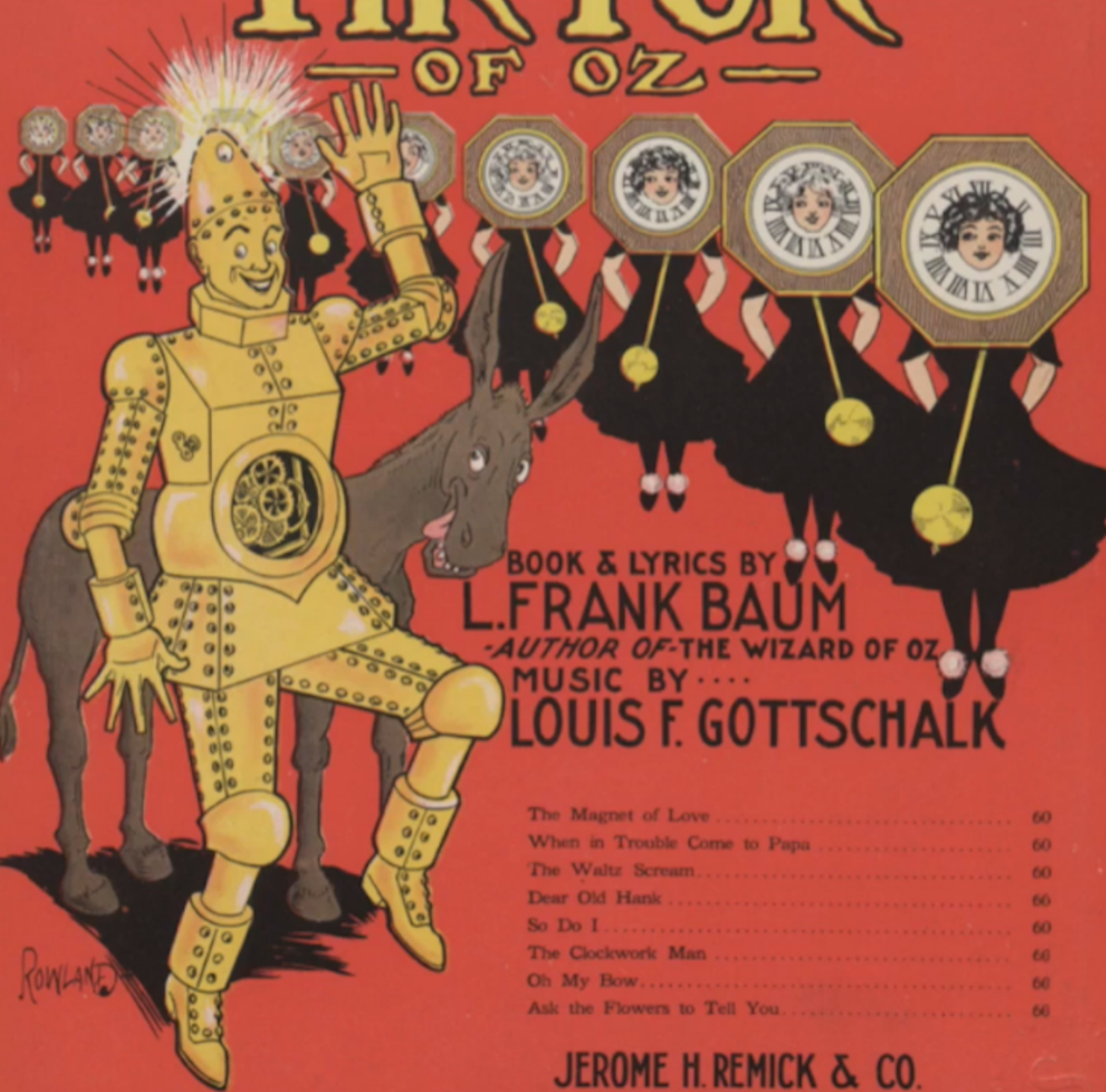


OLIVER MOROSCO'S EXTRAORDINARY PRODUCTION

THE **TIK-TOK** MAN — OF OZ —



BOOK & LYRICS BY
L. FRANK BAUM
-AUTHOR OF THE WIZARD OF OZ-
 MUSIC BY
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK

The Magnet of Love	60
When in Trouble Come to Papa	60
The Waltz Scream	60
Dear Old Hank	66
So Do I	60
The Clockwork Man	66
Oh My Bow	66
Ask the Flowers to Tell You	66

JEROME H. REMICK & CO.
 NEW YORK DETROIT

Work, Lads, Work

Lyric by
L. FRANK BAUM

Ruggedo and Metal Imps

Music by
LOUIS F. GOTTSCHALK

Allegretto

PIANO

Moderato con moto

RUGGEDO

Work, lads, work! Don't let me catch you lagg-ing:
 Work, lads, work! For ven-geance and for glo-ry;

LK

rubato

Work, lads, work! With spir - it nev - er flagg-ing! You've got a lot of
 Work, lads, work! Each blow will tell its stor - y! We'll forge the shack - les

things to do Be - fore you quit, I prom - ise you, There'll be no rest till
 for man - kind. Whose lust for met - al makes 'em blind, Their fate is in our

you are through So work, lads, work! So work, lads, work!
 net en - twined, So work, lads, work! So work, lads, work!

poco rit. *molto rit.* *pp* *sfz* *pp*

Allegretto grazioso **METAL IMPS**

We're
He's

poco rit. *p*

a tempo

mak - ing spir - it ca - bi - nets to fool the hu - man race, And
 known to be a wick - ed King and foe to hu - man kind; No

a tempo

muz - zles for your moth'r - in - law to wear up - on her face: Our
 one so ver - y wick - ed in this u - ni - verse you'll find; From

thirst pro - duc - ers are so fine we can - not make e - nough: Our
 love and sen - ti - ment he turns, to strive for hate a - lone; He's

cor - set steels and French high heels to tor - ture are the stuff.
 con - science nev - er trou - bles him so wick - ed has he grown.

Moderato con moto
RUGGEDO

Work, lads, work, You've got to keep a go ing! Work, lads, work! And
Strike, lads, smite The gold so cold and yield-ing, Clash and crash! Your

f *mf* *sfz* *f* *mf*

set the forg - es glow - ing! Our or - ders you must prompt-ly fill, Be -
ham - mers no - bly wield - ing; And let your an - vils sing the song Of

sfz

cause our pro - ducts fill the bill, So heave your ham - mers with a will, And work, lads,
all our staunch and might-y throng. The pro - fits all to me be - long So smite, lads,

work! So heave your ham - mers with a will, And work, lads,
smite! The pro - fits all to me be - long So smite, lads,

f *pp* *p*

Maestoso
GIRLS

We will work be-cause we must, Rain-ing might-y blows and just,

TENOR

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong,

BASS

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong,

BELLS ANVIL

RUGGEDO

work! —
smitel! —

Maestoso

Bellows blow-ing, Forges glow-ing, Labor is the common lot. We are hard-y, sturd-y, bold,

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong,

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong,

Beat-ing out the gleam-ing gold; Sparks a fly-ing, Fire de-fy-ing, Strik-ing while the met-a-l's hot!

MEN
Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Dong.

Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Ding, Dong, Dong.

So
The

lads, work, rah!
lads, smite, rah!

lads, work, rah!
lads, smite, rah!

lads, work, rah!
lads, smite, rah!

heave your ham-mers with a will And work, lads, work, rah!
pro-fits all to me be-long So smite, lads, smite, rah!