THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG

A New Musical Play
IN TWO ACTS.

BY

A. M. WILNNER AND ROBERT BODANZKY.

ADAPTED FOR THE ENGLISH STAGE BY

BASIL HOOD.

LYRICS BY

BASIL HOOD AND ADRIAN ROSS

MUSIC BY

FRANZ LEHAR.

Vocal Score - - Price 10/- net

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
80, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

For Great Britain, the Colonies, and the United States of America.

For all other countries published byMESSRS. W. KARKAY & C. WALLER, of Vienna.

158

All rights reserved under the International Copyright Act. Public Performance of all or any part of the work strictly forbidden. Applications for the right of performance must be made to "Mrs. Gower'sikensing, Daly's Theatre, Leicester Square, London." The adaptation of this composition to any form of mechanical musical instrument either for private or public performance is strictly prohibited. The public performance of any printed version of this work is strictly prohibited.

COPYRIGHT, MCMXI, BY CHAPPELL & CO. LTD.
# THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG.

## Brenniss Personae.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Performer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Count Rene of Luxembourg</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Bertram Wallis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Registrar</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Fred Kaye</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jean Baptiste (A Waiter)</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Willie Warde</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mons. de Tresac</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Alec Fraser</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mons. de Valmont</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Paul Plunket</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Prelgrim</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Frank Phipps</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mantshickoff</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Ridgwell Collum</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Paulovitch</strong></td>
<td>Mr. C. Coleman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lavigne</strong></td>
<td>Mr. G. Whitehead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Boulanger</strong></td>
<td>Mr. G. Wilson</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

AND

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Performer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Brissard (An Artist)</strong></td>
<td>(Mr. W. H. Berry.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Grand Duke Rutzinov</strong></td>
<td>(Mr. Huntley Wright.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Performer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Juliette (A Model)</strong></td>
<td>Miss May de Souza</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Countess Kokozerf</strong></td>
<td>Miss Gladys Homfrey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Mimi</strong></td>
<td>Miss May Marton</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lisette (Maid to Angel Didier)</strong></td>
<td>Miss Kitty Hanson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Fleurette</strong></td>
<td>Miss Gladys Guy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Amelie</strong></td>
<td>Miss Gertrude Gleny</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Rosalie</strong></td>
<td>Miss Madeleine Seymour</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Coralie</strong></td>
<td>Miss Margot Enzine</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Sidonie</strong></td>
<td>Miss Doris Stocker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Barette</strong></td>
<td>Miss May Leslie Stuart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Jacqueline</strong></td>
<td>Miss Beatrice von Brunner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Therese</strong></td>
<td>Miss Lily Elsin</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Special Dances by Miss Beatrice Collier and Ovra.

## Synopsis of Scenery.

**ACT I.**—Brissard's Studio, Paris  
**ACT II.**—Reception Hall at the Grand Duke Rutzinov's, Paris

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Performer</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Musical Director</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Ernest Flecker</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Stage Director</strong></td>
<td>Mr. Edward Joyce</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
# THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG.

## CONTENTS.

### ACT I.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Opening Chorus</td>
<td>(Carnival! Make the most of Carnival)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Song (Brissard) and Chorus</td>
<td>(Anyone who knows me)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Song (Juliette) and Chorus</td>
<td>(Pierrot and Pierrette, just like you and me)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Entrance Chorus and Song (Rend)</td>
<td>(Carnival! Make the most of Carnival)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>1st Exit</td>
<td>(The noble founder of our line)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>2nd Exit</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>Duet (Juliette and Brissard)</td>
<td>(Carnival! Make the most of Carnival)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Song (Grand Duke) and Attendants</td>
<td>(To-night we'll have a special bloom)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Scene and Air (Angle)</td>
<td>(I am in love. I cannot contradict it)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Duet (Angle and Grand Duke)</td>
<td>(Someone's here to marry me)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Quintet (Rend, Grand Duke and Attendants)</td>
<td>(You will be a Royal Highness!)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Finale</td>
<td>(Your cheque upon Coutts &amp; Co.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ACT II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Opening Scene and Dance</td>
<td>(Hail, Angele, our nightingale!)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>Entrance Chorus &amp; Solo (Angèle)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Fanfare</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Stage Music</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Song (Grand Duke)</td>
<td>(Once a Butterfly came fluttering)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Song (Rend)</td>
<td>(Ah, the perfume—how it lingers)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>Duet (Juliette and Brissard)</td>
<td>(Now if you really mean to mix in high society)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Duet (Angèle and Rend)</td>
<td>(What are you doing? Are you married?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Russian Dance</td>
<td>(Since first I burst upon the scene)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Song (Grand Duke) and Girls</td>
<td>(Are you going to dance?)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Duet (Angle and Rend)</td>
<td>(A man is a boy, while he can enjoy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Concerted Number (Juliette, Mimi, Grand Duke, Brissard and Girls)</td>
<td>(Say not love is a dream)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## VOCAL SCORE.
THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG.

Act I.

OPENING CHORUS.

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

No 1.

 Allegro.

Piano.

CURTAIN.

Copyright, MCMXI, by Chappell & Co Ltd.
Tempo di Marcia.
SOPRANO & CONTRALTO.

Let the

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

TENOR.

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

BASS.

Let the

Tempo di Marcia.

bot - tle pass

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

CHO.

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

bot - tle pass Who has got the wine Can we get a glass? Here are some - that's fine!
Carnival! Here's a toast to Carnival!

Carnival! Here's a toast to Carnival! To the life we live

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

life we live As Bohemians! Which has more to give than another man's!

life we live As Bohemians! Which has more to give than another man's!
Laugh—Love—and never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!

And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Bohemia)
Fools) And in Bohemia (Kingdom of Fools)

Laugh-Love—And never make plans—Oh, we are true Bohemians!
And in Bohemia (King Folly rules) Rol-lic-king.

Jolly King King Carni-vall!
Mimi:

Carnival! East and West is Carnival! Tra, la, la, la, la,
Follow where we go! All a-

Cho.

Follow where we go! All a-

Follow where we go! All a-

Mimi:

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

along the street, Come and join the show- Make it more complete!

Cho.

along the street, Come and join the show- Make it more complete!

along the street, Come and join the show- Make it more complete!
MIMI

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la,
You are Carnival! That's the best of Carnival!

CHO

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

MIMI

la, la, la, la, la, la, la!
not de trop,

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

CHO

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

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

not de trop, An-y-one we meet-Whether high or low! Come a-long, toute suite!
NO. 2

SONG (Brissard) and CHORUS.

"BOHEMIA"

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Allegretto quasi Marcia.

Voice.

Piano.

BRIS.

1. Any one who knows me Could not sup-pose me Gloom-y, or glum, or sad!

BRIS.

Generally "times are bad." I am al-ways gay and glad!

34820.
Here's the why and wherefore— All that I care for My little world can give;
In the little life I live.

I'm contented with my lot— Happy with my lot all.

-tho' it's not a lot I've got! Some one to laugh with— Only
Chère amie! Some one to chaff with—Et sans ennui!

Bravo, Bris sard! I have found

This In Bo he mi al! Some one to smoke with—Fris

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

Some one who smiles When things look black— Under the

CHORUS.

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

Tempo I.

Three Pair Back!

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

Here they can refuse to mind their P's and Q's too—Marry whom they please;

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

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

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

Heaven above What shall we lack

If we have love In our Three Pair Back
NO 3.

SONG.—(Juliette) and CHORUS.

"PIERRETTE AND PIERROT."

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Vivace.

Juliette.

Piano.

Allegretto moderato.

JUL.

1. Pi-er-rot and Pi-er-rette (Just like you and me) Had their little
2. Pi-er-rot put on his hat— Said he'd go a-way,

sup-per set, (Just as ours might be!) He had ask'd her for a kiss;
-mused at that, Beg'd him not to stay! "Pi-er-rette," cried Pi-er-rot,
(Kindly make a note of this!) Just as (in parenthesis) You asked me!
"Will you really let me go Out into the wintry snow This cold day?"

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

Said she'd kiss him by and by When she married him! Pi-er-rot was
Heaved a sympathetic sigh, And nestled up to him! Pi-er-rot was

angry then! (He was just like other men) Because she said to
happy then, (He was just like other men) Because she said to
Valse moderato.

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

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

dear, And please remem-ber this— You're fool-ish if you
dear, My head at you like this. For-give me and for-

fret, dear, About a thing so small: The
get, dear, That I have teased you so, And
You're foolish if you
Forgive me and for-

please remember this-
head at you like this.

please remember this-
head at you like this.

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

And

kiss you cannot get, dear, You'll value most of
love your Pierrette, dear, As

Vivace. 2 rit. Grave.

all!!! I love you, you know!!
ENTRANCE CHORUS
and SONG.—(Réné.)

"THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegro.
Piano.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

CHO.

Carnival! Make the most of Carnival!

Laugh on, be merry all, Soon gone is Carnival!

Jolly Carnival! It's soon gone.
Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! To the life we live As Bo-

Ah!

Carnival! Give a toast to Carnival! Let care come after Carni-

Tempo di Marcia.

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

Tempo di Marcia.
Carni-val! Give a cheer for Carni-val! For we love his rule And we
own his sway. Let the greatest fool Be our King to-day!

Animato.

Hail the Count of Luxembourg. The merry King of Folly!

Animato.
Though the chap has not a rap, Yet he's always jolly! Hip!

hip! hip! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

hip! hip! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!

hip! hip! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah!
CHORUS. (Spoken.) Luxembourg.

RENÉ.

Grave.

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

RENÉ.

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

Allegro molto.

RENÉ. Your health, my child—real! (ALL.) Your health!

RENÉ.

1. The
Allegretto non troppo.

RENE

noble found-er of our line
had treas-ures rich and
many, but

father left me when he died in
good posi-
tion, but

RENE

had ways and tastes like mine,
and could not keep a pen-
ny! With

I have al-
ways taken pride in
family tra-
dition! I

RENE

cards and dice, with wine and girls,
he spent and lent all, and

spent and lent and ran up scores,
as all my kith and kin do. My

RENE

left a box of ladies' ears and let-
ers sen-
men-
tail! And
gold went roll-ing out of doors or
fly-
ing out of win-
dow! So
as we have succeded, We all have done as he did, We now I proudly stride out; With pockets turned inside out; I

spend and loose and then we owe - the Lux - em-bourgs are al - ways lost the hin - ing long a - go - A Lux - em-bourg is al - ways

Allegro molto. REFRAIN.

so! 1. We bend it, spend it, end it And out of win - dow

2. I'd send it, With wine and wo - men, sport and play. That is the Lux - em -
-bourger way! For money's made to scatter And when it's gone, no

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

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

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

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

TENOR.

BASS.

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

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

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourg way!

when it's gone, no matter! You still can have your bit of fun - That's how it's done! 2 My

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

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

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

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

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

That's how it's done!
La, la, la, la,
1st EXIT.

Words by ADRIAN ROSS.

NO. 43

Soprano. Allegro.

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

Tenor. Allegro.

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

Bass. Allegro.

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

Piano. Allegro.

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourger way! A fig for care and

sorrow, The devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun-
sorrow, The devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun-
sorrow, The devil take tomorrow, For while we live we'll have some fun-

24820
2nd EXIT.

Soprano: Allegro.

Tenor: Allegro.

Bass: Allegro.

Piano:

So lead it, spend it, end it, and out of window send it, with
wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourgeois way!
A fig for care and sorrow, The

de-vil take to mor row, For while we live we'll have some fun-
That's how it's done! So
lend, it spend it, end it, And out of window send it, With

wine and women, sport and play, That is the Luxembourg way! A fig for care and sorrow, The

de-vil take to-morrow, for while we live we'll have some fun— That's how it's done!

(Spoken) With pleasure, Mendelssohn

That's how it's done!
DUET.—(Juliette and Brissard.)

"A CARNIVAL FOR LIFE."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Tempo di Marcia.

Voice.

Piano.

BRISSARD.

1. To.
2. And

BOTH.

night well have a special boom, A Carnival for two! Jing
if the others stop their fun. We'll keep it up alone. Jing

BOTH.

bang! ta-ra! Jing
bang! 'ta-ra' Jing
bang! ta-ra! Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! I'll
For

Copyright, MCXXI, by Bosworth & Co.
Published by arrangement with Messrs Bosworth & Co.

24820
JUL. com with you, if you have room, I've nothing else to do! JING
when the Car-ni-val is done Well start one on our own!

BOTH.

BANG! ta-ra! JING bang! ta-ra! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! Rub-a-dub! The

BRIS.

mo-to-cars will burst their tyres with fright. We'll
as we two march down the boul-e-vard The

JUL.

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

21820
you and I are game for anything—
we shall take the centre of the scene.

We're Bohemian Queen and King!
As Bohemian King and Queen!
That will just we

You and me!
I and you!
We are waking up the town
And the road shall run champagne.

Till we turn it upside down;
To inaugurate our reign;
Clear the

ULLIETTE.

BRIS.

BRISSARD.

BOTH.

BOTH.

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

fife and beat the drum! Clink the

glasses, bang the trays When we

pass the gay ca-fes! Bow be-

24820.
-fore us as we go: { I am } Pier-

BOTH

retté and { you’re } Pier - rot! { You’ll } I’ll be

BOTH

hus - band { You’ll } be wife! We’ll have a

BOTH

Car - ni - val for life!

24820.
SONG.—(Grand Duke) and Attendants.

"I AM IN LOVE!"


I am in love, I can-not con-tra-dict it!

Piano.

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

G. D.

I can-not now gain-say it! I am in love, My con-dict must be-

G. D.

-tray it! I am in love, My brain is go-ing pep-py! I am in love,

21820
I'm wretched but I'm happy!

I am in love — I am in love!

(Falsetto)

I am — I am — I am in love — in love

I am love, love, love, love, love,

love — love — love —

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

ATTI

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

He is in love, He is in love, He is, he is in
(Pizzicato.)

love, love, love, love, love, love!
love, in love, love, love, love, love,
In love!
love, in love, love, love, love, love,
In love!
love, in love, love, love, love, love,
In love!

Moderato.
GRAND DUKK, con molto sentimento

Deep — In my heart a-sleep — Love has long been

ly—ing. But now he is a-wake! I hear him loud-ly
cry-ing — "For goodness gracious sake,"

You re-cogn-ize me, don’t you? I am Love!"

I hear him loud-ly cry-ing — "For goodness gracious

He hears him loud-ly cry-ing — "For goodness gracious sake,

He hears him loud-ly cry-ing — "For goodness gracious sake,

He hears him loud-ly cry-ing — "For goodness gracious sake,

25820
G.D.

sake, I am in love!

ATT.

You recognize me, don't you? I am Love!

You recognize me, don't you? I am Love!

You recognize me, don't you? I am Love!

Tempo I.

G.D.

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

G.D.

Head o- ver ears, I own it! I am in love— I'm hoping and I'm

24820.
yearning! I am in love— I’m freezing and I’m burning!

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

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

(Istreselle)

I am, I am in love, in love, love, love, love, love, love, love, love,
love—

In love— In love—

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

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

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

(Finale) rit.

Love, love, love, love, In love.

love, in love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love.

love, in love, love, love, love.

24820.
SCENE and AIR-(Angèle)

"LOVE, GOOD-BYE!"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegro.

Piano.

Allegretto.

ANGÈLE

(laughing)

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

shall not see, Why, anyone will do!

Poco meno.
So I wait— all alone,
For a man quite unknown.
I hope he will not tarry Now I am resolved to marry!

Tempo di Mazurka.

Be it so— My visions of romance may go, A dream that I shall
never know! Ah, well— I only must forget

The dream I never saw as yet, The lover that I have not

met! Love, love? To me a word, a lone!

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

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

love with me,
And worship me for ever,
A goddess above.

Though many men may woo me,
Their love is nothing
The goddess will be never a slave to her
to me-

a tempo

Tempo di Mazurka.

lovel!

Be it so— I will forget the

pp a tempo

a tempo

tales I know Of happy lovers long ago!

rit

Ah, well— it is not much I lose, A little love, I
ANG.

know not whose— And bet-ter is the fate I choose!

ANG.

— Love, love? It is an i-dle song! Love.

ANG.

love, Can nev-er live for long! No, love,

ANG.

You are not worth a sigh— Love; good bye!
No 8.

Duet—(Angèle and Grand Duke).

"Cousins of the Czar."

Words by
Basil Hood.

Duett-(Angèle and Grand Duke).

"Cousins of the Czar."

Tempo di Gavotte.

Piano.

GRAND DUKE.

1. You will be a Royal Highness!
2. When we go to Court together.

ANGÈLE.

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

GRAND DUKE.

Cousin to the Czar!
You will be the rage!

ANGÈLE.

Operatic star!
Lady of the stage!

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

24820
G.D.

Bow low-hand up-on my heart-Man-ner that is mine in-

You the dib-u-tante ap-

ANG.

Bow low-hand up-on my heart-Man-ner that is mine in-

You the dib-u-tante ap-

G.D.

-sate-ly! You will try to play the part

proach-ing! You can do what you are shown

ANG.

-sate-ly! I will try to play the part

proach-ing! I can do what I am shown

G.D.

Play it à la Grande Du-chesse! Yes!

Il lu-strate à Grande Du-chesse! Yes!

ANG.

Play it à la Grande Du-chesse! Yes!

Il lu-strate à Grande Du-chesse! Yes!
G.D. You and I— the Duchess and the Duke! 
One—two—three, a curt—sey to the Czar!

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

G.D. No one shall my choice of you re—buke! Op—er—a—tic star!
Four—five—six, a no—ther—there you are! Op—er—a—tic star!

ANG. No one shall your choice of me re—buke! Op—er—a—tic star!
Four—five—six, a no—ther—there you are! Op—er—a—tic star!

G.D. That will be no bar! We are Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!
That will be so bar! We are Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!

ANG. That will be no bar! We're Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!
That will be no bar! We're Cous—ins of the Czar! Yes!

24820
G.D.
You and the Duchess and the Duke!
One-two-three, a curtsy to the Czar!

ANG.
You and the Duchess and the Duke!
One-two-three, a curtsy to the Czar!

G.D.
No one shall my choice of you rebuke!
Four-five-six, another there you are!

ANG.
No one shall your choice of me rebuke!
Four-five-six, another there you are!

G.D.
That will be no bar!
That will be no bar!

ANG.
We are Cousins of the Czar!
We are Cousins of the Czar!

star!

rit.

star!

That will be no bar! We're Cousins of the Czar!

24820
DANCE after 2nd verse.

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

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

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

ANG.
Op - er - a - tic star! That will be no bar! We're Cousins of the Czar!
QUINTET—(René, Grand Duke and Attendants).

"TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

René.

Allegretto.

Grand Duke.

Your cheque up-on Coutts’s and

Attenants.

Your cheque up-on Coutts’s and

Piano.

Your cheque up-on Coutts’s and

RENE

My cheque up-on Coutts’s and Co!

G.D.

Twenty thousand pounds or sol

ATTN

Twenty thousand pounds or sol

24820
Twenty thousand pounds or so!

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

That's what we call a quid pro quo!

Call a quid pro quo! One word, gentleman—For my satisfaction—Since this you'll admit Is an odd transaction. The lady I take, pray, what is she like? If she don't
suit me, why, I shall strike!

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

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

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

Is she young?

Very young—

Very young—

Very young—

Very young—

Very young—

Very nice—

Very nice—

Very nice—

Very nice—

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

Two left legs and not one right one? Is she full of charms assorted, Gold-ven
tresses as important? Feet enormous? pray inform us!
Is her temper wild and tearing? Does she go in strong for swearing?

If I want to see her aim— I had better not inquire!
Has the very charming lady Got a past, a trifle—

If there's something queer about her, I prefer to do without her!
Is it so? Is it so? Oh, no, no! Is it so? Oh, no, no! Is it so? Oh, no, no! Is it so? Oh, no, no!

It is quite more than right!

Very glad! Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, I will be ready when the word is

Go! If Messrs. Coutts and Co. will cash your cheques, You can hand me o-ver Mu-dame
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is
Then for twenty thousand pounds or so, He will be ready when the word is

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

FINALE—ACT I.

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegretto moderato.

René

Fair Count-ess, may I wish that now

Piano.

Ah! Count, my thanks I bow, Now I am yours for ever!

RENÉ

You'll be happy for ever?

And

ANGÈLE

For when you're never with your wife

RENÉ

ours will be a happy life—Unruffled, I may say!
ANG. She won't be in your way! Un till our marriage ends—

RENE. We can not quarrel now, you know— For

Viol. Solo

ANG. L'istesso tempo.

RENE. We can be always friends. We both shall take the road Of a

L'istesso tempo.

RENE. Valse moderato.

we shall nev er meet, and so—

We marriage à la mode! She goes left, he goes right. Out of mind, out of

24820
sight! Each a lone-ly path is tread- ing— That's a tru-ly hap-py

He goes right, she goes left, The ar-range-ments very defl.

Both are free from any care— Hail the hap-py pair! Mon-

Both are free from any care— Hail the hap-py pair!
Allegretto moderato.

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

RENÉ Allegretto moderato. Mer-cil I fancy too That

ANG. I'm sure that you have ra-ven hair, I'll fancy it is such!

RENÉ you're a per-fect Ve-ans! And

ANG. And if in fact it isn't so-

RENÉ I am sure yours is quite fair, I like it ve-ry much! Viol. Sole
ANG. | For we are both in-cog-ni-to-

RENÉ | That will not cause us pain!

ANG. | We

And so we shall remain!

Listesso tempo

Valse moderato.

ANG. | both observe the code Of a marriage a la mode!

ANG. | She goes

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

ANG. | A tempo

trading, That's a truly happy wed-ding!

RENÉ | He goes right, she goes left; The ar-

24920
ANGELIQUE: Hail the happy range, my very dear.

RENÉ: Both are free from any care.

ANGELIQUE: Ah! he is charming, I can guess! Al - 

RENÉ: PAVLOVITCH: Our plan has worked with full success!

MENTSCHIKOFF: Our plan has worked with full success!

FÉLIGRIN: Our plan has worked with full success!

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

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

G. D. Is no fear of danger! Each is to each a stranger! His

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

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

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

ANG. That voice can be so tender!

PAV. That voice can be so tender!

RENÉ That band

G. D. Is no fear of danger! Each is to each a stranger! His
ANG

That hand—So firm and slen—der!

ERNÉ

So soft and slen—der!

G.D.

bridé he must sur—render, Af-ter on-ly three months' grace!

PAV.

bridé he must sur—render, Af-ter on-ly three months' grace!

M.M.

bridé he must sur—render, Af-ter on-ly three months' grace!

P.B.L.

bridé he must sur—render, Af-ter on-ly three months' grace!

Tempo di Valse moderato.

ANG

I'm sor—ry to par—

RENÉ

It's break-ing my heart To par t!

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

Valse moderato.

Ah, Love can it be love

Hovering, flying past? Is it the golden

dream of a life Come to us both at last?

24820
Love that calls to my heart
Now be

bold!

Fortune offers you now

A

chance to catch and to hold

But once,

never again

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

Allegretto.

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

we must say goodbye now! Don't mention it—I'm but the husband you seek! Ah!

poco animato.

Countess! parting gives me pain. That could not be greater! But

ANGÈLE.

Ahl!

I shall meet with you again. When you divorce me later!
wedded bliss full soon must end, The fates de-

-ride and mock it; But keep your marriage

ring, my friend, Safe in your waistcoat pocket!
Valse moderato.

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

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

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

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

ANGÈLE.

a tempo

tread - ing, That's a tru - ly hap - py wed - ding! He goes right, she goes left, The ar -

tread - ing, That's a tru - ly hap - py wed - ding:

tread - ing, That's a tru - ly hap - py wed - ding!

tread - ing, That's a tru - ly hap - py wed - ding!

24820
ANG.  
-ragingment's very deft— Both are free from any care. Hail the happy pair!

PAV.

MEN.

BEL.

RENÉ (spoken)  So now I'm a married man!
Moderato.

RENÉ:  Her little hand—it's the sweetest little hand
she was not my wife. (with resignation) Well, well. Moderato.

us der-stand, 'Twas but a little hand,

Sweet and small-

that was all! Soft as a snow-white dove
Out of the sky above—yet all my heart is thrilling; as at the call of love!

SOP. & ALTO.

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

CHO.

Here's to Carnival!

BASS.

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

24820
LAV.  
He's just gone stark and staring mad!

CRO.  
What is the matter?

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

Allegro moderato.

CRO.  
Twenty thousand pounds or so?

RENE  

ad lib.
MIMI.

Twenty thousand pounds or so, up-on Coutts's and Co.!

LAVINIA.

They have n't broken, that I

RAMEAU.

so! It's in a cheque up-on Coutts's and Co.!

CHO.

so! It's in a cheque up-on Coutts's and Co.!

MIMI.

From whom?

LAV.

From whom?

RAMEAU.

Oh, sol! Hit

CHO.

From whom?

From whom?

From whom?
RENÉ.

Moderato.

nun's must be incognito! From whom? from whom? A

RENÉ.

fairy tale it seems—

It came to me in golden

Valse moderato.

dreams! Ab me! was it my luck
dolce

RENÉ.

Hovering, flying past? Was it the golden
BEORE.

dream of a life 	Come to me then at last?

BENÉ.

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

ZENÉ.

bold! For tune offers you

BENÉ.

now A chance to catch and to hold.
RENE

But once, never again, the dream of gold Bring wine! Let us

Bouche fermée.

Allegretto.

RENE

wish my money A short life and a sunny! I've

Bouche fermée.

Allegretto.

RENE

Tempo di Marcia.

wealh today, though how and why is strictly confidential; But

Bouche fermée.

24820
you can help the gold to fly, And that's the main essential! Though

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

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

poco meno

now it is my mission To keep the old tradition, And
RENE.  gai-ly make the mo-ney go- A Lu-xem-bour-gis al-ways so!
CHO.  Allegro molto.

MIMI. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of win-dow send it!
LAV. lend it, spend it, end it, And out of win-dow send it!

RENÉ. With wine and wo-men,
CHO.  lend it, spend it, end it, And out of win-dow send it!
MIMI. A fig for care or sorrow! The

LAV. A fig for care or sorrow! The

RENÉ. sport and play. That is the Luxembourg way! A fig for care or sorrow! The

CHO. A fig for care or sorrow! The

MIMI. de-vil take to-mor-row For while we live we'll have our fun T-hat's how it's done.

LAV. de-vil take to-mor-row For while we live we'll have our fun T-hat's how it's done.

RENÉ. de-vil take to-mor-row For while we live we'll have our fun T-hat's how it's done.

CHO. de-vil take to-mor-row For while we live we'll have our fun T-hat's how it's done.

24820
way, for here we come
So blow the pipe and

hang the drum, Clink the glasses, bang the

trava, As we pass the gay cafes.

Bow before us as we go, She is Pier-
fife and beat the drum, Clink the glasses, bang the tray.
As we pass the gay cafes Bow be.

fife and beat the drum, Clink the glasses, bang the tray.
As we pass the gay cafes Bow be.

fife and beat the drum, Clink the glasses, bang the tray.
As we pass the gay cafes Bow be.
BRINSARD.
Tra, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la, la,
Tra, la, la,
-fore us as we go,
She is Pierrette and

CHO.
-fore us as we go,
She is Pierrette and

BRIS.
Tra, la, la, la, la! I'll be husband, she'll be wife,
I'm Pierrot I'll be husband, she'll be wife,

CHO.
I'm Pierrot I'll be husband, she'll be wife,
BR II.

We'll have a Carnival for life!

CHOR.

We'll have a Carnival for life!

JUL.

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

BRI.

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

CRO.

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

out of window send it! And quaff off a glass As we laugh with a

out of window send it! And quaff off a glass As we laugh with a

out of window send it! And quaff off a glass As we laugh with a

out of window send it! And quaff off a glass As we laugh with a

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

lass! Tra, la, la!

24820

END OF ACT I.
In strict waltz time.

(Curtain) (Solo of p.v. ad fin.)
(Dialogue) Melodrama.

24820.
24830.
No. 12.  

ENTRANCE CHORUS & SOLO.—(Angéle.)

Words by  
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegro molto.

Piano.

SOP.

ALTO.

Hail, Angéle, our night in—

ALT.

Hail, Angéle, our night in—

	

TEN.

Hail, Angéle, our night in—

BAR.

Hail, Angéle, our night in—

BASS.

Hail, Angéle, our night in—

CH.

Hail to the lovely Di—val

CH.

Hail to the lovely Di—val

CH.

Hail to the lovely Di—val

CH.
Queen of our hearts and queen of song, We mean to keep her ours for long! — Hail, Angèle, our

Que...
nigh-tin-gale! Greet her with loud Ev-vi-val We all with

Poco meno

ANGÈLE.

I thank you,

one ac-cord im-plore She'll talk of leav-ing us no more!

one ac-cord im-plore She'll talk of leav-ing us no more!

one ac-cord im-plore She'll talk of leav-ing us no more!

24820
Moderato.

Gentlemen, and ladies also, But yet we part, for fate must

fall so; Your kind-ness makes it hard-er now.

Yet it must be!

part-ing, That we won't al-low!

part-ing, That we won't al-low!

No, That we won't al-low!
Ah, say not so! Come back to us, our Diva! Have pitty on the loyal throng, Our queen of love, our star of song!

Angèle

I may not yield, although I sigh. To dreams of art and love—good-bye!
Valse moderato.

expressivo

Day-dreams, you must go, For it is time that we should part,

pp

— Though a voice echoes in my heart, And sighs,— Ah, no! — When the

24820
dreams are pass'd away, Will your life be cold and grey, As our

TEN own will be ere long, For the ending of your song? So far -

ANG. -well to dreams of art, Though my heart is sad and sore, For I

ANG. know when they de-part, I shall find them ne-ver-more!
No. 13.

SONG.—(Grand Duke.)

“PRETTY BUTTERFLY”

Allegro.

Piano.

GRAND DUKE.

Allegretto.

1. Once a Butter-
2. While the Butter-

fly came flutt'-ring
fly was utt'-ring
To a tender lit-tle Rose!
What I've told you to the Rose,

Soft-ly
She,

This number may be omitted.

24820
G.D.

murmuring and muttering. "Rosebud, let your heart un-
all her petals fluttering. Let her tender heart un-

G.D.

- close! Little bud, pretty bud,
- close! Flutter by, Butter fly, Yes,

G.D.

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

G.D.

bud, as you may guess. Answered very softly, "Yes,
fly replies to this With another warmer kiss.

24820
Sur-re, sur-re, sur-re, summ, summ, summ! Sur-re, sur-re, sur-re, summ, summ, summ! Thine!
Sur-re, sur-re, sur-re, summ, summ, summ! Sur-re, sur-re, sur-re, summ, summ, summ! Mine!

Ah! Pret-ty But-ter-fly!
Ah! Rosie, don’t be shy!

Oh! Thine!
Ah!

Thine, and thine a-lone, an’! Kiss your pret-ty But-ter-fly!
No 14.

SONG.—(Réné.)

"HER GLOVE"

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegro.

Piano.

Moderato.

RÉNÉ.

Ah, the perfume—
(spoken)

how it lingers! What a dainty little glove—

Allegro.

For it fits the fairy fingers of the dainty

hand I love! Never in a dream of bliss

Saw I such a hand as this—
Moderato.

NEP

(thoughfully)

Neve-r!

Never?

Surely!

Did I?

It's absurd!

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

Più mosso (non troppo)

sest of red clover again—Reminds me—reminds me—

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

seems like a magical hand—That once I looked upon—
Hand that was like a dream, And like a
dream was gone— Like a dream was
gone! Dear— darling! let me kiss it!
You are happy, little glove—
While we ask a kiss and miss it, You can hold the hand we

poco animato

love!

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

Moderato.

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

not! The hand I held before— No, I will think of that no
Allegro.

more!

thoughtfully. Piu mosso.

The scent of red clover again— Reminds me—

-minds me— The smell of a meadow after rain— Reminds me—

-minds me— As sweet as the magical hand— I press my lips upon—
Moderato.

Hand that was like a dream, And like a

Hand that was like a dream, And like a

dream was gone— Like a dream was

gone!

Allegro non troppo.

24820
1. (Jul.) Now if you really mean to mix In high so-
2. (Brs.) Say that I meet you at a ball And want to

ci-e-ty. (Brs.) The best so-cie-ty- dance with you. (Jul.) Per-haps I'll dance with you.

(jul.) You ought to know some par-lour tricks. At-wed. My friend,
(brs.) You're lean-ing back a-gainst the wall So bored. Oh, Lord!
And copy me. (sopr.) It's your "at home," let us sup-
And I am too. (alt.) I do not know if I will

-pose,

dance,

You meet me on the stair— (alt.) I meet you with a stare.
It's such a rot-ten floor— (sopr.) It is a beast-ly floor!

Don't bob, but mere-ly bend your nose—
Still, we had bet-ter take our chance,

That's how To

Though I

bow As if you did n't care. (alt.) I'm so de-light-ed
know It will be such a bore. (sopr.) I say, this is a
that you came—(sop.) Very kind, very kind, very kind! (sop.) You
ghastly hop! (sop.) What a ball, what a ball, what a ball! (sop.) If

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

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

fight for it or you'll get none. (jun.) Oh, that's all right,
had another dance, just one. (jun.) Your hold me pressed
Trust me to fight.  In high soci-ety it's al-ways done!
Close to your chest— In high soci-ety it's al-ways done.

DIALOGUE.

Repeat ad lib. until cue

JULIETTE.

Yes, in soci-ety that's how it's done. done.
Yes, in soci-ety that's how it's done! done!

BRASSARD.

Yes, in soci-ety that's how it's done. done.
Yes, in soci-ety that's how it's done! done!

Last.

D.C.
Duet.  (Angèle and René.)

"LOVE BREAKS EVERY BOND."

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Allegretto.

Angèle.  

What are you doing? Are you mad? You must have lost

Piano.  

RENÉ.

your senses! Yes, mad, if mad it

ANG.  

be to say I love you!

24820
To swear by Heav'n above you!—There is no Heav'n for me but where you are! No

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

Nor care I where that star may lead me too!

But attend! Aye stars ne-ver
clouded  Ah, my friend, The stars may be shrouded!

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

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

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

Be not mis-tak-en — Tis too far! No, Angéle, say not so! No,

For men may reach un to the stars by pow’r of Love! For true love is an an-gel —

An an-gel pure that car ries A mor-tal’s heart to Heav'n —
ANGÈLE. Valse moderato.

But your star—Can mortal ever grasp above!

Tis too far—

Gold-en star—Can mortal ever grasp you?

Can mortal hope to clasp it? Oh, my gold-en star be-ware!

Oh, my gold-en star be-ware!
ANG. The sky is clouded. But your star— Can mortal ever grasp it?

REN. The sky is clouded. But your star— Can mortal ever grasp you?

ANG. 'Tis too far Can mortal hope to clasp— it? 'Tis a dream From which you will a-

REN. 'Tis too far Can mortal hope to clasp— you? 'Tis a dream Ah! must I then a-

ANG. —wak— en! Ah— Be not mis-tak-en, 'Tis too far!

REN. —wak— en! Ah! By love for-sak-en, Gold— en star!
ANG.  
Ah! Ah!

(REV.)  
Ah! Ah!

ANG.  
I've no ears For the music of spheres - I'm bored with the study of stars!  
(behind the scene)

ANG.  
-tune to the mirth And the music of earth - And we'll dance to the opening bars!
Yet still have I Hope, (A tel-escope)

That brings my star more near! My gold-en star more near!

Your fancy car ries you far,—Yes, up too far to your
star! But, a - las! Fan - cies fade and pass!

Say not love is a dream! Say not that hope is vain! Say not that cruel fate will redeem
Perfect joy with pain! Look, ah! look not be-
yond Joy so near; True hearts
may not despise, For love knows nought of fear! Love
breaks every bond, And love, true love, is here!

Cello Solo.
Say not love is a dream! Say not that hope is vain! Say not that cruel fate will redeem
Perfect joy with pain! Look, ah! look not be-

-yond Joy so near; True hearts

may not desp-ond, For love knows nought of fear! Love

breaks ev-er-y bond, And love, true love, is here!
(Dialogue.)

DANCE.
Strict Valse time.

Piu animato.

Presto.
No. 17

RUSSIAN DANCE.

"KUKUSKA"

Allegro.

Piano.
Molto Allegro.
SONG.—(Grand Duke) and Girls.

"ROOTSIE-ROOTSIE."

Words by
BASIL HOOD & ADRIAN ROSS.

Marcia moderato.

Grand Duke.

1. Since first I
2. The maidens

Piano.

burst upon the scene In beauty bright and glorious,
who adored me then I used to think engaging.

C.D.

In love and dance I've ever been Undoubtedly notorious! The
I leave them now to other men, I find that they are aging! I
high-born beauties of the upper Ten confessed their love intense.
let young all-lv whip-pern-pers Win and wear them if they will;

They asked me out to tea and supper At my own expense! They sought for me,
For I have all the pretty flappers Crowding round me still. They catch at me,

fought for me, Begged for a chance To trip with me, skip with me One little dance! It was snatch at me, Fight for a glance, Caressing me, pressing me Just for a dance! sooner! It is

"Root-sie-Root-sie, here! Root-sie-Root-sie, dear! Root-sie-Root-sie, darling, won't you dance?"
"Root-sie-Root-sie, here! Root-sie-Root-sie, dear! Root-sie-Root-sie, darling, won't you dance?"
Root-sie-Poot-sie's Twink-lie Toot-sies Pol-ka'd round the floor; My part-ners would im-plore For on-ly one turn more! I would whirl a lit-tle girl Till four, The la-dies lock the door! Round I whirl each lit-tle girl, Till head and heart were gone; She would twit-ter in my ear— "Oh! go on!" all her breaths gone, And she gargles in my ear— "Oh! go on!"

GIRLS.

Root-sie-Poot-sie's Twink-lie Toot-sies Pol-ka'd round the floor; His Root-sie-Poot-sie's Twink-lie Toot-sies Pol-ka'd round the floor; His
girl: partners would implore For only one turn more! He would whirl a little girl till

head and heart were gone; She would murmur in his ear—"Oh! go on!"

tempo I.

GRAND DUKE.

J. The fairest

G.D.

sters of the bullet Around me often however;
And they would throw their hearts away If I'd be their lover! Great

ladies of the British lord kin Underneath my window call,

"Oh, come into the garden, Mord-kin, Dance the Bre-chau all! They cry to me,

sigh to me. Wildly advance. To swing to me, cling to me. Lost in the dance! It is
Girls.

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

Polka moderato.

GRAND DUKE.

Root-sie—Root-sie's Twinkling toes—six Polka round the floor; The

crowd becomes a bore— I have to call out, "Fore!"

G.D.

Round I whirl each little girl Until her strength is gone;

24820
But she whispers as the faints— "Oh! go on!"

Twinkling tootsies Polka round the floor; His partners all implore for

Only one turn more! He can whirl a little girl Till head and heart are

gone; And she murmurs in his ear— "Oh! go on!"
DUET—(Angèle and René.)

"ARE YOU GOING TO DANCE?"

Words by
BASIL HOOD.

Angèle

René

Piano.

Non, mer-

Are you go-ing to dance?

Tempo di Valse.

Tempo di Valse.

Not with me, as you

May not I have a chance?

-ci, mon a-zil

see!

Do you find an-y faults in the way that I wal-ter?

If you do
ANG.

It is certainly true.

RENÉ.

Will not you explain? My dis-

ANG.

When I'm waltzing with you-

RENÉ.

-tress you can guess! You con-fess more or

ANG.

That we both of us seem To have danced in a dream-

RENÉ.

less-

24820
RENÈ.

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

two, You and I, I and you! Let us believe the
dream is true, That you love me and I love you!

ANGÈLE.

(with closed lips.)

RENÈ.

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

24820
Like little children, hand in hand, Dancing away in Fairyland!

If you quite understand—

All I hear, never fear!

I have promised my hand—

Fate austere, it is clear!
do-ing no harm While I rest on your arm, If, by chance,

I do dance With you! Man and maid of high

Tho' a cir-e-le se-lect-

grade— Very staid, I'm a-fraid—

Would be more cir-cum-spect— A Bo-

24820
-he-mi-an taste, Will for-bid you to waste, Any part

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

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

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

RENÉ.

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

ANG.

RENÉ.

Stair-way that leads to Fairy-land, Where we may wan - der hand in hand!

Repeat according to business.
NO. 20  CONCERTED NUMBER (Juliette, Mimi, Grand Duke, Brissard, and Girls)

"BOYS."

Words by
ADRIAN ROSS.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano.

GRAND DUKE.

Moderato.

G. D.

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

G. D.

going to burn My census return, I know it's wrong!
Yes, we will cook The Registrar's book, And we'll all be the age we

look! For women to-day Dressed age in the way They used to
do; And some, I am sure, Look quite immature At forty-two!

Our modern dress Is such a success— We are all seventeen, or less!
I'll be a flapper all my life!

I shall look younger than my wife!

All men and maids—have join'd the Boys' Brigade.

All men and maids—have join'd the Boys' Brigade. So

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

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

G.D.A
BEGIN.

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

GIRLS.

present to playing the fool—Youth is too pleasant to

G.B.A
BEGIN.

We're playing the fool—Youth is too pleasant to

GIRLS.

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

Allegretto moderato.

I mean to forget all

stiff etiquette and formal pomp. For love will be sport and
mariage a sort of good old romp! I'll make a match by

start-ing from scratch, and I'll mar-ry the man I catch!

husbands and wives won't both-er their lives about their rights. It's

much bet-ter if they set-tle a tiff by pil-low fights!
JULIETTE.

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

skirts shall be up to there!

Animo.

GRAND DUKE.

My figure looks quite boyish still—

If you have stays, of course it will!

BRISSARD.

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

I won't be old— For youth's the age of gold— So
Tempo di Marcia Vivace.

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

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

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

GIRLS.

So give up the present to playing the fool—

boys! We're playing the fool

2420
Youth is too pleasant to waste it at school,

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

Words by
BASIL HOOD & ADBIAN ROSS.

Angèle. Valse moderato.

Piano.

Angé.

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

Angé.

cru - el fate will re - deem Per - fect joy with

24820
pain,
Look, ahh! look not beyond

Joy so near;
True hearts

may not despond, For love knows nought of fear

Love breaks every bond, And love, true love, is
Tempo di Valse.

ANG. Here!

RENÉ. You love me.

ANGÈLE. I love you, That shall be All life

ANG. through, As we go on - ward hand in hand,

BOTH. Mak - ing the world a fai - ry - land!
both

Voice 2nd time only.

three Happy pairs! Life is free Now from

dance.

cares! They will go on - ward hand in hand, Mak - ing the

presto.

both

world a fai - ry - Hail the - land!

curtain.

repeat ad lib

24820

end of opera
MERRIE ENGLAND
A Comic Opera in Two Acts

WRITTEN BY
BASIL HODD

COMPOSED BY
EDWARD GERMAN

VOCAL SCORE
VOCAL SCORE (Concert Version)

PIANOFORTE SOLO
LIBRETTI

THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND. (In C and D.)
LOVE IS MEANT TO MAKE US GLAD.
(1n D flat, E flat and F.)
A PEACEFUL ENGLAND.

THE ENGLISH ROSE.

LOVE IS MEANT TO MAKE US GLAD. (Quintet, Quartet, or Trio, octavo.)

IN ENGLAND, MERRIE ENGLAND. (Quartet, octavo.)

FIRST PIANOFORTE SELECTION.
Also for Full or Small Orchestra and Military Band.

WALTZ SONG.
SHE HAD A LETTER FROM HER LOVE.
COME TO ACADIA. (Duet.)
IT IS THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY. (Duet.)

SECOND PIANOFORTE SELECTION.
Arranged by CARL KIEFERT.
Arranged by WARWICK WILLIAMS

VALSE
LANGES

FOUR DANCES (Piano Solo or Duet)
FOUR DANCES (Violin and Piano)

Arranged by the Composer
Arranged by the Composer

TOLHURST'S VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE SELECTION.

CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd. 20 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1
NEW YORK TORONTO SYDNEY PARIS
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Composer/Author</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Lisbon Story</td>
<td>N. P. D'Avray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merrily England</td>
<td>Edward German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom Jones</td>
<td>Edward German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Princess of Kensington</td>
<td>Edward German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Emerald Isle</td>
<td>Sullivan and German</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rebel Maid</td>
<td>Montgomery &amp; Phillips</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barbara</td>
<td>O. H. Chipman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hong Kong</td>
<td>Charles Bisco</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dorothy</td>
<td>Alfred Cellier</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waltzes from Vienna</td>
<td>Johann Strauss</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wild Violets</td>
<td>Robert Stolz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The New Moon</td>
<td>Richard Rodgers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Musketeers</td>
<td>Rudolf bridge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wildflower</td>
<td>Youmans and Stothart</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frederica</td>
<td>Irving Lewis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jill Darling</td>
<td>Vivian Ellis</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anything Goes</td>
<td>Cole Porter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Ladyship</td>
<td>Howard Talbot</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD.,
36 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, E.
NEW YORK - TORONTO - MUNICH - PARIS.