

ERNEST FORD (1858-1919)

1-8 Mr Jericho (1893) An operetta in one act
Libretto: Harry Greenbank (1865-99)
Edited by Christopher O'Brien

[1] INTRODUCTION

[2] SONG: When sunny summer ripens corn

Horace When sunny summer ripens corn,
And skylarks sing to gladden us!
His lot is not without a thorn
Who daily drives an omnibus, –
When hungry Road-Cars hover near
In competition fierce and hot,
What wonder that a scalding tear
The driver's badge should sometimes blot?
The constant tinkle of the bell
My nervous system knocks about;
It rings a welcome or a knell
As fares get in, or fares get out, –
Pedestrians with weary feet
Will hail me for a penny ride,
Until there comes in accents sweet,
The welcome shout of "Full inside!"

[3] DUET: My heart, my heart goes pit-a-pat

Winifred My heart, my heart goes pit-a-pat,
O brave and gallant fellow,
For I have often sat
Within your 'bus so yellow, –
I always liked you so
Because the 'bus you well drove,
When shopping I would go
To Marshall and to Snelgrove.
And now you are my king,
My Captain, Chief, Commander, –
Your praise I'll ever sing,
Oh, Horace Alexander!

DUET: How sweetly through the air,
Winifred & Horace Dispersing tales of slander,
There sound the praises fair
Of Horace Alexander.

Horace Although my hopes were nil
And love's young dream was blighted,
I kept the horses still
While you and ma alighted,
I watch'd you pay the fare, –
My love I might not show you,
Nor from the box-seat dare
A single kiss to blow you!
O Queen of woman kind
In Britain, France or Flanders, –
No heart more true you'll find
Than Horace Alexander's!

DUET: How little do we heed
Winifred & Horace The world's censorious slander, –
A happy man indeed
Is Horace Alexander!

[4] TRIO AND DANCE: My smelling salts get

Lady Bushey My smelling salts get
And my gilt vinaigrette,
For I own that I need a reviver
When I find that a girl,
Who is fit for an Earl,
Is beloved by an omnibus driver!
To beauty and birth
In the dust of the earth
Such a person should grovel and wallow, –
To think he should dare
To make love to a fare, –
Oh, I wonder whatever will follow!

All:
Winifred,
Lady Bushey
& Horace A brougham or phaeton my Lady could stand,
A carriage of state, or a small four-in-hand,
A single horse shay, – or a shanderydand, –
But a bus is too bitter to swallow!

[DANCE]

Horace Proud lady who mocks
Should mount on the box,
And keep all her sneers in abeyance
Until she has tried
The practical side
Of driving a public conveyance.

Winifred Oh, pity the girl
(to *Lady Bushey*) That you meant for an Earl, –
For Society's fickle and hollow!
I'm sick of its charms,
So I fly to the arms
Of this omnibus-driving Apollo!

All:
Winifred,
Lady Bushey
& Horace A brougham or phaeton my Lady could stand,
A carriage of state, or a small four-in-hand,
A single horse shay, – or a shanderydand, –
But a bus is too bitter to swallow!

[5] SONG: When as a youngster to school he was sent

Mr Jericho When as a youngster to school he was sent,
Jericho's talents found singular vent, –
Nothing whatever delighted him more
Than the display of the name that he bore.
Scribbled in copy-book, scratched on his slate;
Blazoned in carvings of yesterday's date;
Cut on the cupboards, and chalked on the wall
Greeting the eye was the terrible scrawl:
"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho!" – here,
"Jericho, Jericho, Jericho!" – there,
Oh, you got sick of it
Right in the thick of it!
"Jericho, Jericho!" everywhere!

People found out, when to manhood he came,
Jericho's habits continued the same;
Everyone saw, – when he started in trade, –
"Jericho's Jams!" on the hoardings displayed;
When at the station, awaiting the train,
"Jericho's Jams!" would salute you again;
If you took refuge in busses or trams,
Still you were greeted by "Jericho's Jams!"
"Jericho's – Jericho's – Jericho's Jams!"
See that you get 'em – all others are shams
Highly superior
For the interior,
Jericho's – Jericho's Genuine Jams!"

So – paradoxical though it may be –
I have made jams, and the jams have made me
This is the motto by which I will swear: –
"Advertise, – advertise everywhere!"
Stick it to left of you, – stick it to right,
Shout it and scream it from morning till night –
 Crowd upon crowd your emporium crams,
 Fighting for life, – and for "Jericho's Jams!"
"Jericho's – Jericho's – Jericho's Jams!"
See that you get 'em – all others are shams
Ask for no other,
My sister and brother,
But live upon Jericho's genuine Jams!"

[6] DUET: There came to maiden innocence

Lady Bushey There came to maiden innocence
 At Barton-on-the-Humber
Two suitors – who for reference
 As One and Two I'll number.
And Number One could softly woo
 Till life seem'd milk and honey;
But dear papa owed Number Two
 A large amount of money!
 And so I married Number Two –
 Though he a perfect guy was,
A veteran of Waterloo,
 And twice as old as I was.

Mr Jericho When Number Two bore off his bride –
 With wedding dress of white on –
At first I thought of suicide,
 Then – change of air at Brighton;
But all of the hopes of yesterday
 Return with force provoking,
Now Number Two is tuck'd away
 At Kensal Green or Woking!
 So come and marry Number One,
 Whose honest heart your shrine is –
There seldom lives through rain and sun
 A love as true as mine is!

DUET:
Lady Bushey
& *Mr Jericho* How strange when parted lovers meet
 In such a case as this is,
And oh! how weird and wildly sweet
 A middle aged kiss is!

[7] QUINTET: Who, alas! would be a peer?

ALL: Who, alas! would be a peer
Winifred, When the daily papers jeer
Lady Bushey, In a way to be regretted
Horace, At the brainless coronetted?
Mr Jericho Let us heave a tender sigh
& *Michael de Vere* For the man whose rank is high,
 Nor with democrat's audacity
 Laugh at titled incapacity.
 Rouse ye then, O House of Lords!
 Sleep no more on silken pillows,
But with big ancestral swords
 O defend your peccadilloes!

When the thoughtless auctioneer
Strips the bald and bankrupt peer,
Bringing creditors' irateness
On hereditary greatness,
When the ruthless Bill of Sale,
Drives him forth o'er hill and dale –
Let us weep in all humility
For a broken down Nobility!
 Rouse ye then, O House of Lords!
 Sleep no more on silken pillows,
But with big ancestral swords
 O defend your peccadilloes!

[8] FINALE: Soon there shall ring

Horace Soon there shall ring for a newly wed pair
Bells of Saint George's in Hanover Square.
Winifred Promise me, love, as you fondle me thus,
Never to sigh for your beautiful 'bus!
Lady Bushey Widow with husband the second in sight
Parts from her daughter with heart that is light.
Mr Jericho Jericho hopes you'll continue to cram
Cupboard and shelf with his Genuine Jam!

ALL: Jericho's – Jericho's – Jericho's Jams!
Winifred, See that you get 'em – all others are sham
Lady Bushey, Ask for no other,
Horace, My sister and brother,
& *Michael de Vere* But live upon Jericho's Genuine Jams!

[DANCE]

FRANÇOIS CELLIER (1849-1914)**Captain Billy** (1891) An operetta in one act

Libretto: Harry Greenbank (1865-99)

Edited by Christopher O'Brien

22 OVERTURE

23 SONG: Oh, it isn't very nice

Christopher Jolly Oh, it isn't very nice
 When you fail at any price
 To discover any record of your birth,
 Though you've offered a reward
 That you cannot well afford,
 And have travelled many times around the earth!
 I can truthfully aver
 Ev'ry parish register
 I've examined very diligently through,
 And it wasn't to be met
 In the House of Somerset—
 So I wonder what on earth I am to do!
 Any ordinary person will agree
 That it's really most embarrassing for me,
 When unable to unearth
 Such a document of worth –
 My certifi tifi tifi tificate of birth.
 For it puts me in a rage,
 This uncertainty of age,
 When I'm thoroughly unable to decide,
 If I ought to be at school
 Under pedagogic rule,
 Or be blushing at the altar with a bride.
 And supposing I decline
 To be put to bed at nine,
 Is it certain I am acting in the right?
 After all, I may not be
 Old enough to have a key,
 And remain out very often all the night.
 Any ordinary person will agree
 That it's really most embarrassing for me,
 When unable to unearth
 Such a document of worth
 My certifi tifi tifi tificate of birth.
 My companions point out
 That there cannot be a doubt
 I'm considerably over twenty one;
 For they say, "My boy, you shave!"
 And you frequently behave
 As a man of five and thirty would have done."
 But of course I stand aloof,
 When as plain and certain proof
 They adduce peculiarities so small;
 For to any man of sense
 Circumstantial evidence
 Doesn't positively prove a thing at all!
 Any ordinary person will agree
 That it's really most embarrassing for me,
 When unable to unearth
 Such a document of worth –
 My certifi tifi tifi tificate of birth.

24 DUET: When flowers blossom in the spring

Christopher Jolly When flowers blossom in the spring,

And lambkins frolic gaily;

Oh! is it not an irksome thing,

Instructing children daily?

To take them through the alphabet,

From "antelope" to "zebra";

And on their slates politely set

Equations in algebra?

DUET:

Christopher Jolly
& *Polly*

Sing hip-hooray!

In merry May

The scent of hay will reach her;

That very merry,

Chubby, cherry,

Charming pupil teacher!

Polly

I love to sit upon the grass,

And listen to the ewe bells;

Or in the woods my time to pass,

In gathering the blue bells.

But daily I the children teach

Of those who can't afford schools –

For Government within their reach

Has kindly placed the Board Schools.

DUET:

Christopher Jolly
& *Polly*

Sing hip-hooray!

In merry May

The scent of hay will reach her;

That very merry,

Chubby, cherry,

Charming pupil teacher!

25 (QUARTET) AND DANCE: With beating heart I wait to see

Christopher Jolly With beating heart I wait to see.

A proof of your agility;

A hornpipe I am told you trip

As though you'd served on board a ship.

Polly

So, mother dearest, please begin!

You see the state he's getting in;

Remember that your little whim

Is something wholly new to him.

ALL:

Christopher Jolly,
Polly,
Widow Jackson
& *Samuel Chunk*

With a yeo heave ho! my lads,

When the breezes blow, my lads,

We'll luff the ship

And a hornpipe trip,

With a nimble toe, my lads.

When we hear the seagull's cry,

To the sandy shore we fly,

For who would choose

To open pews

While the waves are rolling high?

[HORPIPE]

Widow Jackson

I sometimes think it's very sweet

To be so nimble on the feet;

Without a hornpipe I could not

Endure my unexciting lot.

This harmless habit day by day

Drives all the cares of life away!

Polly

We like to see you ease your pain,

So, mother dearest, dance again.

ALL:

Christopher Jolly,
Polly,
Widow Jackson
& *Samuel Chunk*

With a yeo heave ho! my lads,

When the breezes blow, my lads,

We'll luff the ship

And a hornpipe trip,

With a nimble toe, my lads.

When we hear the seagull's cry,

To the sandy shore we fly,

For who would choose

To open pews

While the waves are rolling high?

[HORPIPE]

[26] SONG: A pirate bold am I

Captain Billy A pirate bold am I,
 They call me Captain Billy,
 A trim built craft,
 Both fore and aft,
 Is the pirate cruiser "Lily."
But oh, I sit and sigh,
 When I think how I and brother
Had lots of grub,
 And a Saturday tub,
 From a fond and foolish mother!
Then here's a health to Billy,
 Commander of the "Lily";
 And drink the toast
 On ev'ry coast,
From far Japan to Chili!
She trained us in the way
 That every good boy goes in,
And we were told
 Our hands to fold
 And turn our little toes in.
She taught us day by day
 No chapel door to enter
Where weekly flocks
 Unorthodox
 The bold and bad Dissenter
Then here's a health to Billy,
 Peru and Piccadilly
 Will drink the toast
 With every coast
From far Japan to Chili.
To man's estate we grew
 Without unseemly frolic,
Till in the prime
 Of summer time
 Dear mother had the colic,
Alas! we scarcely knew
 We'd seen the last of mother
When brother Jack
 Arrayed in black
 Became a Plymouth Brother.

Then here's a health to Billy,
 Peru and Piccadilly
 Will drink the toast
 With every coast
From far Japan to Chili.
I wept to think he should
 From orthodoxy gyrate
And in my grief
 I sought relief
 By starting as a pirate.
And now, in cause of good
 I give no vote or proxy
My heart went dead
 When brother said
 Good-bye to orthodoxy.
Then here's a health to Billy,
 Commander of the "Lily,"
 And drink the toast
 On every coast
From far Japan to Chili.

[27] SONG: I thought my dashing buccaneer

Widow Jackson I thought my dashing buccaneer
 Had wrecked his pirate boat O!
And so I dropped a tender tear
 Upon his ugly photo.
I quite forgot the life he led
 Had fitted him for jail O!
And round his undeserving head
 I placed a saintly halo.
But though you led a shocking life,
 O Billy boy, you did O!
I'd rather smile as William's wife
 Than weep as William's widow.
For him I wore, without ado,
 The willow and the weed O!
I thought he'd fallen victim to
 Some Government torpedo.
In various ways I labelled him—
 "Deceased," "defunct," and "late" O!
Yet now he turns up fresh and trim
 As any new potato.
But though you led a shocking life,
 O Billy boy, you did O!
I'd rather smile as William's wife
 Than weep as William's widow.

[28] QUARTET: It's unpleasant, mia cara

Christopher Jolly It's unpleasant, mia cara,
 For a baby to be left
In the desert of Sahara
 Of relations all bereft.
Polly Free from chains that daily trammel
 Every English baby born,
He can ride upon a camel
 And a perambulator scorn.
All:
Polly,
Widow Jackson,
Christopher Jolly
& *Captain Billy* Tinkle! tinkle! bells of baby
 From the distant desert sound,
Will he learn his C and A B,
 Where no Board School can be found?

Widow Jackson Though by natives kindly treated,
 It is very plain to see
That he's longing to be seated
 On a European knee!

Polly In his pretty baby prattle
 His surprise he will express
At their foreign tittle tattle,
 And the absence of their dress.

All:
Polly,
Widow Jackson,
Christopher Jolly
& *Captain Billy* Tinkle! tinkle! bells of baby
 From the distant desert sound,
Will he learn his C and A B,
 Where no Board School can be found?

[29] FINALE: By fate released at last

Captain Billy By fate released at last
 From twenty years' dilemma,
I'll spend my days
 In constant praise
 Of dear devoted Emma.
And, blotting out the past,
 I'll better my condition,
By finding scope
 For Someone's soap
 On a ten per cent. commission.

All:
Polly,
Widow Jackson,
Christopher Jolly,
Captain Billy
& *Samuel Chunk* Then here's a health to Billy,
 Commander of the "Lily";
 And drink the toast
 On ev'ry coast,
From far Japan to Chili!