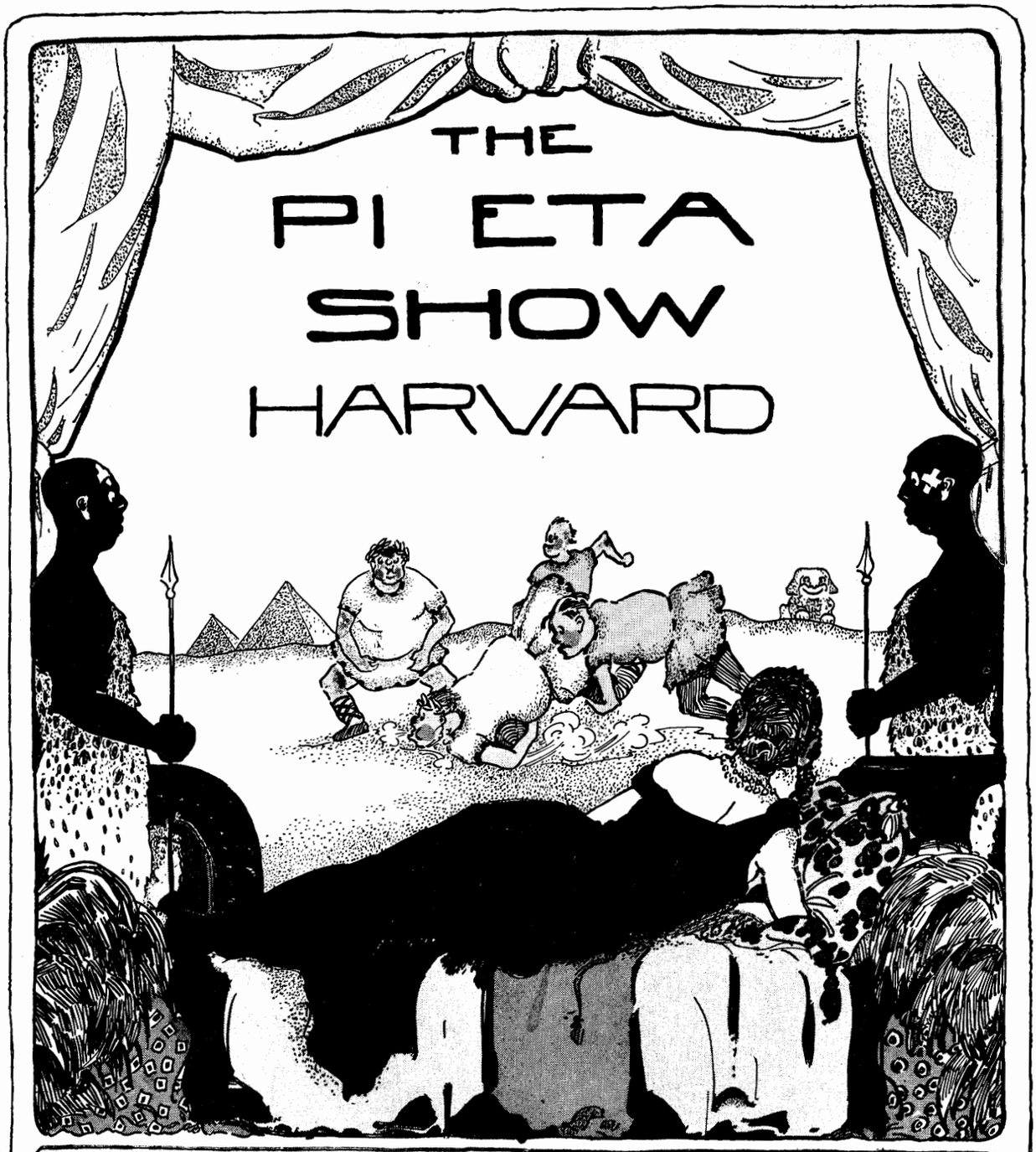


FIRST DOWN, EGYPT

MUSIC BY HARLOW, FISK, DILL

19-23

BOOK BY GEROULD

R.L. Wright

146730

PI ETA THEATRICALS

1923

FIRST DOWN, EGYPT

A musical comedy in two acts
Prologue and epilogue

Book by

RICHARD DODGE GEROULD '24

Lyrics by

MALCOLM DOLE '24
KELLOGG GARY '24
RICHARD D. GEROULD '24
WILLIAM H. HARKNESS '24
LEWIS A. HARLOW '23
WILLIAM HOUSTON KENYON, JR. '21
CHARLES H. MORGAN II '24
RICHARD WAIT '23

Music by

LEWIS AUGUSTUS HARLOW '23
ARTHUR A. FISK, JR. '22
MALCOLM H. DILL 3SLA

Pi Eta Theatre, Cambridge
Graduates' Night, Wednesday, December 20

Public Performances

Tuesday, January 2 | Wednesday, January 3 | Friday, January 12

WHITNEY HALL, Brookline .. .. .. Friday, January 5th
PLAYERS' HALL, West Newton .. .. Saturday, January 6th
INFANTRY HALL, Providence .. .. Tuesday, January 9th

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

In the Order of their appearance

AQUA FORTIS, Only son of the King	*C. C. Carpenter '24*
SWEENEY, The King's stenographer	*Kellogg Gary '24*
KING MUD, King of the Golden River	*Curtis Nelson '24*
ANDREW CARLTON, Quarterback, Harvard '16	*J. R. Weist '23*
MARY STEVENS BLAIR, of 399 Fenway, B.B. 3770-W	*C. H. Morgan, II, '24*
ENOBARBAS, Who took military science with Antony.	*J. J. Collier '23*
MARDIAN, Cleopatra's Enrico Caruso	*W. E. Collins, Jr. '24*
CHARMIAN, Both confidente and confident	*Paul Mendoza, Jr. '23*
IRAS, A valuable piece of brass in Cleo's service	*Kellogg Gary '24*
A SOOTHSAYER, Who missed his own age	*Curtis Nelson '24*
LIGHTNIN', A messenger to Antony.	*R. S. Flinn '23*
OCTAVIUS CAESAR, A triumvir, by Gosh	*R. H. Sears '24*
OCTAVIA, A worthy decoration in any home	*P. F. Pond '25*
CLEO'S MESSENGER, As dumb as he looks	*M. S. Jones, I.L.*
THE COMEDY ELEMENT	*P. L. Cheney, 2 S.L.A.*

Sons and Daughters of King Mud. Roman Soldiers,
Egyptian Dancers, Slaves, and Girls.

Golden River Glide

Lyric by
C. H. MORGAN, II

Music by
M. H. DILL




CHORUS
We hur - tle on tur - tles a - mong the dark green weeds And
8va
qua - drille grace - ful - ly a - mong the reeds. At
min - u - ets we shine, Our waltz - es are di - vine, And fox-trots, pol - kas,
tan-goes all in line. So skip-ping and slip-ping, right


mer - ri - ly we dance, And hop - ping, then stop - ping, with
8va
green-eyed lov - ing glance; On ev - ery sum - mer af - ter - noon we
res - o - lute - ly slide The com - pli - ca - ted Gold - en Riv - er
1.
2.
Glide.
Glide.

My Name Is Mud

Lyric by
R. D. GEROULD

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




ding, dong. And now that
I am old - er and much bold - er I
must say:
CHORUS
They give a lad the name of his dad, That's not so bad.


They call her Em - ma af - ter her ma, And there you
are. It's ev - i - dent just what they meant
When fa - ther said: My son, your
name is Mud."
3
Fine

PATTER

1. Fa - ther calls me "Bil - ly" just to get my goat,—
   Sis - ter calls me "Dum - bell" which is mean - ing - less,—
2. J. H. Wil - liam Shake-speare had the right i - dea—
   True to Bill's pre - dic - tion "Heads" the pen - ny read—

Moth - er calls me "Iv - 'ry" 'cause she says I float,—
All my aunts and un - cles cri - ti - cize my dress,—
When to An - nie Hath - a - way he said, "My dear,—
"Now for ba - by broth - er, let us match in - stead."—

All the fel - lows kidd me when I say that I'm a king, Now is - n't that pe-cul - iar- a non-
Lots of peo-ple seem to think that I de-serve the blame For
Now that goodness gra-cious has just giv - en us some twins Let's flip a coin to name them, I will
Anne was quite dis-gust-ed with this gam-bling on his name For

1.

sen - si - cal thing.
bet Ju-dith wins."

2.

hav - ing such a dem - o - cra-tic ple - bi - an name.
Ham - let on the side-lines did-n't get in the game.

D.S. al Fine

Looking Backward

Lyric by
KELLOGG GARY

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




Come stand by me now while you hear me: Look-ing
And miss that old al-lur-ing glo - - ry.
REFRAIN
back-ward o - ver cen-tur-ies, Back from Bos - ton
to E - gypt-ian seas, Can't you see the well known
croc - o - dile, And wise old Sphinx who sits and thinks and nev-er seems to


smile. Oh, I can see great Cle - o - pa-tra there, Float-ing
down on gild - ed barge so fair, But my wish so
true is to be there with you, Look-ing back - ward down the
8va
1.
Nile. Look - ing
2.
Nile.
8va

Dance of the Nile

LEWIS A. HARLOW




p-f


8va
ff
dim.
p
1.
2.

Just A Dime, Dear

Lyric by
KELLOGG GARY

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW

Fox Trot




Say! you look out! But if you will be nice to me, dear, Pay my
price, now, I can tell how you'll find the man of your dreams.
Pa - ra - dise seems in your reach for
REFRAIN
Just a dime, for a dime, dear an - y - thing that you want to


know. I know well, I can tell, dear, It is
not high for a lot, why, Man-y would char ge you five dol-lars or
so. Put it here, now my dear, you shall hear of the
fu - ture and past. I'm a seer, but don't fear,


you won't hear now of night be - fore last.
Just ten cents, ten more pence, dear, What I ask for all of this
news. I'm a sieve, if you give, you shall live, dear, Free from
1.
those fierce nerve rack-ing blues.
2.
those fierce nerve rack-ing blues.
3

Roaming to Rome

Lyric by
C. H. MORGAN II

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




All she ev - er did was make me blue - er. I am
But I'm go - ing back to Rome a - gain, lads.
REFRAIN
roam - ing, seas are foam - ing, I am
roam - ing back to Rome. Though I'm
glad - der, Cle-o's mad - der Than an


ad - der Take my word. For I've heard Rom-an debs are bud - ding,
Bids are flood - ing Ev-er - y mail, Thick as hail. So I'll
sail With-out fail, Then come on home - o, On to Rome, bo, I am
1.
2.
going to Rome. I am Rome.

I Forgot To Kiss You Good-bye

Lyric by
W.H. HARKNESS Jr.

Music by
ARTHUR A. FISK, Jr.

Slow - Sentimental

VOICE

PIANO

p

Ped.

(*Ant.*) I for-got to kiss you when I left, I for-got to say good-
(*Cleo.*) No one ev-er razzed me safe-ly yet, And I don't in-tend to

bye to you. So I have re-turned For my heart has burned For my ser-pent
stand for it, So you run a-long With your dance and song, It won't go with

CHORUS

of old Nile. Cle-o-pa-tra, dear-est queen,
me, my lad. I have known a lot of men

p

Kiss me ere I go, Rome is
Bet-ter than you are: I am


far and in be - tween Might - y wa - ters flow.
no old Ro man hen I am E gypt's star.
I prom - ise I will love you near or far. Ev - en though
Be - lieve me If you don't a - pol - o - gize. You will find
we must now part. I will think of you night and day In
this place so hot. That you'll think bat - tle - fields are just like
Peace and War, Fair keep - er of my heart.
Par - a - dise, And Death's sting no thing but rot.

Us and Our Sweeties

Lyric by
W. H. HARKNESS, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




Ev - ery - thing but wed - ding rings.
Just as now with - out a care.
REFRAIN
Us and our sweet - ies, we stay up all night But we're
Us and our sweet - ies went down to Re - vere But we
al - ways quite good. (Chorus) Oh ve - ry good.
real - ly were good.
Some-times it's true when we come home we're tight But we
In the dark tun - nels folks act - ed so queer But we


still are quite good. (Cho.) Oh ve - ry good. Of - ten of
real- ly were good. Peo - ple a -
course the folks don't all ap - prove, But when the land - lad - y
head were en - twined in a knot, Lov- ing and kiss - ing and
kicks we can move. Us and our sweet - ies some - times stage a
that sort of rot. We do not pet when there's an - y - one
fight But we Real - ly are good. (Cho.) Oh ve - ry good.
near But of course we are good.

My Gridironed King

Lyric by
RICHARD WAIT

Music by
ARTHUR A. FISK Jr.

Rather slow and dreamy



CHORUS

Bright




Cae - sar is whol - ly white washed His hopes are
all squashed By score un - told
I - sis has willed that you I shall win My Your own An -
tho - ny My Your Grid - iron'd King.
sf
p
p
p

I Want to Tell You

Lyric & Music by
M. H. DILL



146730

CHORUS

I want to tell you she's such a cute lit - tle thing (She

weighs two hun - dred pounds) Oh boy

when she starts in to sing (She makes the most a - tro-cious in-ar-

tic - u - late sounds.) And when she dan - ces (She nev - er touch - es the floor


I lead an aw-ful life)
Ev'-ry-one that sees her's bound to en-vy me (How I ev-er
Ev'-ry now and then she cud-dles up to me
stand it is a mys-ter - y) She may be fat but she can shake a
wick-ed knee What's that to me, Say! she's my wife. wife.
1.
2.

The Wireless Blues

Lyric by
W. H. HARKNESS, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




bove dwell - ing on O - lym - pus, ei - - - - ther.
wind thru the heav - en far a - bove her,
I will get Mark An - to - ny or some one dies.
And he hears her say what in old days she wrote.
REFRAIN
An - to - ny! An - to - ny! How I wish that you were here be - side me to - day
Wish that I could see you come thru the door.


An - to - ny! An - to - ny! I must feel your arms a - bout me in the same way
As so of - ten you have held me be - fore.
I am lone - ly, so lone - ly, why don't you come back
to me? I am wait - ing and long - ing to


sit with you here, close to my knee. An-to-ny! An-to-ny!
Cle-o-pa-tra's call-ing you – from Rome come a-way Al-ex-an-dri-a is
yearn-ing for you E-gypt's roy-al queen is feel-ing so blue.
1.
2.
feel-ing so blue.

Many Ways Of Dying

Lyric by
W. H. KENYON, Jr.
W. B. LEACH, Jr.

Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




Is a ling'-ring death from eat - ing toast - ed glue. The ways of
Is to plunge right in my bath with light - 'ning tread.
REFRAIN
dy - ing Are oft times try - ing
f
I sit a - lone and dream a - bout them. For
dy - ing, Now I'm not ly - ing


— Is some what ril - ing, — When - e'er I
try to fig - ure out a good way,
dear. I must con - fess my fears, — I might give
way to tears, — One more to find some cy - a -


nide right on my mel - on rind. But this life
grows old, My plans to die un - fold
I want to be laid out all stiff, stark and
1.
cold. The ways of
2.
cold.
cresc.

Another Sister

Lyric and Music by
LEWIS A. HARLOW




But there's con - so - la - tion in hav - ing An - oth - er
Pay the check and go home with "Ma - ma" I've got a
REFRAIN
p
sis - ter to add to my col - lec - tion of sis - ters,
f
p
mf
Girls who have turned me down An - on - ly child
mf
by my fa - ther and moth - er You'd be sur -


f
p
prised how man - y call me broth-er This time I nev-er ev - en kissed her or
held hands Al-though I tried my best, Now what I've
f
got is a sis - ter, An - oth - er sis - ter. To
1.
2.
join the rest An-oth - er rest.

Dance of the Dumb Waiter

Novelty Piano Solo

LEWIS A. HARLOW.

Fox Trot.




pp
f
dim. - - in - u - en - do
pp
f
cresc.
ff
mf


TRIO


1.
2.
cres - cen - do