

In the Year 1984
NAPIER OPERATIC SOCIETY Inc.

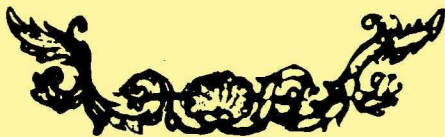
Proudly presents in its Tabard Theatre

Under the Direction of that noted Entrepreneur

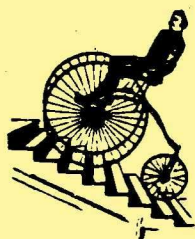
MADAME ELIZABETH GRANEY

Terpischorial Interpretations by

MADAME SHIRLEY JARRETT



Master of the Massed Pianoforte Mr Eric Thorpe



SONG SHEET & BILLING FOR

**OLD TIME
MUSIC HALL**



CHAIRMAN AND HOST PAUL GROSVENOR WARING Esq.

**LADIES OF THE
RESIDENT CHORUS**

MISS BEVERLEY WARD
MISS HAZEL BROADBENT
MISS JILLIAN SWEENEY
MISS ELLY-ANNE PRITCHARD

MISS JAN CLEAVER
MISS JUDITH LOVE
MADAME RUBY KELBRICK
MISS BERNADETTE FOLEY

MADAME GUISEPPA BARTLE
MADAME ANNE MOORE
MADAME JANE PIERARD

**GENTLEMEN OF THE
RESIDENT CHORUS**

MR SIDNEY PRICE
MR STANLEY SIMMONDS
MR ROGER PRICE
MR GAVIN ETHERIDGE

MR WAYNE LISTER
MR CAMPBELL SOUTER
MR WILLIAM DUKES
MR ANTHONY IRONSIDE

MR PETER DE GARIS
MR JOHN McCORD
MR VAUGHAN GOOCH
MR MARK DAWSON

INTRODUCING

The youthful MISSES HAYLEY AND SARAH REID and MASTER MATTHEW CUTTS.

**URCHINS AND STREET
SELLERS**

ORLENA WILTON
TARISHA BRIGGS
KARYN BRIGGS

CHRISTIAAN BRIGGS
MATTHEW CUTTS
JANE GRANEY

ANGELA CHURCH
ANDREW BROWNE
KENDALL BROWNE

HOSTESSES

MADAME MARILYN STEED

MADAME ANNE PERRY

**YOUR CHARMING
WAITRESSES**

SUSAN RODDA
KATHERINE HOGAN
CORRINE ZUTT
LISA O'CONNOR
JUDITH SPEAKMAN
BARBARA BROWN
WENDY FRASER
ROBYN FRASER
JEANETTE TOWERS
MARILYN WILLIAMS
JENNIFER RANKIN

JILLIAN HOWES
JULIE JENNINGS
CATHERINE TWYFORD
SARAH TWYFORD
JOSIE BELL
SUSAN McEACHEN
EVELYN McLACHLAN
MARY BRADLEY
AMANDA HOLLAND
SALLY HOLLAND
DONNA BRIGGS

LEANNE SIMPSON
CATHERINE GOUGH
JACQUELINE TURNER
CAROL RIGBY
ANGELA JENSEN
LUCILLE FLEMING
KAREN GEMPTON
JANE FULLERTON-SMITH
LESLIE MORRISON
KATHERINE BROWN
DALE REID

PATRICIA ALDRIDGE
KAREN WHITE
IRENE DAVEY
SONIA HYDE
KAREN LESLIE
YVONNE GARLAND

The Management reserves the right to dismiss any Artiste for any misdemeanours and indiscretions pertaining to the performance of the above mentioned.

THE ENTIRE & EXTENSIVE PROGRAMME OF ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT AND EDIFICATION

THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION

1. **OPENING RESIDENT CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE** "London Docks"
2. **MR SIDNEY PRICE with MR ROGER PRICE** "You Don't Want to Keep on Showin' it Mary"
(Comic Cockney Charmers of Considerable Consequence)
3. **"HOME SWEET HOME" RESIDENT CHORUS** "We All Go To Work But Father"
MADAME GUISEPPA BARTLE "At My Time of Life"
MR WILLIAM DUKES "My Old Dutch"
4. **MR STANLEY SIMMONDS** "Why Don't Women Like Me?"
(A Plaintive Plea from a Bashful Bachelor)
5. **Introducing the youthful voice of MASTER MATTHEW CUTTS** "The Blind Boy"
6. **RESIDENT CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE** "Down Zomerzet Way"
7. **PAUL GROSVENOR WARING ESQ. with MISS JAN CLEAVER** "If Those Lips Could Only Speak"
(Poignant Pathos Personified)
8. **MR SIDNEY PRICE & MR ROGER PRICE** "Sitting on the Ice in the Ice Rink"
with their acclaimed accompanist.
Direct from a successful tour of the local Ale Houses.

— INTERVAL —

9. **THE LOYAL TOAST**
10. **RESIDENT CHORUS AND ENSEMBLE with MR WAYNE LISTER and MR SIDNEY PRICE** "Edgware Road Infants"
11. **THE CANTERBURY PLAYERS** "Husbands Are a present a dramatic interlude Girls Best Friend"
12. **MR JOHN McCORD** "Sons of the Sea"
(A National Nautical Patriotic Portrayal)
13. **MR GAVIN ETHERIDGE** "Somebody Would Shout Out Shop"
(Energetic Terpsicorian Extraordinaire)
with **MISS BEVERLEY WARD, MISS JUDITH LOVE & MR ANTHONY IRONSIDE**
14. **MISS HAZEL BROADBENT** "Riding On Top of the Car"
(Vivacious and Versatile Songstress Supreme)
15. **LES FILLES DES FOLIES** "Le Cancan"
JARRETT presentent
16. **PAUL GROSVENOR WARING ESQ.** "The Lost Chord"
(Internationally acclaimed Star of Opera)
17. **RESIDENT CHORUS & ENSEMBLE** "Street Cries of Old London"

THE END

Any interruptions to the above programme may be attributed to the City of London Char Ladies Guild; in particular Mesdames Graney and Pierard.

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

OUR NEXT PRODUCTION

We are pleased to announce that Miss Gillian Davies will be back to direct our next production of **"The Gingerbread Man"** planned for the Tabard Theatre during the second week of the May School Holidays.

UNSEEN PERSONNEL

STAGE MANAGER SUPREME

Mr Vernon Crabtree

ARTISTIC ADVISOR

Mr Gwyn Ace

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Mr John Briggs

PRODUCTION SECRETARY

Madame Dorothy Thorpe

ACT DROP DESIGN AND ARTISTES SUPREME

Messrs Ion Brown and Michael Blow

with help from Messrs Roy Head and John Mackinnon.

GASLIGHT DESIGN

Mr Peter Eade

GASLIGHT OPERATORS

Messrs Neill Page, John Williams, Paul Collier and Anthony Fry.

SET AND STAGE PREPARATION AND OPERATION

Messrs John Briggs, Peter Shepherd, James McFadyen, George Ward, Phillip Harris, William Perry, Geoffrey Souter, Paul Collier, Anthony Fry, Kevin Bartlett, Neill Page, William Shirras, Clive Buttery.

MISTRESSES OF THE WARDROBE

Madame Susan Page with help from Siama Pritchard, Kay Collins, Linda Fell, Cara McGirr, Jean Allen, Lisa Page, Elly-Anne Pritchard.

MISTRESSES OF PROPERTIES

Madame Lynda Shirras with help from Bronwyn Reed, Sheryle Bullock, Christine Kenah, Susan Legge, Jennifer Stewart, Helen Wakely, Glen Ward.

MISTRESSES OF PAINT AND POWDER

Madame Dawn McCowatt, Madame Minne Wright and their willing helpers.

MUSIC ENSEMBLE

Messrs Eric Thorpe, Leon Speakman, Peter Cutts.

PIANISTIC PRELUDE

Miss Beverley Ward

COOKS AND BOTTLEWASHERS

Madame Lyndsay Browne and her many willing helpers.

THE SOCIETY GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGES

La Cuisine, Raphaels Studios, Jessicas, Eve's Ceramics, Mrs L. Wakeley, Gavin Long, Julie Danks, Hastings Operatic Society, The Society's Social Committee, Bledisloe School.

NAPIER OPERATIC SOCIETY'S ESTEEMED AND VENERABLE COMMITTEE

PATRON: Robert Wright

PRESIDENT: Frederic Twyford

VICE-PRESIDENT: Donald Hurley

IMMEDIATE PAST PRESIDENT: William Beckett

CHAIRMAN: Peter Shepherd

SECRETARY: Ian Reid

TREASURER: Lyndsay Browne

HON. SOLICITOR: John Matthews

HON. AUDITOR: Leslie Robertson

COMMITTEE:

Roselene Van de Ven, Elizabeth Graney, Susan Page, John Briggs, Allan Jones, Malcolm Kenah, Vernon Crabtree, Eric Thorpe, Robin Johnson, William Brunsdon.

MEMBERSHIP

Subscribing Members: If you are not already a member of our Society and would like to become one, 1985 subscriptions of \$10 per household are now being received at Box 756, Napier. This will entitle you to preferential bookings and to receive our newsletter.

Active Members: We always need active members, both on stage and backstage. Phone Ian Reid 435-919 work, 439-953 home, if you are interested in joining us in some capacity.

LONDON DOCKS

1 SLAP! BANG! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
Early in the morning.
Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Way hey and up she rises
Early in the morning.
Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober
Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober
Put him in the long boat 'til he's sober
Early in the morning.



BOILED BEEF AND CARROTS

Boiled beef and carrots, Boiled beef and carrots.
That's the stuff for your "Darby-Kel", makes you fat
and it keeps you well,
Don't live like vegetarians, On food they give to parrots,
From morn to night blow our your 'kite'
On boiled beef and carrots!

SHE SELLS SEA-SHELLS ON THE SEA-SHORE

She sells sea-shells on the sea-shore,
The shells she sells are sea-shells, I'm sure,
For if she sells sea-shells on the sea-shore,
Then I'm sure she sells sea-shore shells.

BOTANY BAY

Singing too-ral, li-oor-al-li dd-dity -
Singing too-ral, li-oor-al-li-ay
Singing too-ral, li-oor-al-li ad-dirty
We're bound for Botany Bay.

ON THE GOOD SHIP "YACKI HICKI DOO LA"

Chorus:

Then I snap my fingers, ha, ha, ha, ha!
And I snap the other one ho, ho, ho, ho!
I don't care should the parent pine,
Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine.
Then I set my sails and sail away.
No pirate e'er was cooler,
For where'er I go, I fear no foe,
On the good ship "Yac-ki Hic-ki Doo La"

SHIP AHOY

All the nice girls love a sailor
All the nice girls love a tar,
For there's something about a sailor
Well you know what sailors are.
Bright and breezy, free and easy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy,
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship Ahoy! Sailor Boy!

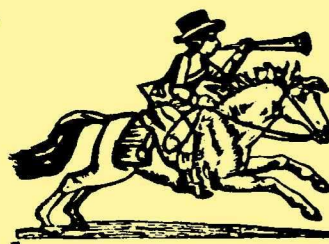


3 WE ALL GO TO WORK BUT FATHER

We all go to work but father
And he stays at home all day
He sits by the fire with a quart of beer
And he smokes a ten inch clay.
Mother works at the wash-tub,
So does my sister Fan,
I've met some lazy men in my time, now and then,
But a champion is our old man.

MY OLD DUTCH

We've been together now for 40 years
And it don't seem a day too much.
There ain't a lady living in the land
As I'd swap for my dear old Dutch.
There ain't a lady living in the land
As I'd swap for my dear old Dutch.



4 WHY DON'T WOMEN LIKE ME?

Now if women like them like men like those
Why don't women like me?

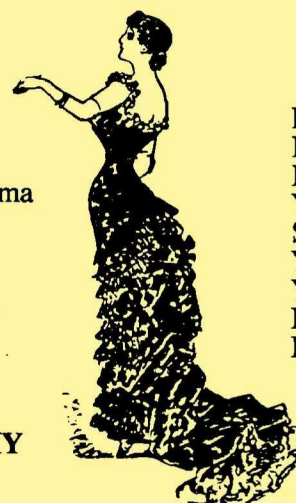
DOWN ZOMERZET WAY

6 DAISY BELL

Daisy Daisy
Give me your answer do
I'm half crazy
All for the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
I can't afford a carriage
But you'd look sweet on the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

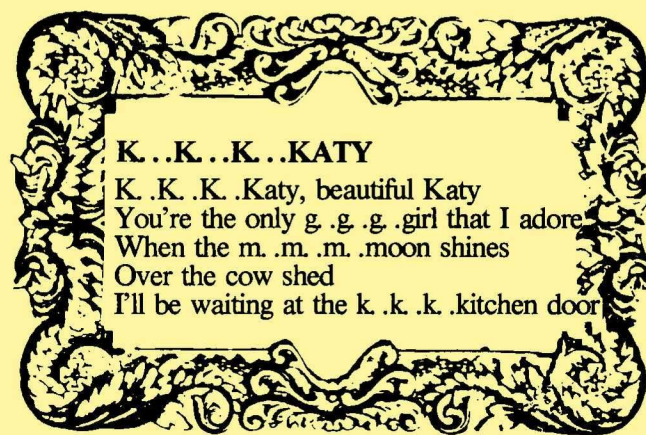
JOSHUA

Josh - U - Ah' Josh - U - Ah
Why don't you call and see mamma
She'll be pleased to know
You are my best beau
Josh - U - Ah, Josh - U - Ah
Nicer than lemon squash you are
Yes, by gosh you are
Josh - U - Osh - U - Ah.



I'M SHY MARY ELLEN I'M SHY

I'm shy Mary Ellen, I'm shy
It does seem so naughty, oh my
The kissing is nice, I've often heard say
But still how to do it, I don't know the way
So you put your arm round my waist
I promise I won't scream or cry
So you do the kissing and cuddling instead
'Cos I'm shy Mary Ellen I'm shy.



K...K...K...KATY

K...K...K...Katy, beautiful Katy
You're the only g...g...g...girl that I adore
When the m...m...m...moon shines
Over the cow shed
I'll be waiting at the k...k...k...kitchen door

7 IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY SPEAK!

If those lips could only speak
If those eyes could only see
If those beautiful golden tresses
Were there in reality
Could I only take your hand
As I did when you took my name
But it's only a beautiful picture
In a beautiful golden frame.



10 EDGEWARE ROAD INFANTS

SCHOOL DAYS

School days school days dear old golden rule days
Readin' and 'ritin and 'rithmetic
Taught in the tune of a hickory stick
You were my queen in calico
I was your bashful barefoot beau
And you wrote on my slate
I love you Joe
When we were a couple of kids



HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY

Has anybody here seen Kelly k-e-double l-y
Has anybody here seen Kelly find him if you can
He's as bad as old Antonio
Left me on my onio
Has anybody here seen Kelly
Kelly from the Isle of Man

DADDY WOULDN'T BUY ME A BOW-WOW

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 and I'm very fond of that
But I'd rather have a bow-wow-wow

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

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



WHEN FATHER PAPERED THE PARLOUR

When father papered the parlour
You couldn't see him for paste
Dabbing it here, dabbing it there
Paste and paper everywhere
Mother was stuck to the ceiling
The children stuck to the floor
I never knew a blooming family
So stuck up before.

HOLD YOUR HAND OUT YOU NAUGHTY BOY

Hold your hand out your naughty boy
Hold your hand out you 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 you naughty boy.



STREET CRIES OF OLD LONDON

17 THE WHELK SONG

If you don't want the whelks, don't muck 'em about
And take your baby's fingers off the slab
They're covered in Chocklate
Lovely two eyed kippers
Take 'em for the nippers
Take a hake or nice cod steak
Soles and eels for the old man's meals
They're lovely, they're all fresh in today
So if you don't want the whelks don't muck 'em about
If you don't want 'em other people may.

OLD KENT ROAD

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



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
I'm Henerly the Eighth I am".

WHAT A MOUTH

What a mouth! What a mouth!
What a north and south!
Blimey, what a mouth he's got!
Now when he was a baby, oh Lord Lovell
Why his poor old muvver used to feed him with a shovel
What a gap, poor chap
He's never been known to laugh
If he did it's a penny to a quid
That his face would fall in half.

A LITTLE OF WHAT YOU FANCY DOES YOU GOOD

I always hold in having it if you fancy it
If you fancy it, that's understood
And suppose it makes you fat
I don't worry over that
'Cos a little of what you fancy does you good.

IT'S A GREAT BIG SHAME

It's a great big shame
An' if she belonged to me
I'd let her know who's who
Naggin' at a feller wot is six foot free
And 'er not four foot two
Oh, they hadn't been married not a month nor more
When underneath 'er fumb goes Jim
Isn't it a pity as the likes of 'er
Should put upon the likes ov 'im.



WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?

Where did you get that hat, where did you get that tile
Isn't it a nobby one, and just the proper style
I should like to have one just the same as that
Where e'er I go, they shout "hello"
Where did you get that hat?

KNEES UP MOTHER BROWN

I've just been to a ding dong down dear old Brixton way
Old Mother Brown, the pearly queen's a hundred years today
Oh what a celebration, was proper lah-di-dah
Until they rolled the carpet up and shouted "nah then ma!"
Knees up Mother Brown, knees up Mother Brown
Under the table you must go ee-i-ee-i-ee-i-oh
If I catch you bending I'll saw your leg right off
So knees up, knees up, don't get the breeze up
Knees up Mother Brown.



WE ALL GO THE SAME WAY HOME

We all go the same way home
All the whole collection — in the same direction
All go the same way home, so there's no need to part at all
We all go the same way home
Let's be gay and hearty, don't break up the party
We'll cling together like the i...vy
On the old garden wall.