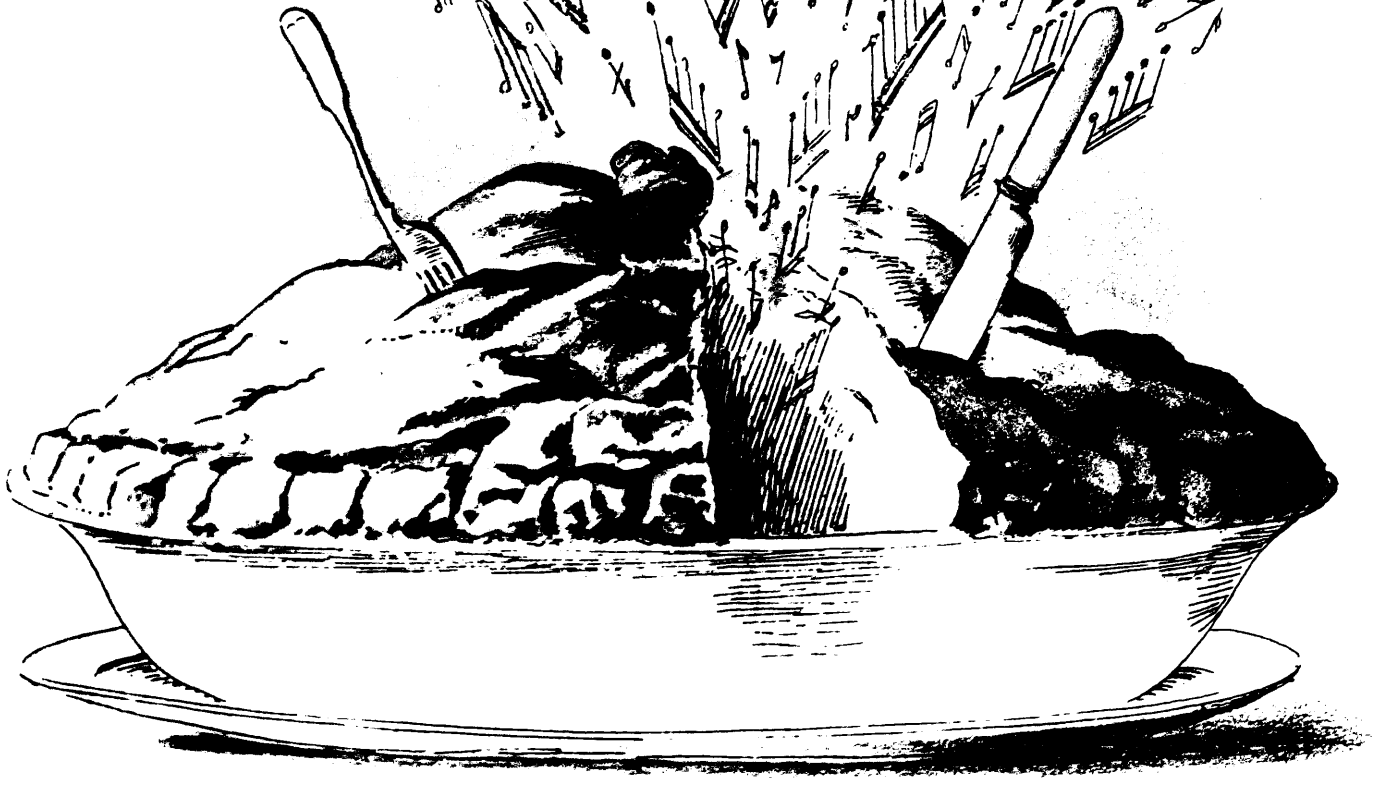
PARODY PIE

BY

LIZA LEHMANN



CHAPPELL.

PARODY PIE

A SONG CYCLE FOR FOUR VOICES

Soprano, Contralto, Tenor & Bass,

WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE LYRICS BY

A. STODART WALKER, NANCY PAIN,
WINIFRED ROSE AND ANON.

The Music by

LIZA LEHMANN

PRICE 3 6 NET CASH.
$1.50

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PARODY PIE.

A SONG-CYCLE FOR FOUR VOICES.

I.—QUARTET.

COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE.
(Clr-st-ph-r M-rl-w.)

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all my treasures prove,
With lunch and dinners, plays and balls,
And all the naughty music-halls.

There will we sit inside a box,
And see the ladies show their frocks,
And large tiaras, in the stalls,
And more when they take off their shawls.

* * *

Then will I buy thee silken hoses,
And shoes to fit your dainty toeses;

* * *

A rope of pearls as large as spuds,
(The size I wear myself as studs).

* * *

If these delights thy mind may move,
Come live with me and be my love.

Yes, these delights my mind do move,
I'll live with thee and be thy love.

**A. Stodart-Walker.*

II.—DUET (TENOR AND BASS).

MY TRUE FRIEND HATH MY HAT.
(S-r Ph-l-p S-dn-y.)

My true friend hath my hat, and I have his,
By choice of mine, one for another changed;
I hold his dear, and mine he'd never miss,
There never was a better swop arranged:
My true friend hath my hat, and I have his.

His hat on me saves me the price of one;
My hat on him his foolish head hath guyed;
He hates my hat, he much prefers his own,
I cherish his, my bald patch it doth hide:
My true friend hath my hat, and I have his.

A. Stodart-Walker.

* MR. A. STODART WALKER'S words are from "THE MOXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE," published by MR. EVELEIGH NASH.
The omissions and small deviations from the original versions have been permitted by the Author for musical purposes.

III.—SOLO (CONTRALTO).

GEYSERBIANCA.
(Mrs. H-m-ns.)

The boy stood on the bathroom mat,
  A matchbox in his hand,
The Geyser, new the day before,
  He did not understand.

He scarcely dared to touch the thing
  Without his father's word;
His father, wrapped in sleep above,
  Slept on and never heard.

He called aloud: "Say, father, say,
  The *gas* or *water* first?
If I turn on the gas before,
  Say, will the Geyser burst?"

"Speak, father!" once again he cried;
  "I dare not try alone!"
And still no answer came to him,
  The snores went snoring on.

He shouted but once more aloud:
  "Won't *no* one show me how?"
And then advanced with lighted match,
  And lit the *gas* first—OW!

* * *

The Geyser and the Gallant Child,
  The Bath—ah where are they?
Ask of the maid who lost her place
  For sweeping them away.

Nancy Pain.

IV.—SOLO (TENOR).

BLINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.
(B-n J-ns-n.)

Blink to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will wink with mine,
Or leave a note within the post
  And I'll come out to dine.
An invitation from a Duke
  Requires a garb divine,
But my old neck-tie, at the most,
  Is all I'd change for thine.

I sent thee late a little cheque
  That could not honoured be,
But having then a hope that there
  It might be cashed by thee;
But thou thereon did'st only look
  And sent it back to me,
Since when thou lov'st to curse and swear,
  Not at the cheque, but me.

A. Stodart-Walker.

V.—QUARTET.

MAUD (OF ALL WORK).
(L-rd T-nnys-n.)

Bells in the front hall ringing,
When twilight is falling;
"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,"
They are crying and calling.

Where is Maud? In the field,
And I, who else, am with her;
Gathering leeks and turnips—
Myriads grow together.

Bells in our hall rang,
Ringing through the garrets;
Maud is here, here, here,
In among the carrots.

I pinched her rosy cheek,
She smacked my face in anger:
Maud is nearly seventy,
I did not like to slang her.

* * *

I know the way she went
Back with her cheeks so ruddy;
For her feet have touched the staircase
And left the carpets muddy.

A. Stodart-Walker.

VI.—SOLO (SOPRANO).

THE MAY QUEEN.
(L-rd T-nnys-n.)

You must shake and call me early,
  Call me early, mother dear,
For to-morrow will be the happiest day
  Of all the glad new year.
The weather forecast says: No rain,
  Just sunshine all the day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
  I'm to be Queen o' the May!

I shall wear my scarlet slippers
  And my sky-blue Bombazine,
That Carrie and Kate and Margaret
  May turn a sickly green;
But sister Effie's black, black eye,
  Well, that was done in play:
I'm really rather excited, mother,
  For I'm to be Queen o' the May!

* * *

I'm very tired indeed, mother,
  I want my little cot;
My feet are lumps of ice, mother,
  My brow is burning hot.
The rain came down in floods, mother,
  And drenched my Bombazine;
My scarlet shoes collapsed, mother,
  Dancing on the green.

How I longed for my goloshes
  As we slithered in the slosh!
I've broken off with Robin
  For not lending his MackIntosh;
Still, I *have* been Queen o' the May, mother,
  A fig for all the rest!
Just bix be a bu tard poultice, buther,
  But try it—od Effie's chest!

Anon.

VII.—SOLO (BASS).

MRS. L. LORÈE.

Are you ready for your steeplechase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorèe?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.

* * *

You're booked to ride your Capping Race to-day at Coulterlee.
(I'm blessed if I can find the place in any "A B C.")
You're booked to ride Vindictive with an infant on your knee,
With which, no doubt, you'll turn the scale at over twelve stone three,
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, and so on, E.T.C.

* * *

She clutched the nurs'ry mantelpiece, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorèe,
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree!

* * *

"I cannot ride Vindictive with a baby on my knee.

* * *

How *can* I ride a capping-race with *crêches* on my knee?"
Her husband was a callous brute, and didn't care a D.

* * *

"I've backed you for a thousand pounds, and you'll stand in with me."
"*Bar one, Bar one,*" the Bookies cried; "*Bar one, Bar two, Bar three!*"

* * *

She mastered Young Vindictive! Oh the crafty matron she!!
And kept him straight and won the race at 8 to 3, S.P.;
And then they warned her off the Turf of festive Coulterlee,
For they found it was a golliwog she held upon her knee.
No *wonder* that no baby cried for Mrs. L. Loree.

* * *

Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Baree.

F. Richardson.

* MR. FRANK RICHARDSON'S words are from "SHAVINGS," published by MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The omissions and small deviations from the original version have been permitted by the Author for musical purposes.

VIII.—DUET (SOPRANO AND TENOR).

I STUCK A PIN INTO A CHAIR.

(L-ngf-ll-w.)

I stuck a pin into a chair,
To stick in someone sitting there;
And so well was it hid, the sight
Could not rest on its point so bright.

I threw an egg into the air—
It fell on someone, I don't know where;
For who so swift of sight or leg
As to dodge the flight of a hard-boiled egg?

Long, long afterwards, squashed out flat,
I found the egg on a curate's hat;
And the pin, through its pointed end,
Was unexpectedly found by a friend.

Anon.

IX.—QUARTET.

"EXCELS-EE-AW."

The shades of night are falling fast,
And we are near the end at last;
In happy homes we know the light
Of household fire gleams warm and bright—
Therefore,
Excelsior!
(But why "Excelsior"?)

"Fly not so fast," the Porter said,
"You'll only break your stupid head!"
But rash Alphonso scorned advice;
He slipped, and fell among the ice.
His hair he tore—
"There is no more!"
Excelsior!

Our tale is of a youth who ran,
As only foreign waiters can,
Balancing, by some strange device,
Two dozen plates of coffee-ice.
What, twenty-four?
Yes, even more.
Excelsior!

"The day is hot," the waitress cried;
"They shout for ice!—there inside."
See! with his hand he scoops it back,
A little blacker, if not black!
He kicks the door,
"Si, si, Signor!"
Excelsior!
(But why drag in "Excelsior"?)

You ask us why? We cannot tell,
For any word would do as well,
Except "Good-bye,"* which is "taboo";
We scarcely dare to breathe "Adieu."
Therefore, no more,
But evermore
Excelsior—ior—ior—ee—aw!

Anon.

* A parody on the famous song "Good-bye" has been withdrawn at the request of the Publishers.

PARODY PIE.

I.

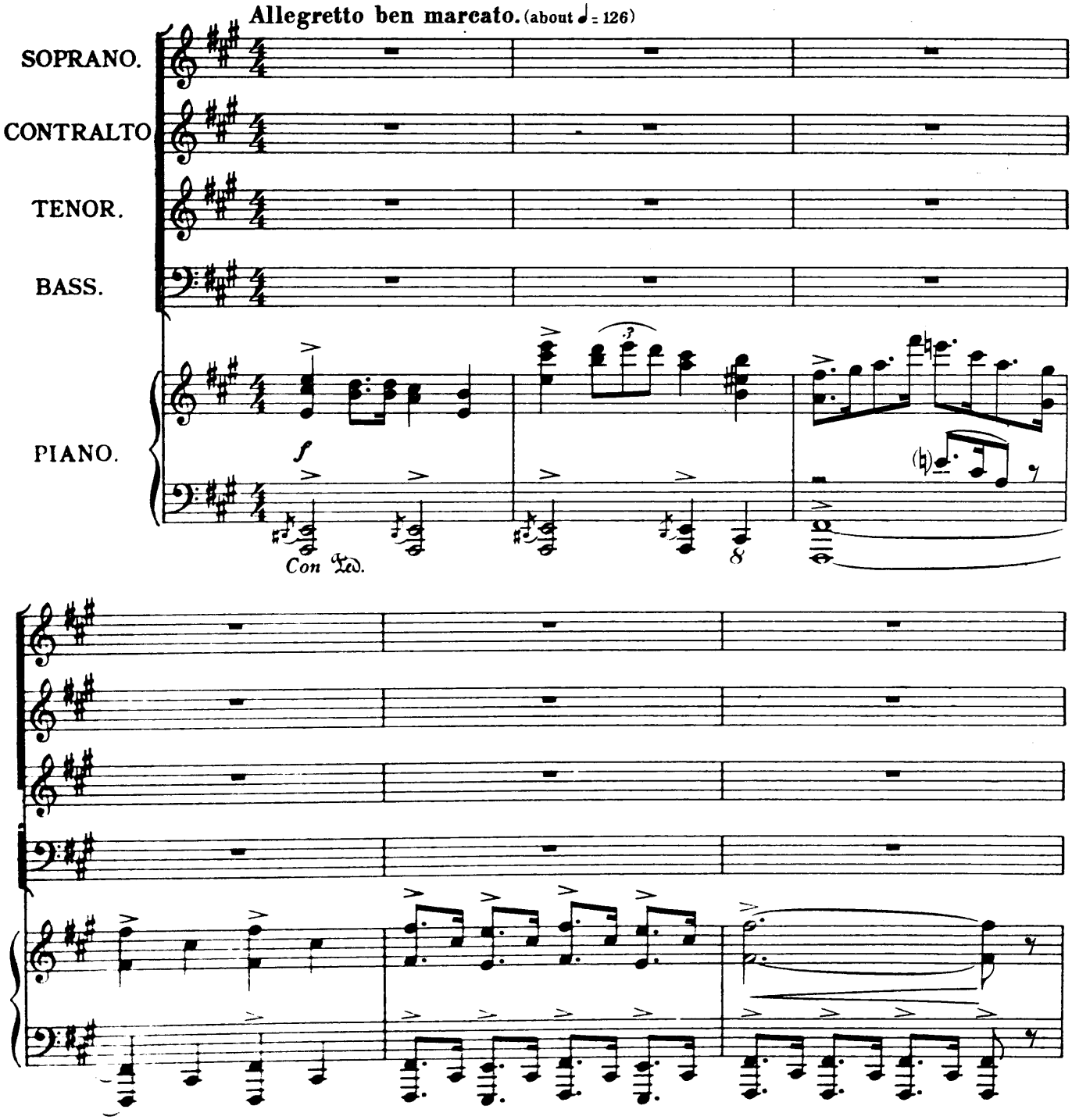
Come live with me and be my Love.

QUARTET.

(Chr*st*ph*r M*rl*w.)

Words by
A. STODART WALKER.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.



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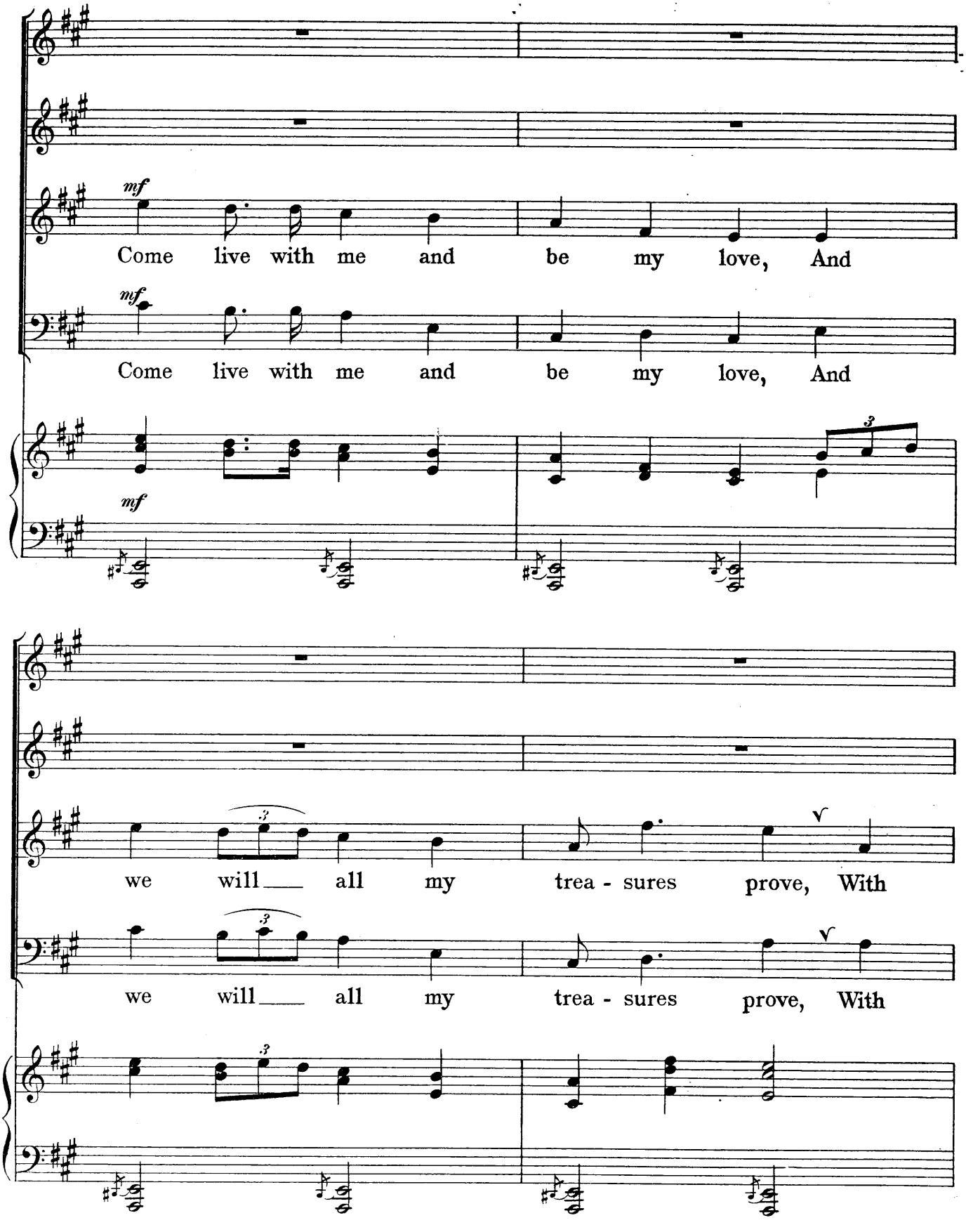
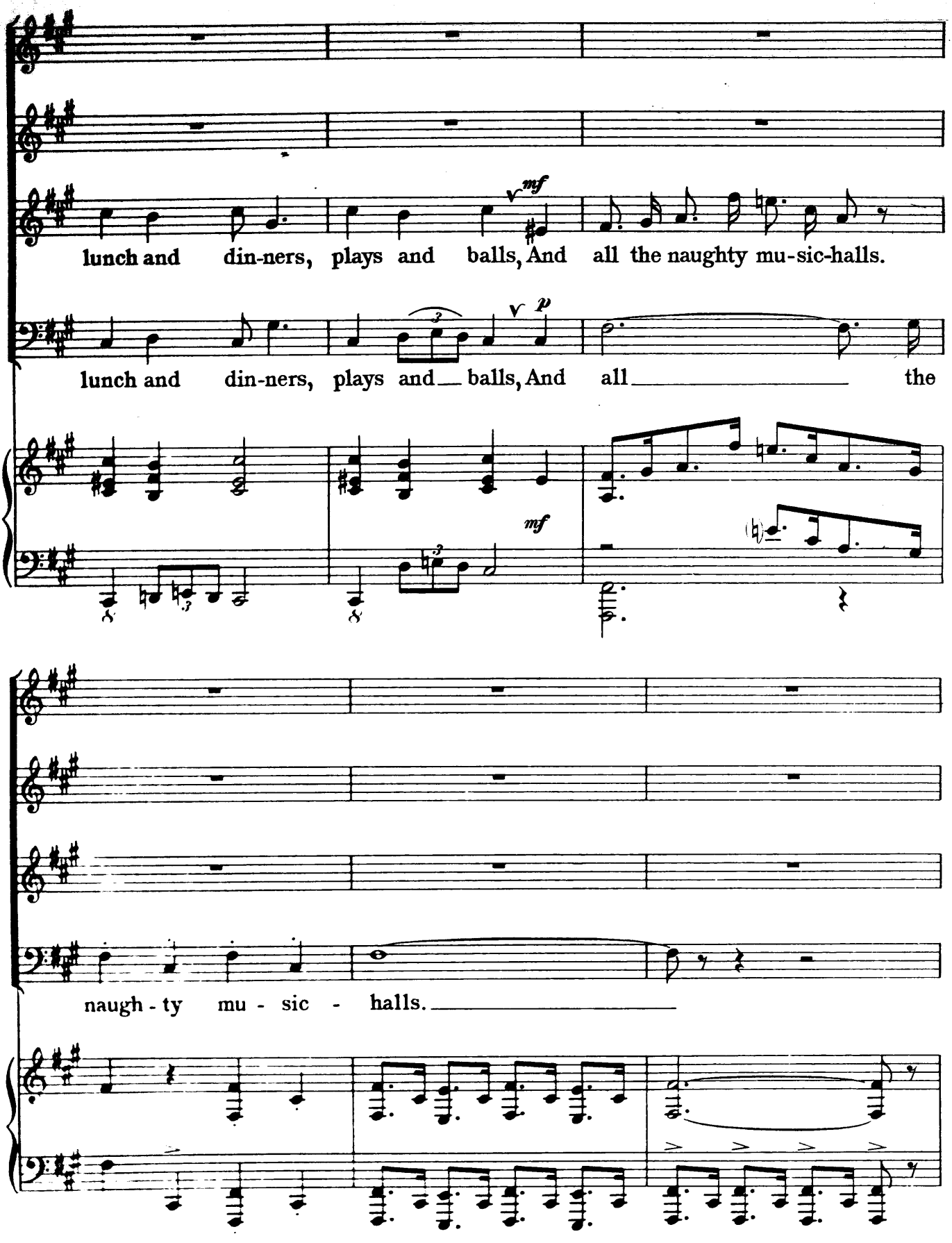
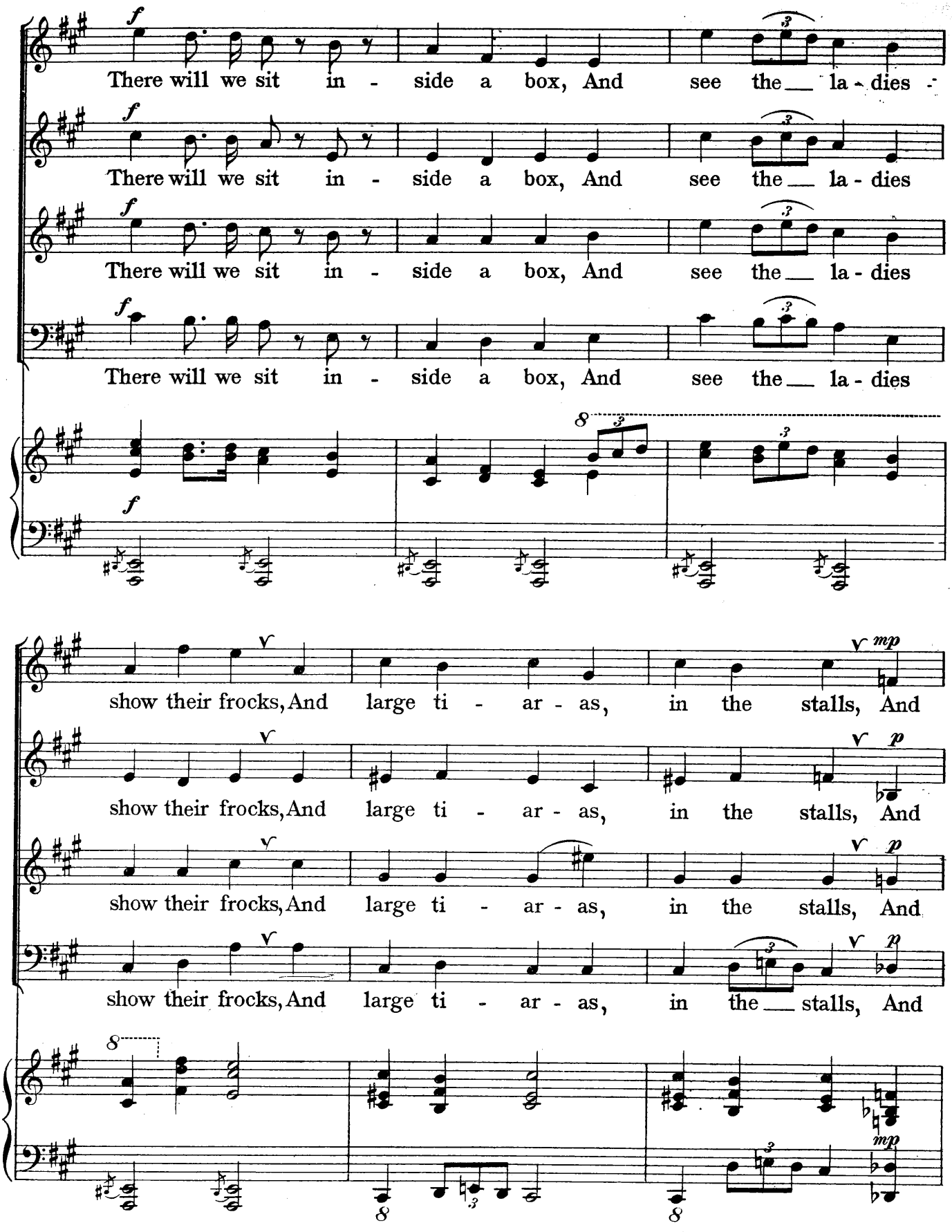
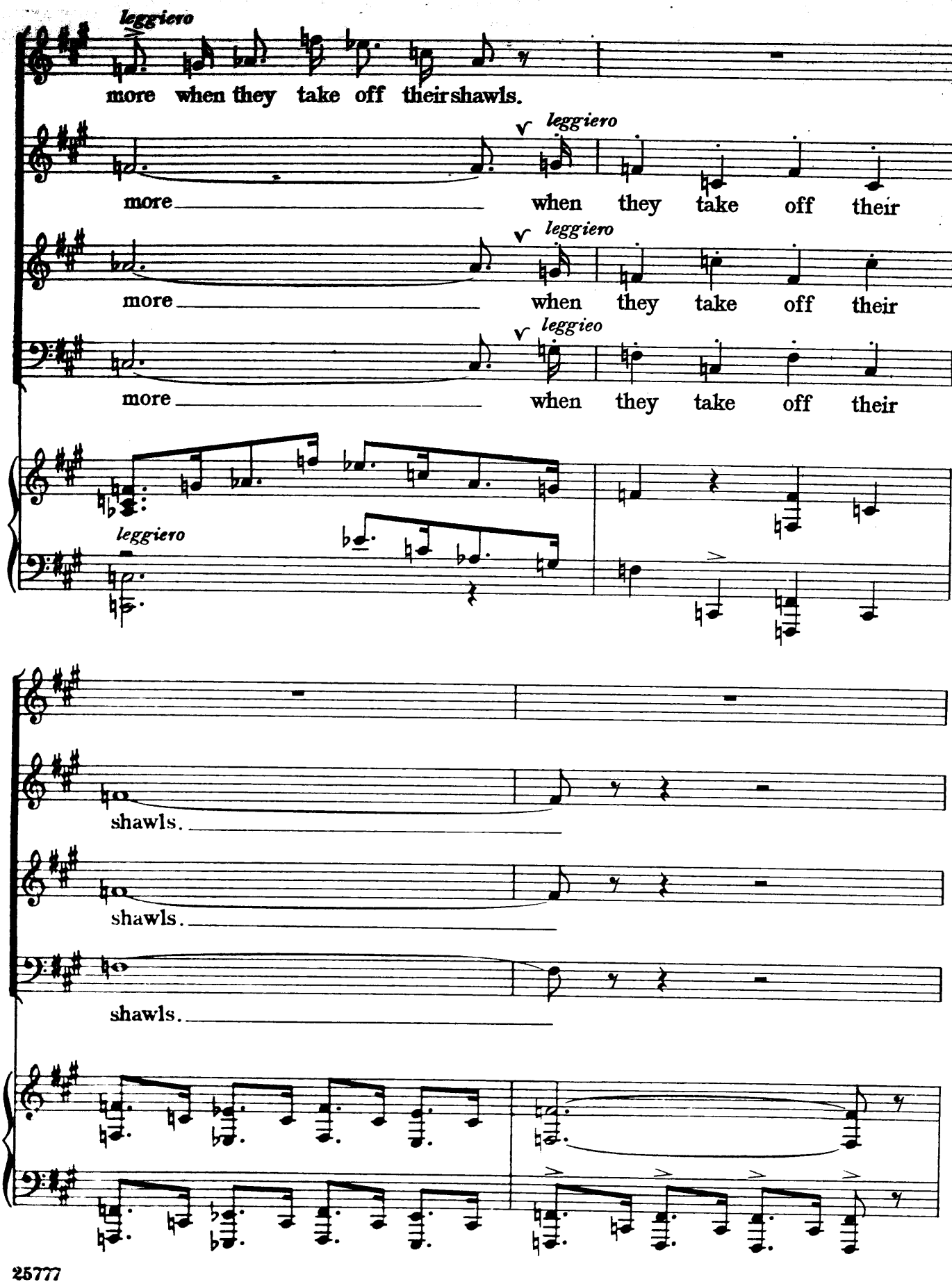
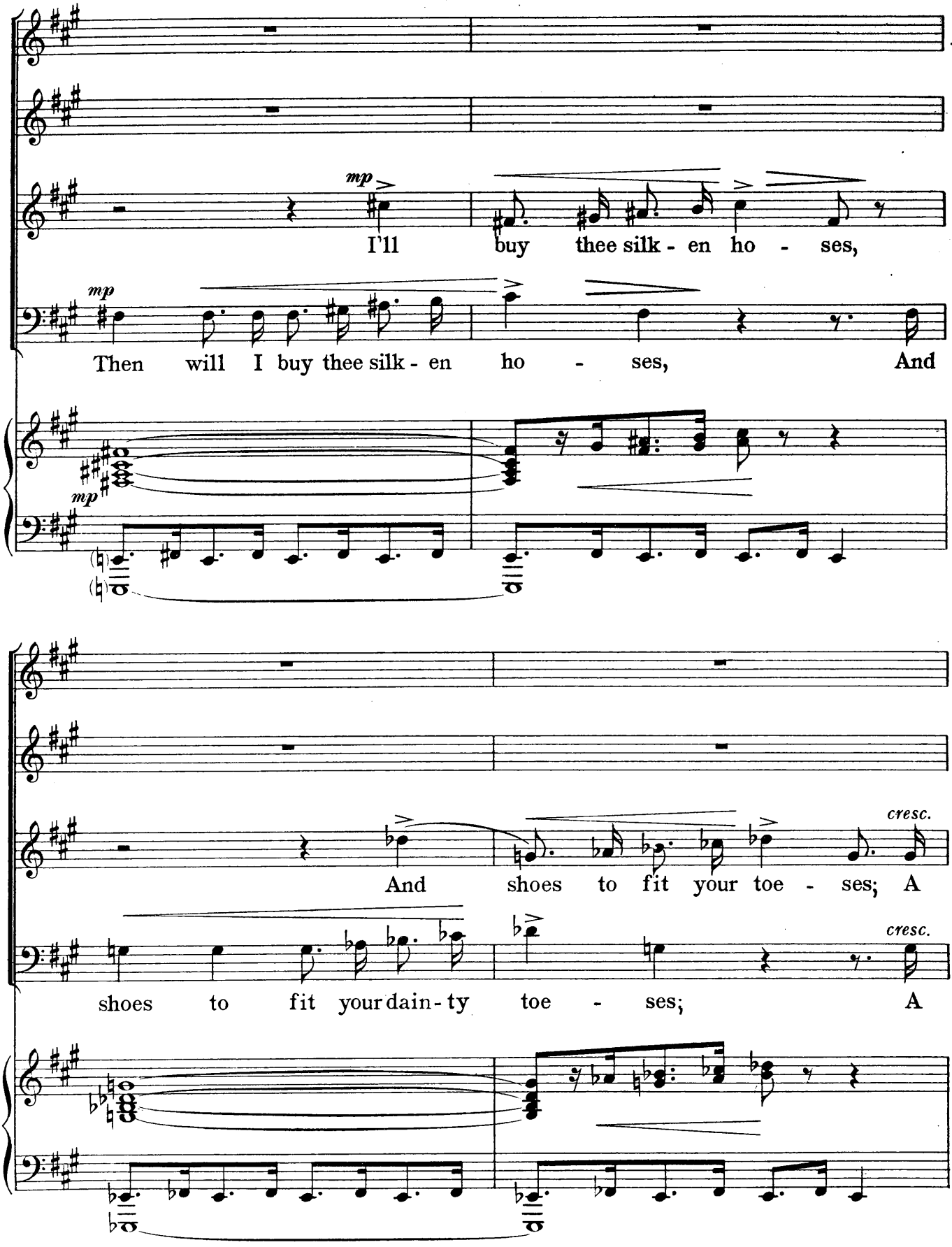
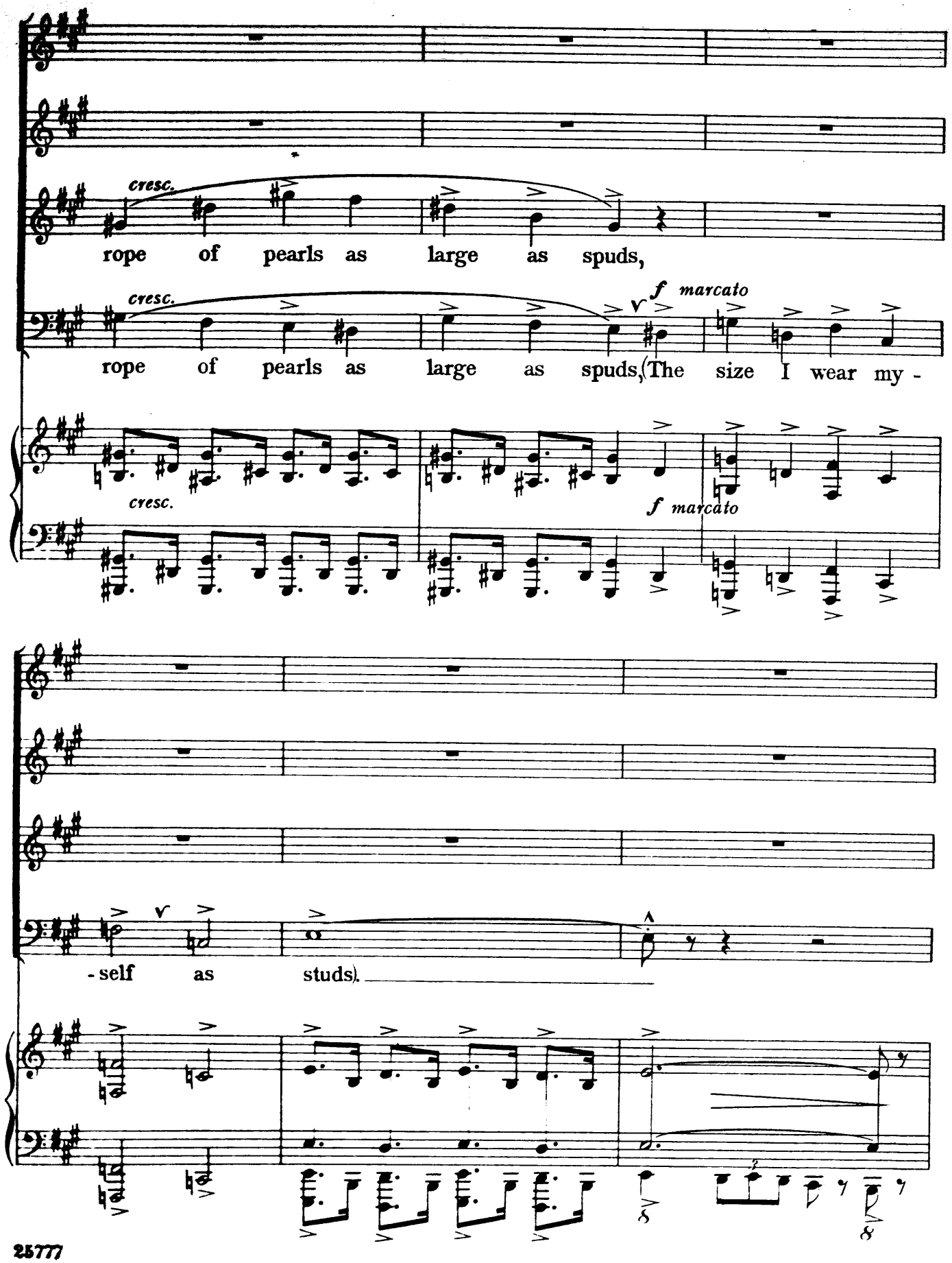

mf
Come live with me and be my love, And
mf
Come live with me and be my love, And
mf
we will all my trea - sures prove, With
we will all my trea - sures prove, With

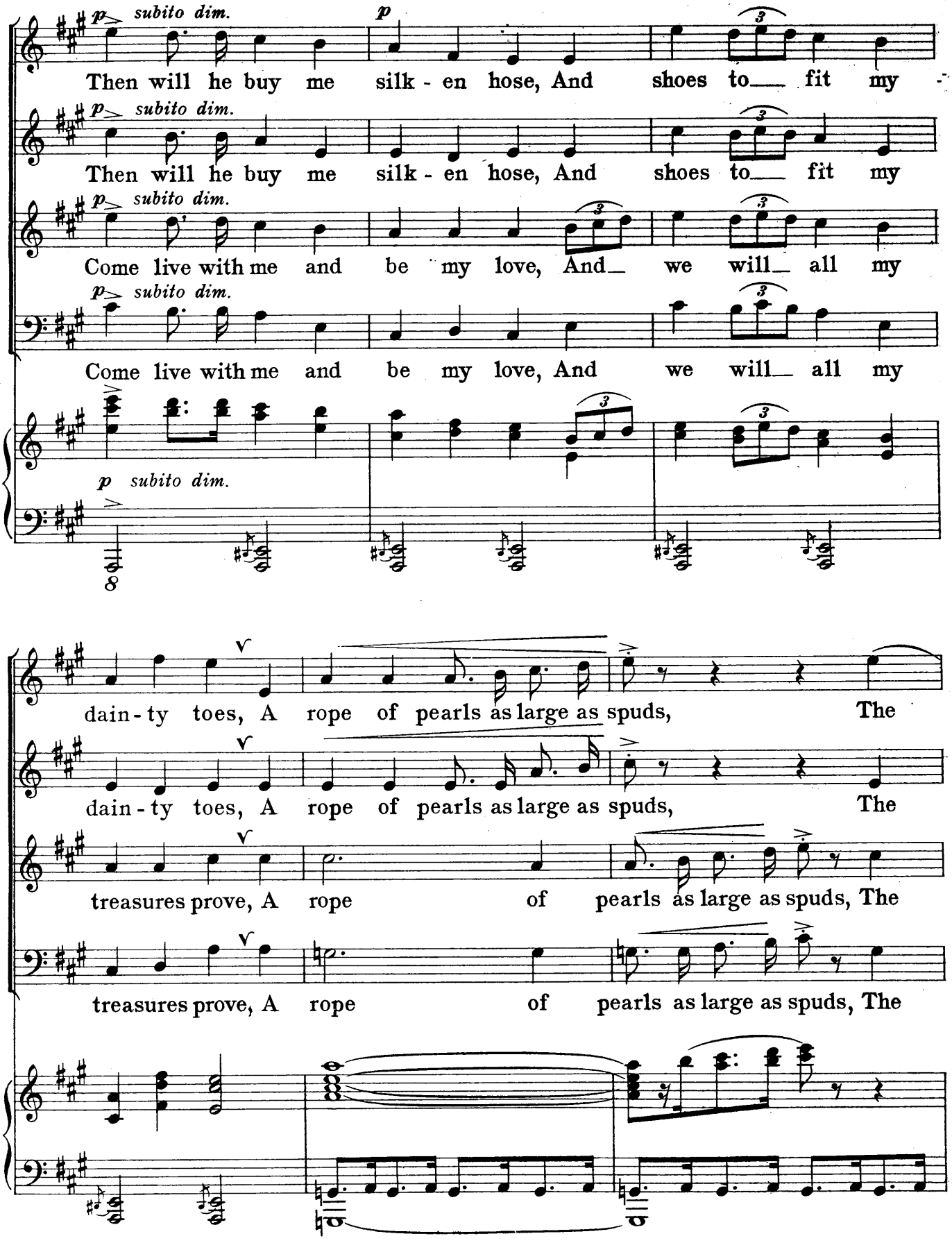

lunch and din-ners, plays and balls, And all the naughty mu-sic-halls.
mf
lunch and din-ners, plays and balls, And all the
p
mf
naugh - ty mu - sic - halls.

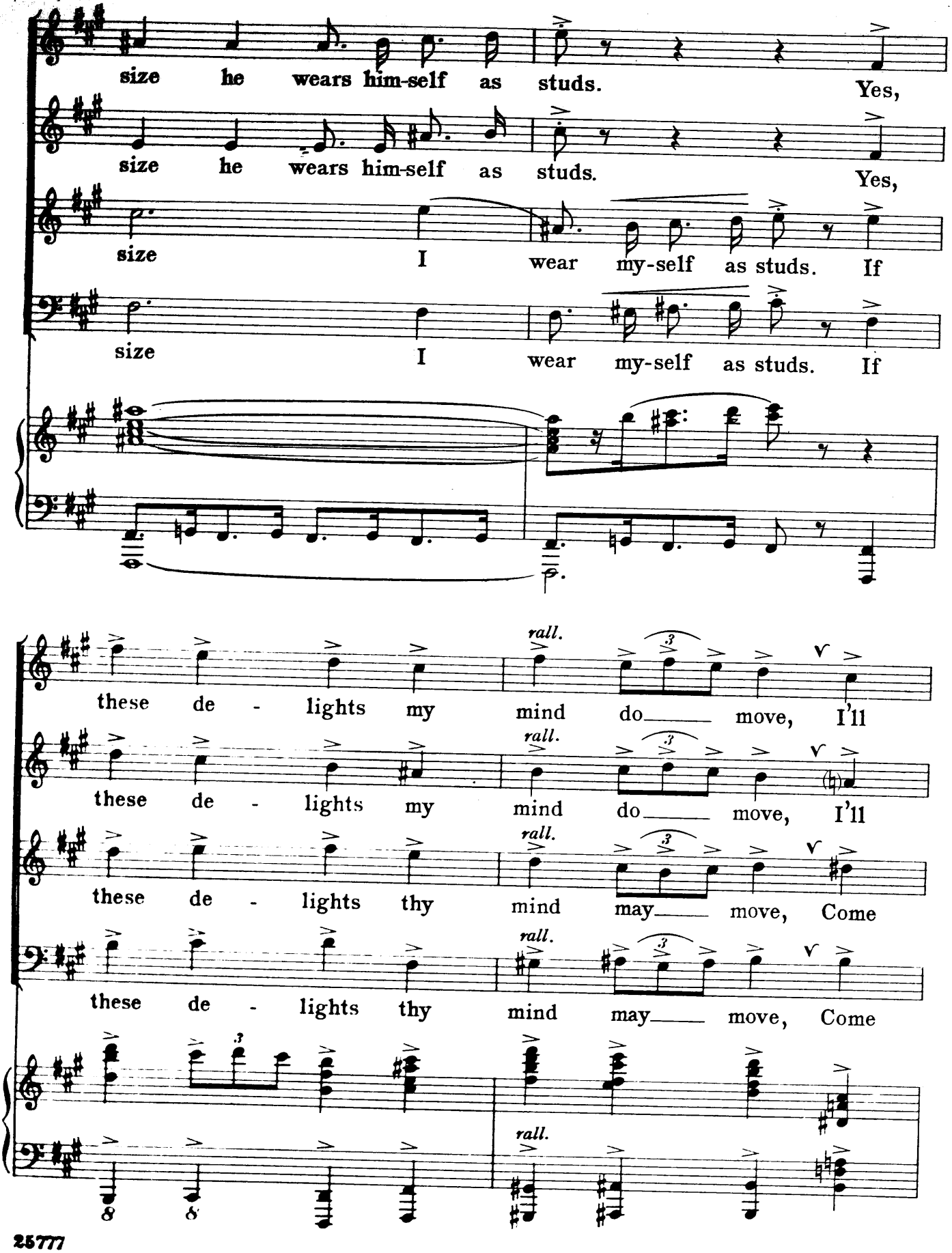

There will we sit in - side a box, And see the la - dies
There will we sit in - side a box, And see the la - dies
There will we sit in - side a box, And see the la - dies
There will we sit in - side a box, And see the la - dies
show their frocks, And large ti - ar - as, in the stalls, And
show their frocks, And large ti - ar - as, in the stalls, And
show their frocks, And large ti - ar - as, in the stalls, And
show their frocks, And large ti - ar - as, in the stalls, And

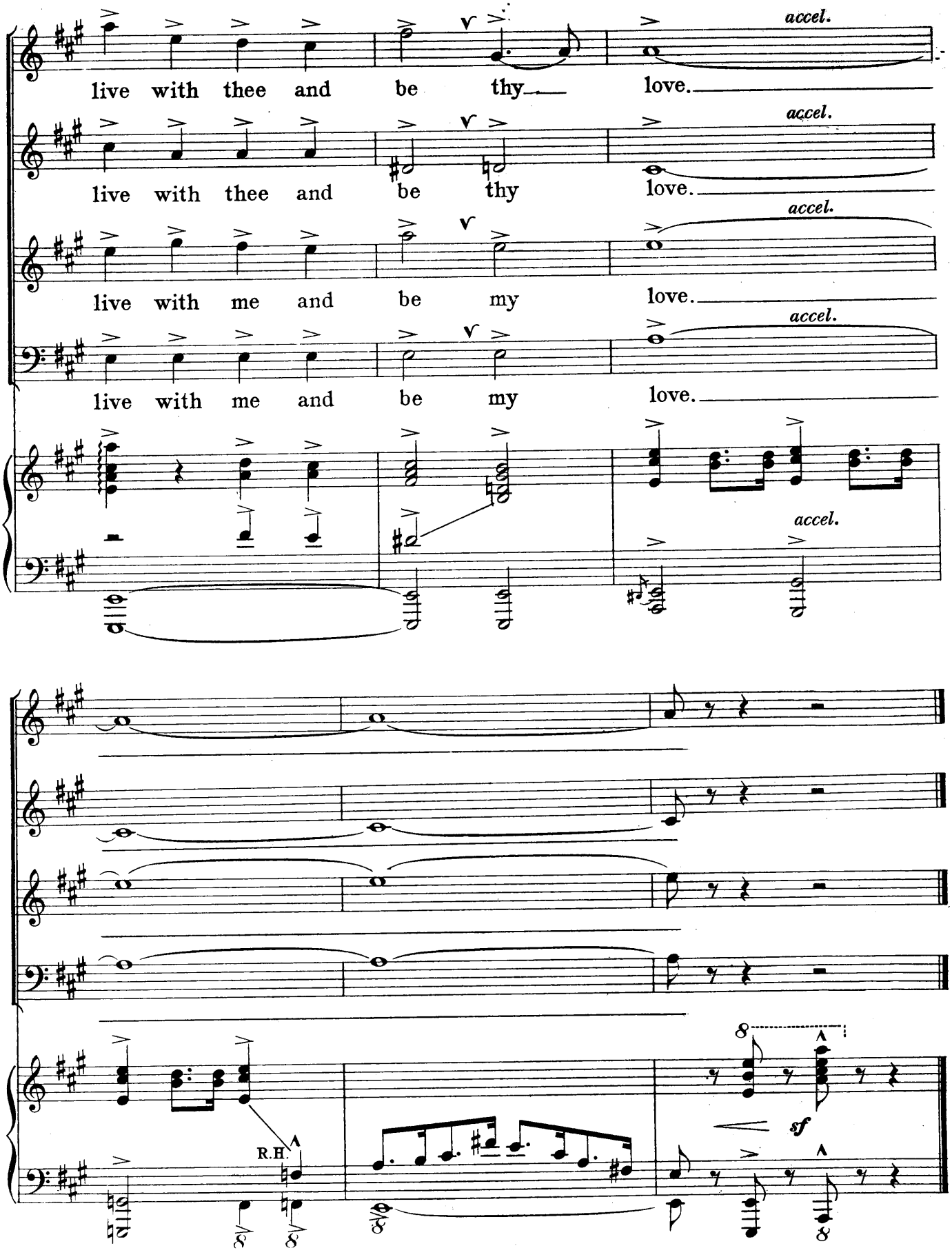

leggiero
more when they take off their shawls.
leggiero
more when they take off their
leggiero
more when they take off their
leggieo
more when they take off their
leggiero
shawls.
shawls.
shawls.


mp
I'll buy thee silk - en ho - ses,
mp
Then will I buy thee silk - en ho - ses, And
mp
And shoes to fit your toe - ses; A
cresc.
shoes to fit your dain - ty toe - ses; A
cresc.


cresc.
rope of pearls as large as spuds,
cresc.
f marcato
rope of pearls as large as spuds, (The size I wear my -
cresc.
f marcato
- self as studs).


p subito dim.
p
Then will he buy me silk - en hose, And shoes to fit my
Then will he buy me silk - en hose, And shoes to fit my
Come live with me and be my love, And we will all my
Come live with me and be my love, And we will all my
dain - ty toes, A rope of pearls as large as spuds, The
dain - ty toes, A rope of pearls as large as spuds, The
treasures prove, A rope of pearls as large as spuds, The
treasures prove, A rope of pearls as large as spuds, The


size he wears him-self as studs. Yes,
size he wears him-self as studs. Yes,
size I wear my-self as studs. If
size I wear my-self as studs. If
rall.
these de - lights my mind do move, I'll
these de - lights my mind do move, I'll
these de - lights thy mind may move, Come
these de - lights thy mind may move, Come
rall.


live with thee and be thy love.
accel.
live with thee and be thy love.
accel.
live with me and be my love.
accel.
live with me and be my love.
accel.
accel.
R.H.
8
sf

II.

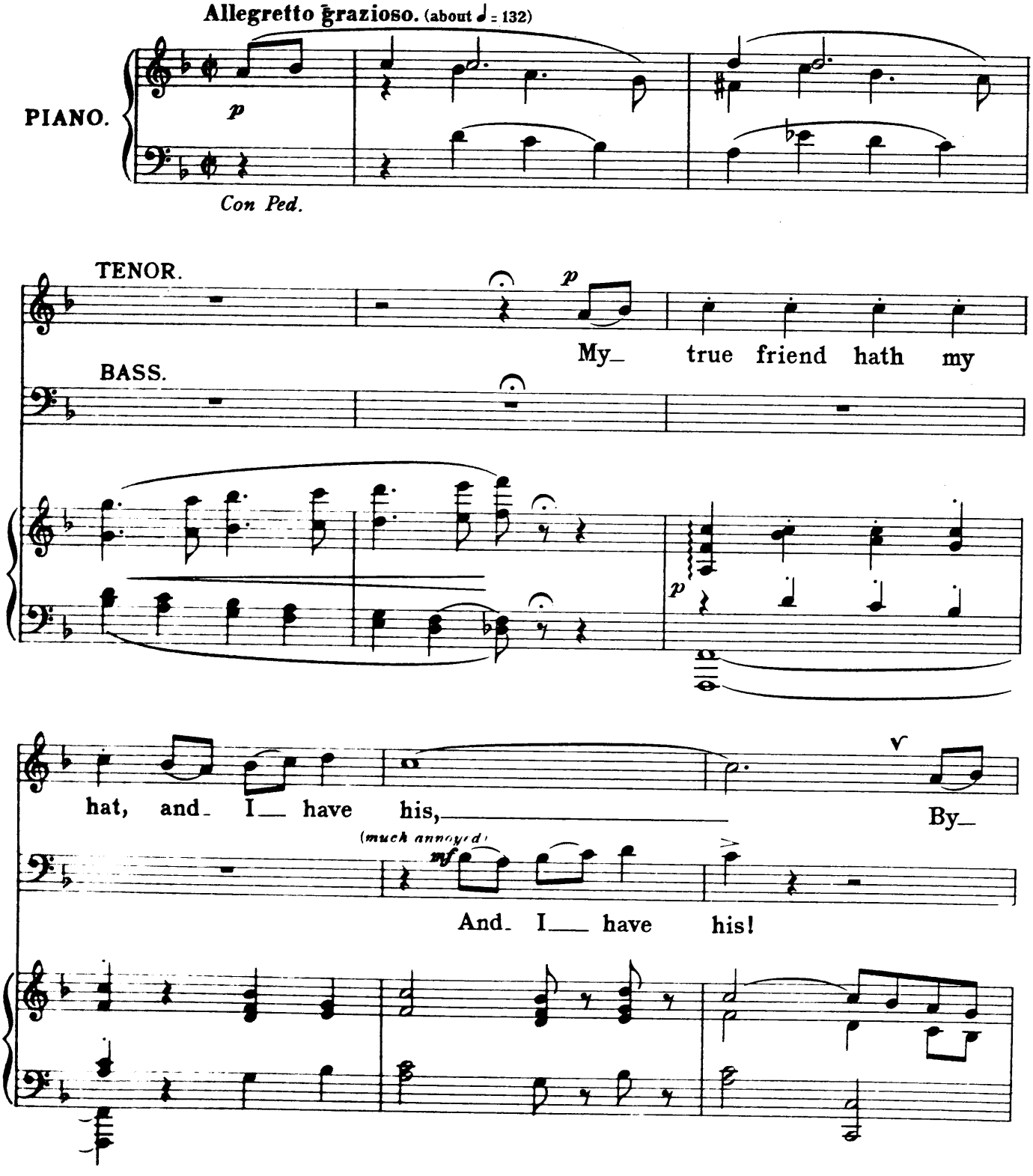
My true friend hath my hat.

DUET.

(S*r Ph*l*p S*dn*y.)

Words by
A. STODART WALKER.

Allegretto grazioso. (about ♩ = 132)



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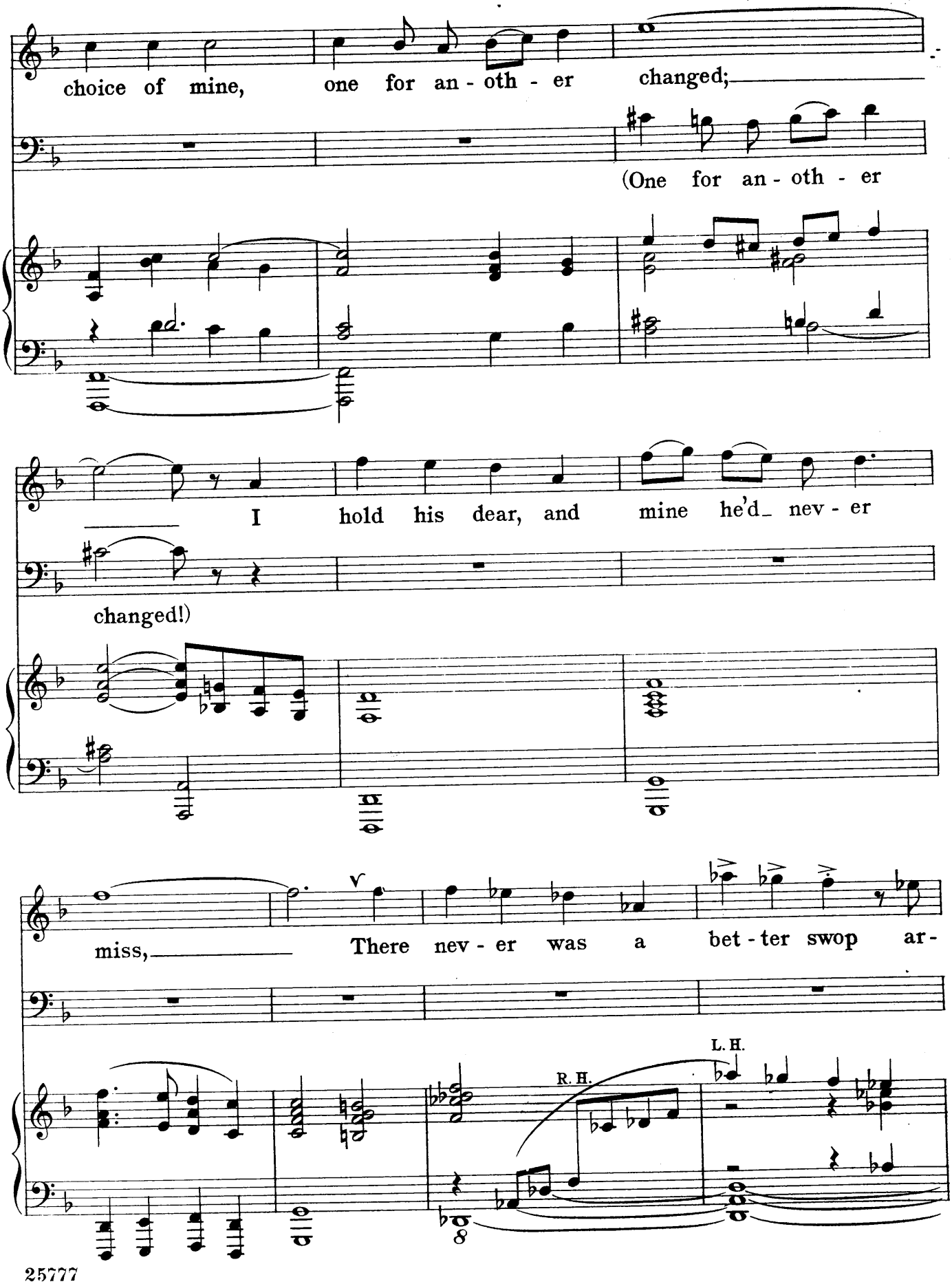
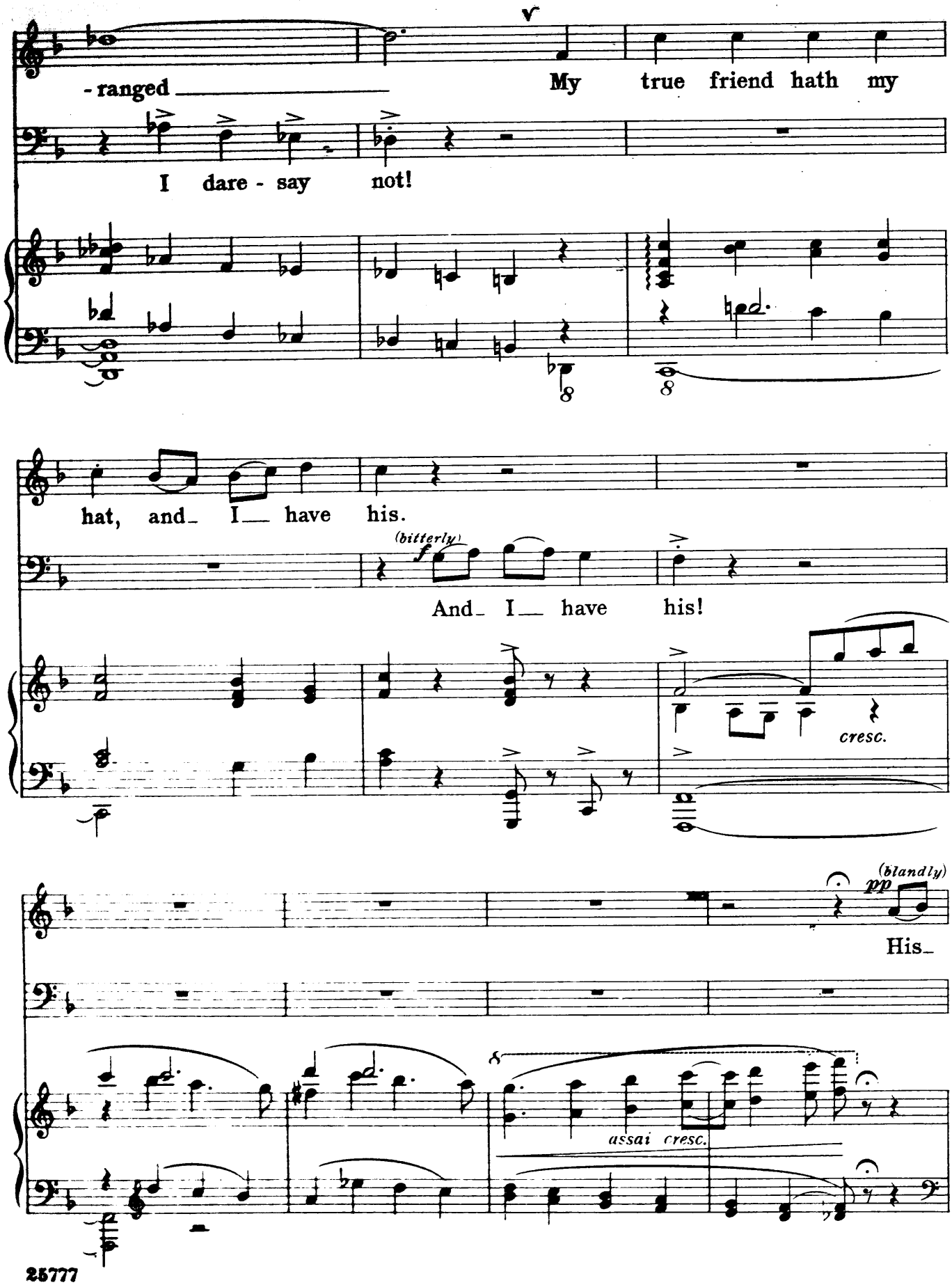
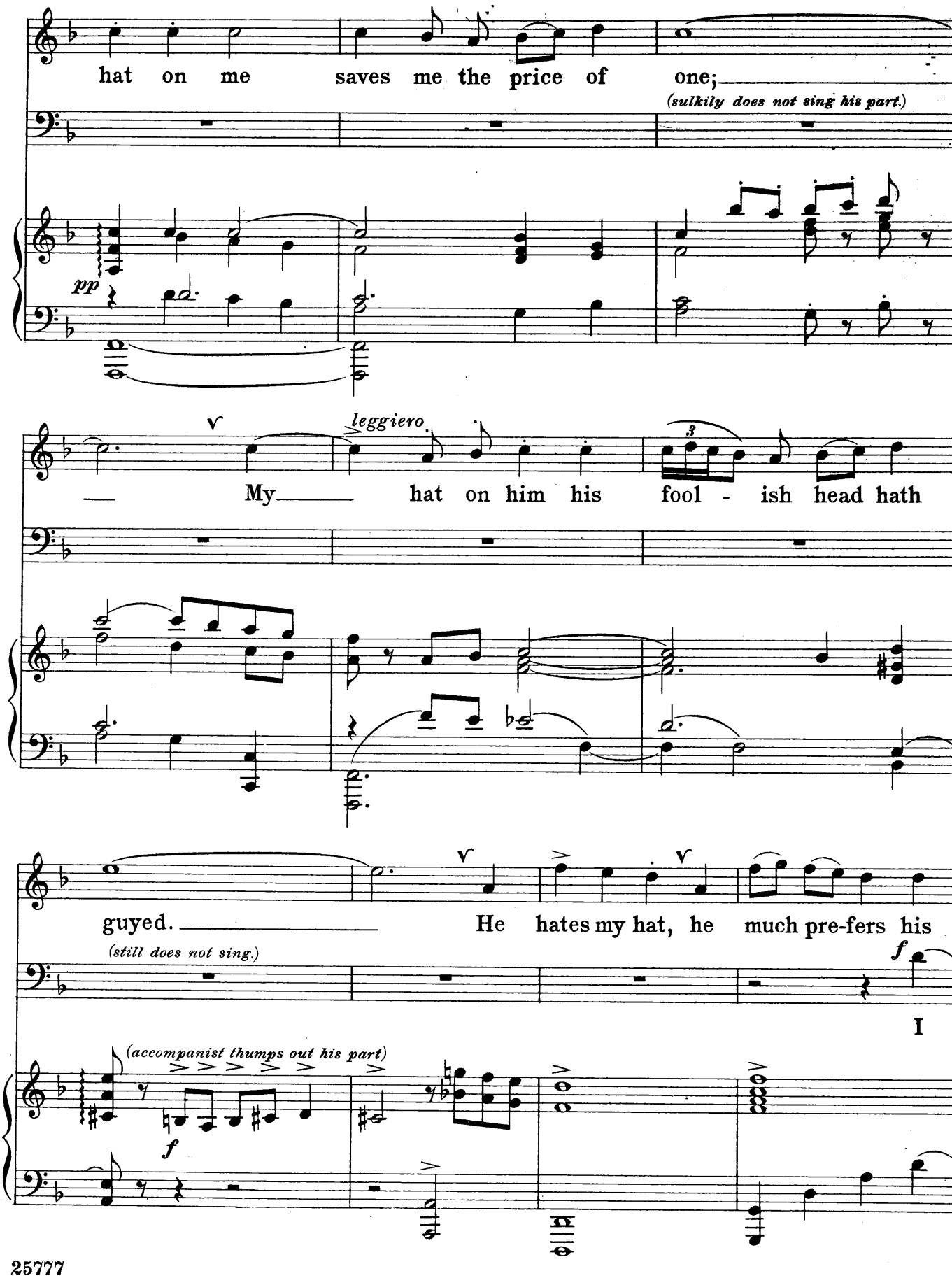
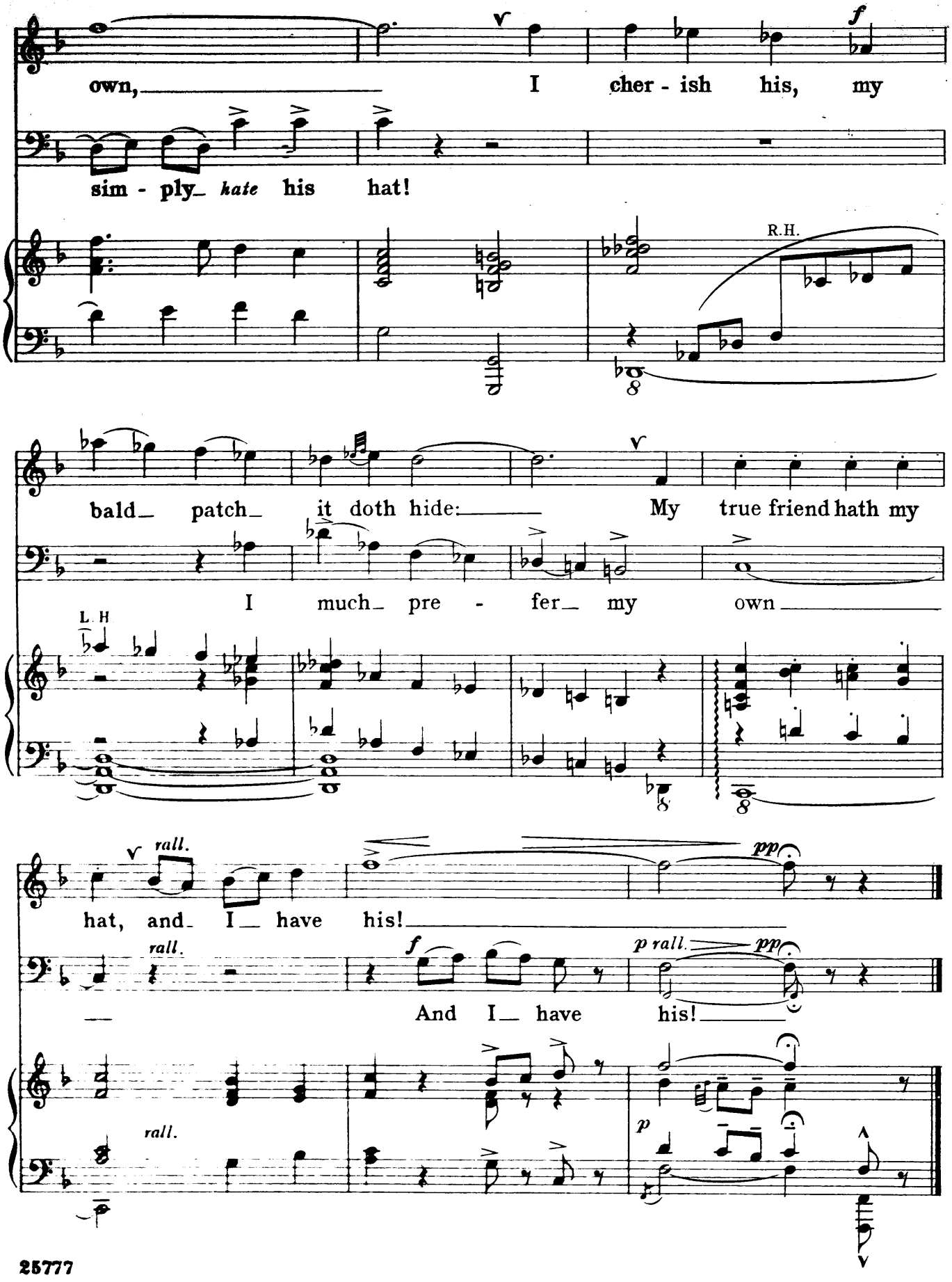

choice of mine, one for an - oth - er changed;
(One for an - oth - er
I hold his dear, and mine he'd nev - er
changed!)
miss, There nev - er was a bet - ter swop ar -
R. H.
L. H.


-ranged
My true friend hath my
I dare - say not!
hat, and I have his.
(bitterly)
And I have his!
cresc.
(blandly)
His
assai cresc.


hat on me saves me the price of one;
(sulkily does not sing his part.)
pp
leggiero
My hat on him his fool - ish head hath
guyed.
He hates my hat, he much pre-fers his
(still does not sing.)
f
I
(accompanist thumps out his part)
f


own, I cher - ish his, my
f
sim - ply_ hate his hat!
R.H.
8
bald_ patch_ it doth hide: My true friend hath my
I much_ pre - fer_ my own
L. H
8
rall.
pp
hat, and_ I_ have his!
rall.
f
p rall.
pp
And I_ have his!
rall.
p

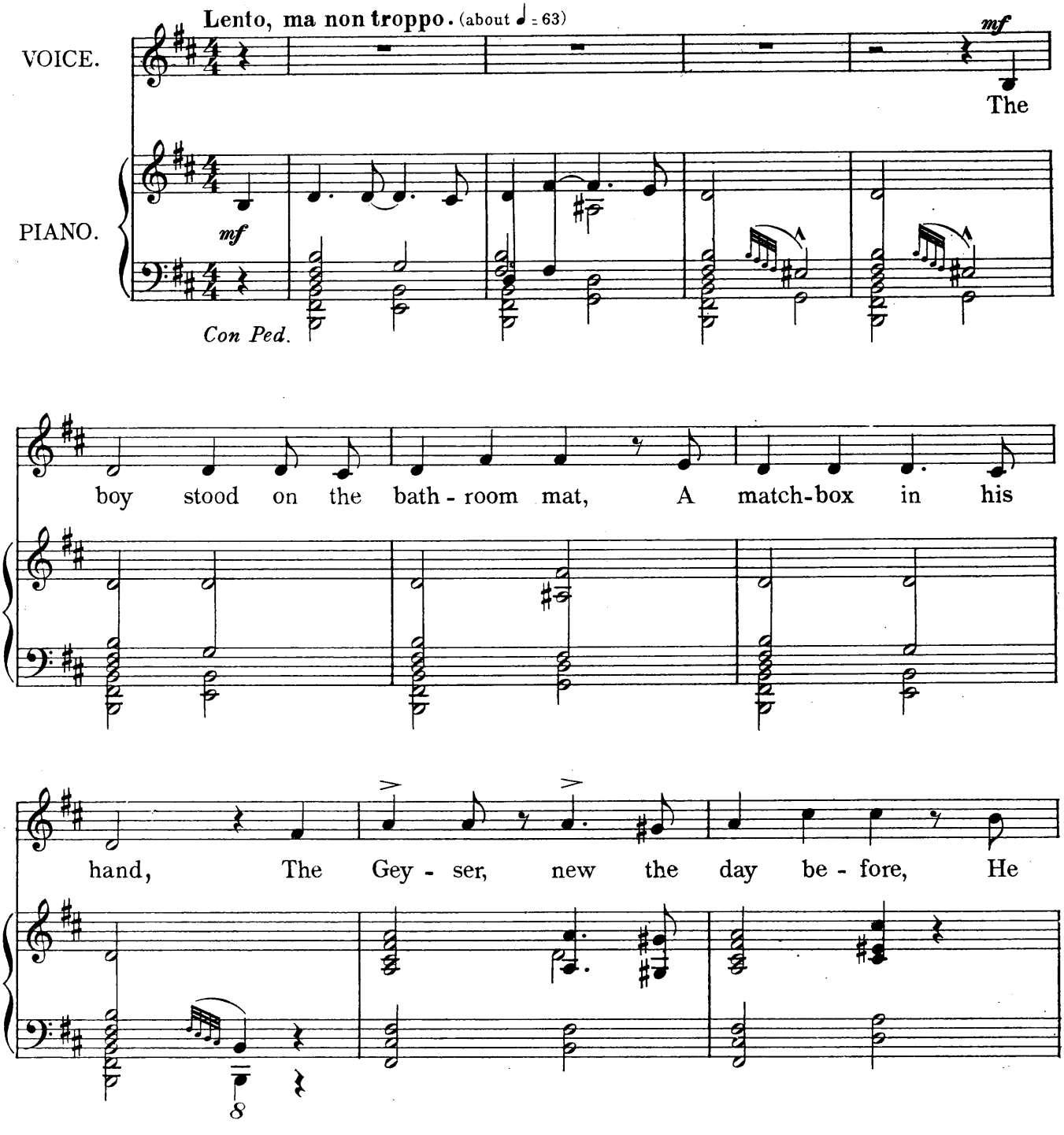
III.

Geyserbianca.

CONTRALTO SOLO.

(Mrs. H*m*ns.)

Words by
NANCY PAIN.



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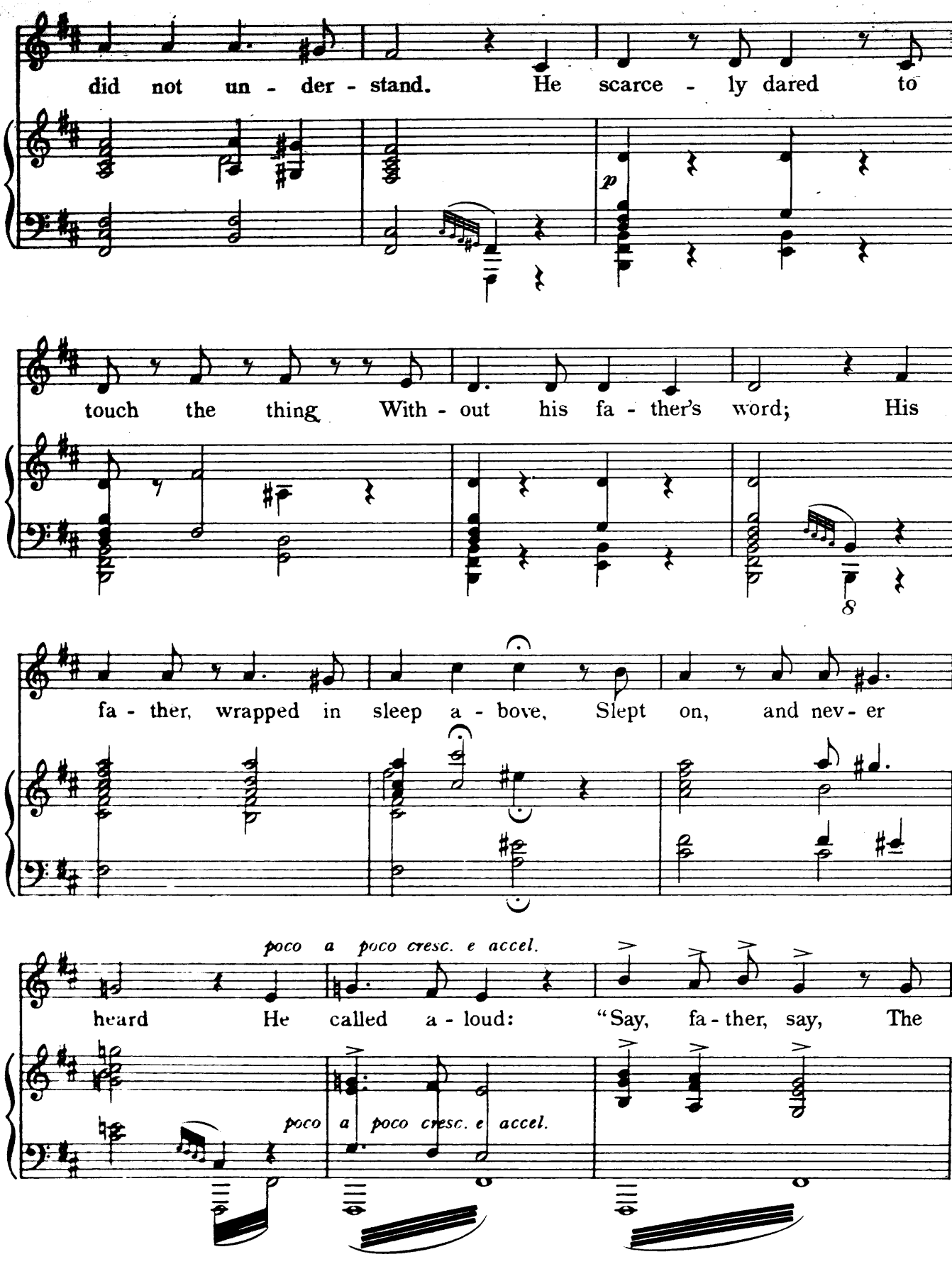
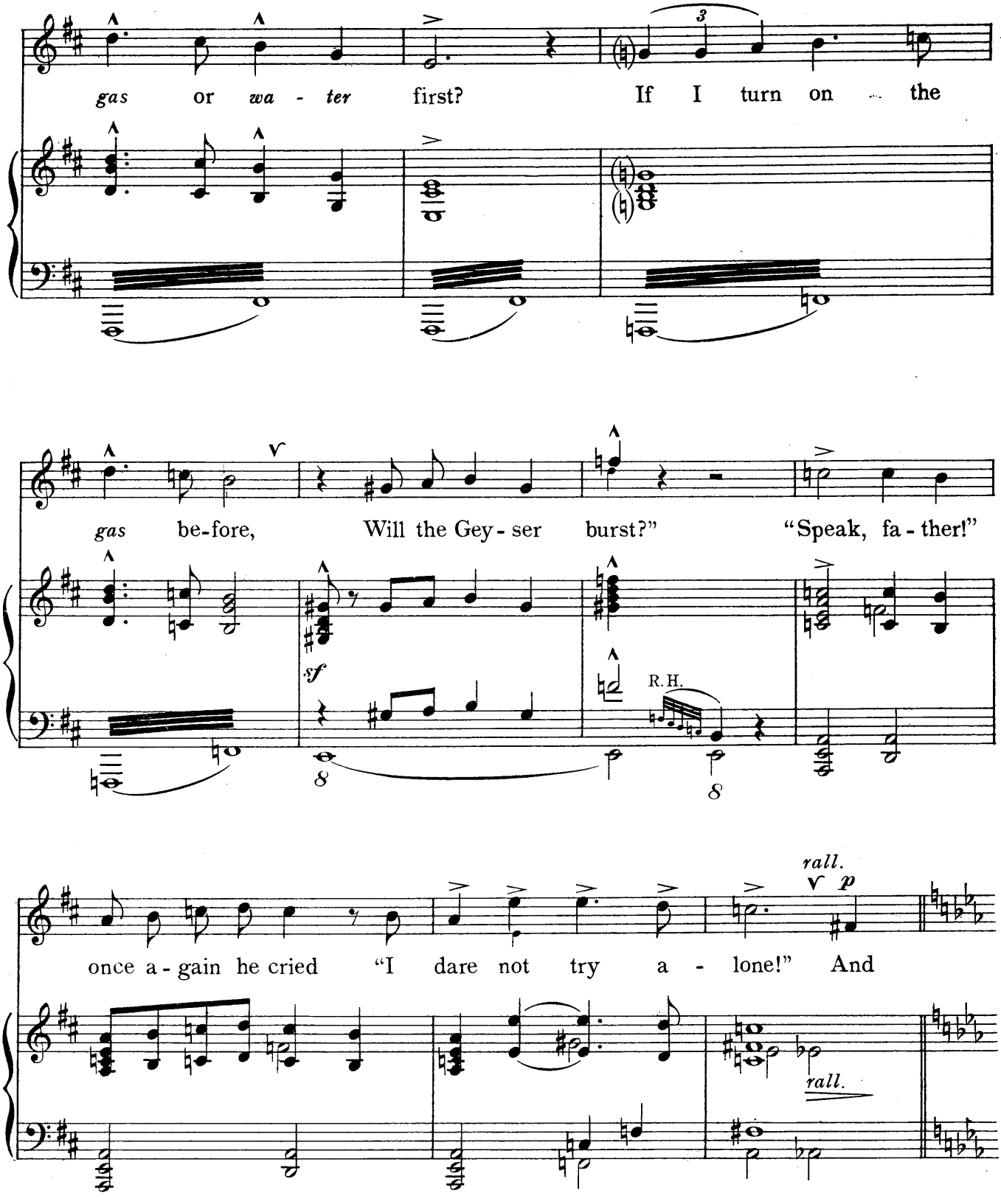
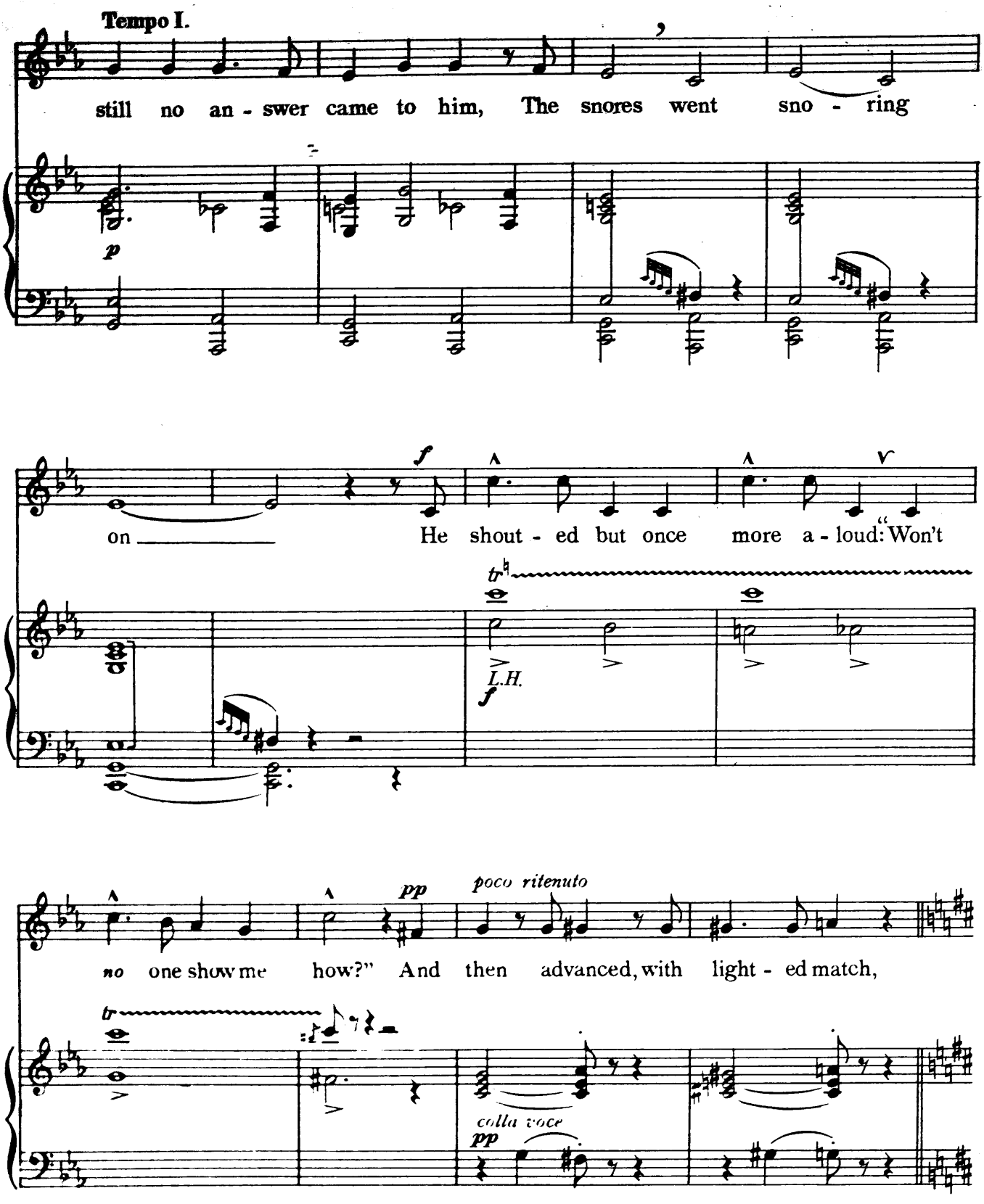
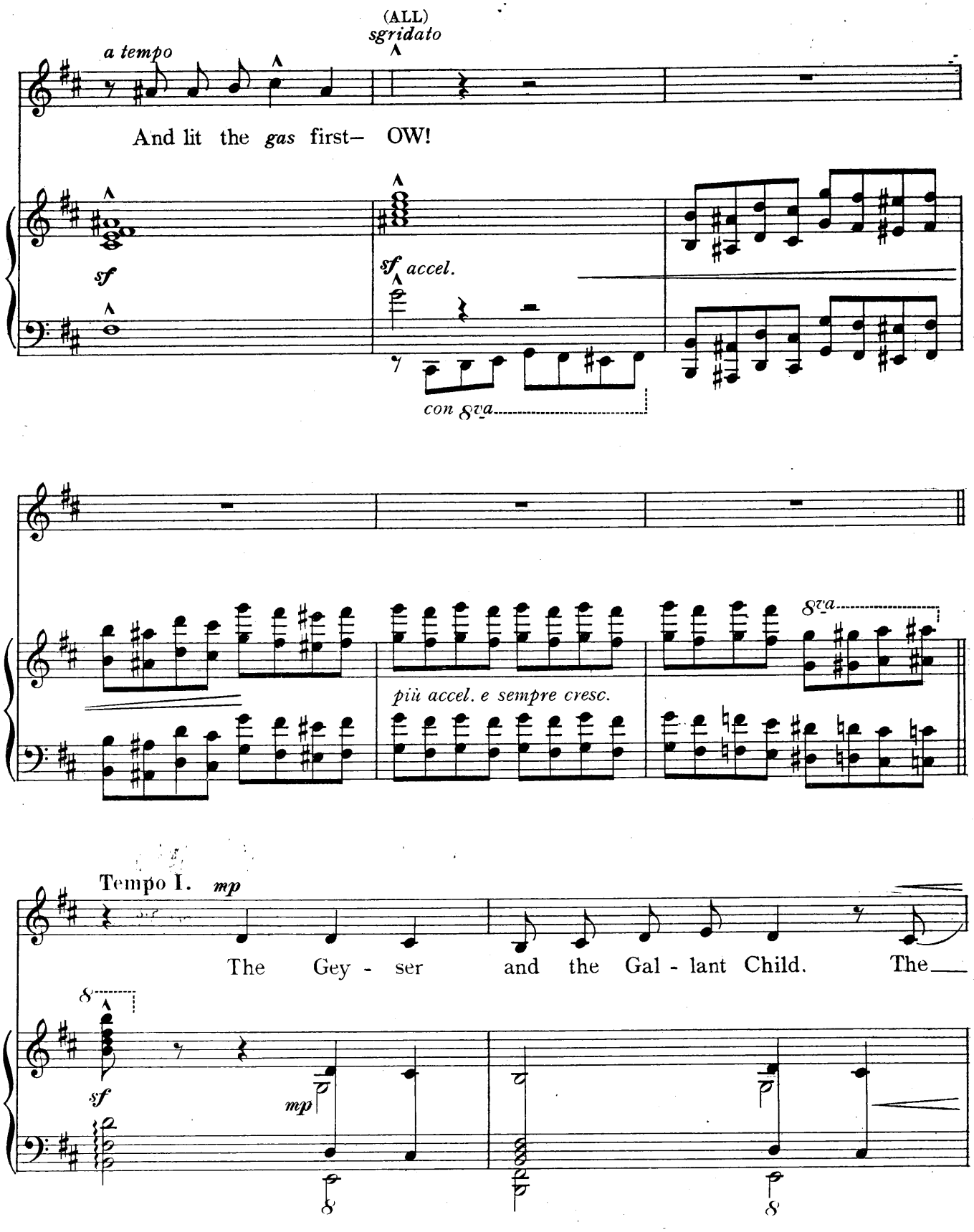
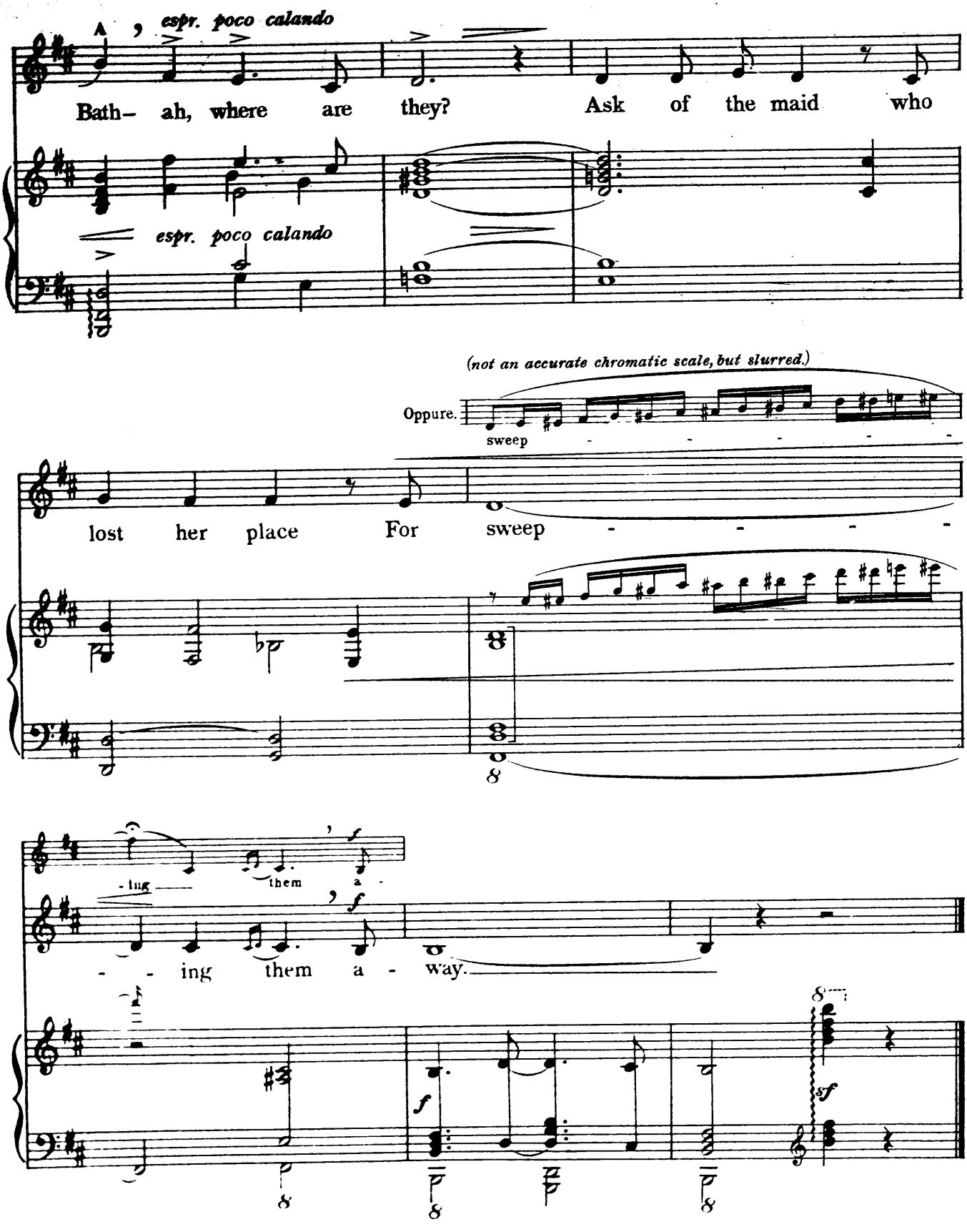

did not un - der - stand. He scarce - ly dared to
p
touch the thing With - out his fa - ther's word; His
8
fa - ther, wrapped in sleep a - bove, Slept on, and nev - er
poco a poco cresc. e accel.
heard He called a - loud: "Say, fa - ther, say, The
poco a poco cresc. e accel.


gas or wa - ter first? If I turn on the
gas be-fore, Will the Gey - ser burst?" "Speak, fa - ther!"
sf
R.H.
rall.
p
once a - gain he cried "I dare not try a - lone!" And
rall.


Tempo I.
still no an - swer came to him, The snores went sno - ring
p
on
f
He shout - ed but once more a - loud: "Won't
tr
L.H.
f
no one show me how?" And then advanced, with light - ed match,
pp
poco ritenuto
tr
colla voce
pp


(ALL)
sgridato
a tempo
And lit the gas first– OW!
sf
sf accel.
con 8va
più accel. e sempre cresc.
8va
Tempo I. mp
The Gey - ser and the Gal - lant Child. The
sf
mp


espr. poco calando
Bath– ah, where are they? Ask of the maid who
espr. poco calando
(not an accurate chromatic scale, but slurred.)
Oppure.
sweep
lost her place For sweep
- ing them a - way.

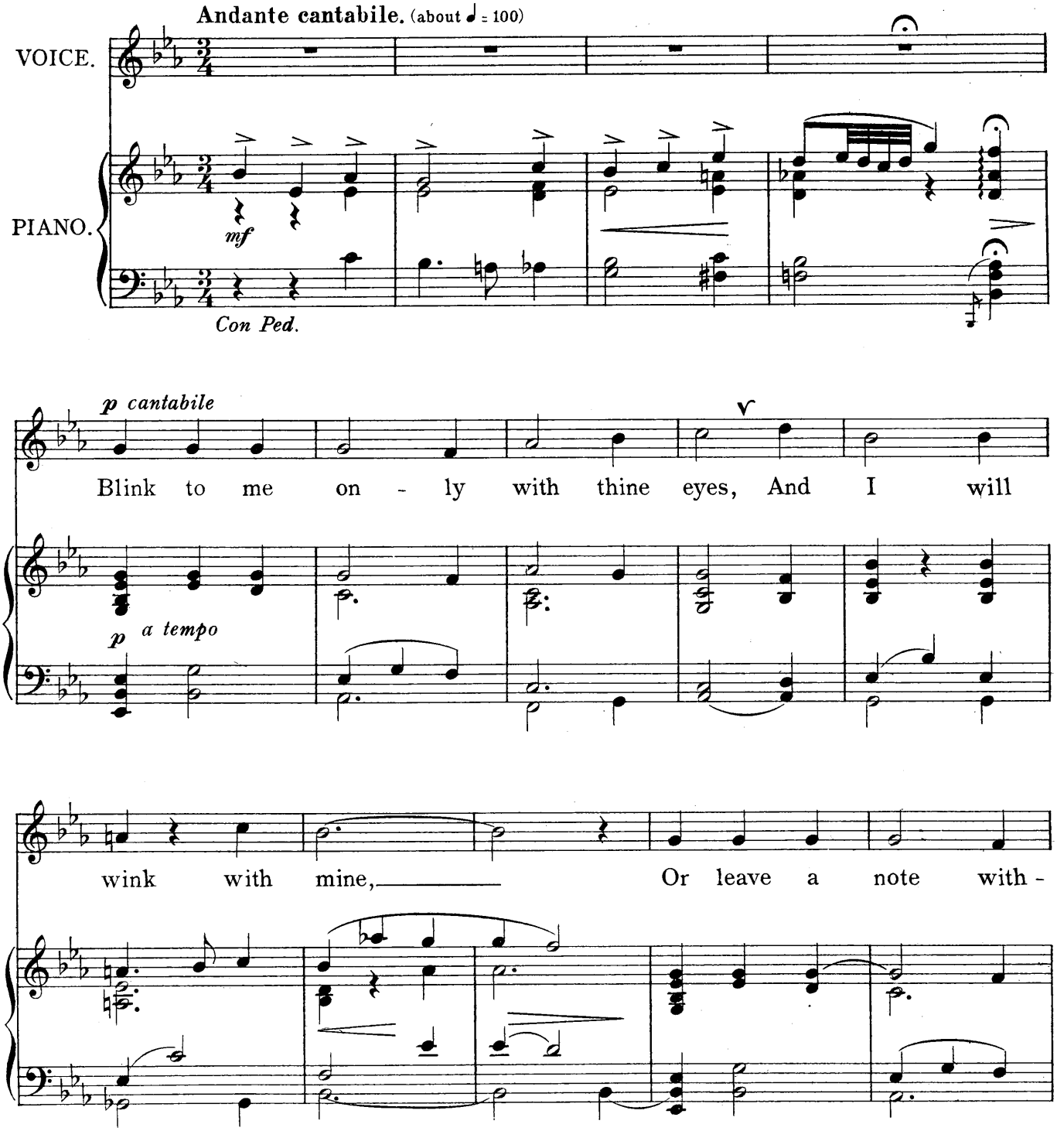
IV.

Blink to Me only with Thine Eyes.

TENOR SOLO.

(B*n J*ns*n.)

Words by
A. STODART WALKER.



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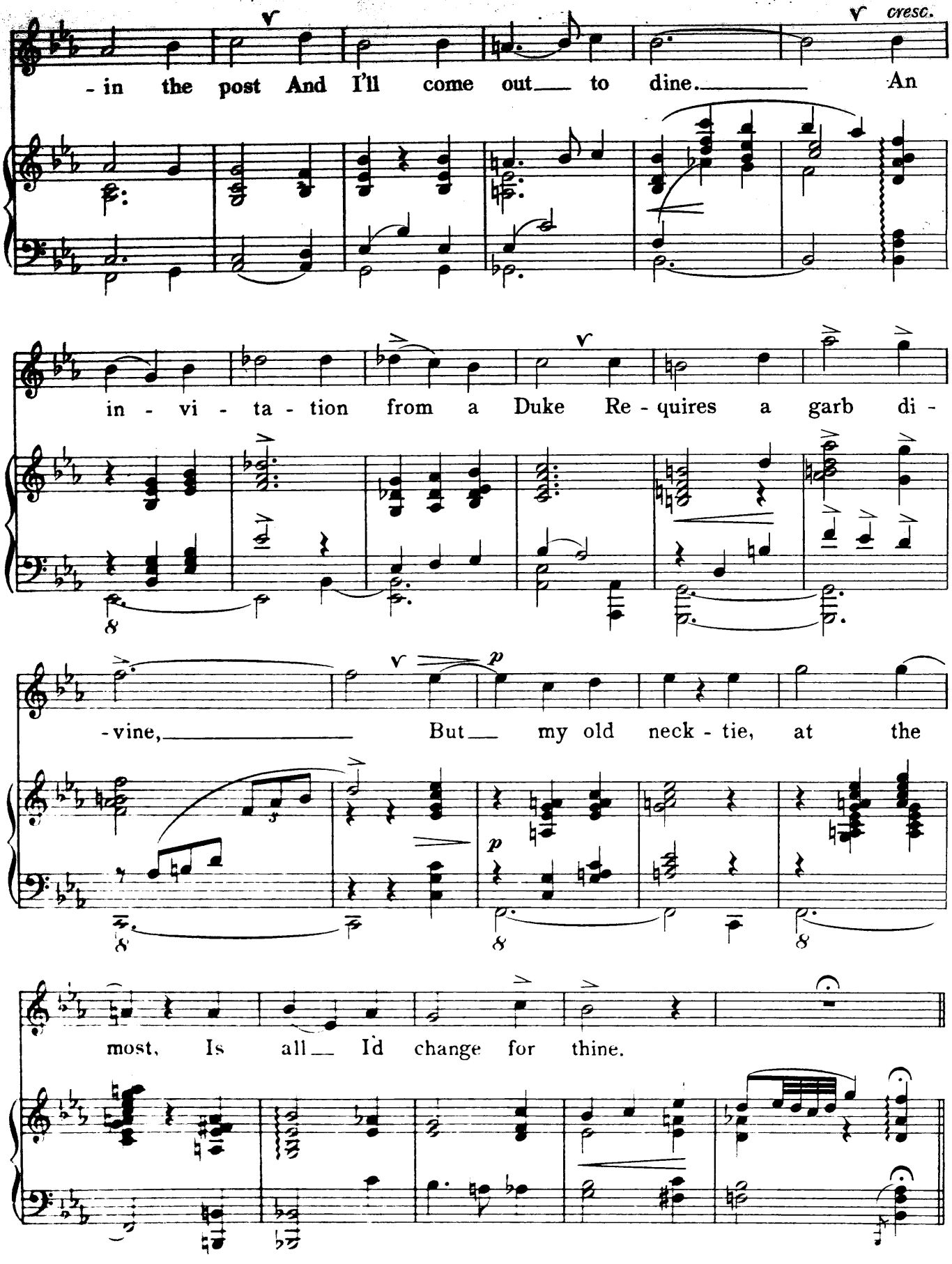
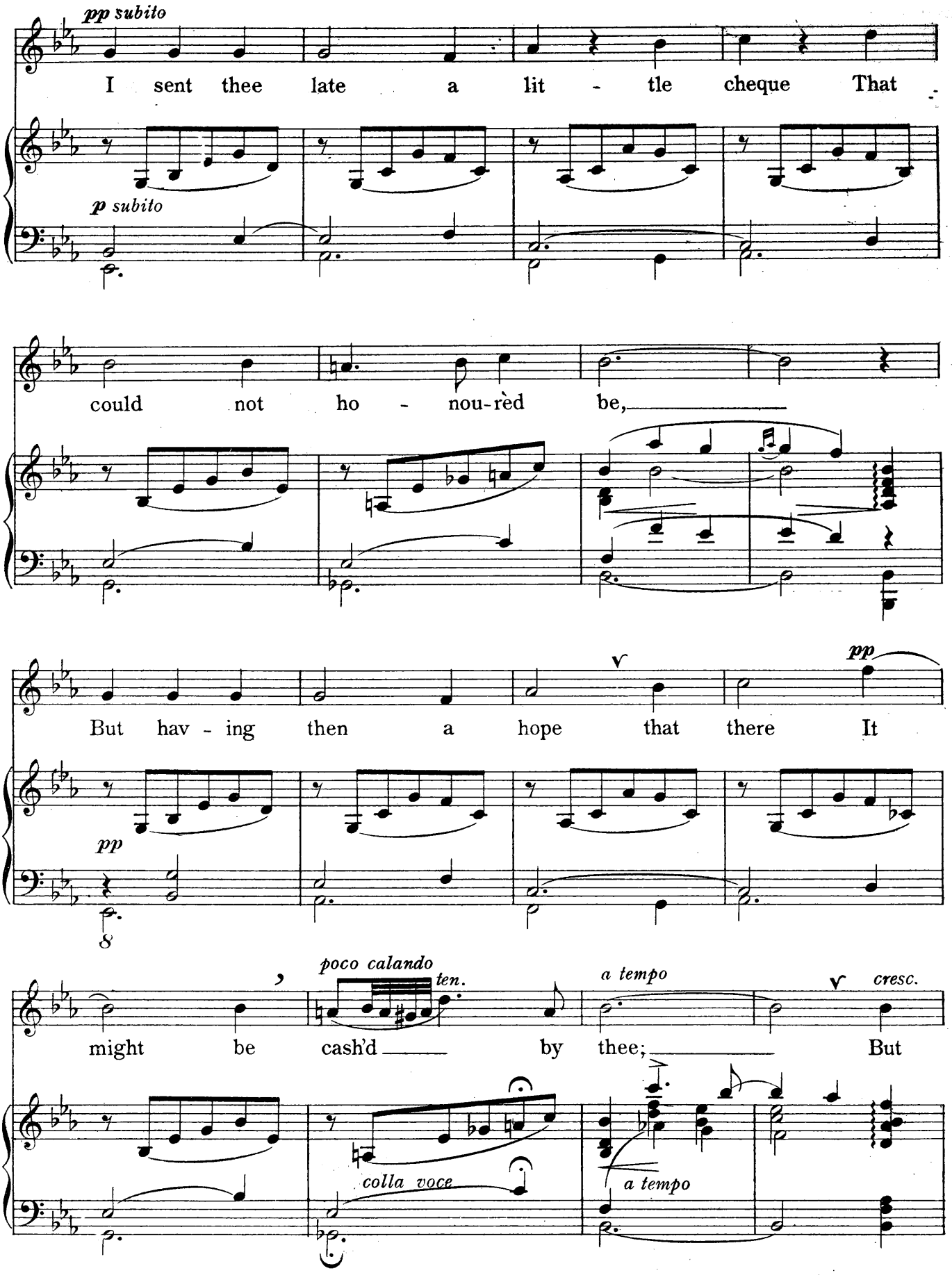
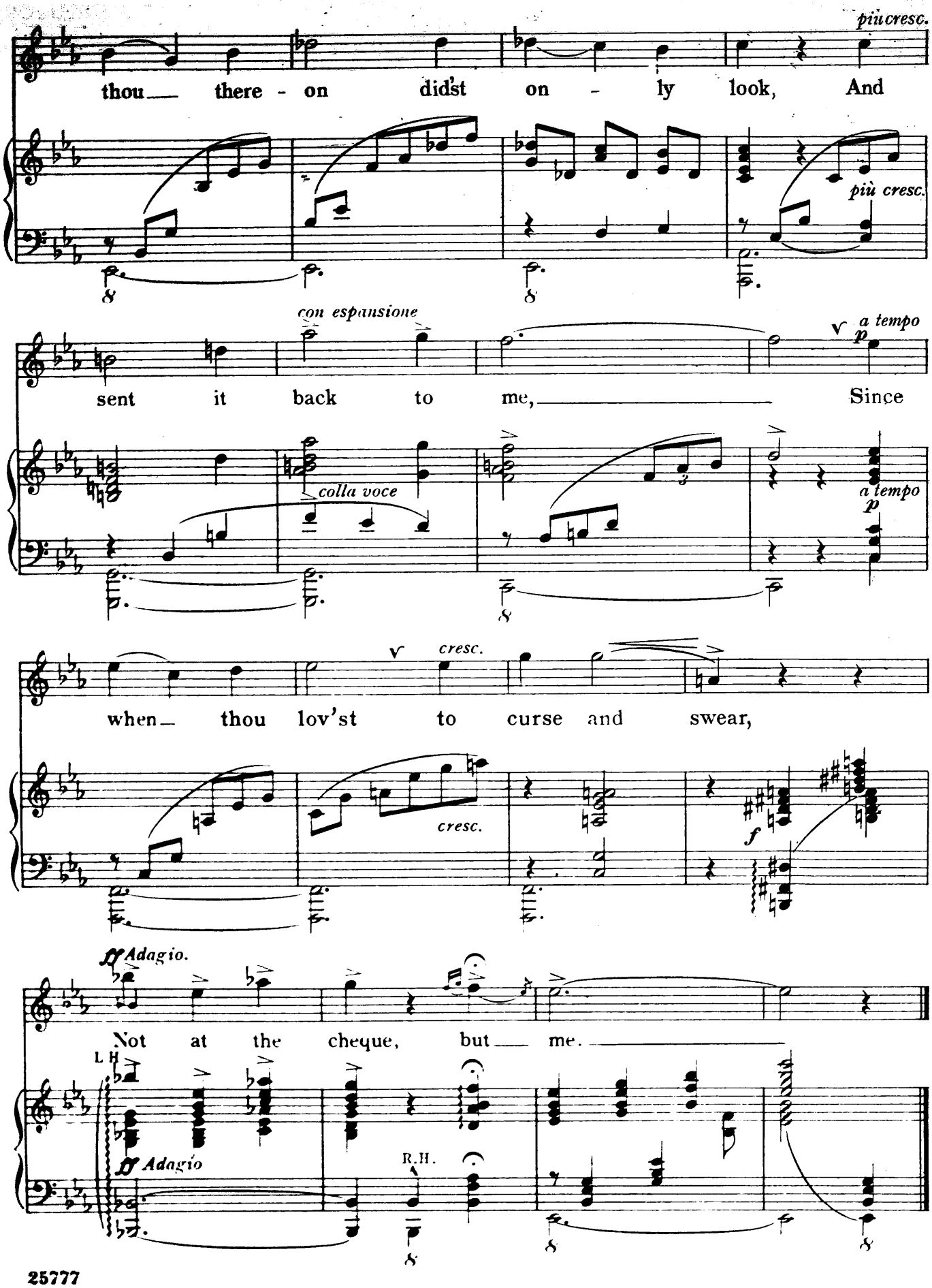

cresc.
-in the post And I'll come out to dine. An
in - vi - ta - tion from a Duke Re - quires a garb di -
-vine, But my old neck - tie, at the
most, Is all I'd change for thine.
p
p


pp subito
I sent thee late a lit - tle cheque That
p subito
could not ho - nou-rèd be,
But hav - ing then a hope that there It
pp
pp
might be cash'd by thee; But
poco calando
ten.
a tempo
cresc.
colla voce
a tempo


più cresc.
thou there - on did'st on - ly look, And
più cresc.
con espansione
a tempo
p
sent it back to me, Since
colla voce
a tempo
p
cresc.
when thou lov'st to curse and swear,
cresc.
f
ff Adagio.
Not at the cheque, but me.
L H
ff Adagio
R.H.

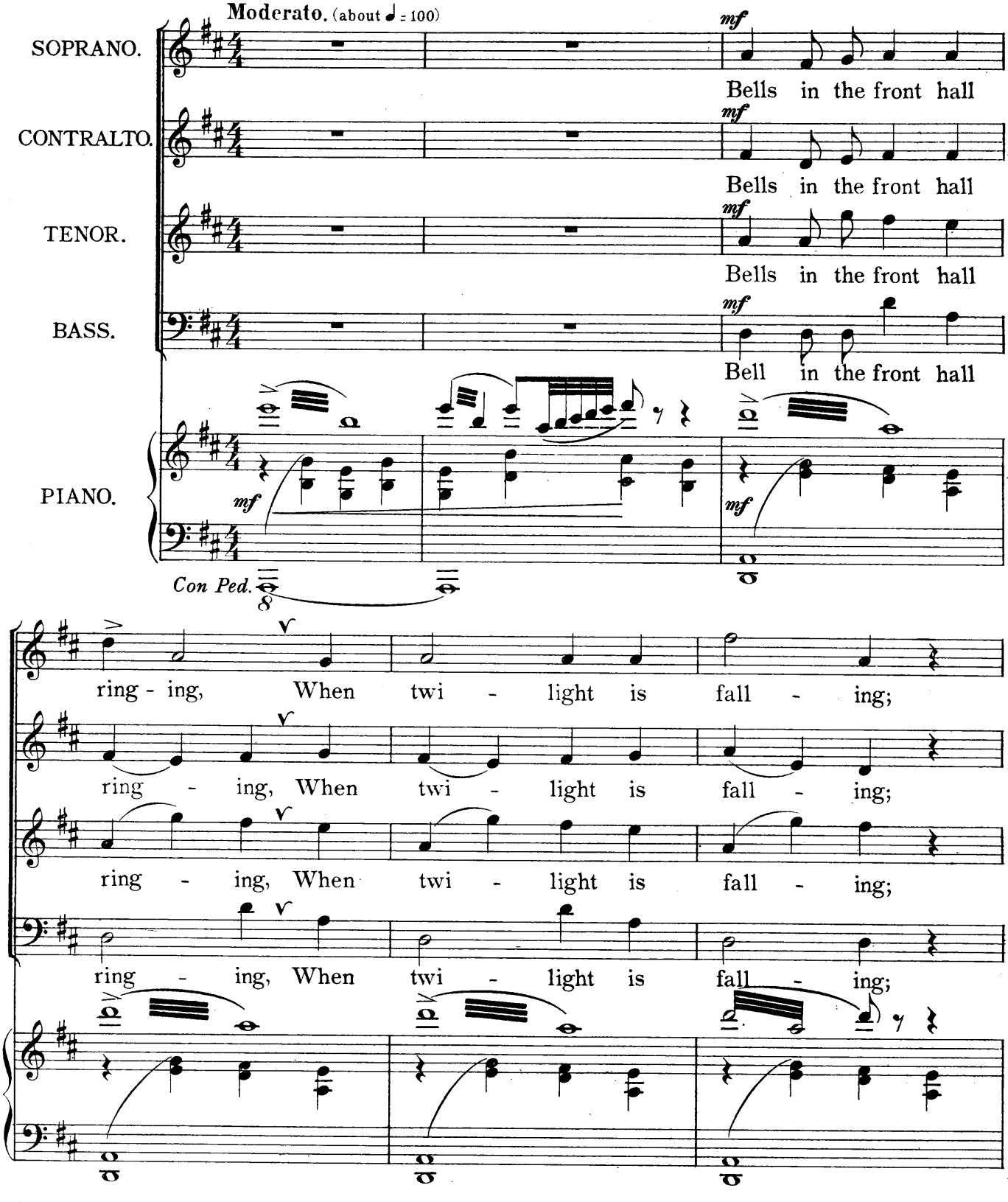
V.

Maud (of all work.)

QUARTET.

(L*rd T*nnys*n.)

Words by
A. STODART WALKER.



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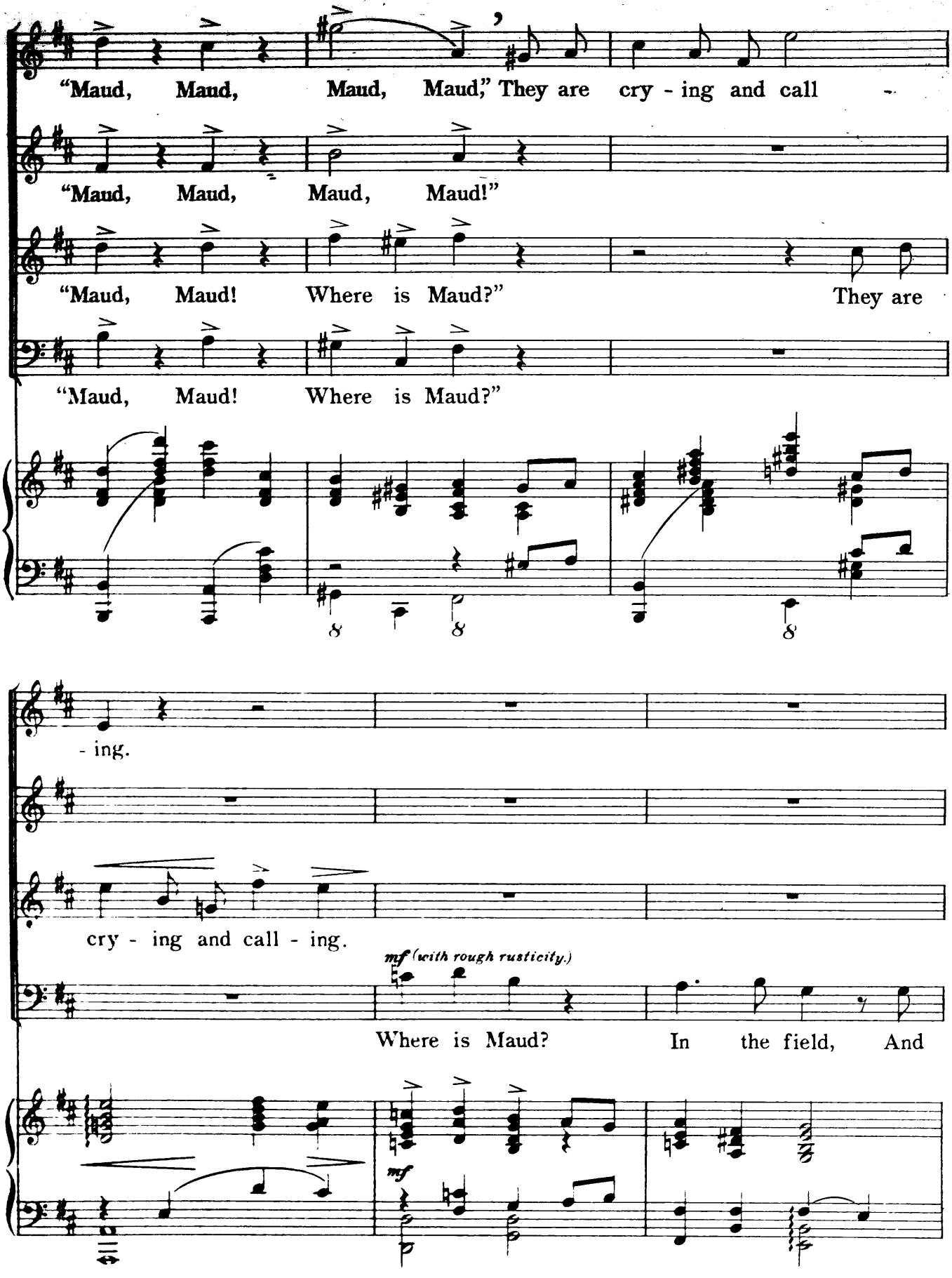
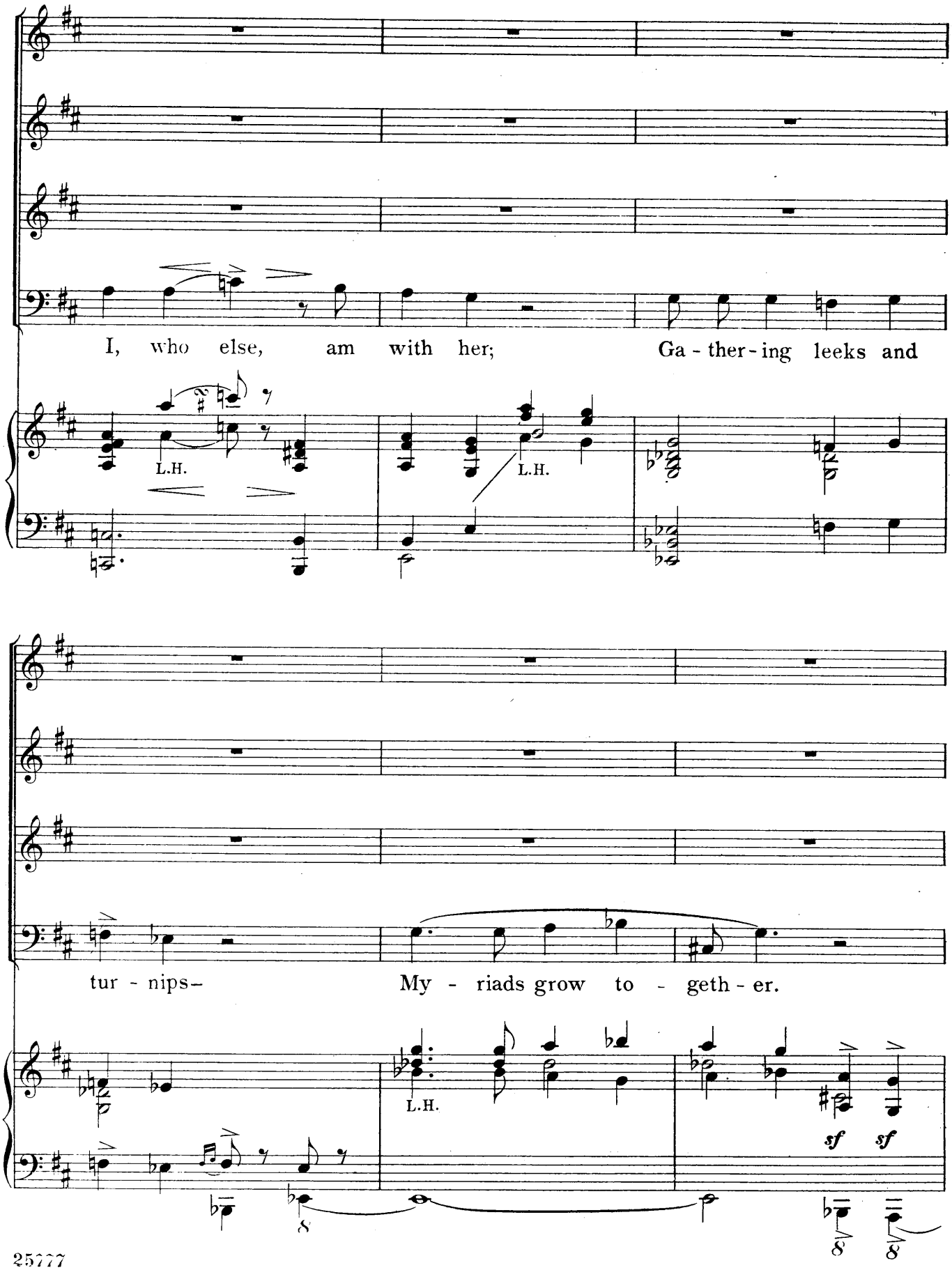
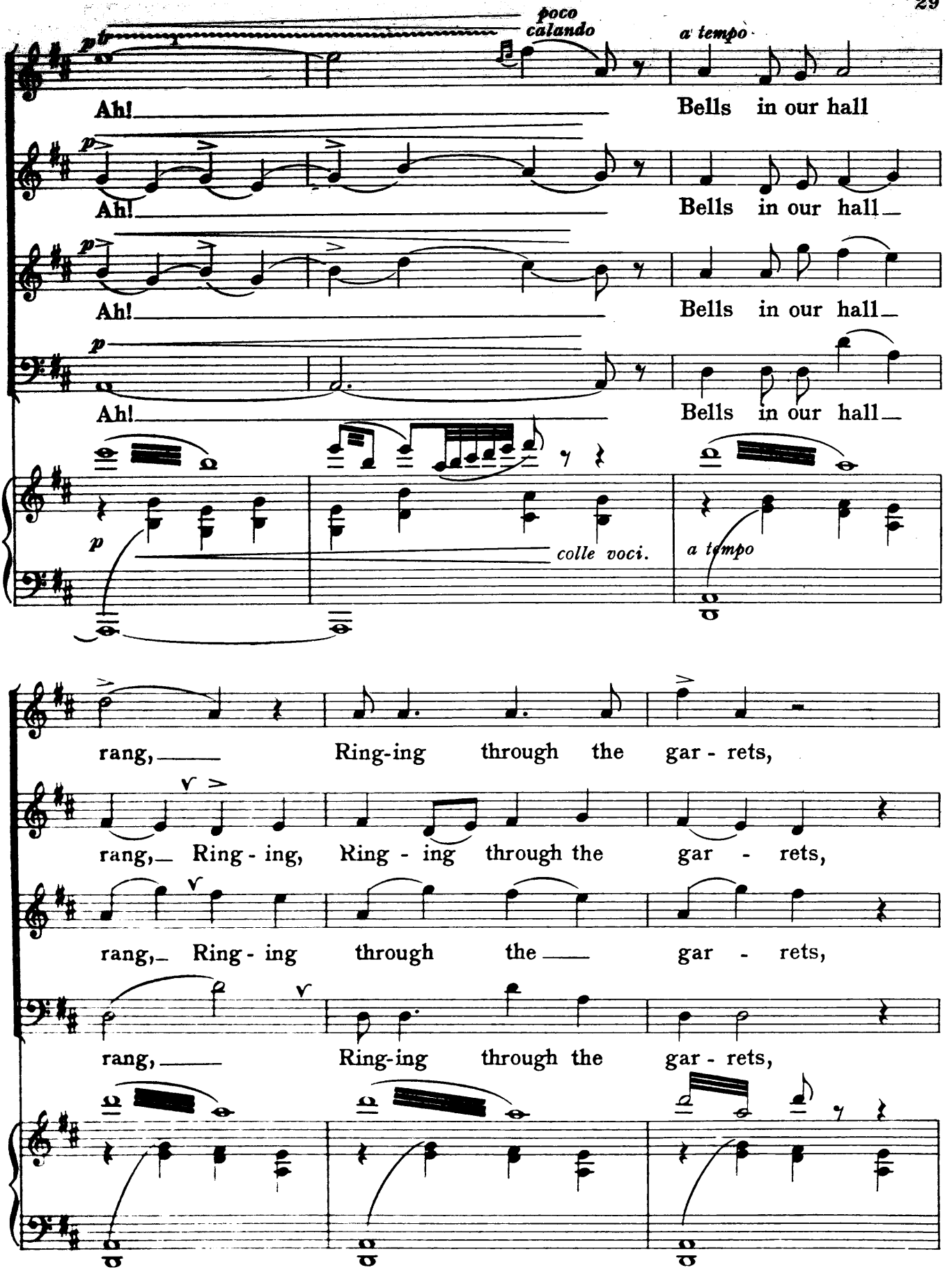
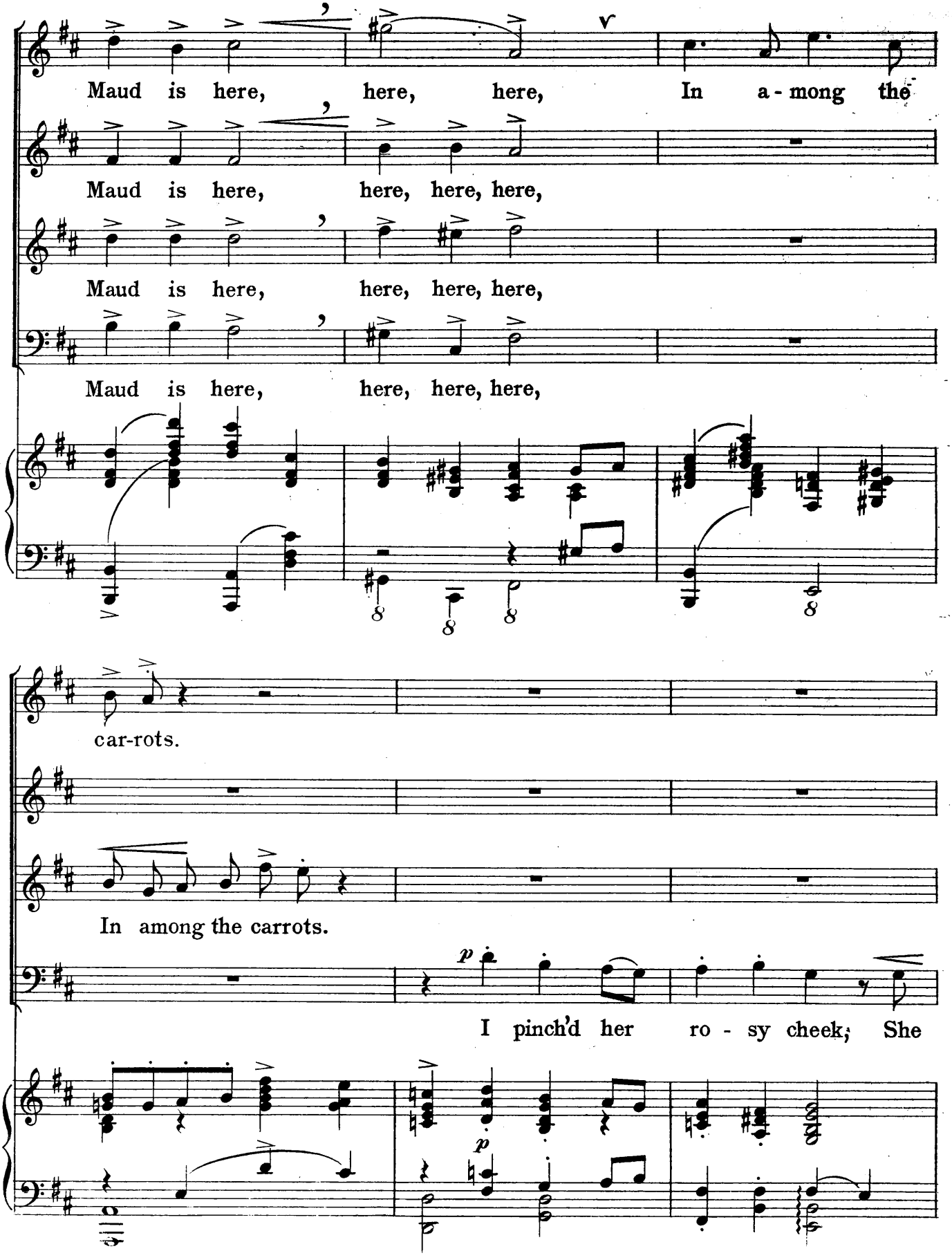
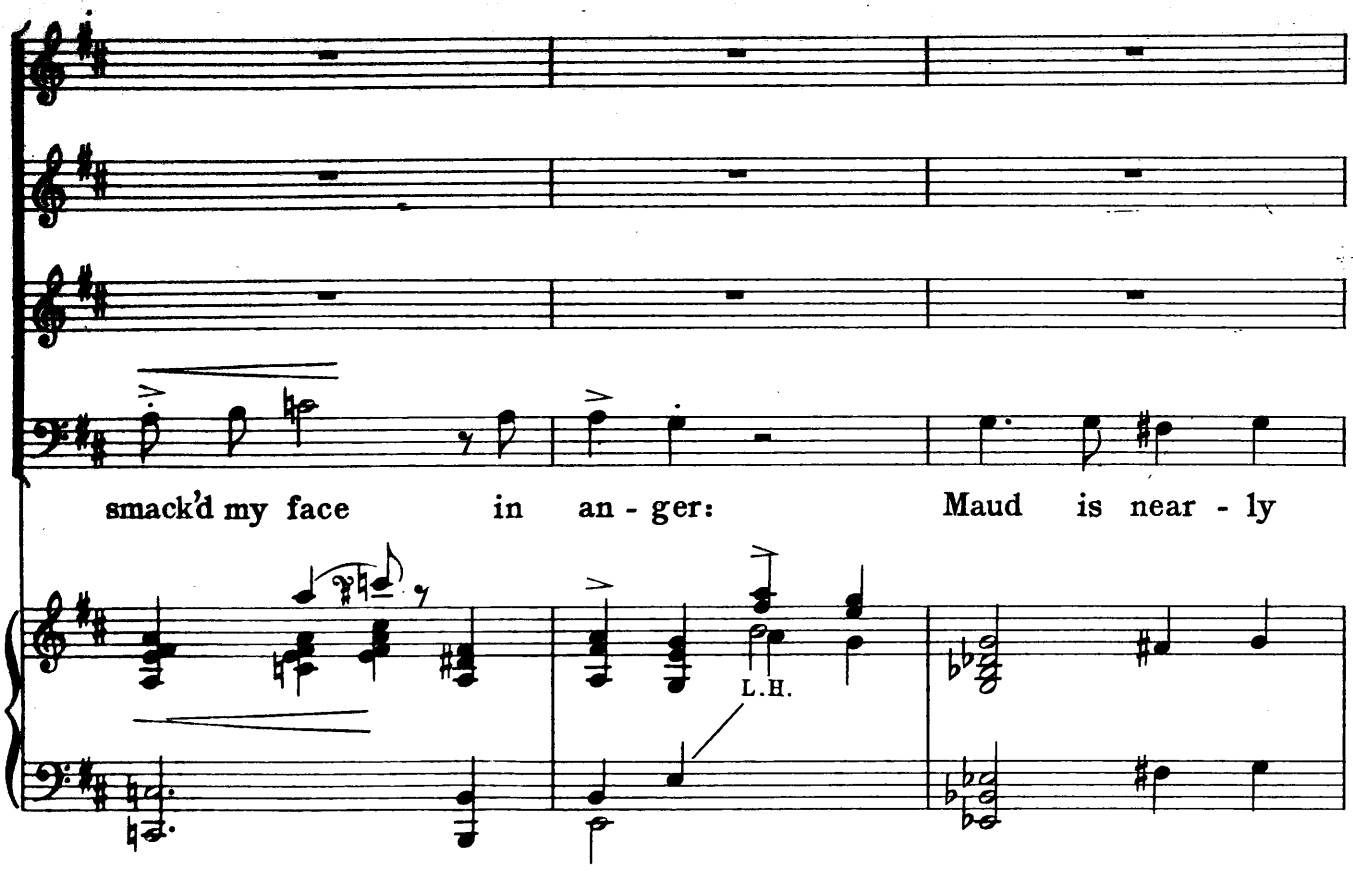
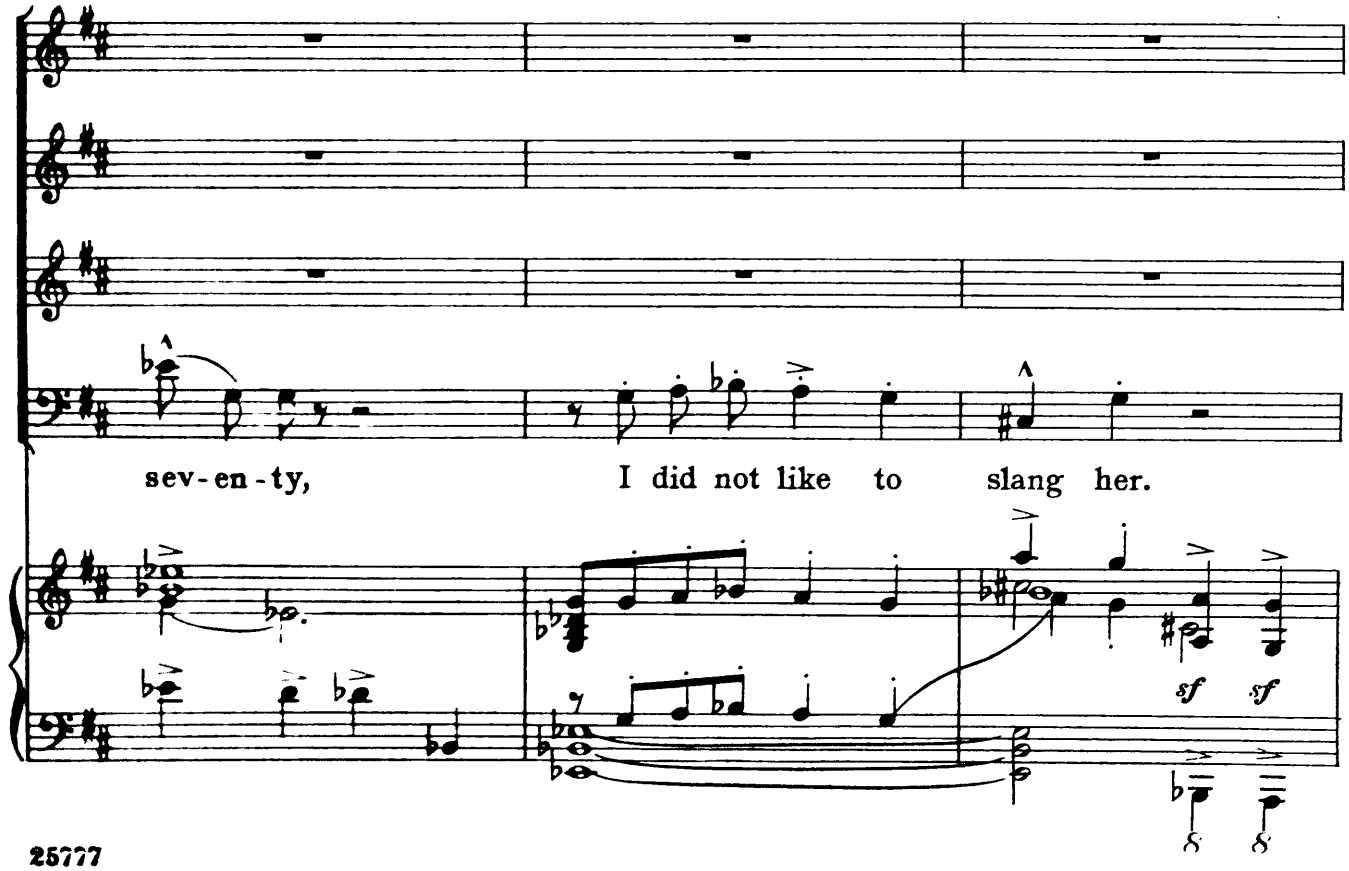

"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud," They are cry - ing and call -
"Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud!"
"Maud, Maud! Where is Maud?" They are
"Maud, Maud! Where is Maud?"
- ing.
cry - ing and call - ing.
mf (with rough rusticity.)
Where is Maud? In the field, And
mf


I, who else, am with her; Ga - ther - ing leeks and
L.H.
L.H.
tur - nips– My - riads grow to - geth - er.
L.H.
sf sf
8
8
8

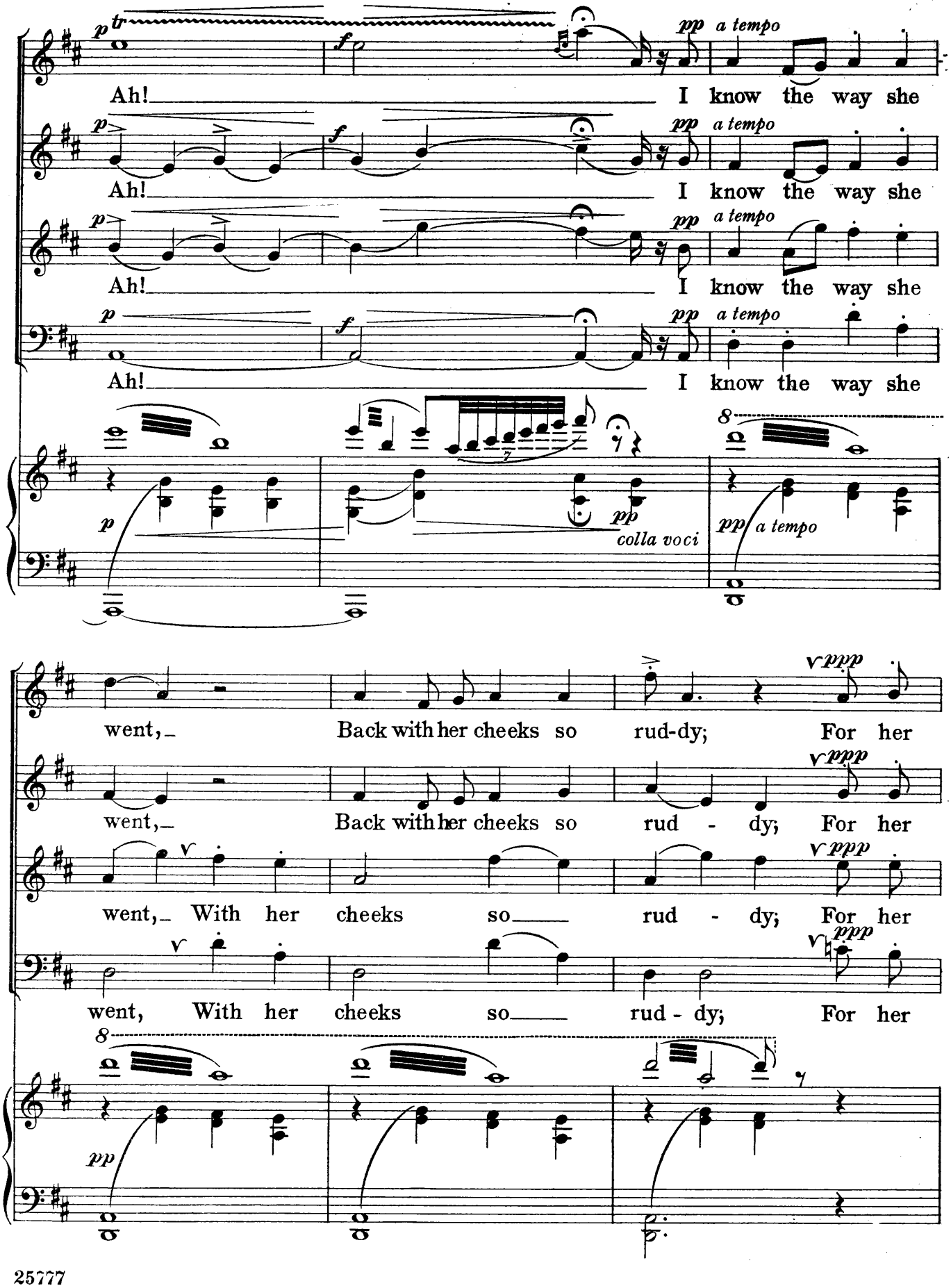

poco calando
a tempo
Ah!
Bells in our hall
Ah!
Bells in our hall
Ah!
Bells in our hall
Ah!
Bells in our hall
p
colle voci.
a tempo
rang, Ring-ing through the gar - rets,
rang, Ring - ing, Ring - ing through the gar - rets,
rang, Ring - ing through the gar - rets,
rang, Ring-ing through the gar - rets,


Maud is here, here, here, In a - mong the
Maud is here, here, here, here,
Maud is here, here, here, here,
Maud is here, here, here, here,
car-rots.
In among the carrots.
I pinch'd her ro - sy cheek; She


smack'd my face in an - ger: Maud is near - ly
L.H.


sev - en - ty, I did not like to slang her.
sf sf

82250


Ah! I know the way she went,
Ah! I know the way she went,
Ah! I know the way she went,
Ah! I know the way she went,
Back with her cheeks so rud-dy; For her
Back with her cheeks so rud - dy; For her
With her cheeks so rud - dy; For her
With her cheeks so rud - dy; For her
a tempo
colla voci

con espansione

feet have touch'd the stair-case, And left the car - pets

feet have touch'd the stair-case, And left the car - pets

feet have touch'd the stair-case, And left the car - pets

feet have touch'd the stair-case, And left the car - pets

ppp

p

Solo

f (stretto)

mud-dy.

f stretto

R. H.

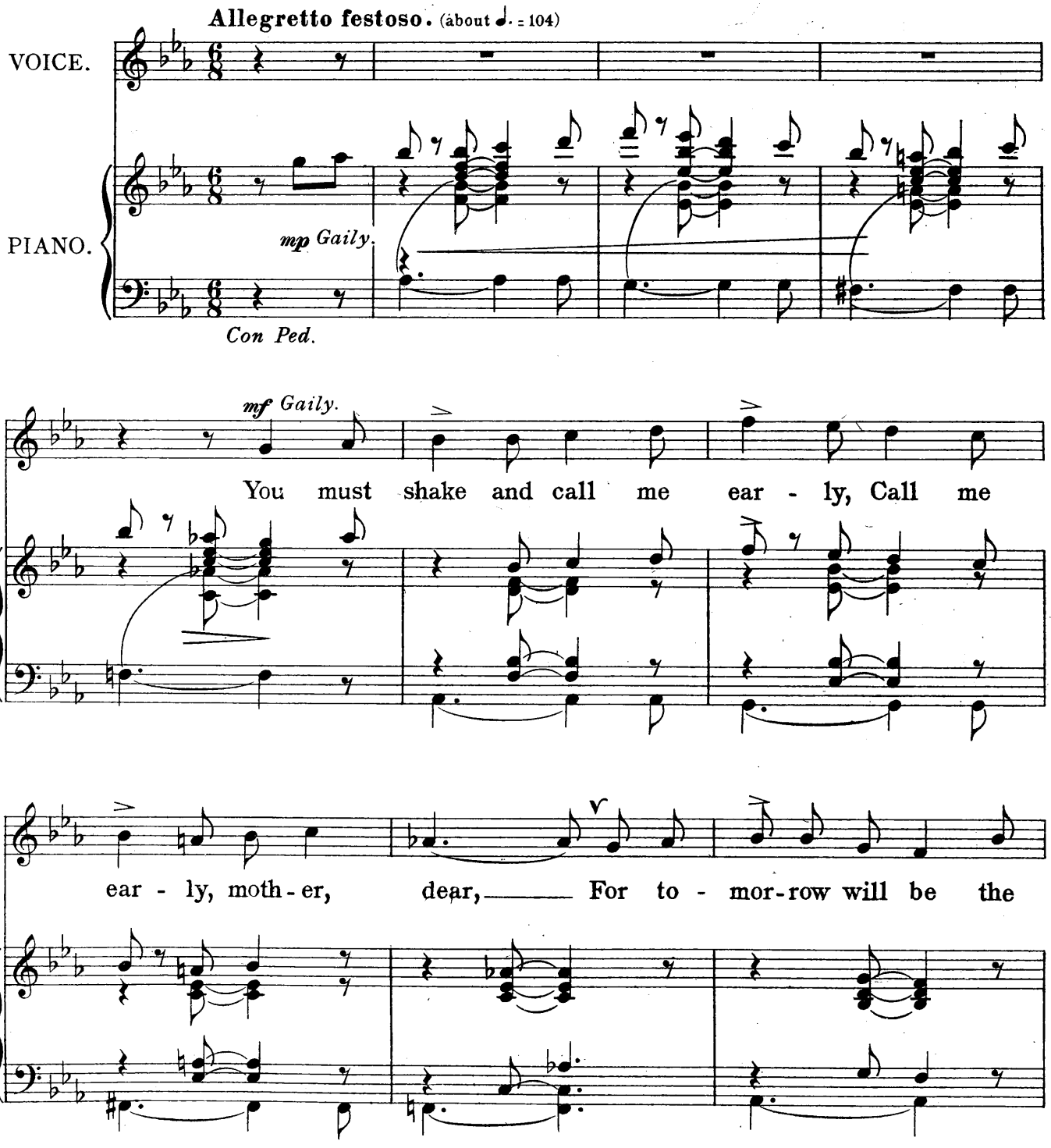
VI.

The May Queen.

(SOPRANO SOLO.)

(L*rd T*nnys*n.)

Words Anon:



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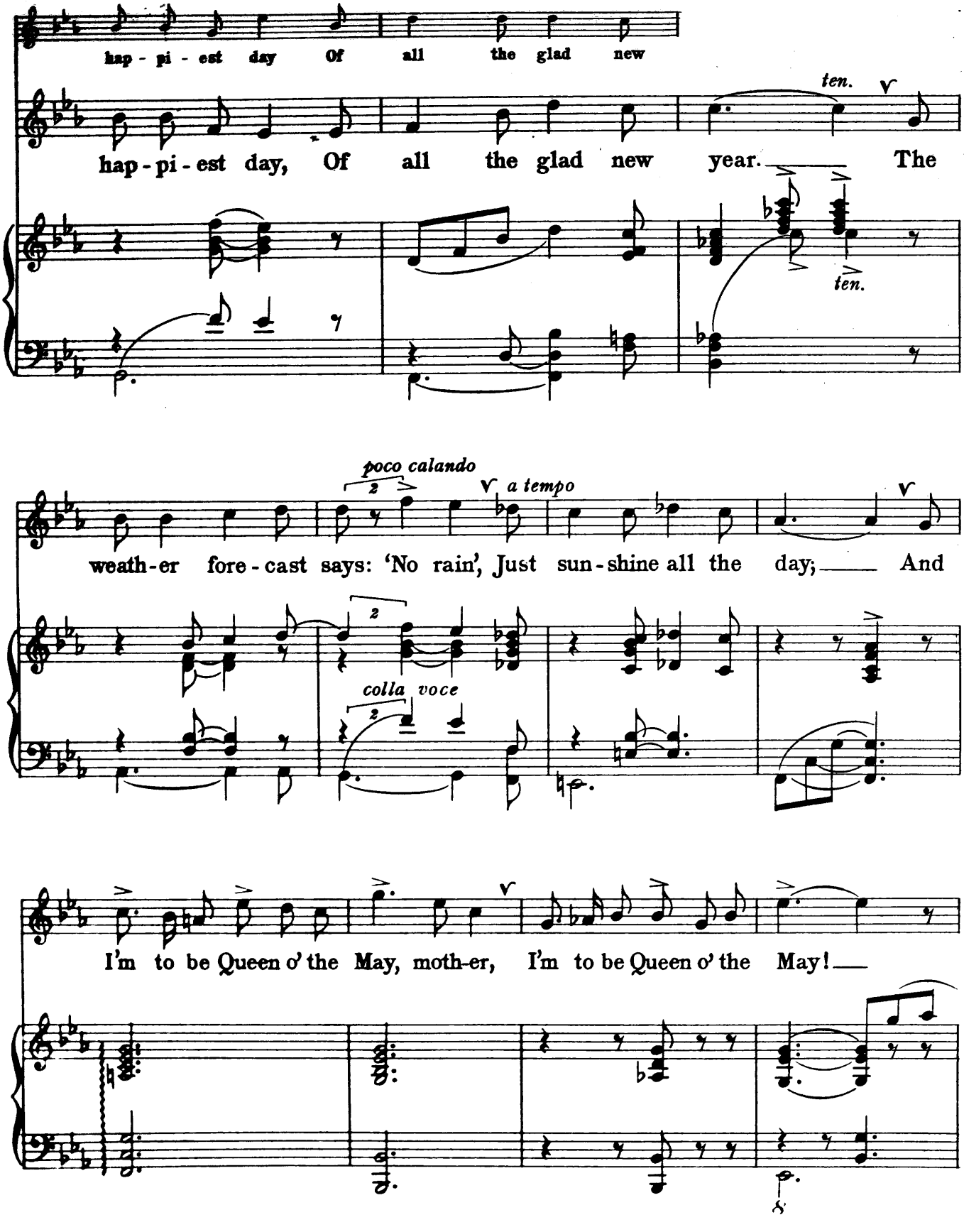
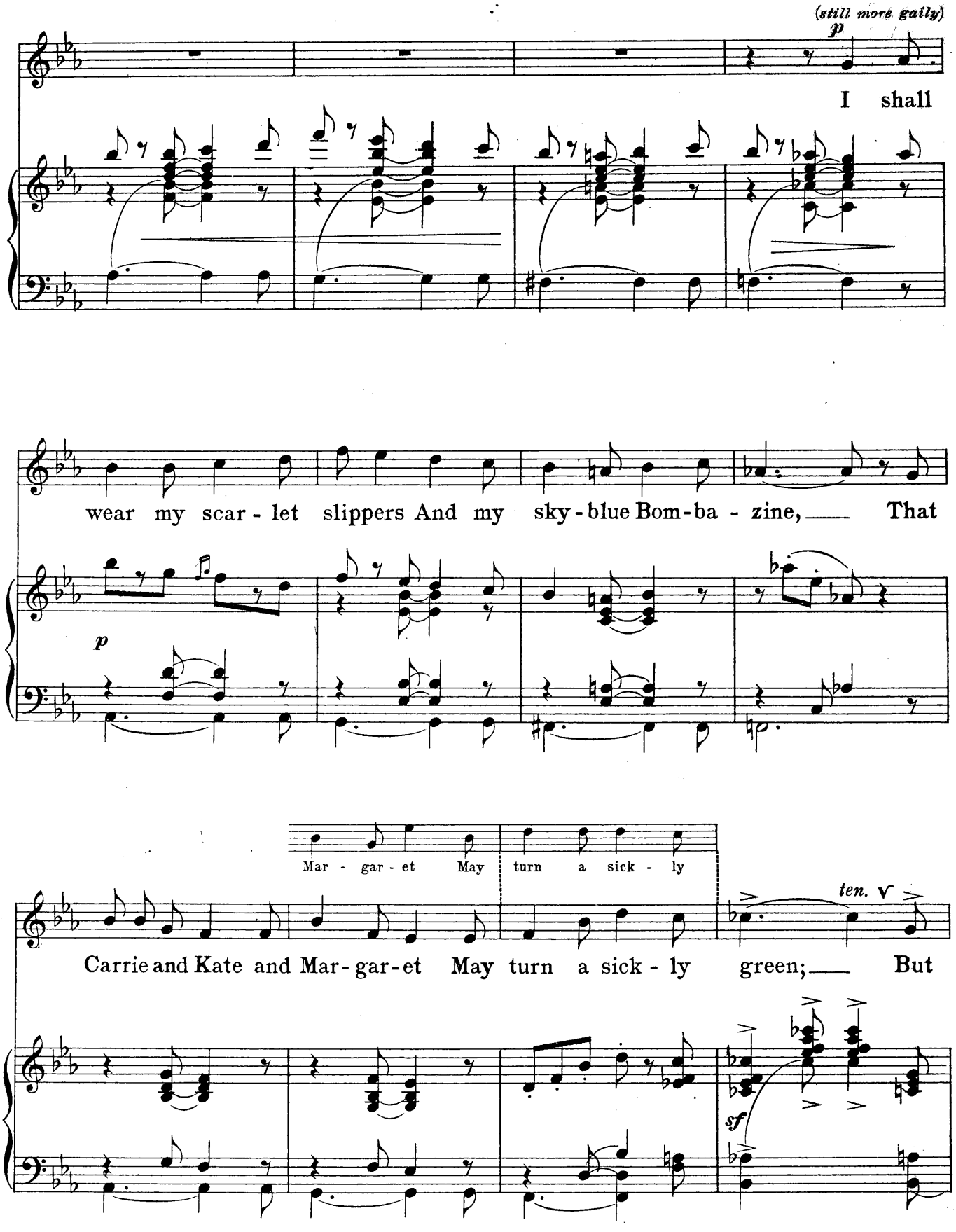
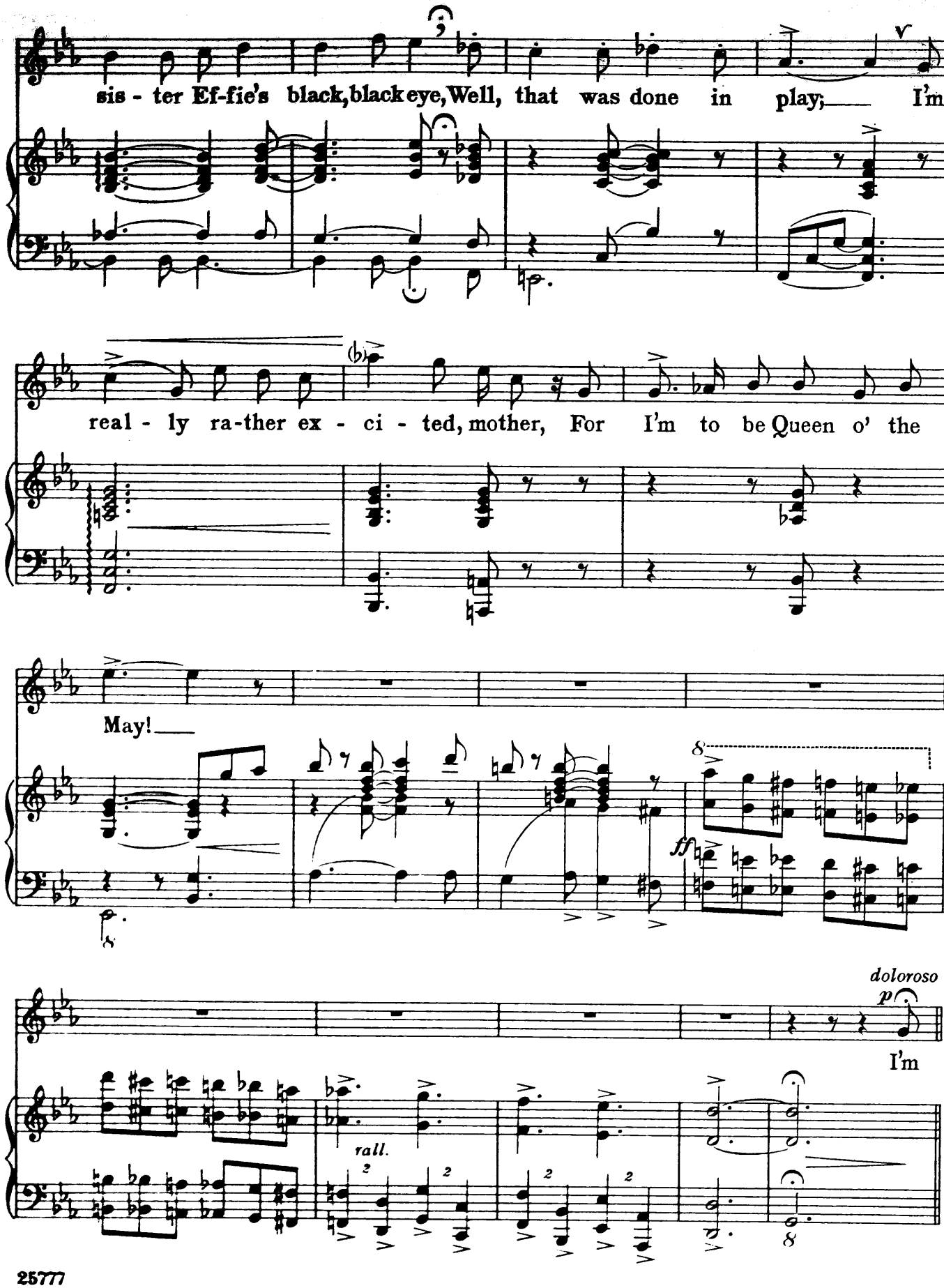
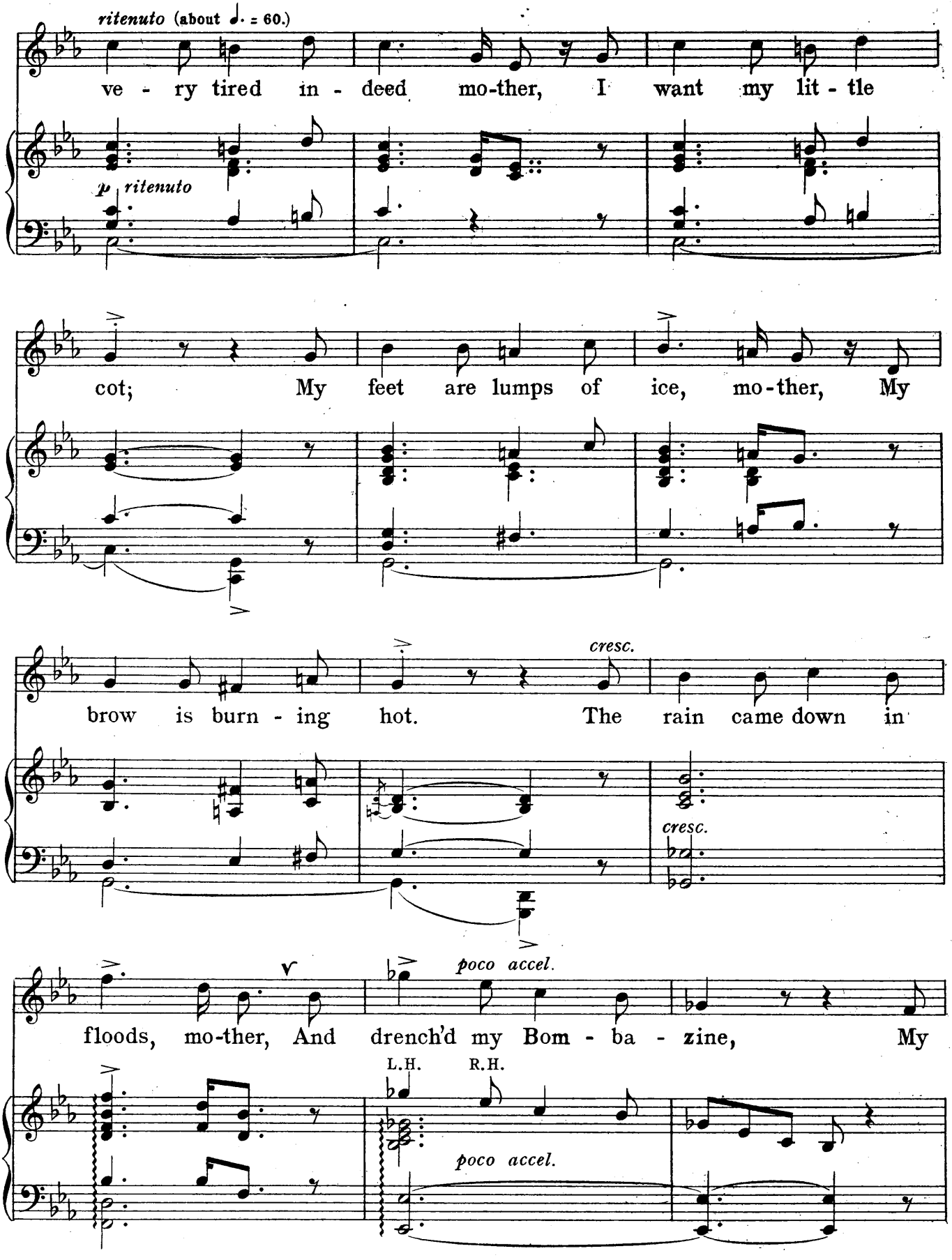
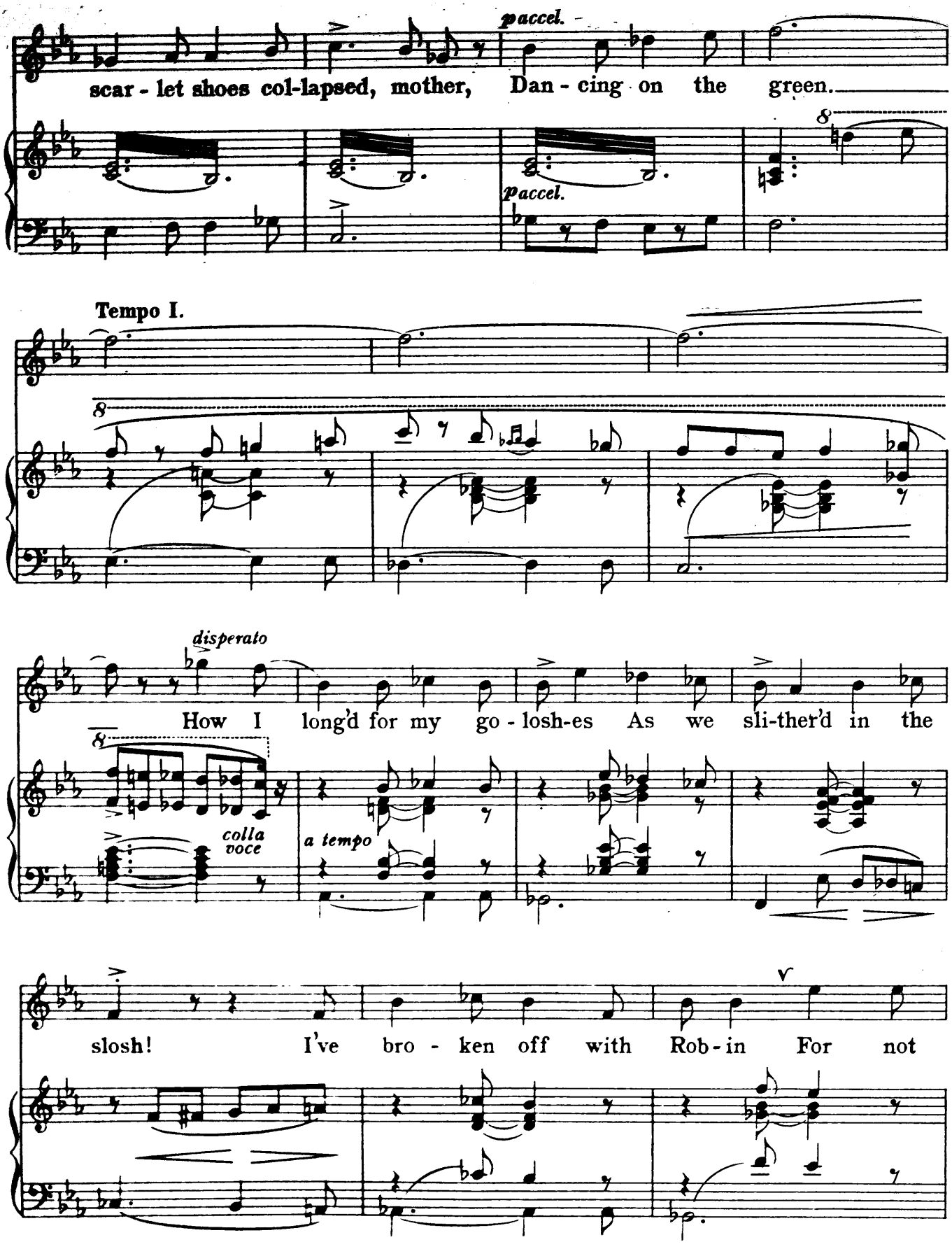
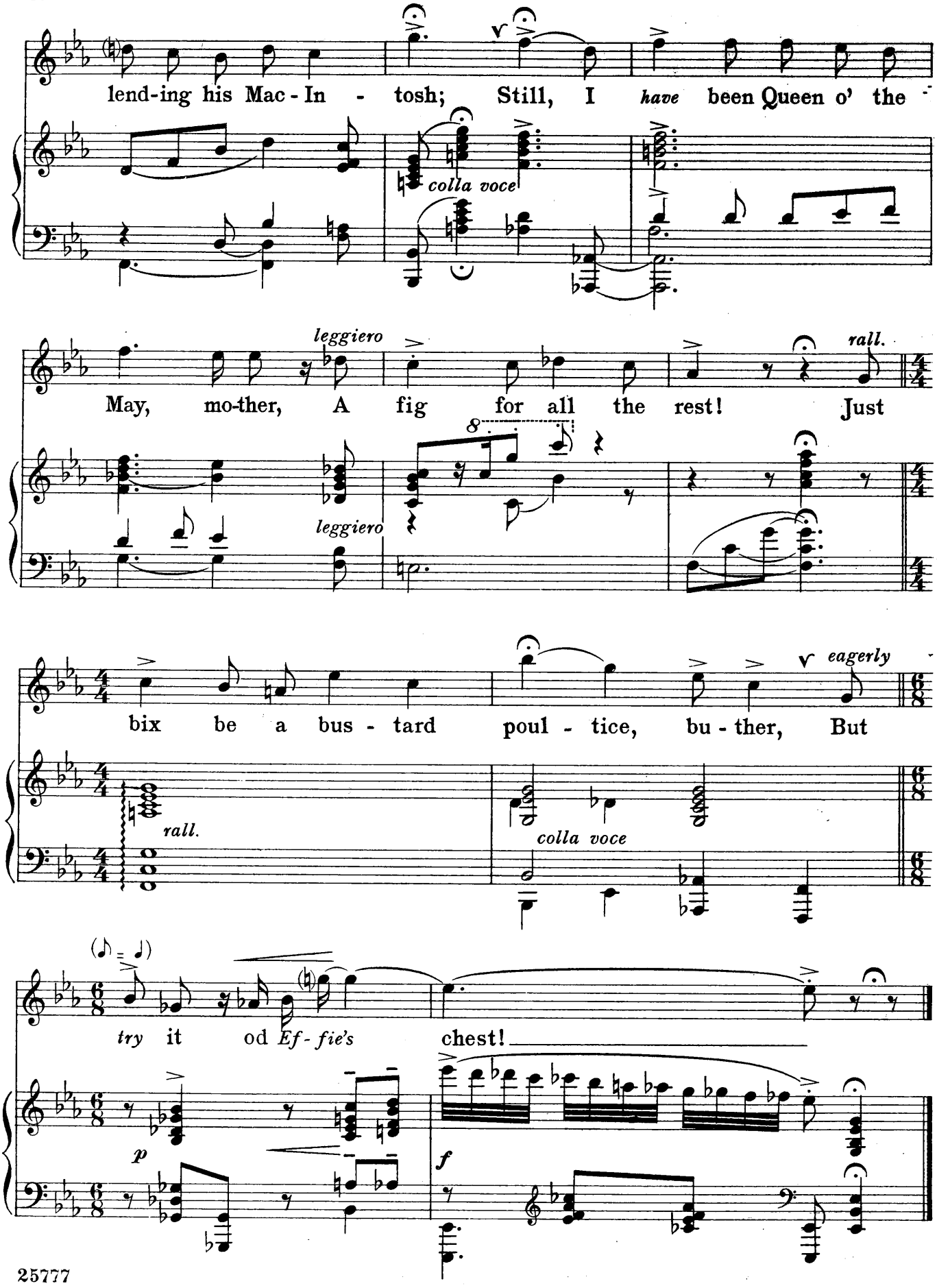

hap - pi - est day Of all the glad new
hap - pi - est day, Of all the glad new year. The
ten.
ten.
poco calando
a tempo
weath-er fore - cast says: 'No rain', Just sun - shine all the day; And
colla voce
I'm to be Queen o' the May, moth-er, I'm to be Queen o' the May!


(still more gaily)
p
I shall
wear my scar - let slippers And my sky - blue Bom - ba - zine, That
p
Mar - gar - et May turn a sick - ly
Carrie and Kate and Mar - gar - et May turn a sick - ly green; But
ten.
sf


sis - ter Ef-fie's black, black eye, Well, that was done in play; I'm
real - ly ra-ther ex - ci - ted, mother, For I'm to be Queen o' the
May!
ff
doloroso
p
I'm
rall.


ritenuto (about ♩. = 60.)
ve - ry tired in - deed mo-ther, I want my lit - tle
p ritenuto
cot; My feet are lumps of ice, mo-ther, My
brow is burn - ing hot. The rain came down in
cresc.
cresc.
floods, mo-ther, And drench'd my Bom - ba - zine, My
poco accel.
L.H.
R.H.
poco accel.


accel.
scar - let shoes col-lapsed, mother, Dan - cing on the green.
accel.
Tempo I.
disperato
How I long'd for my go - losh-es As we sli-ther'd in the
colla voce
a tempo
slosh! I've bro - ken off with Rob - in For not

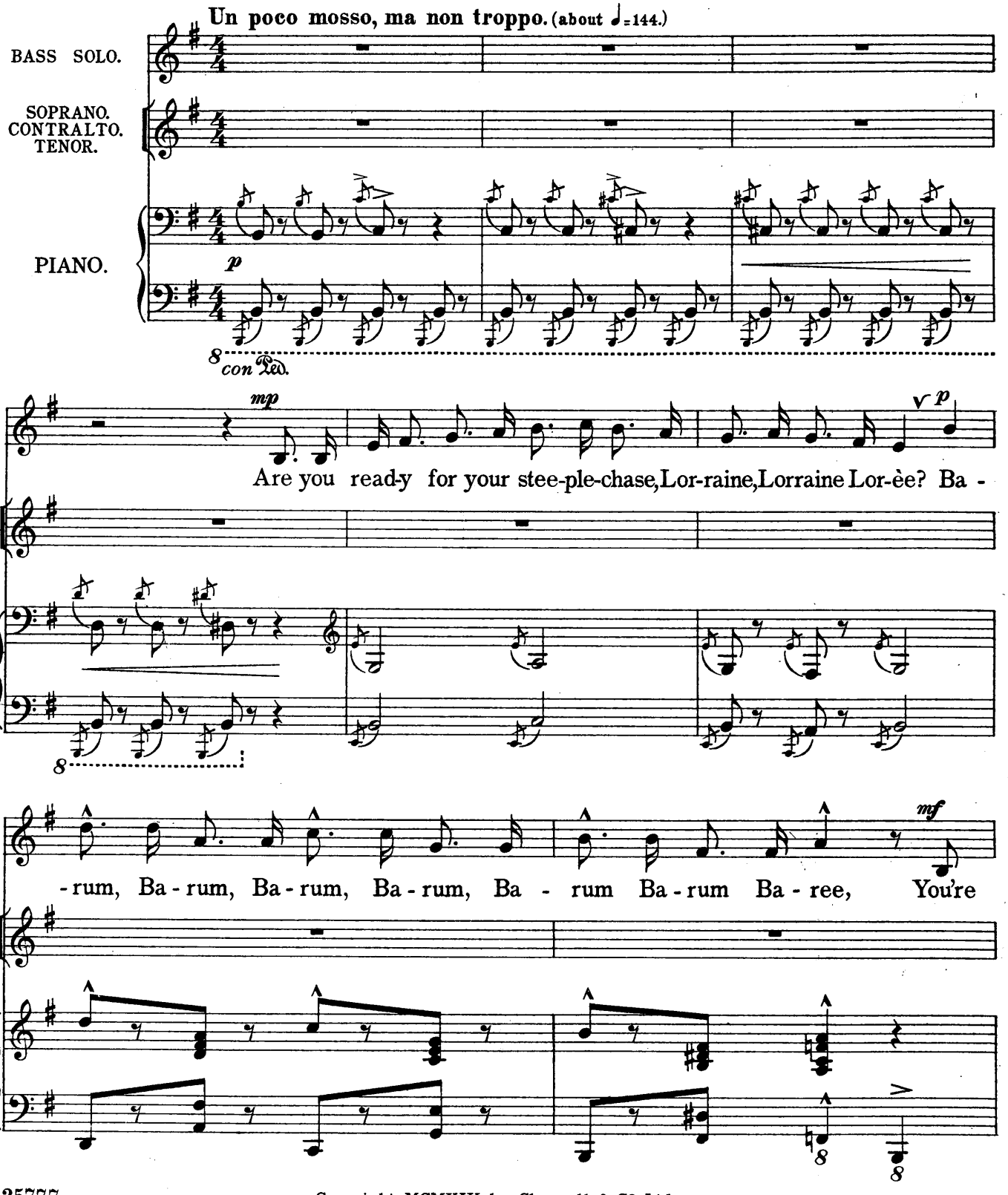

lend-ing his Mac - In - tosh; Still, I have been Queen o' the
colla voce
leggiero
May, mo-ther, A fig for all the rest! Just
leggiero
rall.
bix be a bus - tard poul - tice, bu - ther, But
eagerly
rall.
colla voce
try it od Ef - fie's chest!
p
f

VII.

Mrs. L. Lorèe.

BASS SOLO (with ensemble.)

Words by
FRANK RICHARDSON.



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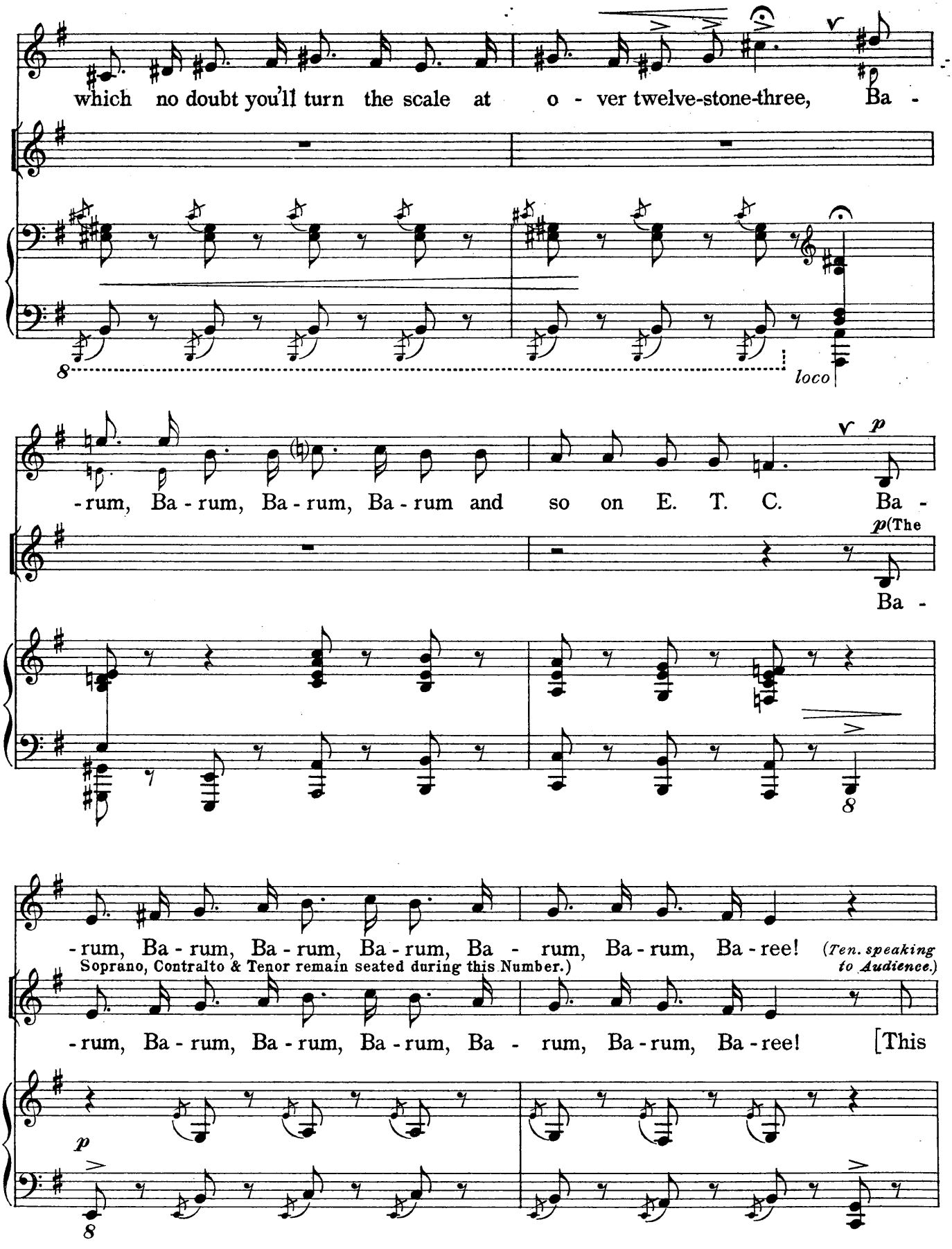
booked to ride your cap-ping race to - day at Coul - ter - lee, (I'm

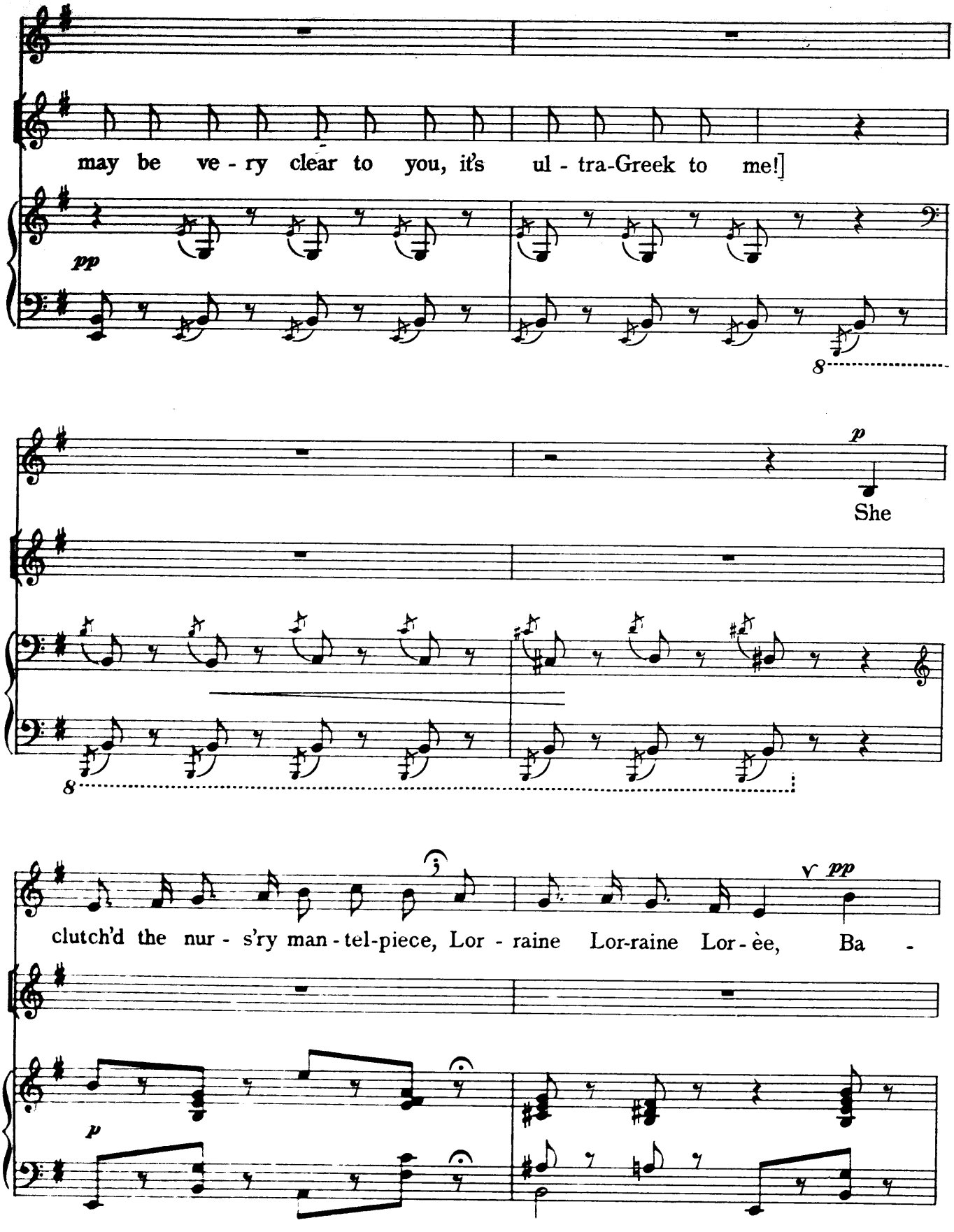
blessed if I can find the place in an - y A. B. C.) You're

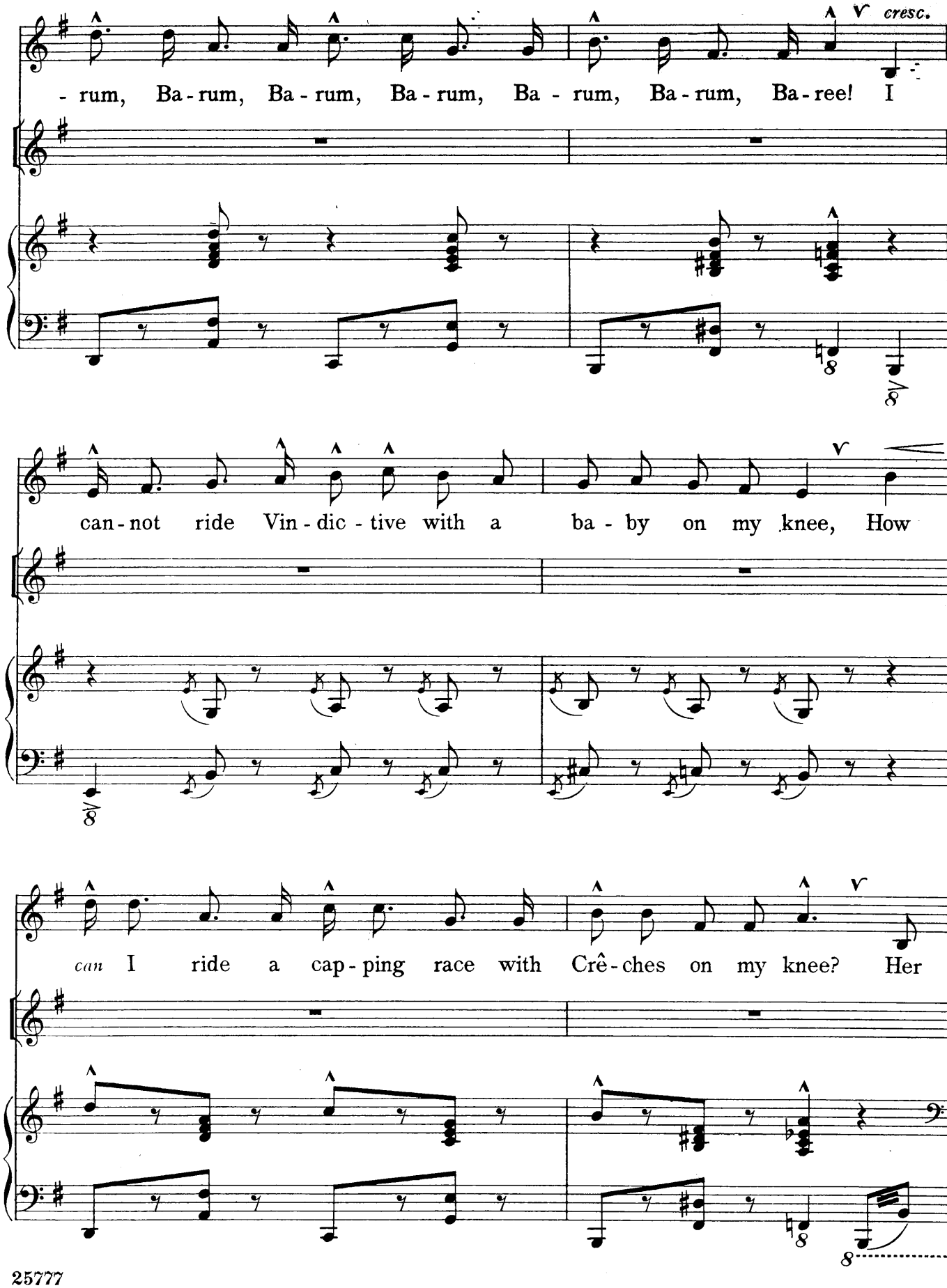
cresc.

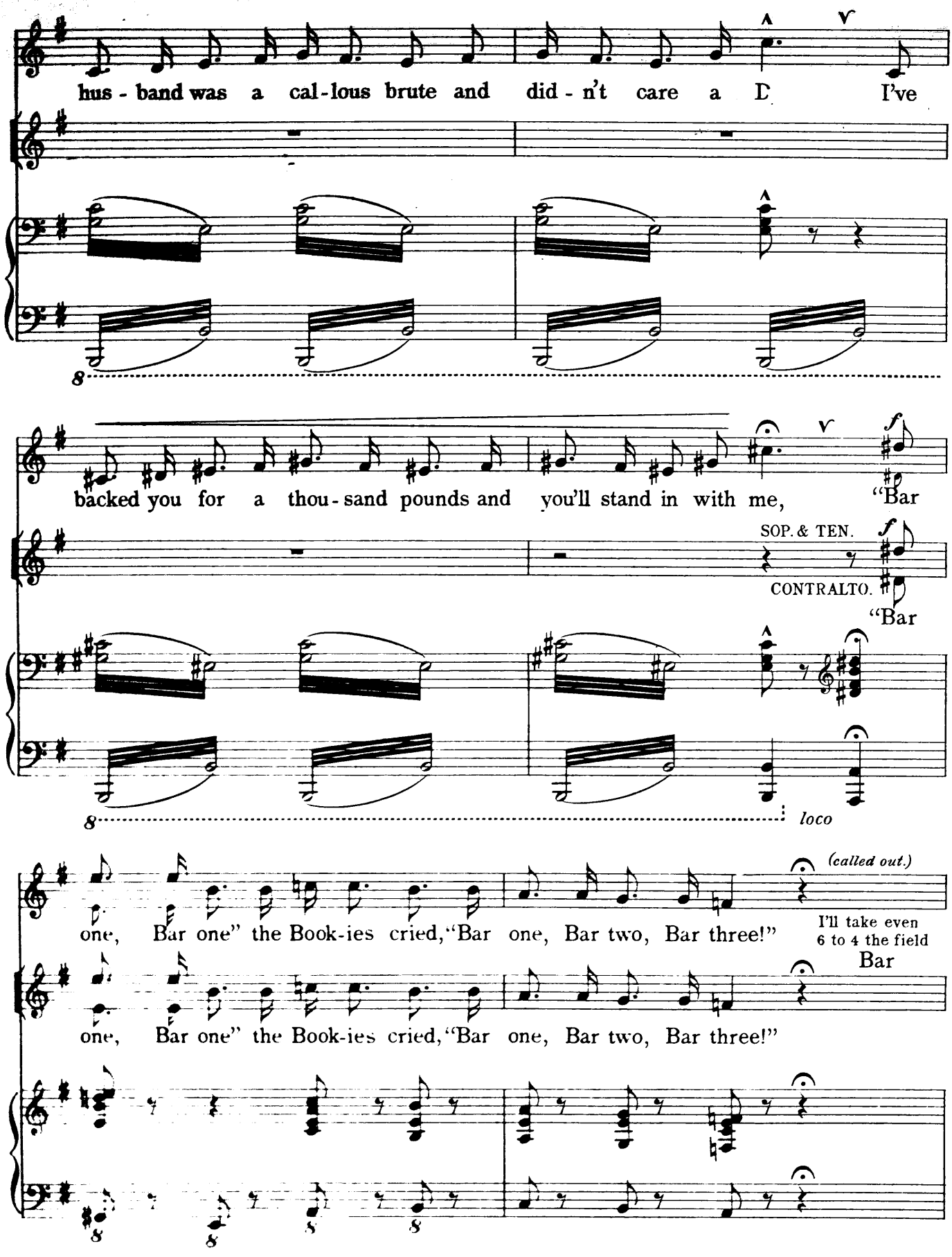
poco a poco.

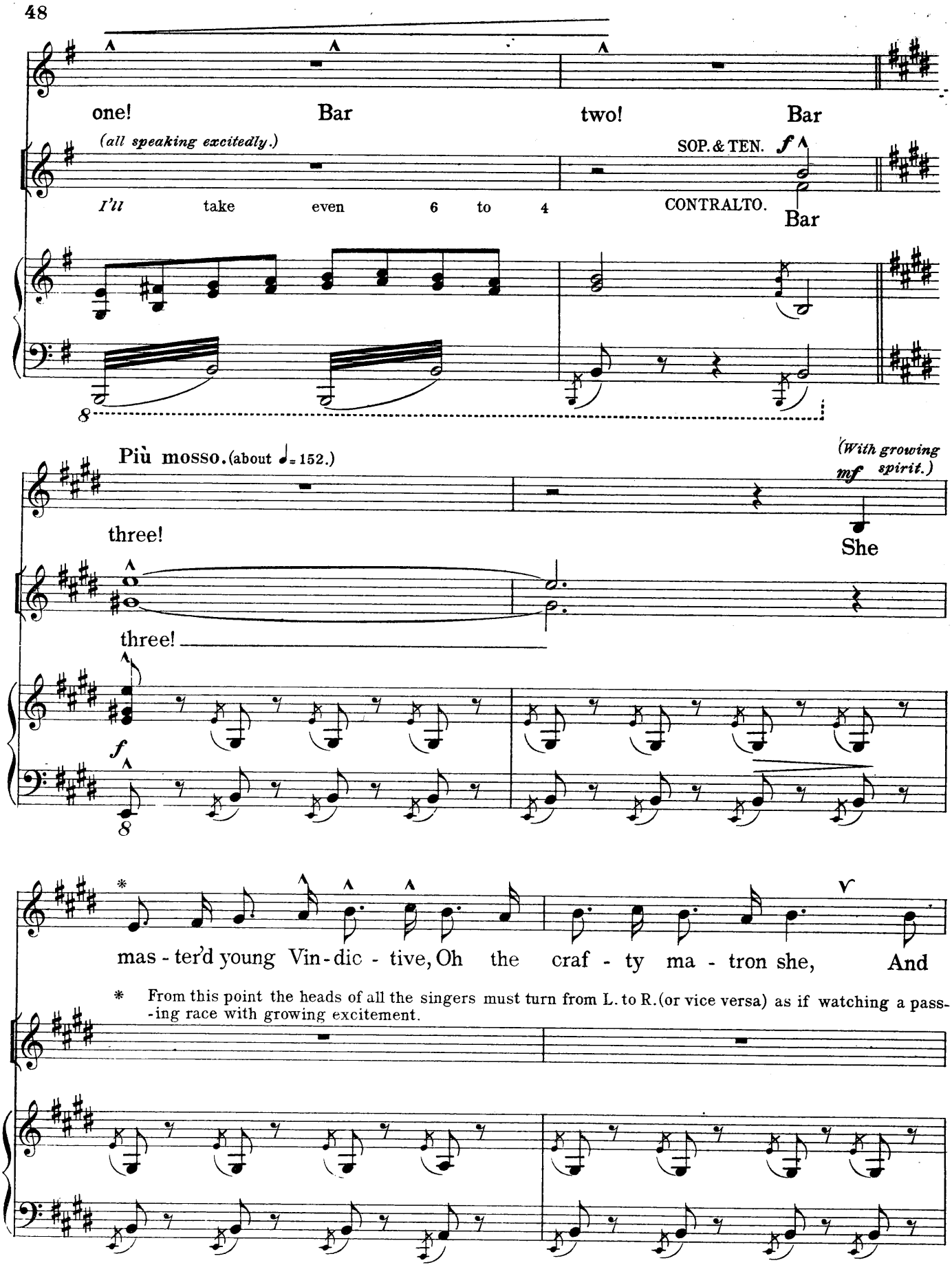
booked to ride Vin - dic - tive with an in - fant on your knee, With


which no doubt you'll turn the scale at o - ver twelve-stone-three, Ba -
loco
-rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum and so on E. T. C. Ba -
p
p (The
Ba -
8
-rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - ree! (Ten. speaking to Audience.)
Soprano, Contralto & Tenor remain seated during this Number.)
-rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - ree! [This
p
8

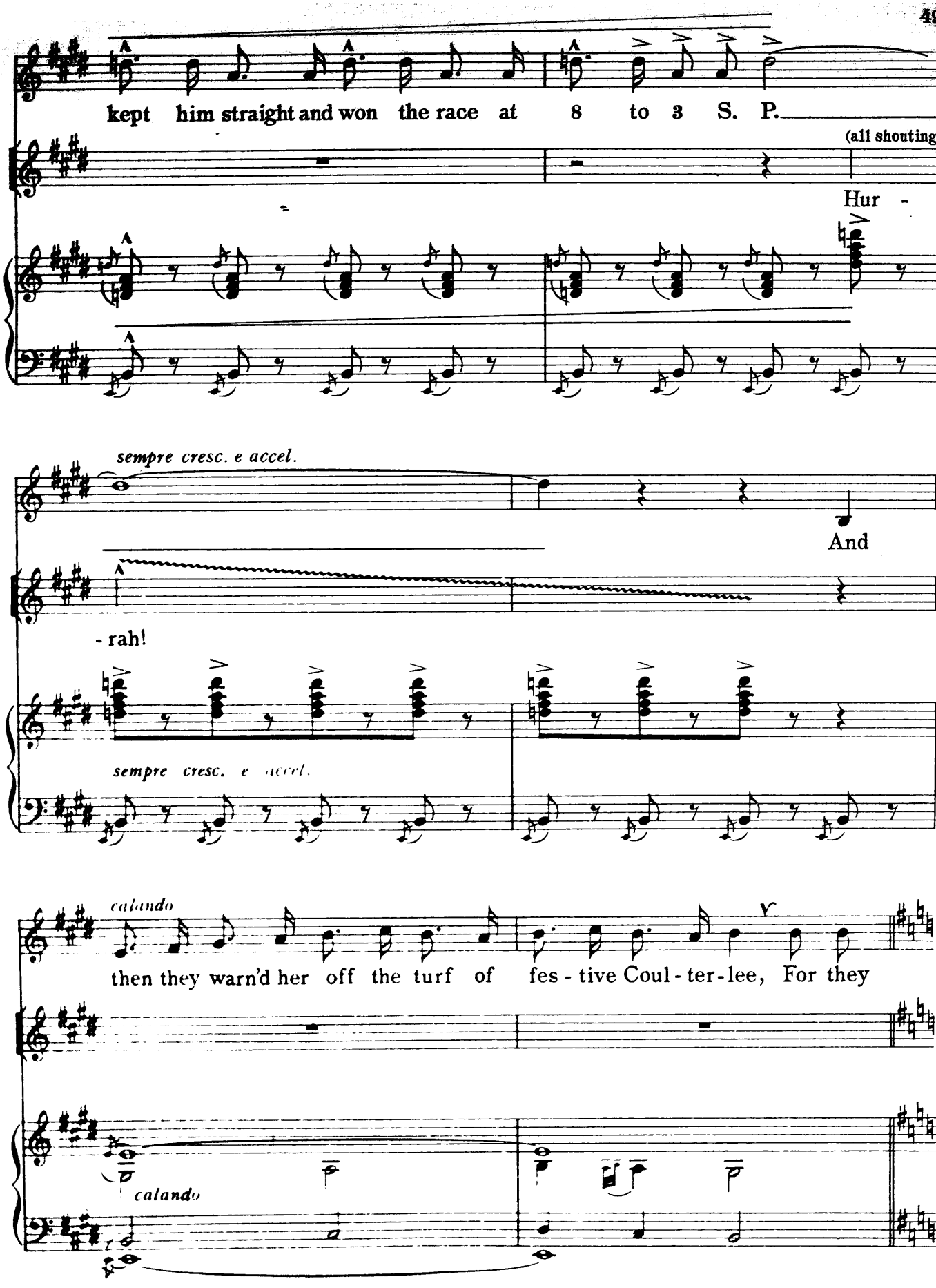

may be ve - ry clear to you, it's ul - tra-Greek to me!]
pp
8
p
She
8
clutch'd the nur - s'ry man - tel-piece, Lor - raine Lor-raine Lor - èe, Ba -
pp
p


cresc.
- rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - ree! I
can - not ride Vin - dic - tive with a ba - by on my knee, How
can I ride a cap - ping race with Crê - ches on my knee? Her


hus - band was a cal - lous brute and did - n't care a D I've
backed you for a thou - sand pounds and you'll stand in with me, "Bar
SOP. & TEN.
CONTRALTO.
"Bar
loco
one, Bar one" the Book-ies cried, "Bar one, Bar two, Bar three!"
(called out.)
I'll take even
6 to 4 the field
Bar
one, Bar one" the Book-ies cried, "Bar one, Bar two, Bar three!"



* From this point the heads of all the singers must turn from L. to R. (or vice versa) as if watching a pass-ing race with growing excitement.


kept him straight and won the race at 8 to 3 S. P.
(all shouting)
Hur -
sempre cresc. e accel.
And
- rah!
sempre cresc. e accel.
calando
then they warn'd her off the turf of fes - tive Coul - ter - lee, For they
calando

Tempo I.

ad lib.

found it was a Gol - li - wog she held up - on her knee, No

ad lib.

won - der that no ba - by cried for Mis - sis L. Lo - rèe.

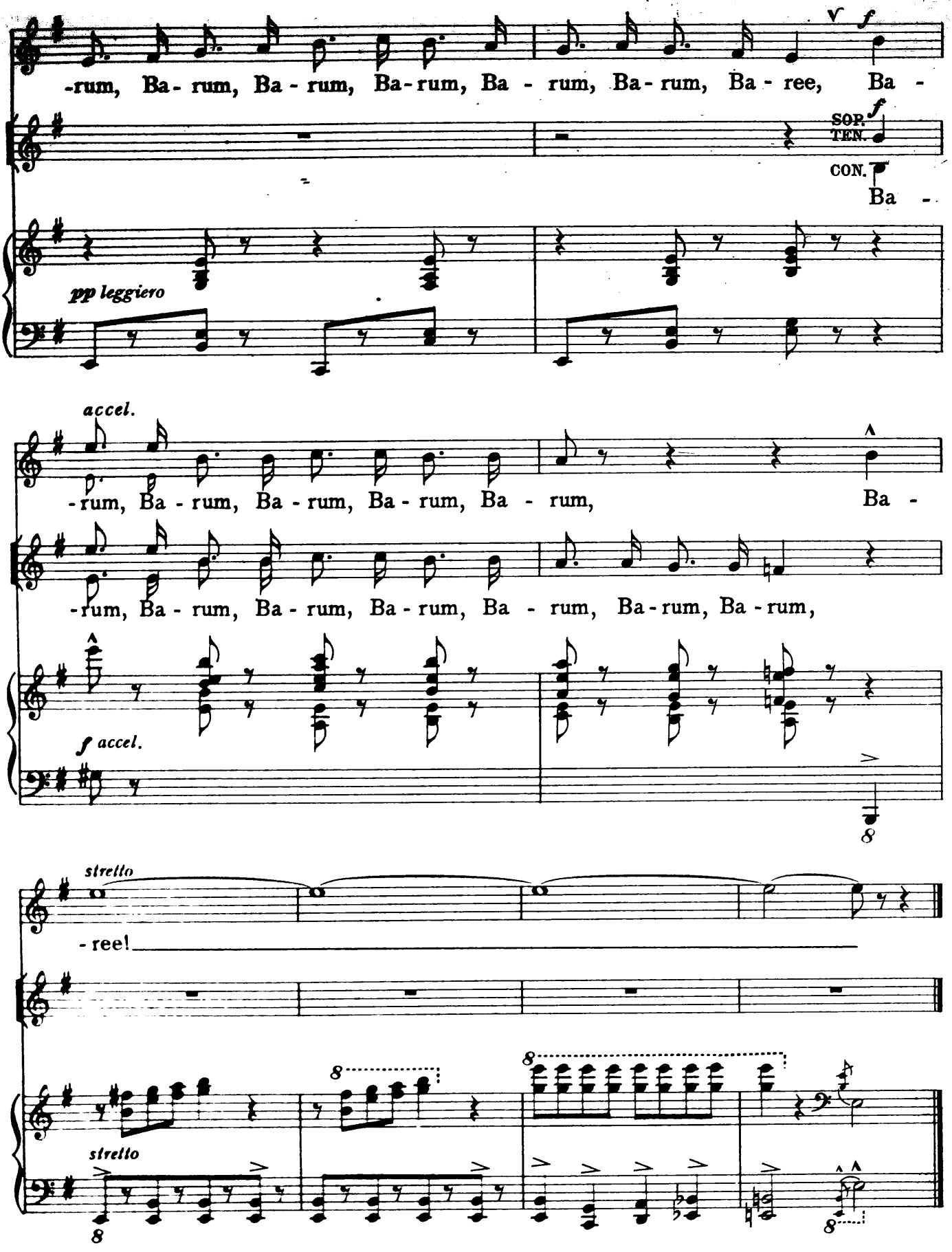
a tempo

L. H.

a tempo

pp

Ba -

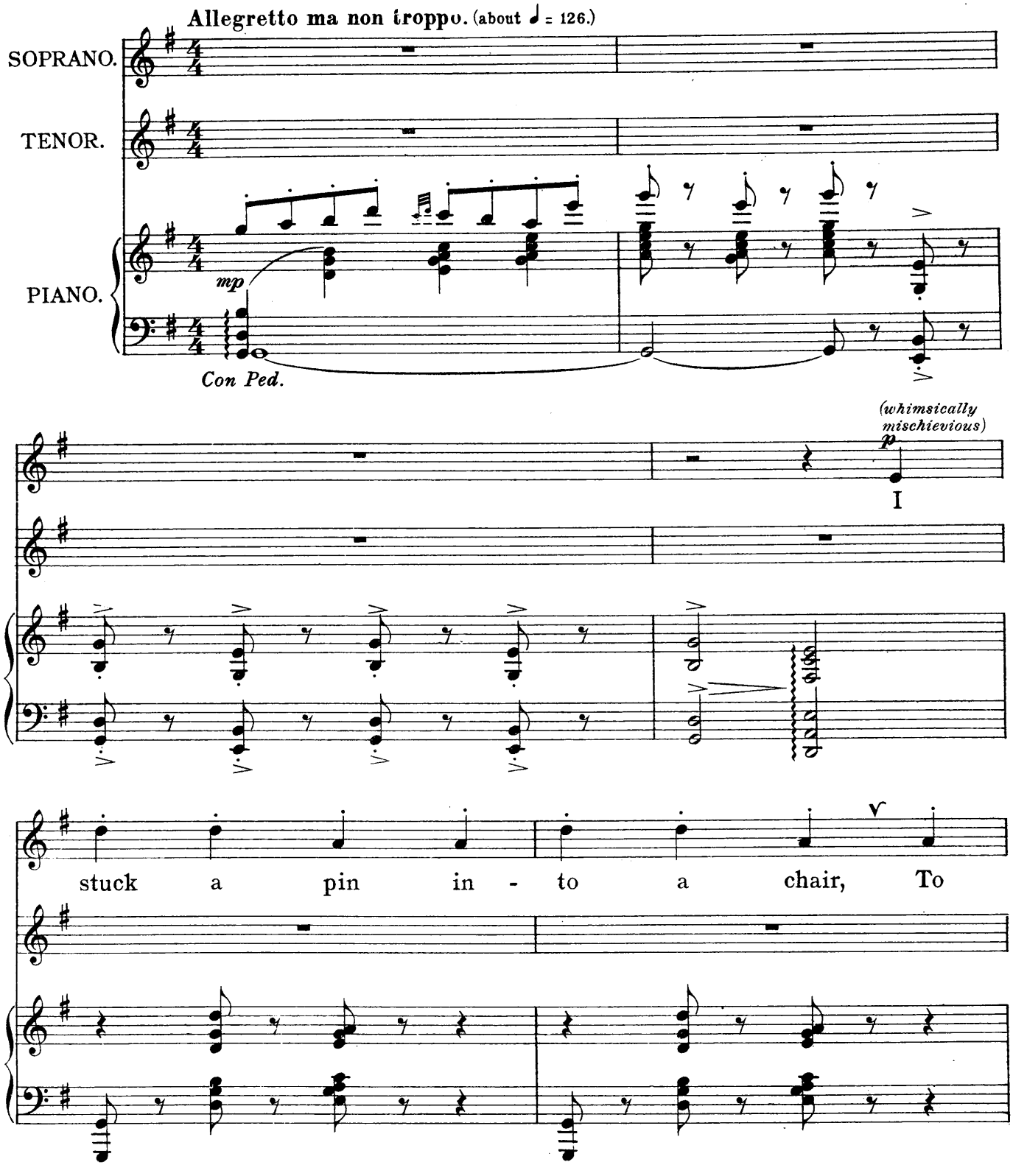

-rum, Ba- rum, Ba - rum, Ba-rum, Ba - rum, Ba-rum, Ba - ree, Ba -
f
SOP. TEN.
CON.
Ba -
pp leggiero
accel.
-rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba -
-rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba - rum, Ba-rum, Ba - rum,
f accel.
8
strello
- ree!
8
8
strello
8
8

VIII.

I stuck a pin into a chair.

Words Anon.

DUET. (Soprano & Tenor.)
(L*ngf*ll*w.)



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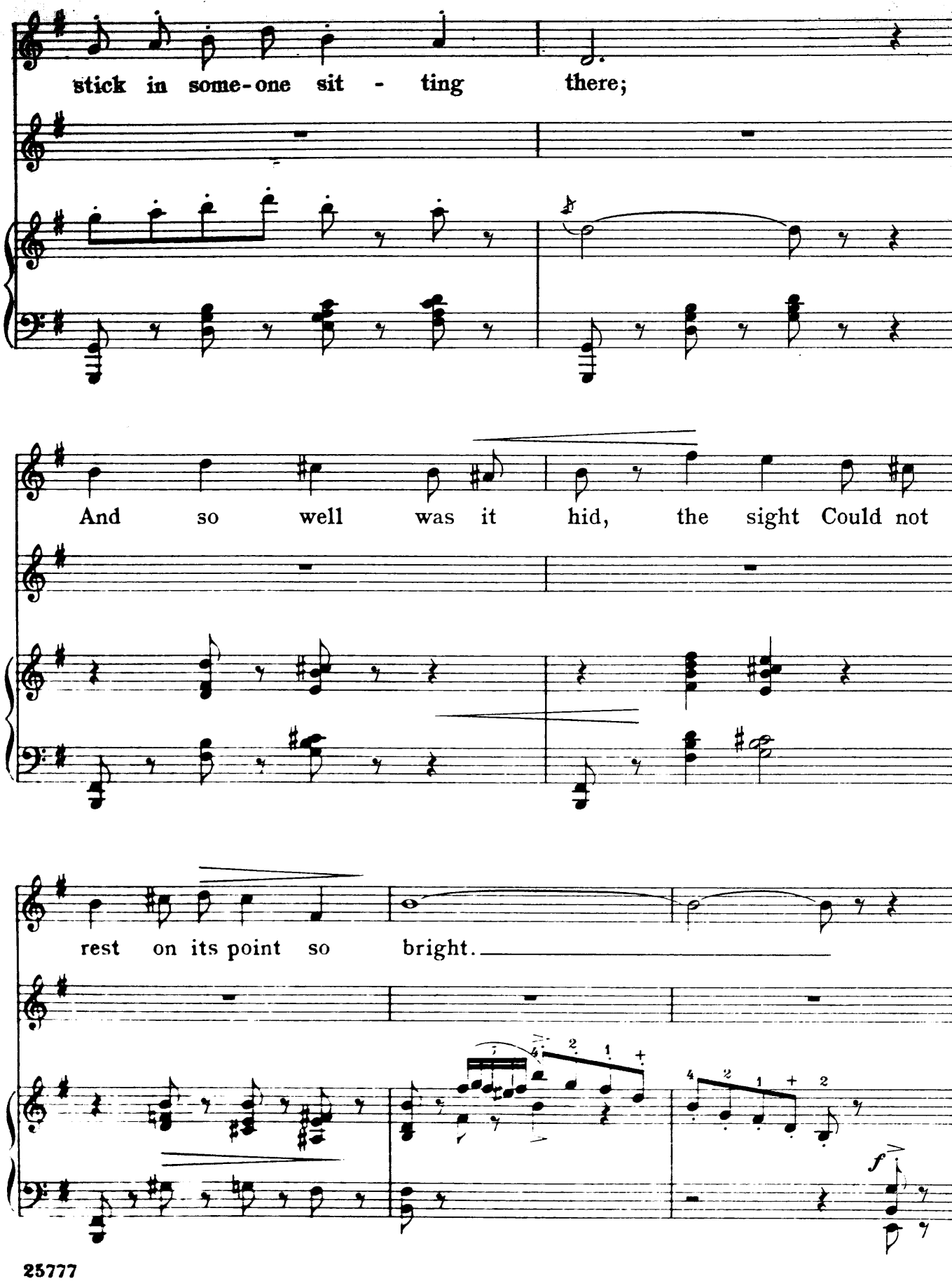
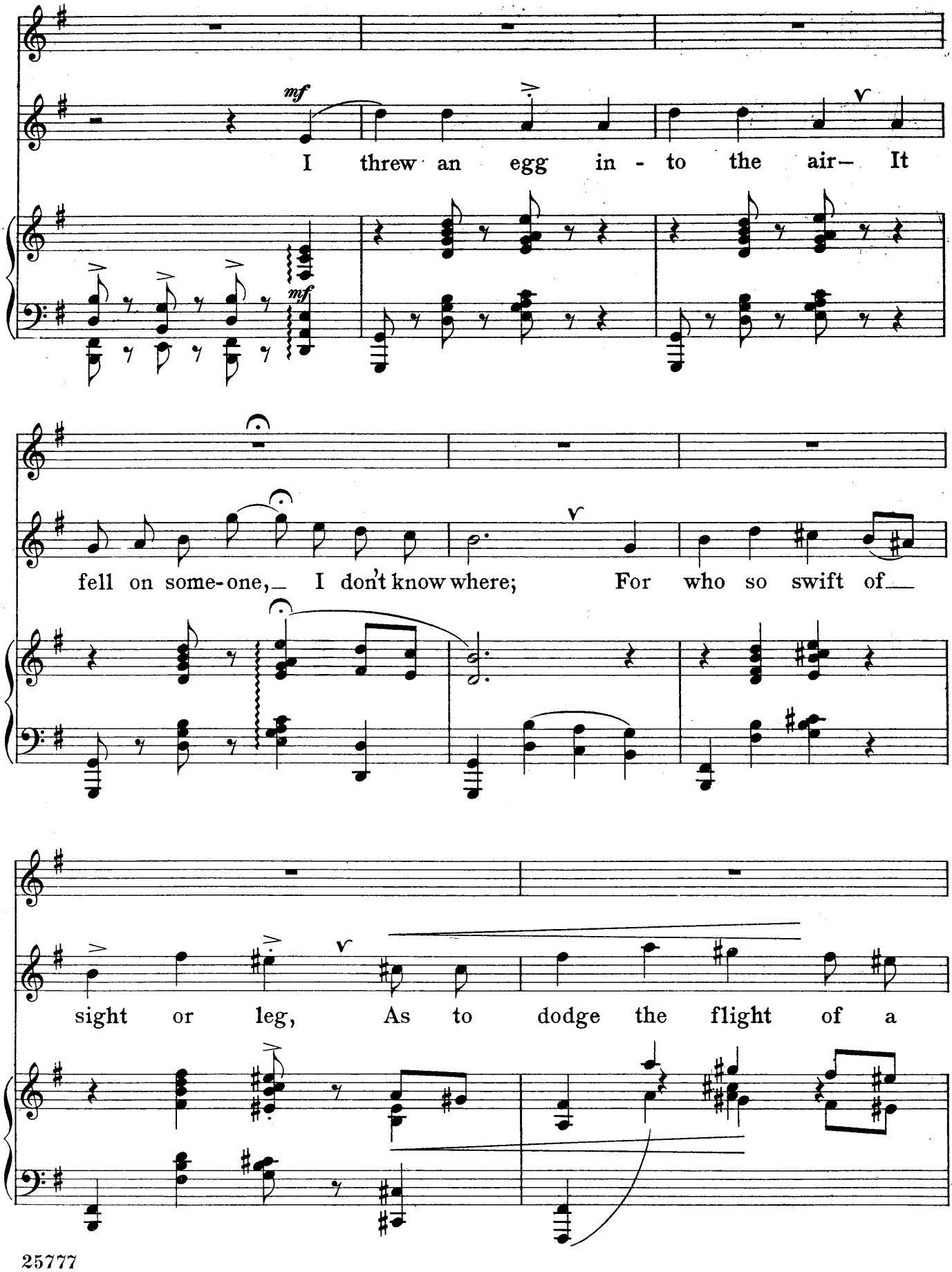
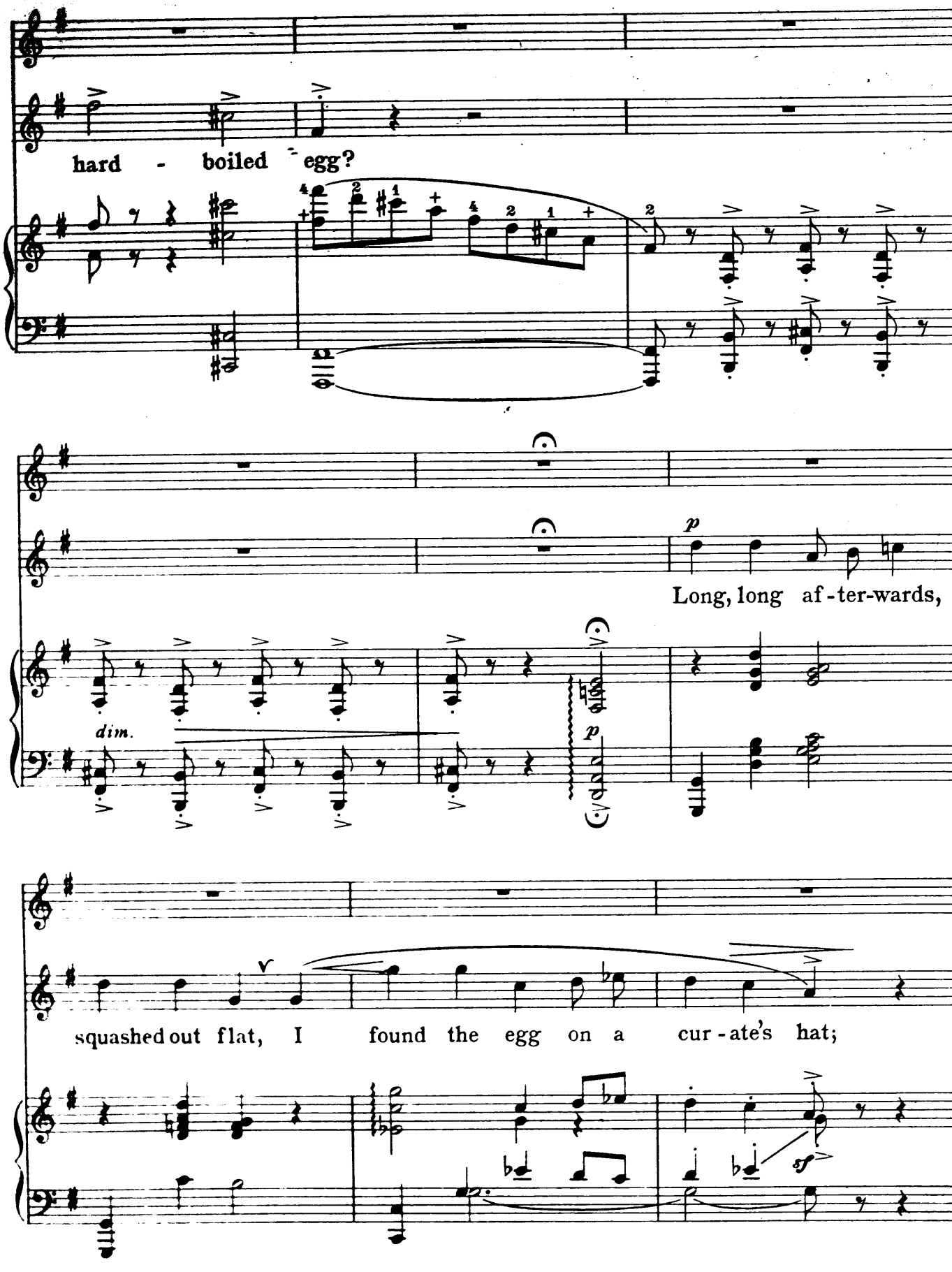

stick in some-one sit - ting there;
And so well was it hid, the sight Could not
rest on its point so bright.
f


mf
I threw an egg in - to the air— It
mf
fell on some-one,— I don't know where; For who so swift of—
sight or leg, As to dodge the flight of a


hard - boiled egg?
Long, long af-ter-wards,
dim.
squashed out flat, I found the egg on a cur-ate's hat;

poco
len.
pp
a tempo

And the pin, through its point - ed end, Was

L.H.

pp a tempo

ppp

un - ex - pect - ed - ly found by a friend.

ppp

8

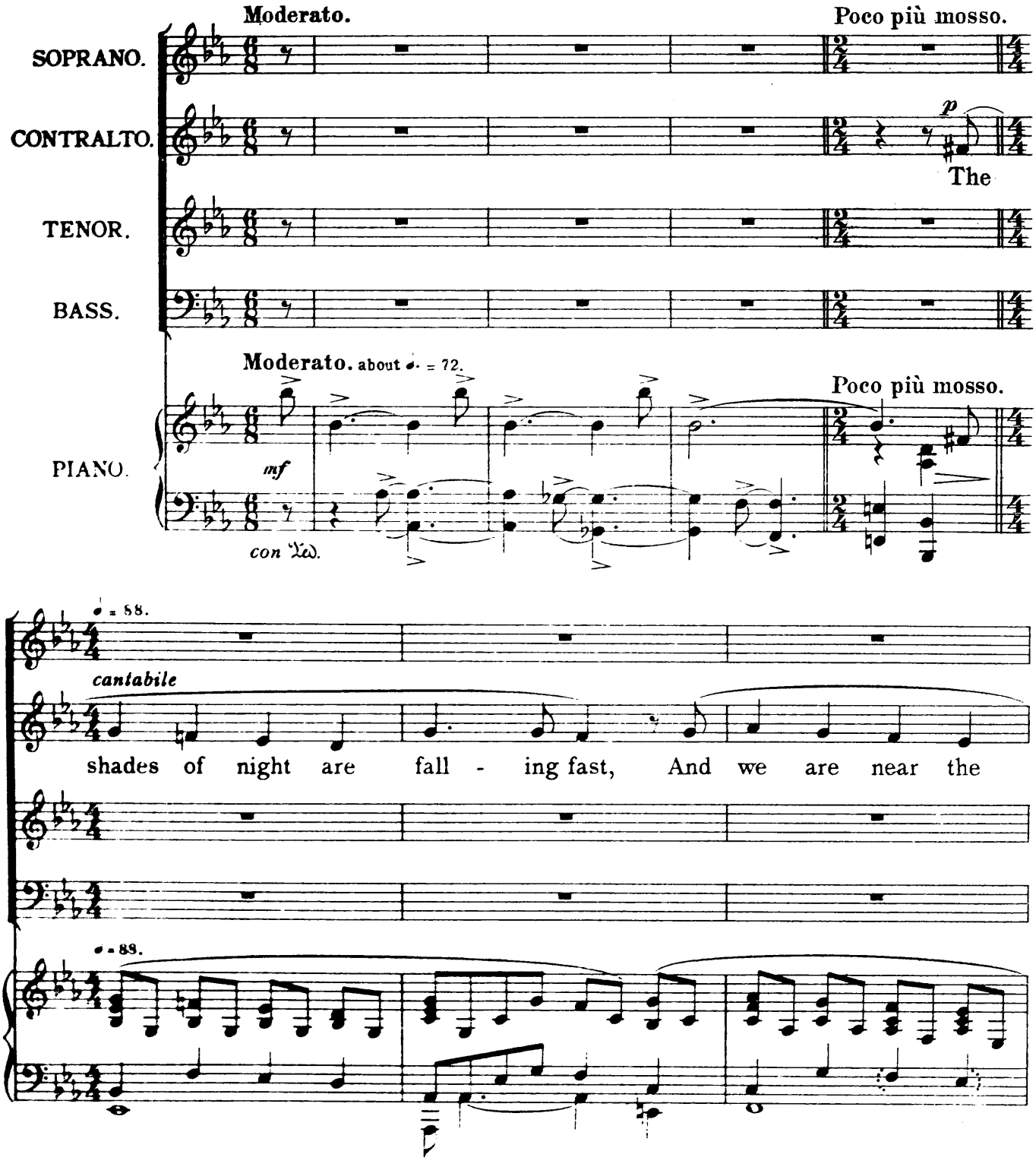
sf

IX.

Excels-ee-aw.

(QUARTET.)

Words ANON.



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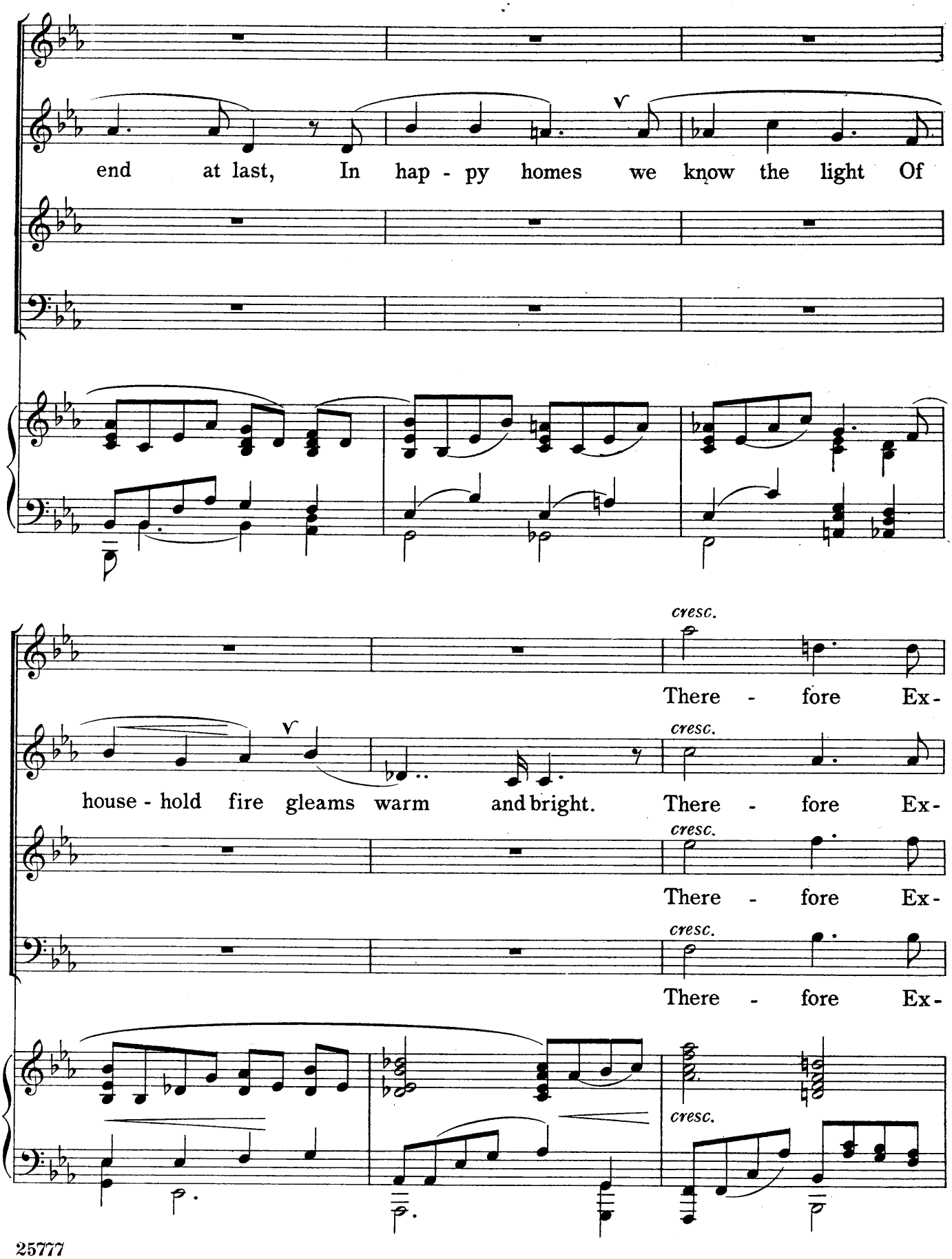
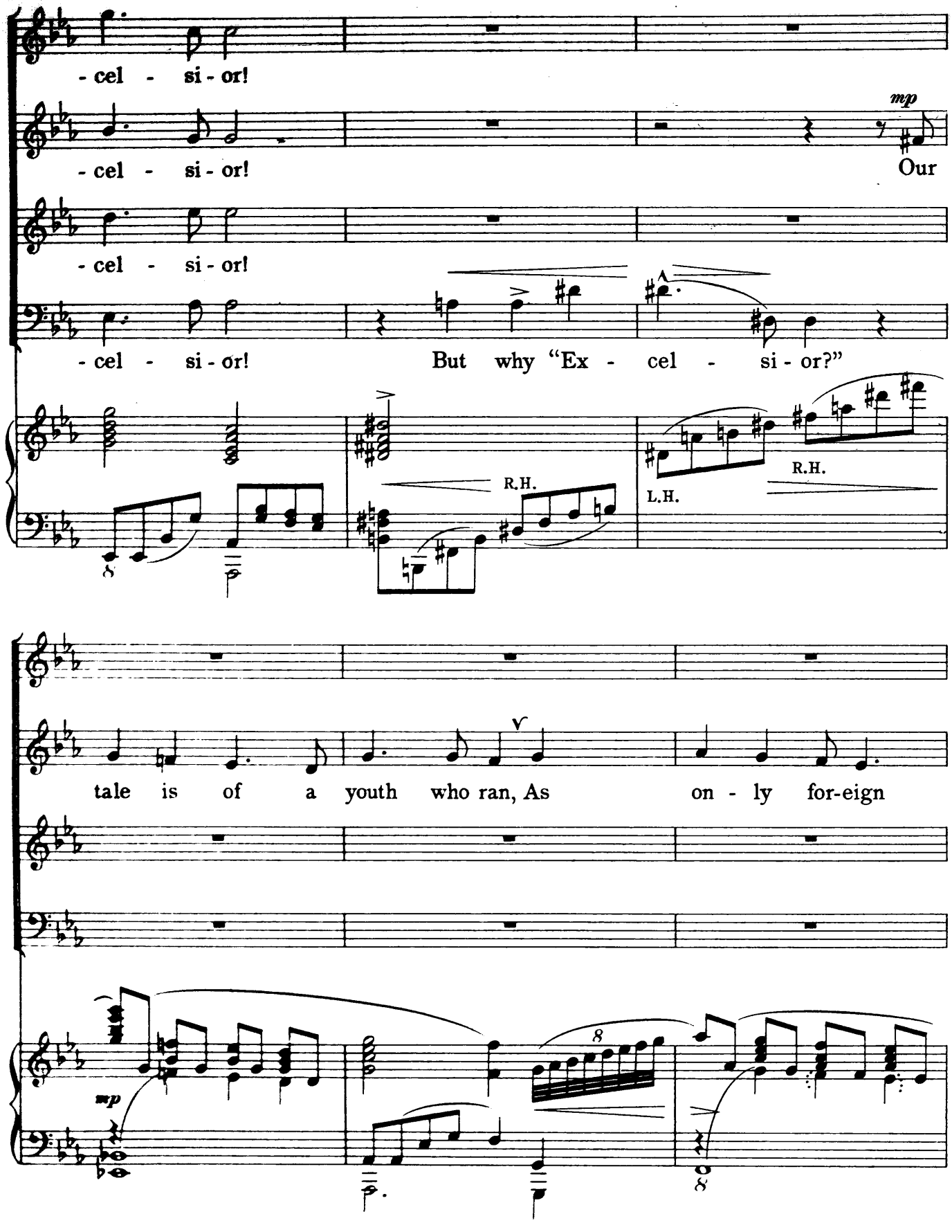
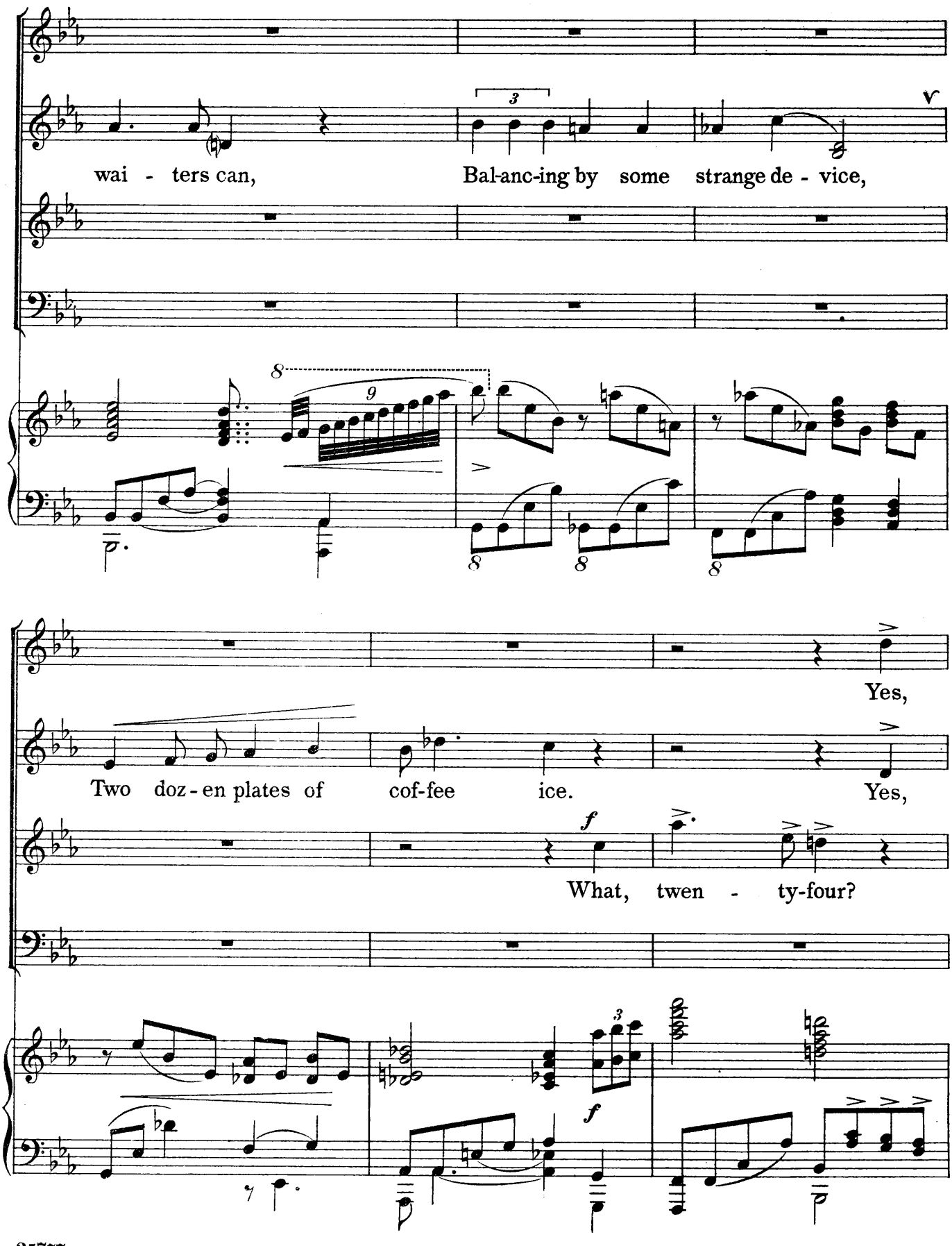
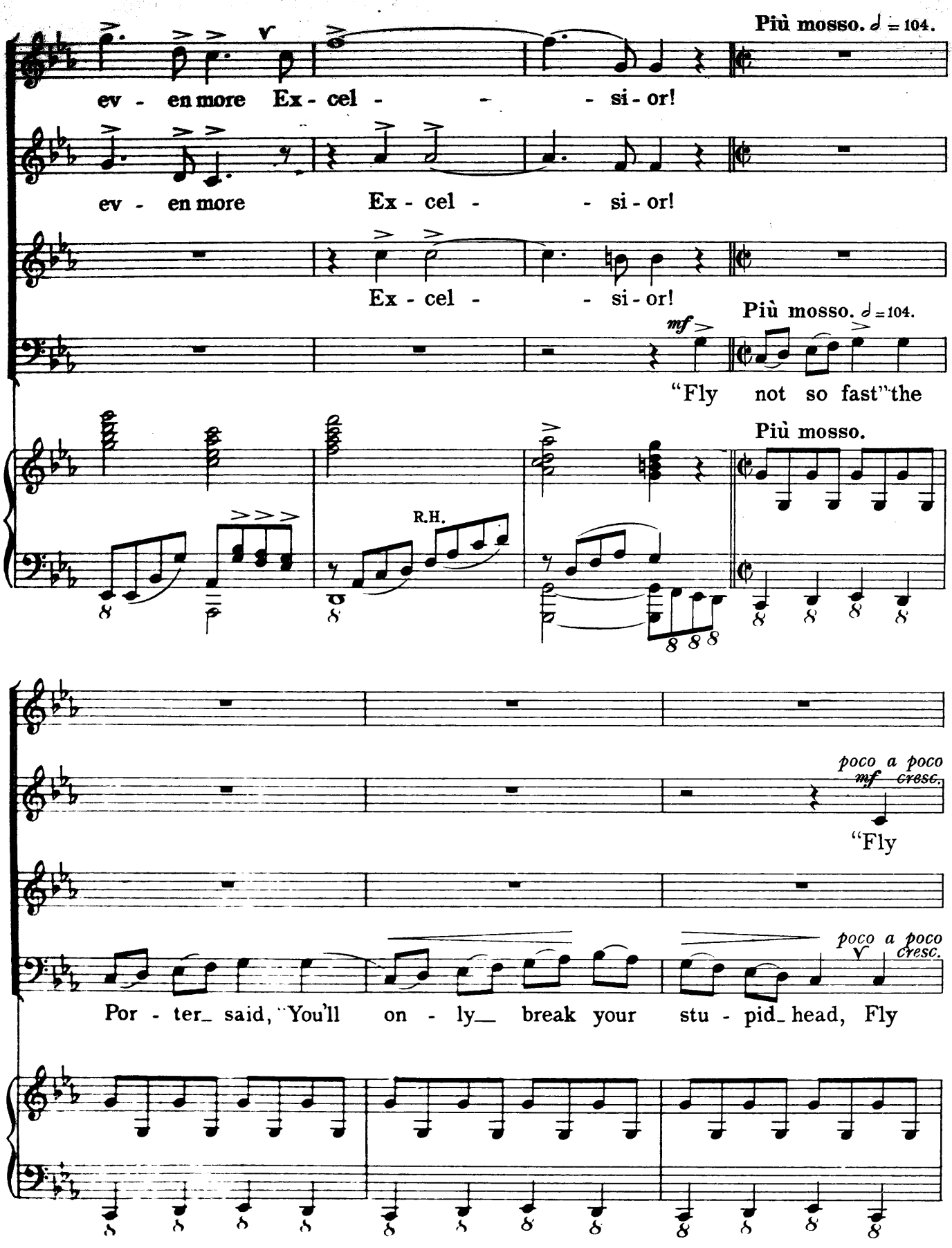
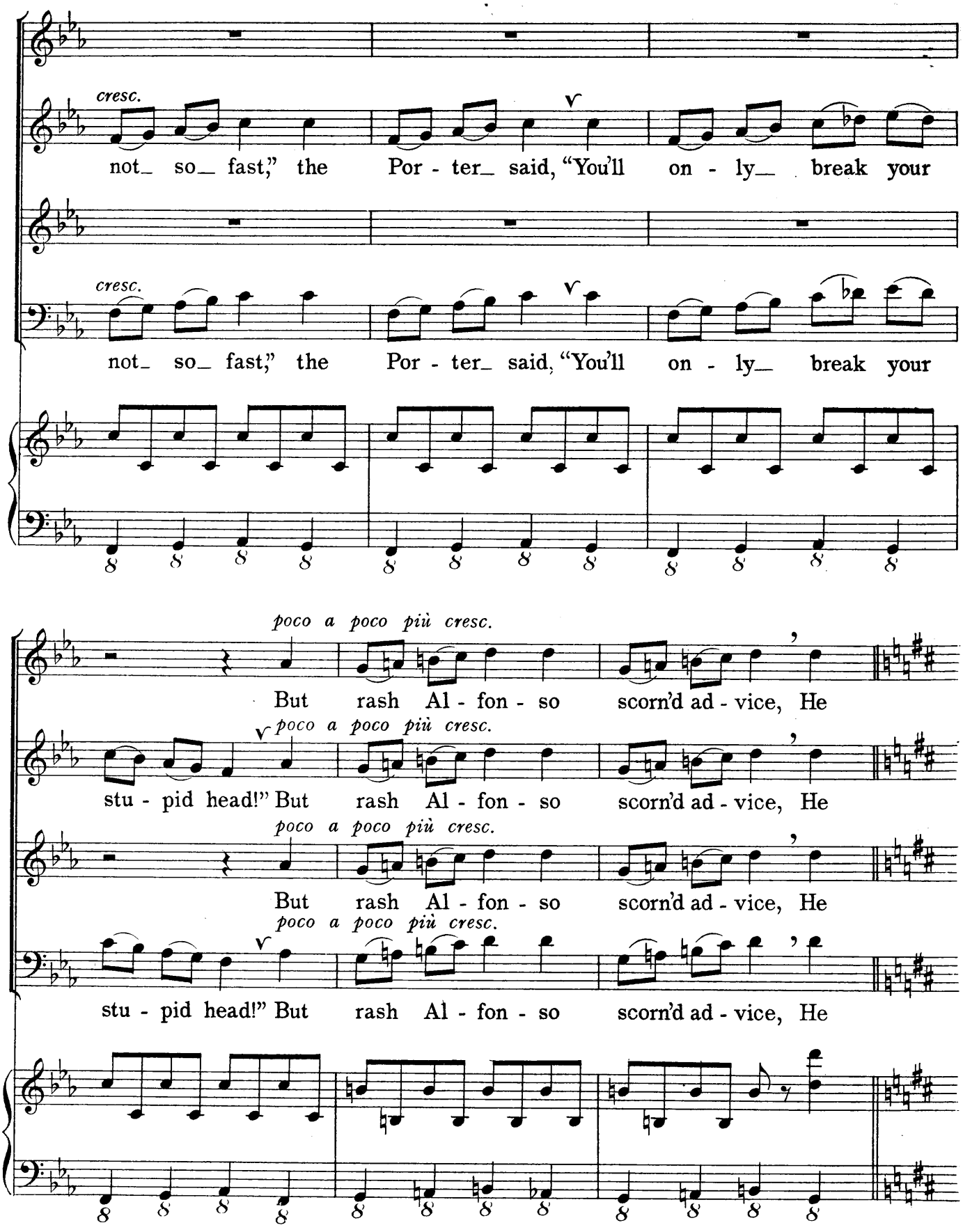
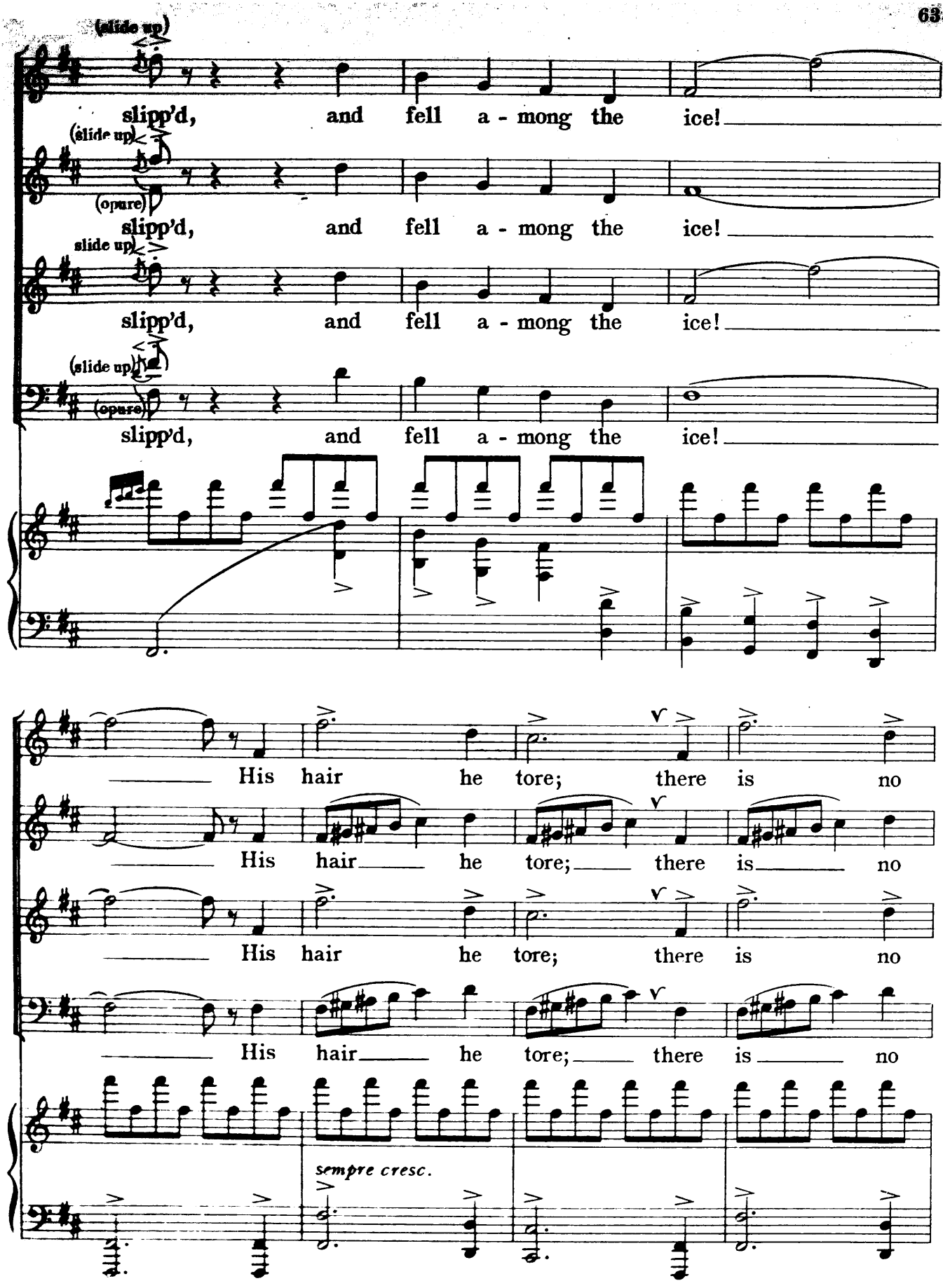

end at last, In hap - py homes we know the light Of
cresc.
There - fore Ex-
house - hold fire gleams warm and bright.
cresc.
There - fore Ex-
cresc.
There - fore Ex-
cresc.
There - fore Ex-
cresc.

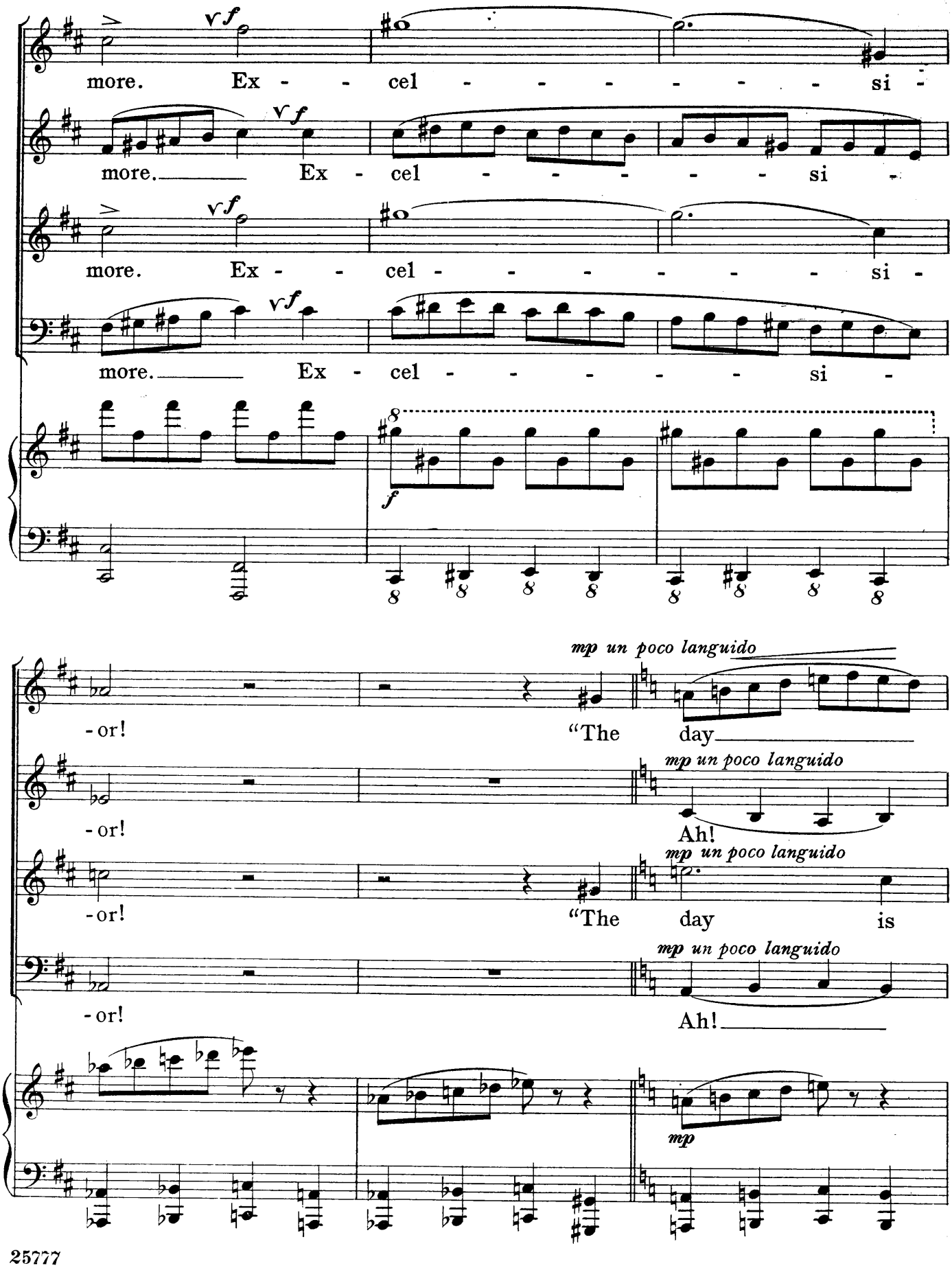

- cel - si - or!
- cel - si - or!
mp
Our
- cel - si - or!
- cel - si - or!
But why "Ex - cel - si - or?"
R.H.
L.H.
R.H.
tale is of a youth who ran, As on - ly for-eign
mp
8
8

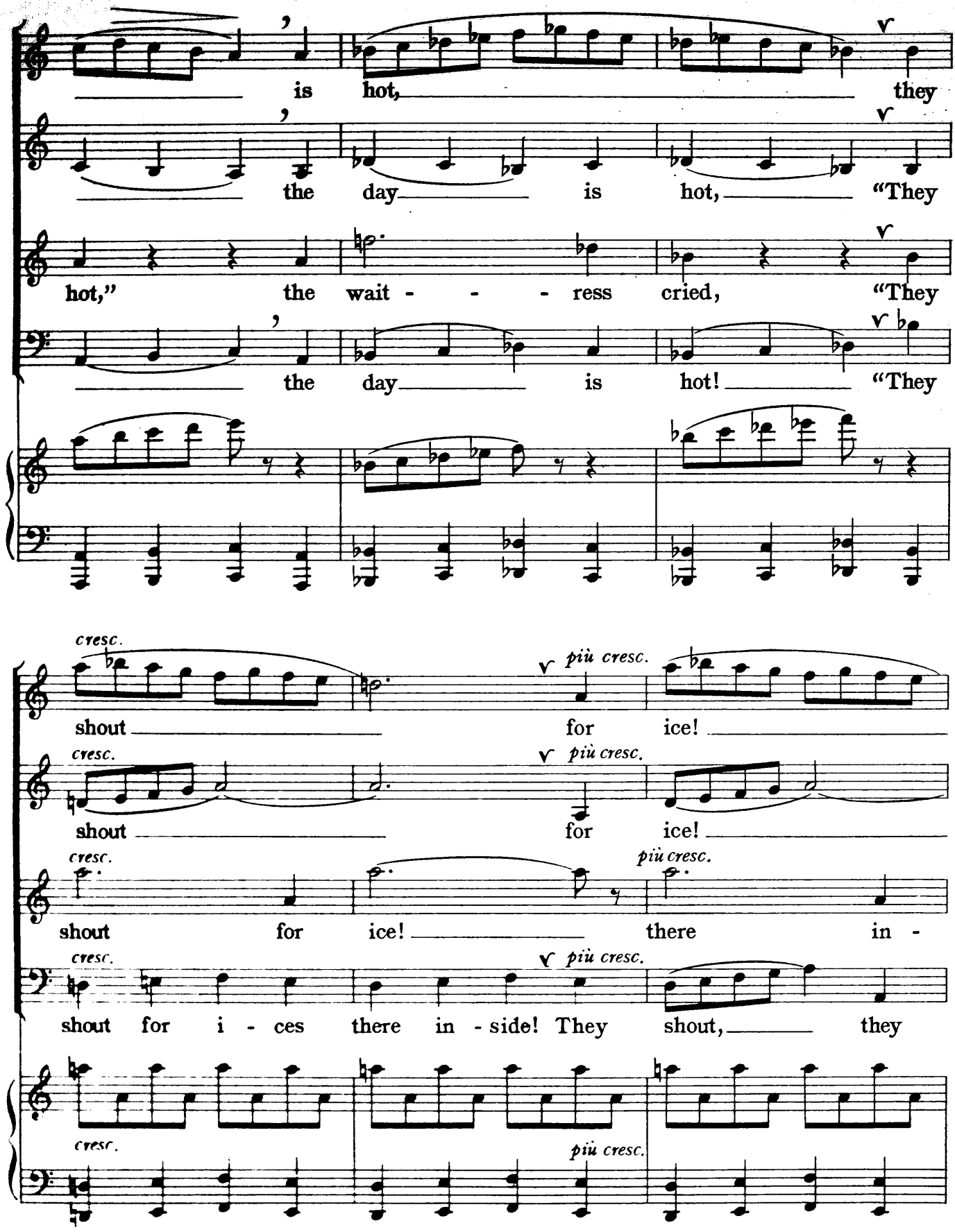

wai - ters can,
Bal-anc-ing by some strange de - vice,
Yes,
Two doz - en plates of cof-fee ice.
Yes,
What, twen - ty-four?

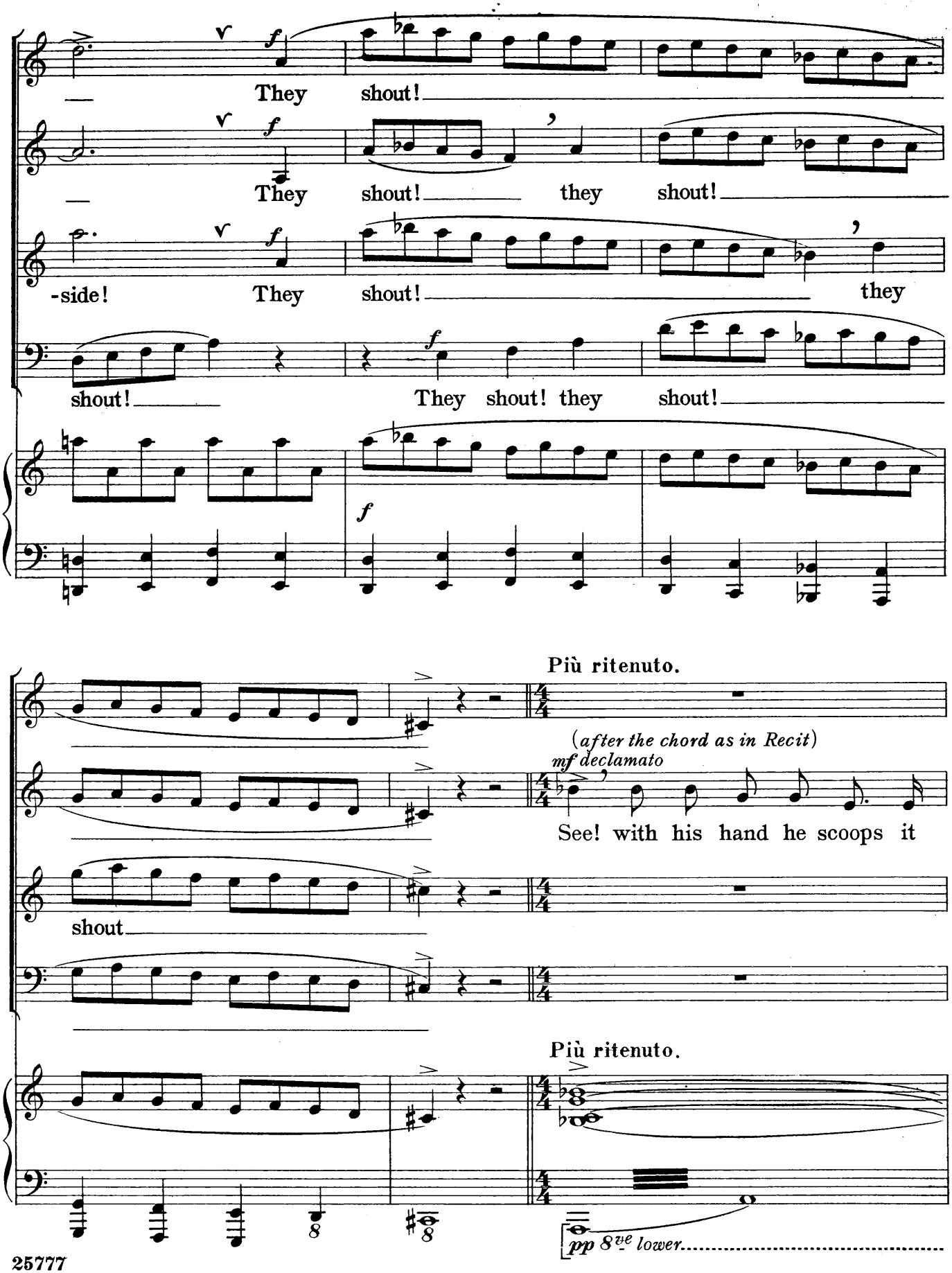

Più mosso. ♩ = 104.
ev - en more Ex - cel - - - si - or!
ev - en more Ex - cel - - si - or!
Ex - cel - - si - or!
Più mosso. ♩ = 104.
mf
"Fly not so fast" the
Più mosso.
R.H.
poco a poco cresc.
mf
"Fly
poco a poco cresc.
Por - ter_ said, "You'll on - ly_ break your stu - pid_ head, Fly

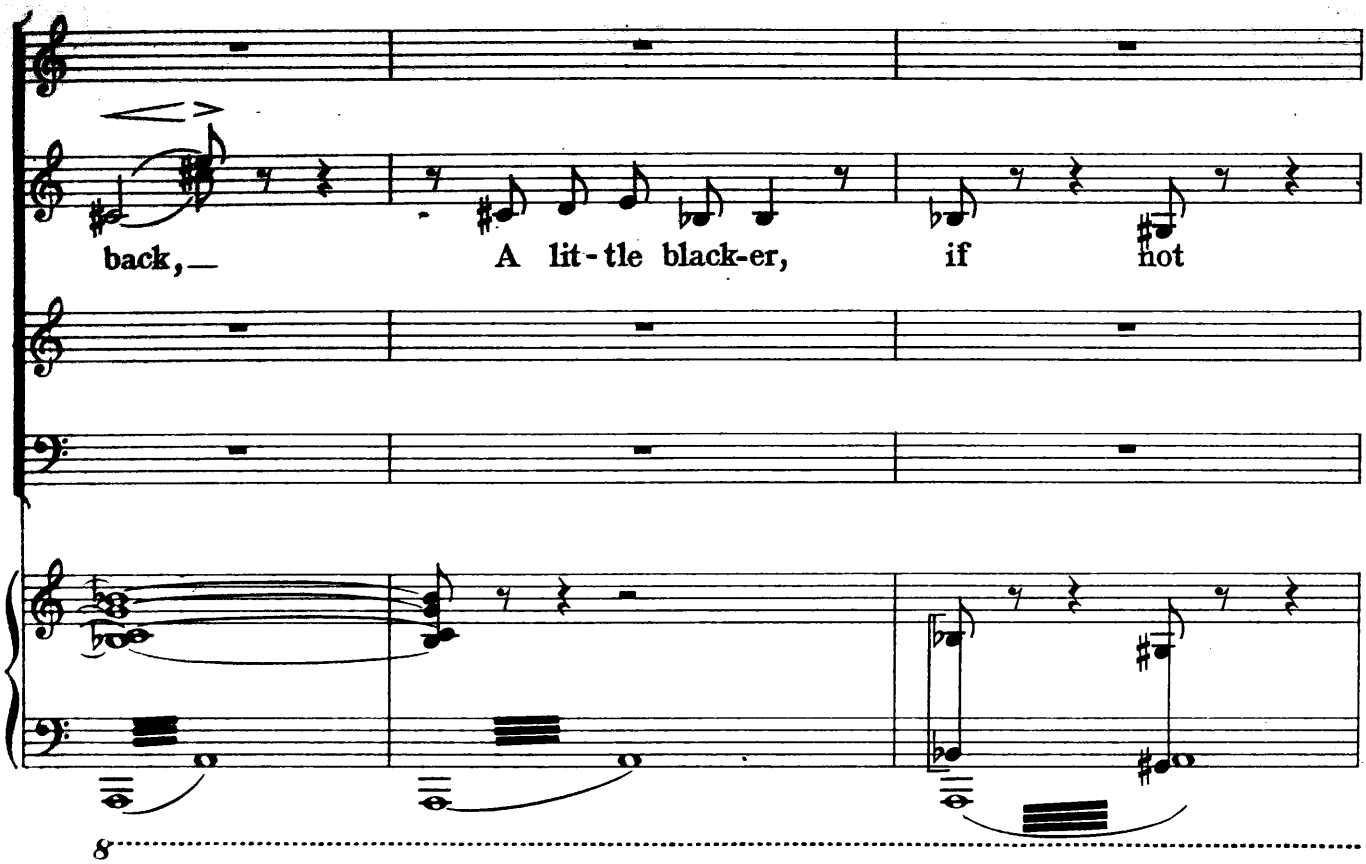

cresc.
not_ so_ fast," the Por - ter_ said, "You'll on - ly_ break your
cresc.
not_ so_ fast," the Por - ter_ said, "You'll on - ly_ break your
poco a poco più cresc.
But rash Al - fon - so scorn'd ad - vice, He
poco a poco più cresc.
stu - pid head!" But rash Al - fon - so scorn'd ad - vice, He
poco a poco più cresc.
But rash Al - fon - so scorn'd ad - vice, He
poco a poco più cresc.
stu - pid head!" But rash Al - fon - so scorn'd ad - vice, He

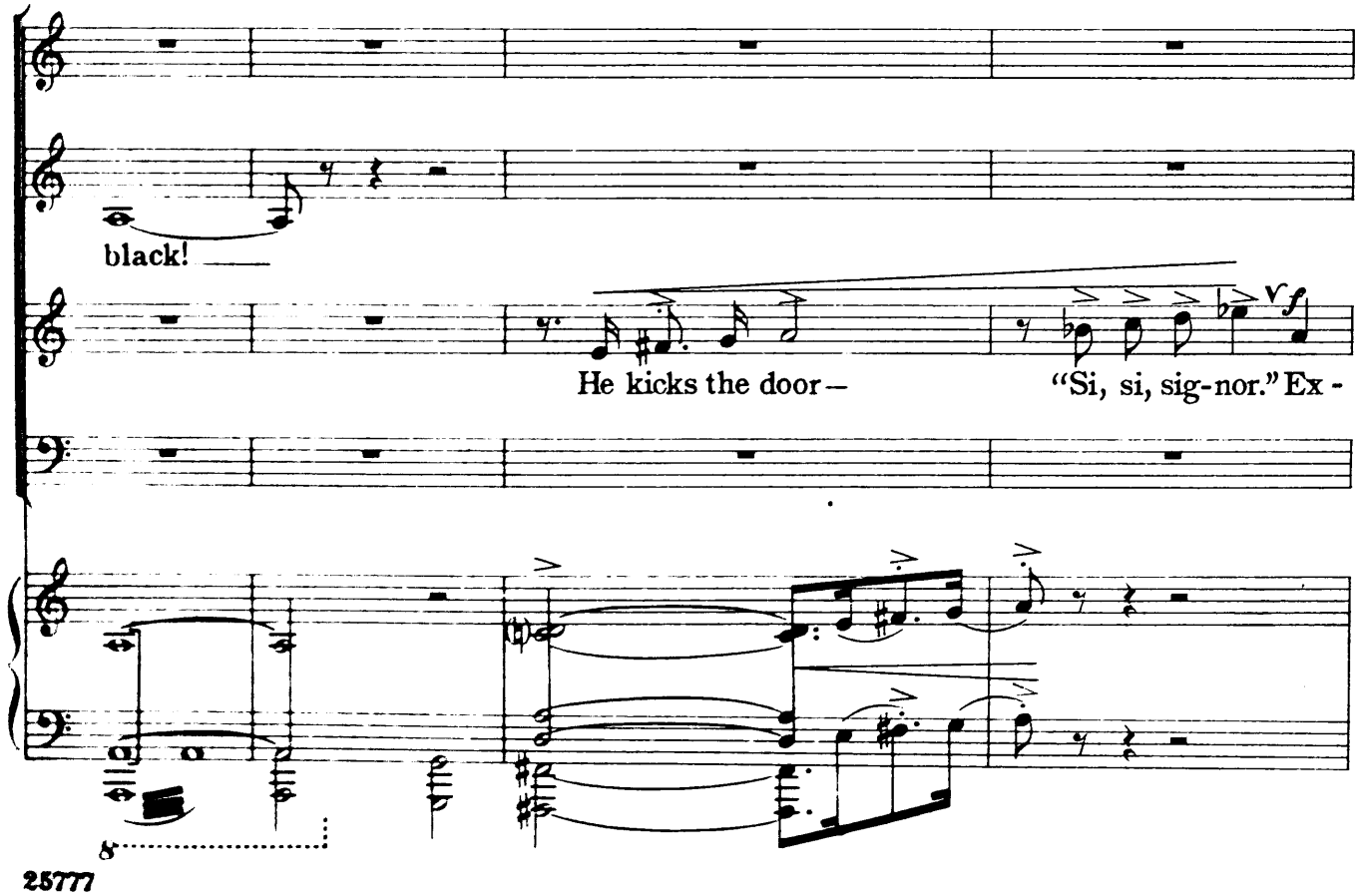

(slide up)
slipp'd, and fell a - mong the ice!
(slide up)
(opare)
slipp'd, and fell a - mong the ice!
slide up
slipp'd, and fell a - mong the ice!
(slide up)
(opare)
slipp'd, and fell a - mong the ice!
His hair he tore; there is no
His hair he tore; there is no
His hair he tore; there is no
His hair he tore; there is no
sempre cresc.

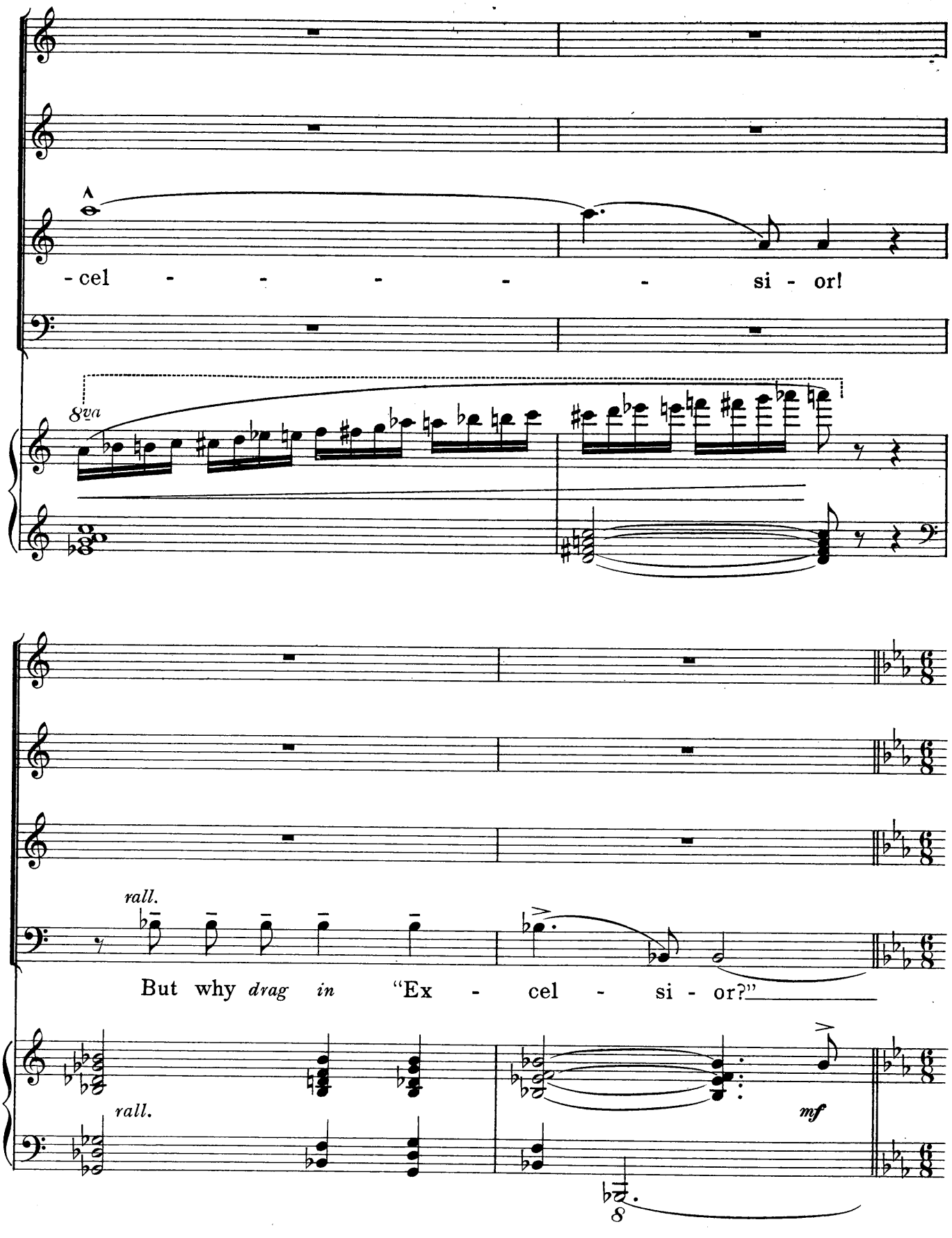

more. Ex - - cel - - - - - - - si -
more. Ex - cel - - - - - - si -
more. Ex - - cel - - - - - - - si -
more. Ex - cel - - - - - - si -
-or! "The day
-or! Ah!
-or! "The day is
-or! Ah!

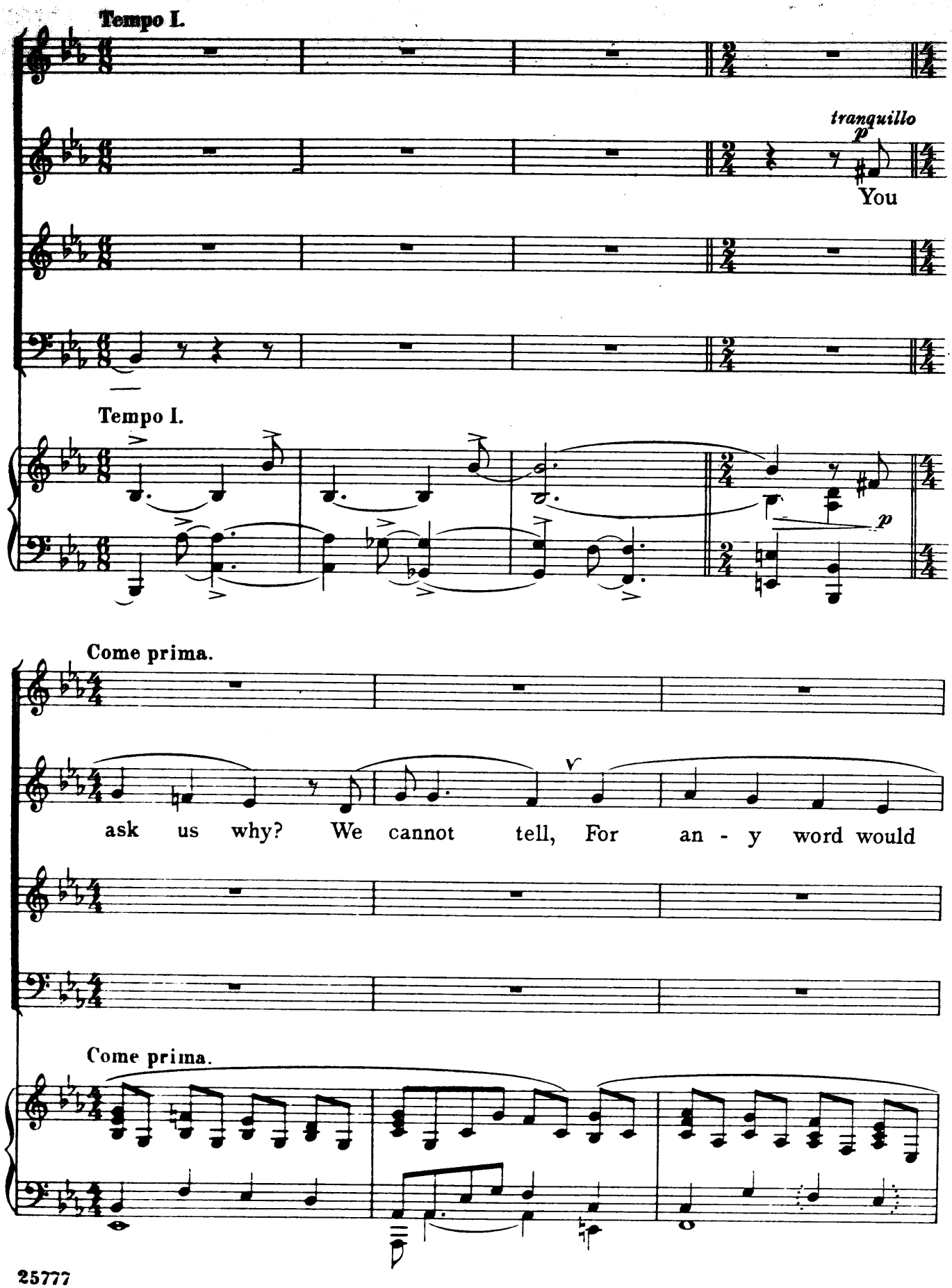

is hot, they
the day is hot, "They
hot," the wait - - - ress cried, "They
the day is hot! "They
cresc.
più cresc.
shout for ice!
shout for ice!
shout for ice! there in -
shout for i - ces there in - side! They shout, they

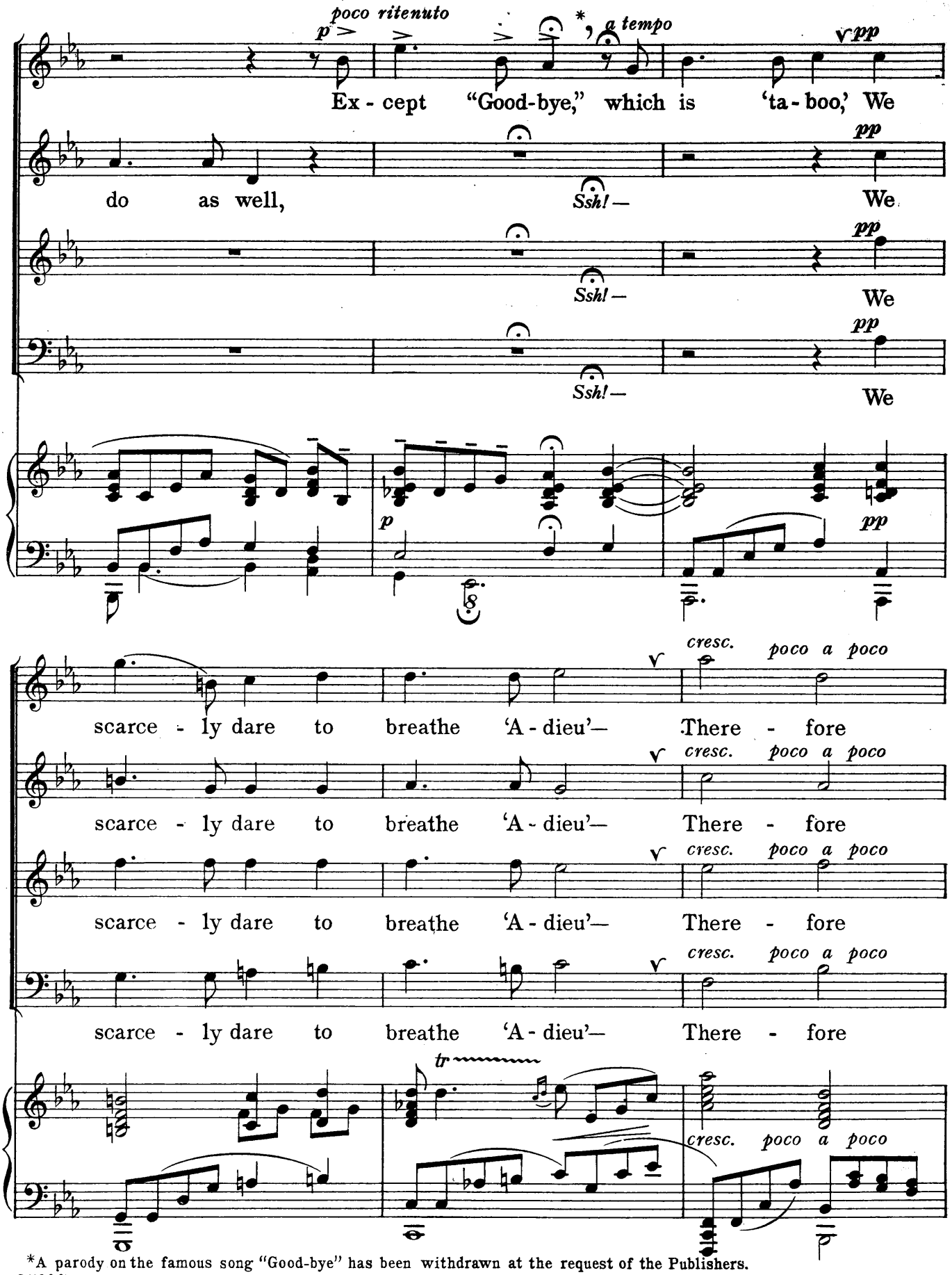

f
They shout!
f
They shout! they shout!
f
-side! They shout! they
f
shout! They shout! they shout!
f
Più ritenuto.
(after the chord as in Recit)
mf declamato
See! with his hand he scoops it
shout
Più ritenuto.
pp 8ve lower


back,—
A lit-tle black-er,
if
not

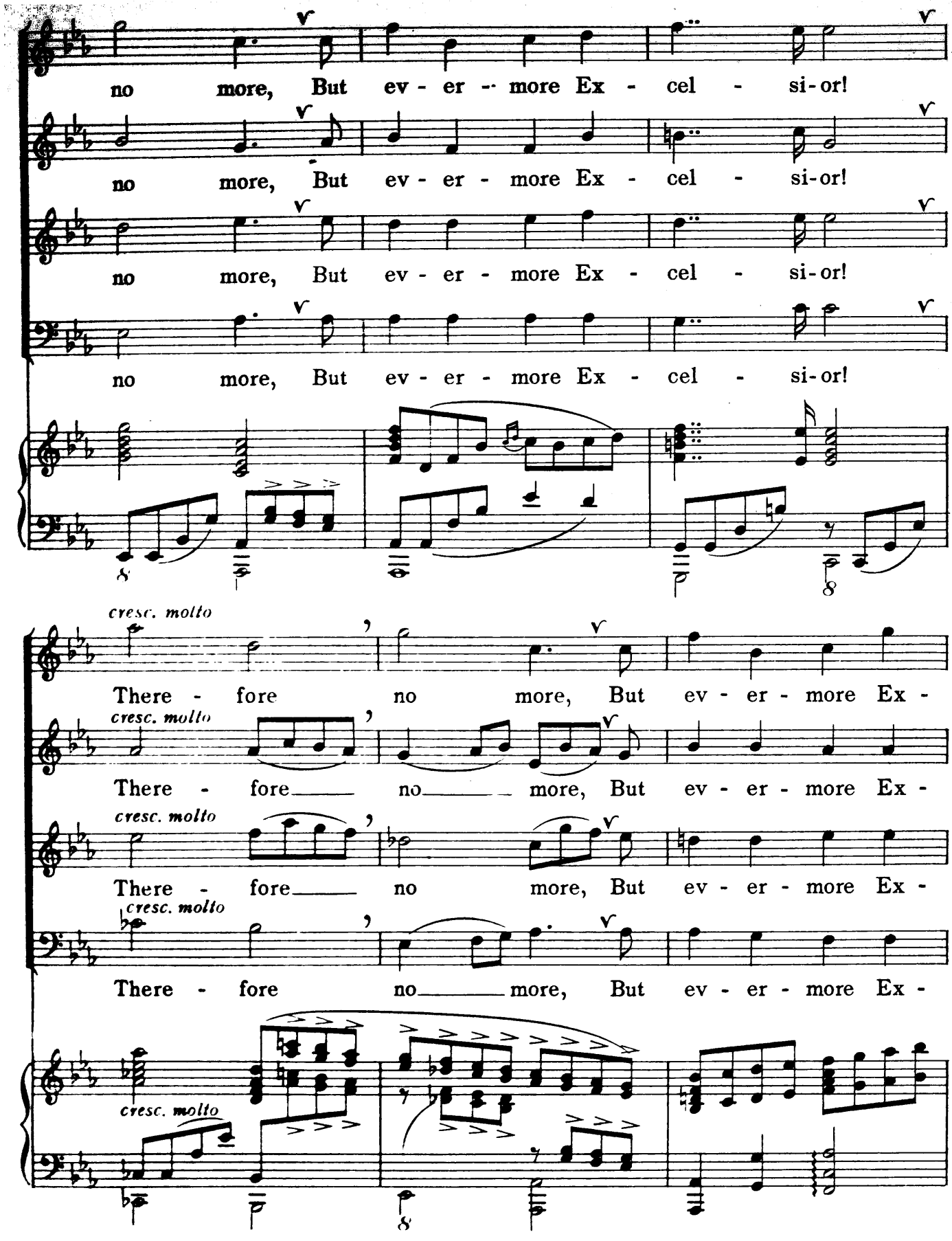

black! —
He kicks the door—
"Si, si, sig-nor." Ex-

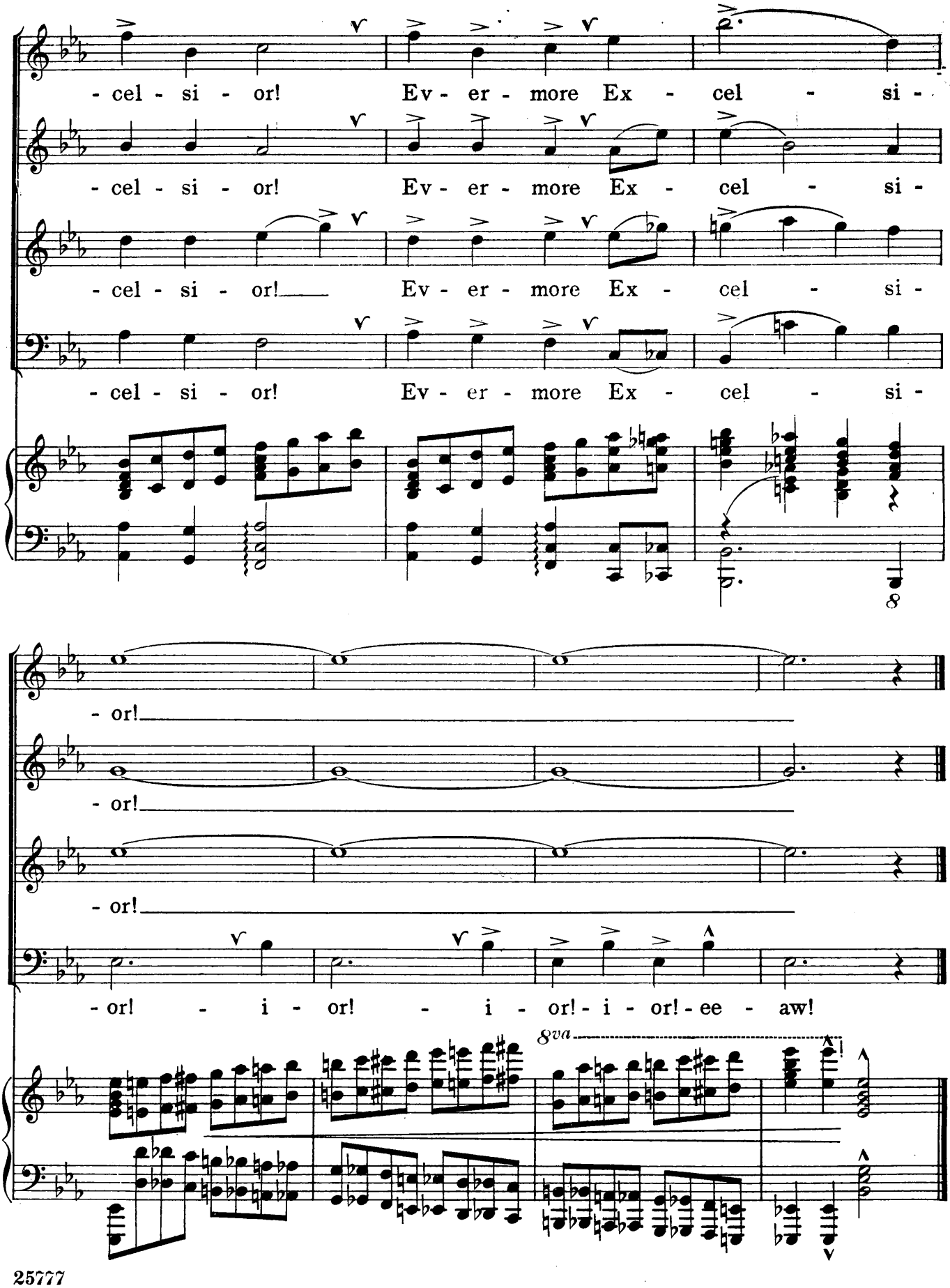

- cel - - - - - si - or!
8va
rall.
But why drag in "Ex - cel - si - or?"
rall.
mf
8


Tempo I.
tranquillo
p
You
Tempo I.
p
Come prima.
ask us why? We cannot tell, For an - y word would
Come prima.



*A parody on the famous song "Good-bye" has been withdrawn at the request of the Publishers.


no more, But ev - er - more Ex - cel - si-or!
no more, But ev - er - more Ex - cel - si-or!
no more, But ev - er - more Ex - cel - si-or!
no more, But ev - er - more Ex - cel - si-or!
cresc. molto
There - fore no more, But ev - er - more Ex -
cresc. molto
There - fore no more, But ev - er - more Ex -
cresc. molto
There - fore no more, But ev - er - more Ex -
cresc. molto
There - fore no more, But ev - er - more Ex -
cresc. molto


- cel - si - or! Ev - er - more Ex - cel - si -
- cel - si - or! Ev - er - more Ex - cel - si -
- cel - si - or! Ev - er - more Ex - cel - si -
- cel - si - or! Ev - er - more Ex - cel - si -
8
- or!
- or!
- or!
- or! - i - or! - i - or! - i - or! - ee - aw!
8va

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FOR
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1. I be thinkin.
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3. dealousy.
4. Bells across the Meadows.
5. Tramping.

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,,	"A Summer-Song"
,,	"Love's Words"
,,	"My Message"
,,	"Come!"
TERESA DEL RIEGO ...	"Crooning Water"
,,	"The Reason"
,,	"Little Brown Bird"
,,	"Hayfields and Butterflies"
FLORENCE AYLWARD ...	"The Call of Life"
,,	"Morning—and you!"
,,	"Sunshine and Daffodils"
DOROTHY FORSTER ...	"Dearest, I bring you daffodils"
,,	"I heard a sweet song"
,,	"Were I some star"
,,	"Mifanwy"
,,	"Rosamond"
KATIE MOSS	"The Floral Dance"
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,,	"O lonely pines"
,,	"The Summertime Moon"
,,	"Hayoma"
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,,	"All things lovely and true"
KENNEDY RUSSELL ...	"Lochleven"
,,	"Fairies from the Moon"
,,	"Peter Peck"
,,	"At Santa Barbara"
,,	"The Blue Dragoons"
ROBERT COVERLEY ...	"Love's Ways"
LAXTON EYRE	"Till then"
HAROLD AUSTIN	"Dearest, long ago"
ERNEST HALSEY	"All on an April morning"
,,	"The Little Glove"
H. LYALL PHILLIPS ...	"Colinette"
FRANK BRIDGE	"Easter Hymn"
,,	"O that it were so"
,,	"Isobel"
PAUL A. RUBENS	'Our golden day'
,,	"Admiral's Yarn"
,,	"I love the moon"
EDWARD GERMAN ...	"Lady mine"
HERMANN LÖHR	"Old Faggots"
,,	"The Heart of a Sailor"
,,	"Beside the Sea"
,,	"The Port of 'Au Revoir'"
,,	"There's a hill by the sea"
,,	"Little grey home in the West"
	"Rose of my Heart"
,,	"Where my caravan has rested"
SAMUEL LIDDLE ...	"Lead, kindly Light"
ROBERT CONINGSBY CLARKE	"My girl and I"
,,	"The way that leads to you"
,,	"The Blind Ploughman"
,,	"Malvern Hills in Spring"
,,	"Red Devon by the Sea"
,,	"The Little Girl from Hanley Way"
,,	"O, my garden, full of roses"
HUBERT BATH	"The Secret of the Fairies"
,,	"Elaine"
,,	"The Call of the Woods"
HAYDN WOOD	"Summer Dreams"
,,	"God make thee mine"
,,	"Fairy Waters"
,,	"A Song of Hope"
GODFREY NUTTING ...	"June in the land"
ERIC COATES	"All mine own"
,,	"Dick's Quandary"
,,	"Melanie"
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TERESA DEL RIEGO.

Songs of the Ship. A Song Sequence.

1. MY FAIR SHIP. 2. THE SHIP'S SONG. 3. A WHITE SAIL IN THE WEST. 4. ALL FOR LACK OF ONE.

Children's Pictures.

1. WHERE GO THE BOATS? 2. SLEEPSIN-BY (A Good Boy). 3. TIME TO RISE. 4. WINDY NIGHTS. 5. MY BED IS LIKE A BOAT. 6. SHADOW MARCH.

DOROTHY FORSTER.

Songs of the Highway.

1. THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE. 2. WHERE THE WHITE ROAD RUNS. 3. BY THE WAYSIDE. 4. LOVE IS COME.

(Low and High.)

Songs of Farewell.

1. ONLY A WORD AT PARTING. 2. MAY LIFE BE KIND TO YOU. 3. JUST TO LOVE YOU. 4. I CANNOT SAY FAREWELL.

(Low and High.)

GRAHAM PEEL.

The Country Lover.

1. THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY. 2. APRIL. 3. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE. 4. THE EARLY MORNING. 5. WANDER-THIRST.

(Low and High.)

Songs of a Shropshire Lad.

1. REVEILLÉ. 2. WHEN THE LAD FOR LONGING SIGHS. 3. LOVELIEST OF TREES. 4. SAY, LAD, HAVE YOU THINGS TO DO?

HERMANN LÖHR.

Songs of the Southern Isles.

1. STARS OF THE SOUTH. 2. I DREAM OF A GARDEN OF SUNSHINE. 3. CYPRIAN NIGHT SONG. 4. WHEN SPRING COMES TO THE ISLANDS.

(Low, Medium, and High.)

Songs of Roumania.

1. THE ROUMANIAN MOUNTAINS. 2. LIFE HAS SENT ME MANY ROSES. 3. ROUMANIAN NIGHT SONG.

(Low, Medium, and High.)

Romany Songs.

1. WIND ON THE HEATH. 2. MIRI DYE. 3. WHERE MY CARAVAN HAS RESTED. 4. THE MAGPIE IS A GIPSY BIRD.

(Low, Medium, and High.)

Songs in Exile.

1. THE PHILANDERER. 2. SOFT WAYS. 3. WHISTLIN' DANNIE. 4. EXILE. 5. OULD DOCTOR MA'GINN.

(Low and High.)

Songs of the Norseland.

1. MY SHIPS THAT WENT A-SAILING. 2. LOVE IS AN OCEAN. 3. YOU LOVED THE TIME OF VIOLETS. 4. TIME WAS I ROVED THE MOUNTAINS. 5. EYES THAT USED TO GAZE INTO MINE. 6. YOUTH HAS A HAPPY TREAD.

(Low and High.)

R. CONINGSBY CLARKE.

Songs of Summer.

1. FROM OUT THE MIST. 2. WHEN, MY SWEET, I GAZE ON THEE. 3. ONCE IN A GARDEN LOVELY. 4. IN THE PURPLE GLOW

(Low and High.)

Desert Love Songs.

1. I WILL AWAIT THEE. 2. MY HEART'S DESIRE. 3. THE BURNING HOURS. 4. THE DOVE. 5. THE HAWK. 6. YELLOW SLIPPERS.

(Low and High.)

The Perfect Tune.

A connected set of Six Little Songs.

1. LIFE HAS ONE PERFECT MELODY. 2. SUMMER NOON. 3. PURPLE TWILIGHT. 4. MAY DAWN. 5. SUMMER AGAIN. 6. WHEN TWO HEARTS LOVE.

(Low and High.)

A Second Sheaf of Little Songs.

1. FRUIT OF THE NISPEROS. 2. THAT WAS YESTERDAY. 3. LILYWHITE. 4. THE SHEPHERD BOY. 5. THE HOUR OF SILENT LOVING. 6. TAKE ME WITH YOU WHEN YOU FLY.

(Low and High.)

A Third Sheaf of Little Songs.

1. COME AND FIND THE QUIET PLACES. 2. THE WHITE BIRD. 3. THE GARDEN WHERE MY SOUL WAS BORN. 4. AT THE SHRINE OF APHRODITE. 5. DOWN THE SHALLOW RIVER. 6. THE WATER-LILY. 7. "GOOD MORNING," SAID THE THRUSH.

(Low and High.)

MONTAGUE F. PHILLIPS.

Dream Songs.

1. IN THE DEEP SILENCE OF THE NIGHT. 2. THE ENCHANTED FOREST. 3. MY DREAMLAND ROSE. 4. I DREAMT THAT I WAS THE WIND.

(Low and High.)

Sea Echoes.

1. NIGHTFALL AT SEA. 2. IF WE SAILED AWAY. 3 WAVES.

(Low and High.)

Calendar of Song.

1. WAKE UP! 2. BUTTERFLIES. 3. AUTUMN LEAVES. 4. SNOWFLAKES.

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