

Theatre Restaurant 9/11/89  
1997.107 0041

# BLENHEIM OPERATIC SOCIETY

presents

# BIG LIL'S MUSIC HALL

## Menu

*Crumbed whitebait fillets with a  
ta ta ta ta tear sauce*

*Big Lil's Bang'Quet  
Over ridden most succulent,  
scintilatingly stuffed Old Cow*

*Blind new potatoes  
- ie u poke the i out*

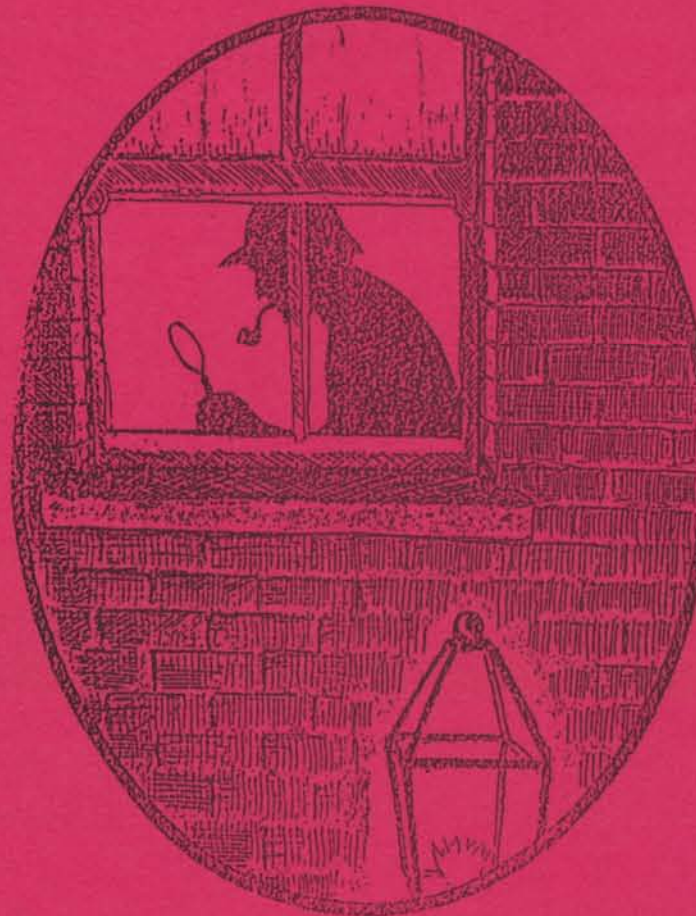
*Asparagus as you like it  
or as you don't!*

*Glazed carrots*

## FINALE

*Multiflavoured cake with a melodious cover*

*COFFEE or TEA & SNUFFLES (sorry .. truffles)*



## CAST LIST

Chairman	Jim Vause
Resident Warbler	Audrey Cooper
James	Tracey Henry
Sandra	Gillian Bowers
Dr Carlyle	Nick Ward
Inspector	David Mercier
Constable	Phil de Voil
Big Lil	Pat Domigan
Two Thugs	David Waters & Peter Goodin
Professor	David Waters
Girl and Sister	Rachael Aitken & Mardi Troke
Swimming Master	Tracey Henry
Waitress	Viv Forsyth
Herald	Barbara Williams
Cinderella	Lynelle Martin
Priamrose	Linda Cowan
Violet	Cynthia Brooks
Prince	Alan Slack
Hairy God Mother	Phil de Voil
Footman	Peter Goodin
Pink Pussy	Rachael Aitken
Chorus	Annette Vercoe Lisa Madson Merelena Pears Audrey Cooper Mardi Troke Murray Adrian Margaret Hayward & Jim Vause

## Pianists

## PRODUCTION PERSONNEL

DIRECTOR	Ray Pearson
CO-ORDINATOR	Paul Anderson
MUSICAL DIRECTORS	Helen White & Sandra Cowan
CATERING	Viv & Nev Patchett Lorriane & Norm Wilson
STAGE MANAGER	Arthur Phillips
LIGHTING	Harry Harrison & Arthur Phillips
PROPERTIES	Arthur Phillips
WARDROBE	Glyn Moselyn Ken Hosken
MAKE-UP	Colleen Elwood
FRONT OF HOUSE	Gaeline Cairns & Margaret Dodd
TICKET SALES	Jennifer Jones & Elaine Blair
PUBLICITY	Maureen Waters
HEAD WAITRESS	Gail & Robin Mullen
TABLE SPRAYS	Cynthia Erskine Maureen Waters

Acknowledgements The Emporium Booking Office  
A E Sadds Ltd

AFTER THE BALL

After the Ball is over,  
After the break of morn,  
After the dancers' leaving  
After the stars are gone  
Many a heart is aching  
If you could read them all.  
Many the hopes that have  
vanished. After the Ball.

SCOTTISH MEDLEY

Roamin' in the Gloamin'  
On the Bonnie Banks of Clyde  
Roamin' in the Gloamin'  
With a Lassie by your side,  
When the sun has gone to rest,  
That's the time that I love best,  
O, its lovely roamin' in the  
gloamin'.  
I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie  
lassie  
She's as pure as the lily in the  
dell,  
She's as sweet as the heather,  
The bonnie, bonnie heather,  
Marry, ma Scotch Bluebell  
Just a wee deoch and doris  
Just a wee yin, that's a'  
Just a wee deoch and doris,  
Before we gang awa'  
'There's a wee wifie waitin'  
In a wee but anben  
If you can say "It's a braw  
briecht moonlicht nicht"  
You're a' richt, ye ken."  
A Gordon for me, a gordon for  
me  
If ye're no a Gordon ye're no  
use to me.  
The Black Watch are braw the  
Seaforths and all,  
But the cocky wee Gordon's the  
Pride of them all.

**The Blenheim Amateur  
Operatic Society**

invite you to  
Singalong at

**BIG LIL'S  
MUSIC  
HALL**

November 1989

IF THOSE LIPS COULD ONLY  
SPEAK

If those lips could only speak,  
If those eyes could only see,  
If those beautiful golden tresses  
Were there in reality.  
Could I only take you hand,  
As I did when I took your name,  
But it's only a beautiful picture,  
In a beautiful golden frame.

LET THE REST OF THE  
WORLD GO BY

With someone like you, a pal  
good and true,  
I'd like to leave it all behind,  
and go and find  
Some place that's know, to God  
alone,  
Just a spot to call our own,  
We'll find perfect peace,  
Where joys never cease,  
Out there beneath a kindly sky  
We'll build a sweet little nest,  
somewhere in the west,  
And let the rest of the world go  
By

GOODBYEE

Goodbye, Goodbye, Wipe the  
tear, baby dear from your eye-ee  
Tho' it's hard to part, I know,  
I'll be tickled to death to go,  
Don't cry-ee, don't sigh-ee  
There's a silver lining in the sky  
-ee  
Bonsoir, old thing! cheerio Chin  
Chin  
Nahpoo, Toodle-oo. Goodbye.

1997/07-0041

### DOWN AT THE OLD BULL AND BUSH

Come, come, come and make eyes at me  
Down at the old Bull and Bush  
Come, come, drink some port wine with me  
Down at the Old Bull and Bush.  
Hear the little German band  
Just let me hold your hand dear  
Do, do, come and have a drink or two,  
Down at the Old Bull and Bush.

### TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a Tavern in the town,  
and there my true love sits him down  
Sits him down, and drinks his wine  
and laughter free, and never,  
never thinks of me  
Fare thee well for I must leave thee,  
do not let the parting  
grieve thee, and remember that the  
best of friends must part, must part.  
Adieu, adieu kind friends,  
adieu, adieu, adieu I can no  
longer stay with you,  
Stay with you.  
I'll hang my head on a weeping willow  
tree and may the world go well with thee.

### HOLD YOUR HAND OUT, NAUGHTY BOY!

Hold your hand out, you naughty Boy  
Hold your hand out you naughty boy  
Last night in the pale moonlight, I saw you  
I saw yer!  
With a nice girl in the park  
You were strolling full of joy  
And you told her you'd never kissed a girl  
before,  
Hold your hand out, you naughty Boy!

### DAISY BELL

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do  
I'm half crazy just for the love of you  
It won't be a stylish marriage  
I can't afford a carriage  
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat  
of a bicycle built for two.

### LILY OF LAGUNA

She's my lady love, she is my dove, my baby  
love  
She's my girl for sitting down to dream  
She's the only girl Laguna knows.  
I know she loves me, I know she loves me  
Because she said so  
She is my Lily of Laguna  
She is my Lily and my Rose

### FLANAGAN

Flanagan, Flanagan,  
Take me to the Isle of Man a-gain  
Take me where the folk all cry,  
K - E - double L - Y!  
Flanagan, Flanagan,  
If you love your Mary-Ann, oh!  
Flanagan,  
Take me to the Isle of Man!  
Man!

### THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO

As he walked along the Bois Boulong with an  
independent air  
You can hear the girls declare, he must be a  
millionaire  
You can hear them sigh and wish to die  
You can see them wink the other eye  
At the man who broke the bank at Monte  
Carlo.

### MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie  
To watch the scene below  
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie  
As we use to long, long ago.  
The green grove is gone from the Hill,  
Maggie,  
Where first the daisies sprung:  
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie  
Since you and I were Young.  
And now we are aged and grey, Maggie  
And the trials on life nearly done.  
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie  
When you and I were young.

### PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES

Pack up your troubles in the old kitbag  
And smile, smile, smile  
While you've a lucifer to light your fag,  
Smile, Boys that's the style.  
What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worth while,  
So!  
Pack up your troubles in the kitbag  
And Smile, smile, smile.

### I DO LIKE TO BE BESIDE THE SEASIDE

I do like to be beside the seaside,  
I do like to be beside the sea.  
I do like to stroll along the Prom, Prom,  
Prom,  
Where the brass bands play Tiddly Om Pom  
So just let me be beside the seaside  
I'll be beside the sea with glee  
And there's lots of girls beside  
I should like to be beside  
Beside the seaside  
Beside the sea.