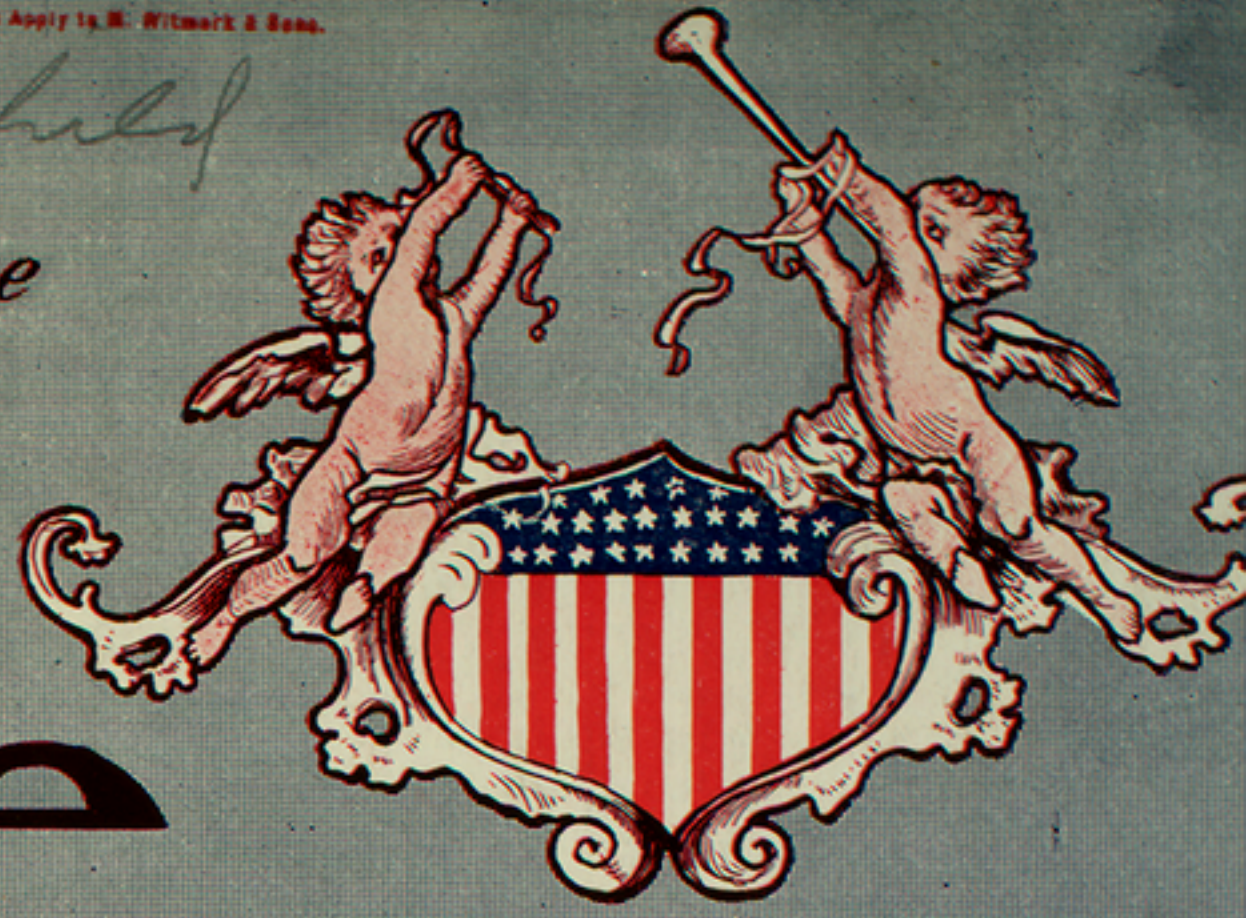


Gilbert & Sullivan's

Management - *Henry W. Savage*



The

Yankee

Consul

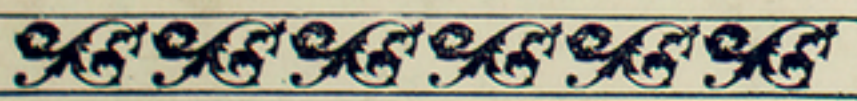
A
COMIC OPERA
IN 2 ACTS

WORDS BY

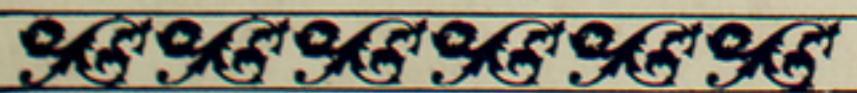
Henry M. Blossom Jr.

MUSIC BY

Alfred G. Robyn



In the
Days of Old



50

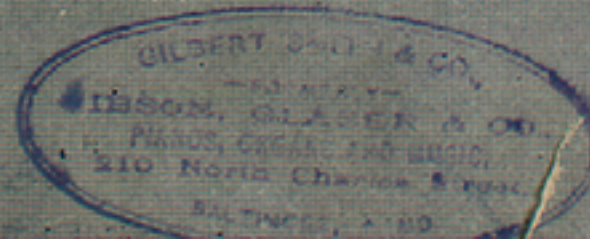
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In The Days Of Old.

"Bi" and Girls

Words by
HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.

Music by
ALFRED G. ROBYN.

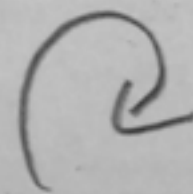
Moderato.

Piano. *mf*

It is strange what a change has come o-ver the world Since the days of
Walk-ing back from the track where I lost all my stack, As I trudged the

long a - go, _____ The dis - tinc - tion of cast is a thing of the
dust - y road _____ I was passed by a "jay" with a cart load of

past 'Tis a bank ac - count now you must show. _____ To be
hay And his own in - di - vid - u - al load. _____ And he



rude and to stare and to fre-quent - ly swear, Is con - sid - ered the
stopped and in - quired: "Don't the walk make you tired?" And I an - swered him

thing in smart sets _____ And I shud - der to think that some
"Yes" with a smile. _____ Then he said: "I must go but if

real la - dies drink, And a few e - ven smoke ci - gar - ettes. _____ It was
walk - ing's too slow I'd ad - vise you to run for a while? _____ It was

Con anima.

not like that in the old - en days, Which have passed be - yond re - call In the
not like that in the old - en days, Which have passed be - yond re - call In the

rare old, fair old gold - en days, It was not like that at
 rare old, fair old gold - en days, It was not like that at

all Then we all did just what we ought to do, Or if
 all Then the "rubes" all stood for the bun - co game And they

not we nev - er told, I sigh in vain, to live a - gain In the
 bought the brick of gold, These "jays" were not so wise a lot In the

1. days of old. It was days of old. 2. Fine DS al Fine.

1. It is strange what a change has come over the world,
 Since the days of long ago,
 The distinction of cast is a thing of the past,
 'Tis a bank account now you must show.
 To be rude and to stare and to frequently swear,
 Is considered the thing in smart sets
 And I shudder to think that some real ladies drink,
 And a few even smoke cigarettes.

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
 Which have passed beyond recall.
 In the rare old, fair old golden days,
 It was not like that at all.
 Then we all did just what we ought to do,
 Or if not we never told;
 I sigh in vain, to live again,
 In the days of old.

2. Walking back from the track where I lost all my stack,
 As I trudged the dusty road,
 I was passed by a "jay" with a cart load of hay
 And his own individual load.
 And he stopped and inquired: "Don't the walk make you tired?"
 And I answered him "Yes" with a smile.
 Then he said, "I must go but if walking's too slow,
 I'd advise you to run for a while."

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
 Which have passed beyond recall.
 In the rare old, fair old golden days,
 It was not like that at all.
 Then the "rubes" all stood for the bunco game,
 And they bought the brick of gold,
 These "jays" were not so wise a lot,
 In the days of old.

3. But the change that is strangest of all that I know,
 Is the style of ladies' dress.
 Where this dangerous trend will eventually end,
 Is a thing we can none of us guess.
 The hoopskirt is gone and they've put nothing on—
 That will answer its purpose or place.
 And the bustle that once did such beautiful "stunts,"
 Has been lost with its outlines of grace.

Chorus. It was not like that in the olden days,
 That have passed beyond recall.
 In the rare old, fair old golden days,
 It was not like that at all.
 Then the new "straight-front" and the "habit-back,"
 Had not even been foretold.
 Imagination had some play;
 In the days of old.