# The Count of Luxembourg

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Tempo di Marcia
SOPRANO & CONTRALTO
Let the

Car - ni - val! Make the most of Car - ni - val!

TENOR

Car - ni - val! Make the most of Car - ni - val! Let the

BASS

Car - ni - val! Make the most of Car - ni - val! Let the

Tempo di Marcia

bottle pass

Who has got the wine? Can we get a glass? Here are some—that's fine!

CHO.

bottle pass Who has got the wine? Can we get a glass? Here are some—that's fine!

bottle pass Who has got the wine? Can we get a glass? Here are some—that's fine!
CARNIVAL! Here's a toast to CARNIVAL!

As Bohemians! Which has more to give Than another man's!

life we live As Bohemians! Which has more to give Than another man's!
Laugh—Love—and never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!
And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Bohemia)
Fools) And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Fools)

Fools) And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Fools)

Fools) And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Fools)

Fools) And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Fools)

Laugh—Love—And never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!

Laugh—Love—And never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!

Laugh—Love—And never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!
And in Bohemia (King Folly rules) Rollicking

And in Bohemia (King Folly rules) Rollicking

And in Bohemia (King Folly rules) Rollicking

Jolly King King Carnival!

Jolly King King Carnival!

Jolly King King Carnival!
Carnival! East and West is Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

Follow where we go! All a-

Carnival! East and West is Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

Follow where we go! All a-

Carnival! East and West is Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la, la,

long the street, Come and join the show—Make it more complete!

Follow where we go! All a-

long the street, Come and join the show—Make it more complete!

long the street, Come and join the show—Make it more complete!
MIMI.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,

You are Carnival! That's the best of Carnival!

CHO.

Carnival! That's the best of Carnival! You are Carnival! That's the best of Carnival! You are

not de trop.

An-y-one we meet Whether high or low! Come a-long, toute suite!

not de trop, An-y-one we meet Whether high or low! Come a-long, toute suite!

not de trop, An-y-one we meet Whether high or low! Come a-long, toute suite!
"BOHEMIA."

SONG—(Brisard) and CHORUS.

No 2.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Voice.

Allegretto quasi Marcia

PIANO.

BRIS.

Anyone who knows me Could not suppose me Gloom-y, or glum, or sad!

BRIS.

Generally "times are bad" I am always gay and glad!
Here's the why and wherefore—All that I care for My little world can give; In the little life I live

I'm contented with my lot. Happy with my lot all tho' it's not a lot I've got! Some one to laugh with— Une
BRISSARD.

cho - ré - a - mie!

CHORUS.

Some-one to chaff with — Et sans en - nui!

BRIS.

Some-one to kiss — Bra - vo, Bris - sard! I have found

this In Bo - he - mi - al! Some-one to smoke with — Plits

CHO.

Ca - po - rals!

BRISSARD.

Some-one to joke with — The best of pals!
BRIS.

Someone who smiles When things look black— Under the

CHORUS.

tiles Of my Three pair Back! Under the tiles of my

CHO.

Tempo I.

Three Pair Back!

BRIS.

2. Oh, the World of Fashion Has my compassion—Money is all they’ve got!
Girls who marry must have what
We in French would call a "dot."

Here they can refuse to Mind their P's and Q's too Marrying whom they please;

Live on kisses, bread and cheese;
I shall marry by and by

Someone who has got no 'dot' and not a jot care I!
Some day they'll marry (Some one and I)

Some how they tarry (I don't know why)

Heaven above What shall we lack

If we have love In our Three Pair Back?

DANCE.
“PIERRETTE AND PIERROT.”

No 3.

SONG — Juliette — and CHORUS.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Vivace

Piano

Allegretto moderato

JUL.

Pi - er - rot and Pi - er-ette
(Just like you and me)
Pi - er - rot put on his hat—
Said he'd go a - way;

JUL.

Had their lit - tle sup - per set,
(Just as ours might be!)
Pi - er - rette, a - mused at that,
Begged him not to stay!

JUL.

He had asked her for a kiss;
(Kind - ly make a note of this!)
"Pi - er - rette," cried Pi - er - rot,
"Will you real - ly let me go
Just as (in parenthesis) You ask'd me!
Out into the wintry snow This cold day?

Pi - er - ette, I don't know why,..... Following a whim,
Pi - er - ette, I don't know why,..... Felt her eyes grow dim;

Said she'd kiss him bye and bye..... When she married him! Pi - er - rot was
Heaved a sym pa - thetic sigh, And nestled up to him! Pi - er - rot was

angry then! (He was just like oth - er men) Be - cause she said to
happy then! (He was just like oth - er men) Be - cause she said to
Valse mod'to

him. "It's naughty to be cross, dear, And
him: "I'm sorry I was cross, dear, Be-

quarrel for a kiss; It's such a little loss,
cause you begged a kiss, And it was wrong to toss,

Dear, And please remember this, You're foolish if you
dear, My head at you like this, Forgive me and for-

fret, dear, About a thing so small: The
get, dear, That I have teased you so, And
JUL.

kiss you can - not get, dear, You'll val - ue most of
love your Pi - er - rette, dear, As I love you, you

JUL.

all! Sop.
know!

CHO.

It's naugh - ty to be cross, dear, And quar - rel
I'm sor - ry I was cross, dear, Be - cause you

It's naugh - ty to be cross, dear, And quar - rel
I'm sor - ry I was cross, dear, Be - cause you

for a kiss; It's such a lit - tle loss, dear, And
beg'rd a kiss; And it was wrong to toss, dear, My

for a kiss; It's such a lit - tle loss, dear, And
beg'rd a kiss; And it was wrong to toss, dear, My
You're foolish if you please remember this.
For - give me and for -

please re - mem - ber this.
head at you like this.

please re - mem - ber this.
head at you like this.

fret, dear, About a thing so small:
get, dear, That I have teased you so,

kiss you cannot get, dear, You'll value most of
love your Pi - er - rette, dear, As

all! I love you, you know!
"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

No 4.

ENTRANCE CHORUS and SONG—René.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Soprano

Allegro.

Piano.

Alto

TENOR

BASS

Carnival! Make the most of Carni-

f

cres[

cen-}[do

CHO.

Laugh on, be merry all, Soon gene-

val!

Jolly Carnival!

It's soon gone,

CHO.
val!

Laugh on, for Life is laughter, Let care come after Carnival!

Ah!

Tempo di Marcia

Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! To the life we live As Bo-

cho.

val!

To the life we live As Bo-

Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! To the life we live As Bo-

Tempo di Marcia
hemians, Which has more to give Than another man’s! Carni-
val! Give a cheer for Carnival! For we love his rule And we
own his sway, Let the greatest fool Be our King to-day!

Hail the Count of Luxembourg, The merry King of Folly!
CHORUS. (Spoken ff) Luxembourg!

Grave.

RENÉ. People of France! we thank you now For all the loyalty you've shown

RENÉ. We raise our brimming glass and bow From our exalted throne!

Allegro molto

RENÉ. Your health, my children! (ALL) Your health!

1. The
Allegretto non troppo

no - ble found - er... of our line Had trea - sures rich and ma - ny, But
fath - er left me... when he died In quite a good po - si - tion, But

he had ways and tastes like mine, And could - n't keep a pen - ny! With
I have al - ways ta - ken pride In fam - i - ly tra - di - tion! I

cards and dice, with wine and girls, He gave and spent and lent all, And
spent and lent and ran up scores, As all my kith and kin do, My

left a box of ladies' curls And let - ters sen - ti - men - tal! And
gold went roll - ing out of doors Or fly - ing out of win - dow! So
as we have succeeded, We all have done as he...... did; We
now I proudly stride out, With pockets turned inside...... out; I

spend and lose and then we owe—The Luxembourg are always
lost the lining long ago—A Luxembourg is always

Allegro molto

REFRAIN

so!
so!
1. We
2. I'd lend it, spend it, end it And out of window

send it, With wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourg
bourgeois way! For money's made to scatter And when it's gone, no

matter! You still can have your bit of fun— That's how it's done!

They'd lend it, spend it, end it And out of window send it, With

They'd lend it, spend it, end it And out of window send it, With
RENÉ.
For money's made to scatter, And
wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way!

CHO.
wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way!

RENÉ.
when it's gone, no matter! You still can have your bit of fun—That's how it's done! My

CHO.
You still can have your bit of fun—That's how it's done!

You still can have your bit of fun—That's how it's done!

You still can have your bit of fun—That's how it's done!
RENÉ: That's how it's done!
La, la, la, la,

CHO: That's how it's done!
La, la, la, la,

That's how it's done!
La, la, la, la,

RENÉ: Prestissimo
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

CHO: la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la!

That's how it's done!
La, la, la, la!
No 44

1st Exit.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

Soprano.

Allegro

So lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it, With

Tenor.

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Lux-em-bourg-er way! A fig for care and

Bass.

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Lux-em-bourg-er way! A fig for care and

PIANO.

(Spoken)

"Excuse us."

SOP.

sor - row, The de - vil take to - mor - row, For while we live we'll have some fun -
2nd Exit.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

So lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it, With wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and sorrow, The de-vil take to-mor-row, For while we live we'll have some fun—That's how it's done! So
SOP. lend it, spend it, end it. And out of window send it, With wine and women,

TEN. lend it, spend it, end it. And out of window send it, With wine and women,

BASS. lend it, spend it, end it. And out of window send it, With wine and women,

SOP. sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and sorrow, The

TEN. sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and sorrow, The

BASS. sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and sorrow, The

(Spoken) With pleasure, Messieurs!

SOP. devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun— That's how it's done!

TEN. devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun— That's how it's done!

BASS. devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun— That's how it's done!
No 5.

DUET — Juliette and Brissard.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Marcia

BRIS.

night we'll have a special boom, A Carnival for two!

JING

if the others stop their fun We'll keep it up alone.

JING

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JUL. come with you, if you have room, I've nothing else to do! Jing
when the Carnival is done We'll start one on our own! Jing

BOTH. bang! ta-ra! Jing bang! ta-ra! Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! The
bang! ta-ra! Jing bang! ta-ra! Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! And

BRIS. motor cars will burst their tyres with fright. We'll
as we two march down the boulevard, The

JUL. set the Seine a-light And let it burn all night! For
people near and far Will wonder who we are! For

BRISSARD.
you and I are game for anything—
we shall take the centre of the scene

We're Bohemia's Queen and King!
As Bohemia's King and Queen!

be—You and me!
two—I and you!

Till we turn it upside down!
To inaugurate our reign!

Clear the

Bris.
way, for here we come, So blow the

fife and beat the drum! Clink the

glasses, bang the trays When we

pass the gay cafés! Bow be-
FORE...

us as we go:

I am
You are

Pier-

rette and

you're

I'm

Pier-

rot!

You'll

I'll

be

hus - band

I'll

You'll

be wife!

We'll have a

Carni-

val for life!
"I AM IN LOVE."

No 6.

SONG—Grand Duke and Attendants.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Mazurka moderato

Grand Duke.

I am in love, I cannot contradict it!

PIANO.

The flow'r of love I saw, and stoop'd and pick'd it. I am in love,

G.D.

I cannot now-gain-say it! I am in love, My conduct must be-

G.D.

tray it! I am in love, My brain is go-ing pap-py! I am in love,
I'm wretched, but I'm happy,
I am in love— I am in love!

(Falsetto)

I am, I am, I am in love, in love. I am! Love, love, love, love, love,

love,
In love,
In love!

He is in love, He is in love, He is, he is in

He is in love, He is in love, He is, he is in

He is in love, He is in love, He is, he is in

He is in love, He is in love, He is, he is in

PP
(Falsetto)

G.D.

Love, love, love, love, love, love!

ATT’S.

love, in love, love, love, love, love,

In love!

love, in love, love, love, love, love,

In love!

love, in love, love, love, love, love,

In love!

Moderato.

GRAND DUKE. Con molto sentimento

Deep...... In my heart, a - sleep,...... Love has long been

G.D.

ly - ing. But now he is a - wake! I hear him loudly
cry-ing

“For goodness gracious sake,

You recog-nize me, don’t you? I am Love!”

I hear him loudly crying—

“For goodness gracious

He hears him loudly cry-ing—

“For goodness gracious sake,

He hears him loudly cry-ing—

“For goodness gracious sake,

He hears him loudly cry-ing—

“For goodness gracious sake,

He hears him loudly cry-ing—

“For goodness gracious sake,”
G.D.

I am in love— Perhaps you have not known it? I am in love—

ATT'S.

You re-cognize me, don’t you? I am Love!”

YOU re-cognize me, don’t you? I am Love!”

You re-cognize me, don’t you? I am Love!”

Tempo I.

G.D.

I am in love— I am in love—

G.D.

Head o- ver ears, I own it! I am in love— I’m hop-ing and I’m
yearning! I am in love— I'm freezing and I'm burning!

I am in love— You'll gather in a minute That I'm in love,

And that I glory in it! I am in love— I am in love!

(Falsetto)

I am, I am in love, in love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
In love,
He is in love,
He is in love,
He is, he is in

He is in love,
He is in love,
He is, he is in

He is in love,
He is in love,
He is, he is in

He is in love,
He is in love,
He is, he is in

(Falsetto)

Love, love, love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love, love.
"LOVE, GOOD-BYE!"

No 7.

SCENE and AIR — Angèle.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Allegro

Someone's here to marry me, And I don't know who! But as his face I

Allegretto

shall not see, Why, any one will do!

Poco meno.
ANG. So I wait— all a-lone,

ANG. quite un-known.

ANG. tarry, Now I am resolv’d to mar-ry!

ANG. Tempo di Mazurka.

ANG. Be it so— My vi-sions of ro-mance may go, A dream that I shall
ANG.  nev - er know! Ah, well — I on-ly must for-get

ANG.  The dream I nev-er saw as yet, The lov-er that I have not

ANG.  met! Love, Love? To me a word, a - lone!

ANG.  Love, Love? It’s what I have not known! That love
I never may know— Be it so!

It's wiser to be always free, Let others fall in

love with me, And worship me forever, A goddess above.

Though many men may woo me, Their love is nothing
to me— The goddess will be never A slave to her love!

Be it so—I will forget the tales I know Of happy lovers long ago!

Ah, well—it is not much I lose, A little love, I
know not whose— And better is the fate I choose!

Love, love? It is an idle song! Love,

love, Can never live for long! No, love,

You are not worth a sigh— Love; good-bye!
"Cousins of the Czar."

No. 8.

Duet—Angèle and Grand Duke.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Gavotte.

Piano.

GRAND DUKE

You will be a Royal Highness!
When we go to Court together—

ANGÈLE

Shall I be a Royal Highness?
Shall we go to Court together?

GRAND DUKE

Cousin to the Czar!
You will be the rage!

ANGÈLE

Operatic star!
Lady of the stage

I shall simply die of shyness!
Decked in jewels, train and feather!

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Bow low—hand up—on my heart—
Manner that is mine in—

Voi—là!—Czar up—on the throne,
You the déb—u—tante ap—
mf

nate—ly! You will try to play the part
proaching! You can do what you are shown

nate—ly! I will try to play the part
proaching! I can do what you are shown

Play it à la Grande Duchesse! Yes!
Illus—trate a Grande Duchesse! Yes!

Play it à la Grande Duchesse! Yes!
Illus—trate a Grande Duchesse! Yes!
You and I — the Duchess and the Duke!
One—two—three, a court—sey to the Czar!

You and I — the Duchess and the Duke!
One—two—three, a court—sey to the Czar!

No one shall my choice of you re—buke! Oper—a—tic star!
Four—five, six, an—oth—er—there you are! Oper—a—tic star!

No one shall your choice of me re—buke! Oper—a—tic
Four—five, six, an—oth—er—there you are!

That will be no bar! We are Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!
That will be no bar! We are Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!

star! That will be no bar! We're Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!
star! That will be no bar! We're Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!
You and I—the Duchess and the Duke!
One—two—three, a curtsey to the Czar!

No one shall my choice of you rebuke! Operatic star!
Four—five—six, another there you are! Operatic star!

That will be no bar! We are Cousins of the Czar!
That will be no bar! We are Cousins of the Czar!

star! That will be no bar! We're Cousins of the Czar!
star! That will be no bar! We're Cousins of the Czar!
DANCE after 2nd verse.

G.D.
You and I— the Duchess and the Duke!
No— one shall my choice of you rebuke!

ANG.
You and I— the Duchess and the Duke!
No— one shall your choice of me rebuke!

G.D.
Oper-a-tic star!
That will be no bar!
We are Cousins of the Czar!

ANG.
Oper-a-tic star!
That will be no bar! We're Cousins of the Czar!
No 9.

"TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS."

QUINTET—René, Grand Duke and Attendants.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

René.

Grand Duke.

Attendants.

PIANO.

RENÉ.

G.D.

ATT'S.

cheque upon Coutts's and Co.!

Twenty thousand pounds or so!

Twenty thousand pounds or so!

Twenty thousand pounds or so!

Twenty thousand pounds or so!
RENÉ.

Twen-ty thousand pounds or so! That's what I

G.D.

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

ATT'S.

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

RENÉ.

call a quid pro quo! One word, gentlemen—For my sat-is-fac-tion Since this you'll ad-

RENÉ.

mit Is an odd trans-ac-tion The la-dy I take, pray, what is she like? If she doesn't
RENE.

suit me, why, I shall strike!

Is she

G.D.

If she doesn't suit him, he will strike!

ATT'S.

If she doesn't suit him, he will strike!

If she doesn't suit him, he will strike!

If she doesn't suit him, he will strike!

RENÉ.

young?

Is she nice?

G.D.

Very young—

even younger!

Very nice—

ATT'S.

Very young—

even younger!

Very nice—

Very young—

even younger!

Very nice—

Very young—

even younger!

Very nice—
RENÉ.  

\[ \text{rit.} \]  

I am glad! Is her figure not a slight one?

G.D.  

\[ \text{even nicer!} \]

\[ \text{even nicer!} \]

\[ \text{even nicer!} \]

\[ \text{even nicer!} \]

\[ f \] \text{rit.} \quad \text{allarg.} \]

\[ p \] \text{a tempo} \]

RENÉ.  

Two left legs and not one right one? Is she full of charms as sort-ed, Golden tresses as im-

RENÉ.  

\[ \text{port-ed? Feet enor-mous pray inform us!} \]

\[ \text{Is her temper wild and tear-ing?} \]

\[ \text{molto animato} \]

\[ \text{pp} \]
RENÉ. Does she go in strong for swearing? If I want to see her sire—

RENÉ. I had better not inquire!

RENÉ. Has the very charming lady got a past, a trifle shady?

RENÉ. If there's something queer about her, I prefer to do without her!
RENÉ.

Is it so? If it's not, then all right!

G.D.

Is it so? Oh, no, no! It is quite more than right!

ATT's.

Is it so? Oh, no, no! It is quite more than right!

Is it so? Oh, no, no! It is quite more than right!

Tempo I.

Very glad! Then for twenty thousand pounds or

rené.

so, I will be ready when the word is Go! If Messrs.

RENÉ.

Coutts and Co. will cash your cheques, You can hand me over Madame
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is

I will take a lady any day, When there's twenty thousand pounds to pay!
Go! When there's twenty thousand pounds to pay!
Go! When there's twenty thousand pounds to pay!
Go! When there's twenty thousand pounds to pay!
No 10.

FINALE—ACT I.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

Allegretto moderato

Fair Count—ess, may I wish that now

PIANO.

ANGÈLE.

Ah! Count, my thanks I bow, Now I am yours for nev—er!

RENÈ.

You'll be hap—py for-ev—er?

And

ANG.

For when you're never with your wife

RENÈ.

ours will be a hap—py life— Un—ruf—fled, I may say!
ANG.

She won't be in your way!

Un - til our mar - riage ends—

RENÉ.

We can - not quarrel now, you know—

For Viol. Solo

we shall nev - er meet, and so—

We both shall take the road Of a

L'istesso tempo

ANG.

We can be always friends.

L'istesso tempo

RENÉ.

mar - riage à la mode!...... She goes left, he goes right, Out of mind, out of

Valse moderato
sigh! Each a lonely path is treading—That's a truly happy wedding!

He goes right, she goes left, The arrangement's very deft.

Both are free from any care—Hail the happy pair! Mon-
Allegretto moderato

sieur, I'd like to gaze on you Were there nothing between us!

Allegretto moderato

Merci! I fancy too That

I'm sure that you have raven hair, I'll fancy it is such!

you're a perfect Venus!

And

And if in fact it isn't so

I am sure yours is quite fair, I like it very much!

Viol. Solo
For we are both in-cog-ni-to—

We

That will not cause us pain!

And so we shall remain!

L’istesso tempo

Valse moderato

both observe the code Of a marriage à la mode!

She goes

left, he goes right, Out of mind, out of sight! Each a lone-ly path is

a tempo

treading, That’s a truly happy wed-ding!

He goes right, she goes left, The ar-

a tempo
Both are free from any care. Hail the happy
range-ment's very deft. Both are free from any care. Hail the happy

Allegro

Ah! he is charming, I can guess! Ah!

Our plan has worked with full success!

Our plan has worked with full success!

Our plan has worked with full success!

Allegro
ANG.  though he's but a stranger, I should like to see his face!

RENÉ. though she's but a stranger, I should like to see her face!

G.D. There

PAV. There

MEN. There

PEL. There

ANG. That voice can be so tender!

RENÉ. That voice can be so tender!

G.D. That hand

PAV. is no fear of danger! Each is to each a stranger! His

MEN. is no fear of danger! Each is to each a stranger! His

PEL. is no fear of danger! Each is to each a stranger! His
ANG.

That hand—So firm and slender!

RENÉ.

So soft and slender!

G.D.

bride he must surrender, After only three months' grace!

PAV.

bride he must surrender, After only three months' grace!

MEN.

bride he must surrender, After only three months' grace!

PEL.

bride he must surrender, After only three months' grace!

Tempo di Valse moderato

ANG.

I'm sorry to part—

RENÉ.

It's breaking my heart To part!

Tempo di Valse moderato
They look at their rings and become serious.

Valse moderato

Ah, Love can it be love

Hovering, flying past? It is the golden

dream of a life Come to us both at last?
Love that calls to my heart

Now be bold!

Fortune offers you now

A chance to catch and to hold

But once,

never again

You meet the dream of gold!
They come back in reality as if from a dream.
Allegretto.

Supper is getting cold—let's fly now! Count, pardon me—I'm sorry

RENE. (Bows to the screen)
we must say good-bye now! Don't mention it—I'm but the husband you see! Ah!

RENE. poco animato

Countess! Parting gives me pain That could not be greater! But

ANGÈLE.

RIT.

Ah!

RENE. I shall meet with you again. When you divorce me later!
Valse moderato.

wedded bliss full soon must end, The fates de-

ride and mock it; But keep your mar-
riage ring, my friend, Safe in your waist-coat pocket!

She goes

She goes

She goes

She goes

rit.

rit.

p
Valse moderato

left, he goes right, out of mind, out of sight, Each a lonely path is

left, he goes right, out of mind, out of sight, Each a lonely path is

left, he goes right, out of mind, out of sight, Each a lonely path is

left, he goes right, out of mind, out of sight, Each a lonely path is

left, he goes right, out of mind, out of sight, Each a lonely path is

Valse moderato

rit.

a tempo

ANGÈLE.

treading, That's a truly happy wedding! He goes right, she goes left, The arr-

rit.

treading, That's a truly happy wedding!

rit.

treading, That's a truly happy wedding!

rit.

treading, That's a truly happy wedding!
RENÉ. (spoken) So now I'm a married man!

Moderato

RENÉ: Her little hand— it's the sweetest little hand
Harp glissando

she wasn't my wife. (with resignation)

she wasn't my wife. (with resignation) Well, well! Moderato

I can not

rené.

understand,

Twas but a little hand,

rené.

Sweet and small—

rené.

That was all!

Soft as a snow-white dove
Out of the sky above—Yet all my heart is thrilling As at the call of love!

Allegro (Goes to the table and sits down, thinking)

Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la,

TENOR.

Here’s to Carnival! Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la,
la! Tra, la, la, la, la!

Fol-ly, the monarch jol-ly,

la! Tra, la, la!

Fol-ly, the monarch jol-ly,

la! Tra, la, la, la, la!  

Fol-ly, the monarch jol-ly,

LAVIGNE.  

tempo rubato  

Re-né!  Re-né!  What is the

To-day he rules and ev-er shall!

To-day he rules and ev-er shall!

To-day he rules and ev-er shall!
LAV.

What is the matter?

He's just gone stark and staring mad!

CHO.

What is the matter?

What is the matter?

What is the matter?

RENÉ. (spoken) Am I mad! Look at that! A cheque for twenty thousand pounds.

Allegro moderato

RENÉ. (spoken)

Twenty thousand pounds or so!

CHO.

Twenty thousand pounds or

Twenty thousand pounds or

Twenty thousand pounds or

Twenty thousand pounds or
Twenty thousand pounds or so, upon Coutts’s and Co.!

They haven’t broken, that I so!
It’s in a cheque upon Coutts’s and Co.!

From whom?
From whom?
From whom?
From whom?
From whom?
From whom?

Oh, no! His
Moderato

name must be in-cog-ni-to! From whom? from whom? A

fai-ry tale it seems— It came to me in gold-en

dreams! Ah me! was it my luck
dolce

Hover-ing, fly-ing past? Was it the gold-en
RENE.

Dream that call'd to my heart, "Now be bold!

Fortune offers you now A chance to catch and to hold,...
JULIETTE.

Allegretto

Bouche fermée.

BRISSARD.

But once, never again, the dream of gold

Bouche fermée.

Bring wine! Let us

Bouche fermée.

CHO.

Bouche fermée.

Bouche fermée.

Allegretto

RENE.

wished my money, A short life and a sunny!

I've

RENE.

Tempo di Marcia

wealth today, though how and why is strictly confidential; But
you can help the gold to fly, And that's the main essential! Though

where I got it no one knows It's mine to spend and scatter, And

light it comes and light it goes And when it's gone, no matter! So

now it is my mission To keep the old tradition, And
MIMI. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

LARGUE. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

RENÉ. With wine and women,

CHO. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

CHO. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

RENÉ. gaily make the money go A Luxembourg is always so!

CHO. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

CHO. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

CHO. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!
A fig for care or sorrow! The sport and play, That is the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or sorrow! The

devil take tomorrow For while we live we'll have our fun—That's how it's done.

devil take tomorrow For while we live we'll have our fun—That's how it's done.

devil take tomorrow For while we live we'll have our fun—That's how it's done.

devil take tomorrow For while we live we'll have our fun—That's how it's done.

devil take tomorrow For while we live we'll have our fun—That's how it's done.
Marcia.
way, for here we come

So blow the fife and

bang the drum,

Clink the glasses, bang the trays,

As we pass the gay cafés.

Bow before............. us as we go,

She is Pier-
-rette and I'm Pier - rot! I'll be hus - band, she'll be

wife, We'll have a Car - ni - val for life!

Clear the way for here we come, So blow the

Clear the way for here we come, So blow the

Clear the way for here we come, So blow the
fife and beat the drum,

Clink the glasses, bang the

fife and beat the drum,

Clink the glasses, bang the

trays,

As we pass the gay cafés

trays,

As we pass the gay cafés

trays,

As we pass the gay cafés

Bow be-
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

fore... us as we go,

She is Pier-rette and

CHO.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

fore... us as we go,

She is Pier-rette and

BRI.

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

I'll be hus-band, she'll be wife,

I'm Pier - rot I'll be hus-band, she'll be wife,

CHO.

I'll be hus-band, she'll be wife,

I'm Pier - rot I'll be hus-band, she'll be wife,
We'll have a Carnival for life!

We'll have a Carnival for life!

We'll have a Carnival for life!

We'll have a Carnival for life!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

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lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!

lend it, spend it, end it, And out of window send it!
A fig for care or
wine and wo-men, sport and play, For that's the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or
wine and wo-men, sport and play, For that's the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or
wine and wo-men, sport and play, For that's the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or
wine and wo-men, sport and play, For that's the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or

sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
sor-row! The devil take to-morrow! For while we live we'll have our fun-
Prestissimo.

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,

That's how it's done! That's how it's done! Lend it, spend it,
out of window send it! And quaff off a glass As we laugh with a

JUL.

lass! Tra, la, la!

BRI.

lass! Tra, la, la!

RENÉ.

lass! Tra, la, la!

CHO.

lass! Tra, la, la!

END of ACT I.
VALSE - INTERMEZZO

OPENING SCENE and DANCE

Act II.

No 11.

By FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Valse

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No. 12.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

Entrance Chorus

and SOLO—Angèle.

Allegro molto

Piano.

SOP.

ALTO.

TEN.

BASS.

CHO.

Hail, Angèle, our night

Hail, Angèle, our night

Hail, Angèle, our night

Hail, Angèle, our night

Hail, to the lovely Diva!

Hail, to the lovely Diva!

Hail, to the lovely Diva!

Hail, to the lovely Diva!
Queen of our hearts and queen of song, We mean to

Queen of our hearts and queen of song, We mean to

Queen of our hearts and queen of song, We mean to

keep her ours for long! Hail, Angèle, our

keep her ours for long! Hail, Angèle, our

keep her ours ours for long! Hail, Angèle, our
Poco meno

nightingale! Greet her with loud Evvi va! We all with

nightingale! Greet her with loud Evvi va! We all with

Poco meno

ANGÈLE.

I thank you,

one accord implore Shell talk of leaving us no more!

CHORUS.

one accord implore Shell talk of leaving us no more!

one accord implore Shell talk of leaving us no more!
Moderato

gen-tle-men, and la-dies al-so, But yet we part, for fate must
fall so; Your kindness makes it hard-er now.

Yet it must be!
part-ing, That we won't al-low!

part-ing, That we won't al-low!
No, That we won't al-low!
Ah, say not so! Come back to us, our Di-va! Have pi-ty on the loy-al throng, Our queen of love, our star of song!

ANGÈLE.

I may not yield, al tho' I sigh, To dreams of art and love good-bye!
Valse moderato

Daydreams, you must go, For it is time that we should part,

Tho' a voice echoes in my heart, And sighs, Ah, no!

SOLO TENOR.

Cello Solo
dreams are pass'd a-way,........... Will your life be cold and grey,........... As our

own will be ere long, For the end-ing of your song?........... So fare-

well to dreams of art,........... Tho' my heart is sad and sore,........... For I

know when they de-part, I shall find them nev-er-more!
No 12a

Fanfare.

No 12b

Stage Music.
"PRETTY BUTTERFLY."

No 13.

SONG — (Grand Duke.)

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LÉHAR

Allegro

GRAND DUKE. Allegretto

Once a Butterfly came fluttering
While the Butterfly was uttering
What I've told you to the

G.D.

Rose! Softly murmuring and muttering,
Rose,
She, with all her petals fluttering,
Let her tender heart un-

This number may be omitted.
- close! Little bud, pretty bud,
- close! Flutter by, Butterfly.

Say, oh say, will you be mine?
And the truly, I will be thine!
Butter-

Bud, as you may guess, Answer very softly, "yes."
Fly replies to this With another warmer kiss,

(murmuring like an insect)
Sure, sure, sure, summ, summ, summ! Sure, sure, sure, summ, summ, summ!
Sure, sure, sure, summ, summ, summ! Sure, sure, sure, summ, summ, summ!
Thine! Ah! Pretty Butterfly!
Mine! Ah! Rosie don’t be shy!

Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!

Thine!
Mine!
Ah!
Thine, and thine alone, am I!

Kiss your pretty Butterfly!
"HER GLOVE."

No 14.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS

Music by FRANZ LEHAR

SONG—René.

RENÉ. Moderato

Ah, the perfume—
(spoken)

how it lingers! What a dainty little glove—

Allegro

For it fits the fairy fingers Of the dainty

hand I love! Never in a dream of bliss

Saw I such a hand as this
Moderato

(thoughfully)

Never!

Never?

Surely!

Did I?

It's absurd!

I must be wrong!
(spoken softly)

But the glove at least is real—It's a picture it's a song! The

Più mosso (non troppo)

scent of red clover again Reminds me—reminds me—The

smell of a meadow after rain Reminds me—reminds me—It

seems like a magical hand—That once I look'd upon—
Moderato

Hand that was like a dream, And like a

dream was gone! Like a dream was
tempo rubato

gone! Dainty darling! let me kiss it!

You are happy, little glove—
While we ask a kiss and miss it, You can hold the hand we

RENÉ

poco animato

love!

You’re so fine, you might have been on a

Moderato

hand that I have seen—Impossible! It can’t be so! Oh, no! Oh,

RENÉ

no! The hand I held before—

No, I will think of that no
Allegro

more!

The scent of red clover again...... Reminds me—
minds me—The smell of a meadow after rain...... Reminds me—
minds me—As sweet as the magical hand...... I press'd my lips upon—
Moderato

Hand that was like a dream, And like a

Like a dream was gone —

Allegro non troppo

gone!
IN SOCIETY.

No 15.

DUET — (Juliette and Brissard.)

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Marcia

Piano.

(JUL.) 1. Now if you really mean to mix
(BRI.) 2. Say that I meet you at a ball

In high so-

And want to

ci- e- ty-

dance with you—

(JUL.) Perhaps I'll dance with you.

(JUL.) You ought to know some parlor tricks.
(BRI.) You're leaning back against the wall

At-tend, My friend,
So bored. Oh, Lord!
And copy me. (BRI.) It's your "at home," let us sup-
And I am too. (JUL.) I do not know if I will
pose, You meet me on the stair— (JUL.) I meet you with a stare.
dance, It's such a rotten floor— (BRI.) It is a beastly floor!

(BRI.) Don't bob, but merely bend your nose— That's how to
(JUL.) Still, we had better take our chance. Al-though I

BRI.) I'm so de-light-ed
know It will be such a bore. (BRI.) I say, this is a
that you came—(BRI.) Very kind, very kind, very kind! (JUL.) You ghastly hop! (JUL.) What a ball, what a ball, what a ball! (BRI.) If

know, I quite forgot your name—(BRI.) Never mind, never mind, never mind! you don't mind, I think we'll stop—(JUL.) Not at all, not at all, not at all!

(JUL.) You'll pardon me, Do have some tea, You'll have to
(BRI.) We'll turn it up, Go out and sup, When we have

fight for it or you'll get none. (BRI.) Oh, that's all right, had another dance, just one. (JUL.) You hold me pressed
BOTH.

Trust me to fight, In high so-ci-e-ty it's al-ways done!
Close to your chest— In high so-ci-e-ty it's al-ways done.

DIALOGUE.

Repeat ad lib. until cue.

JULIETTE.

Yes, in so-ci-e-ty that's how it's done.
Yes, in so-ci-e-ty that's how it's done!

BRISSARD.

Yes, in so-ci-e-ty that's how it's done.
Yes, in so-ci-e-ty that's how it's done!

Last.

after 1st verse. after 2nd verse.

done.
done!
done.
done!
"LOVE BREAKS EVERY BOND."

No 16.

DUET—Angèle and René.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Allegretto

Angèle.

What are you doing? Are you mad?

You must have lost

PIANO.

RENÉ.

your senses!

Yes, mad, if mad it

ANG.

be to say I love you!
To swear by Heav’n above you! — There is no Heav’n for me but where you are! No

happiness on earth but you! Your love shall be my only guiding star,......

Nor care I where that star may lead me too!

But attend! Are stars never
clouded
Ah, my friend, The stars may be shrouded!

Have a care, Or a cloud will betray you! So beware!

gloom will then, will then dismay you! Pretty stars are playthings!

sigh for! Better hopes have men to live and die for!
'Tis a dream From which you will awaken— Ah!...

Be not mistaken—'Tis too far! No, Angèle, say not so!

No, For men may reach unto the stars by pow'r of Love!

For true love is an angel— An angel pure that carries

A mortal's heart to Heav'n above!
But your star— Can mortal ever grasp it?

Gold-en star—

'Tis too far— Can mortal hope to

Can mortal ever grasp you?

clasp it? Oh, my golden star be-ware! The sky is clouded.

Oh, my golden star be-ware! The sky is clouded.
But your star— Can mortal ever grasp it? 'Tis too far

But your star— Can mortal ever grasp you? 'Tis too far

Can mortal hope to clasp it? 'Tis a dream From which you will a-

Can mortal hope to clasp you? 'Tis a dream Ah! must I then a-

waken! Ah!..... Be not mis-tak-en, 'Tis too far!

waken! Ah! By love for-sak-en, Gold-en star!
ANG. 

Ah! Ah! Now

REN.

Ah! Ah!

ANG.

I've no ears For the music of spheres, I'm bored with the study of stars! Re-

(Behind the scene)

ANG.

turn to the mirth And the music of earth, And we'll dance to the opening bars!

ANG.

Ah! Ah! Now
Yet still have I Hope, (A telescope
That brings my star more near! My golden star more near!

Your fancy carries you far,—Yes, up too far... to your
star! But, alas! Fancies fade and pass!

Say not love is a dream! Say not that hope is vain! Say not that cruel fate will redeem
Perfect joy with pain! Look, ah! Look not beyond joy so near, true hearts may not despair, for love knows nought of fear! Love breaks every bond, and love, true love, is here!
ANGÈLE.

Say not love is a dream! Say not that hope is vain! Say not that cruel fate will redeem...
Perfect joy with pain! Look, ah! look not beyond joy so near, True hearts may not despond, For love knows nought of fear! Love
breaks every bond, And love, true love, is here!
(Dialogue)

DANCE. Strict Valse time

Più animato

Presto
"KUKUSKA!"
Russian Dance

No 17.

By FRANZ LEHAR

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Allegretto
sempre più, ff e più presto

Prestissimo
“ROOTSIE—POOTSIE .”
SONG — Grand Duke and Girls.

Words by
BASIL HOOD and ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Marcia moderato

1. Since first I
   burst up — on the scene
   I've ever been
   beauties of the Upper Ten
   who adored me then
   I find that they are aging!

2. The maidens
   In beauty bright and glorious,
   Undoubtedly notorious!
The high-born
   Confessed their love intense;
   I used to think engaging,
   I leave them now
   To other men, I find that they are aging!
   I let young
   They asked me out
   Silly whip-per-snap-pers Win
   I have all

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to tea and supper At my own expense! They sought for me, the pretty flappers Crowding round me still. They catch at me, fought for me, Begged for a chance To trip with me, skip with me One little snatch at me, Fight for a glance, Caressing me, pressing me Just for a dance! It was "Rootsie-Pootsie, here! Rootsie-Pootsie, dear! dance! (girls) It is "Rootsie-Pootsie, here! Rootsie-Pootsie, dear! Rootsie-Pootsie, darling, won't you dance?" Rootsie-Pootsie's twinkling tootsies Rootsie-Pootsie, darling, won't you dance?" (a.d.) Rootsie-Pootsie's twinkling tootsies
Polka'd round the floor; My partners would implore For Polka round the floor; I cannot leave till four, The

only one turn more! I would whirl a little girl, Till ladies lock the door! Round I whirl each little girl, Till

head and heart were gone; She would twitter in my ear— "Oh! go all her breath is gone, And she gurgles in my ear— "Oh! go

GIRLS.

Rootsie-Pootsie's twinkling tootsies Polka'd round the floor; His Rootsie-Pootsie's twinkling tootsies Polka round the floor; His

C 6347-8
18-3
Girls.

partners would implore For only one turn more! He would whirl a
partners all implore For only one turn more! He can whirl a

Girls.

lit-te girl Till head and heart were gone; She would murmur in his ear-
lit-te girl Till head and heart are gone; And she murmurs in his ear-

Girls.

"Oh! go on!"
"Oh! go on!"

Tempo I.

GRAND DUKE.

The fair-est stars of the ballet Around me often hover;
And they would throw their hearts a-way
If I'd be their Pav-lo-ve-r! Great

Ladies of the Brit-ish lord kin
Underneath my win-dow call,

"Oh, come in-to
the gar-den,Mordkin,Dance the Bac-chan-al!"They cry to me,

sigh to me, Wild-ly ad- vance, To swing to me, cling to me, Lost in the dance! It is
Girls

"Root-sie-Poot-sie, here! Root-sie-Poot-sie, dear! Root-sie-Poot-sie, darling, won't you dance?"

Polka Moderato

GRAND DUKE.

Root-sie-Poot-sie's twinkling tootsies polka round the floor; the crowd becomes a bore— I have to call out, "Fore!"

G.D.

Round I whirl each little girl until her strength is gone;
G.D.

But she whispers as the faints—"Oh! go on!"

GIRLS.

Twinkling tootsies Pol-ka round the floor; His part-ners all implore For

Girls.

on-ly one turn more! He can whirl a lit-tle girl Till head and heart are

Girls.

gone, And she murmurs in his ear—"Oh! go on!"
"ARE YOU GOING TO DANCE?"

DUET—Angèle and René.

Words by
BASIL HOOD

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Angèle.

René.

Tempo di Valse

Non, mon ami!

May not I have a chance?

Are you going to dance?

Not with me, as you see!

Do you find any faults In the way that I waltz? If you do
It is certainly true—

Will not you explain? My distress you can guess! You confess more or less—

When I'm waltzing with you—

That we both of us seem to have danced in a dream.
RENÉ.

Shall we try, You and I, Again? Shall we try, Just we

BOTH.

two, You and I, I and you! Let us believe the

BOTH.

dream is true, That you love me and I love you!

ANGÈLE. (With closed lips.)

RENÉ.

You with me, I with you, (Dreams you see, May come true.)
ANG.

Like little children, hand in hand, Dancing away in

RENÉ.

If you quite understand,

FAIRY-land! All I hear, never

ANG.

I have promised my hand—

RENÉ.

fear!

Fate austere, it is clear!
ANG.

doing no harm While I rest on your arm, If, by chance,

RENÉ.

I do dance With you! Man and maid of high

Tho' a circle select-

ANG.

grade-

Ve-ry staid, I'm a-fraid-

RENÉ.

Would be more circumspect-

A Bo-
RENE.  
he - mi - an taste, Will for - bid you to waste, Any part

BOTH.

RENE.
Of your heart That's true! Just for fun, Girl and boy,

BOTH.

ANGÈLE.

On - ly one Hour of joy! I will be Cin - der -

ANG.

RENE.
el - la, you— Pray to pick up your danc - ing shoe!
ANGÈLE. (With closed lips.)

RENÉ.

Un - a - ware Of the time, Gold - en stair We will climb-

ANG.

RENÉ.

Stair-way that leads to Fai - ry - land, Wherewe may wan - der hand in hand!

Repeat according to business.
"BOYS."


No 20.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Allegretto moderato

Piano.

GRAND DUKE.

Moderato

man is a boy While he can enjoy His whole life long; I'm

go ing to burn My cen sus return, I know it's wrong!
MIMI.  
Yes, we will cook The Registrar's book, And we'll all be the age we look!  

BRISSARD.  
For women today Don't age in the way they used to do;  And some, I am sure, Look quite immature At forty-two!  

BRI.  

JULIETTE.  
Our modern dress is such a success, We are all seventeen, or less!  

Animato

MIMI.

G.D.

I'll be a flapper all my life!

I shall look younger than my wife!

Animato

PP

JULIETTE. ALL. ril.

All men and maids— Have join'd the Boys' Brigade!

GRAND DUKE & BRISSARD.

All men and maids— Have join'd the Boys' Brigade! So

Tempo di Marcia vivace

G.D. & BRI.

give up the present to playing the fool, Youth is too pleasant to

a tempo

G.D. & BRI.

waste it at school. Life shall be laughter and fun and noise—
GIRLS.

So give up the

While we are men we'll be boys, boys, boys!

pre-sent to play-ing the fool—
Youth is too plea-sant to

We're play-ing the fool—
Youth is too plea-sant to

We waste it at school, Life shall be laugh-ter and fun and noise—

G.D. & BRI.

GIRLS.

waste it at school, Life shall be laugh-ter and fun and noise—
Girls will be happy, and boys will be boys!

Allegretto moderato

I mean to forget all

stiff etiquette And formal pomp; For love will be sport And
marriage a sort Of good old romp! I'll make a match By

starting from scratch, And I'll mar - ry the man I catch!

husbands and wives Won't both - er their lives A - bout their rights. It's

much bet - ter if They set - tle a tiff By pil - low fights!
JULIETTE.

When we're a pair, I'll let down my hair, And my

GRAND DUKE. Animato

My figure looks quite boyish still—

JUL.

If you have stays, of course it will!

BRISSARD.

I won't be old,—

MIMI. r"it.

I won't be old, For youth's the age of gold!—

G.D. & BRI.
Tempo di Marcia vivace

give up the present to playing the fool, Youth is too

pleasant to waste it at school. Life shall be laughter and

fun and noise— While we are men we'll be boys, boys,

GIRLS.

So give up the present to playing the fool,

boys! We're playing the fool!
Youth is too pleasant to waste it at school,

Life shall be laughter and fun and noise—Girls will be happy, and boys will be boys! So boys!

Youth is too pleasant to waste it at school,

Life shall be laughter and fun and noise—Girls will be happy, and boys will be boys! So boys!
FINALE—ACT II.

No 21.

Words by
BASIL HOOD & ADRIAN ROSS

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Valse moderato

Angèle.

Say not

PIANO.

love is a dream, Say not that hope is vain; Say not that

ANG.

cruel fate will redeem Perfect joy with
pain. Look, ah! look not beyond

Joy so near; True hearts

may not despond, For love knows nought of fear.

Love breaks every bond, And love, true love, is
ANGÉLE. RENÉ. ANGÉLE.

here! You love me,

I love you, That shall be All life

through, As we go onward hand in hand,

ANG.

BOTH.

rené.

both.

Making the world a fairy-land! Hail the
DANCE

three Happy pairs! Life is free Now from cares! They will go onward hand in hand, Making the world a fairy-land! Hail the land!

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  "The Songs of the Summer" and
    "April's Gift" (Two Songs)
  "To Phyllida"
  "The Bell"
  "Look up, O heart"
  "Thou little tender flower"
  "Happy Song"

GUY D'HARDELOT
  "For you alone"
  "I think"
  "For Propriety's Sake"
  "My heart will know"
  "Out of the Dark-room"
  "When you speak to me"
  "I hid my love"
  "Because"

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  "Rose Song"
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  17. "In June"


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