

<b>“Home Sweet, Sweet Home”</b>		<b>Victorian Entertainment</b>	
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# 1). Home, Sweet, Sweet Home

Written by: John Howard Payne, Composed by Henry R. Bishop, 1821

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home  
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere  
Home, home, sweet, sweet, home!  
There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain  
O give me my lowly thatch'd cottage a..gain!  
The birds singing gaily that came at my call  
And give me the peace of mind, dearer than all  
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet, home!  
There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

# 2). Just A Song At Twilight

(Loves Old Sweet Song). Clifton Bingham, 1882

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall,  
When on the world the mists began to fall,  
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng  
Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;  
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,  
Softly it wove itself into our dream. .

**Chorus**

**Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,  
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,  
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,  
Still to us at twilight comes Love's old song,  
Comes Love's old sweet song.**

Even today we hear Love's song of yore,  
Deep in our hearts it dwells forevermore.  
Footsteps may falter, weary grow the way,  
Still we can hear it at the close of day.  
So till the end, when life's dim shadows fall,  
Love will be found the sweetest song of all.

**Chorus**

### 3). The Holy City

music by Michael Maybrick, lyrics by Frederic Weatherly, 1892,

Richard's Solo Please join in the Chorus:

Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Lift up your gates and sing,  
Hosanna in the highest! Hosanna to your King!

### 4). She was poor, but she was honest,

Anonymous ~ late 19thC

She was poor, but she was honest,  
Victim of the squire's game,  
First he loved her, then he left her  
And she lost her honest name.

#### Chorus

**It's the same the whole world over,  
It's the poor what gets the blame  
It's the rich what gets the pleasure,  
Ain't it all, a bleeding shame.**

Then she ran away to London  
For to hide her grief and shame,  
But she met another squire,  
And she lost her name again!

#### Chorus

See her riding in her carriage,  
In the park and all so gay,  
All the nobs and nobby persons,  
Come to pass the time of day

#### Chorus

In that rich man's arms she flutters,  
Like a bird with broken wing;  
First he loved her, then he left her,  
And she hasn't got a ring

#### Chorus

See him in his splendid mansion,  
Entertaining with the best,  
While the girl what he has ruined,  
Entertains a sordid guest.

#### Chorus

Standing on the bridge at midnight,  
She cries, "Farewell blighted love",  
There's a scream-a splash-Good  
Heavens!

What is she a-doing of?

#### Chorus

Then they dragged her from the river,  
Water from her clothes they wrang,  
For they thought that she was  
drowneded,  
But the corpse got up and sang.

#### Chorus

**Ain't it all, a bleeding shame.....?**

## 5). Pretty Little Polly Perkins

Written & Performed by Harry Clifton – 1865

I am a broken-hearted milkman, in grief I'm arrayed  
Through keeping of the company of a young servant maid  
Who lived on board and wages, the house to keep clean  
In a gentleman's family near Paddington Green

**Chorus: Oh! She was as ....**

**Beautiful as a butterfly and proud as a Queen**

**Was pretty little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green**

She'd an ankle like an antelope and a step like a deer

A voice like a blackbird, so mellow and clear

Her hair hung in ringlets so beautiful and long

I thought that she loved me but I found I was wrong. **Chorus**

When I'd rattle in the morning and cry "Milk below"

At the sound of my milk cans her face she did show

With a smile upon her countenance and a laugh in her eye

If I'd thought that she loved me I'd have laid down to die **Chorus**

When I asked her to marry me, she said "Oh what stuff"

And told me to drop it, for she'd had quite enough

Of my nonsense... At the same time, I'd been very kind

But to marry a milkman she didn't feel inclined **Chorus**

"Oh the man that has me must have silver and gold

A chariot to ride in and be handsome and bold

His hair must be curly as any watch-spring,

And his whiskers as big as a brush for clothing" **Chorus**

The words that she uttered went straight through my heart

I sobbed and I sighed, and I straight did depart

With a tear on my eyelid as big as a bean

I bid farewell to Polly and to Paddington Green **Chorus**

In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl

But it was not a 'Wi-count', and it was not a 'Nearl'

It was not a 'Barronite', but a shade or two 'wus'

It was a bow-legg'd conductor of a Tuppenny Bus **Chorus**

## 6). Monologue

MATILDA, A cautionary tale, Hilaire Belloc		Penny
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## 7). Dear old pals, jolly old pals

G.W. Hunt – 1877

**Chorus** We're dear old pals, jolly old pals  
Clinging together through all sorts of weather  
Dear old pals, jolly old pals,  
Give me the friendship of dear old pals.

We do snug little dinners, and they pass off very nice,  
I put my old pal in the chair, He makes me take the vice;  
We toast our gracious Majesty, We don't forget "the gals",  
But the toast of the evening is "Success to true old pals!" **Chorus**

## 8). Two Lovely Black Eyes

**Charles Coborn.** **Robin's Solo** Please join in the chorus:  
**Two lovely black eyes.... Oh what a surprise....**  
**Only for telling a man he was wrong, Two lovely black eyes....**

## 9). Daisy Bell *Harry Dacre 1890's*

**Solo by Richard Green, please join in the Chorus:**

**Chorus:** 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'll look sweet upon the seat; Of a bicycle built for two

There is a flower within my heart. Daisy, Daisy!  
Planted one day by a glancing Dart, Planted by Daisy Bell!  
Whether she loves me or loves me not, Sometimes it's hard to tell..  
Yet I am longing to share the lot Of beautiful Daisy Bell! **Chorus**

We will go tandem as man and wife. Daisy, Daisy!  
Ped'ling our way down the road of life. I and my Daisy Bell!  
When the road's dark and we both despise P'licemen and "lamps" as well;  
There are "bright lights" in those dazzling eyes Of beautiful Daisy Bell! **Chorus**

I'll stand by you in "wheel" or woe Daisy, Daisy!  
You'll be the bell(e) which I'll ring! You know! Sweet little Daisy Bell,  
You'll take the "lead" in each "trip" we take, Then if I don't do well;  
I will permit you to use the "break". My beautiful Daisy Bell! **Chorus**

# 10). Oh ! Mister Porter

Written by: Thomas Le Brun, Composed by: George Le Brun 1893

**Chorus:** Oh! Mister Porter, what shall I do?  
I want to go to Birmingham  
And they're taking me on to Crewe,  
Send me back to London as quickly as you can,  
Oh! Mister Porter, what a silly girl I am! **Repeat**

# 11). The Flying Trapeze

Written by George Leybourne, composed by Alfred Lee, 1868

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn. Like an old coat that is tattered and torn, Left on this wide world to fret . and to mourn, Betrayed by a maid in her teens..... The girl I lov'd was handsome... I tried all I know to please.... But I could not please her . one quarter so well, Like to man on the flying trapeze.	<b>Chorus:</b> <b>Oh! He'd fly through the air with the greatest of ease A daring young man on the flying trapeze His movements were graceful, all girls he could please And my love he purloined away.....</b>
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# 12). Champagne Charlie is my name

Written by George Leybourne, composed by Alfred Lee, c 1868

**Chorus** For Champagne Charlie is my name,  
Drinking Champagne is my game  
Good for any game at night, my boys,  
Good for any game at night, my boys,  
Champagne Charlie is my name,  
Drinking Champagne is my game  
Good for any game at night, boys,  
Who'll come and join me in a spree.

From Coffee and from supper rooms, from Poplar to Pall Mall,  
The girls on seeing me exclaim Oh! What a Champagne swell!  
The notion 'tis of ev'ry one, if t'were not for my name,  
And causing so much to be drunk, they'd never make Champagne. **Chorus**

# 13). The man who broke the bank

## at Monte Carlo Fred Gilbert, 1892

**Chorus:** Oh! As I walk along the Bois Boo-long  
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 Car..... lo.....

I've just got here through Paris, From the sunny southern shore;  
I to Monte Carlo went, Just to raise my winter's rent,  
Dame Fortune smiled upon me, As she'd never done before,  
And I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent .....  
Yes, I've now such lots of money, I'm a gent .....

**Chorus**

# 14). If It Wasn't For The 'Ouses In Between

Written by : Edgar Bateman, Composed by: George LeBrunn, 1894

**Chorus:** Oh! it really is a wery pretty garden  
And Chingford to the Eastward could be seen  
Wiv a ladder and some glasses  
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes  
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between

If you saw my little backyard  
"Wot a pretty spot", you'd cry  
It's a picture on a sunny summer day  
Wiv the turnip tops and cabbages  
Wot people doesn't buy  
I makes it on a Sunday look all gay

**Chorus**

The neighbours finks I grow 'em,  
And you'd fancy you're in Kent  
Or at Epsom if you gaze into the mews  
It's a wonder as the landlord  
Doesn't want to raise the rent  
Because we have such nobby distant views

**Chorus**

# 15). My Old Dutch

Written by: Albert Chevalier, composed by: Charles Ingle 1892

Sweet fine old gal,  
For worlds I wouldn't lose 'er,  
She's a dear good old gal,  
An' that's what made me choose 'er.  
She's stuck to me through thick and thin,  
When luck was out, when luck was in,  
Ah! wot a wife to me she's been,  
An' wot a pal!

**Chorus**

**Chorus**

**We've been together now**

**for forty years,**

**An' it don't seem a day too much,**

**There ain't a lady livin' in the land**

**As I'd "swop" for my dear old Dutch.**

**There ain't a lady livin' in the land**

**As I'd "swop" for my dear old Dutch.**

# 16). The Boy in the Gallery

Written and composed by: George Ware, 1885

**Chorus:**

**The boy I love is up in the gallery**

**The boy I love is looking down at me**

**There he is, can't you see, waving of his handkerchief**

**As happy as the Robin that sits in the tree.**

The boy that I love, they call him a cobbler,  
But he's not a cobbler, allow me to state.

For Johnny is a tradesman and he works in the Boro'

Where they sole and heel them, whilst you wait.

**Chorus**

# 17). Monologue

**THE GREEN EYE OF THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD. J M Hayes, A melodrama Penny**





## 20). Heart of Oak

Music: William Boyce (1711-1779) Words: David Garrick in 1759

Robin Solo

Come cheer up my lads! tis to glory we steer,  
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;  
To honour we call, you as freemen not slaves,  
For who are so free as the sons of the waves.

**Chorus (Please join in):**

**Heart of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,  
We always are ready, steady boys, steady.  
We'll fight and we will conquer again, and again.**

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run why we follow, we run them ashore;  
For if they won't fight us we cannot do more. **(Chorus)**

## 21). Rule, Britannia!

Poem: James Thomson 1740, Music : Thomas Arne.

**Chorus:           Rule, Brit..annia! Brit..annia, rule the waves!  
                      Bri..tons ne...ver, never, never shall be slaves.**

When Britain first..., at heaven's com..mand,  
A..rose....from out the a...zure main,  
A.rose A.rose A.rose, from out the a...zure main,  
This was the charter,  
the char...ter of the land,  
And Guar..dian An.....gels sang this strain:  
Rule, Brit.annia! Brit..annia, rule the waves!  
Bri..tons ne...ver, never, never shall be slaves.

**Chorus**

# 22). I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!

(When I Was A Lad)

HMS Pinafore

Gilbert & Sullivan

David Solo

Soloist	Chorus (Please Join In)
<p>When I was a lad I served a term As office boy to an Attorney's firm. I cleaned the windows and I swept the floor, And I polished up the handle of the big front door.</p> <p>I polished up that handle so carefuller That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</p> <p>As office boy I made such a mark That they gave me the post of a junior clerk. I served the writs with a smile so bland, And I copied all the letters in a big round hand.</p> <p>I copied all the letters in a hand so free, That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</p> <p>In serving writs I made such a name That an artiled clerk I soon became; I wore clean collars and a brand-new suit For the pass examination at the Institute.</p> <p>That pass examination did so well for me, That now I am the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</p> <p>Of legal knowledge I acquired such a grip That they took me into the partnership. And that junior partnership, I ween, Was the only ship that I ever had seen.</p> <p>But that kind of ship so suited me, That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee!</p> <p>I grew so rich that I was sent By a pocket borough into Parliament. I always voted at my party's call, And I never thought of thinking for myself at all.</p> <p>I thought so little, they rewarded me By making me the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</p>	<p><b>He polished up the handle of the big front door.</b></p> <p><b>He polished up that handle so carefuller, That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!</b></p> <p><b>He copied all the letters in a big round hand.</b></p> <p><b>He copied all the letters in a hand so free, That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</b></p> <p><b>For the pass examination at the Institute.</b></p> <p><b>That pass examination did so well for he, That now he is the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</b></p> <p><b>Was the only ship that he ever had seen.</b></p> <p><b>But that kind of ship so suited he, That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee!</b></p> <p><b>He never thought of thinking for himself at all,</b></p> <p><b>He thought so little, they rewarded he, By making him the Ruler of the Queen's Navee!</b></p>

Now landsmen all, whoever you may be,  
If you want to rise to the top of the tree,  
If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,  
Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.

**Be careful to be guided by this golden rule.**

Stick close to your desks and never go to sea,  
And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!

**Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee!**

## **23). Onward, Christian soldiers**

**Music: A. Sullivan**

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus going on before  
Christ, the royal Master, leads against the foe  
Forward into battle see His banners go

### **Chorus**

**Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war  
With the cross of Jesus going on before**

Like a mighty army moves the church of God  
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod  
We are not divided, all one body we  
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity      **Chorus**

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and wane  
But the church of Jesus constant will remain  
Gates of hell can never against that church prevail  
We have Christ's own promise, and that cannot fail      **Chorus**

Onward then, ye people, join our happy throng  
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song  
Glory, laud and honor unto Christ the King  
This through countless ages men and angels sing      **Chorus**

## 24). When all night long

Iolanthe.

Gilbert & Sullivan

When all night long a chap remains  
On sentry-go, to chase monotony  
He exercises of his brains,  
That is, assuming that he's got any.  
Though never nurtured in the lap  
Of luxury, yet I admonish you,  
I am an intellectual chap,  
And think of things that would astonish you.

**I often think it's comical – Fal, la, la!      Fal, la, la!**  
**How Nature always does contrive – Fal, la, la.....!**  
**That every boy and every gal**  
**That's born into the world alive**  
**Is either a little Lib..eral,    Or else a little Conser..vative!    Fal, la, la!    Fal, la, la!**  
**Is either a little Lib..eral,    Or else a little Conser..vative! Fal, la, la!**

When in that House M.P.'s divide,  
If they've a brain and cerebellum, too,  
They've got to leave that brain outside,  
And vote just as their leaders tell 'em to.  
But then the prospect of a lot  
Of dull M. P.'s in close proximity,  
All thinking for themselves, is what  
No man can face with equanimity.

**Then let's rejoice with loud Fal la – Fal, la, la!      Fal, la, la!**  
**That Nature always does contrive – Fal, la, la .....!**  
**That every boy and every gal**  
**That's born into the world alive**  
**Is either a little Lib..eral, Or else a little Conser..vative!    Fal, la, la!    Fal, la, la!**  
**Is either a little Lib..eral, Or else a little Conser..vative!    Fal., la., la..!**

## 25). When Britain really ruled the waves –

Iolanthe

Gilbert & Sullivan

David Solo

When Britain really ruled the waves –

(In good Queen Bess's time)

The House of Peers made no pretence

To intellectual eminence,

Or scholarship sublime;

Yet Britain won her proudest bays, In good Queen Bess's glorious days!

Yet Britain won her proudest bays, In good Queen Bess's glorious days!

**Chorus (Please join In).**

**Yet Britain won her proudest bays**

**In good Queen Bess's glorious days!**

When Wellington thrashed Bonaparte,

As every child can tell,

The House of Peers, throughout the war,

Did nothing in particular,

And did it very well:

Yet Britain set the world ablaze, In good King George's glorious days!

Yet Britain set the world ablaze, In good King George's glorious days!

**Chorus (Please join In).**

**Yet Britain set the world ablaze**

**In good King George's glorious days!**

And while the House of Peers

withholds Its legislative hand,

And noble statesmen do not itch

To interfere with matters which

They do not understand,

As bright will shine Great Britain's rays, As in King George's glorious days!

As bright will shine Great Britain's rays, As in King George's glorious days!

**Chorus (Please join In).**

**As bright will shine Great Britain's rays**

**As in King George's glorious days!**

## 26). "My Grandfather's Clock"

My grandfather's clock was too large for the shelf  
So it stood ninety years on the floor  
It was taller by half than the old man himself  
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more  
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born  
And was always his treasure and pride  
But it stopped, short never to go again  
When the old man died

### **Chorus:**

**Ninety years without slumbering, tik,tlk,tik,tok  
His life seconds numbering, tik,tok,tik,tok  
It stopped, short never to go again  
When the old man died**

My grandfather said that of those he could hire  
Not a servant so faithful he found  
For it wasted no time and had but one desire  
At the close of each week to be wound  
And it kept in its place, not a frown upon its face  
And its hands never hung by its side  
But it stopped short, never to go again  
When the old man died

### **Chorus**

It rang and alarmed in the dead of the night  
An alarm that for years had been dumb  
And we knew that his spirit was pluming for flight  
That his hour for departure had come  
Still the clock kept the time with a soft and muffled chime  
As we silently stood by his side  
But it stopped short, never to go again  
When the old man died

### **Chorus**

## 27). On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At ? !

(Traditional English - Yorkshire)

Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee,  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!  
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?  
Wheear 'as ta bin sin ah saw thee?

**Chorus:**

**On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!**

**On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!**

**On Ilkla Moor baht 'at?!**

Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane,  
Tha's been a coartin' Mary Jane |

**Chorus**

Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd,  
Tha's bahn t'catch thi deeath o'cowd

**Chorus**

Then we shall ha' to bury thee  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Then we shall ha' to bury thee  
Then we shall ha' to bury thee

**Chorus**

Then t'worms'll cum and eat thee oop  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at

Then t'worms'll cum and eat thee oop  
Then t'worms'll cum and eat thee oop,  
**Chorus**

Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms,  
Then ducks 'll cum and eat oop t'worms  
**Chorus**

Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks,  
Then we shall go an' ate oop ducks  
**Chorus**

Then we shall all 'ave etten thee  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
Then we shall all 'ave etten thee  
Then we shall all 'ave etten thee  
**Chorus**

That's wheer we get us oahn back  
On Ilkla Moor baht 'at  
That's wheer we get us oahn back  
That's wheer we get us oahn back  
**Chorus**

## 28). Monologue

THE RUINED MAID, Thomas Hardy, A tale of dual standards

Penny