MEXICANA

A Mexican Comic Opera.

As presented by

SAM S. and LEE SHUBERT.

At the Lyric Theatre,

New York City.

—*—

Lyrics by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Book by
CLARA DRISCOLL
and ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

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MEXICANA

A Comic Opera in Three Acts.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JOHNNY ROCKS, a Wall street broker . . . . . THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE

TITA, an Indian girl vender of pottery . . . . . CHRISTIE MAC DONALD

CAPTAIN CARMONA, an officer of the Mexican Army. . . . . JOSEPH HERBERT

JUAN ADRIAN, an Indian pulque seller. . . . . EDWARD MARTINDELL

SENORITA MARGARITA JUAREZ, daughter of the governor of a Mexican State. . CARO ROMA

RODRIGO CORTINEZ, a Mexican of wealth and leader of the Revolutionists.. EDMUND STANLEY

SENORA MENDOZA, aunt to Tita . . . . . MAGGIE MOORE

INEZ. . . . . BLANCHE DEYO

MANUEL . . . . . HARRY WALLACE

PEDRO . . . . . ALMON KNOWLES

DUENA TO MARGARITA. . . . . MISS FORD

Chorus of Market People, Vaqueros, Senoritas, Rurales, Peons,
Haciendados, Caballeros and Revolutionists.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES.

ACT I.- The Market Square of a Mexican Town. Early Morning.

ACT II.- The Patio of the Hacienda of Rodrigo Cortinez. Noon of the Next Day.

ACT III.- The Borda Gardens on the Night of a Fiesta.

Produced under the direction of. . . . . MR. R. H. BURNSIDE

Music under the direction of. . . . . MR. HERMAN PERLET

Assistant Stage director . . . . . MR. H. A. CRIPPS

Stage Manager. . . . . MR. J. K. ADAMS

Business representative for Sam S. and Lee Shubert. . . . . MR. D. W. TRUSS

Music arranged for orchestra by . . . . . MR. FRANK SADDLER

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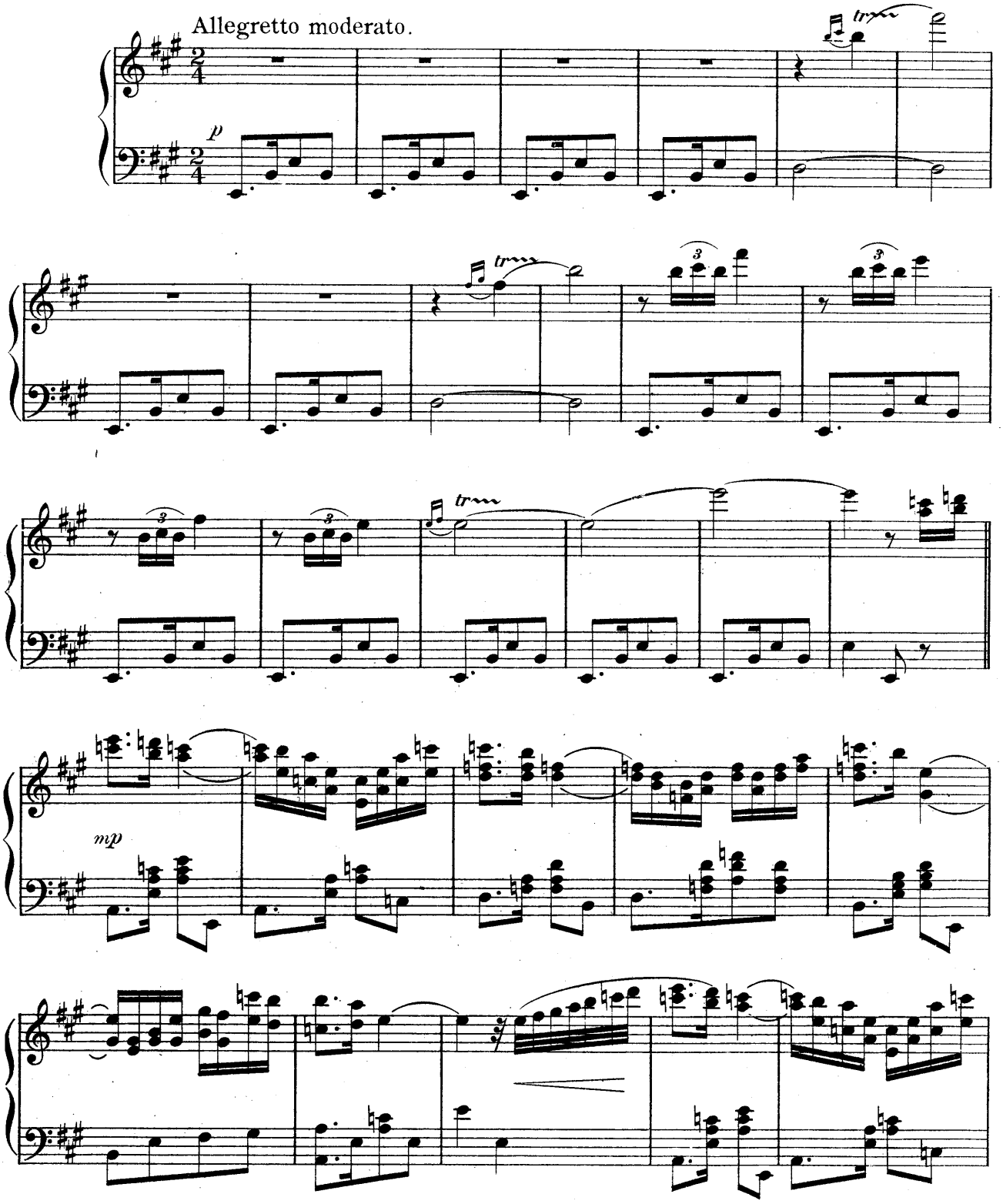
Mexicana.

Opening Chorus.

Lyrics by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

ACT I.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL



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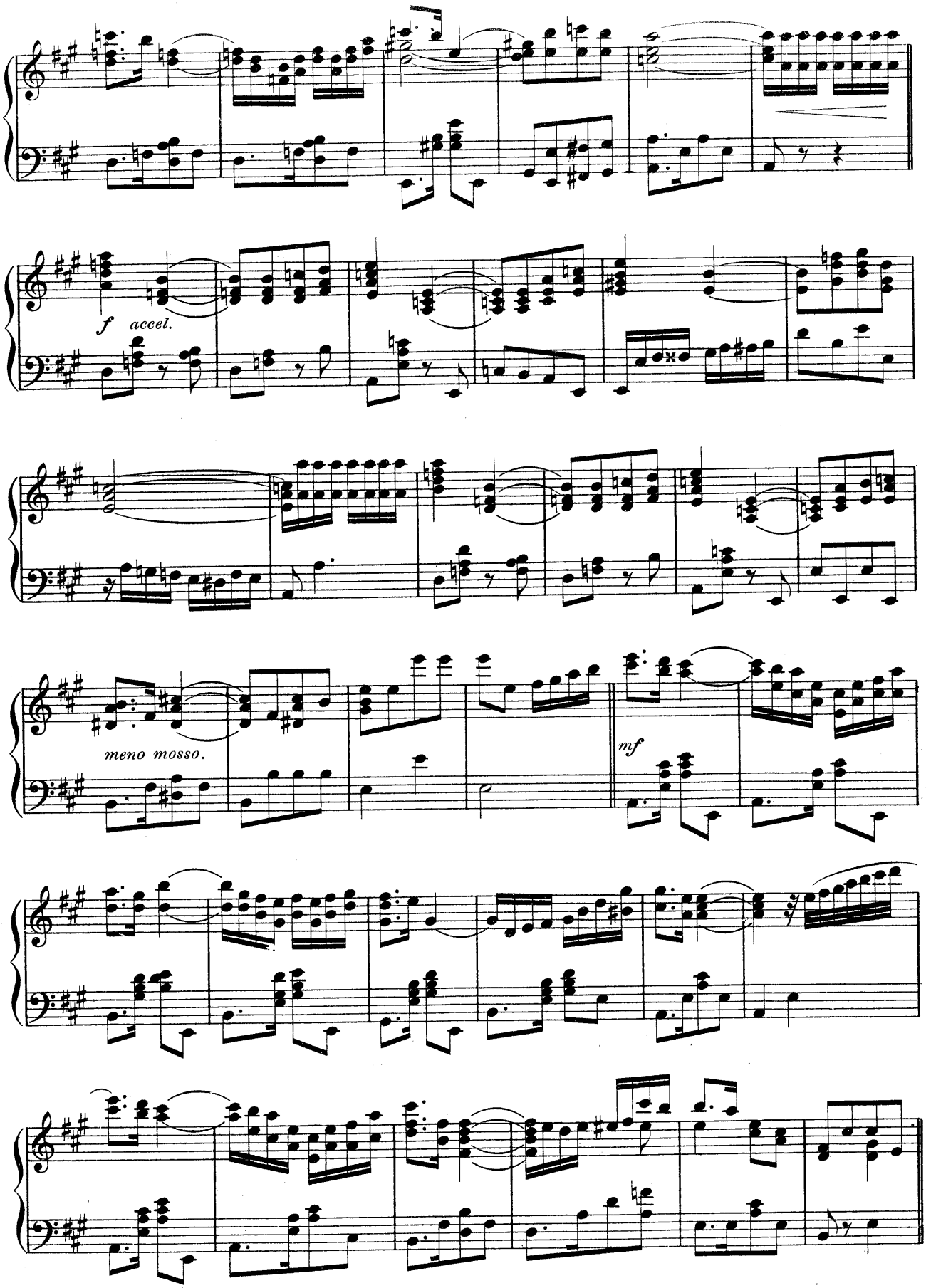

f accel.
meno mosso.
mf

1st RURALE.

2d RURALE.

Day-break and all is well, The ci - ty wakes and doffs its

sleep - ing spell.

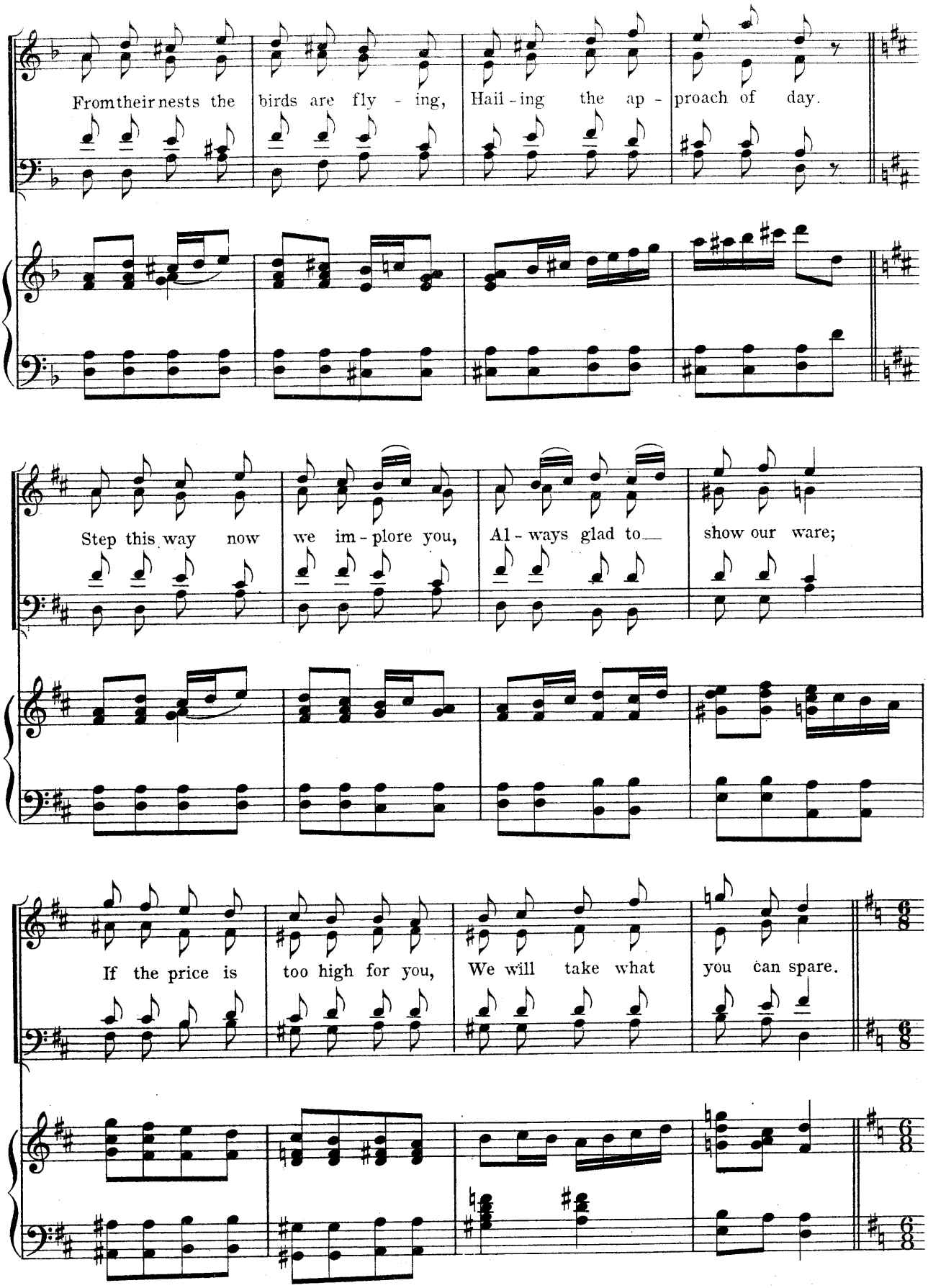
Allegro moderato.

f

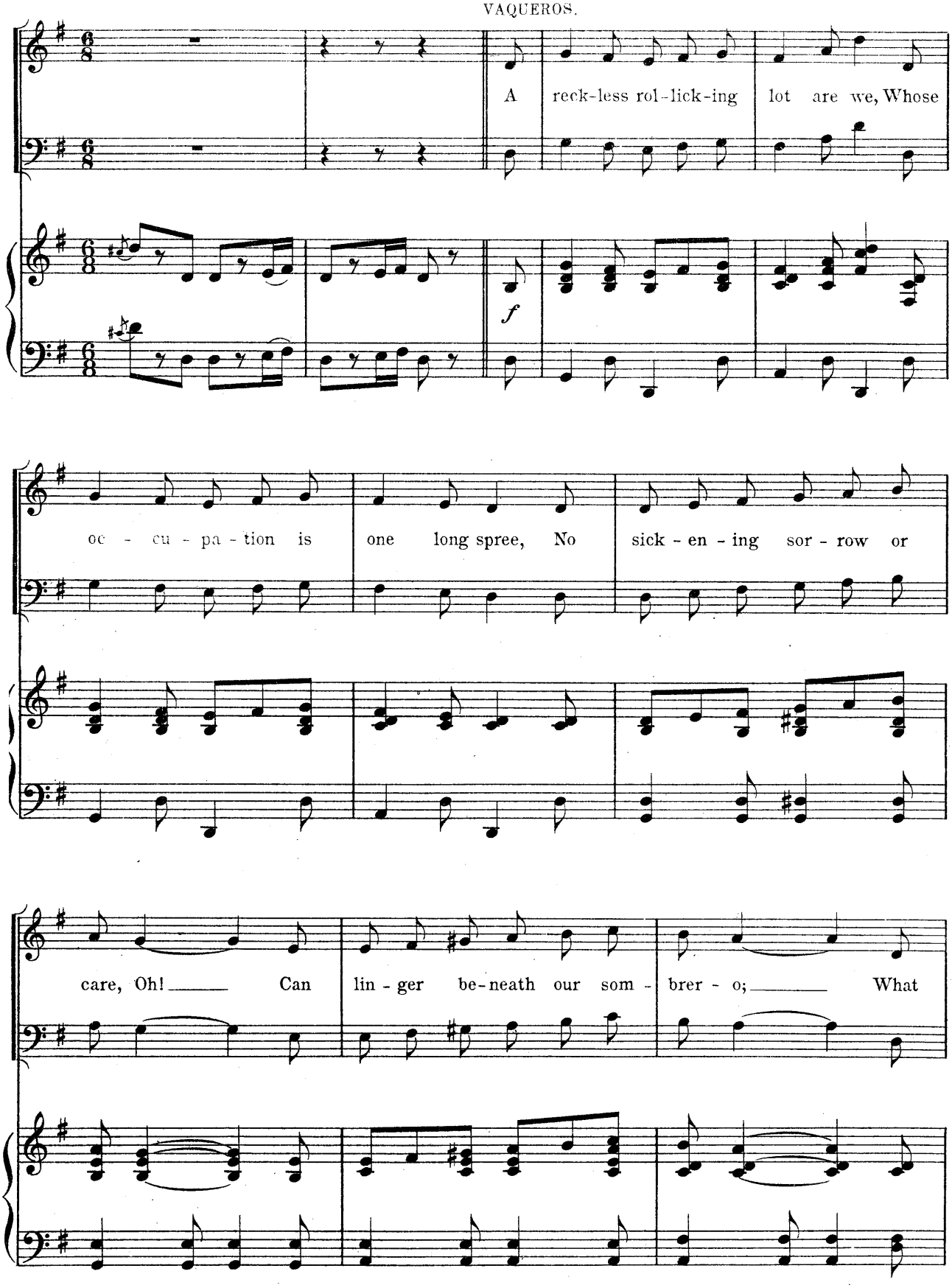
PEDDLERS.

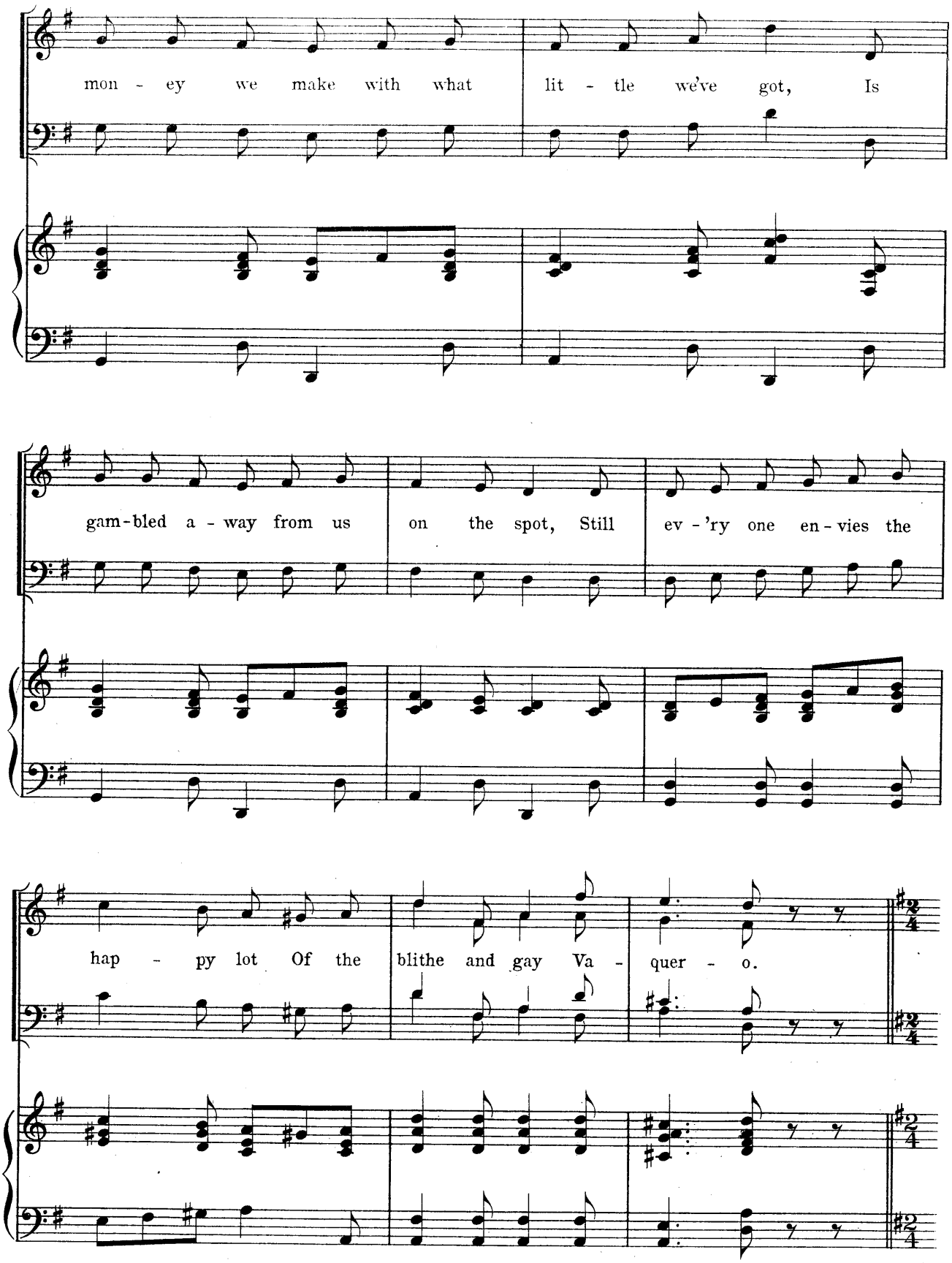
CHORUS.

Night is dy - ing, day is hie - ing, Mys - tic shad - ows fleet a - way,


From their nests the birds are fly - ing, Hail - ing the ap - proach of day.
Step this way now we im - plore you, Al - ways glad to show our ware;
If the price is too high for you, We will take what you can spare.

VAQUEROS.


A reck-less rol-lick-ing lot are we, Whose
f
oc - cu - pa - tion is one long spree, No sick - en - ing sor - row or
care, Oh! Can lin - ger be-neath our som - brer - o; What


mon - ey we make with what lit - tle we've got, Is
gam-bled a - way from us on the spot, Still ev - 'ry one en - vies the
hap - py lot Of the blithe and gay Va - quer - o.

OLLEROS.

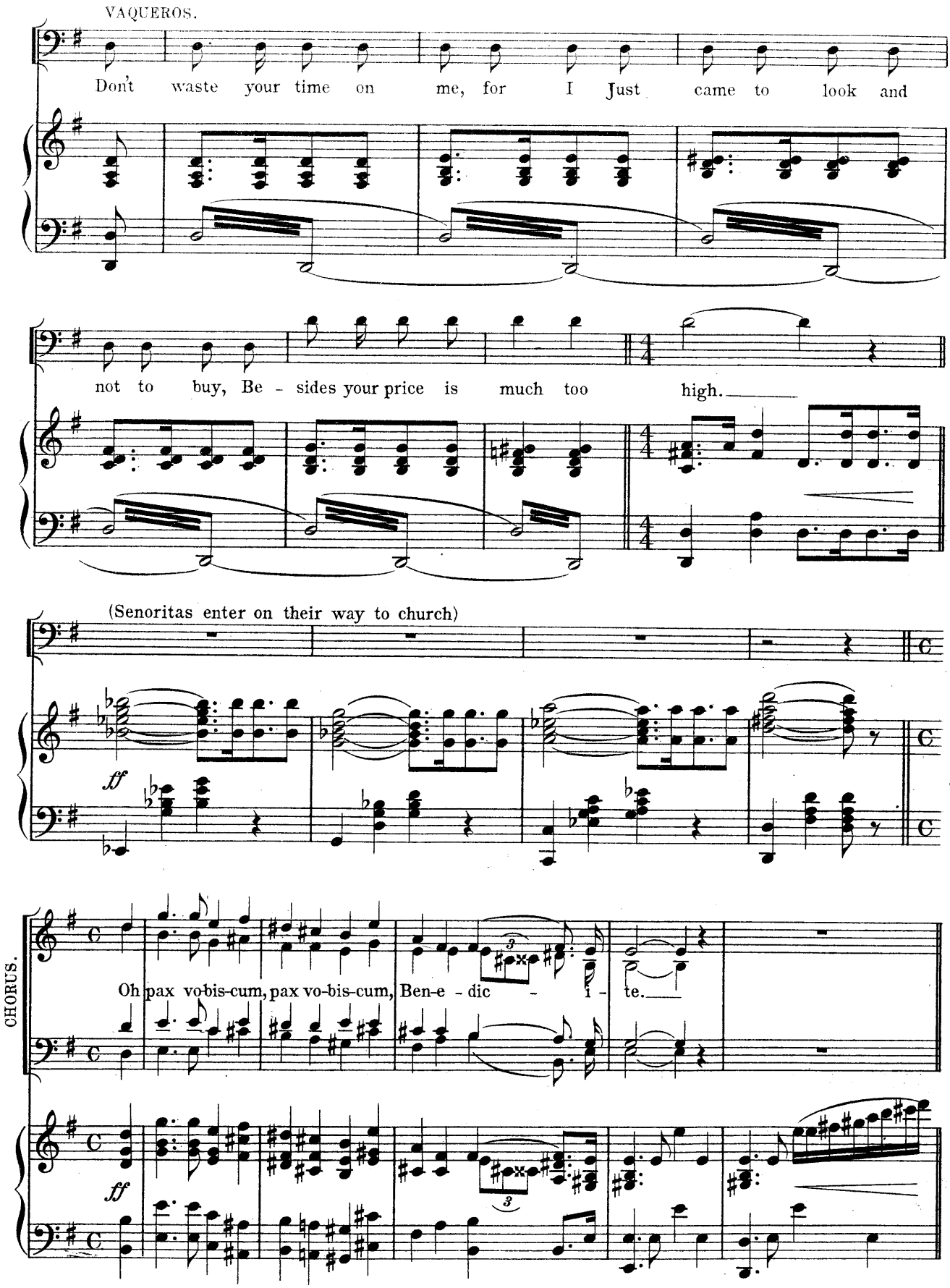
Pat - ro-nize the poor Ol - ler - o Wick - er ware and pot - ter - y.

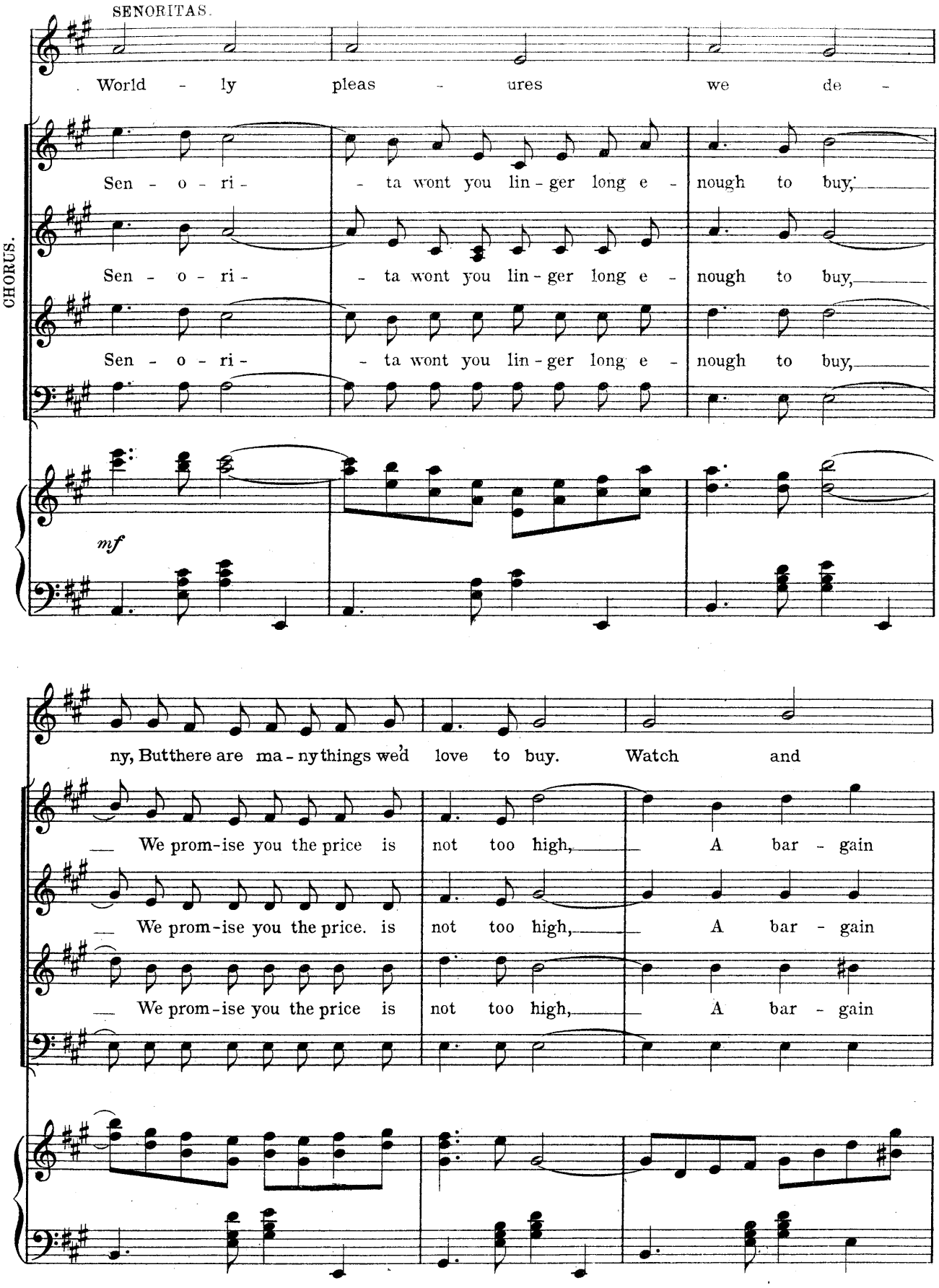
SOPRANOS.

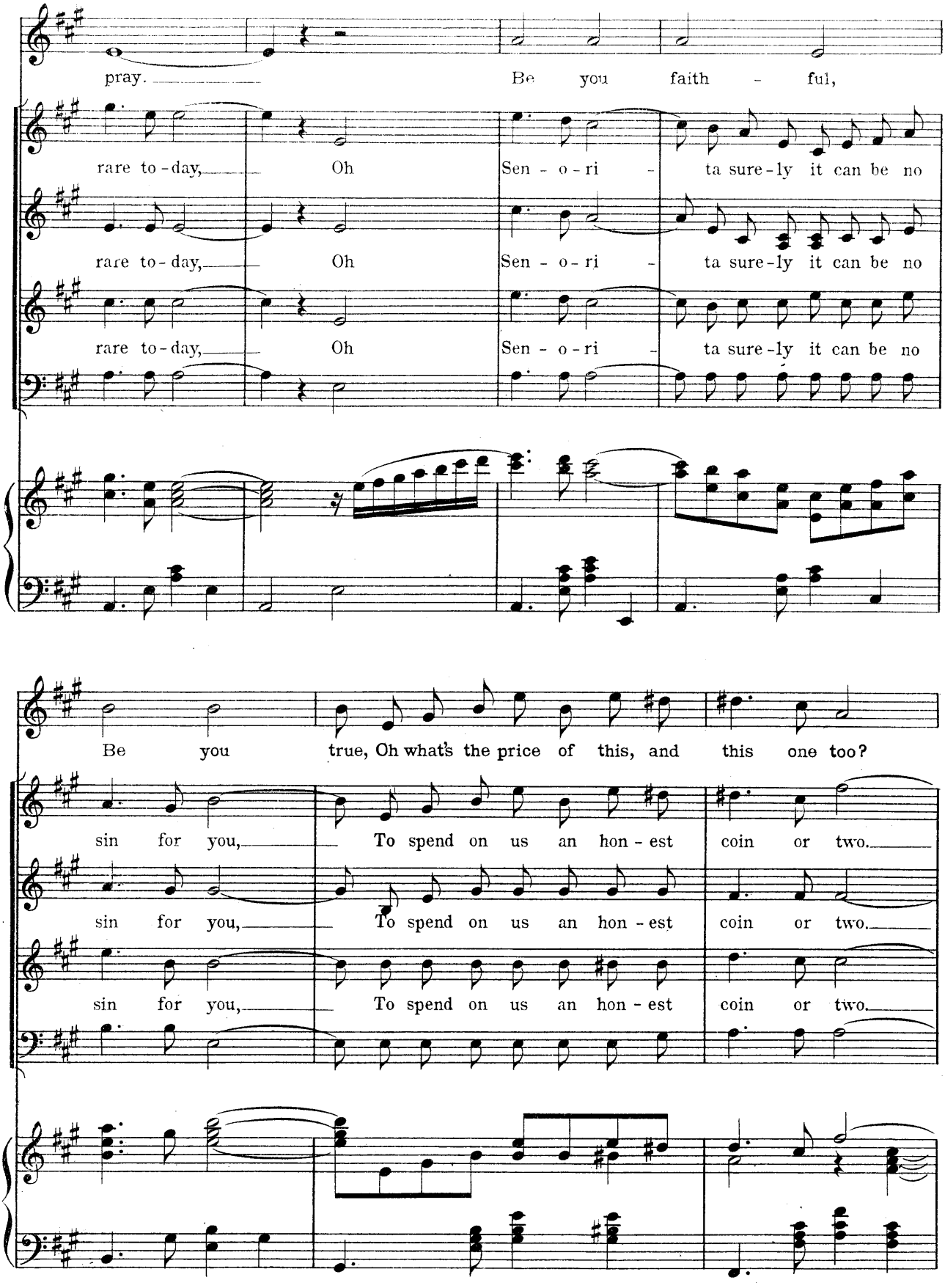
Luck to you Sig - nor Va - quer - o, Tick - ets for the Lot - ter - y.

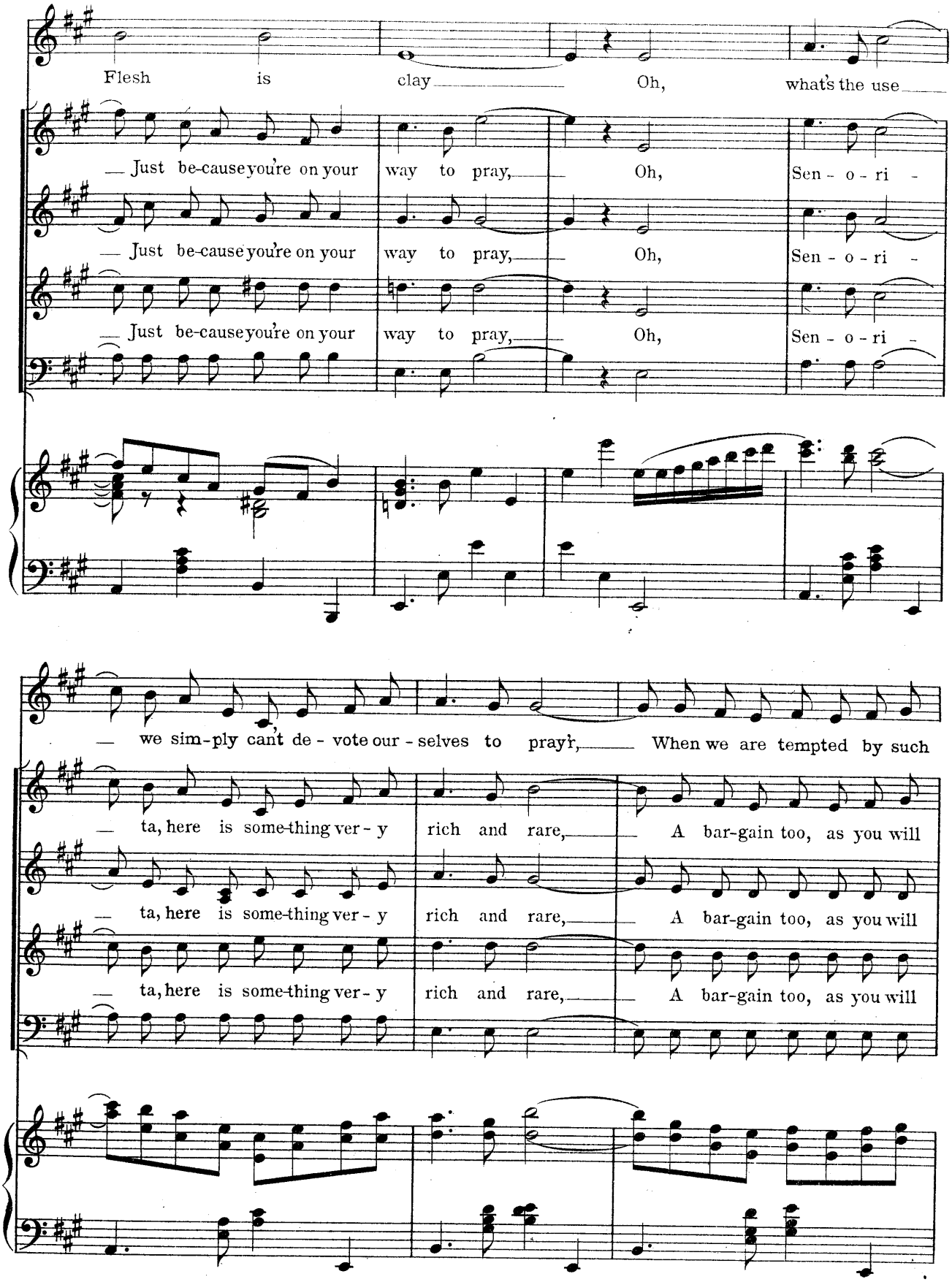
ALTOS.

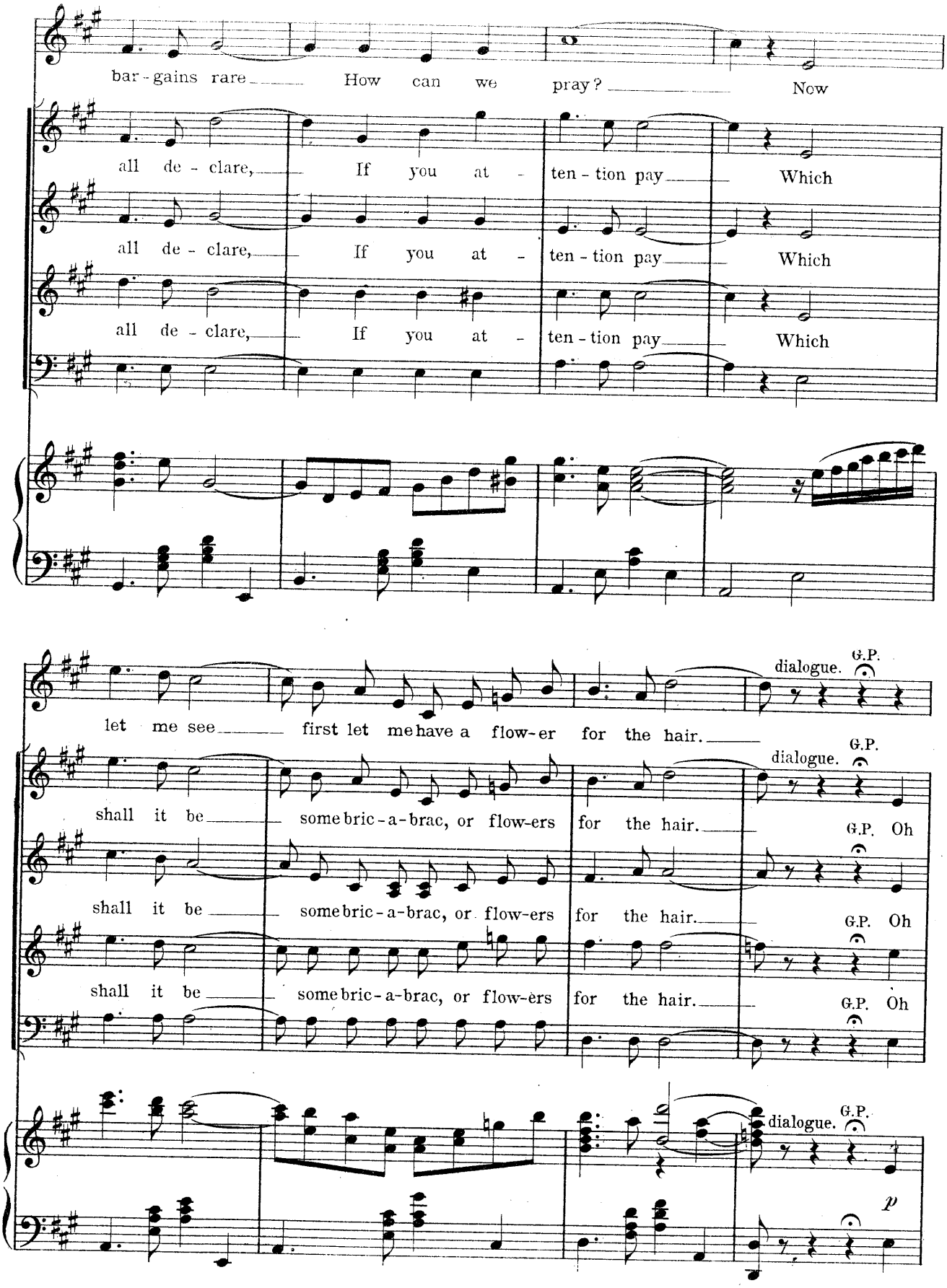
ff

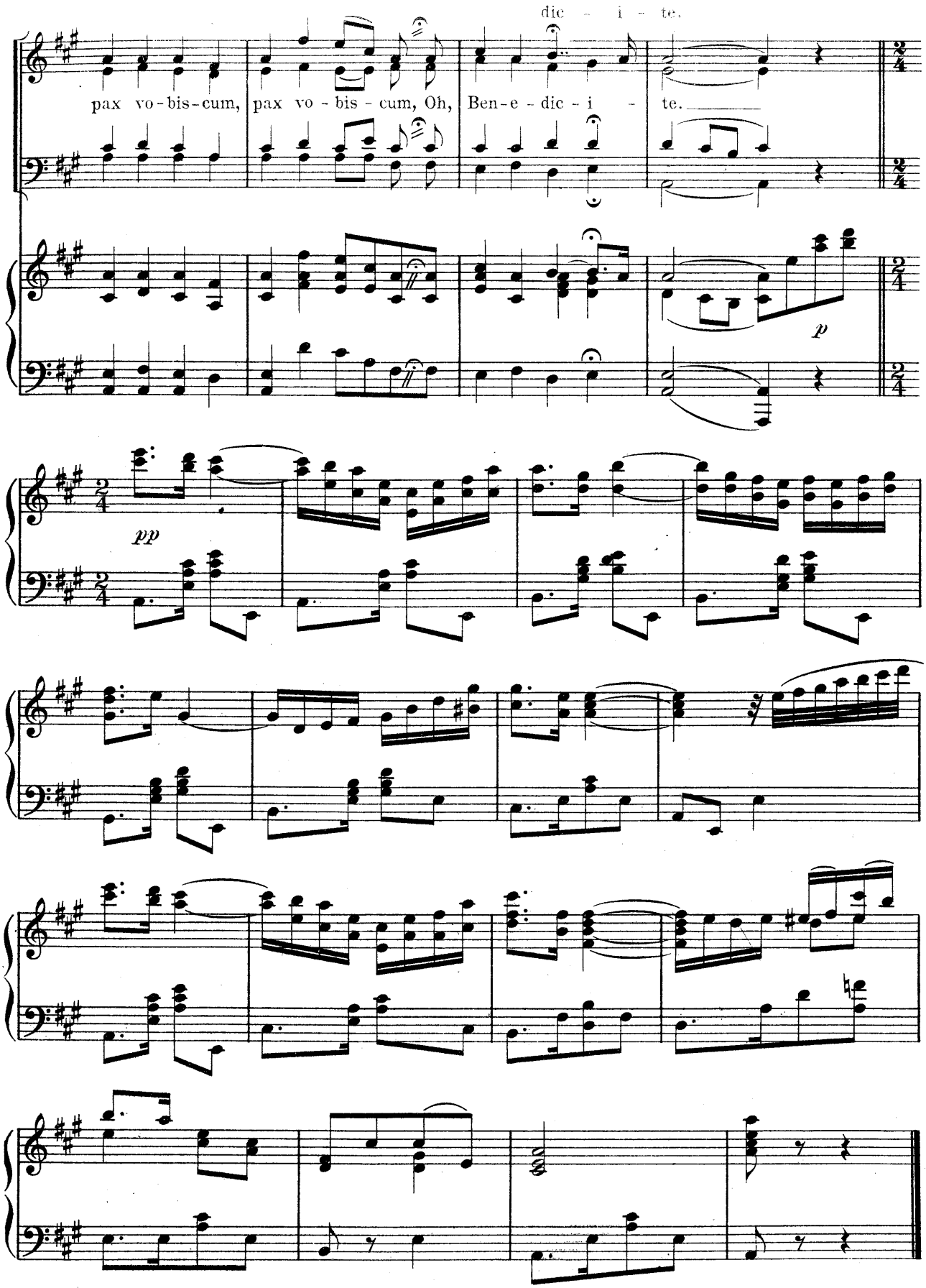

VAQUEROS.
Don't waste your time on me, for I Just came to look and
not to buy, Be - sides your price is much too high.
(Senoritas enter on their way to church)
ff
CHORUS.
Oh pax vo-bis-cum, pax vo-bis-cum, Ben-e - dic - i - te.
ff


SENORITAS.
World - ly pleas - ures we de -
CHORUS.
Sen - o - ri - - ta wont you lin - ger long e - nough to buy,
Sen - o - ri - - ta wont you lin - ger long e - nough to buy,
Sen - o - ri - - ta wont you lin - ger long e - nough to buy,
mf
ny, Butthere are ma - ny things we'd love to buy. Watch and
We prom - ise you the price is not too high, A bar - gain
We prom - ise you the price. is not too high, A bar - gain
We prom - ise you the price is not too high, A bar - gain


pray.
Be you faith - ful,
rare to-day,
Oh
Sen - o - ri -
ta sure-ly it can be no
rare to-day,
Oh
Sen - o - ri -
ta sure-ly it can be no
rare to-day,
Oh
Sen - o - ri -
ta sure-ly it can be no
Be you true, Oh what's the price of this, and this one too?
sin for you,
To spend on us an hon - est coin or two.
sin for you,
To spend on us an hon - est coin or two.
sin for you,
To spend on us an hon - est coin or two.


Flesh is clay Oh, what's the use
— Just be-cause you're on your way to pray, Oh, Sen - o - ri -
— Just be-cause you're on your way to pray, Oh, Sen - o - ri -
— Just be-cause you're on your way to pray, Oh, Sen - o - ri -
— we sim-ply can't de - vote our - selves to pray'r, When we are tempted by such
— ta, here is some-thing ver - y rich and rare, A bar-gain too, as you will
— ta, here is some-thing ver - y rich and rare, A bar-gain too, as you will
— ta, here is some-thing ver - y rich and rare, A bar-gain too, as you will

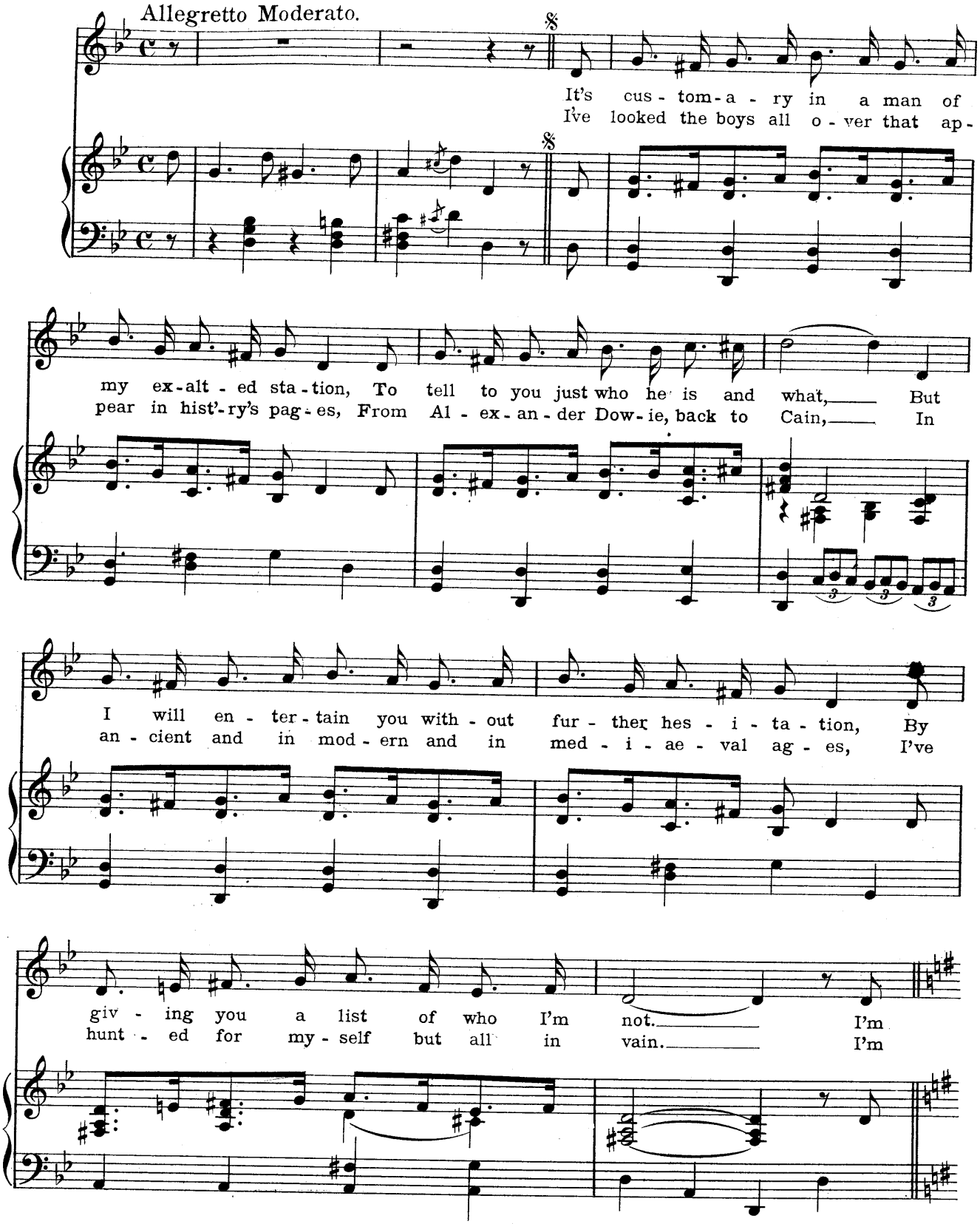

bar - gains rare How can we pray? Now
all de - clare, If you at - ten - tion pay Which
all de - clare, If you at - ten - tion pay Which
all de - clare, If you at - ten - tion pay Which
let me see first let me have a flow-er for the hair.
dialogue. G.P.
shall it be some bric - a - brac, or flow-ers for the hair.
dialogue. G.P.
shall it be some bric - a - brac, or flow-ers for the hair.
G.P. Oh
shall it be some bric - a - brac, or flow-ers for the hair.
G.P. Oh
dialogue. G.P.
p


dic - i - te.
pax vo-bis-cum, pax vo - bis - cum, Oh, Ben-e - dic - i - te.
p
pp

No 2. How Do You Account For That?

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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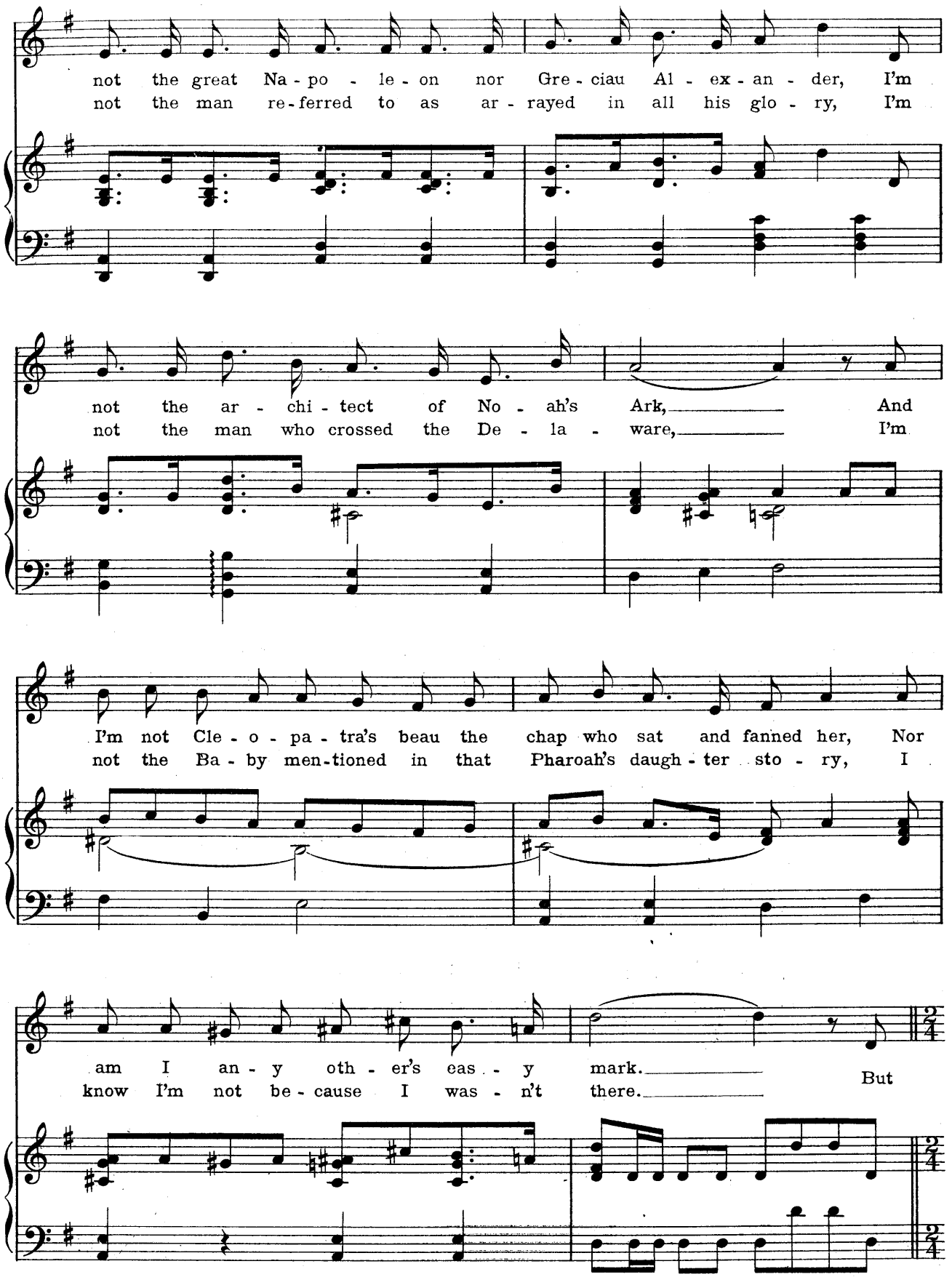
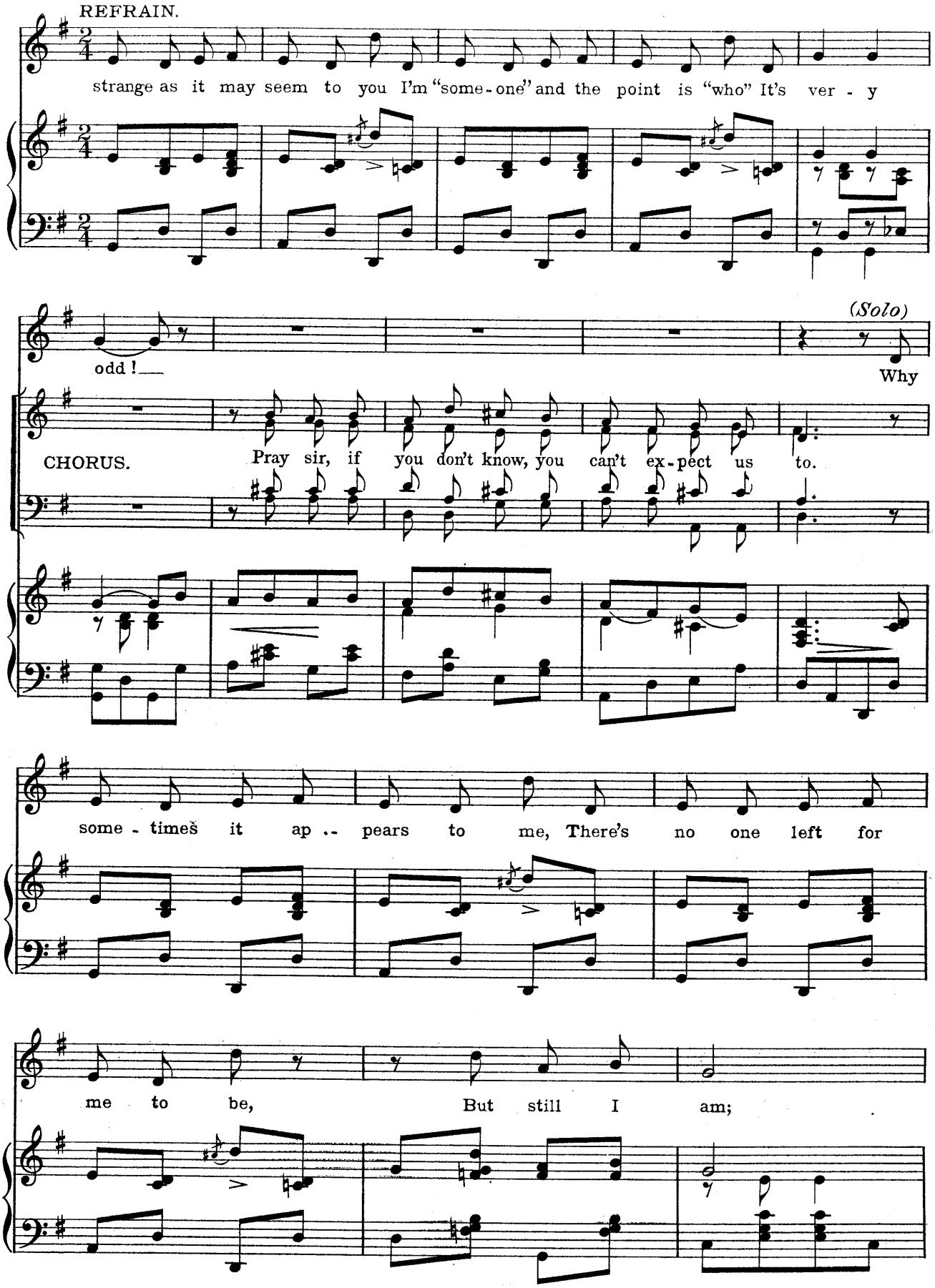
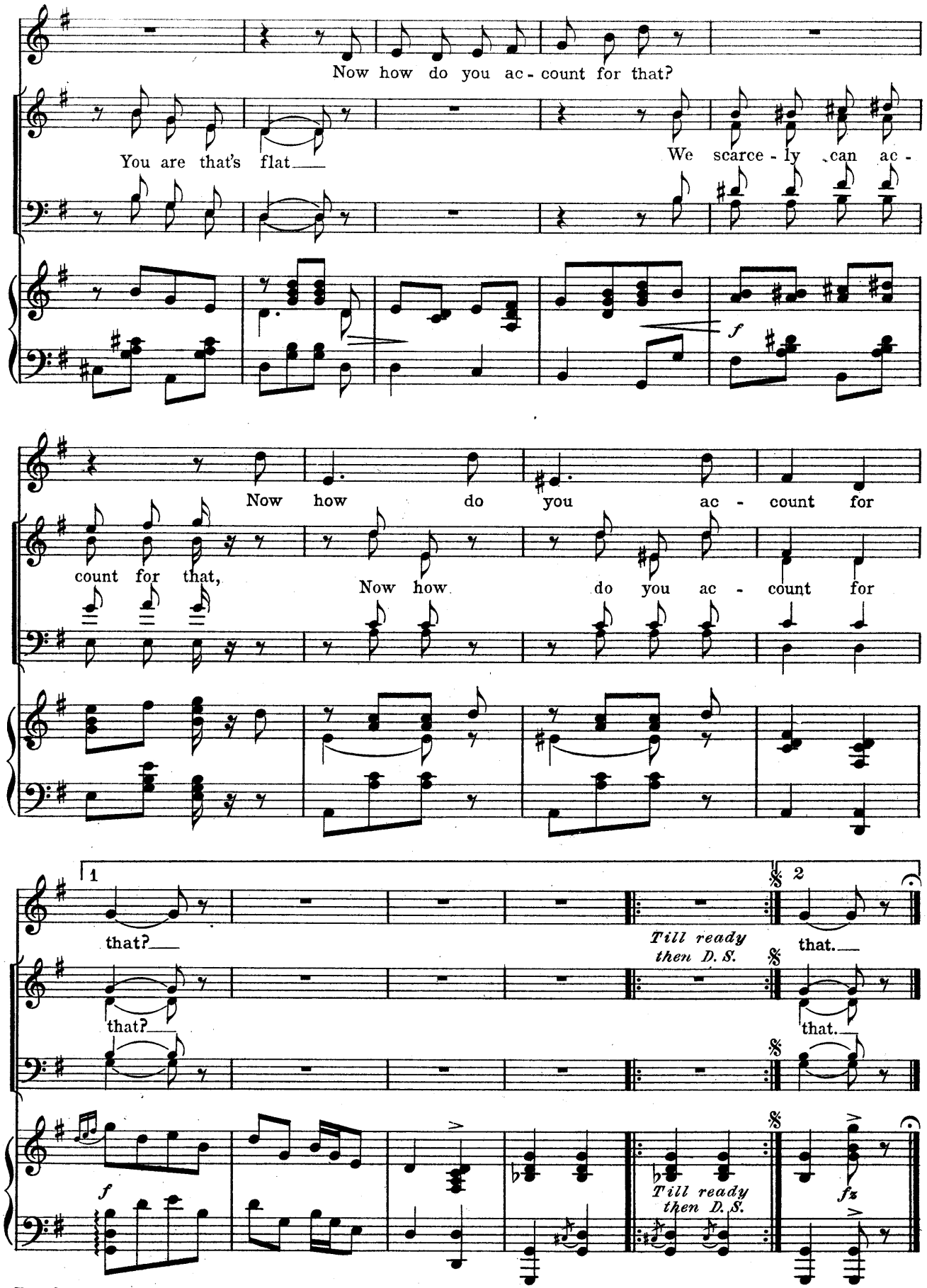

not the great Na - po - le - on nor Gre - ciau Al - ex - an - der, I'm
not the man re - ferred to as ar - rayed in all his glo - ry, I'm
not the ar - chi - tect of No - ah's Ark, And
not the man who crossed the De - la - ware, I'm
I'm not Cle - o - pa - tra's beau the chap who sat and fanned her, Nor
not the Ba - by men - tioned in that Pharoah's daugh - ter sto - ry, I
am I an - y oth - er's eas - y mark. But
know I'm not be - cause I was - n't there.


REFRAIN.
strange as it may seem to you I'm "some-one" and the point is "who" It's ver - y
odd!
(Solo)
Why
CHORUS.
Pray sir, if you don't know, you can't ex-pect us to.
some - times it ap -- pears to me, There's no one left for
me to be, But still I am;

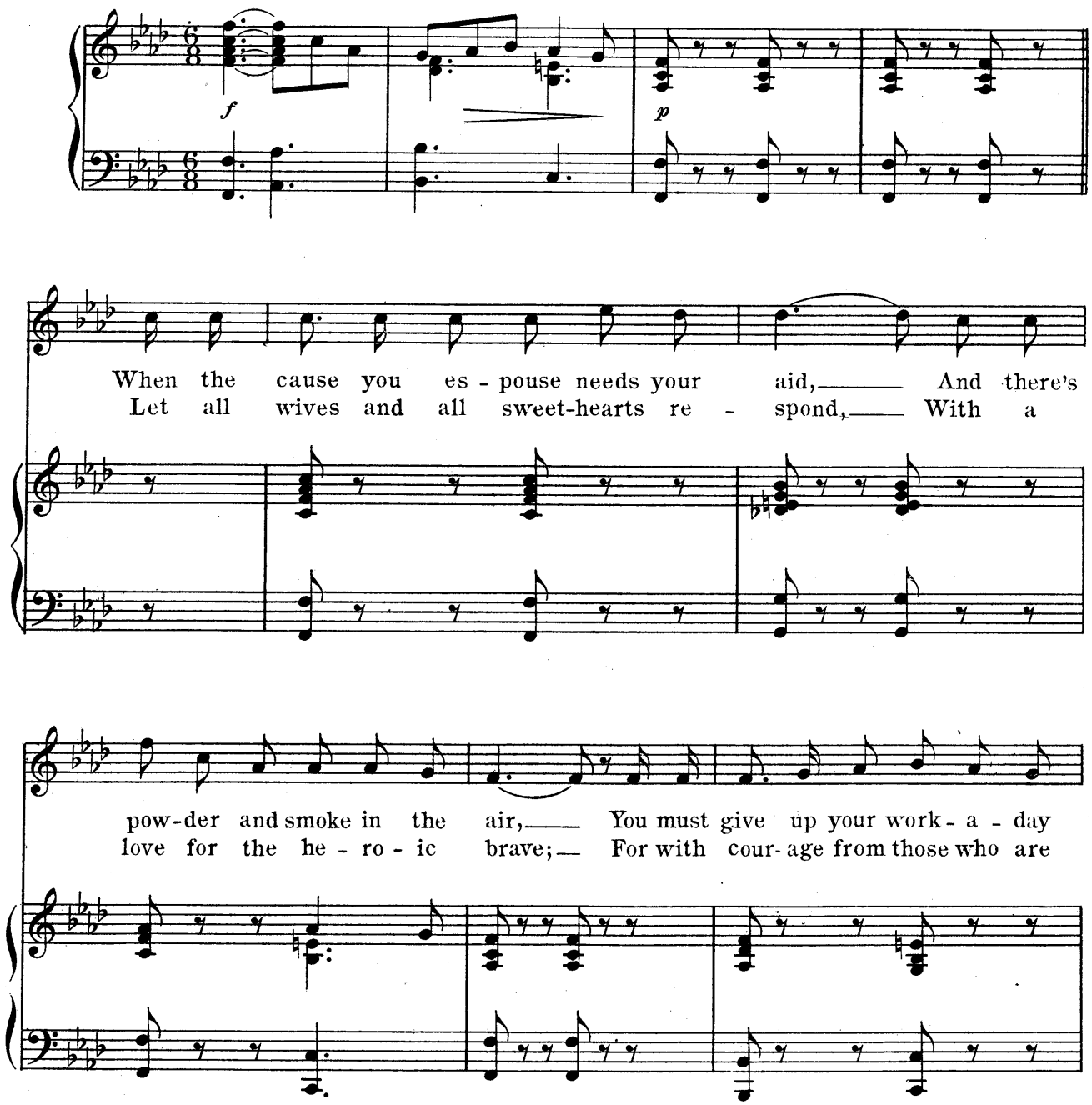

Now how do you ac - count for that?
You are that's flat
We scarce - ly can ac -
f
Now how do you ac - count for
count for that,
Now how do you ac - count for
1
that?
that?
2
that.
that.
Till ready then D. S.
Till ready then D. S.
f
fz

No. 3. United We Stand.

Rodrigo and Chorus.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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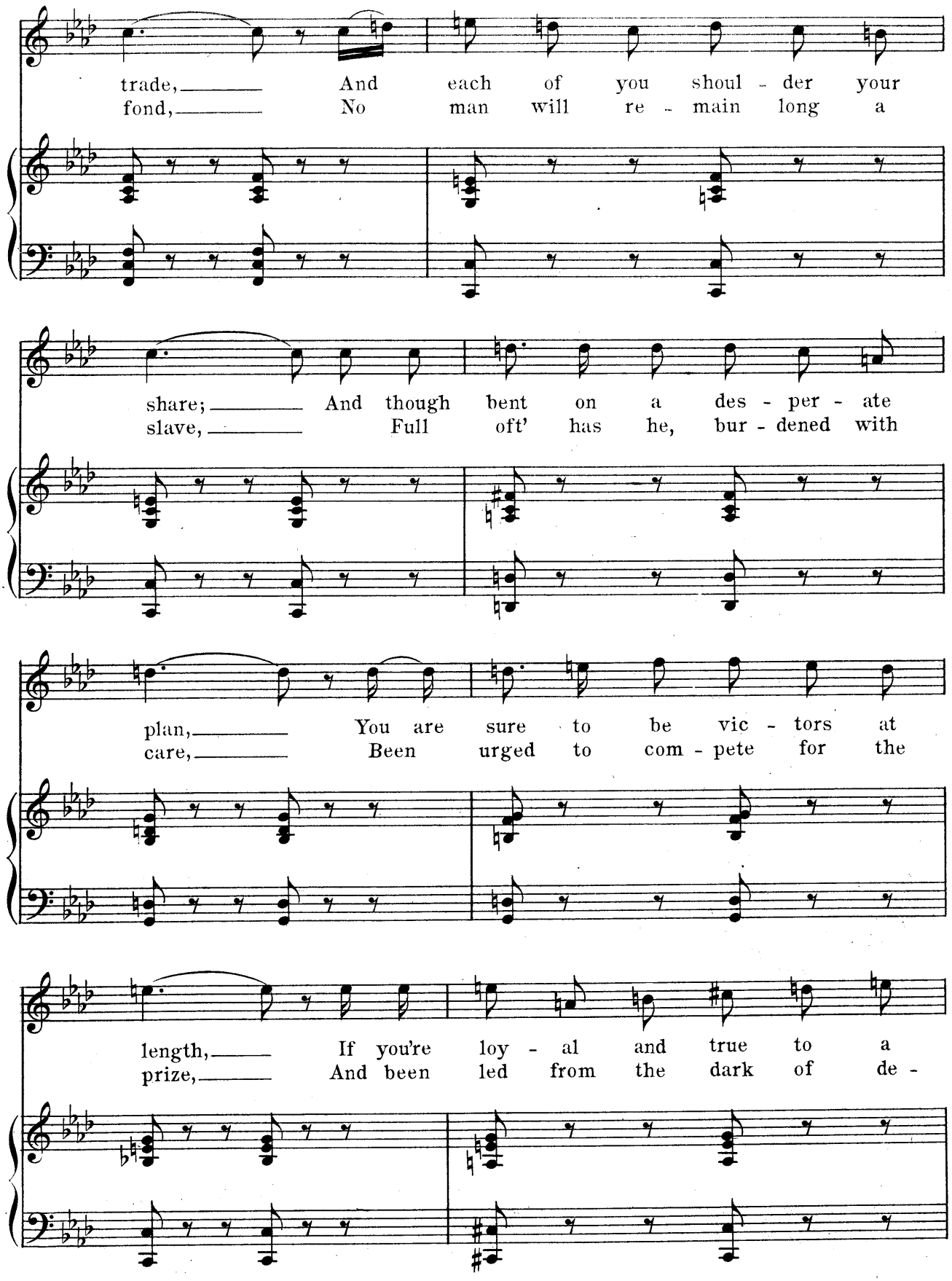
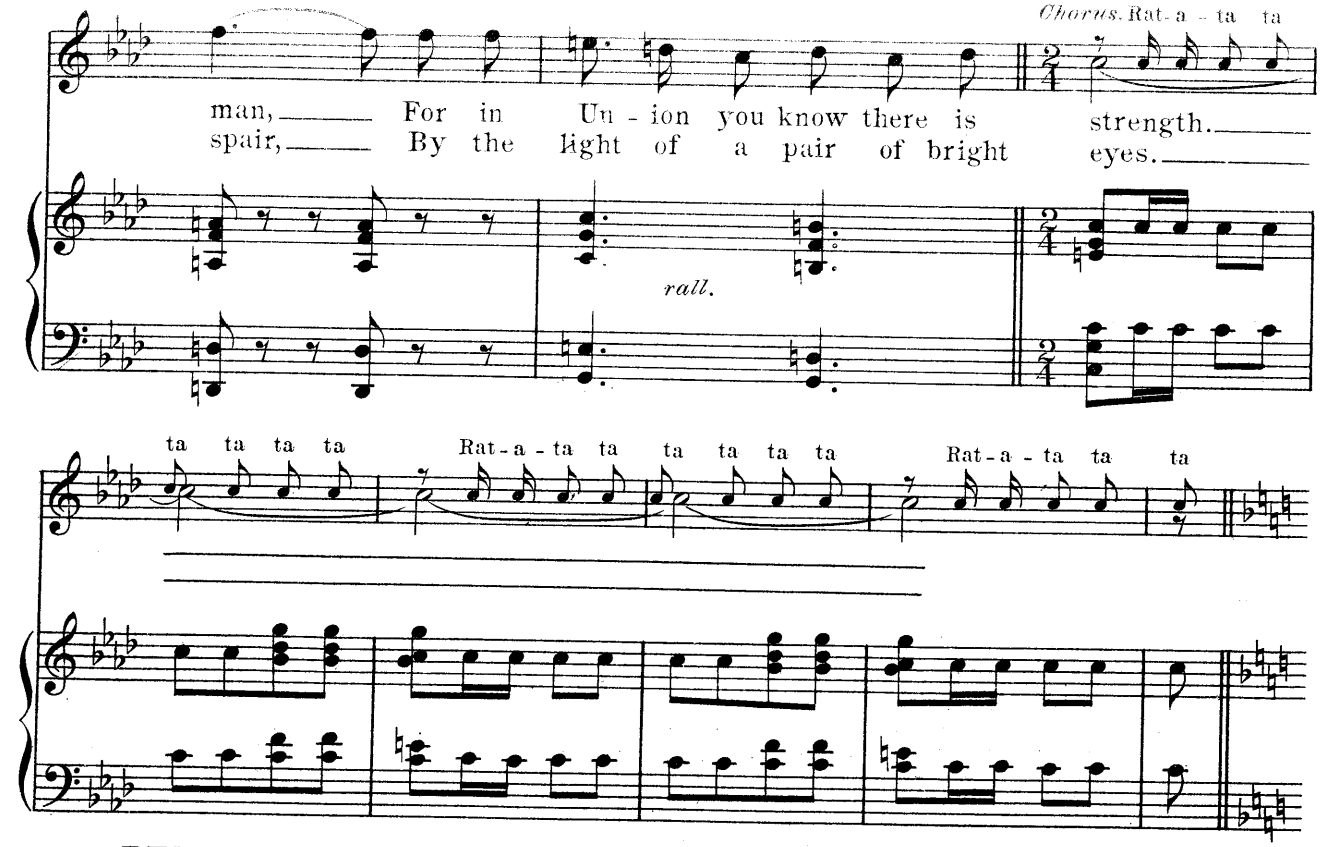
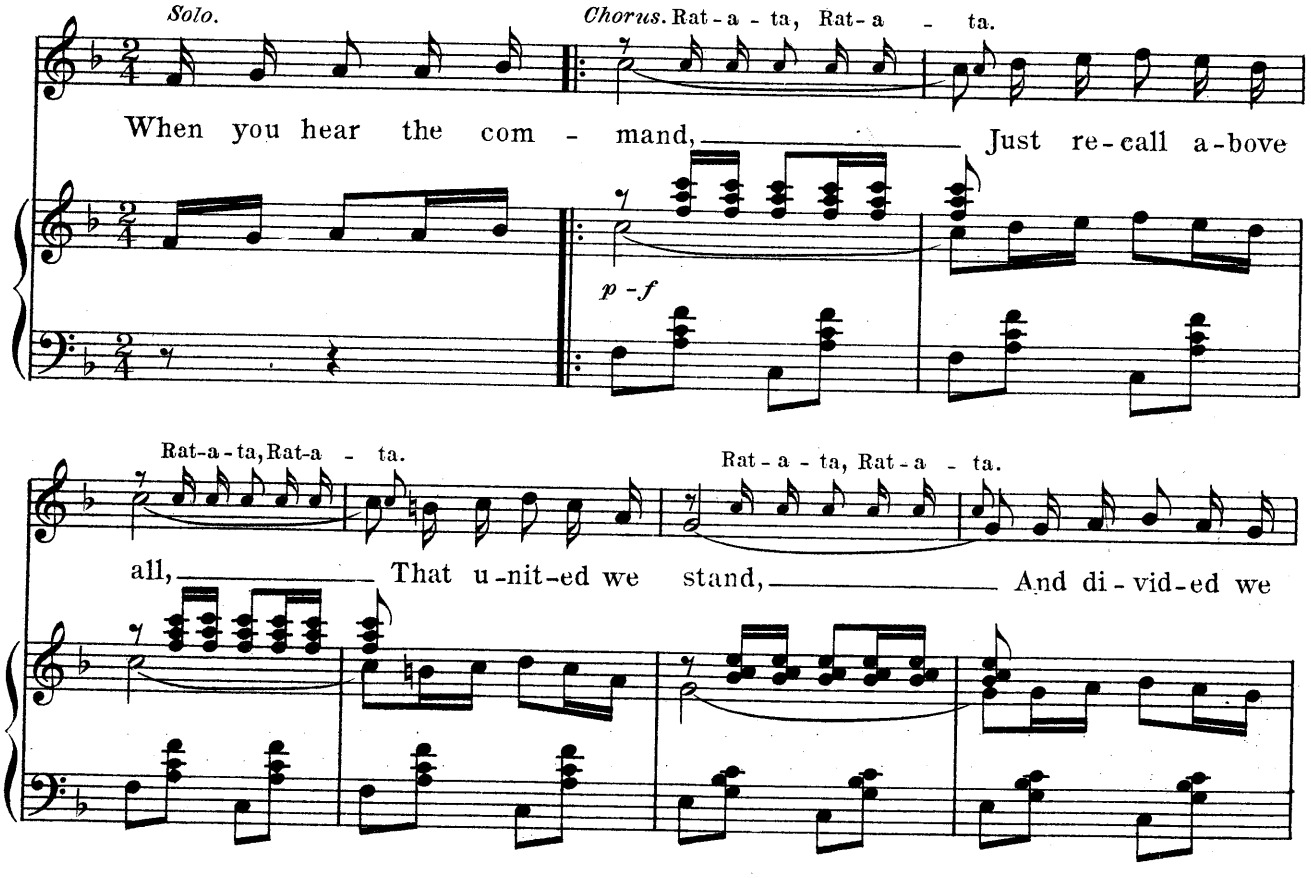
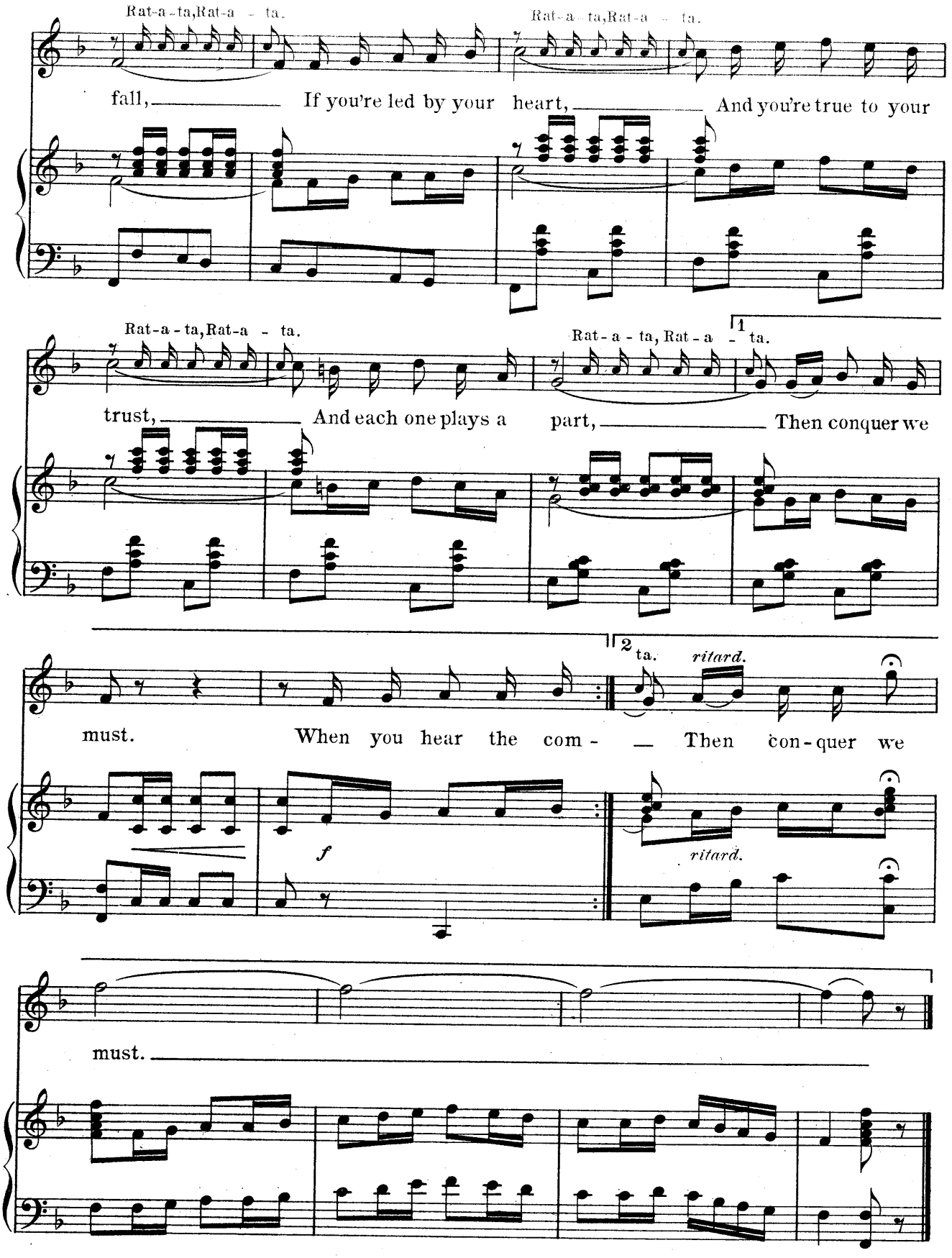

trade, And each of you shoul - der your
fond, No man will re - main long a
share; And though bent on a des - per - ate
slave, Full oft' has he, bur - dened with
plan, You are sure to be vic - tors at
care, Been urged to com - pete for the
length, If you're loy - al and true to a
prize, And been led from the dark of de -


Chorus. Rat-a - ta ta
man, For in Un - ion you know there is strength.
spair, By the light of a pair of bright eyes.
rall.
ta ta ta ta
Rat-a - ta ta
ta ta ta ta
Rat-a - ta ta ta

REFRAIN.


Solo.
Chorus. Rat-a - ta, Rat-a - ta.
When you hear the com - mand, Just re-call a-bove
p - f
Rat-a-ta, Rat-a - ta.
Rat-a - ta, Rat-a - ta.
all, That u-nit-ed we stand, And di-vid-ed we



United we stand.4.

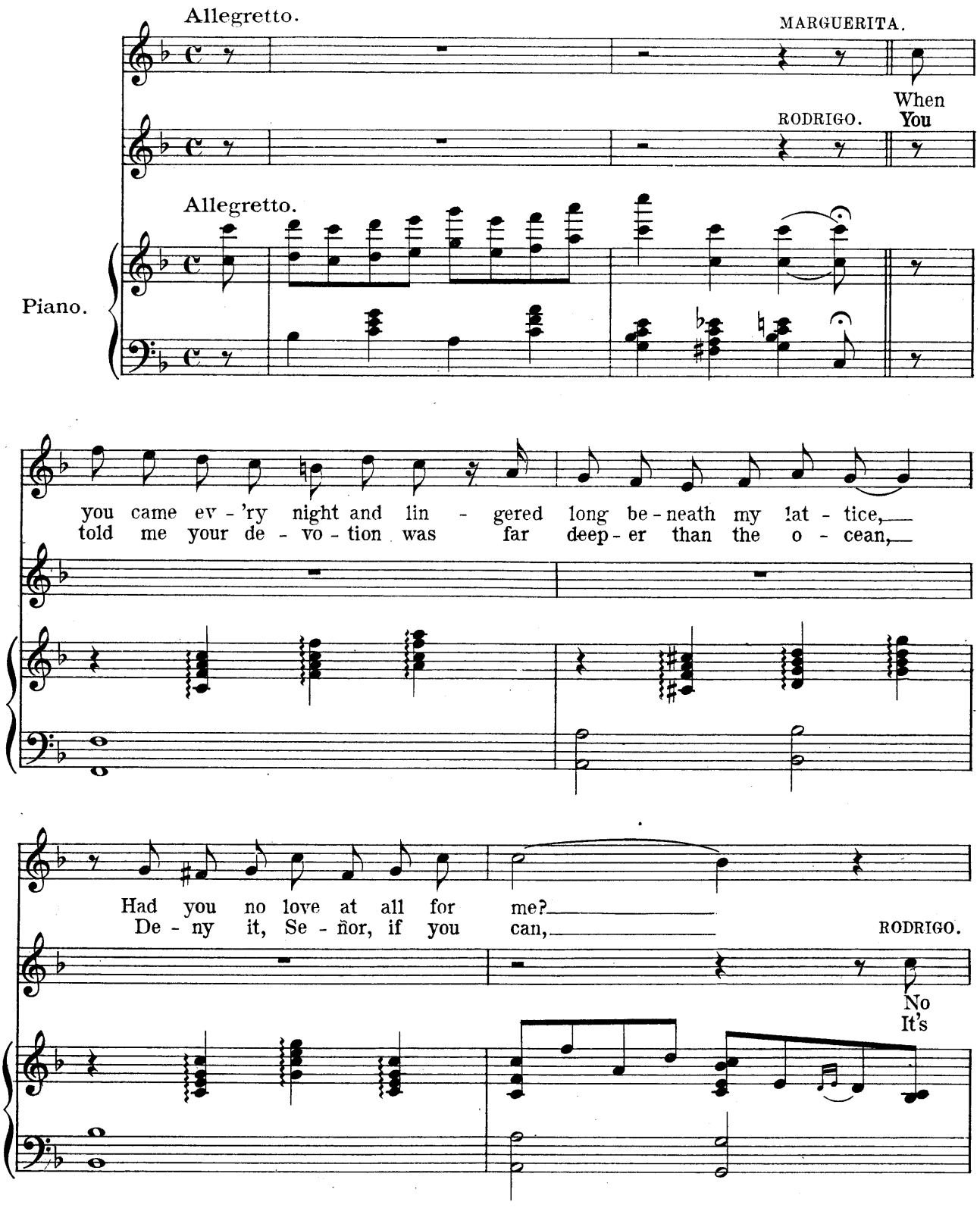
No 4. Take Care- Señor.

DUET.

Marguerita & Rodrigo.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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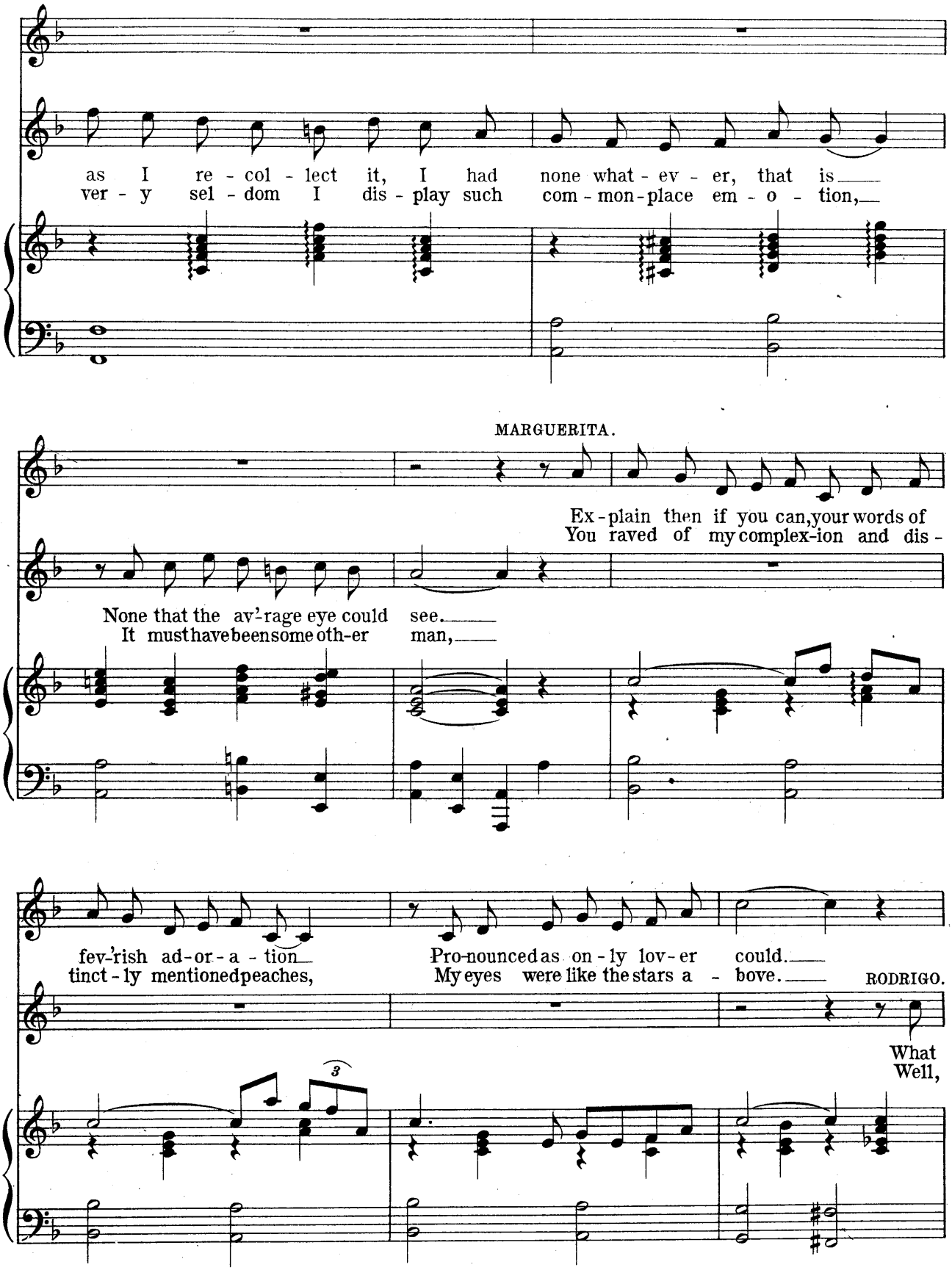
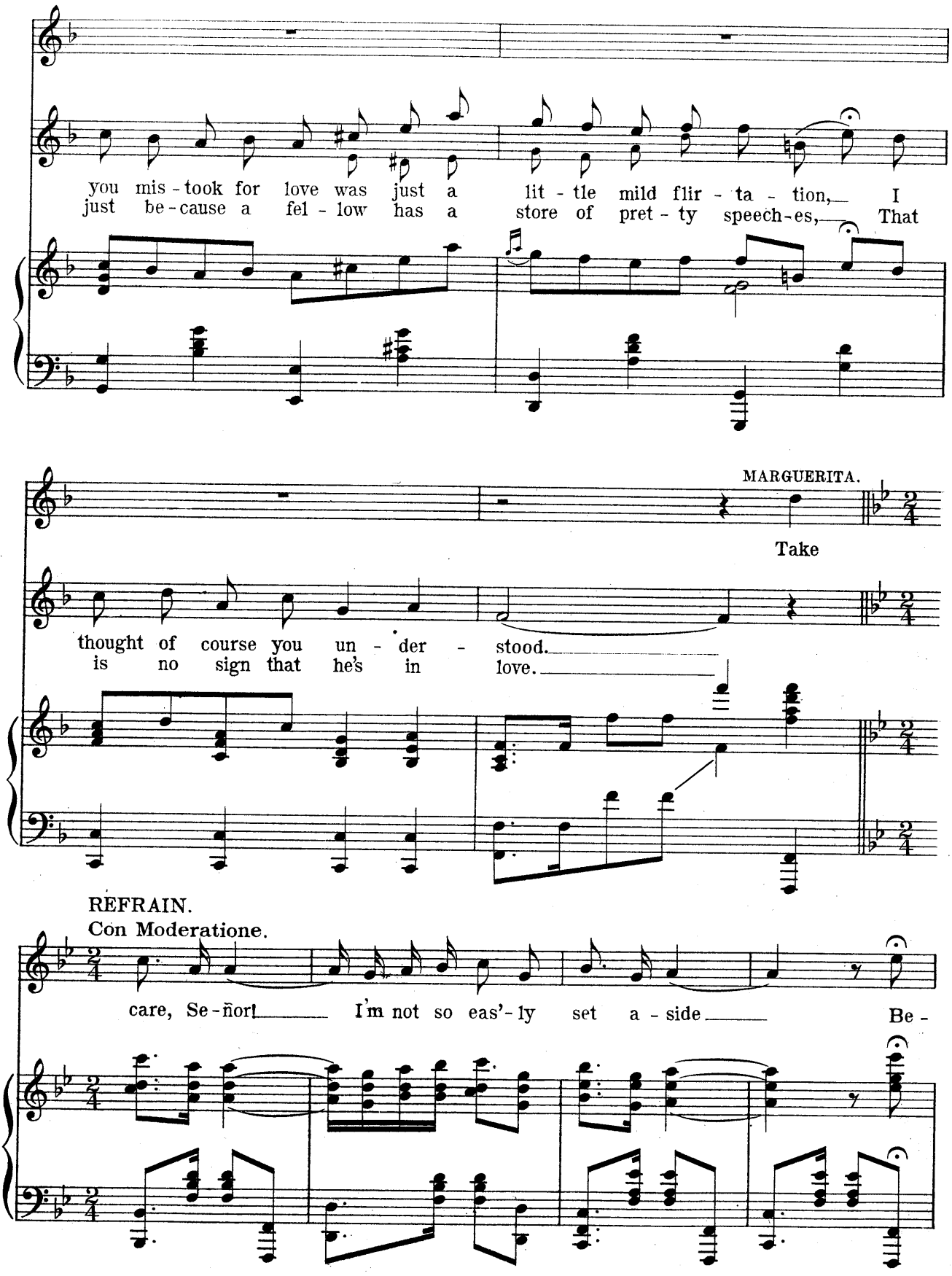
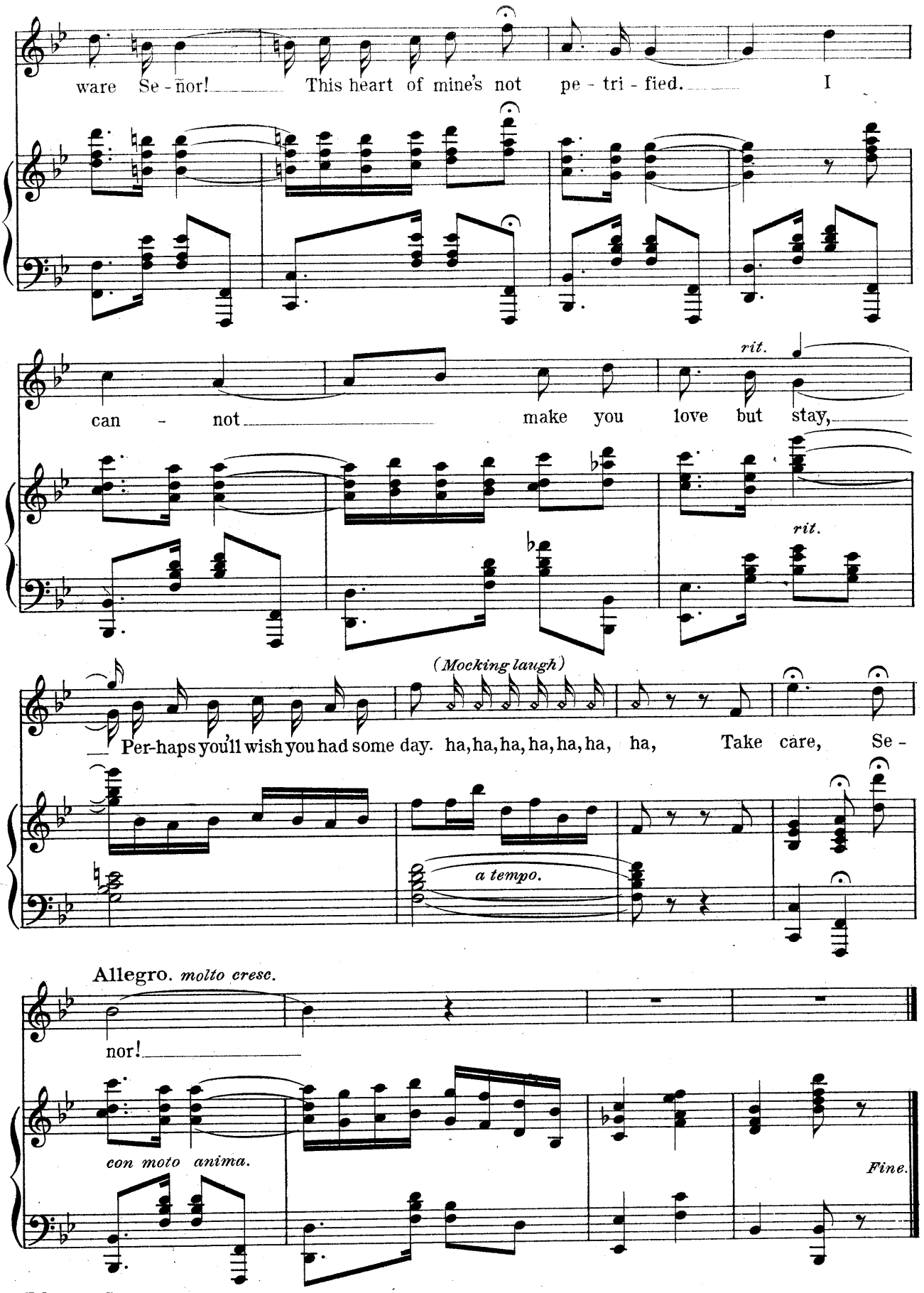


Take care Senor. 4


you mis - took for love was just a lit - tle mild flir - ta - tion, I
just be - cause a fel - low has a store of pret - ty speech - es, That
MARGUERITA.
Take
thought of course you un - der - stood.
is no sign that he's in love.
REFRAIN.
Con Moderatione.
care, Se - ñor! I'm not so eas' - ly set a - side Be -

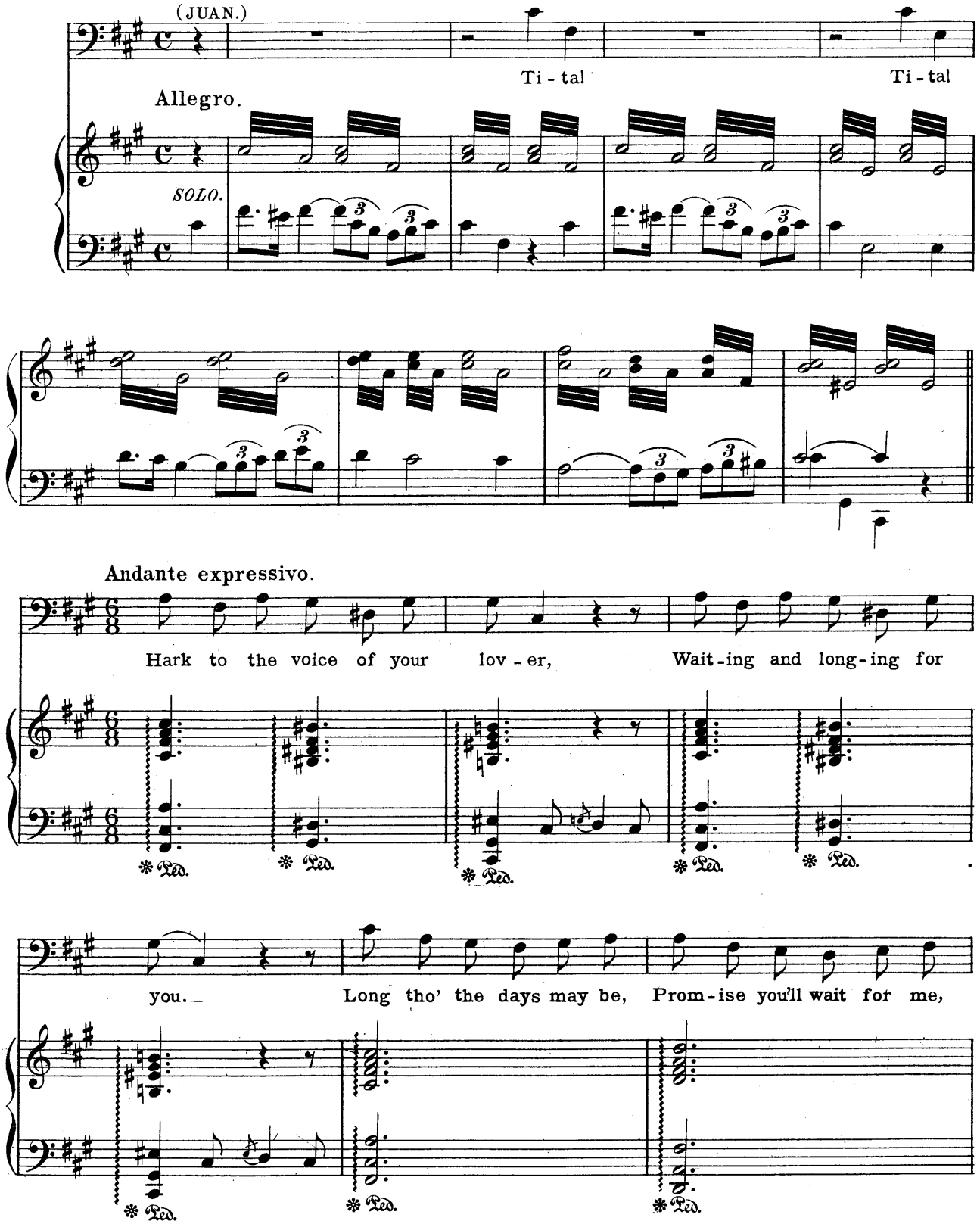

ware Se - ñor! This heart of mine's not pe - tri - fied. I
can - not make you love but stay,
rit.
rit.
(Mocking laugh)
Per-haps you'll wish you had some day. ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Take care, Se -
a tempo.
Allegro. molto cresc.
nor!
con moto anima.
Fine.

No 5a Hark to the Voice of your Lover.

(JUAN.)
AND ENTRANCE OF TITA.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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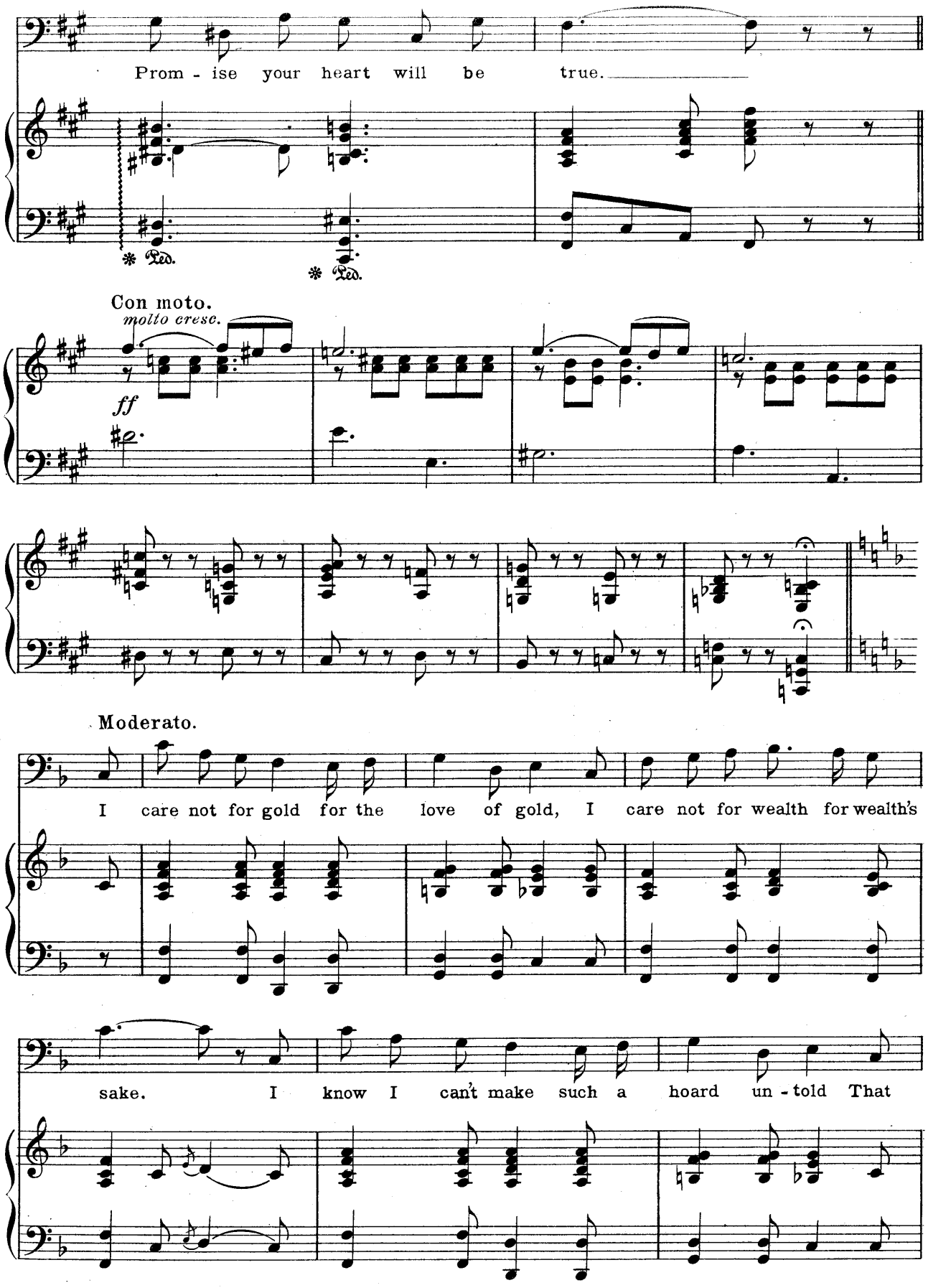
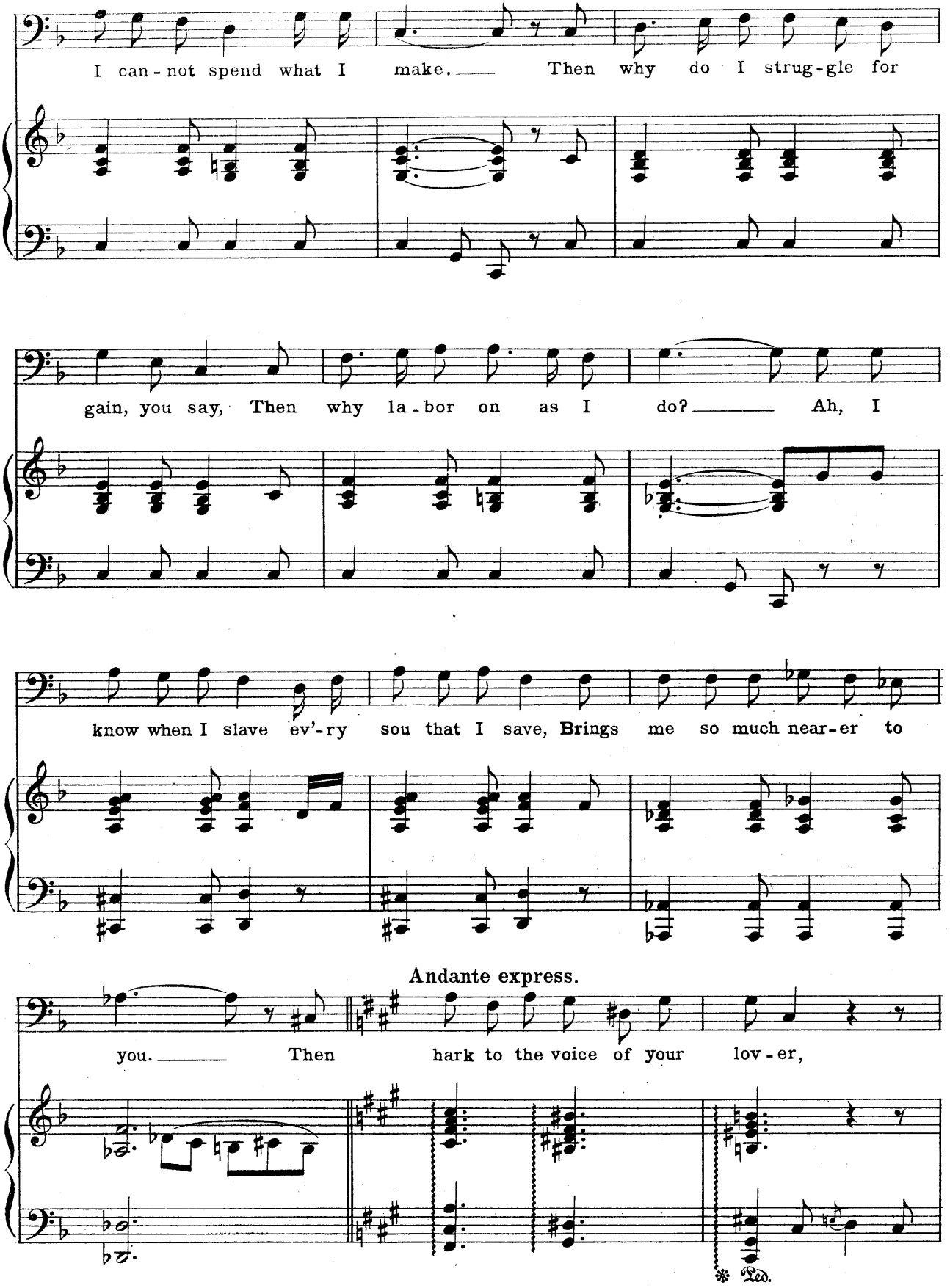
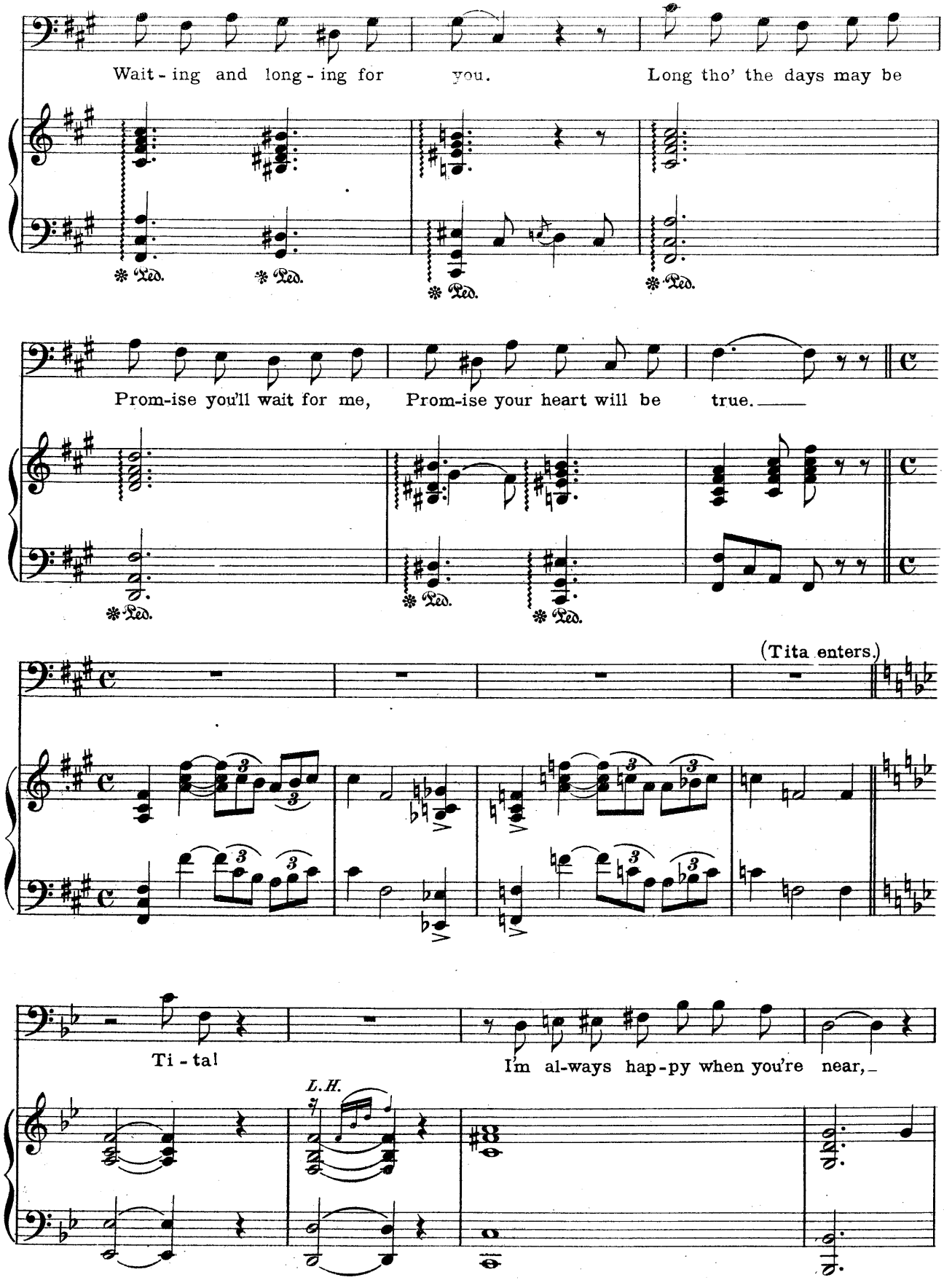
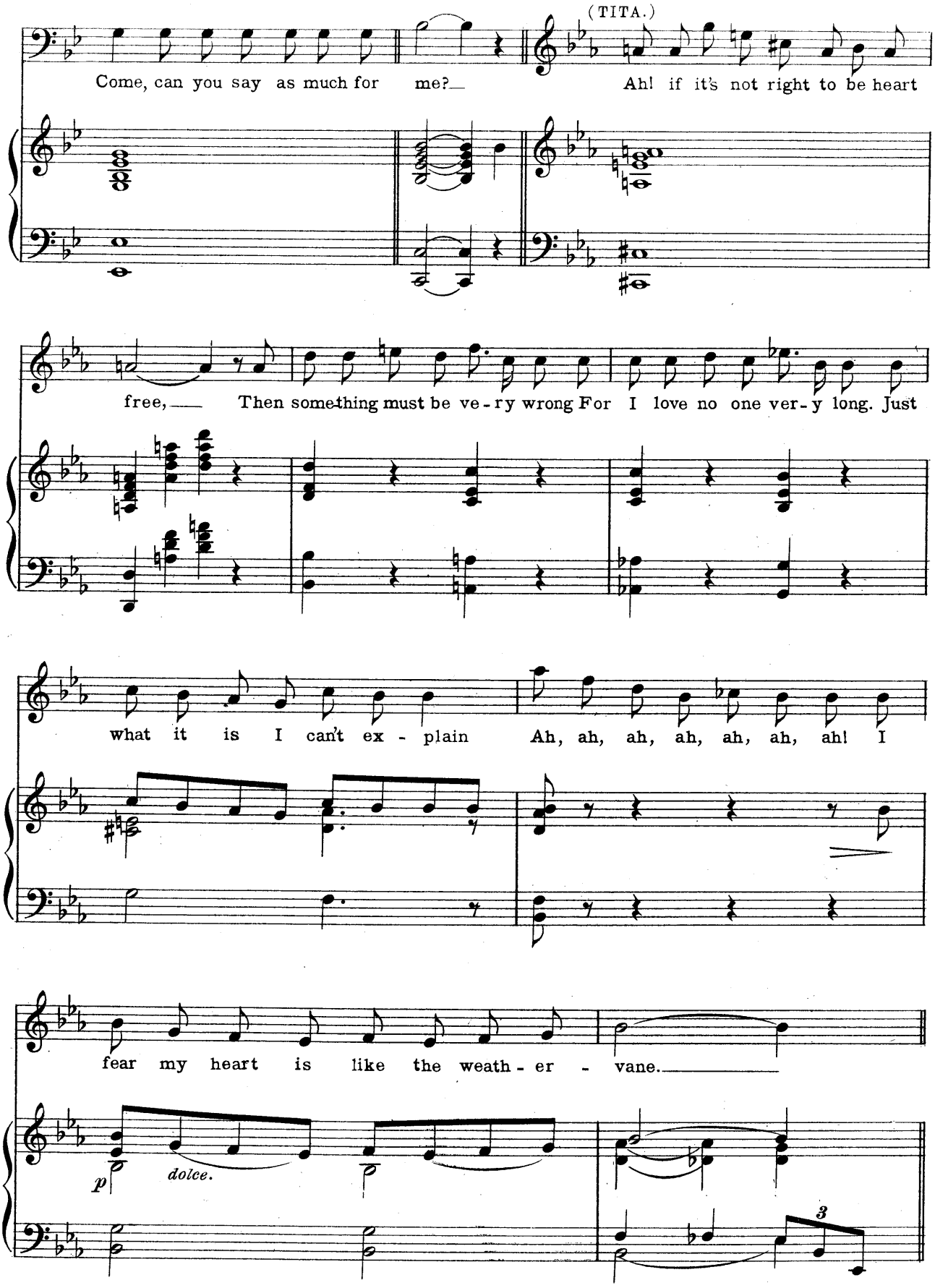

Prom - ise your heart will be true.
Ped.
Ped.
Con moto.
molto cresc.
ff
Moderato.
I care not for gold for the love of gold, I care not for wealth for wealth's
sake. I know I can't make such a hoard un - told That


I can-not spend what I make. Then why do I strug-gle for
gain, you say, Then why la-bor on as I do? Ah, I
know when I slave ev'-ry sou that I save, Brings me so much near-er to
Andante express.
you. Then hark to the voice of your lov-er,
Ped.


Wait - ing and long - ing for you. Long tho' the days may be
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
Prom-ise you'll wait for me, Prom-ise your heart will be true.
Ped. Ped. Ped.
(Tita enters.)
Ti - ta!
I'm al-ways hap-py when you're near,
L.H.

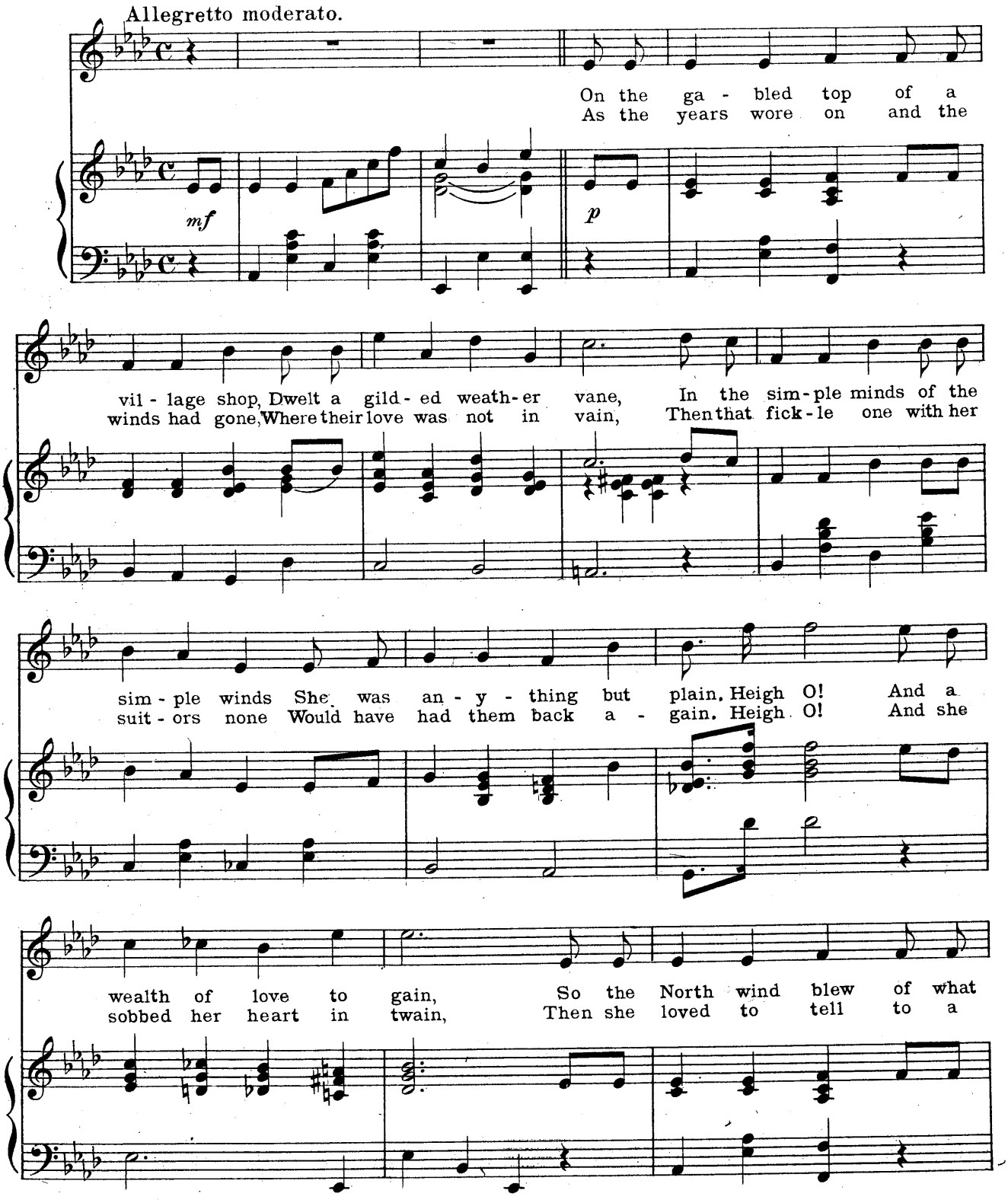

(TITA.)
Come, can you say as much for me?
Ah! if it's not right to be heart
free,
Then something must be ve-ry wrong For I love no one ver-y long. Just
what it is I can't ex-plain
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! I
fear my heart is like the weath-er-vane.
p
dolce.
3

No 5b The Fickle Weather Vane.

Tita.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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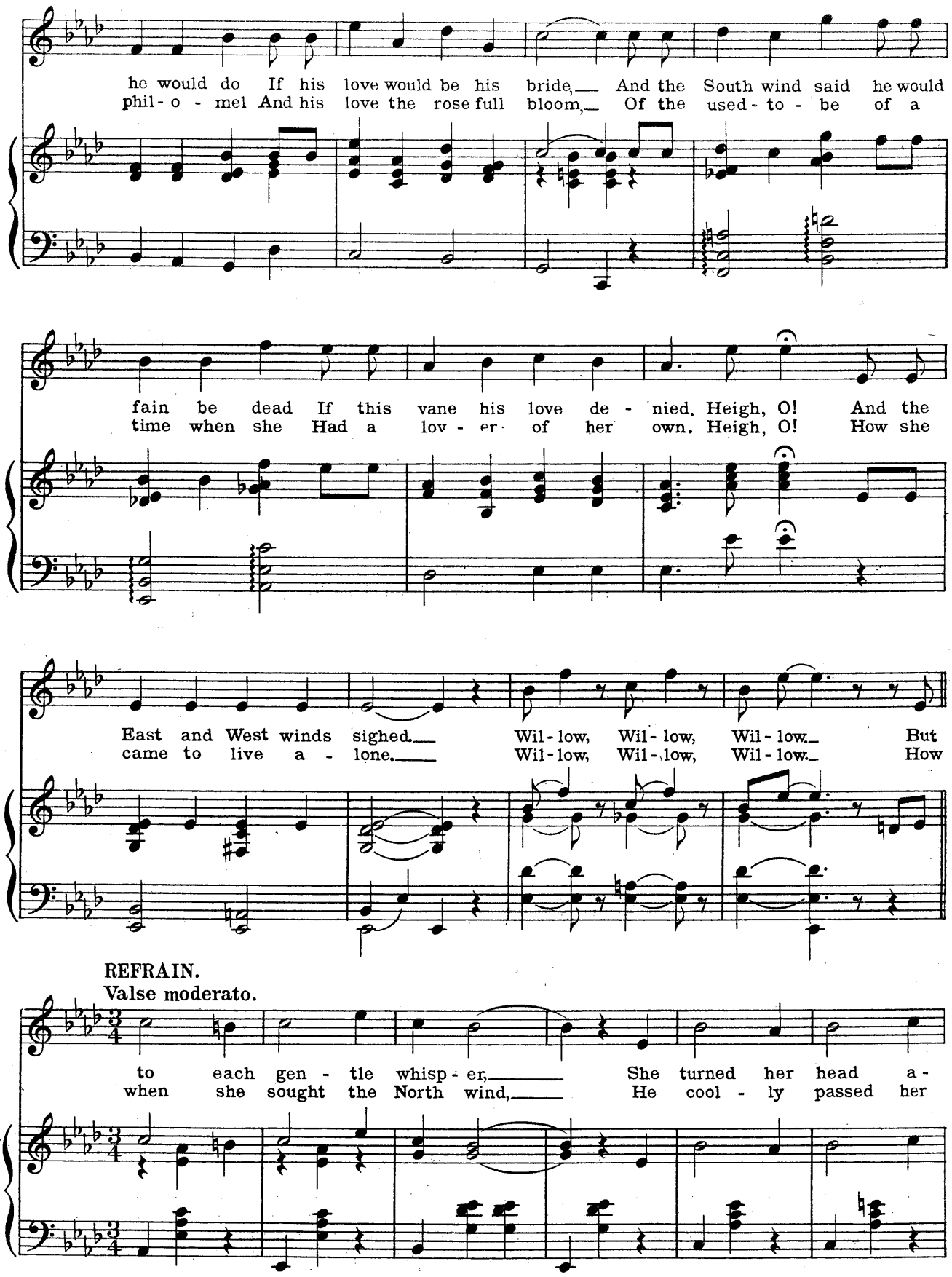
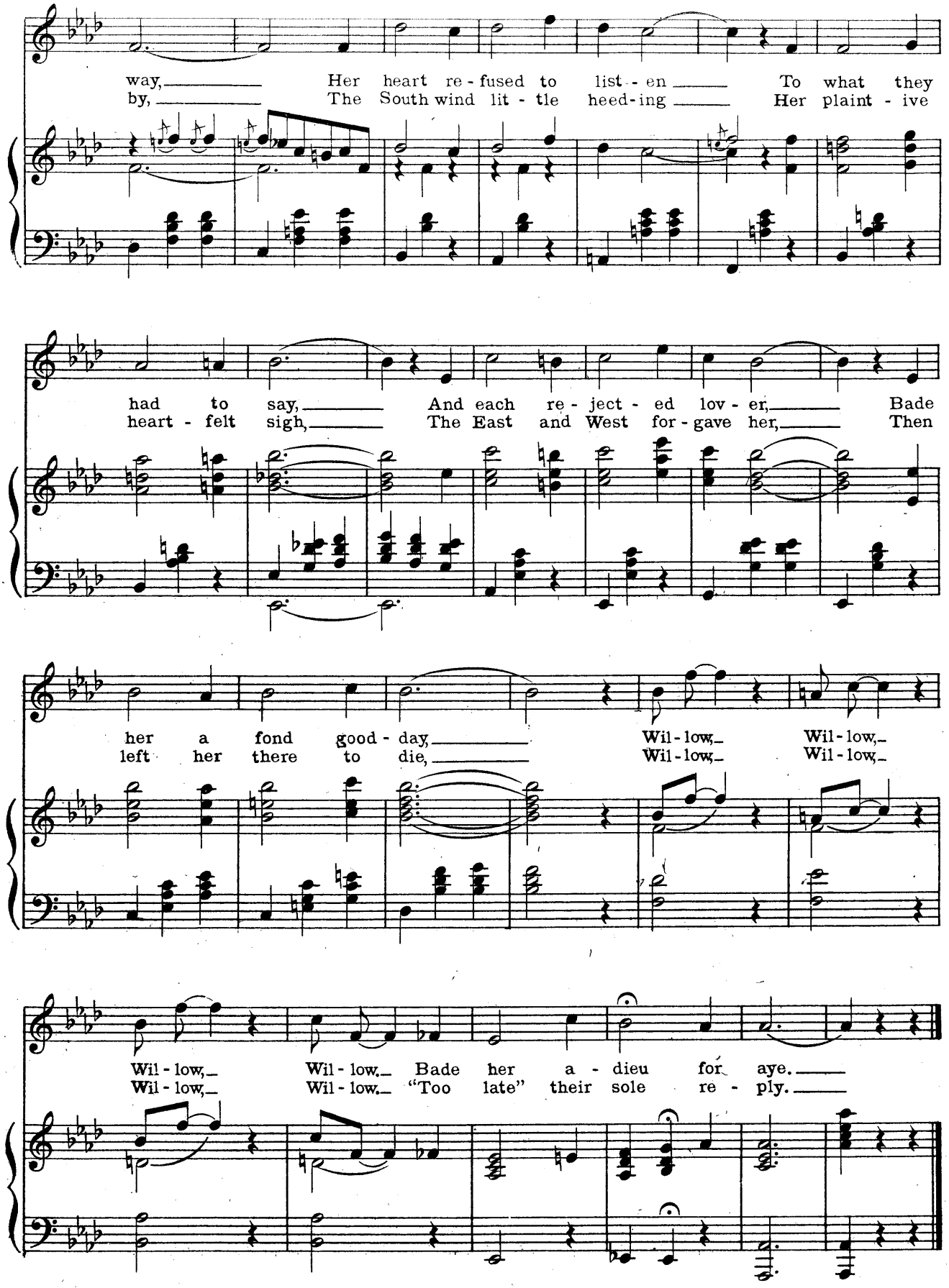

he would do If his love would be his bride, And the South wind said he would
phil- o - mel And his love the rose full bloom, Of the used- to - be of a
fain be dead If this vane his love de - nied. Heigh, O! And the
time when she Had a lov - er of her own. Heigh, O! How she
East and West winds sighed. Wil- low, Wil- low, Wil- low. But
came to live a - lone. Wil- low, Wil- low, Wil- low. How
REFRAIN.
Valse moderato.
to each gen - tle whisp - er, She turned her head a -
when she sought the North wind, He cool - ly passed her

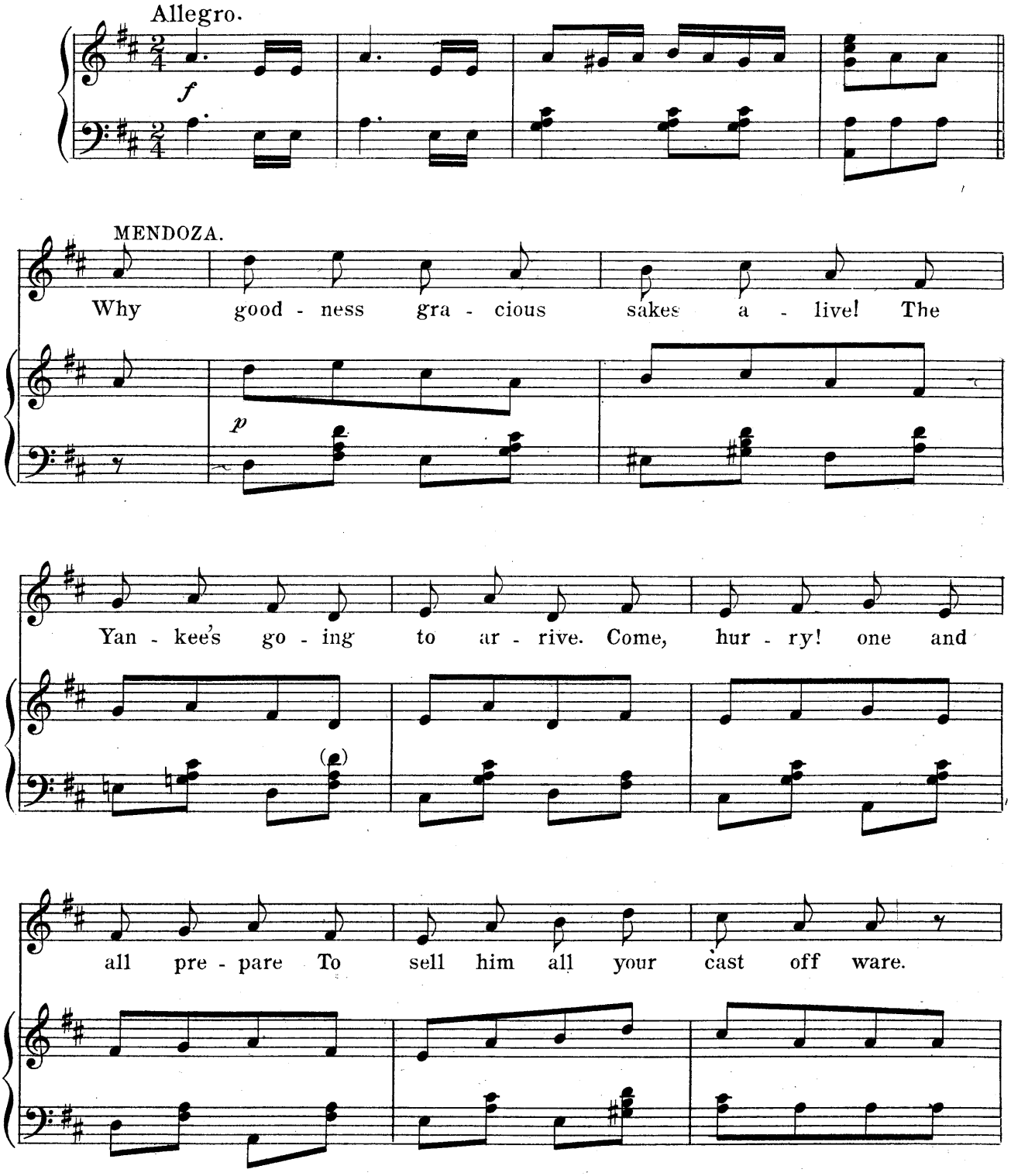


The Fickle Weather Vane.

No 6a Entrance of Johnny Rocks.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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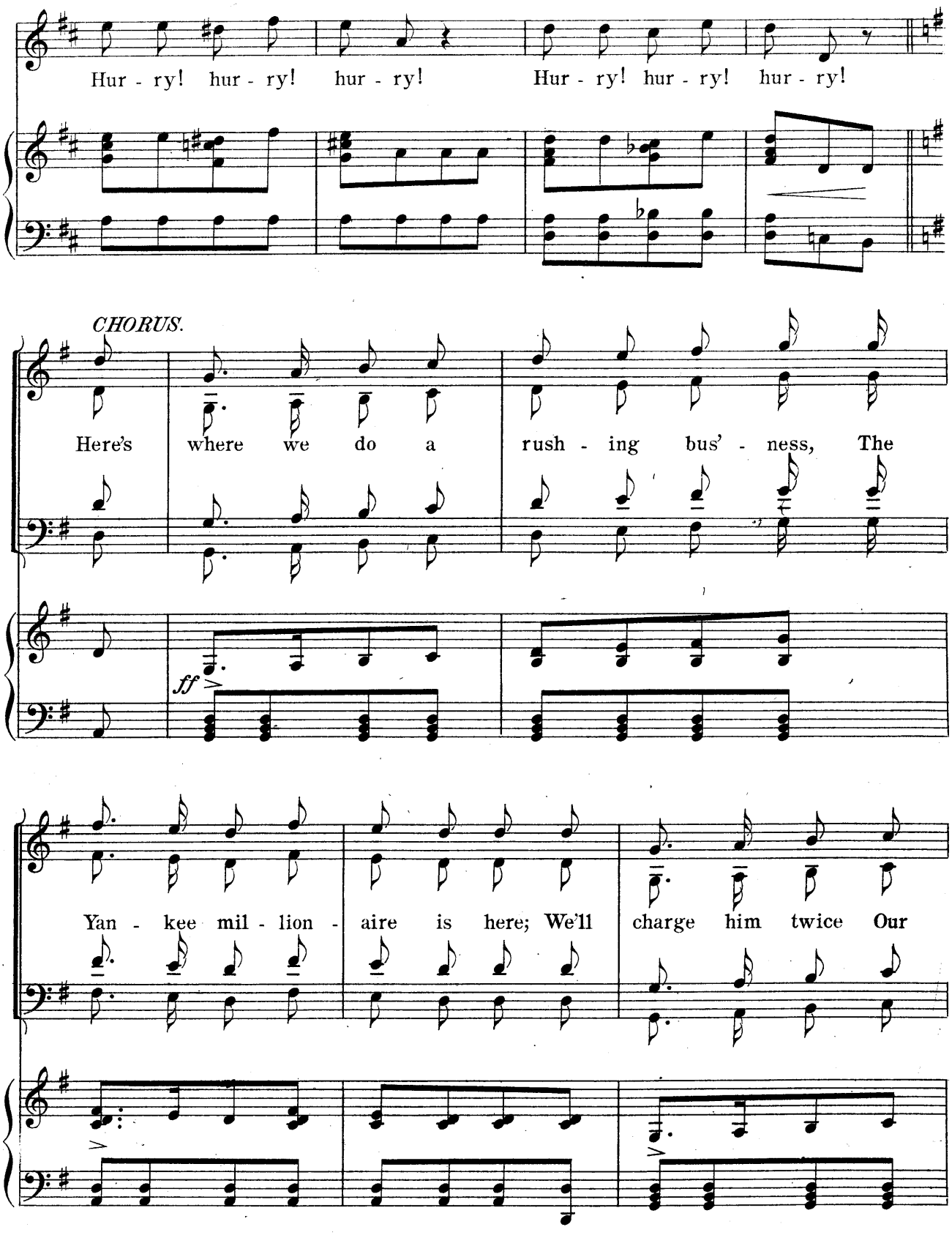
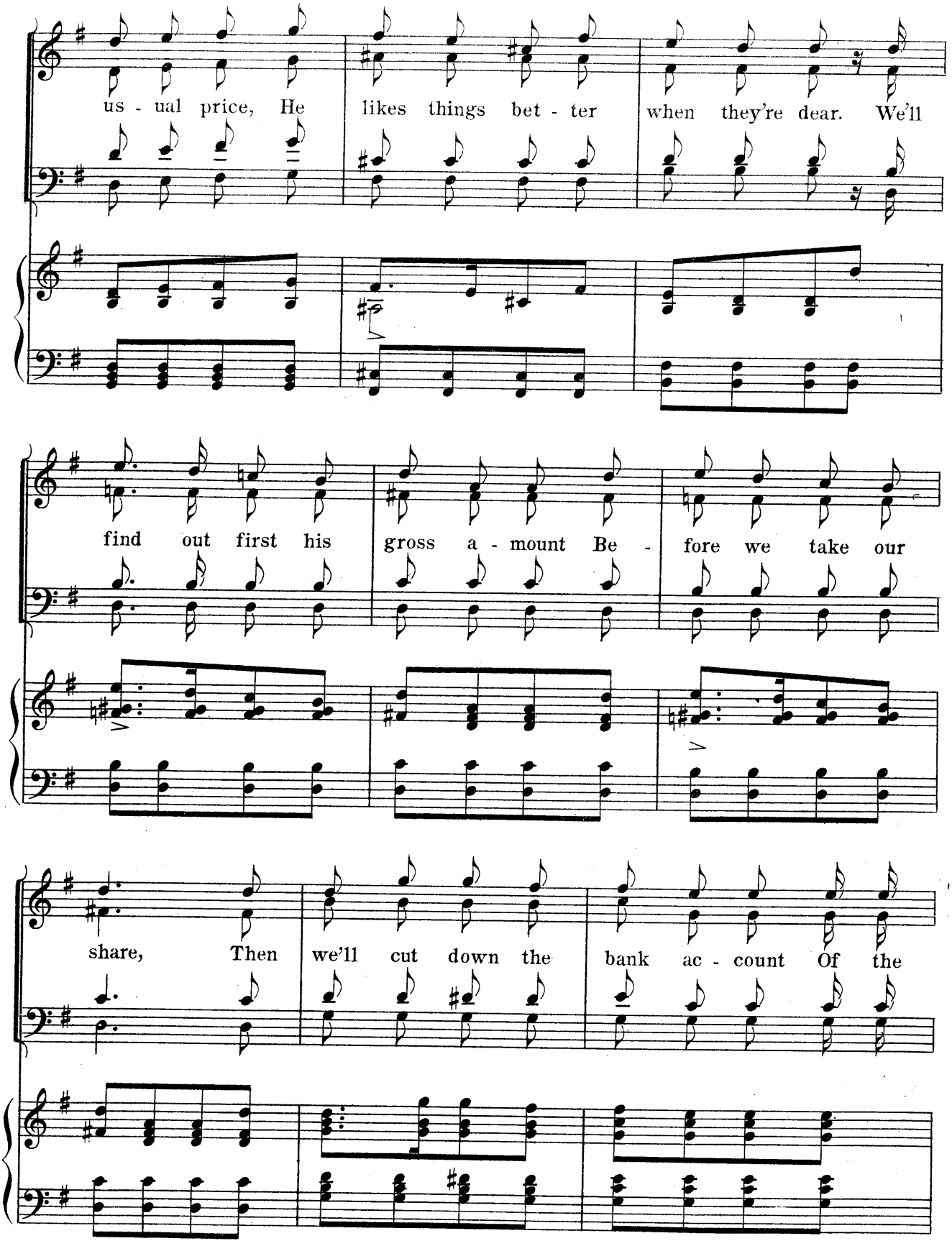
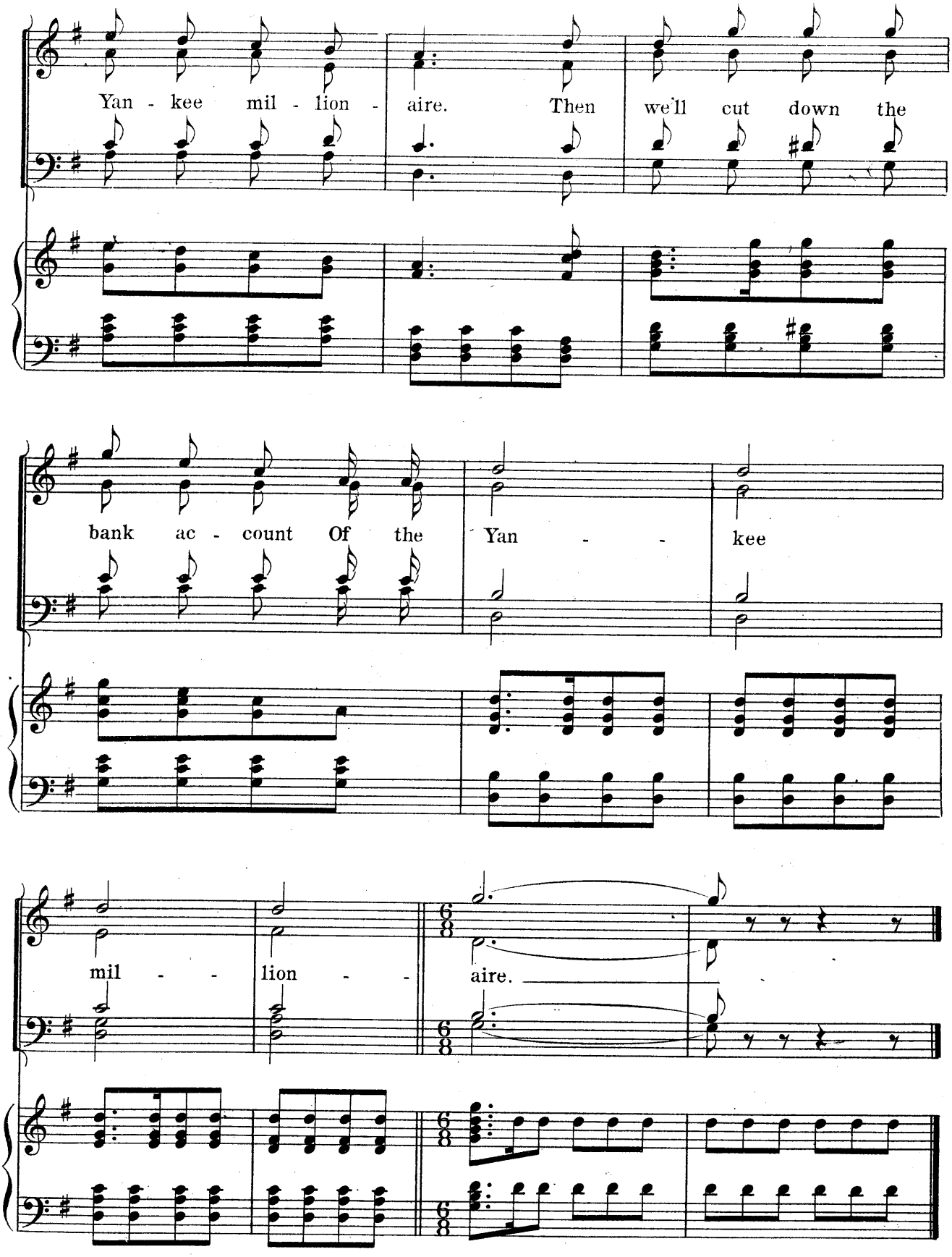


Entrance of Johnny Rocks.



Entrance of Johnny Rocks.



Entrance of Johnny Rocks.

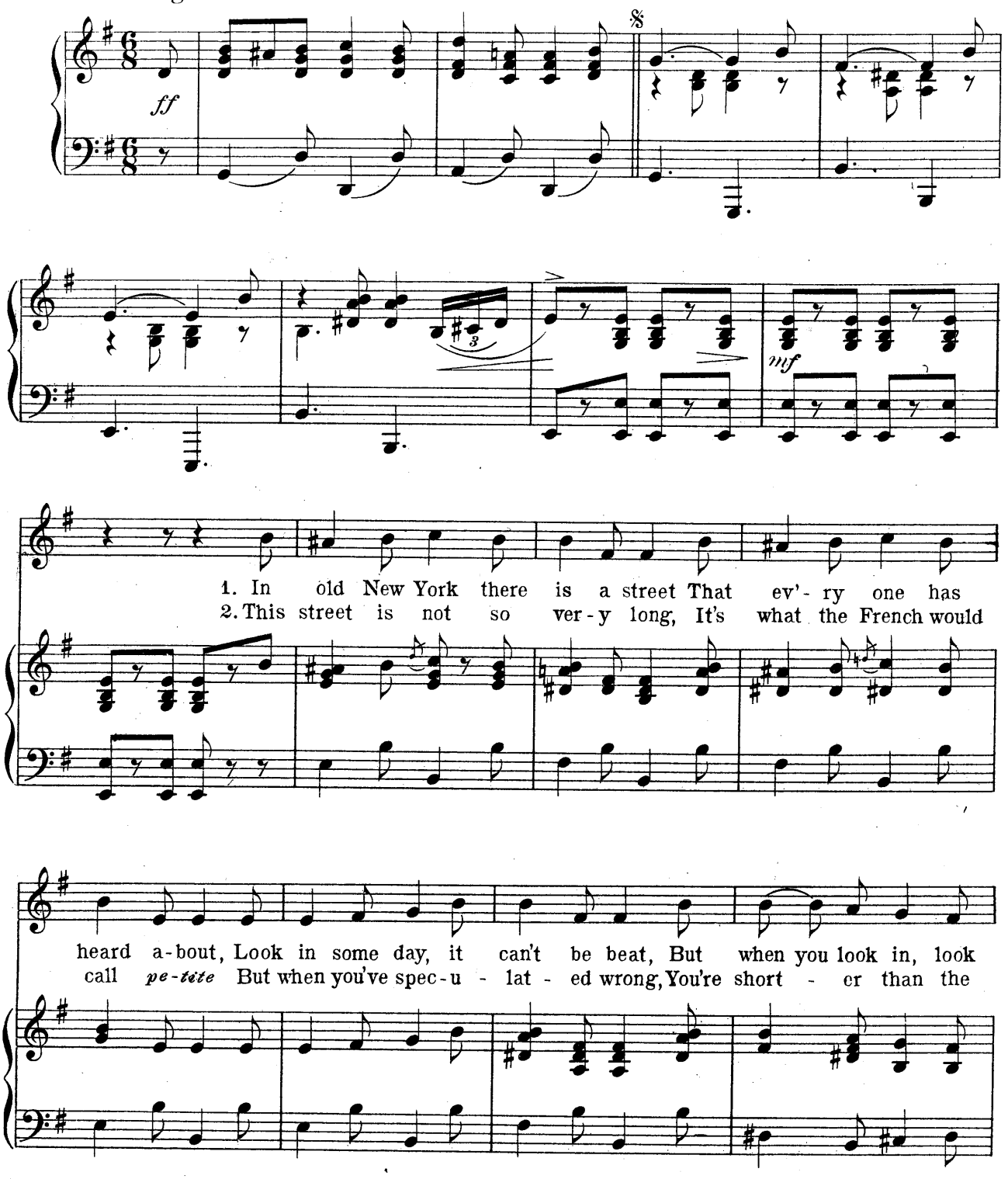
No 6b I am the Wizard of Wall Street.

Johnny Rocks and Chorus.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegro.



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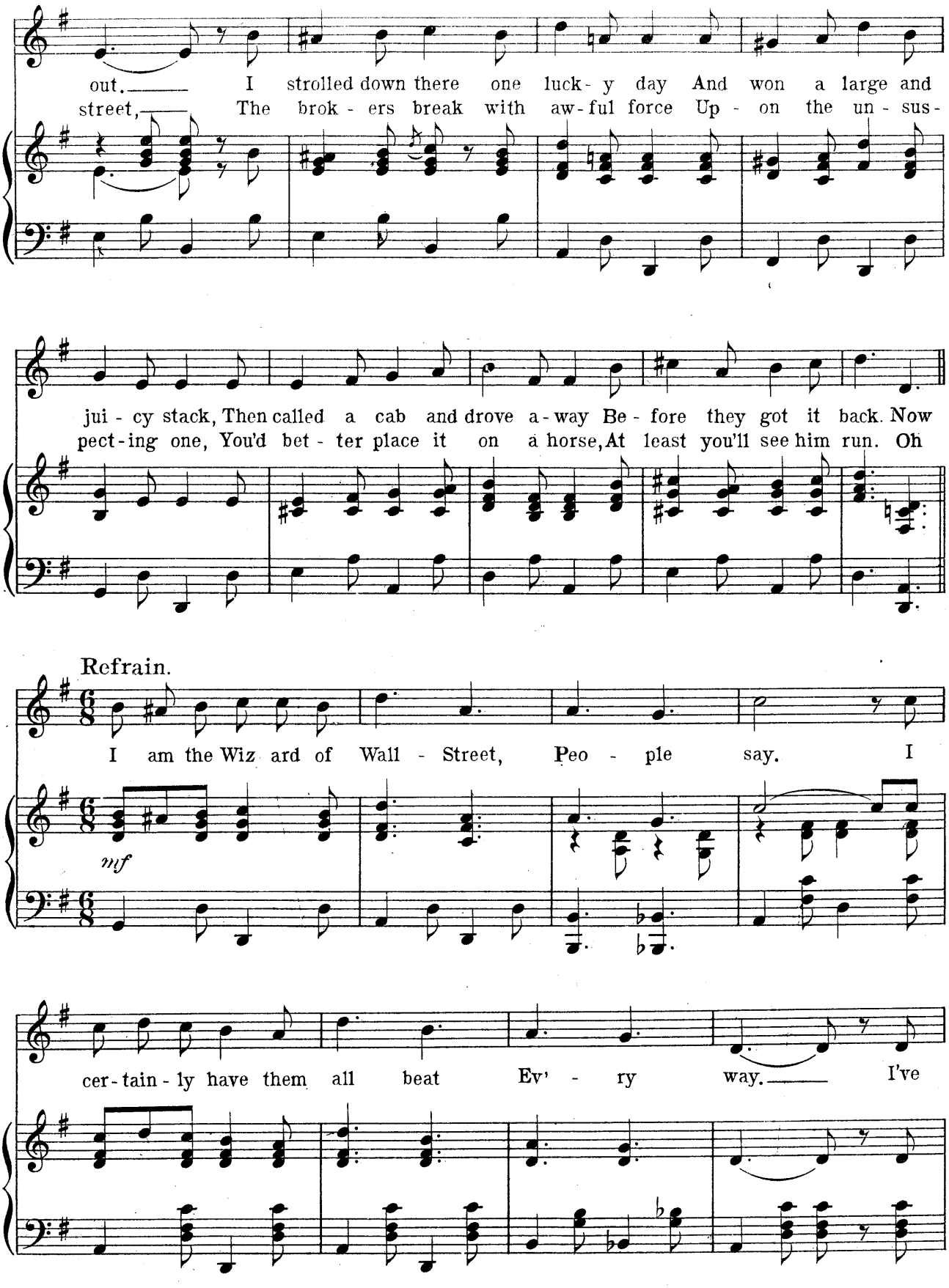
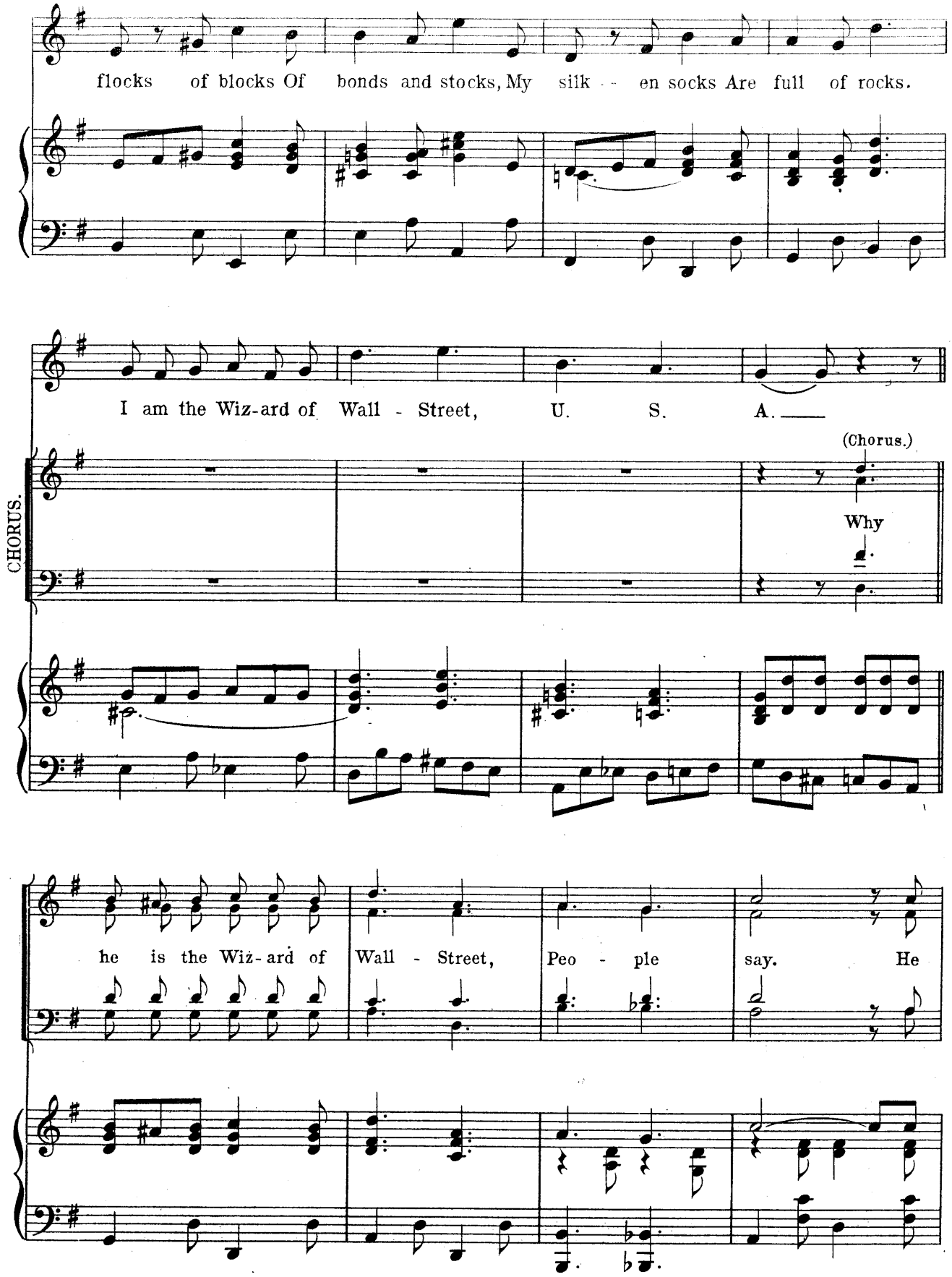
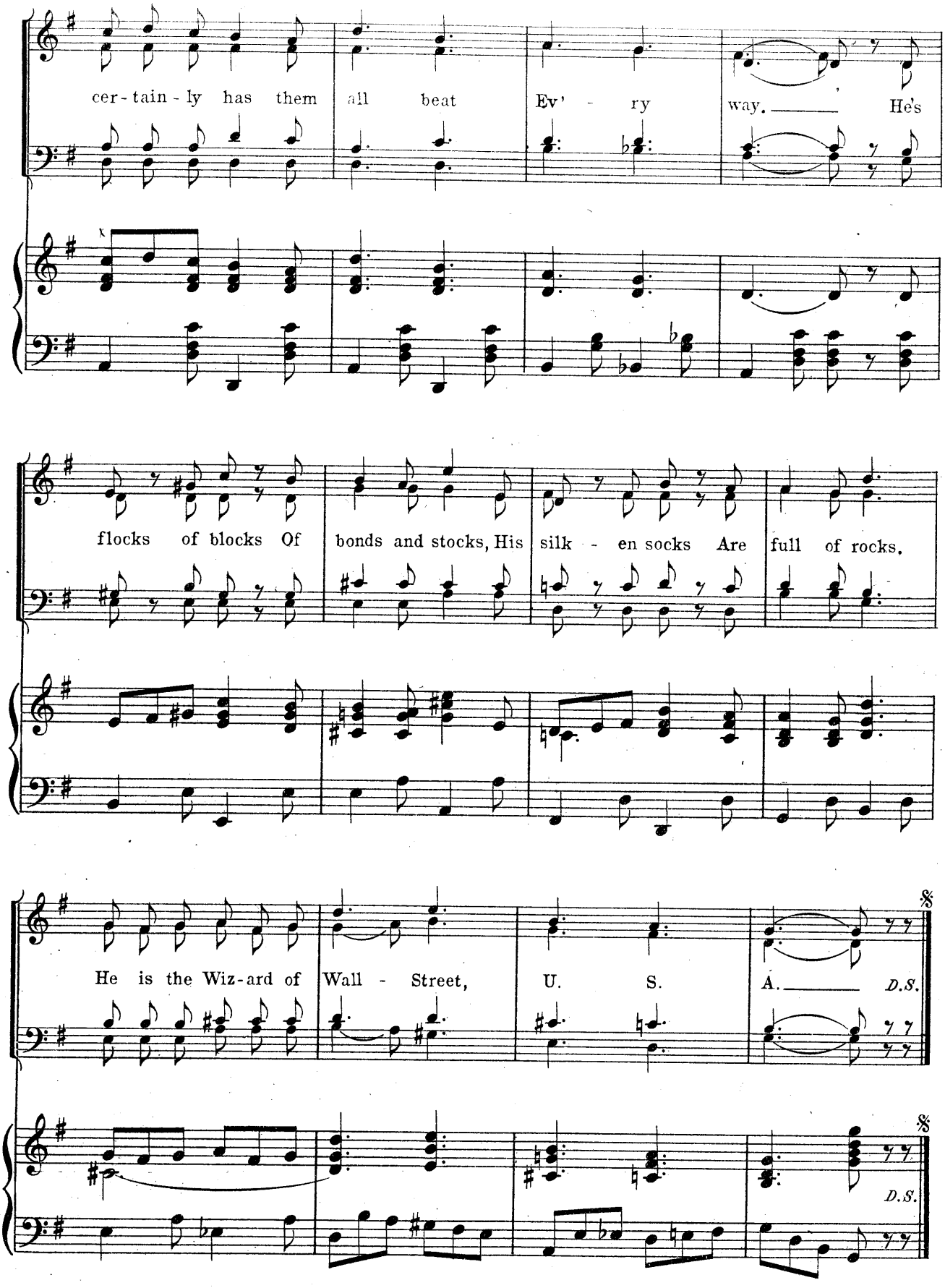

out. I strolled down there one luck - y day And won a large and
street, The brok - ers break with aw - ful force Up - on the un - sus -
jui - cy stack, Then called a cab and drove a - way Be - fore they got it back. Now
pect - ing one, You'd bet - ter place it on a horse, At least you'll see him run. Oh
Refrain.
I am the Wiz ard of Wall - Street, Peo - ple say. I
mf
cer - tain - ly have them all beat Ev' - ry way. I've



I am the Wizard.



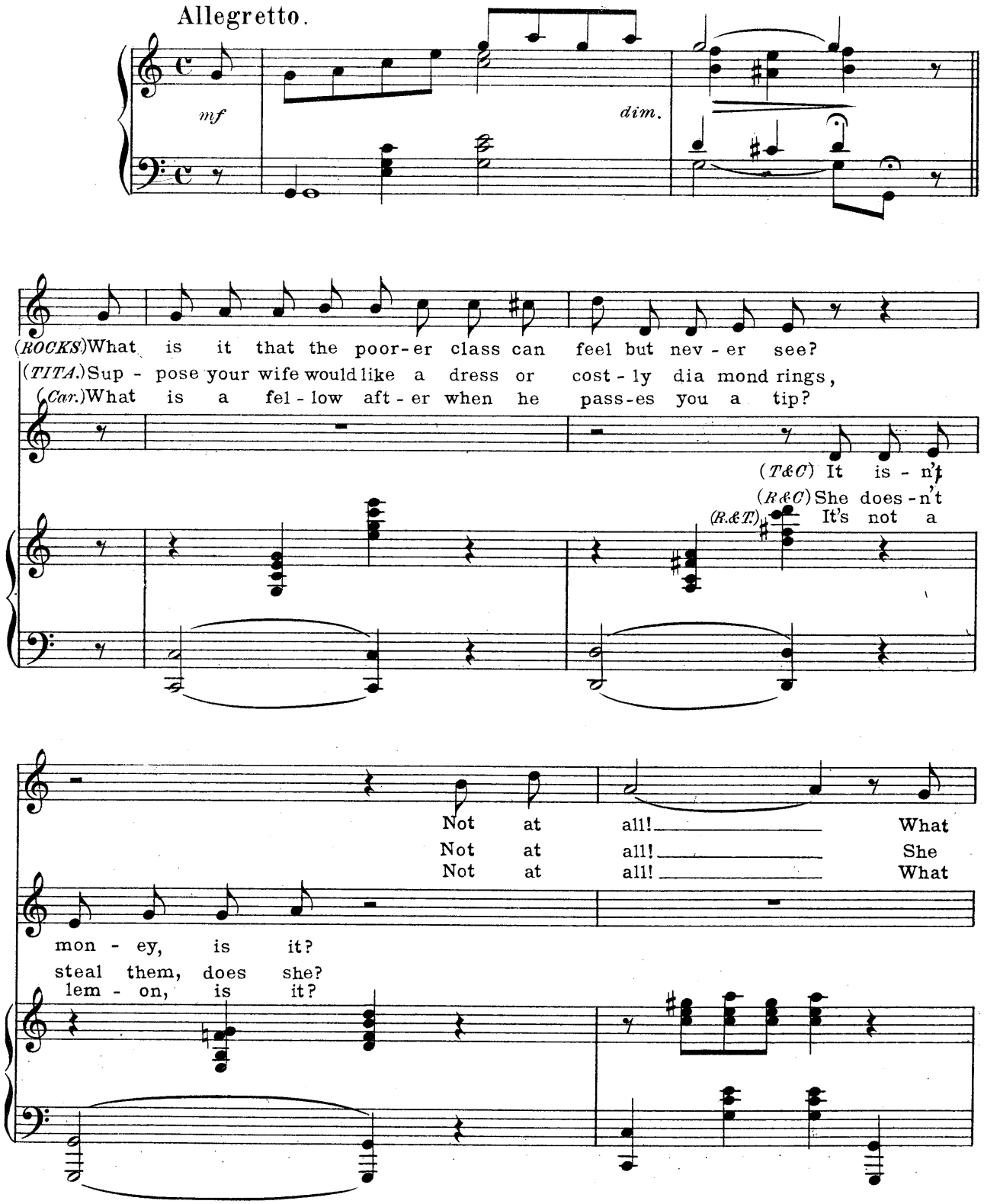
I am the Wizard.

No 7. Graft.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Rocks, Tita and Carmona.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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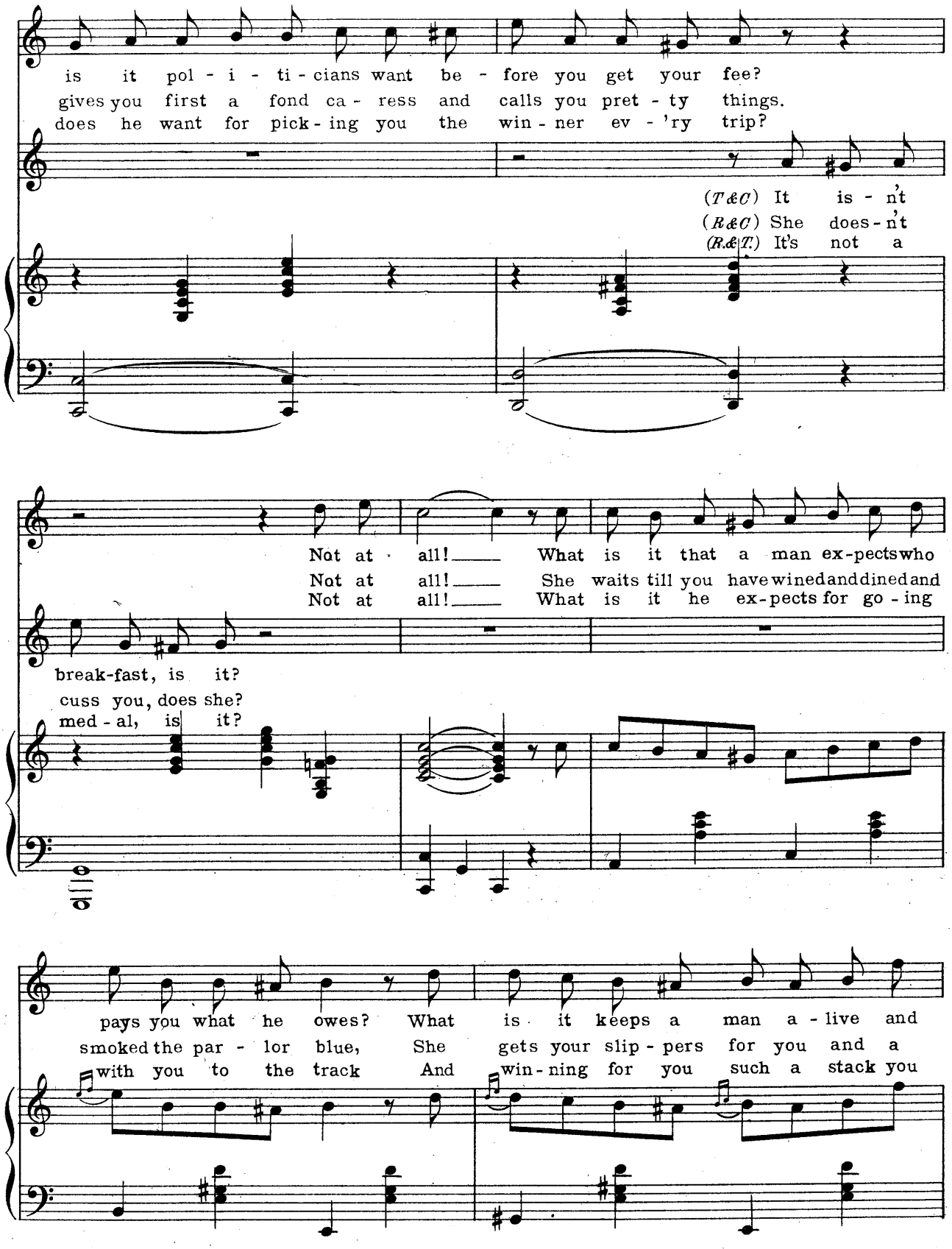
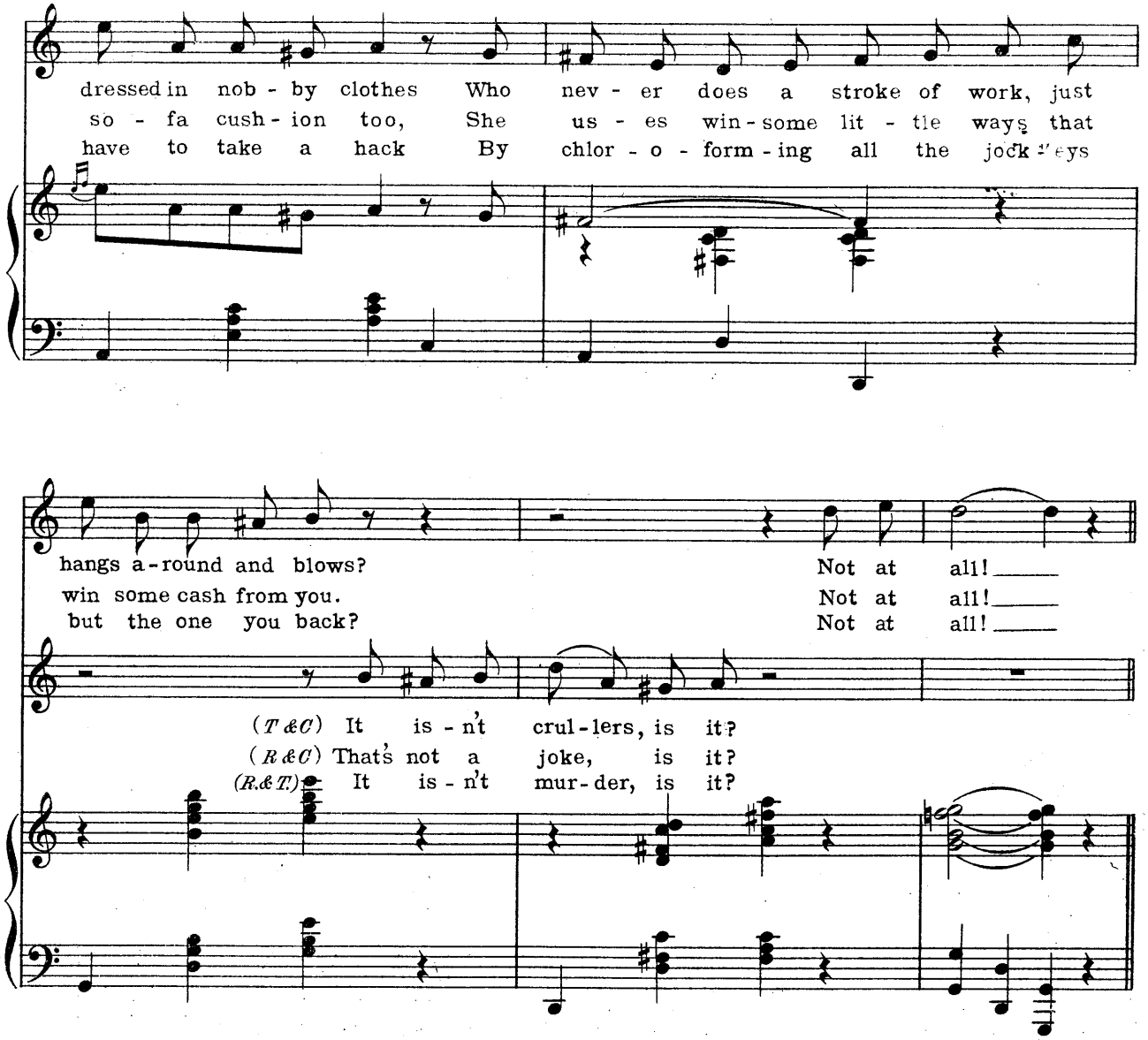
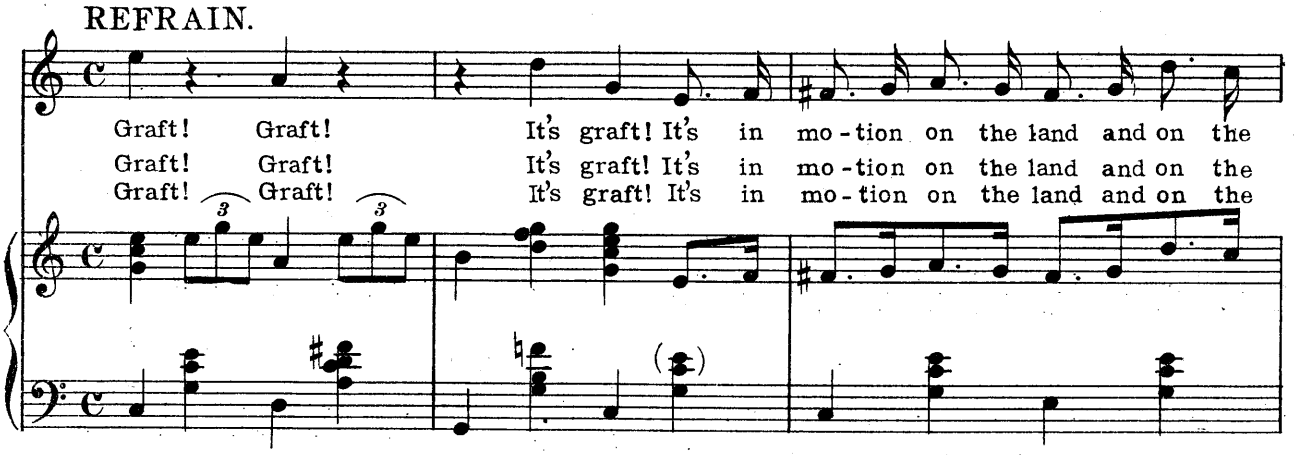
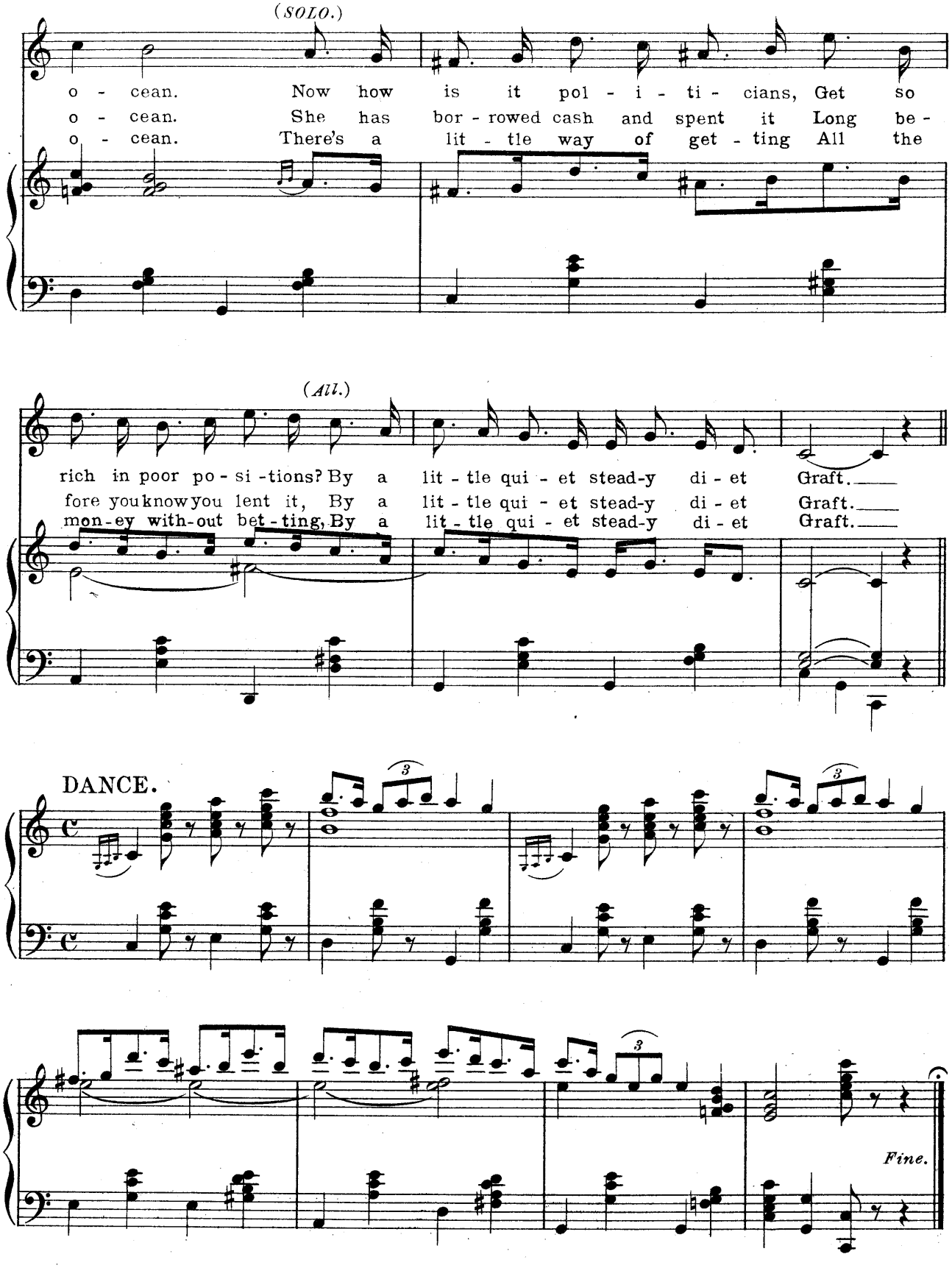

is it pol - i - ti - cians want be - fore you get your fee?
gives you first a fond ca - ress and calls you pret - ty things.
does he want for pick - ing you the win - ner ev - 'ry trip?
(T&C) It is - n't
(R&C) She does - n't
(R&T.) It's not a
Not at all! What is it that a man ex-pects who
Not at all! She waits till you have wined and dined and
Not at all! What is it he ex-pects for go - ing
break-fast, is it?
cuss you, does she?
med - al, is it?
pays you what he owes? What is it keeps a man a - live and
smoked the par - lor blue, She gets your slip - pers for you and a
with you to the track And win - ning for you such a stack you


dressed in nob - by clothes Who nev - er does a stroke of work, just
so - fa cush - ion too, She us - es win - some lit - tle ways that
have to take a hack By chlor - o - form - ing all the jock - eys
hangs a-round and blows? Not at all!
win some cash from you. Not at all!
but the one you back? Not at all!
(T & C) It is - n't crul - lers, is it?
(R & C) That's not a joke, is it?
(R. & T.) It is - n't mur - der, is it?

REFRAIN.


Graft! Graft! It's graft! It's in mo - tion on the land and on the
Graft! Graft! It's graft! It's in mo - tion on the land and on the
Graft! Graft! It's graft! It's in mo - tion on the land and on the

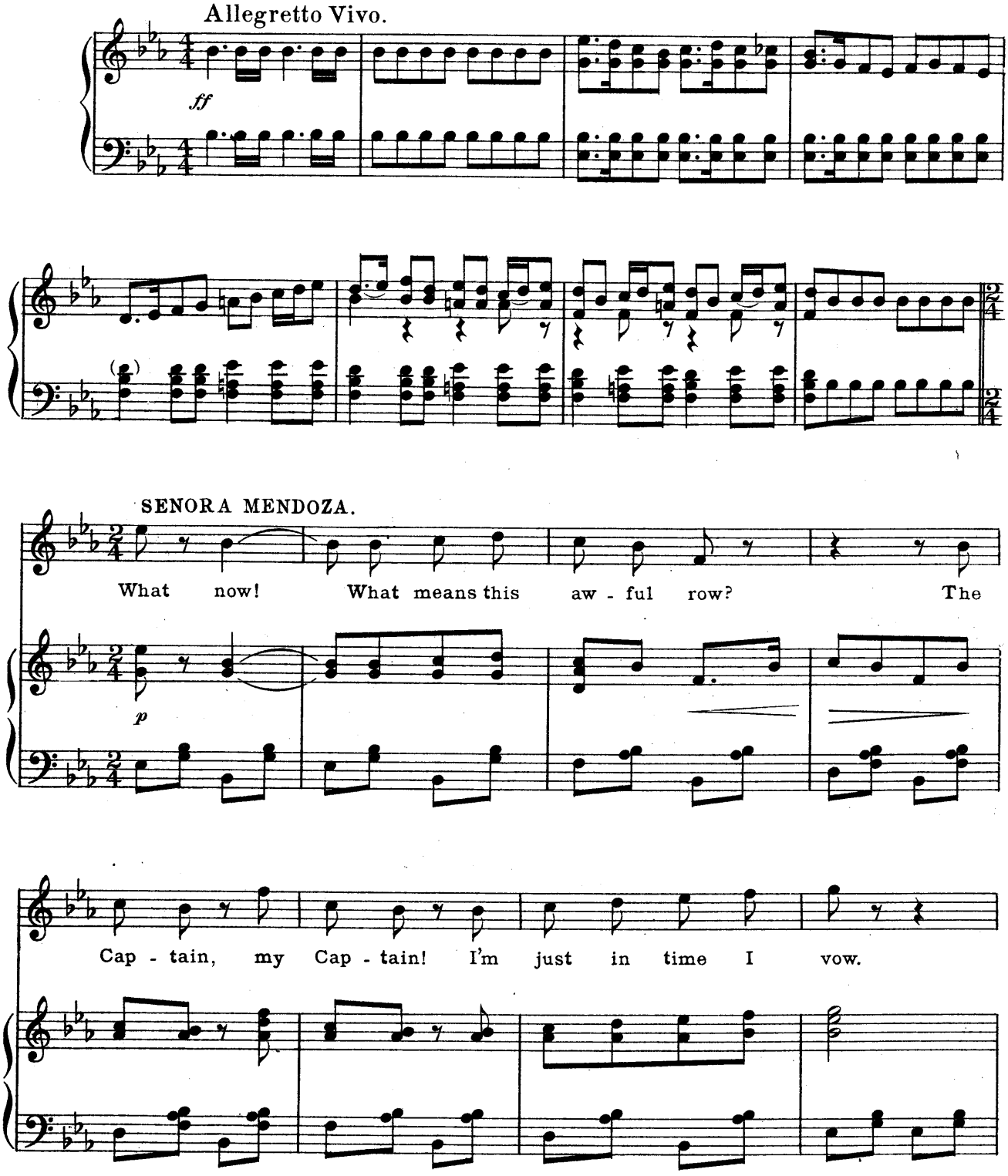

(SOLO.)
o - cean. Now how is it pol - i - ti - cians, Get so
o - cean. She has bor - rowed cash and spent it Long be -
o - cean. There's a lit - tle way of get - ting All the
(All.)
rich in poor po - si - tions? By a lit - tle qui - et stead-y di - et Graft.
fore you know you lent it, By a lit - tle qui - et stead-y di - et Graft.
mon-ey with-out bet - ting, By a lit - tle qui - et stead-y di - et Graft.
DANCE.
3
Fine.

No 8. Finale

ACT I

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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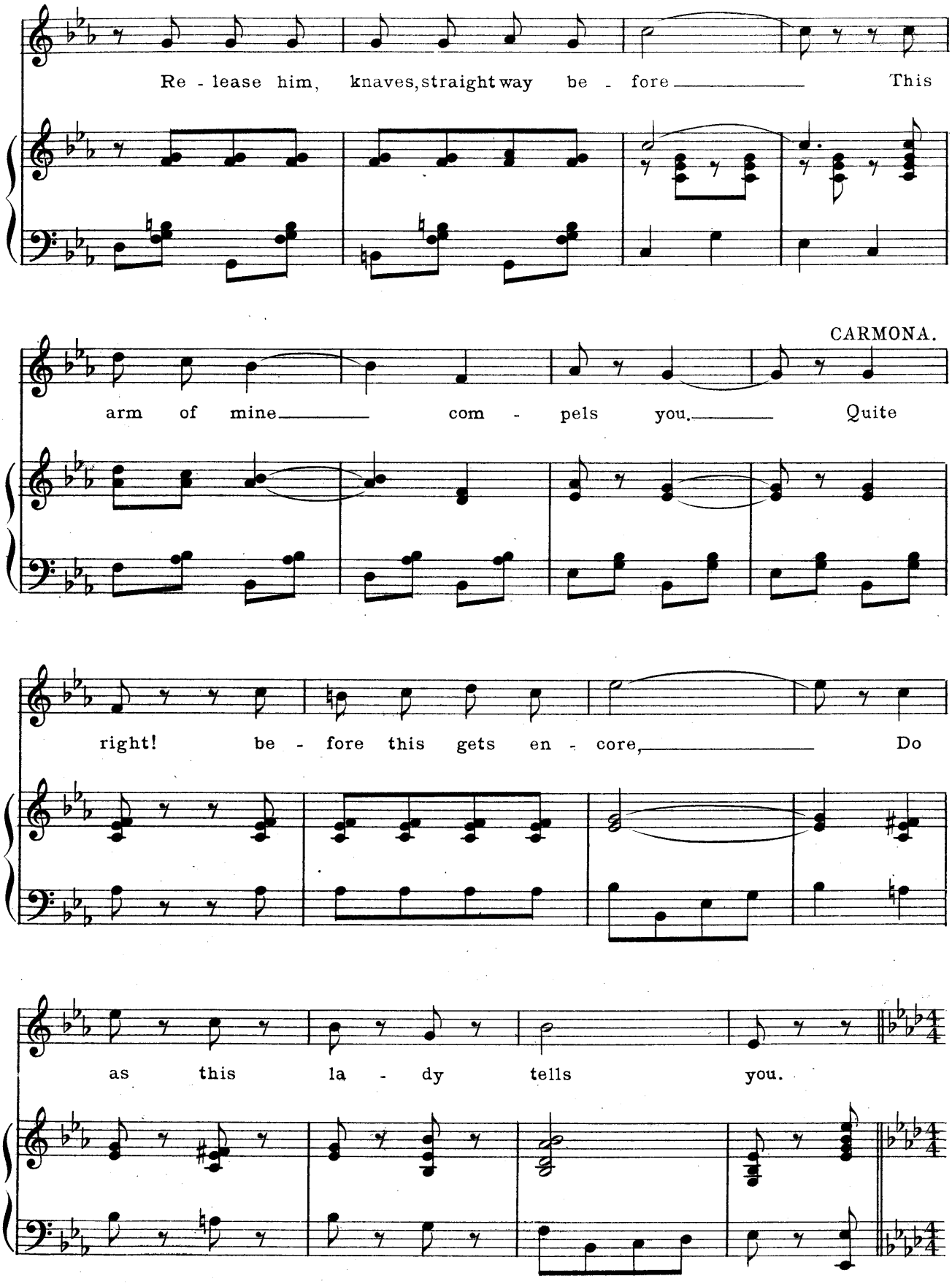
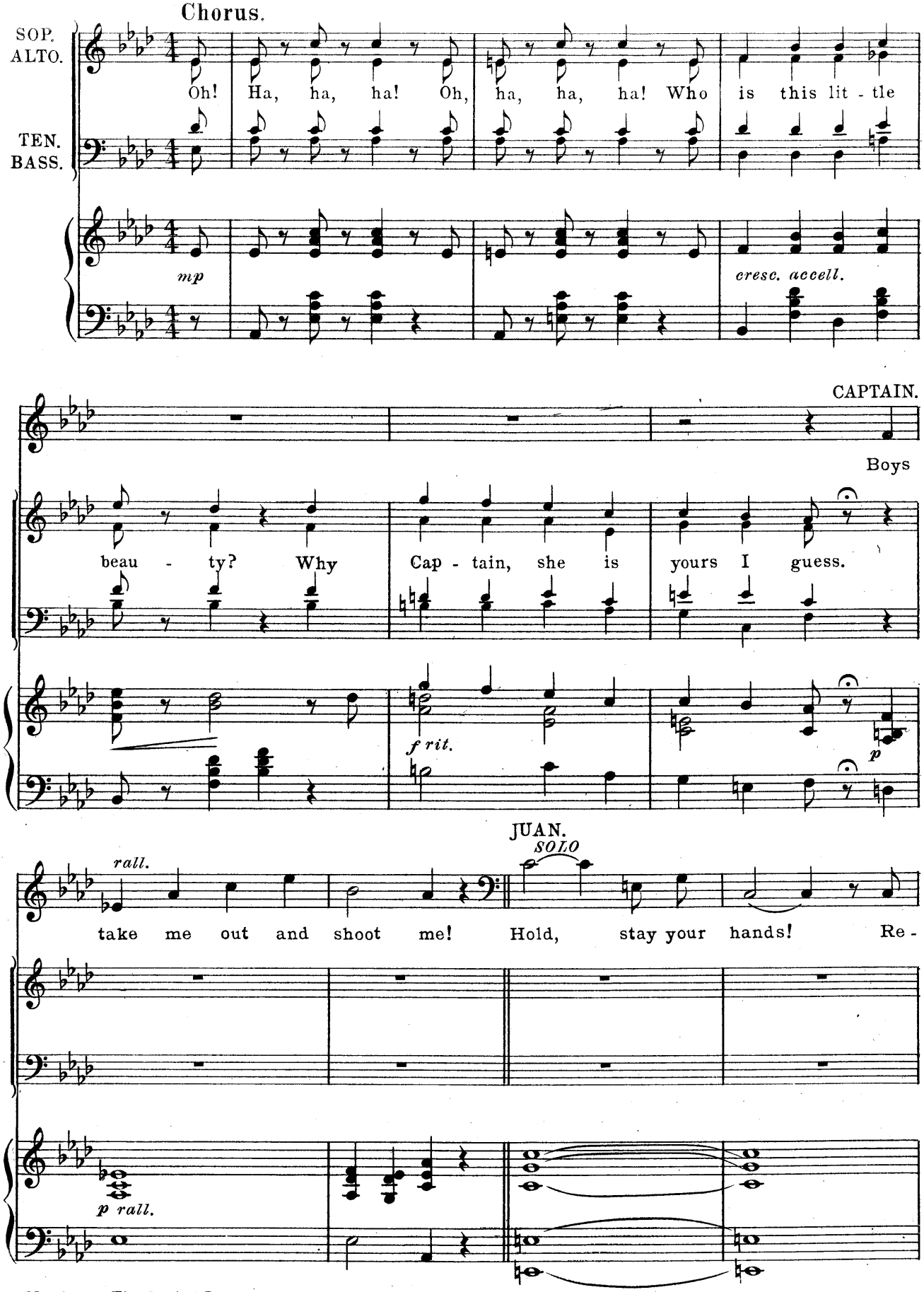
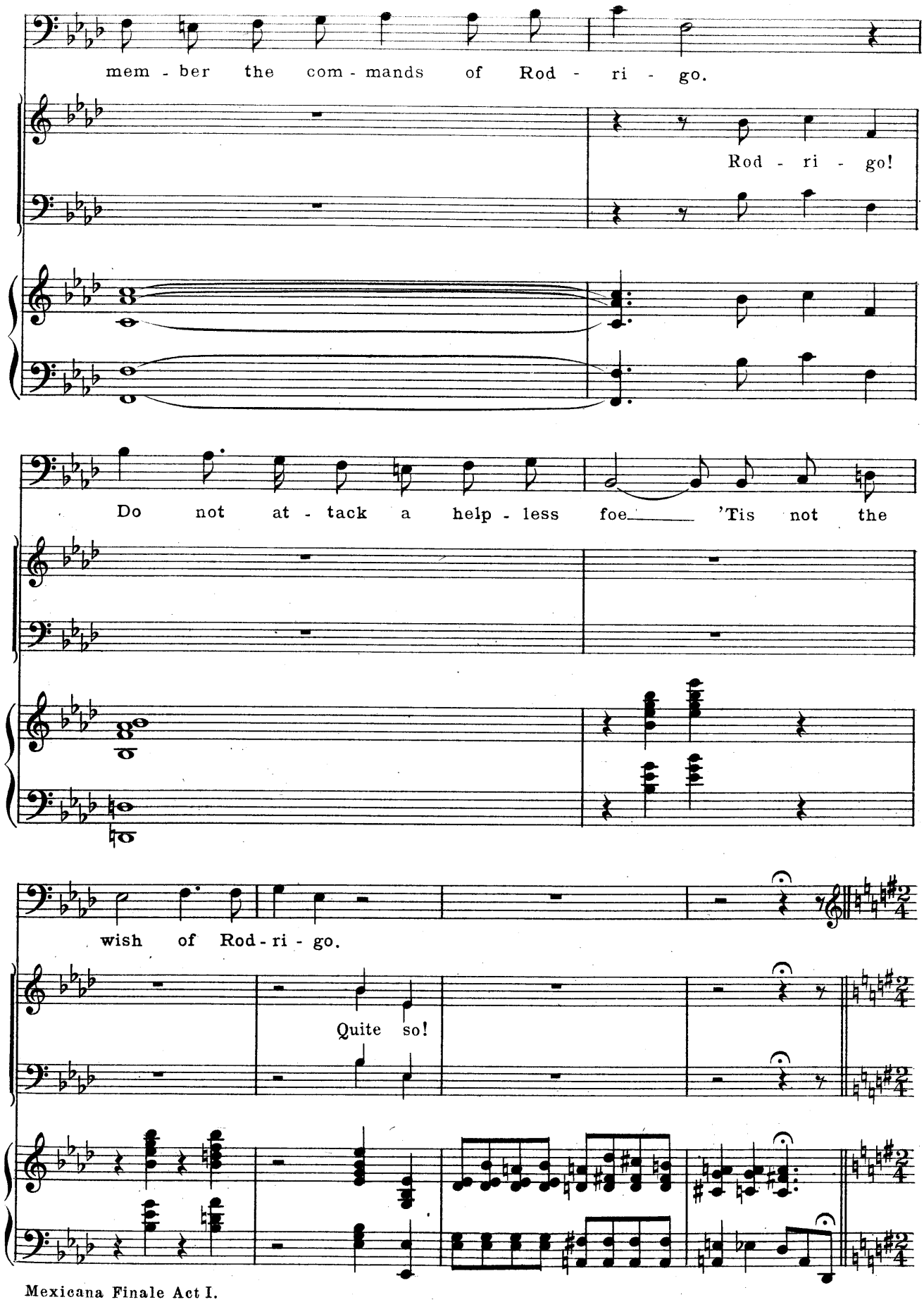
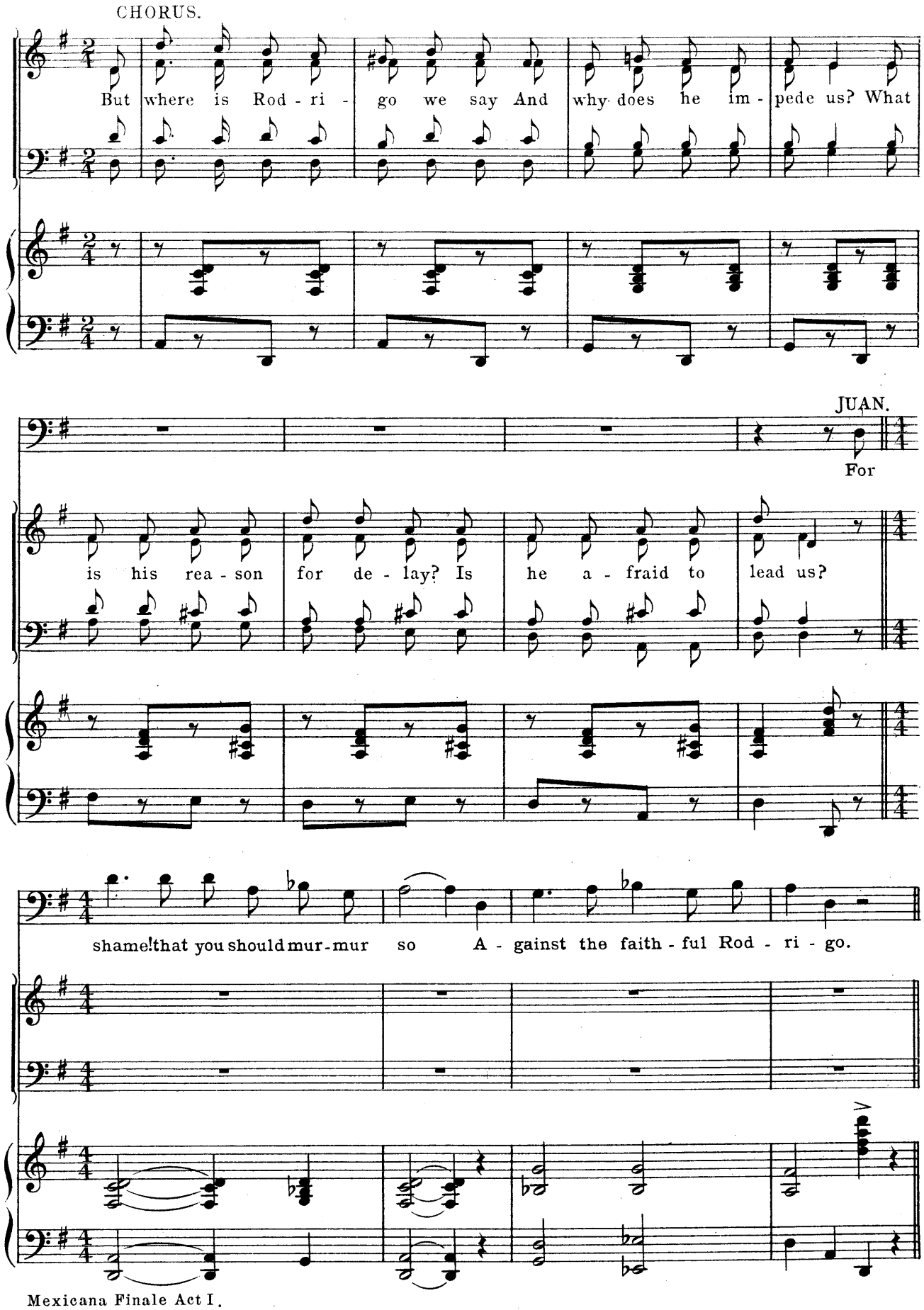


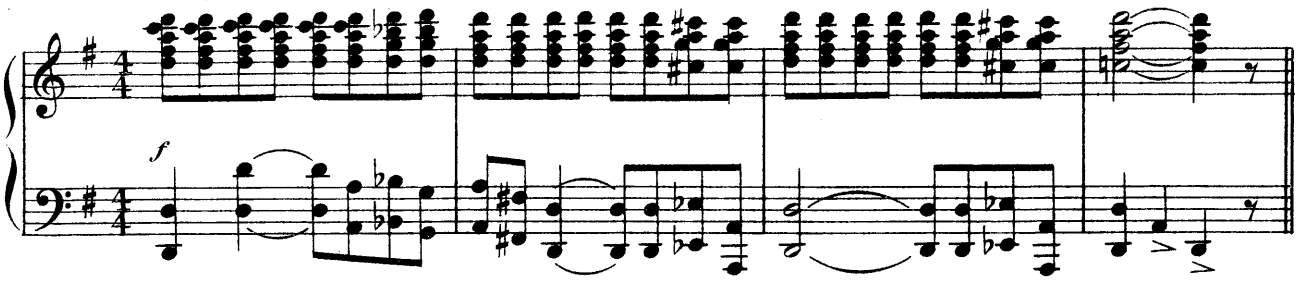
Mexicana Finale Act I.


Chorus.
SOP.
ALTO.
TEN.
BASS.
Oh! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, ha, ha, ha! Who is this lit - tle
mp
cresc. accell.
CAPTAIN.
Boys
beau - ty? Why Cap - tain, she is yours I guess.
f rit.
p
JUAN.
SOLO
rall.
take me out and shoot me! Hold, stay your hands! Re -
p rall.


mem - ber the com - mands of Rod - ri - go.
Rod - ri - go!
Do not at - tack a help - less foe. 'Tis not the
wish of Rod - ri - go.
Quite so!

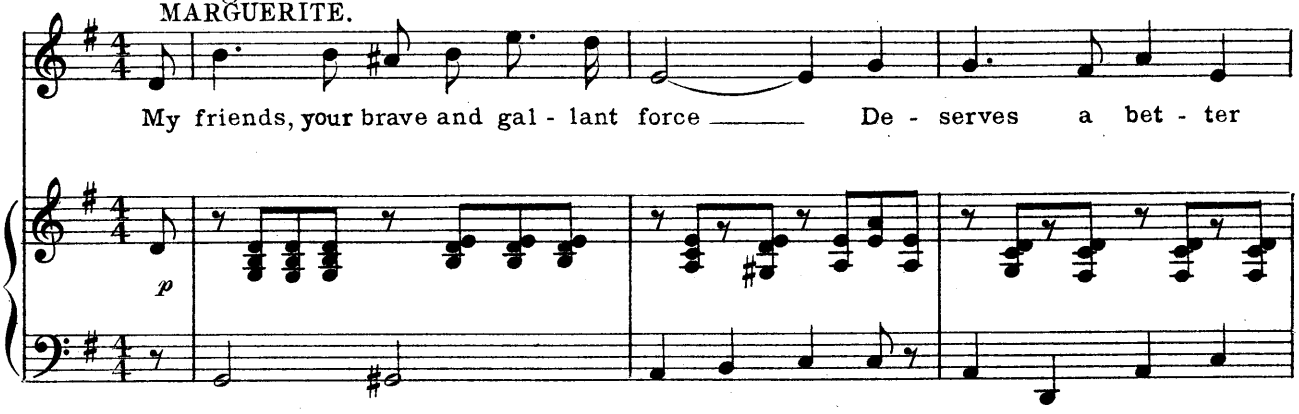

CHORUS.
But where is Rod - ri - go we say And why does he im - pede us? What
JUAN.
For
is his rea - son for de - lay? Is he a - fraid to lead us?
shame! that you should mur-mur so A - gainst the faith - ful Rod - ri - go.

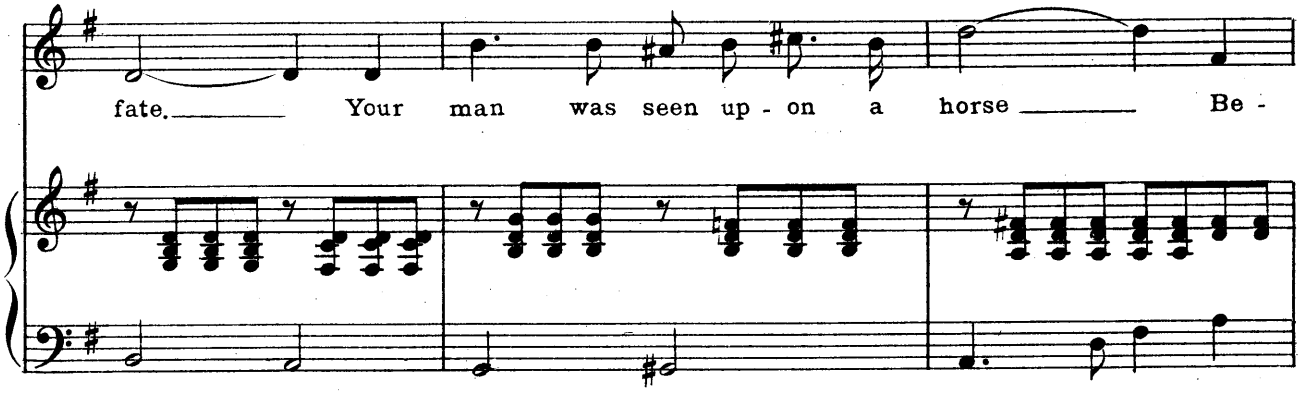
(Marguerite Enters.)

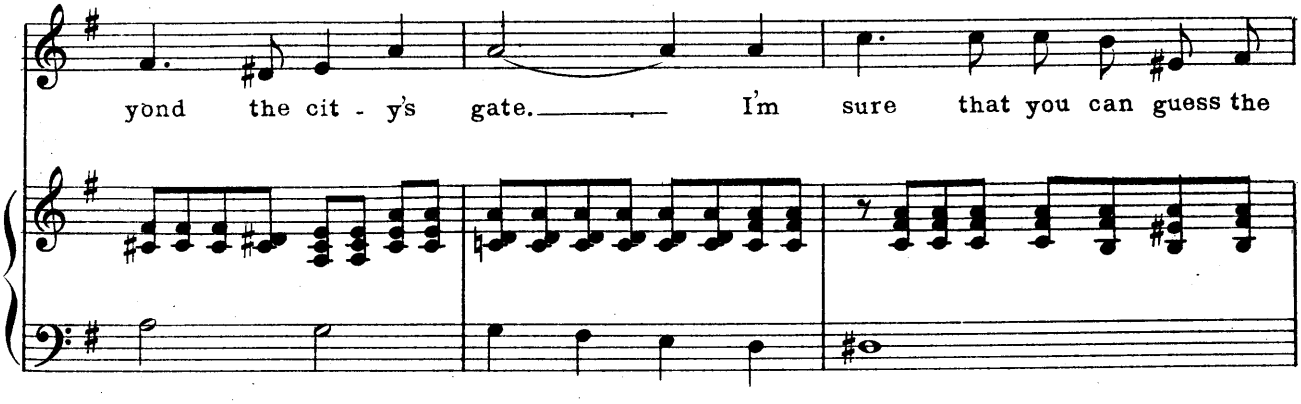


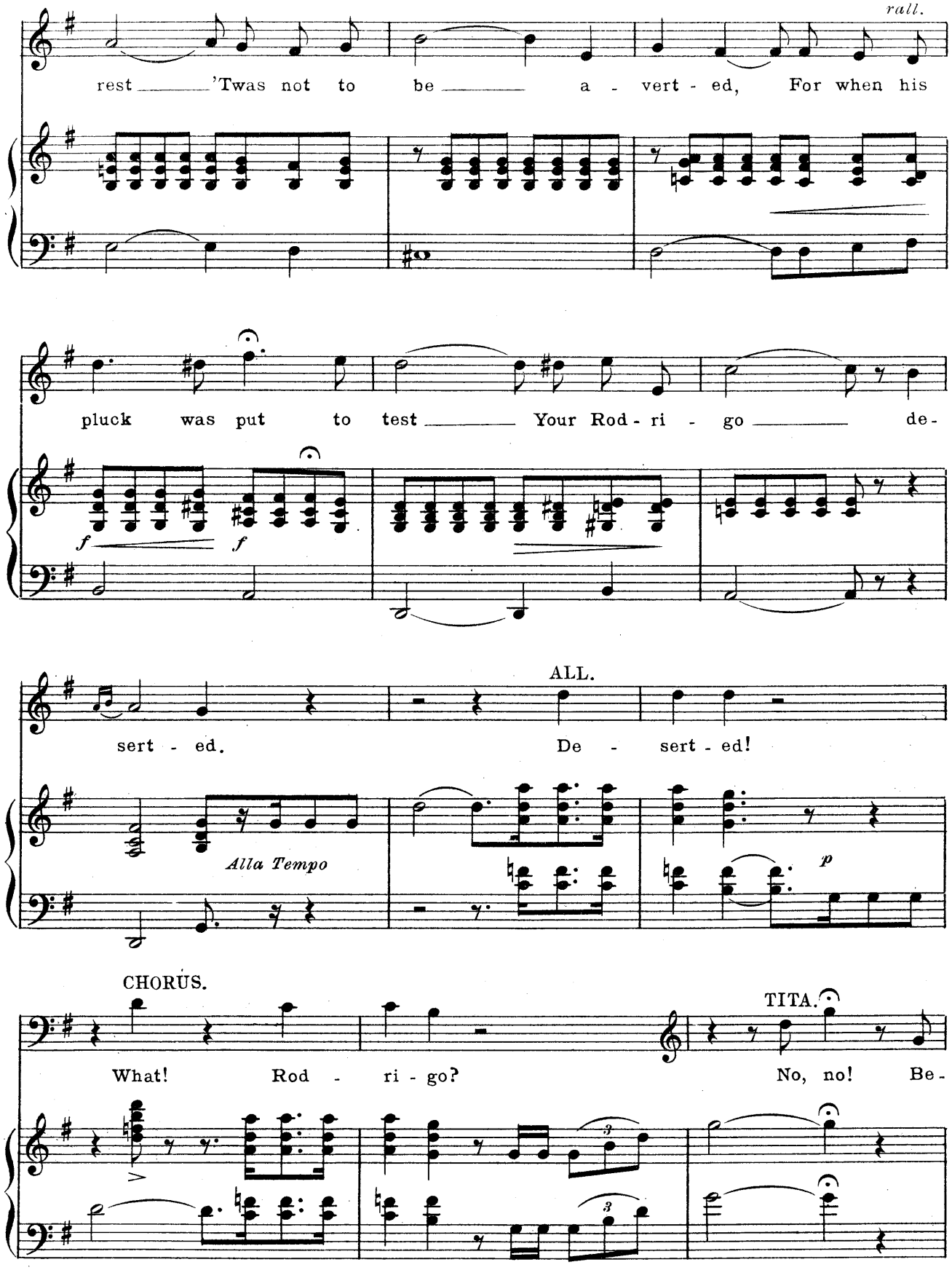
Allegro con moto.

MARGUERITE.

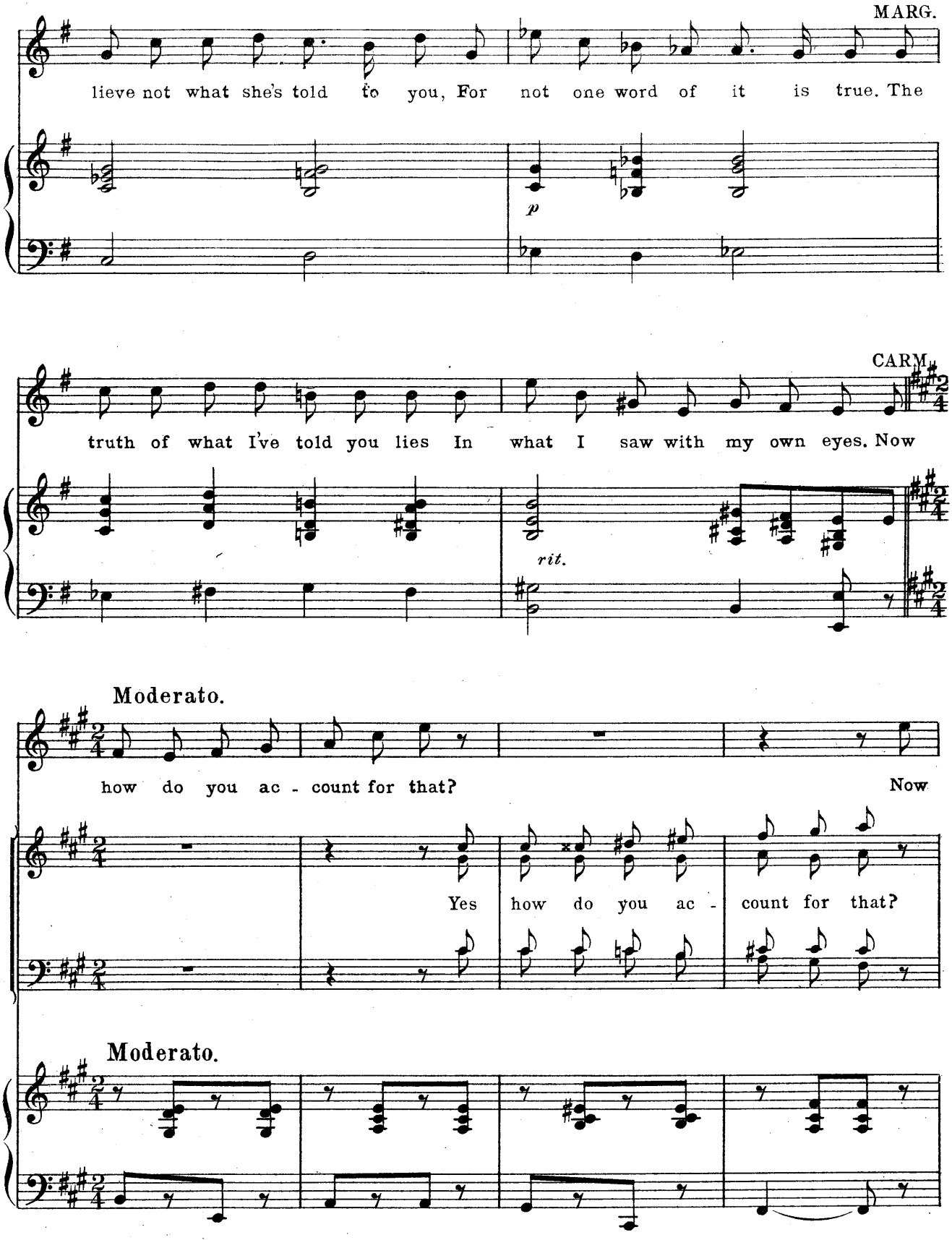


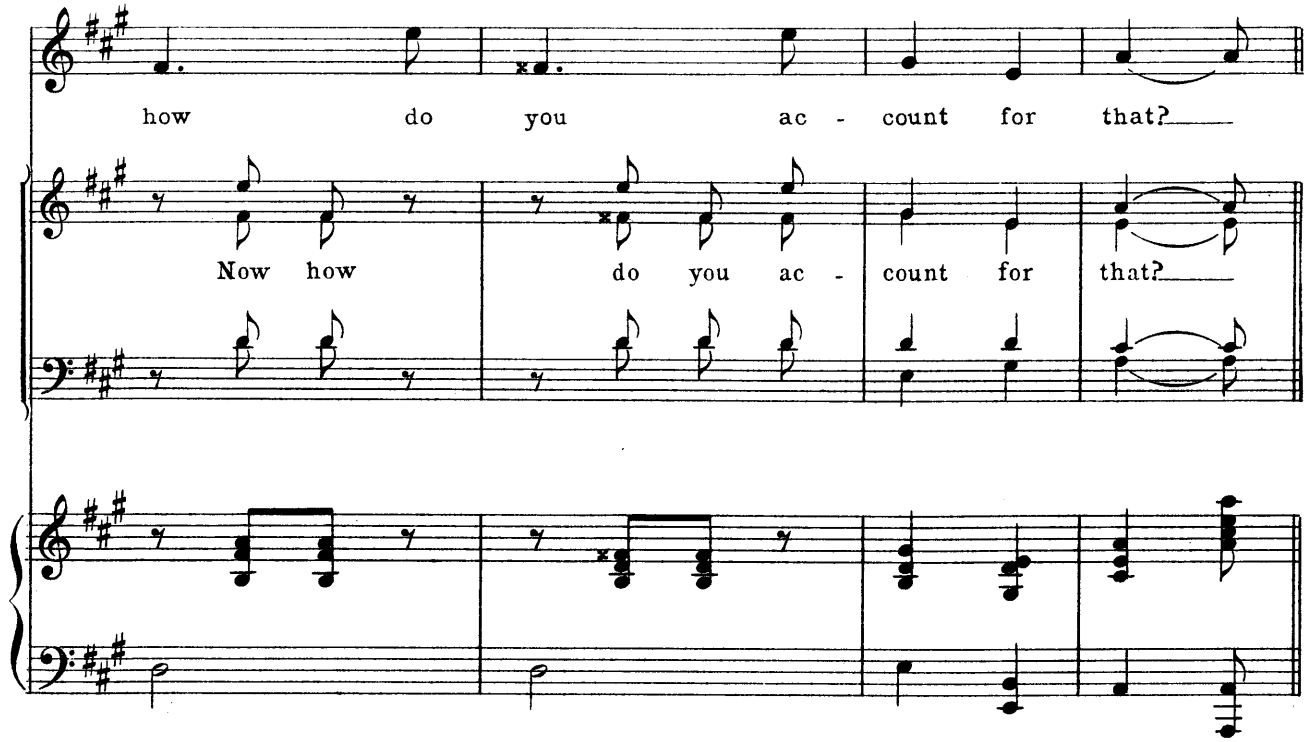


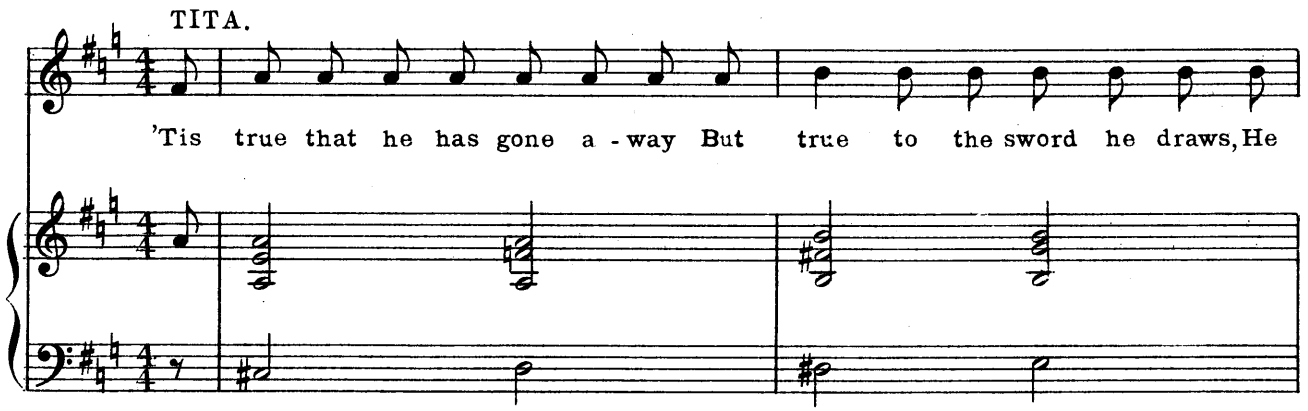


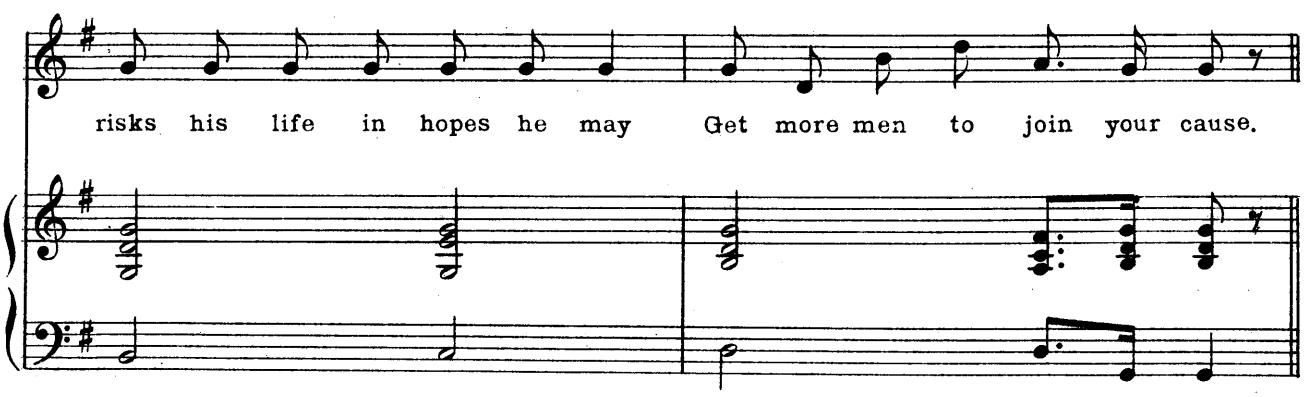


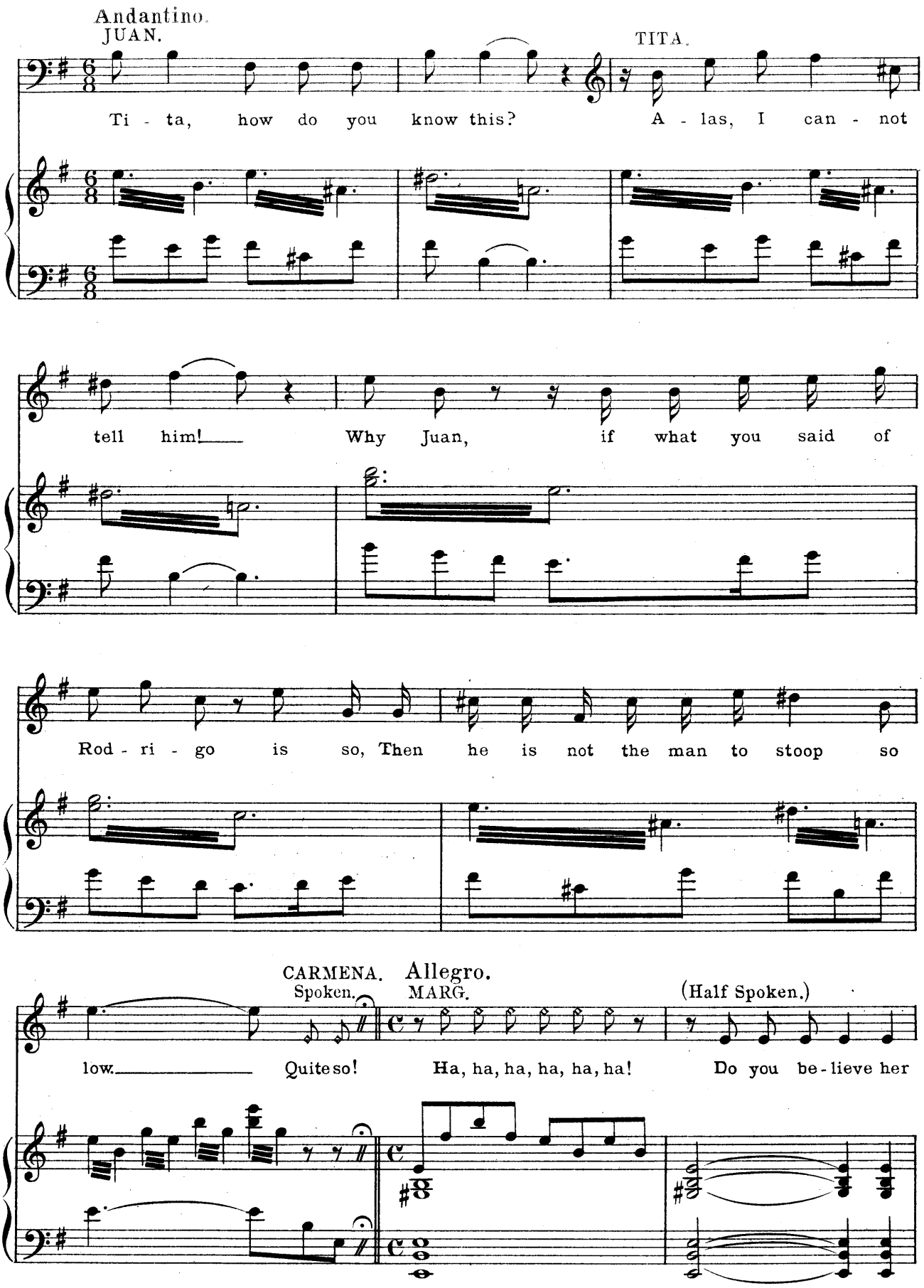
Mexicana Finale Act I.

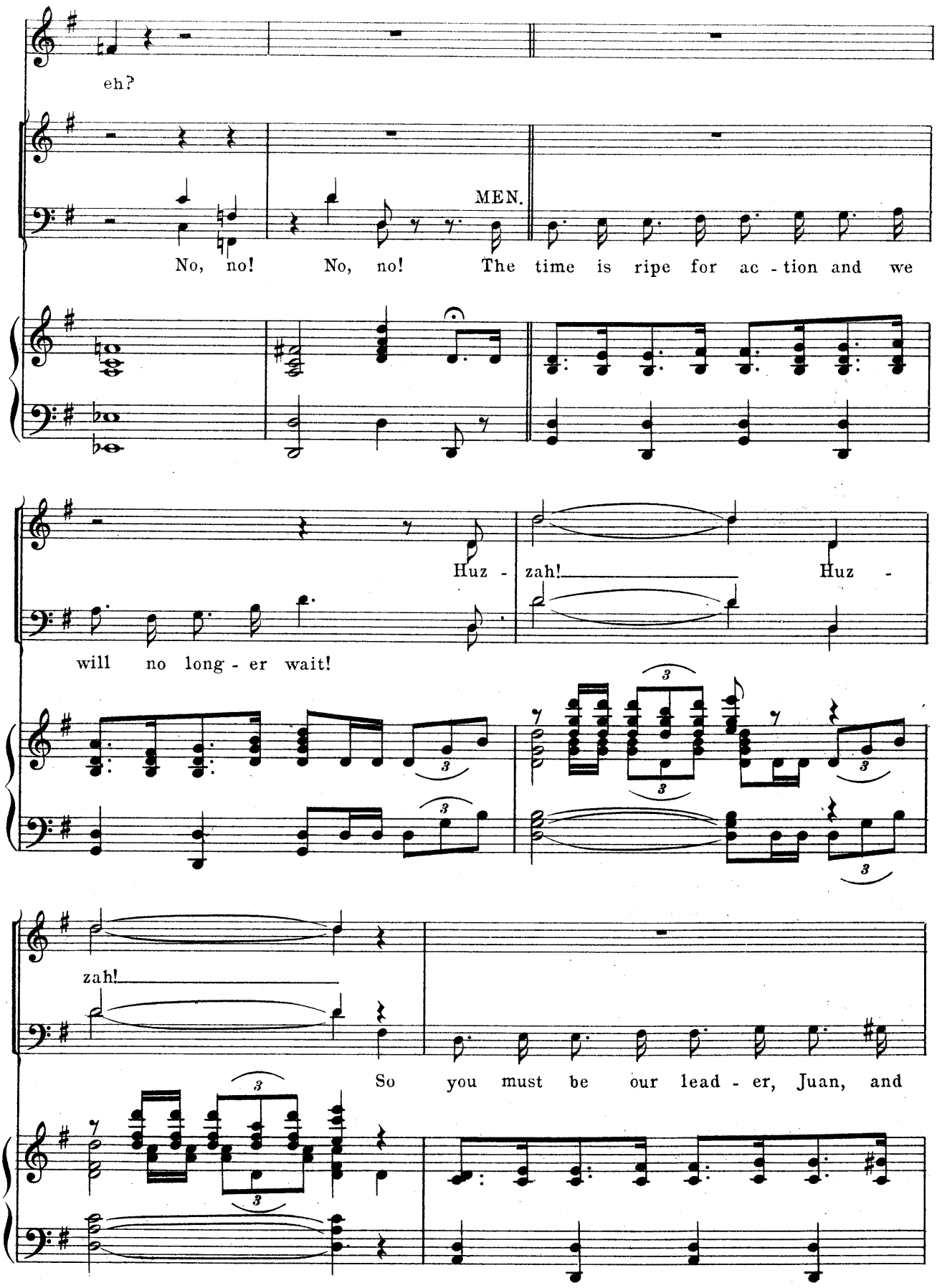

MARG.
lieve not what she's told to you, For not one word of it is true. The
p
CARM.
truth of what I've told you lies In what I saw with my own eyes. Now
rit.
Moderato.
how do you ac - count for that?
Now
Yes how do you ac - count for that?
Moderato.


how do you ac - count for that?
Now how do you ac - count for that?

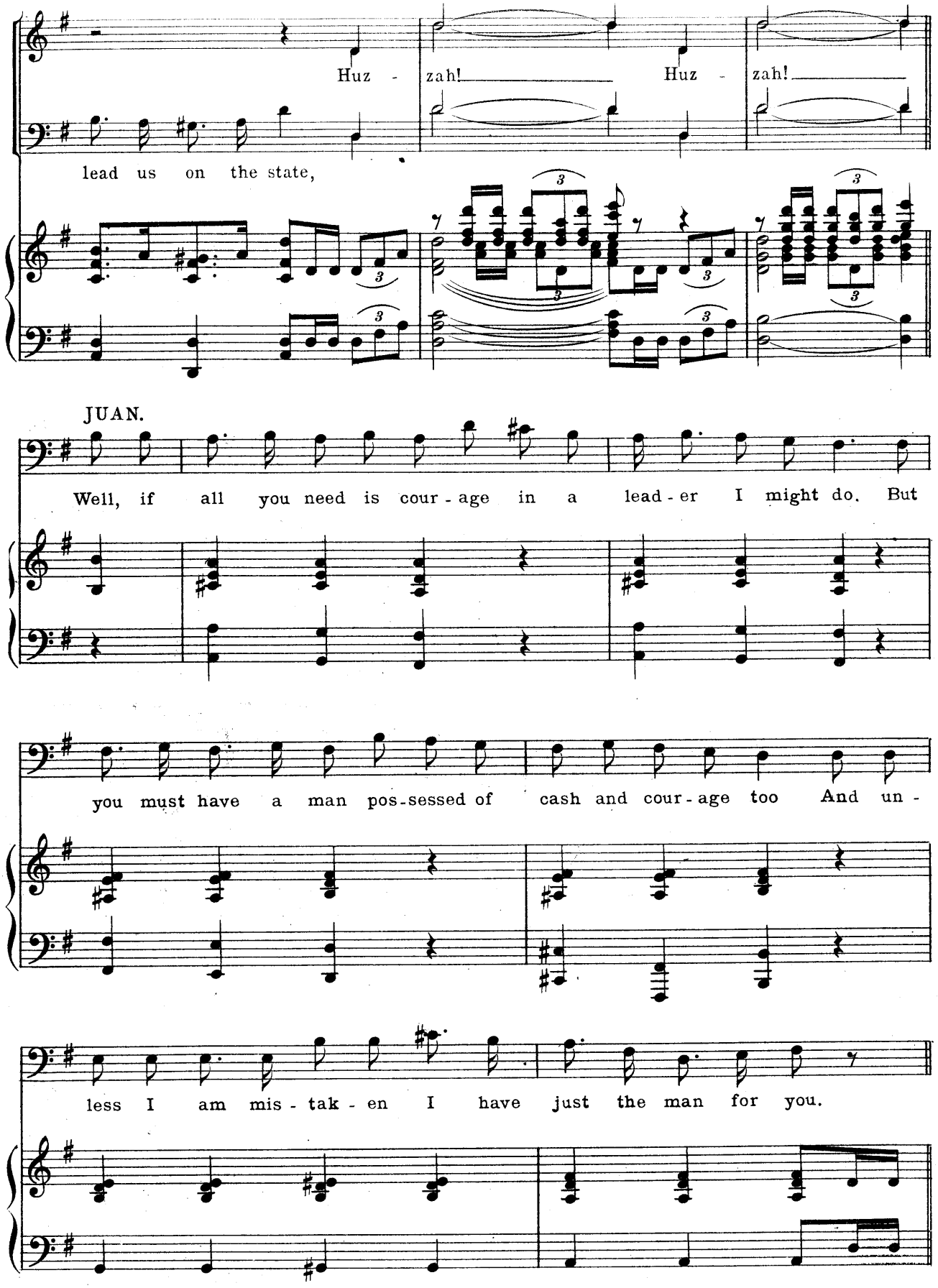

TITA.
'Tis true that he has gone a - way But true to the sword he draws, He

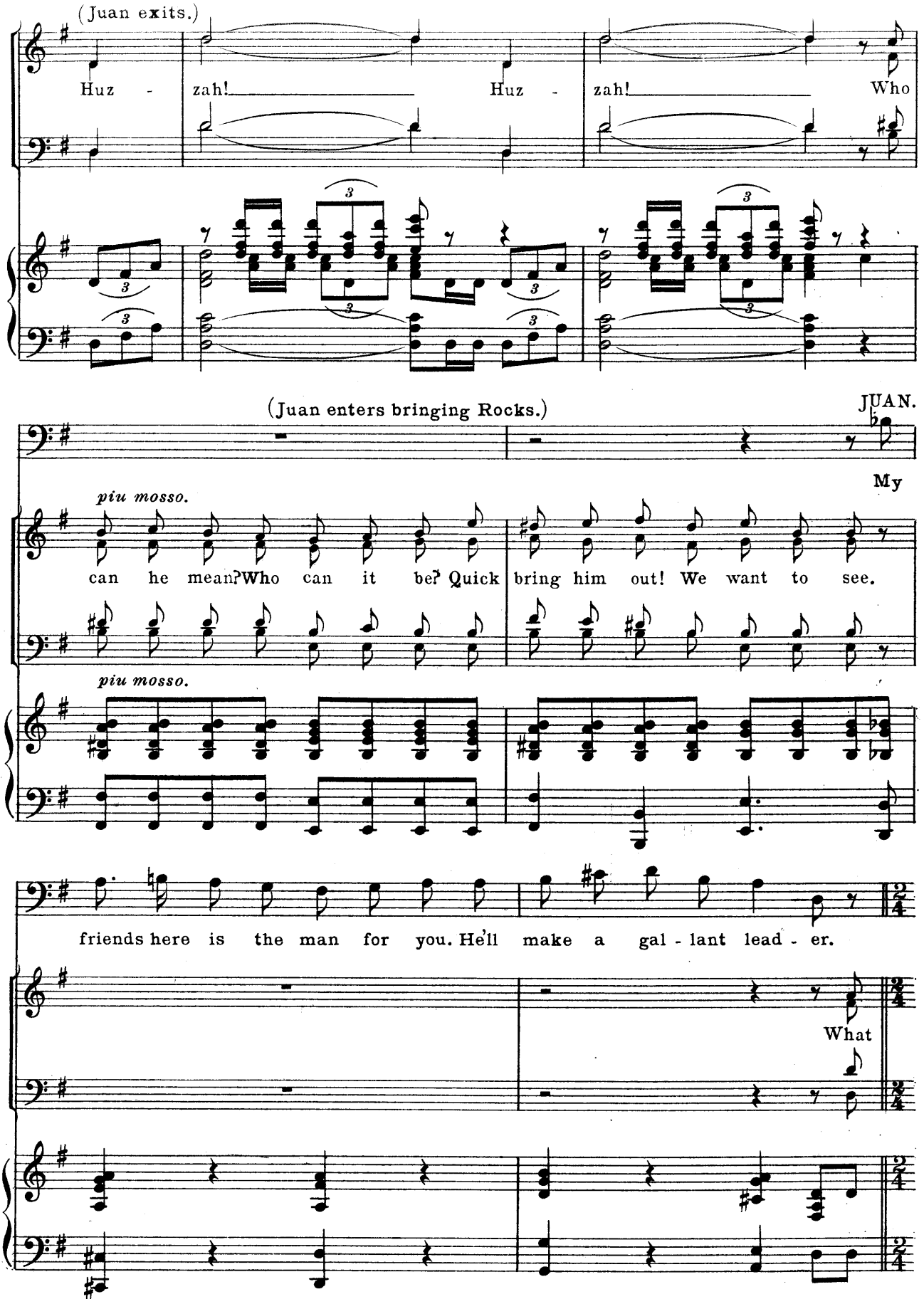

risks his life in hopes he may Get more men to join your cause.

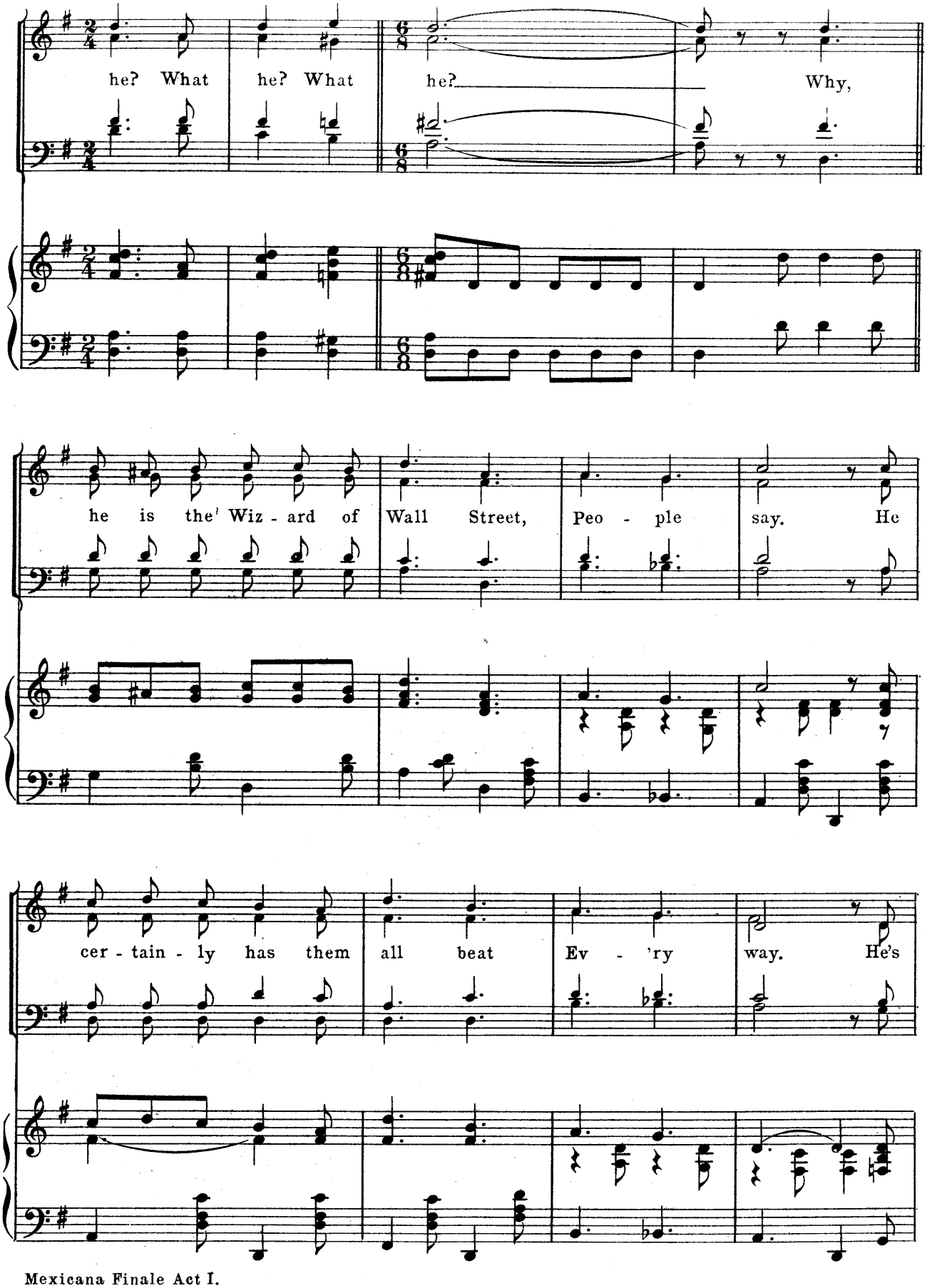

Andantino.
JUAN.
TITA.
Ti - ta, how do you know this?
A - las, I can - not
tell him!
Why Juan, if what you said of
Rod - ri - go is so, Then he is not the man to stoop so
CARMENA.
Spoken.
Allegro.
MARG.
(Half Spoken.)
low.
Quite so!
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
Do you be - lieve her



Mexicana Finale Act I.


Huz - zah! Huz - zah!
lead us on the state,
JUAN.
Well, if all you need is cour - age in a lead - er I might do. But
you must have a man pos - sessed of cash and cour - age too And un -
less I am mis - tak - en I have just the man for you.


(Juan exits.)
Huz - zah! Huz - zah! Who
(Juan enters bringing Rocks.)
JUAN.
My
piu mosso.
can he mean? Who can it be? Quick bring him out! We want to see.
piu mosso.
friends here is the man for you. He'll make a gal - lant lead - er.
What



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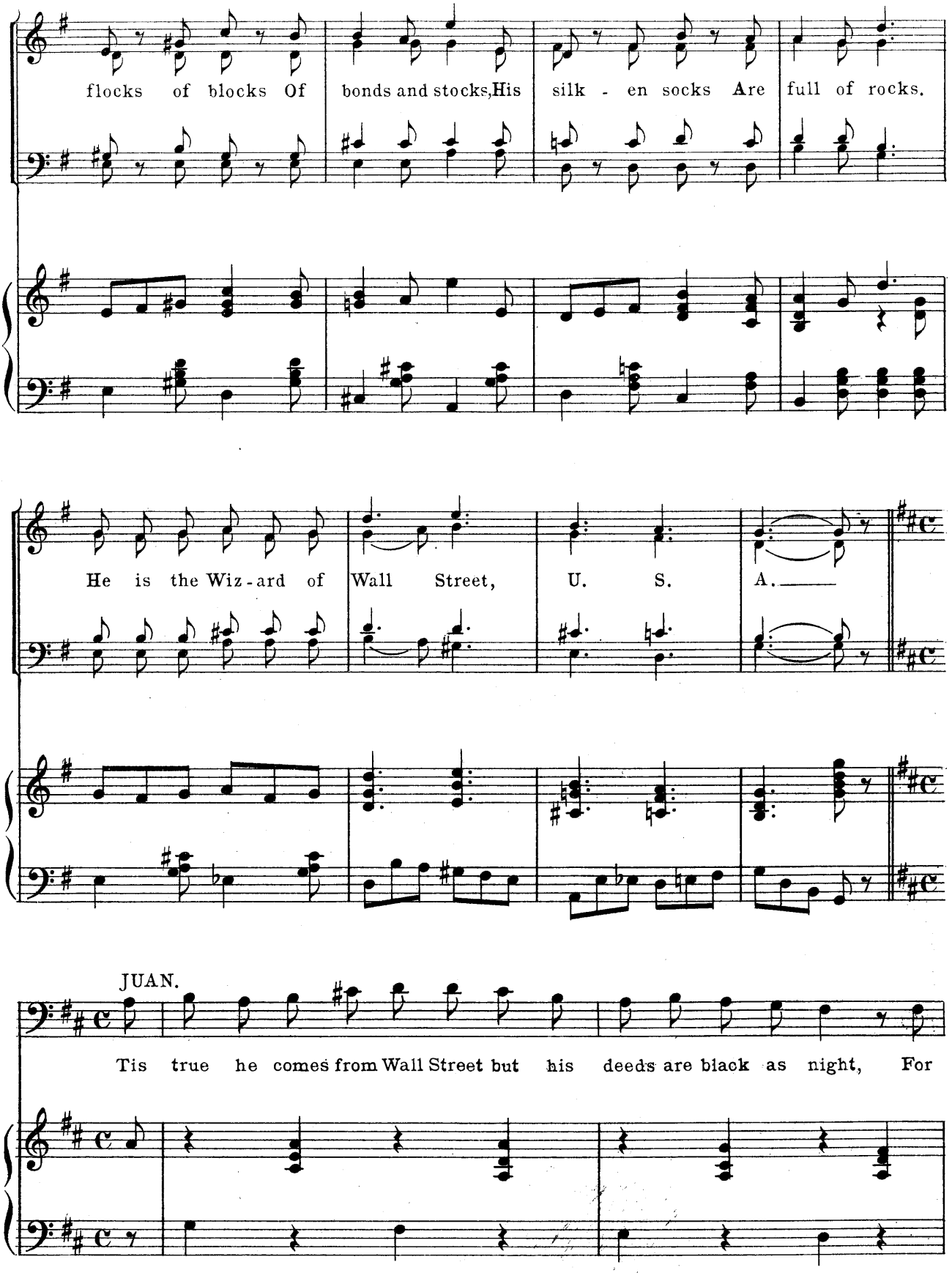


Mexicana Finale Act I.

ROCKS

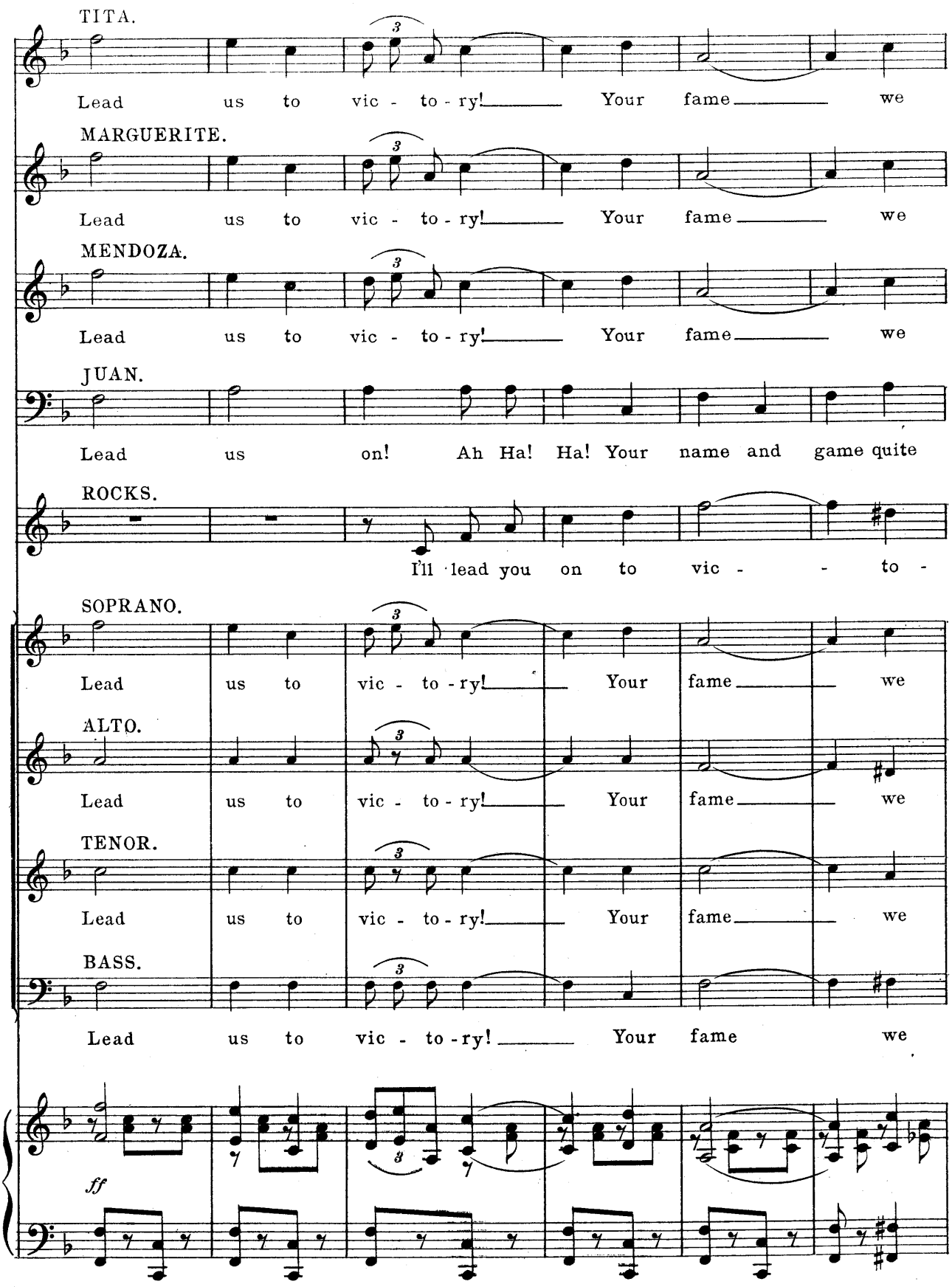
he is Don Ben - i - to and will lead you in the fight. For

car-nage dread and go - ry, I've a cul - ti - vat - ed thirst; I'll

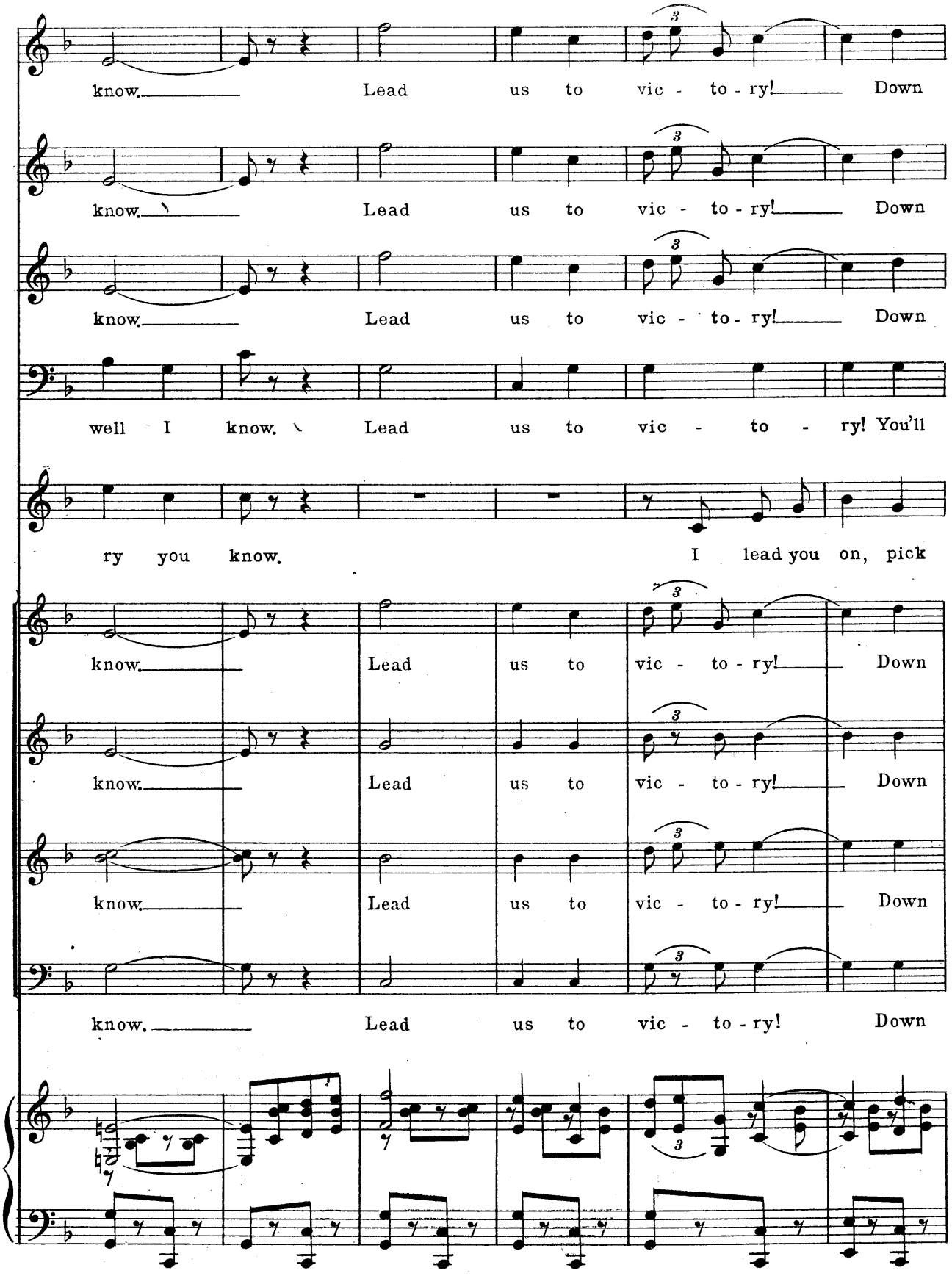
lead you a - ny place you say — if you go first.

Lead on, lead on, lead on!

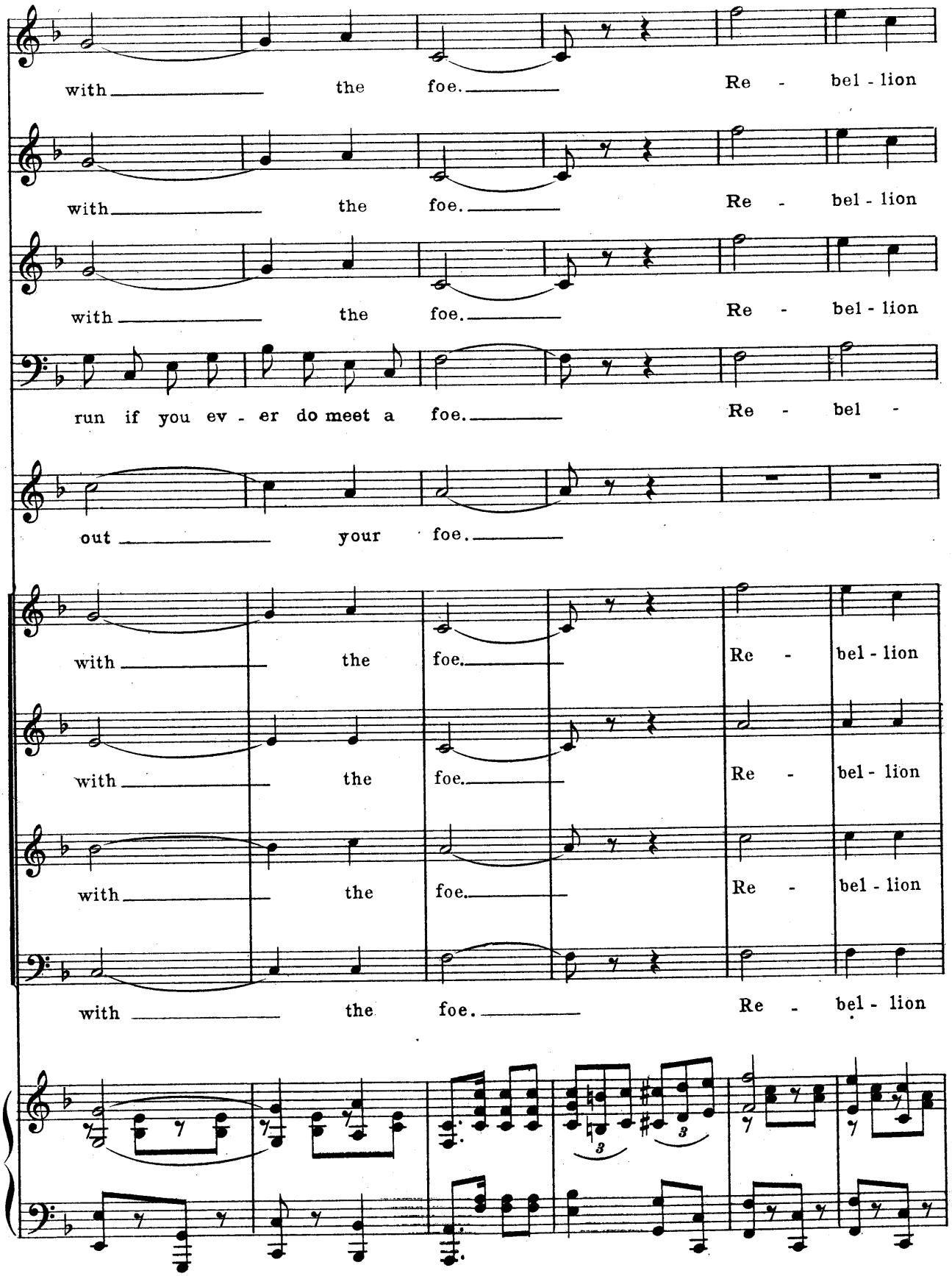
Mexicana Finale Act I.



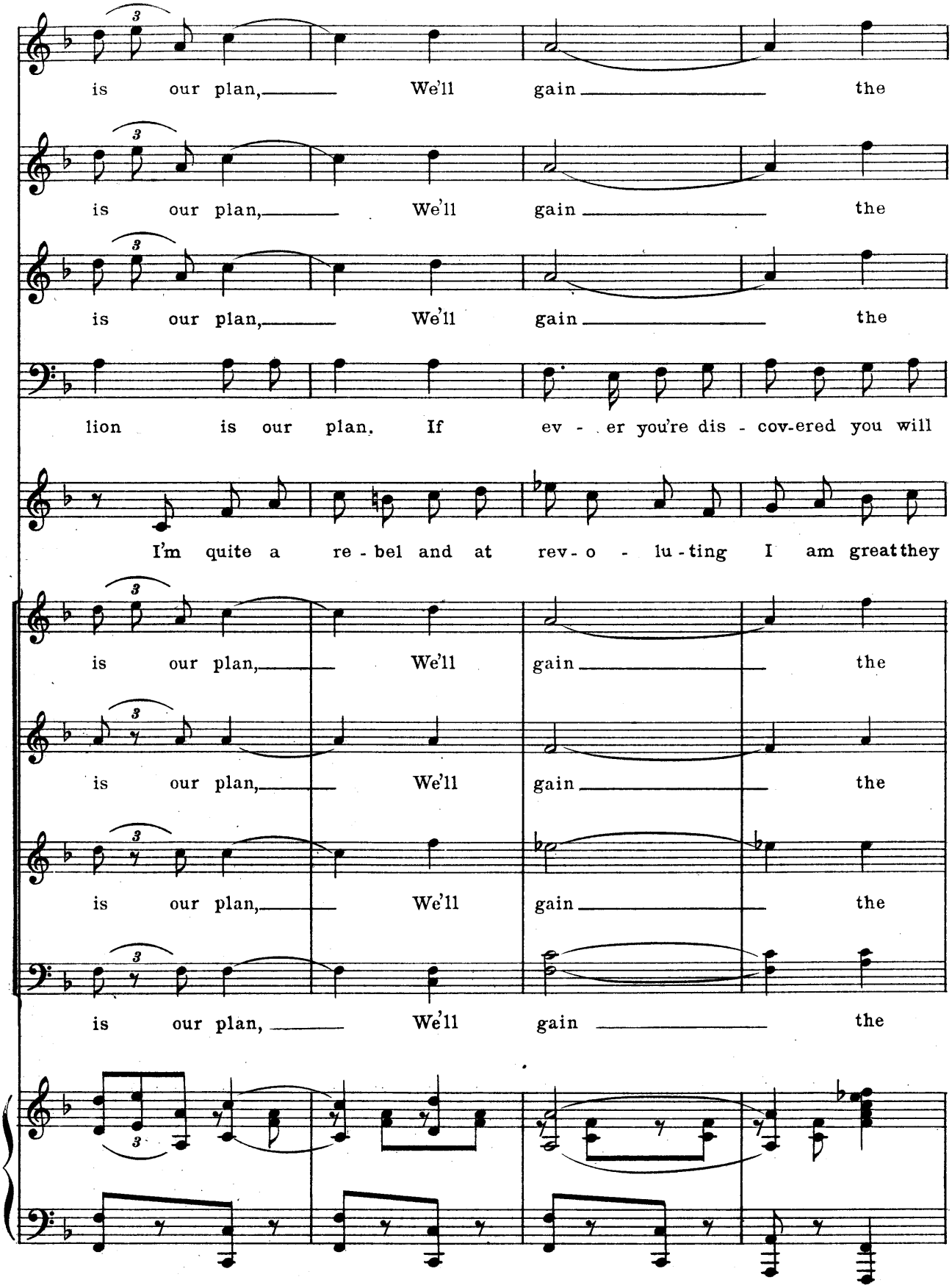
Mexicana Finale Act I.



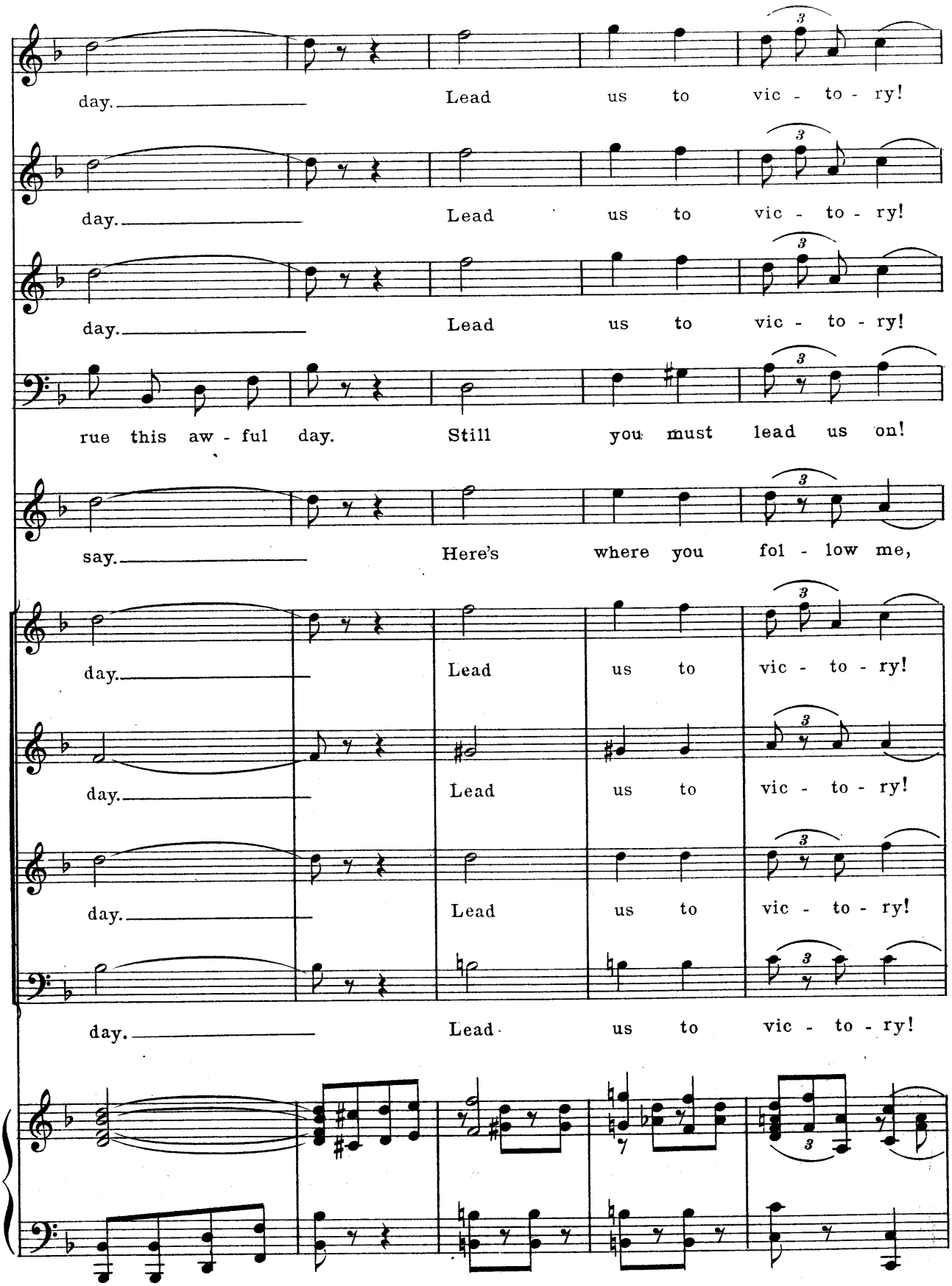
Mexicana Finale Act I.



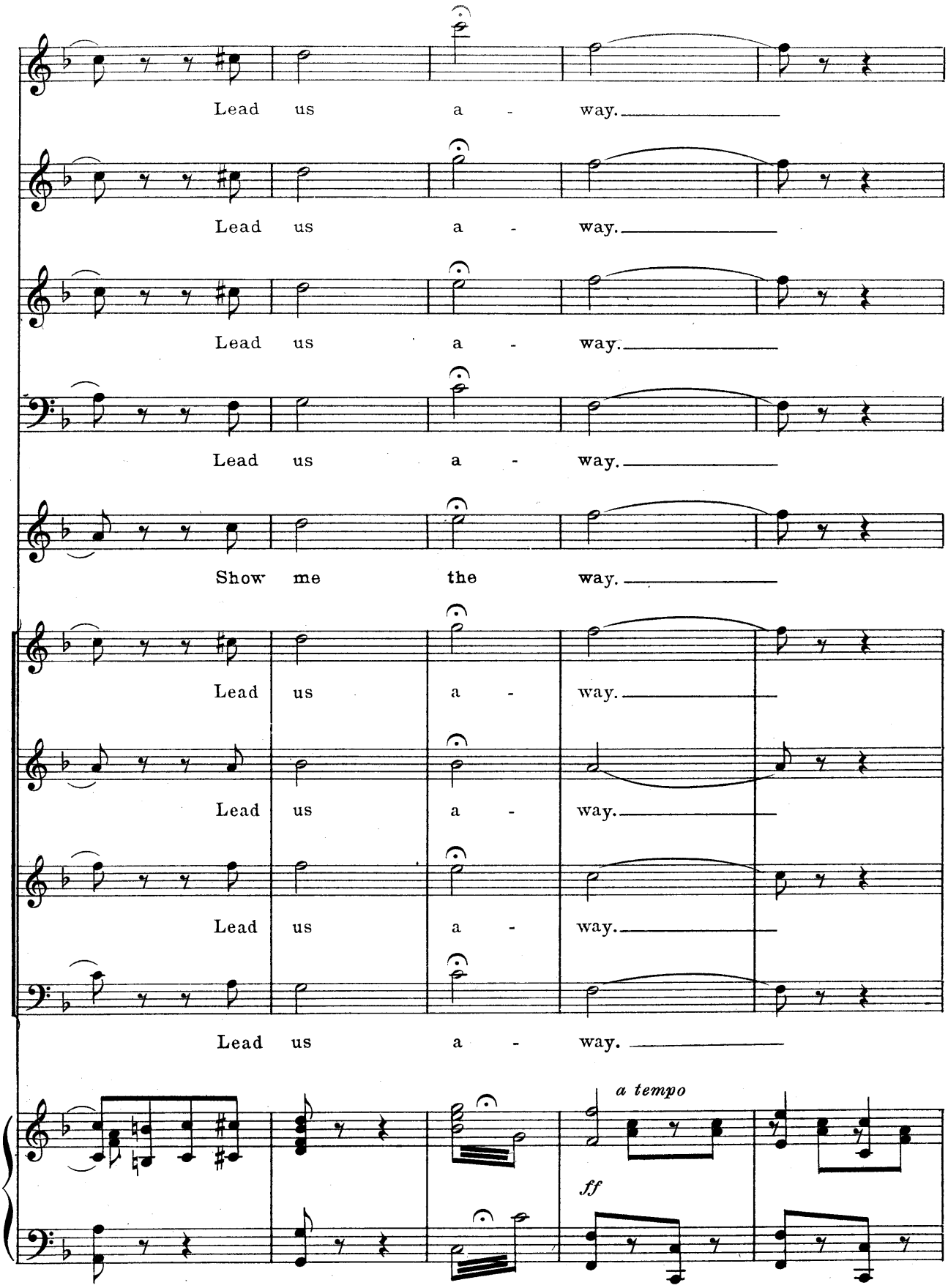
Mexicana Finale Act I.



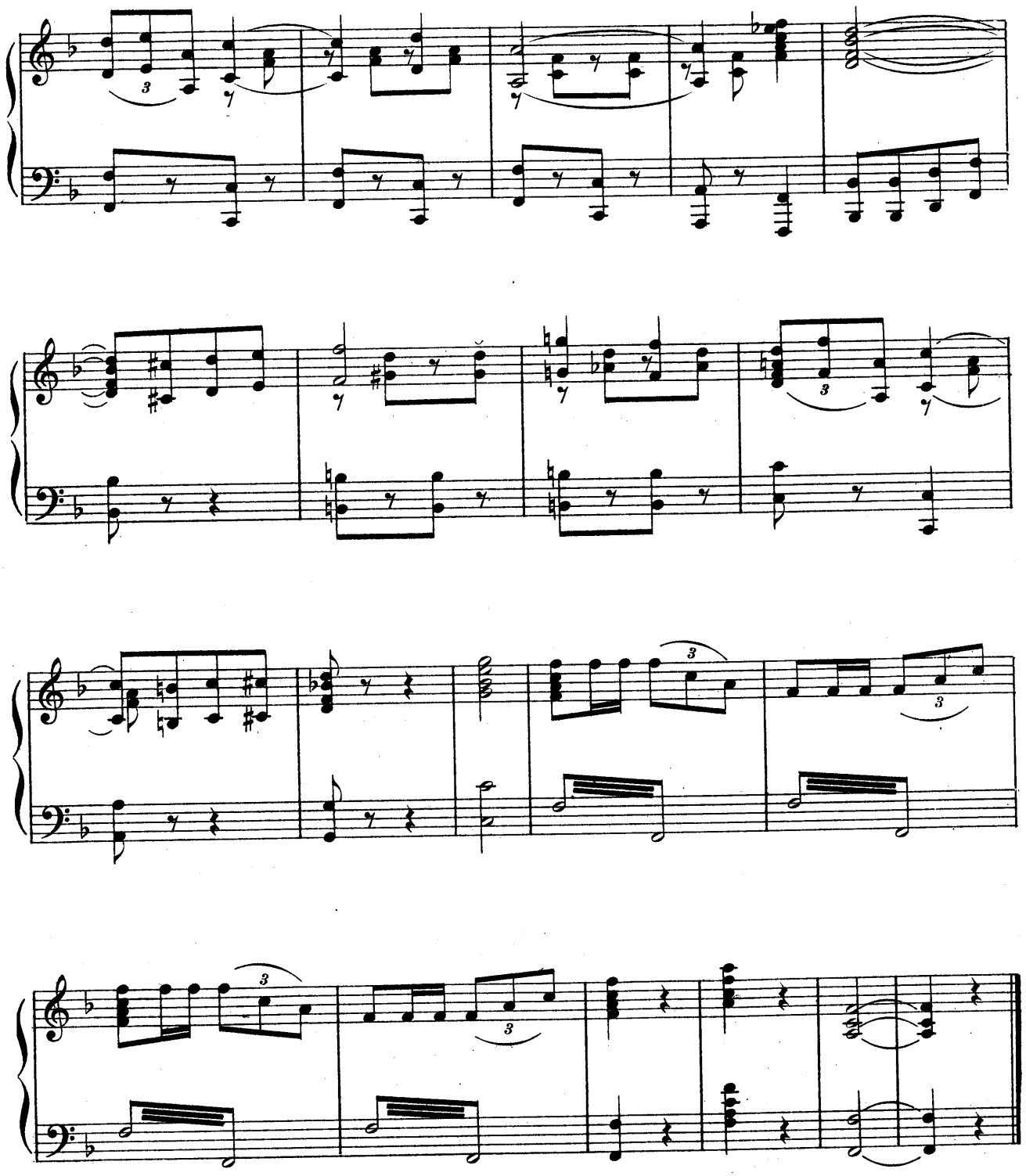
Mexicana Finale Act I.



Mexicana Finale Act I.



Mexicana Finale Act I.



Mexicana Finale Act I.

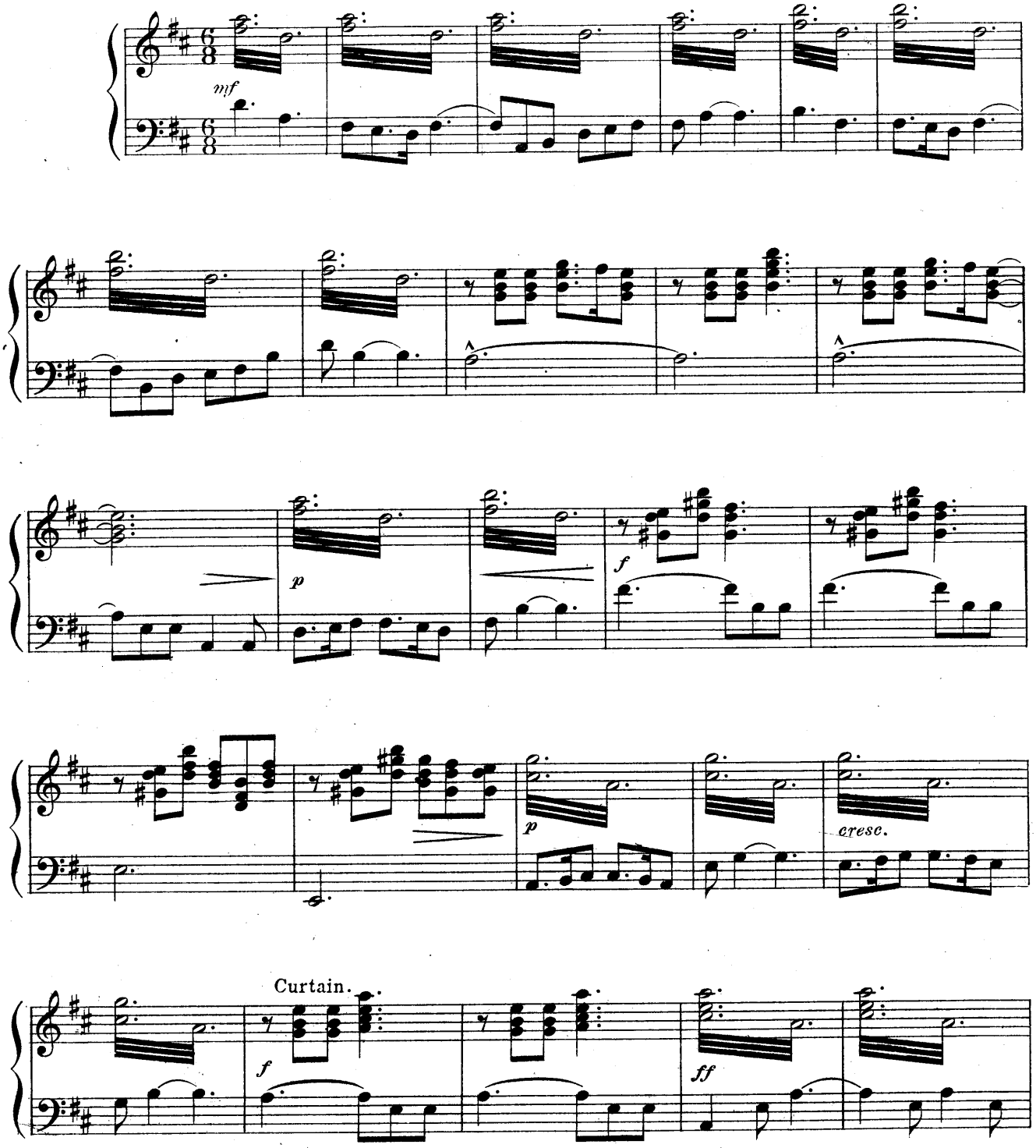
No 9. Opening.

ACT II.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL

Moderato.



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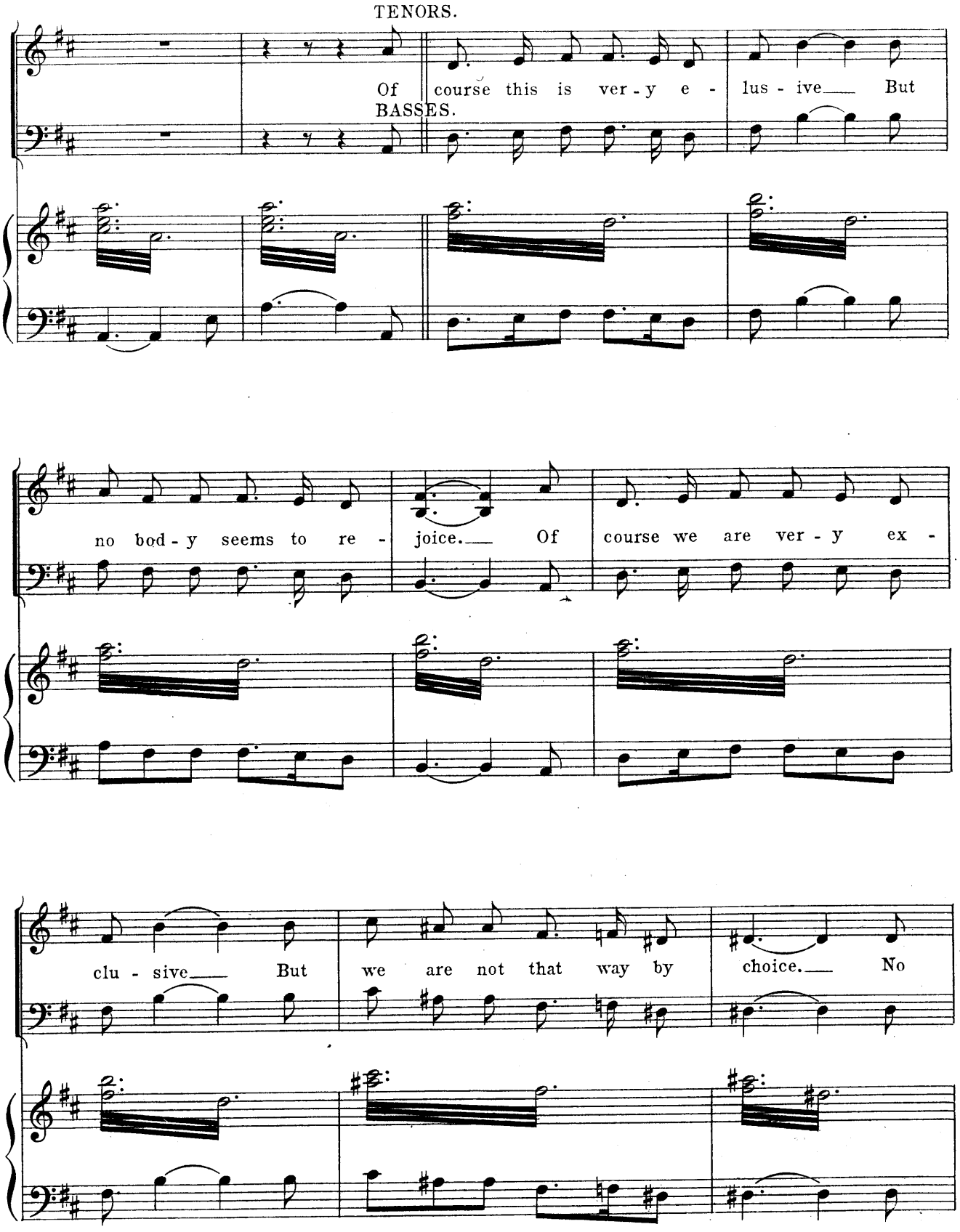
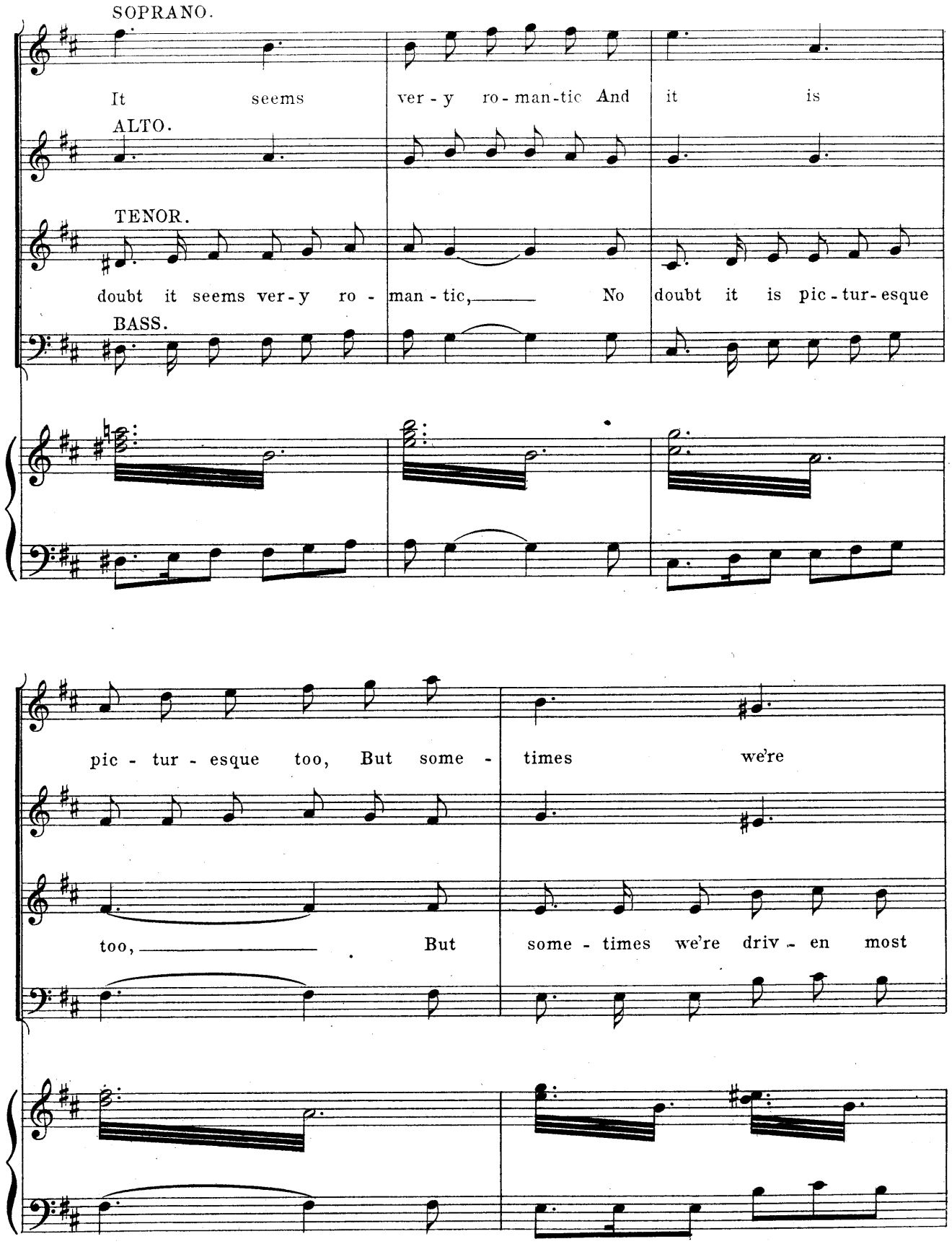
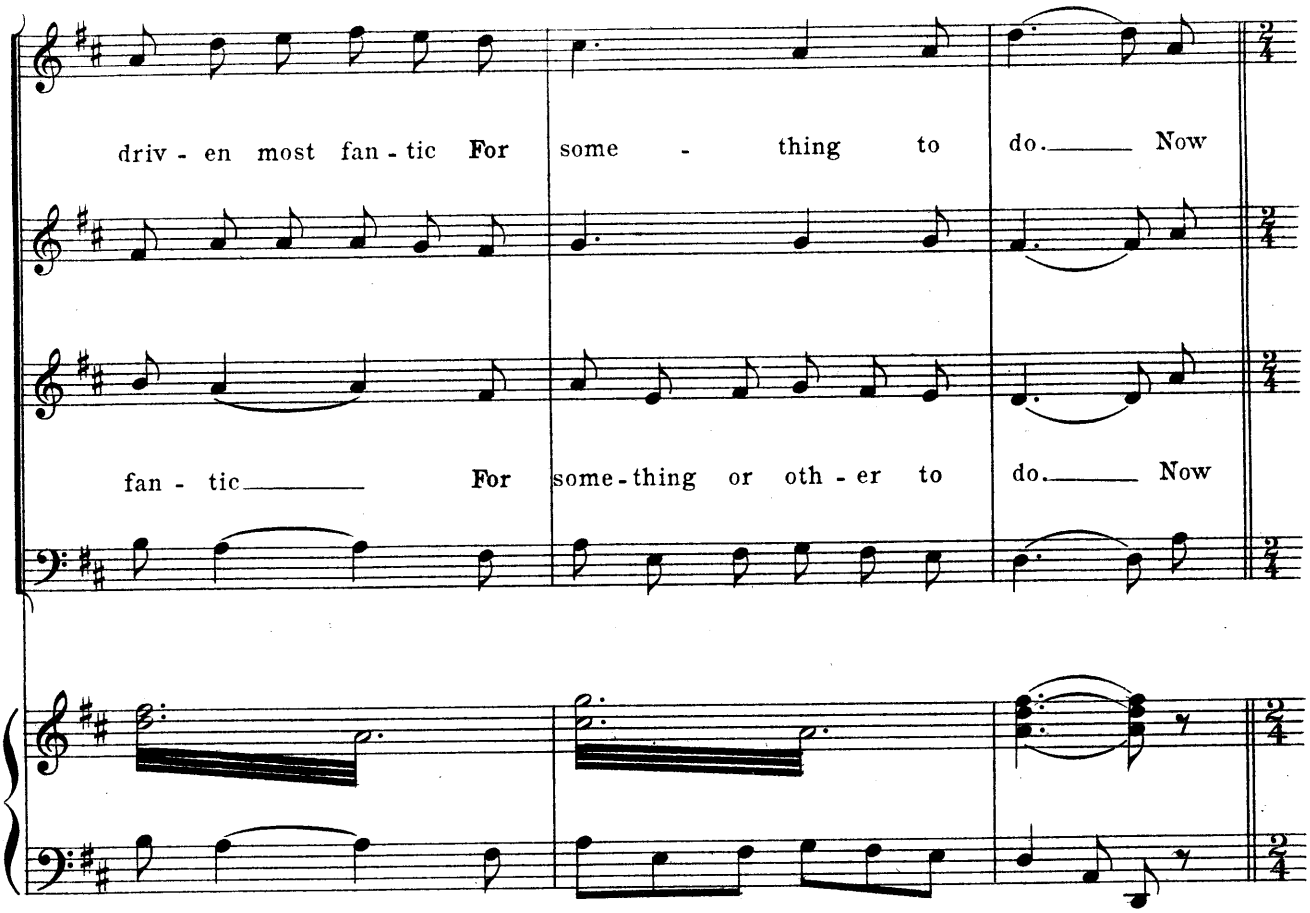
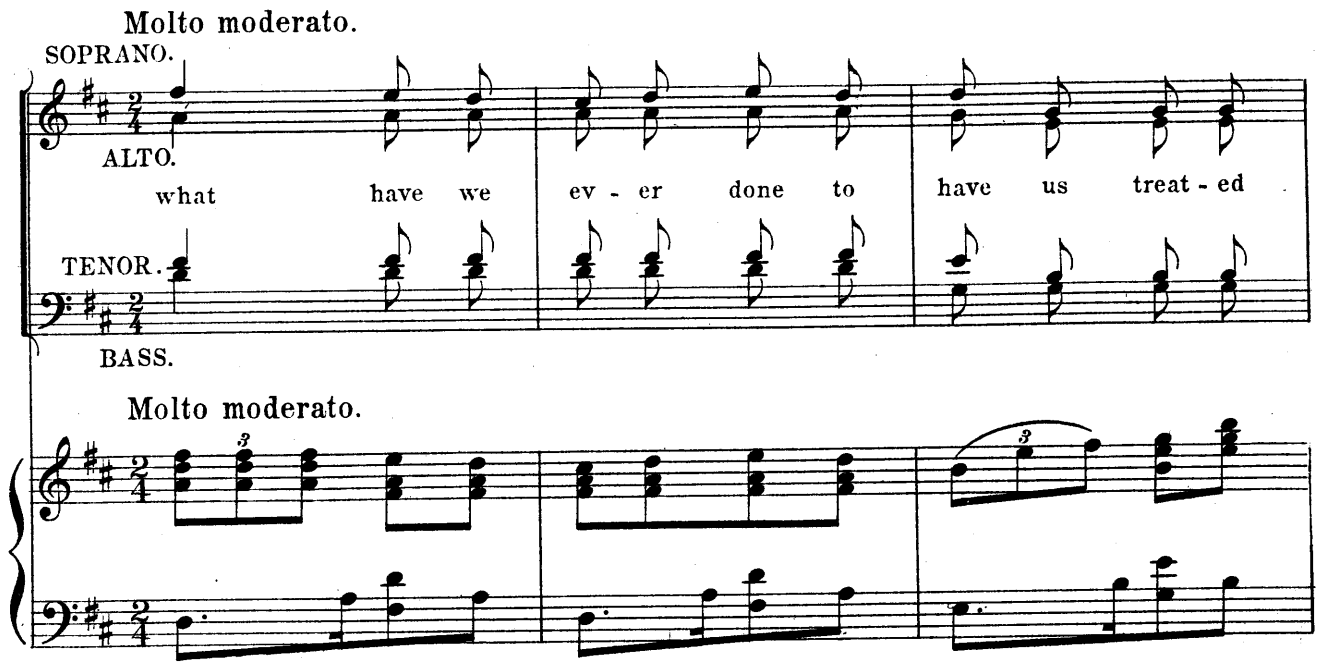
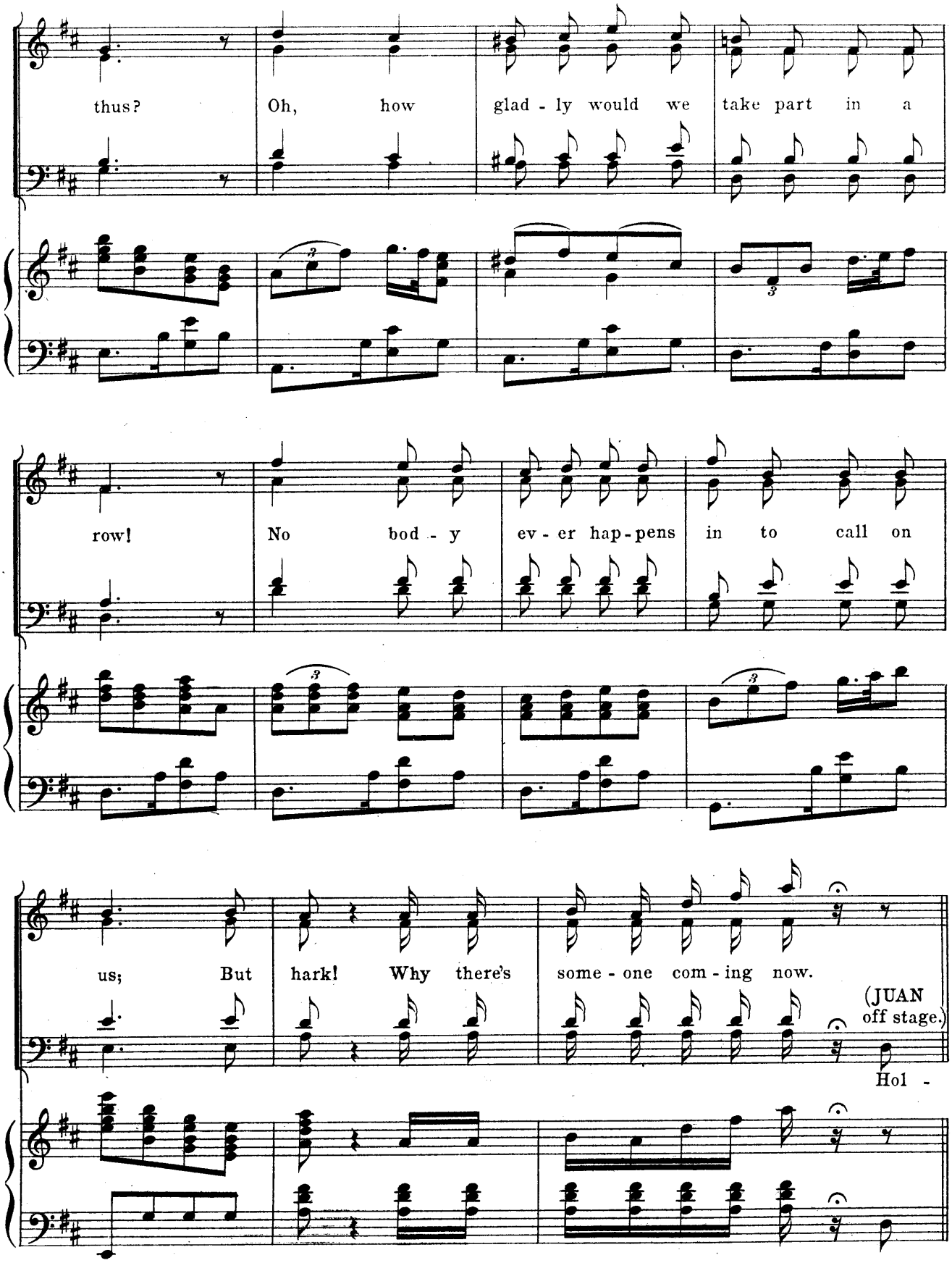

TENORS.
Of course this is ver - y e - lus - ive___ But
BASSES.
no bod - y seems to re - joice.___ Of course we are ver - y ex -
clu - sive___ But we are not that way by choice.___ No

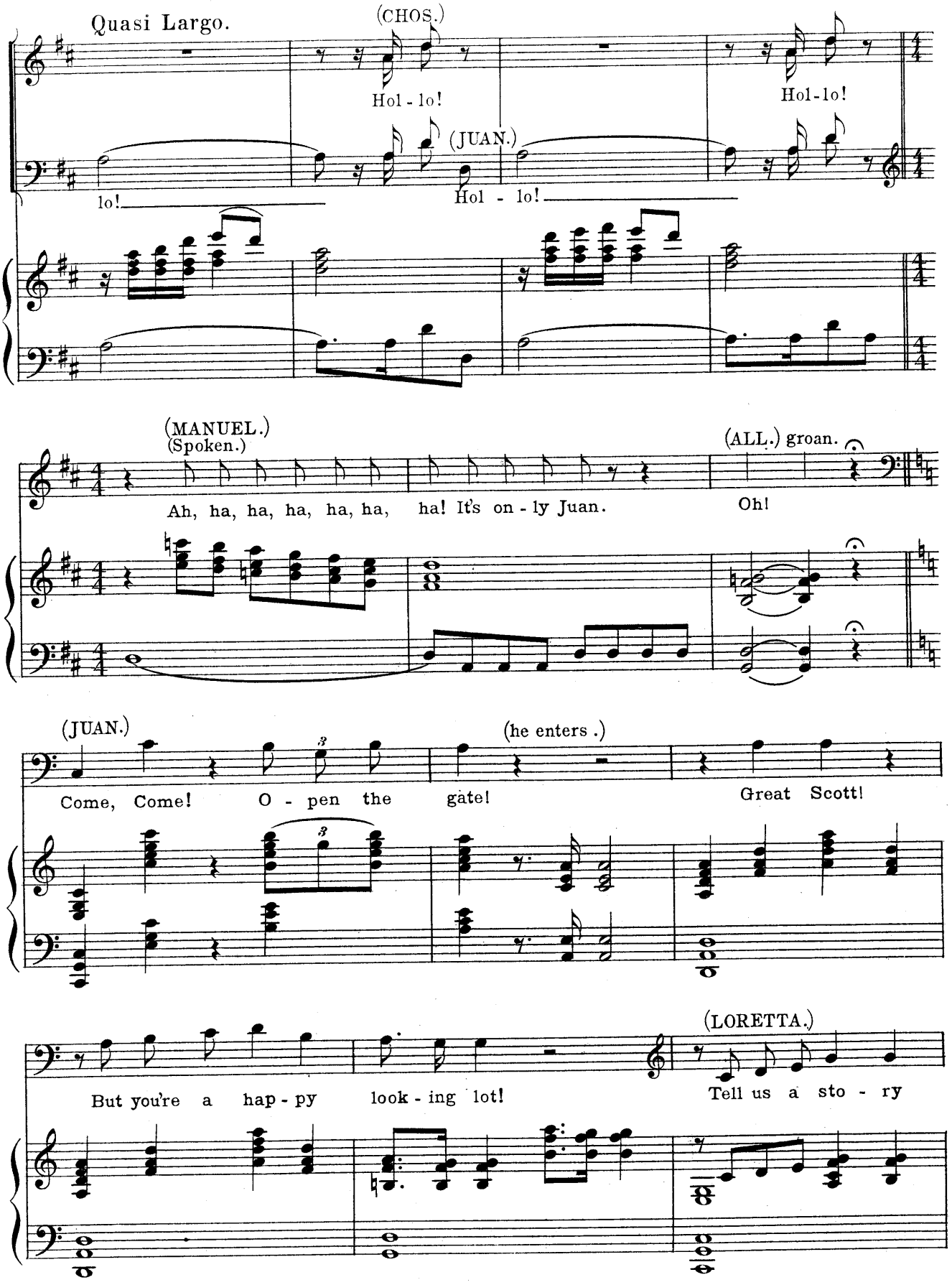


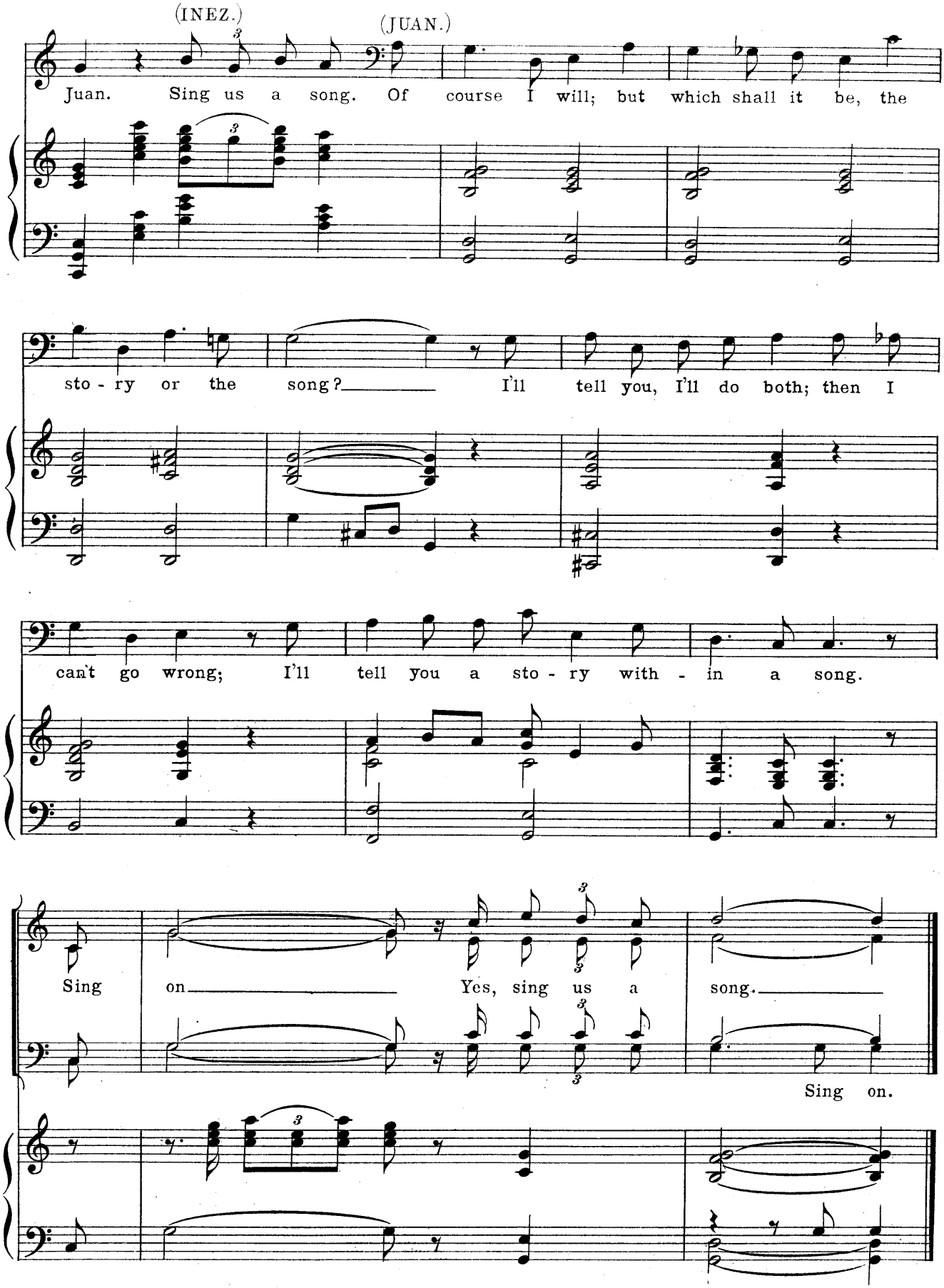
Mexicana. Opening Act II. 7


driv - en most fan - tic For some - thing to do. Now
fan - tic For some - thing or oth - er to do. Now


Molto moderato.
SOPRANO.
ALTO.
what have we ev - er done to have us treat - ed
TENOR.
BASS.
Molto moderato.


thus? Oh, how glad - ly would we take part in a
row! No bod - y ev - er hap - pens in to call on
us; But hark! Why there's some - one com - ing now.
(JUAN off stage.)
Hol -


Quasi Largo.
(CHOS.)
Hol - lo!
Hol - lo!
(JUAN.)
lo!
Hol - lo!
(MANUEL.)
(Spoken.)
Ah, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! It's on - ly Juan.
(ALL.) groan.
Oh!
(JUAN.)
Come, Come! O - pen the gate!
(he enters .)
Great Scott!
(LORETTA.)
But you're a hap - py look - ing lot!
Tell us a sto - ry



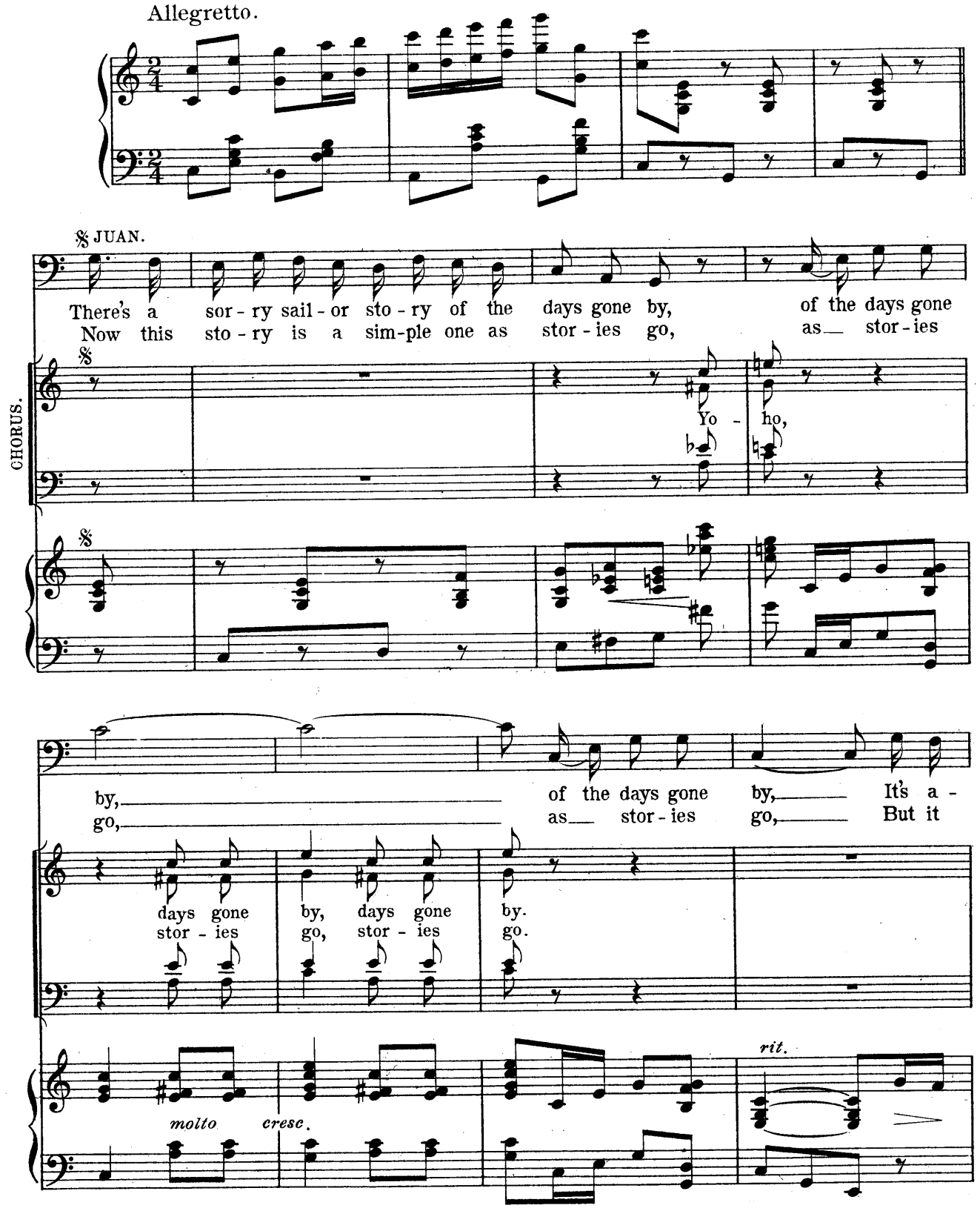
Mexicana. Opening Act II. 7

No 10. The Lorelei.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Juan and Chorus.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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bout a riv - er maid - en christ-ened Lo - re - lei, christ-ened Lo - re -
has a use - ful mo - ral that you all should know, that you all should

Yo - ho,

a tempo

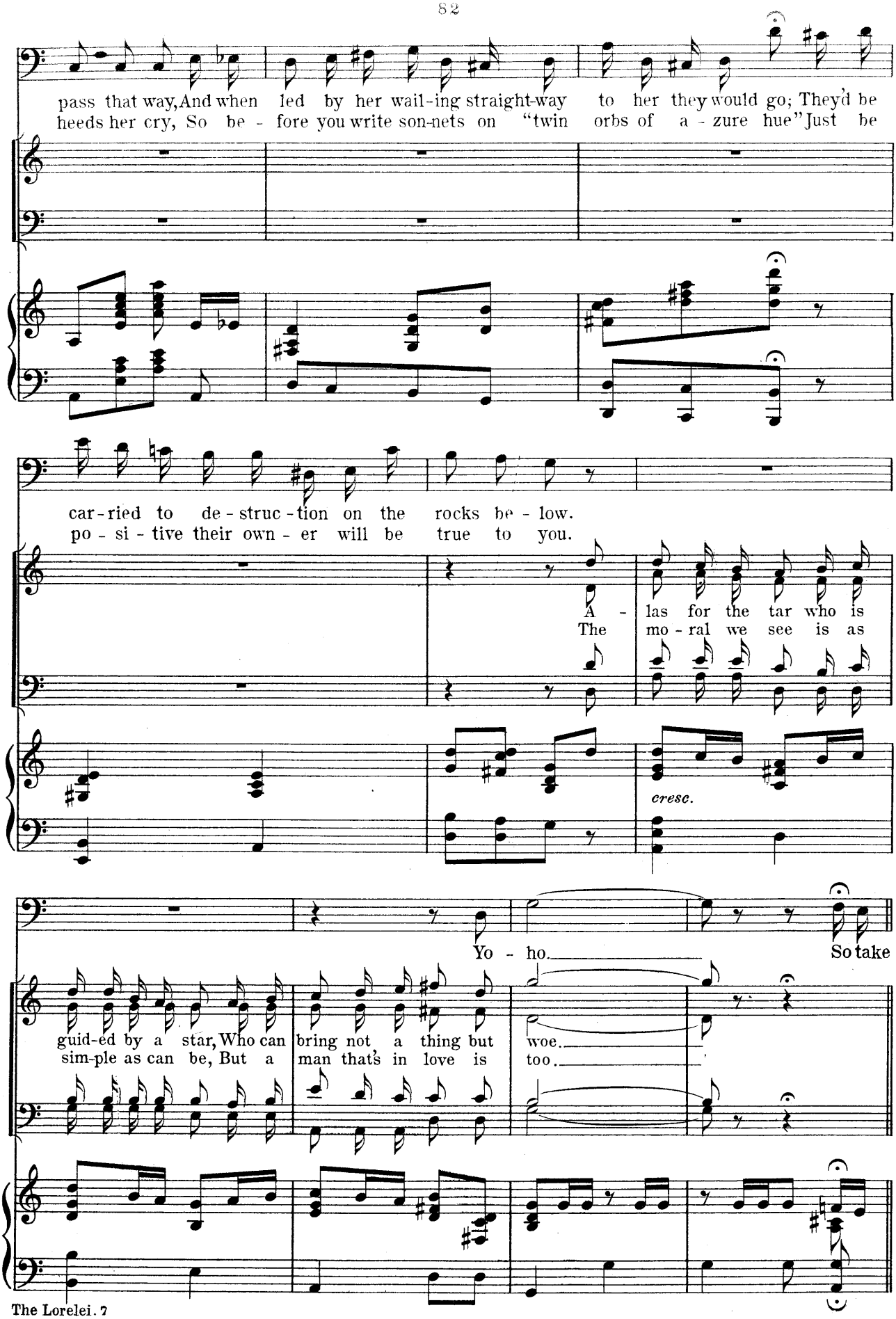
lei, christ-ened Lo - re - lei. By the
know, that you all should know. Ev-'ry

Lo - re - lei, Lo - re - lei
all should know, all should know.

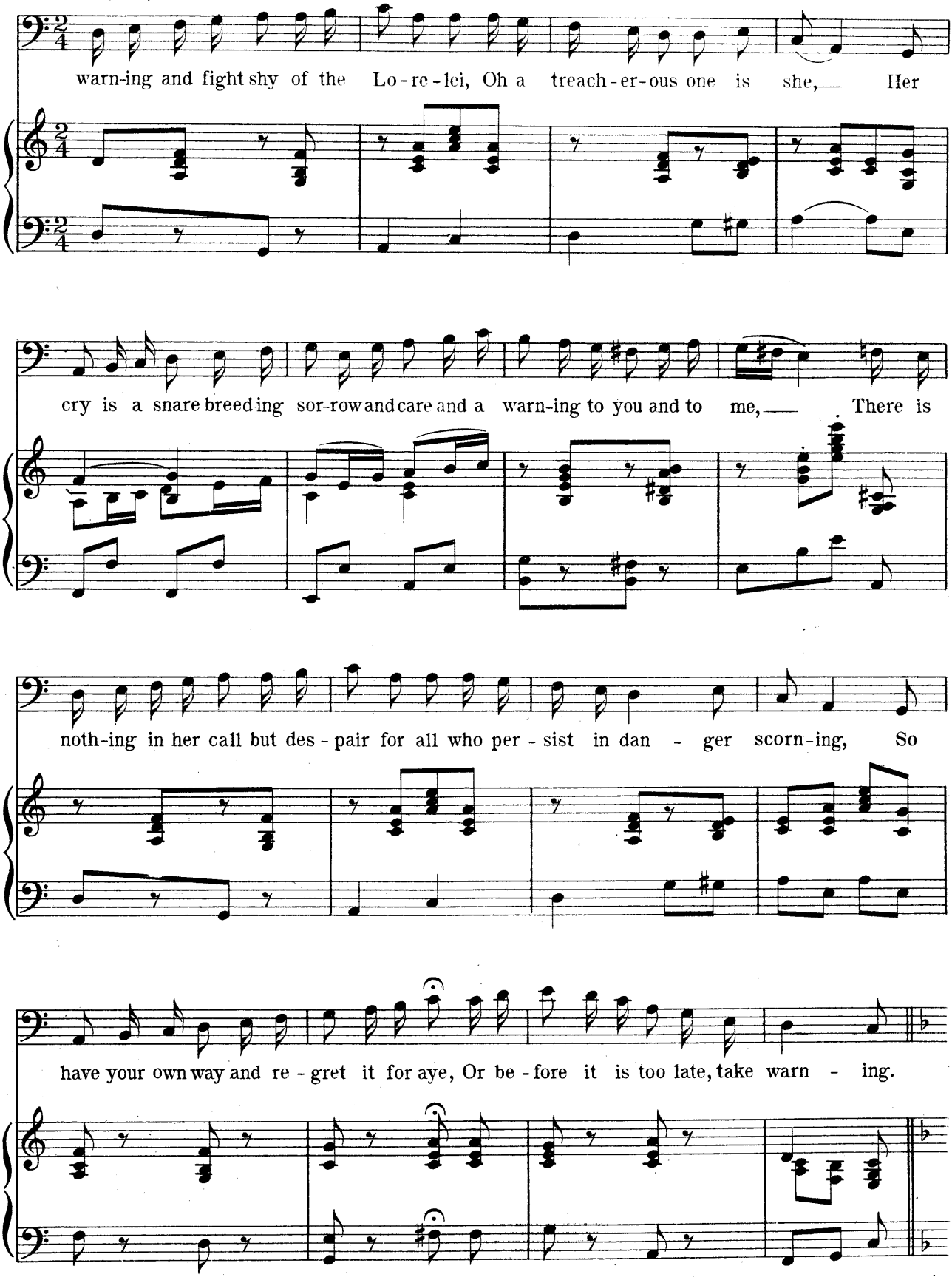
cresc.

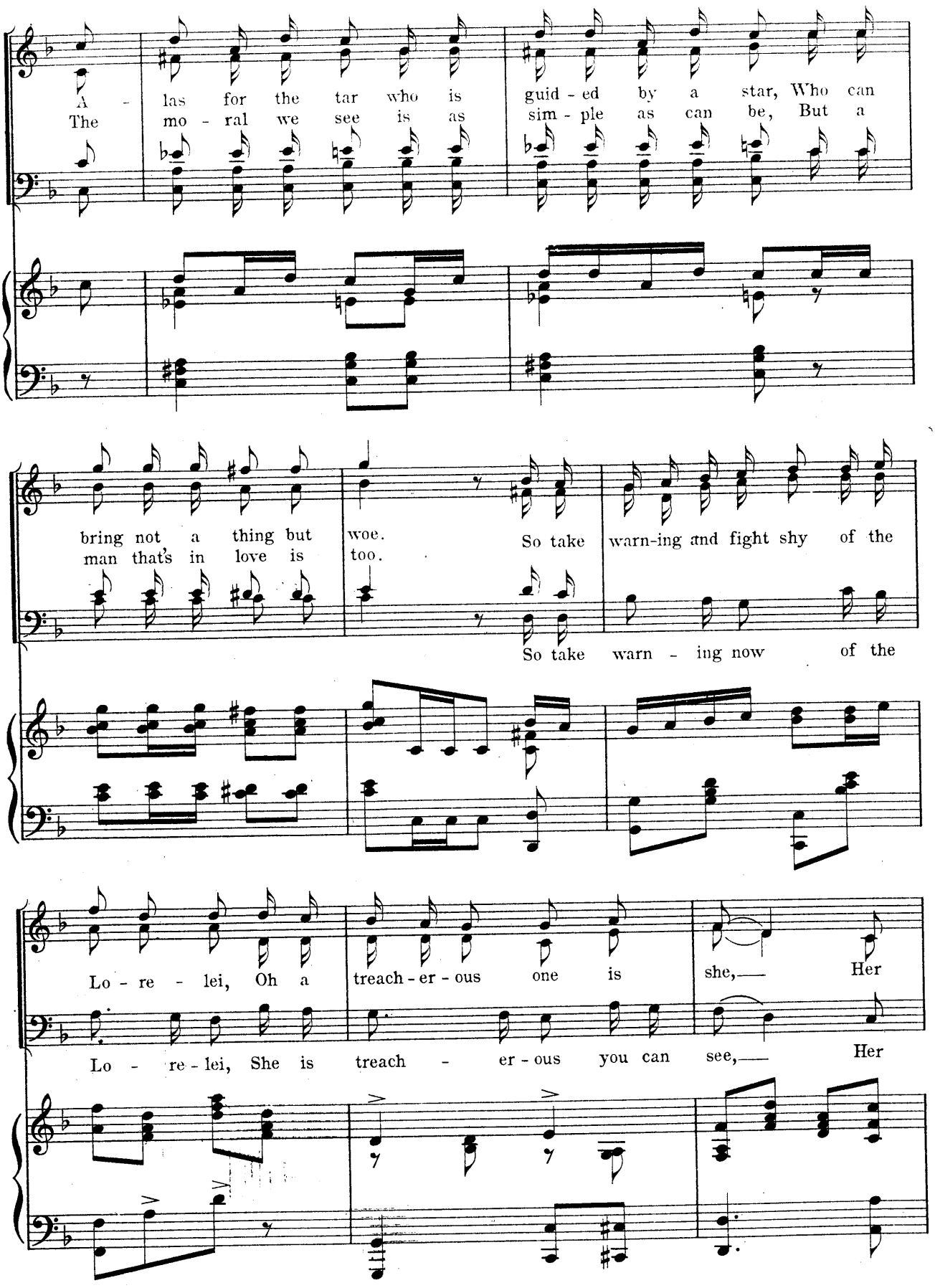
riv - er bank she lin - gered night and day, And way - laid all sail - ors who would
fick - le maid - en is a Lo - re - lei, And it's woe to a - ny - one who

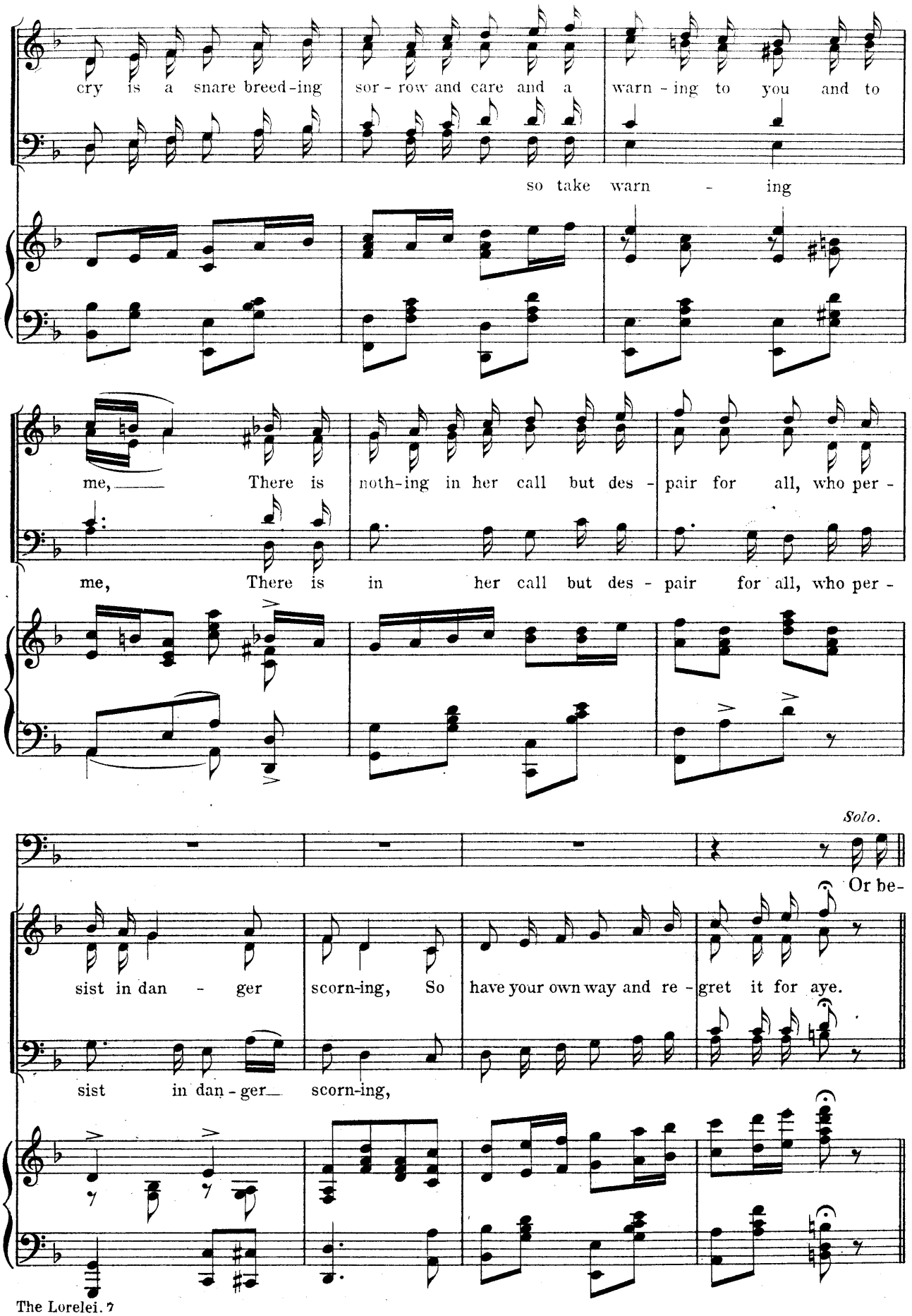
a tempo

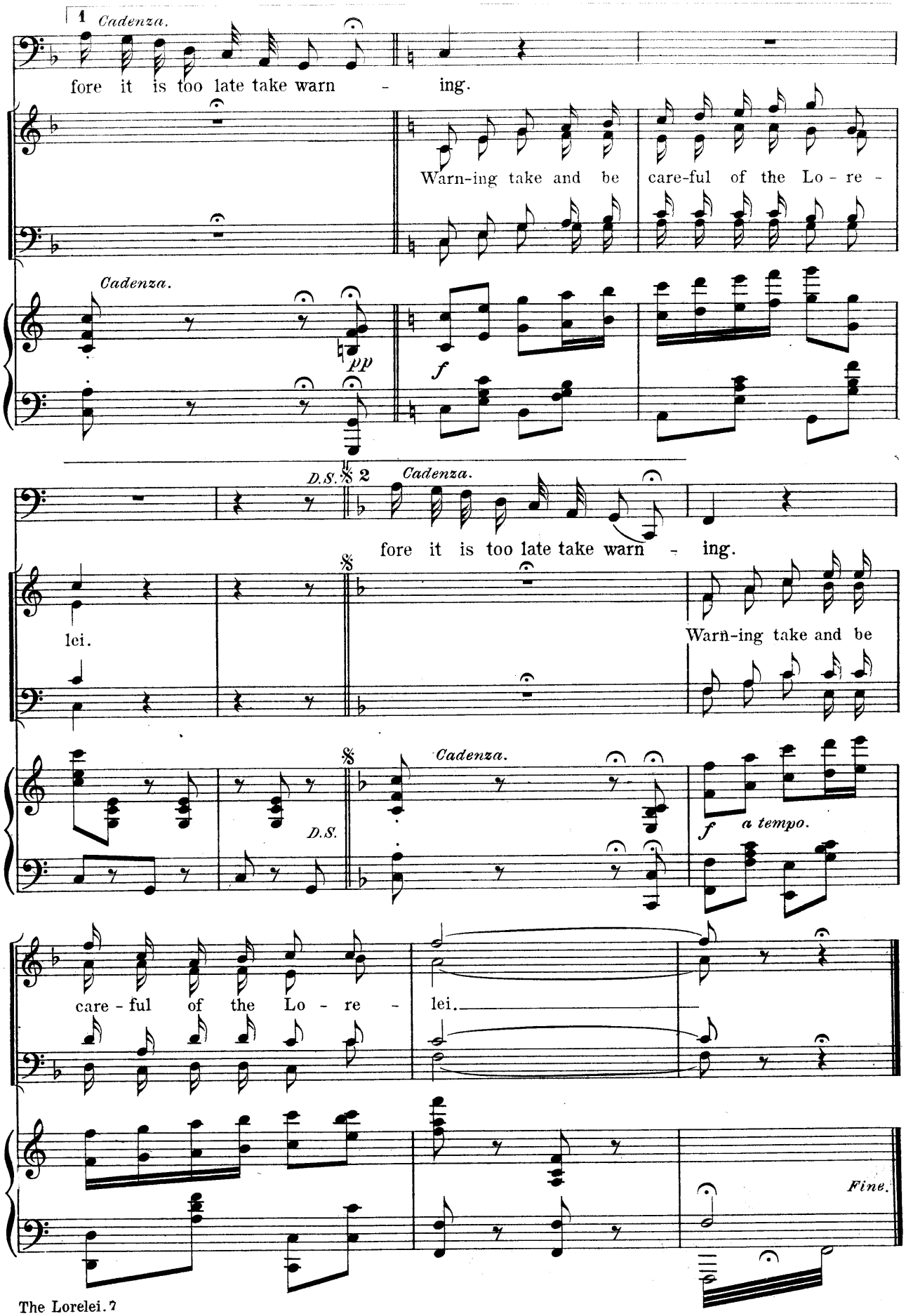

pass that way, And when led by her wail-ing straight-way to her they would go; They'd be
heeds her cry, So be - fore you write son-nets on "twin orbs of a - zure hue" Just be
car-ried to de-struc-tion on the rocks be - low.
po - si - tive their own - er will be true to you.
A - las for the tar who is
The mo - ral we see is as
cresc.
Yo - ho.
So take
guid-ed by a star, Who can bring not a thing but woe.
sim-ple as can be, But a man that's in love is too.

REFRAIN.


warn-ing and fight shy of the Lo-re-lei, Oh a treach-er-ous one is she,— Her
cry is a snare breed-ing sor-row and care and a warn-ing to you and to me,— There is
noth-ing in her call but des-pair for all who per-sist in dan-ger scorn-ing, So
have your own way and re-gret it for aye, Or be-fore it is too late, take warn-ing.


A - las for the tar who is guid - ed by a star, Who can
The mo - ral we see is as sim - ple as can be, But a
bring not a thing but woe. So take warn-ing and fight shy of the
man that's in love is too.
So take warn - ing now of the
Lo - re - lei, Oh a treach - er - ous one is she,— Her
Lo - re - lei, She is treach - er - ous you can see,— Her


cry is a snare breed-ing sor - row and care and a warn - ing to you and to
so take warn - ing
me, There is noth-ing in her call but des - pair for all, who per -
me, There is in her call but des - pair for all, who per -
Solo.
Or be-
sist in dan - ger scorn-ing, So have your own way and re - gret it for aye.
sist in dan - ger scorn-ing,


1
Cadenza.
fore it is too late take warn - ing.
Warn-ing take and be care-ful of the Lo - re -
Cadenza.
pp
f
D.S. 𝄋 2
Cadenza.
fore it is too late take warn - ing.
lei.
Warn-ing take and be
𝄋
Cadenza.
D.S.
𝄋
f
a tempo.
care - ful of the Lo - re - lei.
Fine.

No 11. We've Got a Lot to Learn.

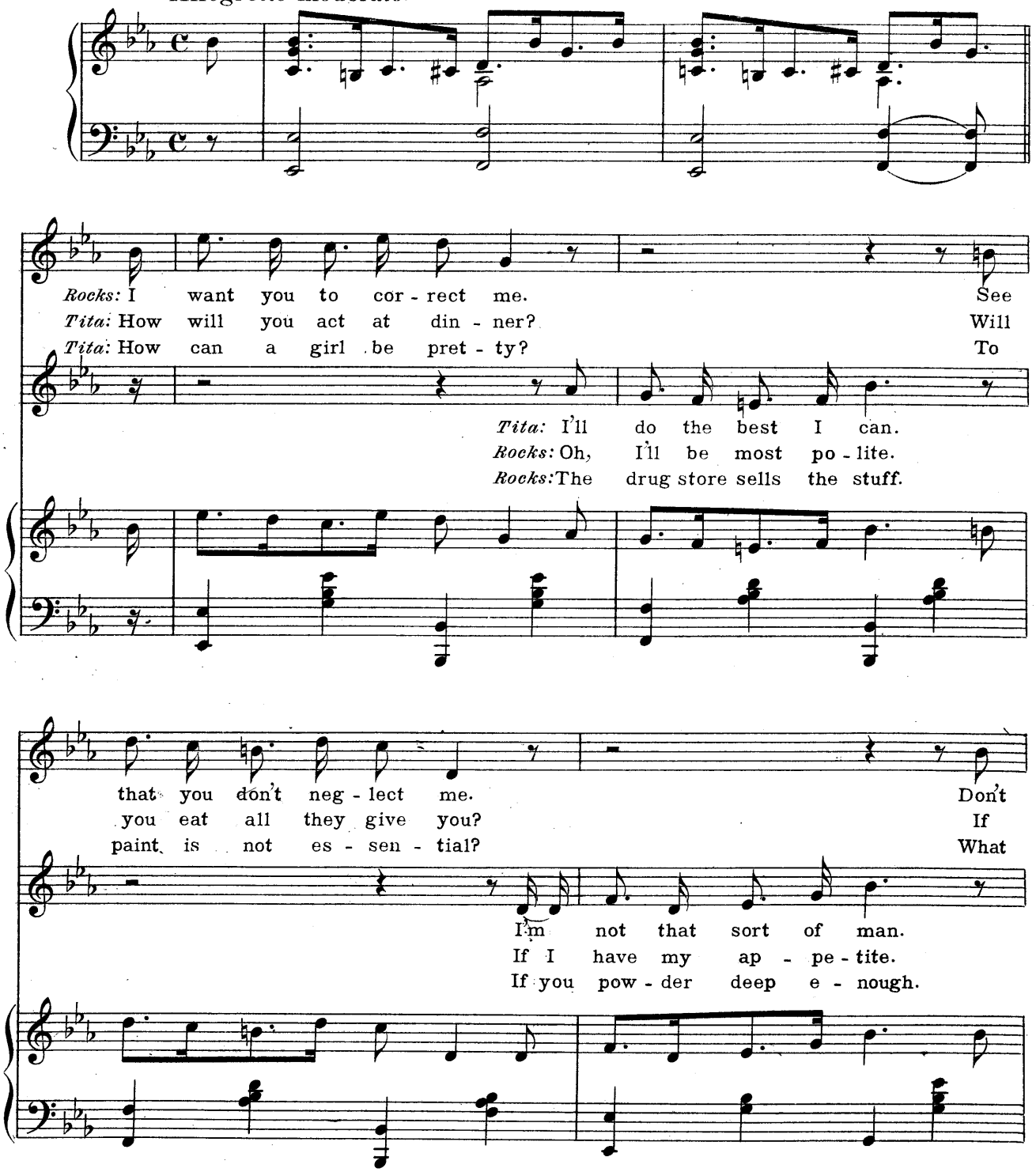
Duet.

ROCKS and TITA.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Allegretto moderato.



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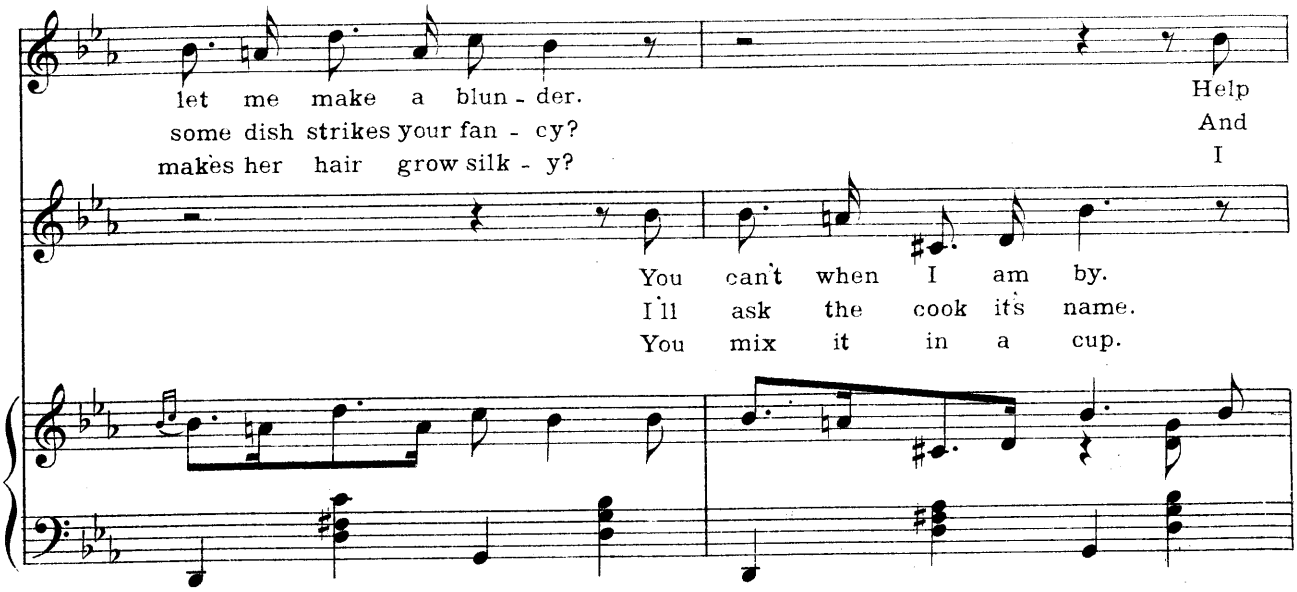
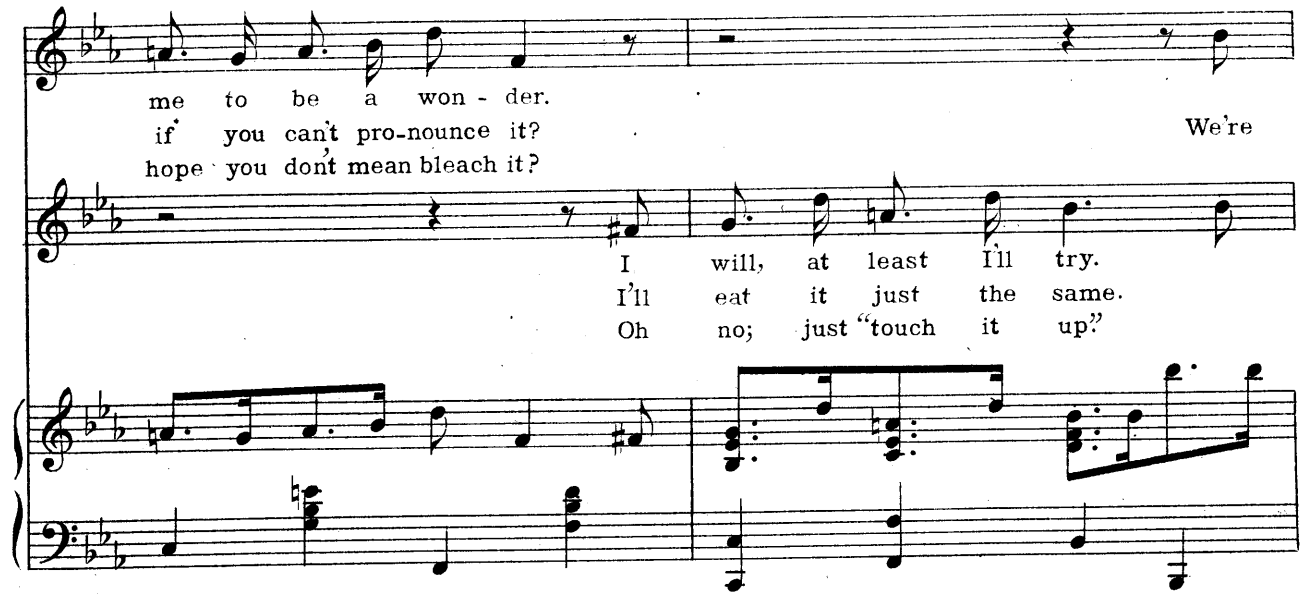
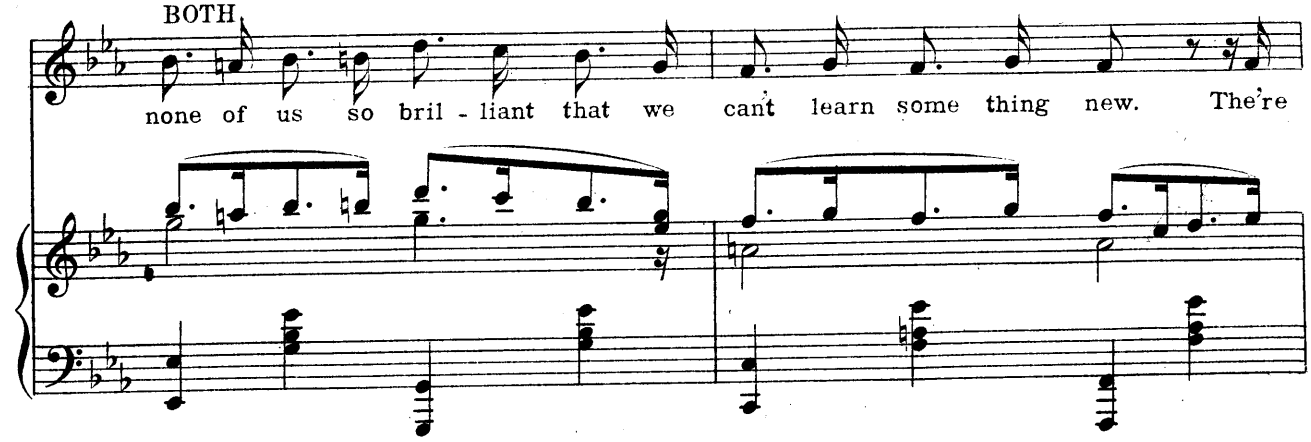


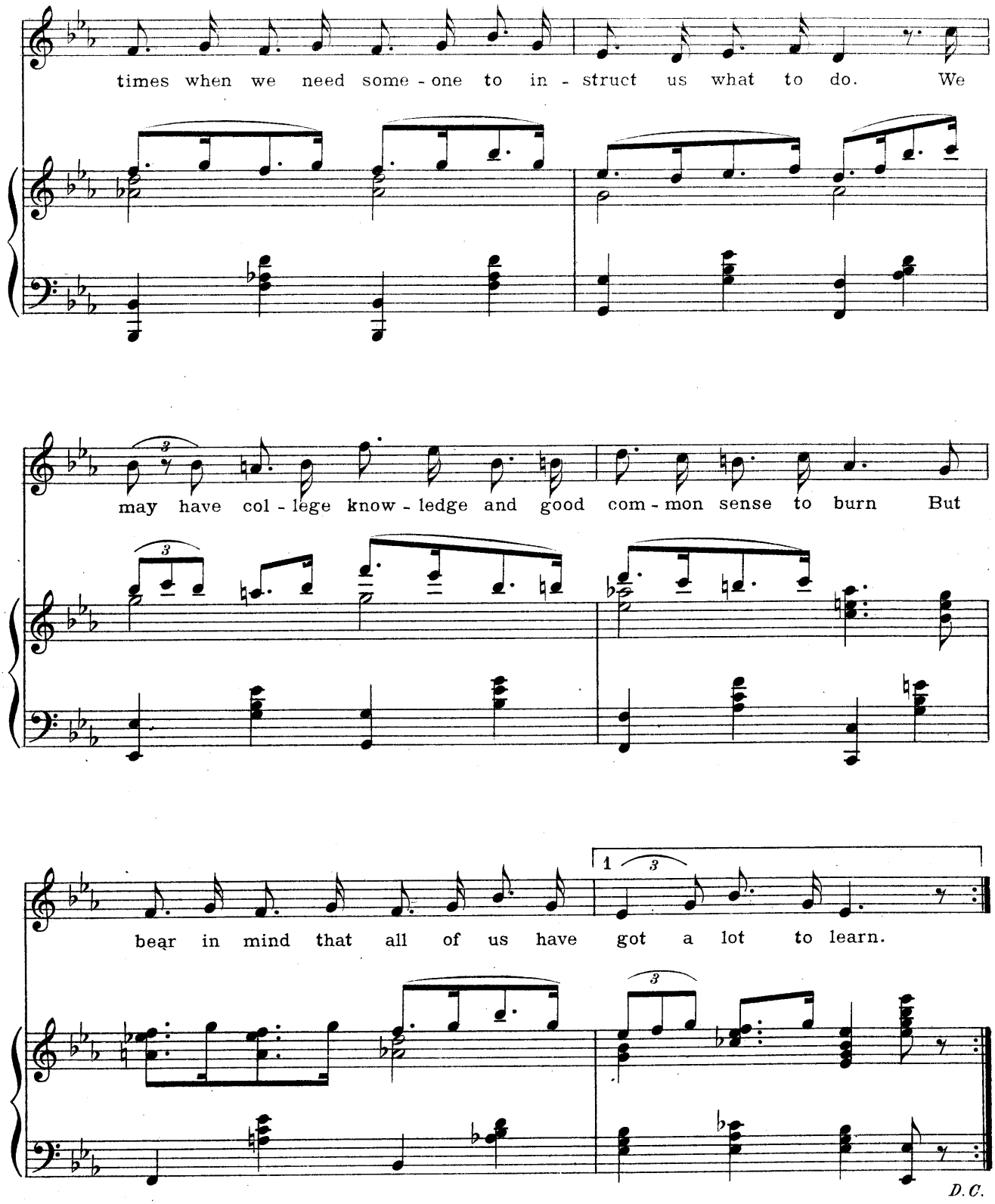


Refrain.

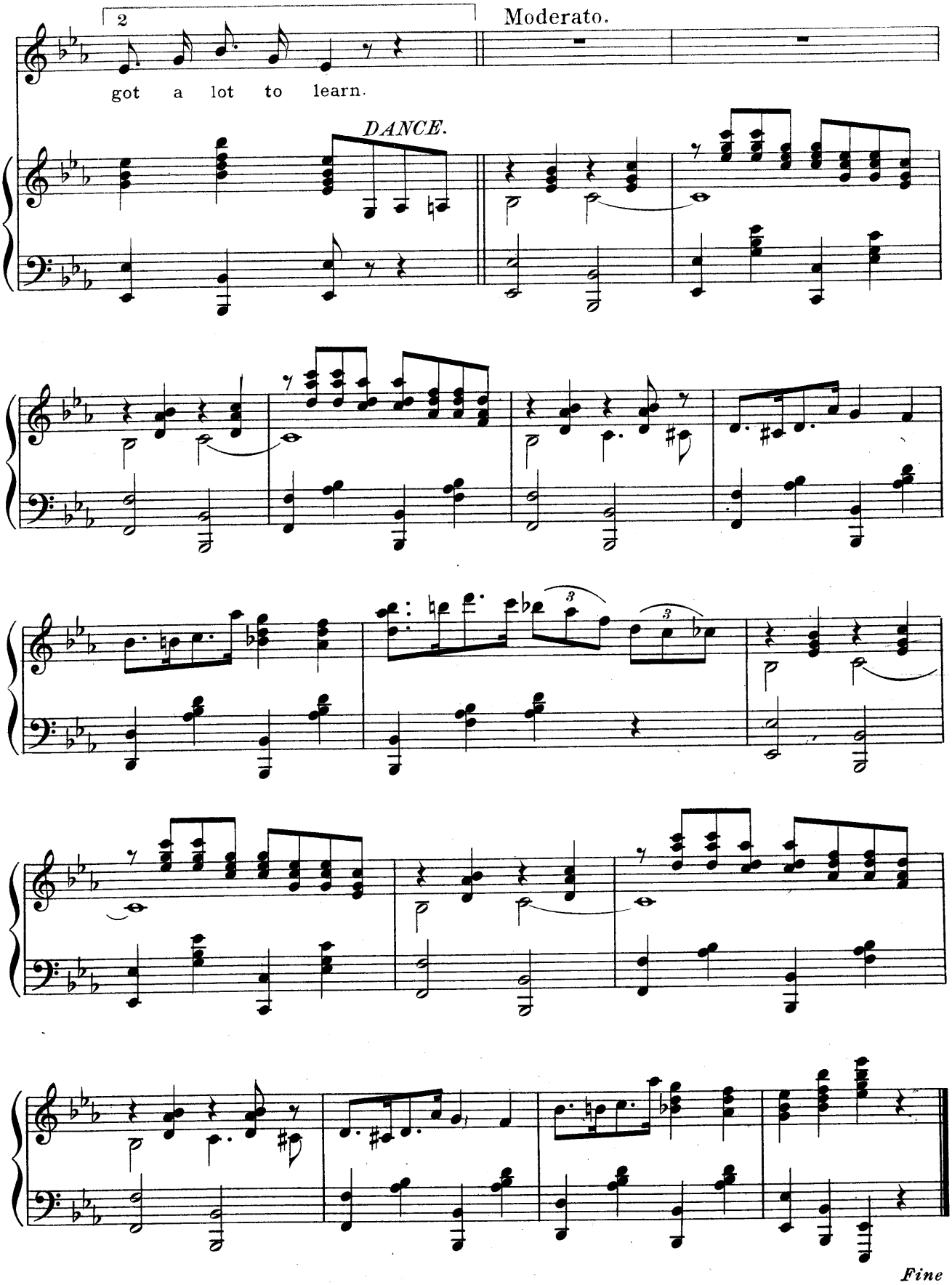
BOTH



We've got a lot to learn.



We've got a lot to learn.



We've got a lot to learn.

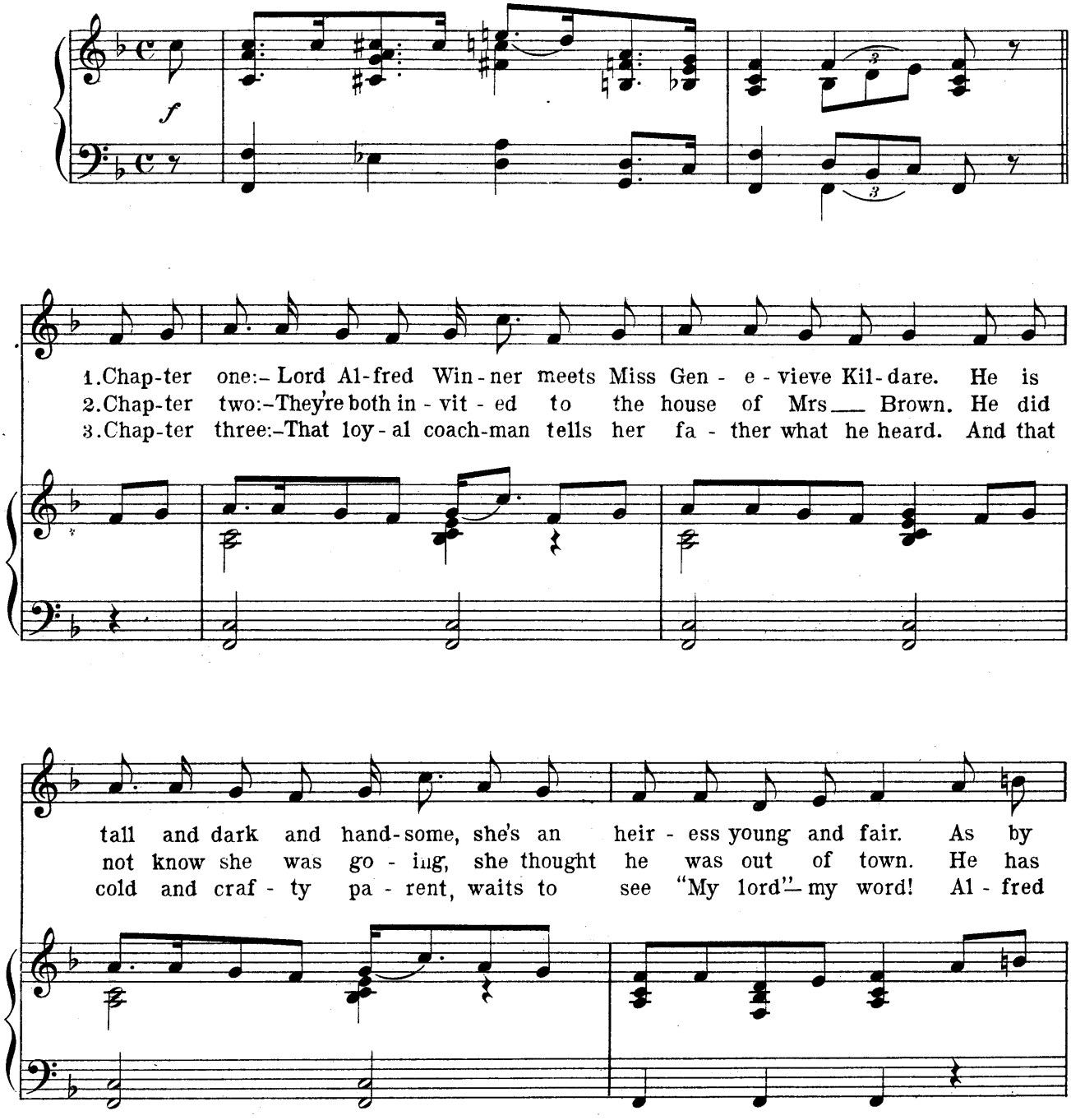
No 12. The Novel of To-day.

(Inez and Girls.)

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Intro.
Moderato.



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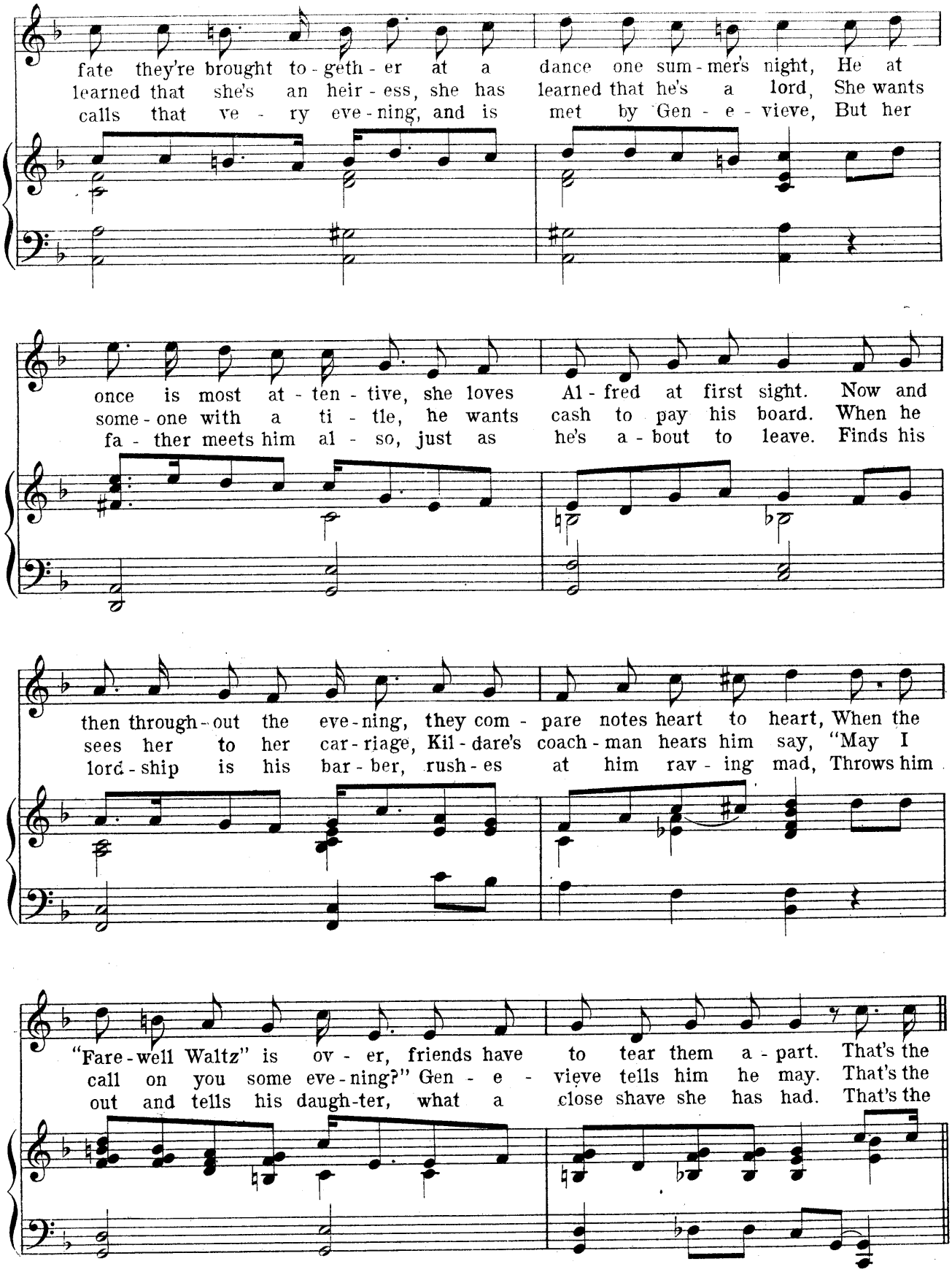
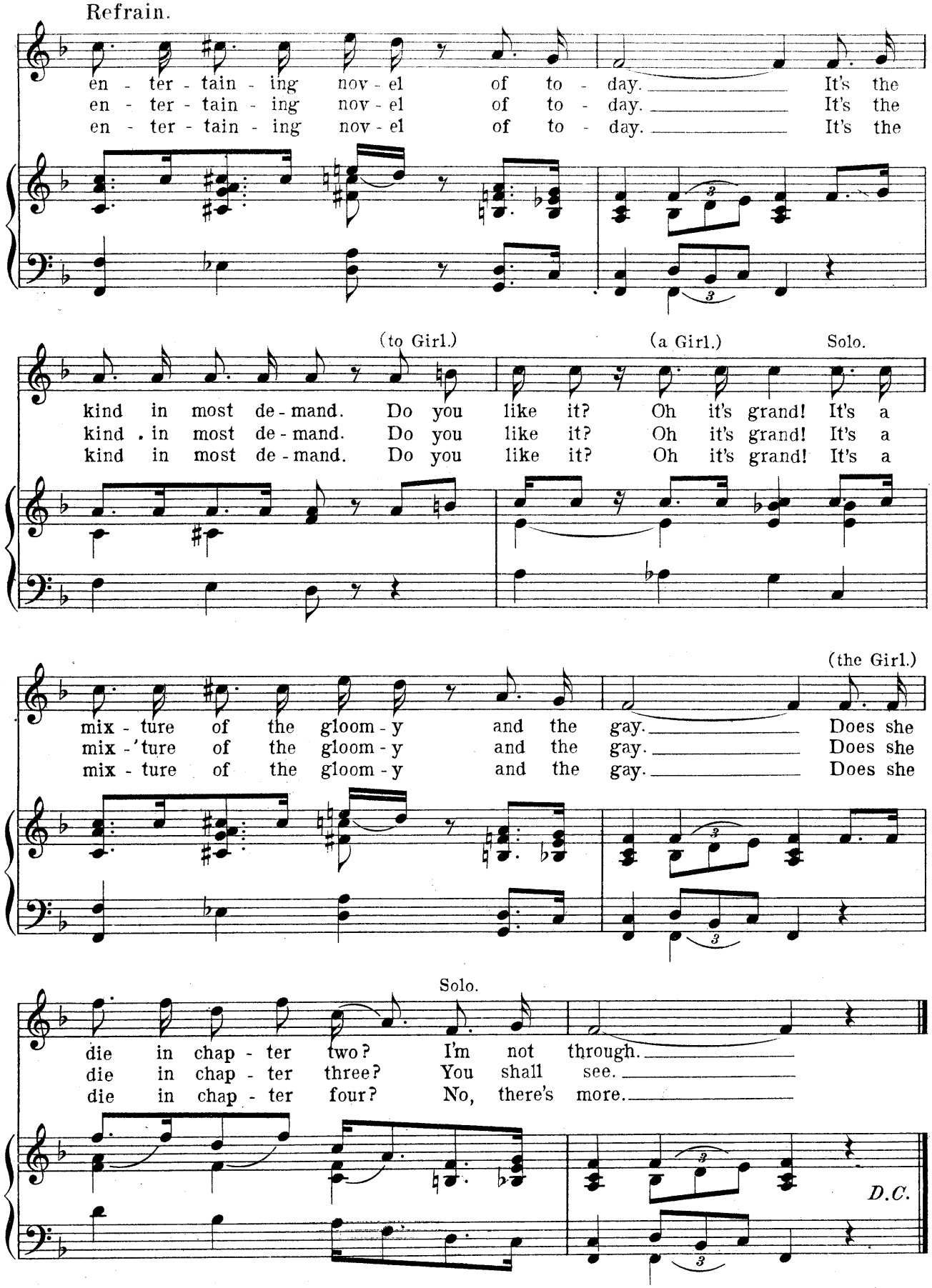

fate they're brought to-geth-er at a dance one sum-mer's night, He at
learned that she's an heir-ess, she has learned that he's a lord, She wants
calls that ve-ry eve-ning, and is met by Gen-e-vieve, But her
once is most at-ten-tive, she loves Al-fred at first sight. Now and
some-one with a ti-tle, he wants cash to pay his board. When he
fa-ther meets him al-so, just as he's a-bout to leave. Finds his
then through-out the eve-ning, they com-pare notes heart to heart, When the
sees her to her car-riage, Kil-dare's coach-man hears him say, "May I
lord-ship is his bar-ber, rush-es at him rav-ing mad, Throws him
"Fare-well Waltz" is ov-er, friends have to tear them a-part. That's the
call on you some eve-ning?" Gen-e-vieve tells him he may. That's the
out and tells his daugh-ter, what a close shave she has had. That's the

Refrain.

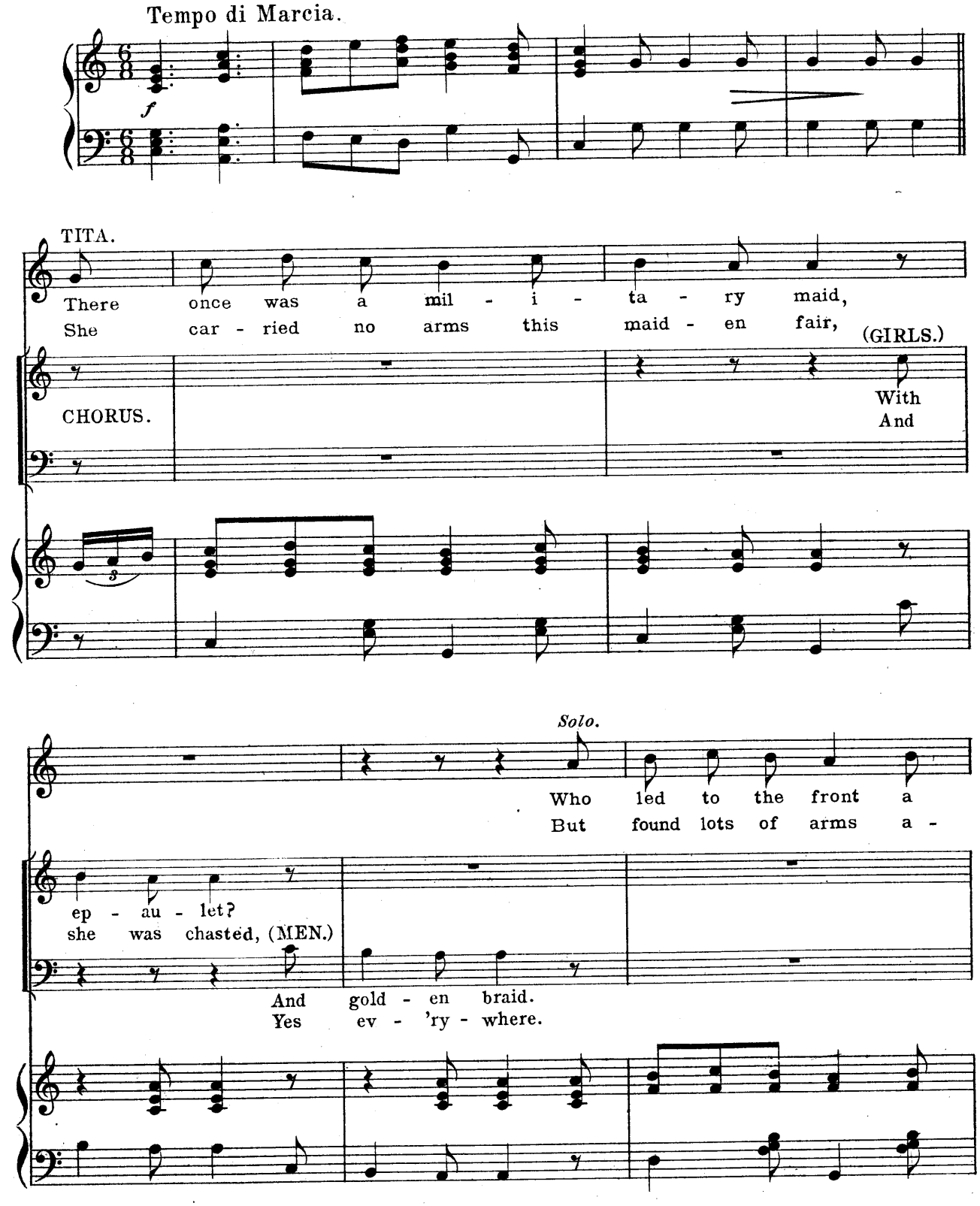

en - ter - tain - ing nov - el of to - day. It's the
en - ter - tain - ing nov - el of to - day. It's the
en - ter - tain - ing nov - el of to - day. It's the
(to Girl.)
(a Girl.)
Solo.
kind in most de - mand. Do you like it? Oh it's grand! It's a
kind in most de - mand. Do you like it? Oh it's grand! It's a
kind in most de - mand. Do you like it? Oh it's grand! It's a
(the Girl.)
mix - ture of the gloom - y and the gay. Does she
mix - ture of the gloom - y and the gay. Does she
mix - ture of the gloom - y and the gay. Does she
Solo.
die in chap - ter two? I'm not through.
die in chap - ter three? You shall see.
die in chap - ter four? No, there's more.
D.C.

No 13. Major Margery.

Tita and Chorus.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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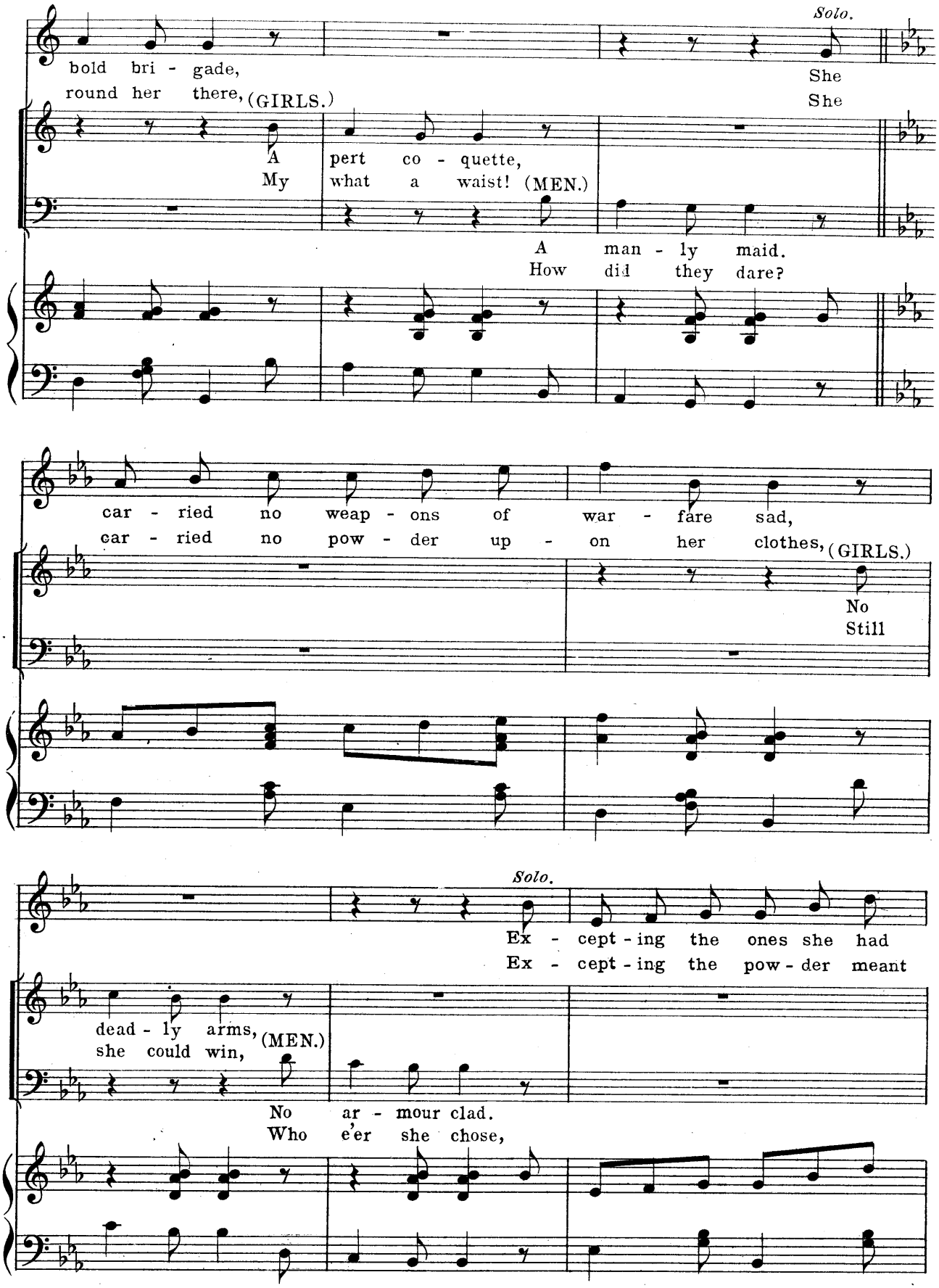
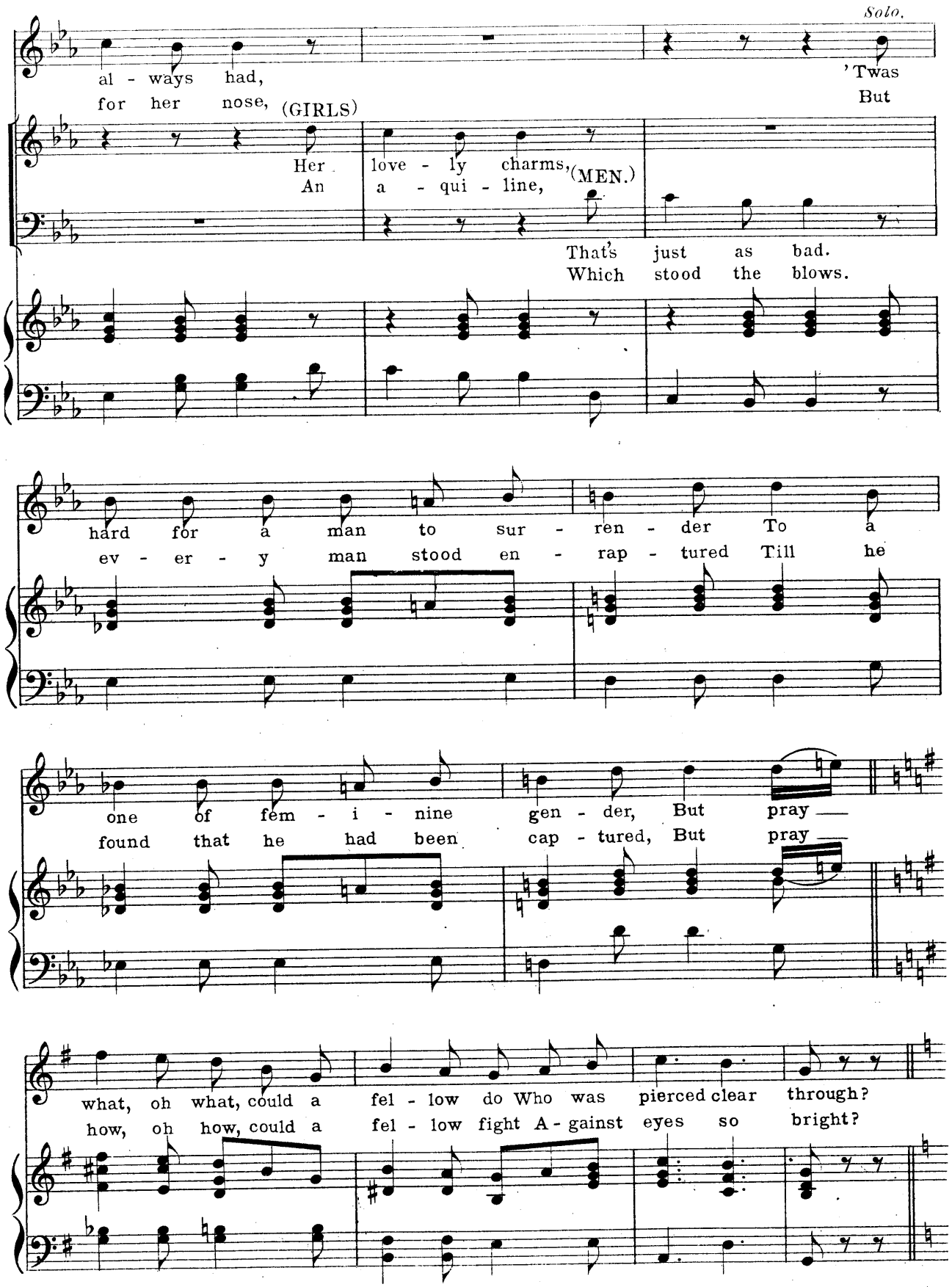
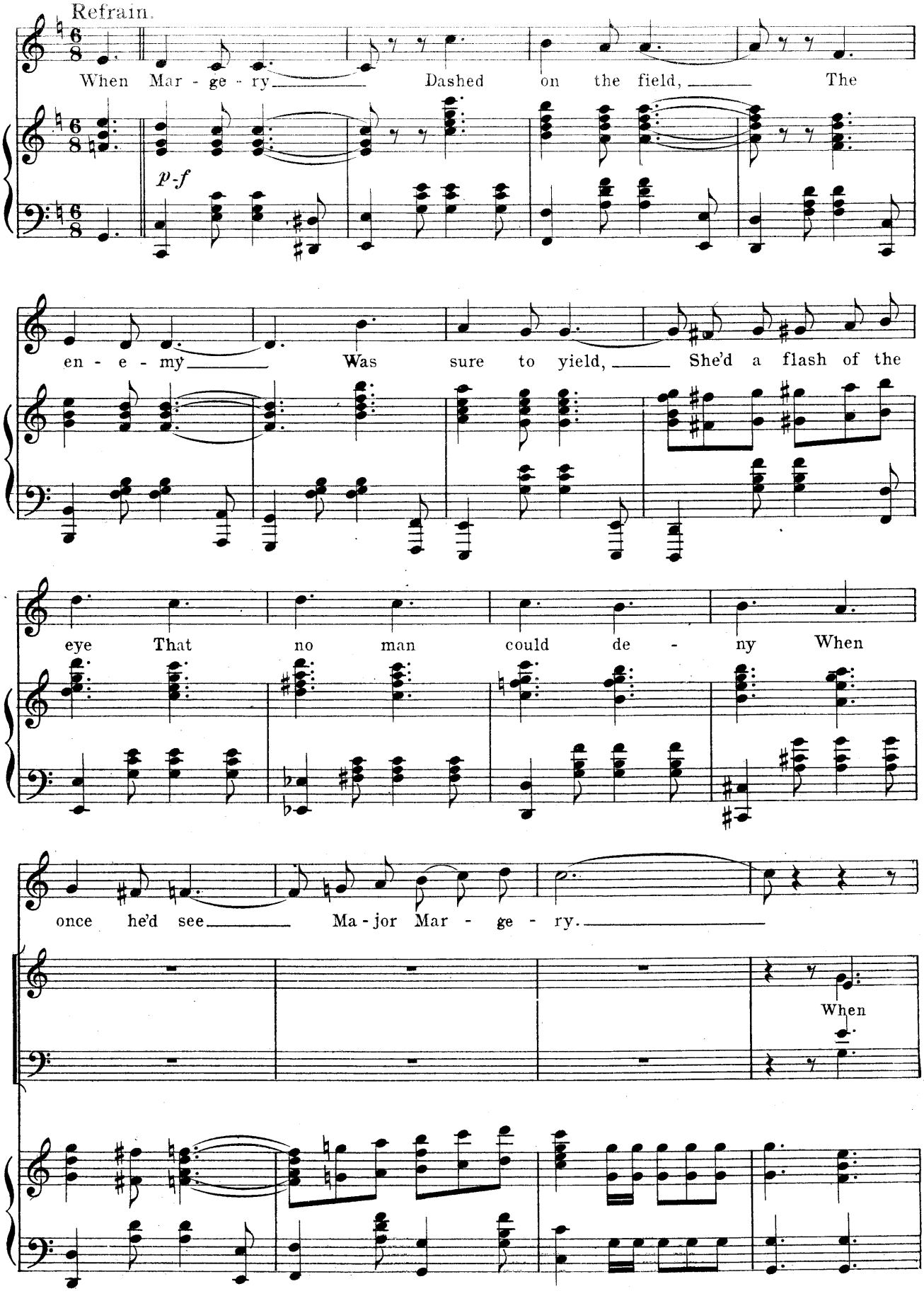
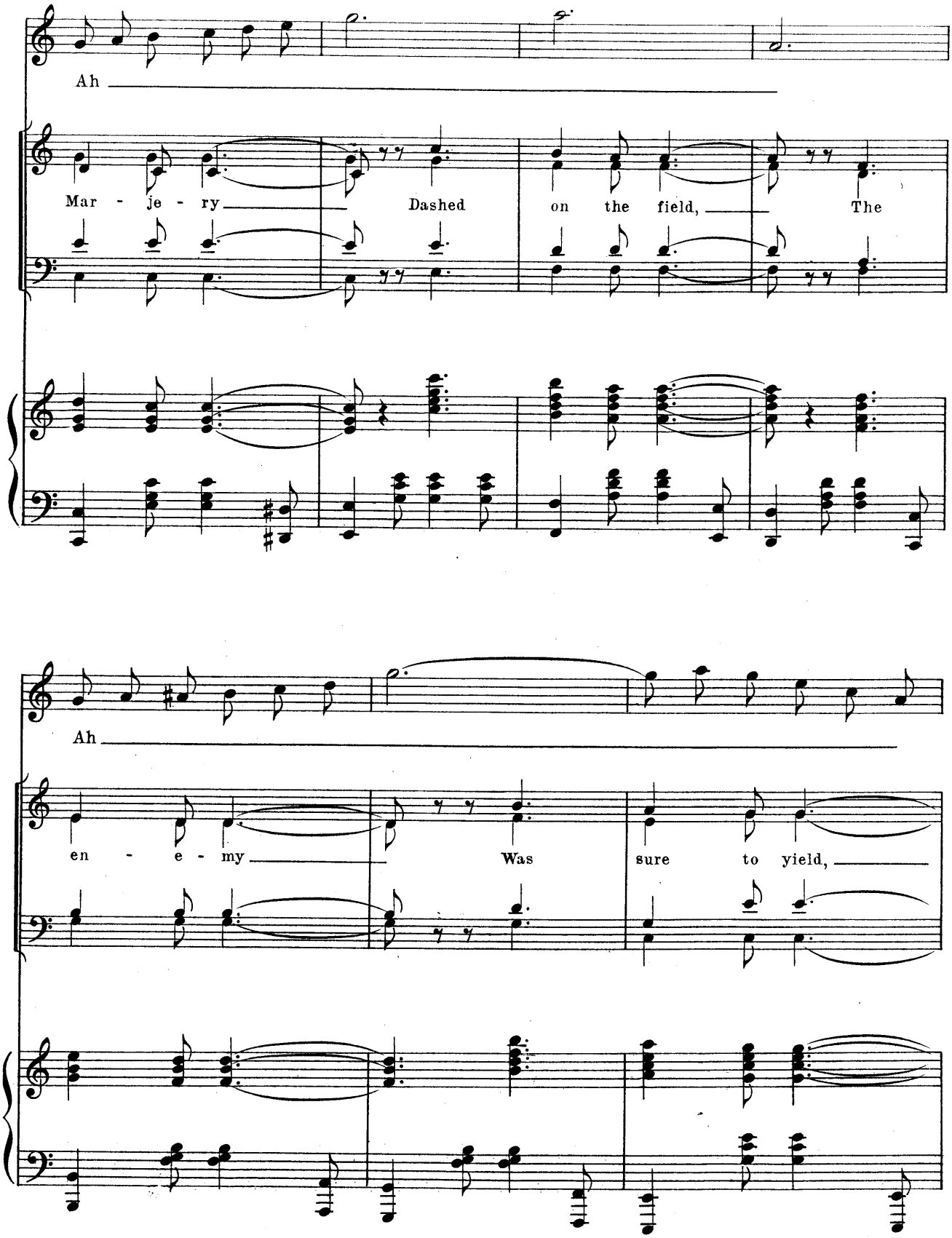
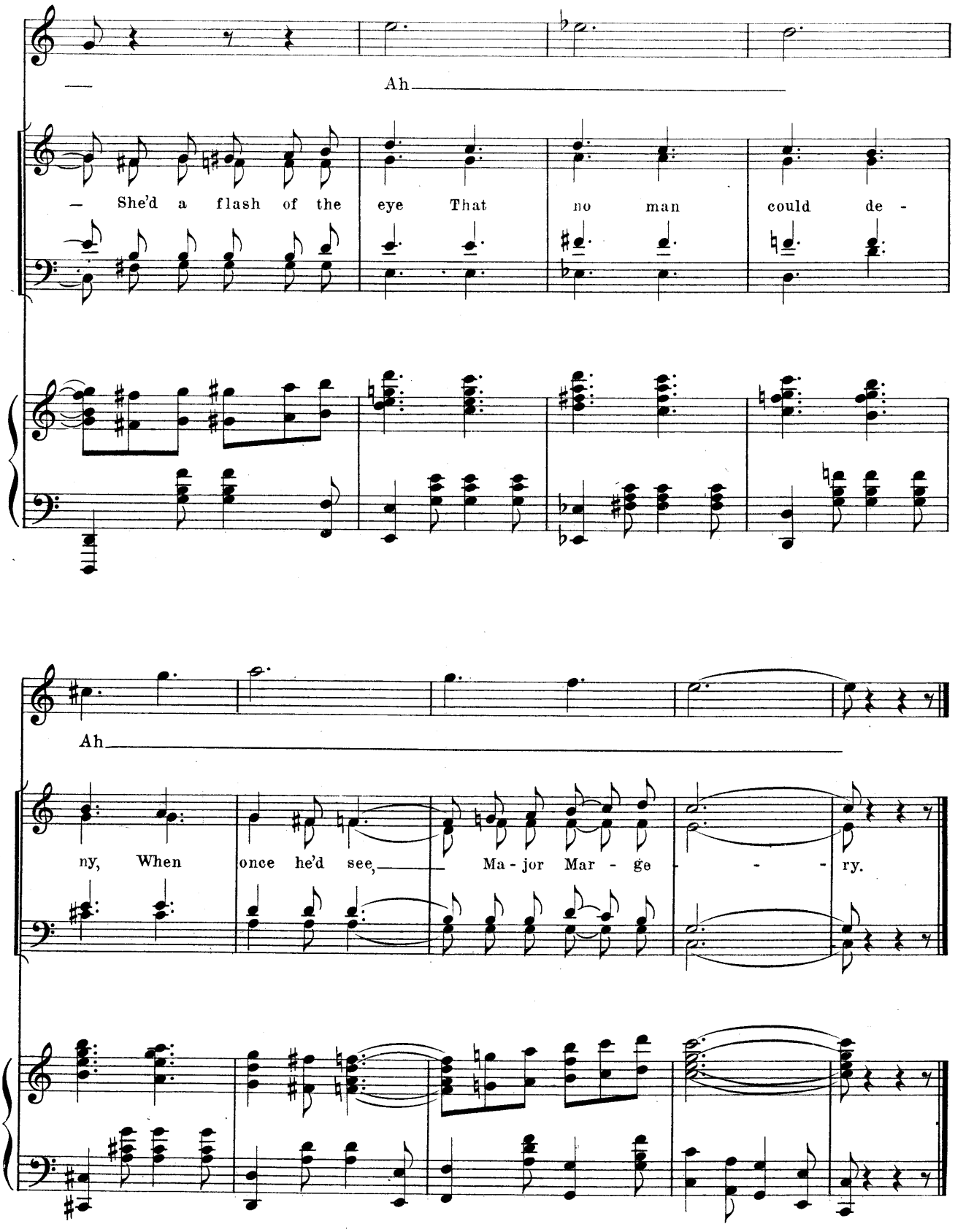

Solo.
bold bri - gade,
round her there,
(GIRLS.)
She
She
A pert co - quette,
My what a waist!
(MEN.)
A man - ly maid.
How did they dare?
car - ried no weap - ons of war - fare sad,
car - ried no pow - der up - on her clothes,
(GIRLS.)
No
Still
Solo.
Ex - cept - ing the ones she had
Ex - cept - ing the pow - der meant
dead - ly arms,
she could win,
(MEN.)
No ar - mour clad.
Who e'er she chose,


Solo.
al - ways had,
for her nose,
(GIRLS)
'Twas
But
Her love - ly charms,
An a - qui - line,
(MEN.)
That's just as bad.
Which stood the blows.
hard for a man to sur - ren - der To a
ev - er - y man stood en - rap - tured Till he
one of fem - i - nine gen - der, But pray
found that he had been cap - tured, But pray
what, oh what, could a fel - low do Who was pierced clear through?
how, oh how, could a fel - low fight A - gainst eyes so bright?


Refrain.
When Mar - ge - ry Dashed on the field, The
p-f
en - e - my Was sure to yield, She'd a flash of the
eye That no man could de - ny When
once he'd see Ma - jor Mar - ge - ry.
When


Ah
Mar - je - ry
Dashed
on the field,
The
Ah
en - e - my
Was
sure to yield,


Ah
She'd a flash of the eye That no man could de -
Ah
ny, When once he'd see, Ma - jor Mar - ge - - - ry.

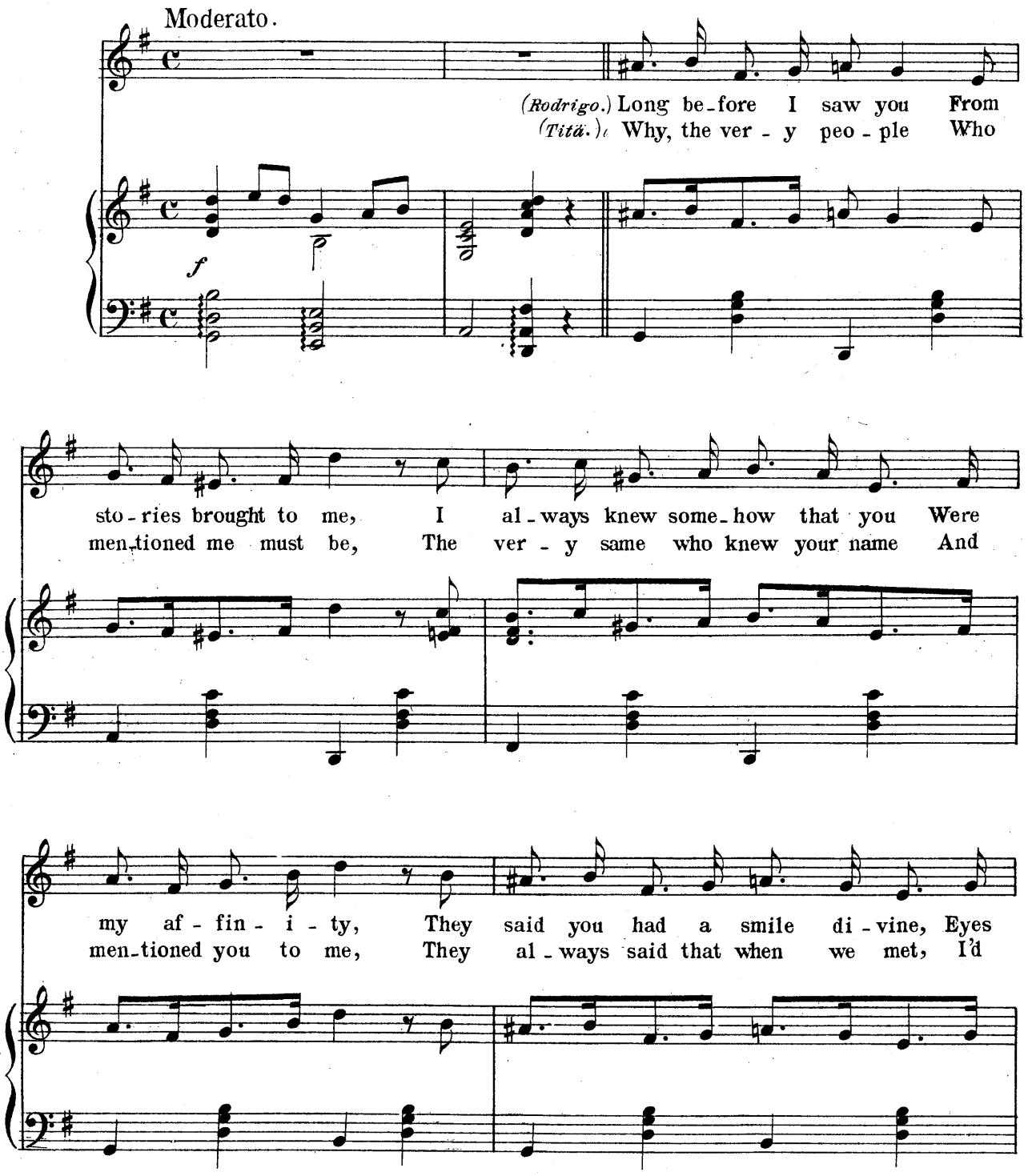
No14. I Have Heard So Much About You.

DUET.

(*Tita and Rodrigo.*)

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL



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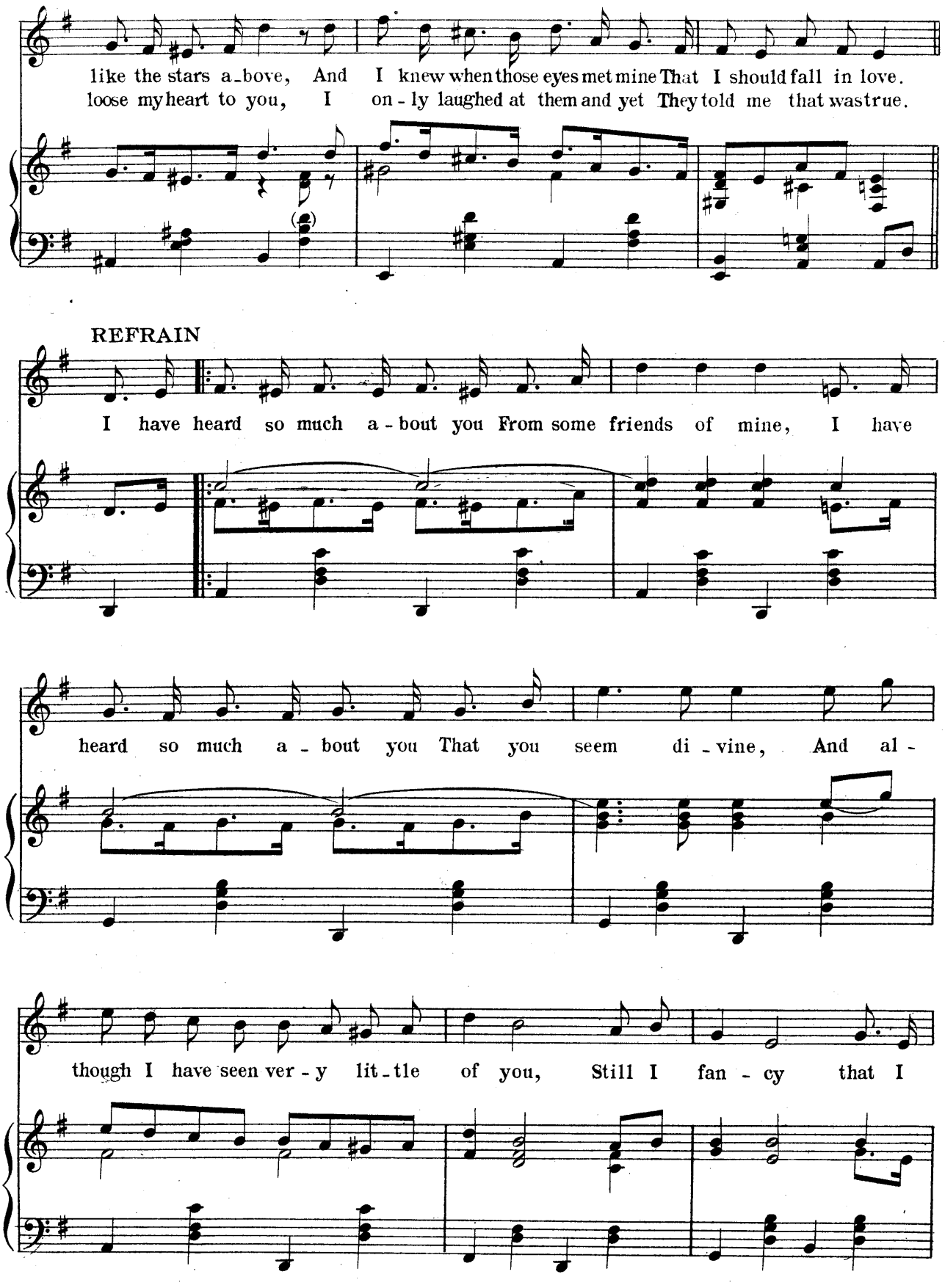
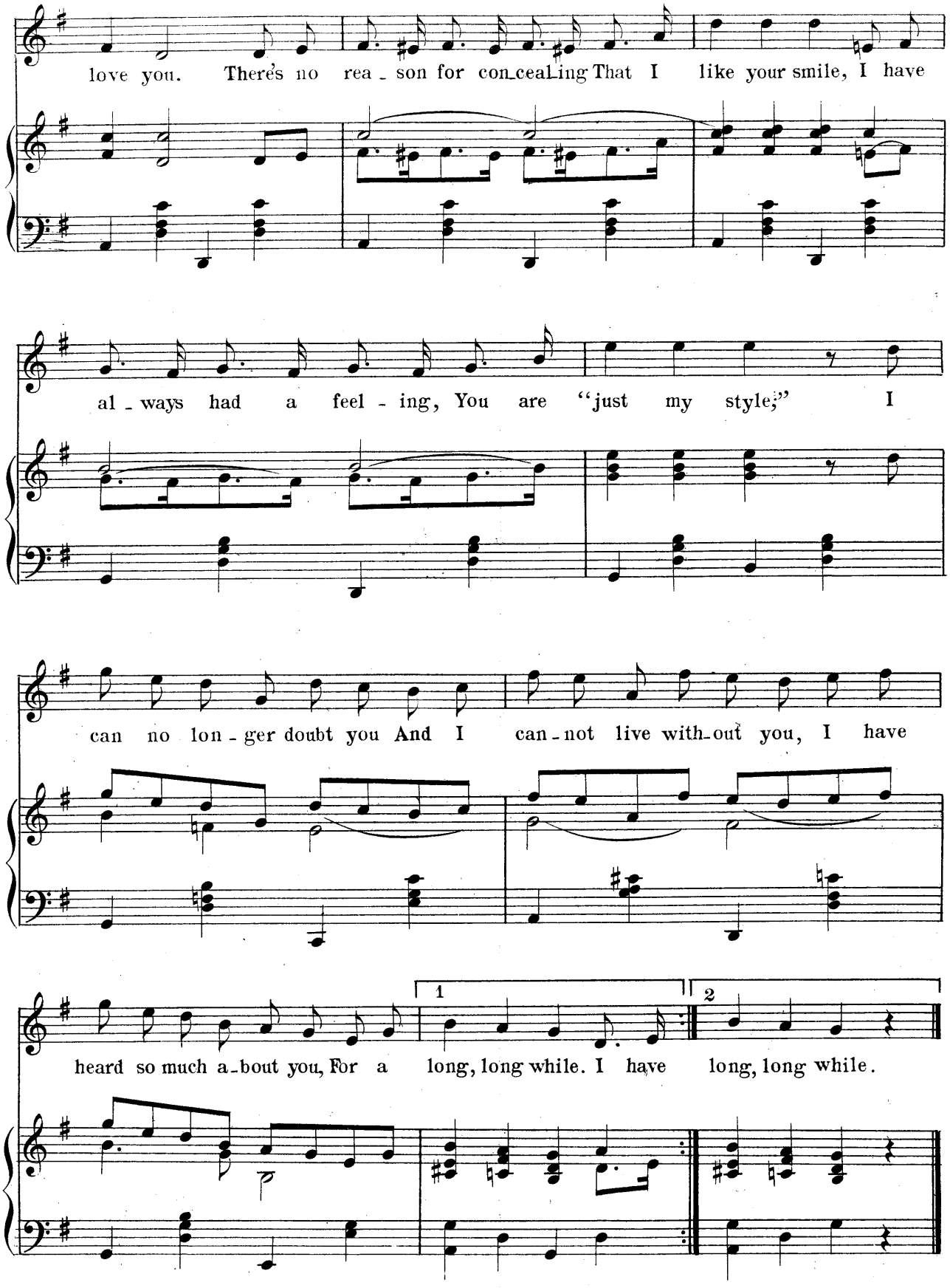


I have heard etc.

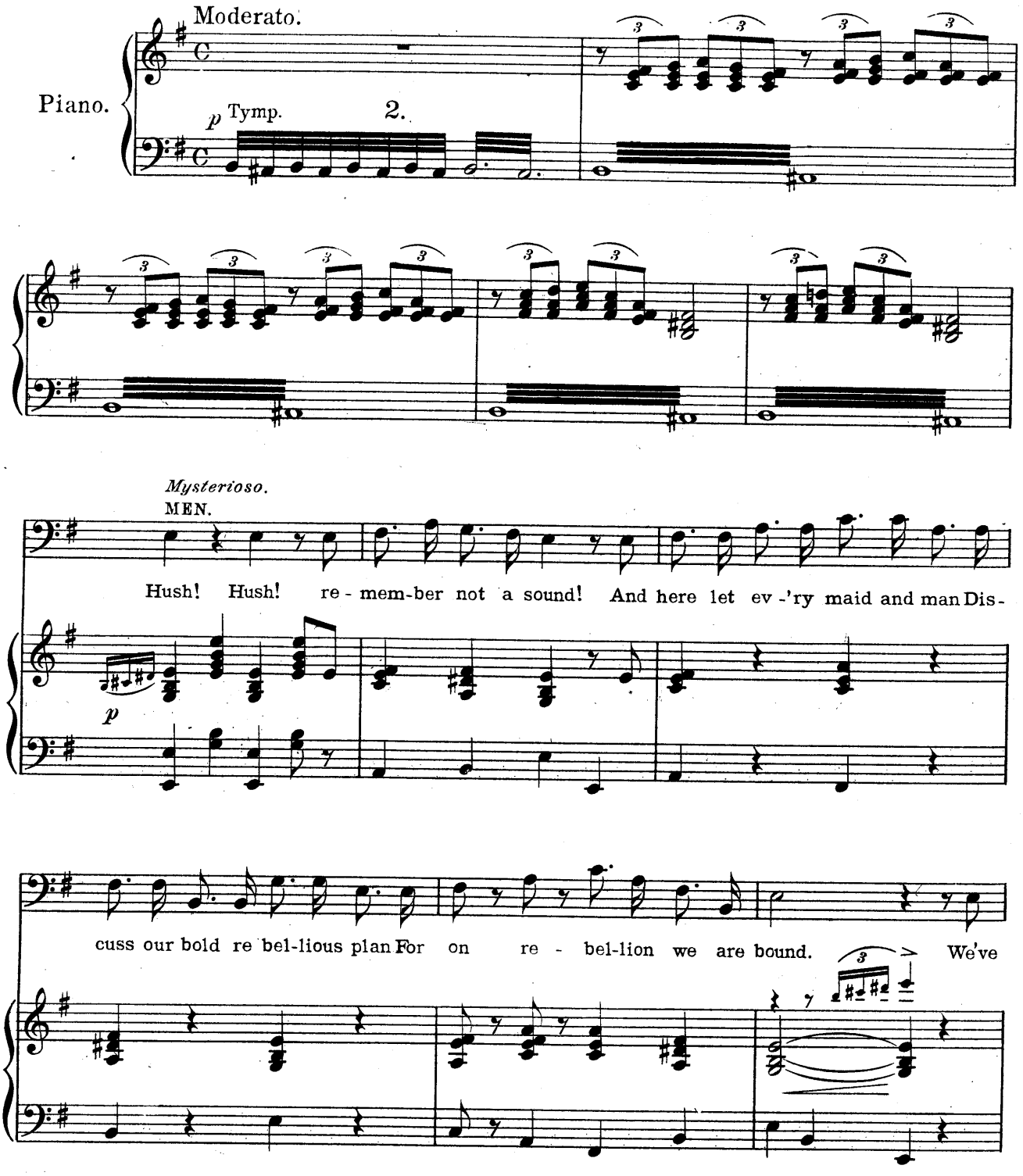


I have heard etc.

Finale.
ACT II.

Lyrics by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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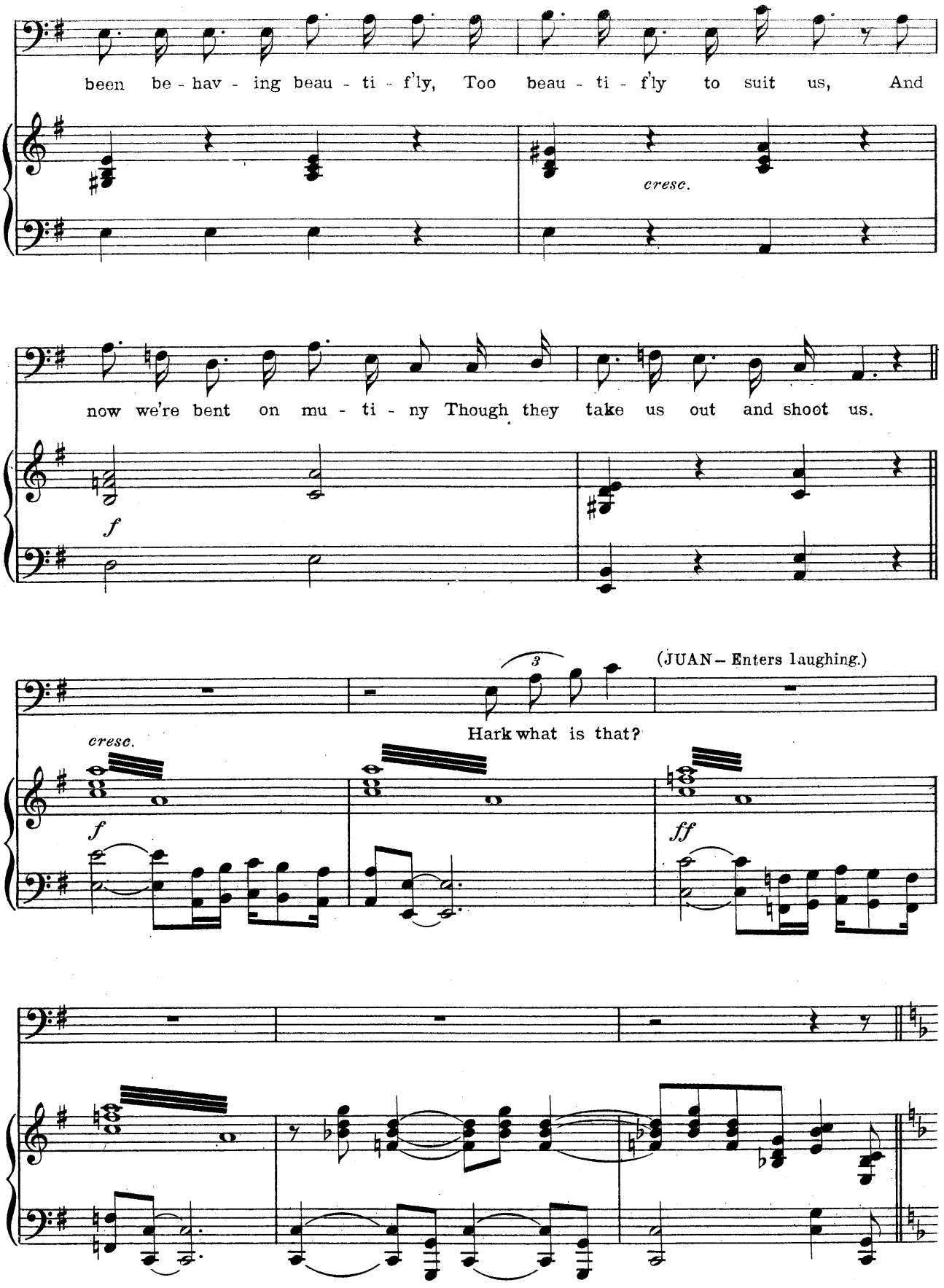
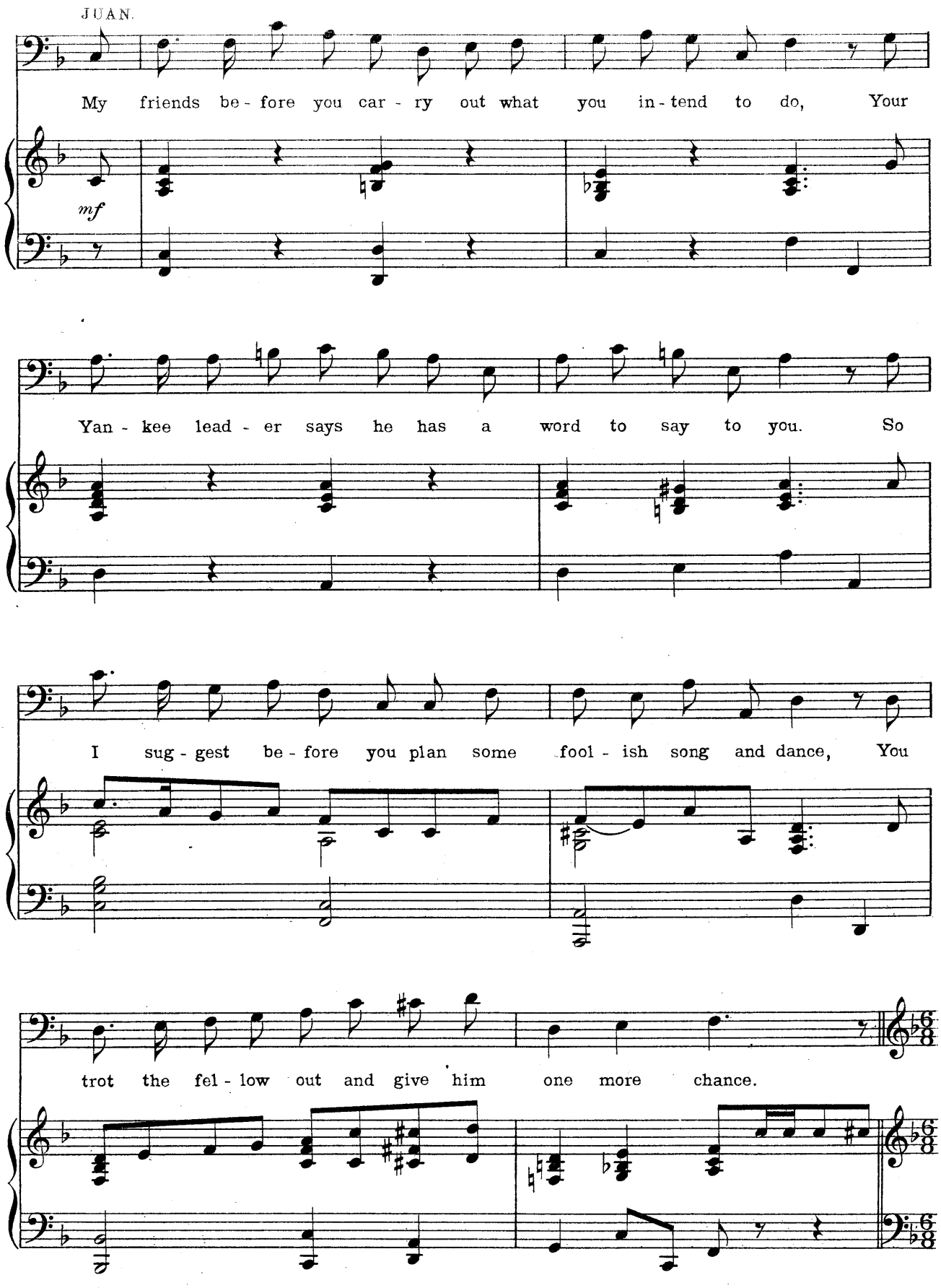
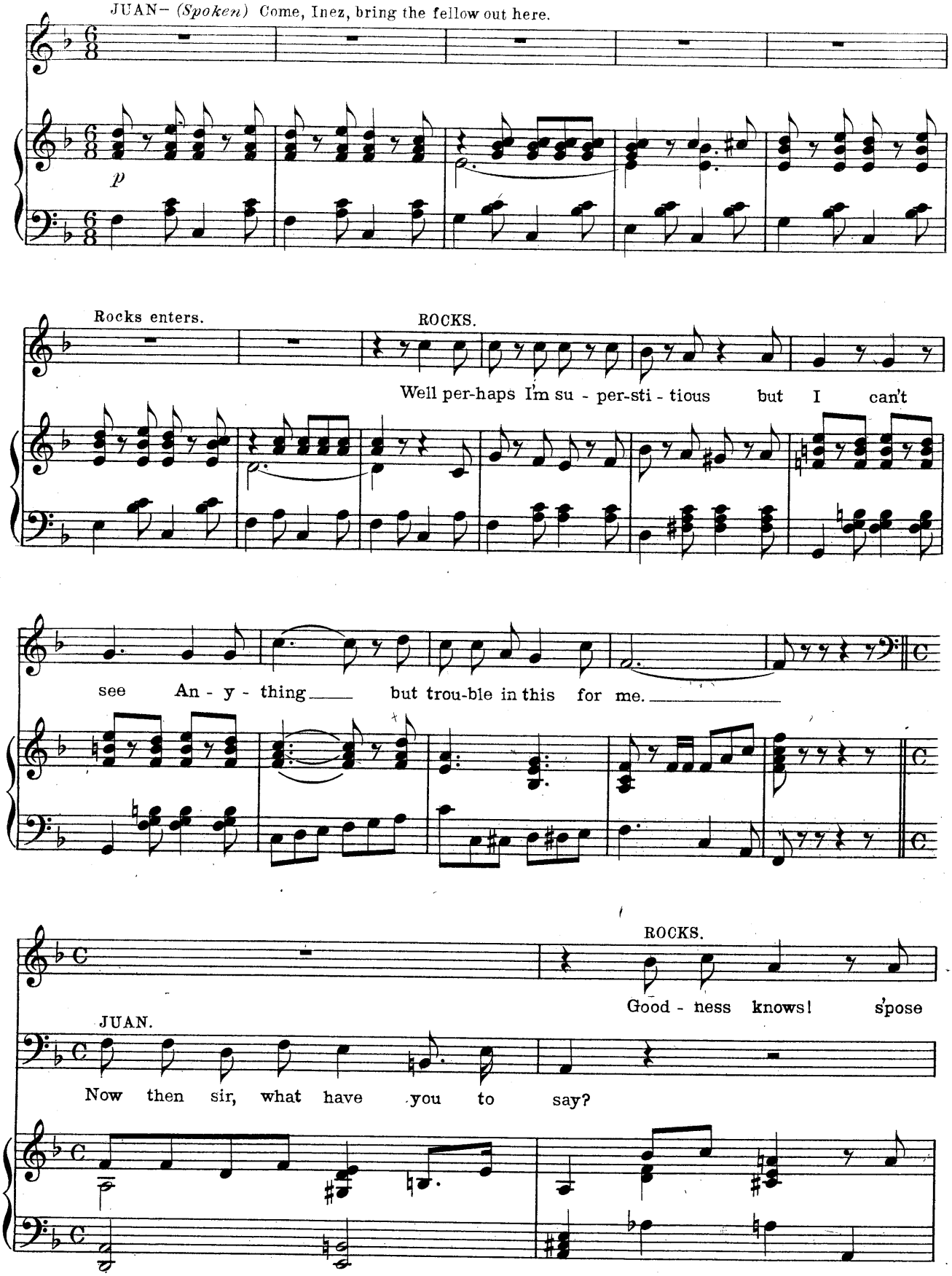
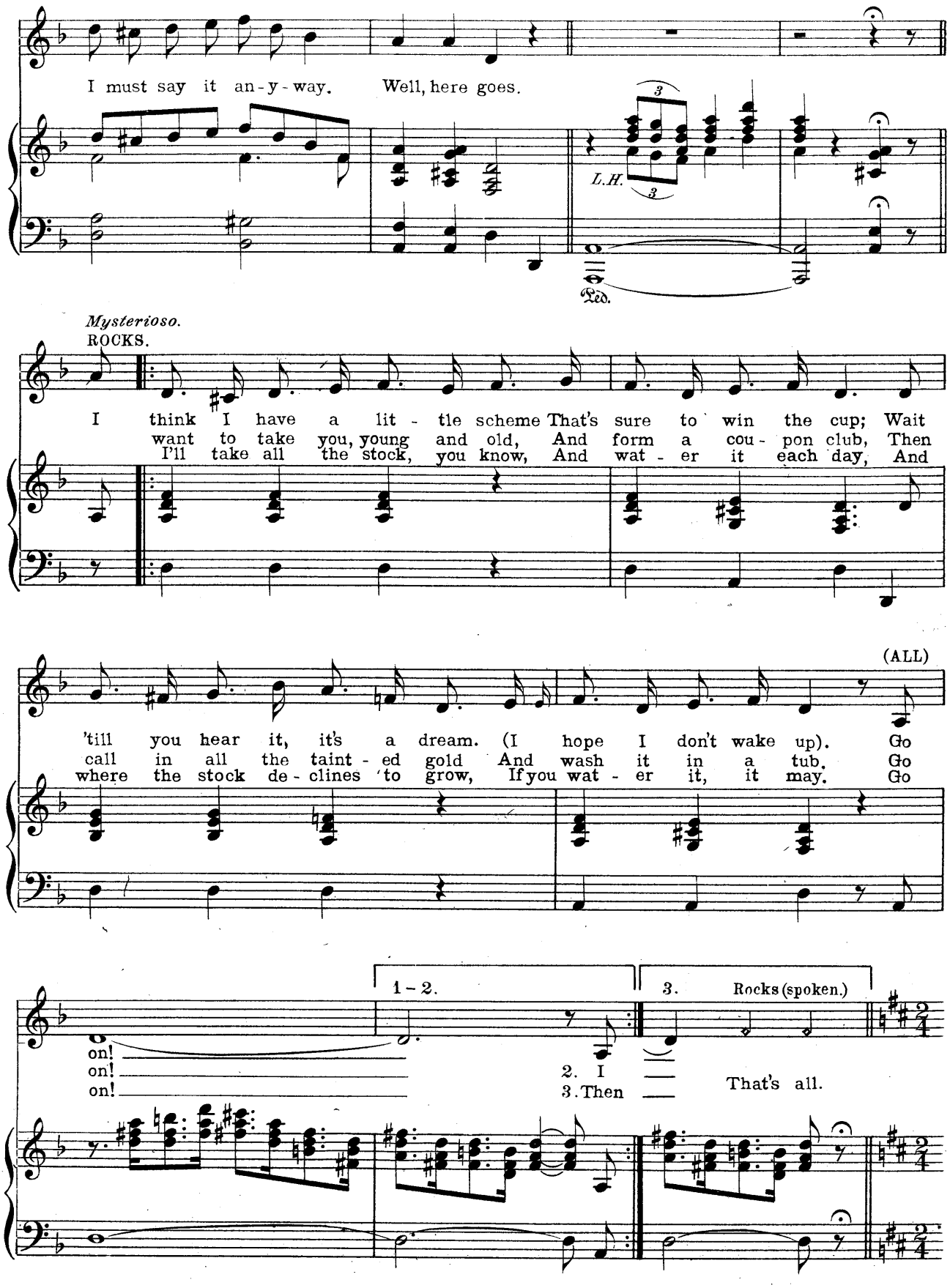
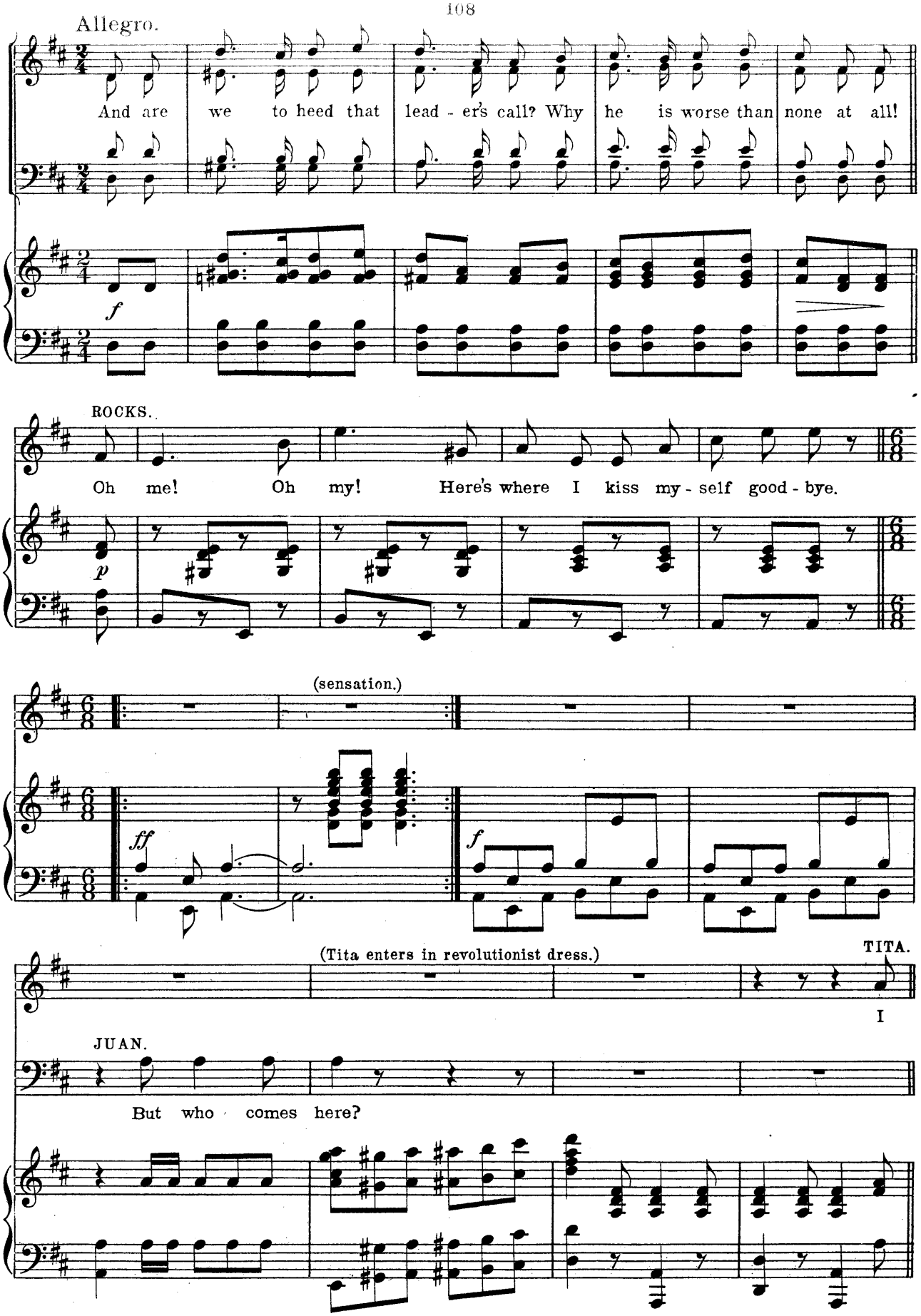
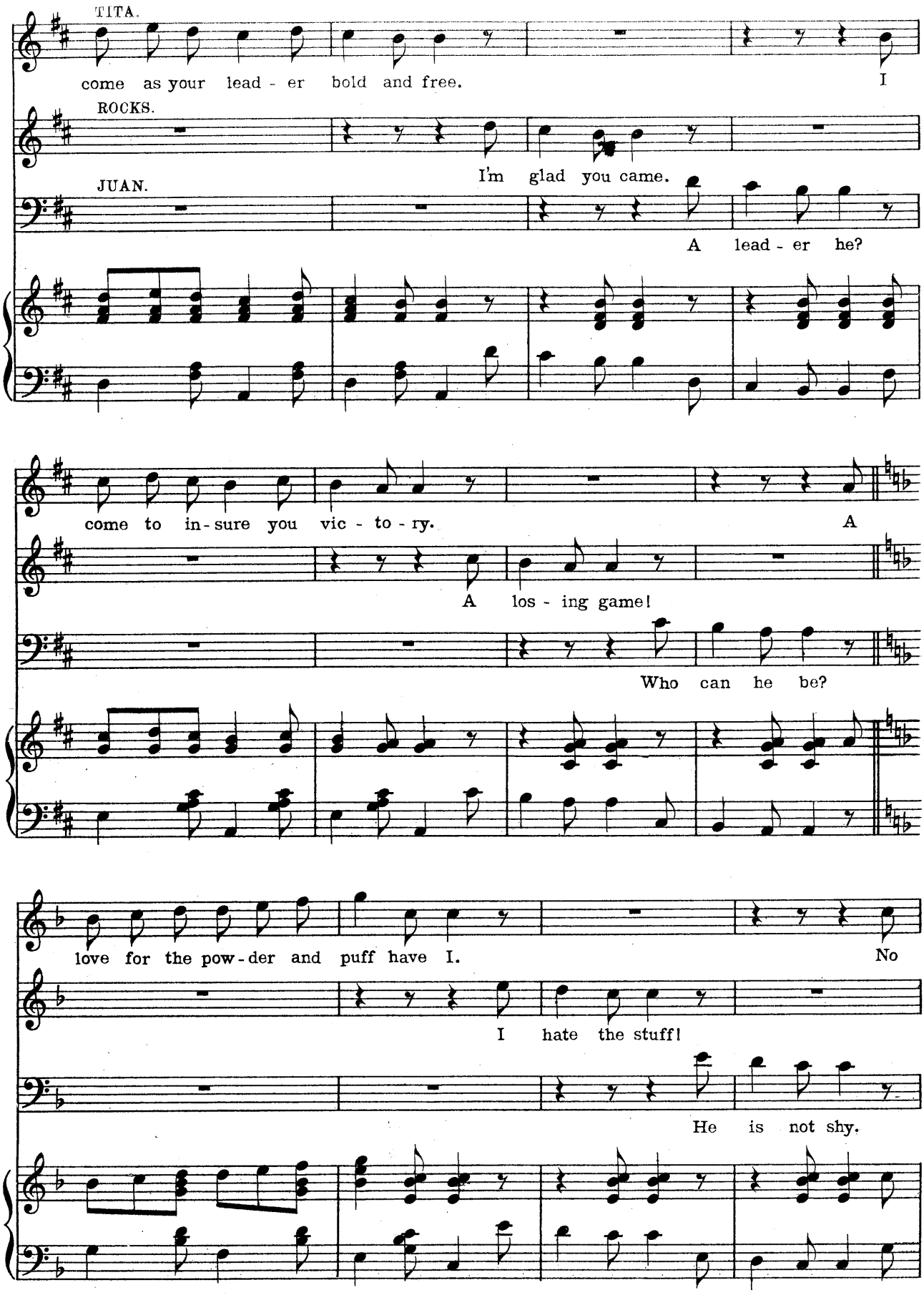

been be - hav - ing beau - ti - f'ly, Too beau - ti - f'ly to suit us, And
cresc.
now we're bent on mu - ti - ny Though they take us out and shoot us.
f
(JUAN – Enters laughing.)
3
Hark what is that?
cresc.
f
ff

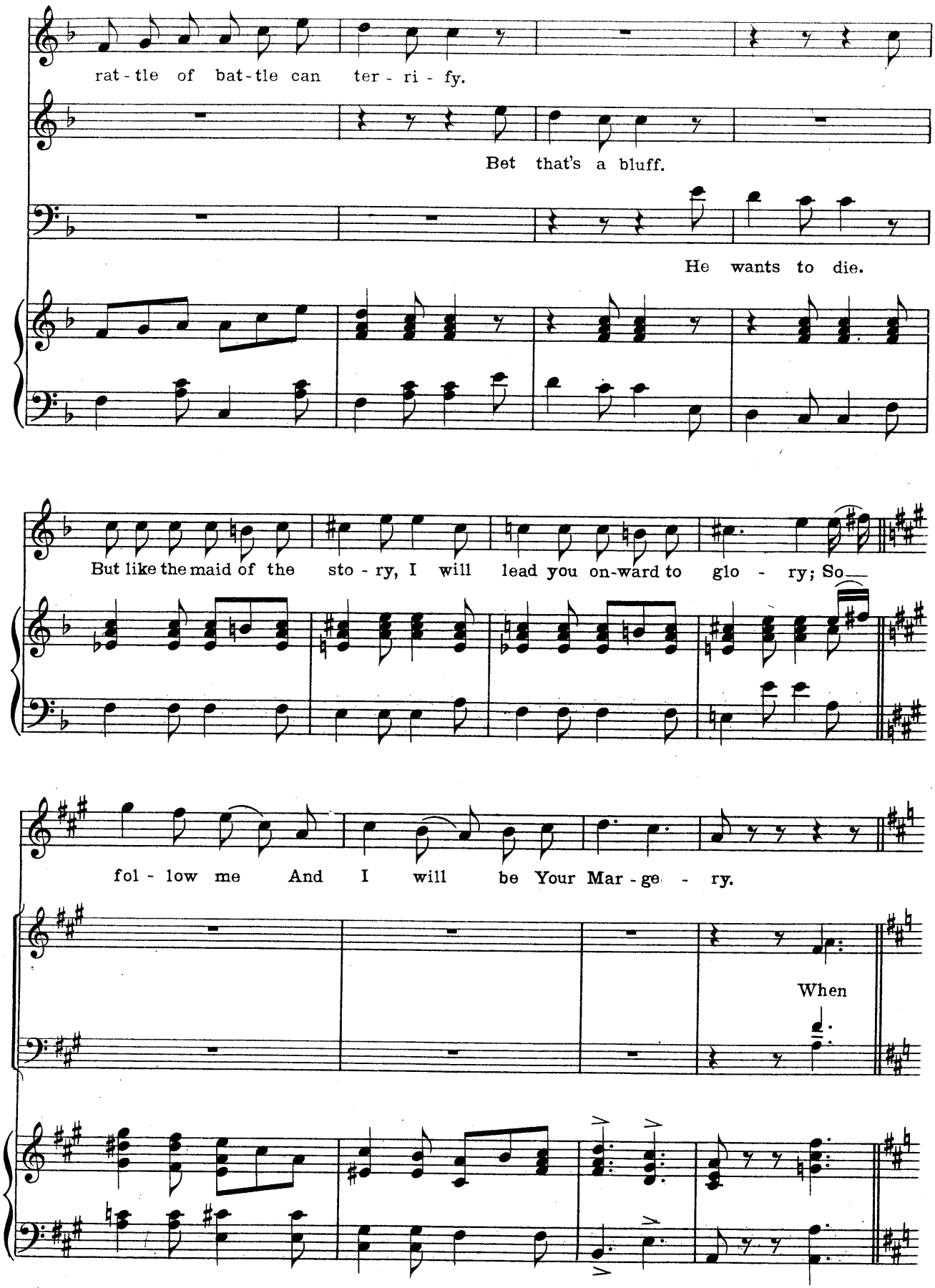

JUAN.
My friends be - fore you car - ry out what you in - tend to do, Your
mf
Yan - kee lead - er says he has a word to say to you. So
I sug - gest be - fore you plan some fool - ish song and dance, You
trot the fel - low out and give him one more chance.

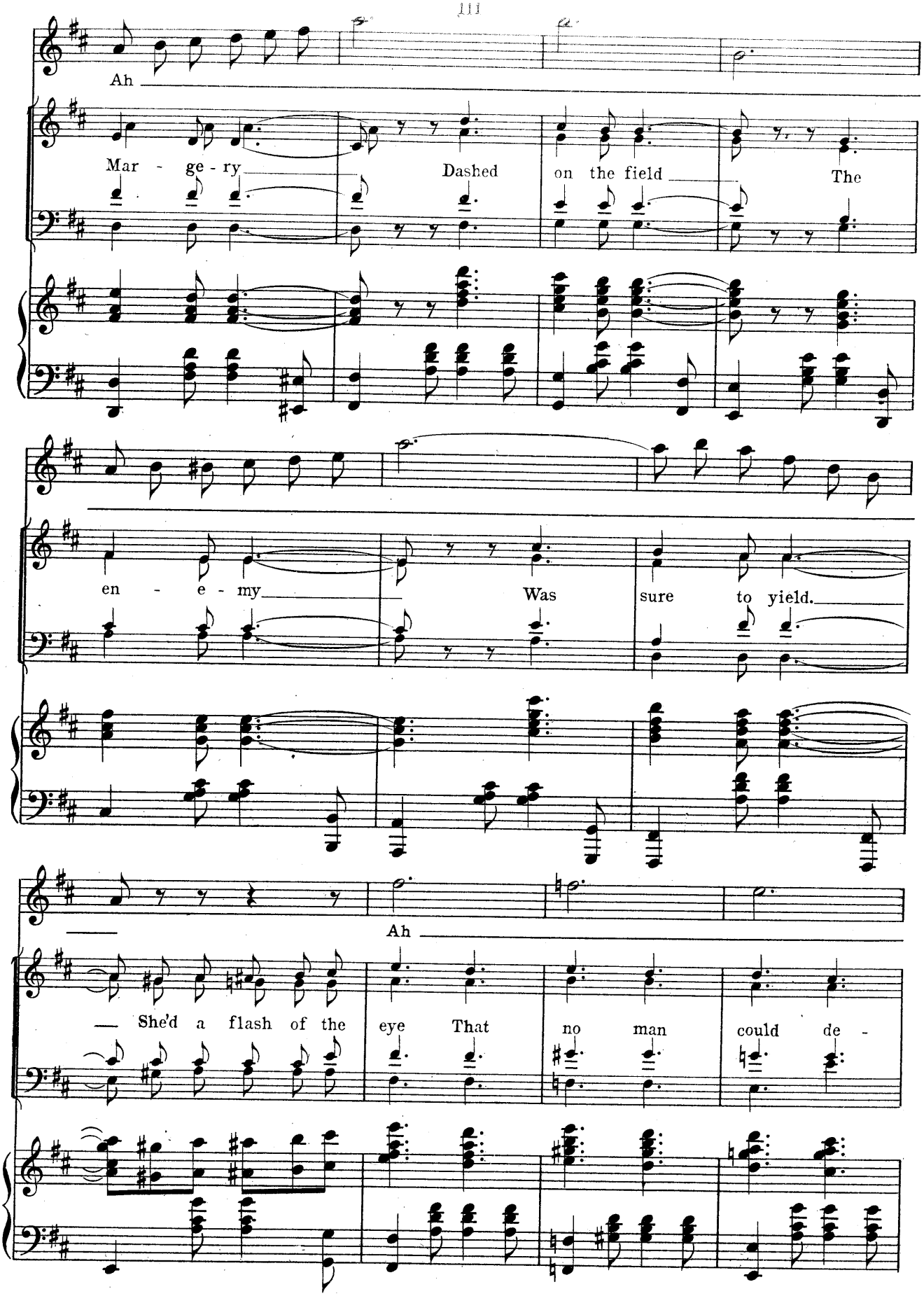

JUAN– (Spoken) Come, Inez, bring the fellow out here.
p
Rocks enters.
ROCKS.
Well per-haps I'm su - per-sti - tious but I can't
see An - y - thing but trou-ble in this for me.
ROCKS.
Good - ness knows! s'pose
JUAN.
Now then sir, what have you to say?

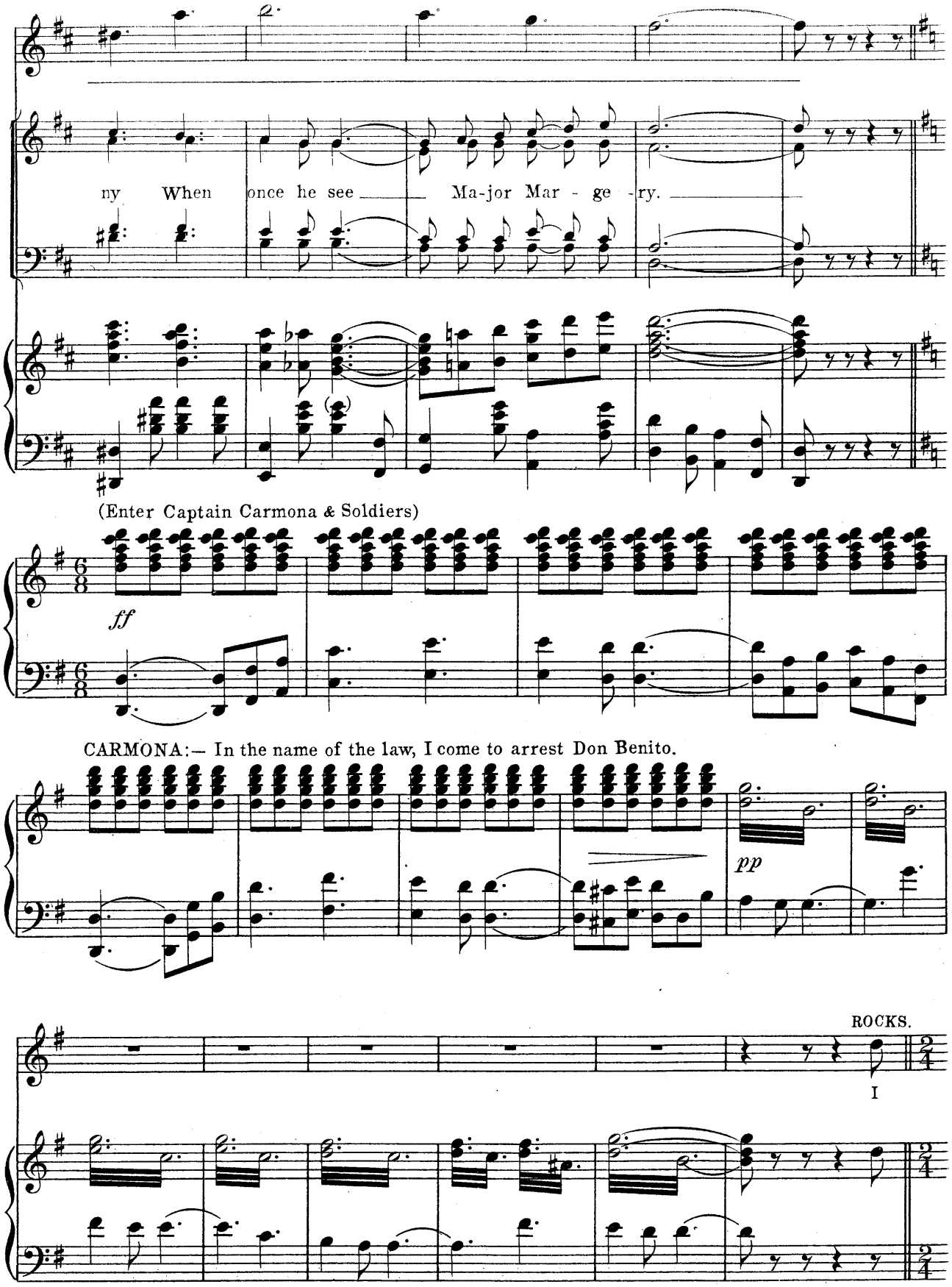

I must say it an-y-way. Well, here goes.
L.H.
Ped.
Mysterioso.
ROCKS.
I think I have a lit-tle scheme That's sure to win the cup; Wait
want to take you, young and old, And form a cou-pon club, Then
I'll take all the stock, you know, And wat-er it each day, And
(ALL)
'till you hear it, it's a dream. (I hope I don't wake up). Go
call in all the taint-ed gold And wash it in a tub. Go
where the stock de-clines to grow, If you wat-er it, it may. Go
1-2.
3. Rocks (spoken.)
on!
on!
on!
2. I
3. Then
That's all.


Allegro.
And are we to heed that lead - er's call? Why he is worse than none at all!
f
ROCKS.
Oh me! Oh my! Here's where I kiss my - self good - bye.
p
(sensation.)
ff
f
(Tita enters in revolutionist dress.)
TITA.
I
JUAN.
But who comes here?


TITA.
come as your lead - er bold and free.
I
ROCKS.
I'm glad you came.
JUAN.
A lead - er he?
come to in-sure you vic - to - ry.
A
A los - ing game!
Who can he be?
love for the pow-der and puff have I.
No
I hate the stuff!
He is not shy.


rat - tle of bat - tle can ter - ri - fy.
Bet that's a bluff.
He wants to die.
But like the maid of the sto - ry, I will lead you on-ward to glo - ry; So—
fol - low me And I will be Your Mar - ge - ry.
When


Ah
Mar - ge - ry
Dashed
on the field
The
en - e - my
Was
sure to yield.
Ah
She'd a flash of the
eye That
no man
could de -


ny When once he see Ma-jor Mar - ge - ry.
(Enter Captain Carmona & Soldiers)
ff
CARMONA:— In the name of the law, I come to arrest Don Benito.
pp
ROCKS.
I

Allegretto.

RODRIGO.

seem to be in great de-mand, I won-der where I'm go-ing to land. Well

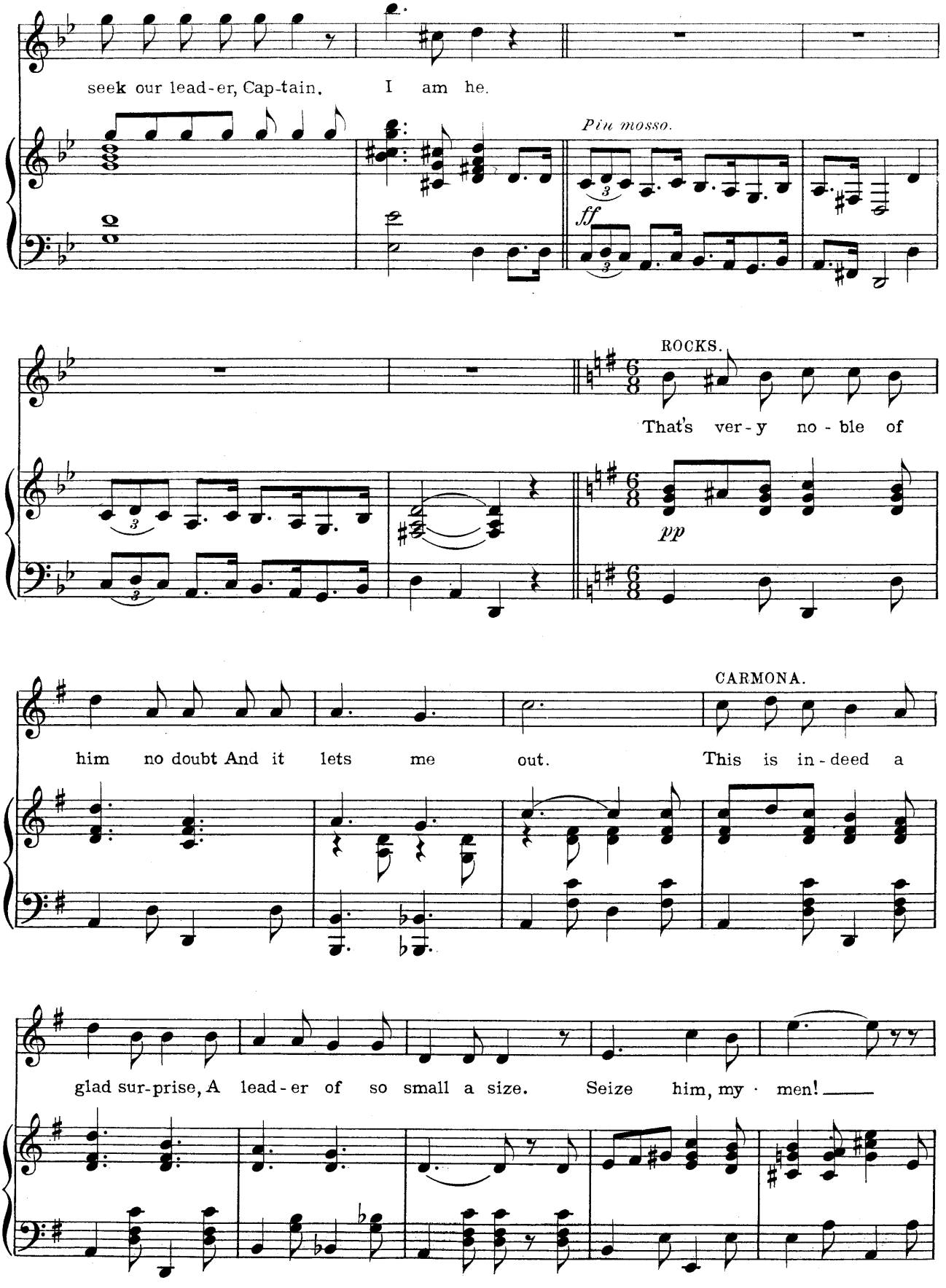
CARMONA.

Cap-tain why do you de-lay, Ar-rest this vile of-fen-der. Well,

TITA.

well! where is this lead-er eh? And why don't he sur-ren-der? If

Rod-ri-go a trait-or be, I care not what be-comes of me. You


seek our lead-er, Cap-tain. I am he.
Più mosso.
ff
ROCKS.
That's ver-y no-ble of
pp
CARMONA.
him no doubt And it lets me out. This is in-deed a
glad sur-prise, A lead-er of so small a size. Seize him, my · men!

there is no cause for fear. Re - mem-ber your li - on heart - ed

(Rodrigo enters)

Slower. RODRIGO.

Cap-tain is here. Ti - ta!

TITA.

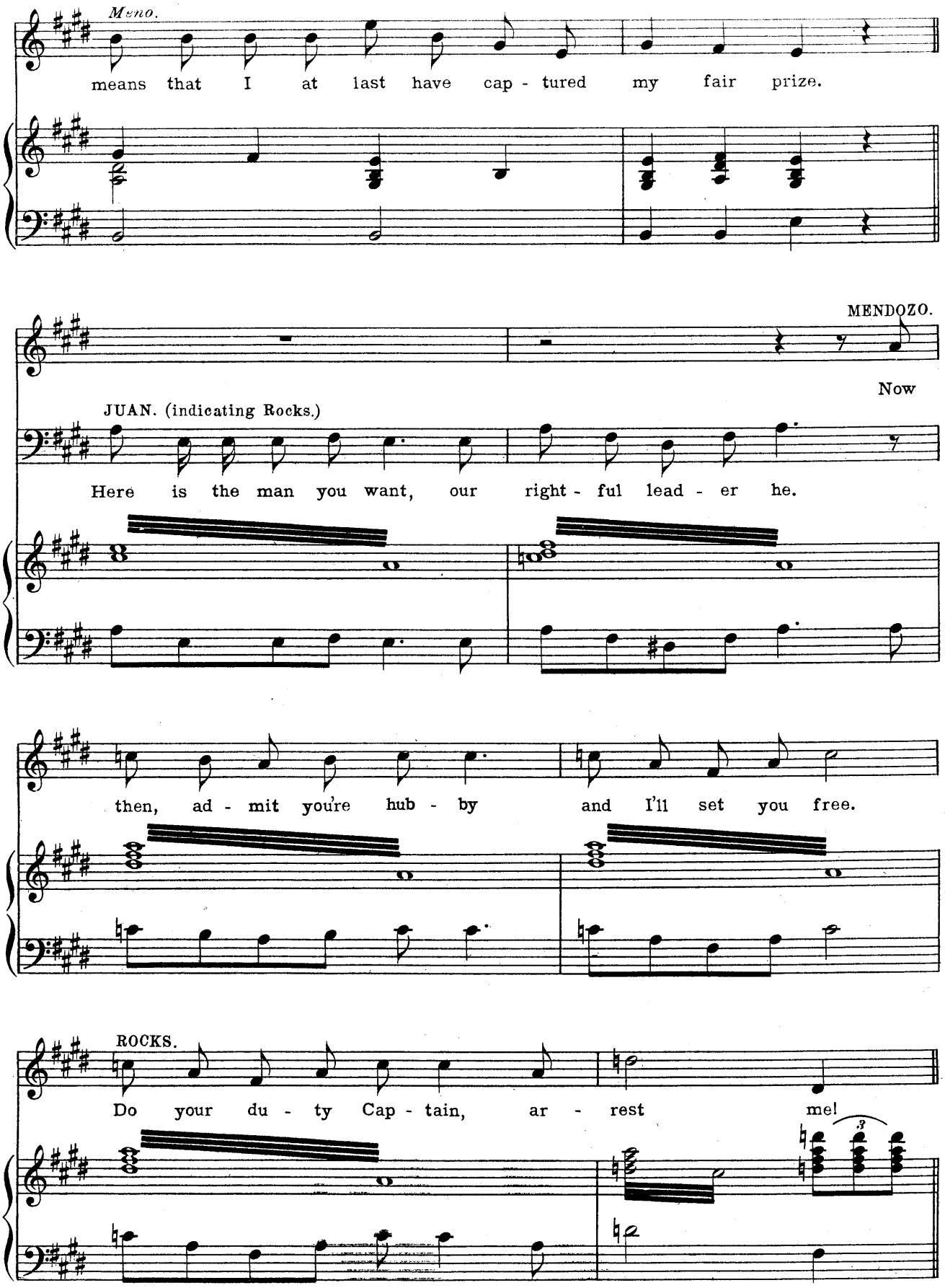
Yes, 'tis I.

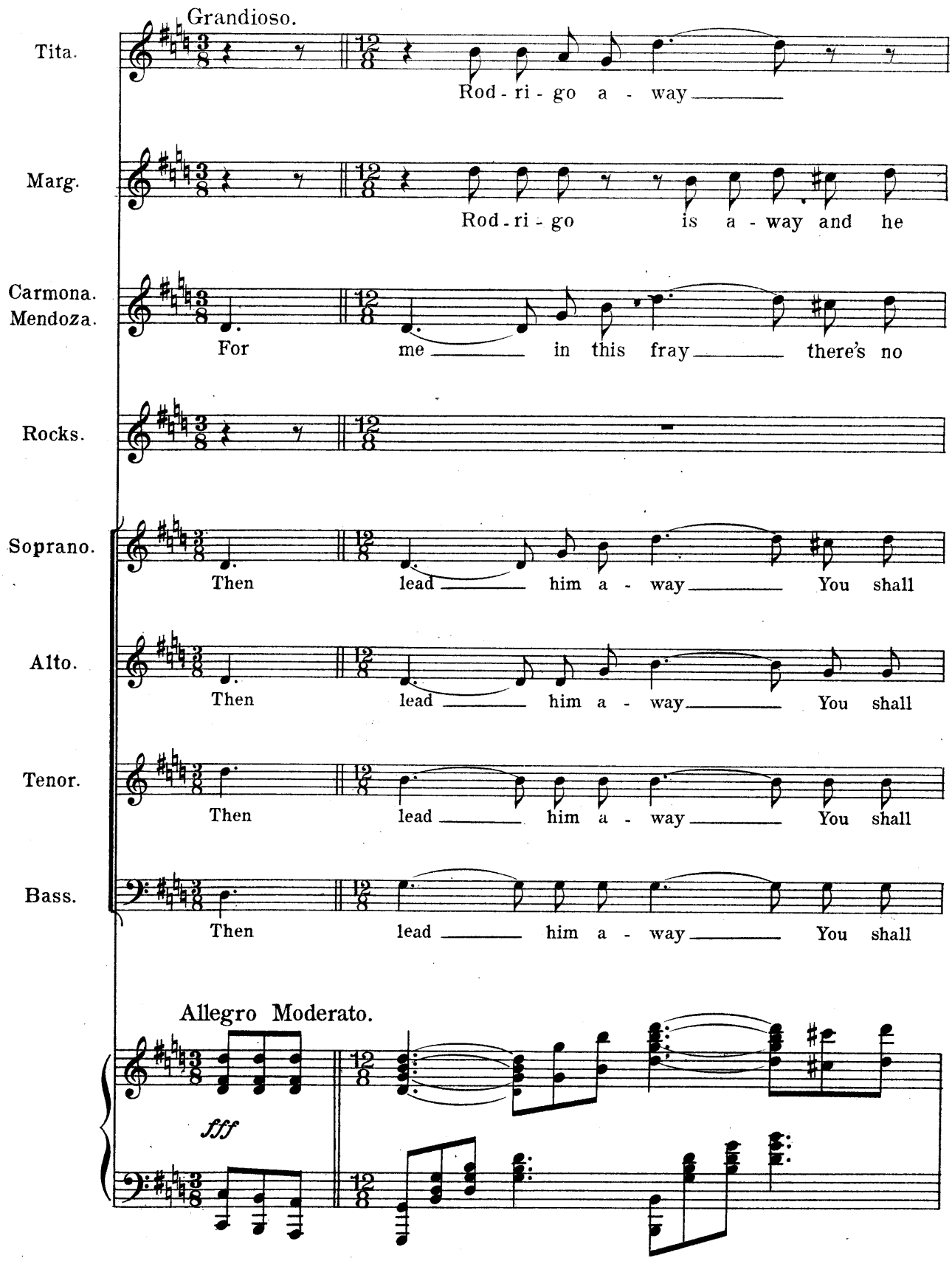
JUAN.

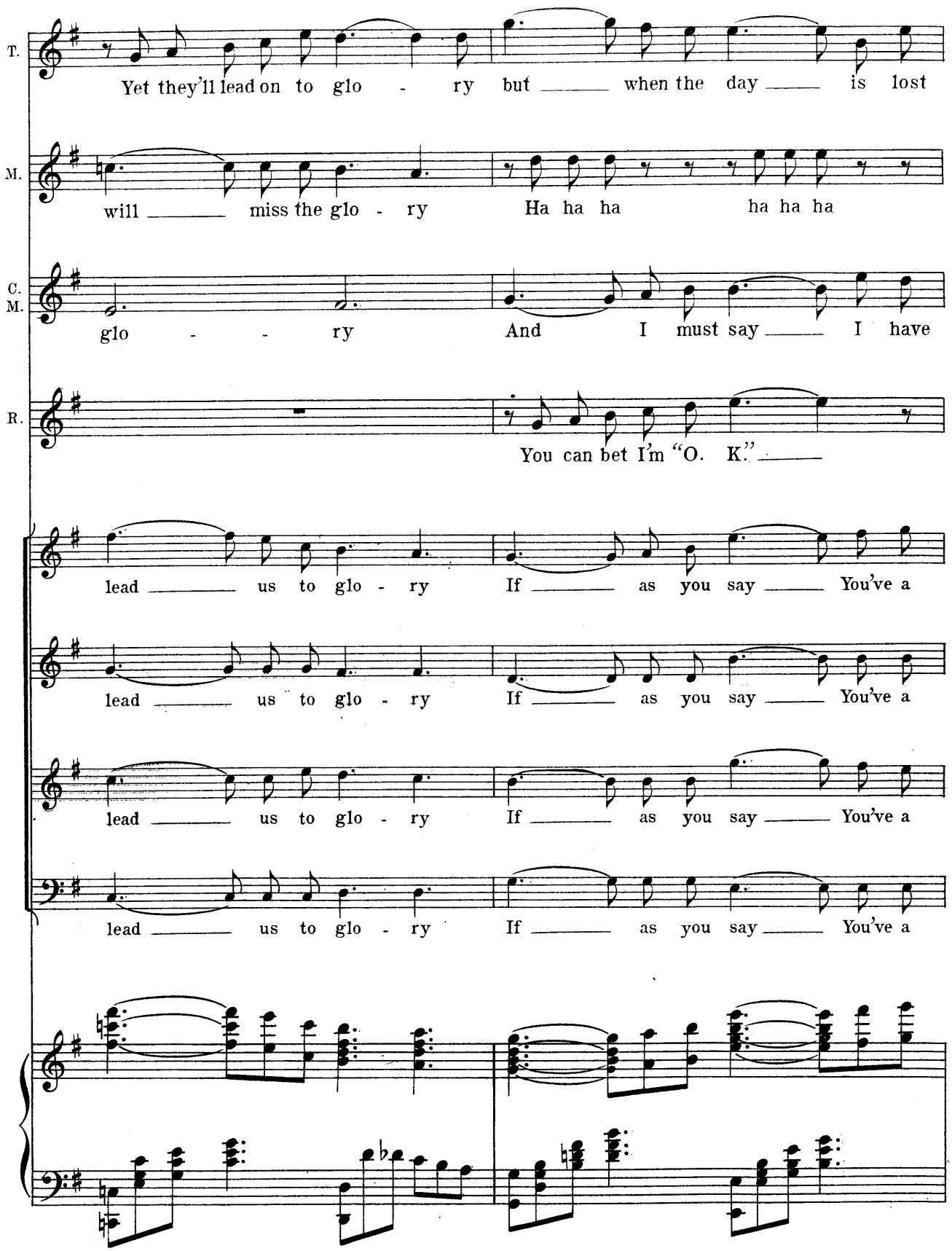
Ti - ta!

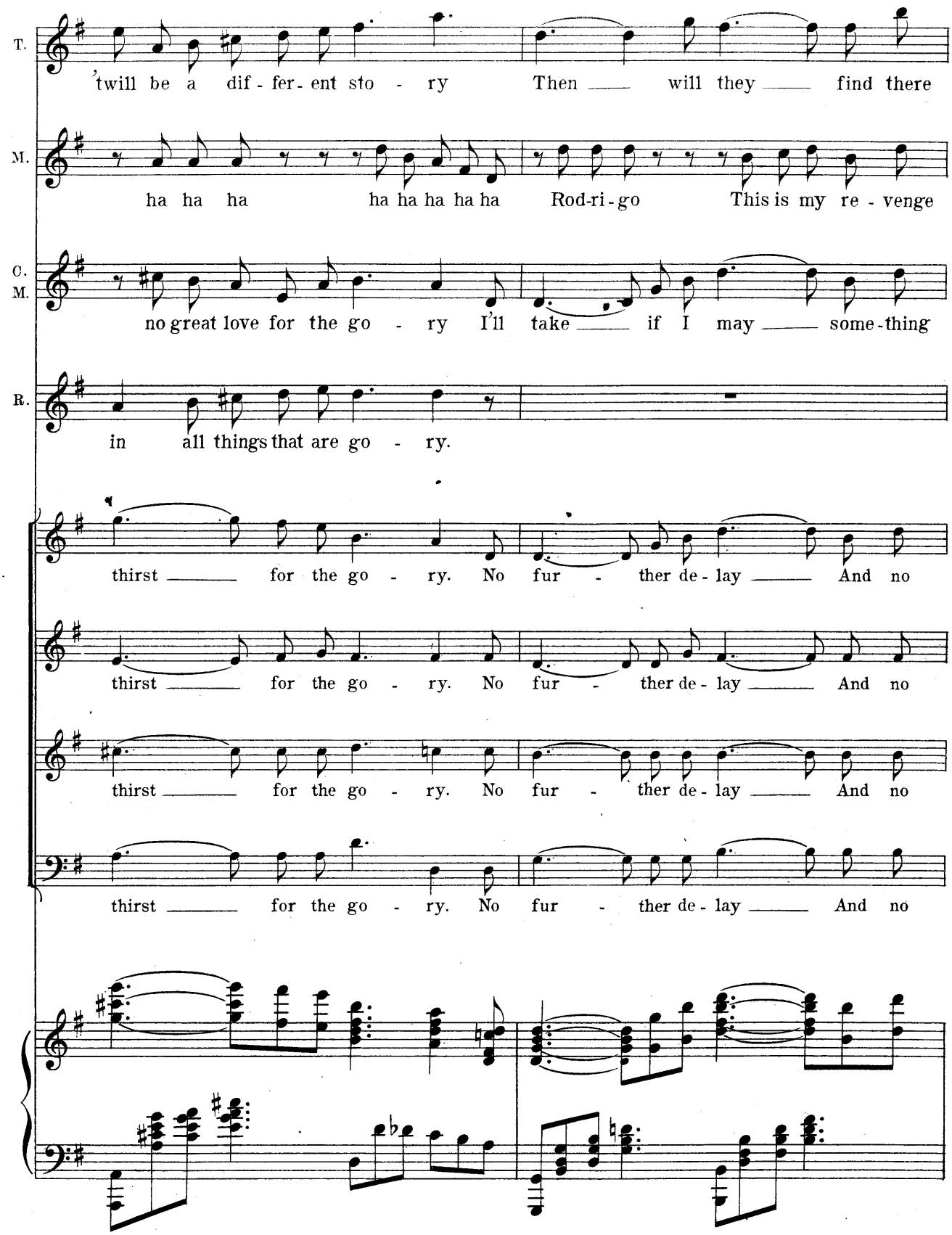
MENDOZA. CARMONA.

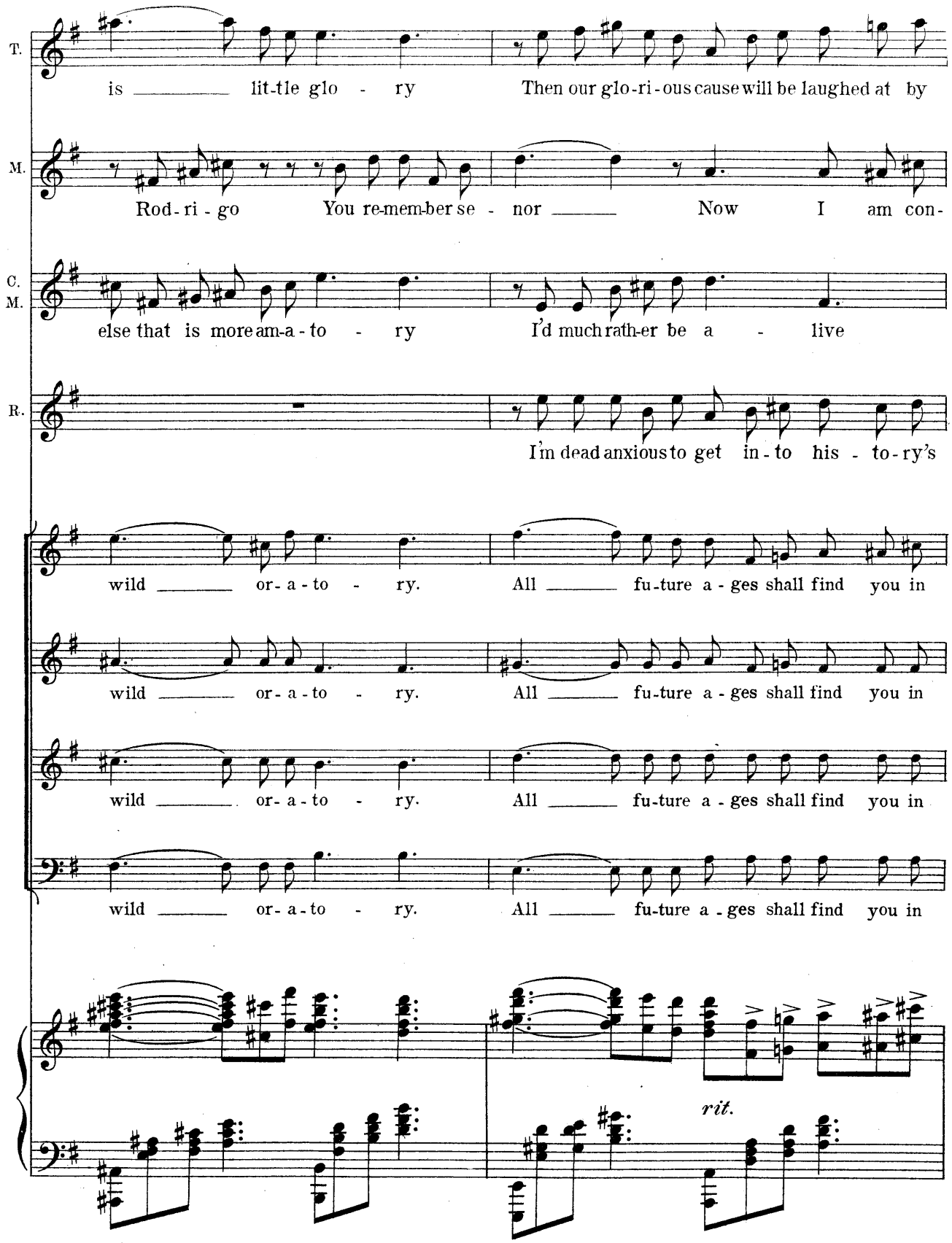
Why Ti - ta child, what does this mean, this mas - cu - line dis - guise? It

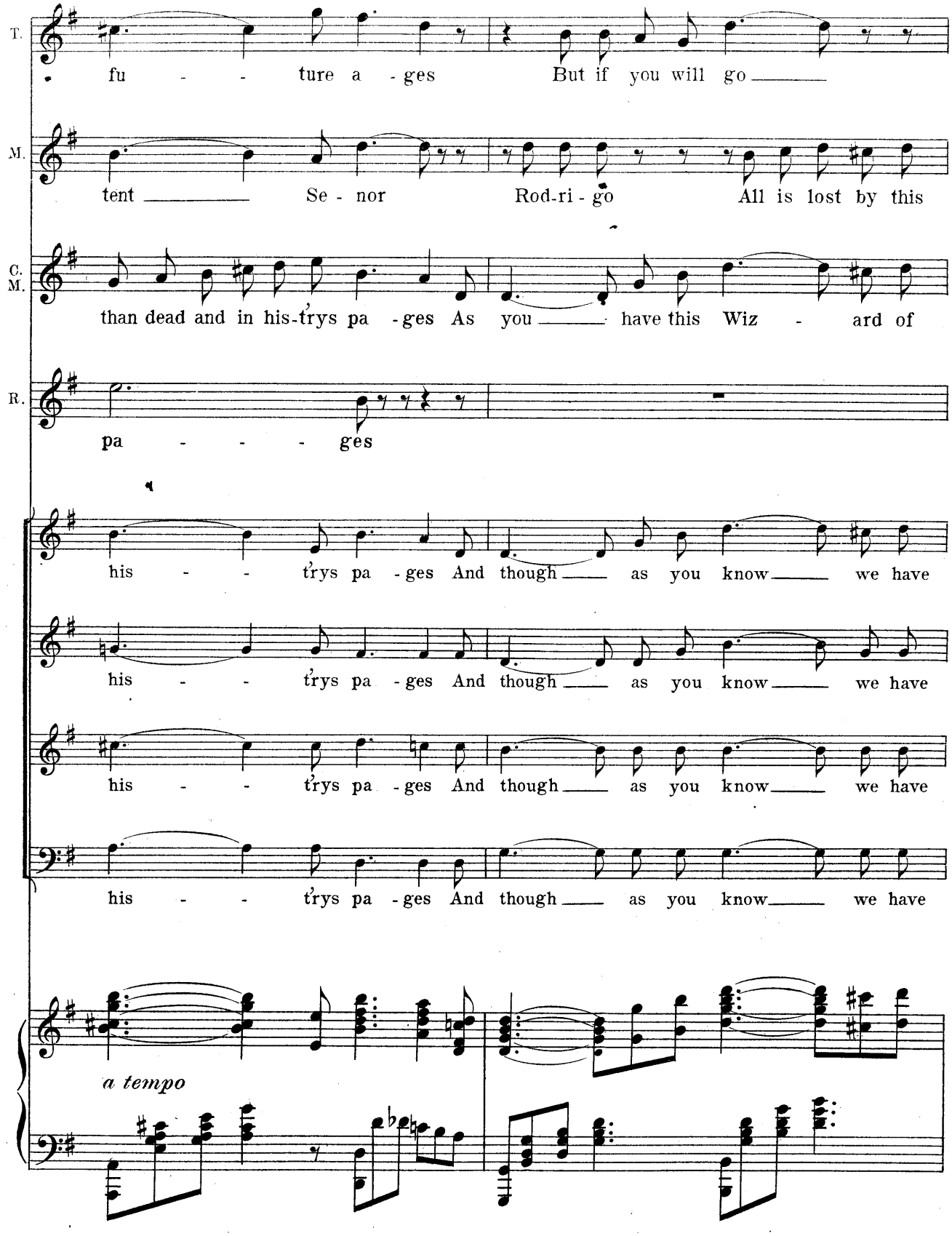

Meno.
means that I at last have cap - tured my fair prize.
MENDOZO.
Now
JUAN. (indicating Rocks.)
Here is the man you want, our right - ful lead - er he.
then, ad - mit you're hub - by and I'll set you free.
ROCKS.
Do your du - ty Cap - tain, ar - rest me!

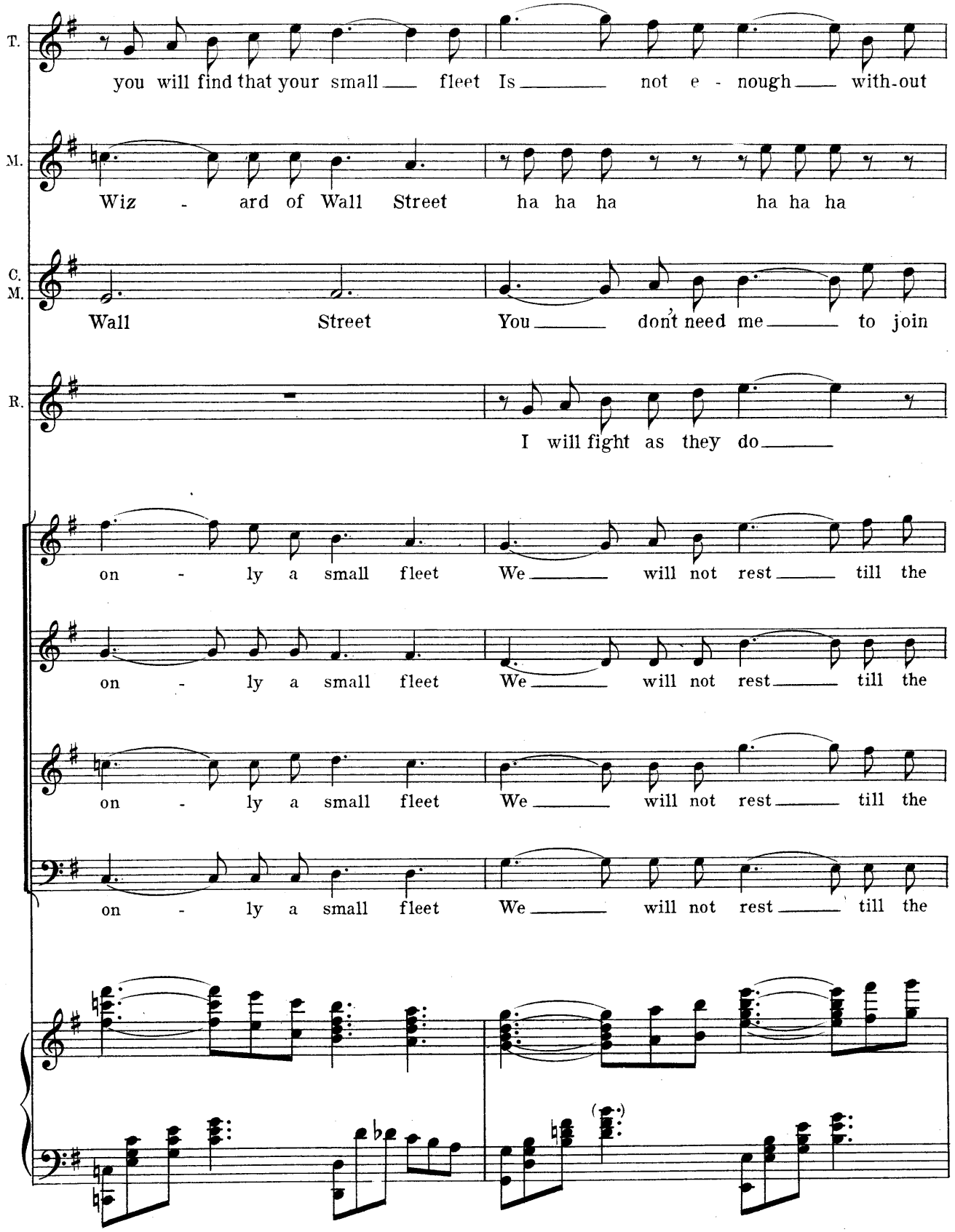

Grandioso.
Tita.
Rod - ri - go a - way
Marg.
Rod - ri - go is a - way and he
Carmona.
Mendoza.
For me in this fray there's no
Rocks.
Soprano.
Then lead him a - way You shall
Alto.
Then lead him a - way You shall
Tenor.
Then lead him a - way You shall
Bass.
Then lead him a - way You shall
Allegro Moderato.
fff

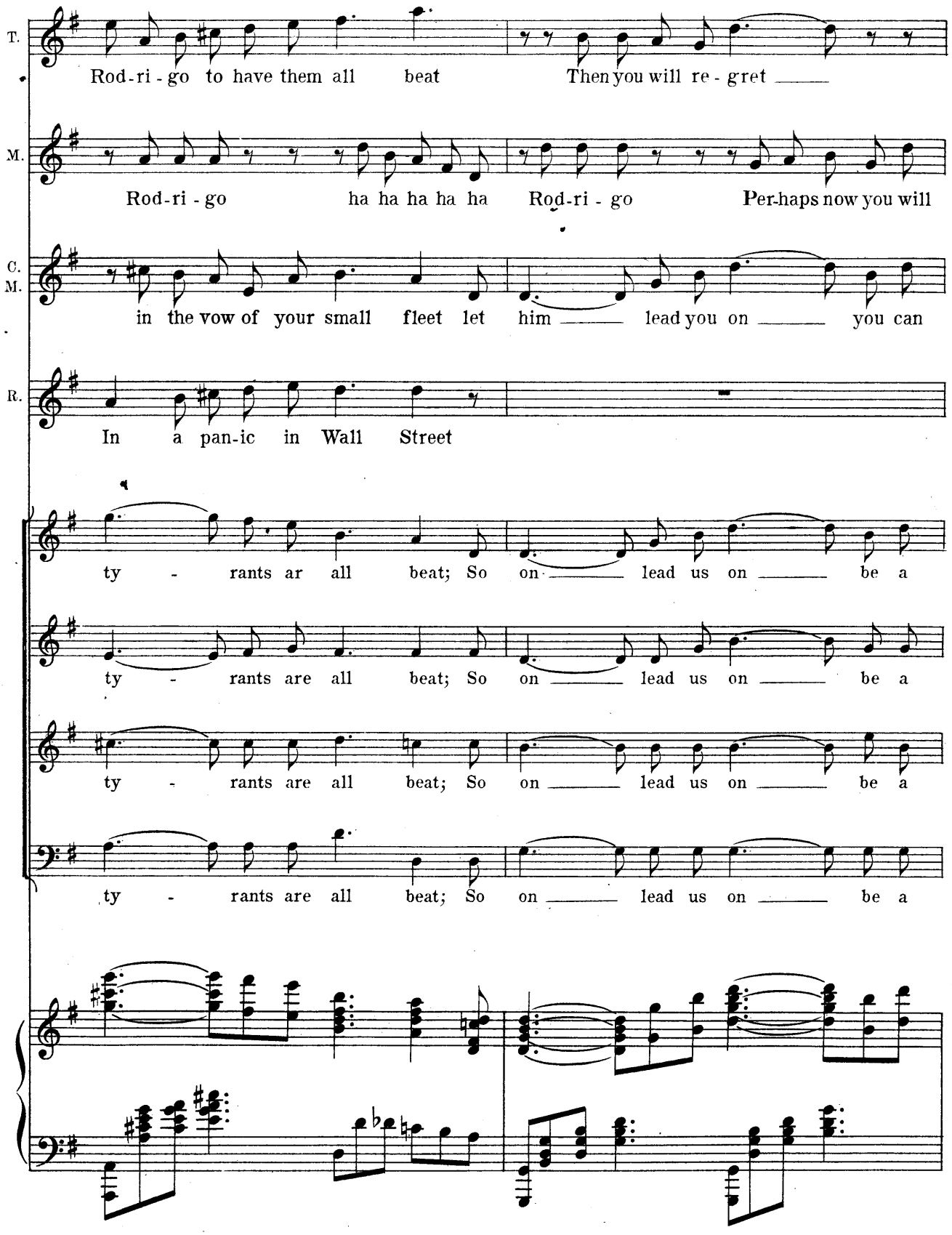

T.
Yet they'll lead on to glo - ry but when the day is lost
M.
will miss the glo - ry Ha ha ha ha ha ha
C. M.
glo - - ry And I must say I have
R.
You can bet I'm "O. K."
lead us to glo - ry If as you say You've a
lead us to glo - ry If as you say You've a
lead us to glo - ry If as you say You've a
lead us to glo - ry If as you say You've a

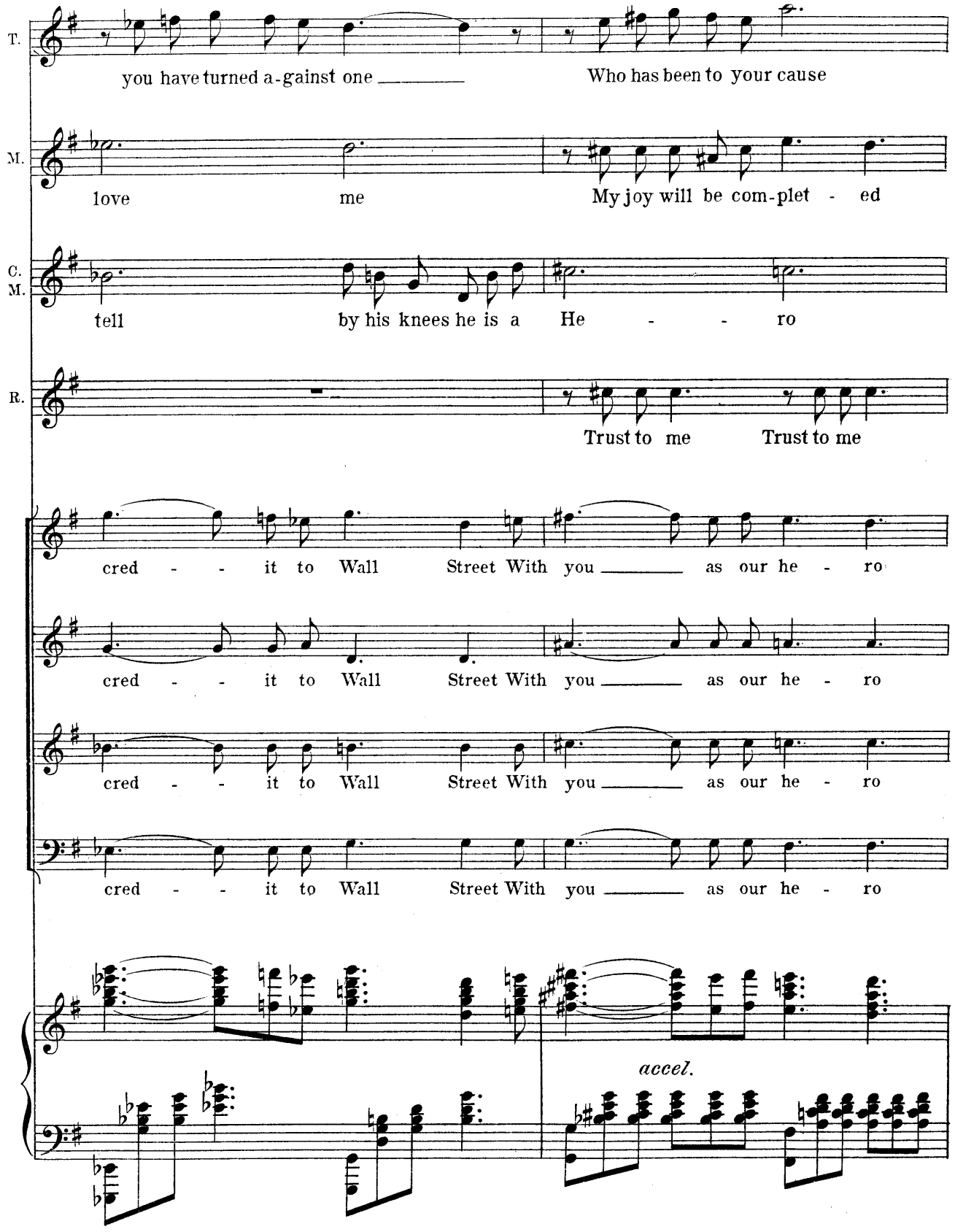

T.
'twill be a dif - fer - ent sto - ry Then ___ will they ___ find there
M.
ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha Rod-ri-go This is my re - venge
C. M.
no great love for the go - ry I'll take ___ if I may ___ some-thing
R.
in all things that are go - ry.
thirst ___ for the go - ry. No fur - ther de - lay ___ And no
thirst ___ for the go - ry. No fur - ther de - lay ___ And no
thirst ___ for the go - ry. No fur - ther de - lay ___ And no
thirst ___ for the go - ry. No fur - ther de - lay ___ And no

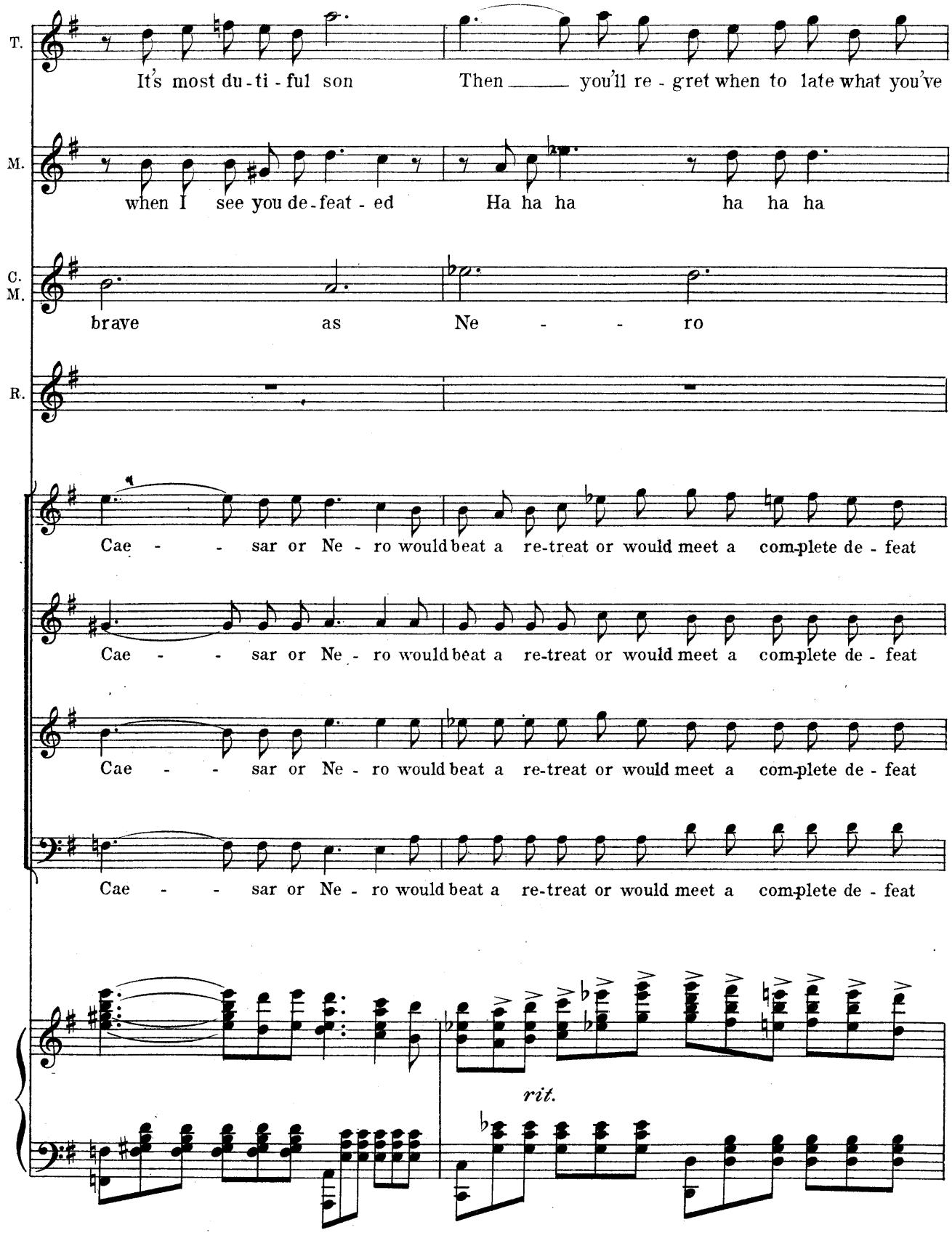

T.
is lit-tle glo - ry
Then our glo-ri-ous cause will be laughed at by
M.
Rod-ri-go
You re-mem-ber se - nor
Now I am con-
C. M.
else that is more am-a-to - ry
I'd much rath-er be a - live
R.
I'm dead anxious to get in-to his - to-ry's
wild or-a-to - ry.
All fu-ture a-ges shall find you in
wild or-a-to - ry.
All fu-ture a-ges shall find you in
wild or-a-to - ry.
All fu-ture a-ges shall find you in
wild or-a-to - ry.
All fu-ture a-ges shall find you in
rit.

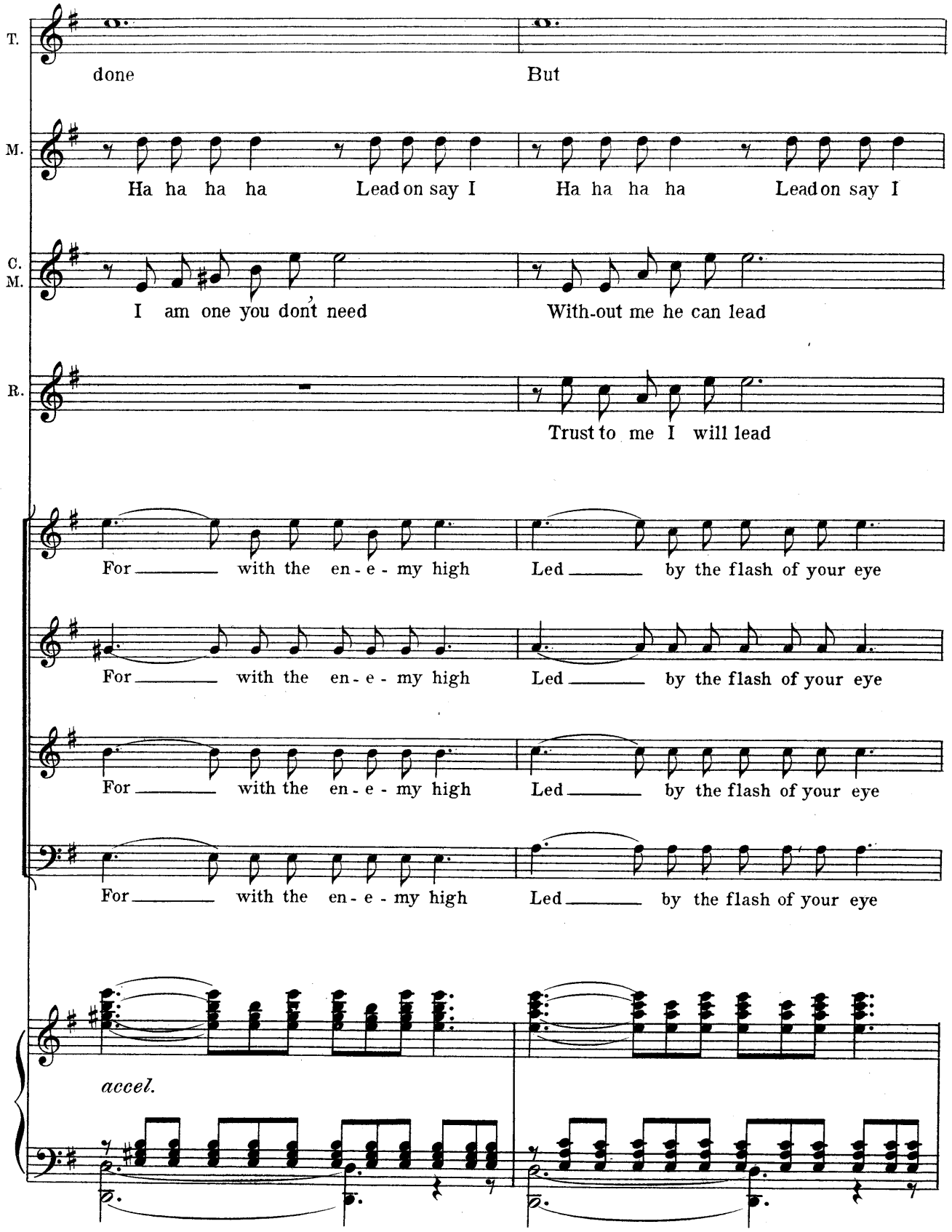

T.
fu - - ture a - ges But if you will go
M.
tent Se - nor Rod-ri - go All is lost by this
C. M.
than dead and in his-trys pa - ges As you have this Wiz - ard of
R.
pa - - - ges
his - - trys pa - ges And though as you know we have
his - - trys pa - ges And though as you know we have
his - - trys pa - ges And though as you know we have
his - - trys pa - ges And though as you know we have
a tempo

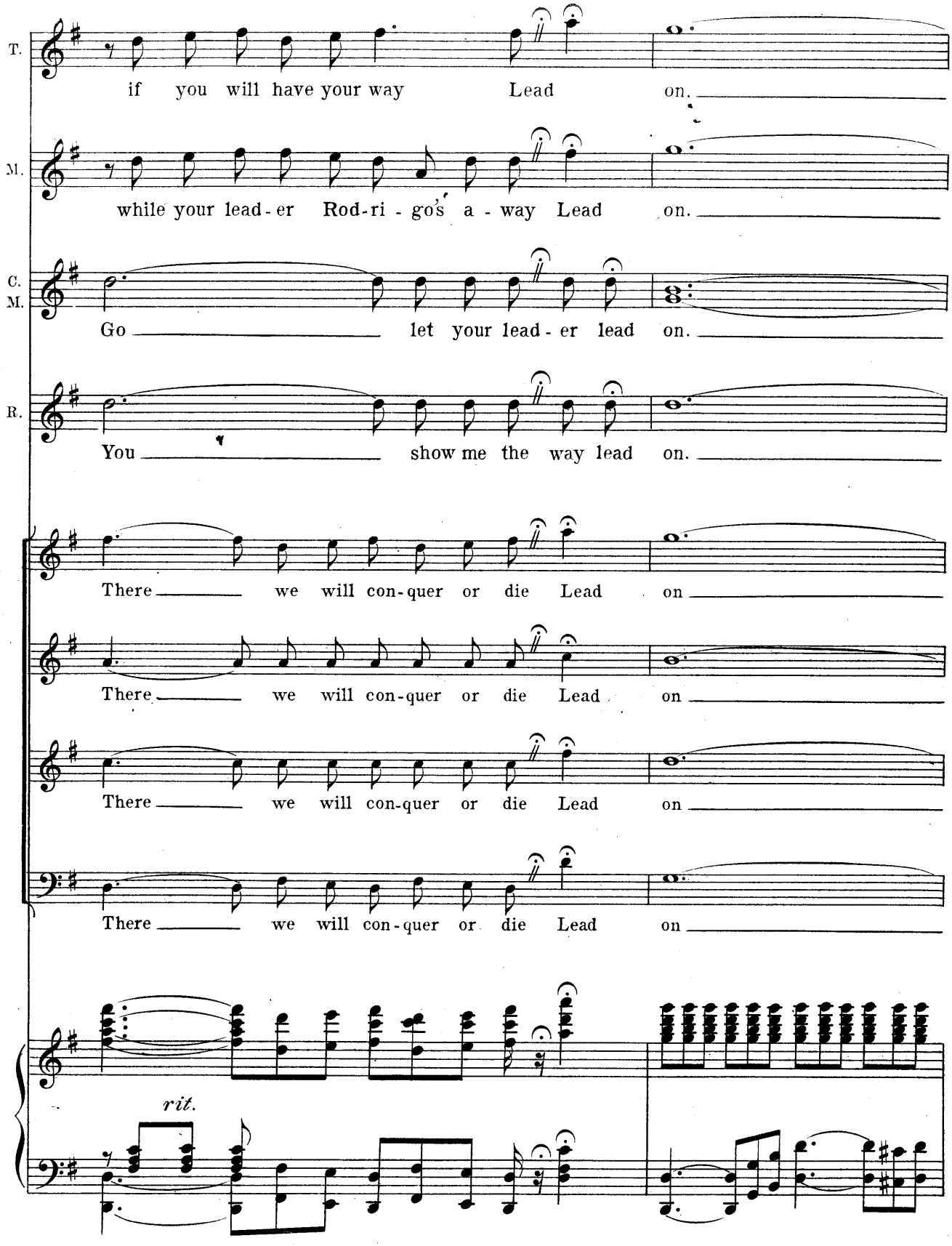

T.
you will find that your small fleet Is not e - nough with-out
M.
Wiz - ard of Wall Street ha ha ha ha ha ha
C.
M.
Wall Street You don't need me to join
R.
I will fight as they do
on - ly a small fleet We will not rest till the
on - ly a small fleet We will not rest till the
on - ly a small fleet We will not rest till the
on - ly a small fleet We will not rest till the

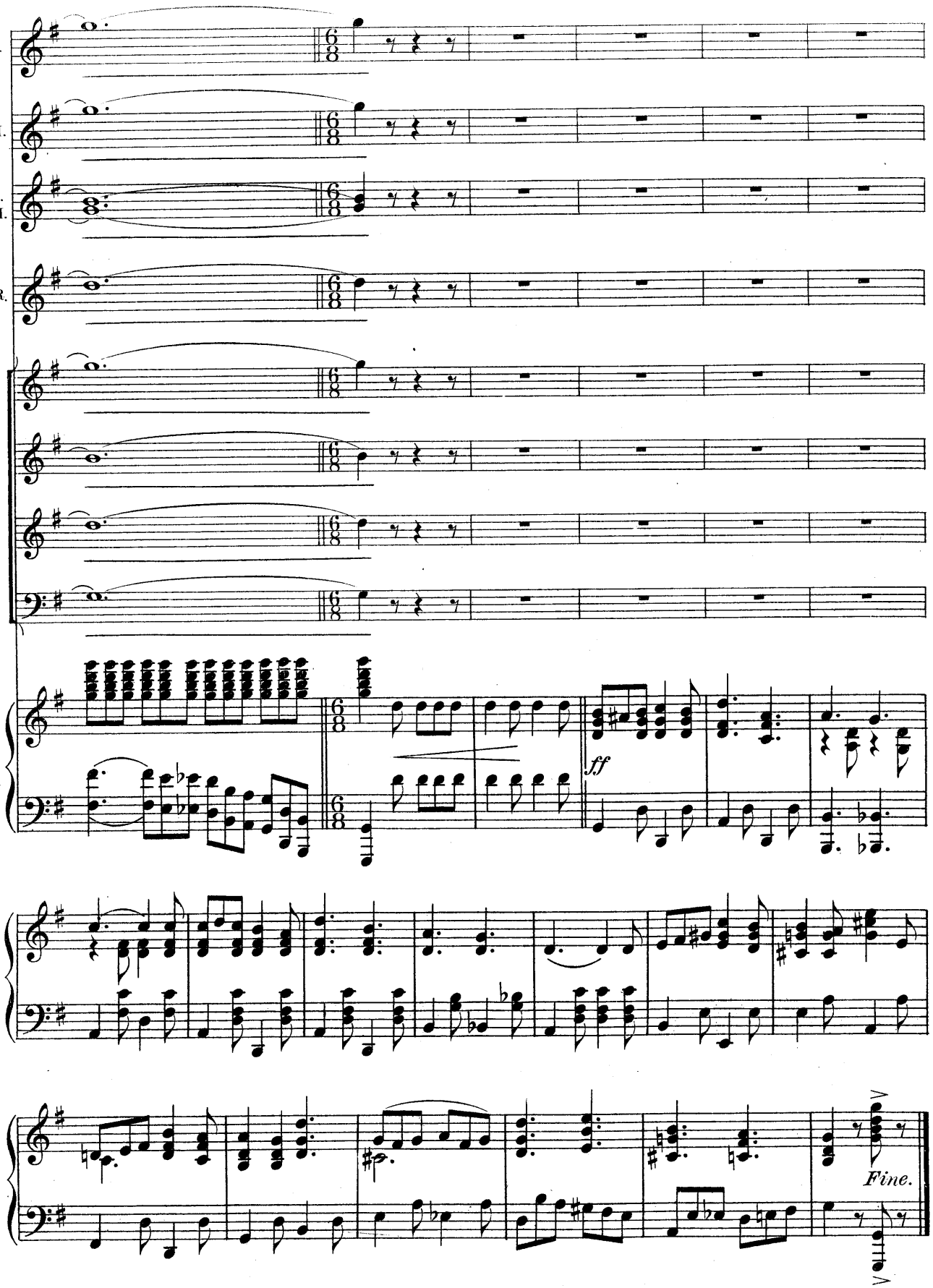

T.
Rod-ri-go to have them all beat Then you will re-gret
M.
Rod-ri-go ha ha ha ha ha Rod-ri-go Per-haps now you will
C. M.
in the vow of your small fleet let him lead you on you can
R.
In a pan-ic in Wall Street
ty - rants ar all beat; So on lead us on be a
ty - rants are all beat; So on lead us on be a
ty - rants are all beat; So on lead us on be a
ty - rants are all beat; So on lead us on be a


T.
you have turned a-gainst one
Who has been to your cause
M.
love
me
My joy will be com-plet - ed
C. M.
tell
by his knees he is a
He - - ro
R.
Trust to me
Trust to me
cred - - it to Wall Street With you as our he - ro
cred - - it to Wall Street With you as our he - ro
cred - - it to Wall Street With you as our he - ro
cred - - it to Wall Street With you as our he - ro
accel.


T.
It's most du - ti - ful son
Then ____ you'll re - gret when to late what you've
M.
when I see you de - feat - ed
Ha ha ha
ha ha ha
C.
M.
brave
as
Ne - - ro
R.
Cae - - sar or Ne - ro would beat a re-treat or would meet a com-plete de - feat
Cae - - sar or Ne - ro would beat a re-treat or would meet a com-plete de - feat
Cae - - sar or Ne - ro would beat a re-treat or would meet a com-plete de - feat
Cae - - sar or Ne - ro would beat a re-treat or would meet a com-plete de - feat
rit.


T.
done
But
M.
Ha ha ha ha
Lead on say I
Ha ha ha ha
Lead on say I
C.
M.
I am one you don't need
With-out me he can lead
R.
Trust to me I will lead
For ___ with the en - e - my high
Led ___ by the flash of your eye
For ___ with the en - e - my high
Led ___ by the flash of your eye
For ___ with the en - e - my high
Led ___ by the flash of your eye
For ___ with the en - e - my high
Led ___ by the flash of your eye
accel.


T.
if you will have your way Lead on.
M.
while your lead-er Rod-ri-go's a-way Lead on.
C. M.
Go let your lead-er lead on.
R.
You show me the way lead on.
There we will con-quer or die Lead on
There we will con-quer or die Lead on
There we will con-quer or die Lead on
There we will con-quer or die Lead on
rit.



Mexicana. Fin. Act II.

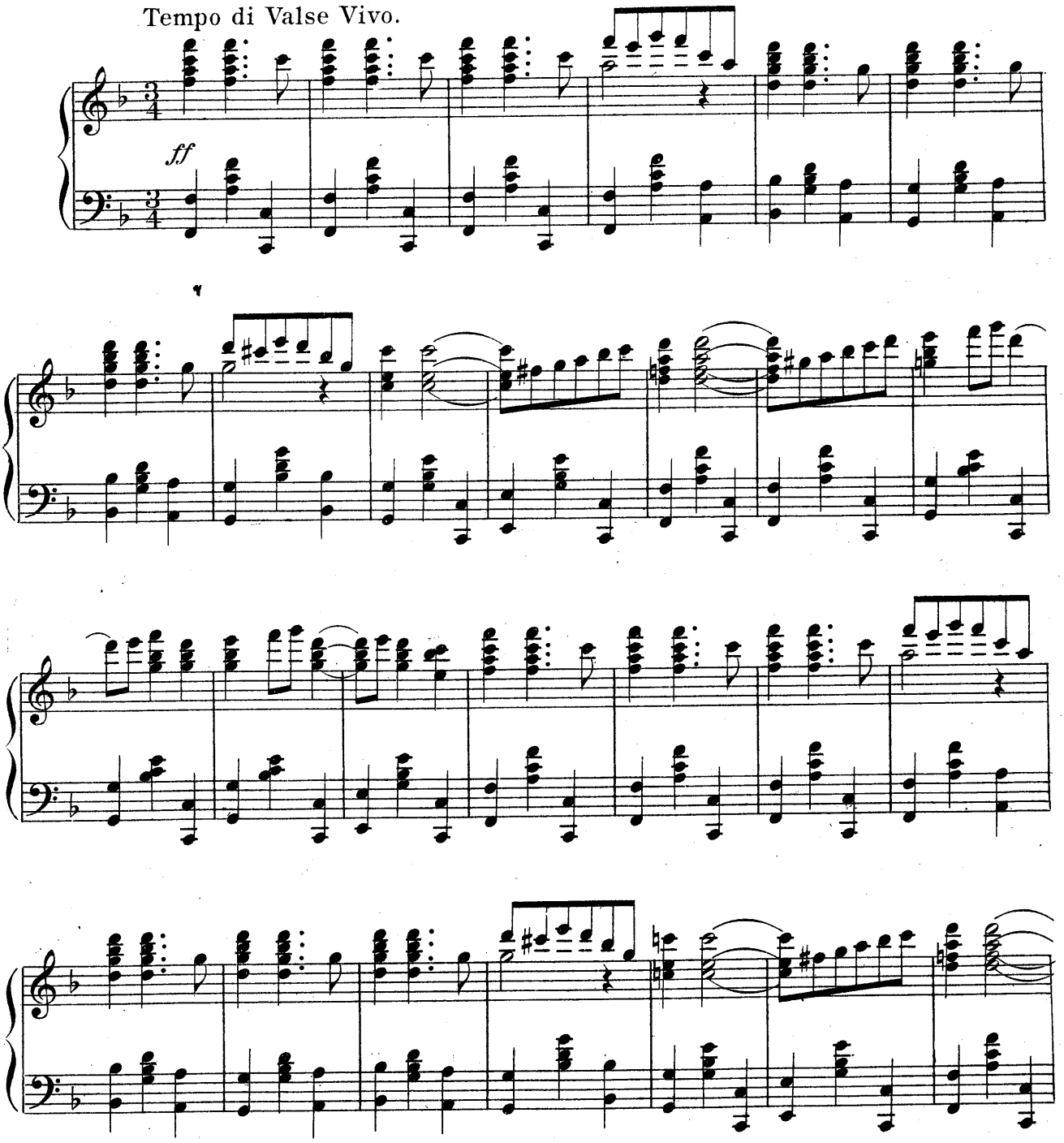
No 16. Opening Chorus.

ACT III.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Tempo di Valse Vivo.



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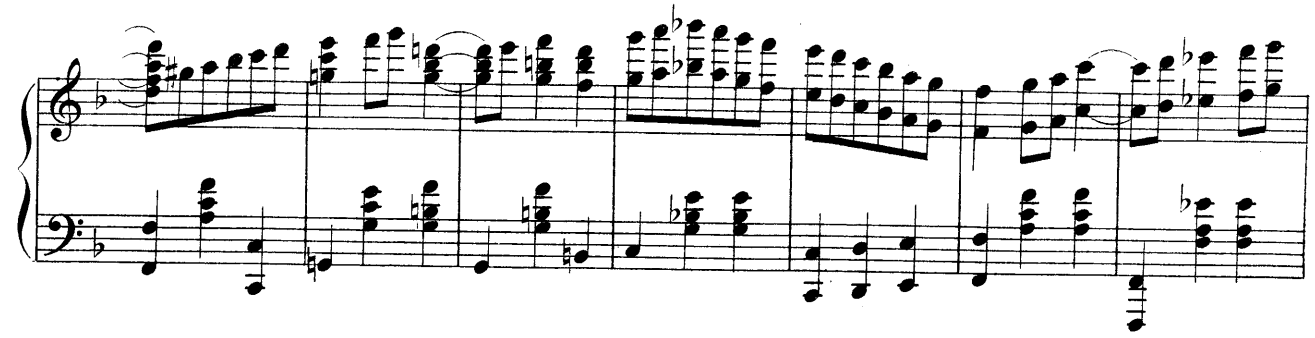
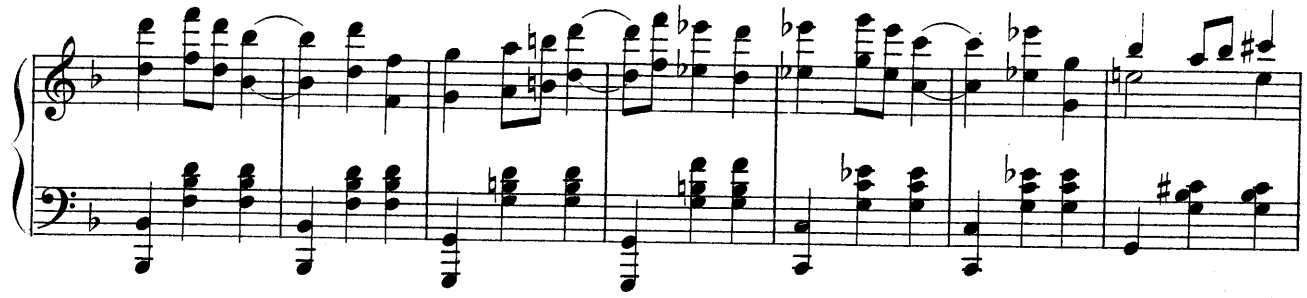
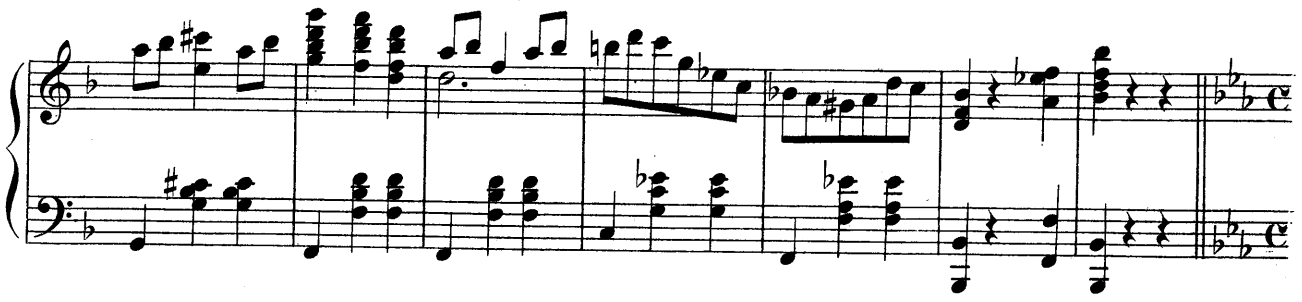
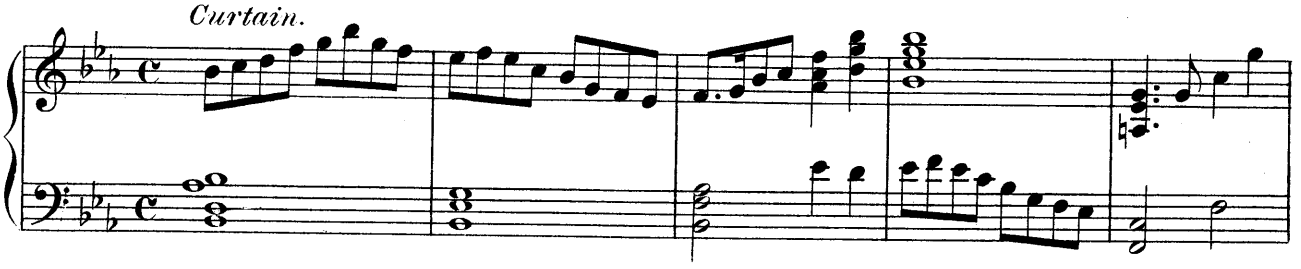




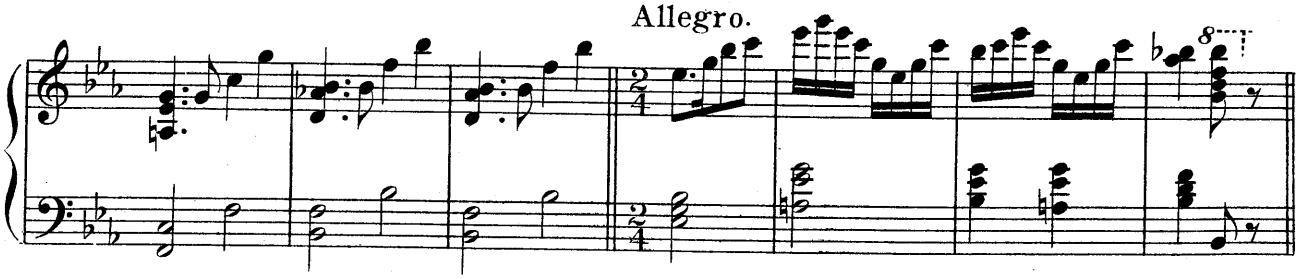


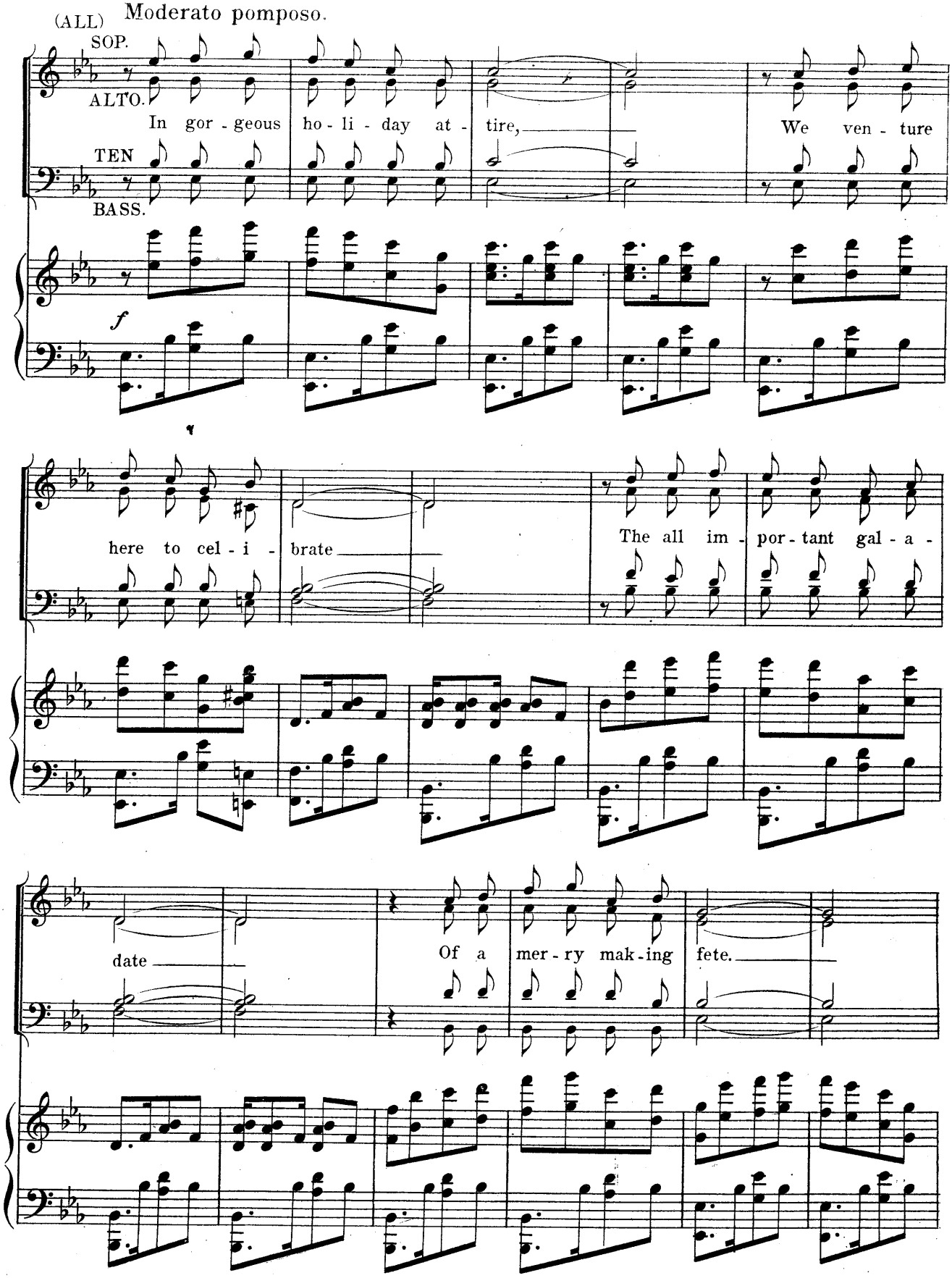
Allegretto.

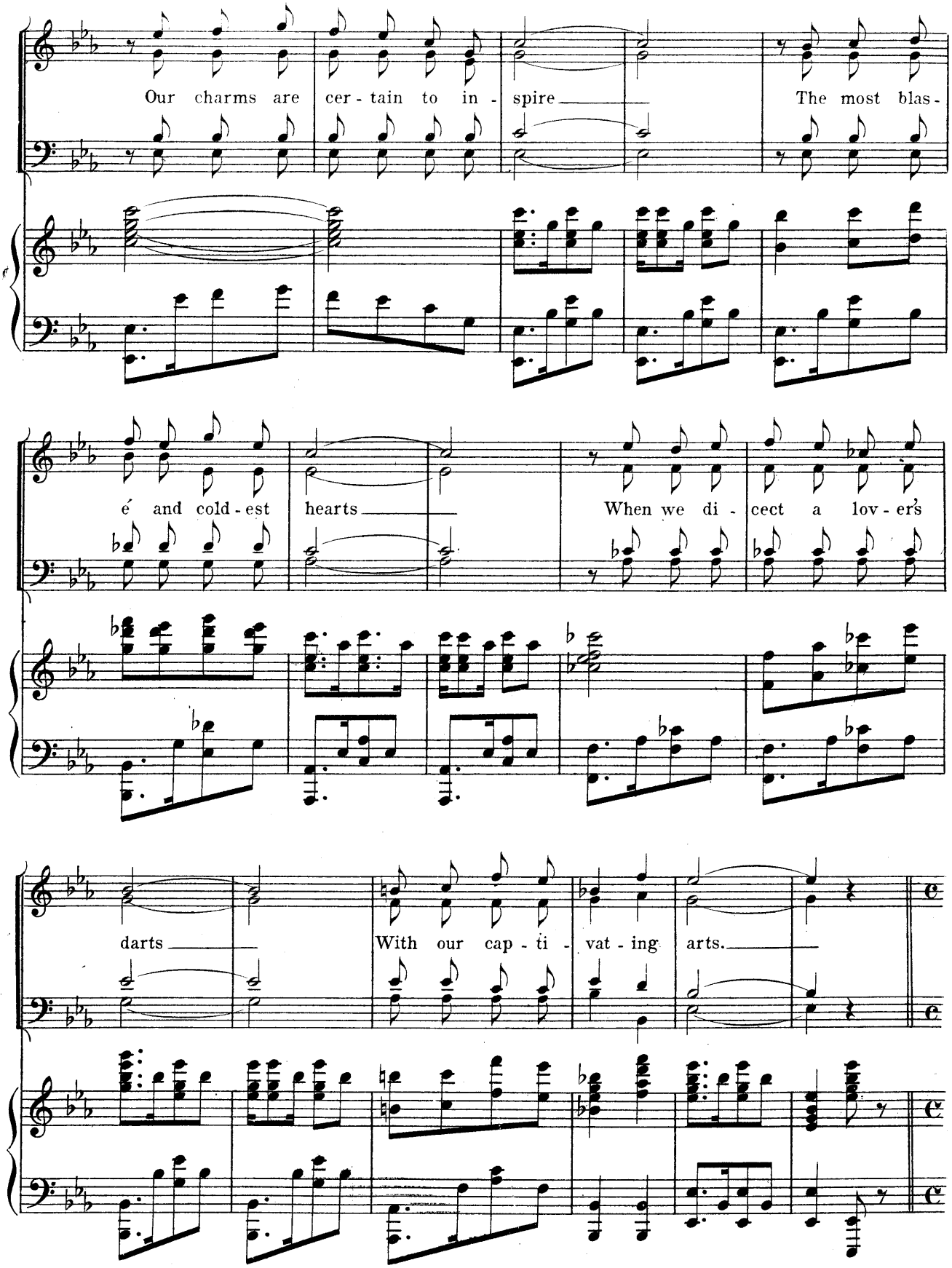
Curtain.

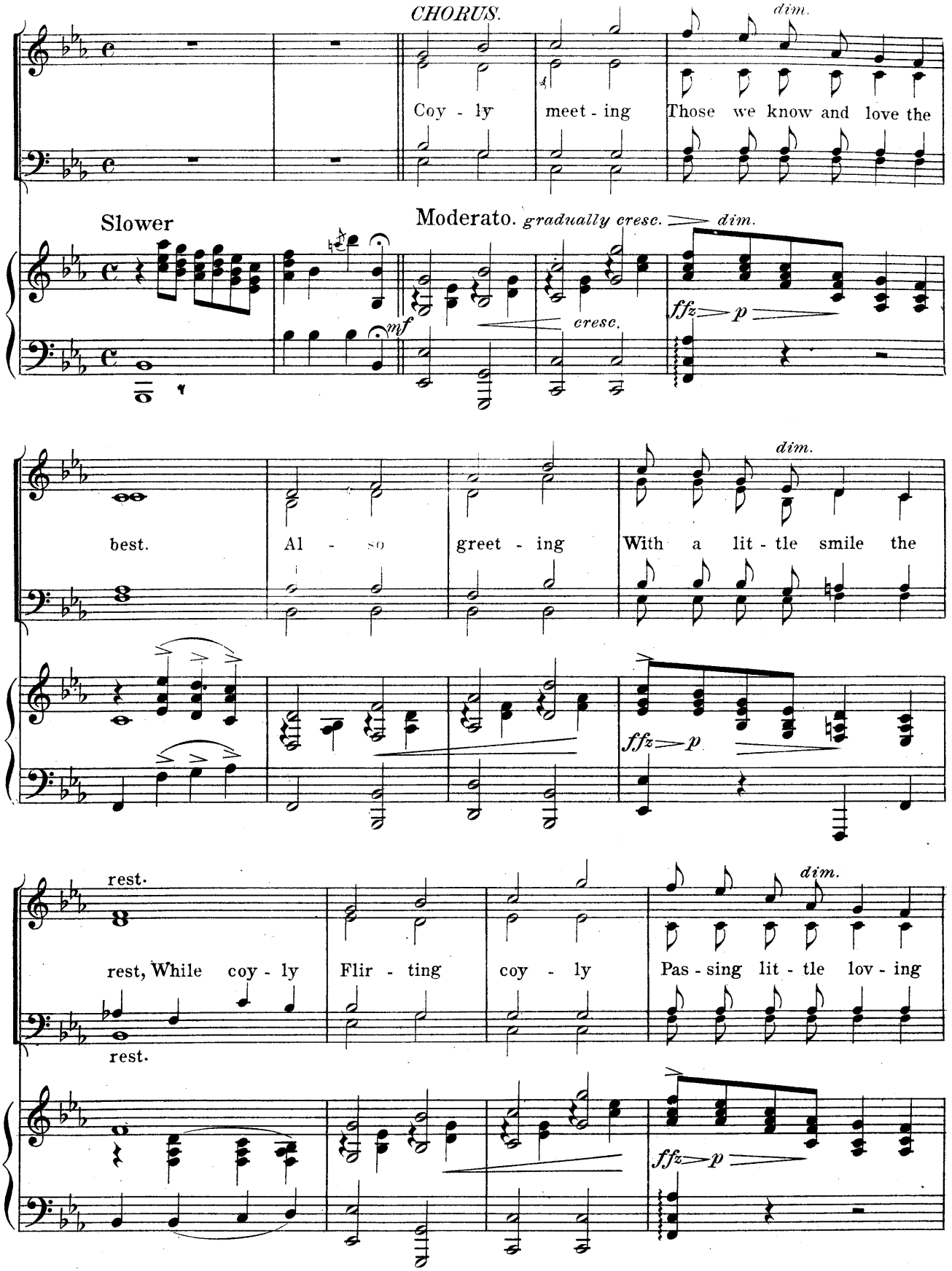


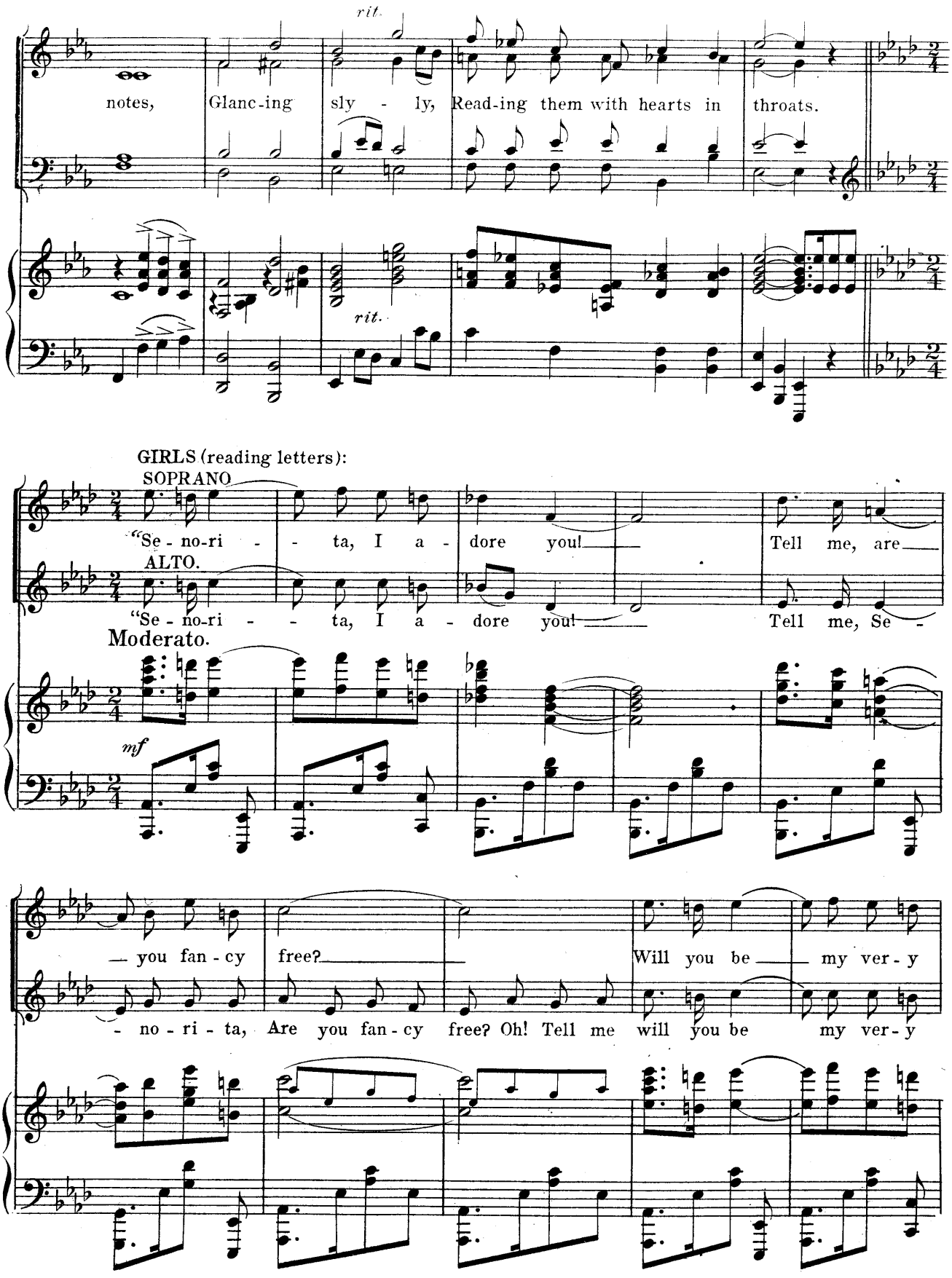
Allegro.

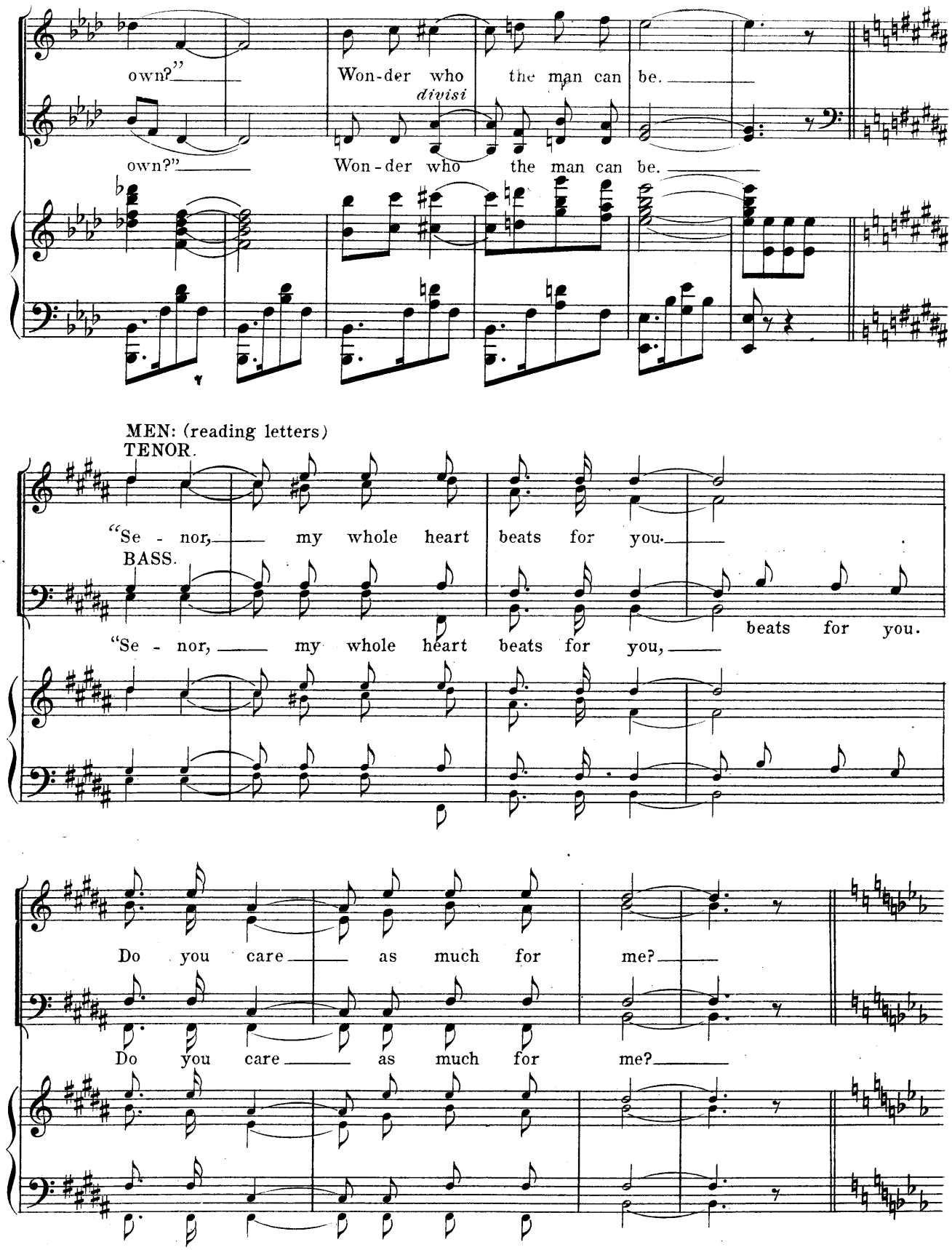


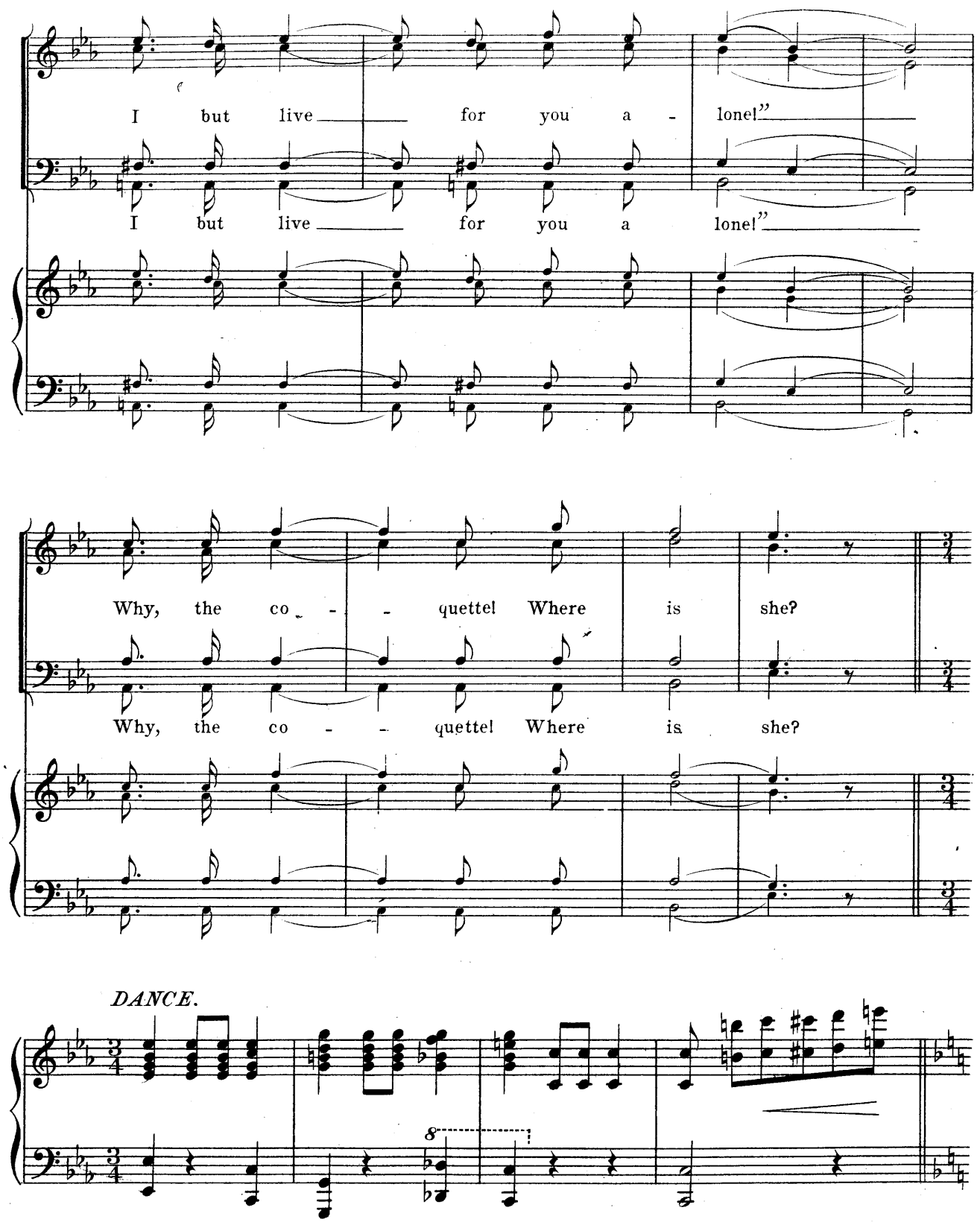

(ALL) Moderato pomposo.
SOP.
ALTO.
In gor - geous ho - li - day at - tire,
We ven - ture
TEN
BASS.
f
here to cel - i - brate
The all im - por - tant gal - a -
date
Of a mer - ry mak - ing fete.


Our charms are cer - tain to in - spire The most blas -
é and cold - est hearts When we di - cect a lov - er's
darts With our cap - ti - vat - ing arts.


CHORUS.
dim.
Coy - ly
meet - ing
Those we know and love the
Slower
Moderato. gradually cresc.
dim.
mf
cresc.
ffz
p
best.
Al - so
greet - ing
With a lit - tle smile the
dim.
ffz
p
rest.
rest, While coy - ly
Flir - ting
coy - ly
Pas - sing lit - tle lov - ing
dim.
rest.
ffz
p

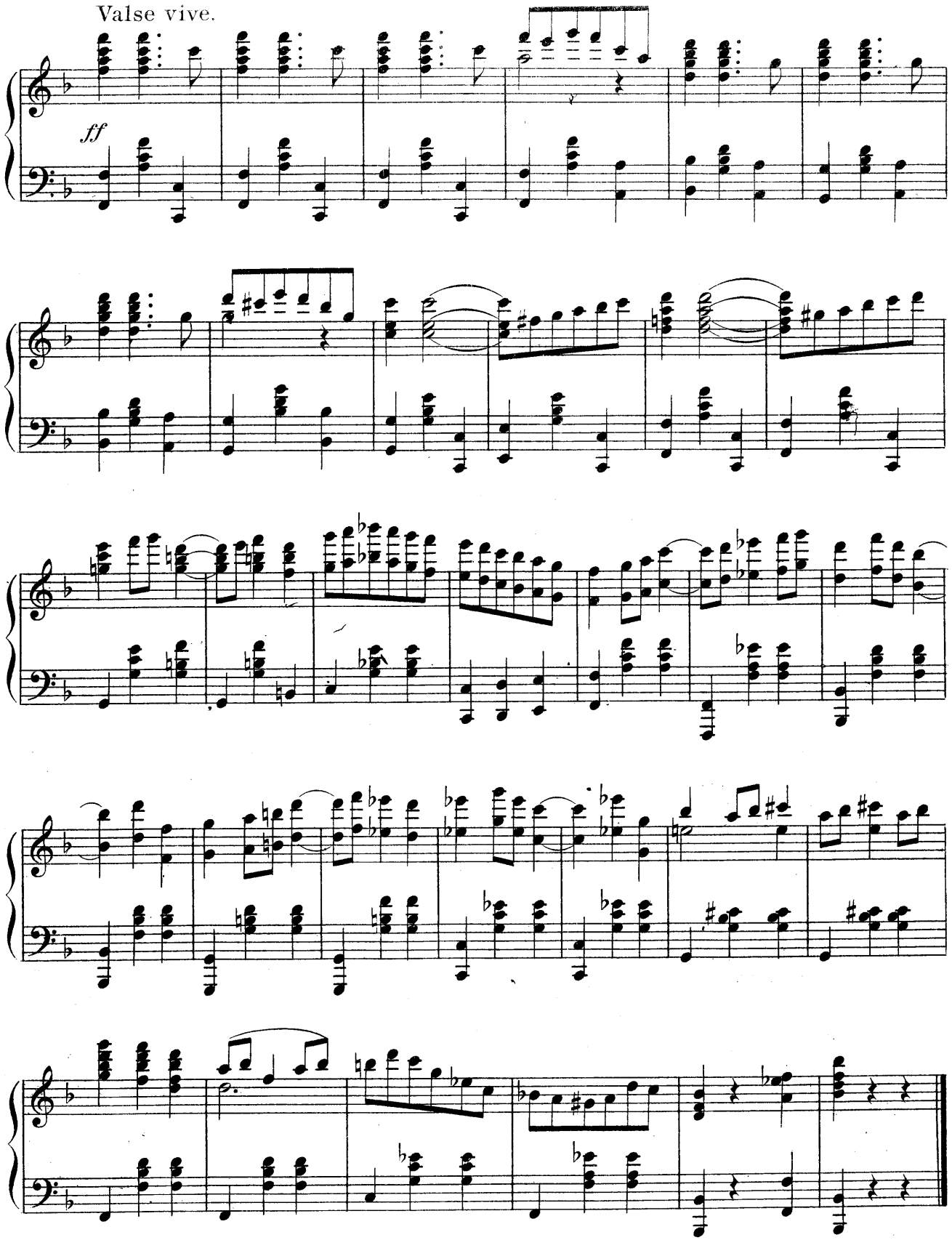

rit.
notes, Glanc-ing sly - ly, Read-ing them with hearts in throats.
rit.
GIRLS (reading letters):
SOPRANO
"Se - no-ri - - ta, I a - dore you! Tell me, are
ALTO.
"Se - no-ri - - ta, I a - dore you! Tell me, Se -
Moderato.
mf
— you fan - cy free? Will you be my ver - y
- no - ri - ta, Are you fan - cy free? Oh! Tell me will you be my ver - y


own?"
Won-der who the man can be.
divisi
own?"
Won-der who the man can be.
MEN: (reading letters)
TENOR.
"Se - nor, my whole heart beats for you.
BASS.
"Se - nor, my whole heart beats for you,
beats for you.
Do you care as much for me?
Do you care as much for me?


I but live for you a - lone!"
I but live for you a lone!"
Why, the co - - quette! Where is she?
Why, the co - - quette! Where is she?
DANCE.
8

Valse vive.

ff

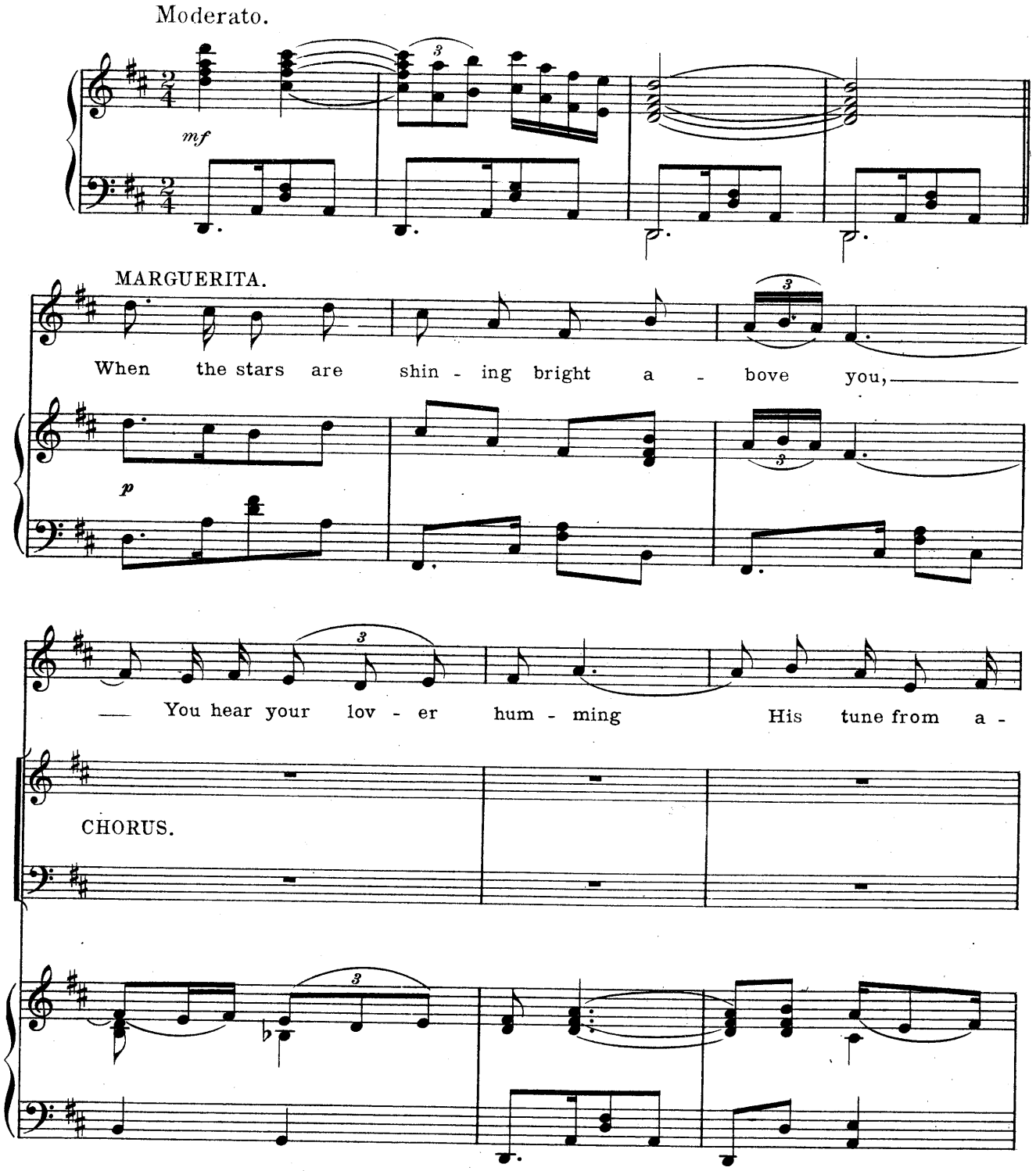


No 17. The Bolero.

Rocks, Marguerita, Carmona, Mendoza & Chorus.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.



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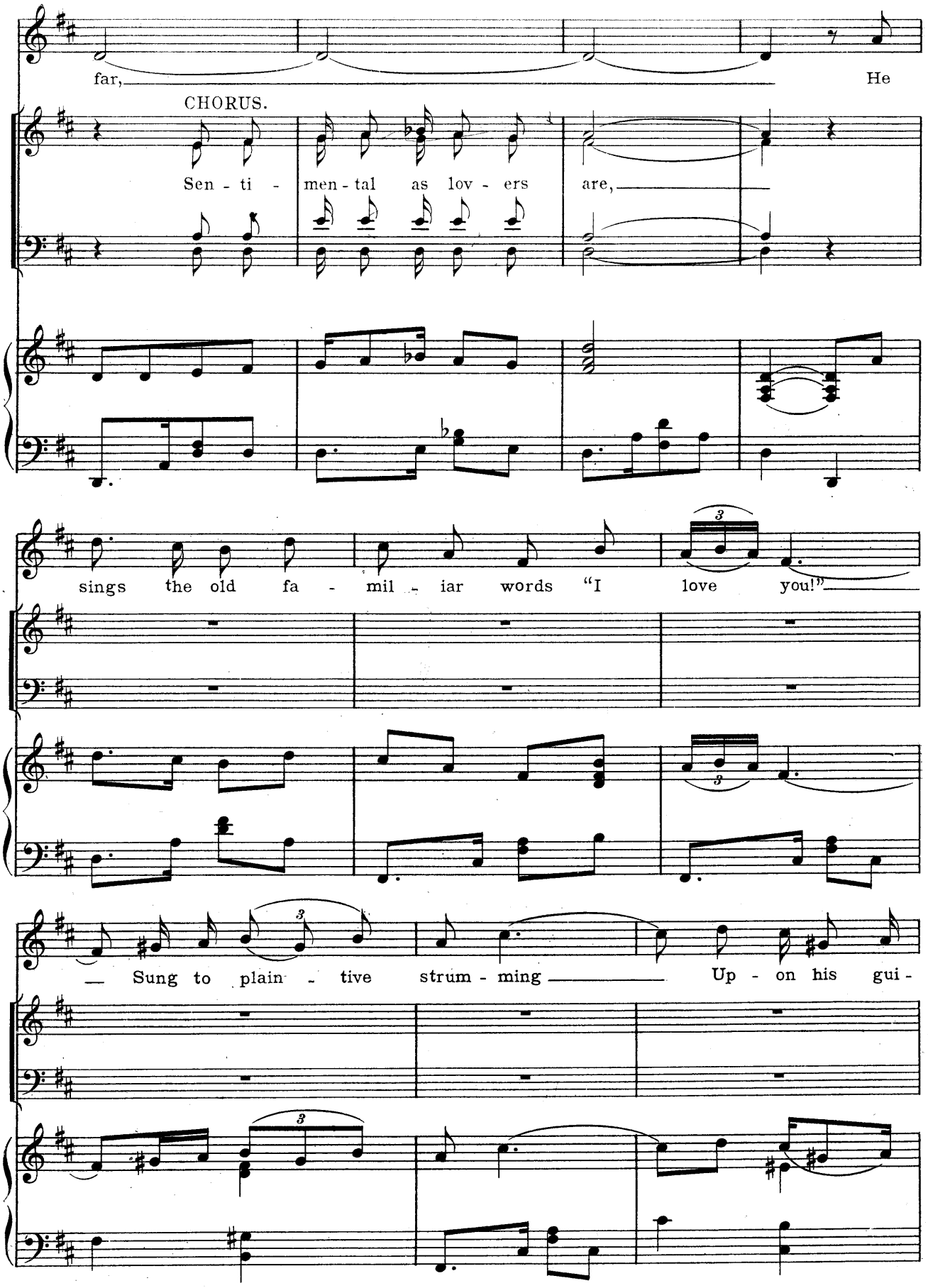
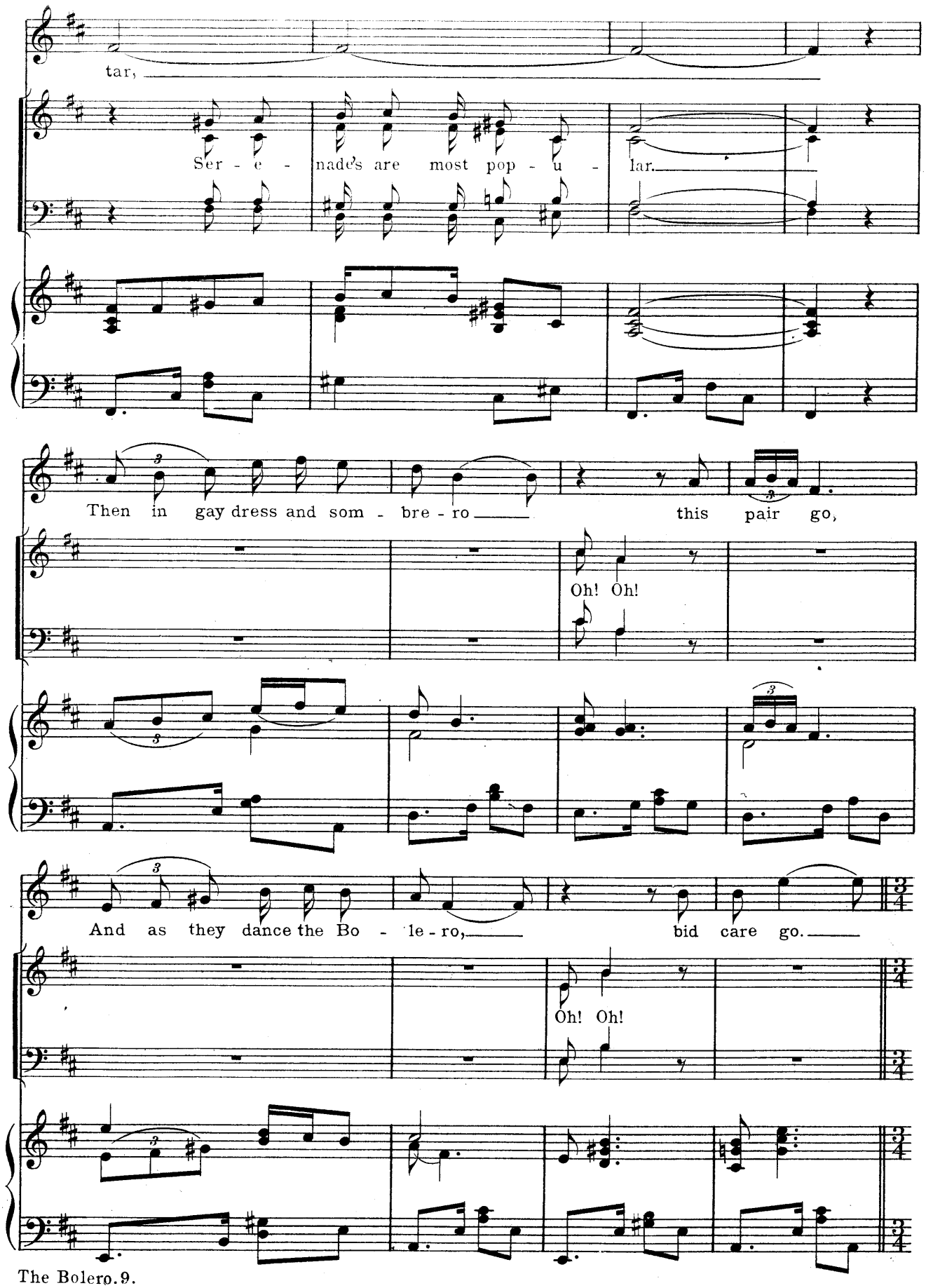

far,
He
CHORUS.
Sen - ti - men - tal as lov - ers are,
sings the old fa - mil - iar words "I love you!"
— Sung to plain - tive strum - ming
Up - on his gui -


tar,
Ser - e - nade's are most pop - u - lar.
Then in gay dress and som - bre - ro this pair go,
Oh! Oh!
And as they dance the Bo - le - ro, bid care go.
Oh! Oh!

Tempo di Valse.

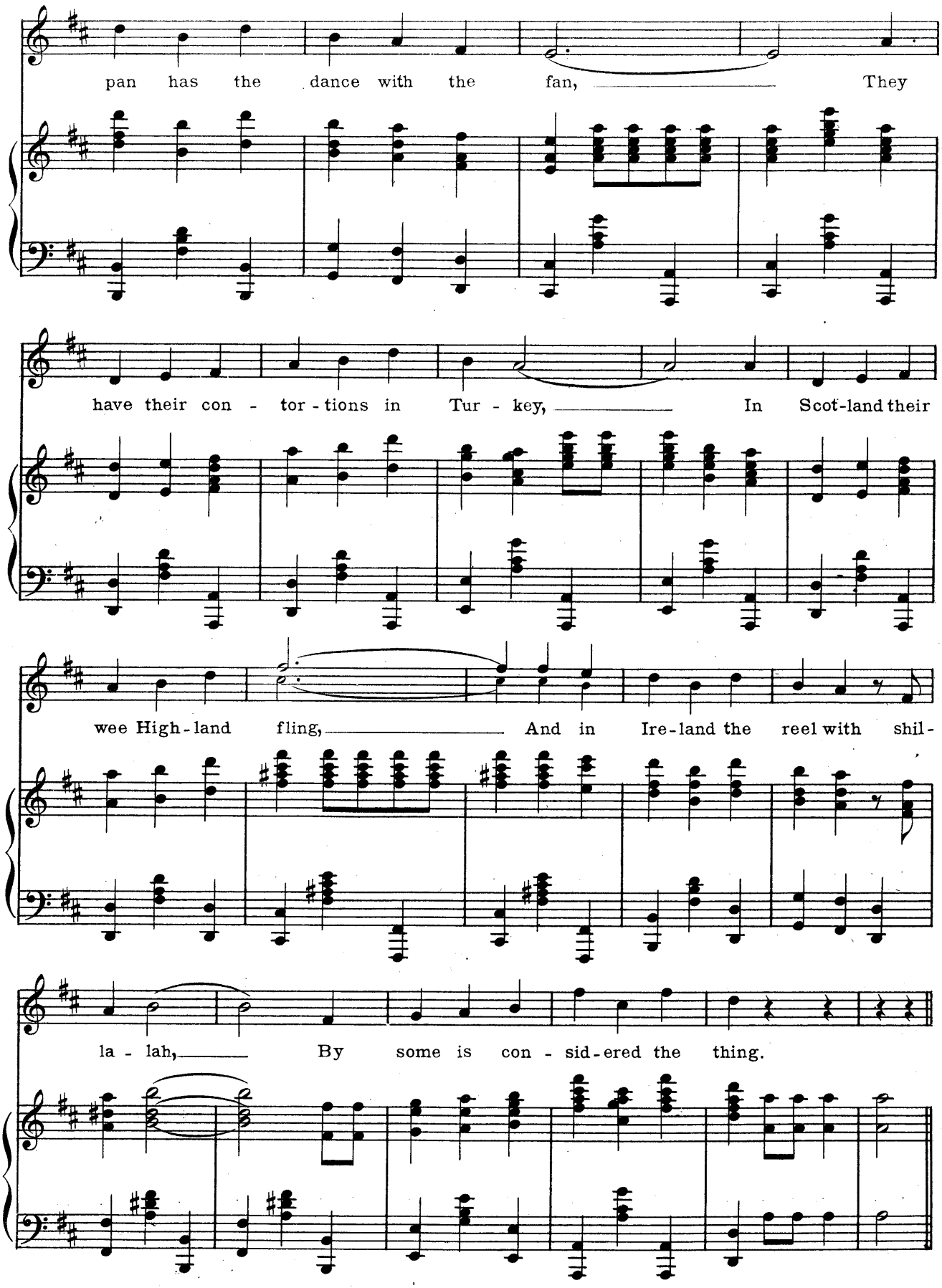
REFRAIN.

ROCKS.

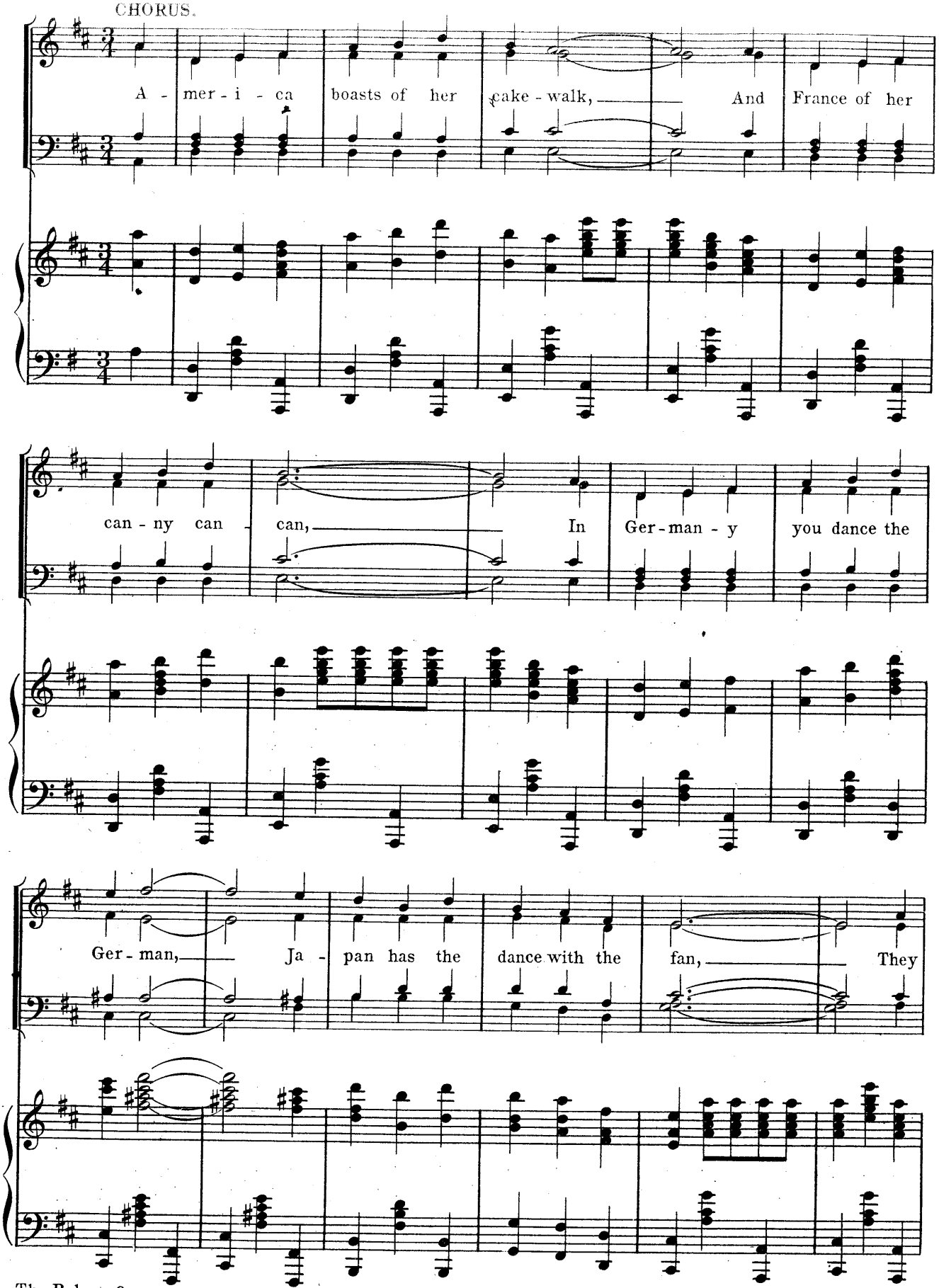
A - mer - i - ca boasts of her Cake-walk, And

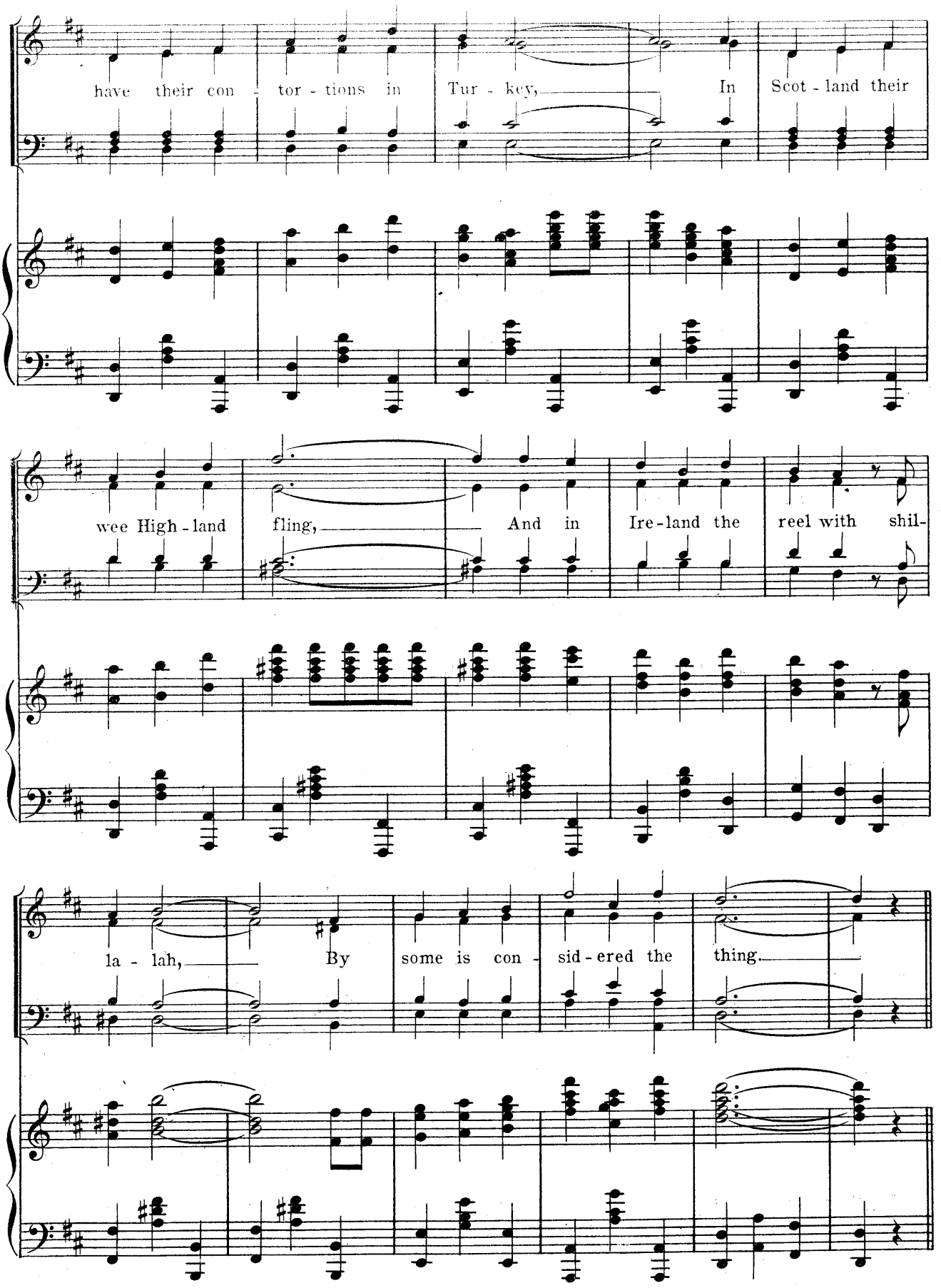
France of her can - ny can - can, In

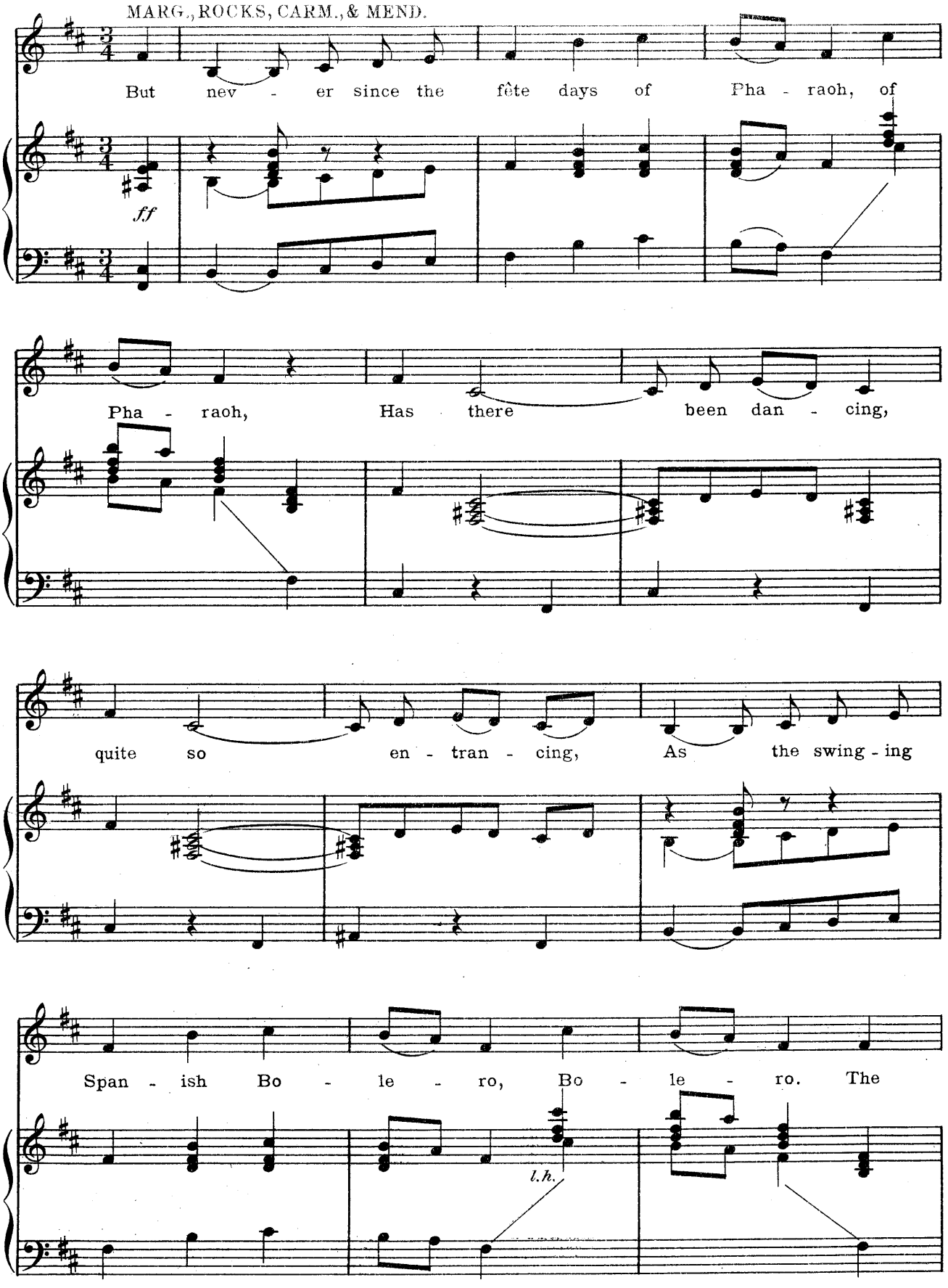
Ger - man - y you dance the Ger - man, Ja -

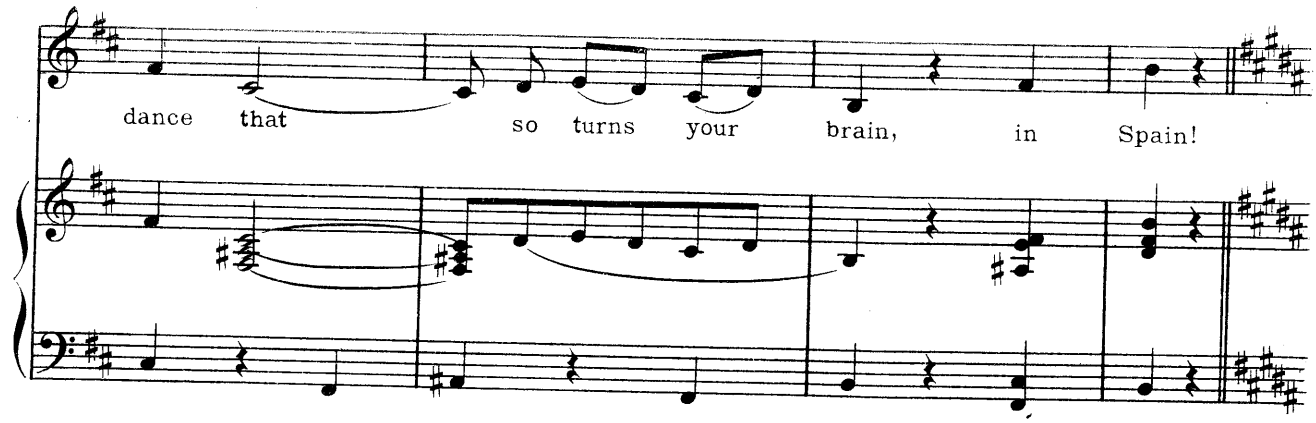

pan has the dance with the fan, They
have their con - tor - tions in Tur - key, In Scot-land their
wee High-land fling, And in Ire-land the reel with shil-
la - lah, By some is con - sid-ered the thing.

CHORUS.

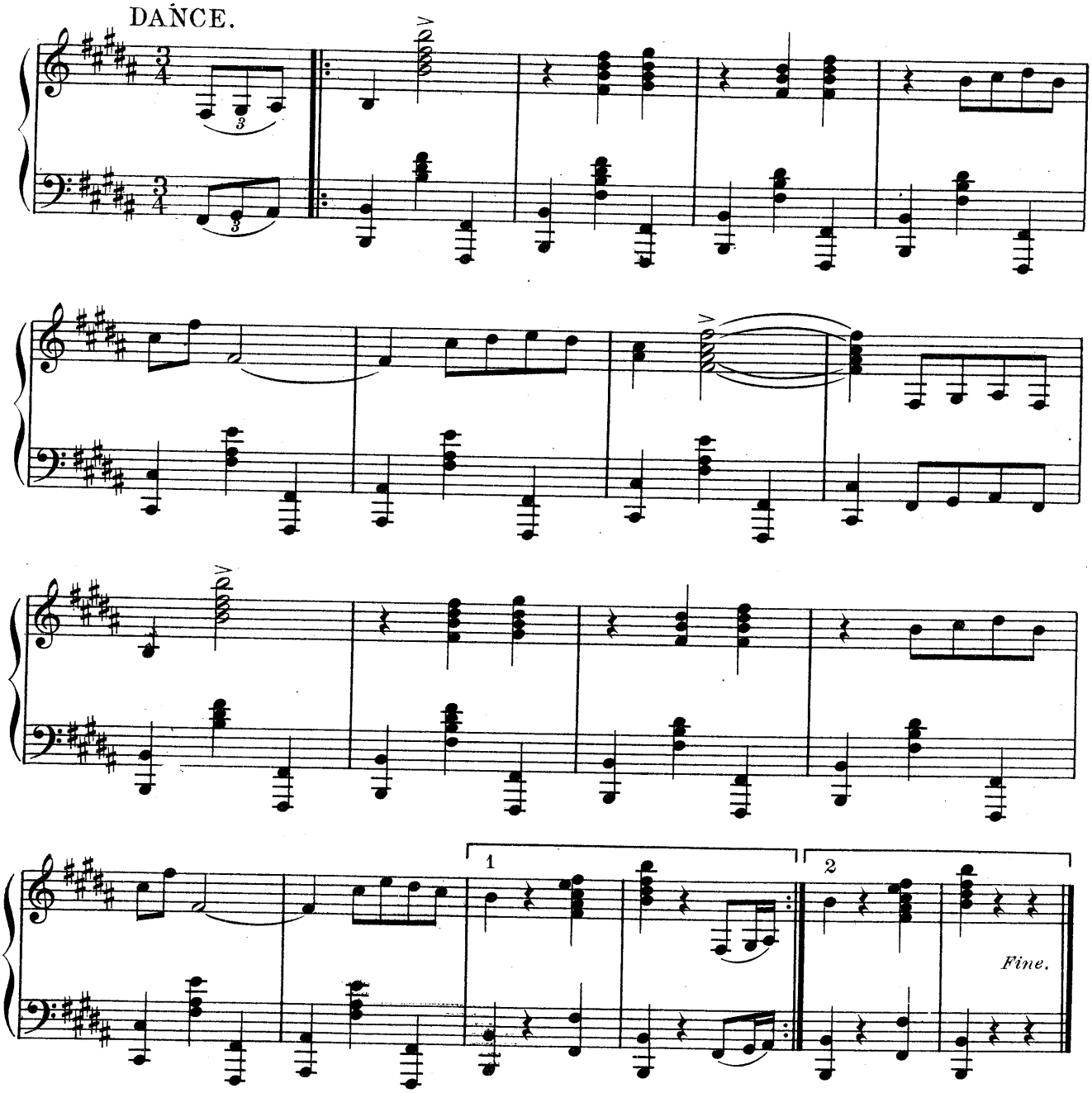

A - mer - i - ca boasts of her cake - walk, And France of her
can - ny can can, In Ger - man - y you dance the
Ger - man, Ja - pan has the dance with the fan, They


have their con - tor - tions in Tur - key, In Scot - land their
wee High - land fling, And in Ire - land the reel with shil-
la - lah, By some is con - sid - ered the thing.


MARG., ROCKS, CARM., & MEND.
But nev - er since the fête days of Pha - raoh, of
ff
Pha - raoh, Has there been dan - cing,
quite so en - tran - cing, As the swing - ing
Span - ish Bo - le - ro, Bo - le - ro. The
l.h.



DANCE.



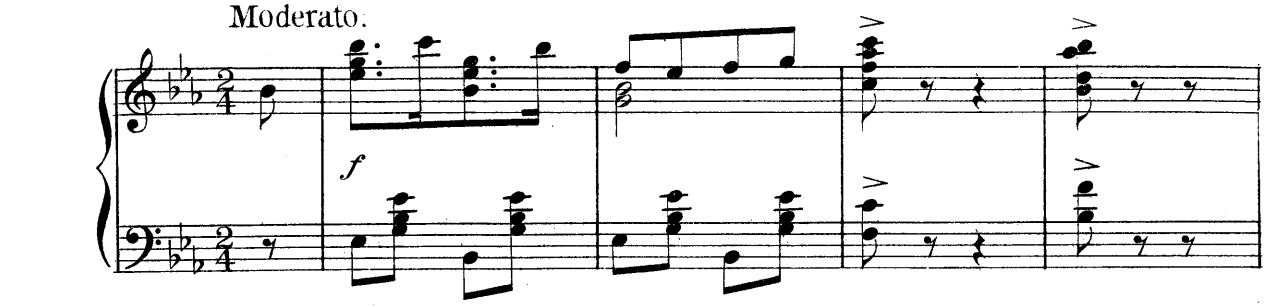
No 18. I Was Just Supposing.

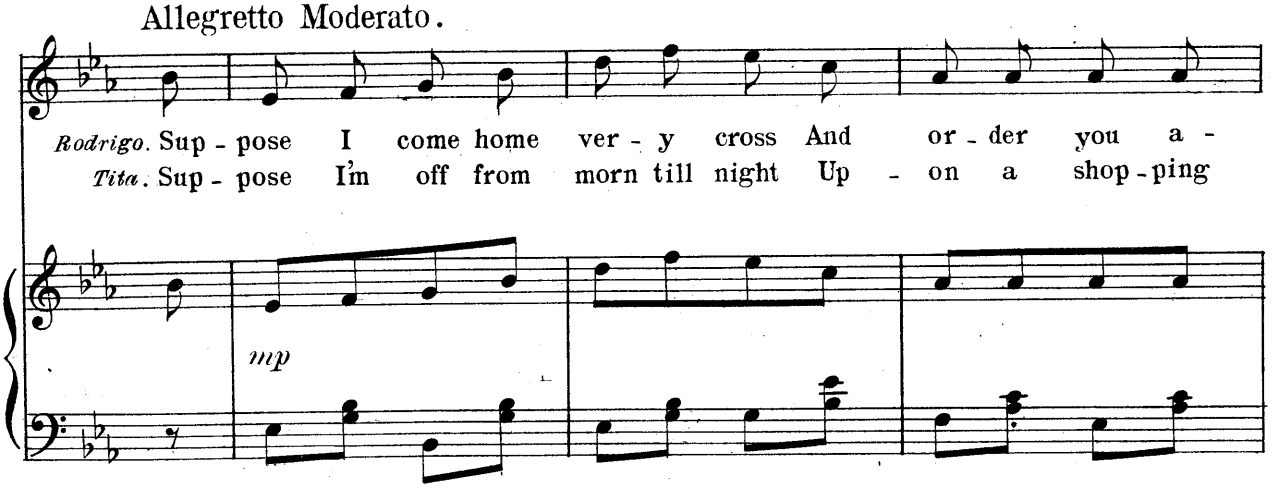
Duet.

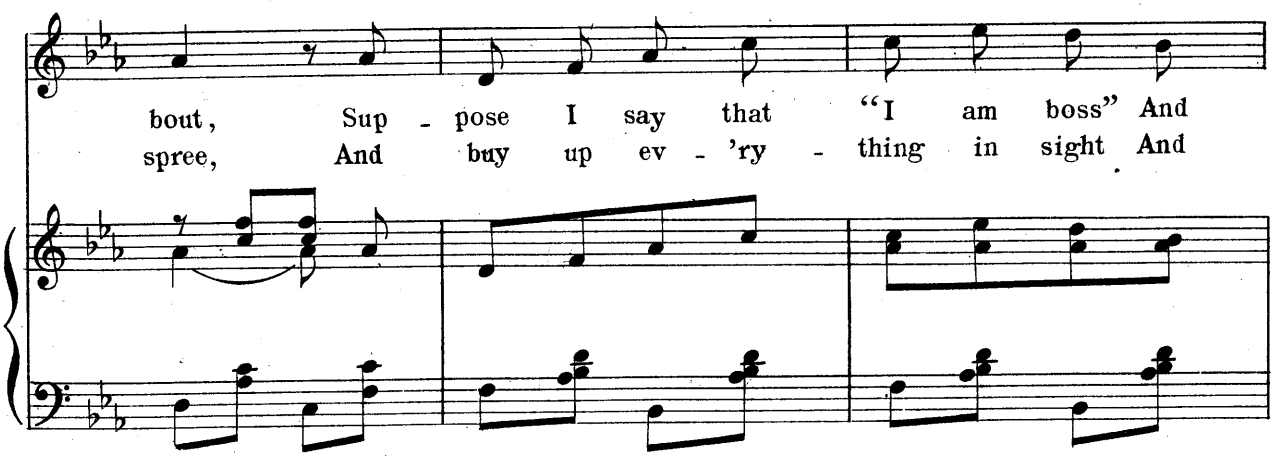
Tita and Rodrigo.

Lyric by
ROBERT. B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.







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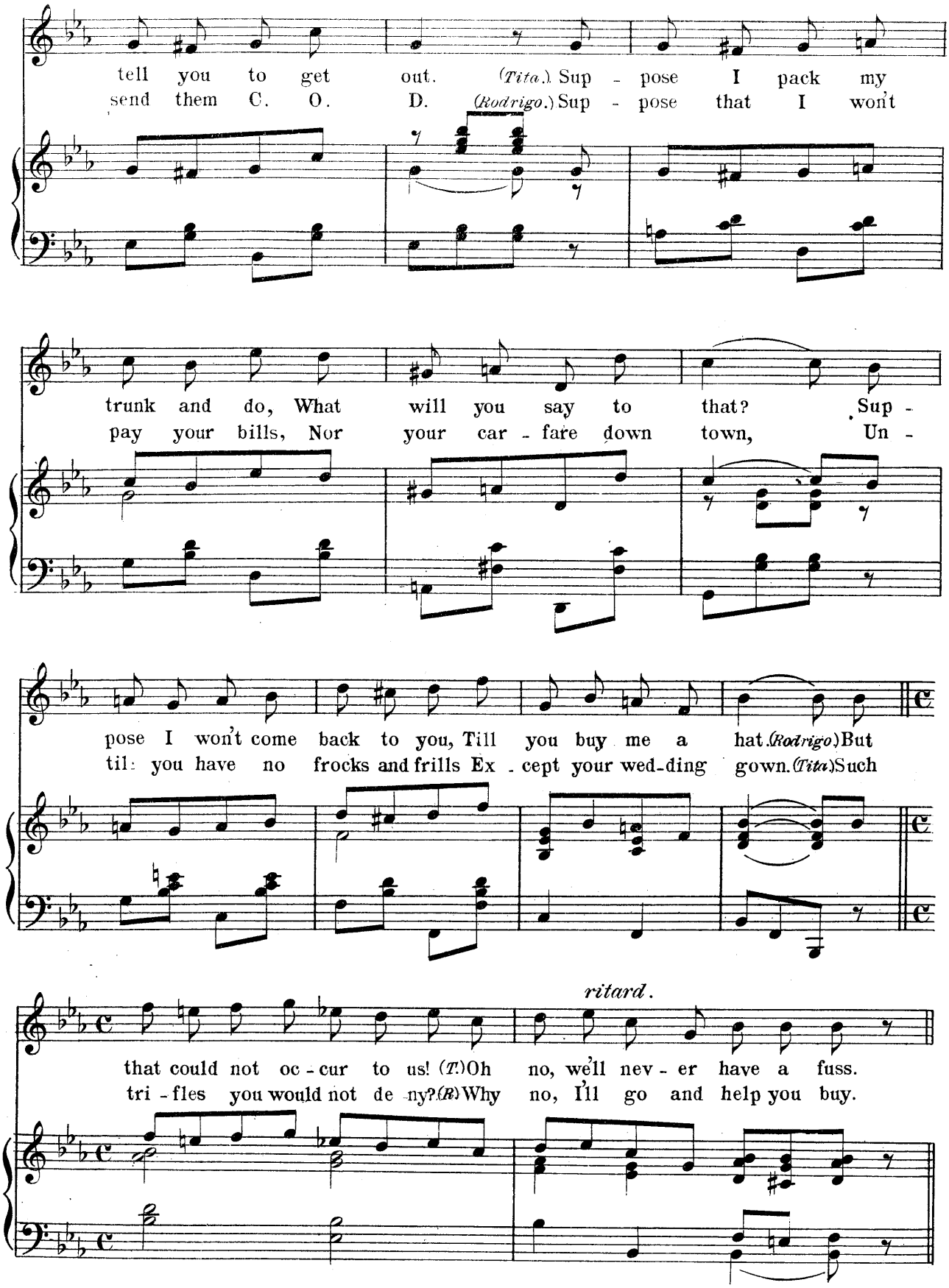
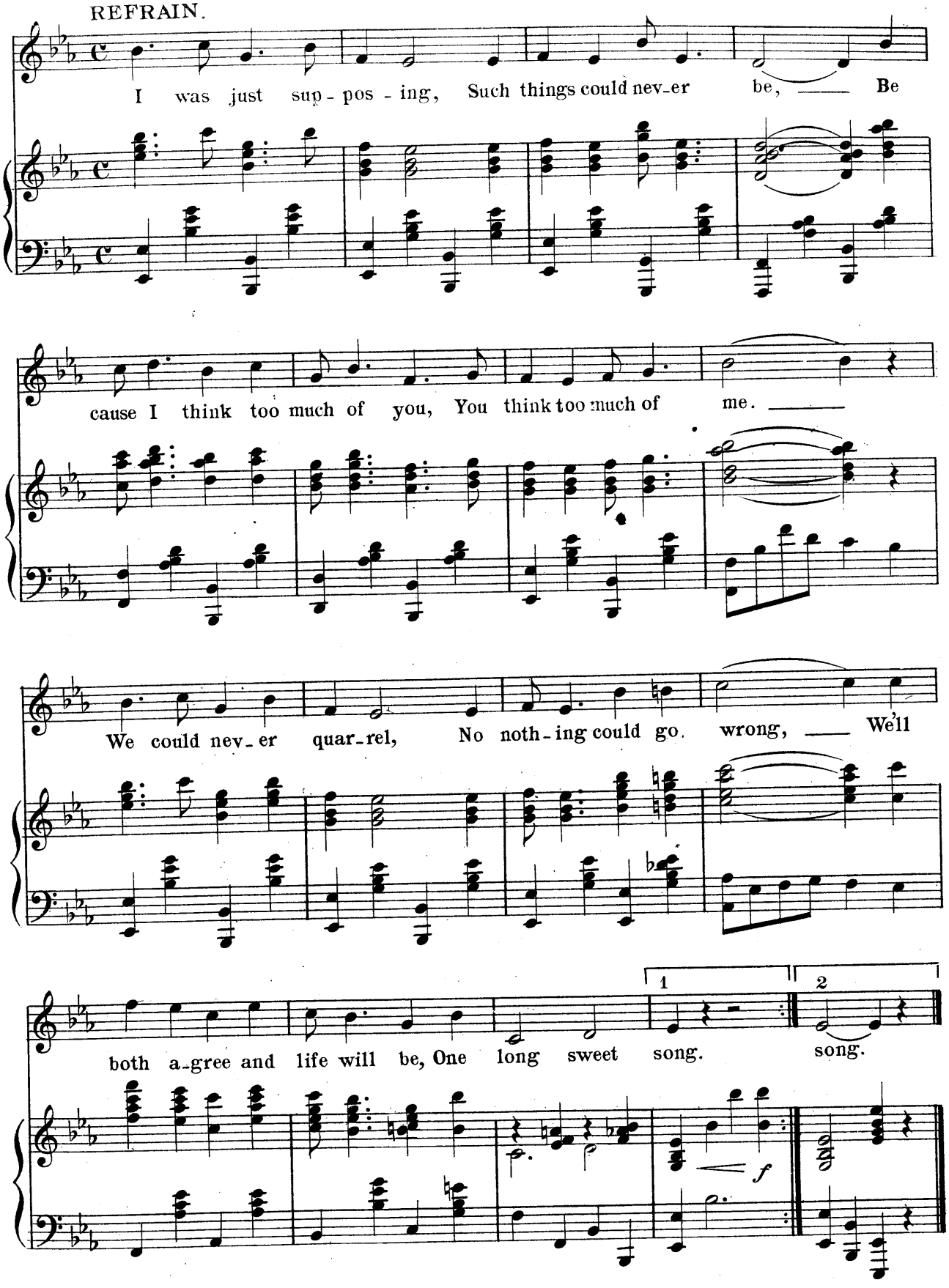

tell you to get out. (Tita.) Sup - pose I pack my
send them C. O. D. (Rodrigo.) Sup - pose that I won't
trunk and do, What will you say to that? Sup -
pay your bills, Nor your car - fare down town, Un -
pose I won't come back to you, Till you buy me a hat. (Rodrigo) But
til you have no frocks and frills Ex - cept your wed-ding gown. (Tita) Such
ritard.
that could not oc - cur to us! (T.) Oh no, we'll nev - er have a fuss.
tri - fles you would not de ny? (R.) Why no, I'll go and help you buy.

REFRAIN.

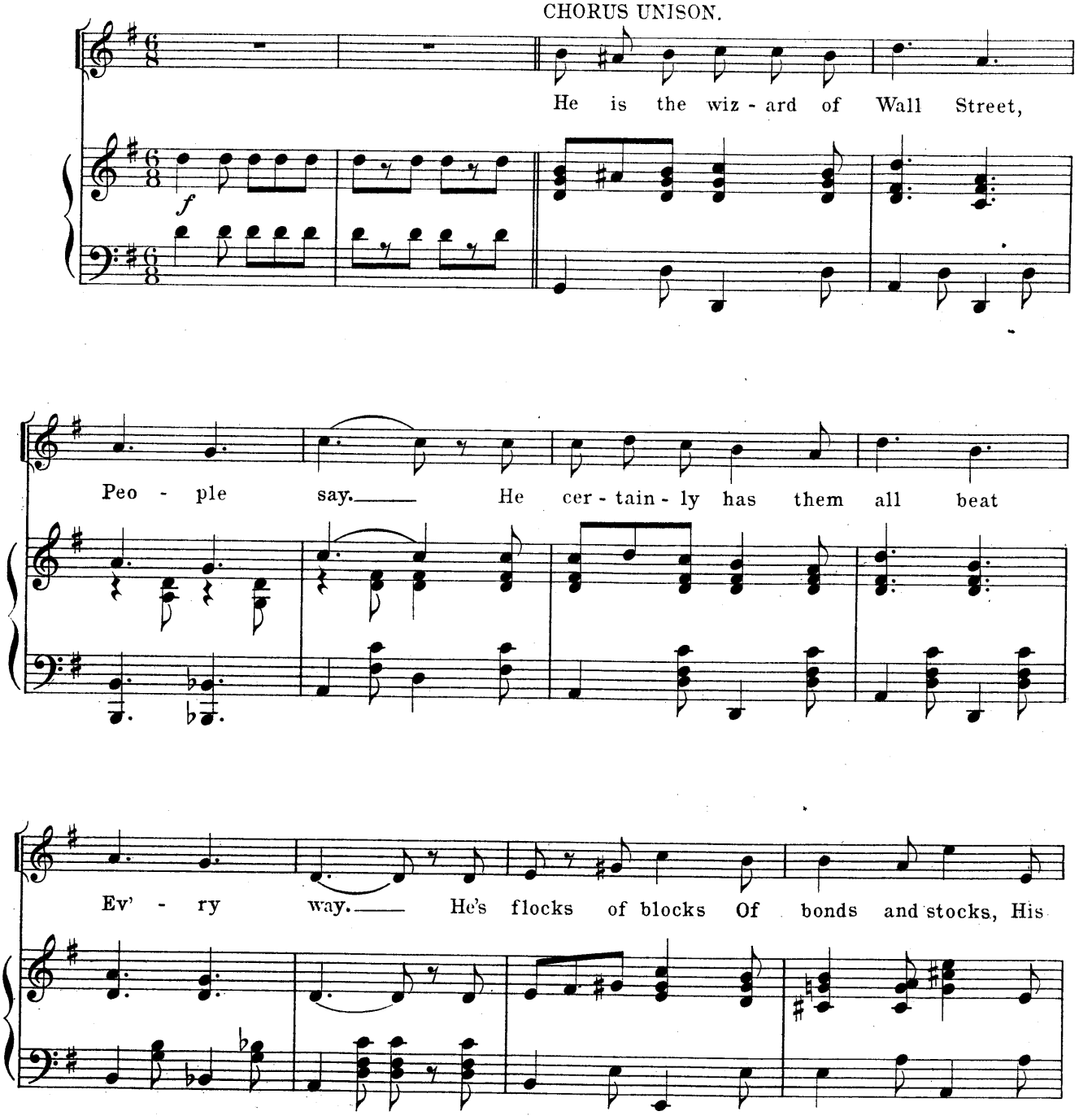

I was just sup - pos - ing, Such things could nev-er be, Be
cause I think too much of you, You think too much of me.
We could nev-er quar-rel, No noth-ing could go wrong, We'll
both a-gree and life will be, One long sweet song. song.
1
2
f

No 19. Finale.
ACT III.

Lyric by
ROBERT B. SMITH.

Music by
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

CHORUS UNISON.



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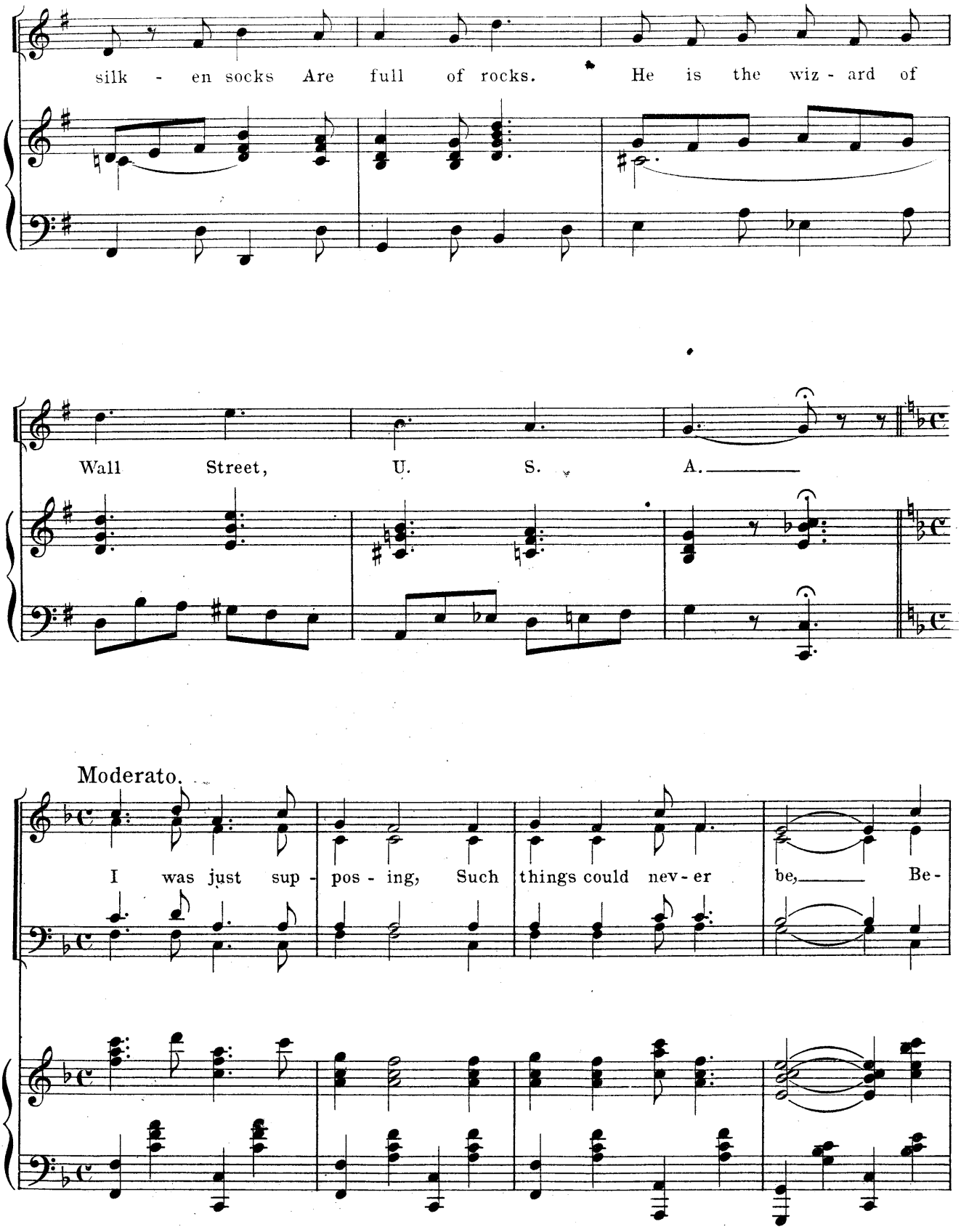
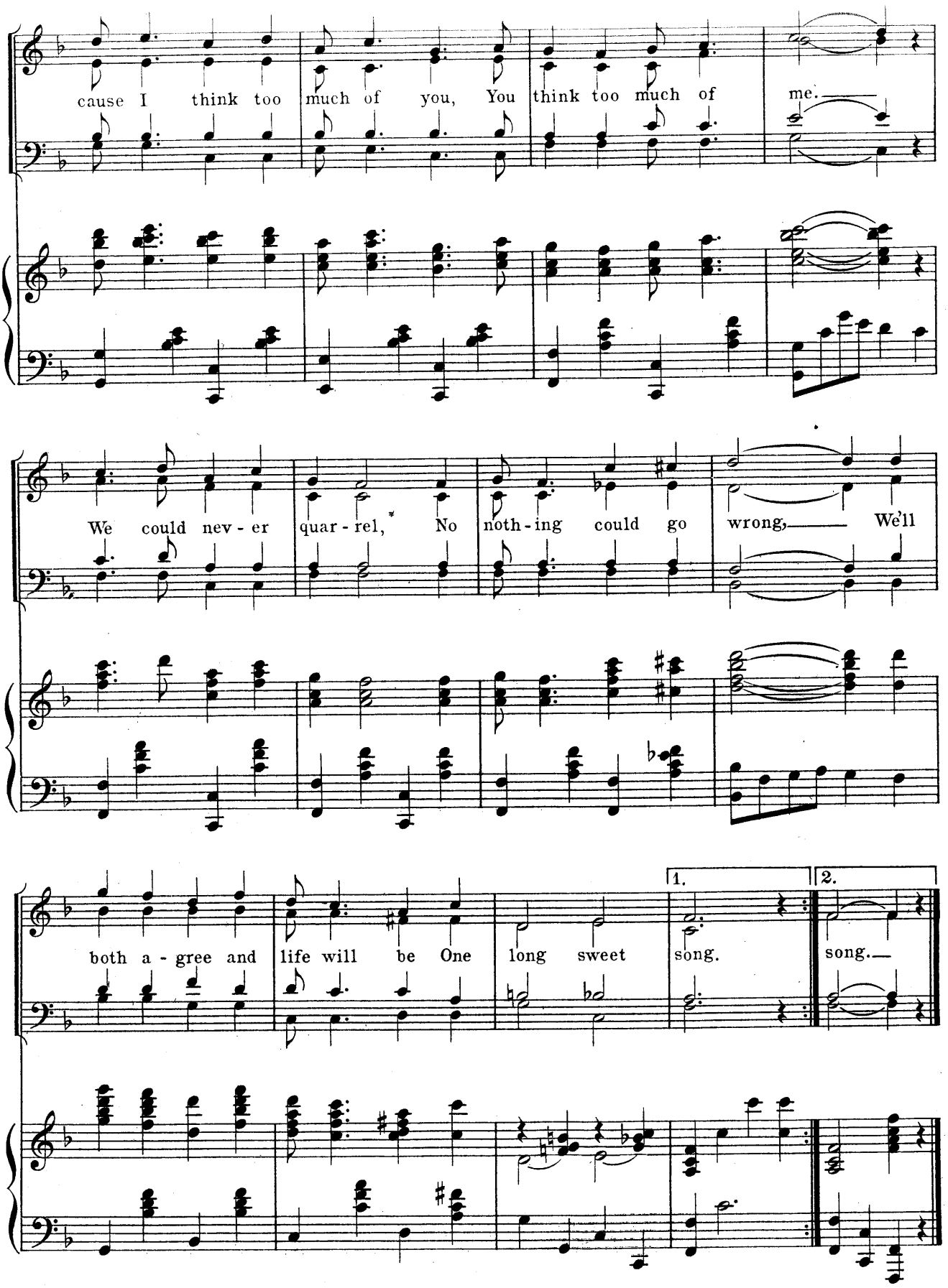

silk - en socks Are full of rocks. He is the wiz - ard of
Wall Street, U. S. A.
Moderato.
I was just sup - pos - ing, Such things could nev - er be, Be -


cause I think too much of you, You think too much of me.
We could nev - er quar - rel, No noth - ing could go wrong, We'll
both a - gree and life will be One long sweet song.
1.
2.
song.