

# MR. JERICHO

✦ AN OPERETTA, IN ONE ACT. ✦

THE WORDS BY

*Harry Greenbank.*

THE MUSIC BY

*ERNEST FORD.*

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# MR. JERICHO,

An Operetta, in One Act.

First Performed at the Savoy Theatre, London, on March 18th, 1893,  
under the Management of Mr. D'OYLY CARTE.



## Dramatis Personæ.

Michael de Vere, Earl of Margate	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Horace Alexander de Vere, Viscount Ramsgate ( <i>An Omnibus Driver</i> )	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Mr. Jericho ( <i>A Jam Manufacturer</i> )	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Lady Bushey	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Winifred ( <i>Her Daughter</i> )	-	-	-	-	-	-	-



SCENE.—CLEMATIS COTTAGE, NEAR KENSAL GREEN.

*Time.—The Present.*

# MR. JERICO.

SCENE.—*Clematis Cottage, near Kensal Green. Rustic landscape, with houses in distance. Cottage right, with small garden, enclosed by wooden palings, in front.* MICHAEL DE VERE is discovered gardening as curtain rises.

*Michael (pausing in his work and leaning on gate).* And so it has come to this, that Michael de Vere—eighteenth Earl of Margate—must bend his aristocratic back and ply the implements of the common gardener! Little did I dream, as I squandered the wealth of my ancestors amidst the grandeurs of Grosvenor Square, that the impertinent interference of the Official Receiver in Bankruptcy would one day reduce me to a four-roomed cottage, where I should have to rear my own roses in my old age!

*Enter HORACE.*

Why, Horace, my boy, back at this time of day! What does it mean?

*Hor.* It means, father, that I have had an accident with the 'bus.

*Mich.* An accident with the 'bus, Horace! Oh, you have forgotten my constant warnings—you have raced a pirate along Edgware Road!

*Hor.* Do not speak harshly to me, father! It was at the Marble Arch. I was driving a pair of young and restive horses.

*Mich.* Forgive me, Horace! I know the temper of young horses. They were not the best of friends at starting; working together in harness irritated them still more—they fell out.

*Hor.* No father, the passengers did that!

*Mich.* The passengers?

*Hor.* Yes, the 'bus turned right over. The off-side is completely stove in.

*Mich.* And it was only repainted the week before last! *(Groans.)*

*Hor.* My heart aches when I think of my beautiful 'bus bounding along the Harrow Road, full inside and out! How could I guess that the Marble Arch would see it a

quivering mass of wreckage—the outside fares scattered far and wide upon the wooden pavement—the inside ones fighting with each other in the crushed interior, mad with terror!

*Mich.* Poor boy! And so you have come back to spend the day with your old father?

*Hor.* There was nothing else for me to do. Come, father, let me help you.

*Mich.* I think I have made everything tidy, Horace. I was up betimes, and our estate is not a large one.

*Hor.* Oh, if only we had three hundred thousand acres to keep tidy instead of this small patch!

*Mich.* You yearn to be wealthy, Horace. My heart is heavy when I think that my extravagance has brought you to this lowly position—you, who should bear the proud title of Viscount Ramsgate!

*Hor.* Hush, father! Not a soul must suspect our identity! You have dragged the House of Lords into the Bankruptcy Court, but there are lower depths still; and when the eldest son of an Earl is reduced to driving a Paddington Yellow, I think that even a Socialist might shudder!

*Mich.* Oh, Horace, I like to whisper to myself occasionally, "I am Michael, eighteenth Earl of Margate, and Lord Warden of the Jetty."

*Hor.* Well, I've no objection to your doing that, but it is useless sighing over what is past. Let us talk of the present. What are my prospects?

*Mich.* You have none, except that of being dismissed the Company's service for careless driving.

*Hor.* Then my case is hopeless! And yet how passionately I love her!

*Mich.* You are alluding to the lovely daughter of Lady Bushey.

*Hor.* Alas, yes! Oh, my little sweetheart, I wonder if you ever give a thought to your unhappy Horace—if you ever pity the man who presides over the conveyance you patronise so frequently?

# \*WHEN SUNNY SUMMER RIPENS CORN.

## SONG.

HORACE.

VOICE.

*Andante.*

PIANO.

*p*

*p*

When sun - ny sum - mer ri - pens corn, And sky-larks sing to

glad - den us, His lot is not with - out a thorn Who dai - ly drives an

\* The separate Folio Edition has different words, for drawing-room use. The Title is similar.

*cres.*

om - ni - bus. When hun - gry Road - Cars hov - er near, In

*p* *cres.*

*p*

com - pe - ti - tion fierce and hot, What won - der that a scald - ing tear The

*dim.* *p*

*f*

dri - ver's badge should sometimes blot! What won - der that a scald - ing tear. . . .

The dri - ver's badge . . . should some - times blot.

This system contains the first line of music. The vocal line begins with a dynamic marking of *p* and a breath mark. The piano accompaniment starts with a dynamic marking of *p*. The key signature is three flats (B-flat major or D-flat minor) and the time signature is 4/4.

The

This system contains the second line of music. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *p* and the word "The" is written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with a dynamic marking of *p*. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the first system.

con - stant tin - kle of the bell, My ner - vous sys - tem

This system contains the third line of music. The vocal line has a dynamic marking of *p* and the lyrics "con - stant tin - kle of the bell, My ner - vous sys - tem" are written below it. The piano accompaniment continues with a dynamic marking of *p*. The key signature and time signature remain the same as in the previous systems.

knocks a - bout, It rings a wel - come or a knell As fares get in, or

fares get out. Pe - des - tri - ans with wea - ry - feet Will

hail me for a pen - ny ride, Un - til there comes in ac - cents sweet The

wel - come shout of "Full in - side!" Un - til there comes in ac - cents sweet. . . .

*f*

This system contains a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The lyrics are: "wel - come shout of 'Full in - side!' Un - til there comes in ac - cents sweet. . . .". A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: a right-hand staff with a treble clef and a left-hand staff with a bass clef. The piano part features chords and moving lines in both hands.

. . . . The wel - come shout of "Full in - side!"

*p*

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line starts with a dotted line indicating a continuation from the previous system. The lyrics are: ". . . . The wel - come shout of 'Full in - side!'". A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, maintaining the same key signature and musical style as the first system.

*8va*

This system shows the continuation of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is represented by a single staff with a treble clef, which is mostly empty, indicating that the vocal part is silent or has ended. A dynamic marking of *8va* (octave) is placed above the staff. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, showing a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.



*Mich.* It grieves me to see you so sad, Horace, and to feel that I can do nothing to lighten your load of sorrow.

*Hor.* You might go indoors, father, and prepare our mid-day meal. When I am sad I am very hungry.

*Mich.* Your appetite has been stimulated by the exertion of turning your 'bus over. I will lay the table at once.

*Exit into Cottage.*

*Hor.* Why does the world seem a little brighter all of a sudden? Why do the flowers smell more sweetly? (*Looking off.*) Oh, joy of joys! Impulse has not deceived me! *She* is coming this way—my beauty—my darling—the 'bus driver's only love!

*Enter WINIFRED.*

*Win.* May I ask you to tell me the time, Sir? I find I have left my watch at home!

*Hor. (aside.)* This is surely fate! (*Aloud.*) Just twelve o'clock, miss.

*Win.* Twelve o'clock—then it is time to go back. Thank you very much.

*Hor.* Ah, miss, don't go yet, if you can spare a moment to listen to a poor, heart-broken fellow!

*Win.* I am very sorry, but I have left my purse at home also.

*Hor.* I do not want your purse. Ah, miss, forgive me for my presumption, but I have dared to love you passionately.

*Win.* You have?

*Hor.* Indeed I have. (*Falling on his knees.*) Feel how my pulse is throbbing! Oh, if you spurn me you will seal my doom! I cannot live without you, so I shall seek a welcome death beneath the wheels of some Car of Juggernaut—some massive morning omnibus, crowded with well-fed solicitors and twelve-stone members of the Stock Exchange!

*Win. (aside.)* If this is not the earnestness of desperation, I am no judge of the human passions.

*Hor.* Oh, if only you knew the care I have taken of you!

*Win.* The care you have taken of me? I don't understand! Stay—let me look you full in the face. (*Gazes*

*into his face.*) Ah, now I know you. You are the gentleman who drives the eleven o'clock omnibus from Kensal Green to London Bridge!

*Hor.* Yes, miss.

*Win.* It is strange I didn't recognise you at once. I always took an interest in you. (*Gazes into his face again.*) You are very handsome!

*Hor.* Yes, miss. The girls on Bank Holiday generally squabble for the box seat.

*Win.* I am not surprised at it. You are much better looking than many of the nobility.

*Hor. (rising—aside.)* She little knows the truth! (*Aloud.*) Then you admire me?

*Win.* Admire is but a poor word to express the exhilarating frenzy with which your magnificent features inspire me! What is your name?

*Hor.* Horace Alexander de Vere.

*Win.* I do not think mamma could possibly object to a son-in-law with a name like that. Winifred de Vere will sound charming.

*Hor.* Ah, how sweet! Your name is Winifred! To think that all this weary time I have only known the latter part of it—Bushey. The rest was all black darkness. It might have been Martha, but it is Winifred, and I am very much relieved.

*Win.* Oh, Horace, how romantic this is! To think that I should have won the love of the very man who has so often driven me safely into Oxford Street.

*Hor.* Then you noticed I was careful?

*Win.* Dear mamma noticed that. She said you were a nice steady young man, and never raced Road Cars or Pirates. Poor mamma has a great horror of collisions, and when she sees a horse down she screams continuously until it is up again.

*Hor.* Oh, sweetheart, how rejoiced I am to learn your mother's opinion of me!

*Win.* Unfortunately I have known mamma's opinions run through several editions in one day.

*Hor.* I understand. You imply that her admiration of me as a driver may not extend to me as a son-in-law!

*Win.* Alas! I fear not—but oh, my king, take heart! I have given you my love, and not even my mother—not even my trustees shall come between me and my Horace Alexander now!

# MY HEART GOES PIT-A-PAT.

## DUET.

WINIFRED AND HORACE.

VOICE.

PIANO.

WINIFRED.

*p*

My heart, my heart goes pit-a-pat,... O brave and gal-lant fel-low; For

*p*

I have of-ten sat..... With-in your 'bus so yel-low. I al-ways liked you

so,..... Be - cause the 'bus you *well* drove When shop-ping I would go To Marshall and to

Snel - grove, When shop - ping I would go To Marshall and to Snel - grove!

*a tempo.*

*p*

*p*

And now you are my king,..... My cap - tain, chief, com-mand - er, Your

*p*

praise I'll ev - er sing,..... Oh, Ho - race Al - ex - an - der, Oh, Ho - race Al - ex -

- an - der! How sweet - ly through the air,..... Dis - pers - ing tales of slan - der, There  
**HORACE.**  
*p* How sweet - ly through the air,..... Dis - pers - ing tales of

sound the prai - ses fair..... of Ho - race Al - ex - an - der, of Ho - race Al - ex -  
 slan - - - der,..... Dis - pers - ing tales of slan - der, Dis - pers - ing tales of

an - der, There sound, there sound the praises fair Of Ho-race Al - ex - an - - der!.....

slan - der, There sound, there sound the praises fair Of Ho-race Al - ex - an - - der!.....

*mf* *p*

*p* HORACE.

Al-though my hopes were nil,..... And love's young dream was blight - ed, I

*p*

kept the hor-ses still..... While you and ma a - light - ed; I watch'd you pay the.

*p*

fare, ... My love I might not show you, Nor... from the box-seat dare A sin-gle kiss to

blow you, Nor... from the box - scat dare A sin - gle kiss to blow you,

*p*

A sin - gle kiss to blow you.

The first system consists of a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line contains the lyrics "A sin - gle kiss to blow you." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

*p*  
O Queen of wo - man - kind..... In Brit - ain, France or Fland - ers, No

The second system continues the musical score. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The vocal line starts with a rest followed by the lyrics "O Queen of wo - man - kind..... In Brit - ain, France or Fland - ers, No". The piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns and a consistent bass line.

heart more true you'll find..... Than Ho - race Al - ex - an - der's, than Ho - race Al - ex -

The third system continues the musical score. The vocal line contains the lyrics "heart more true you'll find..... Than Ho - race Al - ex - an - der's, than Ho - race Al - ex -". The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern with chords and a steady bass line.

WINIFRED.

How lit - tle do we heed..... The world's cen - so - rious slan - der, A

HORACE.

- an - der's, How lit - tle do we heed..... The world's cen - so - rious

hap - py man in - deed..... Is Ho - race Al - ex - an - der, is Ho - race Al - ex -

slan - - - der, How lit - tle do we heed,..... The world's cen - so - rious

- an - der, A hap - py, hap - py man in - deed Is Ho - race Al - ex -

slan - der, A hap - py, hap - py man in - deed Is Ho - race Al - ex -



an - - - der!.....

an - - - der!.....

*f*

Ped. \*

LADY BUSHEY enters at back during last refrain, and, as duet finishes, comes rapidly forward and separates WINIFRED and HORACE.

*Lady B.* Oh, Winifred—unhappy child!

*Win.* Mamma!

*Lady B.* Can I trust my eyes? Did I see my darling, my pet lamb, locked in the embrace of a total stranger?

*Win.* Oh, mother! A stranger he is, perhaps, but what a perfect stranger?

*Lady B.* Exactly so. He is a perfect stranger.

*Hor.* Madam, you evidently fail to recognise me, but I have often driven you into Oxford Street. I have set you down at Marshall and Snellgrove's; I have dropped you at Peter Robinson's; and yet you speak of me as a stranger!

*Lady B.* Why, Winifred, can this be the Apollo who drives the eleven o'clock omnibus from Kensal Green?

*Win.* Ah, pity me—pity me, mother—it is he!

*Lady B.* What a terrible blow! Surely you do not mean to tell me that you love this man!

*Win.* "Love" is scarcely the word, mother. I worship him! To my adoring eyes he seems a young sun-god!

*Hor. (with a pleased smile).* Ha! That is very soothing!

*Lady B.* I cannot understand how my daughter should have stooped to love one of such humble birth.

*Hor.* On the contrary, my elevated seat gave me the advantage. It was I who stooped to love your daughter.

*Win.* You hear how clever he is, mamma. He is always saying witty things like that.

*Lady B.* My poor child! But I must not temporise—I must act at once, and do what I can to rescue you from the consequences of your folly.

*Hor.* I trust that you are not going to adopt extreme measures.

*Lady B.* Do not fear that I shall treat my daughter unkindly. I am going to take her home at once, and for three whole months confine her in the small back room on the top floor. It has been repapered quite recently, and I shall allow her a liberal diet of cold mutton and rice.

*Win.* Oh, mamma, how cruel you are!

*Lady B.* I have no wish to be harsh, but it is impossible for the daughter of Lady Bushey to marry the driver of an omnibus, however handsome and accomplished he may be.

# MY SMELLING SALTS GET.

TRIO.

WINIFRED, LADY BUSHEY AND HORACE.

LADY BUSHEY.

VOICE.

PIANO.

*Allegro.*

*f staccato.*

*p*

LADY BUSHEY.

My smell - ing salts get And my gilt vin - ai - grette, For I

own that I need a re - vi - ver; When I find that a girl Who is

fit for an earl Is be - loved by an om - ni - bus dri - ver! To

beau - ty and birth In the dust of the earth Such a per - son should gro - vel and

wal - low, To think he should dare to make love to a fare—Oh! I

won - der what - ev - er will fol - low?

*cres.*

REFRAIN.

WINIFRED.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

LADY BUSHEY.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

HORACE.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

*f*

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

shan - der - y - dand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a shan - der - y - dand, But a

shan - der - y - dand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a shan - der - y - dand, But a

shan - der - y - dand, A sin - gle horse shay or a shan - der - y - dand, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter. A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

DANCE.

*pp*

HORACE.

*p* Proud la - dy who mocks Should mount on the box, And

*p*

keep all her sneers in a - bey - ance Un - til she has tried The prac - ti - cal side Of

WINIFRED,

driv - ing a pub - lic con - vey - ance. Oh! pi - ty the girl That you meant for an earl, For So

- ci - e - ty's fic - kle and hol - low; I'm sick of its charms, So I fly to the arms Of this



om - ni - bus - driv - ing Ap - pol - lo.

*cres.*

*cres.* *f*

## REFRAIN.

WINIFRED.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

LADY BUSHEY.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

HORACE.

*f* A brough - am or phae - ton my la - dy could stand, A

*f* A

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

car - riage of state or a smart four - in - hand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a

shan - der - y - dand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a shan - der - y - dand But a

shan - der - y - dand, A sin - gle horse shay, or a shan - der - y - dand, But a

shan - der - y . dand, A sin - gle horse shay or a shan - der - y - dand, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low, But a

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter, A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

bus is too bit - ter, too bit - ter, too bit - ter. A bus is too bit - ter to swal - low!

DANCE.

Exit LADY BUSHEY with WINIFRED left. HORACE gazes sorrowfully after them, then exit into Cottage right, MR. JERICHO enters at back and comes down stage.

Jer. This is the spot without a doubt. Three hundred yards in a direct line to the north of the cab-stand. And the time—(consults watch) ten minutes past twelve. In five minutes more I shall meet my old sweetheart, Dulcibella. But shall I waste those five precious minutes in delicious idling—in lazy dreams of lover's rapture? Certainly not! How can I employ them better than by spreading broadcast upon the face of the earth these advertisements of the commodity that has made me famous?

He produces a packet of pink cards, and tosses two or three about the stage. Then goes to door of Cottage and knocks. HORACE opens it.

Jer. Will you oblige me with a word or two?

Hor. Certainly.

JERICHO takes his arm and leads him to the centre of stage.

Jer. I don't suppose you've any idea who I am?

Hor. No, I haven't.

Jer. I thought as much. Allow me to give you my card. (Hands card.)

Hor. (taking card and reading). "Mr. Jericho."

Jer. That's it! I'm Jericho!

Hor. Jericho? Do you mean the celebrated Jericho, the manufacturer of Jericho's world renowned jams?

Jer. That's it! Jericho's Jams!

Hor. I can scarcely express my feelings at meeting you. Oh, sir, you are indeed a public benefactor! I have an aged father of whose declining years your jams are the solace, and if you could sit day after day as I have sat, watching that broken down old man spreading your preserves upon his bread-and-butter with a happy smile, you would understand the gratitude that fills my heart.

Jer. It is always pleasant to a jam manufacturer to know that his jams are preferred to anyone else's.

Hor. My occupation calls me away from home during the daytime, and it is a great boon to be able to leave my poor father with something pure and unadulterated.

Jer. It must be.

Hor. I can leave him with a light heart—alone with Jericho's jams—for I know they are made from fresh fruit with refined sugar only.

Jer. Of course you do. It is distinctly stated so on the label. Yes, my good fellow, thanks to my jams I am a rich person now. Time was when Jericho's jams were unknown—when their superior quality and their absolute purity were undreamt of by a public surfeited with gross adulterations. But I pushed them with a steady persistence, I spent thousands in advertising them, I kept the name of Jericho continuously before the public, and now it is a household word. Advertisement is the secret of success in life. The man whose chief pleasure lies in the sound of his own name will never die a pauper!

# JERICHO'S JAMS.

## SONG.

JERICHO.

VOICE.

PIANO.

When as a young-ster to

*p*

school he was sent, Je-ri-cho's ta-lents found sin-gu-lar vent, No-thing what-ev-er de-

light-ed him more Than the dis-play of the name that he bore— Scribbled in co-py-book,

scratched on his slate, Blazoned in carv-ings of yes-ter-day's date, Cut on the cup-boards and

chalked on the wall, Greet-ing the eye was the ter-ri-ble scrawl—

*f*

"Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho", here! "Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho,

Je - ri - cho" there! Oh, you got sick of it, Right in the thick of it,

"Je - ri - cho, Je - ri - cho," ev - 'ry - where!

*p*

Peo - ple found out, when to man - hood he came, Je - ri - cho's ha - bits con -

tin - ued the same: Ev - 'ry - one saw, when he start - ed in trade,

"Je - ri - cho's Jams!" on the hoard - ings dis - played; When at the sta - tion a



wait-ing the train, "Je - ri-cho's Jams!" would sa - lute you a - gain. If you took re - fuge in

buss - es or trams Still you were greet - ed by "Je - ri-cho's Jams!"

"Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's Jams! See that you get 'em, all o - thers are shams;

High - ly su - pe - ri - or For the in - te - ri - or, Je - ri - cho's, Je - ri - cho's gen - u - ine Jams!"

So - pa - ra - dox - i - cal though it may be -

I have made jams, and the jams have made me; This is the mot-to by which I will swear:

"Ad - ver - tise, ad - ver - tise ev - 'ry - where! Stick it to left of you—

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The vocal line begins with a series of eighth and quarter notes, followed by a half note. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

stick it to right, Shout it and scream it from morn-ing till night—Crowd up-on crowd your em -

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more active melody with many eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

- por - i - um crams, Fight-ing for life and for "Je - ri - cho's Jams!"

The third system concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a half note. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord. A dynamic marking of *ff* (fortissimo) is present in the piano part.

*f*

"Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's Jams! See that you get 'em, all o-thers are shams;

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, starting with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The lyrics are: "Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's, Je - ri-cho's Jams! See that you get 'em, all o-thers are shams;"

Ask for no o-ther, My sis - ter and bro-ther, But live up-on Je - ri - cho's gen - uine Jams!"

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). The lyrics are: "Ask for no o-ther, My sis - ter and bro-ther, But live up-on Je - ri - cho's gen - uine Jams!"

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively. The key signature has two flats (B-flat major). This system continues the piano accompaniment from the previous systems.

*Hor.* (*taking out note-book*). Can you oblige me with your father's age?

*Hor.* He was sixty last May.

*Jer.* Dear me! And you say he consumes my jam regularly and appears to enjoy it?

*Hor.* Yes,—he appears to.

*Jer.* I will make a note of that. (*Writes in note-book.*) He never feels any ill effects from the use of it?

*Hor.* Well,—of course his teeth yielded to its influence, but now that I have provided him with a new set—top and bottom—out of my hard-earned wages, he is practically jam-proof.

*Jer.* If I could persuade him to give me a testimonial it might be of some value as an advertisement.

*Hor.* My father is such a simple and retiring old man, that it would require a very substantial consideration to induce him to give publicity to his weakness for your preserves.

*Jer.* Your parent will find that Jericho is not the man to spare his five-pound notes.

*Hor.* Let me talk it over with him for a few minutes.

*Exit into Cottage.*

*Jer.* And now for Dulcibella! (*Looking at watch.*) Twenty minutes past twelve. Dulcibella is late!

*Enter LADY BUSHEY.*

*Lady B.* I am only five minutes behind time, Thomas!

*Jer.* Ah, sweetheart is it you? Do we really meet again after all these years? (*Embracing her.*)

*Lady B.* It feels very much like it. Oh, Thomas, am I wise in permitting these familiarities? I have been a widow for three years.

*Jer.* Do not remind me that you are a widow, Dulcibella! It is a bitter, bitter thought!

*Lady B.* And yet you are not free from blame in the matter. Years ago when two suitors came to woo me in my little Lincolnshire home, you knew that you were the favoured one, and that I only tolerated the late Sir Burton Bushey because my father bade me.

*Jer.* Then why did you marry him?

*Lady B.* What was I to do? I couldn't get you to elope with me.

*Jer.* Oh, Dulcie, I had been so well brought up!

*Lady B.* I know you had; that was the unfortunate part of it.

*Jer.* Three years ago I saw Sir Burton Bushey's death in the *Times*; and as soon as a decent period had elapsed I wrote to you.

*Lady B.* You did—two days ago.

*Jer.* I had your reply last night with an appointment to meet you here this morning. Oh! Dulcie, this is like old times! Do you find me much altered? (*Takes off his hat.*)

*Lady B.* You are sadly changed, Thomas. I used to call you my golden-haired Viking.

*Jer.* I know you did. I remember thinking it an admirable description.

*Lady B.* To my impassioned eyes your head presented the appearance of a yellow cornfield waving in the summer sunlight! (*Sadly looking at his head, which is very bald.*) Where, oh! where is that yellow cornfield now?

*Jer.* Well, you *know* it has been a bad year for the harvest.

*Lady B.* Time has not dealt gently with you. I hope that he has been kinder to me.

*Jer.* I wish I could say that he has, Dulcie, but I cannot. You like me to be perfectly frank with you, don't you, dear one?

*Lady B.* Indeed I do, Thomas!

*Jer.* Besides, you have been excessively plain-spoken with me.

*Lady B.* I have, dear. I thought you would prefer it.

*Jer.* Yes. It is gall and wormwood—but I distinctly prefer it.

*Lady B.* And I am scarcely what you expected?

*Jer.* Scarcely. I know you like me to be candid.

*Lady B.* Certainly. It is like tasting bitter aloes,—but I like it.

*Jer.* Cannot we arrive at a compromise? You are terribly disappointed with me—I am equally disappointed with you. Let us strike a balance and write off our mutual disappointment. The romantic girl and the fascinating youth disappear from the account, and we carry forward a buxom widow and a well-preserved bachelor.

*Lady B.* I see your idea.

*Jer.* Then remember that I am prepared to open negotiations for the renewal of our early attachment whenever you find it convenient.

*Lady B.* Oh, Thomas, these are just the wild impassioned things you used to say to me five-and-twenty years ago.

# THERE CAME TO MAIDEN INNOCENCE.

DUET.

LADY BUSHEY AND JERICHO.

VOICE. LADY BUSHEY.

There came to maid-en

PIANO. *mf* *p*

in - no - cence, At Bar - ton on the Hum - ber, Two suit - ors who for re - fer - ence As

One and Two I'll num - ber. And Num - ber One could soft - ly woo Till life seem'd milk and

ho - ney, But dear pa - pa owed Num - ber Two A large a - mount of mo - ney! And

*cres.*

so I mar - ried Num - ber Two, Though he a per - fect *guy* was, A vet - er - an of

*p* *cres.*

Wa - ter - loo, a vet - er - an of Wa - ter - loo, And twice as old as I was, and

*p* *dim.*

## JERICHO.

twice as old as I was! When Num-ber Two bore

*p* *mf* *f* *p*

off his bride With wed - ding dress of white on, At first I thought of su - i - cide, Then

*a tempo.*

change of air at Brigh - ton; But all the hopes of yes - ter - day Re - turn with force pro -

*poco cres.*

*a tempo.*



*f* *rall.* *p*

- vok - ing, Now Num - ber Two is tuck'd a - way At Ken - sal Green or Wo - king; So

*a tempo.* *p* *a tempo.*

come and mar - ry Num - ber One Whose hon - est heart your shrine is, There sel - dom lives through

LADY BUSHEY. *p*

How strange when part - ed

JERICHO. *p*

rain and sun A love as true as mine is. How strange when part - ed

lov - ers meet In such a case as *this* is, And oh, how weird and

lov - ers meet In such a case as *this* is, And oh, how weird and

wild - ly sweet, And oh, how weird and wild - ly sweet A mid - dle - a - ged

wild - ly sweet, And oh, how weird and wild - ly sweet A mid - dle - a - ged

kiss is, A mid - dle - a - ged kiss is!

kiss is, A mid - dle - a - ged kiss is!

*dim.* *p*

*At the close of JERICHO'S verse of the duet, LADY BUSHEY yields to his advances and falls into his arms, while at the end of the refrain they kiss each other passionately, just as WINIFRED enters at back and comes down stage.*

*Win.* Mamma!

*Lady B.* (*springing from JERICHO'S embrace.*) Winifred!

*Win.* Unhappy parent!

*Lady B.* I thought I had locked you safely in your room.

*Win.* I daresay you did, mamma, but I had my dumb bells, and I was able to hurl them with irresistible force against a cheap lock.

*Jer.* Why, Dulcie, what does this mean? She calls you "Mamma." And you never told me you had a daughter!

*Lady B.* Oh, Thomas, I announced it to the world through the medium of the *Times*. I went to the expense of three insertions. What more could I do?

*Win.* Oh, mamma, you reproached me for embracing the man I loved, but apparently it was only an hereditary tendency!

*Jer.* Then you have a weakness that way my child?

*Enter HORACE from Cottage.*

*Win.* Yes, sir, I have a weakness—and here he is!

*Hor.* (*embracing her.*) My darling!

*Jer.* Why, Dulcibella, is it possible that you object to this fine, stalwart young man?

*Lady B.* I admit that his appearance leaves nothing to be desired, but oh! Thomas—his occupation!

*Jer.* What is your occupation, my fine fellow?

*Hor.* I am earning an honest living in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company, Limited.

*Jer.* You are following a healthy and interesting profession. (*To WINIFRED*) And are you willing to leave a comfortable home for his sake?

*Win.* Yes, sir. My heart calls me to this worthy man, who has asked me to share the box seat permanently with him! (*goes up stage with HORACE.*)

*Lady B.* Oh, what am I to do, Thomas? Think of the scandal there will be when it becomes known that the only daughter of the late General Sir Burton Bushey has

married an omnibus driver! Oh Thomas, I can see the paragraphs!

*Jer.* Of course he would abandon his present occupation. I should make it my business to see that he was suitably provided for. He is handsome enough to be a Member of Parliament.

*Lady B.* Yes, I wish you could get him some nice light employment like that. But oh! Thomas, Sir Burton intended Winifred to marry a peer of the realm!

*Jer.* Ah, that's awkward!

*Lady B.* You are immeasurably wealthy, Thomas. Buy this young man a peerage!

*Jer.* It is a large order, Dulcibella.

*Lady B.* But you are used to large orders in a business with a turn-over like yours. I suppose the jams are doing as well as ever.

*Jer.* The sales are increasing weekly, darling. And that reminds me,—our young omnibus driver has a father who is devoted to my jams. I am arranging for a testimonial from him, and unless I am much mistaken here comes the old gentleman.

*Enter MICHAEL from Cottage.*

*Hor.* (*Going to meet him.*) Let me introduce you to Mr. Jericho, father. (*Leads him forward to JERICHO.*)

*Jer.* Why, surely this is,—indeed I cannot be mistaken,—this is no other than the Earl of Margate!

*Lady B. and Win.* The Earl of Margate!

*Mich.* Oh! Horace our secret is discovered! This will shake the House of Lords to its very foundations!

*Jer.* I remember you perfectly. I used to see you in the park regularly every Sunday.

*Lady B.* You have a noble old face, but it bears traces of considerable financial troubles.

*Mich.* No doubt it does. Fortune has dealt hardly with me. The Official Receiver has opened his arms wide and taken me into his bosom.

*Win.* Oh! Horace, are you really the son of an Earl?

*Hor.* I regret to say that I am; I have the misfortune to bear the title of Viscount Ramsgate.

*Win.* Then I think I love you more than ever! There is something singularly attractive about a nobleman.

*Hor.* Alas! my darling, we are daily sinking in the market of public estimation.

# WHO, ALAS! WOULD BE A PEER?

(QUINTETTE.)

WINIFRED, LADY BUSHEY, HORACE, JERICHO AND MICHAEL.

PIANO. *mf*

*Small notes ad lib.*

*p* WINIFRED.  
Who, a - las! would be a peer..... When the dai - ly pa - pers

*p* LADY BUSHEY.  
Who, a - las! would be a peer When the dai - ly pa -

*p* HORACE.  
Who, a - las! would be a peer When the dai - ly pa - pers

*p* JERICHO.  
Who, a - las! would be a peer When the dai - ly pa - pers

*p* MICHAEL.  
Who, a - las! would be a peer When the dai - ly pa - pers

*p*

jeer, In a way... to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

- pers jeer, In a way to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

jeer, In a way to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

jeer, In a way to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

jeer, In a way to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

jeer, In a way to be re - gret - ted At the brain - less cor - o -

*p* net - ted? Let us heave a ten - der sigh For the man whose rank is...

*p* net - ted? Let us heave a ten - der sigh For the man whose rank is...

*p* net - ted? Let us heave..... a ten - der sigh, For the man whose

*p* net - ted? Let us heave a ten - der sigh For the man whose rank is

*p* net - ted? Let us heave a ten - der sigh For the man whose rank is...

*p*

*cres.*

high; Nor with dem-o-crat's au-dac-i-ty Laugh at tit-led in-ca-

high; Nor with dem-o-crat's au-dac-i-ty Laugh at ti-tled in-ca-

rank is high, Nor with dem-o-crat's au-dac-i-ty Laugh at ti-tled in-ca-

high; Nor with dem-o-crat's au-dac-i-ty Laugh at ti-tled in-ca-

high; Nor with dem-o-crat's au-dac-i-ty Laugh at ti-tled in-ca-

*cres.*

- pac-i-ty. Rouse ye then, O House of Lords! Sleep no more on dow-ny

- pac-i-ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on

- pac-i-ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on

- pac-i-ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on

- pac-i-ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on

*ff*

pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de ..  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -

- fend, O..... de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - -  
 - fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - -  
 - fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - -  
 - fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - -  
 - fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - -

- loes. When the thought-less auc - tion - eer..... Strips the bald and bank - rupt

- loes. When the thought-less auc - tion - eer Strips the bald and bank -

- loes. When the thought-less auc - tion - eer Strips the bald and bank - rupt

- loes. When the thought-less auc - tion - eer Strips the bald and bank - rupt

- loes. When the thought-less auc - tion - eer Strips the bald and bank - rupt

*p*

peer, Bring-ing cred - i - tors' i - rate - ness On he - red - it - a - ry...

rupt peer, Bring-ing cred - i - tors' i - rate - ness On he - red - it - a - ry

peer, Bring-ing cred - i - tors' i - rate - ness On he - red - it - a - ry

peer, Bring-ing cred - i - tors' i - rate - ness On he - red - it - a - ry

peer, Bring-ing cred - i - tors' i - rate - ness On he - red - it - a - ry



great - ness, When the ruth - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er hill and

great - ness, When the ruth - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er hill and

great - ness, When the ruth - - - - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er

great - ness, When the ruth - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er hill and

great - ness, When the ruth - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er hill and

great - ness, When the ruth - less Bill of Sale, Drives him forth o'er hill and

dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

hill and dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

dale, Let us weep in all hu - mil - i - ty For a brok - en down No -

- bil - i - ty. Rouse ye then, O House of Lords! Sleep no more on dow - ny  
 - bil - i - ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on  
 - bil - i - ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on  
 - bil i - ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on  
 bil - i - ty. Rouse ye then O House of Lords! Sleep no more on

pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -  
 dow - ny pil - lows, But with big an - ces - tral swords O..... de -

- fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - loes.

- fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - loes.

- fend, O ..... de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - loes.

- fend, O ..... de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - loes.

- fend, O de - fend your pec - ca - dil - - loes.

Rouse ye, then,..... O House of Lords.....

Rouse ye, then,..... O House of Lords.....

Rouse ye, then,..... O House of Lords.....

Rouse ye, then,..... O House of Lords.....

Rouse ye, then,..... O House of Lords.....

*Jer.* If the Earl of Margate will favour me with a testimonial to the effect that he allows only Jericho's jams to be placed on his breakfast table, I will guarantee him an annuity sufficient to live comfortably in Bayswater, and to keep a cook and housemaid.

*Mich.* Then I will accept your offer, kind friend. Even an Earl may tire of blacking his own boots.

*Win. (to JERICHO.)* If you have any idea of marrying my mother, sir,—would it not be well to get me out of the way?

*Jer.* What do you think, Dulcibella?

*Lady B.* I think it would be a judicious step, dear.

*Jer.* Then, if Viscount Ramsgate will accept a share in the jam business, I will instruct my solicitor to prepare a deed of partnership. (*To HORACE*) Your income will be at least two thousand a year under such an arrangement.

*Hor.* What do you say, Winifred? I shall be sacrificing a great deal. The horse is a noble animal.

*Win.* Yes, Horace, I quite see that.

*Hor.* There would be no more exhilarating rides for

you to Marshall and Snellgrove's, with your Horace at the ribbons.

*Mich.* These are vain regrets, my boy. Remember that your 'bus is totally disabled, and that the last post to-night will probably bring you a dismissal from the Company's service for furious driving.

*Hor.* True, father.

*Win.* Then you will accept the offer of partnership, Horace?

*Hor.* I think so, darling.

*Win.* Oh! Horace, a little while ago the cup held to our lips was full of bitterness, and now it is so overflowing with sweetness that it almost takes my breath away.

*Hor.* Do not fear that it will cloy, my darling; you and I will never, never weary of sweet things.

*Jer.* Of course you won't, not while you're a partner in Jericho's Jams; and I hope the public won't either, but I trust they will continue to ask for no other; see that they get 'em, and notice the trade mark on the label and the signature, "Jericho," without which none are genuine?

## SOON THERE SHALL RING.

### FINALE.

HORACE, WINIFRED, LADY BUSHEY, MICHAEL AND JERICHO.

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment is written for two staves. The right hand (treble clef) starts with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand (bass clef) provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The piece concludes with a piano (*pp*) dynamic.

HORACE.

Soon there shall ring for a new-ly-wed pair, Bells of Saint George's in Han-o-ver Square.

The vocal line for Horace is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues below the vocal line.

## WINIFRED.

Pro-mise me, love, as you fon-dle me thus, Ne-ver to sigh for your beau-ti-ful 'bus.

The musical score for Winifred consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

## LADY BUSHEY.

Wi-dow, with hus-band the se-cond in sight, Parts from her daugh-ter with heart that is light.

The musical score for Lady Bushey consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with accents (>) placed over the first three measures of the bass line.

## JERICHO.

Je-ri-cho hopes you'll con-tin-ue to cram Cup-board and shelf with his Gen-u-ine Jam!.....

The musical score for Jericho consists of a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, with a forte (f) dynamic marking in the right hand.

WINIFRED.



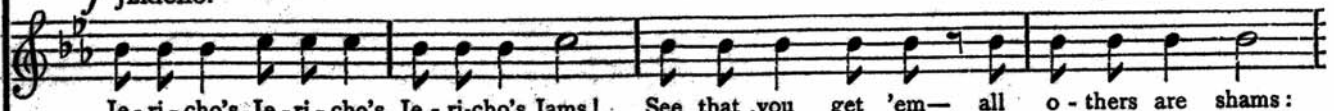
LADY BUSHEY.



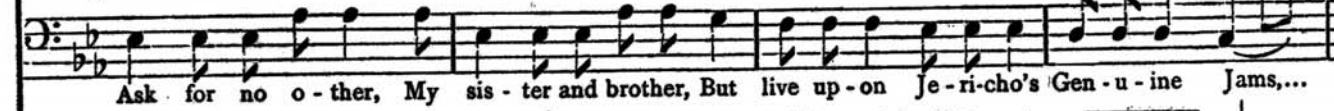
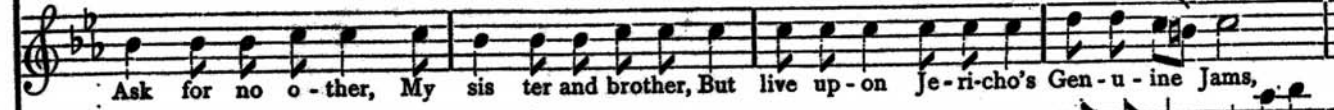
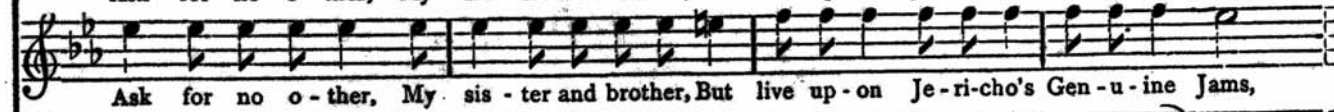
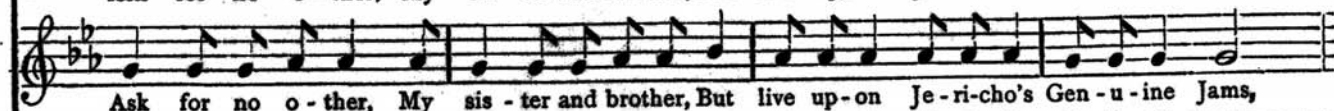
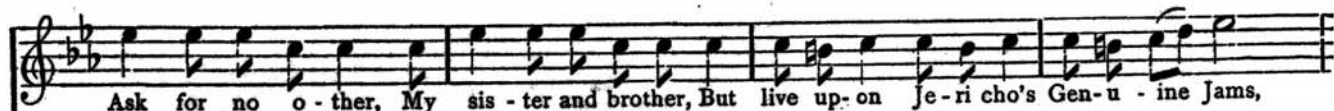
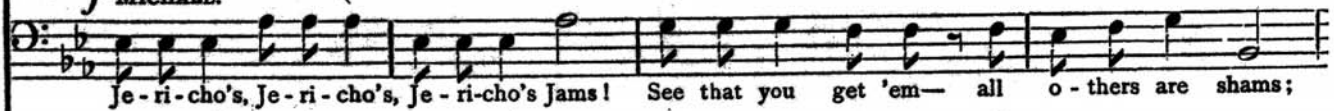
HORACE.



JERICHO.



MICHAEL.



Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But

Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But

Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But

Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But

Gen - u - ine Jams, ... Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But

The first system consists of five vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in a four-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, and Bass). The piano accompaniment is in the right and left hands. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, Ask for no o - ther, My sis - ter and brother, But".

live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's

live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's

live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's

live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's

live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's

The second system continues the vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are: "live up - on Je - ri - cho's Gen - u - ine Jams, Gen - u - ine Jams, But live up - on Je - ri - cho's". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and melodic lines in both hands.

