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WOODLAND

A MUSICAL FANTASY

BOOK & LYRICS BY

FRANK PIXLEY

MUSIC BY

GUSTAV LUDERS.

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NEW YORK, CHICAGO, LONDON,
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"WOODLAND"

A FOREST FANTASY

Produced under the Management of

HENRY W. SAVAGE.

Book and Lyrics by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

King Eagle, ruler of Woodland.	DORE DAVIDSON
Prince Eagle, heir to the throne.	FRANCKLYN WALLACE
Blue Jay, a tramp politician	ALEXANDER CLARK
Robin Redbreast, college mate of the Prince.	WALTER LAWRENCE
Gen. Rooster, chief of police	JOHN J. MARTIN
Gaybird Cuckoo, a rounder, afterward "Squidge"	HANS F. ROBERT
Judge Owl, chief Justice of Woodland.	STANLEY H. FORDE
Dr. Raven, court physician	FRANK D. NELSON
Cardinal Grosbeak, representing the Church	HARRY N. PYKE
Lieutenant Sparrow, commanding the Cadets	GRACE KING
Miss Nightingale, concert singer, bethrothed to the Prince	IDA BROOKS HUNT
Mrs. Polly Parrot, a gossiping widow.	IDA MULLE
Lady Peacock, a society leader.	KATE UART
Miss Turtle Dove, a country ingenue	OLIVE NORTH
Miss Jenny Wren,	HELEN HALE
Lady Hawk, the Prince's cousin.	LOUIDA HILLIARD
Miss Spring Bluebird,	MABEL CLARK
Miss Mocking Bird,	LUCILE NELSON

Canaries, Doves, Blackbirds, and Peacocks.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I – King Eagle's royal court in the forest. The action begins just before sunrise.

ACT II – The Birchen Grove -- the following morning.

Staged by	GEORGE MARION.
Musical Director	ADOLPH LIESEGANG

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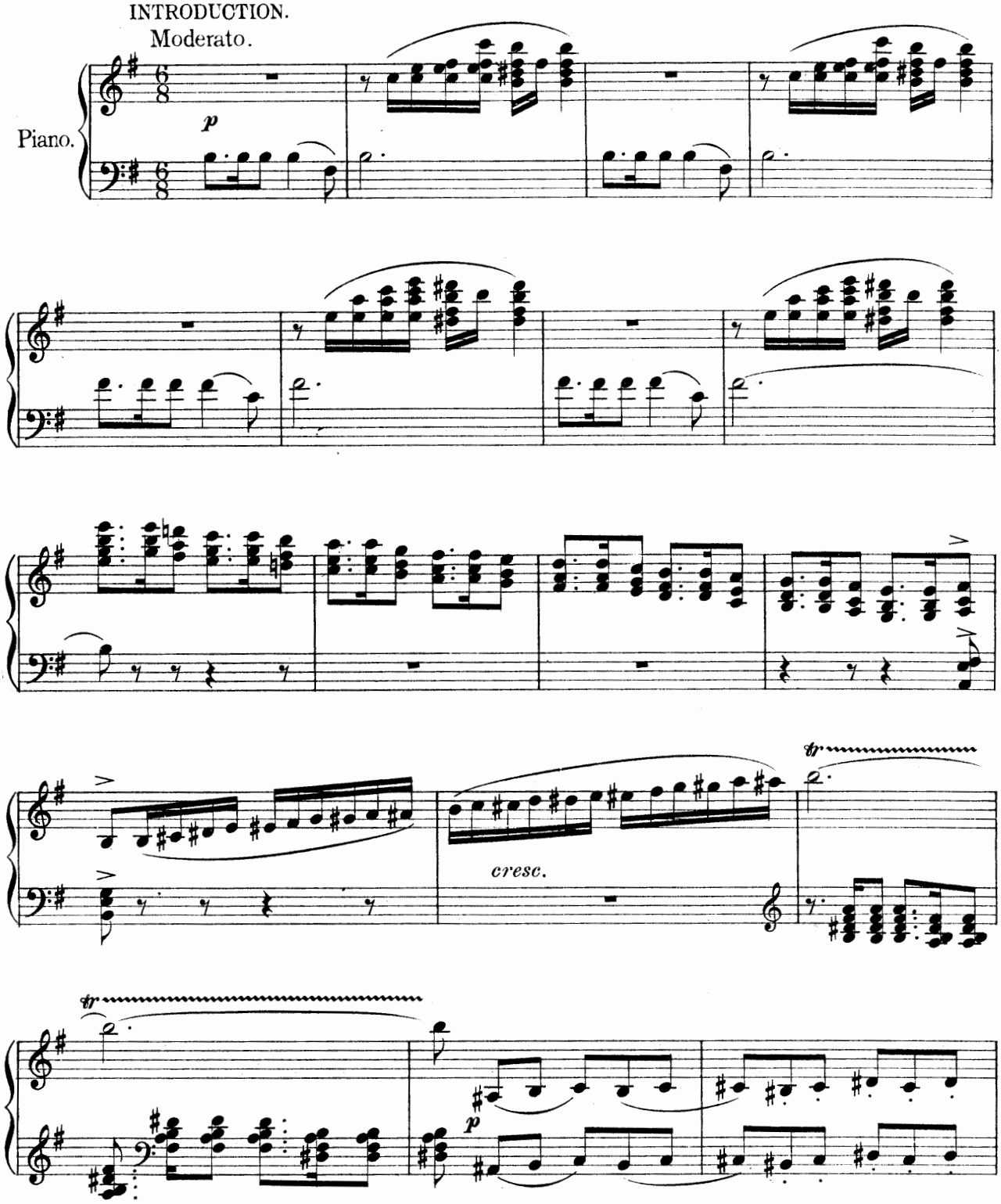
ACT I.

No 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

INTRODUCTION.
Moderato.



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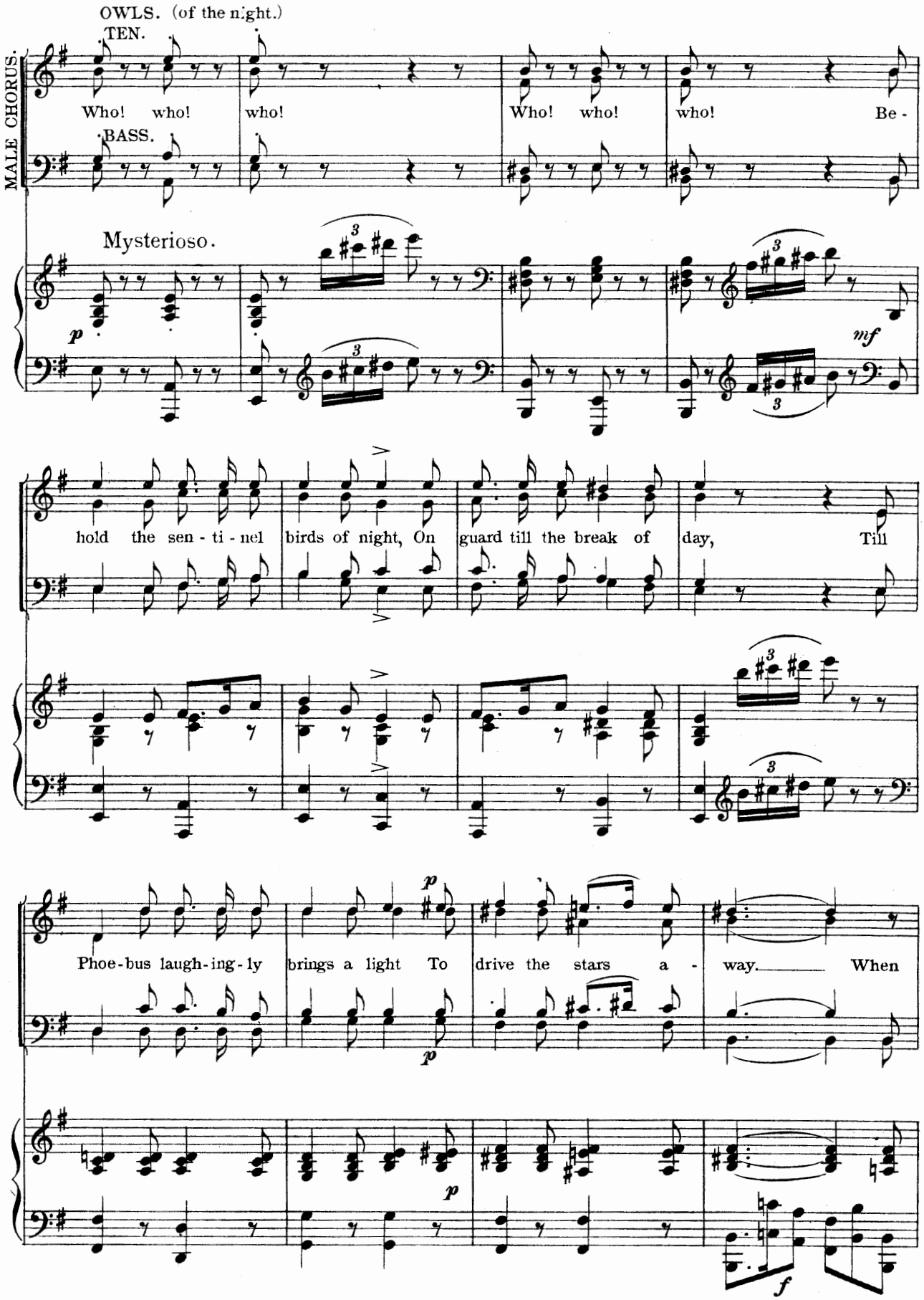
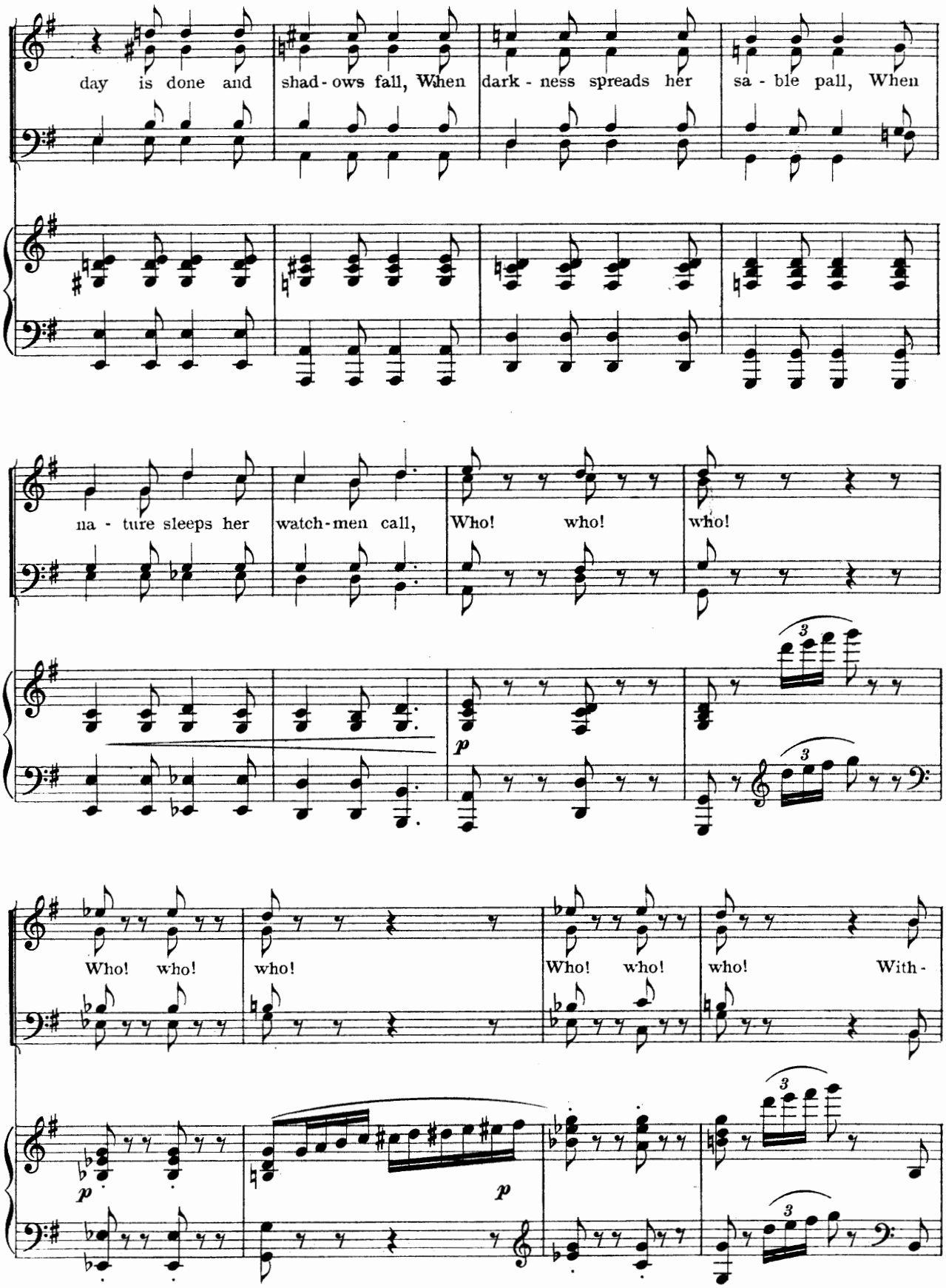
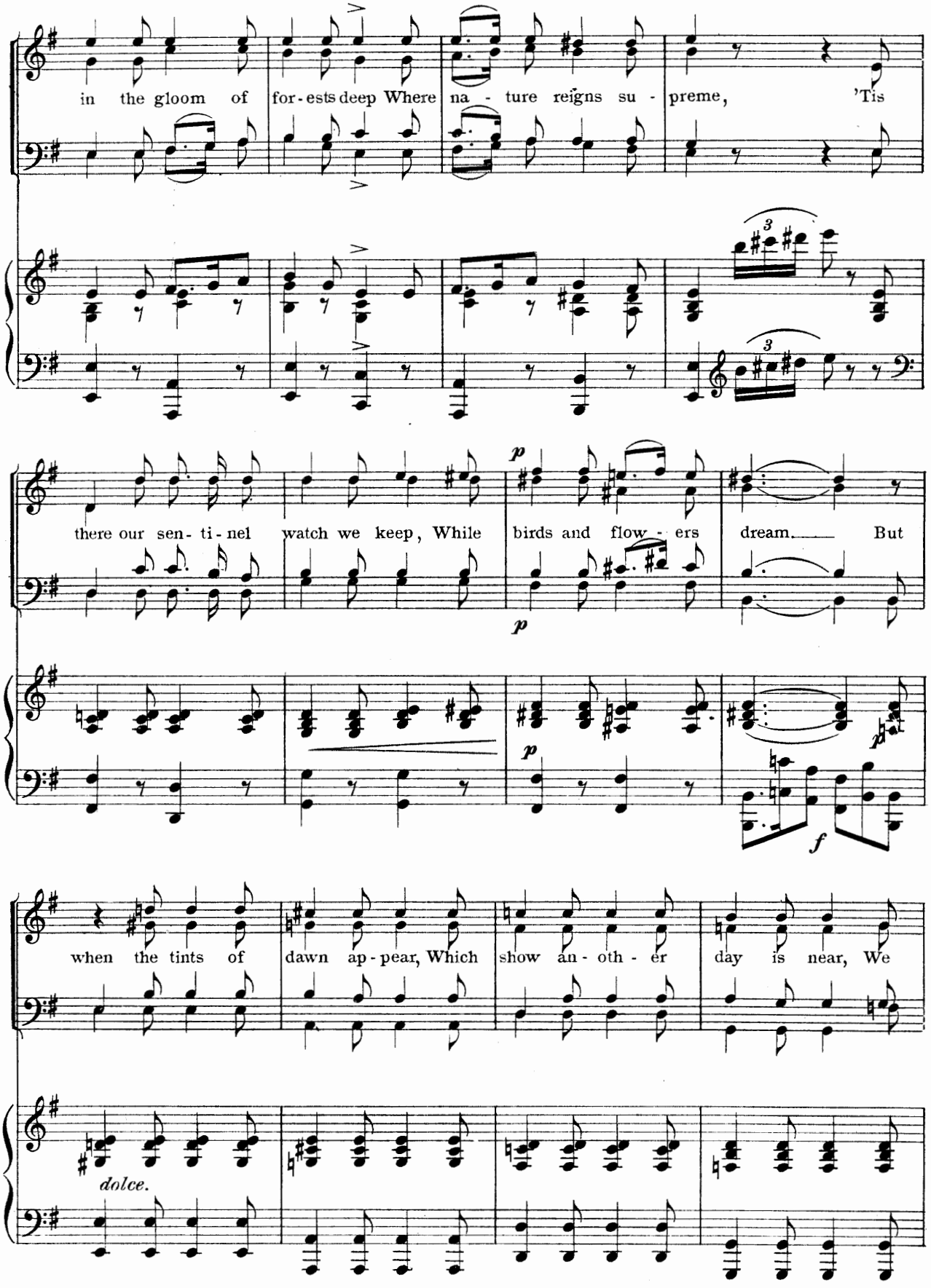
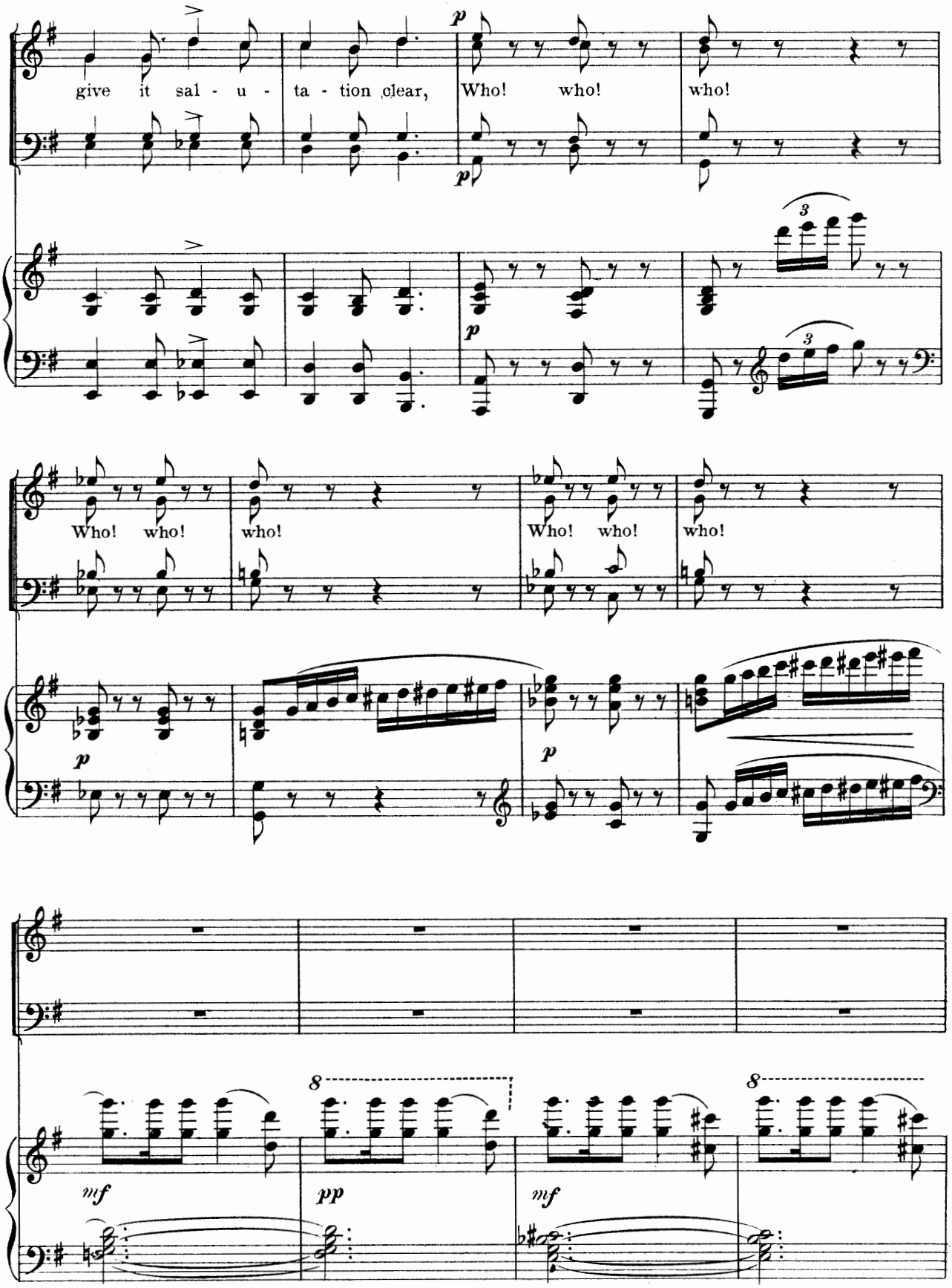
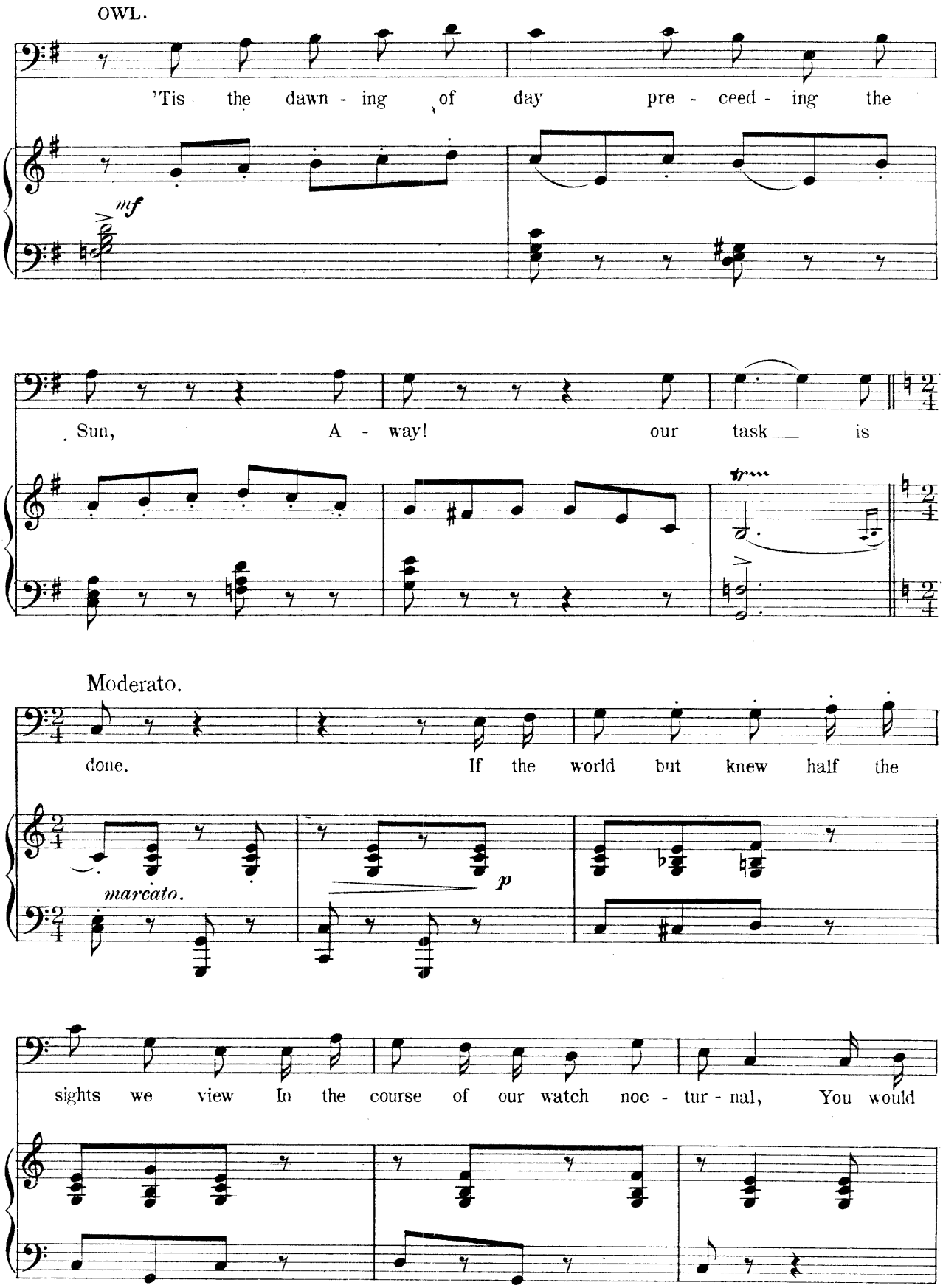
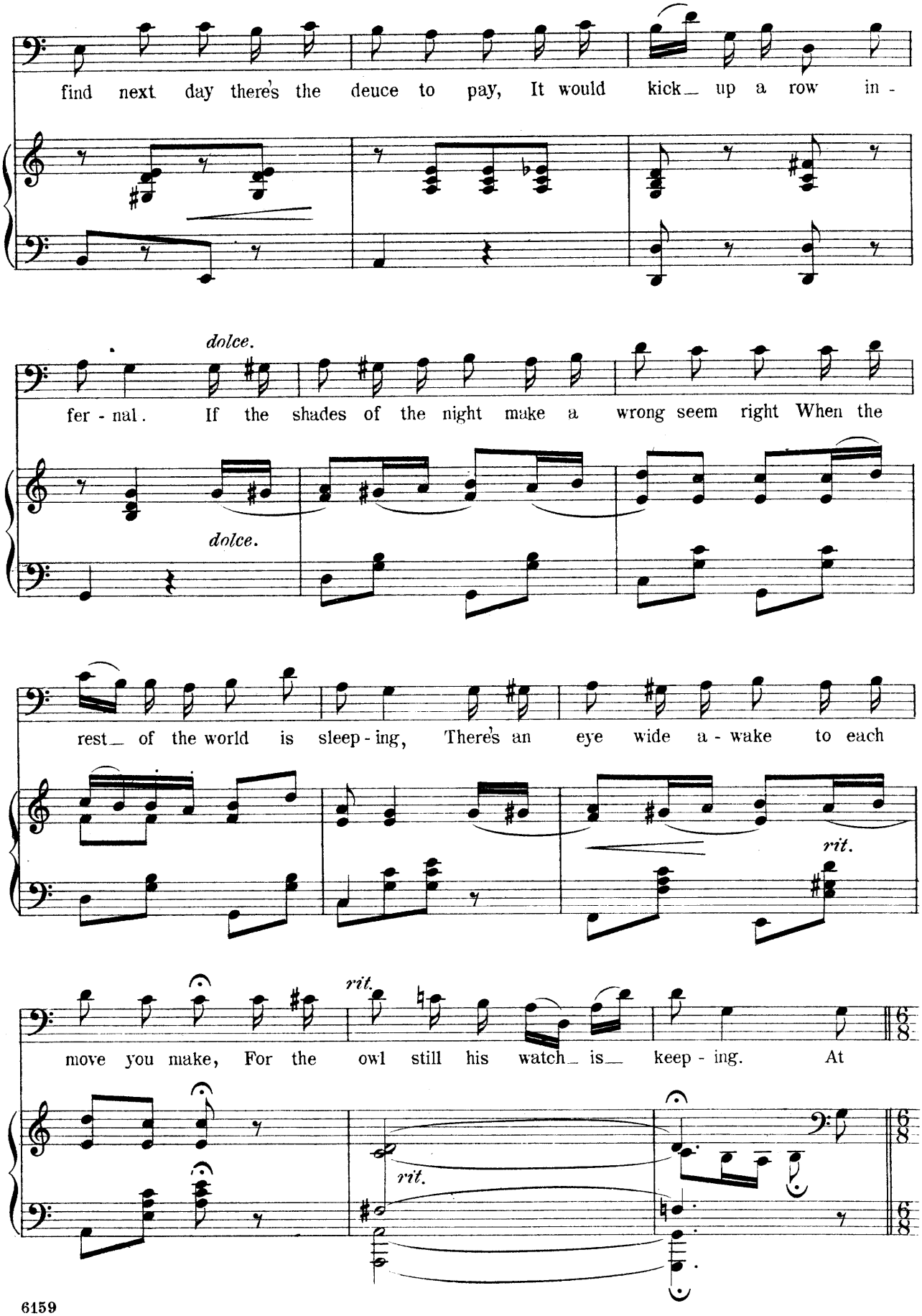

OWLS. (of the night.)
TEN.
MALE CHORUS.
Who! who! who! Who! who! who! Be -
BASS.
Mysterioso.
p
mf
hold the sen - ti - nel birds of night, On guard till the break of day, Till
Phoe-bus laugh-ing-ly brings a light To drive the stars a - way. When
p
f

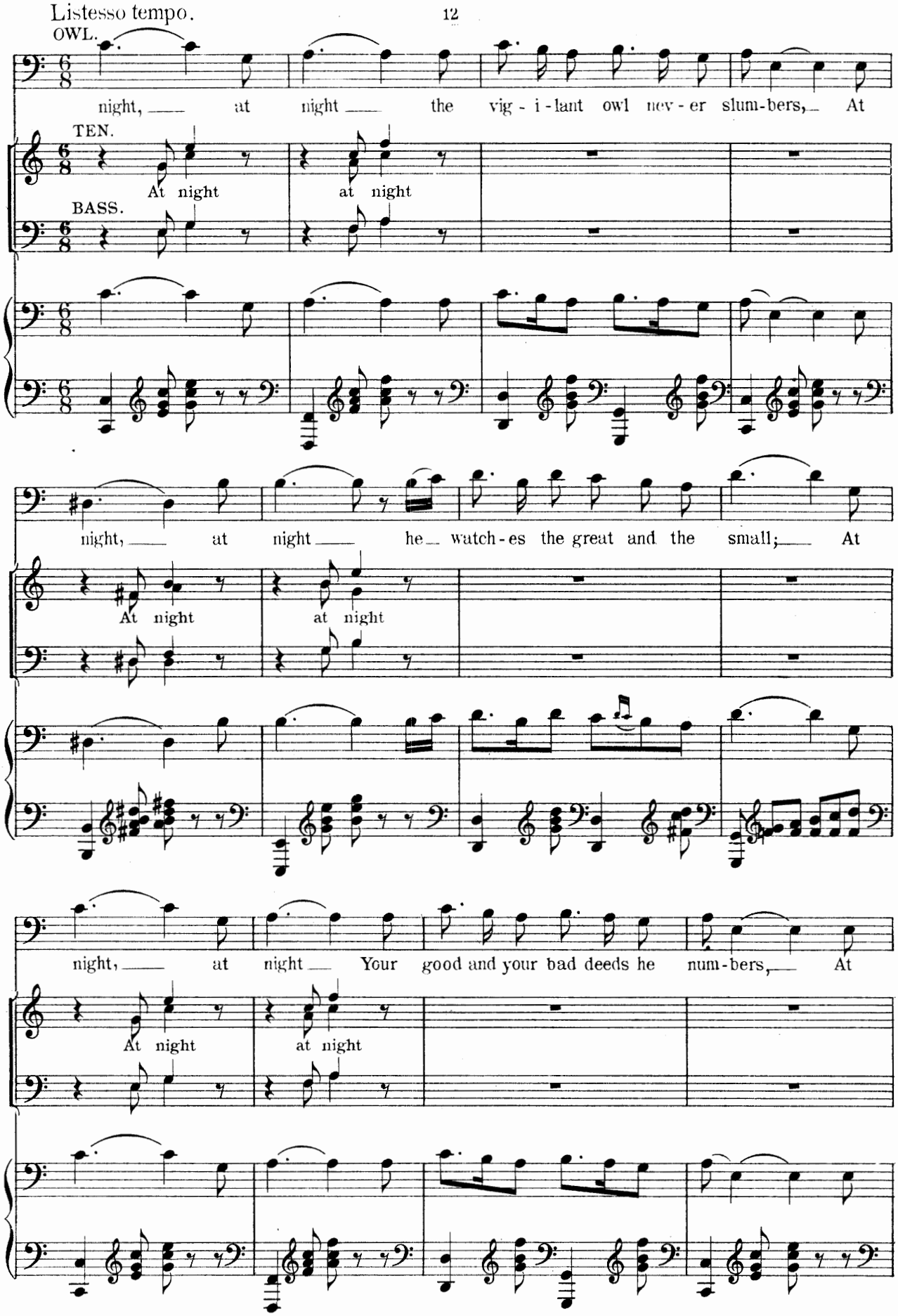

day is done and shad - ows fall, When dark - ness spreads her sa - ble pall, When
na - ture sleeps her watch - men call, Who! who! who!
p
Who! who! who! Who! who! who! With -
p
p

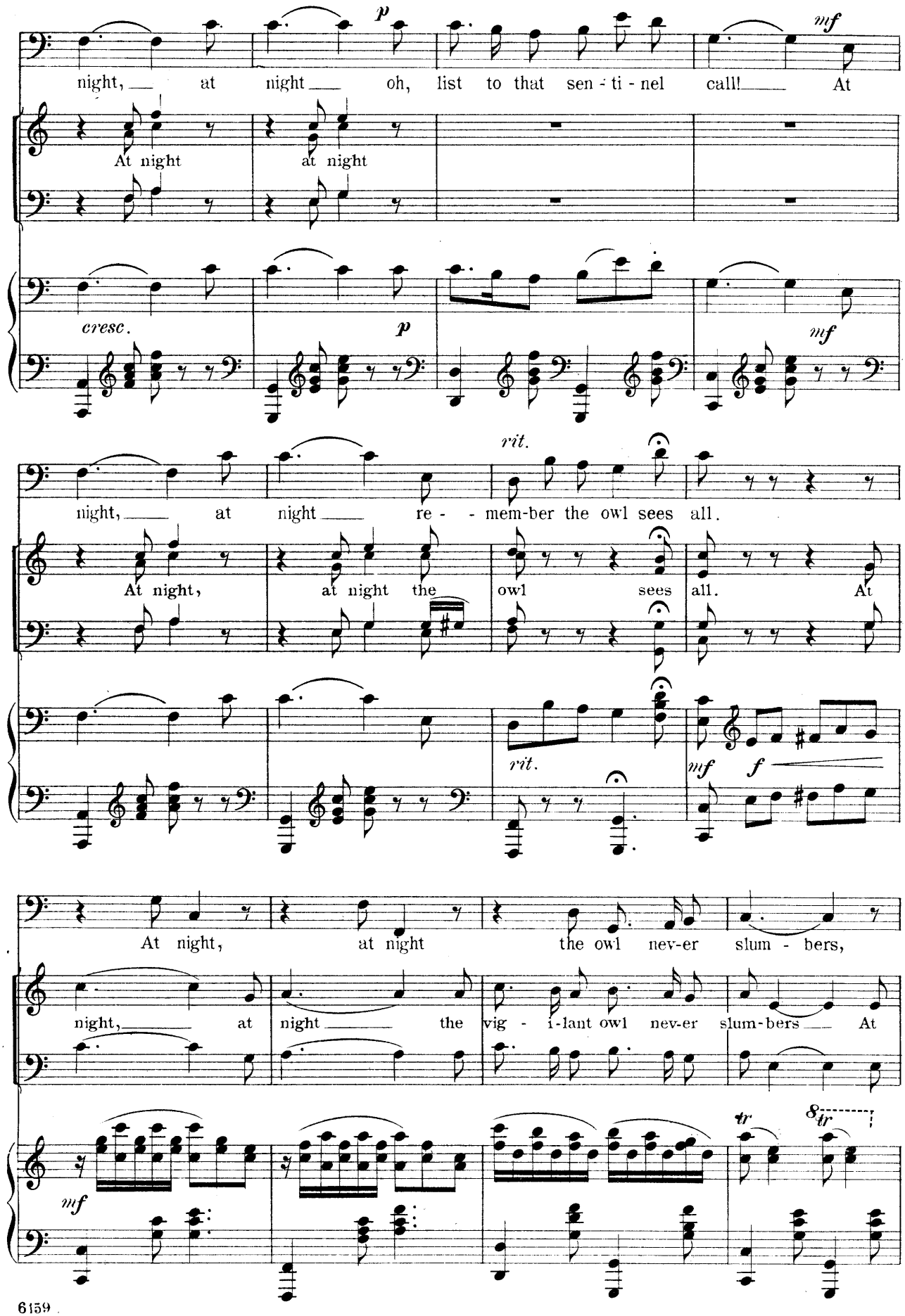

in the gloom of for-ests deep Where na - ture reigns su - preme, 'Tis
there our sen- ti-nel watch we keep, While birds and flow - ers dream. But
when the tints of dawn ap-pear, Which show an-oth - er day is near, We
dolce.

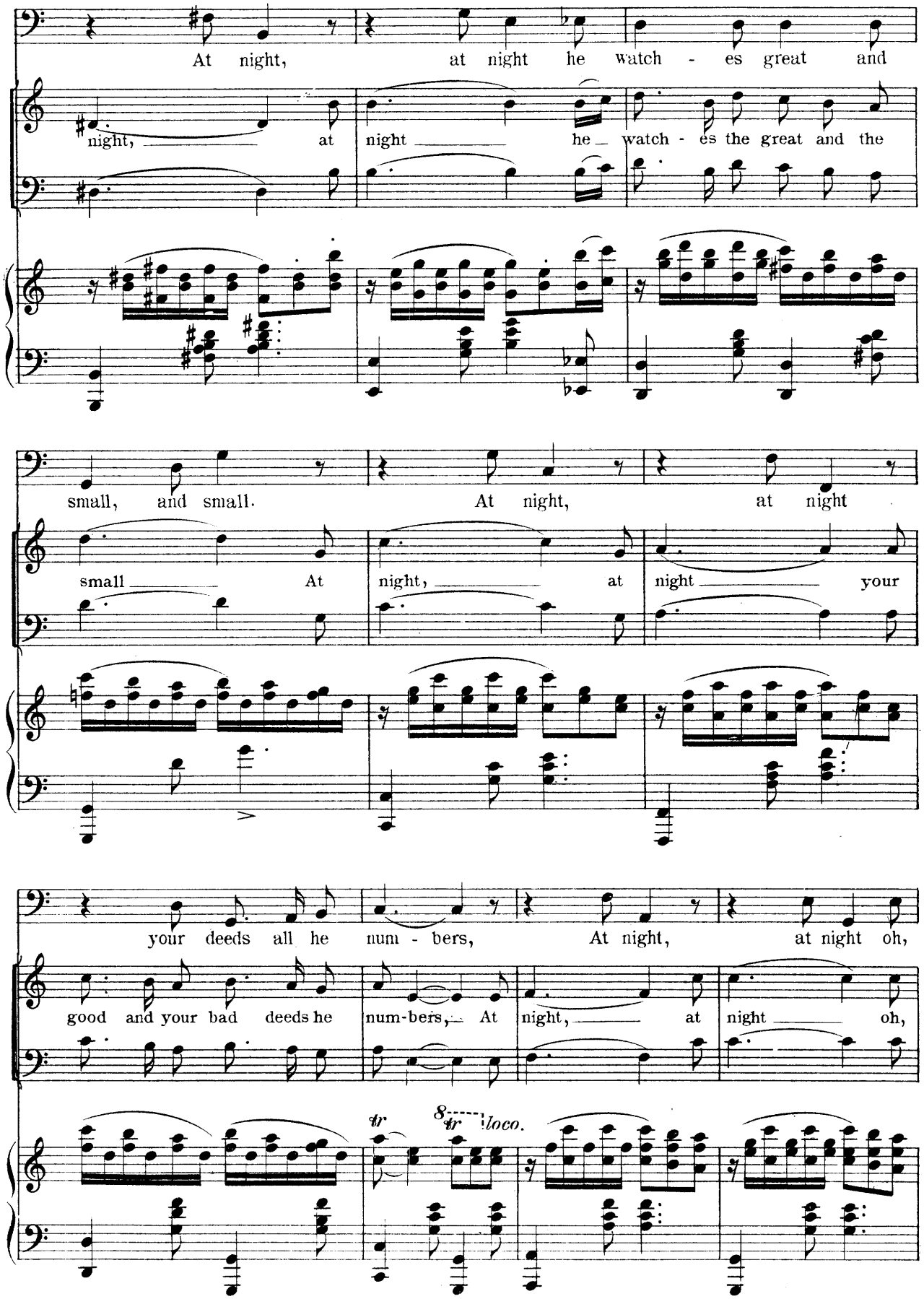

give it sal - u - ta - tion clear,
Who! who! who!
Who! who! who!
Who! who! who!
p
mf
pp
mf
8
8

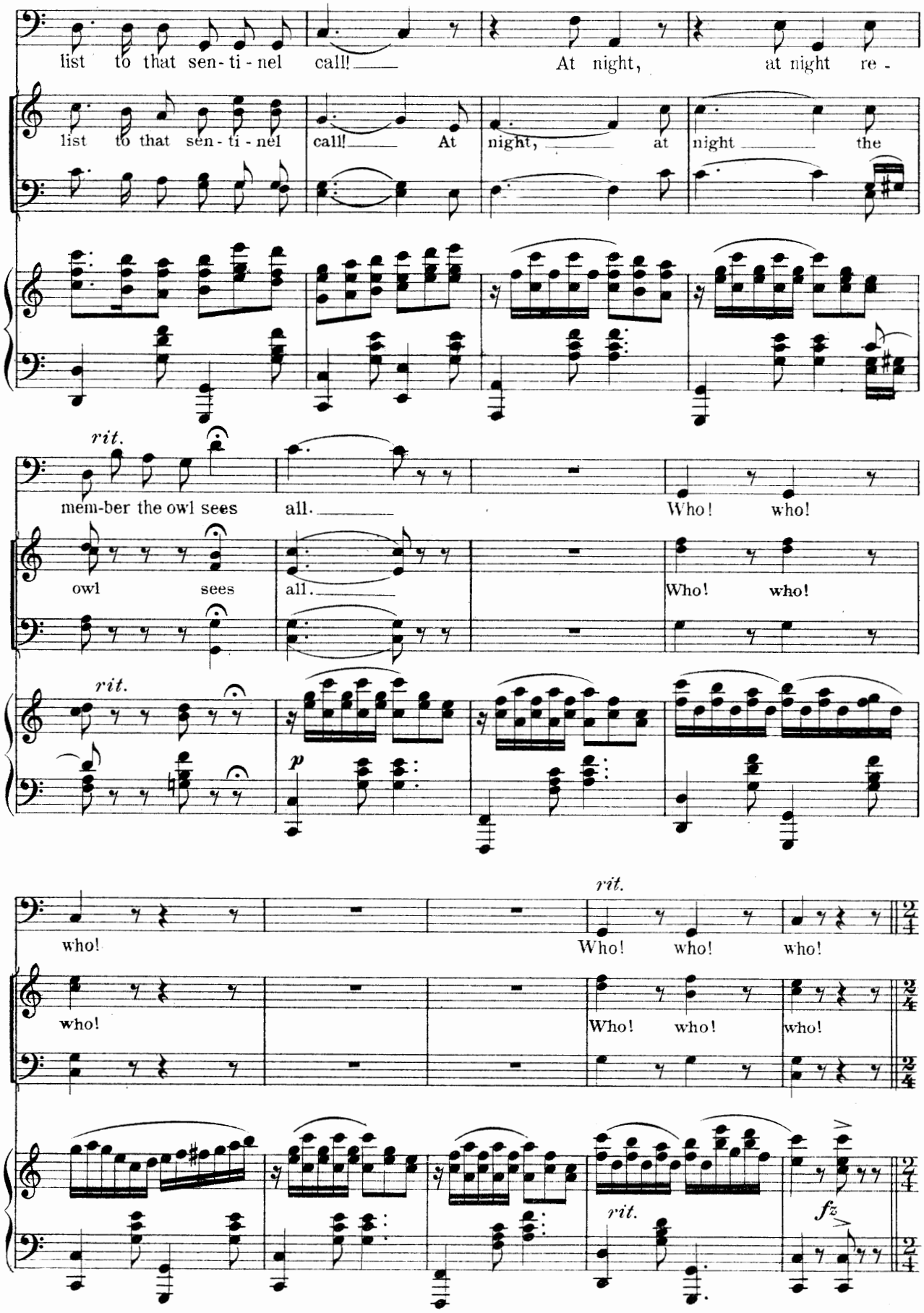

OWL.
'Tis the dawn - ing of day pre - ceed - ing the
mf
Sun, A - way! our task is
Moderato.
done. If the world but knew half the
marcato.
p
sights we view In the course of our watch noc - tur - nal, You would

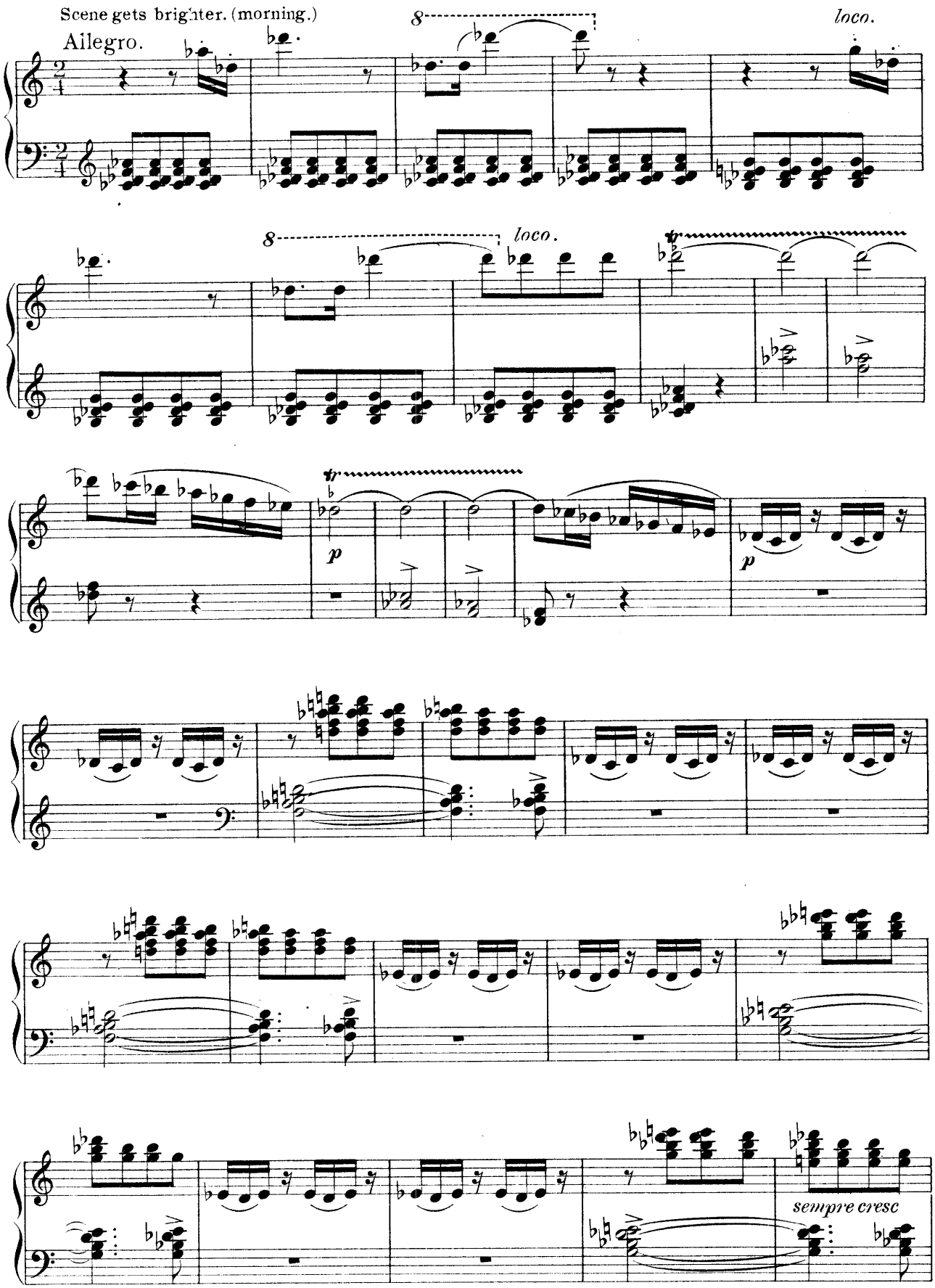

find next day there's the deuce to pay, It would kick_ up a row in -
dolce.
fer - nal. If the shades of the night make a wrong seem right When the
dolce.
rest_ of the world is sleep - ing, There's an eye wide a - wake to each
rit.
rit.
move you make, For the owl still his watch_ is_ keep - ing. At
rit.

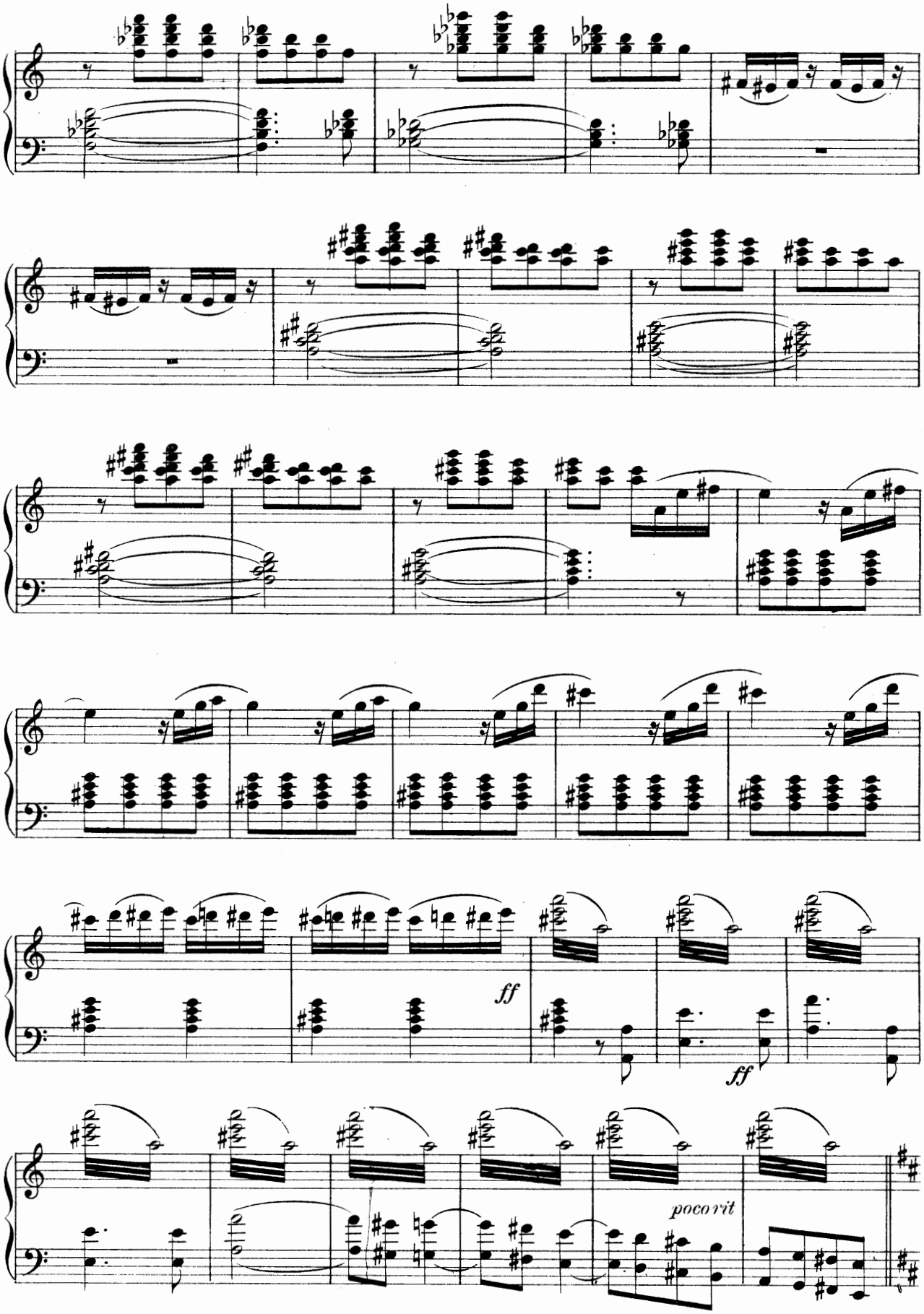

Listesso tempo.
OWL.
night, at night the vig - i - lant owl nev - er slum-bers, At
TEN.
At night at night
BASS.
night, at night he watch-es the great and the small; At
At night at night
night, at night Your good and your bad deeds he num-bers, At
At night at night

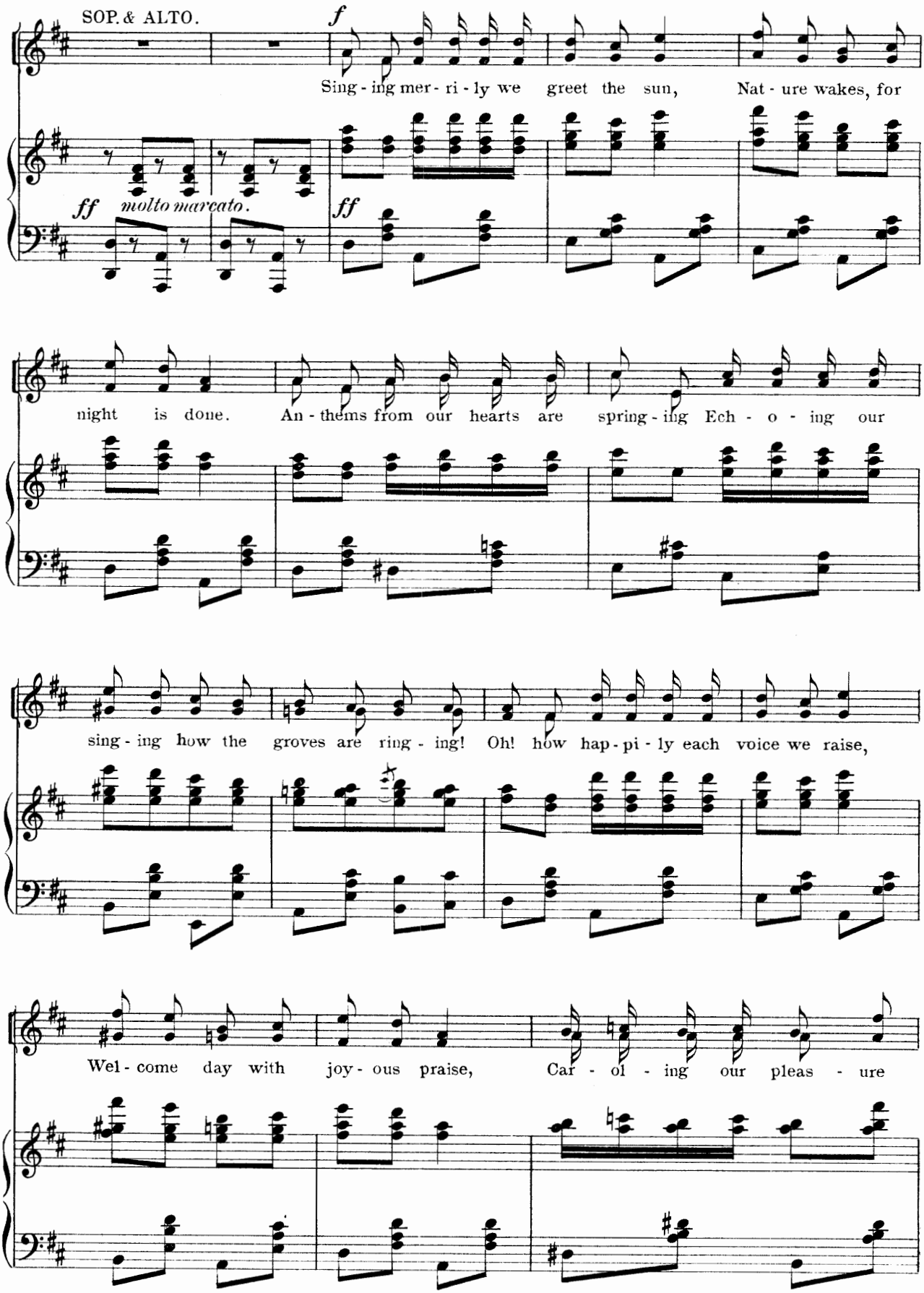

night, at night oh, list to that sen - ti - nel call! At
At night at night
cresc.
night, at night re - - mem-ber the owl sees all.
At night, at night the owl sees all. At
rit.
At night, at night the owl nev-er slum - bers,
night, at night the vig - i-lant owl nev-er slum-bers At
tr
8 tr

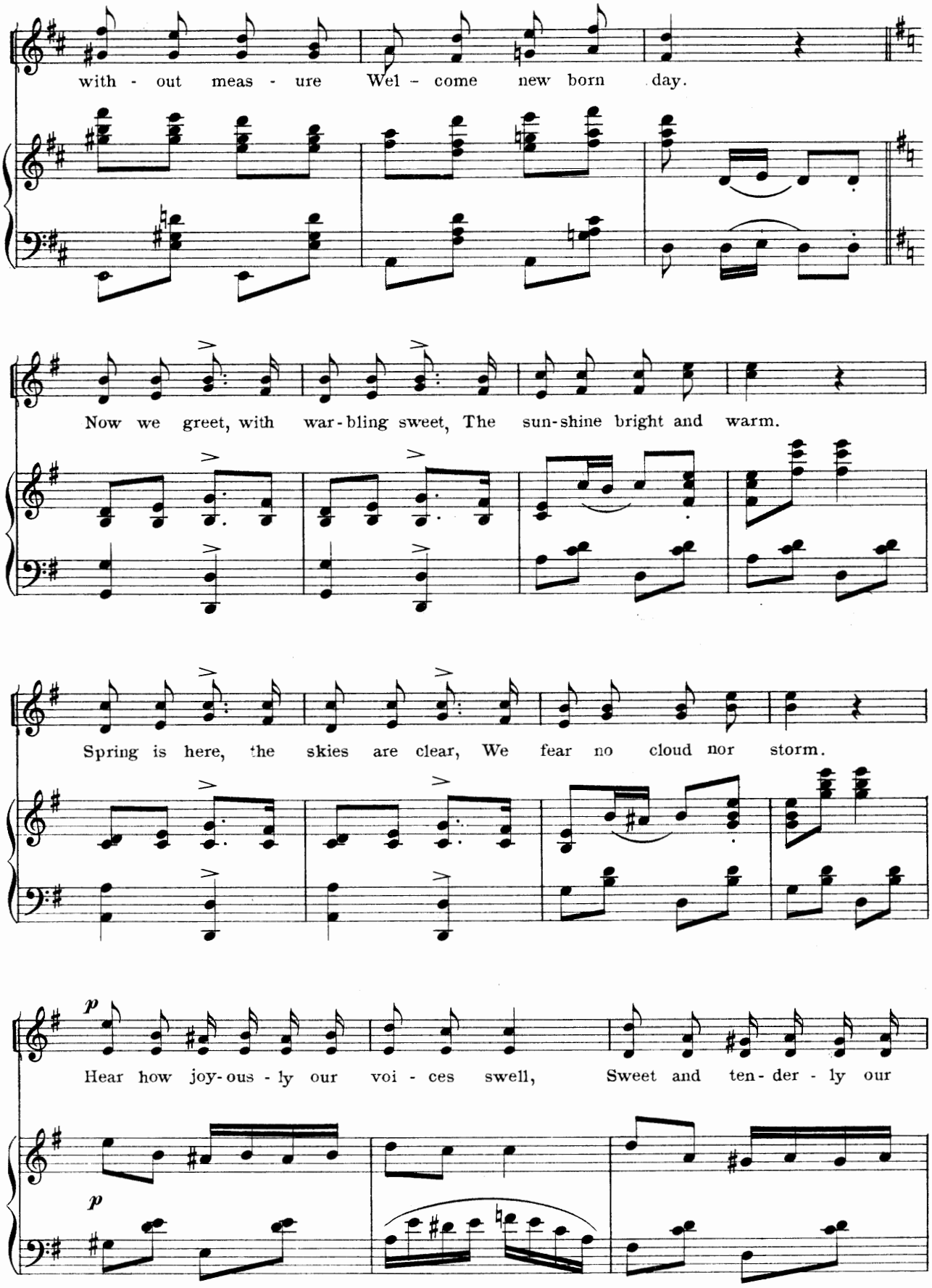

At night, at night he watch - es great and
night, at night he watch - es the great and the
small, and small. At night, at night
small At night, at night your
your deeds all he num - bers, At night, at night oh,
good and your bad deeds he num-bers, At night, at night oh,
tr
8
tr
loco.

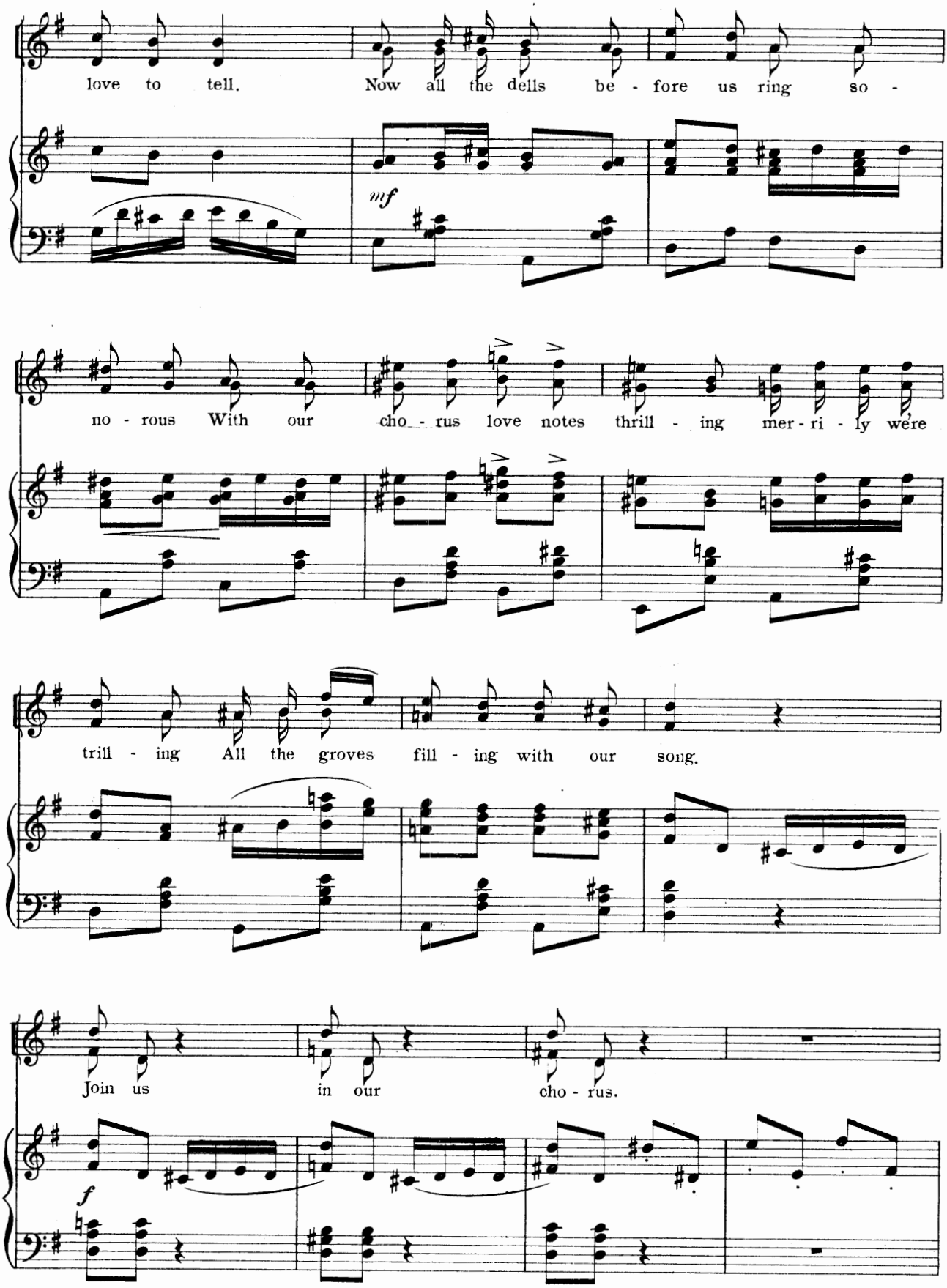

list to that sen-ti-nel call! At night, at night re-
list to that sen-ti-nel call! At night, at night the
rit.
mem-ber the owl sees all. Who! who!
owl sees all. Who! who!
rit.
p
who!
Who! who! who!
who!
Who! who! who!
rit.
fz
rit.

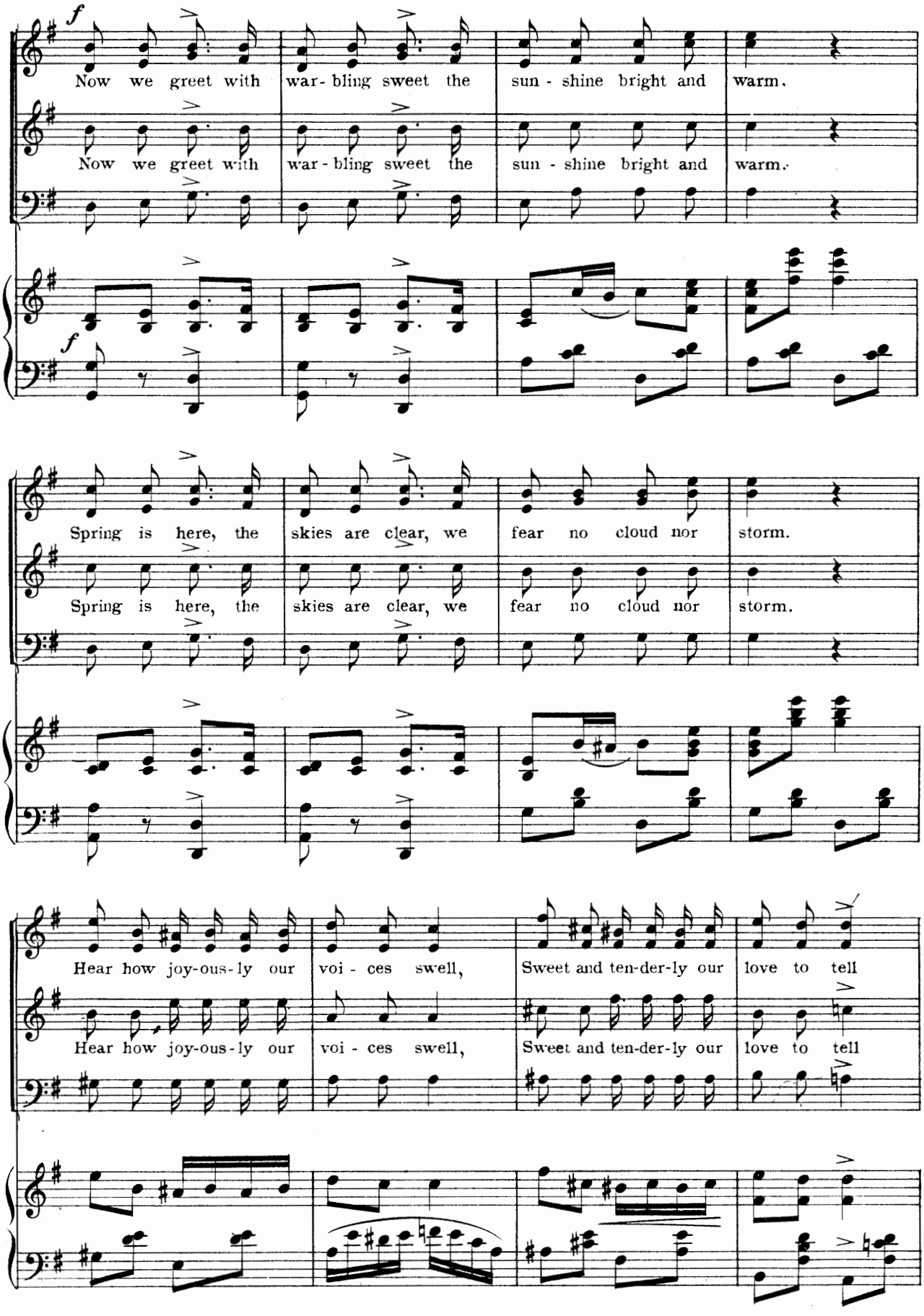

Scene gets brighter. (morning.)
Allegro.
8
loco.
8
loco.
p
p
sempre cresc

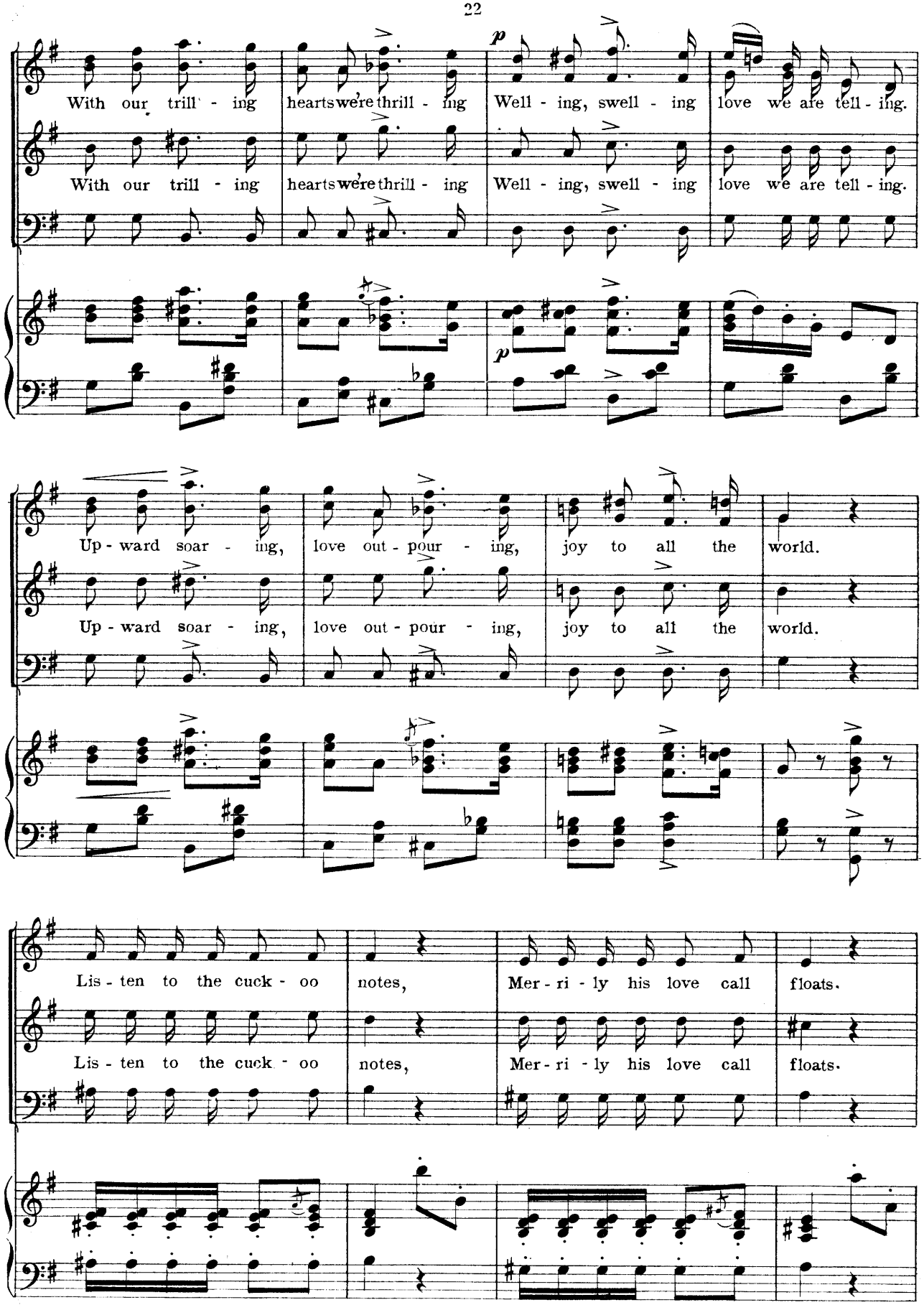

ff
ff
poco rit

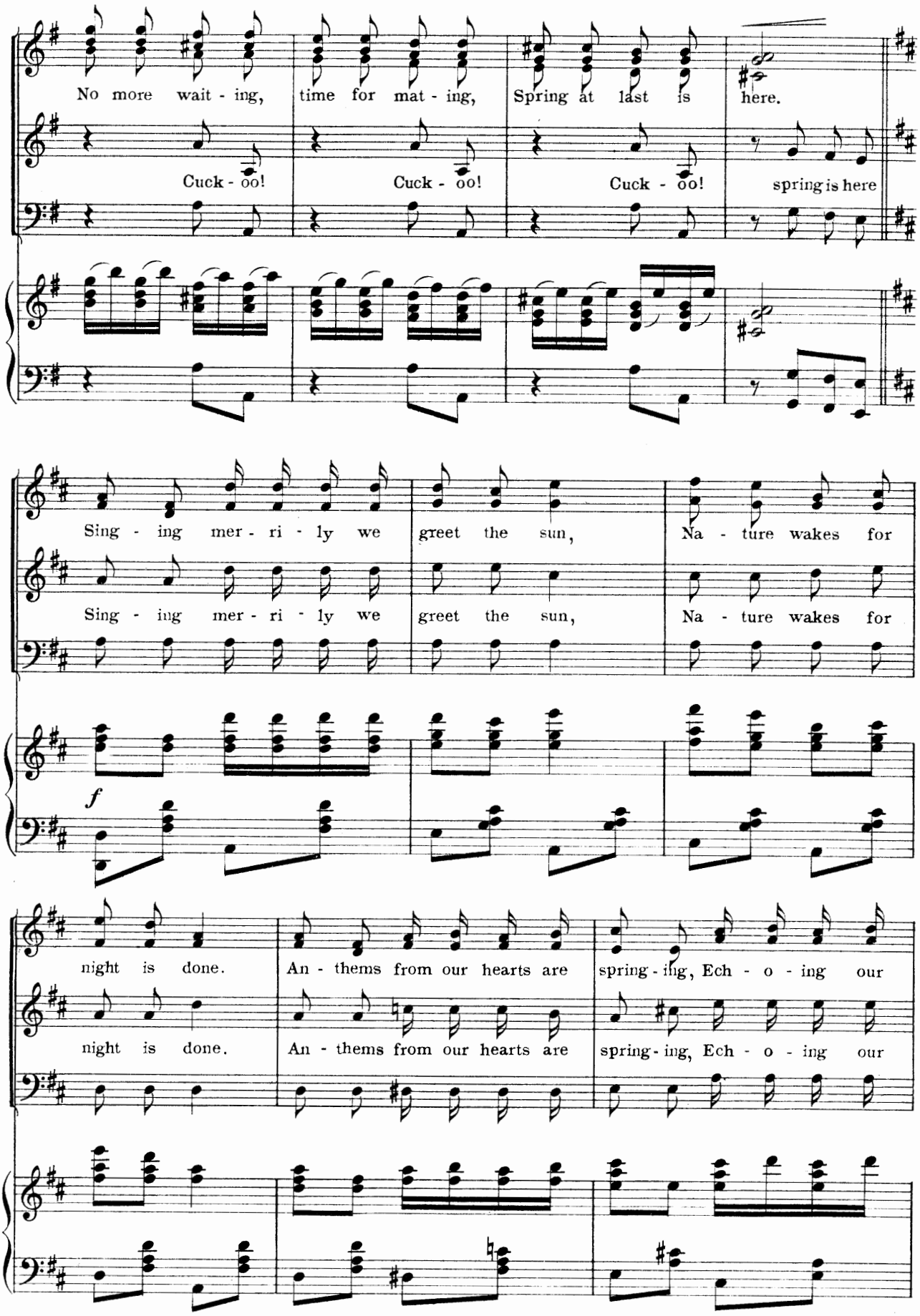

SOP. & ALTO.
f
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly we greet the sun, Nat - ure wakes, for
ff molto marcato.
ff
night is done. An - thems from our hearts are spring - ing Ech - o - ing our
sing - ing how the groves are ring - ing! Oh! how hap - pi - ly each voice we raise,
Wel - come day with joy - ous praise, Car - ol - ing our pleas - ure

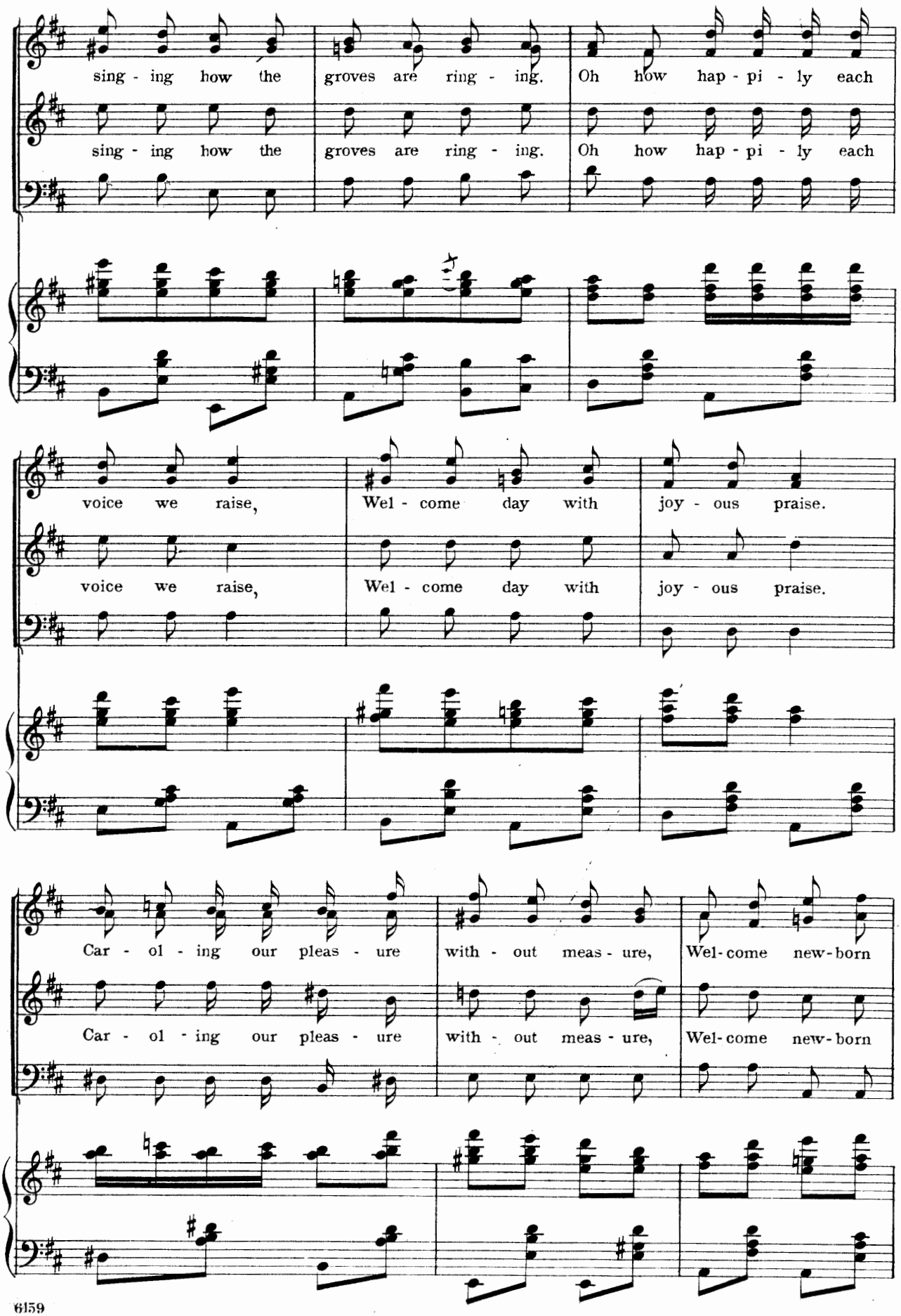

with - out meas - ure Wel - come new born day.
Now we greet, with war-bling sweet, The sun-shine bright and warm.
Spring is here, the skies are clear, We fear no cloud nor storm.
p
Hear how joy-ous - ly our voi - ces swell, Sweet and ten-der - ly our
p

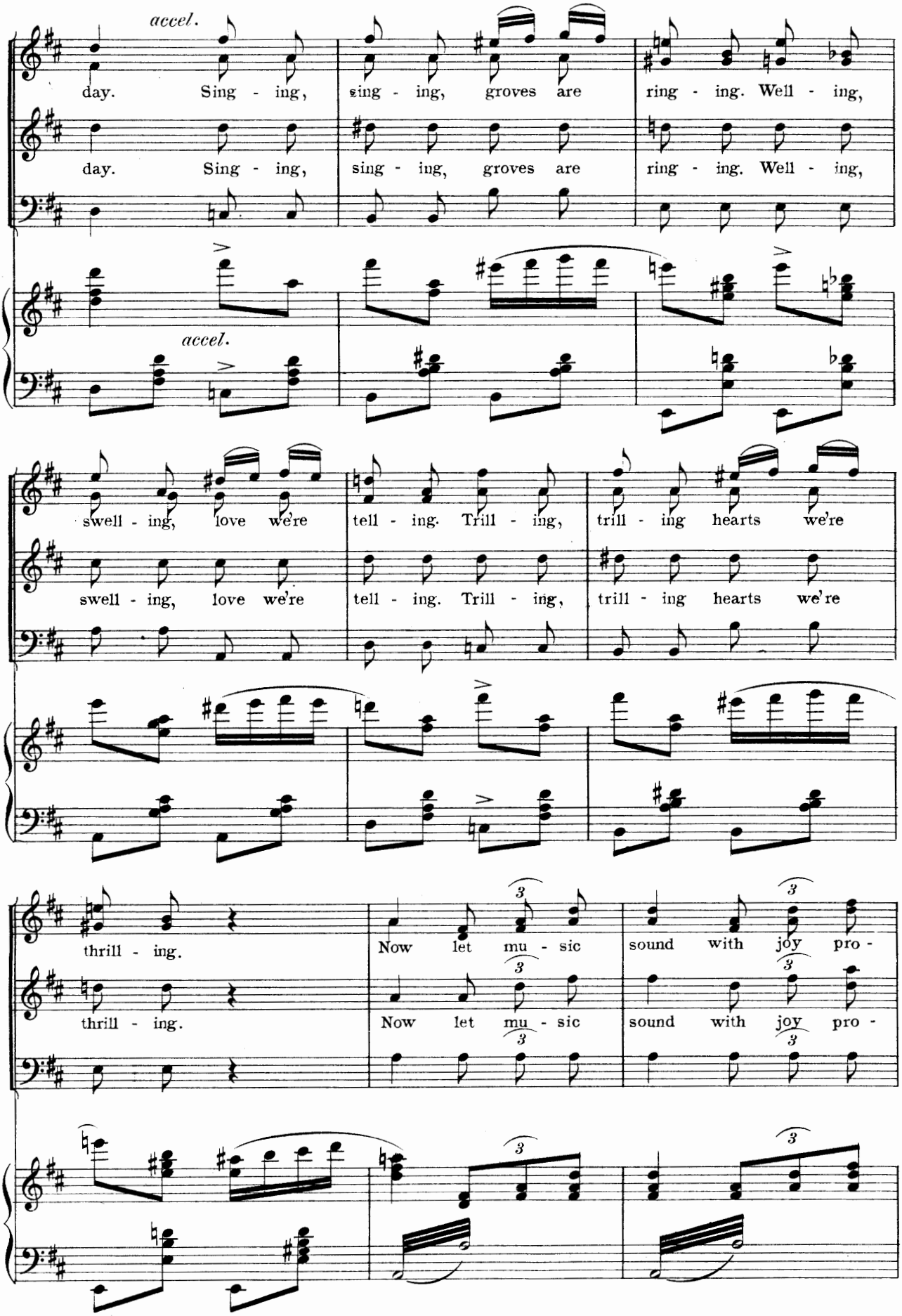

love to tell. Now all the dells be - fore us ring so -
mf
no - rous With our cho - rus love notes thrill - ing mer - ri - ly we're
trill - ing All the groves fill - ing with our song.
Join us in our cho - rus.
f

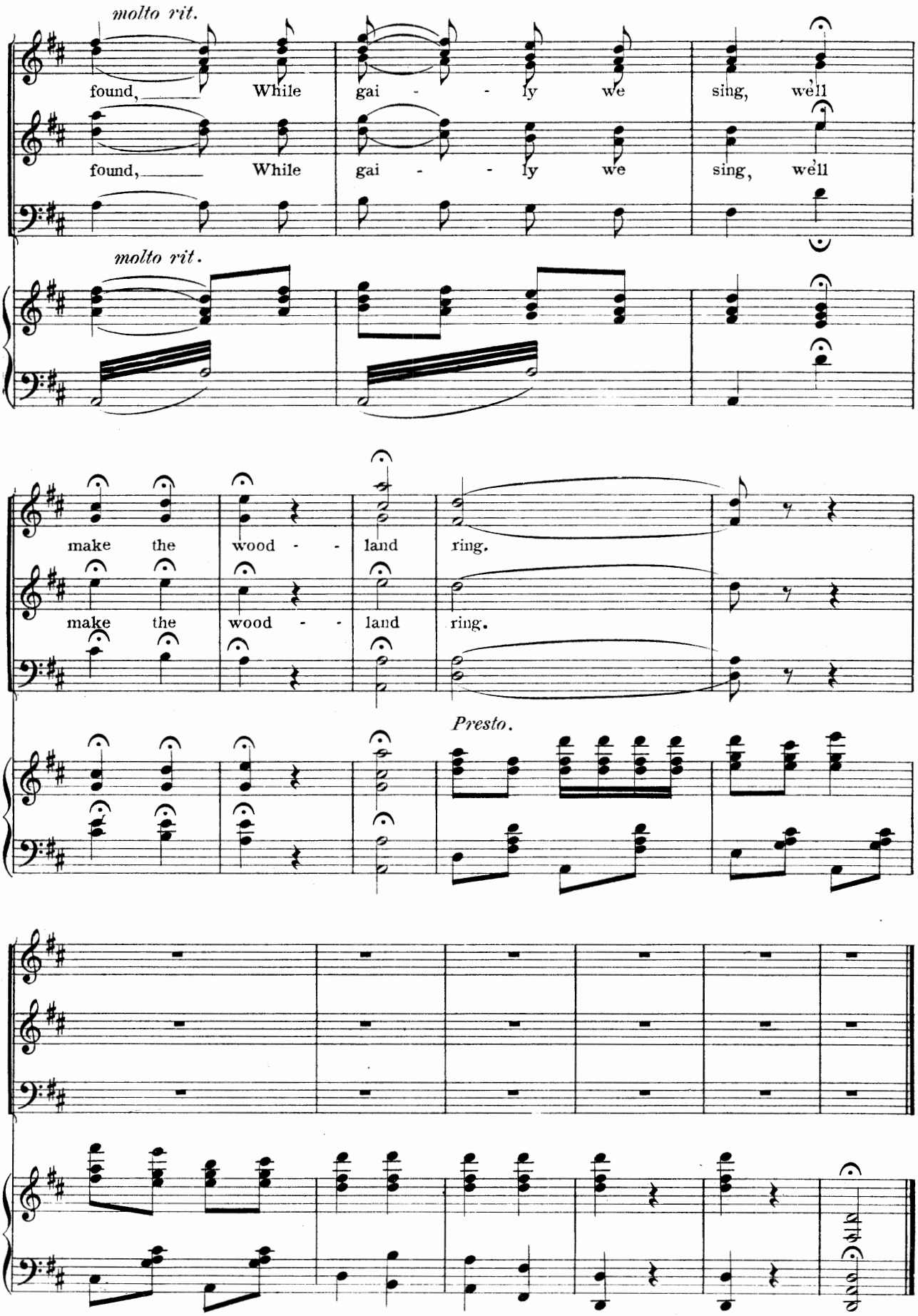

f
Now we greet with war-bling sweet the sun-shine bright and warm.
Now we greet with war-bling sweet the sun-shine bright and warm.
f
Spring is here, the skies are clear, we fear no cloud nor storm.
Spring is here, the skies are clear, we fear no cloud nor storm.
Hear how joy-ous-ly our voi-ces swell, Sweet and ten-der-ly our love to tell
Hear how joy-ous-ly our voi-ces swell, Sweet and ten-der-ly our love to tell


With our trill - ing hearts we're thrill - ing Well - ing, swell - ing love we are tell - ing.
With our trill - ing hearts we're thrill - ing Well - ing, swell - ing love we are tell - ing.
Up - ward soar - ing, love out - pour - ing, joy to all the world.
Up - ward soar - ing, love out - pour - ing, joy to all the world.
Lis - ten to the cuck - oo notes, Mer - ri - ly his love call floats.
Lis - ten to the cuck - oo notes, Mer - ri - ly his love call floats.


No more wait - ing, time for mat - ing, Spring at last is here.
Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! spring is here
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly we greet the sun, Na - ture wakes for
Sing - ing mer - ri - ly we greet the sun, Na - ture wakes for
f
night is done. An - thems from our hearts are spring - ing, Ech - o - ing our
night is done. An - thems from our hearts are spring - ing, Ech - o - ing our


sing - ing how the groves are ring - ing. Oh how hap - pi - ly each
sing - ing how the groves are ring - ing. Oh how hap - pi - ly each
voice we raise, Wel - come day with joy - ous praise.
voice we raise, Wel - come day with joy - ous praise.
Car - ol - ing our pleas - ure with - out meas - ure, Wel-come new-born
Car - ol - ing our pleas - ure with - out meas - ure, Wel-come new-born


accel.
day. Sing - ing, sing - ing, groves are ring - ing. Well - ing,
day. Sing - ing, sing - ing, groves are ring - ing. Well - ing,
accel.
swell - ing, love we're tell - ing. Trill - ing, trill - ing hearts we're
swell - ing, love we're tell - ing. Trill - ing, trill - ing hearts we're
thrill - ing.
Now let mu - sic sound with joy pro -
thrill - ing.
Now let mu - sic sound with joy pro -


molto rit.
found, While gai - - ly we sing, well
found, While gai - - ly we sing, well
molto rit.
make the wood - - land ring.
make the wood - - land ring.
Presto.

Dainty Little Ingenue.

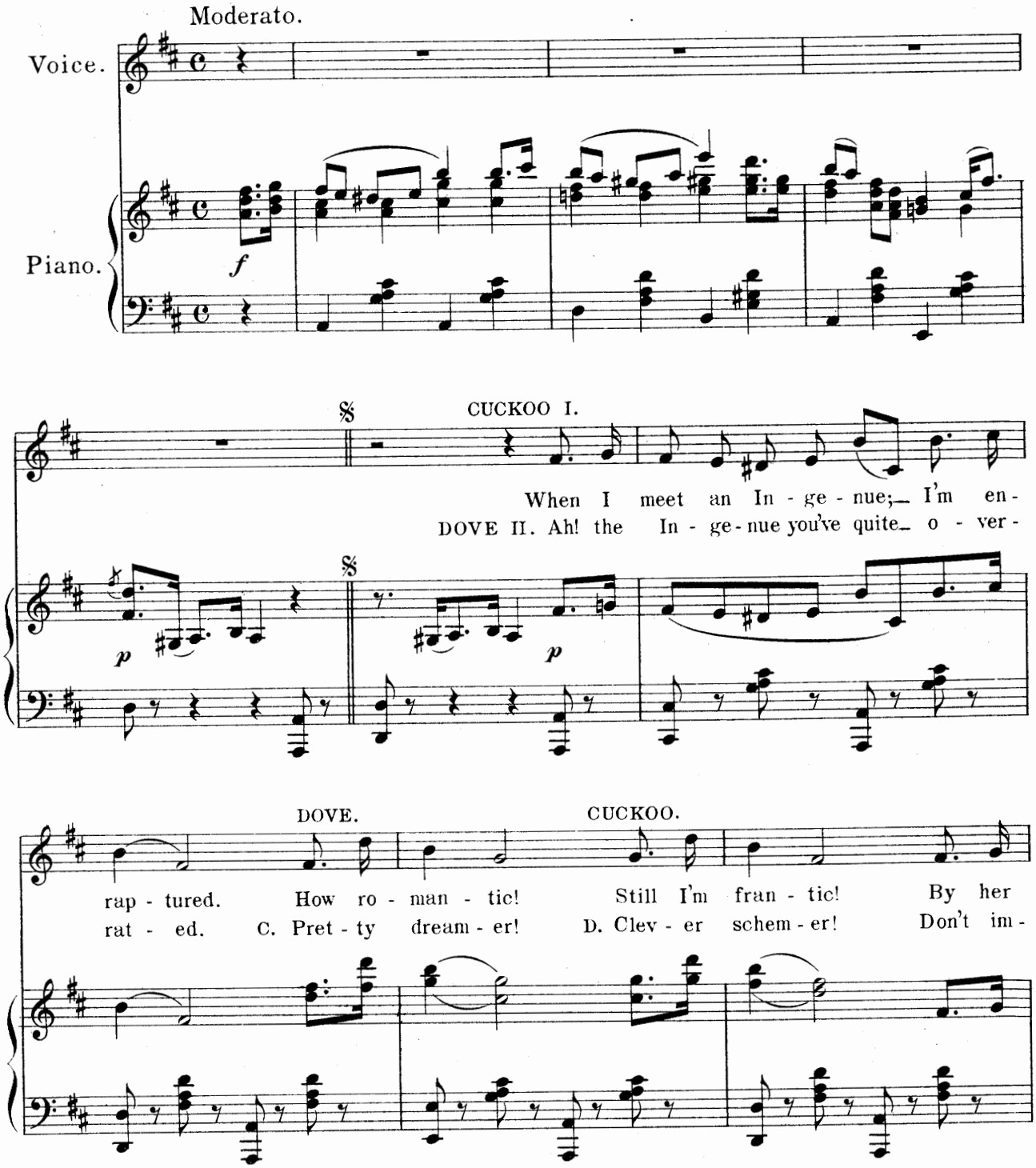
No. 2.

DUET.

Cuckoo, Dove and Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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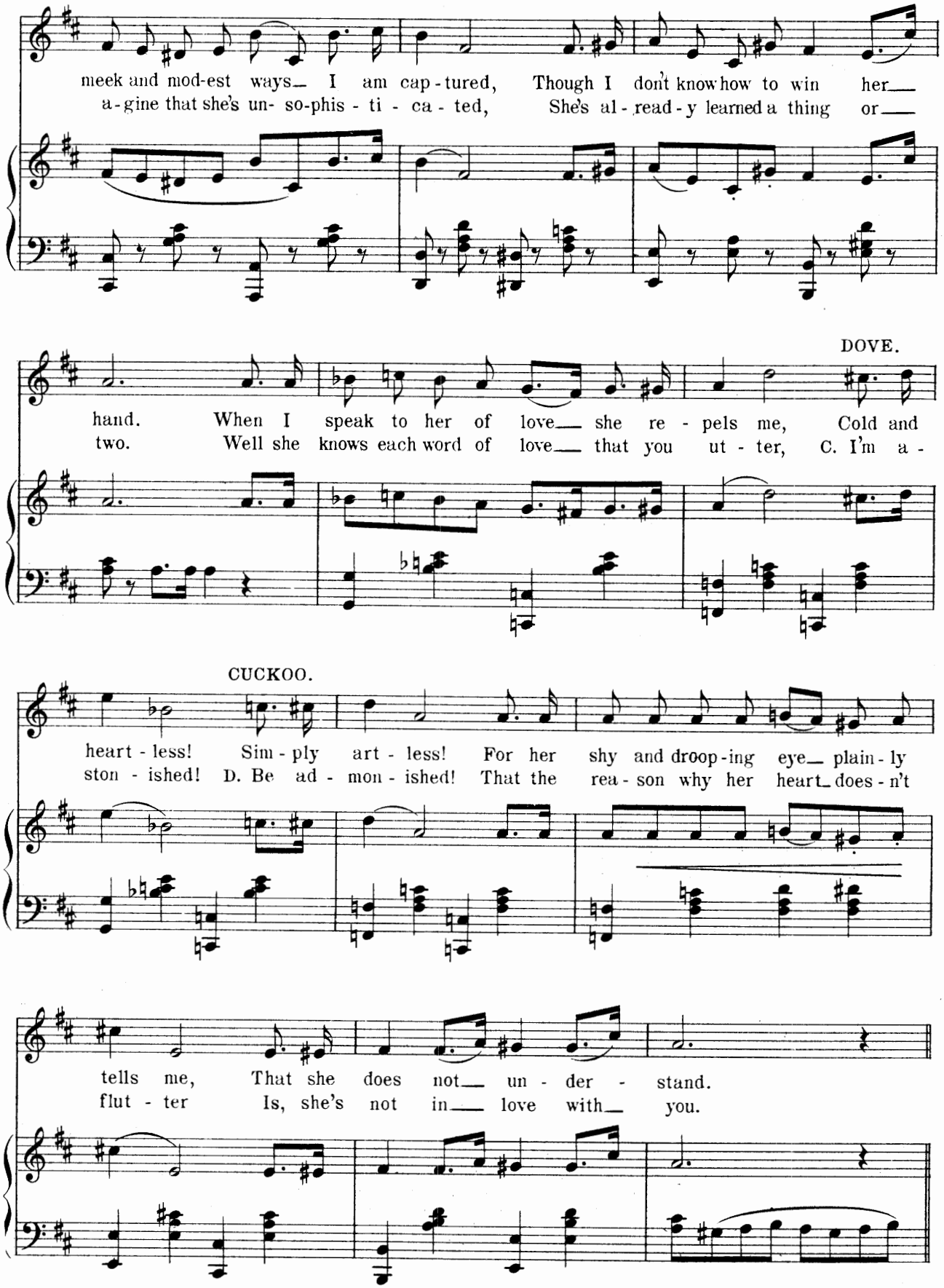
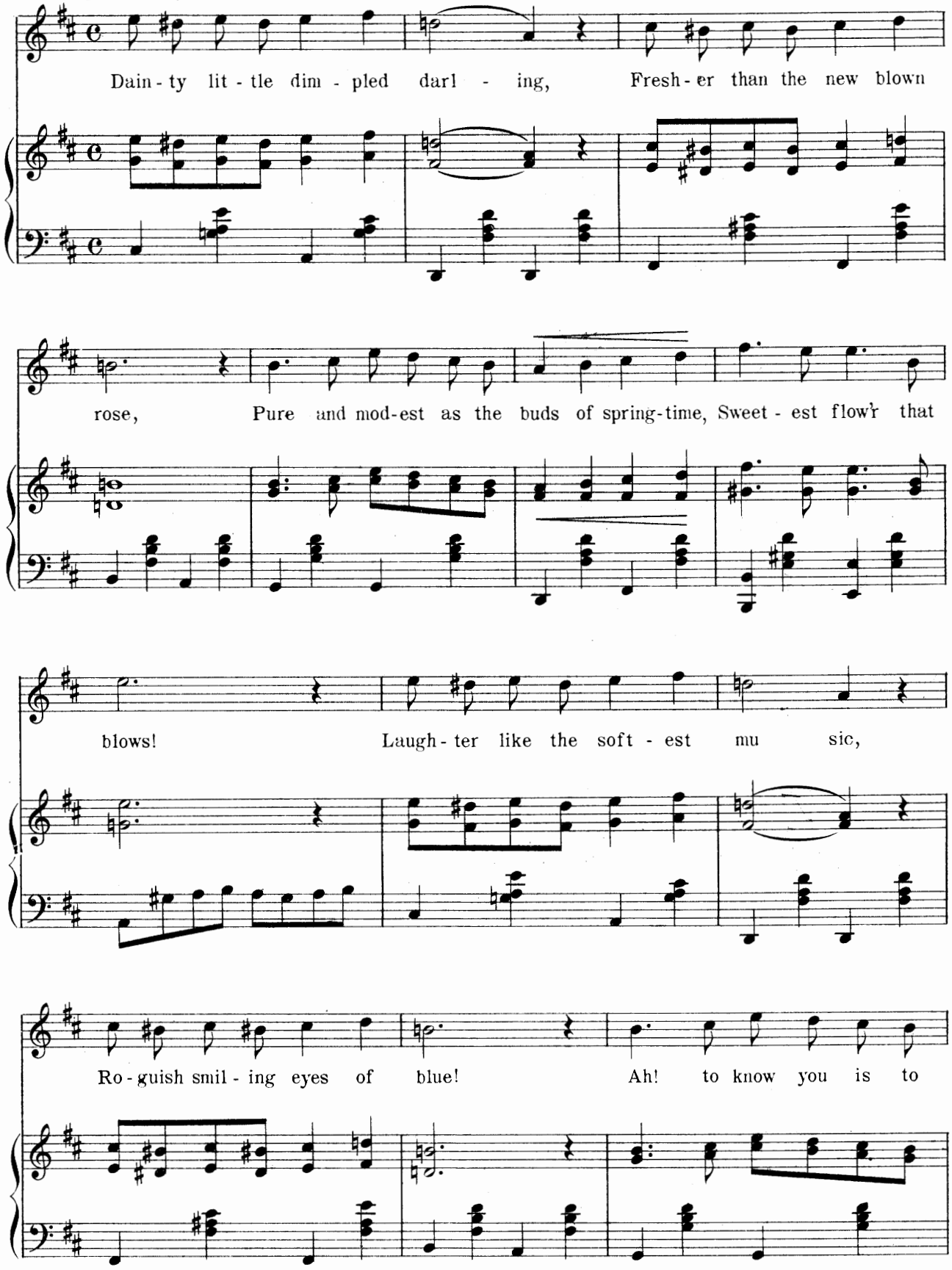
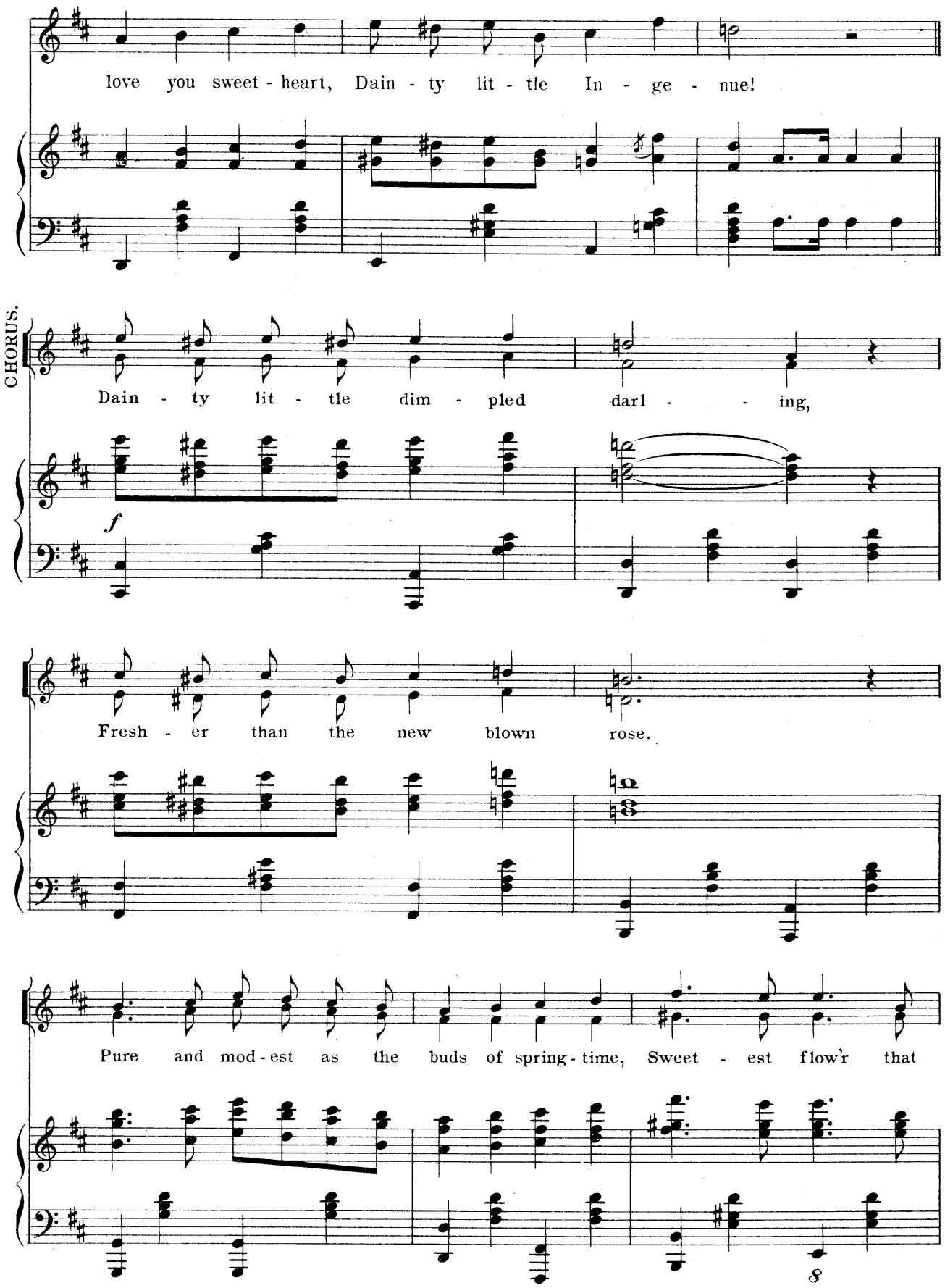
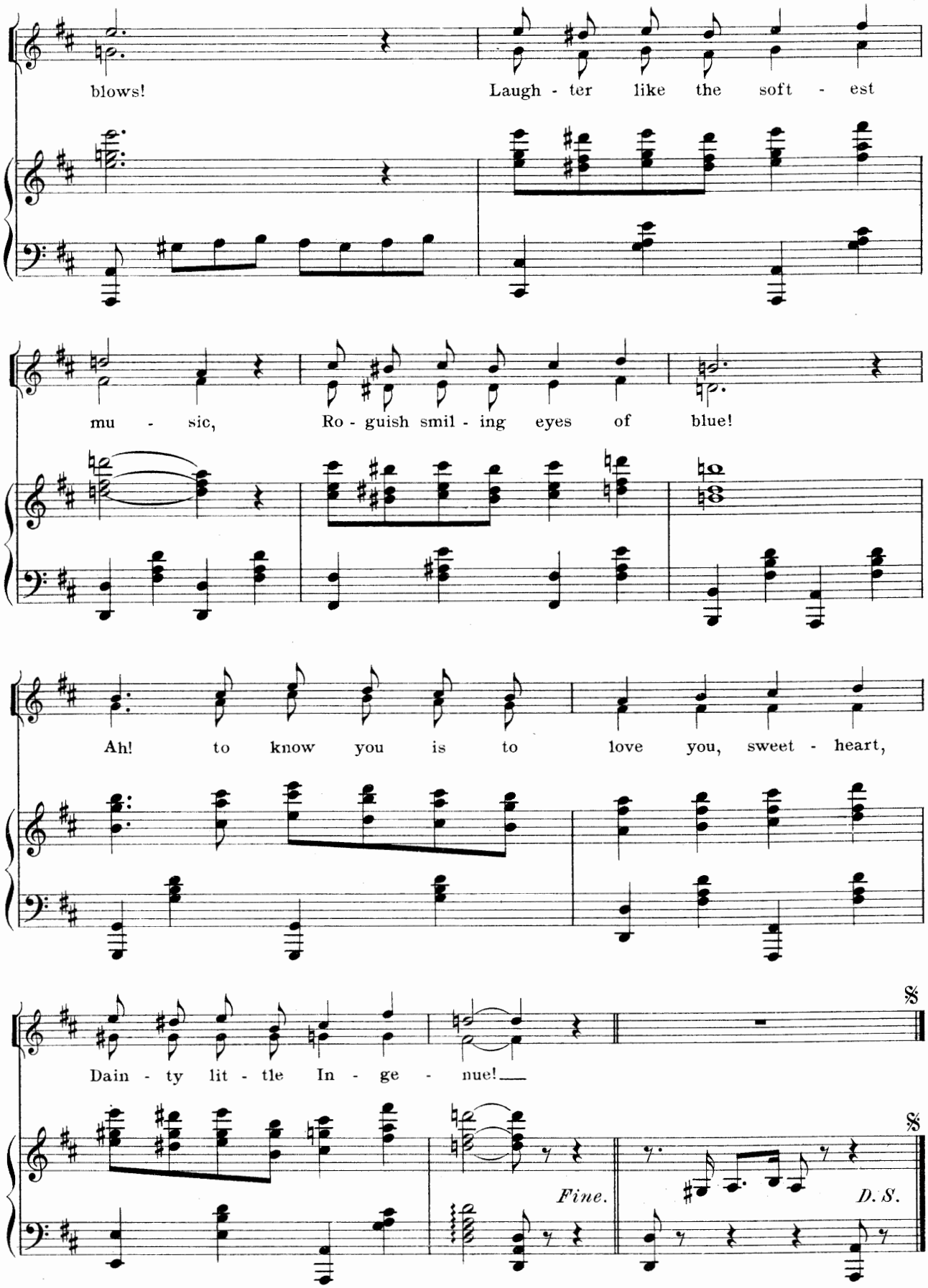

meek and mod-est ways_ I am cap-tured, Though I don't know how to win her__
a-gine that she's un- so-phis-ti-ca-ted, She's al-read-y learned a thing or__
DOVE.
hand. When I speak to her of love__ she re-pels me, Cold and
two. Well she knows each word of love__ that you ut-ter, C. I'm a-
CUCKOO.
heart-less! Sim-ply art-less! For her shy and droop-ing eye__ plain-ly
ston-ished! D. Be ad-mon-ished! That the rea-son why her heart_ does-n't
tells me, That she does not__ un-der-stand.
flut-ter Is, she's not in__ love with__ you.

REFRAIN.


Dain - ty lit - tle dim - pled darl - ing, Fresh - er than the new blown
rose, Pure and mod-est as the buds of spring-time, Sweet - est flow'r that
blows! Laugh - ter like the soft - est mu sic,
Ro - guish smil - ing eyes of blue! Ah! to know you is to


love you sweet - heart, Dain - ty lit - tle In - ge - nue!
CHORUS.
Dain - ty lit - tle dim - pled darl - - ing,
f
Fresh - er than the new blown rose.
Pure and mod - est as the buds of spring - time, Sweet - est flow'r that
8


blows!
Laugh - ter like the soft - est
mu - sic,
Ro - guish smil - ing eyes of blue!
Ah! to know you is to love you, sweet - heart,
Dain - ty lit - tle In - ge - nue!
Fine.
D. S.

Time is Flying.

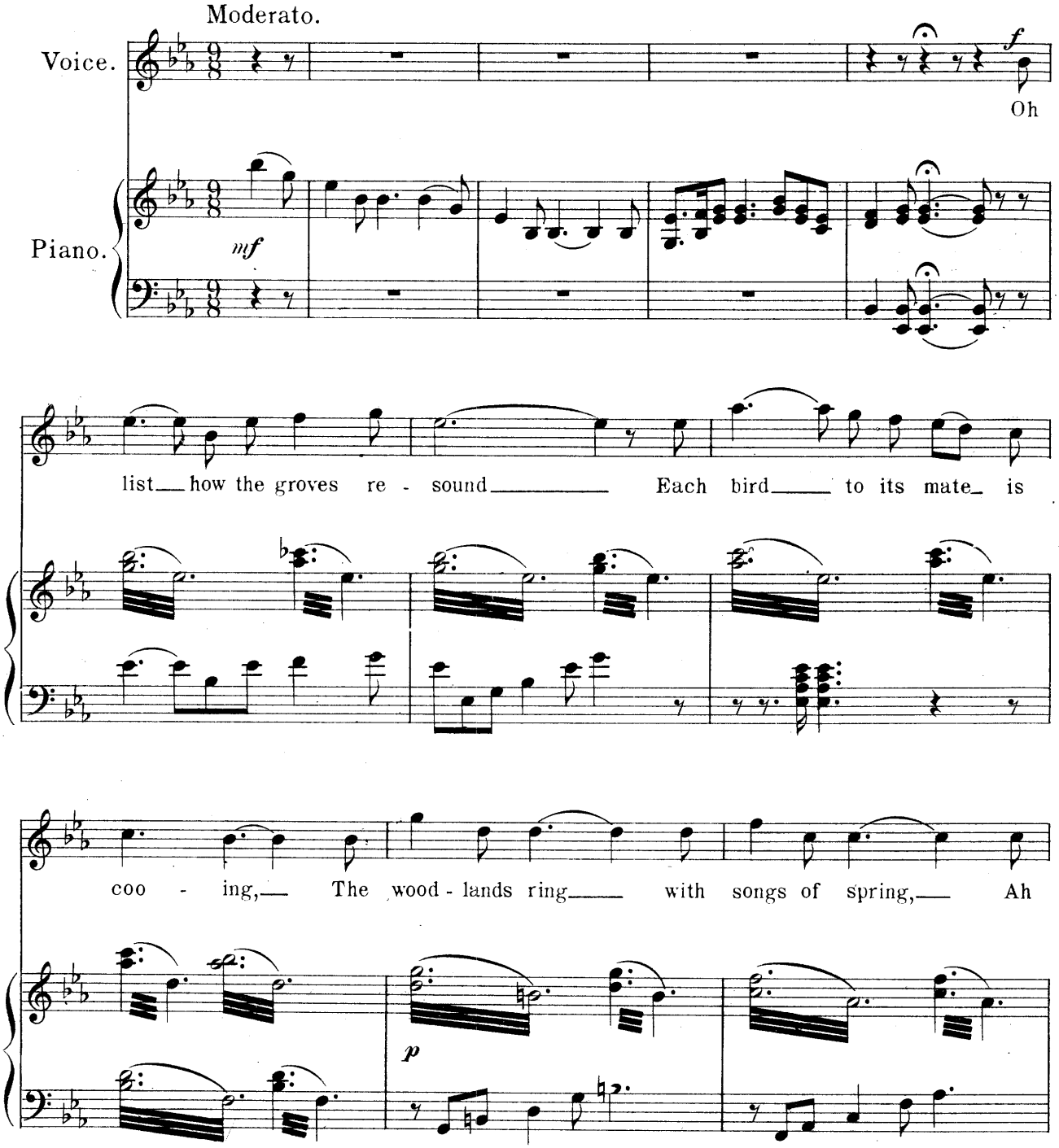
(Song of the Nightingale.)

NIGHTINGALE.

No. 3.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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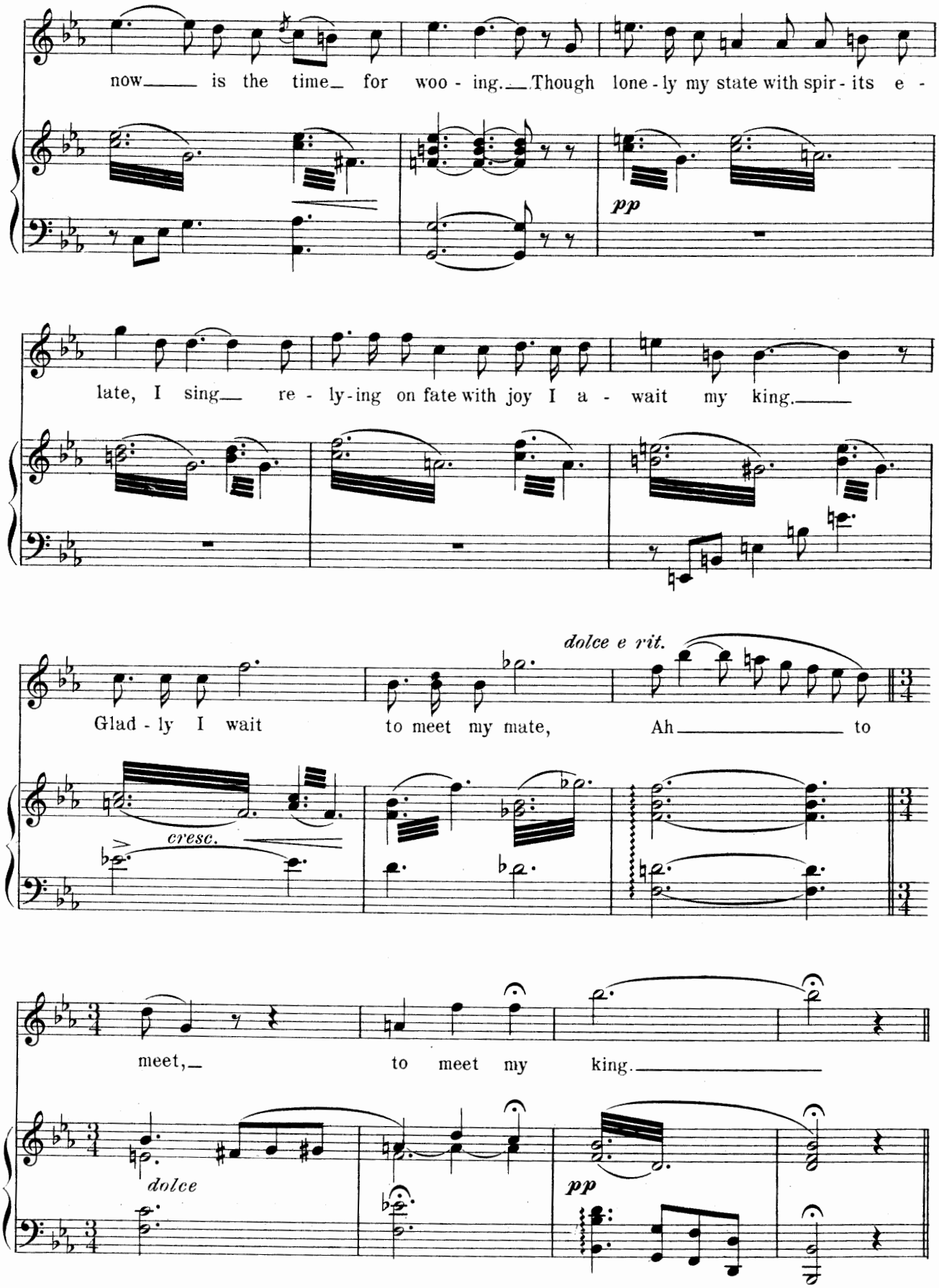
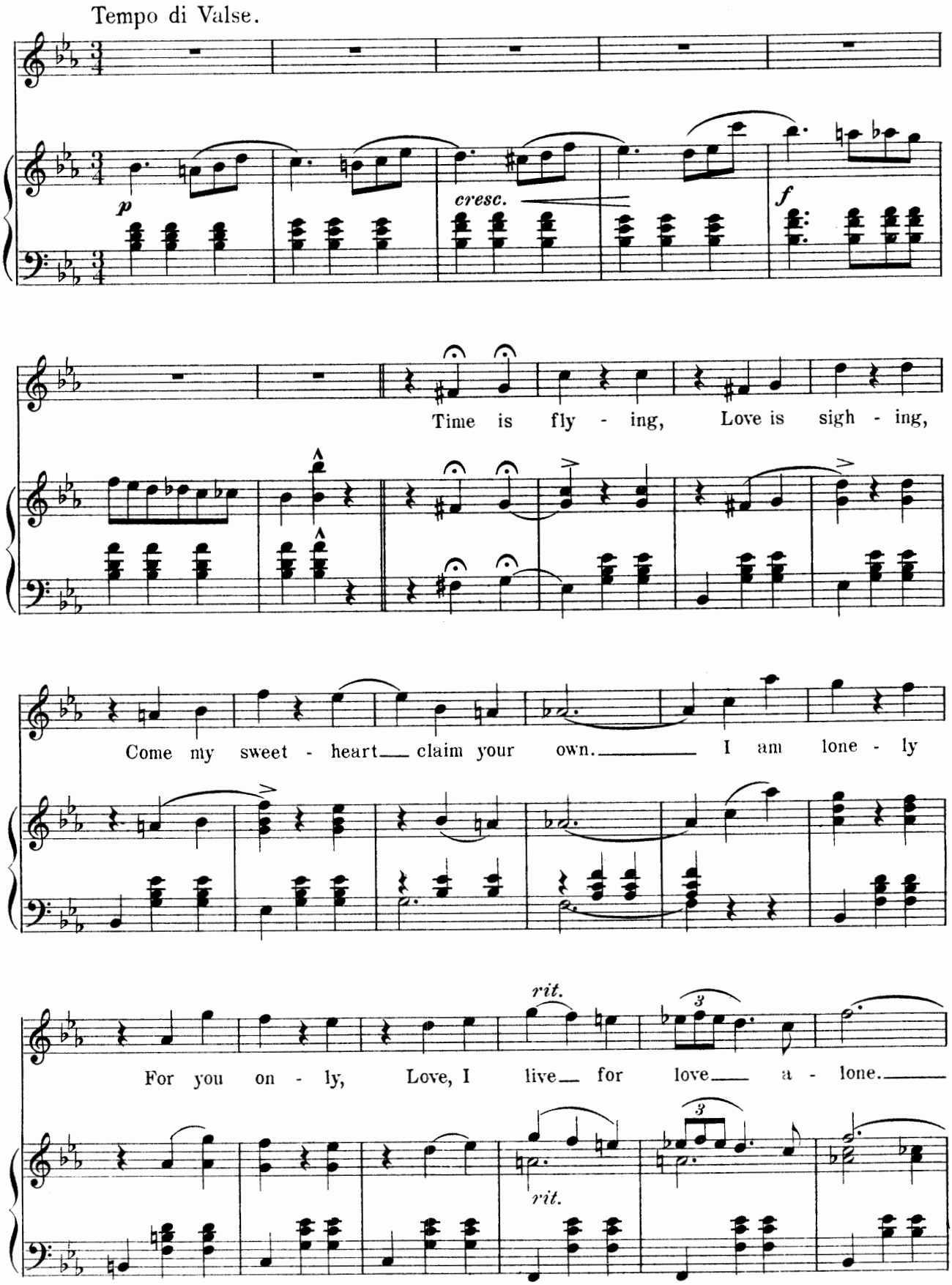
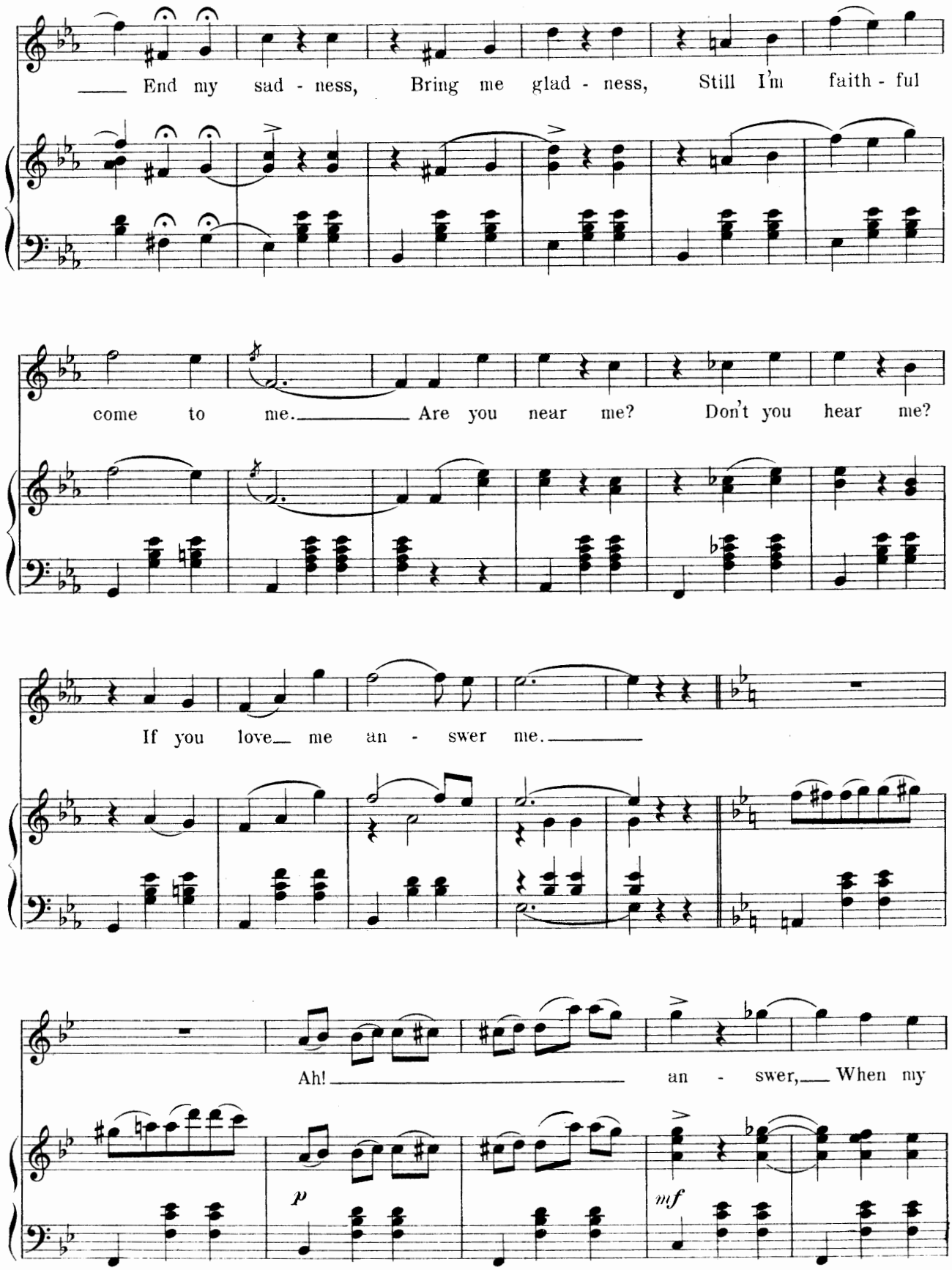
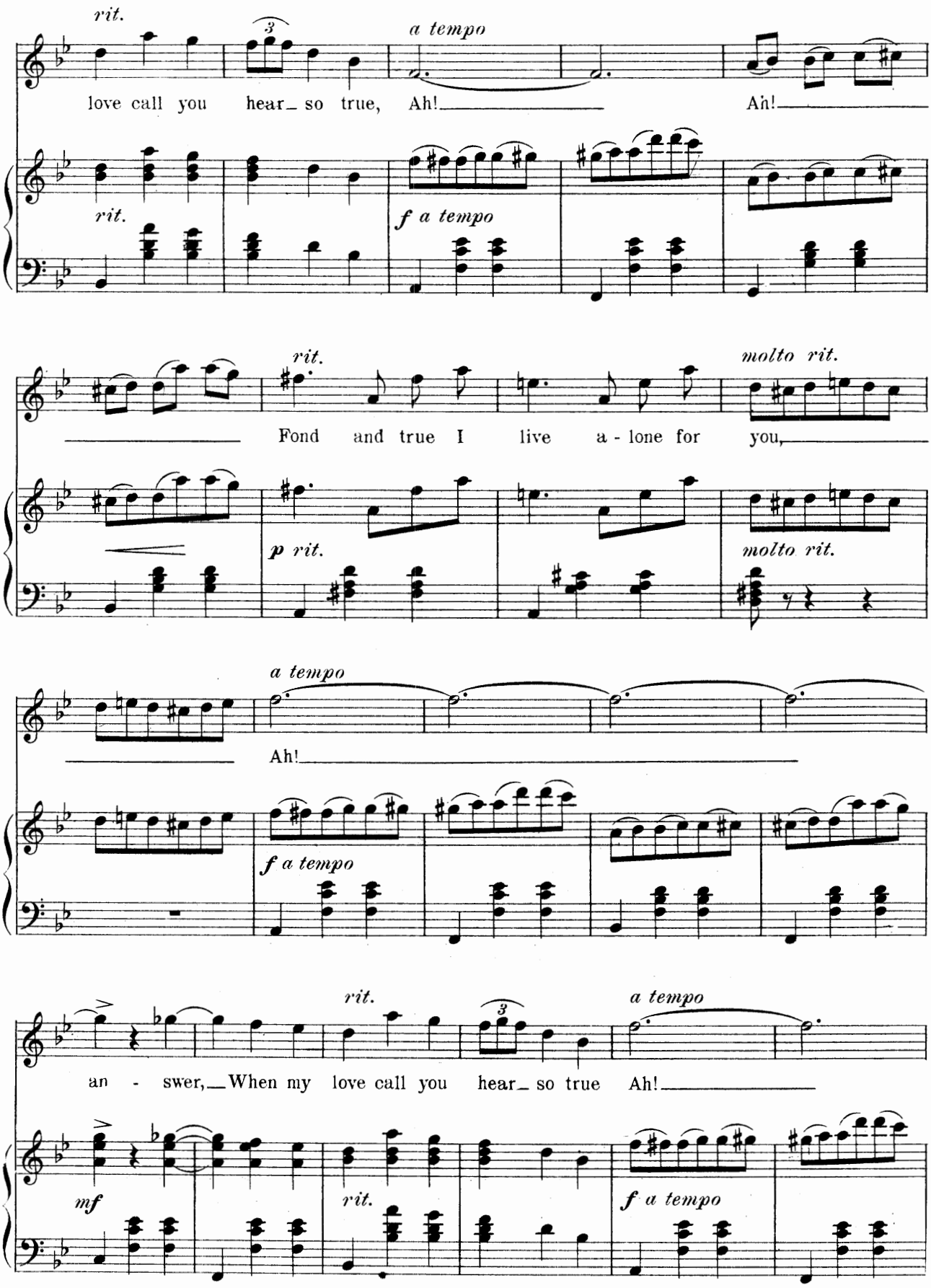
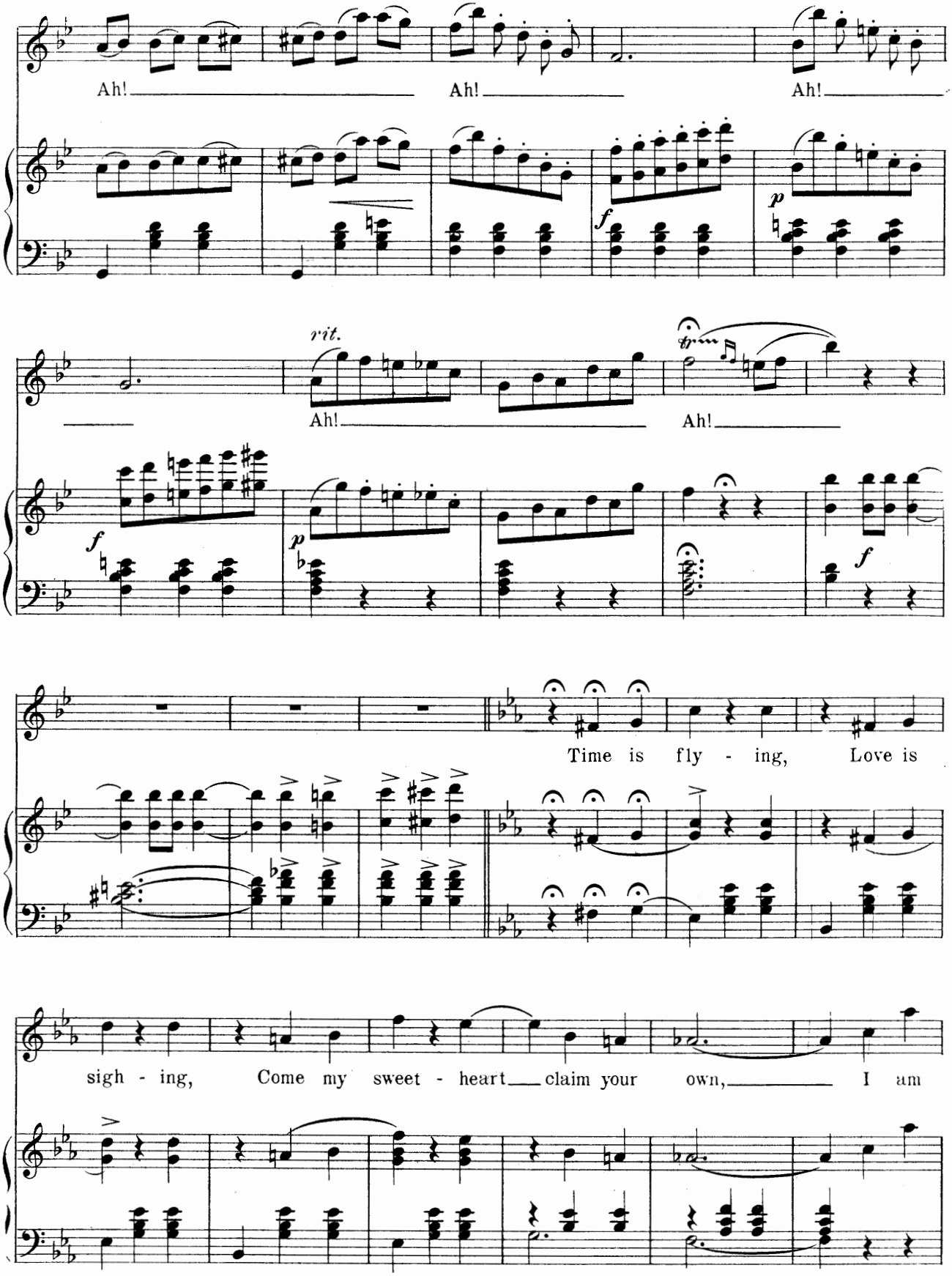
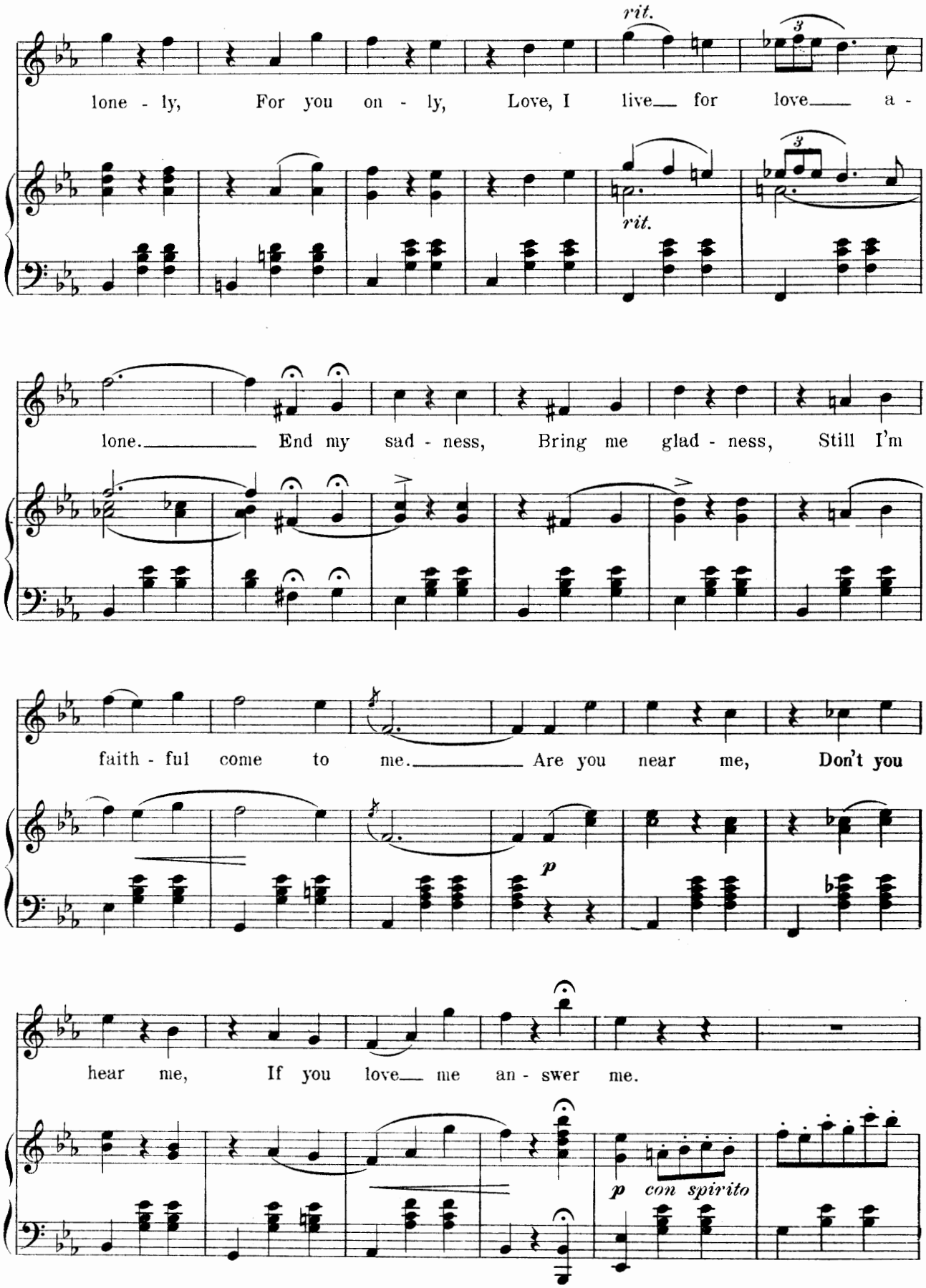

now is the time for woo - ing. Though lone - ly my state with spir - its e -
pp
late, I sing re - ly - ing on fate with joy I a - wait my king.
dolce e rit.
Glad - ly I wait to meet my mate, Ah to
cresc.
meet, to meet my king.
dolce
pp

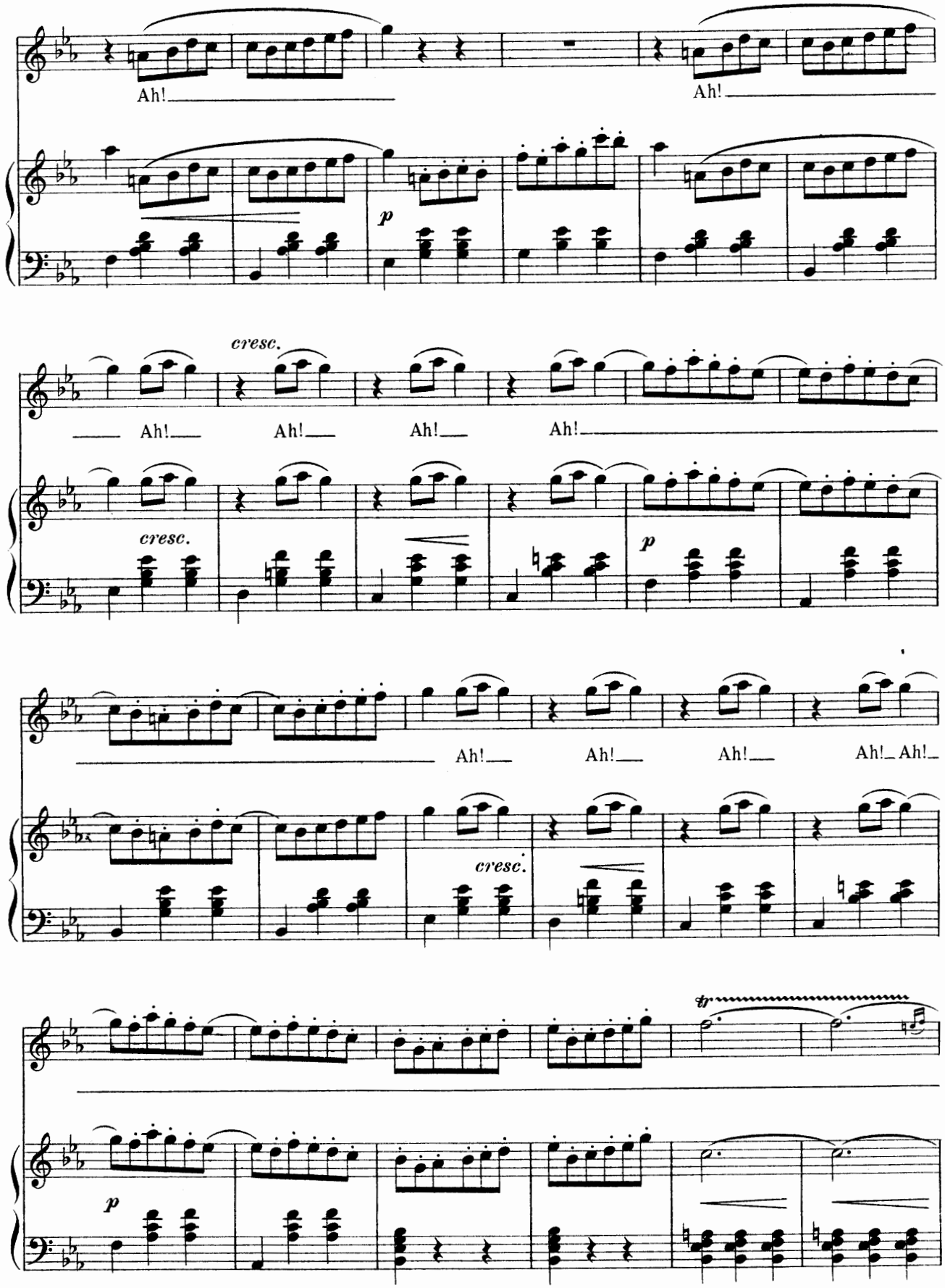

Tempo di Valse.
p
cresc.
f
Time is fly - ing, Love is sigh - ing,
Come my sweet - heart claim your own. I am lone - ly
rit.
For you on - ly, Love, I live for love a - lone.
rit.

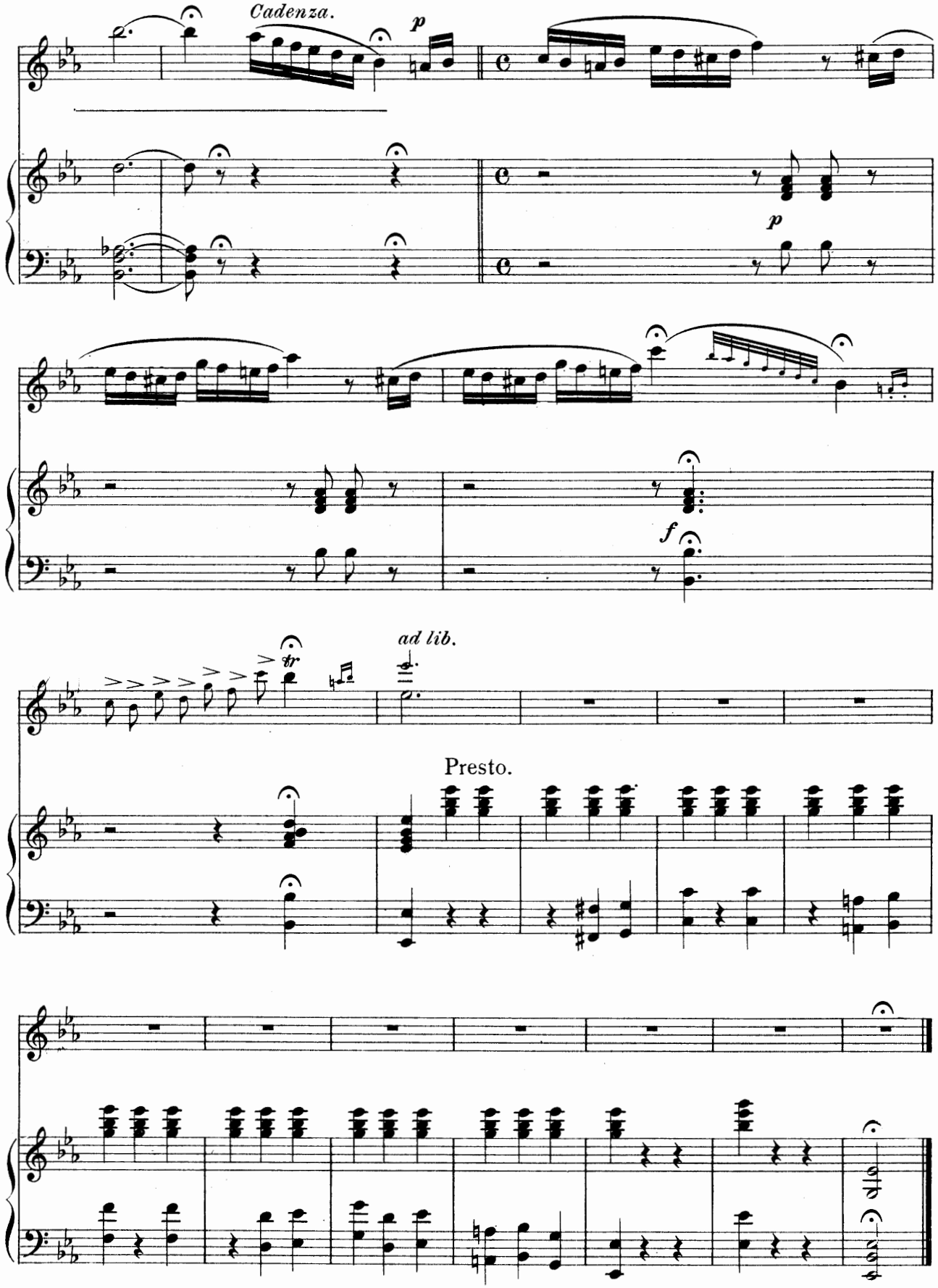

End my sad - ness, Bring me glad - ness, Still I'm faith - ful
come to me. Are you near me? Don't you hear me?
If you love me an - swer me.
Ah! an - swer, When my
p
mf


rit.
a tempo
love call you hear_ so true, Ah!
Ah!
rit.
f a tempo
rit.
molto rit.
Fond and true I live a - lone for you,
p rit.
molto rit.
a tempo
Ah!
f a tempo
rit.
a tempo
an - swer,_When my love call you hear_ so true Ah!
mf
rit.
f a tempo


Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
rit.
Ah!
Ah!
Time is fly - ing, Love is
sigh - ing, Come my sweet - heart claim your own, I am


rit.
lone - ly, For you on - ly, Love, I live for love a -
rit.
lone. End my sad - ness, Bring me glad - ness, Still I'm
faith - ful come to me. Are you near me, Don't you
p
hear me, If you love me an - swer me.
p con spirito


Ah!
Ah!
p
cresc.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
cresc.
p
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
cresc.
tr
p


Cadenza.
p
p
f
ad lib.
tr
Presto.

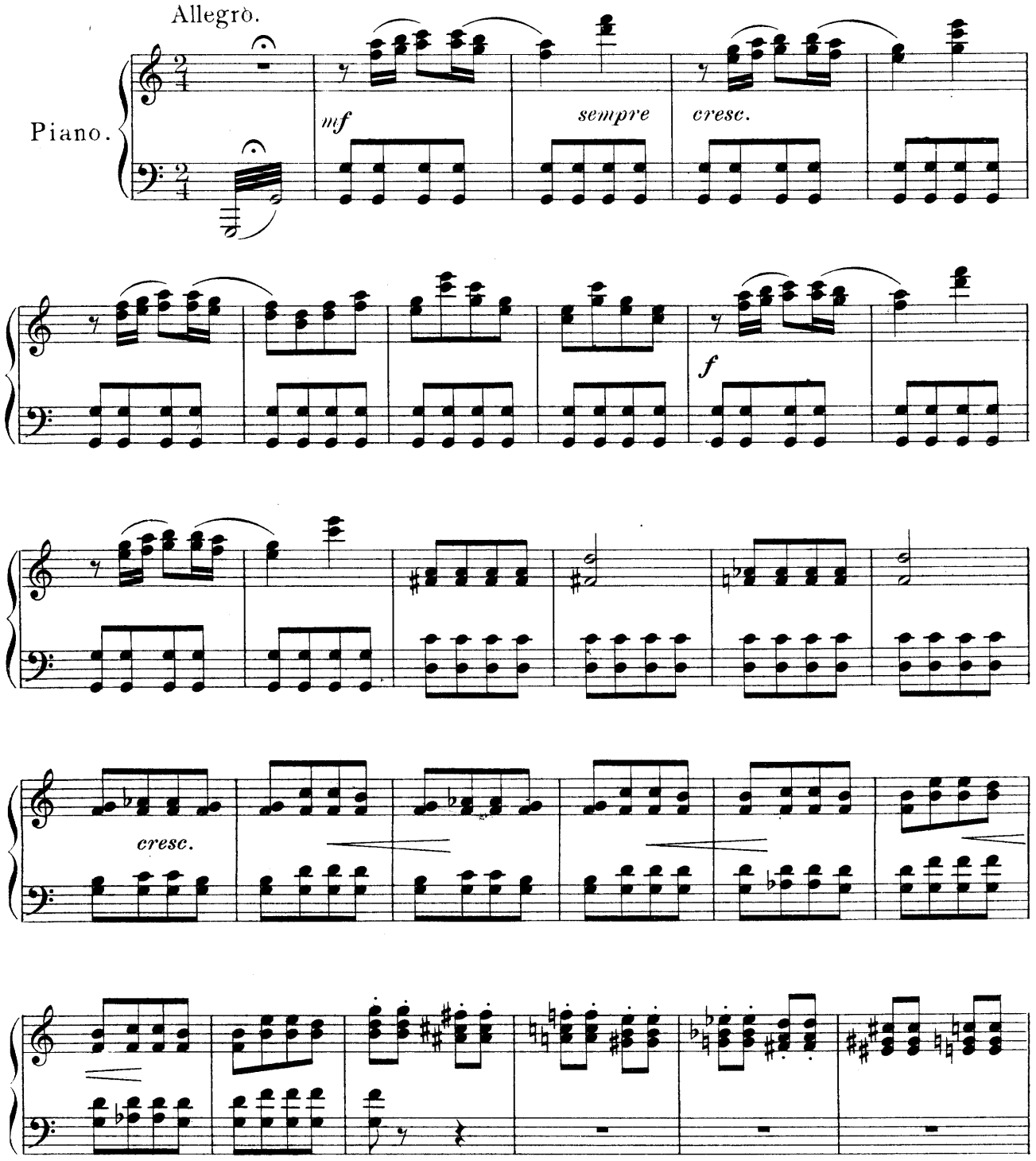
No 4. The Old Blue Jay.

(Peep, Peep Peep, I'm not Asleep.)

Blue Jay and Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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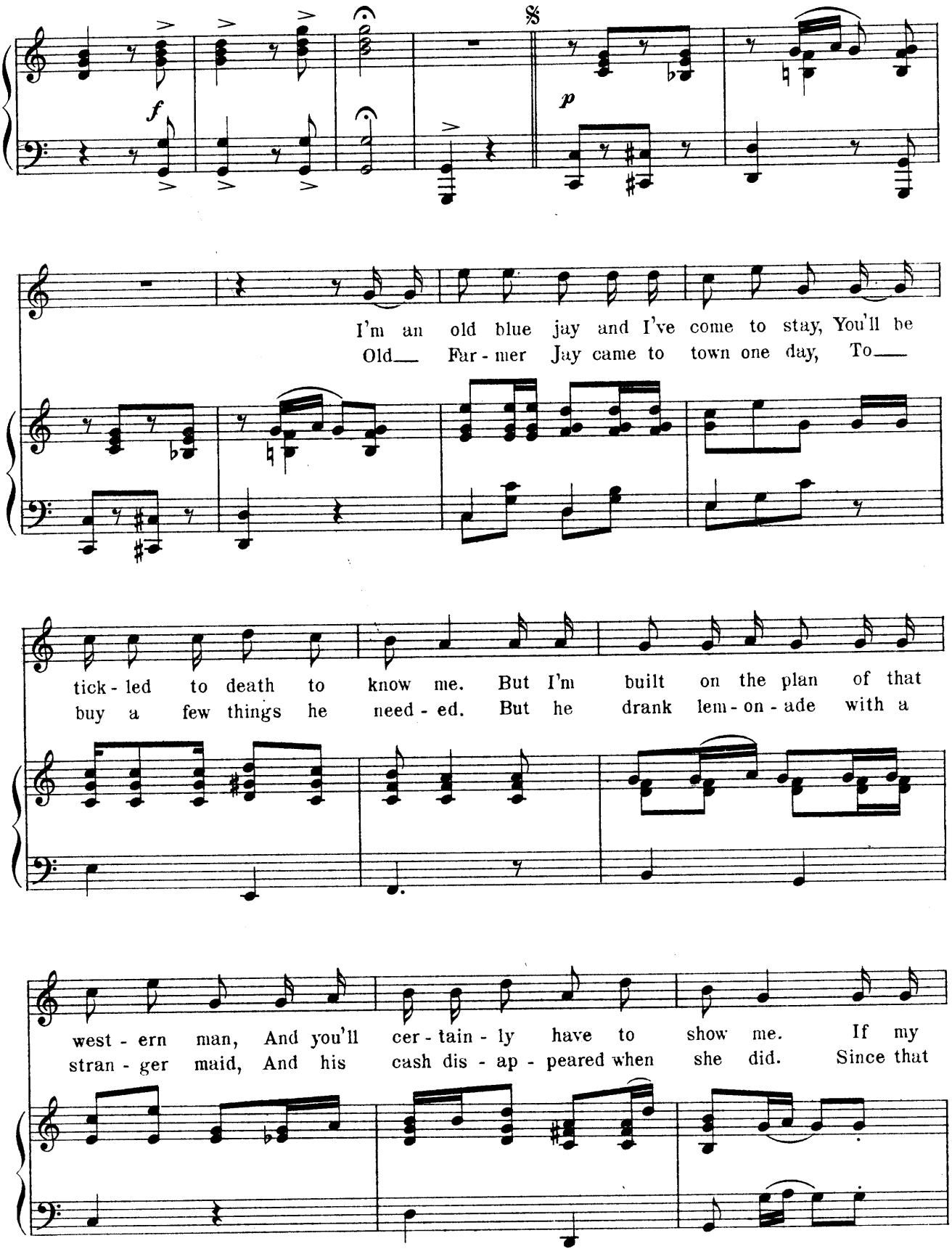
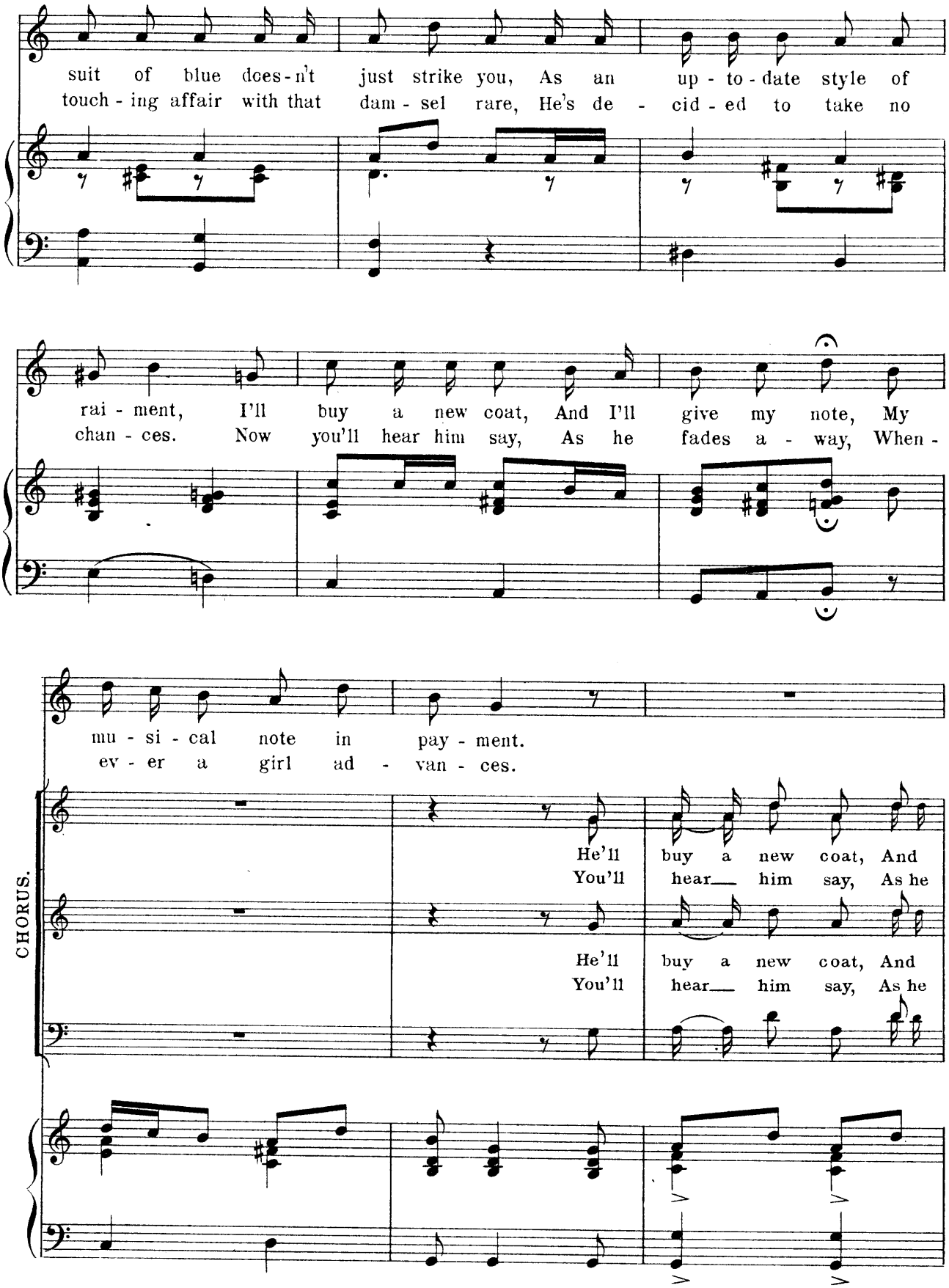
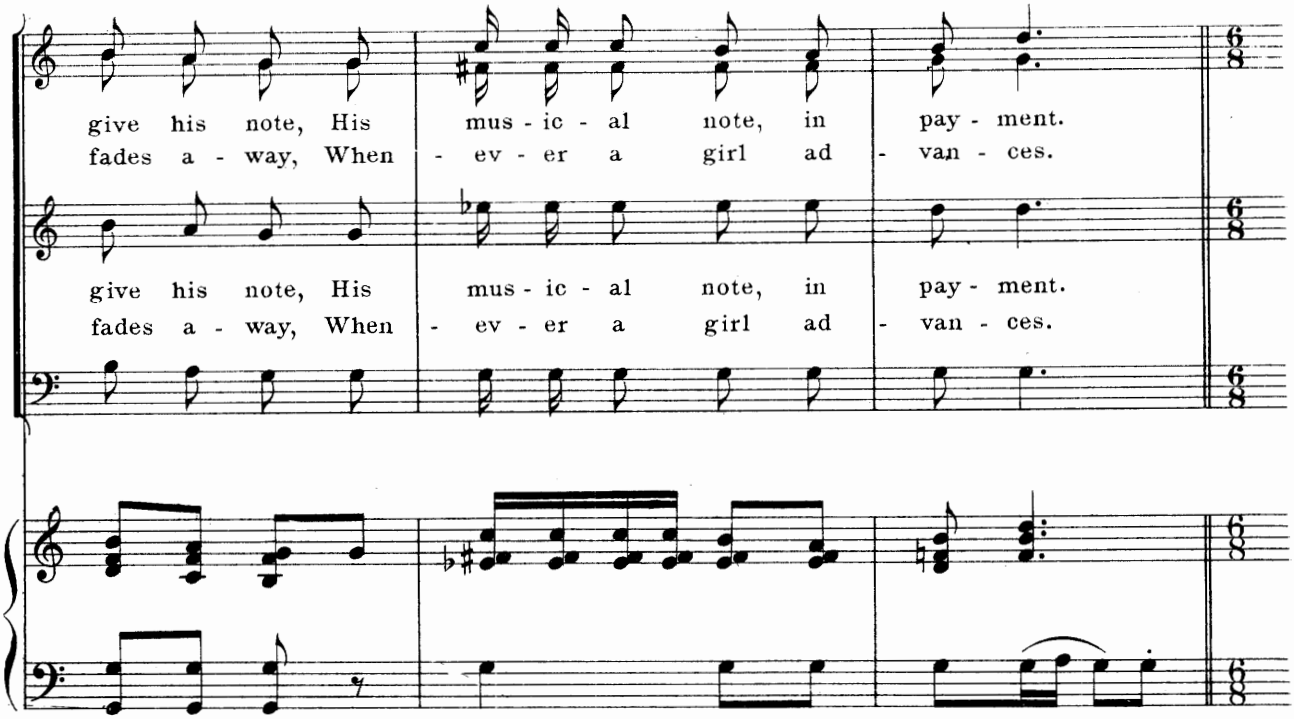
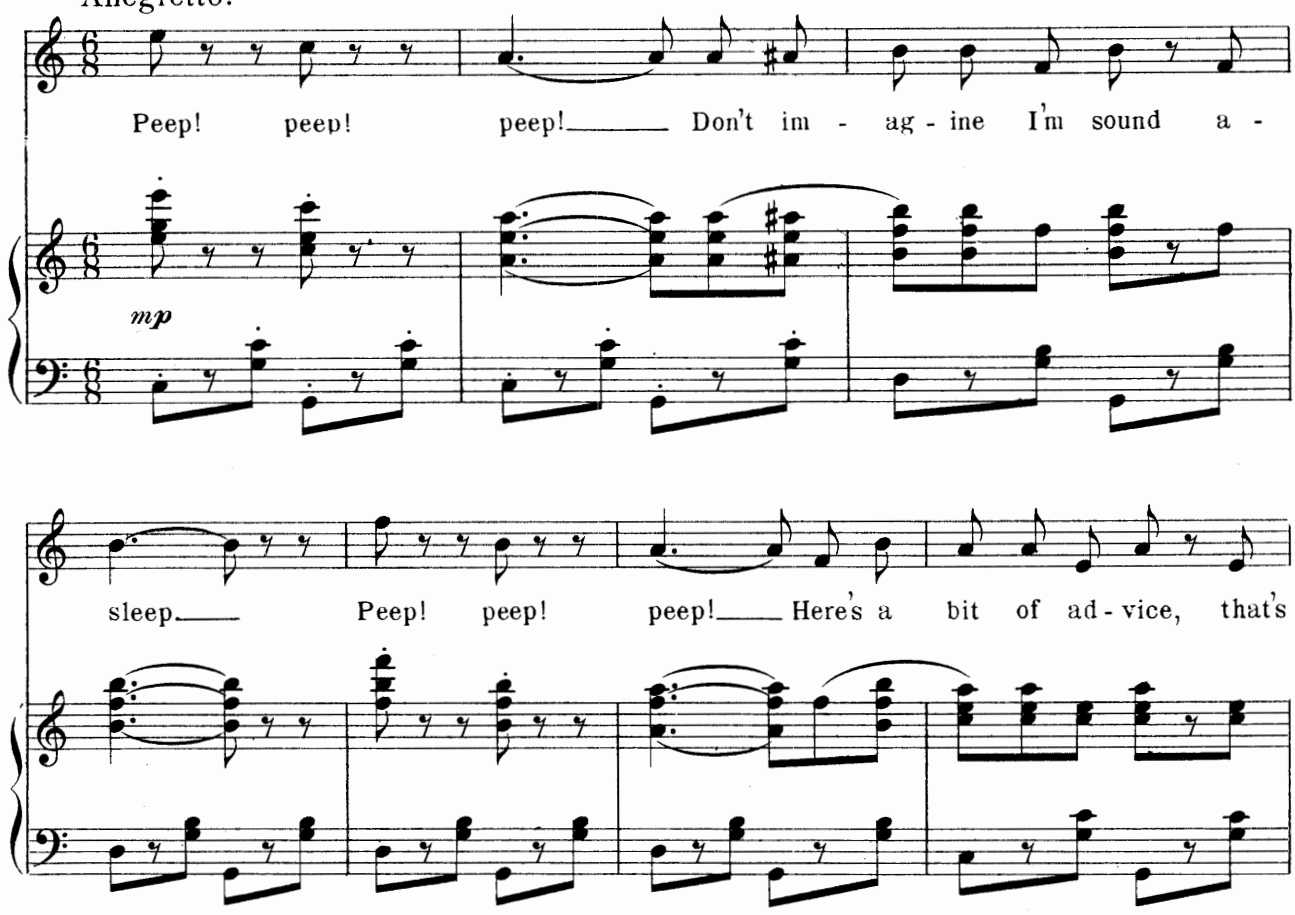
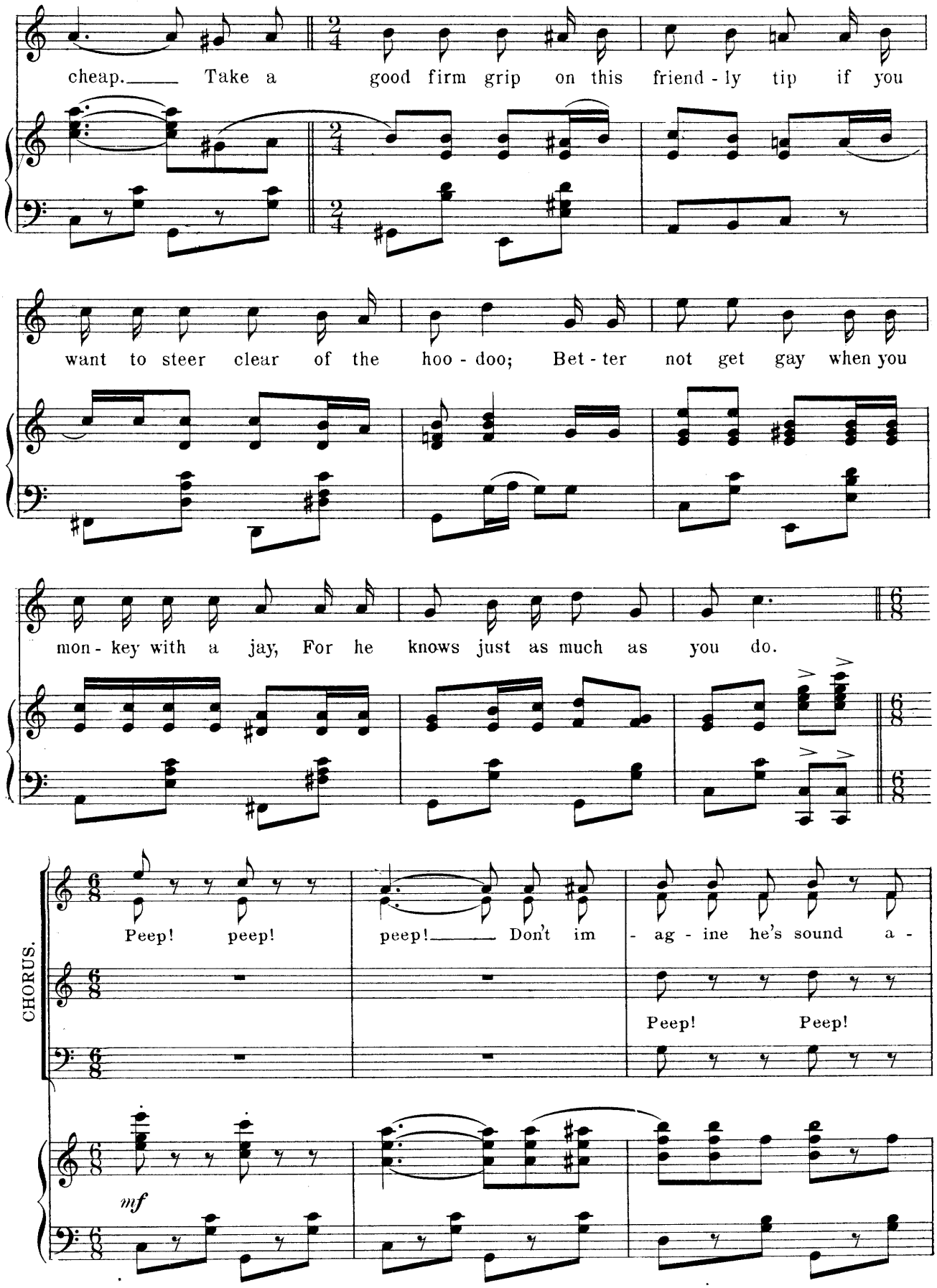

f
p
I'm an old blue jay and I've come to stay, You'll be
Old___ Far - mer Jay came to town one day, To___
tick - led to death to know me. But I'm built on the plan of that
buy a few things he need - ed. But he drank lem - on - ade with a
west - ern man, And you'll cer - tain - ly have to show me. If my
stran - ger maid, And his cash dis - ap - peared when she did. Since that

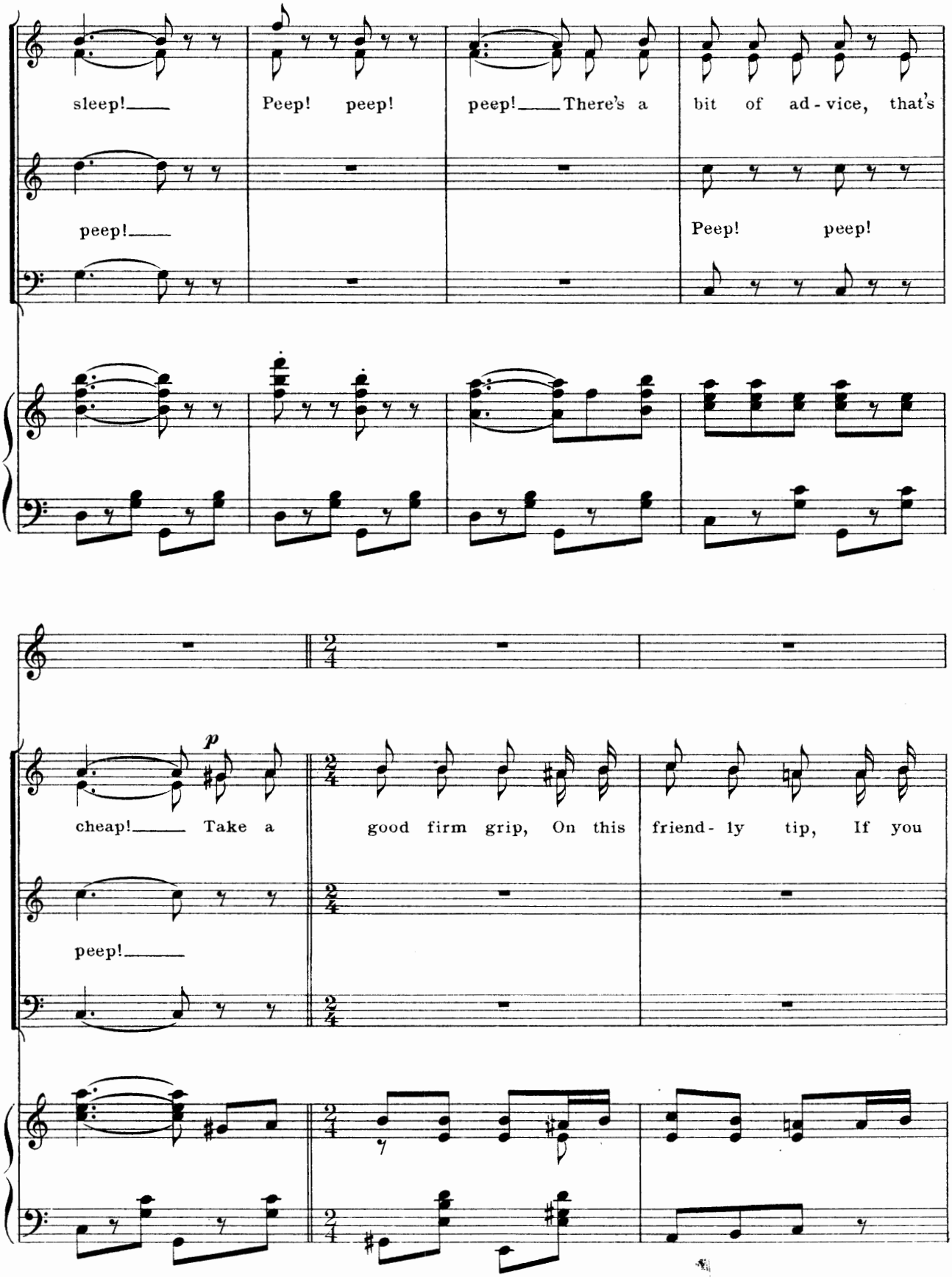

suit of blue does-n't just strike you, As an up - to - date style of
touch - ing affair with that dam - sel rare, He's de - cid - ed to take no
rai - ment, I'll buy a new coat, And I'll give my note, My
chan - ces. Now you'll hear him say, As he fades a - way, When -
mu - si - cal note in pay - ment.
ev - er a girl ad - van - ces.
CHORUS.
He'll buy a new coat, And
You'll hear him say, As he
He'll buy a new coat, And
You'll hear him say, As he

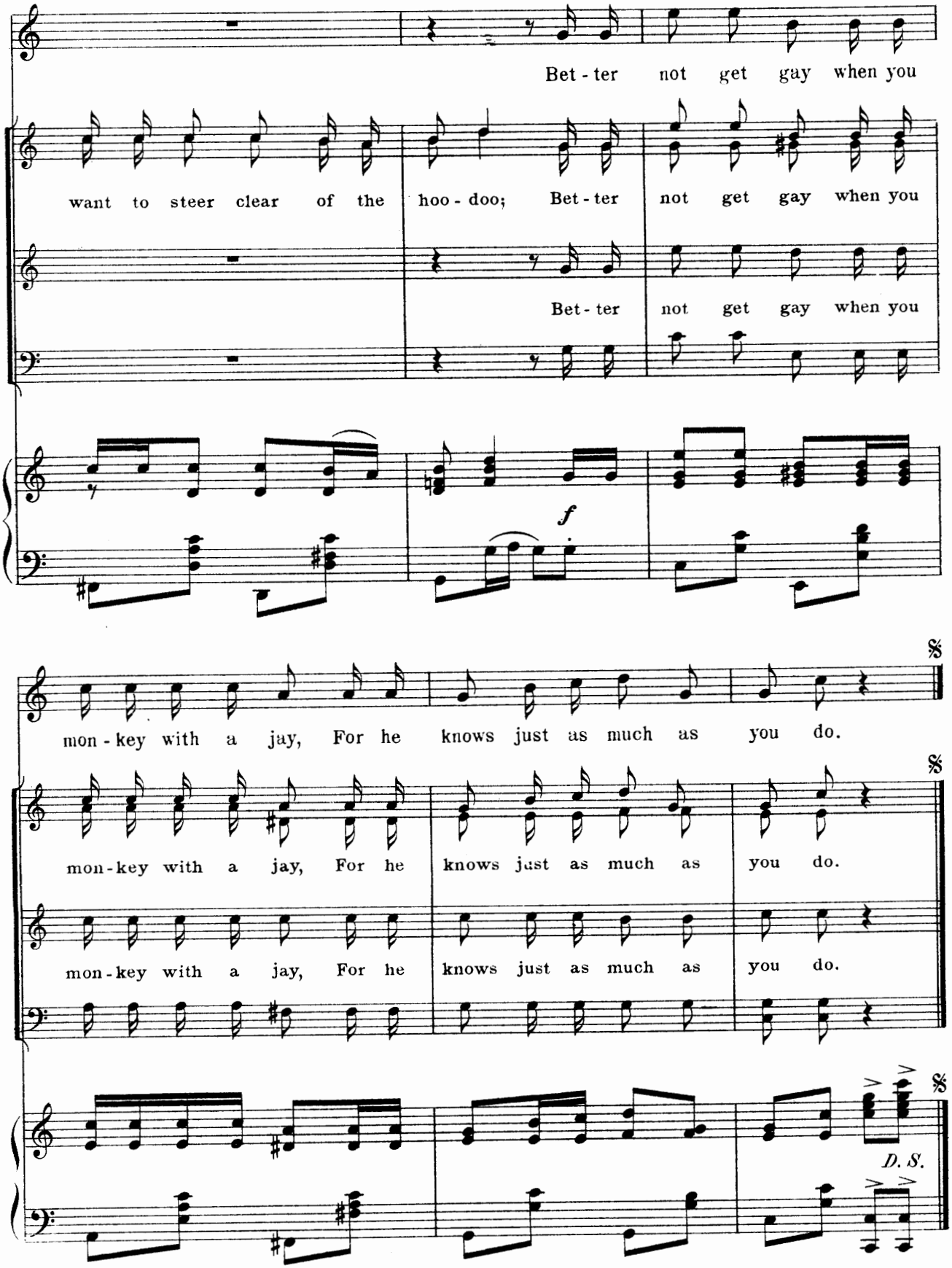

give his note, His mus - ic - al note, in pay - ment.
fades a - way, When - ev - er a girl ad - van - ces.
give his note, His mus - ic - al note, in pay - ment.
fades a - way, When - ev - er a girl ad - van - ces.

Allegretto.


Peep! peep! peep!___ Don't im - ag - ine I'm sound a -
mp
sleep.___ Peep! peep! peep!___ Here's a bit of ad - vice, that's


cheap. Take a good firm grip on this friend - ly tip if you
want to steer clear of the hoo - doo; Bet - ter not get gay when you
mon - key with a jay, For he knows just as much as you do.
CHORUS.
Peep! peep! peep! Don't im - ag - ine he's sound a -
Peep! Peep!
mf


sleep!
Peep! peep!
peep! There's a
bit of ad - vice, that's
peep!
Peep! peep!
p
cheap! Take a
good firm grip, On this
friend - ly tip, If you
peep!


Bet - ter not get gay when you
want to steer clear of the hoo - doo; Bet - ter not get gay when you
Bet - ter not get gay when you
f
mon - key with a jay, For he knows just as much as you do.
mon - key with a jay, For he knows just as much as you do.
mon - key with a jay, For he knows just as much as you do.
D. S.

Bye-Bye Baby.

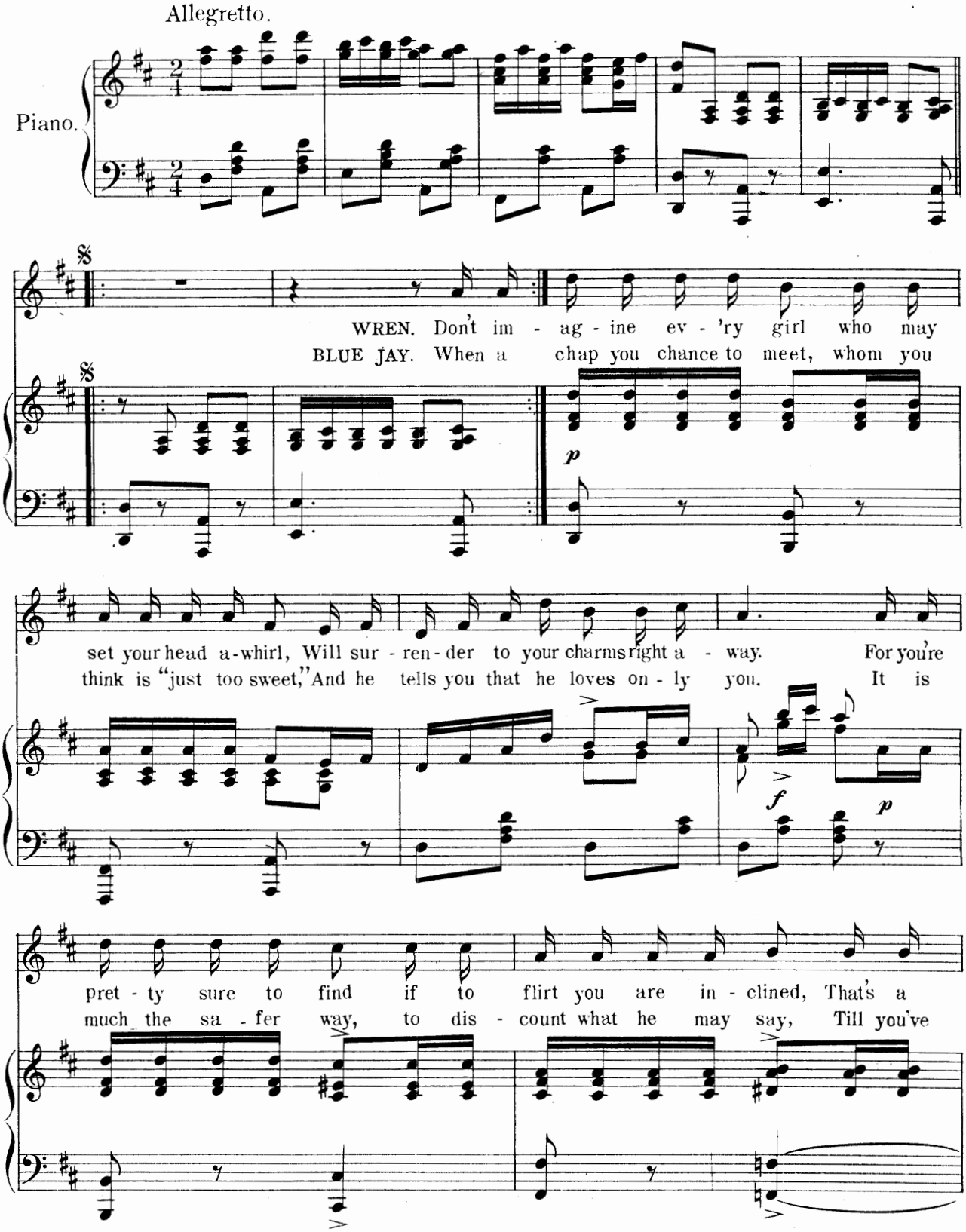
No 5.

DUET

Wren and Blue-Jay.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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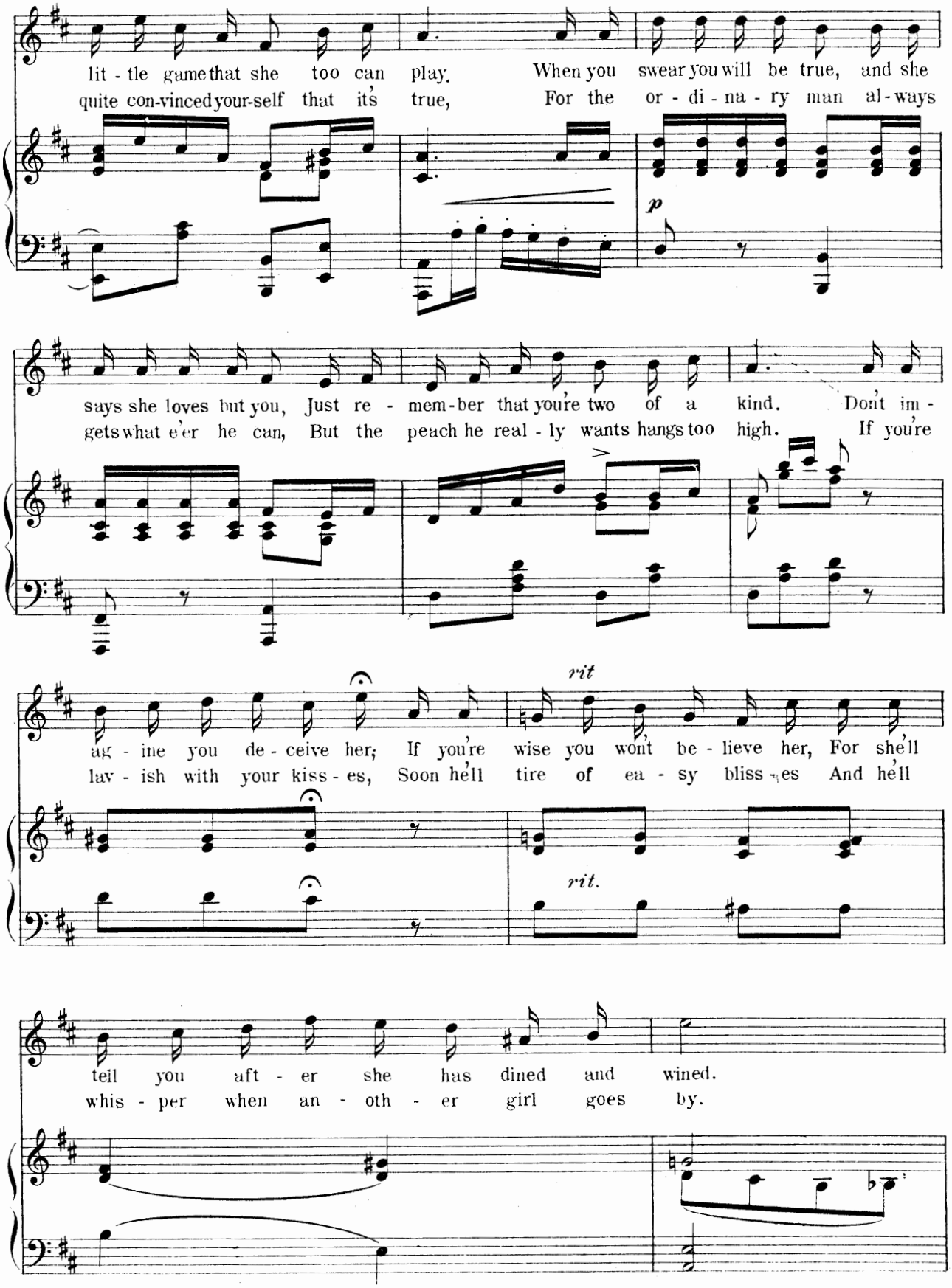
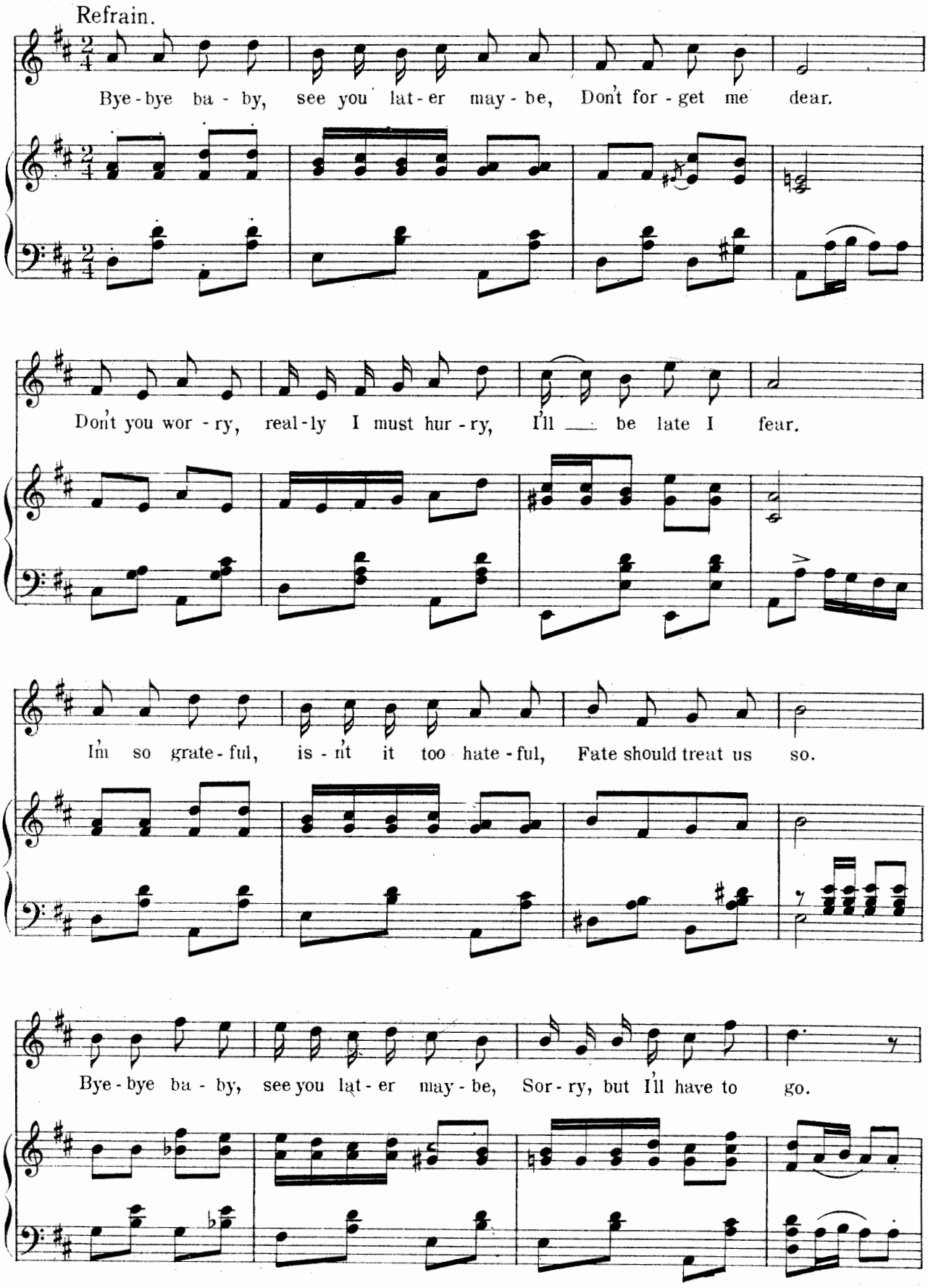
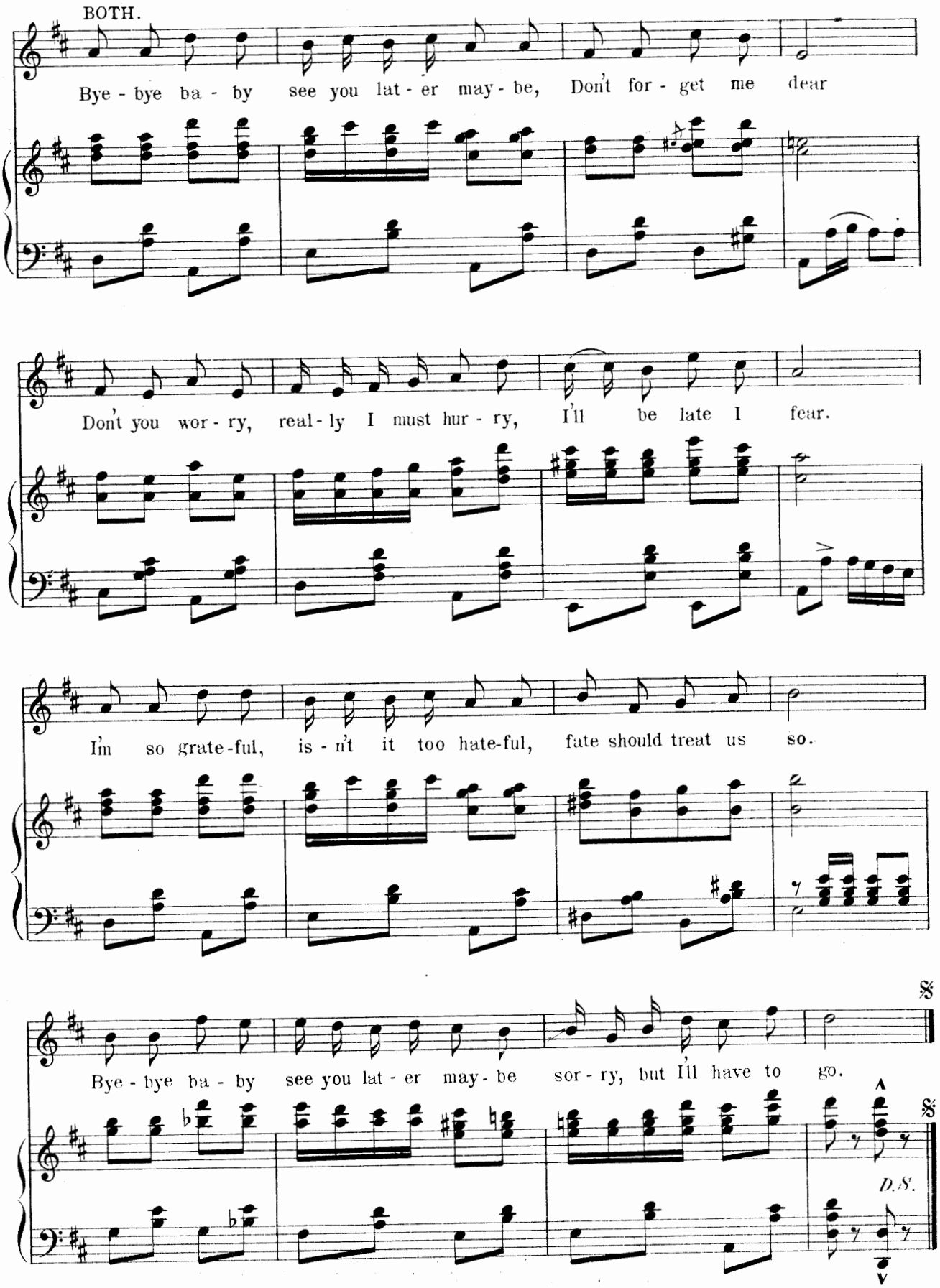

lit - tle game that she too can play. When you swear you will be true, and she
quite con-vinced your-self that it's true, For the or - di - na - ry man al-ways
p
says she loves but you, Just re - mem-ber that you're two of a kind. Don't im -
gets what e'er he can, But the peach he real - ly wants hangs too high. If you're
rit
ag - ine you de - ceive her; If you're wise you won't be - lieve her, For she'll
lav - ish with your kiss - es, Soon he'll tire of ea - sy bliss - es And he'll
rit.
tell you aft - er she has dined and wined.
whis - per when an - oth - er girl goes by.


Refrain.
Bye-bye ba-by, see you lat-er may-be, Don't for-get me dear.
Don't you wor-ry, real-ly I must hur-ry, I'll be late I fear.
I'm so grate-ful, is-n't it too hate-ful, Fate should treat us so.
Bye-bye ba-by, see you lat-er may-be, Sor-ry, but I'll have to go.

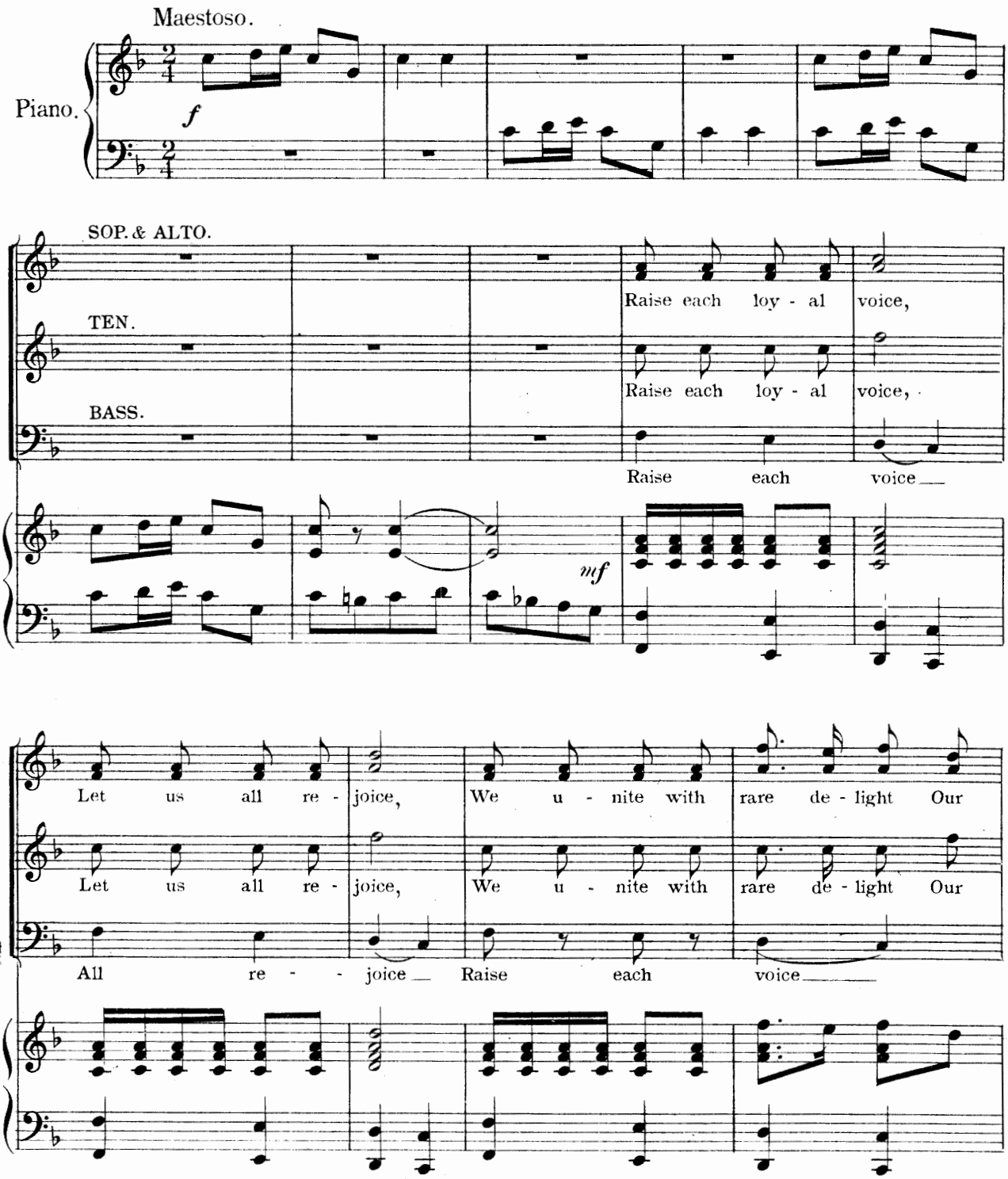

BOTH.
Bye - bye ba - by see you lat - er may - be, Don't for - get me dear
Don't you wor - ry, real - ly I must hur - ry, I'll be late I fear.
I'm so grate-ful, is - n't it too hate-ful, fate should treat us so.
Bye - bye ba - by see you lat - er may - be sor - ry, but I'll have to go.
D.S.

No. 6. When the Heart is Light.

Prince Eagle's Entrance and Song.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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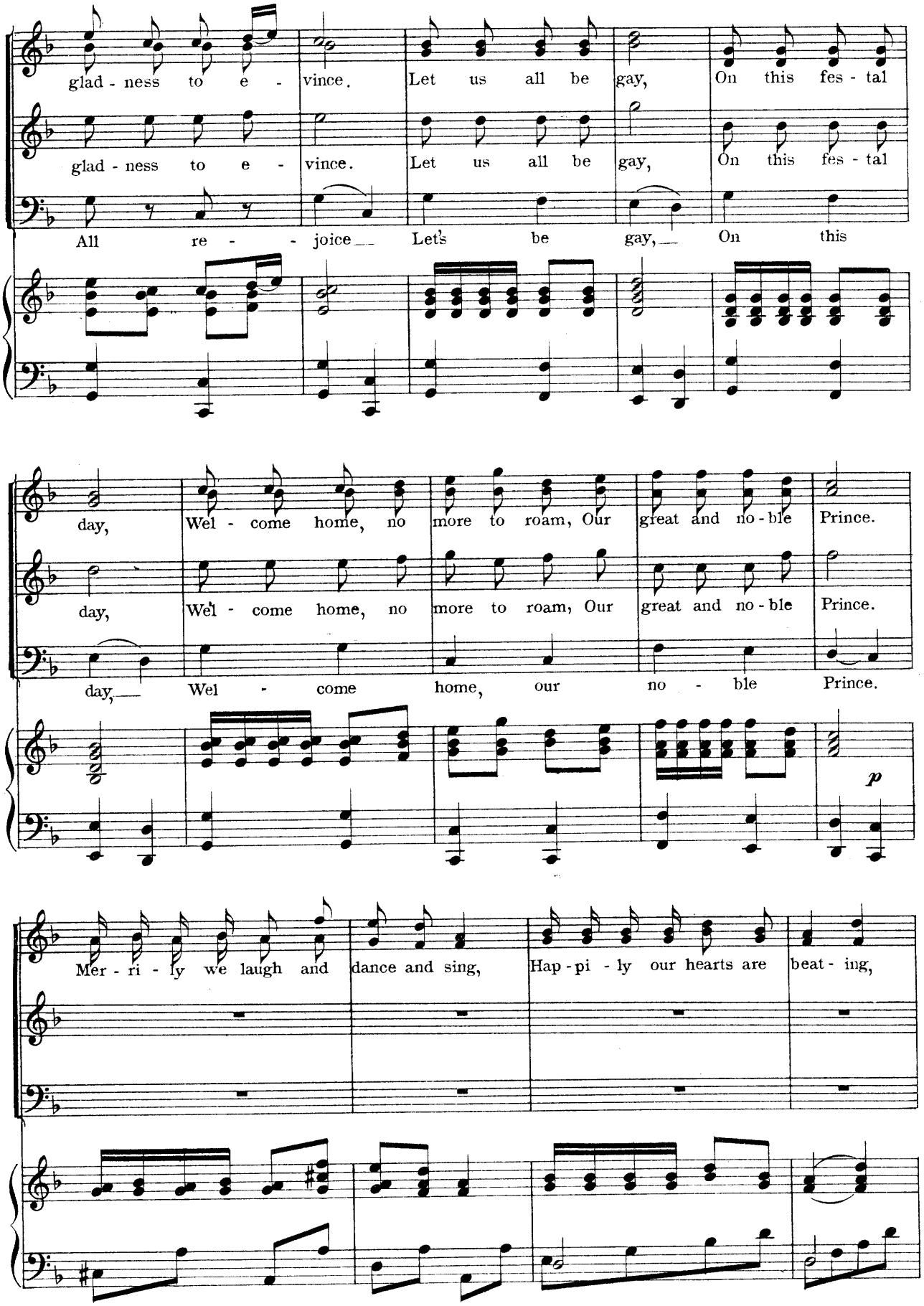
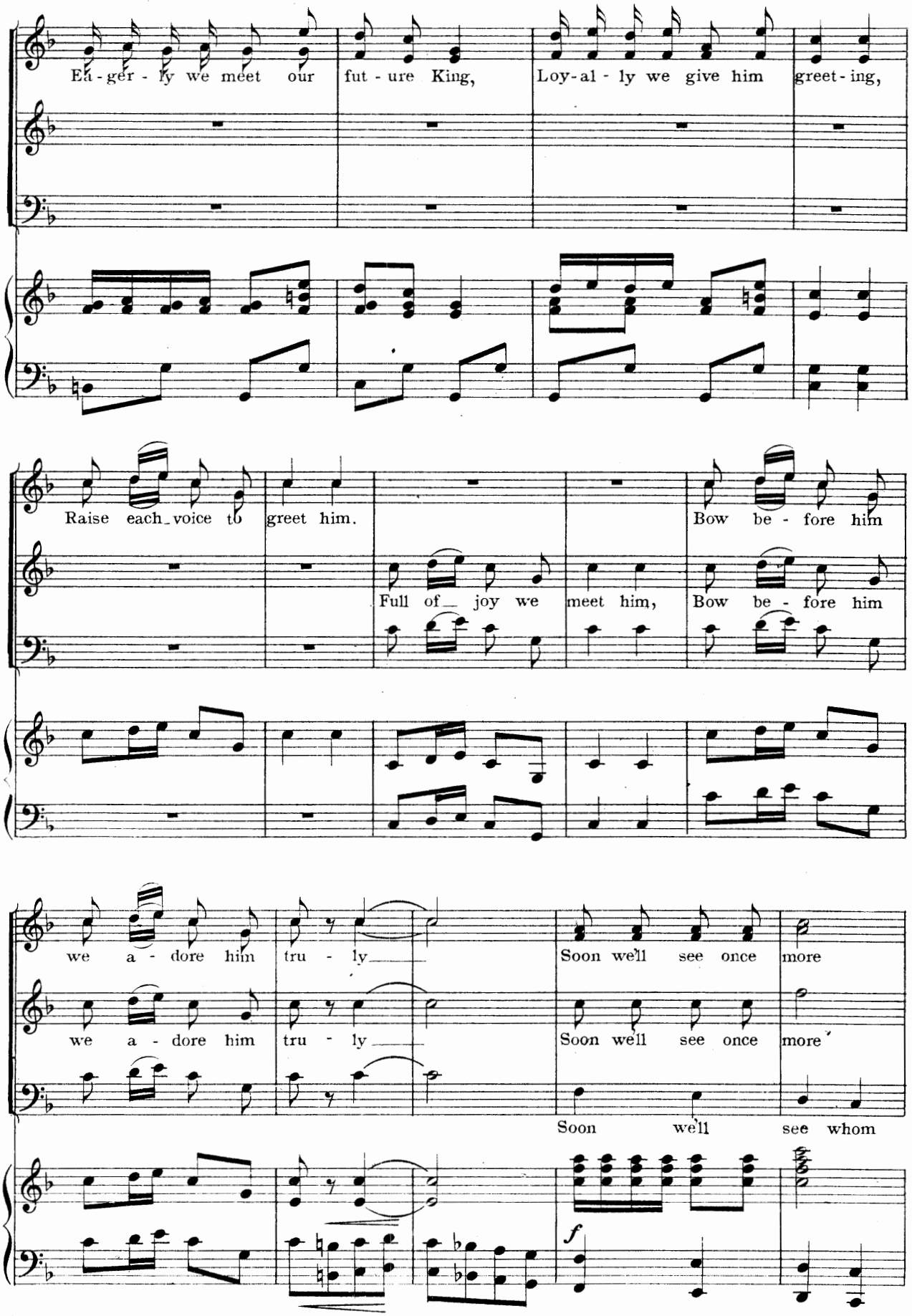
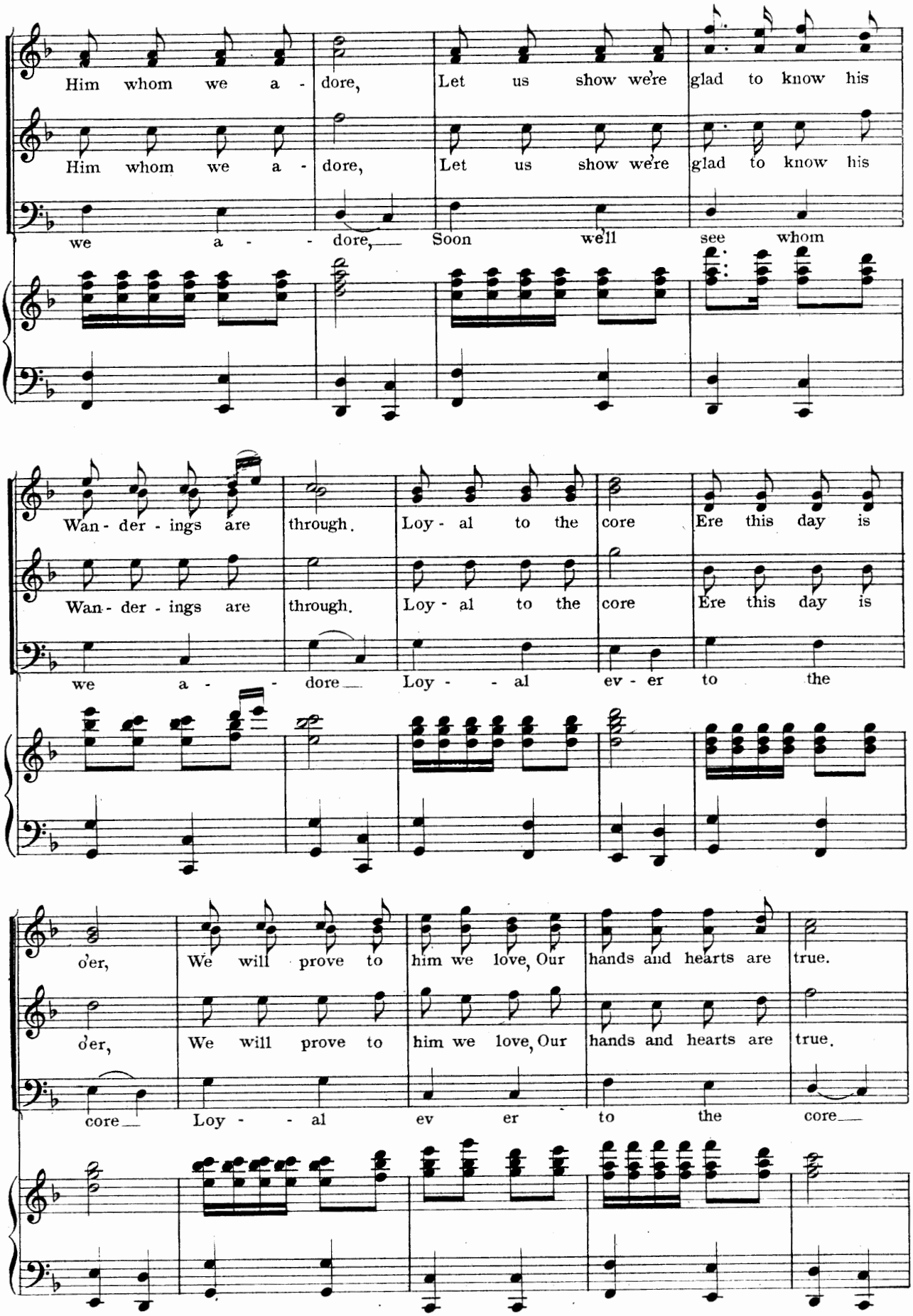
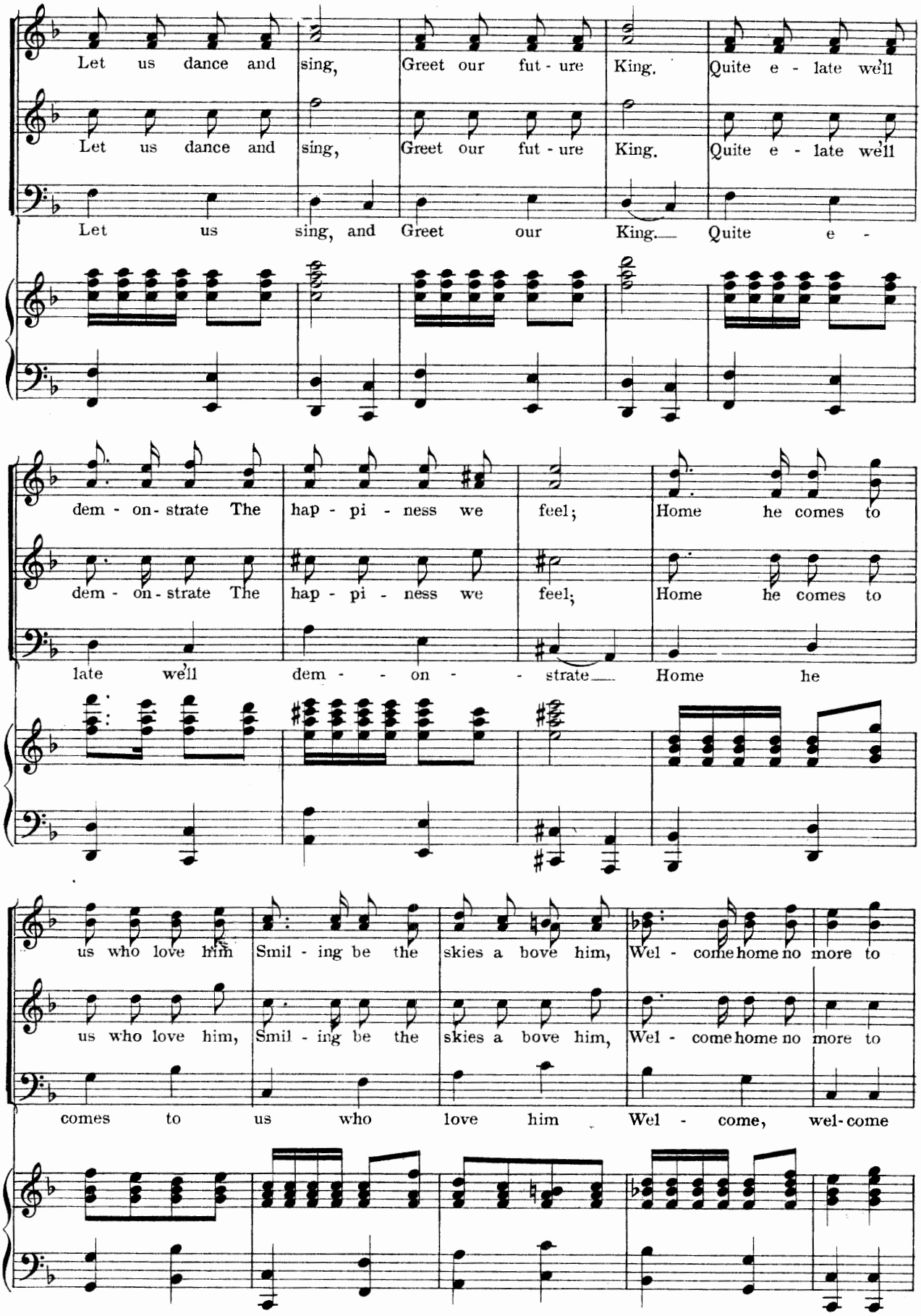
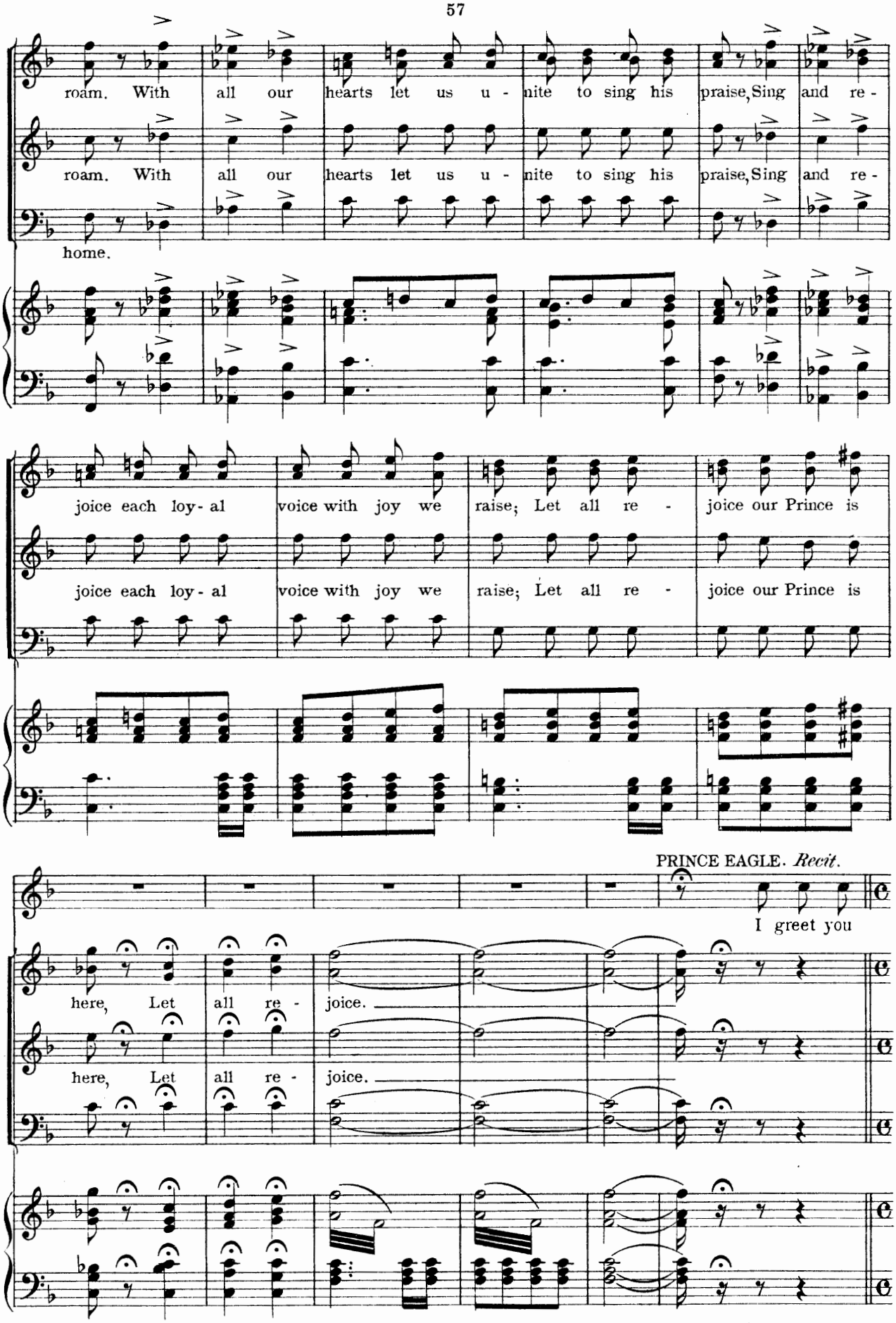
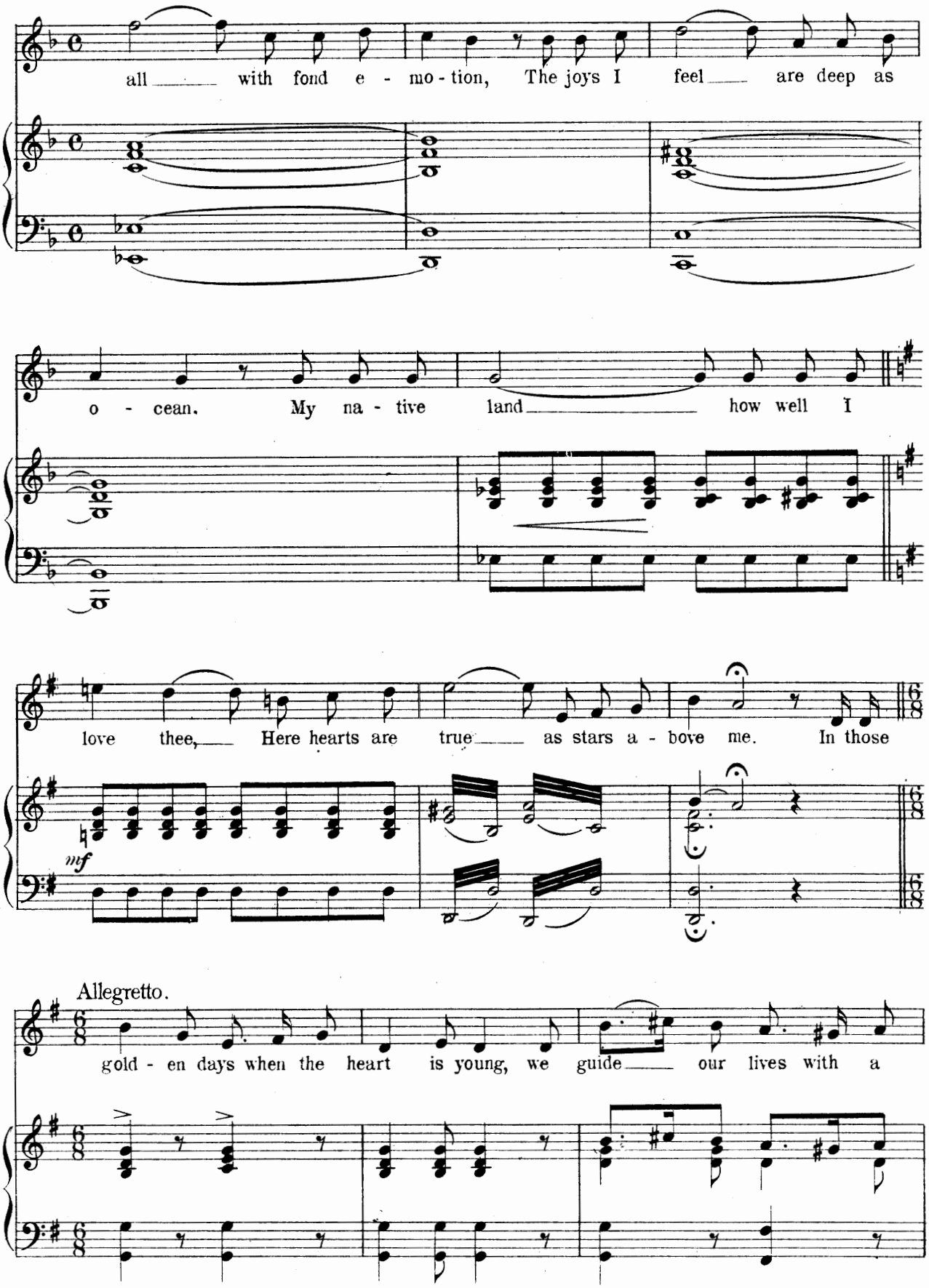

glad - ness to e - vince. Let us all be gay, On this fes - tal
glad - ness to e - vince. Let us all be gay, On this fes - tal
All re - - joice Let's be gay, On this
day, Wel - come home, no more to roam, Our great and no - ble Prince.
day, Wel - come home, no more to roam, Our great and no - ble Prince.
day, Wel - come home, our no - ble Prince.
p
Mer - ri - ly we laugh and dance and sing, Hap - pi - ly our hearts are beat - ing,

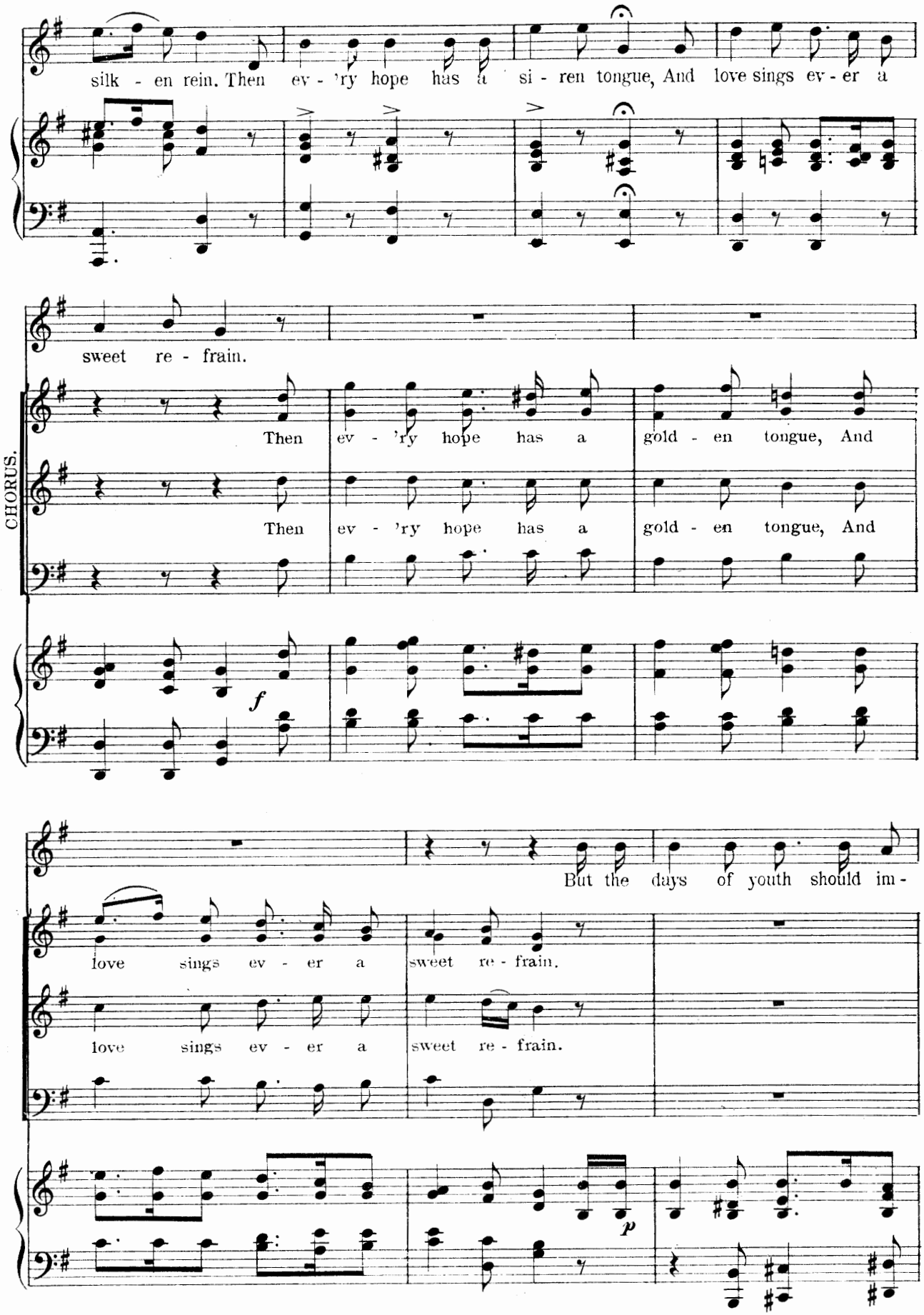

Ea - ger - ly we meet our fut - ure King, Loy-al - ly we give him greet - ing,
Raise each voice to greet him. Bow be - fore him
Full of joy we meet him, Bow be - fore him
we a - dore him tru - ly Soon we'll see once more
we a - dore him tru - ly Soon we'll see once more
Soon we'll see whom
f

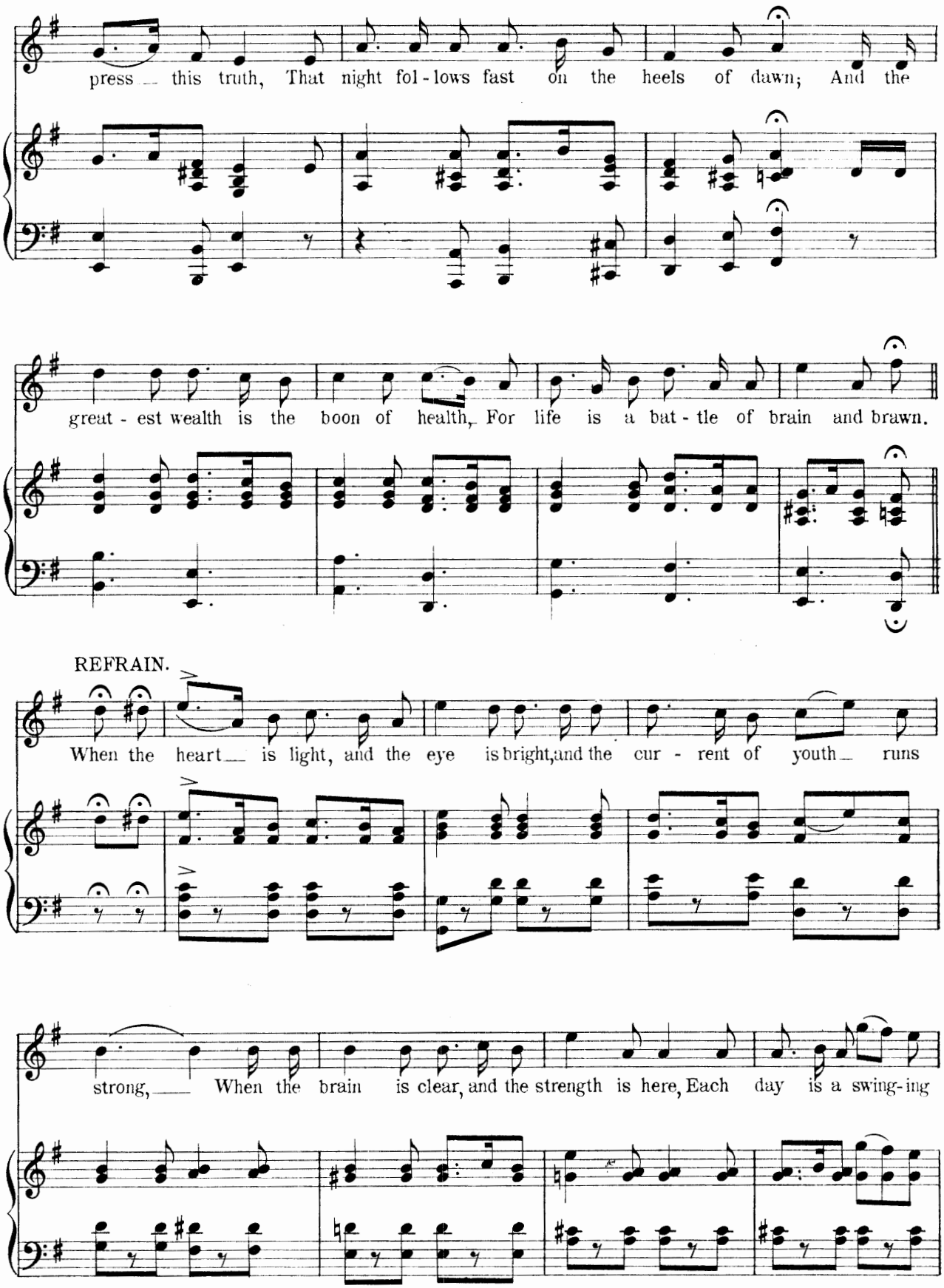

Him whom we a - dore, Let us show we're glad to know his
Him whom we a - dore, Let us show we're glad to know his
we a - - dore, Soon we'll see whom
Wan - der - ings are through. Loy - al to the core Ere this day is
Wan - der - ings are through. Loy - al to the core Ere this day is
we a - - dore Loy - - al ev - er to the
o'er, We will prove to him we love, Our hands and hearts are true.
o'er, We will prove to him we love, Our hands and hearts are true.
core Loy - - al ev er to the core

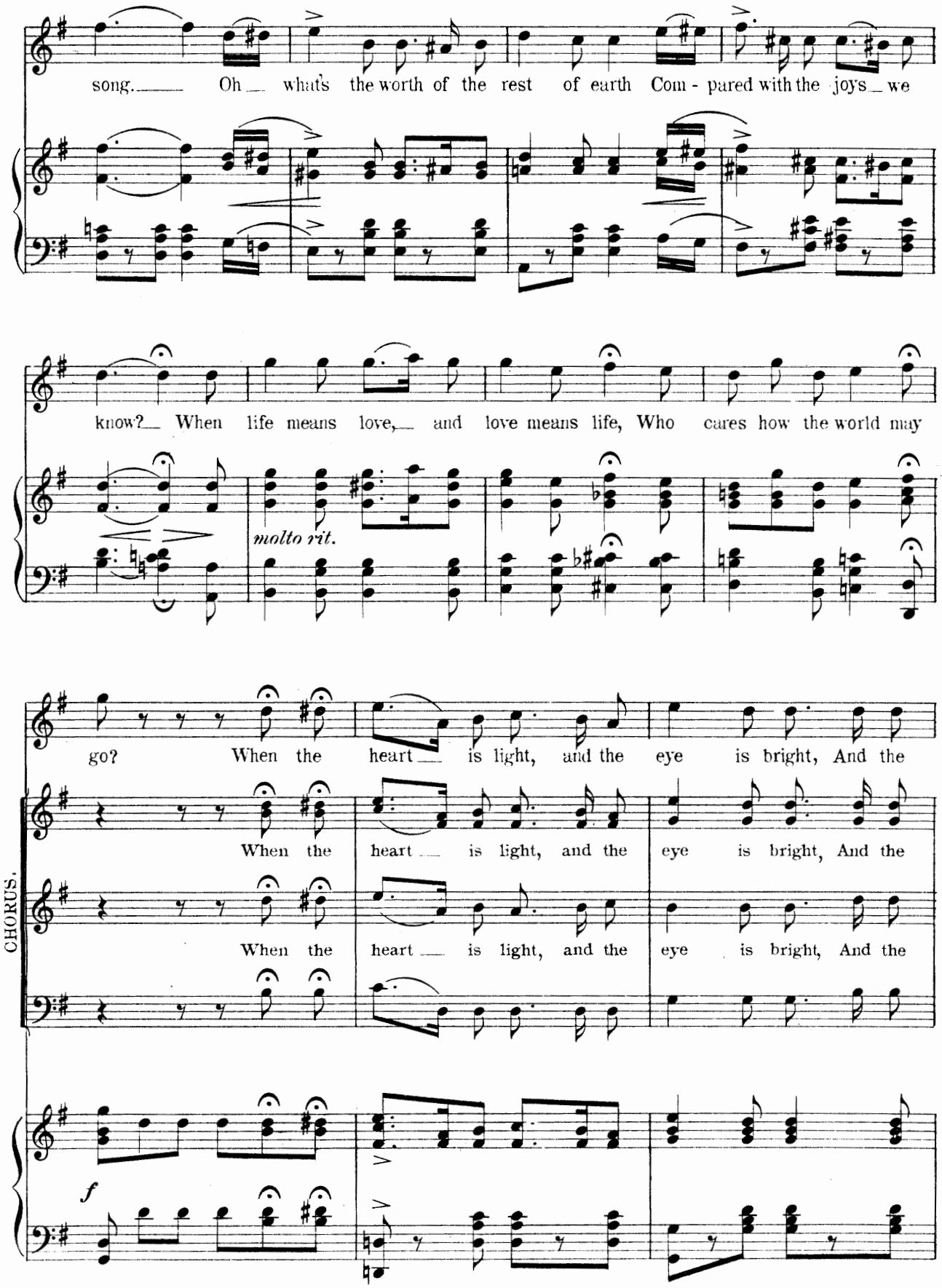

Let us dance and sing, Greet our fut - ure King. Quite e - late well
Let us dance and sing, Greet our fut - ure King. Quite e - late well
Let us sing, and Greet our King. Quite e -
dem - on - strate The hap - pi - ness we feel; Home he comes to
dem - on - strate The hap - pi - ness we feel; Home he comes to
late well dem - - on - - strate Home he
us who love him Smil - ing be the skies a bove him, Wel - come home no more to
us who love him, Smil - ing be the skies a bove him, Wel - come home no more to
comes to us who love him Wel - come, wel - come

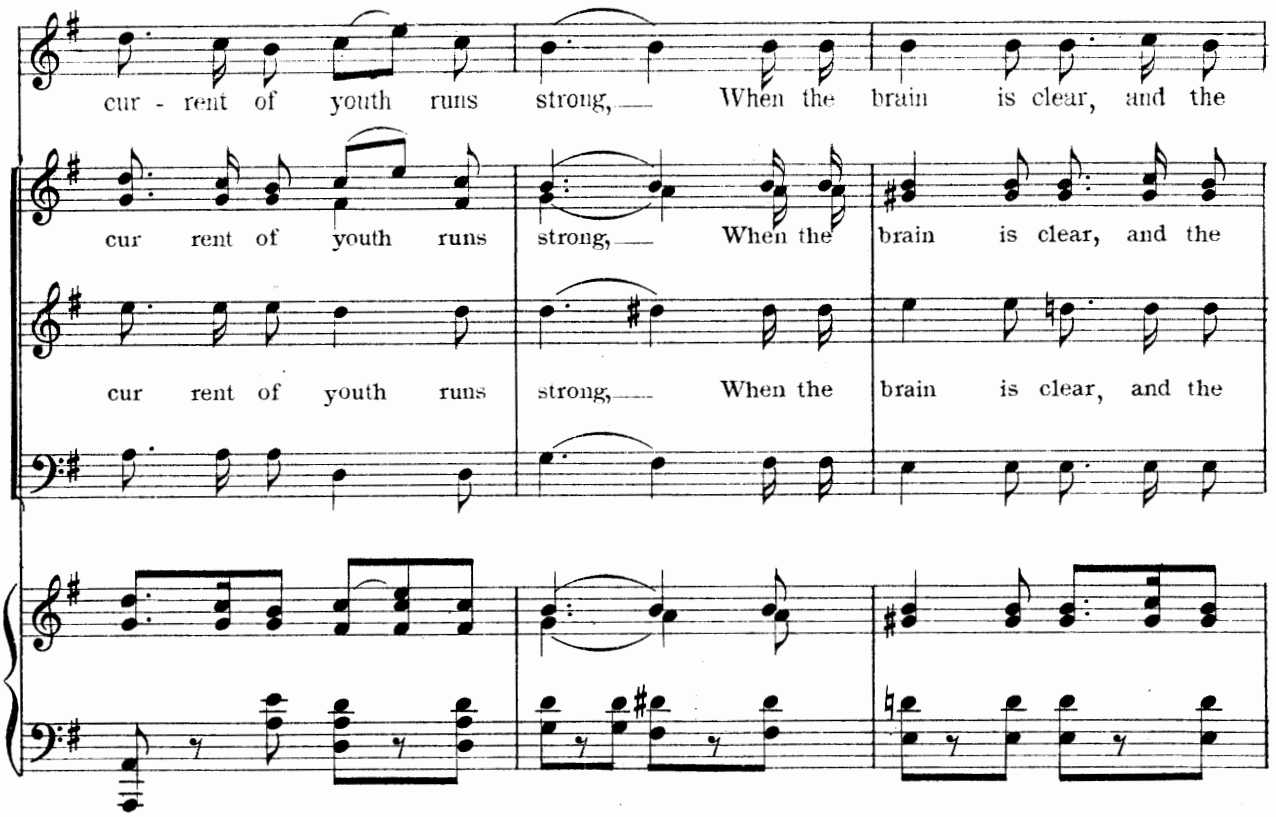

roam. With all our hearts let us u - nite to sing his praise, Sing and re -
roam. With all our hearts let us u - nite to sing his praise, Sing and re -
home.
joice each loy - al voice with joy we raise; Let all re - joice our Prince is
joice each loy - al voice with joy we raise; Let all re - joice our Prince is
PRINCE EAGLE. Recit.
I greet you
here, Let all re - joice.
here, Let all re - joice.

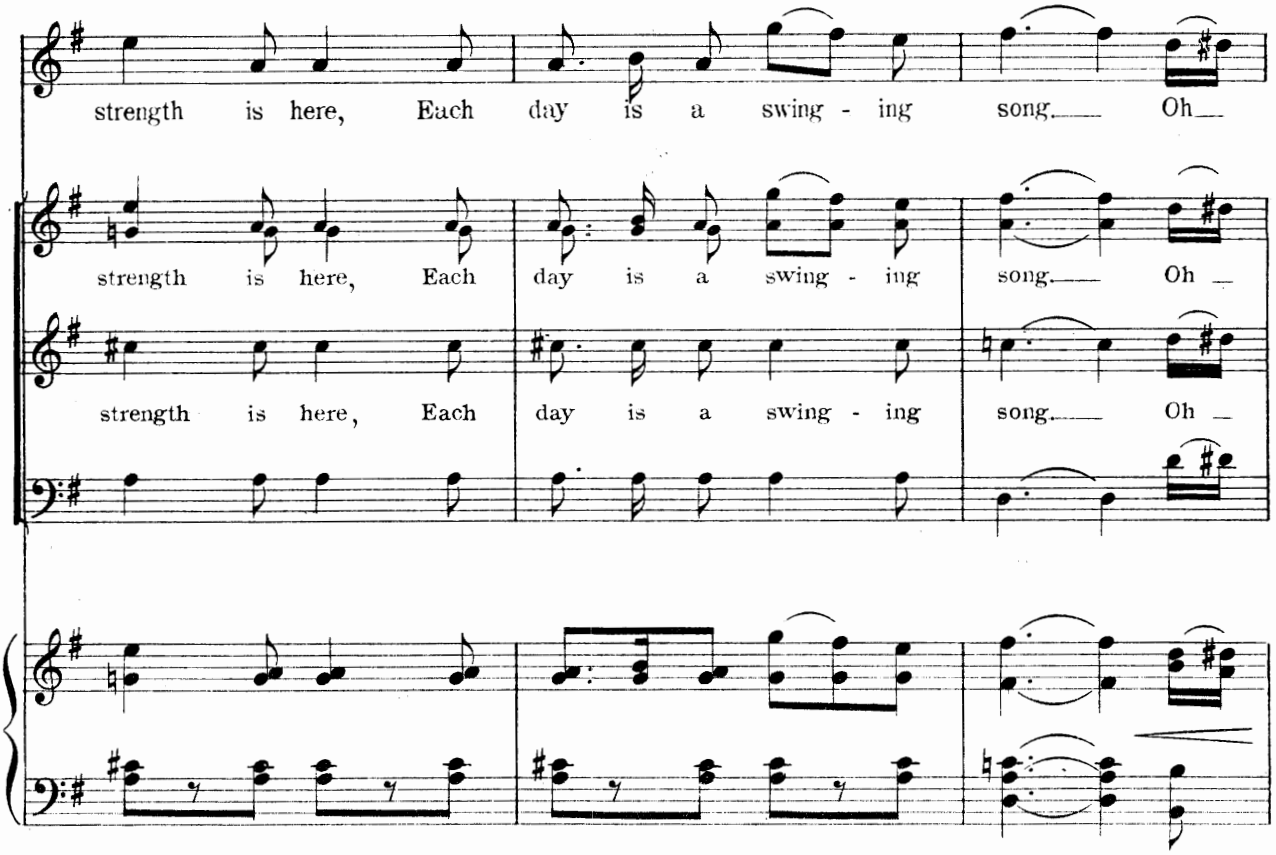

all with fond e - mo - tion, The joys I feel are deep as
o - cean. My na - tive land how well I
love thee, Here hearts are true as stars a - bove me. In those
mf
Allegretto.
gold - en days when the heart is young, we guide our lives with a

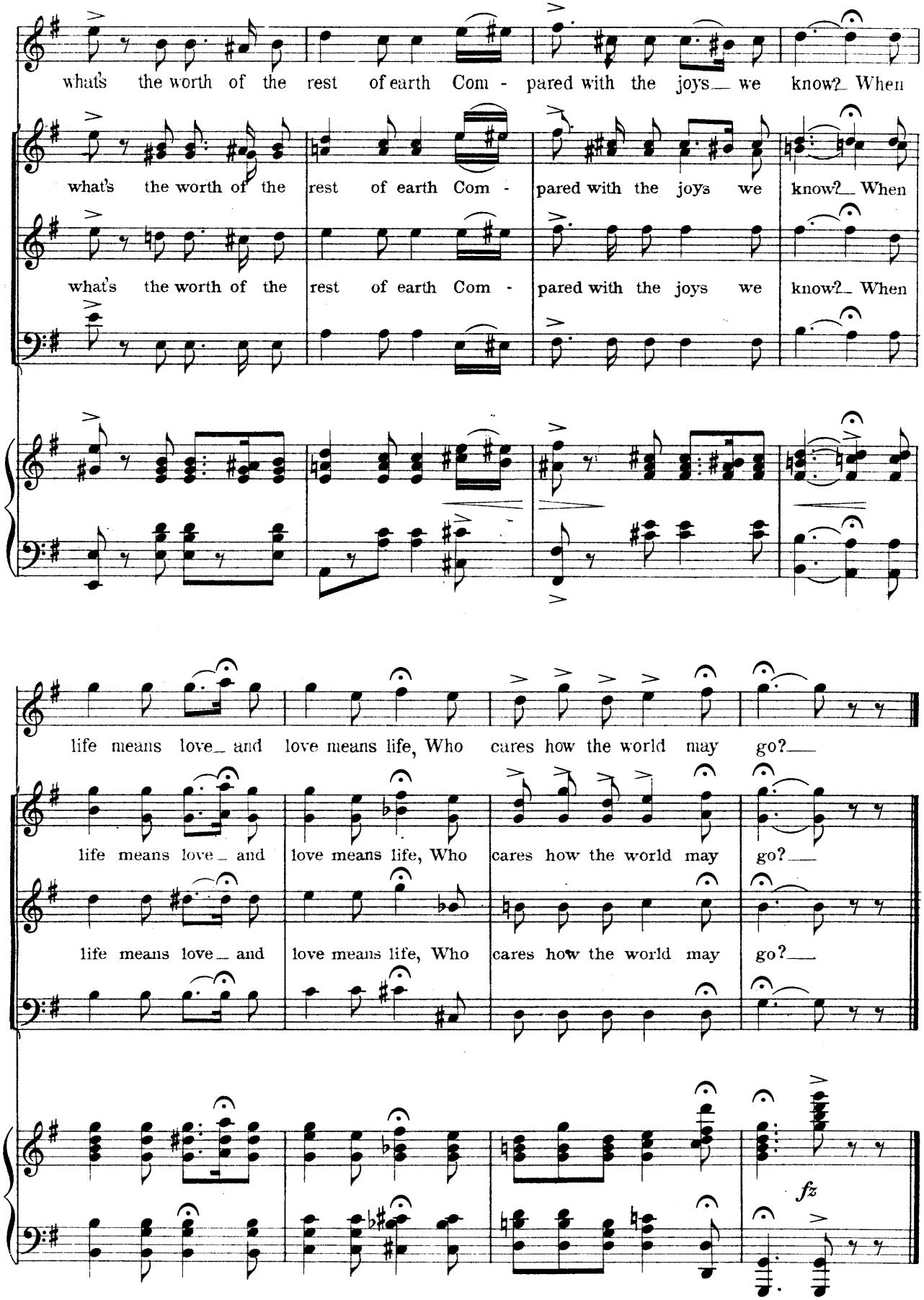

silk - en rein. Then ev - 'ry hope has a si - ren tongue, And love sings ev - er a
sweet re - frain.
CHORUS.
Then ev - 'ry hope has a gold - en tongue, And
Then ev - 'ry hope has a gold - en tongue, And
f
But the days of youth should im -
love sings ev - er a sweet re - frain.
love sings ev - er a sweet re - frain.
p


press this truth, That night fol-lows fast on the heels of dawn; And the
great-est wealth is the boon of health, For life is a bat-tle of brain and brawn.
REFRAIN.
When the heart is light, and the eye is bright, and the cur-rent of youth runs
strong, When the brain is clear, and the strength is here, Each day is a swing-ing


song. Oh what's the worth of the rest of earth Com - pared with the joys we
know? When life means love, and love means life, Who cares how the world may
molto rit.
go? When the heart is light, and the eye is bright, And the
When the heart is light, and the eye is bright, And the
When the heart is light, and the eye is bright, And the
CHORUS.
f


cur - rent of youth runs strong, When the brain is clear, and the
cur rent of youth runs strong, When the brain is clear, and the
cur rent of youth runs strong, When the brain is clear, and the


strength is here, Each day is a swing - ing song. Oh
strength is here, Each day is a swing - ing song. Oh
strength is here, Each day is a swing - ing song. Oh

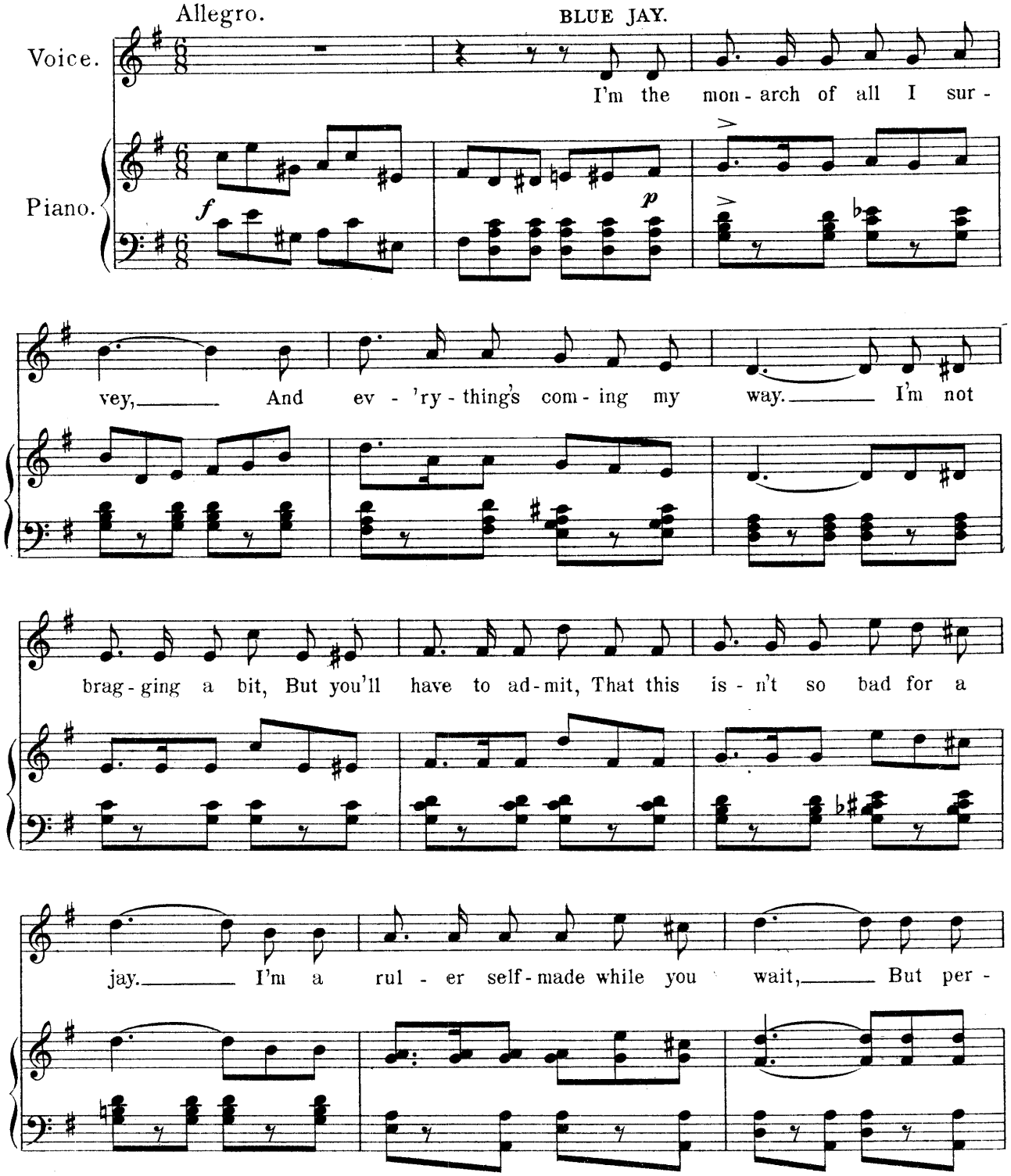

what's the worth of the rest of earth Com - pared with the joys we know? When
what's the worth of the rest of earth Com - pared with the joys we know? When
what's the worth of the rest of earth Com - pared with the joys we know? When
life means love and love means life, Who cares how the world may go?
life means love and love means life, Who cares how the world may go?
life means love and love means life, Who cares how the world may go?
fz

No 7.

Finale I.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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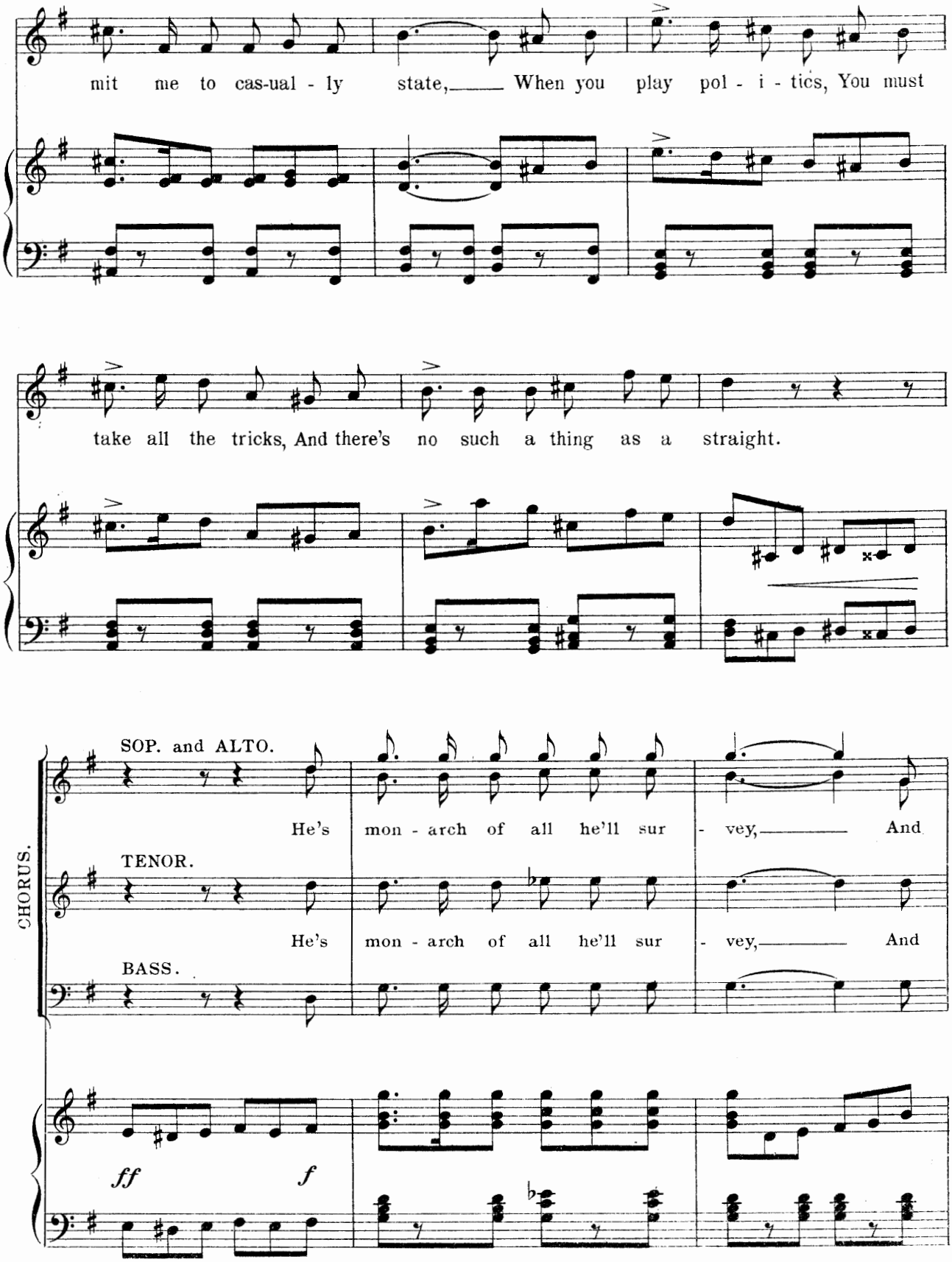
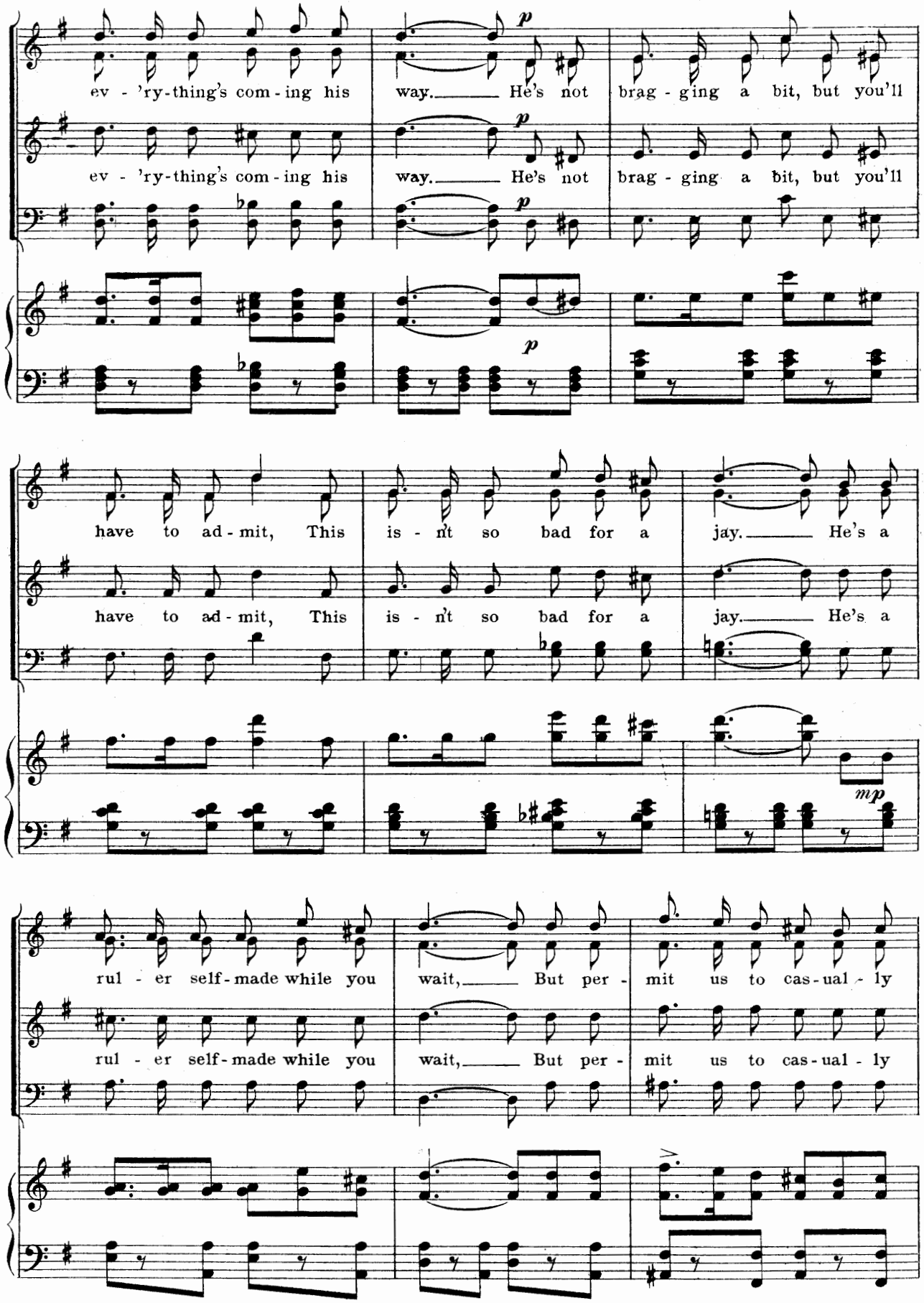
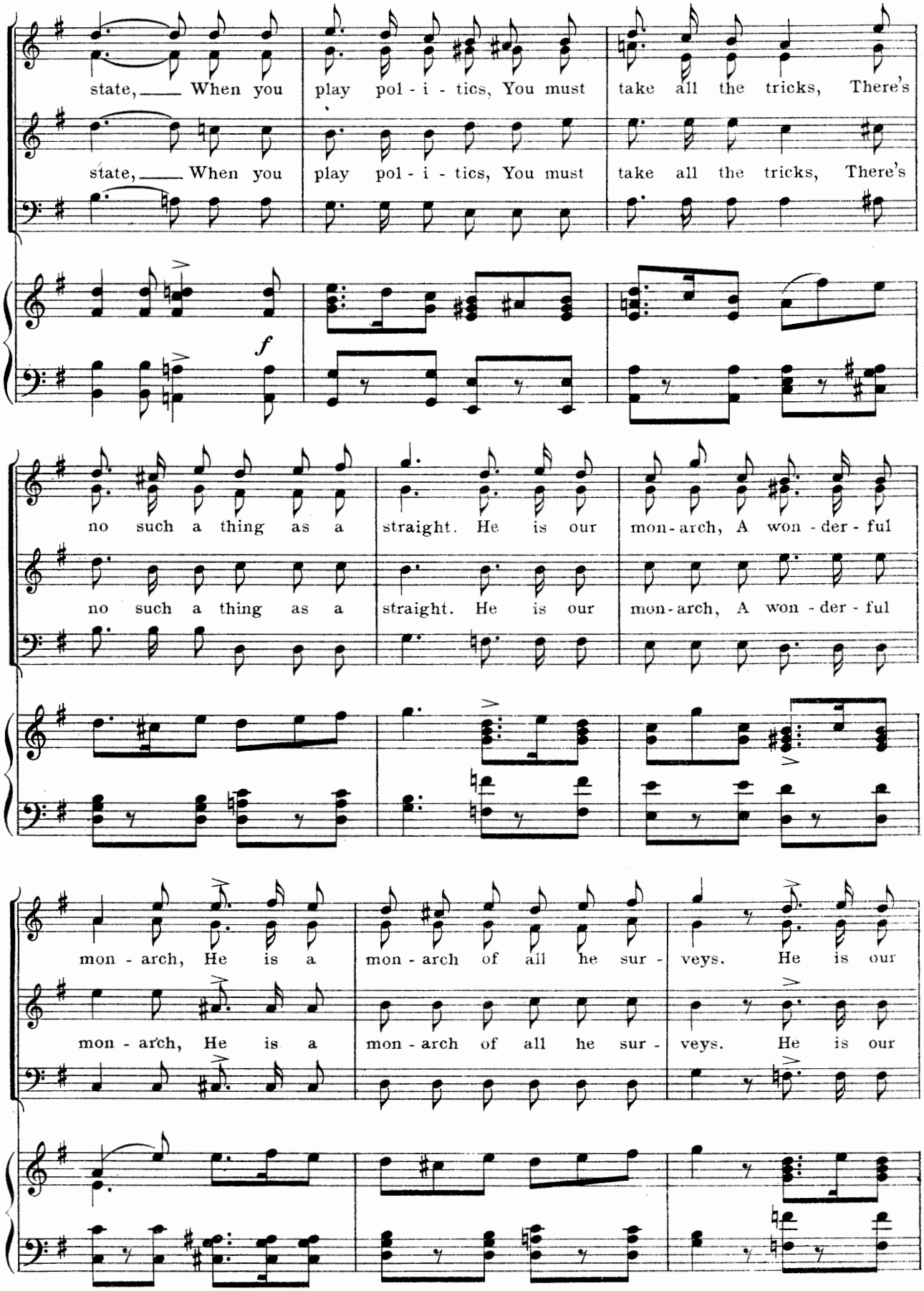
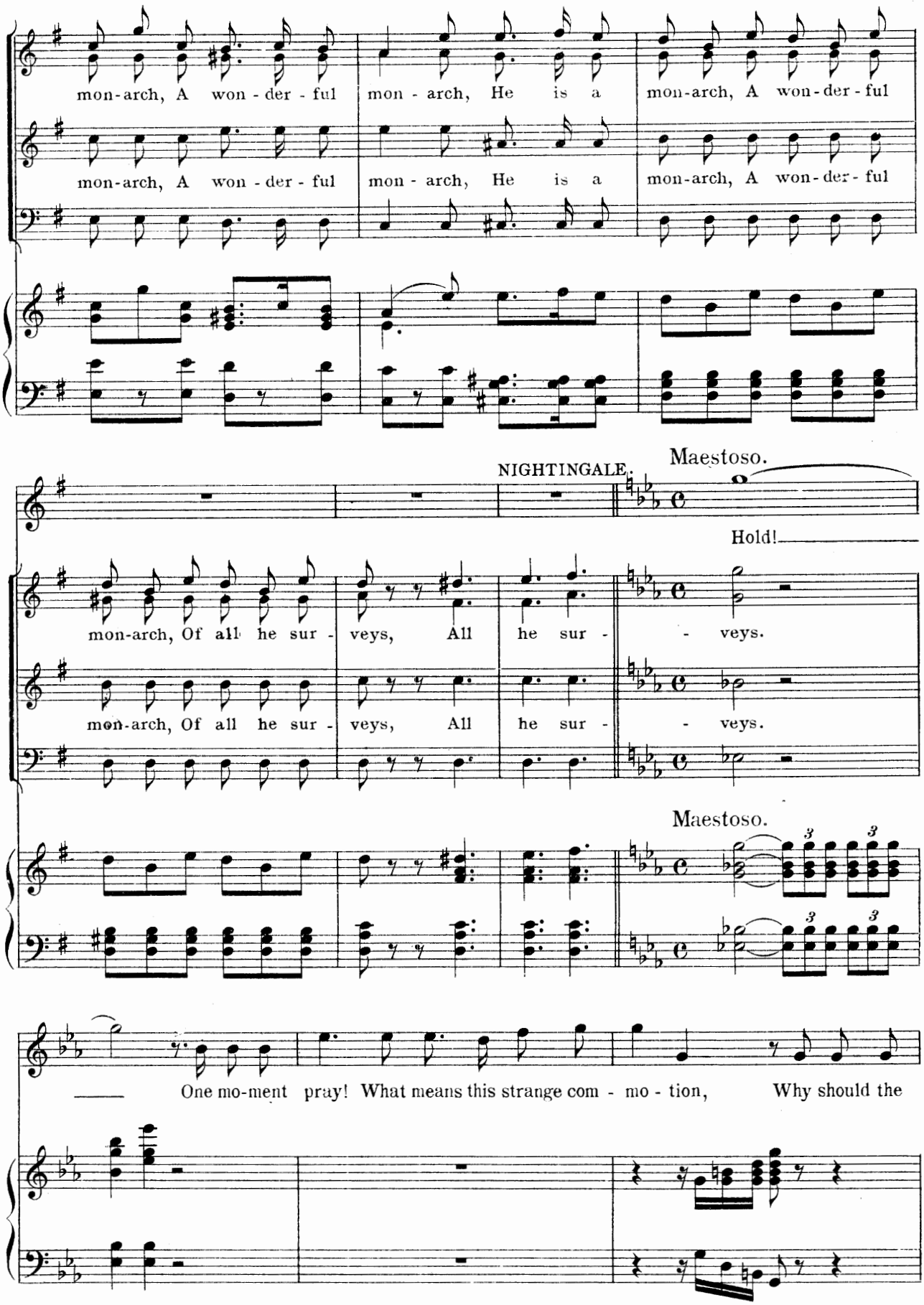
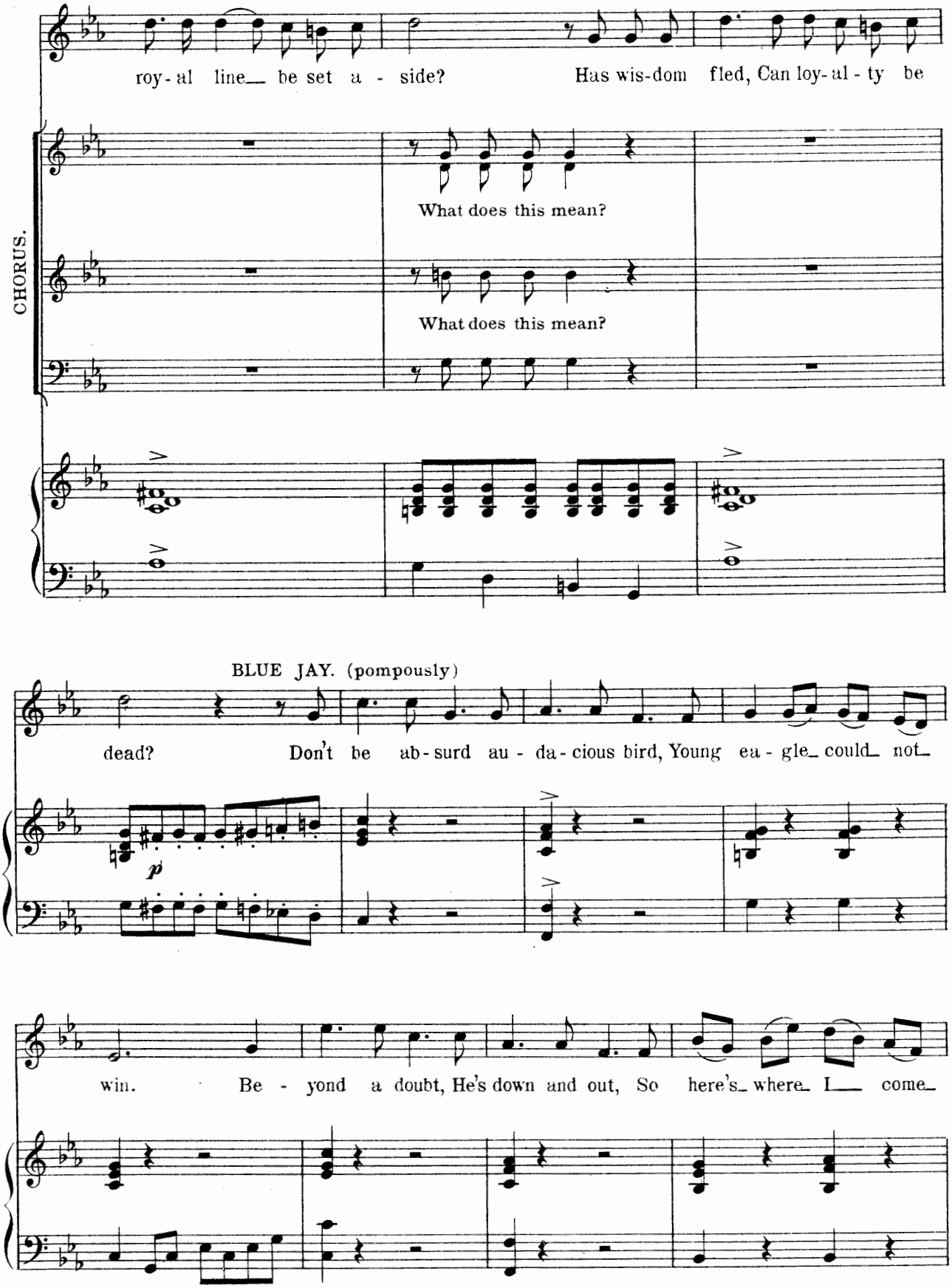
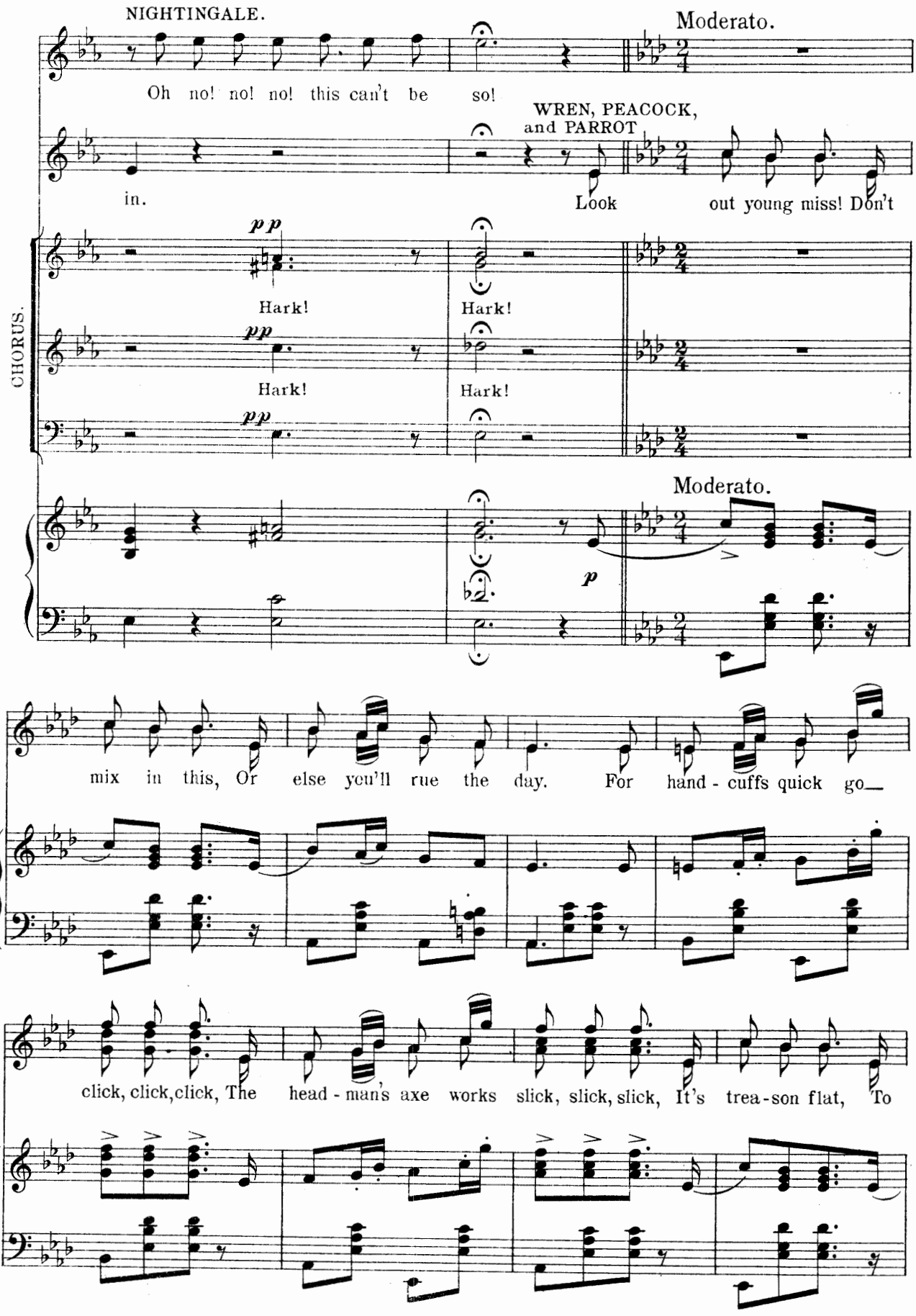

mit me to cas-ual - ly state, When you play pol - i - tics, You must
take all the tricks, And there's no such a thing as a straight.
CHORUS.
SOP. and ALTO.
He's mon - arch of all he'll sur - vey, And
TENOR.
He's mon - arch of all he'll sur - vey, And
BASS.
ff
f

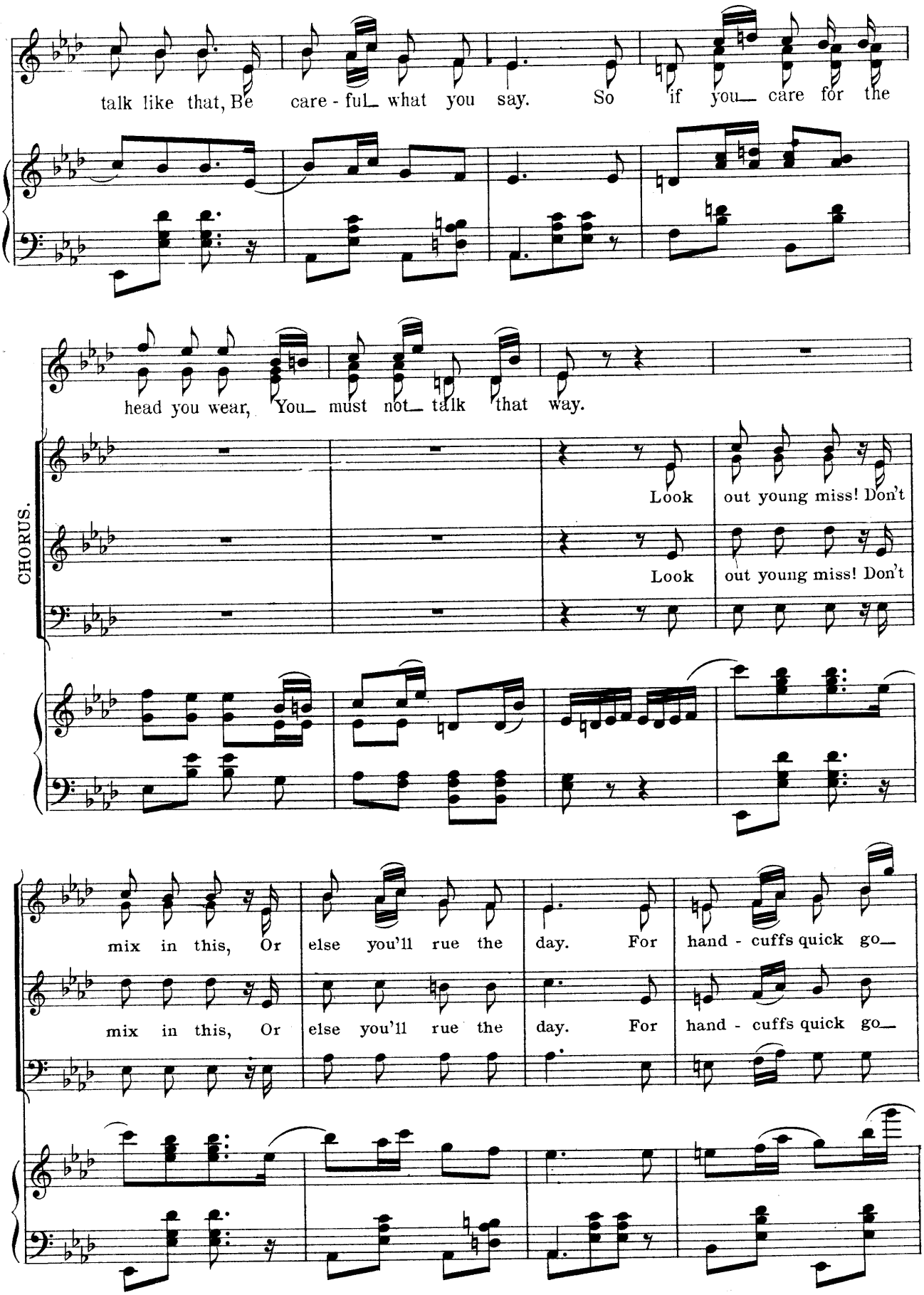

ev - 'ry-thing's com-ing his way. He's not brag-ging a bit, but you'll
ev - 'ry-thing's com-ing his way. He's not brag-ging a bit, but you'll
have to ad-mit, This is - n't so bad for a jay. He's a
have to ad-mit, This is - n't so bad for a jay. He's a
rul - er self-made while you wait, But per - mit us to cas-ual - ly
rul - er self-made while you wait, But per - mit us to cas-ual - ly

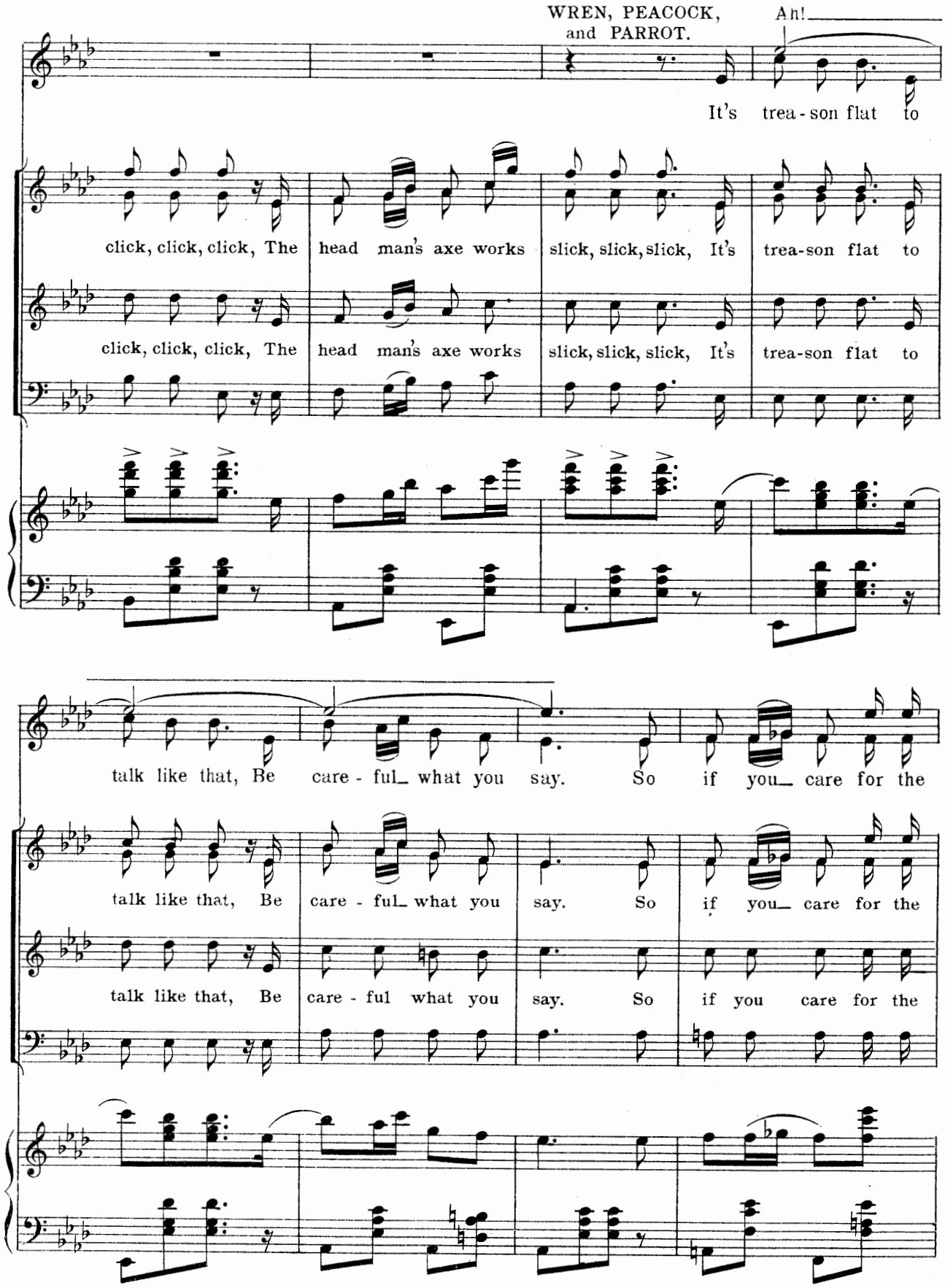

state, When you play pol - i - tics, You must take all the tricks, There's
state, When you play pol - i - tics, You must take all the tricks, There's
f
no such a thing as a straight. He is our mon-arch, A won - der - ful
no such a thing as a straight. He is our mon-arch, A won - der - ful
mon - arch, He is a mon - arch of all he sur - veys. He is our
mon - arch, He is a mon - arch of all he sur - veys. He is our

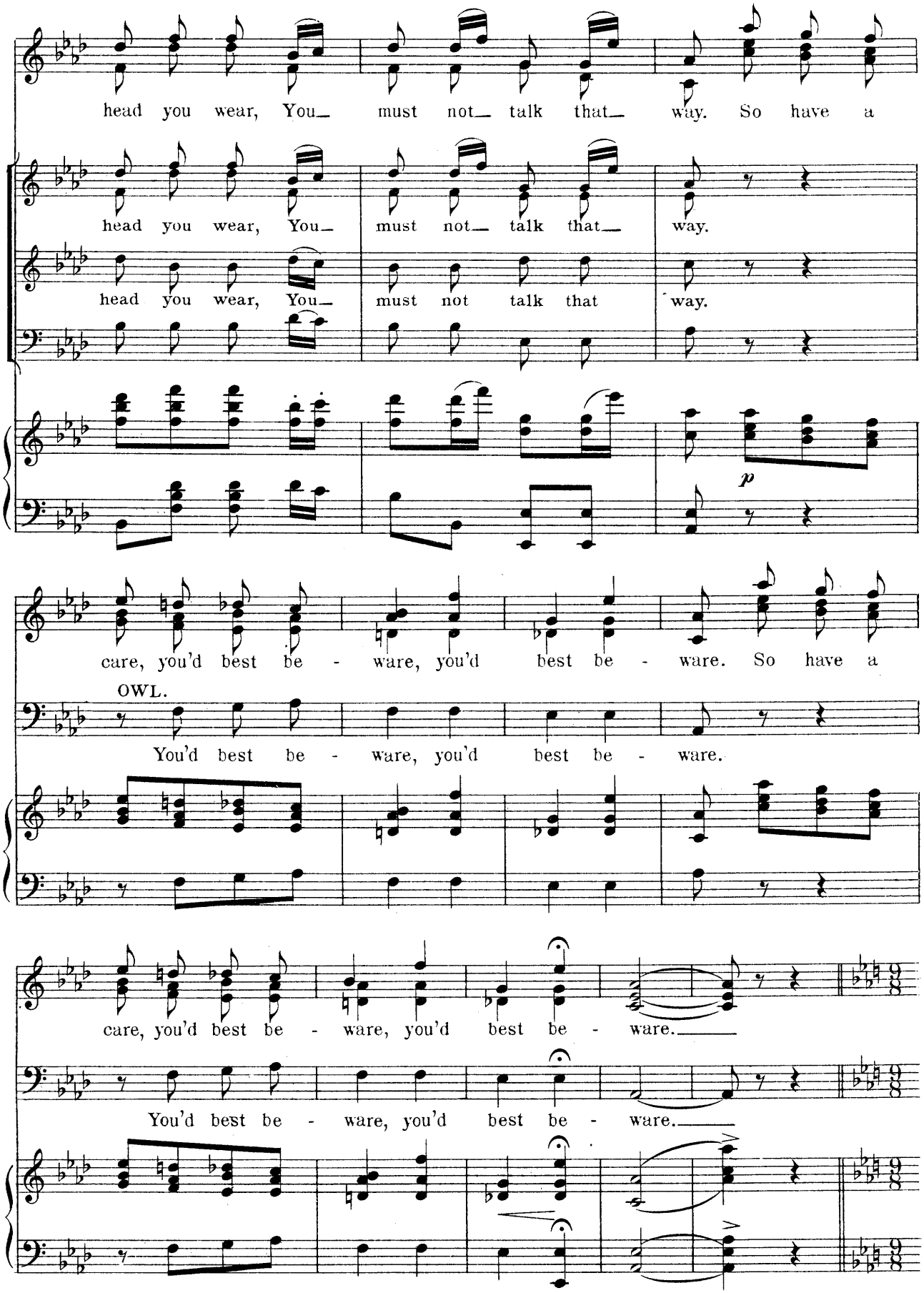

mon-arch, A won - der - ful mon - arch, He is a mon-arch, A won-der-ful
mon-arch, A won - der - ful mon - arch, He is a mon-arch, A won-der-ful
NIGHTINGALE.
Maestoso.
Hold!
mon-arch, Of all he sur - veys, All he sur - - veys.
mon-arch, Of all he sur - veys, All he sur - - veys.
Maestoso.
One mo-ment pray! What means this strange com - mo - tion, Why should the

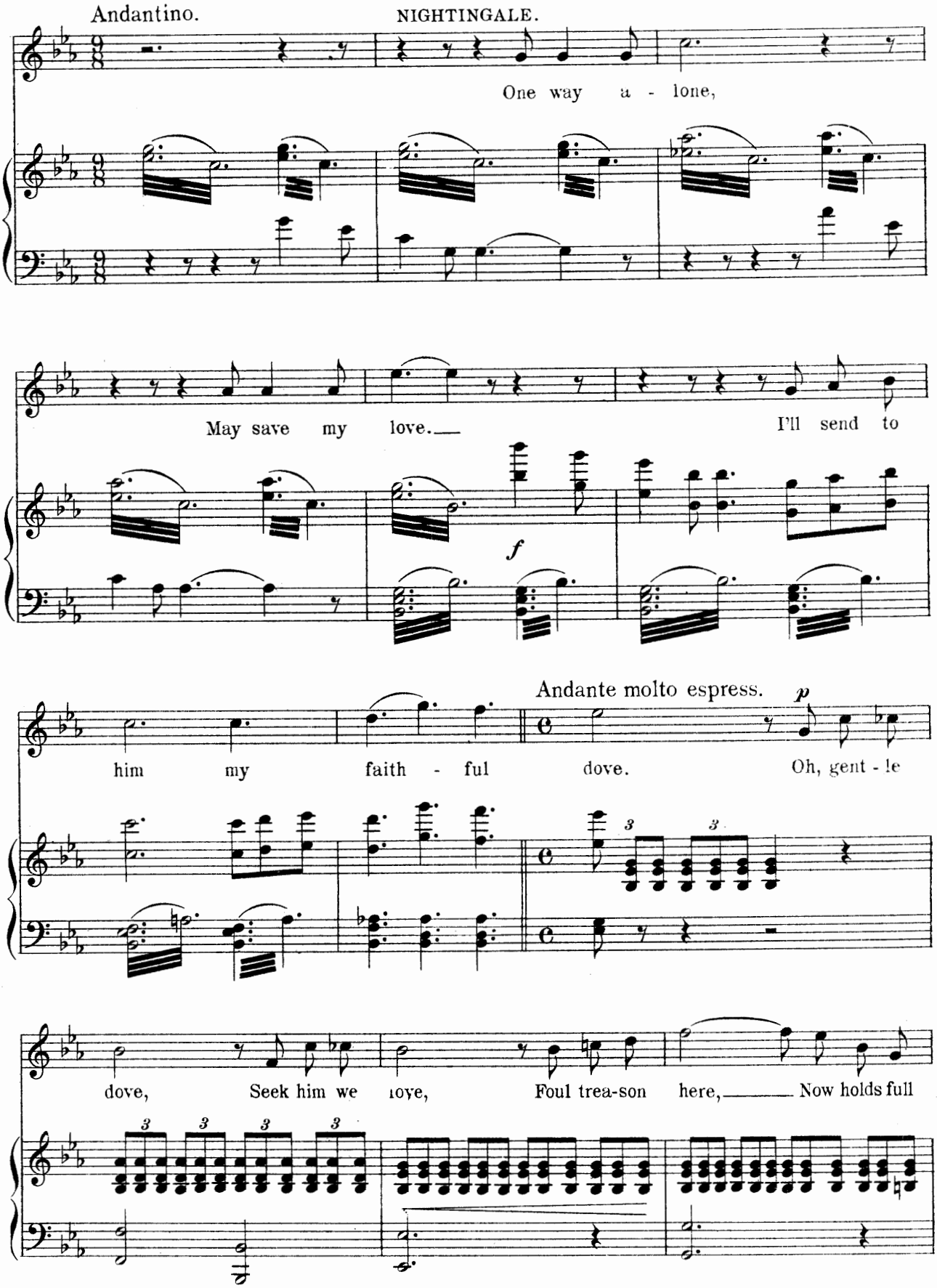

roy-al line be set a - side? Has wis-dom fled, Can loy-al-ty be
CHORUS.
What does this mean?
What does this mean?
BLUE JAY. (pompously)
dead? Don't be ab-surd au - da-cious bird, Young ea-gle could not
p
win. Be - yond a doubt, He's down and out, So here's where I come

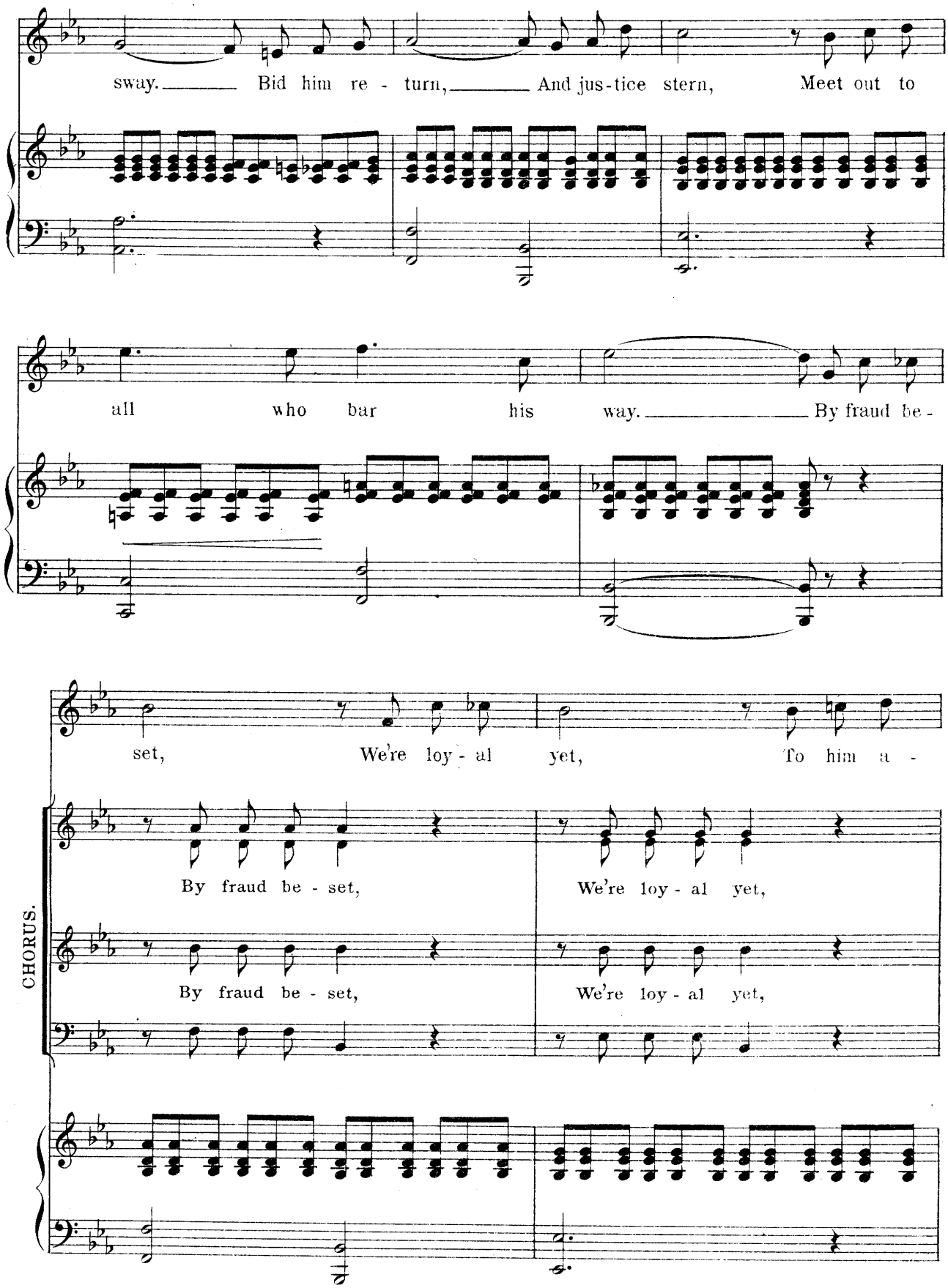

NIGHTINGALE.
Moderato.
Oh no! no! no! this can't be so!
WREN, PEACOCK, and PARROT
in.
Look out young miss! Don't
CHORUS.
pp
Hark!
Hark!
Hark!
Hark!
Moderato.
mix in this, Or else you'll rue the day. For hand - cuffs quick go
click, click, click, The head - man's axe works slick, slick, slick, It's trea - son flat, To

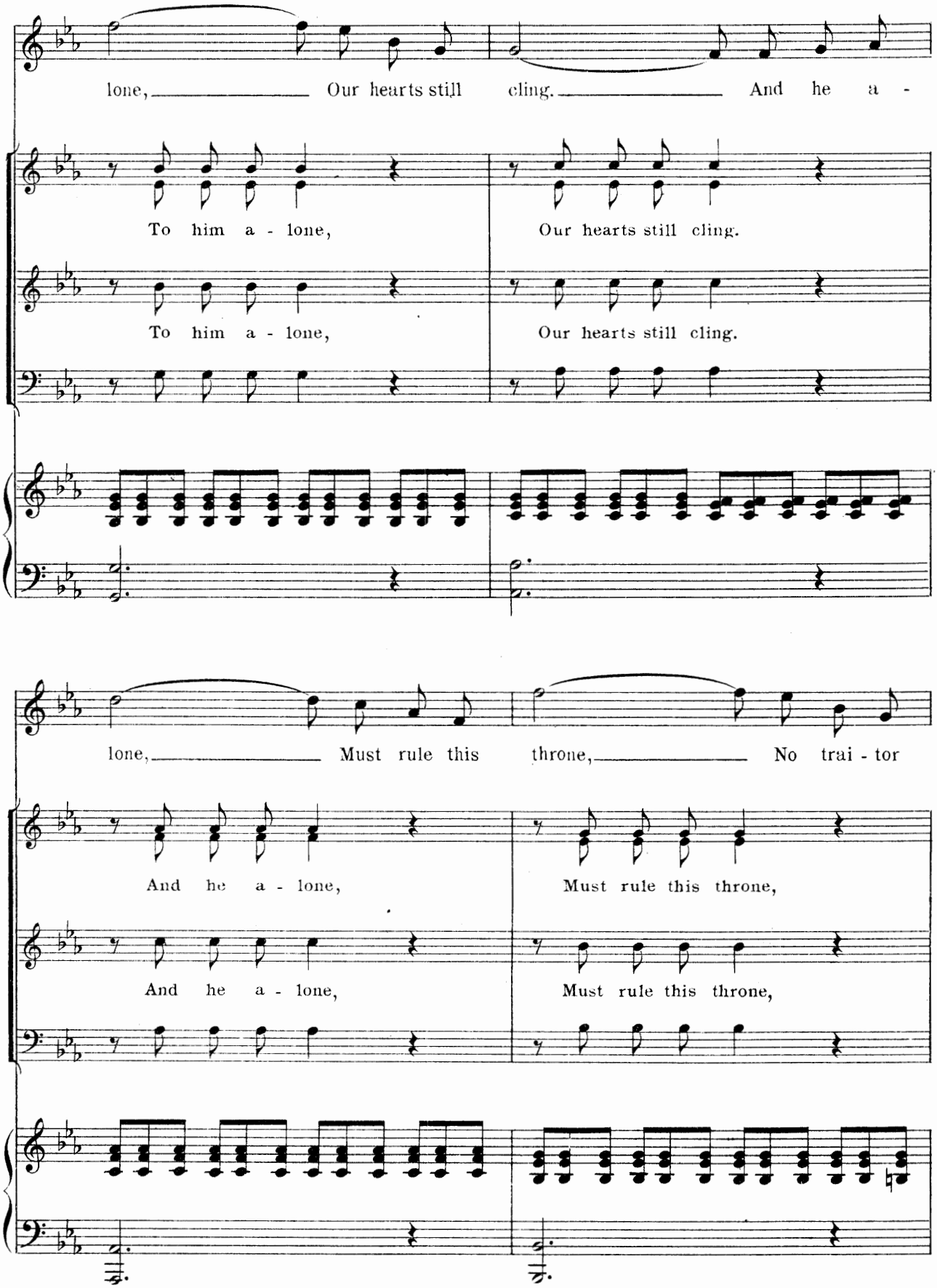

talk like that, Be care - ful what you say. So if you care for the
head you wear, You must not talk that way.
CHORUS.
Look out young miss! Don't
Look out young miss! Don't
mix in this, Or else you'll rue the day. For hand - cuffs quick go
mix in this, Or else you'll rue the day. For hand - cuffs quick go

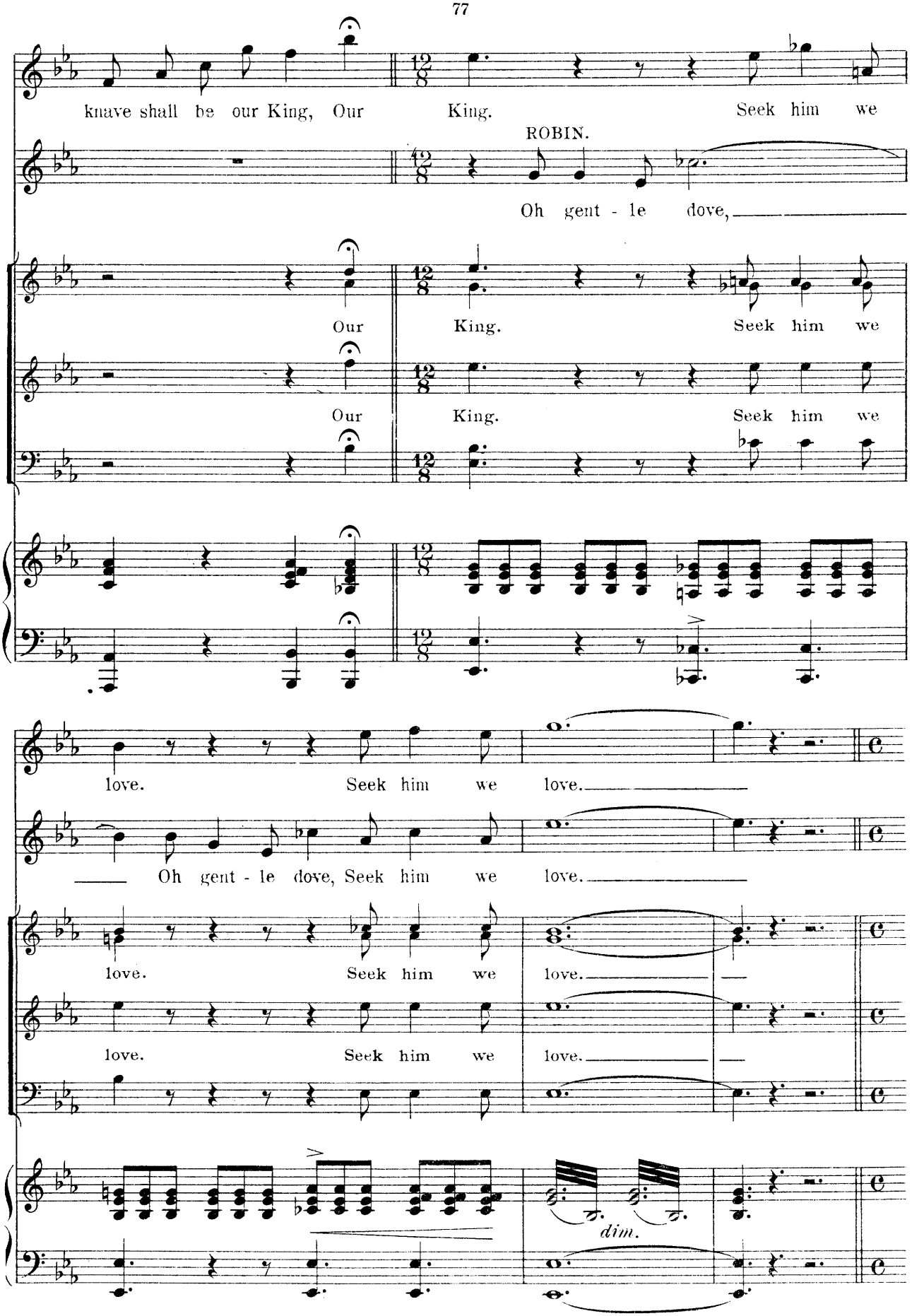

WREN, PEACOCK, and PARROT.
Ah!
It's trea - son flat to
click, click, click, The head man's axe works slick, slick, slick, It's trea-son flat to
click, click, click, The head man's axe works slick, slick, slick, It's trea-son flat to
talk like that, Be care - ful what you say. So if you care for the
talk like that, Be care - ful what you say. So if you care for the
talk like that, Be care - ful what you say. So if you care for the

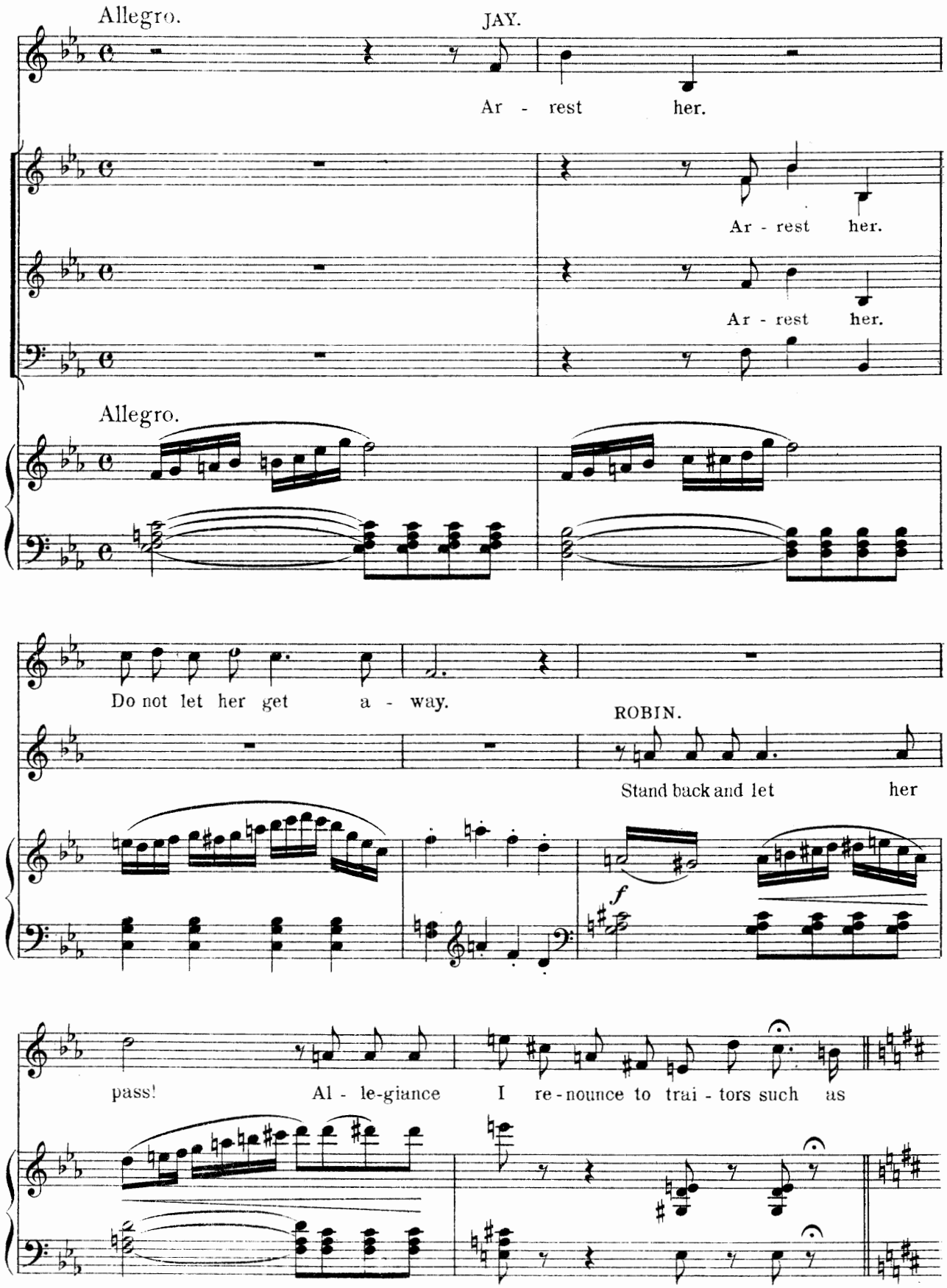

head you wear, You_ must not_ talk that_ way. So have a
head you wear, You_ must not_ talk that_ way.
head you wear, You_ must not talk that way.
p
care, you'd best be - ware, you'd best be - ware. So have a
OWL.
You'd best be - ware, you'd best be - ware.
care, you'd best be - ware, you'd best be - ware.
You'd best be - ware, you'd best be - ware.

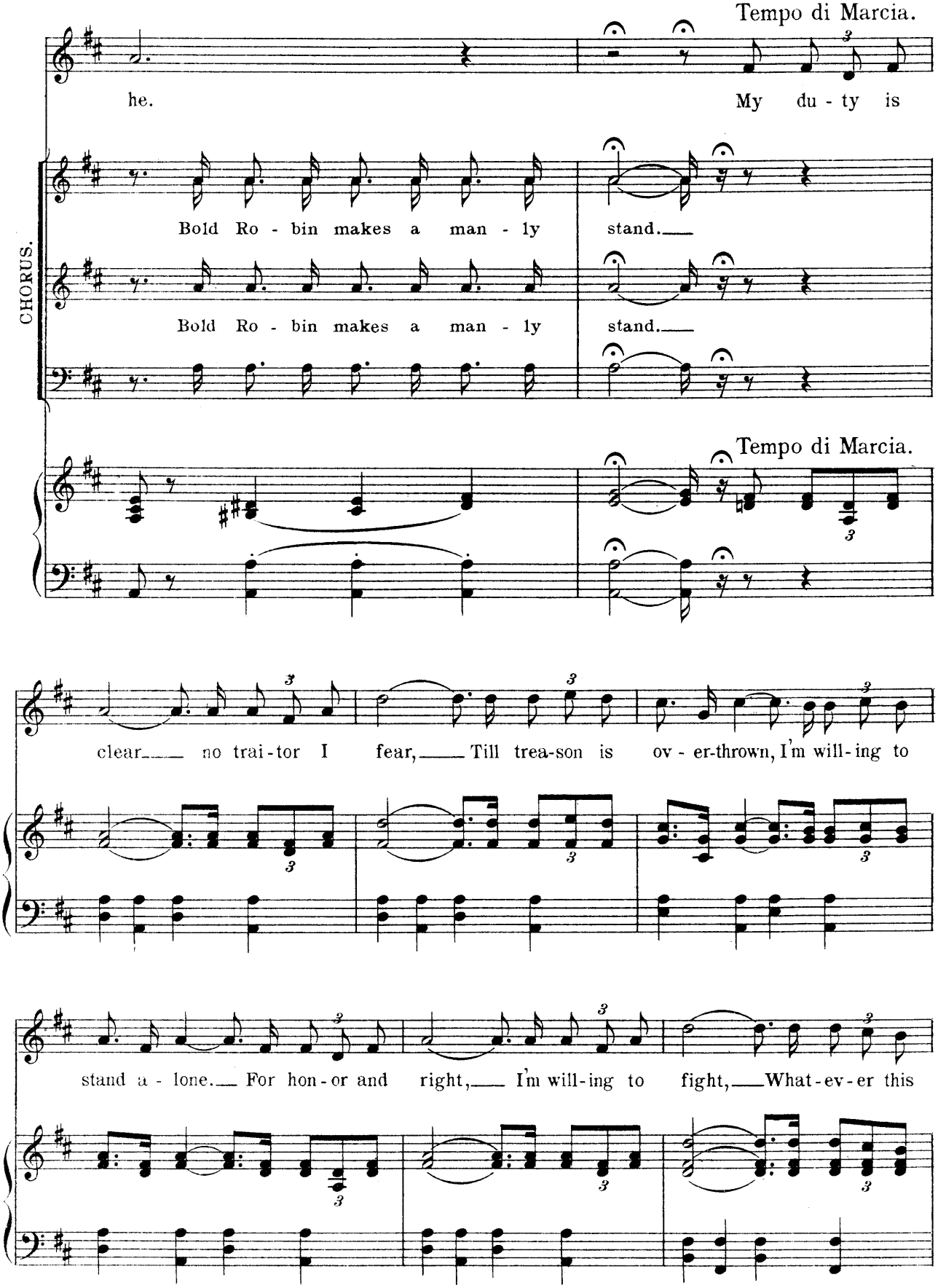

Andantino.
NIGHTINGALE.
One way a - lone,
May save my love.
I'll send to
f
Andante molto espress.
p
him my faith - ful dove.
Oh, gent - le
dove, Seek him we love, Foul trea-son here, Now holds full

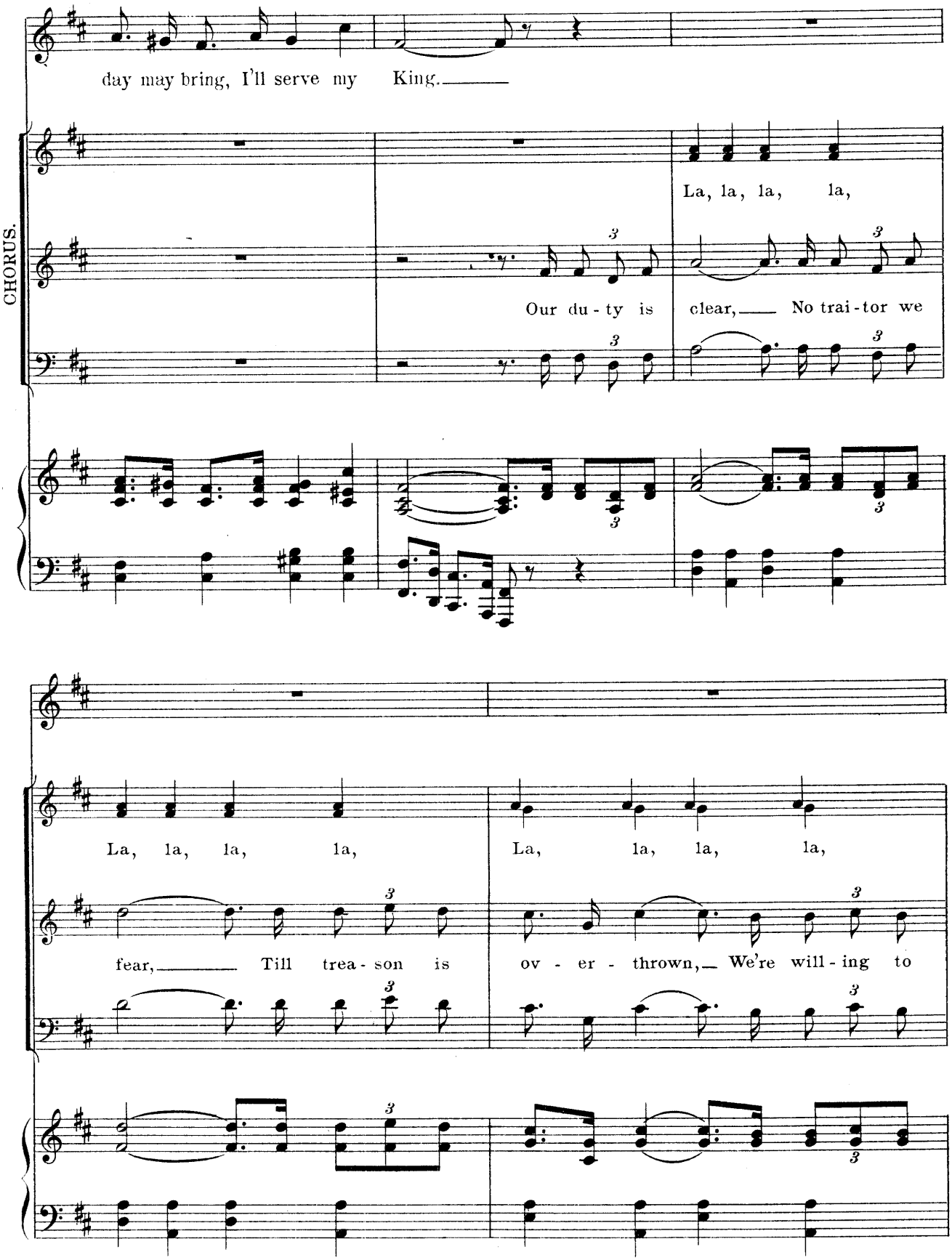

sway. Bid him re - turn, And jus-tice stern, Meet out to
all who bar his way. By fraud be -
set, We're loy - al yet, To him a -
CHORUS.
By fraud be - set, We're loy - al yet,
By fraud be - set, We're loy - al yet,

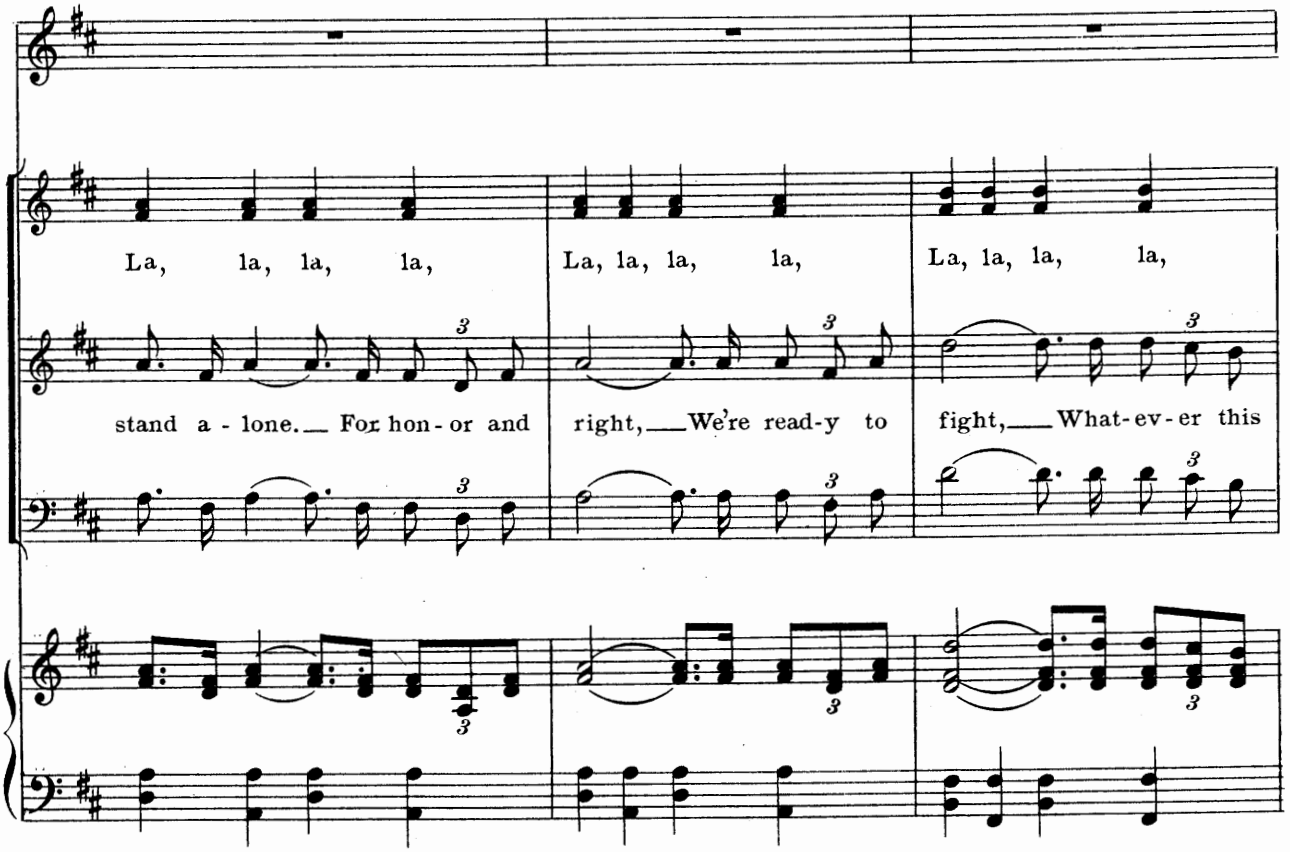

lone, Our hearts still cling. And he a -
To him a - lone, Our hearts still cling.
To him a - lone, Our hearts still cling.
lone, Must rule this throne, No trai - tor
And he a - lone, Must rule this throne,
And he a - lone, Must rule this throne,


knave shall be our King, Our King. Seek him we
ROBIN.
Oh gent - le dove,
Our King. Seek him we
Our King. Seek him we
love. Seek him we love.
Oh gent - le dove, Seek him we love.
love. Seek him we love.
love. Seek him we love.
dim.

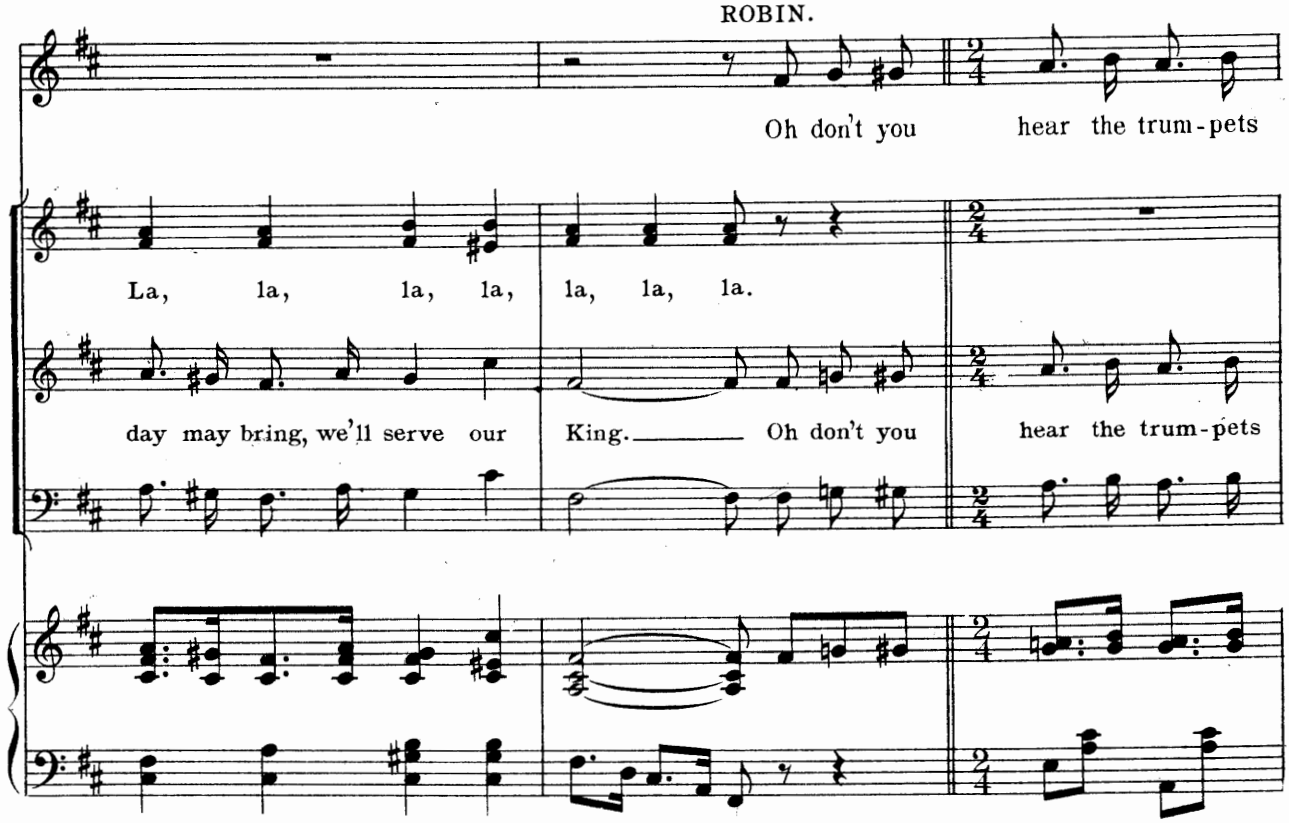

Allegro.
JAY.
Ar - rest her.
Ar - rest her.
Ar - rest her.
Allegro.
Do not let her get a - way.
ROBIN.
Stand back and let her
f
pass!
Al - le-giance I re-nounce to trai - tors such as

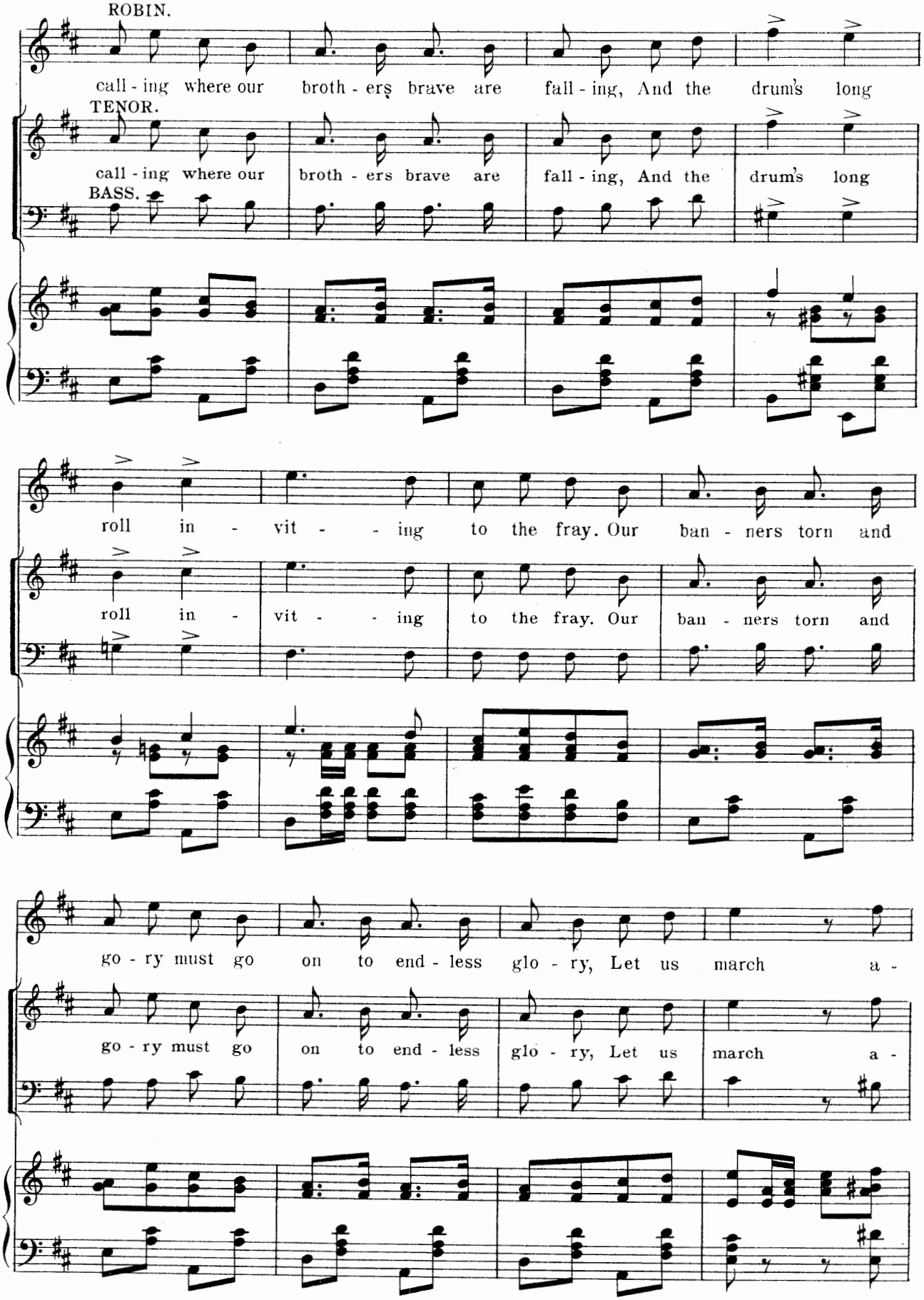

Tempo di Marcia.
he.
My du - ty is
CHORUS.
Bold Ro - bin makes a man - ly
stand.
Bold Ro - bin makes a man - ly
stand.
Tempo di Marcia.
clear no trai - tor I
fear, Till trea - son is
ov - er - thrown, I'm will - ing to
stand a - lone. For hon - or and
right, I'm will - ing to
fight, What - ev - er this

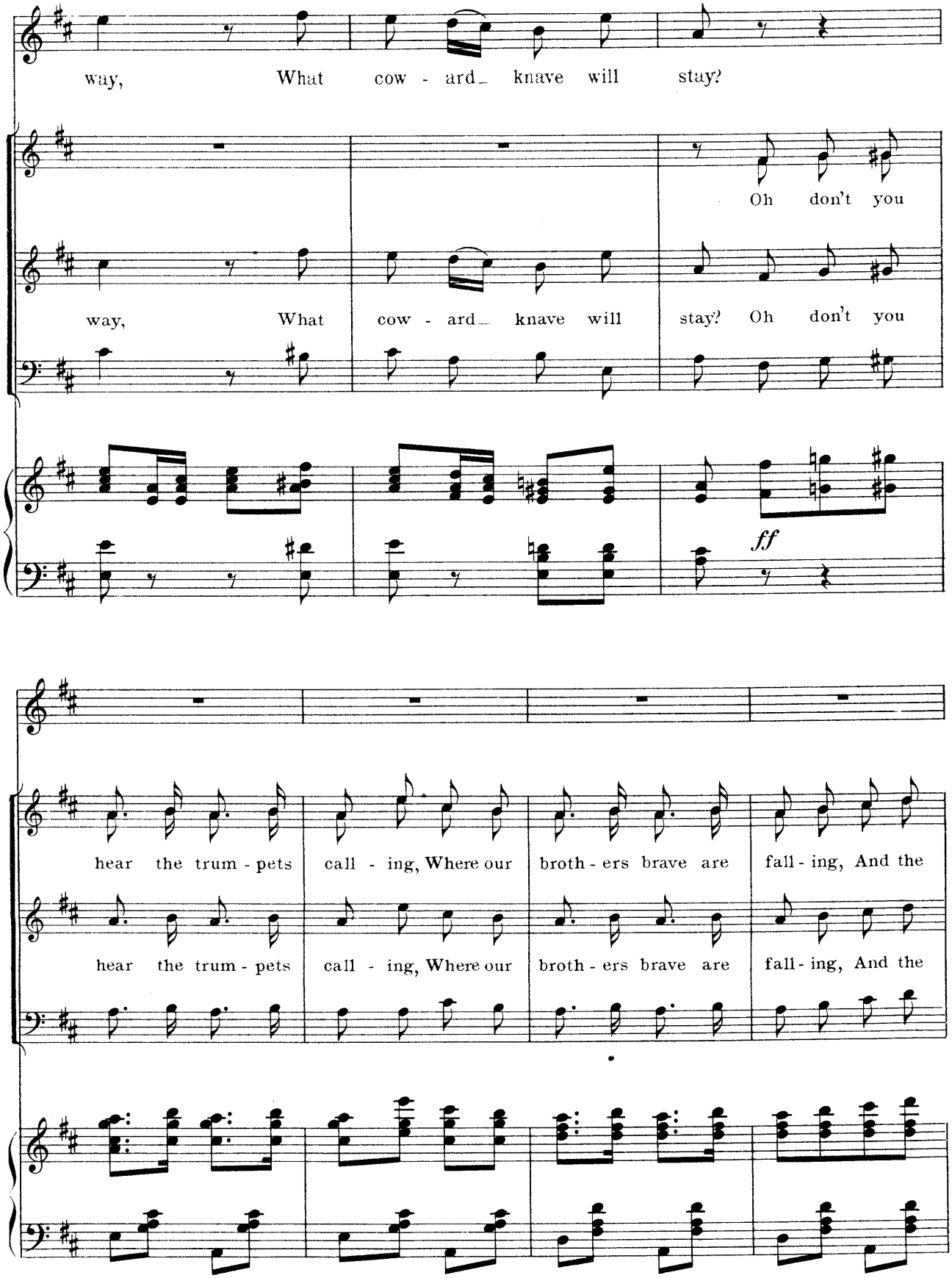

day may bring, I'll serve my King.
CHORUS.
La, la, la, la,
Our du - ty is clear, No trai - tor we
La, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la,
fear, Till trea - son is
ov - er - thrown, We're will - ing to

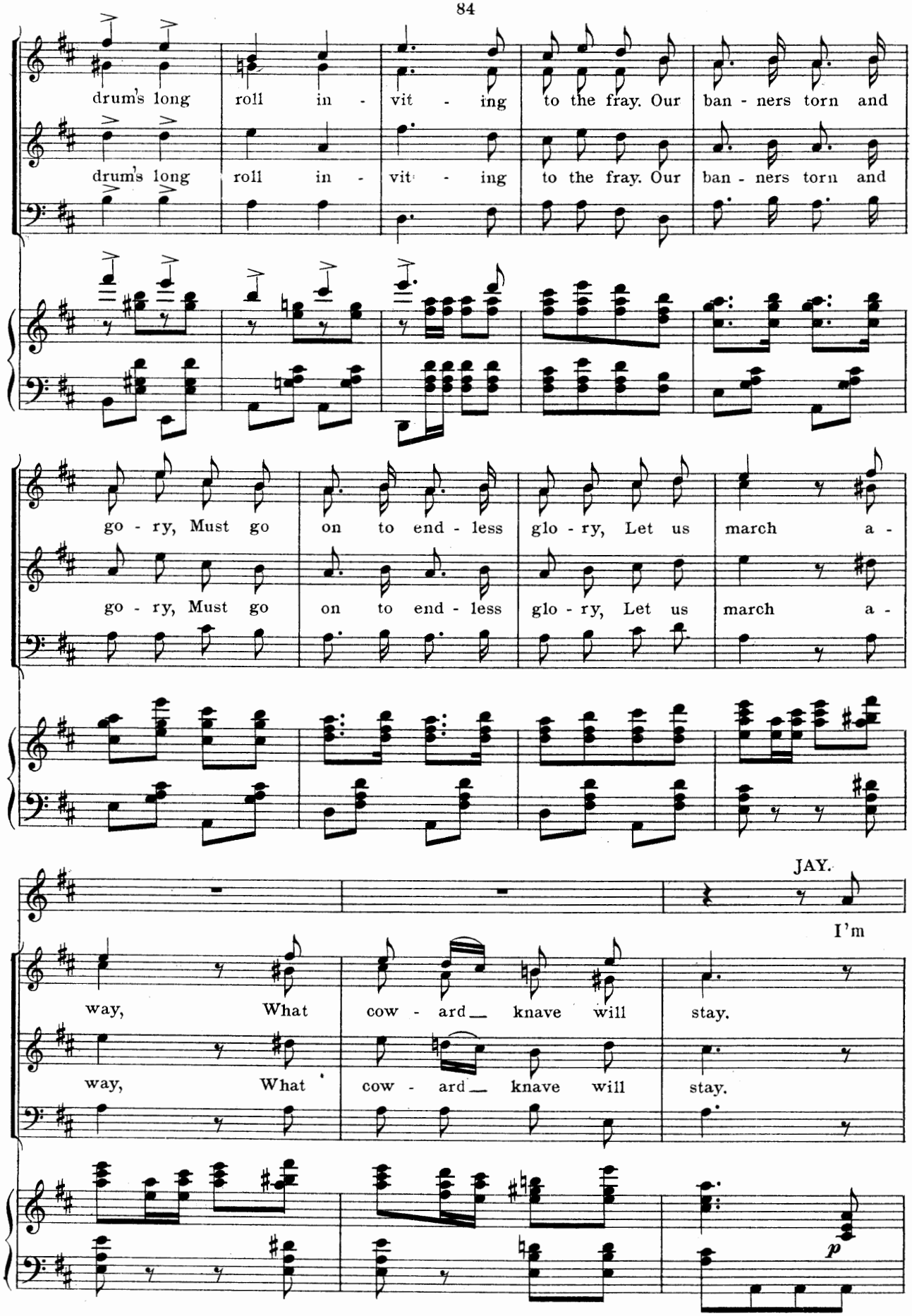

La, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la,
stand a - lone. For hon - or and
right, We're read-y to
fight, What-ev-er this

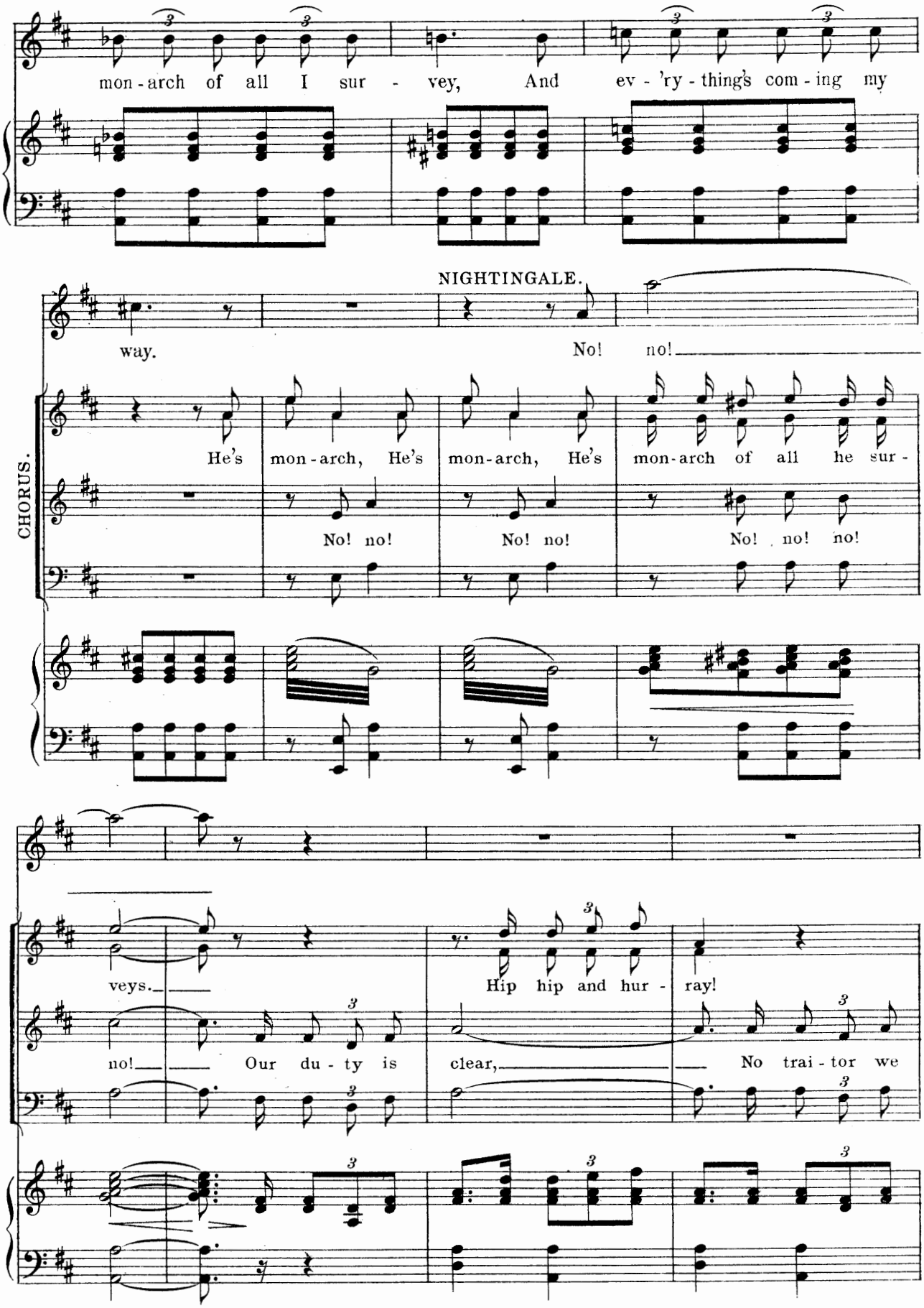
ROBIN.

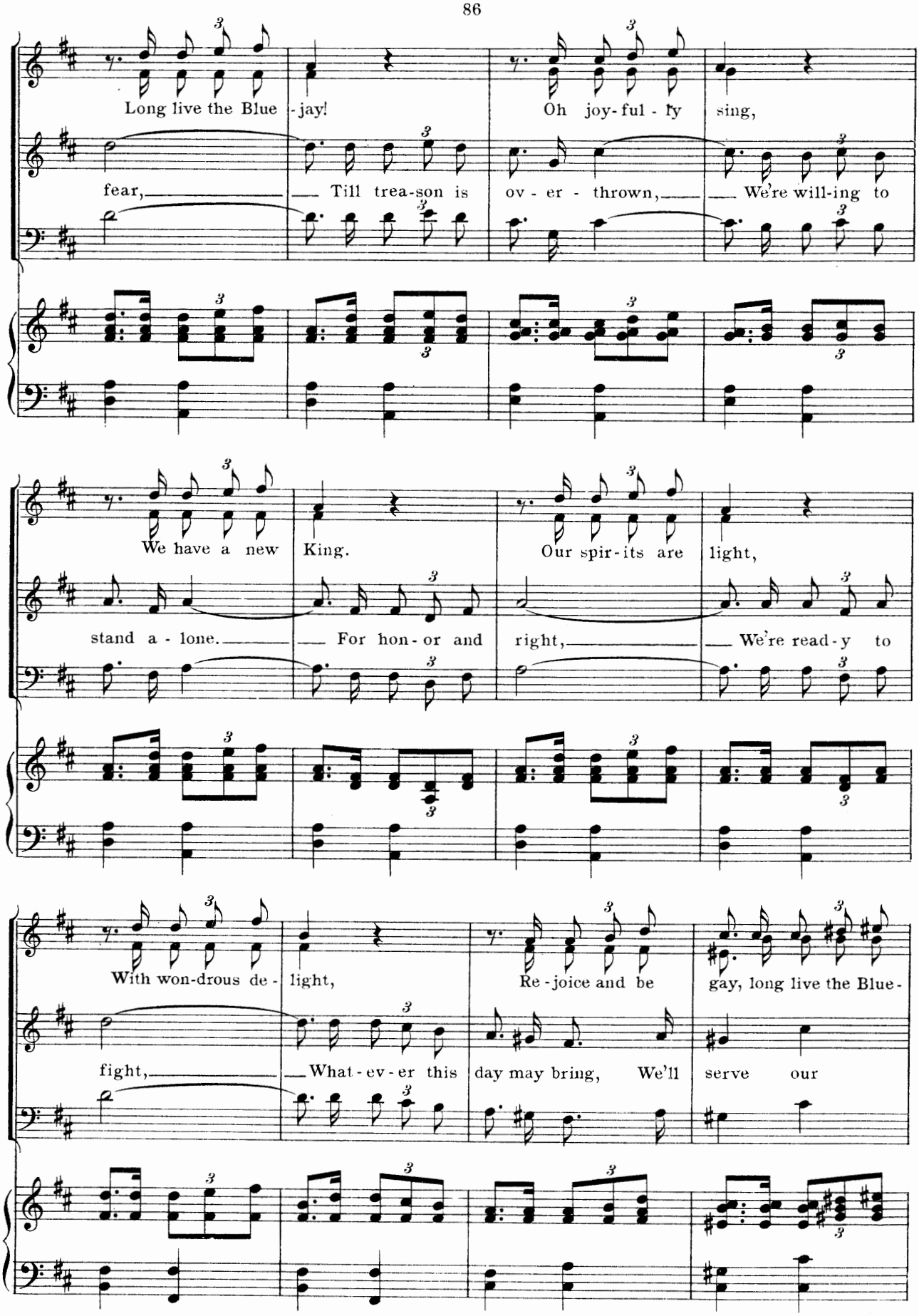

Oh don't you hear the trum-pets
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
day may bring, we'll serve our
King. Oh don't you
hear the trum-pets

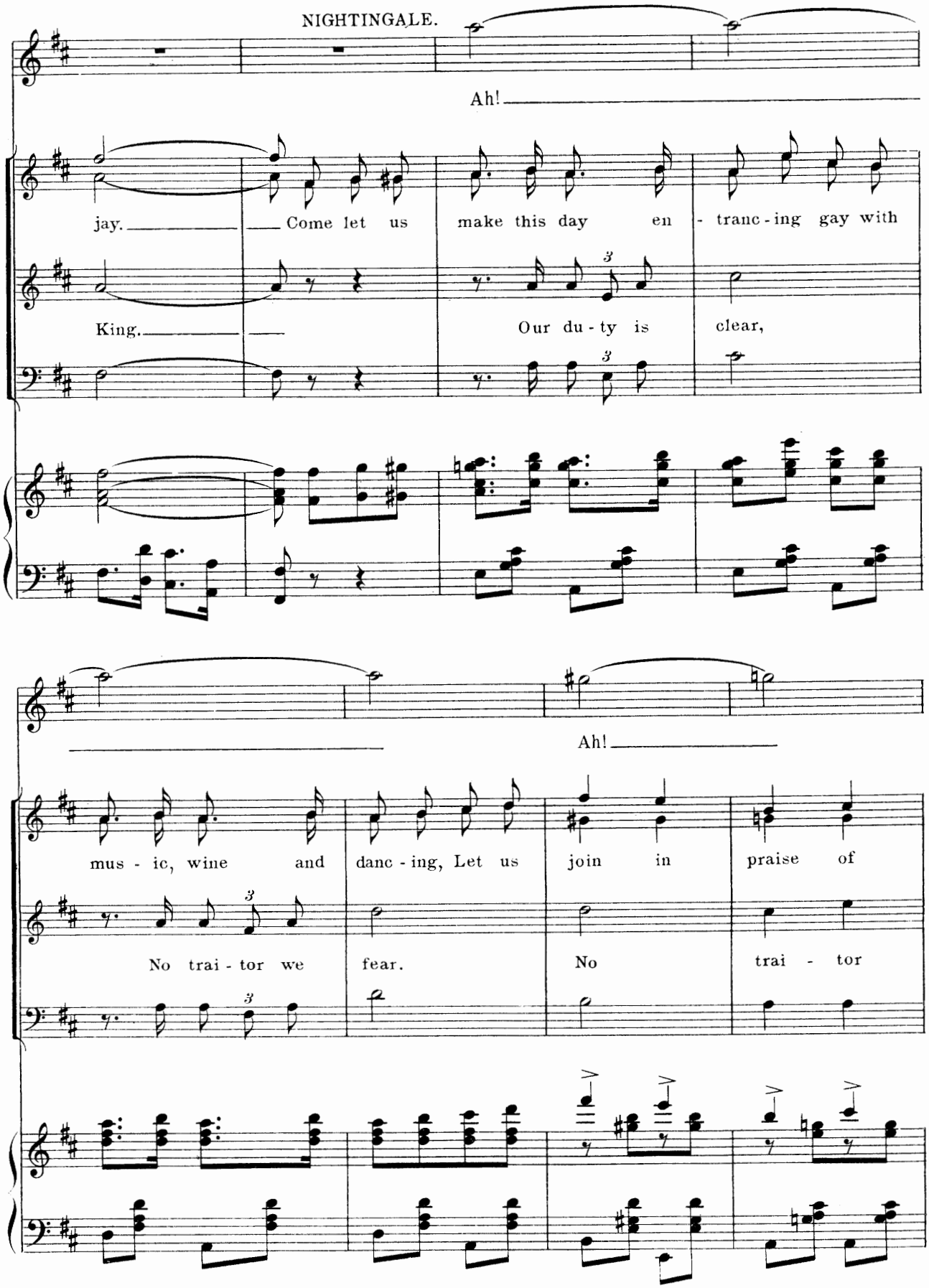

ROBIN.
call - ing where our broth - ers brave are fall - ing, And the drum's long
TENOR.
call - ing where our broth - ers brave are fall - ing, And the drum's long
BASS.
roll in - vit - - ing to the fray. Our ban - ners torn and
roll in - vit - - ing to the fray. Our ban - ners torn and
go - ry must go on to end - less glo - ry, Let us march a -
go - ry must go on to end - less glo - ry, Let us march a -

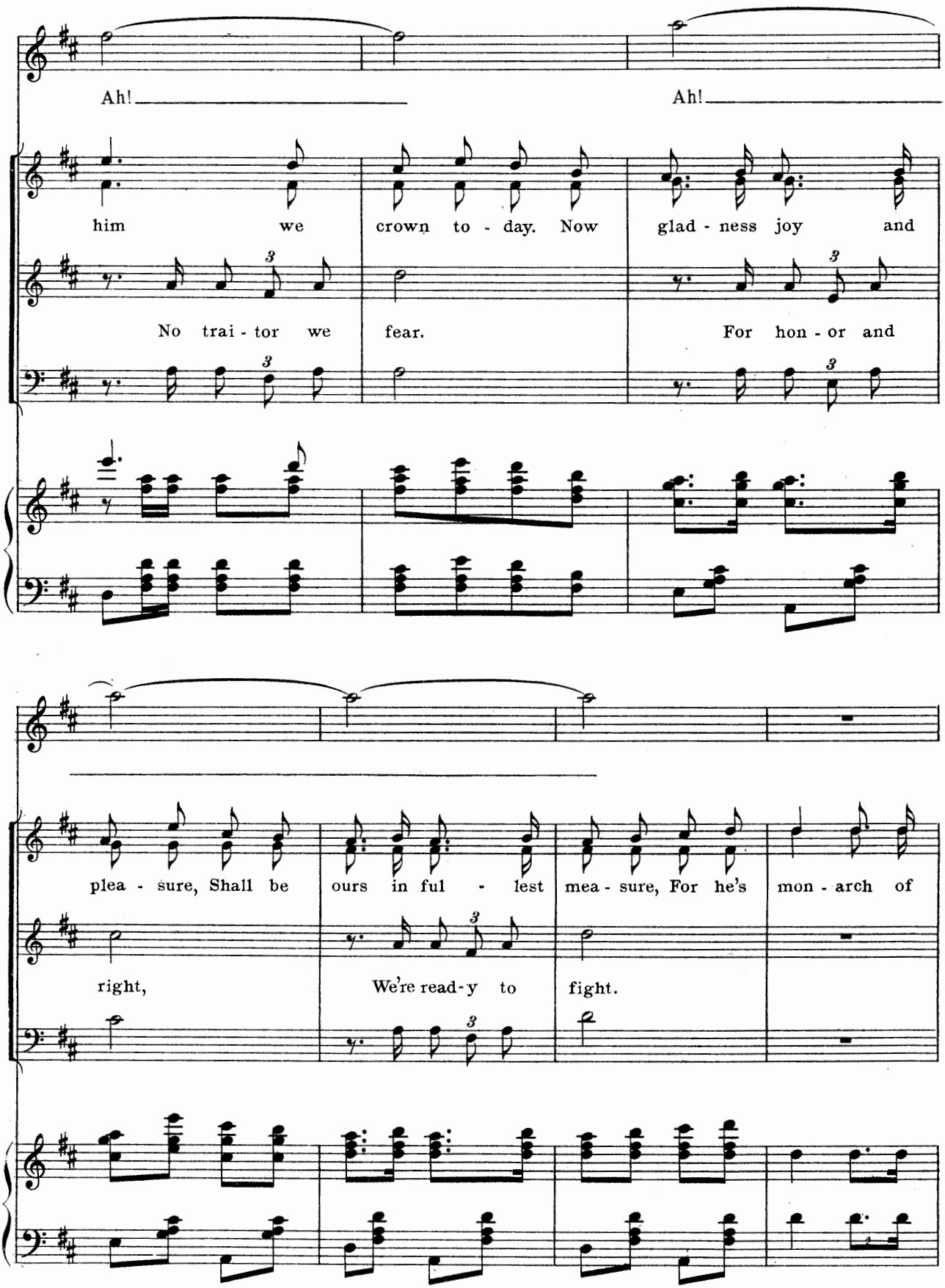

way, What cow - ard_ knave will stay?
Oh don't you
way, What cow - ard_ knave will stay? Oh don't you
ff
hear the trum - pets call - ing, Where our broth - ers brave are fall - ing, And the
hear the trum - pets call - ing, Where our broth - ers brave are fall - ing, And the

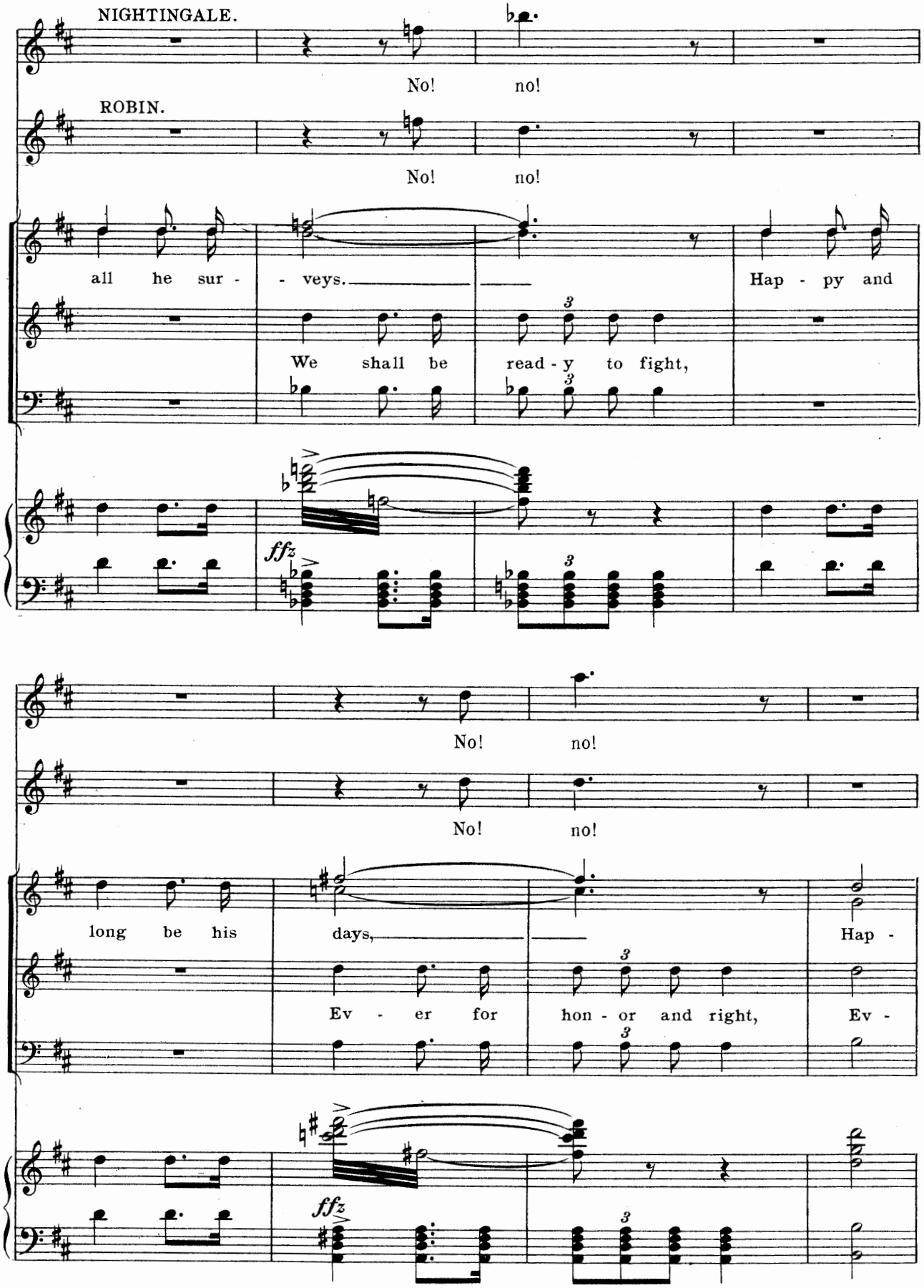

drum's long roll in - vit - ing to the fray. Our ban - ners torn and
drum's long roll in - vit - ing to the fray. Our ban - ners torn and
go - ry, Must go on to end - less glo - ry, Let us march a -
go - ry, Must go on to end - less glo - ry, Let us march a -
JAY.
I'm
way, What cow - ard knave will stay.
way, What cow - ard knave will stay.
p

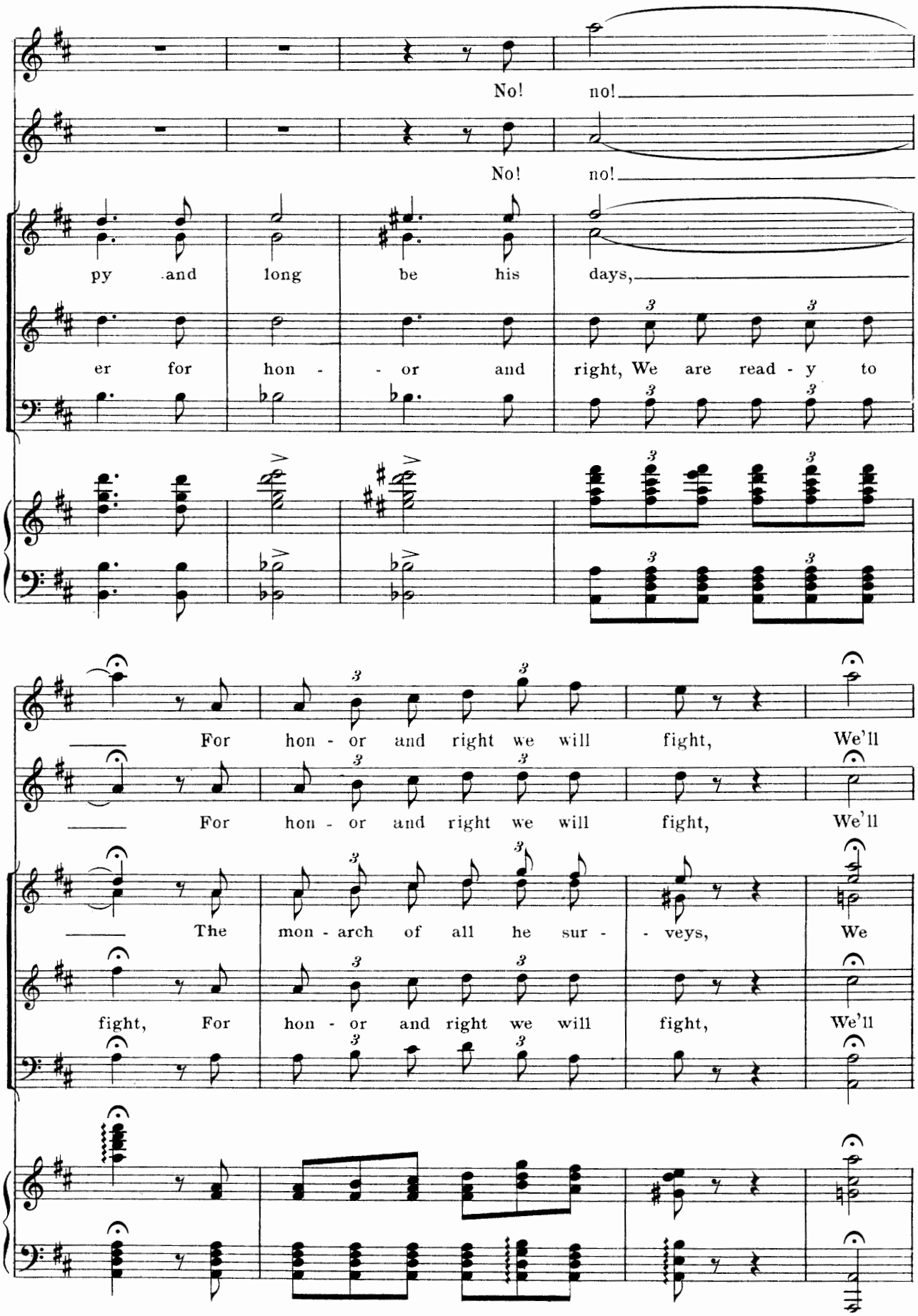

mon - arch of all I sur - vey, And ev - 'ry - thing's com - ing my
NIGHTINGALE.
way.
No! no!
CHORUS.
He's mon - arch, He's mon - arch, He's mon - arch of all he sur -
No! no!
No! no!
No! no! no!
veys.
Hip hip and hur - ray!
no!
Our du - ty is
clear,
No trai - tor we

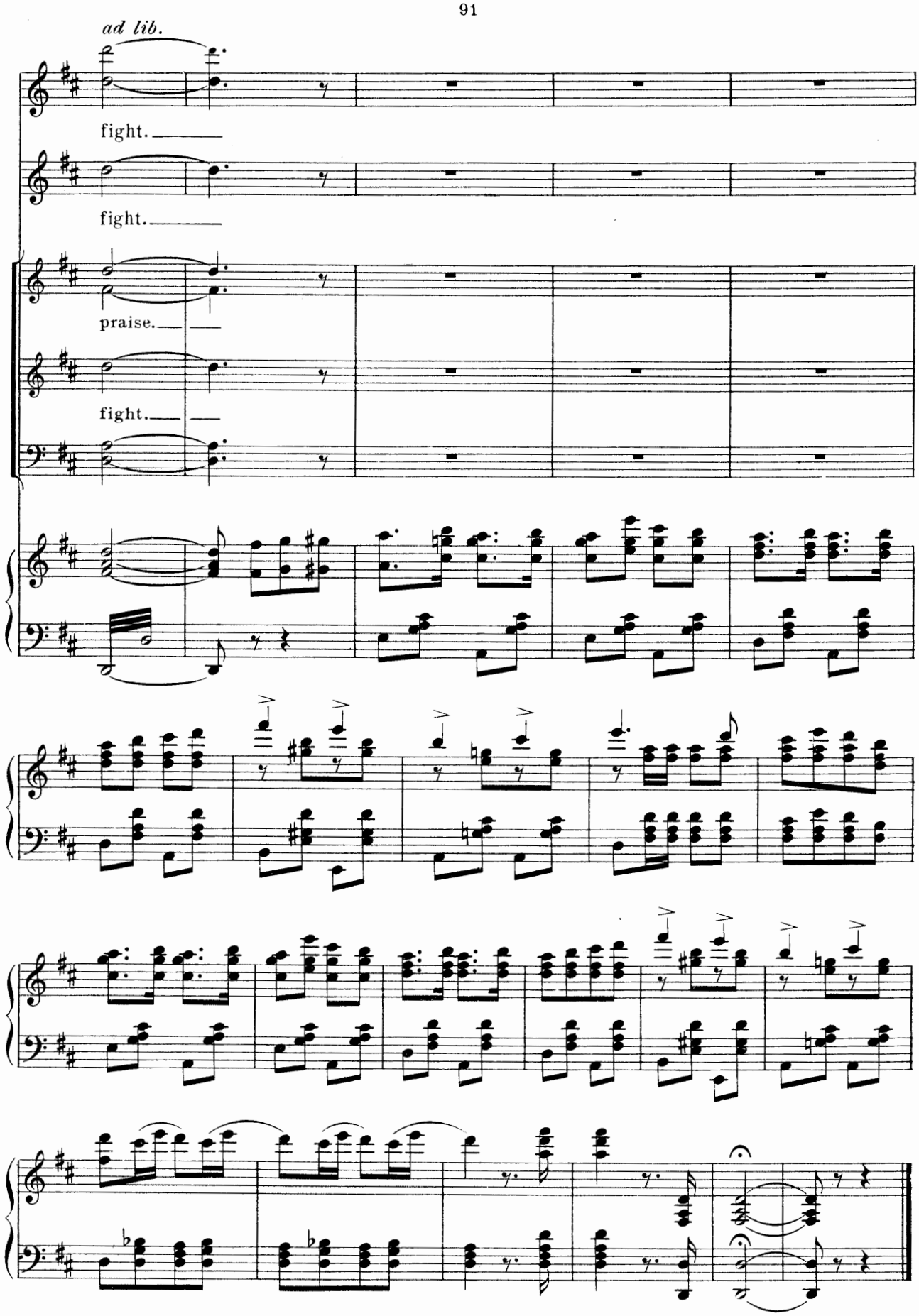

Long live the Blue - jay!
Oh joy-ful - ly sing,
fear, Till trea-son is ov - er - thrown, We're will-ing to
We have a new King.
Our spir-its are light,
stand a - lone. For hon-or and right, We're read-y to
With won-drous de - light,
Re-joice and be gay, long live the Blue-
fight, What-ev-er this day may bring, We'll serve our


NIGHTINGALE.
Ah!
jay. Come let us make this day en - tranc - ing gay with
King. Our du - ty is clear,
Ah!
mus - ic, wine and danc - ing, Let us join in praise of
No trai - tor we fear. No trai - tor


Ah!
Ah!
him we crown to - day. Now glad - ness joy and
No trai - tor we fear. For hon - or and
plea - sure, Shall be ours in ful - lest mea - sure, For he's mon - arch of
right, We're read - y to fight.


NIGHTINGALE.
No! no!
ROBIN.
No! no!
all he sur - - veys.
Hap - py and
We shall be read - y to fight,
ffz
No! no!
No! no!
long be his days,
Hap -
Ev - er for hon - or and right,
Ev -
ffz


No! no!
No! no!
py and long be his days,
er for hon - - or and right, We are read - y to
For hon - or and right we will fight, We'll
For hon - or and right we will fight, We'll
The mon - arch of all he sur - - veys, We
fight, For hon - or and right we will fight, We'll


ad lib.
fight.
fight.
praise.
fight.

No 8.

Clear The Way.

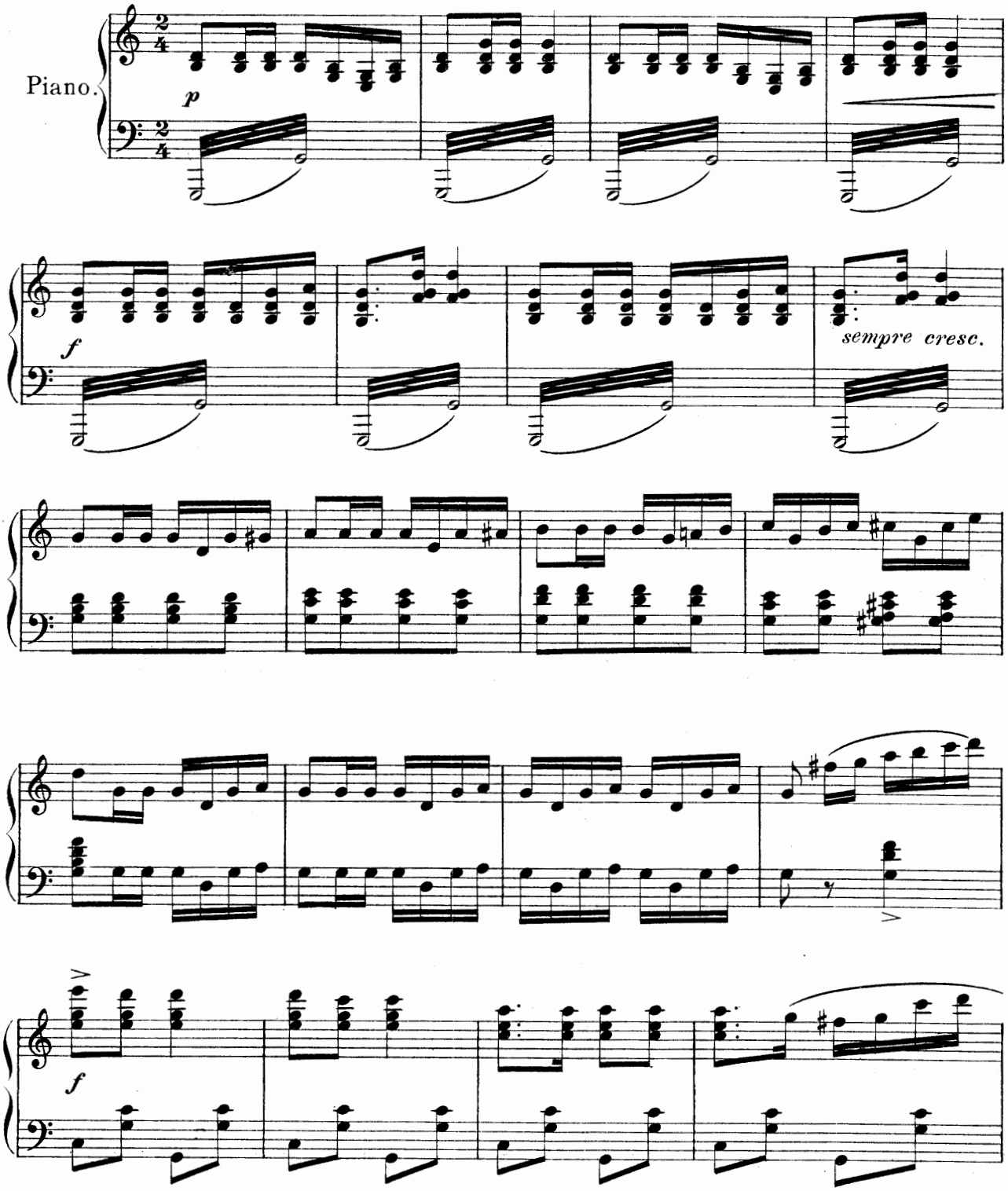
OPENING.

Sparrow and Female Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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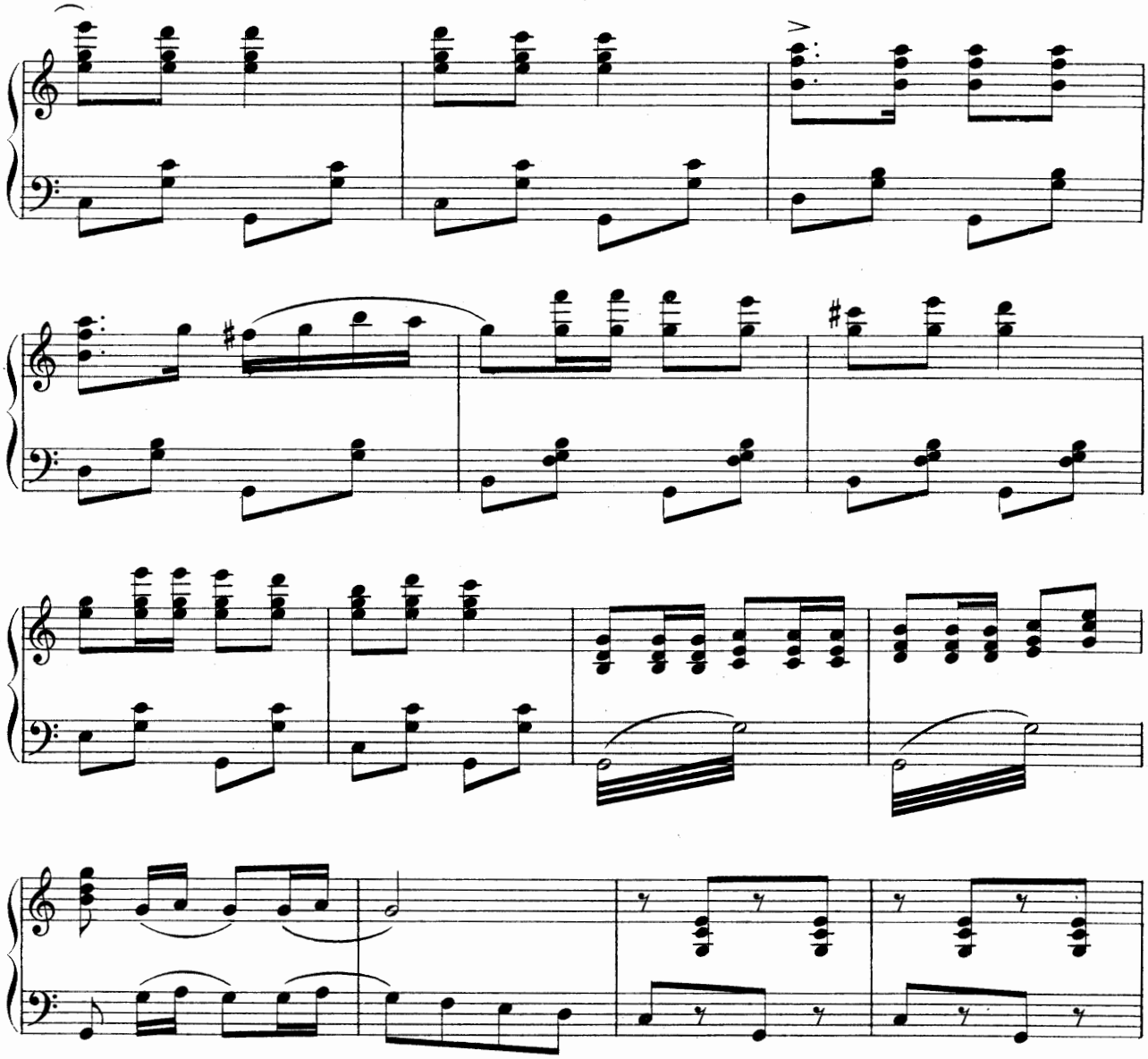
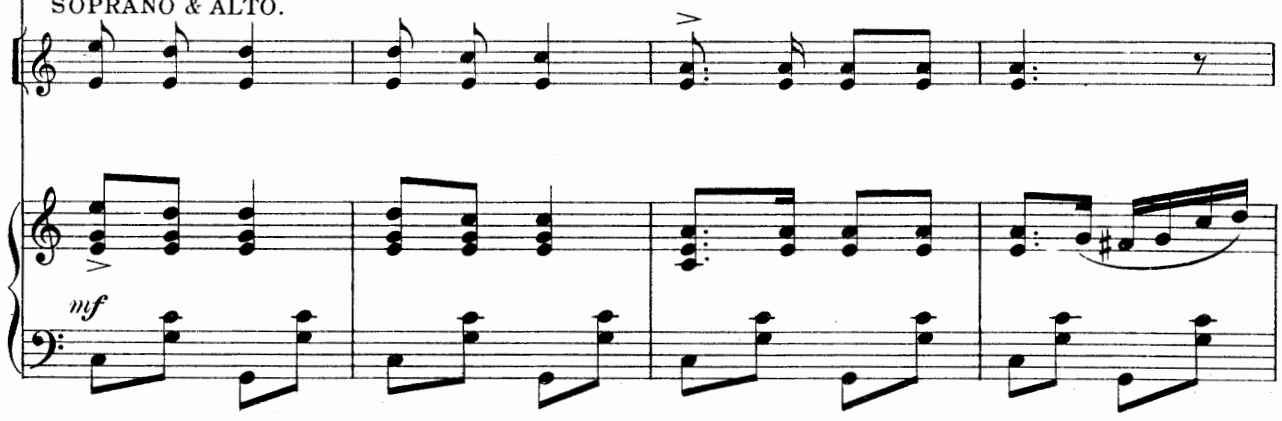
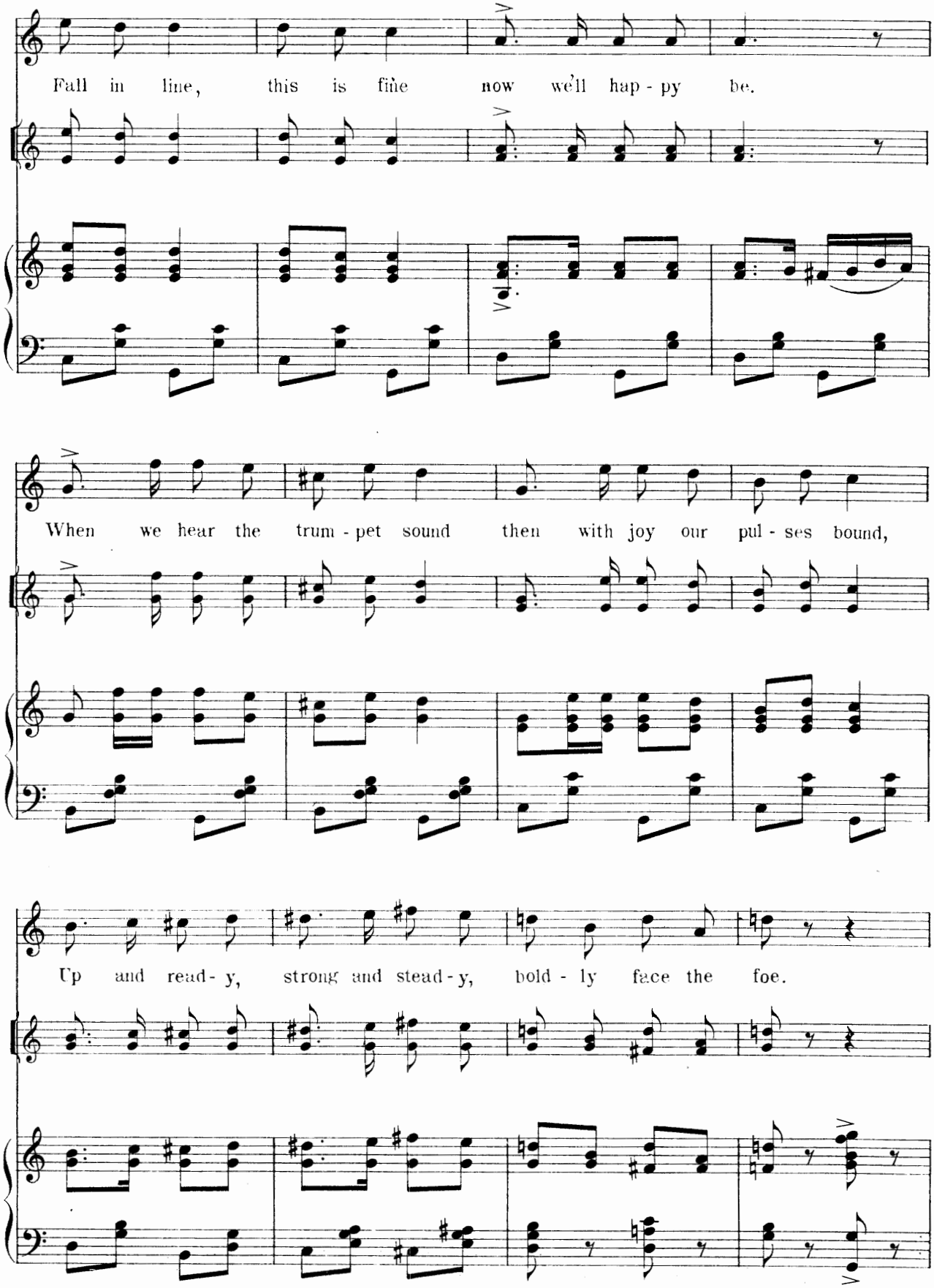


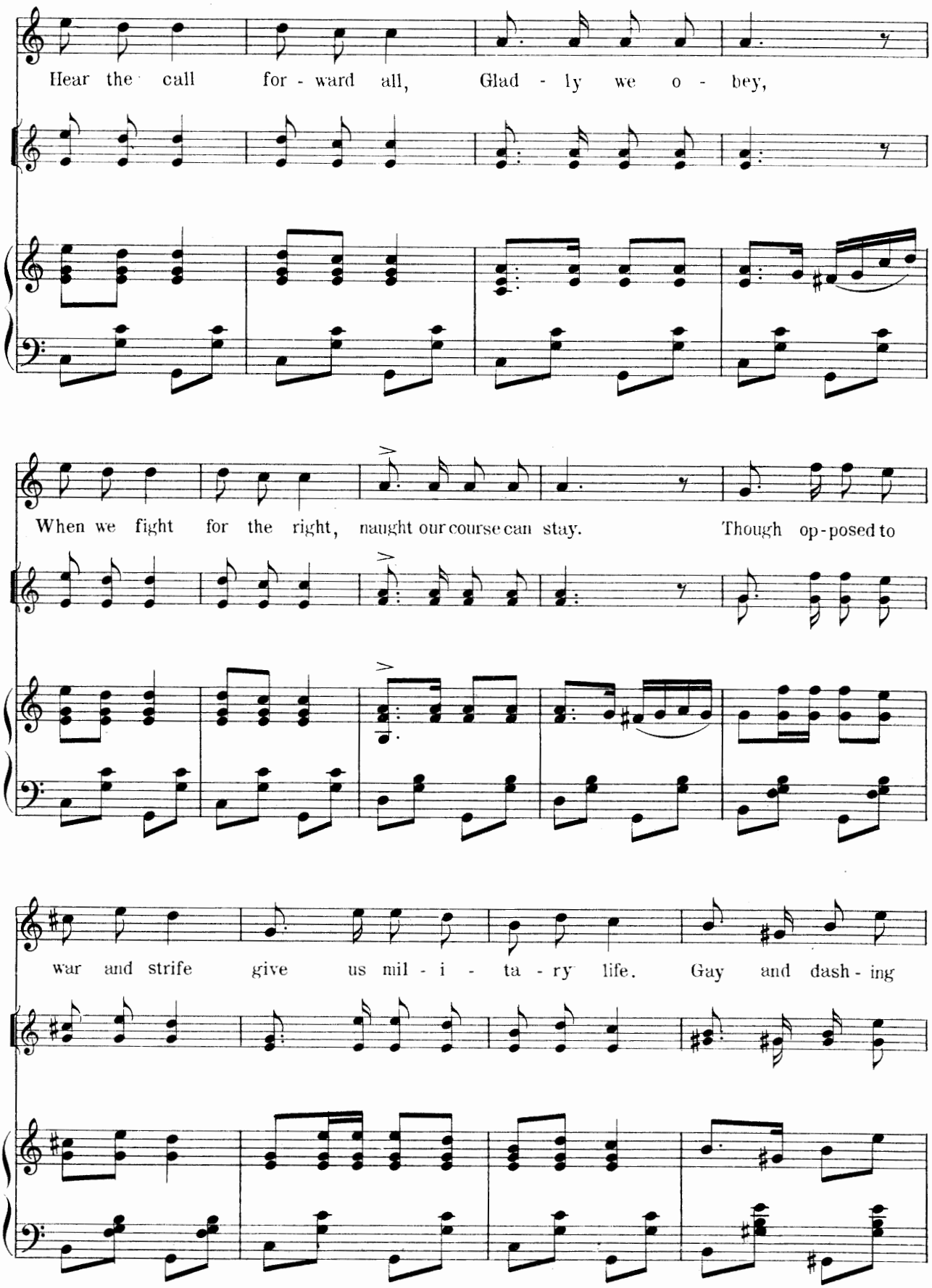
SPARROW.

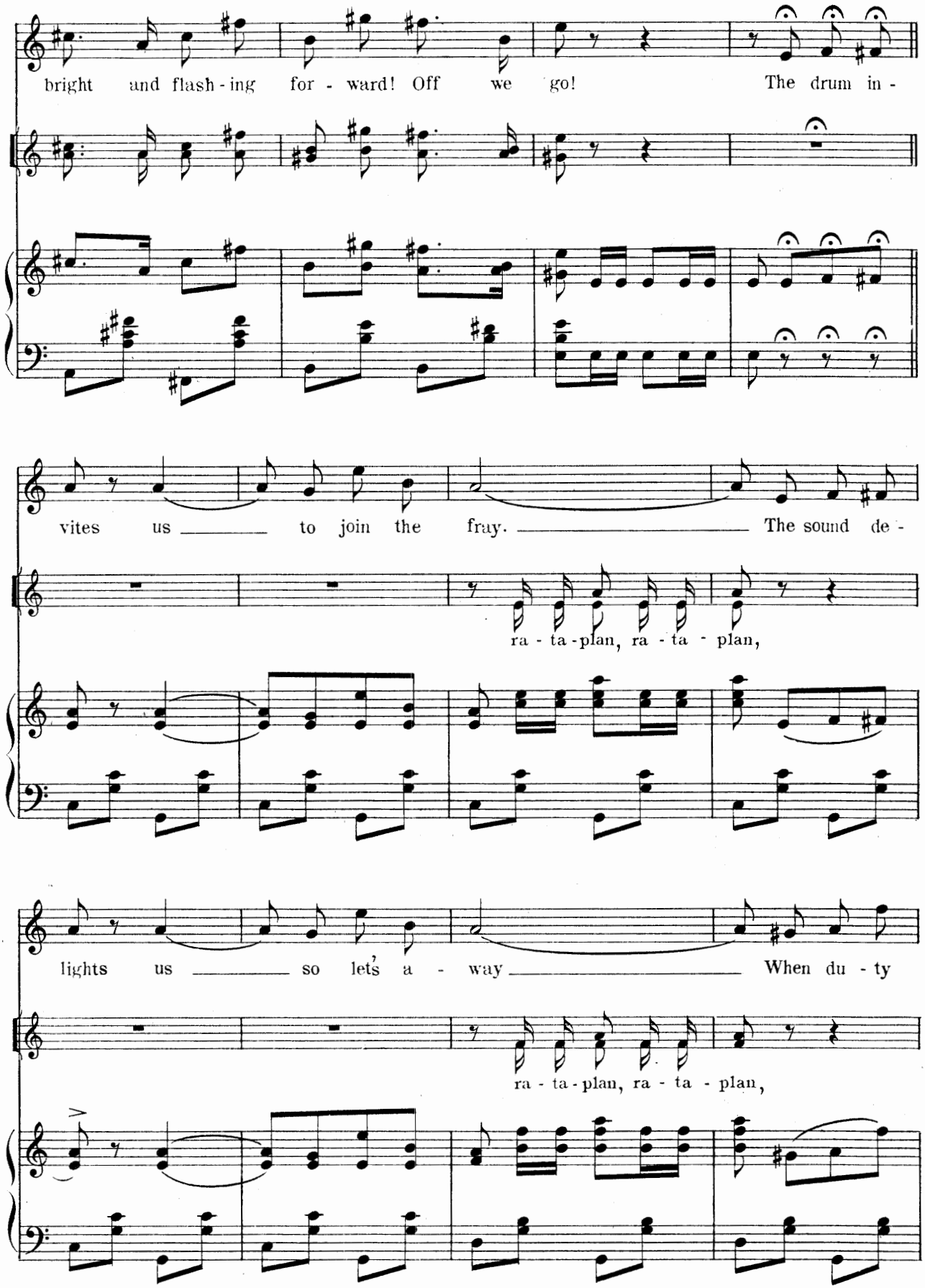
Clear the way! Blithe and gay. Sol - diers brave are we,

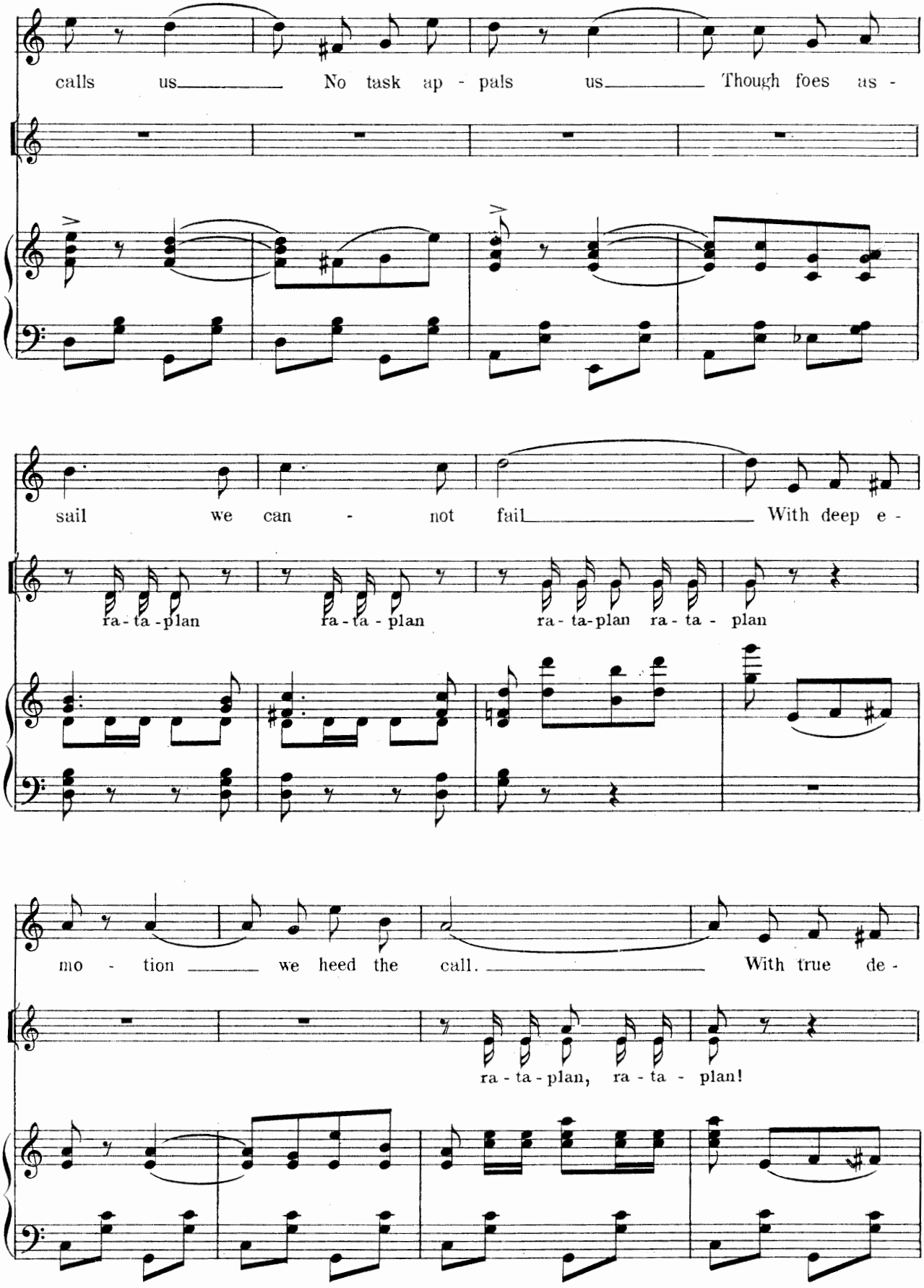
SOPRANO & ALTO.

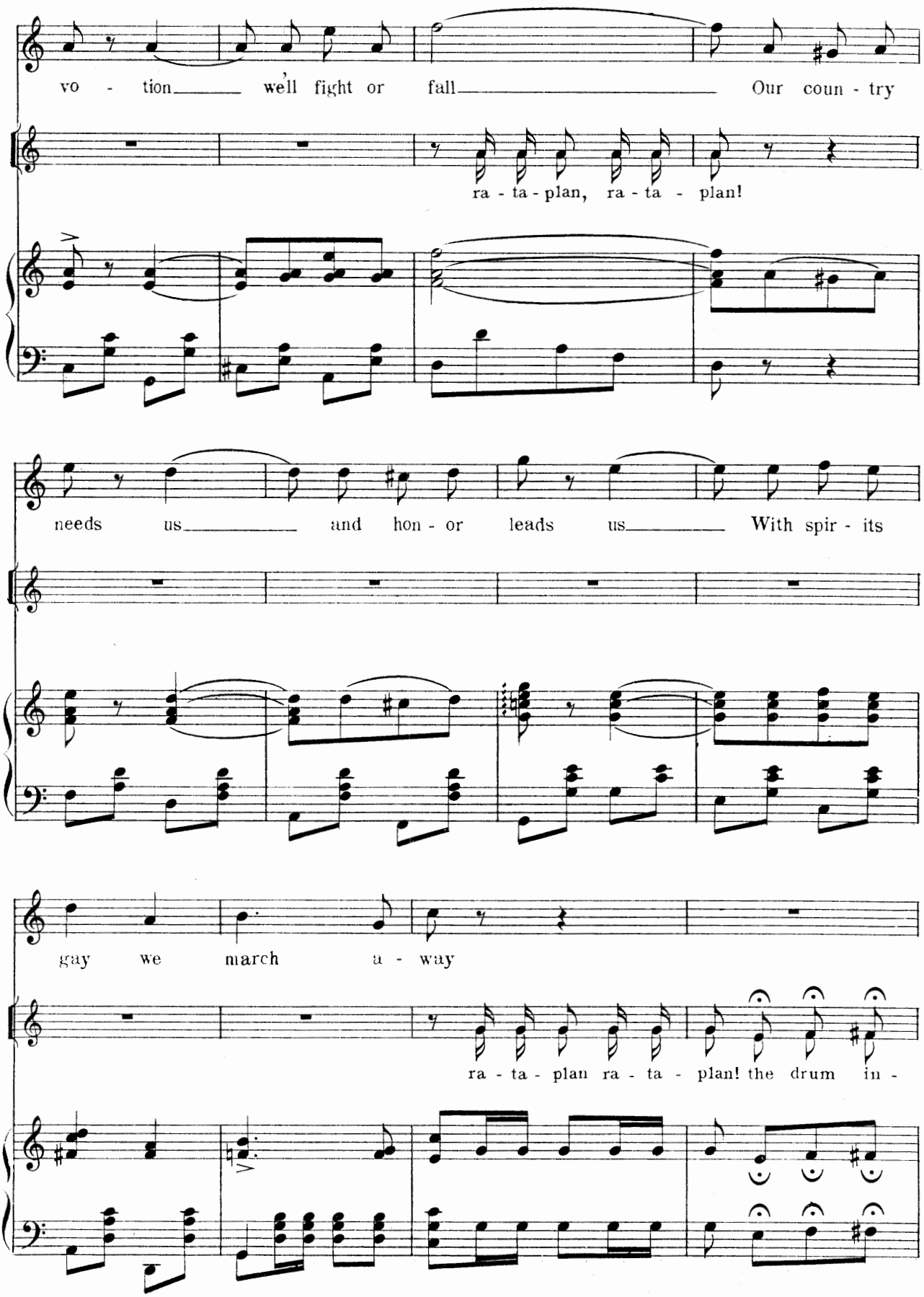


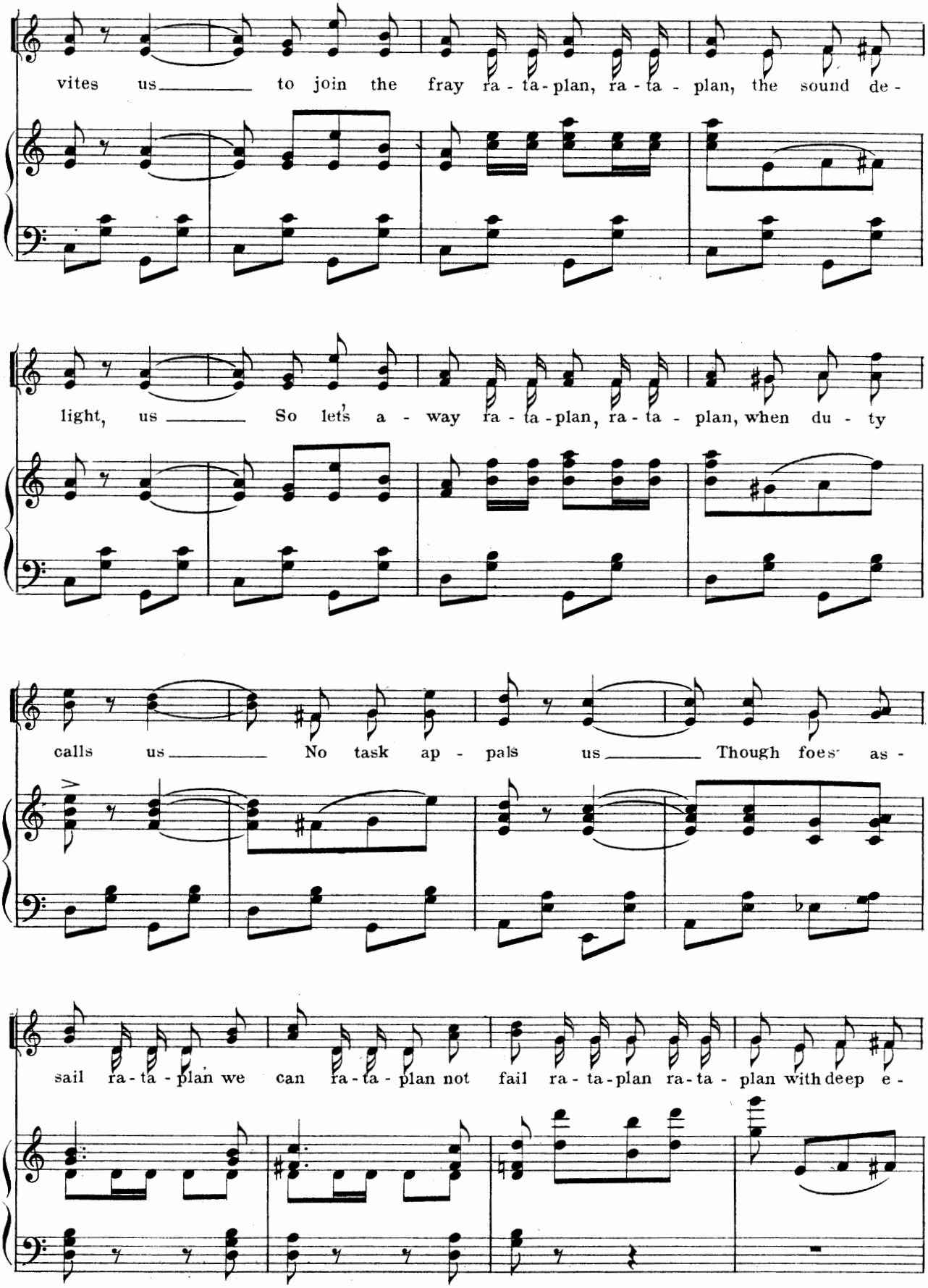

Fall in line, this is fine now we'll hap - py be.
When we hear the trum - pet sound then with joy our pul - ses bound,
Up and read - y, strong and stead - y, bold - ly face the foe.

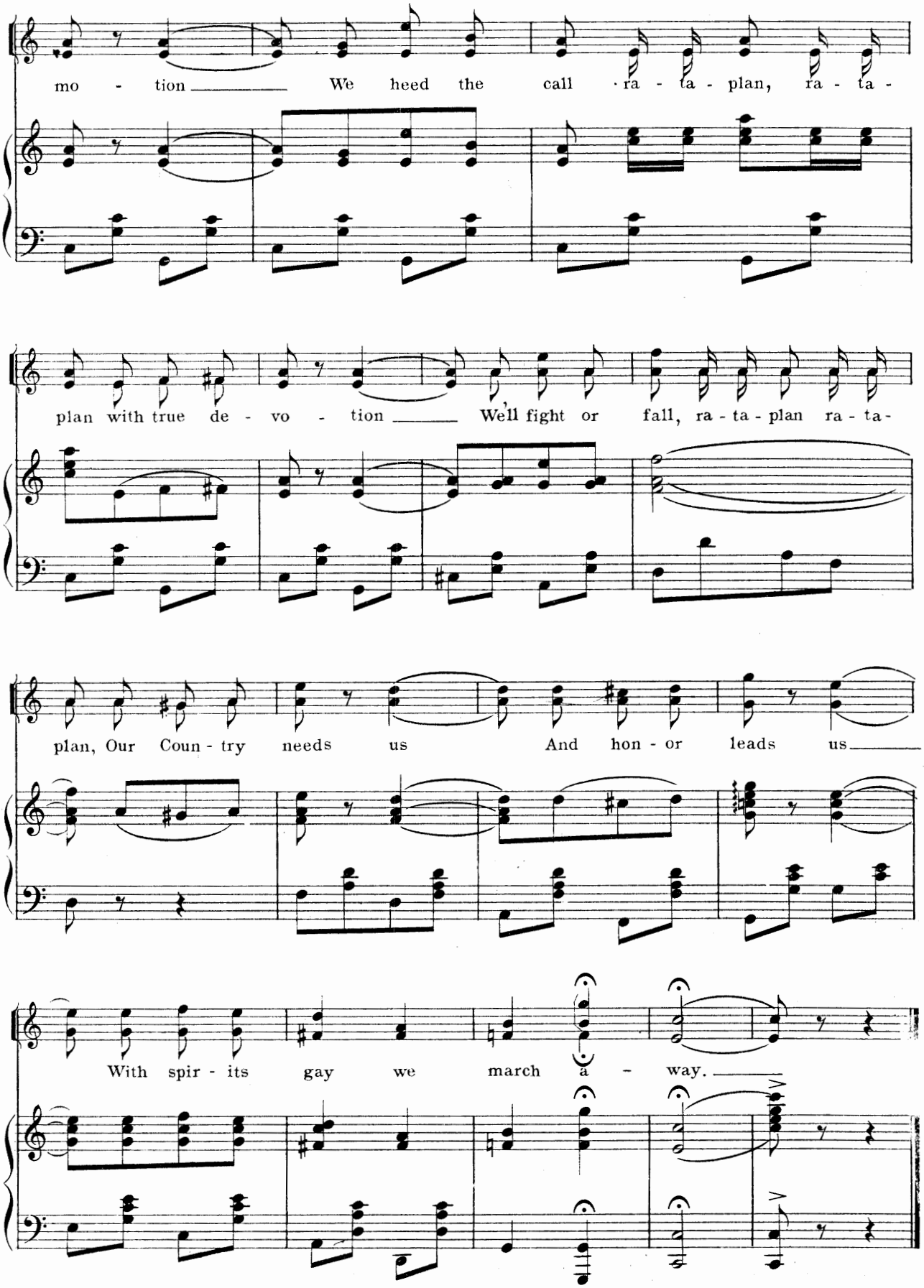

Hear the call for - ward all, Glad - ly we o - bey,
When we fight for the right, naught our course can stay. Though op-posed to
war and strife give us mil - i - ta - ry life. Gay and dash - ing


bright and flash - ing for - ward! Off we go! The drum in -
vites us to join the fray. The sound de -
ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan,
lights us so let's a - way When du - ty
ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan,


calls us No task ap - pals us Though foes as -
sail we can - not fail With deep e -
ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan
mo - tion we heed the call. With true de -
ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan!


vo - tion we'll fight or fall Our coun - try
ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan!
needs us and hon - or leads us With spir - its
gay we march a - way
ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan! the drum in -


vites us to join the fray ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, the sound de -
light, us So let's a - way ra - ta - plan, ra - ta - plan, when du - ty
calls us No task ap - pals us Though foes as -
sail ra - ta - plan we can ra - ta - plan not fail ra - ta - plan ra - ta - plan with deep e -

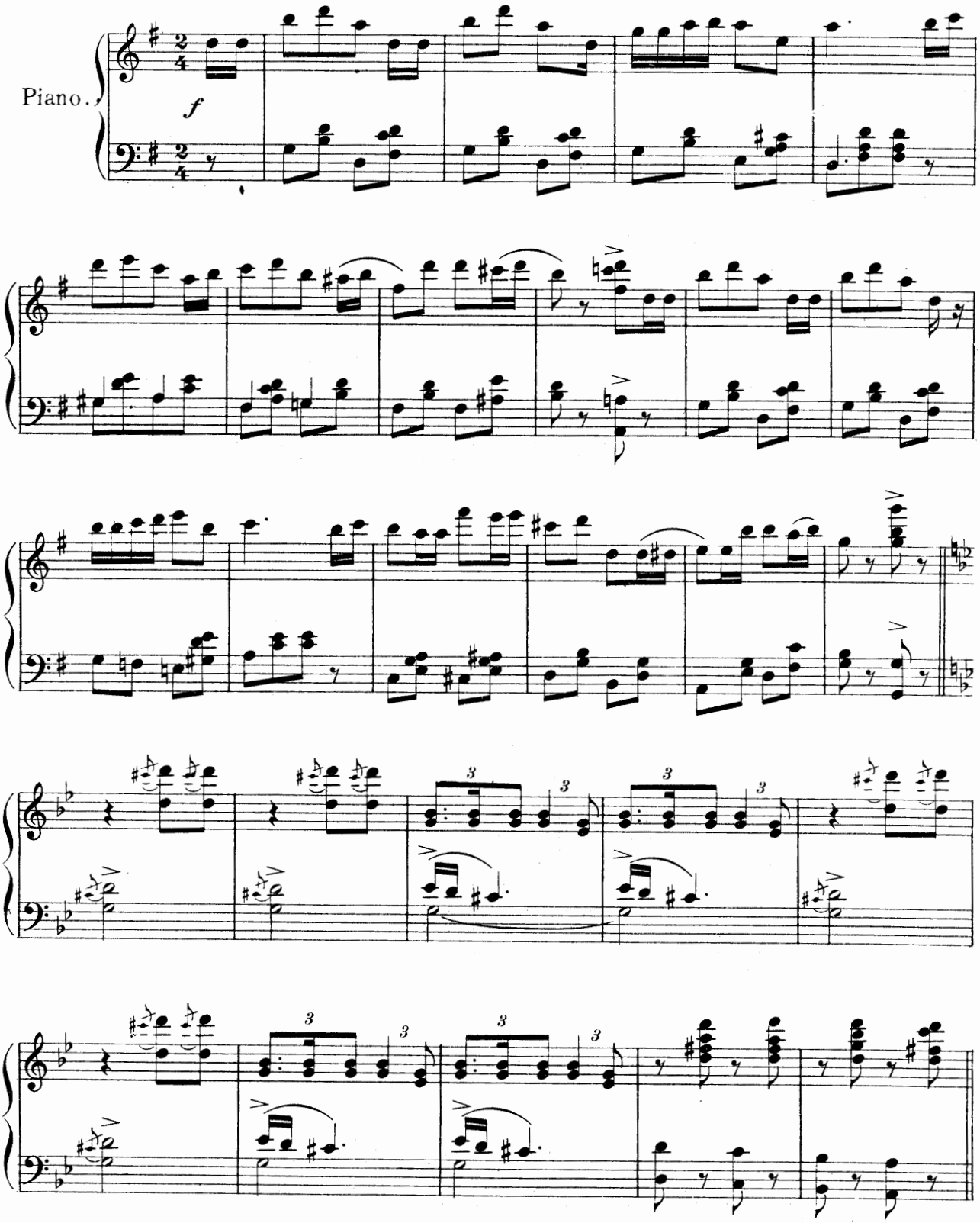

mo - tion We heed the call ra - ta - plan, ra - ta -
plan with true de - vo - tion We'll fight or fall, ra - ta - plan ra - ta -
plan, Our Coun - try needs us And hon - or leads us
With spir - its gay we march a - way.

No. 9. You Never Can Tell Till You Try.

Rooster and Female Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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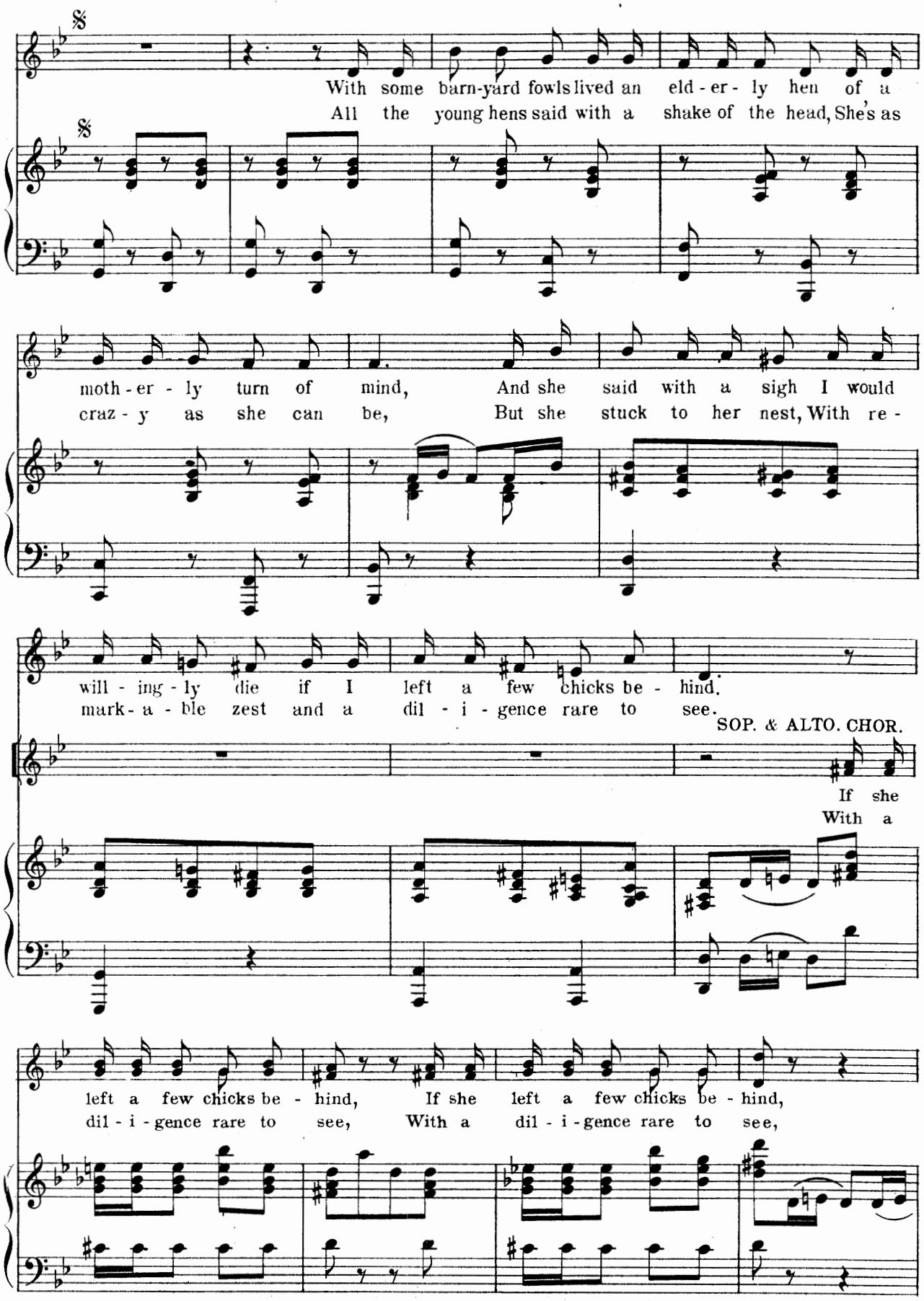
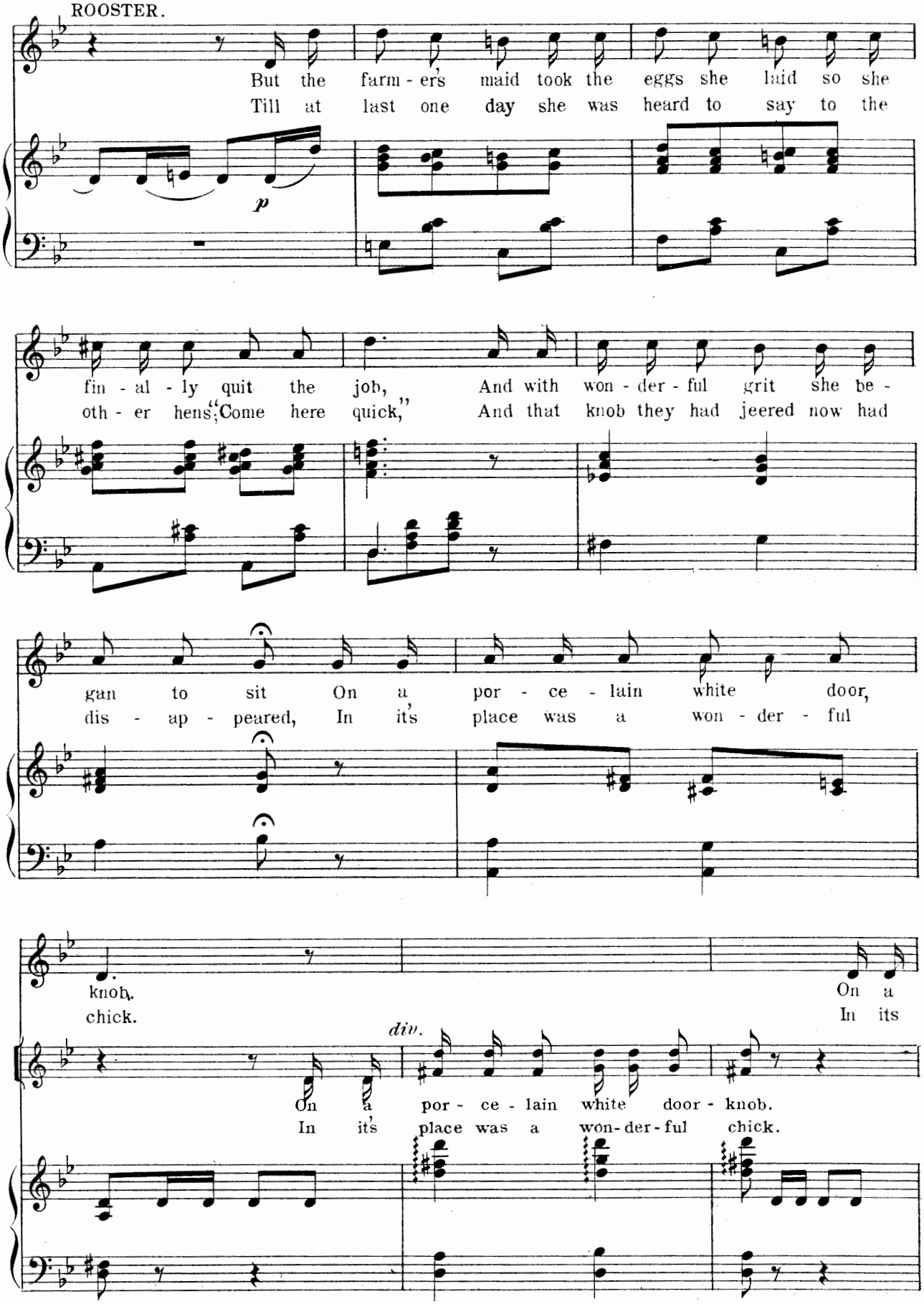
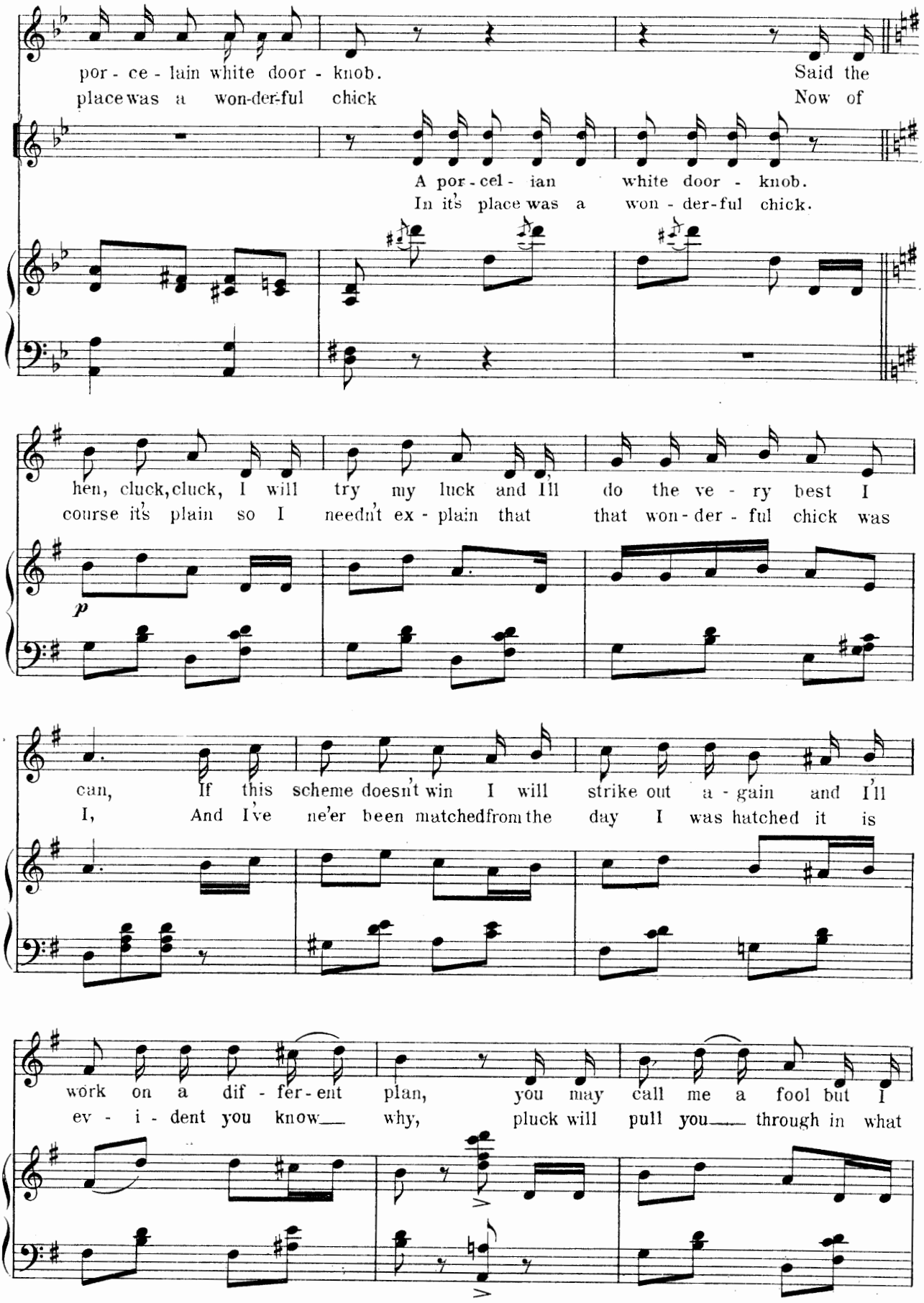
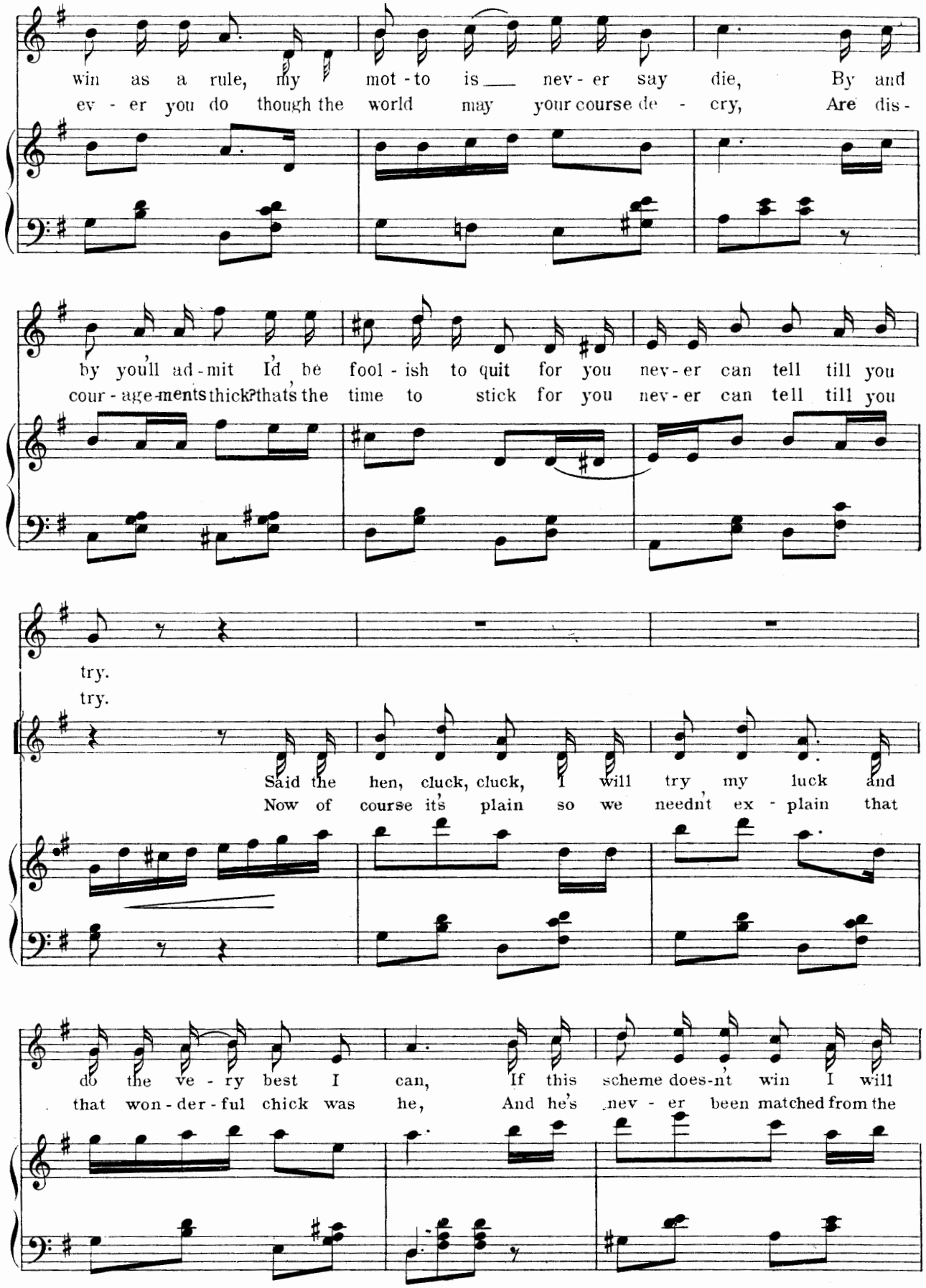
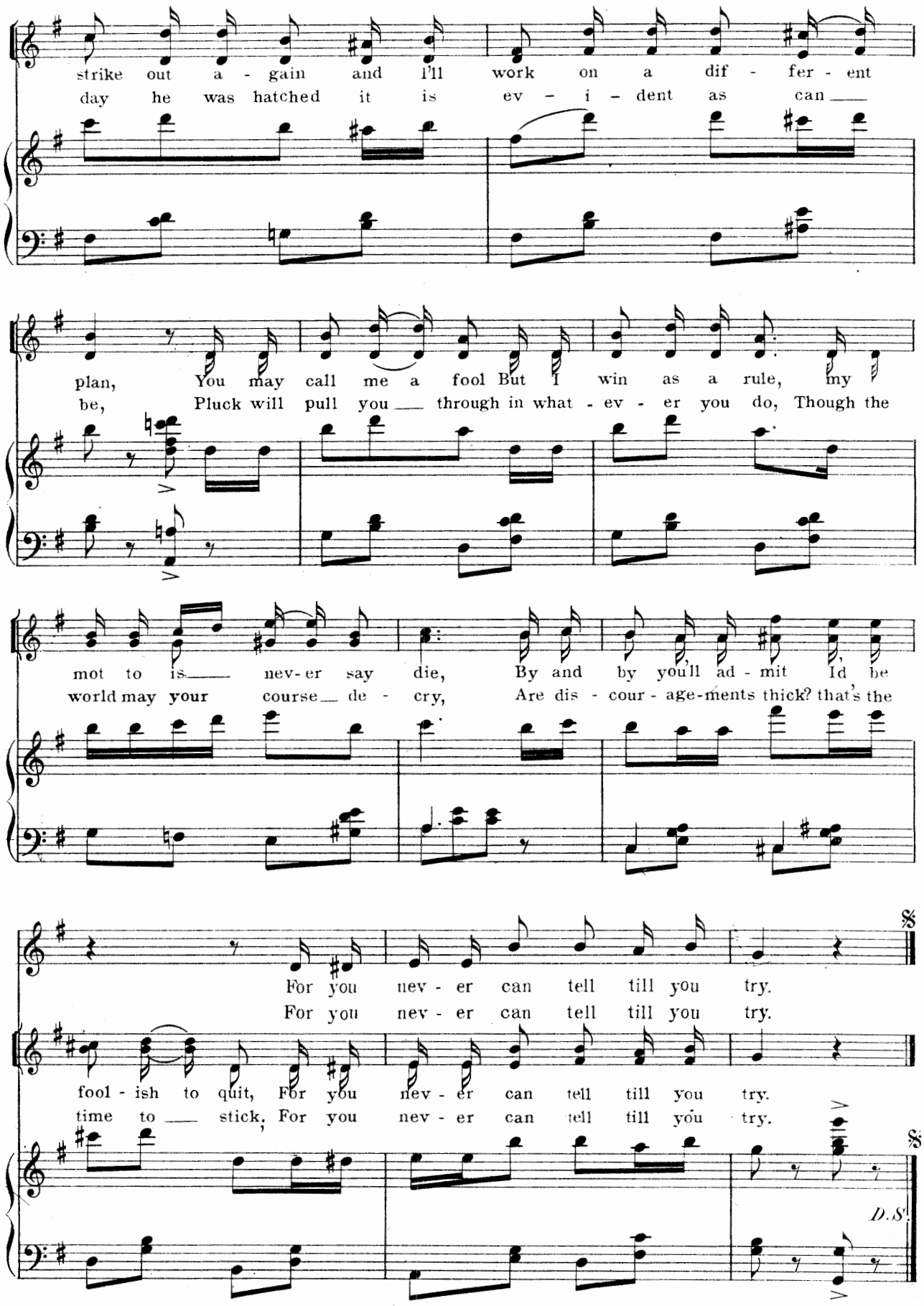

With some barn-yard fowls lived an eld - er - ly hen of a
All the young hens said with a shake of the head, She's as
moth - er - ly turn of mind, And she said with a sigh I would
craz - y as she can be, But she stuck to her nest, With re -
will - ing - ly die if I left a few chicks be - hind.
mark - a - ble zest and a dil - i - gence rare to see.
SOP. & ALTO. CHOR.
If she
With a
left a few chicks be - hind, If she left a few chicks be - hind,
dil - i - gence rare to see, With a dil - i - gence rare to see,


ROOSTER.
But the farm - er's maid took the eggs she laid so she
Till at last one day she was heard to say to the
p
fin - al - ly quit the job, And with won - der - ful grit she be -
oth - er hens, "Come here quick," And that knob they had jeered now had
gan to sit On a por - ce - lain white door,
dis - ap - peared, In it's place was a won - der - ful
knob.
chick.
On a
In its
div.
On a por - ce - lain white door - knob.
In it's place was a won-der-ful chick.


por - ce - lain white door - knob.
place was a won-der-ful chick
Said the
Now of
A por - cel - ian white door - knob.
In it's place was a won - der-ful chick.
hen, cluck, cluck, I will try my luck and I'll do the ve - ry best I
course it's plain so I needn't ex - plain that that won - der - ful chick was
p
can, If this scheme doesn't win I will strike out a - gain and I'll
I, And I've ne'er been matched from the day I was hatched it is
work on a dif - fer - ent plan, you may call me a fool but I
ev - i - dent you know___ why, pluck will pull you___ through in what


win as a rule, my mot - to is nev - er say die, By and
ev - er you do though the world may your course de - cry, Are dis -
by you'll ad - mit I'd be fool - ish to quit for you nev - er can tell till you
cour - age-ments thick? that's the time to stick for you nev - er can tell till you
try.
try.
Said the hen, cluck, cluck, I will try my luck and
Now of course it's plain so we needn't ex - plain that
do the ve - ry best I can, If this scheme does-n't win I will
that won - der - ful chick was he, And he's nev - er been matched from the

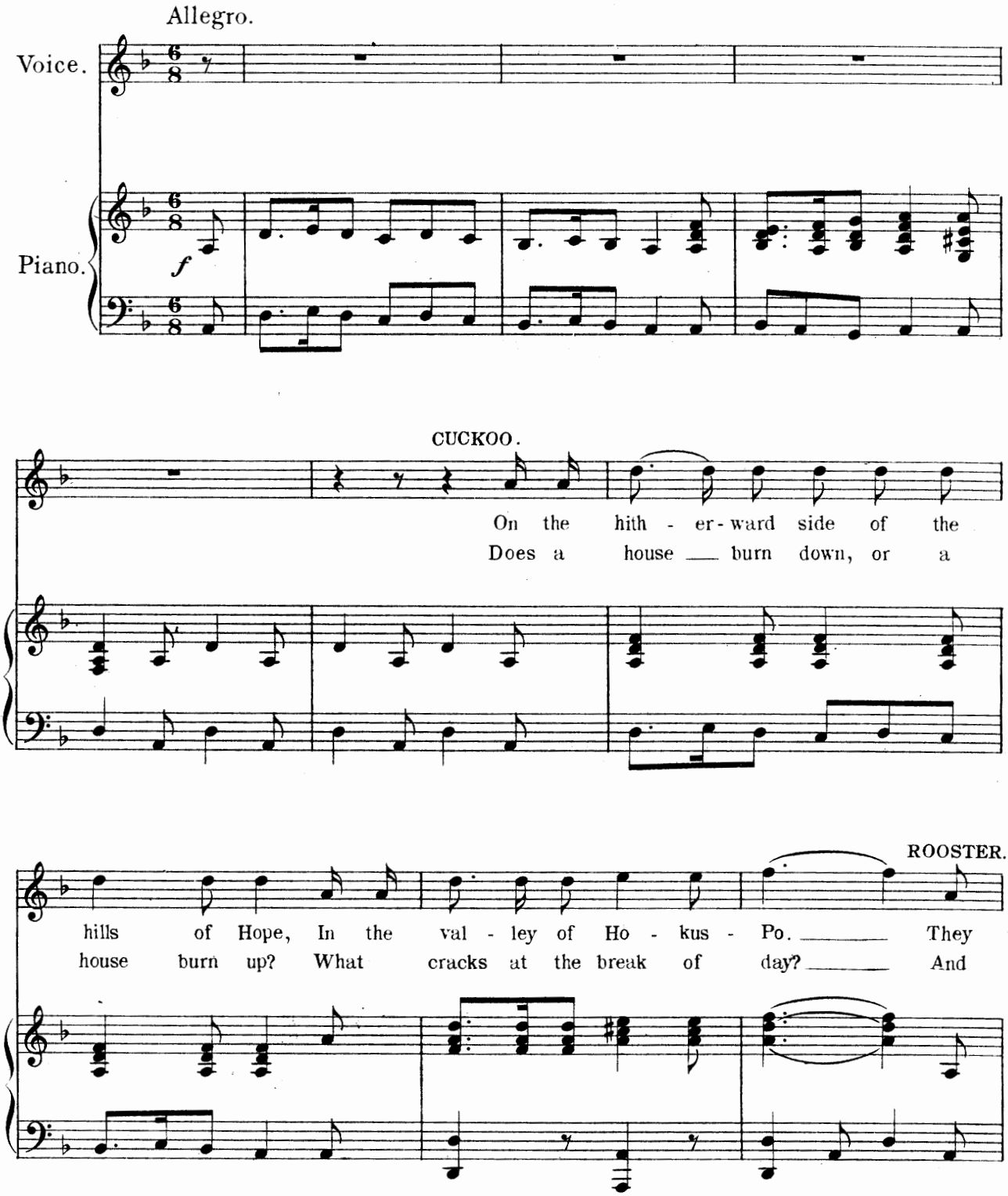

strike out a - gain and I'll work on a dif - fer - ent
day he was hatched it is ev - i - dent as can
plan, You may call me a fool But I win as a rule, my
be, Pluck will pull you through in what - ev - er you do, Though the
mot to is nev-er say die, By and by you'll ad - mit Id be
world may your course de - cry, Are dis - cour - age-ments thick? that's the
For you nev - er can tell till you try.
For you nev - er can tell till you try.
fool - ish to quit, For you nev - er can tell till you try.
time to stick, For you nev - er can tell till you try.
D.S.

№ 10. The Valley Of Hokus Po.

Blue Jay Cuckoo, Owl, Rooster and Raven.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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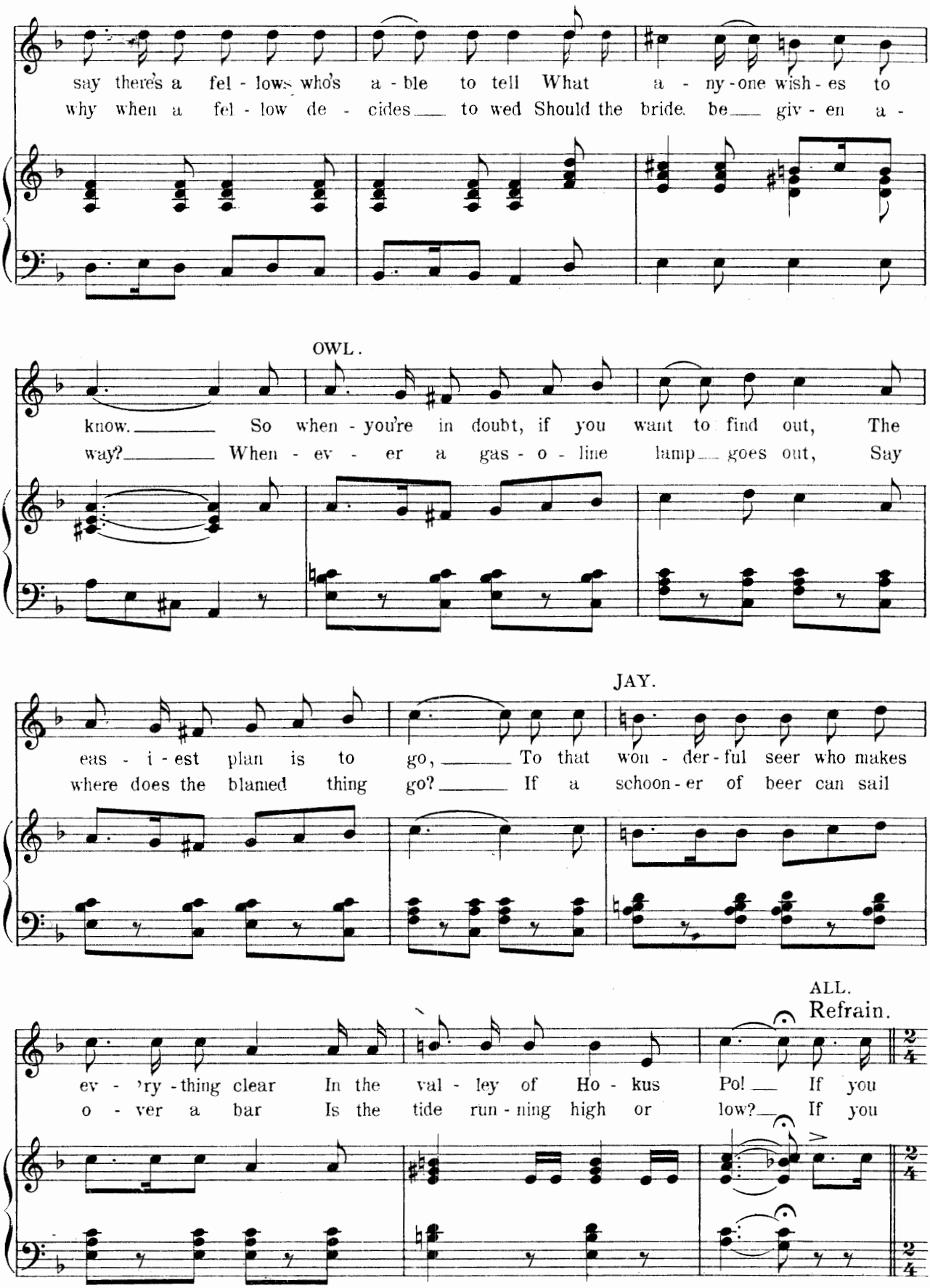
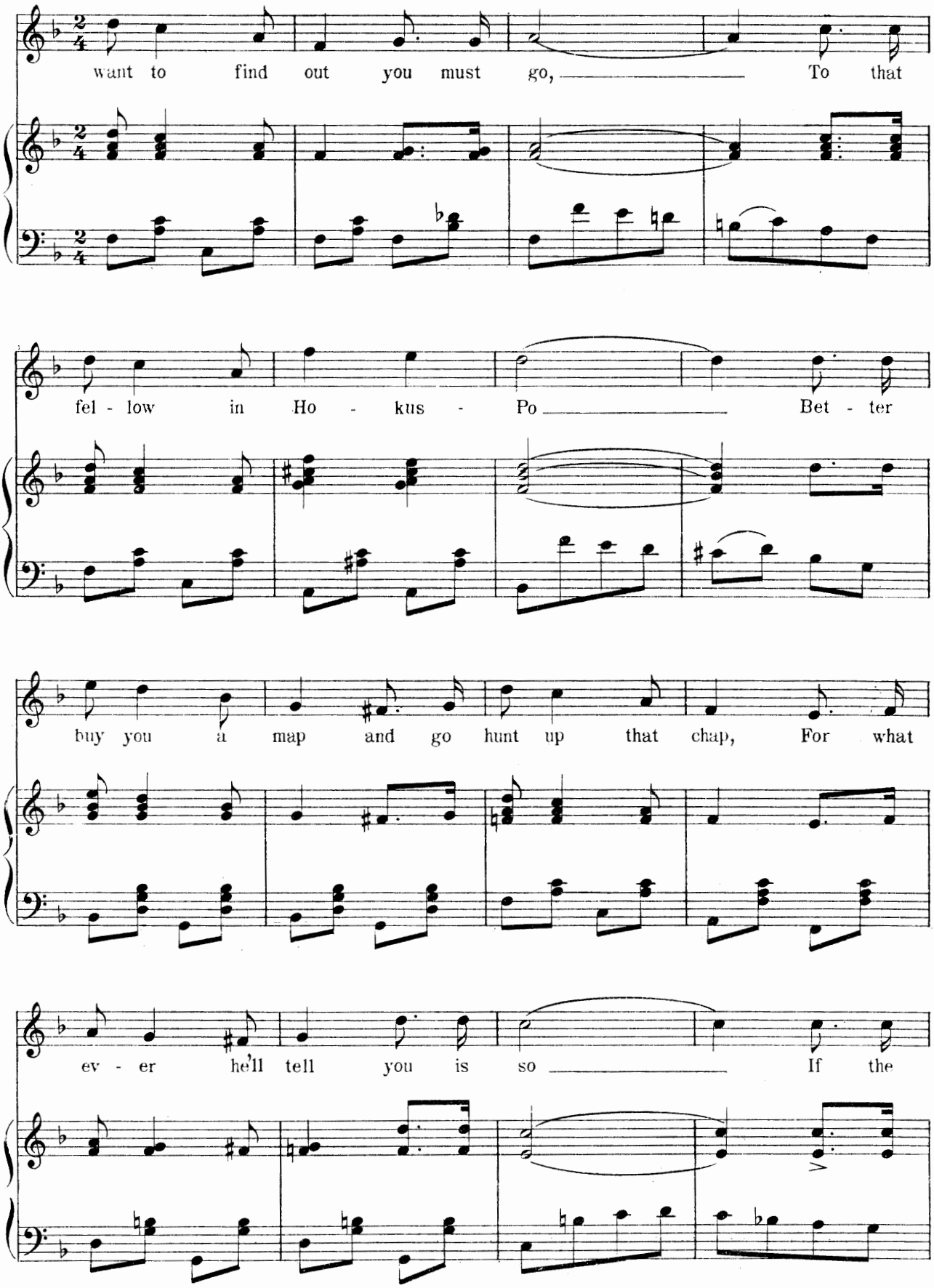
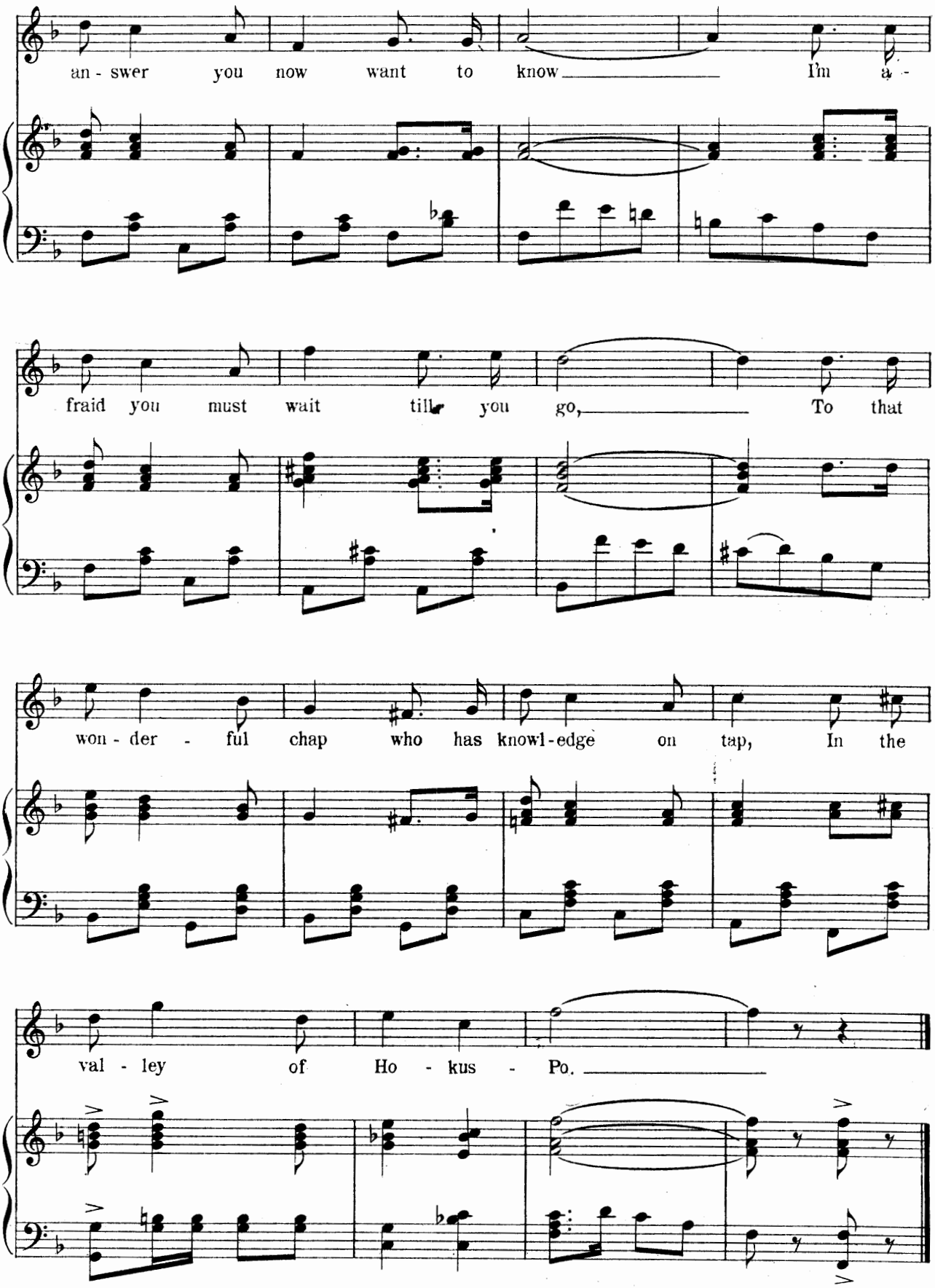

say there's a fel - lows who's a - ble to tell What a - ny-one wish - es to
why when a fel - low de - cides to wed Should the bride be giv - en a -
OWL.
know. So when - you're in doubt, if you want to find out, The
way? When - ev - er a gas - o - line lamp goes out, Say
JAY.
eas - i - est plan is to go, To that won - der-ful seer who makes
where does the blamed thing go? If a schoon - er of beer can sail
ALL.
Refrain.
ev - 'ry - thing clear In the val - ley of Ho - kus Po! If you
o - ver a bar Is the tide run - ning high or low? If you


want to find out you must go, To that
fel - low in Ho - kus - Po Bet - ter
buy you a map and go hunt up that chap, For what
ev - er he'll tell you is so If the


an - swer you now want to know I'm a -
fraid you must wait till you go, To that
won - der - ful chap who has know1 - edge on tap, In the
val - ley of Ho - kus - Po.

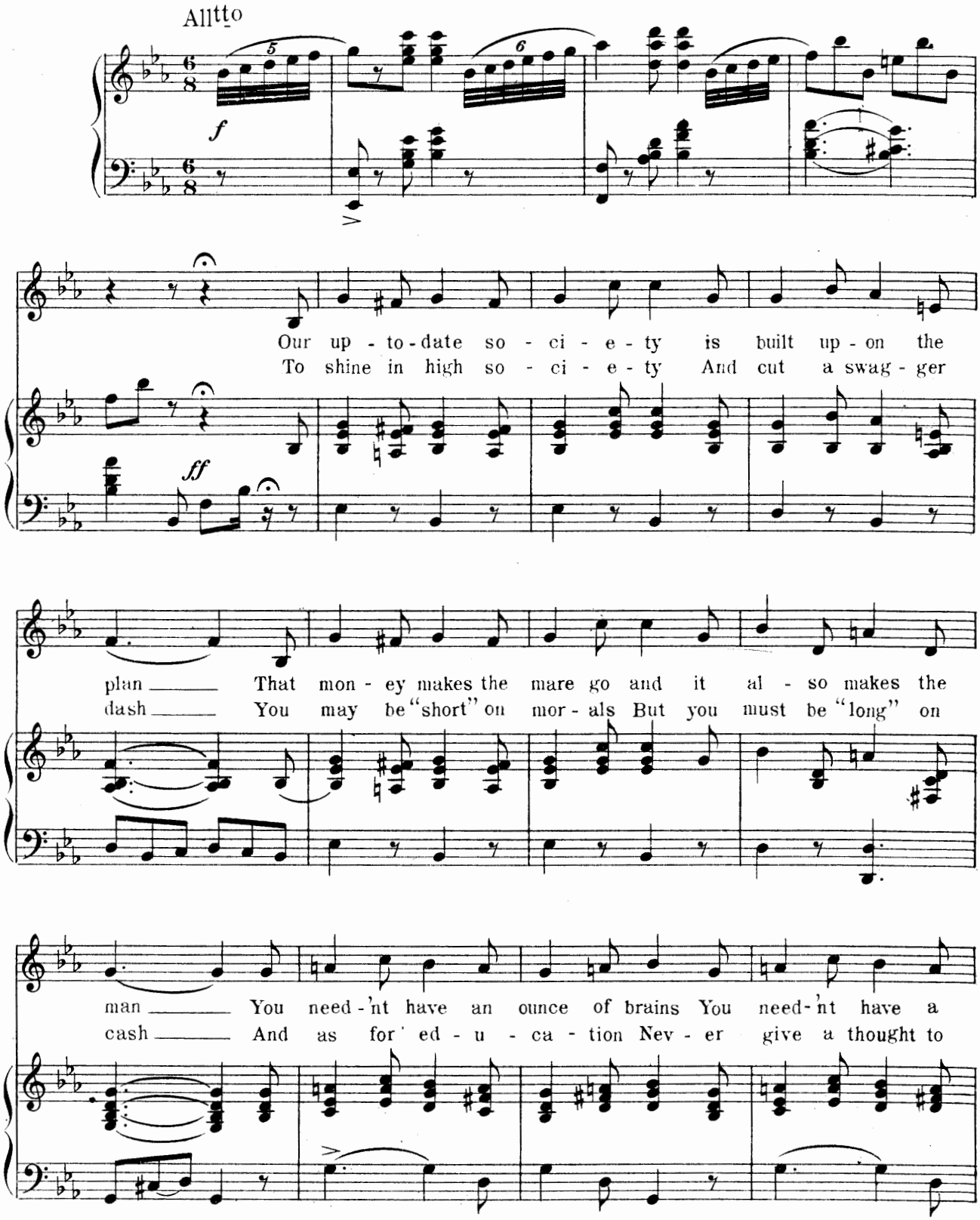
No 11.

Society.

Peacock and Chorus

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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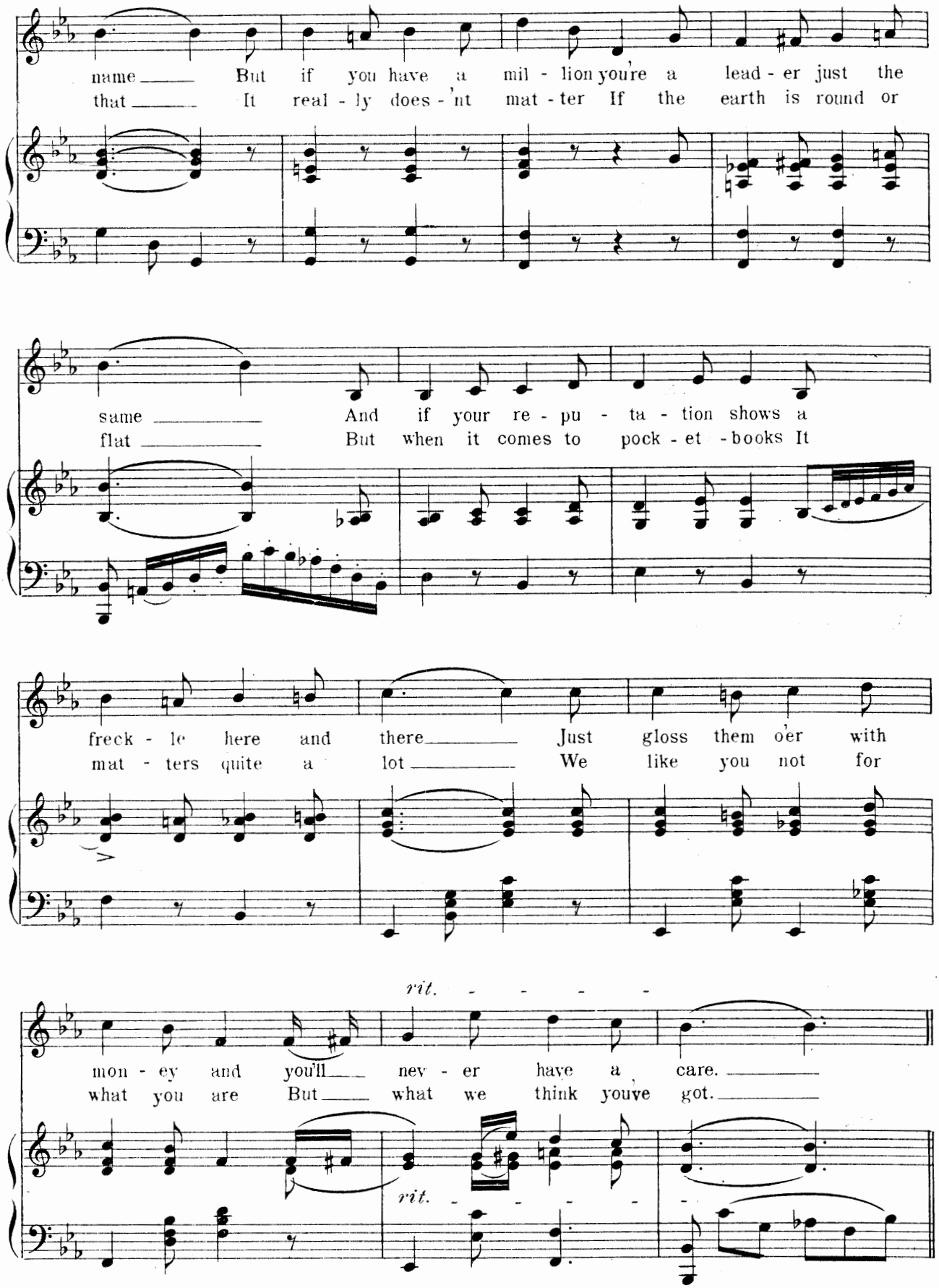
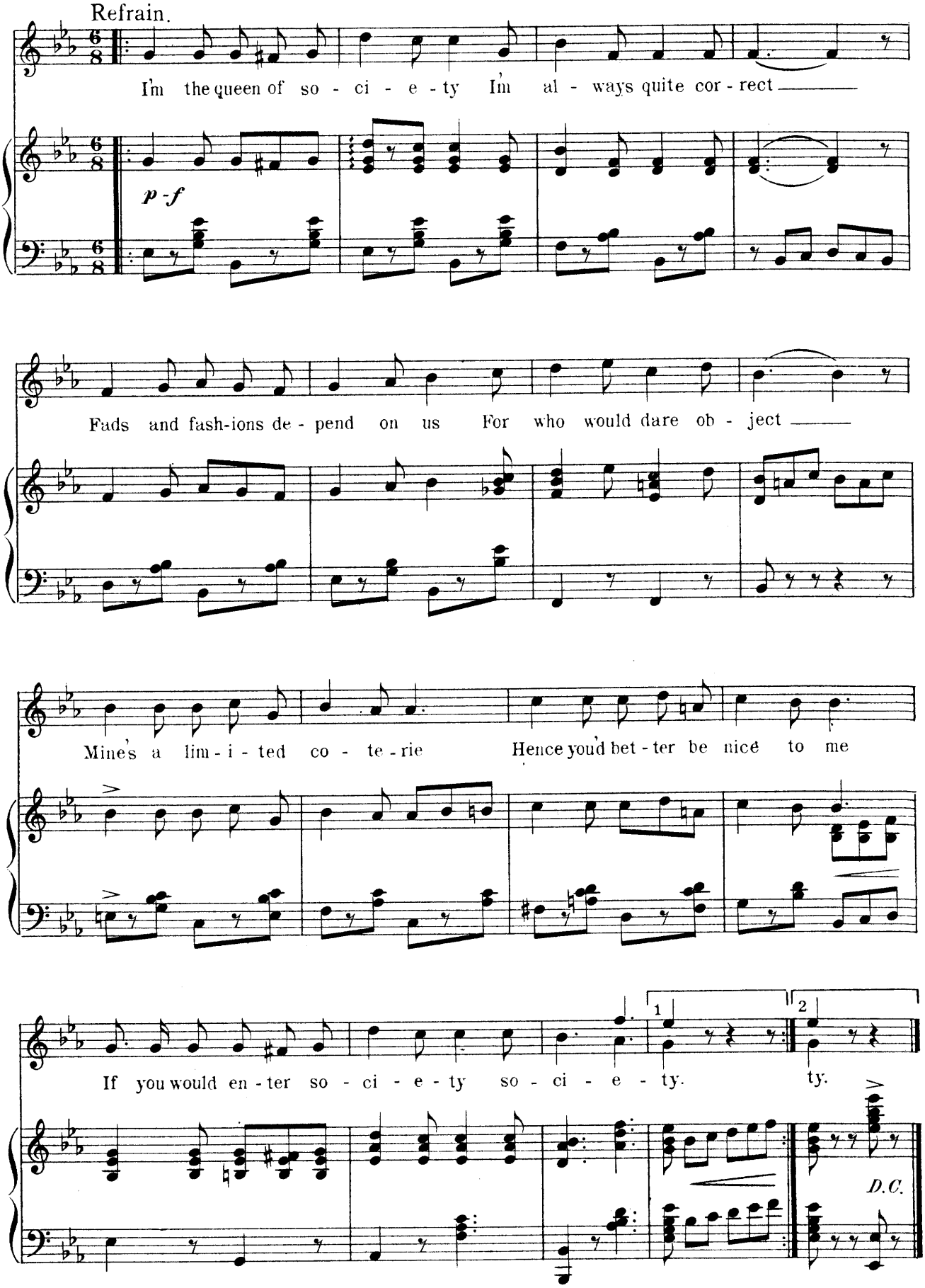

name ___ But if you have a mil - lion you're a lead - er just the
that ___ It real - ly does - 'nt mat - ter If the earth is round or
same ___ And if your re - pu - ta - tion shows a
flat ___ But when it comes to pock - et - books It
freck - le here and there ___ Just gloss them o'er with
mat - ters quite a lot ___ We like you not for
rit. - - - - -
mon - ey and you'll ___ nev - er have a care. ___
what you are But ___ what we think you've got. ___
rit. - - - - -


Refrain.
I'm the queen of so - ci - e - ty I'm al - ways quite cor - rect
p - f
Fads and fash-ions de - pend on us For who would dare ob - ject
Mine's a lim - i - ted co - te - rie Hence you'd bet - ter be nice to me
If you would en - ter so - ci - e - ty so - ci - e - ty. ty.
1
2
D.C.

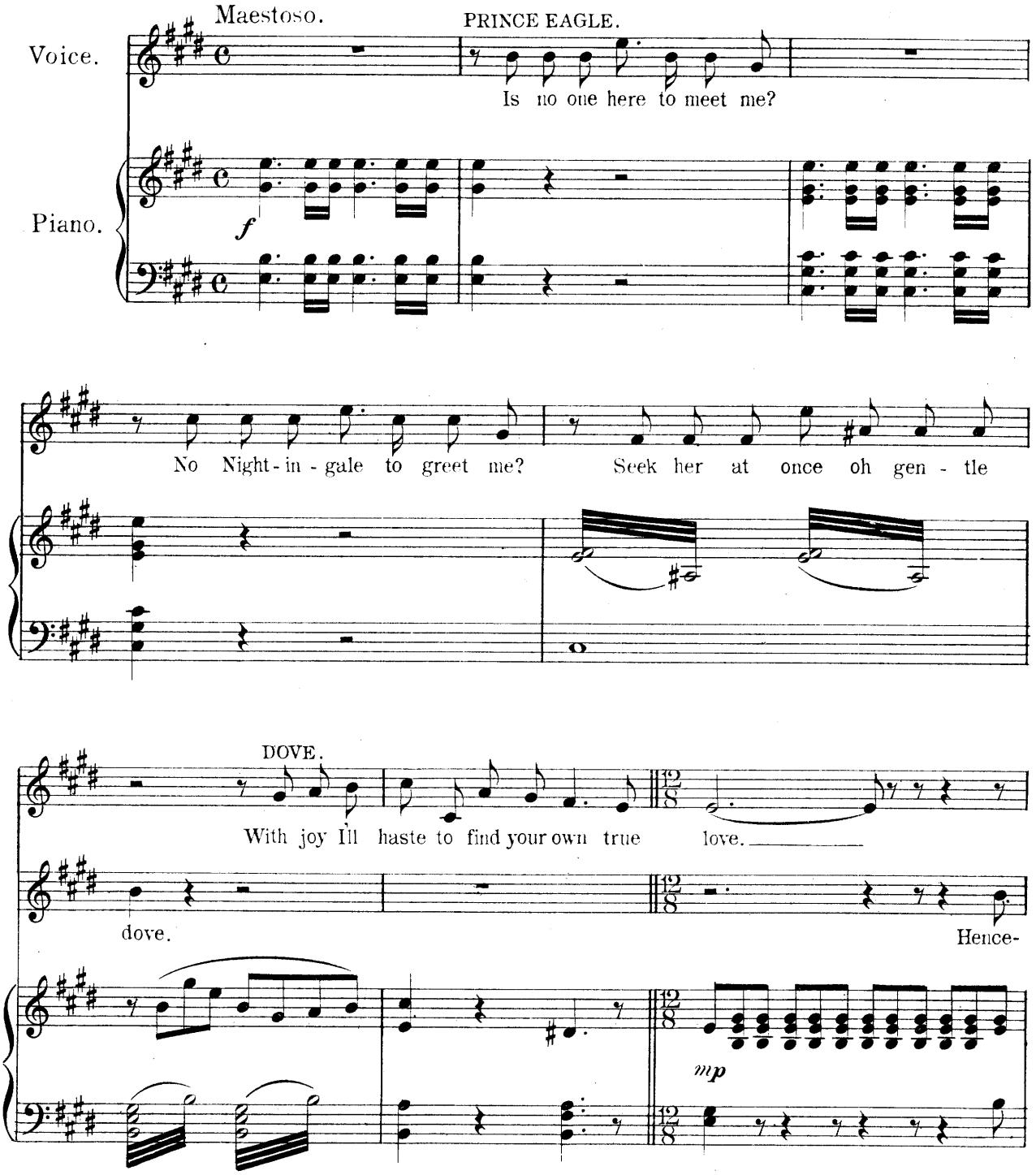
Some Day When My Dreams Come True.

No. 12.

Prince Eagle and Nightingale.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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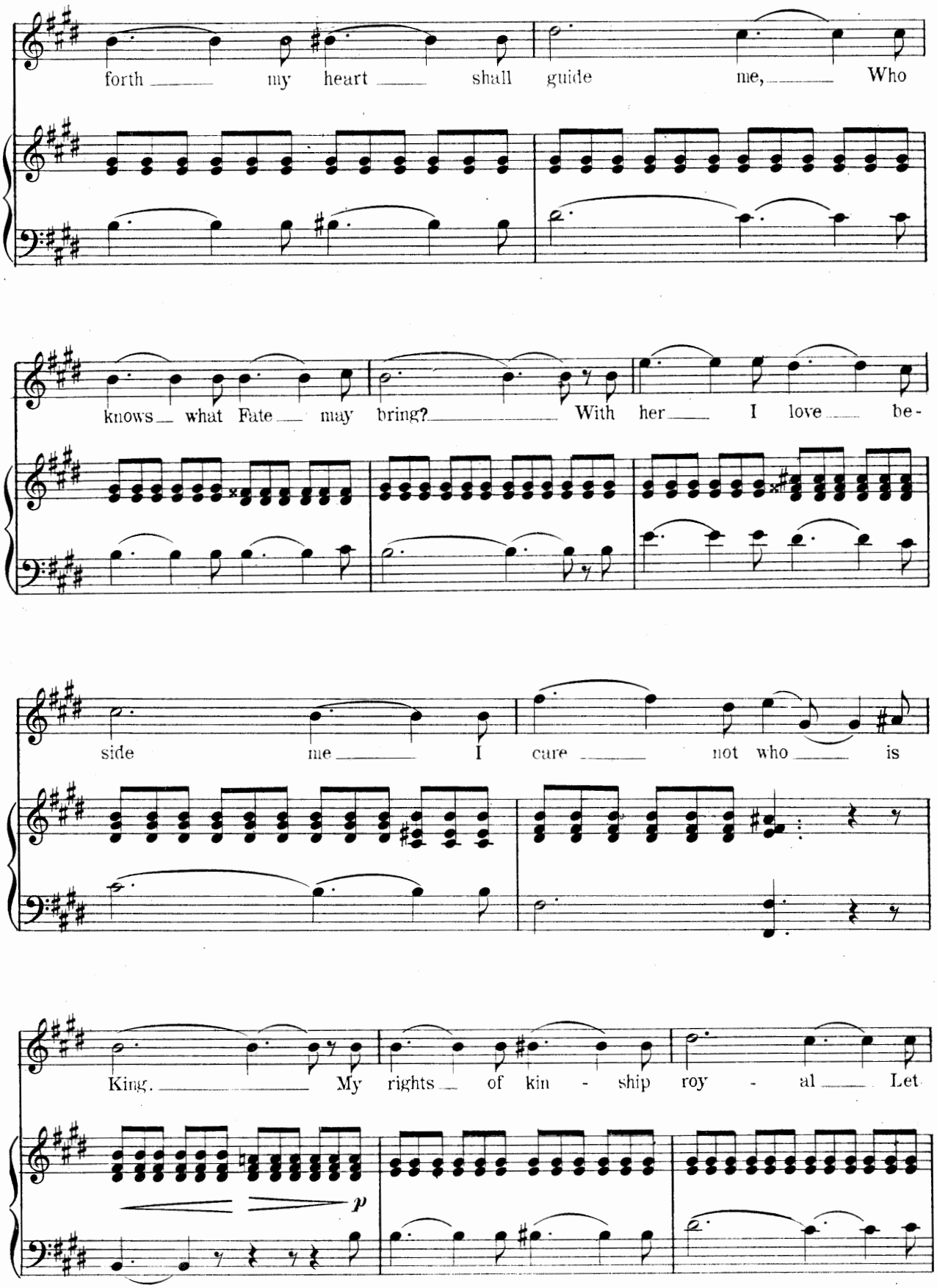
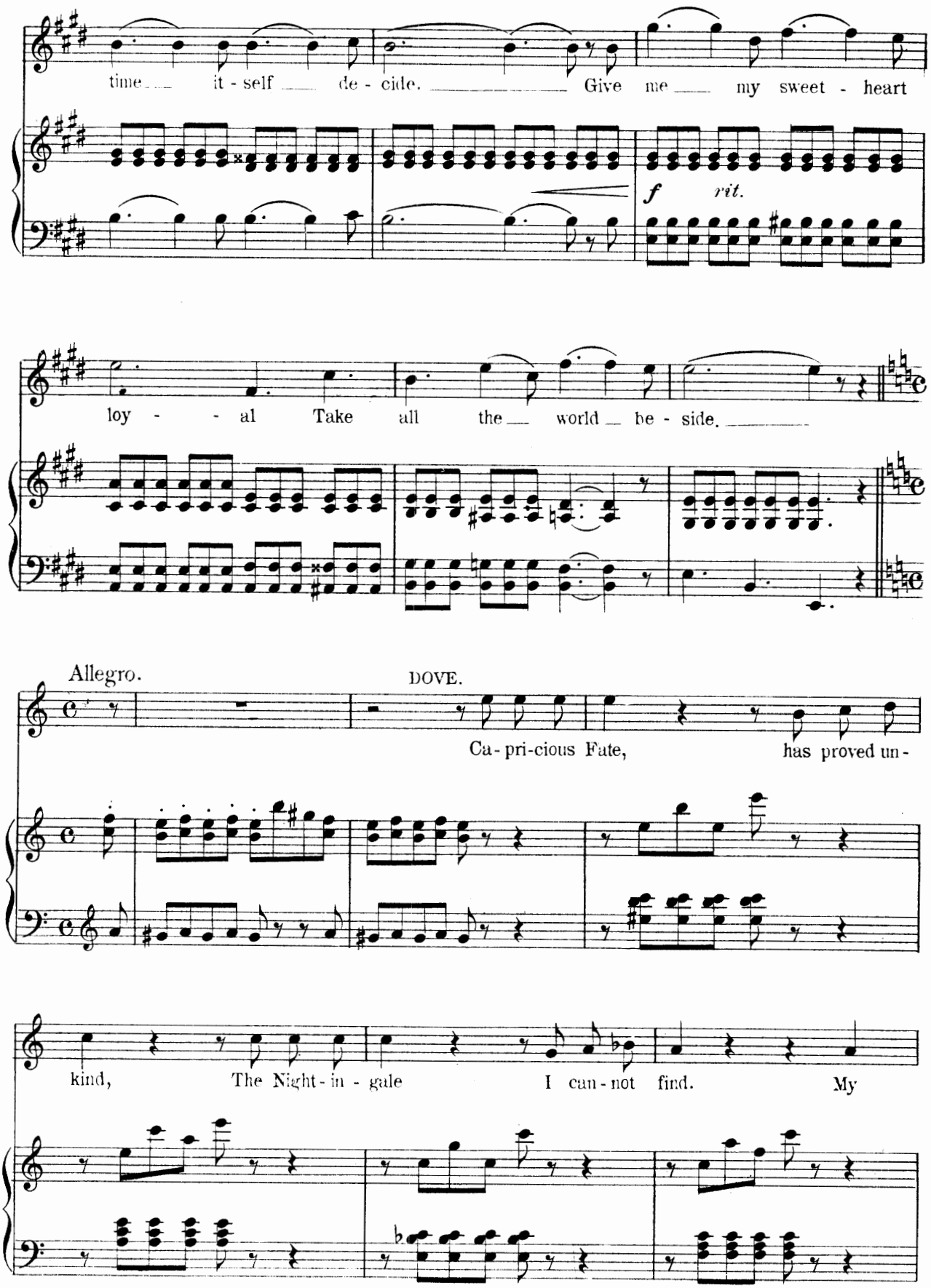
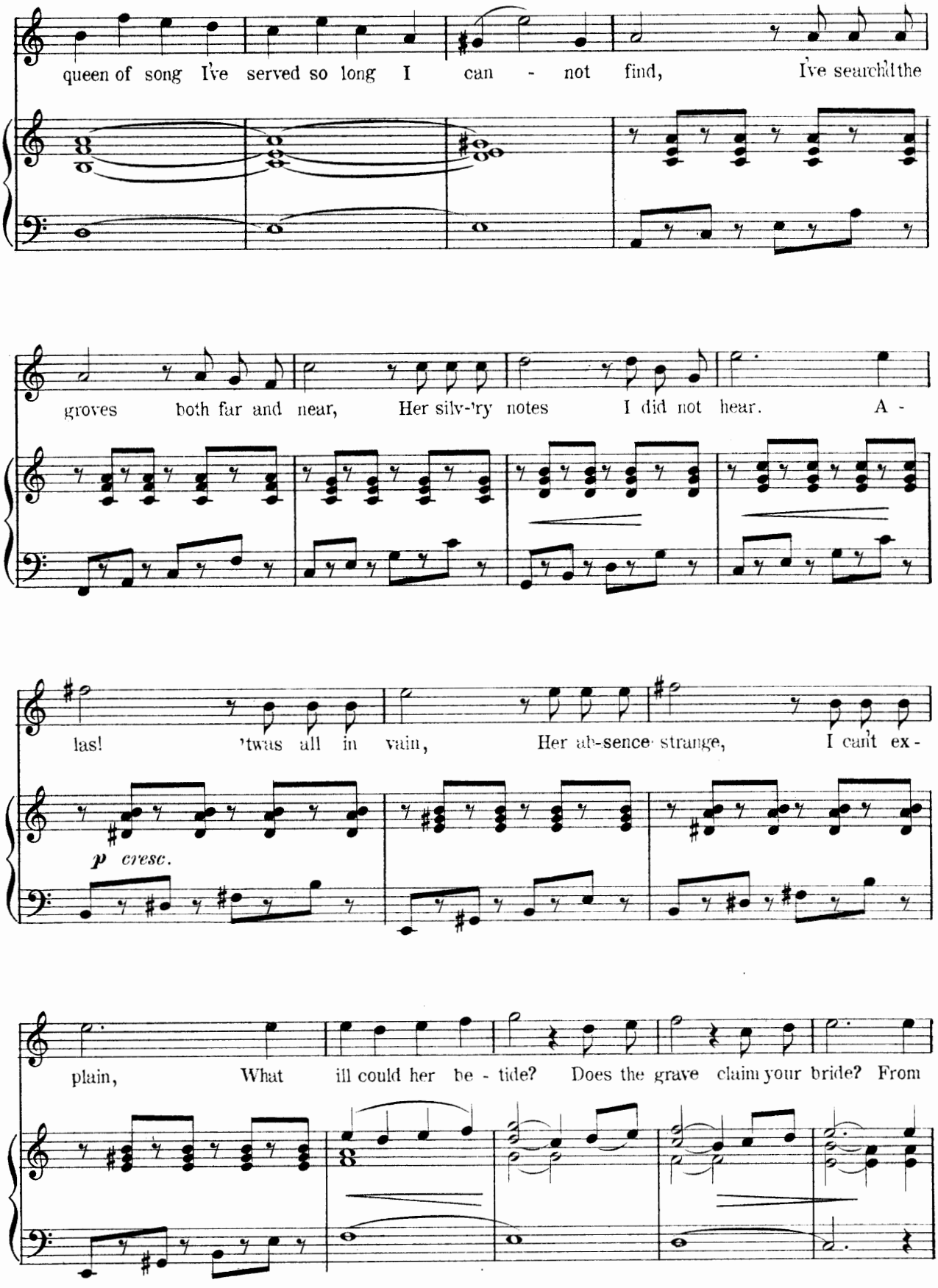
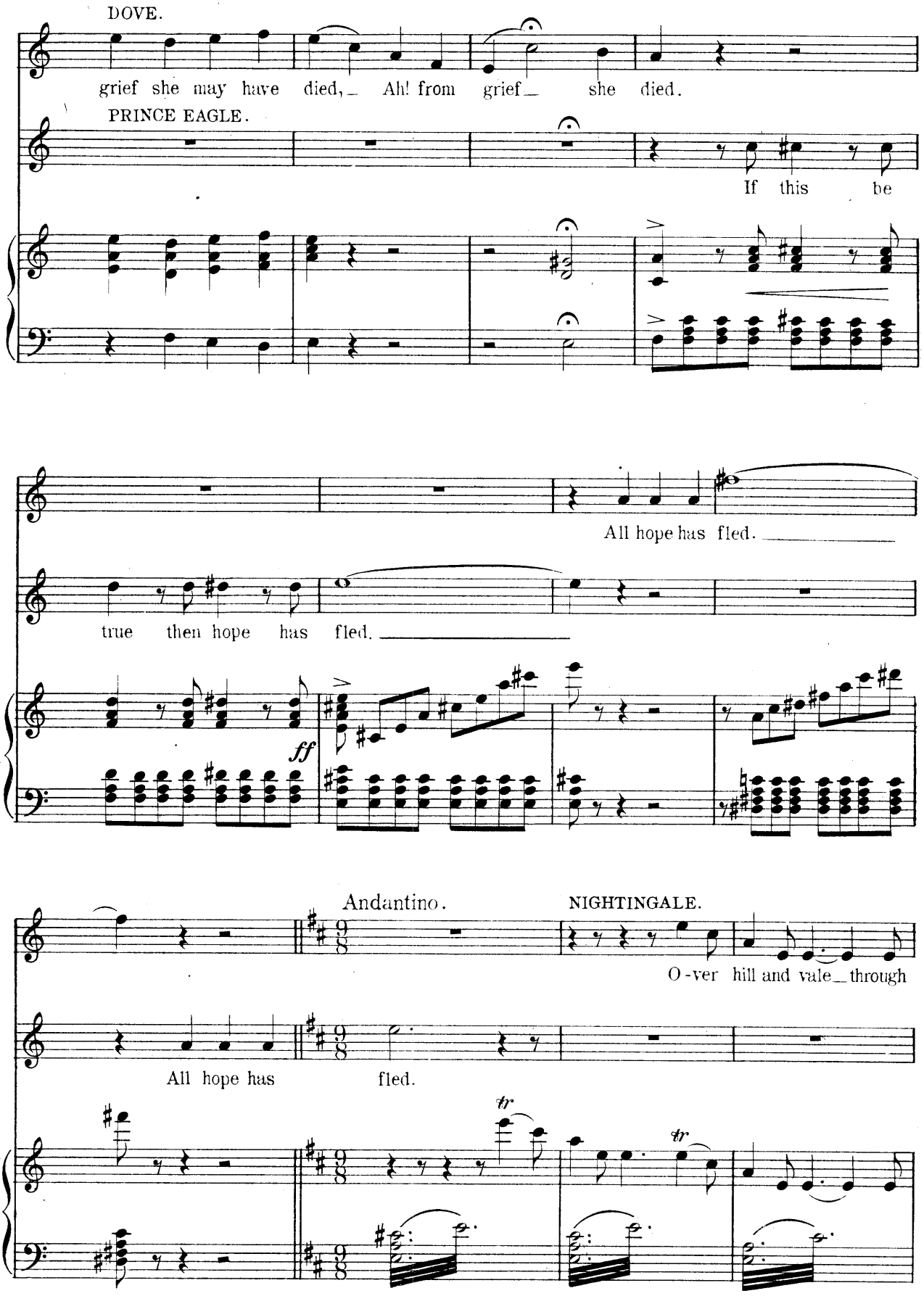
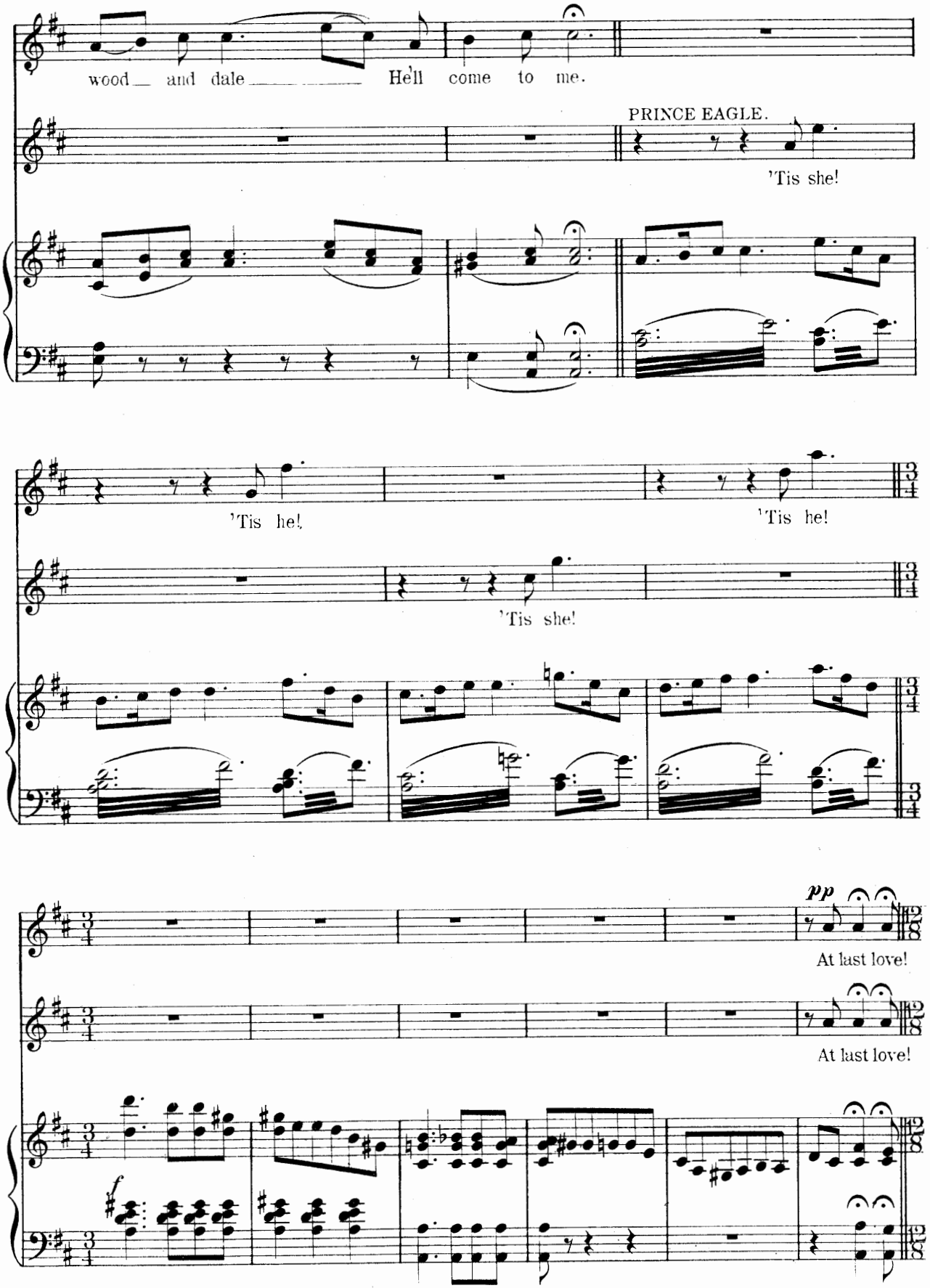
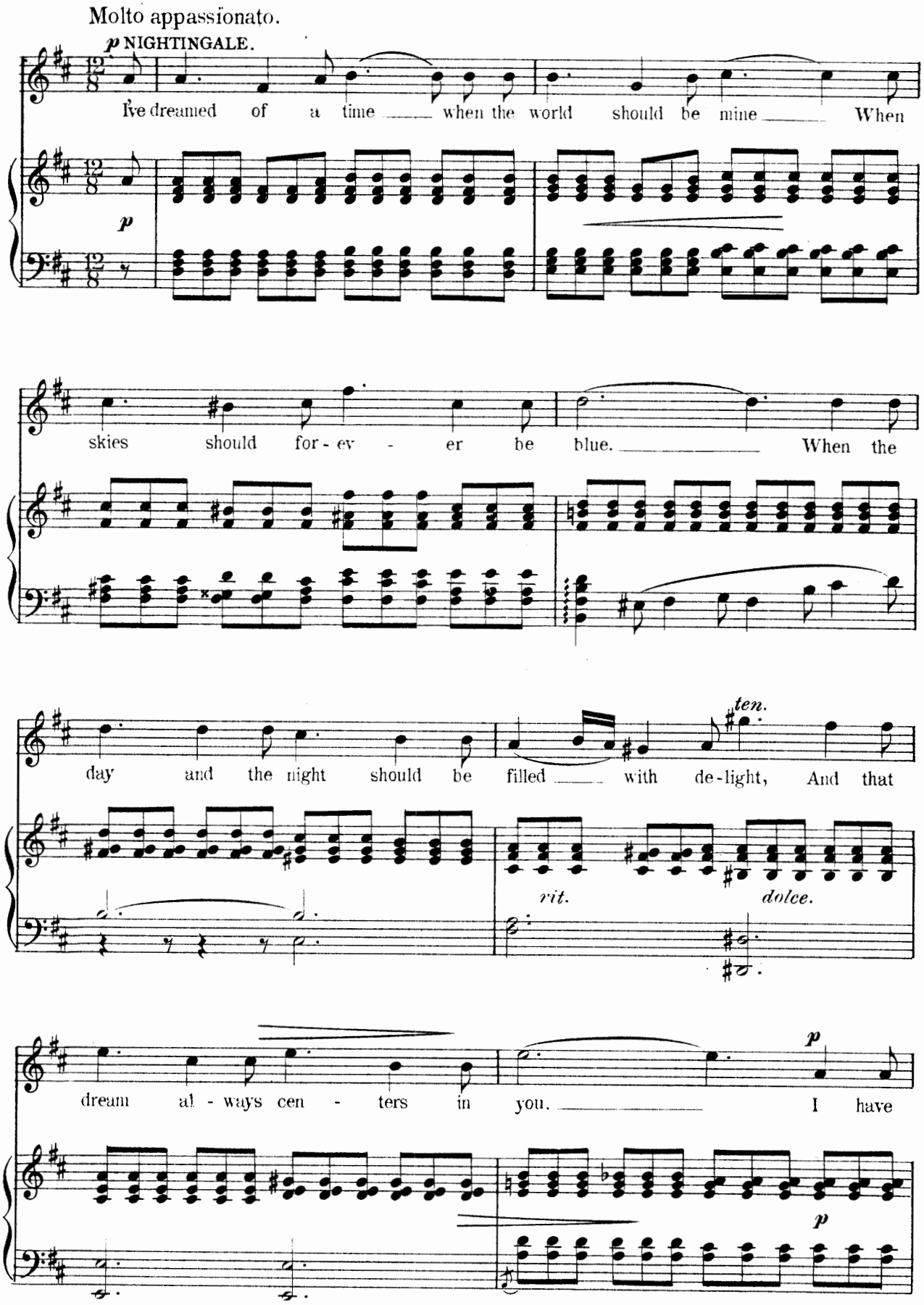

forth my heart shall guide me, Who
knows what Fate may bring? With her I love be-
side me I care not who is
King. My rights of kin - ship roy - al Let
p

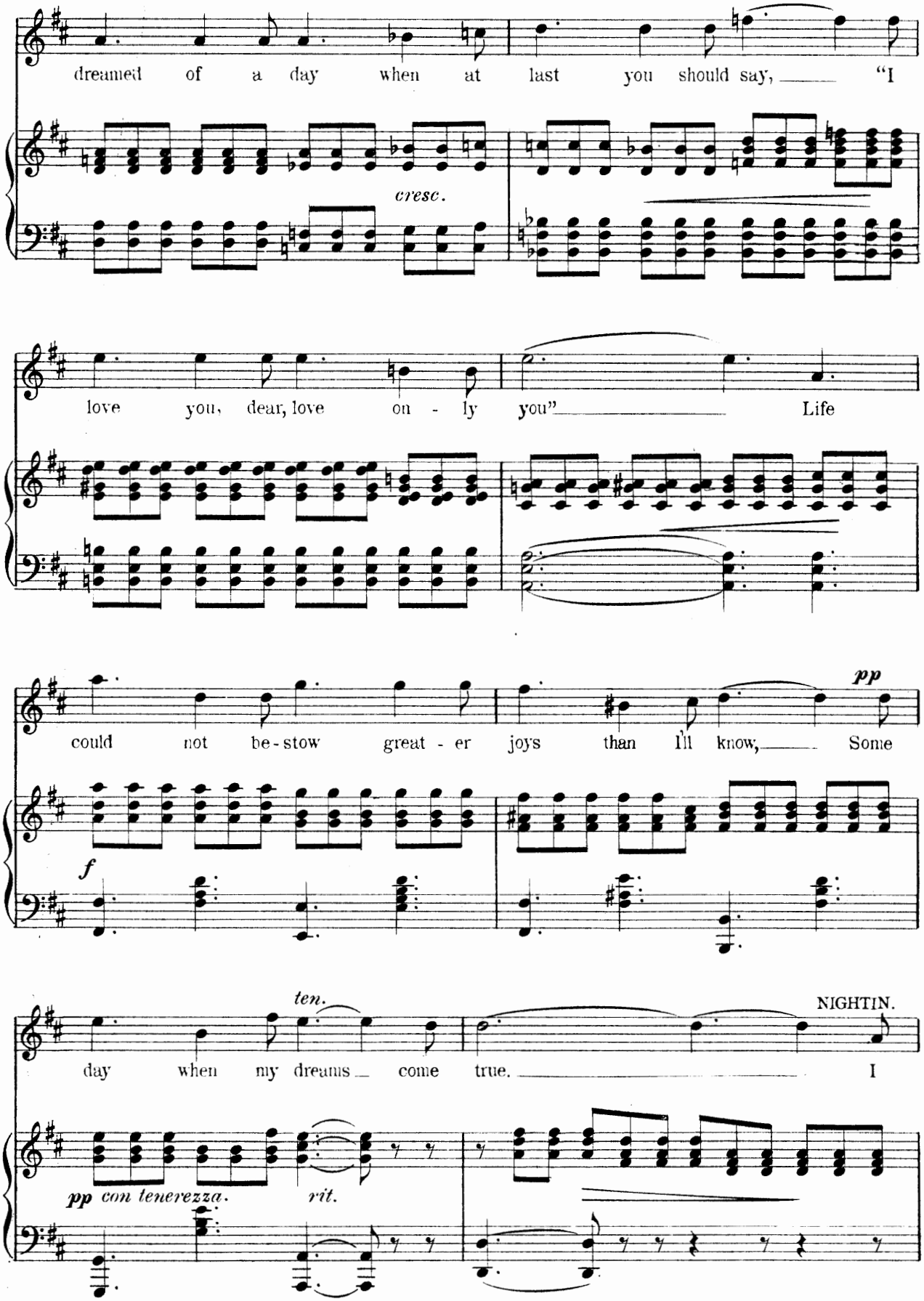

time it - self de - cide. Give me my sweet - heart
f rit.
loy - - al Take all the world be - side.
Allegro.
DOVE.
Ca - pri - cious Fate, has proved un -
kind, The Night - in - gale I can - not find. My

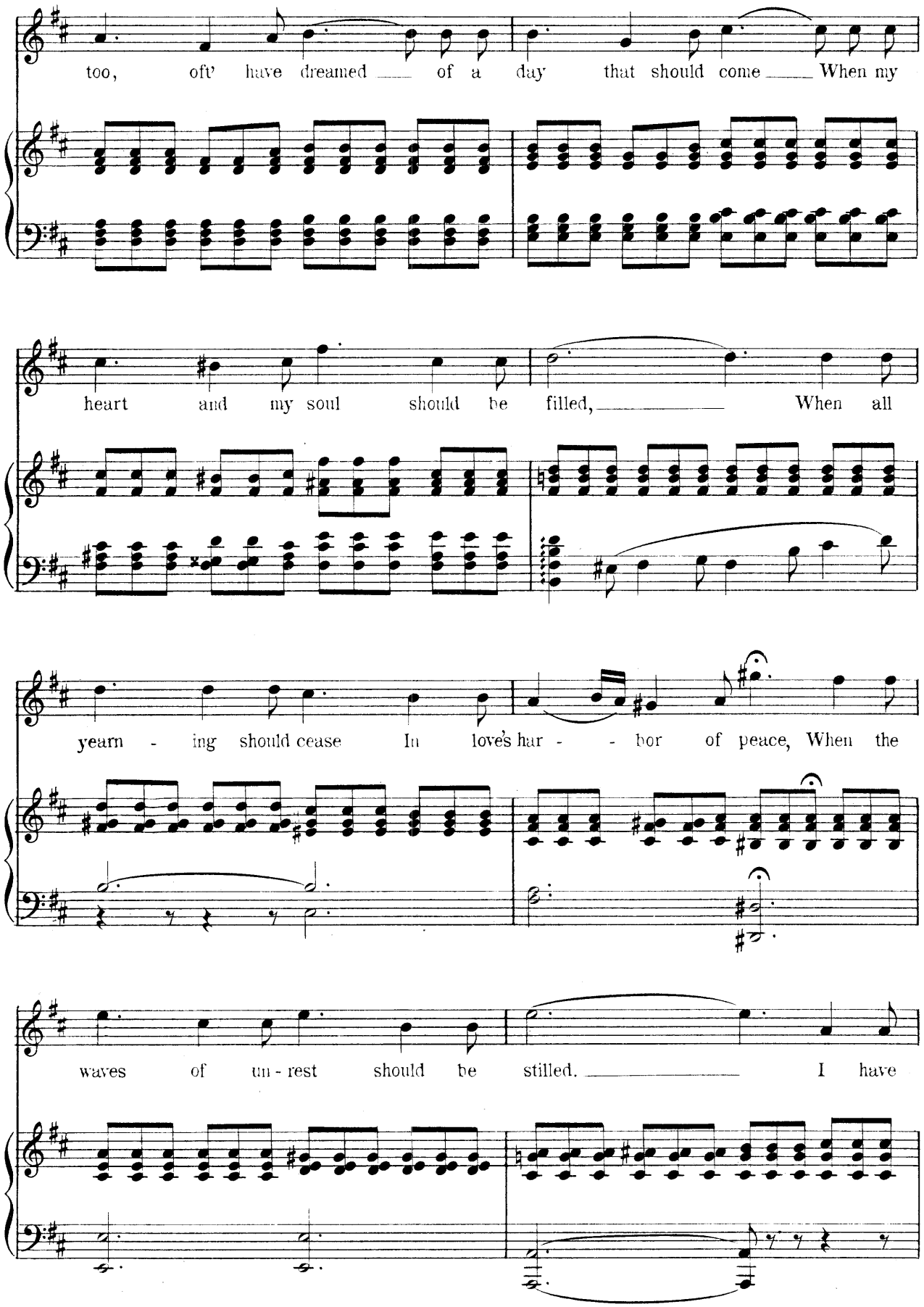

queen of song I've served so long I can - not find, I've search'd the
groves both far and near, Her silv-'ry notes I did not hear. A -
las! 'twas all in vain, Her ab-sence strange, I can't ex -
p cresc.
plain, What ill could her be - tide? Does the grave claim your bride? From

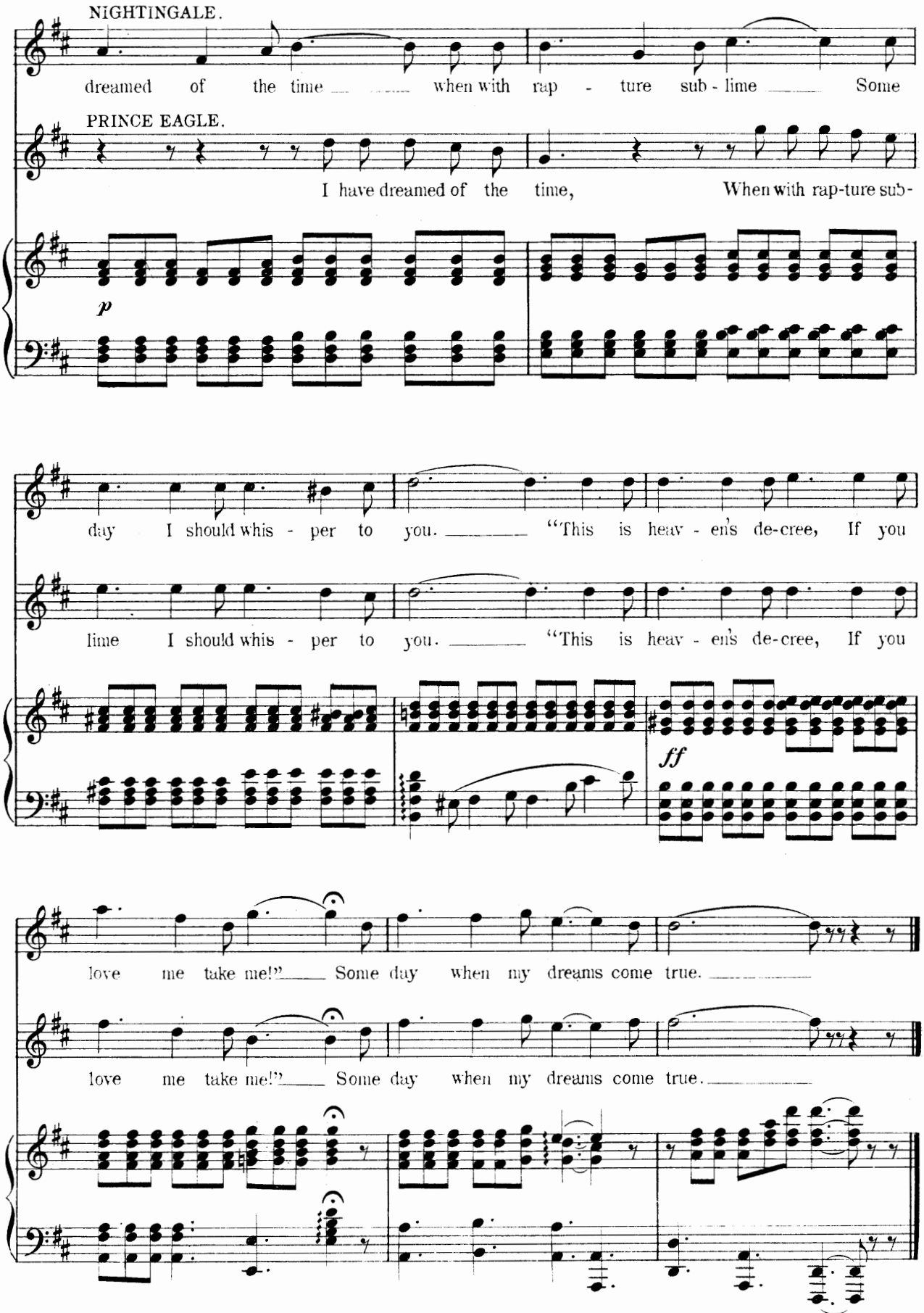

DOVE.
grief she may have died, Ah! from grief she died.
PRINCE EAGLE.
If this be
All hope has fled.
true then hope has fled.
ff
Andantino.
NIGHTINGALE.
O-ver hill and vale through
All hope has fled.
tr
tr


wood and dale He'll come to me.
PRINCE EAGLE.
'Tis she!
'Tis he!
'Tis he!
'Tis she!
pp
At last love!
At last love!
f


Molto appassionato.
p NIGHTINGALE.
I've dreamed of a time when the world should be mine When
p
skies should for - ev - er be blue. When the
day and the night should be filled with de-light, And that
ten.
rit.
dolce.
dream al - ways cen - ters in you. I have
p
p


dreamed of a day when at last you should say, "I
cresc.
love you, dear, love on - ly you" Life
could not be-stow great - er joys than I'll know, Some
pp
f
ten.
day when my dreams come true. I
NIGHTIN.
pp con tenerezza.
rit.


too, oft' have dreamed of a day that should come When my
heart and my soul should be filled, When all
yearn - ing should cease In love's har - - bor of peace, When the
waves of un - rest should be stilled. I have

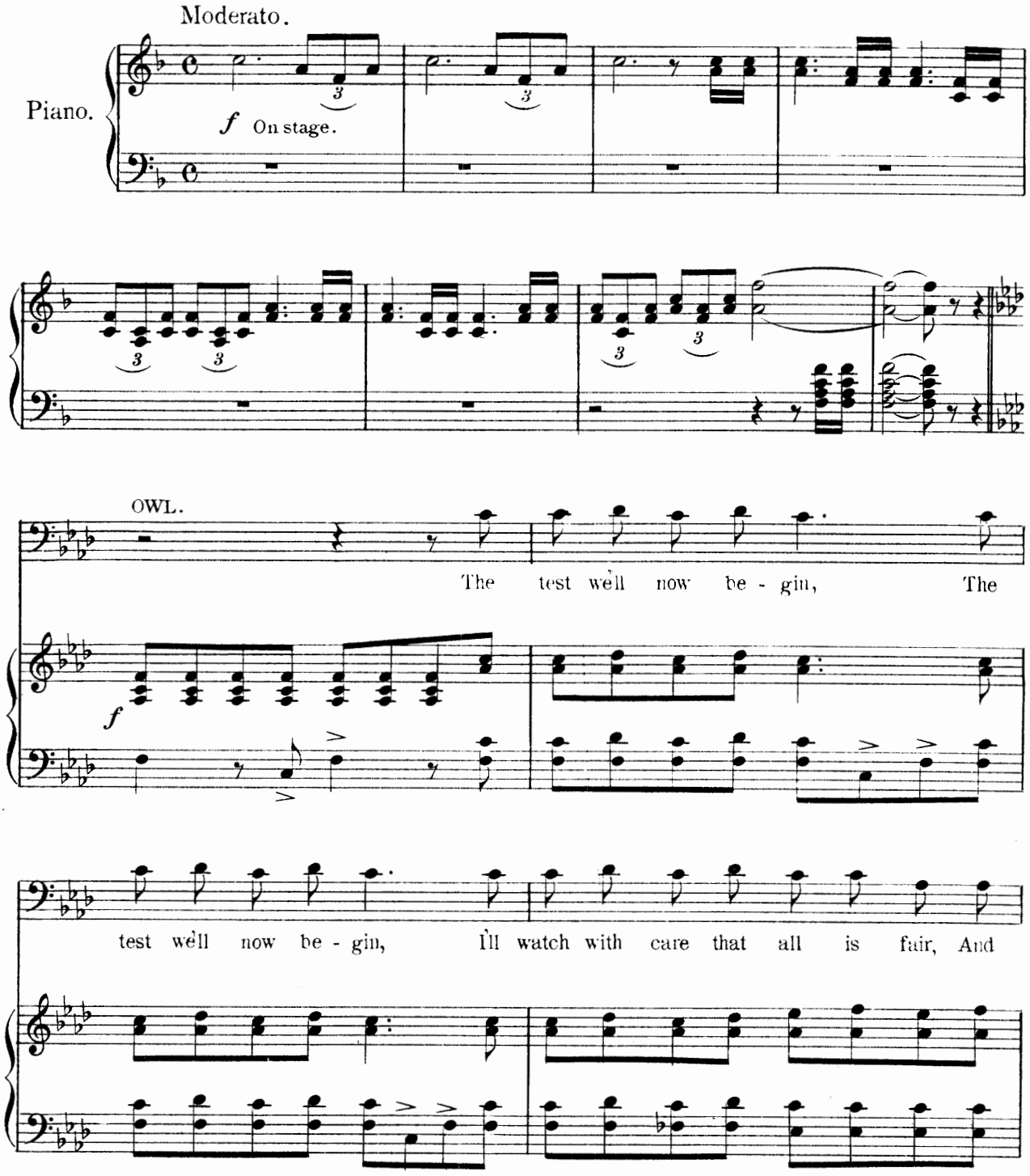

NIGHTINGALE.
dreamed of the time when with rap - ture sub - lime Some
PRINCE EAGLE.
I have dreamed of the time, When with rap-ture sub-
p
day I should whis - per to you. "This is heav - en's de-cree, If you
lime I should whis - per to you. "This is heav - en's de-cree, If you
ff
love me take me!" Some day when my dreams come true.
love me take me!" Some day when my dreams come true.

No 13a

The Contest.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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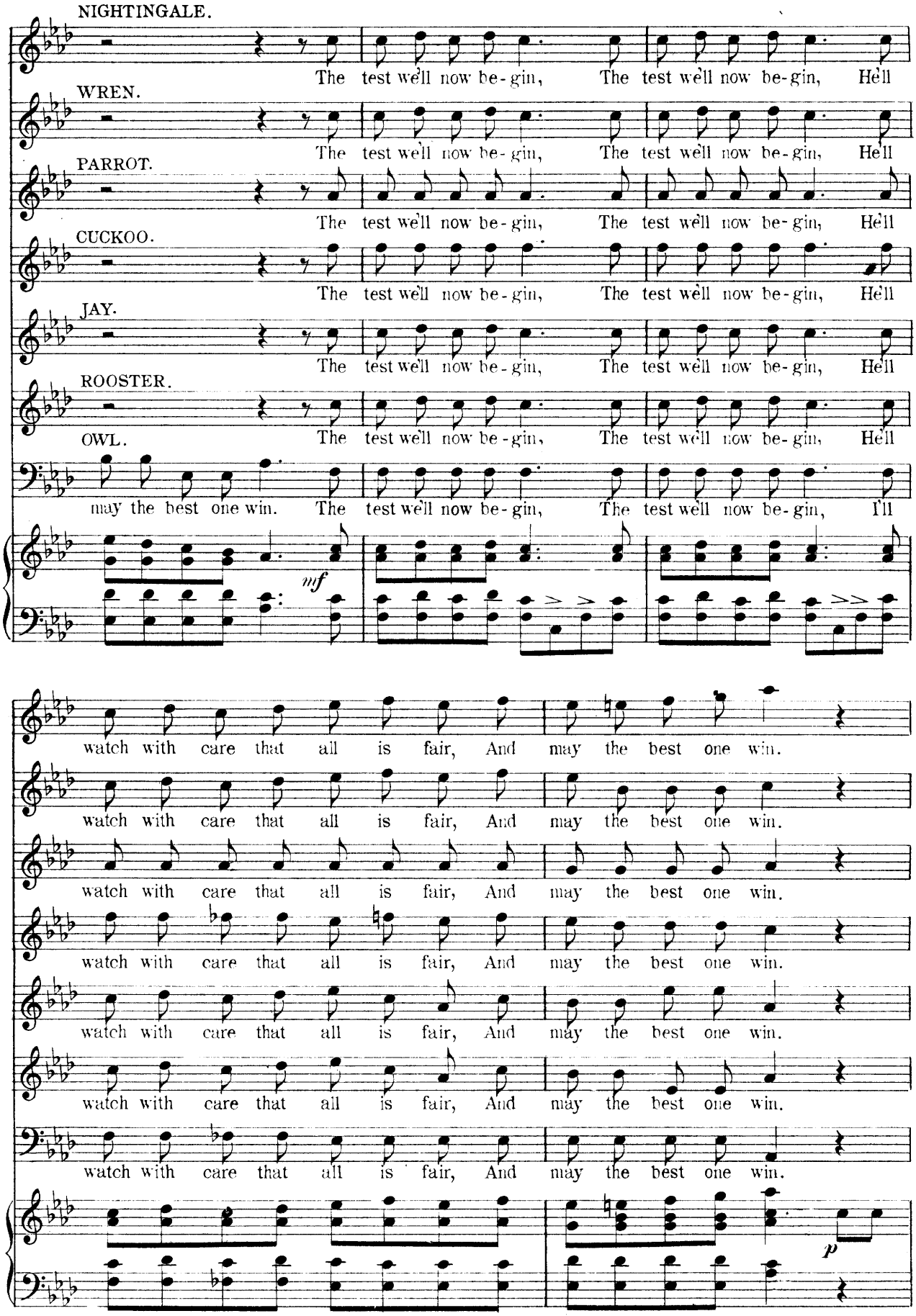
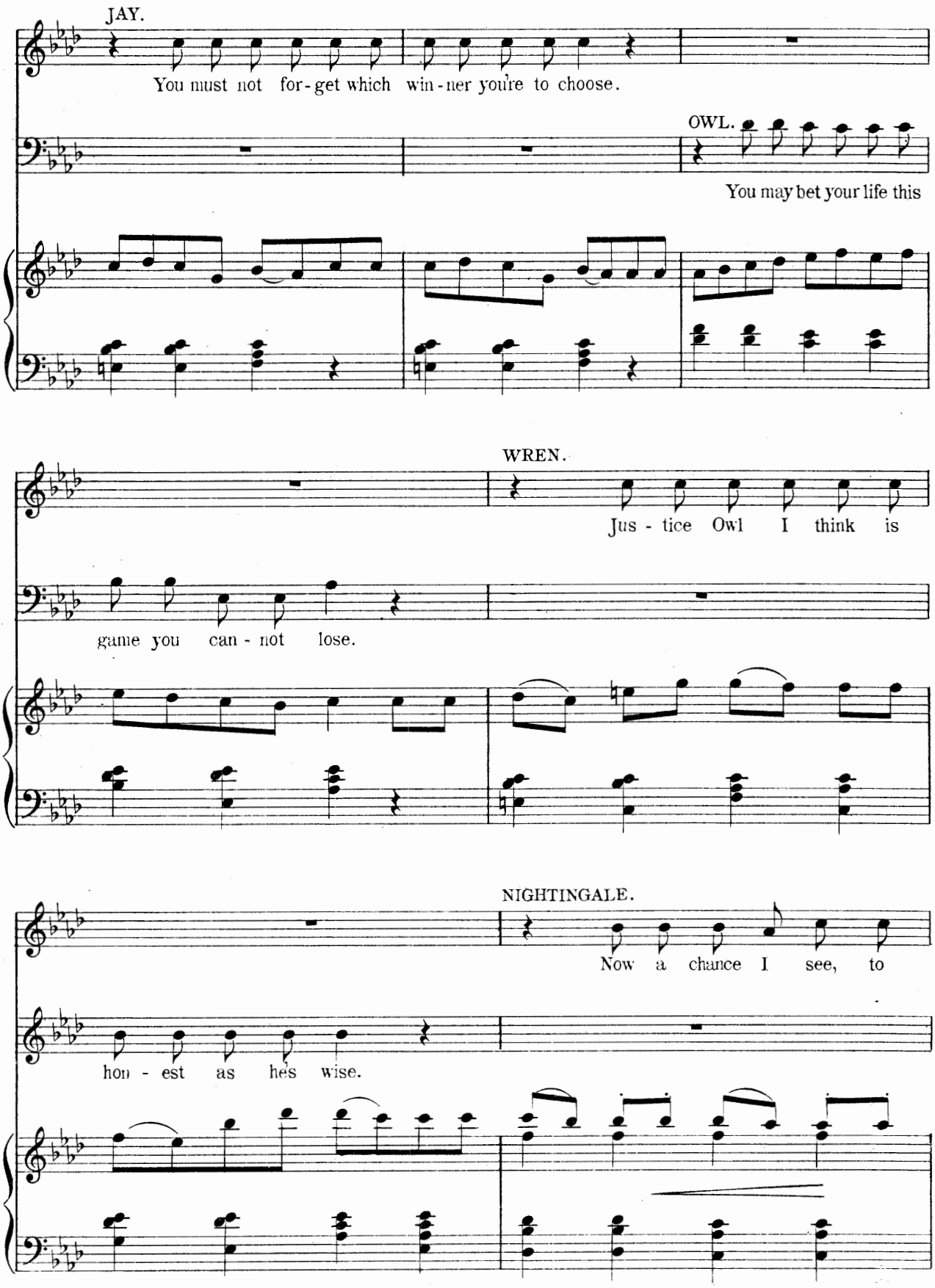
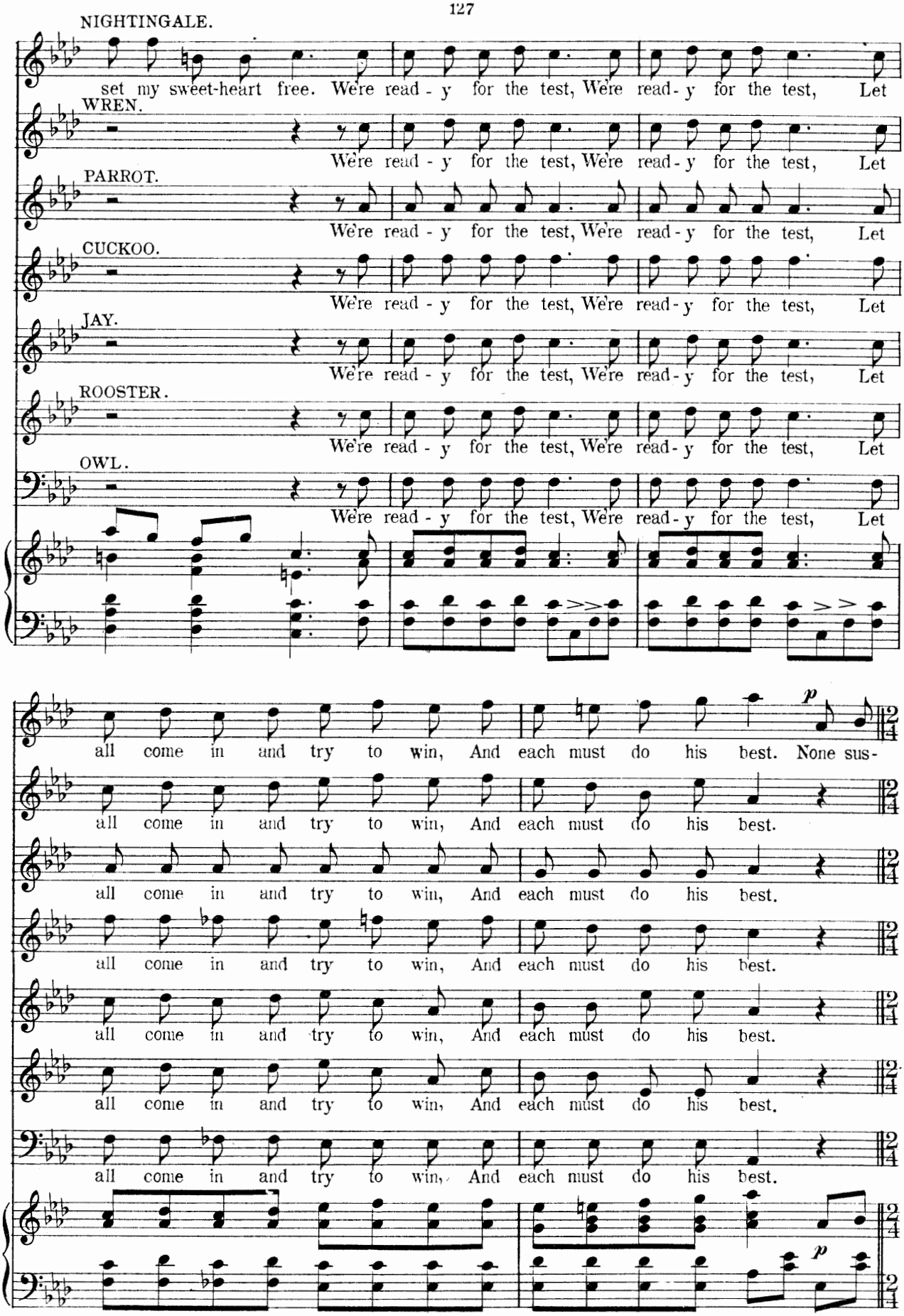
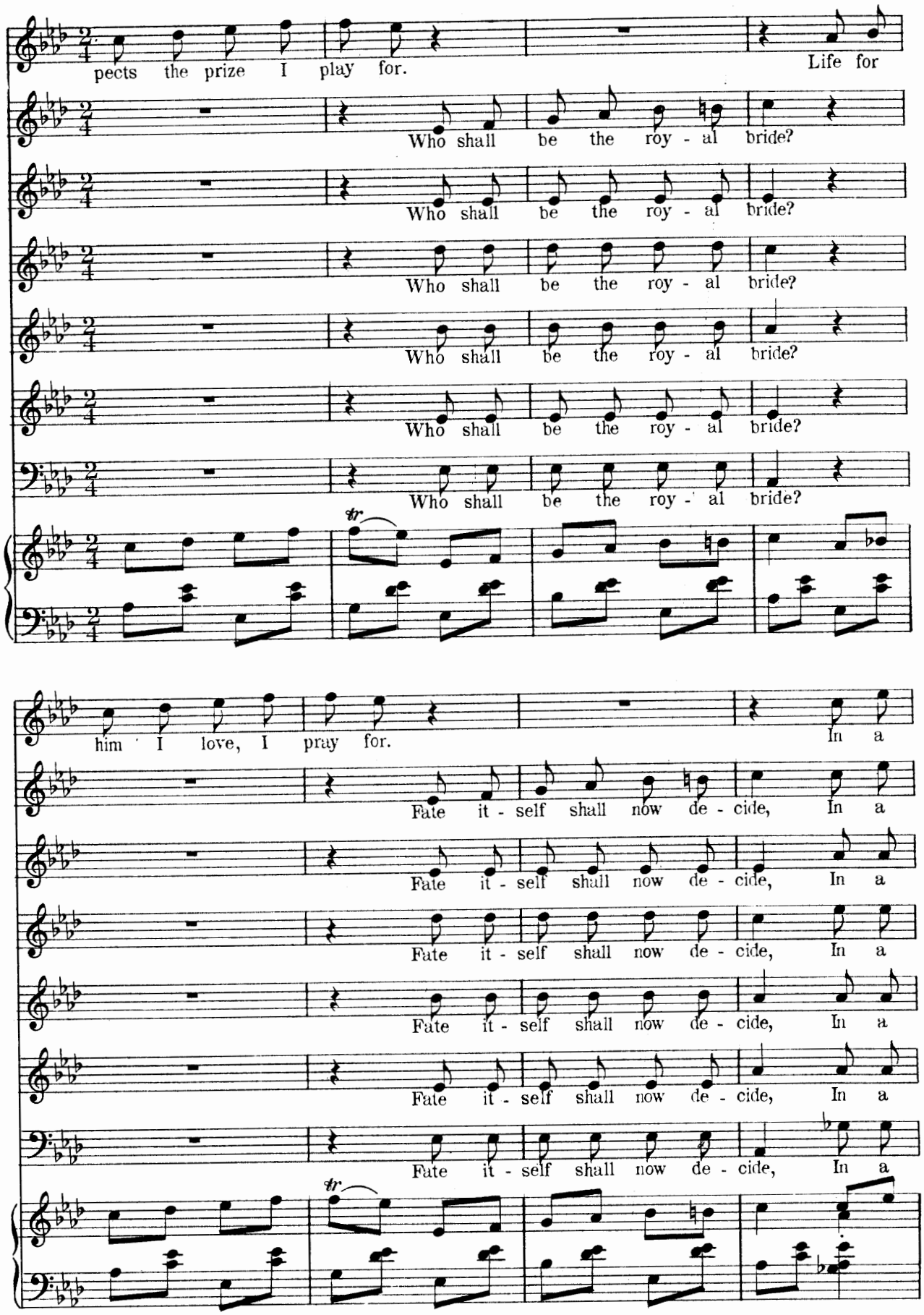
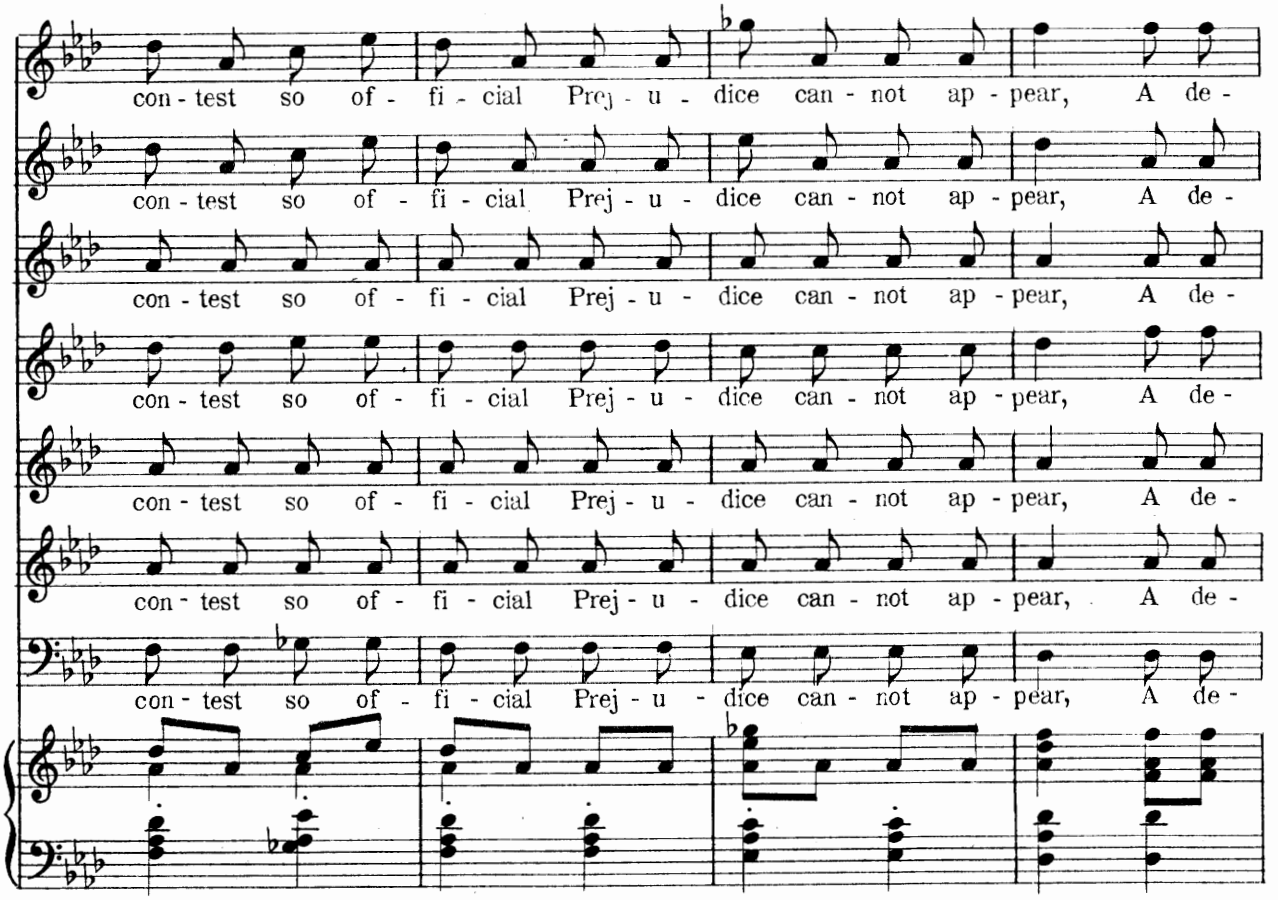
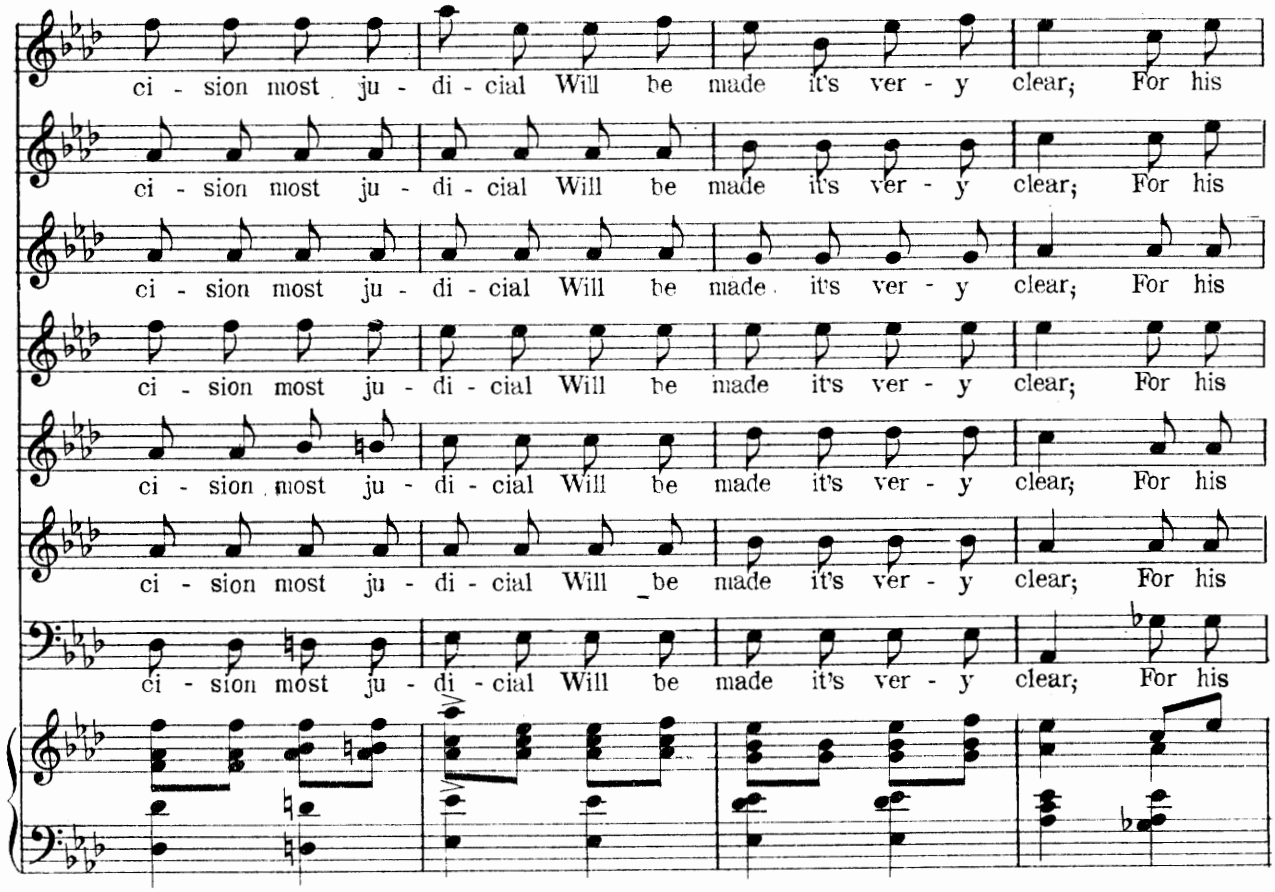

NIGHTINGALE.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
WREN.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
PARROT.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
CUCKOO.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
JAY.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
ROOSTER.
OWL.
The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, He'll
may the best one win. The test we'll now be-gin, The test we'll now be-gin, I'll
mf
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
watch with care that all is fair, And may the best one win.
p

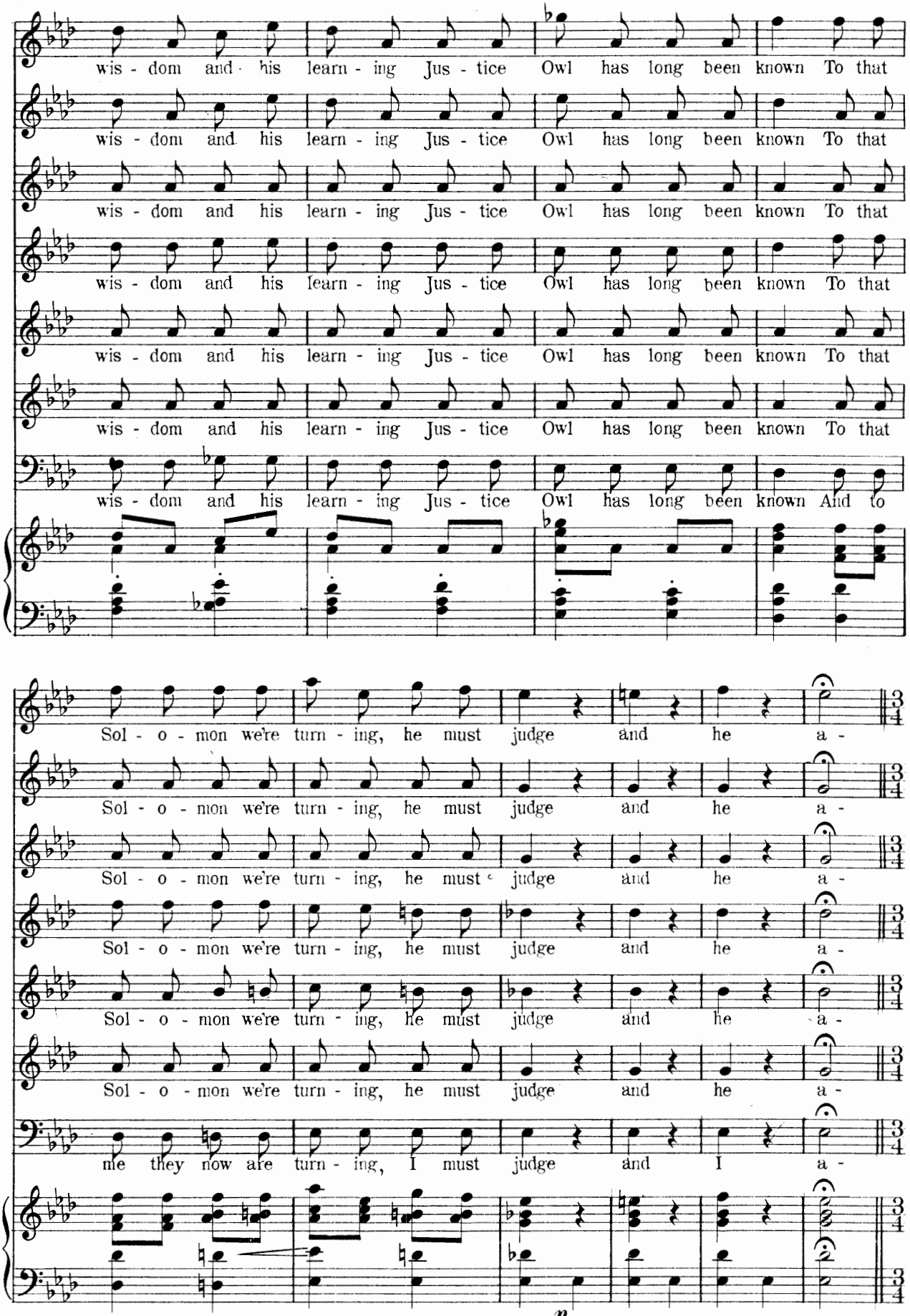

JAY.
You must not for-get which win-ner you're to choose.
OWL.
You may bet your life this
WREN.
Jus - tice Owl I think is
game you can - not lose.
NIGHTINGALE.
Now a chance I see, to
hon - est as he's wise.

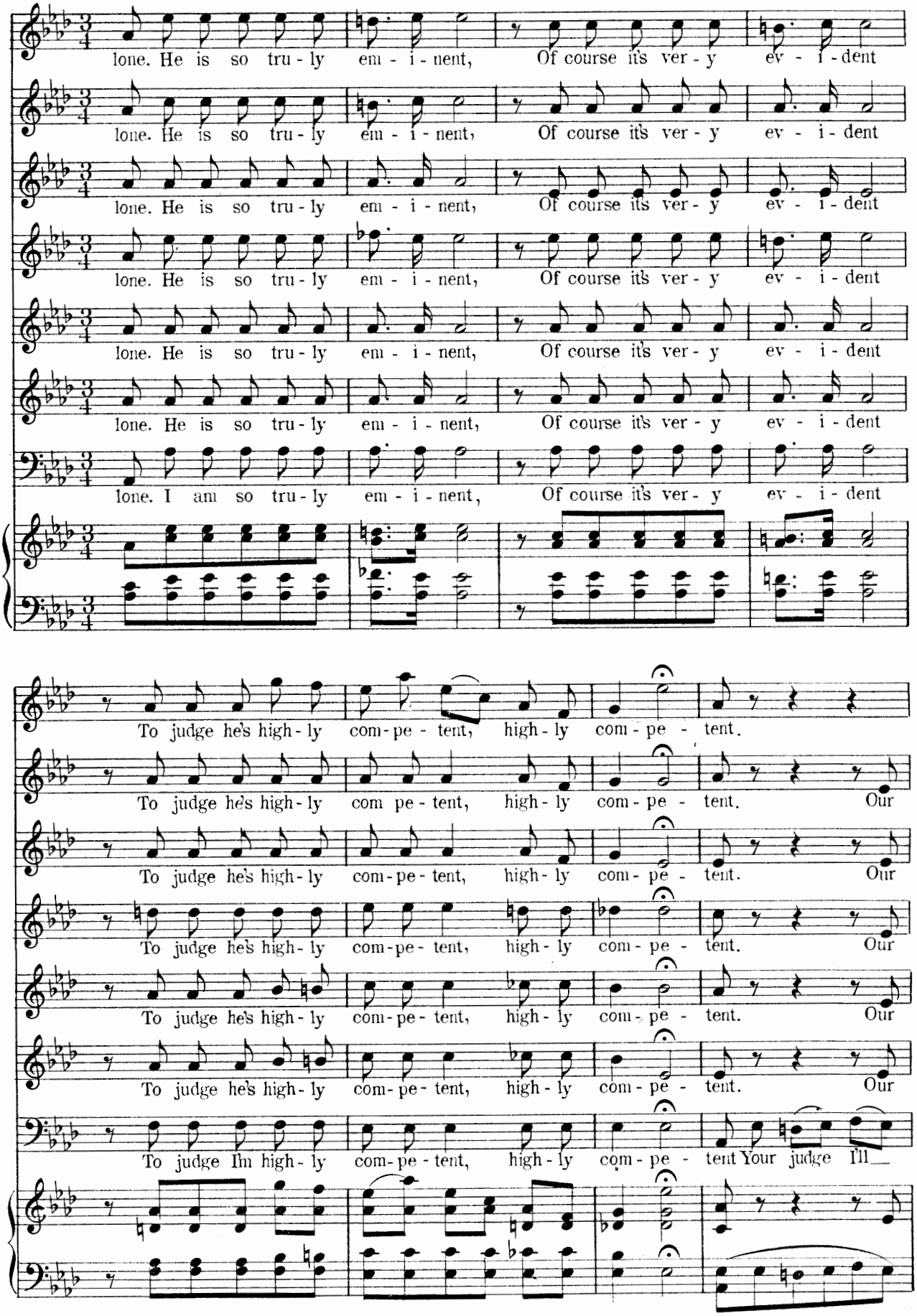

NIGHTINGALE.
set my sweet-heart free. We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
WREN.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
PARROT.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
CUCKOO.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
JAY.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
ROOSTER.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
OWL.
We're read - y for the test, We're read - y for the test, Let
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best. None sus-
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
all come in and try to win, And each must do his best.
p
p

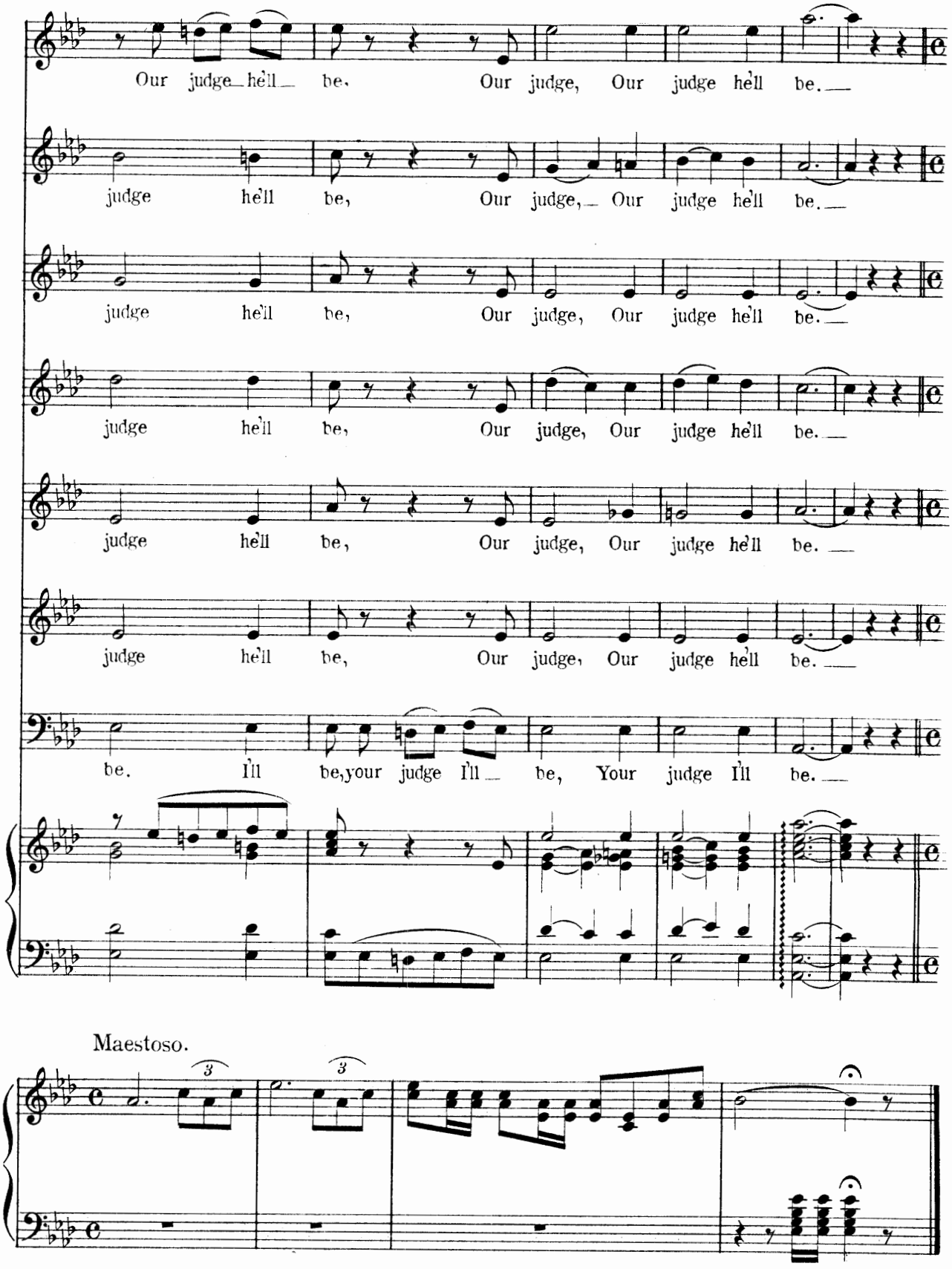

pects the prize I play for.
Life for
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
Who shall be the roy - al bride?
him I love, I pray for.
In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a
Fate it - self shall now de - cide, In a


con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -
con - test so of - fi - cial Prej - u - dice can - not ap - pear, A de -


ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his
ci - sion most ju - di - cial Will be made it's ver - y clear; For his


wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known To that
wis - dom and his learn - ing Jus - tice Owl has long been known And to
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
Sol - o - mon we're turn - ing, he must judge and he a -
me they now are turn - ing, I must judge and I a -
p


lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. He is so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
lone. I am so tru - ly em - i - nent, Of course it's ver - y ev - i - dent
To judge he's high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent.
To judge he's high - ly com pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent. Our
To judge he's high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent. Our
To judge he's high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent. Our
To judge he's high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent. Our
To judge he's high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent. Our
To judge I'm high - ly com - pe - tent, high - ly com - pe - tent Your judge I'll

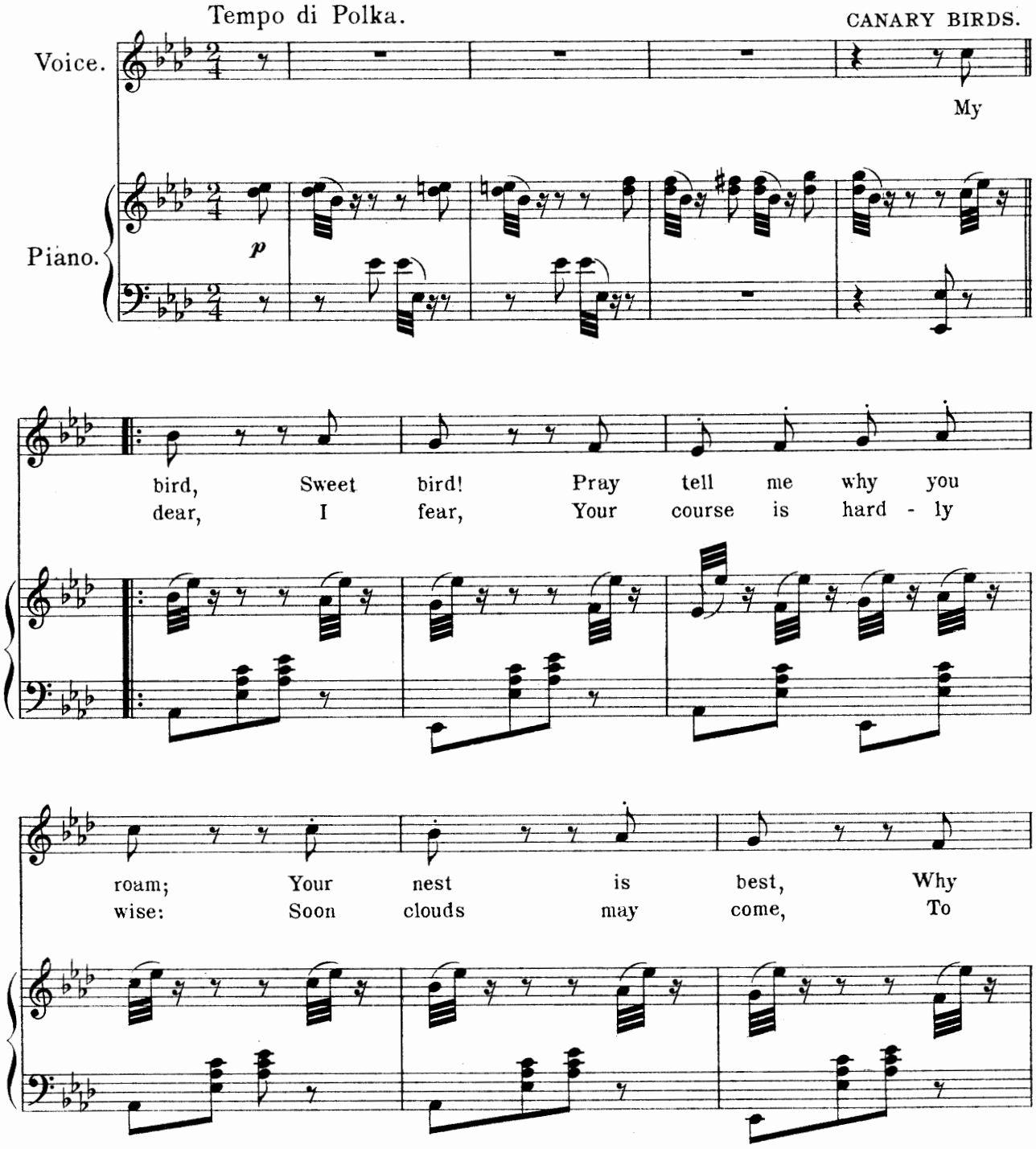

Our judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
judge he'll be, Our judge, Our judge he'll be.
be. I'll be, your judge I'll be, Your judge I'll be.
Maestoso.

No 13b

Entrance of Canary Birds.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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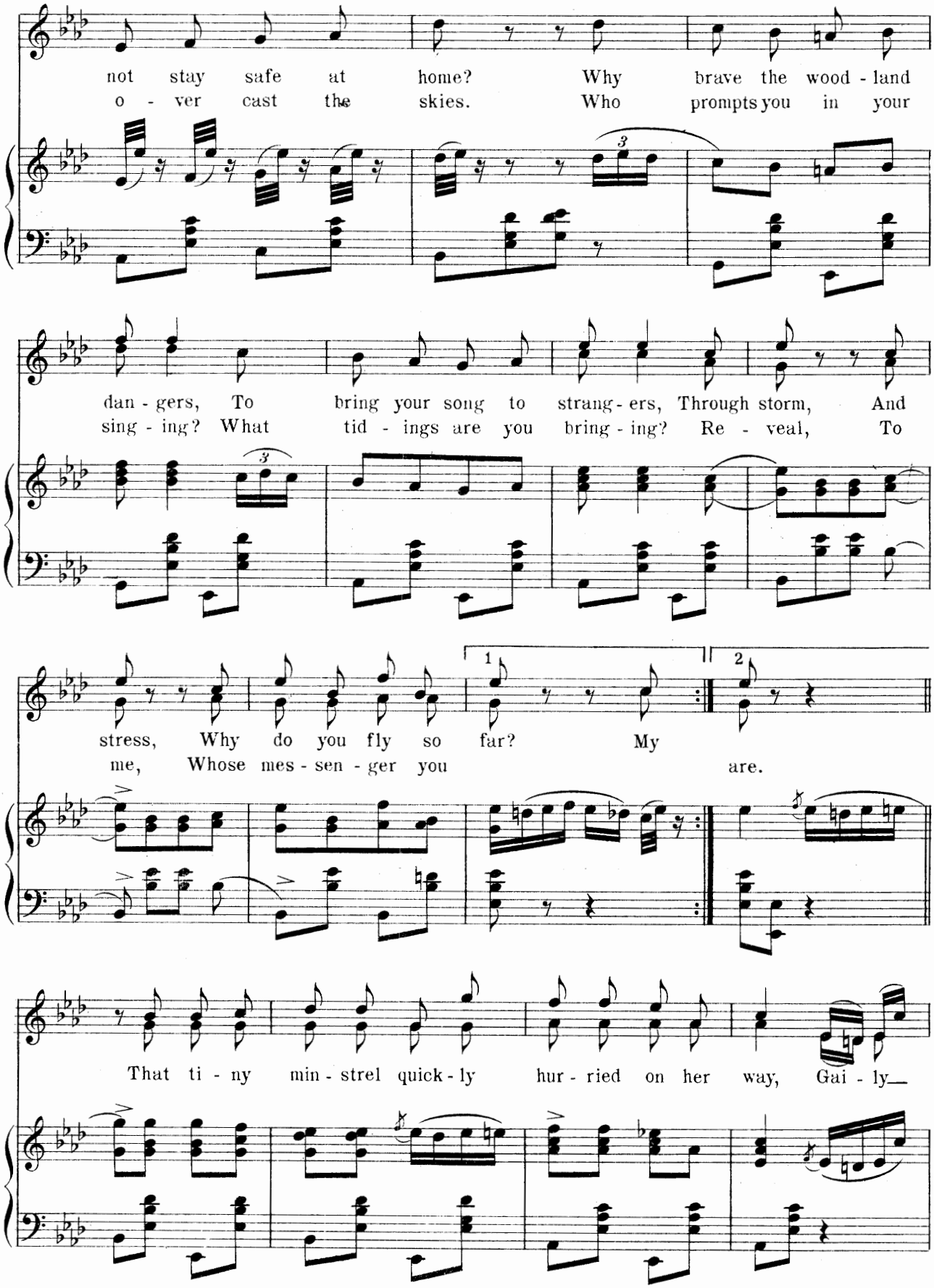
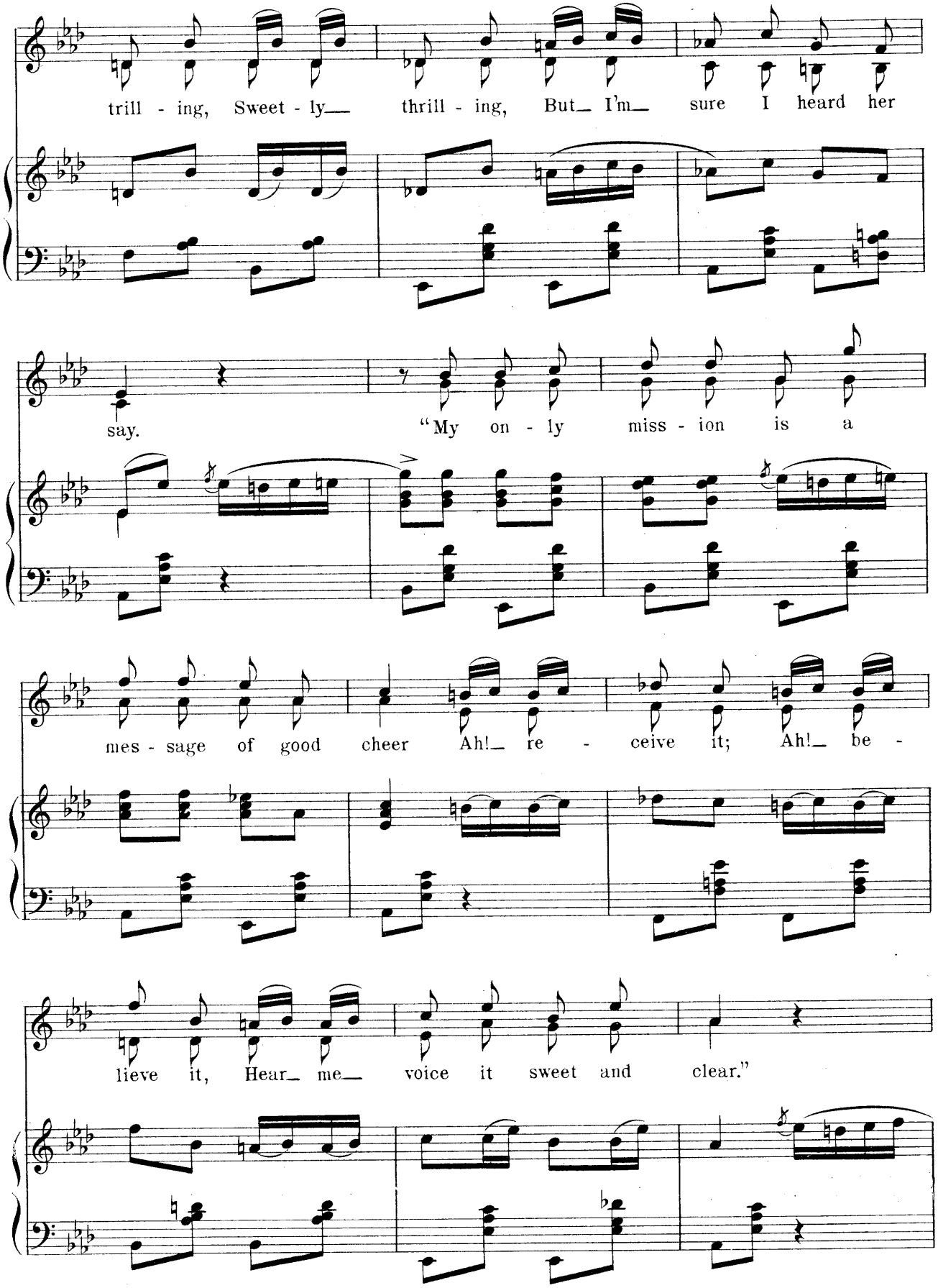
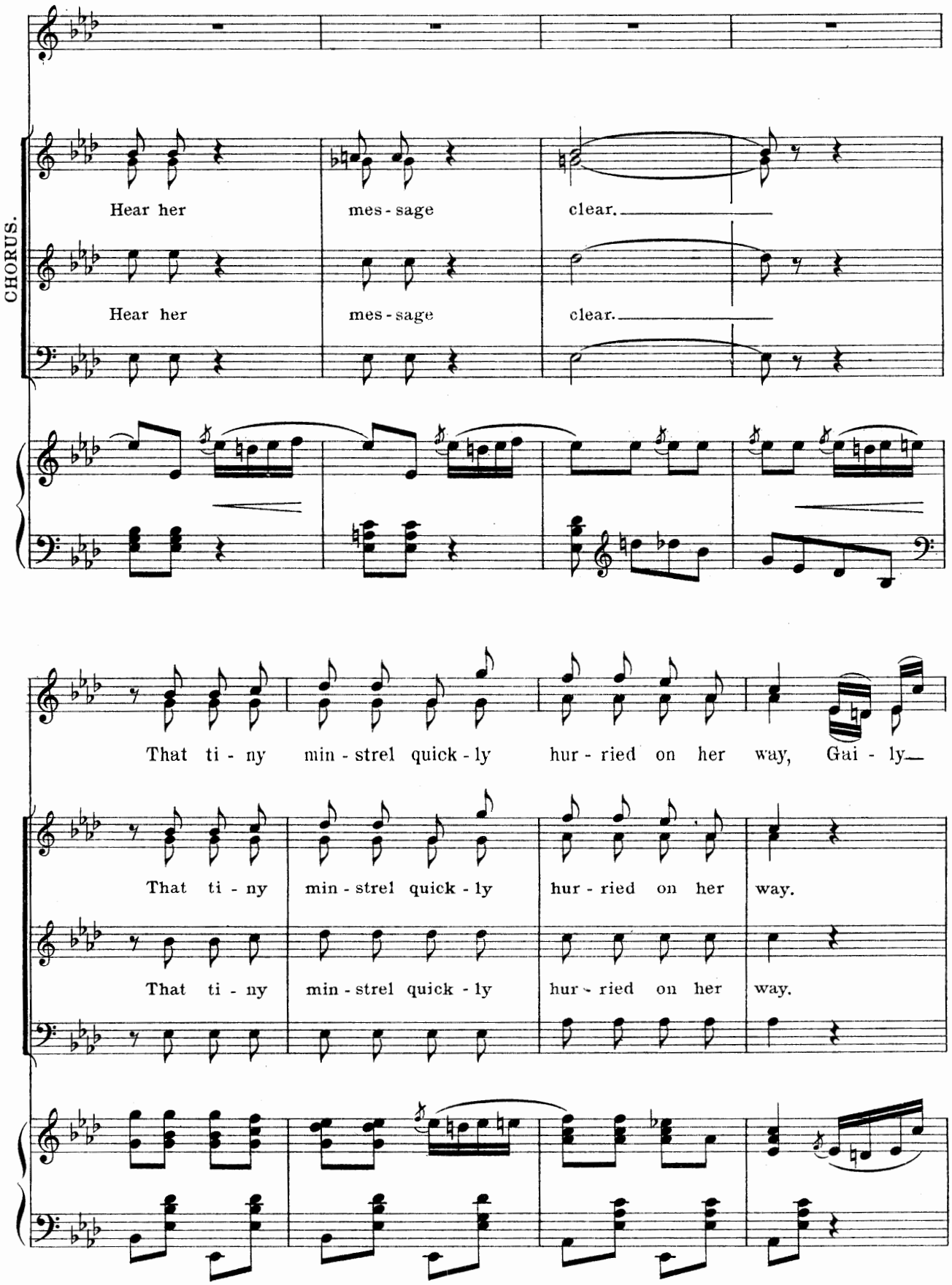
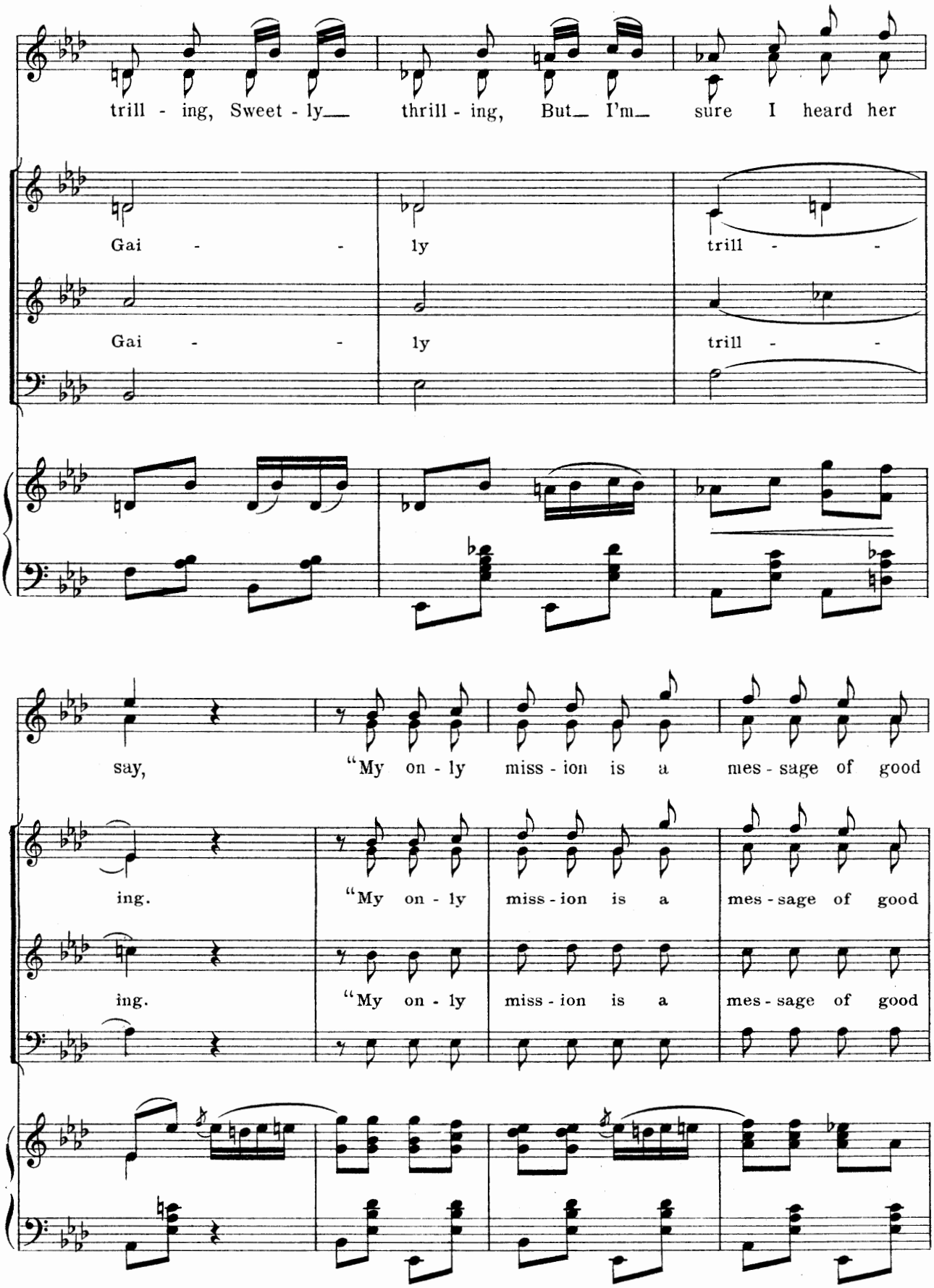
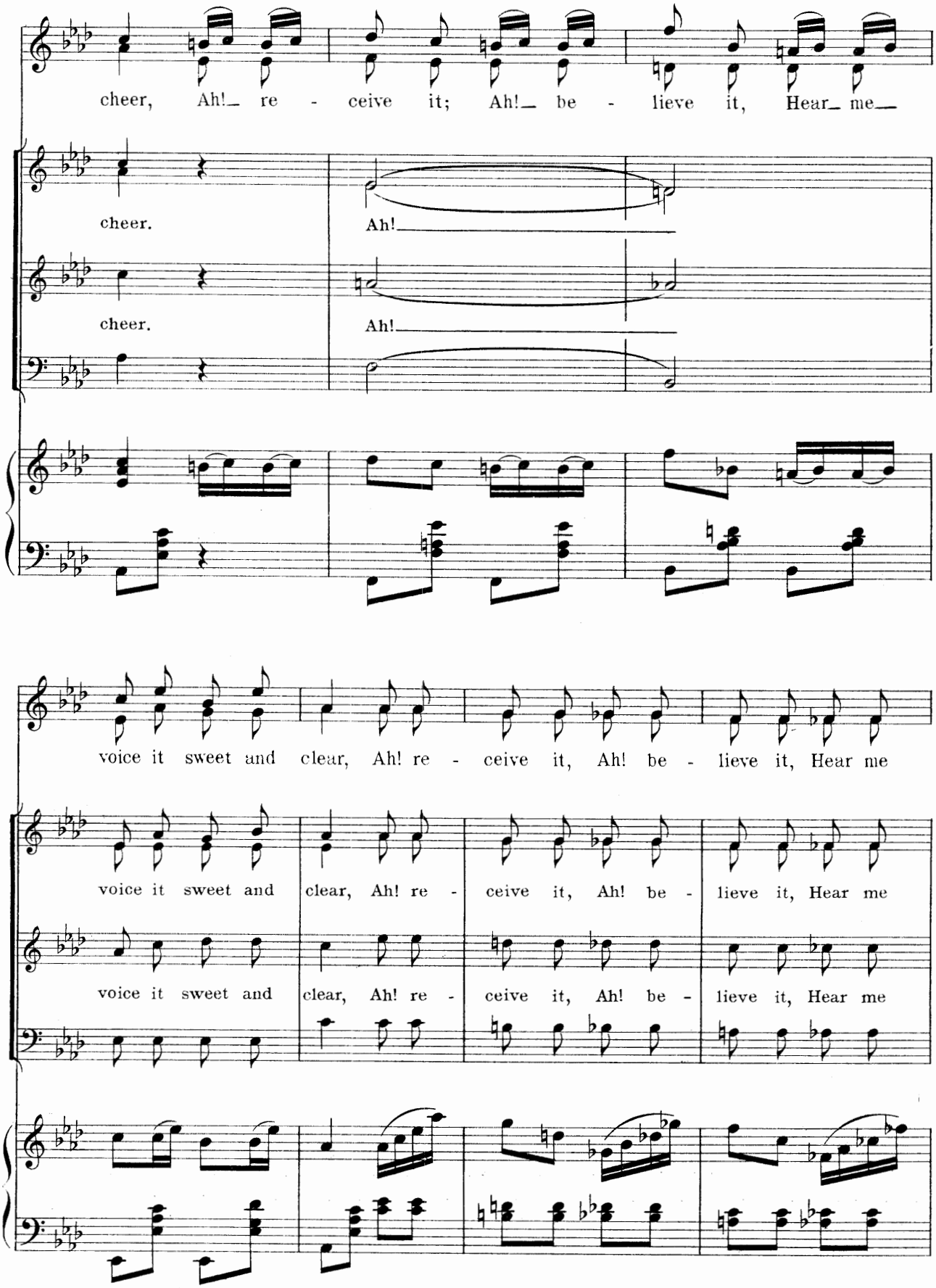
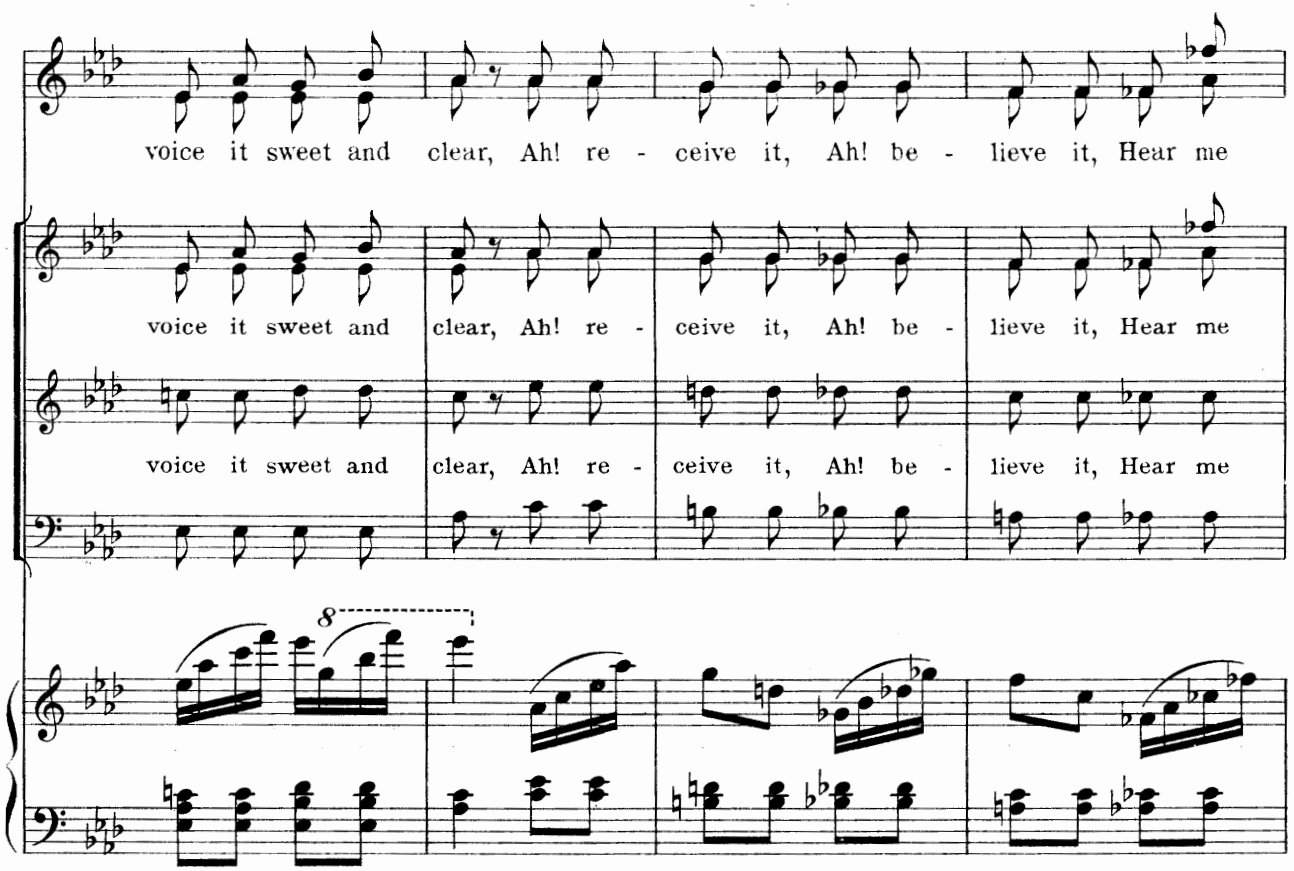

not stay safe at home? Why brave the wood - land
o - ver cast the skies. Who prompts you in your
dan - gers, To bring your song to strang - ers, Through storm, And
sing - ing? What tid - ings are you bring - ing? Re - veal, To
stress, Why do you fly so far? My
me, Whose mes - sen - ger you are.
1
2
That ti - ny min - strel quick - ly hur - ried on her way, Gai - ly

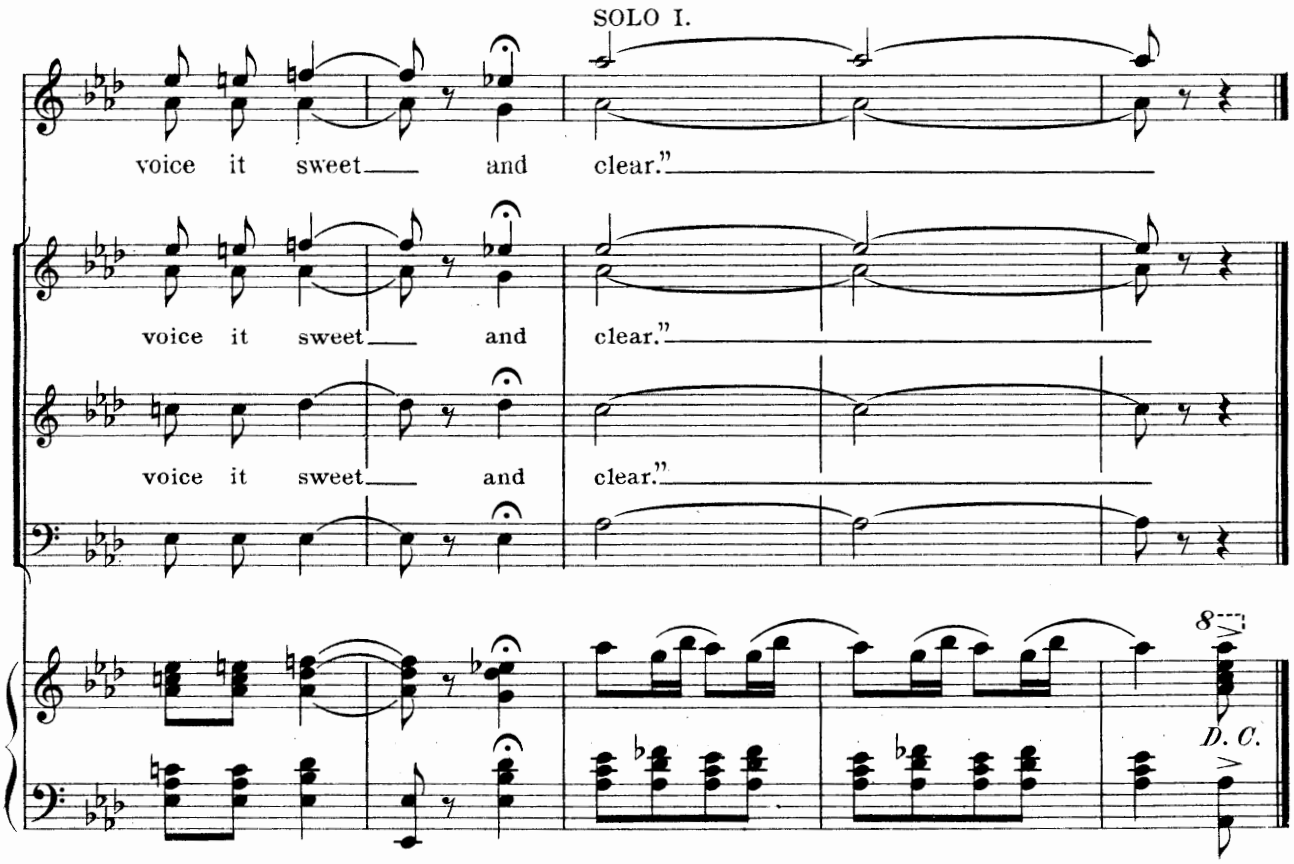

trill - ing, Sweet - ly— thrill - ing, But— I'm— sure I heard her
say. "My on - ly miss - ion is a
mes - sage of good cheer Ah!— re - ceive it; Ah!— be -
lieve it, Hear— me— voice it sweet and clear."


CHORUS.
Hear her mes - sage clear.
Hear her mes - sage clear.
That ti - ny min - strel quick - ly hur - ried on her way, Gai - ly
That ti - ny min - strel quick - ly hur - ried on her way.
That ti - ny min - strel quick - ly hur - ried on her way.


trill - ing, Sweet - ly thrill - ing, But I'm sure I heard her
Gai - - ly trill - -
Gai - - ly trill - -
say, "My on - ly miss - ion is a mes - sage of good
ing. "My on - ly miss - ion is a mes - sage of good
ing. "My on - ly miss - ion is a mes - sage of good


cheer, Ah! re - ceive it; Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
cheer.
Ah!
cheer.
Ah!
voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me


voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
voice it sweet and clear, Ah! re - ceive it, Ah! be - lieve it, Hear me
8


SOLO I.
voice it sweet and clear."
voice it sweet and clear."
voice it sweet and clear."
8
D. C.

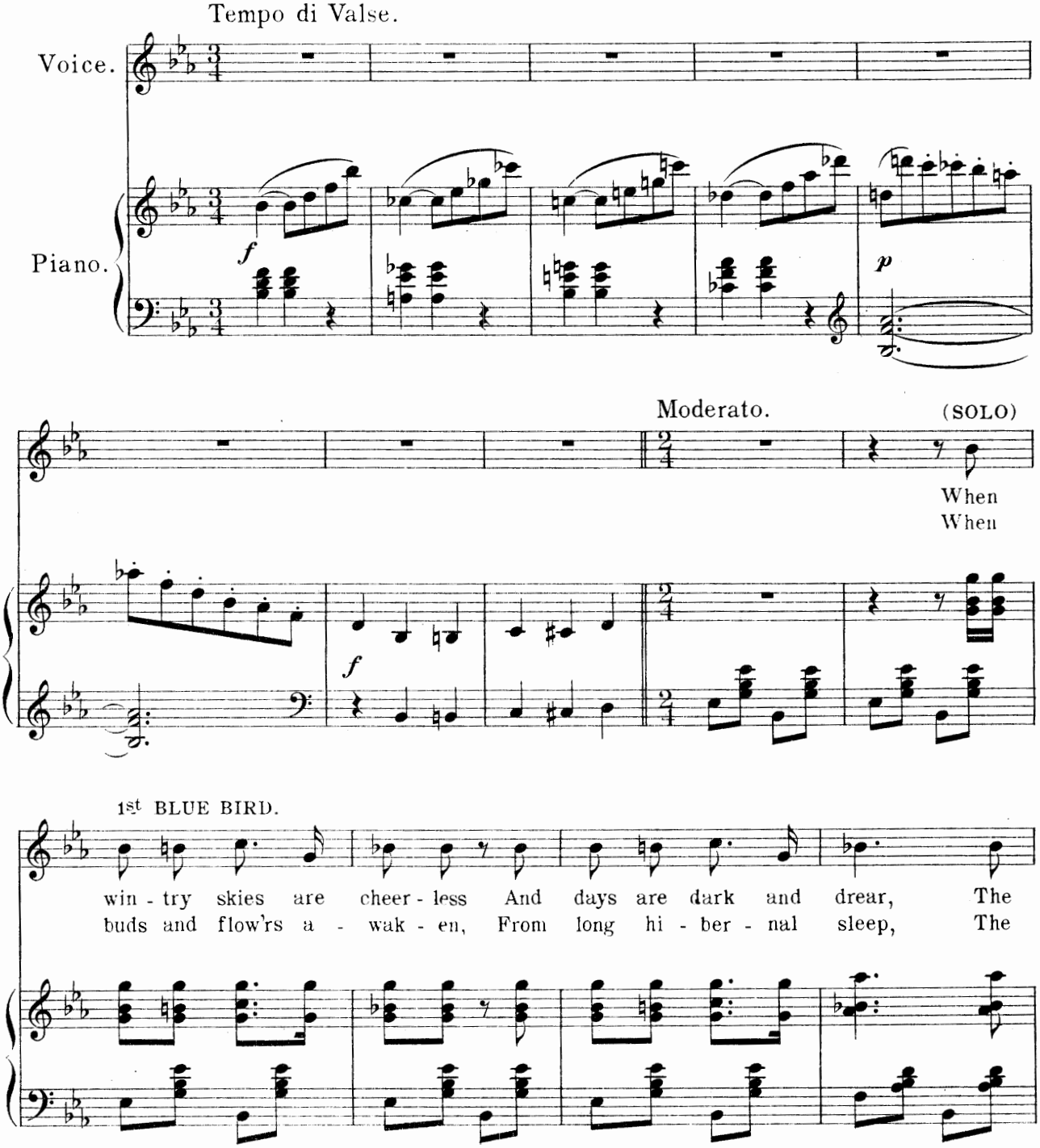
No. 13c

The Message of Spring.

Entrance of Blue-birds.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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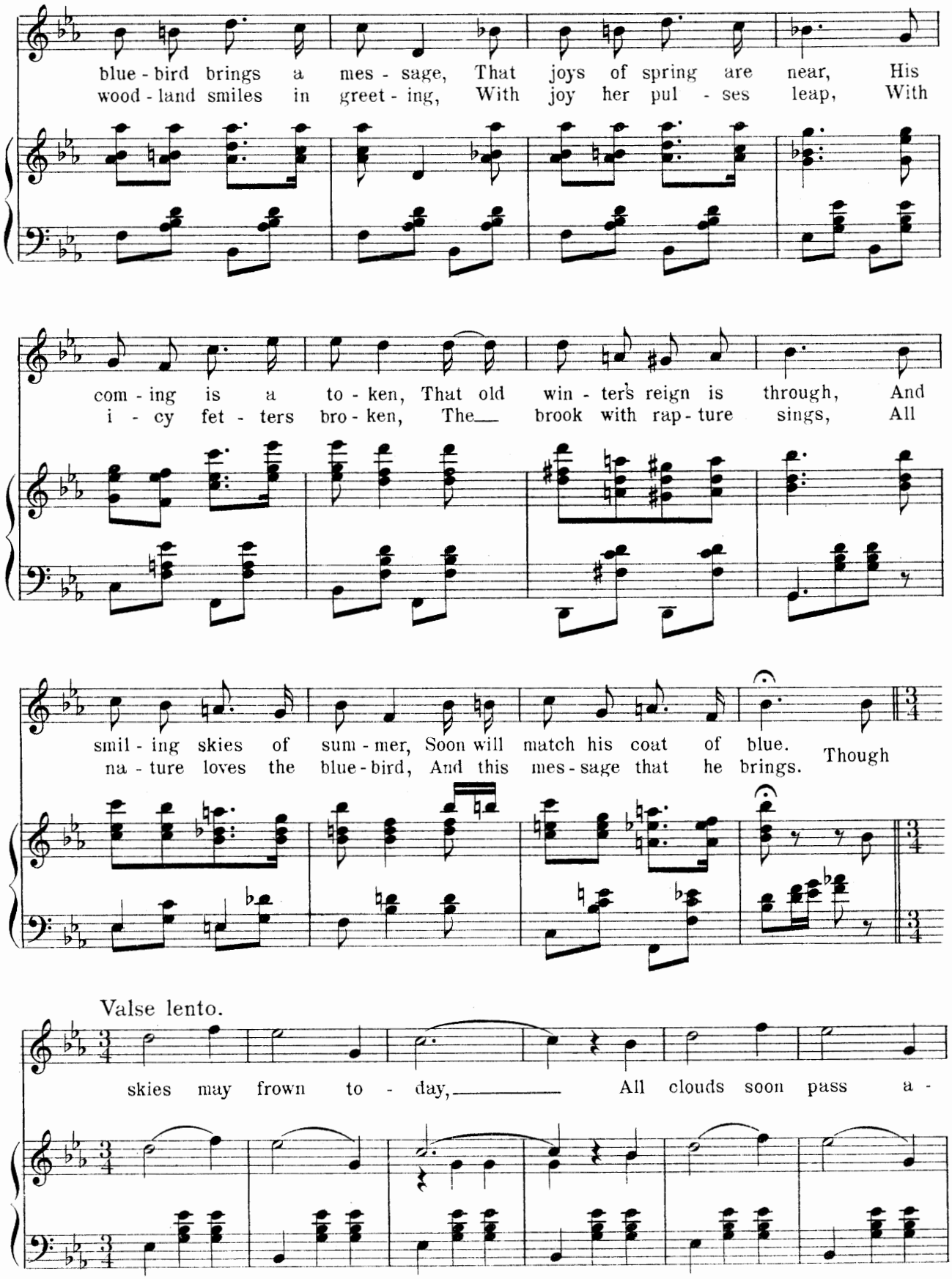
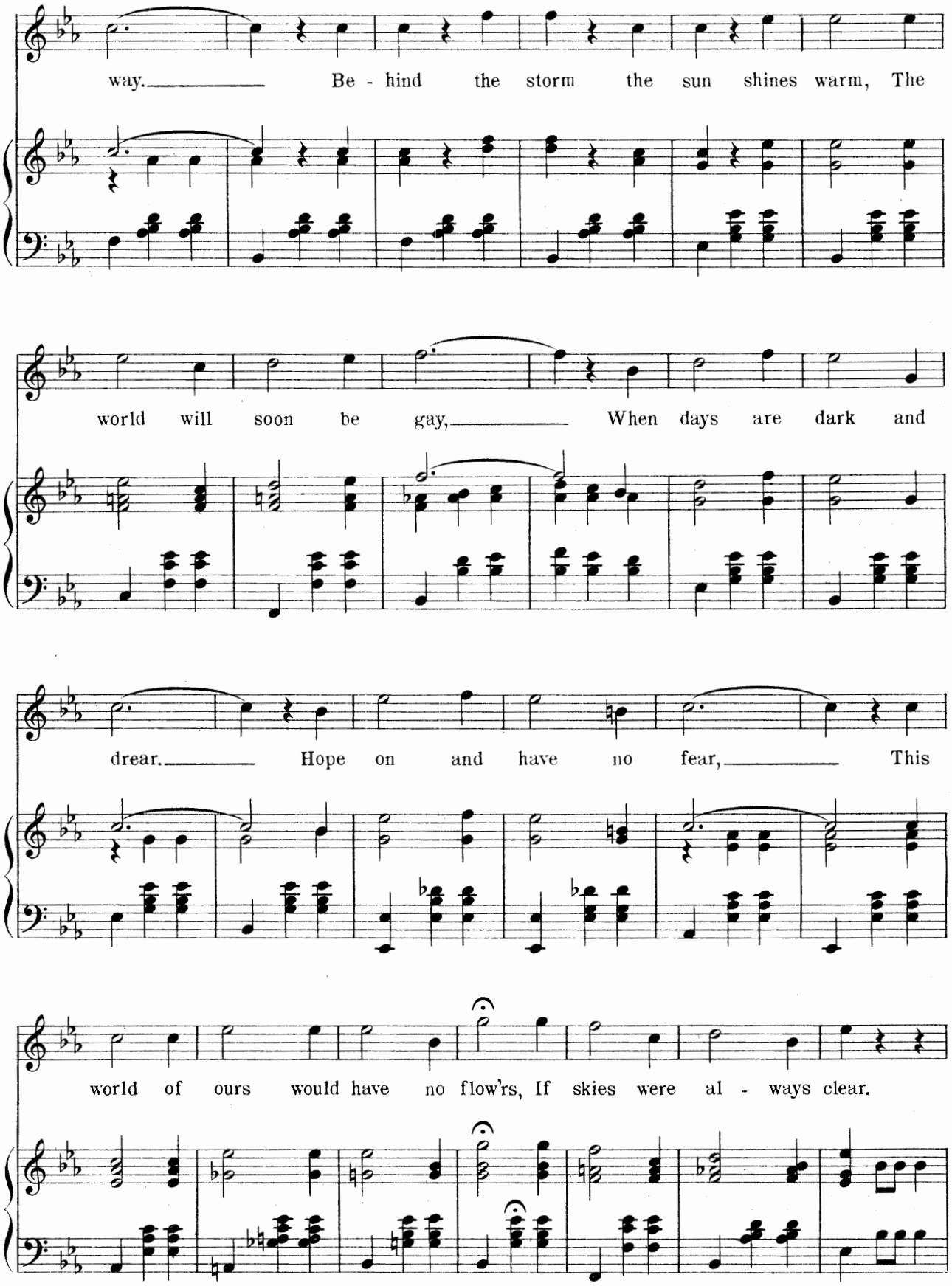
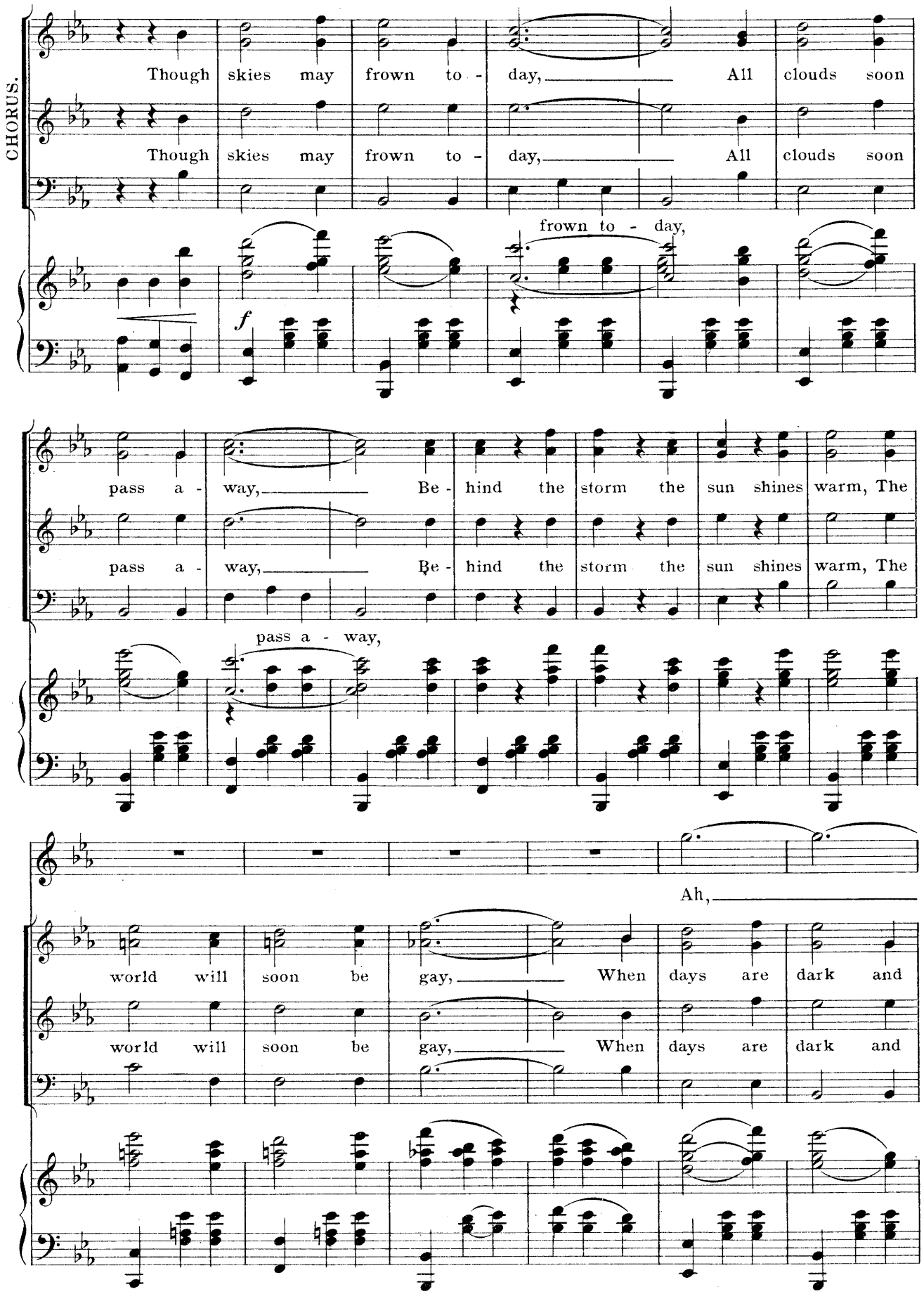
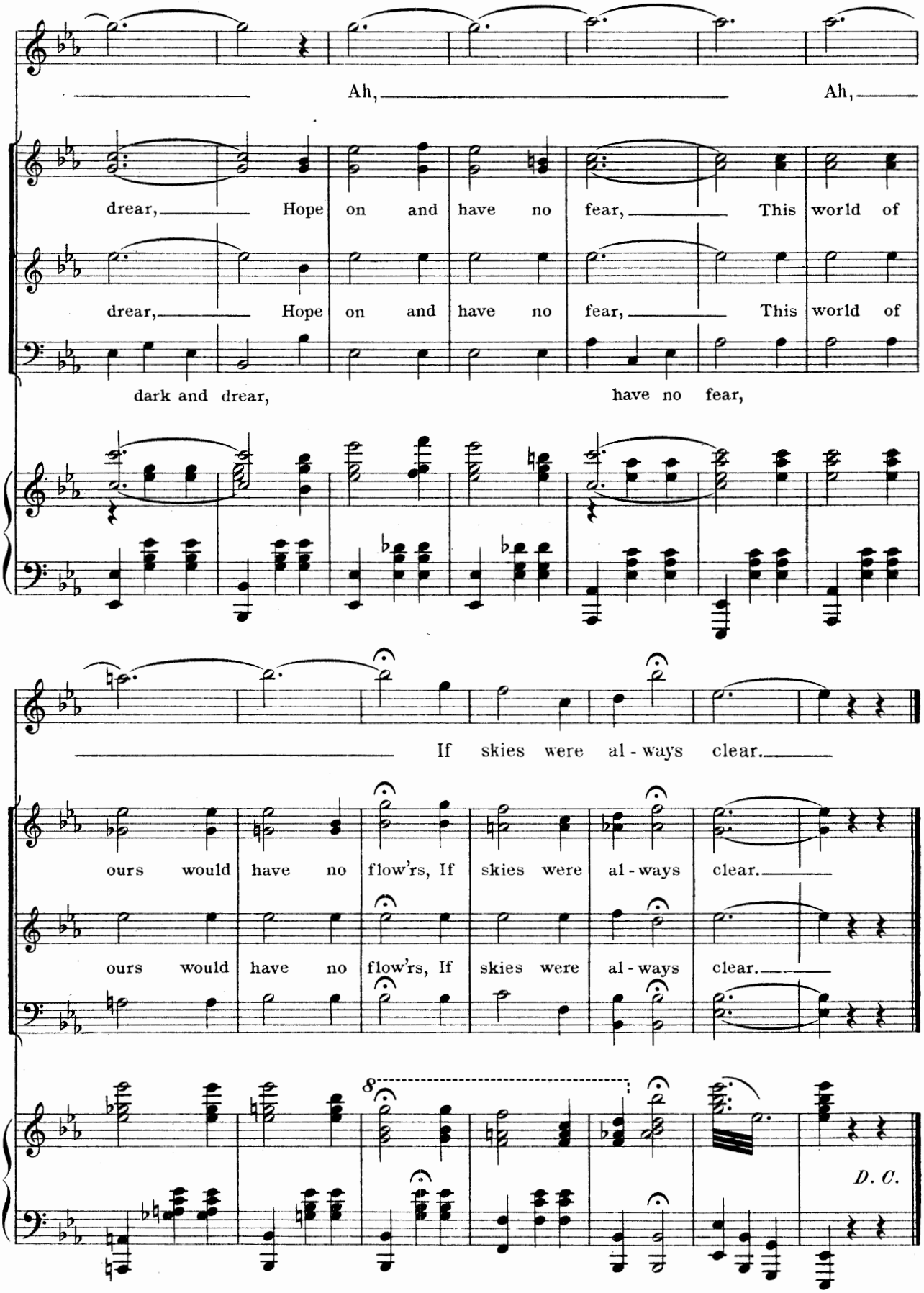

blue - bird brings a mes - sage, That joys of spring are near, His
wood - land smiles in greet - ing, With joy her pul - ses leap, With
com - ing is a to - ken, That old win - ter's reign is through, And
i - cy fet - ters bro - ken, The brook with rap - ture sings, All
smil - ing skies of sum - mer, Soon will match his coat of blue. Though
na - ture loves the blue - bird, And this mes - sage that he brings.
Valse lento.
skies may frown to - day, All clouds soon pass a -


way. Be - hind the storm the sun shines warm, The
world will soon be gay, When days are dark and
drear. Hope on and have no fear, This
world of ours would have no flow'rs, If skies were al - ways clear.


CHORUS.
Though skies may frown to - day, All clouds soon
Though skies may frown to - day, All clouds soon
frown to - day,
f
pass a - way, Be - hind the storm the sun shines warm, The
pass a - way, Be - hind the storm the sun shines warm, The
pass a - way,
Ah,
world will soon be gay, When days are dark and
world will soon be gay, When days are dark and


Ah,
Ah,
drear, Hope on and have no fear, This world of
drear, Hope on and have no fear, This world of
dark and drear,
have no fear,
If skies were al - ways clear.
ours would have no flow'rs, If skies were al - ways clear.
ours would have no flow'rs, If skies were al - ways clear.
8
D. C.

No 13d

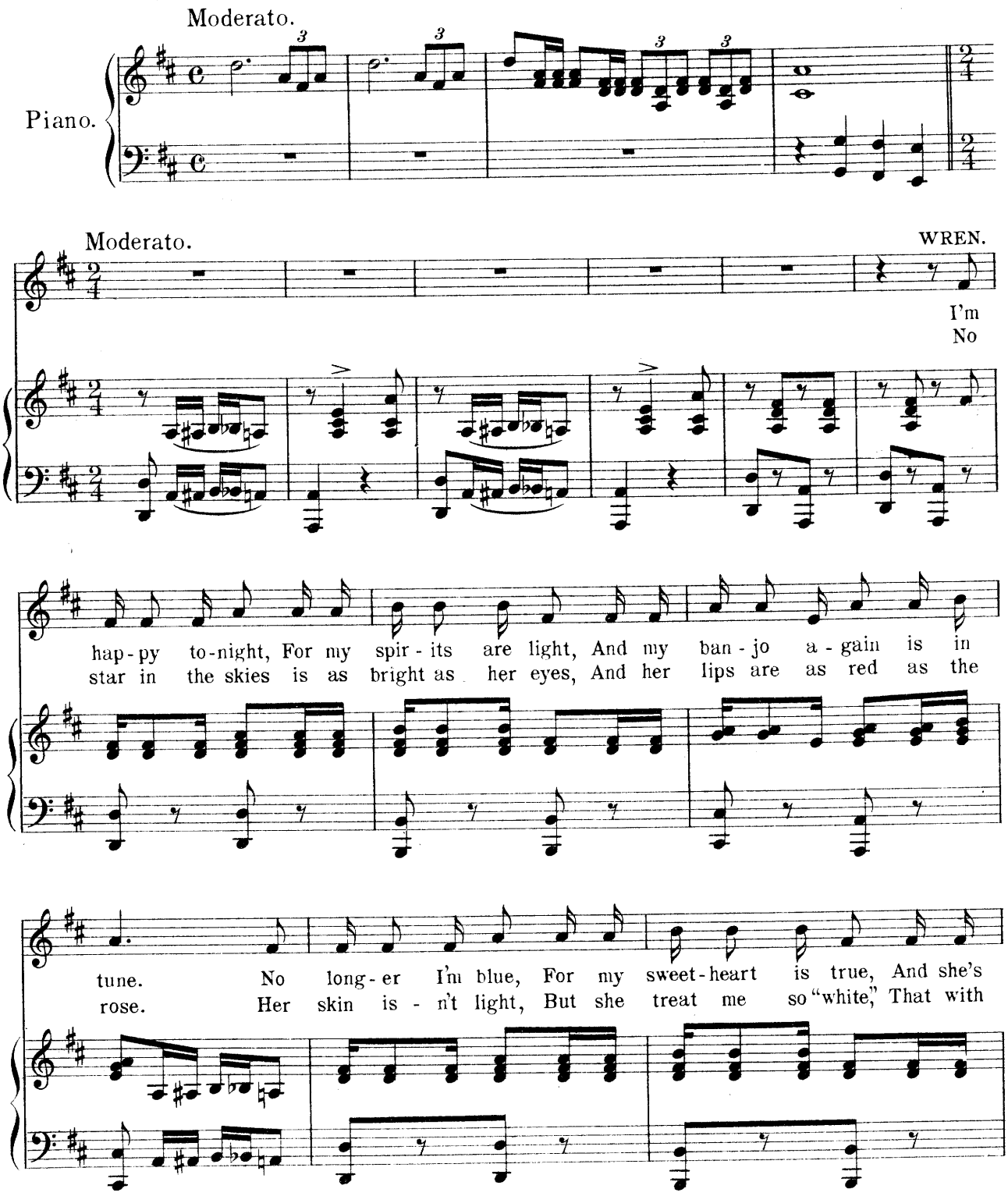
If You Love Me, Lindy.

Coon Song.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Wren.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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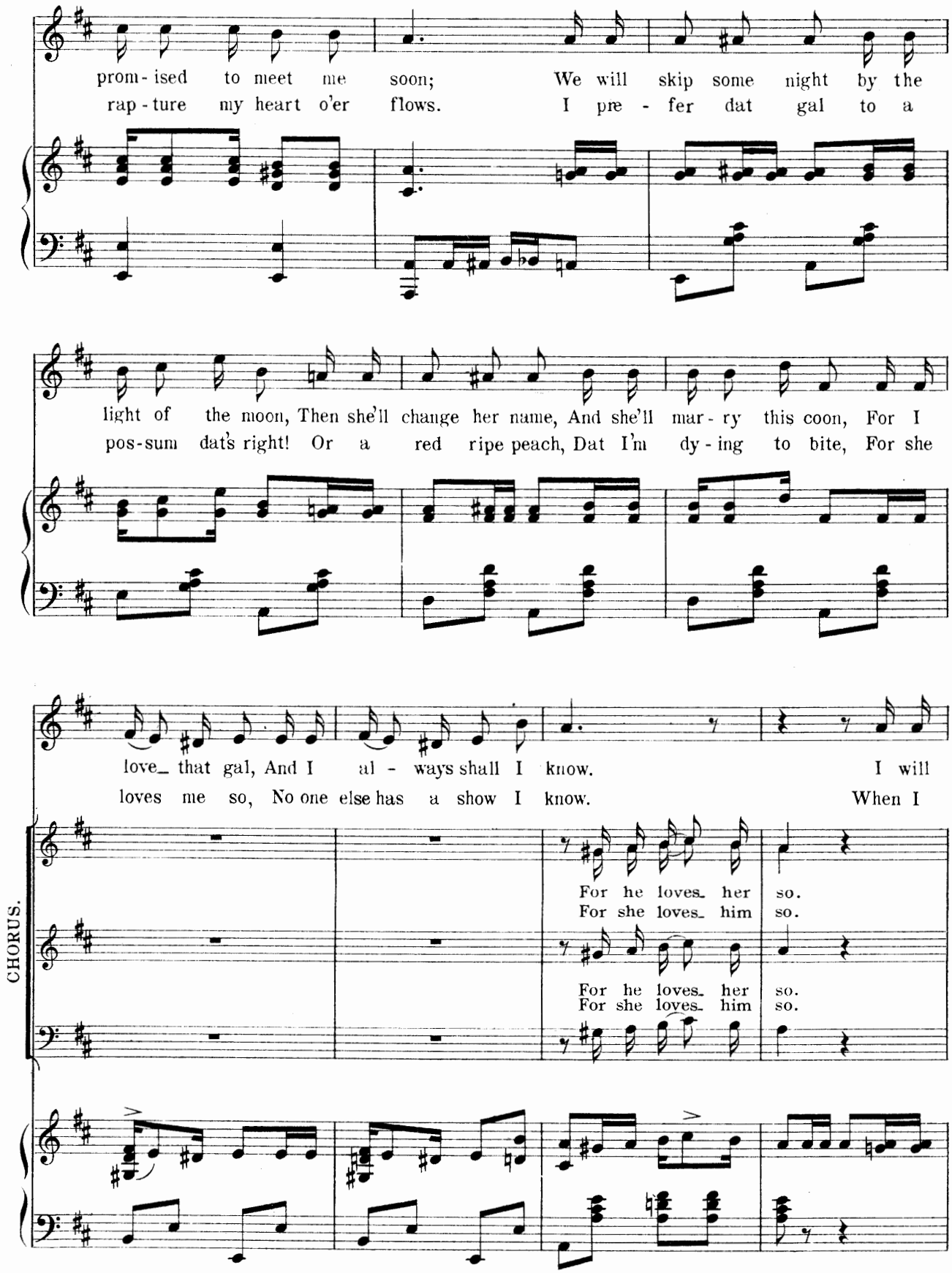
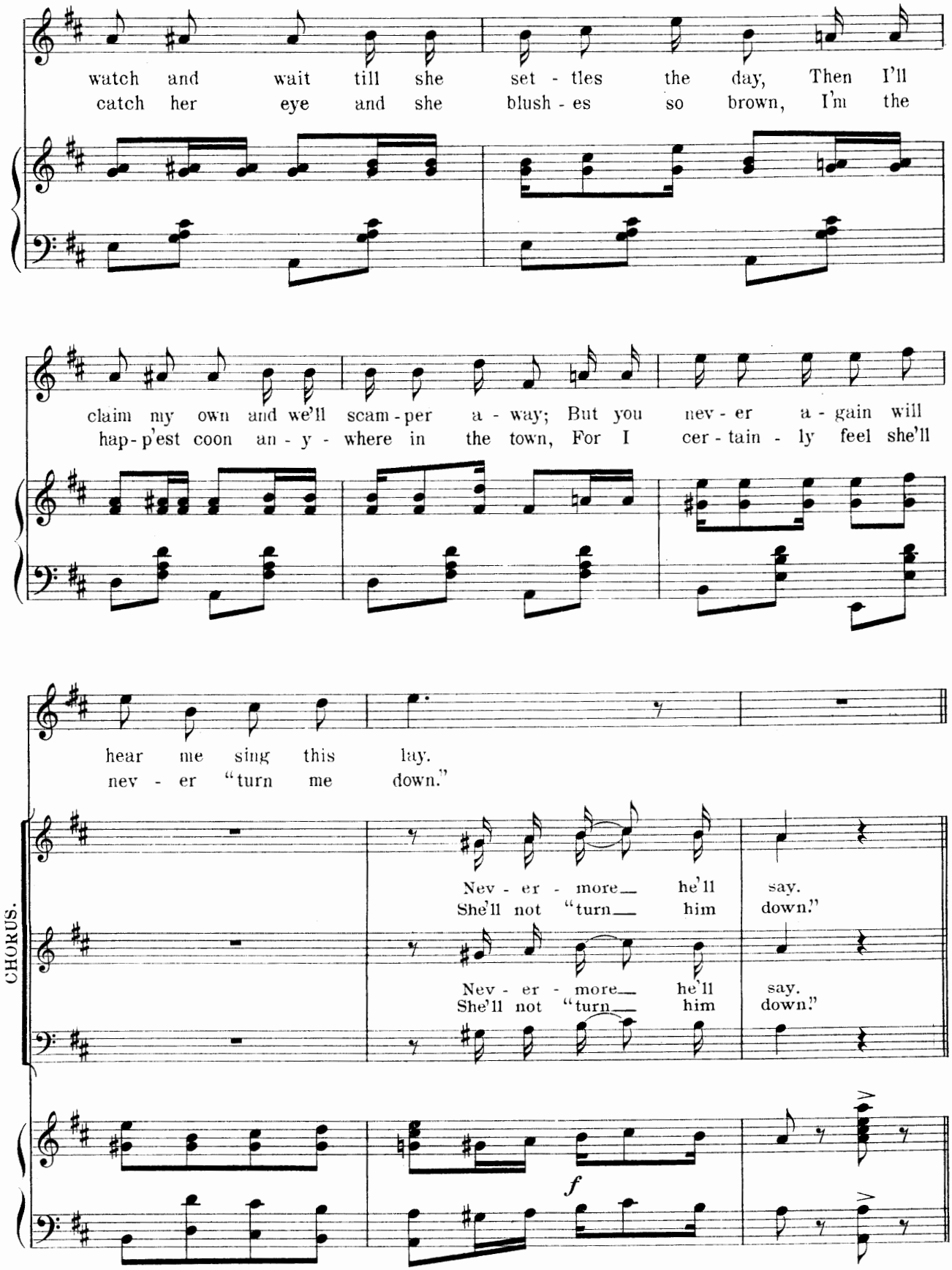
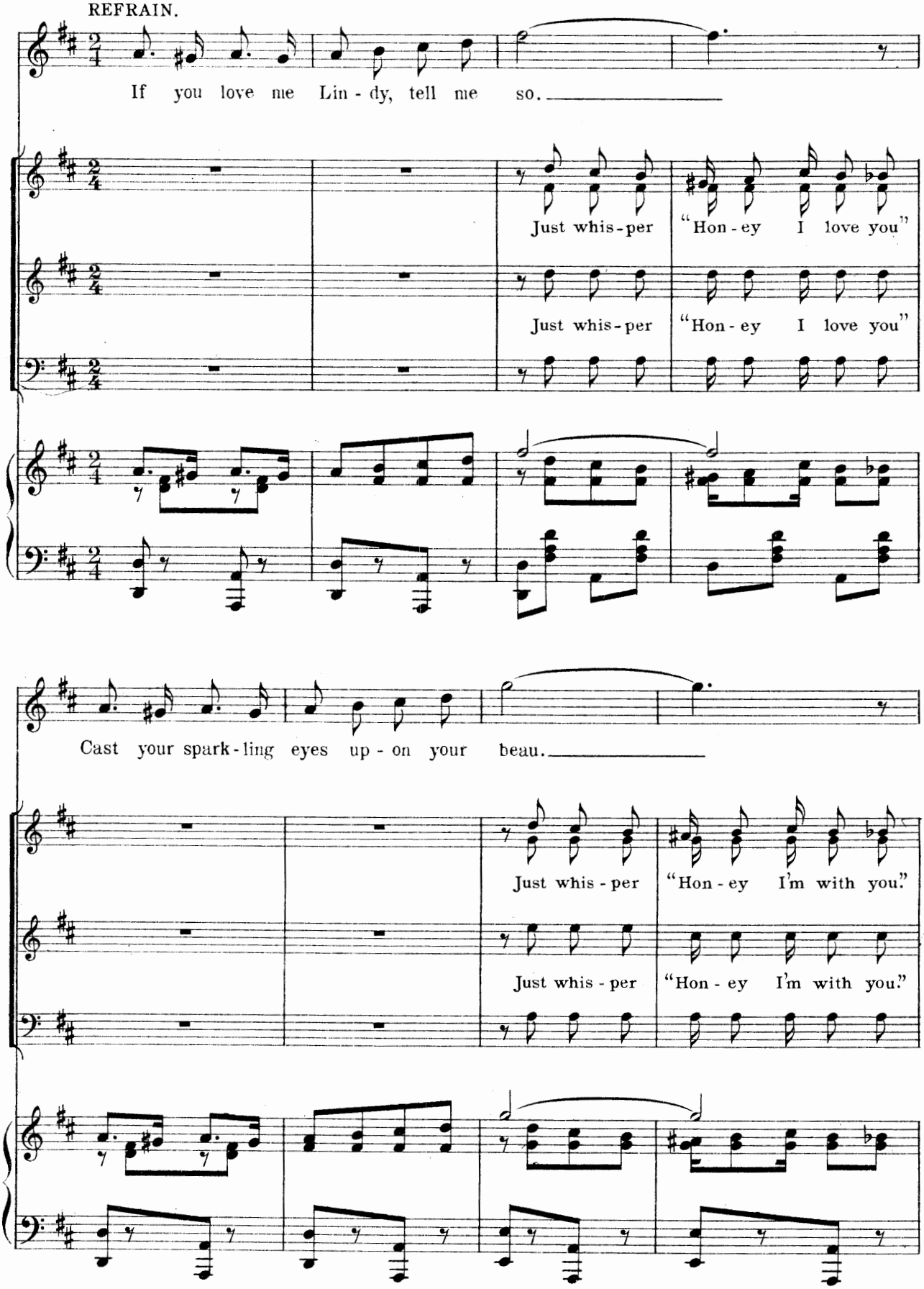
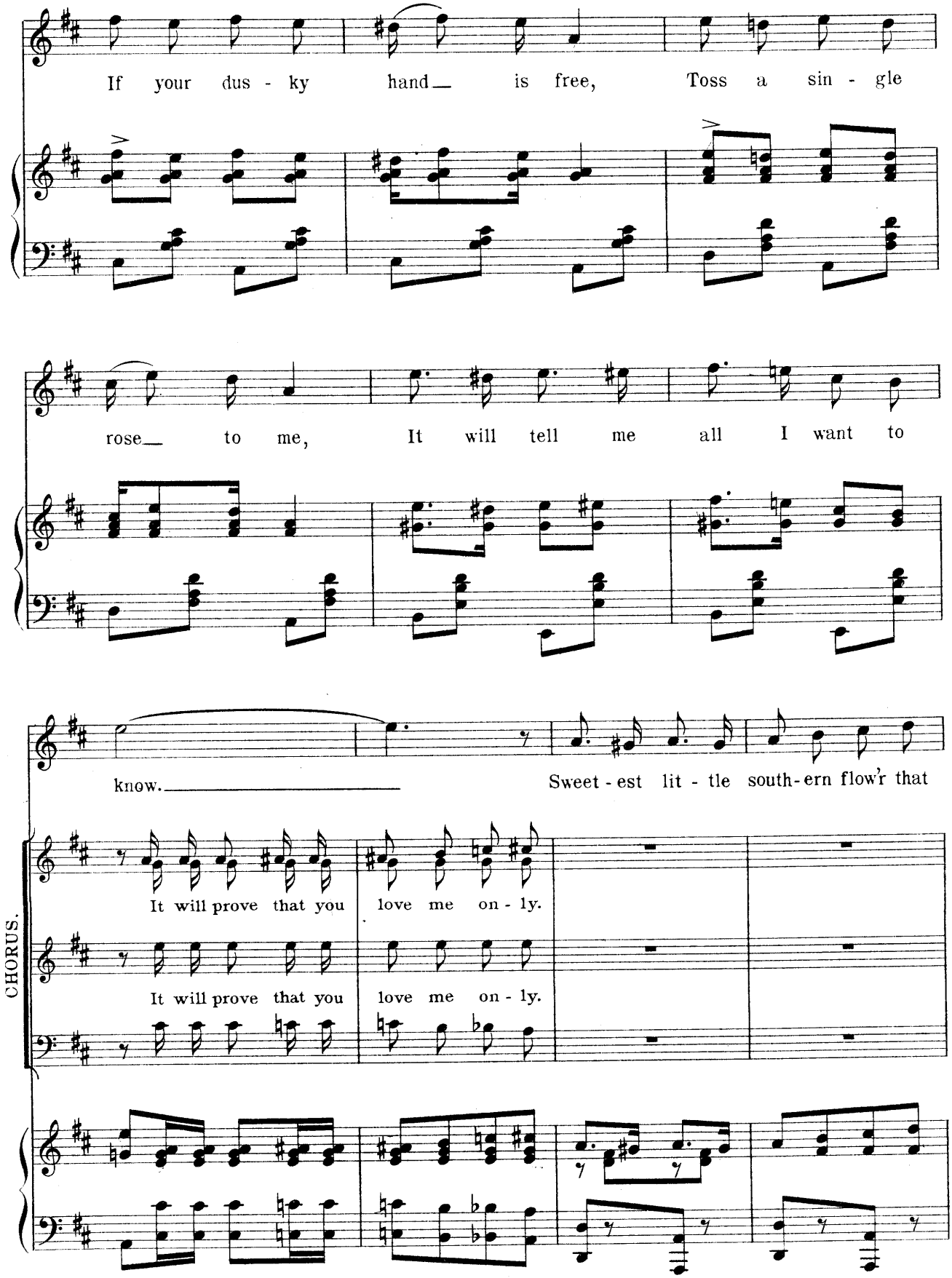
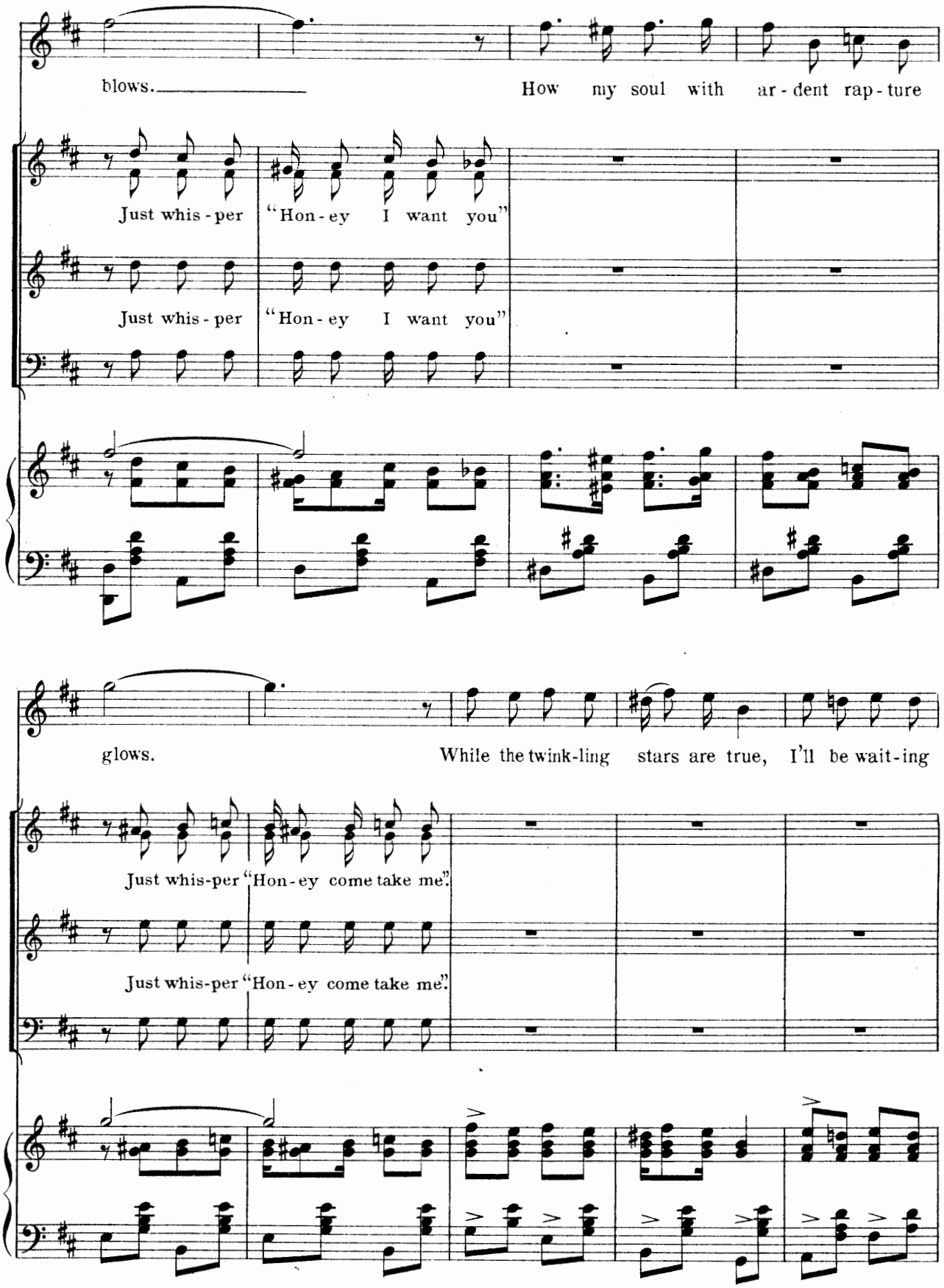

prom - ised to meet me soon; We will skip some night by the
rap - ture my heart o'er flows. I pre - fer dat gal to a
light of the moon, Then she'll change her name, And she'll mar - ry this coon, For I
pos-sum dat's right! Or a red ripe peach, Dat I'm dy - ing to bite, For she
love_ that gal, And I al - ways shall I know. I will
loves me so, No one else has a show I know. When I
CHORUS.
For he loves_ her so.
For she loves_ him so.
For he loves_ her so.
For she loves_ him so.

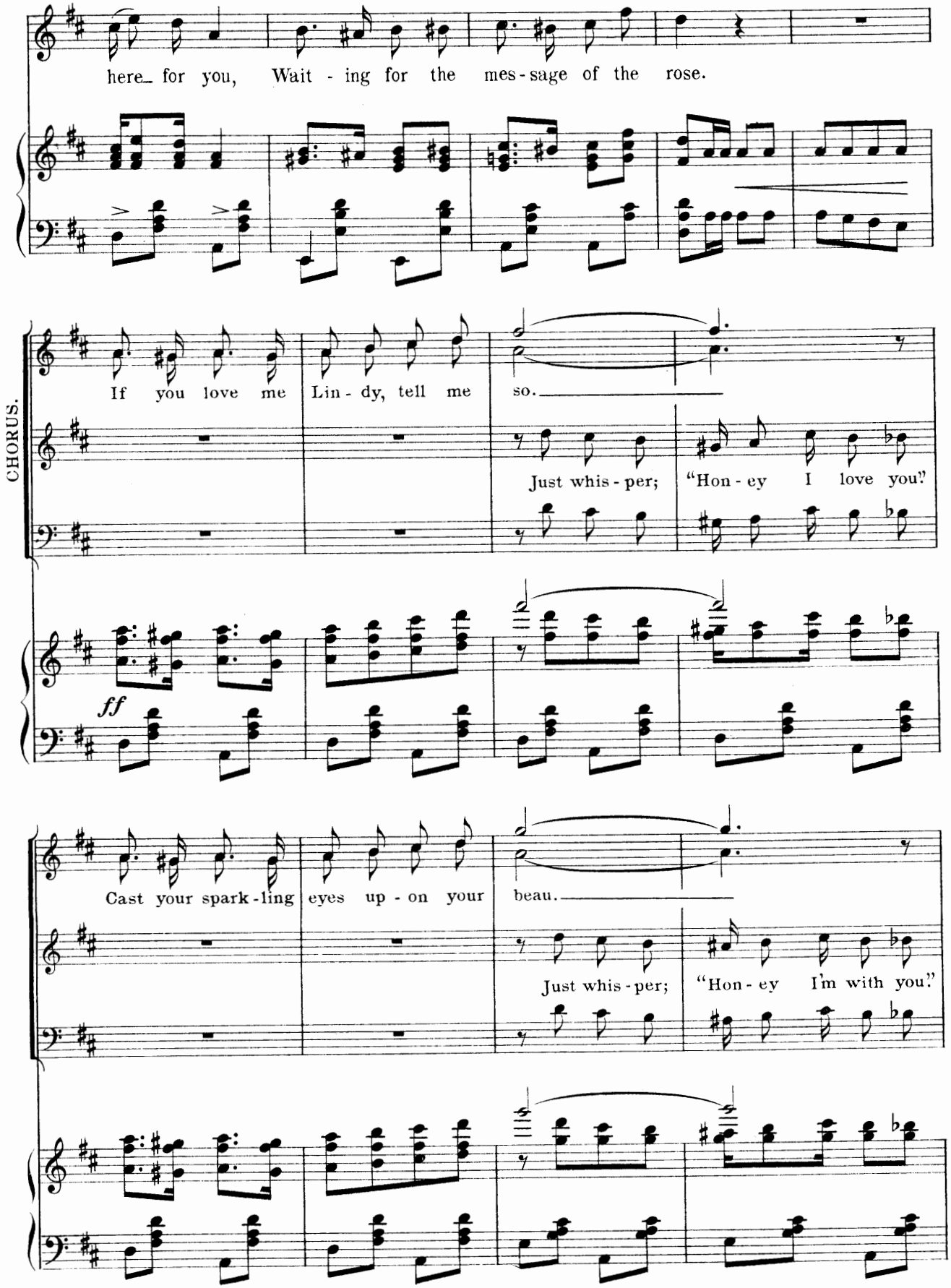

watch and wait till she set - tles the day, Then I'll
catch her eye and she blush - es so brown, I'm the
claim my own and we'll scam - per a - way; But you nev - er a - gain will
hap - p'est coon an - y - where in the town, For I cer - tain - ly feel she'll
hear me sing this lay.
nev - er "turn me down."
CHORUS.
Nev - er - more he'll say.
She'll not "turn him down."
Nev - er - more he'll say.
She'll not "turn him down."
f

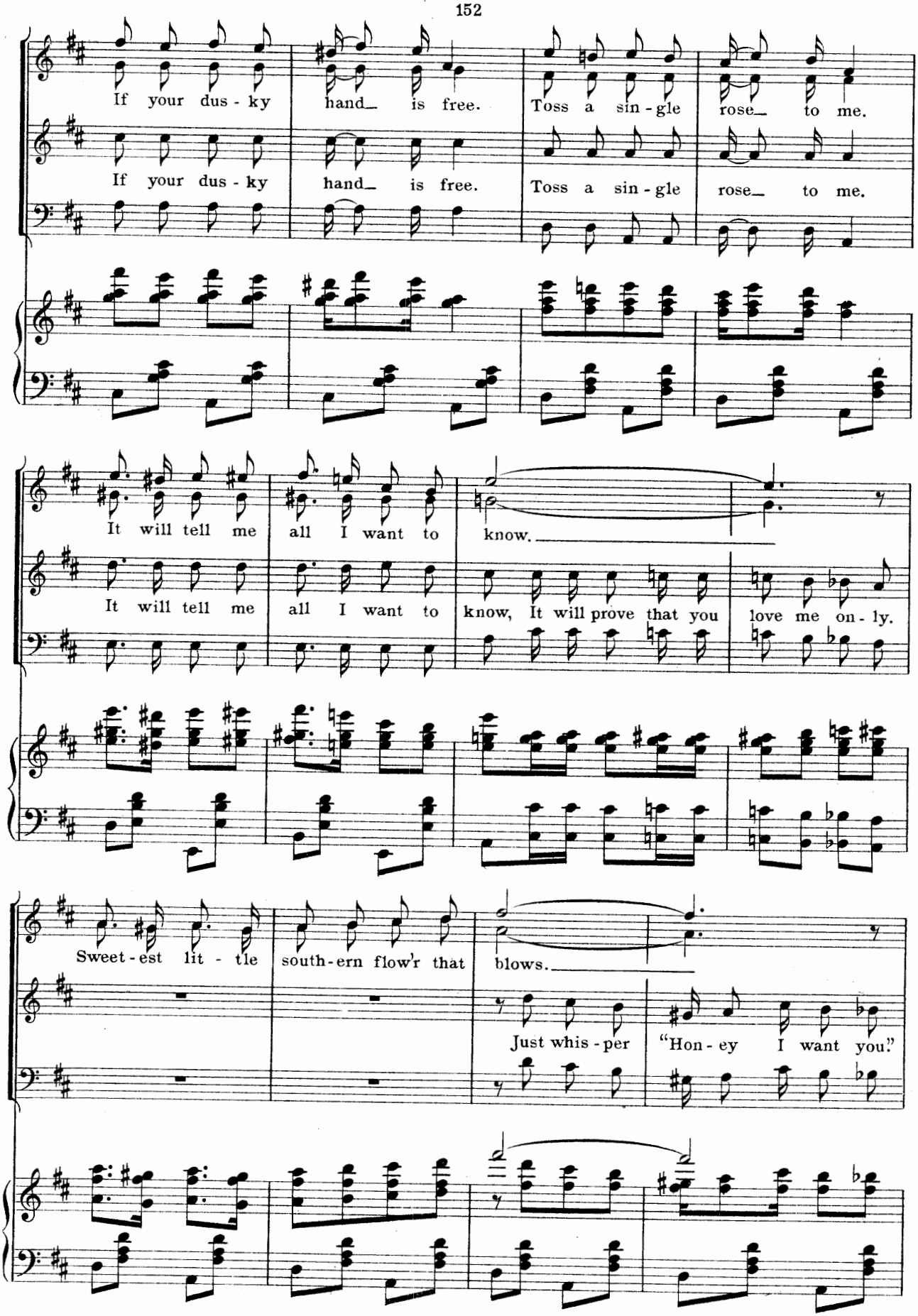
REFRAIN.

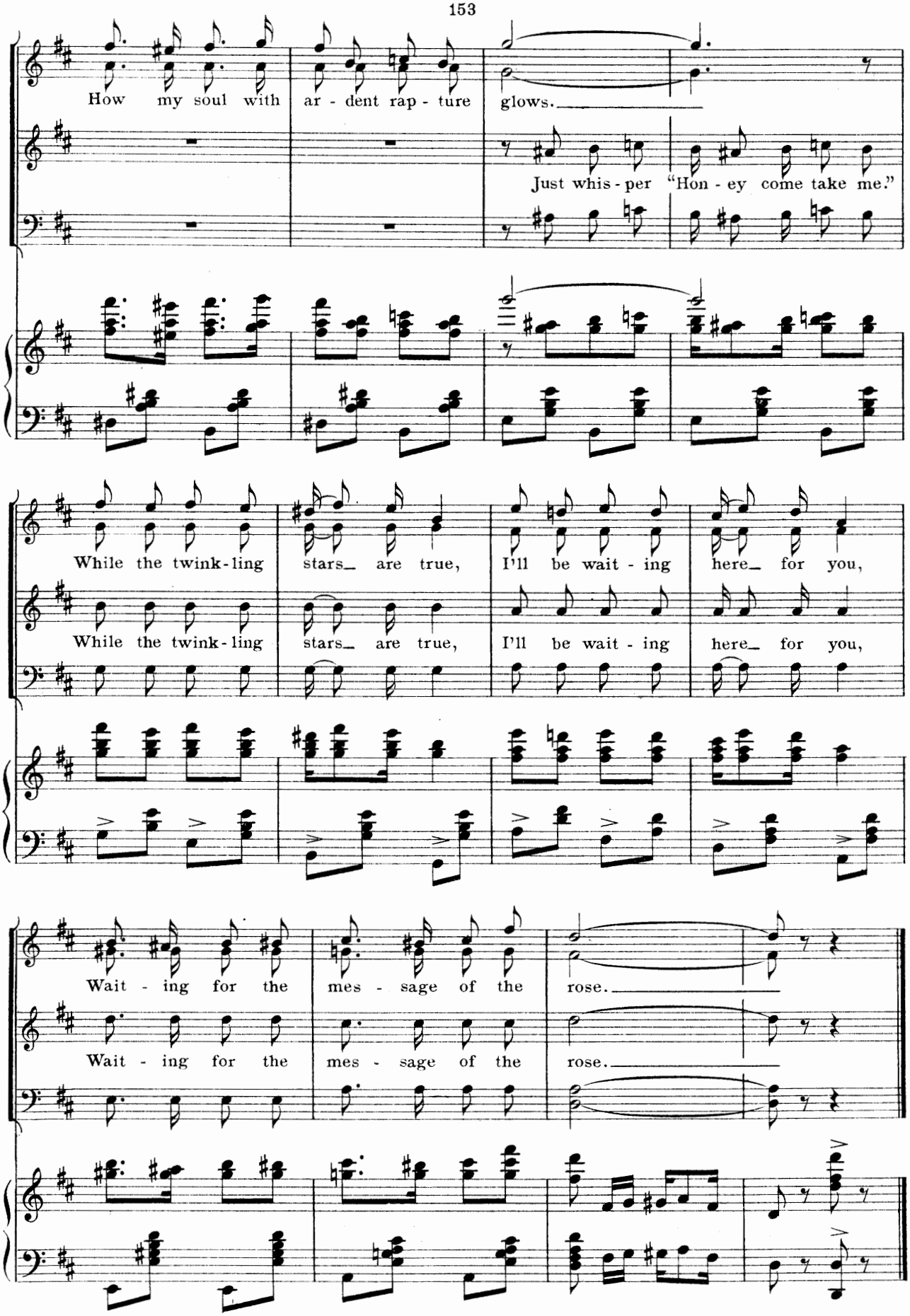

If you love me Lin - dy, tell me so.
Just whis - per "Hon - ey I love you"
Just whis - per "Hon - ey I love you"
Cast your spark - ling eyes up - on your beau.
Just whis - per "Hon - ey I'm with you."
Just whis - per "Hon - ey I'm with you."


If your dus - ky hand is free, Toss a sin - gle
rose to me, It will tell me all I want to
know. Sweet - est lit - tle south-ern flow'r that
CHORUS.
It will prove that you love me on - ly.
It will prove that you love me on - ly.


blows.
How my soul with ar-dent rap-ture
Just whis-per "Hon-ey I want you"
Just whis-per "Hon-ey I want you"
glows.
While the twink-ling stars are true, I'll be wait-ing
Just whis-per "Hon-ey come take me".
Just whis-per "Hon-ey come take me".


here for you, Wait - ing for the mes - sage of the rose.
CHORUS.
If you love me Lin - dy, tell me so.
Just whis - per; "Hon - ey I love you"
ff
Cast your spark - ling eyes up - on your beau.
Just whis - per; "Hon - ey I'm with you"


If your dus - ky hand_ is free. Toss a sin - gle rose_ to me.
If your dus - ky hand_ is free. Toss a sin - gle rose_ to me.
It will tell me all I want to know.
It will tell me all I want to know, It will prove that you love me on - ly.
Sweet - est lit - tle south-ern flow'r that blows.
Just whis - per "Hon - ey I want you."

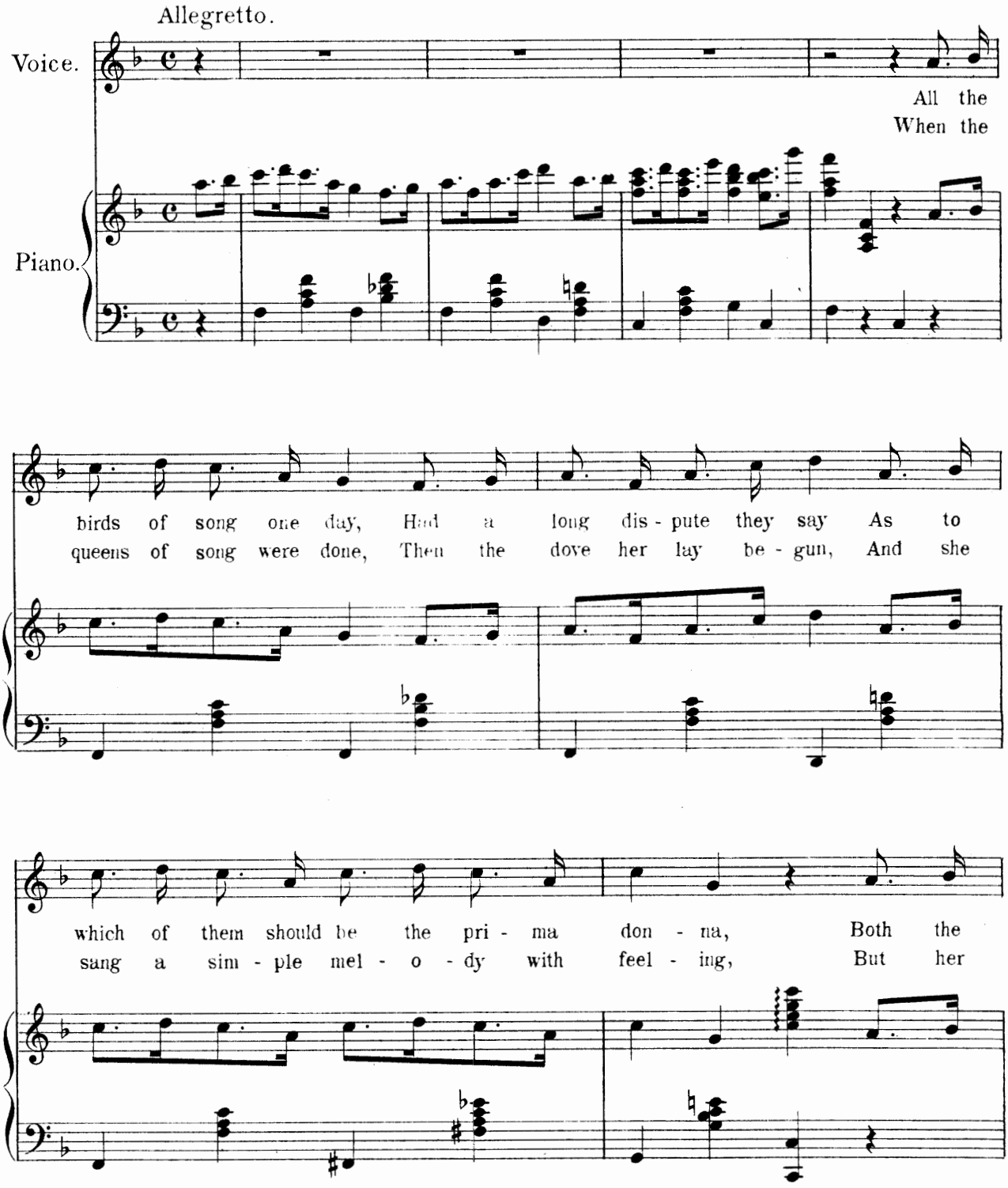

How my soul with ar - dent rap - ture glows.
Just whis - per "Hon - ey come take me."
While the twink - ling stars_ are true, I'll be wait - ing here_ for you,
While the twink - ling stars_ are true, I'll be wait - ing here_ for you,
Wait - ing for the mes - sage of the rose.
Wait - ing for the mes - sage of the rose.

No. 13. The Tale Of The Turtle Dove.

Dove and Chorus.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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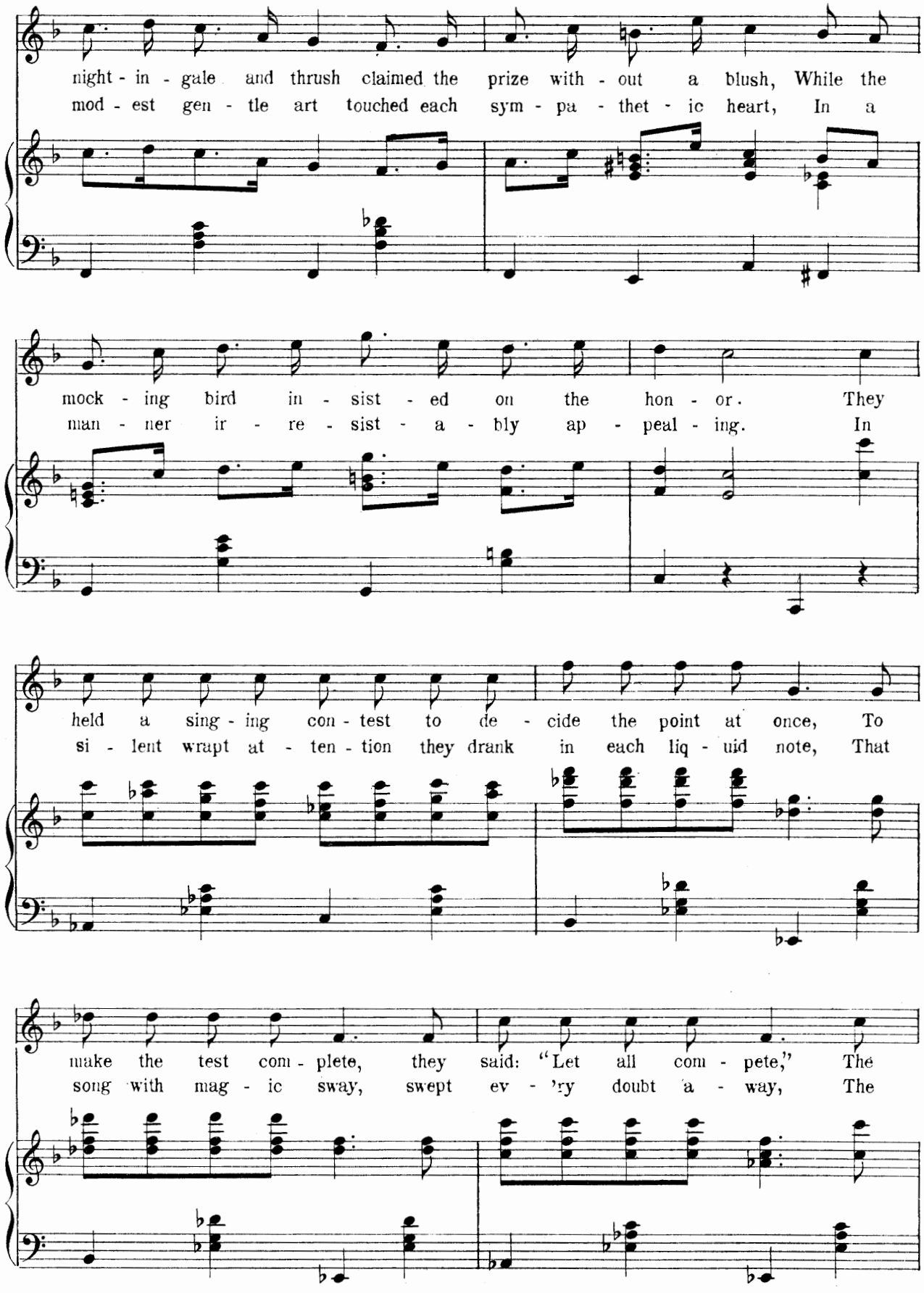
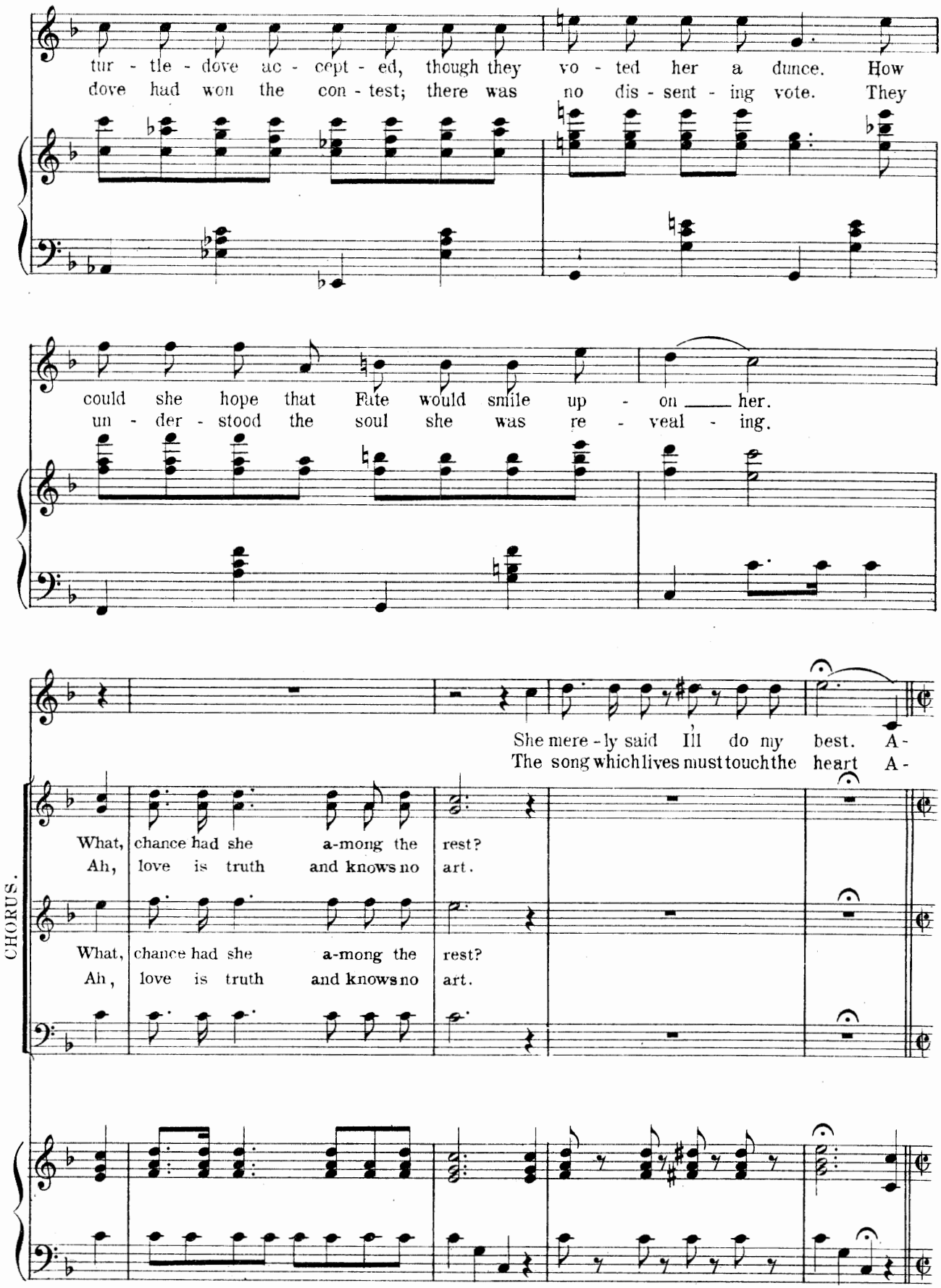
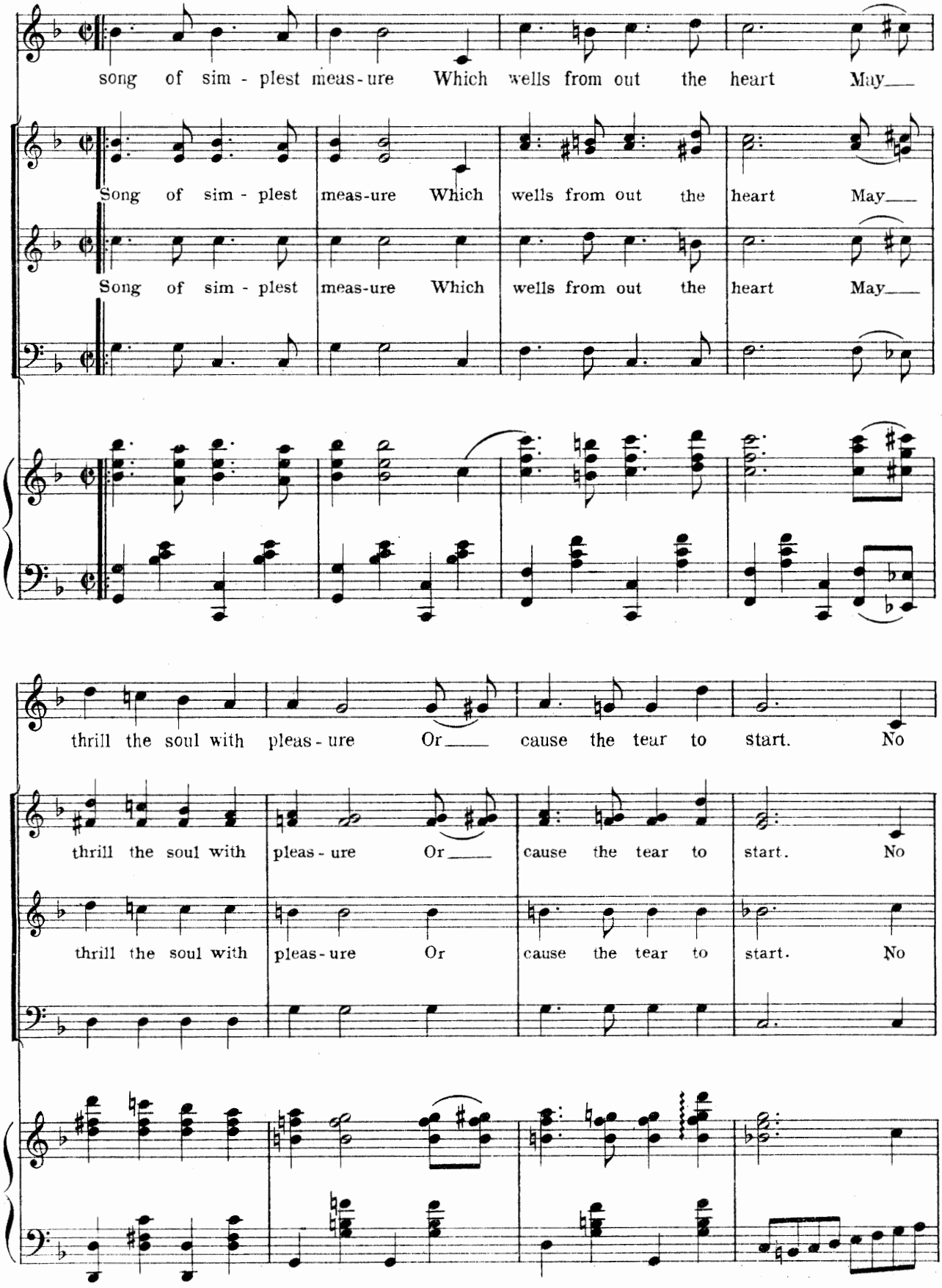
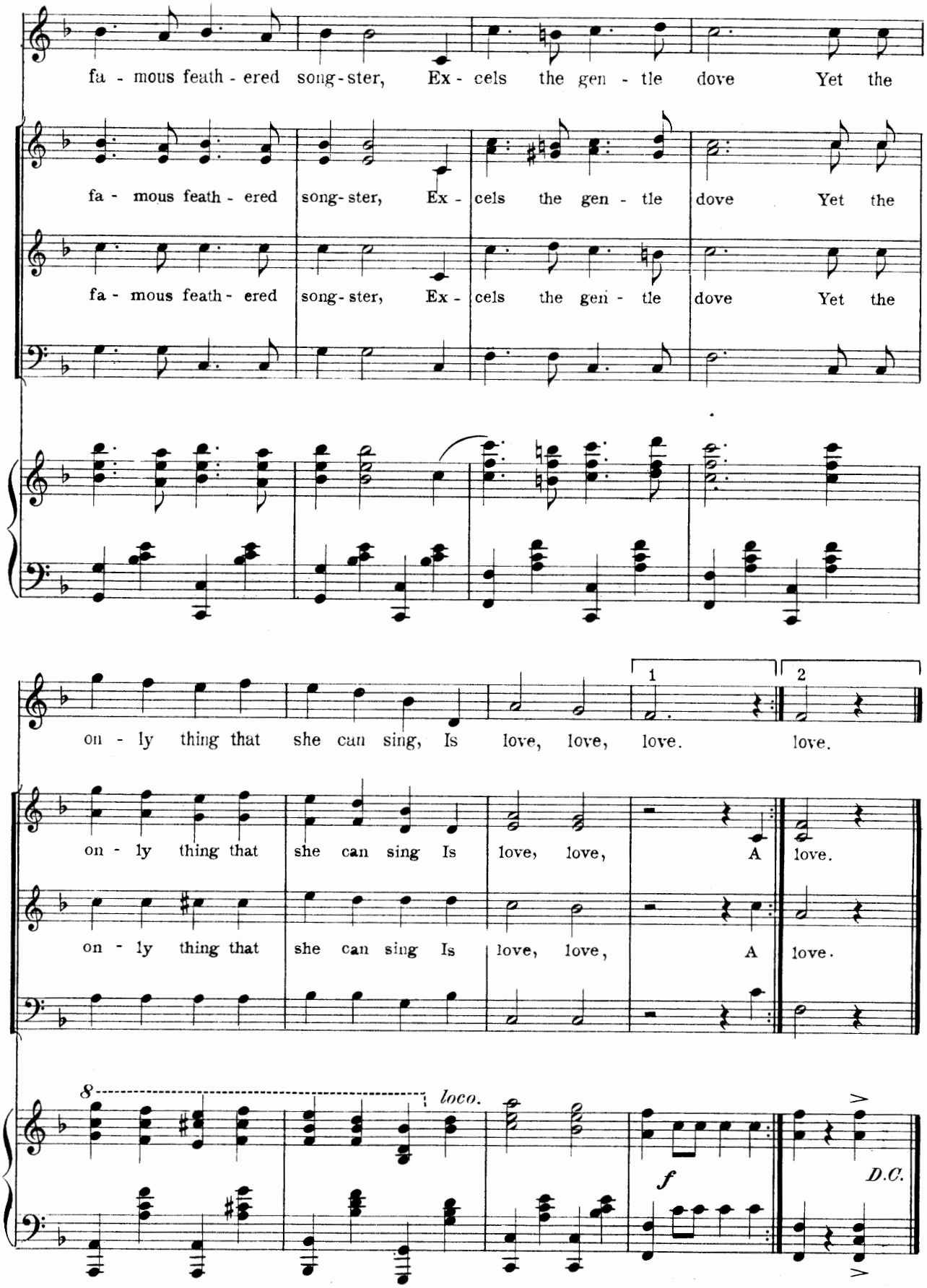

night - in - gale and thrush claimed the prize with - out a blush, While the
mod - est gen - tle art touched each sym - pa - thet - ic heart, In a
mock - ing bird in - sist - ed on the hon - or. They
man - ner ir - re - sist - a - bly ap - peal - ing. In
held a sing - ing con - test to de - cide the point at once, To
si - lent wrapt at - ten - tion they drank in each liq - uid note, That
make the test com - plete, they said: "Let all com - pete," The
song with mag - ic sway, swept ev - 'ry doubt a - way, The


tur - tle - dove ac - cept - ed, though they vo - ted her a dunce. How
dove had won the con - test; there was no dis - sent - ing vote. They
could she hope that Fate would smile up - on ___ her.
un - der - stood the soul she was re - veal - ing.
She mere - ly said I'll do my best. A -
The song which lives must touch the heart A -
CHORUS.
What, chance had she a-mong the rest?
Ah, love is truth and knows no art.
What, chance had she a-mong the rest?
Ah, love is truth and knows no art.


song of sim - plest meas-ure Which wells from out the heart May
Song of sim - plest meas-ure Which wells from out the heart May
Song of sim - plest meas-ure Which wells from out the heart May
thrill the soul with pleas - ure Or cause the tear to start. No
thrill the soul with pleas - ure Or cause the tear to start. No
thrill the soul with pleas - ure Or cause the tear to start. No

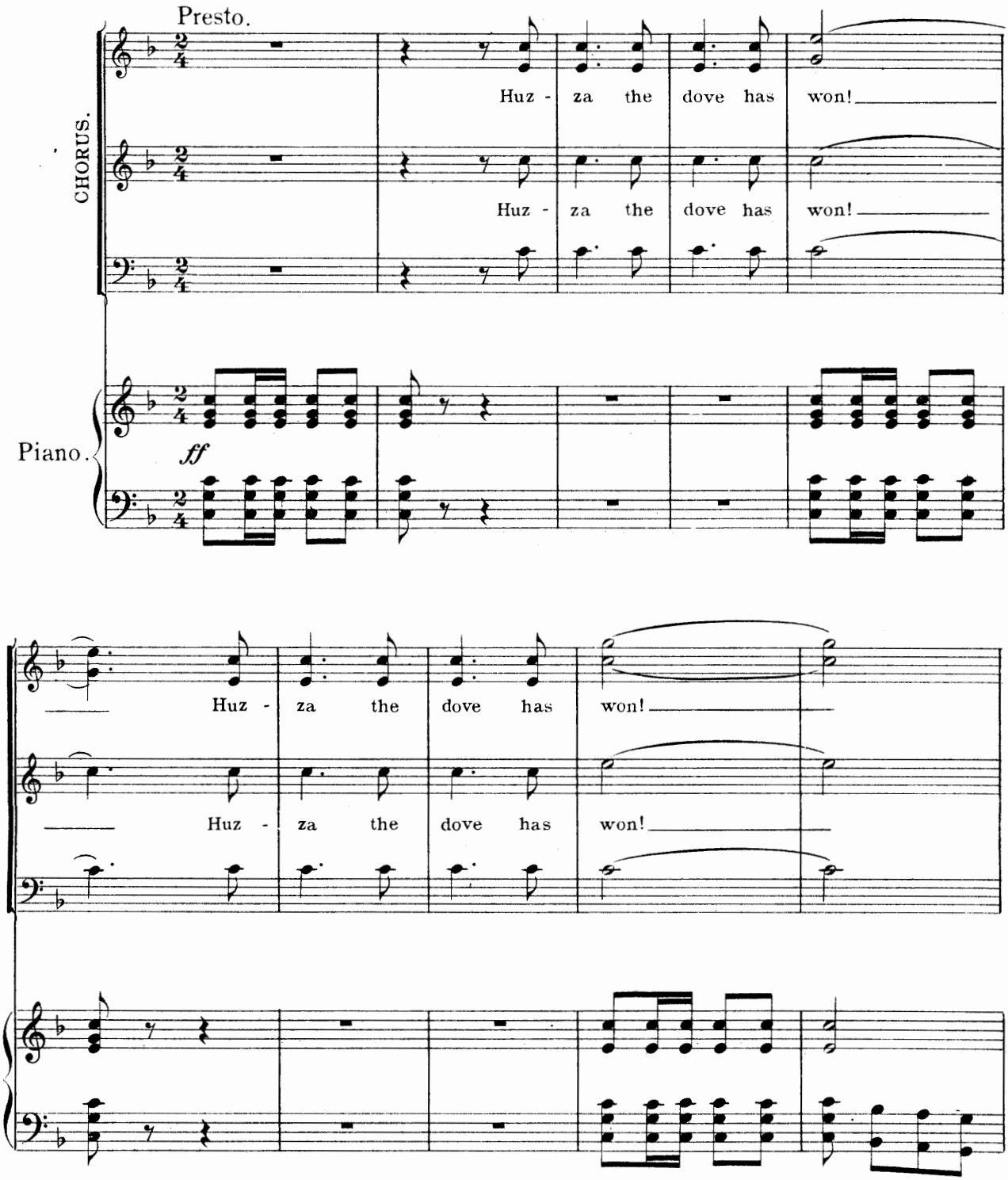

fa - mous feath - ered song - ster, Ex - cels the gen - tle dove Yet the
fa - mous feath - ered song - ster, Ex - cels the gen - tle dove Yet the
fa - mous feath - ered song - ster, Ex - cels the gen - tle dove Yet the
on - ly thing that she can sing, Is love, love, love. love.
on - ly thing that she can sing Is love, love, A love.
on - ly thing that she can sing Is love, love, A love.
8
loco.
f
D.C.

No 13f

End of Contest.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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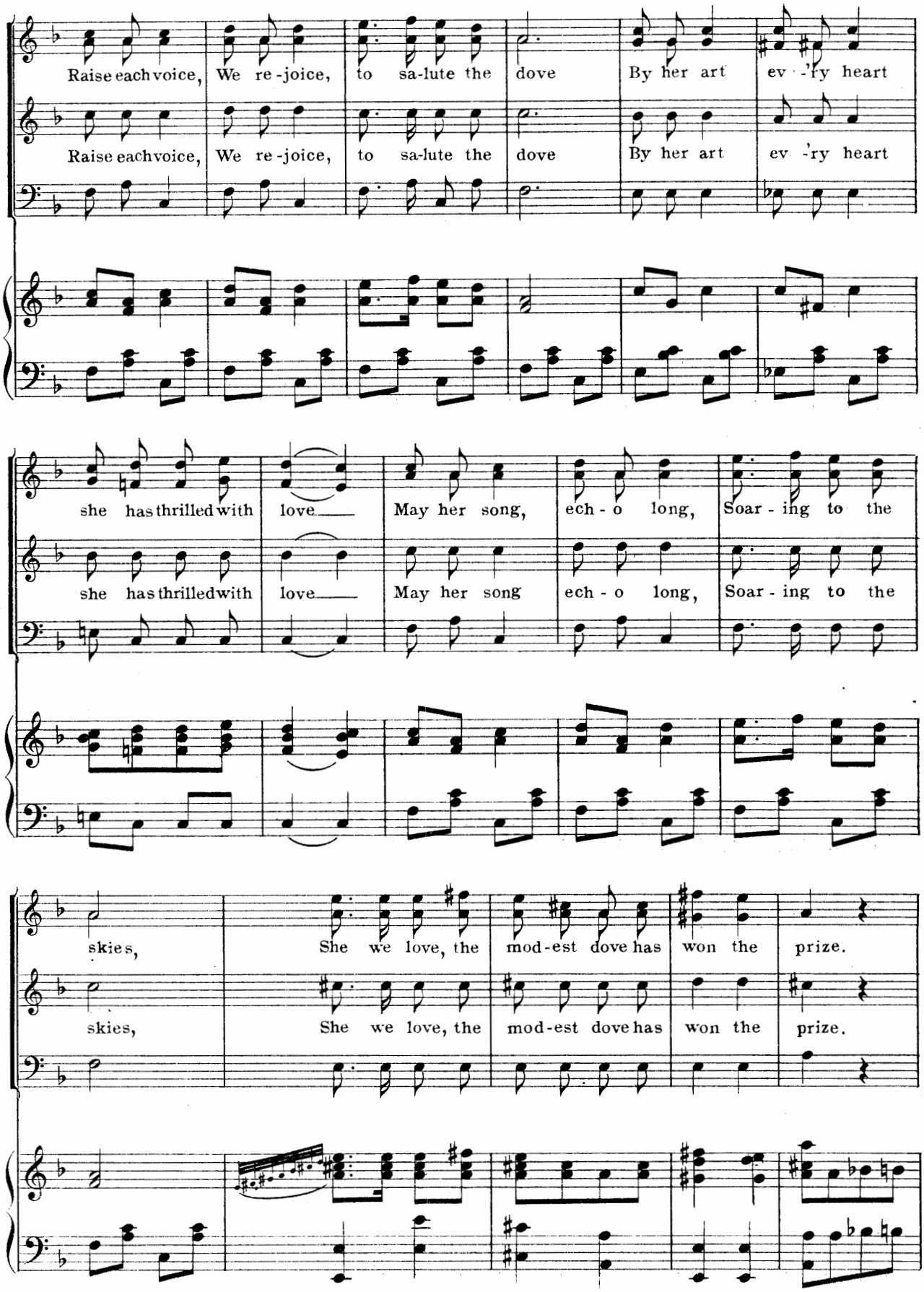
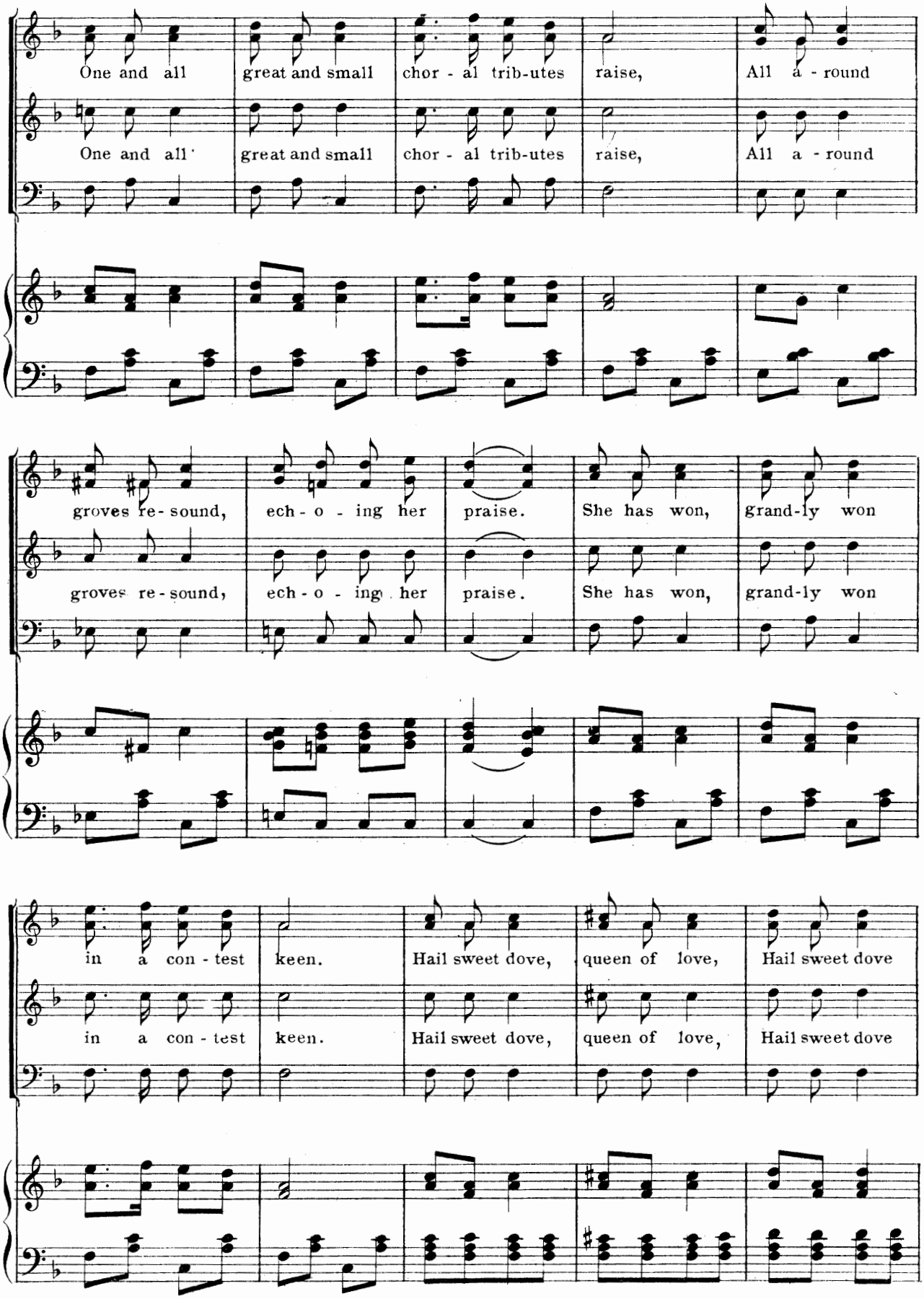
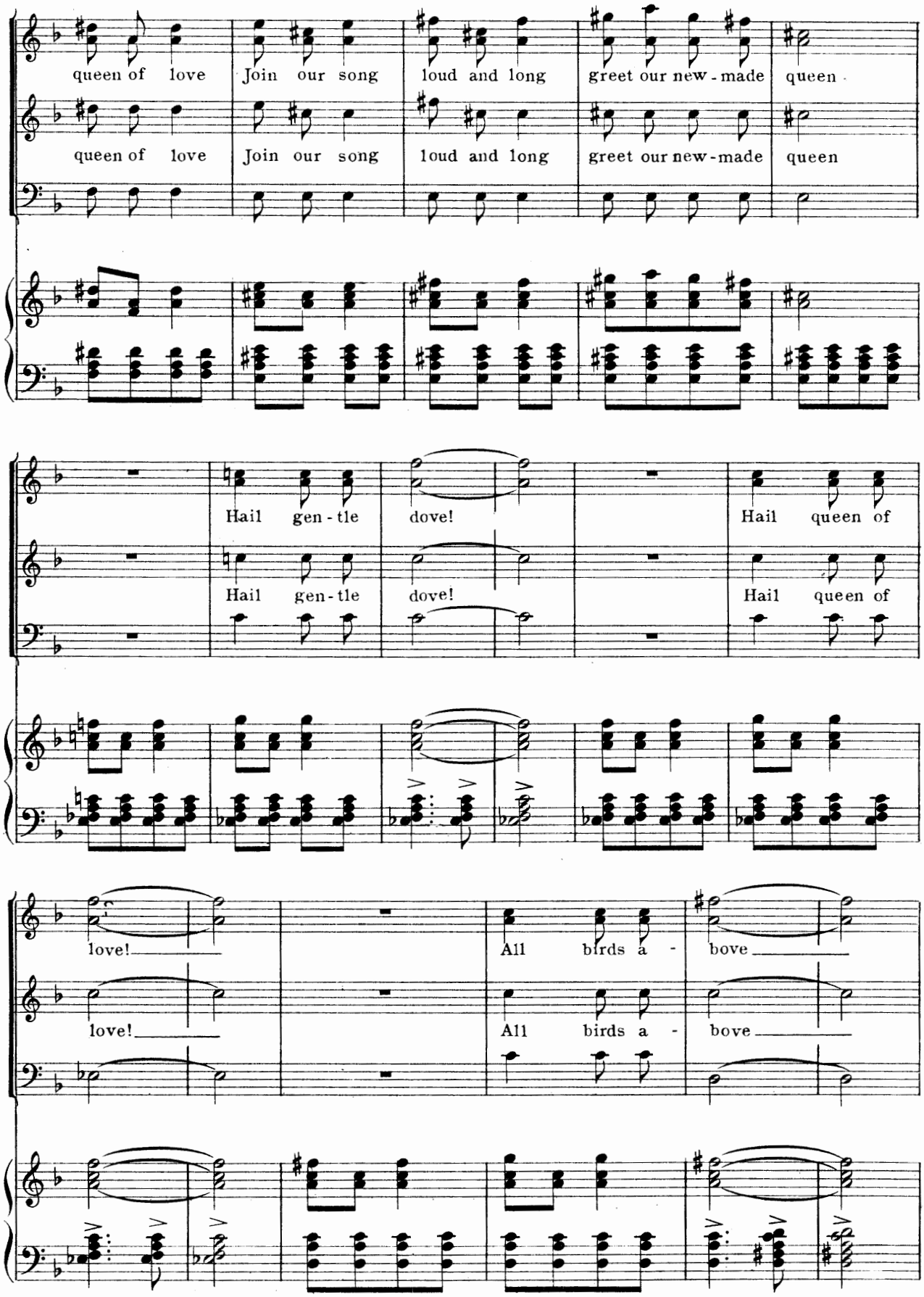
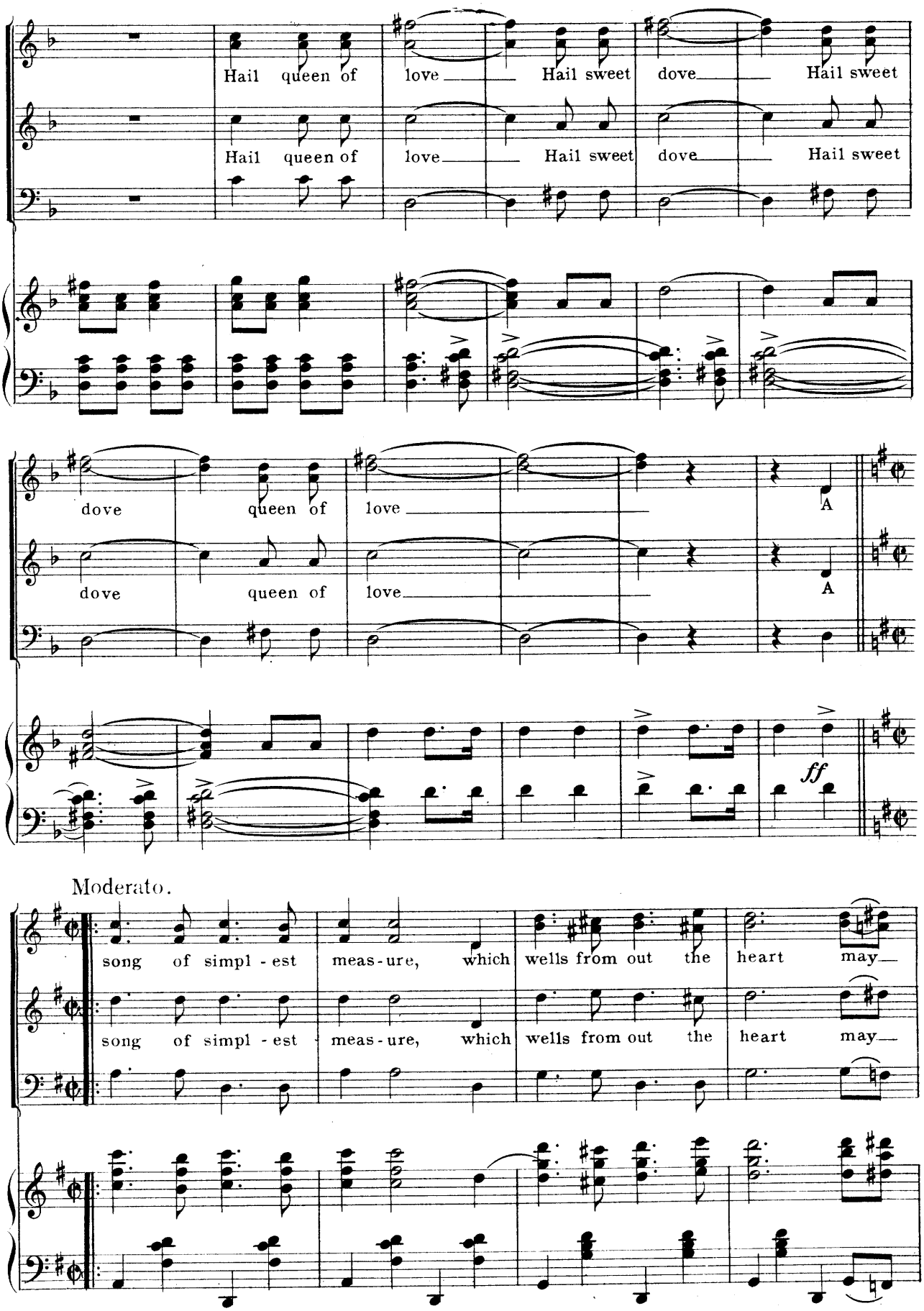
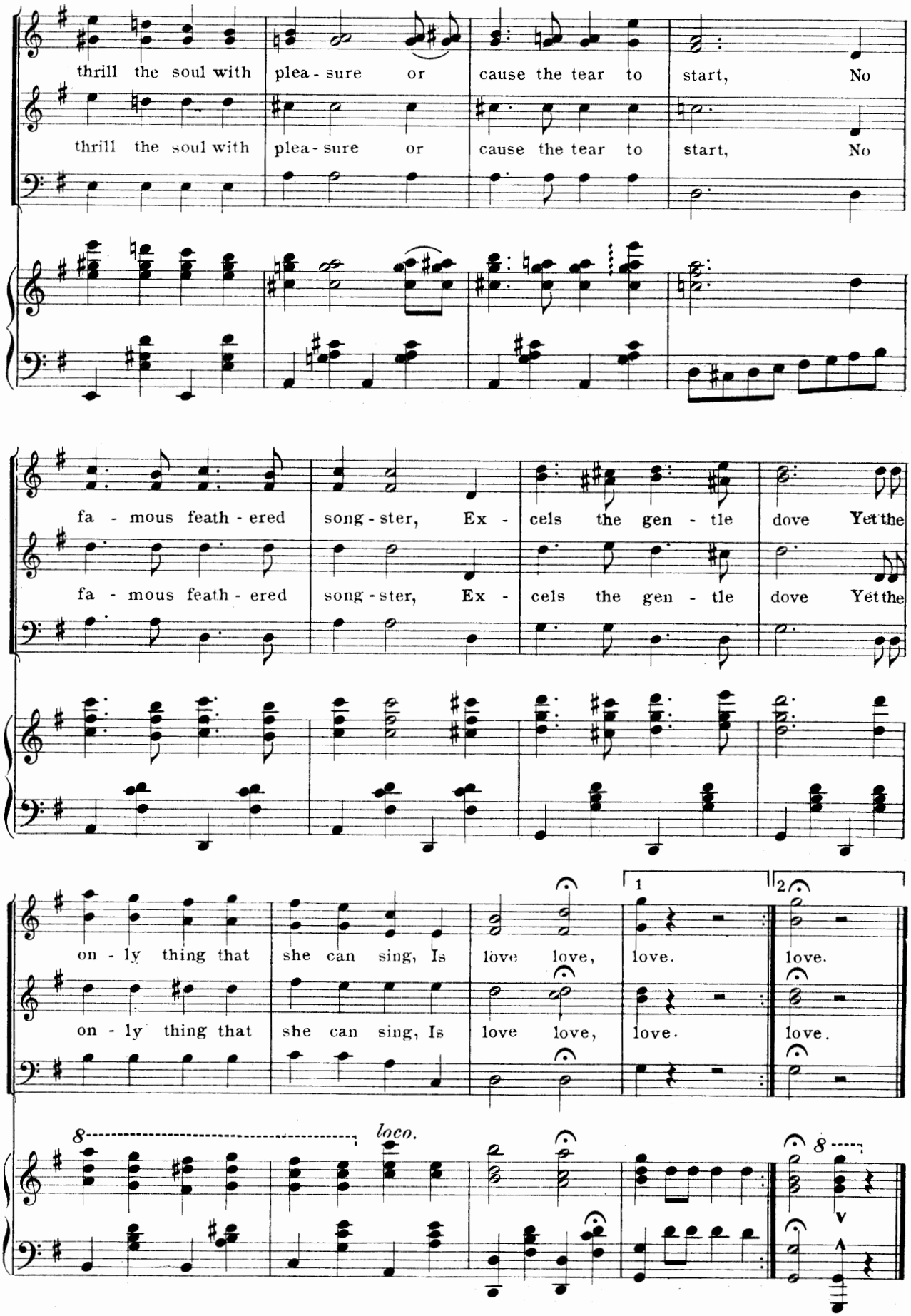

Raise each voice, We re-joice, to sa-lute the dove By her art ev-'ry heart
Raise each voice, We re-joice, to sa-lute the dove By her art ev-'ry heart
she has thrilled with love May her song, ech-o long, Soar-ing to the
she has thrilled with love May her song ech-o long, Soar-ing to the
skies, She we love, the mod-est dove has won the prize.
skies, She we love, the mod-est dove has won the prize.


One and all great and small chor - al trib-utes raise, All a - round
One and all great and small chor - al trib-utes raise, All a - round
groves re - sound, ech - o - ing her praise. She has won, grand-ly won
groves re - sound, ech - o - ing her praise. She has won, grand-ly won
in a con - test keen. Hail sweet dove, queen of love, Hail sweet dove
in a con - test keen. Hail sweet dove, queen of love, Hail sweet dove


queen of love Join our song loud and long greet our new-made queen
queen of love Join our song loud and long greet our new-made queen
Hail gen-tle dove! Hail queen of
Hail gen-tle dove! Hail queen of
love!
love!
All birds a - bove
All birds a - bove


Hail queen of love Hail sweet dove Hail sweet
Hail queen of love Hail sweet dove Hail sweet
dove queen of love
dove queen of love
A
A
ff
Moderato.
song of simpl - est meas - ure, which wells from out the heart may
song of simpl - est meas - ure, which wells from out the heart may


thrill the soul with plea - sure or cause the tear to start, No
thrill the soul with plea - sure or cause the tear to start, No
fa - mous feath - ered song - ster, Ex - cels the gen - tle dove Yet the
fa - mous feath - ered song - ster, Ex - cels the gen - tle dove Yet the
on - ly thing that she can sing, Is love love, love. love.
on - ly thing that she can sing, Is love love, love. love.
1
2
8
loco.
8

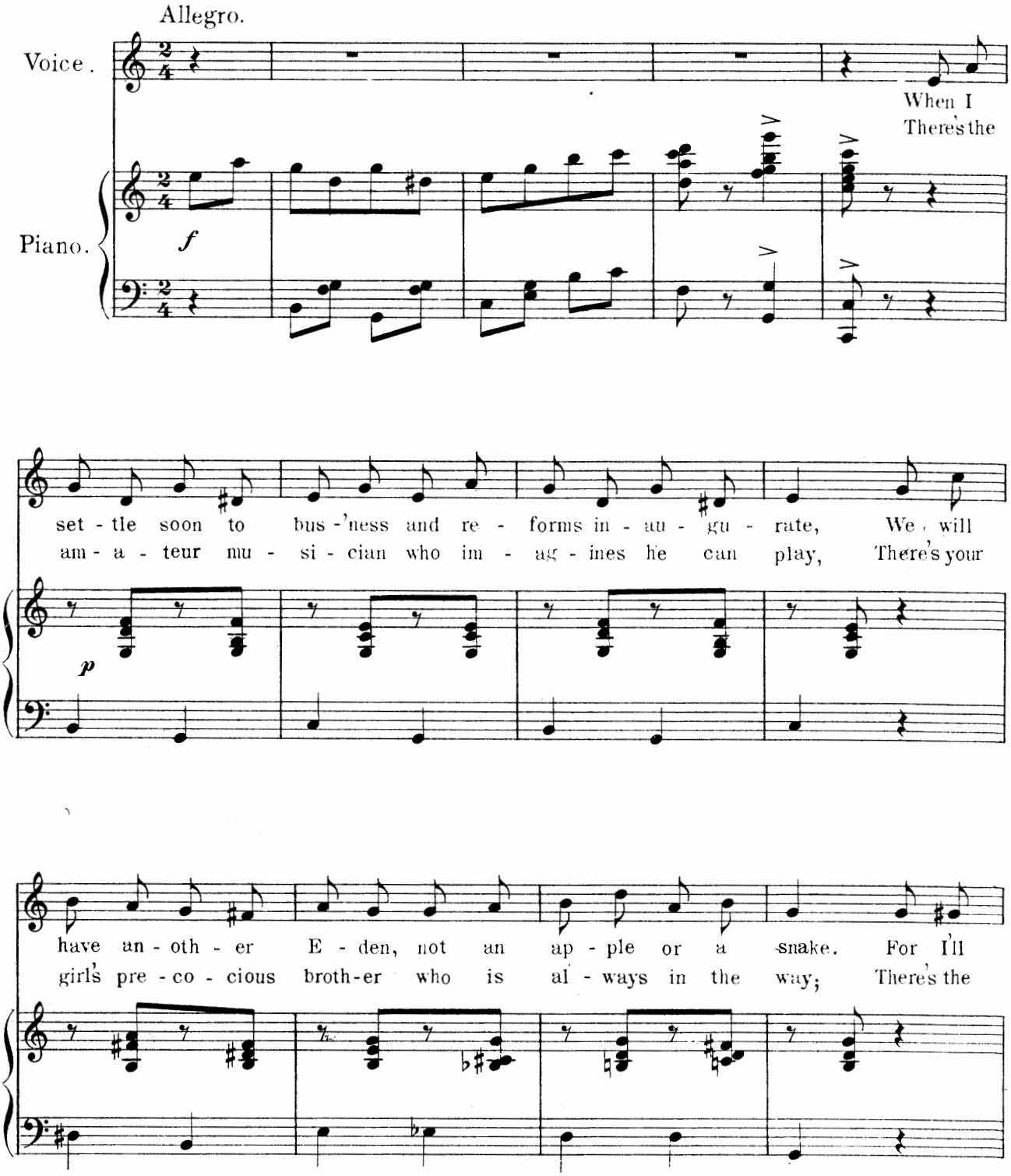
No 14.

They'll Have to Go.

Blue Jay

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.



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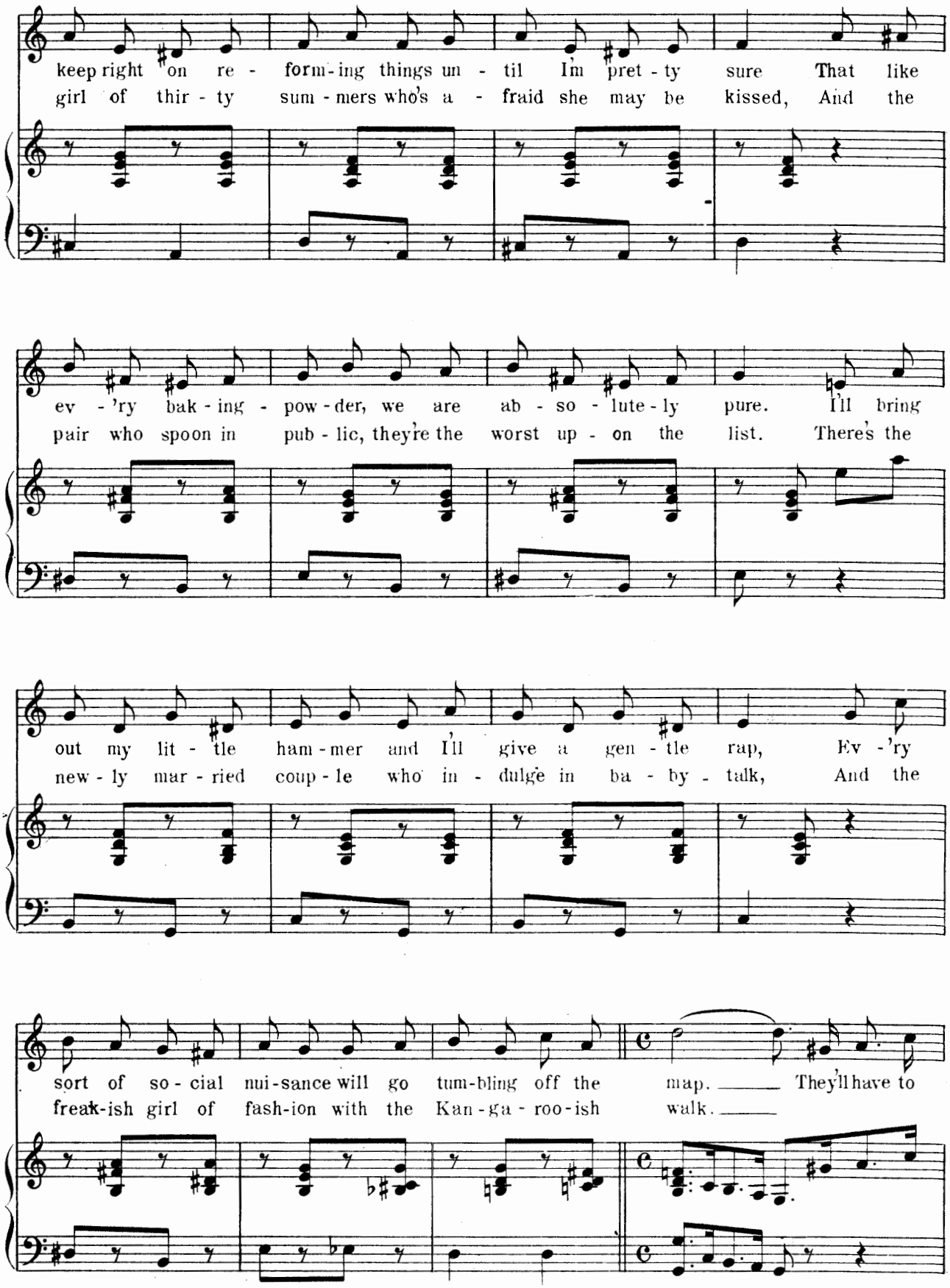
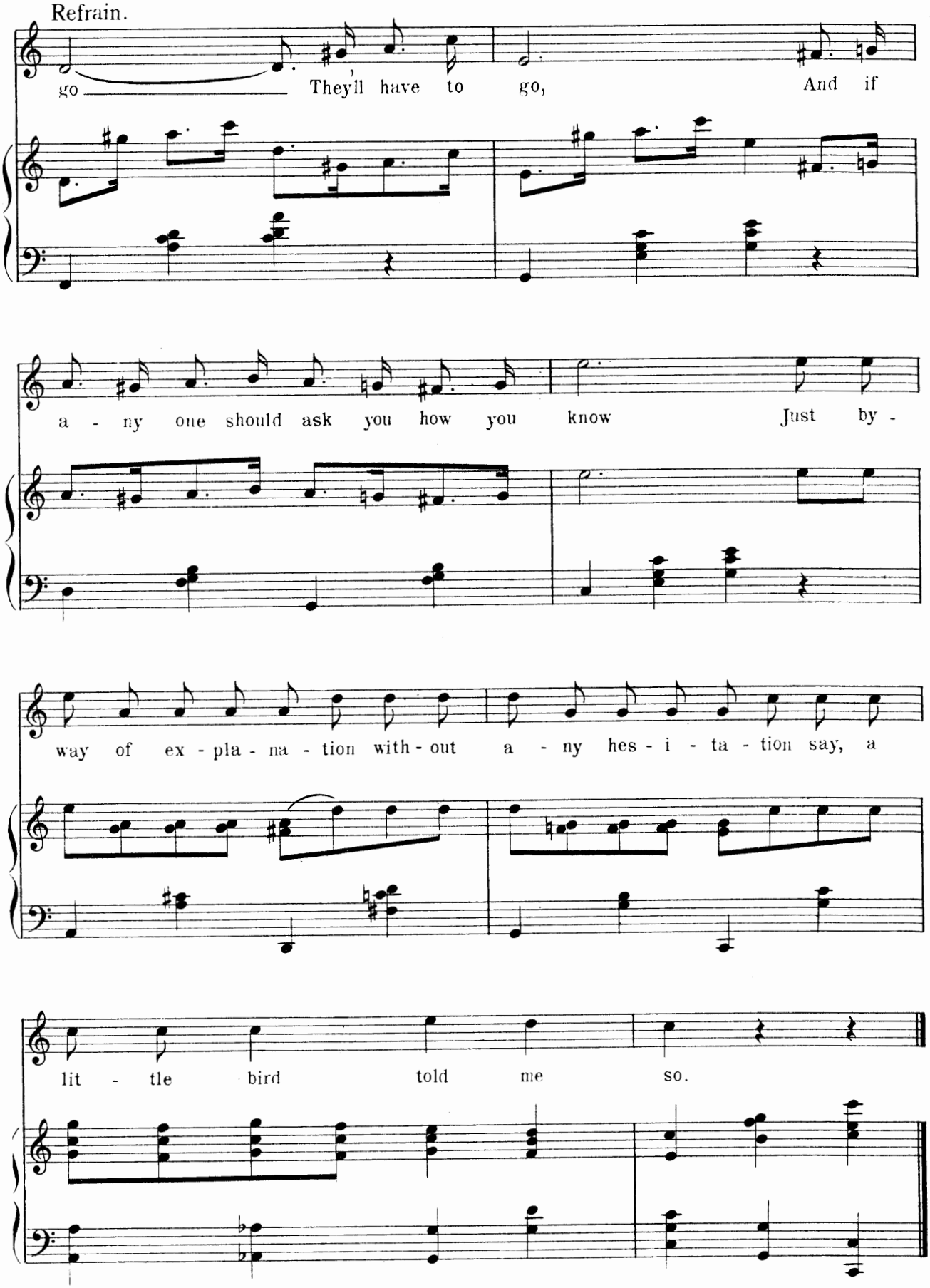

keep right on re - form-ing things un - til I'm pret - ty sure That like
girl of thir - ty sum - mers who's a - fraid she may be kissed, And the
ev - 'ry bak - ing - pow - der, we are ab - so - lute - ly pure. I'll bring
pair who spoon in pub - lic, they're the worst up - on the list. There's the
out my lit - tle ham - mer and I'll give a gen - tle rap, Ev - 'ry
new - ly mar - ried coup - le who in - dulge in ba - by - talk, And the
sort of so - cial nui-sance will go tum-bling off the map. They'll have to
freak-ish girl of fash-ion with the Kan - ga - roo-ish walk.


Refrain.
go They'll have to go, And if
a - ny one should ask you how you know Just by -
way of ex - pla - na - tion with - out a - ny hes - i - ta - tion say, a
lit - tle bird told me so.

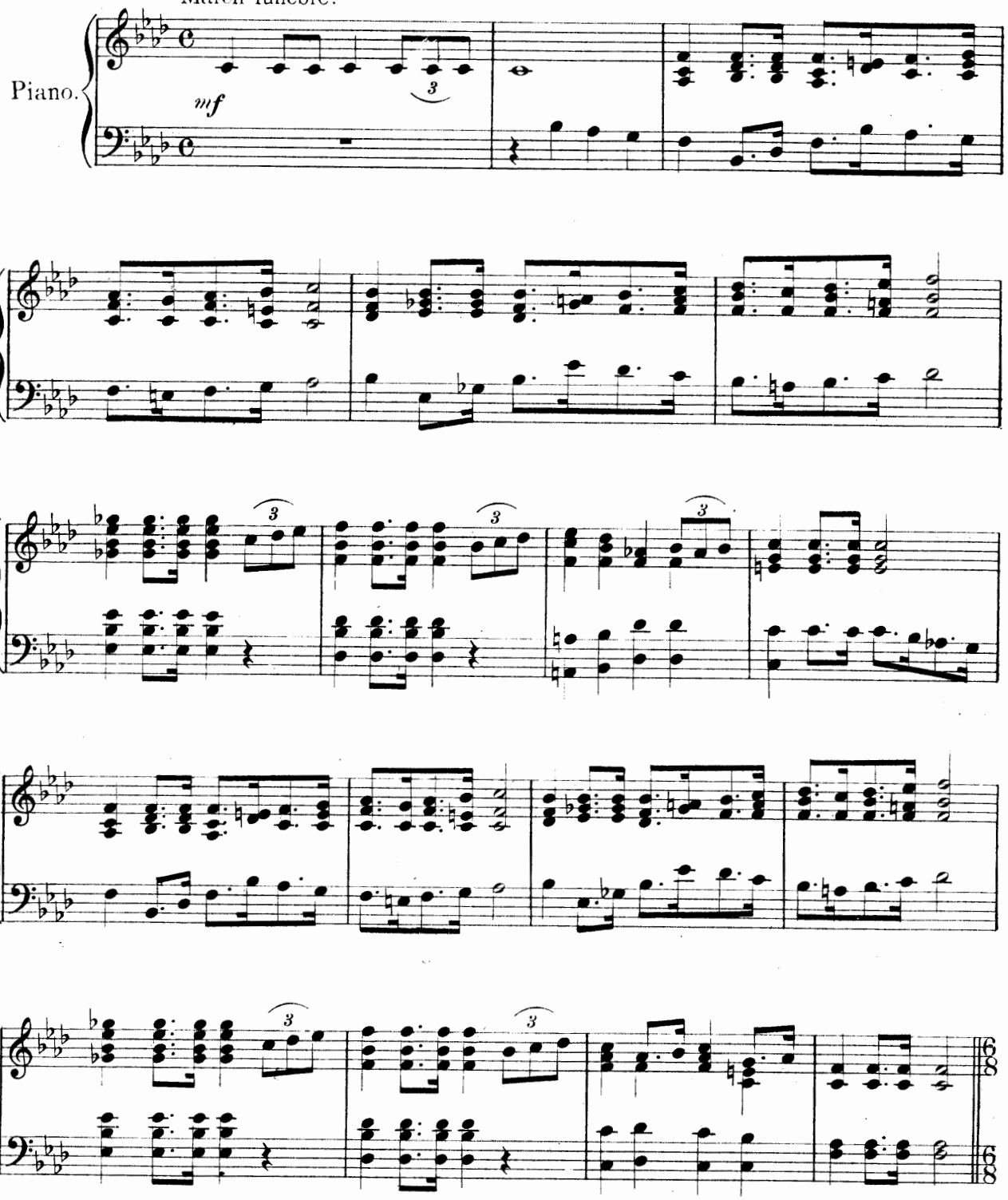
No. 15.

Ensemble.

Lyric by
FRANK PIXLEY.

Music by
GUSTAV LUDERS.

March funebre.



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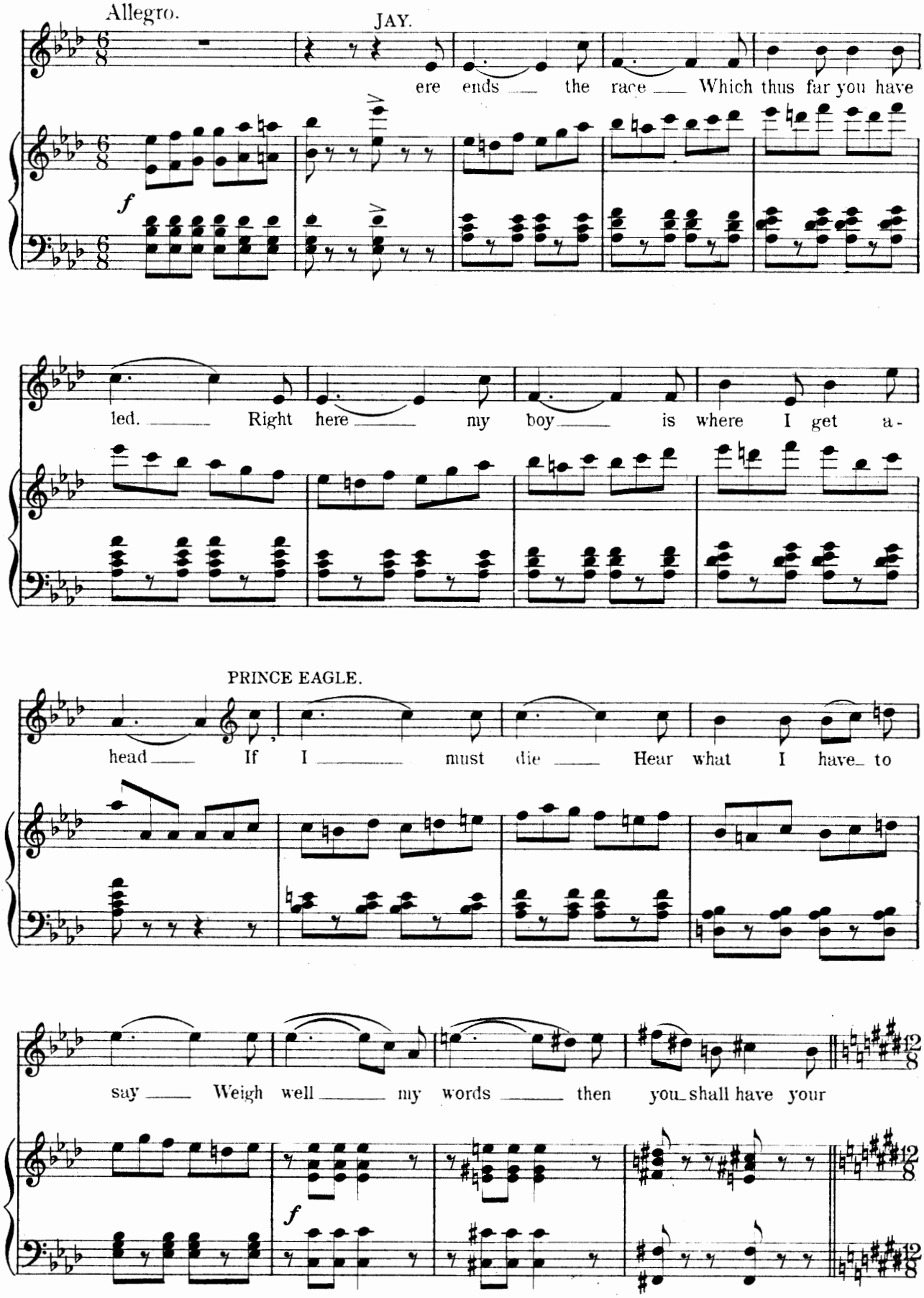
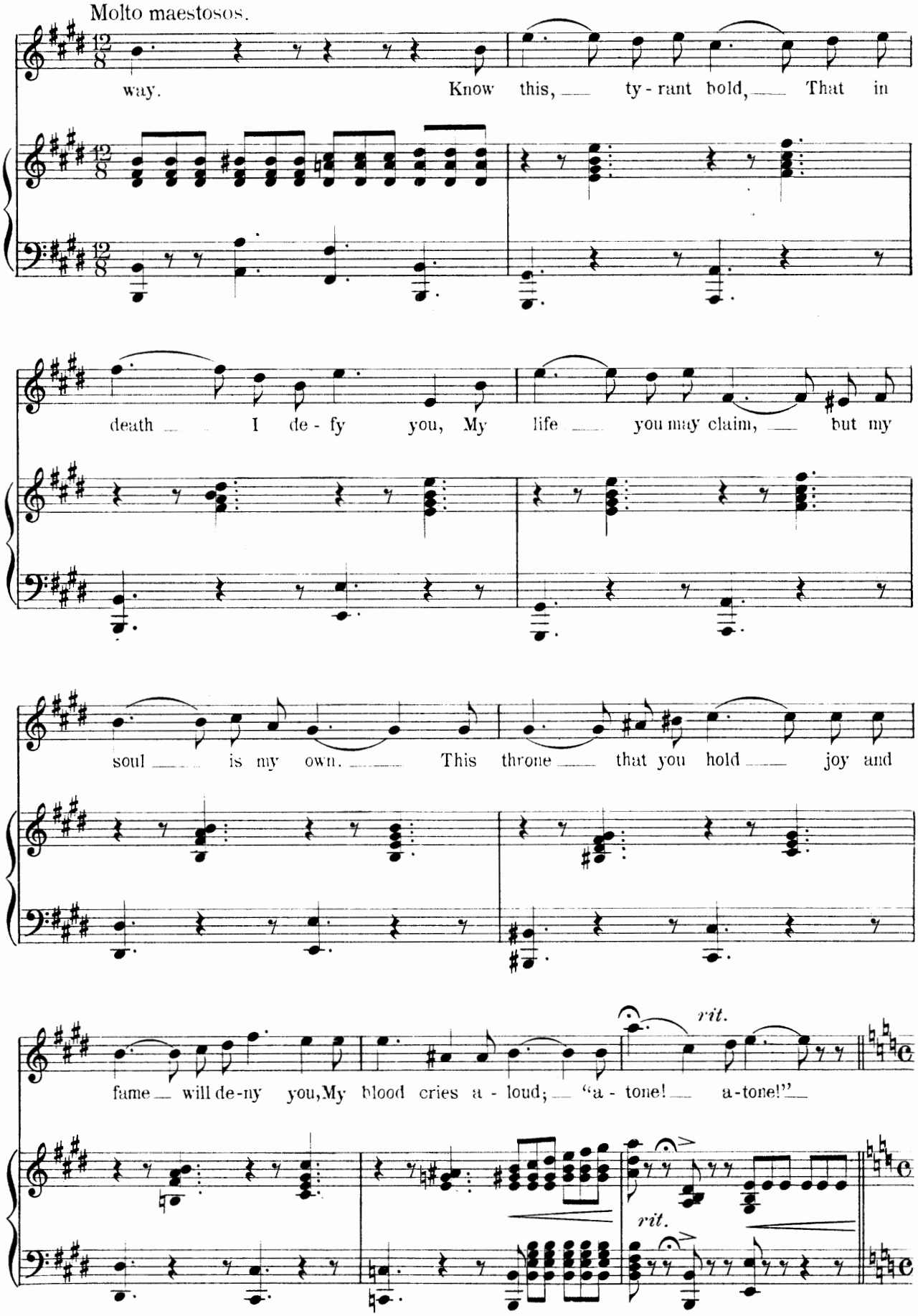
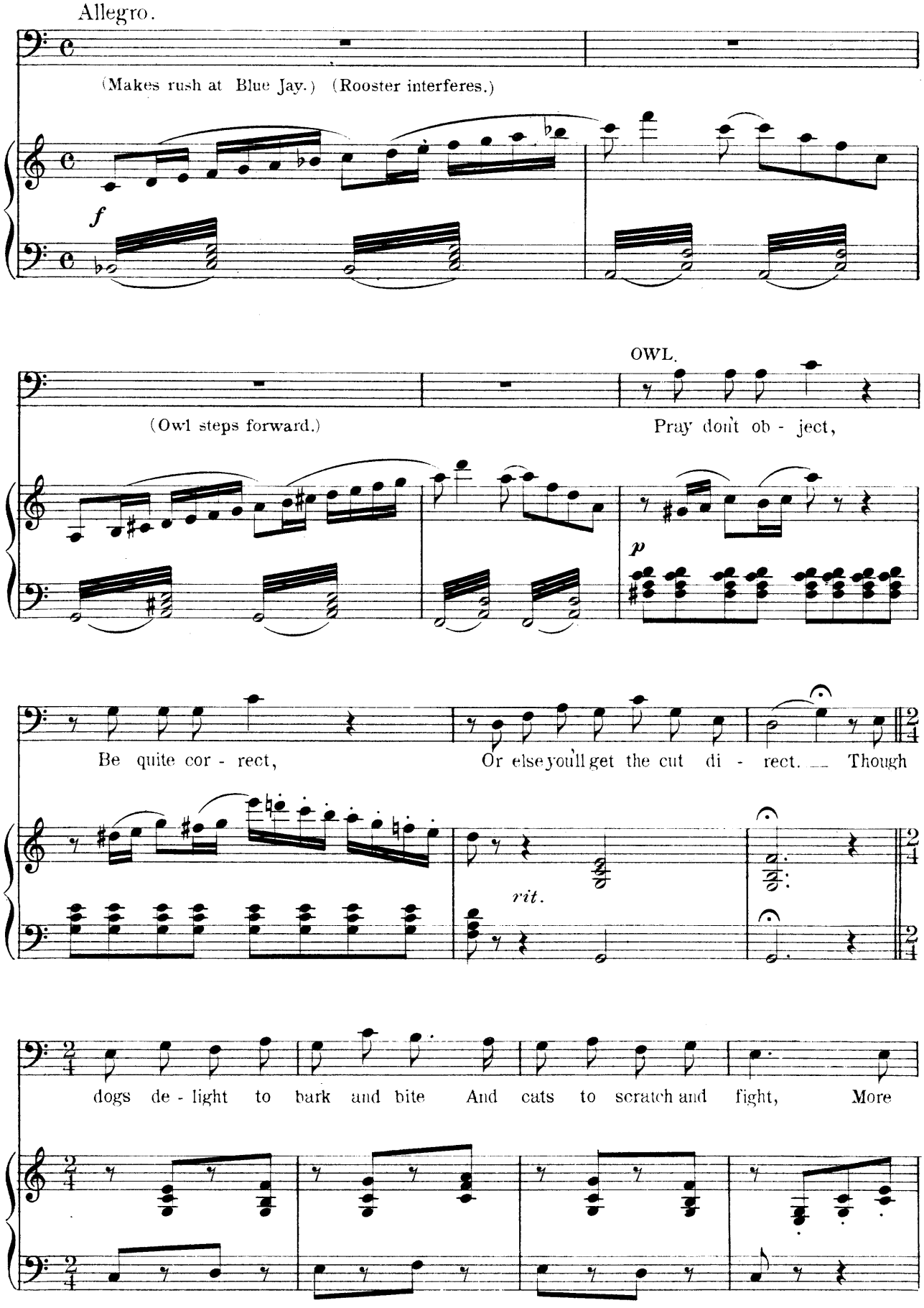
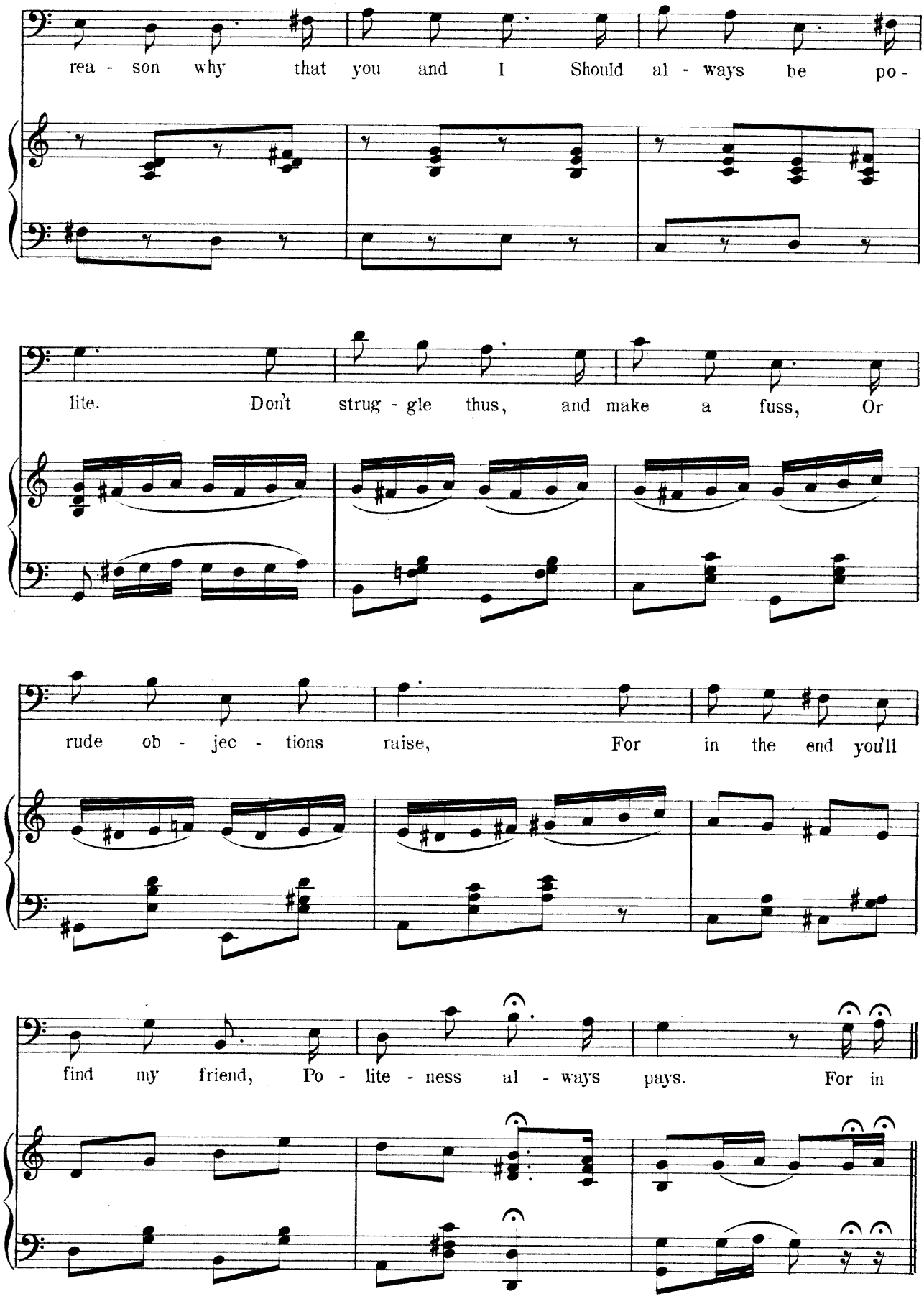
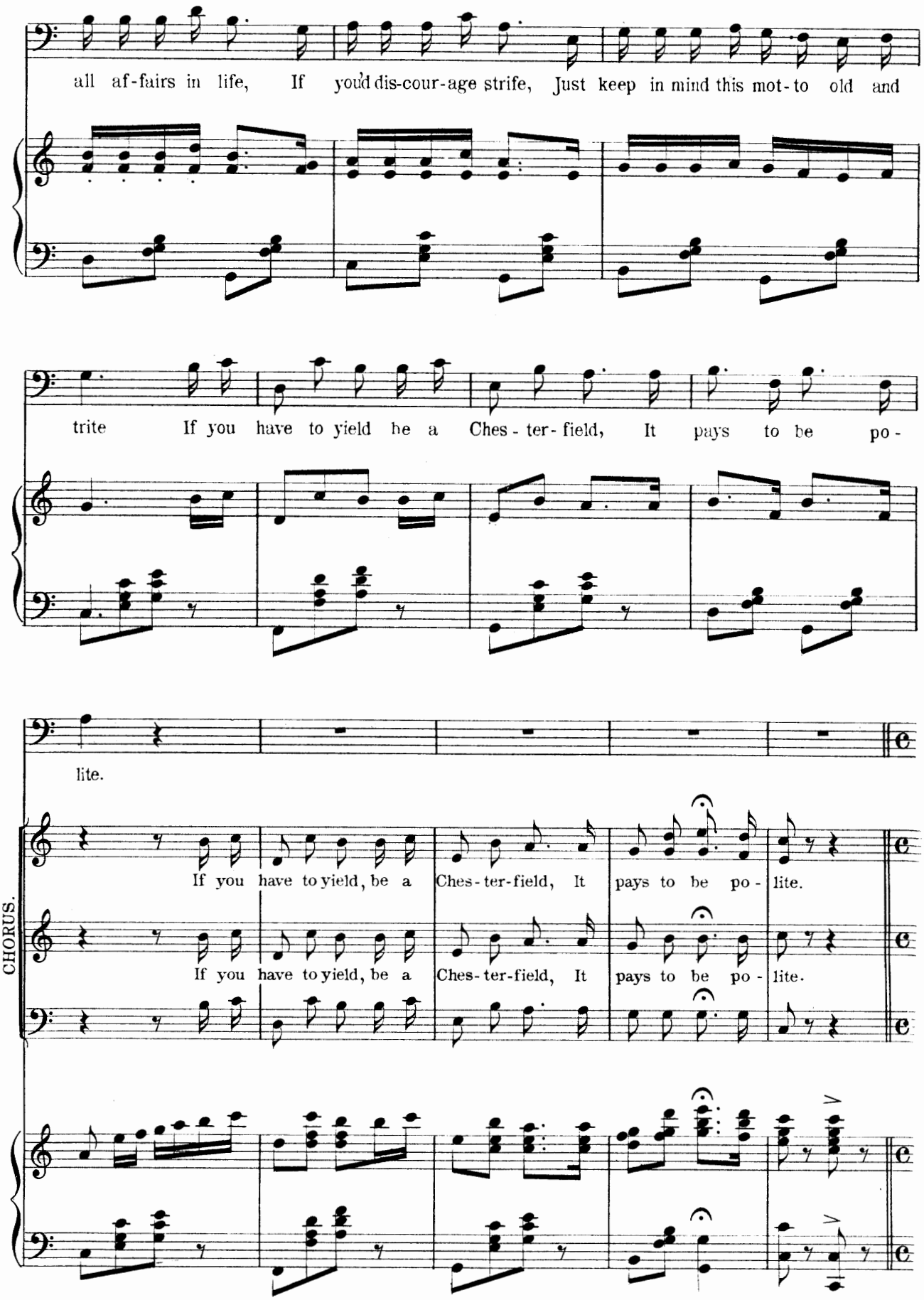
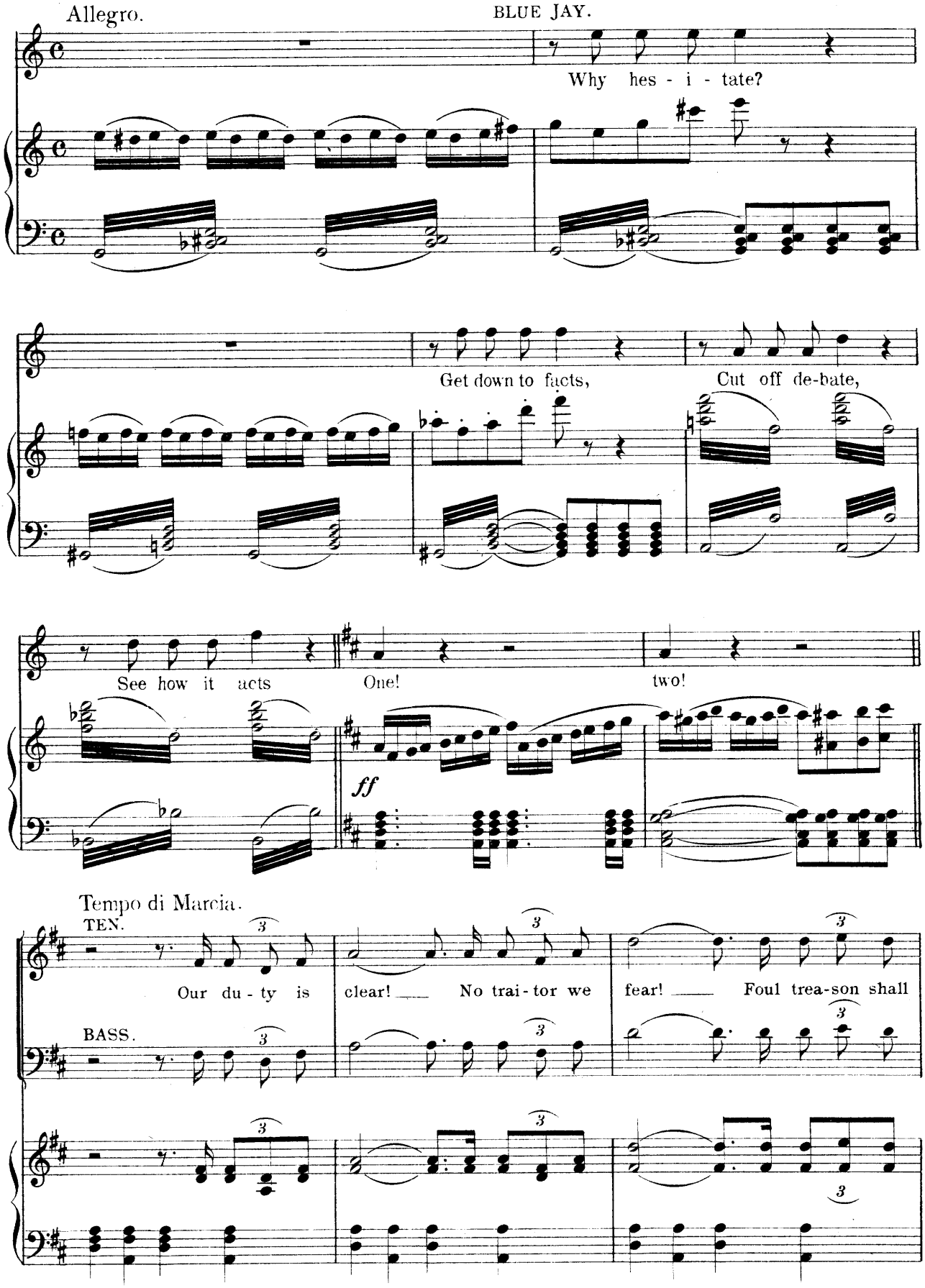

Allegro.
JAY.
ere ends the race Which thus far you have
led. Right here my boy is where I get a-
PRINCE EAGLE.
head If I must die Hear what I have to
say Weigh well my words then you shall have your

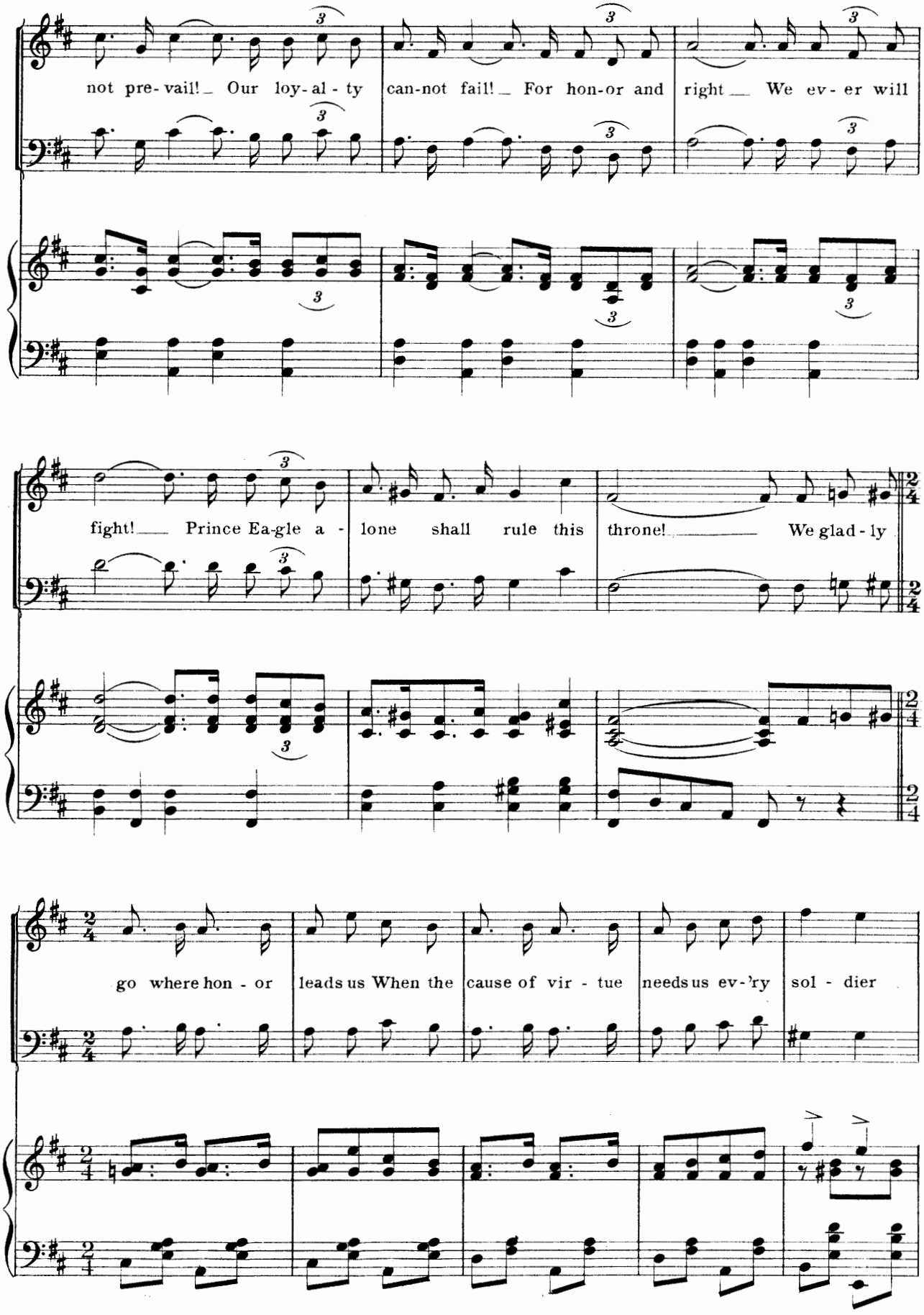

Molto maestosos.
way.
Know this, ty - rant bold, That in
death I de - fy you, My life you may claim, but my
soul is my own. This throne that you hold joy and
fame will de-ny you, My blood cries a - loud; "a - tone! a-tone!"
rit.
rit.

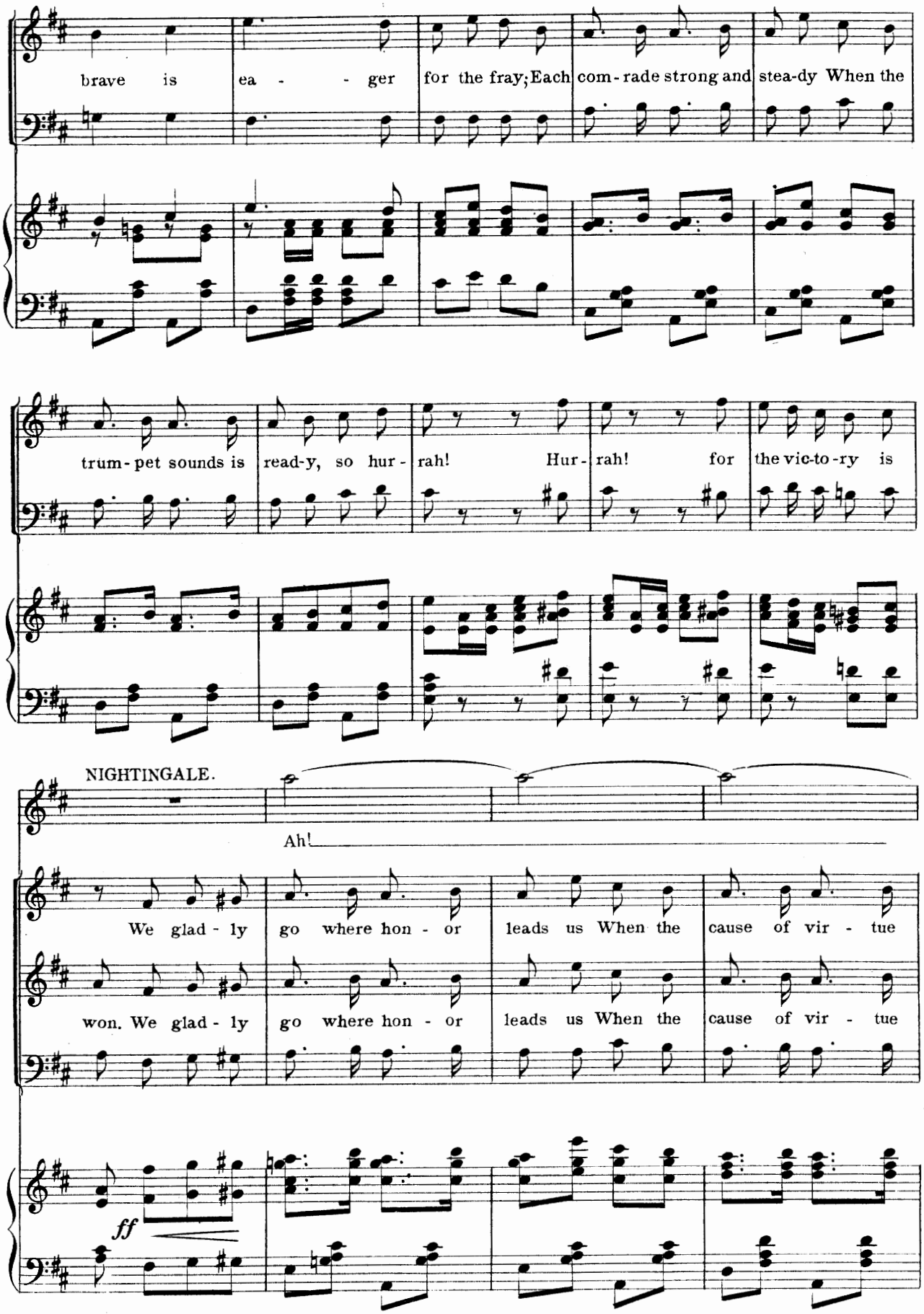

Allegro.
(Makes rush at Blue Jay.) (Rooster interferes.)
f
OWL.
(Owl steps forward.)
Pray don't ob - ject,
p
Be quite cor - rect,
Or else you'll get the cut di - rect. — Though
rit.
dogs de - light to bark and bite And cats to scratch and fight, More

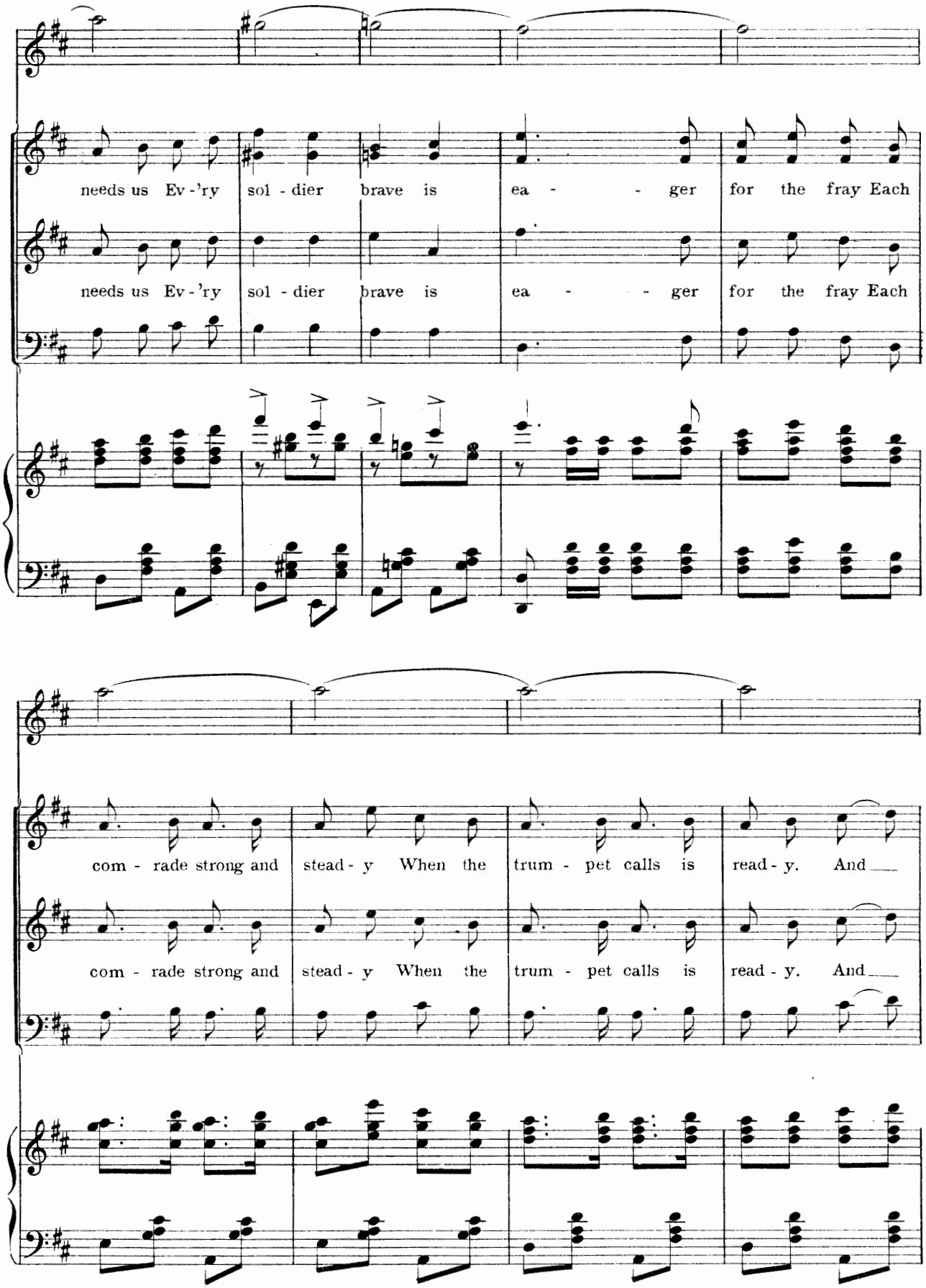

rea - son why that you and I Should al - ways be po-
lite. Don't strug - gle thus, and make a fuss, Or
rude ob - jec - tions raise, For in the end you'll
find my friend, Po - lite - ness al - ways pays. For in

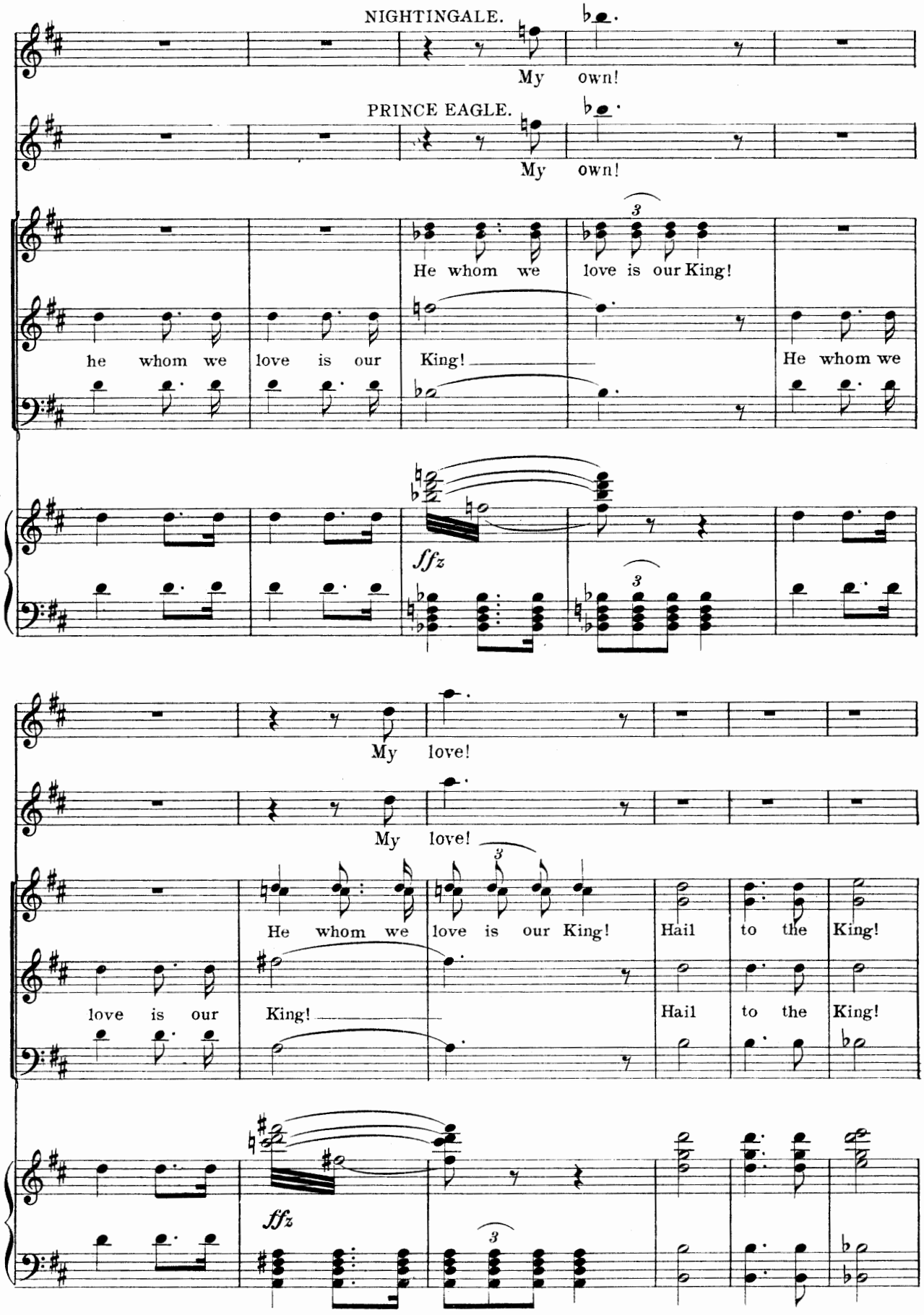

all af-fairs in life, If you'd dis-cour-age strife, Just keep in mind this mot-to old and
trite If you have to yield be a Ches-ter-field, It pays to be po-
lite.
CHORUS.
If you have to yield, be a Ches-ter-field, It pays to be po-lite.
If you have to yield, be a Ches-ter-field, It pays to be po-lite.

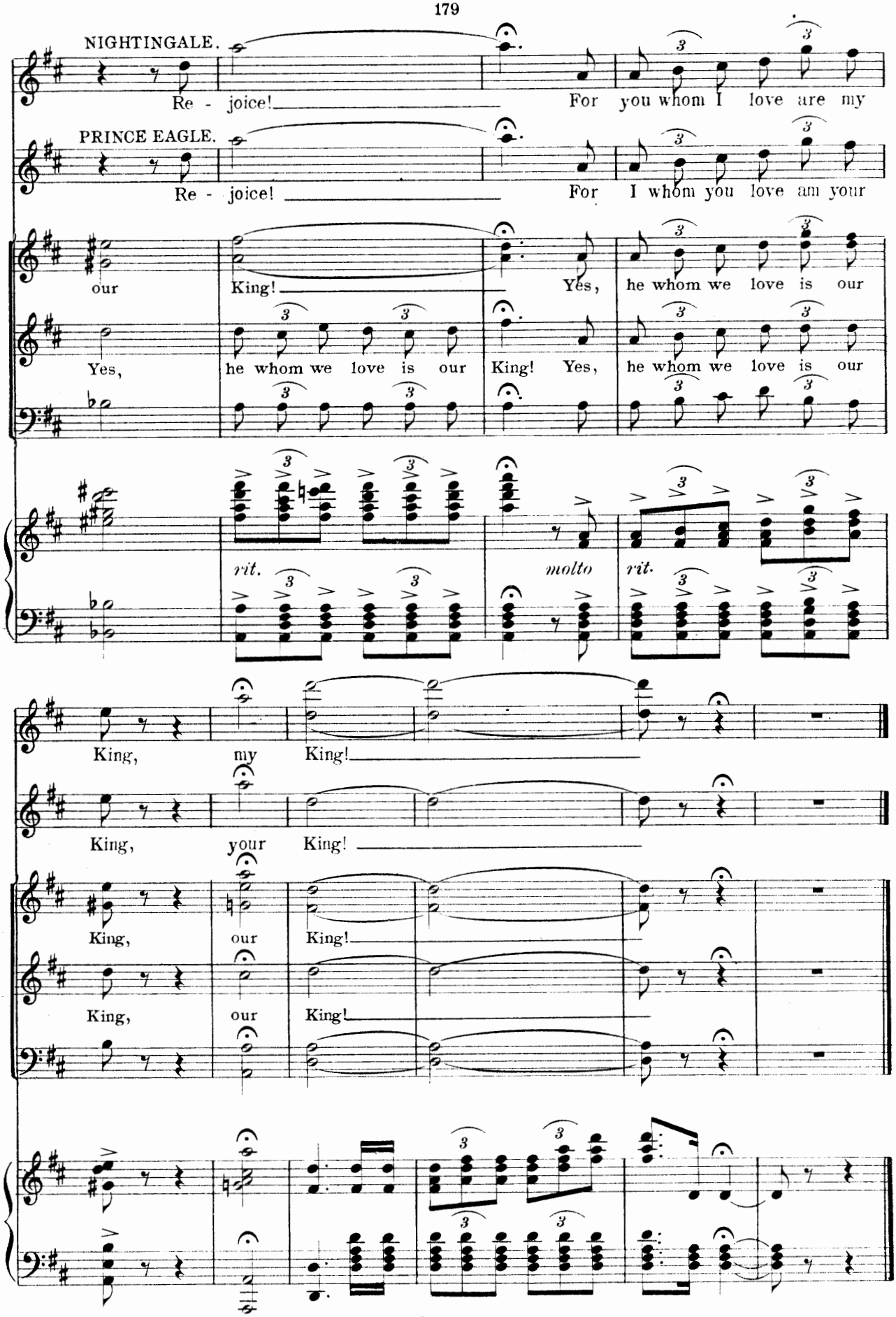

Allegro.
BLUE JAY.
Why hes - i - tate?
Get down to facts,
Cut off de-bate,
See how it acts
One!
two!
ff
Tempo di Marcia.
TEN.
Our du - ty is
clear! No trai - tor we
fear! Foul trea-son shall
BASS.


not pre- vail! Our loy- al - ty can-not fail! For hon-or and right We ev- er will
fight! Prince Ea-gle a - lone shall rule this throne! We glad - ly
go where hon - or leads us When the cause of vir - tue needs us ev-'ry sol - dier


brave is ea - - ger for the fray; Each com-rade strong and stea-dy When the
trum-pet sounds is read-y, so hur-rah! Hur-rah! for the vic-to-ry is
NIGHTINGALE.
Ah!
We glad-ly go where hon-or leads us When the cause of vir-tue
won. We glad-ly go where hon-or leads us When the cause of vir-tue
ff

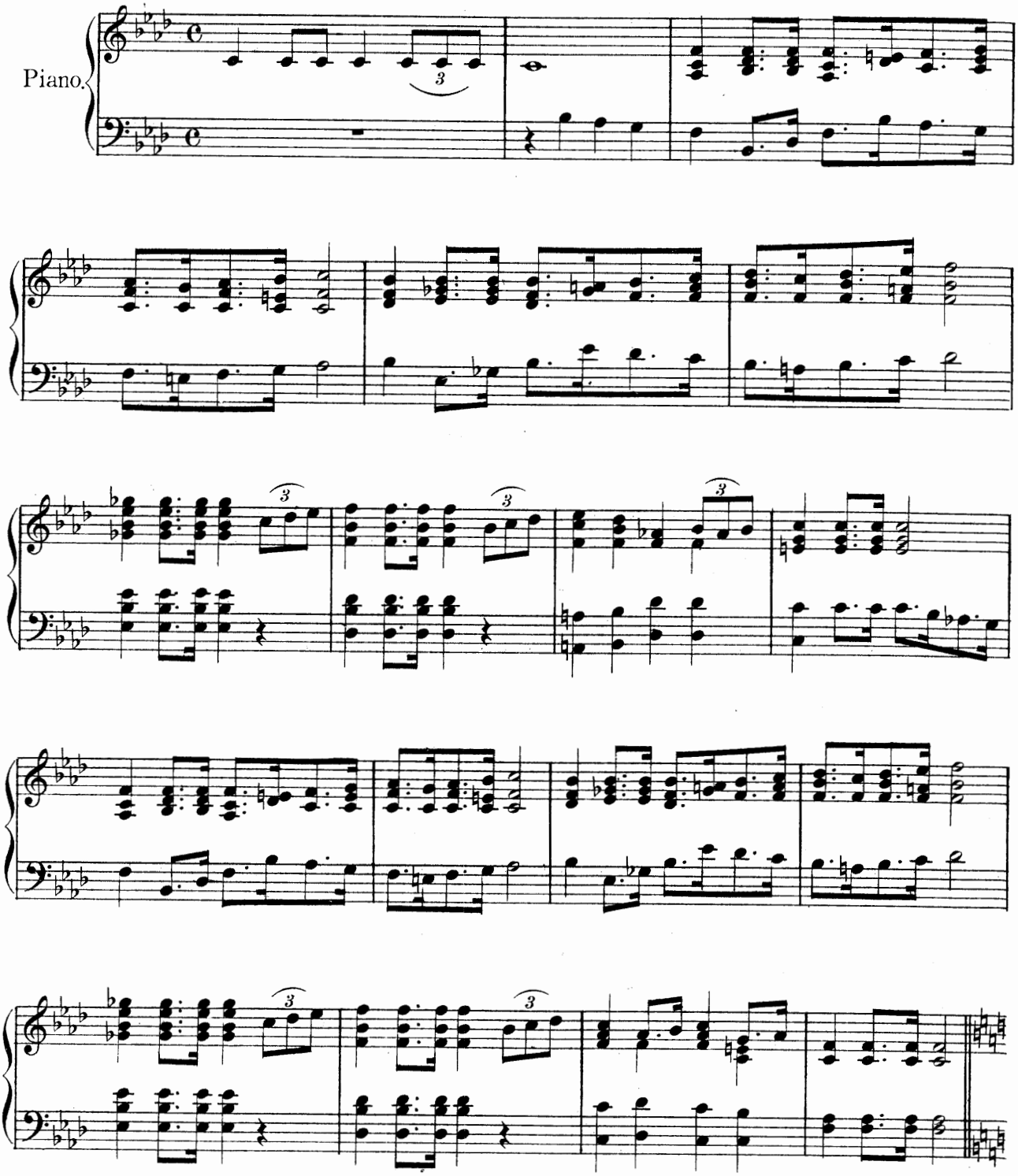

needs us Ev-'ry sol-dier brave is ea-ger for the fray Each
needs us Ev-'ry sol-dier brave is ea-ger for the fray Each
com-rade strong and stead-y When the trum-pet calls is read-y. And
com-rade strong and stead-y When the trum-pet calls is read-y. And


NIGHTINGALE.
My own!
PRINCE EAGLE.
My own!
He whom we love is our King!
he whom we love is our King!
He whom we
ffz
My love!
My love!
He whom we love is our King!
Hail to the King!
love is our King!
Hail to the King!
ffz


NIGHTINGALE.
Re - joice!
For you whom I love are my
PRINCE EAGLE.
Re - joice!
For I whom you love am your
our
King!
Yes,
he whom we love is our
Yes,
he whom we love is our
King!
Yes,
he whom we love is our
rit.
molto
rit.
King,
my
King!
King,
your
King!
King,
our
King!
King,
our
King!

No 16. Finale II.

March funebre.



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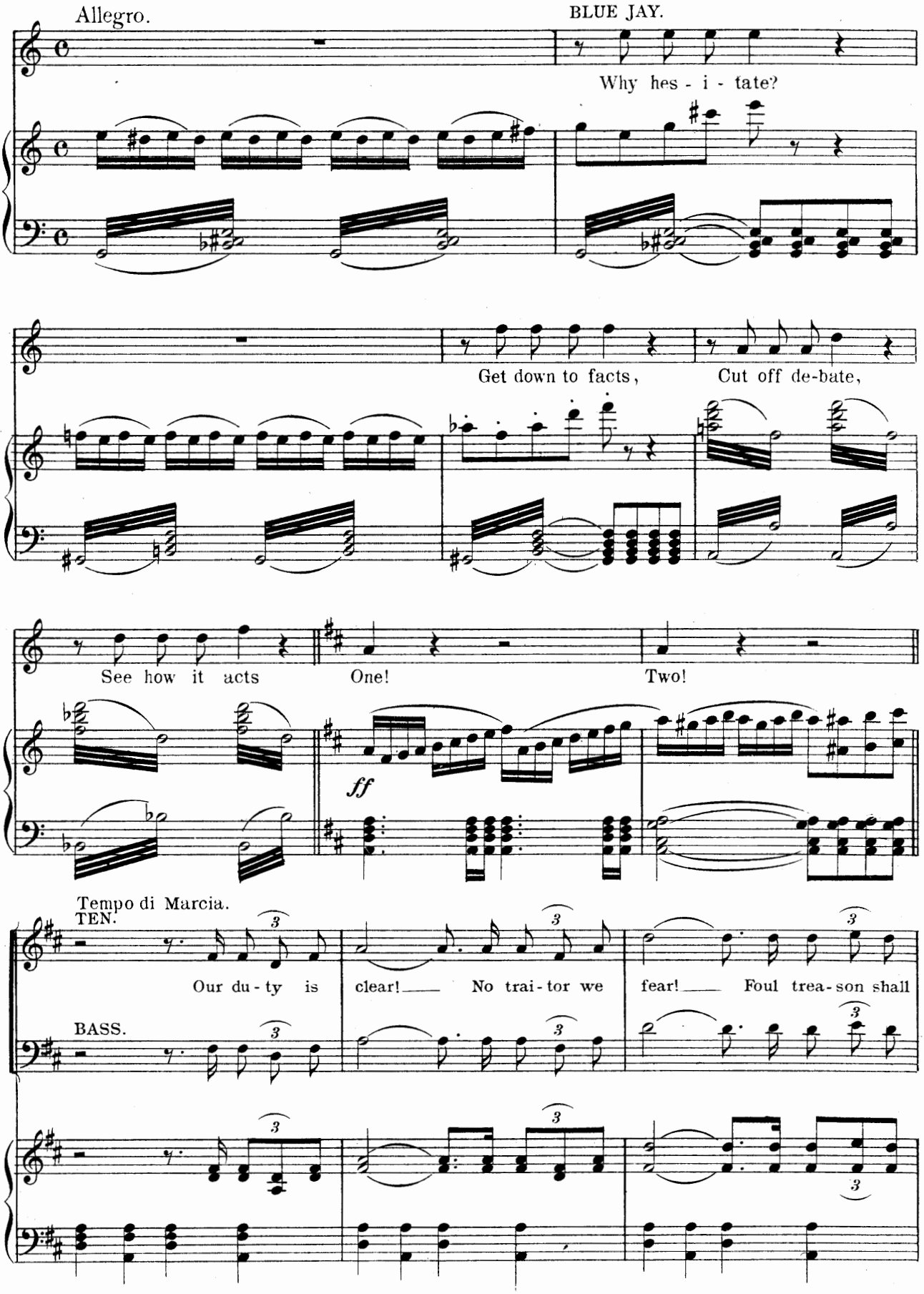
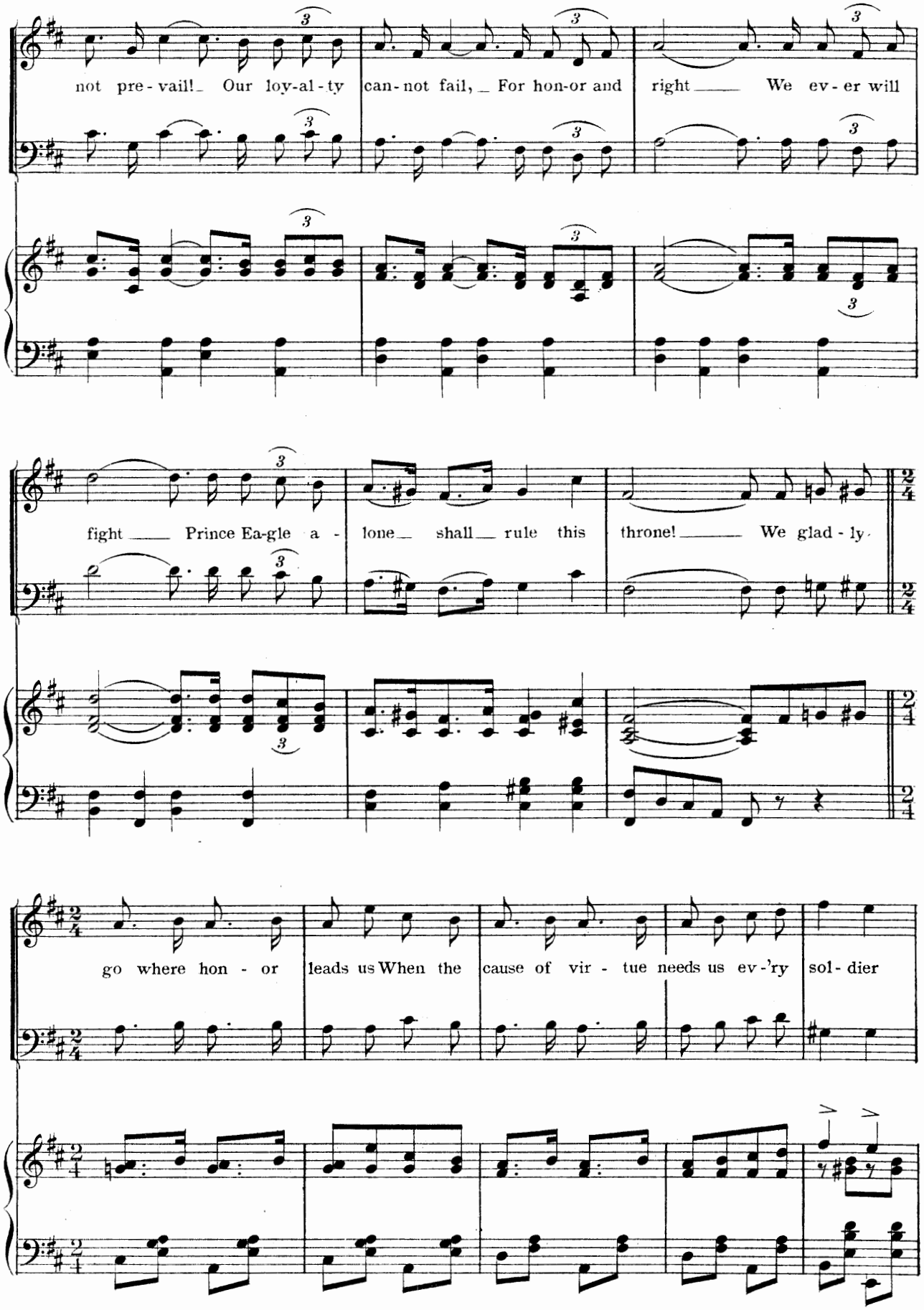
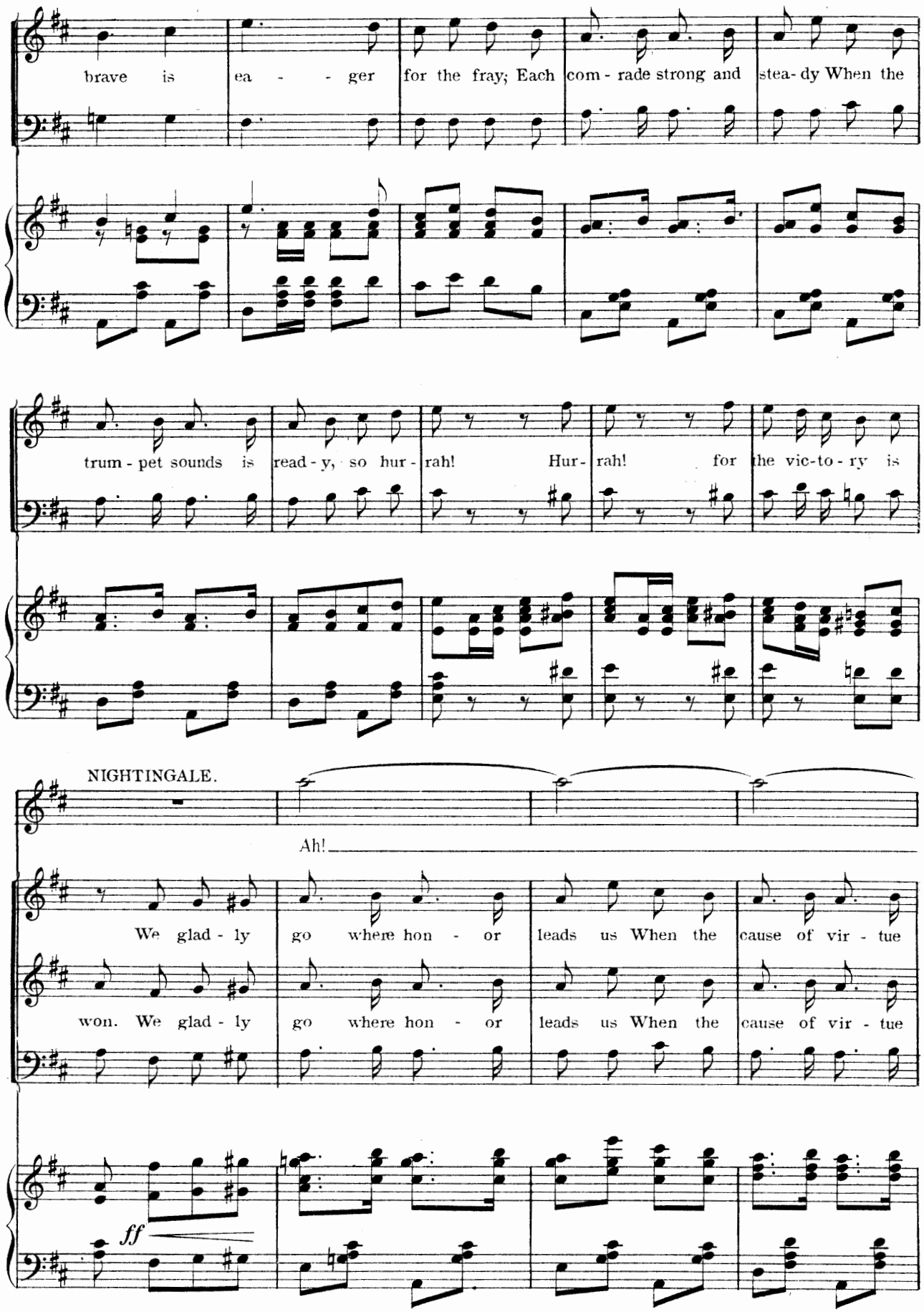
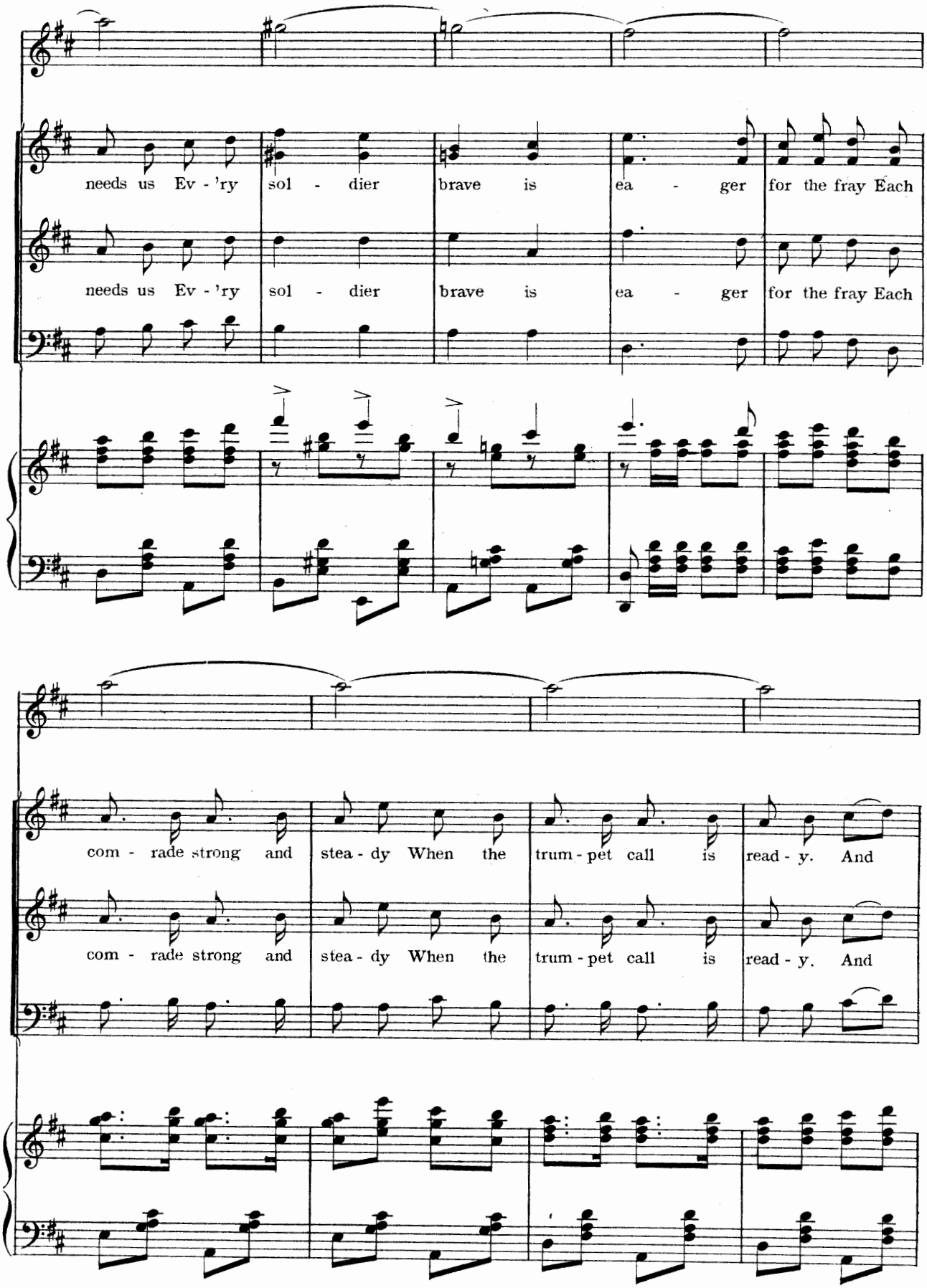
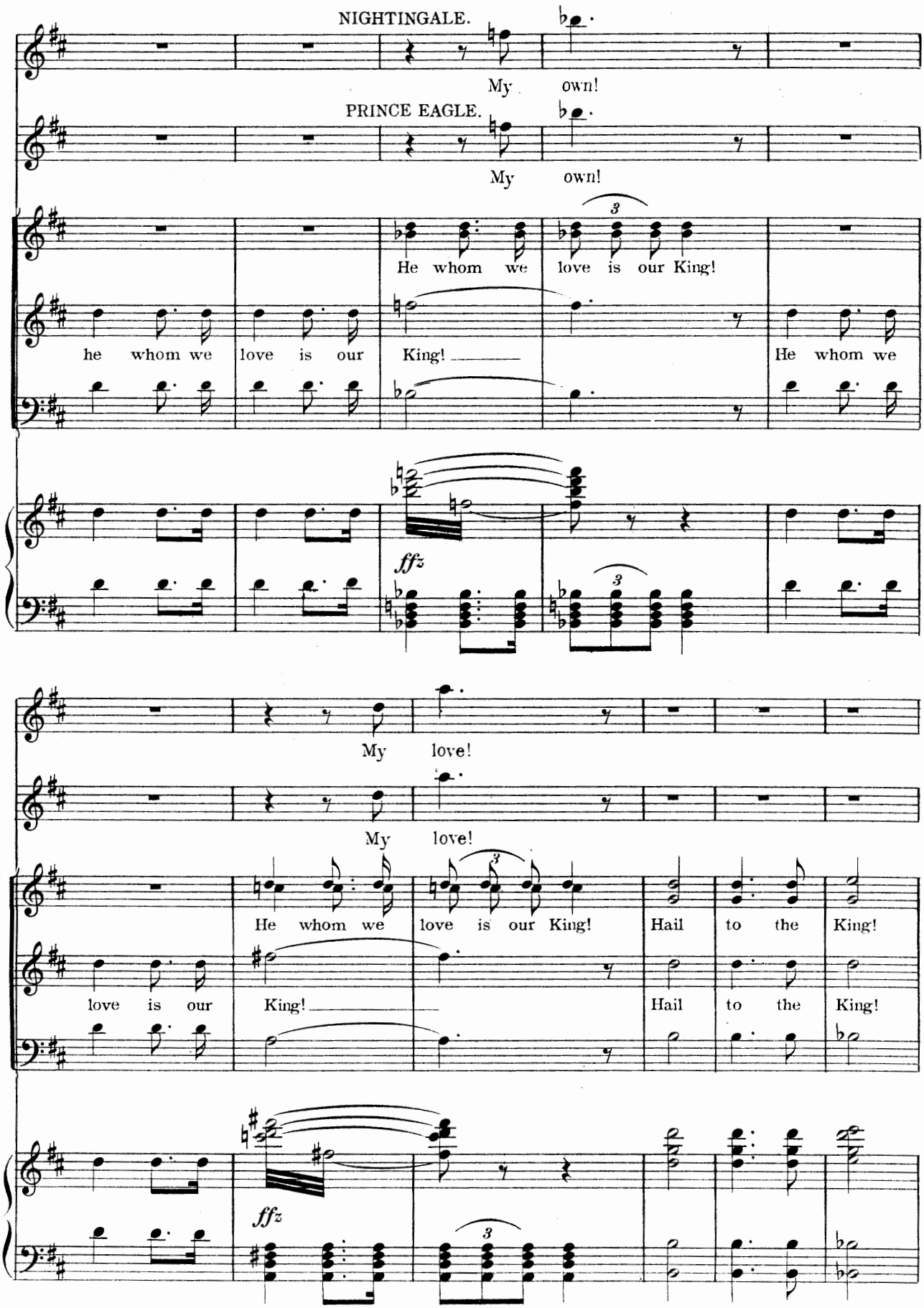
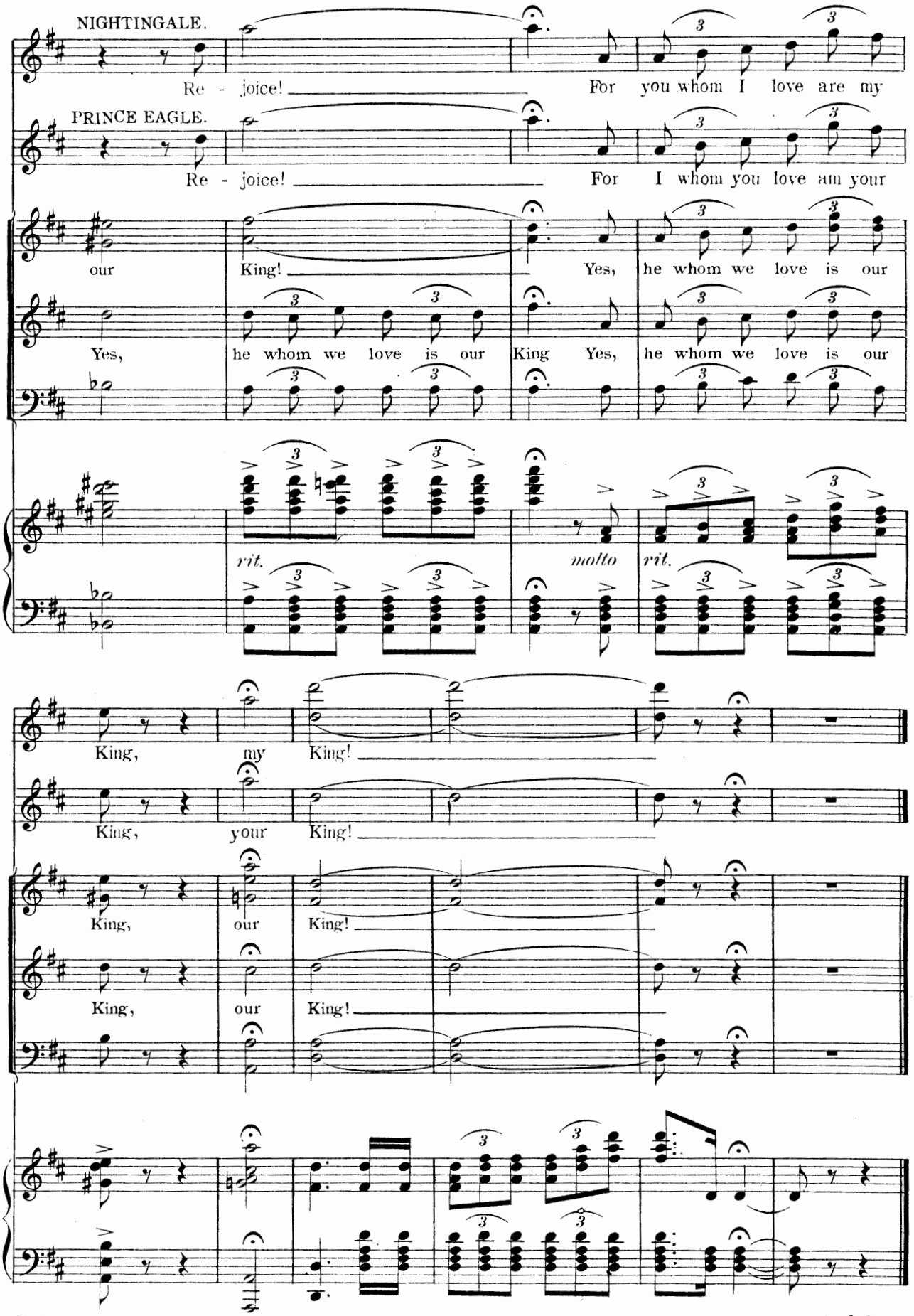

Allegro.
BLUE JAY.
Why hes - i - tate?
Get down to facts,
Cut off de-bate,
See how it acts
One!
Two!
ff
Tempo di Marcia.
TEN.
Our du - ty is
clear!
No trai - tor we
fear!
Foul trea - son shall
BASS.


not pre - vail! Our loy-al - ty can - not fail, For hon-or and right We ev - er will
fight Prince Ea-gle a - lone shall rule this throne! We glad - ly
go where hon - or leads us When the cause of vir - tue needs us ev -'ry sol - dier


brave is ea - - - ger for the fray; Each com - rade strong and stea - dy When the
trum - pet sounds is read - y, so hur - rah! Hur - rah! for the vic - to - ry is
NIGHTINGALE.
Ah!
We glad - ly go where hon - or leads us When the cause of vir - tue
won. We glad - ly go where hon - or leads us When the cause of vir - tue
ff


needs us Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave is ea - ger for the fray Each
needs us Ev - 'ry sol - dier brave is ea - ger for the fray Each
com - rade strong and stea - dy When the trum - pet call is read - y. And
com - rade strong and stea - dy When the trum - pet call is read - y. And


NIGHTINGALE.
My own!
PRINCE EAGLE.
My own!
He whom we love is our King!
he whom we love is our King!
He whom we
ffz
My love!
My love!
He whom we love is our King!
Hail to the King!
love is our King!
Hail to the King!
ffz


NIGHTINGALE.
Re - joice! For you whom I love are my
PRINCE EAGLE.
Re - joice! For I whom you love am your
our King! Yes, he whom we love is our
Yes, he whom we love is our King Yes, he whom we love is our
rit. molto rit.
King, my King!
King, your King!
King, our King!
King, our King!

End of Opera.