

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S

SONG SUCCESSES
IN HIS NEW PRODUCTION

*The Heart
of Paddy Whack*

A. Uplegger



BY
RACHEL CROTHERS

DIRECTION OF
MR HENRY MILLER

PRICE
25¢

M. WITMARK & SONS
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W. G. W.

Dedicated to Rita Olcott

A Little Bit of Heaven Shure They Call It Ireland

Poem by J. Keirn Brennan.

Music by Ernest R. Ball.

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Have you ever heard the story of how Ireland got
it's name?
I'll tell you so you'll understand from whence old
Ireland came.
No wonder that we're proud of that dear land across
the sea,
For here's the way me dear old mother told the tale
to me:

'Tis a dear old land of fairies and of wond'rous
wishing wells;
And no where else on God's green earth have they
such lakes and dells!
No wonder that the Angels loved its Shamrock
bordered shore,
'Tis a little bit of Heaven, and I love it more and
more.

Shure, a little bit of Heaven fell from out the sky
one day,
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away;
And when the Angels found it, shure it looked so
sweet and fair,
They said suppose we leave it, for it looks so peace-
ful there:
So they sprinkled it with star dust just to make the
shamrocks grow;
'Tis the only place you'll find them no matter where
you go;
Then they dotted it with silver, to make its lakes
so grand,
And when they had it finished shure they called it
Ireland.

A Broth of a Boy

Lyric by J. Keirn Brennan.

Music by Ernest R. Ball.

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A wee little lass has me heart in a flutter,
With arms 'round me neck sure she begged to be
kissed,
And all I could do was to stammer and stutter,
Oh wurra, oh wurra what rapture I missed;
But when she grows older, God bless her, then
maybe,
'Tis I who'll come beggin' for one sip of joy,
For she is a wee little bit of a baby,
And I but a broth of a boy.

Her little pink face is all dimpled with laughter,
With tiny brown hands she is mussing my hair,
God grant that the long worldly years that come
after
Will find her as happy and free from all care.
When I come to claim her she'll turn from me,
maybe,
'Tis then I'll remind her she wasn't so coy
When she was a wee little bit of a baby,
And I but a broth of a boy.

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book, can be had wherever music is sold, or of the publishers

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SM 2376

Dedicated to, written for and sung by
Chauncey Olcott

Me Little Dudeen

Lyric by
GEORGE GRAFF Jr.

Music by
ERNEST R. BALL

Brightly

mf

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of four measures. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

When I sit by the fire on a cold mist-y eve-ning, Me
Sure, your smoke throws a spell like some strange east-ern per-fume, You

retard *p* in time

The first line of the song features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'retard' marking followed by a 'p in time' instruction. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

lit - tle du - deen in the thumb of me hand, Sure, I don't see the walls but look
bring me the face of the girl that I love, Sure, you paint me the fu-ture as

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

straight thru to heav-en And fol-low the smoke to a par - a - dise grand, The
I want to see it, With me and the girl that I'm just dream-ing of, And

smoke, as it ri - ses, is paint-ing me pic - tures Of one who shall come to me
when I get blue, sure, it's you that I go to, The dream that you bring me soon

some hap - py day, With her dark curls a - float and so
chang - es the scene, And it's you, sure, that gives me me

soft - ly en - tan - gled, Like smoke, round me heart in a strange, ten - der way.
 com - fort and so - lace, Me bless - ings up - on you, me lit - tle du - deen.

retard

REFRAIN *Moderately*

ten.
 Me lit - tle du - deen you're a gift from the fair - ies, You bring me a

mf

dream that's the fair - est I've seen, I'm won - der - ing if me sweet

love dreams will van - ish, As quick as the smoke from me lit - tle du - deen.

retard

3

retard

Who Knows?

Poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Musical Setting by Ernest R. Ball.

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Thou art the soul of a summer's day,
Thou art the breath of the rose;
But the summer is fled and the rose is dead;
Where are they gone, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the blood of my heart of hearts,
Thou art my soul's repose;
But my heart's grown numb, and my soul is dumb,
Where art thou love, who knows, who knows?

Thou art the hope of my after years,
Sun of my winter snows;
But the years go by 'neath a clouded sky,
When shall we meet, who knows, who knows?

Irish Eyes of Love

Lyric by J. Edward Killalea.

Music by Ernest R. Ball.

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My Rose of old Erin, my colleen, mavoureen,
Your eyes are like bright fairy lanterns of love,
The tear in your eye is the dew of the mornin',
You've plundered the light from the stars high
above.
You've stolen the blue from the violet pensive,
You've borrowed the smile from the sun in the
skies,
Sure you are a rogue and your thievin's extensive,
You've stolen my heart with your dear Irish eyes.

My dear little Rose, how I love your shy glances,
The sweet charming witchery of your gay smile
Is the love-light that really and truly entrances
And makes me forget all my cares all the while.
Oh, pulse of my heart, you're a fairy from heaven,
You've brought me a glimpse of that fair paradise,
And though you have stolen my heart you're for-
given,
My life is the light of your dear Irish eyes.

CHORUS:

For Irish eyes are truest,
Irish eyes are bluest,
Eyes that gleam with love's bright beam,
And clear as skies above.
Eyes of heaven's splendor,
Eyes so soft and tender,
Brighter far than all the stars
Are Irish eyes of love.

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SONG SUCCESSES
WRITTEN AND SUNG BY

Chauncey Olcott

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Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral	
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Dream Girl O' Mine.....	60
Me Little Dudeen	60

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1914

ANNUAL TOUR OF

1915

MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT

IN A NEW PLAY

"The Heart of Paddy Whack"

By Rachel Crothers

Henry Miller, Manager

Program

The Characters	Mentioned in the order of their first appearance		The Players
	The Players	The Characters	The Players
MICHAEL	STEPHEN DAVIS	SQUIRE LINNERRING	CHARLES E. VERNER
GRANNY	JESSIE CROMMETTE	LARRIE LINNERRING	FLEMING WARD
BRIDGET O'RILEY	JENNIE LAMONT	MR. O'DOWD	RICHARD QUILTER
MISS MARGARET FLINN	MAUD HOSFORD	MRS. O'DOWD	BESSIE LEALESTINA
MONA CAIRN	EDITH LUCKETT	MRS. MCGINNIS	NINA SAVILLE
DENNIS O'MALLEY	MR. OLCOTT	MR. MCGINNIS	WALTER COLLIGAN

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I.—The Little Living Room in the House of Dennis O'Malley, in a Small Town in Ireland, in the Year 1830. An Afternoon in June.
 ACT II.—A Corner in Dennis O'Malley's Garden. Two Months Later.
 ACT III.—Same as Act I. Two Days Later (Sunday Afternoon).

During the action of the Play, Mr. Olcott will render the following songs, music of all of which is by

ERNEST R. BALL

"A BROTH OF A BOY"	Lyric by J. Keirn Brennan
"A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, Shure They Call It Ireland"	Lyric by J. Keirn Brennan
"IRISH EYES OF LOVE"	Lyric by J. Edward Killalea
"WHO KNOWS?"	Poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar

During the Intermission the Orchestra will render the following Musical Program, arranged especially by Cassius Freeborn, Musical Director for Mr. Olcott

Overture	Freeborn
BETWEEN ACTS I AND II	
Suite Irish Dances	Ansell
Violin Solo— (Mr. Pearl) "Mother Machree"	Olcott-Ball
BETWEEN ACTS II AND III	
Medley—Chauncey Olcott Successes.	
Cello Solo— (Mr. Steisel) Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral, that's an Irish Lullaby	Shannon
Vis-a-Vis	Freeborn
First Violin for the Olcott Company	MR. ALBERT PEARL
Cellist for the Olcott Company	MR. HERMAN STEISEL

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