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Sam S. and Lee Shubert Inc.

PRESENT

SAM BERNARD

In a Musical Comedy in Two Acts

"He Came From Milwaukee"

Bock by
MARK SWAN and EDGAR SMITH

Lyrics by
EDWARD MADDEN

Music by
LOUIS A. HIRSCH and BEN M. JEROME

Vocal Score
$2.00 Net.

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"He Came From Milwaukee"

Book by MARK SWAN and EDGAR SMITH.  
Lyrics by EDWARD MADDEN.  
Music by LOUIS A. HIRSCH and BEN M. JEROME.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Herman Von Schnellenvein ........................................ SAM BERNARD.  
Napoleon Ravaudal, Conspirator of Zurich ........................ LOUIS HARRISON.  
Egbert Keskiesto, Duke of Zurich ................................ GEORGE ANDERSON.  
Bruce Chetwynde, Companion to the Duke ........................ MARTIN BROWN.  
Brokaski, General of the army in Zurich ....................... HENRY NORMAN.  
Lestichy, Conspirator and Companion to Napoleon ............. CHARLES BURROWS.  
Lieutenant, of the army of Zurich ................................ PAUL MOSAUS.  
Sentry, of the army of Zurich, a Conspirator .................. HENRY HOLT.  
Sergeant, of the army of Zurich ................................ DOLPH RYAN.  
Porter, of the Hotel in Ostend .................................. FRANK SARGENT.  
Footman, to the Duke of Zurich ................................ BERT LAWRENCE.  
Constance Harvey, in love with the Duke ....................... WINONA WINTER.  
Betty Winthrop, cousin to Constance, in love with Bruce .... ADELE ROWLAND.  
Mrs. Matthew Harvey, of Ft. Wayne, Indiana; Mother of Constance .... ALICE GORDON.  
Leska, a loyal subject to the Duke ............................... NELLA BERGEN.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Hotel of Ostend.  
ACT II. Street in Zurich in front of the Palace.

Musical Director BEN M. JEROME.  
Staged by SIDNEY ELLISON.
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SELECTION
from
He Came From Milwaukee

Quasi marcia.
Valse moderato. (Merry Wedding Bells)
Tempo di Marcia. If You Were There With Me.

Moderato Grazioso. (Sentimental Moon.)

He Came From Milwaukee, Sel. 10
He Came From Milwaukee, Sel. 10
Opening Chorus.

ACT I.

Coa Spirito.

My! What a cosmopolitan crowd at Ostend. Crowd at Ostend

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Quite annoying is it not? Sort of a social melting pot.

Classes mix! What utter rot! This token of democracy.

Nobody seems to wonder where will the cost end. Where will the cost end.
No-bles-men their pride in leash, smile on the Yan-kee neuv-esu riche.

My word! What a temp-ting dish for the brok-en ar-is-to-ra-cy. You

see my dear the age we've en-tered on, Just look here! All eyes are cen-tered on

Opening Chorus Act I, 13
Yan-kee maids like Grec-ian god-des-es clad in Par-is-i-an bod-i-ces

Meno mosso.

Girls. Grazioso.

Here we tar-ry none so fair as us, Yan-kee heir-es-ses Yan-kee heir-es-ses

Opening Chorus, Act I. 18
Girls.

Who could carry such an air as us daughters of the mas ses

Men.

Fate decrees that we be Duchesses How that touches us, how that touches us

Girls. We'll coquet with a will you bet. We'll even get papa in debt.

Allegro moderato.

Opening Chorus Act I.13
poco rit.

women that covet ed coronet. And shine in the upper classes

Moderato.

(Girls.)

Bonjour Mamselle may I present a Frenchman's compliment?

(Men.)

You must sit flatter

Opening Chorus, Act I, 13
I'm sure you really can't resent a tiny bit of English sensi-

tement

If you have the title we can pay

Toujours I love you with devotion

Pray except the Duked Musket-eer Show your contempt of such emotion and

Opening Chorus, Act I. 13
**Opening Chorus, Act I.**

Melody:

- How exciting
- How ridiculous
- Pray accept the Duke of Worcester's
- Meno mosso
- Nonsense
- There'll be nothing we are frantic
- Listen to my ass-wegentile
- Men
- We need a waiter for our table
- You could fill the

**Moderato (Tempo I.)**
bill
We need a groom in papa's stable
that's a vacancy that you can

Mai foi, an insult

fill
Garçon, be careful when you wait, Yes

I am like a lackey in the game

don't you spill the soup when out of breath
Here John, don't ever drop your H's you'll

Opening Chorus, Act I, 18
make the horses laugh themselves to death

We could

you are clever so observant

never wed a servant

Here we are right back where we belong.

Tempo di Galop.

Opening Chorus, Act I, Ia
Slowly and very marcato.

Opening Chorus Act I.13
tend Ze chic la Belle Cher- ie has come to lend an air of re-vell-ry To sky and land and sea
and gather up the francs we spend.

Opening Chorus, Act I.18
Opening Chorus, Act I-13
Gypsy Land.

Allegretto.

There lies a land where I command Full man-y a wand-ring
My wand-ering race like cards I trace And shuf-fle from Jack to

Chorus. SOLO.

band, Gyp-sy Land, Gyp-sy Land, Gyp-sy Land It knows no fear of
Ace, She can trace, Ev-ry face, Ev-ry place Each band that starts ere

Prince or Peer It's peo-ple are strange and queer, Strange and queer Strange and it de-parts,Must hail me as Queen of Hearts, Queen of Hearts Queen of

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SOLO.

queer Strange and queer With ne'er a care they wander where the
Hearts Queen of Hearts With tender sigh or flashing eyes my

heavens are ever bare; No palace fair to house them there. Their
tur-bulent crew I rule, My vengeance too is swift and true. For

castles are in the air Their maids are dark-eyed rambler, Their
cowardly knave or fool Though lovers sigh imploring me, And

men are swarthy gamblers, The only law in
Princess kneel adoring me, Beloved of va -

Gypsy Land – He Came From Milwaukee.
which they trust, the lovers' kiss And dagger's thrust. And the bands alone I reign upon. My ragged throne, And I

sound of my Serenade.

sigh for their Serenade.

Refrain.

Moderato.

Dreamy idle Gypsy land Dancing

Gypsy Lad. 'He Came From Milwaukee.
If We Were Married.
Duet.
BRUCE & BETTY.

(She) Now, what if I married till
(He) But what if I carried you

someone got married to you? — (He) Poor she! — And
off and got married to you? — (She) Oh, fine! — And

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like-wise sup-posing some fel-low pro-pos-ing won what if I wor-ried you un-til I hur-ried you you? (He.) Poor too? (She.) Be he! (He.) What if he hap-pened to mine! (She.) Think of the joys of a

be a sight. (He.) And she a fright? (Both.) I fear some night we'd hon-ey moon, (She.) In ros-y June, (Both.) With hearts in tune. A

meet un-der cov-er as sweet-heart and lov-er. How ter-rible that would day is a min-ute, one world with two in it, And no-bod-y else to

If We Were Married
(Both) Now, if we were married to some one else (She) How sad 'twould be. (He) What misery. (She) The biscuits I'd bake him would.

Chorus.

(Both) Now, if we were married to you and me (He) How nice 'twould be. (She) What constancy. (He) As Mister and Misses, big ache him and make him Throw fits when he looked at me. (Both) Wed dealers in kisses, We'd have a monopoly. (Both) The

If We Were Married 4
weep at the sound of the wedding bells. (Hr.) I'd stay out nights. (Sh.) I'd course of true love would run smooth you see. (Hr.) I'd hook your dress. (Sh.) Your start the fights. (Hr.) One gown a year is all shed' get. (Sh.) I'd ties I'd press. (Hr.) I'd buy you French-y frills and frocks. (Sh.) Sweet turn into a saf-fra-gette. (Both.) If I were married, heart I'd even darn your socks. (Both.) If I were mar-ried, you were mar-ried, mar-ried to some-one else. you were mar-ried, mar-ried to you and me.

If We Were Married 4
Love Is Like A Red, Red Rose.
(Duett) Duke & Constance.

Moderato.

(Constance) What is there in love, to thrill 'til it seems divine (Duke) If I
(Duke) Love's young dream Oh what a theme, half rapture and half pain (Constance) Not when

knew two hearts are true

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throu' your veins like wine (Constance). Is it true?
Capture and retain (Duke.) That I'd do,

Why can't youth and maiden just be
I could love some-one if I should

friends (Duke.) Only friends? Love begins they say where friendship
try (Constance.) So could I But in vain I sit and sadly

Love is like a Red, Red Rose. A He Came from Milwaukee.
ends (Constance.) That de-pends (Both.) Love is like a rose, a song, a sigh (Duke.) So do I (Both.) Love is such a pret-ty mess when bab-bling brook that flows a-long That Cu-pid sends.
two can love and not con-fess I won-der why?

Refrain.
Grazioso.

Love is like a red, red, rose, That buds and blows in June

Love is like a tune that

Love is like a Red, Red Rose. 4 He Came from Milwaukee.
Love is like a brook that flows when each heart knows 'tis true

Love's a song when two are singing

I love you.

Love is like a Red, Red Rose, A He Came from Milwaukee.
Merry Wedding Bells.

Valse moderato.

(Men) Sweet-est of crea-tures The neat-est of
(girs.) No tears are shed-ding, We go to the
preach-ers Lives near in a dear lit-tle church (girs.) Oh
wed-ding Ad-mir-ed at tir-ed like this (Men.) There's

my, what a lov-er Yould sigh to dis-coy-er You might be left
no need of dress-ing We go for the bless-ing I thirst for the

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right in the lunch! Men stop teasing you're false if you fail - ter. So
first bridal kiss! Girls How sweet of you, dear, if you do so, I

waltz to the altar. All hail to the tale that he tells.
fear that a trousseau. Like this is a - miss at such times.

(girls) No chance now to tarry. We'll dance off to marry. They'll greet us with
(Men) Don't frown love in vain. In a gown with a train. There's no chance for a

sweet wedding bells. (Ad lib.) In time to the chime of their song
dance to the chimes. (Ad lib.) We'll sway as they play love's sweet song

Wedding Bells. & He Came from Milwaukee.
Of ding-a-ling and ding-a-ling ding dong.
They'll ting-a-ling and ding-a-ling a-long.

Chorus. 

Waltz me away to the rhyming and chiming of merry wedding bells. Oh, what a treasure of pleasure each measure of melody foretells. When they are twanging and

Wedding Bells. 4 He came from Milwaukee.
clanging and bang-ing, My heart with rapture swells. (Men.) With you by my side (Girls) I'll be your bride (All) To the swing-ing and ring-ing and ding-a-ling ling-ing of wedding bells, bells.

Wedding Bells I He Came from Milwaukee.
Finale Act I.

Allegro moderato.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

CHORUS. What was that noise? What was that noise?

TENOR.

BASS.

sound like a terrible explosion. Was it a bomb, if somewhere from On.

LATISH.

Meno mosso.

tell us what is causing this commotion! What means this strange salvation A-

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LATISH.

... again I've failed

NAPOLEON.

To his assassination attend 'ere you are

ALL! moderato.

Enter Mrs. Harvey, Bruce and Betty.

Jailed.

MRS. H.

What's this rumor I hear— His highness, where is

Finale Act I.11
BRUCE.

he?—The Duke has vanished it's clear—His title's in the

BETTY.

sea,—Don't alarm her I fear—She'll follow it in the ocean

ENSEMBLE.

Don't be worried, don't be flurried, Nothing is wrong hell

wander along Safe and sound he'll soon be found With never a scratch at

Finale Act I,11
Grazioso. DUKE TO CONSTANCE.

I have come to say farewell Your heart will tell you

why Tho’ in vain I sigh the memory cannot
die. What my heart may long to tell, my lips may well de-
Like two friends whose journey ends we'll say goodbye.

Chor. He has come to say farewell Your heart will tell you

Tho' in vain he'd sigh The memory cannot

why Tho' in vain he'd sigh in vain he'd sigh The memory can't

die The memory can't die What his heart may long to tell His
lips may well deny

Like two friends whose journey ends well
deny may well deny

Schnellenwein. Revititative.
say goodbye, Lion Groes.

I made escape without a

scrape
The ocean must be wrecked tho' who played that joke who made me smoke that

Finale Act I. 11
Mysterioso. 52

NAPOLEON.

dyna-mite-perfect-o You have a duel with me, I'm waiting see I'm

here to give you sat-is-fact-ion You shake with fright, you fear to fight, You

Poco animato.

LATISH.

show it by your ev-ry ac-tion I might ob-serve to brace your nerve A

fresh-cigar will do What's this I see, leave him to me. Sweet-

Finale Act I.11

Tymph.

cresc.
Valse Andante.
Schnellenwein.

heart, I'll stand by you
I love you, I

marcheto

molto cresc.

love you I love you
You are the ideal of my dreams.

SOPRANO. Più mosso.

ALTO.

CHORUS. He'll vow it by star up above you

HE needs a pro-

BASS. Più mosso.

Schnellenwein.

tec-tor it seems
Take me a way with you darling

Valse moderato.

Finale Art 1. H
Take me wherever you go At dawn of day we'll start away. To Zurich, off we go.

Valse tempo.

CHORUS. Os - tend is pall - ing, Our spir - its are fall - ing And Zurich is call - ing To see the Duke crowned.

Finale Act I.11
SCIO.  rit  

Come love to Zur-ach and be King.  Long-ly your.

nat-ive land will ring.  Dame For-tune owes us the

sun-shine and ros-es that your cor-o-na-tion will bring

ENSEMBLE.

SOP.  a tempo.  rit.

ALTO.  Zur-ach is call-ing for her King.  Fond hearts for

TENOR.

BASS.  

Finale Act 1. 11
ev-er-more will sing Tales of your glo-ry in

song and in stor-y So come and be crowned her

King

Più mosso.

Più mosso.

Finale Act I, I1
Opening Chorus.

ACT II.

Tempo di Marcia.

Meno mosso, dolce.

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Curtain.

Marcia.

Royalty with dignity will descend its smile to lend to

Coronation day.

While

Opening Chorus, Act II.
In a princely way
people of the nation pay

When they're near him, how they cheer him
For the pompous play

Tho' they fear him He will school them He will fool them

They sing

Opening Chorus, Act II.12
He will rule as king.
Their king.

Through the street to martial beat of rolling drum they proudly come. With

decoration gay.

And the

Opening Chorus, Act II.12
In a taunting way

Banners of the nation sway

Recomending his ascending

While the trumpets bray

And defending

It is pleasant to be royal

The throne

Opening Chorus, Act II.12
Opening Chorus, Act II.
long Can that be wrong? In every inn where wine is
thin Well search to find the bin Then raise a din
sin? With ringing rhyme in tones that chime What vocal

Opening Chorus, Act II. 12
heights we'll climb  To pass the time  Is that a
time the time  Is that a

crime  And if perchance we do a dance that comes from

naughty France  To win a glance  'Tis but ro-
glance a glance
Marcia.

mance!    On such an ev-

ent with mor-

Marcia.

ment the na-
ing  And court-ier and

The na-
ing

dame with laud ac-
claim will hail him as

King

Will hail him as

Opening Chorus, Act II. 12
And over his royal little land, From tiniest cote to castle grand The welcoming shout on every hand For him will sound With lanterns a-

Opening Chorus, Act II.
Opening Chorus. Act II.12
thron-we're loy-al to him and him a-lone There'll be ro

reason to dabble in treason All hail to the King We're
crowned

Opening Chorus, Act II.
Come Back To Bohemia.

There are lovers in Bohemia — Who can love the
best — There are moon-beams in Bohemia — That out-shine the

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rest And her skies I know are blueer And her hearts I know are
truer Night and day her voices call me
to her: There are love-songs in Bohemia That can make you
cry, There are flowers in Bohemia That can never

Come Back To Bohemia, 4 He Came from Milwaukee.
die, And her friends I know are dearer And her memories are nearer For my heart grows lonely when I hear her.

Refrain.
Con espressivo.

Come back to your fair Bohemia 'Neath skies ever soft and dreamy Ah!

Come back to the hearts that yearn for you

Come Back To Bohemia. A He Came from Milwaukee.
Come back to the lips that burn for you. They are longing for you.

Love-land, where the moon in splendor beams, Dove-land, where the nights are tendere dreams, Call you with the songs they sing to you. So come back to her, comeback to Bohemia.

Colla voce. dim. e rall. 

Come Back To Bohemia & He Came from Milwaukee
Entrance.
Consequences.

Let each person take a paper. Write a gentleman's name, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Kissim. Met up in the park.

Fold it, pass it, He said, My wife.

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that's the caper. Each time you write do the same
loves your husband. She said. Wait till the dark.

Now with great deliberation. Write a lady's
Then the world said: "That Cassio" is all right of

name, be seat
course of course

Next the same of
Consequences.

the location. Where they chanced to meet
Train for Reno. Quartette gets divorce

Consequences. 5. He Came From Milwaukee.
Now put down what he said to her exactly as she
heard. Then what she said, and be sure, you get
it word for word.
He said, "I am hunting-chickens." She said, "Oh, you kid.
Write of these experiences, What the world said.
Then the world said, "Wise old rooster" Cham-e-clair, in
too. Next put down the consequences. Then read each one through.
Consequences. 5 He Came From Milwaukee.
Chorus.

In the game of consequences Take care what you write,

Don't forget the evidence Is down in black and white.

Though the game in fun commences, Just for maid and youth.

Some of these experiences May be the truth. truth.
The Zinga Zula Man.

Taken from the Isle of Zinga
Lots of people look at me and
Loo, say, "Why has he that wild and savage crew, Sold into a circus where they work us and they work us. It's a sad sad tale but true. met my wife re-turn-ing, From the coun-try yest-er-day.

Refrain, (In strict tempo,) Zin-ga Zu-la. I'm the Zin-ga Zu-la

The Zinga-Zula Man. He came from Milwaukee.
man,
Howling, prowling, growling, I'm
creeping while you're sleeping, If you hear me, fear me,
I'm the wild-est of the clan, I'll greet you, then eat you, The
savage little Zinga Zula man.

The Zinga-Zula Man. 3 He came from Milwaukee.
Tempo di Marcia.

When first I met the fair Lizzie, down
My heart is sad, I am so mad Lizzie,

in the Quartier Latin — She whispered low I
ette she answered "Pooh Pooh!" Ze bul for me, I

love you so, you are a beautiful man — But
cannot see, a big French poodle like you But

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that's all up. She bought a pup, An English bulldog is worst of all ze name she call her dog, it make my blood run.

And since he came she's not the same, There are no kisses for me. I sigh Ah-ah-ah-ah! I Duke of Wellington. I sigh Ah-ah-ah-ah! I

eye Ah-ah-ah-ah! Each morning when I
eye Ah-ah-ah-ah! My ancestor Nap-

Tie A Red Ribbon On Me. He Came from Milwaukee.
see her deck, A ribbon red around his neck, I
c - le - on, He lose ze war to Well-ing-ton, And

cry You've made a dog of me, I want a ribbon too, Cher- ie!
new I lose my sweet-heart too, Zat damn dog prove my Water- a - loo.

Chorus.

Tie a red ribbon on me! Cud- dle me up on your

knee Ma foi Cher- ie, Your dog I'll be I

Tie A Red Ribbon On Me. 4 He Came from Milwaukee.
hav’n’t got a single flea! I’ll be the pet of Par-

La-dies will all tick-le

You cry "Pooh Pooh!" I’ll bark, "WhooWhoo!"

Tie a red rib-bon on me._ me._
Exit.

Allegretto con moto.
Moderato grazioso.

Oh silver moon in the sky
Oh silver moon in the sky

Lone-ly as I
You're a sen-ti-men-tal moon, tell me why
loved were but I
And you were my lov-er wait-ing on high

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With all your splendor I wonder can it be true
So brightly shining. Up thro' the bright star-ry night

That you love some-bod-y too. Whose heart is
My love song wing-ing its flight. Would bring you

hid-den from you. For you wear a look so ten-der.
back love's de-light. When your heart was sad-ly pin-
ing.

Refrain.
Tenderly.

Oh! what a sen-ti-men-tal moon.

Sentimental Moon. 4 He Came from Milwaukee.
I look at you — then long to spoon

Clearly I trace — upon your sil-very face — A scene of

two lovers true as they coo, And they cuddle un-der you

Shine on a-bove — and bring me soon

Sentimental Moon: A He Came from Milwaukee.
Some-one I love— to sweet-ly croon—

All thro' the night is the love of my dreams Lit by the light of your

sil-ver-y beams Oh sen-ti-men-tal

moon.

moon.

Sentimental Moon. 4 He Came from Milwaukee.
There's An Aeroplane Air About You
Bruce & Betty.

Waltz moderato.

(Bruce.) There's the blue of the skies in your bright starry
(Betty.) There's the grind of the town in your dull worried

eyes And you smile like a sunbeam in June.
frown And a business like air about you.
But a frown takes its place on your heavenly face
There's the sound of the street in the tramp of your feet
Like a cloud passing over the moon For your honor can change in a manner so strange
That I'm filled with both sorrows and mirth
And my heart's all at sea so have nades about love
Take a good change of air you look

There's an aeroplane air about you.4 He Came from Milwaukee.
pit-y on me And for heav-en's sake come down to earth.
aw-ful down there If you want me come on up a- bove.

Chorus.

There's an aer-o-plane air a-bout you You're so
There's an aer-o-plane air a-bout me I'm so

flight-y and change-a-ble, too,
flight-y and change-a-ble, see,
First you're here and you're
First I'm here and I'm

there and you're up in the air How can an-y boy keep on the
there then I'm up in the air How can an-y boy keep on the

There's an aeroplane air about you. *He Came from Milwaukee.*
level with you When I gaze in your eyes then I soar.

level with me When you gaze in my eyes then you soar.

And I soar till I'm sore to the core

And you soar till you're sore to the core

But I'll travel the route under your parachute With your plain little

travel the route under my parachute With my plain little

There's an aeroplane air. There's an air.

There's an aeroplane air. There's an air.

A He Came from Milwaukee.
The Coronation.

Maestoso.

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soon will be, His own right royal

ma-jes-ty. To reign a-lone up-

on the throne, Of Zur-ach, our fair

TheCoronation.3
nation. At his command, each heart, and hand, Through-

out his loyal native land. All its aid will bring to our

gracious King We offer our congratulation.

The Coronation.
Tempo di Valse.
Ensemble.

Waltz me away to the
rhyming and chiming of merry wedding bells.

Oh, what a treasure of pleasure each measure of
melody foretells. When they are twanging and
clanging and bang-ing. My heart with rap-ture swells. — (Men) With you by my side. — (Girls) I'll be your bride (All: To the) swing-ing and ring-ing and ding-a-ling ling-ing of wedding bells.