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Songs and Excerpts

FROM

BABES IN TOY LAND

A Musical Extravaganza

BOOK & LYRICS BY

GLEN MAC DONOUGH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT.

PRICE $5.00

M. WITMARK & SONS,

NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON,
VIENNA-LEIPZIG, SAN FRANCISCO. TORONTO,
JOSEF WEINBERGER. CANADIAN-AMERICAN MUSIC Co LTD.

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418507

BABES IN TOYLAND.

Produced under the Personal Direction of Julian Mitchell.

Libretto by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Alan, nephew of Barnaby. . . . . WILLIAM NORRIS
Uncle Barnaby, a rich miser in love with Contrary Mary. . . . . George W. Denham
Jane, his niece . . . . . Mabel Barrison
Hilda, maid of all work in the Piper household. . . . . Hulda Halvers
Roderigo, a sentimental ruffian. . . . . Elmer Tenley
Gonzorgo, his hard-hearted partner . . . . . Charles Barry
The Widow Piper, a lonely widow with fourteen children. . . . . Hattie Delaro
Tom Tom, her eldest son. . . . . Bessie Wynn
Simple Simon, who is fond of fairs . . . . . Virginia Foltz
Peter, who has a passion for pumpkin pie. . . . . Edith Browning
Tommy Tucker, who sings for his supper and everything else . . . . . Doris Mitchell
Jack, who does chores. . . . . Catherine Flynn
Boy Blue, who wants to be a farmer. . . . . Bertha Krieghoff
Bobby Shaftoe, who wants to be a sailor . . . . . Myrtle Mc Grain
Contrary Mary, the Widow Piper's eldest daughter . . . . . Amy Ricard
Bo Peep, who is a careless shepherdess . . . . . Nella Webb
Jill, who helps Jack. . . . . Nellie Daly
Sallie Waters, who wants to get married . . . . . Mary Walsh
Miss Muffett, who is afraid of spiders. . . . . Irene Cromwell
Curly Lock, who wants to wed a title . . . . . Belle Robinson
Red Riding Hood, who is devoted to her grandmother. . . . . Susie Kelleher
The Brown Bear, ... Walter Schrode
Gurtrude, a peasant . . . . . Frances Marie
The Spirit of the Oak, ... Margaret Sutherland
The Spirit of the Pine, ... Georgia Baron
The Spirit of the Willow, ... Albertina Benson
The Spirit of the Maple, ... Mabel Frenyear
The Giant Spider, ... Robert Burns
Master Toymaker, who designs the toys of the world. . . . . Mark Smith
Grumio, apprentice at the Master Toymaker's workshop . . . . . Charles Guyer
Inspector Marmaduke, of the Toyland Police . . . . . Gus Pixley

Dandies, Butterflies, Flower Girls, French Dolls, Punches, Dutch Dolls, Trumpeters, Drummers, Widows.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

PROLOGUE.—Scene I—Exterior of Uncle Barnaby's house II—Electric storm at sea and wreck of the Galleon.

ACT I.—Scene I—Country fete in Contrary Mary's garden. II-Garden wall back of the garden. III—Spider's Forest. IV—The Floral Palace of the Moth Queen.

ACT II.—Scene I—The Christmas Tree Grove in Toyland. II—A street in Toyland. III—The Master Toymaker's Workshop. IV—Exterior of Master Toymaker's Castle.

ACT III.—The Courtyard of the Toyland Palace of Justice.

Musical Director . . . . . MAX HIRSCHFELD

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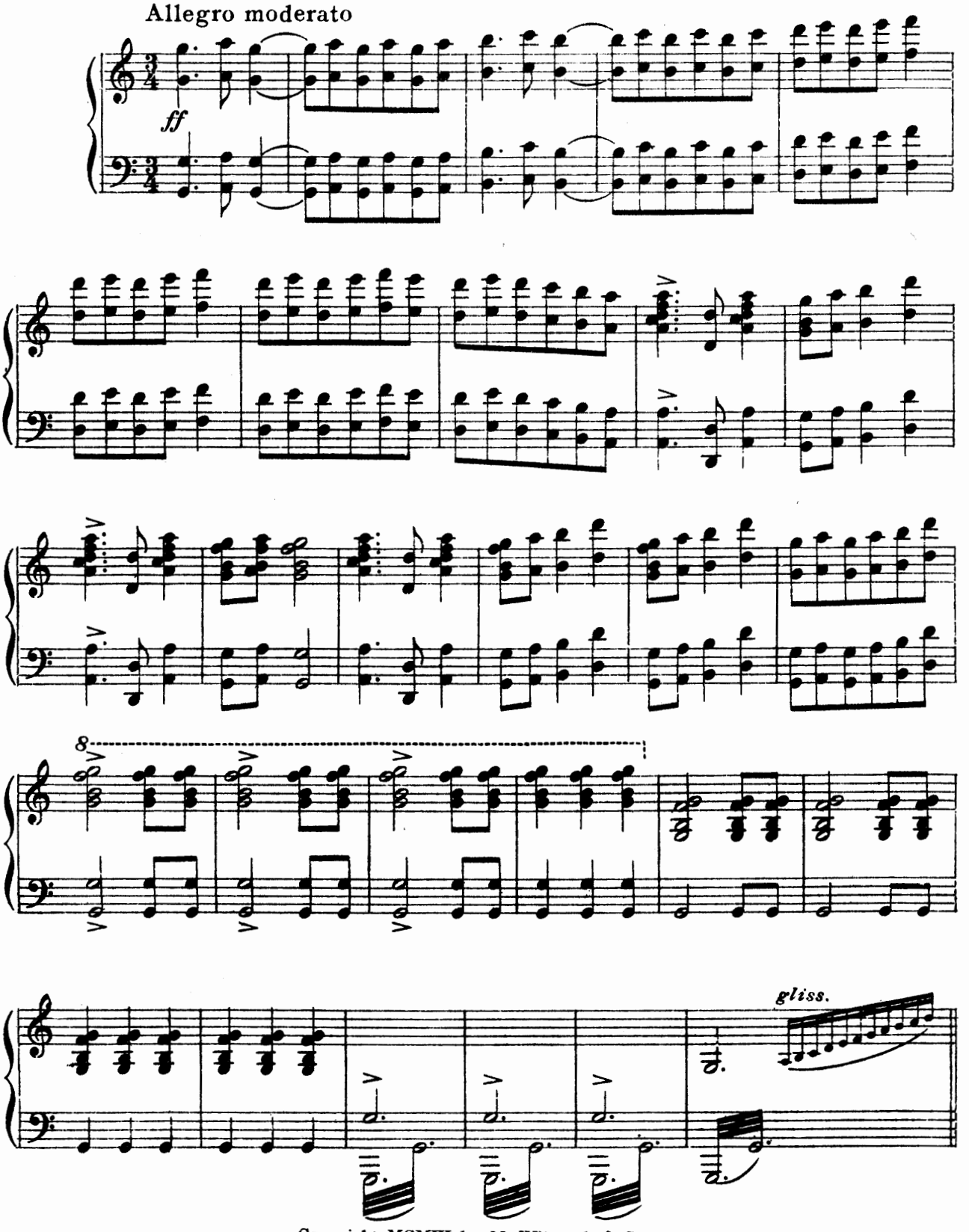
Country Dance

No 1

By VICTOR HERBERT

Allegro moderato



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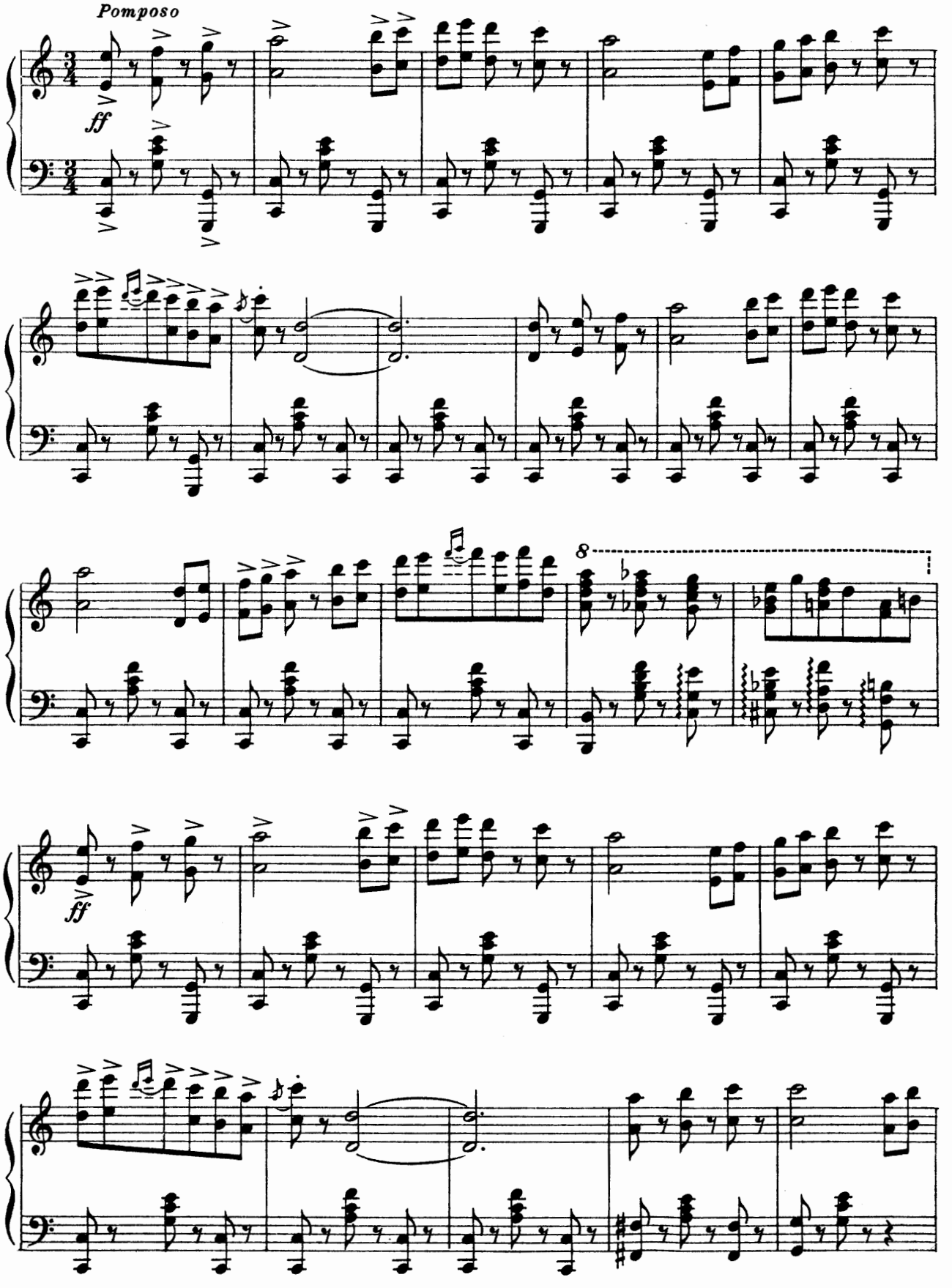
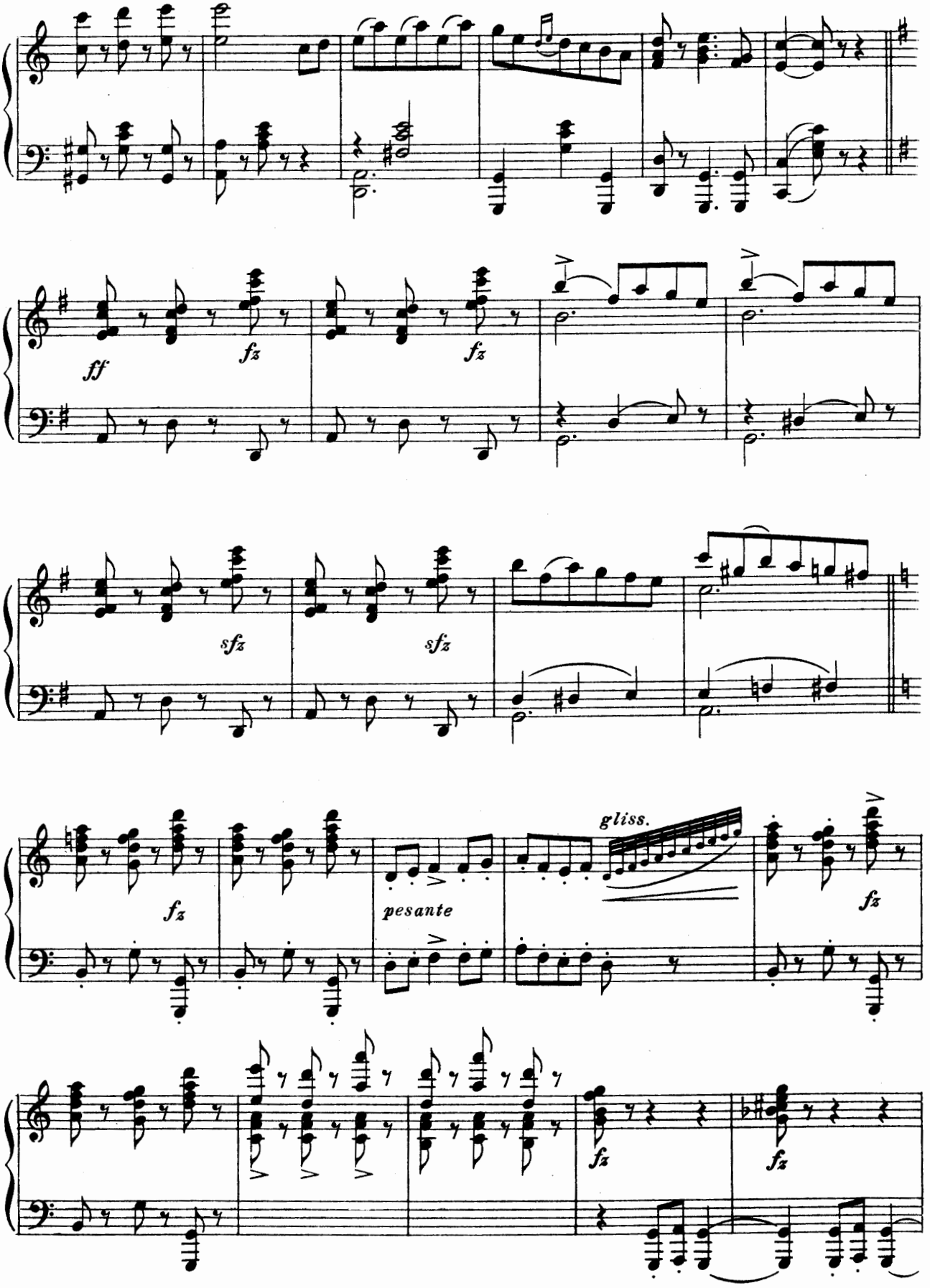
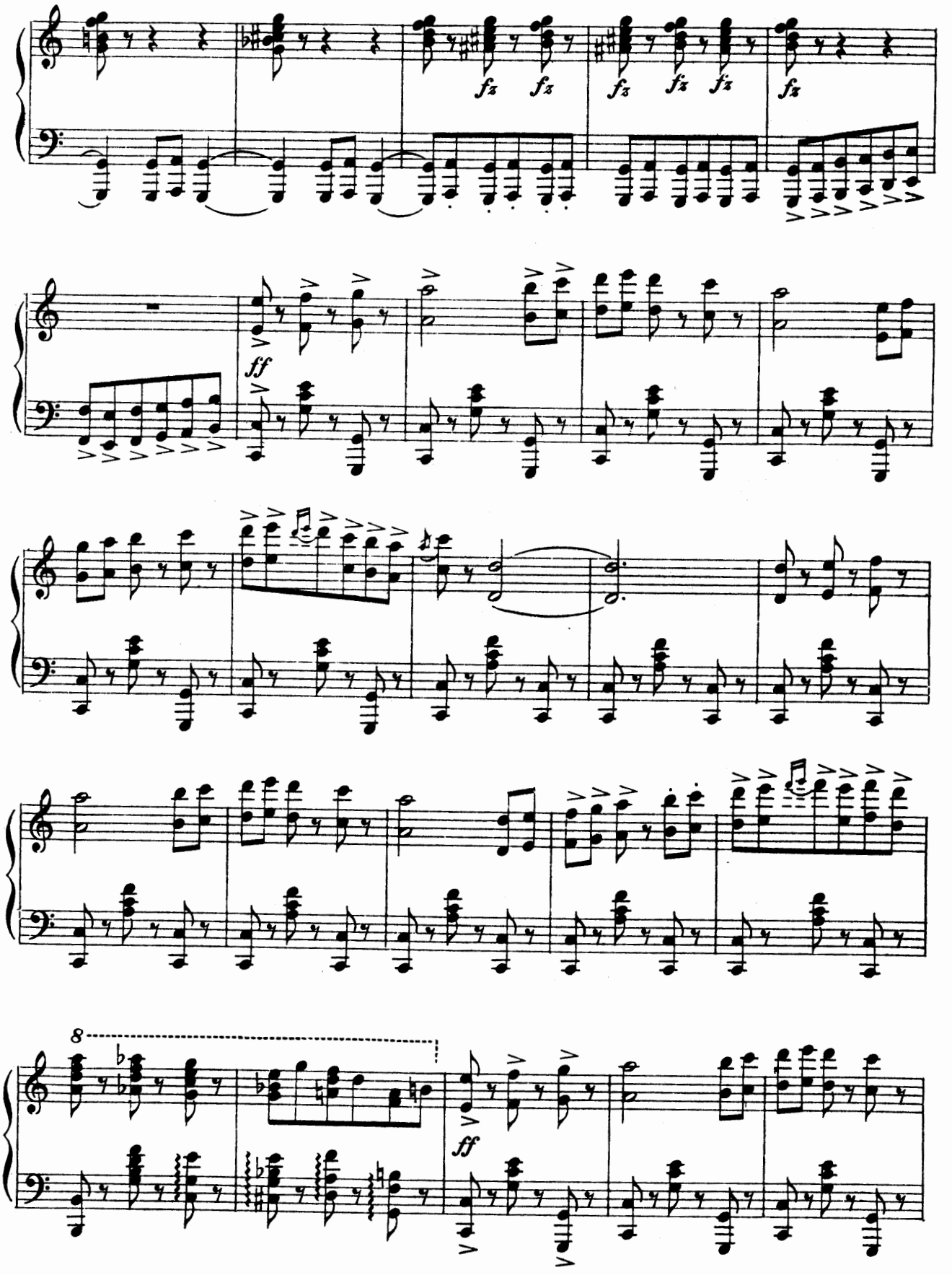
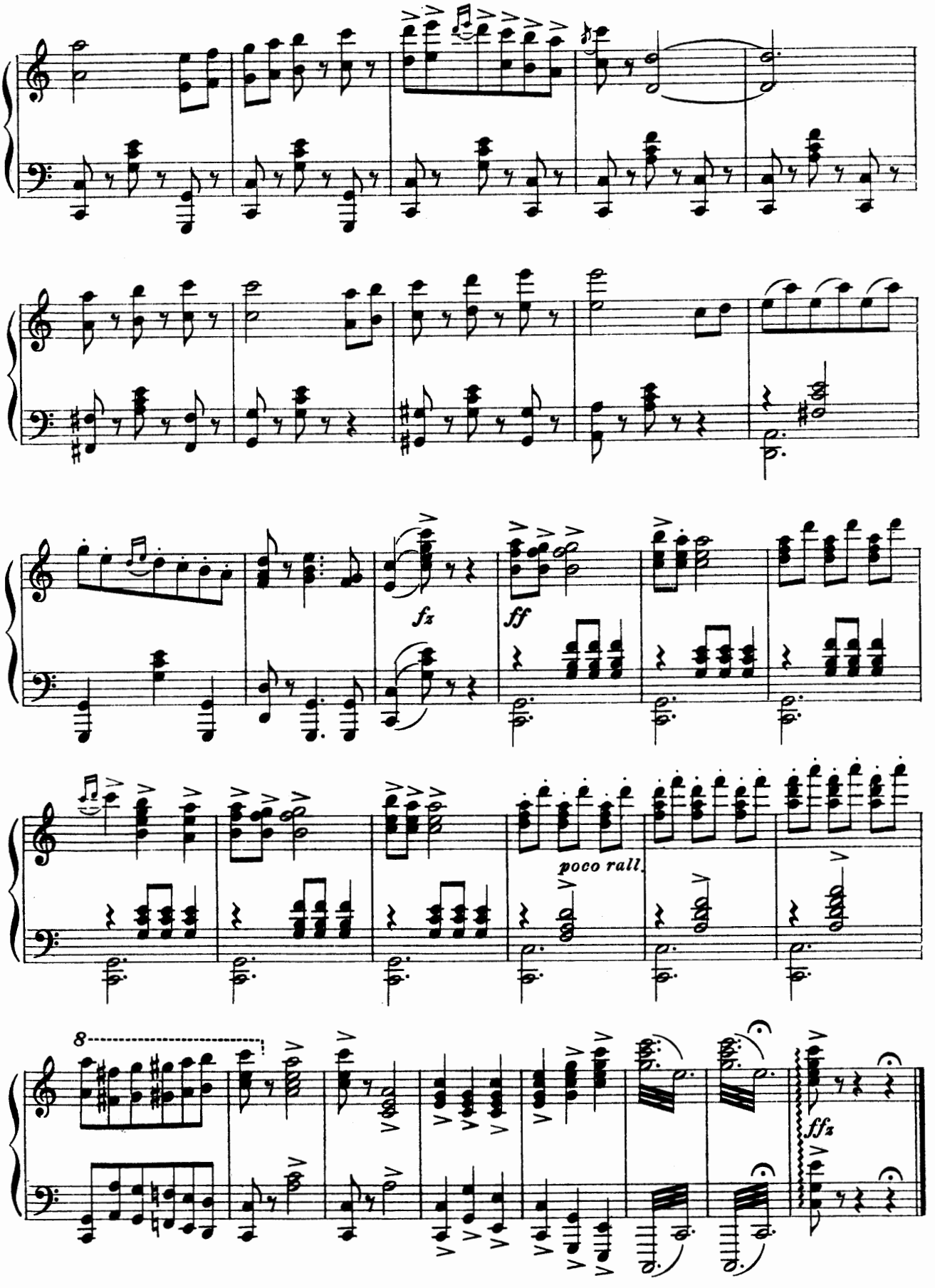

Pomposo
ff
8
ff


ff
fz
fz
fz
sfz
sfz
fz
pesante
gliss.
fz
fz
fz

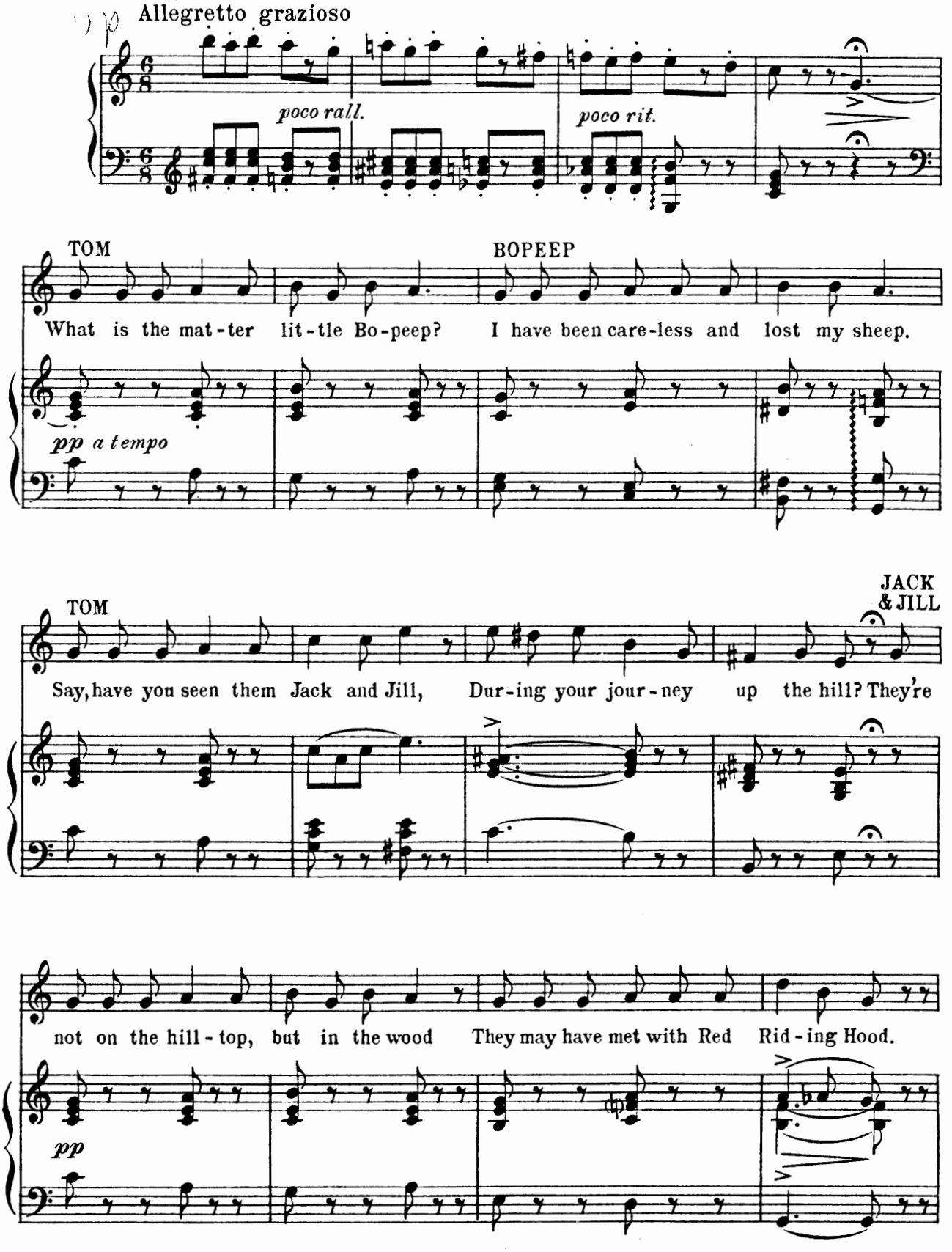

fz
ff
8
ff

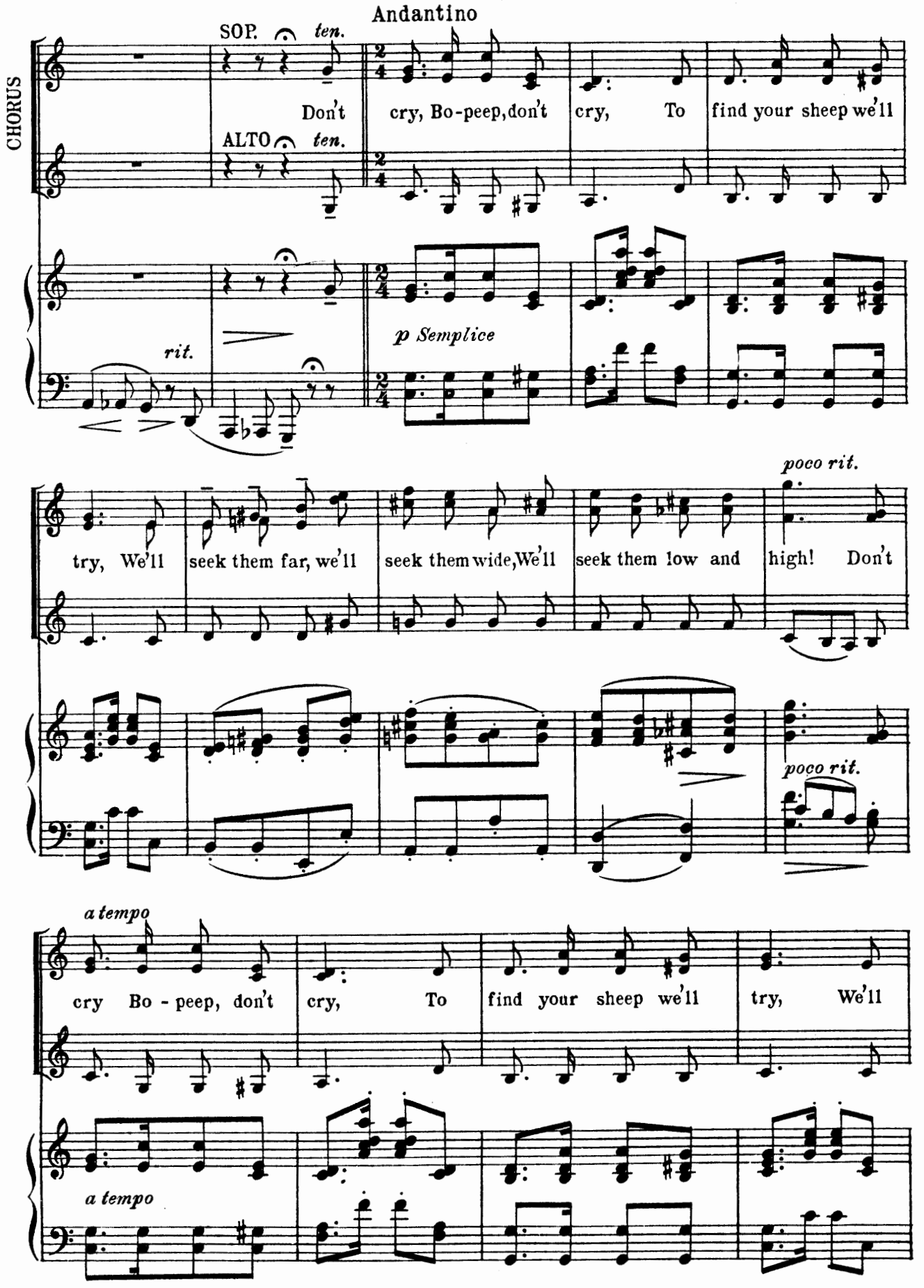

fz
ff
poco rall.
8
ffz

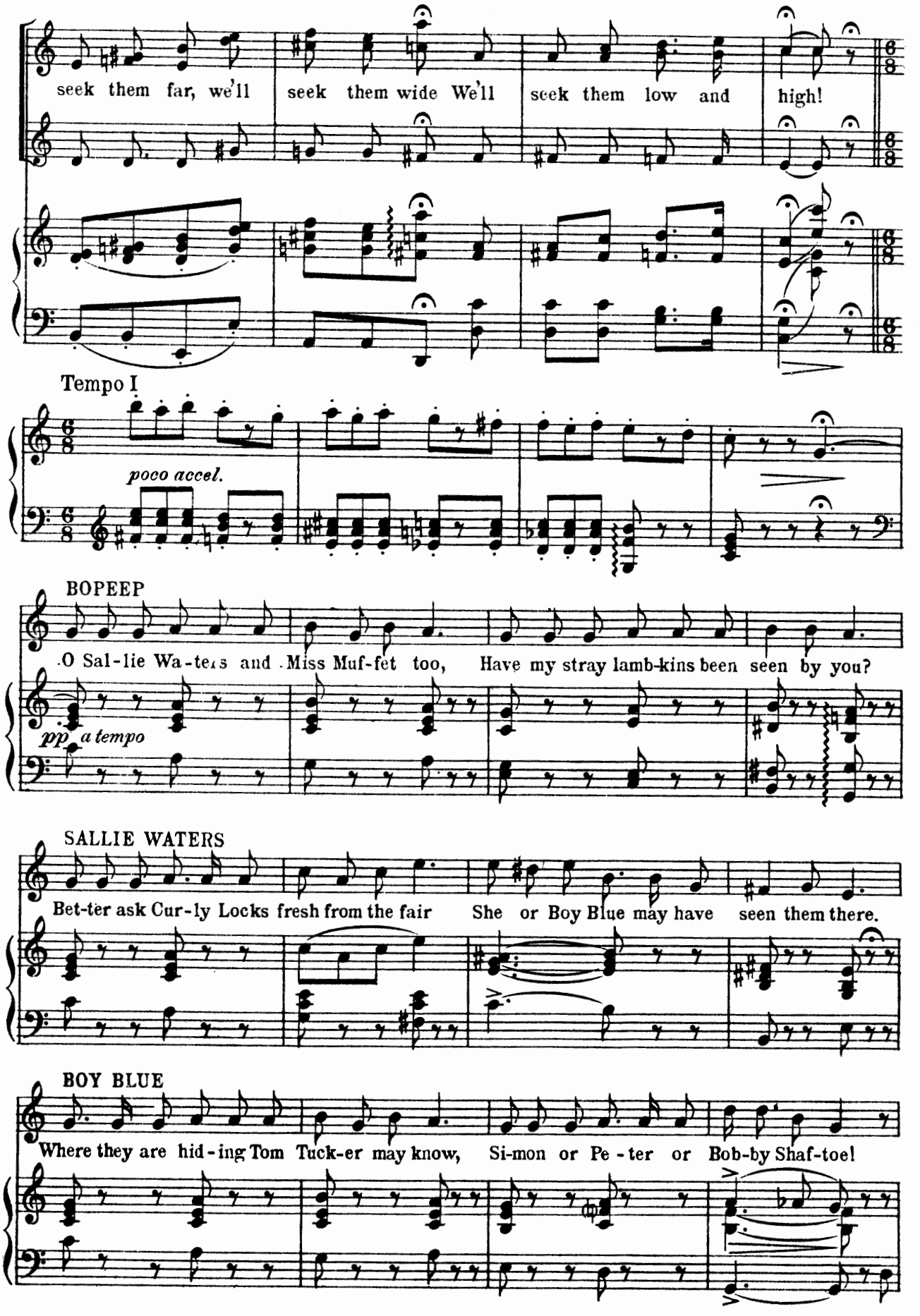
Never Mind Bopeep We Will Find Your Sheep

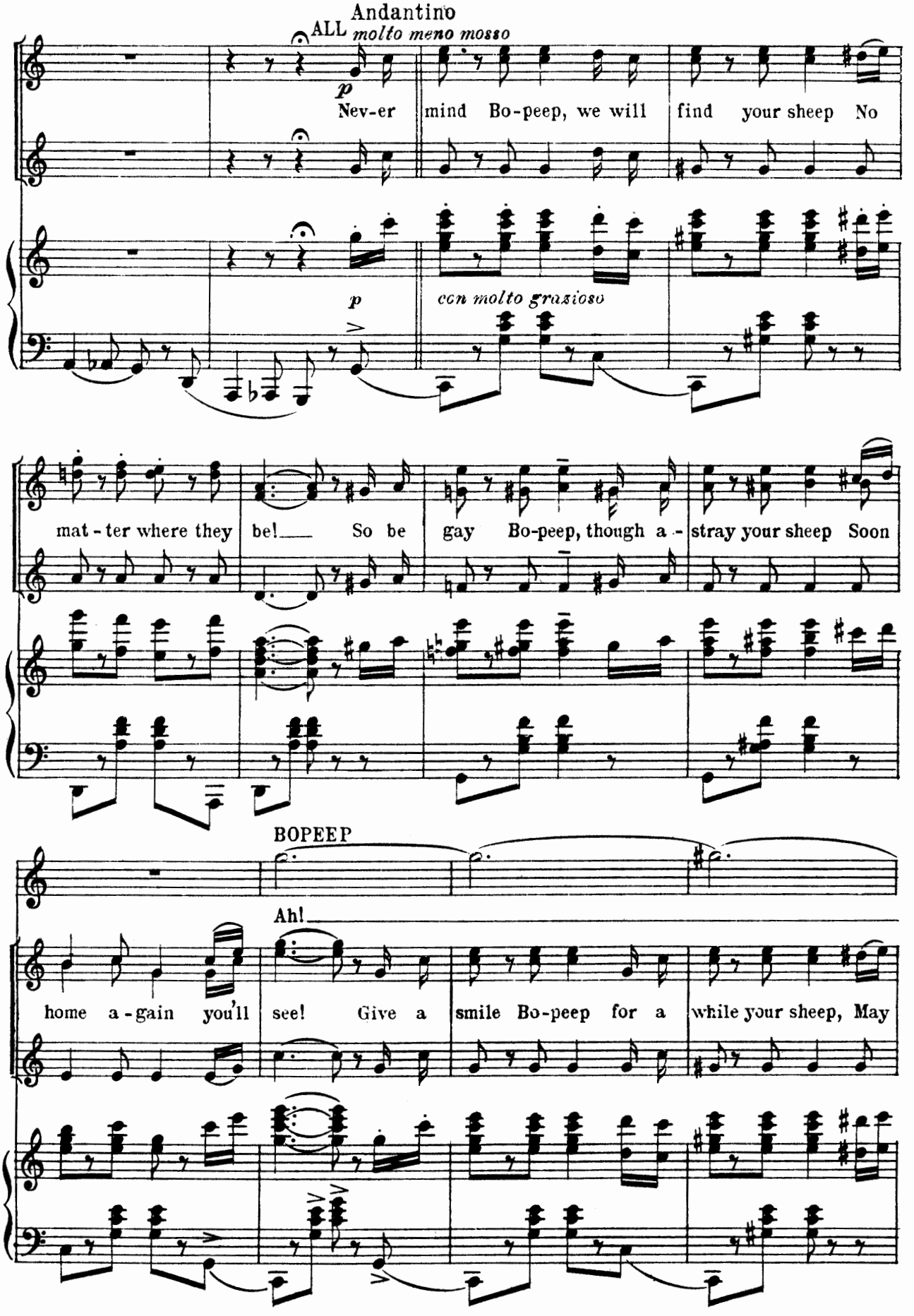
Bopeep Tom Tom and Widow Piper's Children

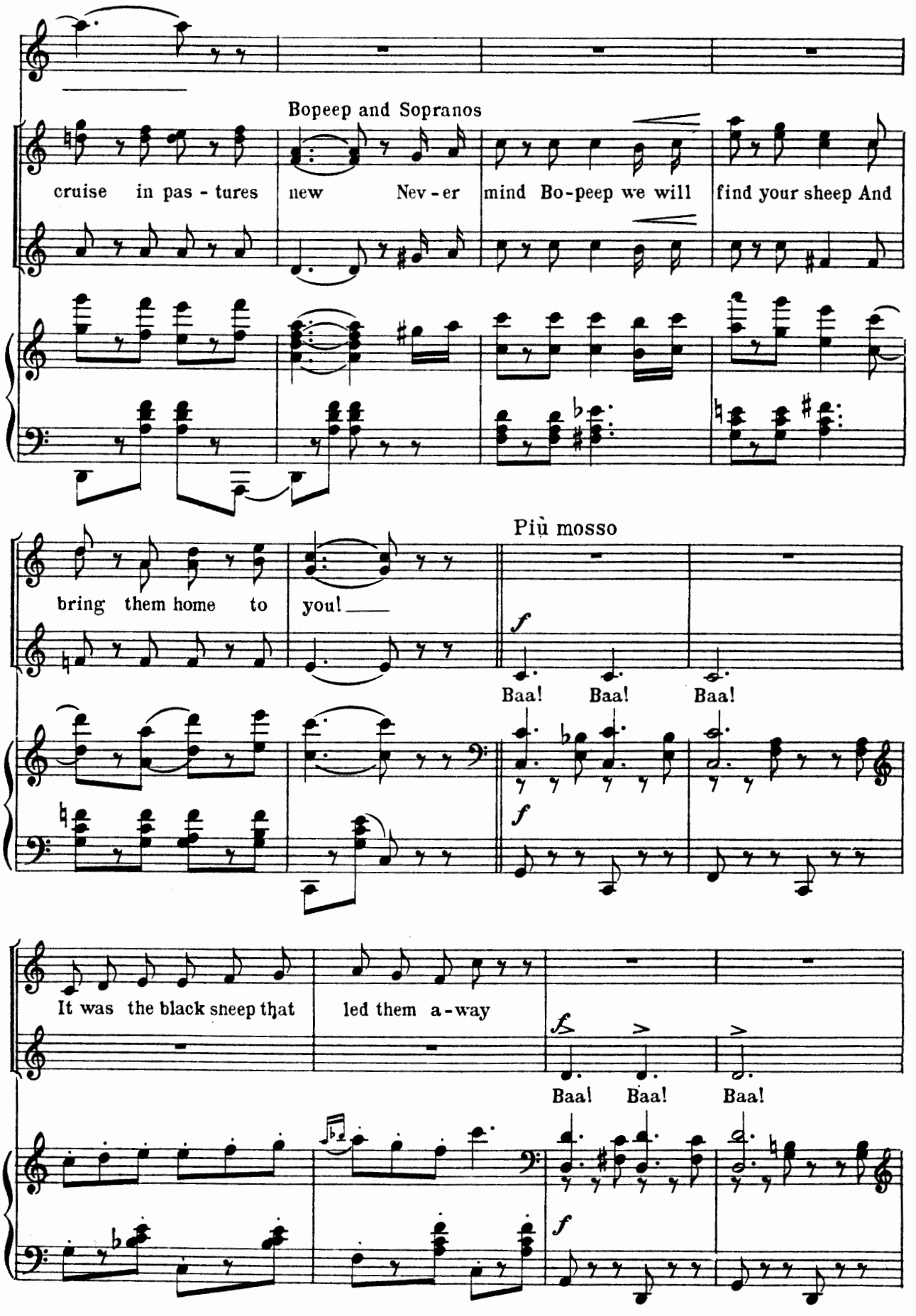
No. 2

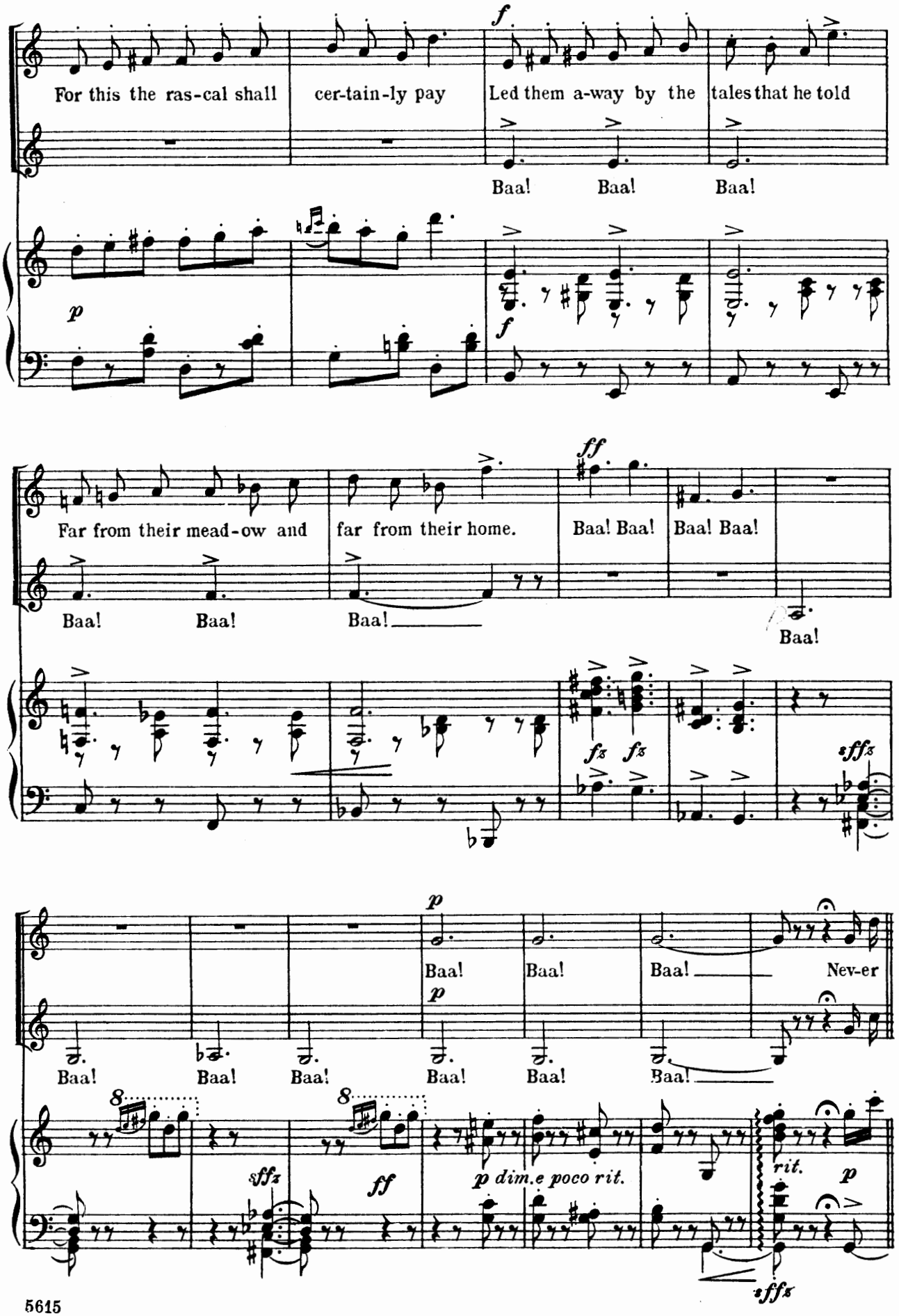


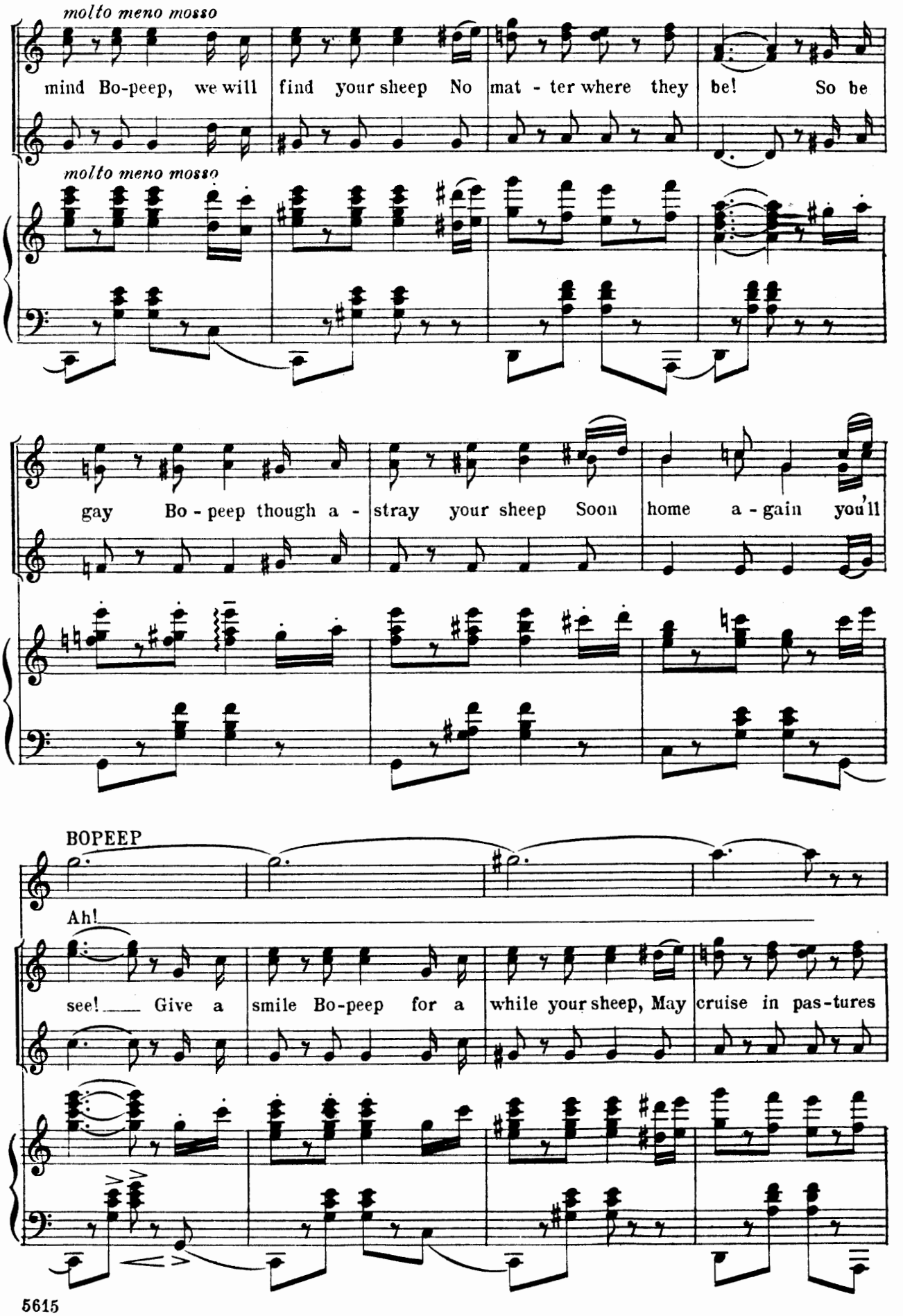

Andantino
CHORUS
SOP.
ALTO
ten.
ten.
Don't cry, Bo-peep, don't cry, To find your sheep we'll
rit.
p Semplice
try, We'll seek them far, we'll seek them wide, We'll seek them low and high! Don't
poco rit.
poco rit.
a tempo
cry Bo - peep, don't cry, To find your sheep we'll try, We'll
a tempo

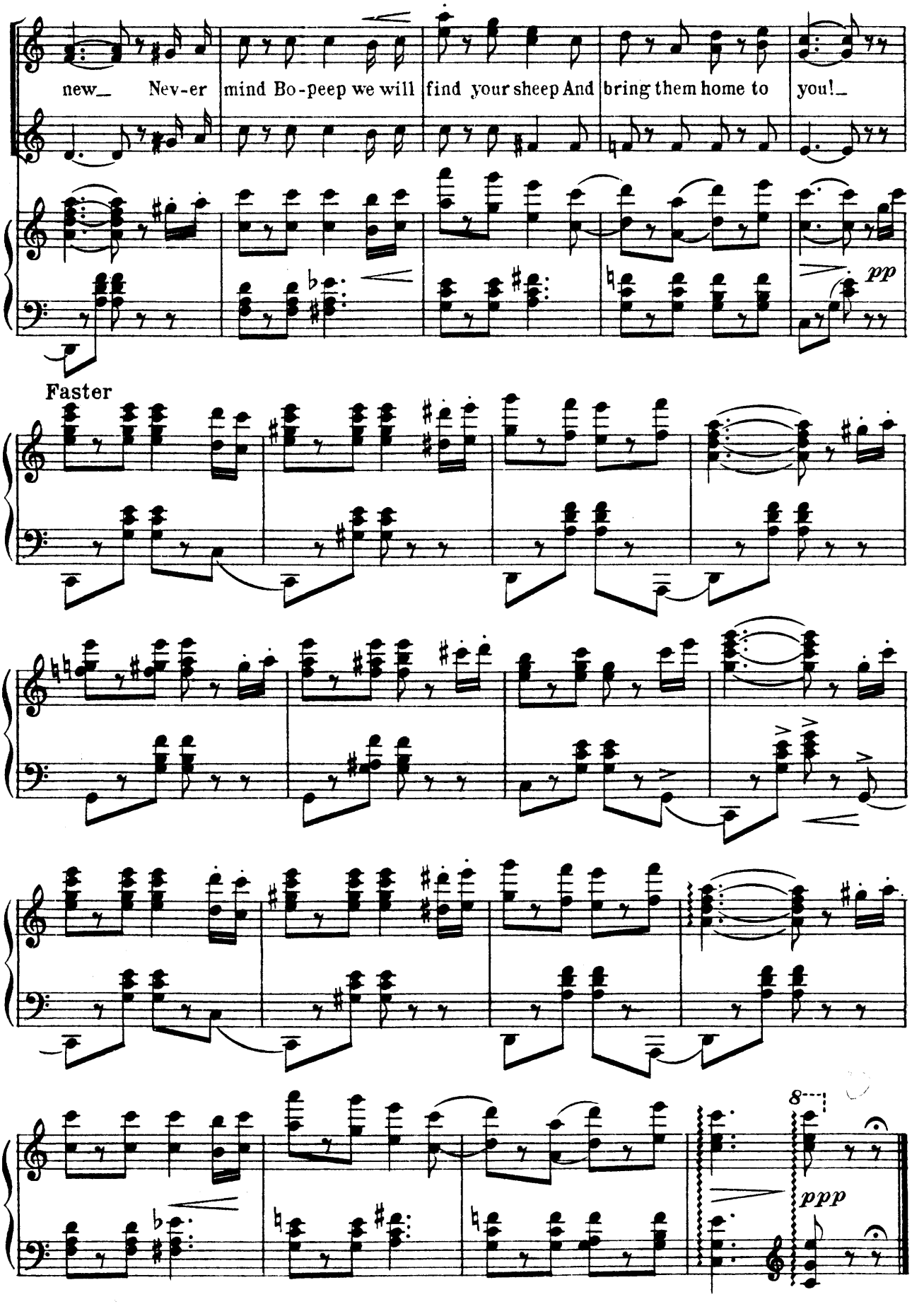

seek them far, we'll seek them wide We'll seek them low and high!
Tempo I
poco accel.
BOPEEP
O Sal-lie Wa-ters and Miss Muf-fet too, Have my stray lamb-kins been seen by you?
pp a tempo
SALLIE WATERS
Bet-ter ask Cur-ly Locks fresh from the fair She or Boy Blue may have seen them there.
BOY BLUE
Where they are hid-ing Tom Tuck-er may know, Si-mon or Pe-ter or Bob-by Shaf-toe!


Andantino
ALL
molto meno mosso
p
Nev-er mind Bo-peep, we will find your sheep No
p
con molto grazioso
mat-ter where they be!___ So be gay Bo-peep, though a-stray your sheep Soon
BOPEEP
Ah!___
home a-gain you'll see! Give a smile Bo-peep for a while your sheep, May


Bopeep and Sopranos
cruise in pas - tures new Nev - er mind Bo-peep we will find your sheep And
bring them home to you!
Più mosso
f
Baa! Baa! Baa!
It was the black sheep that led them a-way
Baa! Baa! Baa!


For this the ras-cal shall
cer-tain-ly pay
Led them a-way by the
tales that he told
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Far from their mead-ow and
far from their home.
Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa! Baa!
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Nev-er
rit.

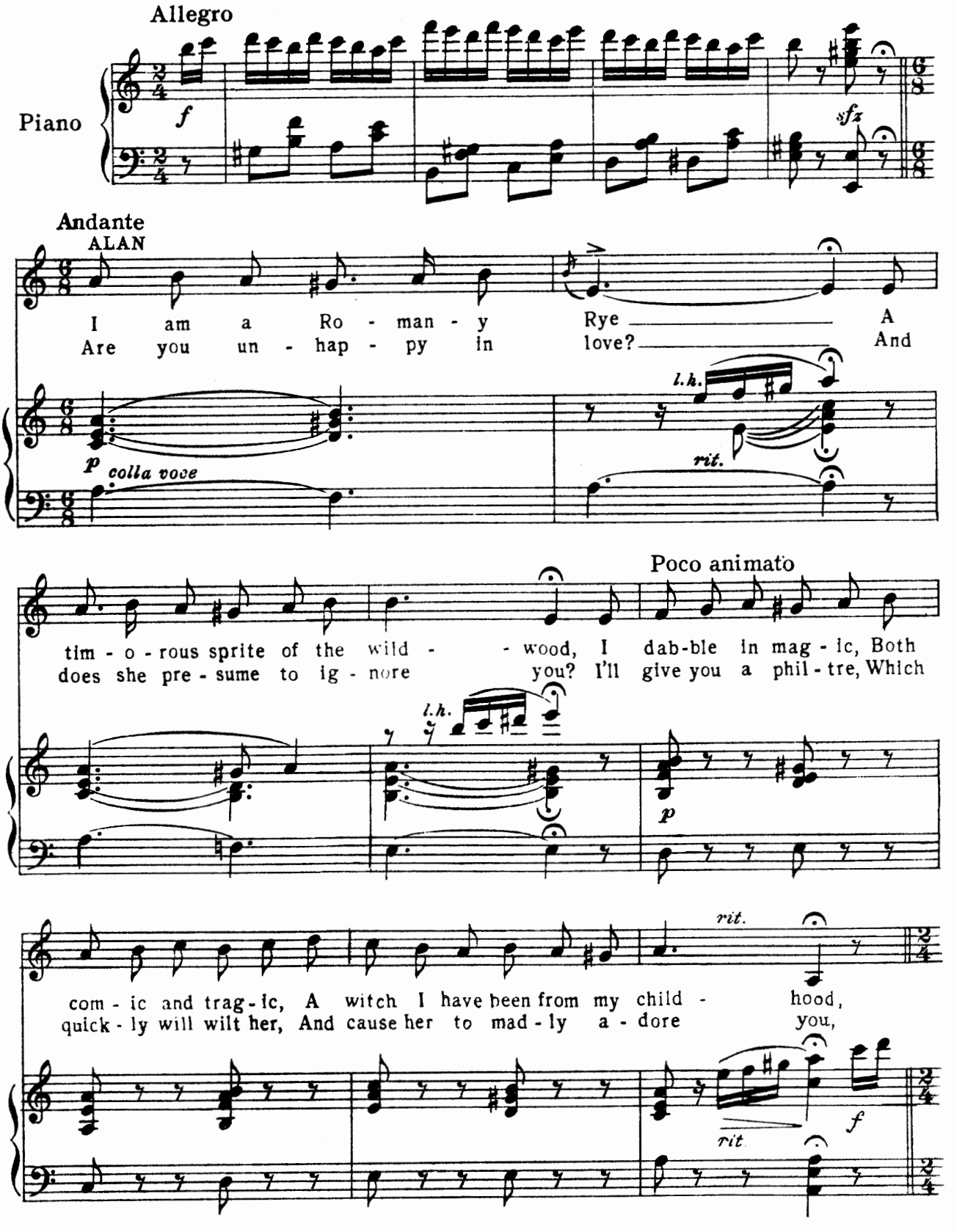

molto meno mosso
mind Bo-peep, we will find your sheep No mat - ter where they be! So be
molto meno mosso
gay Bo - peep though a - stray your sheep Soon home a - gain you'll
BOPEEP
Ah!
see! Give a smile Bo-peep for a while your sheep, May cruise in pas-tures

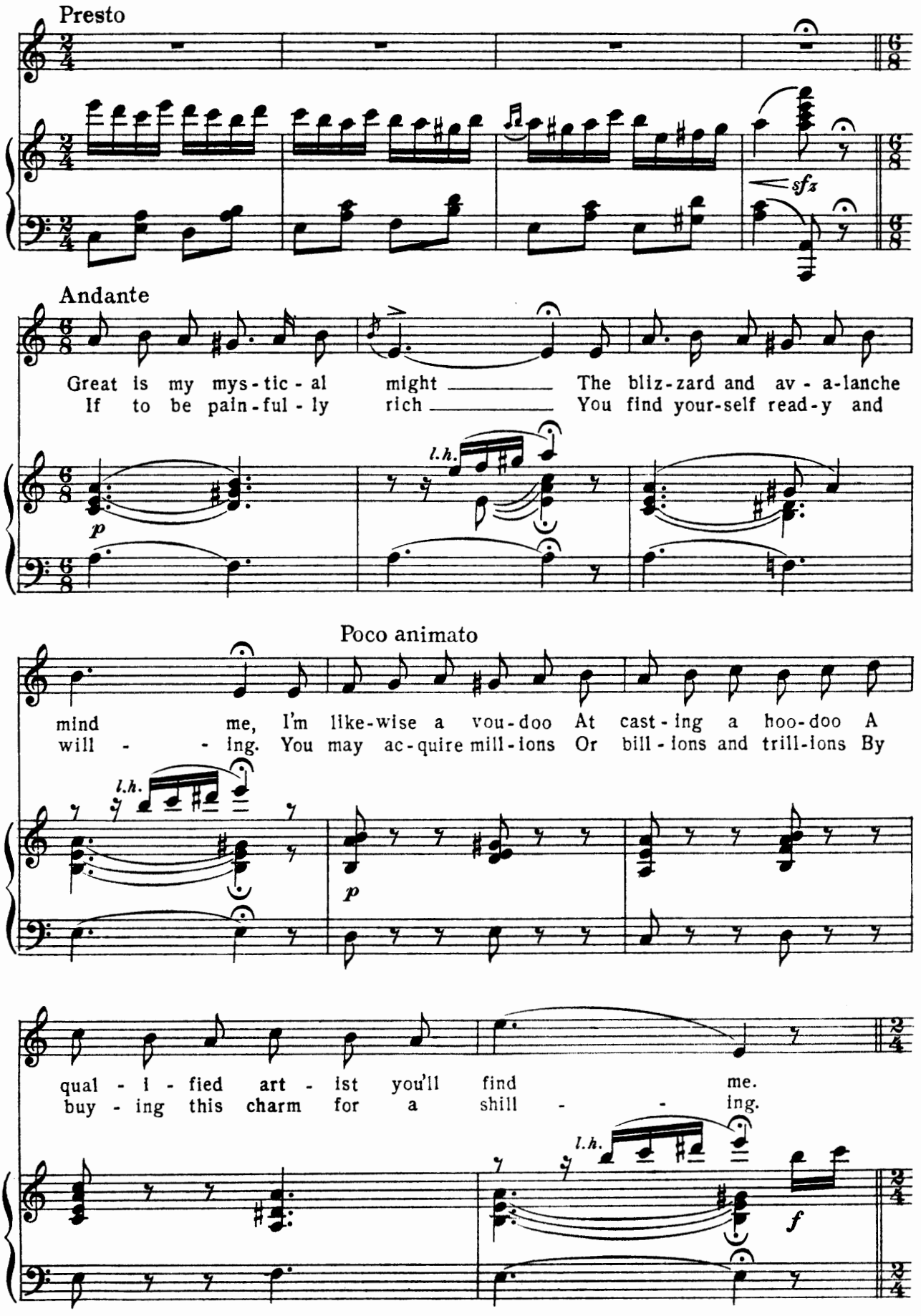

new_ Nev-er mind Bo-peep we will find your sheep And bring them home to you!_
pp
Faster
8
ppp

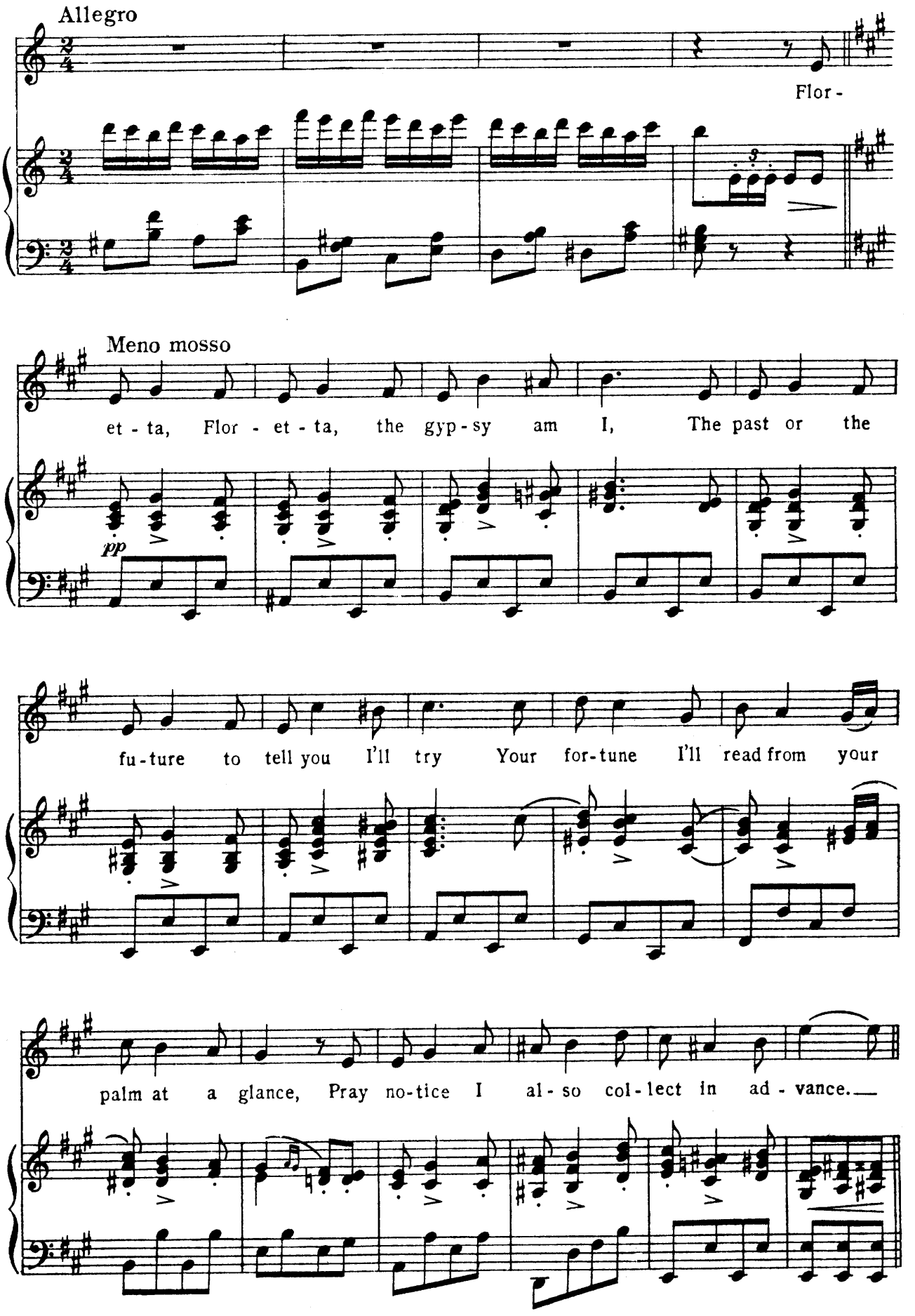
Floretta.

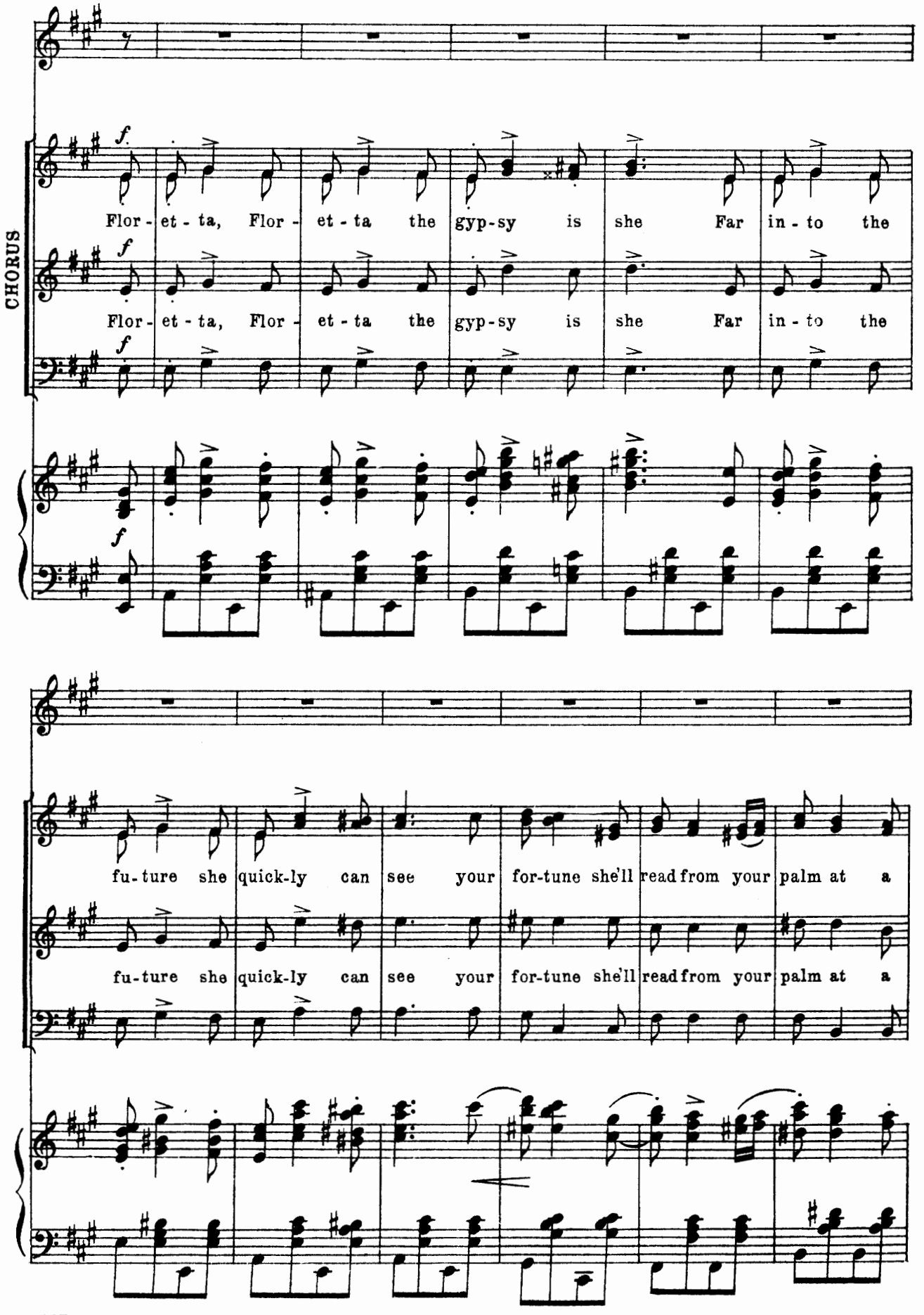
Alan and Chorus

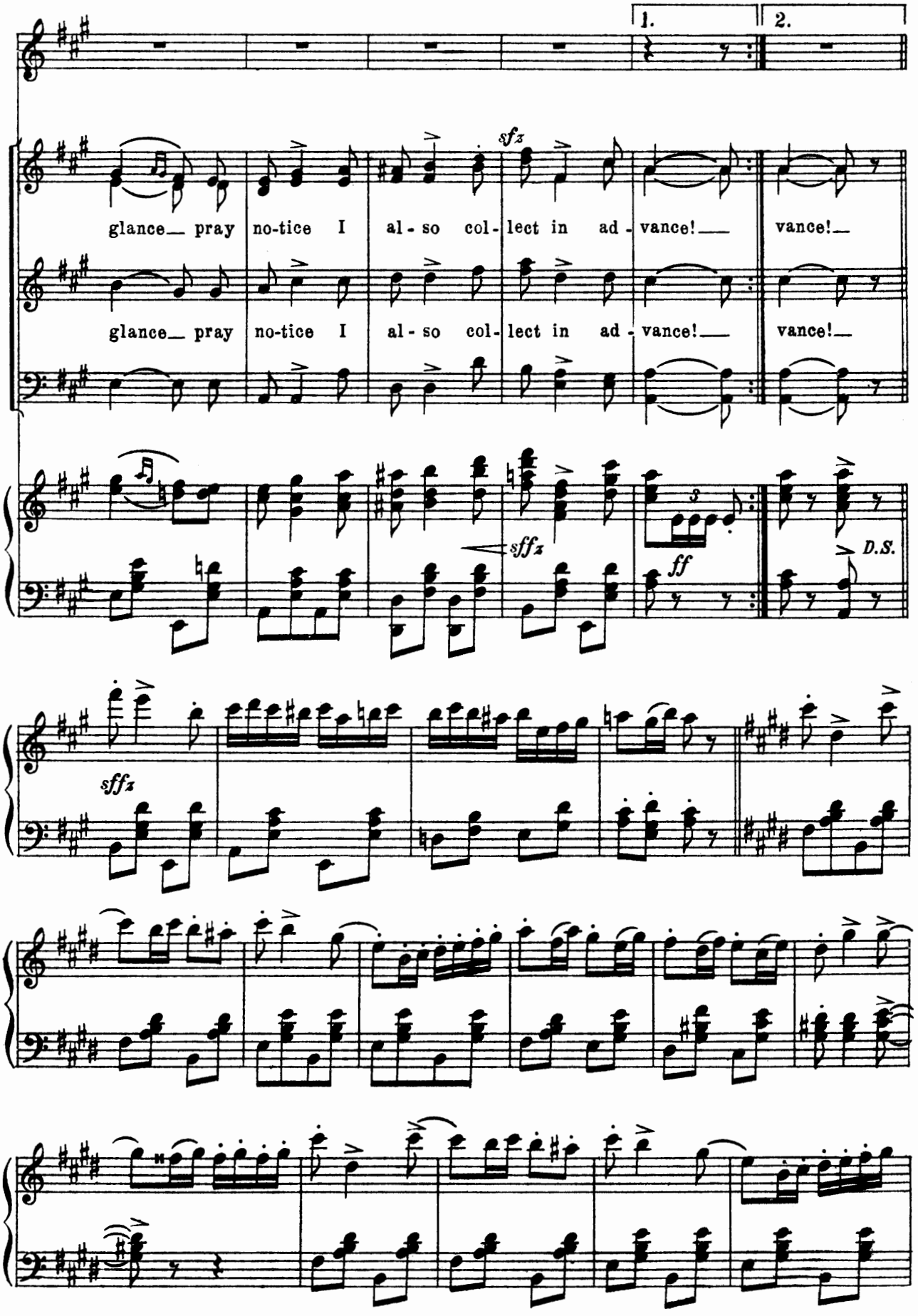
No 3

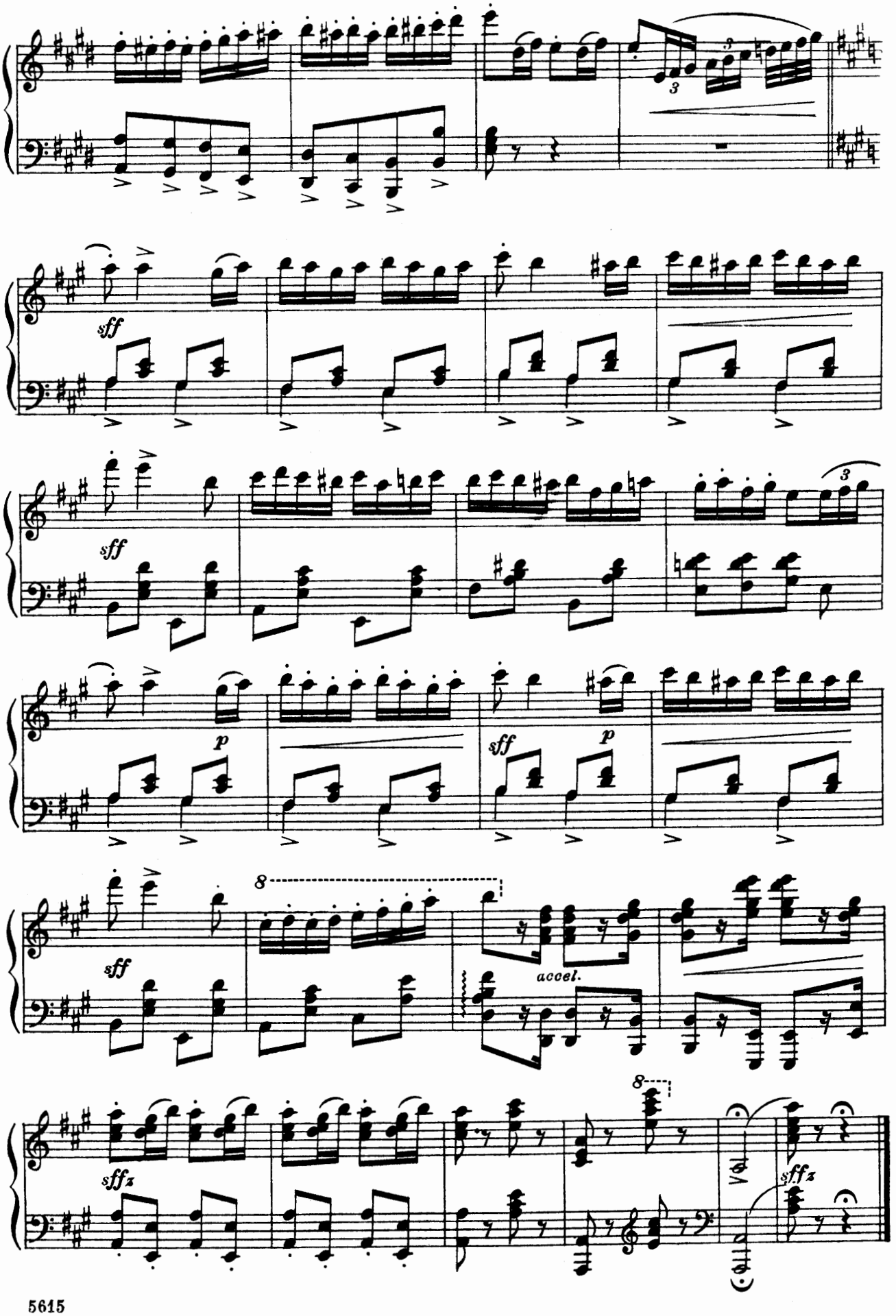



Presto
sfz
Andante
Great is my mys-tic-al might The bliz-zard and av-a-lanche
If to be pain-ful-ly rich You find your-self read-y and
l.h.
p
Poco animato
mind me, I'm like-wise a vou-doo At cast-ing a hoo-doo A
will - ing. You may ac-quire mill-ions Or bill-ions and trill-ions By
l.h.
p
qual-i-fied art-ist you'll find me.
buy-ing this charm for a shill - ing.
l.h.
f


Allegro
Flor -
Meno mosso
et - ta, Flor - et - ta, the gyp - sy am I, The past or the
pp
fu - ture to tell you I'll try Your for - tune I'll read from your
palm at a glance, Pray no - tice I al - so col - lect in ad - vance.


CHORUS
f
Flor - et - ta, Flor - et - ta the gyp-sy is she Far in - to the
Flor - et - ta, Flor - et - ta the gyp-sy is she Far in - to the
fu-ture she quick-ly can see your for-tune she'll read from your palm at a
fu-ture she quick-ly can see your for-tune she'll read from your palm at a


1.
2.
glance_ pray no-tice I al - so col - lect in ad - vance!_ vance!_
glance_ pray no-tice I al - so col - lect in ad - vance!_ vance!_
sfz
sffz
ff
D.S.
sffz

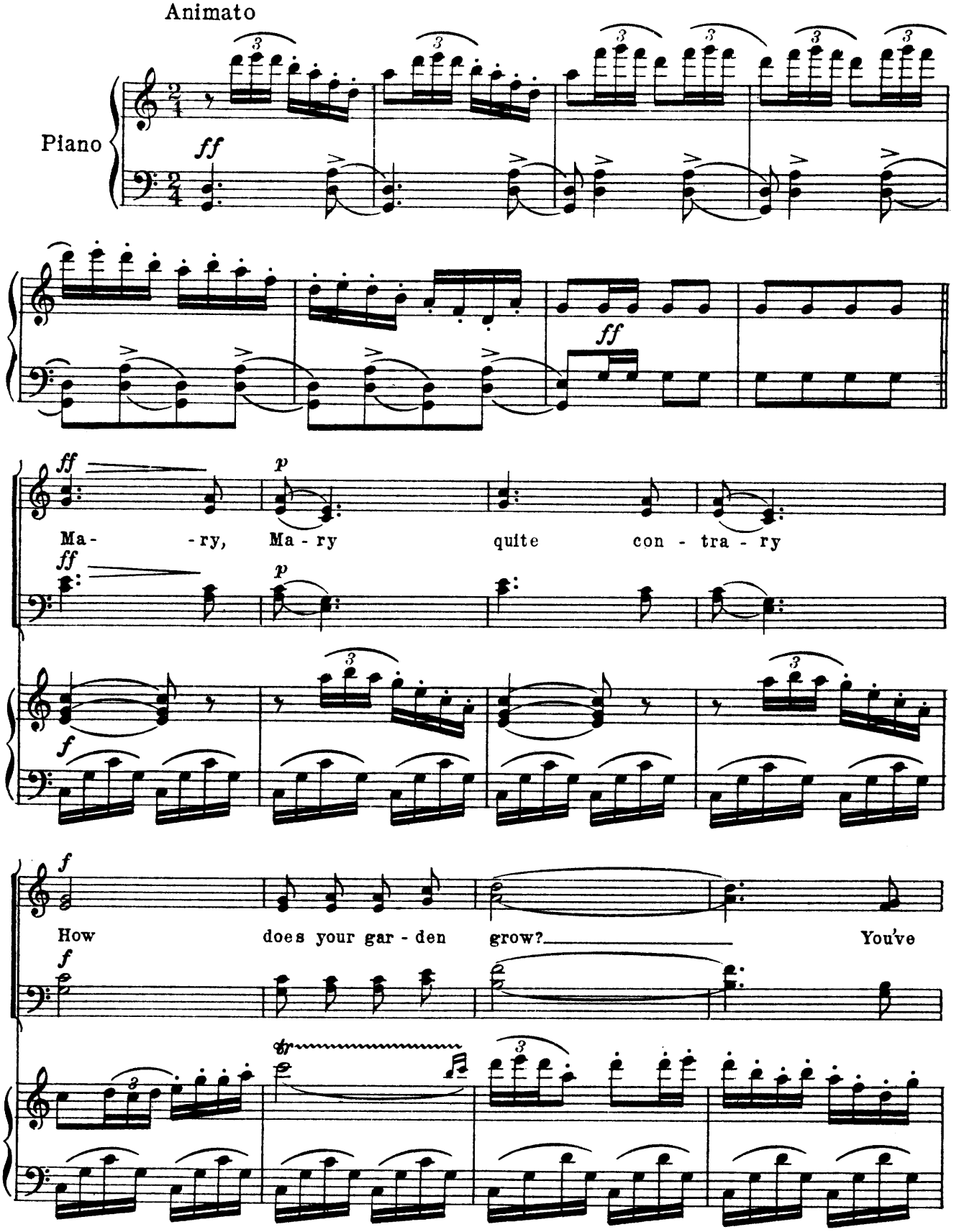

sff
sff
sff
p
sff
p
sff
accel.
8
8
sffz
sffz

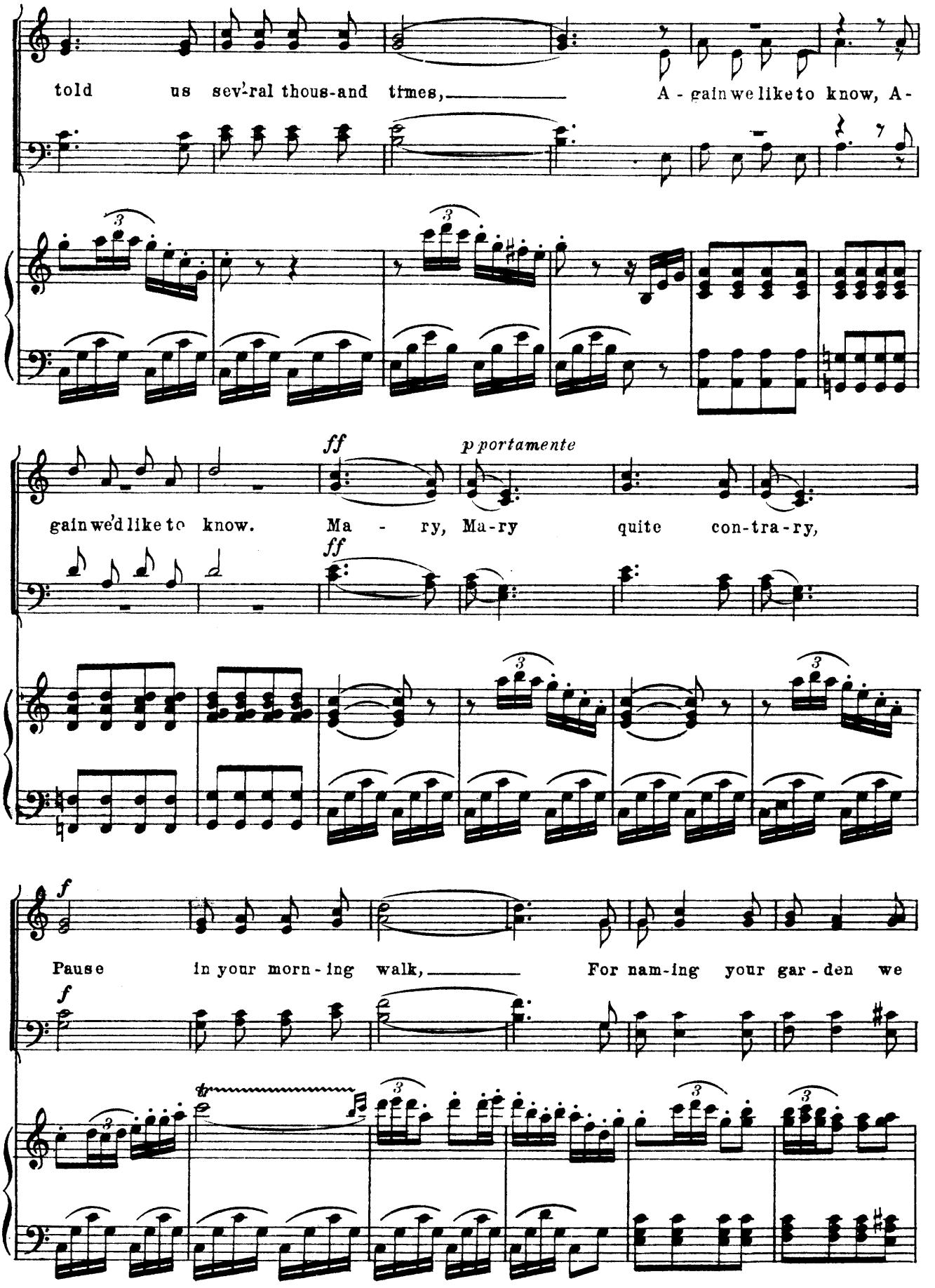
Entrance of Contrary Mary

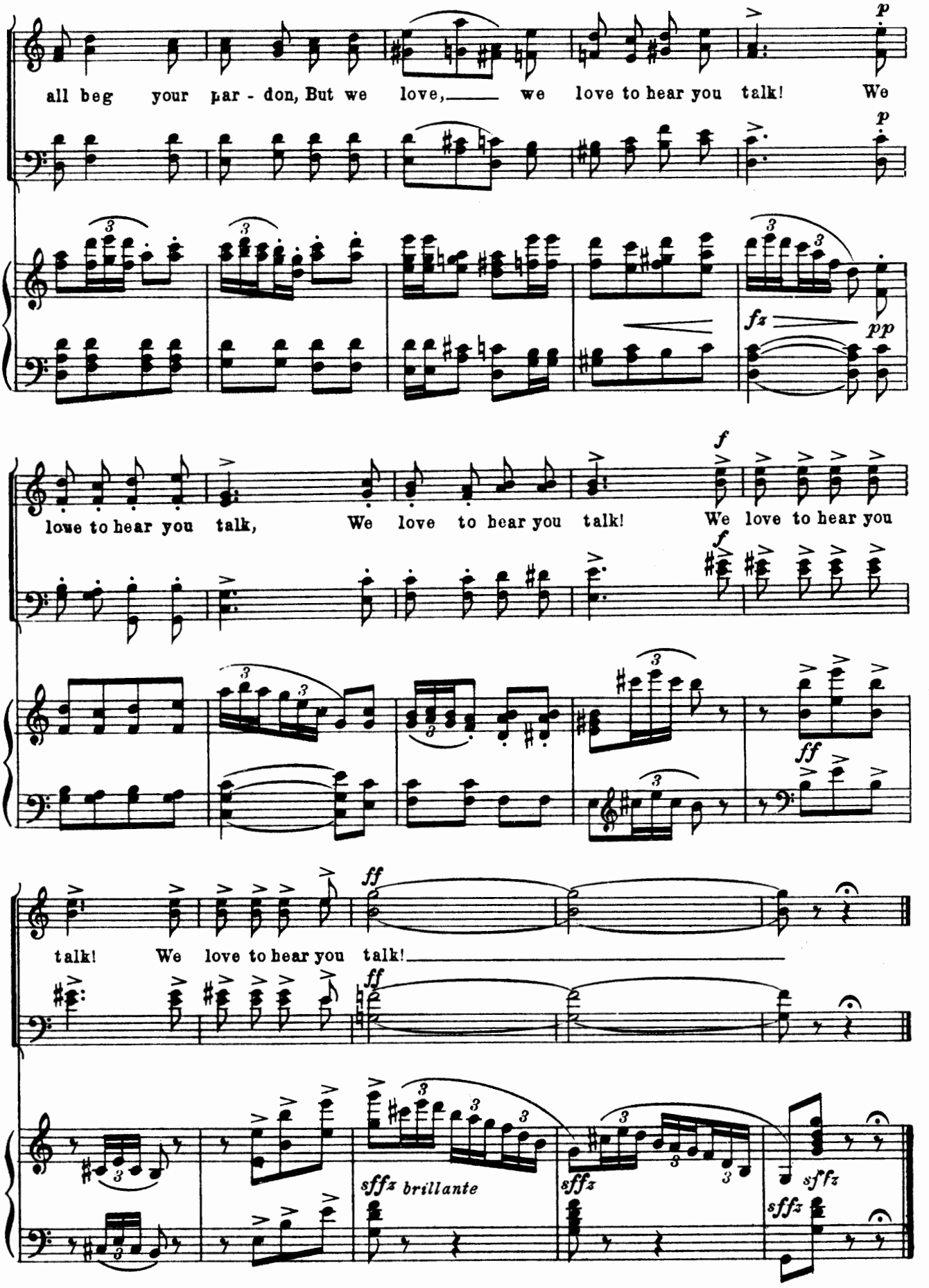
No. 4

CHORUS

VICTOR HERBERT




told us sev'-ral thous-and times, A - gain we like to know, A-
gain we'd like to know. Ma - ry, Ma-ry quite con-tra-ry,
Pause in your morn-ing walk, For nam-ing your gar-den we


all beg your par - don, But we love, we love to hear you talk! We
p
p
fz
pp
lowe to hear you talk, We love to hear you talk! We love to hear you
f
f
ff
talk! We love to hear you talk!
ff
ff
sffz brillante
sffz
sffz
sffz

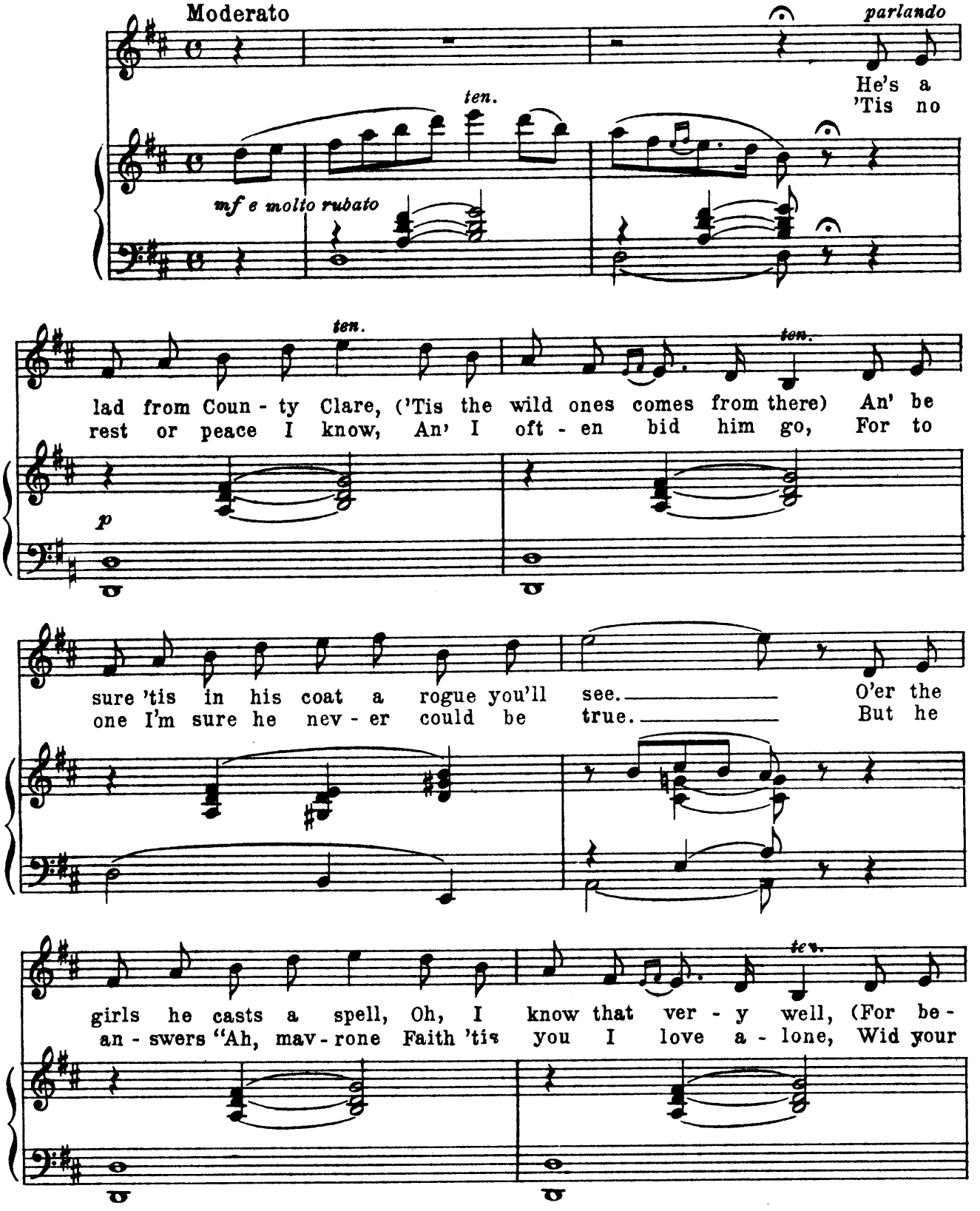
No 5

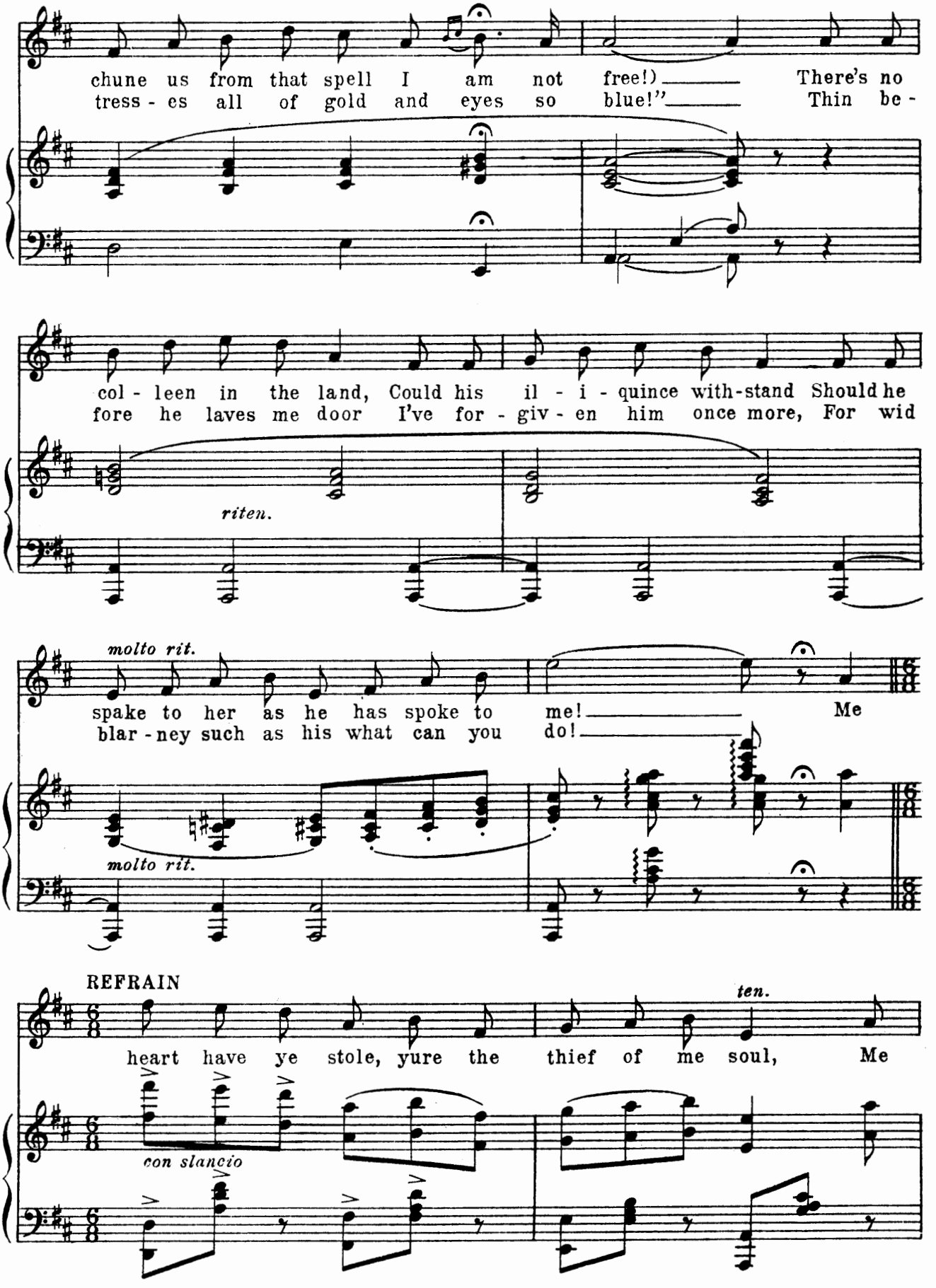
Barney O'Flynn

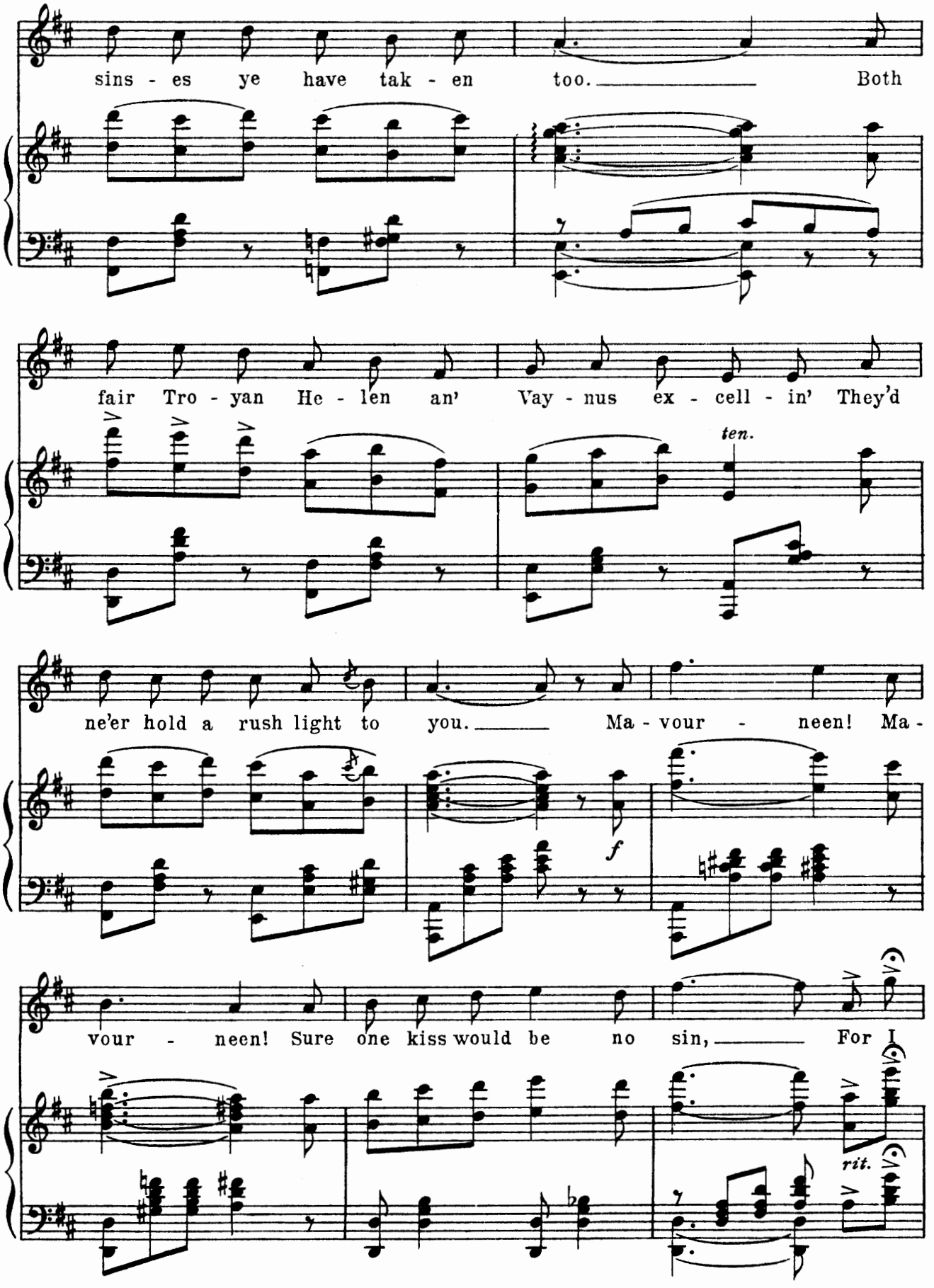
Mary and Chorus

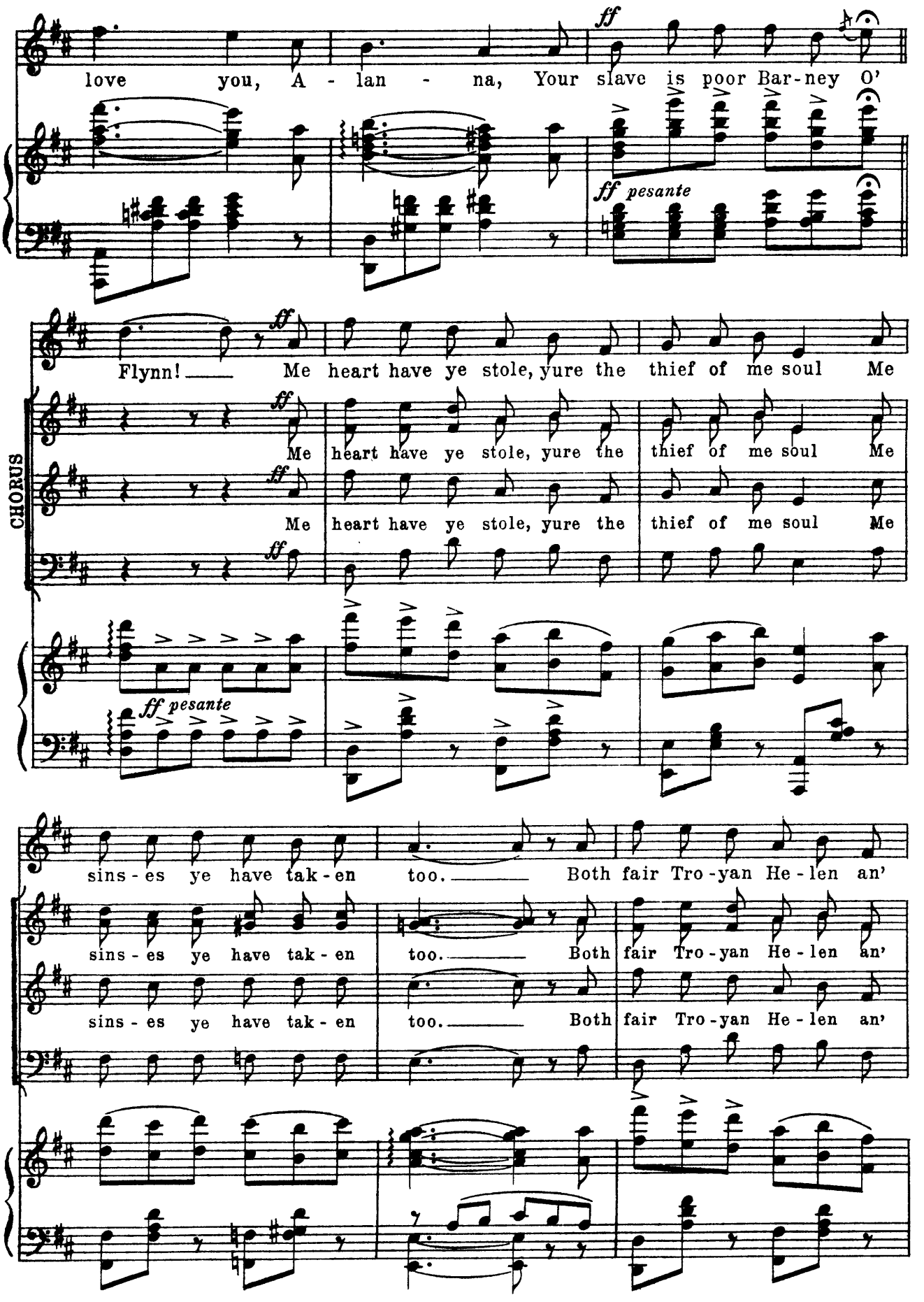
Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

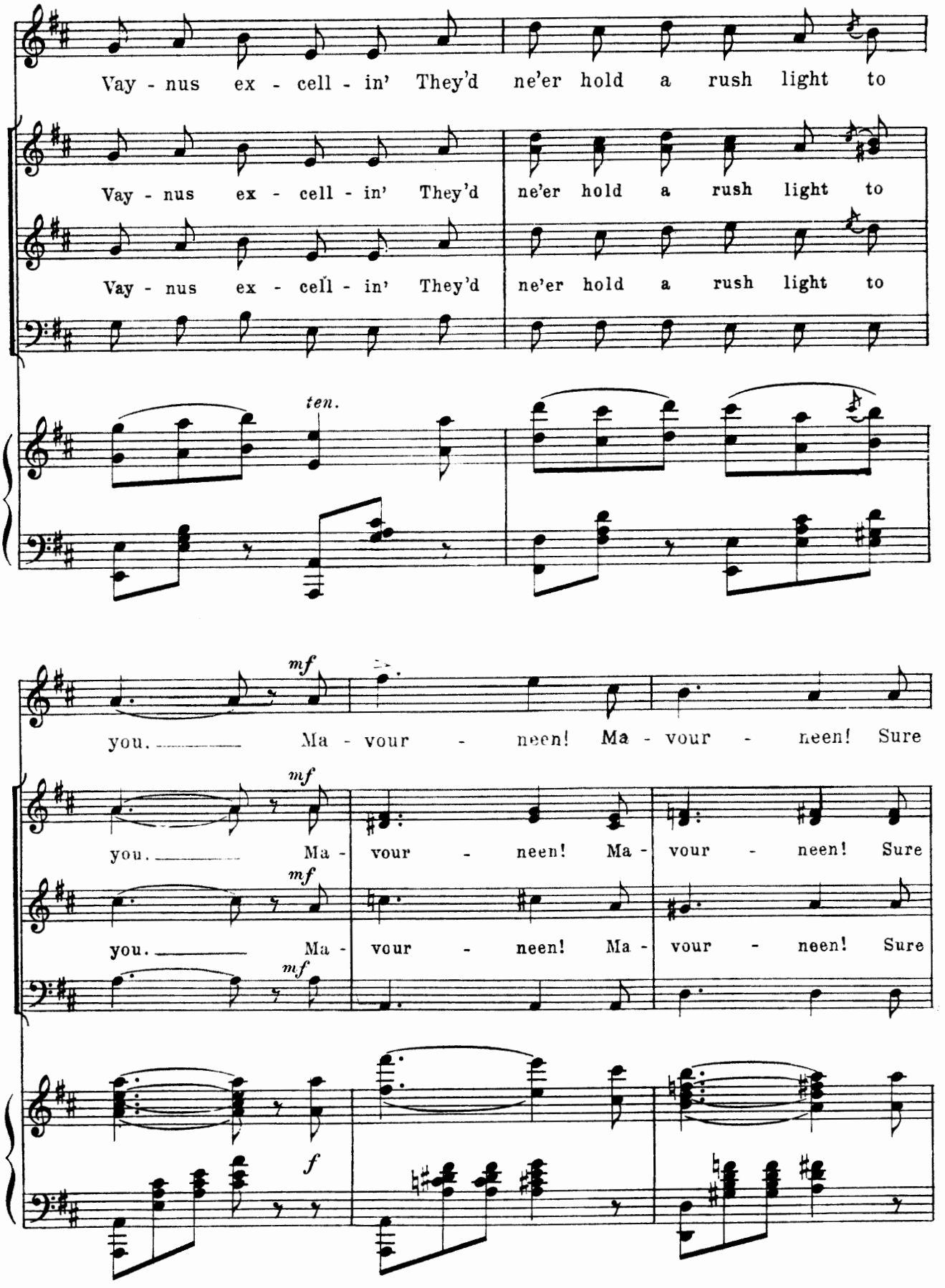
Music by
VICTOR HERBERT



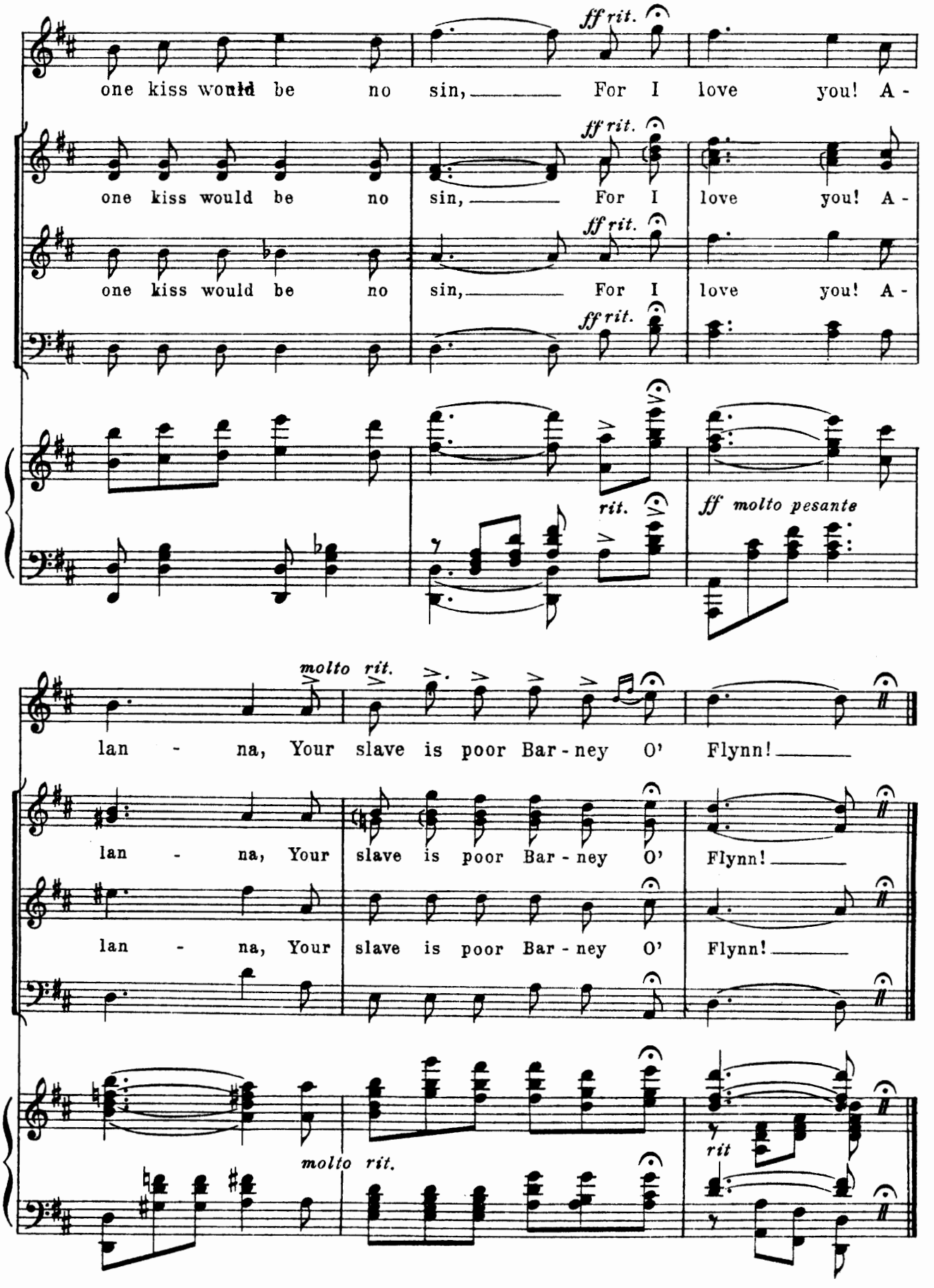

chune us from that spell I am not free!) There's no
tress - es all of gold and eyes so blue!" Thin be -
col - leen in the land, Could his il - i - quince with-stand Should he
fore he laves me door I've for - giv - en him once more, For wid
riten.
molto rit.
spake to her as he has spoke to me! Me
blar - ney such as his what can you do!
molto rit.
REFRAIN
ten.
heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul, Me
con slancio


sins - es ye have tak - en too. Both
fair Tro - yan He - len an' Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd
ten.
ne'er hold a rush light to you. Ma - vour - neen! Ma -
f
vour - neen! Sure one kiss would be no sin, For I
rit.


love you, A - lan - na, Your slave is poor Bar-ney O'
ff
ff pesante
Flynn! Me heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul Me
CHORUS
Me heart have ye stole, yure the thief of me soul Me
sins - es ye have tak - en too. Both fair Tro - yan He - len an'


Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
Vay - nus ex - cell - in' They'd ne'er hold a rush light to
ten.
mf
you. Ma - vour - neen! Ma - vour - neen! Sure
mf
you. Ma - vour - neen! Ma - vour - neen! Sure
mf
you. Ma - vour - neen! Ma - vour - neen! Sure
mf
f

448507


ff rit.
one kiss would be no sin, For I love you! A-
molto rit.
lan - na, Your slave is poor Bar-ney O' Flynn!
rit.
ff molto pesante

JANE.

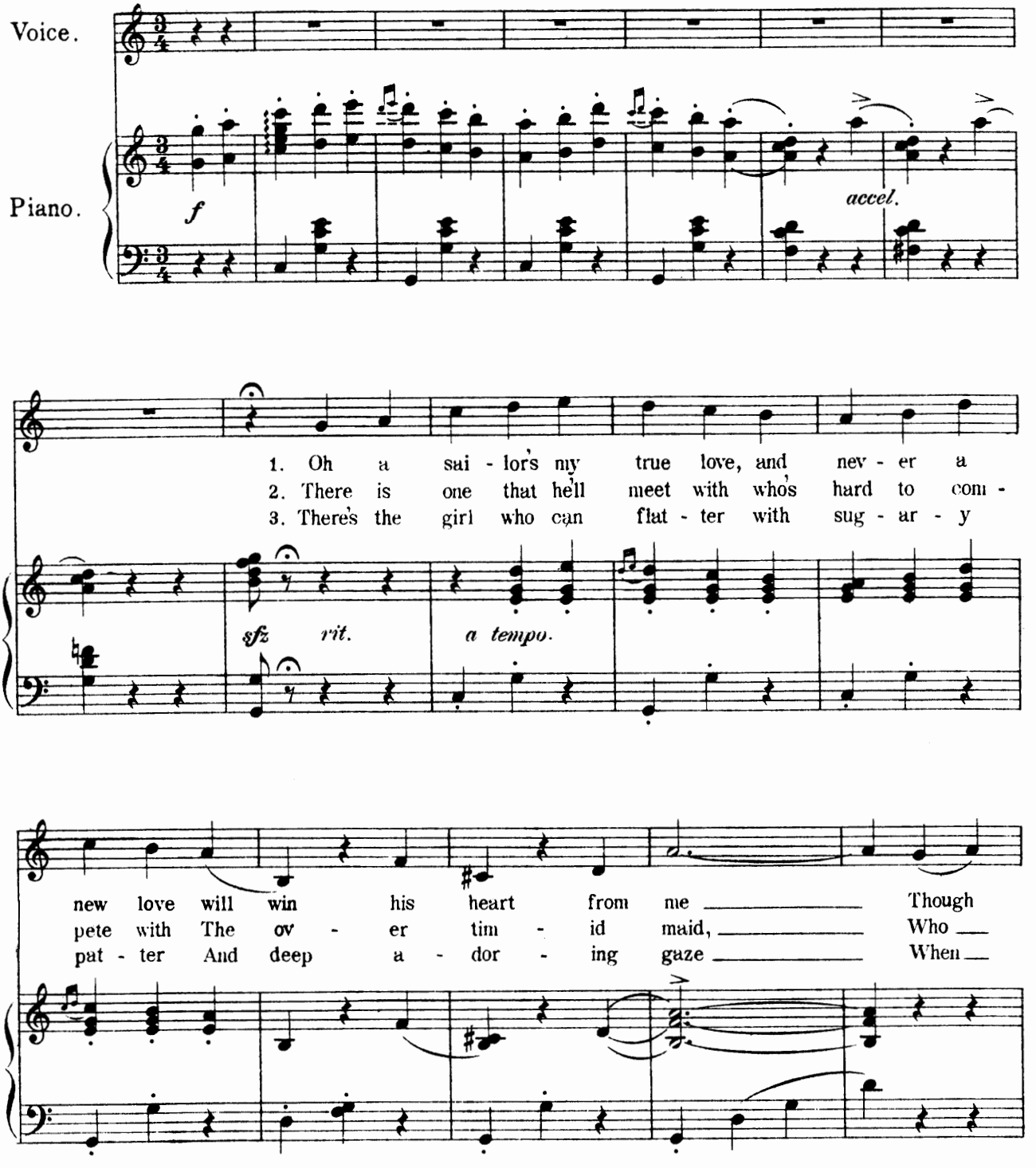
No. 6.

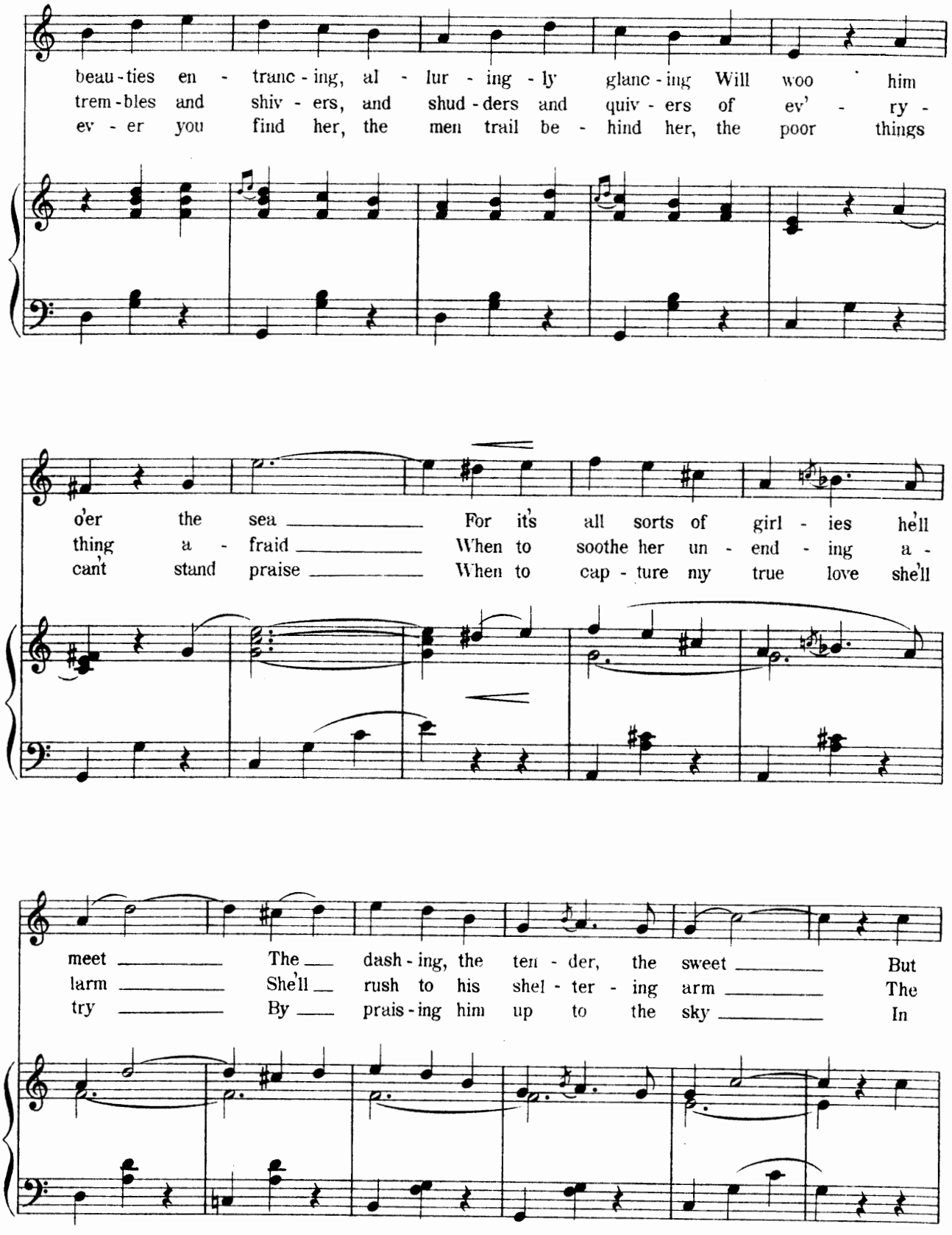
Song.

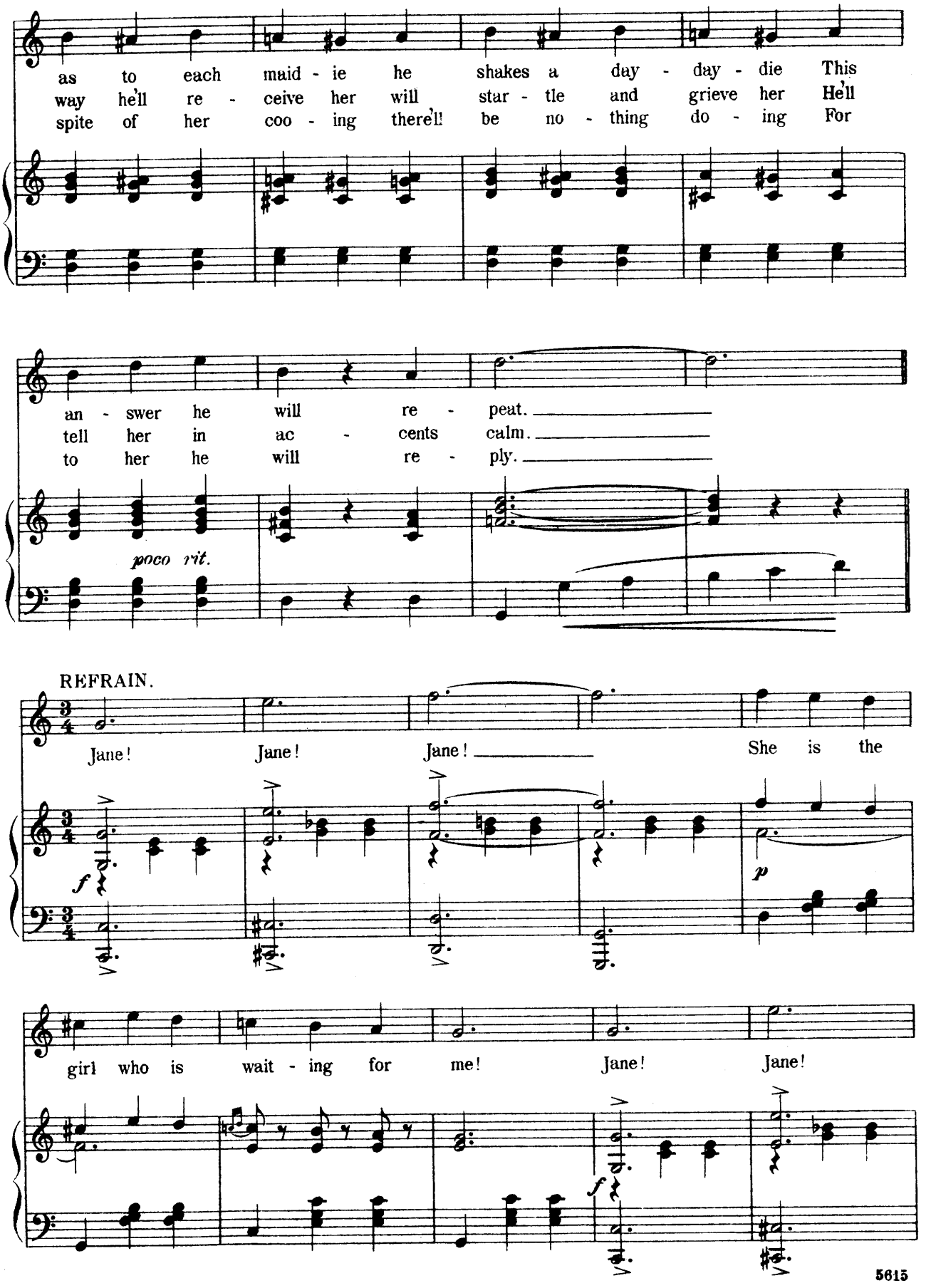
Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

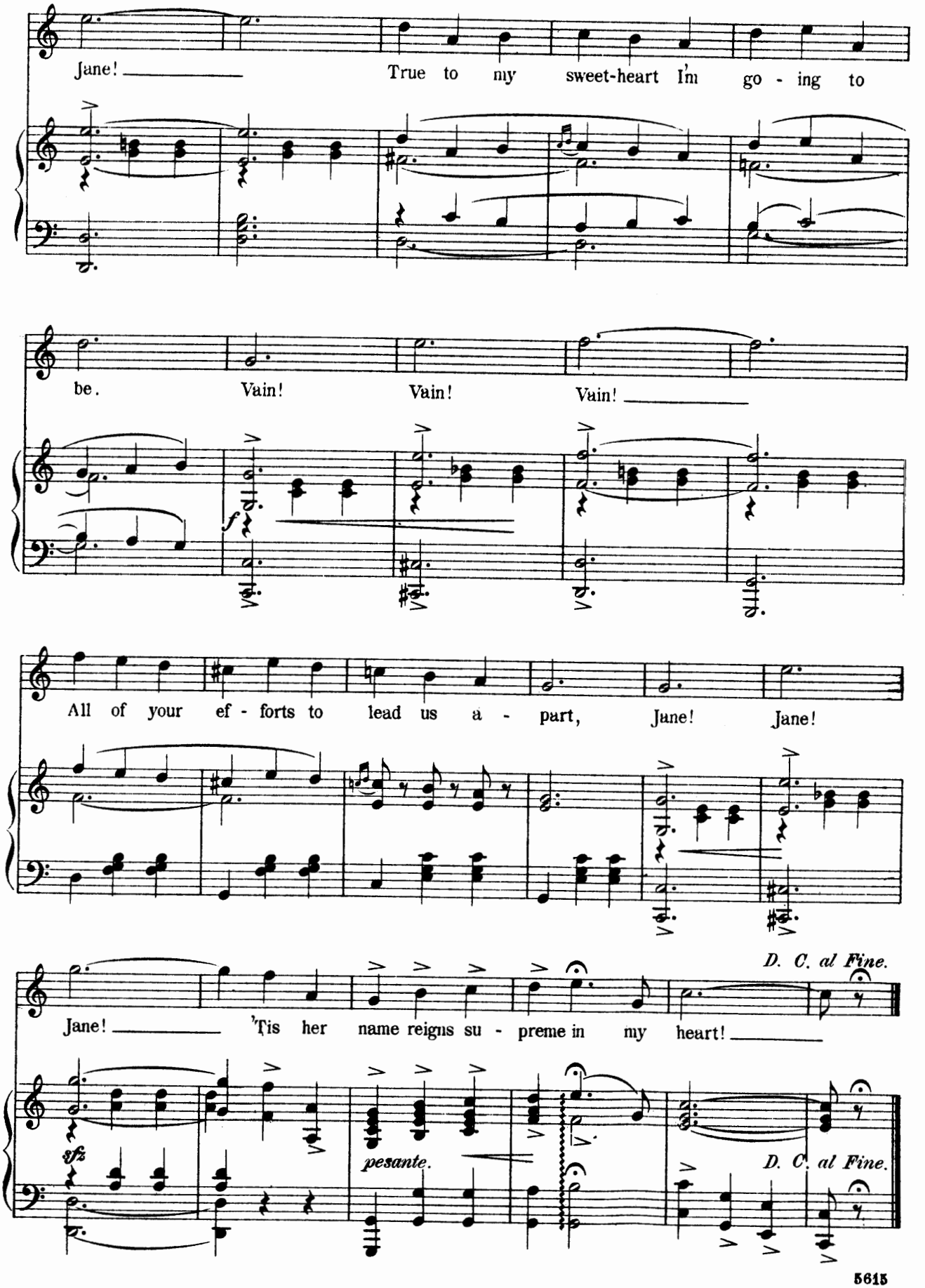
Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo rubato.




beau - ties en - tranc - ing, al - lur - ing - ly glanc - ing Will woo him
trem - bles and shiv - ers, and shud - ders and quiv - ers of ev' - ry -
ev - er you find her, the men trail be - hind her, the poor things
o'er the sea For it's all sorts of girl - ies he'll
thing a - fraid When to soothe her un - end - ing a -
can't stand praise When to cap - ture my true love she'll
meet The dash - ing, the ten - der, the sweet But
larm She'll rush to his shel - ter - ing arm The
try By prais - ing him up to the sky In


as to each maid - ie he shakes a day - day - die This
way he'll re - ceive her will star - tle and grieve her He'll
spite of her coo - ing there'll be no - thing do - ing For
an - swer he will re - peat.
tell her in ac - cents calm.
to her he will re - ply.
poco rit.
REFRAIN.
Jane! Jane! Jane! She is the
girl who is wait - ing for me! Jane! Jane!
f
p
f

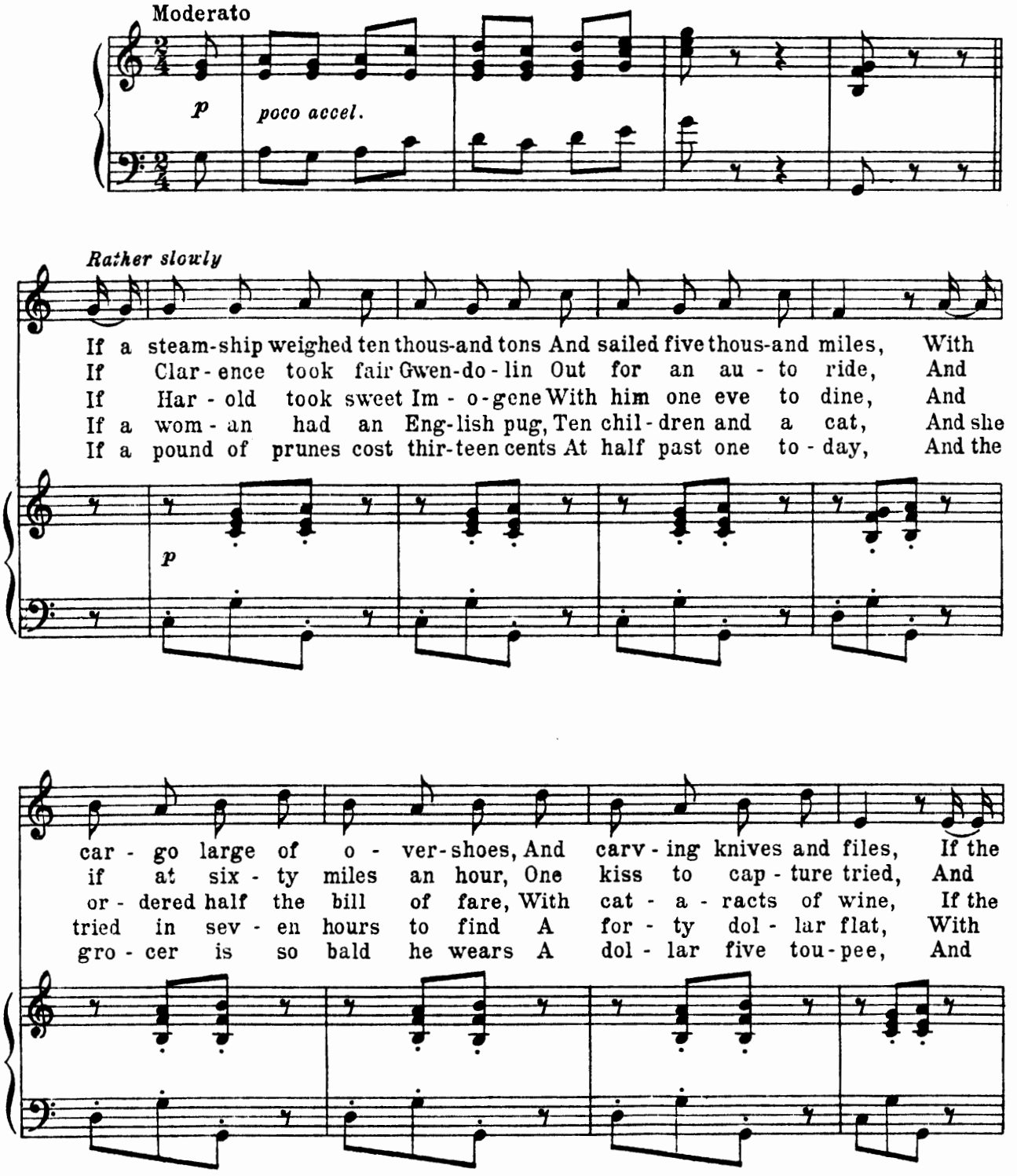

Jane! True to my sweet-heart I'm go - ing to
be. Vain! Vain! Vain!
f
All of your ef - forts to lead us a - part, Jane! Jane!
D. C. al Fine.
Jane! 'Tis her name reigns su - preme in my heart!
sfz
pesante.
D. C. al Fine.

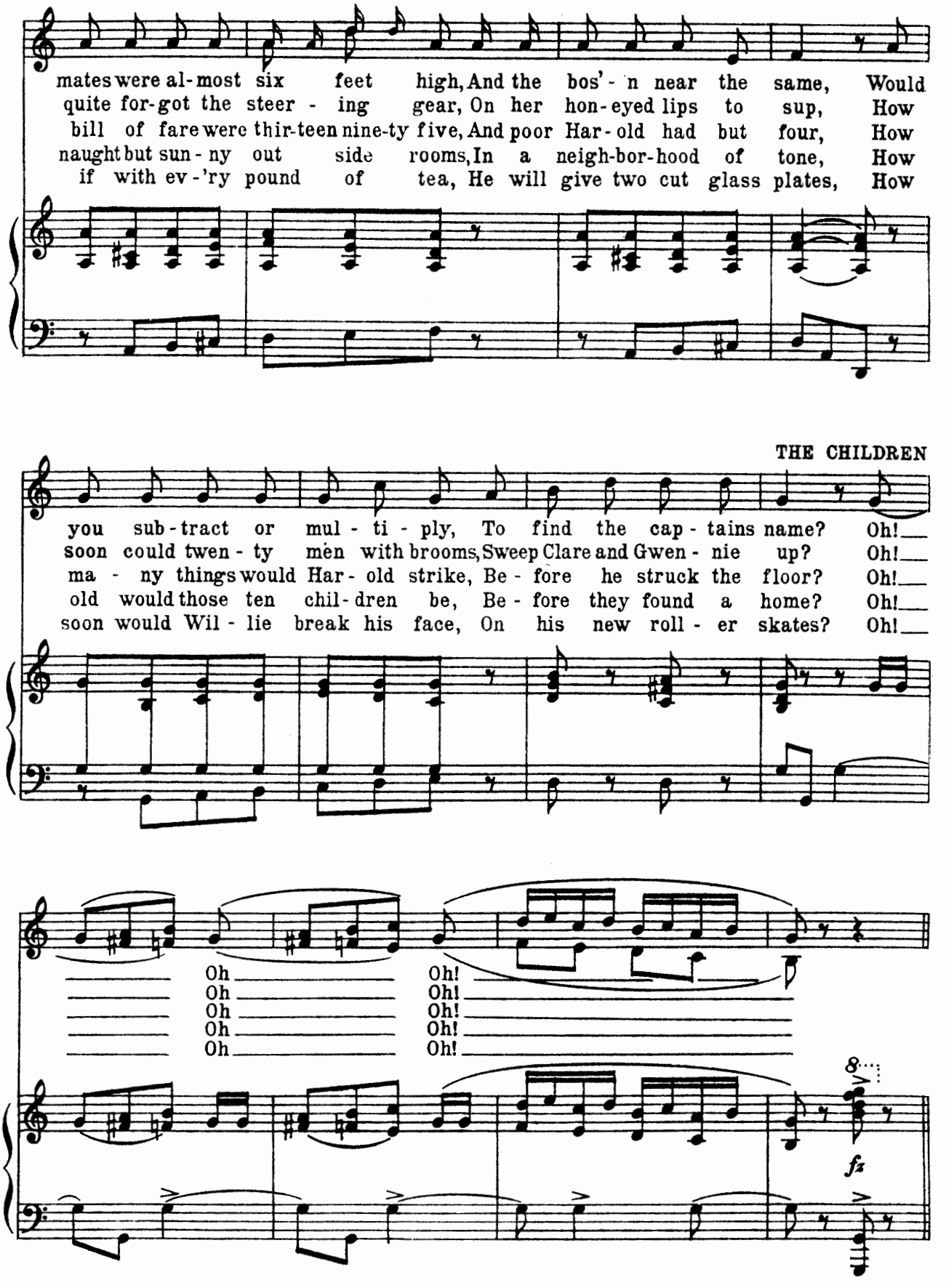
No. 7 I Can't Do The Sum

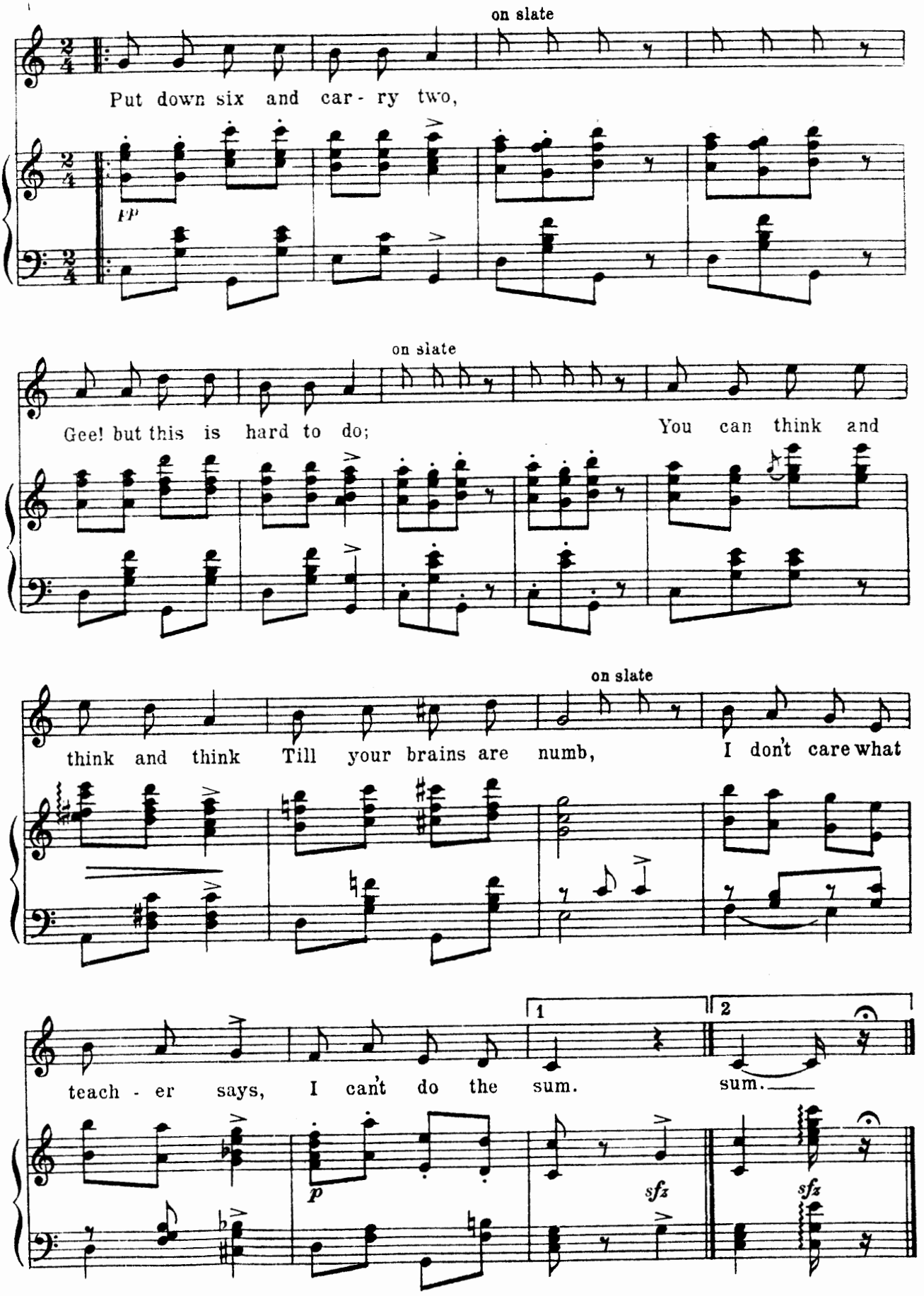
Jane and Piper Children

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

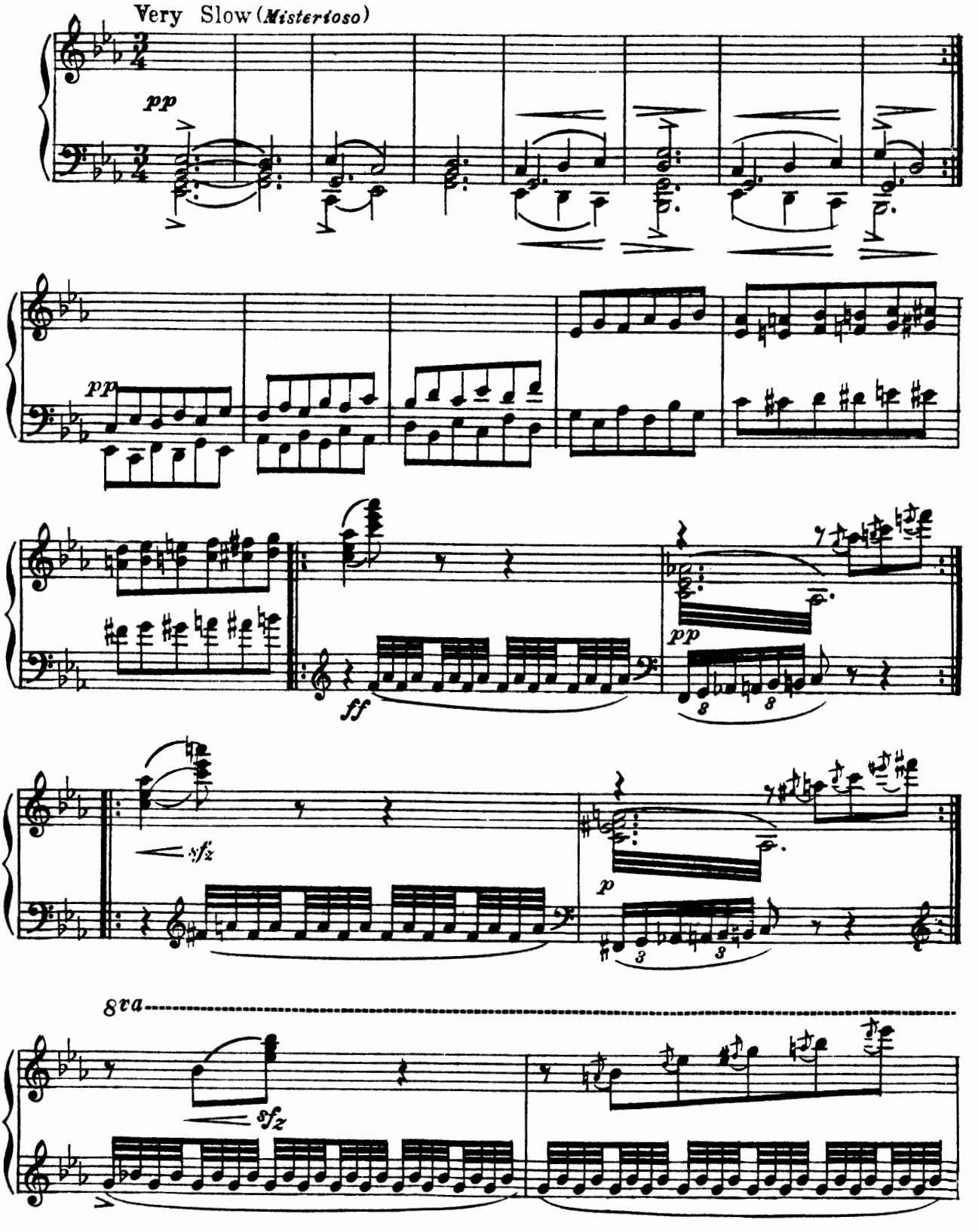


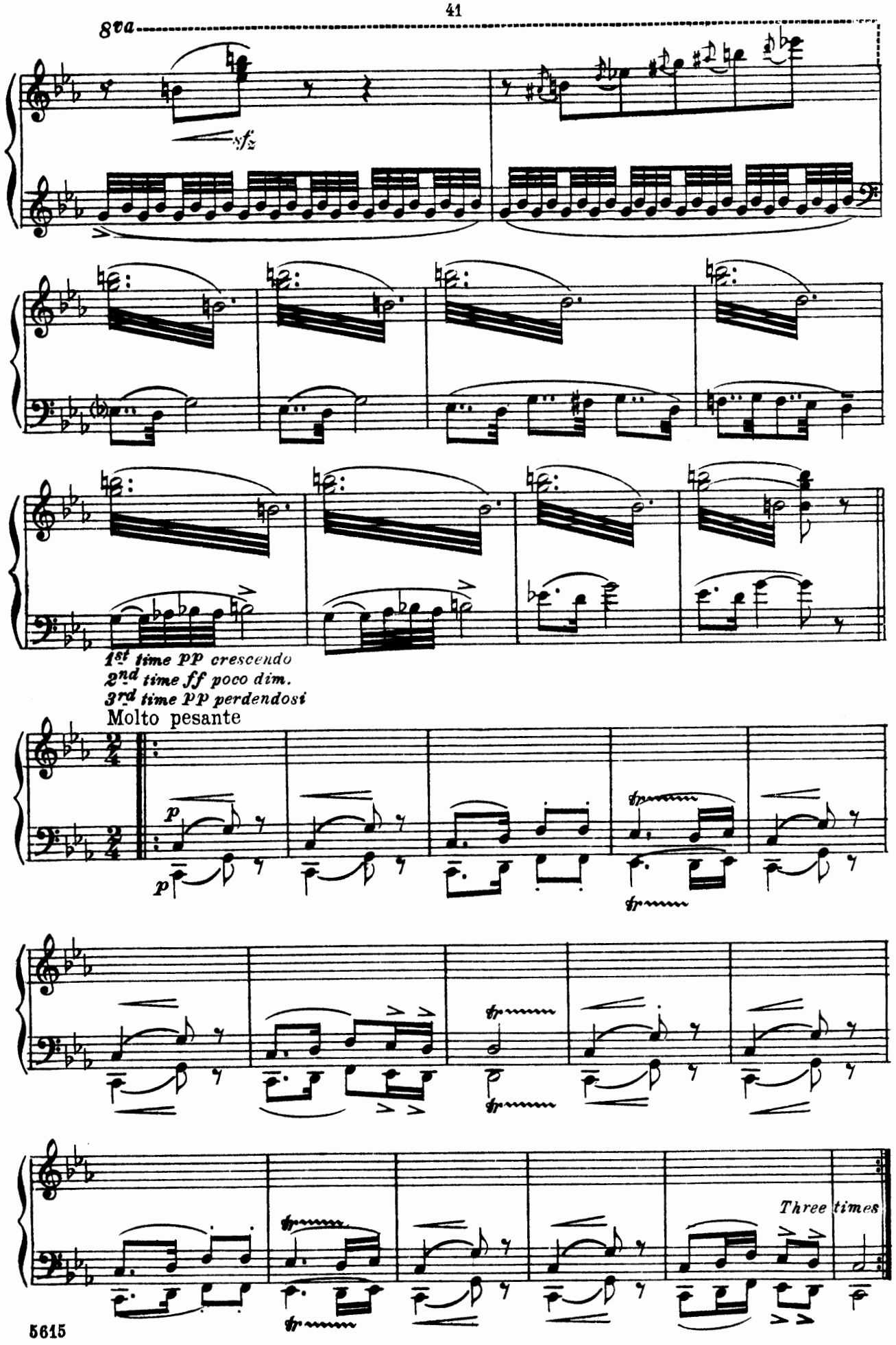

mates were al-most six feet high, And the bos'-n near the same, Would
quite for-got the steer - ing gear, On her hon-eyed lips to sup, How
bill of fare were thir-teen nine-ty five, And poor Har-old had but four, How
naught but sun-ny out side rooms, In a neigh-bor-hood of tone, How
if with ev-'ry pound of tea, He will give two cut glass plates, How
THE CHILDREN
you sub-tract or mul - ti - ply, To find the cap - tains name? Oh!
soon could twen - ty men with brooms, Sweep Clare and Gwen - nie up? Oh!
ma - ny things would Har - old strike, Be - fore he struck the floor? Oh!
old would those ten chil-dren be, Be - fore they found a home? Oh!
soon would Wil - lie break his face, On his new roll - er skates? Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
Oh Oh!
8
fz


on slate
Put down six and car - ry two,
pp
on slate
Gee! but this is hard to do;
You can think and
on slate
think and think Till your brains are numb,
I don't care what
1
2
teach - er says, I can't do the sum.
sum.
p
sfz
sfz

Melodramatic Music

No 8a



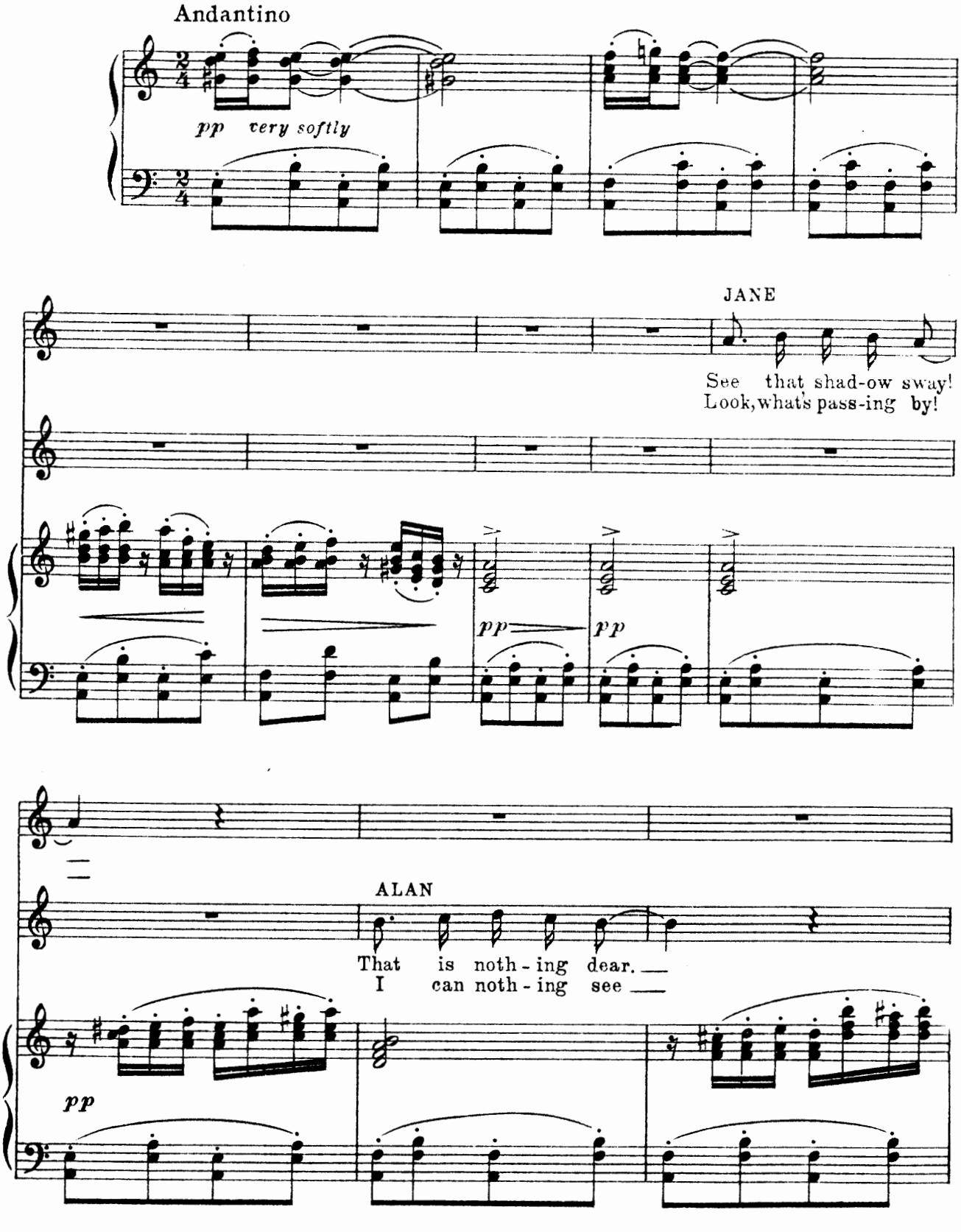

8va
sfz
1st time pp crescendo
2nd time ff poco dim.
3rd time pp perdendosi
Molto pesante
p
fp
Three times

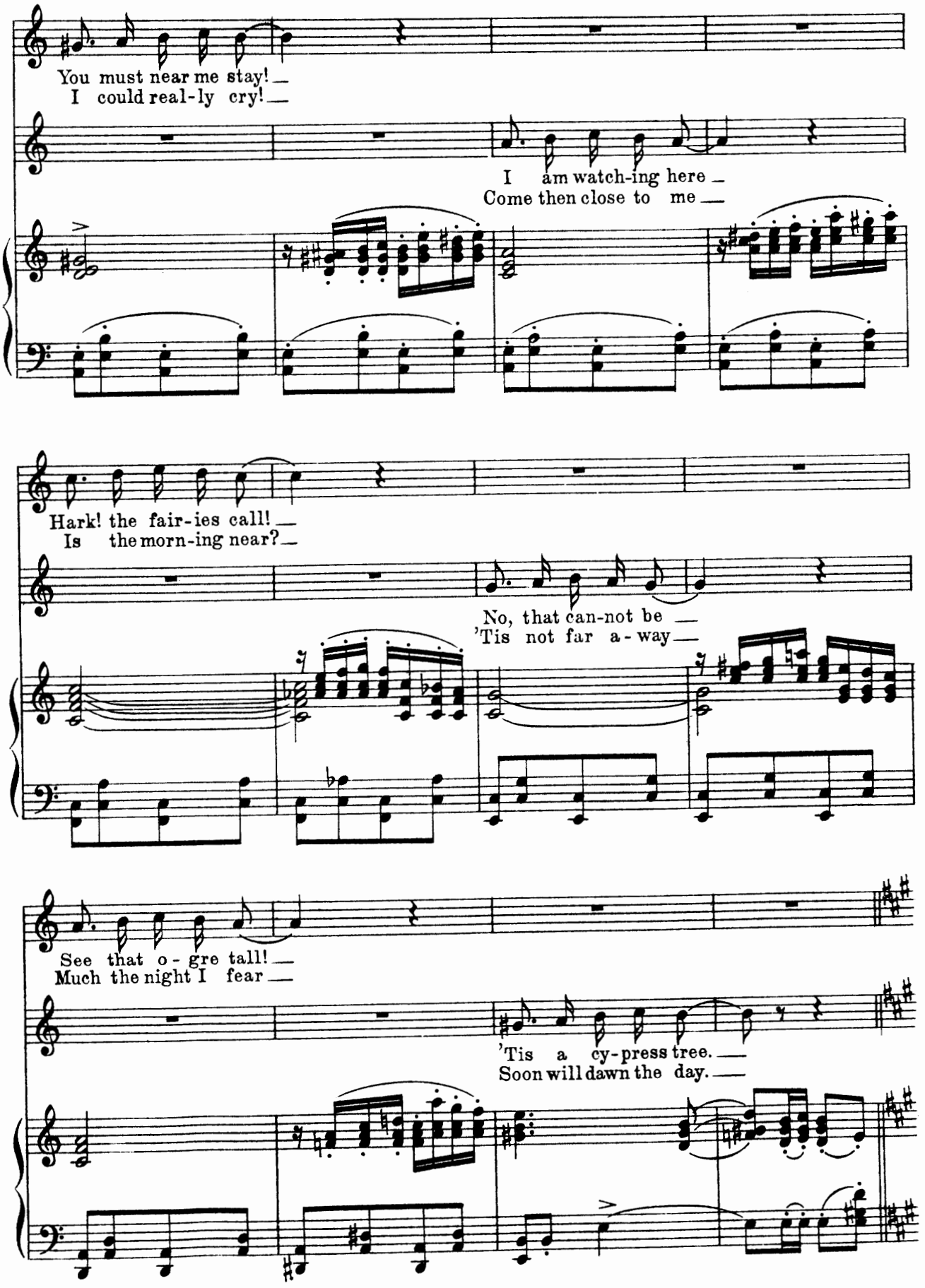
Go to Sleep, Slumber deep

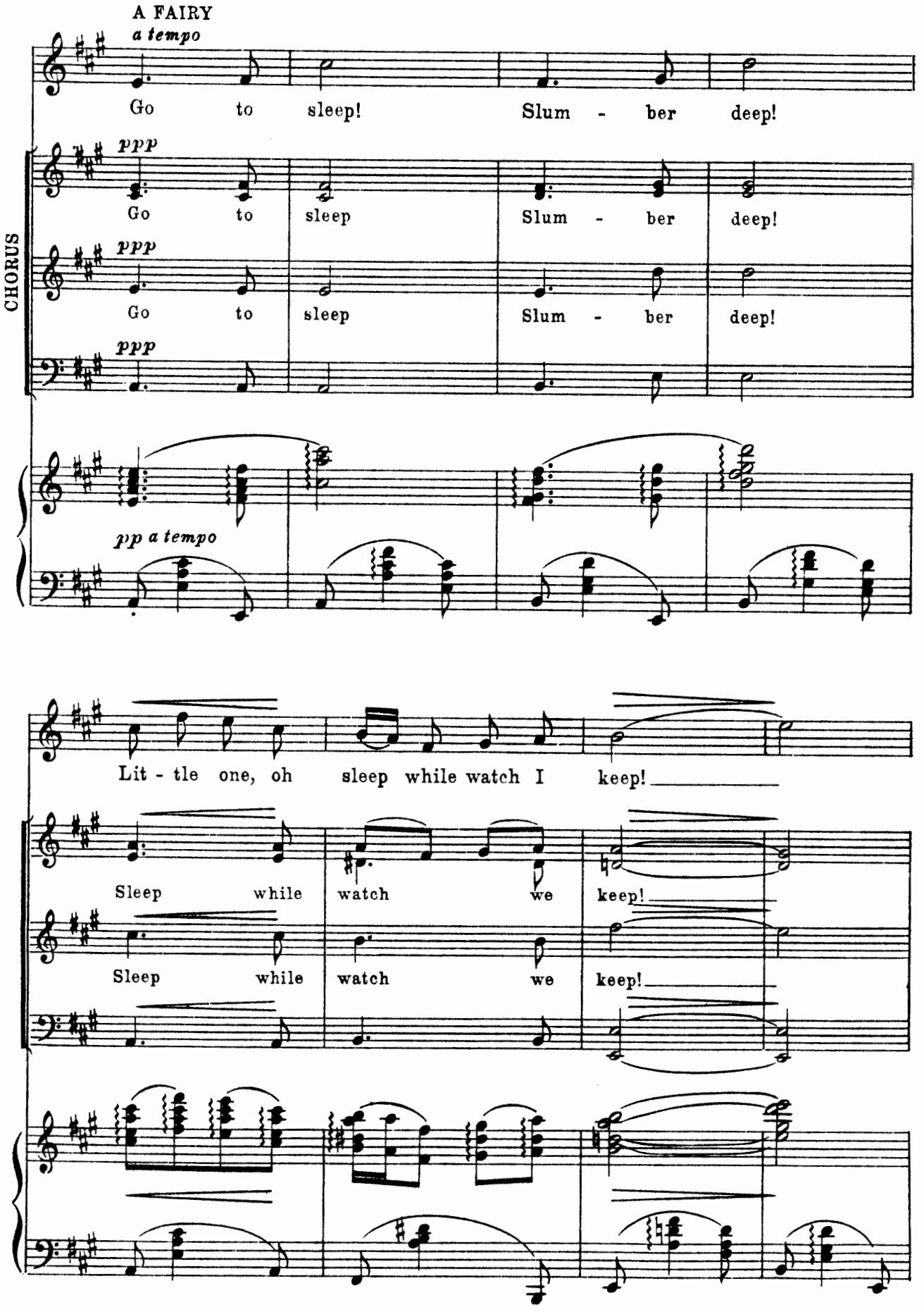
No 8B

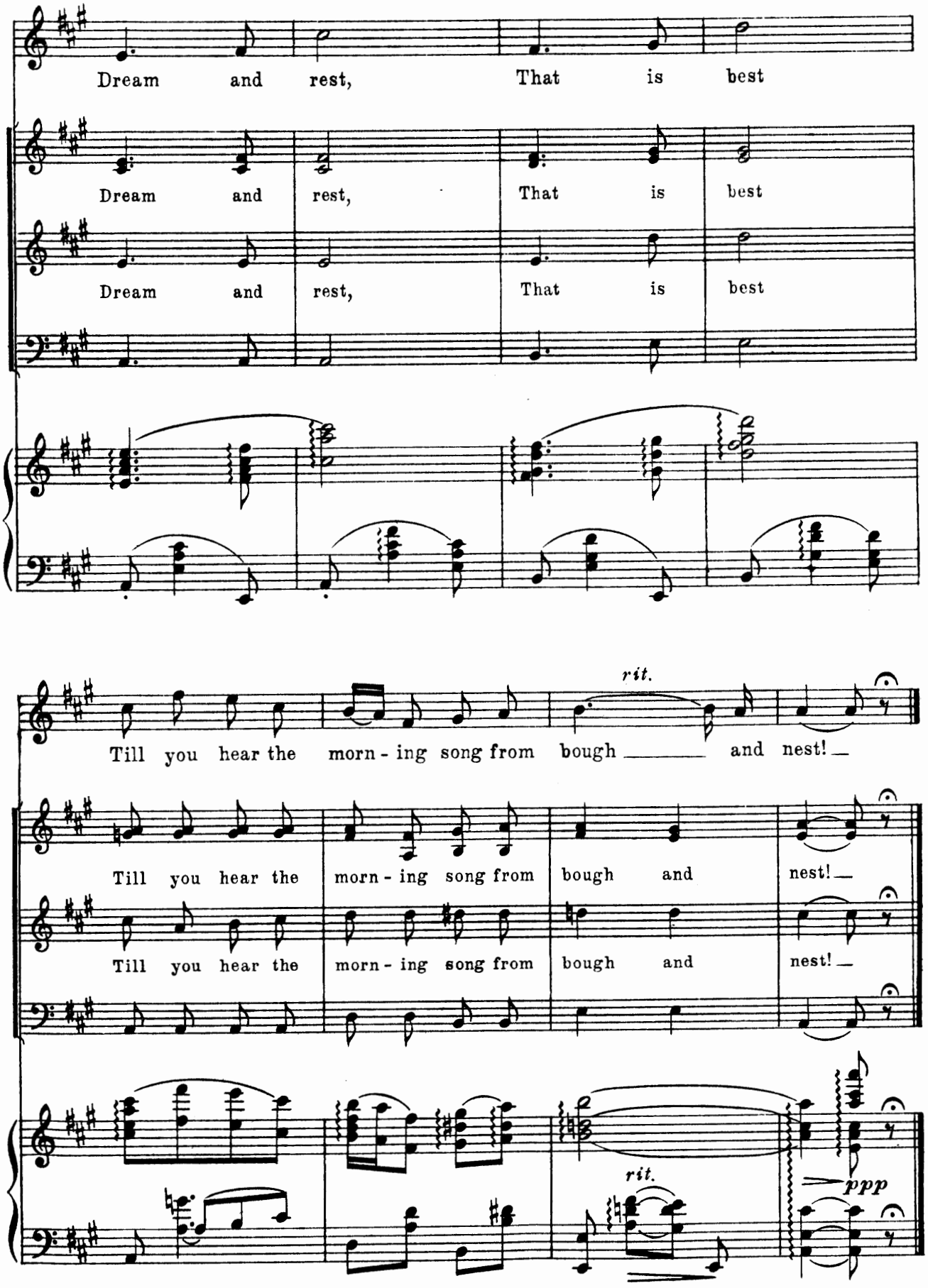
LULLABY

Jane, Alan A Fairy and Chorus

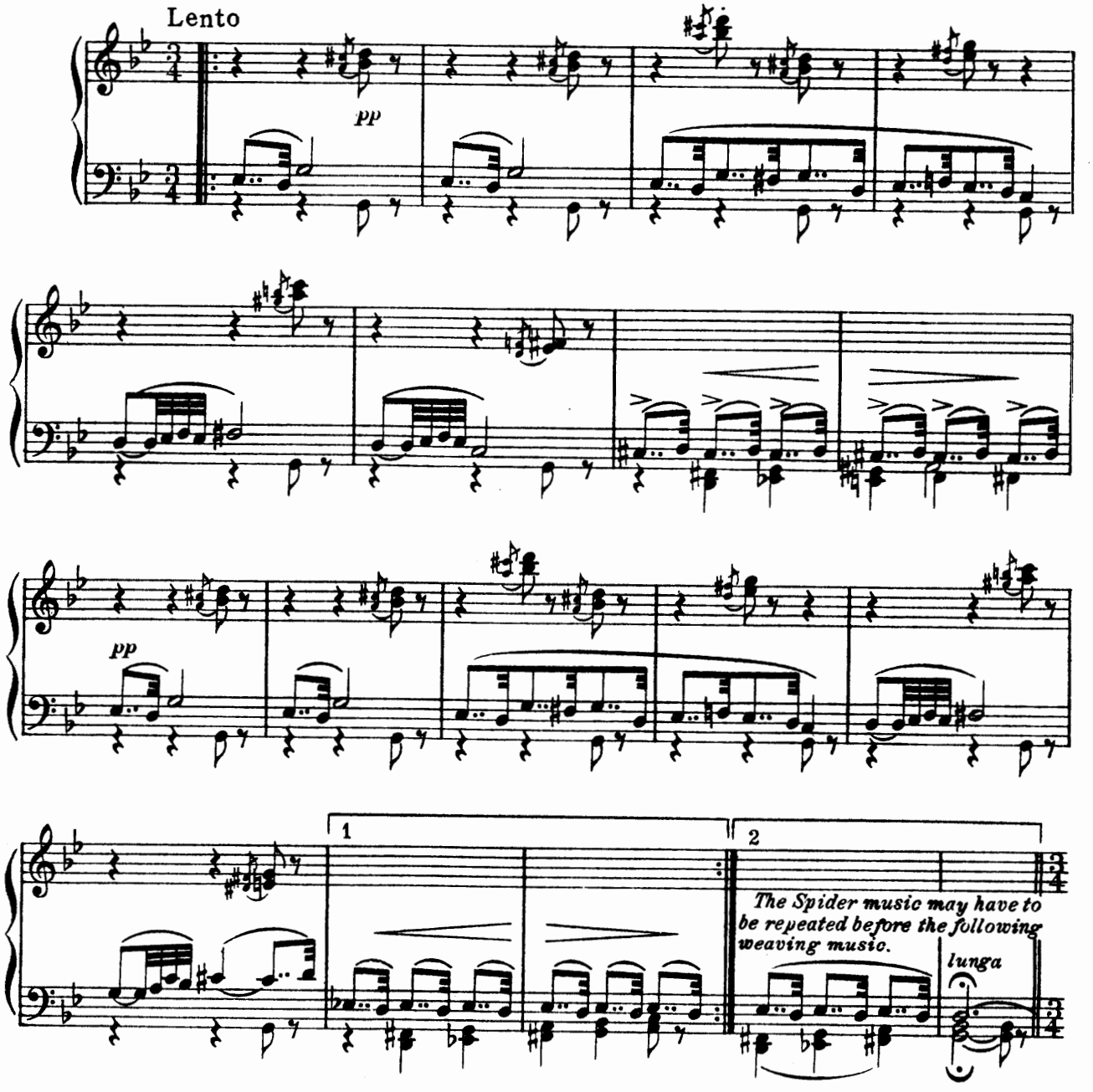



You must near me stay! —
I could real-ly cry! —
I am watch-ing here —
Come then close to me —
Hark! the fair-ies call! —
Is the morn-ing near? —
No, that can-not be —
'Tis not far a-way —
See that o-gre tall! —
Much the night I fear —
'Tis a cy-press tree. —
Soon will dawn the day. —

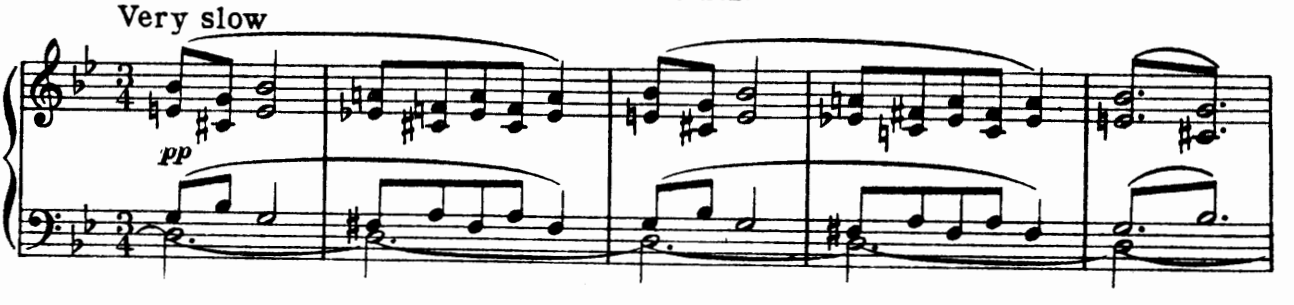

A FAIRY
a tempo
Go to sleep! Slum - ber deep!
CHORUS
ppp
Go to sleep Slum - ber deep!
ppp
Go to sleep Slum - ber deep!
ppp
pp a tempo
Lit - tle one, oh sleep while watch I keep!
Sleep while watch we keep!
Sleep while watch we keep!

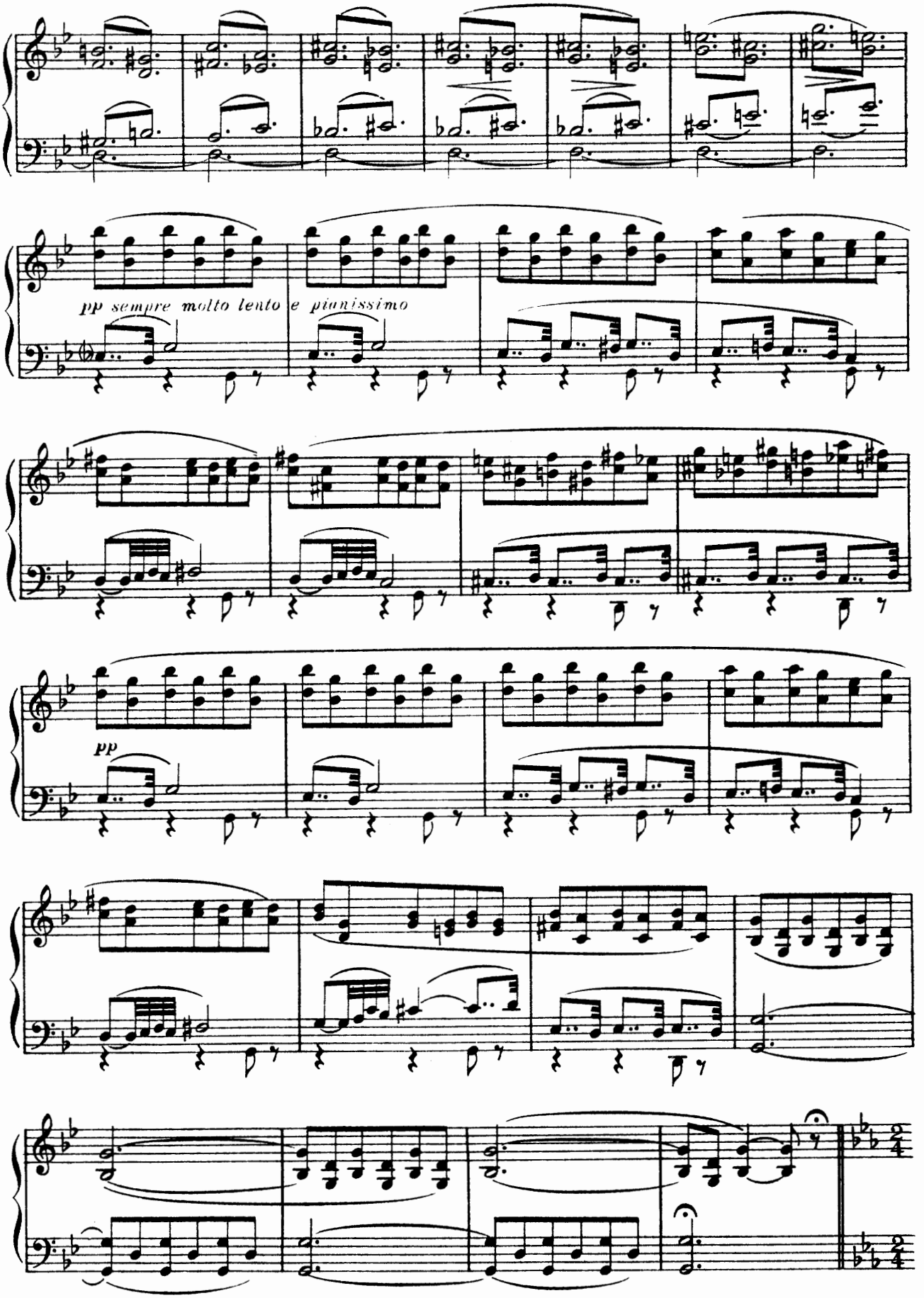

Dream and rest, That is best
Dream and rest, That is best
Dream and rest, That is best
rit.
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
Till you hear the morn - ing song from bough and nest!
rit.
ppp

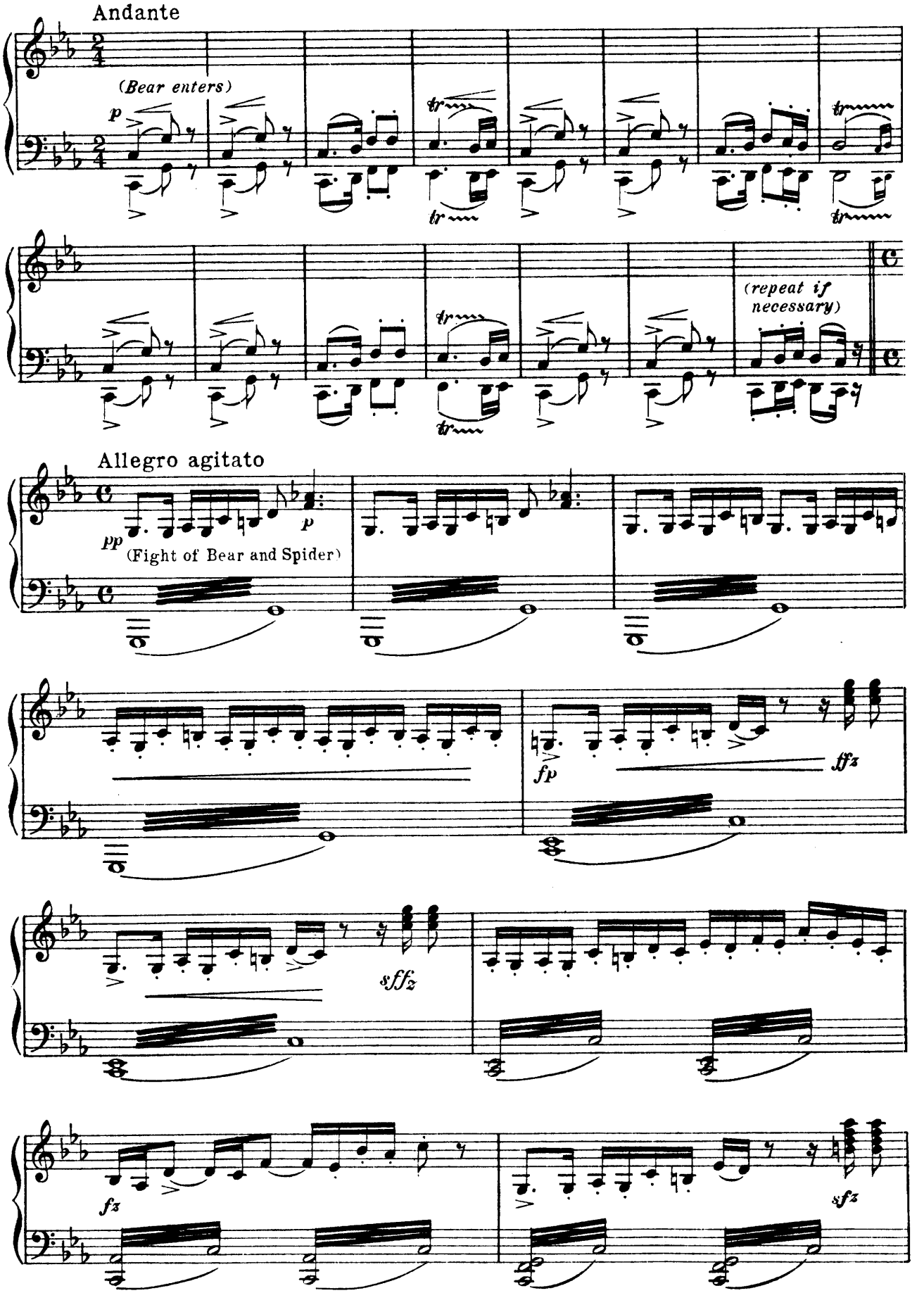
No 89

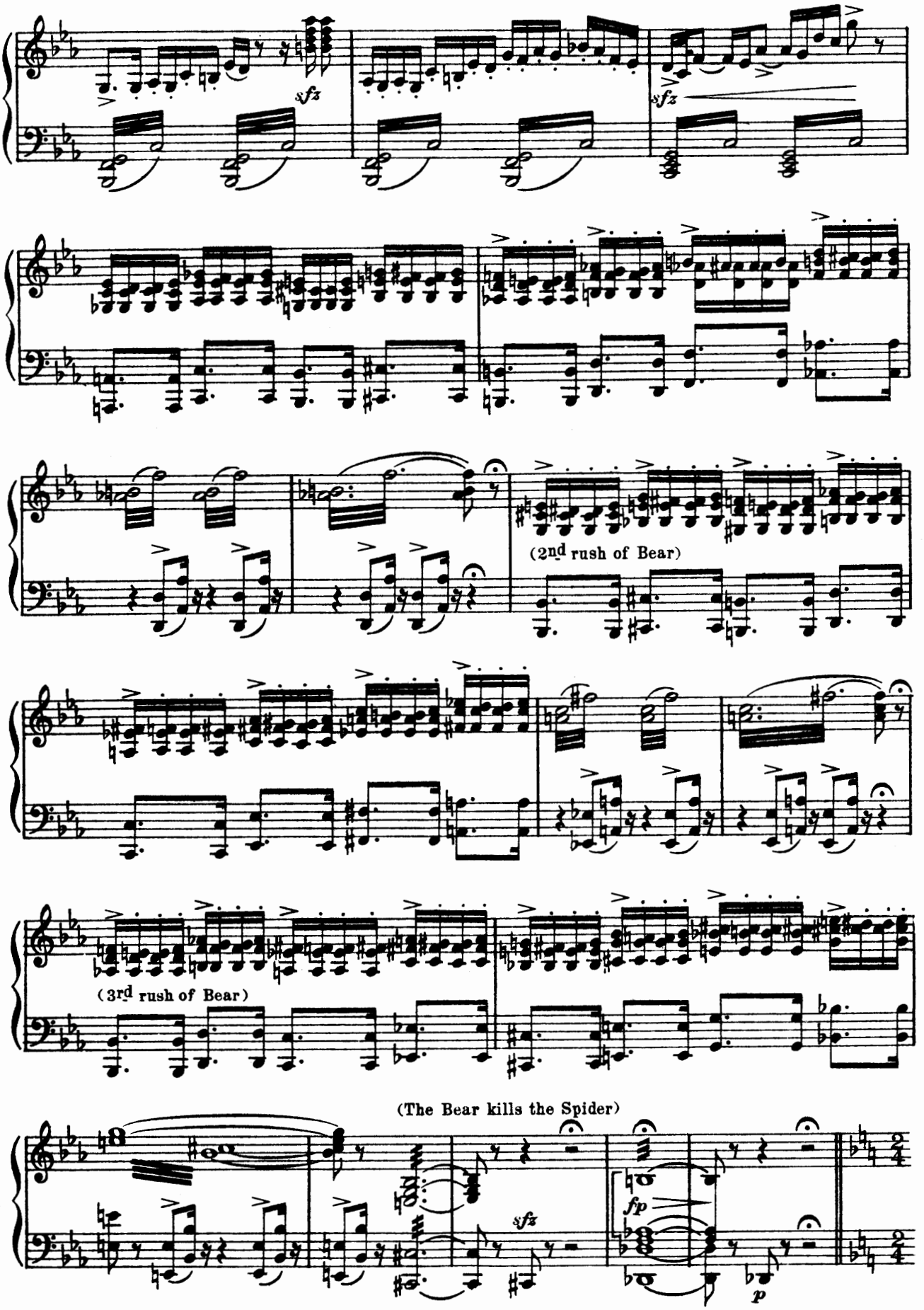


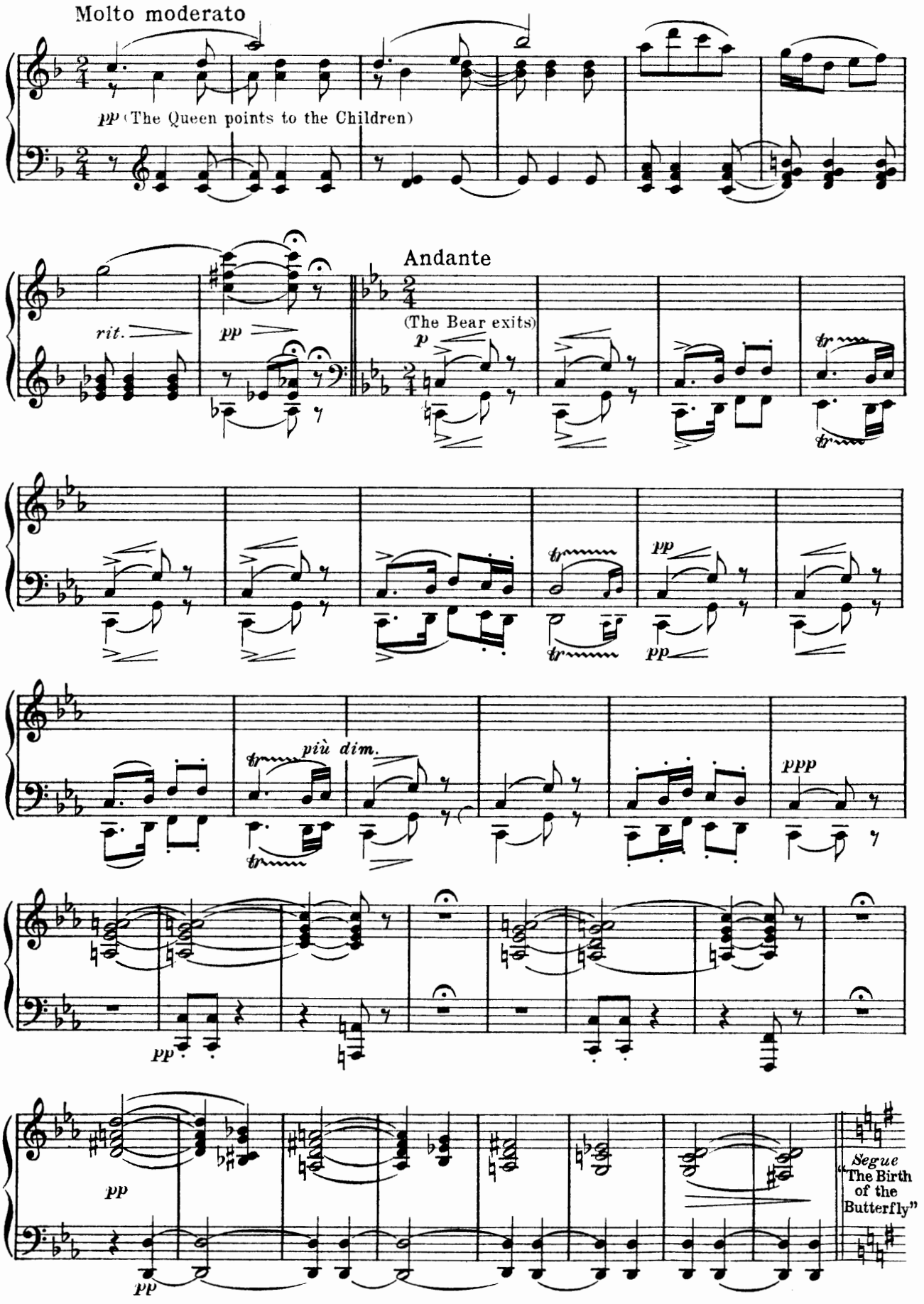
The Spider begins to weave a net around the children.




pp sempre molto lento e pianissimo
pp

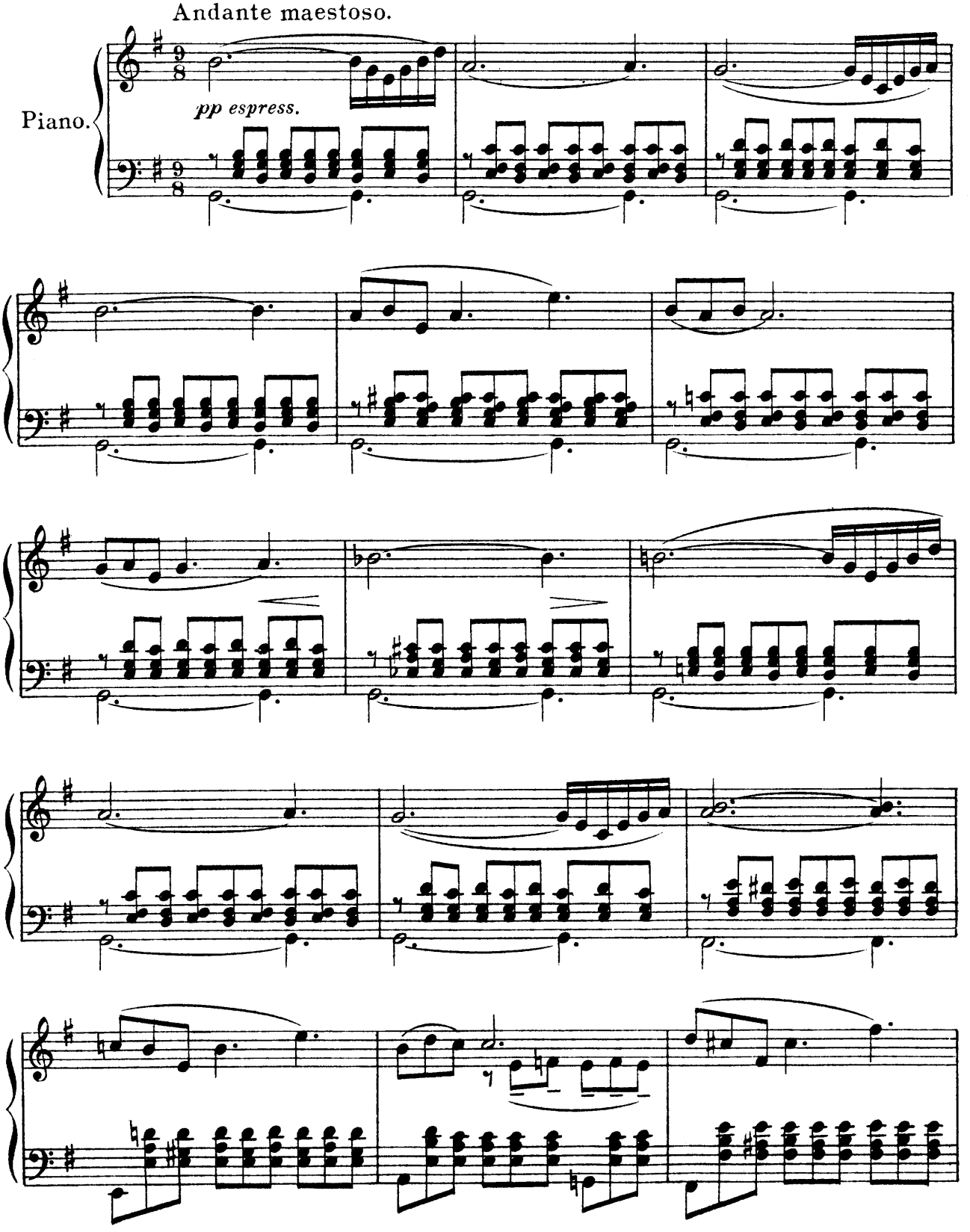

Andante
(Bear enters)
p
tr
(repeat if necessary)
Allegro agitato
pp
p
(Fight of Bear and Spider)
fp
ffz
sffz
fz
sfz

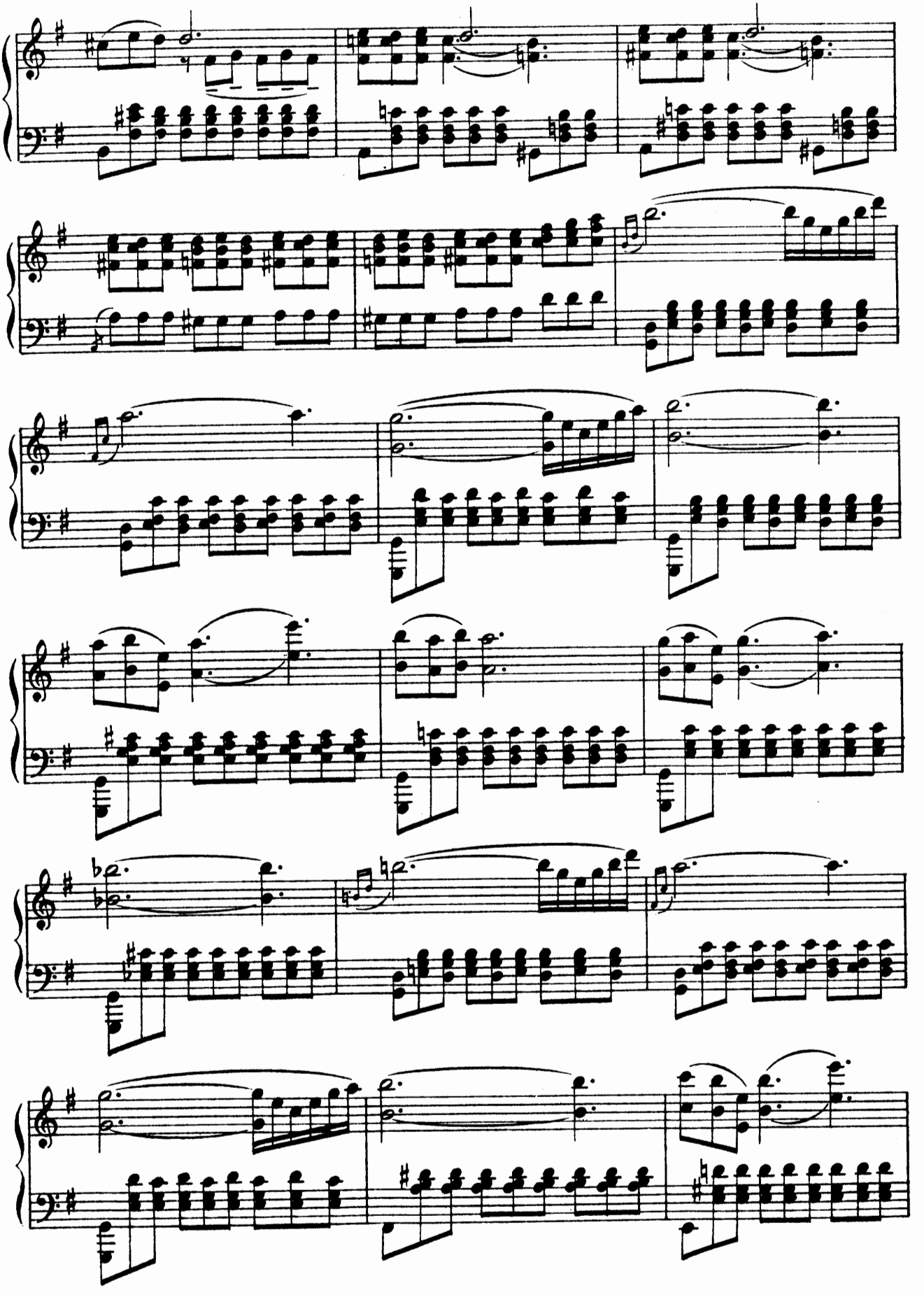

sfz
sfz
(2nd rush of Bear)
(3rd rush of Bear)
(The Bear kills the Spider)
sfz
fp
p

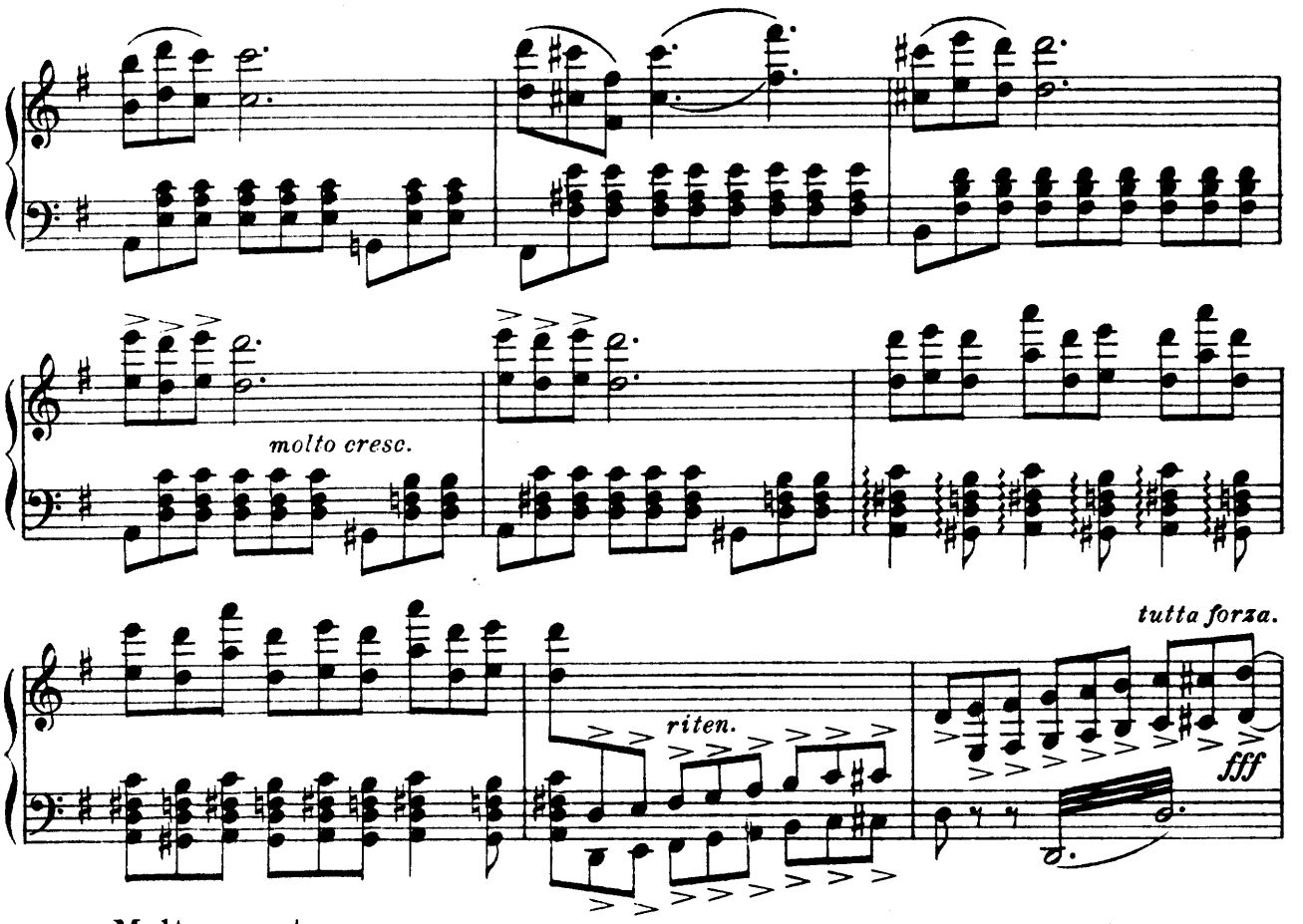

Molto moderato
pp (The Queen points to the Children)
rit.
pp
Andante
(The Bear exits)
p
tr
pp
più dim.
ppp
pp
pp
Segue
"The Birth
of the
Butterfly"

FINALE I.

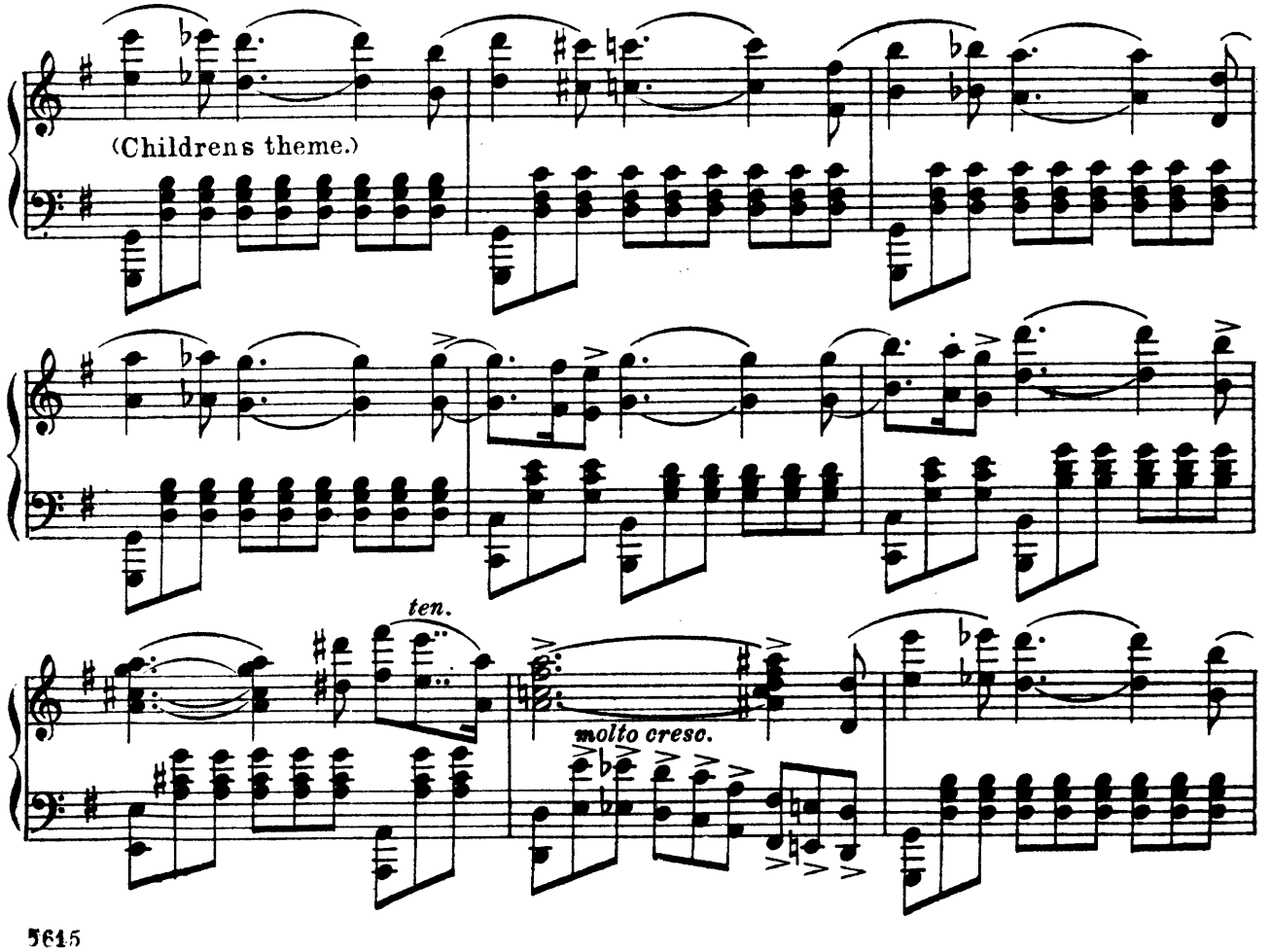
No 8D The Birth of the Butterfly.

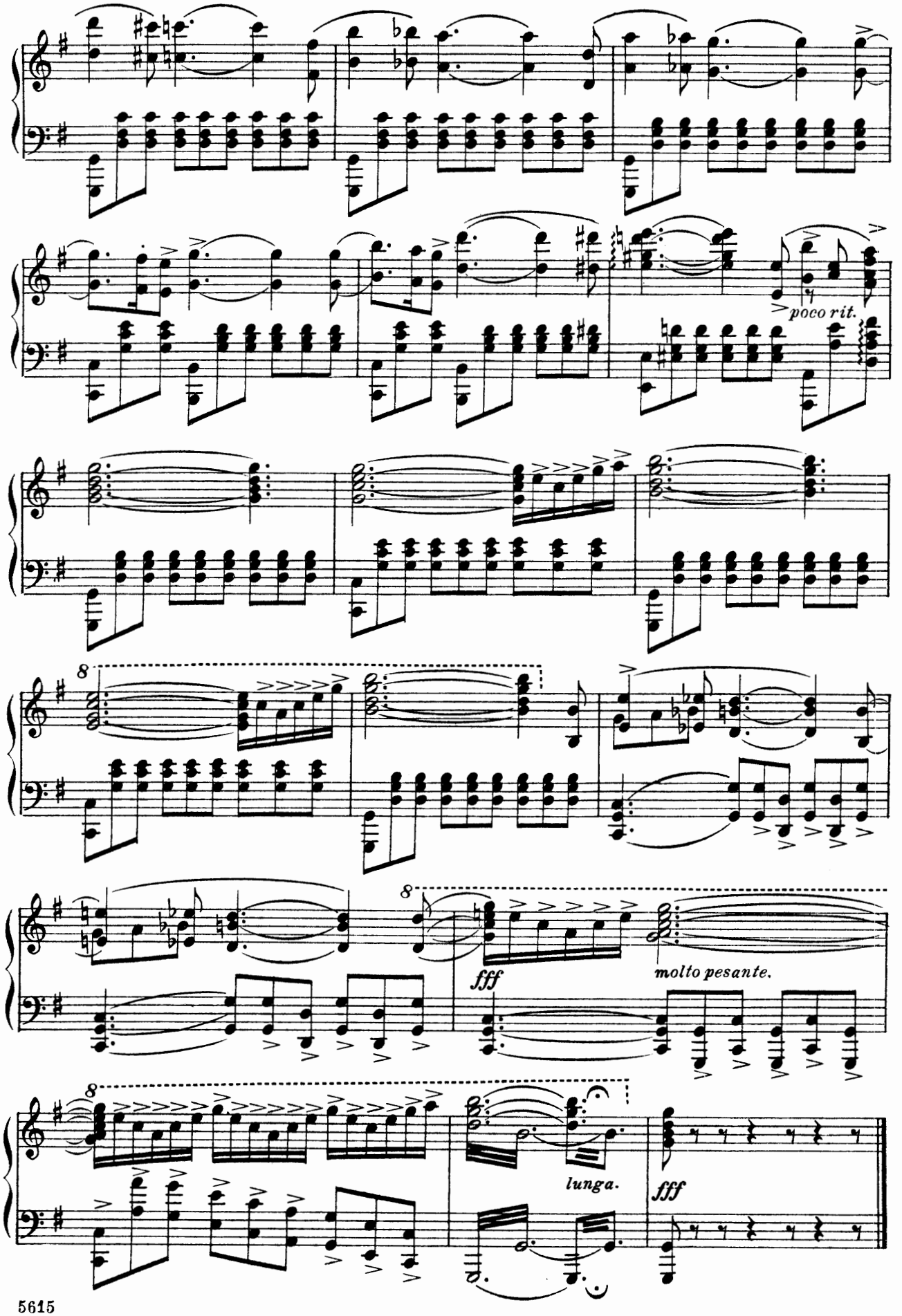






Molto maestoso.



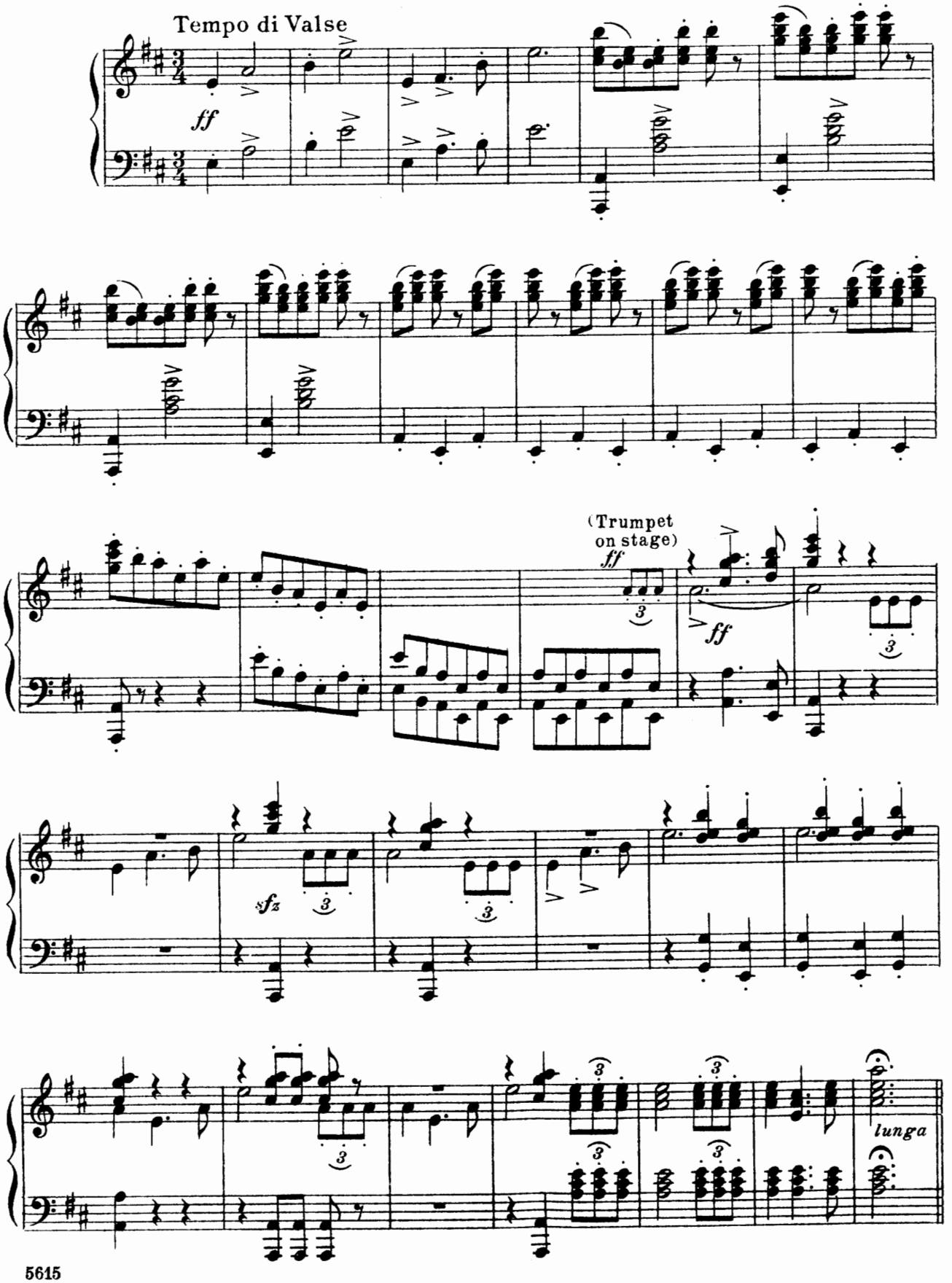

poco rit.
8
8
fff
molto pesante.
8
lunga.
fff

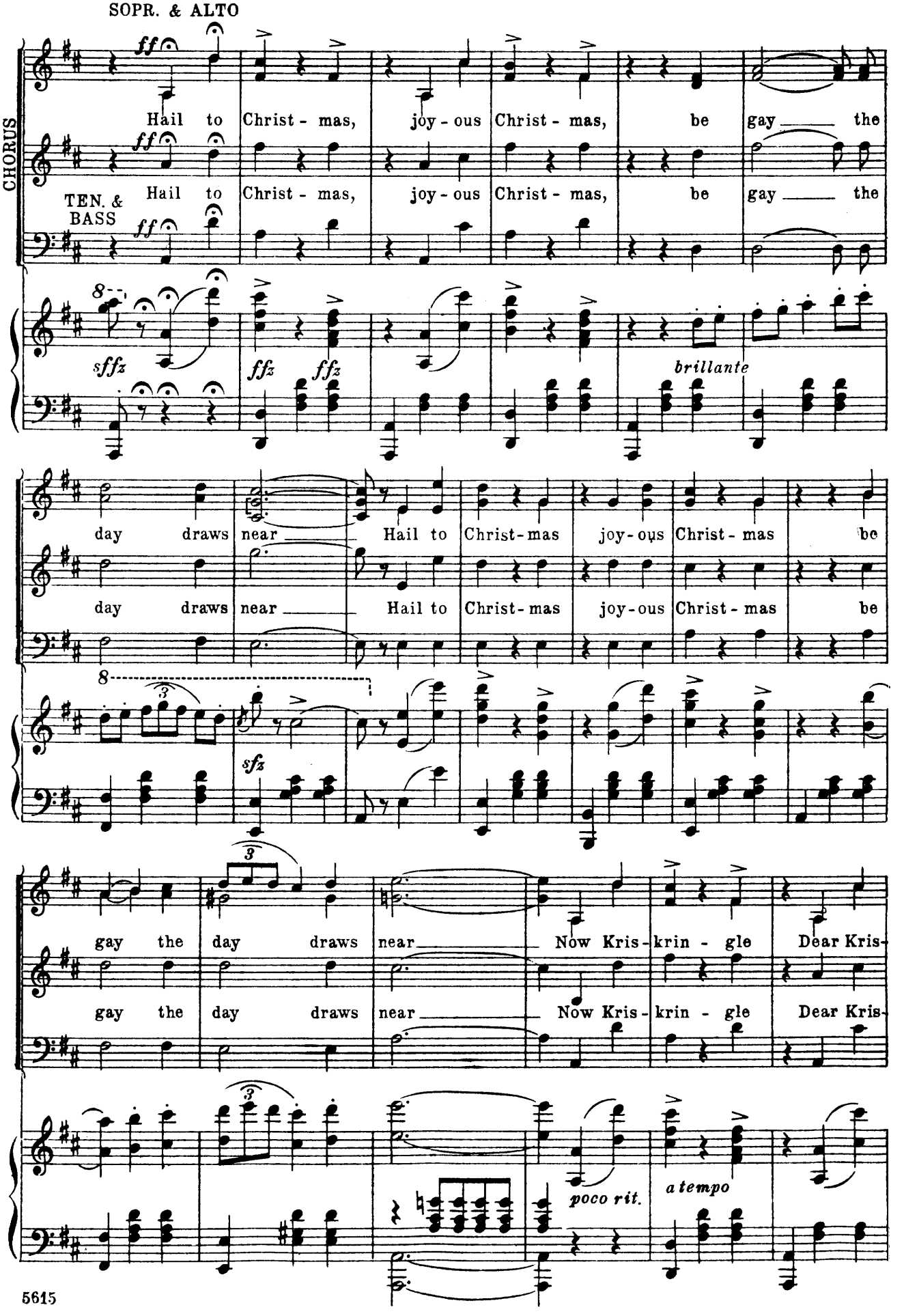
No. 9

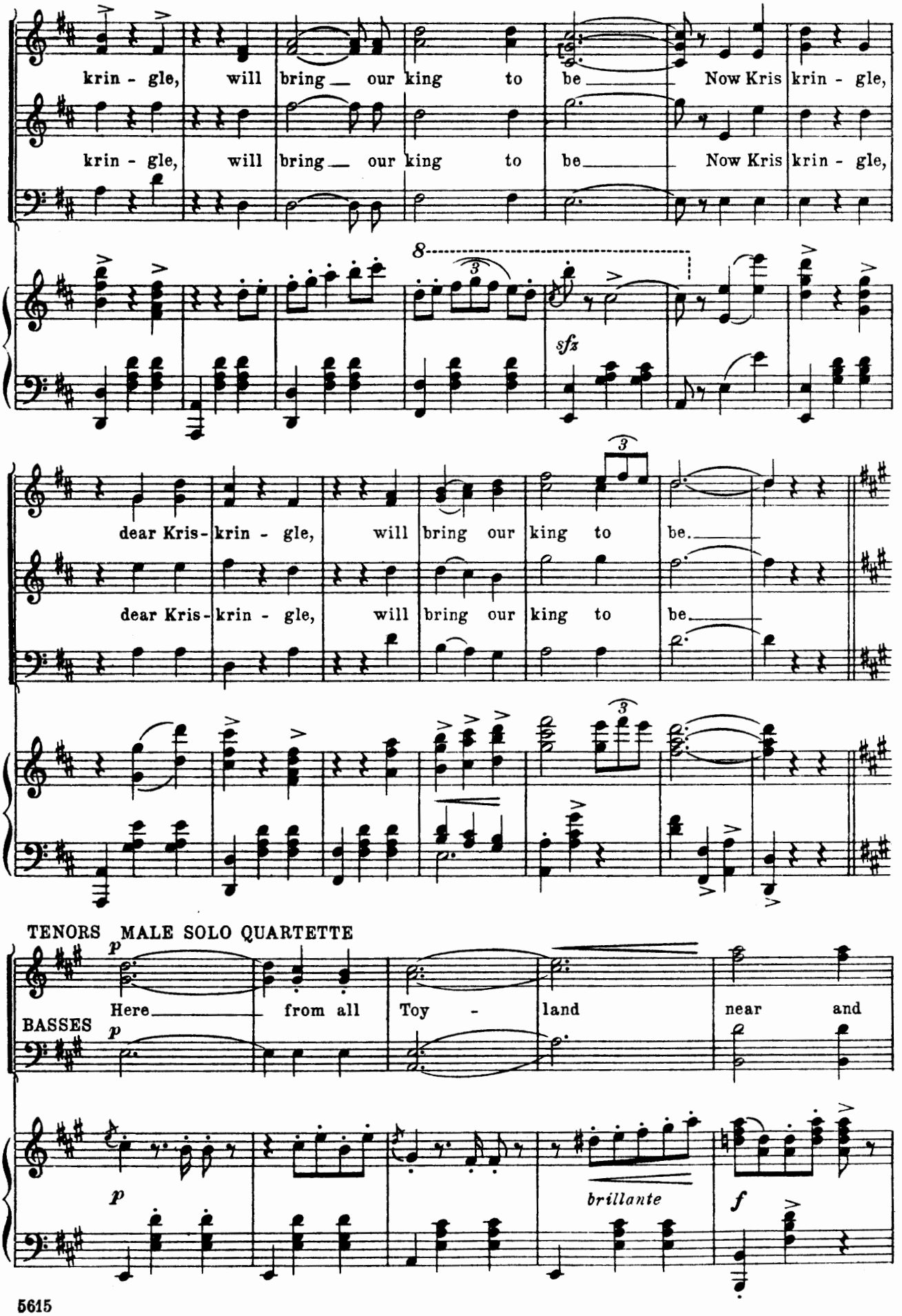
ACT II

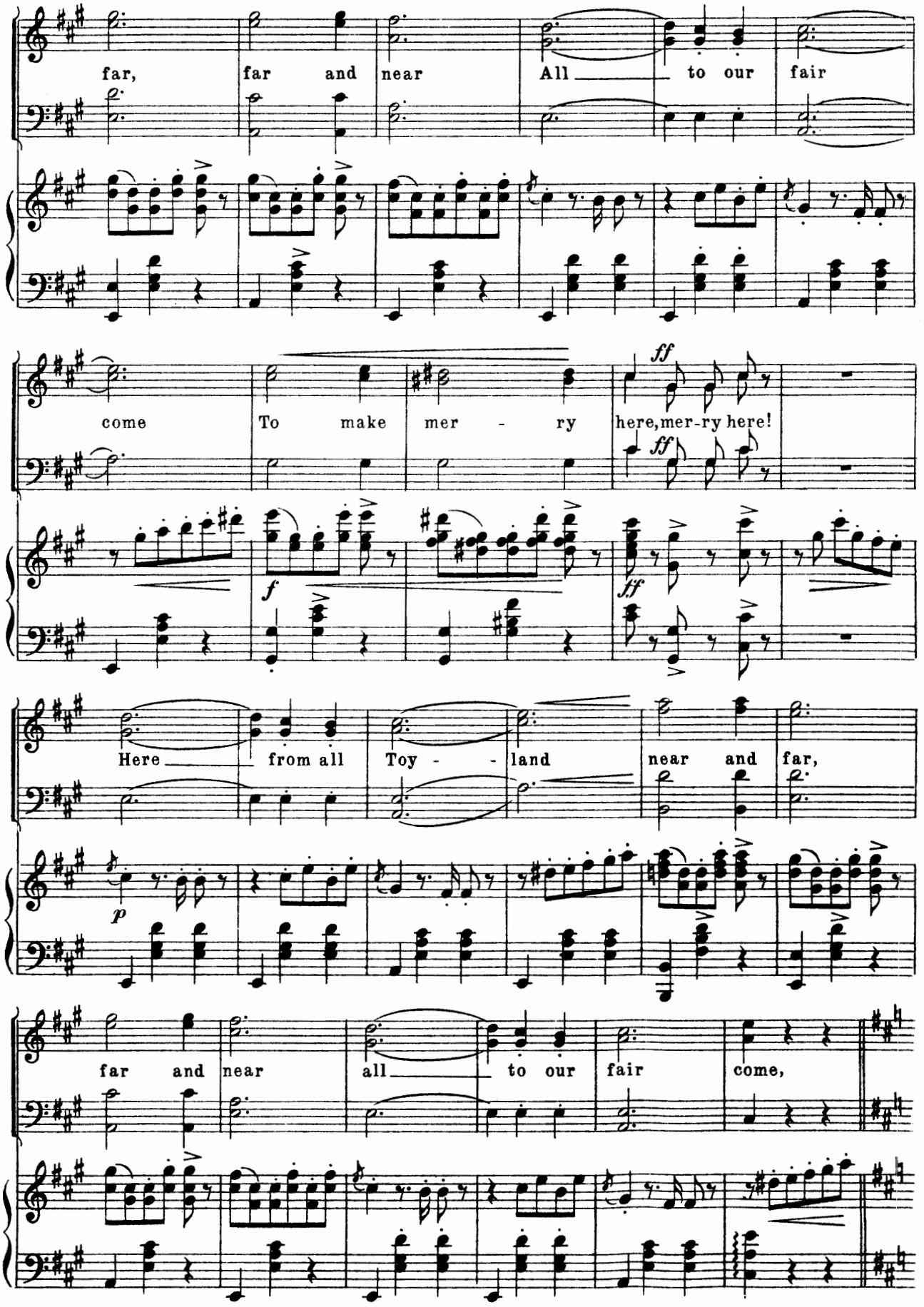
Opening Chorus

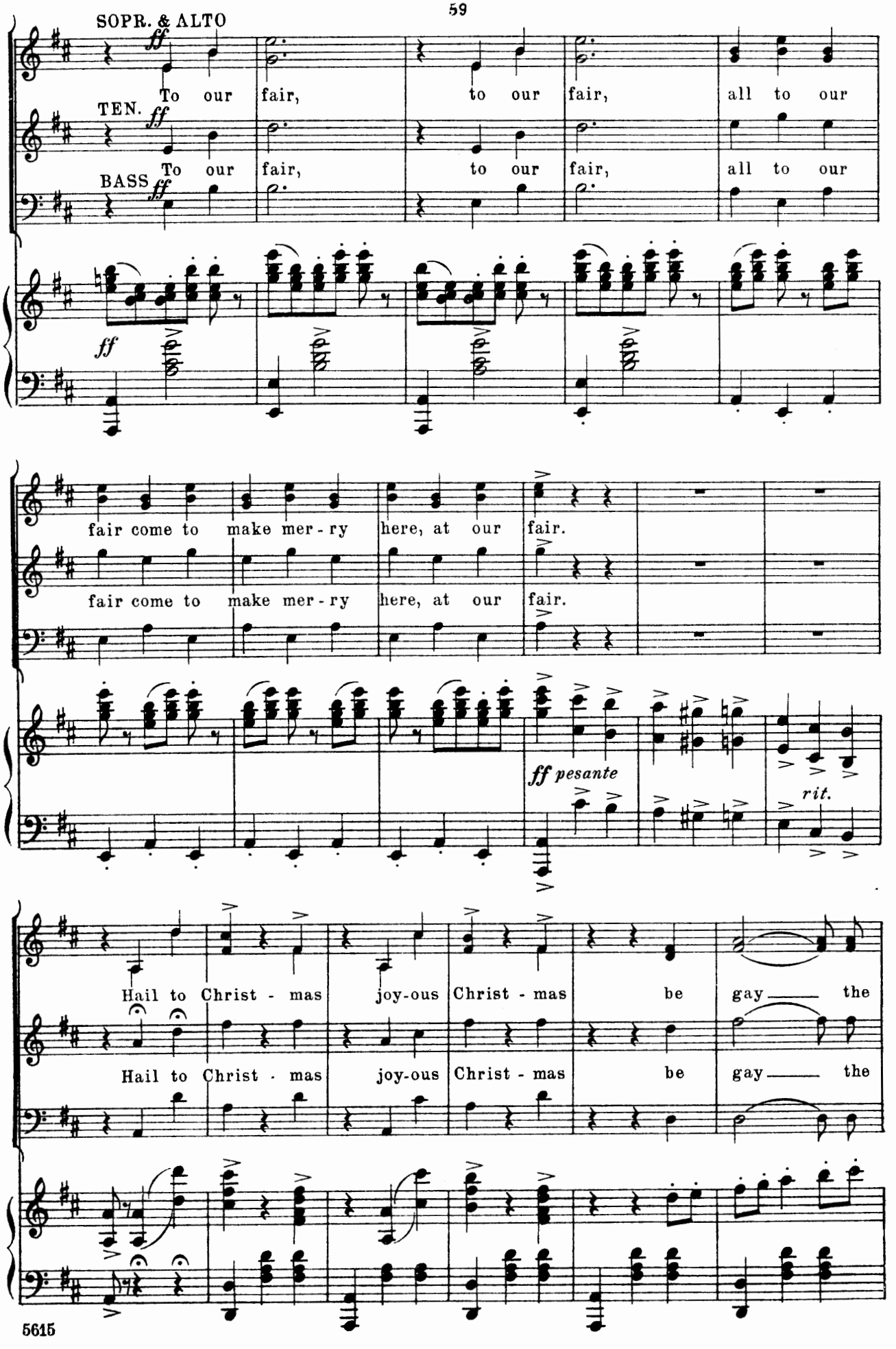
HAIL TO CHRISTMAS

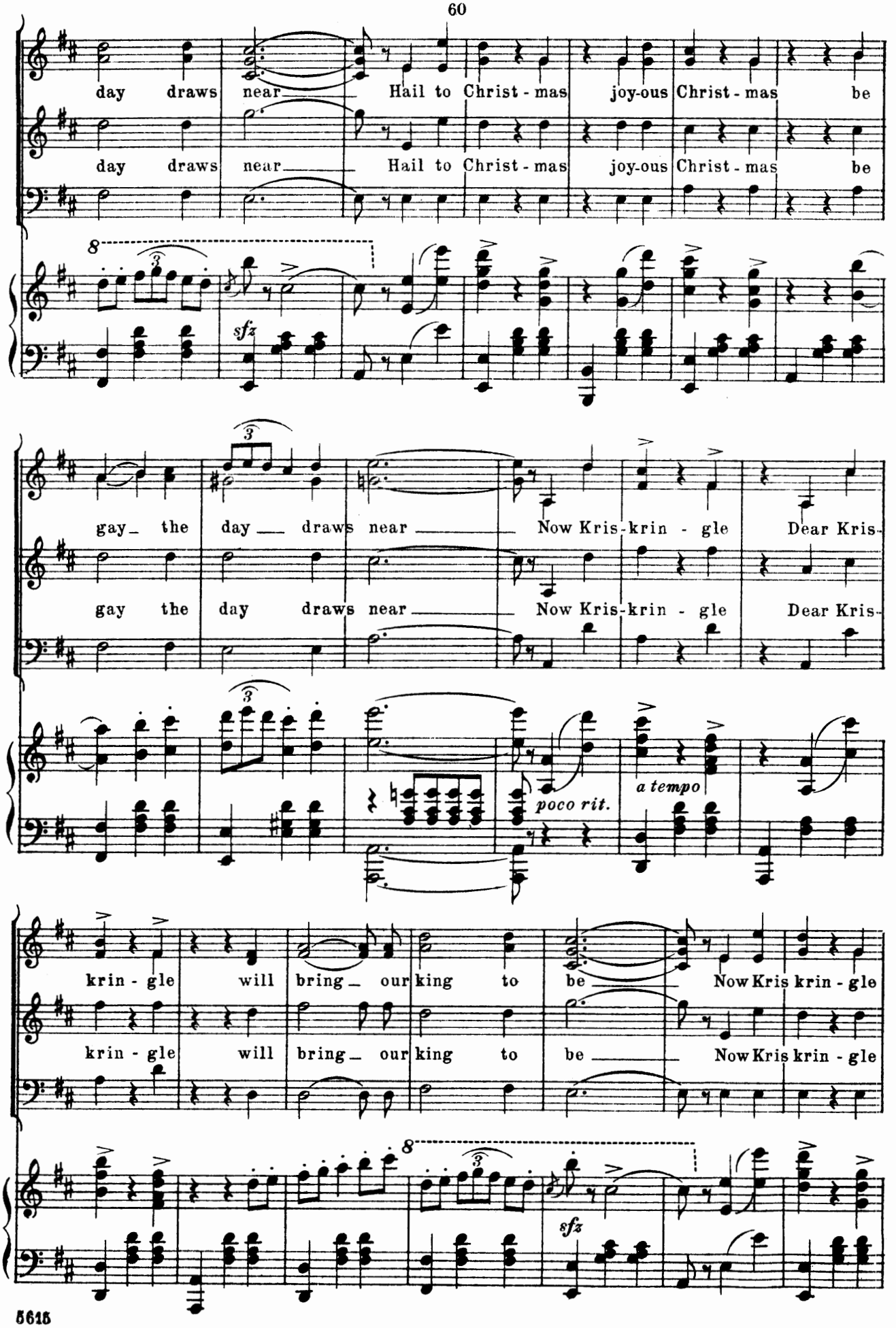


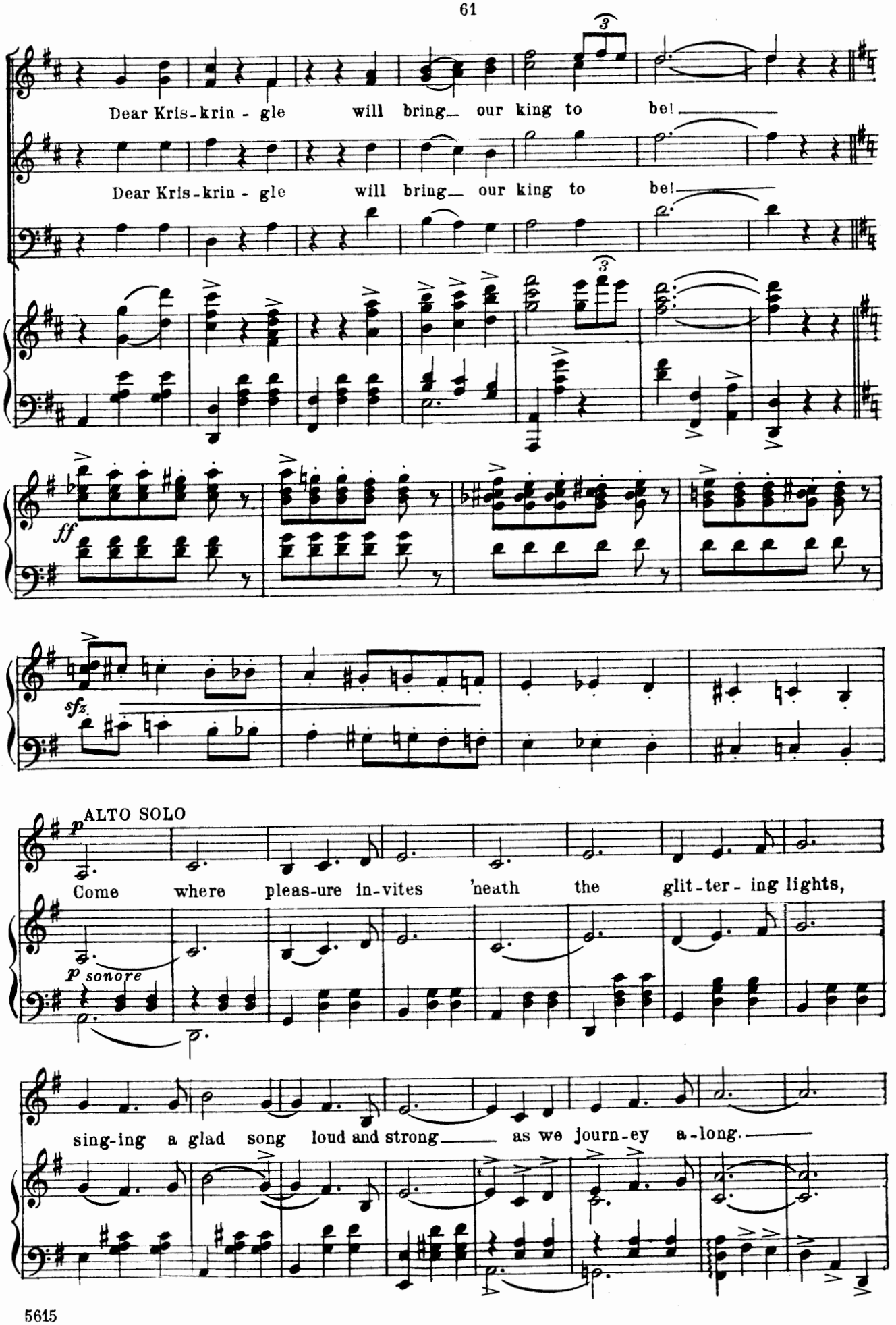

SOPR. & ALTO
CHORUS
TEN. & BASS
ff
Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous Christ - mas, be gay the
sffz
ffz
brillante
day draws near Hail to Christ-mas joy-ous Christ - mas be
sfz
gay the day draws near Now Kris-krin - gle Dear Kris-
poco rit.
a tempo

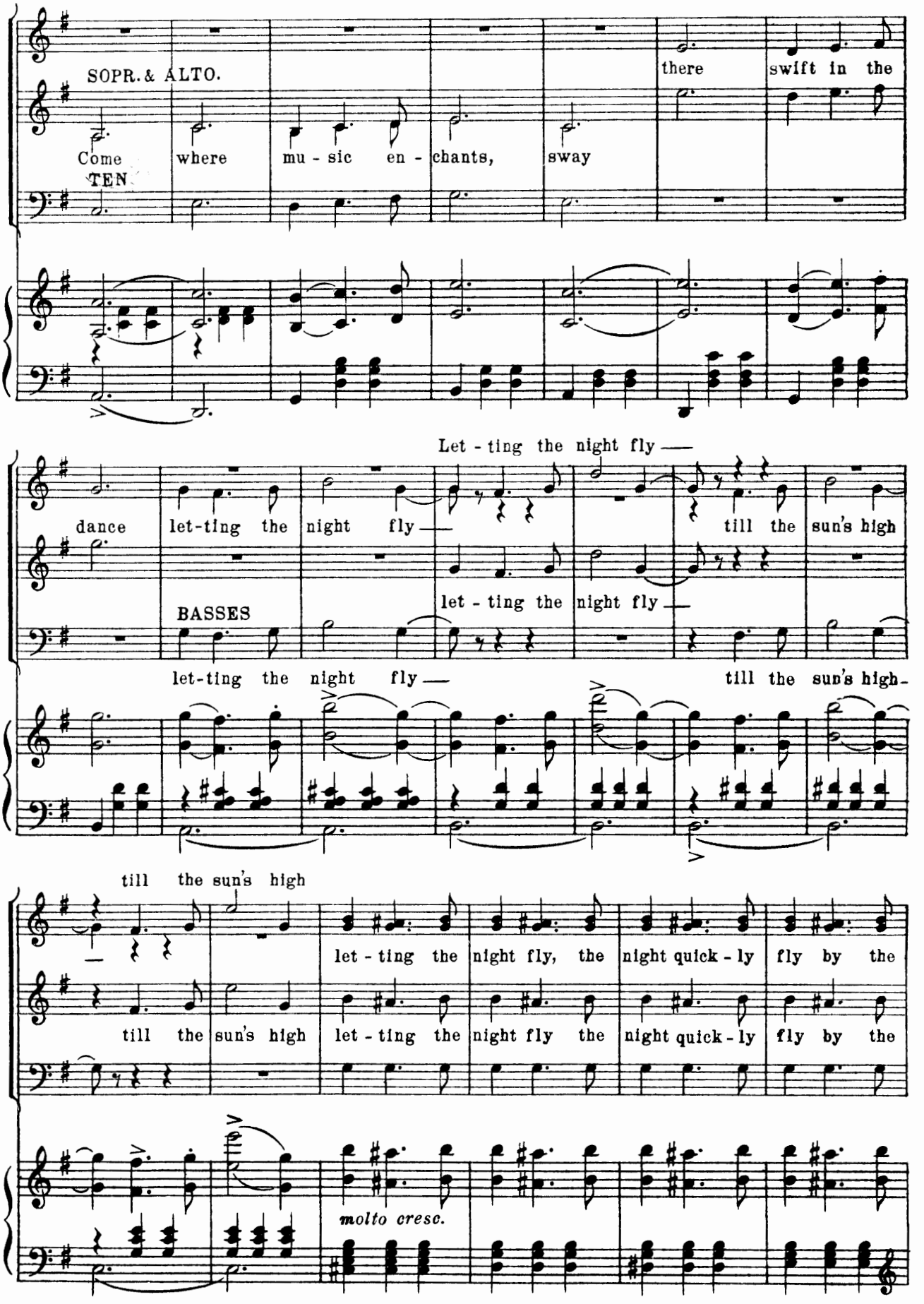

krin - gle, will bring our king to be Now Kris krin - gle,
krin - gle, will bring our king to be Now Kris krin - gle,
8
3
sfz
dear Kris- krin - gle, will bring our king to be.
dear Kris- krin - gle, will bring our king to be.
TENORS MALE SOLO QUARTETTE
p
Here from all Toy - land near and
BASSES
p
p
brillante
f

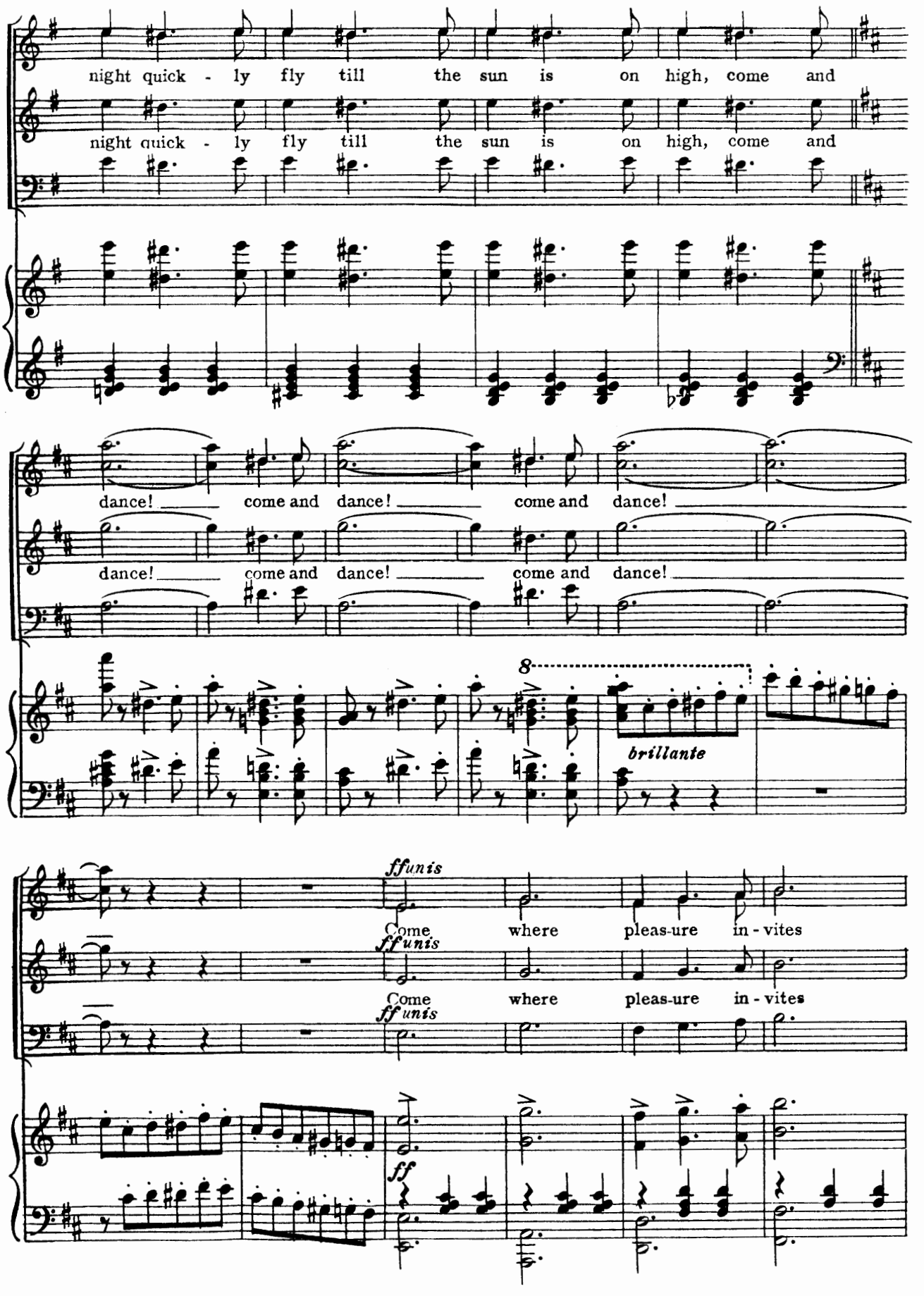

far, far and near All to our fair
come To make mer - ry here, mer-ry here!
Here from all Toy - land near and far,
far and near all to our fair come,

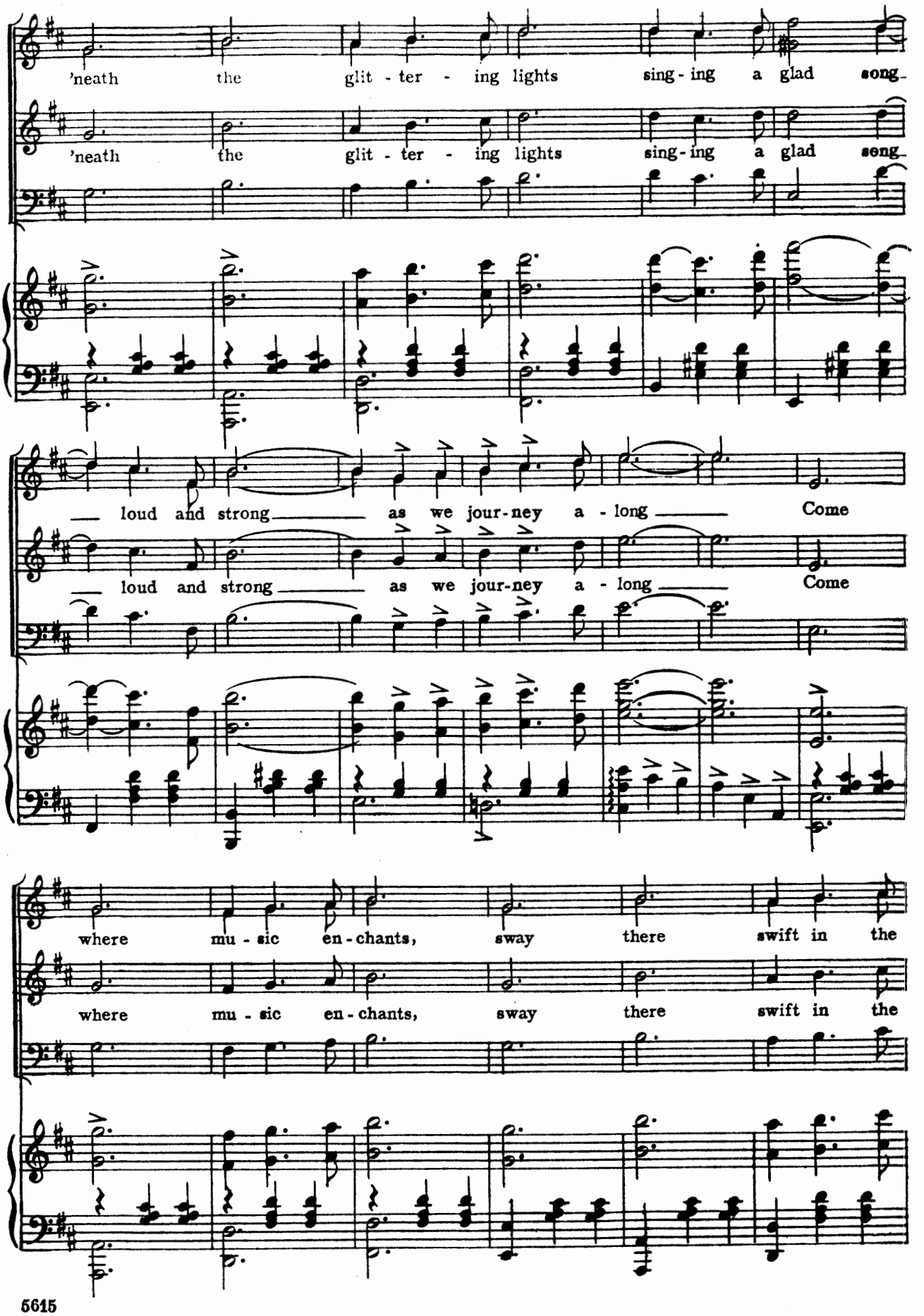

SOPR. & ALTO
ff
To our fair, to our fair, all to our
TEN.
ff
To our fair, to our fair, all to our
BASS
ff
ff
fair come to make mer - ry here, at our fair.
fair come to make mer - ry here, at our fair.
ff pesante
rit.
Hail to Christ - mas joy-ous Christ - mas be gay the
Hail to Christ - mas joy-ous Christ - mas be gay the

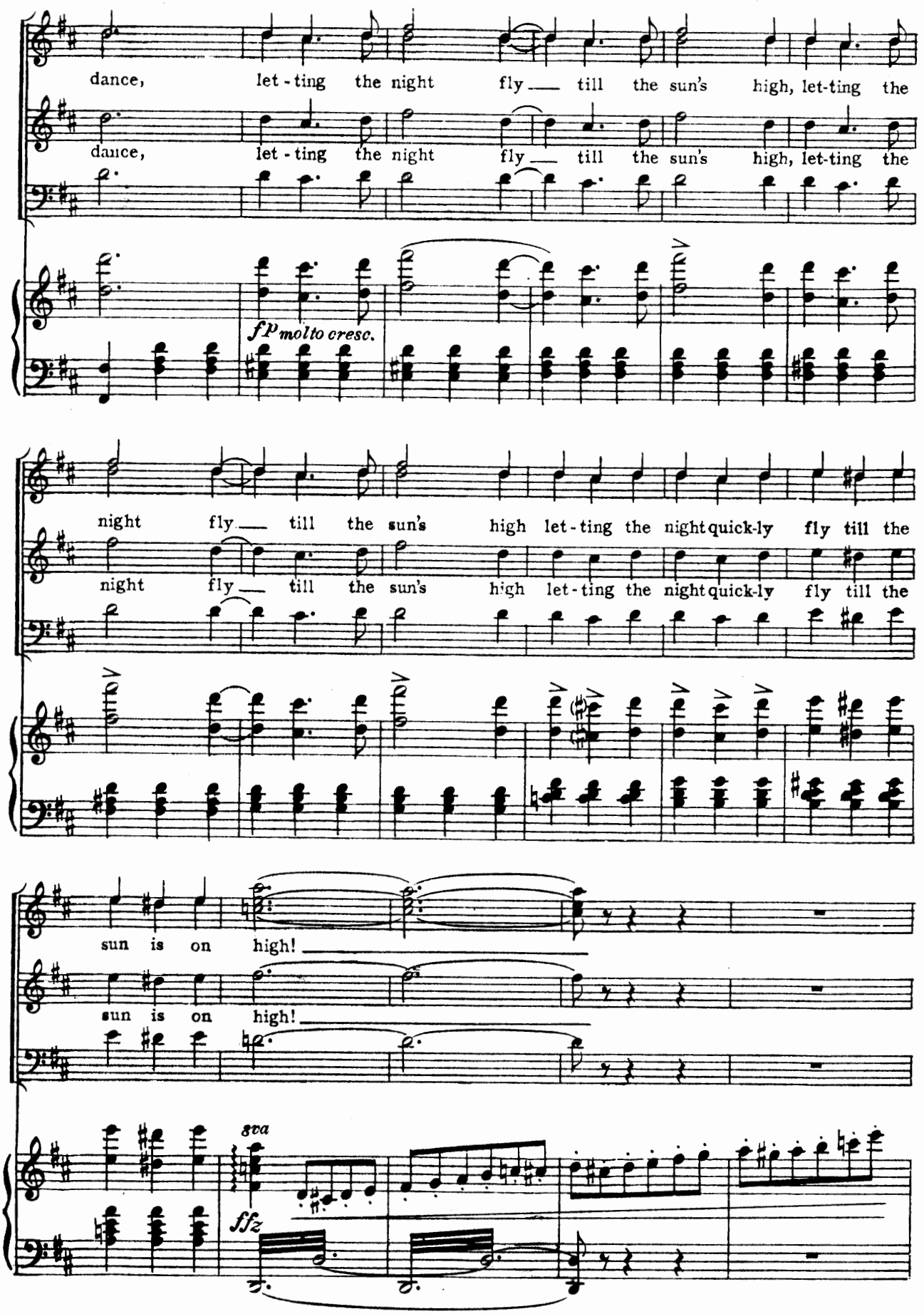

day draws near Hail to Christ - mas joy-ous Christ - mas be
day draws near Hail to Christ - mas joy-ous Christ - mas be
sfz
gay the day draws near Now Kris-krin - gle Dear Kris-
gay the day draws near Now Kris-krin - gle Dear Kris-
poco rit.
a tempo
krin - gle will bring our king to be Now Kris krin - gle
krin - gle will bring our king to be Now Kris krin - gle
sfz

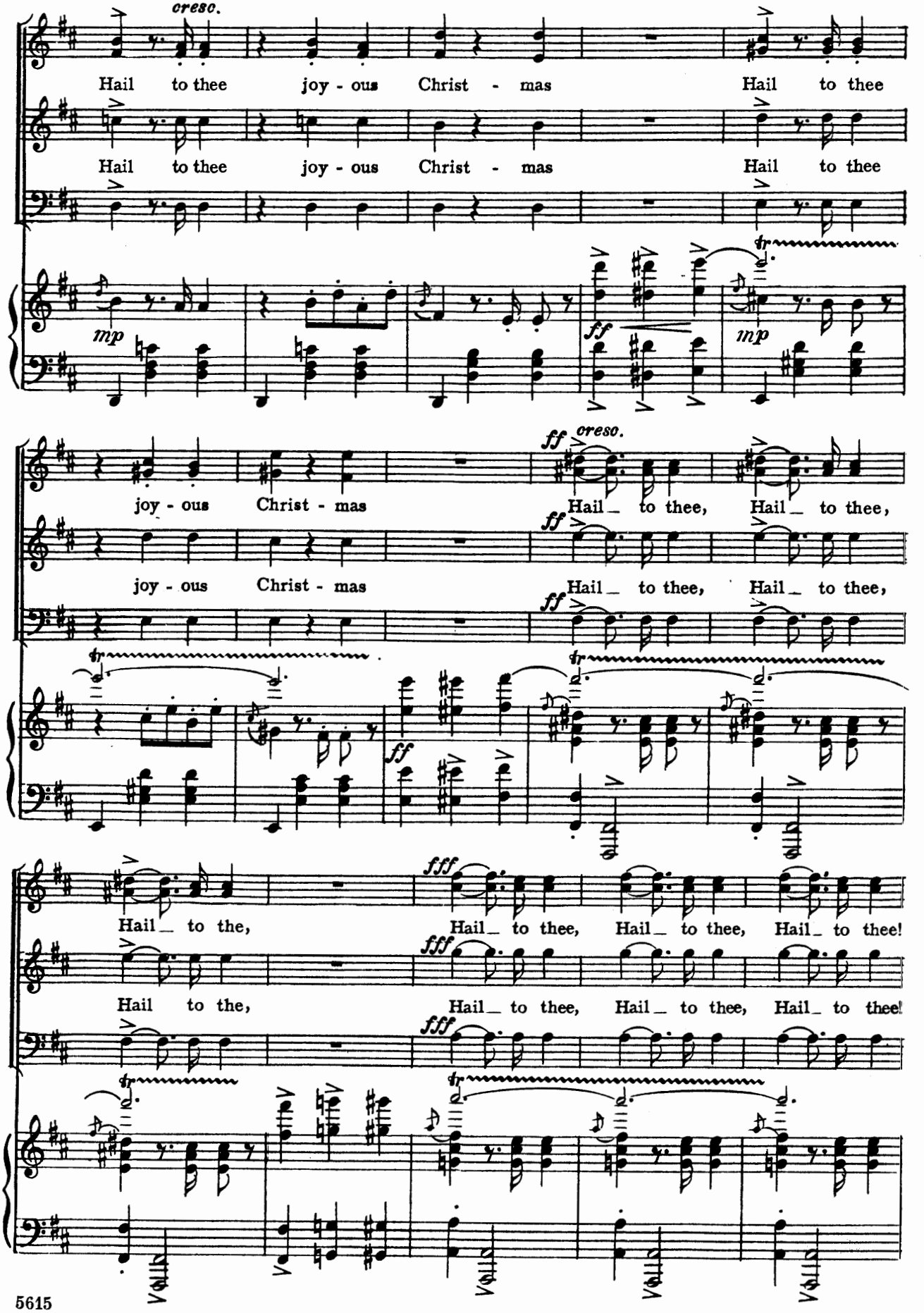

Dear Kris-krin - gle will bring our king to be!
Dear Kris-krin - gle will bring our king to be!
ff
sfz
p
ALTO SOLO
Come where pleas-ure in-vites 'neath the glit-ter- ing lights,
p sonore
sing-ing a glad song loud and strong as we journ-ey a-long.

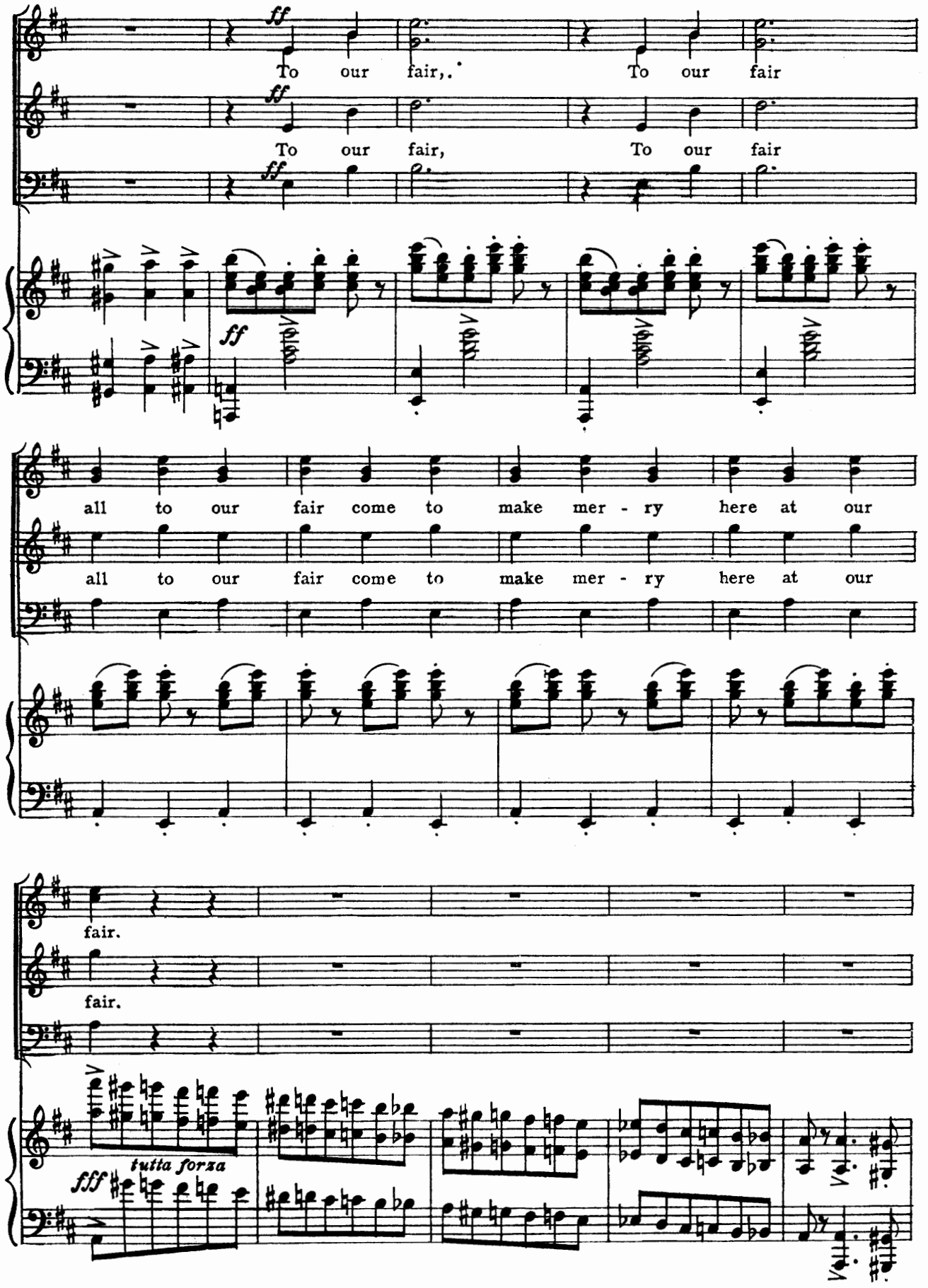

SOPR. & ALTO.
Come where mu - sic en - chants, sway there swift in the
TEN.
Let - ting the night fly —
dance let-ting the night fly — till the sun's high
BASSES
let - ting the night fly —
let-ting the night fly — till the sun's high-
till the sun's high
let - ting the night fly, the night quick - ly fly by the
till the sun's high let - ting the night fly the night quick - ly fly by the
molto cresc.

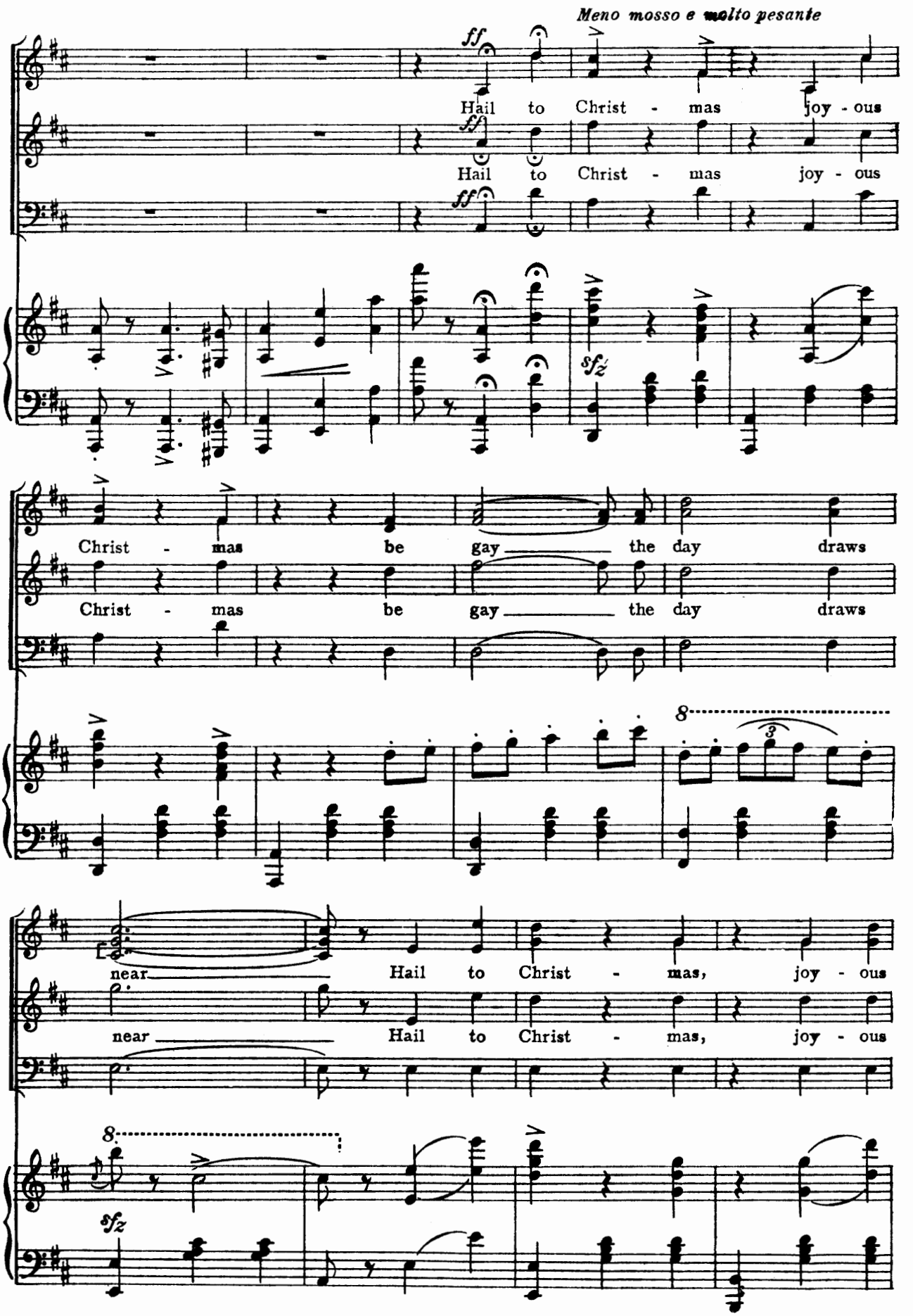

night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high, come and
night quick - ly fly till the sun is on high, come and
dance! come and dance! come and dance!
dance! come and dance! come and dance!
8
brillante
ffunis
Come where pleas-ure in - vites
ffunis
Come where pleas-ure in - vites
ffunis
ff

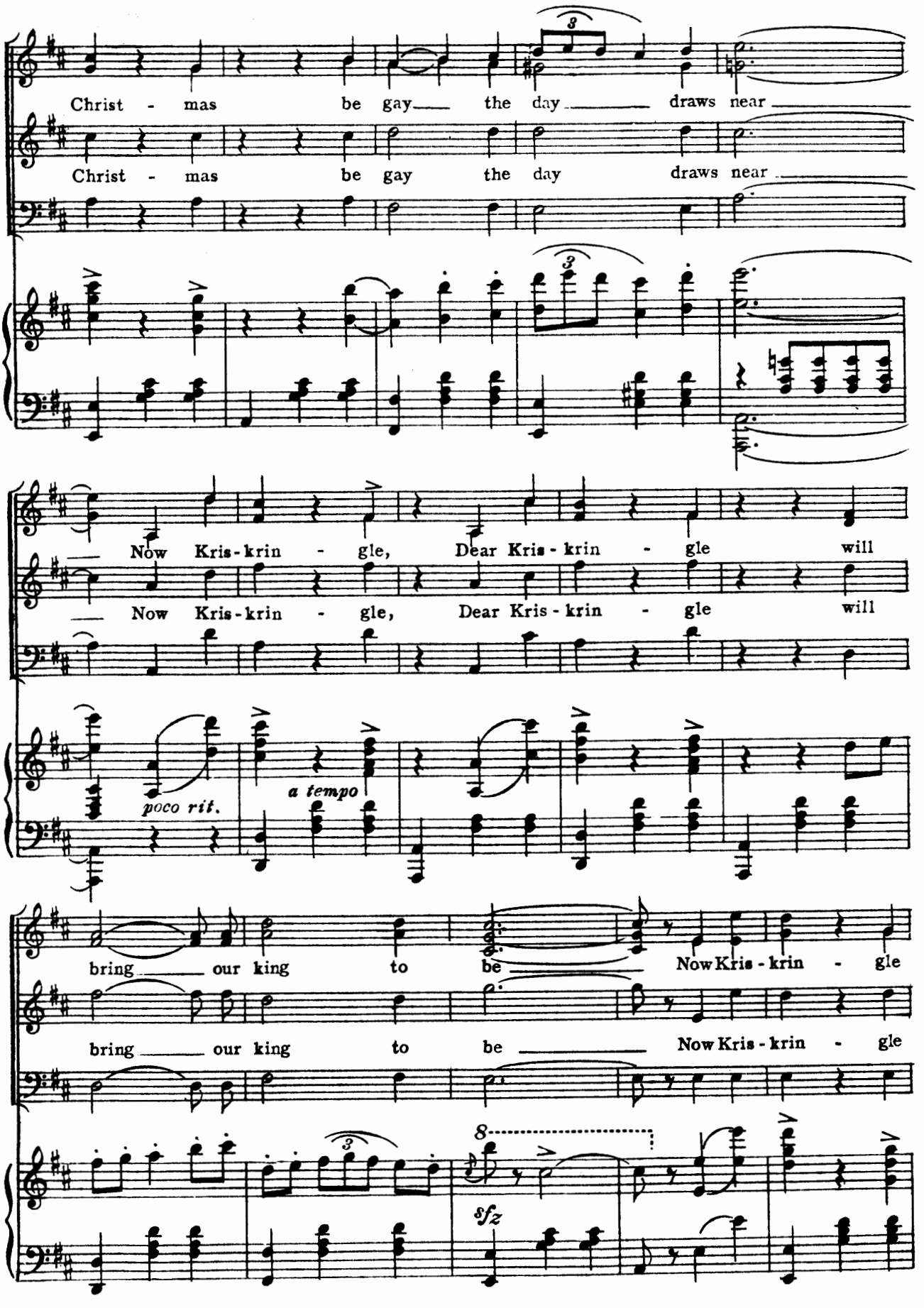

'neath the glit - ter - ing lights sing - ing a glad song
'neath the glit - ter - ing lights sing - ing a glad song
— loud and strong — as we jour-ney a - long — Come
— loud and strong — as we jour-ney a - long — Come
where mu - sic en - chants, sway there swift in the
where mu - sic en - chants, sway there swift in the

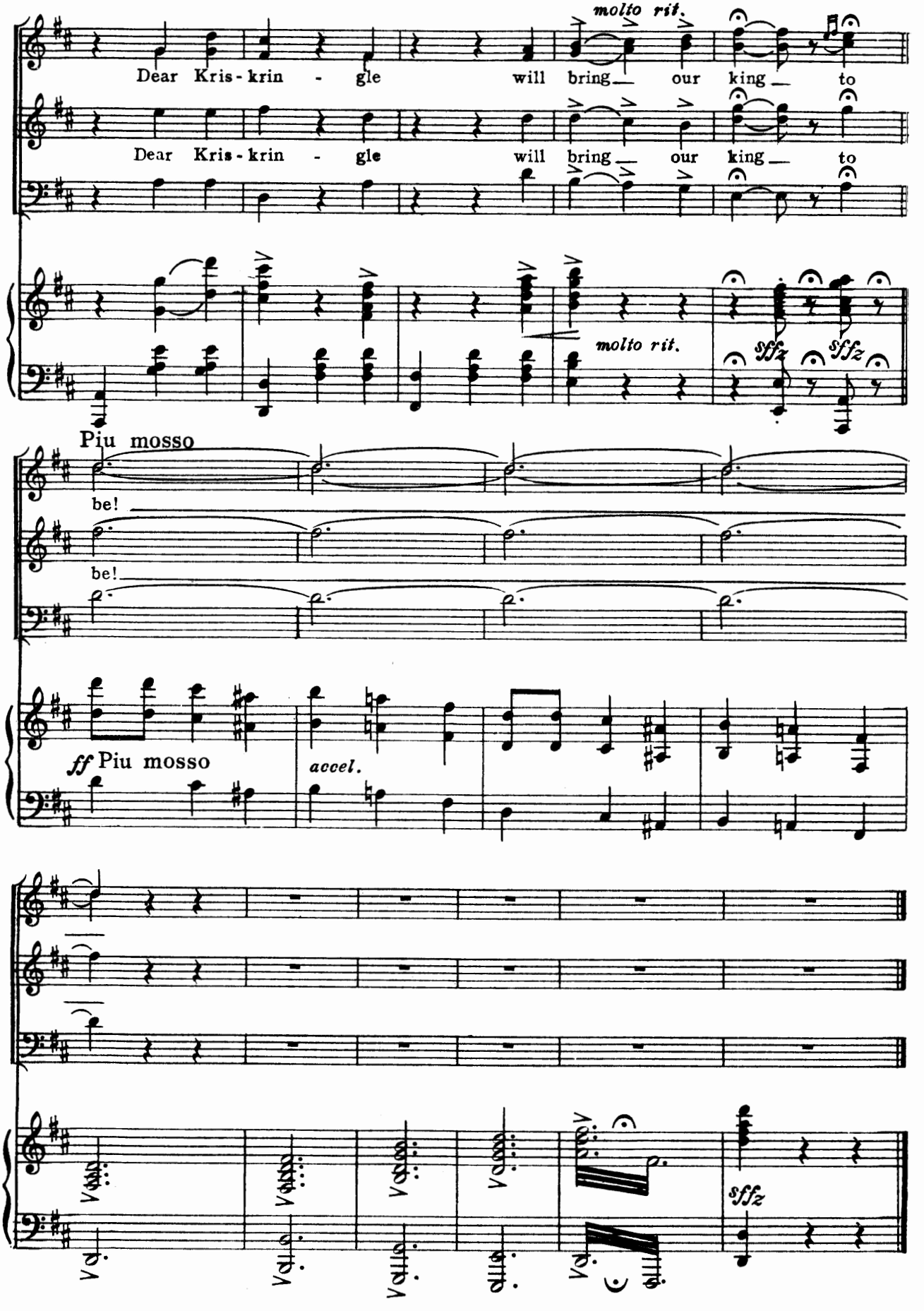

dance, let-ting the night fly till the sun's high, let-ting the
dance, let-ting the night fly till the sun's high, let-ting the
fp molto cresc.
night fly till the sun's high let-ting the night quick-ly fly till the
night fly till the sun's high let-ting the night quick-ly fly till the
sun is on high!
sun is on high!
8va
ffz


cresc.
Hail to thee joy - ous Christ - mas Hail to thee
Hail to thee joy - ous Christ - mas Hail to thee
mp
ff
mp
joy - ous Christ - mas
ff cresc.
Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee,
joy - ous Christ - mas
ff
Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee,
ff
Hail_ to the,
fff
Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee!
Hail to the,
fff
Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee, Hail_ to thee!
fff


ff
To our fair,. To our fair
ff
To our fair, To our fair
ff
ff
all to our fair come to make mer - ry here at our
all to our fair come to make mer - ry here at our
fair.
fair.
fff
tutta forza


Meno mosso e molto pesante
ff
Hail to Christ - mas joy - ous
Hail to Christ - mas joy - ous
sfz
Christ - mas be gay the day draws
Christ - mas be gay the day draws
8
near Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous
near Hail to Christ - mas, joy - ous
8
sfz


Christ - mas be gay the day draws near
Christ - mas be gay the day draws near
Now Kris-krin - gle, Dear Kris-krin - gle will
Now Kris-krin - gle, Dear Kris-krin - gle will
poco rit.
a tempo
bring our king to be Now Kris-krin - gle
bring our king to be Now Kris-krin - gle
8
sfz

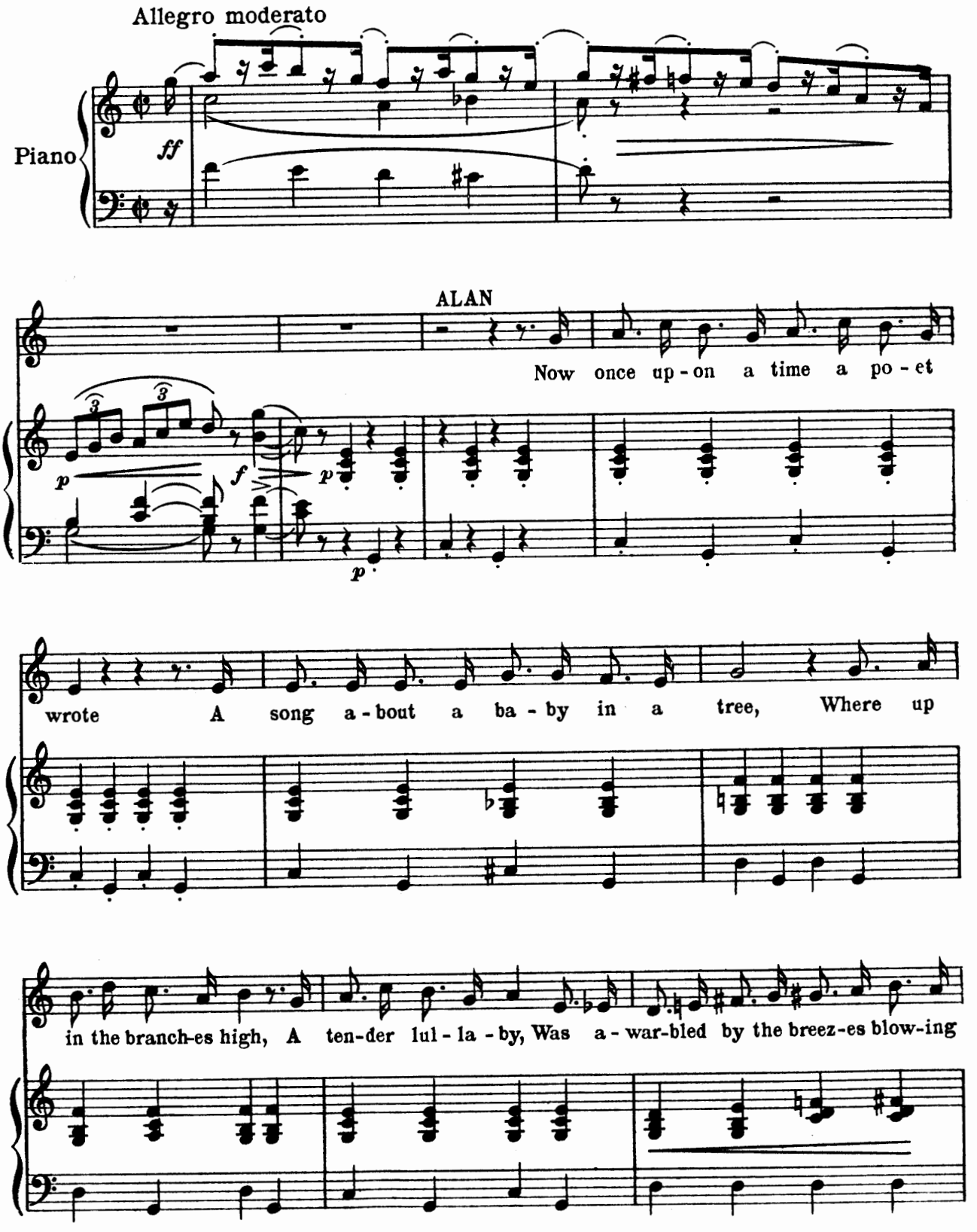

molto rit.
Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our king to
Dear Kris - krin - gle will bring our king to
molto rit.
sffz
sffz
Piu mosso
be!
be!
ff Piu mosso
accel.
sffz

Song of the Poet

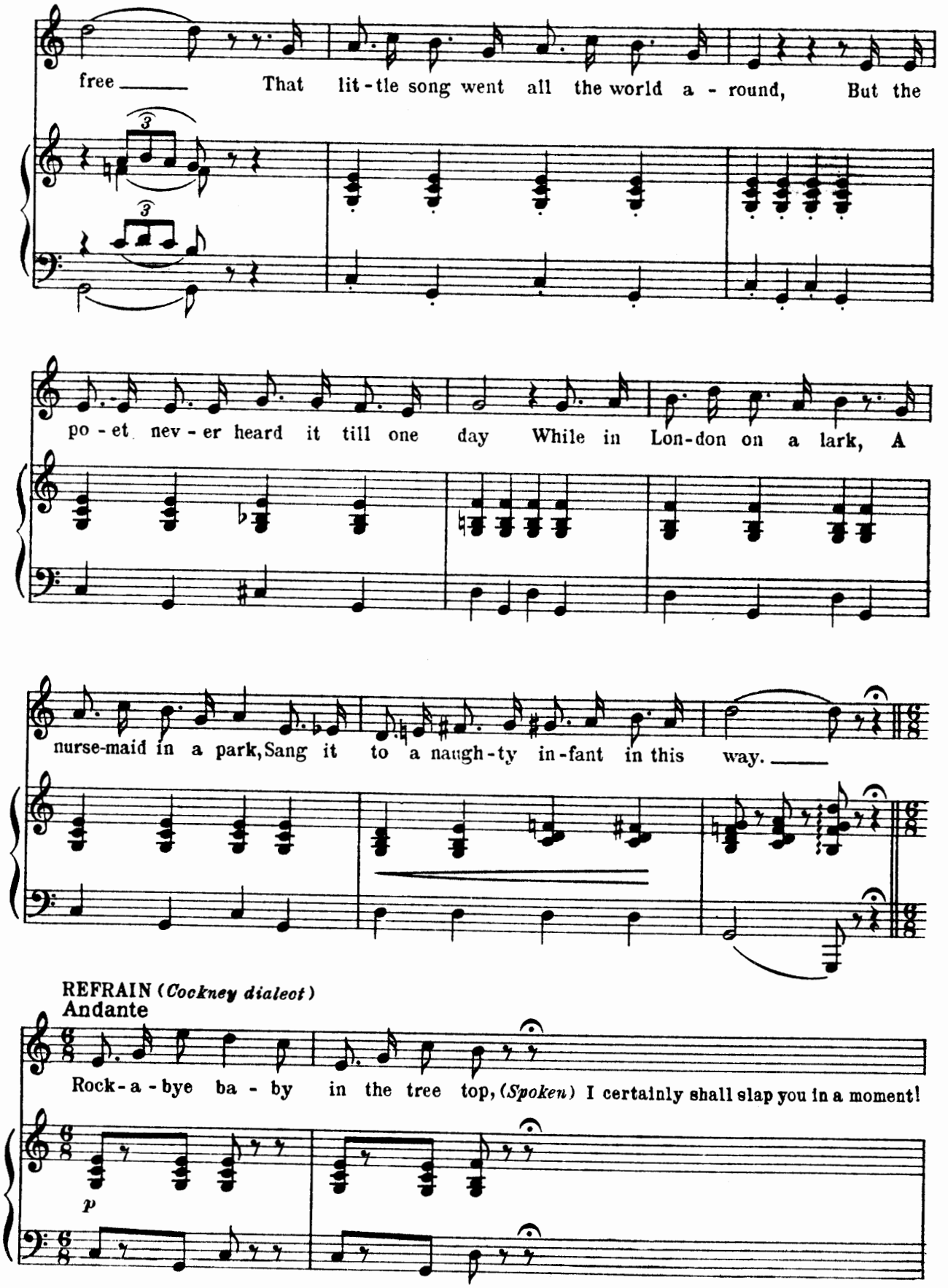
ROCK-A-BYE BABY

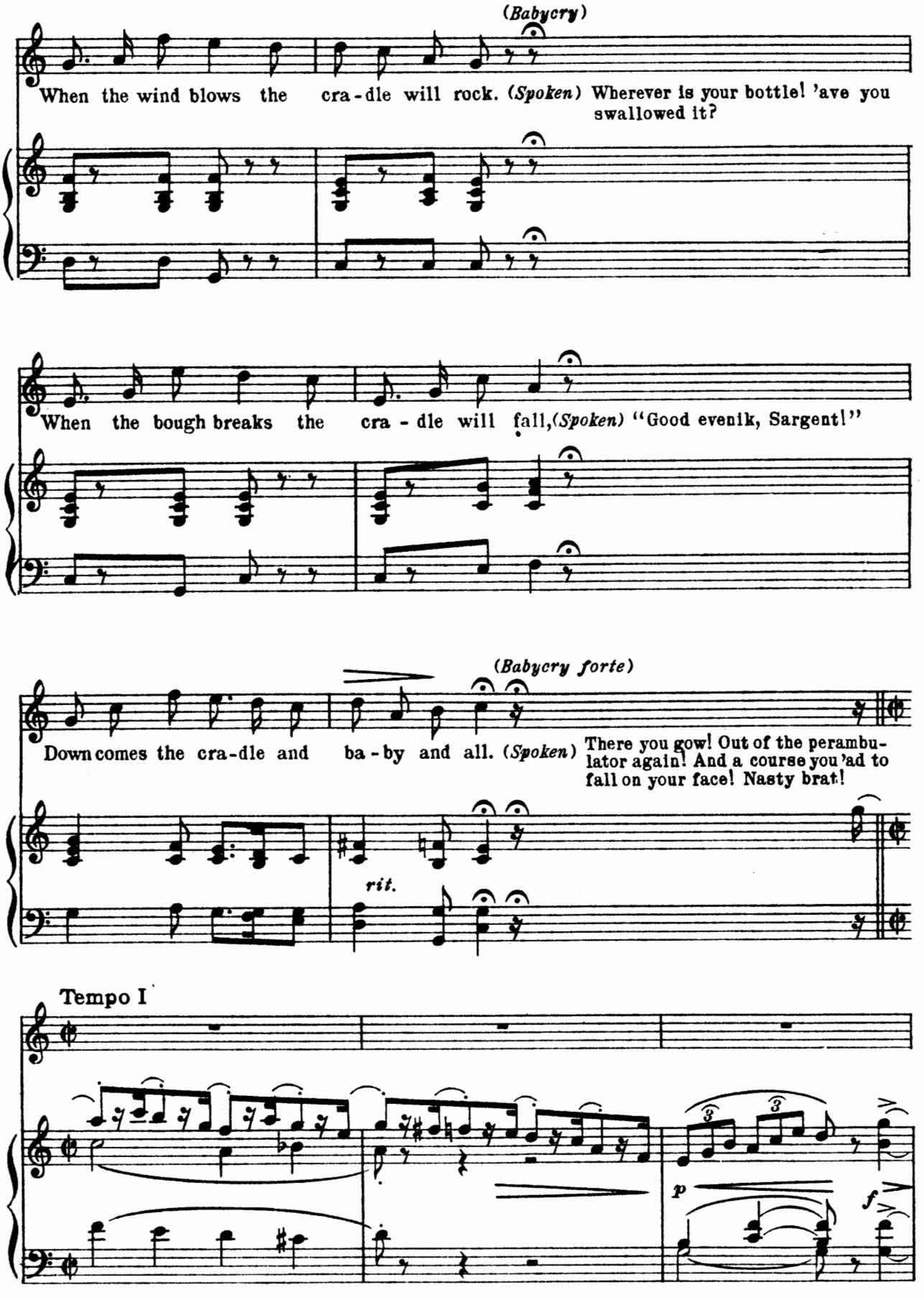
Alan and Chorus

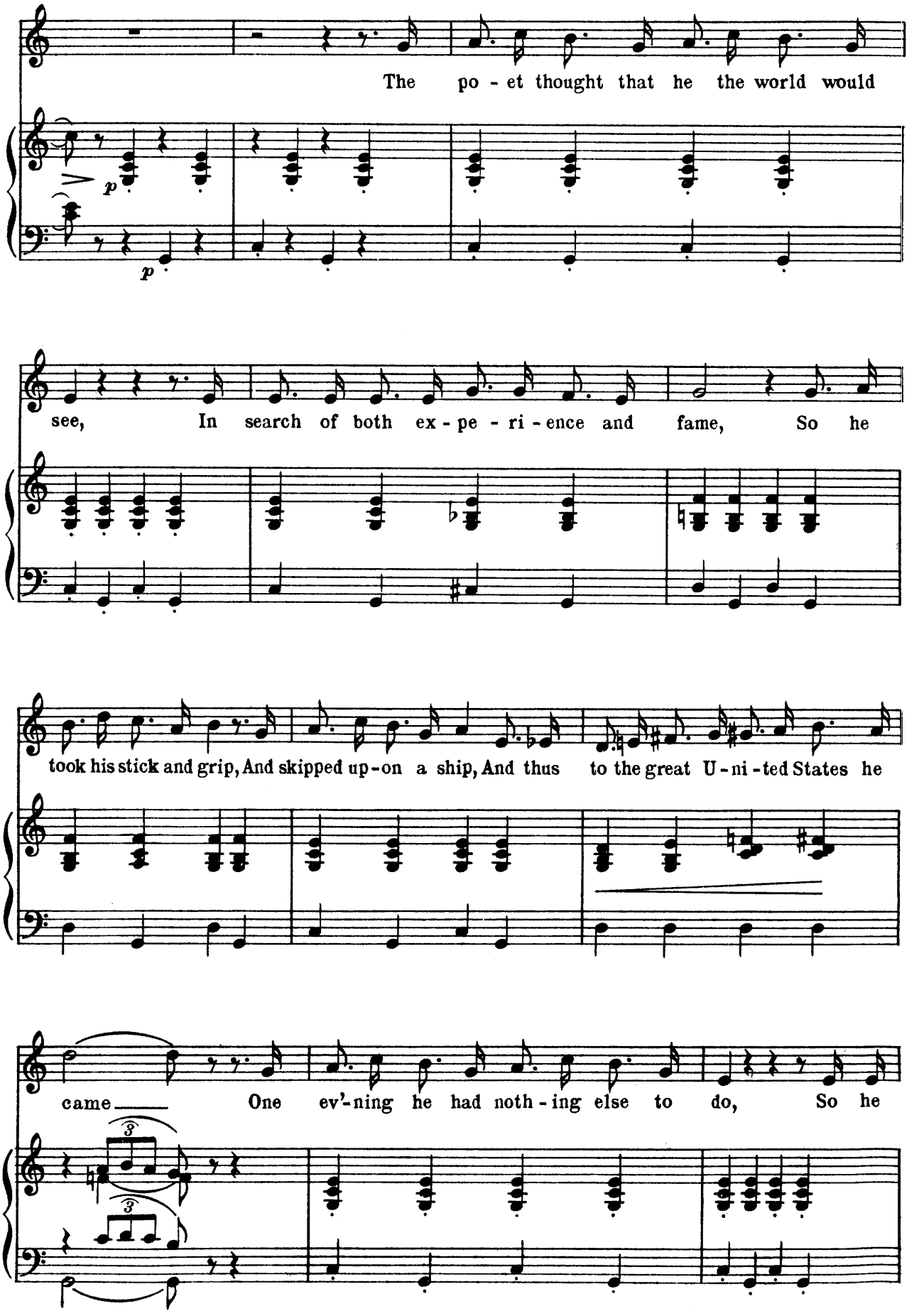
No. 10.

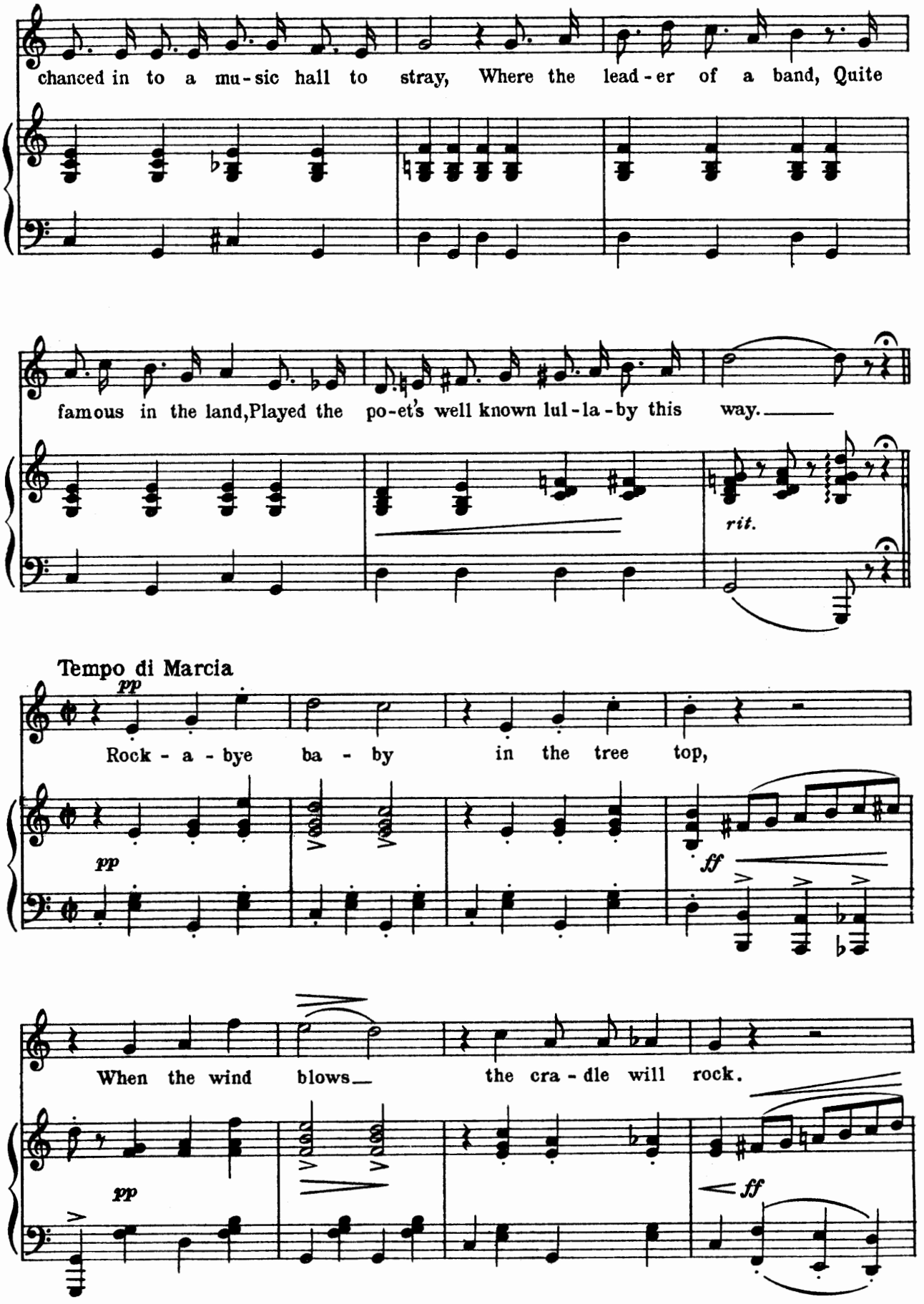


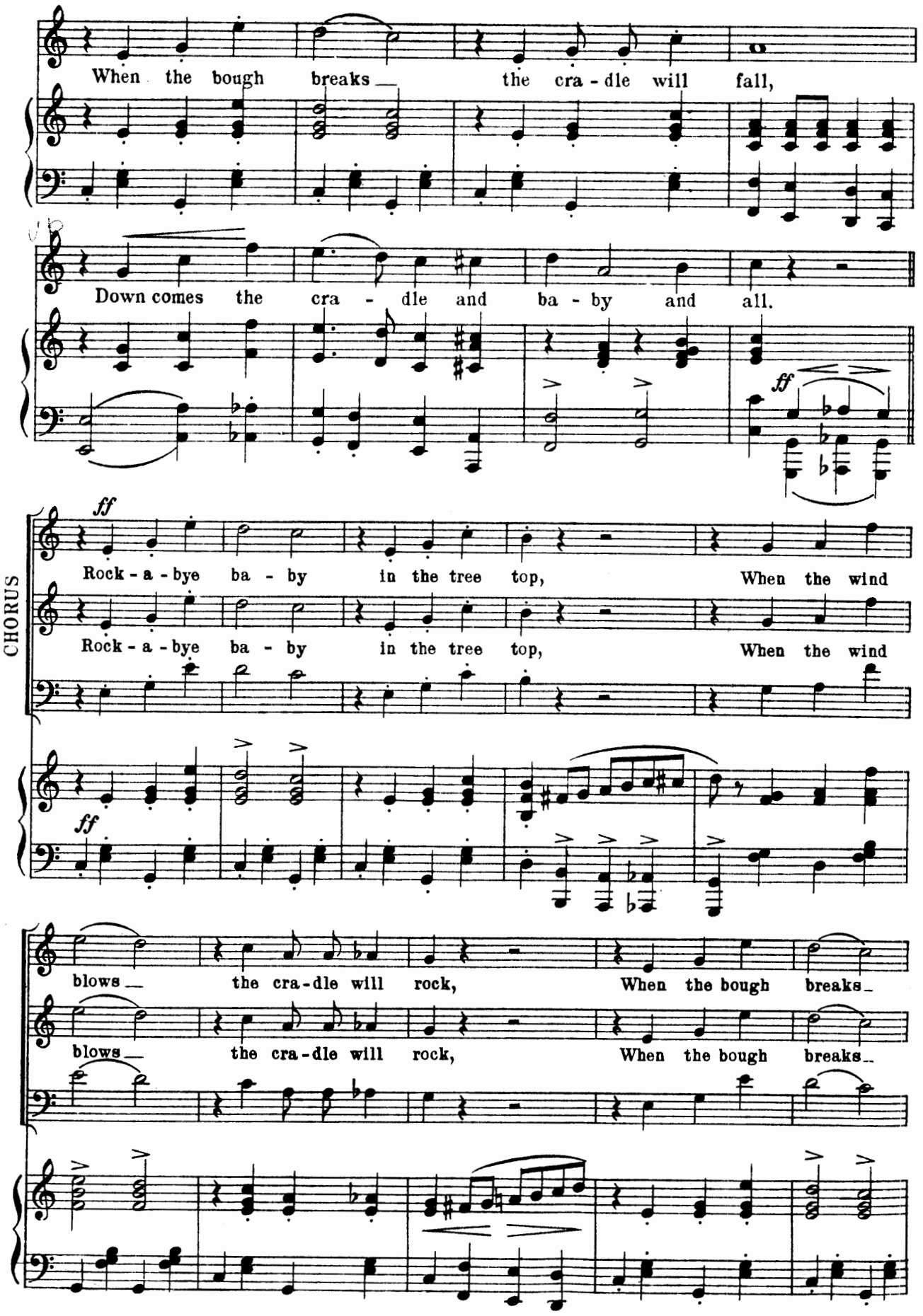
The melody "Rock-a-bye Baby" is used by permission of Oliver Ditson & Co., Owners of Copyright.

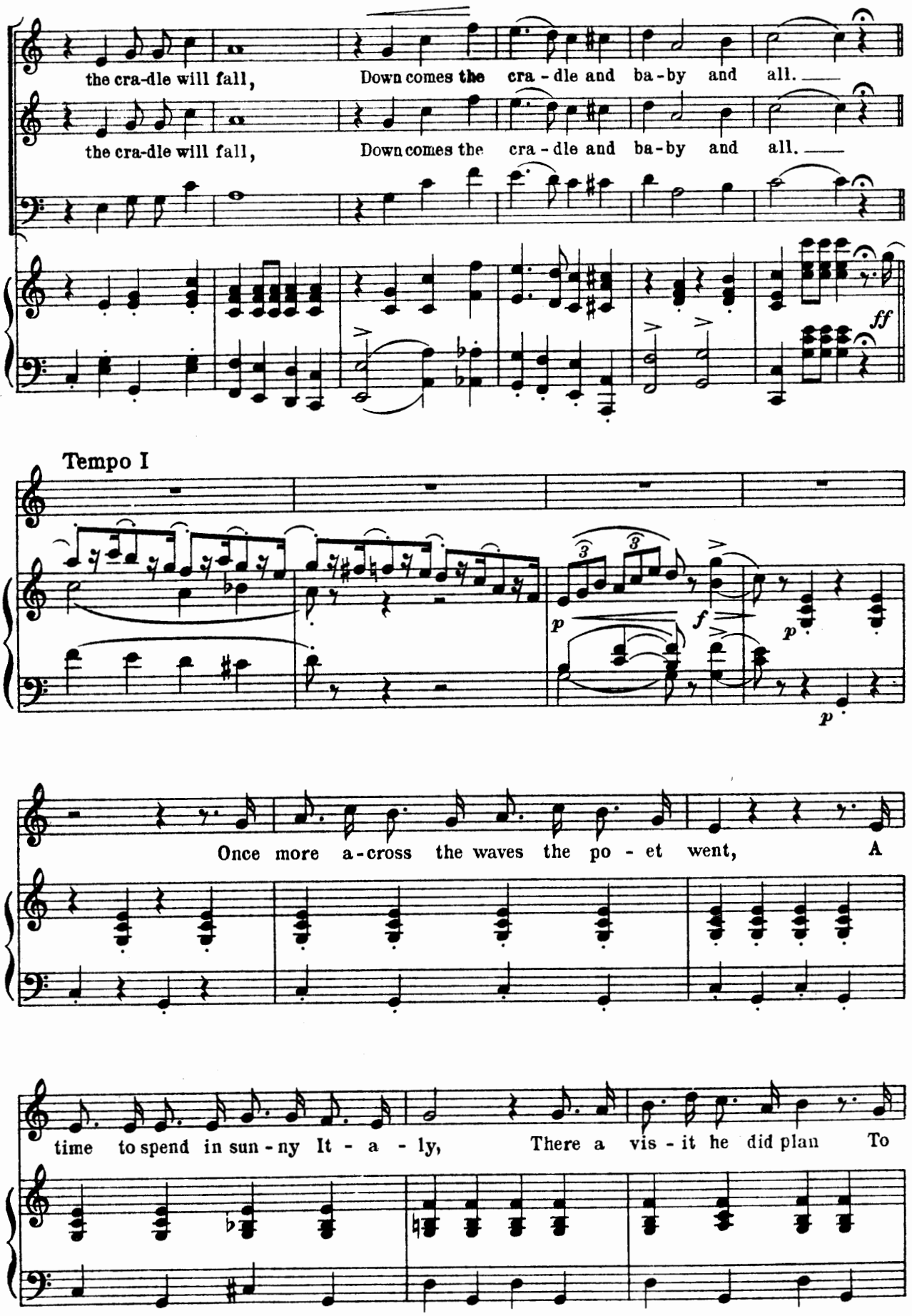

free That lit-tle song went all the world a-round, But the
po-et nev-er heard it till one day While in Lon-don on a lark, A
nurse-maid in a park, Sang it to a naugh-ty in-fant in this way.
REFRAIN (Cockney dialect)
Andante
Rock-a-bye ba-by in the tree top, (Spoken) I certainly shall slap you in a moment!
p

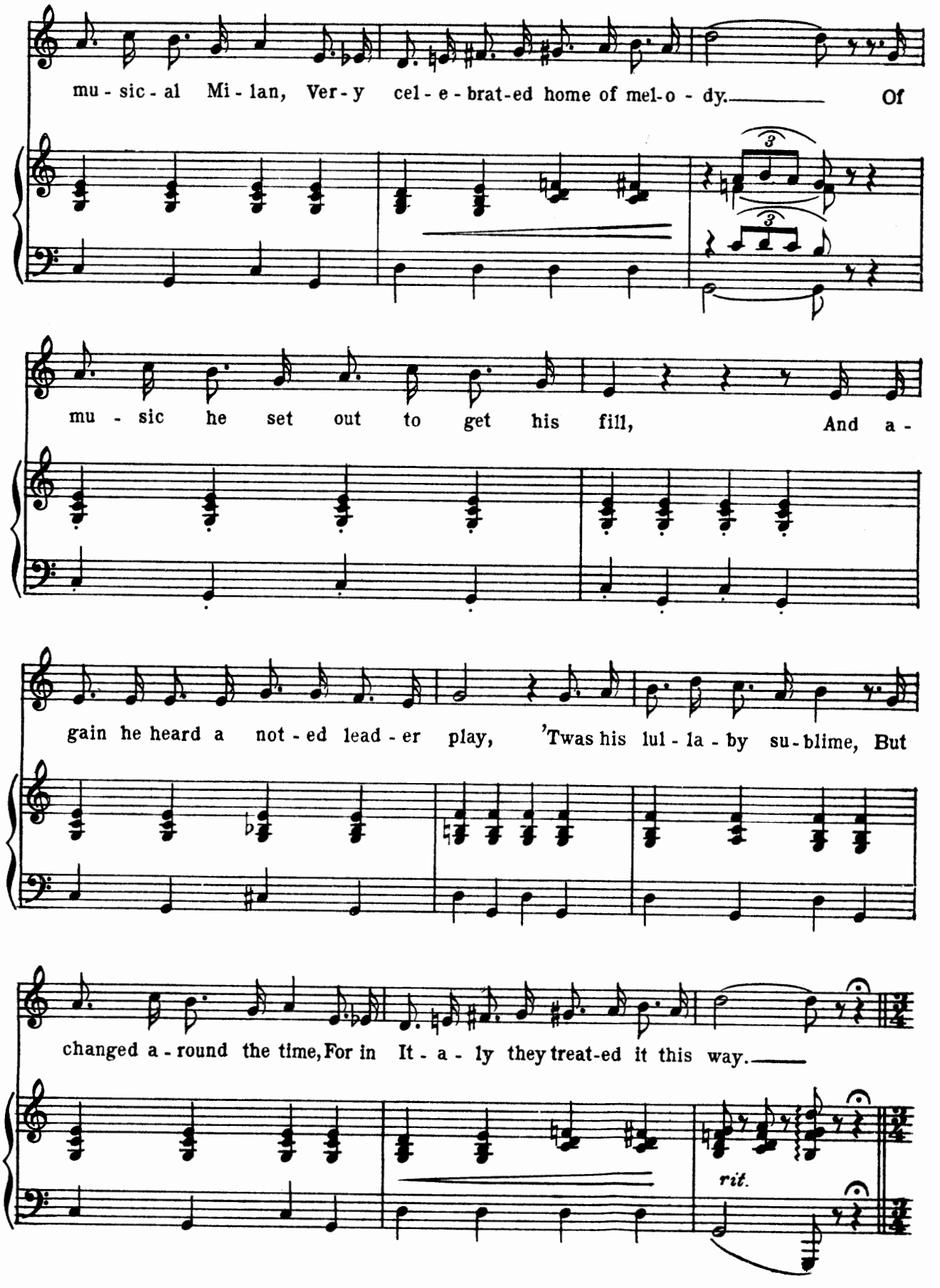

(Babycry)
When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock. (Spoken) Wherever is your bottle! 'ave you swallowed it?
When the bough breaks the cra-dle will fall, (Spoken) "Good evenik, Sargent!"
(Babycry forte)
Down comes the cra-dle and ba-by and all. (Spoken) There you gow! Out of the perambulator again! And a course you 'ad to fall on your face! Nasty brat!
rit.
Tempo I
p
f

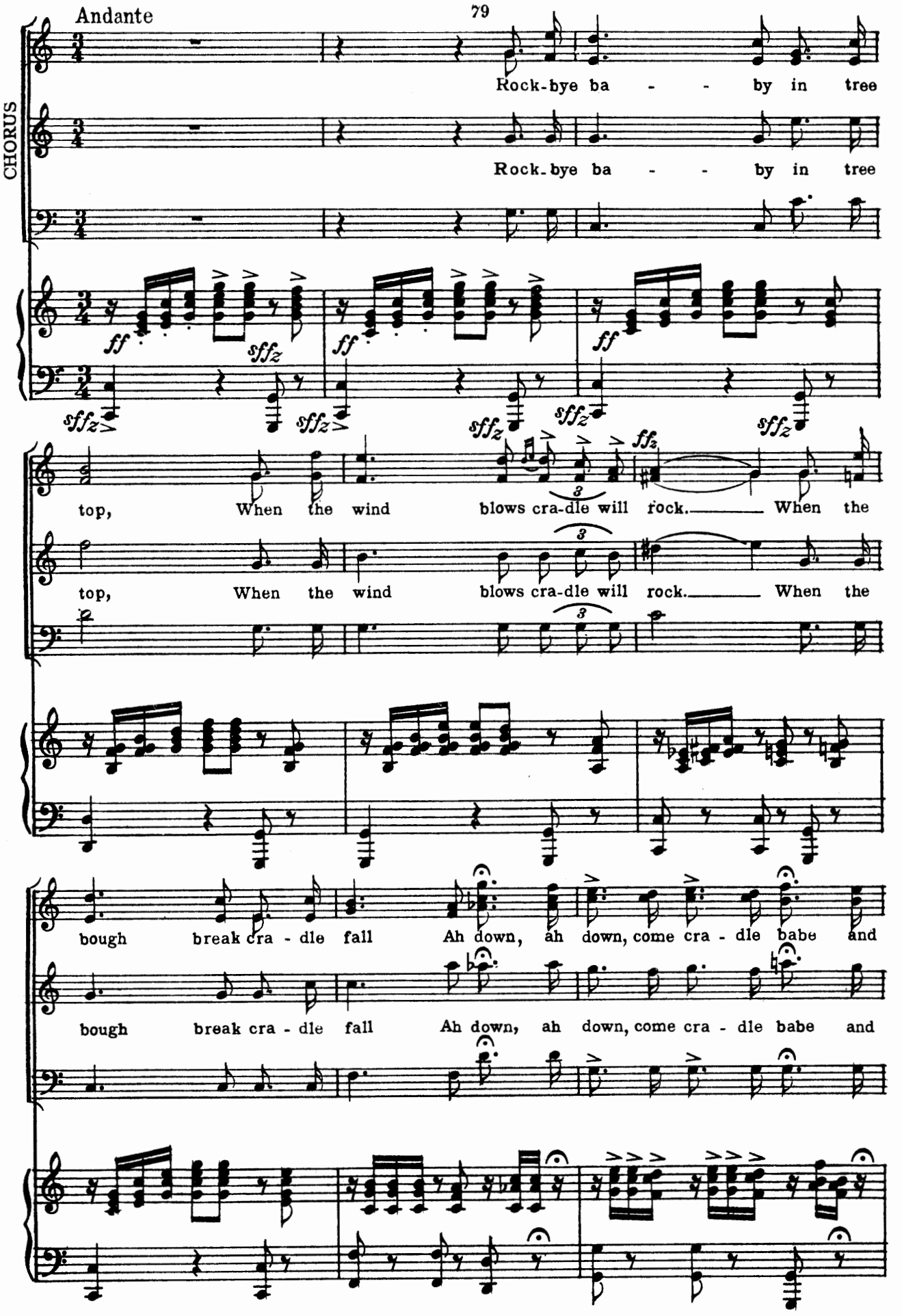

The po - et thought that he the world would
see, In search of both ex - pe - ri - ence and fame, So he
took his stick and grip, And skipped up - on a ship, And thus to the great U - ni - ted States he
came One ev'-ning he had noth - ing else to do, So he

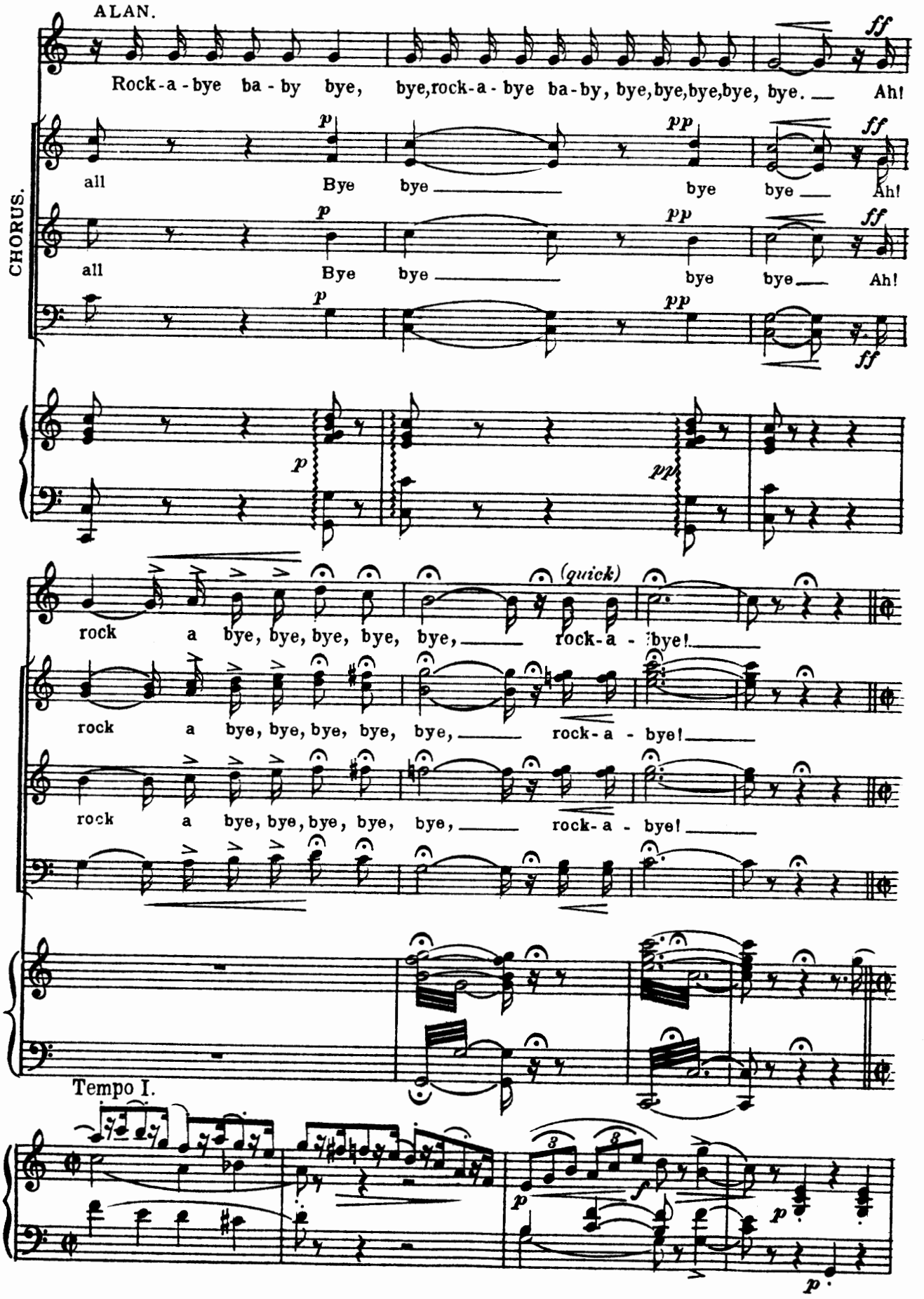

chanced in to a mu-sic hall to stray, Where the lead-er of a band, Quite
famous in the land, Played the po-et's well known lul-la-by this way.
rit.
Tempo di Marcia
pp
Rock-a-bye ba-by in the tree top,
pp
ff
When the wind blows the cra-dle will rock.
pp
ff

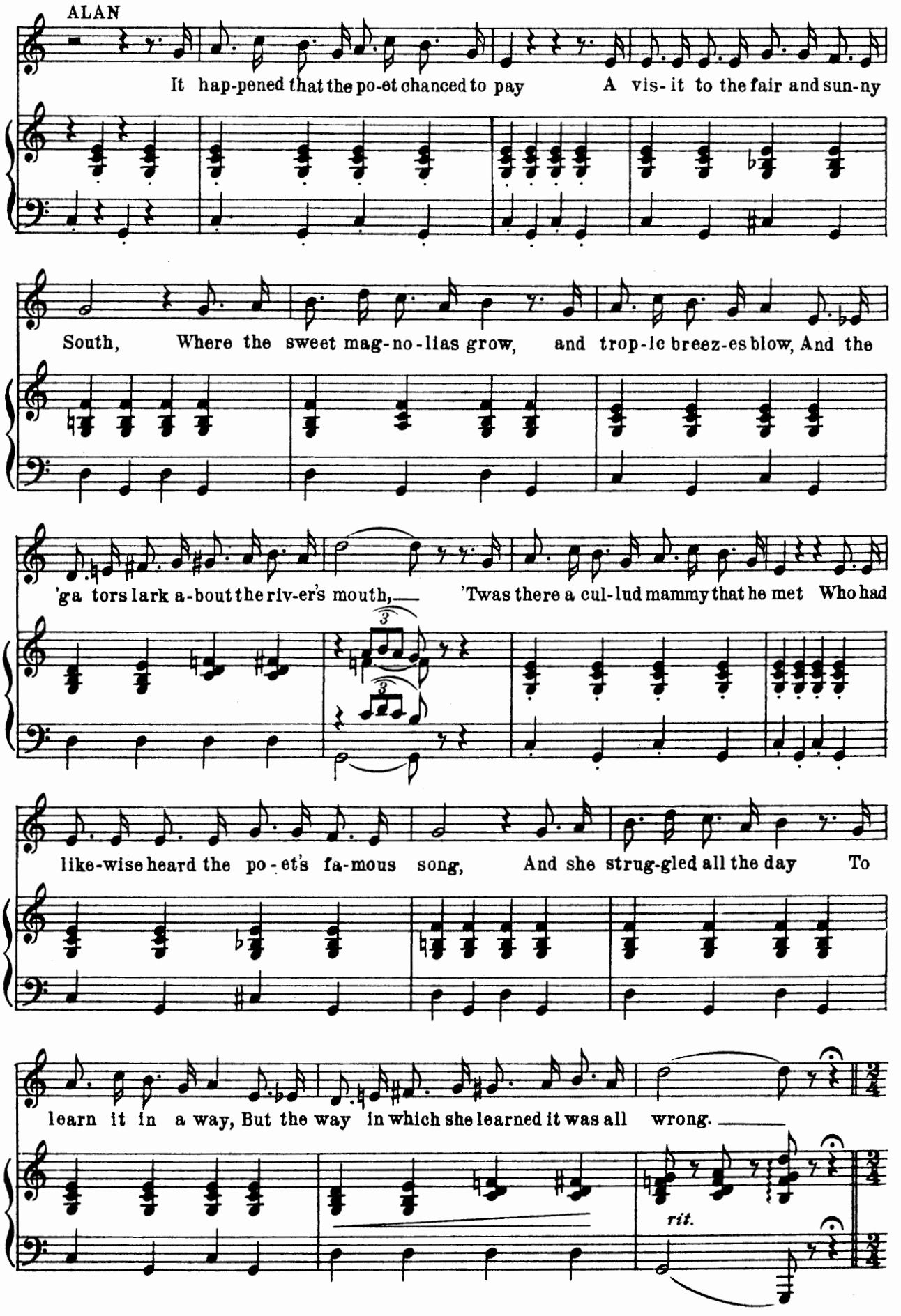

When the bough breaks the cra - dle will fall,
Down comes the cra - dle and ba - by and all.
ff
CHORUS
Rock - a - bye ba - by in the tree top, When the wind
Rock - a - bye ba - by in the tree top, When the wind
blows the cra-dle will rock, When the bough breaks
blows the cra-dle will rock, When the bough breaks


the cra-dle will fall, Down comes the cra - dle and ba - by and all.
the cra-dle will fall, Down comes the cra - dle and ba - by and all.
ff
Tempo I
p
f
p
p
Once more a-cross the waves the po - et went, A
time to spend in sun - ny It - a - ly, There a vis - it he did plan To

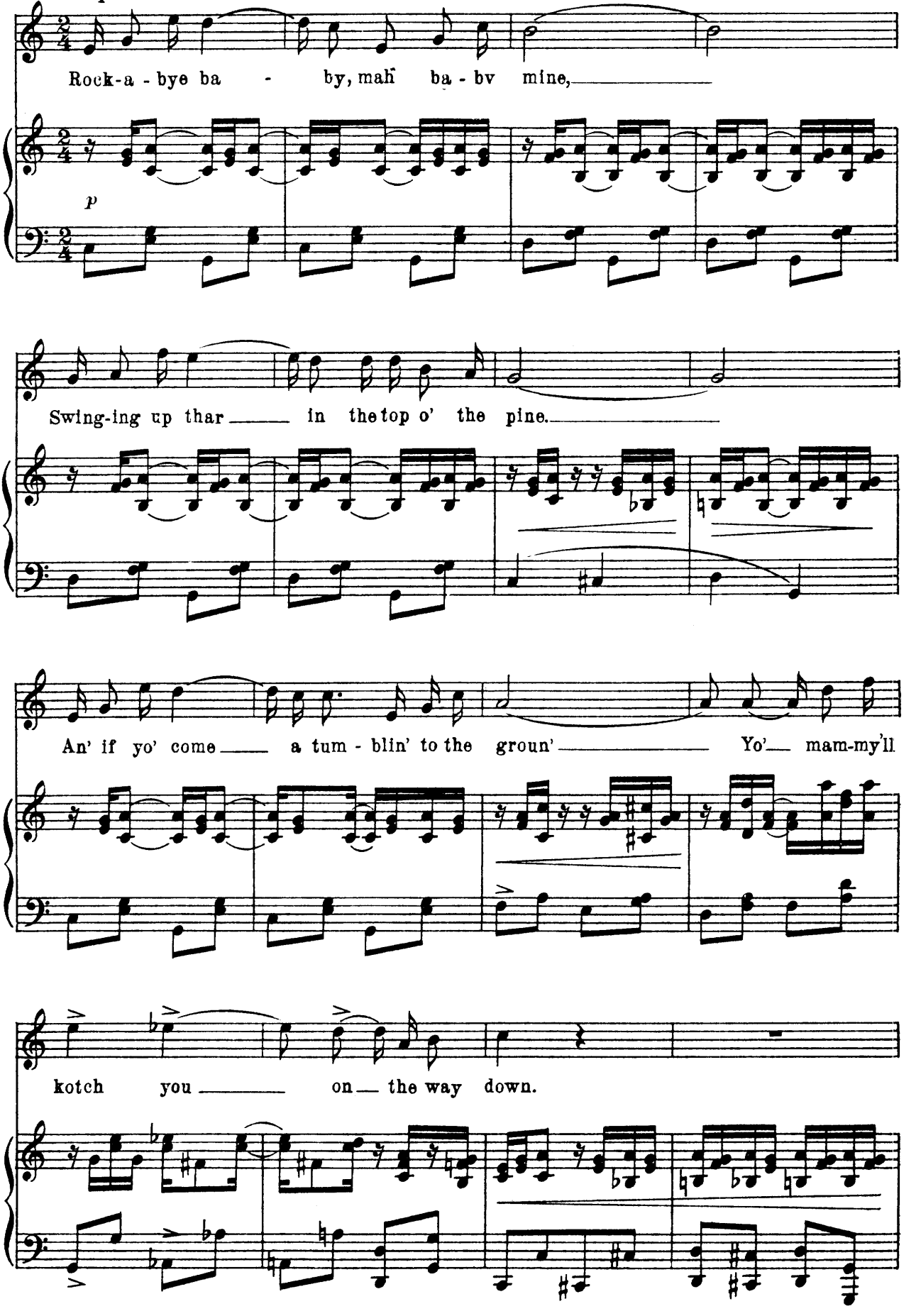

mu - sic - al Mi - lan, Ver - y cel - e - brat-ed home of mel-o - dy. Of
mu - sic he set out to get his fill, And a -
gain he heard a not - ed lead - er play, 'Twas his lul - la - by su - blime, But
changed a - round the time, For in It - a - ly they treat-ed it this way.
rit.

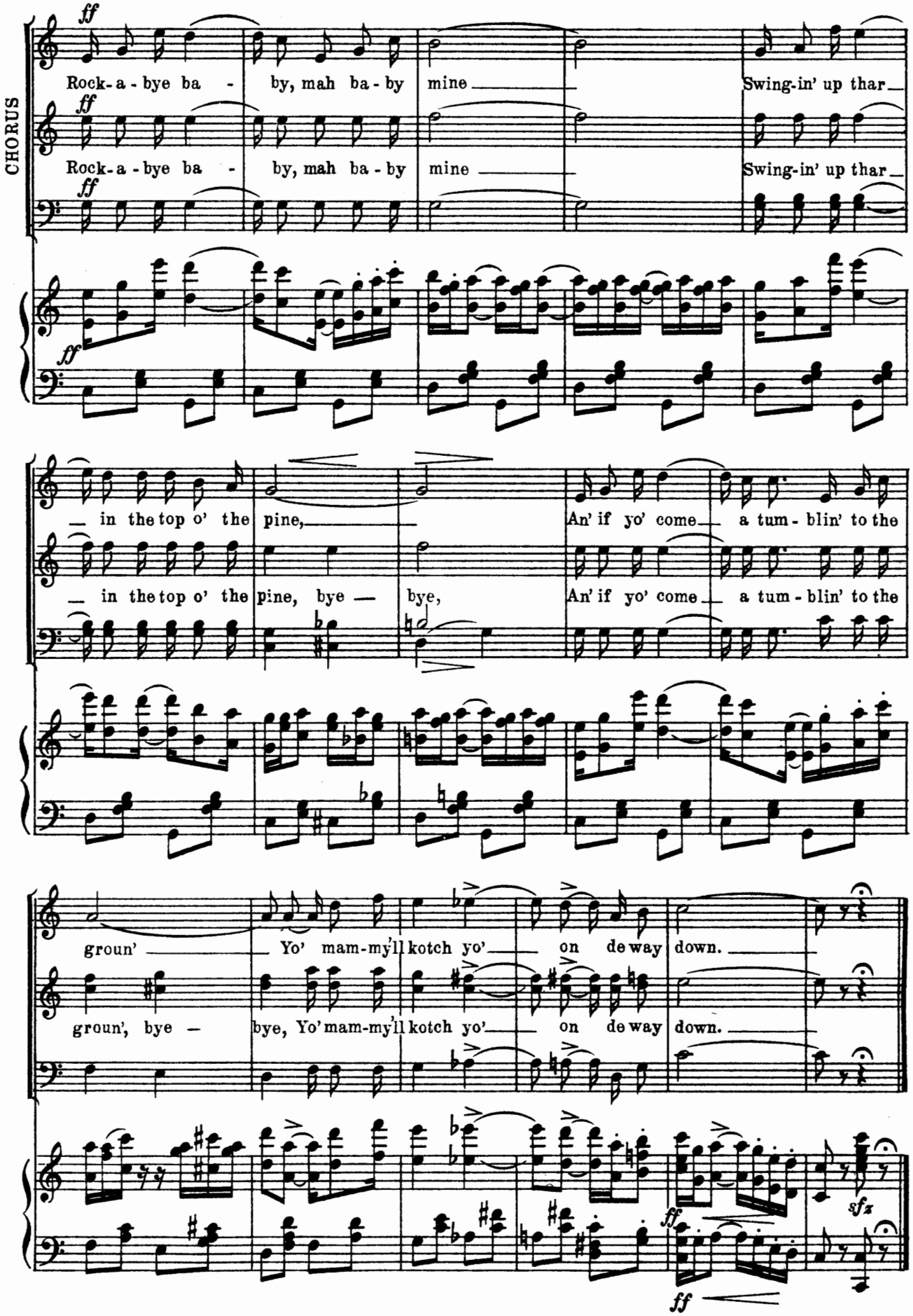

Andante
CHORUS
Rock-bye ba - - by in tree
Rock-bye ba - - by in tree
top, When the wind blows cra-dle will rock. When the
top, When the wind blows cra-dle will rock. When the
bough break cra - dle fall Ah down, ah down, come cra - dle babe and
bough break cra - dle fall Ah down, ah down, come cra - dle babe and


ALAN.
Rock-a-bye ba-by bye, bye, rock-a-bye ba-by, bye, bye, bye, bye, bye. Ah!
CHORUS.
all Bye bye bye bye bye Ah!
all Bye bye bye bye bye Ah!
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock-a-bye!
(quick)
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock-a-bye!
rock a bye, bye, bye, bye, bye, rock-a-bye!
Tempo I.


ALAN
It hap-pened that the po-et chanced to pay A vis-it to the fair and sun-ny
South, Where the sweet mag-no-lias grow, and trop-ic breez-es blow, And the
'ga tors lark a-bout the riv-er's mouth, 'Twas there a cul-lud mammy that he met Who had
like-wise heard the po-et's fa-mous song, And she strug-gled all the day To
learn it in a way, But the way in which she learned it was all wrong.
rit.

Tempo di Cakewalk




CHORUS
ff
Rock-a-bye ba - by, mah ba-by mine Swing-in' up thar
Rock-a-bye ba - by, mah ba-by mine Swing-in' up thar
in the top o' the pine, An' if yo' come a tum-blin' to the
in the top o' the pine, bye — bye, An' if yo' come a tum-blin' to the
groun' Yo' mam-my'll kotch yo' on de way down.
groun', bye — bye, Yo' mam-my'll kotch yo' on de way down.
sfz

Beatrice Barefacts.

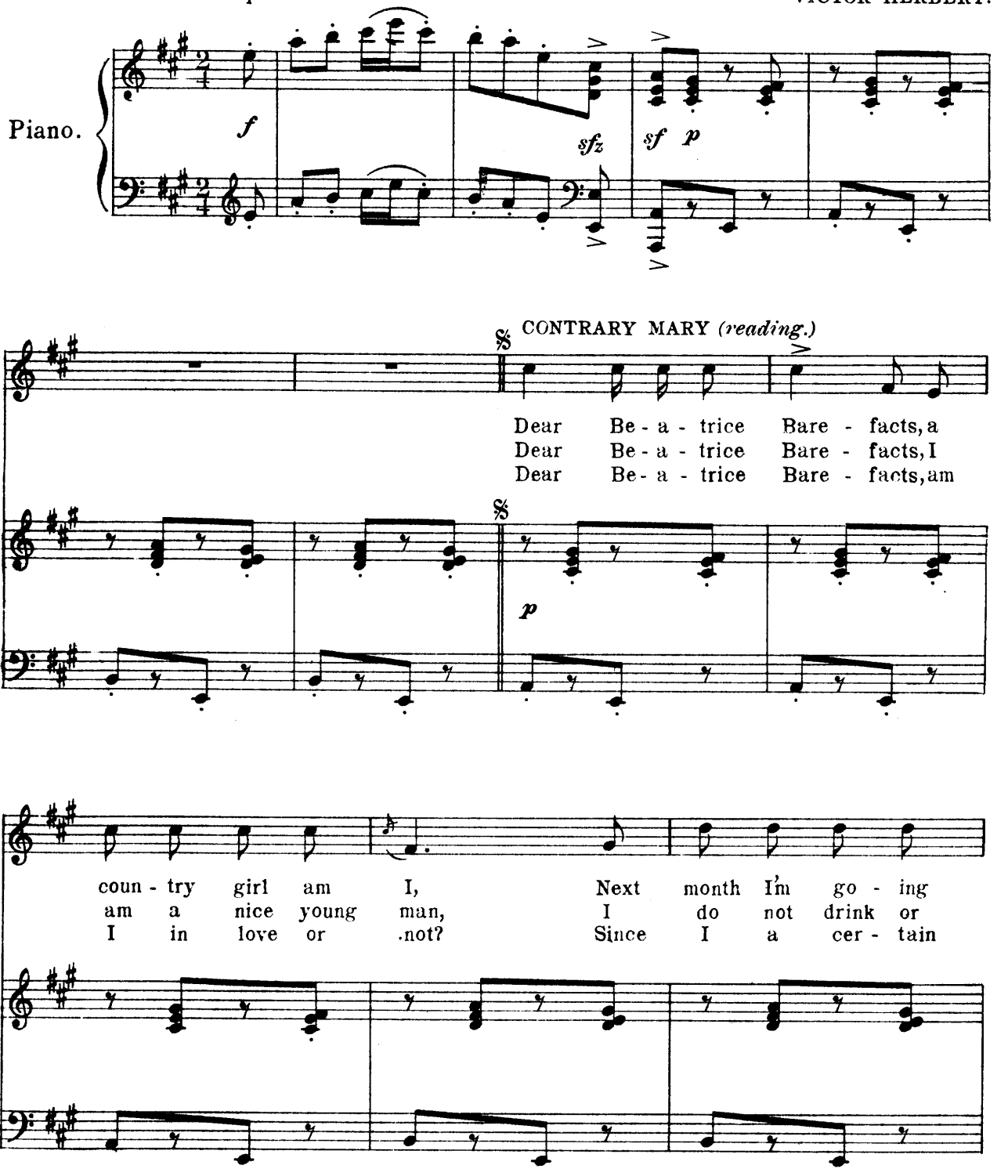
No 11

(Mary and Marmaduke.)

Words by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Marcia.



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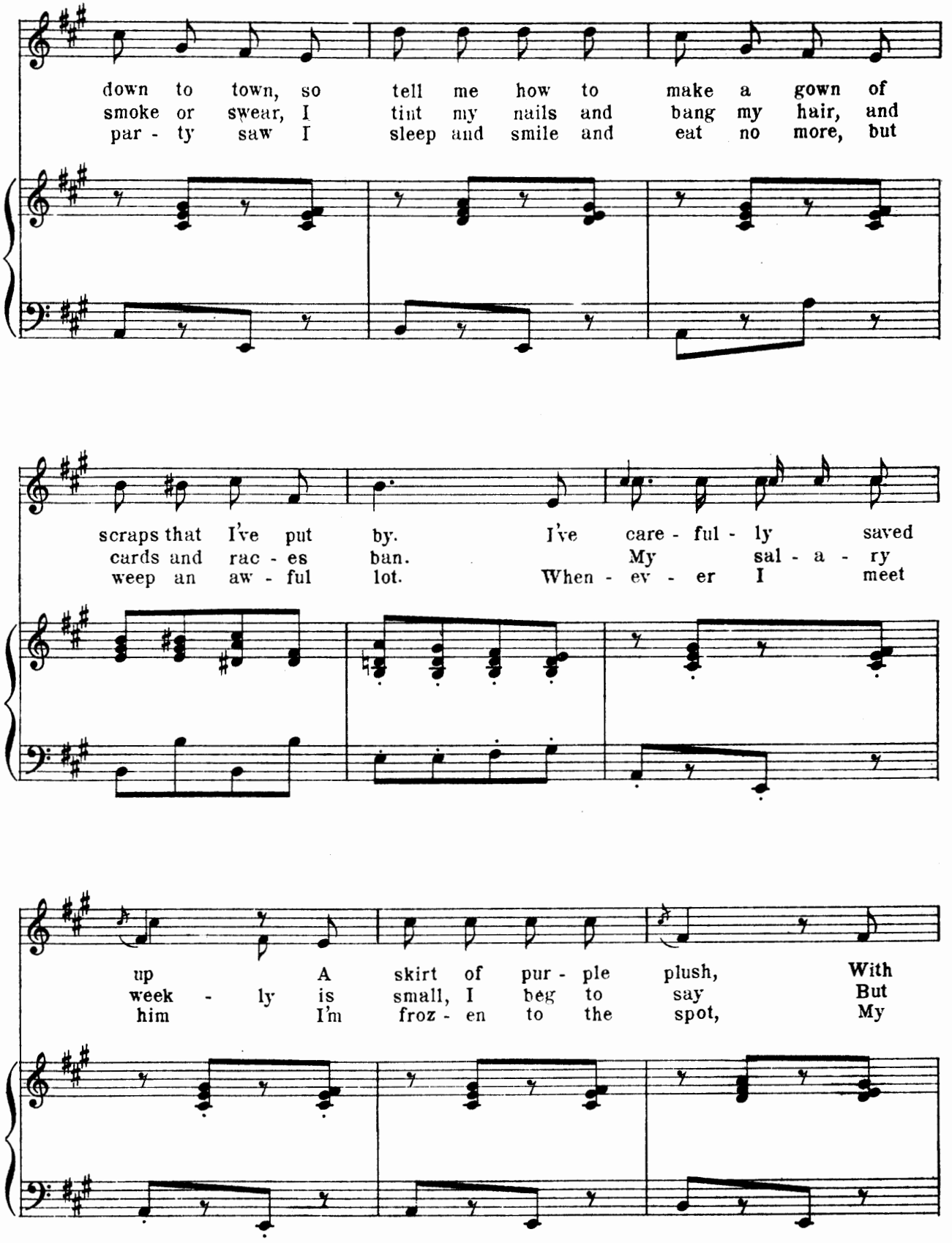
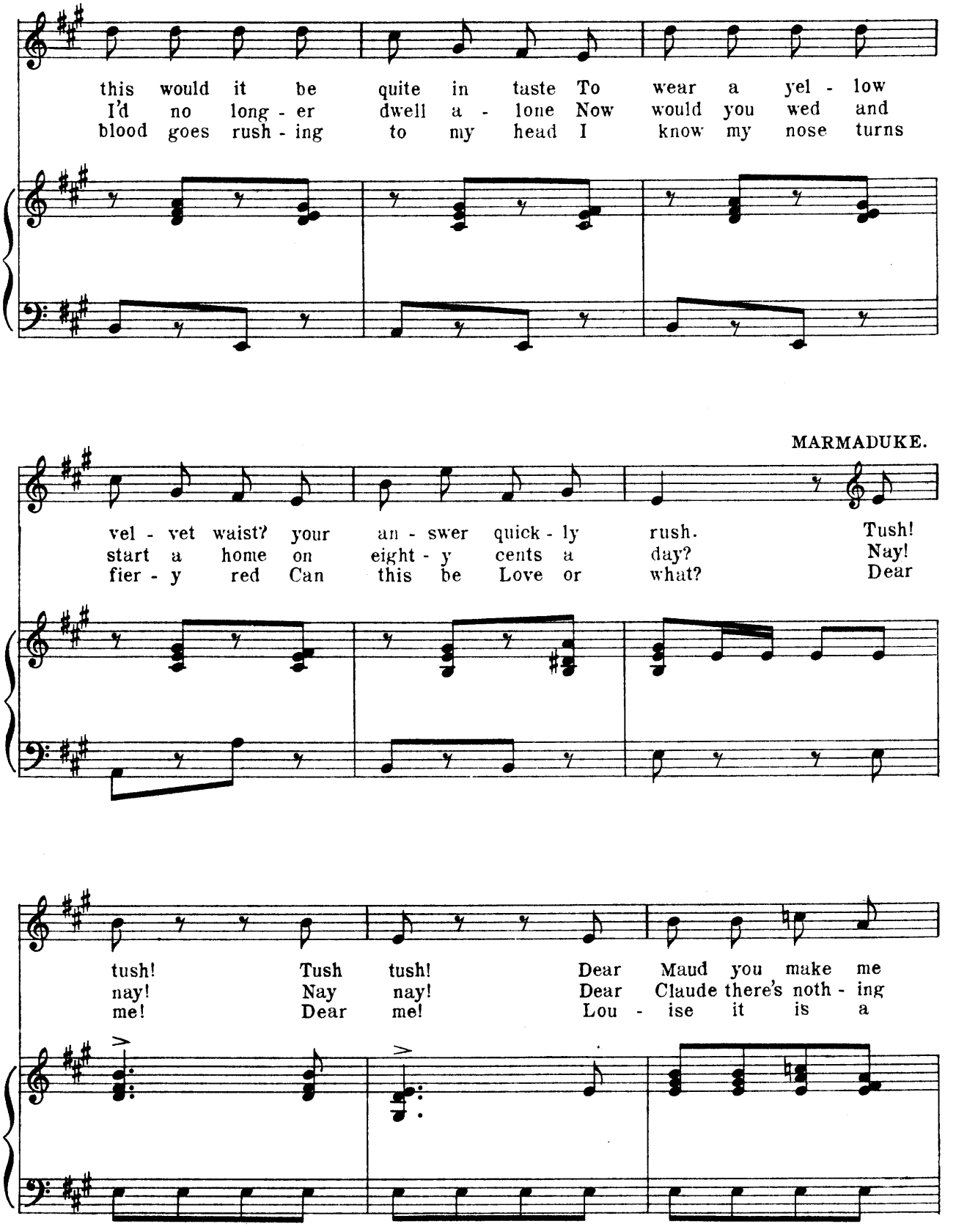
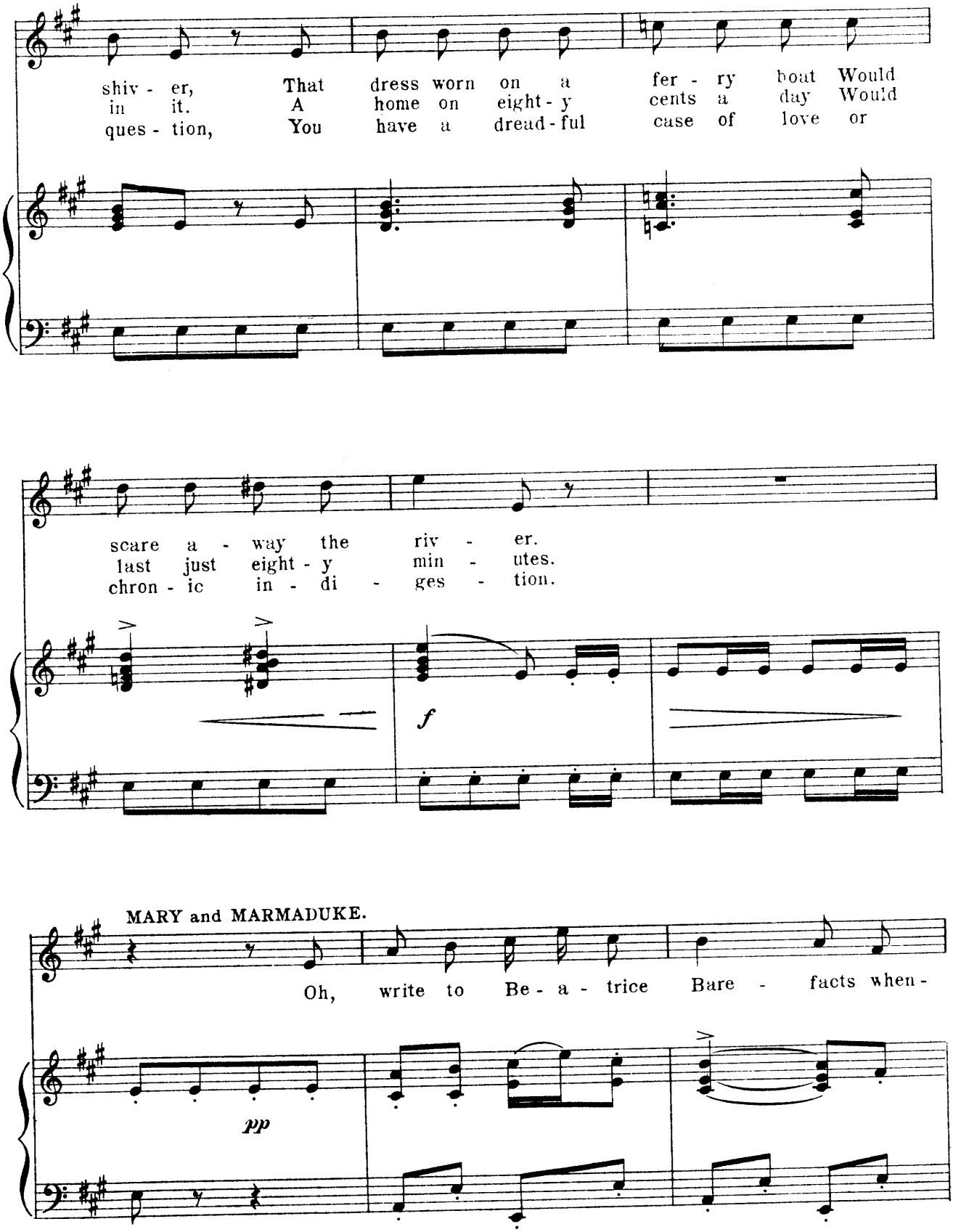
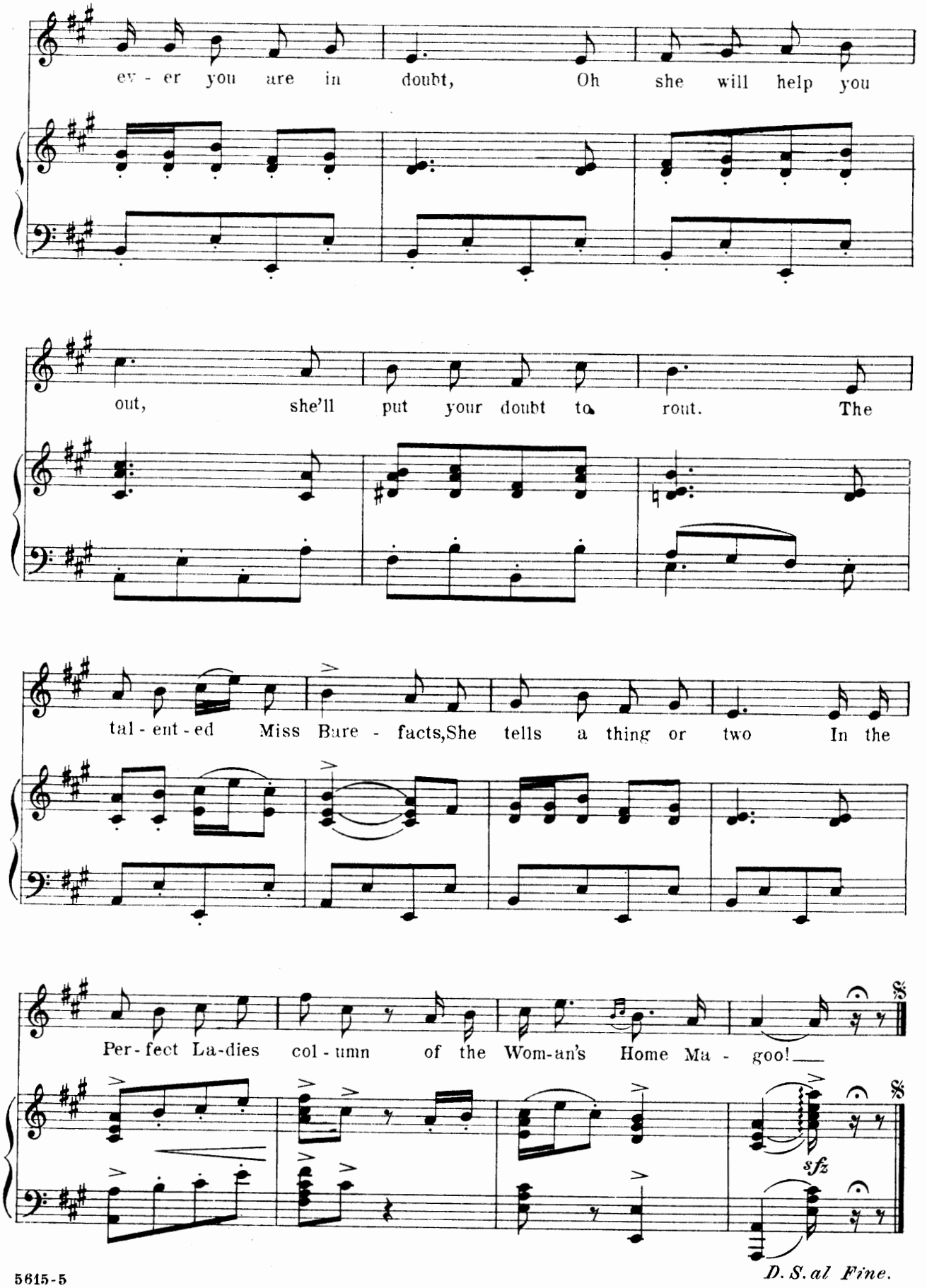

down to town, so tell me how to make a gown of
smoke or swear, I tint my nails and bang my hair, and
par - ty saw I sleep and smile and eat no more, but
scraps that I've put by. I've care - ful - ly saved
cards and rac - es ban. My sal - a - ry
weep an aw - ful lot. When - ev - er I meet
up A skirt of pur - ple plush, With
week - ly is small, I beg to say But
him I'm froz - en to the spot, My


this would it be quite in taste To wear a yel - low
I'd no long - er dwell a - lone Now would you wed and
blood goes rush - ing to my head I know my nose turns
MARMADUKE.
vel - vet waist? your an - swer quick - ly rush. Tush!
start a home on eight - y cents a day? Nay!
fier - y red Can this be Love or what? Dear
tush! Tush tush! Dear Maud you make me
nay! Nay nay! Dear Claude there's noth - ing
me! Dear me! Lou - ise it is a


shiv - er, That dress worn on a fer - ry boat Would
in it. A home on eight - y cents a day Would
ques - tion, You have a dread - ful case of love or
scare a - way the riv - er.
last just eight - y min - utes.
chron - ic in - di - ges - tion.
f
MARY and MARMADUKE.
Oh, write to Be - a - trice Bare - facts when -
pp


ev - er you are in doubt, Oh she will help you
out, she'll put your doubt to rout. The
tal - ent - ed Miss Bure - facts,She tells a thing or two In the
Per - fect La-dies col - umn of the Wom-an's Home Ma - goo!
sfz
D. S. al Fine.

No 12a

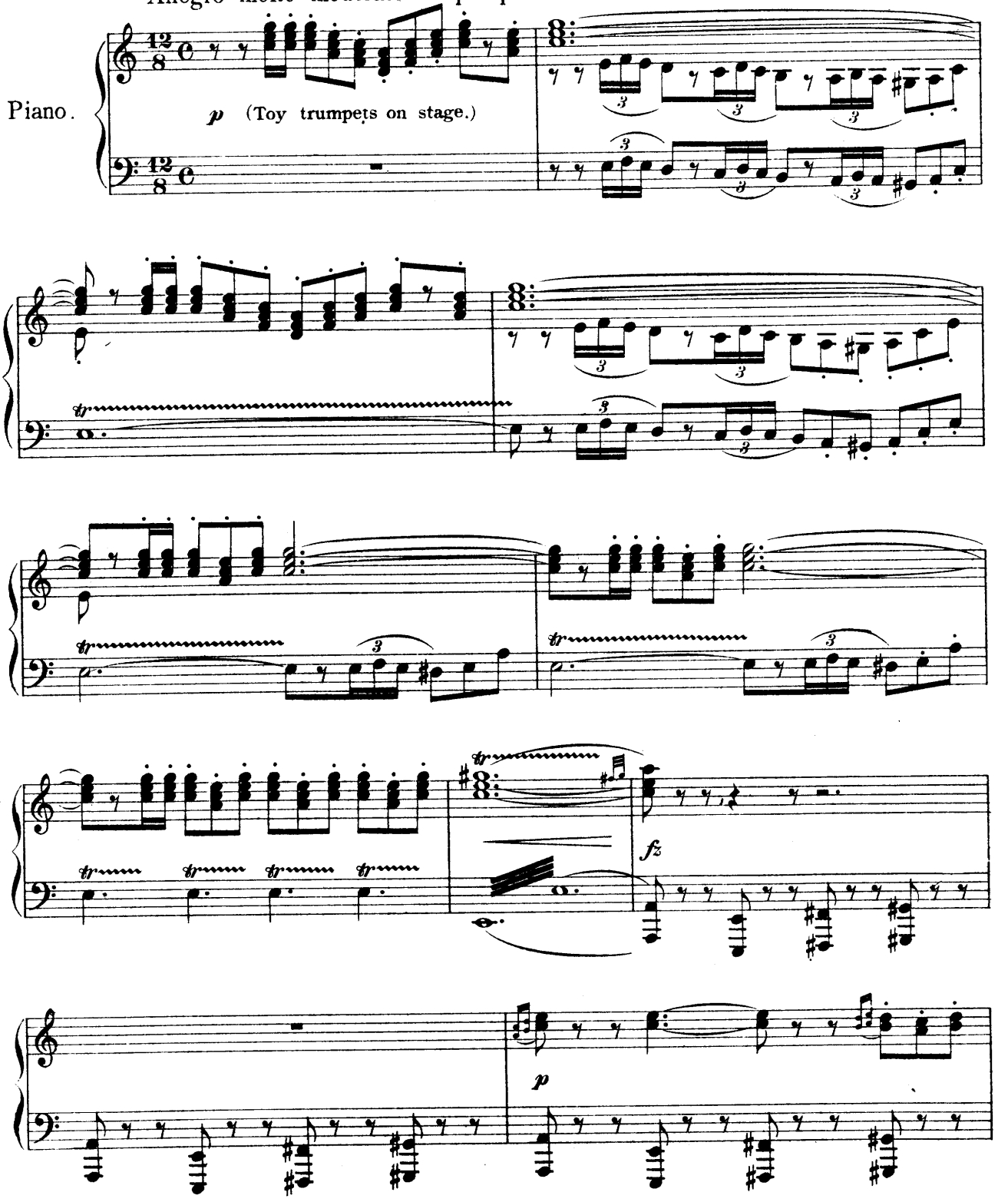
March of the Toys

from

"Babes in Toyland."

by VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro molto moderato sempre pesante.



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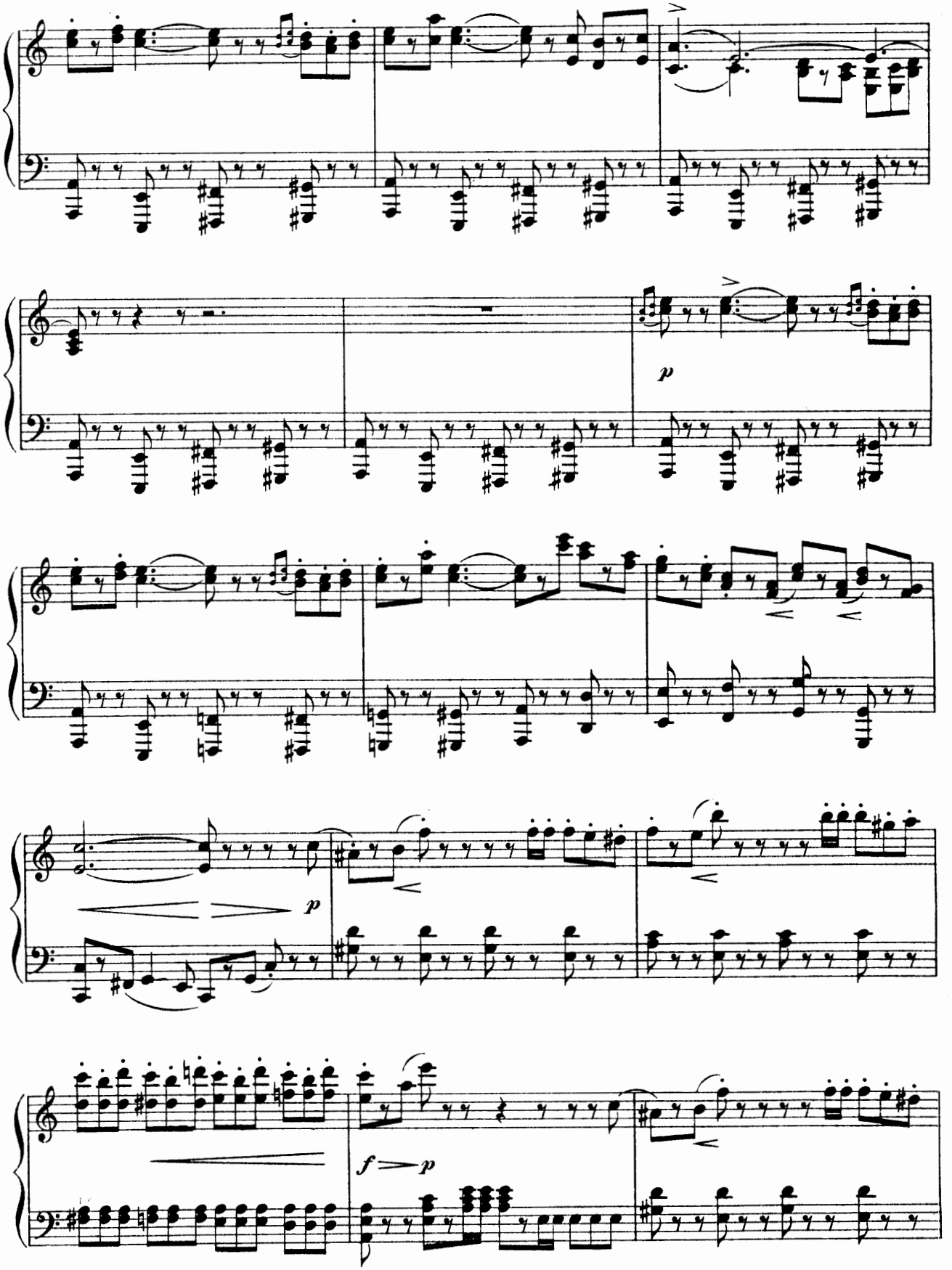
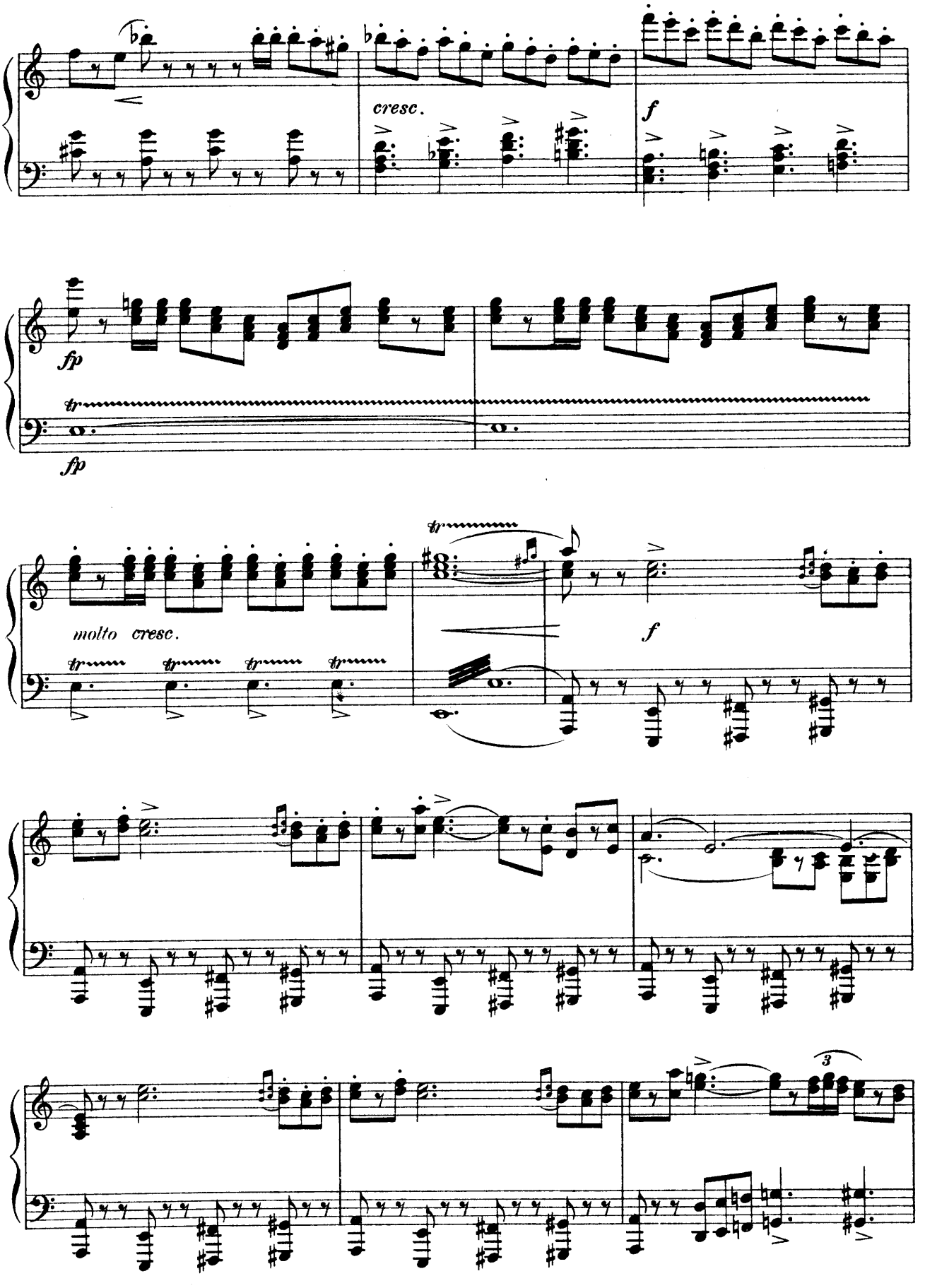
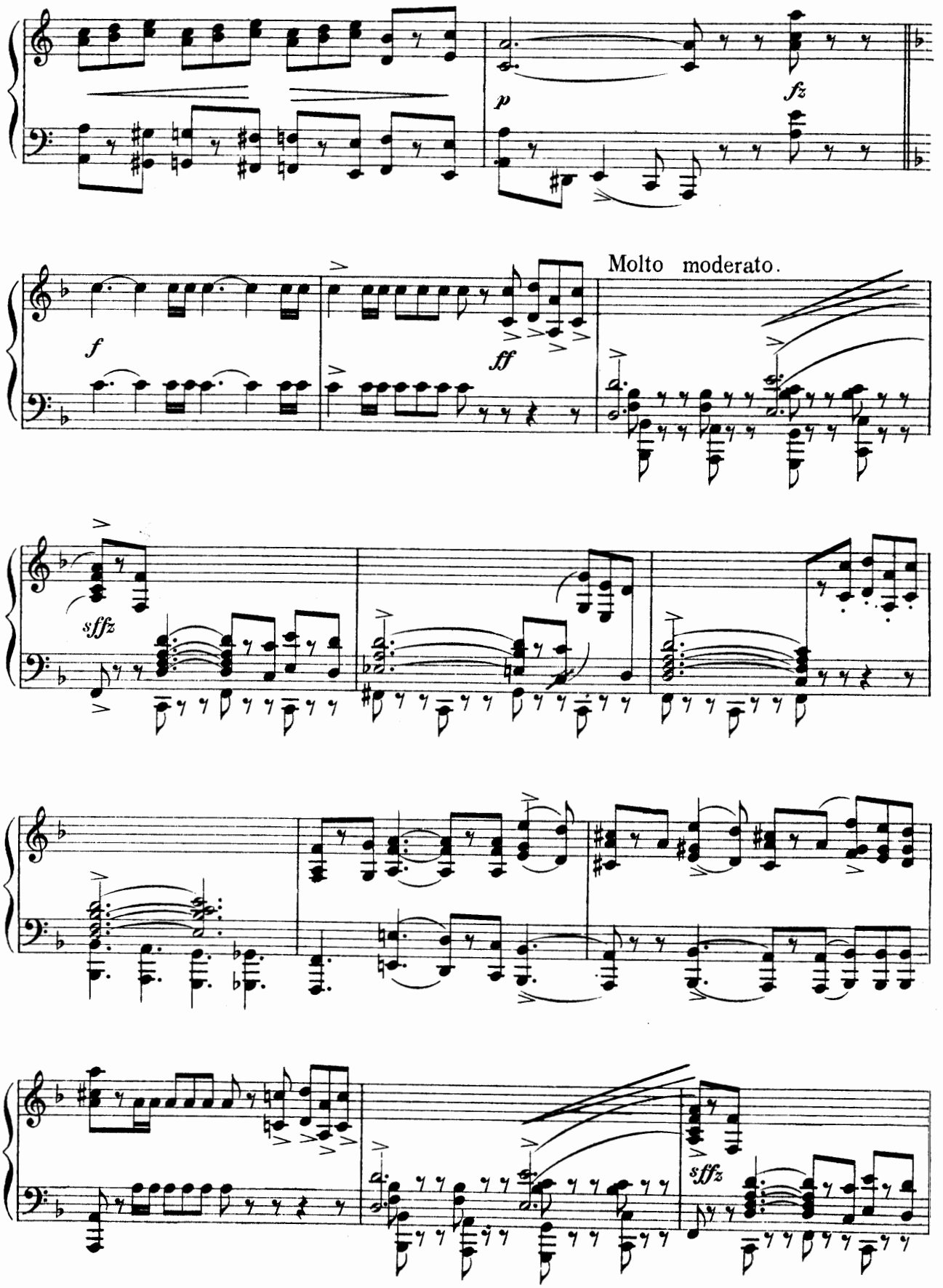
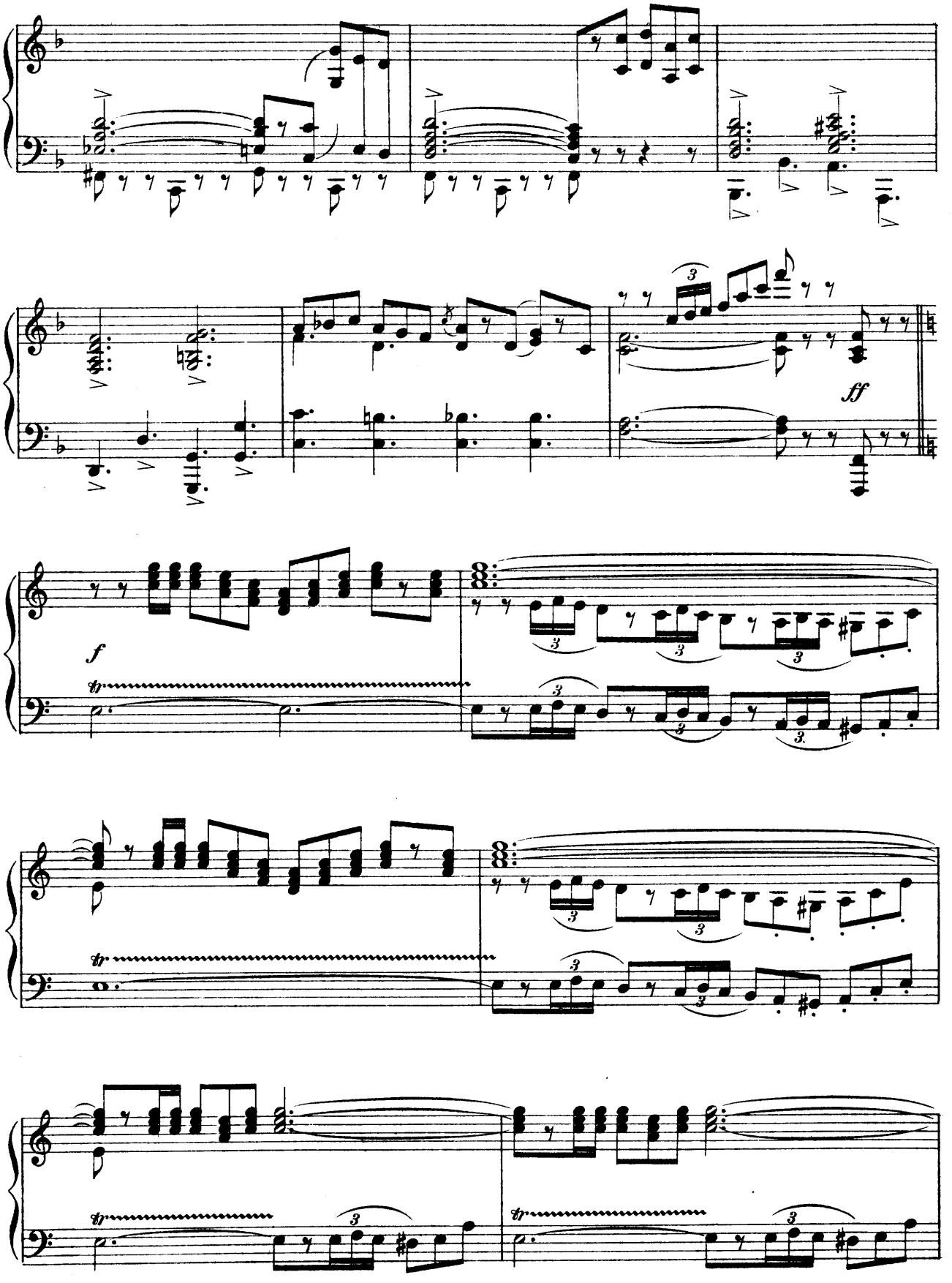
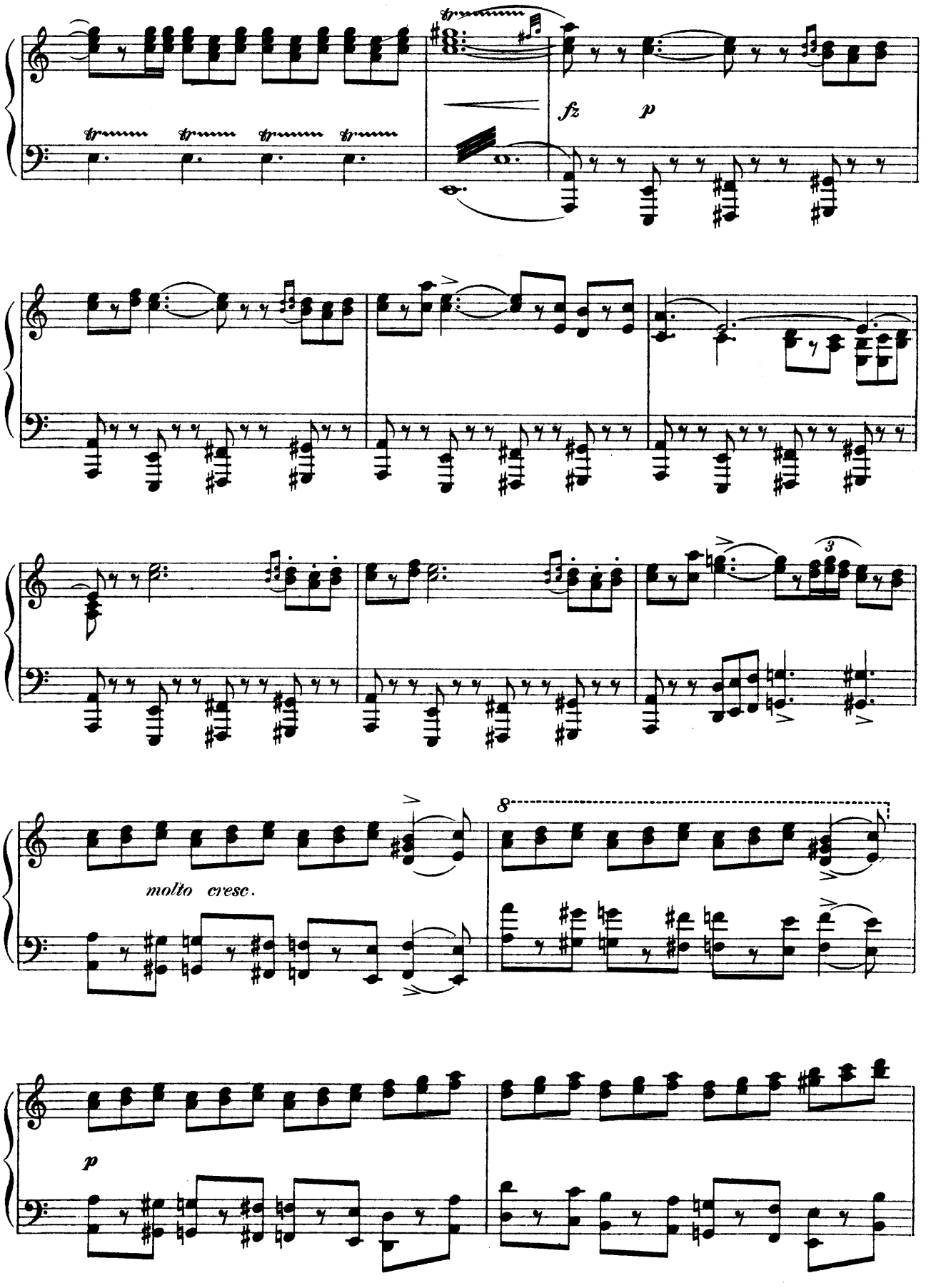
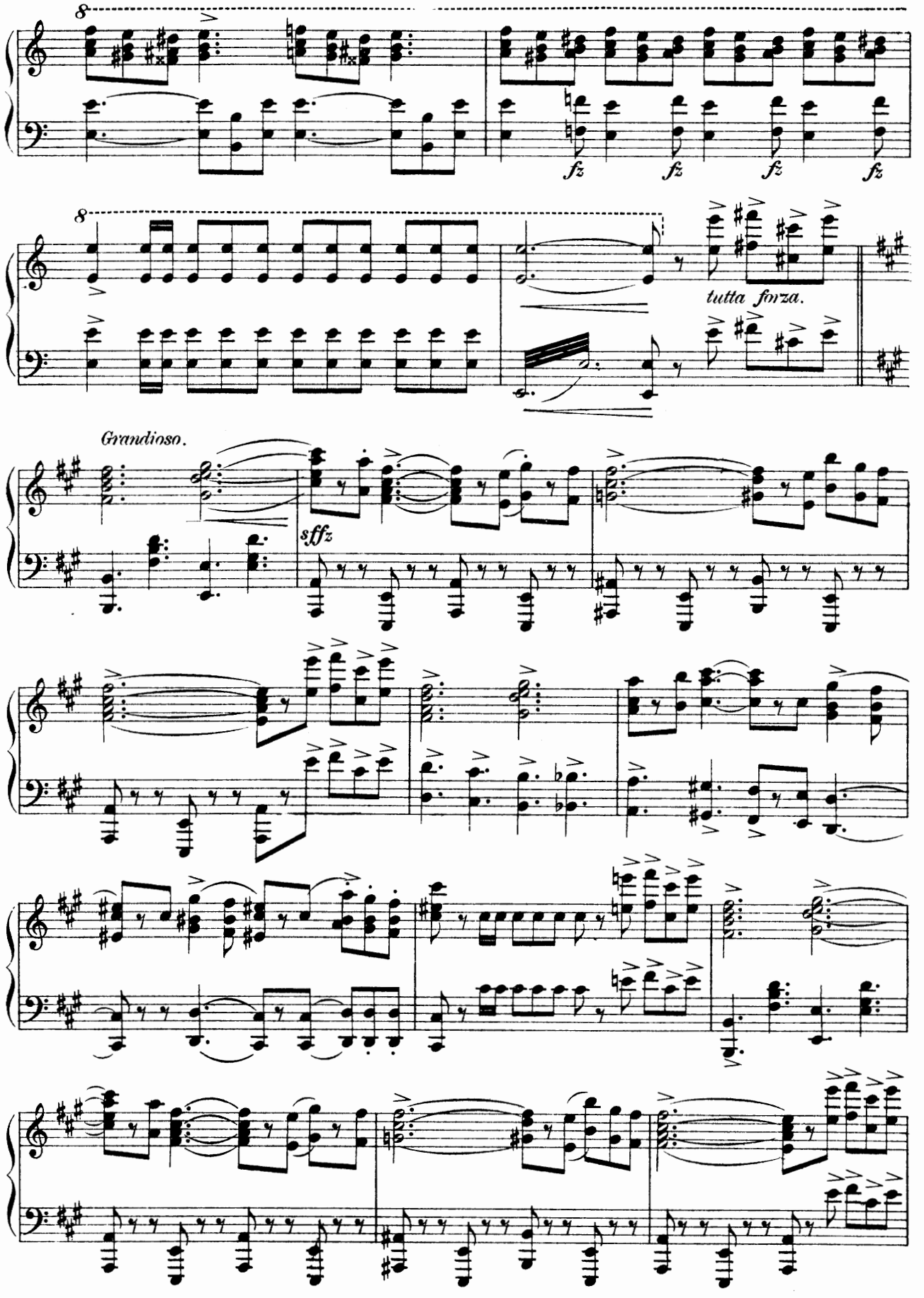

p
p
f
p

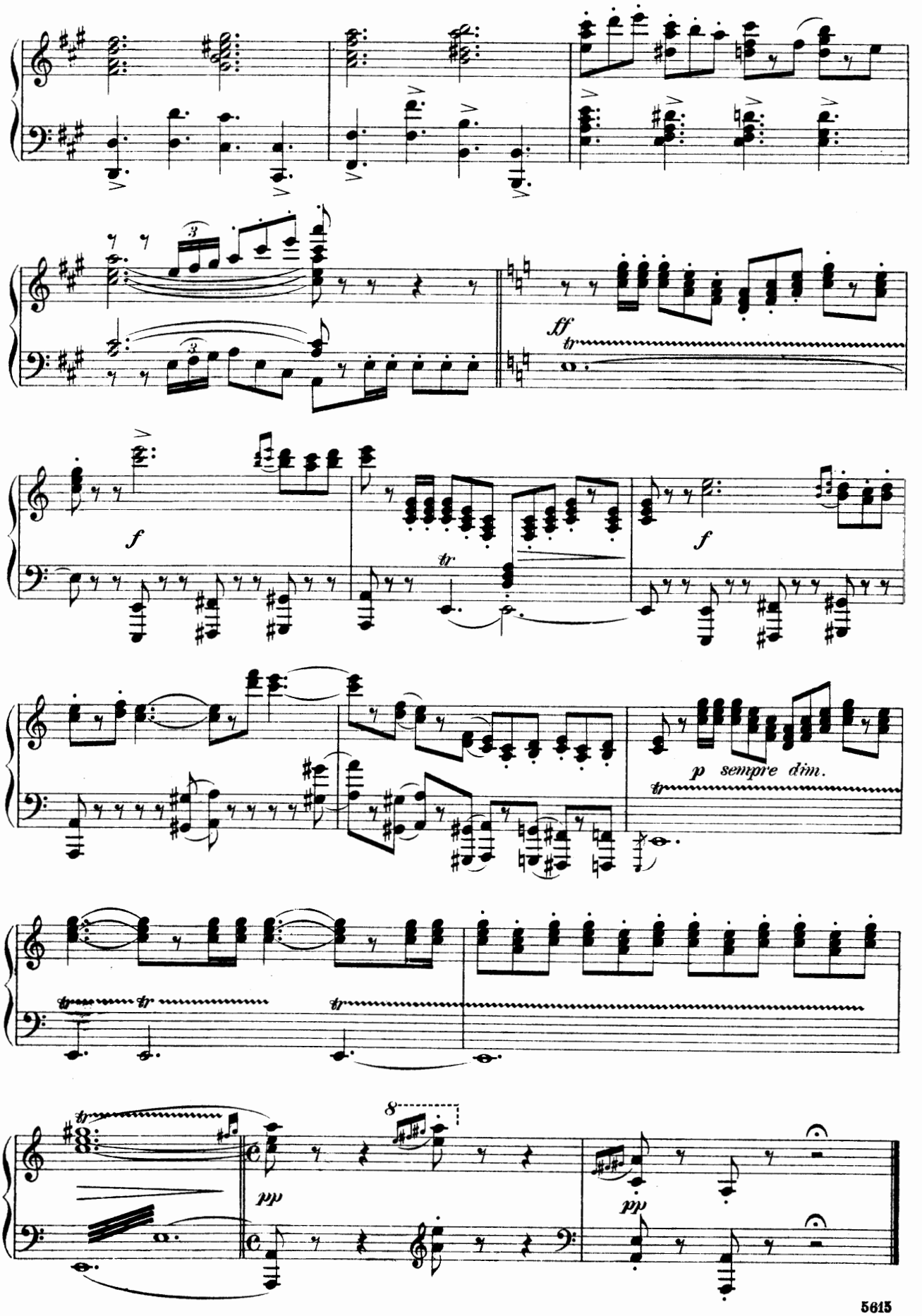

cresc.
f
fp
fp
molto cresc.
f
3


p
fz
f
ff
Molto moderato.
sffz
sffz


ff
f
tr


fz
p
molto cresc.
8
p

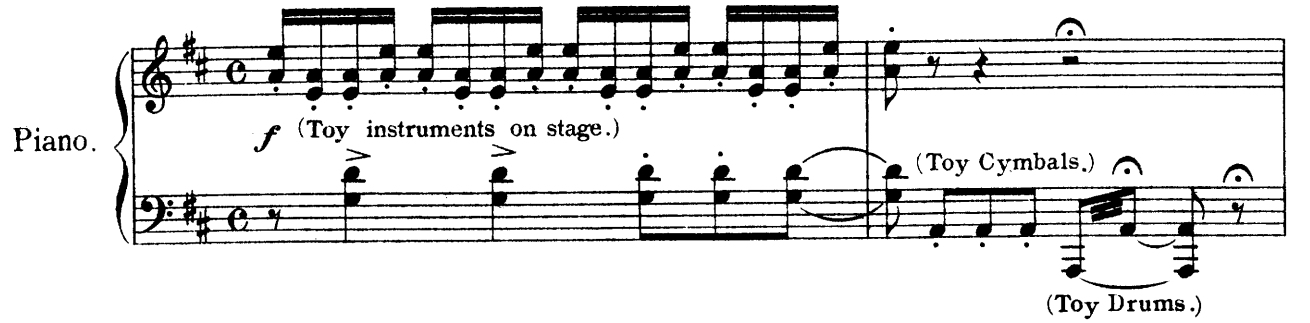

8
fz
fz
fz
fz
8
tutta forza.
Grandioso.
sffz

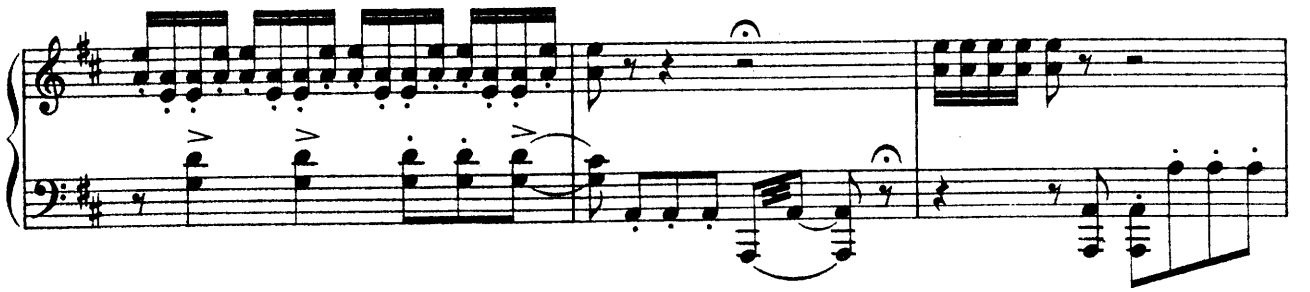

ff
tr
f
tr
f
p sempre dim.
tr
tr
tr
tr
8
pp
pp

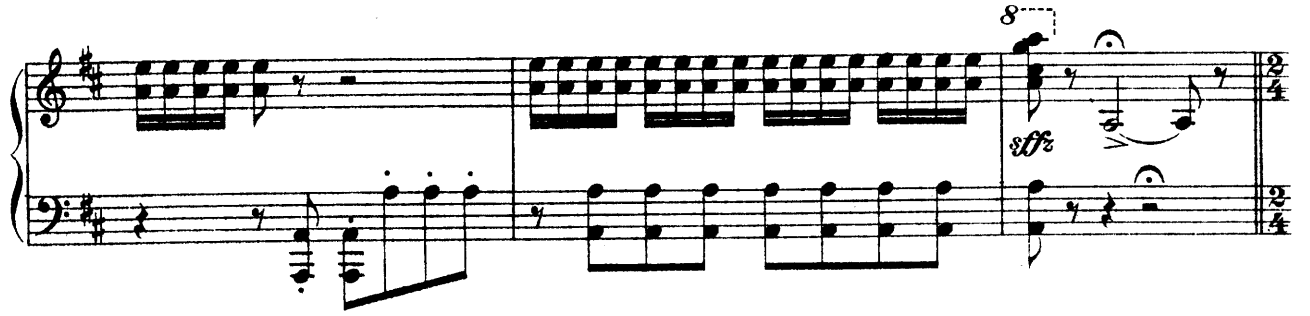
The Military Ball.

No 12b

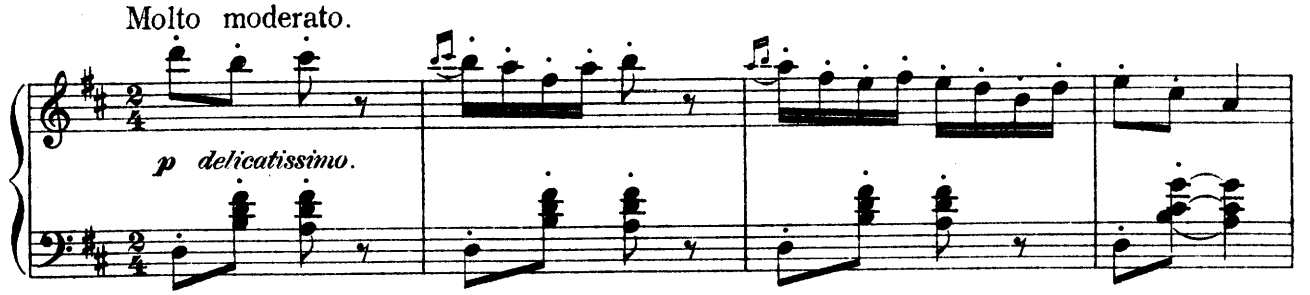
Allegro brillante ma moderato.

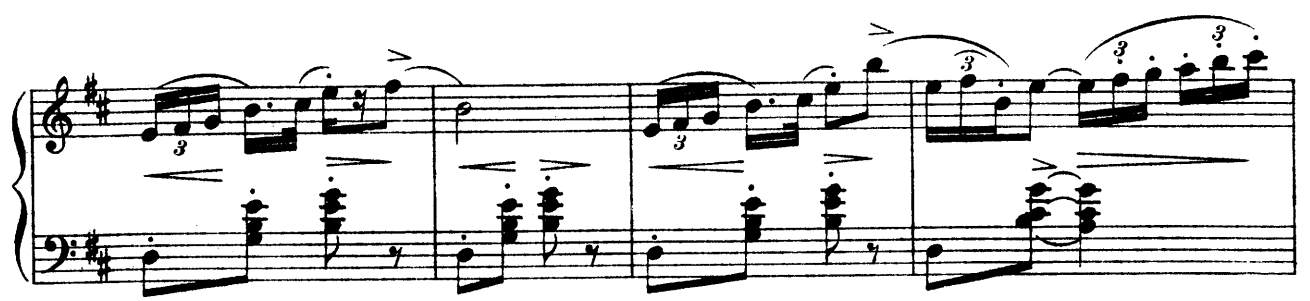


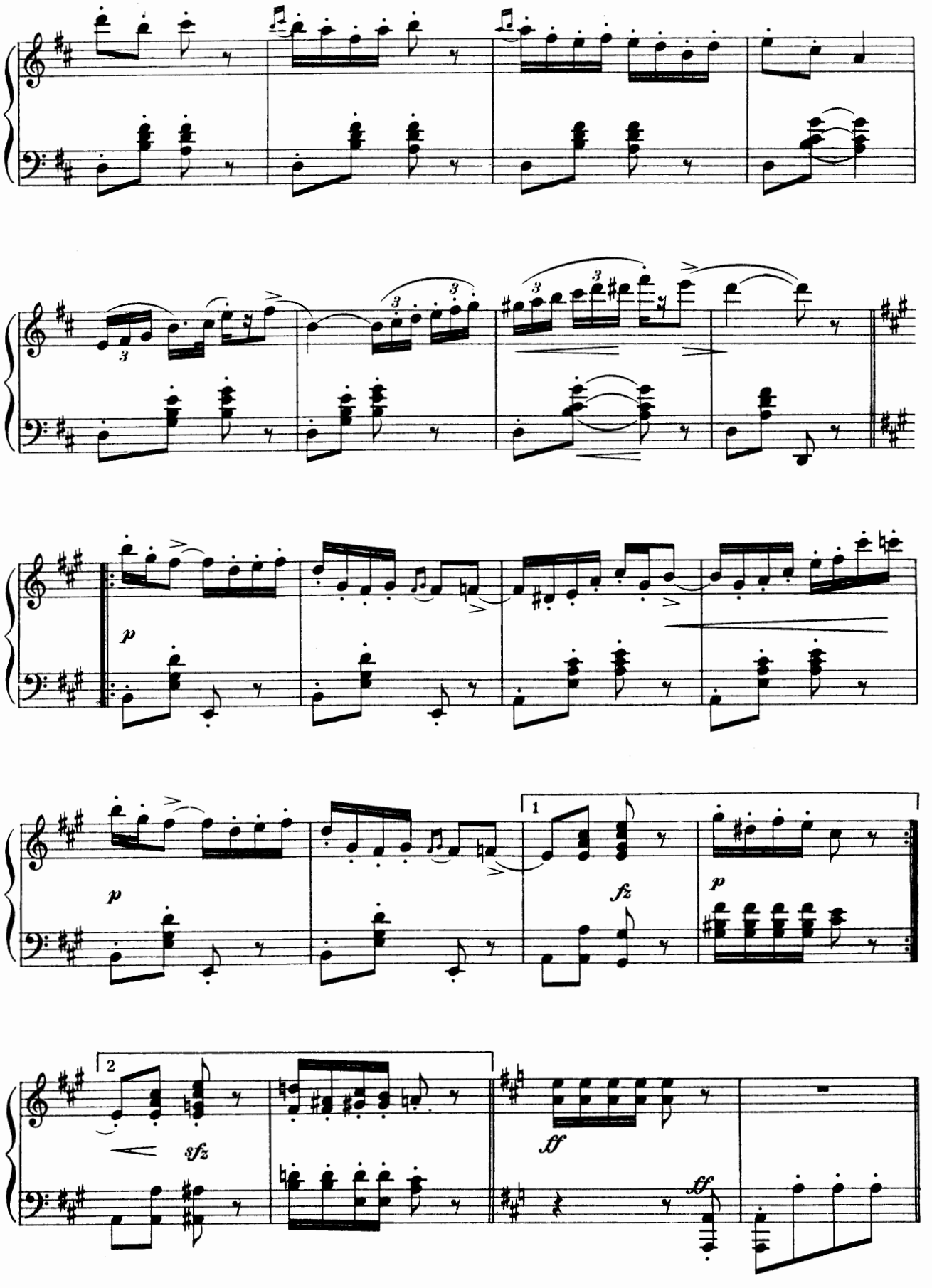


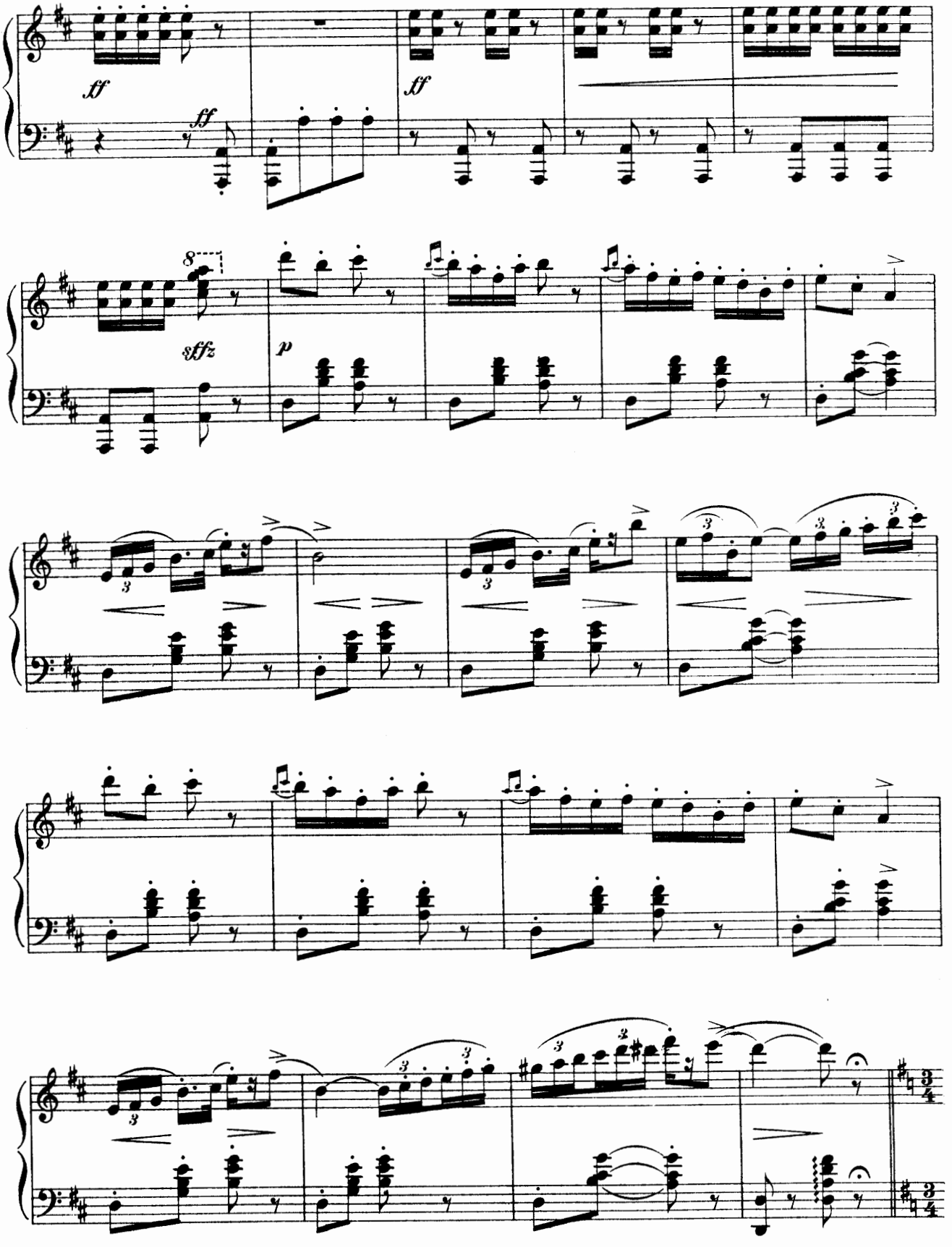


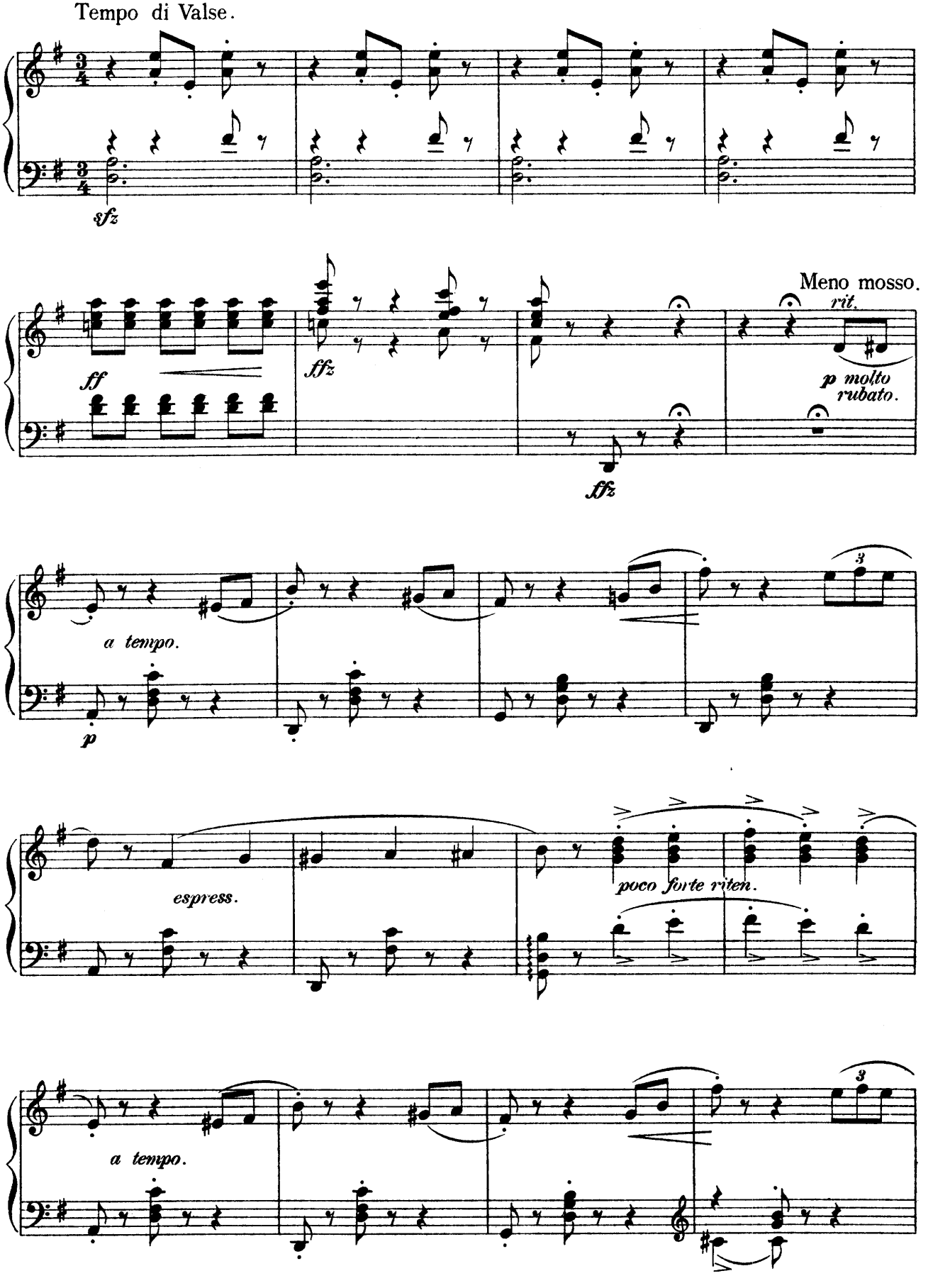
Molto moderato.

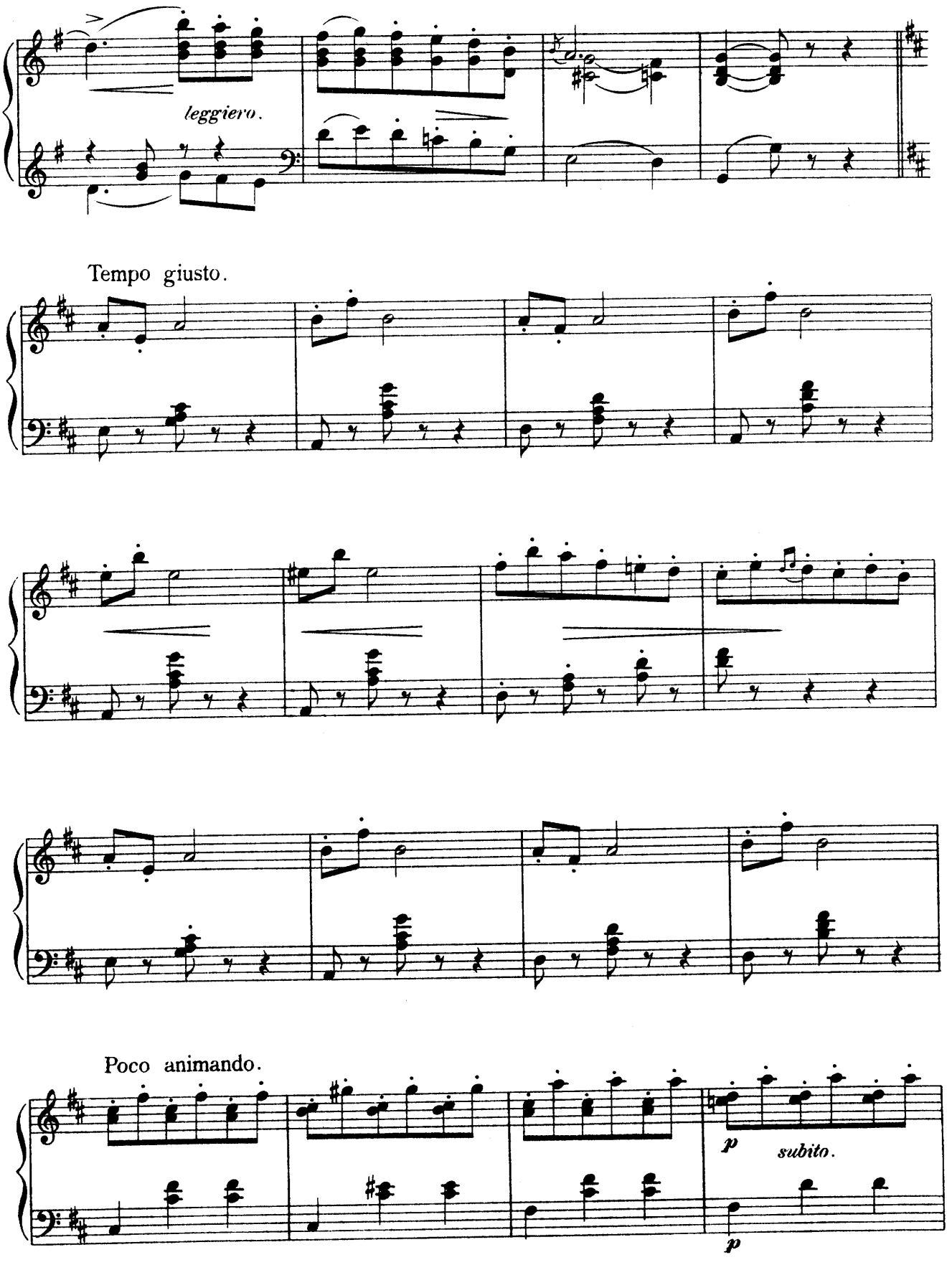


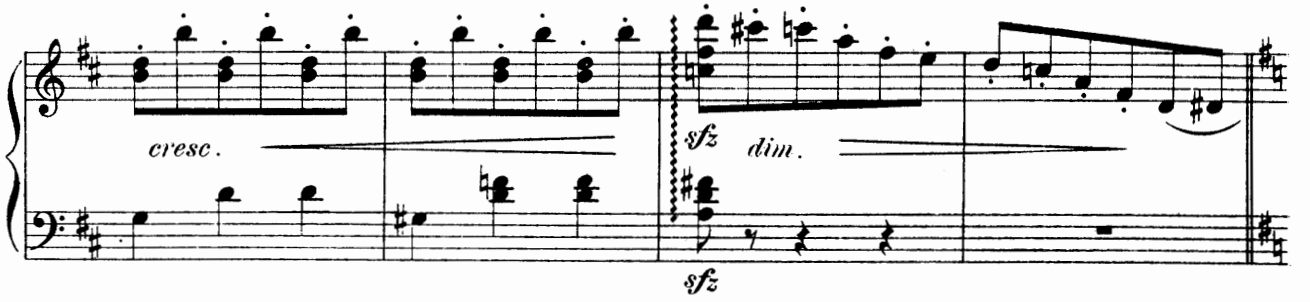



p
p
fz
p
1
2
sfz
ff
ff

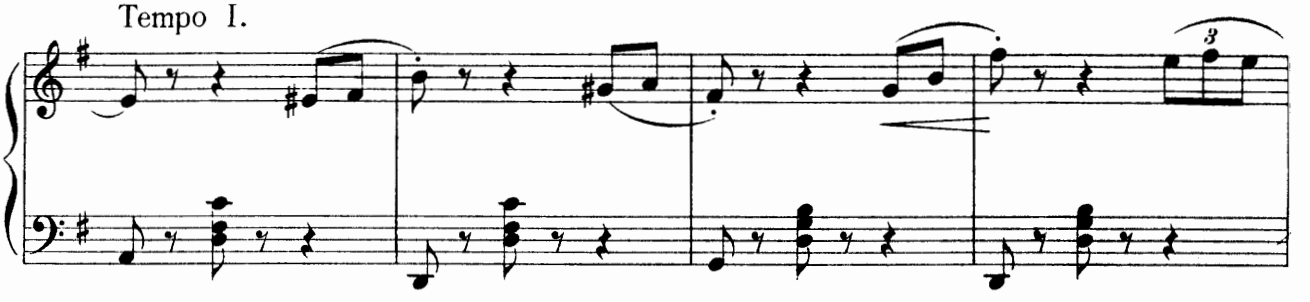

ff
ff
ff
8
sffz
p

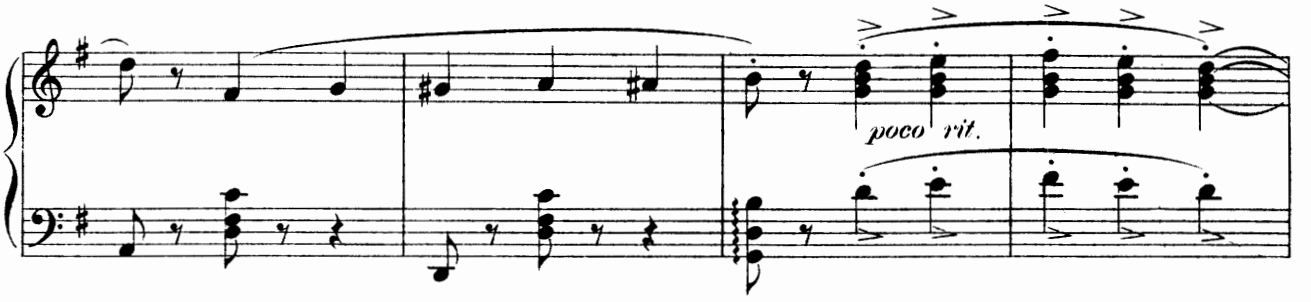

Tempo di Valse.
sfz
ff
ffz
Meno mosso.
rit.
p molto rubato.
ffz
a tempo.
p
espress.
poco forte riten.
a tempo.

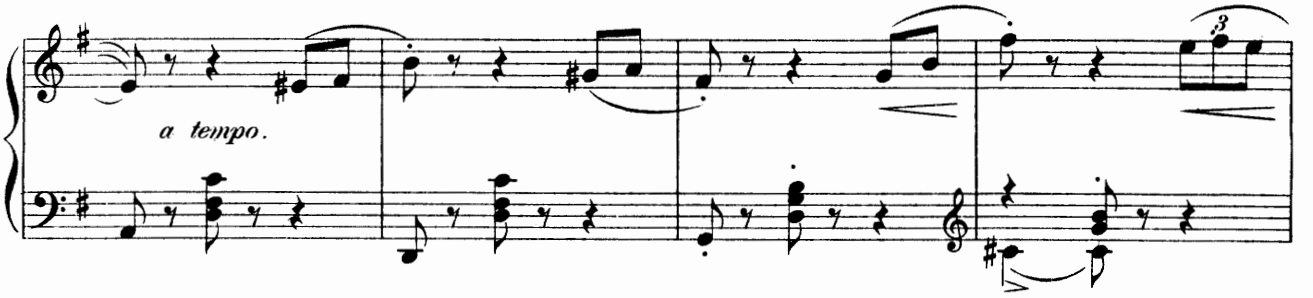

leggiero.
Tempo giusto.
Poco animando.
p
subito.
p

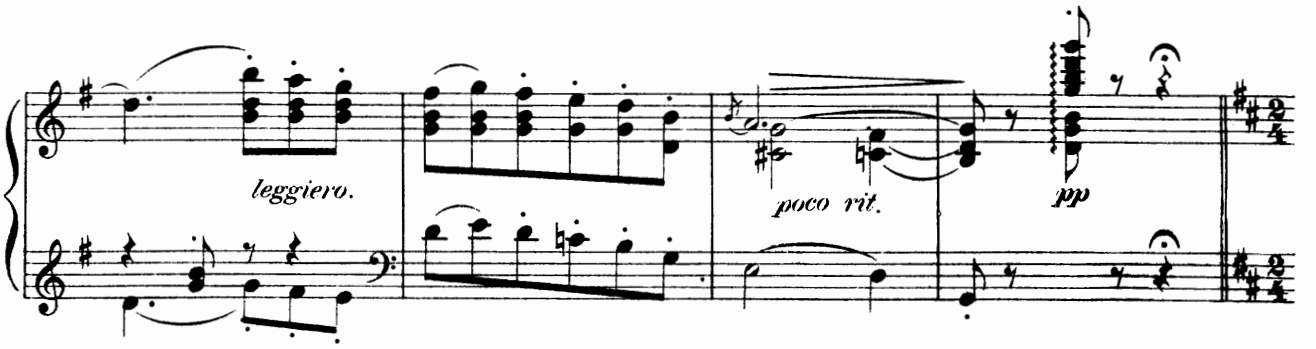


Tempo I.



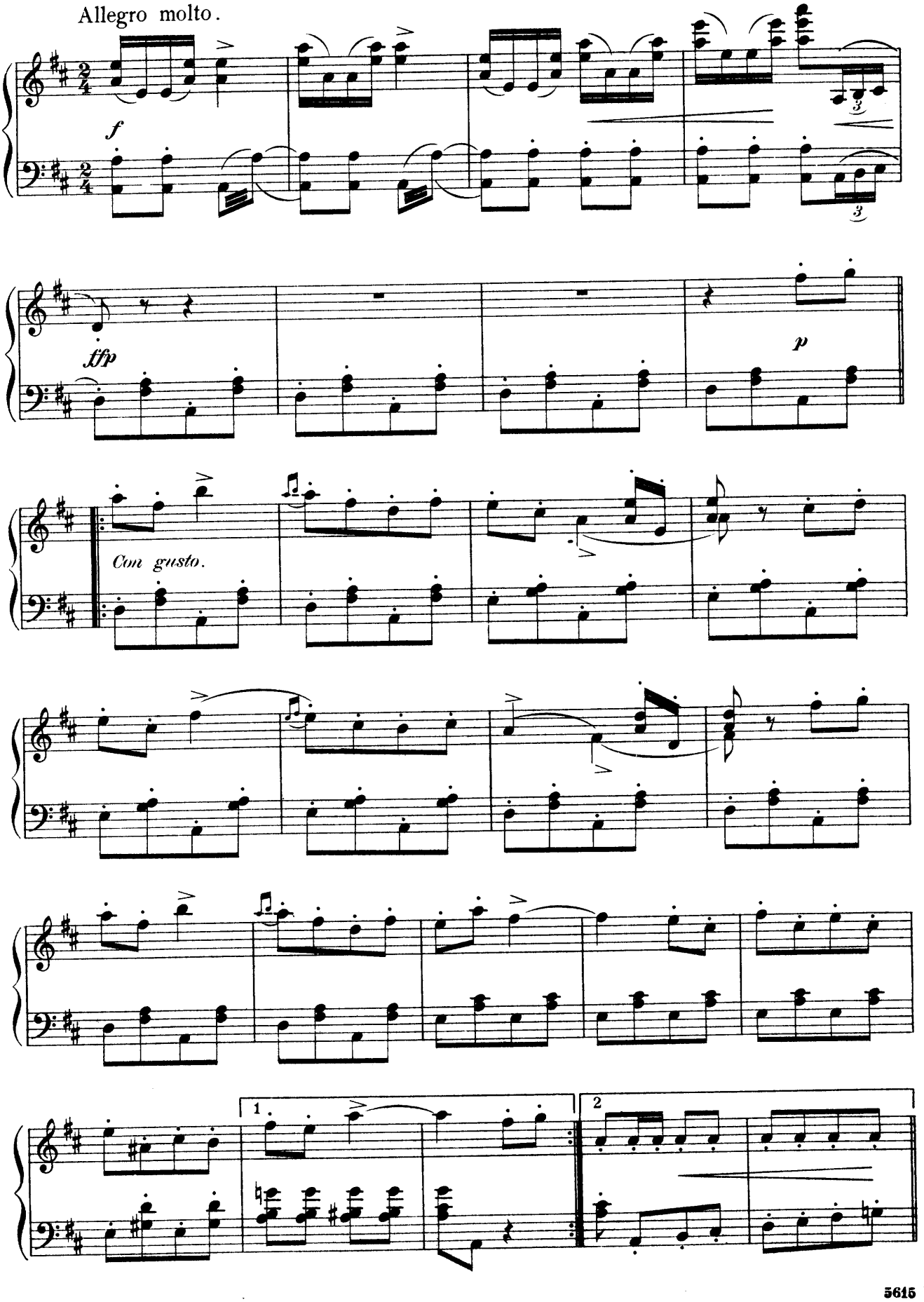


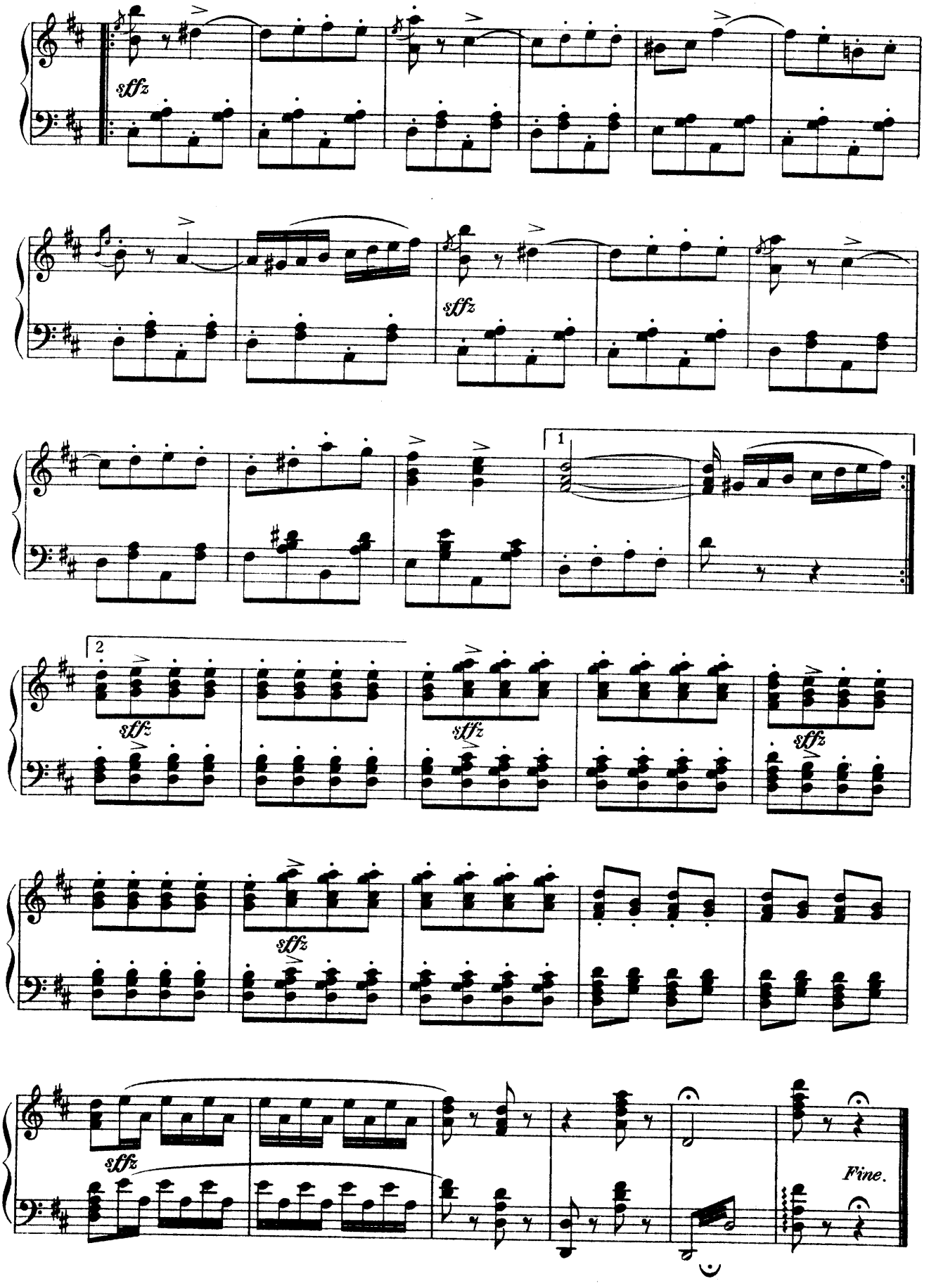




GALOP.

Allegro molto.




sffz
sffz
1
2
sffz
sffz
sffz
sffz
sffz
Fine.

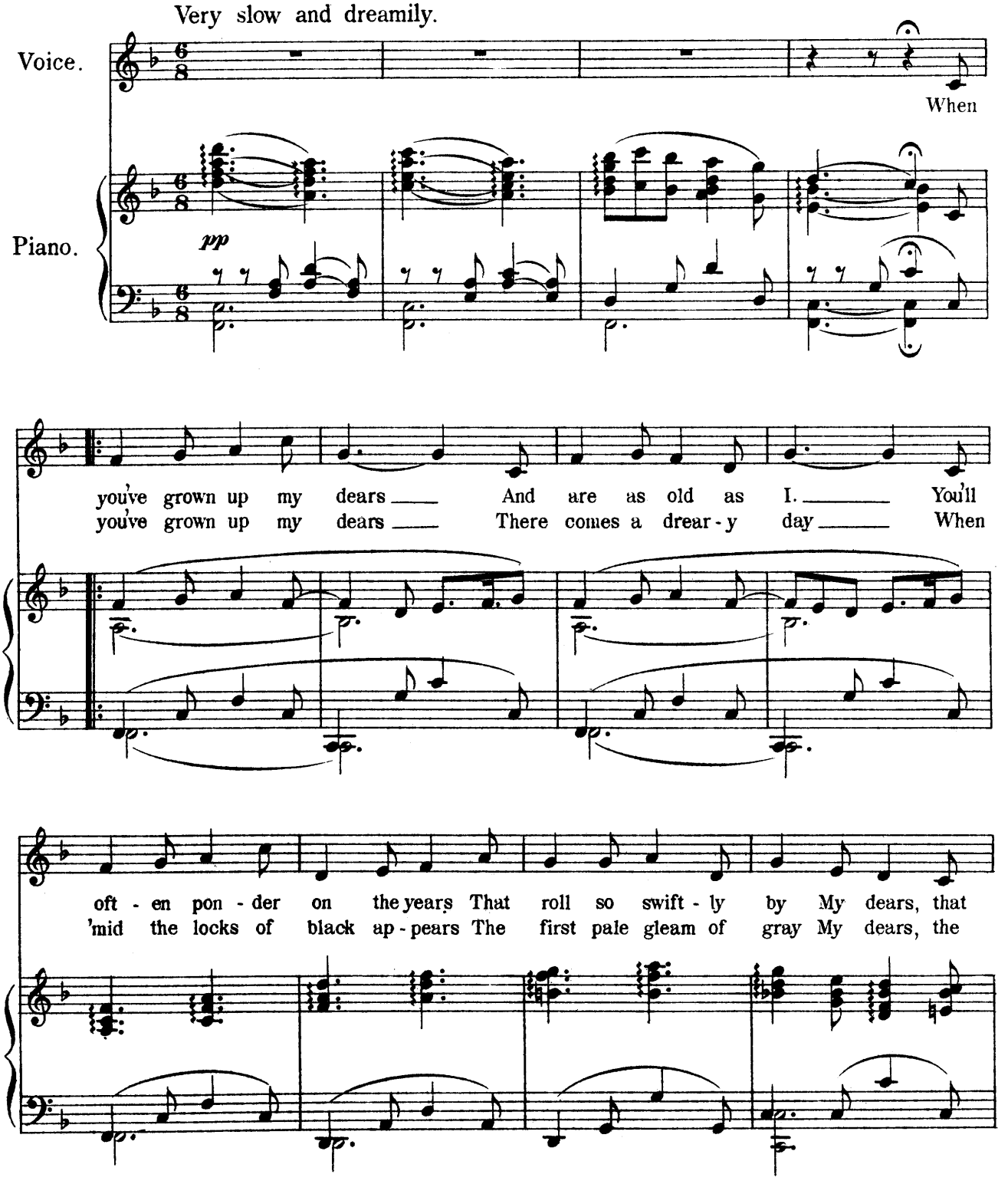
Toyland.

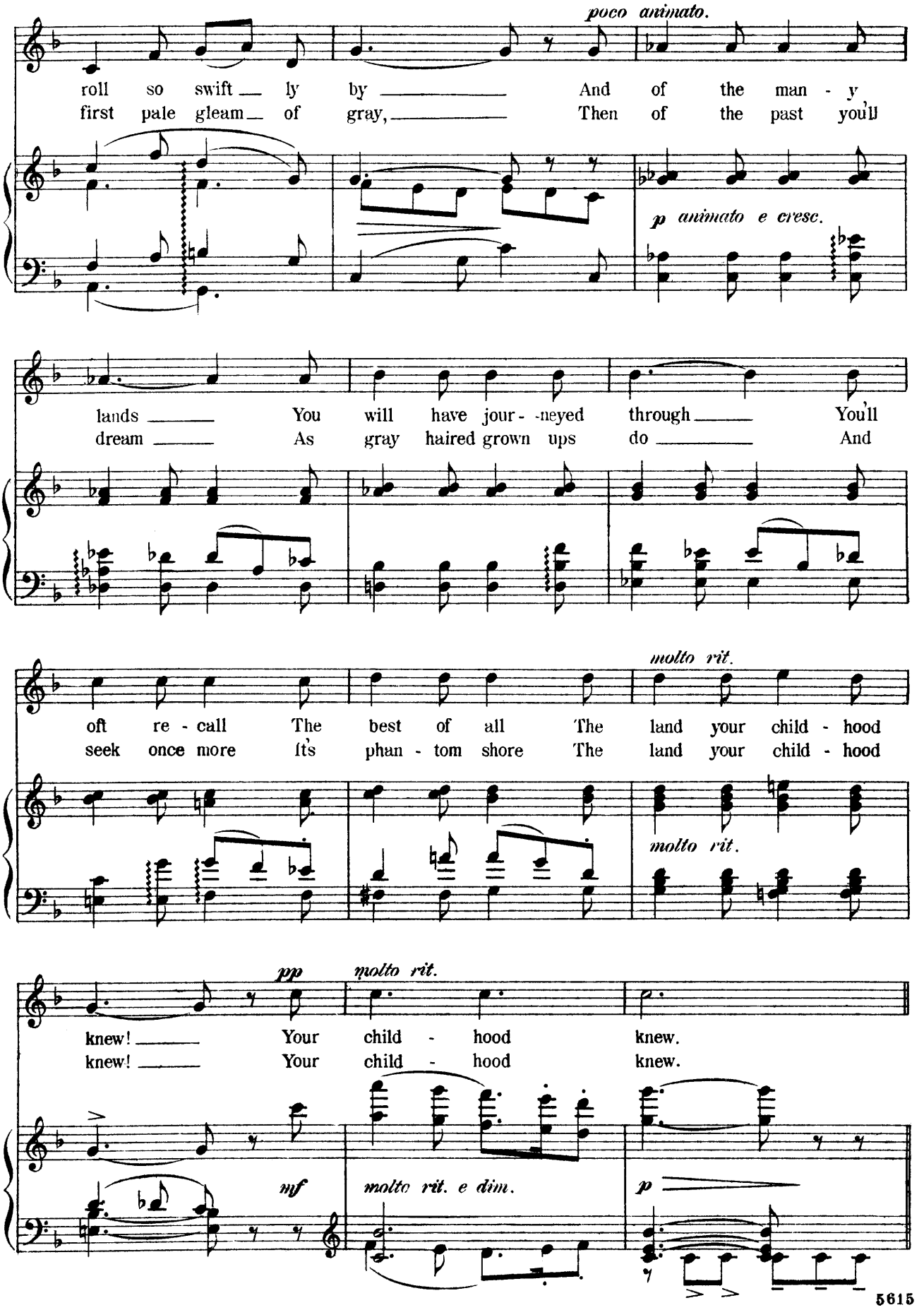
No. 13.

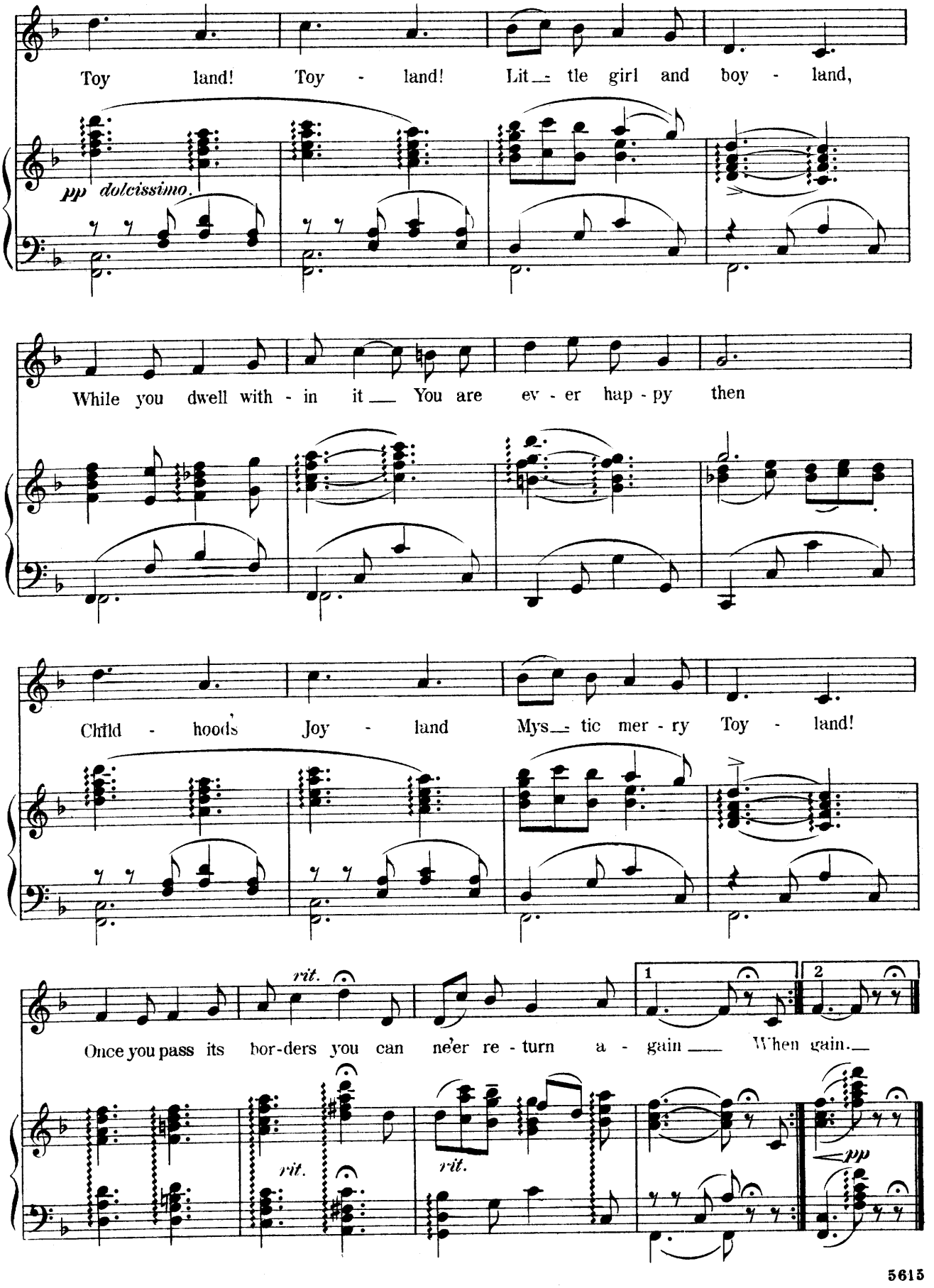
Tom, Tom.

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.




poco animato.
roll so swift ly by And of the man - y
first pale gleam of gray, Then of the past you'll
p animato e cresc.
lands You will have jour- neyed through You'll
dream As gray haired grown ups do And
molto rit.
oft re - call The best of all The land your child - hood
seek once more It's phan - tom shore The land your child - hood
molto rit.
pp
molto rit.
knew! Your child - hood knew.
knew! Your child - hood knew.
mf
molto rit. e dim.
p


Toy land! Toy - land! Lit_tle girl and boy - land,
pp dolcissimo.
While you dwell with - in it_ You are ev - er hap - py then
Child - hood's Joy - land Mys_tic mer - ry Toy - land!
rit.
Once you pass its bor-ders you can ne'er re - turn a - gain_ When gain._
1
2
rit.
rit.
pp

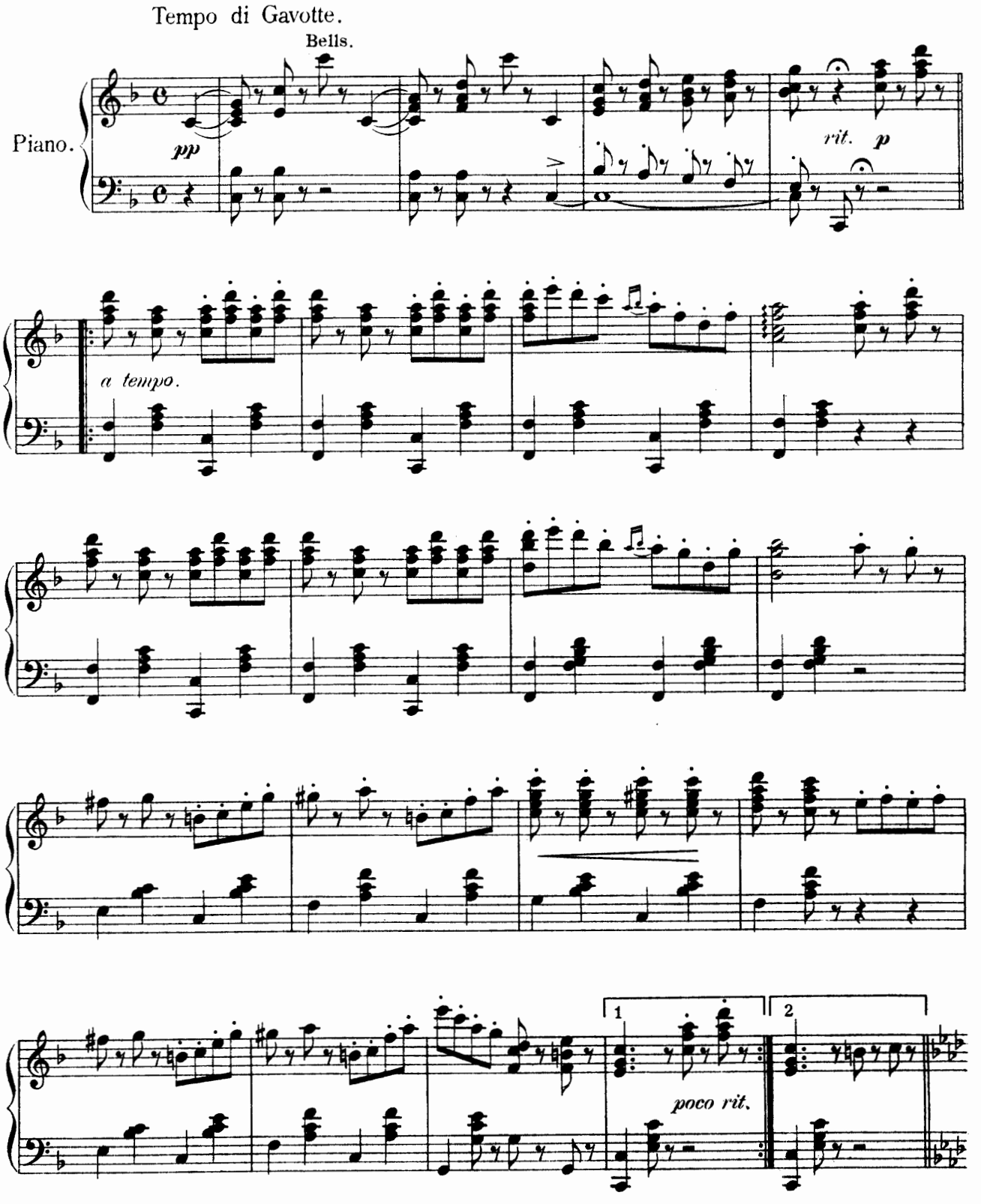
878

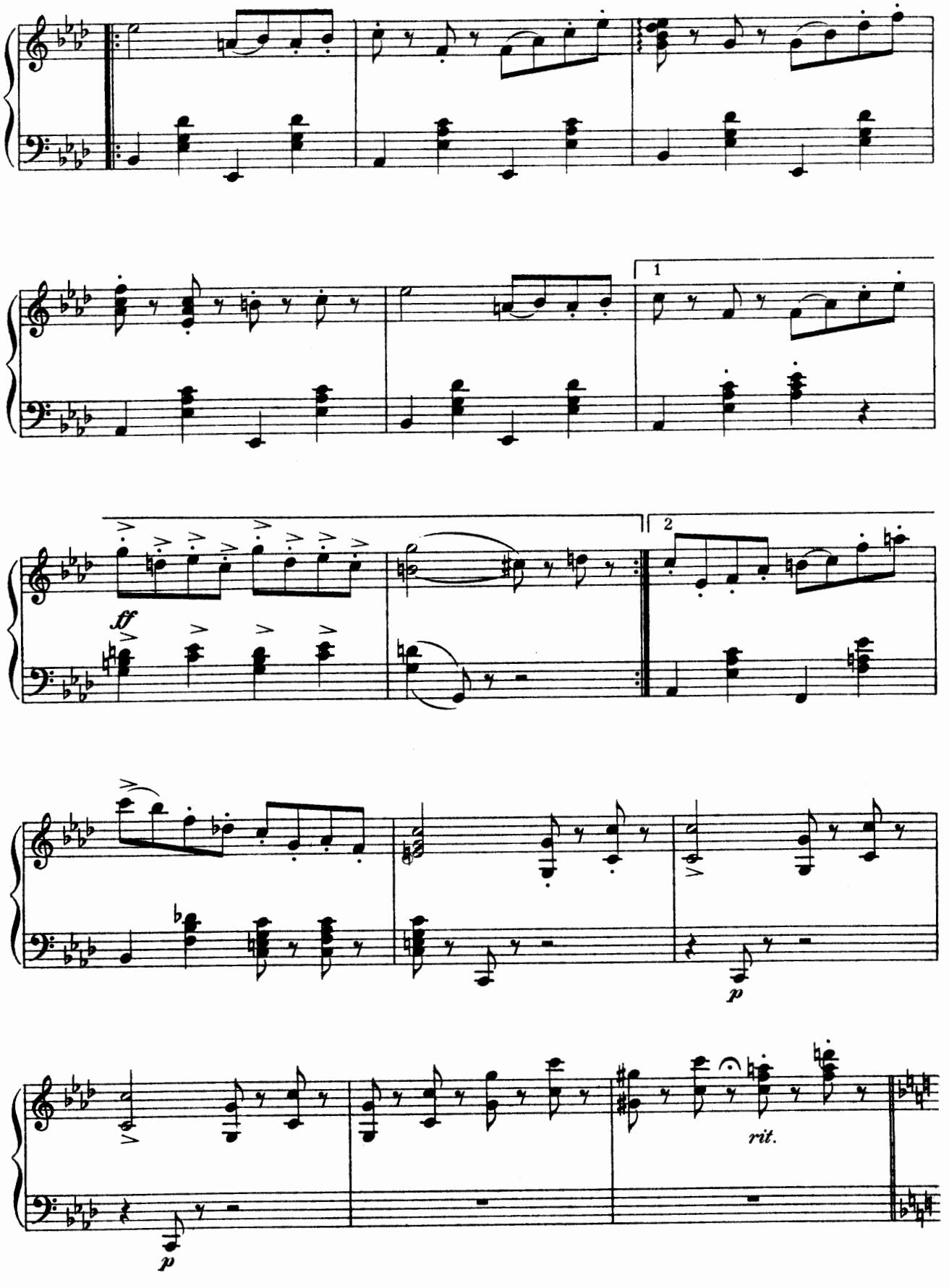
Gavotte.

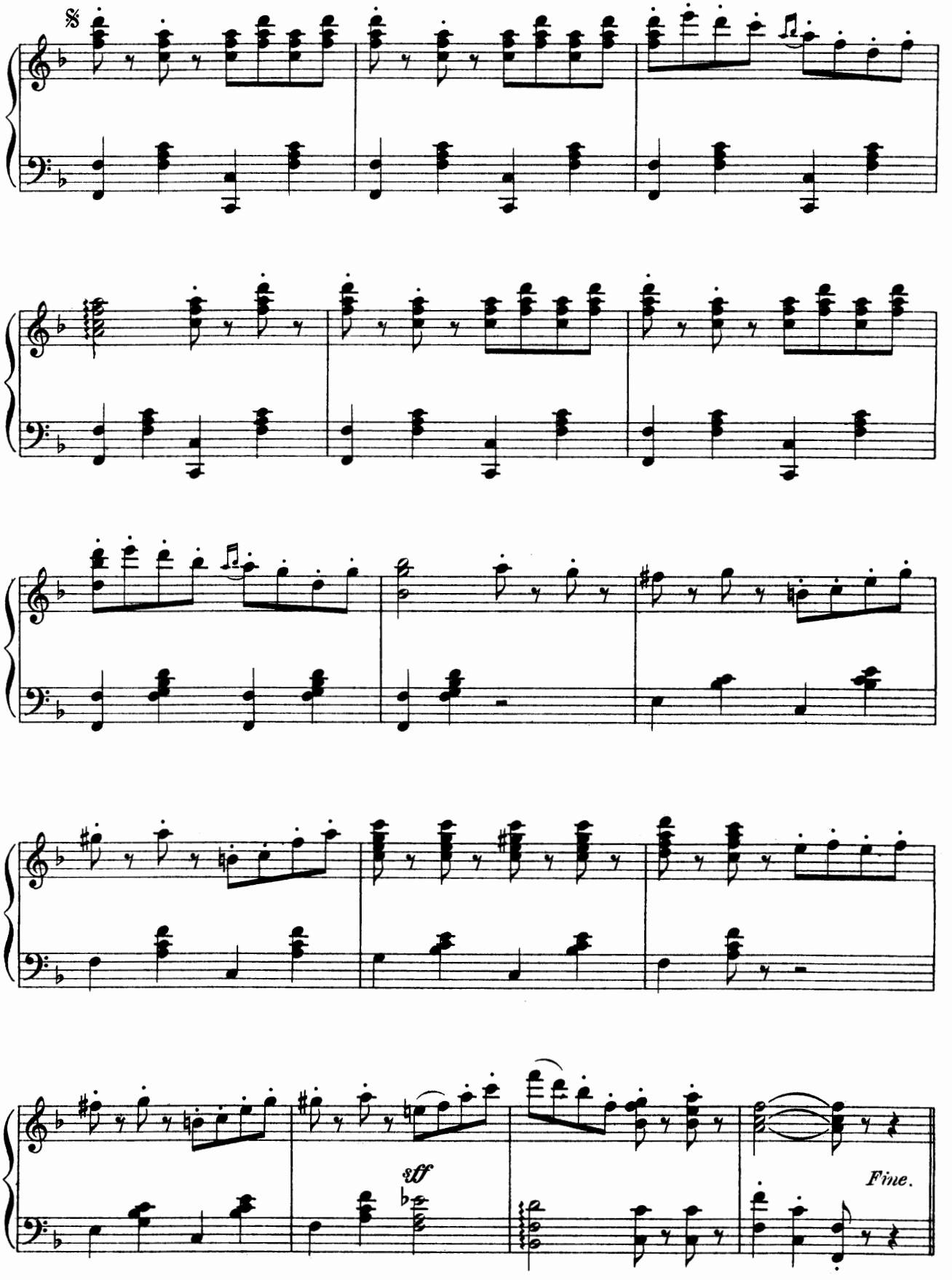
ECCENTRIC DANCE.

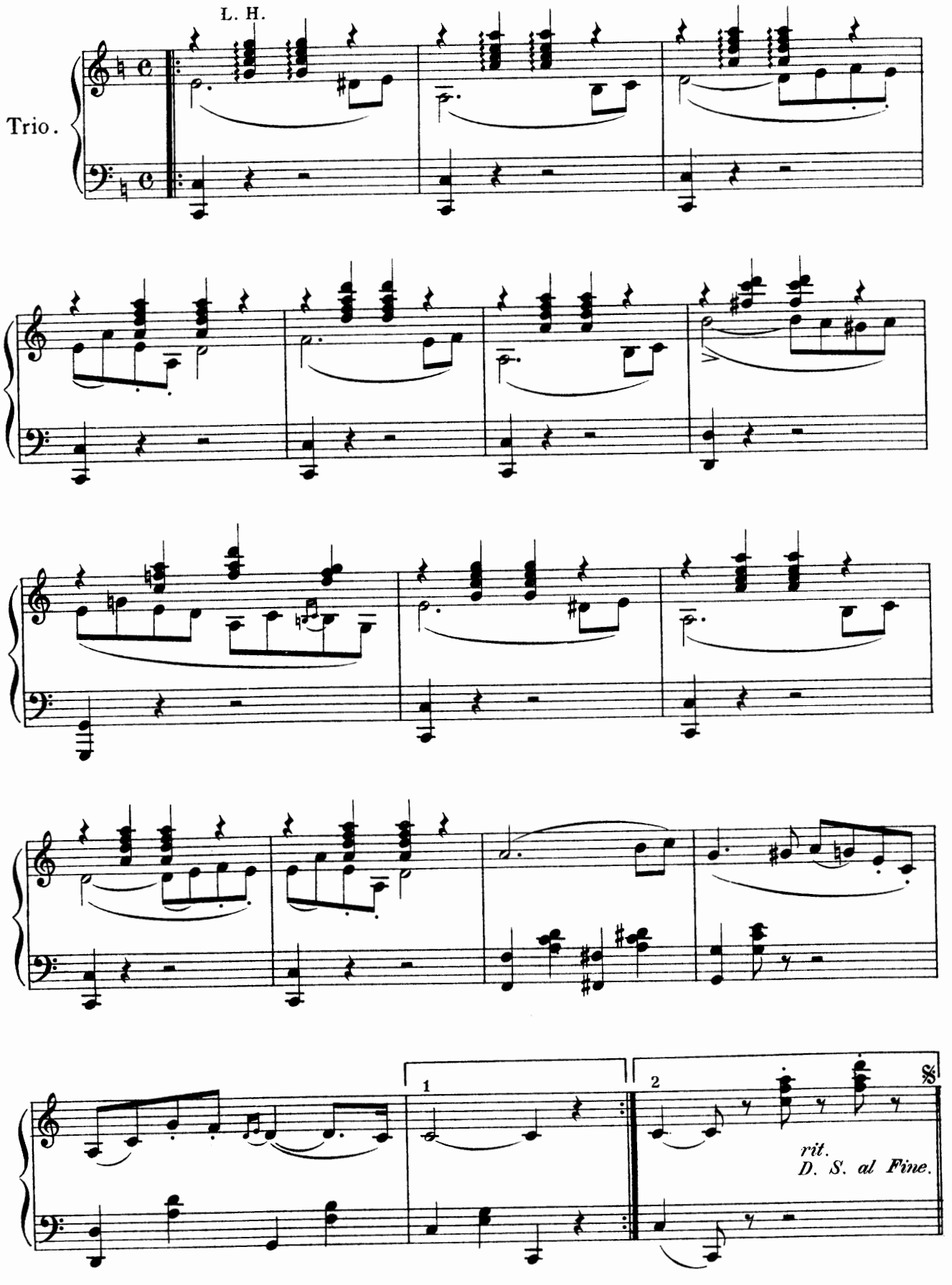
Nº 14.

by VICTOR HERBERT.




1
2
ff
p
p
rit.


𝄋
sff
Fine.

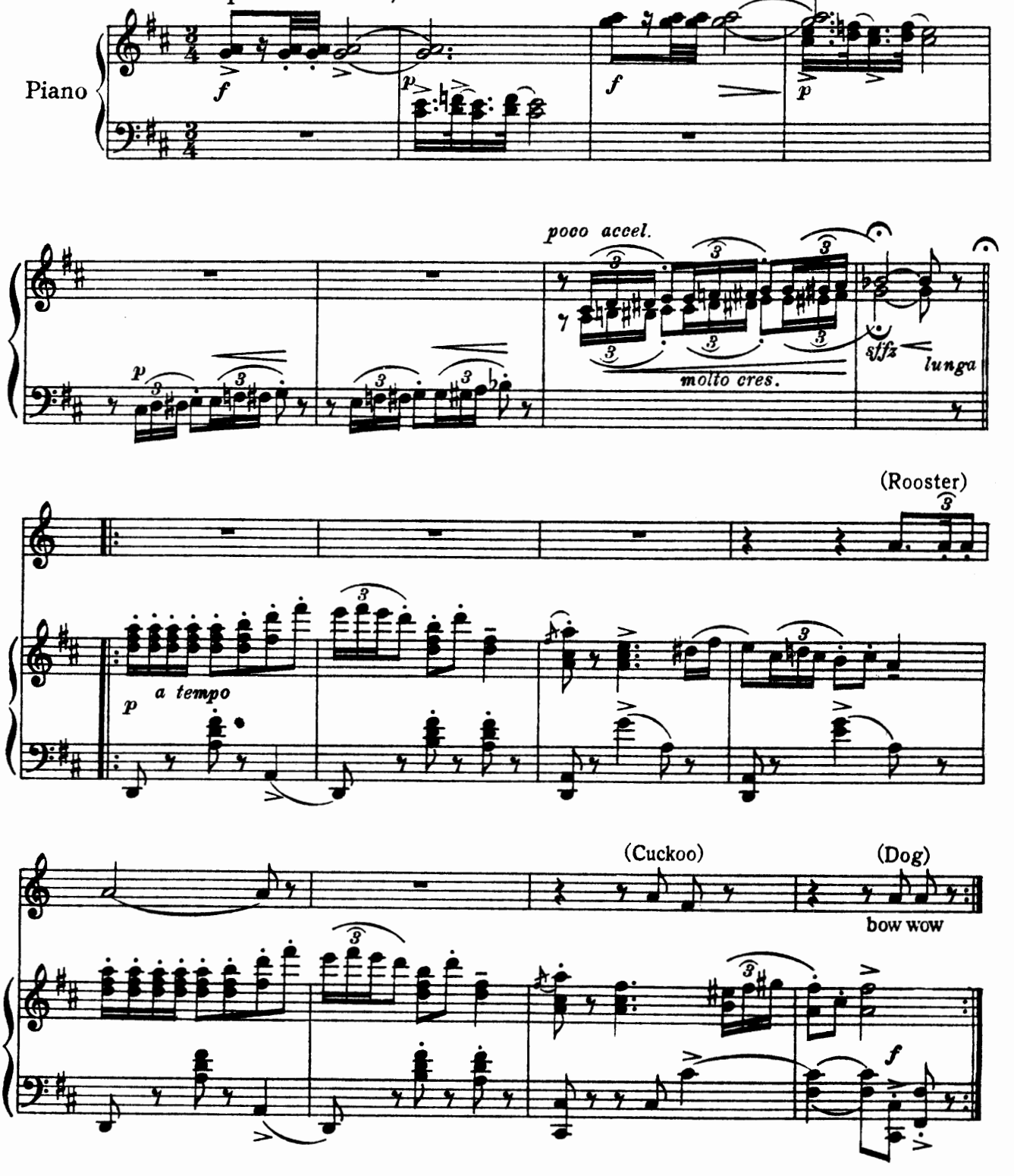

L. H.
Trio.
1
2
rit.
D. S. al Fine.

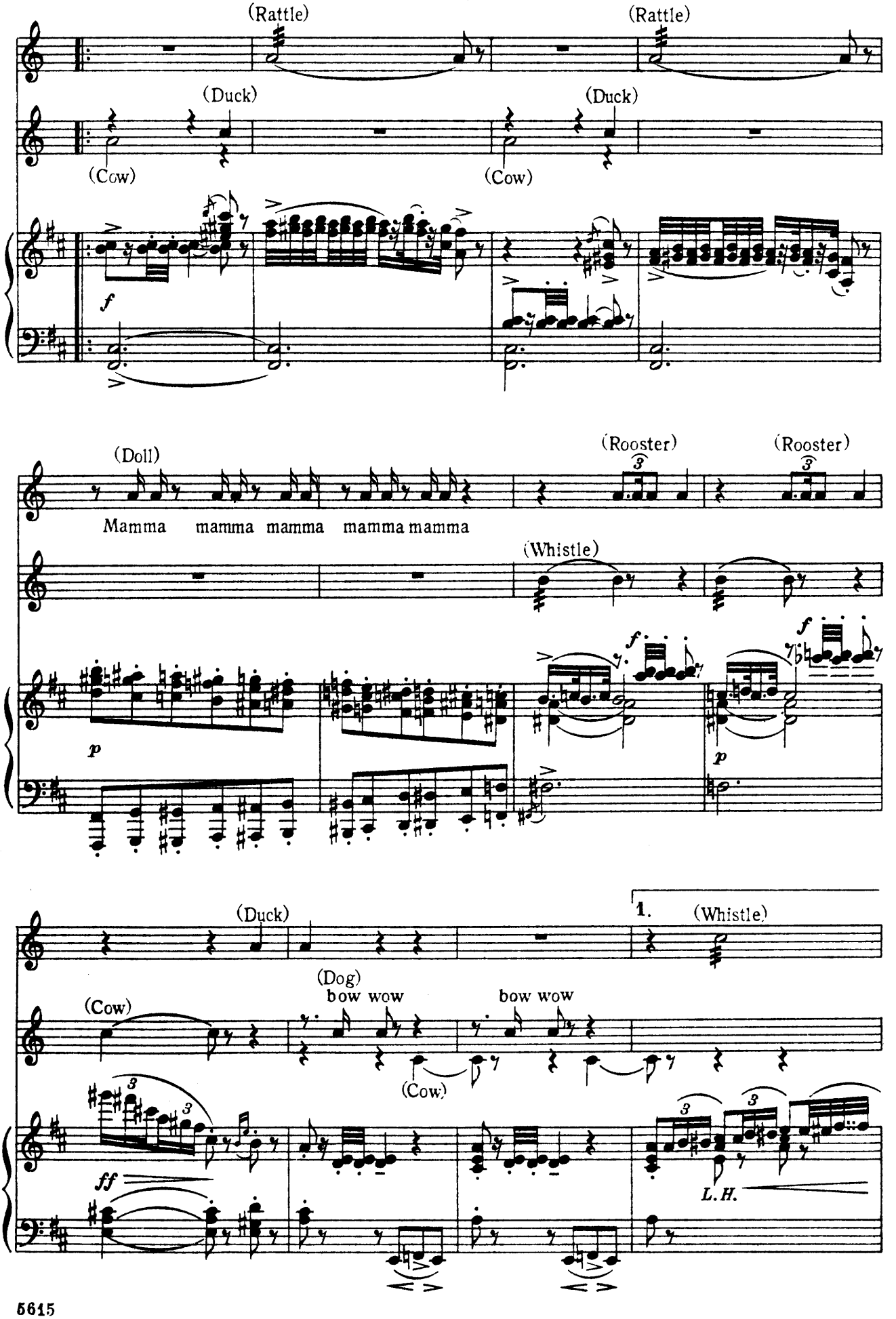
In the Toymakers Workshop

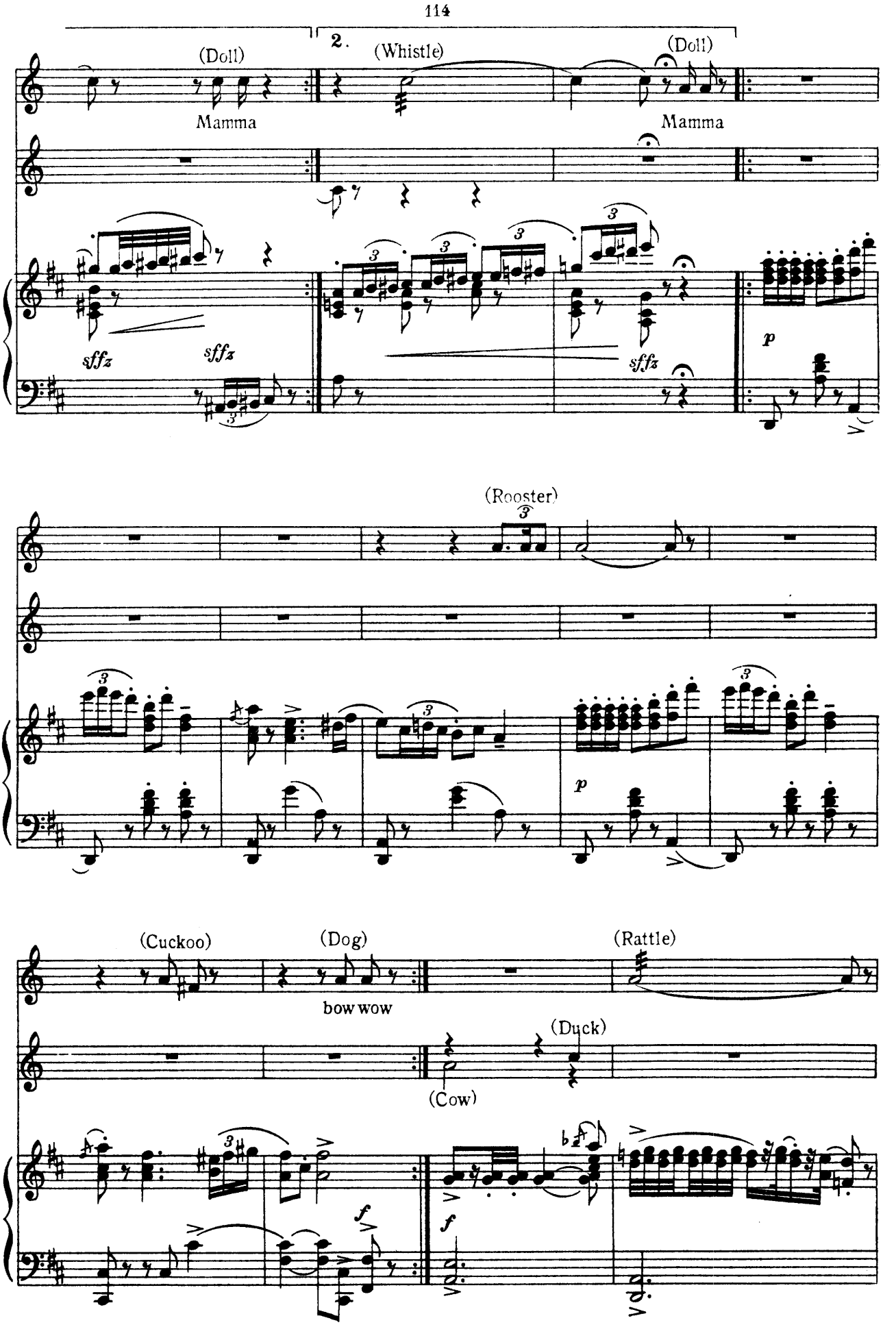
No. 14a

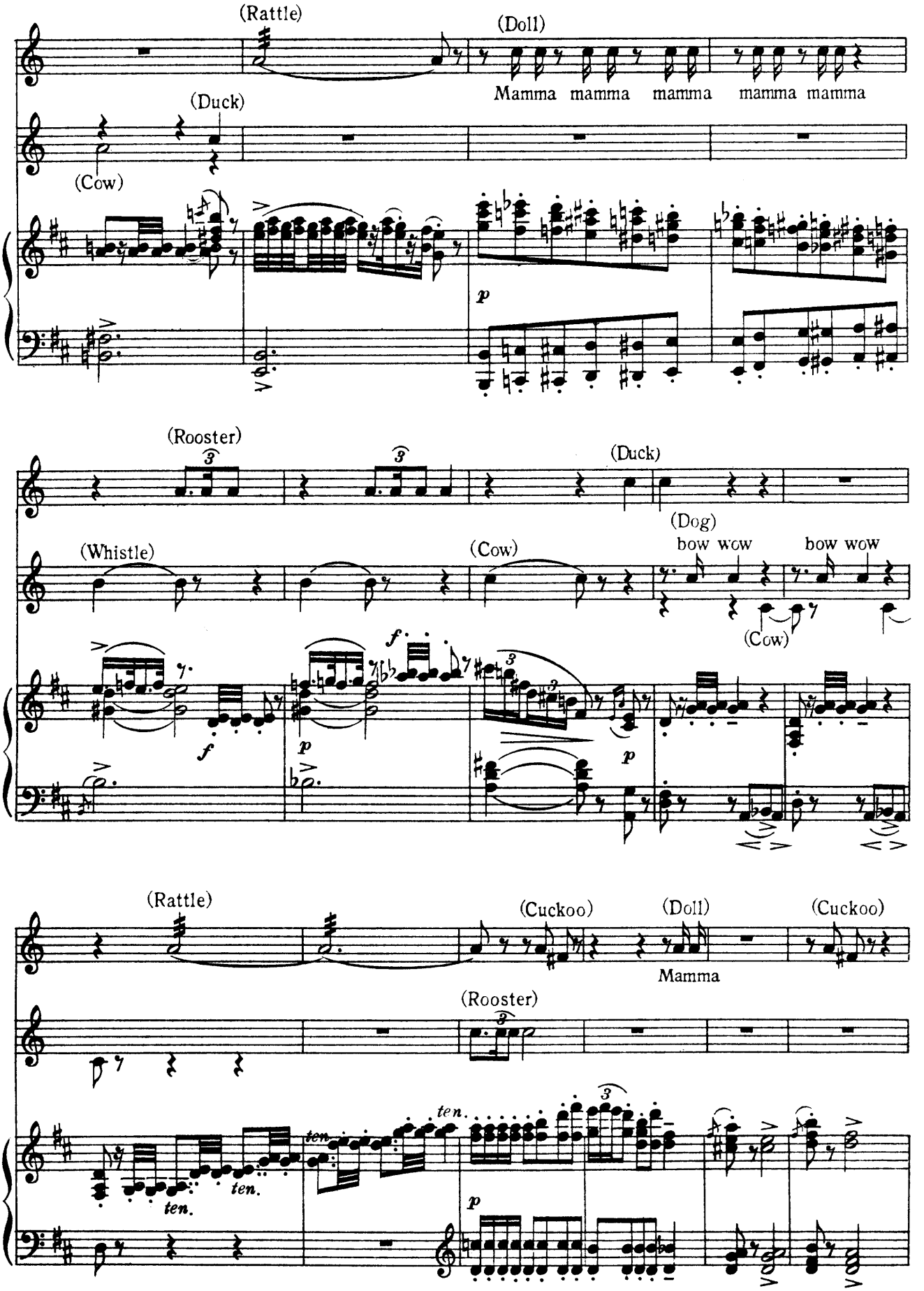
Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

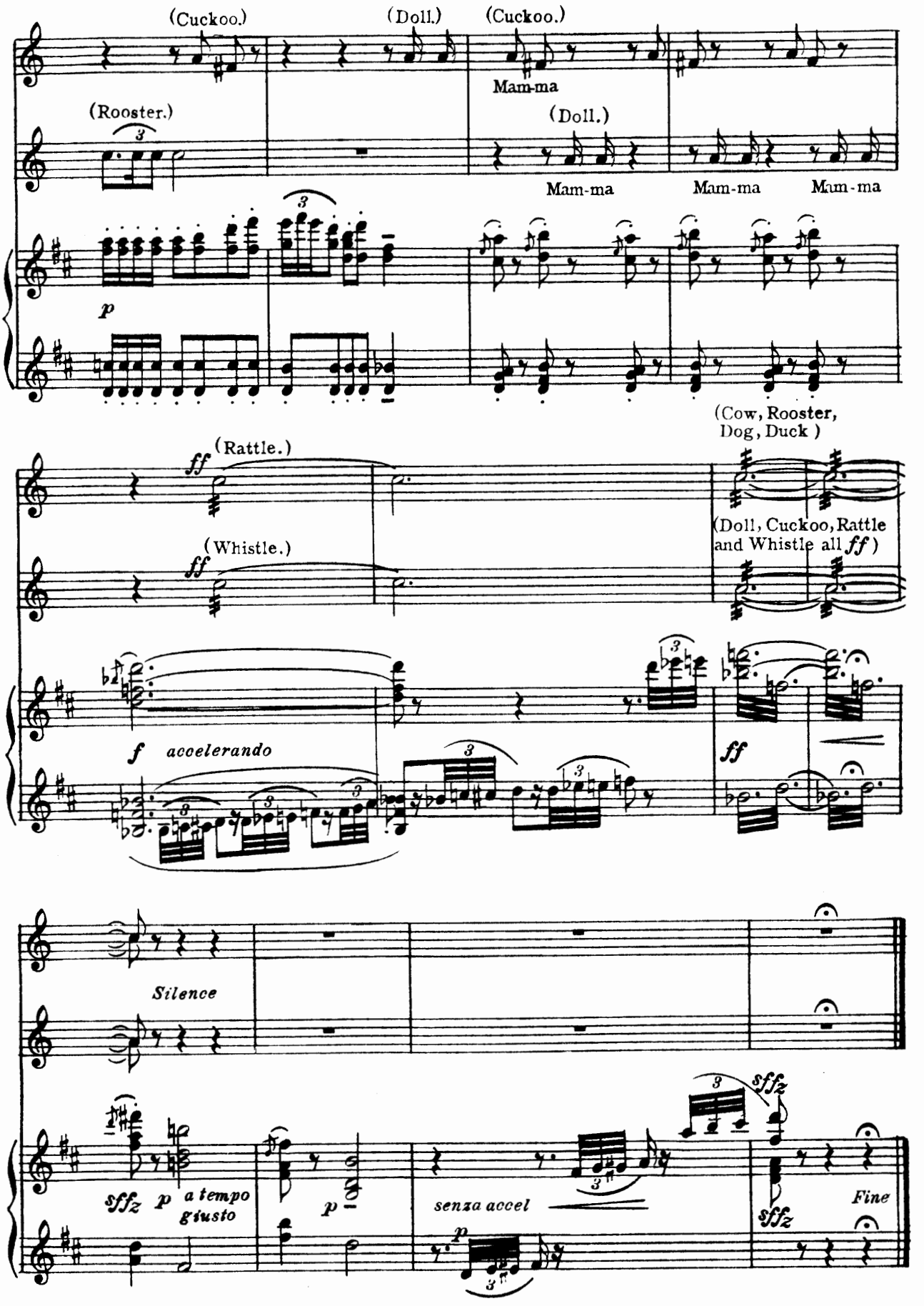
Tempo di Minuetto, molto moderato




(Rattle)
(Rattle)
(Duck)
(Duck)
(Cow)
(Cow)
f
(Doll)
(Rooster)
(Rooster)
Mamma mamma mamma mamma mamma
(Whistle)
p
f
f
p
(Duck)
1.
(Whistle)
(Dog)
bow wow
bow wow
(Cow)
(Cow)
ff
L.H.

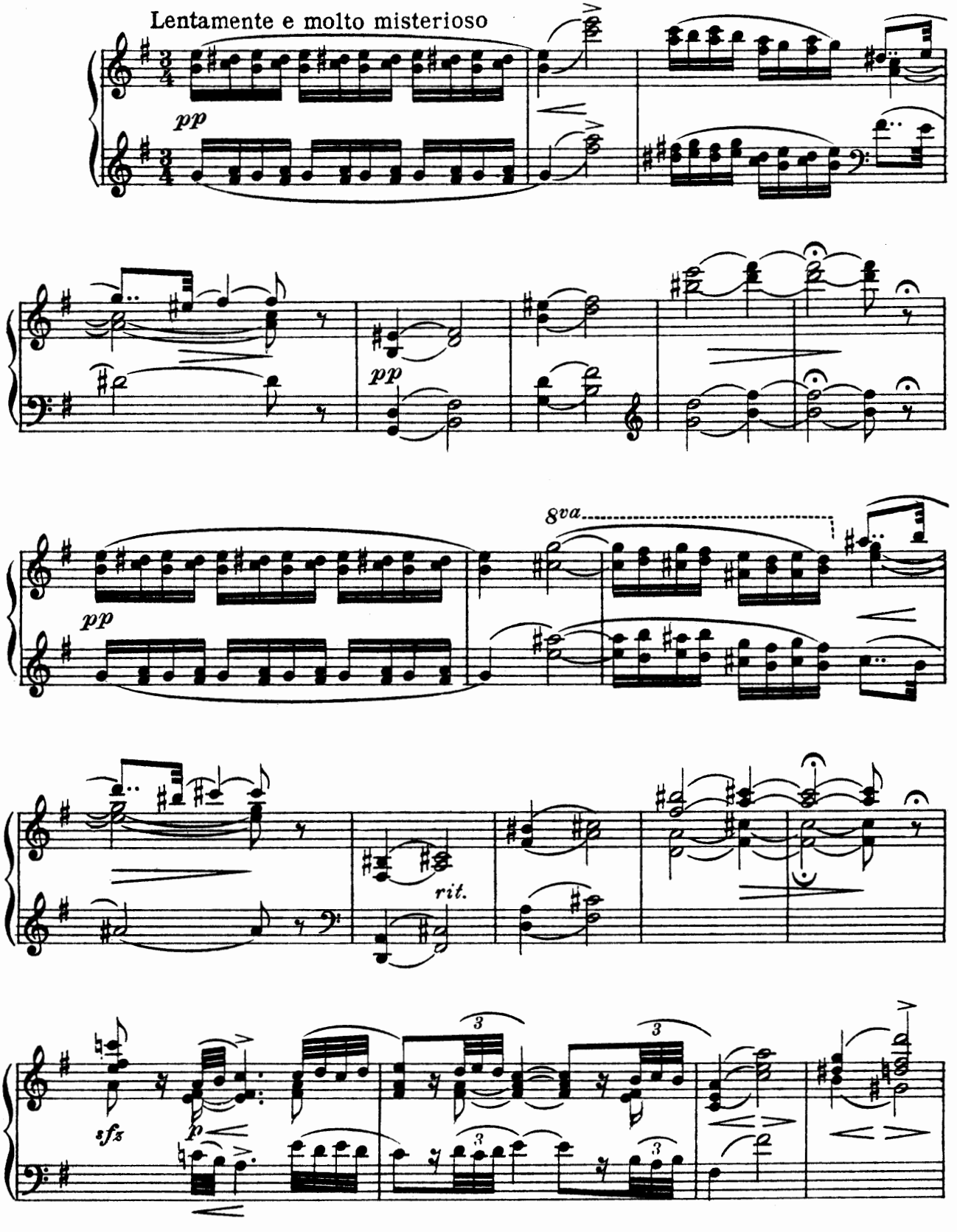

2.
(Doll)
Mamma
(Whistle)
(Doll)
Mamma
sffz
sffz
sffz
p
(Rooster)
p
(Cuckoo)
(Dog)
bow wow
(Rattle)
(Duck)
(Cow)
f
f

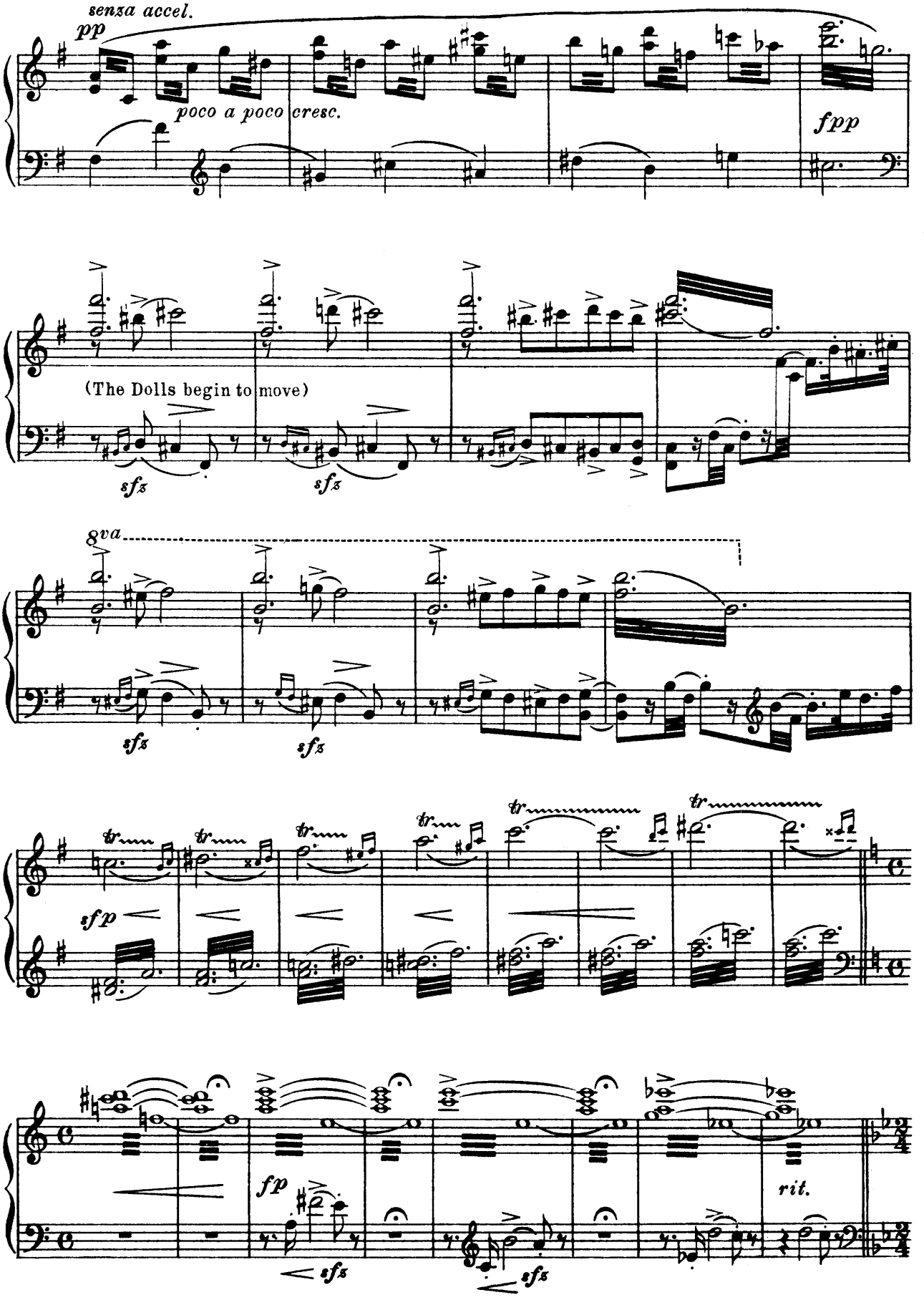

(Rattle)
(Doll)
Mamma mamma mamma mamma mamma
(Duck)
(Cow)
p
(Rooster)
(Duck)
(Dog)
bow wow
bow wow
(Whistle)
(Cow)
(Cow)
f
p
f
p
(Rattle)
(Cuckoo)
(Doll)
Mamma
(Cuckoo)
(Rooster)
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
p

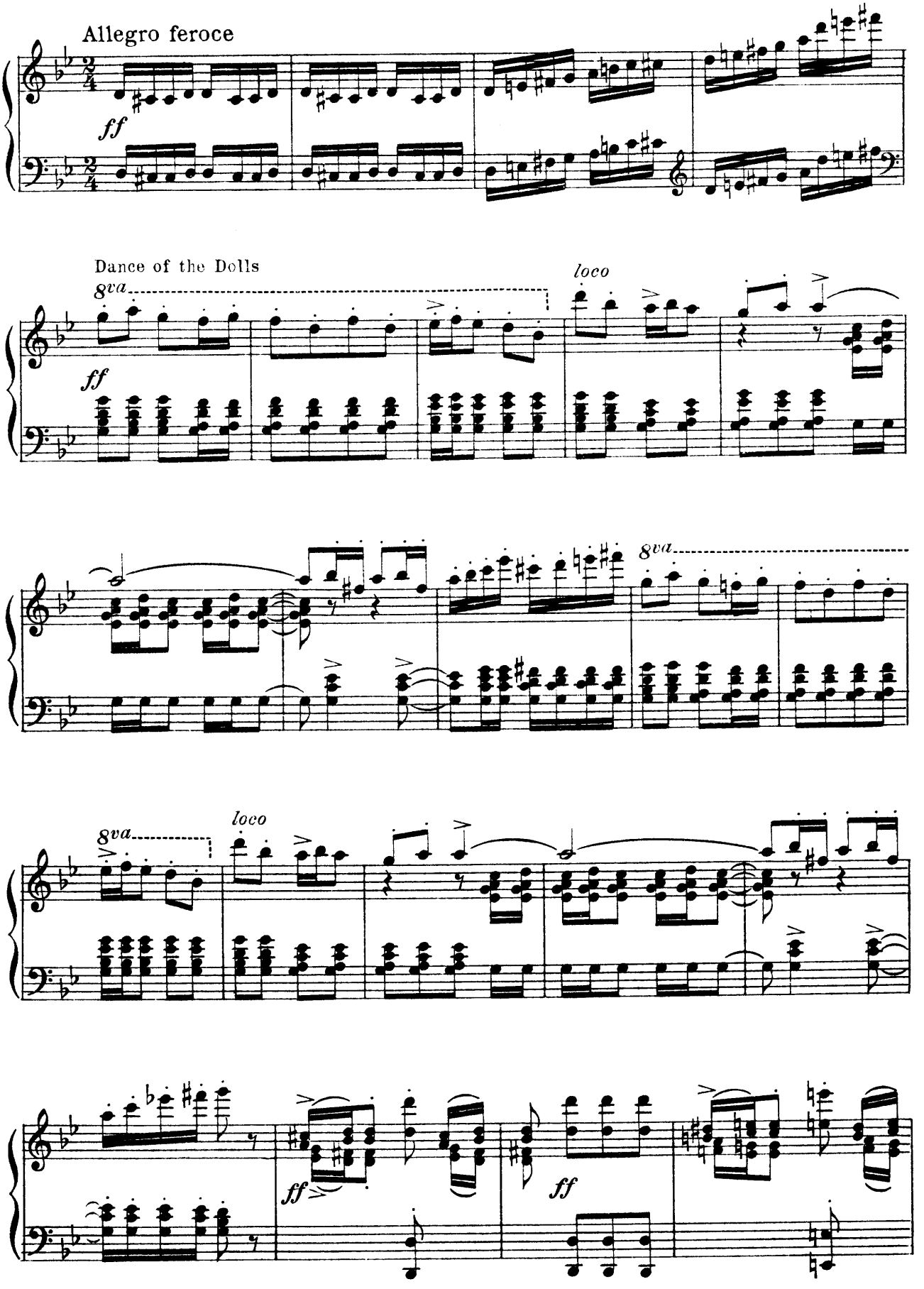

(Cuckoo.)
(Doll.)
(Cuckoo.)
Mam-ma
(Rooster.)
(Doll.)
Mam-ma
Mam-ma
Mam-ma
p
(Cow, Rooster, Dog, Duck)
ff
(Rattle.)
ff
(Whistle.)
(Doll, Cuckoo, Rattle and Whistle all ff)
f
accelerando
ff
Silence
sffz
p
a tempo giusto
p
senza accel
p
sffz
sffz
Fine

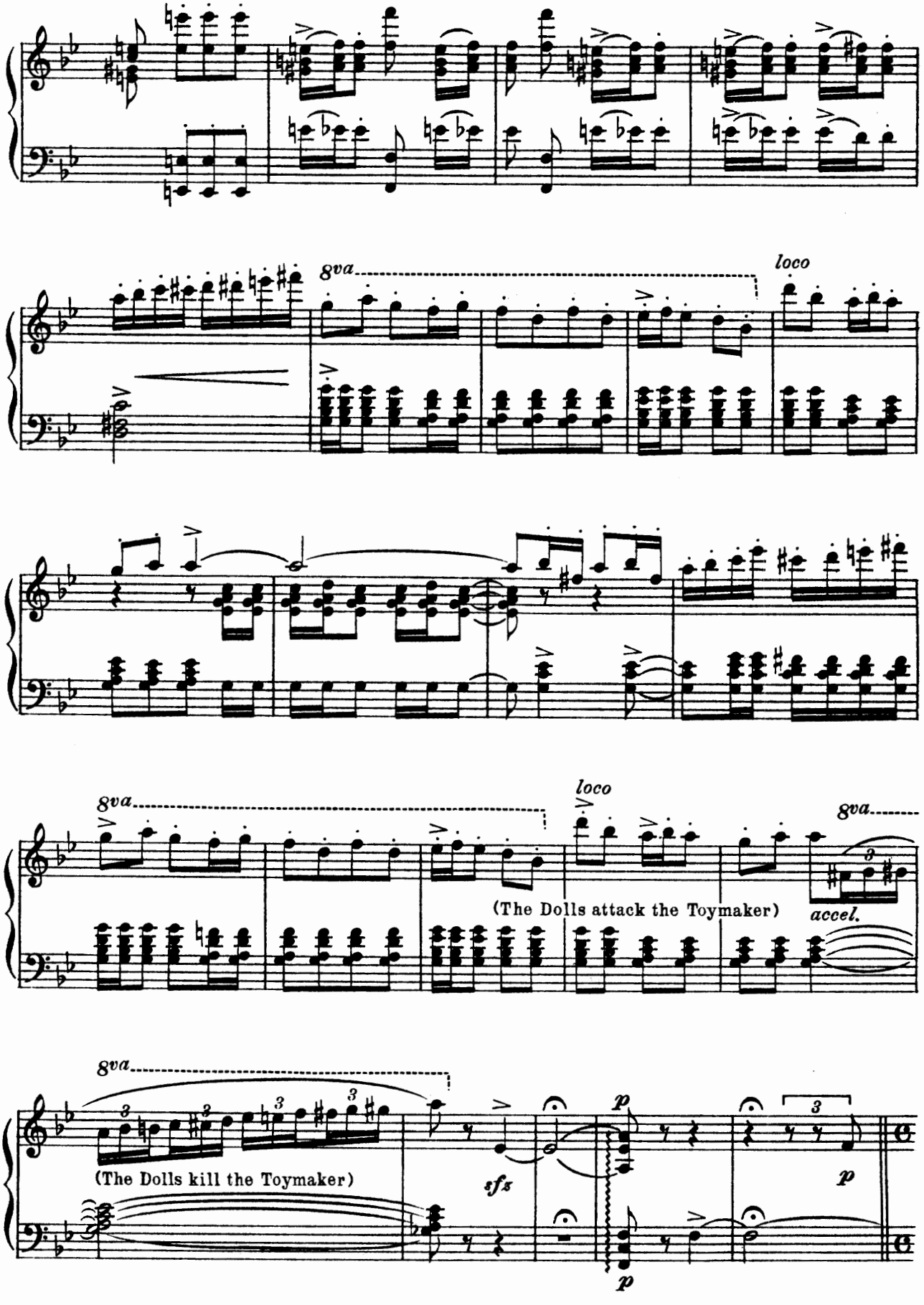
Finale Act II

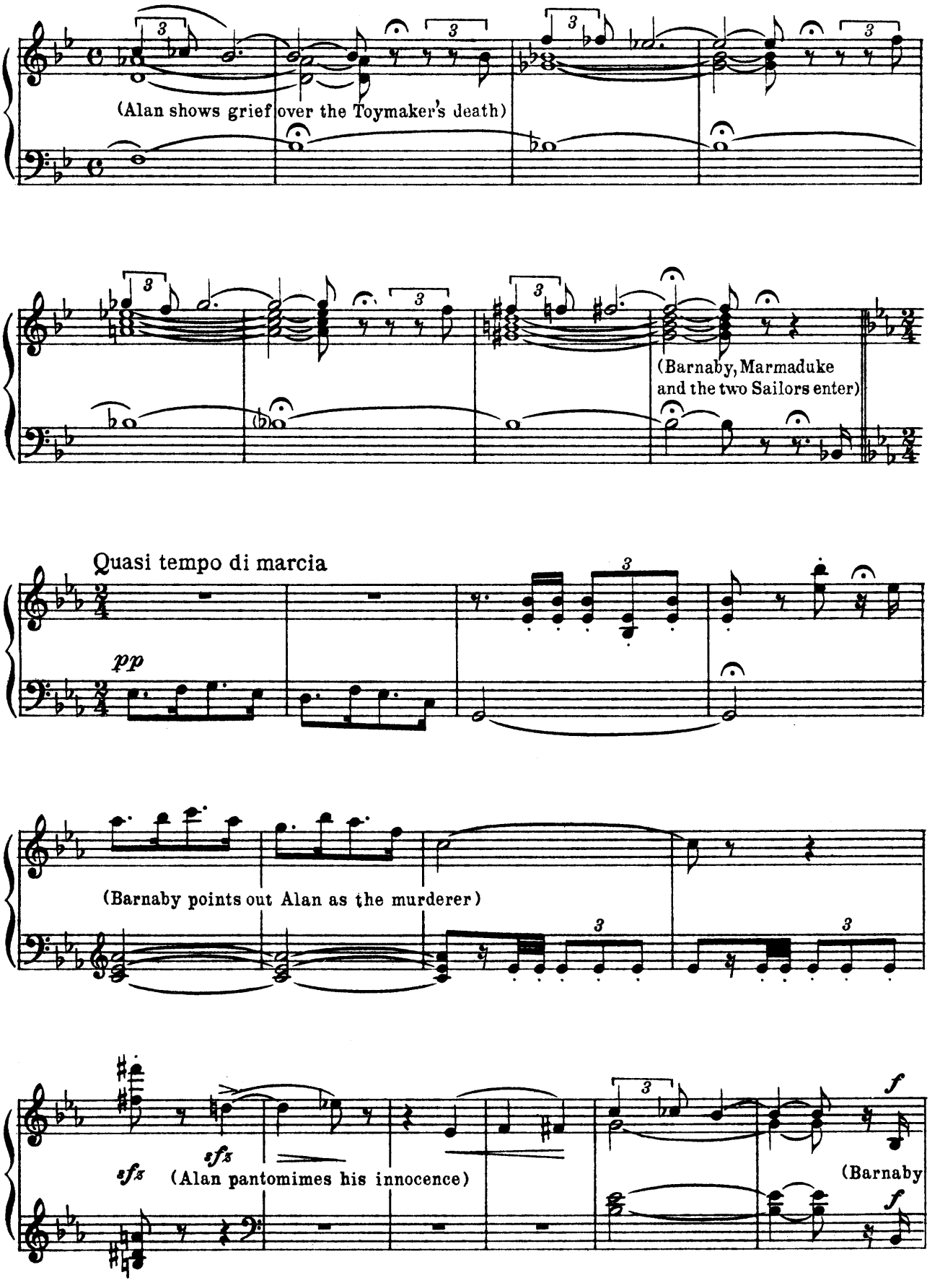
No 15

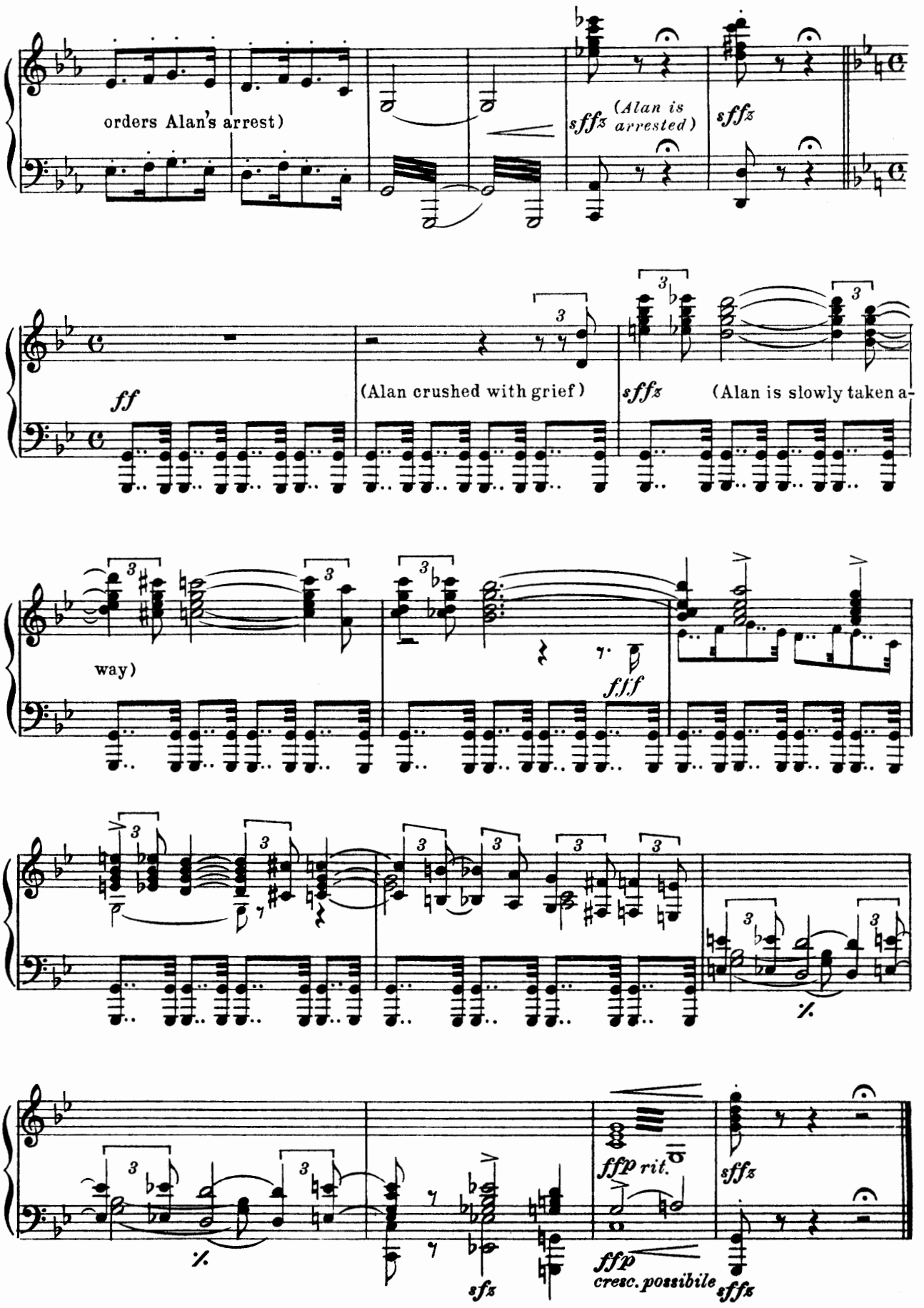



senza accel.
pp
poco a poco cresc.
fpp
(The Dolls begin to move)
sfz
sfz
8va
sfz
sfz
tr
sfp
fp
sfz
sfz
rit.


Allegro feroce
ff
Dance of the Dolls
8va
ff
loco
8va
8va
loco
ff
ff


8va
loco
8va
loco
8va
(The Dolls attack the Toymaker)
accel.
8va
(The Dolls kill the Toymaker)
sfz
p
p
p

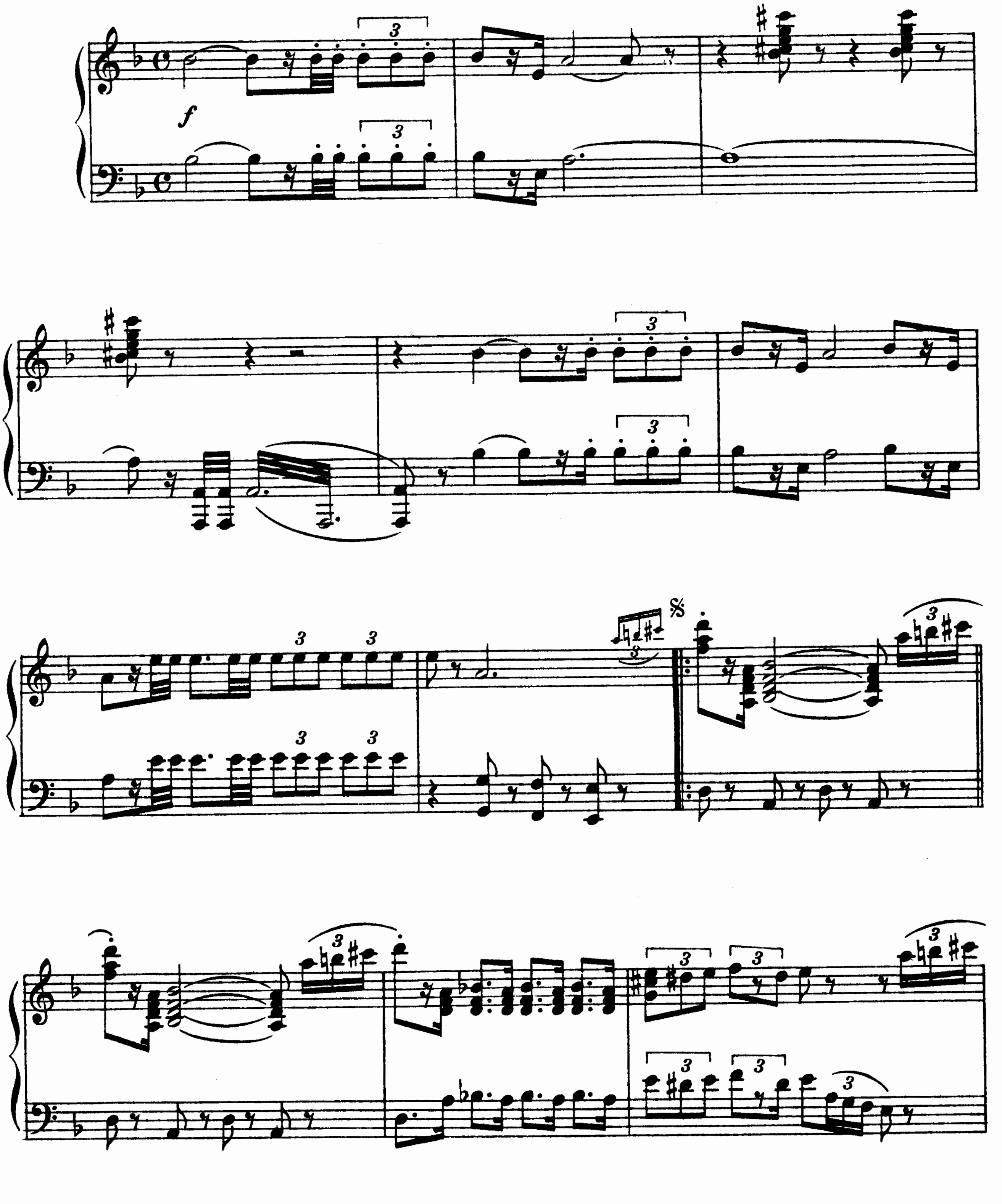

(Alan shows grief over the Toymaker's death)
(Barnaby, Marmaduke and the two Sailors enter)
Quasi tempo di marcia
pp
(Barnaby points out Alan as the murderer)
sfz
sfz
(Alan pantomimes his innocence)
f
(Barnaby
f

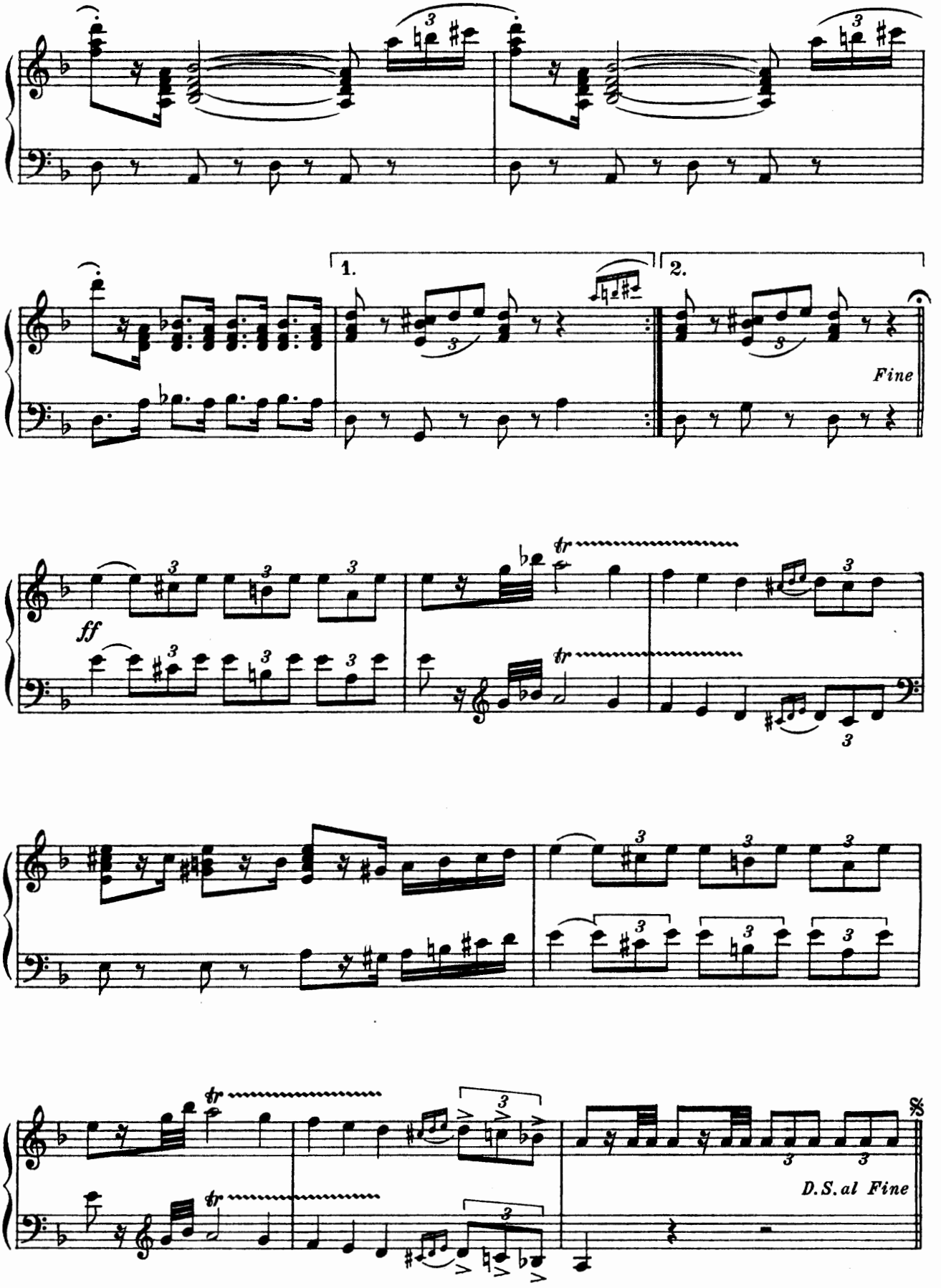

orders Alan's arrest)
sffz (Alan is arrested)
sffz
ff
(Alan crushed with grief)
sffz
(Alan is slowly taken a-
way)
fff
ffp rit.
sffz
ffp cresc. possibile
sffz
sfz

ACT III

Opening-"Hang March"

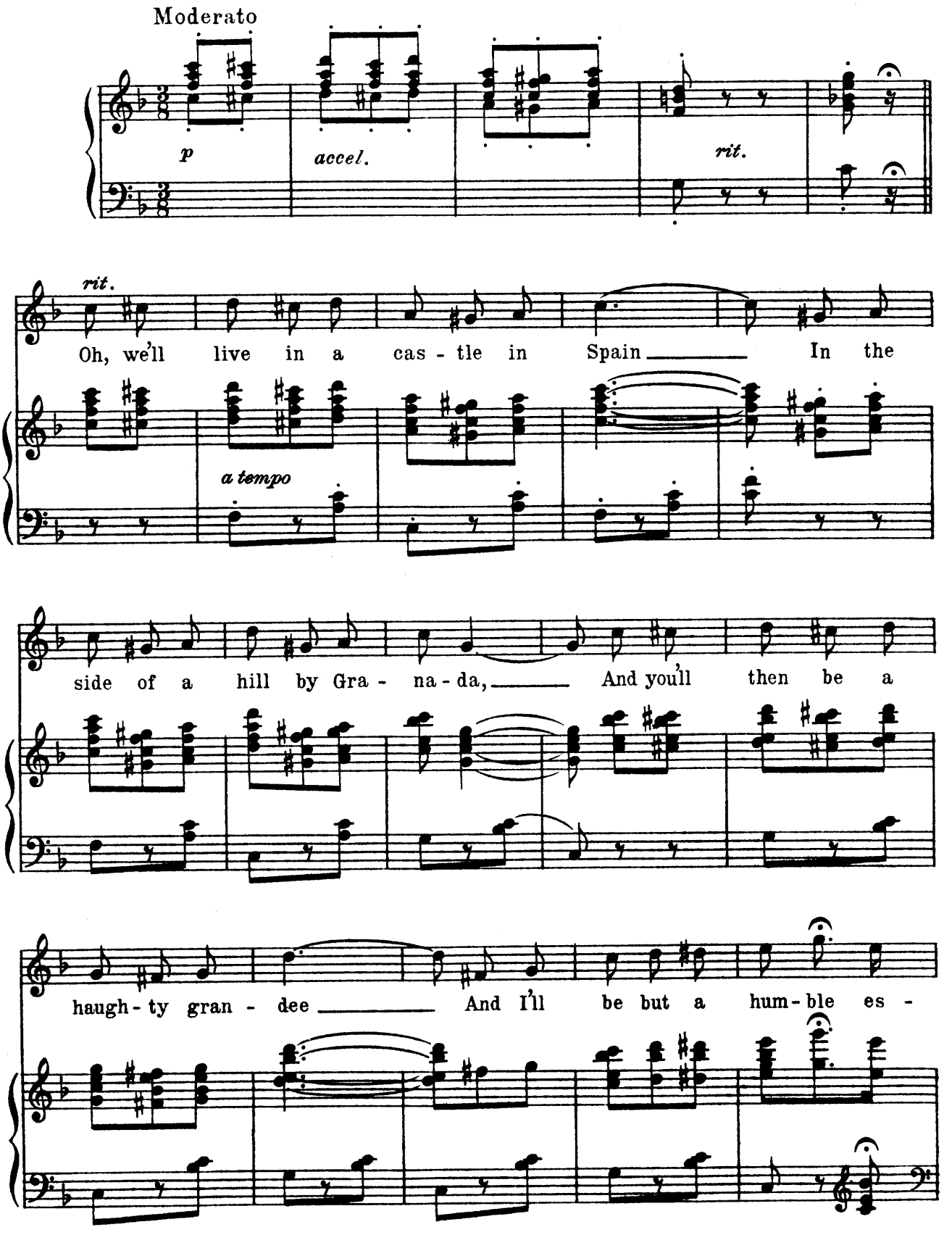
No. 16

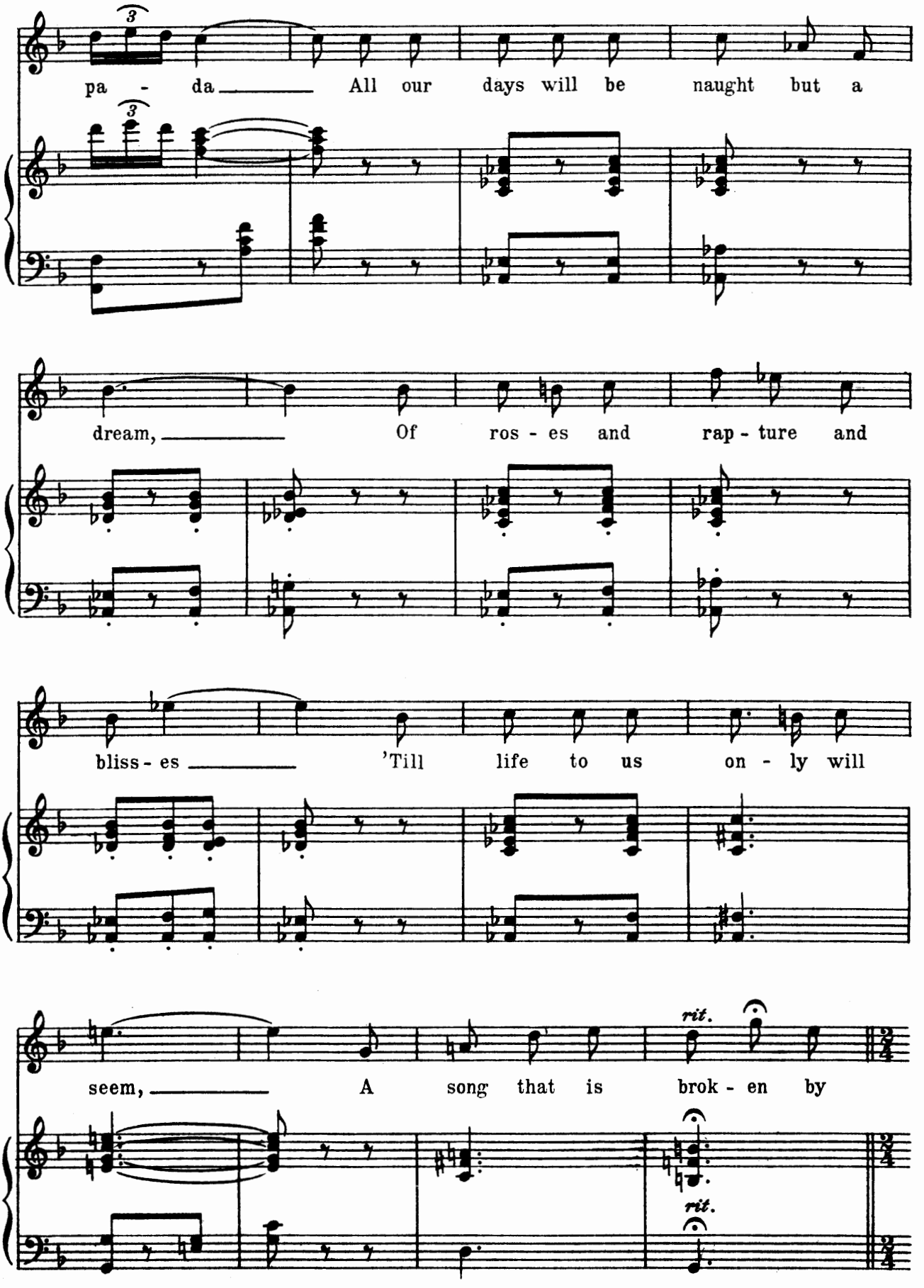



1.
2.
Fine
ff
tr
D.S. al Fine

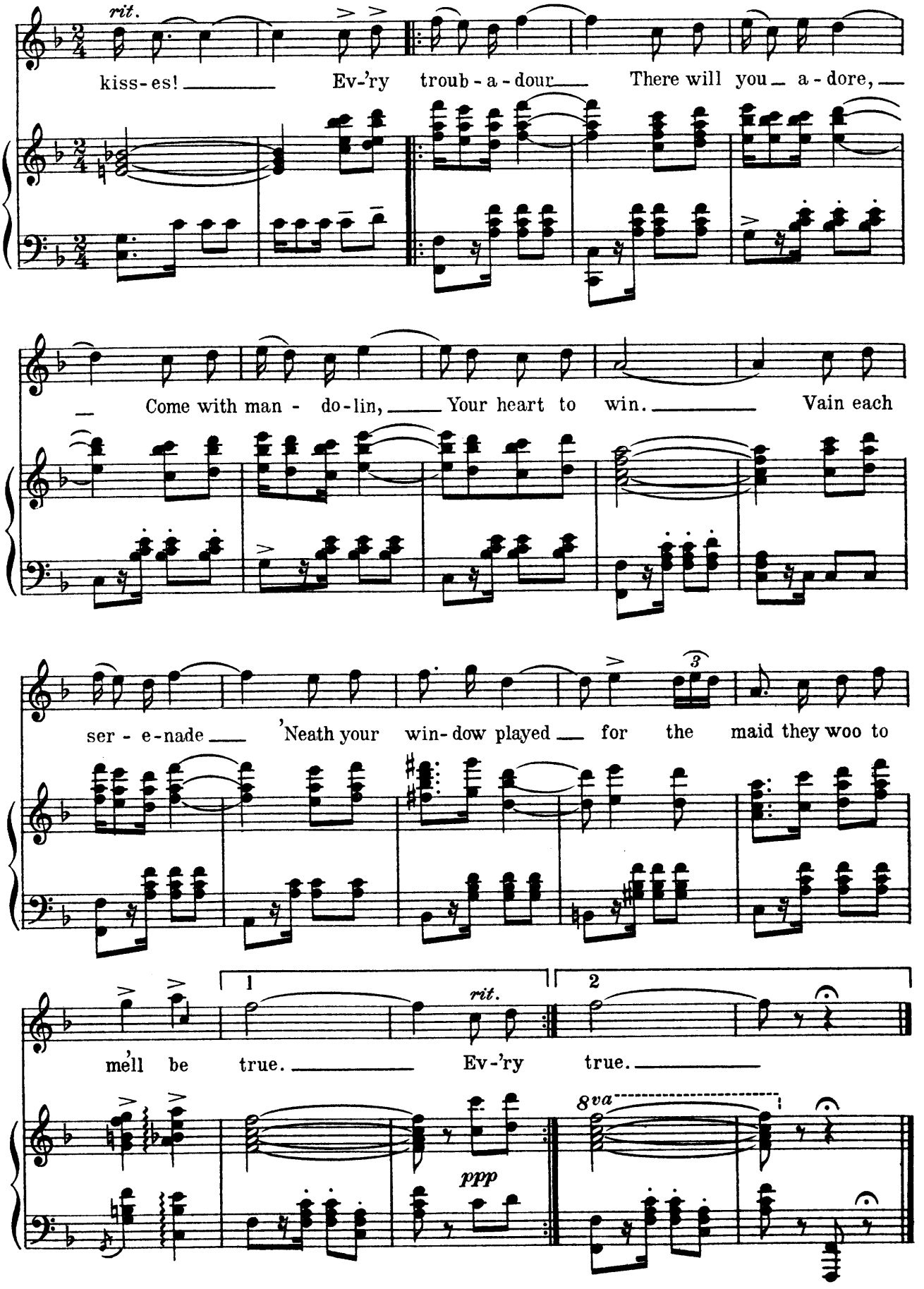
No 17

Our Castle in Spain




pa - da
All our days will be naught but a
dream,
Of ros - es and rap - ture and
bliss - es
'Till life to us on - ly will
seem,
A song that is brok - en by
rit.
rit.

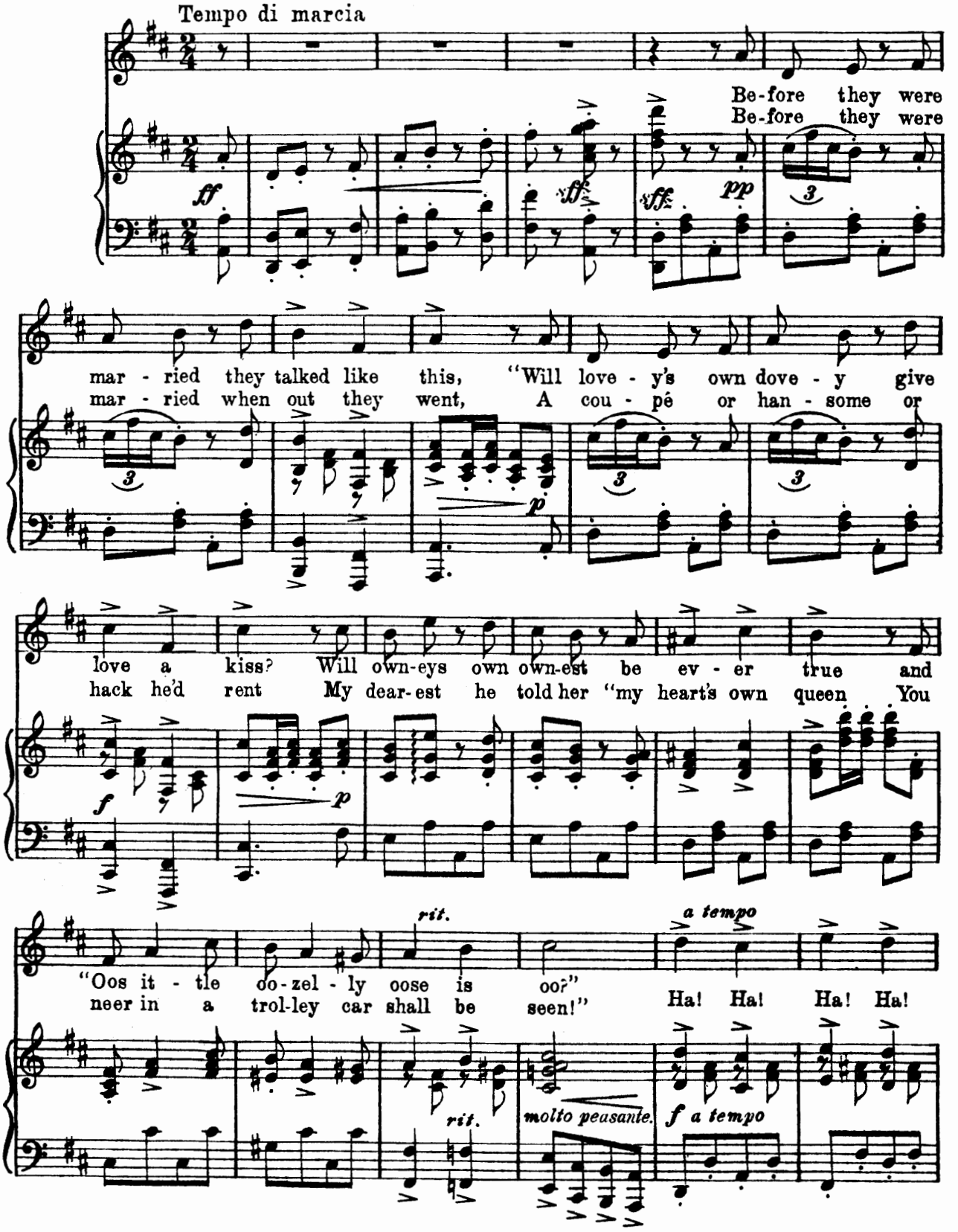
REFRAIN

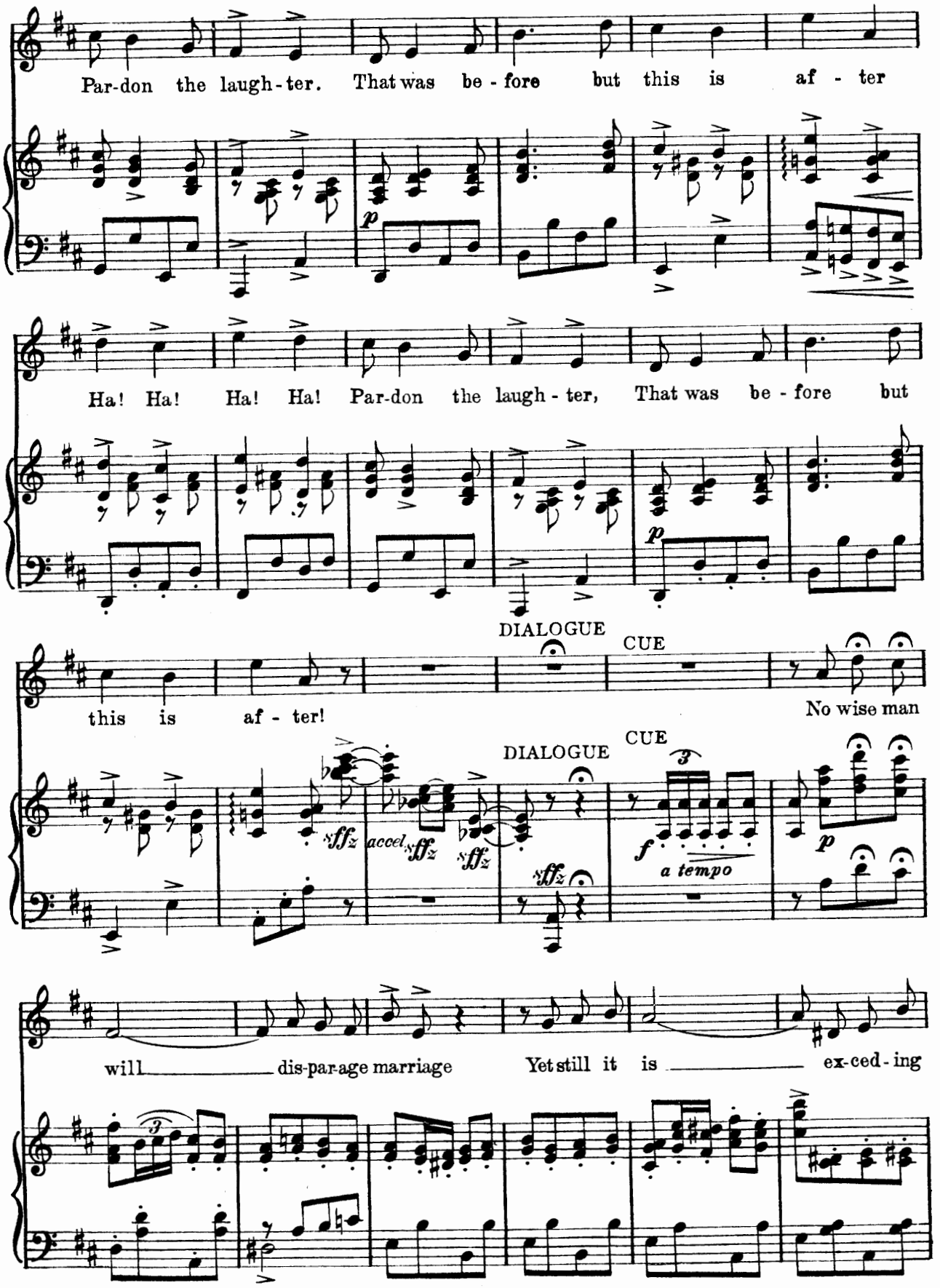

rit.
kiss-es! Ev-'ry troub-a-dour There will you a-dore,
Come with man-do-lin, Your heart to win. Vain each
ser-e-nade 'Neath your win-dow played for the maid they woo to
me'll be true. Ev-'ry true.
rit.
1
2
8va
ppp

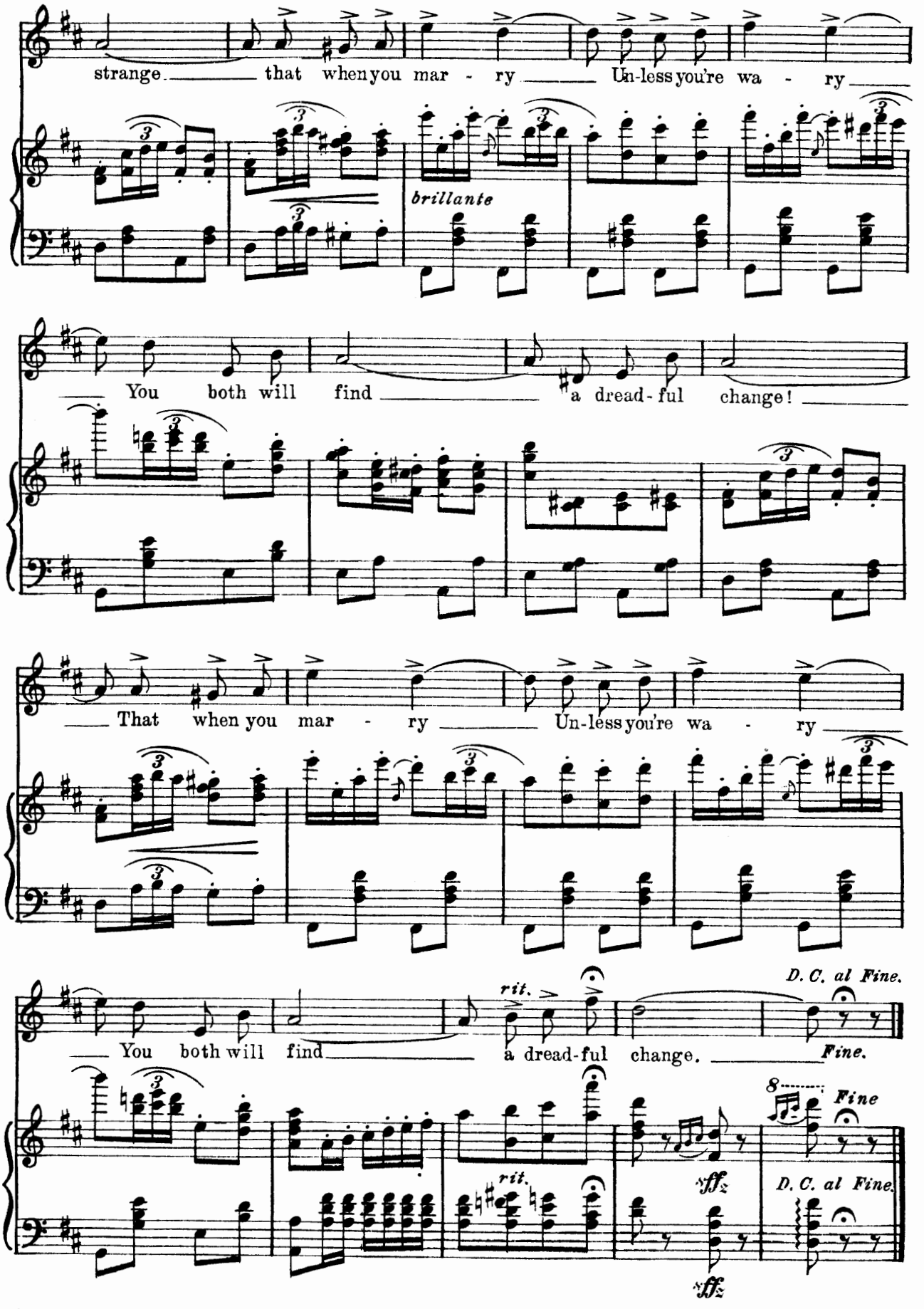
No. 18 Before and After

Lyric by
GLEN MAC DONOUGH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT




Par-don the laugh-ter. That was be-fore but this is af-ter
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Par-don the laugh-ter, That was be-fore but
DIALOGUE
CUE
this is af-ter!
No wise man
DIALOGUE
CUE
a tempo
will dis-par-age marriage
Yet still it is ex-ced-ing


strange that when you mar - ry Un-less you're wa - ry
brillante
You both will find a dread-ful change!
That when you mar - ry Un-less you're wa - ry
You both will find a dread-ful change.
rit.
D. C. al Fine.
Fine.
rit.
sffz
sffz
8
Fine
D. C. al Fine.

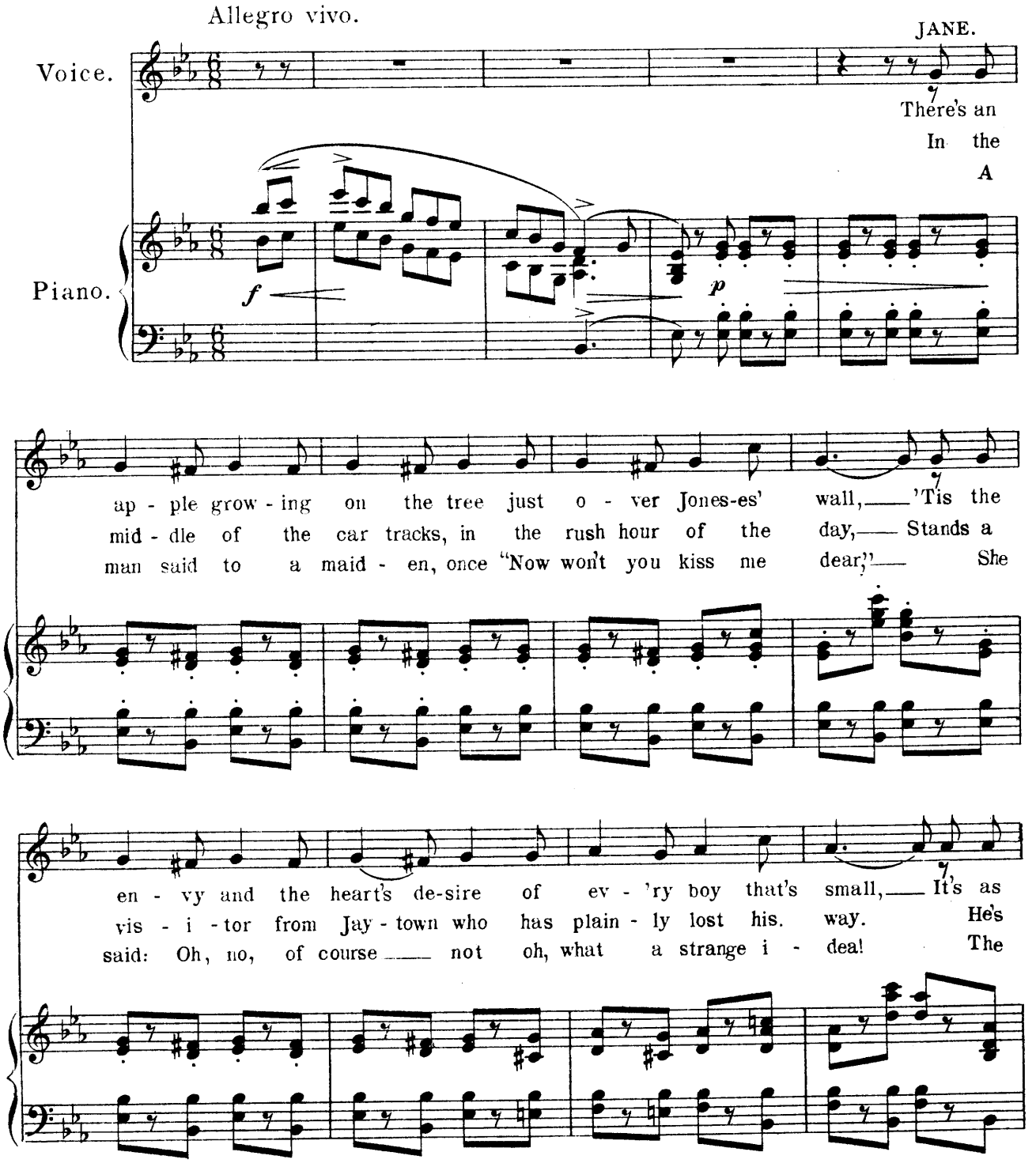
"He Won't Be Happy Till He Gets It."

No. 19

"Babes in Toyland."

Words by
CHAS. NOEL DOUGLAS.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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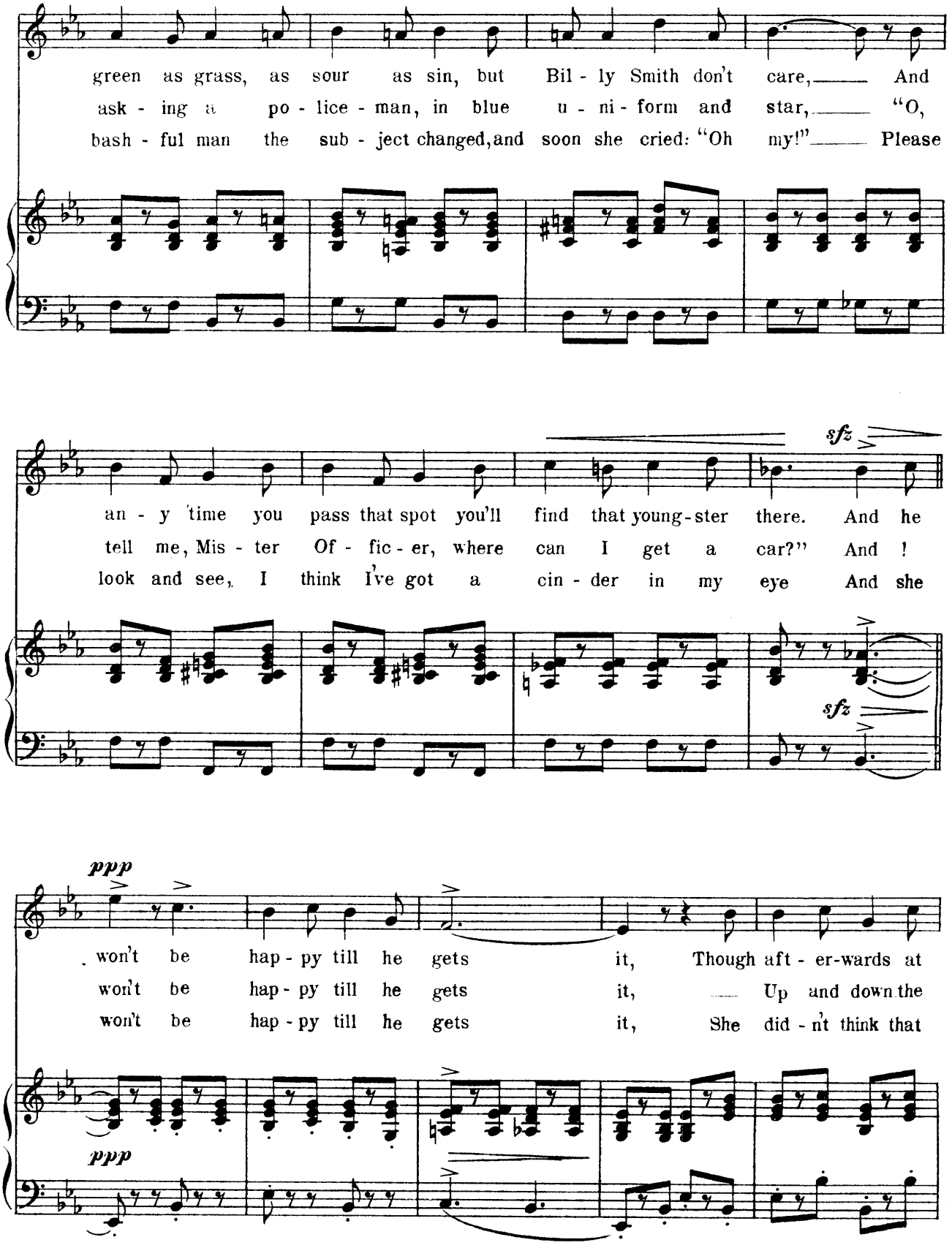
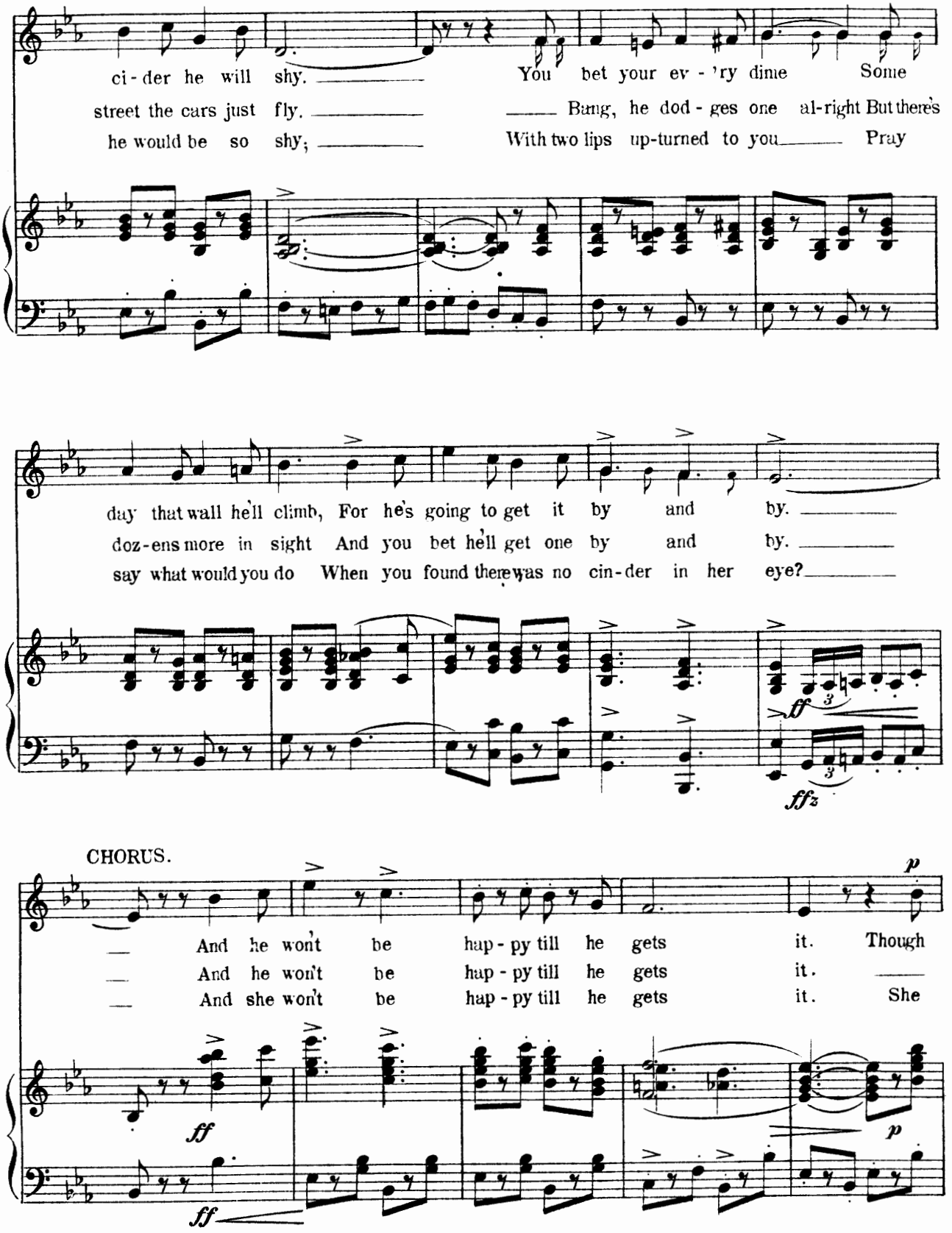
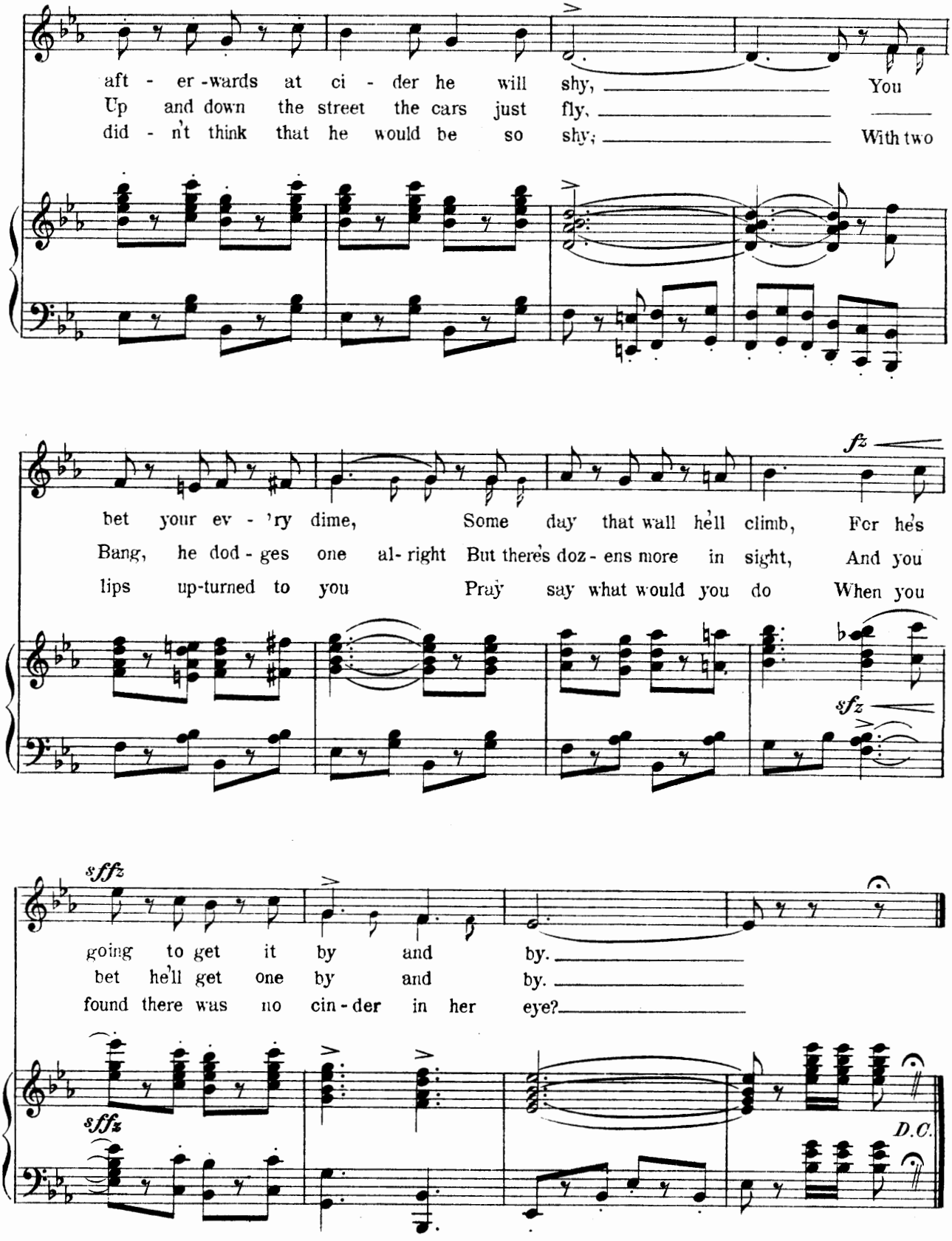

green as grass, as sour as sin, but Bil - ly Smith don't care, And
ask - ing a po - lice - man, in blue u - ni - form and star, "O,
bash - ful man the sub - ject changed, and soon she cried: "Oh my!" Please
an - y time you pass that spot you'll find that young - ster there. And he
tell me, Mis - ter Of - fic - er, where can I get a car?" And !
look and see, I think I've got a cin - der in my eye And she
won't be hap - py till he gets it, Though aft - er-wards at
won't be hap - py till he gets it, Up and down the
won't be hap - py till he gets it, She did - n't think that
sfz
sfz
ppp
ppp


ci - der he will shy.
You bet your ev - 'ry dime Some
street the cars just fly.
Bang, he dod - ges one al-right But there's
he would be so shy;
With two lips up-turned to you Pray
day that wall he'll climb, For he's going to get it by and by.
doz-ens more in sight And you bet he'll get one by and by.
say what would you do When you found there was no cin-der in her eye?
ff
fffz
CHORUS.
p
And he won't be hap - py till he gets it. Though
And he won't be hap - py till he gets it.
And she won't be hap - py till he gets it. She
ff
ff
p


aft - er - wards at ci - der he will shy, You
Up and down the street the cars just fly,
did - n't think that he would be so shy; With two
bet your ev - 'ry dime, Some day that wall he'll climb, For he's
Bang, he dod - ges one al- right But there's doz - ens more in sight, And you
lips up-turned to you Pray say what would you do When you
fz
sfz
sfffz
going to get it by and by.
bet he'll get one by and by.
found there was no cin - der in her eye?
sfffz
D.C.