

Sam. S. and Lee Shubert present The Hopper Opera Company ~ In ~

HAPPYLAND

OR - THE KING OF ELYSIA.



BOOK AND LYRICS BY
FREDERIC RANKEN

MUSIC BY
REGINALD de KOVEN

VOCAL

Give Me Thy Heart Love,	60
'Twas The Rose,	60
How I Love Flowers, (Duet)	60
Mimette, The Human Mermaid,	60
Robin Redbreast,	60
A Soldier of Love,	60
Pretty, Pretty Maiden,	60
Cupid's Grammar,	60
Happy Is The Summer Day, (A Madrigal.)	75
Music,	60
Charge Boys Charge,	60

Oh Joy! Oh Bliss! (A Sickening Sadness)	60
My Wish,	60
Girls, Girls, Girls, (What's a Maiden?) .	60
The Lily and The Moon, (Duet)	60
Victoria,	60
What's the Difference? (Tweedledum and Tweedledee)	60
The Black Sheep,	60



INSTRUMENTAL.

Selection	1.00
Waltz	75
March and Two-Step	60
Complete Vocal Score	2.00

Frederic Ranken



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A Pastoral.
"The Black Sheep"
Ecstaticus and Chorus.

Words by
FREDERIC RANKEN.

Music by
REGINALD de KOVEN.

Allegro giocoso.

Piano.



The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. It begins with a piano (*f*) dynamic and features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand starts with a bass clef and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.



This system shows the piano accompaniment for the first part of the vocal entry. It continues the rhythmic and harmonic patterns established in the introduction, with a forte (*ff*) dynamic marking.

Ecst. f deciso



In a flock of sheep that grazed on a hill In the
oth - er sheep just gath - ered a - round, and they



The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line, featuring chords and a steady bass line.



mer - ry land of Ar - ca - dee, The — shep - herd who watched by —
gos - siped in a caus - tic way: "If this bad black sheep with —



The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line, continuing the harmonic support.

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rock and rill was ve - ry, ve - ry, ve - ry pained to see, Where
us is found why what, oh! what will all the peo - ple say? They

Tenori.

Chorus.

Bassi.

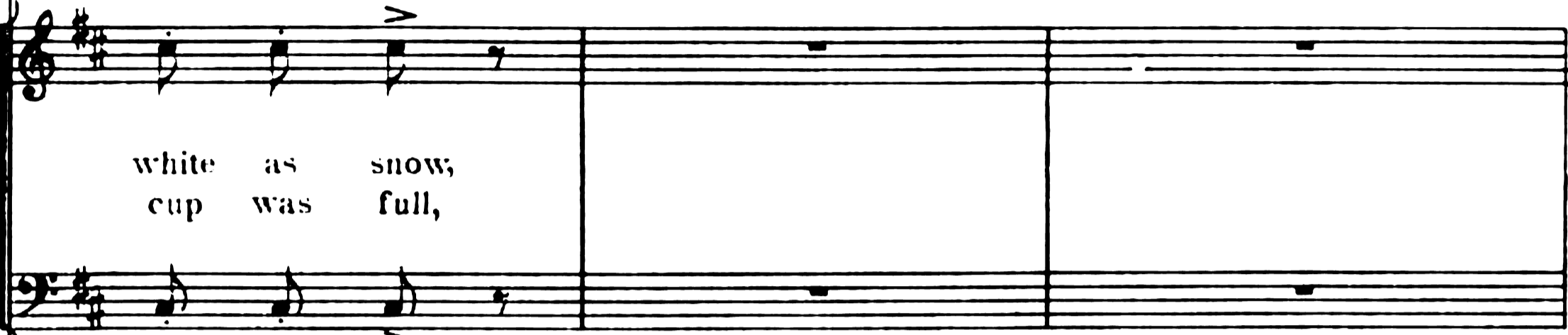
pained to see
peo - ple say?

day by day he watched them grow a silk - en fleece
sneered and jeered with ven - omed eyes; a deal - er came

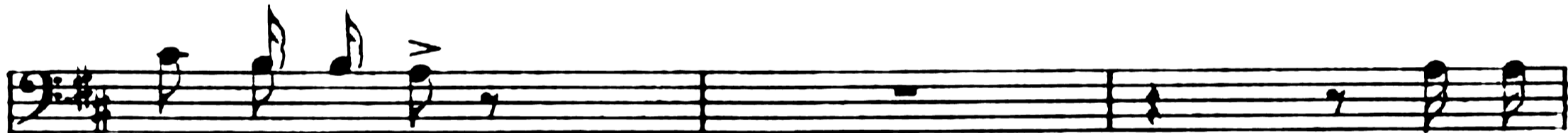
as
their



A stran-ger there up on whose back was —
The most he paid was for black wool the —



white as snow,
cup was full,



wool of a dark. of a
high - est price. for the

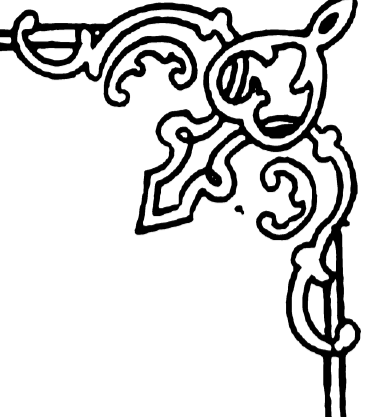
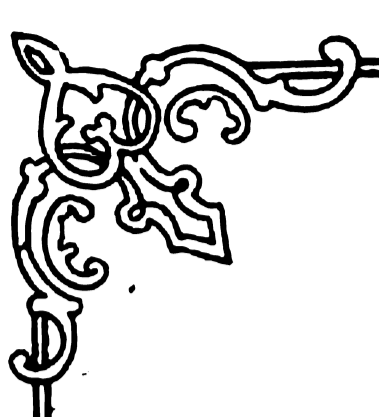


was wool so black, was
the dark - est wool, the



dark shade of black.
brought the dark - est wool.





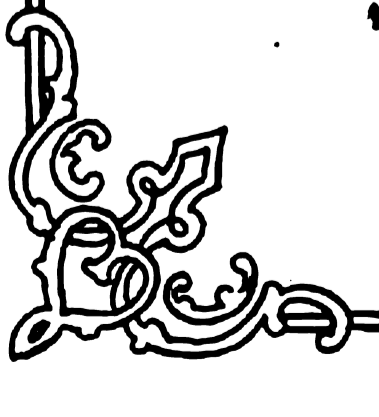
poco rall.

dark, dark black. _____
 dark - - est wool. _____

wool so black, as black as e - bo - ny.
 dark - est wool, and then the went a - way.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.



f *giocoso*

1st Refrain "Ha, ha! baa
2nd Refrain "Ha, ha" said

mf *p* *pp*

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

mf *p* *pp*

baa, baa, baa, baa,

f *giocoso*

baa." Said he I am black as
he, "Baa baa" Je suis un

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

black can be { but you must not ma -
mou - ton noir

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

lign my dark de - sign, you can pull ov - er

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

eyes the wool but you can't pull the wool ov - er mine.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, you can

baa, baa, baa, baa,

poco rall 1. *a tempo*

poco rall. *f a tempo*

But you can't pull the wool ov - er

pull ov - er eyes the wool but you can't pull the wool ov - er

Tempo I.

mine. Now the 'mine, baa, baa, baa, baa,

mine. baa, baa, baa, baa, baa. baa, baa.

baa, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

Tempo I.

You can pull but you

baa, baa. ov - er eyes the wool but

baa, baa, baa.

can't pull the wool ov - er mine.

you can't ov - - er mine, baa, baa, baa, baa, baa.

rall. *poco rall.* *dim.*

a tempo



GRANDEST MARCH BALLAD OF THE 20th CENTURY!

TRY IT!



"SHE WAS A GRAND OLD LADY."

Words by
Wm CAHILL.

Music by
S. R. HENRY.

Chorus.

She was a grand old la - dy, Hair tinged with sil - vry gray,

There at the door she'd greet me, Just at the close of

day; Moth - er, she was my sweet - heart, There at my

beck and call, She was a grand old la - dy And

I loved her best of all. all.

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JOS. W. STERN & CO.

102-104 West 38th Street,
NEW YORK.

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE MUSIC HOUSE.

NEW YORK.

CHICAGO.

LONDON.

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