Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta

As Presented by the Mensa, SHUBERT

THE BOOK BY
LEO STEIN & BELA JENSBACH
AMERICAN VERSION BY
EDGAR SMITH
MUSIC BY
EDMUND EYSLER & SIGMUND ROMBERG

Price: $2.00 net

NEW YORK G. SCHIRMER BOSTON
The Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta in a Prologue
and Two Acts

The Book by
LEO STEIN & BELA JENBASCH

The American Version by
EDGAR SMITH

Lyrics by
HERBERT REYNOLDS

The Music by
EDMUND EYSLER and SIGMUND ROMBERG

Vocal Score, $2.00 net

G. SCHIRMER
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The Blue Paradise

Produced for the first time
At the Casino, New York City
August 5, 1915
Under the management of
The Messrs. Shubert
And
Under the stage-direction
Of
Benrimo

Musical conductor
Herbert Kerr
The dances arranged by
Ed. Hutchinson
ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the Order of Their Appearance)

Mizzi, Flower-Girl at the Blue Paradise Inn
AN OFFICER
THE MEISTER
A LADY, Guest at the Blue Paradise Inn
A DINER, Guest at the Blue Paradise Inn
FRANZ, a Waiter
JOSEF STRANSKY
HANS WALTER
JUSTUS HAMPEL
RUDOLPH STOEGER
A TOURIST
HEAD WAITER
HEAD PORTER
SECOND PORTER
HAZEL JONES
GABY
RUDOLPH OBERDORFER
DIRECTOR OF HOTEL
SECOND TOURIST
THIRD TOURIST

THE EIGHT CHAPERONS
misses Barclay, O'Shei, George, Blanchard, Harrison, Davidson, O'Brien, Burks

MRS. GLADYS WINNE
PAGE BOY
VERA, AN ACTRESS FROM THE HOF-TheATER
BARON VON SCHLEGAN
CHEF
BARONESS VON SCHLEGAN
COUNTESS VON SCHWARTZKOPF
COUNTESS VON HOUSSENN
BARONESS VON HAHN
WAITRESS

Flower-Girls, Fruit Vendors, Cabaret Dancers, Students, Officers and Guests in the Blue Paradise Garden, Porters, Bell-Boys, Maids, Guests and Tourists in the Ring Hotel.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES
All Scenes Laid in Vienna

PROLOGUE—Blue Paradise Inn.

ACT I. The Ring Hotel. (Twenty-four years later.)
   Scene designed by Benrimo, painted by Sundquist Studio.
ACT II. Blue Paradise Inn. (Twenty-four years later)
# MUSICAL NUMBERS

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The Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta

No.1. Overture

Allegro

Allegro moderato

Copyright, 1915, by G. Schirmer
No. 2. Opening Ensemble
A Toast to Woman's Eyes

Lyrics by Herbert Reynolds
Music by Sigmund Romberg

Allegro moderato

Here's a toast to woman's eyes That guide the

foolish and the wise, Ever since the world began Guide the destiny of

man; Who dares to raise an empty glass And let this bright occasion pass? Drink to

those we idolize, But see no more in blue paradise.

allargando

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Evolution for entrance of Mizzi

I've roses

Mizzi

red and white to sell And pretty mignonette as well; I've roses

red and white to sell And pretty mignonette as well.
Evolution for entrance of Officer

Oh, waiter,

one more bottle here! A kiss should go with that, my dear.

Oh, thank you, sir, you're very nice. But that has never been my price; I'd find it very hard to live if that is all you care to
Allegro

give.

Daughters of Eve

man may deceive,

Cause you to worry and
cause you to grieve; Yet you believe all the stories they weave.
Daughters of Eve, man may deceive,
Pleading for love from the daughters of Eve. From the daughters of Eve.
No.3. Drinking Song
Here's to You, My Sparkling Wine

Lyrics by Blanche Merrill
Music by Leo Edwards

Allegro moderato

When I'm with good fellows I never want to think of
anything that's sober, I just want to drink, For each drink brings gladness un-
to my very soul, And then I always take another, my happiness to con-sole.

Here's to you, my sparkling wine! You that know no sorrow,
Never know tomorrow! Thrill me with your bubbling song.

Night long. Here's to the laughter and joy that you bring,
And to the big mornings after you bring! Here's to you, my sparkling wine! Sparkling, sparkling wine that's fine!
No. 4
To Paradise We'll Gaily Trip

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eyster

Allegretto
Come to its pretty garden All open to the day, We'll join the merry plant me at the table With lots of pretty flow'rs, And with the girl that throng there, And love and laugh and play. The food is good and simple, The loves me I'll while away the hours. I'll sip the choicest vintages And
wines are of the best, And all the girls are lovely And beautifully
hear the latest song, With life and all its pleasures Tripping merrily a-

Slowly.

dressed. To Paradise we'll gaily trip: Link your arm in mine. For

there are pretty pouting lips, Redder than the wine; And you may kiss a

pair of them, Invited by blue eyes, You'll be intoxicated Be -
Before you take a drink. You'll be intoxicated. Before you take a drink.

To Paradise we'll gaily trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Hampel

To Paradise we'll gaily trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Walther

To Paradise we'll gaily trip: Link your arm in mine. For

Stransky

To Paradise we'll gaily trip: Link your arm in mine. For
there are pretty pouting lips, Red-der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pretty pouting lips, Red-der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pretty pouting lips, Red-der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pretty pouting lips, Red-der than the wine. And you may kiss a

pair of them, Invited by blue eyes. Of kisses there are plen-ty At the
pair of them, Invited by blue eyes. Of kisses there are plen-ty At the
pair of them, Invited by blue eyes. Of kisses there are plen-ty At the
pair of them, Invited by blue eyes. Of kisses there are plen-ty At the
Old Blue Paradise. Of kisses there are plenty At the Old Blue Paradise.
No. 5

Tell the Town "Hello" To-night

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

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I used to be the Hello central girl,
I was the best out on the west,
I used to keep all the wires a-whirl.
As you might have guessed,
Some boy when all alone I'd call up on the phone!

CHORUS
Hello! Hello! I have no place to go,
That's the reason, dearie, That I want you near me!
Hello! Hello! Oh, I just need you so! Now don't keep out of sight. Oh, let's go out. I'm feeling right. The lights are burning bright. Let's tell the town Hello! tonight.
No. 6.

Auf Wiedersehn!

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Rudolph

Let me hold you close to my heart, Brush your tears away, dear,

while a fond "Auf Wiedersehn" You shall hear me say, dear.

Mizzi

Something fills my heart with fear, Tho' I know not why, dear;
Telling me "Auf Wiedersehen" This time means good-bye, dear!

Calm your fears, Dry your tears,

Hold me closer,

closer to your breast, I must weep or die, dear.

accel.

rit.
Love lives ever, knowing no word like good-bye,

Hearts may sever, true love can never die!

Calm all your fears and dry all your tears, love will remain when all else shall wane,

Guiding me on thro' the years: Auf Wieder-schon, Auf Wieder-schon!
ACT I

No.7. Opening Chorus

We Wish You a Pleasant Journey

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Allegro

We wish you the pleasant-est of jour-neys, sir, Where-ev-er you go from here, from here We wish you the pleasant-est of jour-neys, sir, Where-

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ev-er you go from here. And hope that you'll be back next year, We thank you, and

thank you most sin-cere-ly, sir. And hope sir, when-ev-er you ap-pear,

That you will have as nice a time again, That you will have as nice a
time a-gain And make quite a long, long stay, Your
trunk is properly labeled, your clothes are properly packed, You won't find things to

 complain of as a matter of fact, of as a matter of fact.

 Valse Allegro

 Vi-en-na, Vi-en-na the place of wine and song With

 wild hip hoo-ray they turn night in to day, And always go home at the peep of the
dawn, Vienna, Vienna where life is bright and gay Our feet may stray from you far away, but our hearts will forever stay.

Your taxi's gentlemen are at the door, In chorus we now thank you all once more And though we very much prefer to stay We'll have to tear
ourselves a-way Good-bye — we thank you for tips Good-bye — the pleasantest

trip Good bye — we thank you for tips Good-bye — we thank you for tips Good-

bye —

Vi-

en-na Vi-en-na The place of wine and song — With wild hip hur-

f brillante
rah they turn night in to day And go home at the peep of the dawn — Vienna, Vienna where life is bright and gay. — Our feet may stray from you far away, far away, far away But our hearts will forever stay, will forever stay.
No. 8

Duet and Dance

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto moderato

While you are there and I am here,
A world of distance lies between us

and yet so near,
two. So very far,
I sit and longingly I look quite true.
And I'm
And with your arm around my waist,
dying to be a bit nearer.

is quite misplaced.

you believe that you'll escape me,
Your confidence

This is a situation That calls for collaboration,

That is insinuation
Promising sweet osculation, Which is a practice I
do not admire; But, nevertheless, what you really require. And, dear, if you'd only let me know
Just where in the daytime you wander, oh, I would be there,
I would be there. You don't seem to be quite aware that
Allegretto moderato

I would nev-er make a date with you, That's something I could never do. No!

Ev-ry Tuesday I am at the op-ra seated in the co-ziest of stalls there,

Ev-ry Friday finds me in the rink and anyone who calls there I am pleased to see. And until nine or thereabouts each evening I con-tinue skat-ing to and fro there with who-ev-er I may know there: But
I would much prefer to skate with some one fond of me.

dolce accel.

Rudy

I understand now that Tuesdays and Fridays in future I must consider as

my days.

Gaby

Oh, please, there are others quite near. Don't speak so loudly, they'll hear.

Ev'ry Tuesday I am at the opera seated in the coziest of stalls there, Ev'ry Friday

Ev'ry Tuesday at the opera Coziest stalls
finds me at the rink and any-one who calls there I am pleased to see.

at the rink pleased to see. And until nine or

every evening skating go with whoever

thereabouts each evening you continue skating too and fro there with whoever

I may know there. But I prefer to skate with someone who is fond of me.

you may know there. But you prefer to skate with someone who is fond of you.
No. 9
Vienna, Vienna

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

March Time, not too fast

Stoeger

Hello Just-us!

Walther! Rudy!

Back with you once more-hurry,

Rudy

Hello Uncle!

Hampel

Hello Stoeger!

Straight from the old U.S.A.

Hello Danube, Hello Vienna, Where is there a
City like you! Sweetest spot on all the earth, Land that gave me birth.

Somewhat slower

Day and night I've longed once more to meet you, In my boyhood home once more to greet you. Hope has been gratified at last, Friends as we were in the past. Stony side-walks seem to shout a greeting,
While my heart with joy-ous throb is beat-ing: Back where all the friends I knew are tried and true. Vienna How d'ye do! How d'ye do!

Quietly, not fast

Do the caf-és night-ly fill?

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Quietly, not fast
Are the quartettes singing still?

Surely, Surely.

Is the night-time rich with laughter As it used to be— And

poco rit.

wild frivolity? I want to hear you tell me, hear you tell me.
Tempo I° not too fast

Have they left me any wine?

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Tempo I° not too fast

I can dine?

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

Sure-ly, Sure-ly.

love-ly girls I knew? Will they smile when I say "How d'ye do!"
Are the girls as pretty as the lovely girls I knew? Will they flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"
No. 10

I'm from Chicago

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Moderato

Vamp

Gladys

Let me begin by saying Where I am staying I want it, And get it, So let it
Warn you what to expect From one who's direct From a certain city in the west.

Widow

Chorus

I'm from Chicago! Our expected parents to reside in that locality. Sailed with this cargo.
Chorus

Hoping soon to enter European aristocracy!

Widow

I think your city Seems kind of pretty, And I may

Chorus

buy it. We are on the list for certain offers matrimonial

Widow

After I try it— Scorning living longer in an
Widow

atmosphere colonial. If values look sound

Chorus

Nothing entertained but offers ducal or baronial!

Widow

After I look round, I may invest, For I'm a business

wo - man from the Windy City in the west. west.
No. 11

Just Win a Pretty Widow

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto commodo

Long ago I said I would never take a wife,
I have no desire to spoil anybody's life,
Always want to be perfectly heart-

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free. Never care to find that love and I. Couldn't get along. There-

Gladys

That is how the men all talk, Finally they
came don't wish to try.

fall. Only just a way they have, Really that is

all. Let me tell you this, Any little Miss That you thought the
right one trot-ting by 
You would follow af- ter her 
If she wink'd her eye.

If you'd

be a happy man, 
You'd better win a pret-ty wid-ow. Look a-round and if you

can 
Give all your fav-ors to a wid-ow. For she knows just what is what 
And you will
find a perfect treasure without measure
When a pretty, witty widow you have
got.

2. Widows haven't always been little model wives. They have done their share of completely wrecking lives.

I am too afraid I was never made to experiment with dangerous fires. Single blessedness, yes,
Gladys

I am very different from widows you have

is all my heart desires.

known,

I have quite a sweet disposition of my own.

Here I am today, Take me while you may. Do not keep delaying, Tempting

fate, If you ask tomorrow, then, It may be too late...
Steeger

Gladys

Look a round and if you be — a happy man, You'd better win a pretty widow.

can Give all your favors to a widow. And you will

For she knows just what is what

find a perfect treasure without measure, When a pretty, witty widow you have got.

As perfect treasure, When a pretty, witty widow you have got.
Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!
Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!
Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!

poco riten.
You'll find a per-fect trea-sure When a wid-ow, wid-ow you have got.
poco riten.
You'll find a per-fect trea-sure When a wid-ow, wid-ow you have got.
No. 12

One Step into Love

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Moderato

When I see a loving couple anywhere, I just want to go and whisper: Have a care; Oh, the danger signal's red. There are
breakers ahead, So beware! Yes, beware! Quite a lot of little things that now you say, You'll be sorry that you said another day.

You can go from bad to worse, Pull the lever reverse, Break away! Break away!
CHORUS

He

One step in-to love. Run to meet it, run to greet it! One step in-to

She

love, for ple-aure that's con-ti-nuous There is noth-ing that can beat it, And the

He

kis-ses no one miss-es, Make you think that love is great.

She

Both

One step, one step in-to love, But as for mar-ry-ing mar-ry-ing.
Tempo di Valse (molto espressivo)

As for marrying, Hesitate!
No. 13. Ensemble
Vienna, How D'ye Do

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto
Molto moderato

Stoeger

Let me breathe the real Vienna air now, Let me know that I am truly

Very slow

there now. Take me out to visit my blue Paradise. Whatever

I may want I have the price. (Song:) There's naught that is under the

sky. That I have not money to buy!
And I'm in the mood to acquire

ever a man may desire.

When drunk with the wine or the

kiss One joy from his heart I will miss:

The sight of the

bright golden curls Of the one my heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.
There's naught that is under the sky
That he has not money to buy!

And he's in the mood to acquire

What—
ev - er a man may de - sire.
When drunk with the wine or the kiss

ev - er a man may de - sire.
When drunk with the wine or the kiss

ev - er a man may de - sire.
When drunk with the wine or the kiss

ev - er a man may de - sire.
When drunk with the wine or the kiss

One joy from his heart he will miss:
The sight of the bright golden

One joy from his heart he will miss:
The sight of the bright golden

One joy from his heart he will miss:
The sight of the bright golden

One joy from his heart he will miss:
The sight of the bright golden
Ring Hotel, what's that to me, I'm full of life, as you can see. Day and night I've prayed to meet you, In my boyhood home once more to greet you. Hope has been gratified at last: Friends as we were in the past. Rudy Stony side-walks seem to shout their greeting,

Walther Stony side-walks seem to shout their greeting,

Hampel Stony side-walks seem to shout their greeting,
While my heart with joy-ous throb is beat-ing, Back where all the
friends I knew are tried and true: Vien-na, Vien-na, How d'y' do!

(Director of Hotel interrupts Stoeger again)
Stoeger

No matter what the cost may be, Charge ev'ry mortal thing to me.

— One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

Rudy

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

Walther

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

Hampel

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

SOPRANO

ALTO

TENOR

BASS

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

One half of life's joy he must miss — Who knows not the

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joy of a kiss. The sight of the golden curls of the
one his heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

one his heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

one his heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

one his heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

one his heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.
Stoeger

Back where all the friends I knew are staunch and tried and
true: Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Rudy

Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Walther

Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Hampel

Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Vienna! Vienna! How d'ye do!

Curtain
ACT II
No. 14. Opening Chorus
Why Are We Invited Here

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Tempo di Marcia

Will some one please explain to us why we have been invited here, A private house, it's plain to see, it's no cafe or cabaret. The invitations, it is plain, were hastily indicated, No
information they contain: oh, why were we invited? 'Tis evident Hans Walther's brain some new joke has incited.

This costume of a flower girl they gave me at the gate, This cap suggests I as a cook tonight impersonate. These
waiter's aprons we received, we know not why we're here,

It certainly is quite a joke and not so very clear.

We'd all feel very much relieved if someone would elucidate the mystery of this fête. The mystery of this fête. Hans
Walter, were afraid, Hans Walter, we are afraid, A

joke you've played on us. Why all this masquerade, This

bustle and this fuss? Why all this masquerade,

this masquerade, this masquerade?
No. 15. Comedy Folk Song  
I Had a Dog

Music by Leo Edwards

Lyrics by Herbert Reynolds

Moderato

Now Heiny had a little dog what didn't have no
tooth. So Heiny had to sit all day and chew his doggie's

meat. One day he asked the little dog to sit up nice and

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beg; When doggie wouldn't do it, why, he bit him in the leg!

CHORUS

Tra la la la la la! Ain't it sweet? Tra la la la

Tra la la la! Tra la la la la la! Move your feet!

Tra la la la la! Who can tell? Tra la la tell?
No. 16
Folk Song and Yodle

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Leo Edwards

Tempo di Valse

I hear the cuckoo calling tonight: Oo lay e o,
Oo lay e o, That cuckoo goes calling when
moon-light is bright: Oo-lay-e-o, Oo-lay-e-o. Oh,

he is in love with a cuck-oo-de-dee, I wish that some

cuck-oo would cuck-oo to me! I'm wonder-ing where all those

cuck-oos can be, Oo-lay-e-o, Oo lay-e-o.
No. 17
My Model Girl

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Allegro moderato

Vamp

He

I

think you're perfection, You're quite a model girl, You're just my se-

lec-tion To give my brush a twirl! Oh, say that you will pose for me! That

is-n't done so eas-i-ly. How grace-ful you will be! I'm

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not up on posing, I don't know how to stand—The way of posing, The way to use your hand, Or just the way to turn my face. I'll show you, if you'll take your place. I don't think I shall ever do, I never will pull through! The
tricks are very few. I'll leave it all to you. You have

eyes, dear, just like I idolise! You're the size, dear,

that I could always prize! And you've a mouth that's just of the kissing kind,

Just like the ideal I always seek to
in my mind
You've a way, dear, like no one else I know,

I must say, dear, that I could love you so,
You're just so perfect, deary, I tell you I'm afraid, And I know you're my own, my model maid.

2.
No. 18
Waltz of the Season

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

In Waltz time
Stoeger

Hark! Hark! Hark! What is it the orchestra's

play ing? Hark! Hark! Hark! That starts you im-

mediate ly sway ing. The young ones, the old ones, The tim-id, the

bold ones, Not one of the lot is im-mune. The bad and re-
religious, petite and prodigious, All fall for the popular tune.

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this heart of mine. Every one is there, All know the air, Sing it and whistle it everywhere. Sweet as the softest lullaby That's
hummed to the children when they cry: You're born near the Danube's water.

blue, All of the world's in love with you.
Hark! Hark! Hark! On the gramophone and piano.

Hark! Hark! Hark! Hand organ and band and violin.

tro-la. Men dusting wheelbarrows sing duets with sparrows. The

wonderful tune never halts. The cats on the

fences, When nighttime commences, Are keen on the popular waltz.
Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there,

All know the air, Sing it and whistle it ev'rywhere. Sweet as the softest lullaby That's
hummed to the children when they cry You're born near the Danube's

watery blue, All of the world's in love with you.

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,

heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,

heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, All know the air,

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est

Sing it and whistle it ev'-ry-where. Sweet as the soft-est
lullaby

That's hummed to the children when they cry: You're

born near the Danube's water so blue, All of the worlds in love with you.

Presto

ff
No. 19
The Tune they Croon
in the U.S.A.

Words and Music by
Cecil Lean

Allegro

Rudolph

Most ev'ry foreign na-tion Has a
style of song cre-a-tion That ex-presses what its peo-ple most re-quire:

Thus styles in mu-sic va-ry Like girls we love to mar-ry, Though we
likethem all, there's one we most admire.

The waltzes in this city, I must admit, they're pretty. Have a dreamy, dozy swing that's very fine;

But when I'm gay and happy, let them play a tune that's snappy, with a biff and bang, a raggy rag for mine!
Play me a tune that's got a syncopated swing; Let the brass go "forte" in it. Start your feet when you begin it. Play me a rag that fairly makes the welkin ring;

Don't get parted, Once you've started,

(Spoken)

Lag it up, drag it up, jag it up, rag it up! Oh, Mister leader man, that
music makes me sway, I cannot get away from it, no

matter what you say. I like the waltz with its symphony, but I

love the rag with its tympani. Now that's the tune that the

people croon in the good old U.S.A.

25924
No. 20
I'm Dreaming of A Wonderful Night

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Very slow waltz time

I'm dreaming of a wonderful night, night long ago. She was there,

Her eyes alight with love, through the bright, bright

Wave curl of her hair. We were children and love gently beckoned,

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Copyright, 1915, by G. Schirmer
And no thought of the morrow was reckoned. We were sweethearts and

smorzando

asked for no more: and now I know the dream of my boyhood is

o'er. But ev'er my heart shall the question repeat: oh,

where is my child-love so tender and sweet; And nev'er an answer from
me shall be heard, No, nev-er a word, no, nev-er a word. Though voic-es are
si-lent in dream-land, I'll find a won-der-ful pic-ture of days far be-
hind. A-gain I am young, she is smil-ing at me, And sweet is the
me-mo-ry.
Gladys

Why dream about the wonderful night, night long ago: She's not here.

Her eyes no longer shine 'neath the bright bright wavy curts, Once so dear.

Other eyes there are tenderly shining, other hearts for your love are now pining; All the joy of your life is to
The past means nothing more now for you or for me.

But ever my heart shall the question repeat: Oh, where is my

And never an answer by me shall be

child-love so tender and sweet;

heard, Never a word, never a word. Though
Tempo I°

voices are silent in dream-land, I'll find a won-der-ful

picture of days far be hind. A gain I am young, she is

smil ing at me, And sweet is the mem - o - ry.

cresc. molto

mf

PPP
No. 21
Finale

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Allegretto comodo

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Stoeger  Slow

If you'd

Gladys

Look a-

be a happy man, You'd better win a pretty widow.

round and if you can, Give all your favors to a widow.

For she

Copyright, 1915, by G. Schirmer
And you will find a perfect treasure without measure When a knows just what is what, treasure without measure When a

pretty, witty widow you have got.

pretty, witty widow you have got.

ALL SOLOS

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

SOPR. & ALTO

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

TENOR

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

BASS

Waltz of the season, waltz divine, Touching the spot in this

Lively waltz movement
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, all know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, all know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, all know the air,
heart of mine. Ev'ry one is there, all know the air,

Sing it and whistle it ev'rywhere. Sweet as the softest
lullaby That's hummed to the children when they cry,

born near the Danube's waters so blue: All of the world's in love with you.