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1906

## Major Marjory: Tita and Chorus

Raymond Hubbell

*Composer*

Robert B Smith

*Lyricist*

Eooy

*Illustrator*

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# MAJOR MARJORY



## Gems from the Opera

"MAJOR MARJORY"  
"MY DOUBLE"  
"I WAS JUST SUPPOSING"  
"I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU"  
"WHERE I'RE I GO"  
"WE'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN"  
"THE BOLERO"  
"NOW HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THAT?"  
"THE FIDDLE WEATHER VANE"  
"TAKE CARE, SENOR"  
"GRAFT"  
"UNITED WE STAND"  
(March Song)  
"I AM THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET"  
"THE LORELEI"

From the  
Comic Opera  
"MEXICANA"

Lyric by Robt. B. Smith  
Music by Raymond Hubbell



AS SUNG BY  
CHRISTIE  
MAC DONALD  
IN "MEXICANA"

Published by Permission of Charles  
New York, Owner of the Co.

Vp-009774  
1905  
MAJ

MUSIC SECTION NEW YORK AMERICAN AND JOURNAL, SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1906

Le

# Major Marjory.

Lyric by  
ROBT. B. SMITH.

Tita and Chorus.

Music by  
RAYMOND HUBBELL.

Tempo di Marcia.

TITA.

There once was a mil - i - ta - ry maid,  
She car - ried no arms this maid - en fair, (GIRLS.)

CHORUS.

With  
And

*Solo.*

Who led to the front a  
But found lots of arms a -

ep - au - let,  
she was chased, (MEN.)

And gold - en braid.  
Yes ev - 'ry - where.

*Solo.*

bold bri - gade,  
round her there, (GIRLS.)

She  
She

A pert co - quette,  
My what a waist, (MEN.)

A man - ly maid.  
How did they dare?

car - ried no weap - ons of war - fare sad,  
 car - ried no pow - der up - on her clothes, (GIRLS.)

No  
 Still

*Solo.*  
 Ex - cept - ing the ones she had  
 Ex - cept - ing the pow - der meant  
 dead - ly arms, (MEN.)  
 she could win,

No ar - mour clad?  
 Who e'er she chose,

al - ways had, 'Twas  
 for her nose, (GIRLS) But

Her love - ly charms, (MEN.)  
 An aq - ui - line,

That's just as bad.  
 Which stood the blows.

hard for a man to sur - ren - der to a  
 ev - er - y man stood en - rap - tured till he

was he found that he had been cap - tured, But pray —  
found that he had been cap - tured, But pray

what oh, what could a fel - low do who was pierced clear through?  
how oh, how could a fel - low fight a - gainst eyes so bright?

REFRAIN.

When Mar - jo - ry dashed on the field, The  
*p-f*

ea - e - my was sure to yield, Shed a flash of the

eye that no man could de - ry, When once he'd see.

Ma - jor Mar - jo - ry. When ry.