"A Waltz Dream"

OPÉRETTE IN
THREE ACTS

By
FELIX DOERMANN and LEOPOLD JACOBSON

Music by
OSCAR STRAUS

English Book and Lyrics

by
JOSEPH HERBERT

Music Arranged by A. CARROLL ELY

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

As presented at the CRESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE,
Philadelphia, January 6th, 1908, by the
Interstate Amusement Co.

(FAVRE, McKee, Pres.)

JOACHIM XIII..................CHAS. A. BIGELOW
PRINCESS HELENE..................MAGDA DAHL
COUNT LOTHE.....................JOS. W. HERBERT
LIEUTENANT NIKI...............EDWARD JOHNSON
LIEUTENANT MONTSCHI.........EDWIN WILSON
FRIEDERICK................CATHFRINE INGANOFF
WENDOLIN................DONALD BUCHANAN
SIGISMUND........................JOS. CAREY
FRANZI STEINRUBER........SOPHIE BRANDT
FIFI..........................JOSIE SADLER
ANNERL................GERALDINE MALONE

SCENIC LOCALE

ACT I.—Festival Hall in Prince Joachim’s Castle at Flausenthurn.
ACT II.—Garden Salon.
ACT III.—Drawing Room in the Castle at Flausenthurn.

Production Staged by HERBERT GRESHAM.
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A Waltz Dream

Overture

Vivace.

Piano

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Vivace.

Presto.  Più presto.
Act I.
No. 1. Chorus.

Lyric by
JOSEPH HERBERT.
(Friederike, Wendolin, Sigismund, Chorus.)

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegro

Sopr.
Alto.
Ten.
Bass.

Our hearts are filled with glee and
Our hearts are filled with glee and

festeve loy-al-ty, Our Princess weds to-day! The bridegroom on his way To
festeve loy-al-ty, Our Princess weds to-day! The bridegroom on his way To
us, from lands a far;
His beacon, love's bright star. Pray tell, whence does he come? Where

lies his distant home? Is he of princely birth, knows he his lady's worth? Knows

The bridegroom comes to day, And question him.
perhaps you may. Our Princess made her choice and she obeyed love's

tempo Sigismund

A count? Here, counts are cheap! 'Tis thus, when pride's a-

tempo Friederike

He's brave as brave can be, a staunch undaunted soldier

sleep

Dame

Dame

stacc.
Fortune must be blind, And to him wondrous kind. Our beau-ti-ful Prin-cess, Yields to his fond ca-ress. A stran-ger to our land Has won our Prin-cess' hand, and some vag-a-bond, From coun-try far be-yond, Wins prin-cess, land, and
Sigismund:

For our throne a dreadful pow'r
In one brief happy hour.

Wendolin:

If you'll listen to me

Friederike:

blow! Flauen-thurn is steeped in woe.
now, I can quickly tell you how they exchanged their marriage vow.

Poco lento

For the pair that wed today Both gave ear to love's fond sway!

Tell us! Tell us! Listen all! Listen all!

Tell us! Tell us! Listen all! Listen all!

attacca No 2
No. 2. Song with Chorus.

"A Soldier Stole her Heart"

Lyric by
JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

Friederike, Sigismund and Chorus. Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegretto moderato.

Friederike

maid-en whom Cu-pid had not ca- joled, Of i- cy mold, Dis-trait and cold, she-

Sigismund

fus-ing man-y a Sui-tor bold, And left them brok-en heart-ed

Their

They part-ed

They part-ed

They part-ed

plaint igno-red as she tripped her way, So bli-the and gay; to

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poco accel.

their dis-may, She sang the mer ri- est roundelay.

Sigismund

She sang her mer ri- est

poco accel.
cresc.

She tripped her way, So blithe and

roundelay to Vi-en-sa she tripped her way, So blithe and

So off

Wendolin

Soprano.

Alto.

her way so blithe and

Tener.

her way so blithe and

Chorus.

so blithe and

Bass.

cresc.

Tutti.
a tempo

gay This fanci-tel friv-o-lous fay! She found in that cap-i-tol

gay

gay a tempo

gay

gay

a tempo

p str.

P

gay Her heart a-way!

gay

gay Her heart a-way!

gay A sol-dier stole Her heart a-way!

gay

gay She'd lost con-trol. Her heart a-way!

gay

gay A sol-dier stole Her heart a-way!
Sigismund

The Princess who never was known to sigh Whose laughing eye, Cold

Tears defy Has learnt the tale of the foolish fly And spider who purs-

Friederike

Pursued her!

Sued her! For love as you know is an ancient game, Re-

Wendolin

Pursued her!

Friederike

She

Sult the same, As the Moth and Flame, The wings were singed of this high born dame.

poco accel.

poco accel.
Lost her heart at this ancient game,
Repeating the story of
Repeating, repeating the story of
Repeating the story of
Repeating the story of

Moth and Flame
This fanciful friv-o-lous fay!
She found at that cap-ital

Moth and Flame
Moth and Flame
Moth and Flame
Moth and Flame
Moth and Flame

a tempo

Prrn. s. w.
Friederike.

She'd lost control, her heart away!

gay
A soldier stole her heart away!

Her heart away!
A soldier stole her heart away!

Friederike.

It's no use to cry over milk that's split, If hopes you built Turn out but gilt And you are the loser in Cupid's tilt Then you must pay the express.
You marry in haste and you rue the day you went astray, W.-

A viper!

lack-a-day For people who dance must the fiddler say Sigmund.

You marry in haste and
g-es-

Friederike.

Repeating the story of Moth and Flame This

Wendolin.

Repeating, repeating the story of Moth and Flame This

The story of Moth and Flame

a tempo
fun-ci-ful, friv-o-lous fay,  She found in that cap-i-tol gay

fun-ci-ful, friv-o-lous fay,  She found in that cap-i-tol gay

fun-ci-ful, friv-o-lous fay,  She found in that cap-i-tol gay

Vivo

her heart a-way!

her heart a-way!

her heart a-way!

Vivo

trol;  her heart a-way!

As sol-dier stole her heart a-way!

Vivo

Tutti

attacca No.3.
No 3. Entrance March and Hymn.

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT. (Wendolin, Sigismund, Chorus) Music by OSCAR STRAUS
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

March tempo

Wendolin

(Canon behind Scenes) (Cannon) The trumpets

March tempo

Trumpets

(Sheils behind Scenes) (in Orch.)

Sigismund

Let's welcome the happy pair! (Canon)

Blare!

Trumpets

(in the Stage)

Friederike

(They're drawing near!)

Wendolin

To greet them now prepared

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{Trumpet on stage}

Chorus

O joy let our songs of gladness be heard on every side! Each voice be raised to welcome The Bridegroom and the Bride. May
Wisdom Love and Beauty
Be steadfast, hand in hand, May
Loyalty and Duty
Be steadfast, hand in hand, May
Loyalty and Duty

Wisdom Love and Beauty

a tempo

vail throughout our land! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!
vail throughout our land! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail! Hail!

(Trompeta ca stage)
col canto

a tempo Tutti
N° 4 Song.

"Love Cannot Be Bought."
(Niki.)

Lyric by
JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegro.

Some
I've

Moderato.

Men are born to rule the land, And purple robes they daint them; Whilst some up-on the woe-der'd oft in Venus bow'er Perfumed with fond af-fection; I've tast-ed sweets that

Oth-er- hand, Have greatness thrust up-on them. And charmed the hours, But made my own se-lec-tion. I've of-ten met A vio-olet Who

Sheer be-ter-mi-na-tion, Po-si-tion great, In spite of Fate, Or oth-er com-bi-

For the mo-ment charmed me, Then I'd pro-pose to rad-iant Rose Whose beau-ty fair dis-

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nation Now I was but a soldier plain Contented with my armed me. And thus improved each shining hour, The sweets of life pur-

station With ne'er a thought that I'd attain My present elevation. su-ing, Like but-ter-fly in ro-sybow'r In-constant in his wooing.

Waltz tempo. a tempo

1st. Freedom no longer mine, Woman and song and wine For-bid-den ple-

sures, Bach-e-lors' trea-sures! Scarce can con-trol my rage,
Bird in a gilded cage When you've lost Freedom your life's a blank page.

March tempo.

Victim am I of unlucky star, Marital bonds now en-

chain me Oh, what a life for a young Hussar! Still there's no power can restrain me

Waltz tempo.

Comrades and woman and wine and song I much prefer to this courtly throng. Tho'

poco
ach-ing and breaking I've always been taught, Hearts can not be bartered, Love

Più allegro.

cannot be bought Hearts can not be bartered, Love can not be bought

Exit March.

Slow March Tempo.
N° 5. Duet.
"A Husband's Love"
(Helene, Friederike.)

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT.
Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Andantino.

Our vows exchanged we're plighted for something in my heart that tells me My

ever linked by Fate, Our hearts and lives united in happy married happiness he will not share, His manner cold repels me My doubts I must de-

state No power on earth can sever My soul from doubt is clear A las, a task above me, I fear that it may

free He's mine yes mine forever! The Fate's art kind in deed, prove, To teach him how to love me, And to retain his love!

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Friederike

Think not love can last for ev - er,
You must be wis - er than the ser - pent,
Dangers may a - rise,
Gen - tler than the dove -

It were well, if you en - deav - or -
Constant watchful - ness re - quired, to
Guard a - gainst sur - prise.
Keep a hus - bands love.

Helene

Husband's love as I've been told,
Reason templing passions fire,
Is no ea - sy thing to
I shall grant his last de -

Husband's love as I've been told
That his love will not in - spire.

hold
sire

To keep one's husband true, dear, Each day he won a - new, dear;
Is no ea - sy thing to hold.
Of your blandishments he'll tire.
If one would keep one's husband true,
He must be won each day anew.

I scarce can express my complete happiness,
Forever he's mine, alone.

He forever will reign, 'Mid pleasure or pain,
My heart's fond affections his throne.

Friederike.
scarce can express My complete happiness For-ev-er he's mine a-lone. We for-
scarce can express Your complete happiness For-ev-er he's yours a-lone.

ev-er will reign 'Mid pleasure or pain My heart's fond affections his throne...
He will reign 'Mid pleasure or pain Your heart's fond affections his throne...

cresc.  r"it.  p"o.  

Tempo I

There's heart's fond affections his throne...
hearts fond af-fections his throne...

Tempo I
No 6. Terzette.

"The Family's Ancient Tree."

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

Arr. by A. CARNELL ELY

(Friederike, Niki, Joachim.)

What a mis-fortune, woeful dis-grace! It is too late our steps to re-trace.

Niki.

Yours a bad bargain. 

Wast-ed our gold We're the ones sold.

Though I was purchased, You're the ones sold.
L'istesso tempo.

deed a sad disaster, My poor daughter steeped in woe! Cast off

by her lord and master For my grandson what a

blow! Gone my family's ancient tree, Pedigree all off for

Friederike.

What a pity What a pity his Dynasty

Niki.

You

me! What a pity What a pity my Dynasty
should have consulted with me. Now, you are entirely to blame; Though

married, I feel I am free. Responsible you for the shame. Did

I seek the Princess' hand? was not permitted to choose; Co-

Friederike. Tempo I.

What a mis-

eration by royal command. To live with her, now I refuse.
fate, woeful disgrace, It is too late our steps to trace,

Ours a bad bargain, Wast-ed our gold, Though you were purchased

Yours a bad bargain, Wast-ed our gold, Though I was purchased

Ours a bad bargain, Wast-ed our gold, Though you were purchased

We're the ones sold. Poor Helena

You're the ones sold. Poor Helena

We're the ones sold. Poor Helena
Friederike.
Gone his family's ancient tree, ped-i gree all off for flown an empty cage.

Joachim.
Gone my family's ancient tree, ped-i gree all off for him; what a pit-y! what a pit-y, his dy-nas-ty! I
What a pit-y! what a pit-y, my dy-nas-ty!
Poco più vivo.

Friends say I must not stay.

I think that your duty is clear.

Niki.

'Tis duty that calls me away.

Poco più vivo.

Frie.

wife, broken-hearted I fear—

That's not an inducement to

Frie.

But think of the scandal involved! The court will be mortified

stay
My purpose is firm, I'm resolved! To leave her, forever to—

Tempo I.

'Tis indeed a sad disaster, My poor daughter steeped in woe!

Tempo I.

Friederike.

Gone his

not her lord and master, And your grandson I don't know. Gone his
fam-i-ly's an-cient tree, Ped-i-gree all off for him. What a
fam-i-ly's an-cient tree, Ped-i-gree all off for him.
fam-i-ly's an-cient tree, Ped-i-gree all off for him.

rit.
pit-y! what a pit-y, his dy-nas-ty
What a pit-y! what a pit-y, his dy-nas-ty 'Tis
What a pit-y, my dy-nas-ty

Poco piu lento.
time that this in-terview ends, I bid you a-dieu, my good friends. I
think quite enough has been said—I'm off to bed.

Joachim. Più lento.

Tis indeed a sad dis-

Friederike.

Cast off by her lord and

after, My poor daughter slept in woe,
mas-ter, For his grand-son—what a blow! Gone his fam-i-ly's an-cient

tree, Ped-i-gree—all off for him! Oh, a-las! his dy-nas-ty!

tree, Ped-i-gree—all off for me! Oh, a-las! my dy-nas-ty!

Dy-nas-ty!
No. 7. Waltz Duet.
"Love's Roundelay."
(Niki, Montschi.)

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT.
Music by OSCAR STRAUS
Arr.by A. CARROLL ELY.

Vivo.

Niki—Meno mosso.

The soft summer twilight was fading,

Sat in the garden alone;

The zephyrs of night serenading

The trees with their mystical tone.

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leaves seemed to thrill to each measure. The boughs beating time to each

strain. — The flow'rets all nodding their pleasure On

cresc. —

hearing the sweet refrain. — The tune set the shadows a-

strings. —

dancing, No note in the ca-dence was false, — A

espr.
poco rit.
mel-o-dy sim-ply en-tranc-ing, A beau-ti-ful Vi-en-ne-se

più tranquillo
con capricc

Waltz!
Soft-ly each mea-sure, Gent-ly each strain,

thri-lled me with plea-sure, Filled me with pain; Tones that were tear-ful,

Tones of de-light, Sor-row-ful or cheer-ful, Rang through the night.
Niki.

poco string.

Softly each measure, Gently each strain
Thrilled me with pleasure; Filled me with
Monteschi:

p poco string.

Song of the Springtime.

Love's month of May!

ring-time, Love's roundelay!

a tempo mosso
The melody

seemingly bore me to land of a beautiful dream; whose

splendors were opened before me, on banks of a

mystical stream. The wavelets pond-lilies caress
ing. While sun-beams were dancing above, And Sol seemed to

smile as tho' blessing, An Eden of Truth and Love

a tempo

And chanting in song captivating Each heart vowed twoFold

express.

never be false, In tones that with love were pulsating, A
beauti - ful Vi - en - nese Waltz... Soft - ly each meas - ure,

beauti - ful Vi - en - nese Waltz... Soft - ly each meas - ure,

con espress.

Gently each strain Thrilled me with pleas - ure, Filled me with pain; Tones that were
tear - ful, Tones of de - light Sor - rowful or cheer - ful Rang through the night.
poco string.

Soft-ly each measure, Gently each strain Thrilled me with pleasure, Filled me with

Più mosso.

Song of the ring-time

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May! Più mosso.

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May, Song of the

ring-time, Love's roundelay!

ring-time, Love's roundelay! Mosso.
No. 8. Duet and Finale I.

"My Dearest Love"

(Helene, Niki, Friederike, Lothar, Joachim.)

Lyric by

JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Andantino quasi allegretto.

Helene. poco rit.

My dearest

a tempo

love, why leave me all alone! For you I

wait with anxious heart and true, The comrades who were with you now are

gone, Ah come, Beloved, come! I wait for you. Niki.

She waits for
me— the mischiefs of her making— A last fare—well— My leave I'll soon be

Helene.

Oh, why so cold? Ah, give me, love, one kiss—

(Aside)

I'm ill pre-

paring for such a scene as this. To take such liberty, I

am afraid I'd never dare to kiss a royal maid. Tis but a
(Aside)

dream from which we'll soon a - wak - en And she a - las! will find her - self for -

Helene. Grazioso.

I can - not express My

saken! Grazioso.

true hap - pi - ness, For ev - er you're mine - a - lone. In my

heart you will reign, Mid pleas - ures or pain, My heart's fond af - fe - tion your
Niki. (Aside)
She must be resigned, Her love is declined. My

ever you're mine alone In my heart you will reign, Mid

freedom is mine alone All ties we must

pleasures or pain My heart's fond affection your throne.

sever from now; False our meeting, false our vow!
Tempo I. Helene.

Why hesitate? Come, take me to your arms!

Are you indifferent to a maiden's charms?

Niki.

In vain your pleading for love's consummation, My heart is steeled, in vain is all temptation—Hearts are not lost nor won, dear, in a
Helene.

My love refused? Ah, tell me why, I pray!

Ah, Princess,

cantabile

Hear me pray, why be so blind? I must be cruel, dear, if I would be

kind.

Let's say "Good-night." Come, let me kiss your hand;... Tomorrow

Helene.

My fears, my tears I scarcely can re-

morning you'll understand.
strain!

Forget me, child, our course to me is

Your fond caress has filled me with delight.

(Taking her hand, he strokes her hair)

My sweet Princess, sweet be thy dreams — good night!
Your fond caress has filled me with delight.

Sweet be thy dreams goodnight!

Goodnight! Goodnight! Sweet be thy dreams goodnight!

(Exit Helene and Niki)

Good-night!
Intermezzo

(Giuseppe enters and listens at door of Nikia's bedroom, then at door of Helene's bedroom; smiles, rubs his hands, as though satisfied with the situation. Then exit.)

Moderato
(Through the curtains appear the heads of Friederike, Lothar, and Joachim. Friederike and Joachim stare at the bedroom doors.)

(Joachim and Friederike tiptoe out to listen at the doors. Gestures of despair. Lothar comes from behind curtain. They look round at each other.)
Friederike.
In subdued tones

Gone the family's ancient tree, Pedigree all off for him. What a pity!

Joachim.

Gone the family's ancient tree, Pedigree all off for him.

Lothar.

Gone the family's ancient tree, Pedigree all off for him.

What a pity!

(The three begin to march off dolefully)
(Montezoli sneaks in, listens at Niki's door, then raps)

(Niki comes out from his room. Short dialogue follows)

(Waltz Tempo)

(Roth dance out)

(a tempo)

(Più lento)

(cresc.)

(cresc.)

(less presto)

(Risoluto)

(dim.)

(p)
Act II.
No 9. March.
"Kissing Time."

(Chorus.)

March tempo

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Lyric by
JOSEPH HERBERT.

*Stage Music - Small orchestra of ladies on stage, conducted by Franzl.

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(Curtain rises)

Soprano

Alto Come love, don't be shy, Kissing time is

nigh; Let's welcome love and laughter, You and I.

Drive dull care away, Let our hearts be gay, Though sorrow follow after,
(Whistling)

Joy now holds its sway!

(Whistling)

P

(Orch. & Stage Music)

Though sorrow follows after, Joy now holds its sway.
No. 10. Song with Chorus.

"Life is Love and Laughter—Come join in the Waltz."

Lyric by

JOSEPH HERBERT.

(Frazi, Chorus.)

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegretto

You may search the

world a-round, No-where will you find Mel-o-dy and

beauty both, As in us com-bined: You might search from

pole to pole, Shores of for-eign seas, None has mel-o-dy and soul

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Un poco più mosso

Like the Vi-en- nese!
Life is love and laugh-ter, One sweet song;

Life a sweet de-light,
Tears may fol-low af-ter,

Sor-row can not blight!

Love goes wrong, Sing a mourn-ful tune!
Blight-ed hon-ey
Moderato

moon. If love is deceived, If sweet hearts prove false, Don't

Moderato

waste your time grieving, Come join in the waltz.

a tempo

Don't waste your time grieving, Come join in the waltz.
Più lento.

I'm sure it would not bothiser me, if I should be for-
saken; there's fish I'm sure still in the sea; quite as good as have been

taken. Let poets sing of lovers' sighs, of blighted lives, hearts

aching, but girls should show their enterprise, another sweet-heart taking.

a tempo piu mosso, rit a tempo
Ah forsaken

sure it would not betherto me, if I should be forsaken; There's

Ah been taken. Let

fish I'm sure still in the sea, Quite as good as have been taken. Let

poets sing of lover's sighs, Of blighted lives, hearts aching. But

poets sing of lover's sighs, Of blighted lives, hearts aching. But
Girls should show their enterprise, Another sweetheart taking, But

Tempo 1.

You may search the

World around. Nowhere will you find Melody and beauty both,
As in us combined
You might search from pole to pole, Shores of foreign

None has melody and soul
Like the Viennese!

Poco più mosso.
Life is love and laughter, One sweet song, Life a sweet delight!

Poco più mosso.
Tears may follow after Love goes wrong,

Sorrow cannot blight!

Sing a mournful tune, Blighted honeymoon. If love is deceiving and sweethearts prove false, Don't waste your time grieving, come
join in the Waltz.

If love is deceiving and sweethearts prove

f a tempo

Don't waste your time grieving, come join in the Waltz.

false Don't waste your time grieving, come join in the Waltz.

Mosso.
No. 11. Kiss-Duet.

"Sweetest Maid of all"

Franzi, Niki.

Lyric by
JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegretto molto moderato.

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boundless and deep as the ocean, if you doubt, put my love to test, is as

Franzi.
a tempo.

You are not sincere in your heart, I fear, happiness exchanging

for a tear, women's hearts were not made for play. Lovers often kiss, and then
run a-way; Men enjoy the sport deceiving, Their promises
false untrue, Trusting hearts forever grieving, Breaking hearts each day a-

Very slow, Waltz tempo.

new! Niki.

Oh, you dearest, Oh, you nearest, Oh, you

Very slow, Waltz tempo.

In sincerest and unfairest
sweetest maid of all
Niki draw nearer to Franzl.

When you're seeking to en thrall!

Niki.

(She gently resists his attempt to kiss her.)

Franzi.

Niki. I, un heeding to your call.

Sweetheart listen to Love's call.

Tempo I.

Niki.
Listen, my darling my dearest, Cast all doubt and fear to the winds For my

Love, ever fond, everest For ever affection binds; Like a

Flash in the sky let it reach you, Such a lovedear I never knew. True

Happiness I will teach you, My love will e'er be true True
Franzi.

Ah I hard-ly dare, if I thought you'd care, Could I but believe what you declare—

Women's hearts were not made for play, Lovers often kiss and then run a-way.

Do not set my poor heart a-sh-ing, For sport of an i-dle hour,
Con-qu-er-ing and then for-sak-ing I am weak. I'm in your

Very slow Waltz tempo.

(Franzi yields to Niki's embrace)

Oh, you dearest, Oh, you rarest! Oh, you

Very slow Waltz tempo.

(Niki presses her lips with a long, ardent kiss. Orchestra continues melody.)

Dear-est, I a-
Franzi.

Oh you dearest one of all!

dore you!

Kiss me, sweetheart, kiss me! Both responding to true love's

(Niki leads Franki into the pavilion.)

call.

call.

Tempo I.
No. 12. Terzett.

"Lesson in Love."  
Helene, Franzi, Friederike.

Music by OSOAR STRAUS  
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Lyric by  
JOSEPH HERBERT.

Andantino con moto.

Helene.

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sleep-y, Whol-ly in- ac-tive Won't take a kiss.

Friederike.

Pray, why is this?

Moderato.

poco accel.

sur-pris-ing! For ev'-ry one a-grees kiss-ings the

life of the true, Vi-en-nese; At "lo-ve-y" and "dov-ey" they're always a-wake.

To op-por-tu-ni-ty, for old love's
At the game of winning hearts, They take the cake.

Kiss and tease and hug and squeeze, No men like the Viennese! Starting at the age of ten, Seventy, begin again.

No men like the Viennese!
gin a-gain. Franzi

Temp'-ra-ment! Temp'-ra-ment! Mak-ing love and giv-ing vent,

Helene.

Temp'-ra-ment! Temp'-ra-ment! Mak-ing love and giv-ing vent, Temp'-ra-ment! Franzi.

Friederike.

Temp'-ra-ment! Temp'-ra-ment! Mak-ing love and giv-ing vent, Temp'-ra-ment!
Vivace.

Tempo I.

I am beseeching There is a lesson I'm anxious to learn; Be attentive While you are teaching knowledge I
Franzi: Teach me the way a heart can be captured, How to proceed if a sweetheart I'll win; How to entice him both willing and raptured. Come now begin:

Friederike: Better begin.

Moderato

ask me? You ask me? Ver-y eas-y to learn,- Lovers who wan-der will
quickly return, Suspicious! Capricious! And tem per your show,

If he should ask a kiss, Always say "No!" Strays always indi cate

Allegro.

how the winds blow. Hag and squeeze and scold and tease, Thus you'll catch a

Viennese. Be capricious, hot and cold. These they love a hundred-fold.
Più allegro.
Helene.

Ah! Be capricious
Friederike.

Hug and squeeze... and scold and tease! Thus you'll catch a Vien-nese!

Piu allegro.

cresc.

hot and cold men will love a hundred-fold
Franzi.

Temp-ra-ment, Temp-ra-ment,

Temp-ra-ment Temp-ra-ment

Mak-ing love and giv-ing vent. Friederike

Temp-ra-ment Temp-ra-ment
Lothar.

Sweet music, so the poets say,
Since life is short and love is long,
Who loves not woman, wine and song,
When you a kindred soul have met,

Franzi.

Main-tains an uni-
We'll play a loving
Remains a fool his
Your life be comes a

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Lothar.

Music soothes the savage breast.
Since music is the
From Tom Call's "Little

Piccolo gives note of
Moderation I'll advise.
 Were lovely women
But when you strike dis-

Franzi.

The soul of love, Affecting eagle and the dove. The Mary's springs The music of the fid-dle strings. The
always mine, I might dispense with song and wire. But cor-dant note. And each one strives to steer the boat. Then

Fid-dle strings I'll tie-kle, Oh! And blend it with the pic-cio-lo.

Women oft are fie-kle, Oh! It's different with the pic-cio-lo.

Tearful tones will trickle oh! From fid-dle and the pic-cio-lo.

Rit.

Fid-dle strings shell tie-kle, Oh! And blend it with the pic-cio-lo.

Sound will make your senses glow, When blend-ed with the pic-cio-lo.

Women oft are fie-kle, Oh! It's different with the pic-cio-lo.

Tearful tones will trickle oh! From fid-dle and the pic-cio-lo.
1-3. Tsin, tsin, tsin! Music is love's
1-3. Piccolo! Piccolo!

or i - gin.
Laugh to - day, to - mor-row sigh,

Life is wast - ed if you cry. Piccolo! Piccolo!
tshin, tshin, tshin! Music is love's origin;

Laugh to-day, tomorrow sigh, Life is wasted if you cry.
No. 14. Finale II.

Helene, Friederike, Franz, Niki, Montschi, Lothar, Joachim, Chorus.

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

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To deceive Her in this way!

Friederike.

He is lacking in good.

Niki.

Now, what shall I tell her pray?

Montschi.

I can't say.

Lothar.

He is lacking in good.
When at home she'll make it warm, when at home she'll make it warm!

When at home I'll make it warm!

When at home she'll make it warm!

It is strange, what a change since he left me all alone!
Rest desired He was tired To his chamber he was shown. I was slighted, hopes were blighted, Sad misfortune, cruel fate! I be-

ieving, He deceiving, What a heartless reprobate!

It is strange What a change, since he left me all alone!

It is strange What a change, since he left her all alone!

It is strange! What a change! She left all alone!
Rest desired, He was tired To his chamber he was shown. I was slighted Hopes were blighted Sad misfortune, cruel fate! I be-

She be-

She be-

She be-
Niki.

I meant no harm, The waltz has a charm, Each strain my cantabile

N

soul hypnotizing, Music at night Gives me

cresc.

N

thrills of delight, Sweet visions of bliss, realizing.
Transported there To Vienna so fair On beautiful

Danube so blue. Musical strains. Lovers' re-

frains, Fond memories! I'll ever be true!

Tempo I.

Helene.

It is strange What a change Since he left me all alone!

Fried.

It is strange What a change Since he left me all alone!

Joachim.

It is strange What a change She left all alone!

Lothar.

Tempo I. It is strange What a change She left all alone!
Rest desired, He was tired To his chamber he was

Rest desired, He was tired To his chamber he was

Rest desired, He was tired When to chamber

Rest desired, He was tired When to chamber

Piu f

shown.

shown.

shown.

shown. His behavior is surprising, Take him
What a worry! Better hurry! He'll get home, no scandalizing.

What a worry! Better hurry! Give him fits when he gets home. Disappointing that my husband at this hour prefers to

fits when he gets home. You should take away his latch-key so he can no longer

fits when he gets home. You should take away his latch-key so he can no longer
Waltz Tempo. (Niki hesitates, wavering between his duty to Helene and his love for Franz, who, occupied with her music, is not aware of his presence.)
Stage Music.

(Urged by Joachim and Lothar, Niki finally

joins Helene.)

This waltz appeals! There's no resisting. Can't you hear its im-

"Cello in Orch.

molto espres.
Every note on my presence insist...

Helene.

I'm enthralled.

How it tones my senses enthral!

Mel-o-

For the cadence my senses enthr...
Helen.
We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

Friederike.
We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

Niki.
We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

Montsch.
We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

Joachin.
We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

We will heed to its call so insisting, And o beying, Let's join in the dance!

Niki.
poco rit. a tempo
Soft-ly each meas-ure, Gent-ly each strain, Thrills me with pleas-ure, Fills me with

poco rit. a tempo

poco rit. a tempo

Orchestra.
pain. Tones that are tearful, Tones of delight! Sorrowful or

Stage Music.

cheerful, Ring through the night Softly each measure, gently each

Softly each measure, gently each

strain, Thrills me with pleasure, Fills me with pain! poco rit

strain, Thrills me with pleasure, Fills me with pain! Song of the

poco rit
Niki. Mosso.

Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!

Spring-time, Love's month of May!

Stage Music.

Orch.

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!
(All begin to waltz in pairs, Montschi with Fredericke, Joachim with Lothar, and Nik. with Helene)
around slowly to watch the dancers., draws back in amazement as she sees Niki with Helene.

then, dashing her violin to the ground in rage, springs from the music pavilion, tears Niki from his partner, and whirls him into a mad waltz. The people who attracted by the commotion, have Stage Music and Orch.

stopped waltzing, recognize Niki as the Prince consort, and with a shout of welcome, all take
up the hymn)

Soprano.
Alto. All hail to his royal Highness! The Prince of Flausen-
Tenor.

Chorus.
Bass. All hail, all hail,

thorn! The Princess and her Consort we honor them in turn. All thorn! The Princess and her Consort we honor them in turn.

All
 hail the coming grandson! Most loyal subjects we. We beg of Fate, pre-
hail the coming grandson!

Franzi (despairingly) "The Prince consort!"

serve us, Our Princely Dynasty!

serve us, Our Princely Dynasty!

She sinks back on the steps of the pavilion.

Mosso stringendo.

Mosso stringendo.

rit.

Orch.
(Niki reluctantly returns to Helene, and giving her his arm, marches slowly off to the palace, accompanied by Montschi, Friederike, Lothar and Joachim.)
May.        Autumn approaches, Summer has fled.

Stage Music.

Hearts are in mourning For Flow'rets sped. Why live to -

Ouch.

Hearts are in mourning For Flow'rets sped. Why live to -
mor - row why seek the past?  Why seek for sor - row,

mor - row why seek the past?  Why seek for sor - row,

Stage Music.

Orch.

Franzi (brokenly)

Song of the Spring - time, Love's month of May!

While youth doth last?

While youth doth last?

con molto express.

cresc.

mf rit.

rit.
*Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay! Song of the Spring-time, Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay! Song of the Spring-time,*

(Stage Music and Orch. Mosso.)

(Franzi rousing herself, returns to her orchestra, taking a violin from one of the players)

Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!
Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!
Act III.

No 15. Entrácte.

Gavotte.

Allegretto grazioso.

Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Music by

OSCAR STRAUS

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No 16. Trio.

"Two is Plenty"
(Niki, Lothar, Joachim.)

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Moderato.

Niki.

Joachim: Oh, these bores! I wish they'd leave me, And if circumstance allowed, Their sweet

Lothar: Oh, these bores! I wish they'd leave me, And if circumstance allowed, Their sweet

ab-sence would not grieve me, Two is plen-ty, three's a crowd.

ab-sence would not grieve me, Two is plen-ty, three's a crowd.

ab-sence would not grieve me, Two is plen-ty, three's a crowd. She may

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Then the

come at any minute, Soon, she'll drive up to the door...

rum-pus I'll begin it, I'll just see what is in store.

Niki. tranquillo

Ah, my cheeks are flushed with longing, And my in-most spirit's got

Lothar.

Ah, my cheeks are

transquillo

Ah, my cheeks are flushed with longing, And my in-most
Quite impatient for the answer, Will she come or will she not?
flushed with longing
Quite impatient
spirits got
Quite impatient for the answer, Will she come...

rit. cresc.
Quite impatient for the answer, she'll come! Will, or will she
dim.
for
rit. cresc.
Quite impatient for the answer, she'll come! Will, or will she
dim.

a tempo
not?
a tempo (Exit Joachim.)
not?
a tempo
Niki.

Tis a clumsy trick to catch me, Only that and nothing more, Never

would the dear girl help them! She'll be faithful to the core! Lothar.

Now the

time, with giant footsteps, We approach the fateful hour; Once the

girl's within this castle, she will be within my pow'r.
Tranquillo

Ah, my cheeks are flushed with longing, And my inmost spirit's got

Quite impatient for the answer, Will she come or will she not?

(Exit Lothar)

Quite impatient for the answer, Shall she come! Will, or will she not?
old man's words persuade her? Has she fallen in his hands? Is it
for my sake she's coming, or obeying their commands? Ah, this
fearful doubt within me! If the truth I could but know... Would that I had nev-er
kissed her, Neve-er said I loved her so.

Now my cheeks with

shame are glowing, And my in-most spir-it's sad,

Oh, the wild oats I've been serving,

This sus-pense will drive me mad,

It will surely

Tempo più vivo.

drive me mad.
"A Country Lass and a Courtly Dame."

Friederike, Franz.

Lyric by JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.

Arr. by A. CARROLL ELY.

Allegretto.

Friederike.

I am a courtly dame

I am an humble lassie

Franzi

I'm not at all the same,

I'm effervescent, "gassey"

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Vulgar and crude each

love towaltz and two-step, Don't care for et-i-quette.

new step, Give me the min-u-et.

If I were consulted in

choosing The station in life that I take, A so-cial po-si-tion re-
fussing, Such a fine farmers daughter I'd make.

is it we're all discontented, What'er our position may be.

My desire so-cial less. The life for me.

I require bread and cheese The life for me.
In a train so, Entertain so,

I would fain so To re-

In a photographic pose.

main so I just love these kind of

poco express.

clothes. I look smart-est as an artiste, As a leader in the

grand-stand I'd be famous through the land, And I'd draw to beat the
Franzi.

My ambition, High position, Court presented, Quite con-

bund.

tent-ed. Here she comes or there she goes, With a haugh-
ty turned up.

nose, Servants waiting, I dictating, Envy bravling, Suitors

rav-ing, If I oc-cu-pied that place, I could fill the bill with grace.
a tempo

---

Friederike.

Were I an humble lassie,

a tempo

And I a courtly dame,

I'd like the social game.

Frank, effervescent, "gasy," I masside.

love to waltz and two step, Don't care for etiquette.
Vulgar and crude each new step. Give me the minuette.

If

I were consulted in choosing, The station in life that I'd take, A

Franzi

why

social position refusing, Such a fine farmer's daughter I'd make.

cresc.

is it we're all discontented, What ever our position may be?
My desire so-rial teas, The life for me!

I re-quire bread and cheese, The life for me!

(Dance - Friederike)
Moderato pompexo

(Dance - Franzi)
Vivace

cresc e accel.
No 18. Finale III.
Helene, Franzi, Niki.

Lyrics by 
JOSEPH HERBERT.

Music by OSCAR STRAUS.
Arr.by A. CARROLL ELY.

Slow Waltz tempo.

Niki.

Music at night Gives me

thrills of delight Sweet visions of bliss real-

zing; Transported there to Vienna so fair On

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beautiful Danube so blue.

(strains) Lovers refrains.

Helene (behind the curtain)

Softly each measure, Gently each strain, Thrills me with pleasure.

p

Tones that are tearful, Tones of despair.
light, Sorrowful or cheerful, Ring through the night.

\(\text{Helen enters}\)

Softly each measure, Gently each strain, Thrills me with pleasure,

Fills me with pain; Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May!

Mosso.

Helene.

Song of the Spring-time

Niki.

Song of the Spring-time

Song of the Spring-time, Love's roundelay!

Mosso.
Love's month of May, Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!

Love's month of May, Song of the ring-time, Love's roundelay!

Violin Solo — Niki, turning, sees Franzi playing her violin.
Helene

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time, Niki.

Song of the Spring-time, Love's month of May! Song of the ring-time,

rit.

Love's roundelay.

(Franzi comes further to the foreground)

Moderato
Slow Waltz tempo

Niki singing to Franz:

Oh, you dearest, oh, you rarest, oh, you...

(AsString)

Viol.

Slowest.

(Franz slowly backs off, playing her violin.)

Violone Solo.

End of Operetta.