A. H. Woods Offers

MARGUERITA SYLVA

in

"GYPSY LOVE"

A Romantic Comic Opera in Three Acts

Book by HARRY B. SMITH

Lyrics by HARRY B. and ROBERT B. SMITH

FROM THE GERMAN BY

A.M. WILLNER and ROBERT BODANZKY

MUSIC BY

FRANZ LEHAR

Vocal Score

$2.00

GIBBONS & STONE,
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
GYPSY LOVE

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In Three Acts

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A. H. Woods Presents
Marguerita Sylva
in a Romantic Opera in Three Acts, entitled

GYPSY LOVE

Produced under the stage direction of George Marion
Director of Music, Louis F. Gottschalk

---

**Caste.**

Zorika .................................................. Miss Marguerita Sylva.
Niklas, (her father) ......................... Mr. Harry McDoough.
Jozsi, (a Gypsy musician) ................ Mr. Arthur Albro.
Fedor, (Zorika's betrothed) .......... Mr. Carl Haydn.
Imra, (a young widow) .................. Miss Frances Demarest.
Mikel, (proprietor of Café Orientale, Buda Pesth) ..... Mr. George I. Bickel.
Lilia, (niece of Niklas, a school girl, ambitious to marry). Miss Dorothy Web.
Kaspar, (a bashful youth, son of the burgomaster) ... Mr. Robert G. Pikin.
Moschu, (a tonsorial artist and beauty doctor) .... Mr. Albert Hart.
Sacha, (Zorika's old nurse) ................... Miss Lucie Mitchell.
Magda, (a maid servant) ................. Miss Josephine Harmon.
Dimitri, (a waiter at Café Orientale) .. Mr. Anton Hanschmann.
Fancha, (a maid) .................................. Miss Kitty Saville.
Henry .................................................. Master Robert Smith.
Etta .................................................. Miss Oralla Mara.

---

**Synopsis of Scenery.**

Act I. Park of the Chateau Niklas, Roumania.
Act II. Palm Garden, Café Orientale, Buda Pesth.
Act III. Same as Act I.
# GYPSY LOVE

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GYPSY LOVE
Act I.
Introduction and Entrance Solo.
(Zorika.)

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

Molto Allegro

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Allegretto

feet not your flashing, your pow'r deny, Thunder crashing, You I defy!

Ah! Hui! Blow on,

lit-te-there I, Tra-la-la-la-la-la la! L'istesso tempo

C 5391
Soon the storm will pass away and disappear.

Moderato

And all the dark clouds will clear.

Drooping with rain all the bright flowers welcome the sun.
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Your notes betray!

When they seem near they're far away.

Allegretto

You are like love, deceitful

bird! Sometimes it's voice so near is heard.
"I'm by your side it seems to say, And then flies a-
way.

Fickle comrade are you,

To a mate never true, "I'm by your side you seem to say,

Listesso tempo

And then fly a-way. River say

C 6331
when shall I meet him? Him of whom my heart is

dreaming? Take then my message to

greet him, Bear it on thy waters gleaming.

Vainly I have ever sought him, One whose spirit mates with
Moderato

Mine.
Flow, river fair and free,

Bring a true heart to me. Love is my

One dream divine, dream divine.

In my heart a voice now tells me, I am nearer to my

Violin Solo

© 6391
'Tis a note from Fairy-land,

Music played by Elfin hand.
Ah!

Ah! how sweet and clear,

So far,

So near! Ah!
when shall I meet him? — One whose spirit mates with
mine?..... My heart only dreams of love di-

vino... Tempo rubato (Violin solo behind the scene)

pp
THERE IS A LAND OF FANCY.

DUET — Zorika and Jozsi.

Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

VOICE.

Moderato

Zorika.

No-one has spoken like

PIANO.

Jozsi.

this to me. Not even your fiancé?

He speaks of love too,

But calmly, not as you do. Of faith and trust he speaks alway.

Jozsi. All'to mod'to

There is a land of fancy, A

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world to you unknown, of music, flowers and moonlight, where love is king alone. of that land of romances, I've read what poets say, my broad dreaming it entrance, yet seems so far away.

Both. Tempo I.

This land of dreamland fancies seems, oh, so far away.
Animato

Is that the true love, the one love worth while,

There lies the true love, the one love worth while, Love that would die for one kiss, Or

Animato

Love that would die for one kiss, Or live for one smile? Ah! to that fair

live for one smile. That radiant land shall lure you someday, Oh,

land, Where lies the way? To that fair dream-land Where
do not delay, But love while you may, To that fair dream-land
lies the way? There is a voice that calls me, and I must obey.

know the way. There is a voice that calls you, and you must obey.

It seems to say, "Oh, love while you may, too soon fade the roses."

So

It seems to say, "Oh, love while you may, too soon fade the roses."

Moderato

love-ly to-day." Ah! but the way to that

love-ly to-day."

Moderato
Paradise, Ever thro' Fair is the way to that Paradise,
darkness and danger lies. Through paths of roses it

Many a sigh, Many a lies. Fain would you go
treat
Ere you
find that

True, love to know, 'Tis not distant from

land, I fear. Happy voices to me

here, There is naught to fear.

calling, Tell me of that Gypsy love.
ENSEMBLE.

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

Allegro

Niklas. L'istesso tempo

Give you greeting! Happy meeting!
Papa Niklas, howdy do? Glad to see you. How are you?

All’o non troppo, Fedor.

Give you greeting, Fedor! Future father!

Give you greeting, Fedor!

All’o non troppo

Future son! Clever boy, my girl you’ve won!
Ilma.

Con-grat-u-la-tions!

Fedor.

Niklas. But where is my

Much o-bliged!

sweet-heart? Where's my bride?

Sop. Zorika enters.

Alt. Cheer for them the

Ten. Cheer for them the

Bass

bridegroom and the bride! Meet them mer-ri-ly! Greet them

bridegroom and the bride! Meet them mer-ri-ly! Greet them

Cheer for them the bridegroom and the bride! Greet them with a
Cheerily! He has found a
cheerily! He has found a

cheer! Lucky man to have found such a

pearl, Happy man to have won such a girl!

pearl, Happy man to have won such a girl!

pearl, Happy man to have won such a girl!

Allegro (Gypsy orch.)
LOVE IS LIKE THE ROSE.

DUET - Fedor, Zorika, and CHORUS.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Allegretto moderato

PIANO.

(In your hand a spray of roses wild you bring,
From some deep
woodland bower;
At this love's hour;
Buds that lay asleep in early
days of spring,
Till in the sunlit air
They blossomed fair.)

Copyright MCMX by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
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You are like the fair wild rose, And love's sunlight

soon your glory shall disclose. Roses bloom not in the

shade. Only love can wake your dreaming heart, sweet maid.

Give me your roses, to be a sign That your true love shall be
mine, all mine. Emblem of bliss is the time to be,

When my own wild rose no more shall be free. Love in your heart, a

(Chorus)

rose-bud a' dream, Waits for the kiss of the Springtime sun-beam. Take, then, his

(Fedor)

ros-es, sweet their perfume, Only in rose-time the rose will bloom.
(Zorika)

Roses all are gather'd by the pass-ers by; Each bloss-

finds its fate, Or soon or late. Some are near-ly loved and oth-

drooping, die. No rose can ev-er see Her des-

2-4
Let me tell you this is why Roses wild and shy
to blossom oft deny. Passers by too oft bear tray,
cast a rose away and withering in a day.

If I'm a wild-flow'r, and meet my fate, One who is made for my
love, my mate, How I will love him and hold him dear! How shall I

know him? 'Ts that that I fear. Love in my heart, a rose-bud a'

dream, Waits for the kiss of the Springtime sunbeam. Tell me, my

roses, my heart ilume, Say, shall my love 'like a wild-rose bloom?
Take then his roses, give him your own, Sing that your heart's love is his, his a-

Niklas

Take then his roses, give him your own, Sing that your heart's love is his, his a-

Moschu

Take then his roses, give him your own, Sing that your heart's love is his, his a-

Sop. Alt.

Take then his roses, give him your own, Sing that your heart's love is his, his a-

Ten.

Take then his roses, give him your own, Sing that your heart's love is his, his a-

Bass

Violin behind score.

mf

p
lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume! What does she mean?

Fedor.

Zori-ka, dear!

lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume!

lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume!

lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume! What does she mean?

lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume!

lone! Take then his roses, sweet their perfume! What does she mean?

Niklas.

Zori-ka, my child, what do you mean?

C 6391
Allegretto  Zorïka.

I am your bride, 'Tis my father's will.

Moderato

Take me;

But then remember,

That roses, token of ever true,

I cannot

Violin behind scenes.

C 6391
give to you.

Fodor.

To wed the river you promise.

Perhaps I will! Who knows?

I see how.

Spoken.

much you care for me.

You are free!
LOVE'S SORCERY.

SONG — Ima and Chorus.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBT. B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

VOICE.

Allegretto non troppo

CSÁRDÁS.

Why are you so glum and grim?

This is but a childish whim. Roses have not much to do with

making love prove false or true. It is superstition idle,

I won't have it at my bridal. Though I must admit to you That

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somes signs are true.

Animato

There's a certain sorcery in smiling, so.

You had best beware a look beguiling, so.

There is peril in the blisses Of exchanging thirteen kisses.
It's a bad sign when I nestle to you, so.

Superstition I am scorning, But it really seems a warning

When a girl allure a man and smiles at him, so.

Allegretto non troppo

Csárdás Throw the roses where you will,
If he loves, he'll love you still. 
Happy is the bride, they say, When

Sun shines on her wedding day. 
Change the name and not the letter,

Change for worse and not for better. 
Silly signs these seem to be, They're

Nothing to me.
Animato

I believe insigns like tender glances, so; That's a sign that you can make ad-

van-ces, so. When my waist you are car-ress-ing, What that means I can't help guessing,

'Tis a sign of dan-ger when you hold me, so.

These are all my su-per-sti-tions, I be-lieve in such tra-di-tions,
It means trouble for you when I kiss you, just so.
Allegretto

Niklas.

You naughty girl! Behave as you should! Give him a kiss, my dear, Be good!

As daughter you've had your own way

But as a bride you must obey.
Zorika

Just as you say.

Moderato

You heard pa - pa and I must not gain - say him.

I'm here you see, I must o -

bey him! I'm rea - dy quite,
(Spoken)

To do as he has told me. Why hes- i- tate?

Fodor.

Do as you will, Be- hold me! Why not?

She's mine, and mine her kiss, I'd be a fool the chance to miss.

Allegro

jazzi.

Allegro

Stop!

Stop there 1
Zorika.

He! Fedor.

What's this? Jossi.

say! Niklas.

I crave your pardon, noble Lord! 'Twas

Who is this, pray?

To Fedor.

my intent, What shall I say? To wish you, sir, and your fair bride, All

joy upon your wedding day. But there's a proverb known to all,

So I spoke your thought divining. If first my nuptial kiss you take,
When the mid-day sun is shining,
Grief shall follow and repining.

Allegretto moderato

when the world is dream-ing, And stars are bright a-bove,
'Tis when the moon is

beam-ing, The sa-cred hour of love. When night- in-gales are call-ing, In

some dim bow'r of bliss, That is the hour en-thrall-
ing, The hour of love's first
Allegro (spoken) Remember, Fedor, my warning.

\[ \text{Fedor: Insolent vagabond! Who asked your advice? (to all)} \]

He:

kiss.

remembers that I had him driven from my house.

\[ \text{Fedor: From our house, brother! Zorika: I shall have my first kiss by moonlight.} \]

\[ \text{Vivace} \]

Fedor: Zorika! (Bass)

Niklas: Don't start anything! Dinner is ready!
Allegretto  Ilma.

You'd better wait, Take my advice,

kiss by moonlight is just twice as nice. I ought to know,

Allegretto non troppo

'Tis so. I declare the gypsy's right,

Czárddás

Love is not a child of light, And the first betrothal kiss, Is not for time and place like this.

C 639!
Star-light has a charm endur-ing, Ev-ry lover's heart allur-ing,

With the pro-verb I a-gree, The moonlight for me.

a tempo

Animato

Moonlight is the time for ten-der glances, so! Moonlight has a mag-ic that en-

Moonlight is the time for ten-der glances, so! Moonlight has a mag-ic that en-

Animato
hance, so! There is pleasure in the blisses
Of exchanging moonlight kisses,

When the sun is shining one is blushing, so!
Superstition I am scorning,

But I heed the gypsy's warning, it is better waiting for the
moonlight, I know.
LESSONS IN LOVE.
TRIO - Ilma, Lilia and Kaspar.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBT. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Polka Moderato

Ilma.

I'll give you free of all expense Some points on making love,

Kaspar.

Based on my experience, But what I'm told thereof.

My gratitude you'll surely earn, If you will show me how.

Lilia.

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see, he really wants to learn. He's not so hopeless now. Ap-
proach the maiden in this way. And to her softly say, "I love you,
dear, I love you, dear." How, no words can
tell, How, no words can tell. You're doing
very well. One kiss, I pray!
Ilma.  Kaspar.

That is the way. I must have one kiss! Am I all right? You're very bright. I'm going to like this.

All, animato

That is lesson number one, That is how the thing is done;

Easy with a great big F And simple as A, B, C.

Every lesson that you get, You will like it better yet.
After every one you'll say, "Teach me, teach me, ev'ry day."

Allegretto
Lesson number two, select a balmy moonlight night. For, to produce the right effect, one does not need the light. Now place your arm about her, so, and lead her to a seat, where you pour forth your tale of woe, while kneeling at her feet. So far, so good! What
Ilma.

happens now? You pledge the lover’s vow! Swear to be

Kaspar

true! I do! I do! Tell her of her

Ilma.

charms, Take her in your arms. None can re-

Lilia.

sist my charms. That’s how it’s done.

Ilma. Lilia.

That’s how they’re won. The lesson’s now past, Turn up the
"Ilma.  
Lilia.  
Kiss

light.  Oh, you’re all right. You’re learning much too fast.

Lilia. *animało*

That is lesson number two,
That is what a man should do,

pp *animało*

Easy with a great big E.
And simple as A. B. C.

Ev’ry lesson that you get,
You will like it better yet,

pp

You will say, “I broke a rule, Keep me, keep me after school.”
Behold the moon is there, How fair! How bright!

Your kiss by the moon's light Awaits your lover,
Pray let me
Allegro

Zorika

Wait! Yes, go! No, stay!

call him!

Allegro

molto animato

Zorika

You are Jo-zsi, the

Just as you say!

Zorika

Gypsy, and the wild music that you play
Speaks in some subtle fashion, of love

vibrant with passion. It thrills me, with ecstasy fills me, This life chills me!
Oh! let me be free! Free like thee! Your heart is not seen.

Zorika

Kis. Ask not, I pray, I long to go away! She loves him.

Allegretto

Not, then there is another!

May-bel!

C 6391
Allegro

Zorika

My heart cries for freedom.

Jóassi.

Allegro

You'd really

Jóassi

go then?

Zorika: (Spoken) At dawn to-morrow I shall have horses ready.
You will find me here, and then away to liberty.

Jóassi: (Spoken) But whither? Moderate

Zorika,

Moderato

To that fair land of -

C 6391
Moderato

Valse lento

José

Love for a year, Love for a day, Who hopes' twill last for ev-

er? One moment here, Then on it's way, In my heart

resting never. Love lighter than air.

C 6391
Gay, debonair! My fancy goes Maying,

Roaming and stray ing, Gypsy of love am I!

Allegro vivace

C 6391
Allegro

Here he is, the Gypsy fellow, Now that we are getting mellow,

Here he is, the Gypsy fellow, Now that we are getting mellow,

Allegro

p slower

We must have a dance.

We must have a dance.

Violin solo (off stage)
Cadenza

C 6391
I ne'er have known an evening sweet as this.

Please, dear Fedor! To
sweet-er than all else is love's first kiss.
(Spoken.)

kiss I'm not inclined.

Nothing! Nothing! Fedor, be kind!

What is wrong, my dearest?

Moderato.

Fedor.

You're tired, I know; then slumber, if you will; But when the

full moon rises over yonder hill, Then, lovely dreamer, you'll a-

C 6391
Zorika. Spoken.

By moonlight.

wak - en, When my first kiss of love is tak - en. True love can wait.

L'istesso tempo

Allegretto
Ah, if truth were in the saying, If the future Fate would show,

When in dreams the heart goes Maying, Ah, if it were only so, Could we but know.

'Tis that song, so sweet.
Moderato

Fair... bride, oh, sweet be your dreaming!

Fair... bride, oh, sweet be your dreaming!
Here, 'neath the moon's silver beam ing,

All of life's mystery seeming clear to your eyes,

while you so dream.
love In dreams.
love In dreams.

Allegro

L'istesso tempo Moderato.

C 639f
OPENING CHORUS, ACT II.

Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

Mikel and Chorus.

Tempo di Marcia

After Gay and festive, ever restive Budaa Pesth!
Men are brave and women fair,

With enjoyment for employment life is best, Love is

reigning everywhere, Lovely are the ladies of Hun-
-ga-ri-a, And for... love we have a talent in Hunga-ri-a.

-ga-ri-a, And for... love we have a talent in Hunga-ri-a.

It is like Pa-ris, peo-ple say, The Gyp-sy mu-sic makes us gay. And there is pleasure with-out measure, Here in our Bu-da Pesth.
TRIO

Mikel

Do not stand there blinking, More wine they'll be drinking;

Come, your glasses clinking, Here's the toast I'm drinking,

TRIO

p

Have a lot of bottles open, ready too, And let no

Here's to wine in plenty, and a sweetheart true. And if you are
one feel love-ly, With one bot-tle on-ly, And a splen-did

lon-ly, With one sweet-heart on-ly, May you find an-

bus-i-ness to-night we'll do, Soon the floor we'll clear for

oth-er who will fan-cy you. Soon the floor we'll clear for

Soon the floor we'll clear for
dancing, Gypsy music so entrancing, With love making, kisses

taking, Drinking ever sparkling To-kay,

Gay and festive, ever restive
Buda Pesth! Men are brave and women
fair, Wine and kisses are the blisses we love
You're the town for us, Buda Pesth!
best. You're the town for us...... Buda Pesth!

C 6291
Presto

EXIT.
(Chorus.)

Tempo di marcia

Chorus

Tempo di marcia

Come, your glasses clinking!

Here's the toast I'm drinking!
Here's to wine in plenty, and a

sweetheart true!
And if you are tone-ly,

With one sweetheart
on-ly, May you find an-oth-er who will fan-cy you.

gradually softer

rit.

Soon the floor we'll clear for dancing, Gyp-sy mu-sic so en-tranc-ing,

gradually softer

rit.

With love making, kisses tak-ing, Drink-ing ev-er sparkling To-kay.

very softly

very softly

very softly

p a tempo

C 6391
GYPSY LOVE.

(SONG — Józsi)

Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LÉHAR.

VOICE. Allegro

PIANO. Józsi. Moderato

1. Gyp - sy blood is not like oth - ers,
2. When you chain the rest - less breezes,

And I am 'a Gyp - sy's son,
Tho' the wild birds are my bro - thers,
You may make the Gyp - sy rest,
He must wan - der where he pleas - es,

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They have nests but I have none.
Never resting, ever changing,
In all lands a strange guest.
Pure and gold in vain you proffer,

Ask only to be free,
Happy in the forest ranging,
Friends, when shall they faithful be?
There's no gift the world can offer

Till the mountains call to me;
And if you care for the why and wherefore,
Like the joy of liberty,
So do not task me, for if you ask me

Ask why a rover I am bound to be,
'Tis
Why I am different from the rest of you,
The

Gypsy Love 5
then I take my violin, And when to play it I begin,
reason I can hard-ly say, But when my violin I play,

When you hear, then all is clear, You will find the an-swer here.
If you to the song give heed, There the an-swer you may read.

Gypsy born and bred am I,

I must roam for-ev-er,

Gypsy Love 5
Gypsy life and Gypsy love,

Constant may be never.
Moderato
Zorika

Gypsy born and bred is he, He must roam forever,
Joest

Gypsy born and bred is he, He must roam forever,
Moderato

Allegro

Gypsy life and Gypsy love, Constant may be never

Gypsy life and Gypsy love, Constant may be never

Allegro

er...
er...
er...
er...
THE MELODY OF LOVE.

SONG—Zorika.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

VOICE. Allegretto

PIANO.

know a re-copt that nev-er falls. To make you youn-g and
gay; it ban-ish-es all your ills and ails. And
drives all care away... It gives to you happi-
ness complete, And life and love it will prolong... It's
found in a melody so sweet, The strain of a very old
song. All hearts its many
Valse

magic sound. There's melody found in the wandering breeze. There's melody found in the wandering breeze. That sings as it passes you by. There's melody, too, in the rustling trees. That carols a soft reply. The
song of the sea is a rare old air, A song that the ages have sung, There's music in ev'rything, ev'rywhere, But just one song that keeps you young It's the melody of love And the sweetest one of all Like the
coo-ing of a dove. As the evening shadows fall. Ev'ry heart that beats below. Ev'ry bird that flies above. Knows the sunny and serious. Sweetly delirious Song of Love.
DUETT.

(Ima, Jossi.)

Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Quasi tempo di Mazurka.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

That's inter-
est-ing, Of course I know you're sly jesting; A Gypsy be a

husband tame, Of me you're slyly making game. Not quite a

joker, as I'll show you, Thee my a-pol-o-
I owe you, a Gypsy in domestic life. Ha! Ha!

Ha! Ha! I don't envy your wife. What can one do when circum-

stances compel one to wed? I see. Then you are

led by some woman's fancies, to take the chances. Tho'
marriage I despise, I cannot deny I gave my word, The more fool am I.

Ema.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You promised, did you? And now you marry 'cause she bids you. You'll spend your evenings in a flat, You'll be a tame domestic

C 6381
Joossi.

Cat. No more! I pray you cease your mocking!

Ilma.

What of that love so warm anduring, That gives the heart, but not the hand?

Joossi.

'Tis you, A - lone my heart can un - der - stand.

Ilma.

A love in chains soon dies they say, Love must be free to go or stay,
Yes, love must ever be free for you and for
As the breeze of each flower asks a kiss like this.

me.
I never saw much fun,
In being true to

I never saw much fun,
In being true to

Allegro
one.

one.

C 6391
WHEN I'M WALTZING WITH YOU.

DUET.

Ilma, Fedor and Chorus.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBT. B.SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Valse

In a field of clover bloom, Dwelt one wild rose; 'Round her the butterflies flew,

All quite neglecting the clover's fume, Just that single wild rose to view.

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And in a ball-room'tis oft-en the same, Many maids

Men.
charm-ing you see; Others are fair, but you are the

rit.

bride, Won't you have one dance with me?

Ilma.
When I'm waltzing, waltzing with you, Life is a jest be-

P a tempi
guil - ing, Love is not for you and for me,

Men.

I read that in your smil - ing. Leave him then and
give me a chance. He can-not love sin - cere - ly;

Try a - gain, your mate you may find, One who will love you

dear - ly. There is one love you know that is loy - al and
Men.

'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I! They're true.

Men.

all poor, vain butterflies, flirting with you. No, no, no,

Ilma.

no, no, no! I'll dance with each one of you,

Men.

Who will be first? Take me, take me, take me! I
think I'll try this one, He waltzes the worst. That's he, that's

he, that's he! No, no, 'tis not

fair, Her favor with you now I should share. Let each dance in

turn, Perhaps he may learn That he's not the soul mate for you,
Ah me, 'tis too late, I've chosen my mate. Old love may give place to the new, dear. When I'm waltzing, waltzing with you, Life is a jest beguiling, Love is not for you and for me, I read that in your smil...
ing. Leave him then, and give me a chance, He cannot

love sincerely; Try again, your mate you may

find, One who will love you dearly. When I'm waltzing,

waltzing with you, Life is a jest beguiling,
Love is not for you and for me, I read that in your smiling.
Leave him then, and give me a chance,

He cannot love sincerely, Try again, your mate you may find,
One who will love you dearly.
BABY DUET.

DUET — Lilia and Kaspir.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Polka

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(Lilia)

What a change the years can make
In two people for love's sake,
When our honeymoon began
You were bashful, little man!

I'm your little wifey pet, And you're my husbandette.
You were frightened too, I'll bet, My little husbandette.

(Kaispar)

Think of me a while ago! Now, myself I hardly know.
Yes, but tho' at first, so coy, I became a bold, bad boy!

(Lilia)

I'm your husbandette, my queen, And you're my wifeline.
A gayer couple ne'er were seen, My little wifeline. The
wedding trip on train and ship, In every kind of weather, Makes years have passed, they flew so fast, Sweet years of steady spooning, With

Lilia

and groom and bride just like old friends, They're thrown so much together, The naught to do but bill and coo, While we were honeymooning, But

Kasper

coyest bride soon finds her heart As light as any feather, Tho' now we have two reasons small, For lullabies and crooning, A

mf a tempo

Lilia

I was filled with great alarm, I soon found out you meant no harm. That little girl, a little boy, To be their little parents' joy. My
merry, merry, merry, merry honeymoon was o-very much too
love-ey dove-ey chick-a-bid-ty, baby pet! I love my little hus-band-

( Kaspar) Come, kiss your little hus-band-

soon! ette! ette!

ref' a tempo

(Both) Valse moderato

Who's my little baby lamb? Who's ums tur-tle
dove? Wzo's ums cu-ty beauty bright?
Who's my baby love? Why does pet love sweetly so? Just 'cause oo is oo! Come and kiss ums own-est own Tootsy wootsy wool
DUET
Zorika and Fedor

Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

Allegro moderato
Zorika (Spoken) Fedor's song when he brought me roses, etc.

Allegretto moderato

Zorika. Spoken

That voice! Fedor's voice.

Give me your roses, To be a sign That your true love shall be

How strange! Surely it is his voice.

mine, all mine. Soon shall the light thy dreaming
It is the voice of Fedor!

Luke,
Only in rose-time the rose will bloom.

Zorika. Spokes.

Who are you? Why are you here?

Moderato. Fedor.

Who am I? Who am I? I am the true love you

banished, The love you used to know, The spirit of dear days vanished, The
ghost of long ago. 'Tis long since we two were parted, you

wander wher-e'er you will, I am the faith-ful heart-ed, Whose

Fedor. Valse moderato

fate is to love you still. Come as the carri-er dove to it's

nest, Wea-ry and worn with it's fly-ing,
Come to the true heart that loves you the best,
Here in its loneliness sighing,
Think of it all as a dream that is o'er,
Let us begin life anew.

Come! Home shall welcome you, Wander no more,
Come where love
Zorika. Allegro

Return home? No! That never can be.

waits for you.

Fedor.

I'm happy here, for I am free. Wild romance allures you,

Allegretto

And holds you in thrall. An idle fancy! Not love at all!

Allegro

f

C 6931
Moderato  Zorika.

And if it be so? To define love who shall try?

Some with hearts serene and tender, Some with heart of fire still love do

Allegretto

1. You hear that music calling me?

It reveals life's glory to me! Joy and love and beauty! His bride I'll
Fedor, (off stage)
Andante

Come as the carrier dove to its nest,

Violin behind scenes

Andante

Weary and worn with its flying,
Come to the true heart that loves you the best,

Here in its loneliness sighing. Think of me then when the dream is o'er,

Know that I shall not forget, Dear heart of mine, here no joy you will find,
Only a life's regret.

Andante

Dear heart of mine, here no joy you will find,

Andante

ppppp

Moderato

Only a life's regret.

C 6391
FINALE.

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LÉHAR.

Tempo di marcia
A novelty we're expecting, To see it is quite worth while,

There's going to be a wedding, In the real Gypsy style.

A Gypsy wedding we're to see, That is something new,
Like Gypsies for the time we'll be,
new,

That is something new.

That is something new,

Doing as they do,

Doing as they do,

Doing as they do,

Doing as they do,
A Gypsy married! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Pray why should she wedded be?
I call it silly, Ha! ha! ha! ha!

ha! It is like a joke to me! Wedding ring and wedding chime,
Seem for then a waste of time.
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Mere ly waste of
time!

Why a veil for blush-es hid - den, By a Gyp-sy

bride? She will kiss when she is bid - den, With no blush to
There's no ring to be a token, Of love great or small,
By a priest no word is spoken,
So why wed at all?

There's no ring to be a token,
So I see no vital reason,

Of love great or small.

Why she weds at all!

L'istesso tempo.

Allegro.

L'istesso tempo.
Tempo di marcia

Sopr.

Ten.

broad

What Jo - zsi! Not real - ly! Who would have thought that

Bass

Not real - ly! Whod think that

ff broad

CHOR.

Jo - zsi in mar - riage would be caught? His bride tho’ is charm - ing, Yet

Jo - zsi in mar - riage would be caught? Yet

C 6391
CHOR.

tim - id is she, She can - not a true Gyp - sy be.

(Spoken) Niklas. Who is this person?

Allegretto.

father! My father!

Zorika.

'Tis I, your Zor - i - ka! The daugh - ter you love!
Allegretto.

Niklas. (Spoken) What! I have a Gypsy daughter! Not that I ever heard of!

Moderato.

Zorika.

Is it then all a dream? How strange it seems!

Listesso tempo.

Vlasta.

From home, from old friends You vowed to sever, You're a Gypsy, You must go

Ilona

wandering on forever.

Allegro.

Come,
Gipsy girl! Dance for us! Sing! We bid you!

Allegretto.

Zorika. (Spoken) I dare not!  

You must!

Zorika:—Spare me!  

Jossi:—Go on! Sing!

Valse moderato.  

Zorika.  

It's the melody of love, ... And the sweetest one of
Like the cooing of a dove, As the evening shadows fall,
Ev'ry heart that beats low,
Ev'ry bird that flies above,
Knows the sunny and serious, Sweet-ly delir-ious song of love.
Moderato

Lilia.

Why are those chimes ringing? Zorika.

You, bride of a Bell behind scenes.

'Tis for my wedding.

Moderato

Organ behind scenes.

Gypsy! Be wed in church!

And pray why not?

Allegretto moderato.

With a ring that is a token, Love shall e'er abide.

Allegretto moderato.
Let the sacred words be spoken, Making me his bride. Right here in the church, I'll wed, I say; And not in the Gypsy way. Come, Jo - zsi, Allegro. Joossi.

There we will promise to love for aye. To the church? Allegro.

No altar, no priest for me! 'Tis
Moderato.

Allegro.

Gypsy love has made us one, A Gypsy wedding for me, or none!

Moderato.

You hold this kerchief, I hold it too, You say you will

Allegretto moderato.

take me, and I take you. In that way I've married

a number of times, I've no use for rings and veils and parsons and chimes.
Allegro. Zorika. (Spoken) No! no! I cannot! Tell me, Jozzi, you love me—only me!

Moderato.
Jozzi.

Gyp-sy born and bred am I,

Maids who love dis-cov-er, Changeful as the A-pril sky, Is the Gyp-sy lov-er. My

Animato.

A kind of love you ask of me, And that is constant nev-er,
Moderato

Gyp - sy love! Oh, vain de - ceit! It

Allegro

leads to un-hap - pi-ness ev - er. I dream'd of a

Allegro modo

true love that could not die! Heart brok - en am I!

moto animato

Allegretto modo
poco animato

All's said and done, But don't look so blue!
The

p poco animato

old love has to give place to the new, And life is for love, al-tho'

mf

love's not for eye, Enough if it lasts for a year or a

rit.

Valse

day! It's the melody of love, And the

P rit. a tempo

C 6391
sweetest song of all, Like the cooing of a dove,
As the evening shadows fall,

Every heart that beats below, Every bird that flies above, Knows the

Every heart that beats below, Every bird that flies above, Knows the

Every heart that beats below, Every bird that flies above, Knows the

C 6391
Moderato

Go and take your Gypsy love, To vain hearts that prize you,

Go and take your Gypsy love, To vain hearts that prize you,

Gypsy born and bred am I, Maids who love discover,

Gypsy born and bred am I, Maids who love discover,
Let them learn the truth like me, Hate you and des-
 Change-ful as the April sky, Is the Gypsy

Moderato

Fine
I WILL GIVE YOU ALL FOR LOVE.

SONG—Zorika.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Allegretto

PIANO.

Allegretto moderato

I know a maiden, a fool-ish maiden, Who lit-tle knew of
I know a maid-en, the self-same maid-en, But she knows more of

love, of the world and its ways; A no-bler's daugh-ter, as
love, and the world and its ways; For while a ro-ver, she's

bride, ma-ny sought her, But none won her heart by their smiles or
thought it all o-ver, Yet still it is love that her poor heart

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praise. Ro\-man\-tie was she and she dreamed thro’ the days, When
aways. A rain\-bow she followed thro’ a mist and a maze, For

ro\-mance is call\-ing the wild heart o\-beys. She prayed to the
love has no will and it blind\-ly o\-beys. And now to the

first star in fair evening sky, “Oh star, let me find my true love
first star in fair evening sky She prays, “Let me keep my love true

er, I die.” They of\-fered her ev\-‘ry\-thing mon\-ey could
or I die.” Tho’ love is a fan\-cy that lures to be-

4-2
buy, Yet ever that maiden would say with a sigh:
'tray, Yet who that has loved, in her heart would not say:

Valse moderato

Give me all the world and its gold, Give

me hap-pi-ness un-told, Give me the rubies so

rare, Precious pearls, oh, so fair! Give me all the brightest
stars above, Give me the moonbeams so bright

Of the warm summer night; I will give you all of them for love.

Valsa vivace

them for love.
MATRIMONY

(QUINTET)

Ilma, Lilia, Kaspar, Niklas and Moschu.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBT. B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Marcia moderato

Let the organ sound the alarm,
As the heroes march arm in arm,
Onward to the matrimonial battlefield.
It's a great and valiant sight,

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Niklaus.

that their fate is sealed.  By the thousand they pay the price,  In a deadly

show-er of rice,  As they go like oth-er mar-tyrs that have gone.

Lilia.

As the or-gan mer ri-ly swells,  Mid the clanging of wed-ding bells,

They shout with joy as they go march-ing on;
Matrimony! That is the battle cry. Matrimony! Kiss happiness goodbye. Sound the bugle and let the watch-word be,

Matrimony and slavery.

Matrimony and slavery.
*Tempo I.*

Mozzhu.

With an awe inspir-ing smile,

See the her-o march up the aisle, As the her-o es marched up to the guil-lo-

*Ilma.*

They resolve to fight till they die, And the tyrant they will de-fy,

*Kasper.*

In spite of all the carnage they have seen, Tho' divorce for
them may a-wait, Still they traverse their terrible fate, And they know all

Lilia,

hope in life for them has gone. With a courage

truly sublime, They bid life good-bye in their prime, And shout with

joy as they go marching on.
Matrimony! That is the battle cry.  Matrimony! Kiss happiness good-bye.  Sound the bugle And let the watch-word be,

Matrimony and slavery.

Matrimony and slavery.

8-6