

NAPIER OPERATIC

PROUDLY

in its Tabard

**Under the Direction of that noted
Theatrical Agent for Artistes
Terpsichorial Interpretations**



Professor of the Podium,

Mistress of the Massed Pianoforte

SOCIETY Inc.

PRESENTS

Theatre

**Entrepreneur Miss Gillian Davies
of Quality with the
of Madame Leigh Jones.**



Walter Edgecombe Esq.

Madame Nola Atkins

THE

★ SPLENDIFEROUS. ★



SONG SHEET & BILLING FOR

**OLD
TIME
MUSIC
HALL**

HOST AND CHAIRMAN

PAUL GROSVENOR WARING Esq.

★ **ROBERT HOUSTON Esq.** The inter-
nationally famed Heroic bass baritone.

Madame **DAWN UNSWORTH.** World re-
nowned Coloraturic artiste. ★

★ Madame **SADIE BROWN.** Esteemed flam-
boyee of the musical stage.

Miss **JEAN WIGZELL.** Superb and
scintillating serio-comic singer and ★
terpsichorian.

★ Mr **DEREK WIGZELL.** Cockney charmer
and comic of considerable consequence.

Mr **ALBERT BARKER.** Universally
acclaimed actor and sophisticated ★
supreme.

★ Miss **GLEN SUTHERLAND.** Tragedienne
tremendous and terpsichorian tres magni-
fique.

Mr **HAROLD UNSWORTH.** Renowned
renditioner of Songs in Scotias national ★
costume.

★ Vivacious and versatile Miss **WENDY
KYLE.**

Mr **WAYNE LISTER.** Memorable master
of melodrama. ★

★ **LAURENCE BURNS, Esq.** Theatres
Thesplan of all Thespians.

Miss **TESSA BROWN.** Statuesque artiste
par excellence. ★

★ Mr **HARRY FIDOE.** King of comics.

Mr **BUD COLLINS.** Eager and able ex-
ponent of natural and nautical knowledge. ★

★ Miss **CAROL BOLTON.** The epitome of
rural propriety.

Mr **MICHAEL KYLE.** Poignant pathos
personified. Songster supreme. ★

★ Mr **ANTHONY BEWLEY.** Dramatic bari-
tone extraordinaire.

Miss **ALISON WRIGHT.** A heroine of
delicacy and delight. ★

★ Mr **MICHAEL HYDE.** Fresh from his
triumphant tour of Chipping Sodbury.

Miss **JEANNETTE MURRAY** whose fluent
rendering will tug at your heartstrings. ★

★ Demure and fragile Miss **ANN-MARIE
GREATREX.**

And introducing the young voice of
SPENCER GAY. ★

Together with
Tantalising Terpsichorians
Scintillating Scenas
Captivating Choruses

1 LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND

Let's all go down the Strand
 Let's all go down the Strand
 I'll be leader, you can march behind
 Come with me, and see what we can find.
 Let's all go down the Strand
 Oh, what a happy land.
 That's the place for fun and noise
 All among the girls and boys.
 So, let's all go down the Strand.



HELLO! HELLO! WHO'S YOUR LADY FRIEND

Hello! Hello! Who's your lady friend?
 Who's the little girlie by your side?
 I've seen you with a girl or two
 Oh! Qh! Oh! I am surprised at you
 Hello! Hello! Stop your little games
 Don't you think your ways you ought to mend?
 It isn't the girl I saw you with at Brighton
 Who, who, who's your lady friend?

THE HONEYSUCKLE AND THE BEE

You are my honeysuckle, I am the bee
 I'd like to sip the honey sweet from those red lips you see.
 I love you dearly, dearly, and I want you to love me.
 You are my honey honeysuckle,
 I am the bee.

WHILE STROLLING IN THE PARK

While strolling in the park one day
 In the merry month of May
 I was taken by surprise
 By a pair of roguish eyes
 In a moment my poor heart was stole away.
 A smile was all she gave to me (whistle)
 But soon we were as happy as could be (whistle)
 Ah! I immediately raised my hat
 And finally did remark,
 "I never shall forget the charmer that I met
 That happy day while strolling in the Park."



DAISY BELL

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do!
 I'm half crazy, all for the love of you!
 Etc., etc.

JOSHUAH

Joshuah, Joshuah
 Why don't you call and see mamma?
 She'll be pleased to know
 You are my best beau.
 Joshuah, Joshuah,
 Nicer than lemon squash you are,
 Yes, by gosh you are, Jc sh-u-oshuah!



WHEN I TAKE MY MORNING PROMENADE

As I take my morning promenade
 Quite a fashion-card on the promenade,
 Now I don't mind nice boys staring hard
 If it satisfies their desire.
 Do you think my dress is a little bit
 Just a little bit not too much of it?
 If it shows my shape, just a little bit
 That's the little bit the boys admire

PUT ON YOUR TA-TA

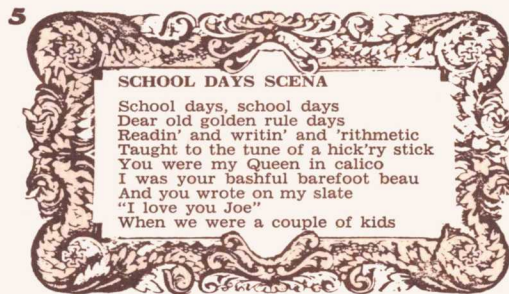
Put on your ta-ta little girlie,
 Do do what I want you to!
 Far from the busy hurly-burly
 I've got lots to say to you.
 My head's completely twirly-whirly
 My girl I want you to be.
 So put on your ta-ta, your pretty little ta-ta
 And come out a-tata with me

3 WAITING AT THE CHURCH

Chorus:
 There was I waiting at the church
 Waiting at the church, waiting at the church
 When I found he'd left me in the lurch
 Oh how it did upset me.
 Then he sent me round a little note
 Here's the very note and this is what he wrote,
 "Can't get away to marry you today
 My wife won't let me."

4 THE MINERS DREAM OF HOME

I saw the old homestead and faces I love
 I saw England's valleys and dells,
 I listened with joy, as I did when a boy
 To the sound of the old village bells.
 The fire was burning brightly
 'Twas a night that should banish all sin,
 For the bells were ringing the old year out,
 And the New Year in.



DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW

Chorus:
 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow (bow-wow)
 Daddy wouldn't buy me a bow-wow (bow-wow)
 I've got a little cat, I am very fond of that,
 But I'd rather have a bow-wow-wow

OUR LODGER'S SUCH A NICE YOUNG MAN

Chorus:
 Our lodger's such a nice young man,
 Such a good young man is he;
 So good, so kind to all our family!
 He's never going to leave us.
 Oh dear, oh dear no!
 He's such a good, goody man
 Mamma told me so.



I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

Chorus:
 I don't want to play in your yard,
 I don't like you any more
 You'll be sorry when you see me
 Swinging on our garden door
 You can't holla down our rain-barrel,
 You can't climb our apple tree
 I don't want to play in your yard
 If you won't be good to me.

6 HOLD YOUR HAND OUT NAUGHTY BOY

Chorus:
 Hold your hand out, naughty boy!
 Hold your hand out, naughty boy!
 Last night in the pale moonlight
 I saw yer! I saw yer!
 With a nice girl in the park
 You were strolling full of joy,
 And you told her you'd never kissed a girl before.
 Hold your hand out, naughty boy.



7 IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree
 Where the love in your eyes I could see
 When the voice that I heard
 Like the song a bird,
 Seemed to whisper sweet music to me
 I could hear the dull buzz of the bee
 In the blossoms when you said to me,
 "With a heart that is true
 I'll be waiting for you
 In the shade of the old apple tree."

I'LL BE YOUR SWEETHEART

I'll be your sweetheart if you will be mine
 All my life I'll be your valentine
 Bluebells I've gathered
 Keep them and be true.
 When I'm a man my plan
 Will be to marry you.

IF YOU WERE THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD

If you were the only girl in the World,
 And I were the only boy
 Nothing else would matter in the world today.
 We could go on loving in the same old way.
 A Garden of Eden, just made for two,
 With nothing to mar our joy.
 I would say just wonderful things to you
 There would be such wonderful things to do
 If you were the only girl in the World
 And I were the only boy.



I LOVE YOU TRULY

I love you truly truly dear.
 Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,
 Fades into dreams when I feel you are near
 For I love you truly, truly, dear

SEASIDE SCENA

8 I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

Oh I do like to be beside the seaside,
 I do like to be beside the sea;
 I do like to stroll upon the prom, prom, prom,
 Where the brass bands play
 Tid-de-ly-om-pom-pom!
 So just let me be beside the seaside,
 I'll be beside myself with glee.
 There's lots of girls beside;
 I should like to be beside
 Beside the seaside! Beside the sea!

WE PARTED ON THE SHORE

EVERY NICE GIRL LOVES A SAILOR
 THE SWIMMING MASTER
 HORNPIPE
 SYBIL



SHE SELLS SEA SHELLS

Chorus:
 She sells sea shells on the seashore
 The shells she sells are seashells I'm sure
 For if she sells seashells on the seashore
 Then I'm sure she sells seashore shells

THE MERMAID BY THE SEA

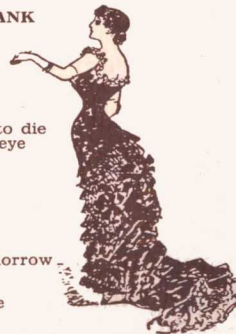
9 OH MR PORTER

Chorus:
 Oh Mr Porter, what shall I do
 I'm on my way to Birmingham
 But they've taken me on to Crewe.
 Take me back to London
 As quickly as you can.
 Oh Mr Porter what a silly girl I am.



10 THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO

Chorus:
 As I walk along the Bois Boulong
 With an independent air,
 You can hear the girls declare:
 "He must be a millionaire."
 You can hear them sigh and wish to die
 You can see them wink the other eye
 At the man who broke the
 Bank at Monte Carlo



11 SING AS WE GO

Sing as we go and let the world go by
 Singing a song we march along the highway
 Say goodbye to sorrow, there's always tomorrow
 To think of today.
 Sing as we go although the skies are grey
 Beggar or king you've got to sing a gay tune
 A song and a smile making life worth while
 So sing as we go along.

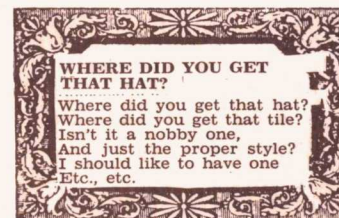
PRETTY POLLY PERKINS 12

Chorus:
 She was as beautiful as a butterfly
 And as proud as a queen
 Was pretty little Polly Perkins
 of Paddington Green.



FINALE:

13 Chorus:
 Knees up Mother Brown
 Knees up Mother Brown
 Come along Dearie, let it go
 Ee-iy, Ee-iy, Ee-iy Oh
 It's your bloomin' birthday
 So wake up all the town
 Knees up, knees up, don't get the breeze up,
 Knees up Mother Brown.



CUCUMBER SONG

I like pickled onions, I like piccalilli.
 Pickled cabbage is alright
 With a bit of cold meat on Sunday night.
 I can go termatoes, but what I do prefer,
 Is a little bit of cucum — I-cum-u-cum
 Little bit of cucumber.

I'M FOLLOWING FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS

I'm following in father's footsteps;
 I'm following the dear old dad.
 He's just in front with a fine big gal,
 So I thought I'd have one as well.
 I don't know where he's going,
 But when he gets there I'll be glad.
 I'm following in father's footsteps,
 Yes I'm following the dear old dad.

A WEE DEOCH-AN-DORIS

Just a wee deoch-an-doris,
 Just a wee drap, that's a?
 Just a wee deoch-an-doris,
 Before we gang awa?
 There's a wee wifie waitin',
 In a wee but-an-ben;
 If you can say, "It's a braw bricht moonlit nicht,"
 Ye're a' right, ye ken.

THE BARROW BOY SONG

All my life I've wanted to be a barrow boy
 A barrow boy is all I've wanted to be
 I push my barrow — I handle it with pride —
 I'm a coster — a coster from over the Lambeth side
 I turn me back upon the high society
 Take me where the ripe bananas grow,
 They're only a dozen a shilling,
 That's how I earns me living —
 I ought to have been a barrow boy years ago.

FALL IN AND FOLLOW ME

Fall in and follow me!
 Fall in and follow me!
 Off went the van with the home packed in it,
 Come along and never mind the weather
 Altogether, stand by me, boys;
 I know the way to go,
 I'll take you for a spree,
 You do as I do, and you'll be right,
 Fall in and follow me.



DON'T DILLY DALLY ON THE WAY

My old man said, "Follow the van,
 Don't dilly-dally on the way!"
 Off went the van with the home packed in it,
 I walked behind with my old cock linnet,
 But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied
 Lost my way and don't know where to roam.
 I stopped on the way to have the old half quatern,
 And I can't find my way home.

2 THE AMATEUR WHITEWASHER

Chorus:
 Slap dab, slap dab, up and down the brickwork,
 Slap dab, all day long
 In and out the corners, round the Johnny Horners.
 We were a pair of right keen "goners"
 Slap dab, slap went the white-wash brush
 Blimey did we have a ball.
 But I put more whitewash on the old woman
 Than I did upon the garden wall.

ANY OLD IRON

Any old iron, any old iron,
Any, any, any old iron,
You look neat, talk about a treat
You look dapper from your napper to your feet
Dress'd in style, brand new tile,
And your father's old green tie on;
But I wouldn't give you tuppence
For your old watch chain,
Old iron, old iron.



I'M HENERY THE EIGHTH, I AM

I'm Henerly the Eighth, I am
Henerly the Eighth, I am! I am!
I got married to the widow next door,
She's been married seven times before.
Every one was a Henerly
She wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam.
I'm her eighth old man named Henerly
Henerly the Eighth I am!



WORK SONG

On Monday I never go to work
On Tuesday I stay at home,
On Wednesday I don't feel inclined,
Work's the last thing on my mind
Thursday's half holiday
And Friday I detest;
Too late to make a start on Saturday
And Sunday's my day of rest.



WHAT A MOUTH

What a mouth! What a mouth
What a north and south!
Blimey what a mouth he's got!
When he was a youngster, O! Lord Lovell,
Why his poor old mother
Used to feed him with a shovel.
What a gap! Poor chap!
He's never been known to laugh,
For if he did — it's a penny to a quid
That his face'd fall in half!

WOT CHER!

Wot cher all the neighbours cried
Who're yer goin' to meet Bill?
Have yer bought the street, Bill?
Laugh, I thought I should 'ave died,
Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road.

KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN (Repeat of Chorus)

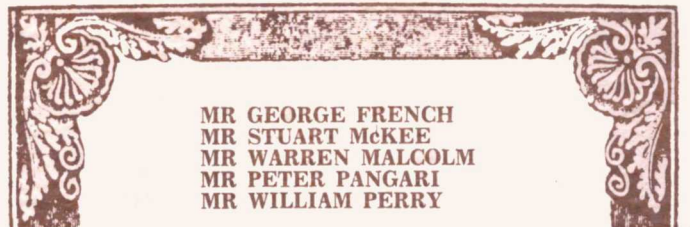


LADIES OF THE CHORUS & TERPSICHORIANS

- MISS ISOBEL BELL
- MISS JUDITH BUTTERY
- MISS DIANE DOOLEY
- MISS JENNY HOGG
- MISS SUE LONDON
- MISS SHERRY OLDHAM
- MISS ELLY-ANN PRITCHARD
- MISS BERYL RITCHIE

GENTLEMEN OF THE CHORUS

- MR GEORGE FRENCH
- MR STUART McKEE
- MR WARREN MALCOLM
- MR PETER PANGARI
- MR WILLIAM PERRY



Artistic Designer and Gaslight Expert — **GWYN ACE, Esq.**

THE CANTERBURY ARMS WAITRESSES:

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|
| Miss Moira Bewley | Miss Sonia Hyde |
| Miss Maree Cameron | Miss Alison Scott |
| Miss Pauline Davidson | Miss Julie Williams |
| Miss Dianne Duff | Miss Susan Unsworth |



Stage Manager Supreme — Mr DONALD HURLEY

Decor & Stage Creations — Mr BRENT REDDING
ably assisted by Miss PAULA JEPSON & Miss DOREEN HAWKESWOOD

Ladies & Gents Modish Fashions — Miss EVELYN WEBB-PULLMAN, Miss SYBIL REAY and FRANCES STEPHENS

Gaslight Attendant — Mr ROBERT LOCKYER

Master Printer of Posters — Mr TREVOR RUFFELL

Napier Operatic Society's Esteemed and Venerable Committee —

Patron: Edward Collier

- | | |
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| Frederic Twyford, Sec. | Alan Jones |
| Bunny Unsworth | Tessa Brown |
| Audrey London | Digby Edgecombe |
| Peter Dixon | Robin Johnson |
| Michael Hyde | William Perry |
| Malcolm Kenah | Les Deere |
| Donald Hurley, Chair. | |

WILLIAM BECKETT
— Proprietor & Manager
AUDREY LONDON
— Hostess



Creative talents of willing friends
have added to your comfort and
enjoyment.

