

No.22

SONG (King Gama, with Chorus of Girls)

Cue: (Ida): "My tortured Father!"

Allegretto Vivace

Gama:

1. When - e'er I spoke Sar-cas-tic joke Re-plete with ma-lice spite - ful, This

peo-ple mild po-lite-ly smil'd, And vo-ted me de-light - ful!

Now when a wight sits up all night Ill-na-tur'd jokes de-vi - sing, And

all his wiles Are met with smiles, It's hard, there's no dis - guis - ing!

Ah! ————— Oh, don't the days seem lank and long When

all goes right and nothing goes wrong And isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With

Chorus:

nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at! Oh isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With

nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at! 2. When

Ger-man bands From mu-sic stands Play'd Wagner im-per-fect - ly- I

bade them go They didn't say no, But off they went di - rect - ly!

The or - gan boys They stopp'd their noise, With

rea - di - ness sur - pris - ing, And grin - ning herds of hur - dy - gurdy Re -

tired a - po - lo - gis - ing! Ah! ————— Oh,

don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong And

p

Chorus:

isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With nothing what-ever to grum-ble at! Oh

f

isn't your life ex-treme-ly flat With nothing what-ever to grum-ble at!

Gama:

3. I of-fer'd gold In sums un-told To

p

all who'd con - tra - dict me I said I'd pay a pound a day To

a - ny - one who kick'd me. I

brib'd with toys Great vul-gar boys To ut - ter some-thing spite - ful, But,

bless you, no! They would be so Con-foun-ded - ly po - lite - ful!

Ah! ————— In short, these ag-gra - va-ting lads, They

p

tickle my tastes, they feed my fads, They give me this and they give me that And I've

Chorus:

nothing whatever to grum-ble at! Oh, isn't your life ex-treme - ly flat With

f

nothing what-ever to grum-ble at!

(Dialogue)