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AS PLAYED AT THE

NEW YORK CASINO.

# The Rounders

A VAUDEVILLE IN THREE ACTS

Adapted from the French

Lyrics by

HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by

LUDWIG ENGLANDER.



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# Life is a Toyshop.

Words by  
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by  
LUDWIG ENGLANDER.

**Piano.**

I re - mem-ber, I re-mem-ber when I was a lit - tle girl - y in a  
mem-ber, I re-mem-ber when I was a lit - tle lad - die how at  
toy shop win-dow I be-held a doll, oh its teeth, were white and pear - ly and its  
sol-diers I would play with mim - ic strife, oh my drum how I would thump it and I  
*rit.*  
hair was fair and cur - ly it was gay with fur be - low and fol de  
blew my toy tin trum-pets, un - til all the neigh - bors swore to have my  
*rit.*

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rol. If pa - pa bought it for you when you  
life. I know the kind of in - stru - ment of

*p*

begged him for the same how it filled your heart with  
tor - ture that you mean, 'twas the kind that com - fort

tem - po - ra - ry bliss it — sped and shut its eyes when you would  
neigh - bors in a flat, and the folks that lived next door in vain for

tip it up or down and — when you wound it up it walked like this. When  
mer - cy would implore Then they sent in word to slay that hor - rid brat. Un -

*rit.*



in its lit - tle chest a lit - tle spring I pressed, it squawked Pa - pa ma - ma, it  
til your hands were numb you'd beat up - on that drum That trum - pet I would toot, a

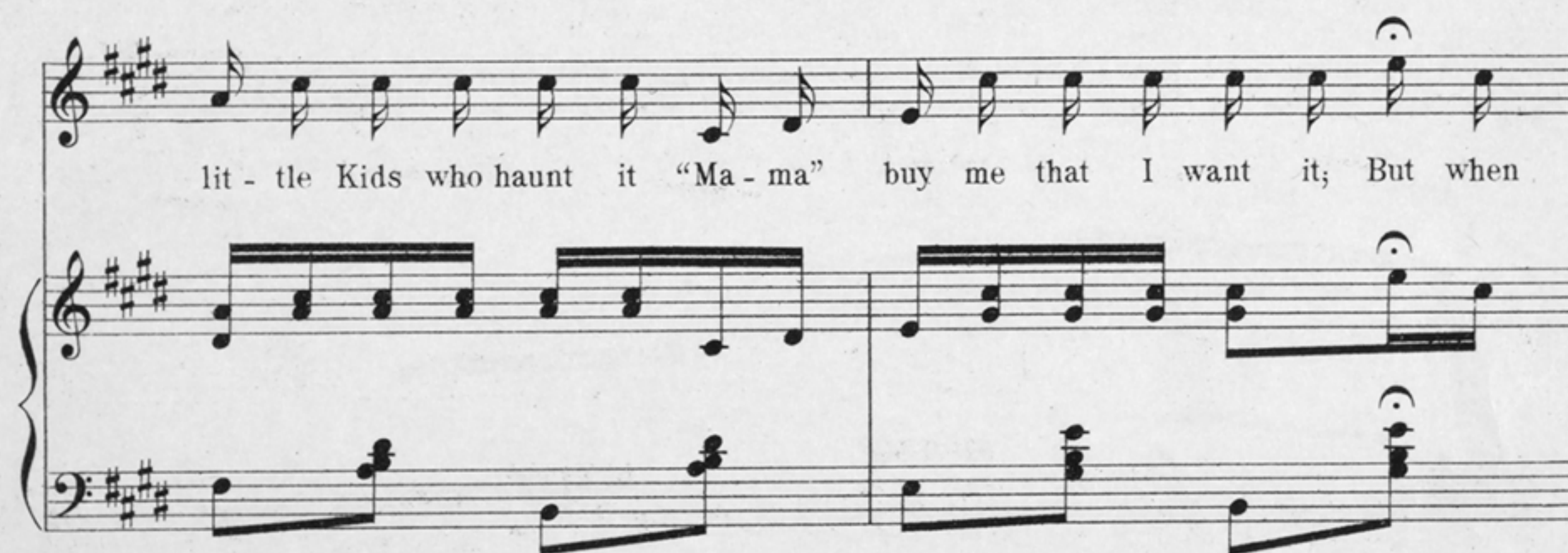
laughed ha ha ha ha, But much as 'twas ad - mired of  
pop - gun I would shoot, A shin - gle smate you sore If you

it I soon got tired to o - pen it you tried to see what was in -  
loved those toys no more when I disturbed the peace the neigh-bors yelled "Po -

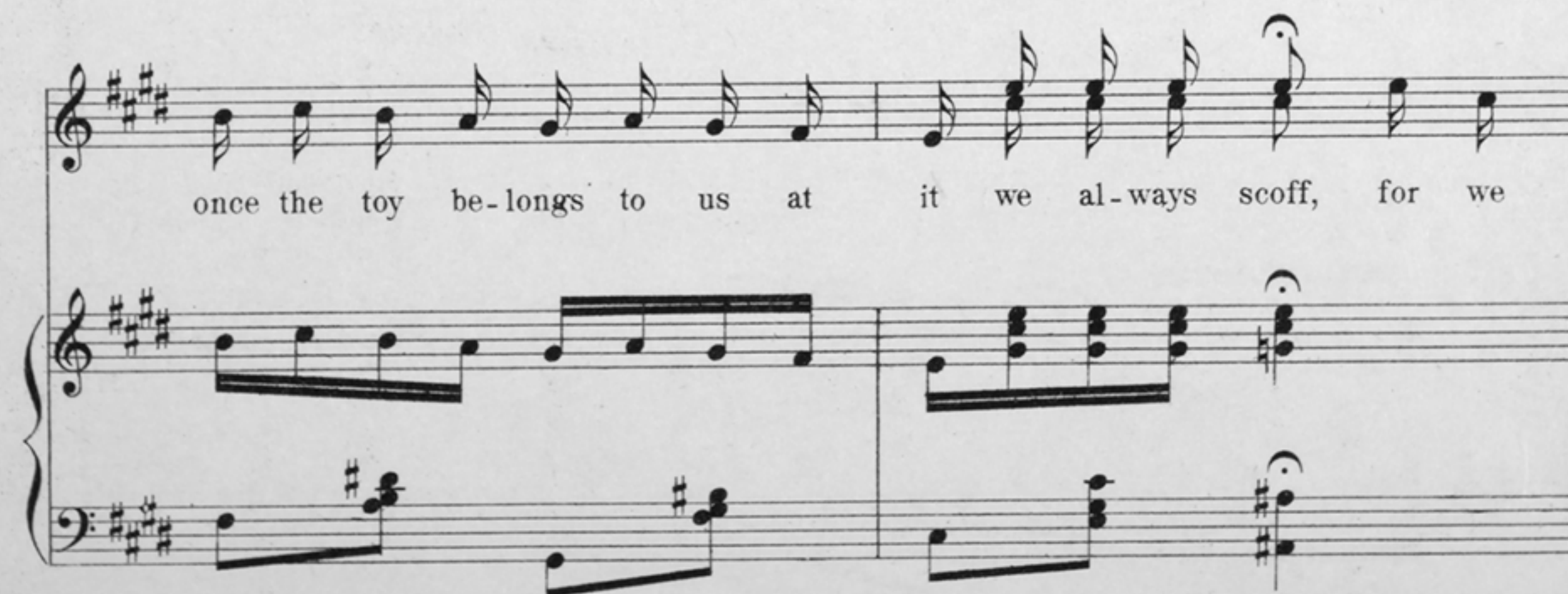




side.  
lice!" Oh this life is but a toy-shop on a great big scale, We're the



lit - tle Kids who haunt it "Ma - ma" buy me that I want it; But when



once the toy be-longs to us at it we al-ways scoff, for we



1.

find it stuffed with saw-dust and the paint comes off!

**Dance.**

2.

2. I re - paint comes off!



## Dance.

