rounds one day,
Seeking: "Charity, Charity, Charity," (*Whining*)
A rose-cheeked damsel passed my way
And mocked at me with much hilarity.
Oh, her eyes were bright to see;
Small her foot and trim of hosiery.
"Who would be," quoth she, quoth she,
"A cowléd monk with staff and rosary?"
Ohé, ha, ha! Ohé, he, he!
Thus did that damsel mock at me.
Ohé, ha, ha! Ohé, he, he!
Merrily mocked that damsel free.

(*Sanctimoniously*)

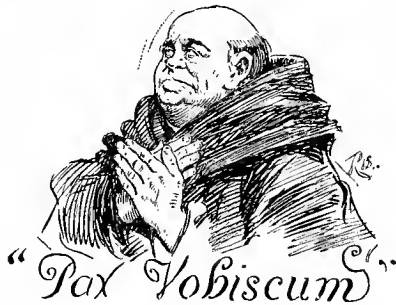
Then did I sigh with up-cast eye:
"Such smiles as thine our vows all ban.
I'd flee for miles to 'scape thy wiles.
Tempt not, tempt not this holy man.
O, not near us must earthly bliss come.
'Pax vobiscum! Pax vobiscum!'"
Onward went that damsel gay;
Echoed long her wild hilarity.
To the fair she took her way,
And I followed, seeking charity.
To the fair I bent my course;
Met a stranger gayly clad.
He changed clothes with me—by force.
There stood I a gallant lad!



Ohé, ha, ha! Ohé, ho, ho!
For a monk is not ever a saint, you know.

Full soon I met that maid divine,
Who knew me not, but smiled on me.
We quaffed a stoup or two of wine;
We danced fandangos light to see.
Alack! that day was bright and cheery.
I sigh for it: "Ah, miserere!"

For O, that damsel's laugh was light
As rippling brooklet's plashing.
And O, that damsel's smile was bright;
Her eyes how black and flashing!
I ask ye fair: Now who is there
Who knows what he's about, sirs,
Yet ever would be a cloistered monk
While there's love in the world without, sirs?
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
A monk is not always a saint, you know.



Object Matrimony

(From *The Rounders*)

I TAKE the daily paper up, and in the foremost column
I read the quaint advertisements expressed in language
solemn.

Here all the girls are beautiful; the men of high position;
And marriage is their aim in life, their loftiest ambition.

Oh, isn't it delightful to discover an affinity?
'Tis in this way that kindred souls are brought into
proximity.

Not a word of sordid things, of bank account, of
patrimony.

Just one object in the world, and that is—"Object
Matrimony."

Adown the printed page I glance, and O! I seem to hear it:—
The sighing of some lonely soul that seeks a kindred spirit.
How sweet that in this venal world, where hearts shut up
like shell-fish,

Some natures still are beautiful and holy and unselfish.

Oh, isn't it pathetic when you come to think about it,
That one longs for a kindred soul, yet oft must dwell
without it?

Happy could they be in humble home or hall baronial,
If they could attain that worthy object matrimonial.

So skeptic cease your scoffing sneer, and cynic pray abate yours.
This world has yet its noble hearts ; its true and loyal natures.
And O, I hope that they may meet, despite the gibes of
japers,
These rare and radiant souls that put the Personals in the
papers.

For it must be idyllic to discover an affinity,
Particularly where an "ad" brings one to your vicinity.
Not a word of sordid things, of lucre or of patrimony.
Just one object in the world, and that is—"Object
Matrimony."



Phyllis Rankin

The Tattooed Man

(From *The Idol's Eye*)

AN actress of emotional rôles,
Devoted to her art,
Once went to a *musée* of "freaks,"
And there she lost her heart.
For long she'd sought a kindred soul,
Affinity and mate.
But when she saw the tattooed man,
She knew she'd met her fate.

He was a human picture gallery,
Such a spectacular gent.
He won her heart and drew her salary,
Never gave her a cent ;
Till one fine day with her season's pay
And the fat lady off he ran.
Oh ! it's perfectly true you can beat a tattoo,
But you can't beat a tattooed man.

He had designs upon himself ;
She had designs on *him*,
And she loved to look at the picture book
That he had on ev'ry limb.
"Oh ! why should I go abroad," she said,
"To Germany, France, and Rome,
When a lovely collection awaits my inspection
In my happy little home?"

He was a human picture gallery,
Such a spectacular gent.
He won her heart and drew her salary,
Never gave her a cent;
Till one fine day with her season's pay
And the fat lady off he ran.
Oh! it's perfectly true you can beat a tattoo,
But you can't beat a tattooed man.

He had "Raphael's cherubs" on his brow,
"The Angelus" on his chest,
While on his back there was no lack
Of old masters of the best.
"Oh! picture to yourself," she said,
"A love-lorn maiden's doom!"
"I *can't* picture to myself," he said,
"For there isn't any room."

He was a human picture gallery,
Such a spectacular gent.
He won her heart and drew her salary,
Never gave her a cent;
Till one fine day with her season's pay
And the fat lady off he ran.
Oh! it's perfectly true you can beat a tattoo,
But you can't beat a tattooed man.

Upon each knee so fair to see
The artist grim had planned
A maiden face so full of grace,
Another on his hand.

Alas! for that tattooed man's wife,
She sorrowed much to see
Her husband with a girl on hand,
And one upon each knee.

He was a human picture gallery,
Such a spectacular gent.
He won her heart and drew her salary,
Never gave her a cent ;
Till one fine day with her season's pay
And the fat lady off he ran.
Oh! it's perfectly true you can beat a tattoo,
But you can't beat a tattooed man.



Frank Daniels

The Old War Horse

(From *The Little Corporal*)



A BOLD dragoon had an old gray nag,
An old war horse was he,
Who loved the rattle and roar of battle
As a drunkard loves a spree.
He'd jog all day in a slouching way,
Quite feeble and meek and mild,
But if ever he heard the trumpet sound
That old nag would just go wild.

Yes, when he heard a trumpet,
He'd just get up and hump it,
He'd clatter like mad, a galloping, galloping
On where the fight was thick.
The rest might like or lump it,
If that horse heard a trumpet,
He'd snort and prance and rear and dance,
Like an equine lunatic.

Refrain

Of course it only goes to show
What all are supposed to know,

That men are always habit's slaves,
 When habits once they fix.
 Just as the twig is bent we find
 The tree is sure to be inclined.
The shoemaker ever should stick to his last,
 And you can't teach old dogs new tricks.

There came a day when that war-horse gray
 Was sold to a boorish clown
Of rustic ilk, who peddled milk
 And cream in a market town.
That brave old nag was made to drag
 A milk cart from early dawn ;
With a step of lead and a drooping head,
 All his warlike spirit gone.

 But down the road one morning,
 The trumpets loud gave warning,
A cavalry troop came galloping, galloping,
 Galloping fine as silk.
 That horse began cavorting,
 Then bolted wildly, snorting.
His old heels flew ! The cans went too !
 And up went the price of milk.

Refrain

 That old war horse he seemed to say,
 In sad and reproachful way:
"Gunpowder and cream are things I deem
 That never were made to mix."

Just as the twig is bent you'll find
The tree is sure to be inclined.
The shoemaker ever should stick to his last,
And you can't teach old dogs new tricks.



Lulu Glaser



THERE once was a china shepherdess
 That stood on a mantel-shelf ;
 On the other side of the mantelpiece
 Was a lad much like herself.
 A shepherd lad all gaily clad
 In pink and white and gold,
 With love the twain were sweetly sad,
 With love they never told.
 Sing " Heigho " and " Lack-a-day,"
 True love's course is rough alway.

They looked on each other's loveliness,
 But he seemed cold and she seemed coy.
 Sorry the lot of the shepherdess ;
 Sorry the lot of the shepherd boy.

Like this, stood the china shepherdess,
 Through all the livelong day.
 She held her crook with a winsome look,
 And her smile seemed blithe and gay,

That shepherd lad, for love, was sad,
Her hand he longed to kiss,
One china smile could have made him glad,
As he posed—about like this.
Sing a pitying roundelay,
True love's course is rough always.

They looked on each other's loveliness,
But he seemed cold and she seemed coy.
Sorry the lot of the shepherdess;
Sorry the lot of the shepherd boy.

But after the lamps are all turned out,
And the firelight dims its glow,
That china shepherdess, I believe,
Her love isn't loth to show.
That shepherd lad grows gay and glad
On the mantel-shelf above,
And their china hearts with rapture bound
As they whisper their china love.
Sing "Ohé" and "fa la lay,"
True love's course grows smooth some
day.

They look on each other's loveliness,
He grows less cold and she less
coy.
Happy the lot of the shepherdess;
Happy the lot of the shepherd
boy.



The Fairies' Lullaby

(From *The Belle of Bohemia*)

WHEN you are safely lying in your downy little bed,
Just before you tumble off to sleep,
Snowy little nighties on and little prayers all said,
Still so wide awake you have to keep.
For the room is O so dark,
And you see a lot of things.
Ah, what is that now? Hark!
Like the fluttering of wings!
O, bless you! it's the fairies
Coming 'round their watch to keep,
And the wind is just then laughing
As they come to guard your sleep.

Refrain

So don't begin a-sighing,
And don't you go to crying;
There's nothing going to hurt you, not at all.
For the fairies and the elves
Once were little ones themselves,
And they're good to all the children big and small;
Just before you're sleeping,
You hear the wind come creeping
Around you with its oo-i-oo-i-oo!
Remember: don't get scary,
It is just a lonely fairy,
And it will not hurt a little one like you.

(*Crooning Refrain, imitating sighing of wind*)

Oo-i-oo-i-oo!

Think of Cinderella and of sweet Red Riding Hood.
Fairies took of them the best of care.
Little Goody Two-shoes and the Beauty in the Wood;
Snowdrop, too, and Little Golden Hair.
So just close your eyes up tight,
For I tell you it is true,
You will surely be all right
If the fairies watch for you.
If 'twere not for the children
All the fairies soon would die,
And so when the wind is moaning,
Why, it means a lullaby.

Refrain

So don't begin a-sighing,
And don't you go to crying;
There's nothing going to hurt you, not at all.
For the fairies and the elves
Once were little ones themselves,
And they're good to all the children big and small;
So just before you're sleeping,
If you hear the wind come creeping
Around you with its oo-i-oo-i-oo!
Remember: don't get scary,
It is just a lonely fairy,
And it will not hurt a little one like you.

(*Crooning Refrain*)

Oo-i-oo-i-oo!



Irene Bentley



EMMELINA WINGER



I WANT to wahn yo' all agains' a lady.
I got to show her up, although I
hate ter.

She swahs she loves a moke till she finds 'at he
is broke;

Den she draps him like a smokin' hot
pertater.

Her maiden name is Emmelina Winger;

Her color am de pales' choc'lut cream.

When I tink about de cash dat I wasted on dat
trash,

I skasely kin believe it ain't a dream.

Just keep away from Emmelina Winger;
She's a frivolling an' flinty-hearted stringer.

She's out fo' de stuff,

An' ef yo' hain't enough,

Bif! Kersmash! Out yo' go.

So long ez she kin wuhk yo' fo' a dollah,

She's closer dan yo' little brother's collah;

But a po' man hain't no show.

I ben dar an' I know,

So keep away from Emmeline an' save yo' dough.

I took her out to all de evenin' pahties,

An' always in a hack—she scohned de cable.

I done stove off ma rent fo' to blow in every cent

On a plush coat trimmed wif imitation sable.

I presented her a second-han' melojeon
An' a hat dat struck de neighbors deaf an' dumb,
And dat fan o' turkey wings an' dem amefist ear-rings
An' de garnet what she spohted on her thumb.

So keep away from Emmelina Winger ;
She's a frivolling an' flinty-hearted stringer.
She's out fo' de stuff,
An' ef yo' hain't enough,
Bif! Kersmash! Out yo' go.
So long ez she kin wuhk yo' fo' a dollah,
She's closer dan yo' little brother's collah ;
But a po' man hain't no show,
I ben dar an' I know,
So keep away from Emmeline an' save
yo' dough.

She accepted dem ere half-a-dozen stockins,
An' dat little half-breed Japanesy spannel,
An' after every present she looked as sweet an'
pleasant
As ef her love was warm as fur an' flannel.
But one day come a Pullman palace portah ;
He'd ben wif an excushion up de road.
He only flashed his roll, an' I los' complete
control
Of Emmelina. Dat very night it snowed.

So keep away from Emmeline Winger ;
She's a frivolling an' flinty-hearted stringer.



She's out fo' de stuff,
An' ef yo' hain't enough,
Bif! Kersmash! Out yo' go.
So long ez she kin wuhk yo' fo' a dollah,
She's closer dan yo' little brother's collah;
But a po' man hain't no show,
I ben dar an' I know,
So keep away from Emmeline an' save yo' dough.



Fay Templeton

If All the Stars Were Mine

I DREAMED the moon was a golden boat,
Up in the dark blue skies,
And I in that crescent craft afloat
Drifted to Paradise.
Oh, I floated on in the silvery light,
In a vision half divine,
For I was Queen of the Summer Night,
And all the stars were mine.

Refrain

Oh, if the stars were mine,
I know what I would do :
Each one a lucky star should shine
For you, my dear, for you.
To you they'd bring delight
And happiness divine,
If I were Queen of the Summer Night,
And all the stars were mine.

I drifted long in the Summer air,
To an isle in the clouds above,
So I asked the stars for its name so fair—
And it was the Isle of Love.
Then soon I came to a meadow bright,
Where watch they made me keep,
For I was Shepherdess of the night
And the stars were all my sheep.

Refrain

And if the stars were mine,
I know what I would do :
I'd give them all for a glass of wine,
With you, my dear, with you.
For one hour of delight
That made the past divine :
If I were really the Queen of Night,
I'd give those stars of mine.



Lillian Russell



Town and Country

(From *The Highwayman*)

FROM London town, from London town,
We come in periwigs, patches and paint,
In coach-and-four to your rustic door ;
We find you exceedingly queer and quaint.
Of London town it's little you know,
So we'll tell you the chief of our aims is
To pose and prattle, take tea and tittle-tattle
In Piccadilly or St. James's.

In London town, in London town,
Dolly mustn't venture in her homespun gown ;
The Strephon of a village is a veritable clown
When he visits in society in London town.

In London town, in London town,
 With snuff-box, quizzing-glass, fluttering fan,
How we sneer and strut and old friends cut;
 All but the smartest are beneath our ban.
Of London ways it's little you know,
 You rustics with your herds and flocks all.
We've nothing but compassion for a person out of fashion
 In Ranelagh or in Vauxhall.

In London town, in London town,
Dolly mustn't venture in her homespun gown;
The Strephon of a village is a veritable clown
When he visits in society in London town.



Nellie Braggins



The Song of the Sword

(From *Foxy Quiller*)

I SING of the blade
For brave men made ;
By all noble hearts adored.
The ballad I bring
To you, comrades, to sing
Is a song of the right good sword.
Some tell you that love
Is all else above,
But I'm not of their foolish clan,
For I love more the sight
Of a sabre bright
In the hands of a fighting man.

Refrain

It's the sword, the flashing sword,
That maketh the foemen reel ;
No music so grand on the sea or the land
As the clashing of steel on steel.
It's the sword, the trusty sword,
That faileth the soldier never ;
Oh, beauty is brief as a Summer night,
But glory lasts forever !

The power of gold
Is often told,
And the strength of the crafty pen ;
They have might I ween,
But the sabre keen
Is the weapon that's made for men.

Oh, the love of maids
Is a joy that fades,
And has been since the world began ;
But a sword is true
To the death to you ;
'Tis the pride of a fighting man.

Refrain

It's the sword, the flashing sword,
That maketh the foemen reel ;
No music so grand on the sea or the land
As the clashing of steel on steel.
It's the sword, the trusty sword,
That faileth the soldier never.
Oh, beauty is brief as a Summer night,
But glory lasts forever !



Lizzie McNicoll



What! Marry Dat Gal

NOT a lettah, jes' dis mawnin, suh, an' say I had ter laff.

Come from dat gal yo' used ter see me wif so much.

Recognized de writin' an' I felt myself grow pale;
Thought it more'n likely she wuz wuhkin' up a touch.

But, say, huh huh! wal yo' oughtah seen dat lettah;
Ef I hadn't ben a laffin', swah to yo', I'd had ter cry;
Fo' she wrote to make digestion dat les her an' me get married,
Said she penitented all dem names she called me by.

Huh huh! Yas sah! Tole me not to doubt her.
Me marry her, aftah all I know about her!

What! Marry dat gal? Well I guess no,
Not if she grubbled on her knees to ax me.

What! *Me* tie up to a bleach-blon' coon
What wuhks me to de limit an' sacks me?

I may not be so pertickler wahm,
But I guess I know 'nuff to keep outo' de stohm.
What! marry dat gal when she used me so?
Wal, I'm *some* kin's o' fool, but *dat* kin'? No!!

Say, yo' oughtah seen de answer what I sent her in reply;
Got de boss to write it in de reddes' kind o' ink.
Talk about sarkistical! De papah mos' burned up.
Bet when she peruged it took her har all outo' kink.

An' say—huh huh! if yo' see a yaller lady
Havin' de hysteriacs, an' prancin like a goat,
Yo' needn't ask her name; it is Phoebe Emma Jackson,
An' her ravins am de symptoms of dat lettah what I
wrote.

Huh huh! Yes, suh! Her career am checkered!
Me marry *her*? When I knows de lady's record?

What! Marry dat gal? Well I guess no,
Not if she grubbled on her knees to ax me.

What! *Me* tie up to a bleach-blon' coon
What wuhks me to de limit an' sacks me?

I may not be so pertickler wahm,
But I guess I know 'nuff to keep outo' de stohm.
What! marry dat gal when she used me so?
Wal, I'm *some* kin's o' fool, but *dat* kin'? No!!



My Angeline

(From *The Wizard of the Nile*)

SHE kept her secret well, oh yes,
Her hideous secret well.
We together were cast, I knew not her past;
For how was I to tell?
I married her, guileless lamb I was;
I'd have died for her sweet sake.
How could I have known that my Angeline
Had been a Human Snake?
Ah, we had been wed but a week or two
When I found her quite a wreck:
Her limbs were tied in a double bow-knot
At the back of her swan-like neck.
No curse there sprang to my pallid lips,
Nor did I reproach her then;
I calmly untied my bonny bride,
And straightened her out again.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why did'st disturb my mind serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!

At night I'd wake at the midnight hour,
With a weird and haunted feeling,
And there she'd be, in her *robe de nuit*,
A-walking upon the ceiling.

She said she was being "the human fly,"
And she'd lift me up from beneath
By a section slight of my garb of night,
Which she held in her pearly teeth.
For the sweet, sweet sake of the Human Snake
I'd have stood this conduct shady;
But she skipped in the end with an old, old friend,
An eminent bearded lady.
But, oh, at night when my slumber's light,
Regret comes o'er me stealing;
For I miss the sound of those little feet,
As they pattered along the ceiling.

Refrain

My Angeline! My Angeline!
Why did'st disturb my mind
serene?
My well-beloved circus queen,
My Human Snake, my Angeline!



Frank Daniels

The Drum-Major

(From *The Casino Girl*)

YOU may rave of stage Lotharios
With voices sweet as Mario's,
Of leading men so graceful in their poses,
Of artists so æsthetic,
Of pianists so poetic,
Of bards who sing of nightingales and roses ;
But still a girl is partial
To a uniform that's martial—
Gold lace possesses magic to engage her—
Lieutenant, Captain, Colonel,
To attract have charms eternal ;
But give me the spectacular Drum-Major.

Refrain

With his fascinating air
And his captivating stare,
Of radiant Don Juans he is the acme ;
When he looks in my direction
I succumb to heart affection,
And the most romantic sentiments attack me.
I'm ready quite to follow
This Adonis, this Apollo,
His fond and ardent worshipper to be ;
As he poses statuesquely
And he swaggers picturesquely,
The Drum-Major is the man for me.

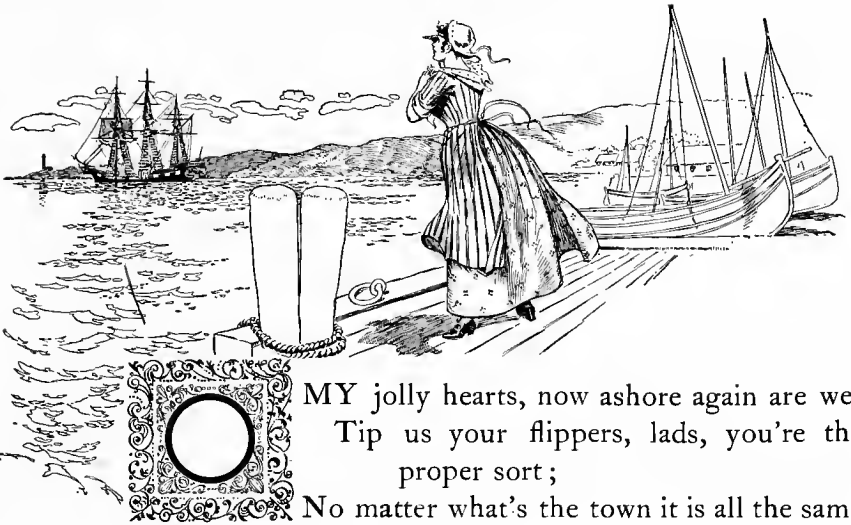
I adore not the fraternity
Of heroes of modernity,
Exploited by the newest school of fiction ;
They're usually distressing,
They're so fearfully depressing,
And as husbands they would cause domestic friction.
No girl herself had better link
To heroes found in Maeterlinck,
Or *décadent* creations of old Ibsen.
Give me that ornamental man,
The drum-inspiring gentleman,
Who well might pose as model for a Gibson.

Refrain

Though his intellect be dim,
He has splendid length of limb,
Which artists praise in phrases eulogistic;
And through happy dearth of brains
He is spared the modern pains
Of being too "advanced" and pessimistic.
A subject for a Phidias,
No sombre thoughts insidious
Perplex him in his journey o'er life's sea.
As a modern maiden's duty
Is to worship manly beauty,
The Drum-Major is the man for me.

A Sailor's Song

(From *The Highwayman*)



MY jolly hearts, now ashore again are we;
Tip us your flippers, lads, you're the
proper sort;
No matter what's the town it is all the same
to me—

I have a gal I fondly love in ev'ry port.
There's black-eyed Peg of Portsmouth town;
There's blue-eyed Kate of Cork;
There's Hampton Bess with eyes of brown;
There's Sue of Yankee York;
They love me well, the pretty dears,
Whatever may befall;
Yes, ev'ry one is true to me,
And I am true to all.

Refrain

Here's a health in steaming grog
To all I name and more;

Here's a health to ev'ry girl
That madly I adore;
A health to those I'm going to love
And those I've loved before.
The girls' hearts all go pit-a-pat
When Jack is on the shore.

Afloat or ashore, it is all the same to me;
Tip us your flippers, lads, pass the grog around;
I've yet to see the port in my sailin' on the sea
Where pretty girls and lively ones are never to be
found.

There's Dinah lives down Dover way;
There's Margot of Marseilles;
There's Tita off in Naples' bay,
And Maggie up in Wales;
I love 'em all; I love 'em all,
So fondly that I'm blest
If I can tell which of the lot
I think I love the best.

Refrain

Here's a health in steaming grog
To all I name and more;
Here's a health to ev'ry girl
That madly I adore;
A health to those I'm going to love
And those I've loved before.
The girls' hearts all go pit-a-pat
When Jack is on the shore.

A Hundred Wives

(From *The Rounders*)

WHEN first I sailed from Germany the traveling was risky?
Our cargo was entirely made of rare old wine and whisky;
As you'd expect, the ship was wrecked one night so dark and
murky,
We ran aground, ourselves we found upon the coast of Turkey.
They dragged me to the Sultan, in his Oriental glories,
I won his heart by telling him some German dialect stories;
The Sultan laughed at all my jokes, he longed for life to
share 'em,
So he made of me a pasha, and he gave to me a harem.

Oh, how I love my darling,
My Sally and my Sue,
My Clementine, my Angeline,
My Lucy and my Lou;
I'm true to Maude and Sadie,
To Mabel and Marie;
In fact, there are only a hundred girls
In the world for me.

To see me shopping with my wives my friends have often
wondered—
I buy their shoes by freight-car loads, their bonnets by the
hundred;
The butcher's and the grocer's bills are certainly heart-
breakers,
And when our washing is hung out it covers forty acres.

I'm very fond of children, but I almost have the rabies
When all the night I walk the floor with twenty teething
babies ;
Our Christmas stockings are a sight, it takes months to
prepare 'em,
And Santa Claus goes crazy when he drops into my harem.

Oh, how I love my Daisy,
My Gladys and my Nell,
My Annie and my Fanny,
My Beatrice and Belle,
My Polly and my Molly,
Estelle and Eulalie;
In fact, there are only a hundred girls
In the world for me.

I have to keep my better halves in watches, chains, and
loquets —
I wake at morn—a hundred wives are going through my
pockets ;
I love my wives' relations, but it makes me somewhat glummer
When eighty-five mammas-in-law come on to spend the
summer.
My life is the reverse of calm, it's rather harem-scarem,
But that's to be expected when one's living in a harem ;
When I come home they greet me with a smile that's
ornamental,
They welcome me with loving words and dances Oriental.

Oh, how I love my Delia,
My Stella and Sophia,

Cornelia and Ophelia,
My May and my Maria,
To Cora, Dora, Nora
I'll ever faithful be,
Because there are only a hundred girls
In the world for me.



T. Q. Seabrooke



The Farmer and the Scarecrow

(From *The Highwayman*)

A FARMER had a buxom wife,
His fondest pride, his joy in life,
And she was fair,
With charms so rare
And ne'er a thought of care.
The farmer was so old and grim,
She did not care a straw for him;
And they do say,
With gallants gay
She'd pass the time away.
The farmer had a scarecrow neat
To frighten crows that stole his wheat.
But we know they
Won't keep away
A gallant young and gay.

Refrain

All merrily went till one fine day
That farmer homeward came.
Then 'twas "O! Deary me!
What is this that I see?
A cavalier kissing my dame!"
Tol de rol lol and tol de rol lee!
Zooks! What a sight for a farmer to see.
That gallant fled at goodly pace,
But couldn't yield that dame with grace;
So in the field,
Well concealed,
He took the scarecrow's place.
He wore that scarecrow's tattered dress,
And she would go, as you may guess,
Some time each day,
As gossips say,
To drive the crows away.
The farmer went to market oft,
When he returned (so gossips scoffed)
He had a mighty cause to mourn;
The crows had eaten all his corn.

Refrain

All merrily went till one fine day
That farmer from market came.
Then 'twas "Lawks! Deary me!
What is this that I see?
I have neither scarecrow nor dame."
Tol di rol and tol di rol lee!
Zooks! What a sight for a farmer to see.



Jerome Sykes

He Was a Married Man

(From *The Belle of Bobemia*)

ALL the day and night
Raged the long, long fight,
All the day the cannon roared.
Many soldiers brave
Found a hero's grave
As the deadly hail outpoured.
"Who'll blow up that wall?"
Then the General cried;
"It is certain death," said he.
Then a small, pale man,
With a timid look,
Stood forth and said, "Take me."

For he was a married man ;
To certain death he swiftly ran.
While all his comrades cheered,
No blowing up he feared,
For he was a married man.

Through the quiet night
Came the shrieks of fright,
For a house was wrapped in flame.
"Who will save my child?"
Cried a mother wild,
While the crowd looked on in shame.
Is there none will dash
Through that wall of fire?

Are the days of heroes o'er?
No! A wild-eyed man,
With a joyous shout,
Rushed in that blazing door.

For he was a married man;
He cared not when the roast began.
To him the flames were not
So particularly hot,
For he was a married man.

Through the whirl and rush
Of a city street,
Came the cry of wild despair.
See, adown the street
Comes the rushing team;
In the coach two ladies fair!
Who is that who steps
In the horses' path?
While the people shout "Huzza!"
Ah! he sneaks away
When he sees these dames,
They're his wife and her mamma.

For he was a married man;
He smiled the while those horses ran.
Oh, he shunned those hoofs so rough,
He'd been stepped on quite enough,
For he was a married man.

“Man the lifeboats there!”
Cried the captain bold.
'Tis a wreck that must appall,
And our boat is filled
By a crowd so great
It is bound to sink with all.
“Who will jump and drown,
All the rest to save
From a watery grave?” they shout.
Then a weary man,
With a hopeless smile
Said “Me!” and tumbled out.

For he was a married man;
He cared not how cold the waters
ran.

He was used to the condition
Of a chilly proposition,
For he was a married man.



Sam Bernard

Mam'selle

(From *The Casino Girl*)

WHEN I was in Páree
The Frenchmen were so kind ;
They vowed and swore
“ Je t'aime—t'adore ! ”
Of course, I didn't mind.
Their ardent love for me
They showed in every way ;
They'd kiss my hand
With grace so grand,
And then to me they'd say :

Mam'selle,
Ma belle,
Charmante Américaine !
Chérie,
You see
How you have turned my brain ;
Your style,
Your smile,
Affect me like champagne.
Though I'm blasé,
Don't be glacé
To me, mam'selle,
Ma belle !

The noblesse of Páree
Thought I'd a rich papa ;



They'd roll their eyes,
And heave such sighs,
 And say, "O la la la la!"
They bought me jewels rare,
 Of their fond love to speak.
 With finger tips
 Upon their lips,
They'd cry, "Ma foi! Très chic!"

 Mam'selle,
 Ma belle,
Charmante Américaine!
 Chérie,
 You see
How you have turned my brain;
 Your style
 Your smile,
Affect me like champagne.
 Though I'm blasé,
 Don't be glacé
To me, mam'selle,
 Ma belle!

The Philadelphia Maid

(From *The Rounders*)

MY family have all been saints
For twenty generations,
Quite free from all the tints and taints
Of worldly dissipations.
All pleasure they consider crime;
Of love they were not makers;
They never went out for "a time,"
For all of them were Quakers.
Emotion I have never felt;
It was against the law;
For I was born and always dwelt
In Phil-a-del-phi-a.

O 'tis a place of solemn lives,
Where joy has never tarried;
There husbands may not kiss their
wives
Till they've been two years
married.
There William Penn his vigil keeps;
With reverence I name him.
'Tis there that old Ben Franklin
sleeps—
For which no one can blame him.
It takes a hundred years for one
To be a grandmamma.
No clocks are fast; no watches run
In Phil-a-del-phi-a.



Madge Lessing

American Heiresses

(From *The Rounders*)

WE'RE adding local color to our nation just at present,
As various far lands we hear the news from ;
And French and German noblemen will find it very pleasant,
Of Yankee brides 'twill give them more to choose from.
We'll annex the Philippines, and then if a noble means
To espouse a Yankee girl he'll have a chance
To pick out a dark brunette who has eyes and tresses jet,
And this will be the wedding song and dance :—

(*Imitation Philippine Song*)

Refrain

That's the newest Yankee girl, whose praises we shall sing.
Of heiresses American she is the latest thing ;
The Filipino heiresses to Gotham we shall bring,
They're going to be chickens under Uncle Sam's wing.

Fair Cuba, too, is bound to be a State, unless she's clannish,
The land of the cigar and the banana ;
So if you've admiration for the style of beauty Spanish,
We'll offer you an heiress from Havana.
Her eyes will be like stars, and her voice like a guitar's,
This new type of native beauty in our era ;
And when home your bride you're bringing you will hear the
music ringing
In *tempo* of the rhythmic habanera :—

(*Illustration of Spanish Dance*)

Refrain

That's the newest Yankee girl, whose praises we shall sing.
Of heiresses American she is the latest thing;
Beauties dark and starry-eyed to Gotham we shall bring,
They're going to be chickens under Uncle Sam's wing.

We're also seeking citizens in sev'ral far and nigh lands,
Though we have not the Hottentot and Zulu ;
So we can offer heiresses from far Hawaiian Islands,
The interesting belles of Honolulu.

They're pretty, so they say, of a shade *café au lait*
(In wardrobe, though, they do not come out strong);

And if you wed a lady of complexion rather shady,
Then this will be your wedding dance and song:—

(*Hawaiian Song*)

Refrain

That's the newest Yankee girl
we have upon the string.
Of heiresses American she is
the latest thing ;
All those Sandwich Island
belles to Gotham we
shall bring,
They're going to be chickens
under Uncle Sam's
wing.



Madge Lessing

Cholly Chumley of the Guards

(From *The Idol's Eye*)

TALK about your Tommy Atkins, Captain Jinks and all
the lot,

Who are military heroes with the bards.

Captain Jinks amounts to nothing; Tommy A. is "tommy rot"

Compared to me, the glory of the Guards.

We fellows do no fighting, there are other chaps for that;

For beauty and for dancing we are known.

We take no orders such as "ordah-oomps" or "shoulder-oomps;"

We're the swells, you know, who give the service tone.

I'm the famous Cholly Chumley of the Guards.

Oh, we're dreadful lady-killers in the Guards.

When we're out upon parade

Ev'ry widow, wife or maid

Begs a smile from us, the heroes of the Guards,

Doncher know.

Captain Cholly Chumley of the Guards!

I usually wear whiskers, but I've shaved 'em off, you see,

For I was much too lovely with 'em on.

Why, when I took a walk such crowds of ladies followed me,

And their husbands would come home and find 'em gone.

The Queen designed this uniform especially for me;

Though, if I sneezed, the rags would fly for yards.

And when she saw me dressed in these she said, "At last I see

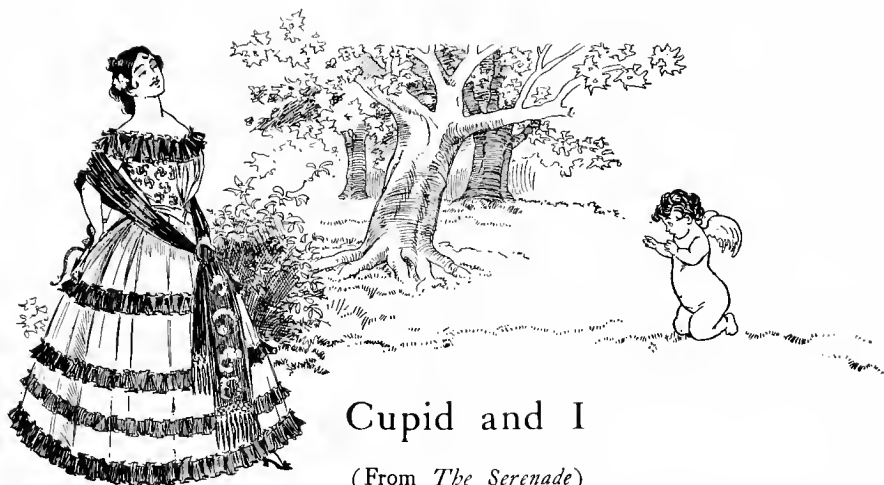
The only perfect figure in the Guards."

Oh, we're all so blooming dashing in the Guards ;
Oh, we cannot keep from " mashing " in the Guards.
Ladies follow me in droves,
While their husbands, jealous coves,
Curse the name of Cholly Chumley of the Guards,
Doncher know.
We're such devils with the fair ones in the Guards.

To fight the blawsted Zulus once, the Queen she sent me out.
I gave the wretched rascal blokes " what for."
I blew my cigarette at them, which put them all to rout ;
But fighting Zulus is a horrid bore.
However, when our gracious Queen heard how I'd fought
and bled,
She sent me a silk umbrella with regards,
And she says : " I'm very certain that if I should wed again,
I should pick out Cholly Chumley of the Guards."

I'm the famous Cholly Chumley of the
Guards ;
Oh, we're dreadful lady-killers in the
Guards.
When we're out upon parade
Ev'ry widow, wife and maid
Begs a smile from us, the heroes of the
Guards,
Doncher know.
Captain Cholly Chumley of the Guards.





Cupid and I

(From *The Serenade*)

CUPID once found me a-dreaming,
Lulled by the soft summer breeze,
Where golden sunshine was streaming
Through the deep shade of the trees ;
He gave no heed to my sighing.
What could I know of his art ?
Swiftly his arrow came flying.
True was his aim at my heart.

Happy was that day for me—
Love, I knew thee well ;
But from folly I am free ;
Vain is now thy spell.
Smiling I can go my way,
Broken is my chain.
I am Cupid's slave no longer ;
I am free again.

I found sly Cupid a-sleeping,
 Captured his arrows and bow.
Though he implored me with weeping,
 I would not let my prize go.
“Come, for my bow’s safe returning,
 I promise thee,” said the boy,
“Thou shalt know naught of Love’s yearning ;
 Thou shalt know only its joy.”

Happy was the day for me,
 Free now is my heart.
Merrily I laugh at thee,
 Love; my slave thou art.
Smiling I can go my way,
 Life is joy to me.
Cupid, if thou seek’st to wound me,
 I can laugh at thee.



Alice Neilsen

Mindin' the Baby

(From *The Idol's Eye*)

I'M the oldest of a dozen, and I'm just fifteen;
The w'y the world is treatin' me is just blime mean.
I ain't so orful wuss on looks and style I know,
Cuz plenty of the fellers round the plice has told me so.
I've got a new red jersey, and a big green hat
Chuck full o' yaller ostrich feathers long as that,
But what's the use of togs if all your looks is hid
Because you're always mindin' of the youngest kid?

Oh, wot's the use o' havin' grite ambition
When yer was borned the fust o' sich a number?
I might be a Duchuss myby;
'Stead o' which I minds the byby,
A-singin' "'Ush, my dear, lie still and slumber."
I stops ter speak ter some good lookin' feller,
Puts the byby on the sidewalk or the floor;
Then it's "Yah-yah-yah-böö-hoo!"
I could whack 'im black and blue.
'Ow I hopes ter 'Evin there woun't be any more.

I bin tendin' o' them bybies since I's five years old.
I used ter drop 'em everywhere—too big fer me to hold.
I got a lovely figger, though me gownd's undid,
But what's the use o' figgers when you has ter mind a kid?
I never 'ad no fun at all in all my dys;
I ain't bin to no dances; I ain't seen no pl'ys.
The butcher's boy would marry me, if I'd get rid
Of this everlastin' mindin' of a kid.

Oh, wot's the use o' havin' grite ambition,
When you've always got a sickly brat a-bawlin'?
 With me feller I goes walkin';
 Of love and sich he's talkin'
When the bloomin' blawsted byby tunes his squallin'.
I sometimes try to read a yaller novel
Full o' rummy old elopements, crime and gore;
 Then it's "Yah-yah-yah-boo-hoo!"
 'Old yer noise, you silly—do.
'Ow I 'opes to 'Evin there woun't be any more.





Don José of Sevilla

DON JOSÉ of Sevilla was a gay roué,
Acting parts,
Breaking hearts,
Half a score a day.
Ever with his regiment, a-marching here and
there ;
Thought it fun
When he'd won
Favors from the fair.
No one could resist him.
Oh, dear, no.
Ev'ry damsel kissed him,
Loved him so.
Then at once she missed him,
Off he'd go.
Then this dashing Don José
Snapped his fingers as he'd say :
That for love. Piff paff!
Let her go. Piff paff!

It's only one more village belle.
Love's a bore. Piff paff!
I've girls galore. Piff paff!
My motto's ever *Vive la bagatelle*.

Don José of Sevilla met his fate one day.
Met a maid,
Not afraid
Of his winning way.
She was but a country lass, who milked, and
raked the hay.
Tall and stout ;
At a bout
Muscular, they say.
Said she, listening to him :
"You're too new."
Thought she'd try to do him
Just a few.
In the millpond threw him,
Soaked him through.
After this, gay Don José.
Snapped his fingers as
he'd say :

That for love. Piff paff!
Let her go. Piff paff!
It's only one more village belle.
Love's a bore. Piff paff!
I've girls galore. Piff paff!
My motto's ever *Vive la bagatelle*.



Marie Tempest

De Gold Mine

WHEN ma fust man passed in his checks,
An' climb de golden fence,
He done lef' me wot seemed to be
A sum of cash immense.
He had four hundred on his life;
On gettin' dat I reckoned;
But now I'se broke 'case of dat moke
Dat married me—my second.

Refrain

But he's used me for a gold mine long enough;
All ma cash has done diminish
To a microscopic finish.
He's done opposed to any wuhk dat's rough;
He don't leave me enough to purchase snuff.
De bes' seegars in town he'll set and puff;
While I kain't get de tin
Fo' a half-pint jug o' gin.
Had enough o' all his swindlin',
He must take to choppin' kindlin';
Fo' he's used me as a gold mine long enough.

Dat man o' mine—de fust, I mean—
Jes' worked and scrimped and saved.
He done up whitewash jobs all day;
At night cut har and shaved.

He owned de mortgage on dis house ;
 And he did not intend it,
Dat he should make his little stake
 Fo' no-good trash to spend it.

Refrain

Dat man's used me fo' a gold mine long enough ;
 But he'll have to turn wood-sawyer
 Soon ez I kin find a lawyer.
I'se took in washin' till my hands is rough ;
He goes an' c'lects de cash ! Say—ain't dat tough ?
Sit's roun' de s'loon, talks politics and guff,
 While clo'es I really needs.
 (I'se still wearin' widder's weeds.)
Tells folks how to save de nation,
 While I wash fo' all creation !
But he's used me fo' a gold mine long enough.

It's What Eve Said to Adam

(From *The Belle of Bobemia*)

MEN are dreadful creatures,
 Made but to deceive.
So it has been ever
 Since Adam dwelt with Eve.
If he comes home tipsy,
 He will say—the scamp—
He took just one whiskey,
 Because he had a cramp.

Refrain

It's what Eve heard from Adam, and what Adam said to Eve.
Men have'nt changed a bit; they were created to deceive.
He speaks of "lodge" and "sick friends;" and of course
 she will believe
The same old things that Adam told to silly little Eve.

Sitting in the moonlight,
 Pretty girl—and man,
Spoonng, billing, cooing,
 As only lovers can.
Then she whispers fondly :
 " Tell me, I implore,
Darling, did you ever
 Love like this before ?"

Refrain

It's what Eve said to Adam, and what Adam said to Eve.
Love hasn't changed a bit ; it was created to deceive.
He answers : " You're my first love, a kiss, dear, to receive."
The same old yarn that Adam told to silly little Eve.

Happy couple plighted,
 Make a pretty pair;
Soon to be united ;
 Prospects very fair.
He gives her a ring, and
 As she turns it o'er
She observes : " Who was it
 Wore this ring before?"

Refrain

It's what Eve said to Adam, and what Adam said to Eve.
Engagement rings are transferred very often, I believe.
He finds papa is not rich, and then he takes his leave ;
The same old trick that Adam played on silly little Eve.

Happy couple married ;
 Wedded bliss they win ;
Paradise and heaven—
 Till the bills come in.
Baby is a beauty,
 Such a cunning mite.
Seems a sin about such
 A little thing to fight.

Refrain

He wants it named for mother ; she wants it named for hers.
So they wrangle in a tangle ; with repartee and slurs.
They fight about the baby's name until both vow to leave ;
The way that papa Adam fought with little mother Eve.



Virginia Earl

The Bells of St. Swithin's

(From *Robin Hood*)

IN olden times
St. Swithin's chimes
Tol'd blithely ev'ry hour
From out the old gray tower.
'Neath Swithin's shade
A lovely maid
Lived in a cottage bower,
As fair as any flower.
She heard the chimes through all the day ;
She heard them call the folk to pray ;
She learned to love their roundelay
From old St. Swithin's tower.

Ring on, bell ;
For wedding song or funeral knell,
Your message to each hearer tell,
Betimes,
Ye chimes.
Ding, dong, dong !
Of joy or grief may be your song.
If mirth or pain
Be your refrain,
Still ring, ye bells, and sing.

A youth there came
With love aflame
To that sweet maiden's bower
Beneath St. Swithin's tower.

With smile and sigh
He bade her fly,
Nor heed what clouds might lower—
True love's enough for dower.
A little space with him she strayed,
When warningly those chime bells played:
"Turn back, turn back, O gentle maid,
His love will last an hour."

Ring on, bell;
For wedding song or funeral knell,
Your message to each hearer tell,
Betimes,
Ye chimes.
Ding, dong, dong!
Of joy or grief may be your song.
If mirth or pain
Be your refrain,
Still ring, ye bells, and sing.



Jessie Bartlett Davis

Gypsy Love Song

(From *The Fortune Teller*)

THE birds in the forest are calling for thee ;
All the shades and the glades are lonely ;
Summer is there, with her blossoms fair ;
You are absent only.
No bird that nests in the greenwood tree
But sighs to greet you and kiss you ;
All the flowers yearn for your safe return,
And, most of all, *I* miss you.

Refrain

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Dream of the field and the grove.
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland
Where your fancies rove ?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
Wild little woodland dove.
Can you hear the song that tells you
All my heart's true love ?
The fawn that you tamed has a look in its eyes
That says : " Must we long be parted ? "
Songs that are trolled by our comrades old
Now are not light-hearted.
The wild rose fades in the leafy shades,
Its ghost will find you and haunt you.
All the friends sigh : " Come to our woodland home."
And, most of all, *I* want you.

Refrain

Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
 Dream of the field and the grove;
Can you hear me, hear me in that dreamland
 Where your fancies rove?
Slumber on, my little gypsy sweetheart,
 Wild little woodland dove.
Can you hear the song that tells you
 All my heart's true love?



Eugene Cowles



Virginia Earl

The Casino Girl

SHE has to be pretty to start with,
 Know what to say and do ;
Have charms to capture a heart with,
 And skill to keep it, too.
A gay soubrette as a rule of course,
 But sometimes—oh—so pure!
For as a Salvation lassie she once
 Was dainty and demure.

Refrain

First she dances along the line,
 A-swinging to and fro ;
Then she'll sway this kind of way,
 And then she poses so.
Smiling at the boxes with
 A roguish eye—comme ça !
The while she sings those clever things
 Of tra-la-la-la-la !

She has to be stylish and graceful,
 With ready smile and blush ;
As fair to the eye as an ace full
 When held against a flush.
Her ankles whirl in a cloud of lace,
 And by them hearts are wrecked,
As she trips along with a cute little song
 In Parisian dialect.

Refrain

First she rustles her skirts like this ;
 Then she tilts them up like that ;
Then she skips and then she trips,
 And then she kicks a hat.
When she sees a chap she knows
 She sets his brain awhirl
With roguish eye, with feet that fly.
 Oh, that's a Casino girl !



Mabelle Gilman

Kleptomania

(From *The Highwayman*)

IF the awful instigator
Or the dreadful perpetrator
Of a criminal deed you're seeking for to ferret out,
The detective who disguises,
Whistles, "hists" and theorizes
Is the one who sets the greatest stock of merit out.
On a fellow's nose a soot-print,
In the sand a tiny footprint,
Strand of hair, a broken twig, are clues most black ;
And if any such you find,
You can safely bear in mind
That you are very close upon the track.

Refrain

You're on the track ! You're on the track !
You have found the proper clue,
You have little else to do ;
You are close upon the trail,
You will land your man in jail—
You're on the track ! You're on the track !

If a wretch in anguish utter
Steals a slice of bread—no butter—
' Cause he's starving and of pie he hasn't got any,
He has time for deep repentance,
For the justice in his sentence
Gives him twenty years in that far bay called Botany.

But it's very much more healthy
For the tolerably wealthy
To appropriate, embezzle and conceal,
For Dame Justice sits and grieves,
Never calling people thieves
If they do not really need the things they steal.

Refrain

You're on the track! You're on the track!
"He can't help it," so they say,
Wealthy thieves are born that way;
If of cash one has no lack,
He's a kleptomaniac.
You're on the track! You're on the track!

Inconsistency

(From *Papa's Wife*)

IT seems one's dress is always changing ;
For instance, a few years ago
Nobody seemed to mind my knees ;
My stockings 'twas all right to show.
But then—my neck ! it must be covered ;
And *now* it's different, if you please ;
For I can show my neck and shoulders,
But I must cover up my knees.

Refrain

But why? What difference can it make?—
I cannot see, although I try—
Whether one's frock is cut high below
Or cut below up high.

A lady dances in a ball-room ;
She shows her shoulders and her arms.
Only a bit of ribbon lies
Between the public and her charms.
A scandal if she showed her ankles !
A riot if she showed her knees !
But at the seaside in the summer,
Why, you can see them all you please.

Refrain

But why? What difference can it make?—
I cannot see, although I try—
Whether one's frock is cut high below
Or cut below up high.



Anna Held

The Swearing Skipper

(From *Foxy Quiller*)

THERE once was a skipper of a taut Dutch ship,
And his name was Van der Decken;
He sailed and he sailed a roving trip
Down to Cape Good Hope, I reckon.
One night he tried to sail in the teeth of a breeze,
But, lor! he couldn't make head;
So he made such 'orrid remarks as these,
Which air some o' the things he said:

Refrain

“By the great Horn Spoon, I'll double that cape!
“I swear by my grandad's bones!
“May I die on land in a drunken scrape!
“May I go to Davy Jones!
“I swear by blankety-blank-blank-blank,
“I swear—!” (*Roar of thunder; crash in orchestra*)
And he would have said more, I make no doubt
But the terrible thunder drowned him out.

Take warning, my mates, of this wild yarn
Of that most cantankerous gaby,
And never say anything worse than “Darn”
No matter how mad you may be;
For “Darn” and “Gosh” and the likes of those
Are good enough cuss words quite.
It's better to come to blood and blows
Than to say as he said that night:

Chorus

“I swear,” says he, “I’ll double that cape,
And I will turn back never ;”
So there he is in a dreadful scrape—
And never, no never, can he escape—
Swearing away, a spectral shape,
And sailing on forever.

When Chloe Sings a Song

DAR is music in de banjo when it sounds,
Dar is music in de whistle o' de breeze,
Dar is music fo' creation on de whole ob dis plantation,
Dar is music in de buzzin' ob de bees;
But de sweetes' music dat I ever hear
Is de sound dat de soft breeze brings
In tones so clear to dis chile's ear
When my sweet Chloe sings.

Refrain

Do yo' hear dem tones a-comin'
When de old banjo is strummin'?
Why, de bees dey stop dere hummin'
When dey hears 'em come along.
O'er de whole o' dis plantation
It's de cause ob a sensation.
Sweetes' music in creation
Is when Chloe sings a song.

Dar is music in de tambourine and bones,
Dar is music in de fiddle and de bow,
Dar is lively music eber when de steamer down de riber
Comes along and lets her loudess whistle blow.
But de darkeys come around fo' miles an' miles—
It's wonderful de crowd it always brings—
Wif every chile's face wreathed in smiles
When my sweet Chloe sings.

Refrain

Do yo' heah dem tones a-comin'
When de ole banjo is strummin'?
Why, de bees dey stop dere hummin'
 When dey hears 'em come along.
O'er de whole o' dis plantation
It's de cause ob a sensation;
Sweetes' music in creation
 Is when Chloe sings a song.

Dar is music when de red-birds chirp and sing,
And de oriole is whistlin' on his nest;
Dar is music in the tingle ob de rain upon de shingle
 When in de cabin all have gone to rest.
But dar's not a bird in air or in de trees,
 Dar's not a bird dat flies around on wings,
Wif tones as sweet as dem you meet
 When dat gal Chloe sings.

Refrain

Do 'yo hear dem tones a-comin'
Wid de ole banjo a-strummin'?
Why, de bees dey stop dere hummin'
 When dey hears 'em come along.
O'er de whole o' dis plantation
It's de cause ob a sensation.
Sweetes' music in creation,
 Is when Chloe sings a song.



I Didn't Like Him

PERHAPS you may a-noticed I been soht o' solemn lately,
Haven't been a-lookin' quite so pleasant.
Mebbe I have been a little bit too proud and stately ;
Dat's because I'se lonesome jes' at present.
I an' him agreed to quit a week or so ago,
Fo' now dat I am in de social swim
I'se 'rived to de opinion dat he ain't my style o' beau,
So I tole him dat my watch was fas' fo' him.

Refrain

Oh, I didn't like his clo'es,
An' I didn't like his eyes,
Nor his walk, nor his talk,
Nor his ready-made neckties.
I didn't like his name a bit,
Jes' 'spise de name o' Jim ;
If dem ere reasons ain't enough,
I didn't like *Him*.

Dimon' ring he give to me an' said it was a fine stone,
Guess it's only alum mixed wif camphor.
Took it roun' to Eisenstein ; he said it was a rhinestone,
Kind, he said, he didn't give a dam fur.
Sealskin sack he give to me it got me in a row.
P'liceman called an' asked to see dat sack ;
Said another lady lost it. Course *I* don't know how ;
But I had to go to jail or give it back.

Refrain

Oh, I didn't like his trade ;
Trade dat kep' him out all night.
He'd de look ob a crook,
An' he owned a bull's-eye light.
So when policemen come to ask
What *I* knew 'bout dat Jim,
I come to de confusion dat
I didn't like *Him*.

The Strolling Players

FROM town to town we fare, lads,
In bright or rainy weather ;
We have all the sister muses in our pack.
Oh, why should we despair, lads,
While we are young together,
And a penny buys a pennyworth of sack.

Sing heigho! Sing hey-dey!
And troll away, my brothers ;
For each day is May-day
To hearts that mock at care.
'Tis laughter we're after ;
We leave the frowns to others.
Sing heigho! Sing hey-dey!
A groat is cash to spare.

Let cavaliers with gold, lads,
Buy any lips they fancy ;
Your player hath those lips upon the sly.
We've song and story old, lads,
For Meg, or Kate, or Nancy,
And they give to us the smiles that gallants buy.

Sing heigho! Sing hey-day!
A murrain take the law, boys.
Each day is a gay day
To players as they roam.
We're vagabonds and rogues,
And of nothing stand in awe, boys ;
Our creed is do what pleases you ;
Bohemia's our home.



De Wolf Hopper

