Klaw & Erlanger's
Production of
The New Musical Comedy
"Papa's Darling"
(Founded on the French Play "Le Fils Jurnaut" by Grenet d'Ancourt and Maurice Voucain)

Book and Lyrics by
Harry B. Smith

Music by
Ivan Caryll

Oh, This Love! (Waltz Song) .60
Dolores .60
Edelweiss .60
The Sparkling Moselle .60

Vocal Score 2.90
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Where Shall We Go For Our Honeymoon .60
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Who Cares ? .60

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KLAW and ERLANGER
Present
The New Musical Comedy
PAPA'S DARLING
(Founded on "Le Fils Surnaturel"
by Grenet D'Ancourt and Maurice Vaucaire)

BOOK AND LYRICS
BY
HARRY B. SMITH

MUSIC BY
IVAN CARYLL

VOCAL SCORE PRICE $2.00 Net

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# PAPA'S DARLING

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Musical Director: Anton Heindl
Opening Chorus
Act I.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Athletic exercises
Allegro moderato

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Copyright 1914 by Chappell & Co. Ltd.
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Swing the clubs, and punch the bag, And whirl the dumb-bells round

This is the sort of schooling For woman's future ruling Tyrant man, no
more shall brag, In him alone is found — The muscular physique. That can lord it o'er the weak.

By physical culture we mean to win, Emancipation soon — The sneer-ers and jeer-ers will soon begin to
sing a dif'-rent tune. The wife of the fu-ture no more shall cling to

Ty-rant man in awe. The wife of the fu-ture will land a swing up-

on the Ty-rants jaw. Swing the clubs and punch the bag, And

whirl the dumb-bells round. This is the sort of school-ing For
wom-ans' fu-ture ru-ling Ty-rant man no more shall brag, in

him a-lone is found The mus-cu-lar phy-sique That can

lord it o'er the weak.
At the end of Opening Chorus "Dialogue" during which strains of the Opening Chorus are played by the orchestra PP until the cue is given leading into the March Song

**MARCH SONG—(SOPHIE and GIRLS)**

Tempo di Marcia

```
\[\text{Music notation}\]
```

**SOPHIE**

We are comrades all, and we hear the call, of the spirit of the day, On we march in brave array. Here we...
educate and we cultivate In our own peculiar way Training soldiers for the fray 'Tis our noble plan, we must equal man, Be as strong as we are brave Freedom's banner then shall wave When we
equal him, In our strength of limb we'll make Tyrant man be-

have, And no longer be his slave

We will all be

Feministic victors we shall be.

free Feministic victors we shall be.
Più mosso

SOPHIE

To arms my sisters! We'll march on boldly with our flags all flying. Tyrant man defying

Forward my sisters! We march to glory. Fame will tell the story of our victory.
GIRLS

To arms my sisters! We'll march on boldly with our flags all flying, Tyrant man de flying Forward my sisters! We

march to glory Fame will tell the story of our victory.

victory.
A Little Touch Of Spring

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

(Professor Petipas)

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Moderato \( \text{d} = 96 \)

PROF. P

In the Winter I'm rheumatic
And the thing I most admire Is to sit in gown and

slippers By a roaring open fire; Reading books that make me

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sleep-y Play-ing check-ers now and then, Why, on some long win-ter

ev'nings I sit up as late as ten. But

Allegretto \( \dot{J} = 92 \)

O my! In the Springtime! Spring is fa-tal to the wed-ding

ring-time Like a rose I bloom Like a bird I sing

C.6627 \( \oplus \).
Bright as a sunbeam; Went to have a

All'to Modo $j = 104$

fling

I'm good in the winter-time;

Qui-es in the Fall, sleepy in the Fall; Lazy

in the summer-time, No fun at all. But

C. 6647 D.
O! when the Spring arrives.
That's a different thing

Quite a different thing in a snappy happy chap at a

little touch of Spring!

In the

C. 6627
winter I'm a student and I hug the old arm chair. 'Tis a

rit a tempo

time for morals prudent and for woolen under-wear, All my

a tempo

cresc mff rit dim

meno mosso

sporty notions vanish. Fun of every kind seems wrong. In the

p

meno mosso

rit

winter time I banish. Thought of love and wine and song. But

rit

C. 6627
Allegretto $\dot{z} = 92$

O! my! In the Springtime! That is the real get-you-on-the-

meno mosso

-string-time. I'm a play-ful kid I'm a gam-bling-lamb

Piu mosso

For all the world I do not give a

Allegretto $\dot{z} = 104$

thought I'm good in the win-ter time;

C. 6627
Qui- et in the Fall, Sleep-y in the Fall La - zy

in the sum-mer-time No fun at all. But O! when the spring ar-

rives Thats a dif- rent thing Quite a dif- rent thing Fat and

for- ty gay and sport-y I am naugh-ty in the spring!

C.6627
DANCE

Piu mosso \( \cdot \cdot \cdot \) 112

C. 6627
spoken: (sophie) (astonished) my dear!!! (professor petipas) ah! my love! i was just trying to control our friend le blanc, it seems someone told him he could dance. (le blanc) i? (sophie) but what were you saying about the spring? (professor petipas) oh yes, i was just remarking.

moderato \( \approx 88 \)

prof. p.

i was saying to our friend here that i do so love the spring. nature then is at her best dear peaches bloom and birdies sing. oh i dearly love to

C. 6627
stray then in the woods an hour or two Sun-beams
glisten while I listen to the silly old cuckoo!

PROF P.  Cuc-koo!  Cuc-koo!  Cuc-koo!  Oh,

SOPHIE  Cuc-koo!  Cuc-koo!

LE BLANC  Cuc-koo!  Cuc-koo!

C. 6627
Allegretto \( \frac{d}{2} \)

I do love the springtime! That's the chicken's favorite on the wing-time. Seeking nature's calm. Far a-

way I go. I love to ramble when the daisies grow. I'm

C. 6627
Alto Modto  \( \text{\textit{d} = 104} \)

- good in the winter time
- Quiet in the Fall

Sleepy in the Fall
- Lazy in the summer time

Home life is all,
- But O! when the spring arrives

- Nature is the thing
- Birds are on the wing
- I am
crazy over daisies at a little touch of
cresc

spring! I'm good in the winter time

Piu mosso

He's good in the winter time

He's good in the winter time

Qui-et in the Fall Sleepy in the Fall Lazy

Qui-et in the Fall Sleepy in the Fall Lazy

Qui-et in the Fall Sleepy in the Fall Lazy

C. 6627
in the summer time Homelife is all But O! when the spring arrives

in the summer time Homelife is all But O! when the spring arrives

in the summer time Homelife is all But O! when the spring arrives

rives Nature is the thing Birds are on the wing I am

rives Nature is the thing Birds are on the wing He is

rives Nature is the thing Birds are on the wing He is

C.6627
crazy over daisies at a little touch of spring.
"Edelweiss"
(Love's Immortal Flower)

SONG (Germaine)

Words by HARRY B. SMITH

Music by IVAN CARYLL

Allegro Moderato \( \text{\textcopyright} \) 96

GERMAINE

There's a flow'r that grows mid the
When we met by chance, at a

alpine snows. In a hid ing place no stranger
Paris dance. It was fate ar ranged the brief ro-

knows Like a star astray That has lost its
mance Ladies proud and fair wore camellias
way In the snow - y drifts the le - gends say;
there or dis - played bou -quets of orchids rare.

There the eye will meet Like a tok - en sweet From a dis - tant
In the waltz em - braced He in se - cret haste In my hand a

one you long to meet; And it seems to say “Love en - lit - tle flow - er placed;
Then his eyes met mine with love’s
dares for aye,” and is change - less though so far a - way.
count - er - siga, And I fear mine answered: “I am thine.”
Più mosso (o. 276)

Red rose, queen of the garden; Vi-o-let,

mf

nymph of the dell; Pan-sy fa-ces, Li-ly's gra-ces, all hearts love you well.

dim.

Red rose, queen of the garden Vi-o-let

C adagio
nymph of the dell O, you fade all and your

leaves fall, Beauty's symbols of an hour, But

Menomosso

Edelweiss, my little Edelweiss Is love's im-

mortal flow'r! Red rose, queen of the gar -
-den; Vi - o - let, nymph of the dell;

Pansy faces, Lily's graces, All hearts

love you well. Red rose, queen of the
garden Vi - o - let nymph of the dell.
O, you fade all
And your leaves fall,
Beauty's symbols of an hour,
But Edelweiss,
My little Edelweiss
Is love's immortal flow'r.
No 4

SONG (Zozo and Girls)

A Certain Little Way

Words by
R. R. B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Allegro (M. M. 152)

1. Girls you have inquired why I am admired
2. Men are only boys and they love new toys

Why men follow me here and there everywhere, It is
Toys that they possess they despise more or less, Toys they

hard to say why I make my way,
can not get make them fuss and fret,

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You should do as well; you are quite as fair
A - ny
Never to the truth let your eyes confess
Let us

thing we'd do just to be like you.
learn from you what to say and do.

You will learn to fly bye and bye If you try 'Tis not
If you'll copy me A. B. C. It will be Never

taught in schools and there are no rules
trust a man that's the wisest plan

C 6627
(GIRLS)

Tell us then how you win all the men?
It is nice to have your good advice.

(ZOZO)

It's a certain little way of mine.
It's a certain little way of mine.

(GIRLS)

Would that it were
Makes them fall in line It's a certain style, a

Certain little smile That may mean yes or no, That keeps them guessing

so. They all hope I'll give the counter-sig

Meaning yes or no
Meaning "I am thine" Men are like the

What's the counter-sign?

fox; They always think divine The grapes that are the highest

on the vine.

It's a certain little way of
Every man prefers hers
We will copy hers. It's a certain style, a certain little smile. That may mean yes or no. That keeps them guessing so. They all hope she'll

Do not let them know.
Lover own counter-sign?

give the counter-sign.
Meaning "I am

Men are like the fox; They always think
dhine" Men are like the fox; They always think di-

vine The grapes that are the highest on the
vine The grapes that are the highest on the
"Who Cares?"

Duet (Germaine & Marcel)

Words by HARRY B. SMITH

Music by IVAN CARYLL

No 5

Allegro Moderato (M.M. §: 116)

GERMAINE

1. A lone with you! what

shall I say and do? You're an almost perfect stranger

a - ny - thing but blue. Is it wrong to find it pleas - ant?

Tis

C. 6627

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lone— with you! And I'm so timid too, Yet I
strange— and new, Ex—hilarating too, I don't

MARCEL
feel there is no danger. t. Not quite a lone We

MARCEL
mind if Cupid's present. s. Two pair of eyes— Cre-

have a chaperon, We know Cupid's some-where near. A

ate a Para-dise No intruders should come near. Two

C. 6627
friend discreet Who never will repeat all the
hearts forget The world in a duet Secrets

secrets he may hear.
no one else should hear.

GERMAINE
1. Who cares? If it's a little lonely, We will try to be re-
2. Who cares? If it's a little lonely, We will try to be re.

MARCEL

C. 6627
signed.
Who cares?
Signed.
Who cares?

Who knows while

say and do we'll find
Who knows when

say and do we'll find

we are here alone you might kiss me unawares.
with a girl alone all the things a young man dares?

C. 6647
So if people go away and leave us Let them
You might even suddenly embrace me. But that's

1. stay away Who cares! our affair. Who cares!

DANCE

C. 6627
No. 6

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Finale Act I

SOPRANO

This is the

TENOR

This is the

BASS

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man of great renown

Man of great renown

to the town

A grateful nation

gives him a reward

A model moral man of
France is the example to us all, every day.

"All Spoken!" Vive le professeur! Vive le professeur!

Hush! Hush! Silence! for the professor.
Hush! hush! silence! for the professor!

Hush! hush! silence! for the professor!

YOLANDE

Hush! hush! silence!

BAND MASTER

For the professor!

For the professor!

C.6627
Moderate

PROF. PETIPAS

My worthy friends and neighbors, it moves me quite to tears That you repay my labors Through all these moral years. Allow me.
We hail the grand professor Petipas, He is the hero of the day!

(PROF. PETIPAS) Spoken, "I resume"

Moderato

My worthy friends and neighbors, It
moves me quite to tears That you re-pay my la-bors Through all these mor-al years. Al-low me.

We hail the We hail the

C. 6947
grand professor Petipas, He is the hero of the day!

Allegretto moderato

SOPHIE

Now let me add my tribute very glad To a
husband quite perfection. Tis only fair. That

he should have his share of his country's proud affection. And

now I pray you'll tell us all today How you arose to

fame. I wish you'd try. For it may mortify Some

C.6627
hus-bands I might name. Tell us, How
you be-came so mor-al We want all the men to hear.

GERMAINE

Tell us, We place you now be-fore all, As a mod-el you ap-

SOPHIE

pear. Tell us, O, pa-ra-gon of men, Why it
was you never fell Tell us, oh, monopolist of

vir - tue We would love to know. Do tell.

Tell us, How you became so mor- al We want all the men to hear.

Tell us, How you became so mor - al We want all the men to hear.
Tell us, We place you now before all, As a
model you appear. Tell us, O,
paragon of men, Why it was you never fell.
Tell us, oh, mono-po-list of vir-tue
We would love to know. Do tell.

Tell us, oh, mono-po-list of vir-tue
We would love to know. Do tell.

(PROF. PETIPAS)

Since

yon-der friends with brass u-nique
Have
ruined my attempts to speak, I'll tell how wise I've ever

thrown in a little poem of my own. Of my own.

Allegro moderato

1. If
2. A

you desire the recipe To be a moral man like me, I'll
man like me of personal charm Meets many girls who mean no harm; But
do the best I can To indicate my plan. My old Saint Anthony Had not a thing on me. And

temperature is really warm I do not hate the female form; But by remaining calm and cool As steadfast as the patient mule, I

it's my power of will That puts me through the mill. Temp-still remain exempt When naught-y siren's tempt. Temp-
ta-tion, temp-ta-tion, I find it ev-ry where; In ta-tion, temp-ta-tion, I meet it ev-ry day. To
facing fair And golden hair, It's in the very air Thus, ladies gay Who want to play I always say nay, nay, When

cresc.

when a lady tells me Tis a year since she was kissed I'm reckless rou-es tell me all the fun that I have missed I'm

2. But I resist.

1. He's tempted
2. He's tempted

1. He's tempted
2. He's tempted

C. 6627
ta-tion, temp-ta-tion He finds it ev-ry where. In
ta-tion, temp-ta-tion He meets it ev-ry day. To

ta-tion, temp-ta-tion He finds it ev-ry where. In
ta-tion, temp-ta-tion He meets it ev-ry day. To

ff

fa-ces fair and gold-en hair. It's in the ve-ry air. Thus
la-dies gay who want to play He al-ways says nay, nay. Thus

fa-ces fair and gold-en hair. It's in the ve-ry air. Thus
la-dies gay who want to play He al-ways says nay, nay. Thus

C. 6627
when a lady tells him 'Tis a year since she was kissed
reckless roués tell him All the fun that he has missed

when a lady tells him 'Tis a year since she was kissed
reckless roués tell him All the fun that he has missed

ff
rail.

1. tempted, He's tempted But he resists. -sists.
2. tempted, He's tempted But he resists. -sists.
3. tempted, He's tempted But he resists. -sists.
4. tempted, He's tempted But he resists. -sists.
5. ff

C. 6627
Dear papa, I am proud now to be allowed to be one of
this adoring crowd. So my tribute small I will
add to all of the honors that you befall.
With no roses red do I deck your head But I crown you,
dear papa instead With a flow'r I prize Sacred
in my eyes. Take this wreath of snowy Edelweiss.

Fame is crowned with the laurel, Heroes are

C. 6627
crowned with the bays. All a-round you thus have

crowned you all have sung your praise. One sweet

flow'r I hold dear-est Take for my love's gentle dow'r

As a token of love spoken And of
blessings fate may show\(\)r\(\) For E\-del\-weiss, my lit\-tle\(\)

E\-del\-weiss Is love\'s im\-mor\-tal flow\(\)r.\(\)

(Sop.)

Fame is crowned with the lau\-rel, He\-roes are

(Ten.)

Fame is crowned with the lau\-rel, He\-roes are

(Base)

C. 6647
crowned with the bays

All a-round you Thus have

crowned you All have sung your praise. One sweet

flow'r She holds dear-est Take for her love's gen-tle dow'r

flow'r She holds dear-est Take for her love's gen-tle dow'r
As a token of love spoken And of
blessings fate may show'r
For Edelweiss the little

Edelweiss Is love's immortal flow'r
Allegro moderato

Moderato LE BLANC

My friends it is my duty This

joyous fete to crown. A work of art and beauty Is

of fered by the town. On moral heights ascended Our

G. 6827
friend has never failed; And so this statue splendid To

him shall be unveiled.

We hail the grand professor

Pe - ti - pas He is the Hero of the day.
Tempo di Marcia

SOPHIE

Such a small mistake Any

one may make No attention you must pay Hall the hero

GERMAINE

of the day For he reigns alone On a

C. 1827
lofty throne As a pattern to the rest And of fathers he's the best.

And I only pray That my pupils may Find a husband of his kind, Though I know they're hard to find.

Then the happy life of an honored wife They will
lead and ever be Proud of such a man as

GERMAINE
he, Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

SOPHIE
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

YOELANDE
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

DORINE
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

LE BLANC
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

SOPR.
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

TENOR
Very proud we'll be Very proud we'll be so proud we'll be.

BASS

C. 6627
All hail the hero To all a model! Sing your praises
Choral. There is none so mor al. Crown him with lau rel Let all ac
moral. Crown him with laurel. Let all acclaim him. All the world must
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!
name him vir-tue's fav'-rite son!

a tempo
Opening Chorus
Act II

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Tempo di Valse Brillante

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Tis a ho-li-day Tis a ho-li-day we are here to

chance to be gay Dancing Makes us

chance to be gay Dancing Makes us

play in our little

gay Like the mice when the cat is a-way

gay Like the mice when the cat is a-way
way In our little way Get a little gay

Fol-ly hold-ing sway Al-though fe-mi-mist

Fol-ly hold-ing sway Al-though fe-mi-mist

Still we all a-gree Yes we all a-gree Mar-ried we must

pu-pils are we we must mar-ried

pu-pils are we we must mar-ried
So by way of beginning romances let us have a

dance When we have a chance Let us have a dance
may be all you say He is useful in a way If you try to do without him you may find you re-
gret him some day Love's a thing girls can't de fy I ad-
vice you not to try Tho' you may scorn and sneer and doubt him

C 9927
you can't be happy without him

Tho' man may be

—all we say He is useful in a way If we

—all we say He is useful in a way if we
try to do without him we may find we regret him some day.

Love's a thing girls can't defy;
I advise you not to try.
Tho' we may scorn and sneer and doubt him we can't be happy without
Tho' we may scorn and sneer and doubt him we can't be happy without
'Tis a ho-ly
him. Here at last is a chance to be gay
him. Here at last is a chance to be gay
day 'Tis a ho-ly day We are here to play

dancing Makes us gay Like the mice when the cat is a-

dancing Makes us gay Like the mice when the cat is a-

In our lit-ty way In our lit-ty way Get a lit-ty gay

way

way

Fol-ly hold-ing sway Al-tho'

Fol-ly hold-ing sway Al-tho'

C 6627
Still we all agree Yes we all agree Married we must
fe-mi-mist pu-pils are we We must married
fe-mi-mist pu-pils are we We must married
be
This our first chance is for start-ing to-man -ce' Hearts may be won in the
be This our first chance is for start-ing to-man -ce' Hearts may be won in the
cresc. rall.
The Land of the Midnight Sun

SONG (Marcel) and CHORUS

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Tempo di Marcia

I have been like the rest Life seemed on
I've given up the whirl Just since I

I - de jest Thought of to - mor - row I had none
met a girl Like none I ev - er met be - fore

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Lived as it pleased me to Did what I liked to do
Quite different from the rest One look my love confessed

I must admit I've had some fun
Home life seemed something to adore

Love was a joke for me, Ending in smoke for me
Fire-side and simple life Arm-chair and little wife

The! I've had fancies now and then
Look like the real thing to me
Now with all that I've through I'm changed my point of view
Wild oats begin to pall True love is best of all

I'll never play the game again
With that I'm sure you all agree

REPRISE

I have said good-bye and mean it too, To the dull old life
I thought so say I mean what I say Ca-
fé and Cab-a-ret, They all have had their day

Gone for ever are the bad old nights; With their wine and noise and glare of lights. Good-bye ev'rything and ev'ryone In the Land of the Midnight Sun.
CHORUS
SOPRANO
He has said good-bye and means it too, To the dull old life he thought so gay We mean what we say Café and Cabaret They all have had their day

TENOR
He has said good-bye and means it too, To the dull old life he thought so gay We mean what we say Café and Cabaret They all have had their day

BASS
He has said good-bye and means it too, To the dull old life he thought so gay We mean what we say Café and Cabaret They all have had their day
Gone forever are the bad old nights With their wine and noise and
Gone forever are the bad old nights With their wine and noise and
Gone forever are the bad old nights With their wine and noise and

Glorious of lights Goodbye everything and everyone In the
Glorious of lights Goodbye everything and everyone In the
Glorious of lights Goodbye everything and everyone In the

Land of the Midnight Sun
Land of the Midnight Sun
Land of the Midnight Sun

1. 16.
No. 9

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Song (Zazo) and Chorus
"The Sparkling Moselle"

1st Verse A

Moderato (M.M. \( \frac{3}{4} \))

2nd Verse To

Little peasant maid in Germany, A typical Marguerite,

New York, the maid from Germany And after a year or two

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C. 6627
Dwelt on the banks of the River Moselle In innocence complete
So she had forgotten the River Moselle, But other things she knew, A

sweet, so sweet, In her peasant costume neat. With few, a few As the girls in the old town do, Now

hopes unwise in her violet eyes, She sat there and dreamed all day of a every night in a glare of light She sits in a smart cafe, While ad-

C. 6627
lover fond who preferred a blonde, she would take her far away.
And making swains with more cash than brains buzz round with an air blaze.

make her life, make her life a sweet holiday. By the pay all day.
For the vintage she puts away By the

sparkling Moselle she would dream all the day. Would the sparkling Moselle with a stout millionaire sits old

Pia Mossa (N.M. 1892)

C. 6627
vindland's fair daughter looking over the water Quite as
Broadway's blonde daughter Overlooking the water And no

blue as the skies were her wonderful eyes As she
one shows surprise at the wonderful lies That she

sat by the sparkling Moselle
tells by the sparkling Moselle.
By the sparkling Moselle She would dream all the day Would the
By the sparkling Moselle With a stout millionaire Sits old
By the sparkling Moselle She would dream all the day Would the
By the sparkling Moselle With a stout millionaire Sits old

village's fair daughter Looking over the water Quite as
Broadway's blonde daughter Looking over the water And no
village's fair daughter Looking over the water Quite as
Broadway's blonde daughter Looking over the water And no
village's fair daughter Looking over the water Quite as
Broadway's blonde daughter Looking over the water And no

C. 6627
blue as the skies were her wonderful eyes As she
one shows surprise at the wonderful lies That she

blue as the skies were her wonderful eyes As she
one shows surprise at the wonderful lies That she

sat by the sparkling Moseelle.
tells by the sparkling Moseelle.

sat by the sparkling Moseelle.
tells by the sparkling Moseelle.

C. 6627
Where shall we go for our Honeymoon

DUET (Germaine and Marcel)

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Moderato

(MARCEL) Where shall we go for our honey-moon—
Just you and

(GERMAIN) Where shall we go for our bridal trip—
Over the

I when we go bye-and-bye? (GER) Venice I think is the place to spoon—
Sea to the land of the free? (MAR) Romances die on a rolling ship—

Just you and I 'neath Italian sky
Old mal de mer lovers fond should beware

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(MAR) I don't like Ve-nice. No place to walk No lanes for
(GER) There you are right, dear. Days on a boat Make lov-ers'

lov-ers to strag____ Con-do-liers lis-ten to
course rough al-way____ Cu-pid looks fool-ish when

you while you talk. (GER) I'll go where ev-er you say We will be
too long a-float. (MAR) I'll go where ev-er you say We will be

hap-py a-sy-way And life will be a holi-day.
hap-py a-ny-way And life will be a holi-day.

C.6427
When we go on our honeymoon

'most any place will do If I am there with you

Mon-te Car-lo, Par-is, Rome, Any place will seem like home

Take me any where I do not care...
When I go on my honey moon.

All places will seem fair If we're together there.

London, Cork, Berlin, New York, Love will sing the same old tune.

When we go on our honey moon.
Words by
SARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Allegro (c. 152)

You monster! I have found you out your crime to all the world I'll shout.

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YOLANDE

SOPHIE

ESTHER
calm, Ma-dame, be calm I say what is the trou-ble pray

MARCEL
calm, Ma-dame, be calm I say what is the trou-ble pray

PROF. P.
calm, Ma-dame, be calm I say what is the trou-ble pray

prett-y scan-dal I'll be bound in my work bas-ket this I found

C. 6627
PHOTOGRAPH: How came it there? and of a lady fair

PHOTOGRAPH: How came it there? and of a lady fair

PHOTOGRAPH: How came it there? and of a lady fair

PROF. P.

PHOTOGRAPH: How came it there? and of a lady fair

SOPHIE

He.

Really see no harm in that why what are you so angry at?

C. 6627
YOLANDE

is this photograph papa? This is his daughter Hal! A traitor.

SOPHIE

ESTHER

MARCEL

PROF. P.

What do we

What do we

What do we

What do we

be untrue to me. This is a blow. I’ll

see, can such things be? Oh no! no! no! It

see, can such things be? Oh no! no! no! It

see, can such things be? Oh no! no! no! It

see, can such things be? Oh no! no! no! It

C. 6627
PROF P.

moral snake! Shame upon you hypocritical line not a word, oh you

LE BLANC

shameless rake!

You'll befriend me and defend me

I? Depart! you

C. 6627
YOLANDO

This stray daughter I have caught her ter-ri-ble! ter-ri-ble!

SOPHIE

To have brought her This stray daugh-ten ter-ri-ble! ter-ri-ble!

ESTHAR

MARCEL

PROF. P.

child of sin! To have brought her This stray daugh-ter ter-ri-ble! ter-ri-ble!

Cresc


Cresc


Cresc


Cresc


C. 6627
YOLANDE

Ter-ri-ble scan-dal! Ter-ri-ble scan-dal! To us all this is a blow.

SOPHIE

ESTHER

Ter-ri-ble scan-dal! Ter-ri-ble scan-dal! To us all this is a blow.

MARCEL

TER-RI-BLE SCAN-DAL! TER-RI-BLE SCAN-DAL! To US ALL THIS IS A BLOW.

PROF. P.

TER-RI-BLE SCAN-DAL! TER-RI-BLE SCAN-DAL! To US ALL THIS IS A BLOW.

C. 6627
YOLANDE

Isn't he awful very unlawful of Society the foe.

SOPHIE

ESTHER

Isn't he awful very unlawful of Society the foe.

MARCEL

Isn't he awful very unlawful of Society the foe.

PROF.

Isn't awful very unlawful of Society the foe.

cresc

It is shameful, painful, blameful, Terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible!

It is shameful, painful, blameful, Terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible!

It is shameful, painful, blameful, Terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible!

It is shameful, painful, blameful, Terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible! terrible!

C. 6627
SOPR.

TEN.

SASS

Is someone hurt is someone killed with

Is someone hurt is someone killed with

Is someone hurt is someone killed with

CHORUS

interest we all are filled What is the meaning of the row what

interest we all are filled What is the meaning of the row what

interest we all are filled What is the meaning of the row what

C 6627
GESMAINE

SOPR.

Papa what's all the noise about don't happen tell us now

CHORUS

TEN.

happened tell us now.

BASS

happened tell us now.

GERM.

PROF. P.

keep your little girl in doubt Leave us my child you must not hear you're much too young my dear My friends we have among us here a

C. 6027
PROF. P.

VIPER with no living peer it seems he had a daughter—dear un-

DYLANCE

A villain He you must agree I'm

SOPHIE

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

ESTHER

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

MARCEL

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

PROF.

aided by his wife A villain He you must agree. I'm

SOPR.

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

TEN.

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

BASS

Oh horror! horror! let us see. I'm

C. 6627
YOLANDE

moral one what have you done? you

SOPHIE

moral one what have you done? you

ESTHER

moral one what have you done? you

MARCEL

moral one what have you done? you

PROF. P.

moral one what have you done? you

SOPH.

moral one what have you done? you

TEN.

moral one what have you done? you

BASS

moral one what have you done? you
YOLANDE

vil de cee ver!

SOPHIE

vil de cee ver!

ESTHER

vil de cee ver!

MARCEL

vil de cee ver!

PROF.P.

vil de cee ver!

CHORUS

vil de cee ver!

vil de cee ver!

vil de cee ver!

vil de cee ver!

C. 6427
Terrible scandal! Terrible scandal! To us all this is a blow.
YOLANDE

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

SOPHIE

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

ESTHER

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

MARCEL

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

PROF. P.

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

CHORUS

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

We a-gree it’s hor-ri-ble! hor-ri-ble! We shall not for-get him no!

C. 6627
We will trounce him and denounce him since he has betrayed us so
YOLANDE

Re-ne-gade! Re-ne-gade! Li-ber-tine! Li-ber-tine!

SOPHIE

Re-ne-gade! Re-ne-gade! Li-ber-tine! Li-ber-tine!

ESTHER

Re-ne-gade! Re-ne-gade! Li-ber-tine! Li-ber-tine!

MARCEL

Re-ne-gade! Re-ne-gade! Li-ber-tine! Li-ber-tine!

PROF. P.

Re-ne-gade! Re-ne-gade! Li-ber-tine! Li-ber-tine!

CHORUS

It's ap-par-ent He's a par-ent We des-pise you We chas-tise you

It's ap-par-ent He's a par-ent We des-pise you We chas-tise you

It's ap-par-ent He's a par-ent We des-pise you We chas-tise you

C. 6627
YOLANDE

Go!

SOPHIE

Go!

ESTHER

Go!

MARCEL

Go!

PROF.

Go!

SOPR.

Most depraved of creatures! Hide your shameless features!

Ten.

Most depraved of creatures! Hide your shameless features!

BASS

Most depraved of creatures! Hide your shameless features!
GOLANDE

SOPHIE

ESTHER

MARCEL

PROF. P.

CHORES

You're a base im-pos-tor! Ras-cal, vi-per, mon-ster!

You're a base im-pos-tor! Ras-cal, vi-per, mon-ster!

You're a base im-pos-tor! Ras-cal, vi-per, mon-ster!

C. 6627
shock we declare! What a dreadful af-
shock we declare! What a dreadful af-

fair! a tremendous sensation A disgrace to the

C. 0627
They need feel no surprise At the wonderful
lies That the gossips are certain to
tell.

allargando
Dolores

Song (ZOZO) and CHORUS

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

Allegretto moderato

In that region tropic
As in far Se vil la

Cu ba's love ly isle
Love is the only topic

In the days of old
Langur ous Se gui dil la

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Any one thinks worthwhile while
Lovers' stories told
But if he were

fading One my heart inspires
married Let the wretch beware

When he came serenading His eyes were a flame with
He could be sure I carried a dagger you know

fires He sang to me.
where not here But there.

C 6627
Dolores

to you marry me Manya

Hear me send a little word to cheer me and my heart will grateful

be Dolores the rosy lips may taunt me Dolores

C 66837
lo - res all the same I know you want me

Glan - cing from your dream-y eyes en - tran - cing shines a star of hope for me. me. SOP & ALTO

Do-lo-res Se-no-ri-ta of Ha-va-na Do.

TE N OR

Do-lo-res Se-no-ri-ta of Ha-va-na Do.

BASS

C 6827
want me Glancing from your dreamy eyes en-
want me Glancing from your dreamy eyes en-

trancing shines a star of hope for me.
trancing shines a star of hope for me.

C 6927
"The Popular Pop"

SONG (Professor Petipas) and CHORUS

Music by

IVAN CARTIL

No. 13

Words by

HARRY B. SMITH

Allegro moderato

PROF. P.

I'm in clo-ver, look me over,
I'm the bus-y lit-tle In-ny.

CHORUS.

I'm the roll-iek-ing boy
I'm the car-ni-val kid
He's the roll-iek-ing boy
He's the car-ni-val kid

PROF. P.

Chief pro-mo-ter of joy
When I'm start-ed I skid
On the lev- el, I'm a dev-il
Wine so fix-ry, dan-cies diz-zy,

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Sport is my middle name
Keep me lively and gay
We are ready to play

Game for any old game
I start but never know
I am ready to pay
I ramble here and I

when to stop
To all the girls I am known as Pop
My gamble there
The old original I don't care

My favorite saying is
Bring a Quart And Pop is Papa for short
I can sit up without a prop
The wine corks merrily pop. I
Pop up ev'ry ev'n ing, I Pop a cocktail down — I Pop in-to a taxi cab, I Pop a-round the town, — I Pop in-to a gay ca-fé, And hop un-til I drop — I lose con-trol of the old bank roll, So I'm a pop-u-lar I spend my cash in a man-ner rash, So

CHORUS.

Pop! He Pops up ev'ry ev'n ing He Pops a cocktail down — He

C 6627
Pops into a taxi-cab, He Pops around the town, He

Pops into a gay café, And hops until he drops. He'll

lose control of the old bank roll, So he's a pop-u-lar Pop!

spent his cash in a manner rash, So

he's a pop-u-lar Pop!

C 6647
Oh, This Love
Waltz Song
(Germaine, Sophie and Chorus)

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
IVAN CARYLL

What is the song  Joy-ous and gay
What is the change,  Wea-ving a spell

All the world sings to me to-day?  Har-mo-nies sweet
Mystic and strange, Ah, who can tell?  I on-ly know

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Heard ev'rywhere Love is the song That fills the air,
Life is divine Since I have found This joy of mine.

Bee in the flow'r, Bird on the wing, Three little words All
Stars are more bright Skies are more blue  Roses are sweet With

seem to sing Words that he said Tender and
fragrance new 'Tis not the same World that I

true These three words "I love you," Oh, this love,
Magic love! I'm a captive you have taken since I have looked in your eyes.

The glory of life I prize. Oh, this love. Happy love. From a dream at
last I wa - ken All the world's beau - ty I see, That's what love has done for me.

me. Oh, this love, Magic love! I'm a

Oh, this love, Magic love! I'm a

Oh, this love, Magic love! I'm a
captive you have taken Since I have looked in your eyes,

captive you have taken Since I have looked in your eyes,

captive you have taken Since I have looked in your eyes,

The glory of life I prize Oh, this love, Happy

The glory of life I prize Oh, this love, Happy

The glory of life I prize Oh, this love, Happy

C. 6627
love From a dream at last I wa - ken All the world's
beau - ty I see That's what love has done for me.