# CINDERELLA AND THE PRINCE

BIRD

BOOK BY R.A. BARNET.

MUSIC BY LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK

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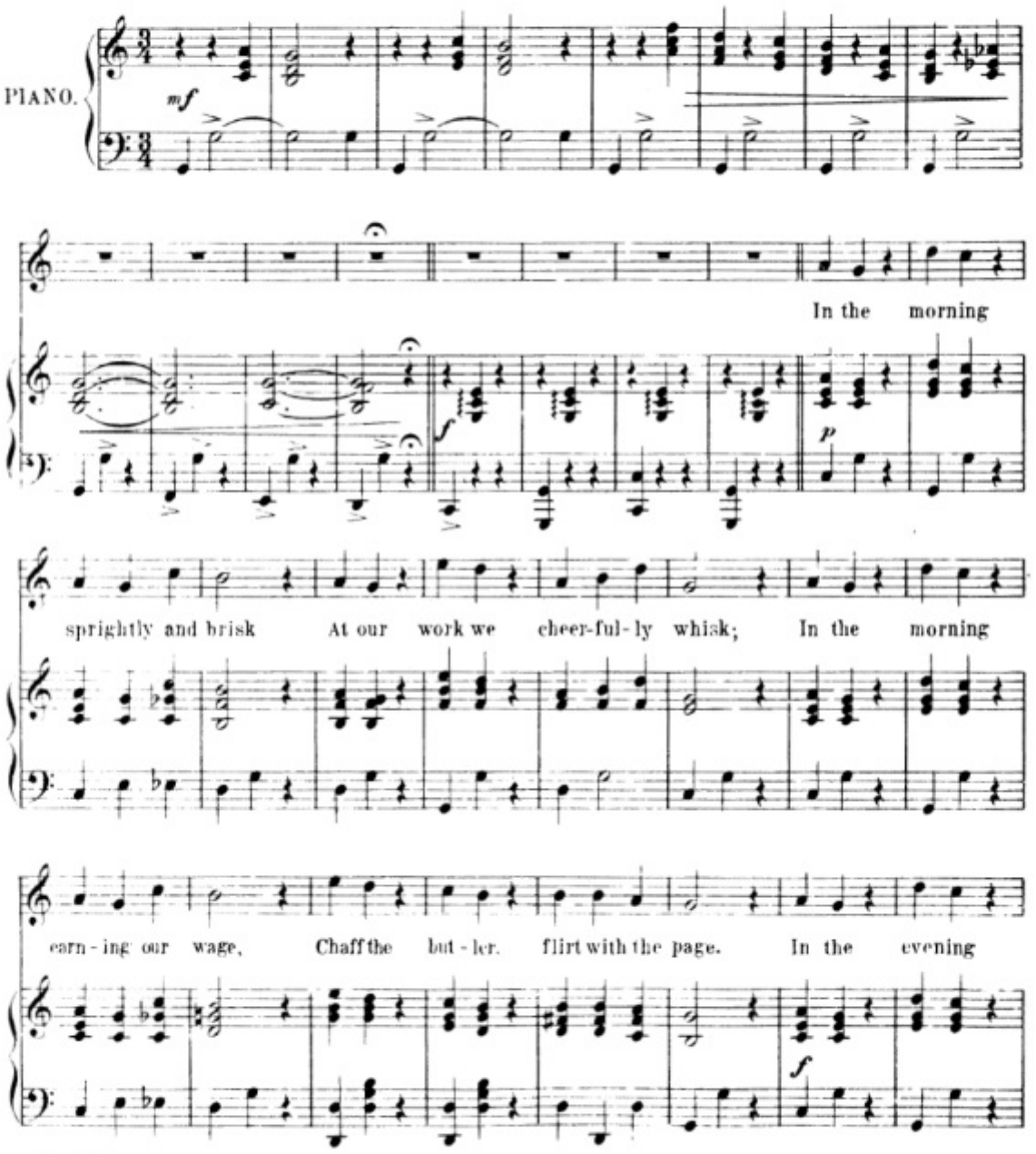
# Act II.

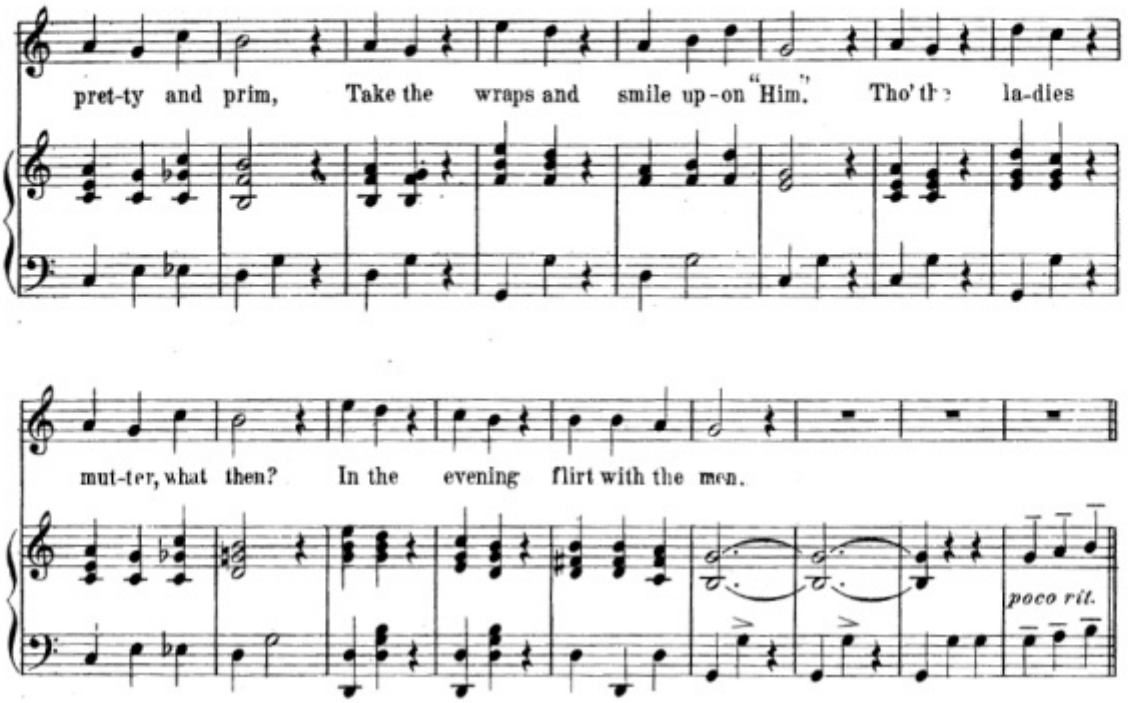
## OPENING CHORUS.

## In the Morning Sprightly and Brisk.

No. 13. (HOUSEMAIDS.)

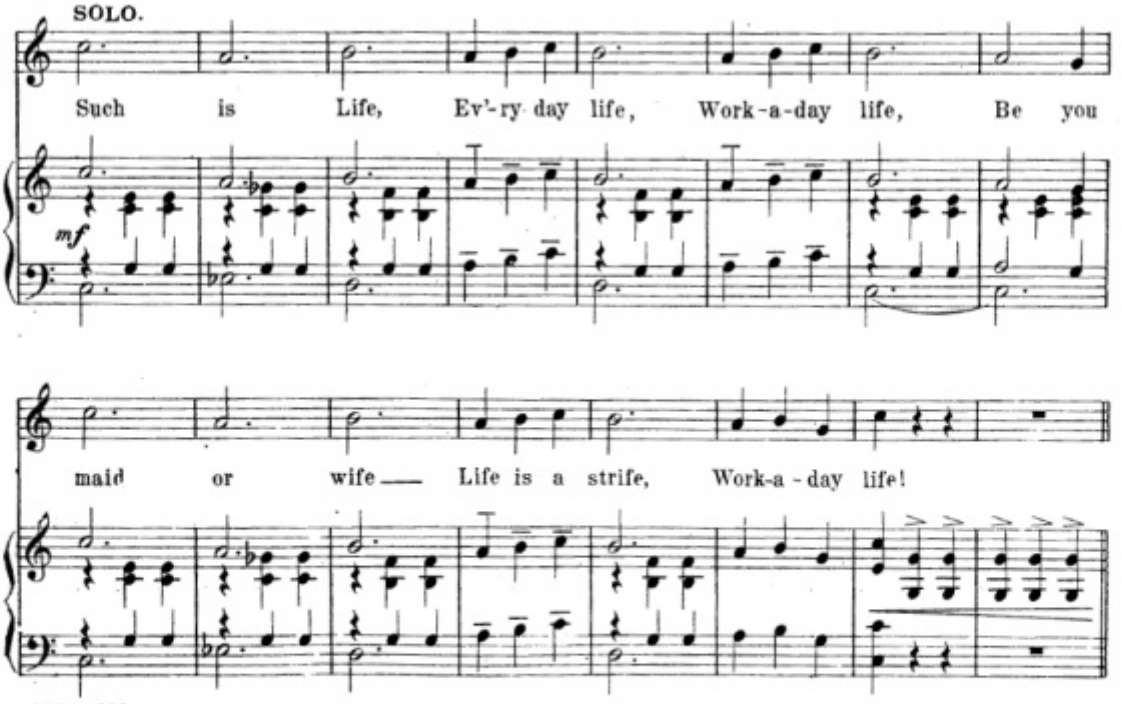
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

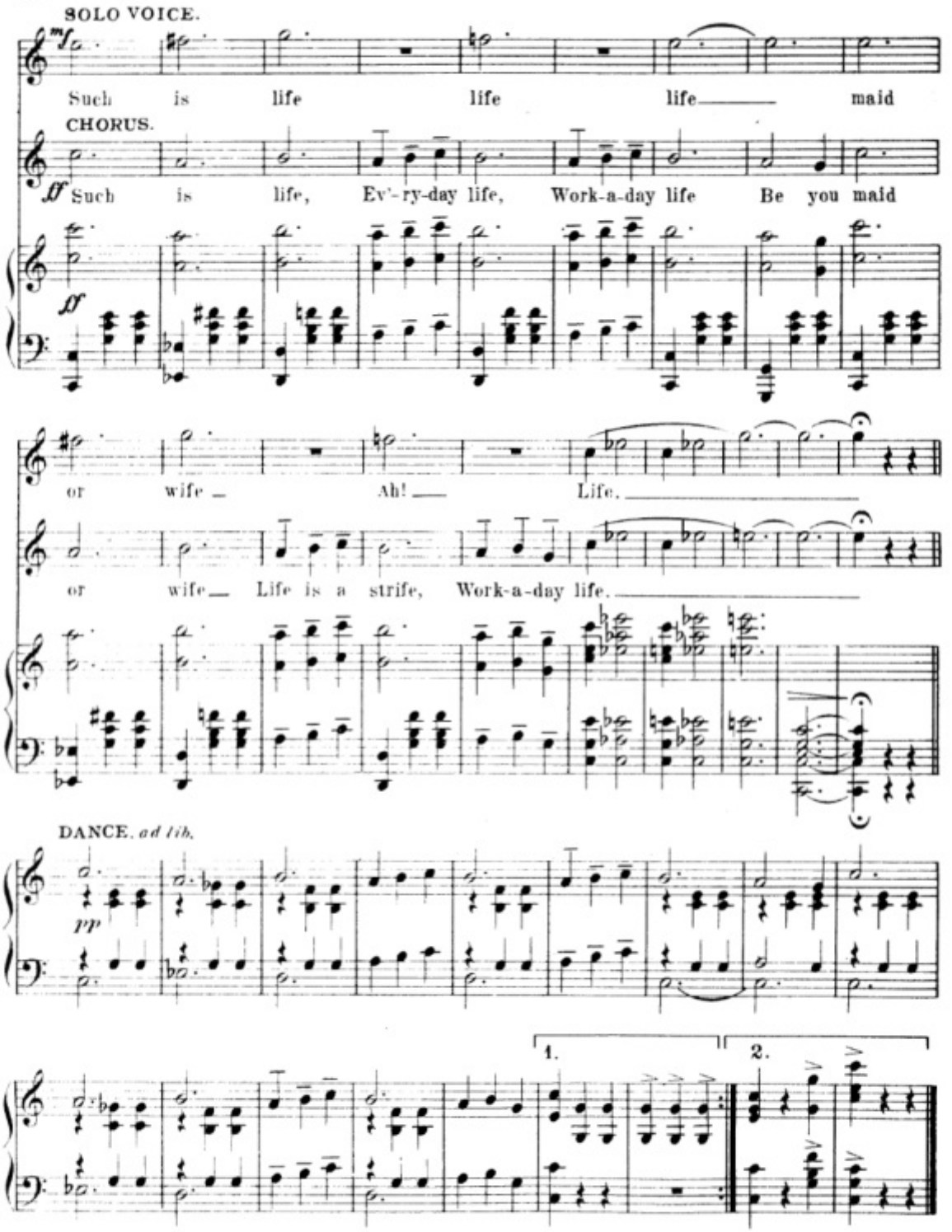





**Valse lento.**

SOLO.




SOLO VOICE.
mf
Such is life life life maid
CHORUS.
ff
Such is life, Ev'-ry-day life, Work-a-day life Be you maid
ff
or wife Ah! Life.
or wife Life is a strife, Work-a-day life.
DANCE, ad lib.
pp
1.
2.

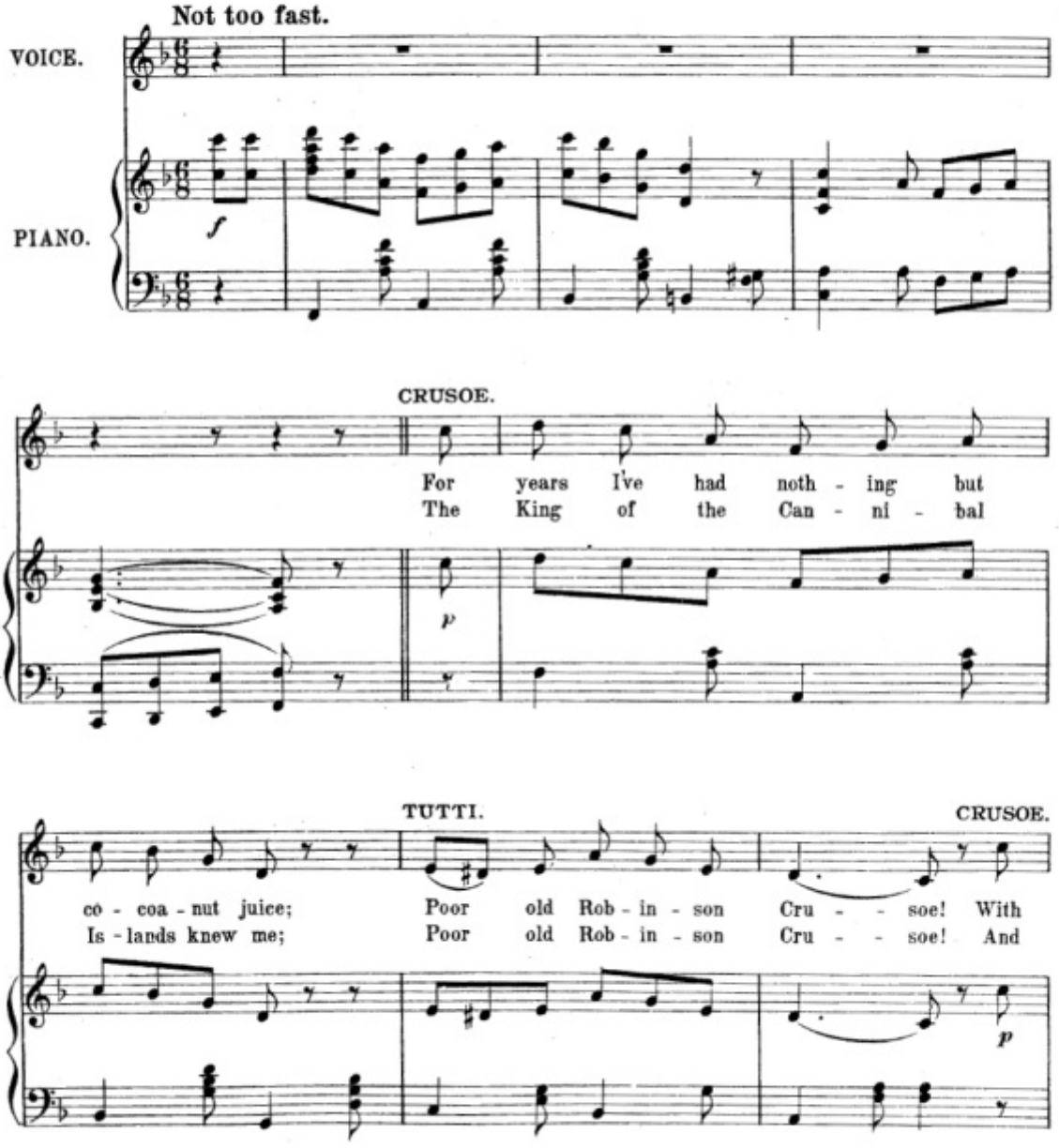
# For I am Robinson Crusoe.

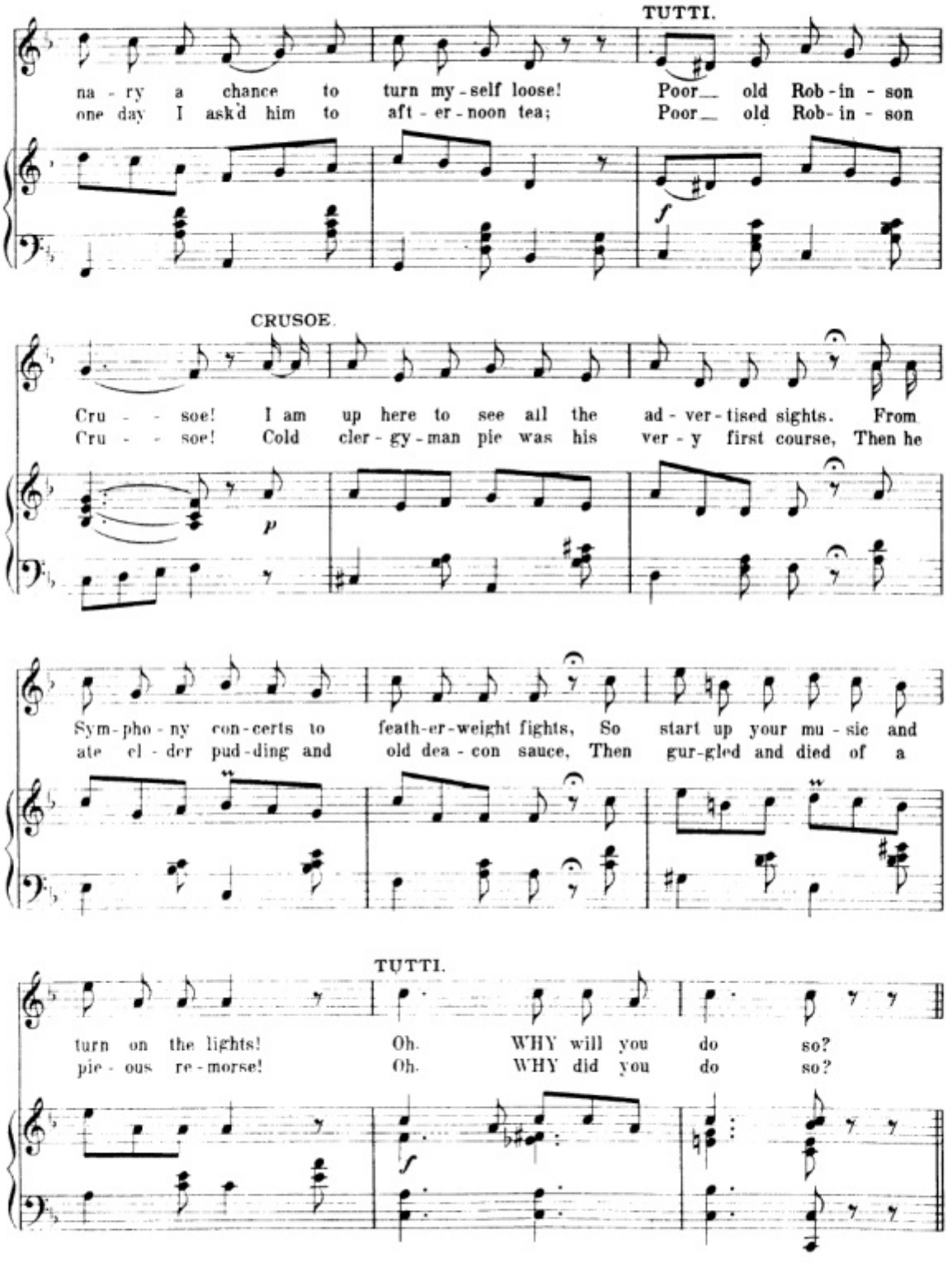
## SONG.

(CRUSOE.)

**No.14.**

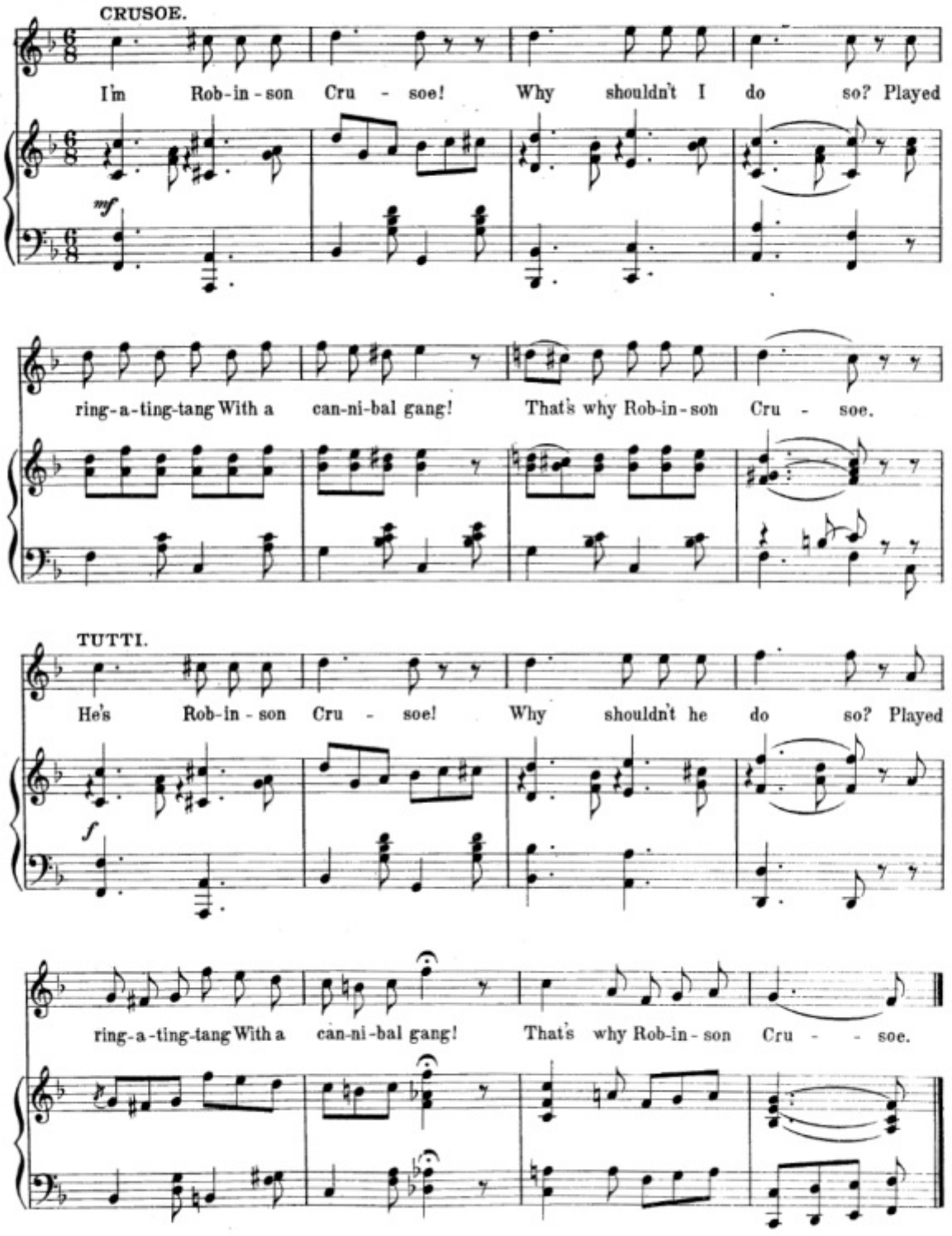
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.




TUTTI.
na - ry a chance to turn my - self loose! Poor_ old Rob - in - son
one day I ask'd him to aft - er - noon tea; Poor_ old Rob - in - son
CRUSOE.
Cru - - soe! I am up here to see all the ad - ver - tised sights. From
Cru - - soe! Cold cler - gy - man pie was his ver - y first course, Then he
Sym - pho - ny con - certs to feath - er - weight fights, So start up your mu - sic and
ate el - der pud - ding and old dea - con sauce, Then gur - gled and died of a
TUTTI.
turn on the lights! Oh. WHY will you do so?
pie - ous re - morse! Oh. WHY did you do so?

REFRAIN.

CRUSOE.



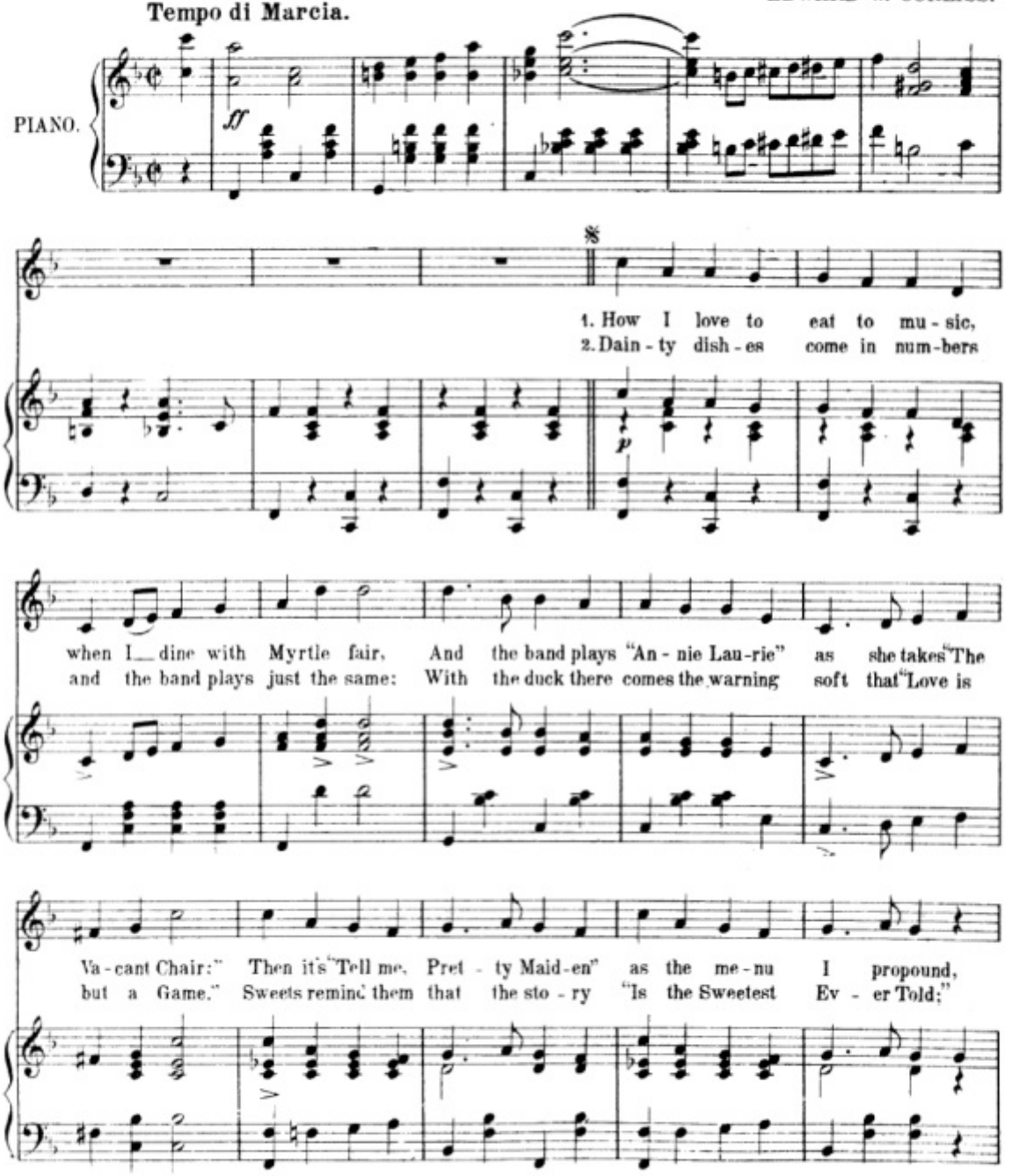
# How I Love to Eat to Music.

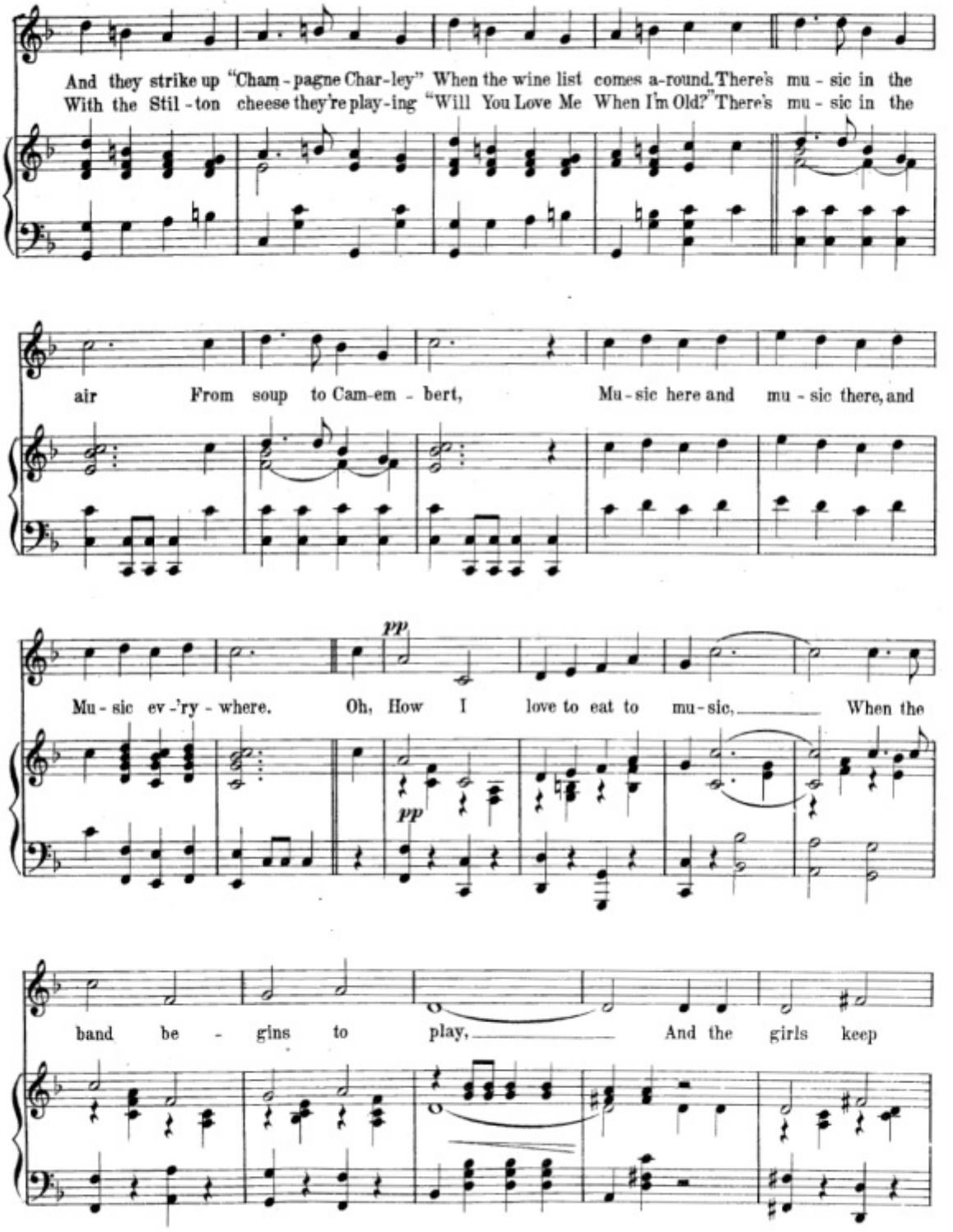
## MARCH SONG.

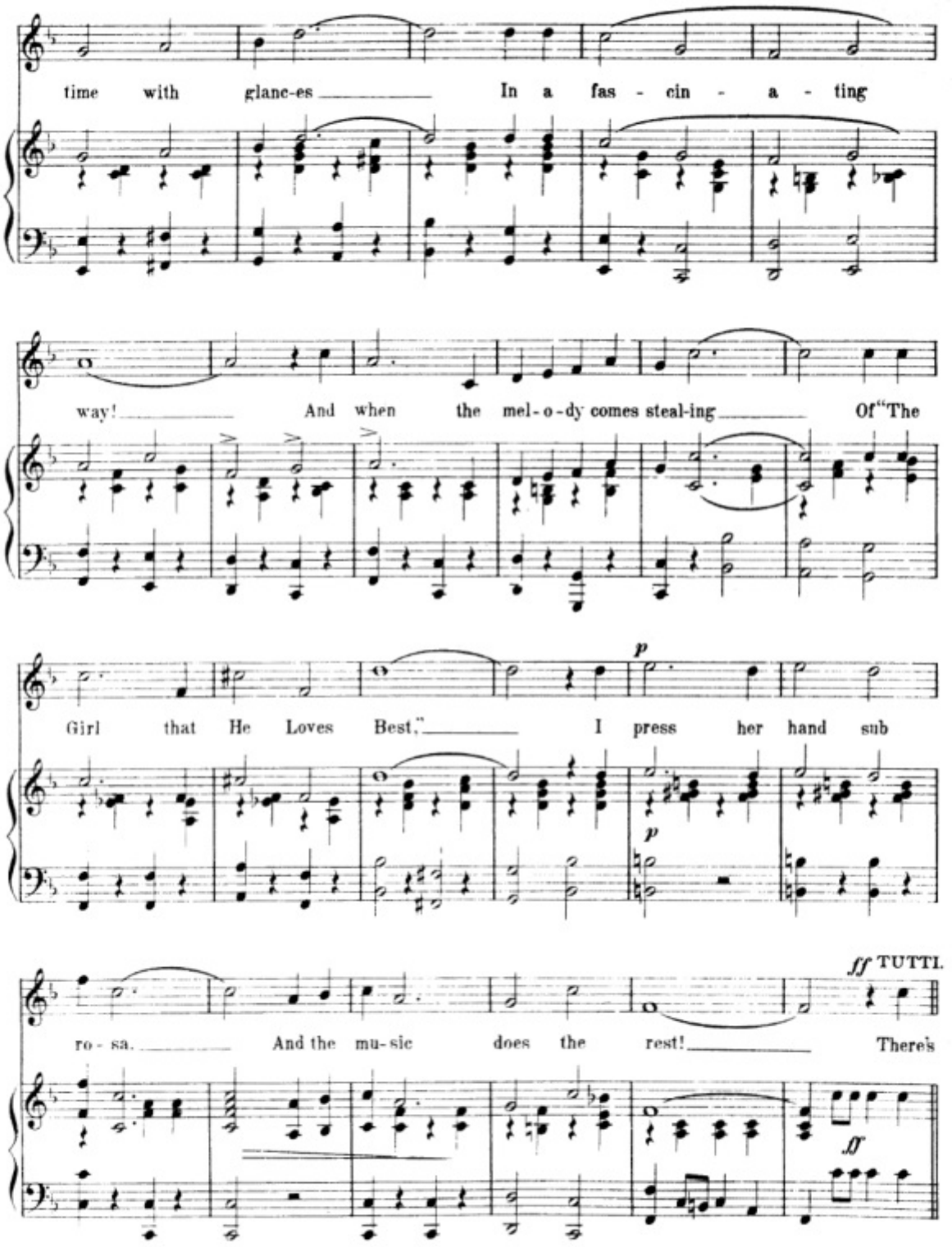
(SANTIE CLAUS.)

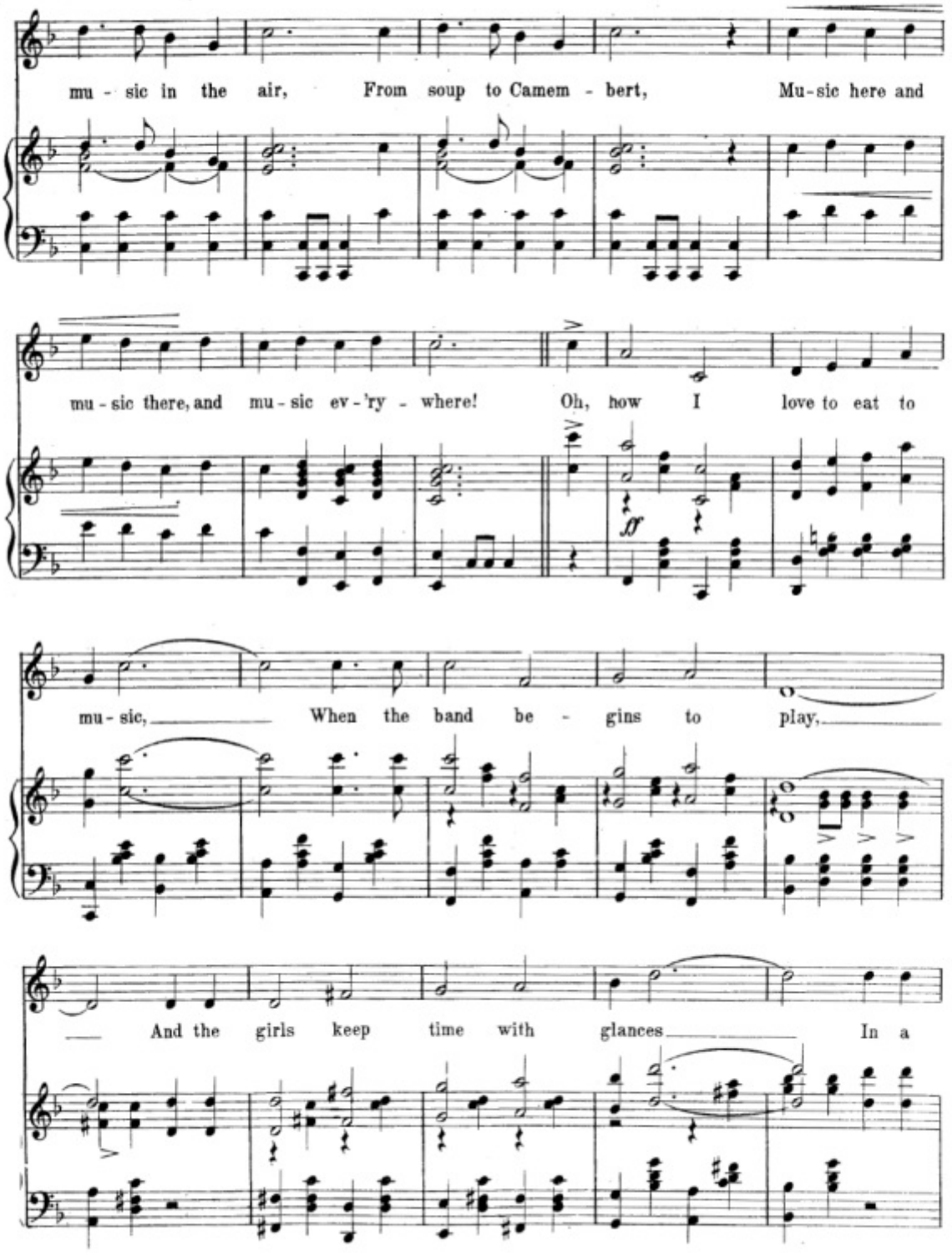
No. 15.

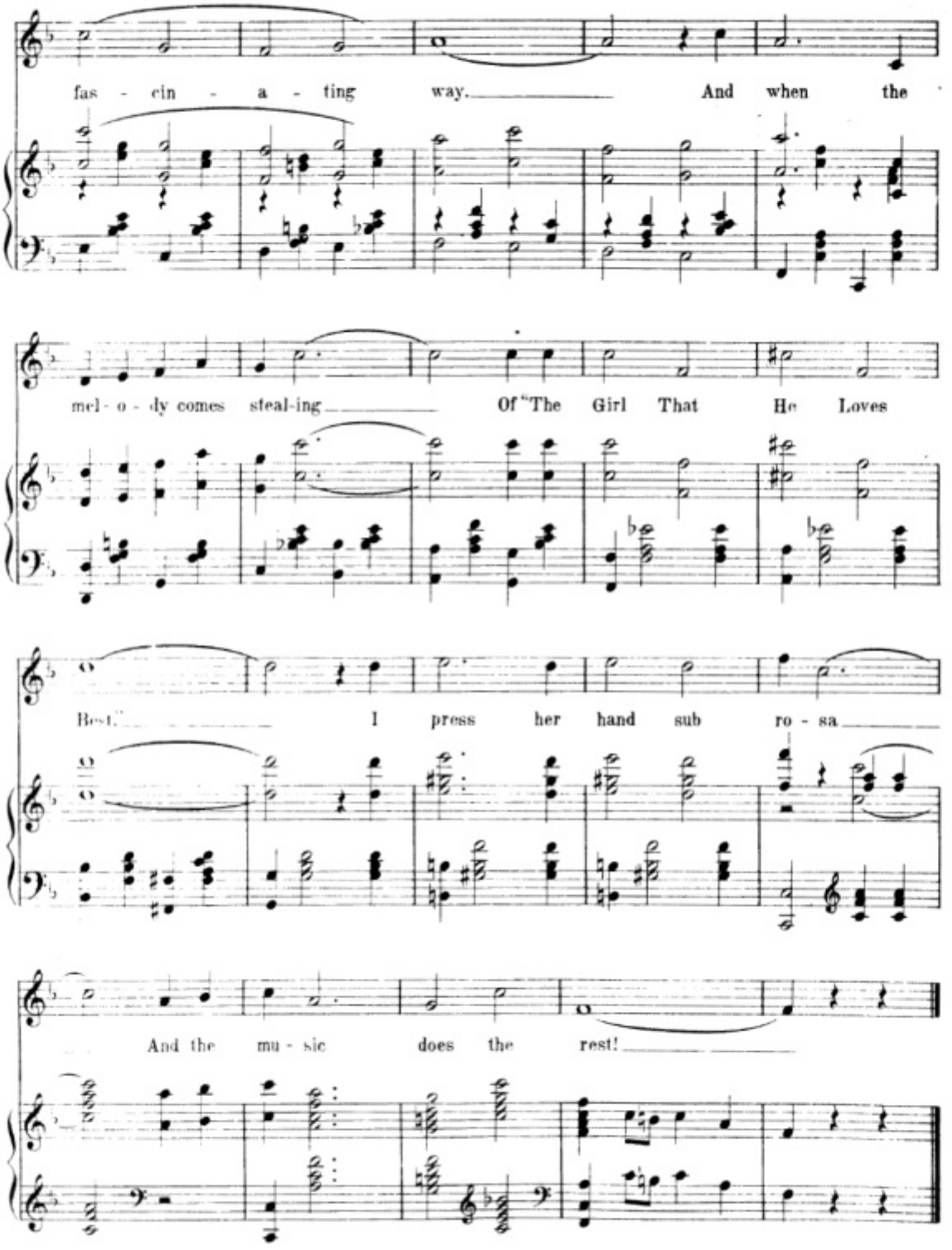
EDWARD W. CORLISS.




And they strike up "Cham - pagne Char - ley" When the wine list comes a - round. There's mu - sic in the
With the Stil - ton cheese they're play - ing "Will You Love Me When I'm Old?" There's mu - sic in the
air From soup to Cam - em - bert, Mu - sic here and mu - sic there, and
pp
Mu - sic ev - 'ry - where. Oh, How I love to eat to mu - sic, When the
pp
band be - gins to play, And the girls keep


time with glanc-es In a fas - cin - a - ting
way! And when the mel-o-dy comes steal-ing Of "The
p
Girl that He Loves Best," I press her hand sub
p
ff TUTTI.
ro - sa. And the mu-sic does the rest! There's
ff


mu - sic in the air, From soup to Camem - bert, Mu-sic here and
mu - sic there, and mu - sic ev - 'ry - where! Oh, how I love to eat to
mu - sic, When the band be - gins to play,
And the girls keep time with glances In a

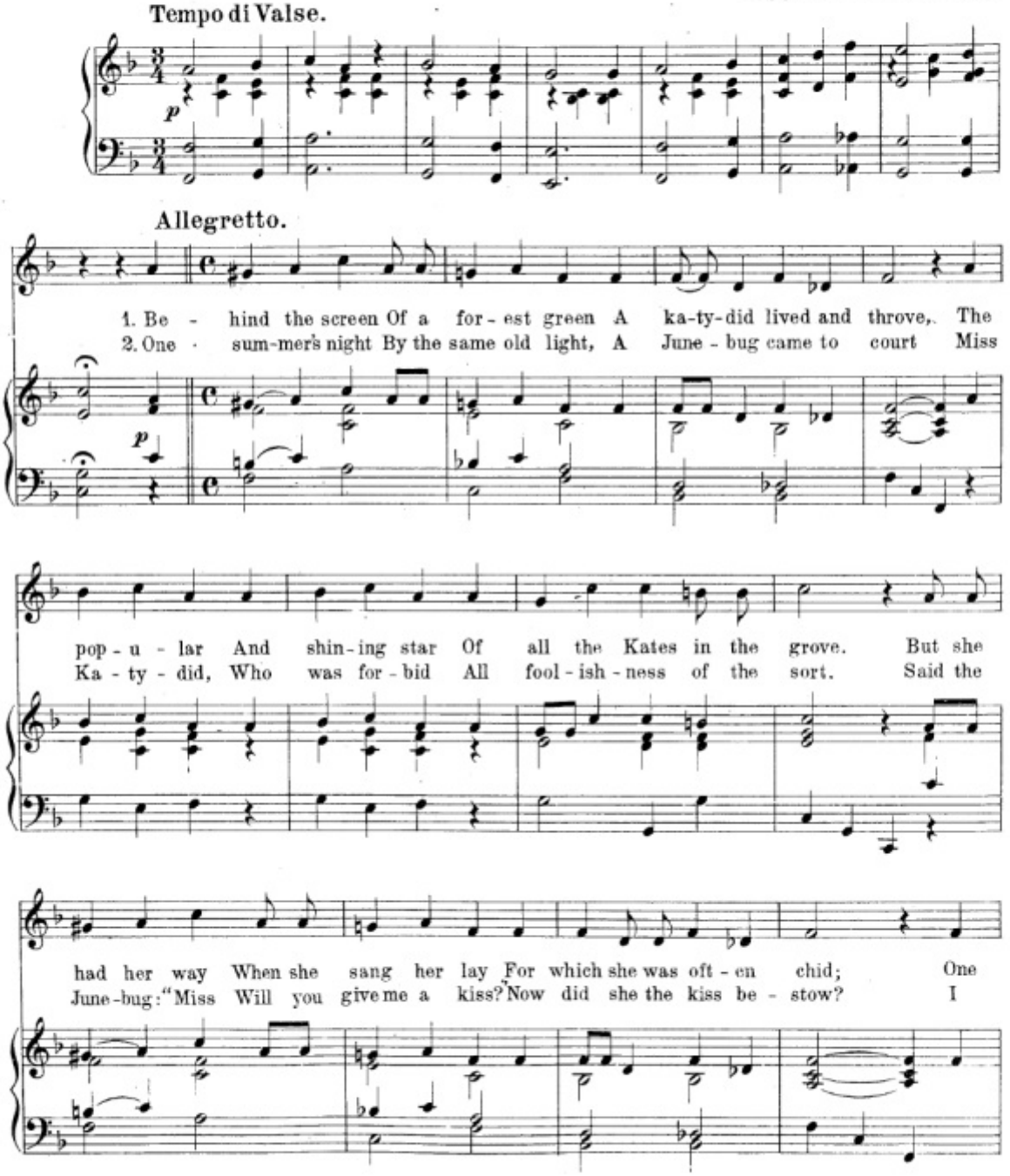

fas - cin - a - ting way. And when the
mel - o - dy comes steal-ing Of "The Girl That He Loves
Best." I press her hand sub ro - sa
And the mu - sic does the rest!

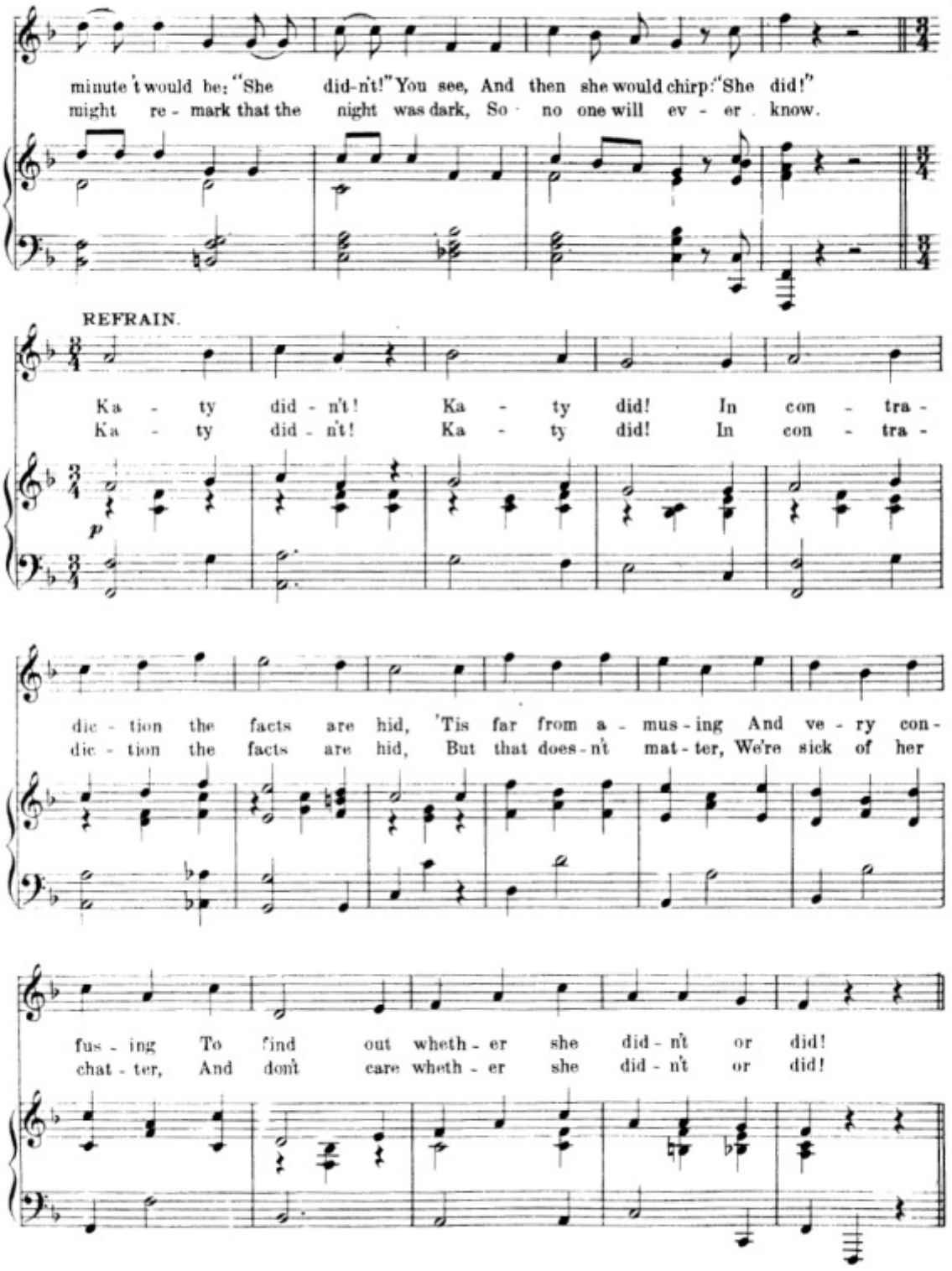
# Katy Didn't.

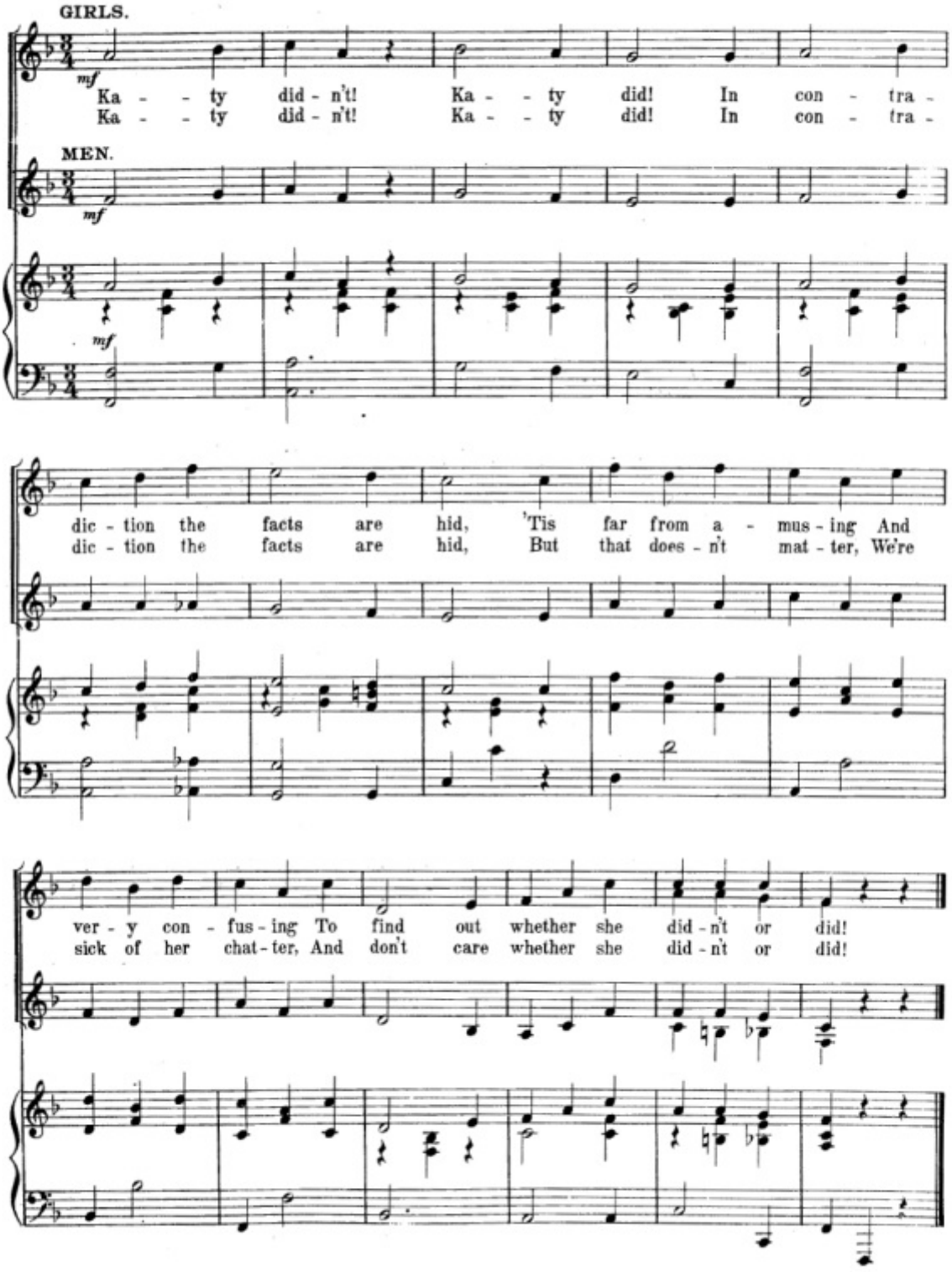
## SONG.

**No.16.** (CINDERELLA.)

LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.




minute 't would be: "She did-n't!" You see, And then she would chirp: "She did!"
might re - mark that the night was dark, So no one will ev - er know.
REFRAIN.
Ka - ty did - n't! Ka - ty did! In con - tra -
Ka - ty did - n't! Ka - ty did! In con - tra -
p
dic - tion the facts are hid, 'Tis far from a - mus - ing And ve - ry con -
dic - tion the facts are hid, But that does - n't mat - ter, We're sick of her
fus - ing To find out wheth - er she did - n't or did!
chat - ter, And don't care wheth - er she did - n't or did!


GIRLS.
mf
Ka - - ty did - n't! Ka - - ty did! In con - tra -
Ka - - ty did - n't! Ka - - ty did! In con - tra -
MEN.
mf
mf
dic - tion the facts are hid, 'Tis far from a - mus - ing And
dic - tion the facts are hid, But that does - n't mat - ter, We're
ver - y con - fus - ing To find out whether she did - n't or did!
sick of her chat - ter, And don't care whether she did - n't or did!

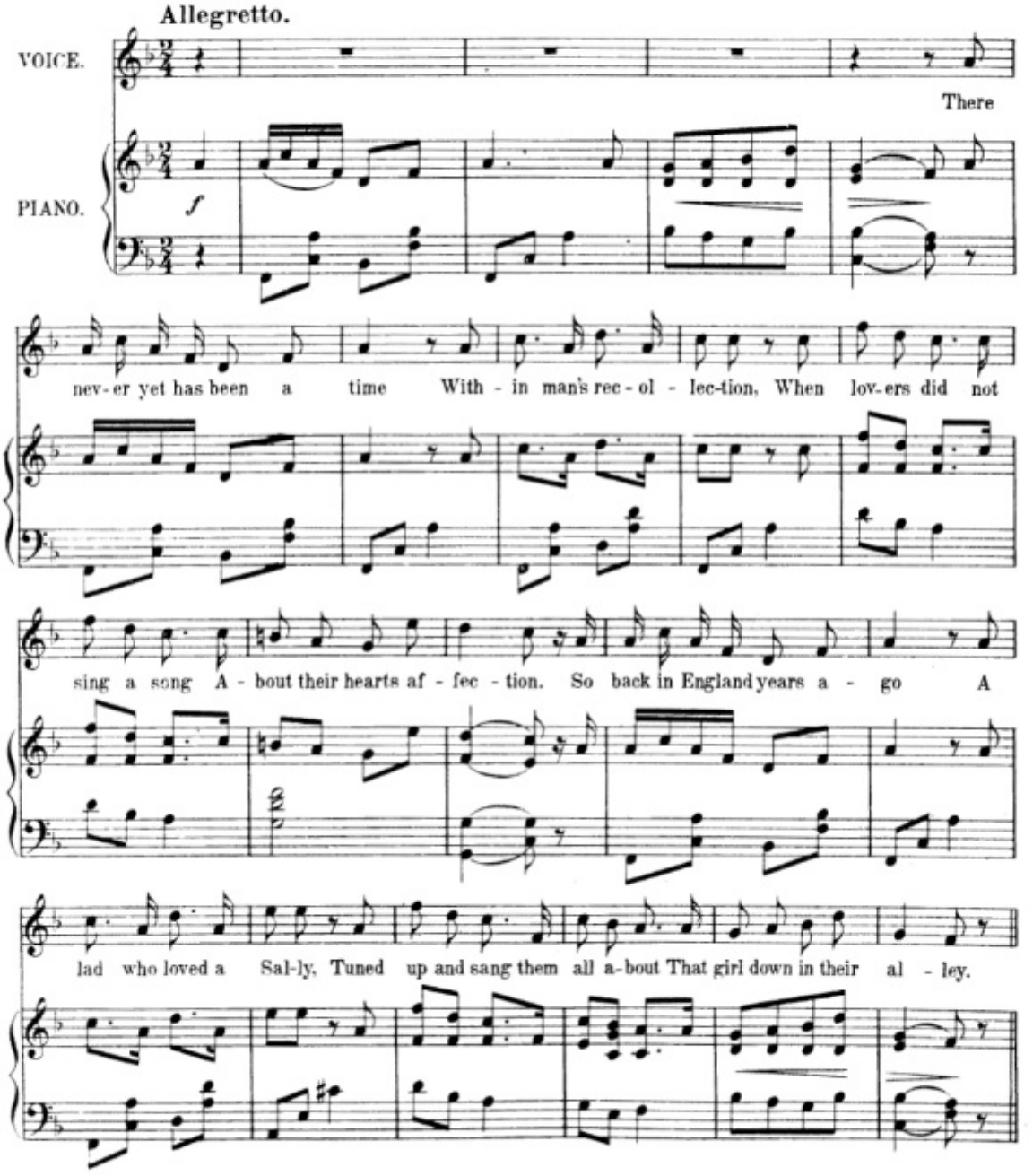
# How Lovers Sing about their Heart's Affection.

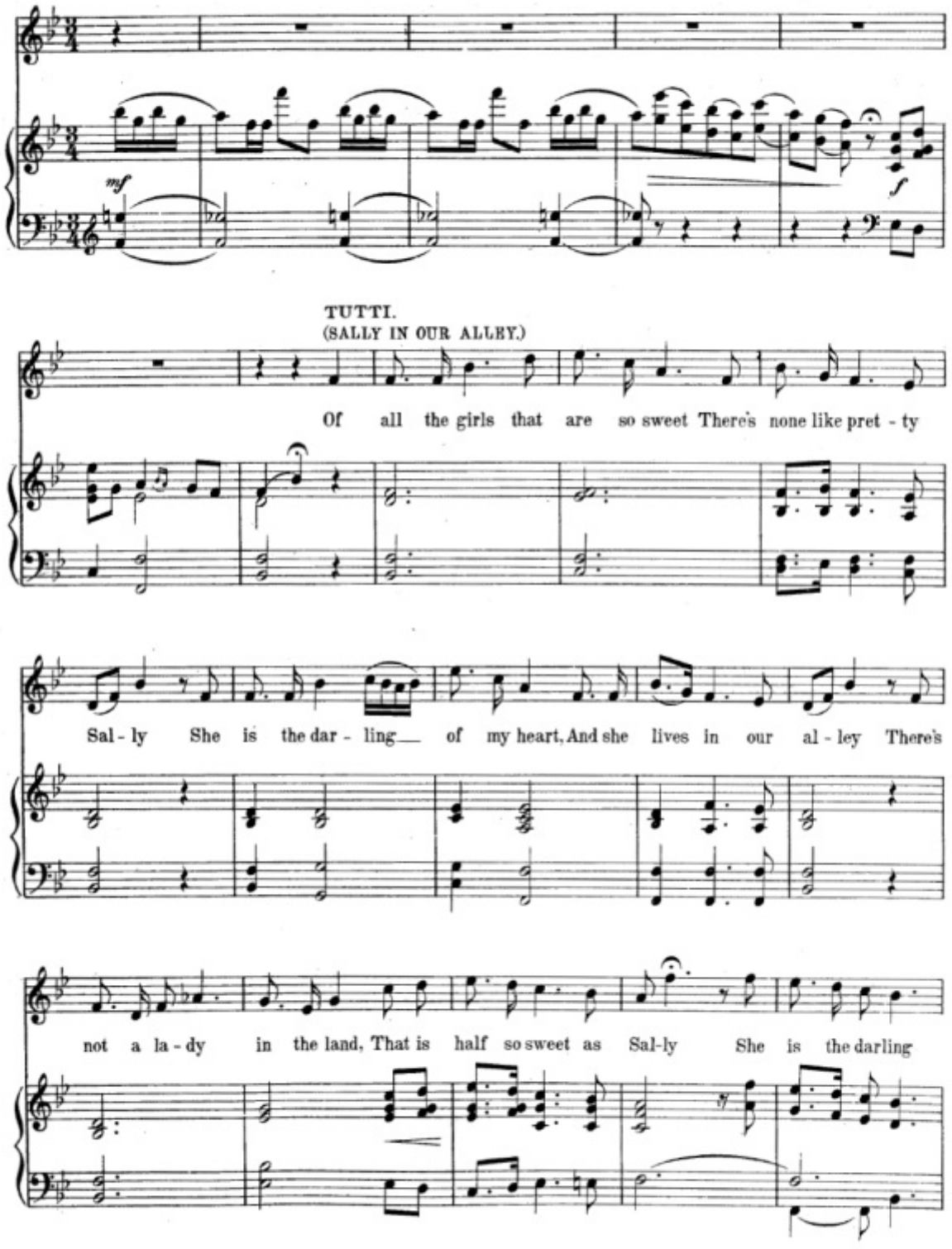
## CONCERTED NUMBER.

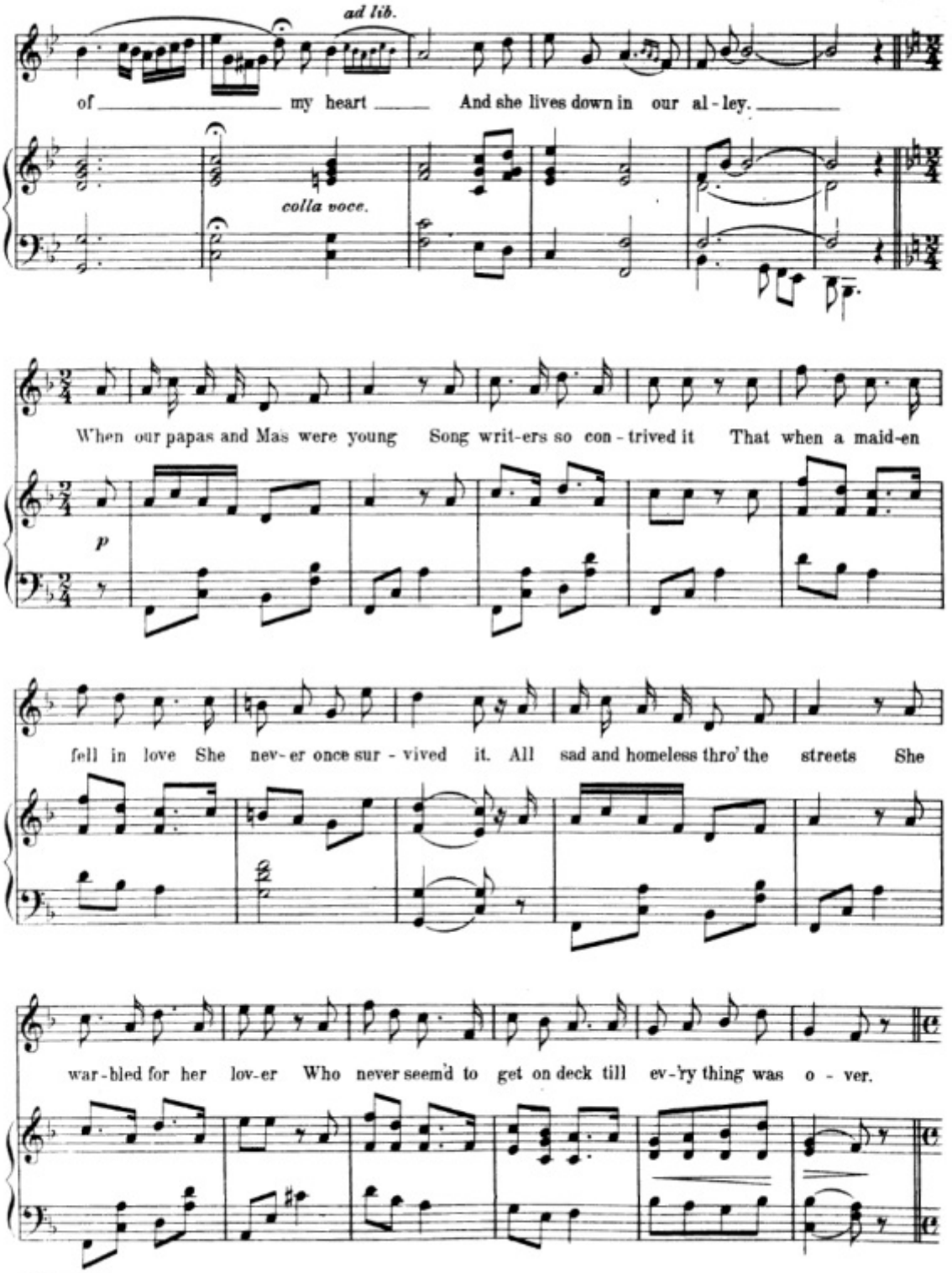
ROBINSON CRUSOE AND CHORUS.

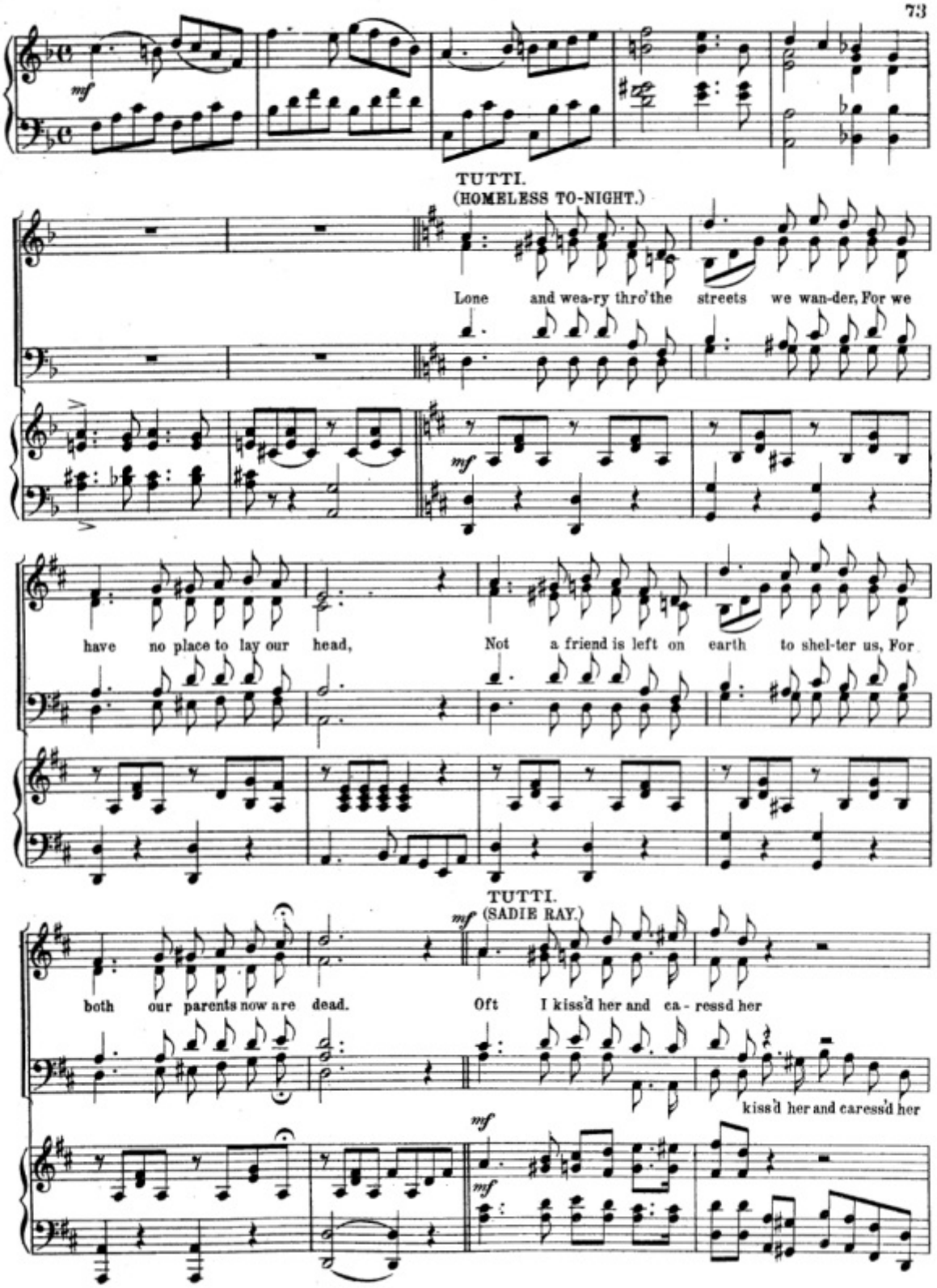
No. 17.

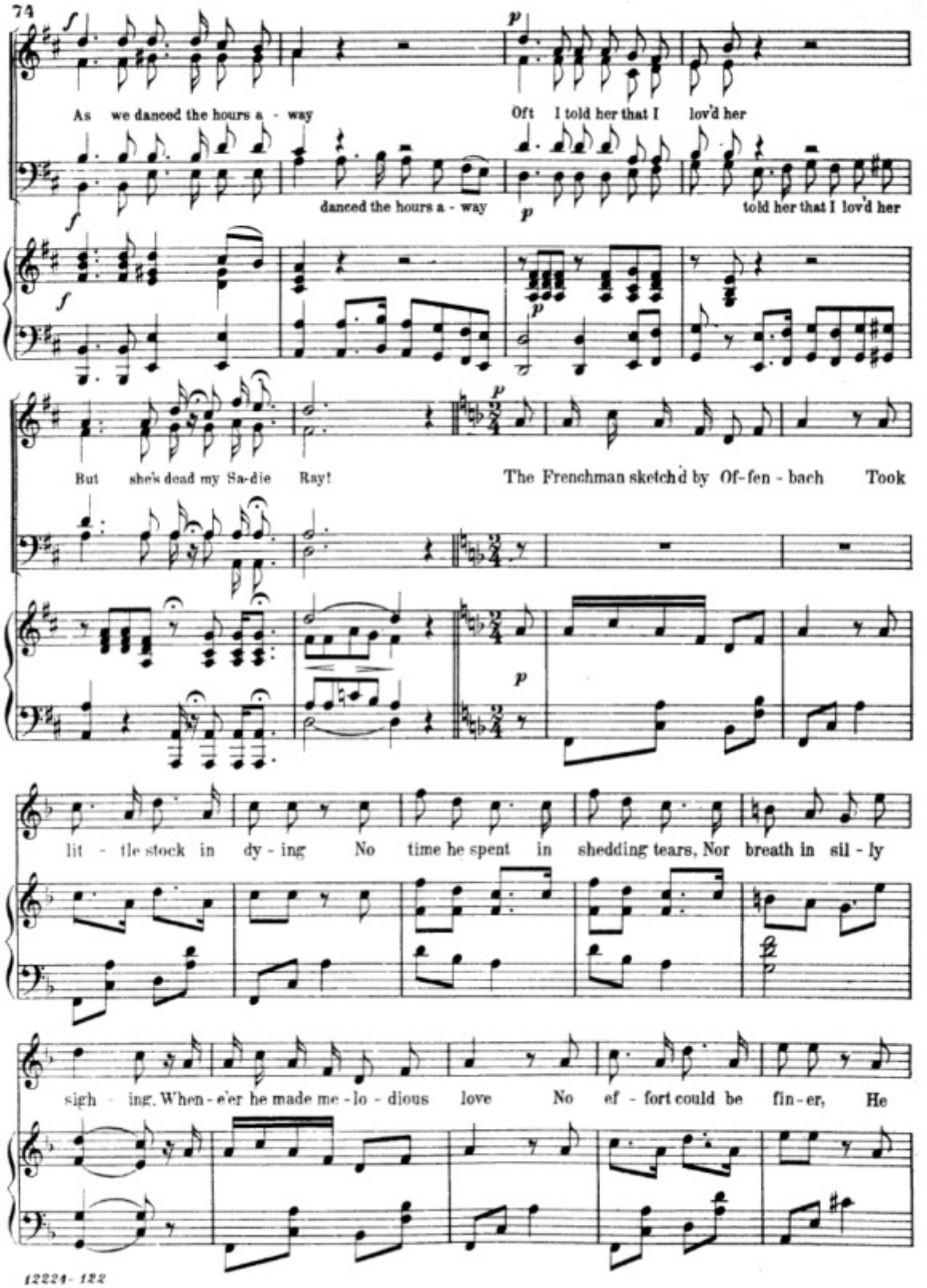
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

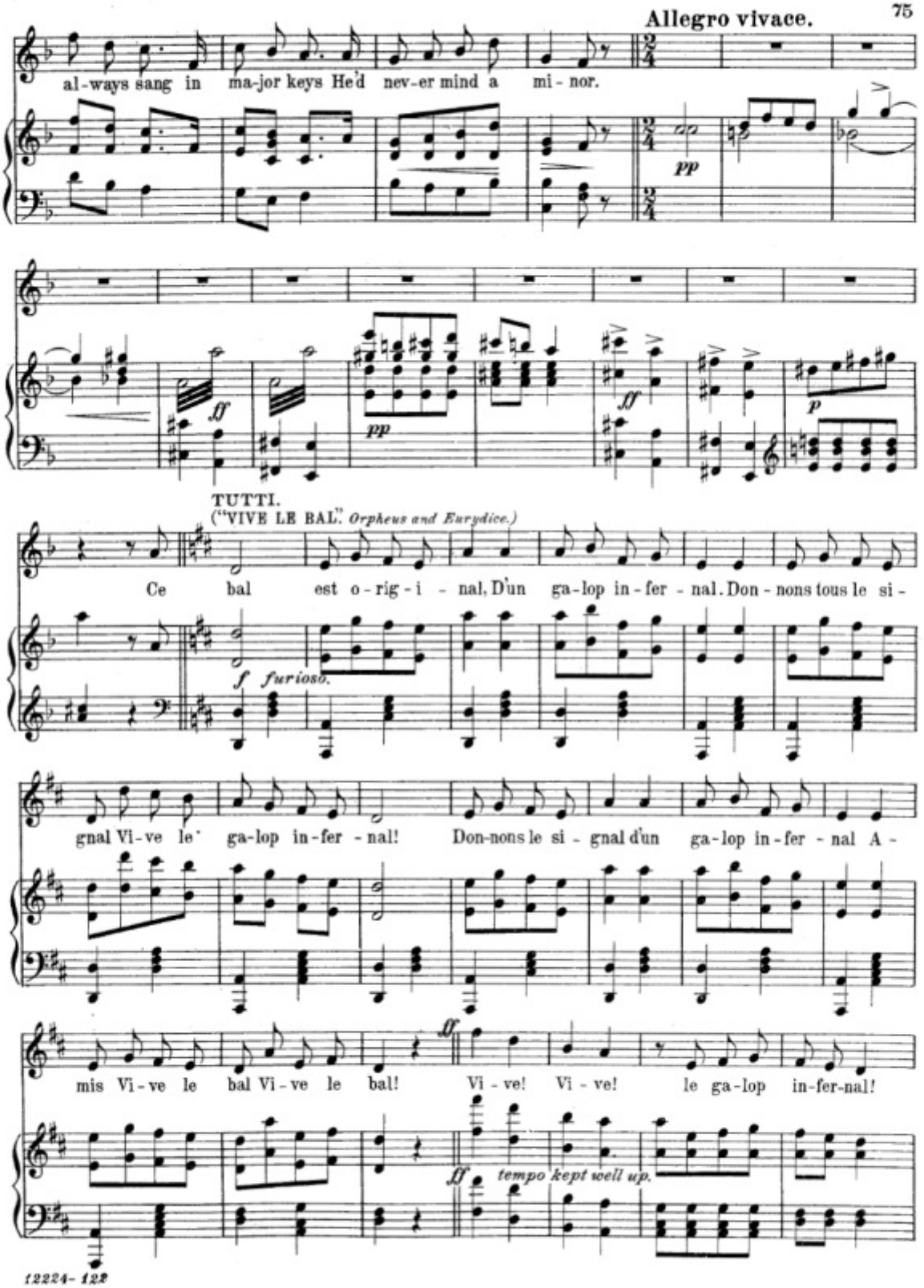


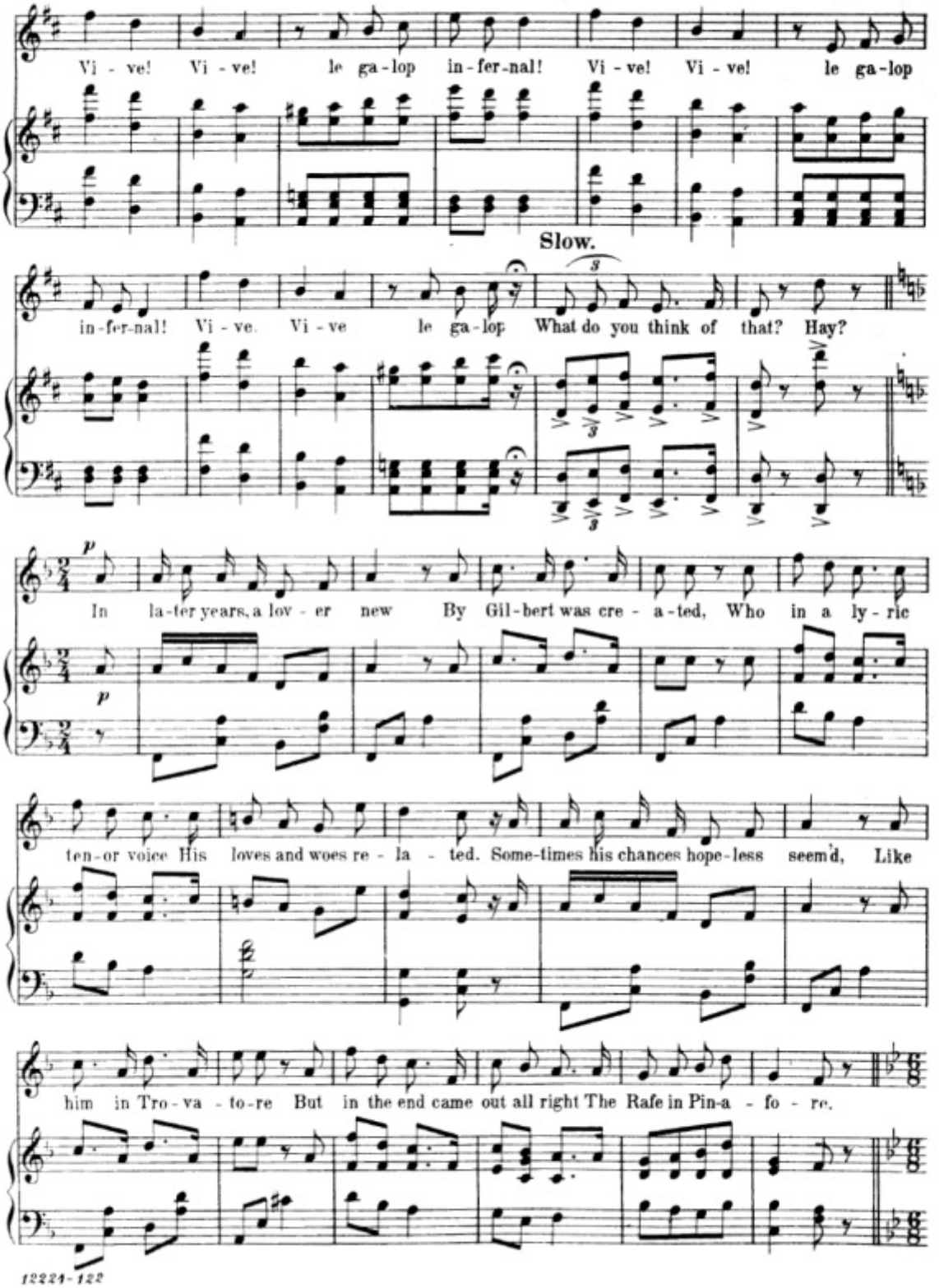

mf
f
TUTTI.
(SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.)
Of all the girls that are so sweet There's none like pret - ty
Sal - ly She is the dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley There's
not a la - dy in the land, That is half so sweet as Sal-ly She is the darling

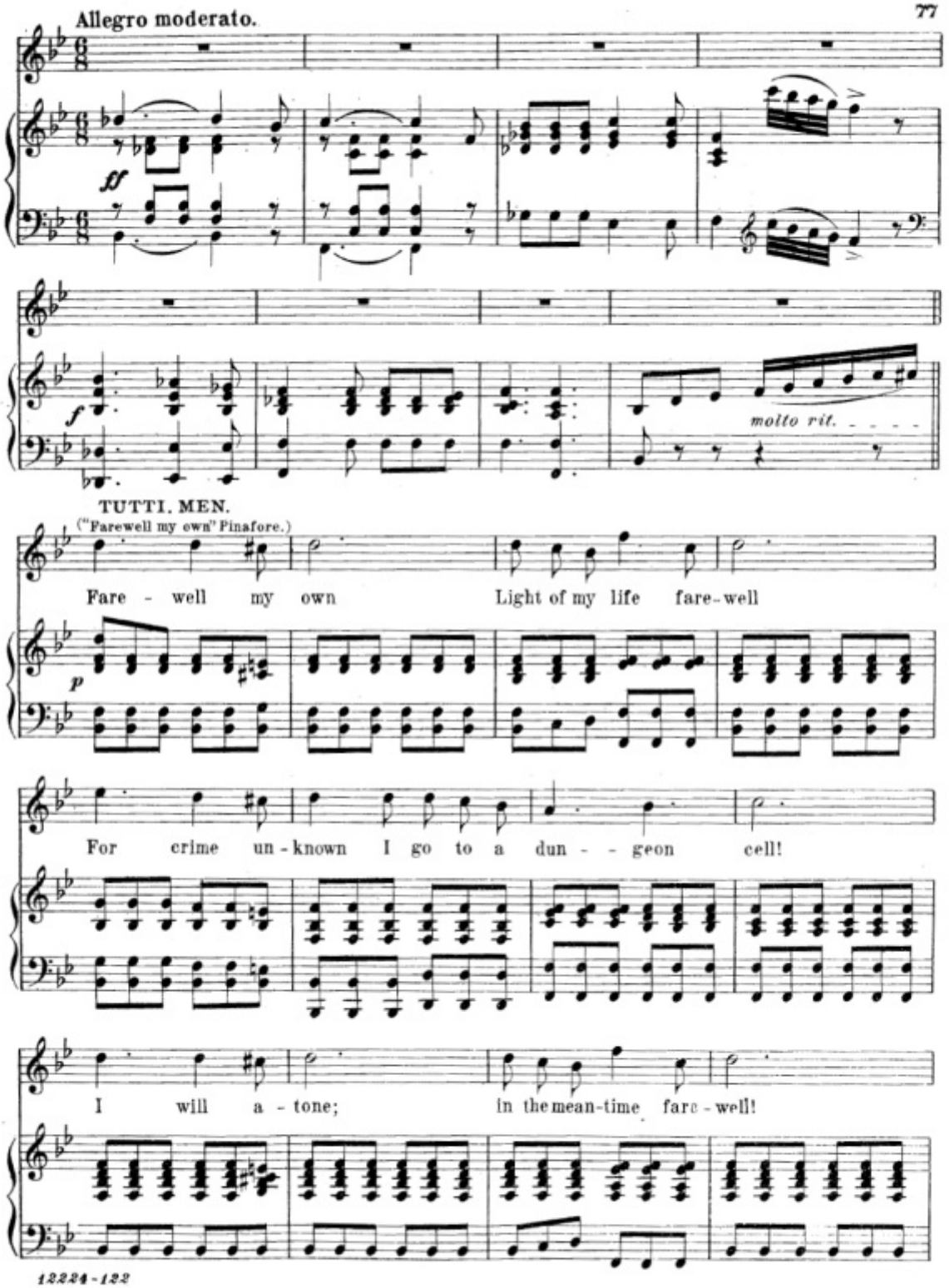

ad lib.
of my heart And she lives down in our al - ley.
colla voce.
When our papas and Mas were young Song writ-ers so con - trived it That when a maid-en
p
fell in love She nev - er once sur - vived it. All sad and homeless thro' the streets She
war - bled for her lov-er Who never seem'd to get on deck till ev - 'ry thing was o - ver.

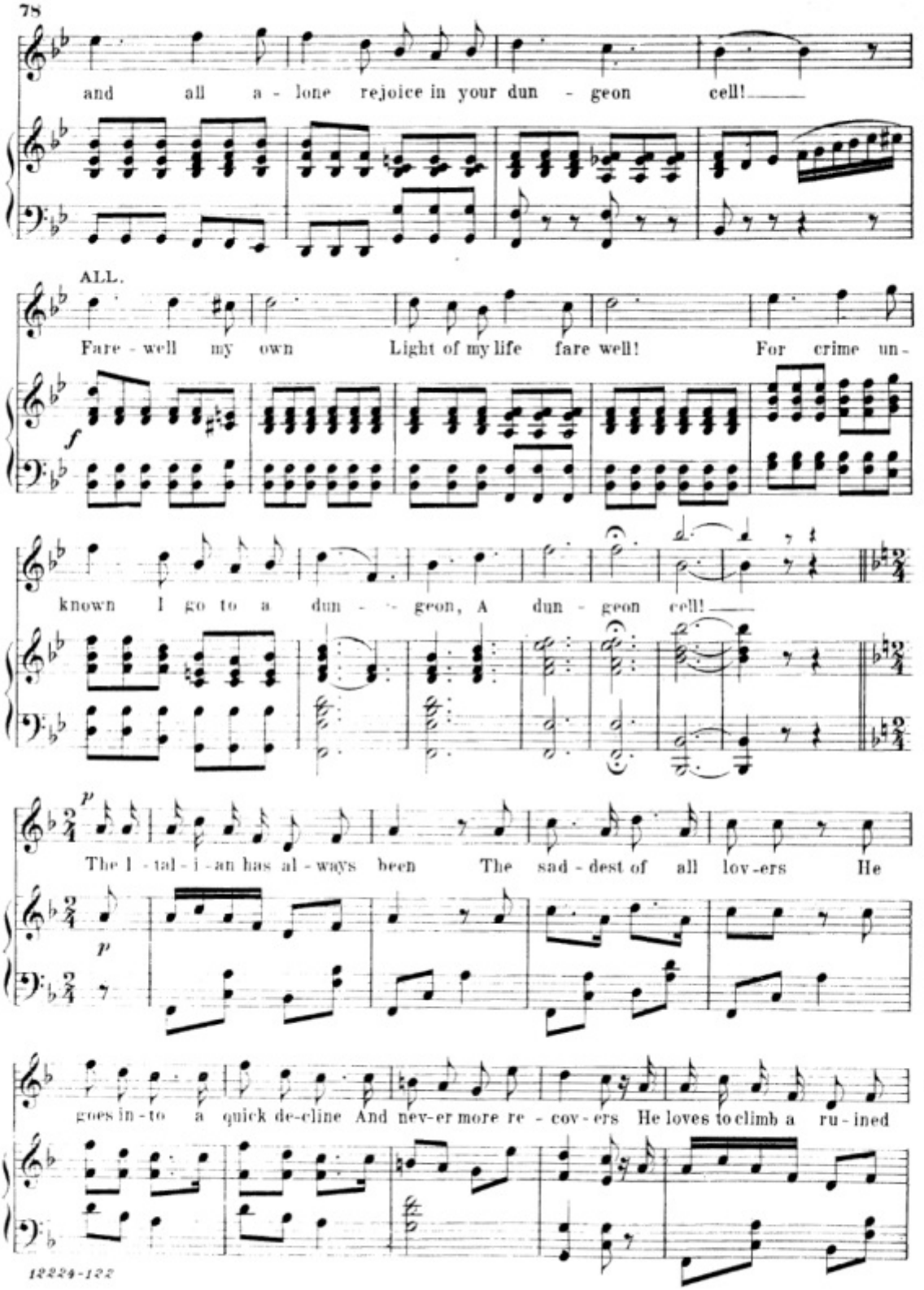

mf
TUTTI.
(HOMELESS TO-NIGHT.)
Lone and wea-ry thro' the streets we wan-der, For we
mf
have no place to lay our head, Not a friend is left on earth to shel-ter us, For
TUTTI.
(SADIE RAY.)
mf
both our parents now are dead. Oft I kiss'd her and ca-ress'd her
kiss'd her and caress'd her
mf
mf

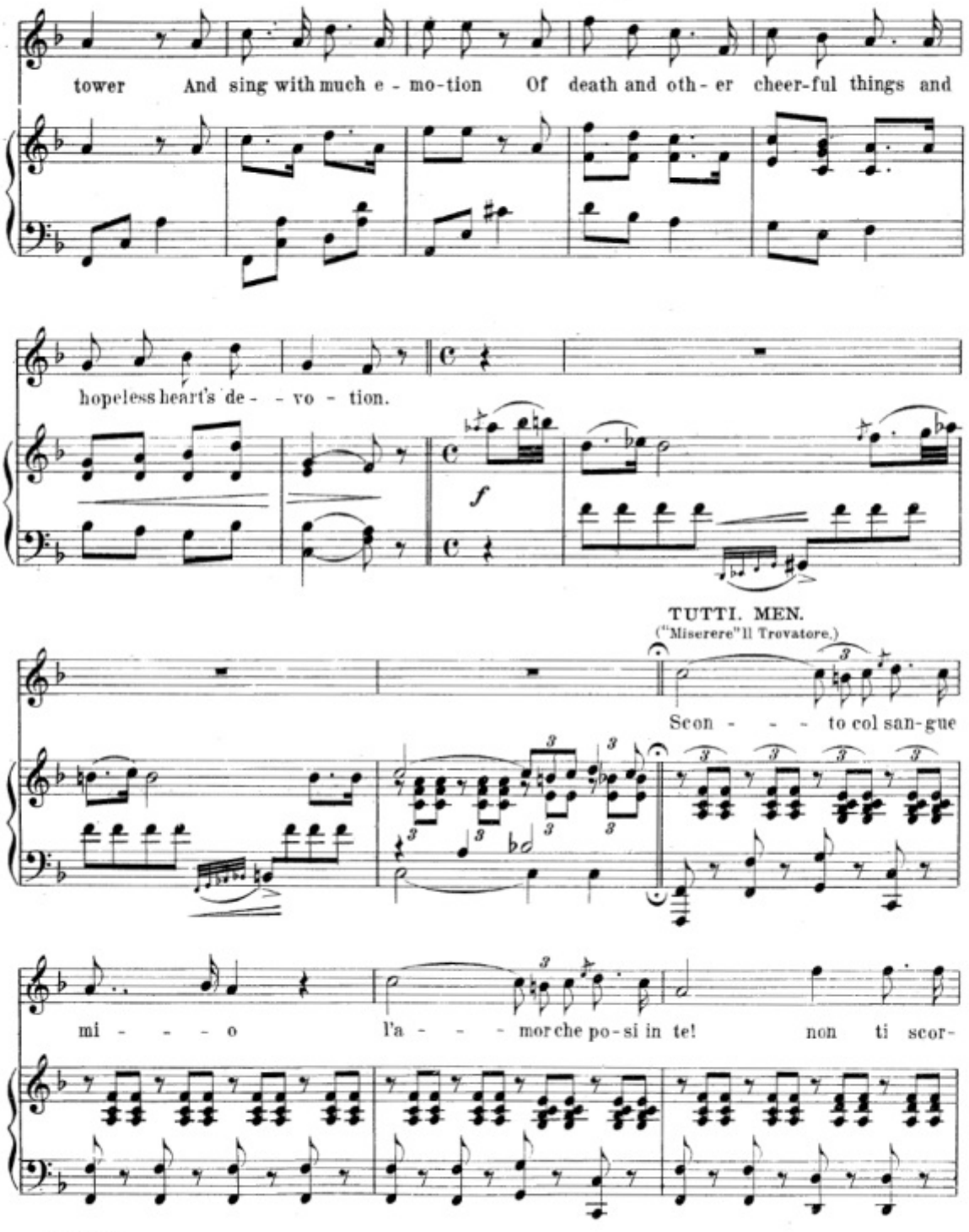

As we danced the hours a - way
danced the hours a - way
Oft I told her that I lov'd her
told her that I lov'd her
But she's dead my Sa-die Ray!
The Frenchman sketch'd by Of-fen - bach Took
lit - tle stock in dy - ing No time he spent in shedding tears, Nor breath in sil - ly
sigh - ing. When - e'er he made me - lo - dious love No ef - fort could be fin - er, He

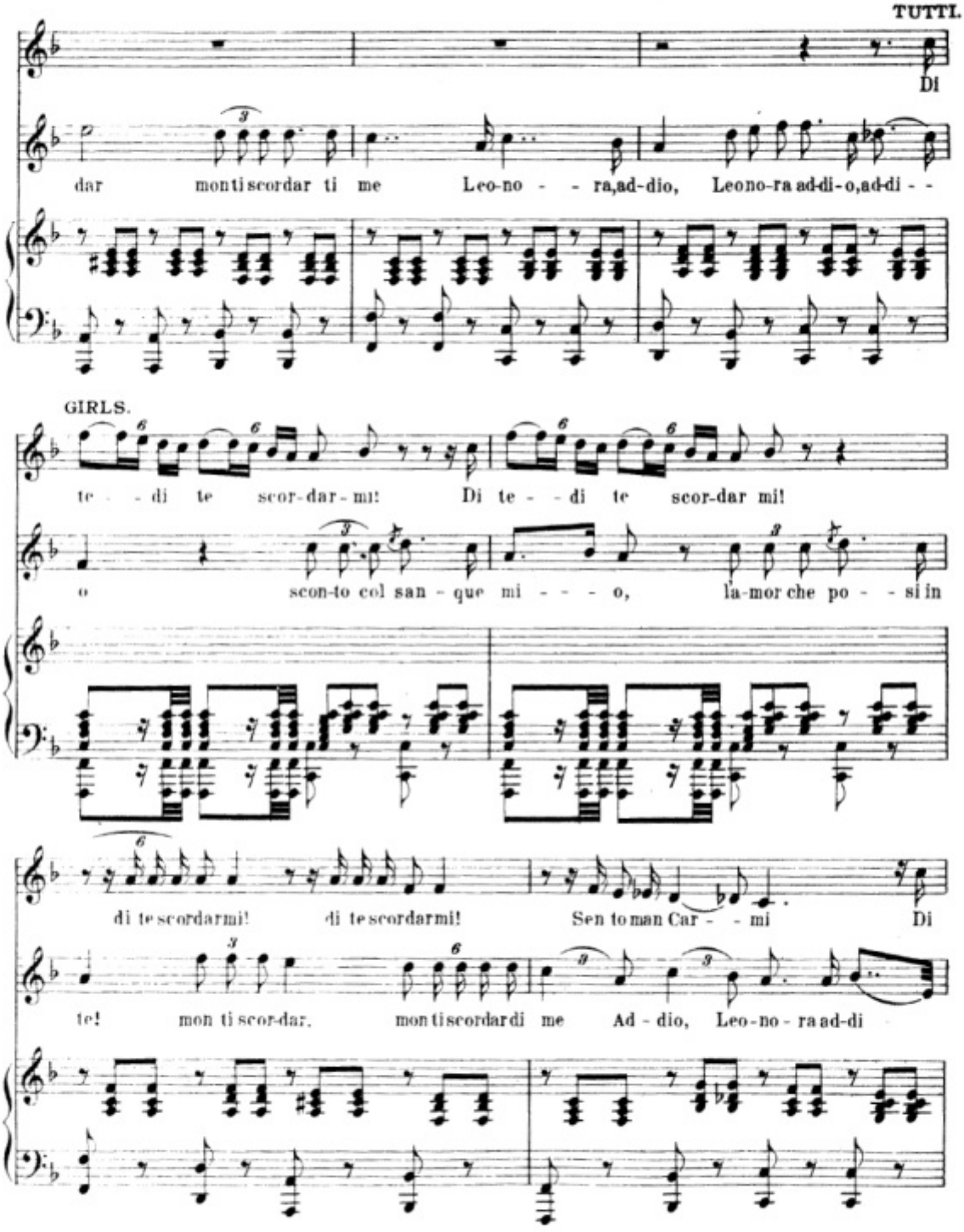

Allegro vivace.
al-ways sang in ma-jor keys He'd nev-er mind a mi-nor.
pp
ff
pp
ff
p
TUTTI.
("VIVE LE BAL." Orpheus and Eurydice.)
Ce bal est o-rig-i-nal, D'un ga-lop in-fer-nal. Don-nons tous le si-
f furioso.
gnal Vi-ve le ga-lop in-fer-nal! Don-nons le si-gnal d'un ga-lop in-fer-nal A-
mis Vi-ve le bal Vi-ve le bal! Vi-ve! Vi-ve! le ga-lop in-fer-nal!
ff
ff tempo kept well up.

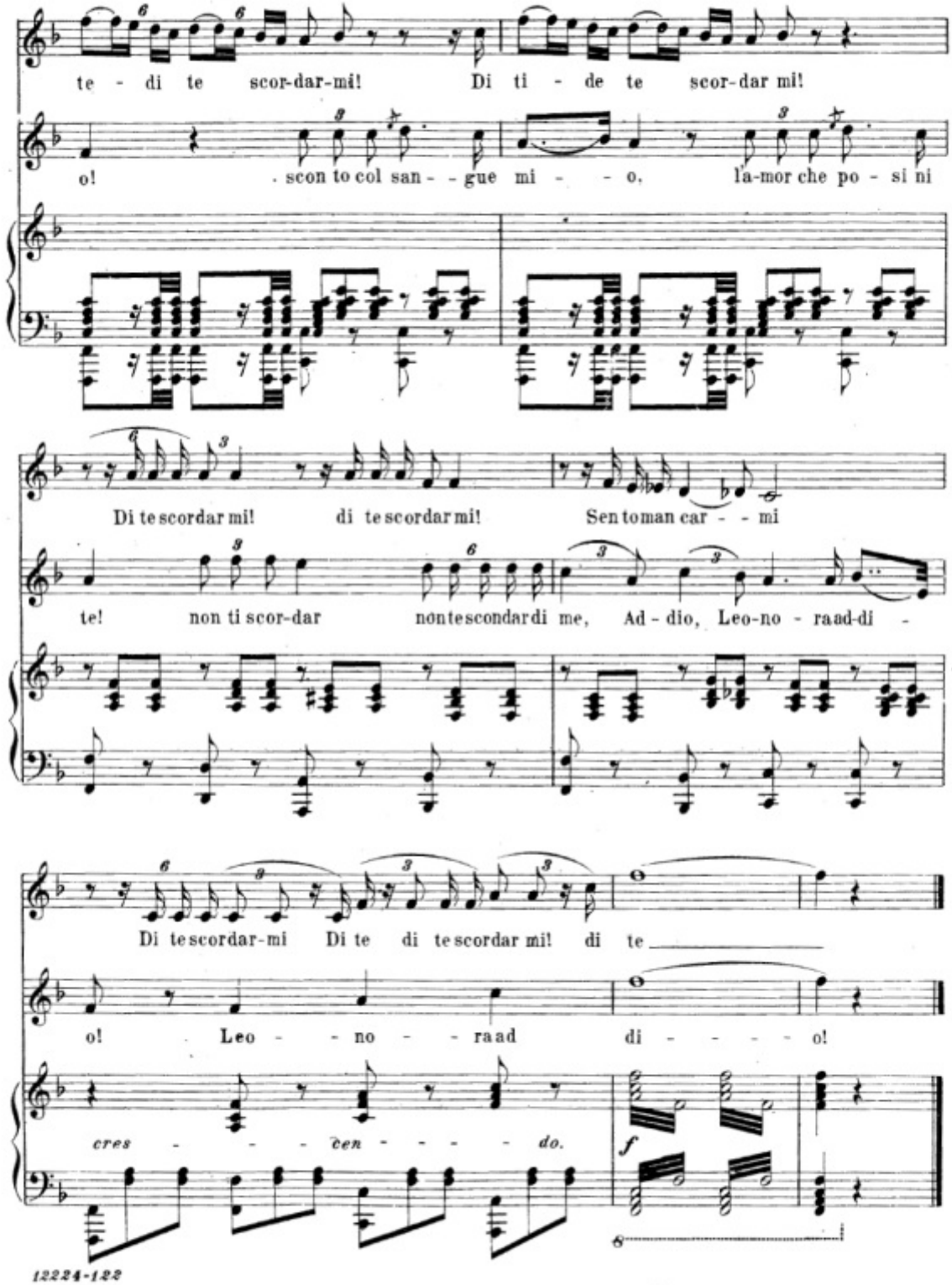

Vi - ve! Vi - ve! le ga-lop in-fer-nal! Vi - ve! Vi - ve! le ga-lop
Slow.
in-fer-nal! Vi - ve. Vi - ve le ga-lop What do you think of that? Hay?
p
In la-ter years, a lov - er new By Gil-bert was cre - a-ted, Who in a ly-ric
p
ten-or voice His loves and woes re - la - ted. Some-times his chances hope-less seem'd, Like
him in Tro-va - to-re But in the end came out all right The Rafe in Pin-a - fo - re.


Allegro moderato.
ff
f
molto rit.
TUTTI. MEN.
("Farewell my own" Pinafore.)
Fare - well my own Light of my life fare-well
p
For crime un-known I go to a dun - - geon cell!
I will a - tone; In the mean-time fare - well!


and all a - lone rejoice in your dun - geon cell!
ALL.
Fare - well my own Light of my life fare well! For crime un-
known I go to a dun - - geon, A dun - geon cell!
The I - tal - i - an has al - ways been The sad - dest of all lov - ers He
goes in - to a quick de - cline And nev - er more re - cov - ers He loves to climb a ru - ined


tower And sing with much e - mo-tion Of death and oth - er cheer-ful things and
hopeless heart's de - - vo - tion.
f
TUTTI. MEN.
("Miserere" Il Trovatore.)
Scon - - - to col san-gue
mi - - - - o l'a - - - - mor che po-si in te! non ti scor-


TUTTI.
Di
dar monti scordar ti me Leo-no - - ra, ad-dio, Leo-no-ra ad-di-o, ad-di - -
GIRLS.
te - - di te scor-dar-mi! Di te - - di te scor-dar mi!
o scon-to col san - que mi - - - - o, la-mor che po - - si in
di te scordarmi! di te scordarmi! Sen to man Car - - mi Di
te! mon ti scor-dar, mon ti scordar di me Ad - dio, Leo-no - ra ad-di


te - di te scor-dar-mi! Di ti - de te scor-dar mi!
o! . scon to col san - - gue mi - - o, l'a-mor che po - si ni
Di te scordar mi! di te scordar mi! Sen to man car - - mi
te! non ti scor-dar non te scondar di me, Ad - dio, Leo-no - ra ad-di -
Di te scordar-mi Di te di te scordar mi! di te
o! Leo - - no - - ra ad di - - - - - o!
cres - - - cen - - - - do.
f

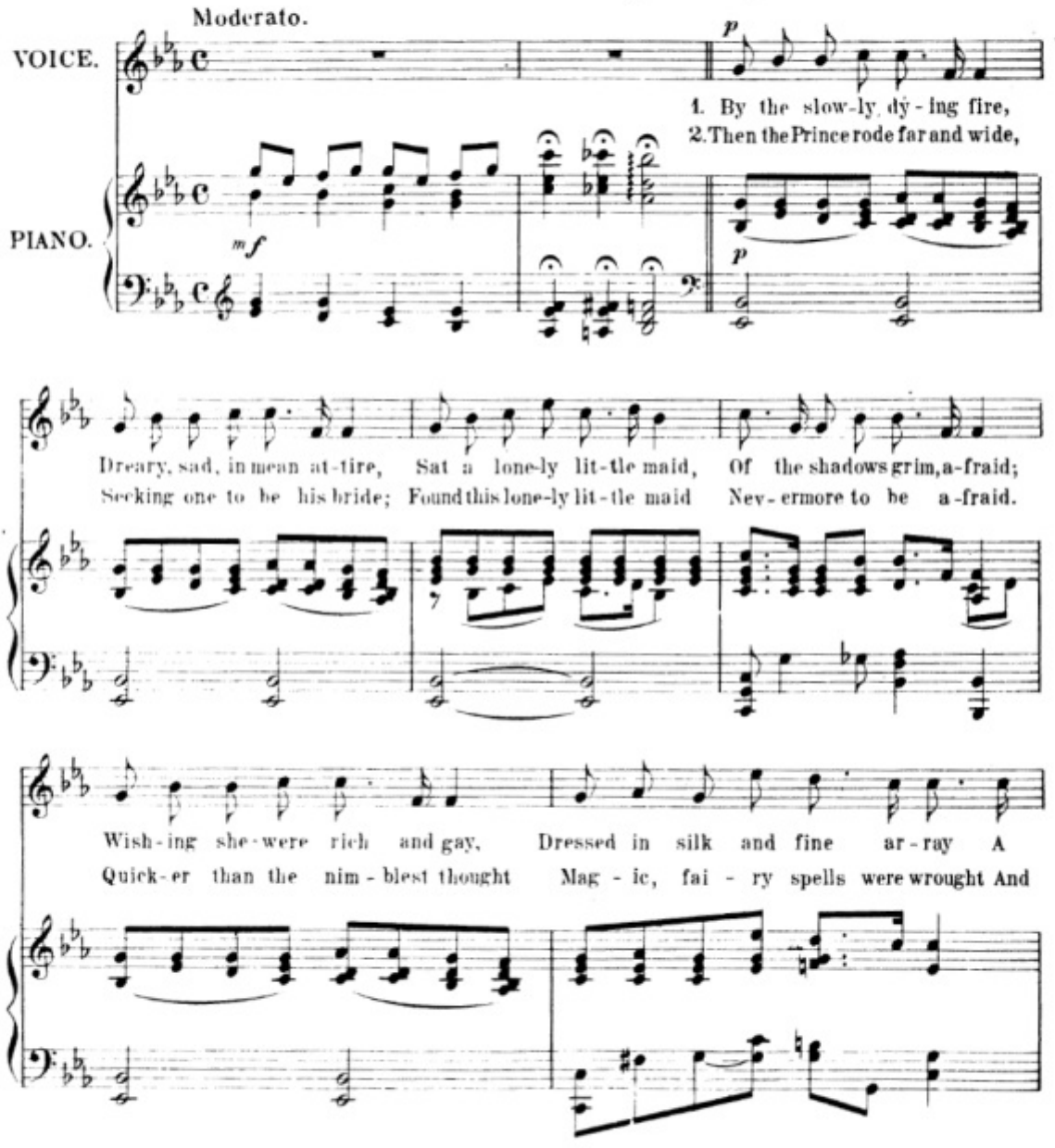
# Cinderella.

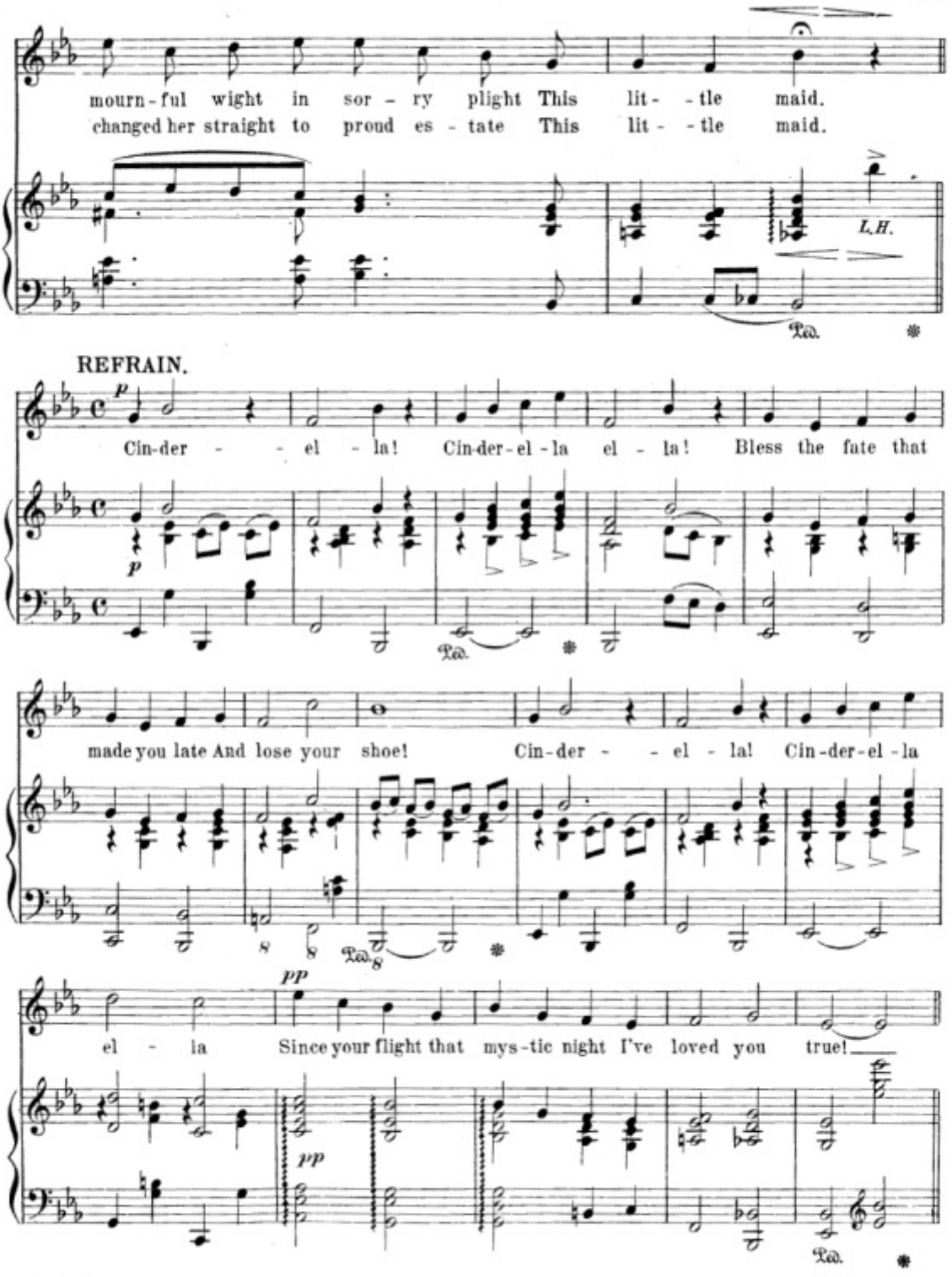
## SONG.

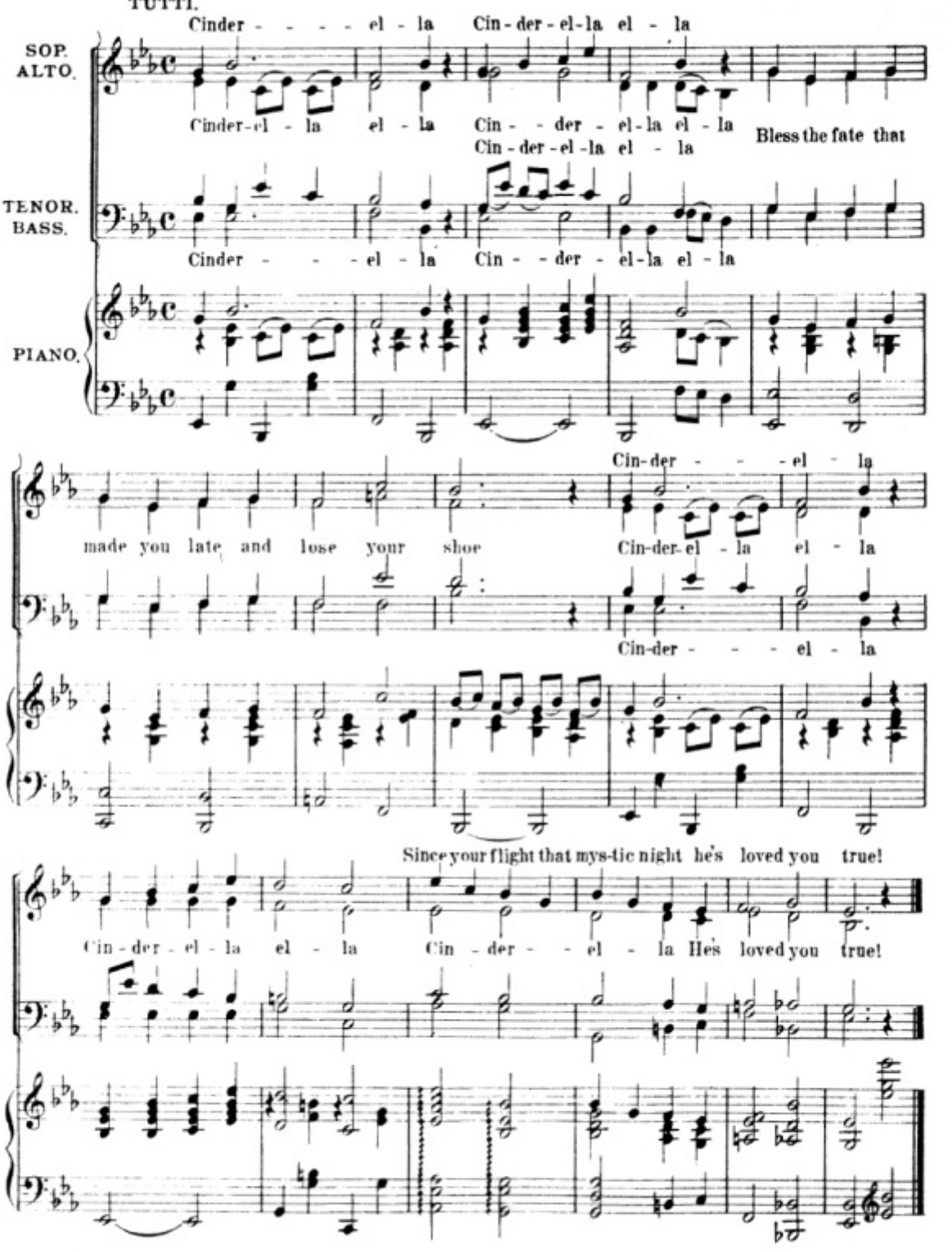
(PRINCE.)

No. 18.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




mourn-ful wight in sor - ry plight This lit- - tle maid.
changed her straight to proud es - tate This lit- - tle maid.
L.H.
Ped.
REFRAIN.
Cin-der - - el - la! Cin-der-el-la el - la! Bless the fate that
made you late And lose your shoe! Cin-der - - el - la! Cin-der-el-la
el - la Since your flight that mys-tic night I've loved you true!


TUTTI.
SOP. ALTO.
TENOR. BASS.
PIANO.
Cinder - - - - el - la Cin - der - el - la el - la
Cinder - el - la el - la Cin - - der - el - la el - la
Cin - der - el - la el - la
Bless the fate that
Cinder - - - el - la Cin - - der - el - la el - la
made you late and lose your shoe
Cin - der - - - el - la
Cin - der - el - la el - la
Cin - der - - - el - la
Since your flight that mys - tic night he's loved you true!
Cin - der - el - la el - la Cin - der - - el - la He's loved you true!

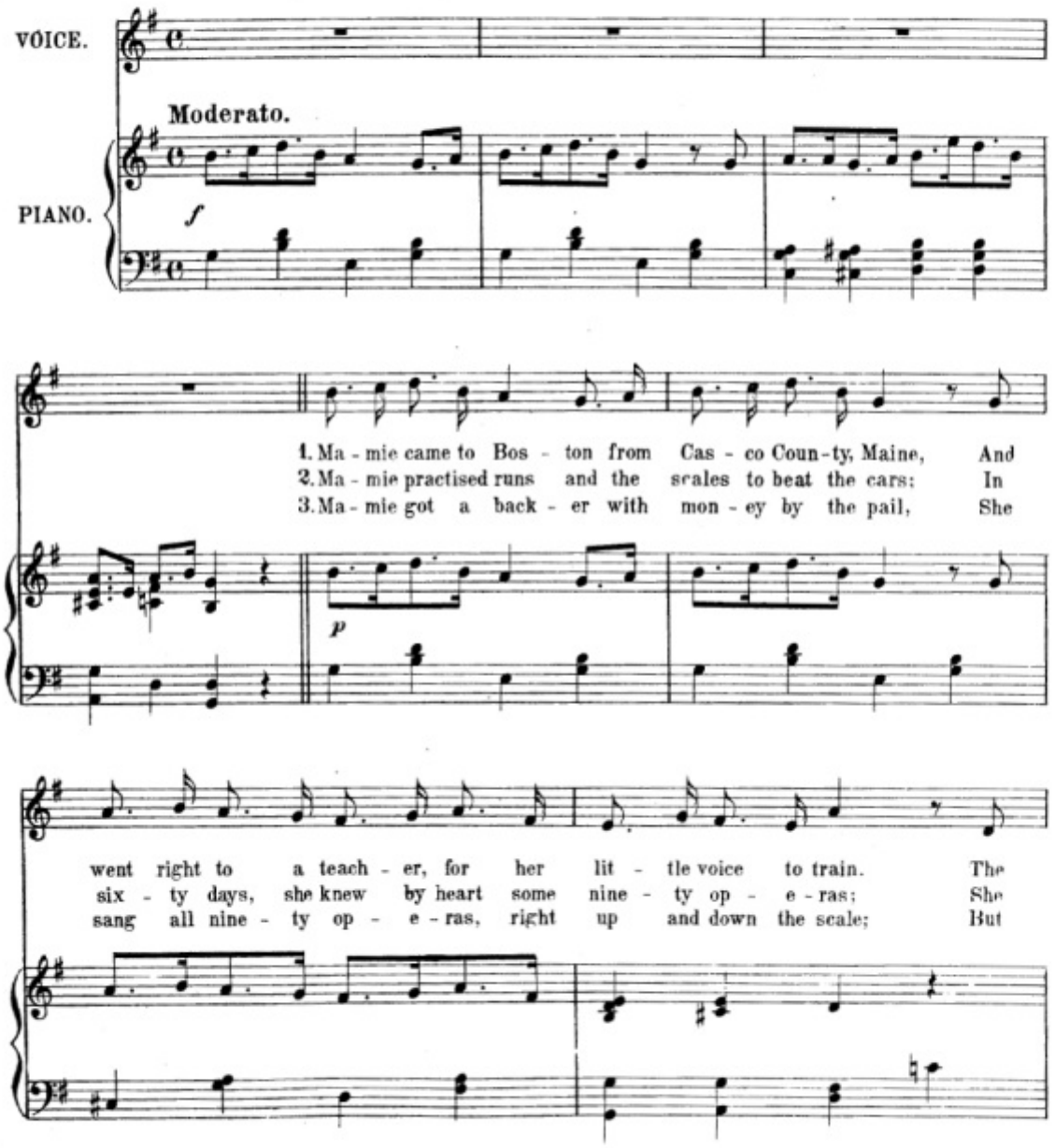
# Mamie Hadn't Been, You Know, Very Long in Town.

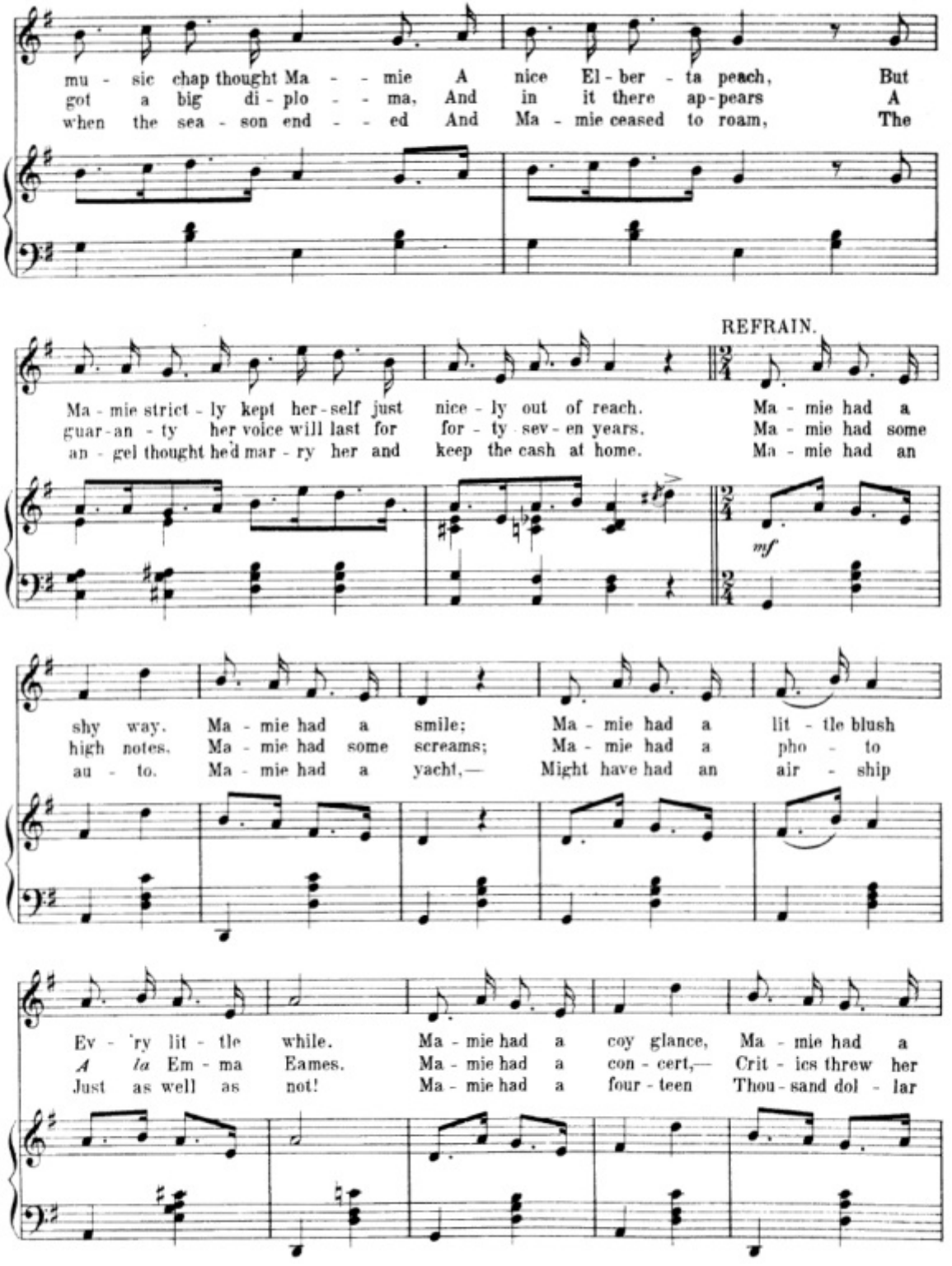
## SONG.

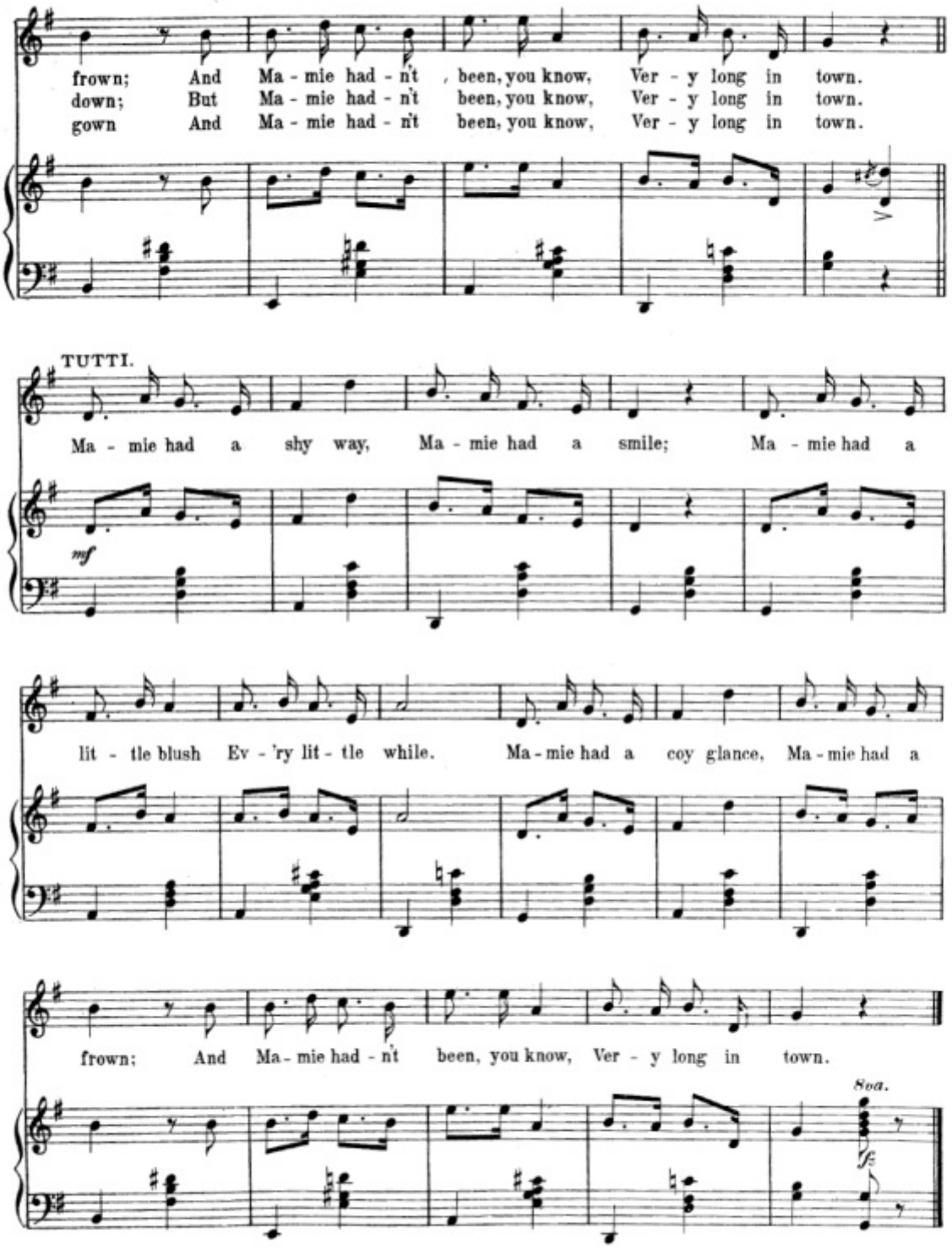
(GOLDEN HAIR.)

**No. 19.**

LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.



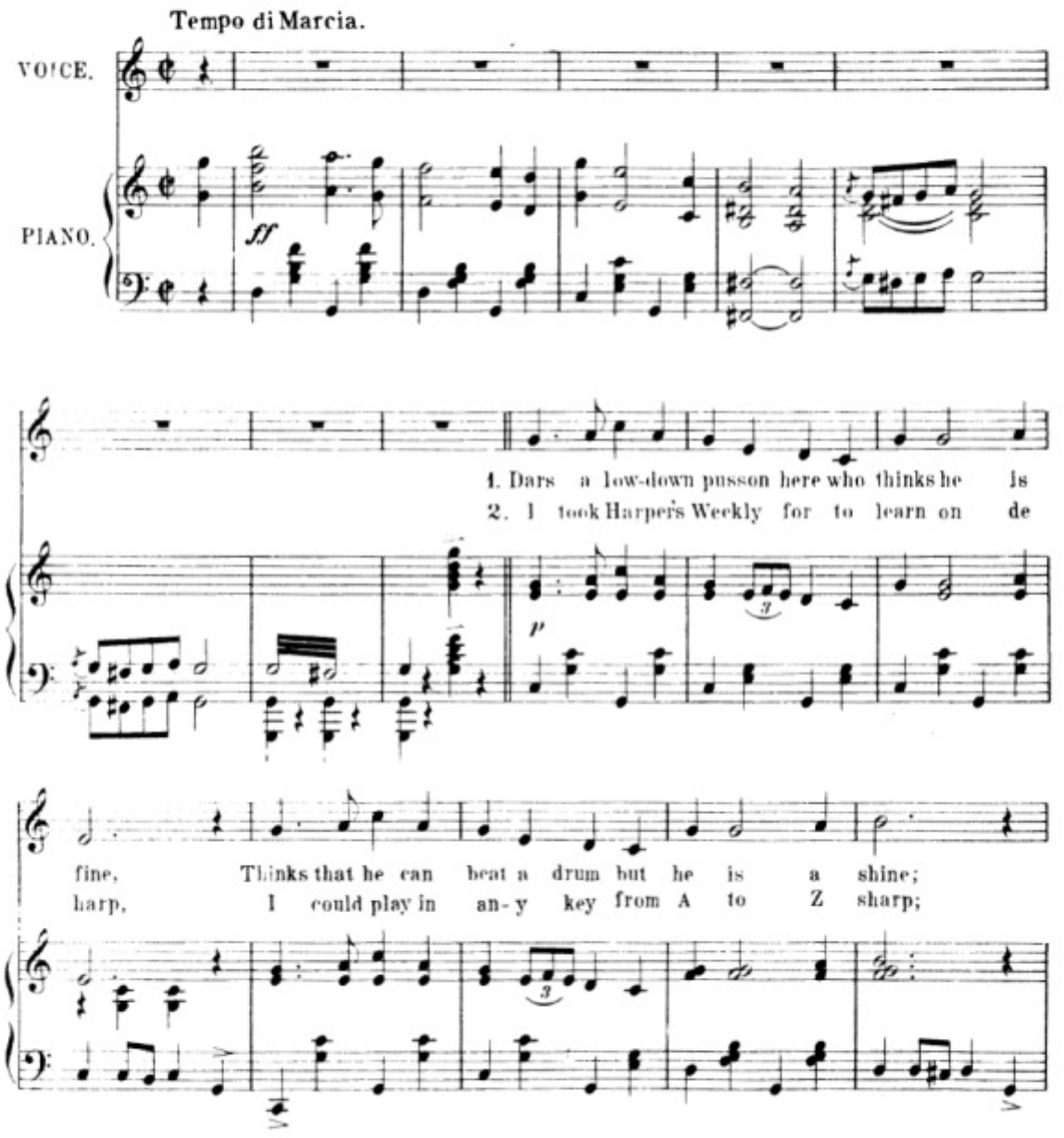

mu - sic chap thought Ma - - mie A nice El - ber - ta peach, But
got a big di - plo - - ma, And in it there ap - pears A
when the sea - son end - - ed And Ma - mie ceased to roam, The
REFRAIN.
Ma - mie strict - ly kept her - self just nice - ly out of reach. Ma - mie had a
guar - an - ty her voice will last for for - ty sev - en years. Ma - mie had some
an - gel thought he'd mar - ry her and keep the cash at home. Ma - mie had an
mf
shy way. Ma - mie had a smile; Ma - mie had a lit - tle blush
high notes. Ma - mie had some screams; Ma - mie had a pho - to
au - to. Ma - mie had a yacht,— Might have had an air - ship
Ev - 'ry lit - tle while. Ma - mie had a coy glance, Ma - mie had a
A la Em - ma Eames. Ma - mie had a con - cert,— Crit - ics threw her
Just as well as not! Ma - mie had a four - teen Thou - sand dol - lar

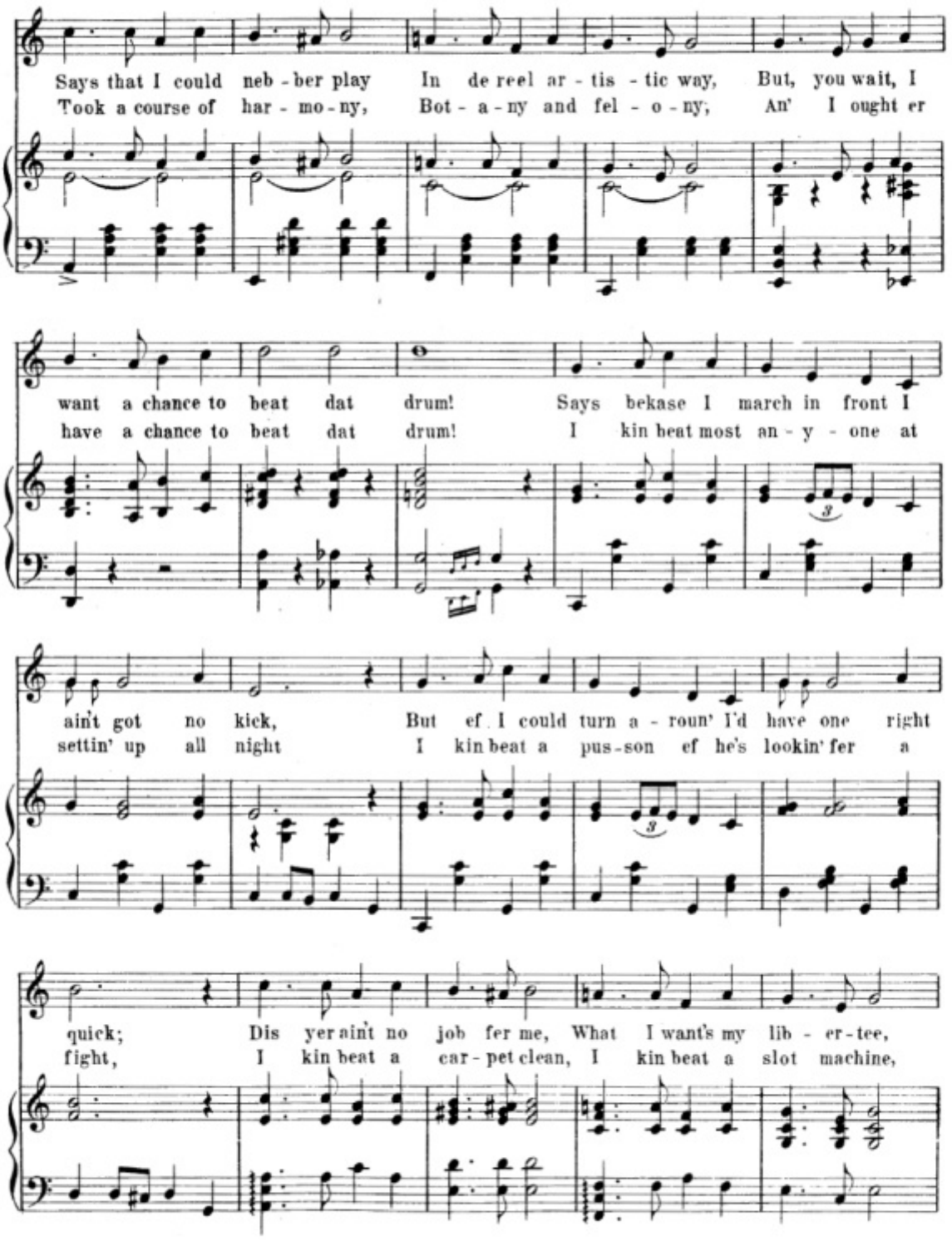

frown; And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
down; But Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
gown And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
TUTTI.
Ma - mie had a shy way, Ma - mie had a smile; Ma - mie had a
mf
lit - tle blush Ev - 'ry lit - tle while. Ma - mie had a coy glance, Ma - mie had a
frown; And Ma - mie had - n't been, you know, Ver - y long in town.
8va.
ff

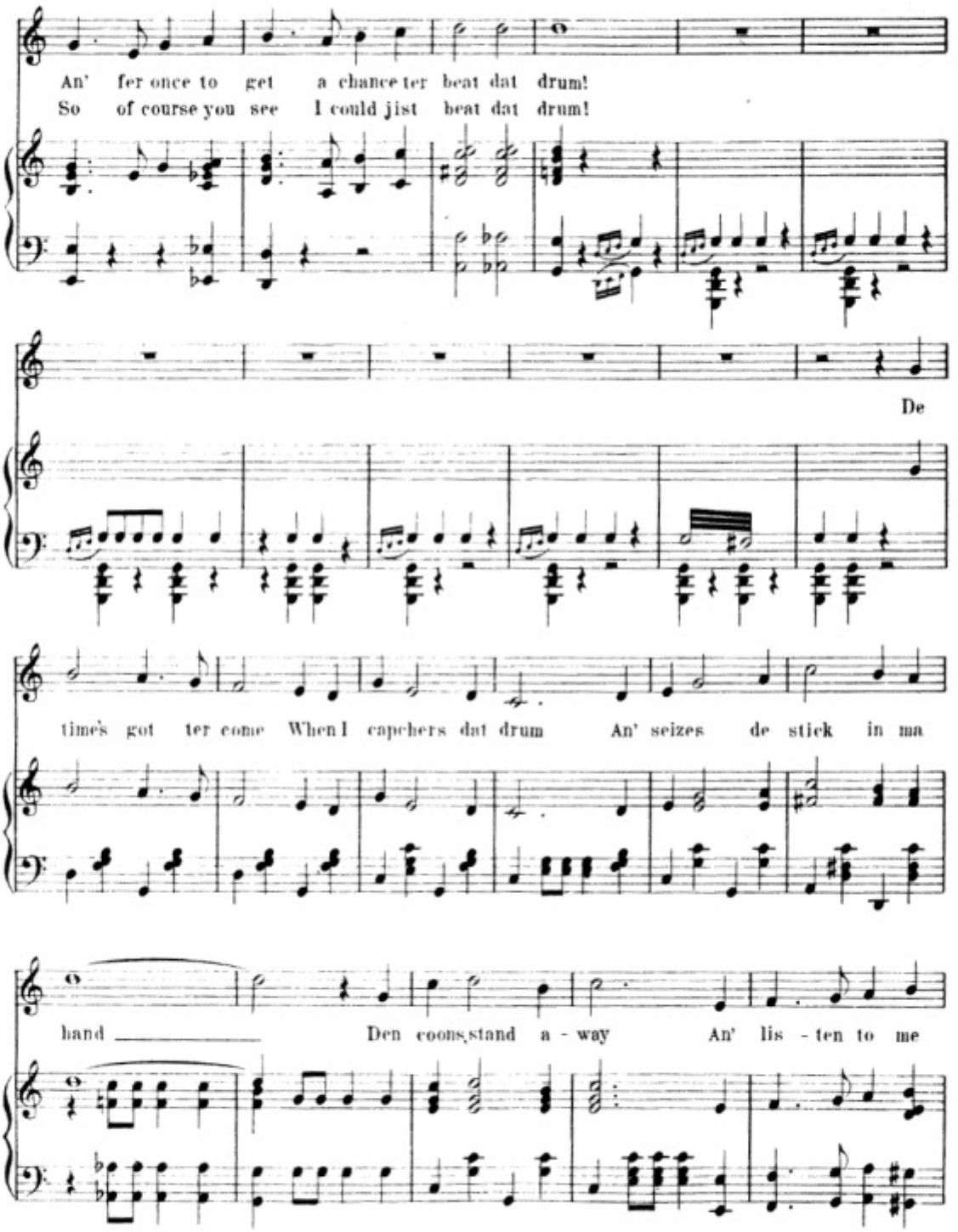
# I Want a Chance to beat that Drum.

No. 20.

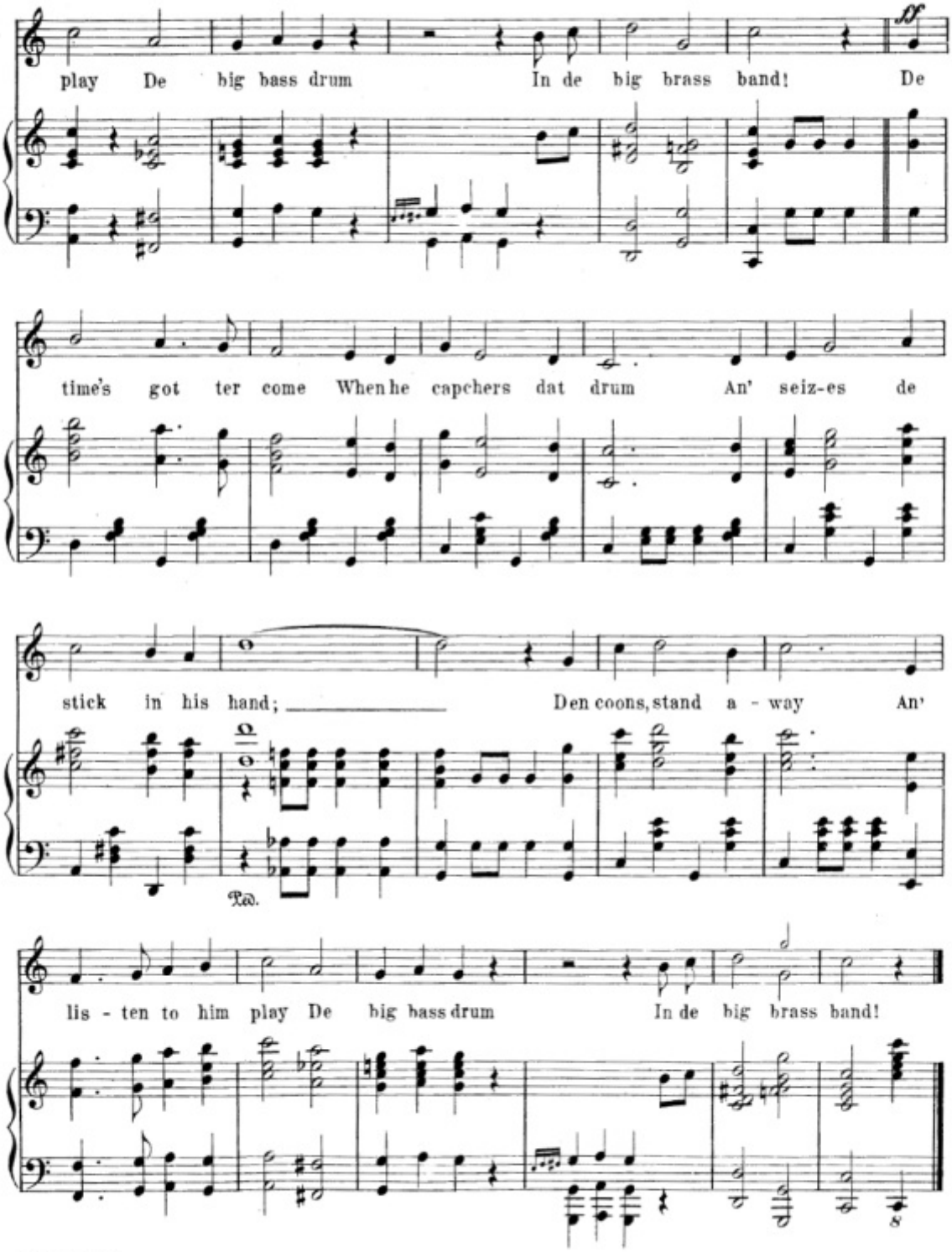
EDWARD W. CORLISS.




Says that I could neb - ber play In de reel ar - tis - tic way, But, you wait, I
Took a course of har - mo - ny, Bot - a - ny and fel - o - ny; An' I ought er
want a chance to beat dat drum! Says bekase I march in front I
have a chance to beat dat drum! I kin beat most an - y - one at
ain't got no kick, But ef I could turn a - roun' I'd have one right
settin' up all night I kin beat a pus - son ef he's lookin' fer a
quick; Dis yer ain't no job fer me, What I want's my lib - er - tee,
fight, I kin beat a car - pet clean, I kin beat a slot machine,


An' fer once to get a chance ter beat dat drum!
So of course you see I could jist beat dat drum!
De
time's got ter come When I capchers dat drum An' seizes de stick in ma
hand Den coons stand a - way An' lis - ten to me

TUTTI.


play De big bass drum In de big brass band! De
time's got ter come When he capchers dat drum An' seiz-es de
stick in his hand; Den coons, stand a - way An'
Ped.
lis - ten to him play De big bass drum In de big brass band!

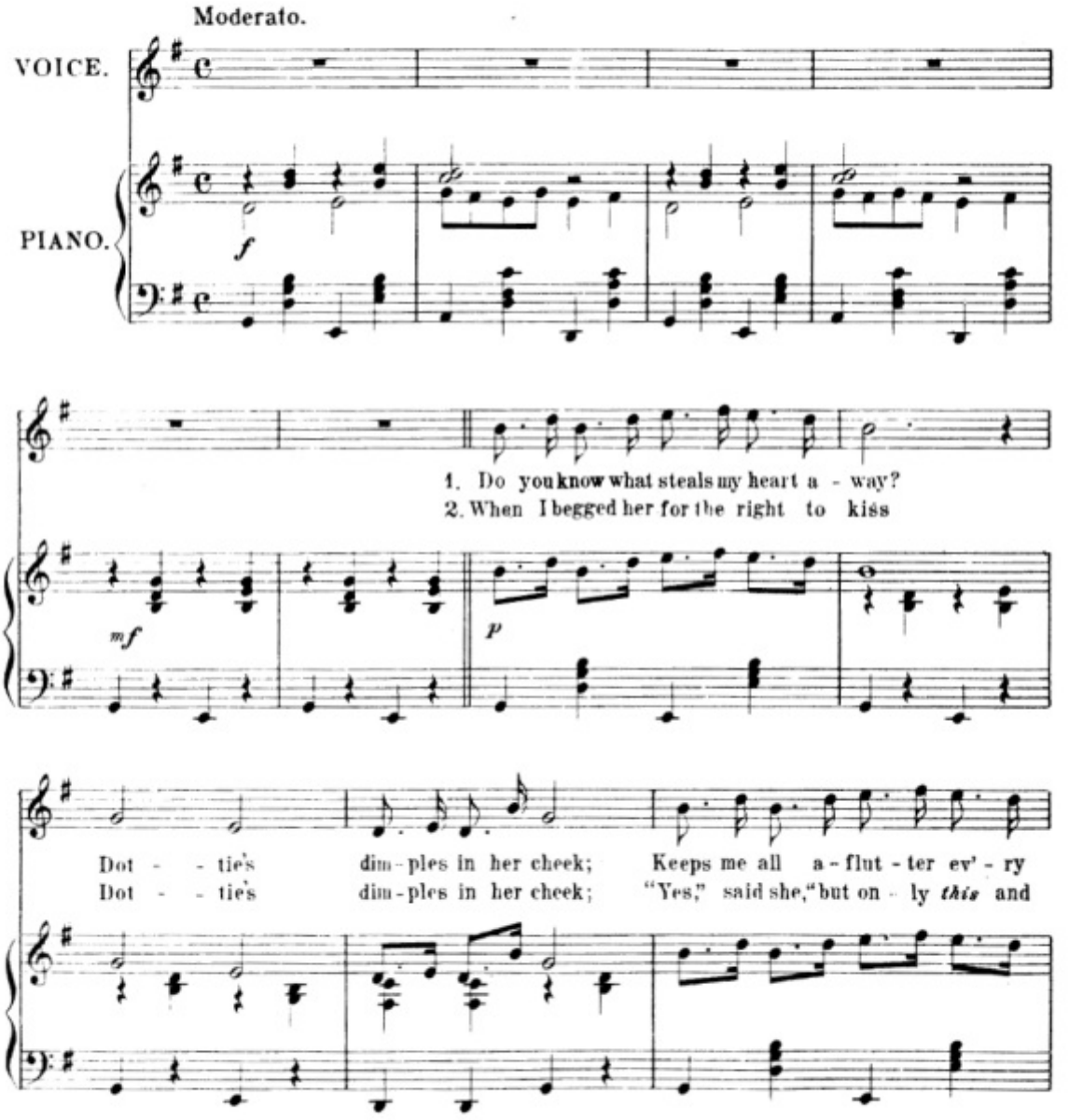
# Dottie's Dimples.

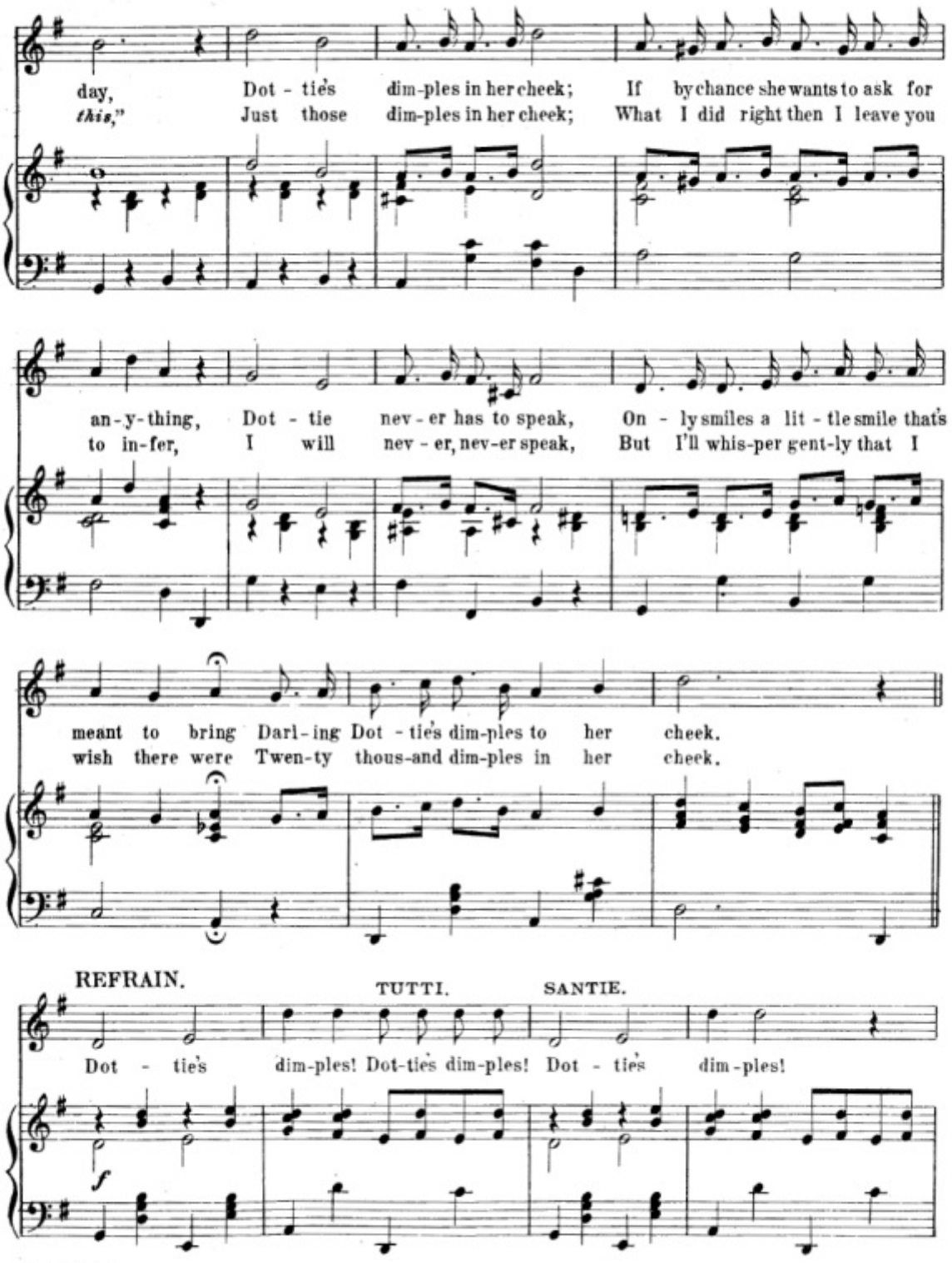
SONG.

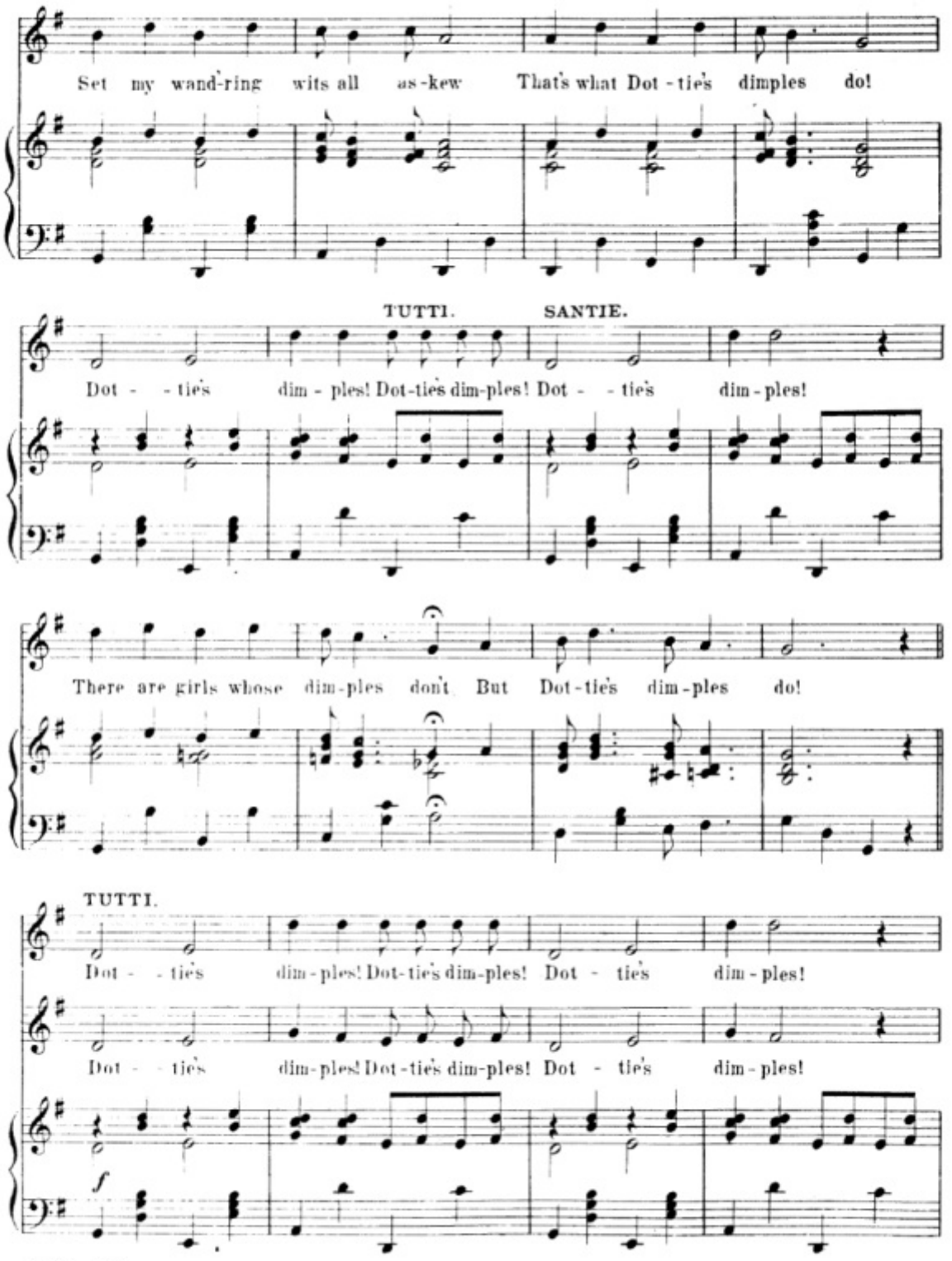
(SANTIE CLAUS.)

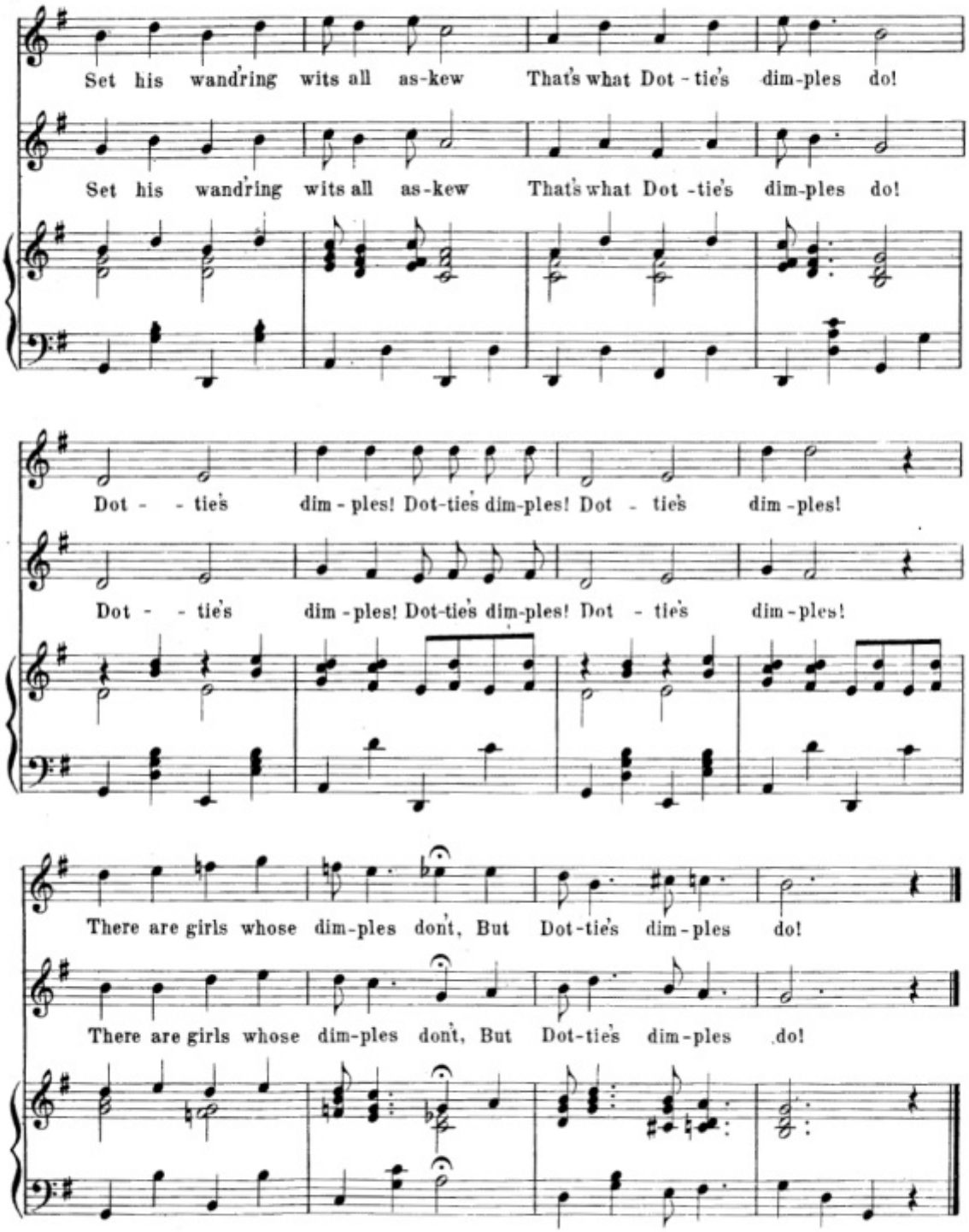
No. 21.

J. S. CHIPMAN.




day, Dot - tie's dim-ples in her cheek; If by chance she wants to ask for
this," Just those dim-ples in her cheek; What I did right then I leave you
an-y-thing, Dot - tie nev - er has to speak, On - ly smiles a lit - tle smile that's
to in-fer, I will nev - er, nev-er speak, But I'll whis-per gent-ly that I
meant to bring Darl-ing Dot - tie's dim-ples to her cheek.
wish there were Twen-ty thous-and dim-ples in her cheek.
REFRAIN.
TUTTI.
SANTIE.
Dot - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
f


Set my wand'-ring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dimples do!
TUTTI.
SANTIE.
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - - tie's dim-ples!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
TUTTI.
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
f

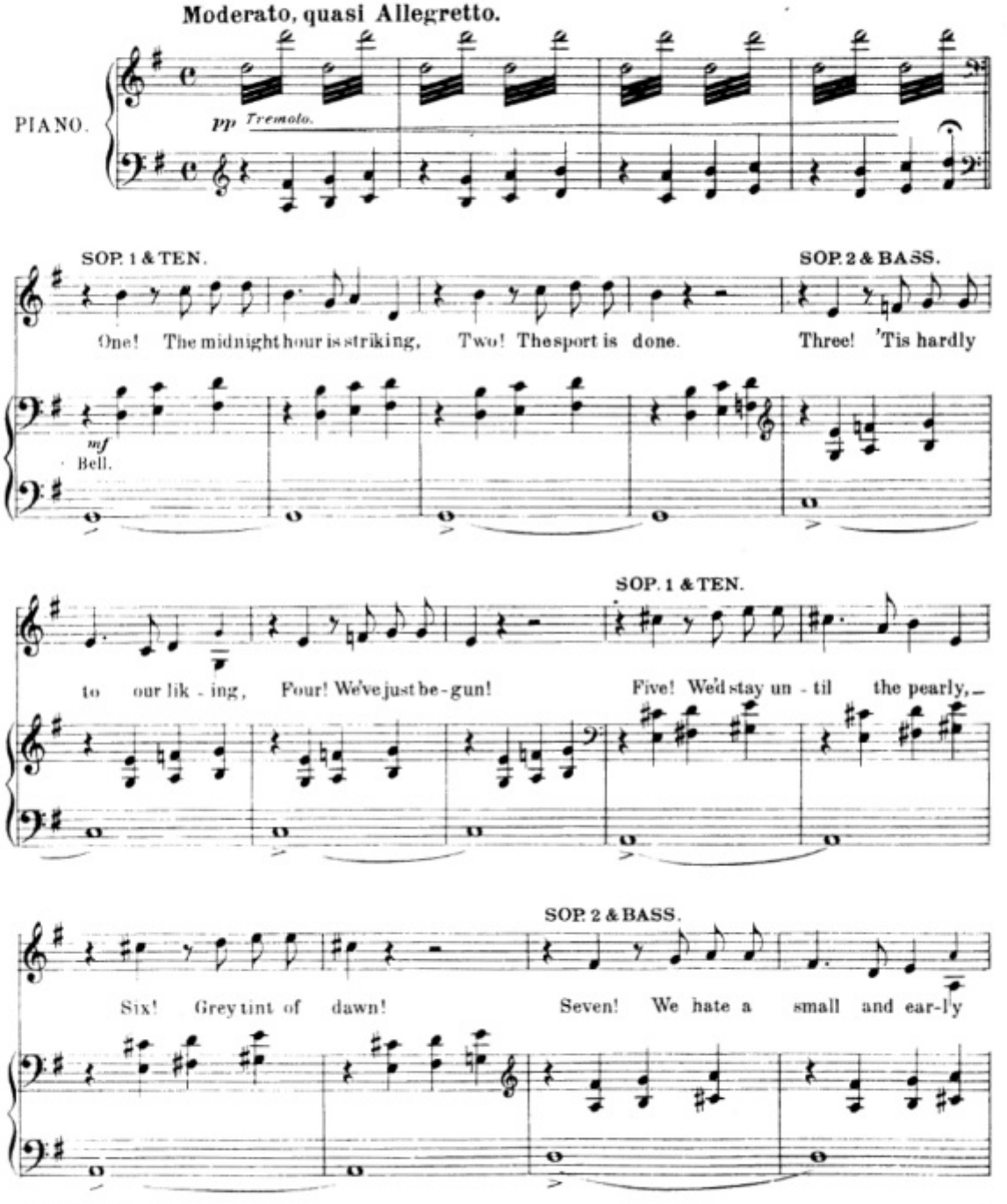

Set his wandring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
Set his wandring wits all as-kew That's what Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
Dot - - tie's dim-ples! Dot-tie's dim-ples! Dot - tie's dim-ples!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't, But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!
There are girls whose dim-ples don't, But Dot-tie's dim-ples do!

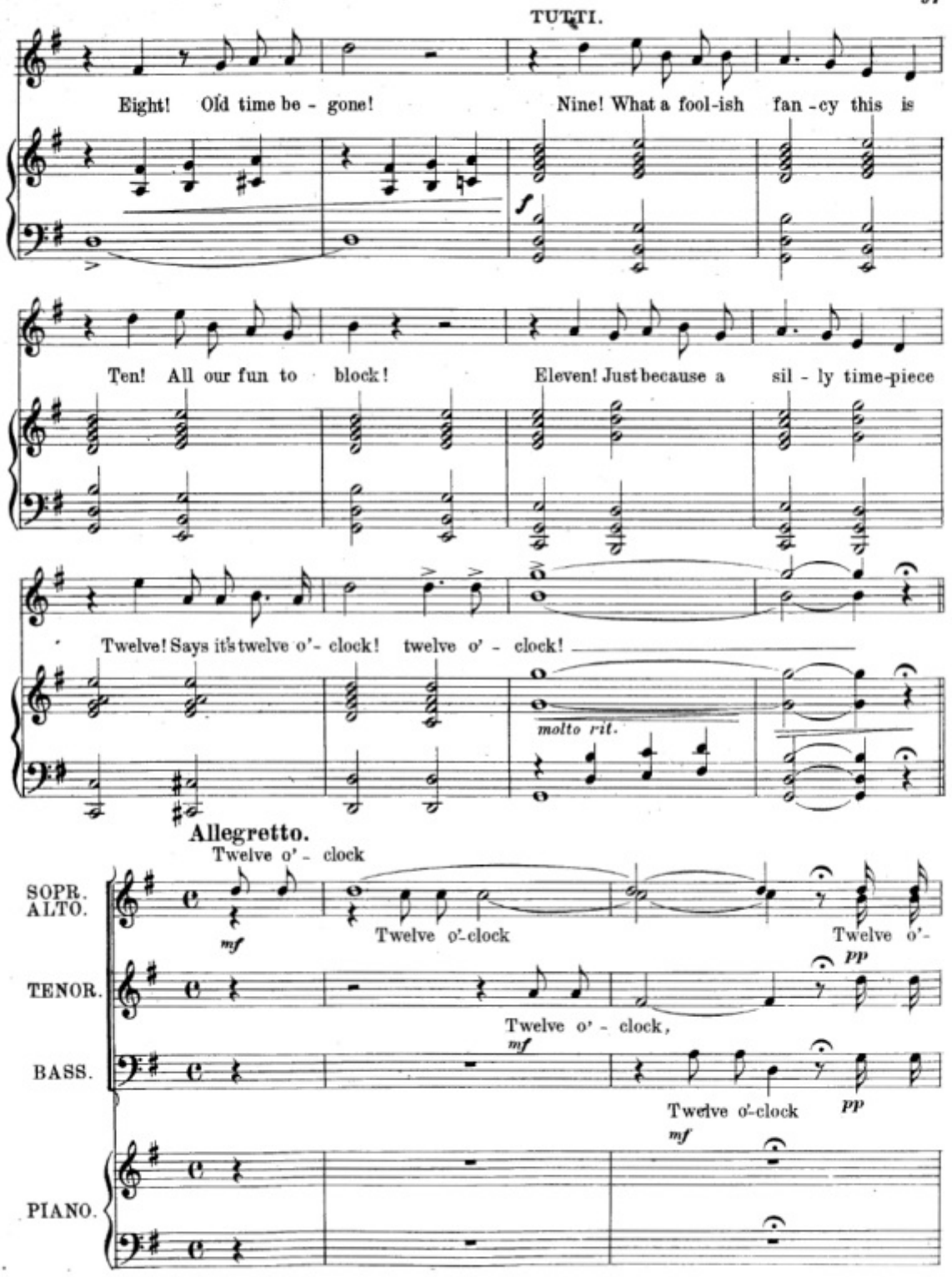
# Finale_Act II.

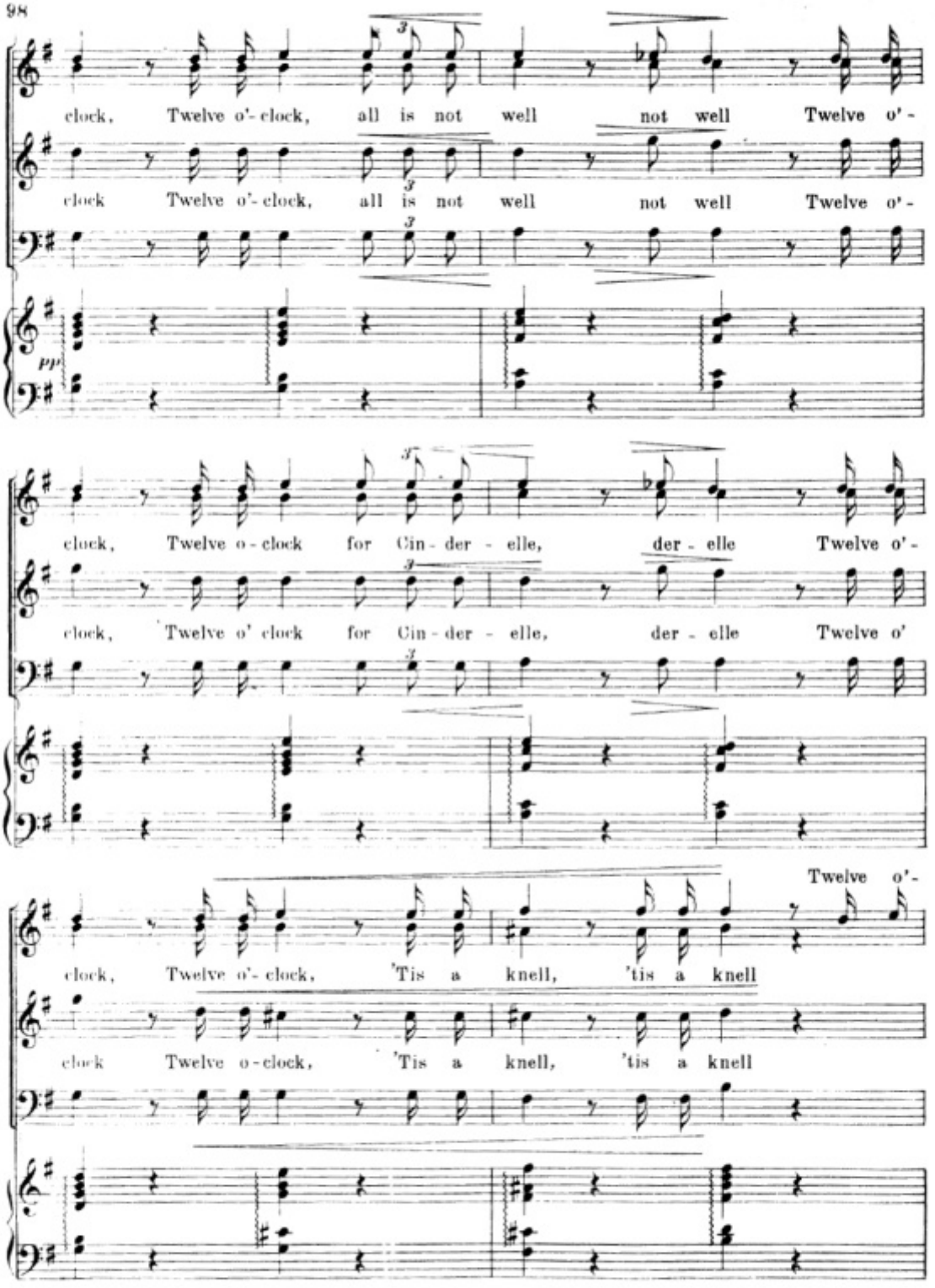
No. 22.

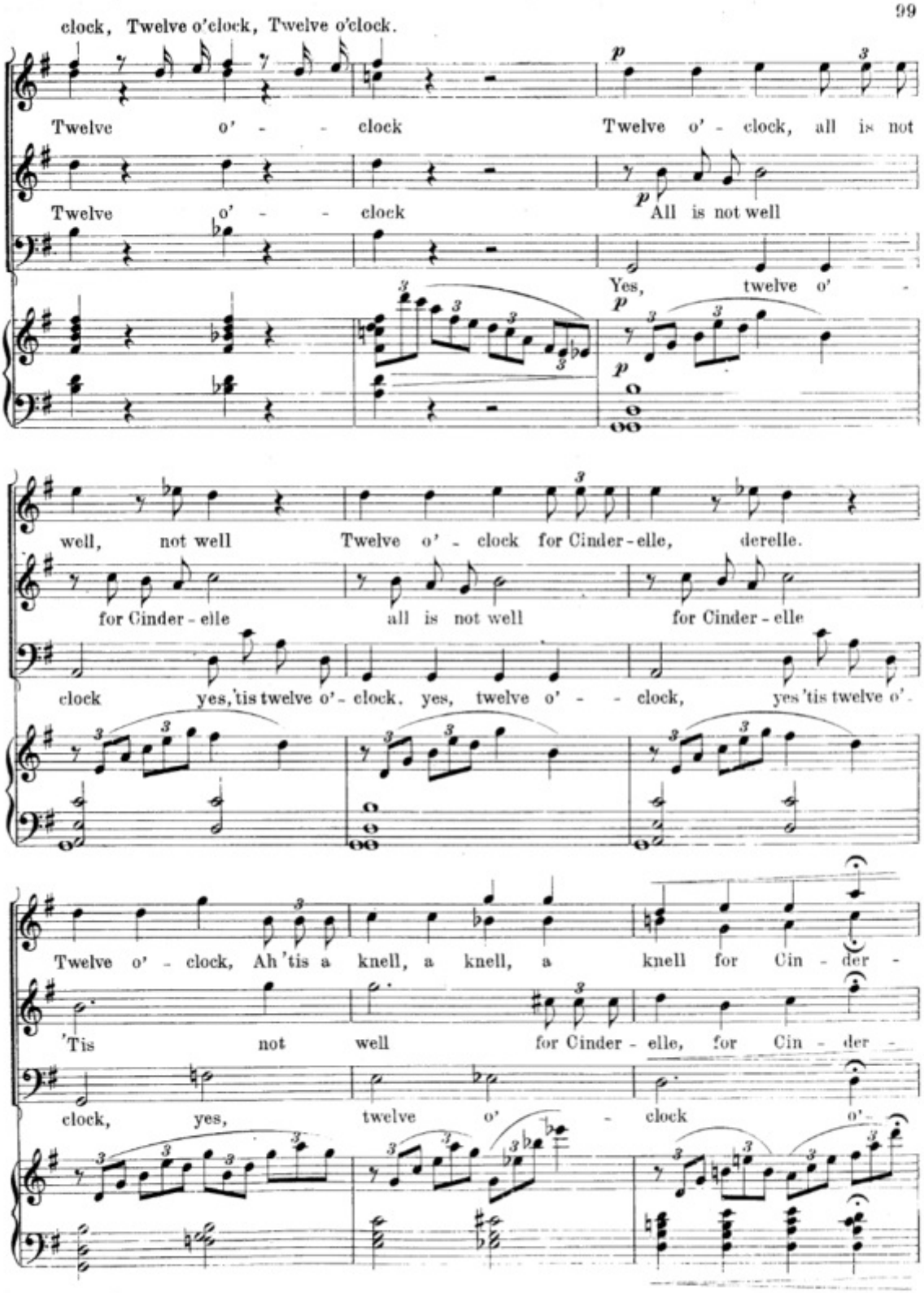
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

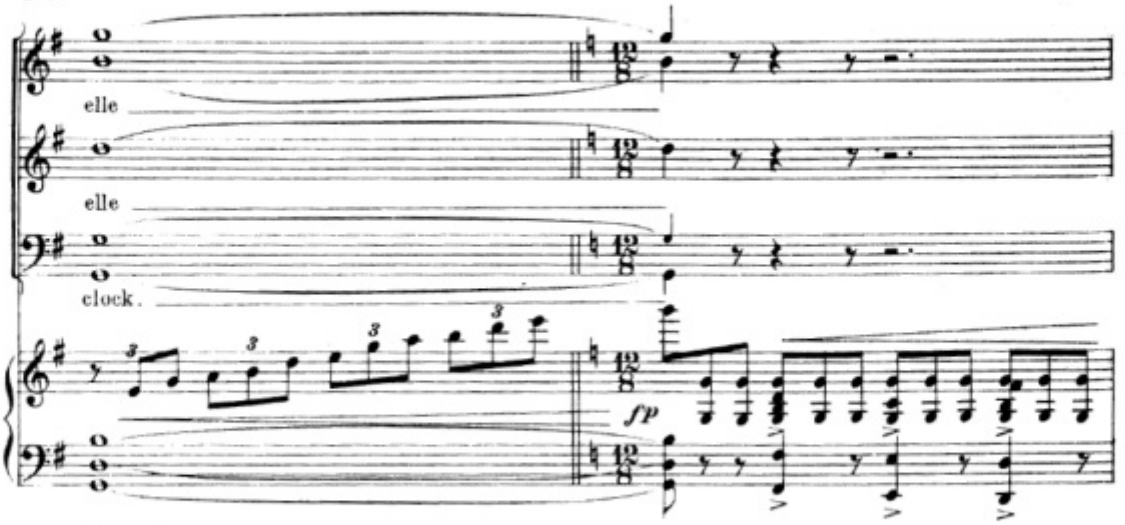
Moderato, quasi Allegretto.




TUTTI.
Eight! Old time be - gone!
Nine! What a fool-ish fan - cy this is
Ten! All our fun to block!
Eleven! Just because a sil - ly time-piece
Twelve! Says it's twelve o'- clock! twelve o' - clock!
molto rit.
Allegretto.
Twelve o' - clock
SOPR. ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
PIANO.
Twelve o'-clock
Twelve o'-
Twelve o' - clock,
Twelve o'-clock


clock, Twelve o'- clock, all is not well not well Twelve o'-
clock Twelve o'- clock, all is not well not well Twelve o'-
pp
clock, Twelve o - clock for Cin - der - elle, der - elle Twelve o'-
clock, Twelve o' clock for Cin - der - elle, der - elle Twelve o'
Twelve o'-
clock, Twelve o'- clock, 'Tis a knell, 'tis a knell
clock Twelve o - clock, 'Tis a knell, 'tis a knell


clock, Twelve o'clock, Twelve o'clock.
Twelve o' - - clock
Twelve o' - clock, all is not
Twelve o' - - clock
All is not well
Yes, twelve o' -
well, not well
Twelve o' - clock for Cinder - elle, derelle.
for Cinder - elle
all is not well
for Cinder - elle
clock
yes, 'tis twelve o' - clock. yes, twelve o' - - clock,
yes 'tis twelve o'.
Twelve o' - clock, Ah 'tis a knell, a knell, a
knell for Cin - der -
'Tis not well
for Cinder - elle, for Cin - der -
clock, yes,
twelve o' - clock
o'




**Grandioso.**

PRINCIPALS.

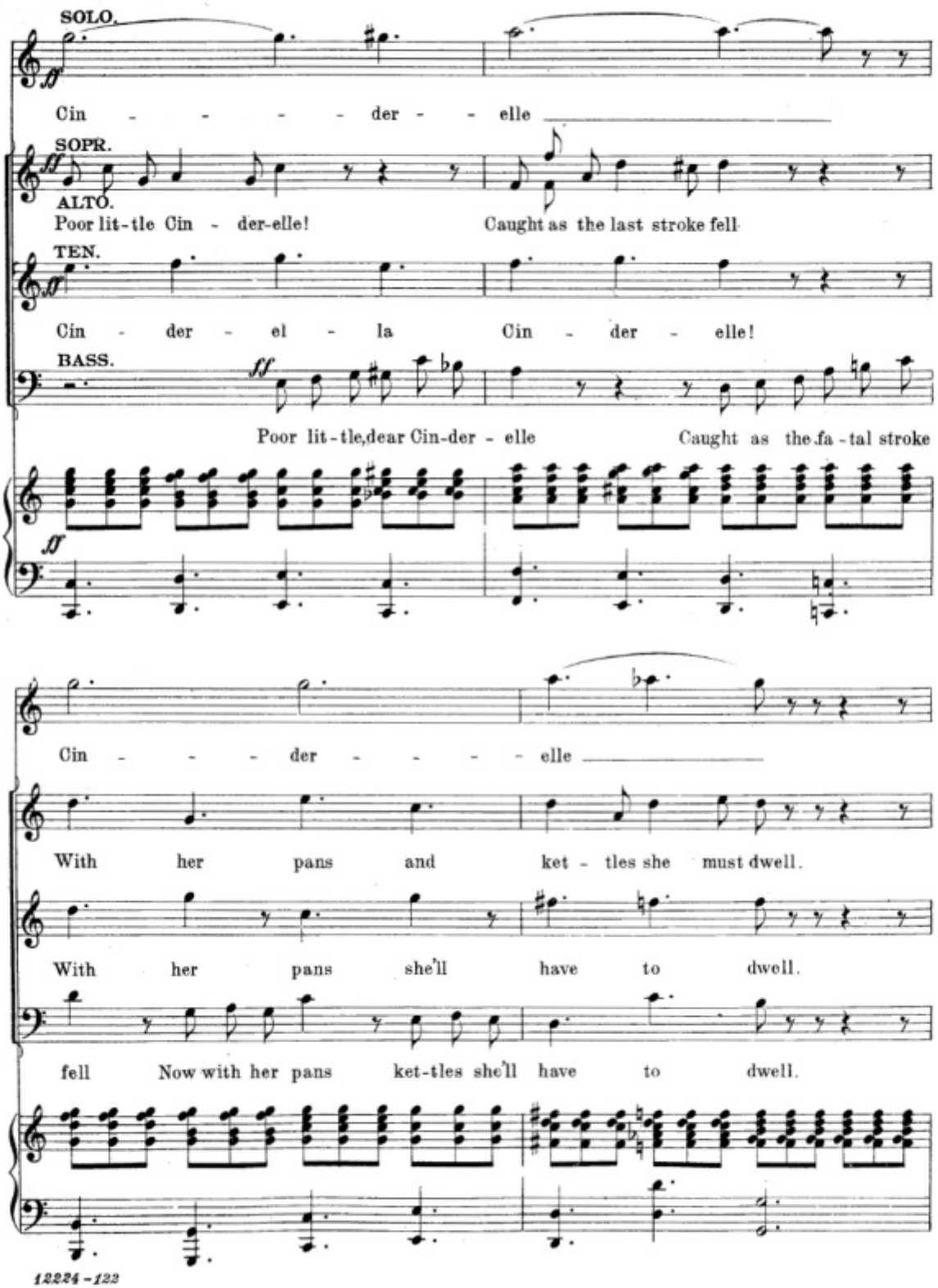
Poor little Cin - derelle Caught as the last stroke fell With her pans and

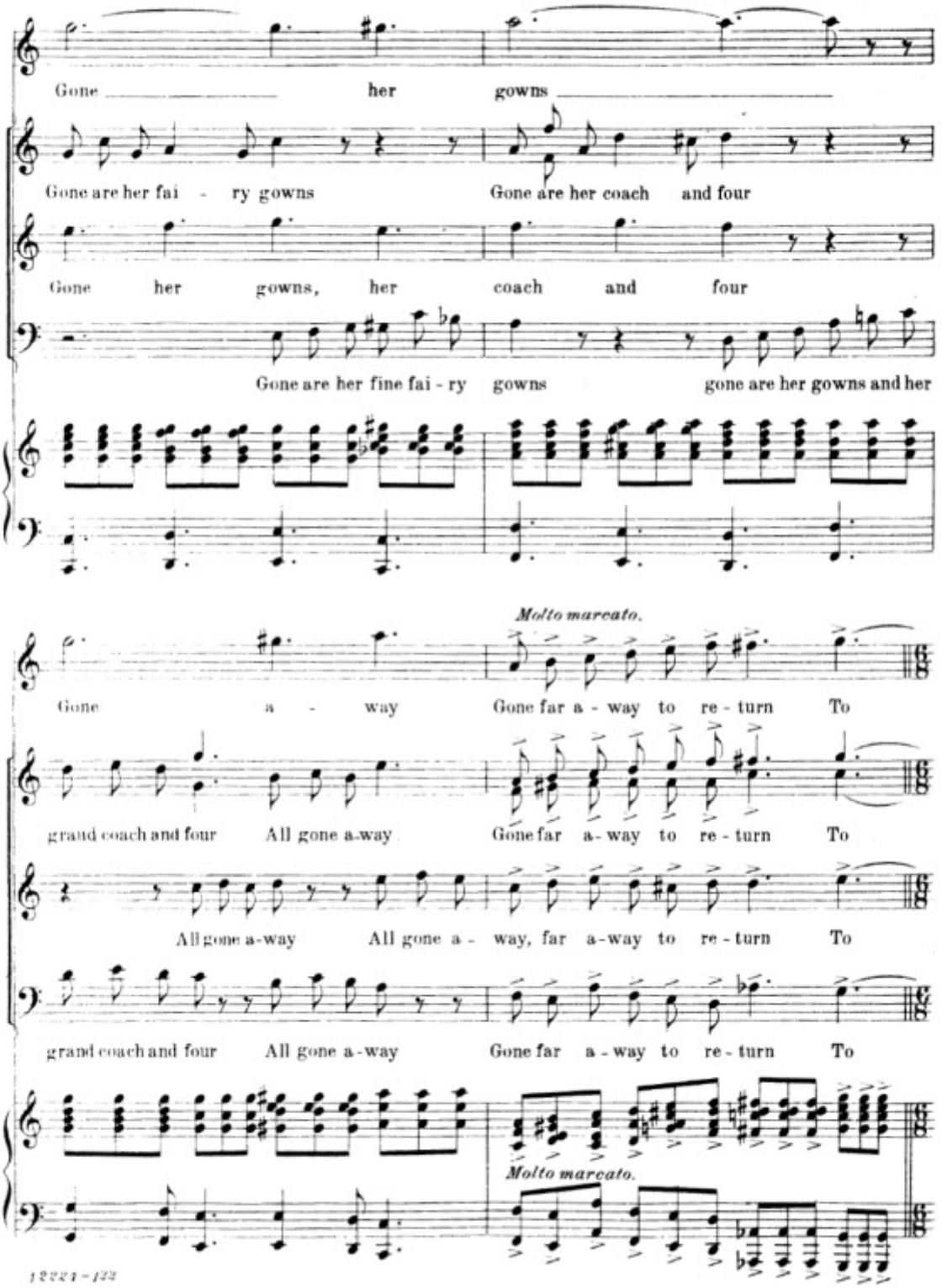
*f*

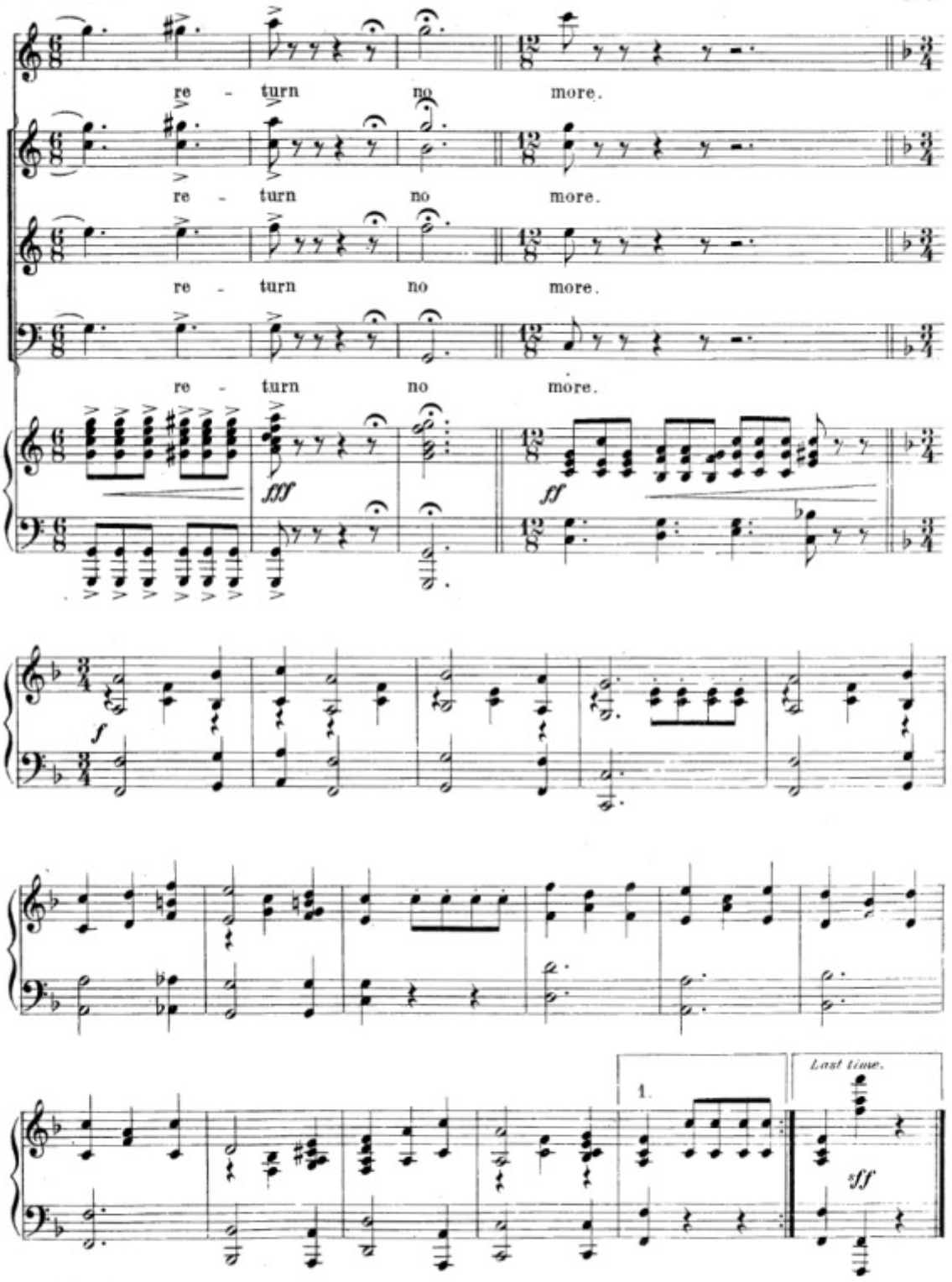
ket - tles she must dwell Gone are her fai-ry gowns Gone are her coach and four.

Off flew her luck when twelve o'- clock struck! Flew off to re - turn no more

*poco accel* *poco rit.*


SOLO.
Cin - - - - der - - elle
SOPR.
ALTO.
Poor lit-tle Cin - der-elle!
Caught as the last stroke fell
TEN.
Cin - der - el - la
Cin - der - elle!
BASS.
Poor lit-tle,dear Cin-der - elle
Caught as the fa-tal stroke
Cin - - - der - - - - elle
With her pans and ket - tles she must dwell.
With her pans she'll have to dwell.
fell Now with her pans ket-tles she'll have to dwell.


Gone her gowns
Gone are her fai - ry gowns
Gone are her coach and four
Gone her gowns, her coach and four
Gone are her fine fai - ry gowns
gone are her gowns and her
Molto marcato.
Gone a - way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
grand coach and four
All gone a-way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
All gone a-way
All gone a - way, far a-way to re - turn To
grand coach and four
All gone a-way
Gone far a - way to re - turn To
Molto marcato.


re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
re - turn no more.
fff
ff
f
1.
Last time.
sff

# Act III.

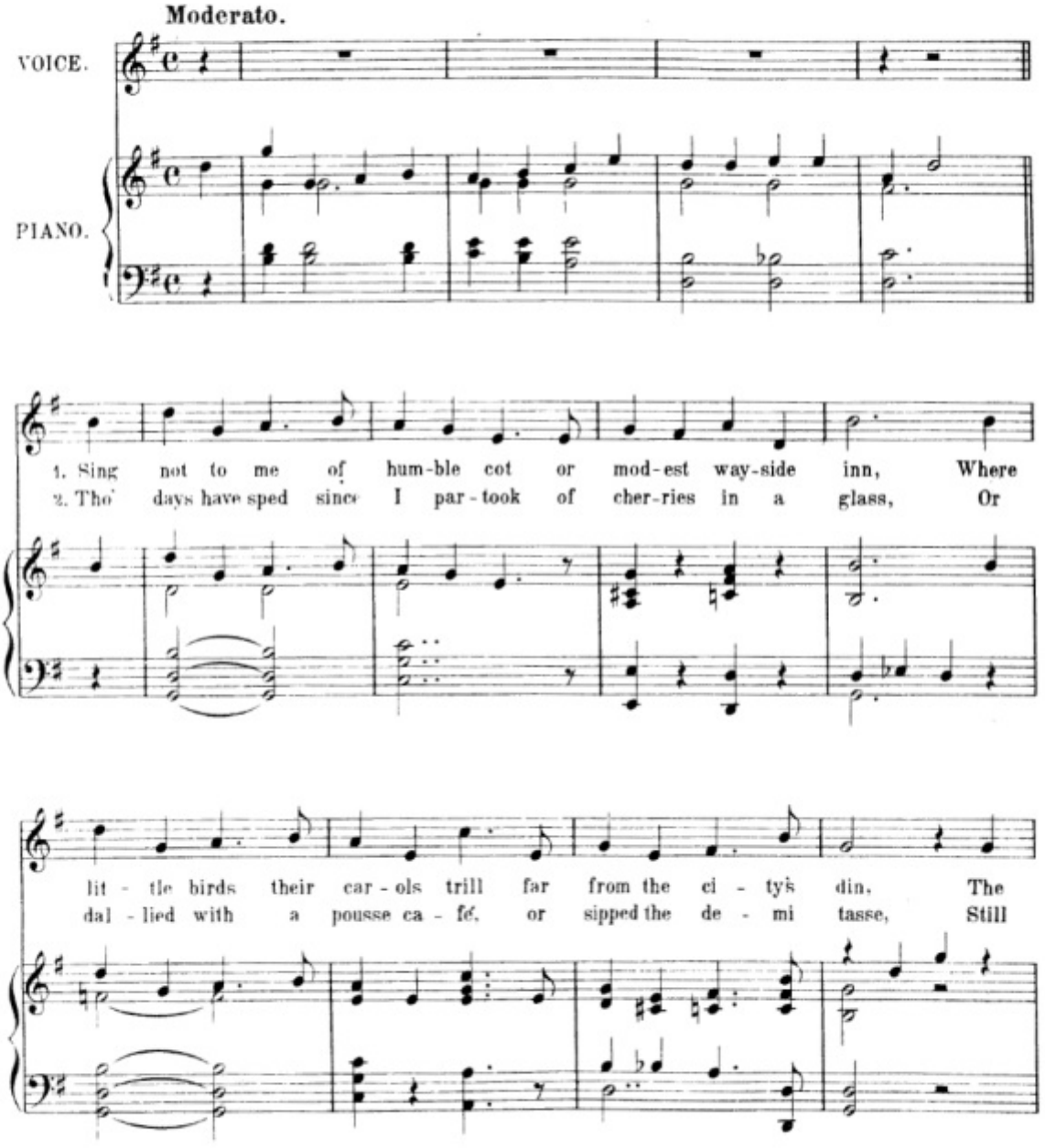
## Sing Not to Me of Humble Cot.

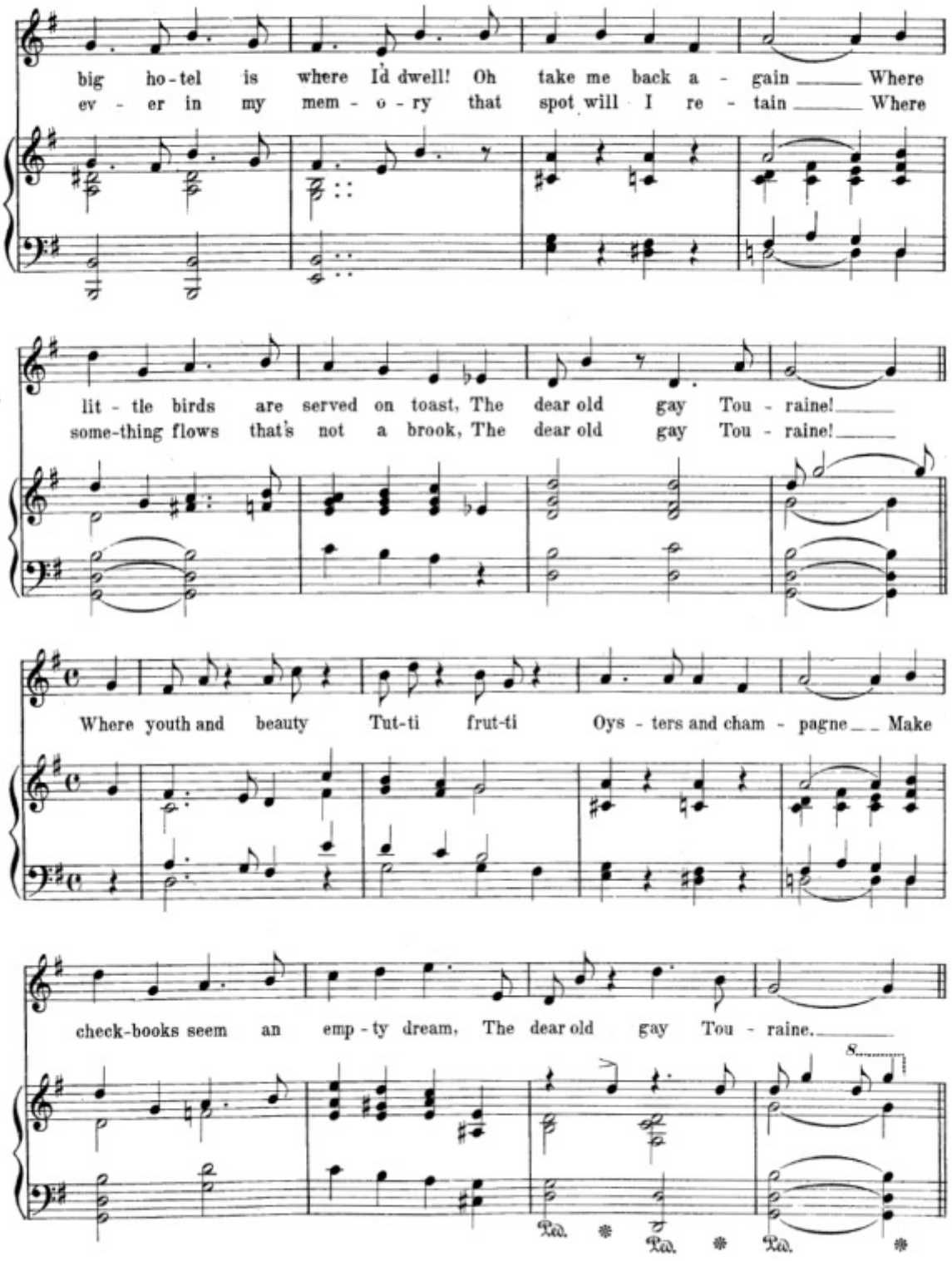
### SONG.

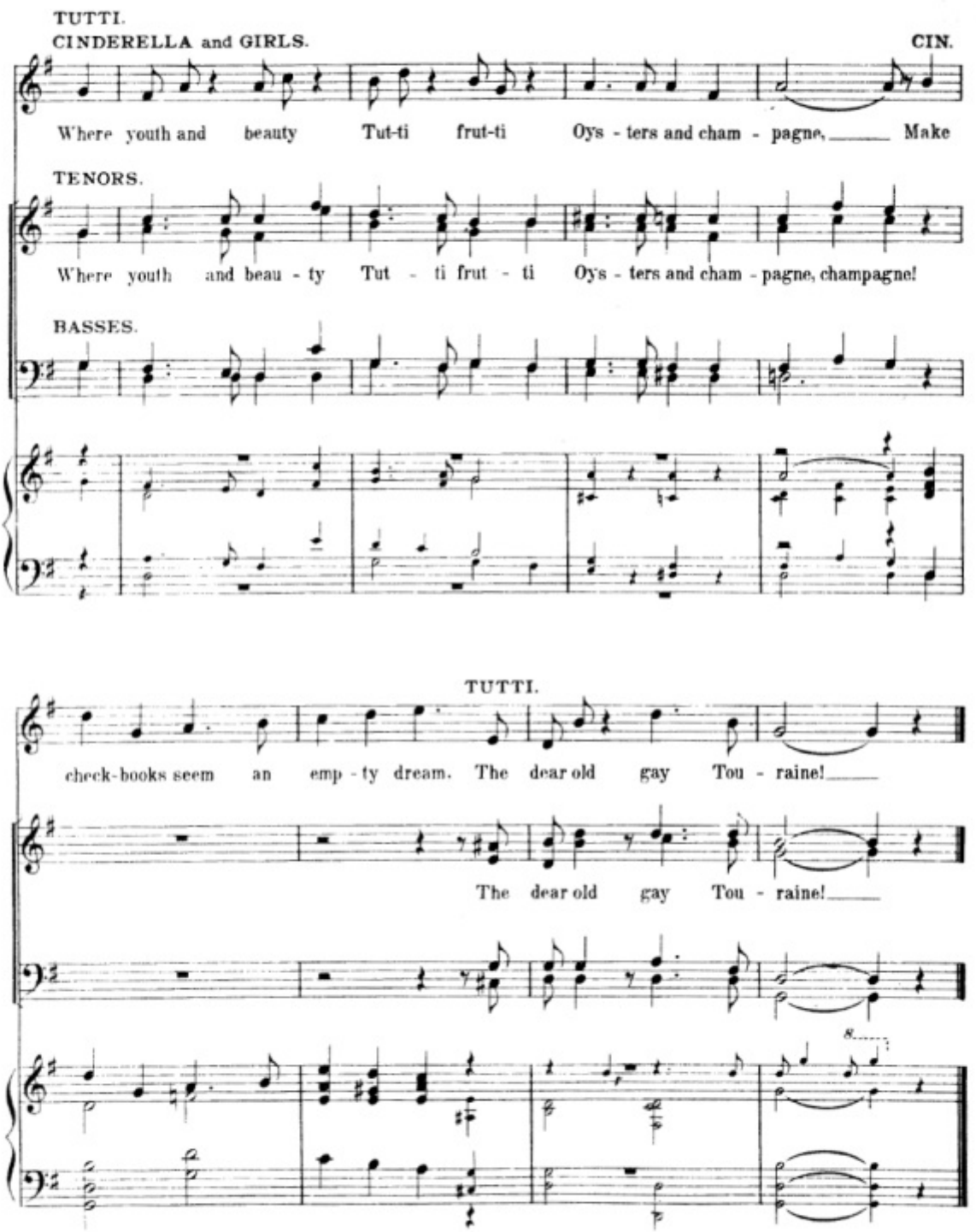
(CINDERELLA.)

No. 23.

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




big ho-tel is where I'd dwell! Oh take me back a - gain Where
ev - er in my mem - o - ry that spot will I re - tain Where
lit - tle birds are served on toast, The dear old gay Tou - raine!
some-thing flows that's not a brook, The dear old gay Tou - raine!
Where youth and beauty Tut-ti frut-ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne Make
check-books seem an emp - ty dream, The dear old gay Tou - raine.
8
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *


TUTTI.
CINDERELLA and GIRLS.
CIN.
Where youth and beauty Tut-ti frut-ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne, Make
TENORS.
Where youth and beau - ty Tut - ti frut - ti Oys - ters and cham - pagne, champagne!
BASSES.
TUTTI.
check-books seem an emp - ty dream. The dear old gay Tou - raine!
The dear old gay Tou - raine!

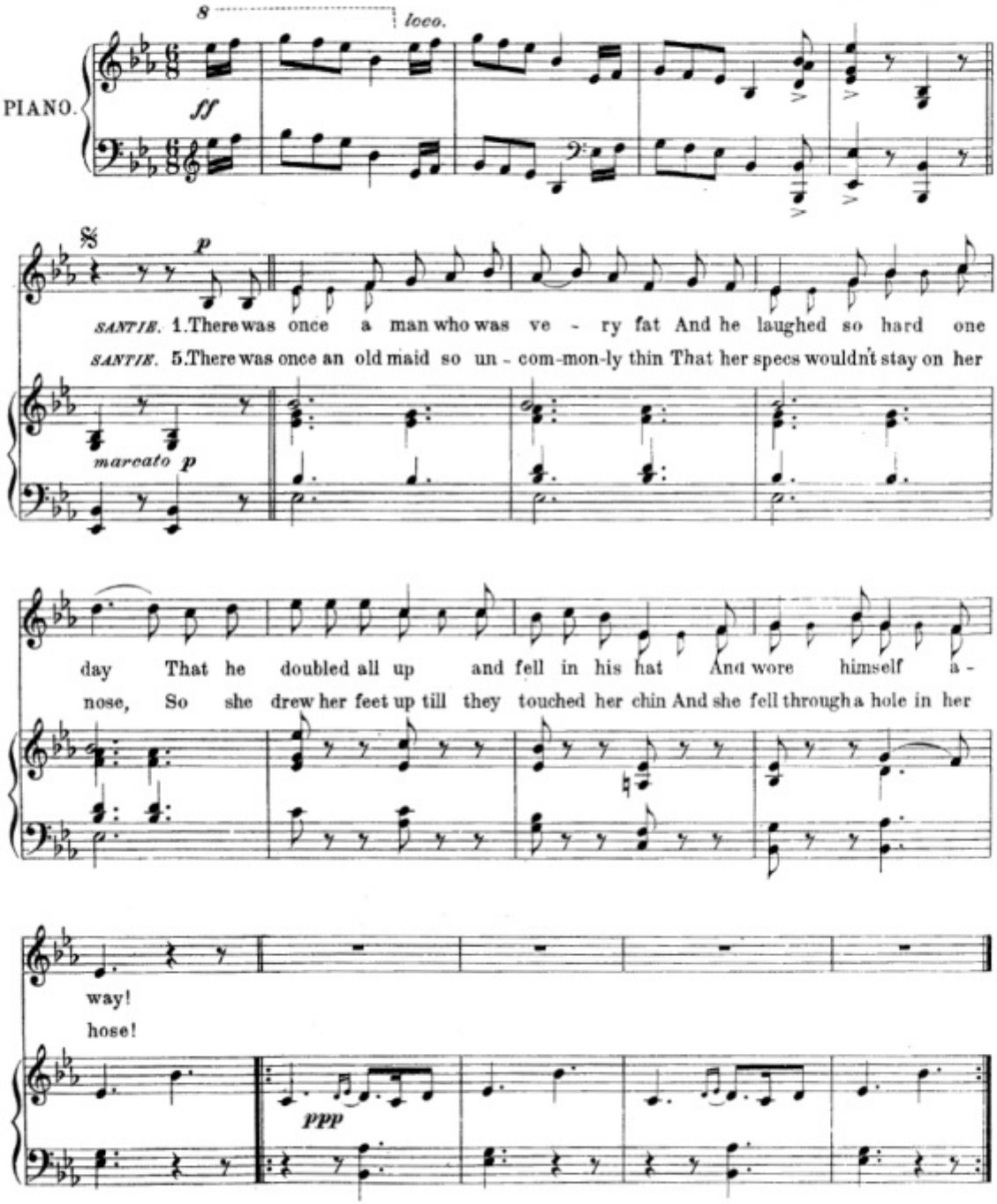
# What a remarkable Thing!

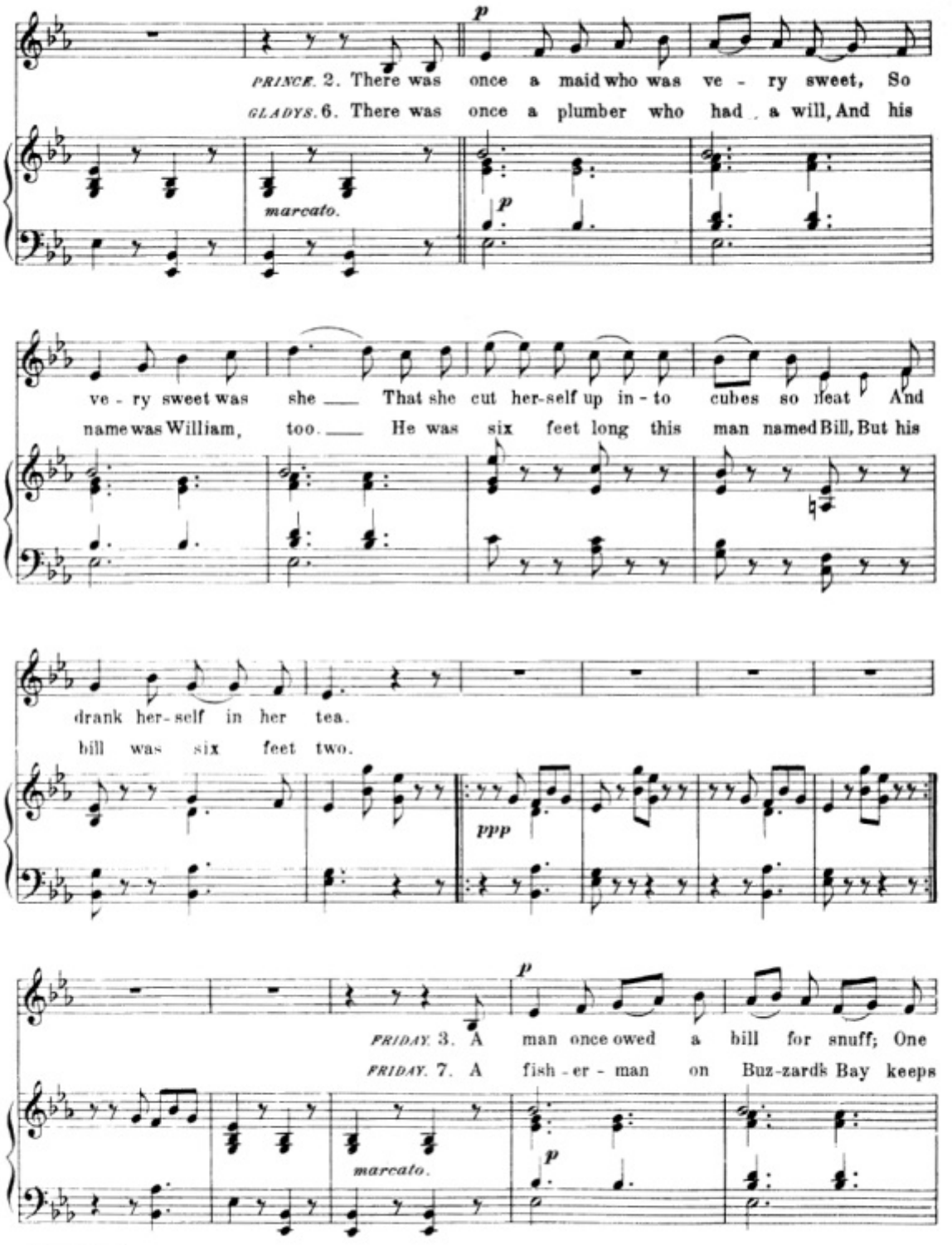
## SONG.

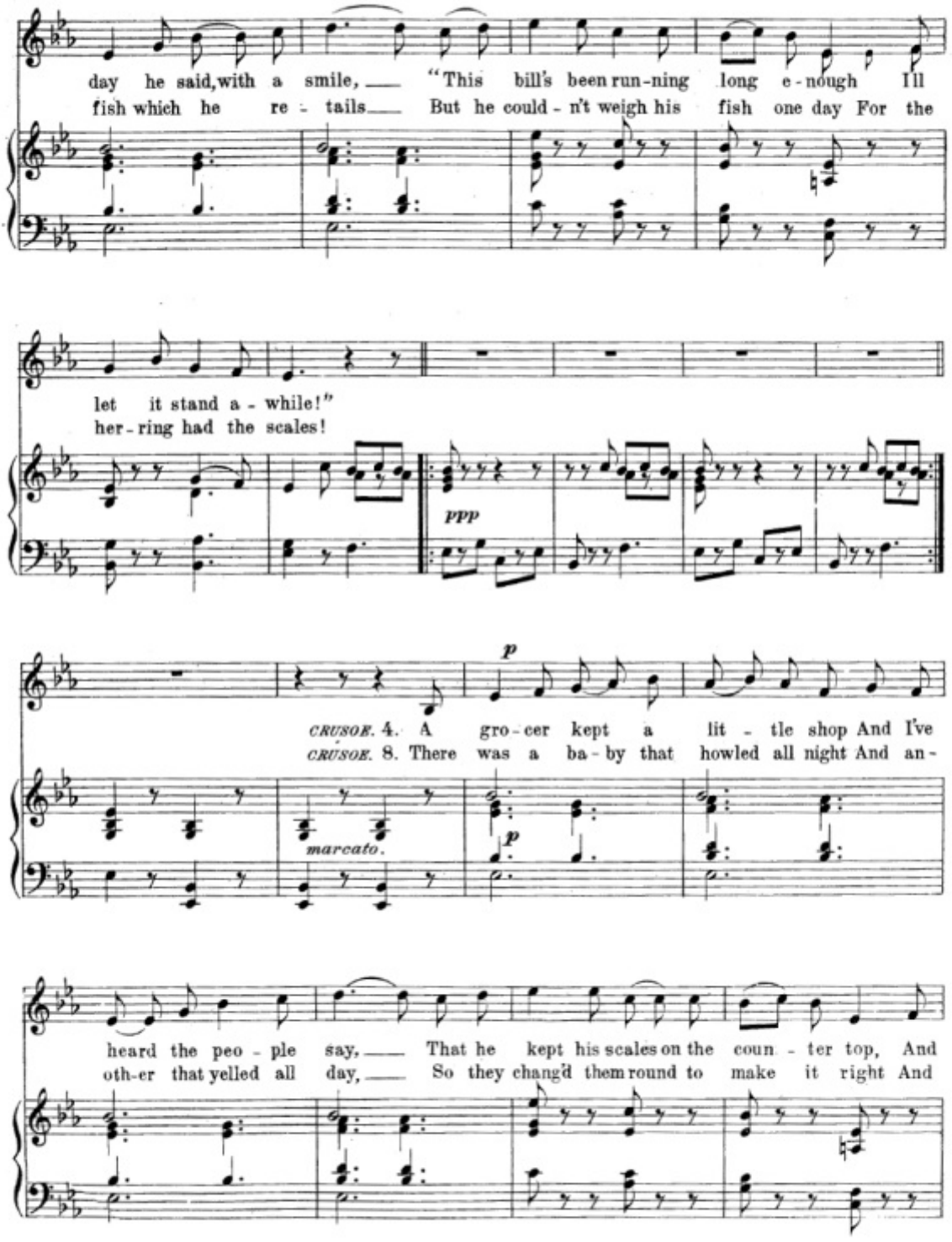
(SANTIE, CRUSOE, PRINCE, FRIDAY, GLADYS et al.)

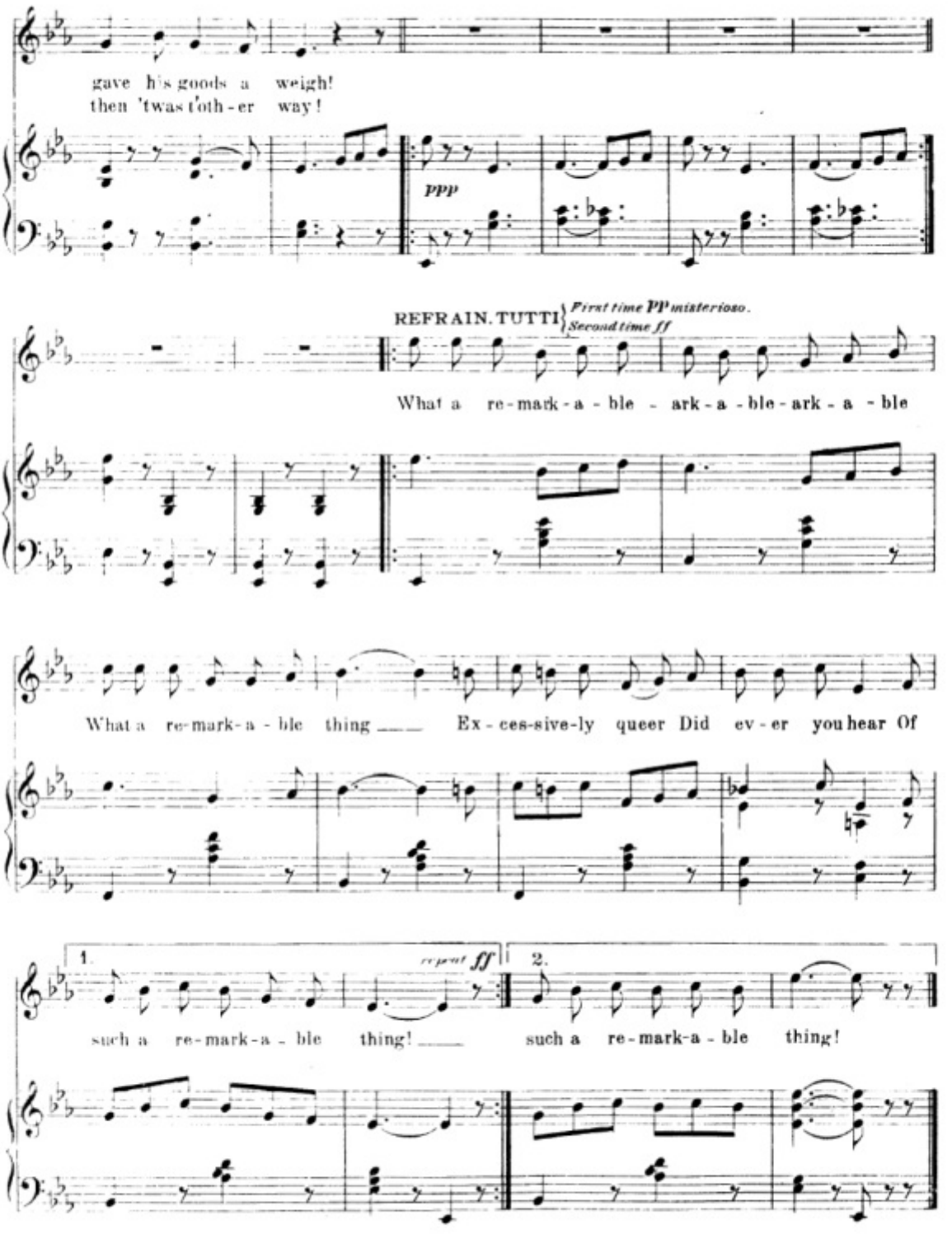
**No. 24.**

EDWARD W. CORLISS.




p
PRINCE. 2. There was once a maid who was ve - ry sweet, So
GLADYS. 6. There was once a plumber who had a will, And his
marcato.
p
ve - ry sweet was she That she cut her-self up in - to cubes so neat And
name was William, too. He was six feet long this man named Bill, But his
drank her-self in her tea.
bill was six feet two.
ppp
p
FRIDAY. 3. A man once owed a bill for snuff; One
FRIDAY. 7. A fish - er - man on Buz-zard's Bay keeps
marcato.
p


day he said, with a smile, — "This bill's been run-ning long e-nough I'll
fish which he re - tails — But he could - n't weigh his fish one day For the
let it stand a - while!"
her - ring had the scales!
ppp
p
CRUSOE. 4. A gro - cer kept a lit - tle shop And I've
CRUSOE. 8. There was a ba - by that howled all night And an -
marcato.
p
heard the peo - ple say, — That he kept his scales on the coun - ter top, And
oth-er that yelled all day, — So they chang'd them round to make it right And

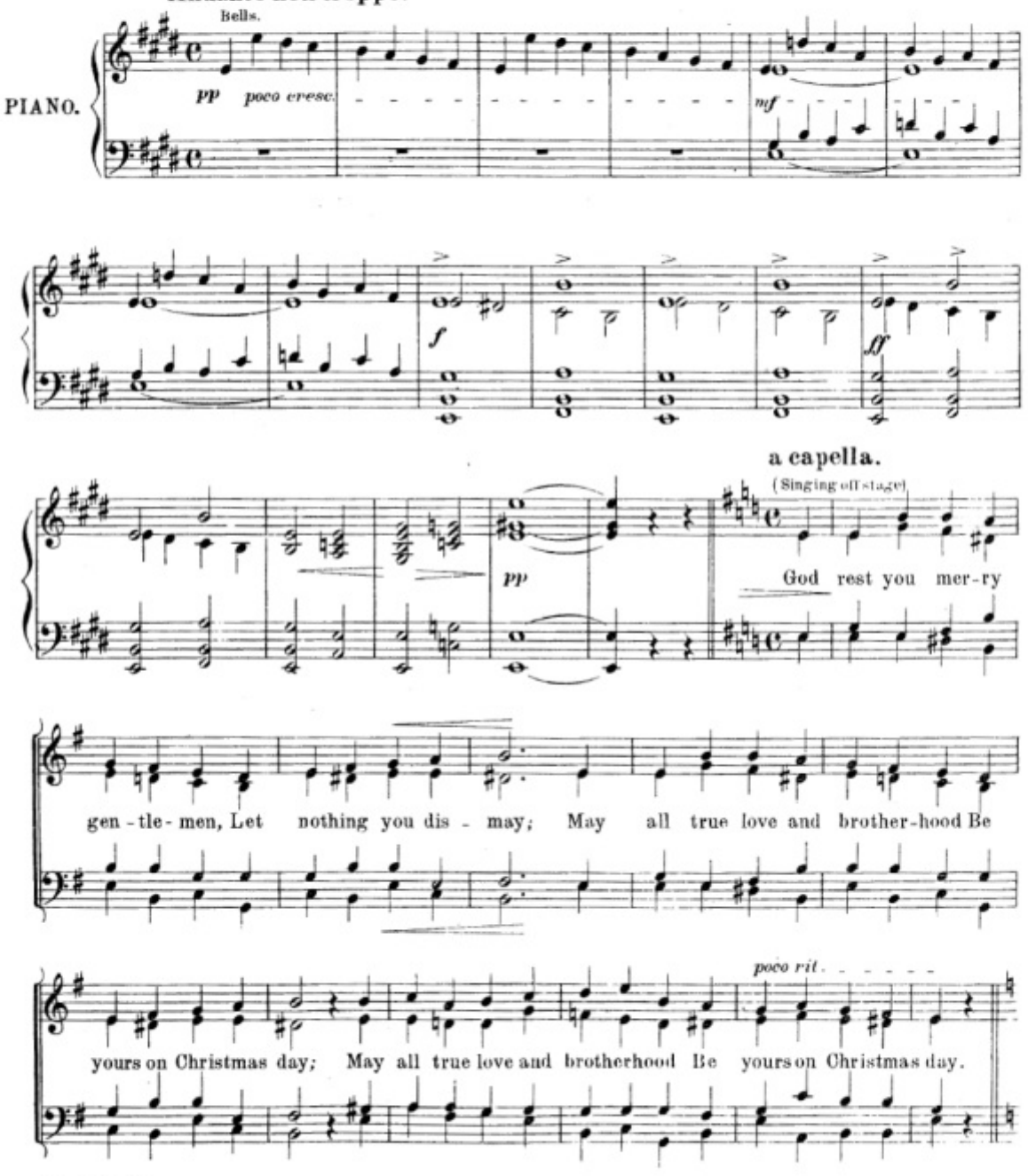

gave his goods a weigh!
then 'twas t'oth-er way!
ppp
REFRAIN. TUTTI
First time PP misteriozo.
Second time ff
What a re-mark-a-ble ark-a-ble ark-a-ble
What a re-mark-a-ble thing Ex-ces-sive-ly queer Did ev-er you hear Of
1.
repeat ff
such a re-mark-a-ble thing!
2.
such a re-mark-a-ble thing!

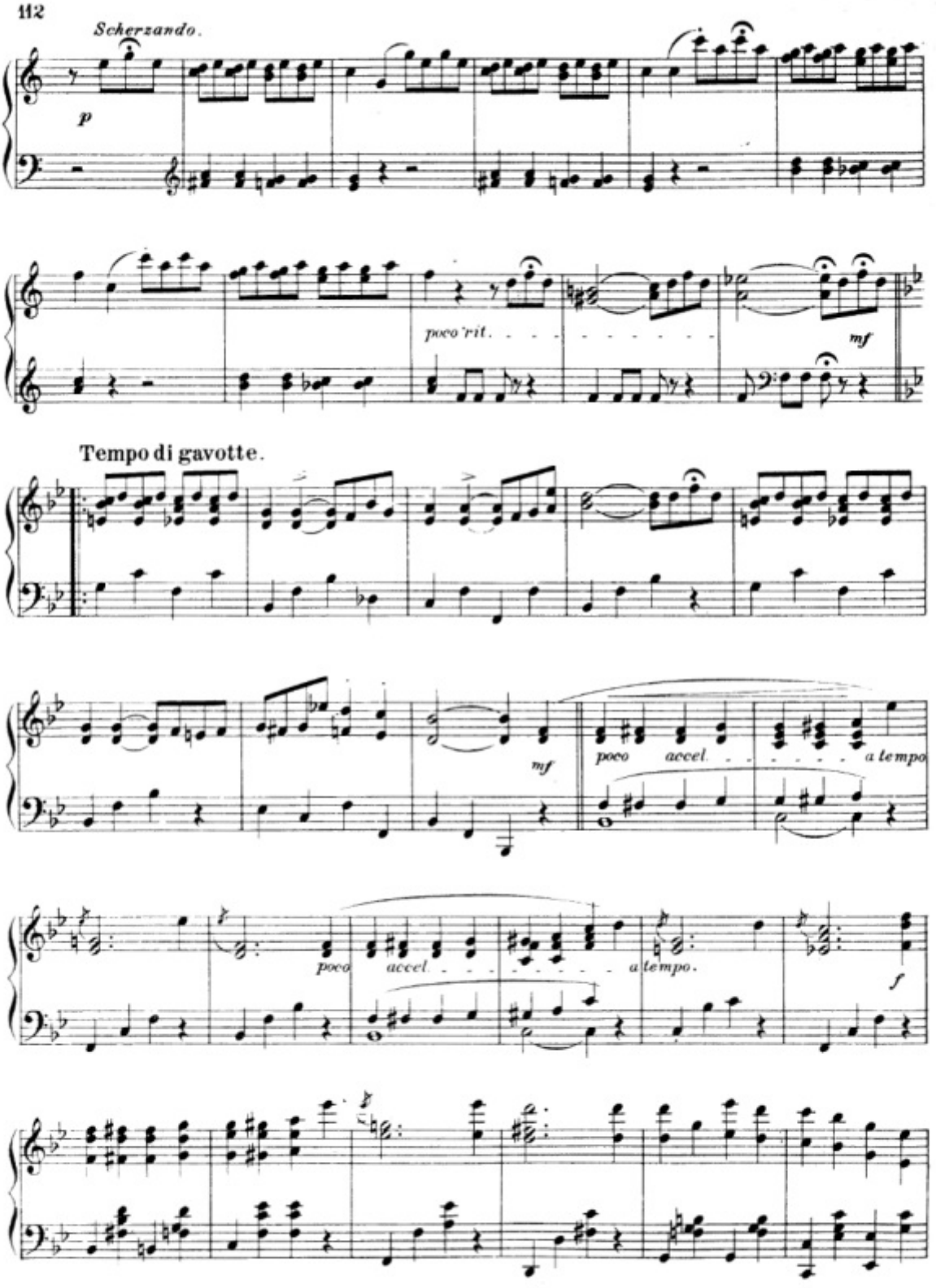
# Ballet Music and Finale.

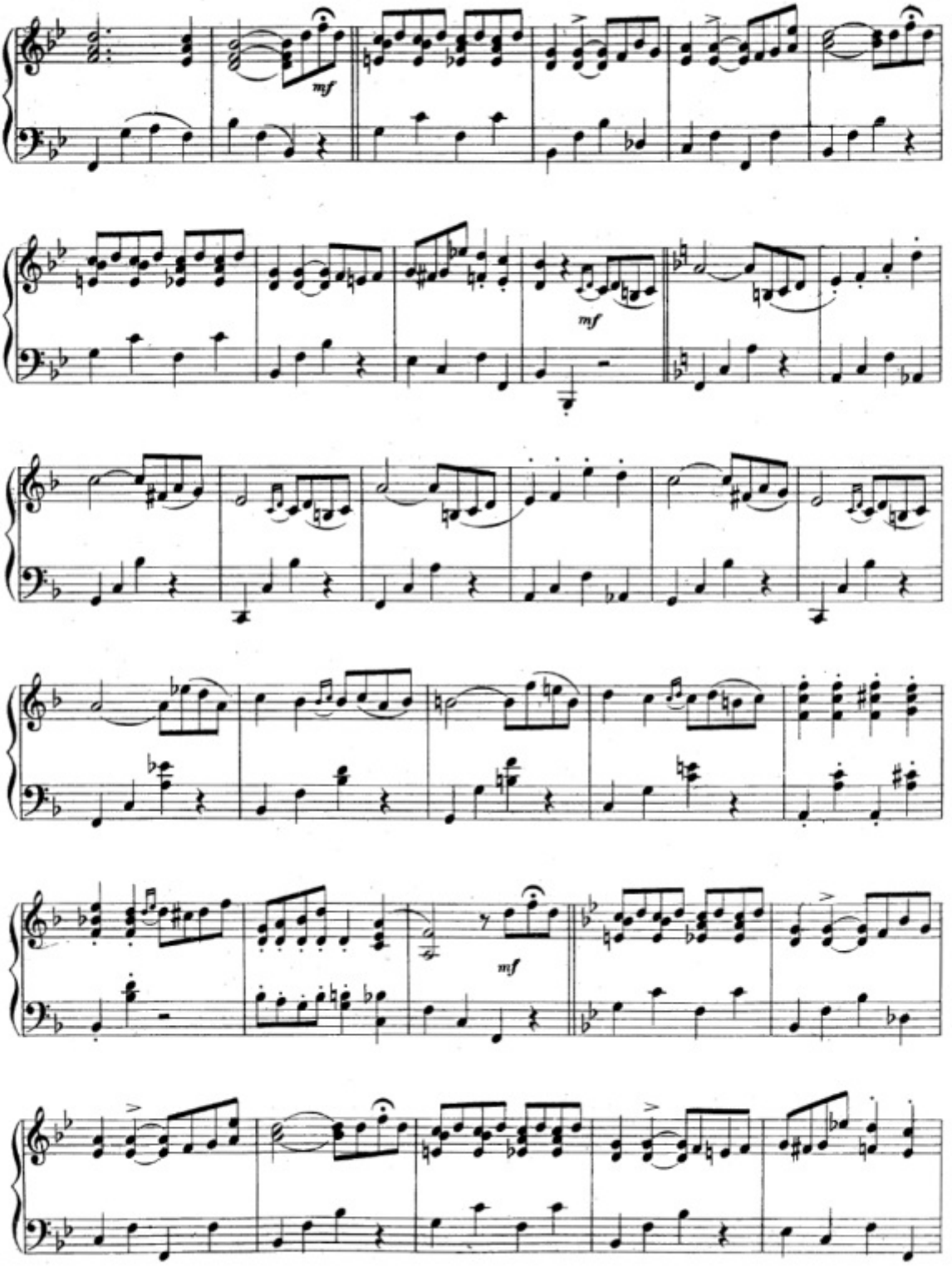
**No. 25.**

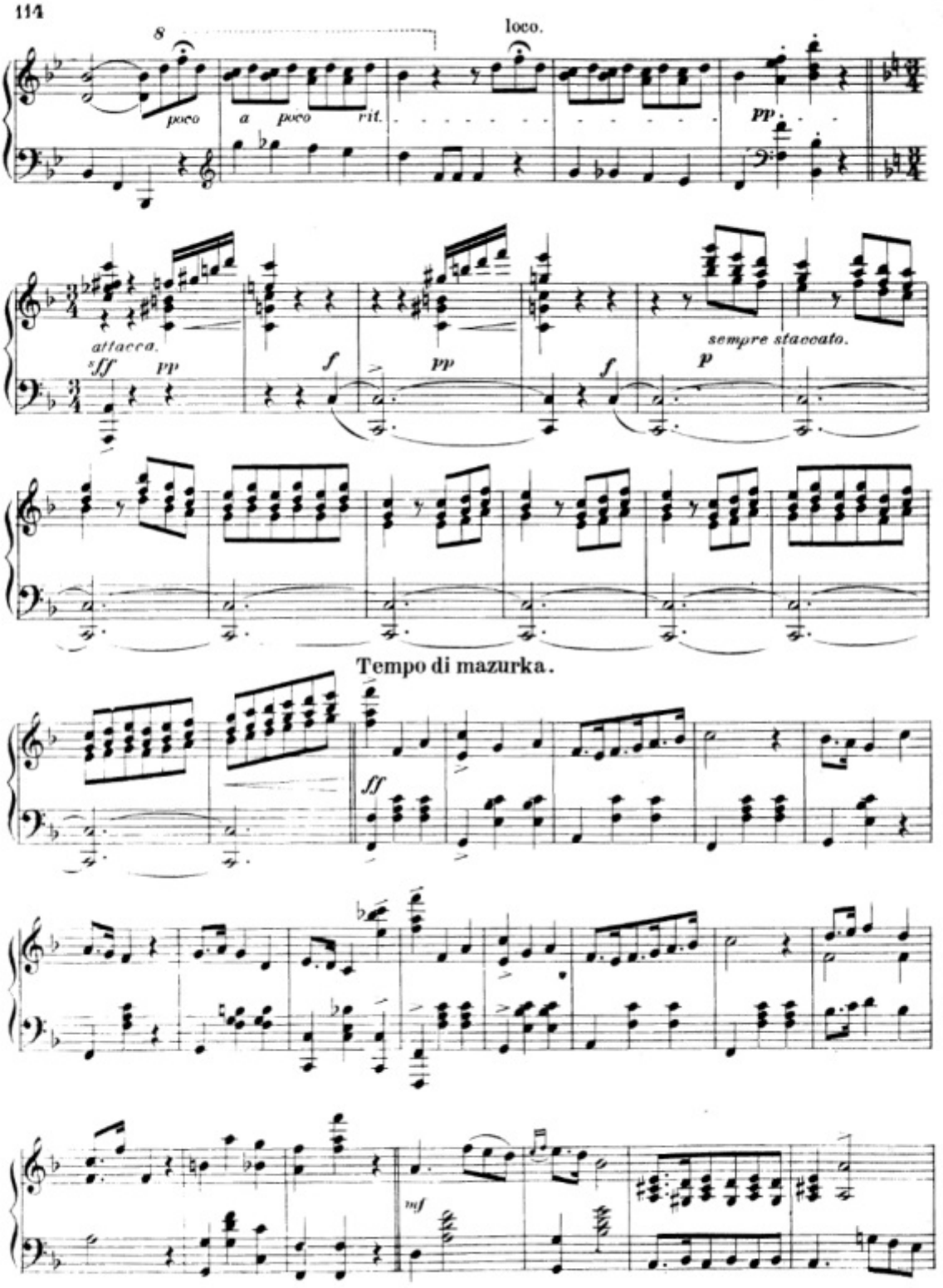
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK.

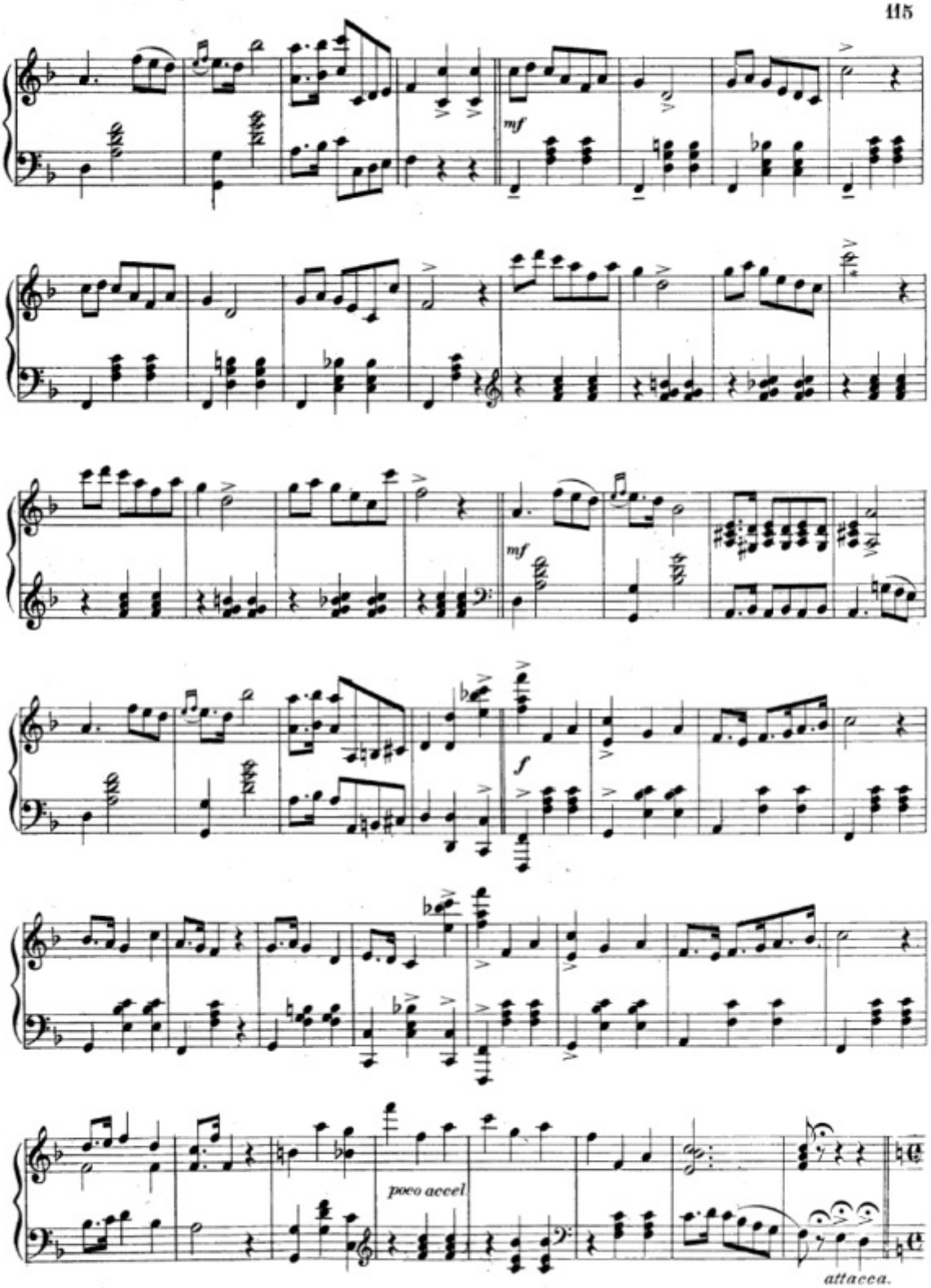
**Andante non troppo.**

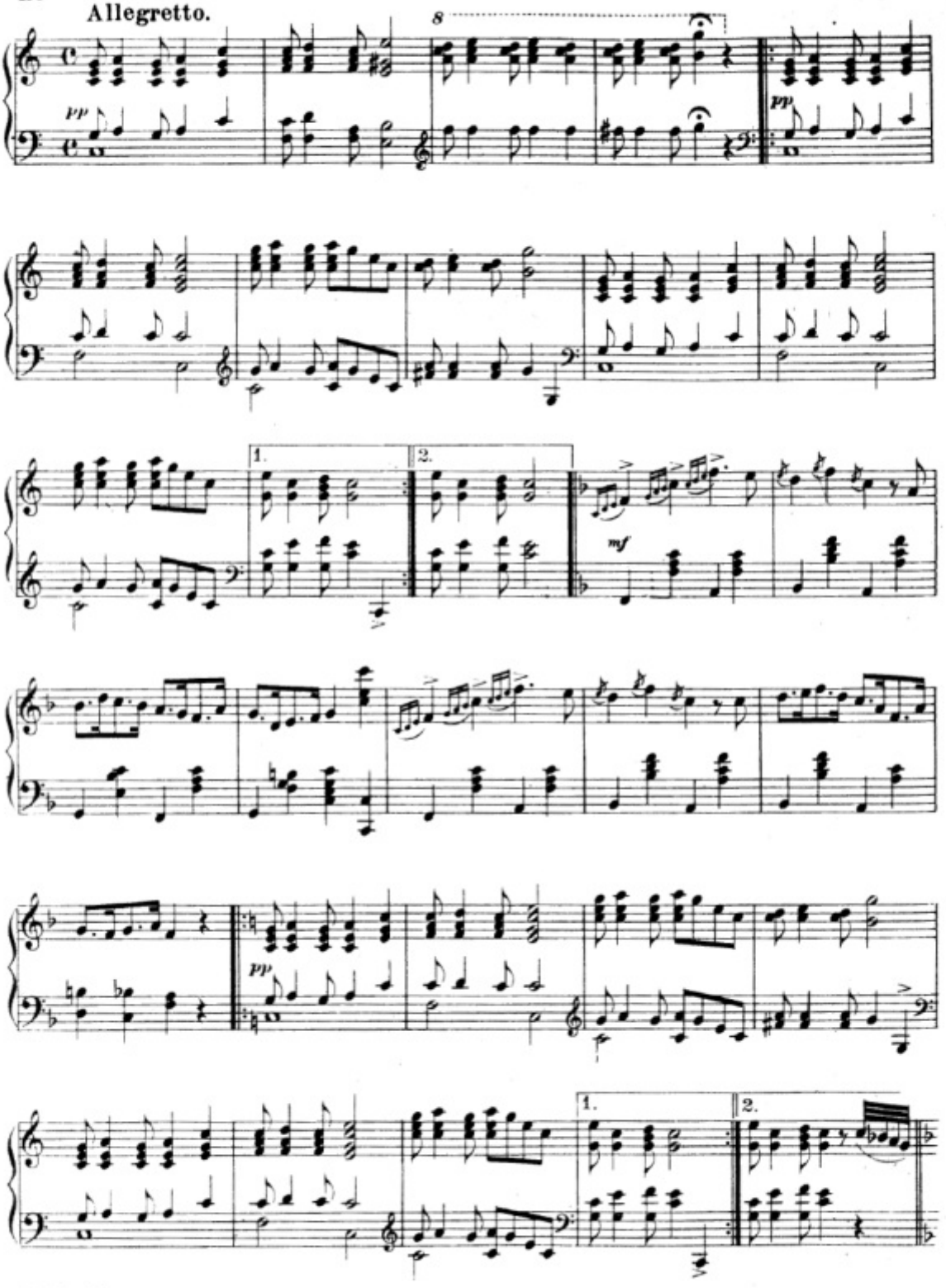


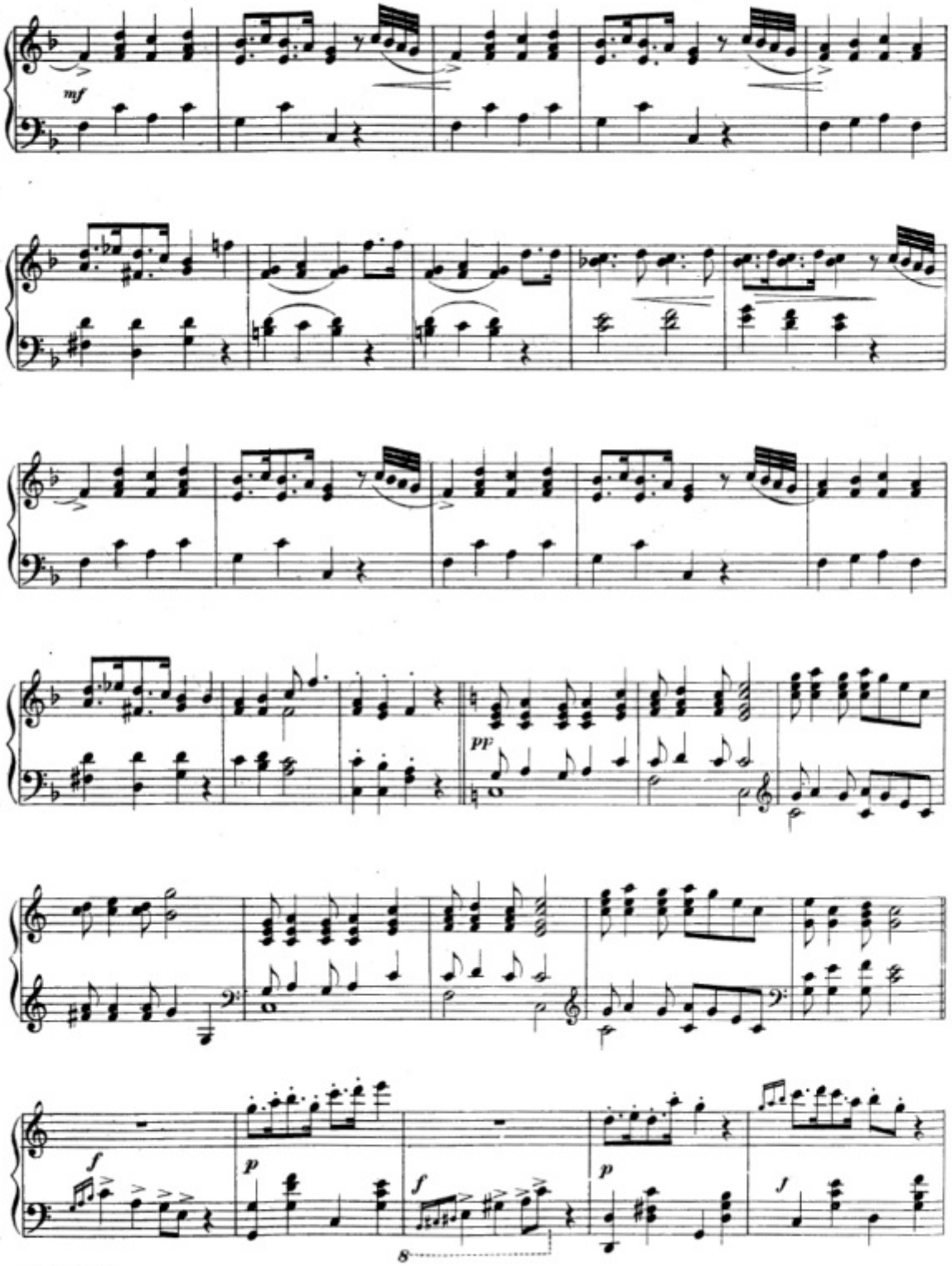

Scherzando.
p
poco rit.
mf
Tempo di gavotte.
mf
poco accel.
a tempo
poco accel.
a tempo.
f

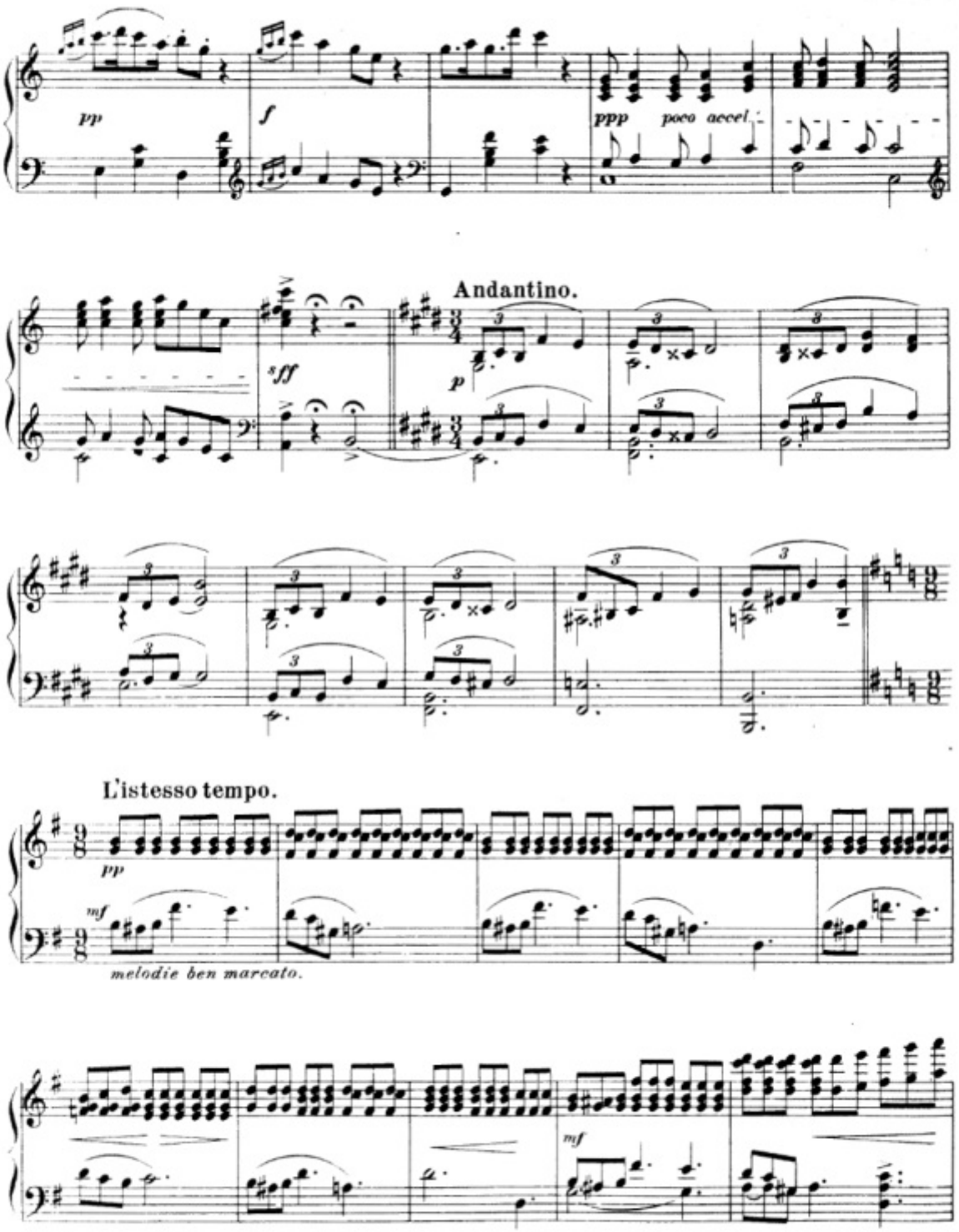

mf
mf
mf

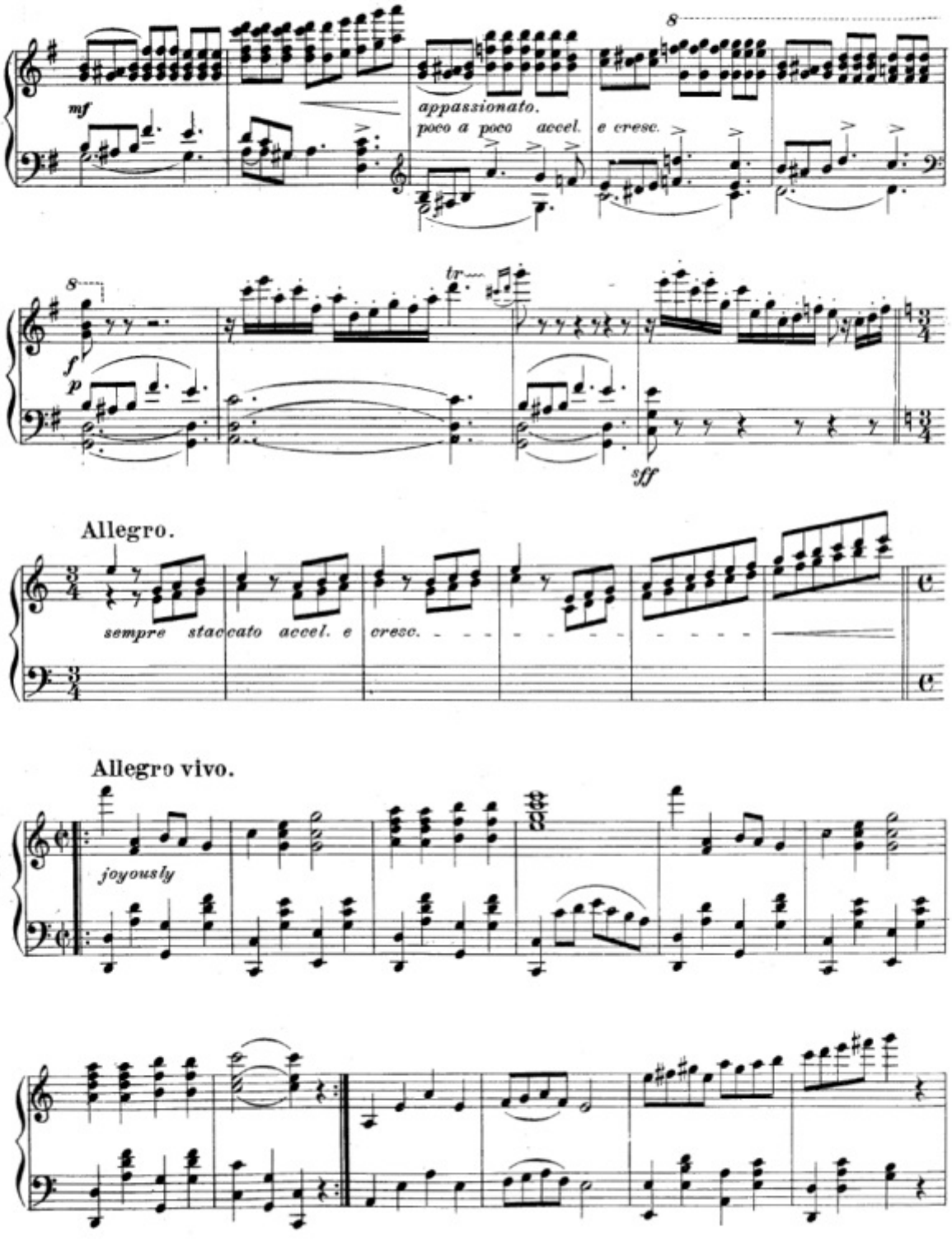

8
loco.
poco
a poco
rit.
pp
attacca.
sff
pp
f
pp
f
sempre staccato.
p
Tempo di mazurka.
ff
mf

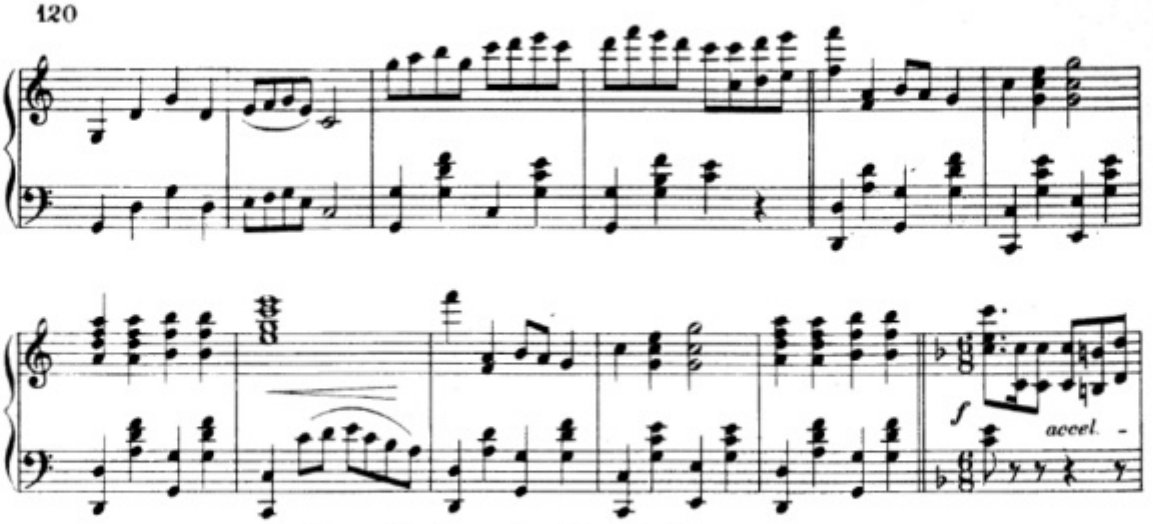

mf
mf
f
poco accel
attacca.


Allegretto.
8
pp
pp
1.
2.
mf
pp
1.
2.

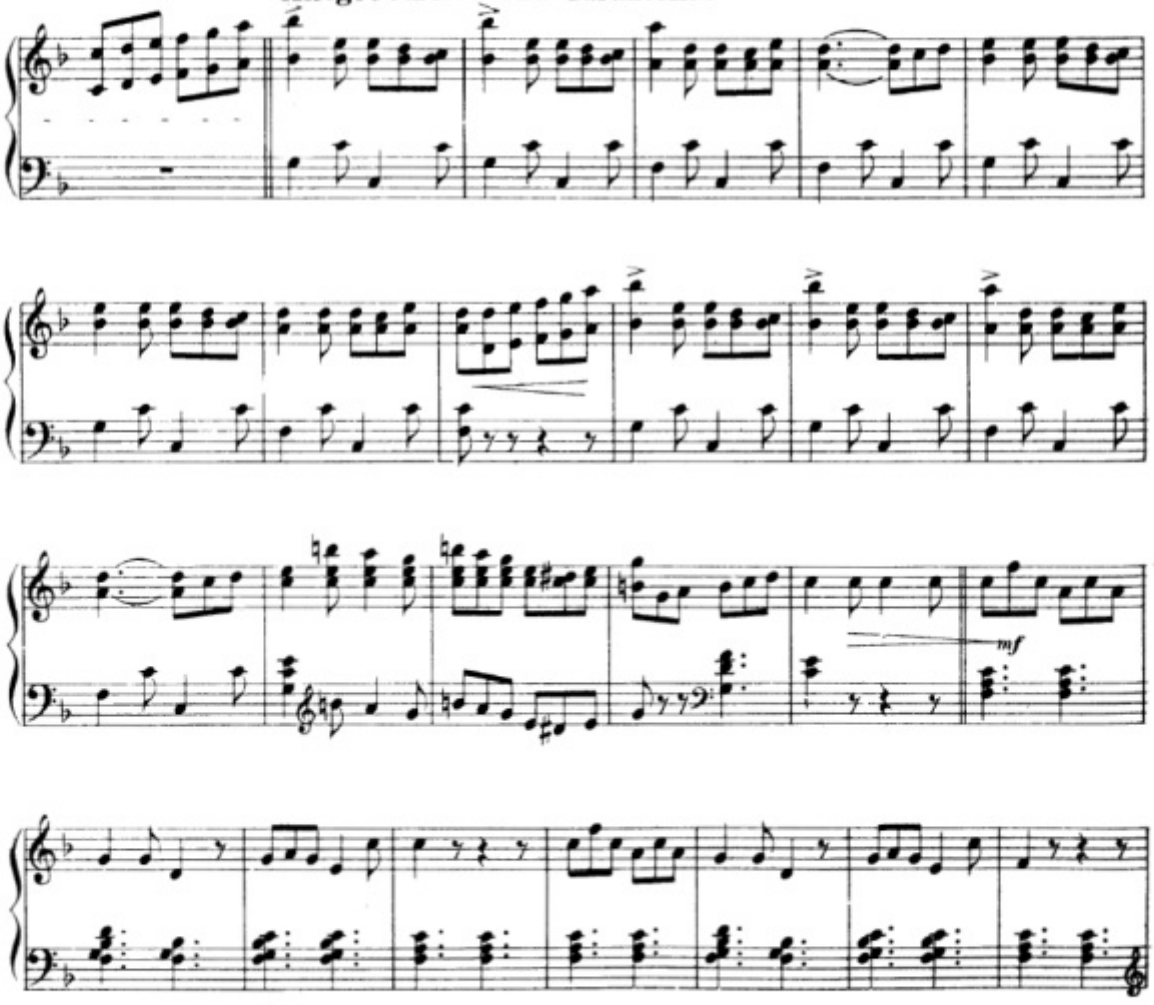

mf
pp
f
p
f
p
f
8

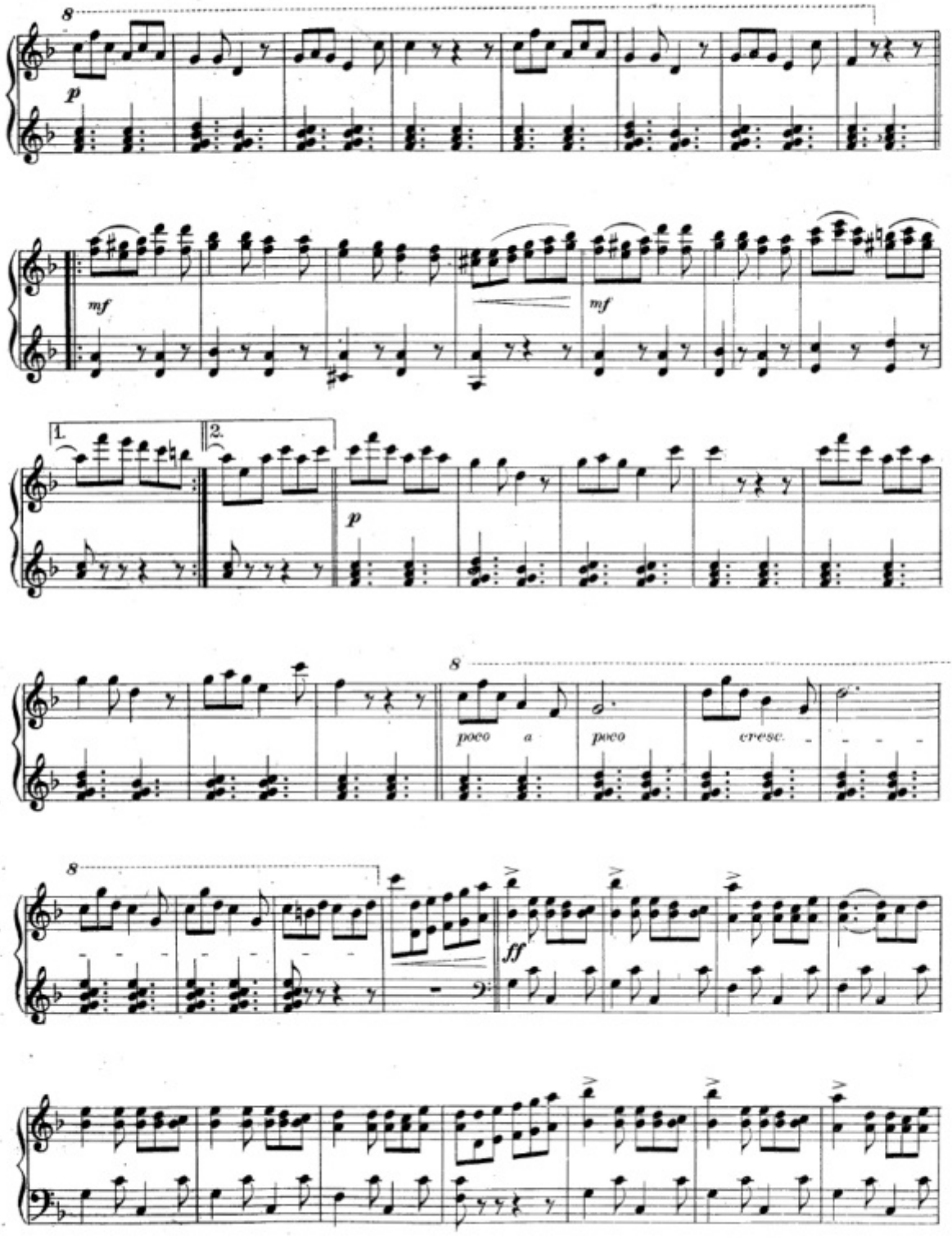

pp
f
ppp
poco accel.
Andantino.
sfff
p
L'istesso tempo.
pp
mf
melodie ben marcato.
mf


mf
appassionato.
poco a poco accel. e cresc.
8
tr
f
p
sff
Allegro.
sempre staccato accel. e cresc.
Allegro vivo.
joyously




Allegro furioso alla Tarantella.

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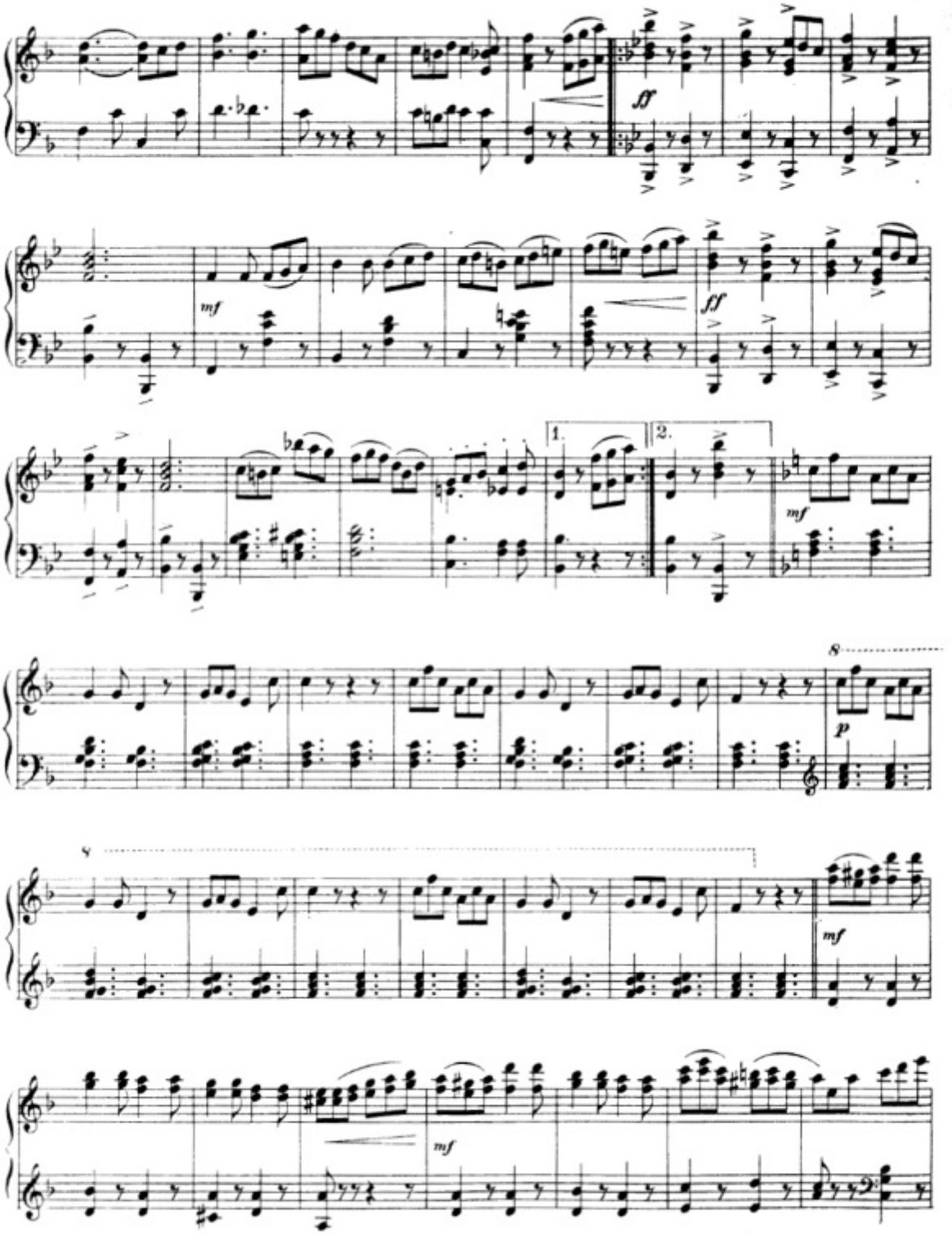
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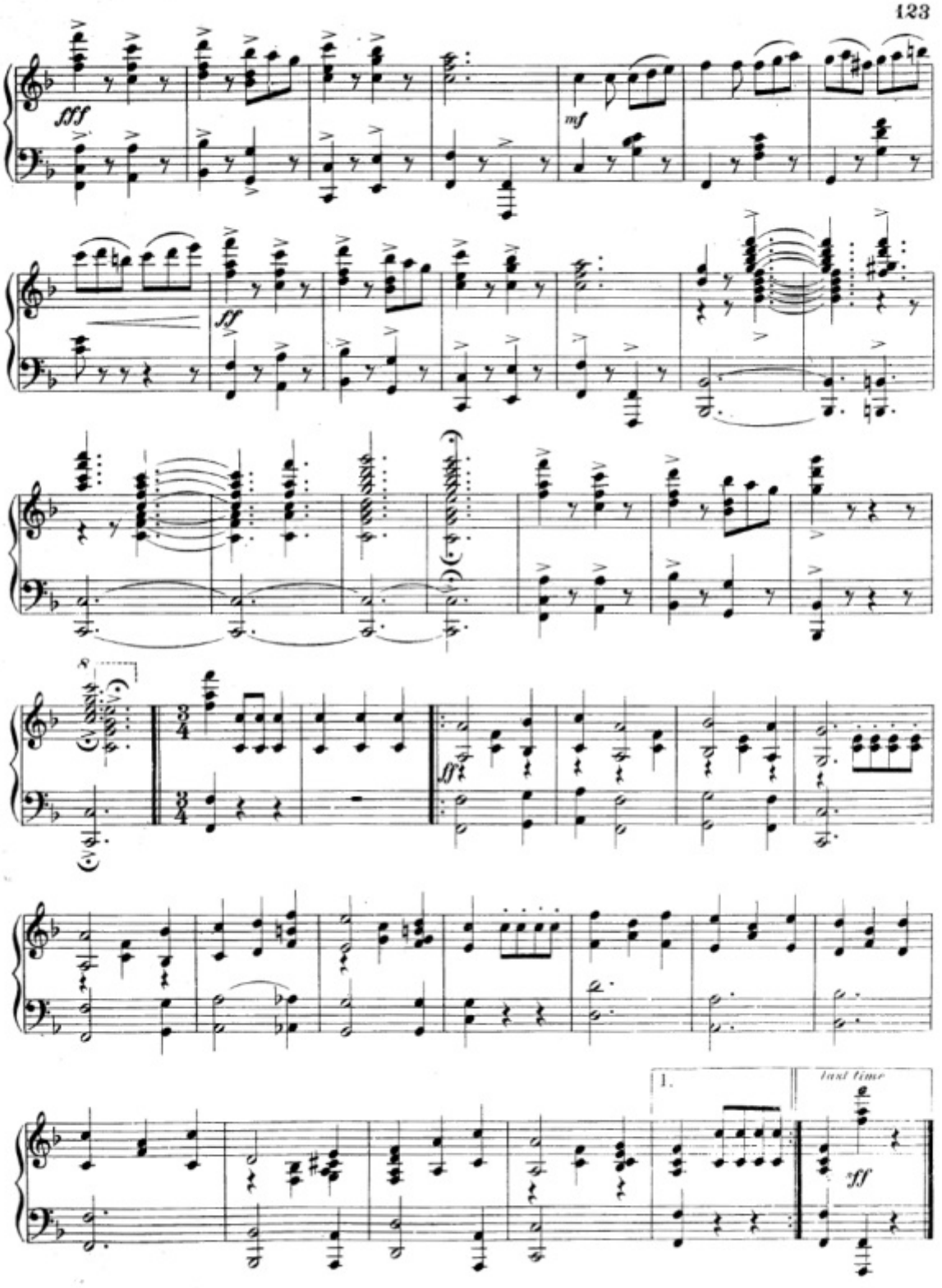
fff
mf
ff
8
3/4
ff
1.
last time
fff

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