Woods, Frazee & Lederer Present
Lina Abarbanell and R. C. Herz

In

Madame Sherry

A Three Act French Vaudeville

Personally Staged By Mr. Lederer

Book & Lyrics By Otto Hauerbach

Music By Karl L. Hoschna

M. Witmark & Sons.
New York Chicago London Paris
Mesrs. H. H. Frazee and George W. Lederer's Presentation of the Fascinating
Lina Abarbanell in
Madame Sherry
A Three Act French Vaudeville
Personally Staged by Mr. Lederer.

Book and Lyrics by
Otto Hauerbach

Music by
Karl L. Hoschna.

Vocal Score, Pr.$2.00 net.  Vocal Gems, Pr.$50 net.

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WOODS, FRAZZI & LEDERER

Beg to Present

Lina Abarbanell

—with—

Ralph C. Herz

in

MADAME SHERRY

A French Vaudeville In Three Acts

Book & Lyrics by OTTO HAUERBACH. Music by KARL HOSCHNA

Personally Staged by Mr. LEDERER

CHARACTERS

LULU, an actress and dancer (Edward’s sweetheart) .................. Miss FRANCES DEMAREST

CATHARINE, Edward’s housekeeper (Phillippe’s wife) ............. Miss ELIZABETH M. MURRAY

PHILLIPPE, Janitor (Catharine’s husband) ......................... Mr. IGNACIO MARTINETTI

EDWARD SHERRY, a New York man about town (A nephew of Theophilus Sherry) .... Mr. JACK GARDNER

LEONARD GOMEZ, son of the President of Venezuela .............. Mr. CARL MARTENS

PEPITA, Leonard’s sweetheart ...................................... Miss MARIE DAINTON

YVONNE SHERRY, the Convent Girl (niece of Theophilus Sherry) ... LINA ABAZABANELL

THEOPHILUS SHERRY, a millionaire connoisseur of Greek Art. .. Mr. RALPH C. HERZ

HECTOR, head steward on the yacht “Yvonne” ..................... Mr. EVERETT NELSON

Pupils At The Sherry School of Aesthetic Dancing.

HELEN VAN NESS ........................................ RITA STANWOOD

FLORENCE BREVOORT ................................... MARCELLE LAMB

LOY DE FUYSSTER ....................................... PEGGE GOULDING

IRENE VANDERVEELT ..................................... MAY HANNA

MYRTLE STUYVESANT ..................................... IRENE PALMER

RUTH AMSTERDAM ....................................... MAY THOMPSON

FLORENCE ASTORIA ...................................... LILLIAN BRITT

BERTHA VON HUTTON .................................... ALMANORE FRANCIS

(Millionaire enthusiasts in Aesthetic dancing.)


ACT I.

Edward Sherry’s studio. A morning in July.

ACT II.

The salon of the yacht “Yvonne” Same evening.

(View of Hudson River.)

ACT III.

Aft deck of the yacht “Yvonne” Same evening.

(View of New York Bay and Coney Island.)

Musical Director .................. Mr. John McGhie
Contents.

ACT I.

1. OPENING CHORUS. .................................................. 11
   AESTHETIC DANCING .............................................. Lulu and Aristocratic Dancing Class
2. THEOPHILUS .......................................................... 21
3. EVERY LITTLE MOVEMENT .......................................... Lulu and Leonard 24
4. UNCLE SAYS I MUSN'T, SO I WONT. .............................. Yvonne, Leonard and Lulu 27
5. THE BUTTERFLY & DANCE. ......................................... Yvonne and Fifth Ave. Girls 32
7. FINALE ............................................................... 43
8. THE LOVE DANCE. .................................................. Yvonne and Edward 45

ACT II.

9. OPENING CHORUS ................................................... 50
   (a) ATHLETIC PRANCING .......................................... Fifth Avenue Girls
   (b) WON'T SOME ONE TAKE ME HOME? ........................... Catharine and Girls
10. THE OTHER FELLOW ............................................... Yvonne and Phillippe 57
11. I'M ALL RIGHT ..................................................... Yvonne 60
12. THE BIRTH OF PASSION . Theophilus, Lulu, Leonard, Phillippe, Catharine, Edward 64
    & Yvonne ......................................................... Ensemble 71
13. FINALE ............................................................... 80

ACT III.

14. OPENING CHORUS .................................................. 85
15. SHE SHOOK HIM IN CHICAGO ...................................... Lulu 91
16. I'LL BUILD FOR YOU A LITTLE NEST ................................ Yvonne and Edward 94
17. WE ARE ONLY POOR WEAK MORTALS ................................ Theophilus 97
18. FINALE ............................................................... 100
No. 1.
Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
OTTO HAEBERBACH.

Music by
KARL HÖRSCHNA.

Allegro con spirito.

Piano.

Meno mosso.

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SOPRANO & ALTO.

Po-et-ic, aes-thet-ic danc-ing, We all love you well;

TENOR.

Po-et-ic, aes-thet-ic danc-ing, We all love you well;

BASS.
Magnetic, aesthetic dancing, 'Neath your charming spell.

Magnetic, aesthetic dancing, 'Neath your charming spell.

Sorrow and heartache must vanish away, Brightness and happiness

Sorrow and heartache must vanish away, Brightness and happiness

Only can stay, if we practice our aesthetic dancing day by day

Only can stay, if we practice our aesthetic dancing day by day
day, day by day,
day, day by day.

LULU.

Every little movement has a meaning all its own,

Every thought and feeling by a posture can be shown, And ev'ry
love tho't that comes a-stealing o'er your being Must be re-
vealing all its sweetness. In some appealing little

eroll. a tempo.

gesture all all its own.

CHORUS. Every little movement has a

Every little movement has a

M.W.&SONS 11355 /
meaning all its own,
Every thought and feeling by a

posture can be shown,
And every love thought that comes a-

stealing over your being
Must be revealing all its
sweetness. In some appealing little gesture, all all its

Allegretto.

own.

Allegretto.

ff

LULU.

For instance, while you're tripping o'er the floor, or lightly
skipping, You will find these steps befitting. Feelings jolly bright and

Molto meno mosso.

gay. But when you're gently swaying, While some slower strain is

playing, You will find your heart betraying. Tho's more sombre dull and

EXIT. ppp Gradually returning to Tempo I.

gray. Ev'ry little movement has a
meaning all its own. Every thought and feeling by a posture can be shown. And every thought that comes a-stealing o'er your

And every thought that comes a-stealing o'er your

And every thought that comes a-stealing o'er your
being Must be revealing all its sweetness. In some ap-

pealing little gesture all all its own.

pealing little gesture all all its own.

M.W. & SONS 1855
NO 2.

Lyric by
O. A. HAUERBACH.

Con spirito.

Theophilus.
Edward and Lulu.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

When
As
But

Piano.

I was young, The- o- phi-lus - The- o- phi-lus who's he? He's an
years went by The- o- phi-lus - The- o- phi-lus then what? Th'ot he'd
worst of all The- o- phi-lus - The- o- phi-lus what now? Had-

uncle of mine, Worth eight mil-lion or nine, And he's ver-y good to
make me a gift, That would give me a lift, And so what do you think he
a no-tion quen, That I should rear, A fam-i-ly I

5054

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When I was a boy, 'Twas his greatest joy,
That playboy! Did he think so far, As a yacht or car? Or a

vow! Said he'd give me "mon," For every girl or son, That was

an - o I should play. But the coin he sent I
grown on my wed-ding links. So on my life, tho', I've

quick - ly spent In a very dif - f'rent way. He's an
buy this place, A music con - serv-a-try! Hah! He's an
never had a wife, I've two chil - dren so he thinks. He's an

REFRAIN.

odd - man, He's a ver - y odd man, Is The - o - phi - lus, yes in -
odd - man, He's a ver - y odd man, Is The - o - phi - lus yes in -
odd - man, A ver - y odd man, Is The - o - phi - lus yes in -
deed! I must confess, He seems to guess, Just what I'll never need; Piano, Jews harp, drum or fife, I couldn't play a tune to need; As for chords and notes and stuff like that, I wouldn't know a sharp from a need; If I were as bald as billiard ball, He'd keep sending me combs from save my life, He's an old man, Is Theophilus, A now till fall, He's an old man, Is Theophilus, A

Madame Sherry.

No. 3.

Every Little Movement.

Lulu and Leonard.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

Lyric by
O. A. HAUERBACH.

Allegretto grazioso.

Piano.

long'er does the lithe-some miss,
Cau-vort in catch-y waltz,
The makes no dif-f'rence fat or
slim, You must get in the game,

While

two-step and the rag-time bliss,
Some one plays a Turk-ish
hymn, Just let your soul in-flame.

The

Your

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schat-tische and the pol-ka swing, She's laid them all a
arms and legs grow elo-quent, And in-ner tho'ts sub-

way. Aes-thet-ic dan-cing is the thing that
lime, Ex-press them-selves with temp-ra-ment while

holds the "floor" to-day Ah!
you are keep-ing time Ah!
REFRAIN. Moderato grazioso.

Every little movement has a meaning all its own,

Every thought and feeling by some posture can be shown, And every

love thought That comes a stealing Over your being must be revealing, All its

sweetness in some appealing Little gesture all all its own.
No. 4.

Uncle Says I Musn't So I Won't.

Lyric by
Yvonne, Leonard and Lulu.

Music by
Karl Hoschka.

Molto moderato.

Leonard. Lulu.

What curious visitor is this? She's spoiled our Piano.

p dolce.

Leonard. Lulu.

lesson Miss! Is there anything you want? Don't stand and stare. What is your

name? And you come from where?

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YVONNE.

I'm just a little convent girl With my teachers at the convent say That

LULU & LEONARD.

wide and wondering eye, A little bird that's left its nest And is awful things take place Yes, in this wicked, wicked world Some

YVONNE.

learning how to fly. Yes I've been told that there are things in men do go the pace. They even say that girls and boys are
cities large and small, That nev¬er, nev¬er could be
some¬times left a lone, To talk and walk and walk and

cresc. poco a poco.

LULU & LEONARD.

found Behind a con¬vent wall. A¬ las! 'tis so, son¬e.
talk With¬out a Chap¬e¬ron! My! you don't say! we

YVONNE.

things my dear that are not good for you to know. Why
trust such fate my dear, may nev¬er come your way. Why
REFRAIN.
Moderato.

is it that the things you like are never good for you, and the
is it that the things you like are never good for you, and the

things they say are wrong are just the things you want to do? I have
things they say are wrong are just the things you want to do? I have

poco accel.
a tempo.

heard that men admire girls who wear a peck-a-boo! And that
heard a modest miss gets a lot of heav'n-ly joy from

poco rall.
a tempo.

love you can inspire if your eyes can say "goo-goo," I'd like to
just a trifling kiss, if she gets it from a boy I'd like to
No. 5.
The Butterfly.
Lyric by
OTTO HAUERBACH.
Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

Moderato con moto.

Piano.

YVONNE.

once was a poor lit-tle grub, A grub? A fool-ish lit-tle dub of a grub
was not such a dub? A dub. No this grub was not such a grub,
And she got her a suit of gloom - y gray, And she
dub,
For all of a sud-den but none too soon, She
spun it all herself, so they say. It had no fit in the
tore from her back the gay cocoon. The dress that had made her—

front or back, In fact it looked like a little round sack, And
life so dark, She threw it away well just for a lark, And

PUPILS.

wasn't it dark inside Brrrr! wasn't it dark inside! For a
wasn't she good and cold Brrrr! wasn't she good and cold! But

long, long time this little grub lay all snuggled up tight till
lo and behold in a very strange way She found another dress all
one Spring day, A

bright and gay, A

around it a rainbow light seemed to play, And the

poco roll.

poco voice.

grub winked her tiny eye. And said I wish I were a butterfly.
grub winked her tiny eye. And said I am a little butterfly.

roll.

colla voice.

REFRAIN.

Flutter, flutter, flutter little butter, butter, butter, butter -

pp a tempo.

PUPILS.

fly

Flutter, flutter, flutter little butter, butter, butter, butter -

YVONNE.

Spread your
golden wings, Where the locust swings, For there's honey there And a fly

love that sings So flutter, flutter, flutter little

1. PUPILS

butter, butter, butter, butter fly

Flutter, flutter little butterfly.

D.C.

2.

butter, butter, butter, butter fly

Flutter, flutter little butterfly.

M.W. & SONS (1906-4)
Dance To "The Butterfly."

KARL HOSCHNA.

Allegretto grazioso.

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The Smile She Means For You.

Edward, Lulu, Catherine, Leonard and Theophilus.

Lyric by OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by KARL HOSCHNA.

Allegretto giocoso.

EDWARD.

Some like a girl who is

We jolly the girl who's ath-

Piano.

LEONARD.

elever, Who plays the piano and sings.

let ic, Who knows how to row and to ride.

LULU.

Some like a girl who is ever Well dressed with her jewels and

We comfort the girl who's pathetic And clings like a vine to your

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CATHERINE.

rings.  Some like her grace-ful and slen-der,  Think a
side.  We bow to the girl who's a stun-ner,  The daugh-

THEO.

queen is a-lone worth their while.  But the girl that you love all-
ter of fash-ion and style.  But the girl that we love all-
girl-ies a-bove,  Is the girl-ie who knows how to smile.  May - be a
girl-ies a-bove,  Is the girl-ie who knows how to smile.
REFRAIN. *A la Marcia moderato.*

*molto marcato.*

bright smile, A win - some light smile, May be a

smile that sim - ply beams. May be a

sad smile, May be a glad smile, May be the

smile you see in dreams. A smile that's
haughty, bewitching, naught y, And full of mischief thro' and thro'; But large or small smile, The best of all smile, It is the 2nd time.

smile she means for you.
No. 7.

Finale Act I.

Lyric by

OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by

KARL HÖSCHNA.

Moderato grazioso.

YVONNE.

Piano.

Ev'ry little movement has a meaning all its own,

Ev'ry thought and feeling by some posture can be shown, And ev'ry

love thought that comes a-stealing o'er your being must be revealing. All its

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sweetness in some appealing little gesture all, all its own.

DANCE.

End of Act I
The Love Dance.
Madame Sherry Intermezzo.

No. 8.

Allegretto grazioso.

By KARL HOSCHNA.
No. 9.

Act II.
Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
Otto Hauerbach.

Music by
Karl Hoschna

Allegro.

Piano.

Soprano & Alto.

Sing, sing, Sing me a song again. Swing, swing, Swing me a long again.

Tenor.

Sing, sing, Sing

Bass.

Swing, swing, Swing

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Do it right, You know, you know! Hold me tight, Don’t
Do it right, You know, you know! Hold me tight, Don’t

let me go! Love, Love, Can’t help a sigh-ing, Love, Love,
let me go! Love, Love, Can’t Love, Love,
Gee, I am dy-ing! Be-lieve I’ve got a mu-si-cal jag,

Gee, Be-lieve I’ve got a mu-si-cal jag,

Try-ing to dance this ath-letic rag. Ath-letic,

Try-ing to dance this ath-letic rag. Ath-letic,

Mag-netic, Sym-pa-thet-ic rag.

Mag-netic, Sym-pa-thet-ic rag.

M.W.G. SONS 11355
Won't Some One Take Me Home?

Lyric by
- OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by
- KARL HOSCHNA.

Moderato.

Piano.

'Twas
Then

Wednesday night at eight o'clock, The guests in hundreds
the person like a man arose, And looked about the

stood;    When Mr. William Johnson Black Was
church; "Come men" says he, "you don't propose to

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wed to Sarah Wood. "What will the harvest leave her in a lurch? There's Deacon Snow, a

be?" rang out, The organ by mistake, "Sure bachelor yet, Of courting he's afraid. Now

the harvest will be splinters! Yelled out some no-count here's a chance for him to get. A wife, all read-y

M.W. & SONS LTD A
Poor Mr. Snow, "Miss Woods is fine,"
Block turned pale, And
But
a tempo.

While in the aisle Sal
bolted o'er the rail,
no kindling for mine!"

Then turned and fled, While
cried the while, Behind her bridal veil.

Salah shed, More tears of briny brine!

REFRAIN. Paintively.

"I wouldn't mind if I only could find... Another nice young..."
Here, I've got these clothes, and goodness knows, they're growing old and

I can't get another trousseau; every cent I had saved I have spent, for this bum veil and comb, here I'm

all dressed up with no place to go, won't some one take me home.
The Other Fellow.

Duet.

Lyric by
OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

Piano.

GILOCOSO.

PHILLIP.

I have taught a lot of
Now don't say "I won't," or "I

lit-tle girls like you The A B C's of woo-ing, I am
think I'd rather not," When in-vi-ted to go roam-ing, There's no

versed and re-hearsed In methods sure and true Of bill-ing and of
harm if an arm Should sur-round a lit-tle tot, If its chil-ly in the
COO-ING.  I am sure it would be nice To be your pu-pil once or twice, I
GLOOM-ING.  I sup-pose 'twont be a-miss If I of-fered, well a kiss To my
know you'd not dis-tress her, Please teach me what to do When my
sweet-heart When I greet him. Oh I think your i-deas fine! I am
sweet-heart comes to woo, I'll let you be my dear Pro-fess-or,
going to make them mine, When I have the jol-ly luck to meet him.

REFRAIN.
BOTH.
Ah me! that's the pit-y of it all, Giv-ing les-sens on loves
Cello. For some day you're sure to get a fall, When your pupil meets her Oonataello; For just when she's perfect with her bow And her tones are soft and mellow, She'll say good day And start to play And practice with the other fellow.
I'm All Right!

Tempo rubato.

Why! what a funny feeling! The floor is up by the ceiling,
Here at my heart is growing a

It seems I cannot reach it
tender-ness, oh, so glowing,
I want some one to hold my

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with my feet.  
You've all got double faces, And you
hand for me._  
There now, I see you're laughing, You're

don't stay in your places,  
When it comes a-
making fun and chafing!  
I think you're

round again,  
just as mean  
I want that seat.  
as you can be!
REFRAIN.

a tempo.

right, I'm all right! It's the walls, don't you see how they sway? And things are going around, around in the
most peculiar way, In my ear I can hear something buzzy.

wuz-zy so queer. Have no

dright, I'm all right, I'm all right!
Tempo di Valse lento.

YVONNE.

He kissed, he kissed, he kissed her! Her fair

Piano.

lips caressing. He kissed, he kissed, Ah! here

cresc.

—all at my breast. Some strange sorrow's pressing. While their lips, their

colla voce.
lips were meeting, My pulses were beating,

By cruel serpent fangs My heart-strings are sundered apart! I am free to woo,

Edward.

I am free to woo. Sweet Yvenne.
to you Shall my heart be true.

I am free to woo, I am free to woo,
Sweet Yvonne for you I've been waiting To
tell you I love, I love but you.
Madame Sherry.

Finale Act II.

Principals & Chorus.

Music by Karl Hoschna.

No 13.

Lyric by Otto Hauerbach.

Allegro moderato.

Oh this is awful, this is awful, Quite dis-

Allegro moderato.

Piano.

PEPITA.

Let me at her, Let me at her, I'll

graceful and unlawful.

graceful and unlawful.

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YVONNE.

stab her, I'll stab her. Good-ness gra-cious what a clat-ter, What in all the worlds, the

mat-ter?

Is this a game of tag, Or has some wag cre-a-ted this com-

Is this a game of tag, Or has some wag cre-a-ted this com-
LULU.
This Spanish dame is all to blame. Let me at her, Let me
motion?

PEPITA.

KATHERINE.

at her. Won't

Oh this is awful, this is awful, Quite disgraceful and unlawful.

Oh this is awful, this is awful, Quite disgraceful and unlawful.

M.W. & SONS 11215 A
Maestoso.

some one takes me home?

No

Maestoso.

Yes! yes! lets all go home.

Yes! yes! lets all go home.

Moderato espressivo.

no! please,please don't go. It is indeed a sorry ending. To sweet

moments we were spending,

Please do not go, please do not
Yes, we must go! There's really not a bit of use in talking—Such things as these are shocking, shocking, We must, we must go.
THEOPHILUS.

a tempo.

No be-fore you go there's some-thing I must know, This ma-tri-

home.

home.

p a tempo.

mo-nial tangle I will solve, Or may an-oth-er sun for me ne'er,

accel.

p roll.

ne'er re-volve. The cap-tain has my

p roll.

M.W. & SONS 11355 d
There's really not a bit of use in talking—Such things as
There's really not a bit of use in talking—Such things as

Oh please don't go, Oh
these are really shocking.
We
these are really shocking.
We
Allegretto.

please, oh please don't go! I think I read your uncle's hope, He hopes to keep us must and will go home.

must and will go home.

Allegretto.

SHERRY.

on this yacht all night, All night? I'm lost! We must get off at any cost. Dear
2nd time ALL.

uncle it is growing late, I'm sorry we must go. But

all these ladies have a date at half past nine, you know. We

all have had a lovely time, You've treated us just right. To leave such pleasure

seems a crime, But we must bid you good night. Dear night.

M.W. & SONS 11135
Allegro.

THEOPHILUS.

No! You cannot go!

She moves! She moves!

She moves! She moves!

CHORUS.

Allegro.

CHORUS & PRINCIPALS (except Theop. and Yvonne.)

YVONNE.

me.

Oh awful plight! To spend the night up-on a yacht. Why
Allegro giocoso.

not? So say good-bye for a little while, To the

lights of Old Broad-way. We're off for a sail in a spanking gale, Where the

ocean breezes play. Clang! Clang! Goes the bell we're off hoo-ray! The

whistles yell "Get out of the way" Diag dong Toot toot. We're
off for an ocean sail.

So say good-bye for a little while To the

lights of old Broadway, We're off for a sail in a spanking gale, Where the
Ah!

ocean breezes play—Clang! Clang! Goes the bell we're off hooray! The
ocean breezes play—Clang! Clang! Goes the bell we're off hooray! The

Ah!________ Ding, dong! Toot, toot! We're

whistles yell "Get out of the way" Ding, dong! Toot, toot! We're

whistles yell "Get out of the way" Ding, dong! Toot, toot! We're
Madame Sherry.

No. 14.

ACT III.

Opening Chorus.

Lyric by

OTTÓ HAUERBACH.

Music by

KARL HOSCHNA.

Allegretto moderato.

Piano

SOPRANO & ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Flutter, flutter, flutter little

Fly

flutter, flutter, flutter little

Fly

Fly

Flutter, flutter, flutter little

Fly

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Spread your golden wings, Where the butterfly, your wings, Where the
but-ter, but-ter, but-ter-
Spread your wings, Where the

lo-cust swaggs, For there's honey there And a love that sings; So
lo-cust swaggs, For there's honey there And a love that sings; So
flutter, flutter, flutter little butterfly, butter, butter, butter, butter
flutter, flutter, flutter little butterfly, butter, butter, butter, butter

fly.
Flutter flutter little butterfly, fly.
Flutter flutter little butterfly, fly.

M.W.& SONS 1885 ©
2. Flutter, flutter little butterfly. May be a
flutter, flutter little butterfly. May be a

bright smile, A winsome light smile, May be a smile that
bright smile, A winsome light smile, May be a smile that
 simplement beams. May be a sad smile, May be a
glad smile. May be the smile you see in
dreams. A smile that's haughty, Bewitching

M & SONS 11355 ©
naught - y, And full of mischief thro' and thro';

But large or small smile, The best of all smile,

It is the smile she means for you.
She Shook Him In Chicago.

Lyric by

OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by

KARL HOSCHNA.

met a beau on Broadway, on Broadway, on Broadway; She
met a beau in London, in London, in London; He
met a beau in Paris, in Paris, in Paris; He
met a beau in Leipzig, in Leipzig, in Leipzig; He

thot him handsome, fine and tall, it seemed he was her all-in-all, This
had a title, that is why he wore a watch glass in his eye, This
gave to her a cornoet, and a mortgage which she's paying yet, This
said "Du bist mein schöne schatz, I want to make you Mrs. Blatz," This
handsome beau from Broadway.
English beau from London.
"Bon-ni" beau from Paris.
"Lieb'sick" beau from Leipzig.

Refrain.

took her to Chicago, Um um um! He took her to Chicago,

Um um um! Where she met a boy from
Ill-nois, And said oh joy-oi-oi-oi-oy! I met my beau in

New York town
Lon-don town
Par-is town
Leip-sie town

But I think I'll have to turn him down,

And she shook him in Chi-cago! He go!
No. 16.

I’ll Build For You A Little Nest.

Lyric by

OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by

KARL HOSCHNA.

Allegretto.

Two suits sued for Dollie’s
The rich man laughed within his

Piano.

hand, The one was very poor, The
heart, Said: “Dollie, list to me, Of

other rich in gold and land, Of Doll he
all my gold you’ll have a part, I’ll build you
seemed quite sure, until he over-heard one
castles three? But Dollie did not seem to
day His rival to dear Dollie say: "I'll
hear, Some one kept whis-pring in her ear:

REFRAIN.

build for you a lit-tle nest With my two lov-ing

M.W.& SONS 11011-2
arms, A co-zy nest, A do-zy nest, Where you'll be safe from harms.
I'll build it ver-y near my heart, It will keep you warm and true, And best of all, 'Twill be quite small, With only room for you.
I'll you.
We Are Only Poor Weak Mortals After All.

No. 17.
Lyric by
OTTO HAUERBACH.

Music by
KARL HOSCHNA.

Moderato.

I don't sup-
It was in-
I've nev-

pose it's just the thing For a mod-
el man like me To
deed an aw-
ful thing When poor A-
dam took the bite, That
flirt-
ed since the day That I met my dar-
ing wife, I

listen, while sweet siren's sing so sen-
ti-men
tal-ly I've walked the
changed him from fair E-
den's king, To a wick-
ed wan-dring-wight. He fell be-
meant it when she heard me say, I'd love her all my life. Of all sweet
narrow way so long Without a slide or slip, It
cause he chanced to see An apple within reach; No
ladies fair to view I think she is the best; But of

really can't be very wrong, If I just once should trip. For we're
one can think of blaming me, For looking at a peach. For we're
course I wouldn't know 'twas true, If I'd never met the rest. For we're

REFRAIN.
only poor weak mortals after all, Sons of
only poor weak mortals after all, Sons of
only poor weak mortals after all, Sons of
Cresc.

apple eating Adam, prone to fall! Reso-
apple eating Adam, prone to fall! Joys of
apple eating Adam, prone to fall! Naugh-ty

In-tions? Yes we make them, Not to keep them, but to break them, For we're life 'tis wrong to taste them, But it's worse by far to waste them, For we're wom-en, how we shun them, How we chuck-le when we've won them! We are

Rall.

only poor weak mortals after all!
only poor weak mortals after all!
only poor weak mortals after all!

F rall.
Finale Act III.

Principals & Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia.

ALL.

May be a bright smile, A winsome light smile, May be a smile that simply beams.

May be a sad smile, May be a glad smile,
May be the smile you see in dreams. A smile that's
haughty, bewitching, naught-y. And full of mischief
thro' and thro'; But large or small smile, The best of
all smile It is the smile she means for
Moderato.
SOPRANO & ALTO.

you.
I'll build for you a little nest With my two loving

TEenor.

you.
I'll build for you a little nest With my two loving

BASS.

Moderato.

arms, A co-zy nest a do-zy nest Where you'll be safe from

arms, A co-zy nest a do-zy nest Where you'll be safe from
I'll build it very near my breast, It will keep you warm and
true, And best of all 'twill be quite small with only room for you.