How soon we all forget these little things

Words by ALBERT CHEVALIER

Music by ALFRED H. WEST

(Figure of an ancient Briton appears.)

I remember you distinctly some few thousand years B.C. I was jilted by a lady M'r Rider Haggard's "She" I was present when she plunged into the fire and came out young, And I
wrote a leader on it in a prehistoric tongue! How
soon we all forget these little things! We
may have been great criminals or kings In the
dim and distant past; But time flies so very fast. Still, it's
strange we should forget these little things.

2

(Figure in Elizabethan Costume appears.)

That face clean-shaven takes me back two hundred years or more
The days of William Shakespeare—Ahl what chums we were of yore!
I recollect the first night of Macbeth, I spoke the tag
And the Bard of Avon chided me for springing a new gag!

How soon we all forget these little things!
A stoup of sack I ordered in the wings.

We drank to Good Queen Bess,
And then wished the play success;
Still, it's strange we should forget these little things!

3

(Various figures pass Professor. Finally, Last Century Figure appears, sword in hand.)

I remember you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and you,
How I fought and killed my rival—I can feel my blade pierce through;
And the woman for whose love I risked my life in gallant style?
Sometimes 'tis well that memory should rest a little while!

How soon we all forget these little things!
Ahl! Time and Cupid both make use of wings;
But as recollection clears
We review the countless years—
It seems strange we should forget these little things!