John McCallum.

The Property of JOHN N. 113CALL JE.

I Co RTIERS BURLESQUE DRAMA JOHN N. 113CALL JE.

I Cacipal With your kind attention we will play a drama

We'll finish off our show by playing you a drama

Hero Heroine Villain Sailor Chorus Principal

Let me play the hero

I the heroine will be
I will be the villain and will do the dirty work, you see.
And I would like to be the comis sailor of the play
And we are all the villagers who shout "Hip-hip-hurray"

So let the play begin

I will surprise you

I'll mesmerise you

So that you all your parts can play
Let the drama start, I say.

Chorus

We are the villagers blythe and gay
We drink our beer and shout "hurray"
A bob a day is all our pay
And this is what we have to say
"God bless the Squire, Hurray! Hurray!
His son is coming home today
Young Harry, who's so blythe and gay
And so we've got a holiday"

Old man

I've lived in this village for fifty years
And Kitty's my daughter's name
We hav'nt a cent and we owe the rent
And I'm very near blind and lame
I'm told today t'at unless I pay
My rent that's in arrears
I've got to clear from the cottage here
And after fifty years! After fifty years!

EZIT

Vill ain

Heroine

Villain-

Heroine

Villain

I am the villain of the play
I mean to wed the girl today
If she refuses me, of course,
I'll see what I can do by force
I am the heroine dont you see
The Squire's son is in love with me
And I'm in love with you as well
So let the Squire's son go to -Now will you marry me?

You wretched brute, I'd rather die Well, I'm your landlord, Kitty, so Tomorrow morning, out you go!

End

Sailor

I am the comic sailorman
To help the hero is my plan
Fancy Kitty talking there
To that old villain, I declare!
There seems some dirty work about
So-help-me-bob, I'll find it out
In case there's anything to see
I'll hide behind that blooming tree

Hero I am the hero, and wherere I wander
In foreign countries wheresoere I roam
My sweetest thoughts are those that ever ponder
on and tend rest memories of my home.

Heroine Oh, Harry, dear, at last you have returned, love.

Both Oh, let us walk together by the gate, love

Whispering sweet words of love just as we used to do you

Villain I suppose you're ready to do

Just whatever I tell you to?

Ruffian I'd murder my mother for half a crown

But I want to see the money down.

Villain Well, you see that couple standing over there behind you Take this purse, and carefully, when no one's looking, mind you Slip it in his pocket - do you understand me, Jarry?

Ruffian No, I'll see you hanged first, for I've known young Master Harr Ever since he was so high,

Villain

Look here you fool, you may remember

A murder at the Grange that was committed last November

A murder at the Grange that was committed last November
The man escaped, but I was there and saw him use the razor
Keep it dark for God's sake, Guv'nor. Dont give me away, Sir,

And I'll do the job.

Villain

In half an hour I'll meet you at the station
With fifty quid, and if you fail the police get information
About that little murder at the Grange, and so you know now.
Here's the purse, and, curse you, do it quietly. Off you go now

Sailor

Ruffian

Oh, where are the villagers blythe and gay?
They ought to all come on and say
"A robbery took place away
At Castle Priory yesterday.
The thief at present can't be found
He's sloped with fifty thousand pound
Twas lying in a pocket book
And with the lot he's slung his book.

Policeman

This is a very strange affair
on that you can quite depend
The thief - he knew the house, and he
Must either have been a guest or friend

Villain

Hero

I know who did it - know him well
To prove his guilt I think I can
There: That is the thief
Sergeant: Arrest that man:
A plot to trap me this must be
I'm innocent and have no fear
Search that man and we'll soon see
Great Scott: The missing purse is here:
Will no one here believe me innocent?
Yes, I believe you still

Is there no one here to help me?

Happiness for evermore!

Policeman Hero Heroine

Vill ain

Heroine Hero

Villain Sailor

Yes, I will !!!

Sailor

As I was coming home from sea
I hid behind that blooming tree
Saw that villain over there
Offering - the dirty cur Fifty pounds to put that book
In Master's pocket. Now just look.
There's the thief, on that you bet.
So Harry's free and dont forget.

Chorus

So off you go to goal today
A good job too is what we say
A-ringing and a-singing are the wedding bells
For our M1ss Kitty and young Harry
Who, of course, are going to marry
So we'll shout "hip-hip-hurray"
Everything is blythe and gay

No. You goalbird!