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	missing	-	M1503.H535 Vol. 38 case
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CHAS. B. DILLINGHAM
PRESENTS LULU GLASER
IN

MISS DOLLY DOLLARS.

A Musical Comedy

BOOK & LYRICS BY

HARRY B. SMITH

MUSIC BY

VICTOR HERBERT

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NEW YORK. CHICAGO. LONDON.
VIENNA-LEIPZIG. SAN FRANCISCO. TORONTO.
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CHARLES DILLINGHAM

Presents

LULU GLASER

in a new Musical Comedy in Two Acts entitled

Miss Dolly Dollars.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dorothy Gay, an American heiress known as "Dolly Dollars."		LULU GLASER.
Lord Burlingham, in favor of an Anglo-American Alliance		MELVILLE STEWART.
Finney Doolittle, an Educated Fool		R. C. HERZ.
Samuel Gay, a Condensed Soup Magnate		CHARLES BRADSHAW.
Mrs. Gay, his better fifty percent		CARRIE PERKINS.
Guy Gay, who pays a fellow to study for him at Oxford		CARTER De HAVEN.
Bertha Billings, Dorothy's Maid with a fondness for Romance		OLIVE MURRAY.
Celeste		ELSIE FERGUSON
Lieut. Von Richter, of the German Army		HENRY VOGEL.
Miggs, Lord Burlingham's valet		BYRON ONGLEY.
Hon. Percy Fitzboodle	Members of the Club of Friendly Rivals.	WILLIAM NAUGHTON.
Marquis de Baccarat		JAMES LEAHY.
Baron Von Rheinheister		CARL HARTBERG.
Count Runoffsky		JAMES REANY.
Count Chianti		ENRICO OREMONTE.
Duke da Bolero		JOHN ARDIZONE.
Prince Umskyvitch		SIDNEY HARRIS.
Captain Sheridan Barry		EDWARD LEAHY.
Hon. Montague Bank	Eton Boys.	BESSIE HOLBROOK.
Hon. Mayland Bank		SADIE PROBST.
Margery		LILLIAN SPENCER.
Millicent		QUEENIE HEWLITT.
Helen Hastings	The Summer Girls.	PAULA DESMOND.
Freda Dressler		ELSA RHEINHARDT.
Estelle De Lange		VIDA WHITMORE.
Norah M'Cree		ALINE REDMOND.
Ruth Delamere		HELEN MARLBOROUGH.
Vena Rodriguez		LEILA BENTON.
Miriam Odell		SUSANNE PARKER.
Frances Mortimer		GABRIELLE STAHL.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENERY.

ACT I:-A Villa on the Thames at Henley.

ACT II:-Garden of a Hotel in Paris.

Stage Manager	Al. Holbrook.
Musical Director	Sig. A. de Novellis.

[Vol.] 22

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Miss Dolly Dollars.

A MUSICAL COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

Overture.

Lyrics by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro brillante.

Piano.

ff *ff* *ff z*

ff

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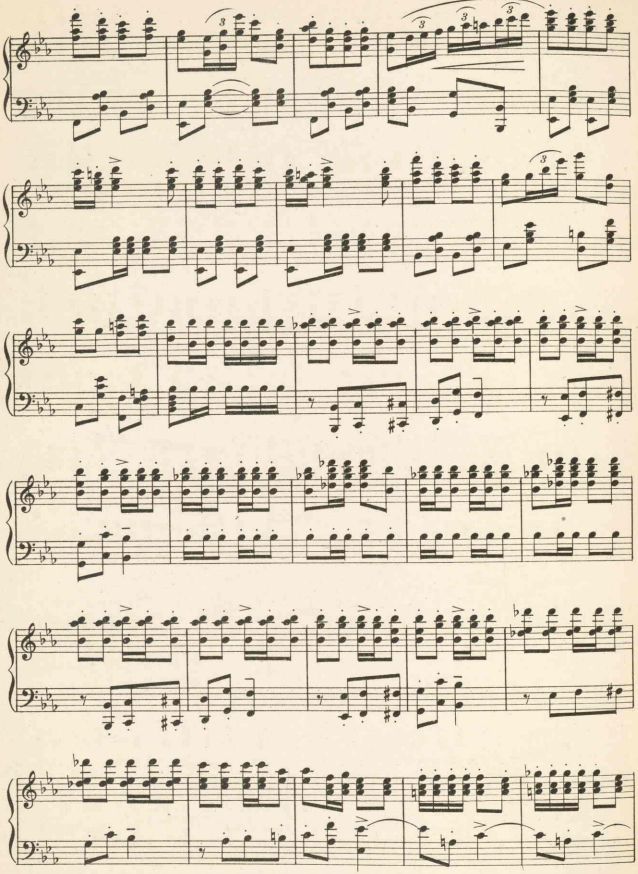
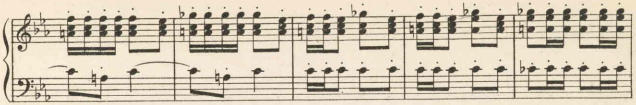
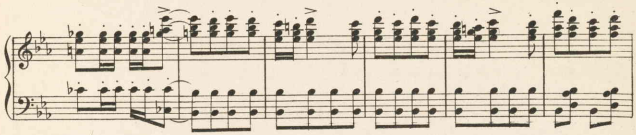
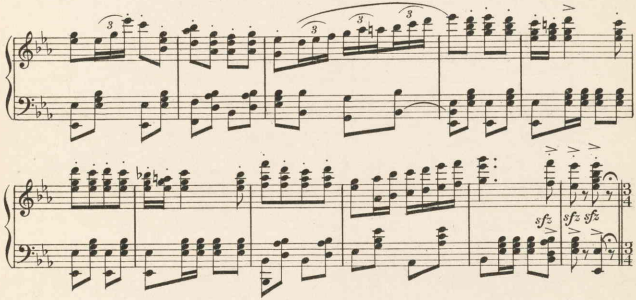
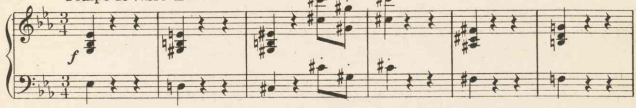


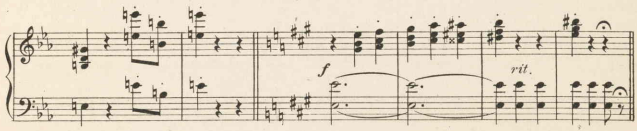


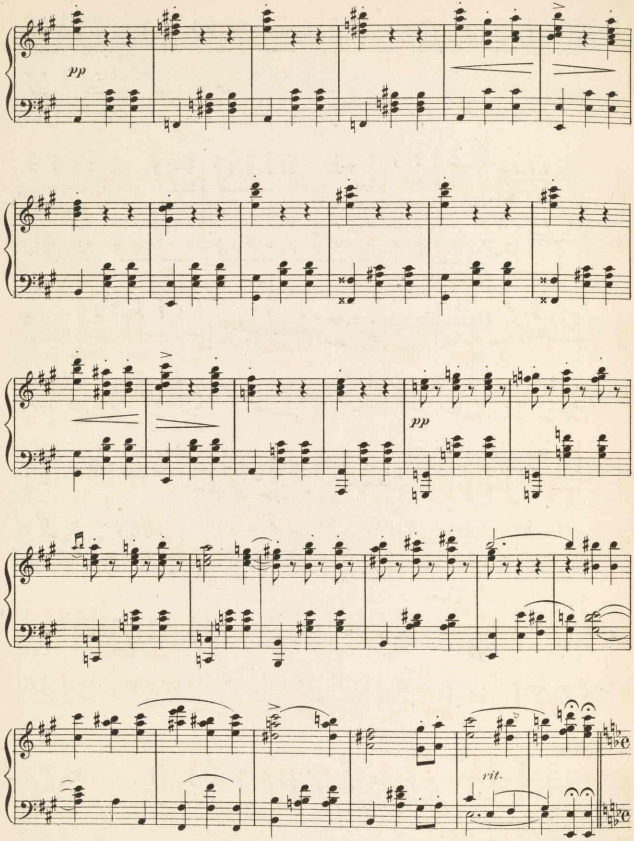




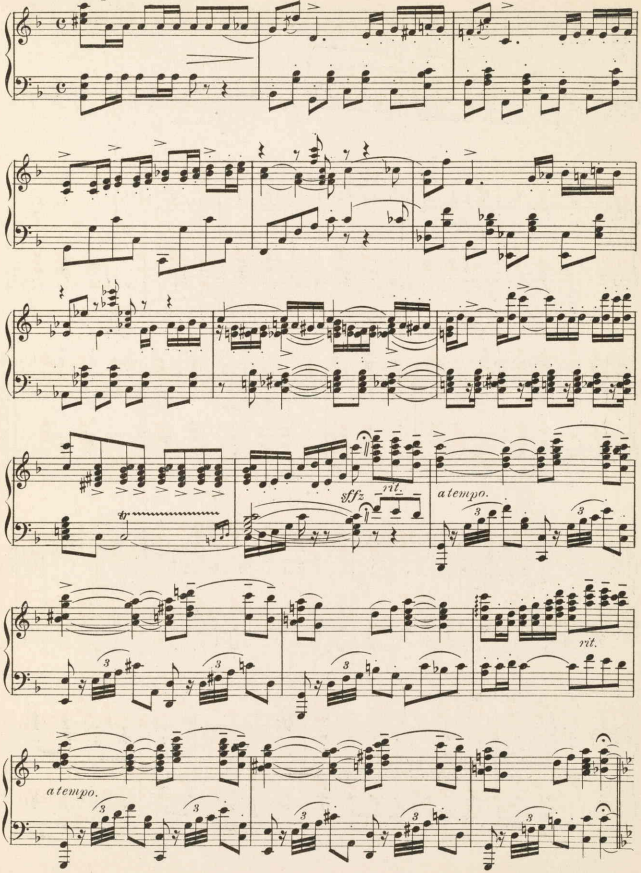
Tempo di Valse Lento.

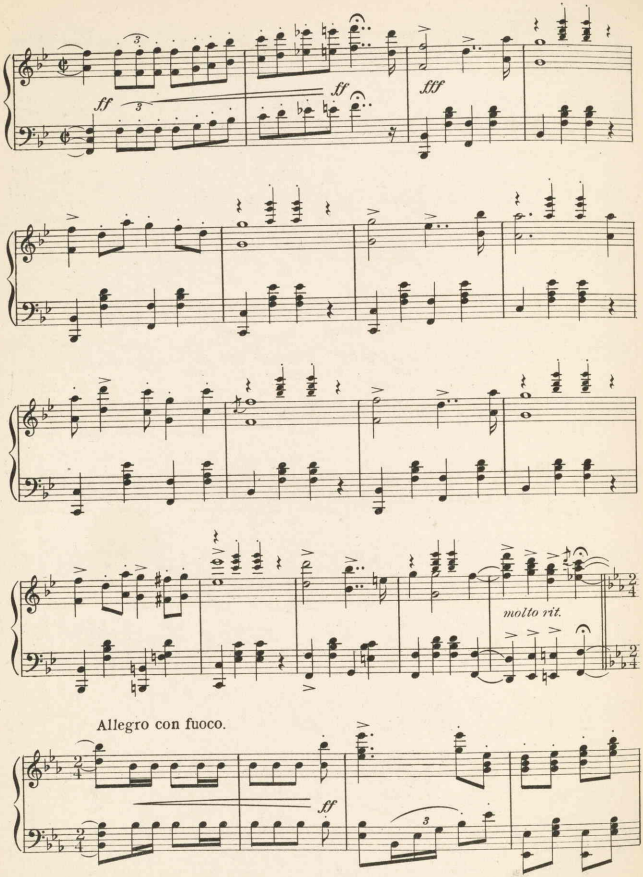


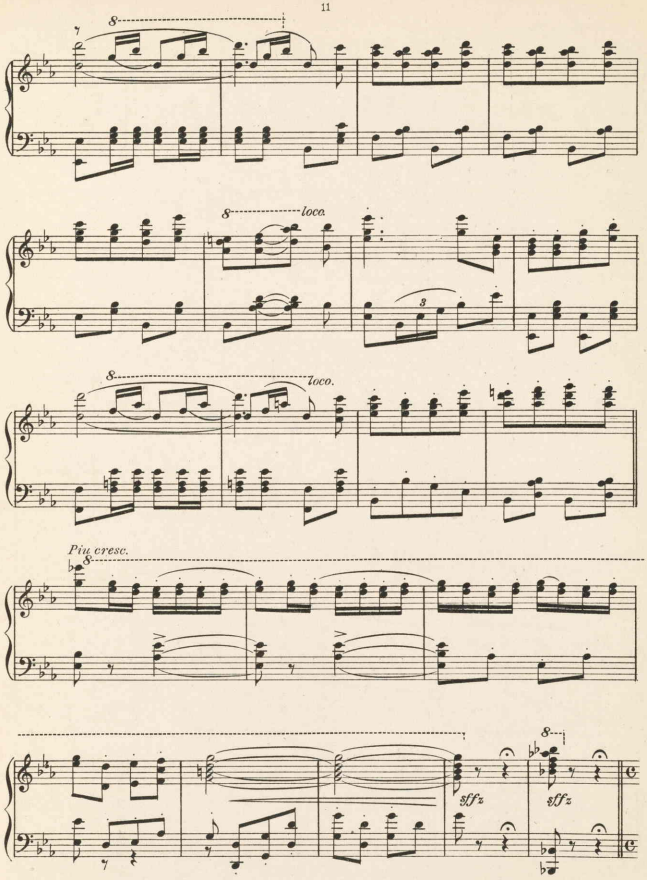


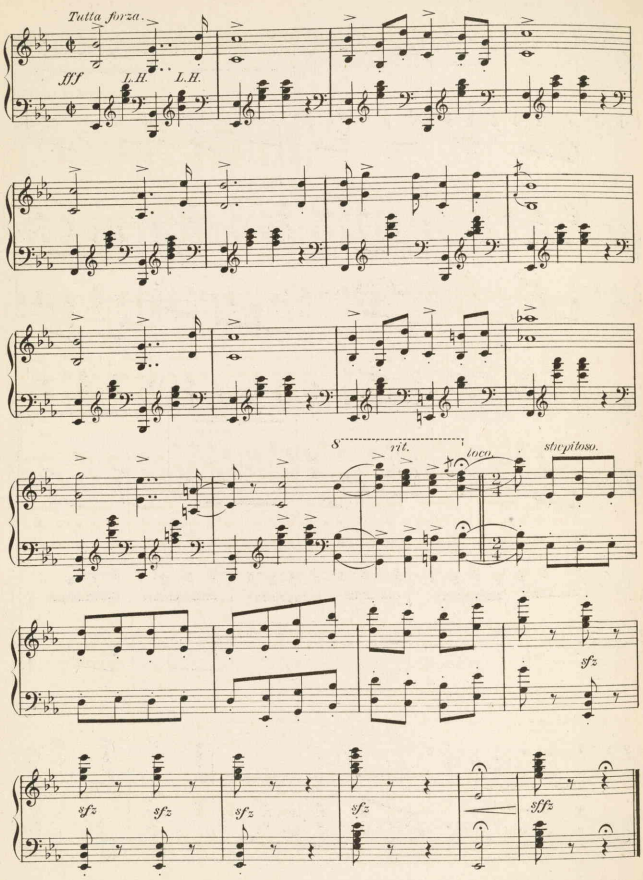

pp
pp
rit.

Allegretto scherzando.




ff
ff
fff
molto rit.
Allegro con fuoco.
ff


8
8
loco.
3
8
loco.
Più cresc.
8
8
sffz
sffz


Tutta forza.
fff
L.H.
L.H.
rit.
meno.
stupitoso.
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz
sfz

ACT I.

No1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro marcato.

Piano.

ff

molto cresc.

8 *loco.*

ff

SOP. and ALTO.
f unis.

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer day,

CHORUS.

f TENOR.

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer day,

f BASS.

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Eng - land's sons and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay For

Eng - land's sons and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay For

Lon - don swell and Lon - don belle of ev - 'ry kind and sort Love the

Lon - don swell and Lon - don belle of ev - 'ry kind and sort Love the

sfz

rack - et and rat - tle of friend - ly bat - tle at a - ny kind of sport.

rack - et and rat - tle of friend - ly bat - tle at a - ny kind of sport.

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer's day,

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer's day,

Eng - land's sons and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay.

Eng - land's sons and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay.

sff *ff*

DANCE.

brillante.

loco.

sff *sff*

Pig - skin or wick - et, The Brit - on's heart will

Foot - ball or crick - et, The Brit - on's heart will

stir. His spir - it bounds as he rides to hounds And he

stir. His spir - it bounds as he rides to hounds And he

brillante. *molto*

spares not whip or spur. Bets on the rac - es,

spares not whip or spur.

cresc.

O'er po - lo, too, he raves, Brit -

Win - ner or plac - es; O'er po - lo, too, he raves, Brit -

an - nia rules the field of sport E'en as she rules the waves. Brit -

an - nia rules the field of sport E'en as she rules the waves. Brit -

an - nia rules the field of sport E'en as she rules the waves.

an - nia rules the field of sport E'en as she rules the waves. Hip,

Of a - ny kind or sort!

hip, hur - rah! for sport Of a - ny kind or sort!

poco pesante. *molto cresc.*

Tempo I. unis.

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer's day,

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters, all of a sum - mer's day,

Eng - lands son's and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay For

Eng - lands son's and fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay For

Lon - don swell and Lon - don belle of ev - 'ry kind and

Lon - don swell and Lon - don belle of ev - 'ry kind and

sort Love the rack - et and rat - tle of friend - ly bat - tle at

sort Love the rack - et and rat - tle of friend - ly bat - tle at

a - ny kind of sport Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters,

a - ny kind of sport Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters,

all of a sum - mer's day, Eng - land's sons and

all of a sum - mer's day, Eng - land's sons and

fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay.

fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay.

sff *ff*

8 *loco.*

sff *sff*

♩ like ♩. of preceding tempo.

SUMMER GIRLS.

In

(The Summer girls come forward.)

sum - mer frocks of sweet sim - plic - i - ty, Air de - mure of

pure rus - tic - i - ty, Ros - i - ly blush - ing, Art - less - ly gush - ing,

Come we, the boat race grac - ing. While the col - lege

crews are batt - ling, We chime in with art - less pratt - ling,

Praise to our broth - ers (And to some oth - ers) In the re-gat - ta

f

rac - ing. For we know there is noth - ing at all in

f

glo - ry With-out the love of an Eng - lish maid; And to

p

man fame is rath - er a lame, tame sto - ry With-out the praise of an Eng - lish

maid How - ev - er a race be rowed or run, No

sfz *p leggiero.*

he - ro cares wheth - er he's lost or won If two pret - ty lips do not

p *f* *dim.*

say, "Well done!" And the lau - rel is the love of an Eng - lish

ff

maid. For we know there is noth - ing at all in glo - ry With-out the

For we know there is noth - ing at all in glo - ry With-out the

f *p*

smiles of an Eng - lish maid And to man fame is rath - er a lame, tame

smiles of an Eng - lish maid And to man fame is rath - er a lame, tame

smile then, we pray:

sto - ry With-out the praise of an Eng - lish maid How-

sto - ry With-out the praise of an Eng - lish maid. That is true How-

sf

ev - er a race be rowed or run, No he - ro cares wheth - er he's lost or won If

ev - er a race be rowed or run, No he - ro cares wheth - er he's lost or won If

loco.

p leggiero. *p*

two pret - ty lips do not say, "well done!" And the

two pret - ty lips do not say, "well done!" And the

8.

f *dim.*

pesante. Allegro molto.

lau - rel is the love of an Eng - lish maid.

lau - rel is the love of an Eng - lish maid.

pesante. *rit.* *ff brillante.*

(Laughter is heard off stage.)

(A barge comes up the river with a party of costers etc.)

(Costers advance.)

ff

sffz molto accel.

sffz

sffz

sffz

Moderato.

Last

sffz

sffz

sffz

sffz

p

Mi - chael-mas I sez to my old Mis - sus, "Well, old gal, I'll

knock off work Re - gat - ta day And run down with a pal." "Oh,

no, yer won't, my jug-gins," My old Dutch she says, says she, "What

ev - er are you do - in' that yer cawn't tike me?" "Right-

o," sez I, "If that's yer lay, I'll tike yer fast e - nough, There's

no oc - ca - sion 'ere to get the 'ump or cut up rough. I'll

'itch the moke and put on toys, and tike the nip - per, too; We'll

poco rit.

shake 'em up at 'En - ley, show 'em some - thing new.

poco rit.

a tempo.

My word! It sure - ly was a treat, And

a tempo.

'ow the land - lord whis - tled as we drove a-long the street.

Wot cher! You cawn't stop us, old bloke, Not

me, nor the Mis - sus, nor the nip - per, nor the moke.

f Tutti.

My word! It sure - ly was a treat, And

f

'ow the land - lord whis - tled as we drove a - long the street.

Wot cher! You cawn't stop us, old bloke, Not

me, nor the Mis - sus, nor the nip - per, nor the moke.

Allegro

CHORUS.

Now give a rol - lick - ing Brit - ish cheer, three cheers and a ti - ger,

Now give a rol - lick - ing Brit - ish cheer, three cheers and a ti - ger,

too. Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip,

too. Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip,

sffz *ff*

hip, hip, hip, hur - rah!

hip, hip, hip, hur - rah!

ff

ff

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters,

ff

Cours - ing down old Tham - es's wa - ters,

ff

8

fff

all of a sum - mer's day, Eng - land's sons and

all of a sum - mer's day, Eng - land's sons and

fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay. Hip,

ff

fair - est daugh - ters gath - er with spir - its gay. Hip,

ff

ff

ff

hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur -

hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur -

Più mosso.

rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur -

rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur -

rah! And the

rah! And the

ff martellato.

ti - ger, too! Hip!

ti - ger, too! Hip!

Hur - rah!

Hur - rah!

fff presto.

sfffz

The Self-Made Family

№ 2.

TRIO.

Mrs. Gay, Mr. Gay and Guy.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Valse, poco vivo.

(MR. GAY.) I am hap - py to say I'm a self - made man, I have fre-quent-ly told how I first be-gan; For two dol - lars a month I would toil and strive, And I'd

(MRS. GAY.) When in win - ter I sit in my op. - 'ra box, Ev - 'ry - one in the par-quet looks up and knocks; When I get on my di - a - monds all com-bined, It's a

(GUY.) When dear moth - er goes shop-ping on bar - gain day, Thro' the crowd she just el-bows and fights her way; You can bet those poor wom - en make way for her, For they

Piano.

pp

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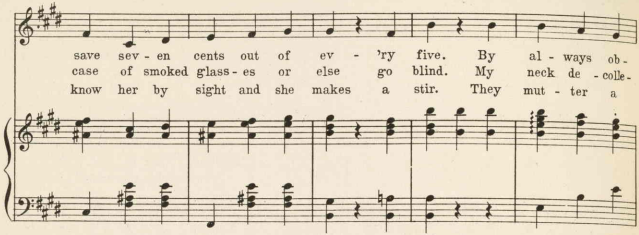
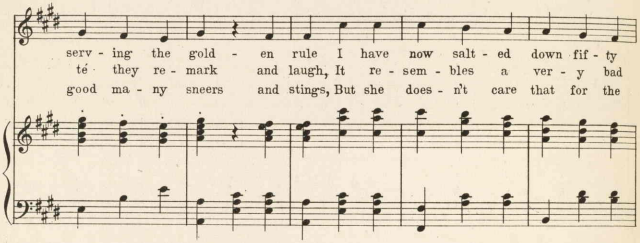
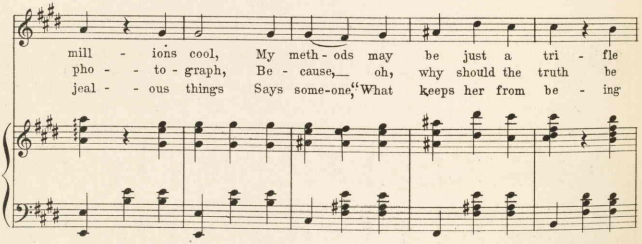

save sev - en cents out of ev - 'ry five. By al - ways ob-
case of smoked glass - es or else go blind. My neck de - colle-
know her by sight and she makes a stir. They mut - ter a


serv - ing the gold - en rule I have now salt - ed down fif - ty
té they re - mark and laugh, It re - sem - bles a ver - y bad
good ma - ny sneers and stings, But she does - n't care that for the


mill - ions cool, My meth - ods may be just a tri - fle
pho - - to - graph, Be - cause,— oh, why should the truth be
jeal - - ous things Says some-one, "What keeps her from be - ing

rit.

raw, But I care - ful - ly keep just in - side the law. Now they
glozed?_It is bad - ly de - vel - oped and o - ver ex - posed. Still they
trash?"And then ev - e - ry clerk in the store yells,"Cash!" Now they

rit.

a tempo.

fol - low me ev - 'ry - where, And I do just a - bout as I
fol - low me ev - 'ry - where, Op - 'ra glass-es up - on me they
fol - low her ev - 'ry - where, And they size up her ru - bies and

a tempo.

please, On all high of - fi - cials I've carved my in - i - tials, They
bend, With im - pu - dent aim they all stare thro' the same, And some
pearls, She struts a - round proud - ly, scolds floor-walk-ers loud - ly, And

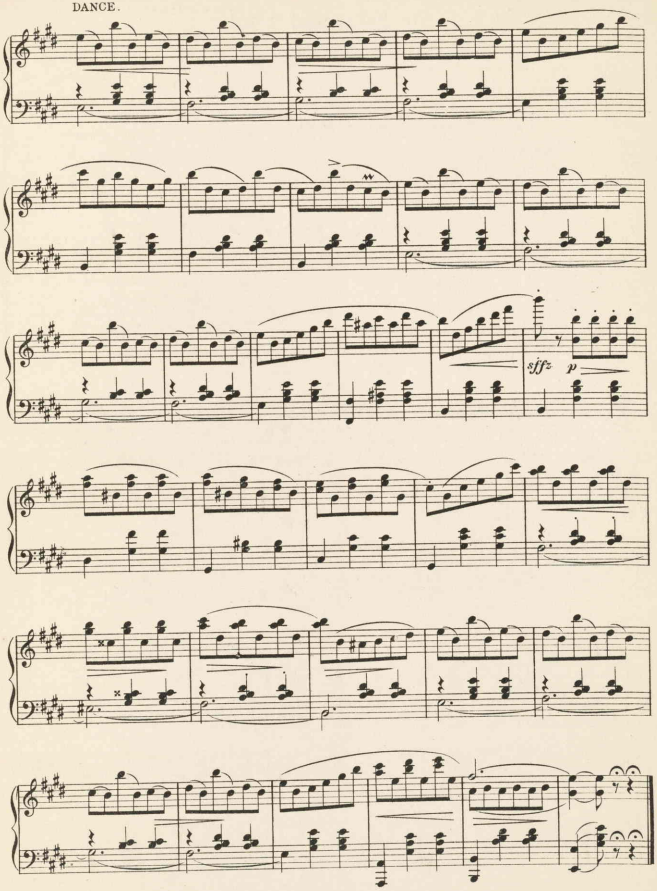
all come to me on their knees. When small-er fry fall or are crushed to the
say they look thro' the small end. Ca - rus- o may shriek, I just talk a blue
bul - lies the wea - ry shop girls. She gives ev - ry clerk sev - ral hours ex-tra

wall, It strikes me as be - ing quite fun - ny Should com-pet - i - tors
streak, The au - di - ence hiss - es, it's fun - ny! Prim - a don-nas turn
work, She spoils dis - po - si - tions most sun - ny; And then homeward she

rise I throw "dust" in their eyes, For I am a man made of mon - ey.
green, but I'm there to be seen, For I am a la - dy with mon - ey.
spins with a pa - per of pins, For she is a la - dy with mon - ey.

pp

DANCE.



An Educated Fool.

No. 3.

Doolittle.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Molto moderato e con sentimento.

DOOLITTLE

Piano.

Tho' I'm
I am

rit.

pp

not of loft - y sta - tion, I've a lib - 'ral ed - u - ca - tion, And I
an Ac - a - de - mi - cian, With a fund of er - u - di - tion, I've a

colla voce.
espress

know my Lat - in, San - crit, He - brew, Greek; I am
stock in trade of in - tel - lect - ual goods; I'm a

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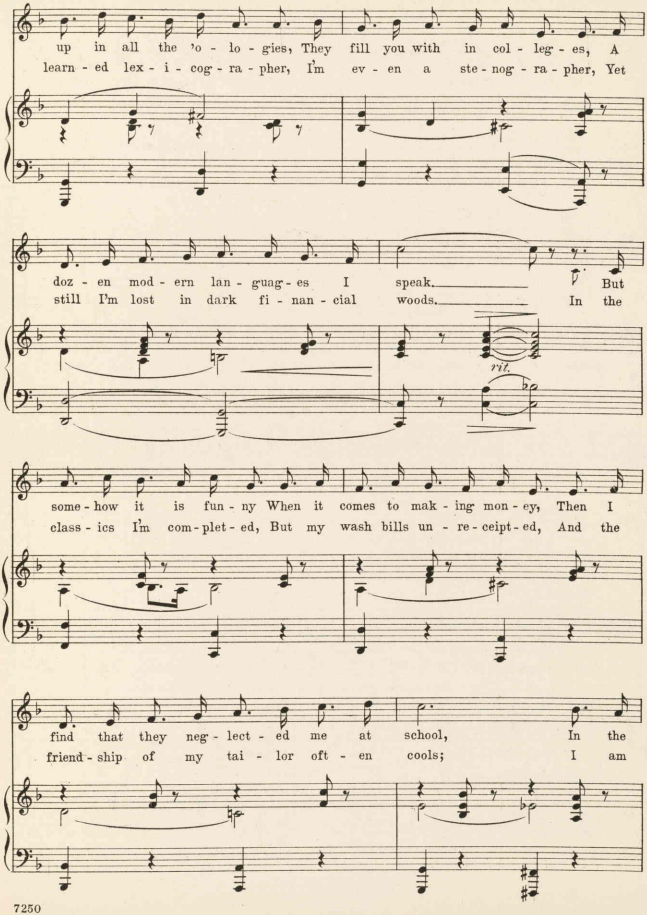
up in all the 'o - lo - gies, They fill you with in col - leg - es, A
learn - ed lex - i - cog - ra - pher, I'm ev - en a ste - nog - ra - pher, Yet
doz - en mod - ern lan - guag - es I speak. But
still I'm lost in dark fi - nan - cial woods. In the
some - how it is fun - ny When it comes to mak - ing mon - ey, Then I
class - ics I'm com - plet - ed, But my wash bills un - re - ceipt - ed, And the
find that they neg - lect - ed me at school, In the
friend - ship of my tai - lor oft - en cools; I am

strife for what's called boo-dle, I'm an im - be - cil - ic noo-dle, And it
ig - no - rant of noth - ing, Still I'm wear - ing left - off cloth-ing, Just be -

seems I am an ed - u - ca - ted fool. Now
cause I'm one of those L. L. D. fools. Yes,

rit.

Slower.

why is it I won - der that a clev - er chap like me Can
here I am a D. F. A. S. S. and C. O. D., I'd

pp meno mosso.

bare - ly scrape a - long while lots of id - i - ots I see Can
glad - ly change my ti - tles P. D. Q. for L. S. D. Why

rit.

make a mill - ion dai - ly, then com - plain it was - n't three? It's a
is it that in spite of all I still re - main N. G.? It's a

rit.

più rit.

thing that keeps me guess - ing all the time.
thing that keeps me guess - ing all the time.

Fine.

D.S. al Fine.

No 4a Entrance of Dolly.

Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro molto.

Piano.

f

(auto-horn.)

molto cresc.

CHORUS.

SOP. & ALTO.

Now all pre-pare for trou-ble, So

TEN.

For yon-der comes a bub-ble. So

BASS.

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dan - ger threat - ens us, we clear - ly see. So

dan - ger threat - ens us, we clear - ly see.

rap - id - ly 'tis speed - ing To

That the own - er gives no heed - ing.

a - ny - thing that in the way may be Oh, be -

To all that in the way may be Oh, be -

ware of the au - to - mo - bile, The

ware of the au - to - mo - bile, The

ff

nerve of its own - er is steel. With a

nerve of its own - er is steel. With a

whizz - ing and a whirr - ing It de - stroys with aim un - err - ing, It's the

whizz - ing and a whirr - ing It de - stroys with aim un - err - ing, It's the

1.

lat - est and the great - est thing a - wheel. Oh be -

lat - est and the great - est thing a - wheel. Oh be -

sfz

2.

lat - est and the great - est thing a - wheel.

lat - est and the great - est thing a - wheel.

(Dorothy enters.)

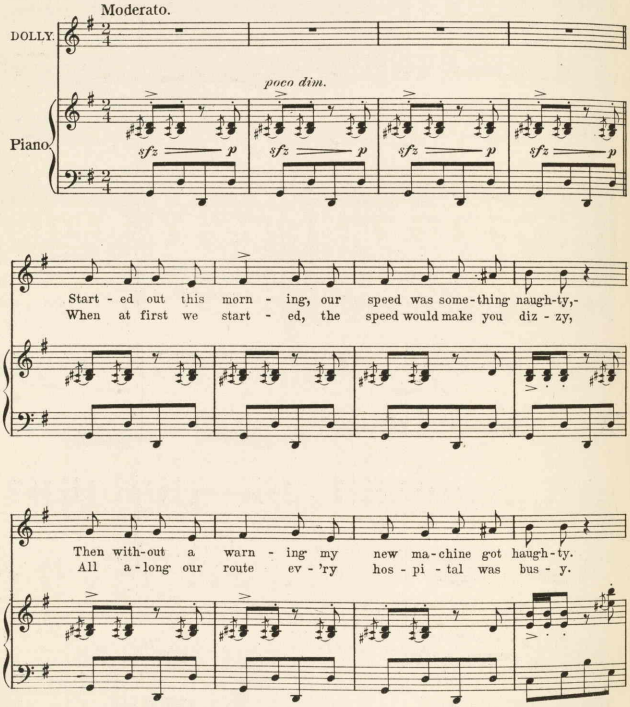
sfz *sfz* *sfz* *lunga.*

No. 4b Just Get Out and Walk.

Dolly and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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ff *p*

Bz - z - z - z - - z - z - z! it seemed a bit too talk - y.
Bz - z - z - z - - z - z - z! I made the peo - ple scur - ry, But

8

sfz *f* *p* *pp*

Talk a - bout your hors - es! ev - er see a bub - ble balk - y?
still I al - ways spare their lives un - less I'm in a hur - ry.

f agitato. *p*

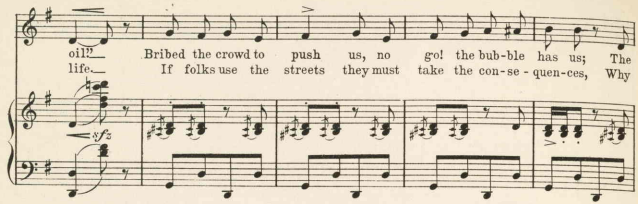
"What is wrong, Chauf - feur?" I asked, in 'midst of the tur - moil. "Noth-ing
I be-lieve in nev - er mak - ing a - ny need - less strife, Be con-

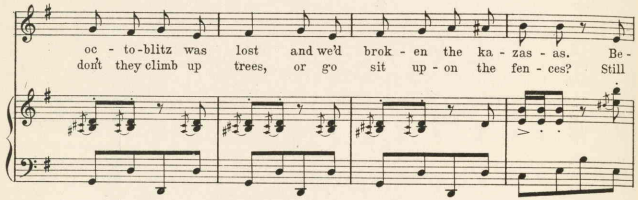
f poco agitato.

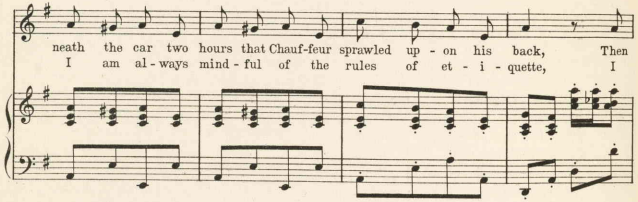
f pesante poco rit.

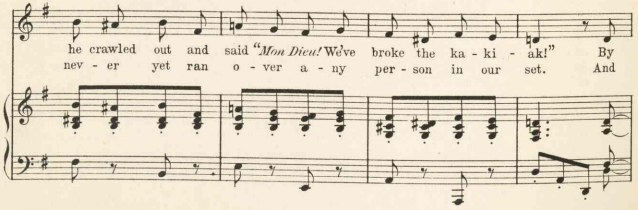
ser - i - ous," he said; "Noth-ing ser - i - ous," he said, "the gains-planz needs some
sid - 'rate as you can, Nev - er real - ly kill a man, just crip - ple him for

pp *pesante poco rit.*


oil!" Bribed the crowd to push us, no go! the bub-ble has us; The
life. If folks use the streets they must take the con-se-quen-ces, Why


oc-to-blitz was lost and we'd brok-en the ka-zas-as. Be-
don't they climb up trees, or go sit up-on the fen-ces? Still


neath the car two hours that Chauf-feur sprawled up-on his back, Then
I am al-ways mind-ful of the rules of et-i-quette, I


he crawled out and said "*Mon Dieu!* We've broke the ka-ki-aki!" By
nev-er yet ran o-ver a-ny per-son in our set. And

that time all the *Hoi Pol - loi* had gath-ered 'round, of course, And
if you miss a per - son the first time you try, why then It

fz

rit. Allegro giocoso.

sneered and jeered and laughed and chaffed and hol-lered, "Get a horse."
is - n't sports-man - like to turn right back and try a - gain.

rit.

Dou - ble, dou - ble, toil and trou - ble,

fp

Hap - py is the own - er of a brand new bub - ble; But
If

when it be-gins to balk. There's no use of toil or talk, The
you chance a friend to slay, As most a - ny bub - blist may, It's

on - ly thing to do is just to get out and walk.
on - ly right that you his fun-'ral ex - pens - es pay.

CHORUS.

f Dou - ble, dou - ble, toil and trou - ble,

f Dou - ble, dou - ble, toil and trou - ble,

f

ff

Hap - py is the own - er of a brand new bub - ble. But
If

Hap - py is the own - er of a brand new bub - ble. But
If

sfz

when it be - gins to balk There's no use of toil or talk, The
you chance a friend to slay, As most a - ny bub - blist may, It's

when it be - gins to balk There's no use of toil or talk, The
you chance a friend to slay, As most a - ny bub - blist may, It's

on - ly thing to do is just to get out and walk.
on - ly right that you his fun - 'ral ex - pens - es pay.

on - ly thing to do is just to get out and walk.
on - ly right that you his fun - 'ral ex - pens - es pay.

sff *sff* *sff* *sff* *ff*

ff

The *ff*

The *ff*

DANCE.

più mosso.

on - ly thing to do is just to get out and walk.

on - ly thing to do is just to get out and walk.

sff *sff* *sff* D.C.

5a Entrance of The Friendly Rivals' Club.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.

f *ff*

TENORS.

BASSES.

No - bil - i - ty's

sffz

sci - ons, So - ci - e - ty's li - ons, Ap -

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pear the per - fect types of ar - is - toc - ra - cy. Cor - o - net - ed and

er - mined, We are ful - ly de - ter - mined To

unis.

win the wealth - y daugh - ter of De - moc - ra - cy.

These

ff

We're

notes of in - tro - duc - tion we pre - sent, don't you know;—

bent up - on ab - duc - tion of your heart, don't you know;—

con anima.

You can give re - quit - al, list to our re - cit - al,-

con anima.

Yan - kees love a ti - tle, don't you know!

elegante. *sff* *p*

Moderato. *molto rubato.*

DOLLY.

Gen - tle - men, I'm

espress. *rit.* *a tempo.* *sff sff sff* *p*

flat - tered aw - ful - ly by these kind - ly prof - fers, But of course, I

can - not law - ful - ly ac - cept all your of - fers. Your pro - pos - als

p

molto rit.

sure - ly in - di - cate you think me a pearl,- But a - las! I'm

molto rit.

poco a poco in tempo. *a tempo.*

not a syn - di - cate, I am just one girl!

scherzando.

con abandono. *rit.*

But a - las! I'm not a syn - di - cate, I am just one girl!

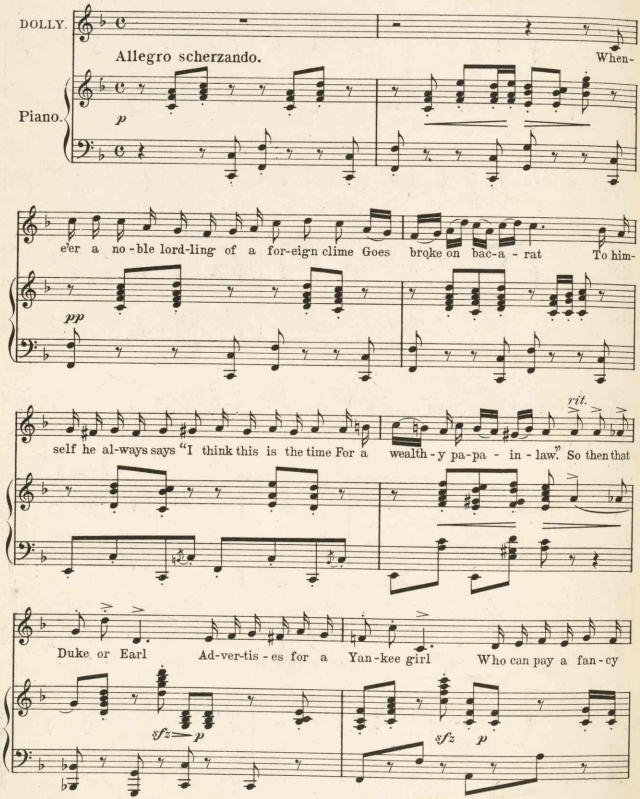
rit. *dim.*

Nº 5b. An American Heiress.

Dolly and Noblemen.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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price for a lord rath-er nice "Ob-ject mat-ri - mo-ny."

TENOR.

BASS.

Share our

sfz

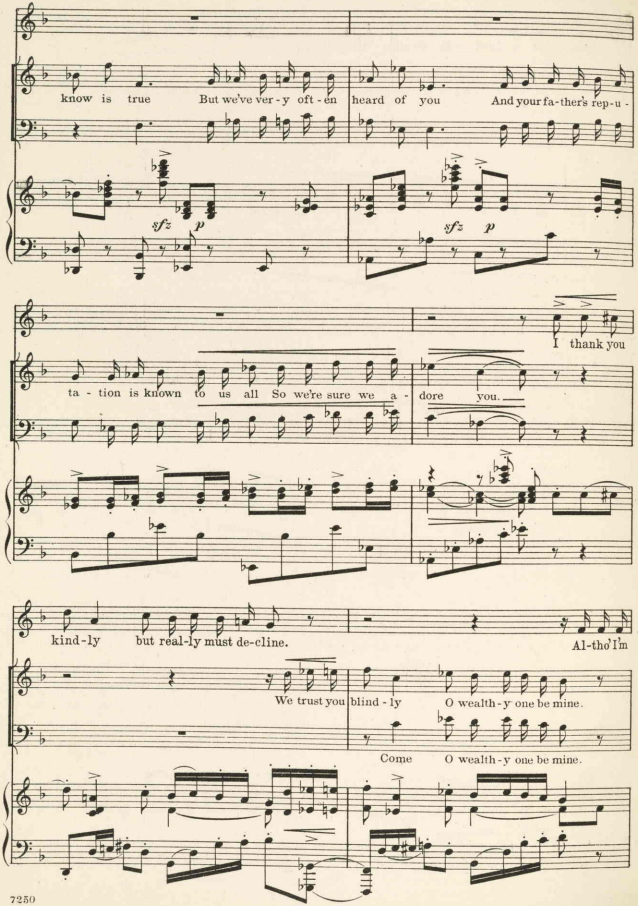
Do not be so rap-id

cor-o-net I as-sure you, you will ne'er for-get.

sfz *p* *sfz* *p*

pray But re-mem-ber that we nev-er met be-fore to - day.

Yes that we


know is true But we've ver - y oft - en heard of you And your fa - ther's rep - u -
sfz p
sfz p
I thank you
ta - tion is known to us all So we're sure we a - dore you.
kind - ly but real - ly must de - cline.
Al - tho' I'm
We trust you blind - ly O wealth - y one be mine.
Come O wealth - y one be mine.

flat-tered I re-fuse you. I can-not

p

No, no, we can't af-ford to lose you

p

p

pay The price to-day So on your way.

f *dim.*

Ac-cept our rank And be our bank

f *dim.*

Ah! You

f *dim.*

f *dim.*

On your way!

don't know what you're miss-ing if you pass us by, We are on the bar-gain count-er here to-day. We are

p

Still I must

great-ly in de-mand By lad-ies of your land, Bet-ter seize the op-por-tu-ni-ty we say.

say you nay For I can-not mar-ry you to-day, Ev-en tho' my heart may

sfz *p* *sfz* *p*

break I must lose you I see, and re-main sad and lone-ly.

Fair maid you

That's a chance I'll have to

real - ly make What is sure to be a great mis - take

sfz *p* *sfz* *p*

take I must de-cline Al-tho' this heart may break ah yes With ma-ny thanks I must de-

Say yes say yes We pray say yes, we pray You

cline, And you to oth - er girls re - sign. They say they

sure - ly will re - gret if you de - cline. Fair one, we

p *p* *rit.* *rit.* *rit.*

fp *sfz rit.* *espressivo.*

love me, And they a - dore me, And sigh on

love you, And we a dore you, We sigh on

a tempo.

pp rit.

bend - ed knee like knights of old. "Oh, be my

bend - ed knee like knights of old. "Oh, be my

pp rit.

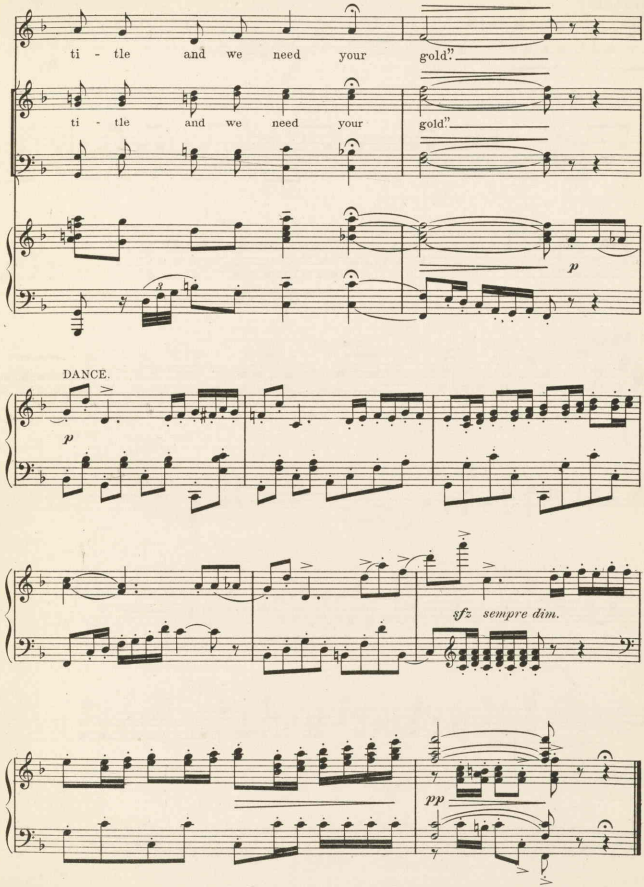
pp rit.

a tempo.

bride, dear," They all im - plore me "You need a

bride, dear," We all im - plore you "You need a

a tempo.


ti - tle and we need your gold."
ti - tle and we need your gold."
p
DANCE.
p
sfz sempre dim.
pp

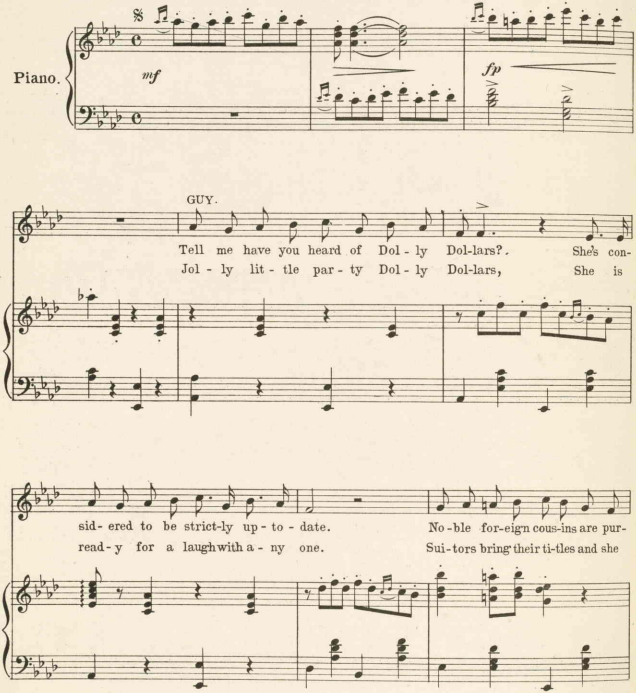
Nº 6.

Dolly Dollars.

Guy and Eight Girls.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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su - ing her by doz - ens, Fear-ing on - ly they will be too late.
lists to their re - cit - als, But re - gards it all as mere - ly fun.

Oh, but she has mon - ey Dol - ly Dol - lars, She has
None of them can fool Miss Dol - ly Dol - lars, Tho' the

beau-ty too, to fas - ci - nate the men, But when they come woo-ing there is
way she oft - en treats them is a shame, Words she does not mince them, ver-y

real - ly noth - ing do - ing Dol - ly tells them when to call a - gain.
quick - ly she'll con-vince them Two it takes to play the mar-riage game.

sfz

1st. time GUY.
2nd. time ALL.

Some like la - zy Dai - sy, Some like mod - est May,
Some like pret - ty Kit - ty, Some ad - mire plain Jane,

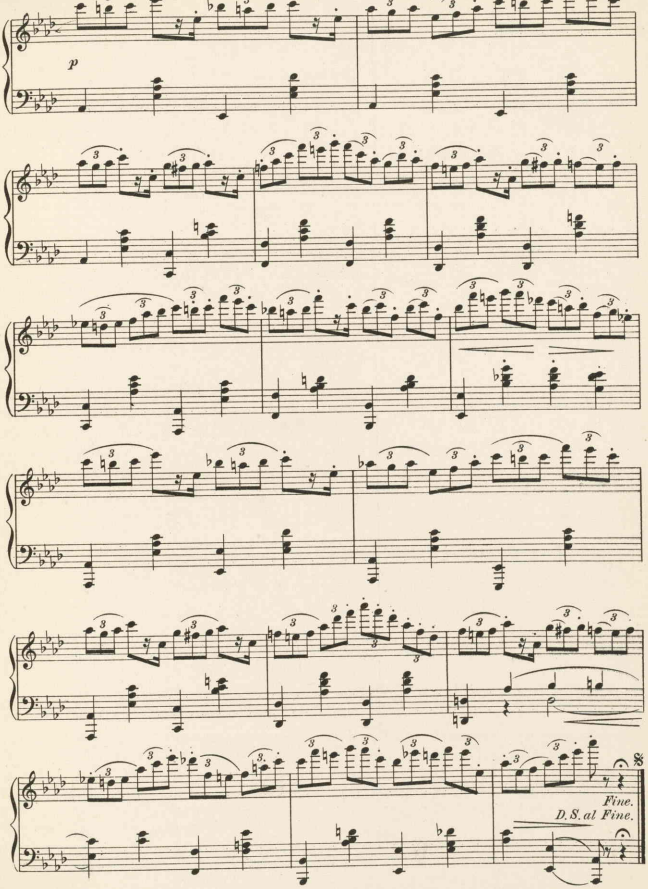
Oth - ers fan - cy Nan - cy, Who has such a win-ning way;
Some would mar - ry Car - rie, And they sigh for her in vain;

Some like chil - ly Lil - y, Stat - u - esque and tall, But dash - ing Dol - ly
Queen of ev - 'ry sea - son, Belle of ev - 'ry ball, This dash - ing Dol - ly

1. Dol - lars seems to win them all.
Dol - lars seems to win them all.

2. all.
all.

sfz


p
Fine.
D.S. al Fine.

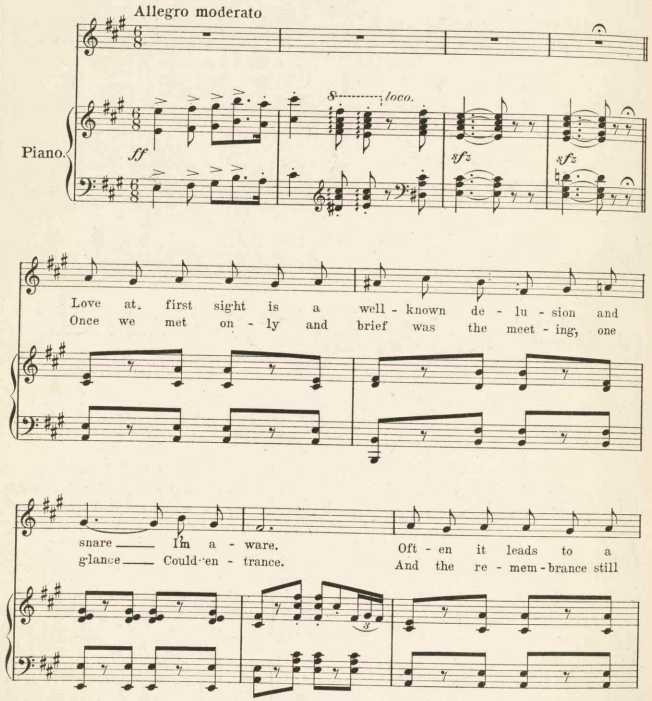
No. 7.

My Fair Unknown.

Lord Burlingham.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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lot of con - fu - sion and care, And des - pair.
sets my heart beat - ing, Her smile Could be - guile.

But when it strikes you there's no use in try - ing to
No more flirt - 'a - tion, my boy, I've been through it That

fly from your fate; If she's the one, Cu - pid
game's e'er the same. But when I saw her 'twas

takes no de - ny - ing. So why Hes - i - tate?
love and I knew it, and she Mine must be.

Go and mar-ry for gold If 'tis gold you prize; For

me there is wealth un - told In a pair of laugh-ing eyes. I

know not her name, But all the same I'm

pesante.

go - ing to mar - ry my fair un-known, There's no oth - er girl for

pesante. colla voce. *a tempo.*

me.

TENORS. *f* Ha ha! Ha ha! Such

BASSES. *f*

sfz

rit.

Im go - ing to mar - ry my

fol - ly we can - not see.

sfz *sfz* *rit.*

pesante.

fair un-known, There's no oth-er girl for me.

f *ff*

We see!

f *ff*

pesante.

p *sfz*

No 8. Finale I.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro brillante.

Piano.

f

p

DOLLY.

Off to Par - is where all is gay and bright,

fp

pp

p

Off to Par - is where all is turned to night Where

pp

all the time is leis - ure Where life's a round of pleas - ure,

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Car - - ni - val in Par - is is a sea - son of de -

fp

f ALL PRINCIPALS.

light. The song and dance of la belle France

f

The song and dance of la belle France

f

f

scherzando.

p

Are what we are in - vit - ed to And we ac - cept de -

Are what we are in - vit - ed to And we ac - cept de -

p

light-ed to With love and wine none can re - pine So

light-ed to With love and wine none can re - pine So

let's a - way in brave ar - ray to Par - is gay To

let's a - way in brave ar - ray to Par - is gay To

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

song and dance of la belle France We

song and dance of la belle France We

wish we are in - vit - ed too Then we would be de - light - ed too Such

wish we are in - vit - ed too Then we would be de - light - ed too Such

sf

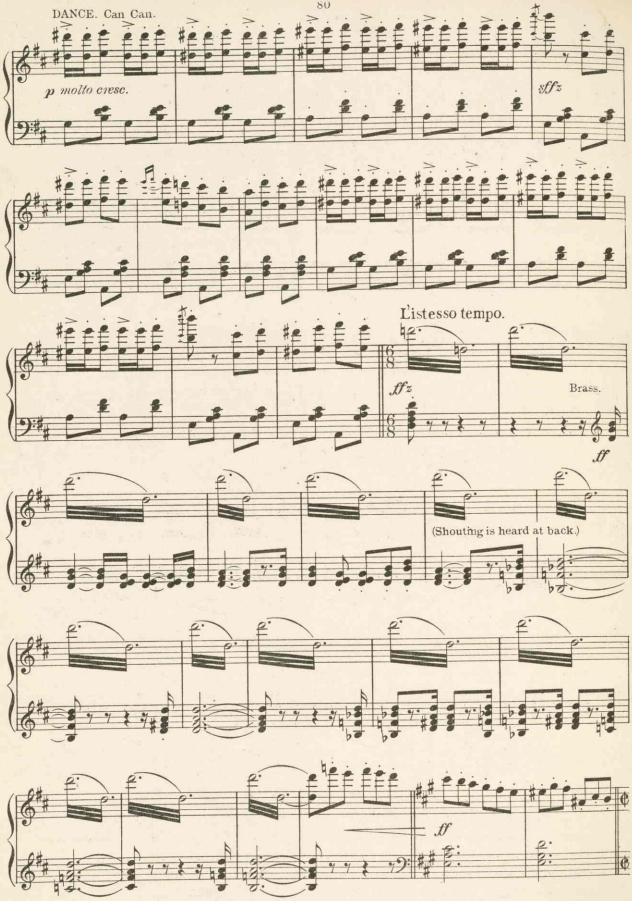
joys di - vine we'd ne'er de - cline We'd

joys di - vine we'd ne'er de - cline We'd

f

leave to - day in best ar - ray For Par - is gay.

leave to - day in best ar - ray For Par - is gay.


DANCE. Can Can.
p molto cresc.
sffz
L'istesso tempo.
sffz
Brass.
ff
(Shouting is heard at back.)
ff

GUY.

You may talk a-bout the la - zy joys of

p *sempre staccatissimo.*

golf-ing You may tell me that the Der - by is sub - lime O'er

foot-ball you may rave, or of sail - ing o'er the wave But I

much pre - fer a boat race a - ny time Oh, it

is a pret - ty sight on a breez - y morn - ing bright To

see the boats up - on the riv - er blue All you

sfz *sfz*

have to do is shirk, watch the oth - er fel - lows work, Then hur-

f ALL PRINCIPALS. Meno mosso.

rah for the win - ning crew. Then it's row, row a -

f

Then it's row, row a -

f

Meno mosso.

rit. *f* *molto marc.*

way lads Bend to the oar with a will

way lads Bend to the oar with a will

ff

Row, row a - way, lads I'm will - ing to watch you till

Row, row a - way, lads I'm will - ing to watch you till

Row, row a - way, lads Work is for brave boys like you,

Row, row a - way, lads Work is for brave boys like you,

ff

pesante.

I love to watch you And praise you when you're through. Then it's

I love to watch you And praise you when you're through. Then it's

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

ff

pesante.

row, row a - way, lads Bend to the oar with a will

row, row a - way, lads Bend to the oar with a will

Row, row a - way, lads I'm will- ing to watch you still.

Row, row a - way, lads I'm will- ing to watch you still.

Row, row a - way, lads Work is for brave boys like you

Row, row a - way, lads Work is for brave boys like you

rit. Allegro vivo.

I love to watch you And praise you when you're through.

I love to watch you And praise you when you're through.

Allegro vivo.

rit.

Hip Hoo - ray!

Hip Hoo - ray!

Hip Hoo - ray! With a whizz - ing and a whirr - ing pass - ing

Hip Hoo - ray! With a whizz - ing and a whirr - ing pass - ing

8

ev - 'ry thing that's stirr - ing It's the la - test and the great - est thing a -

ev - 'ry thing that's stirr - ing It's the la - test and the great - est thing a -

wheel Oh, be - ware of the au - to - - mo -

wheel Oh, be - ware of the au - to - - mo -

bile The nerve of the own - er is

bile The nerve of the own - er is

steel Oh, be - ware and take care Or you'll

steel Oh, be - ware and take care Or you'll

molto cresc ed accel.

be in the air.

be in the air.

Tempo come sopra.

ff

DOLLY.

Dou-ble! Dou-ble! Toil and trou-ble

I'm the hap - py own - er of a brand new "bub-ble!"

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

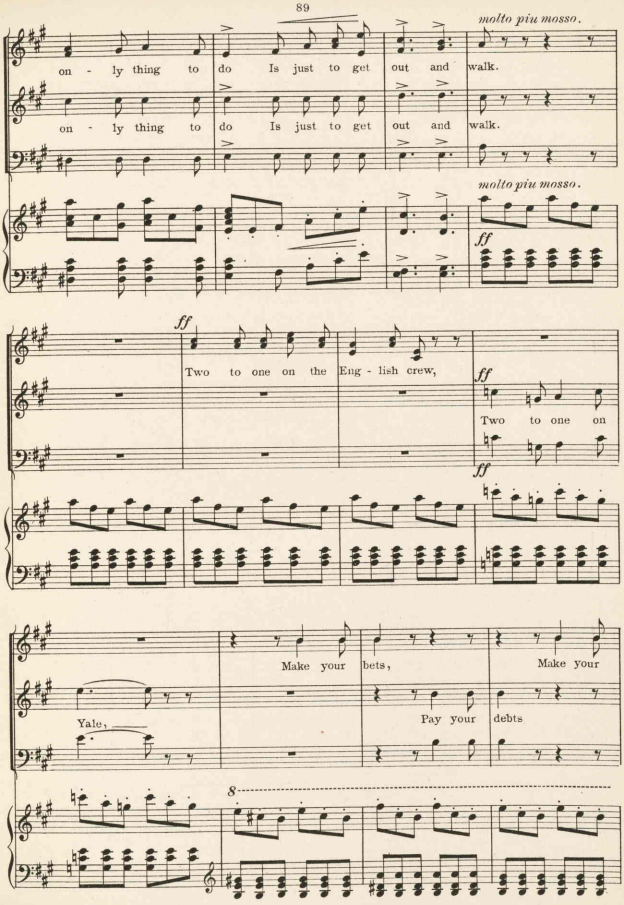
f But

f But

f

when it be-gins to balk There's no use of toil or talk The

when it be-gins to balk There's no use of toil or talk The


molto più mosso.
on - ly thing to do Is just to get out and walk.
on - ly thing to do Is just to get out and walk.
molto più mosso.
ff
ff
Two to one on the Eng - lish crew,
ff
Two to one on
ff
Make your bets,
Make your
Yale,
Pay your debts
8

bebts Make your bets, Make your

To win they can't fail, Pay your debts,

8

bets. Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-

To win they can't fail. Hur-rah! Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-

8

ff

rah for the win - ning crew. Ah!

rah for the win - ning crew. Ah!

ff

ff

8

tutta forza.

Ah! What's that? Hel - - lo! What's that?

An ac - ci - dent, A boat's up - set,

Ah! What's that? Hel - - lo! What's that?

An ac - ci - dent, A boat's up - set,

ffp R.H. *ffp* *sf*

ff Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A boat's up-

ff Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! A boat's up-

ff *molto cresc.* *fp*

Moderato. DOLLY.

What's that they say, A boat's up-set That club of

set.

set.

Moderato.

sfz *fp* *pp*

mine ____ T'is them I'll bet!

(The Friendly Rivals' enter.)

cresc.

pp

DOLLY.

O, my bold

rit.

Tempo come sopra.

he-roes all You have had a most un luck-y fall But it is a con-so-

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

f *p*

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

f *p*

Ha! ha!

Ha! ha!

f *p*

f *p*

sfz

sfz

la - tion to know you have won rep-u - ta - tion he - ro - ic.

THE CLUB.

TEN. The brav-est

BASS.

CHORUS.

SOP and ALTO. *marcato.*

TEN. Ha, ha, ha! It is a joke poor fel - lows.

BASS. Ha, ha, ha! It is a joke poor fel - lows.

ha ha! ha ha!

of the brave We all near-ly found a wa-try grave Now we hope to win your

sfz *p* *sfz* *p*

Ah, no not so may be I'll see No prom-is-es we will ex-

hand Tho dripping wet We've no re-gret Say yes we pray say yes we

A joke up - on them Let us laugh at them and chaff It

A joke up - on them Let us laugh at them and chaff It

f *rit.*

change your clothes you'd bet-ter go and change They say they

pray 'Tis for your sake a cold we take Fair one we

Ha ha! they

was a chil - ly bath for them to take

was a chil - ly bath for them to take

sff *ff* *rit.*

a tempo.

love me And they a - dore me And they are

love you And we a - dore you Al though we

love her And they a - dore her We have to

To sad! 'Tis real - ly sad

To sad! 'Tis real - ly sad

a tempo.

pp *rit.*

he - roes ver - y brave and bold Oh, be my

pp

found the wa - ter ver - - y cold Oh, be my

pp

greet these he - roes brave and bold Ha ha! they

pp

They found the wa - ter cold Ha! ha! they

They found the wa - - ter cold Ha! ha! they

pp

pp *rit.*

a tempo.

bride dear Their all im - plore me That chil - ly

bride dear We all im - plore you You need our

sought her in deep - est wa - - ter But still we

sought her in deep - est wa - - ter cold. But still we

sought her in deep - est wa - - ter cold But still we

a tempo.

bath has made their love grow cold. Oh, it's

ti - tles and we need your gold.

see their love has not grown cold.

see their love has not grown cold. Oh it's

see their love has not grown cold. Oh it's

ff

PRINCIPALS AND CHORUS.

row, row a - way, lads, Bend to the oar with a will

row, row a - way, lads, Bend to the oar with a will

Row, row a - way, lads, For you may be vic - tors still

Row, row a - way, lads, For you may be vic - tors still

Bright smiles are wait - ing you in your sweet-hearts blue eyes

Bright smiles are wait - ing you in your sweet-hearts blue eyes

Row then your best lads For love shall be the

Row then your best lads For love shall be the

molto rit.

tutta forza.

Allegro con fuco.

ff

prize. The song and dance of la belle

prize. The song and dance of la belle

ff

ff

France Are what we are in - vit - ed to And

France Are what we are in - vit - ed to And

8 *loco.*

scherzando.

p

we ac - cept de - light - ed to With love and wine none can re -

we ac - cept de - light - ed to With love and wine none can re -

sfz

pine So let's a - way to par - is ev - er

pine So let's a - way to par - is ev - er

8 *loco.*

accel.

gay A - way a - way where all is gay The race is won we may be

gay A - way a - way where all is gay The race is won we may be

8

ff *sfz* *sfz*

gay.

gay.

sff

sff

(The wining crew enter.)

Hail! hail the vic - tors He - roes are they of the day

Hail! hail the vic - tors He - roes are they of the day

Hail to the vic - tors We'll crow them with lau - rels gay

Hail to the vic - tors We'll crow them with lau - rels gay

Hail Dol - ly Dol - lars Queen of the fête she shall be

Hail Dol - ly Dol - lars Queen of the fête she shall be

pesante.

Crown them with lau - rel And give them three times three.

Crown them with lau - rel And give them three times three.

sfz

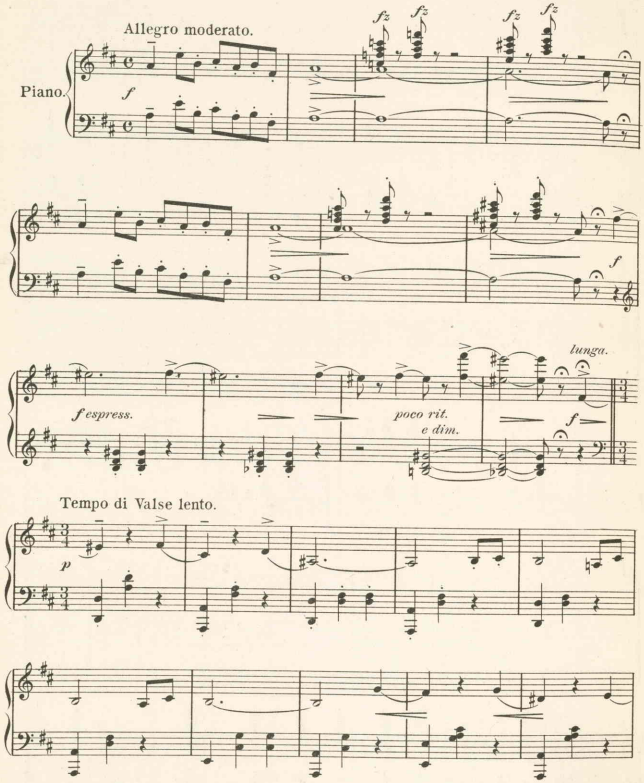
sfz

End of Act I.

Nº 9. Entr' Acte.

(Valse Lente.)

by VICTOR HERBERT.



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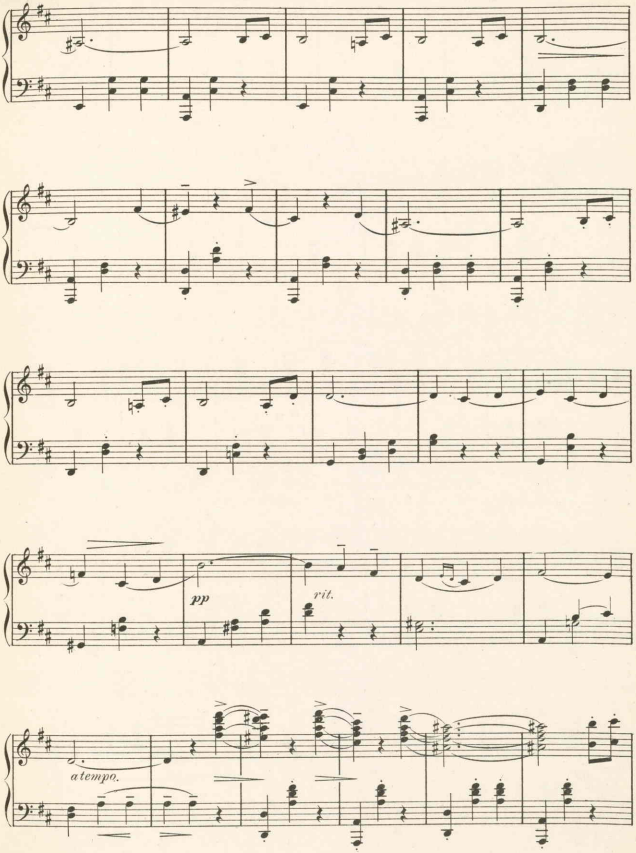
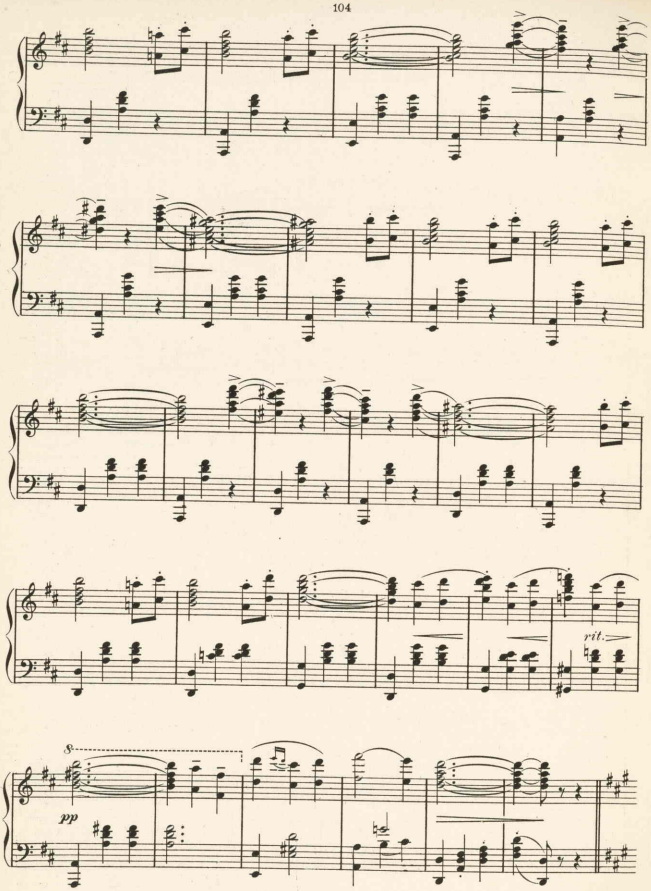
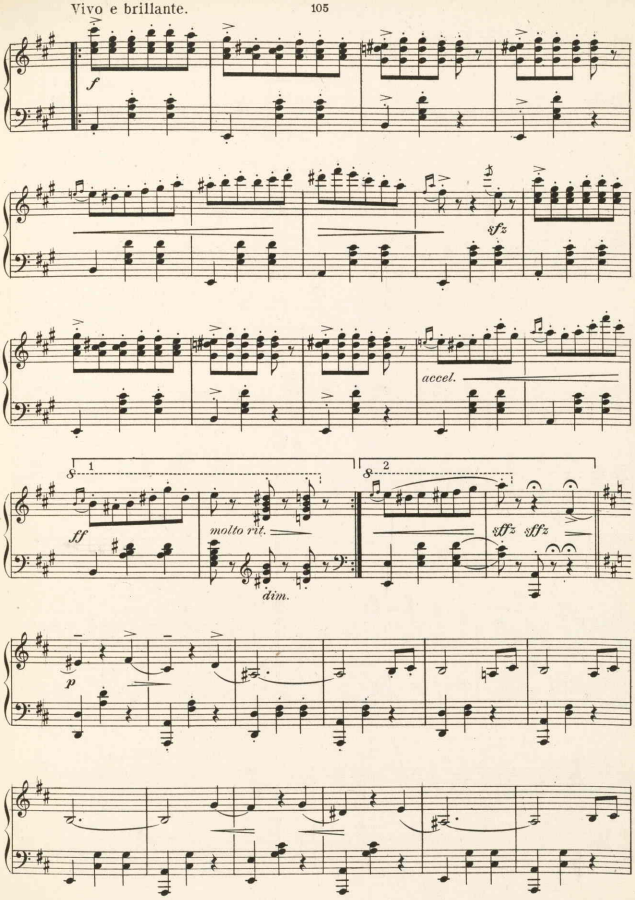
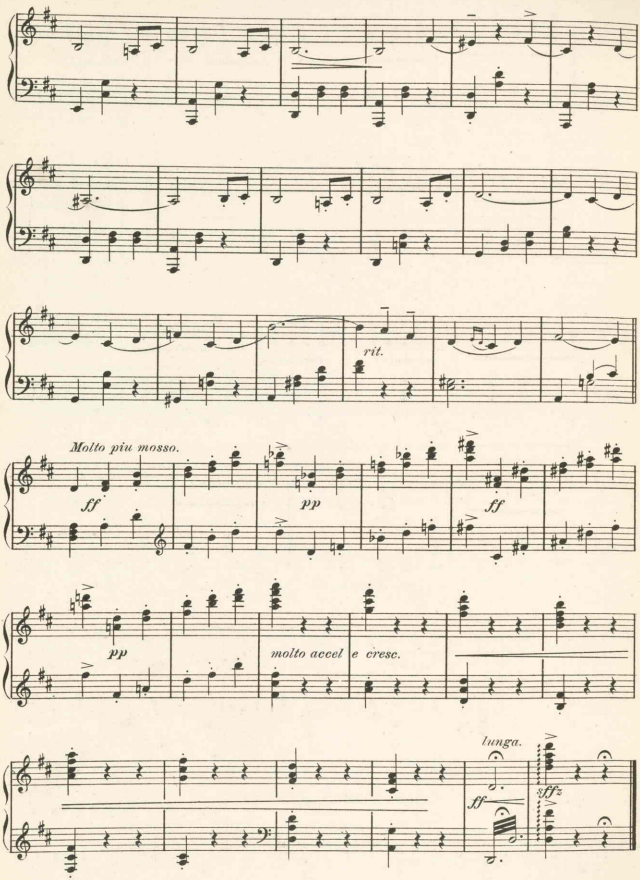

pp
rit.
a tempo.


rit.
pp


Vivo e brillante.
f
sfz
accel.
8
1
2
ff
molto rit.
dim.
ffz
ffz
p


rit.
Molto più mosso.
ff
pp
ff
pp
molto accel e cresc.
lunga.
ff
ffz

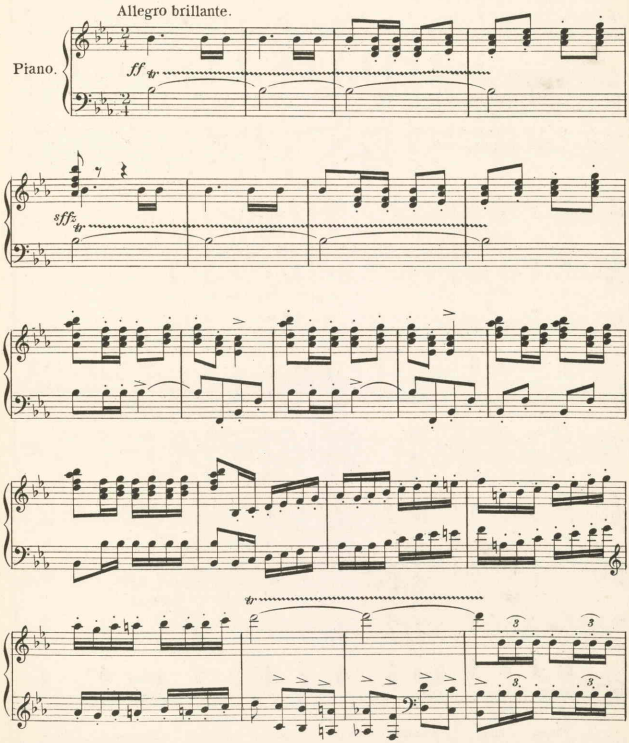
ACT II.

Opening Chorus.

No. 10.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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CHORUS.

SOP. and ALTO.

With gai - e - ty and jol - li - ty, To rev - el in fri - vol - i - ty, We

TEN.

With gai - e - ty and jol - li - ty, To rev - el in fri - vol - i - ty, We

BASS.

ff

come to Par - is town, To mer - ry Par - is town. 'Tis

come to Par - is town, To mer - ry Par - is town. 'Tis

ff

here the days go mer - ri - ly, The home of pleas - ure ver - i - ly Is

here the days go mer - ri - ly, The home of pleas - ure ver - i - ly Is

jol - ly Par - is town, is ev - er jol - ly Par - is town.

jol - ly Par - is town, is ev - er jol - ly Par - is town.

From ev - ery land and clime We come here for a time, So

So

From ev - ery land and clime We come here for a time,

drink to Par - is town, To jol - ly Par - is town.

drink to Par - is town, To jol - ly Par - is town.

It is the home of mirth, The on - ly town on earth,

It is the home of mirth, The on - ly town on earth,

vois.

You live for all you're worth And have of fun no dearth. So

You live for all you're worth And have of fun no dearth. So

here's a toast Drink one with me To

So here's a toast Drink one with me

here's a toast Drink one with me To

So here's a toast Drink one with me

Par - is town, the on - ly place to be. Drink

Par - is town, the on - ly place to be. Drink

7

sffz

all, With gai - e - ty and jol - li - ty, From

all, With gai - e - ty and jol - li - ty, From

ev - ry land and clime, We've come here for a time To

ev - ry land and clime, We've come here for a time To

rev - el in fri - vol - i - ty Of ev - 'ry kind of qual - i - ty; We

rev - el in fri - vol - i - ty Of ev - 'ry kind of qual - i - ty; We

Par - is is the on - ly town for me.

all as - sem - ble here Par - is is the one town for me.

all as - sem - ble here Par - is is the on - ly town for me.

Par - is is the town for me.

sffz

p *poco meno.* Come here to see the sun, *p*

Lon - don - ers es - cape their fogs To see the sun, They

To see the sun, They

Lon - don - ers es - cape their fogs *f* *p*

p *f*

rev-el here like jol-ly dogs, In - spired by Gal-lic fun.

rev-el here like jol-ly dogs, In - spired by Gal-lic fun.

p

They quite for-get to frown When

Stol-id Ger-mans from the Rhine for - get to frown

for - get to frown When

Stol-id Ger-mans from the Rhine

f

chang-ing beer to wine, While here in Par-is town.

chang-ing beer to wine, While here in Par-is town.

sffz

fff

Par-a-dise of fan-cy, where King Mo-mus rules, Par-a-dise is

Par-a-dise of fan-cy, where King Mo-mus rules, Par-a-dise is

fff

(Trpts.)

Tutta forza.

pleas-ant, tho' 'tis one of fools. Par-a-dise of fash-ion,

pleas-ant, tho' 'tis one of fools. Par-a-dise of fash-ion,

fp molto cresc.

Par-a-dise of cooks, Par-a-dise, Par-a-dise, Par-a-dise!

Par-a-dise of cooks, Par-a-dise, Par-a-dise, Par-a-dise!

Tempo I

ff

Ah! So

Ah! So

ff

yield un - to the spell, Sing *Vive la bag - a - telle!* With

yield un - to the spell, Sing *Vive la bag - a - telle!* With

wine and song and rev - el - ry, And ev - ry kind of dev - il - ry, We'll

wine and song and rev - el - ry, And ev - ry kind of dev - il - ry, We'll

ff

Par - is is the on - ly place

sff

pass the time a - way, Par - is is the one place.

pass the time a - way, Par - is is the on - ly place.

Par - is is the place

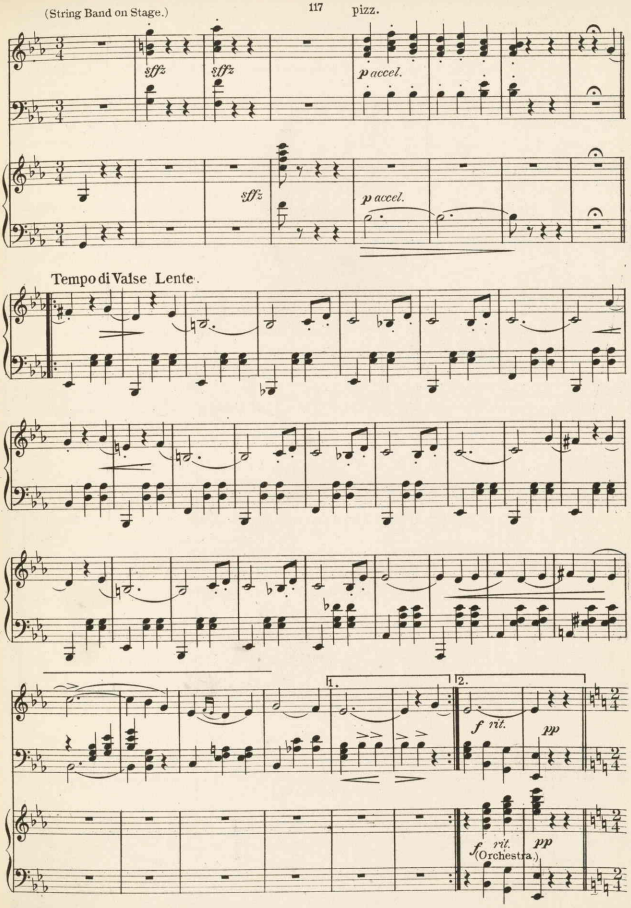
sff

for me!

for me!

sffz *sff*

(Picture.) (Enter Mr. and Mrs. Gay and Doolittle.)


(String Band on Stage.)
pizz.
ff
ff
p accel.
ff
p accel.
Tempo di Valse Lente.
1.
2.
f rit.
pp
f rit.
pp
(Orchestra.)

Molto moderato.

MRS. GAY.

We will have some *Os-tend "tweet-ers,"* That is

pp (Whispering.)

CHORUS.

Who are they? are-n't they

Who are they? are-n't they

Molto moderato.

Orchestra.

pp

MR. GAY.

if they are to eat. All you *Ca - fés* are such

fun - ny! No - bod - ies with lots of mon - ey.

fun - ny! No - bod - ies with lots of mon - ey.

DOOLITTLE. MRS. GAY.

cheat - ers. I sug-gest *pe - tite mar - mite;* And be

sfz *p*

That man Is that rich A - mer - i -

sfz *p*

That man Is that rich A - mer - i -

sfz *p*

MR. GAY.

sure now, I re - peat, That the *mar-mite* is *pe - tite.* What a

pp

can Is that rich A - mer - i - can.

pp

can Is that rich A - mer - i - can.

pp

MRS. GAY.

town I do de-clare! *Poi-sons* on the bill of fare! I'll try

Mill-ion-aires_ It hard-ly pays to know them now-a-days,

Mill-ion-aires_ It hard-ly pays to know them now-a-days,

pp

some and then I feel Like a lob-ster en-co-

They're so com-mon and so cheap, Track of them we can - not

They're so com-mon and so cheap, Track of them we can - not

kweel. Aft - er which trot out a pair Of *Riss de vo fi - nan - ci -*

pp

keep. They've a daugh-ter quite a belle,

pp

keep. They'v e a daugh-ter quite a belle,

pp

MR. GAY.

ere. If that is a - bout fi - nance, I a - gree, give it a

sfz

Sty - lish girl who dress-es well, That's the lord!

sfz

Sty - lish girl who dress-es well, That's the lord!

sfz

MRS. GAY.

chance. Then let me see, for roast we'll say *Pou-lardeand* al-so some *Pou-*

marcato.

That's the lord she is to wed! He is "dead broke," so 'tis

That's the lord she is to wed! He is "dead broke," so 'tis

p MR. GAY.

let. Just or-der *chick-en*, please, for me, Those fur-rin' dish-es I can't

said. Chit-ter, chat-ter,

said. Chit-ter, chat-ter,

MRS. GAY.

see. Then we'll have ice - cream *frap - pè,* Then a

What you say, it does-n't mat-ter, Chit - ter chat-ter, Pit - ter

What you say, it does-n't mat-ter, Chit - ter chat-ter, Pit - ter

MR. GAY.

lem - on ice *gla cé.* Then, as we are be - ing

pat - ter. What you say, it does-n't mat - ter.

pat - ter. What you say, it does-n't mat - ter.

THE THREE.

clas - sy, Three small cups of *dem - i - tas - sy,* Aft - er

f *p*

Ha! ha! They must have a lot of

f *p*

Ha! ha! They must have a lot of

f *p*

that I think we will have dined and wined ex-treme-ly nice - -

mon-ey. What you say, it does-n't mat - - -

mon-ey. What you say, it does-n't mat - - -

Piu mosso.

ly. That I think will be all

ter. That's the lord she is to wed.

ter. That's the lord she is to wed.

Piu mosso.

f *p*

right, That I think will be all

He's "dead broke," so it is said.

He's "dead broke," so it is said.

f

f *p*

right. Pray you, do not keep us wait - ing in a man - ner ir - ri -

Chit - ter chat - ter, Pit - ter pat - ter, What you say, it does - n't

GAY and DOOLITTLE with Ten or Bass.

Chit - ter chat - ter, Pit - ter pat - ter, What you say, it does - n't

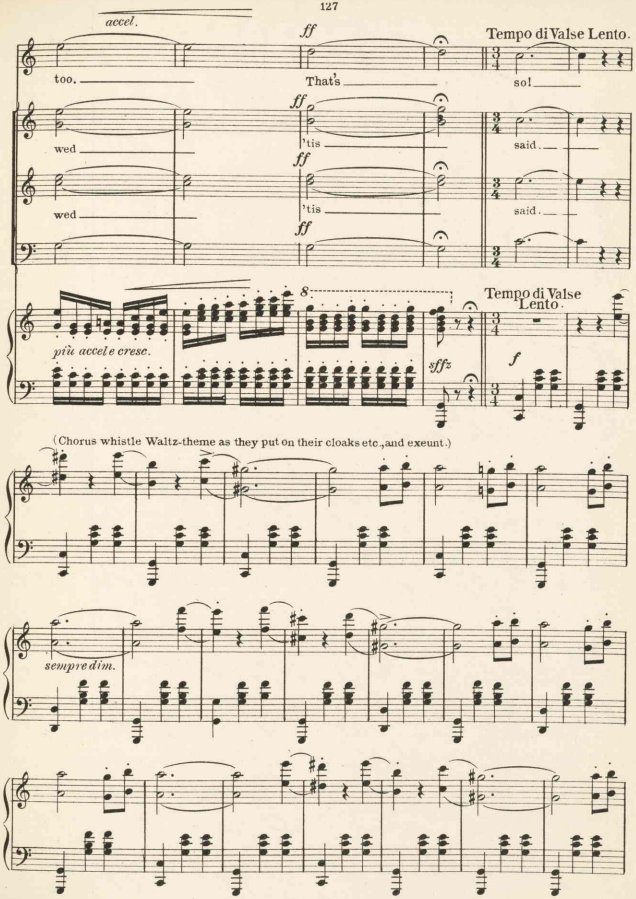
cresc.

ta - ting For we're ver - y, ver - y hun - gry and we're ver - y thirs - ty

mat - ter, Chit - ter chat - ter, chit - ter chat - ter, That's the lord she is to

mat - ter, Chit - ter chat - ter, chit - ter chat - ter, That's the lord she is to

sempre cresc. ed in - cal - zan - do.


accel.
ff
Tempo di Valse Lento.
too.
That's
so!
wed
'tis
said.
wed
'tis
said.
più accel e cresc.
8
sffz
Tempo di Valse Lento.
f
(Chorus whistle Waltz-theme as they put on their cloaks etc., and exeunt.)
sempre dim.

(On stage)

pp

sempre dim.

(Orch.)

rit.

Lento.

Ollendorff Duet.

It's All In The Book You Know.

Nº 11.

Dolly and Lieut. von Richter.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Polka.

DOLLY.

If you have much to say to me, Herr

Piano

f *p*

Oll - en - dorff will use - ful be, You'll find with - in his pag - es, The

wis - dom of the a - ges

LIEUT. von RICHTER.

Nun lass mich seh'n wie fin-de ich's, Wie

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pp

Now how can I the ar - my rout? Praps

poco rit.

sag't man auf Eng-lisch "Ich lie - be dich?"

rit.

pp

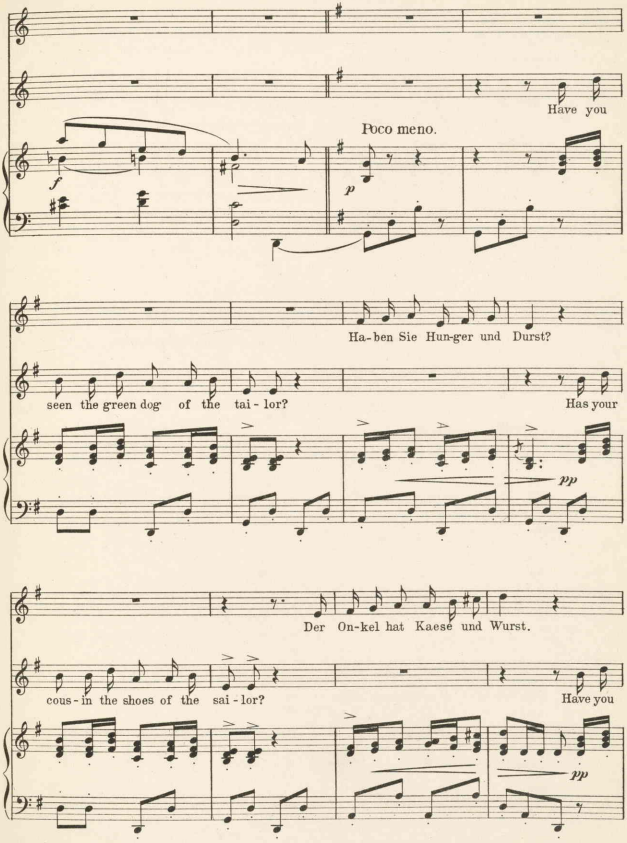
Oll - en - dorff will help me out. From this you'll get sug - ges - tions, And

an-swerto your ques - tions.

with enthusiasm.

Wie kann ich sie nur fra - gen, O Him-mel hilf mir's sa - gen!

f


Have you
Poco meno.
f
p
Ha-ben Sie Hun-ger und Durst?
seen the green dog of the tai-lor?
Has your
pp
Der On-kel hat Kaese und Wurst.
cous-in the shoes of the sai-lor?
Have you
pp

Nein! A-ber es ist mir sehr kalt

tak-en the pen of my moth-er? Have you

pp

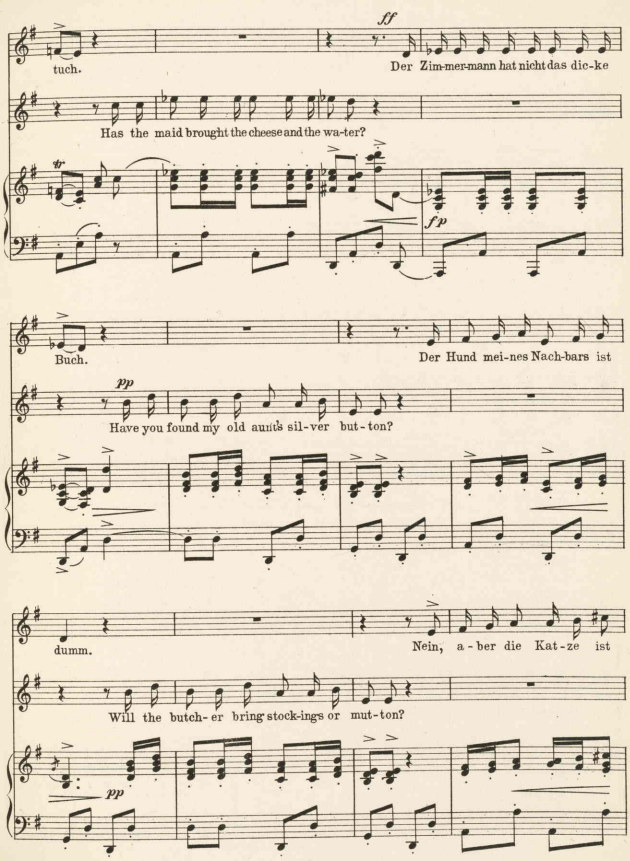
Der Es-el des Schnei-ders ist alt.

seen the red cow of my broth-er? Have

ff

Der Af-fe hat mein schoen-es Spitz-en-

you seen the hat of my daugh-ter?


ff
tuch.
Der Zim-mer-mann hat nicht das dic-ke
Has the maid brought the cheese and the wa-ter?
fp
Buch.
Der Hund mei-nes Nach-bars ist
pp
Have you found my old aunt's sil-ver but-ton?
dumm.
Nein, a-ber die Kat-ze ist
Will the butch-er bring stock-ings or mut-ton?
pp

stumm We're pro - gress-ing ver - y nice - ly, You I un - der-stand pre-cise - ly.

(*with great enthusiasm*)

O wie

p

kann ich sie nur fra - gen, Gott der Lie - be hilf mir's sa - gen, Wie's kein

f

molto rit.

Tempo di Valse.
Molto moderato.

Dich-ter noch be-schrie-ben, Muss ich die-sen En-gel lie - - ben.

molto rit.

Ich lie - be dich, du lie - best mich er

Ich lie - be dich, du lie - best mich er

lie - bet, lie - bet, lie - bet mich. Wir lie - ben dich, ihr

lie - bet, lie - bet, lie - bet mich. Wir lie - ben dich, ihr

lie - bet mich, Sie lie - ben lie - ben mich. Ich

lie - bet mich, Sie lie - ben lie - ben mich. Ich

poco rubato. *accel.*

ha - be ge - liebt, Ich hat - te ge - liebt, Ich wer - de ge - liebt, ge -

ha - be ge - liebt, Ich hat - te ge - liebt, Ich wer - de ge - liebt, ge -

accel.

liebt, Ich lie - be dich It must be so, For

liebt, Ich lie - be dich It must be so, For

a tempo.

all's in the book you know.

all's in the book you know.

pesante. *ff* *accel.* *fff* *sffz*

Life's A Masquerade.

No. 12.

QUARTETTE.

Mrs. Gay, Mr. Gay, Celeste and Guy.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT

Allegro moderato.

(MRS. GAY.) Some
(MR. GAY.) Swell

Piano.

f *f* *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *p*

times it seems that ev - 'ry one you know Is in dis -
for - eign chap gets in our smart - est set, None would sur -

ALL.

guise, Is in dis - guise, (MR. G.) Your
mise He's in dis - guise, (CEL.) All

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own best friends their true selves rare - ly show, They're in dis-
take him up, he's made a so - cial pet, The rank they

ALL.

guise, They're in dis - guise.
prize Is a dis - guise.

(MRS. G.) One friend you meet But - ton - holes you on the street,
(MR. G.) How does he live? But the an - swer none can give.

p

Jol - lies you and bor - rows just a few.
Ques - tion is how long he can de - ceive.

(GUY.) Next friend he'll find, Then you're the man be - hind, He
(MRS G.) I have my fears He's col - lect - ing souv - e - nirs, For at

ALL.

pays you back by gen - tly roast - ing you. For
din - ner half the spoons go up his sleeve.

life is noth - ing but a mas - quer - ade, Peo - ple

wear a mask so fair; It

is no im - pro - - pri - e - ty to say that all so -

ci - e - ty's a mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry mas - quer -

ade. Yes life is noth - ing

f

but a mas - quer - ade, Peo - ple

wear a mask so fair,

It is no im - pro - - pri - e - ty to

say that all so - - ci - e - ty's A mer - ry, mer - ry,

mer - ry mas - quer - ade.

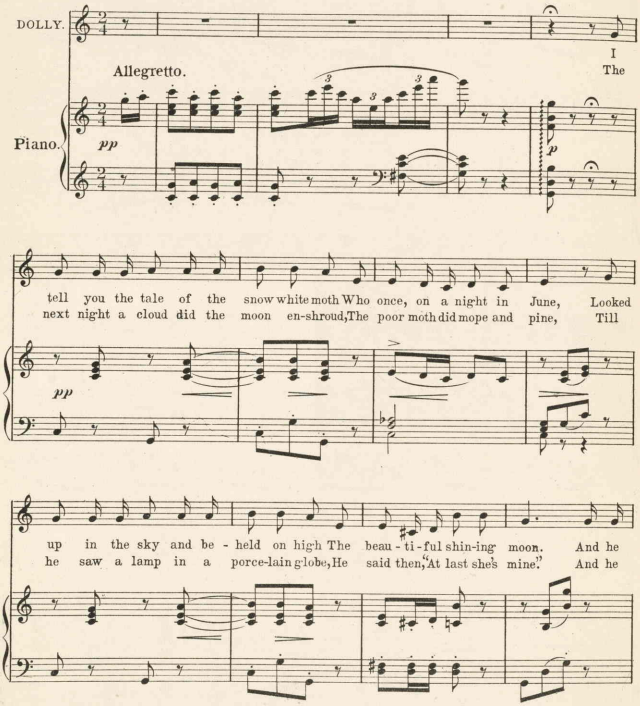
sffz

No 13 The Moth and The Moon.

Dolly and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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thought, "I ne'er saw a light so fair as that ra - di - ant disc a - bove; I must
flew right in - to the lam - bent flame to em - brace her and plight his troth; O a -

pp

fly up there in the sum - mer air Just to tell her of my love!" So he
las! the flame, and the fate that came To the lit - tle flut - t'ring moth. Now the

espressivo.

rit.

flew and float - ed high Till his wings grew O so
mor - als op - por - tune, - Cu - pid loves to play the

pp

tired, Yet he seemed to come not a bit more nigh To the
scamp, And the love we take for a rad - iant moon Is too

goal that his heart de - sired. Till at last to grief a
oft - en a smok - y lamp. 'Tis a sil - ly thing to

prey, All the world seemed out of tune; As it
break Your heart for clair - de - lune, But ah

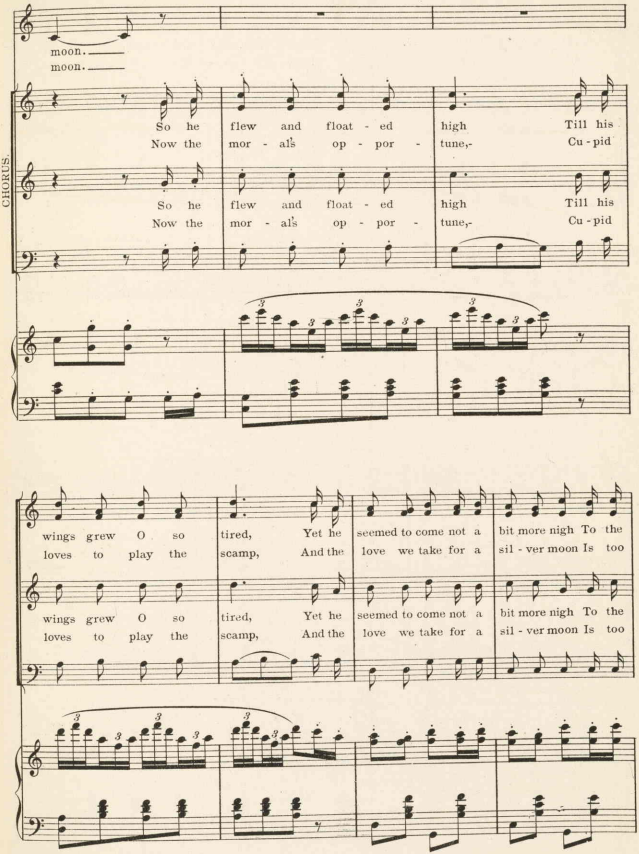
does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver moon. As it
me! 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver moon. Yes in -

poco accel. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

rit.

does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver
deed 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver

rit.


moon.
moon.
CHORUS.
So he flew and float - ed high Till his
Now the mor - al's op - por - tune, Cu - pid
So he flew and float - ed high Till his
Now the mor - al's op - por - tune, Cu - pid
wings grew O so tired, Yet he seemed to come not a bit more nigh To the
loves to play the scamp, And the love we take for a sil - ver moon Is too
wings grew O so tired, Yet he seemed to come not a bit more nigh To the
loves to play the scamp, And the love we take for a sil - ver moon Is too

goal that his heart so long de - sired. Till at last to grief a
oft - en a smok - y lamp, a lamp. 'Tis a sil - ly thing to

goal that his heart so long de - sired. Till at last to grief a
oft - en a smok - y lamp, a lamp. 'Tis a sil - ly thing to

prey, All the world seemed out of tune; As it
break Your heart for clair - de - lune, But ah

prey, All the world seemed out of tune; As it
break Your heart for clair - de - lune, But ah

does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver moon: As it
me! 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver moon: Yes in -

does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver moon: As it
me! 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver moon: Yes in -

rit.

does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver moon.
deed 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver moon.

rit.

does to a snow-white moth they say, In love with a sil - ver moon.
deed 'tis a sil - lier thing to take A lamp for a sil - ver moon.

rit.

rit.

pp

№ 14.

Walks.

Gay and Girls.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di Marcia.

GAY.

Have you watched how peo - ple come in - to a ho - tel din - ing - room? They
Then you see the Yan - kee bus' - ness man who's load - ed down with wealth, He
There's that in - ter - est - ing cou - ple whom no sight - se - er would skip, The

Piano.

sfz *sfz* *sfz* *sfz* *sfp* *p*

staccatissimo.

al - ways have a wor - ried look or seem in deep - est gloom, And
sneaks in - to a din - ing room as if it were by stealth. He
new - ly mar - ried peo - ple who are on their wed - ding trip. When

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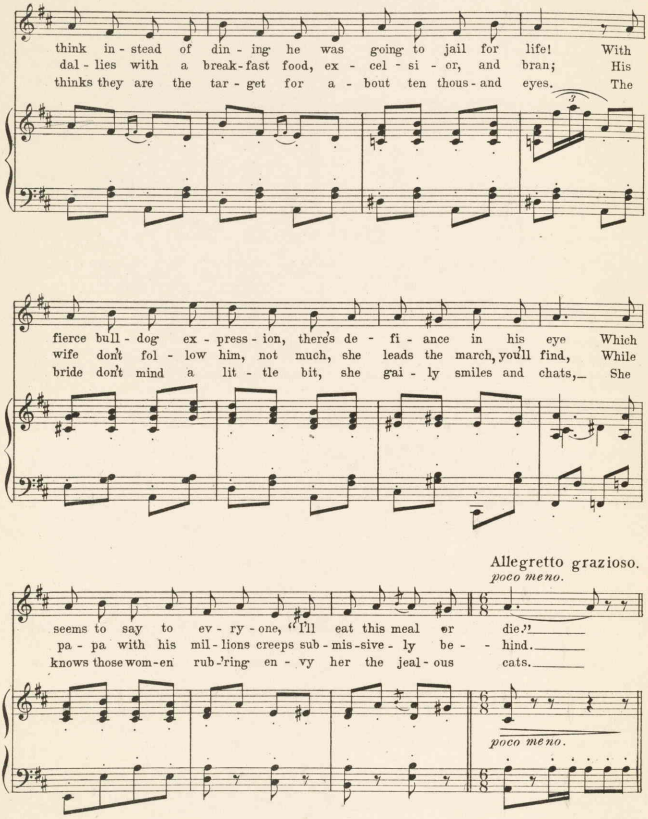
you can judge a char - ac - ter if you will note the way He
acts as if de - tec - tives were for him up - on the search, And
they come in the din - ing room it is a pub - lic joke, The

has of en - ter - ing in - to a res - trant or ca - fé For
wears a haunt - ed look as if he'd robbed the plate in church. He
drum-mers eat - ing soup look up so quick they near - ly choke. The

sfz

in - stance, there's the Eng - lish - man who's trav - 'ling with his wife You'd
does not care for din - ner much, the poor dys - pep - tic man, He
groom is nerv - ous, you can see he feels that all are wise; He


think in - stead of din - ing he was going to jail for life! With
dal - lies with a break - fast food, ex - cel - si - or, and bran; His
thinks they are the tar - get for a - bout ten thous - and eyes. The
fierce bull - dog ex - press - ion, there's de - fi - ance in his eye Which
wife don't fol - low him, not much, she leads the march, you'll find, While
bride don't mind a lit - tle bit, she gai - ly smiles and chats, She
Allegretto grazioso.
poco meno.
seems to say to ev - ry - one, "I'll eat this meal or die."
pa - pa with his mil - lions creeps sub - mis - sive - ly be - hind.
knows those wom - en rub - bing en - vy her the jeal - ous cats.
poco meno.

This is the way he struts a-long, his head up in the
This is the way the miss - us walks,– she shows them who is
This is the way she walks a-long, she smil - ing and con-

pp scherzando.

air As if he were a - go - ing to beard the
boss; She's ver - y port - ly length-ways and she is
trolled; While a - ny - one can plain - ly see that his

li - on in his lair; While 'way be - hind him
ver - y tall a - cross. He fol - lows like a
feet are i - cy cold, A trail of rice it

comes his wife, the meek-est of lit - tle gawks, You can
poo - dle dog, she drives him when-e'er he balks, Oh, he
fol - lows them, which makes quite a lot of talk, You can

read-i-ly spot the Eng-lish-man, for this is the way he walks.
knows he is be - ing sized up right, and this is the way he walks.
read-i-ly see they're bride and groom, for this is the way they walk.

sfz *p* *sfz* *p* *fz* *sfz*

GIRLS.

This is the way he struts a-long, his head up in the air As
This is the way the miss - us walks, she shows them who is boss; She's
This is the way they walk a-long, she smil - ing and con - trolled; While

if he were a go-ing to beard the li-on in his lair;
ver-y port-ly length-ways and she is ver-y tall a-cross.
a-ny-one can plain-ly see that his feet are i-cy cold.

While way be-hind him comes his wife, the meek-est of lit-tle gawks,— You can
He fol-lows like a poo-dle dog, she drives him when-ever he balks,— Oh he
A trail of rice it fol-lows them, which makes quite a lot of talk,— You can

sfz

read-i-ly spot the Eng-lish-man, for this is the way he walks.
know she is be-ing sized up right, and this is the way he walks.
read-i-ly see they're bride and groom, for this is the way they walk.

sfz *sfz* *sfz* *sfz*

No. 15. A Woman Is Only A Woman

But a Good Cigar is a Smoke.

Lord Burlingham and Male Chorus.

Lyric by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro apassionato.

Piano.

f *sf*

If a pair of blue eyes have de - ceived you, And a
When you find that your lat - est flir - ta - tion Is be -

pair of red lips said you nay, Don't ap - peal to cham-pagne, All its
com - ing too ser - i - ous quite, And you're get - ting too fond Of a

bub - bles are vain, You will on - ly feel worse the next day. Just for-
bru - nette or blonde, Call a halt, lad, and set your-self right. Love per-

sf *p*

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get for - tune's snub and drop in at the club Where you
haps ends in smoke, But its rings are no joke, They dis -

know all the good fel-lows are, There the ton - ic you're aft - er is
solve not nor van - ish a - far; They are put on to stay there, They

p

rit.

gos - sip and laugh-ter, You light up a long dark ci - gar.
won't float a - way there, like rings you blow from your ci - gar.

f *rit.* *a tempo.*

Tempo di Valse.

Puff, puff, puff, puff, Watch - ing the smoke a -

pp

ris - ing; Puff, puff, puff, puff, Soon you'll be

re - a - liz - ing That which the po - et has writ - ten is true,- All

pp

love is a prac - ti - cal joke, For a wom - an is on - ly a

poco rit.

wom-an, my boy, But a good ci - gar is a smoke.

pp

Puff, puff, puff, puff, Watch - ing the

TENOR.

Puff, puff, puff, puff, Watch - ing the

BASS.

pp

smoke a - ris - ing; Puff, puff,

smoke a - ris - ing; Puff, puff,

puff, puff, Soon you'll be re - a - liz - ing

puff, puff, Soon you'll be re - a - liz - ing

That which the po - et has writ - ten is true,- All love is a

That which the po - et has writ - ten is true,- All love is a

pp

prac - ti - cal joke, For a wom - an is on - ly a

rit.

prac - ti - cal joke, a joke, For a wom - an is on - ly a

poco rit.

wom-an, my boy, But a good ci - gar is a smoke.

wom-an, my boy, But a good ci - gar is a smoke.

pp

D.C.

American Music.

(Tis Better Than Old Parsifal To Me.)

QUINTETTE.

Doolittle, Celeste, Guy, Mr. Gay, Mrs. Gay and Chorus.

№ 16.

Lyric by HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

ff *sfz* *p*

MR. G.

The Ger - mans have their waltz - es, The
The Switz - er has his yo - dels, He

MRS. G.

Scotch - men have their flings, The Span - iards like bo -
war - bles like a bird; I - tal - ians have their

MR. G.

le - ros and fan - dan - gos and such things. Hun -
bar - ca-rolles, in Ven - ice they are heard. The

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GUY.

ga - ri - ans have gyp - sy songs, so stir - ring in their tone; But
French - man has his op - 'ra bouffe, with can - cans "hi - hoop - la!" And

DOOLITTLE.

my land of A - mer - i - ca Has a mu - sic all its own. 'Tis
there are those who think they like Mis - ter Wag - ner's op - er - a. But

CELESTE.

noth - ing like the mu - sic That in oth - er lands you hear, It
live - ly Yan - kee mu - sic, It has got them fa - ded quite; A

MRSG.

has a fas - ci - na - tion that can cap - ti - vate the ear. It
mill - ion hired pi - a - nos play at rag - time, day and night. And

GUY.

sets all feet to danc-ing Ev-'ry voice joins in the tune, Some
in a thou-sand rę-tau-rants You hear the bands at - tune That

ALL.

poco rit. a tempo.

call it syn-co - pa - tion, But most peo-ple call it coon. Oh, I
syn-co-pa-ted mel-o-dy Which is clas-si-fied as coon. Oh, I

poco rit. a tempo.

poco meno mosso.

love those songs where "hon-ey"___ Is the on - ly rhyme for

"mon - ey"___ Where there's gen-ral-ly a Di-nah or a Lou; And there

al - ways is a "ba - by" That is made rhyme with "ma

la - dy" And a croon-ing fin - ish oo - ee - oo - ee - oo. There's a

f

Ma - mie or Lu - cin - da, Who is seen up in a

f

poco rit. *più rit.* *portato.*

"win - dah," And they al - ways sit be - neath some kind of tree. Oh, I

love those songs where "hon-ey" Is the on - ly rhyme for

"mon- ey," They are bet-ter than old Par-si-fal to me.

CHORUS.

Oh, I

Oh, I

f

love those songs where "hon-ey" Is the on - ly rhyme for

love those songs where "hon-ey" Is the on - ly rhyme for

f

"mon-ey" Where there's gen-'ral-ly a Di-nah or a Loo-oo-oo; And there's

"mon-ey" Where there's gen-'ral-ly a Di-nah or a Loo. And there's

Loo-oo-oo;

al-ways is a "ba-by" Who is made rhyme with "ma

al-ways is a "ba-by" Who is made rhyme with "ma

la-dy" And a croon-ing fin-ish Oo-ee-oo-ee-oo. There's a

la-dy" And a croon-ing fin-ish Oo-ee-oo-ee-oo. There's a

Ma - mie or Lu - cin - da Who is seen up in a

Ma - mie or Lu - cin - da Who is seen up in a

rit. *più rit.* *portato.* *f*

"win - dah," And they al - ways sit be-neath some kind of tree. Still, I

"win - dah," And they al - ways sit be-neath some kind of tree. Still, I

pp *f*

poco rit. *pp*

pp

love those songs where "hon-ey" Is the on - ly rhyme for

love those songs where "hon-ey" Is the on - ly rhyme for

"mon-ey" They are bet-ter than old Par-si-fal to me.

"mon-ey" They are bet-ter than old Par-si-fal to me.

DANCE.

sfz *pp*

8

Fine.

D.S. al Fine.

№ 17.

Queen of The Ring.

Circus Song.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro molto.

Piano.

DOLLY.

When I drive my hors - es 'round the ring,

CHORUS

Round the ring,

Round the ring,

Pleas - ure and ex - cite - ment it can bring.

Ev - er bring.

Ev - er bring.

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Dash - ing on so mad - ly on we fly,

On they fly,

On they fly,

Glad - ly ev - 'ry dan - ger I de - fy.

Crick, crack,

She'll de - fy!

She'll de - fy!

She'll de - fy!

marcato.

crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops I skip;

O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so grace - ful - ly I spring,-

All shout, "An - na - bel is Queen of the Ring!"

ff

f

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

f

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

f

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

f

ffz molto brillante.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops I skip.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip.

O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so grace - ful - ly I spring.

O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so grace - ful - ly she'll spring.

O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so grace - ful - ly she'll spring.

All shout, "An - na - bel is Queen of the Ring."

All shout, "An - na - bel is Queen of the Ring."

All shout, "An - na - bel is Queen of the Ring."

sffz

sffz

Meno mosso.

DOLLY.

Paus - ing for a mo - ment,

f *p*

Bow-ing left and right; Peo-ple all ap - plaud - ing,

Shout-ing their de - light. While I can-ter slow - ly,

Ev -'ry one ad - mires; "What will she have next?"

The ring-mas-ter in - quires. Bring in the bal-loons!

p

The at - tend - ants skip; Com-ments from the clown, Who

gets it with the whip. In they bring the ban - ners,

poco allargando.

Spread them out, and then Up strikes the mu - sic and we are off a-gain.

rit.

rit.

Allegro molto.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops I skip.

O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so grace - ful - ly I spring,-

All shout, "An - na - bel is Queen of the Ring."

sffz *ff*

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip; Crick, crack,

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip; Crick, crack,

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip; Crick, crack,

sffz molto brillante.

crick, crack, Thro' the hoops I skip; O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so

crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip; O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so

crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip; O - ver ev - 'ry hur - dle so

grace-ful-ly I spring. All shout, "An-na-bel is Queen of the Ring."— Hi-

grace-ful-ly she'll spring. All shout, "An-na-bel is Queen of the Ring."— Hi-

grace-ful-ly she'll spring. All shout, "An-na-bel is Queen of the Ring."— Hi-

hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-

hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-

hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-hi, bra-vo, hoop-la!— Hi-

hi, bra-vo! Bra - vo! Hoop-la! Hoop - la!

hi, bra-vo! Bra - vo! Hoop-la! Hoop - la!

hi, bra-vo! Bra - vo! Hoop-la! Hoop - la!

8 loco.

sff

ff

Hi! Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

Hi! Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

Hi! Crick, crack, crick, crack, Hear the mas - ter's whip;

fff ff molto cresc.

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops I skip; O - ver ev - 'ry

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip; O - ver ev - 'ry

Crick, crack, crick, crack, Thro' the hoops she'll skip; O - ver ev - 'ry

hur - dle so grace - ful - ly I spring,- All shout, "An - na - bel is

hur - dle so grace - ful - ly she'll spring,- All shout, "An - na - bel is

hur - dle so grace - ful - ly she'll spring,- All shout, "An - na - bel is

sffz

Queen of the Ring!" Hi hi! Bra - vo, Hi hi bra - vo, Hi, hi, hi,

Queen of the Ring!" Hi hi! Bra - vo, Hi hi bra - vo, Hi, hi, hi,

Queen of the Ring!" Hi hi! Bra - vo, Hi hi bra - vo, Hi, hi, hi,

8

(Spoken.) sff sff

hi, hi, hi, Bra - vo Hoop - la!

(Spoken.) sff sff

hi, hi, hi, Bra - vo Hoop - la!

(Spoken.) sff sff

hi, hi, hi, Bra - vo Hoop - la!

(Spoken.) sff sff

8 loco.

cresc.

sff

No 18. Finale II.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro scherzando.

DOLLY.

They say they love me, And they a-

TEN.

Fair one, we love you, And we a-

BASS.

fp *sfz* *rit. espressivo.* *a tempo.*

dore me, And sigh on bend-ed knee like knights of

dore you, We sigh on bend-ed knee like knights of

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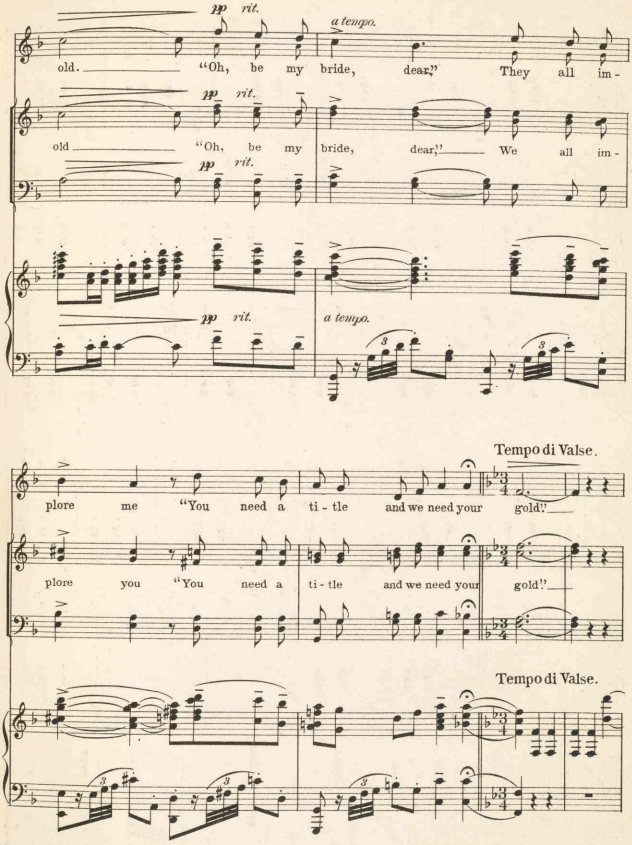
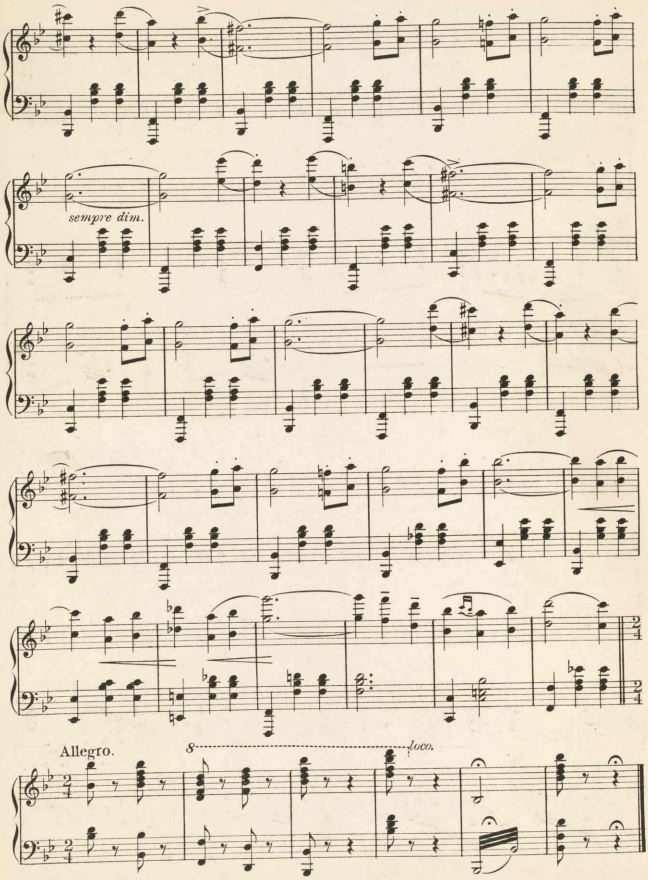

pp rit.
a tempo.
old. "Oh, be my bride, dear." They all im-
old "Oh, be my bride, dear." We all im-
pp rit.
pp rit.
a tempo.
Tempo di Valse.
plore me "You need a ti - tle and we need your gold."
plore you "You need a ti - tle and we need your gold."
Tempo di Valse.



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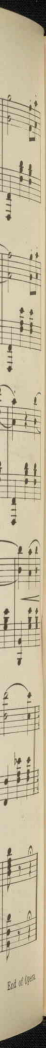
End of Opera.