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# The Rounders

A VAUDEVILLE IN THREE ACTS

Adapted from the French

Lyrics by

Music by

HARRY B. SMITH.



LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

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# Only a Hundred Girls.

Words by  
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by  
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

*Allegro moderato.*

**Piano.**

When I sail'd from dear old Lim-e-rick bound  
To see me shopping with my wives my  
Of course my wives have rel-a-tives; Their

for the Bay of Bis-cay, I kept the Cap-tain and the crew all  
friends have of-ten wonder'd, I buy their shoes by the freight-car-load and their  
sis-ters, cous-ins, aun-ties. Most wives they wear the trousers But mine all

full of I-rish whis-key As ye might ex-pect the ship was wreck'd one  
cor-sets by the hun-dred The butch-ers' and the gro-cers' bills are  
wear lace cur-tain pan-ties. Some dads dis-like a squall-ing kid; but

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night so dark and mur-ky, We ran a-ground, ourselves we found up -  
 cer - tain - ly heart-breakers And when our wash - ing is hung out it  
 they would have the ra - bies If they had to walk the floor all night With an

on the coast of Tur - key. They dragg'd me to the Sul - tan and his  
 cov - ers for - ty a - cres. The tri - als of each fam - i - ly some -  
 ev - en hun - dred ba - bies. Some men are robb'd by just one wife; but

*mf*

frown would sure ap-pall ye, I sprang an I - rish gag or two and  
 times are quite be-wild-rin, In fact our on - ly house - hold game is  
 it's no fun I vow, sires To wake and find a hun - dred wives all

sang him a come all ye The Sul - tan laughed to split him - self and  
guess how man - y child - ren when they hang up their Christ - mas socks it  
go - ing thro' your trous - ers. When wea - ry with a long days work To my

said "We can - not spare him" So they made of me a Pa - sha and pre -  
takes month's to pre - pare - 'em And San - ta Claus goes cra - zy when he  
home I make an en - try They greet me with a lov - ing smile and a

Tempo di Valse Moderato.

sent - ed me a ha - rem. Oh how I love my darl - ing my  
strikes Ma - gin - nis' ha - rem. Oh how I love my Dai - sy my  
lit - tle dance dee ven - try. Oh how I love my darl - ing my

*poco rit.*  
*p*

Sal - ly and my Sue \_\_\_\_\_ My Jo - se - phine and my  
 Glad - ys and my Nell \_\_\_\_\_ My An - nie and my  
 Sal - ly and my Sue \_\_\_\_\_ My Jo - se - phine and my

An - ge - line, my Le - na and my Lou \_\_\_\_\_ I'm  
 Fan - ny my Be - a - trice and Belle \_\_\_\_\_ My  
 An - ge - line, my Le - na and my Lou \_\_\_\_\_ I'm

true to Maud and Sa - die to Ma - bel and Ma -  
 Pol - ly and my Mol - ly, Es - telle and Eu - la -  
 true to Maud and Sa - die to Ma - bel and Ma -

rie \_\_\_\_\_ In fact there are on - ly hun - dred girls in the  
 lie \_\_\_\_\_ In fact there are on - ly hun - dred girls in the  
 rie \_\_\_\_\_ In fact there are on - ly hun - dred girls in the

*rall.*

**Chorus. ad lib.**

world for me Oh how he loves his dar - -  
 world for me Oh how he loves his Dai - -  
 world for me Oh how he loves his dar - -

ling, his Sal - ly and his Sue \_\_\_\_\_ his Jo - seph - ine \_\_\_\_\_ and  
 sy his Gla - dys and his Nell \_\_\_\_\_ his An - nie and his  
 ling his Sal - ly and his Sue \_\_\_\_\_ his Jo - seph - ine \_\_\_\_\_ and

his Angeline, his Le - na and his Lou \_\_\_\_\_ He's  
 Fan - nie his Be - a - trice and Belle \_\_\_\_\_ He's  
 his Angeline, his Le - na and his Lou \_\_\_\_\_ He's

true to Maud\_and Sa - - die to Ma - bel and Ma - rie  
true to Maud\_and Sa - - die to Ma - bel and Ma - rie  
true to Maud and Sa - - die to Ma - bel and Ma - rie

In fact he is true to the wide, wide world or he seems to  
In fact he is true to the wide, wide world or he seems to  
In fact he is true to the wide, wide world or he seems to

1. *Fine.*  
be. be.  
be. be.  
be. be.

# Schuberth's Popular Edition.

"I can't leave the old Folks alone!" Song by E.A. Mac Donnell; Edition for High Voice & Low Voice, Pr. 50¢ each.

*Chorus.*

"Sweetheart, I love but you, Ah! I love but you; — Sweet-heart, I will be true, I'll be true to you; —  
But ask me not to leave My parents now grown old, — Though I love you we must part, I can't leave the old folks a - lone!"

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**Give Cinda the Cake**, Song by Theo. A. Metz. Pr. 50¢

Talk a-bout de bestcoons in de land — who walk for dat cake oh so grand — You can bet we are in line all others we out-shine, When  
Cinda and I are on de floor — Next Sunday we'll take an-other walk — to the min-is-ter and hear a lit-tle talk, — Then

**Hocus-Pocus Dance**, Piano Solo by Chas. Miller, Pr. 50¢; Piano & Violin 25¢ net; 10 parts & Piano 45¢ net; Full Orchestra 50¢ net; Copyright, 1898, by Theo. A. Metz, New York.

"Love's Messenger," Song by Waldtern Pegg. Pr. 50¢

Little Cupid god of love! — Folks say I am a naugaty Boy, — A - like to young and old I bring — A blissful dream of love and joy. —  
Rich and poor a - like must bow — When they feel my piercing dart; — Sometimes my keenest ar-row turns, 'Tis then the heart must feel the smart.

**Gilly, Gally, Gee**, March & Two-Step by Harry P. Wilkins, Pr. 50¢; Piano & Violin 25¢ net; 10 parts & piano 45¢ net; Full Orchestra 50¢ net; Military Band 50¢ net; Copyright, 1898, by Edward Schuberth & Co.

**Oh Lor! Gib Dis Chile A Chicken**, Song by A. Ross Weeks, Pr. 50¢

Tank's gib-in was a-comin', an' I had'n' nuffin ter eat; Oh! Lor! gib dis chile a chicken; I had some rice an' hom'ny, but I did-n' hab no meat; Oh Lor!  
gib dis chile a chicken; I t'ought dat I mought borry sumfin jes outside de town; Oh Lor! gib dis chile a chick-en: So I harness up de mewl an' I

"Norah Dear," Song by E.A. Mac Donnell, Pr. 50¢

*With Expression.*

The gentle breezes kiss the opening flowers, and whisper to them words they long to hear; I fain would also kiss your lips so sweet, And say to you, I love you, Norah Dear! I  
long to tell you that my heart doth know, A joy so deep and tender when your's near, Your presence wakens thoughts of early spring, The birds sing even sweeter "Norah Dear!"

**The President's March**, Piano Solo by Victor Herbert, Pr. 50¢; Piano & Violin 25¢ net; 10 parts & Piano 45¢ net; Full Orchestra 50¢ net; Military Band 50¢ net.

"You Can't Boss Me," Song by Thos. H. Chilvers, Pr. 50¢

I lubs a yaller lady, And her name is Seraphina, And I lubs her to dis traction: I met her at a cakewalk, And you really should ha' seen her, For she was the chief at -  
traction. And now she am my woman, And she almost drives me wild, Wid her rifty, rafty glances, And her captiv-at-ing viles: But ew'-ry time I scold her, She