

THE MAD DOG

* SONG *

From the Romantic Opera

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

WORDS BY

GOLDSMITH

Music by

LIZA LEHMANN.

Price 60 cents

BOOSEY & C^o
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THE MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be;
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But, when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied;
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

GOLDSMITH.

THE MAD DOG.

Words by
GOLDSMITH.

Music by
LIZA LEHMANN.

VOICE. *f Recit ad lib.*

Good peo - ple all, of ev - 'ry sort, Give

PIANO.

ear..... un - to my song; And, if you find it won'd'rous

short, It can - not hold you long.

foes; The na - ked ev - 'ry day he clad When he put on his



The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line begins with a fermata over a whole note, followed by a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed above the vocal line.

clothes.



The second system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is mostly silent, with a few notes appearing at the end of the system. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern with some melodic movement.

And in that town a



The third system continues the piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a few notes at the end of the system. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern.

dog was found, As ma - ny dogs there be; Both



The fourth system features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The vocal line has a melodic phrase. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and rhythmic patterns. A dynamic marking of *p* is placed above the vocal line.

mon-grel, pup-py, whelp, and hound, And curs of low de-gree. This

p

This system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melodic line with lyrics: "mon-grel, pup-py, whelp, and hound, And curs of low de-gree. This". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the end of the system.

dog and man at first were friends; But, when a pique be-gan, The

trm

This system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melodic line with lyrics: "dog and man at first were friends; But, when a pique be-gan, The". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line. A dynamic marking of *trm* (trill) is present above the vocal line.

dog, to gain some pri-vate ends, Went mad and bit the man, Went

This system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melodic line with lyrics: "dog, to gain some pri-vate ends, Went mad and bit the man, Went". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

mad and bit the man. A -

This system of musical notation includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line features a melodic line with lyrics: "mad and bit the man. A -". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a bass line.

- round from all the neigh - bring streets The won - d'ring neigh - bours

ran, And swore the dog had lost his wits

To bite so good, so good a man; They

swore the dog had lost his wits To bite so

(without Ped.)

good a man.

mf

Ped.

cresc. e poco accel.

p

lunga p poco rit.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad To

ff

p

ev - 'ry Chris - tian eye; And while they swore the

accel.

dog was mad, They swore the man would die. But

rall. *pp a tempo*

rall. *rit.* *pp*

soon a..... won - der came to light That show'd the rogues they

leggiero *leggiero*

lied, The man re - cov - er'd of the bite, The

* See optional abbreviated ending below.

dog it was that died, The dog

8 7 8 7 8

* Abbreviated ending.

dog it was that died!

R.H.

The dog

(The dog) The dog it

rit. ad lib.

was that died.

R.H.

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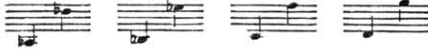
Sung by MADAME CLARA BUTT.

MY AIN FOLK.

WORDS BY
WILFRID MILLS.

MUSIC BY
LAURA G. LEMON.

No. 1 in D2. No. 2 in E2. No. 3 in F. No. 4 in G.



Far frae my hame I wander; But still my thoughts re- turn To my ain folk o- ver yonder, In the

(1st Verse.) Far frae my hame I wander;
But still my thoughts return
To my ain folk ower yonder,
In the sheeling by the burn.
I see the cosy ingle,
And the mist abune the brae:
And joy and sadness mingle,
As I list some auld-ward lay.
And it's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk
Tho' they be but lowly, puir, and plain folk:
I am far beyond the sea,
But my heart will ever be
At hame in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk!

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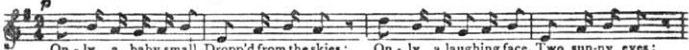
Sung by Madame CLARA BUTT.

MY TREASURE.

WORDS BY
MATTHIAS BARR.

MUSIC BY
JOAN TREVALSA.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G. No. 3 in A.



On-ly a baby small, Dropp'd from the skies; On-ly a laughing face, Two sun-ny eyes;

(1st Verse.) Only a baby small,
Dropp'd from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;

Only two cherry lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes.

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THE LARK IS UP.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
H. LANE WILSON.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G. No. 3 in A.



Now the lark is up a-bove, And the morn is fresh and bright; Thrushes car-ol out their

Now the lark is up above,
And the morn is fresh and bright;
Thrushes carol out their love,
Filling woodland with delight.
Come, young lovers, from the vale,
With your sweethearts to the dale;
Come away!
Fa la la la.
Ah!

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Sung by Miss LOUISE DALE.

IF I BUILT A WORLD FOR YOU.

WORDS BY
HERBERT FORDWYCH.

MUSIC BY
LIZA LEHMANN.

No. 1 in C. No. 2 in E2. No. 3 in F.



If I built a world for you, dear, If I built a world for you,— I would make the land of

(1st Verse.) If I built a world for you, dear,
If I built a world for you,—
I would make the land of pon-corn,
And the sea of morning dew.

I would make the breeze of whispers
Of lovers as they woo,—
And the rose should live for ever
In the world I built for you.

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ROSES.

WORDS BY
F. E. WEATHERLY.

MUSIC BY
STEPHEN ADAMS

No. 1 in A2. No. 2 in B2. No. 3 in C. No. 4 in D2.



I send thee red, red ro- ses, To tell thee of the morn, When first among the

(1st Verse.) I send thee red, red roses,
To tell thee of the morn,
When first among the roses
Our happy love was born.
I send thee white, white roses,
To tell thee of the night;
The night in all its beauty,
With all its dreams and light.

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Sung by Madame C. SEYGDARD.

NOW SLEEPS THE CRIMSON PETAL.

WORDS BY
TENNYSON.

MUSIC BY
ROGER QUILTER.

No. 1 in E2. No. 2 in F. No. 3 in G2.



Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white; Nor waves the cypress in the pa-lace

(1st Verse.) Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font;
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

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Sung by Miss LOUISE DALE, and Mr. H. LANE WILSON.

INDIAN DESERT SONG.

WORDS BY
LAURENCE HOPE.

MUSIC BY
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.

No. 1 in E Minor. No. 2 in G Minor.



I am waiting in the des-ert, look-ing out towards the sun-set, And counting ev-'ry

(1st Verse.) I am waiting in the desert, looking out towards the sunset,
And counting every moment till we meet;
I am waiting by the marshes and I tremble and I listen
Till the soft sands thrill beneath your coming feet.

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Sung by Miss ADA CROSSLEY.

CUPID AT THE FERRY.

WORDS BY
CARYL BATTERSBY.

MUSIC BY
EDWARD GERMAN.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G. No. 3 in A.



Cupid at the fer-ry cried: "Who with me will go... Where beyond the flowing-tide Lovers' garlands

(1st Verse.) Cupid at the ferry cried:
"Who with me will go
Where beyond the flowing tide
Lovers' garlands blow!
Fairy songs are sounding there.
Fairy breezes play:
Leave, O leave this world of care,
Lovers, come away!" Ah!

Ho! ho! say who will go
Where the zephyrs of Loveland blow;
Say who will go
Where light the zephyrs of Loveland blow!

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Sung by Madame CLARA BUTT.

*BABYLON.

(with Organ obbligato.)

WORDS BY
F. E. WEATHERLY.

No. 1 in E \flat . No. 2 in F. No. 3 in G. No. 4 in A \flat .

MUSIC BY
STEPHEN ADAMS.



"O go ye not to.... Bab-y-lon! it is a dream, it is a dream un-blest! On-ly the road to
(1st Verse.) Out in the morning meadows, and down the broad highway,
I saw the children dancing and singing at their play;
And they called to one another upon the golden air,
"Oh, where's the road to Babylon,—and who will bring us there?"
But, as the night fell round them and eastward rose a star,
Methought the voice of angels was calling them from far,—
"O go ye not to Babylon! it is a dream unblest!
Only the road to Bethlehem can give you joy and rest!"

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Sung by
Mr. FRANCIS ROGERS.

THE TRUMPETER.

WORDS BY
J. FRANCIS BARRON.

No. 1 in F. No. 2 in G. No. 3 in A. No. 4 in C.

MUSIC BY
J. AIRLIE DIX.



Trum-peter, what are you sounding now? (Is it the call I'm seeking?) "You'll know the call," said the
(1st Verse.) Trumpeter, what are you sounding now?
(Is it the call I'm seeking?)
"You'll know the call," said the Trumpeter tall,
"When my trumpet goes a speakin'.
I'm rousin' 'em up, I'm wakin' 'em up,
The tents are astir in the valley,
And there's no more sleep, with the sun's first peep,
For I'm soundin' the old 'Reveille.'
Rise up!" said the Trumpeter tall.

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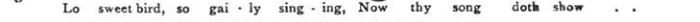
Sung by Miss EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

WORDS BY
JOHN DOWERS.

No. 1 in G. No. 2 in A.

MUSIC BY
ROBERT BATTEN.



Lo sweet bird, so gai-ly sing-ing, Now thy song doth show . . .
(1st Verse.) Lo! sweet bird, so gaily singing,
Now thy song doth show
All that fancy tells thou'rt bringing,
And my heart longs to know.
Tell me, I pray, can this be love?
Lifting my soul to heav'n above!
Ah! reply, pretty bird.

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Sung by Miss EVANGELINE FLORENCE.

*APRIL MORN.

WORDS BY
JOHN DOWERS

No. 1 in E \flat . No. 2 in C. No. 3 in D.

MUSIC BY
ROBERT BATTEN.



Ah!..... the joy..... to..... greet the ro- sy morn,... If..... the
(1st Verse.) Ah! the joy to greet the rosy morn,
If the sun the verdant fields adorn,
Nature awakes, the birds their melodies trill
O'er hill and dale, and by the woodland rill.
Ah!

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Sung by Madame C. SEYGARD.

KASHMIRI SONG.

WORDS BY
LAURENCE HOPE.

No. 1 in E \flat . No. 2 in C. No. 3 in D.

MUSIC BY
AMY WOODFORDE-FINDEN.



Pale hands I loved be-side the Sha-li-mar, . . . Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell
(1st Verse.) Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?
Whom do you lead on Rapture's roadway, far,
Before you agonise them in farewell?
Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now? Where are you now?

From "The Garden of Kama," published by William Heinemann.

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A CHINA TRAGEDY.

WORDS BY
R. S. HICHENS.

No. 1 in G. No. 2 in A \flat . No. 3 in E \flat .

MUSIC BY
CLAYTON THOMAS.



A lit-tle chi-na figure On a lit-tle bracket sat, His lit-tle feet were always cross'd, He
(1st Verse.) A little china figure
On a little bracket sat,
His little feet were always crossed,
He wore a little hat.
And every morning, fair or foul,
In shine or shadows dim,
A pretty little housemaid came
And softly dusted him.

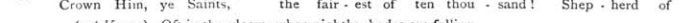
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SHEPHERD OF LOVE.

WORDS BY
ARTHUR PHILIP COXFORD.

No. 1 in D. No. 2 in F.

MUSIC BY
FRANK L. MOIR.



Crown Him, ye Saints, the fair-est of ten thou-sand! Shep-herd of
(1st Verse.) O! in the gloom, when nightly shades are falling,
Comes to the ear a distant Song of Praise:
Faith in those sounds with tender voice is calling,
Sweet come those welcome strains to cheer our pilgrim days.
Hearts brighter grow, the clouds of doubt dispelling,
Love, in those chords, doth heal the soul distress'd;
Hark! 'tis the song in which the Saints are telling
Of their great joy in Him the Father blest.

Crown Him, ye Saints, the fairest of ten thousand!
Shepherd of Love, the God whom we adore;
With harps of gold attune your faithful voices,
Proclaim Him King: both now and evermore!

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Sung by Madame ADA CROSSLEY.

THROUGH LOVE TO LIGHT.

WORDS BY
R. W. GILDER.

No. 1 in D. No. 2 in E \flat . No. 3 in F.

MUSIC BY
CUTHBERT WYNNE.



Through love to light! . . . How won-der-ful the way . . .

Through love to light! How wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from sorrow of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God, to Thee,
Who art the Love of love the Eternal Light of light.

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