

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:
Winifred & Horace
 How sweetly through the air,
 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:
Winifred & Horace
 How little do we heed
 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
 (to *Lady Bushey*)
 Oh, pity the girl
 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 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)

22–29 **Captain Billy** (1891) An operetta in one act
 Libretto: Harry Greenbank (1865-99)
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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 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 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 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:
 Sing hip-hooray!
Christopher Jolly In merry May
 & *Polly* 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:
 Sing hip-hooray!
Christopher Jolly In merry May
 & *Polly* 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, With a yeo heave ho! my lads,
Polly, When the breezes blow, my lads,
 We'll luff the ship
Widow Jackson And a hornpipe trip,
 & *Samuel Chunk* 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, With a yeo heave ho! my lads,
Polly, When the breezes blow, my lads,
 We'll luff the ship
Widow Jackson And a hornpipe trip,
 & *Samuel Chunk* 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 orthodox 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: Tinkle! tinkle! bells of baby
Polly, From the distant desert sound,
Widow Jackson, Will he learn his C and A B,
Christopher Jolly Where no Board School can be found?
& *Captain Billy*

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

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