The Prodigal Prince

Directed by McClary Johnston
Lca E. Hanna, H.W. Weis and F.W. Mahlman

Book and Lyrics by H.W. Weis and W. Ramsey

Music by F.W. Mahlman

Produced by Illinois Students Union, University of Illinois, 1929-30.
Souvenir Score

"The Prodigal Prince"

AN OPERETTA

PRODUCED BY

The Illinois Union Dramatic Club

OF

The University of Illinois

Book and Lyrics

HERMAN WILLIAM WEIS
LEONIDAS WILLING RAMSEY

Music

FLOYD WILLIAM MOHLMAN

Champaign-Urbana : April 11-12, 1913

Staged under direction of McELROY JOHNSTON
Chorus direction by LEO GREGORY HANA
Assisted by HERMAN WILLIAM WEIS
Musical Director, FLOYD WILLIAM MOHLMAN

Orchestrations by WILLIAM THOMAS PURDY
Manager LEO MAHLON APGAR
Assistant Manager, NATHANIEL McKay KNEISLY
Score Publisher ALVIN LOUIS WAGNER

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Cast of Characters

Alfred Arnold, the British Consul to Borcia
Eliza Lacklove, the woman who has been kissed
Jack Fullerton, an American attache to the King of Borcia
Helene von Ambach, Jack’s sweetheart
Count Herman von Ambach
Erasmus Brown, the music master’s servant
Franz Ehrmann, the music master
The King of Saxonia
Francissa Hohenstoff, Princess of Borcia
Frederic Hohenstoff, King of Borcia
Gendarmes and Court Officials

GEORGE A. NEWELL
HAROLD C. FULLER
DEAN H. SUNDELL
DONALD M. GLOVER
EDWIN G. BARRETT
NATHANIEL M. KNEISLY
CHARLES L. GUSTAFSON
LESTER E. FRAILEY
HARRY C. FULKS
MILTON G. SEVERINGHAUS
R. RAMSEY and H. MOHLMAN

Choruses

Two Court Dancers, specially coached by Miss Hazel Davidson,
GLEN C. BAINUM and KIMBALL V. ROOT

Music Students, Dancers
V. W. BEHEl, D. T. LARSEN, E. H. POOL,
H. S. VARGAS, F. E. GOULD, G. C. FELLER, F. M. HAZEN

Music Students and their Escorts, guests at the ball—

Girls—H. M. PAGE, C. J. HANLEY, C. M. FERGUSON, W. L. ASHBECK,
R. S. COTTER, L. M. GUMM, V. D. CYLKOWSKI, F. L. MILLS,

Men—G. V. CARRIER, E. E. LEOPOLD, B. F. RUSY, S. A. DURR,
H. A. STEINMEYER, S. T. SMITH, W. N. LEONARD, W. B. JARVIS, JR.

Synopsis of the Play

ACT ONE. Scene: The Music Studio.
ACT TWO. Scene: Garden Terrace to Royal Palace.

Managerial Staff

Leo M. Apgar, Business Manager
Alvin L. Wagner, Assistant Manager
Nathaniel M. Kneisly, Assistant Manager
Leslie A. Dole, Publicity Manager
Homer W. Deakman, Assistant Publicity Manager
Donald M. Glover, Press Agent

Stage Staff

Raymond Watts, Stage Manager
John M. Welch, Stage Carpenter
Lawrence Hall, Electrician
Albert P. Peyraud, Scenic Artist
C. Leroy Munroe, Wardrobe Manager
William G. Dunn, Asst. Property Man
The Illinois Union Dramatic Club was founded in the spring of 1911 by the cast, chorus and managerial staff of the "Maid of the Moon," the first musical comedy ever given at Illinois. The Illinois Union assumes all financial responsibility for the productions of the Dramatic Club. The latter, in turn, gives to the Illinois Union all the receipts of its productions. This aids the Union in securing funds to be used in the future to construct a building such as will foster democracy among the students of the University. The interest in the Dramatic Club is wholesome and well directed. It has developed, to a fair degree of efficiency, the production of original comic operas written by college men. These furnish pure, clean entertainment and amusement, and are of great educational value. The University and Young Men's Christian Association have been very generous in allowing the use of their buildings for rehearsals. This aid is warmly appreciated by both the Club and the Union. The hearty co-operation of the faculty committee on student activities, as well as the student participation in the productions, is to be commended, and has played an important part in the successful production of musical comedies up to date.

ROBERT R. REIMERT, JR.,
President.

McElroy Johnston, Leo G. Hana, and Messrs. Weis, Ramsey and Mohlman have worked, and are working incessantly, to produce "The Prodigal Prince" in the most finished style possible. I believe that they have succeeded, and I feel that the managers of the enterprise are very much indebted to them for the untiring efforts they have put forth. Not every university dramatic club has the opportunity of receiving the assistance of such capable coaches as McElroy Johnston and Leo G. Hana. Mr. Johnston has had a vast experience in opera in every kind, and has trained choruses for years. As a result of his ability and experience, he is capable of training the speaking parts and choruses to an extent which is seldom possible in college productions. Too much cannot be said of the excellent work of Leo G. Hana. He is entirely responsible for training the chorus and ballet in their dances.

The cast and chorus have given an enormous amount of valuable time toward the perfection of their parts, in order to stage an opera that will be a credit to the University of Illinois, and, it is hoped, be a stepping stone to a reputation for theatrical productions that will be second to none.

Personally, I wish to express my thanks to the staff for their efficient assistance on the business side of the project, and I sincerely hope that the financial balance will be sufficient to purchase a few bricks for the Illinois Union Building.

LEO. M. APGAR,
Manager.
The Illinois Union Dramatic Club is exceedingly fortunate this year in their gifted college play-writers who have developed a musical opera which is within the reach of amateurs, but one which would doubtless make a big success if worked out by a Broadway producer. In "The Prodigal Prince," H. W. Weis and Willing Ramsey have brought out a play considerably above the average. The plot is real, and the opportunities for staging are excellent. Characters are not merely thrown on the stage for no reason at all. Each speaking part, and the chorus as well, performs a definite part in the development of the plot. Each scene builds up the play to the end.

Fully an equal amount of credit is due F. W. Mohlman for the music of the opera. Mr. Mohlman is fully on a par with the playwrights, and in his line is superior to any in the college community. "The Prodigal Prince" should set a landmark for Illinois Union operas, in every way.

The play has been well cast. Milton Severinghaus is particularly fitted by nature to take the part of the tyrant king of Borcia. He is probably the best man in the cast. His voice and appearance add to the complete impression of the character. Lester Frailey, in the minor part of the King of Saxonia, shows the beneficial results of his past dramatic training in the finish of his work.

C. L. Gustafson, in the title role of the Prodigal Prince, shows gentility and refinement in interpretation. He has a fine voice that will show well in the part.

D. H. Sundell, playing the part of Jack Fullerton, a diplomat, has not only a splendid voice but considerable talent as an actor. His part is the longest in the play.

H. C. Fulks is endowed with an unusual speaking voice which fits him well for the part of the leading lady. He exhibits the attributes necessary for the winning part.

Don Glover is also blessed with suitable characteristics to play well the lady-in-waiting.

E. G. Barrett fills the minor part of the Count von Amshach in a pleasing and wholly satisfactory manner.

H. C. Fuller, whose character is the old maid, has a feeling for the part which could have been bred by nothing but association with spinster aunts. He makes the character very amusing. G. A. Newell, playing opposite Fuller, as a typical Englishman, has a part very difficult for an American to interpret, but he fills the character well.

N. M. Kneisly as Erasmus, the negro gentleman, has improved at each rehearsal. Past experience in similar parts warrants his success.

McELROY JOHNSTON.

The problem that confronts the physical director is the development of cooperation, that is, training the muscles and mind to act together in the desired manner. The essentials to successful accomplishment are initial grace and a small degree of human intelligence. The men I have trained possess these qualities in a degree.

If there is any one memory of "The Prodigal Prince" that I will regret, it is the thoughts I had while coaching the chorus. Compared with them, all the terms used to designate the runner who failed to touch second base would be as mild as a cruise in the back yard compared with a trans-Atlantic yacht-race.

It was not the chorus ladies who were the greatest source of my vexation, although their affectionate attitude was often embarrassing to a staid old married man like me, but it was the gentlemen who received the greatest expression of my ire. They could not seem to understand their position, and I could not help feeling that they doubted my ability to take care of so many gay, blushing, frivolous maids.

It was only after baring the bunny hug and turkey trot at rehearsals that anything could be accomplished.

Although the managers are entitled to all the salary for this production, we have put forth our best efforts to inflict upon the unsuspecting public as well-trained a chorus as could be worked up.
Borcia and Saxonia are small adjoining principalities in western Europe. The former country is ruled over by an extremely tyrannical king who has but one child, a daughter named Francissa. The King of Saxonia has only one son, named Franz. Franz has received his education at the University of Illinois, where he studied under an assumed name. While on the boat, returning from America to Saxonia, the young prince meets the Princess Francissa, who is also incognito. They fall in love, each believing the other to be beneath his rank.

At Brussels the princess evades him through fear of convention, and hurries home to Borcia. The prince follows and sets up a music studio in Borcia.

In the meantime a ball has been arranged, at which the engagement of the Princess Francissa to the Prince of Saxonia is to be announced. Since neither of the lovers knows that his forced fiancee is the true object of his affections, both the prince and the princess are very much against the engagement.

The first scene is in the music studio, on the night before the ball, when the princess comes secretly to take a music lesson. The music lesson is given. A love scene follows, and, to the tune of the “Kiss Waltz,” Franz kisses her. They are caught by Ludwig von Amsbach, a loyal supporter of the king. Since an edict has recently been issued making kissing a crime punishable by exile, Franz is exiled.

The second scene is at the ball, with everyone nervously awaiting the belated prince. The King becomes tremendously angry and gives his political adviser, who is also a graduate of Illinois, until nine o’clock to produce the prince. In the event of the prince’s not coming he is to be imprisoned. Franz returns. The political adviser tells about his predicament, and persuades Franz to play the part of the prince for a short time until word can arrive from Saxonia. So Franz plays the part of himself.

While Franz is playing the part, he of course discovers that the princess whom he is supposed to marry is also the girl he loves, and peace and happiness is restored.

The love plot of Eliza Lacklove and Alfred Arnold, the English consul, who has had a curse placed upon him making him kiss every pair of pursed lips he sees, ends happily when Eliza releases him of the curse.

The advent of the prince also brings Helen, the sweetheart of the American political adviser, back to her senses and love.
Opening Chorus, Act I

Words by
H. W. WEIS

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Cornet:

ff

rit.
p

a tempo

ff

rit.
p

Orch.

All

Students of music gay are we, Who labor the whole day long,

At
learning the rotes and notes of song, At learning what rhythms are wrong.

So every day we come here to see, The teacher so happy and free, We

smile and guile most all the while, And never a care have we.

Music and singing have no charms for us, For we hate the teacher the

Music and singing have no charms for you, Your hate for the teacher will
darn little cuss, We come with the maids thru jealousy, Thru
real-ly not do, You need 'not be filled with jealousy, Black

dependent upon the maids thru jealousy, For we never are, and we
jealousy, deep jealousy, For we like each of you, tho' you

never can be, Such a wonder with women as he. Tho'
ever can be, Such a wonderful man as he.

Piu mosso
But in spite of the music we're still very sad.

The youth of this country has been very bad;
And the king in an edict has made it a crime.

The indulgence in kissing for now and all time.
quasi recit.

A terrible crime for now and all time. The young bud of love is nipped in its prime. For the

Andante

king in his anger has made it a crime.

kiss or be kissed to the end of all time.

Piu mosso

king in his anger has made it a crime.

kiss or be kissed to the end of all time.
Students of music gay are we, Who labor the whole day long, At learning the rotes and
notes of song, At learning what rhythms are wrong. So ev'ry day we come
here to see, The teacher so happy and free, We smile and guile most all the while, And
never a care have we.

allarg. presto
What's A Kiss?
Alfred and Girls

Words by
H. W. WEIS

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Vivace

In Bor-ti-a we have a law which says it is a
A le-gal mind is so in-clined, it does-n't seem to

slip, To court a miss or plant a kiss up-on a curv-ing lip. In
care, For an-y-thing that seems to ring of love or maid-ens fair. I've
to exile without a trial brave youths are forced to flee, For
never disobeyed a law, in things the law rules me, But

nothing more than a craving for a bit of proximity. A
when the law makes love a thing, I'm filled with enmity. A

CHORUS

kiss is such a little thing, A dash, a flash of joy, A

brush of lips and finger tips, Pray whom could kissing annoy? If
osculation is a crime, I'll be a criminal all the time, A dainty miss, a moment of bliss, Oh where is the harm in a kiss? A kiss?
The Man From Illinois

Jack and Chorus

Words by
H. W. WEIS & WILLING RAMSEY

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Marcia

Every college has its college man,
From Princeton to

Ev - ry
col - lege has its col - lege man,
From Wa - bash to

Ev - ry
col - lege has its col - lege man,
From Prince- ton to

Voice

Michigan,
Boil er - mak-ers made at

Michigan,
There's Chi - ca - go where the
old Purdue, Where the fair co-eds are few.
post-grads go, College spirit there is low.

There's Northwestern, where the girls are fair,
Deah old Hah-vaed with its rah, rah, rah,

Engineers don't come from there,
Fellows, yes, they ah,

But the engineer and
But the fellow that we

Co-eds joy, Is the man that's from Illinois.
All enjoyment, Is the fellow from Illinois.
CHORUS

He's a loving, laughing college boy, He's a prince of a fellow from Illinois, All the girls adore him,

All the world is for him, He's ever loyal to you Illinois, Illinois.

If you see him you cannot go wrong, For he's
sure to be whistling this college song. (Whistle)

Then you'll know that he's from Illinois.

song. (Whistle)

Then you'll know that he's from Illinois.
At a court, which for pomp and for
In the end he was taught that the

grandeur was renowned, Lived a prince who was clothed in luxury, He was
happiness he sought, Lay away from life's empty vanity, He dis

Moderato

Voice

Vamp
covered with jewels and in satin he was gowned, But his boyhood was spent unhappy-hearted his jewels and his princely mockery, And he fled to a land where love was

ly.

For he loved a maiden who was much below his rank, And her free. For he learned the lesson of the principle of life, And he

dream-form would follow him and haunt him night and day. They would meet 'neath the stars and asked the maiden to become his lawful wife, In the land of the free he was

ternal love they'd swear, In a soft and gentle whisper he would say: living happily, In his dreams of her he'd whisper tenderly.
CHORUS

To me you are a Princess, you're the only one that I could love, Your

voice is like a melody, Your eyes are like the stars that shine above. My

heart and life are wrapped up in you, I'd give a king-ly crown to win you,

a tempo

To me, you are a Princess, and I love but you. To you.
Come gather 'round me maid-ens, dear, And
Now if you're still in-clined to be, A.

I will now re-late, Just how to be a music stude, With
music student great, I'll 'ni- ti- ate you fur- ther, in This
Come gather round the teacher, girls, With every trick and trait. Come gather round the teacher, girls, With every trick and trait.

Altho' 'tis very hard, dear sir, With most unhappy state. Altho' 'tis very hard, dear sir, With most unhappy state.

Silence be imbued, For he will tell at last just how To spirit we're imbued, And we would do most anything, To spirit we're imbued, And we would do most anything.

FRANZ

Be a music stude. It's not so very difficult, And be a music stude. I fear, dear girls, 'twill ruin you, But.

With the proper pow'r, You'll learn the trick quite readily, With if you think it best, I will attempt to teach you and In.
in this very hour. We're glad it's not too difficult, Or form you of the rest. At peril of our ruin now, The

else we'd lack the pow'r, To learn the music student trick, With generous man will show, The things an able music student

in a single hour. Really has to know.

CHORUS

Be sullen and morose,
Be soulful and artistic,
petulant and sad, Tie up your hair in
hemian and bold, Turn dreamy eyes to

little kinky knots. Be very rude and bad, Be
heaven When your soul in rapture's rolled. Take

sloppy most artistically, Call
fourteen hours of college work, Pay

man a tempting brute, Then you will be a
fifty dollars down, Then you will be a
music stude and capture great repute.

DANCE

piu mosso
The Kiss Waltz
Franz and Francissa

Words by
WILLING RAMSEY

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Tempo di Valse

VOICE

One night as the moon was just
The melody thrilled in each

lightly

VAMP

I sat in a big steam-er chair,
The

meas-ure,

With plea-sure and sor-row com-bined,
sound of the waltz of Francisca,
Dreams of the past and the future,

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

air.
The music was de- light-ful,

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

mind.

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

air.
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mind.

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

air.
The music was de- light-ful,

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

mind.

En-tranc-ing-ly came thru the
En-chant-ing-ly thronged to my

air.
The music was de- light-ful,
Kiss me tho' a kiss means good-bye, dear, ie, Close your eyes, just live for to-day,

Let's forget the world's full of sorrow, dear, Let's live while we may,

Kiss me while the kiss waltz they're playing, dear, Miss me when the twi-light is fading, dear, Love me, live for the present, dear, Kiss, tho' a kiss means good-bye, bye.
Now I have called this crowd to-geth-er, a crime I must re-
late, The

mu-sic teach-er kissed the girl, too hor-
ri-ble to state! He

kissed, he kissed, he kissed, he kissed, The mu-
sic teach-
er

kissed the girl, too hor-
ri-ble to state! He kissed, he kissed, he
kissed, he kissed, The music teacher kissed the girl, too horrible to state!

Moderato

Recit. ANDANTE

How could this thing have happened? I am sorely 

grieved, But you young man have committed a crime, This country you must leave.
CHORUS

Our hearts are filled with sorrow To see you leave this way, Our life and all we'd

gladly give, If we could have you stay.

FRANZ

Andante

Fare-well, Francisca, Fare-well, friends, My

heart is filled with pain, It breaks my
heart to leave you all, But I'll be back again.

Good-bye, dear friends, Good-bye,

CHORUS

bye, Good-bye! Fare-well, dear

Franz, Fare-well, Fare-well!
Opening Chorus, Act II

Words by WILLING RAMSEY

Music by F.W. MOHLMAN

Allegro vivace
Lively

We are gathered here to meet our noble prince elite,

Let's be merry and be gay, For this, our happy day,

He is pleasant and very grand, He's the noblest man in the land, We'll

all be here 'till break of day, He's the cause of the fun Hurrah!
You should be very happy now, For the

marriage alliance is made, For the welfare of your native land, You

need be no more afraid.
We are all very happy, now, For the marriage alliance is made, For the

welfare of this country, None need be more afraid Saxonia and

Bor-tia will e'er be hand in hand, We all are glad we cele-brate, O'er

all our native land.
Allegro

Then we'll dance, dance, dance, dance, to a gentle tune, and we'll take a stroll beneath the Summer moon, Let us all be happy and merry, while we may, Let us dance, dance, dance, 'till break of day, Let us dance, dance, dance, dance, let the music
ring, Let us all be happy, and laugh, and shout and sing. Well we'll
fill up our glasses and all take a chance, and we'll dance, dance,
dance, dance, dance, dance, dance.
I'm A Tyrant

Words by H. W. WEIS

Music by F. W. MOHLMAN

Very slow and pompous

Bow down, subjects of my

Turn pale, listen to my

crown

tale

Your knees should shake,

Some years ago.

At the

Lived a
fury of my frown, Bend low, smirking under-
cring-ing En-glish-man, A joke I played up - on the

nings, My ire is roused, to the pitch of tyrant kings
fool, I tweaked his nose with a black-smith's iron tool

Shake well, your miserable bones
He died, and humorous to state

I'm deaf to the tune of tortured groans
He saw the joke when 'twas too late

Ha, Ha,
Ha, my duty's ride, Ho, ho, for a tyrant's life. My
ha, my duty's ride, Ho, ho, for a tyrant's life. My

subjects' minds and bodies now I own;

hands will ever control my subjects' fate.

CHORUS

I'm a typical, terrible, torturing king. I'm a

monster of cruelty,

I bind up his hands, and in.
hot oil I fling, Any one who's an enemy. For the

crime of a kiss, from the land I dismiss. To the

love I'd do anything. For I'm a tyrannical

most puritanical bloody old sport of a king. I'm a king.
Educated

Erasmus

Words by
WILLING RAMSEY

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Con moto

When a fellow leaves a little town and off to college goes, He

dresses like an English sport, and spends the mighty dollar, He
spends some money on his books, but more upon his clothes, He
looks just like the fashion plate, they use for Arrow collar. He
goes out for the football team and makes the baseball squad, He
knows most all the chorus girls, and how to pick for looks. He
carries many honors when he should be 'neath the hood,
bones with dice most every night when he should bone on his books.
CHORUS

But be-cause he went to col-lege and be-cause he made the team. Be-

cause he knew the co-eds, and be-cause he was a scream, Be-

cause he drank ten bot-tles and was nev-er "pif-fli-ca-ted"

Peo-ple look at him and say "That man is ed-u-ca-ted. Now be-ca-ted."
The King's Waltz
COURT DANCERS

Allegro

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN
I am dreaming to-night of the old college days,
Of the memories far past re-
call

I see them all in pictures of smoke, From my
free

I see the games that we played long ago, The
pipe
now the best friend of all. Dear to our hearts are the
bleachers the girl there with me. I see the band and the

student days, And our prodigal wasteful leisure, For
cheering throng, And the melodies still remind me. That

fun was the thing, and youth the king, And life was a golden pleasure.
I’m true to you old, Orange and blue, Tho’ college days are but a mem’ry.

CHORUS

When I dream of the old college days, dear, The mem’ries of days free from
I see all the girls that I knew there, And the
one that of all seemed most fair; I see all the old college friends, dear, With
them can no others compare, My thots and my pipe are su-
preme for the night; When I dream of the old college days. When I days.
Tee Enn Ee
Franz and Jack.

Words by H.W. WEIS and WILLING RAMSEY
Music by F.W. MOHLMAN

Andantino

Mysterioso

ha! A-ha! A-ha! pst! How blows the wind, brother
ha! A-ha! Take care! beware! There's treach-er-y in the

Knucks? A skull and keys for Tee Enn Ee's The
air A grave is dug for Tee Enn Ee And
The wind, it moans and groans most dis-mal-ly.

The night be-fore I left the

spir-its hov-er 'round it fit-ful-ly.

I had a dream in which an

un-ver-si-ty, a

ghost ap-peared and whis-pered

owl from out a tree, flut-tered down to

earth and whis-pered

se-cret-ly to me; "I'm the ghost of Tom-my Ark-le, and din

se-cret-ly to me, "All the stu-dents and the fac-ul-ty are

on your trail, Ma-wan-da and I can't fail?

on your trail—Oh Tee Enn Ee turn pale?"
CHORUS

Tee Enn Ee, notorious Tee Enn Ee, unique, discreet, elite we meet to mix and brew a political stew,
nominees come on bended knee Men and faculty bow to me, The

king of the mystic, nihilistic, Dangerous T. N. E. Dangerous T. N. E.
Keep Cooing
Alferd, Eliza and Chorus.

Words by
H.W. WEIS

Music by
F. W. MOHLMAN

Tempo di Valse

VOICE

(ALFRED) Love, dear friends, is a soft tender
(ELIZA) Yes I agree most certain

My

glow, It is not what the poets claim
ly That love is a tender glow
burning fire of heart’s desire, A red and glistering
love’s a dove in the trees above As Alfred, dear, you should

flame, When the turtle dove woos he always cooes, In the
know, My heart is true as skies of blue My

fresh green leaves above If you would live most
eyes tell a tender tale I love you most un-

happily, Just love like the turtle dove.
happily For I love like a turtle dove.
CHORUS

So love, love, love, like a dove, dove, dove, like a dove keep a

woo-ing and bill-ing and coo-ing, So love, love, love, and you'll

nev-er get e-nough, If you love with a love like a dove, dove

do-ve, Keep coo-ing, coo-ing coo-ing — So coo-ing.
Finale. Act II
Duet, Franz and Francissa, and Chorus.

Words by WILLING RAMSEY and H. W. WEIS

Moderato

Music by F.W. MOHLMAN

To Me, you are a Princess, you're the only one that I could love.

Your voice is like a melody.

To Me, you are a Princess, you're the only one that I could love.

Your voice is like a melody.
eyes are like the stars that shine, above, My Heart and life are
wrapped up in you, I'd give a king-ly crown to win you
To me you are a prin-cess and I love but you.

eyes are like the stars that shine, above, My Heart and life are
wrapped up in you, I'd give a king-ly crown to win you
To me you are a prin-cess and I love but you.
Kiss me tho' a kiss means good bye, dear, close your eyes; just live for to day
Let's forget the world's full of sorrow, dear,
Let's live while we may
Kiss me while the kiss waltz they're playing, dear, Miss me when the twilight is fading, dear, love
me, Live for the present, dear, Kiss tho', a kiss means good-bye.

Allegro con moto

He’s a loving, laughing college boy, He’s a Prince of a fellow

from Illinois All the girls adore him all the
world is for him He's ever loyal to you, Illinois Illinois

If you see him you cannot go wrong, For he's sure to be

whistling this college song (Whistle)

Then you'll know that he's from Illinois.