79602

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

25924

ORIGINAL CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In the Order of Their Appearance)

Mizzi, Flower-Girl at the Blue Paradise Inn	Vivienne Sega
An Officer	James Billings
The Meister	Wm. Belton
A Lady, Guest at the Blue Paradise Inn	Carolyn Burke
A Diner, Guest at the Blue Paradise Inn	Eugene Hohenwart
Franz, a Waiter	Otto Schrader
Josef Stransky	Walter Armin
Hans Walther	Robert G. Pitkin
Justus Hampel	Teddy Webb
Rudolph Stoeger	Cecil Lean
A Tourist	James Billings
Head Waiter	Chas. Holly
Head Porter	Otto Schrader
Second Porter	William Belton
Hazel Jones	Cleo Mayfield
Gaby	Vivienne Segal
Rudolph Oberdorfer	Ted Lorraine
Director of Hotel	Joseph Dillon
Second Tourist	Frank Wayne
Third Tourist	Richard Melbourne
The Eight Chaperons	
Misses Barclay, O'Shei, George, Blanchard,	Harrison, Davidson, O'Brien, Burks
Mrs. Gladys Wynne	Frances Demarest
Page Boy	Carrie DeNoville
Vera, an Actress from the Hof-Theater	Hattie Burks
Baron von Schlegan	James Billings
Chef	Eugene Hohenwart
Baroness von Schlegan	Carolyn Burke
Countess von Schwartzkopf	Bunty Davidson
Countess von Houssnan	Betty Barclay
Baroness von Hahn	Gertrude Harrison
Waitress	Gypsy O'Brien

Flower-Girls, Fruit Venders, 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)

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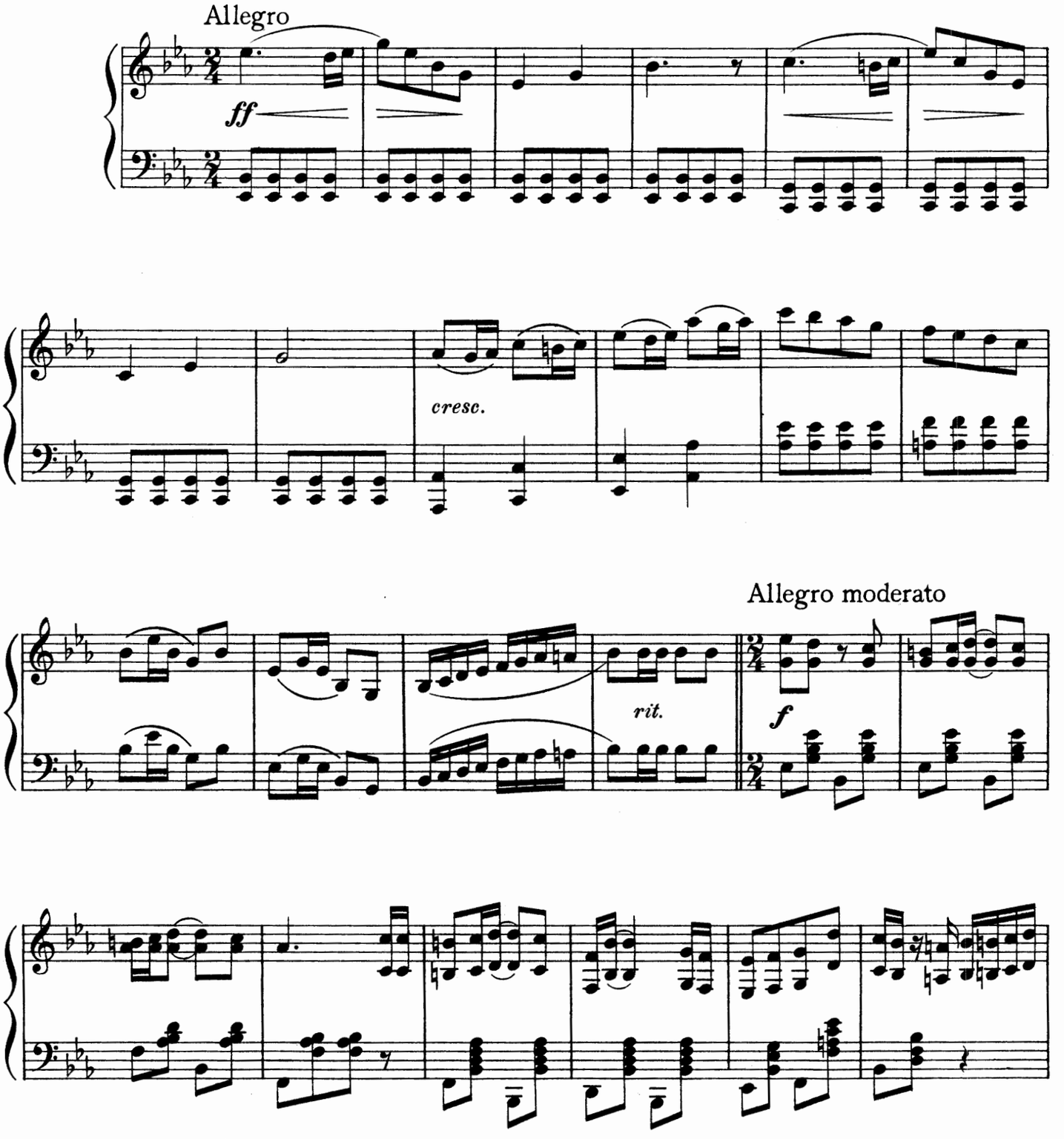
The Blue Paradise

A Viennese Operetta

No. 1. Overture



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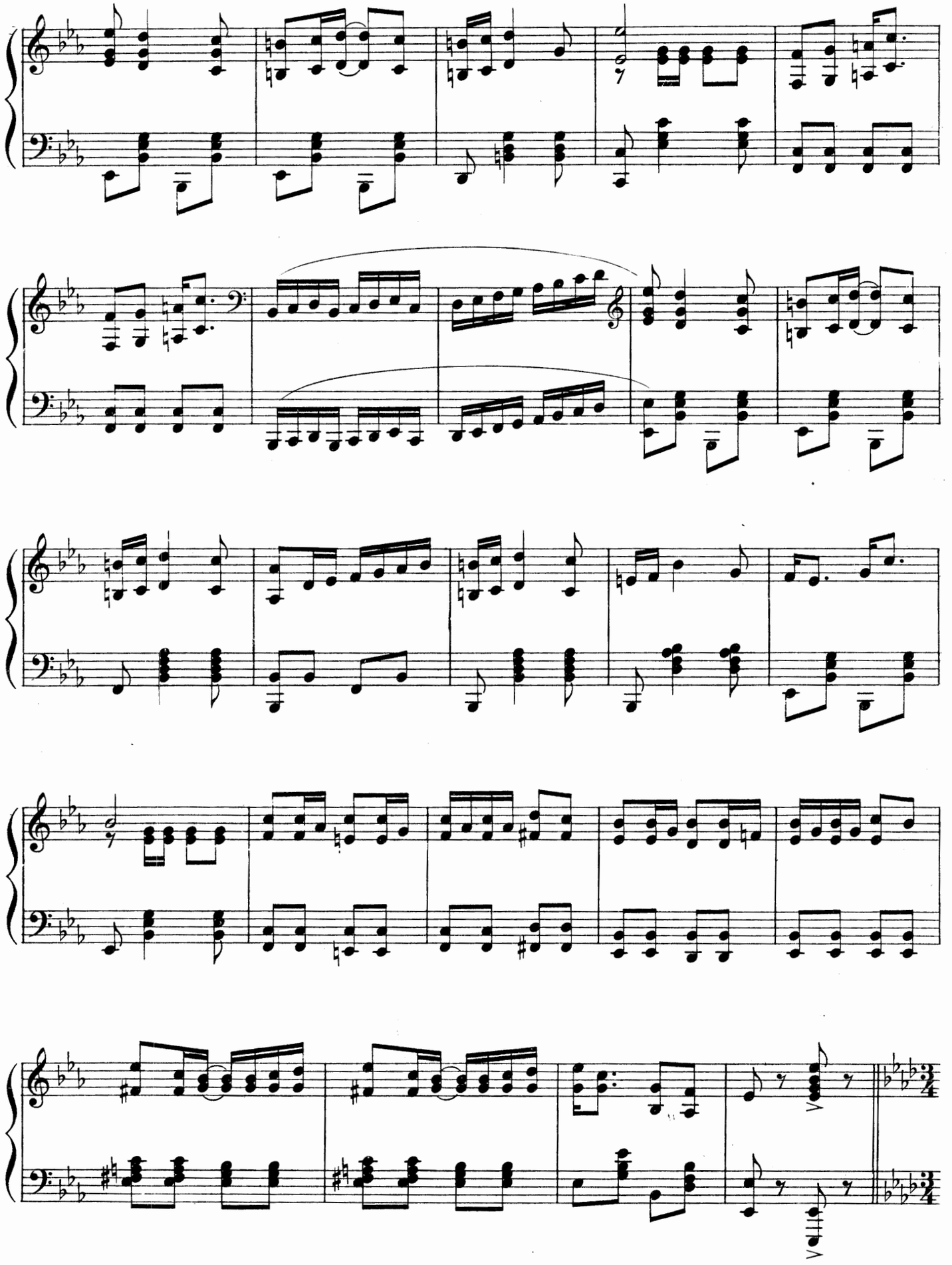
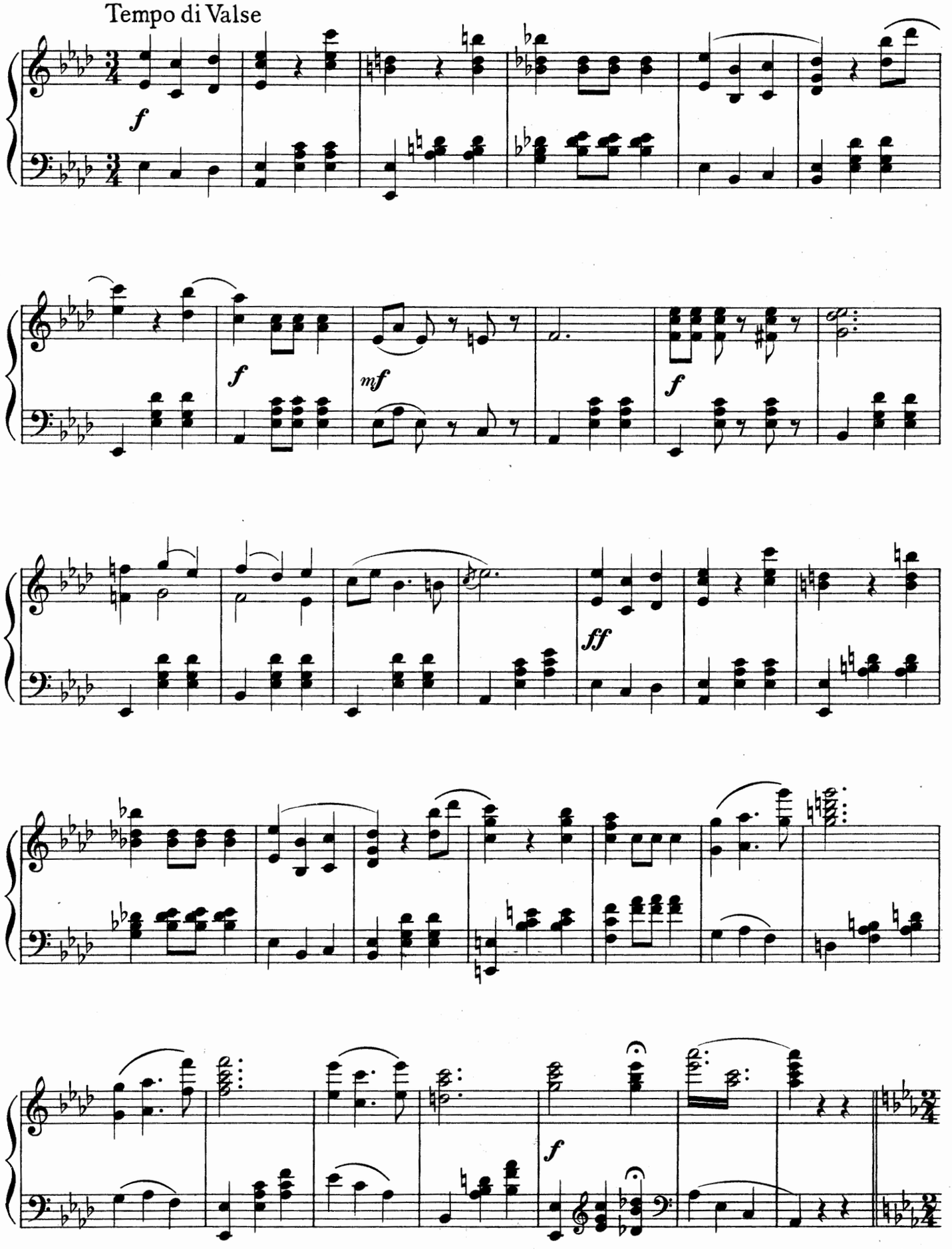
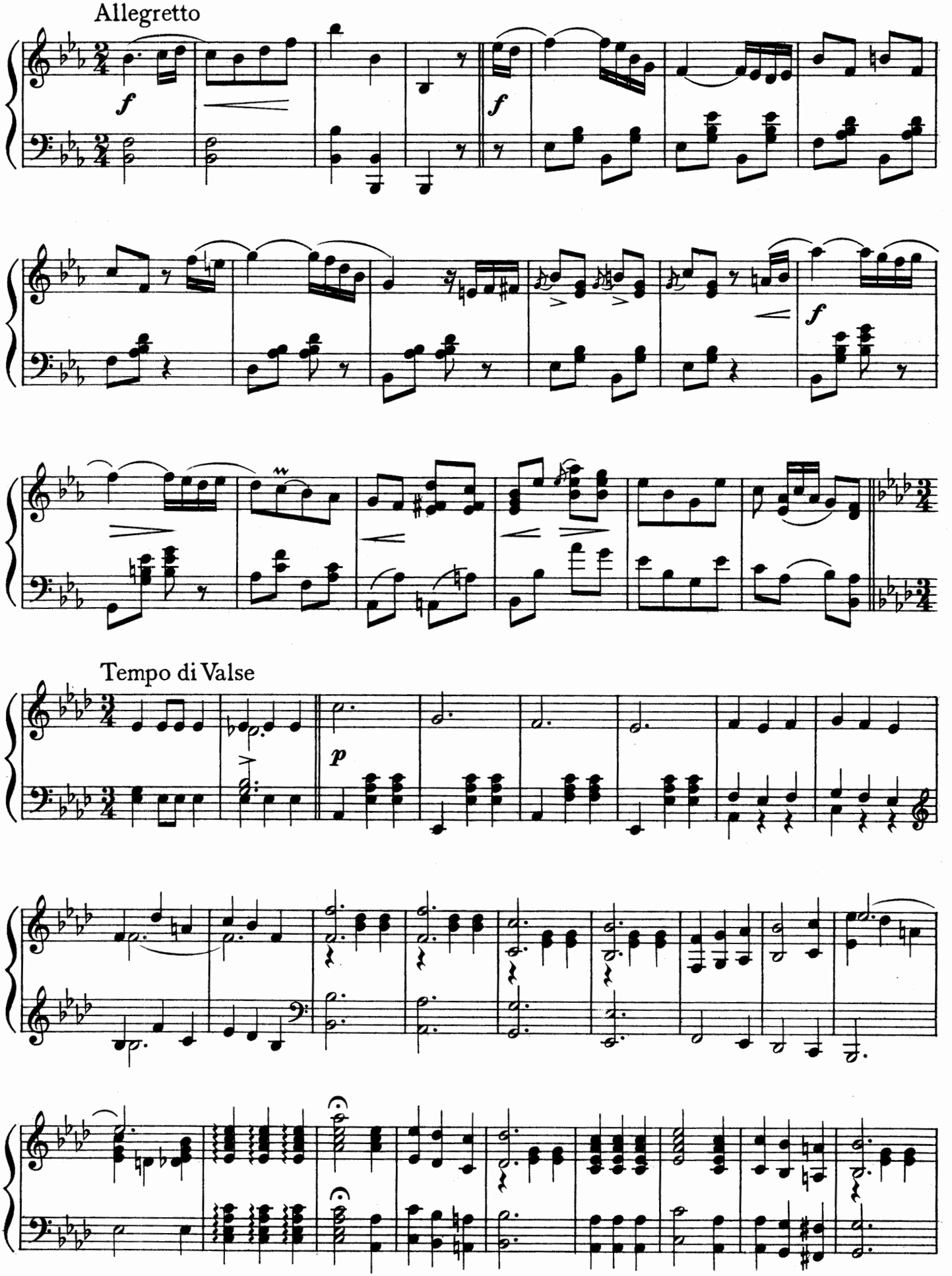
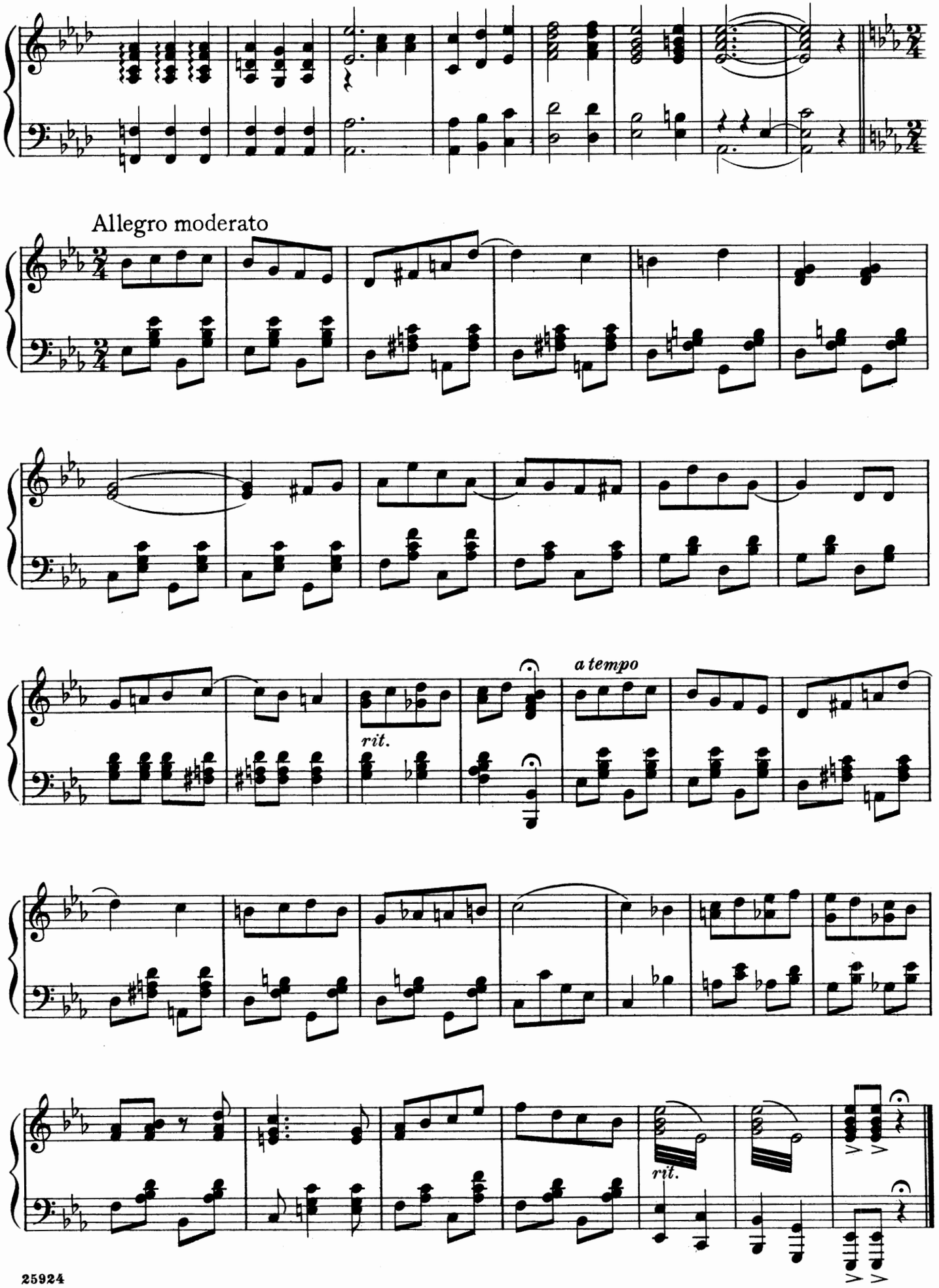



Tempo di Valse
f
f
mf
f
ff
f


Allegretto
Tempo di Valse


Allegro moderato
rit.
a tempo
rit.

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PROLOGUE

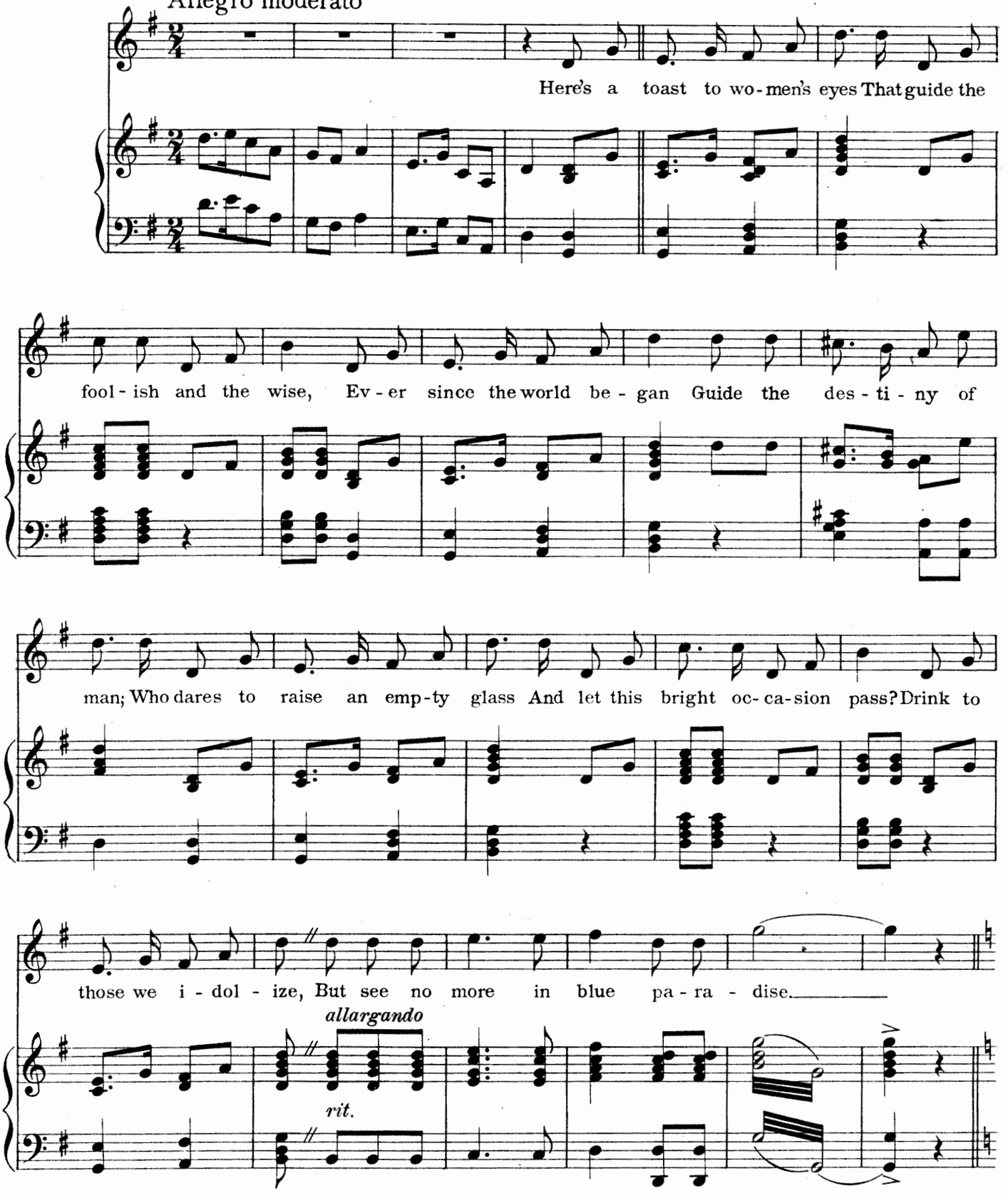
No. 2. Opening Ensemble

A Toast to Woman's Eyes

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Allegro moderato



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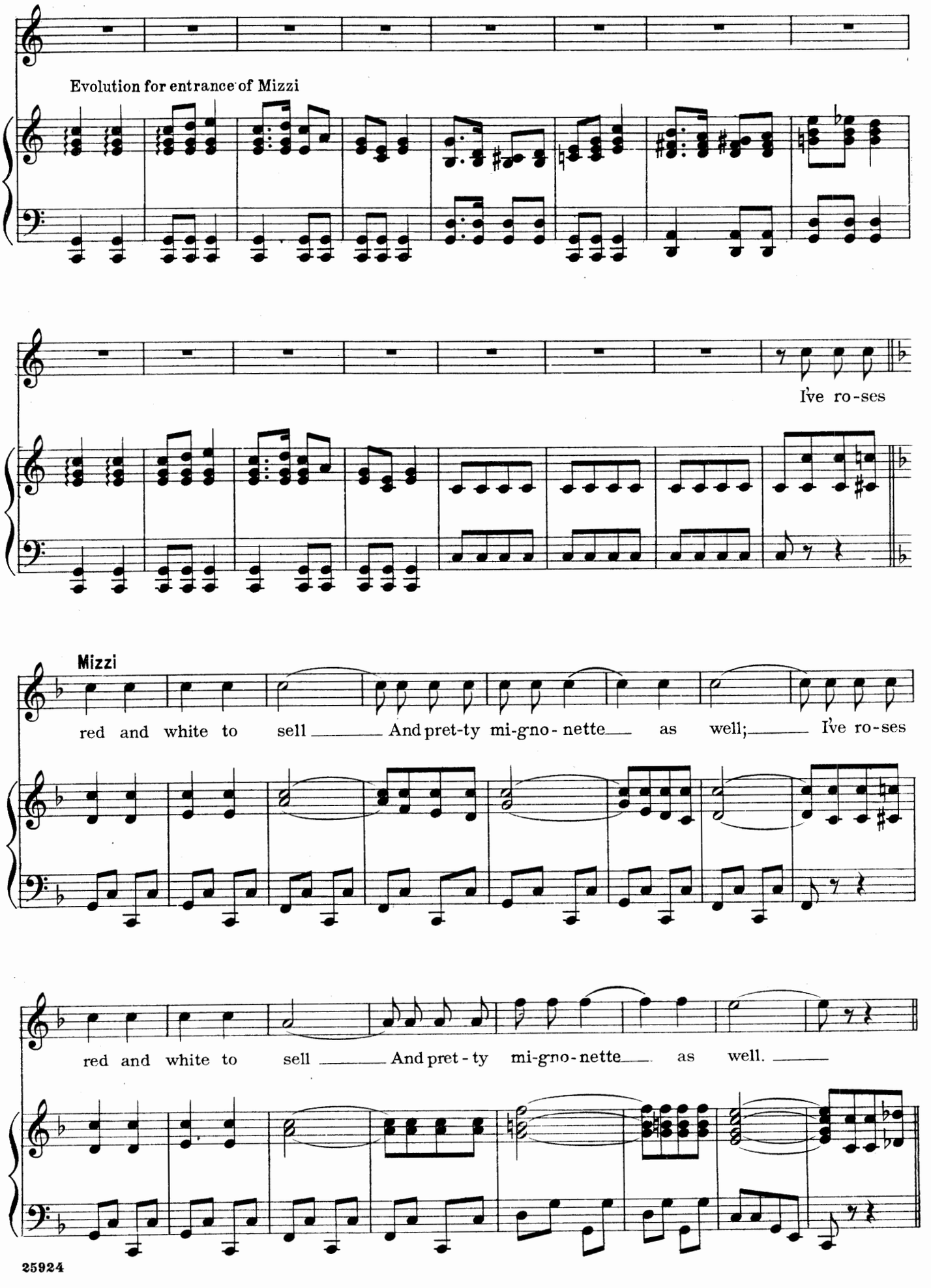
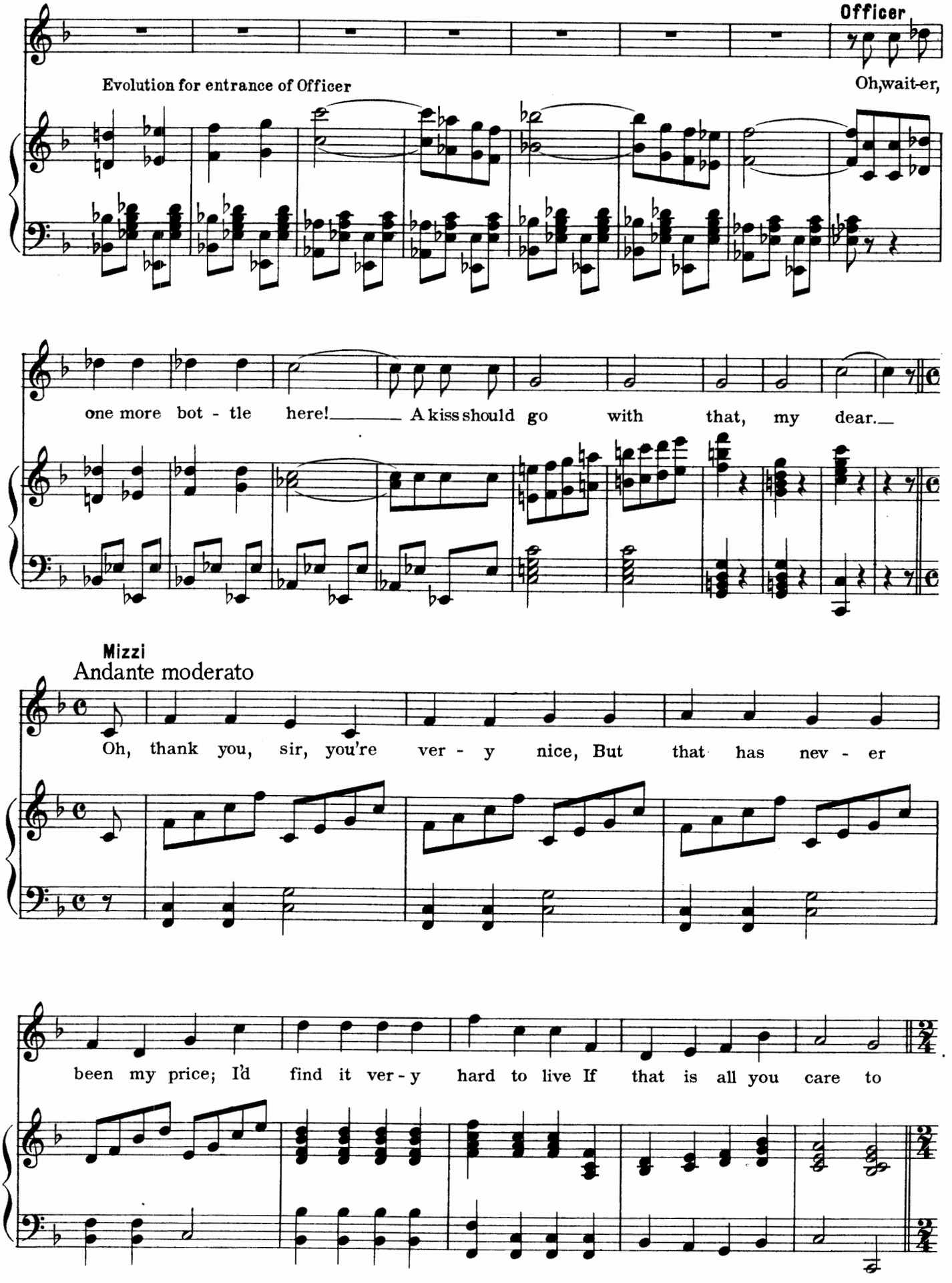
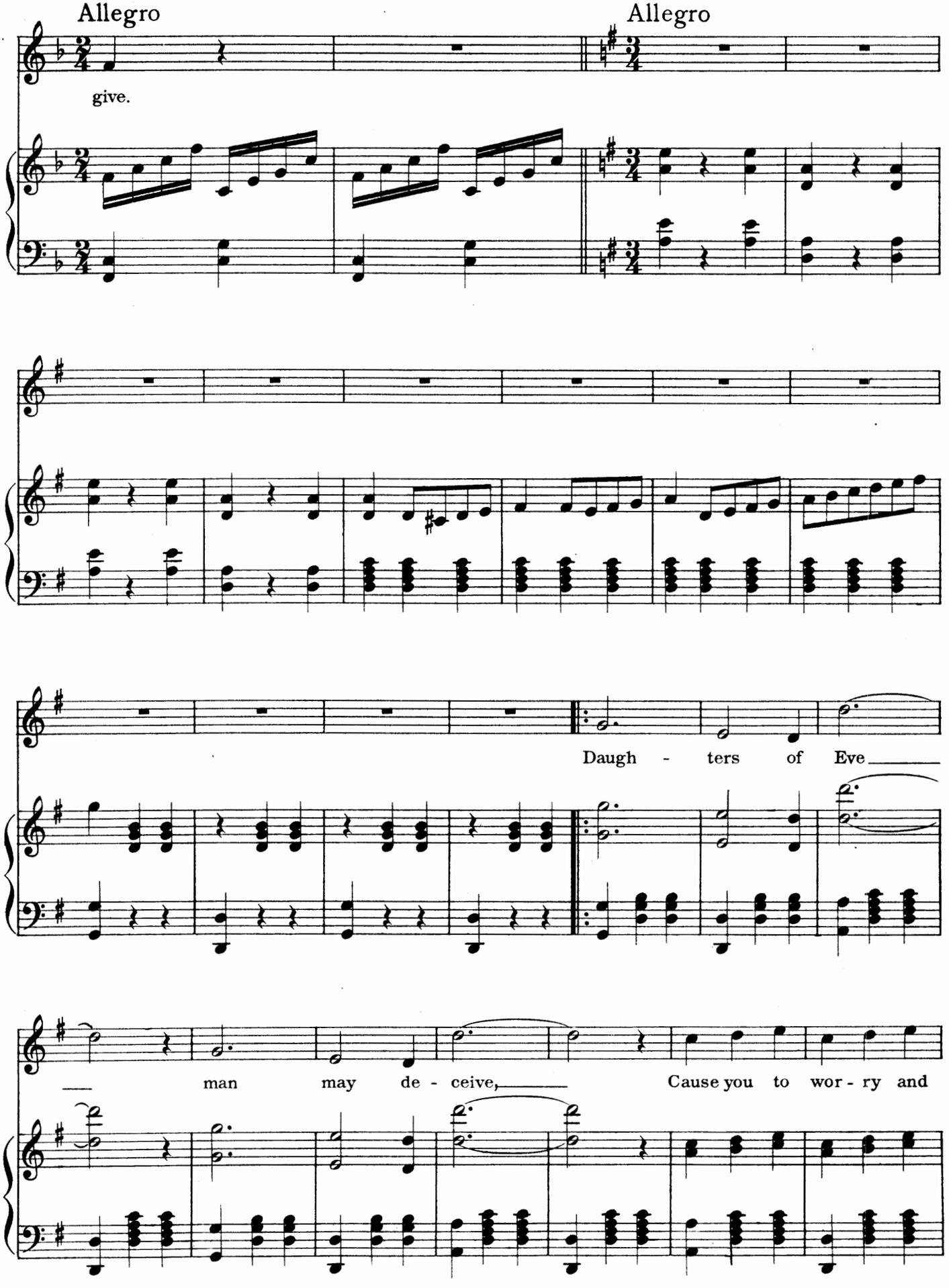
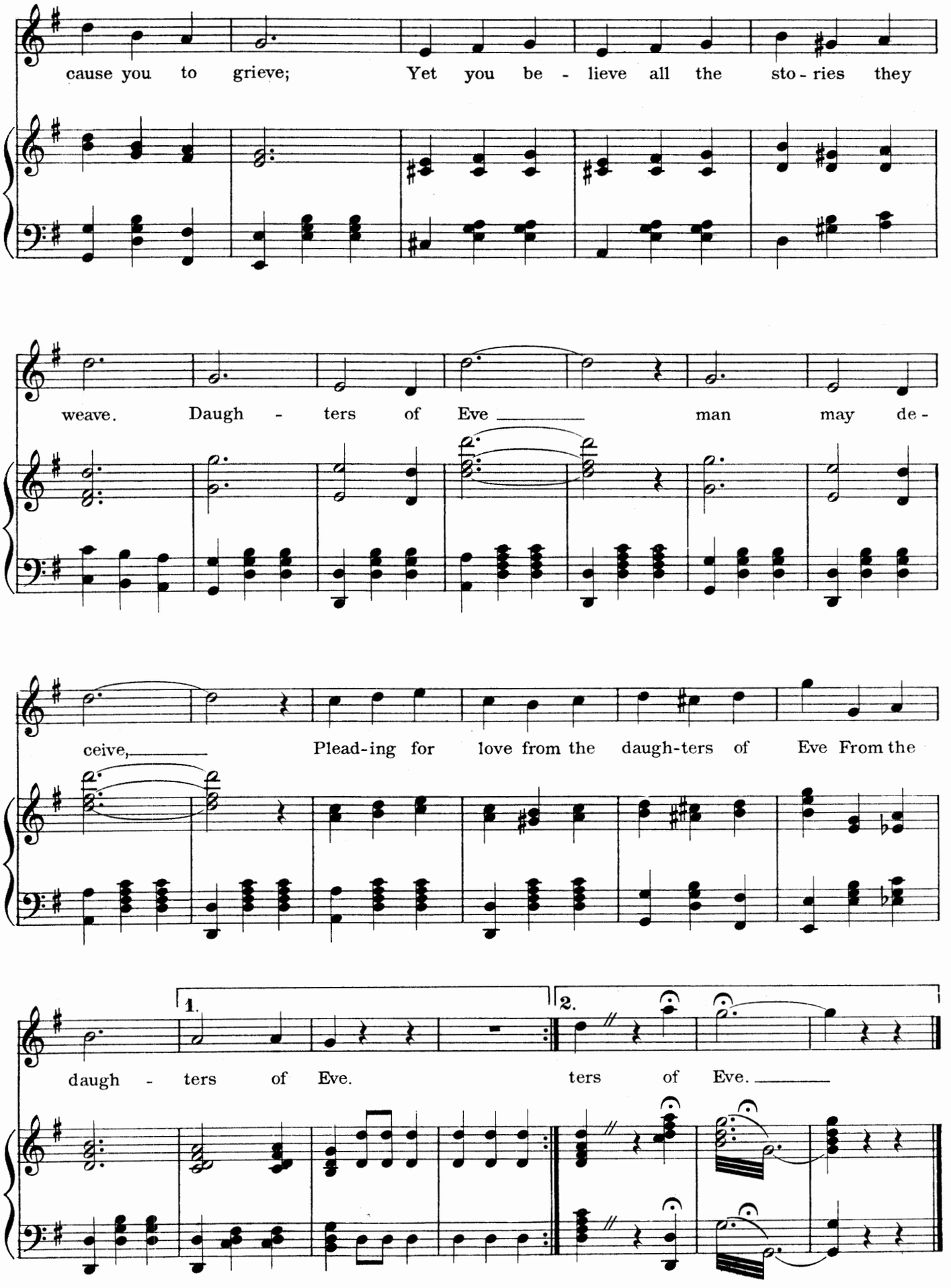

Evolution for entrance of Mizzi
I've ro-ses
Mizzi
red and white to sell And pret-ty mi-gno-nette as well; I've ro-ses
red and white to sell And pret-ty mi-gno-nette as well.


Officer
Evolution for entrance of Officer
Oh, wait-er,
one more bot - tle here! A kiss should go with that, my dear.
Mizzi
Andante moderato
Oh, thank you, sir, you're ver - y nice, But that has nev - er
been my price; I'd find it ver - y hard to live If that is all you care to


Allegro
Allegro
give.
Daugh - ters of Eve
man may de - ceive,
Cause you to wor - ry and


cause you to grieve; Yet you be - lieve all the sto - ries they
weave. Daugh - ters of Eve man may de -
ceive, Plead-ing for love from the daugh-ters of Eve From the
1.
daugh - ters of Eve.
2.
ters of Eve.

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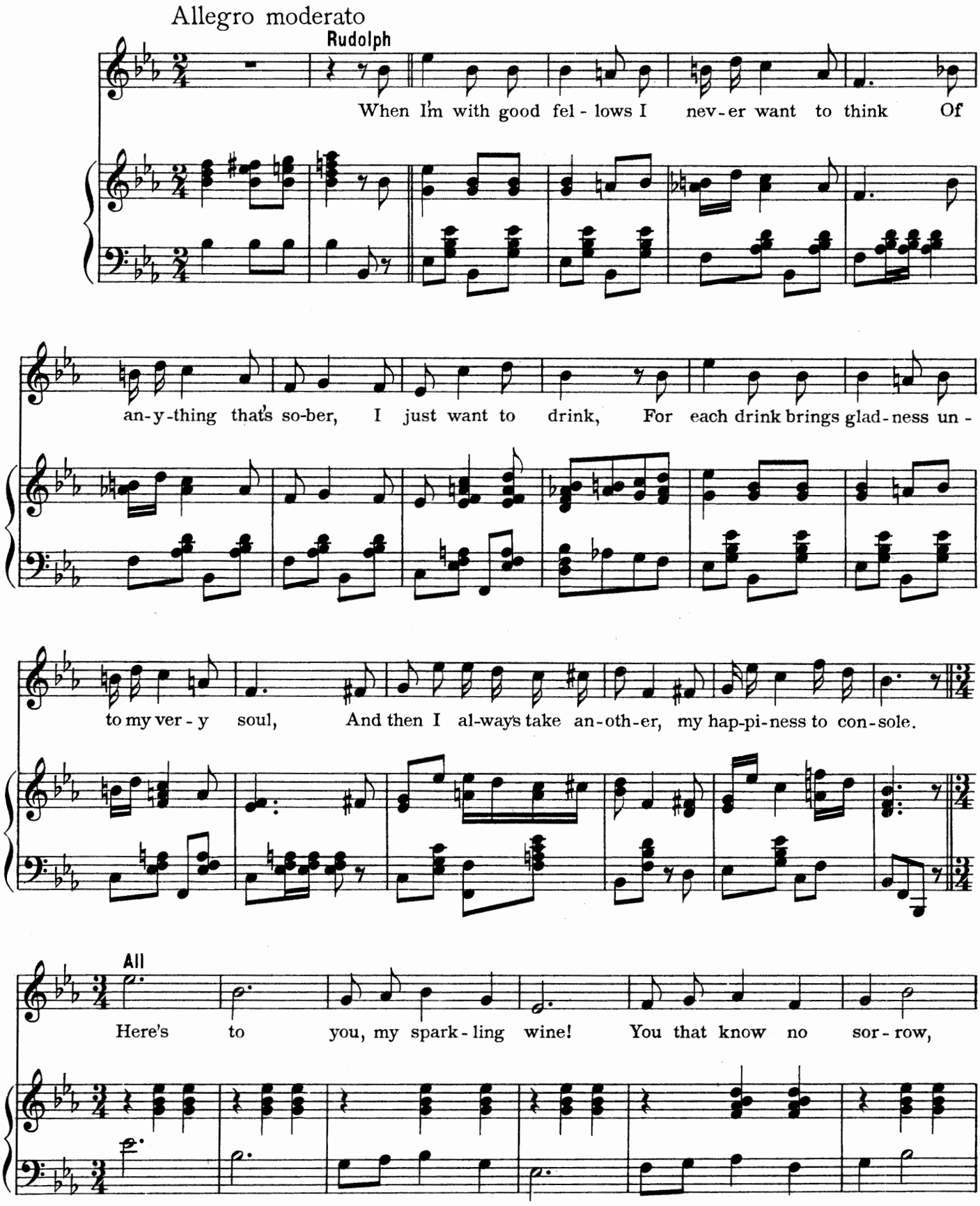
No.3. Drinking Song
Here's to You, My Sparkling Wine

Lyrics by
Blanche Merrill

Music by
Leo Edwards



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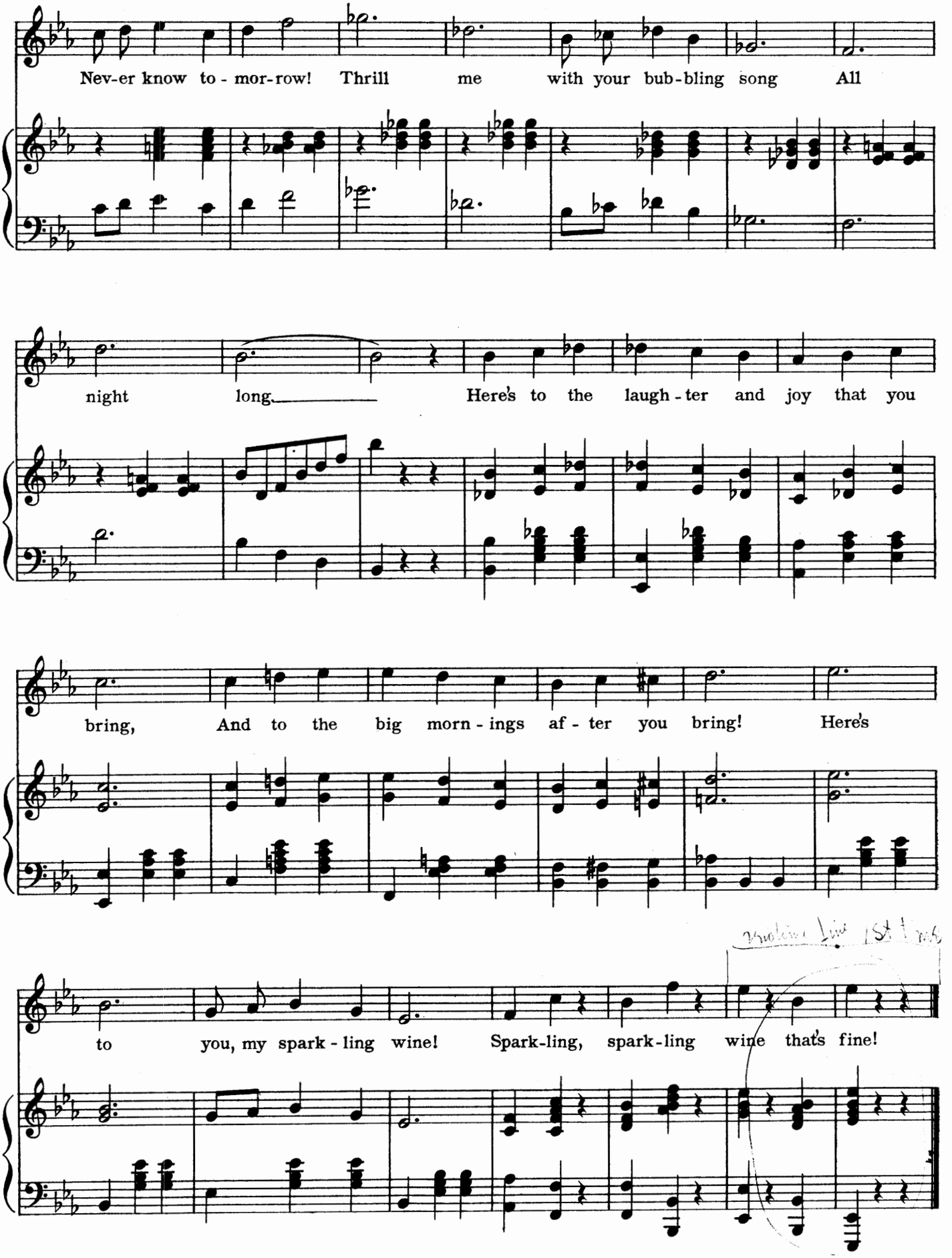
Nev-er know to - mor-row! Thrill me with your bub-bling song All
night long. Here's to the laugh - ter and joy that you
bring, And to the big morn - ings af - ter you bring! Here's
to you, my spark - ling wine! Spark-ling, spark-ling wine that's fine!

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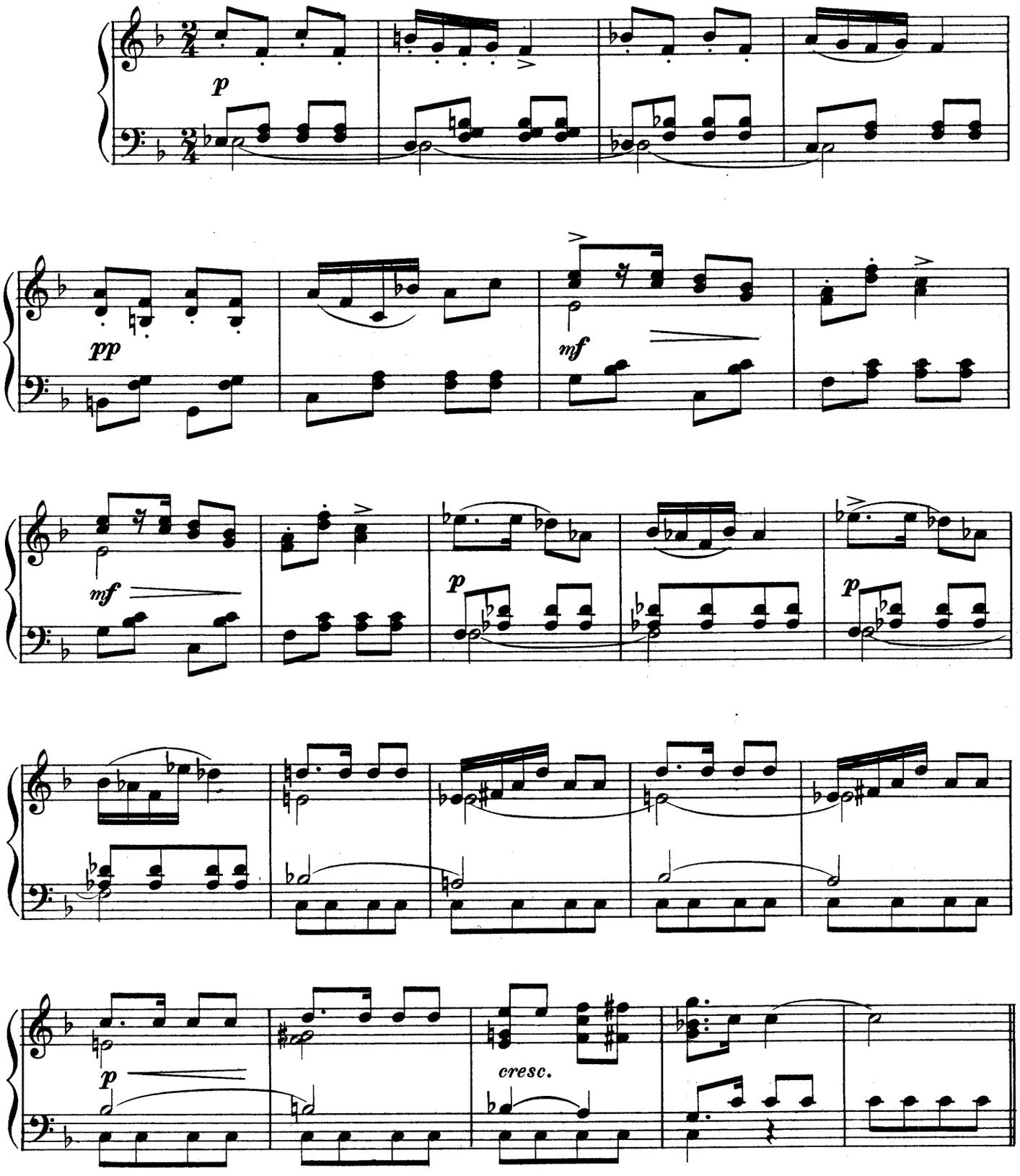
No. 4
To Paradise We'll Gaily Trip

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Allegretto



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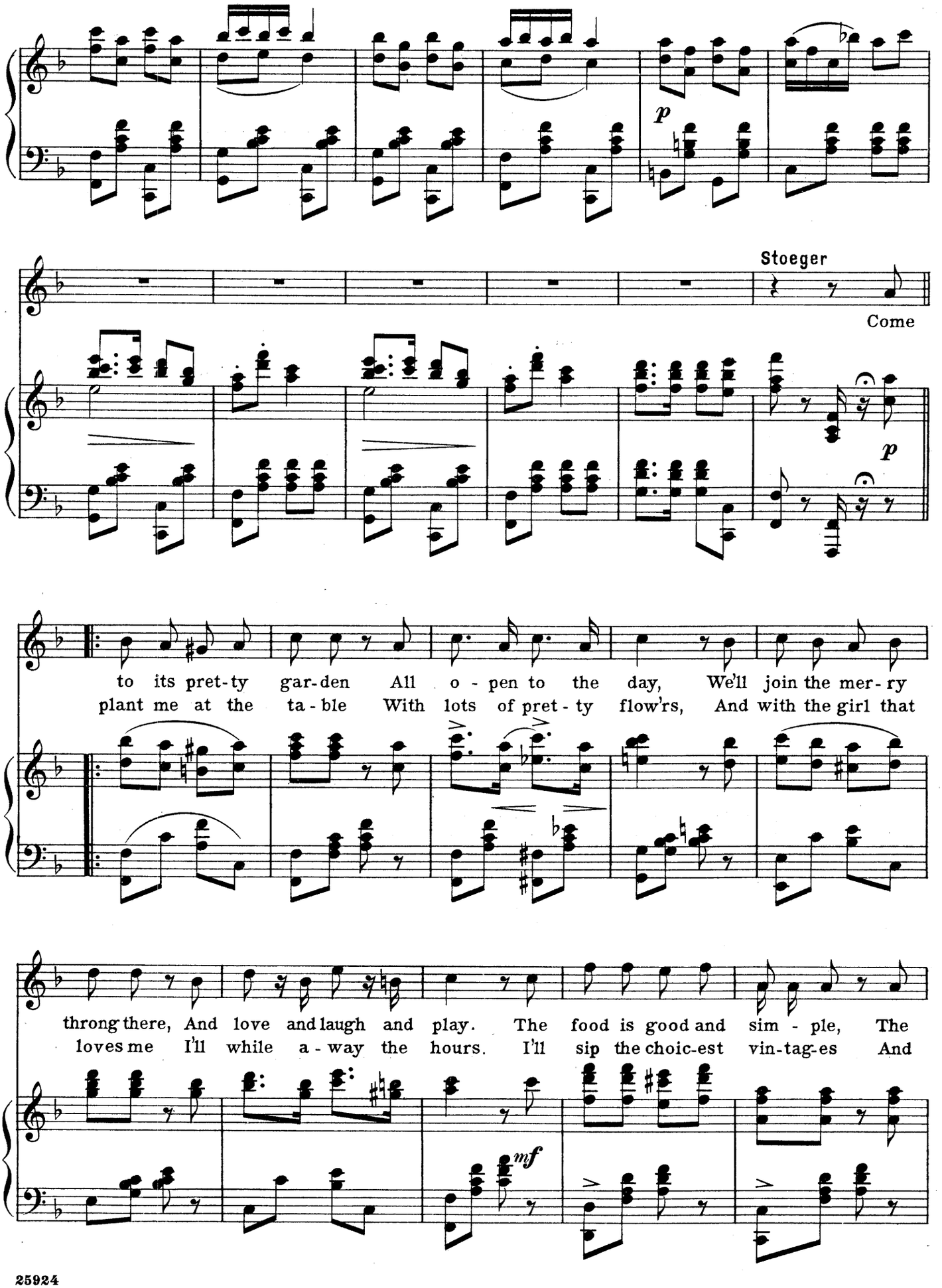
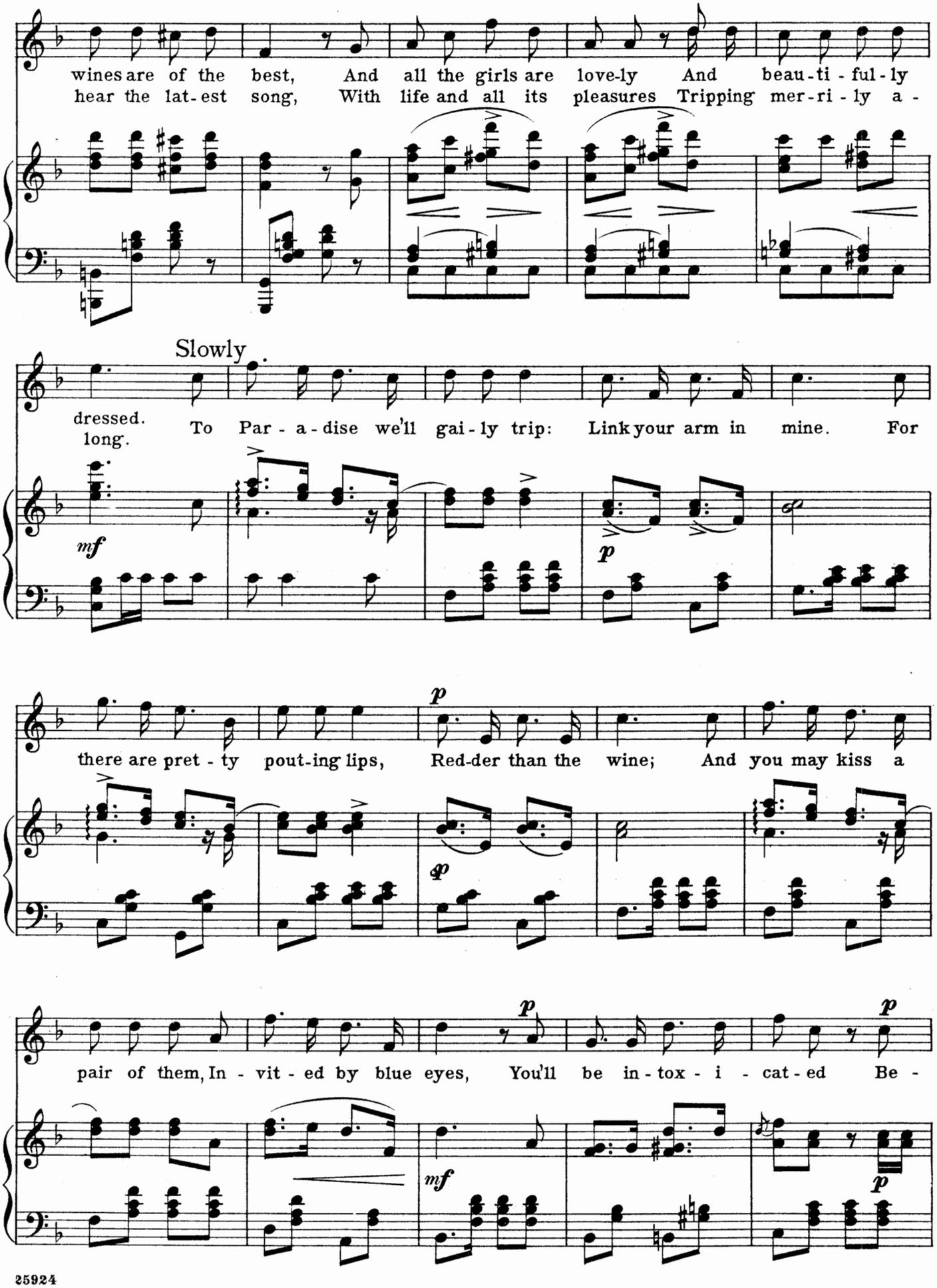
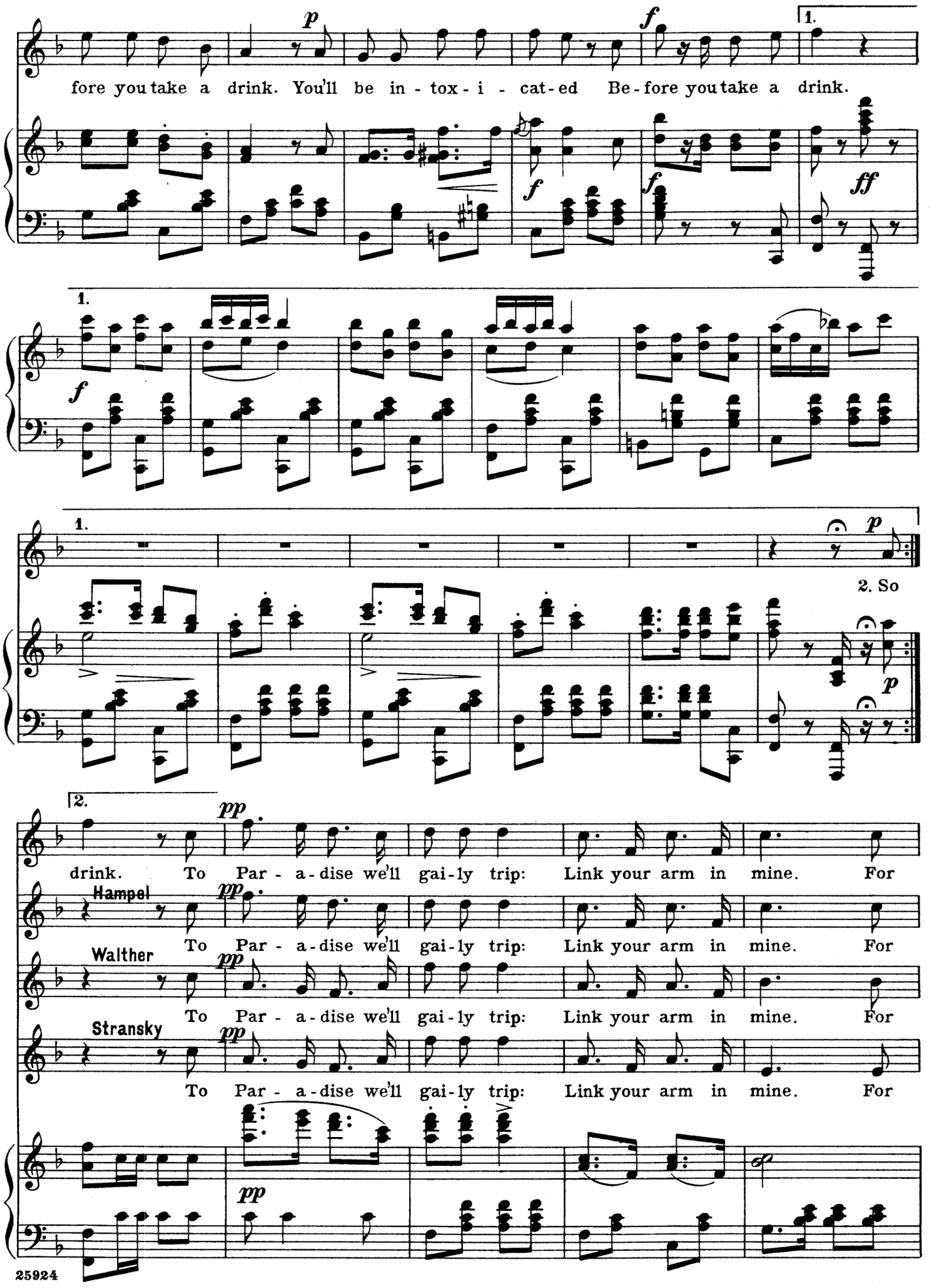
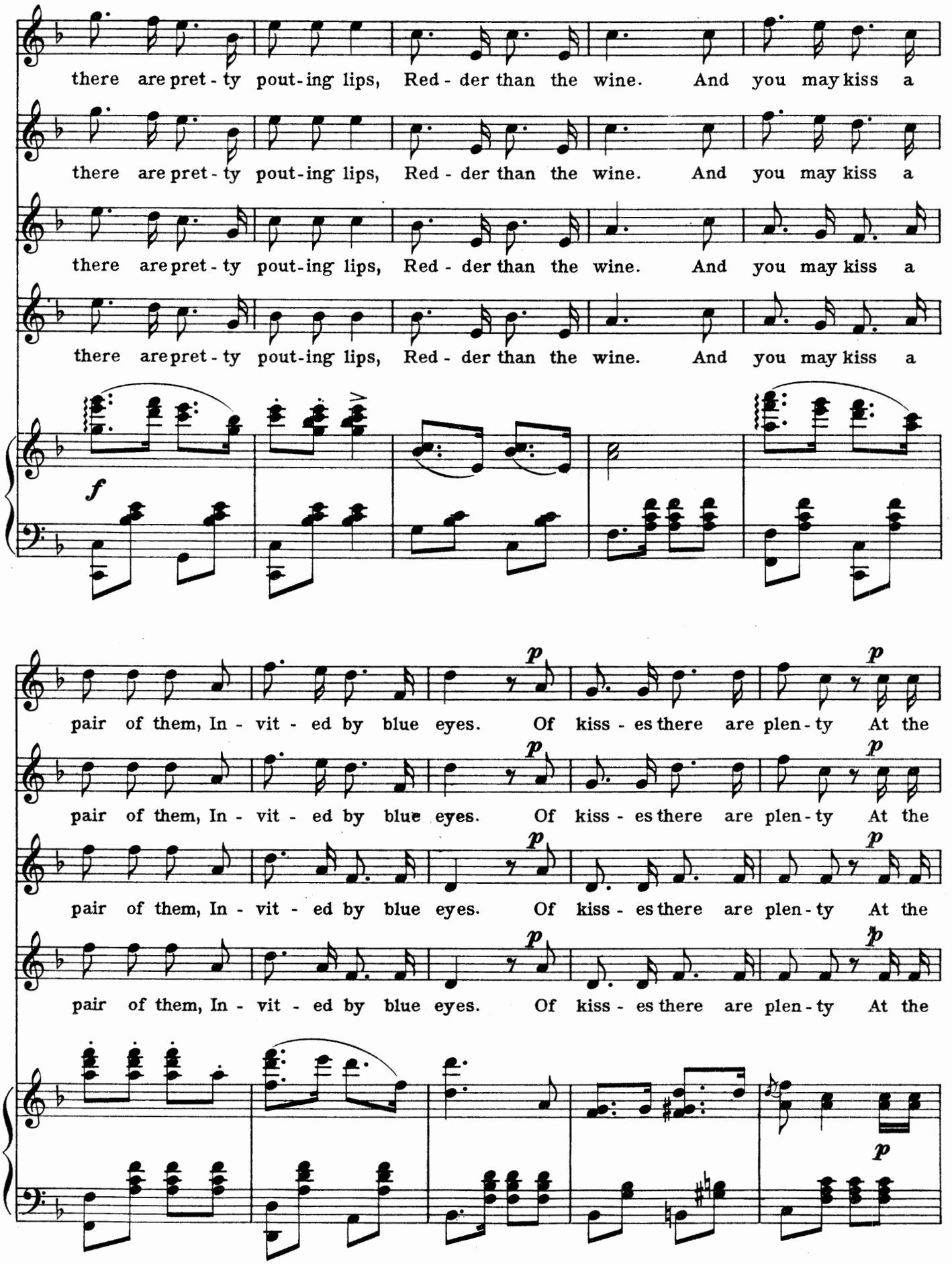
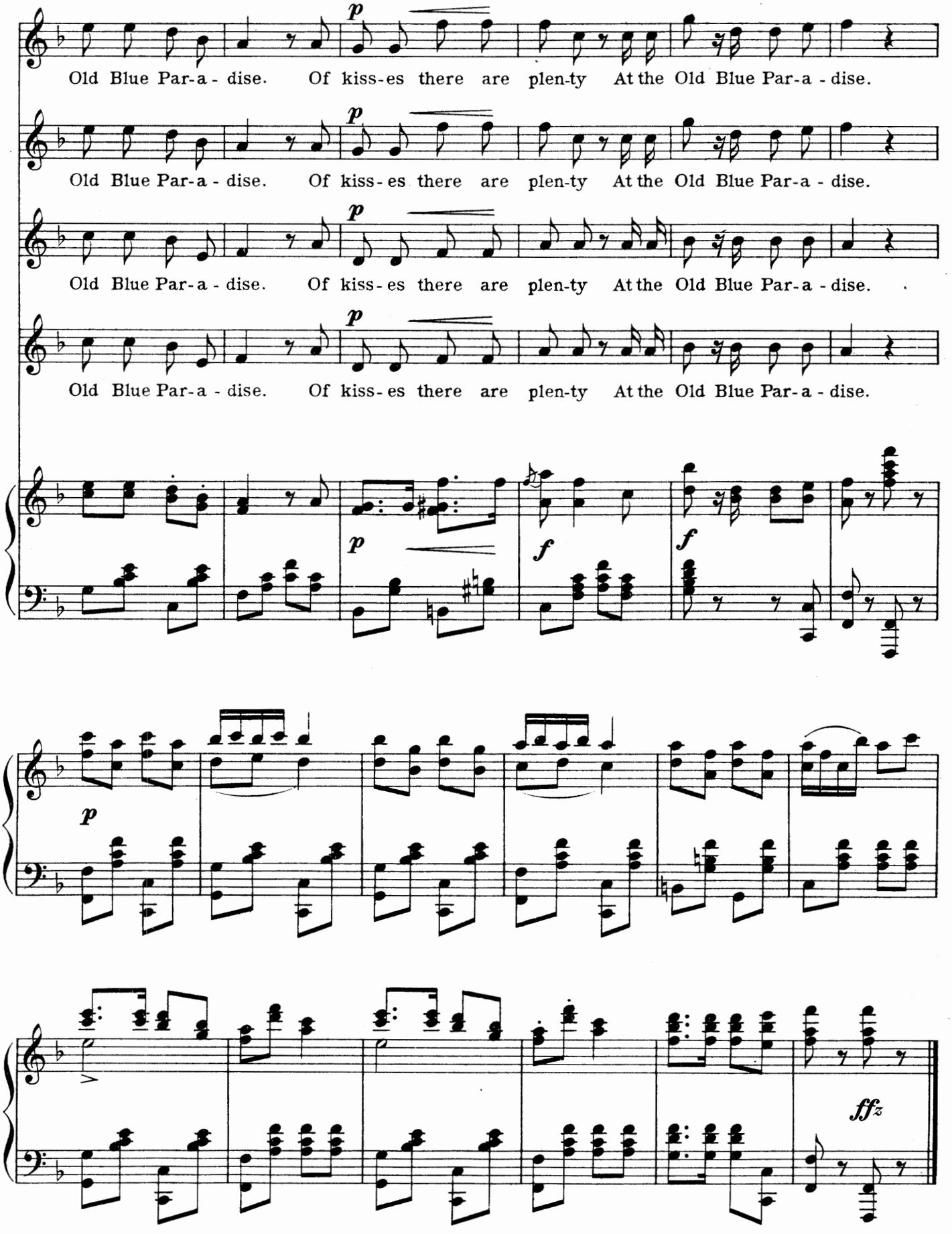

p
Stoeger
Come
p
to its pret-ty gar-den All o - pen to the day, We'll join the mer-ry
plant me at the ta - ble With lots of pret - ty flow'rs, And with the girl that
throng there, And love and laugh and play. The food is good and sim - ple, The
loves me I'll while a - way the hours. I'll sip the choic-est vin-tag-es And
mf


wines are of the best, And all the girls are love-ly And beau-ti-ful-ly
hear the lat-est song, With life and all its pleasures Tripping mer-ri-ly a-
Slowly
dressed.
long.
To Par-a-dise we'll gai-ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For
mf
p
there are pret-ty pout-ing lips, Red-der than the wine; And you may kiss a
p
pp
pair of them, In-vit-ed by blue eyes, You'll be in-tox-i-cat-ed Be-
p
mf
p


fore you take a drink. You'll be in - tox - i - cat - ed Be - fore you take a drink.
2. So
drink. To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For
Hampel
To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For
Walther
To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For
Stransky
To Par - a - dise we'll gai - ly trip: Link your arm in mine. For


there are pret - ty pout-ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pret - ty pout-ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pret - ty pout-ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a
there are pret - ty pout-ing lips, Red - der than the wine. And you may kiss a
f
pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the
pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the
pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the
pair of them, In - vit - ed by blue eyes. Of kiss - es there are plen - ty At the
p


Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
Old Blue Par-a - dise. Of kiss-es there are plen-ty At the Old Blue Par-a - dise.
p
f
ffz

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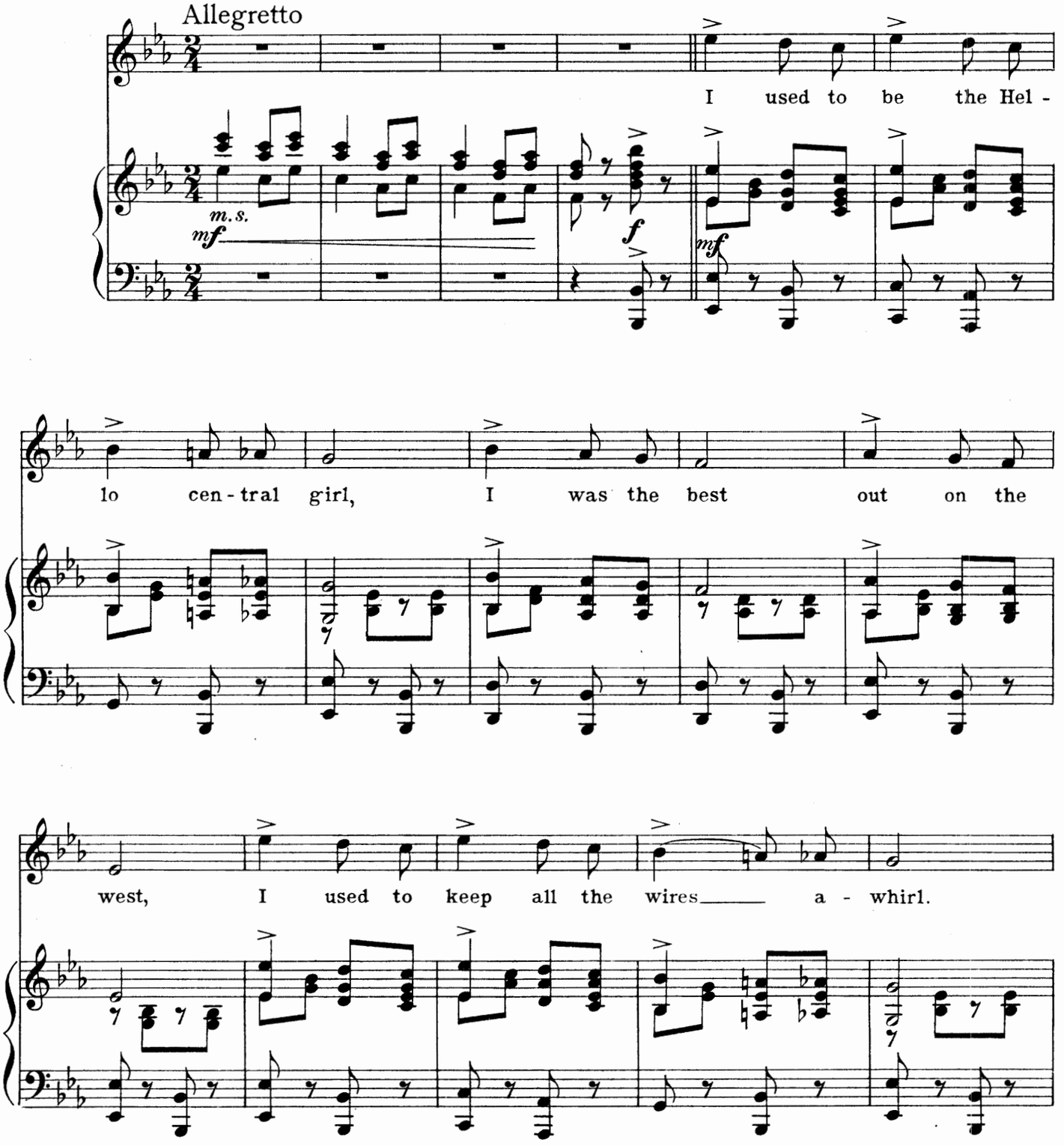
No. 5

Tell the Town "Hello" To-night

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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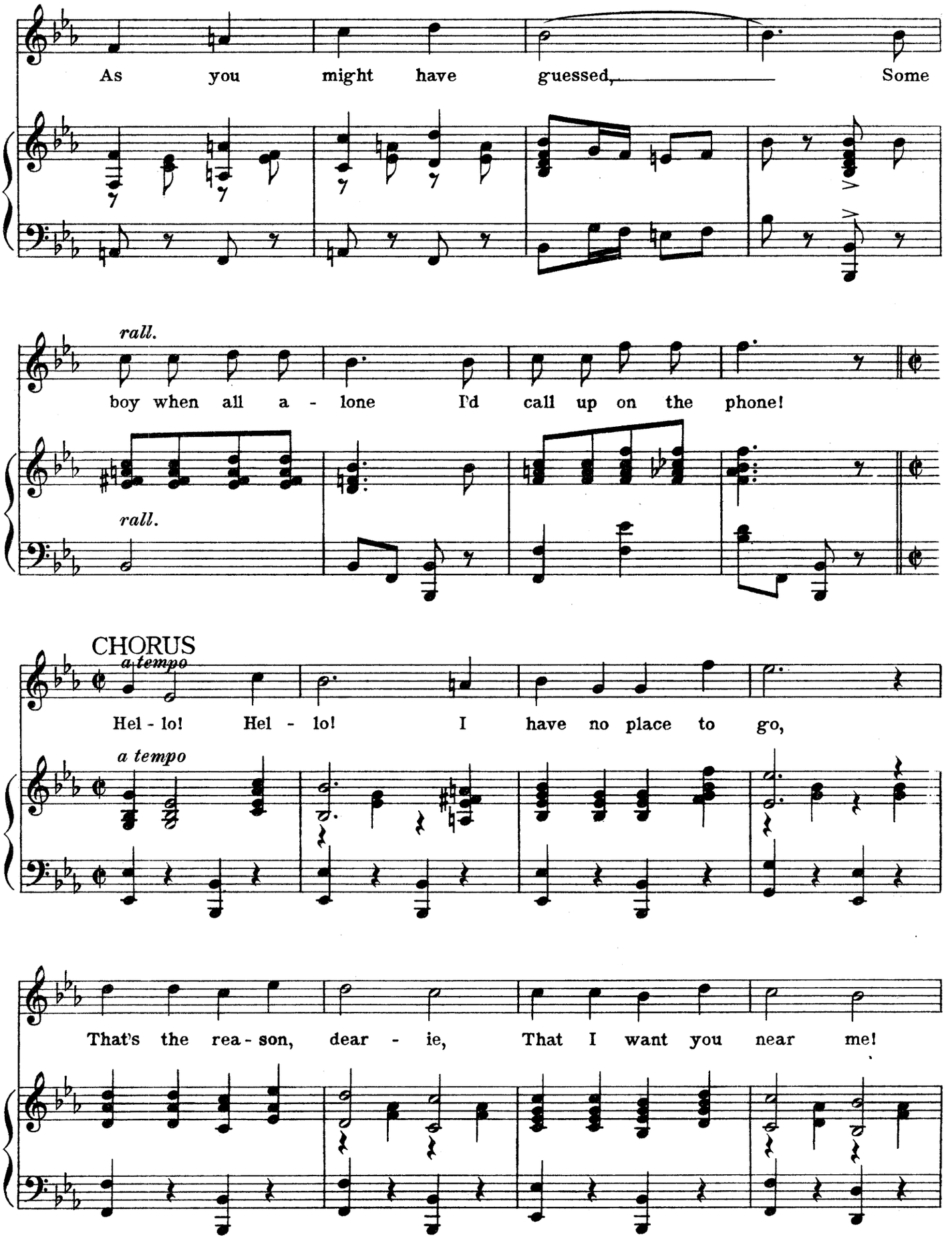
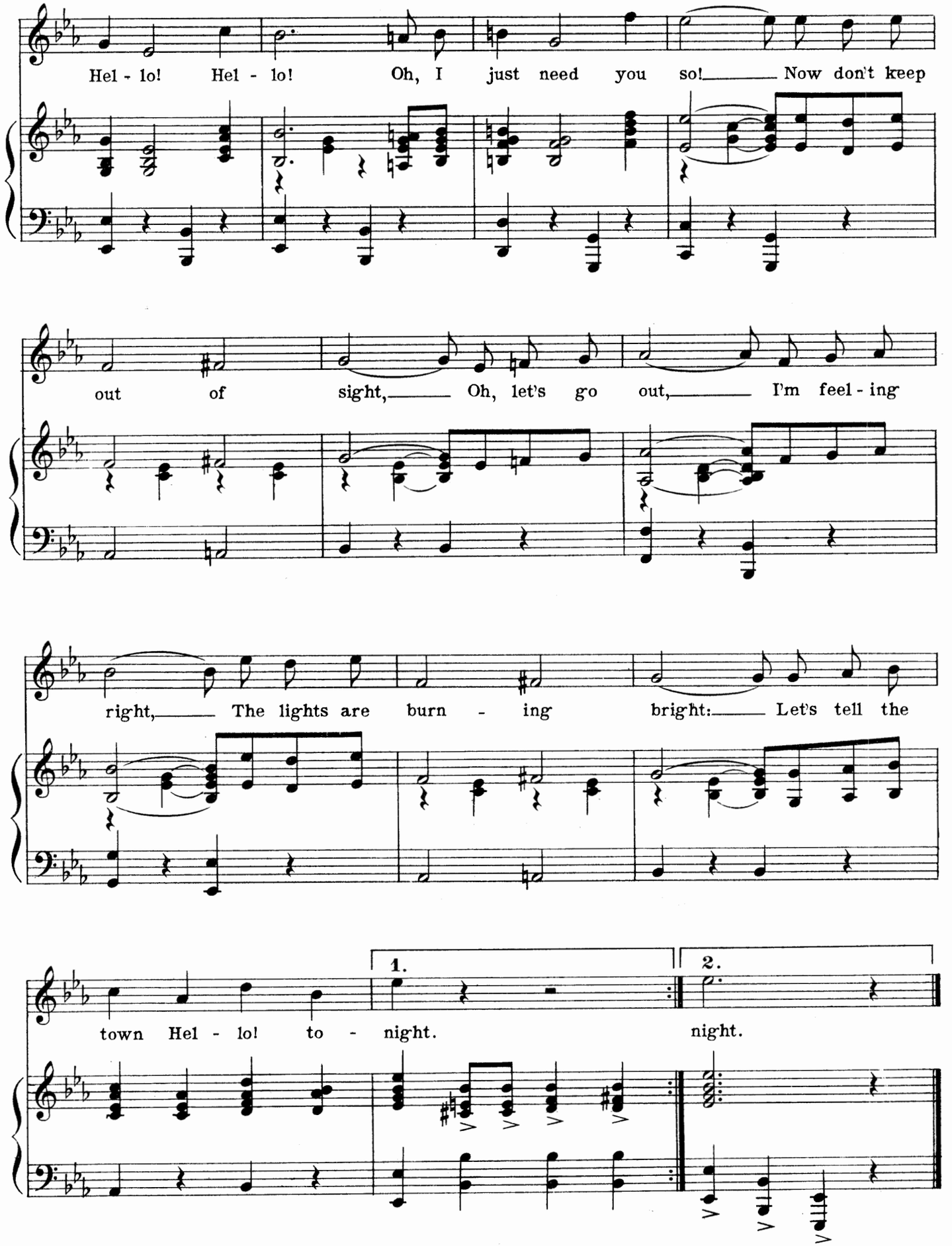

As you might have guessed, Some
rall.
boy when all a - lone I'd call up on the phone!
rall.
CHORUS
a tempo
Hel - lo! Hel - lo! I have no place to go,
a tempo
That's the rea - son, dear - ie, That I want you near me!


Hel - lo! Hel - lo! Oh, I just need you so! Now don't keep
out of sight, Oh, let's go out, I'm feel - ing
right, The lights are burn - ing bright: Let's tell the
town Hel - lo! to - night.
1.
2.
night.

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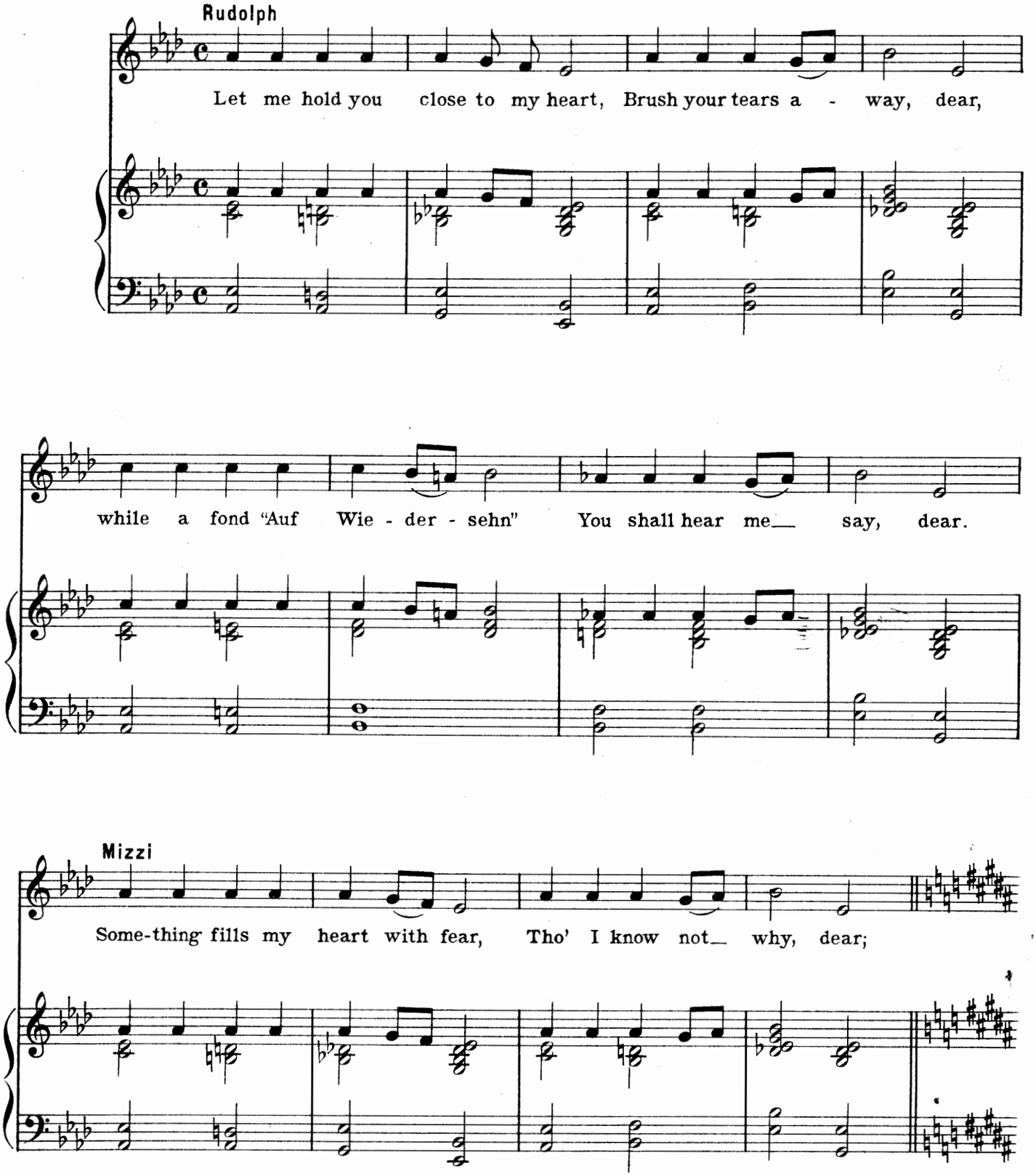
No. 6.

Auf Wiedersehn!

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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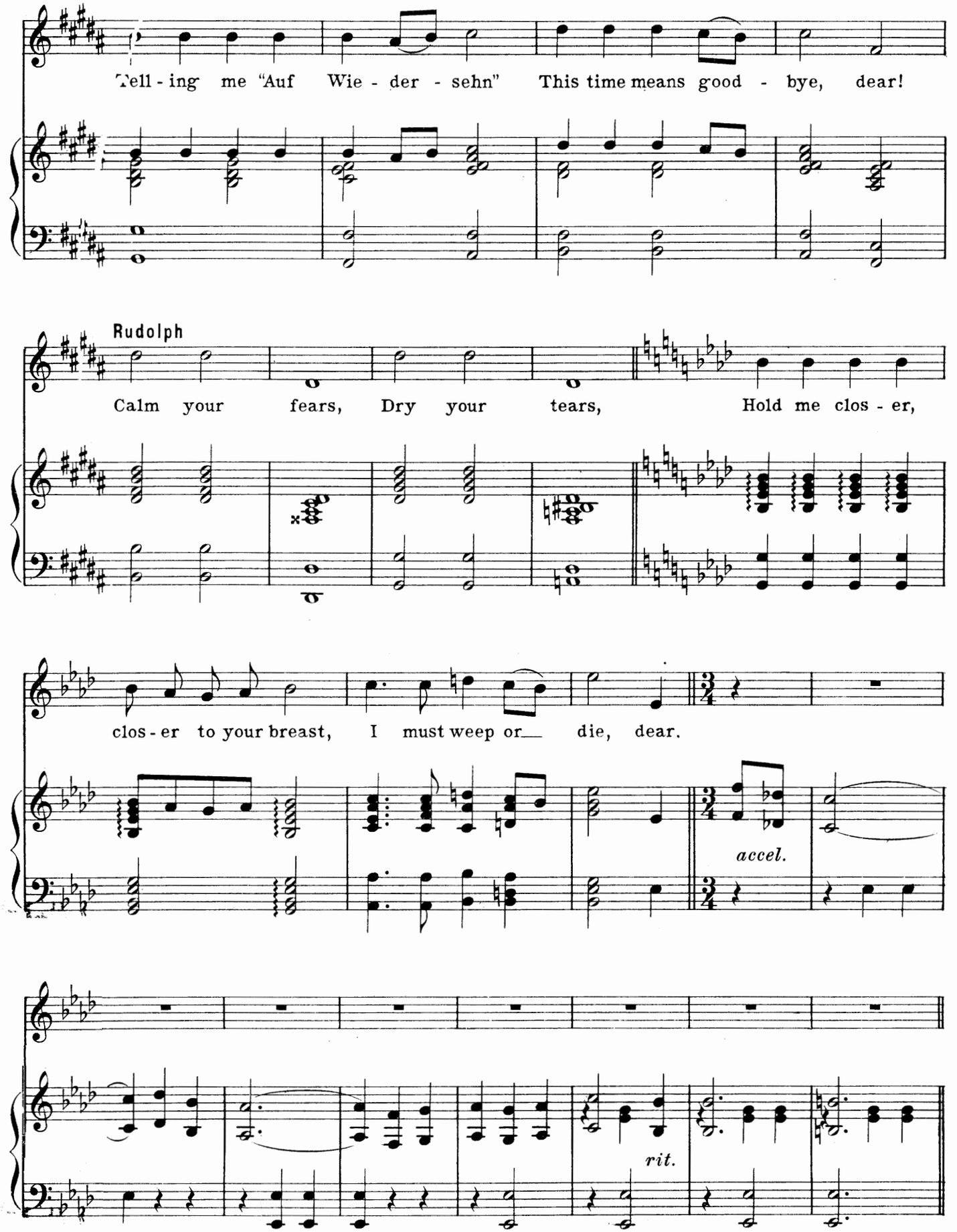
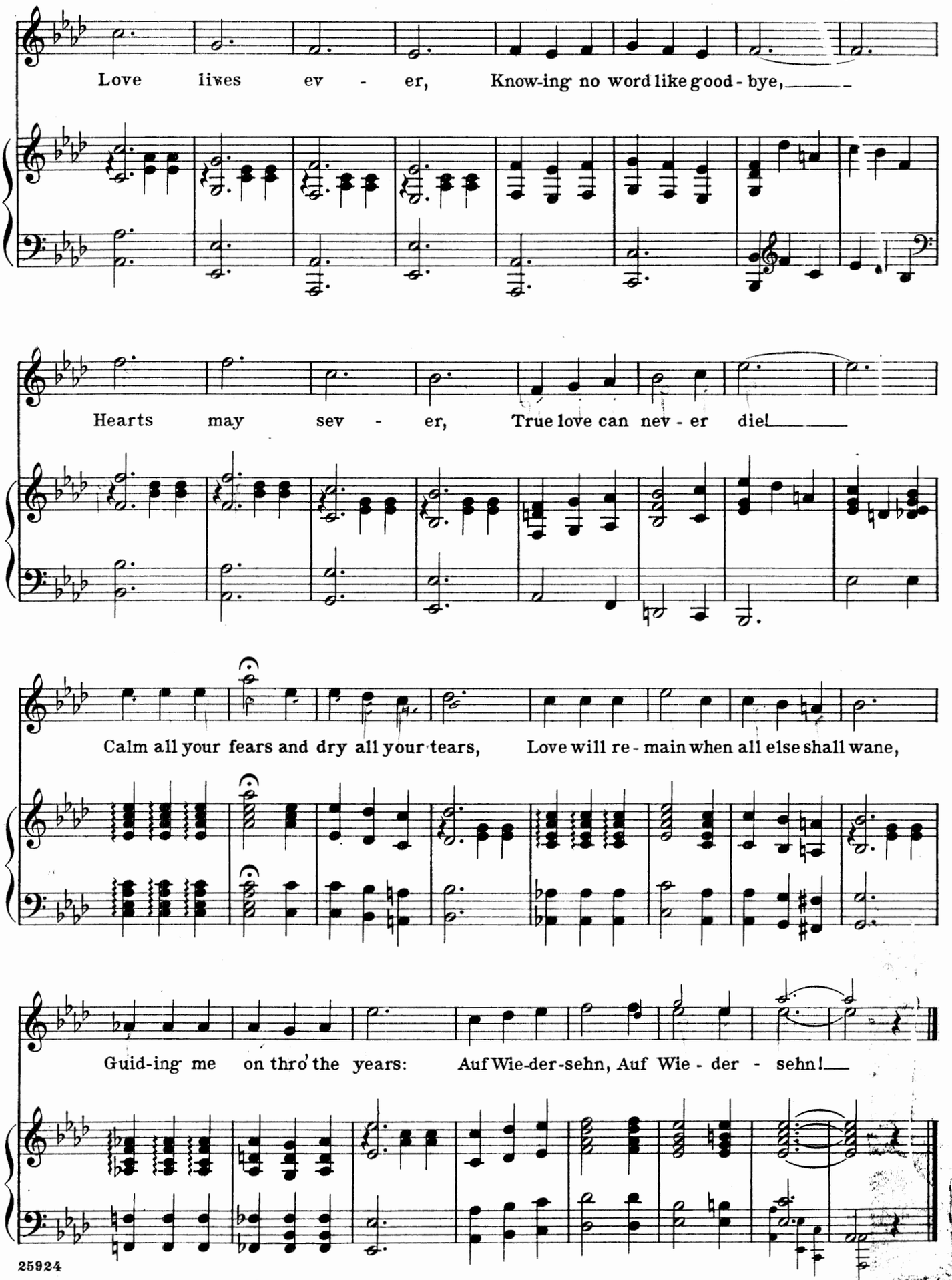

Tell - ing me "Auf Wie - der - sehn" This time means good - bye, dear!
Rudolph
Calm your fears, Dry your tears, Hold me clos - er,
clos - er to your breast, I must weep or_ die, dear.
accel.
rit.


Love lives ev - er, Know-ing no word like good - bye,
Hearts may sev - er, True love can nev - er die!
Calm all your fears and dry all your tears, Love will re - main when all else shall wane,
Guid-ing me on thro' the years: Auf Wie-der-sehn, Auf Wie - der - sehn!

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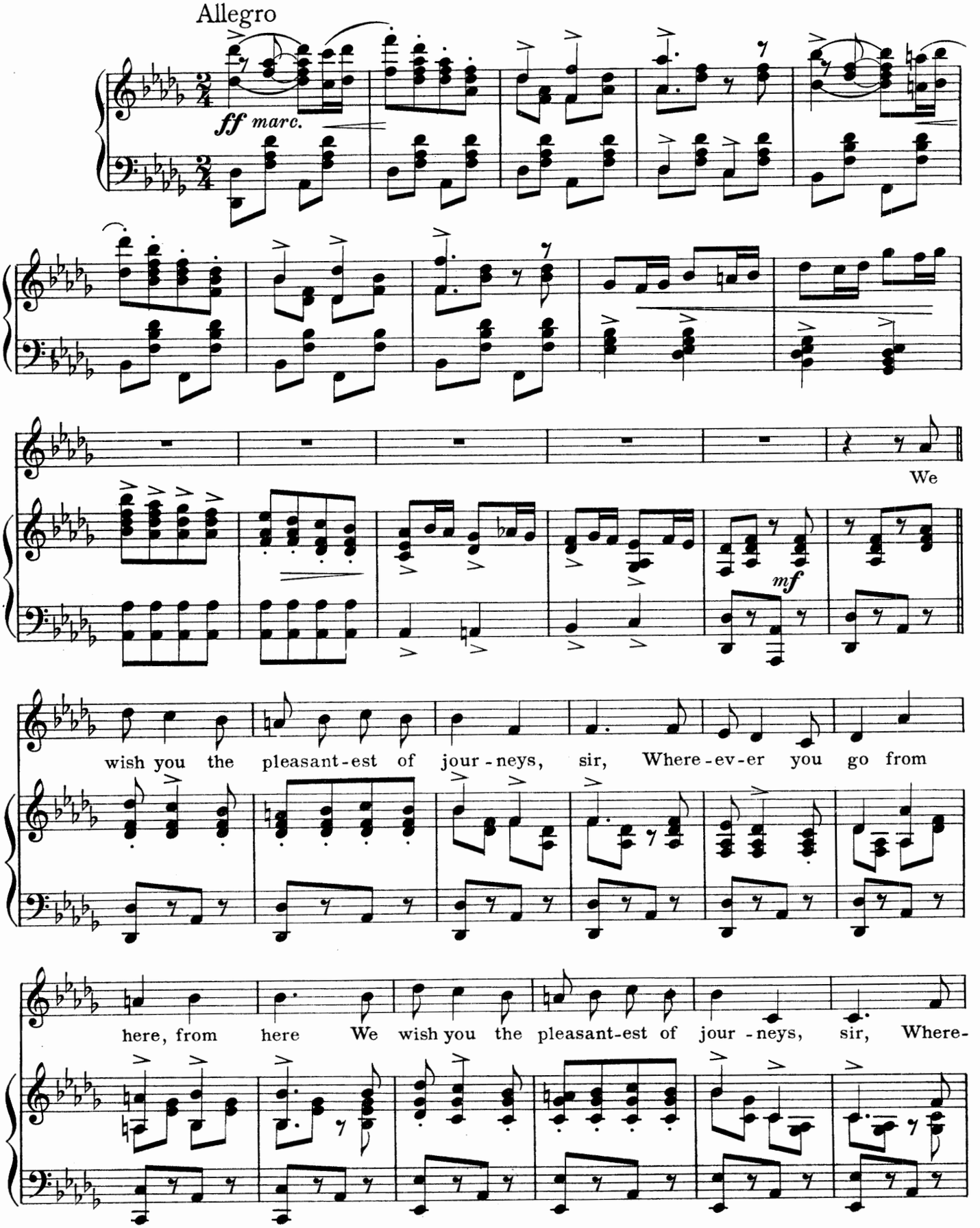
ACT I

No.7. Opening Chorus
We Wish You a Pleasant Journey

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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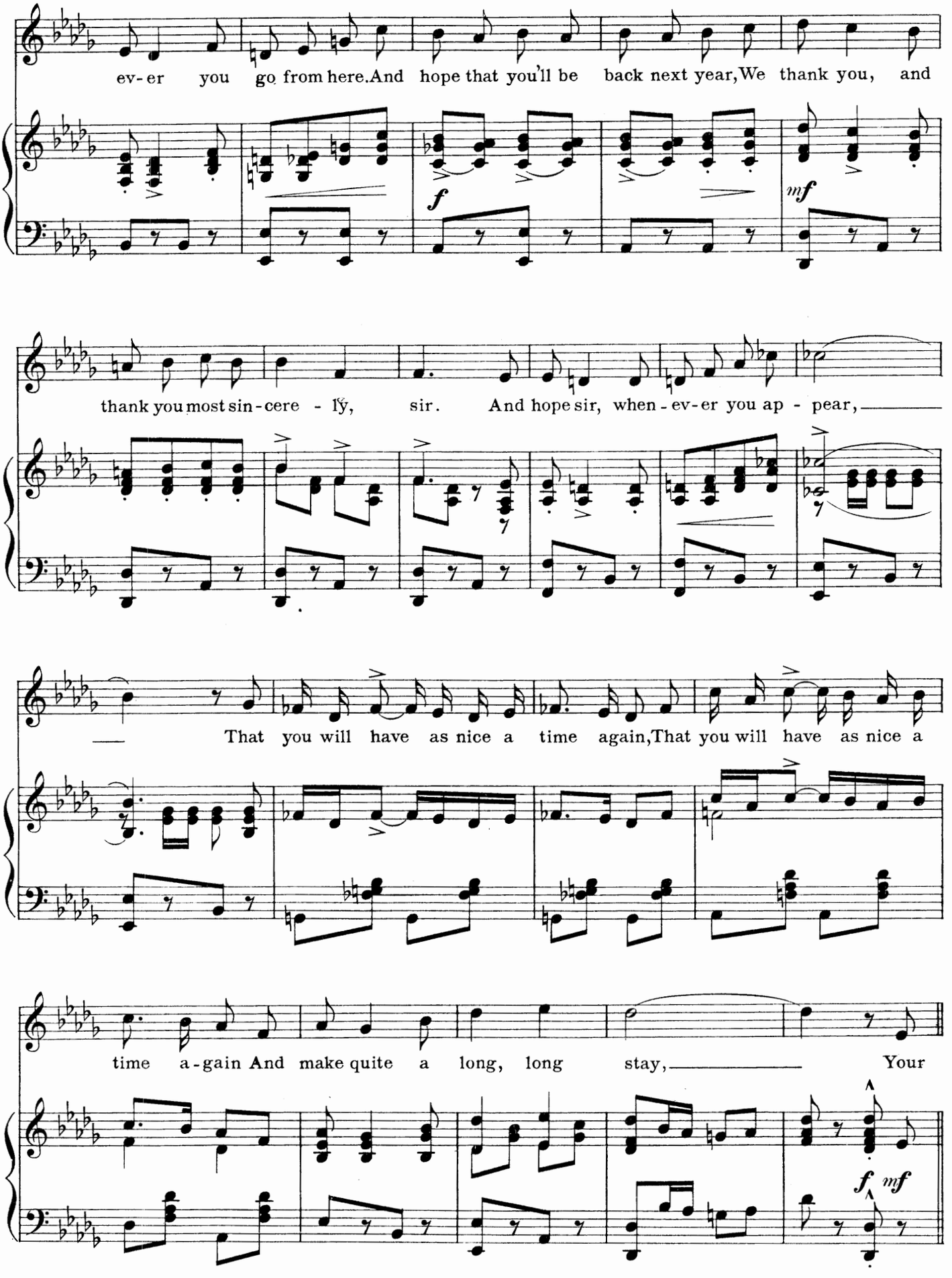
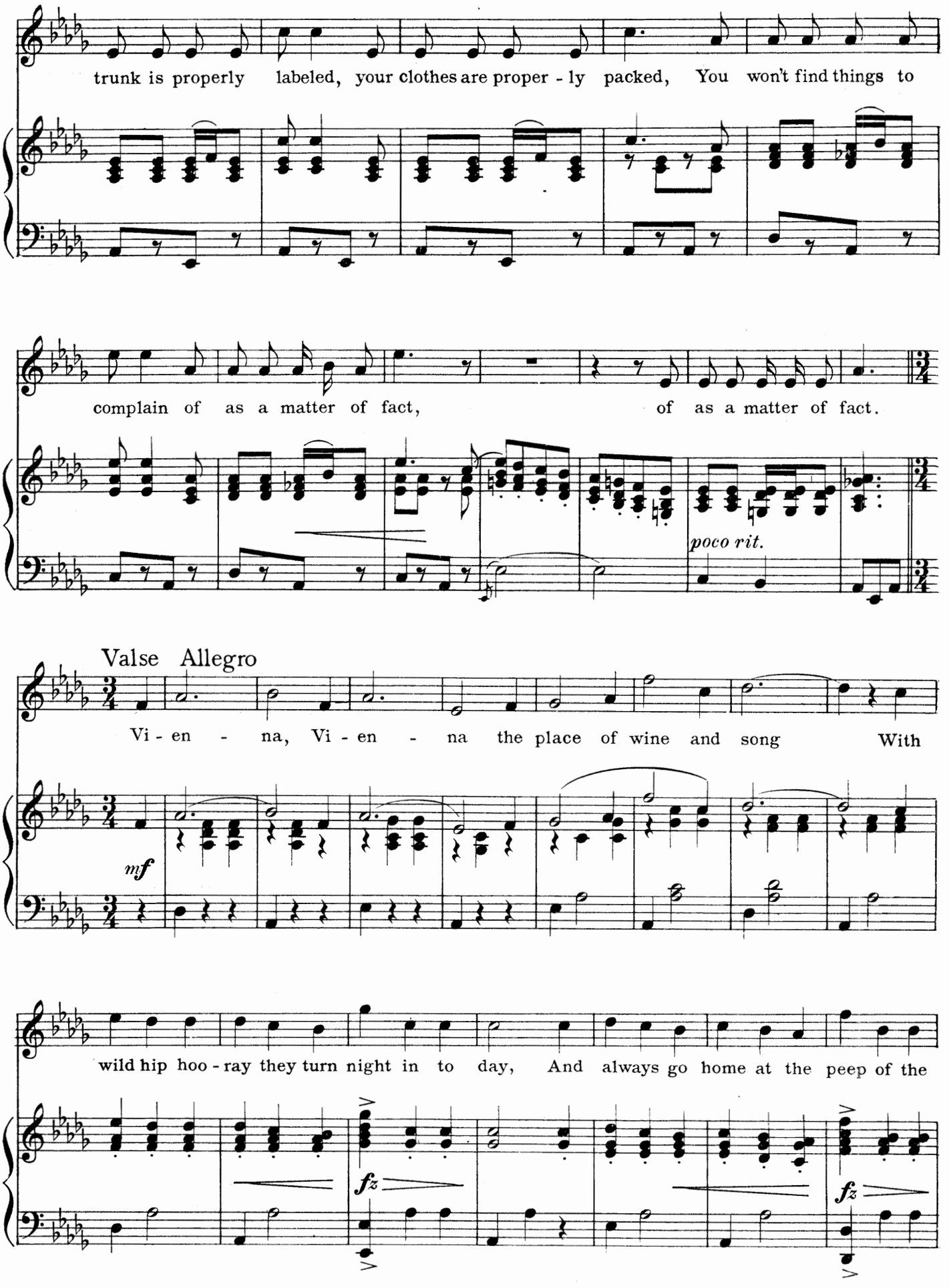
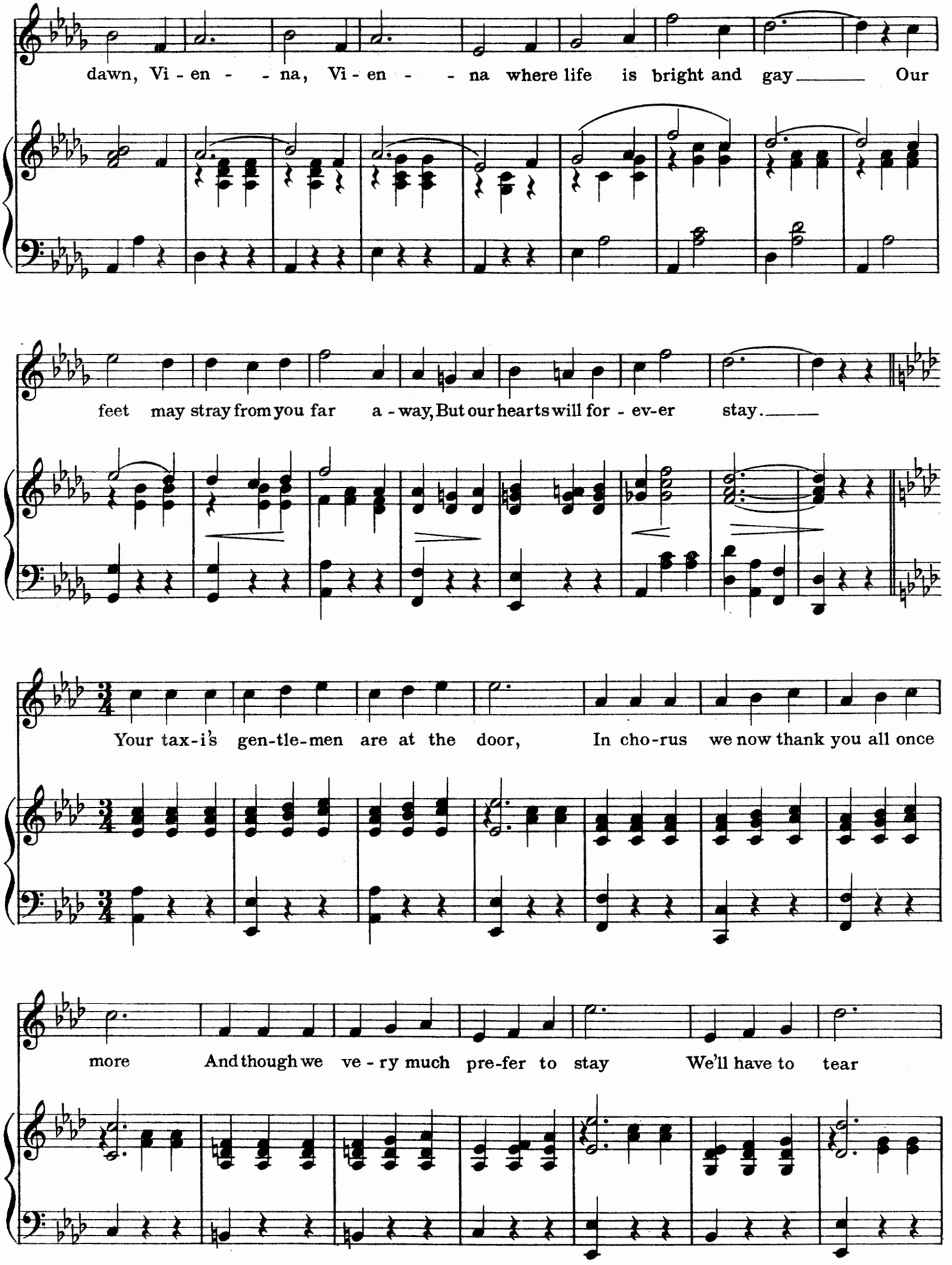
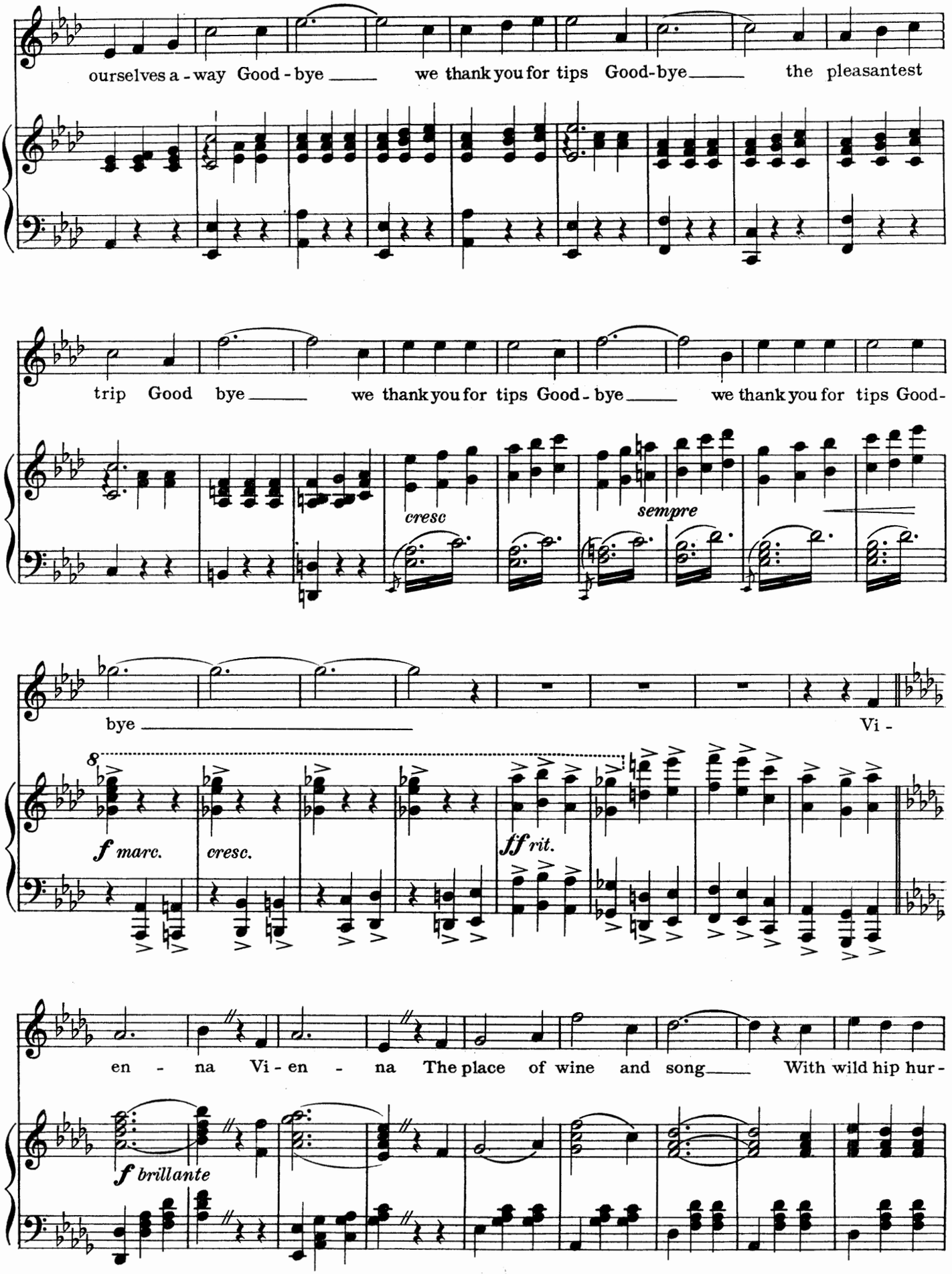
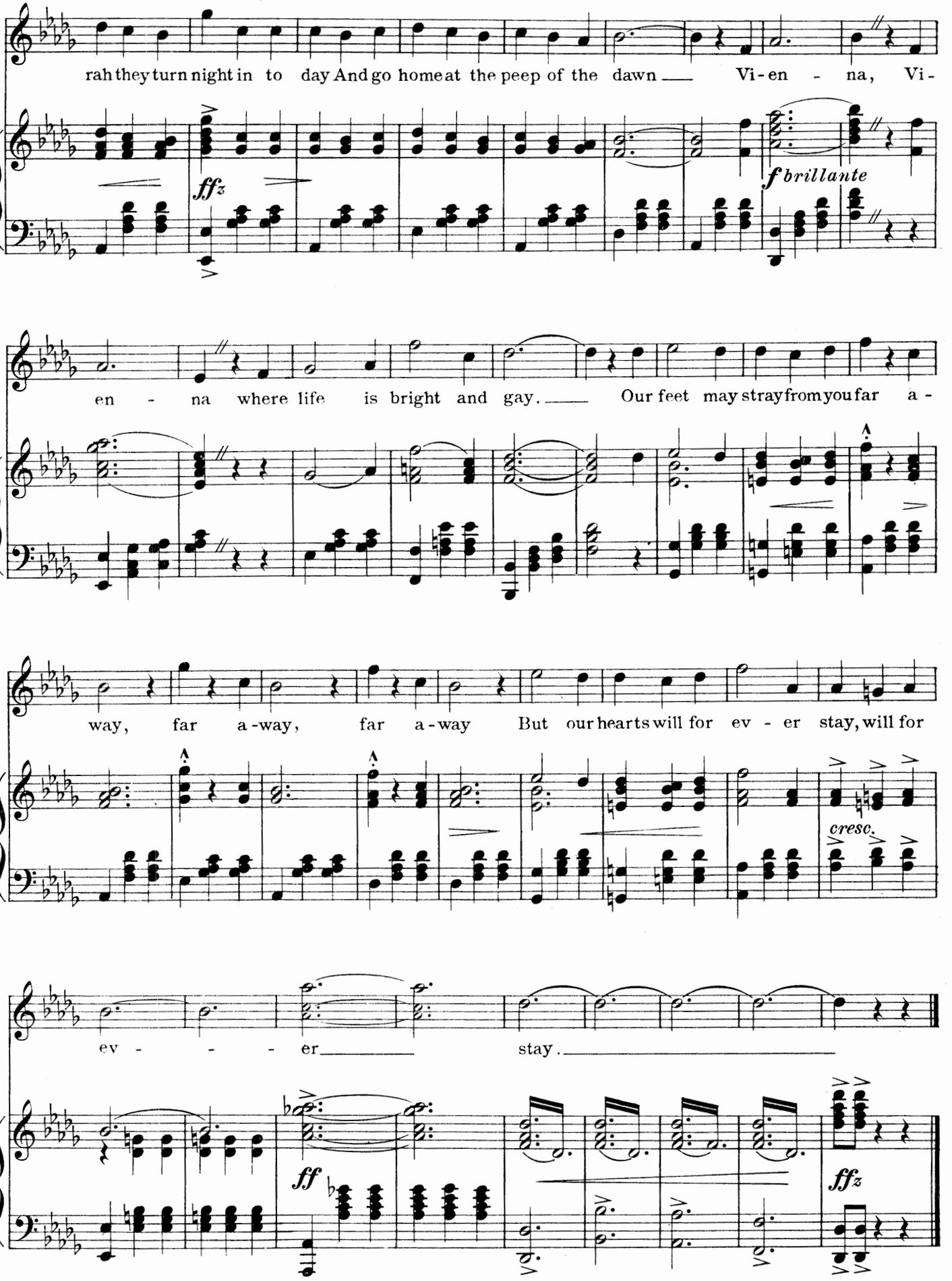

ev- er you go from here.And hope that you'll be back next year,We thank you, and
f
mf
thank you most sin-cere - ly, sir. And hope sir, when - ev-er you ap - pear,
That you will have as nice a time again,That you will have as nice a
time a-gain And make quite a long, long stay, Your
f mf


trunk is properly labeled, your clothes are proper - ly packed, You won't find things to
complain of as a matter of fact, of as a matter of fact.
poco rit.
Valse Allegro
Vi - en - na, Vi - en - na the place of wine and song With
mf
wild hip hoo - ray they turn night in to day, And always go home at the peep of the
fz
fz


dawn, Vi - en - - na, Vi - en - - na where life is bright and gay Our
feet may stray from you far a - way, But our hearts will for - ev-er stay.
Your tax-i's gen-tle-men are at the door, In cho-rus we now thank you all once
more And though we ve - ry much pre-fer 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-
cresc
sempre
bye ___ Vi -
f marc.
cresc.
ff rit.
en - na Vi - en - na The place of wine and song___ With wild hip hur -
f brillante

79602


rah they turn night in to day And go home at the peep of the dawn — Vi-en - na, Vi-
ffz
f brillante
en - na where life is bright and gay. — Our feet may stray from you far a-
way, far a-way, far a-way But our hearts will for ev - er stay, will for
cresc.
ev - - - er — stay. —
ff
ffz

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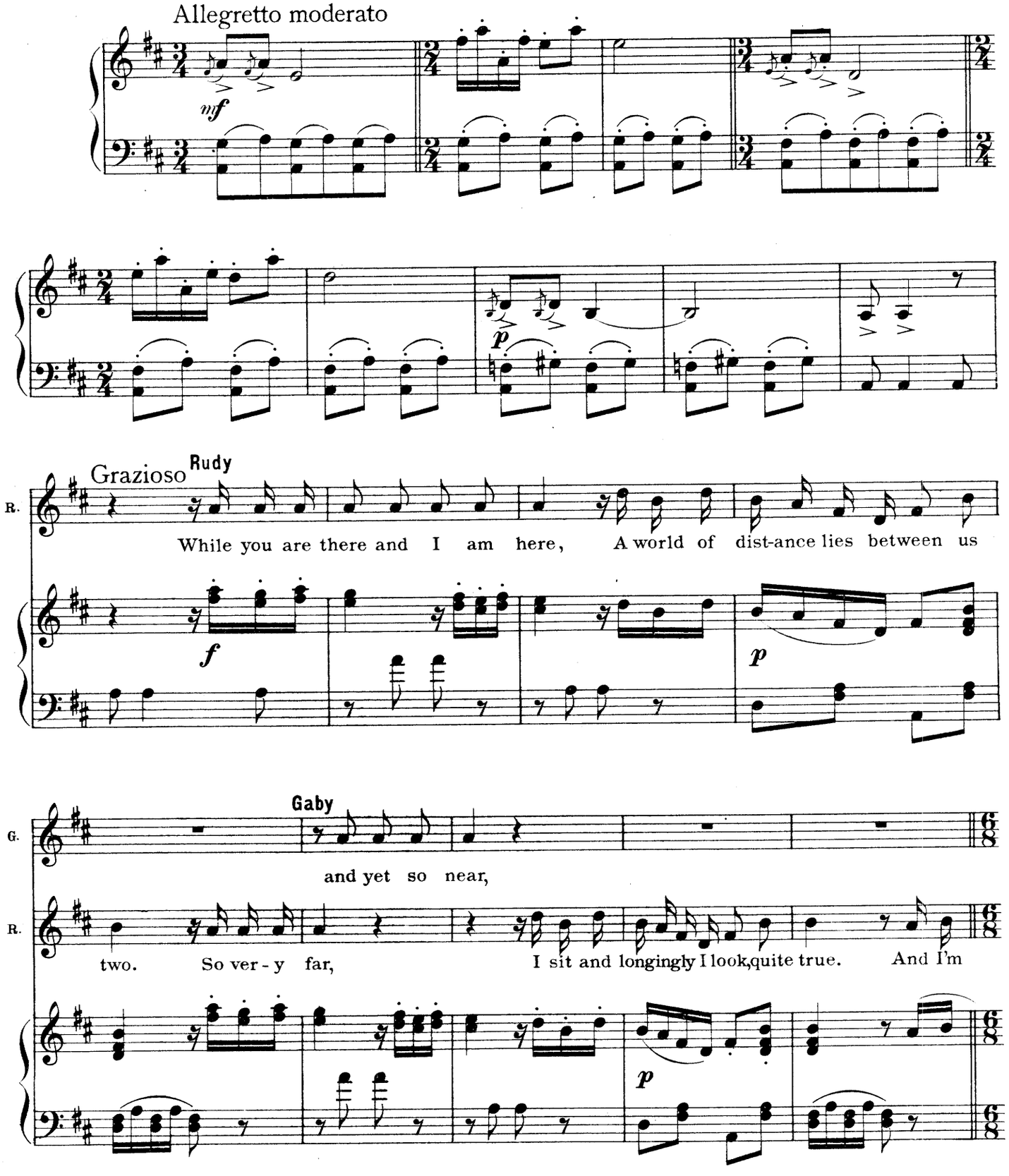
No.8

Duet and Dance

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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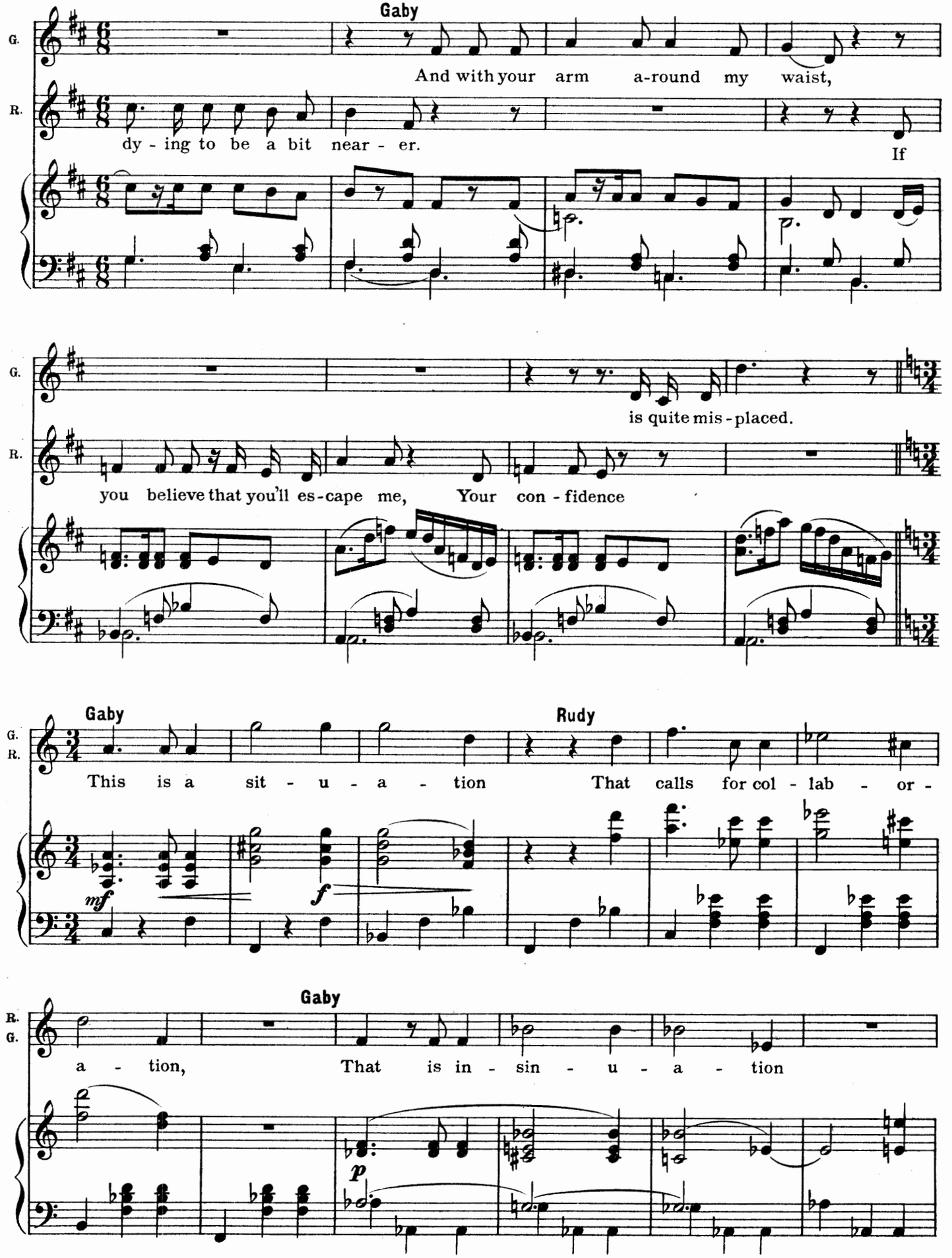
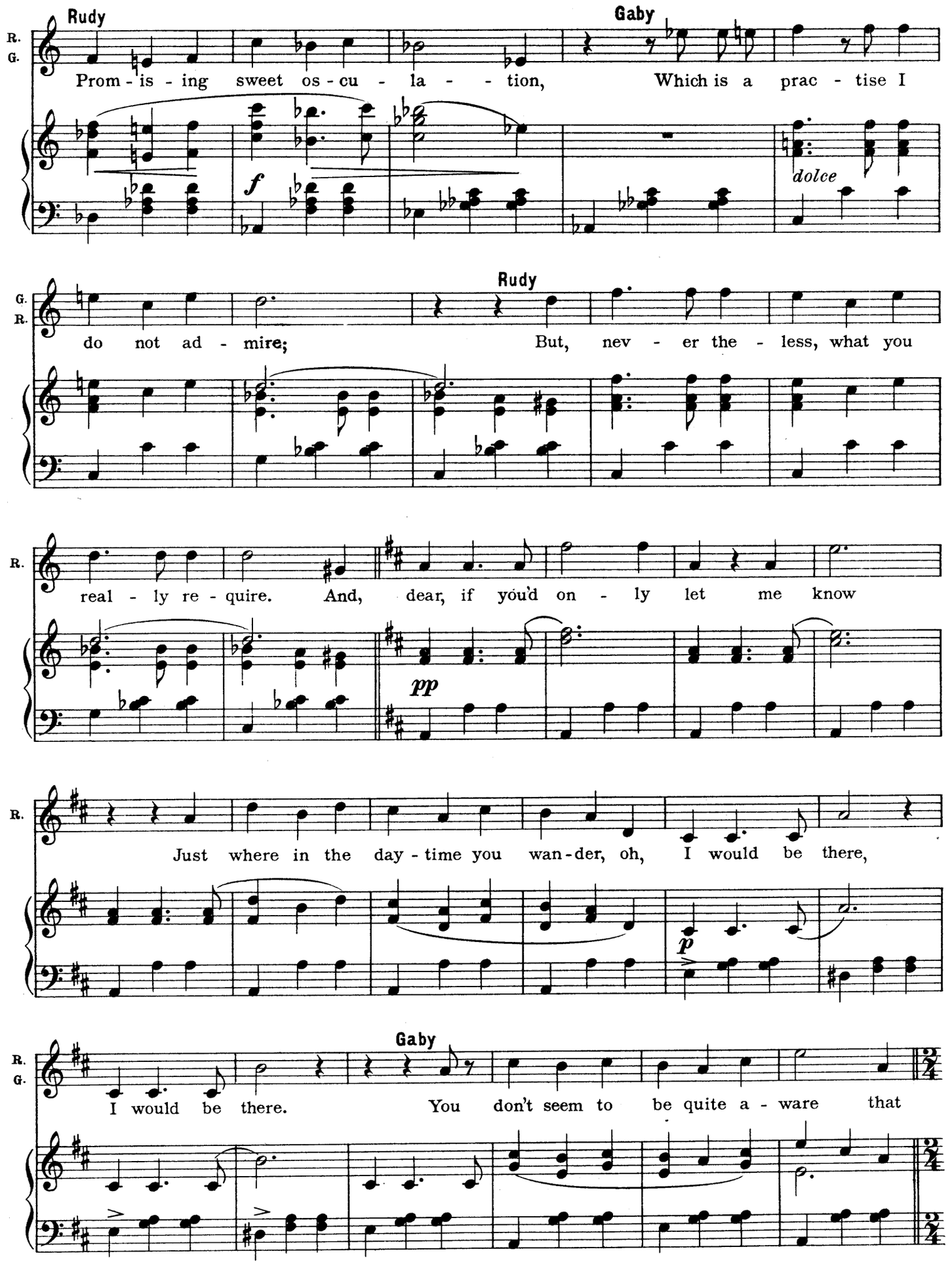
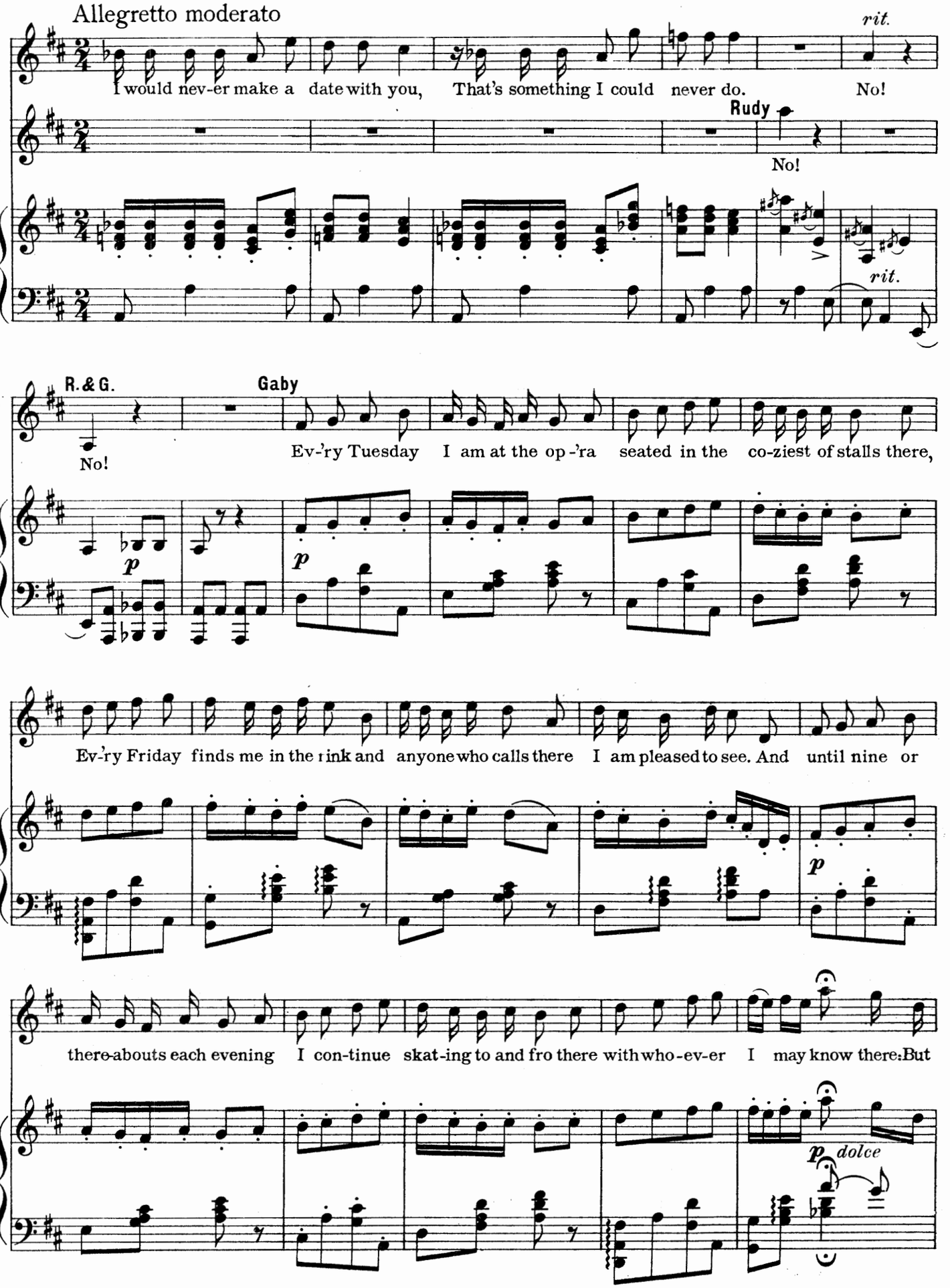
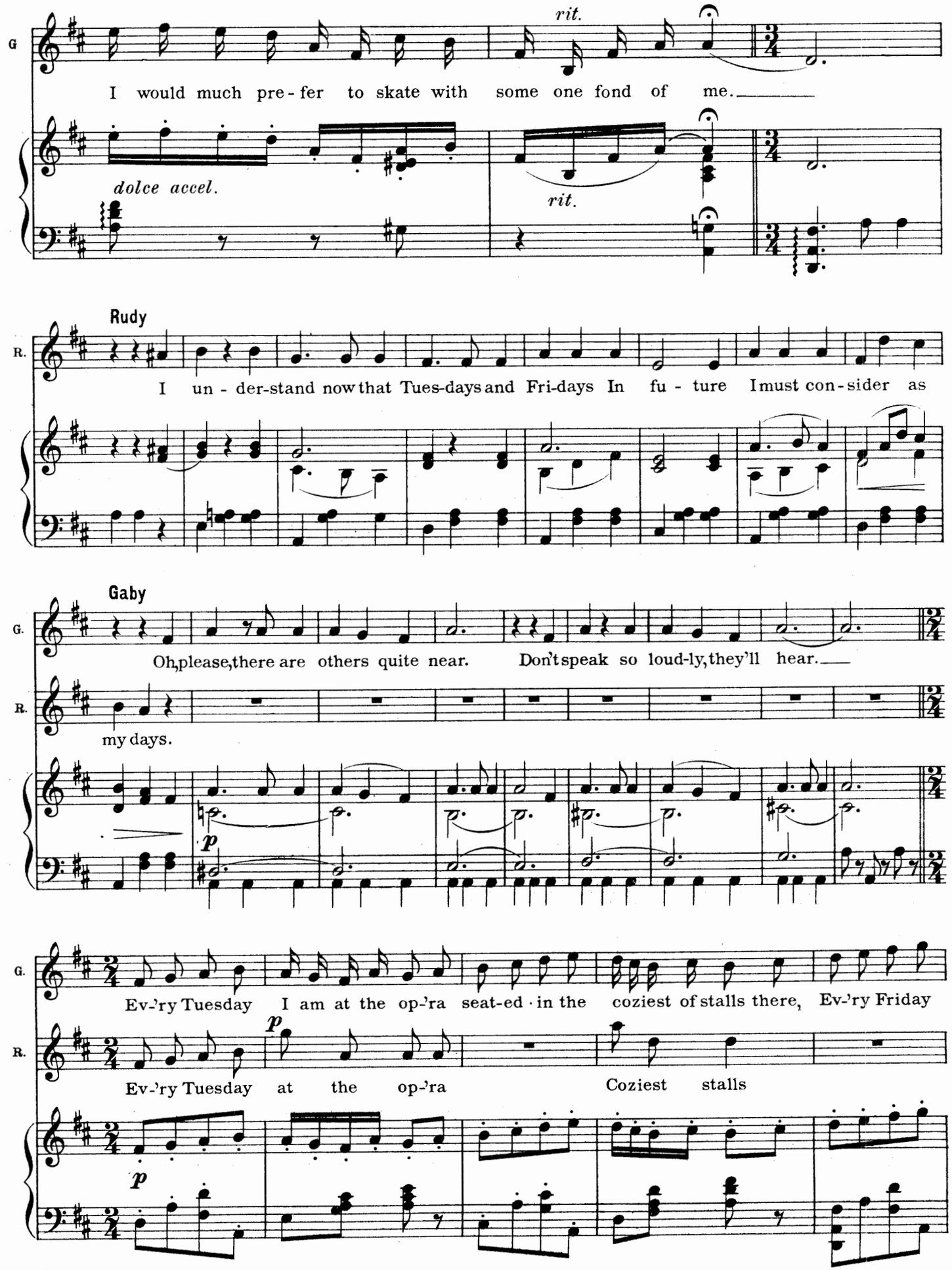
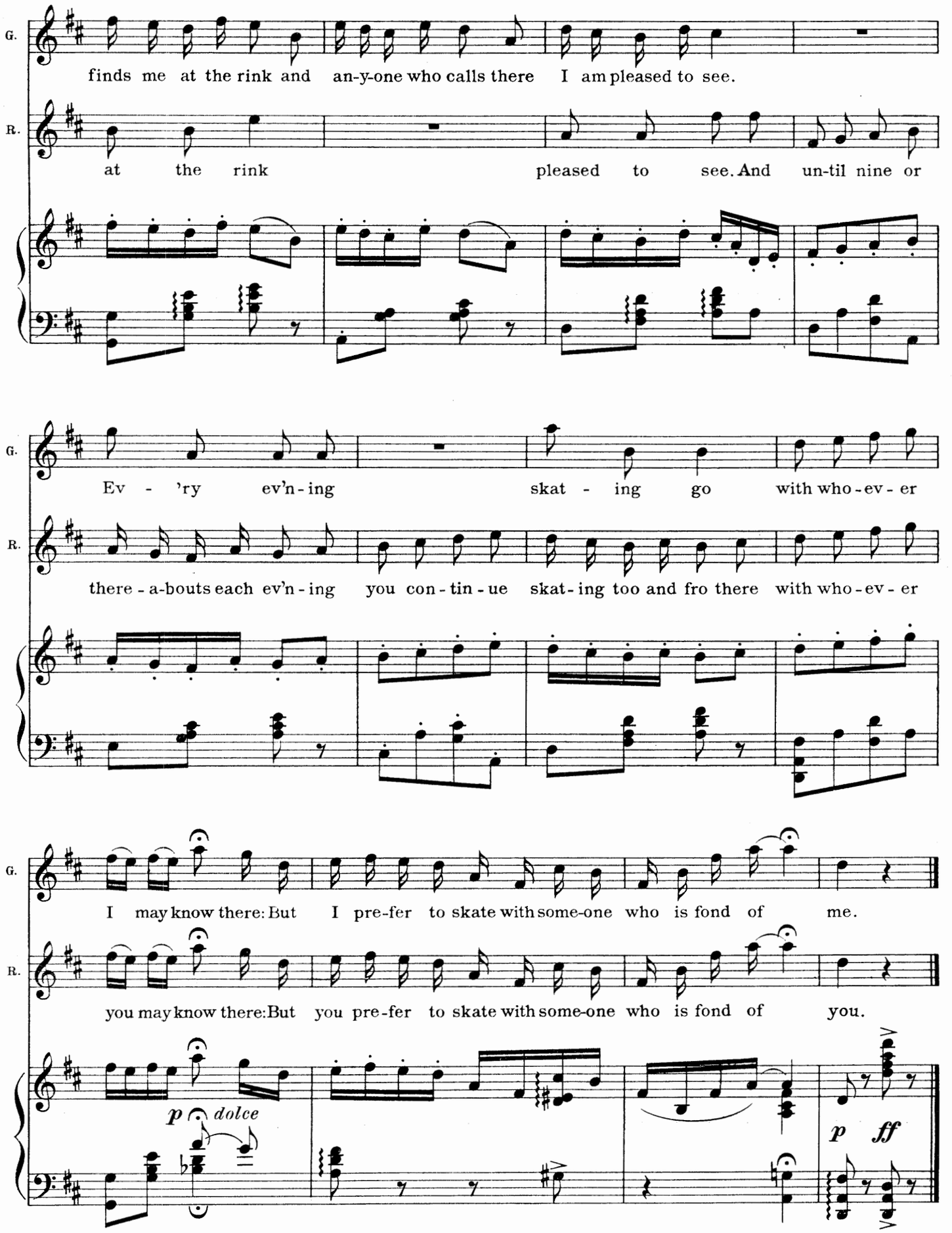

Gaby
G.
R.
And with your arm a-round my waist,
dy - ing to be a bit near - er.
If
is quite mis - placed.
you believe that you'll es-cape me, Your con - fidence
Gaby
Rudy
G.
R.
This is a sit - u - a - tion That calls for col - lab - or -
mf
f
Gaby
R.
G.
a - tion, That is in - sin - u - a - tion
p


Rudy
Gaby
R.
G.
Prom - is - ing sweet os - cu - la - - tion, Which is a prac - tise I
f
dolce
Rudy
G.
R.
do not ad - mire; But, nev - er the - less, what you
R.
real - ly re - quire. And, dear, if you'd on - ly let me know
pp
R.
Just where in the day - time you wan - der, oh, I would be there,
p
Gaby
R.
G.
I would be there. You don't seem to be quite a - ware that


Allegretto moderato
rit.
G.
I would nev-er make a date with you, That's something I could never do. No!
R.
Rudy
No!
rit.
R. & G.
Gaby
No!
Ev-'ry Tuesday I am at the op-'ra seated in the co-ziest of stalls there,
p
p
G.
Ev-'ry Friday finds me in the rink and anyone who calls there I am pleased to see. And until nine or
p
G.
there-abouts each evening I con-tinue skat-ing to and fro there with who-ev-er I may know there: But
p dolce


G
rit.
I would much pre - fer to skate with some one fond of me.
dolce accel.
rit.
Rudy
R.
I un - der-stand now that Tues-days and Fri-days In fu - ture I must con-sider as
Gaby
G.
Oh, please, there are others quite near. Don't speak so loud-ly, they'll hear.
R.
my days.
p
G.
Ev-'ry Tuesday I am at the op-'ra seat-ed in the coziest of stalls there, Ev-'ry Friday
R.
p
Ev-'ry Tuesday at the op-'ra Coziest stalls
p


G.
finds me at the rink and an-y-one who calls there I am pleased to see.
R.
at the rink pleased to see. And un-til nine or
G.
Ev - 'ry ev'n-ing skat - ing go with who-ev-er
R.
there-a-bouts each ev'n-ing you con-tin-ue skat-ing too and fro there with who-ev-er
G.
I may know there: But I pre-fer to skate with some-one who is fond of me.
R.
you may know there: But you pre-fer to skate with some-one who is fond of you.
p dolce
p ff

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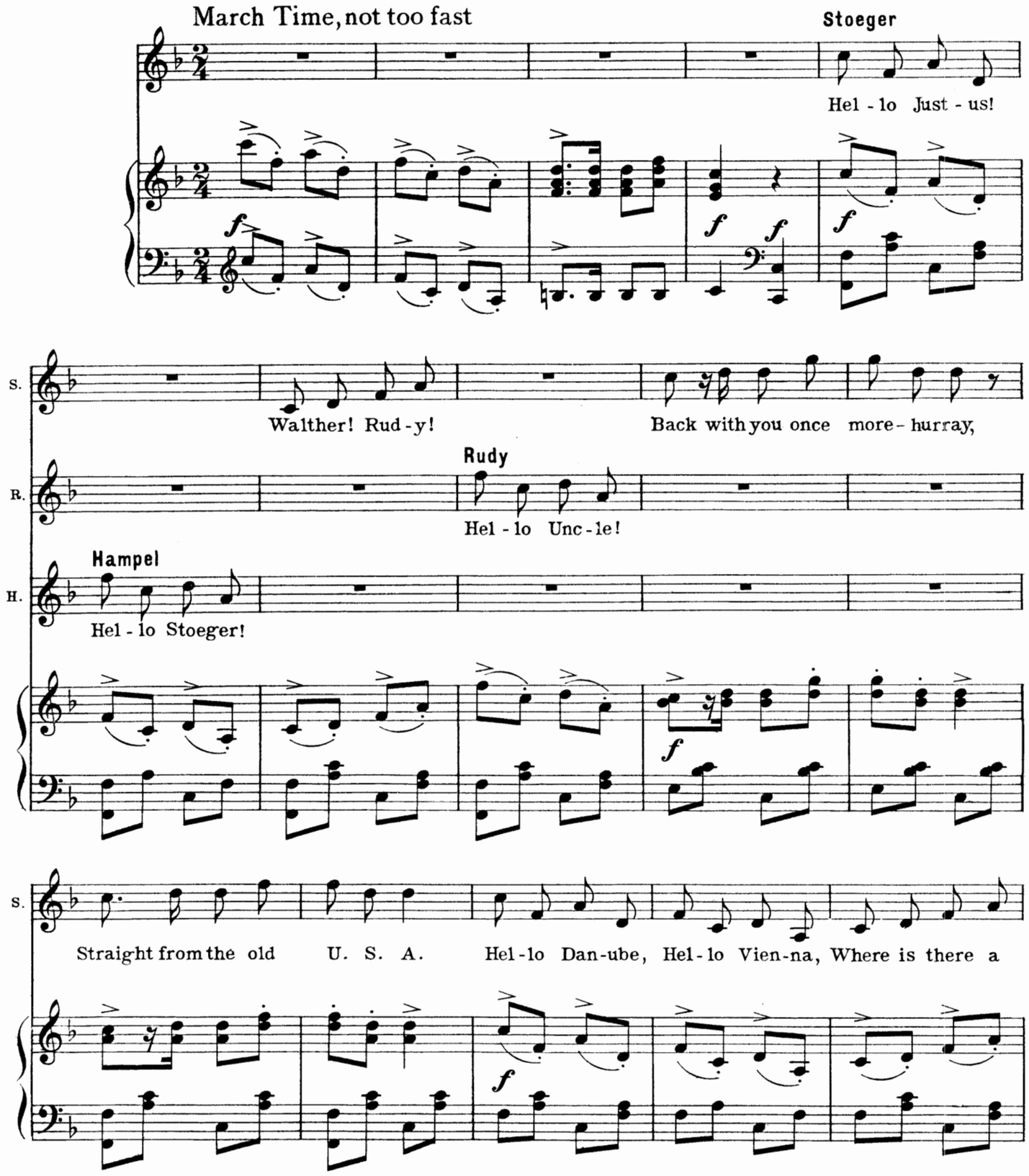
No. 9

Vienna, Vienna

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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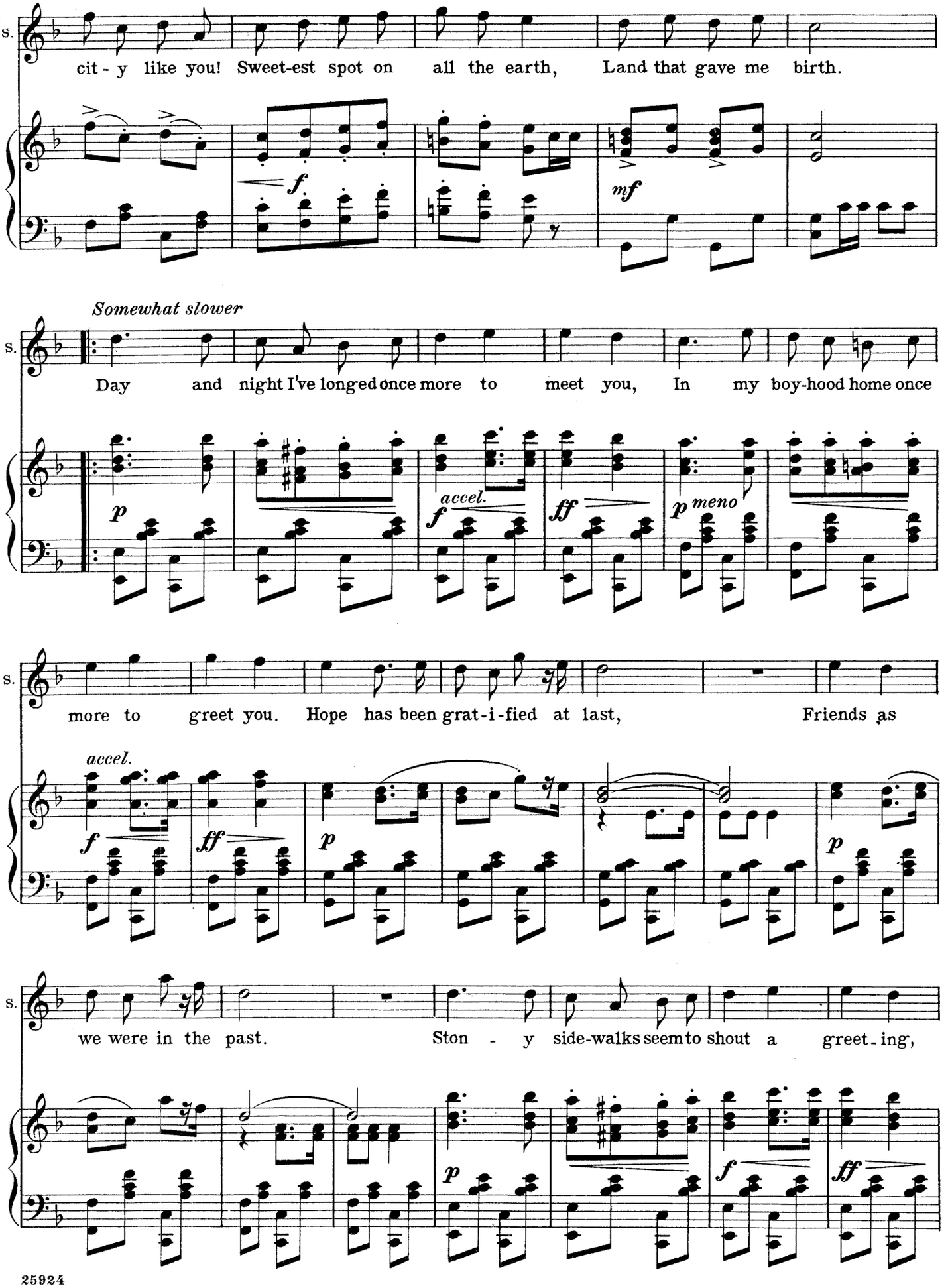
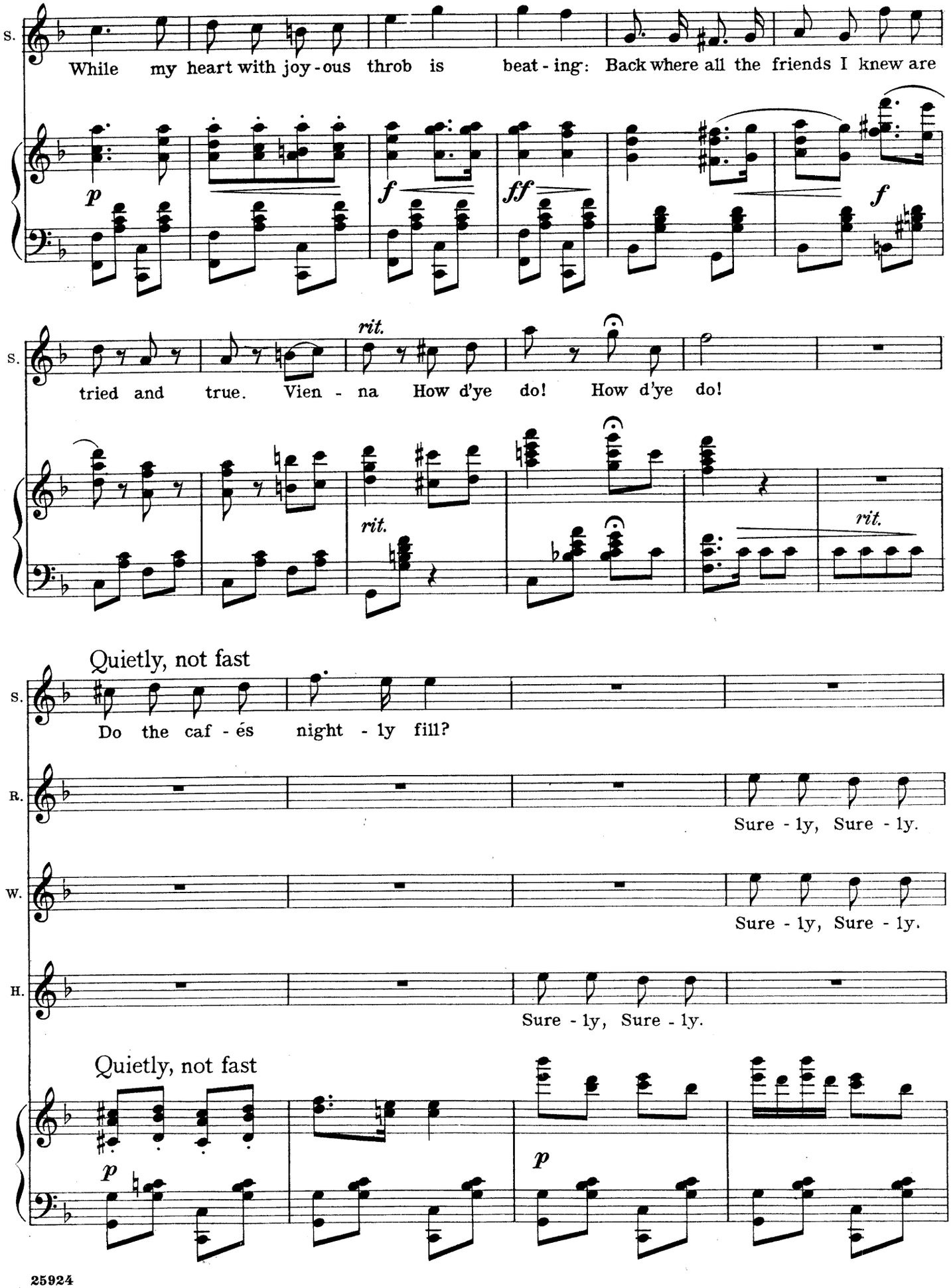
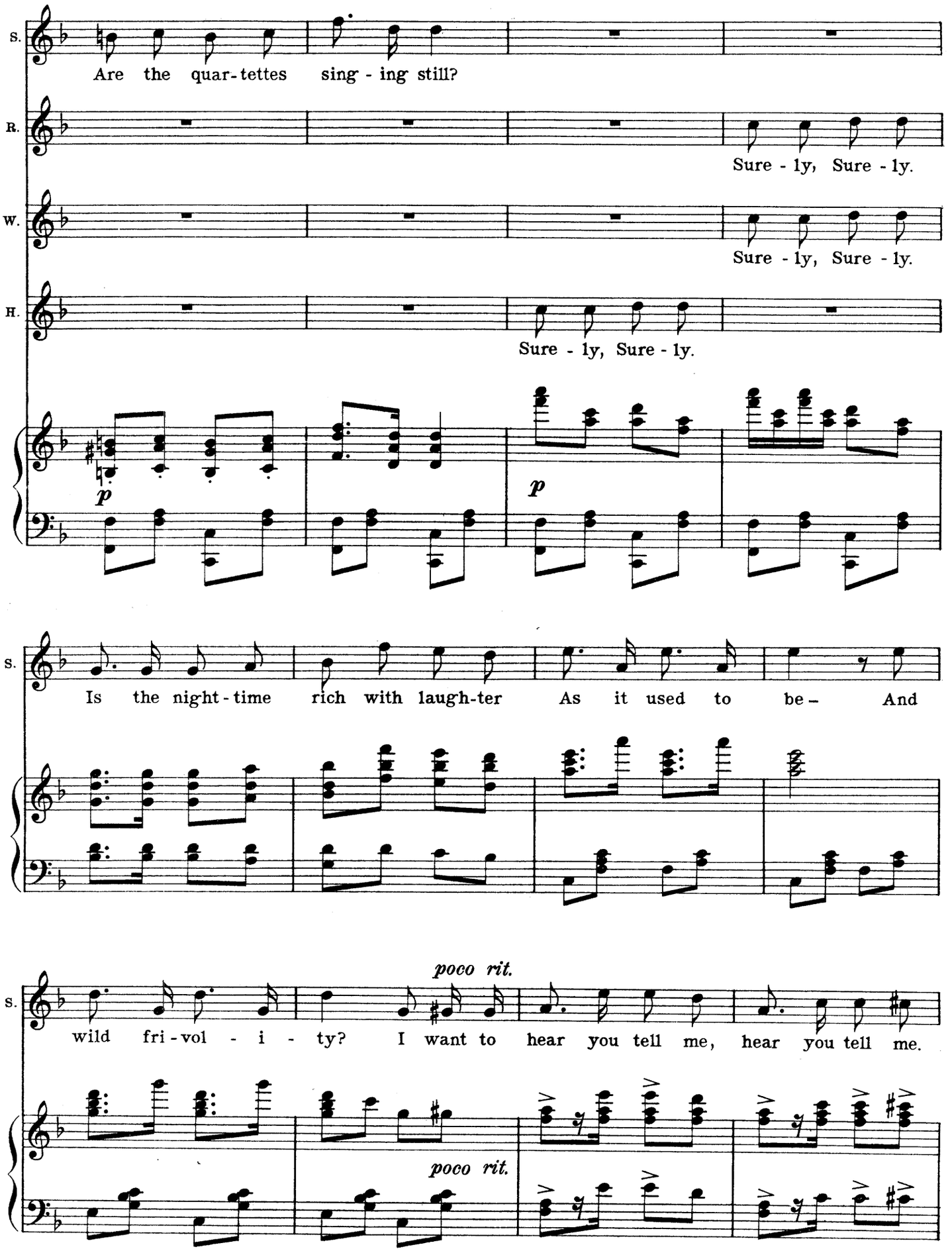
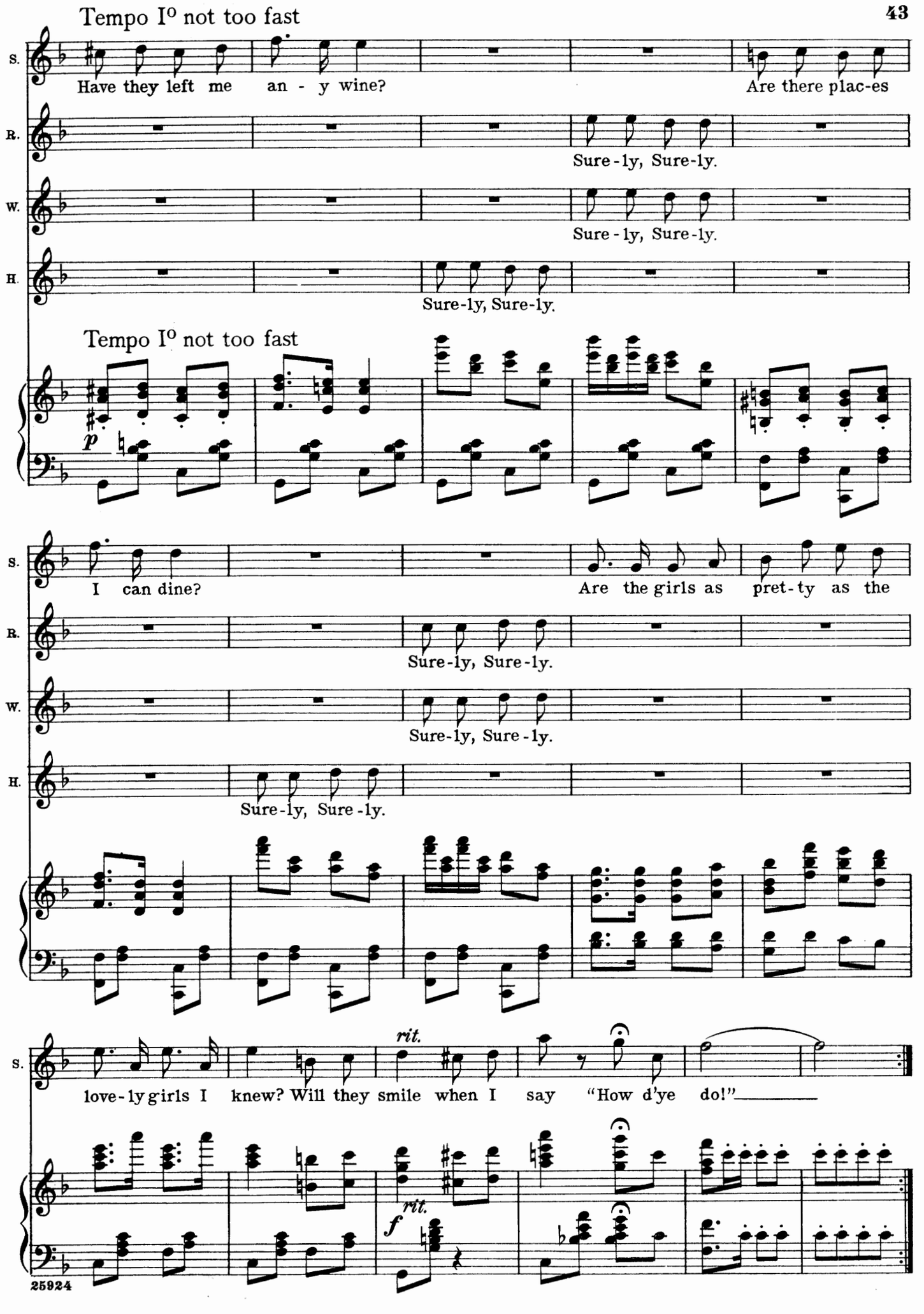
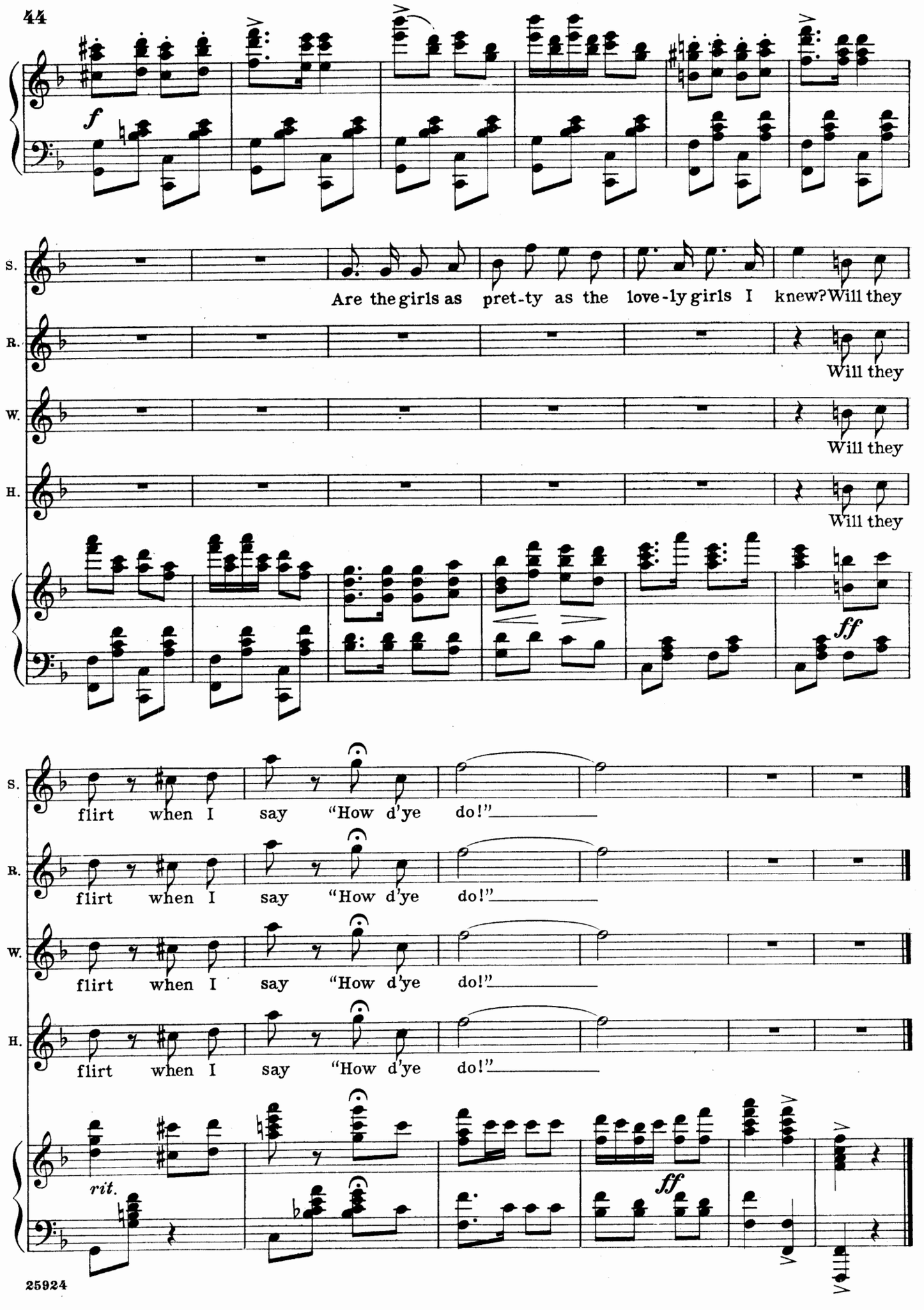

S.
cit - y like you! Sweet-est spot on all the earth, Land that gave me birth.
f
mf
Somewhat slower
S.
Day and night I've longed once more to meet you, In my boy-hood home once
p
accel.
f
ff
p meno
S.
more to greet you. Hope has been grat-i-fied at last, Friends as
accel.
f
ff
p
p
S.
we were in the past. Ston - y side-walks seem to shout a greet-ing,
p
f
ff


S.
While my heart with joy-ous throb is beat-ing: Back where all the friends I knew are
p
f
ff
f
S.
tried and true. Vien-na How d'ye do! How d'ye do!
rit.
rit.
rit.
Quietly, not fast
S.
Do the caf-és night-ly fill?
R.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
W.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
H.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
Quietly, not fast
p
p


S.
Are the quar-tettes sing-ing still?
R.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
W.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
H.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
p
p
S.
Is the night-time rich with laugh-ter As it used to be – And
S.
poco rit.
wild fri-vol-i-ty? I want to hear you tell me, hear you tell me.
poco rit.


Tempo I° not too fast
S.
Have they left me an - y wine?
Are there plac-es
R.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
W.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
H.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
Tempo I° not too fast
p
S.
I can dine?
Are the girls as pret-ty as the
R.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
W.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
H.
Sure-ly, Sure-ly.
S.
rit.
love-ly girls I knew? Will they smile when I say "How d'ye do!"
rit.
f


f
S.
Are the girls as pret-ty as the love-ly girls I knew? Will they
R.
Will they
W.
Will they
H.
Will they
ff
S.
flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"
R.
flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"
W.
flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"
H.
flirt when I say "How d'ye do!"
rit.
ff

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No. 10

I'm from Chicago

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Moderato

Vamp

Gladys

Let me be - gin by say - ing Where I am

stay - ing I want it, And get it, So let it

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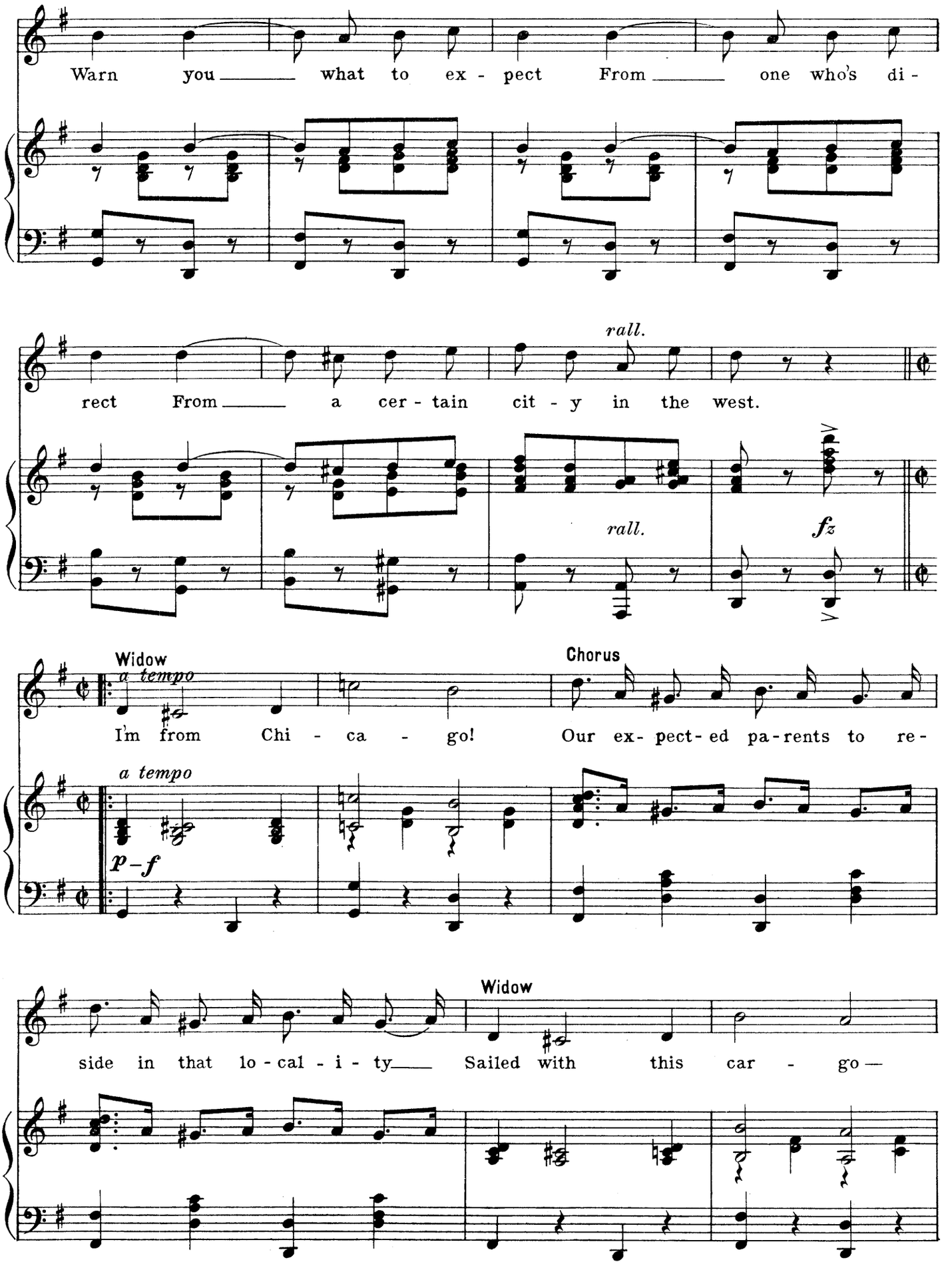
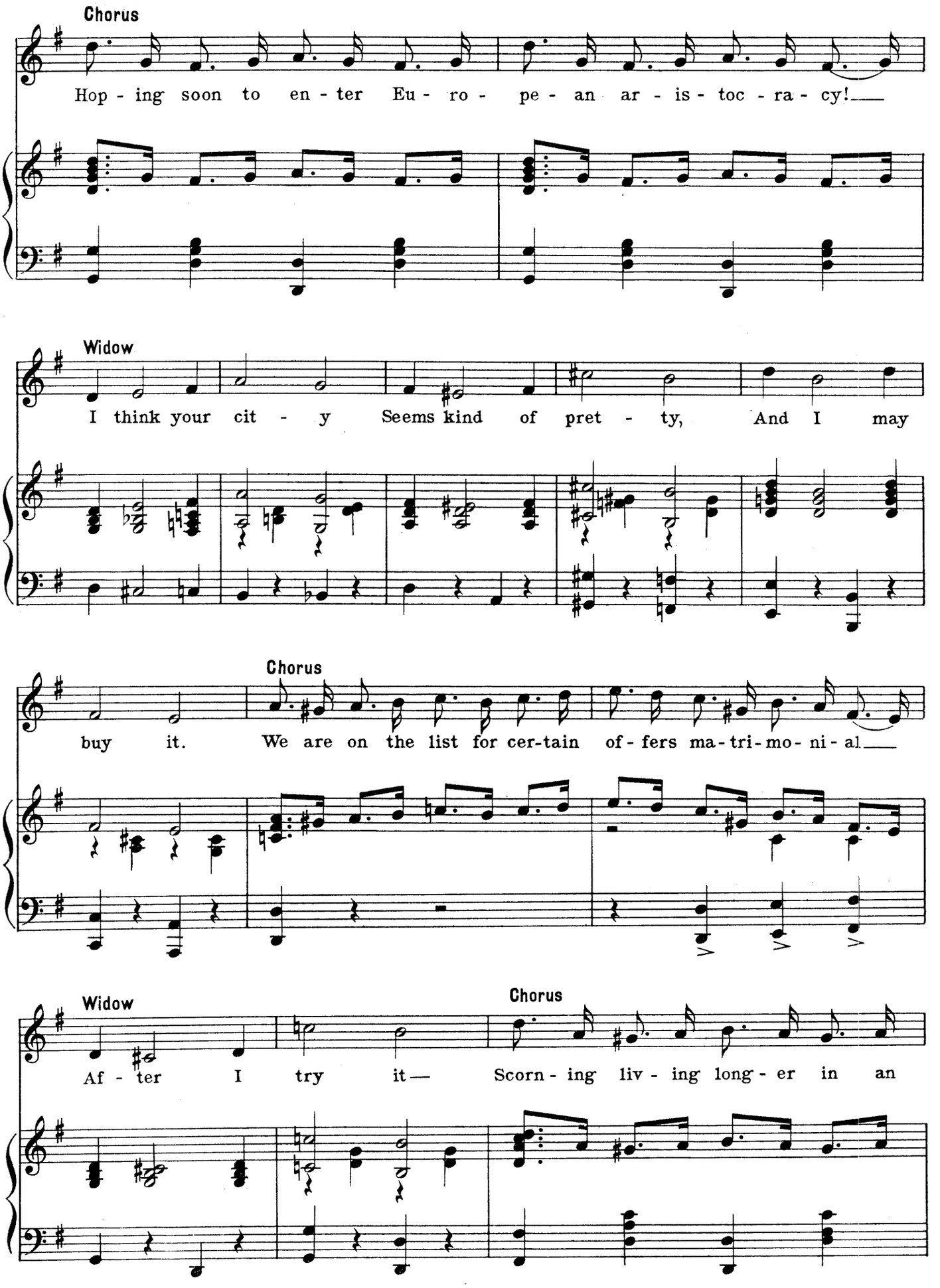
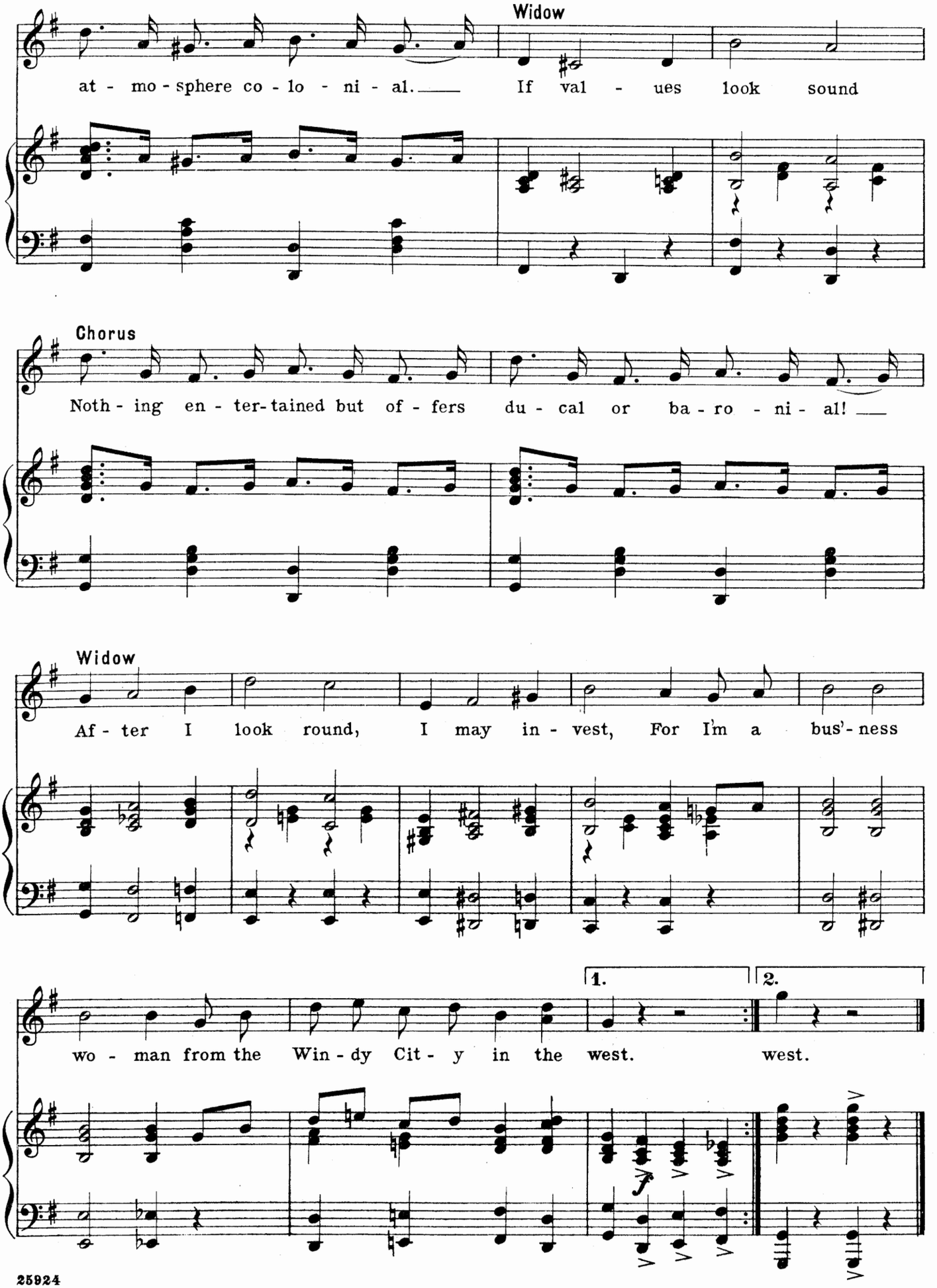

Warn you what to ex - pect From one who's di -
rect From a cer - tain cit - y in the west.
rall.
rall.
fz
Widow
a tempo
I'm from Chi - ca - go!
Chorus
Our ex- pect- ed pa- rents to re -
a tempo
p – f
side in that lo - cal - i - ty Sailed with this car - go —
Widow


Chorus
Hop - ing soon to en - ter Eu - ro - pe - an ar - is - toc - ra - cy!
Widow
I think your cit - y Seems kind of pret - ty, And I may
Chorus
buy it. We are on the list for cer-tain of - fers ma - tri - mo - ni - al
Widow
Af - ter I try it—
Chorus
Scorn - ing liv - ing long - er in an


Widow
at - mo - sphere co - lo - ni - al. If val - ues look sound
Chorus
Noth - ing en - ter-tained but of - fers du - cal or ba - ro - ni - al!
Widow
Af - ter I look round, I may in - vest, For I'm a bus'- ness
wo - man from the Win - dy Cit - y in the west. west.
1.
2.

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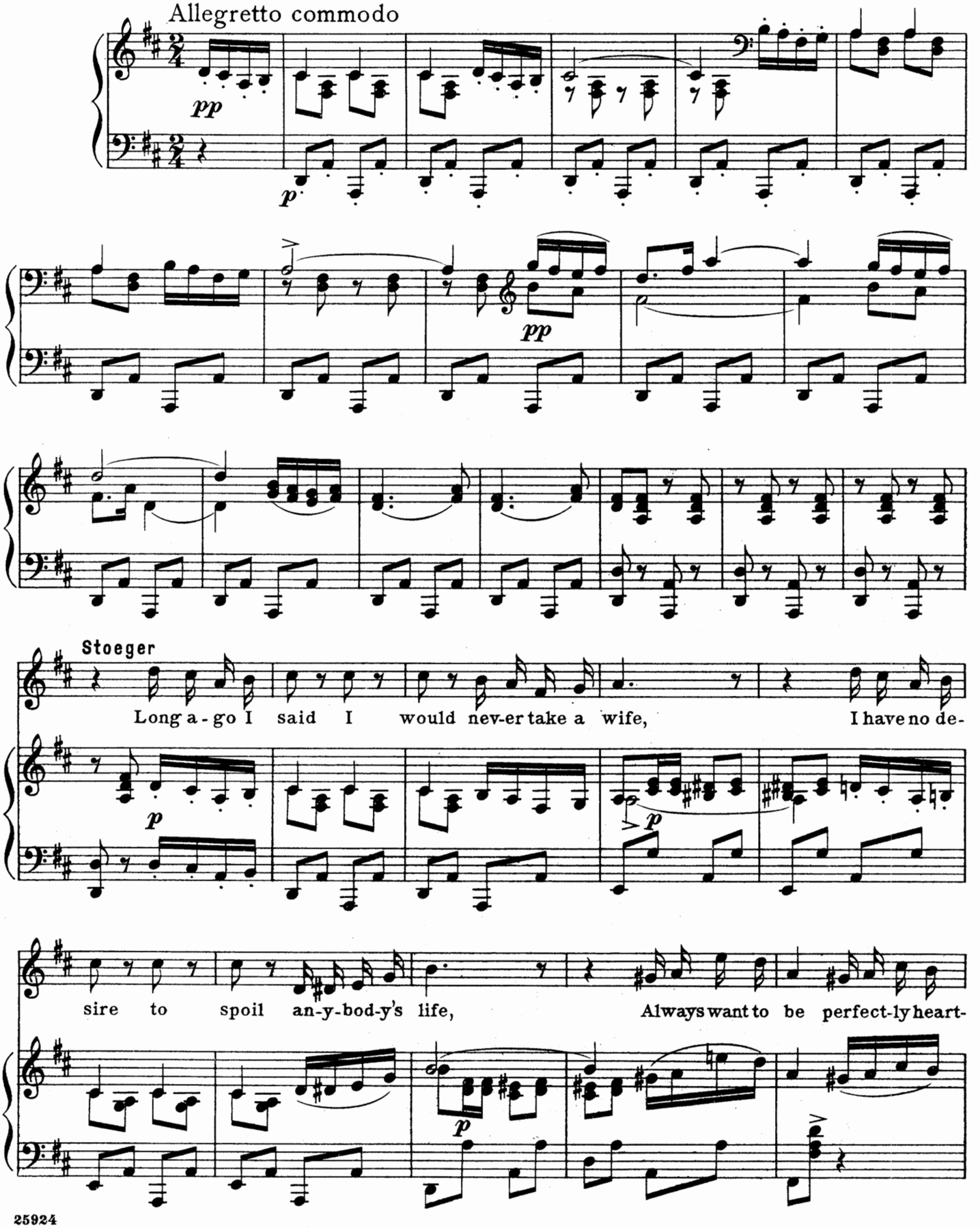
No. 11

Just Win a Pretty Widow

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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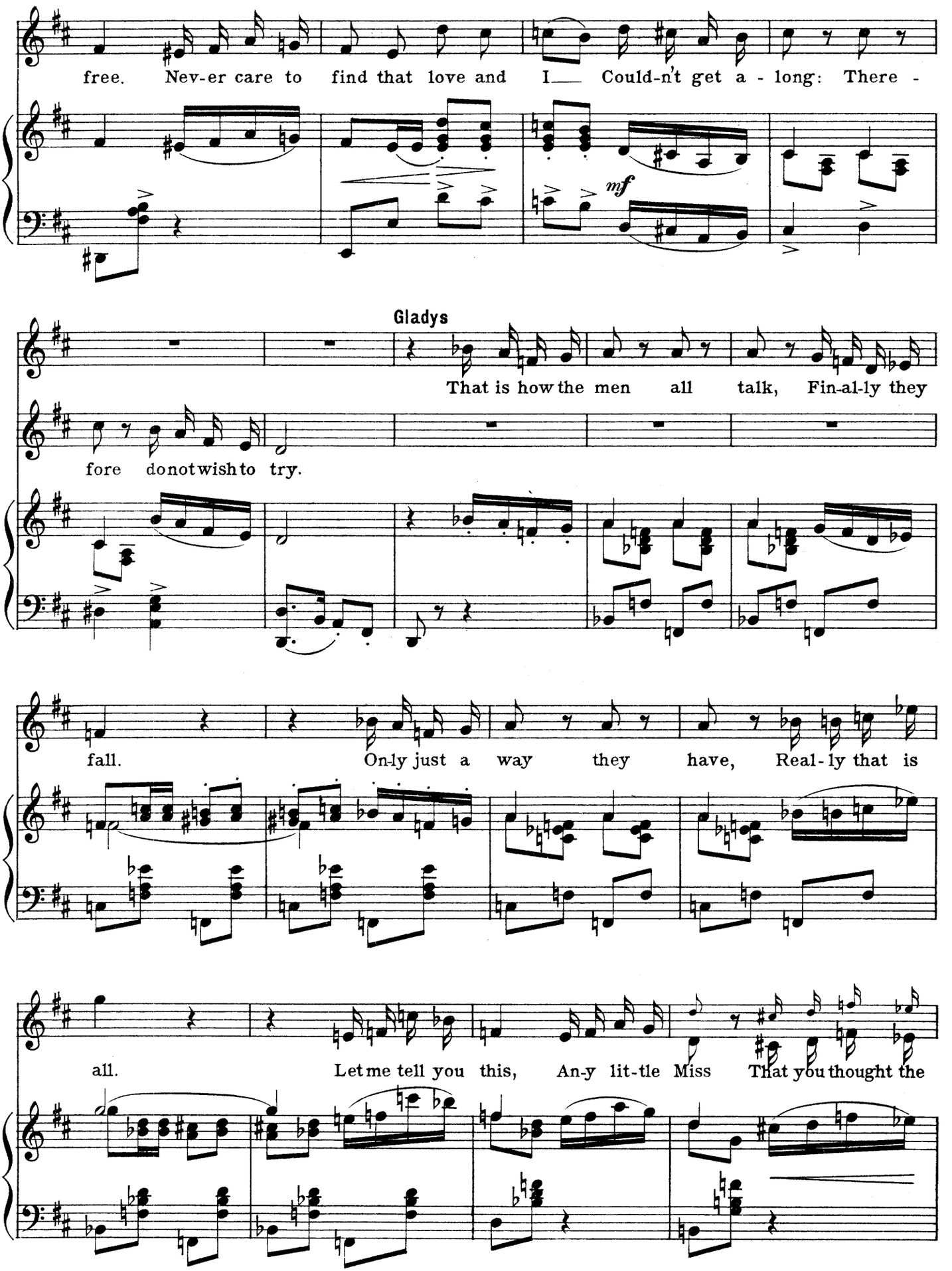
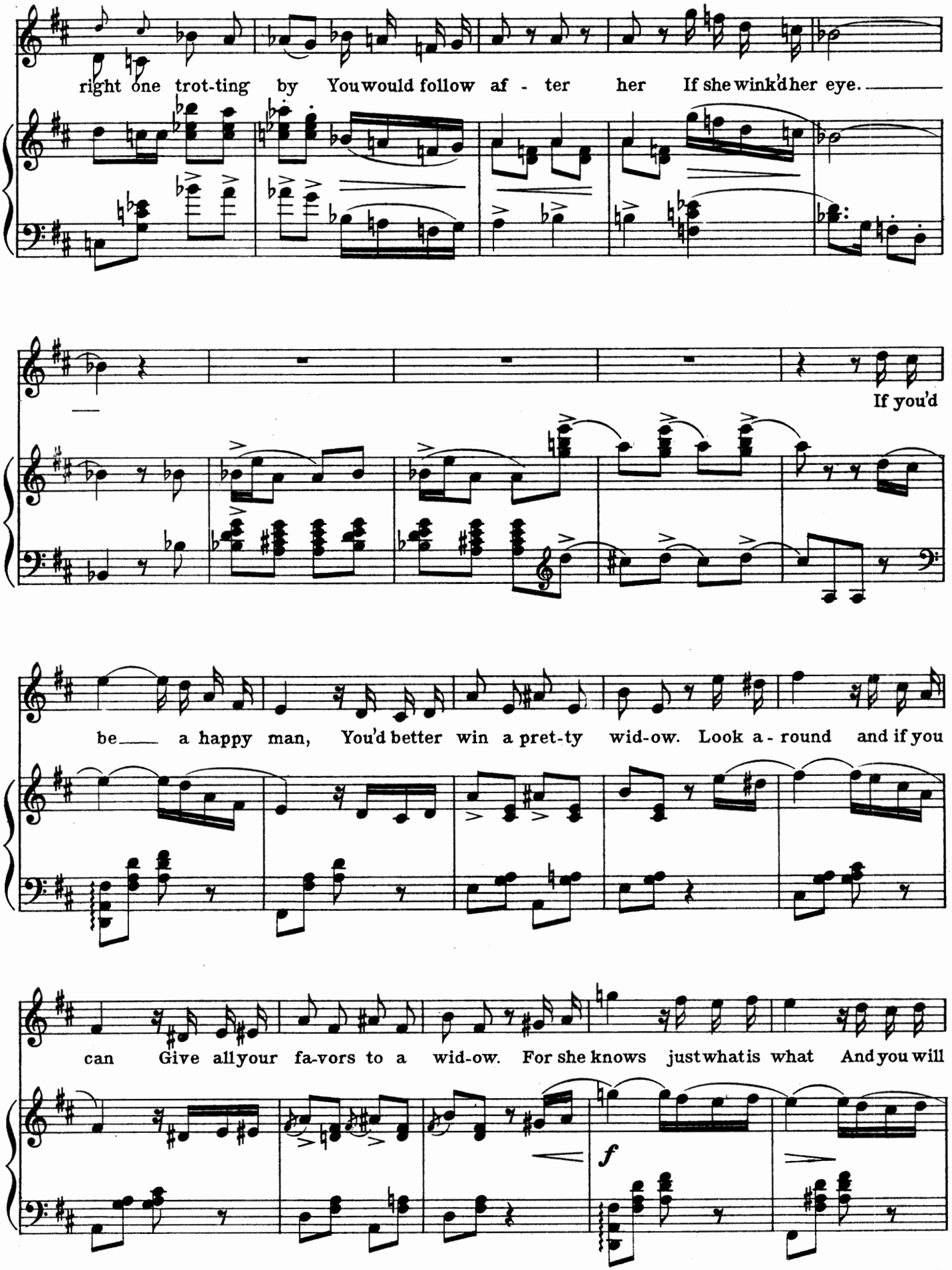
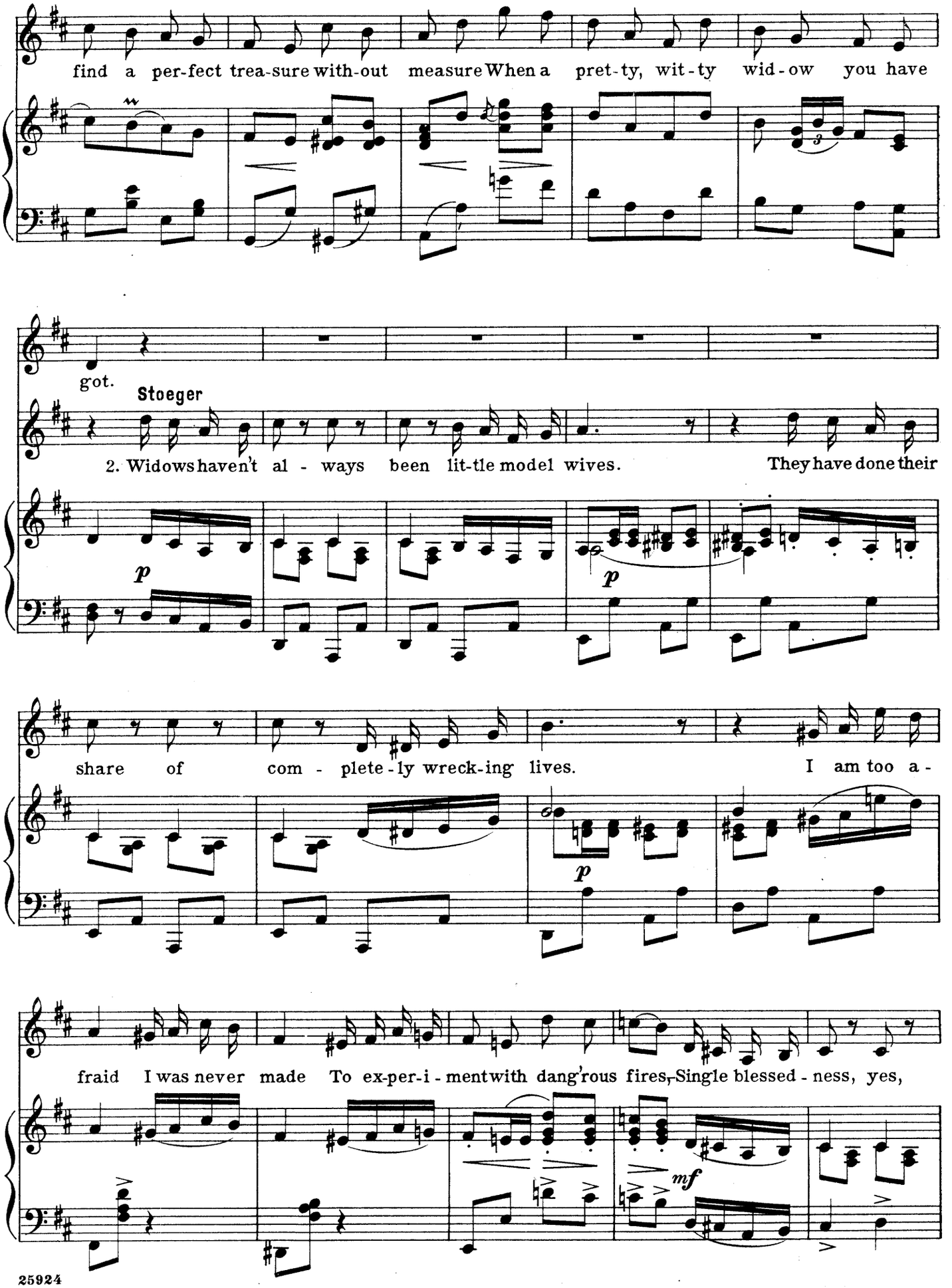
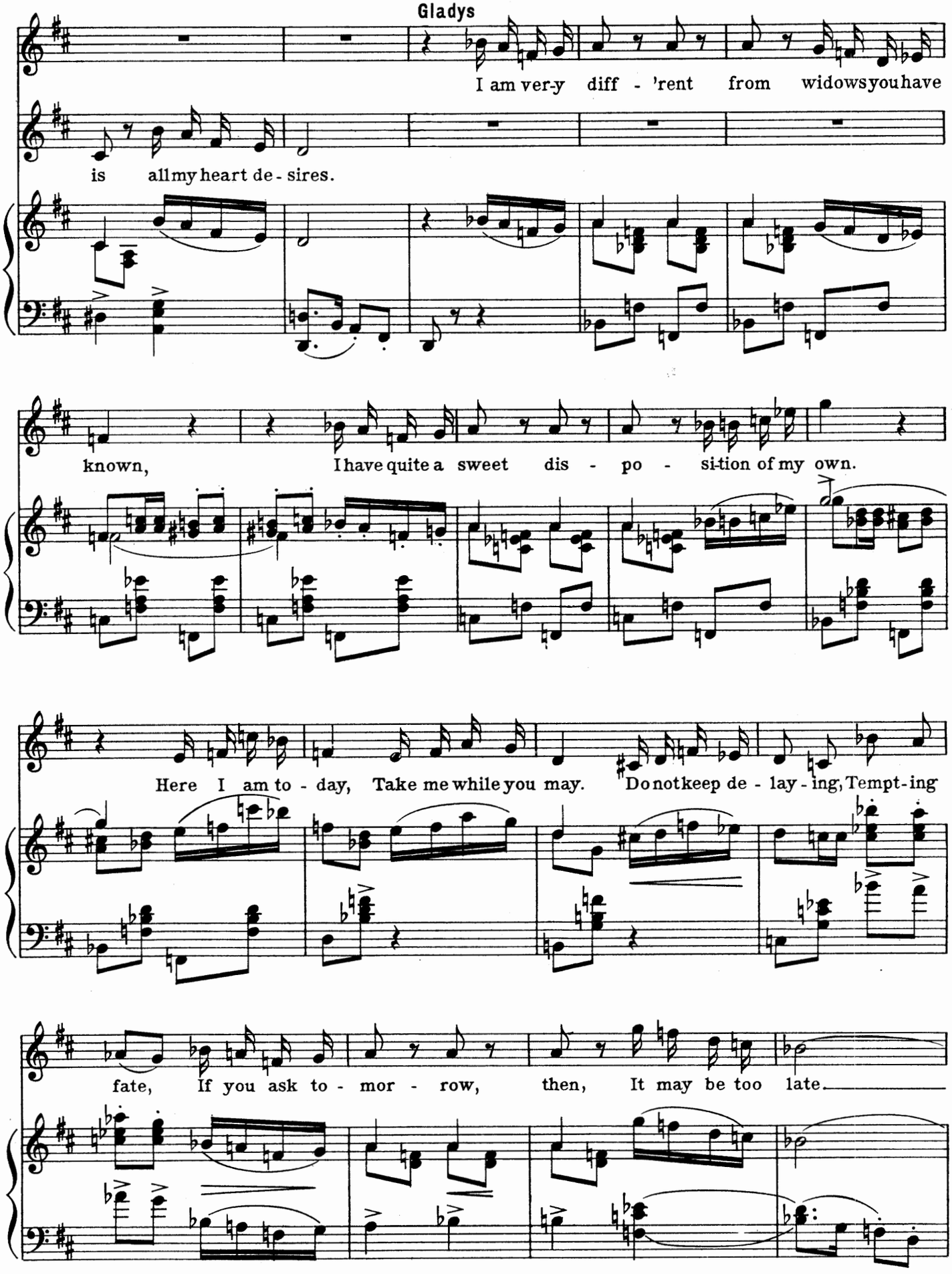
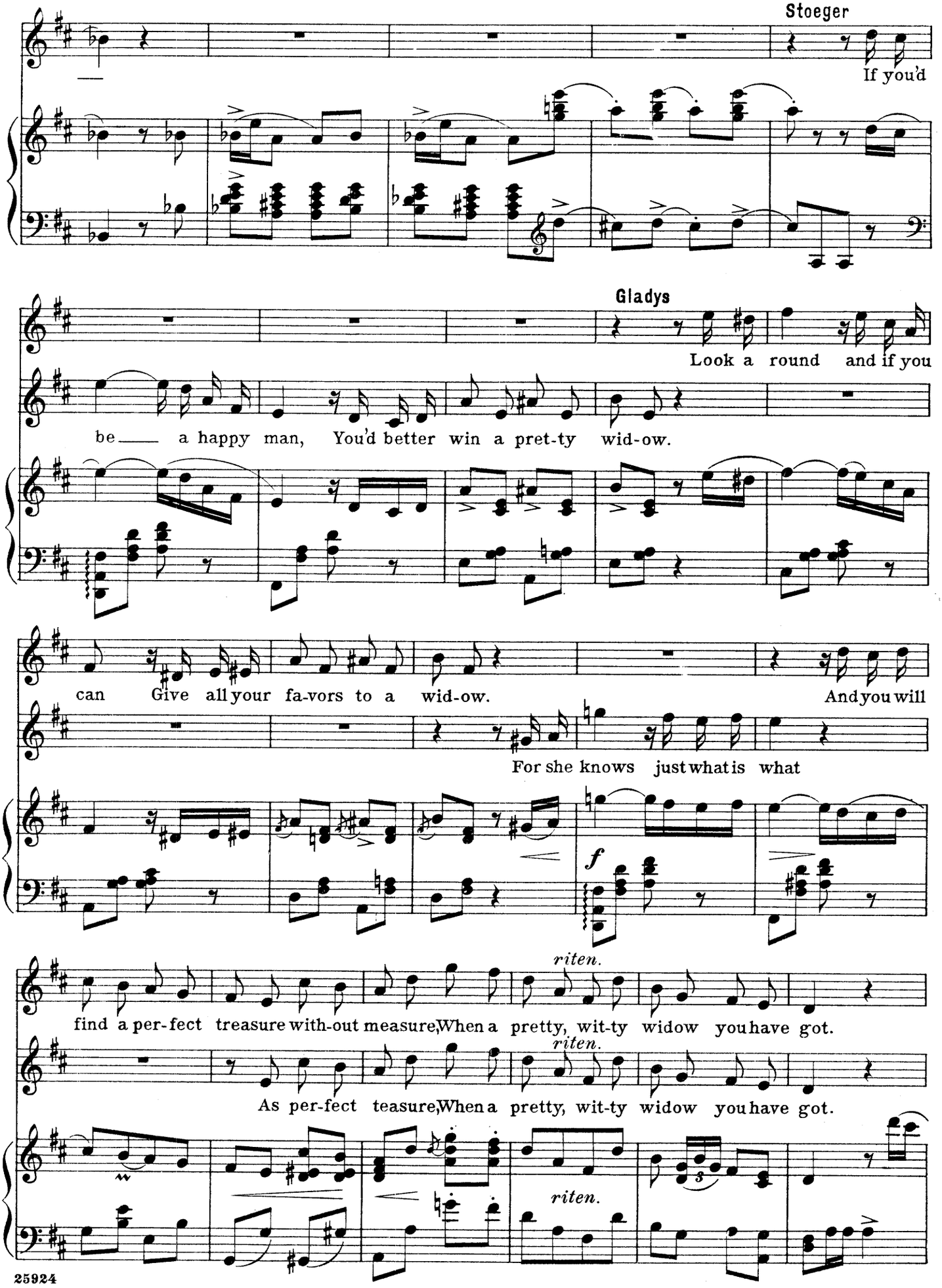
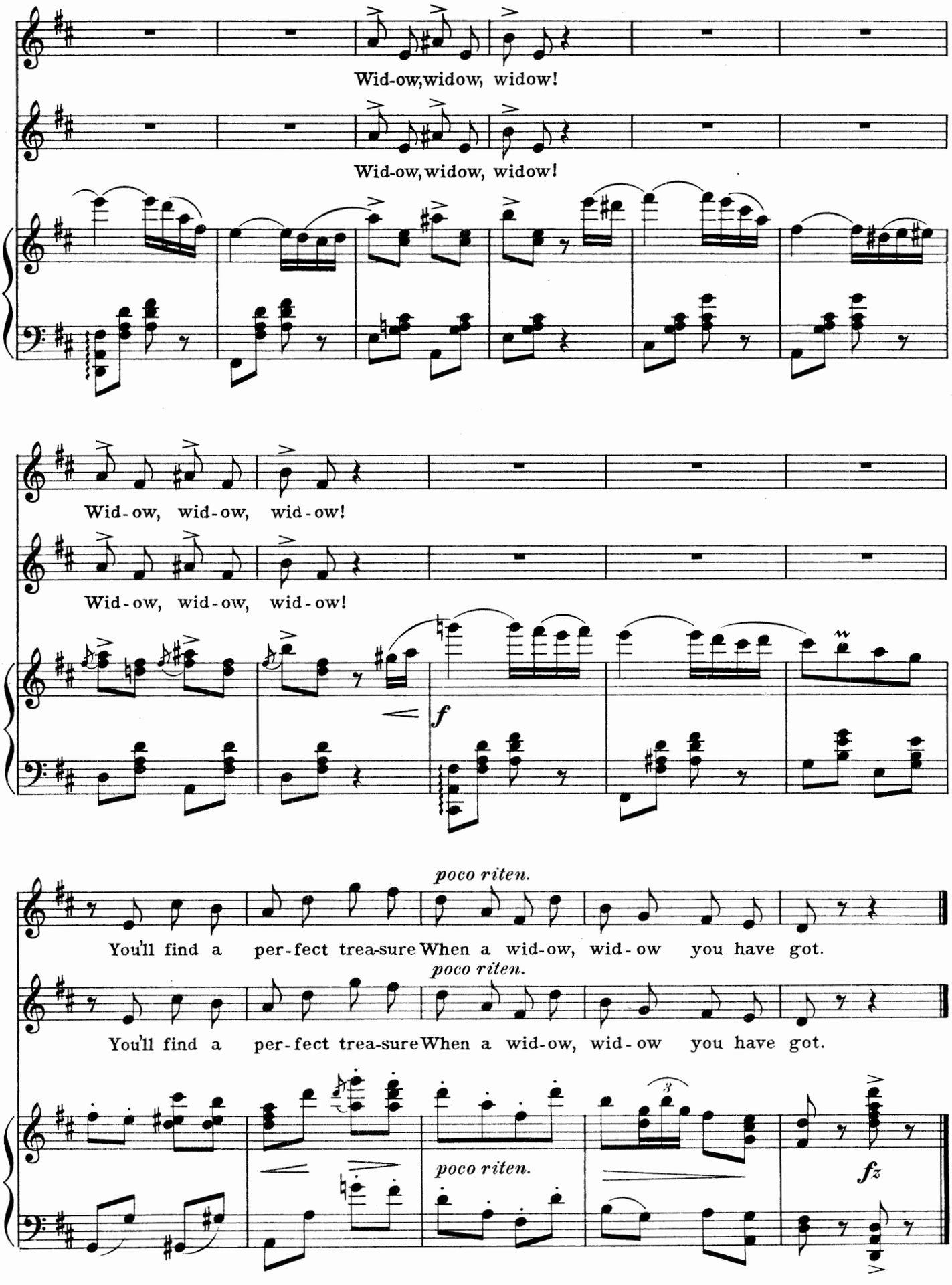

free. Nev-er care to find that love and I Could-n't get a - long: There -
mf
Gladys
That is how the men all talk, Fin-al-ly they
fore do not wish to try.
fall. On-ly just a way they have, Real-ly that is
all. Let me tell you this, An-y lit-tle Miss That you thought the


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 fa-vors to a wid-ow. For she knows just what is what And you will
f


find a per-fect trea-sure with-out measure When a pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have
got.
Stoeger
2. Widows haven't al - ways been lit-tle model wives. They have done their
p
p
share of com - plete-ly wreck-ing lives. I am too a -
p
fraid I was never made To ex-per-i - ment with dang'rous fires, Single blessed - ness, yes,
mf


Gladys
I am ver-y diff - 'rent from widows you have
is all my heart de - sires.
known, I have quite a sweet dis - po - si-tion of my own.
Here I am to - day, Take me while you may. Do not keep de - lay - ing, Tempt-ing
fate, If you ask to - mor - row, then, It may be too late.


Stoeger
If you'd
Gladys
Look a round and if you
be a happy man, You'd better win a pret-ty wid-ow.
can Give all your fa-vors to a wid-ow. And you will
For she knows just what is what
f
riten.
find a per-fect treasure with-out measure, When a pretty, wit-ty widow you have got.
riten.
As per-fect teasure, When a pretty, wit-ty widow you have got.
riten.


Wid-ow,widow, widow!
Wid-ow,widow, widow!
Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!
Wid-ow, wid-ow, wid-ow!
f
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.
poco riten.
fz

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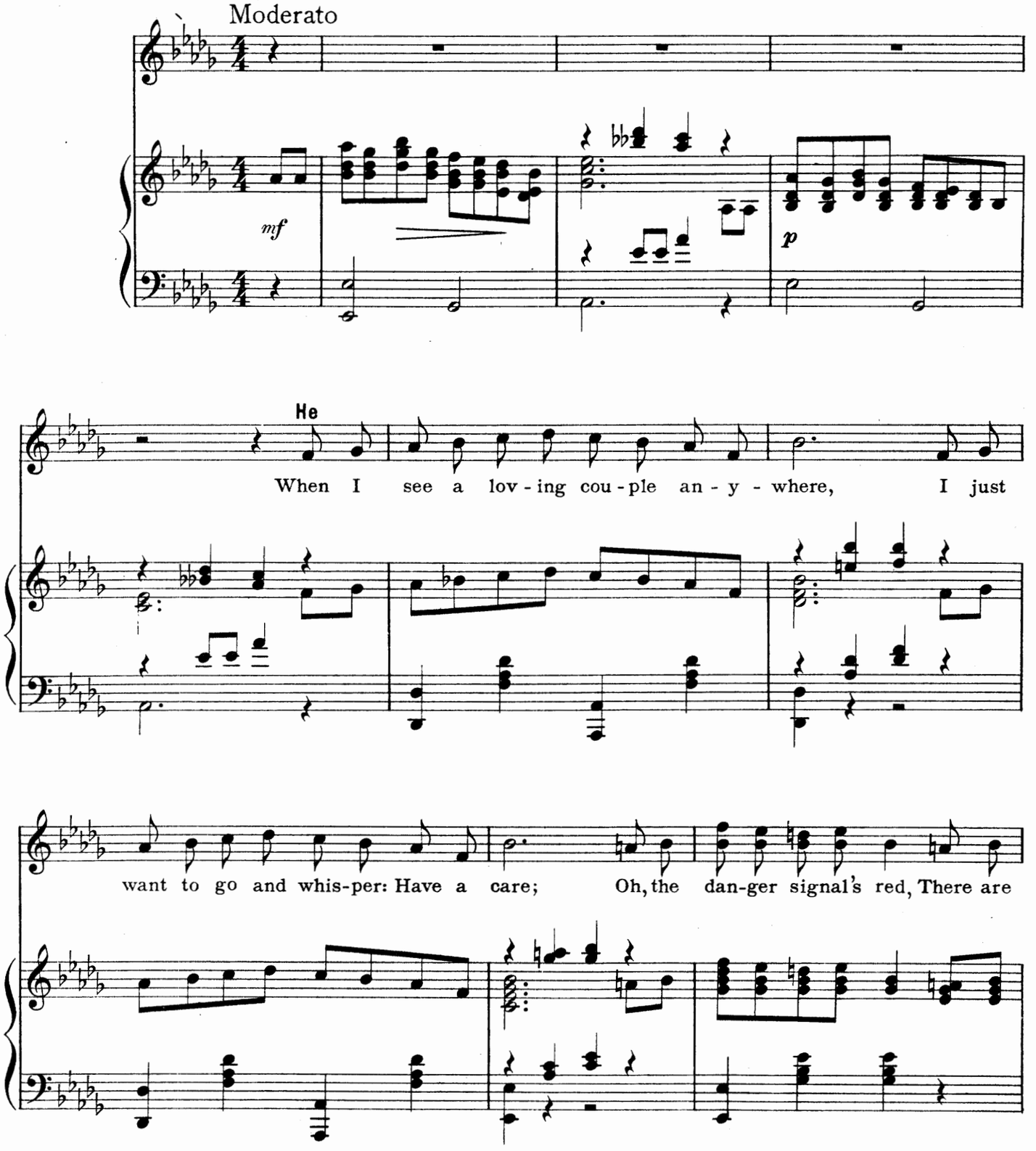
No. 12

One Step into Love

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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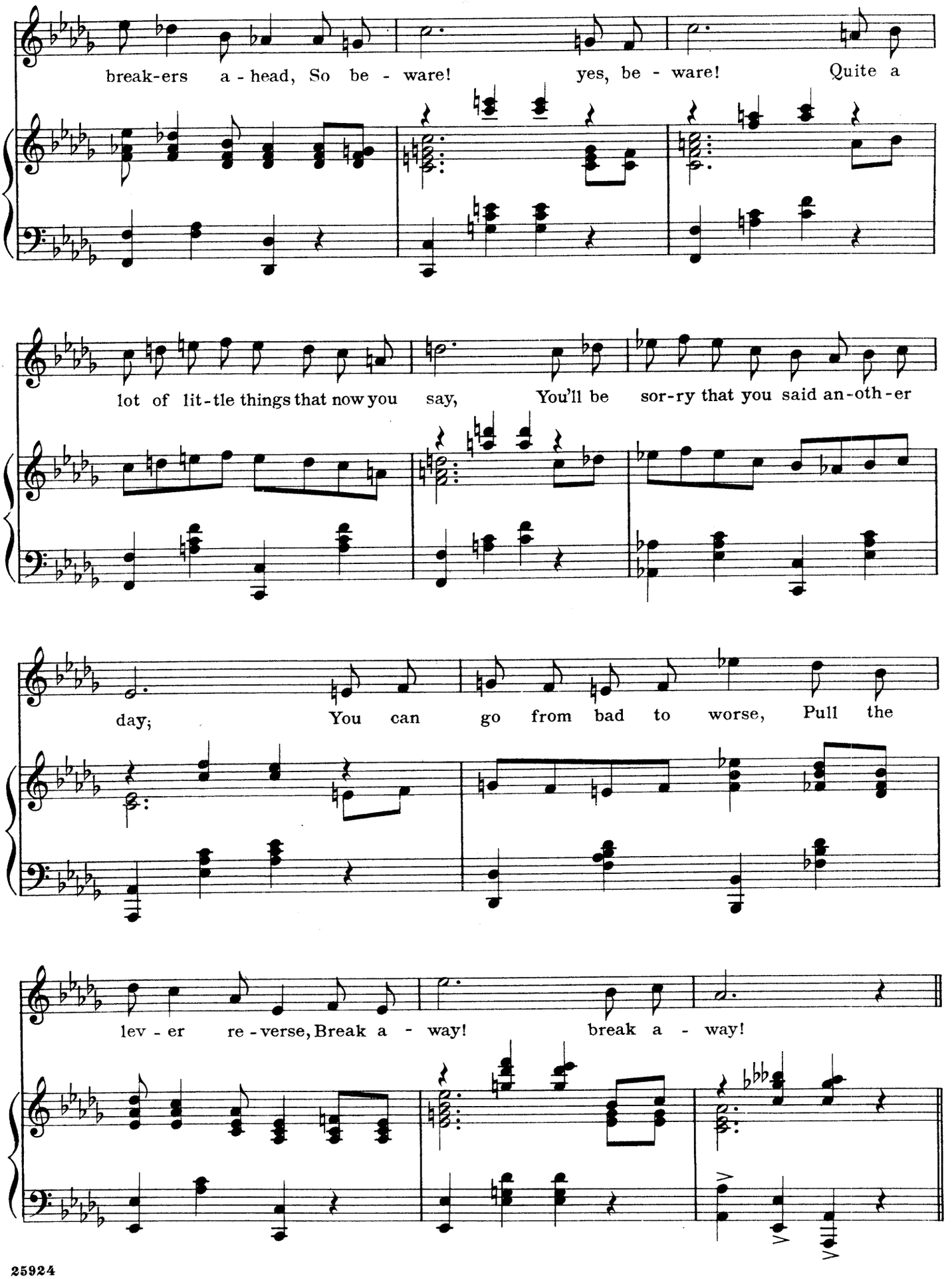
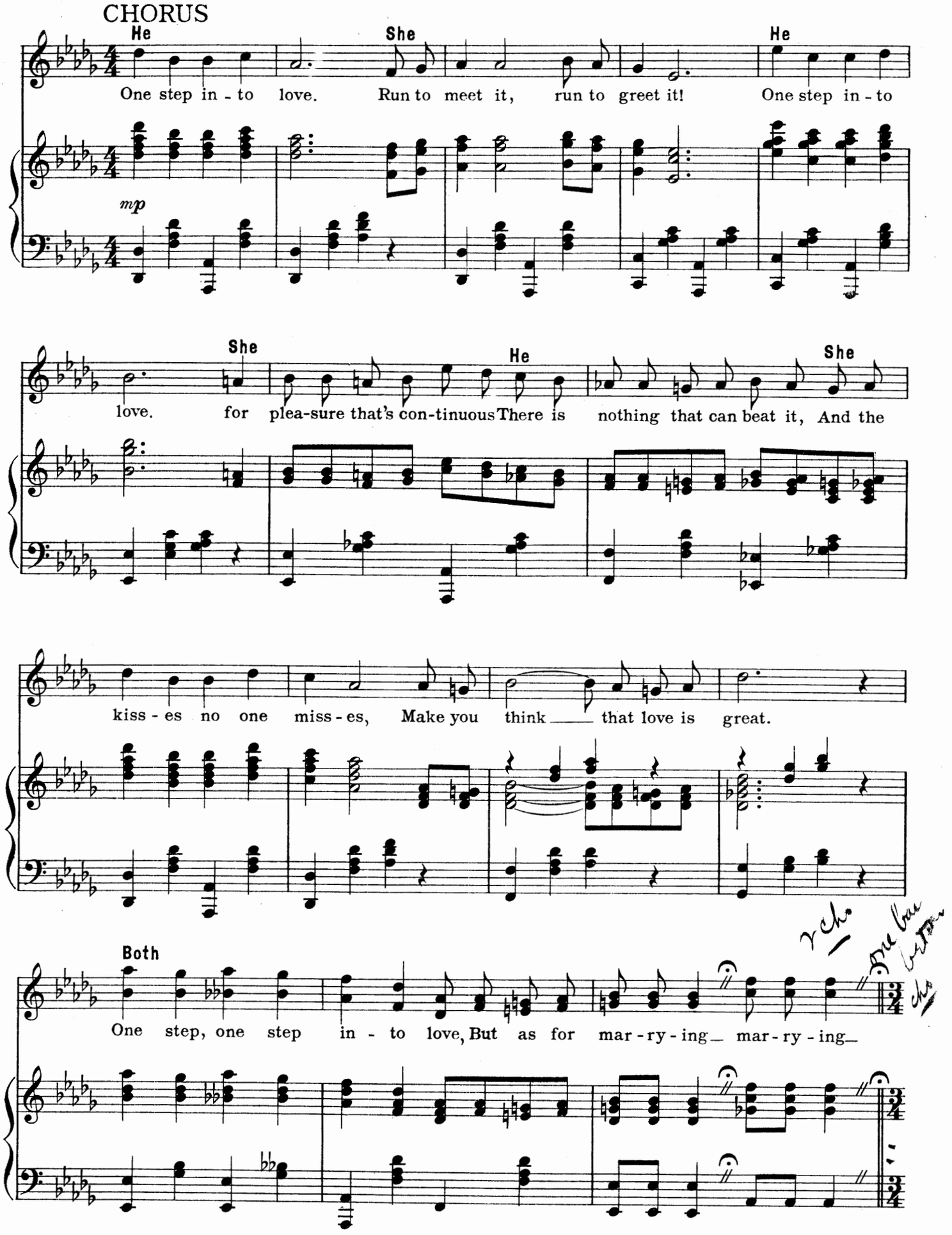
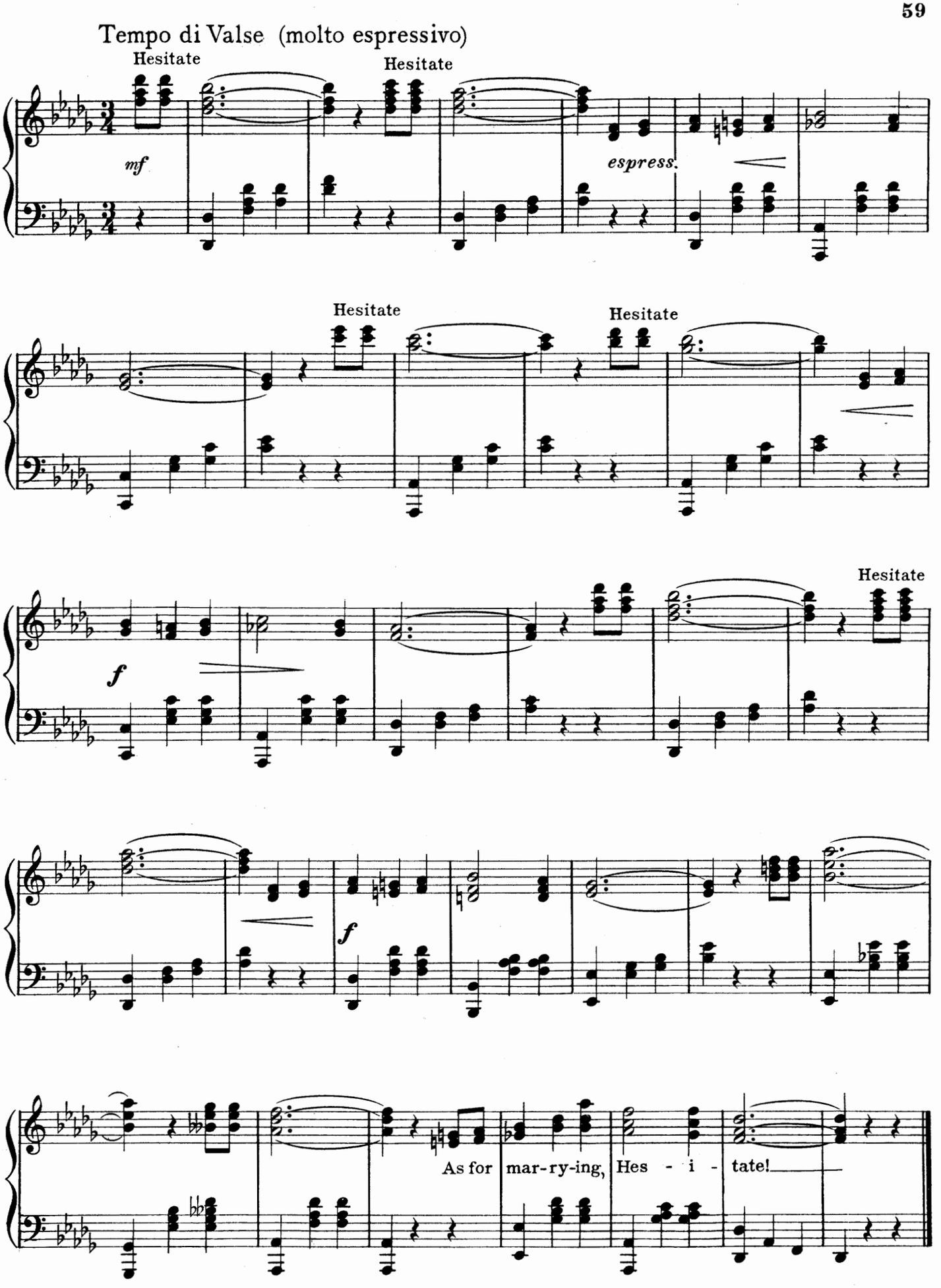

break-ers a - head, So be - ware! yes, be - ware! Quite a
lot of lit-tle things that now you say, You'll be sor-ry that you said an-oth-er
day; You can go from bad to worse, Pull the
lev - er re - verse, Break a - way! break a - way!


CHORUS
He
She
He
One step in - to love. Run to meet it, run to greet it! One step in - to
mp
She
He
She
love. for plea-sure that's con-tinuous There is nothing that can beat it, And the
kiss - es no one miss - es, Make you think ___ that love is great.
Both
One step, one step in - to love, But as for mar - ry - ing_ mar - ry - ing_


Tempo di Valse (molto espressivo)
Hesitate
Hesitate
mf
espress.
Hesitate
Hesitate
Hesitate
f
f
As for mar-ry-ing, Hes - i - tate!

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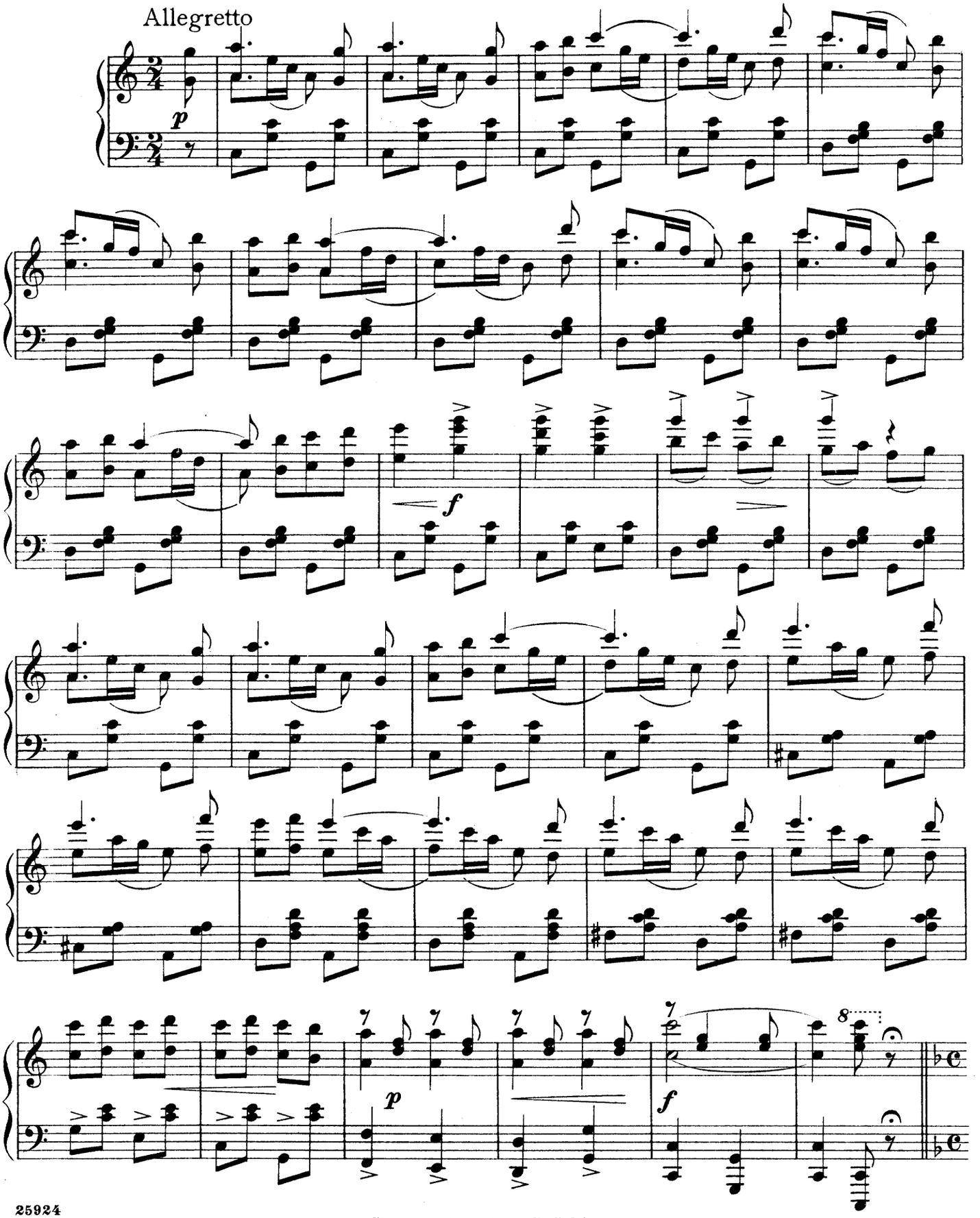
No. 13. Ensemble
Vienna, How D'ye Do

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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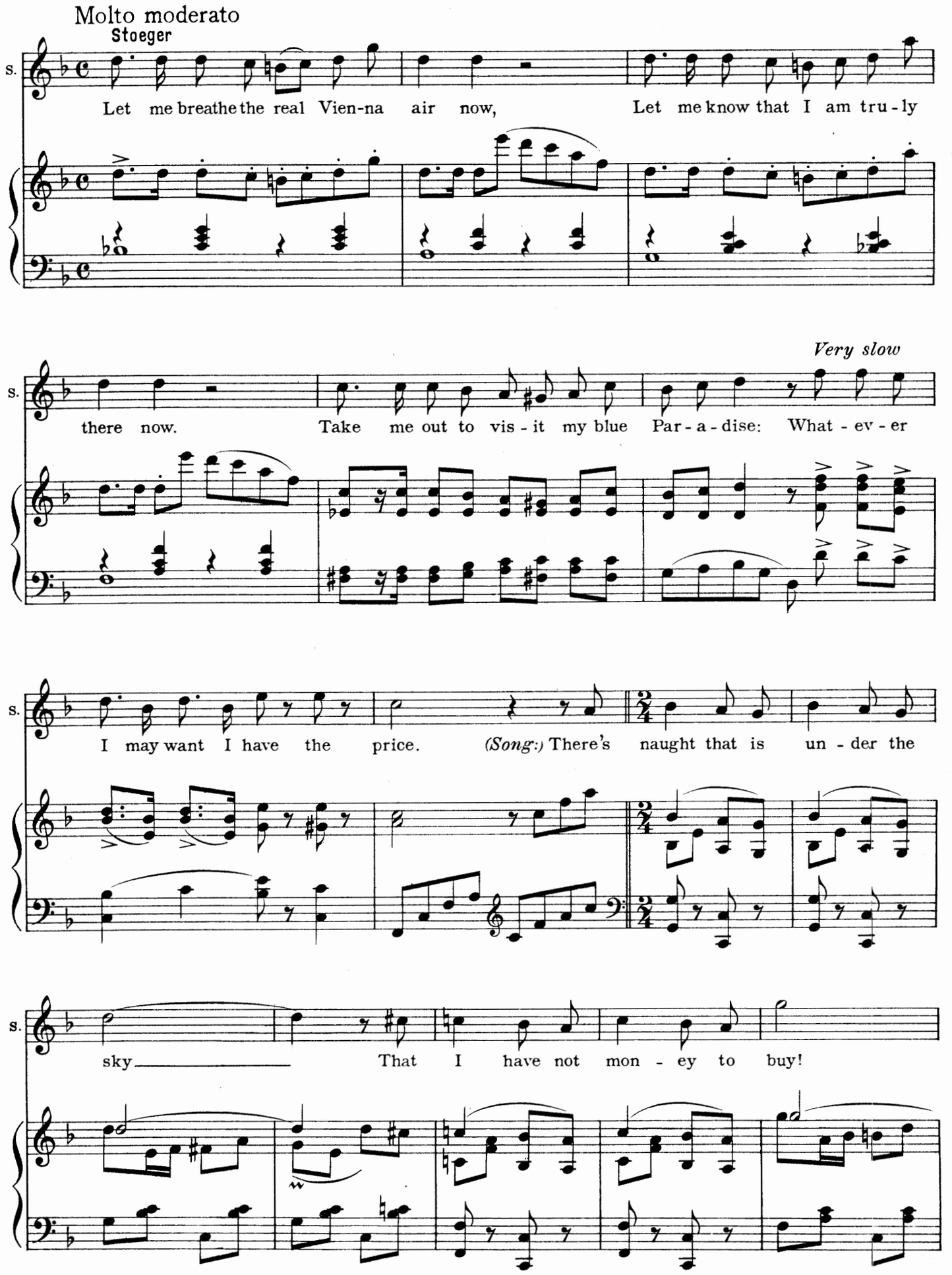
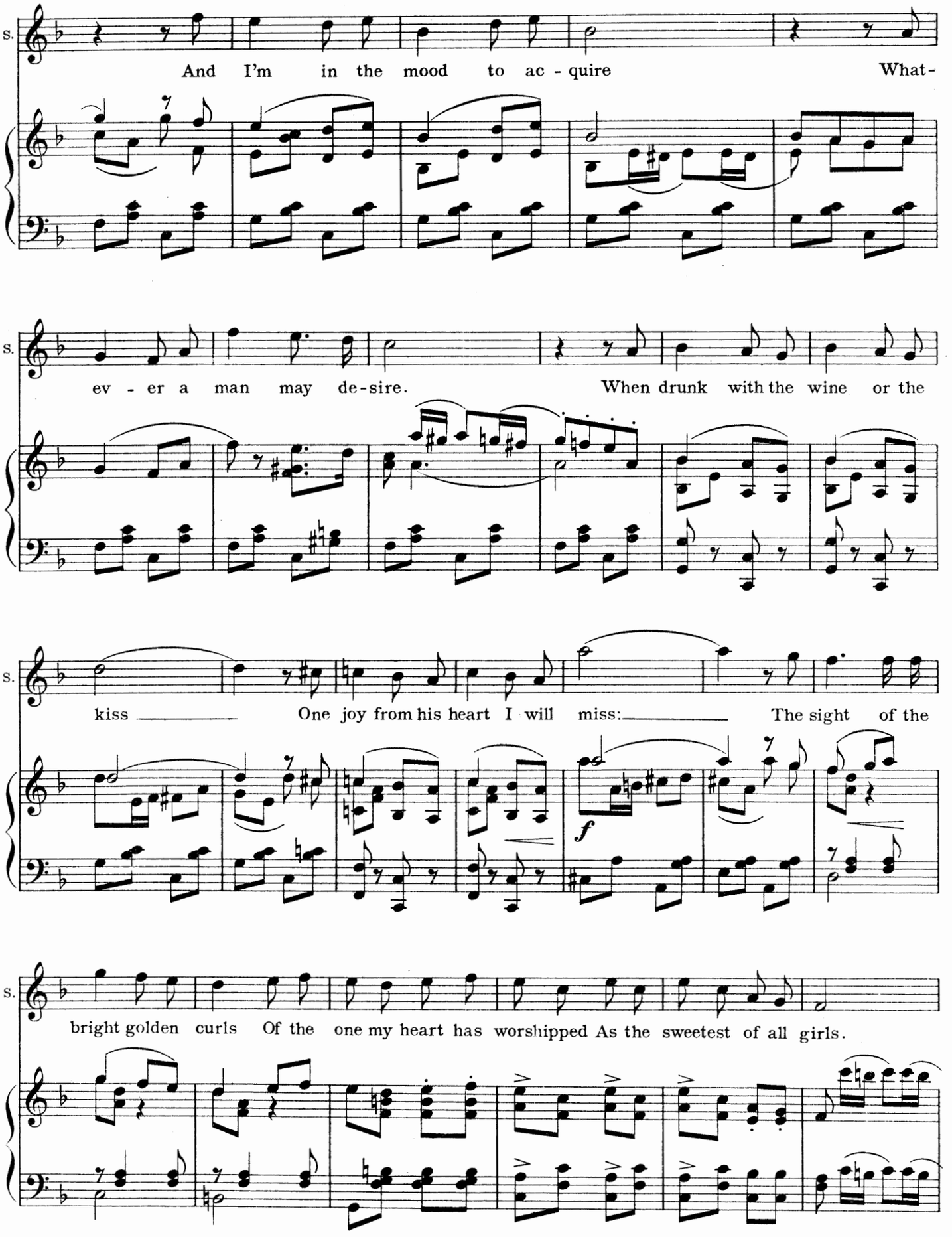
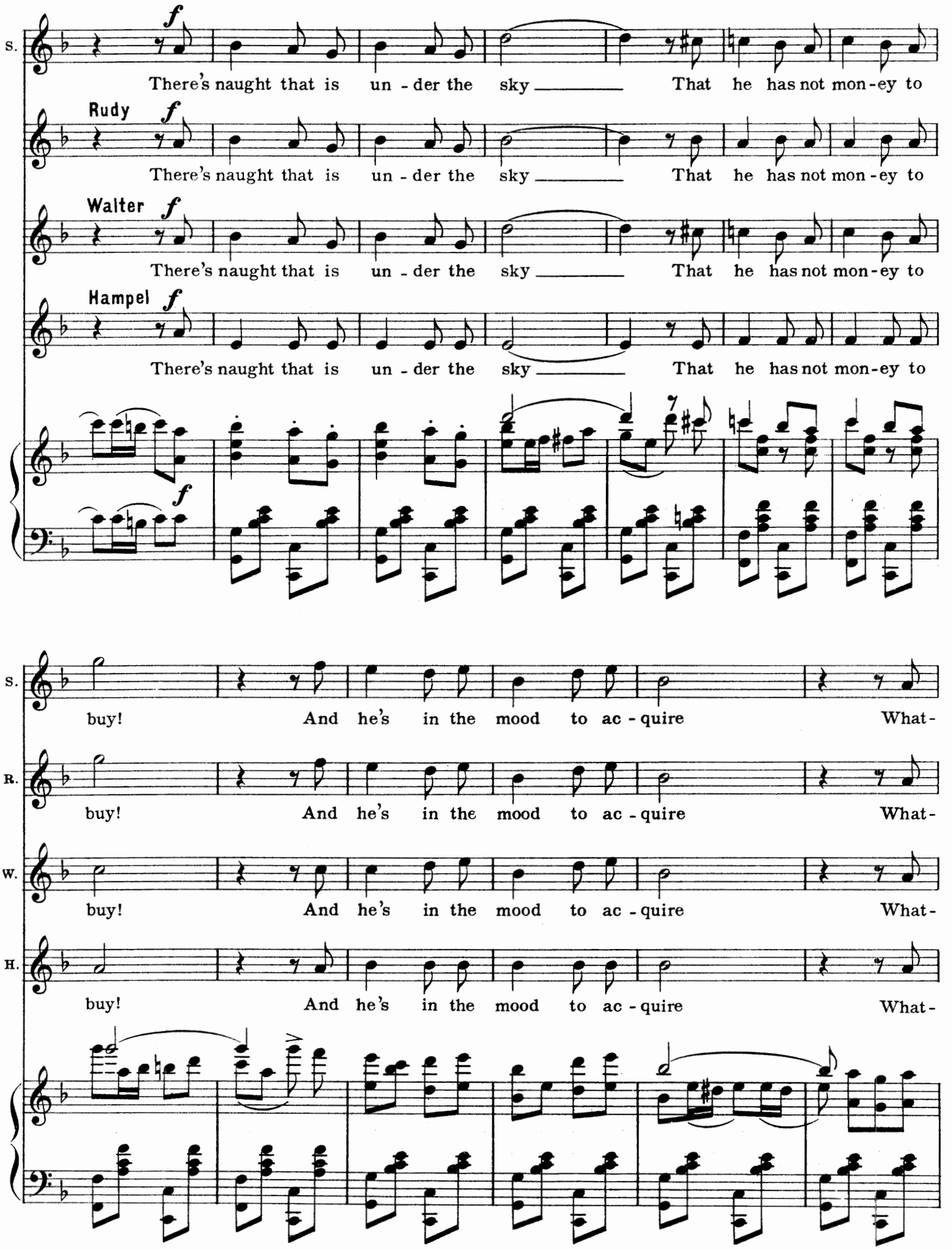
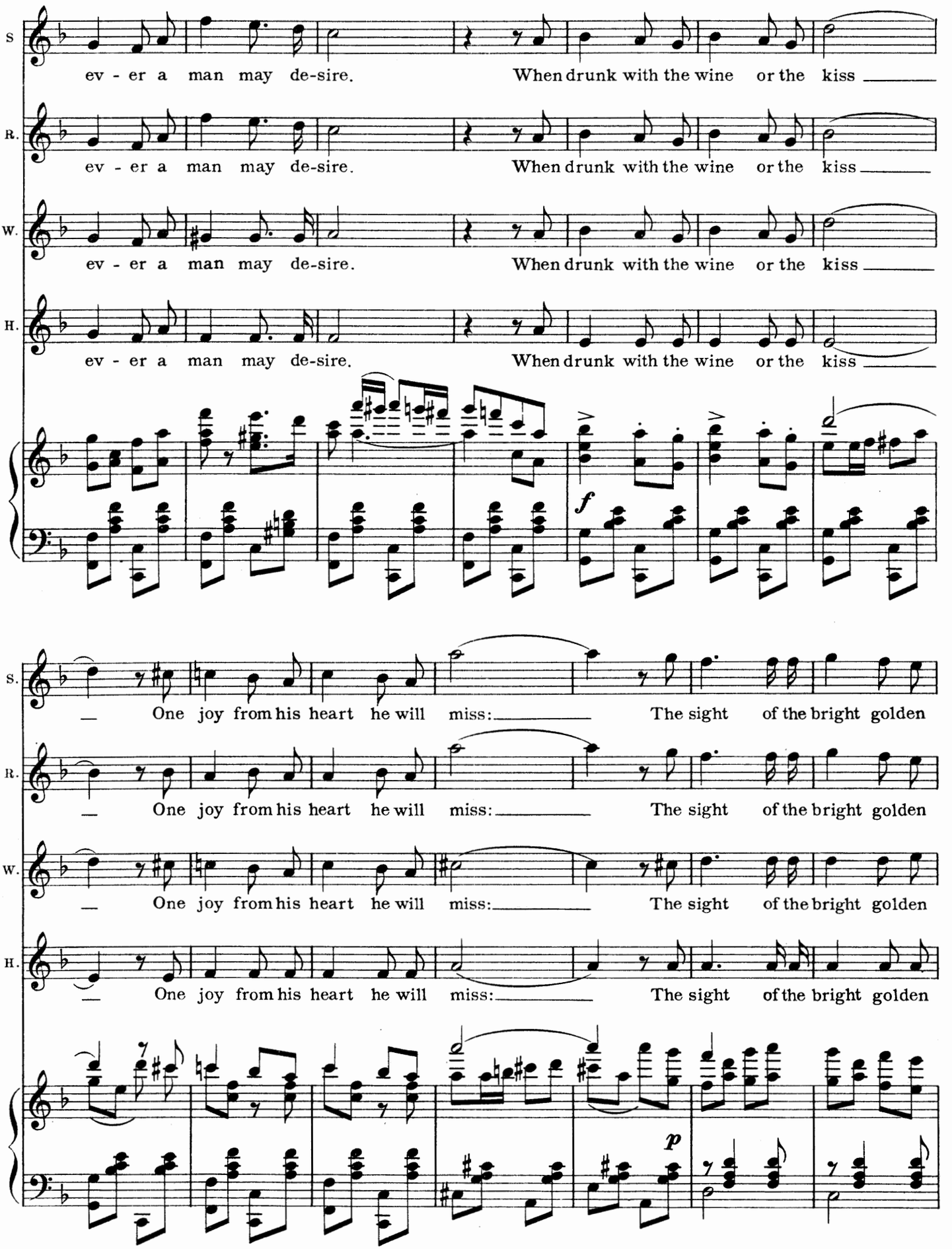
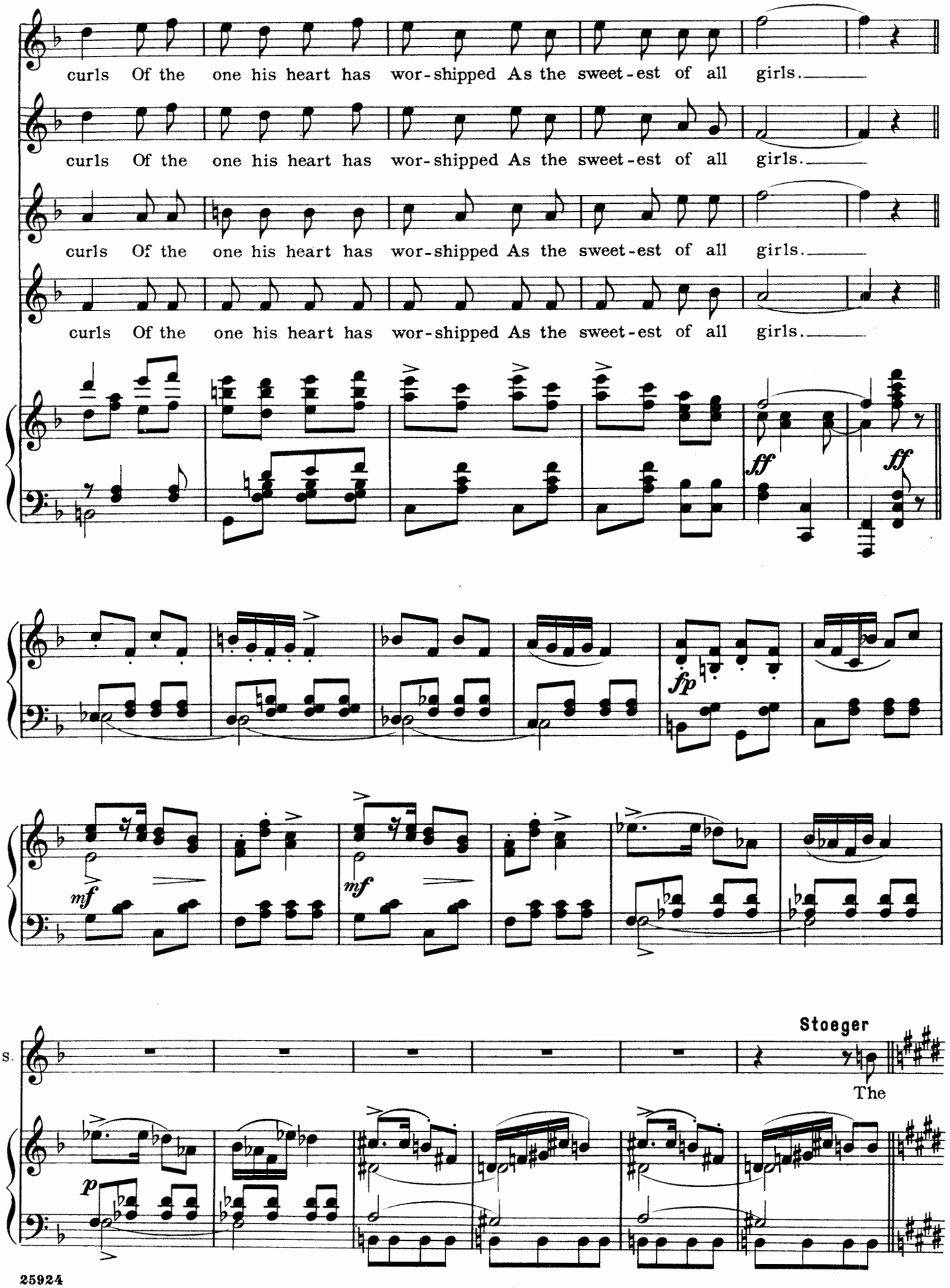
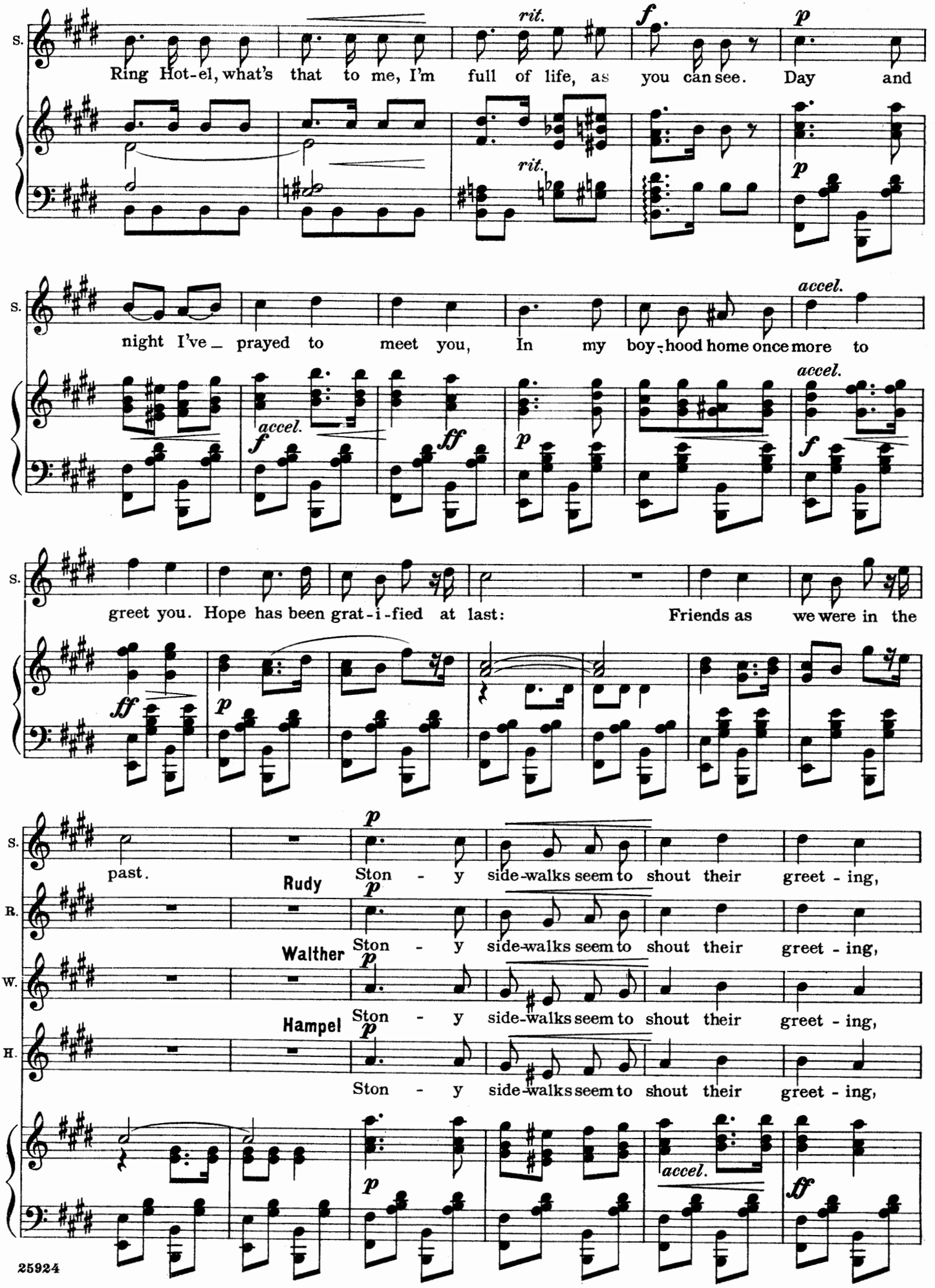

Molto moderato
Stoeger
S.
Let me breathe the real Vien-na air now, Let me know that I am tru-ly
Very slow
there now. Take me out to vis-it my blue Par-a-dise: What-ev-er
I may want I have the price. (Song:) There's naught that is un-der the
sky That I have not mon-ey to buy!

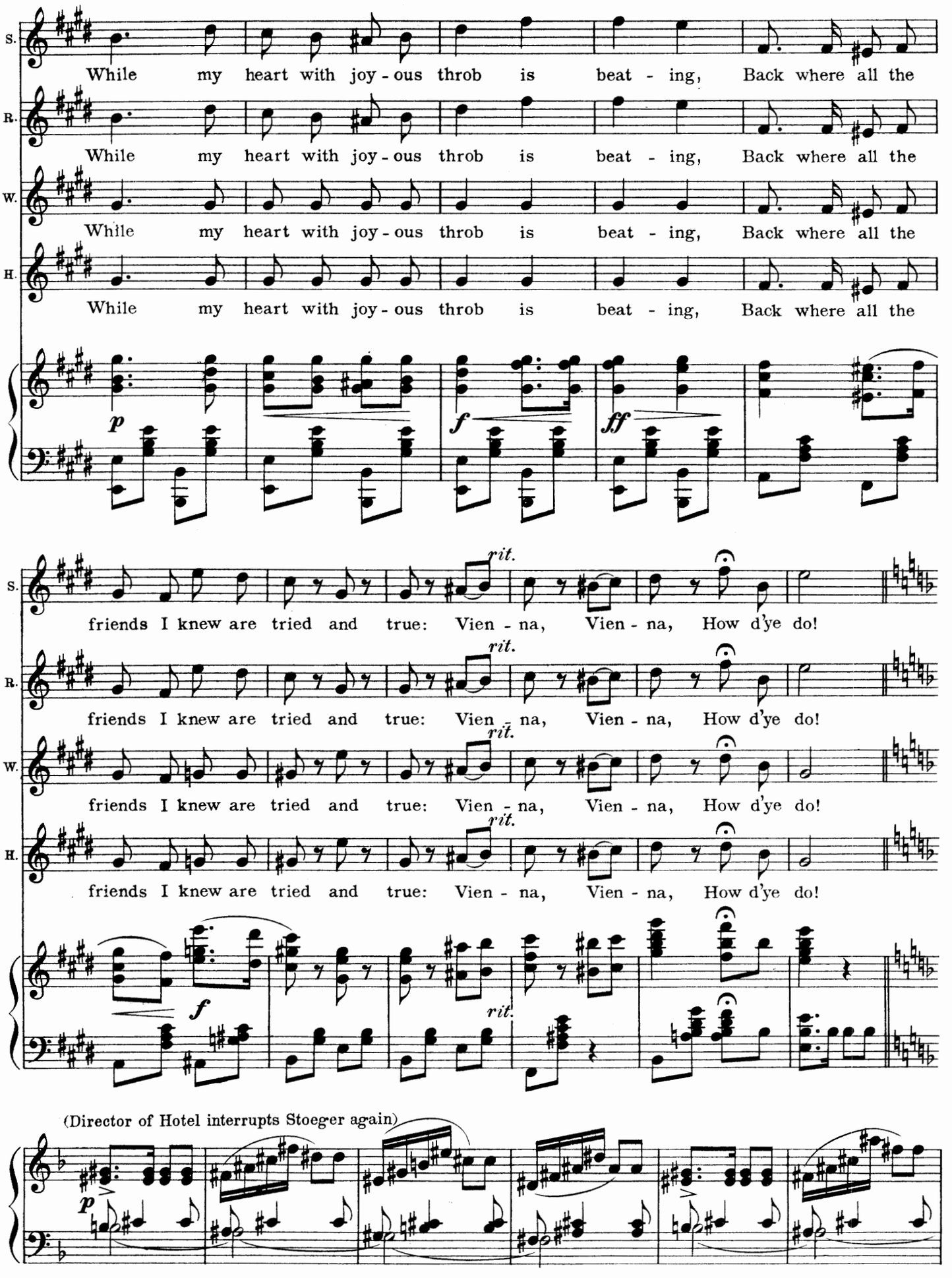

S.
And I'm in the mood to ac - quire What-
S.
ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the
S.
kiss One joy from his heart I will miss: The sight of the
f
S.
bright golden curls Of the one my heart has worshipped As the sweetest of all girls.

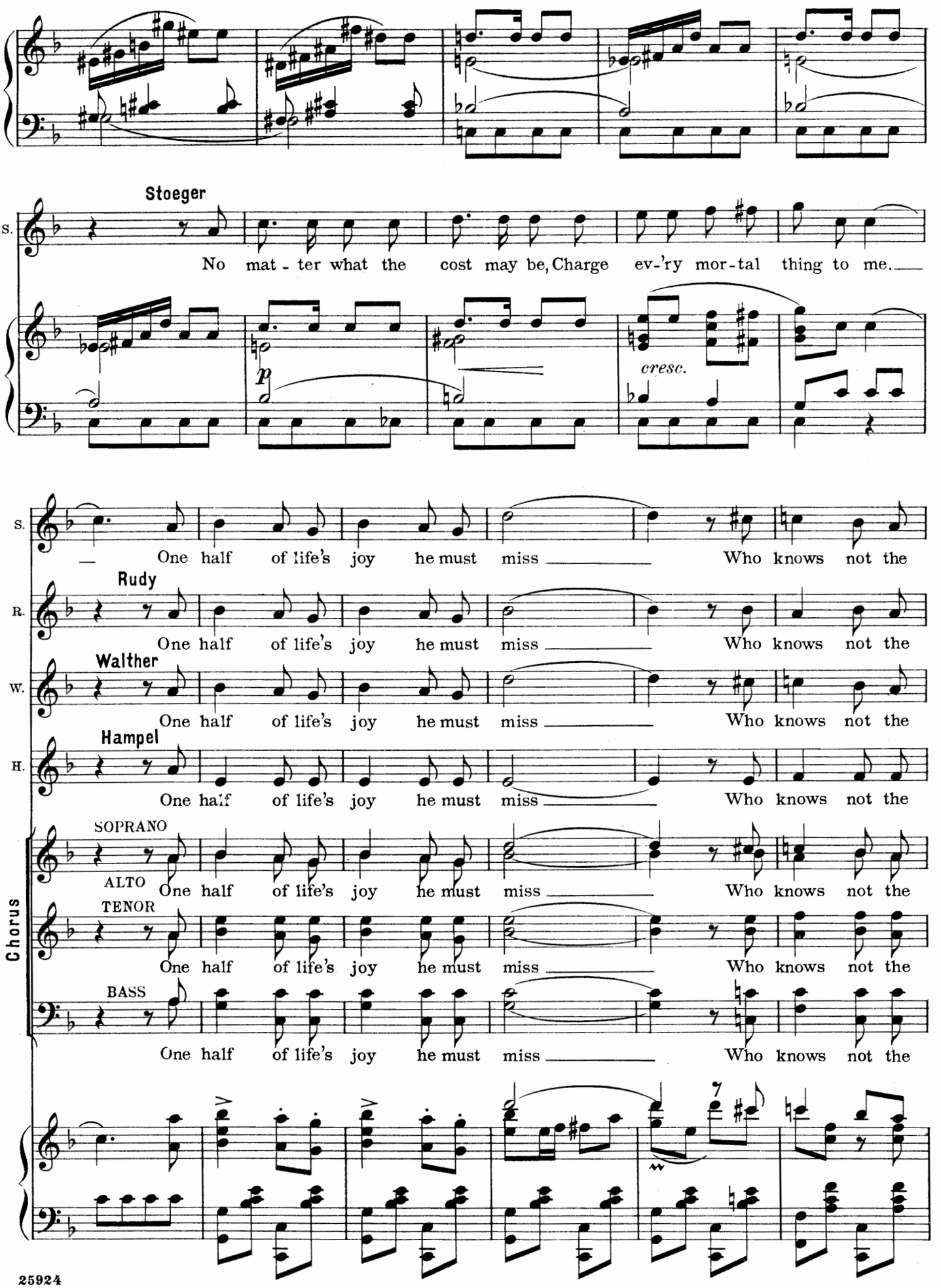

S.
Rudy
Walter
Hampel
f
There's naught that is un - der the sky That he has not mon - ey to
R.
W.
H.
buy! And he's in the mood to ac - quire What-

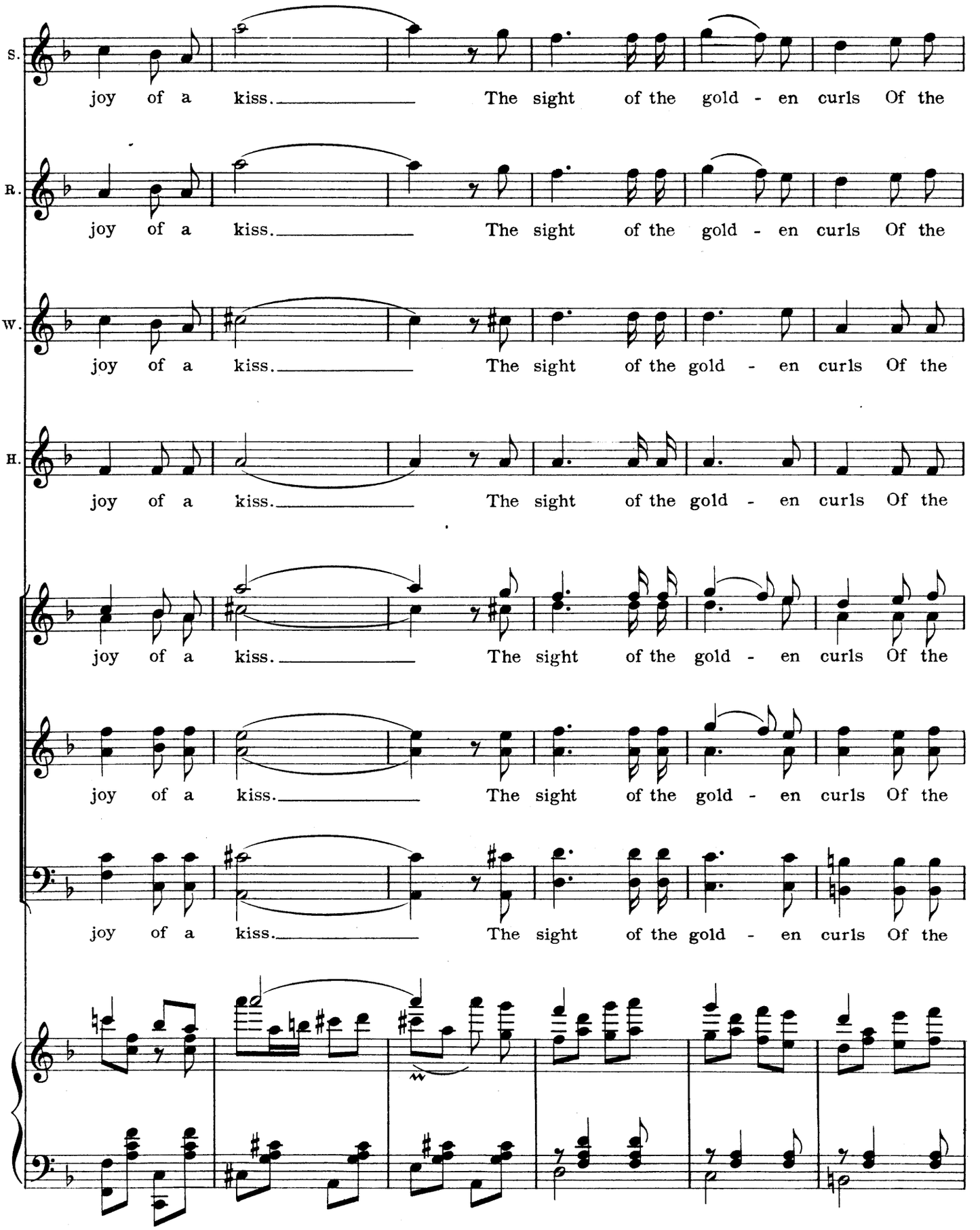

S
ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss
R.
ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss
W.
ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss
H.
ev - er a man may de-sire. When drunk with the wine or the kiss
f
S.
One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden
R.
One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden
W.
One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden
H.
One joy from his heart he will miss: The sight of the bright golden
p

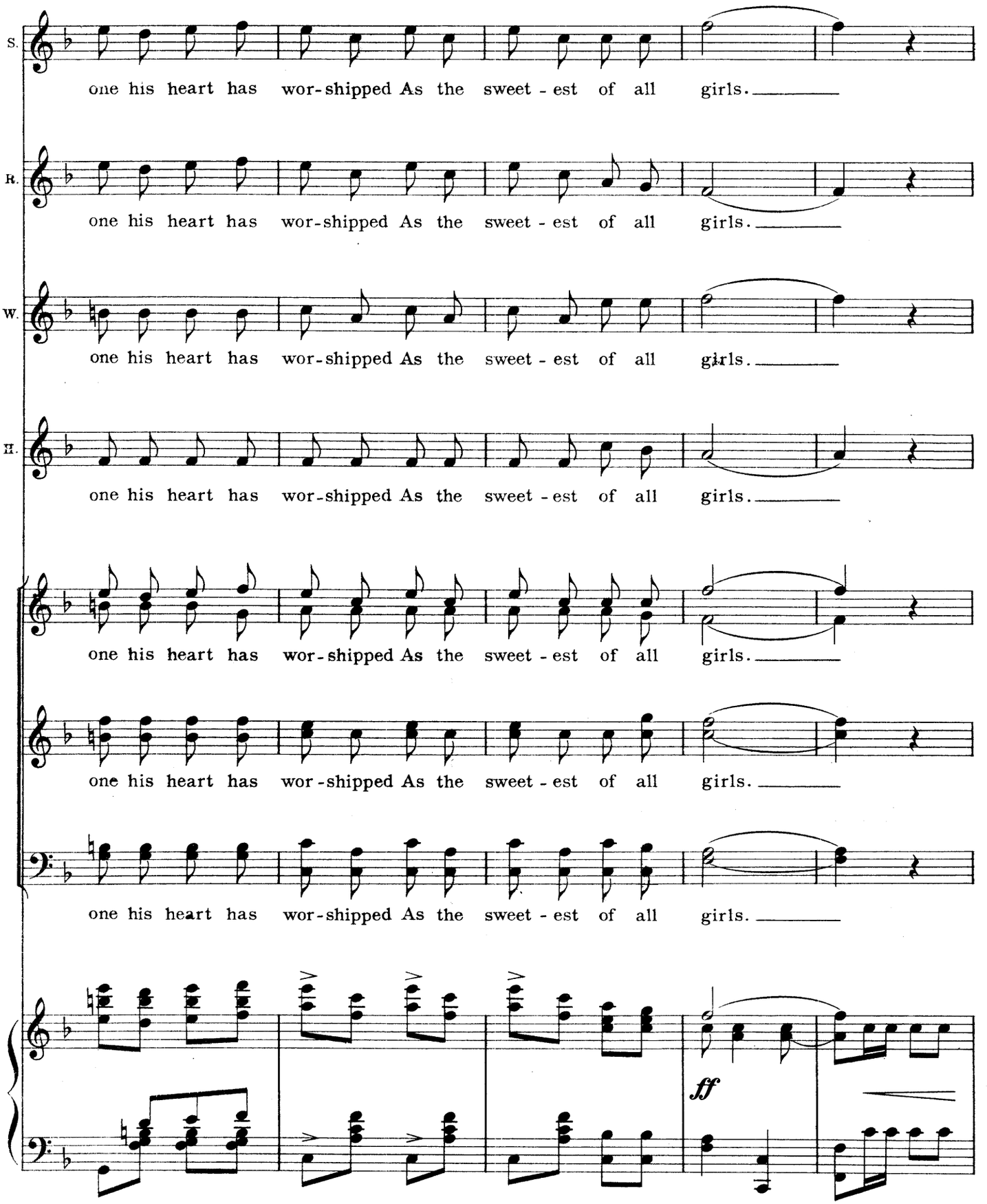

curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
curls Of the one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
ff
ff
fp
mf
mf
p
S.
Stoeger
The

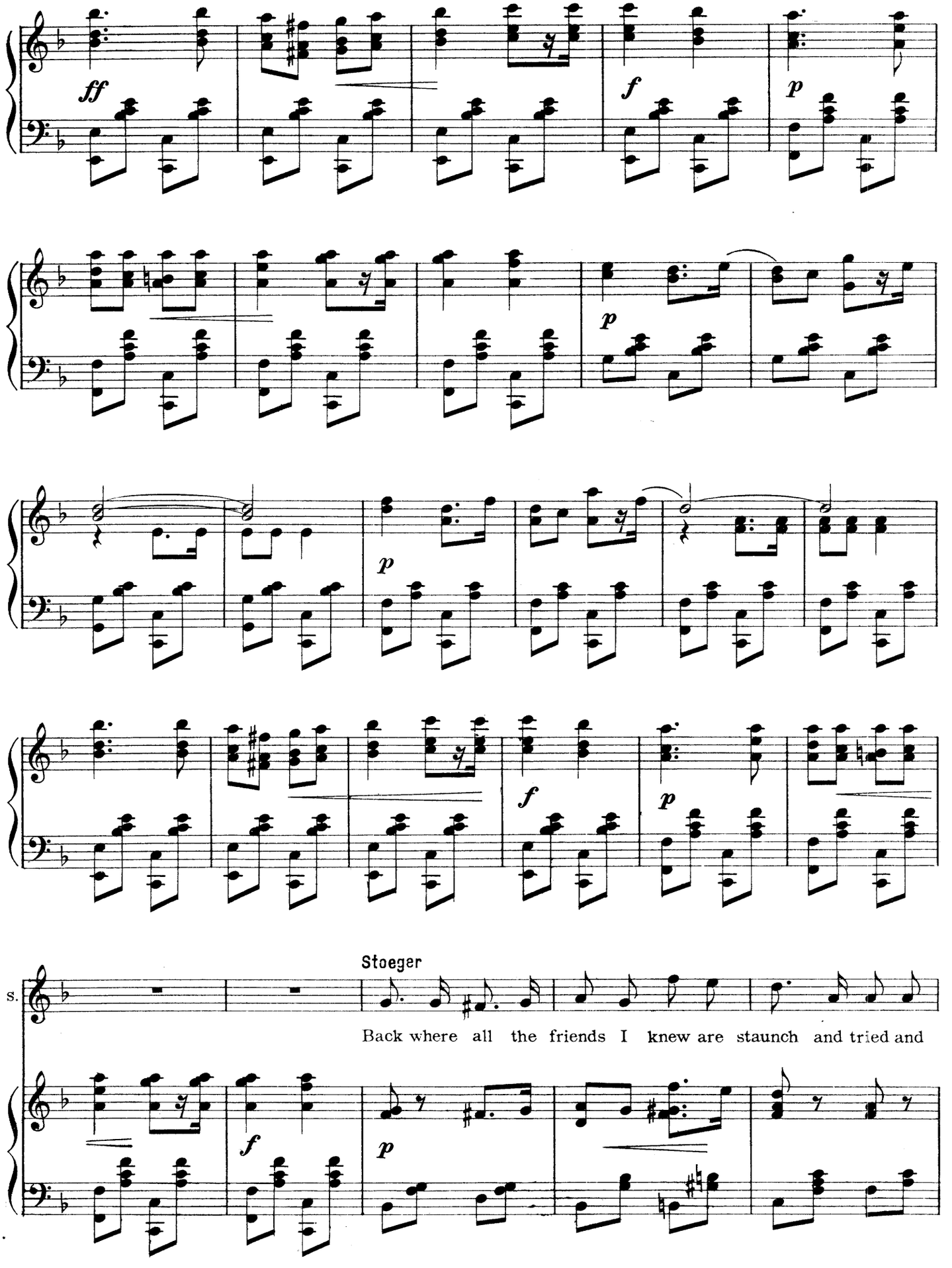

S.
Ring Hot-el, what's that to me, I'm full of life, as you can see. Day and
rit.
rit.
f
p
p
night I've_ prayed to meet you, In my boy-hood home once more to
accel.
accel.
accel.
f
ff
p
f
greet you. Hope has been grat-i-fied at last: Friends as we were in the
ff
p
past.
p
Rudy
Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,
R.
p
Walther
Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,
W.
p
Hampel
Ston - y side-walks seem to shout their greet - ing,
H.
p
accel.
ff

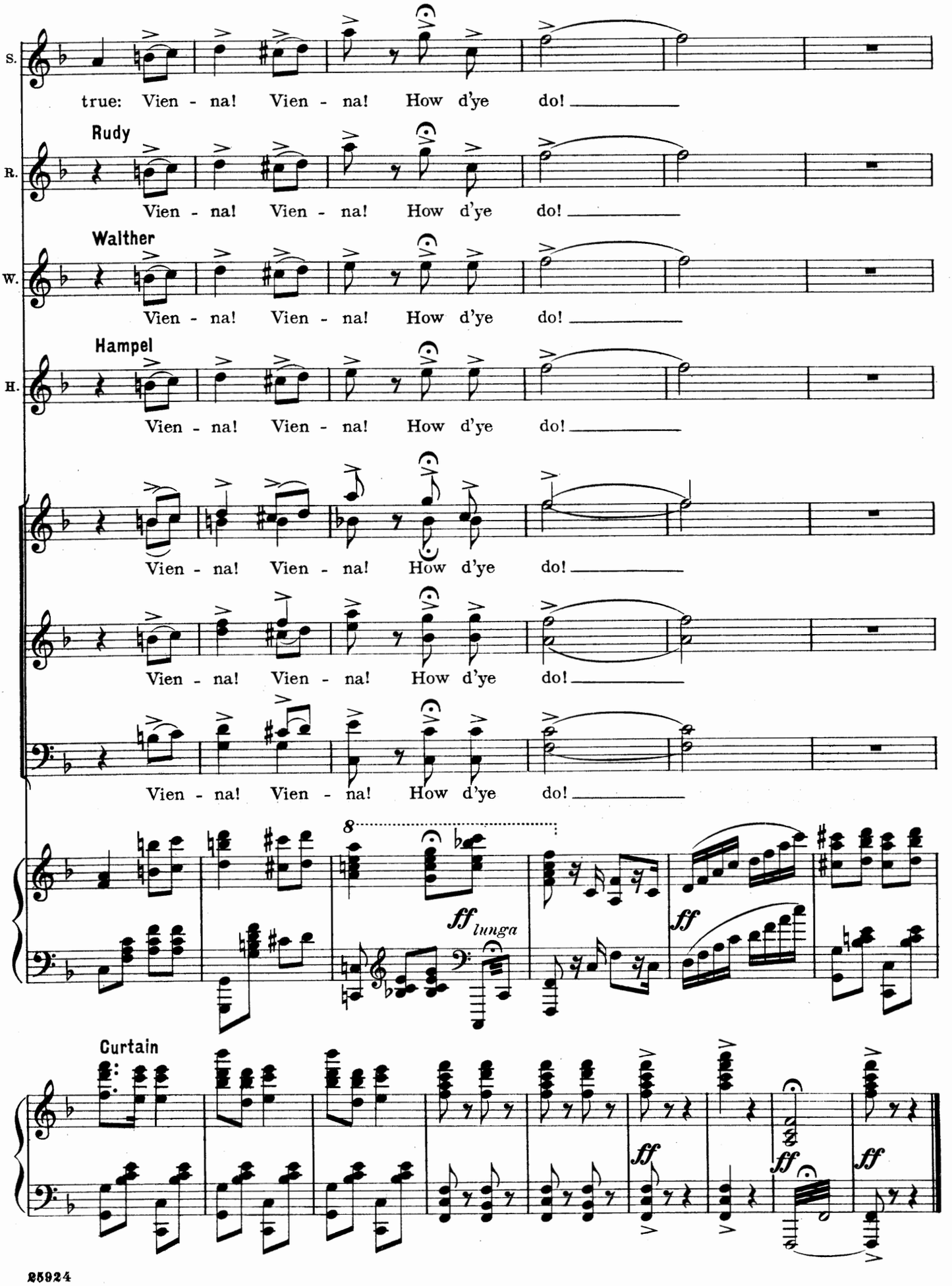

S.
While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the
R.
While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the
W.
While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the
H.
While my heart with joy - ous throb is beat - ing, Back where all the
p
f
ff
rit.
friends I knew are tried and true: Vien - na, Vien - na, How d'ye do!
(Director of Hotel interrupts Stoeger again)


Stoeger
S.
No mat - ter what the cost may be, Charge ev-'ry mor-tal thing to me.
p
cresc.
S.
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
Rudy
R.
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
Walther
W.
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
Hampel
H.
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
Chorus
SOPRANO
ALTO
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
TENOR
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the
BASS
One half of life's joy he must miss Who knows not the


S.
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
R.
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
W.
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
H.
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the
joy of a kiss. The sight of the gold - en curls Of the


S.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
R.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
W.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
H.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
one his heart has wor-shipped As the sweet-est of all girls.
ff


ff
f
p
p
p
f
p
Stoeger
S.
Back where all the friends I knew are staunch and tried and
f
p


S.
true: Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Rudy
R.
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Walther
W.
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Hampel
H.
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
Vien - na! Vien - na! How d'ye do!
8
ff lunga
ff
Curtain
ff
ff
ff

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ACT II

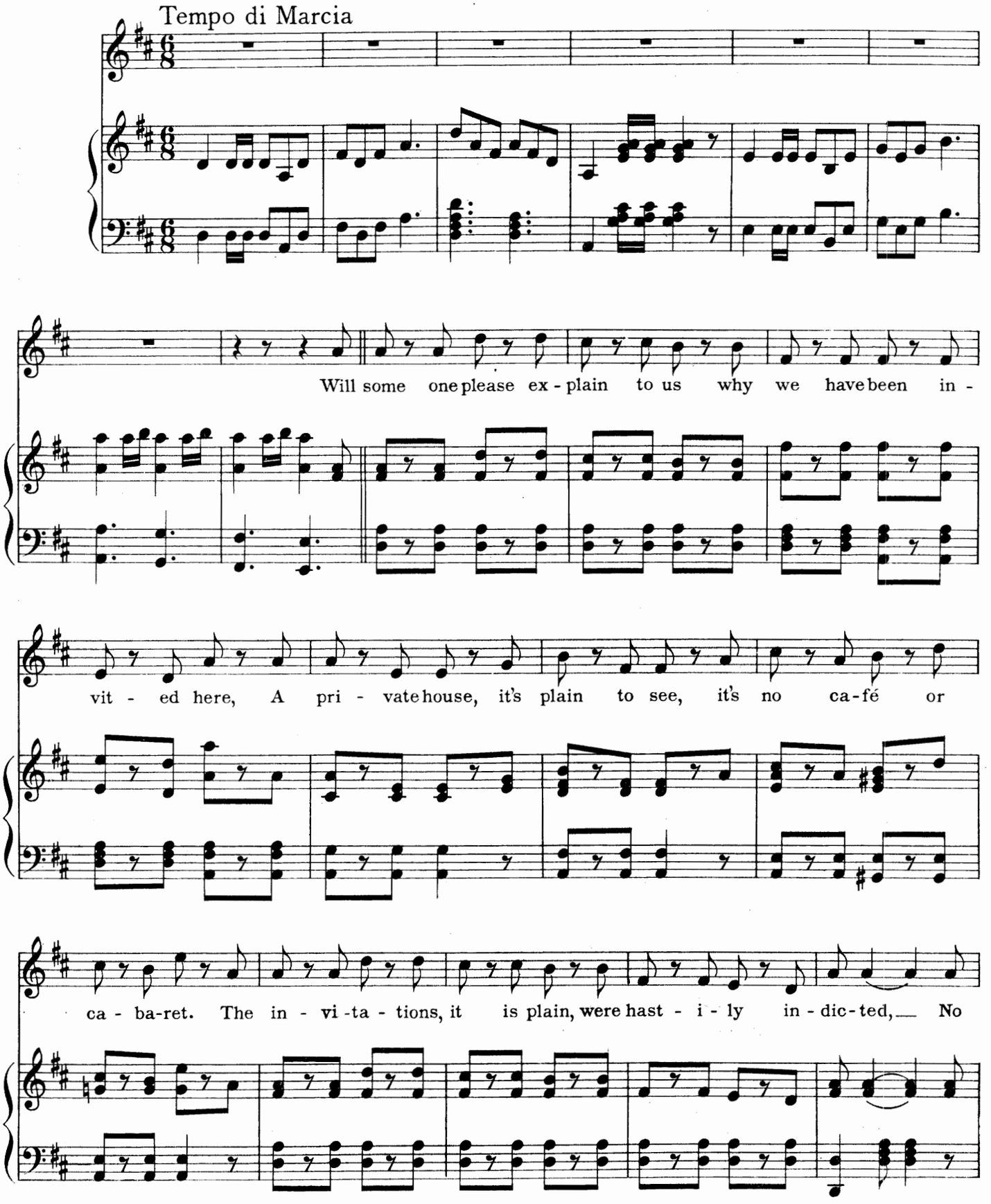
No. 14. Opening Chorus

Why Are We Invited Here

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Sigmund Romberg

Tempo di Marcia



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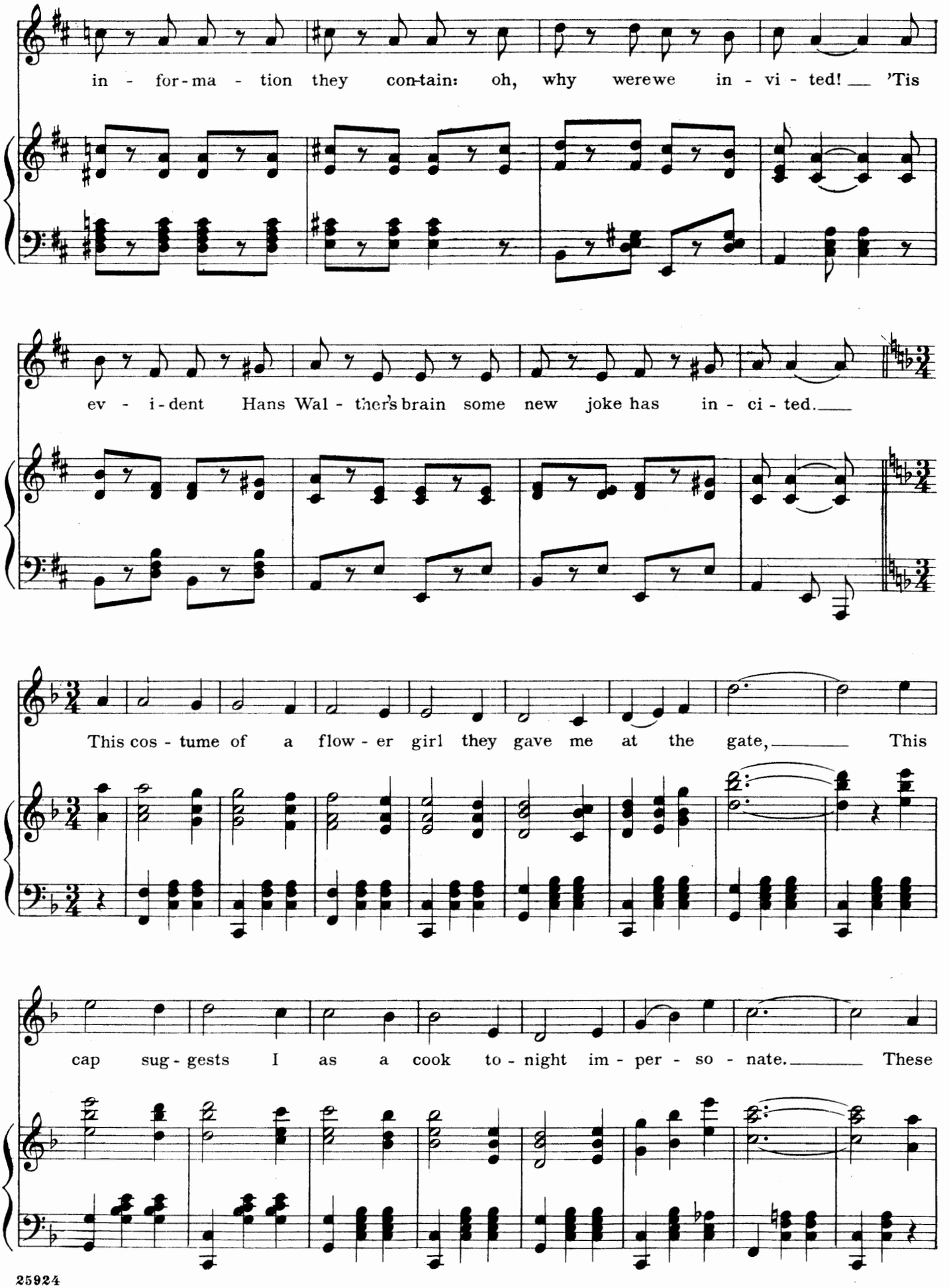
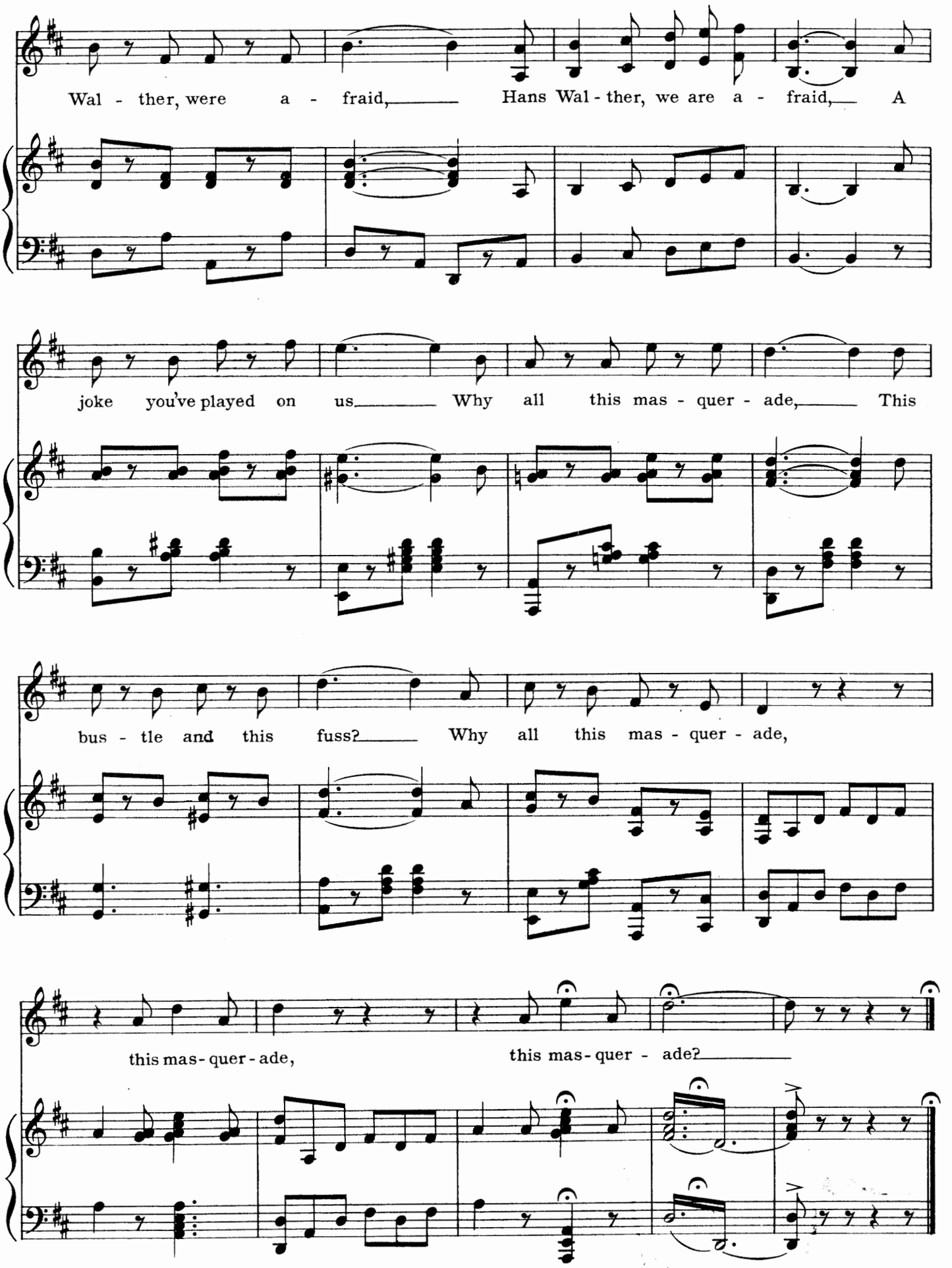

in - for-ma - tion they con-tain: oh, why werewe in - vi - ted! 'Tis
ev - i-dent Hans Wal - ther's brain some new joke has in - ci - ted.
This cos - tume of a flow - er girl they gave me at the gate, This
cap sug - gests I as a cook to - night im - per - so - nate. These

wait - er's a - prons we re - ceived, we know not why we're here,

It cer - tain - ly is quite a joke and not so ver - y

clear. We'd all feel ver - y much re-lieved if some onewould e -

lu - ci-date the mys - try of this fête, The mys-try of this fête. Hans


Wal - ther, were a - fraid, Hans Wal - ther, we are a - fraid, A
joke you've played on us Why all this mas - quer - ade, This
bus - tle and this fuss? Why all this mas - quer - ade,
this mas - quer - ade, this mas - quer - ade?

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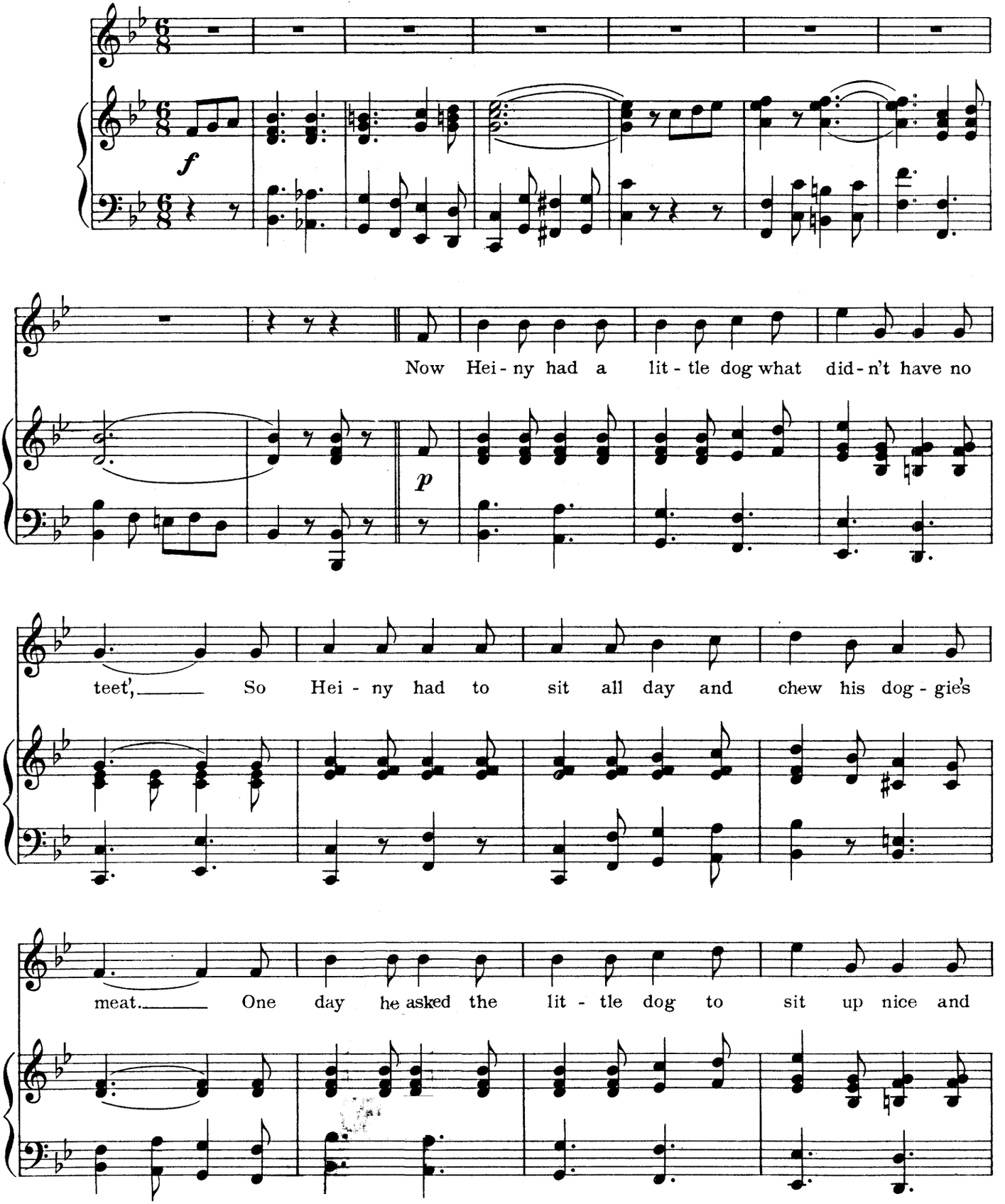
No. 15. Comedy Folk Song
I Had a Dog

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Leo Edwards

Moderato



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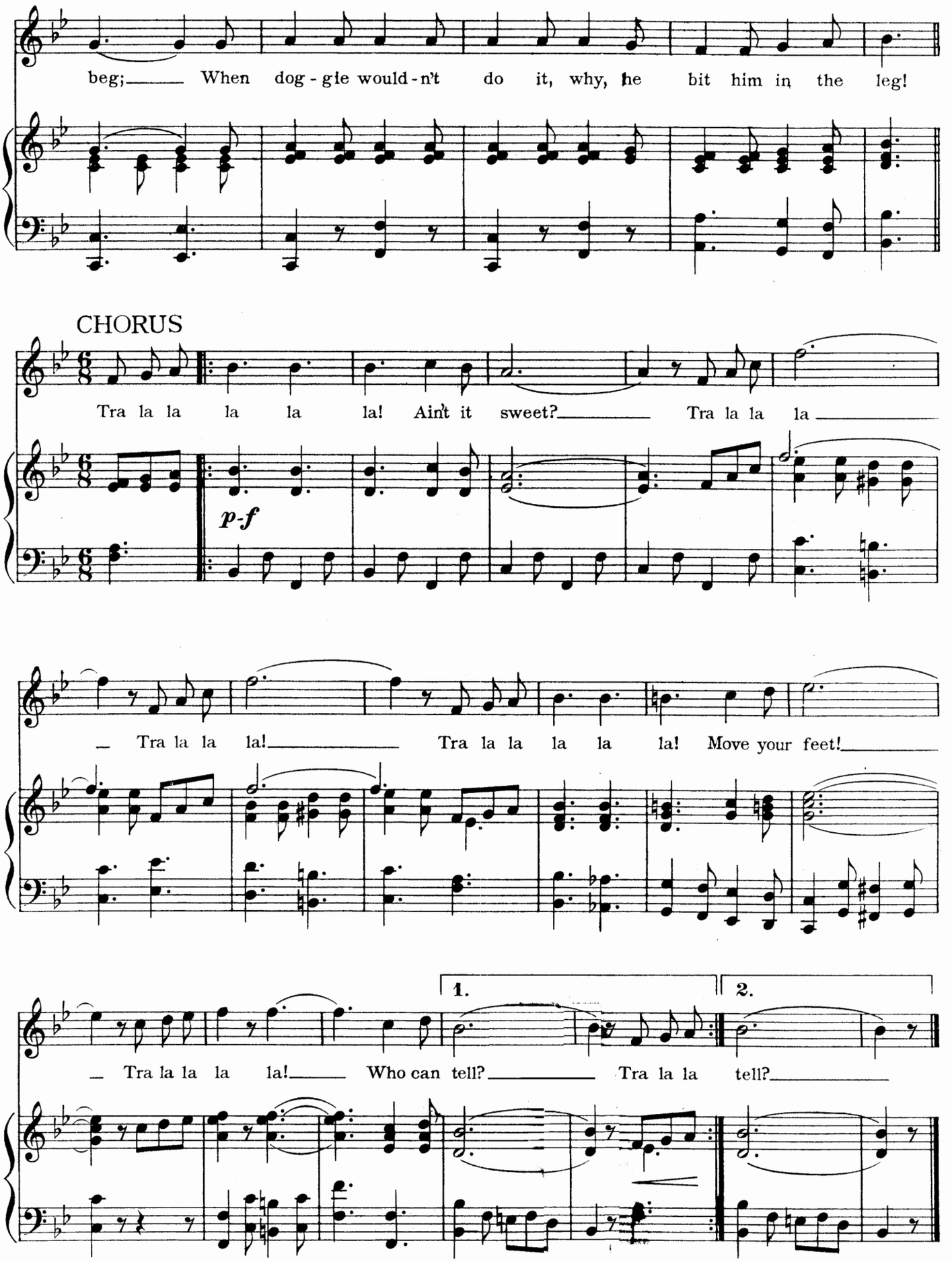
beg;_____ When dog - gie would - n't do it, why, he bit him in the leg!
CHORUS
Tra la la la la la! Ain't it sweet?_____ Tra la la la _____
p-f
_ Tra la la la!_____ Tra la la la la la! Move your feet!_____
1.
2.
_ Tra la la la la!_____ Who can tell?_____ Tra la la tell?_____

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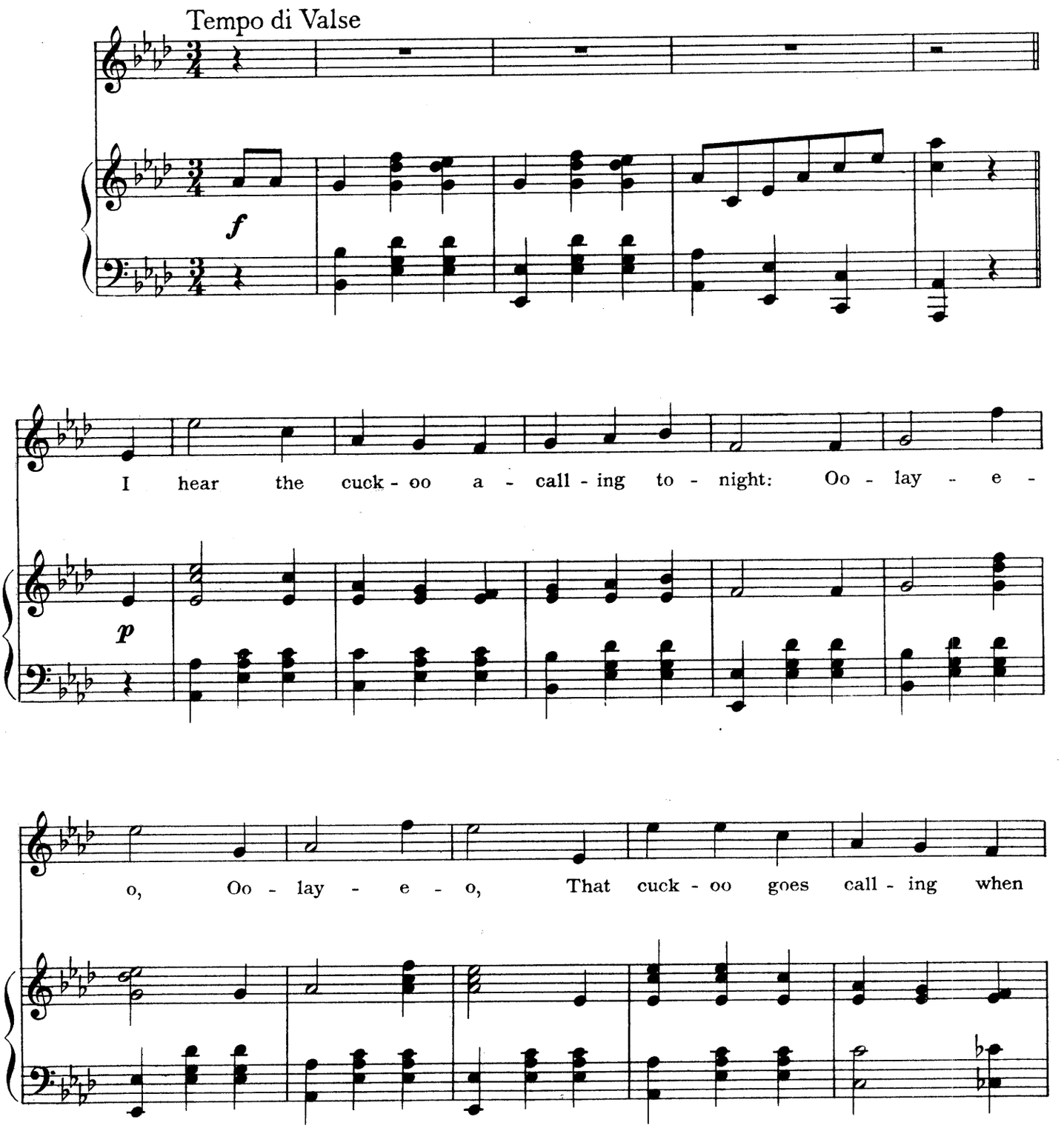
No. 16

Folk Song and Yodle

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Leo Edwards



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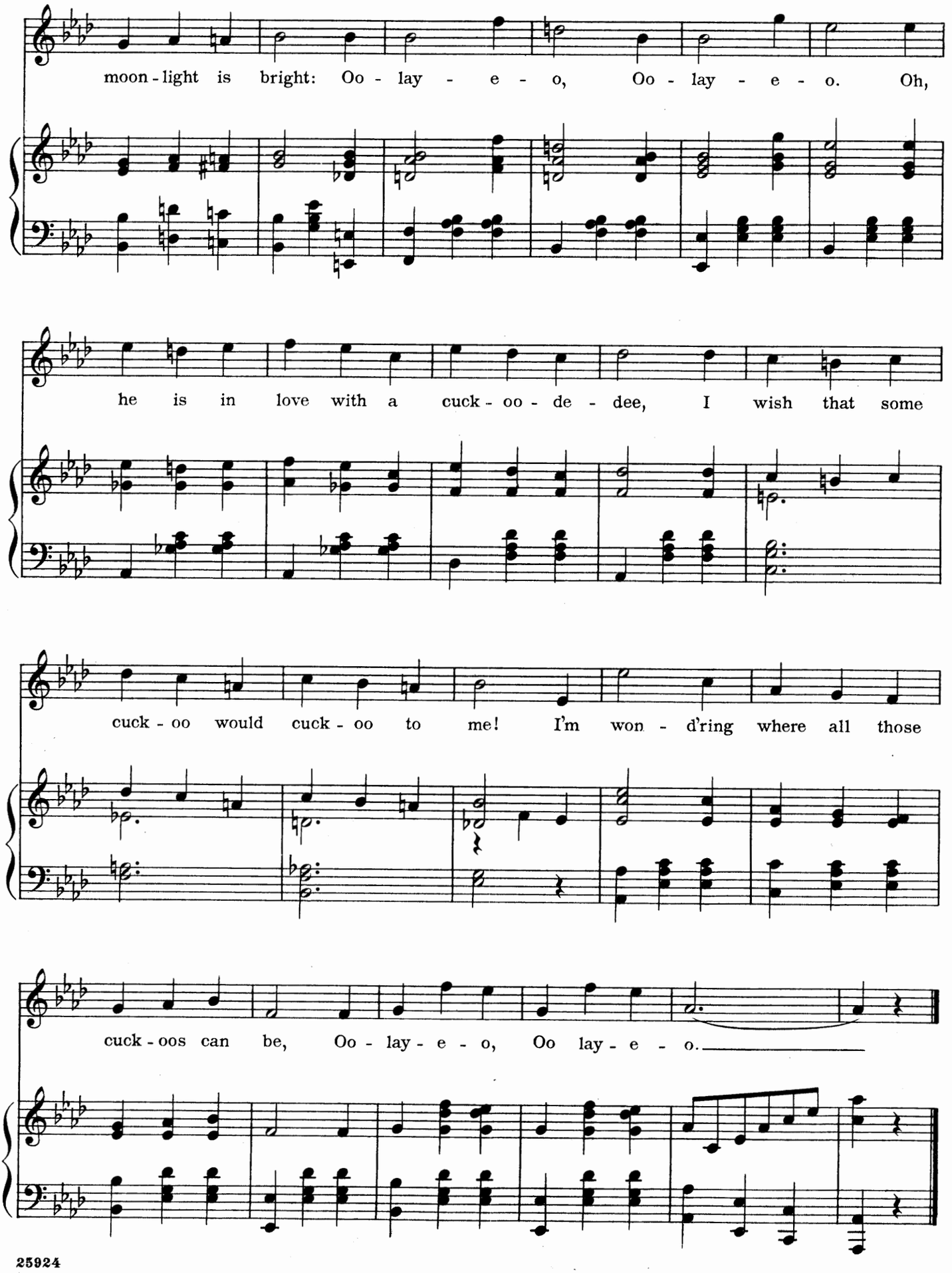
moon - light is bright: Oo - lay - e - o, Oo - lay - e - o. Oh,
he is in love with a cuck - oo - de - dee, I wish that some
cuck - oo would cuck - oo to me! I'm won - d'ring where all those
cuck - oos can be, Oo - lay - e - o, Oo lay - e - o.

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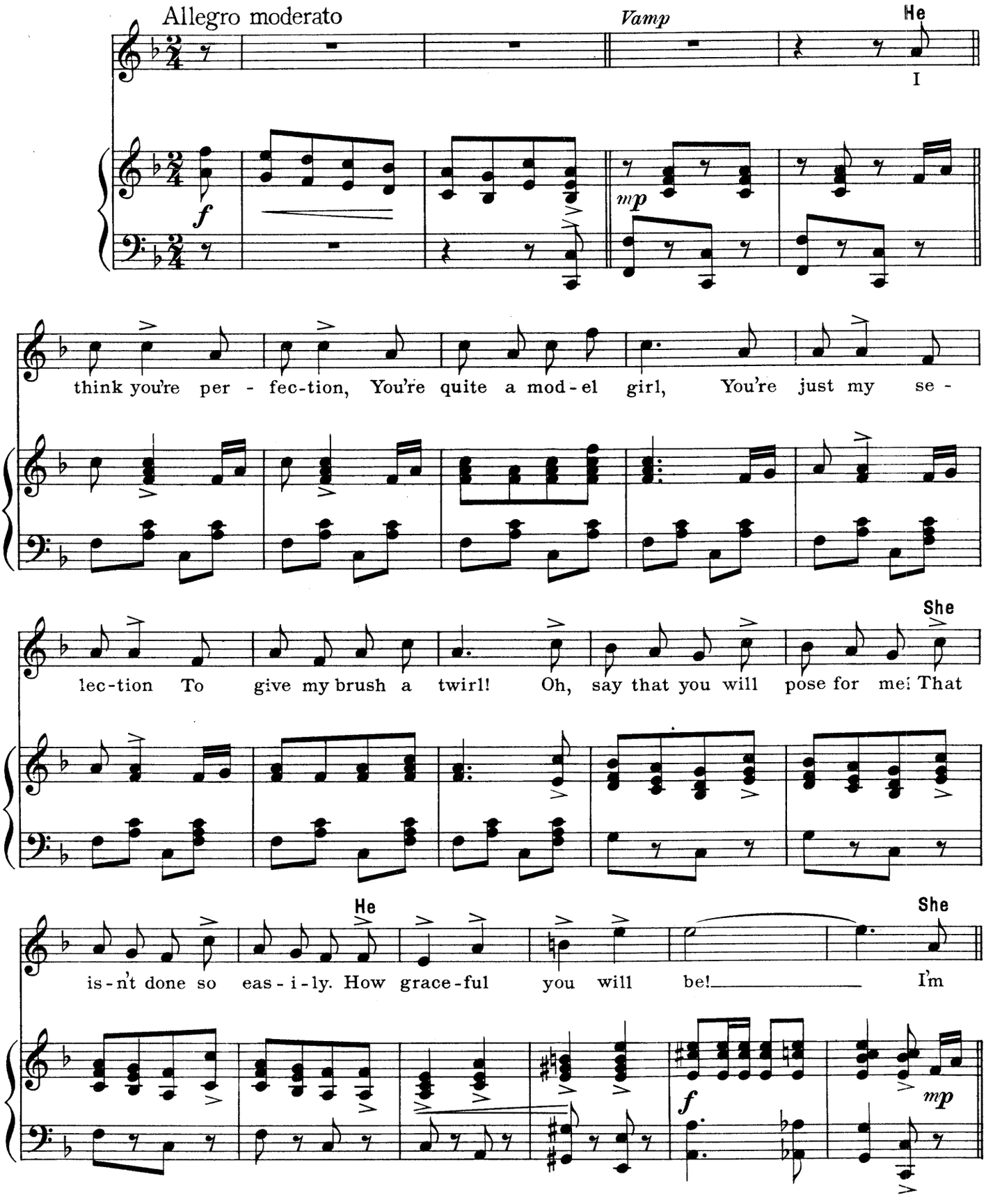
No. 17

My Model Girl

Lyrics by
Harold Atteridge

Music by
Sigmund Romberg



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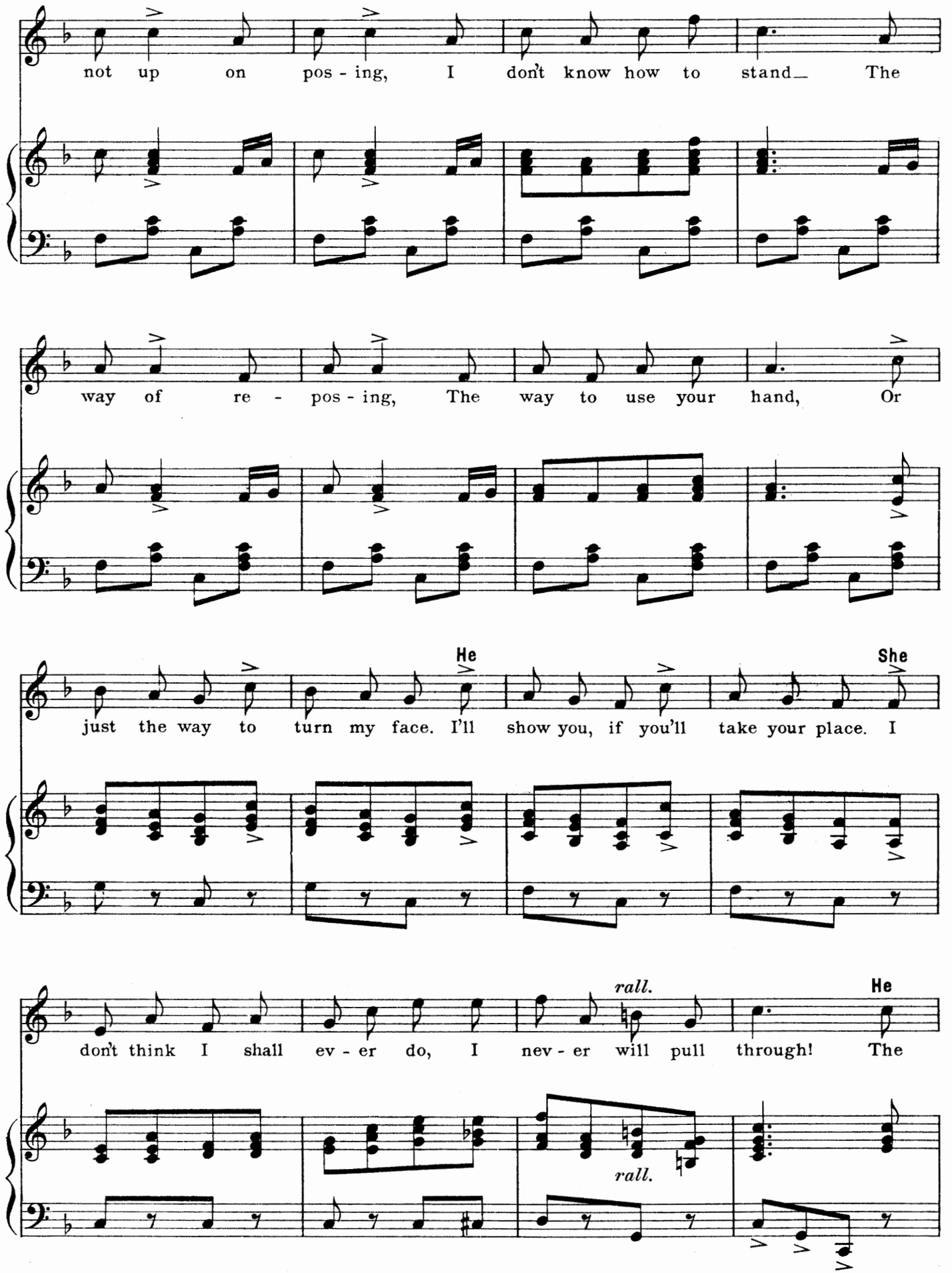
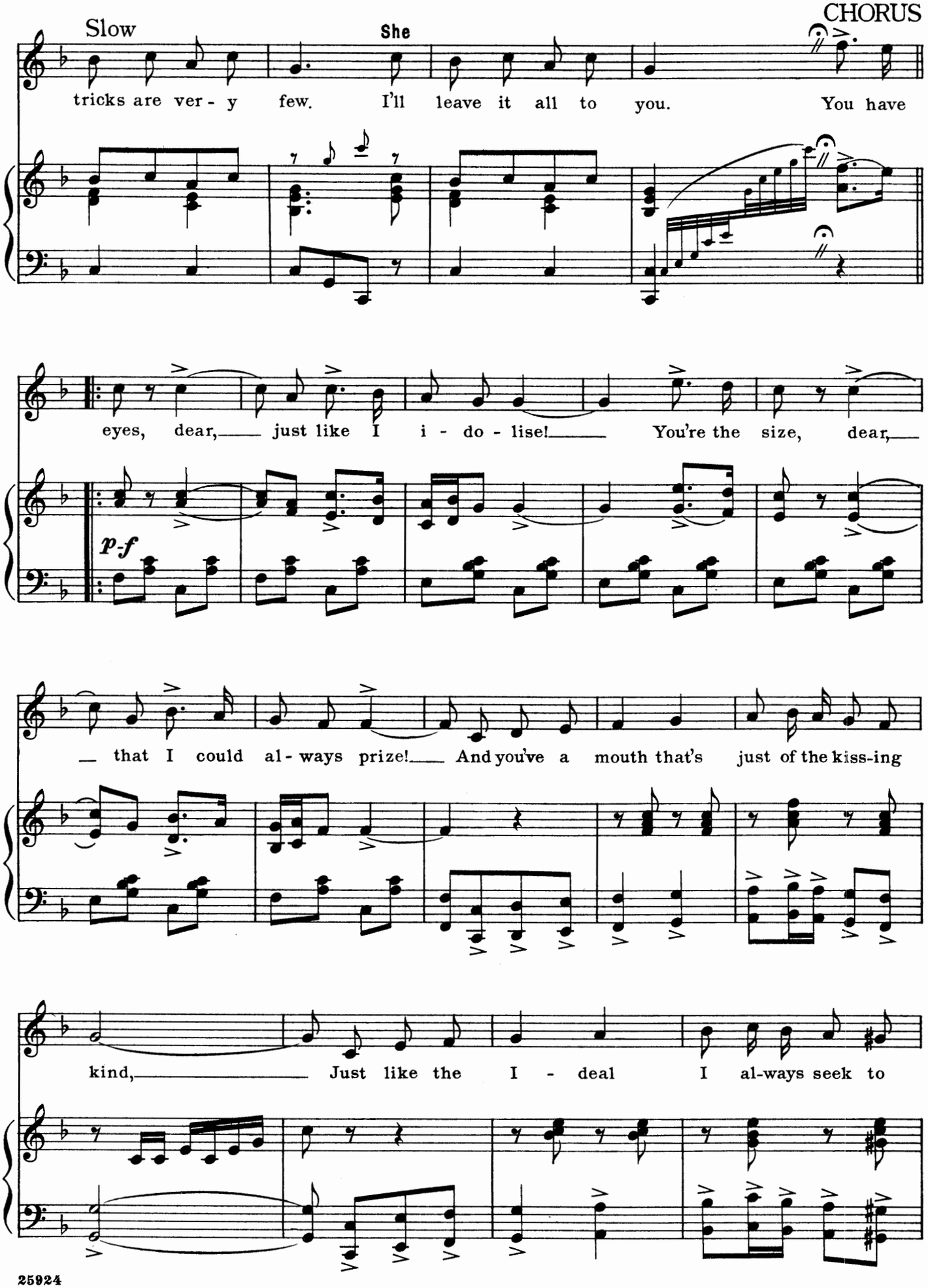
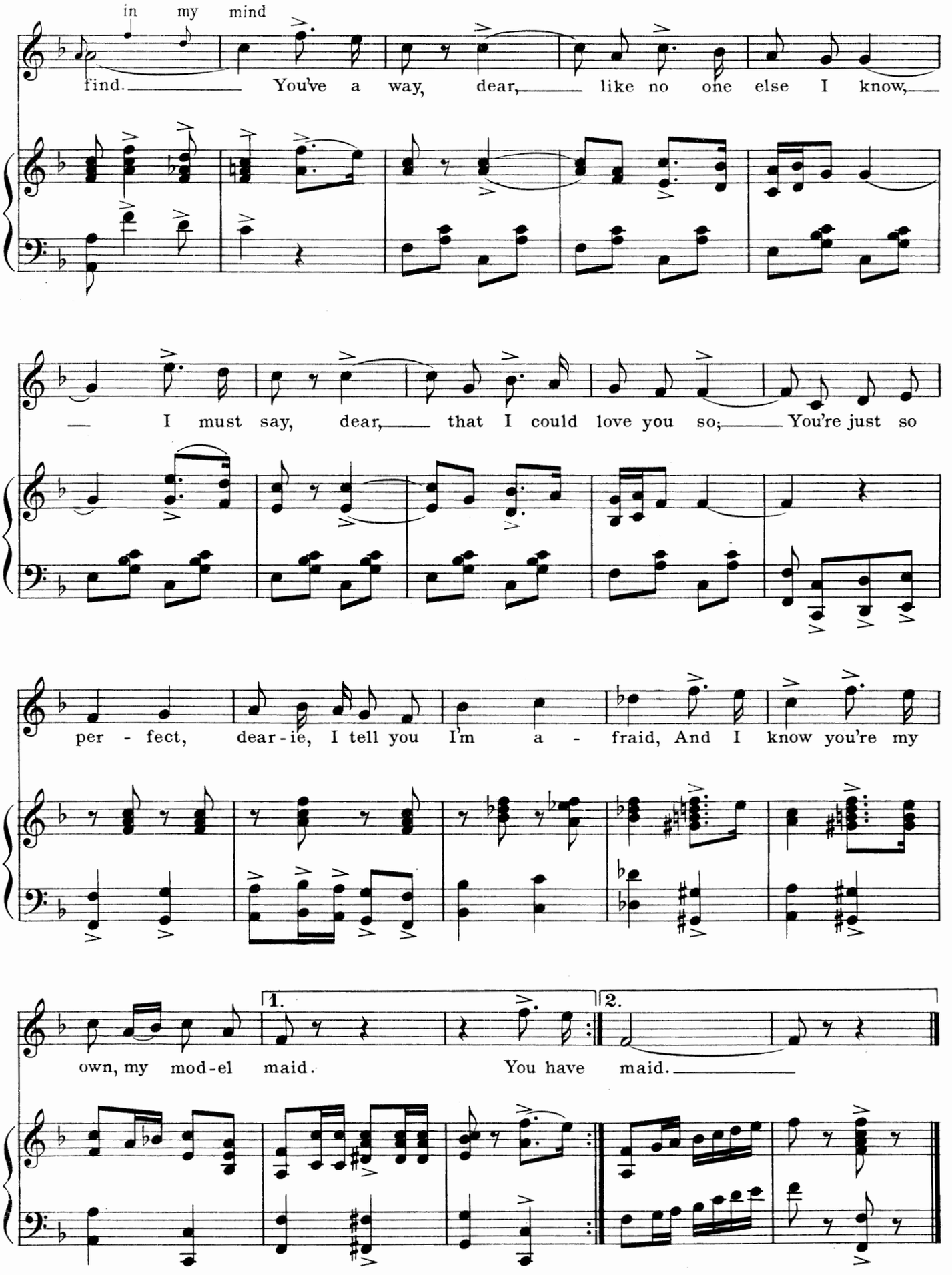

not up on pos - ing, I don't know how to stand_ The
way of re - pos - ing, The way to use your hand, Or
He
She
just the way to turn my face. I'll show you, if you'll take your place. I
rall.
He
don't think I shall ev - er do, I nev - er will pull through! The
rall.

CHORUS


Slow
She
tricks are ver - y few. I'll leave it all to you. You have
eyes, dear, just like I i - do - lise! You're the size, dear,
p-f
that I could al - ways prize! And you've a mouth that's just of the kiss-ing
kind, Just like the I - deal I al-ways seek to


in my mind
find. 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
per - fect, dear-ie, I tell you I'm a - fraid, And I know you're my
own, my mod-el maid. You have maid.
1.
2.

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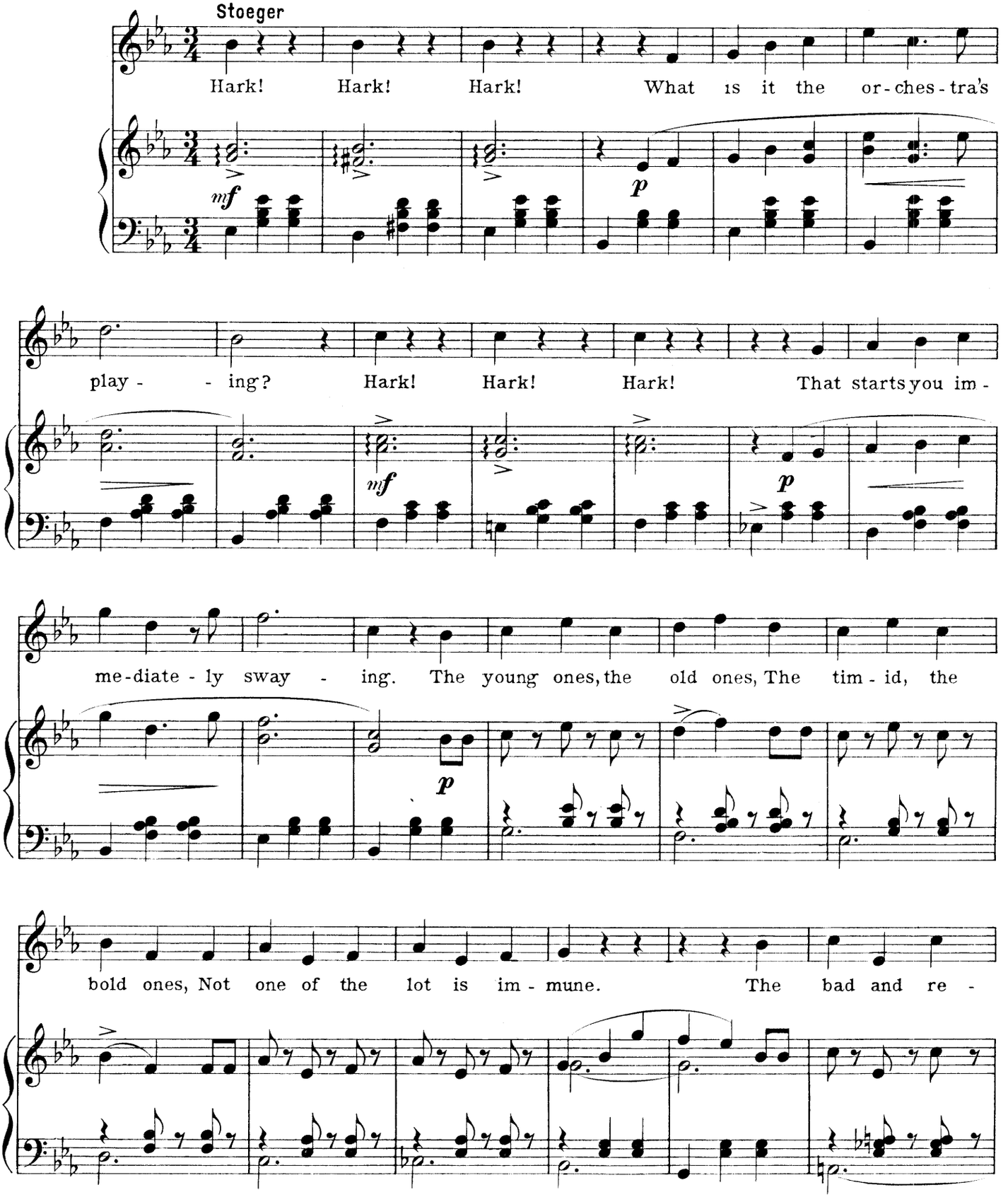
No. 18
Waltz of the Season

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

In Waltz time

Stoeger



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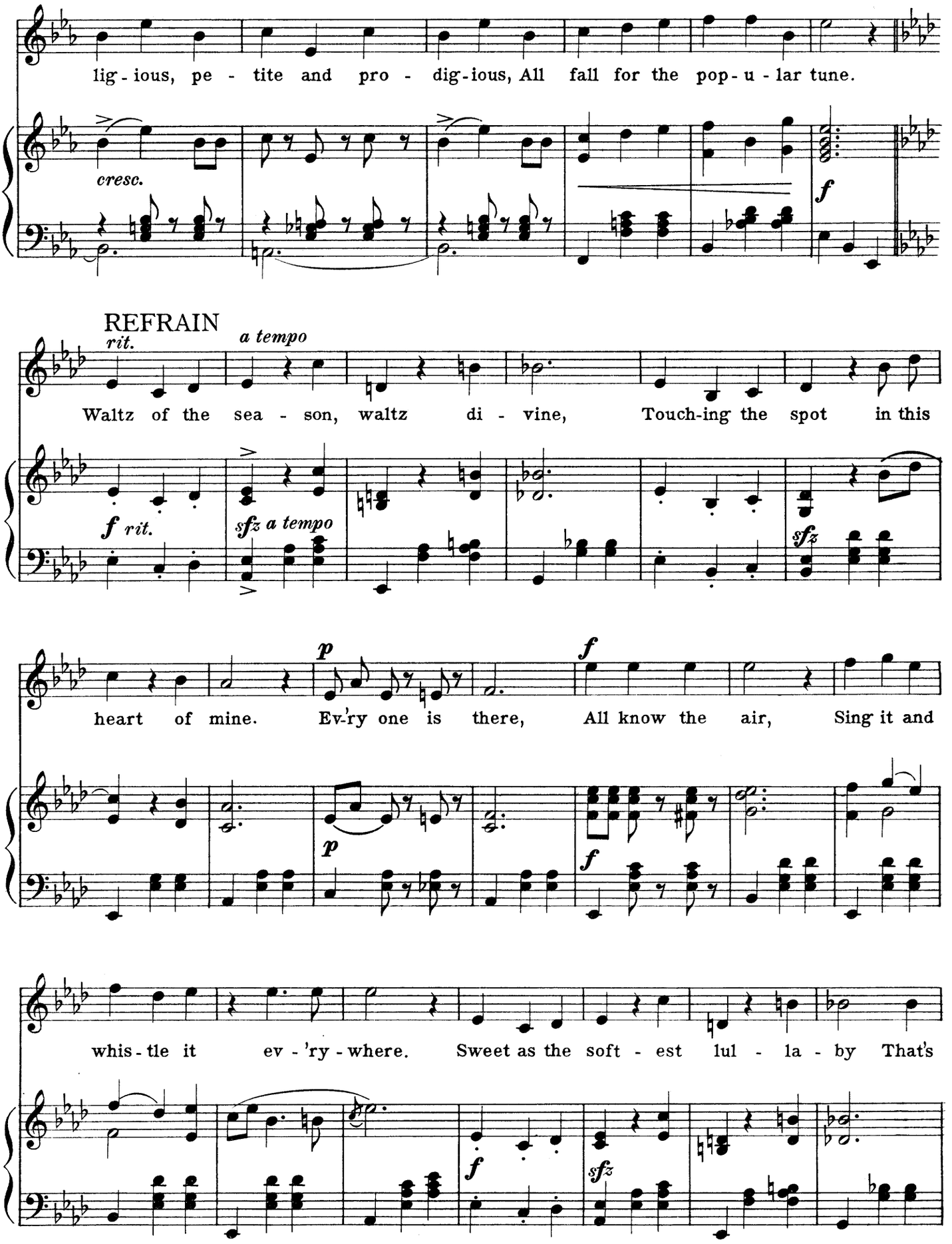
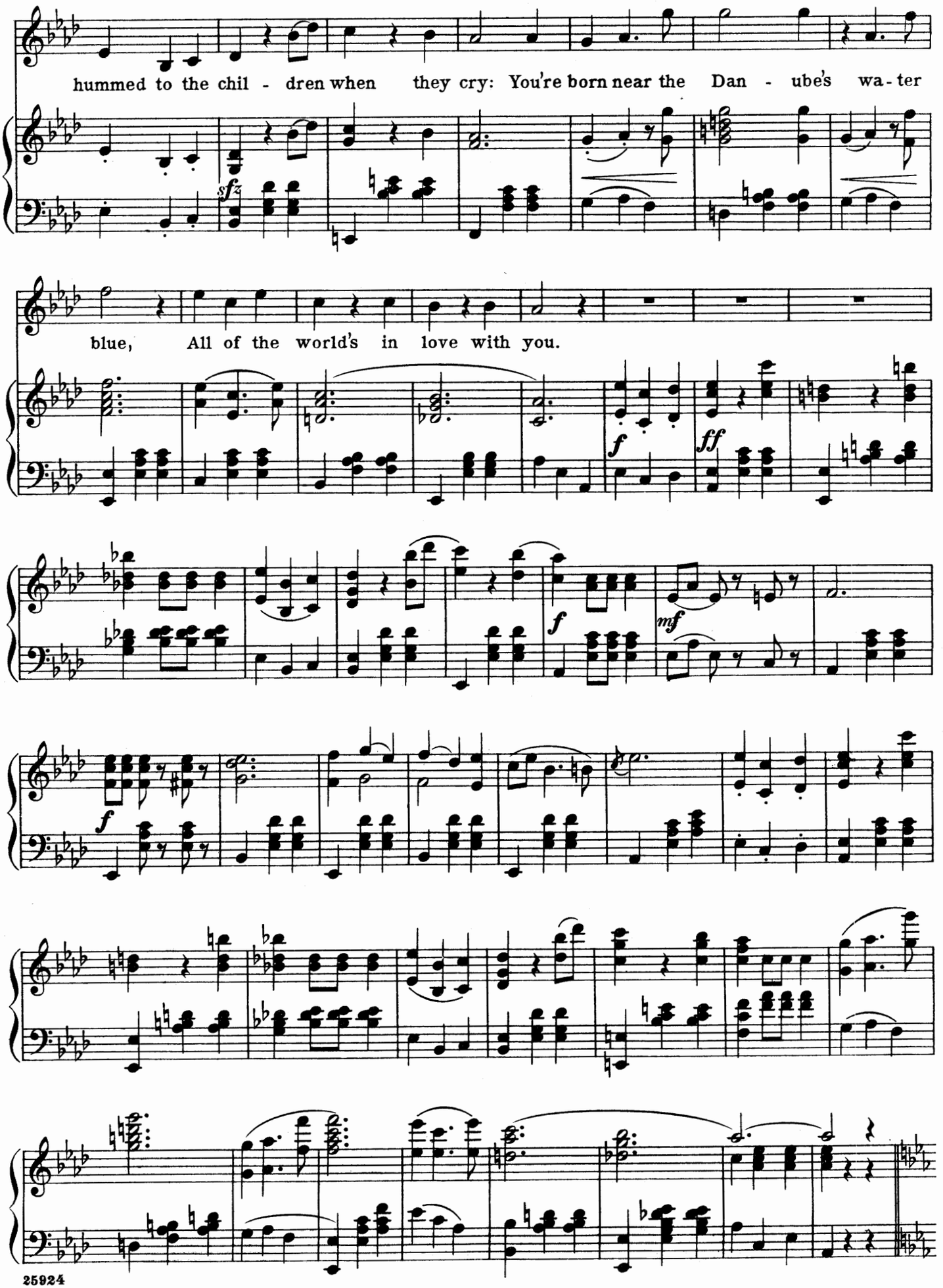
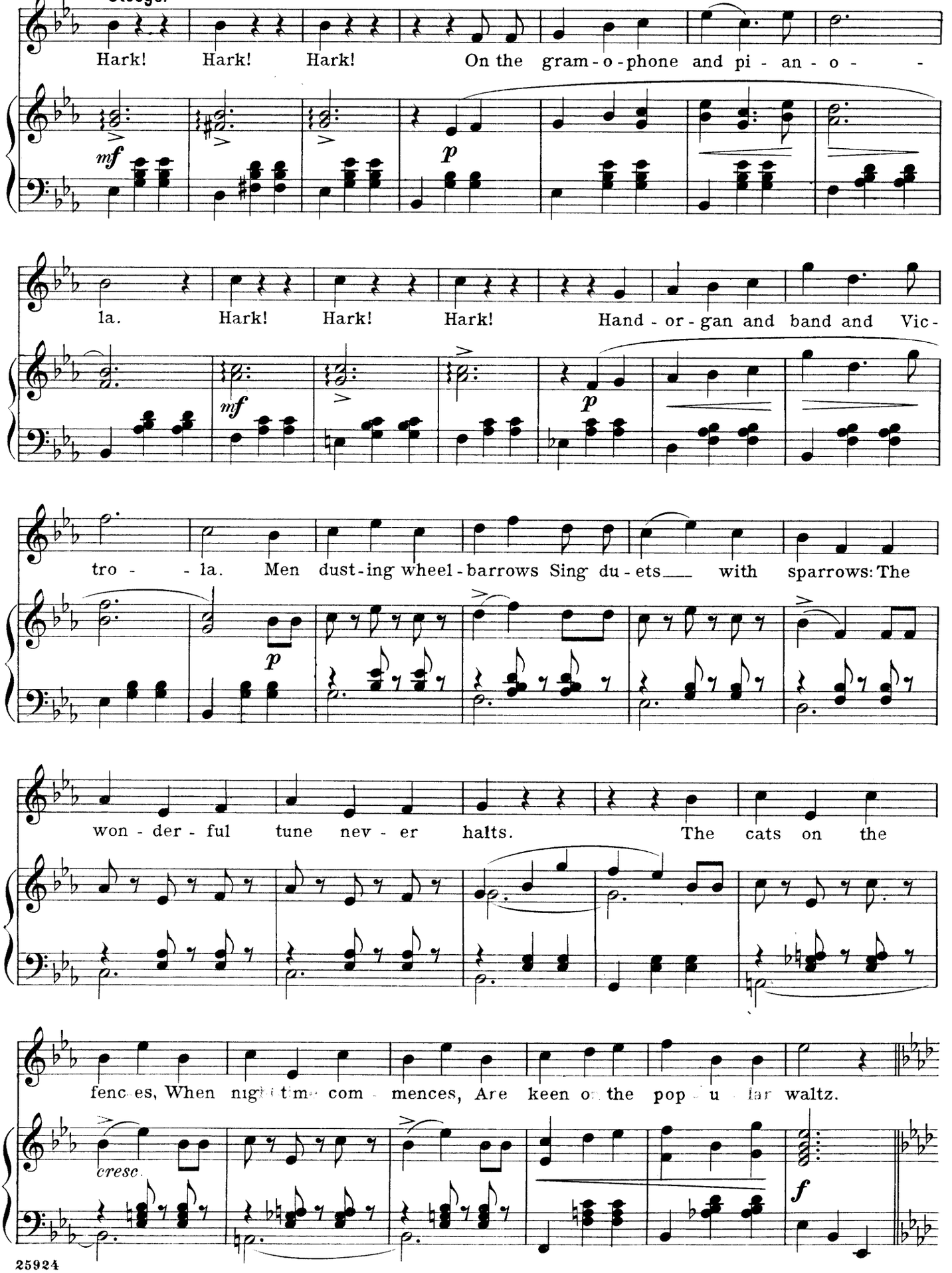
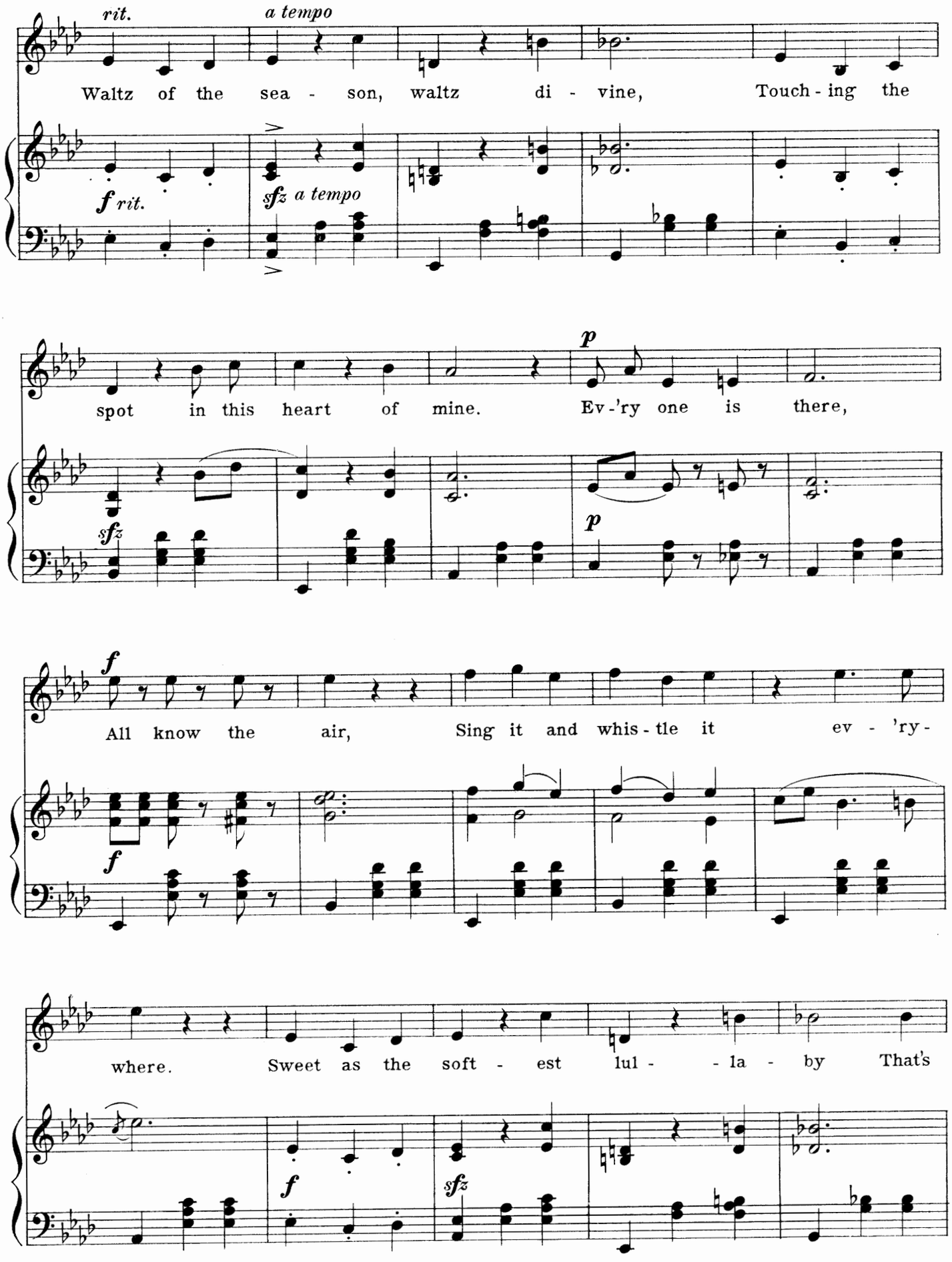

lig - ious, pe - tite and pro - dig - ious, All fall for the pop - u - lar tune.
cresc.
f
REFRAIN
rit.
a tempo
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
f rit.
sfz a tempo
sfz
heart of mine. Ev-'ry one is there, All know the air, Sing it and
p
f
whis - tle it ev - 'ry - where. Sweet as the soft - est lul - la - by That's

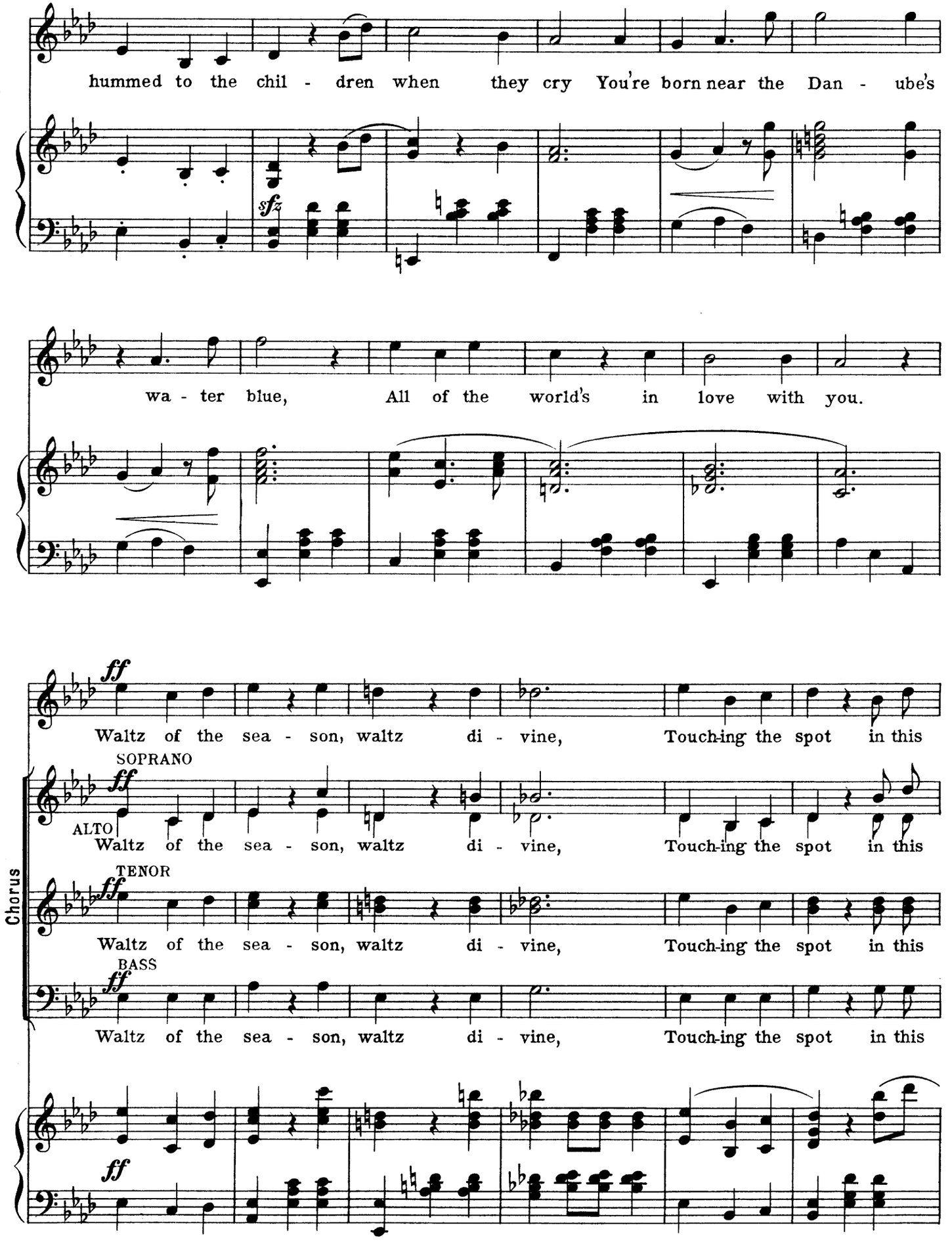

hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're born near the Dan - ube's wa - ter
blue, All of the world's in love with you.
sfz
f
ff
f
mf
f

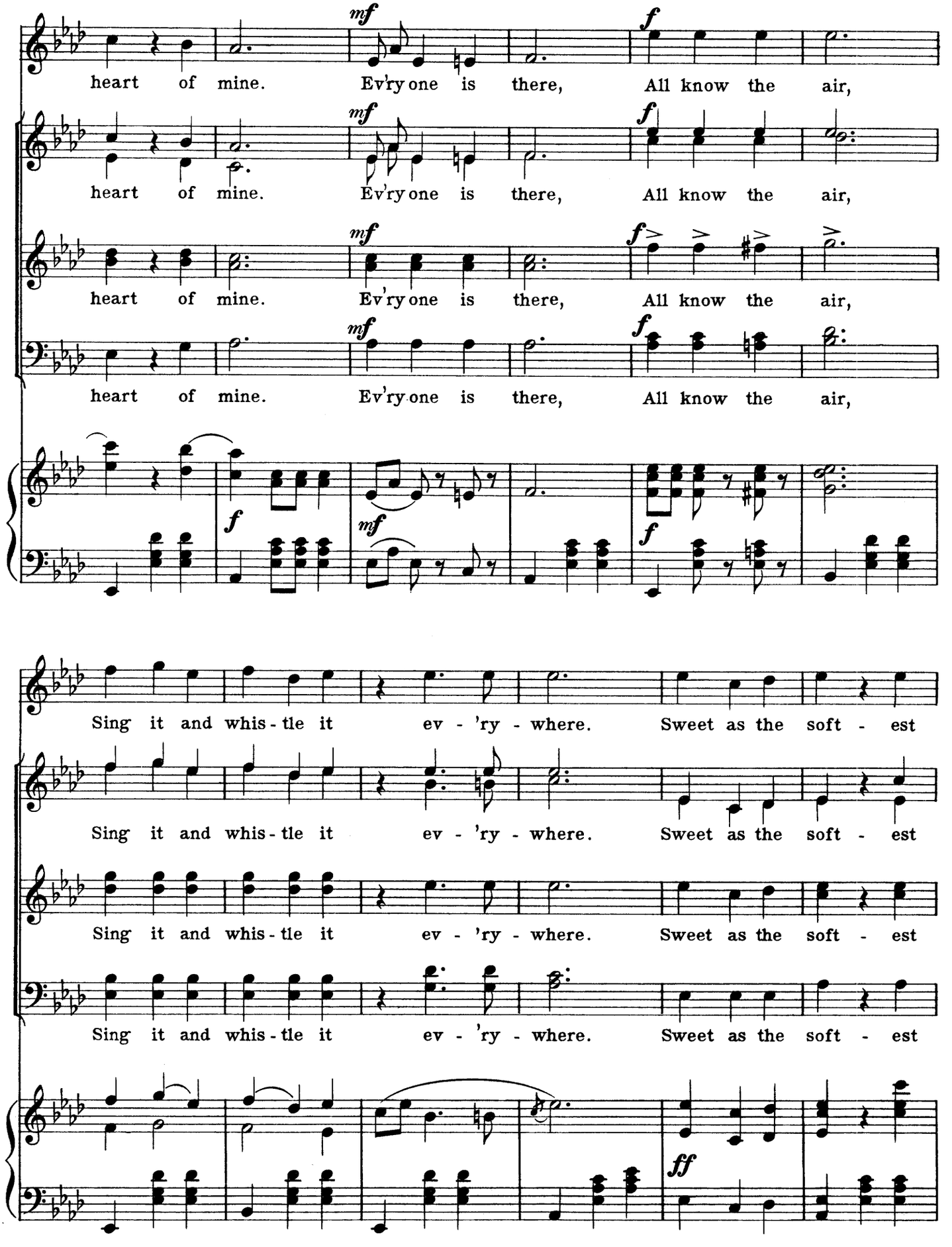
Tempo Iº

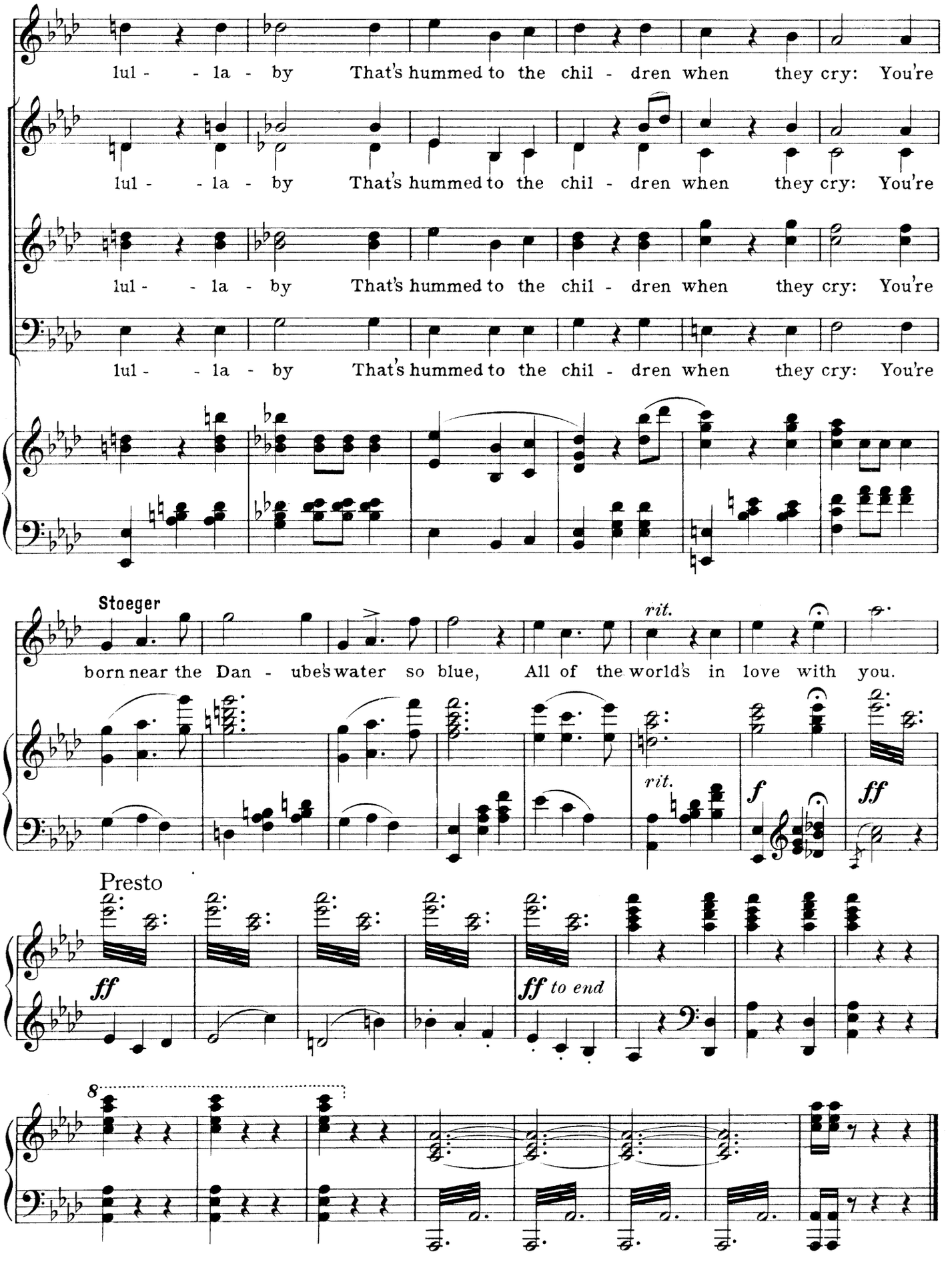
Stoeger




rit.
a tempo
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch - ing the
f rit.
sfz a tempo
spot in this heart of mine. Ev - 'ry one is there,
p
sfz
p
f
All know the air, Sing it and whis - tle it ev - 'ry -
f
where. Sweet as the soft - est lul - - la - by That's
f
sfz


hummed to the chil - dren when they cry You're born near the Dan - ube's
sfz
wa - ter blue, All of the world's in love with you.
ff
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
SOPRANO
ALTO
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
TENOR
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
BASS
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
Chorus


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


lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're
lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're
lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're
lul - - la - by That's hummed to the chil - dren when they cry: You're
Stoeger
born near the Dan - ube's water so blue, All of the world's in love with you.
rit.
rit.
f
ff
Presto
ff
ff to end
8

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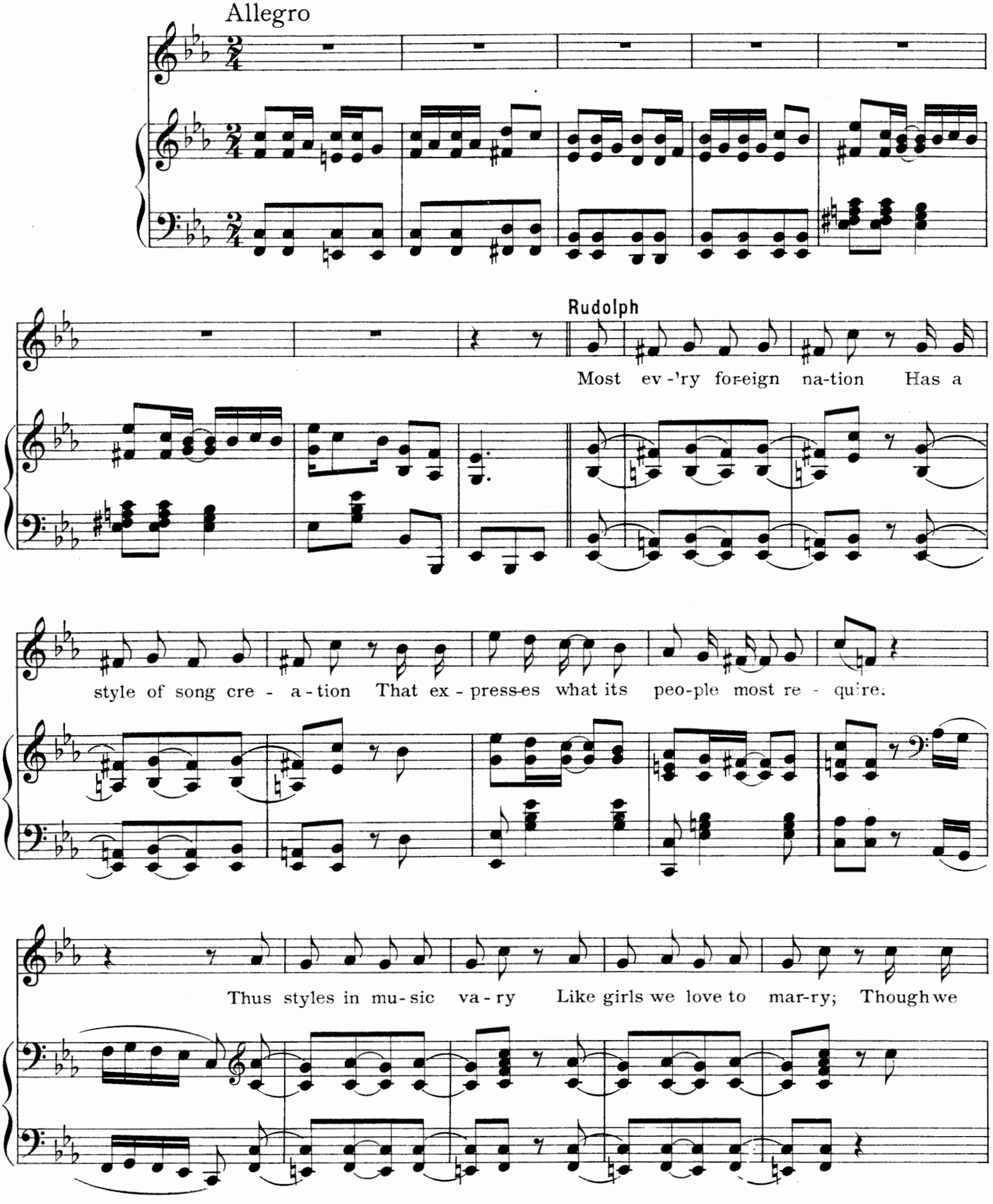
No. 19
The Tune they Croon in the U.S.A.

Words and Music by
Cecil Lean



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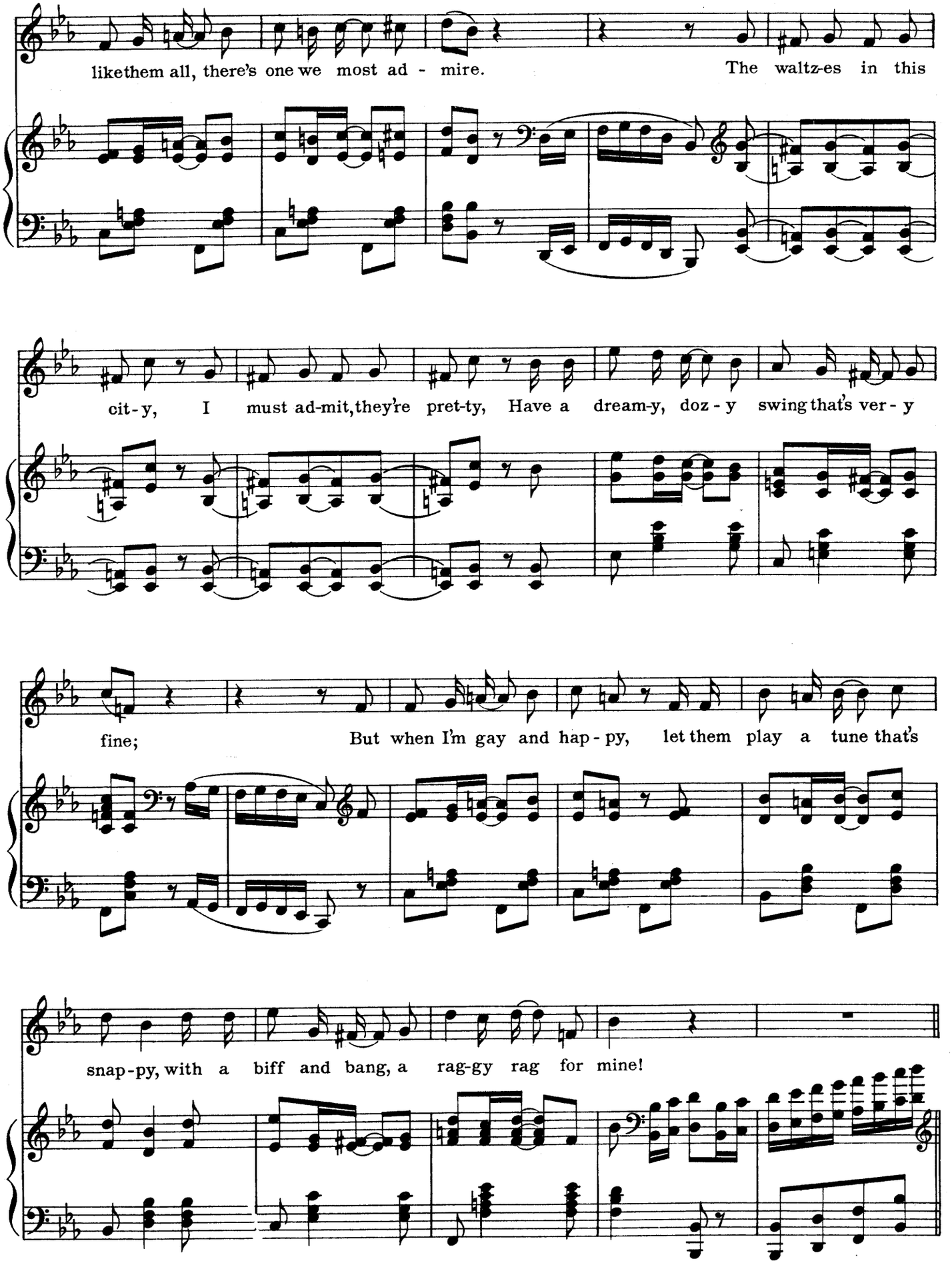
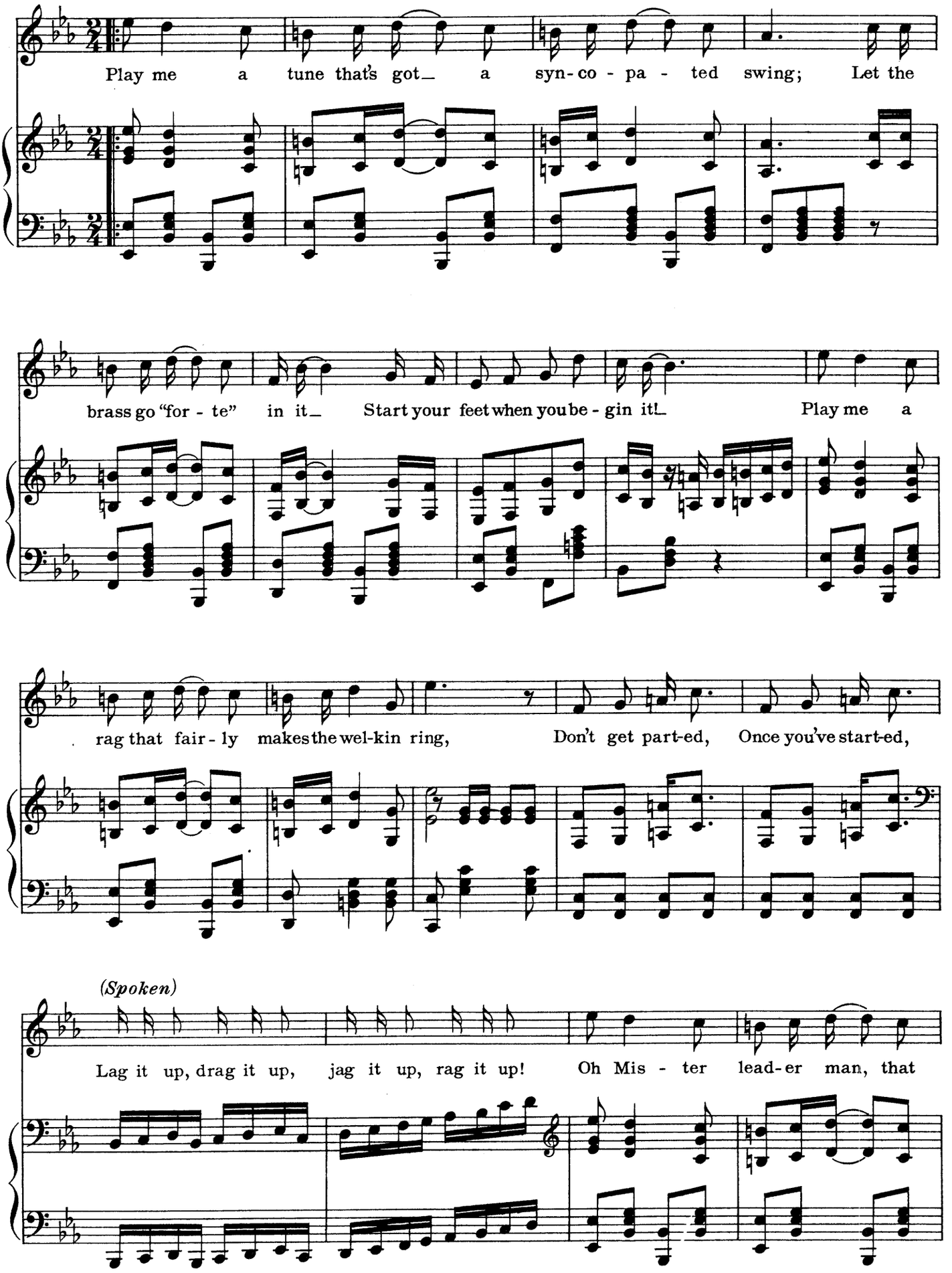
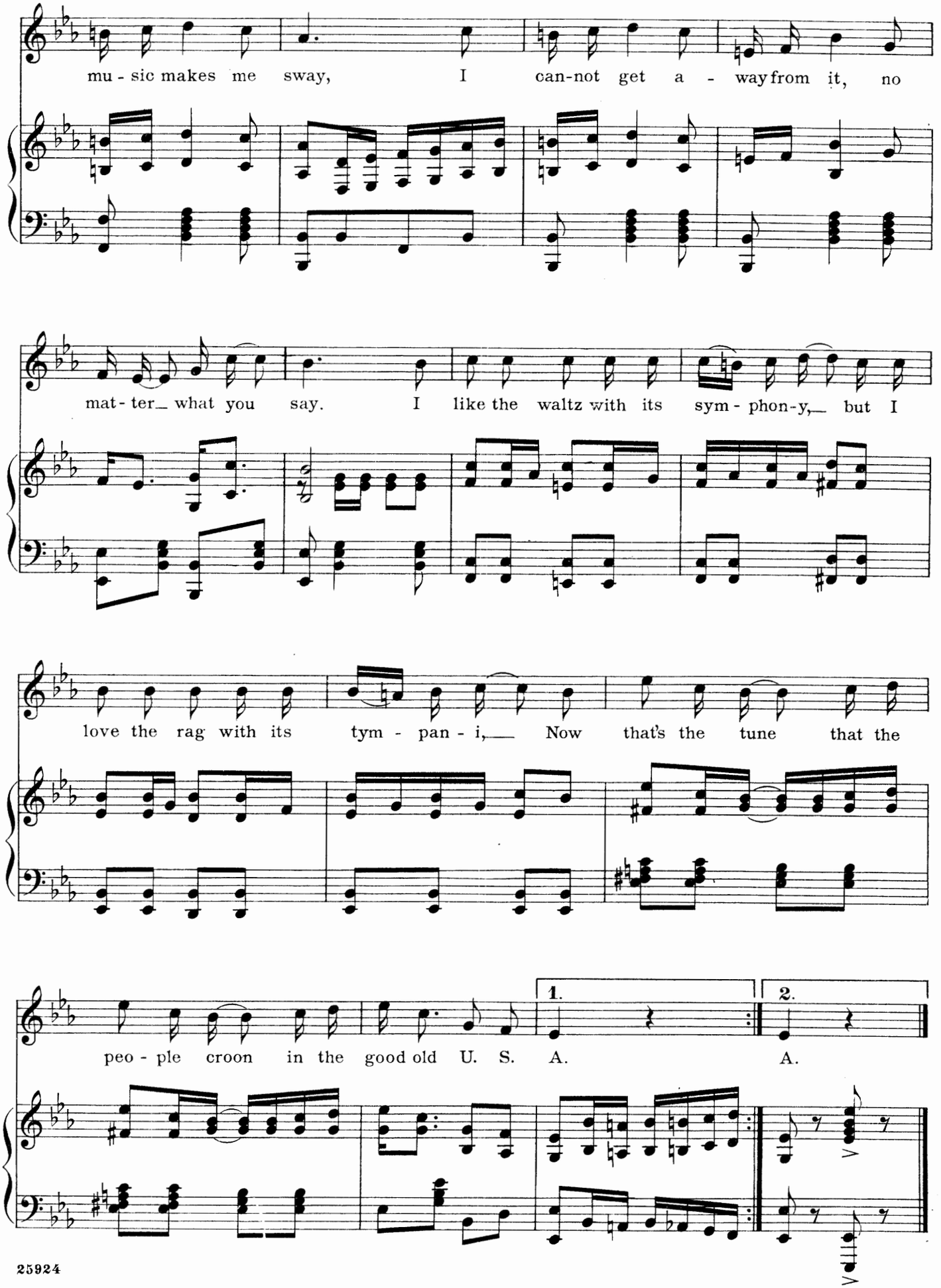

likethem all, there's one we most ad - mire. The waltz-es in this
cit-y, I must ad-mit, they're pret-ty, Have a dream-y, doz - y swing that's ver - y
fine; But when I'm gay and hap - py, let them play a tune that's
snap-py, with a biff and bang, a rag-gy rag for mine!


Play me a tune that's got_ a syn-co - pa - ted swing; Let the
brass go "for - te" in it_ Start your feet when you be - gin it!_ Play me a
rag that fair - ly makes the wel-kin ring, Don't get part-ed, Once you've start-ed,
(Spoken)
Lag it up, drag it up, jag it up, rag it up! Oh Mis - ter lead-er man, that


mu - sic makes me sway, I can-not get a - way from it, no
mat - ter what you say. I like the waltz with its sym - phon-y, but I
love the rag with its tym - pan - i, Now that's the tune that the
peo - ple croon in the good old U. S. A.
1.
2.
A.

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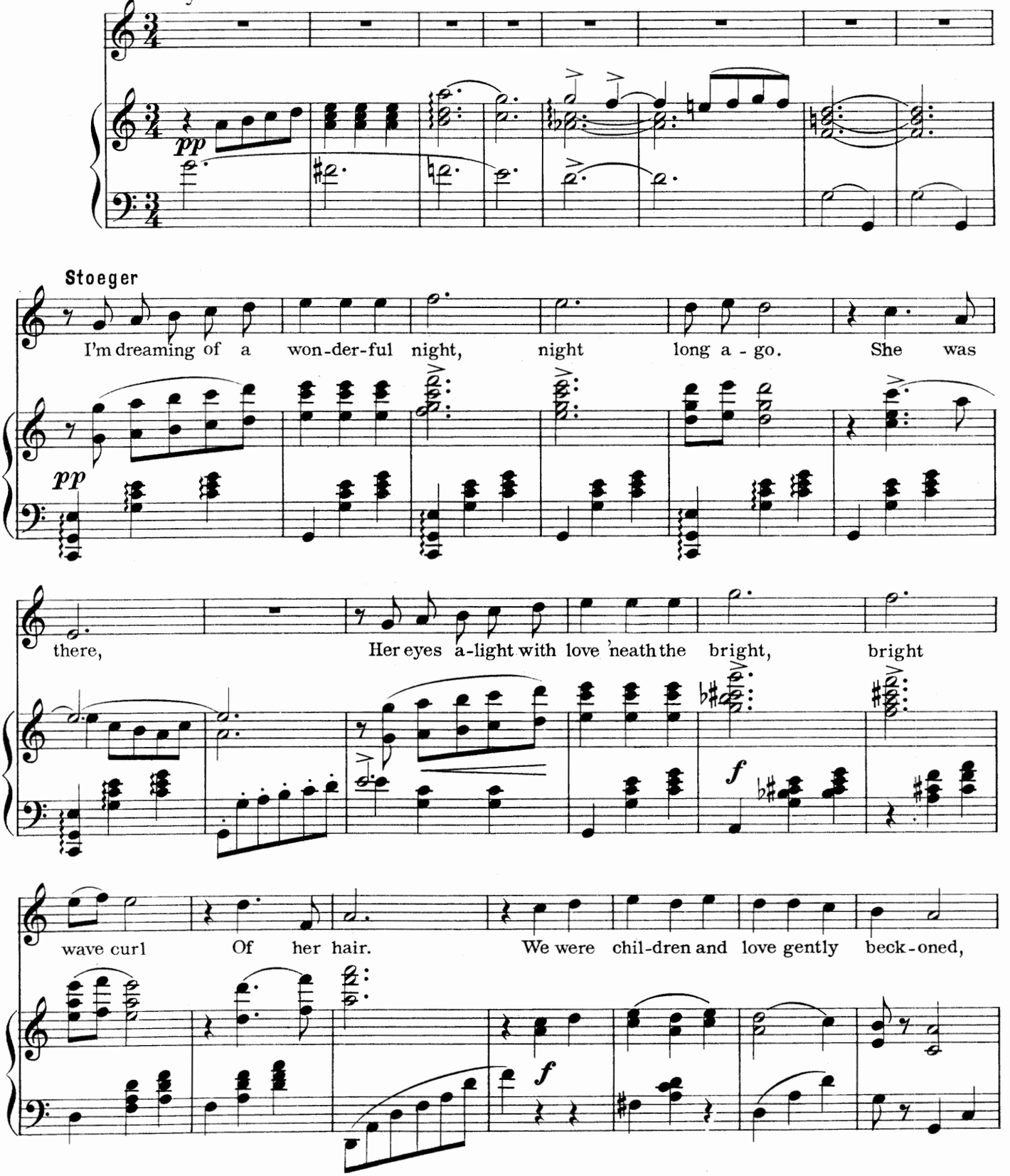
No. 20

I'm Dreaming of A Wonderful Night

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler

Very slow waltz time



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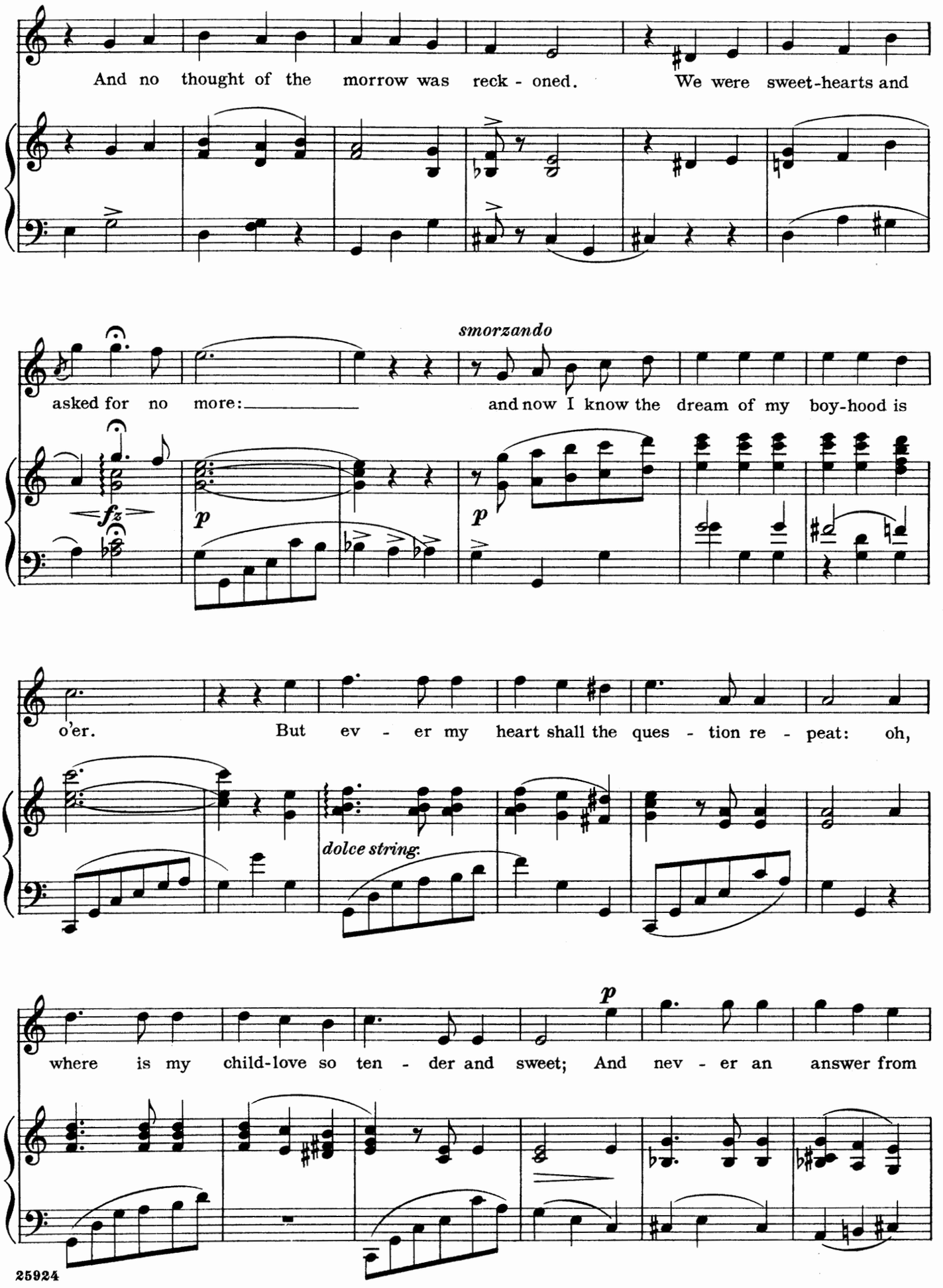

And no thought of the morrow was reck - oned. We were sweet-hearts and
smorzando
asked for no more: and now I know the dream of my boy-hood is
fz
p
p
o'er. But ev - er my heart shall the ques - tion re - peat: oh,
dolce string.
p
where is my child-love so ten - der and sweet; And nev - er an answer from

Tempo I°

me shall be heard, No, nev - er a word, no, nev - er a word. Though voic - es are

accel. *p* *mf* *p*

si - lent in dream - land, I'll find a won - der-ful pic-ture of days far be -

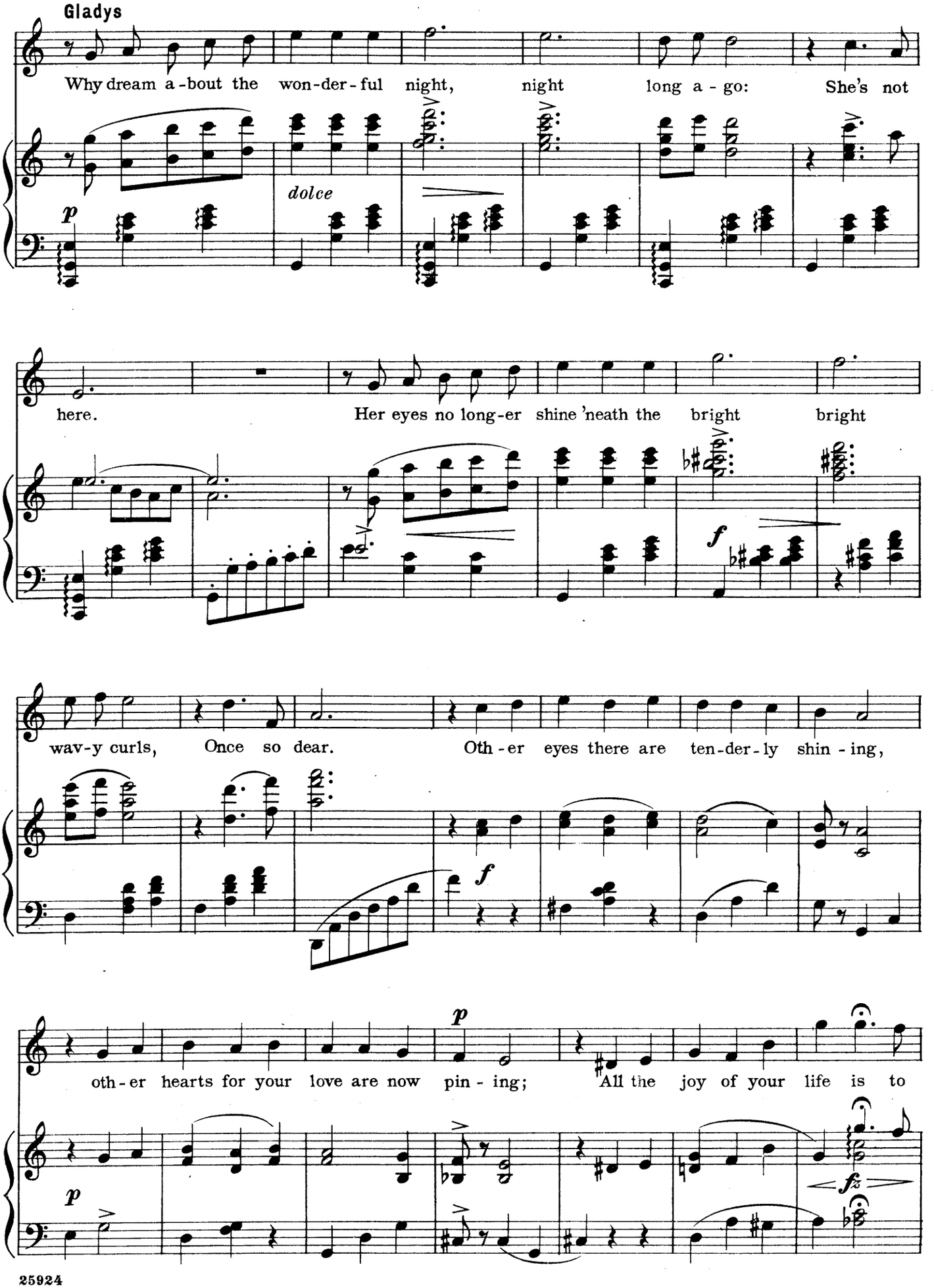
hind. A - gain I am young, she is smil - ing at me, And sweet is the

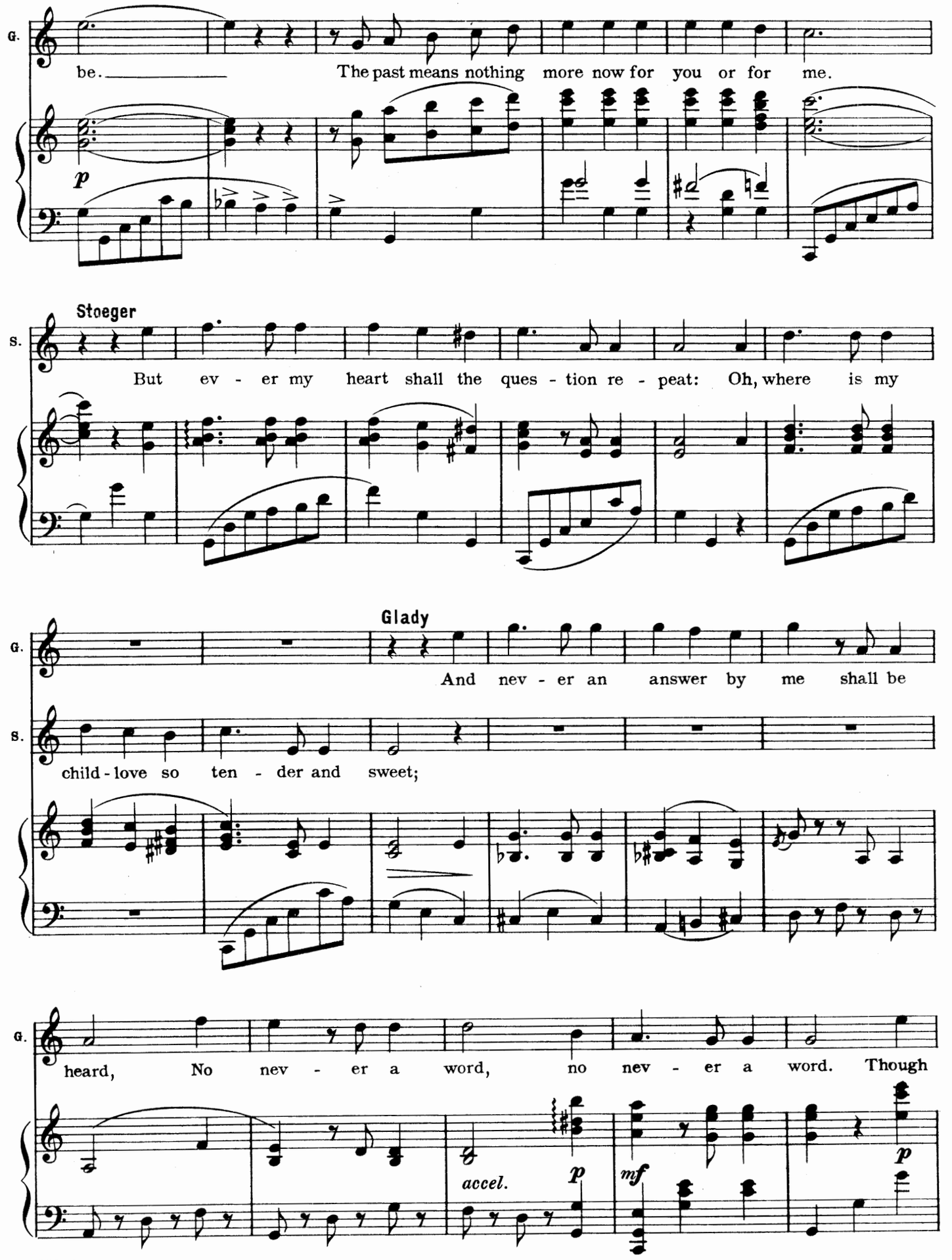
rit.

mem - o - ry.

rit.

p


Gladys
Why dream a-bout the won-der-ful night, night long a-go: She's not
dolce
p
here. Her eyes no long-er shine 'neath the bright bright
f
wav-y curls, Once so dear. Oth-er eyes there are ten-der-ly shin-ing,
f
p
oth-er hearts for your love are now pin-ing; All the joy of your life is to
p
fz


G.
be. The past means nothing more now for you or for me.
p
Stoeger
S.
But ev - er my heart shall the ques - tion re - peat: Oh, where is my
Glady
G.
And nev - er an answer by me shall be
S.
child - love so ten - der and sweet;
G.
heard, No nev - er a word, no nev - er a word. Though
accel.
p
mf
p

Tempo I°

voic - es are si - lent in dream - land, I'll find a won - der-ful

pict - ure of days far be - hind. A - gain I am young, she is

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

rit.

cresc. molto

mf

ppp

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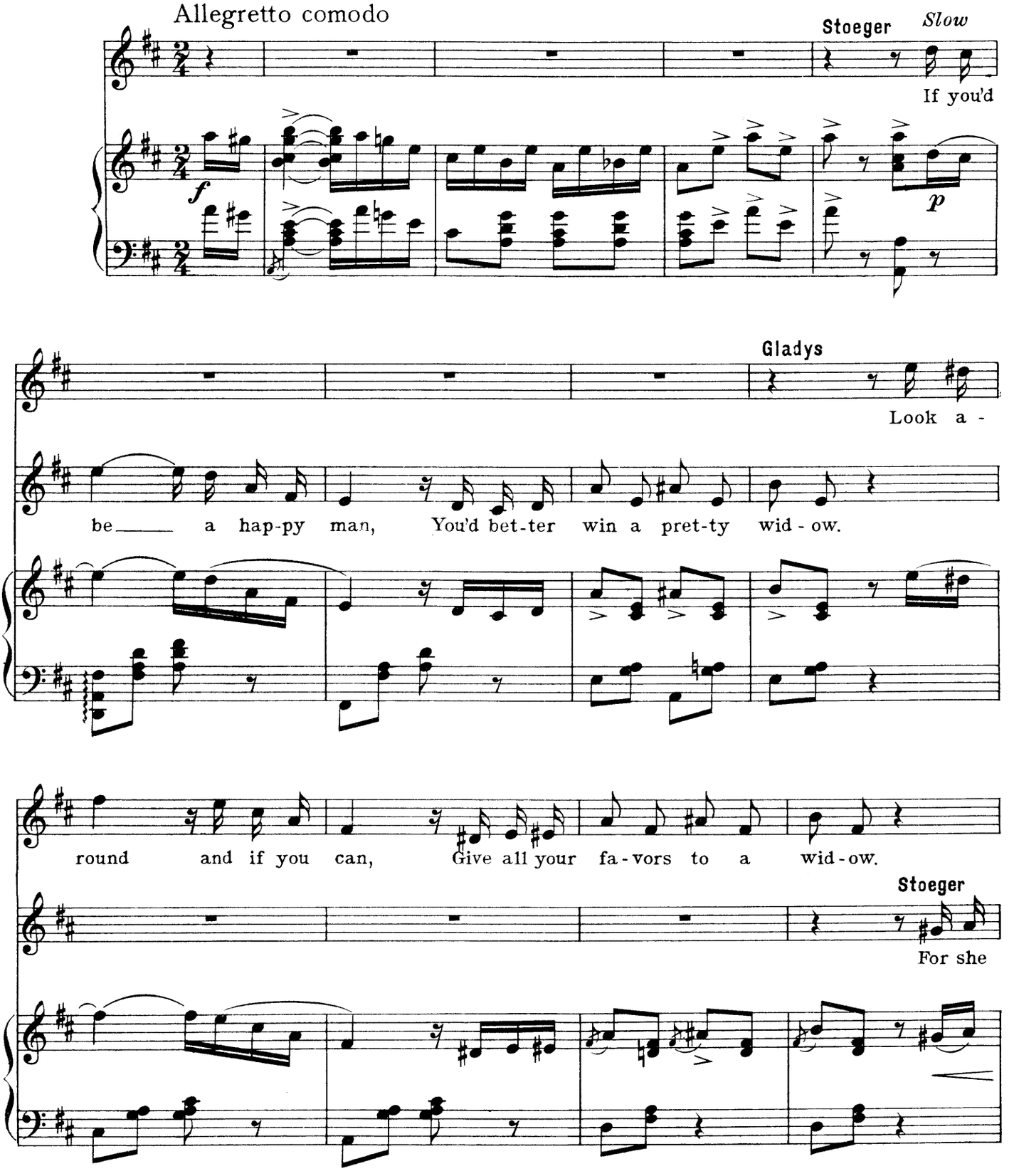
No. 21
Finale

Lyrics by
Herbert Reynolds

Music by
Edmund Eysler



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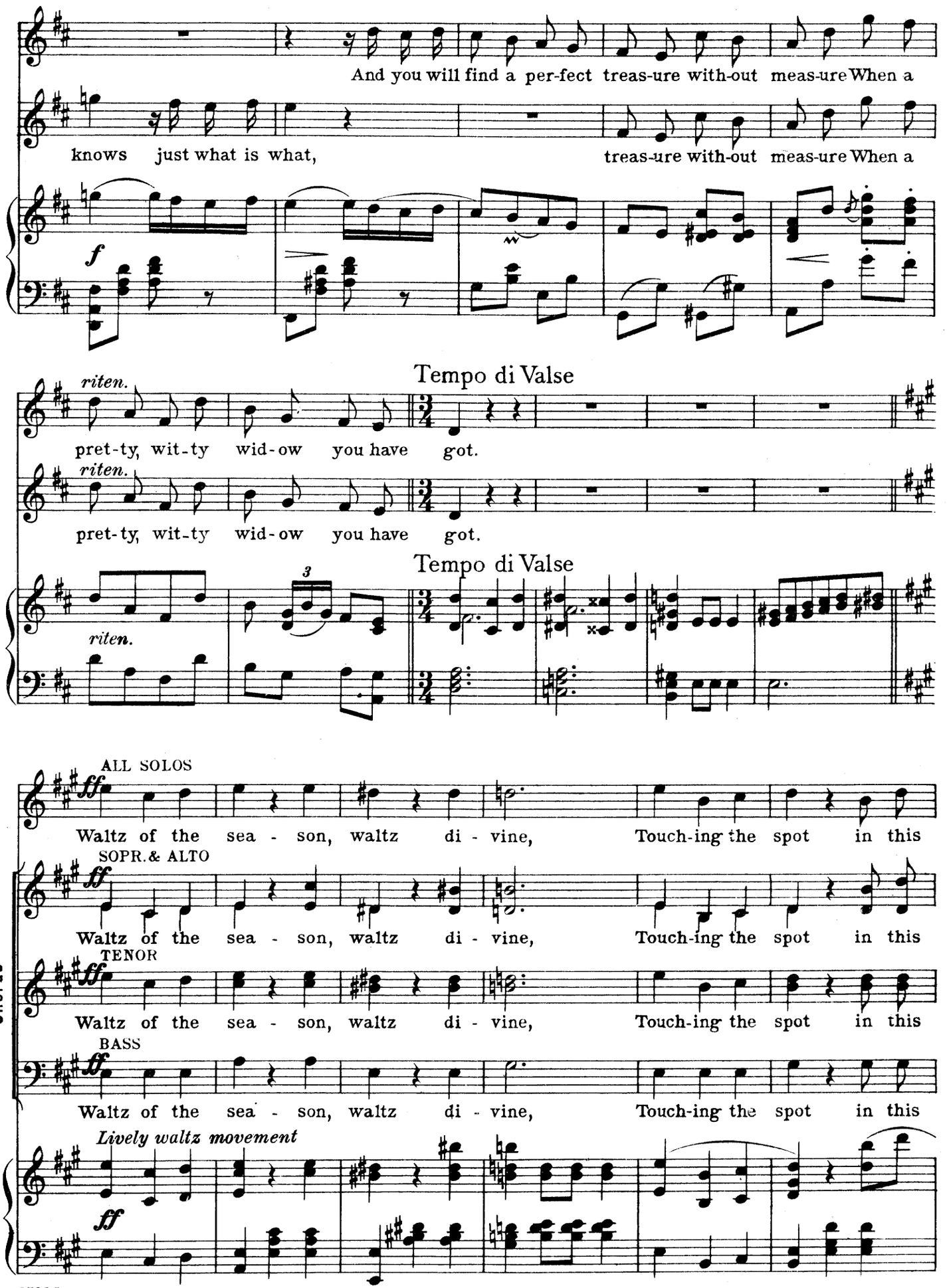
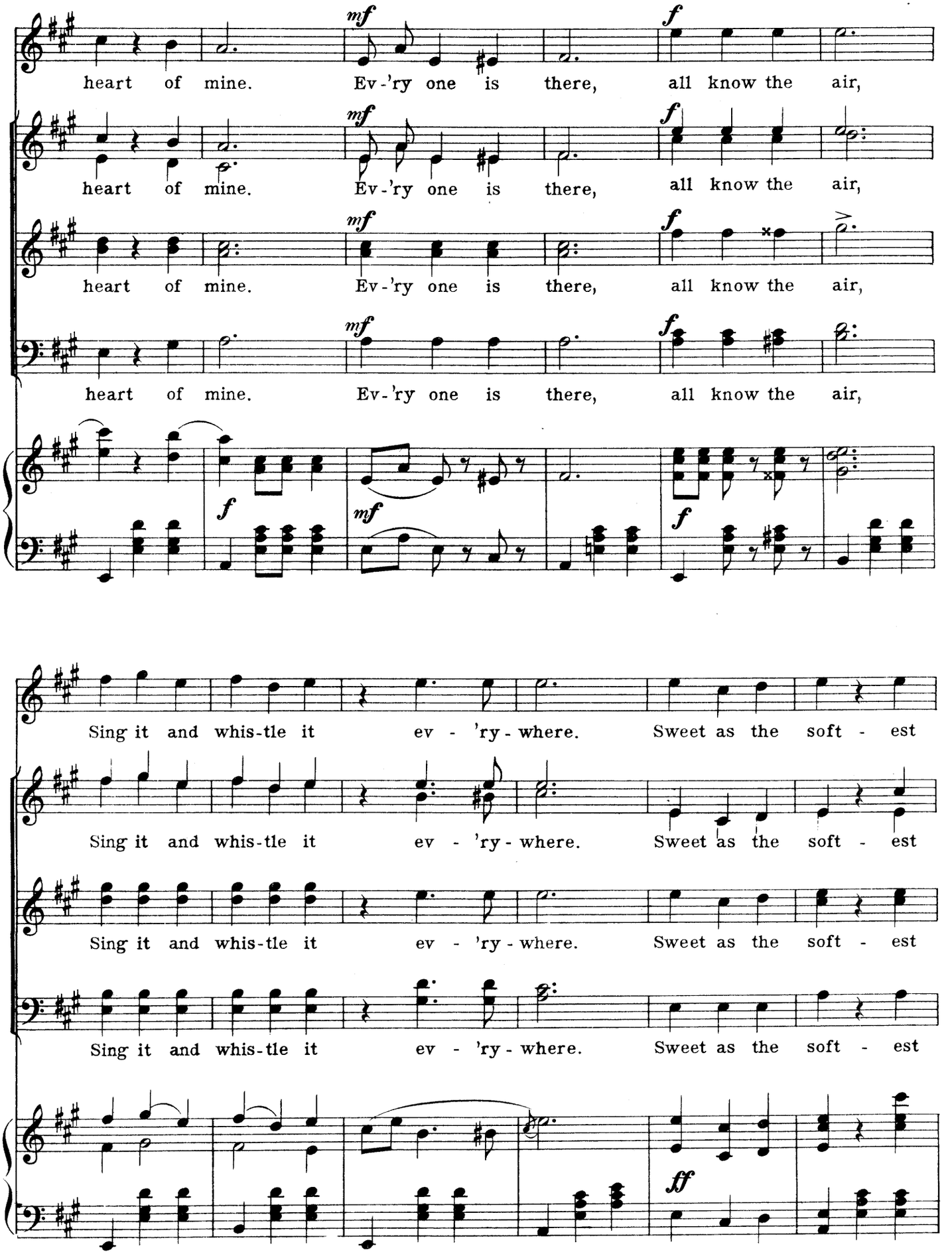
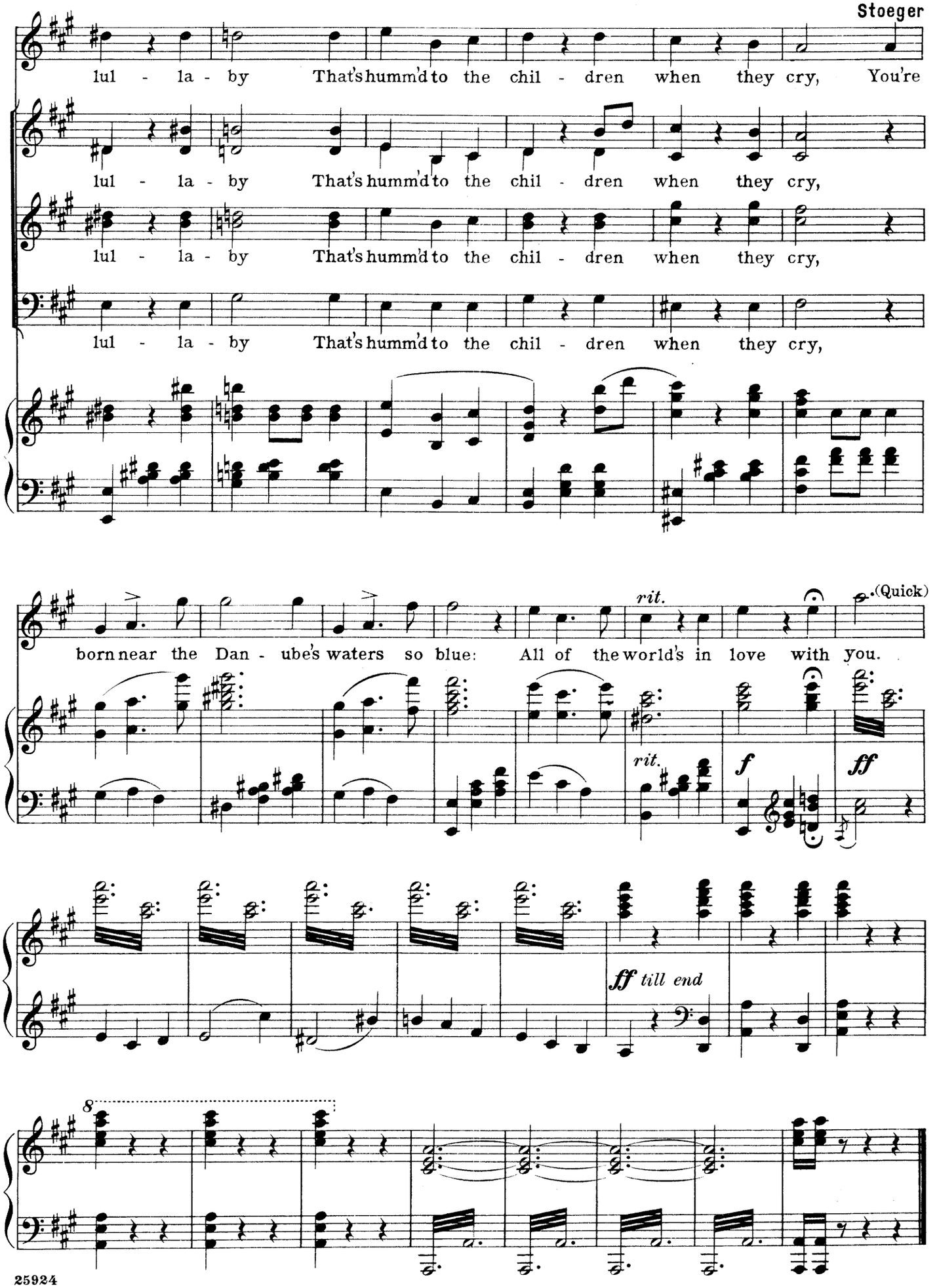

And you will find a per-fect treas-ure with-out meas-ure When a
knows just what is what, treas-ure with-out meas-ure When a
f
riten.
pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have got.
Tempo di Valse
riten.
pret-ty, wit-ty wid-ow you have got.
Tempo di Valse
riten.
3
ALL SOLOS
ff
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
SOPR. & ALTO
ff
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
TENOR
ff
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
BASS
ff
Waltz of the sea - son, waltz di - vine, Touch-ing the spot in this
Chorus
Lively waltz movement
ff


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


Stoeger
lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry, You're
lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,
lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,
lul - la - by That's humm'd to the chil - dren when they cry,
born near the Dan - ube's waters so blue: All of the world's in love with you.
rit.
(Quick)
rit.
f
ff
ff till end
8