Nº 6. Ensemble and Song.

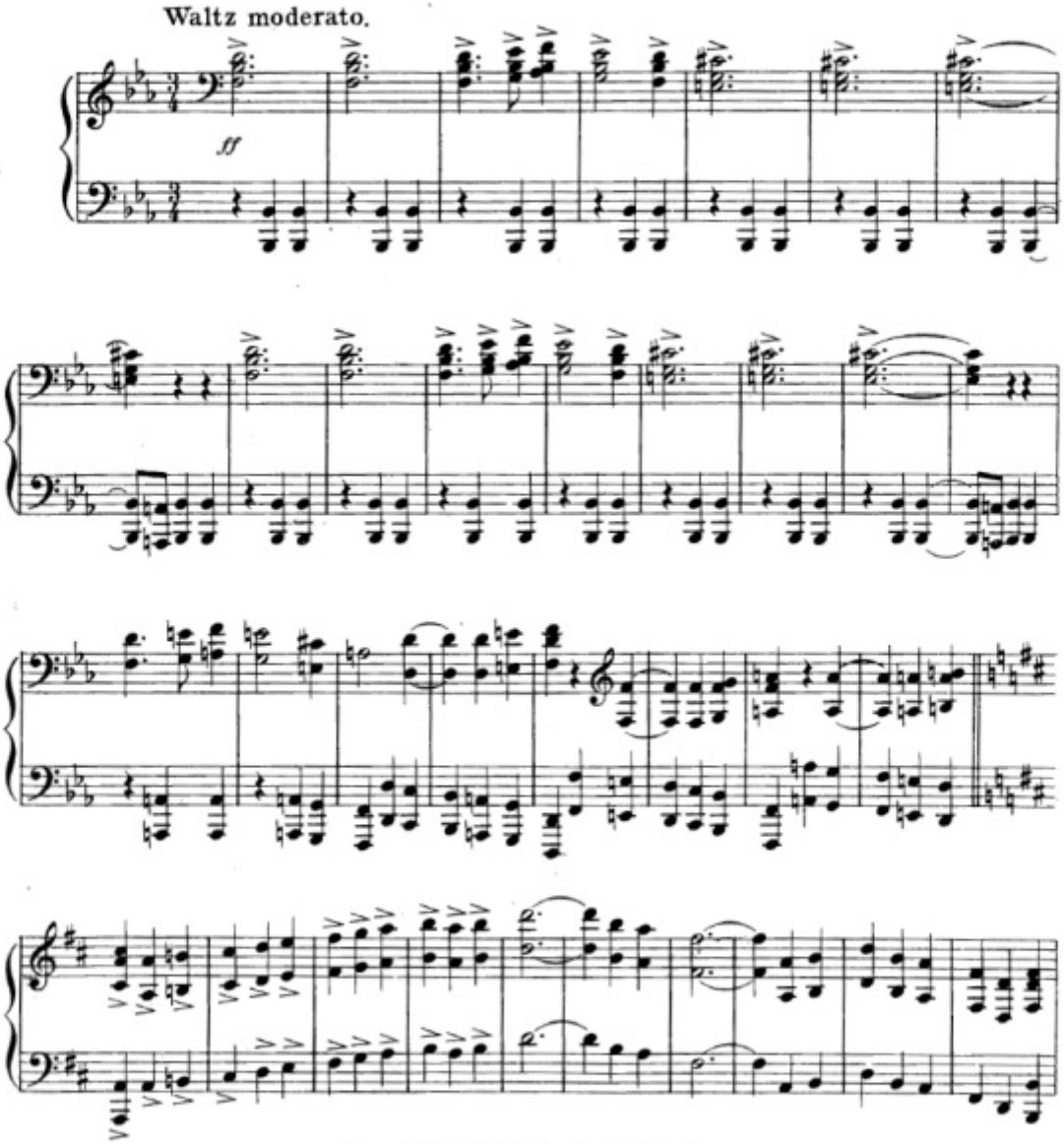
"Blind Man's Buff"

Principals, Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.

Waltz moderato.



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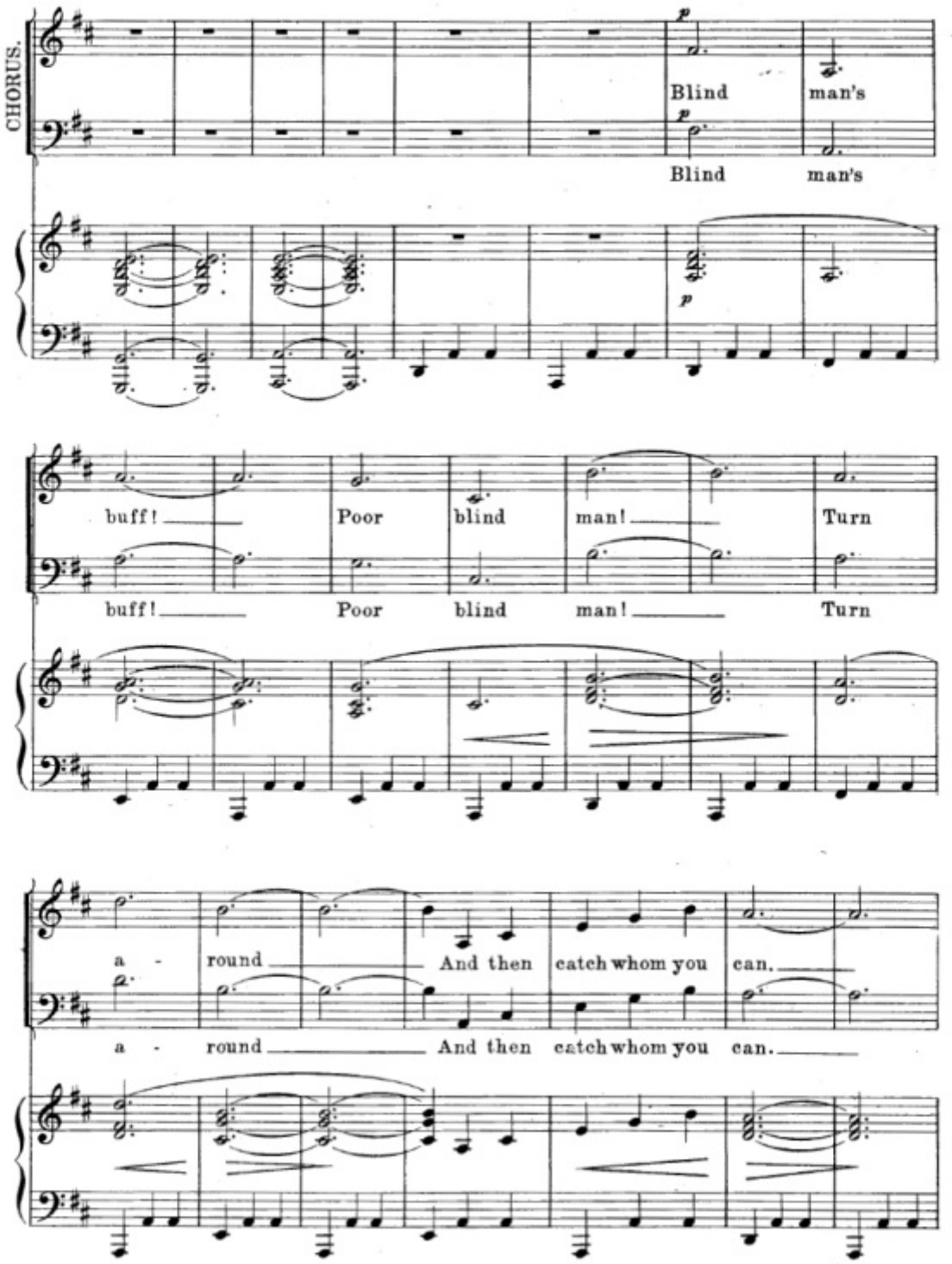
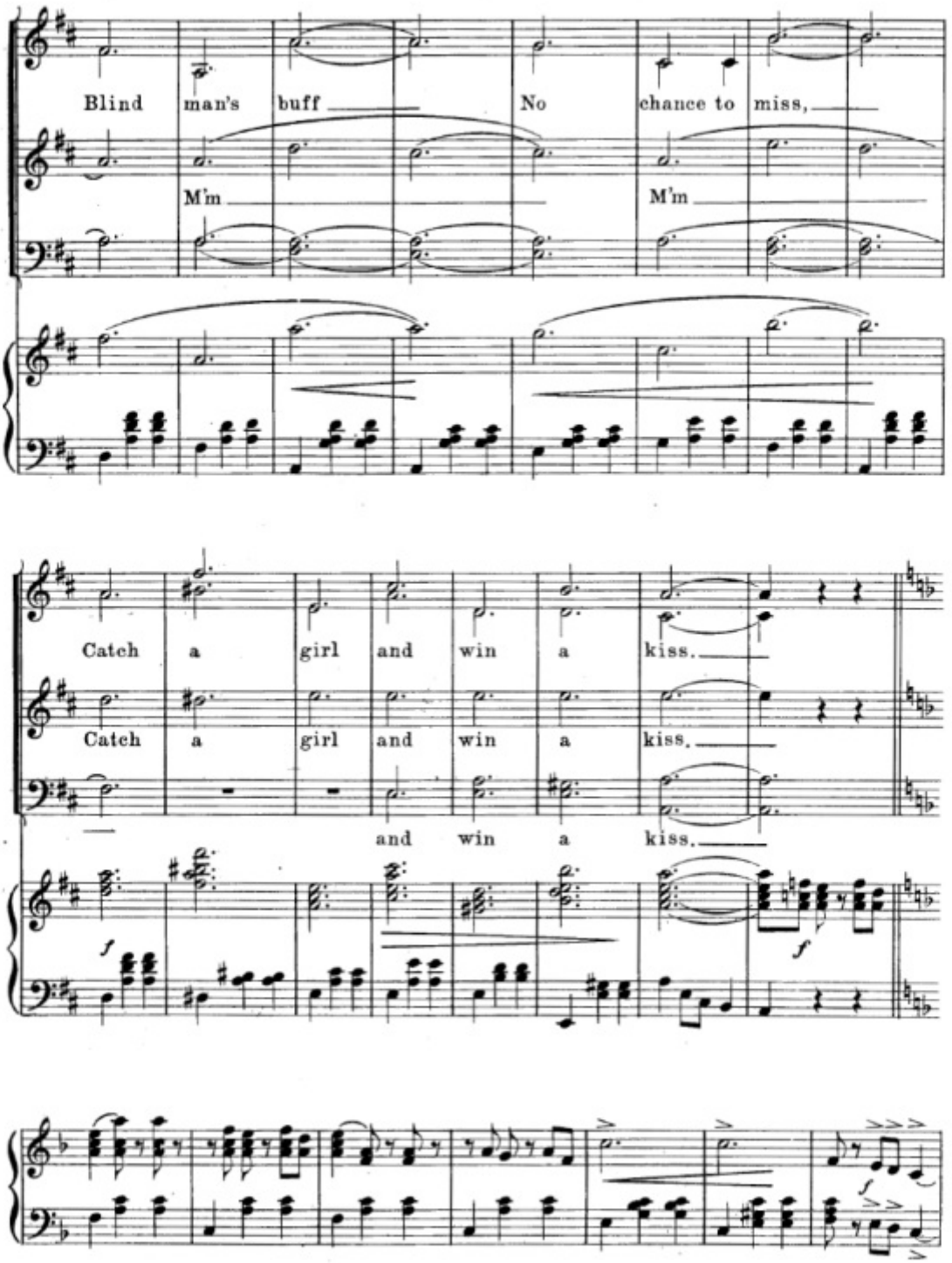
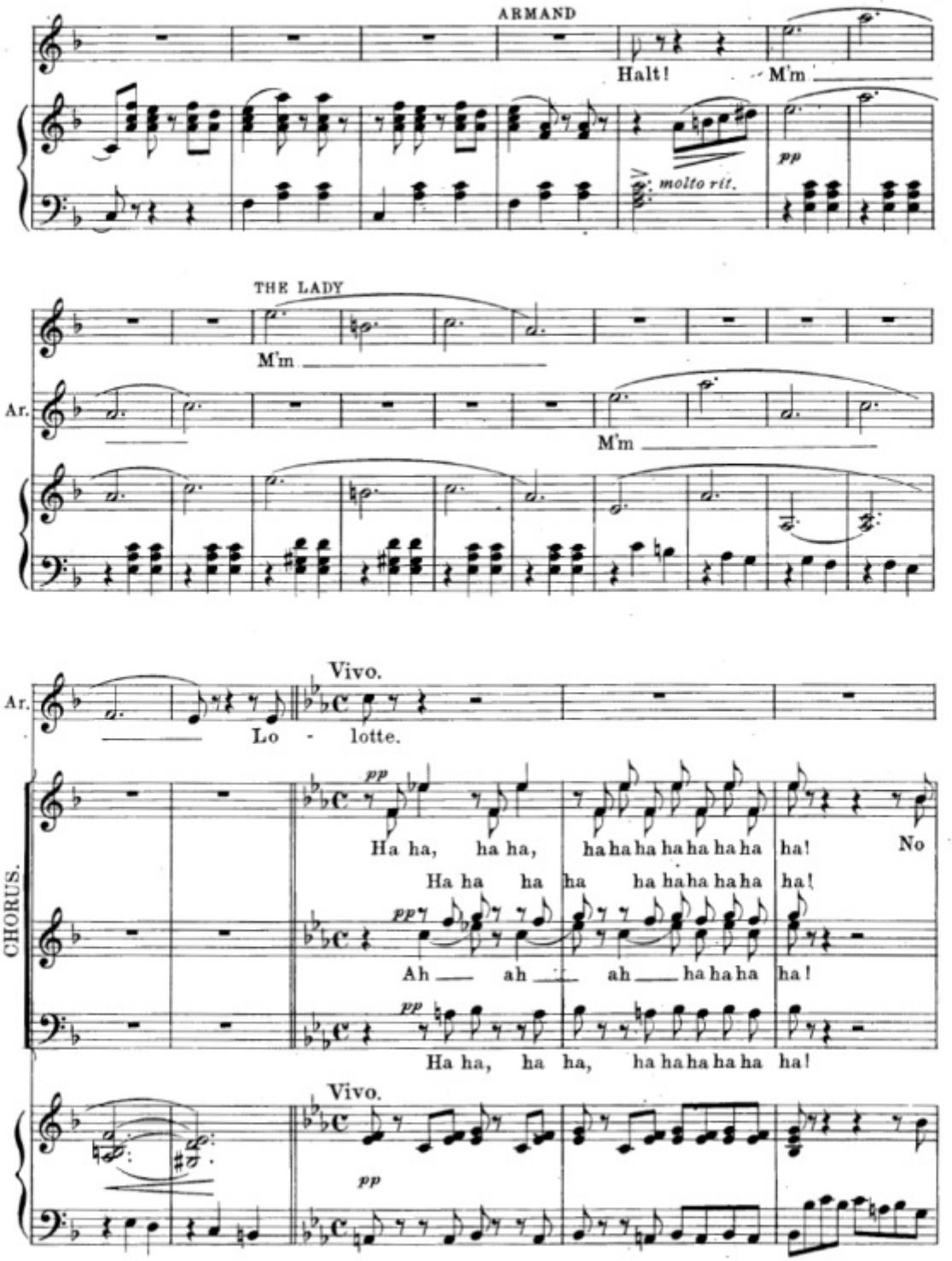
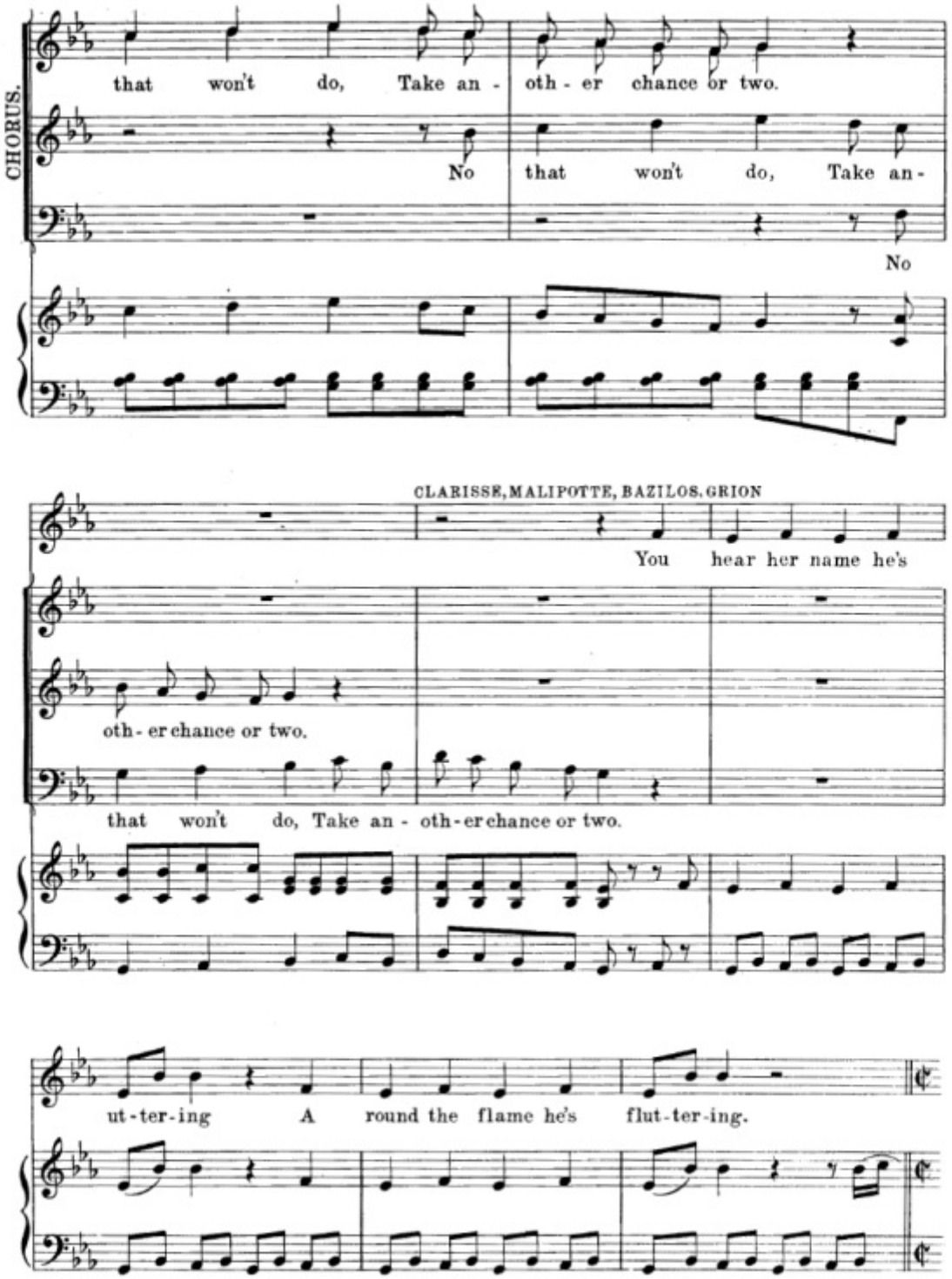
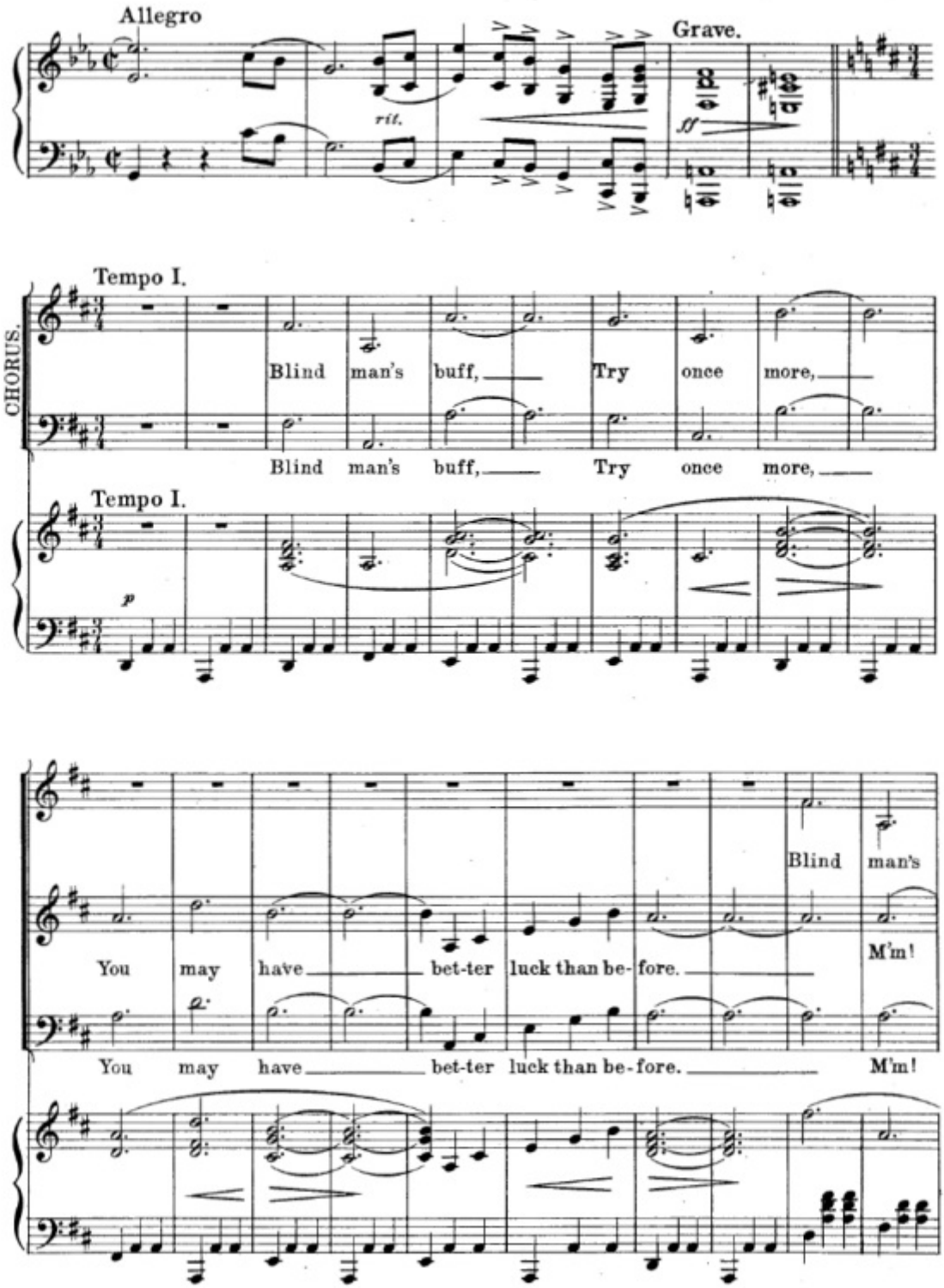
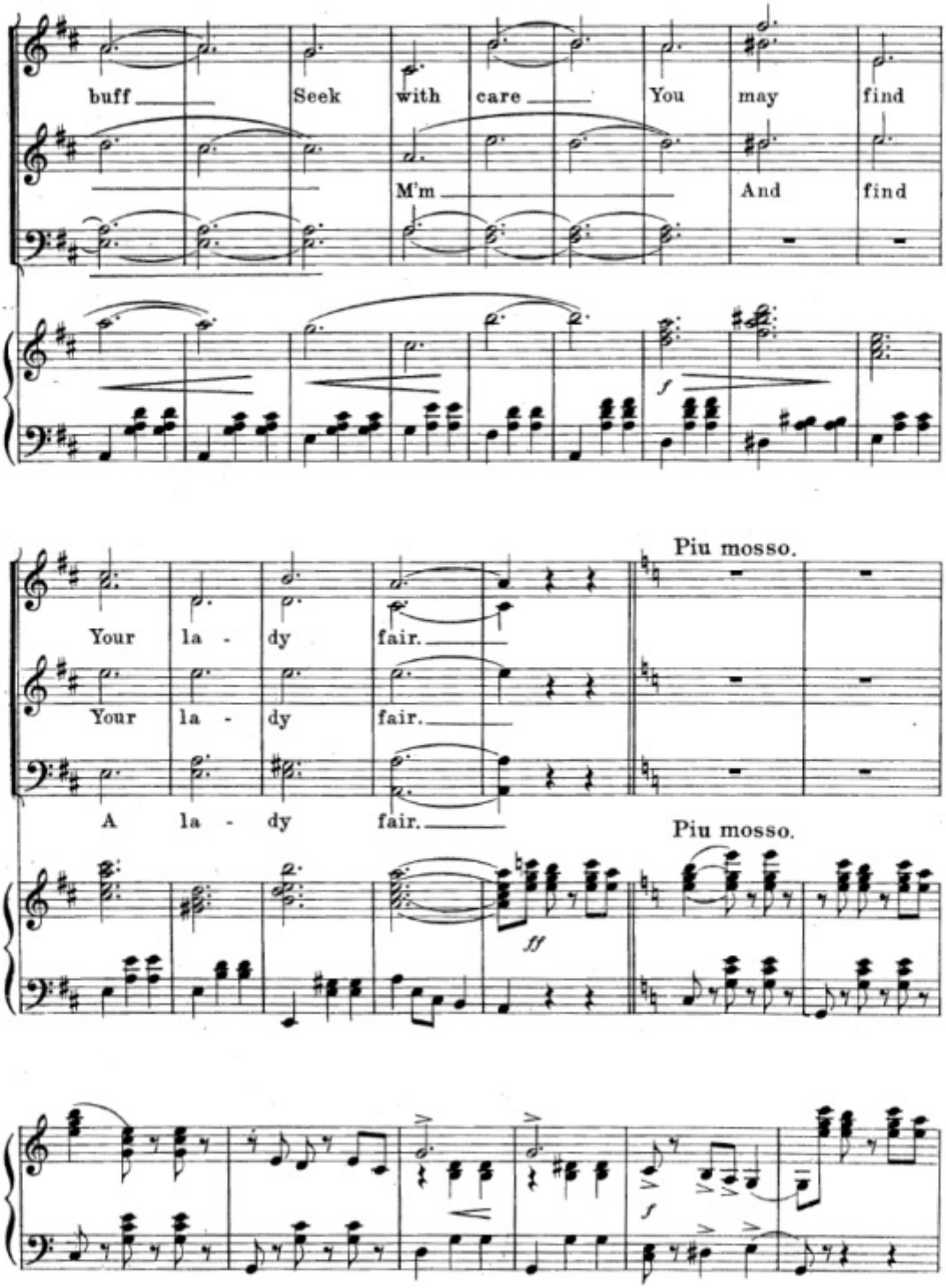

CHORUS.
p
Blind man's
p
Blind man's
p
buff! Poor blind man! Turn
buff! Poor blind man! Turn
a - round And then catch whom you can.
a - round And then catch whom you can.

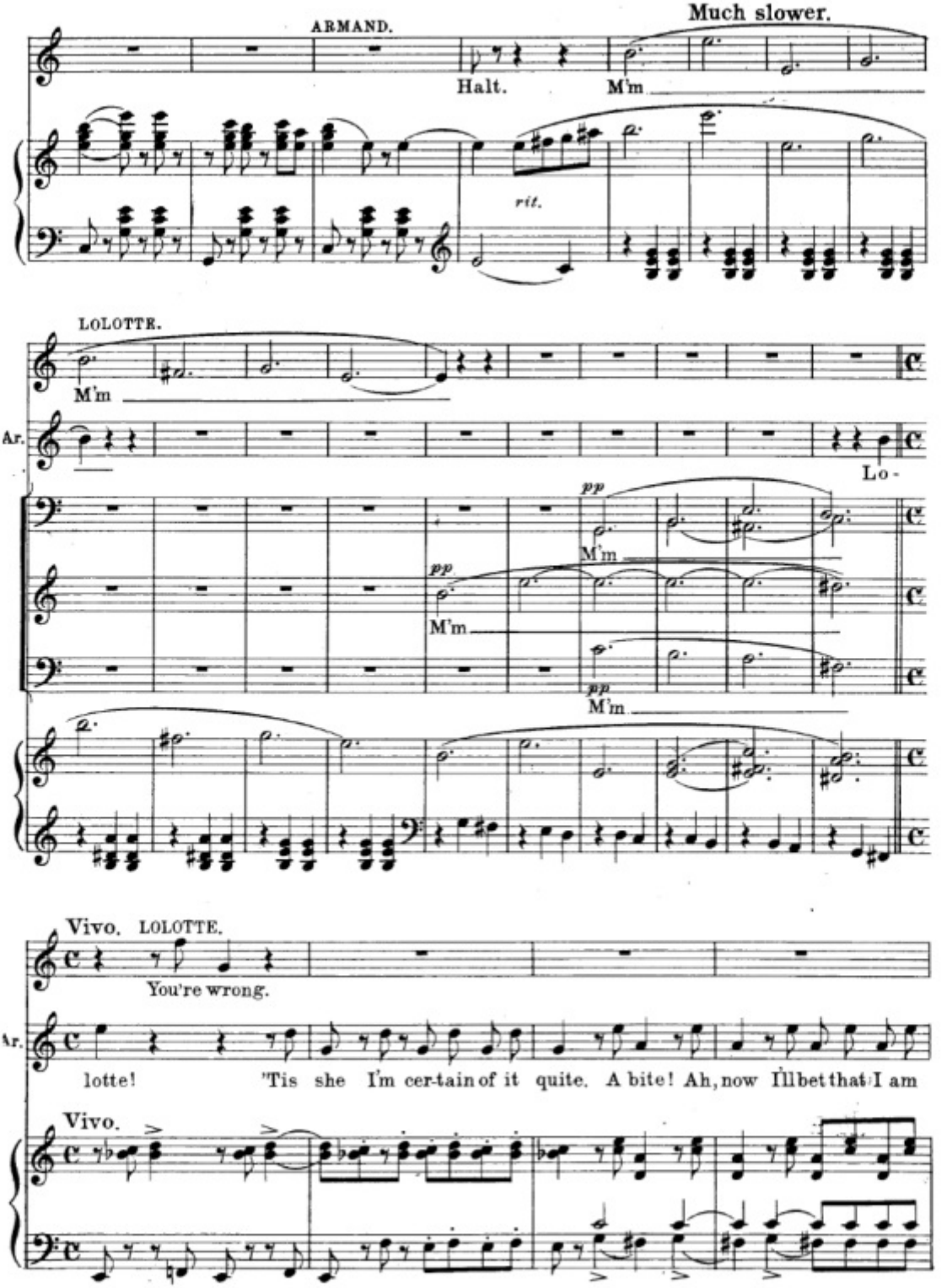

Blind man's buff No chance to miss,
M'm M'm
Catch a girl and win a kiss.
Catch a girl and win a kiss.
and win a kiss.

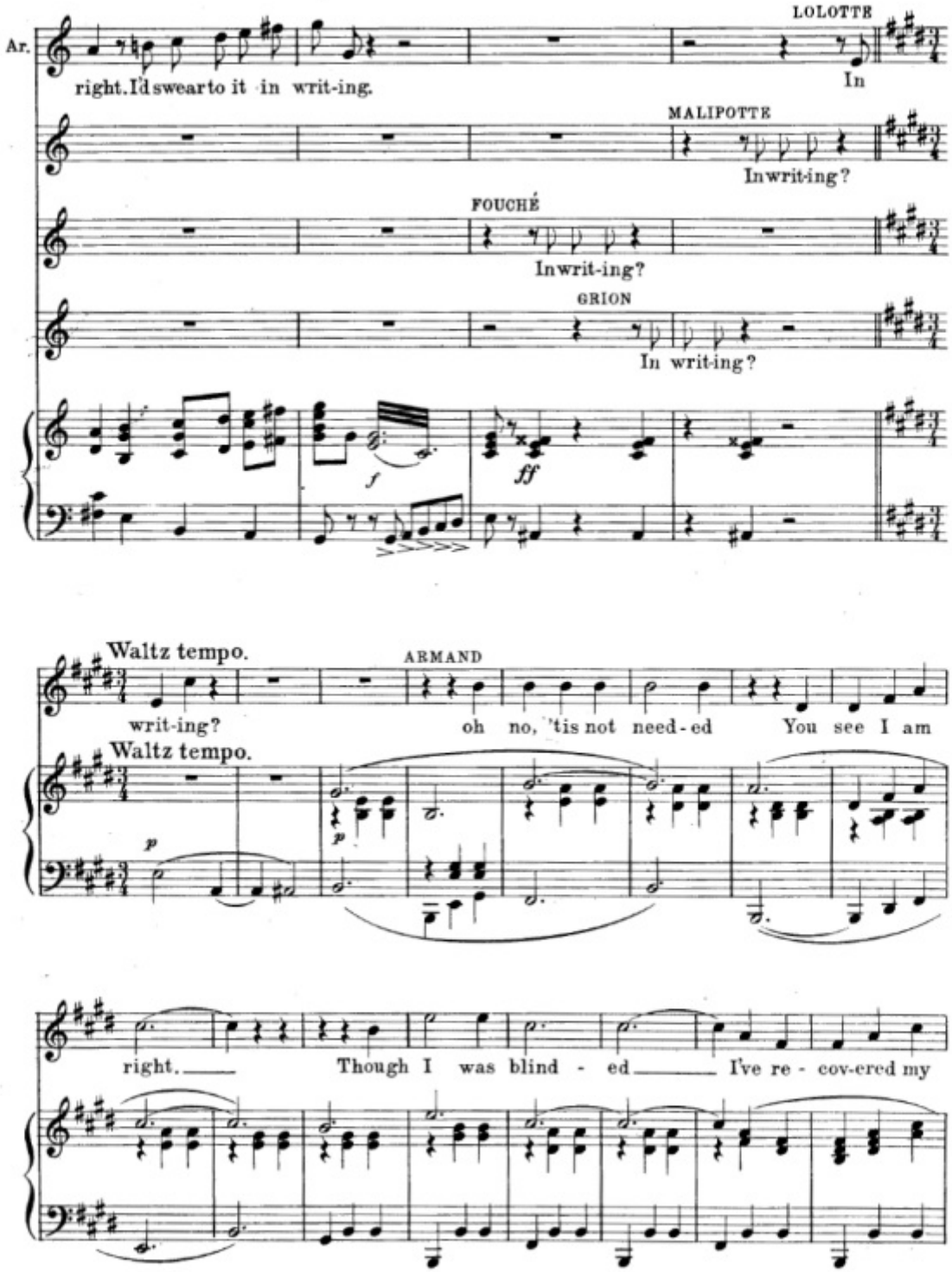

ARMAND
Halt!
M'm
pp
molto rit.
THE LADY
M'm
Ar.
M'm
Ar.
Vivo.
Lo - lotte.
CHORUS.
pp
Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! No
Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!
pp
Ah ah ah ha ha ha ha!
pp
Ha ha, ha ha, ha ha ha ha ha ha!
Vivo.
pp

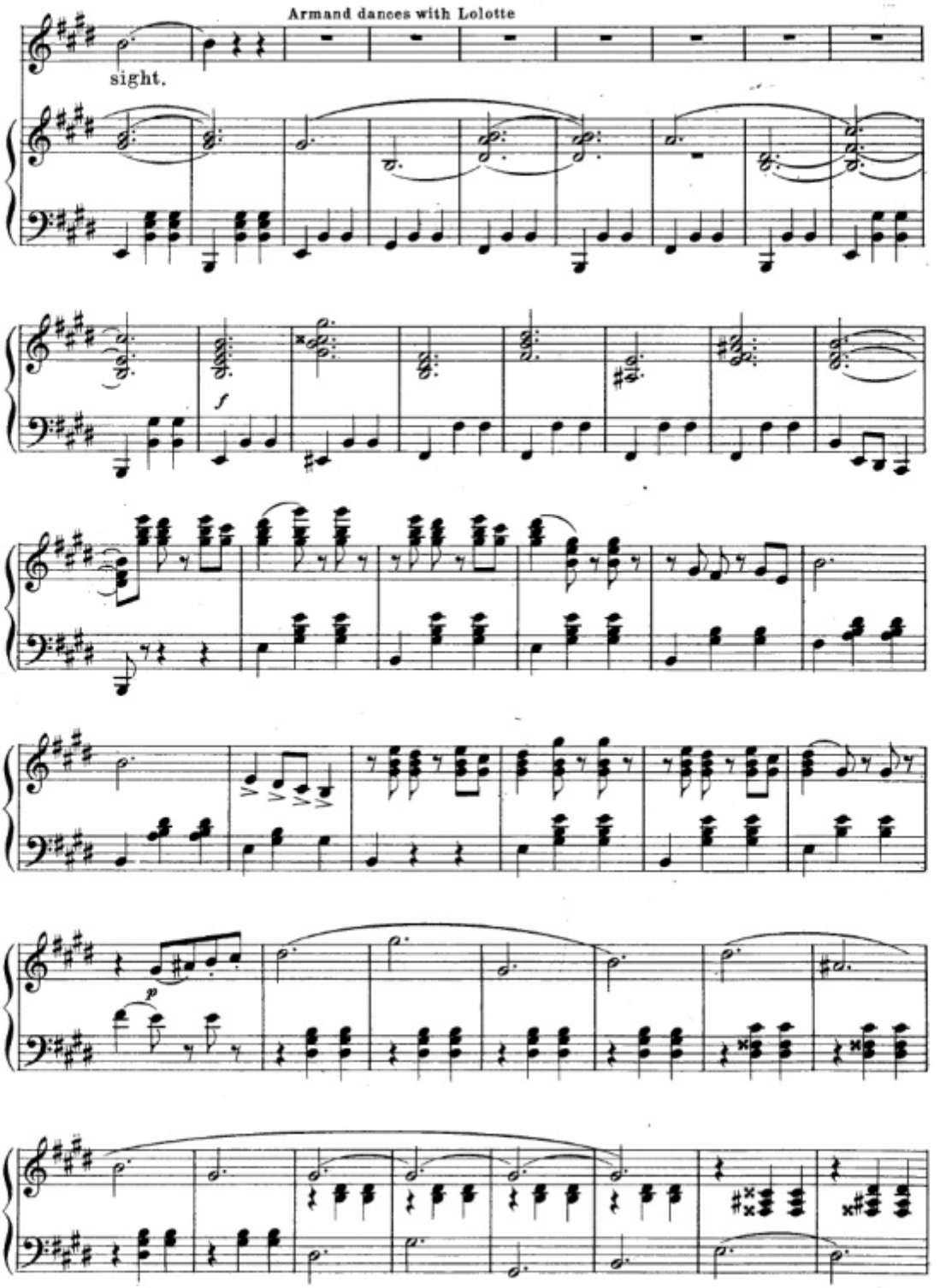

CHORUS.
that won't do, Take an - oth - er chance or two.
No that won't do, Take an-
No
CLARISSE, MALIPOTTE, BAZILOS, GRION
You hear her name he's
oth - er chance or two.
that won't do, Take an - oth - er chance or two.
ut - ter - ing A round the flame he's flut - ter - ing.

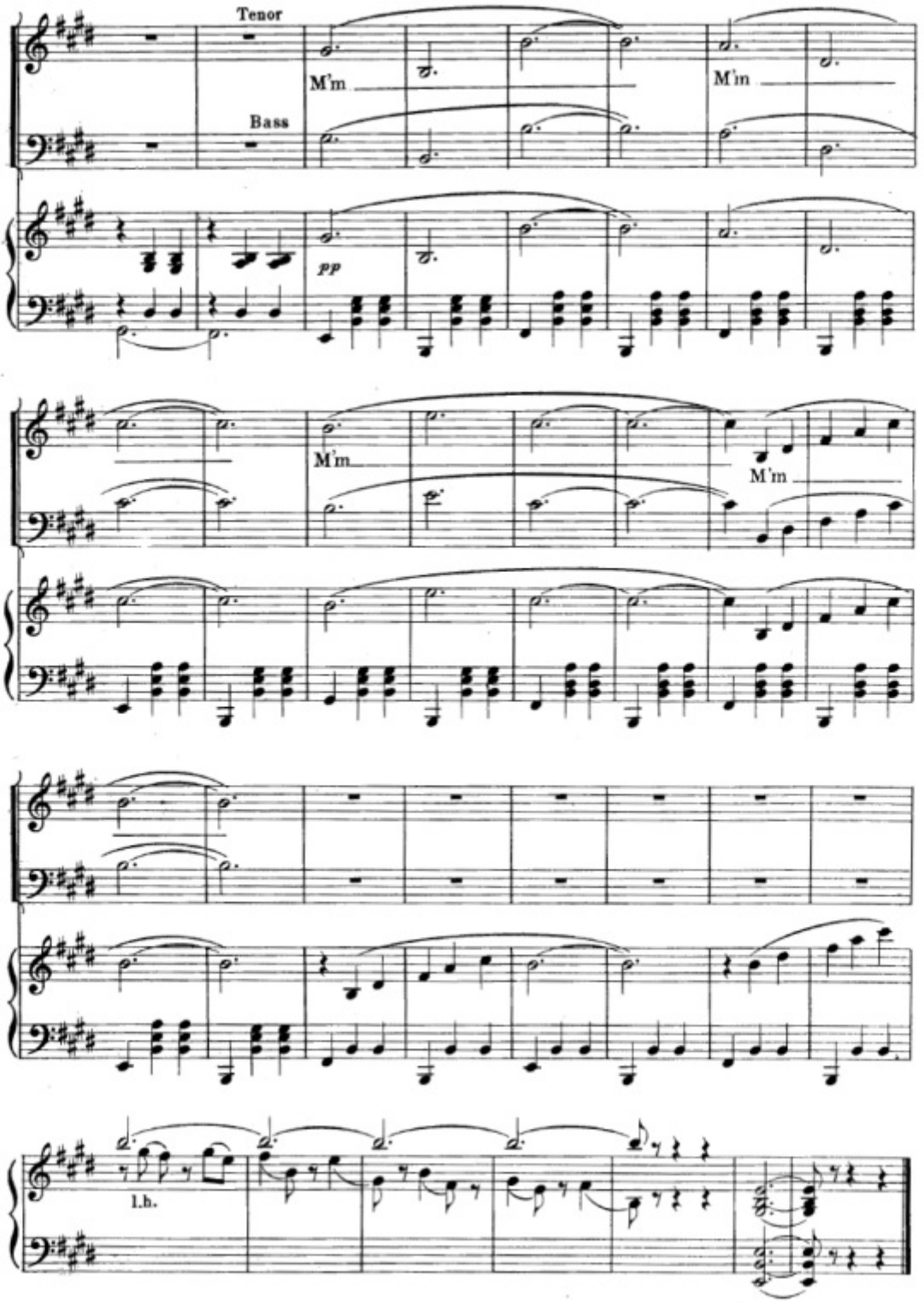

Allegro
rit.
Grave.
ff
Tempo I.
CHORUS.
Blind man's buff, Try once more,
Blind man's buff, Try once more,
Tempo I.
p
Blind man's
You may have bet-ter luck than be-fore.
M'm!
You may have bet-ter luck than be-fore. M'm!


buff
Seek
with
care
You
may
find
M'm
And
find
f
Piu mosso.
Your
la -
dy
fair.
Your
la -
dy
fair.
A
la -
dy
fair.
Piu mosso.
ff
f


ARMAND.
Much slower.
Halt.
M'm
rit.
LOLOTTE.
M'm
Ar.
Lo -
pp
M'm
pp
M'm
pp
M'm
Vivo.
LOLOTTE.
You're wrong.
Ar.
lotte! 'Tis she I'm cer-tain of it quite. A bite! Ah, now I'll bet that I am
Vivo.


Ar.
right. I'd swear to it in writ-ing.
LOLOTTE
In
MALIPOTTE
In writ-ing?
FOUCHÉ
In writ-ing?
GRION
In writ-ing?
f
ff
Waltz tempo.
writ-ing?
ARMAND
oh no, 'tis not need-ed You see I am
Waltz tempo.
p
p
right.
Though I was blind - ed
I've re - cov-ered my


Armand dances with Lolotte
sight.
f
p


Tenor
Bass
M'm
M'in
pp
M'm
M'm
l.h.

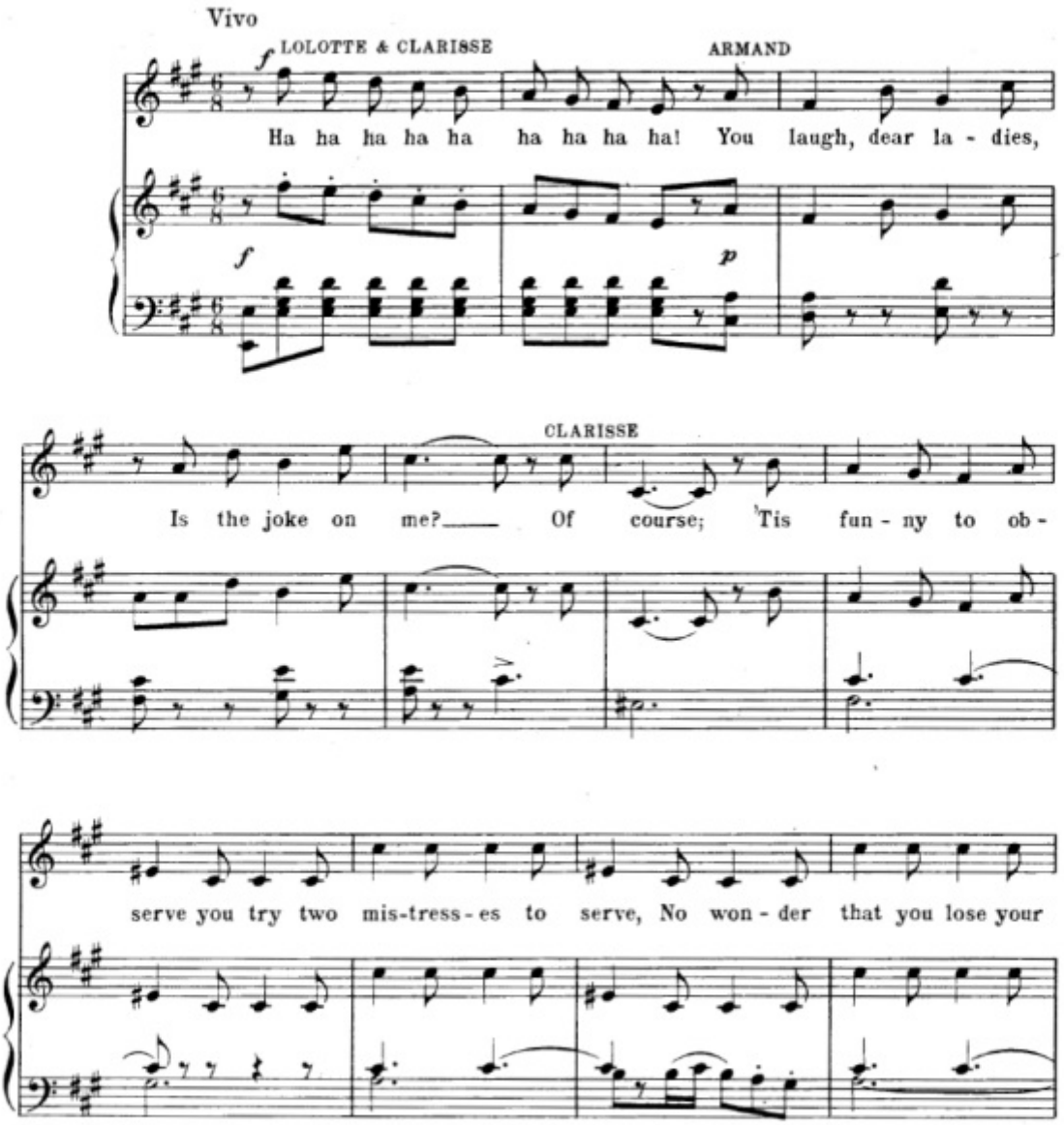
№ 7. Terzett

The Donkey And The Hay

Lolotte, Clarisse, Armand

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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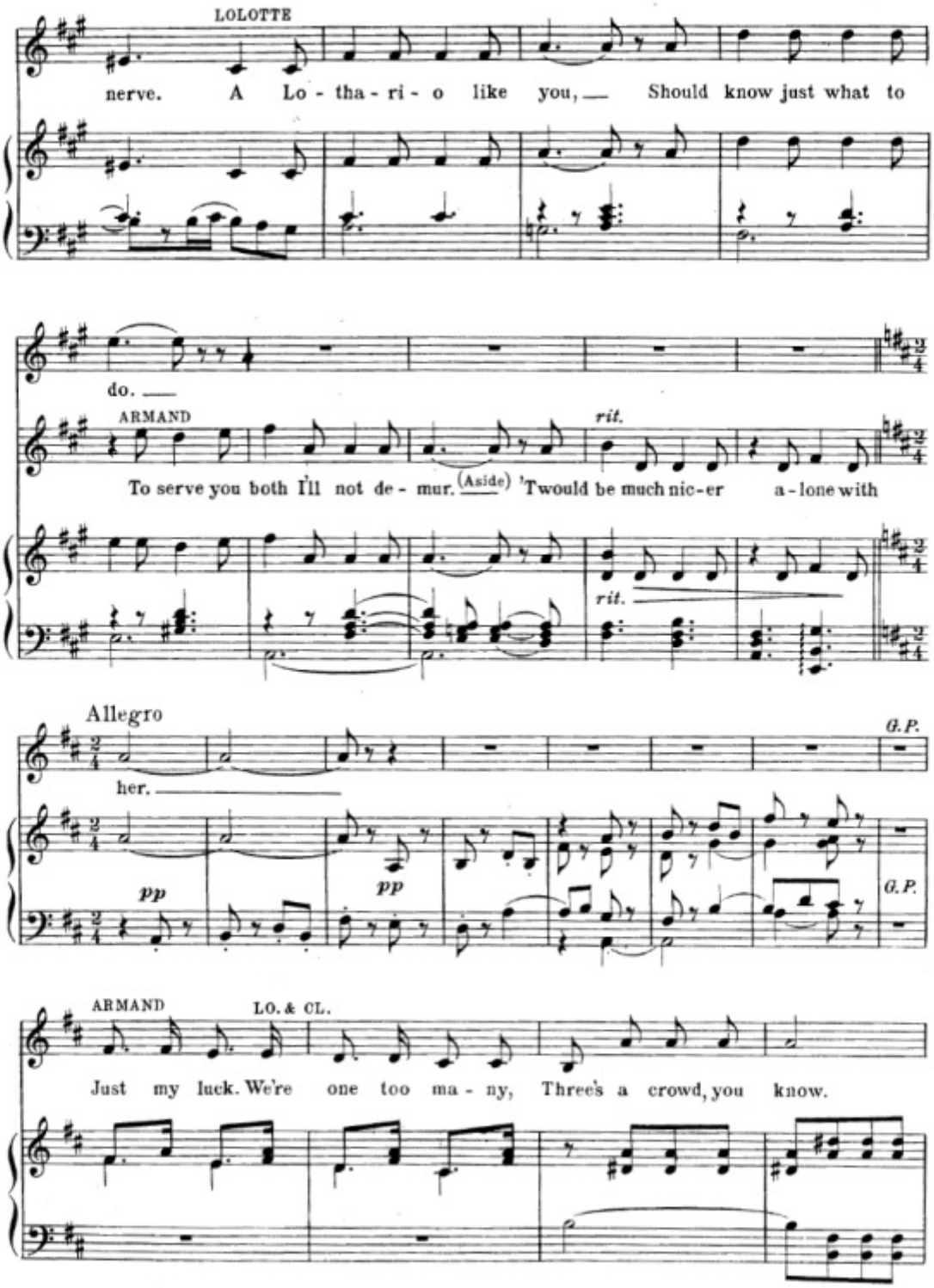
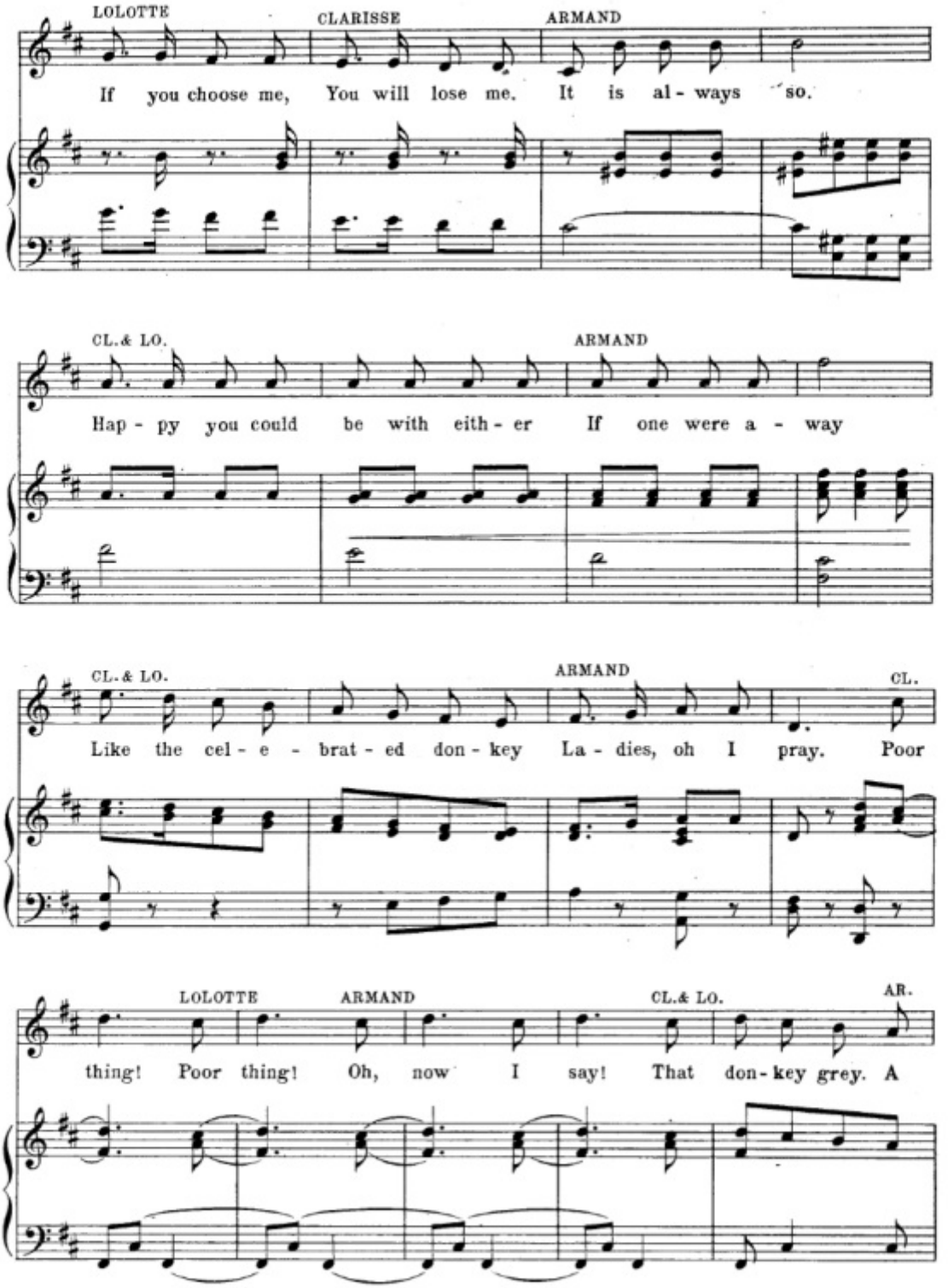
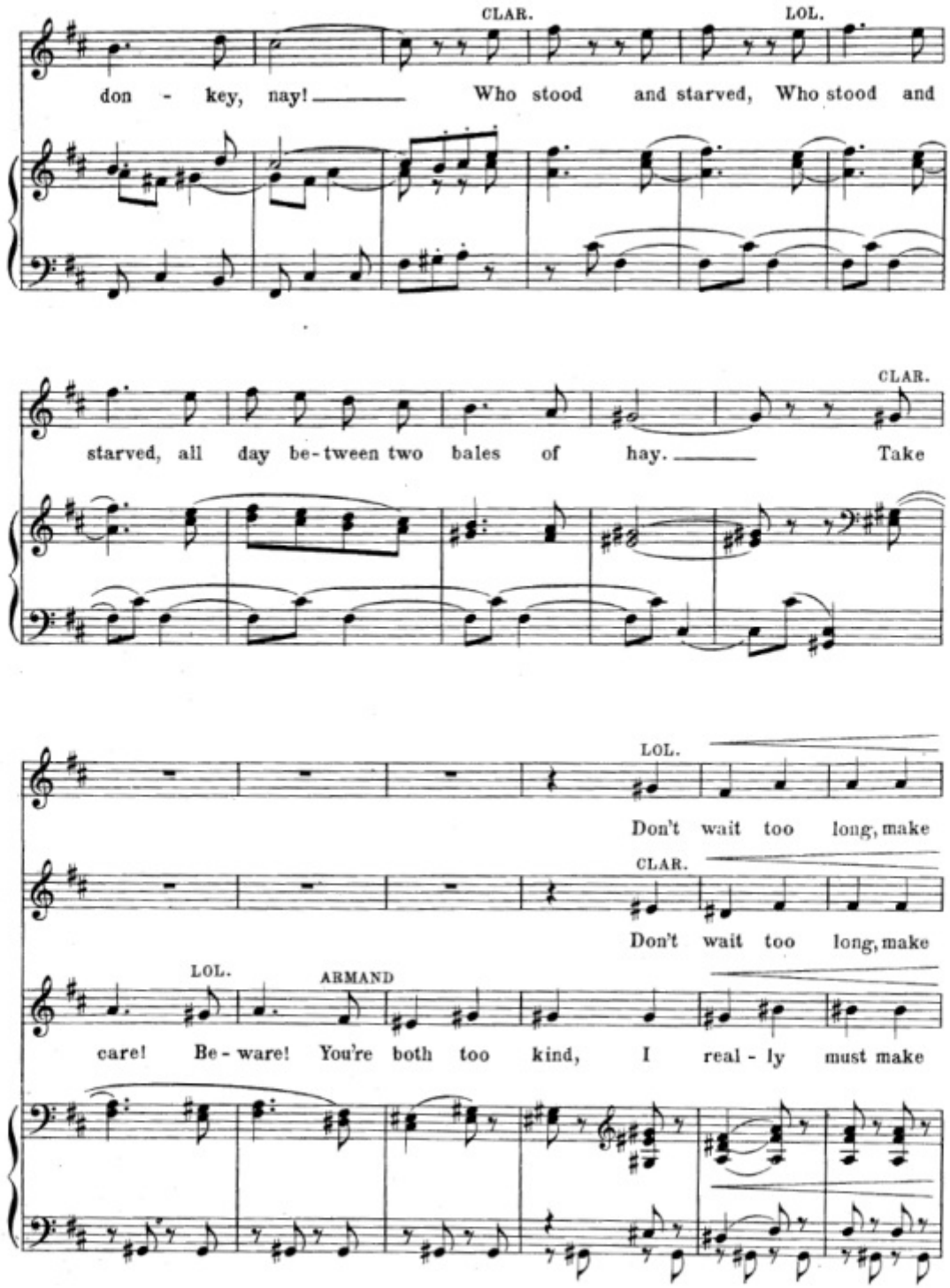
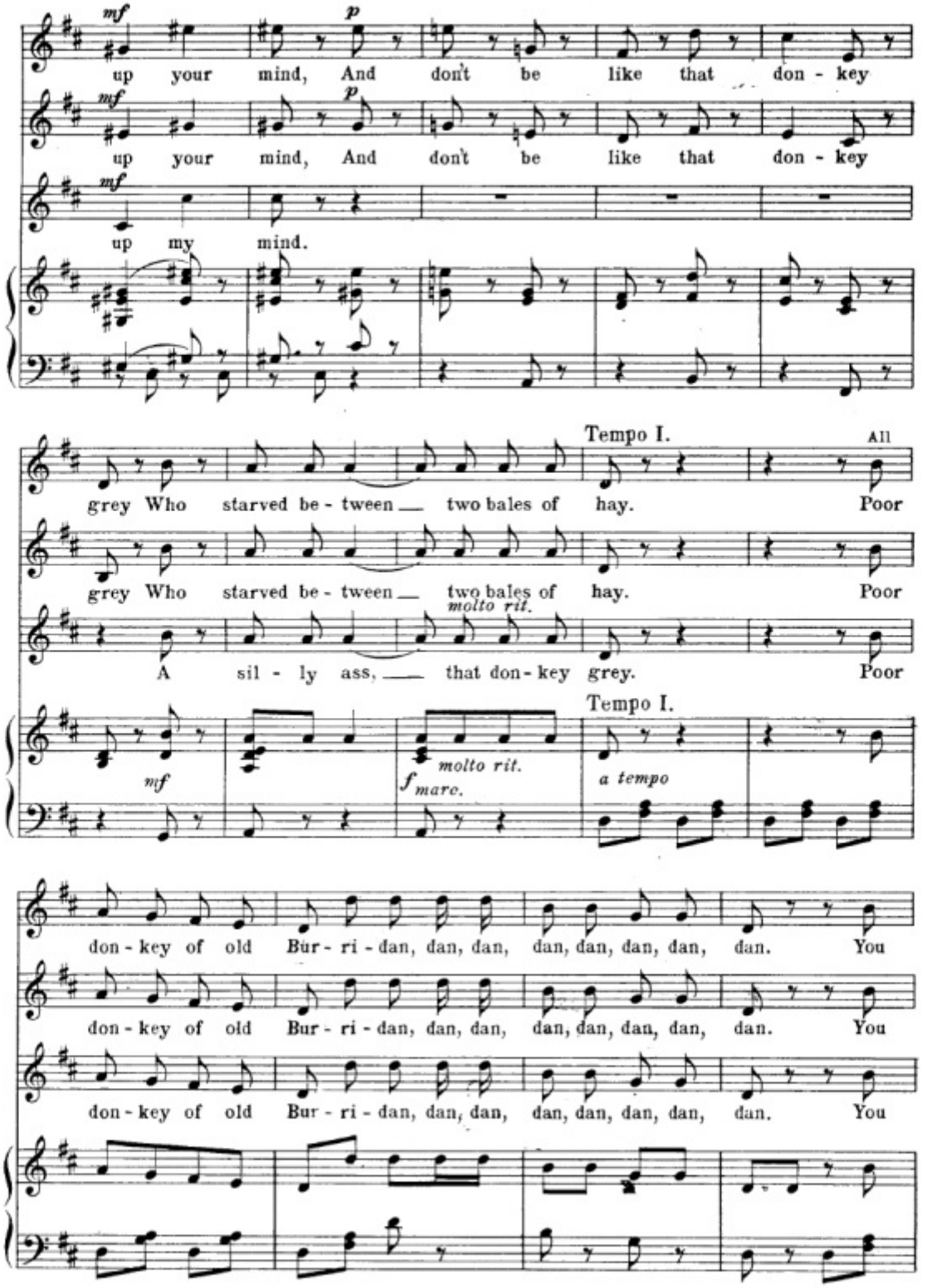
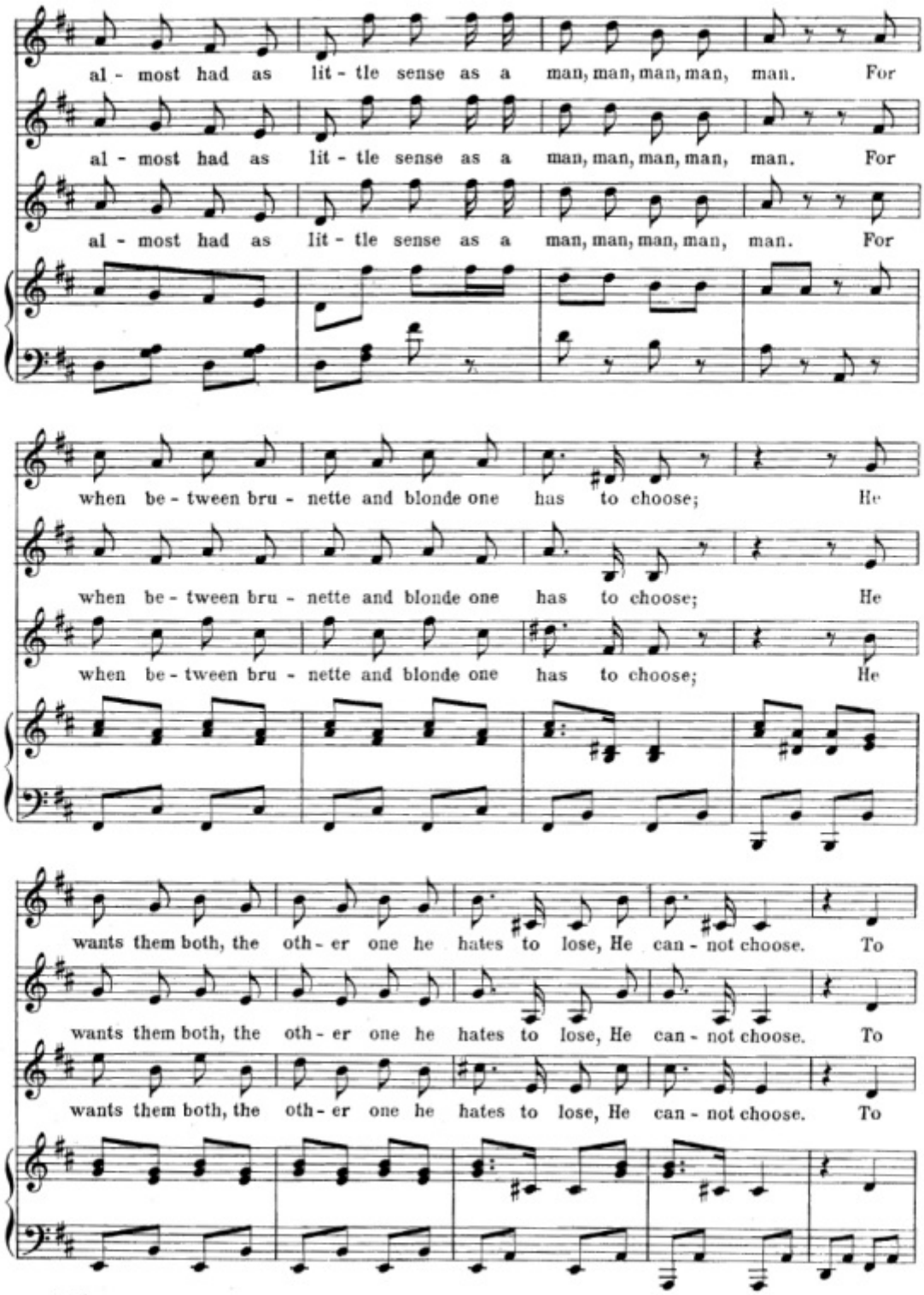
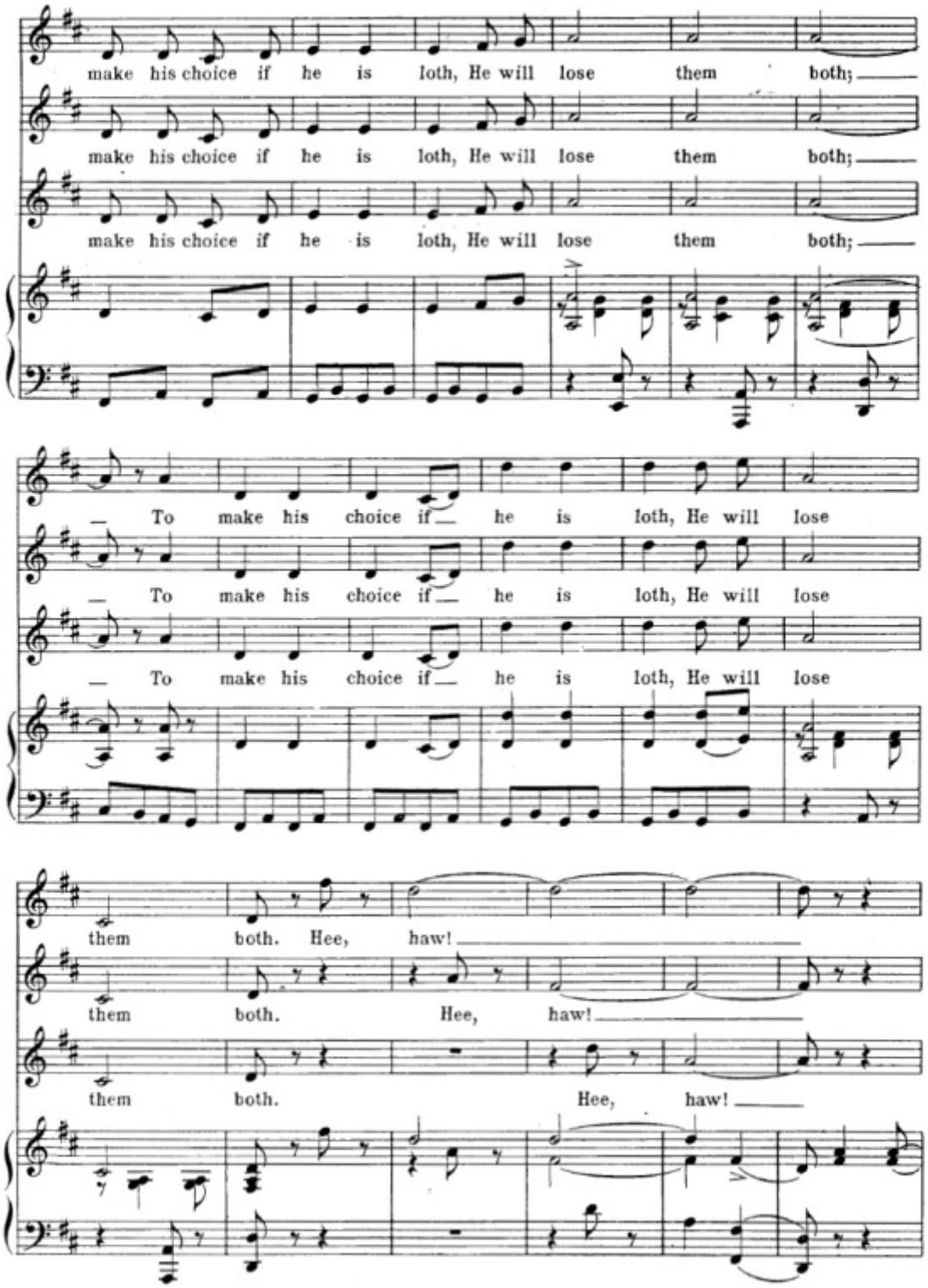

LOLOTTE
nerve. A Lo - tha - ri - o like you, Should know just what to
do.
ARMAND
rit.
To serve you both I'll not de - mur. (Aside) 'Twould be much nic-er a-lone with
rit.
Allegro
G.P.
her.
pp
pp
G.P.
ARMAND
LO. & CL.
Just my luck. We're one too ma - ny, Three's a crowd, you know.

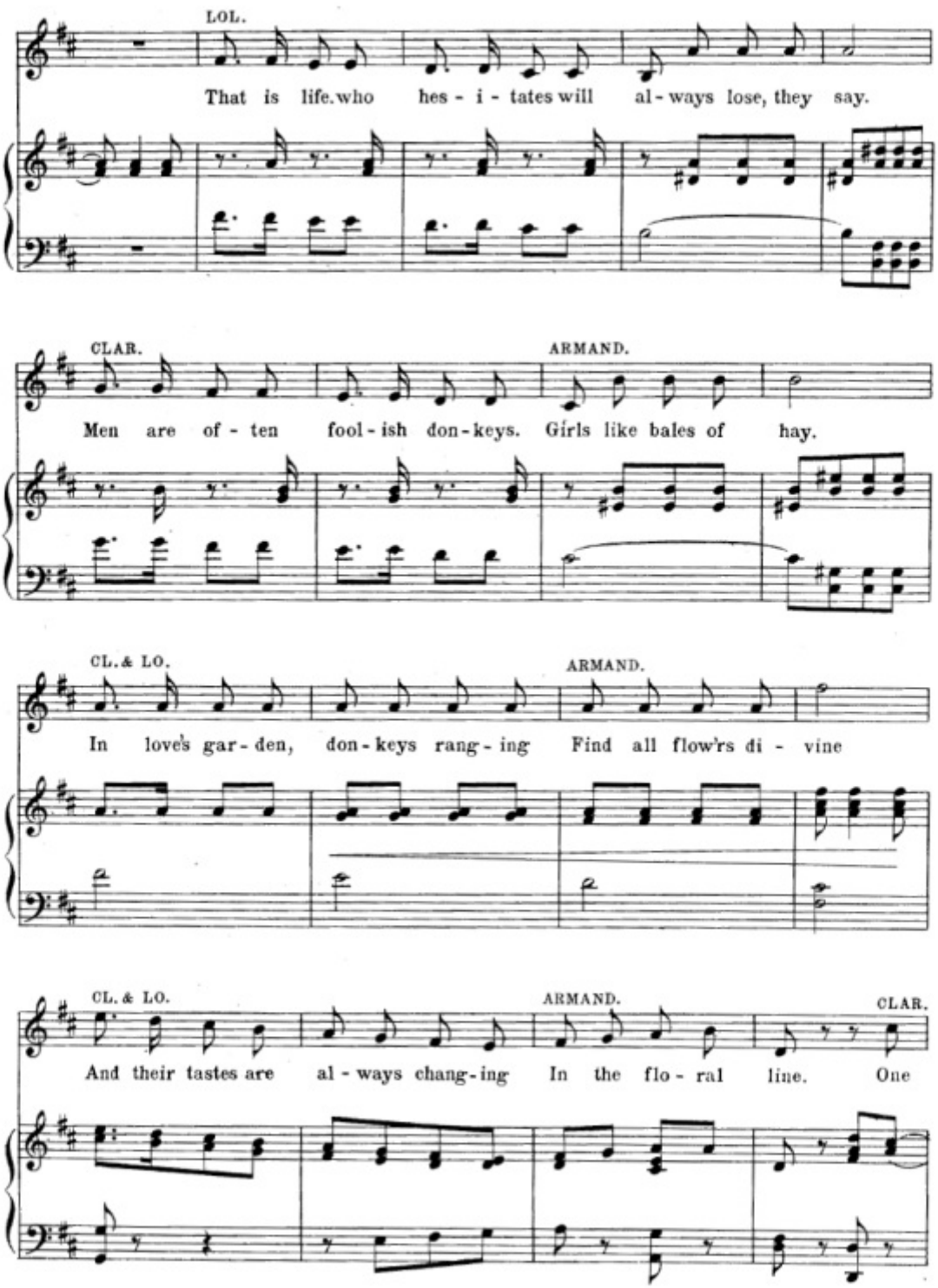

LOLOTTE
CLARISSE
ARMAND
If you choose me, You will lose me. It is al - ways so.
CL.& LO.
ARMAND
Hap - py you could be with eith - er If one were a - way
CL.& LO.
ARMAND
CL.
Like the cel - e - brat - ed don - key La - dies, oh I pray. Poor
LOLOTTE
ARMAND
CL.& LO.
AR.
thing! Poor thing! Oh, now I say! That don - key grey. A

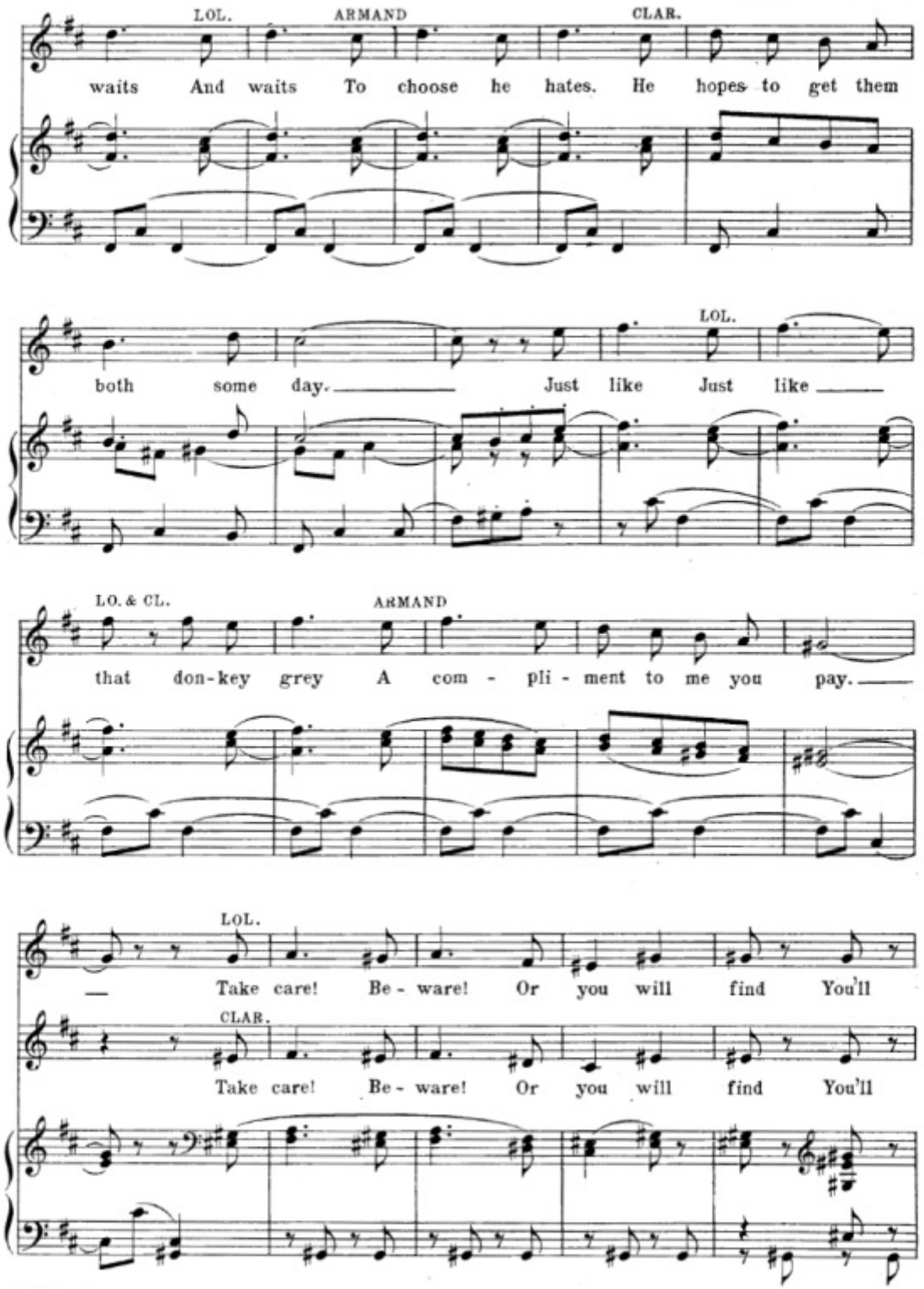

CLAR.
LOL.
don - key, nay! Who stood and starved, Who stood and
starved, all day be-tween two bales of hay. Take
CLAR.
LOL.
Don't wait too long, make
CLAR.
Don't wait too long, make
LOL.
ARMAND
care! Be-ware! You're both too kind, I real-ly must make

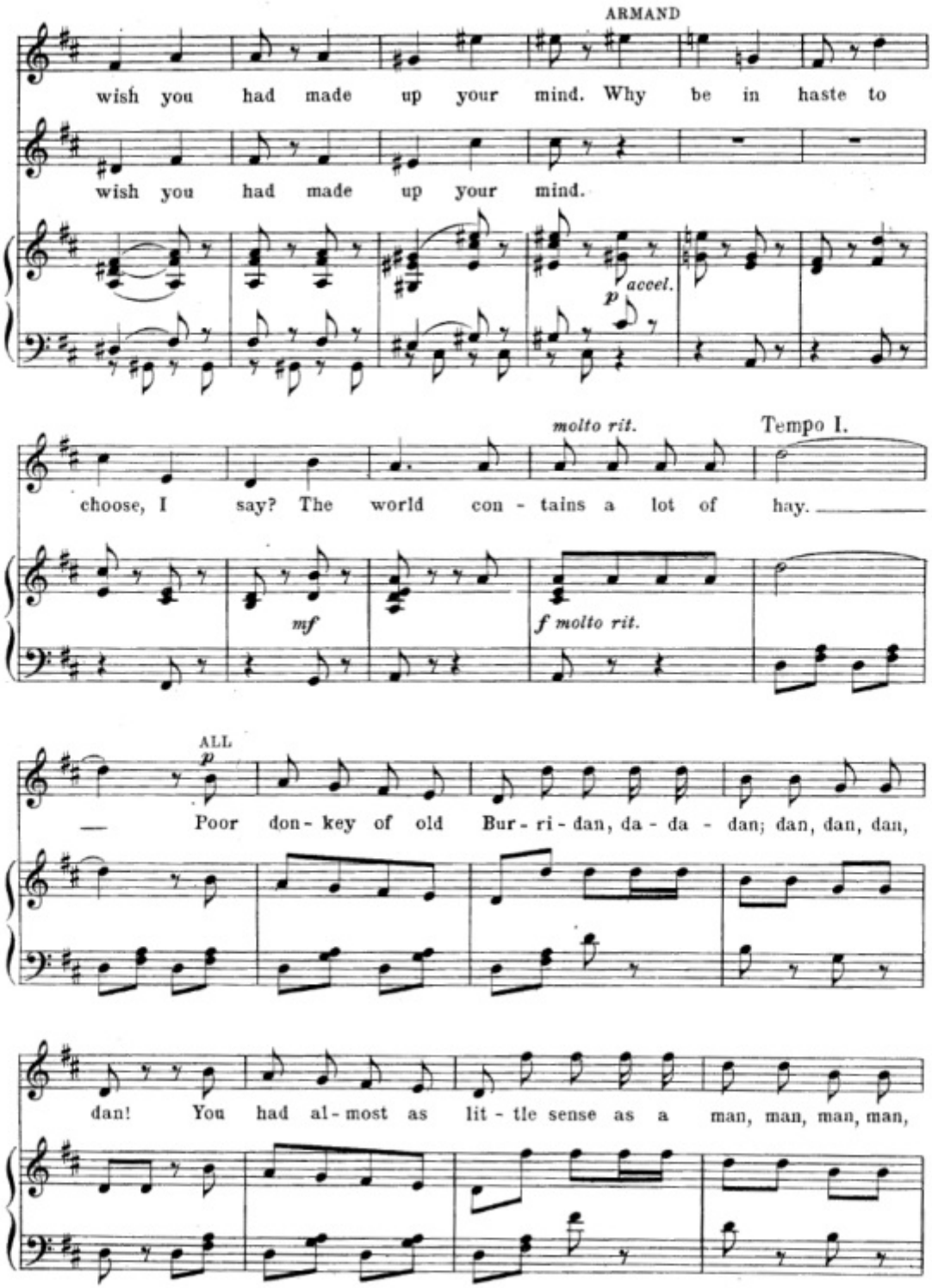

mf
p
up your mind, And don't be like that don - key
mf
p
up your mind, And don't be like that don - key
mf
up my mind.
Tempo I.
All
grey Who starved be - tween two bales of hay. Poor
grey Who starved be - tween two bales of hay. Poor
molto rit.
A sil - ly ass, that don - key grey. Poor
Tempo I.
mf
molto rit.
f marc.
a tempo
don - key of old Bur - ri - dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan. You
don - key of old Bur - ri - dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan. You
don - key of old Bur - ri - dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan, dan. You

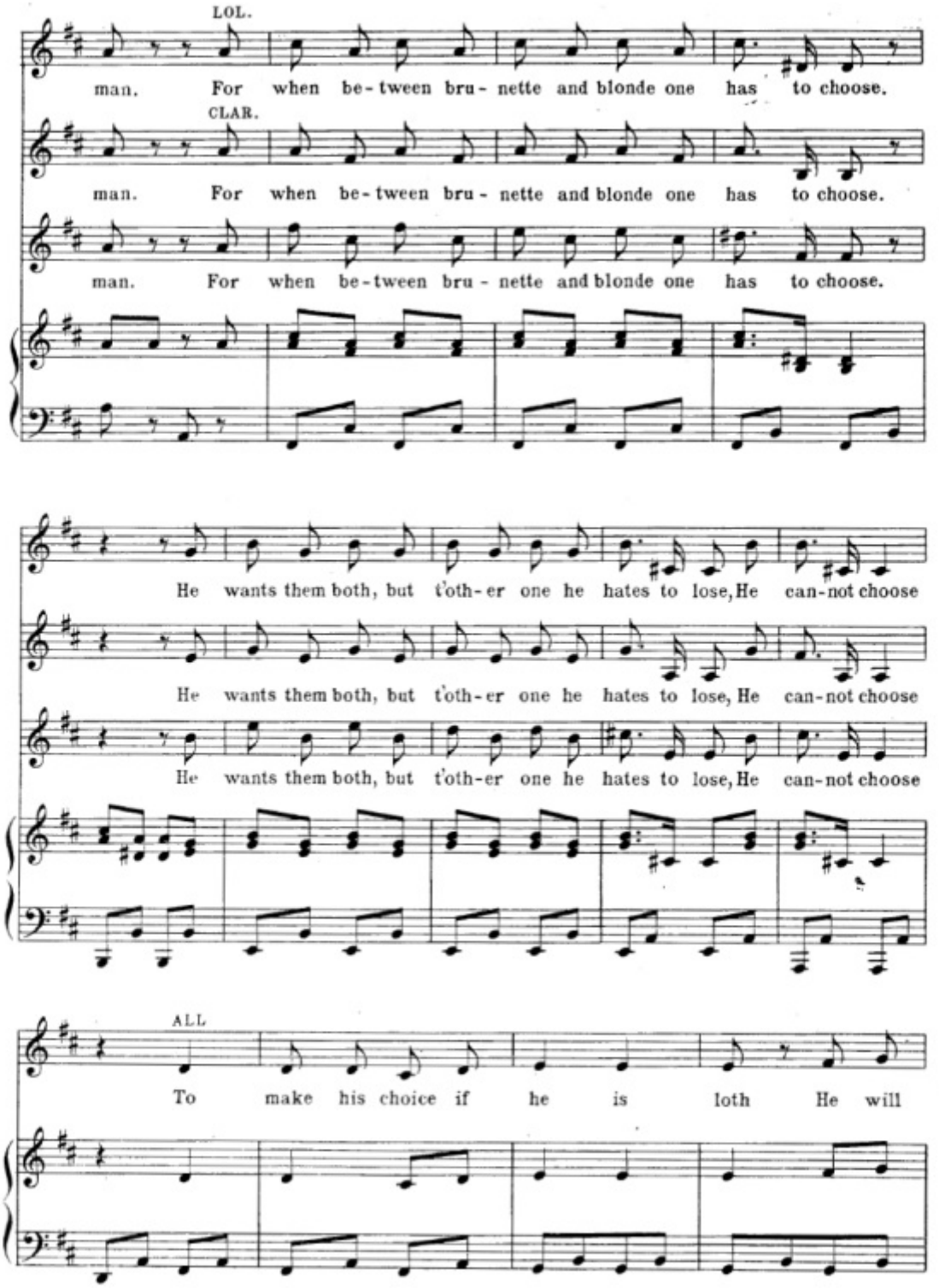

al - most had as lit - tle sense as a man, man, man, man, man. For
al - most had as lit - tle sense as a man, man, man, man, man. For
al - most had as lit - tle sense as a man, man, man, man, man. For
when be - tween bru - nette and blonde one has to choose; He
when be - tween bru - nette and blonde one has to choose; He
when be - tween bru - nette and blonde one has to choose; He
wants them both, the oth - er one he hates to lose, He can - not choose. To
wants them both, the oth - er one he hates to lose, He can - not choose. To
wants them both, the oth - er one he hates to lose, He can - not choose. To

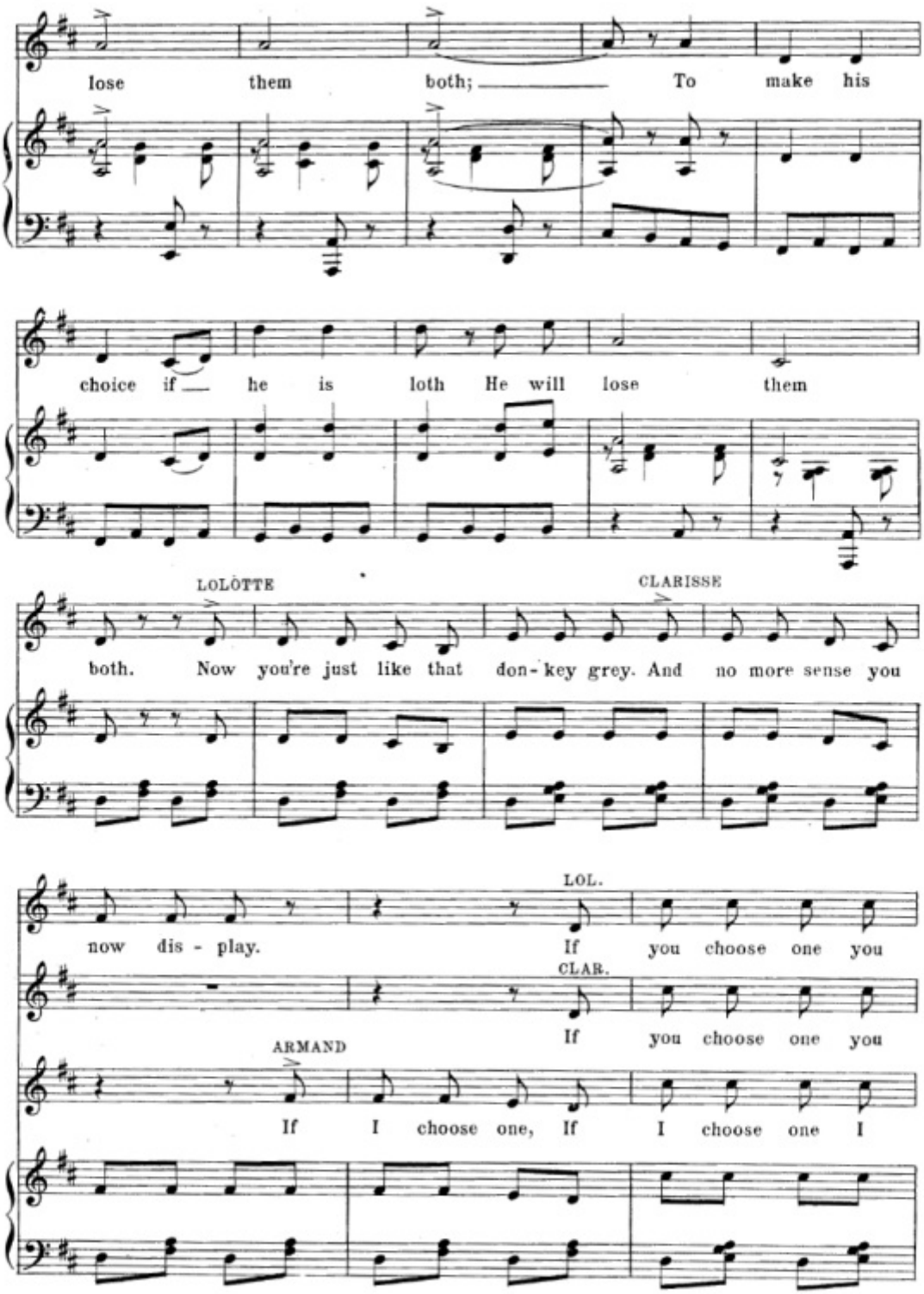

make his choice if he is loth, He will lose them both;
make his choice if he is loth, He will lose them both;
make his choice if he is loth, He will lose them both;
To make his choice if he is loth, He will lose
To make his choice if he is loth, He will lose
To make his choice if he is loth, He will lose
them both. Hee, haw!
them both. Hee, haw!
them both. Hee, haw!

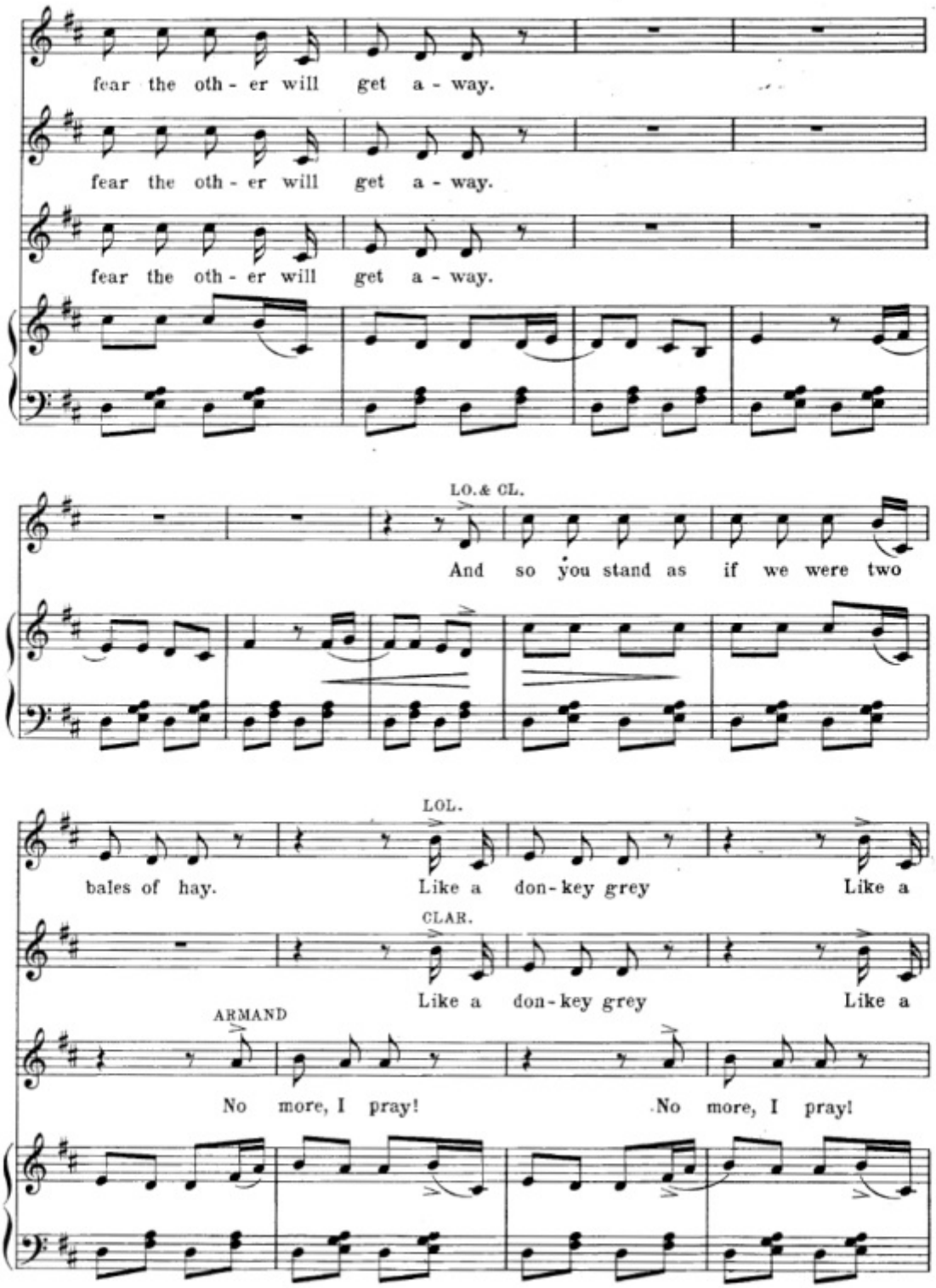

LOL.
That is life. who hes - i - tates will al - ways lose, they say.
CLAR.
ARMAND.
Men are of - ten fool - ish don - keys. Girls like bales of hay.
CL. & LO.
ARMAND.
In love's gar - den, don - keys rang - ing Find all flow'rs di - vine
CL. & LO.
ARMAND.
CLAR.
And their tastes are al - ways chang - ing In the flo - ral line. One

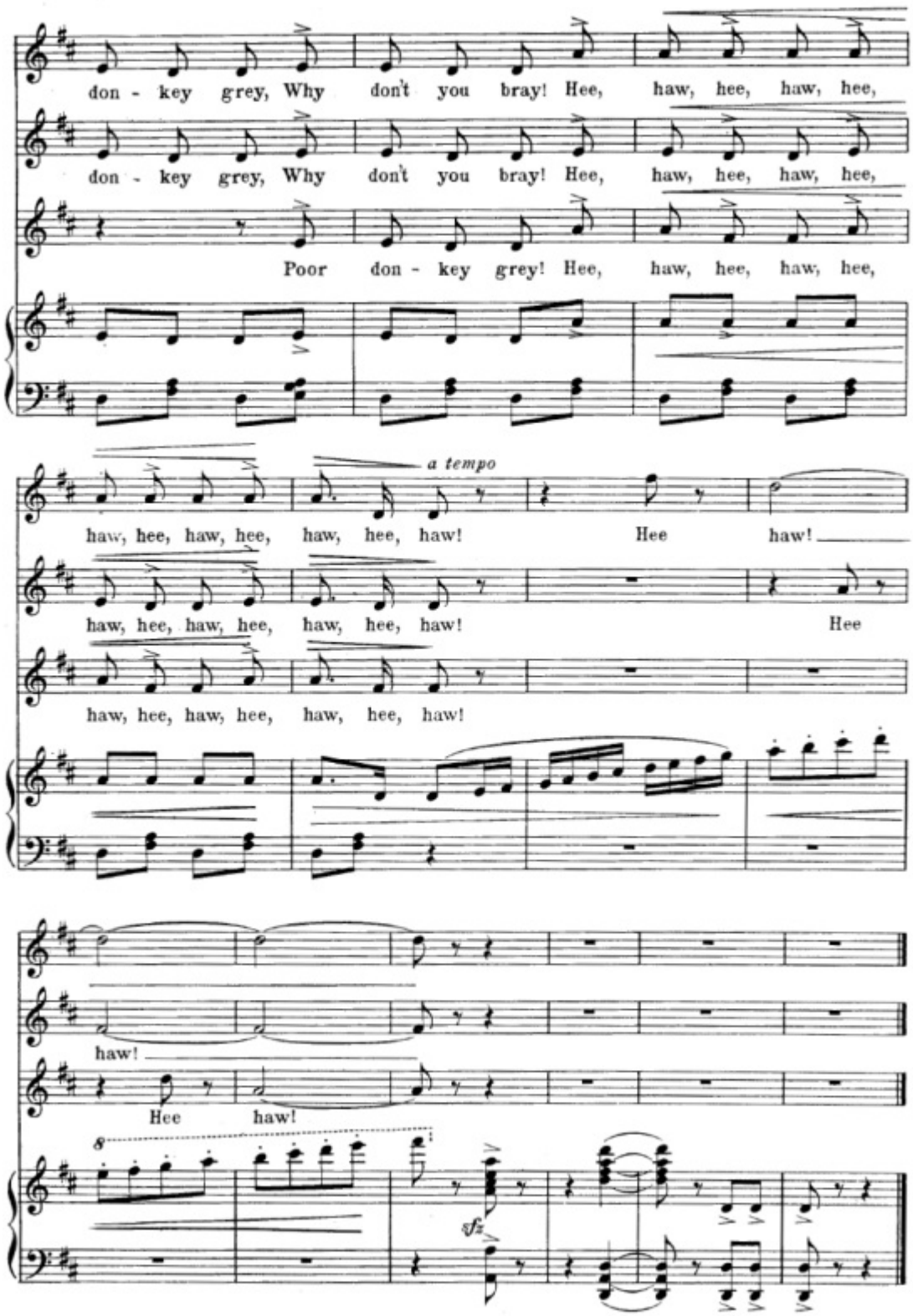

LOL.
ARMAND
CLAR.
waits And waits To choose he hates. He hopes to get them
LOL.
both some day. Just like Just like
LO. & CL.
ARMAND
that don-key grey A com - pli - ment to me you pay.
LOL.
Take care! Be - ware! Or you will find You'll
CLAR.
Take care! Be - ware! Or you will find You'll


ARMAND
wish you had made up your mind. Why be in haste to
wish you had made up your mind.
p accel.
molto rit.
Tempo I.
choose, I say? The world con - tains a lot of hay.
mf
f molto rit.
ALL
p
Poor don - key of old Bur - ri - dan, da - da - dan; dan, dan, dan,
dan! You had al - most as lit - tle sense as a man, man, man, man,


LOL.
man. For when be-tween bru-nette and blonde one has to choose.
CLAR.
man. For when be-tween bru-nette and blonde one has to choose.
man. For when be-tween bru-nette and blonde one has to choose.
He wants them both, but t'oth-er one he hates to lose, He can-not choose
He wants them both, but t'oth-er one he hates to lose, He can-not choose
He wants them both, but t'oth-er one he hates to lose, He can-not choose
ALL
To make his choice if he is loth He will


lose them both; To make his
choice if he is loth He will lose them
LOLOTTE
CLARISSE
both. Now you're just like that don-key grey. And no more sense you
now dis - play.
LOL.
If you choose one you
CLAR.
If you choose one you
ARMAND
If I choose one, If I choose one I


fear the oth - er will get a - way.
fear the oth - er will get a - way.
fear the oth - er will get a - way.
LO.& CL.
And so you stand as if we were two
bales of hay.
LOL.
Like a don-key grey
Like a
CLAR.
Like a don-key grey
Like a
ARMAND
No more, I pray!
No more, I pray!


don - key grey, Why don't you bray! Hee, haw, hee, haw, hee,
don - key grey, Why don't you bray! Hee, haw, hee, haw, hee,
Poor don - key grey! Hee, haw, hee, haw, hee,
a tempo
haw, hee, haw, hee, haw, hee, haw! Hee haw!
haw, hee, haw, hee, haw, hee, haw! Hee
haw, hee, haw, hee, haw, hee, haw!
haw!
Hee haw!
8
sfz

Nº 8. Duet

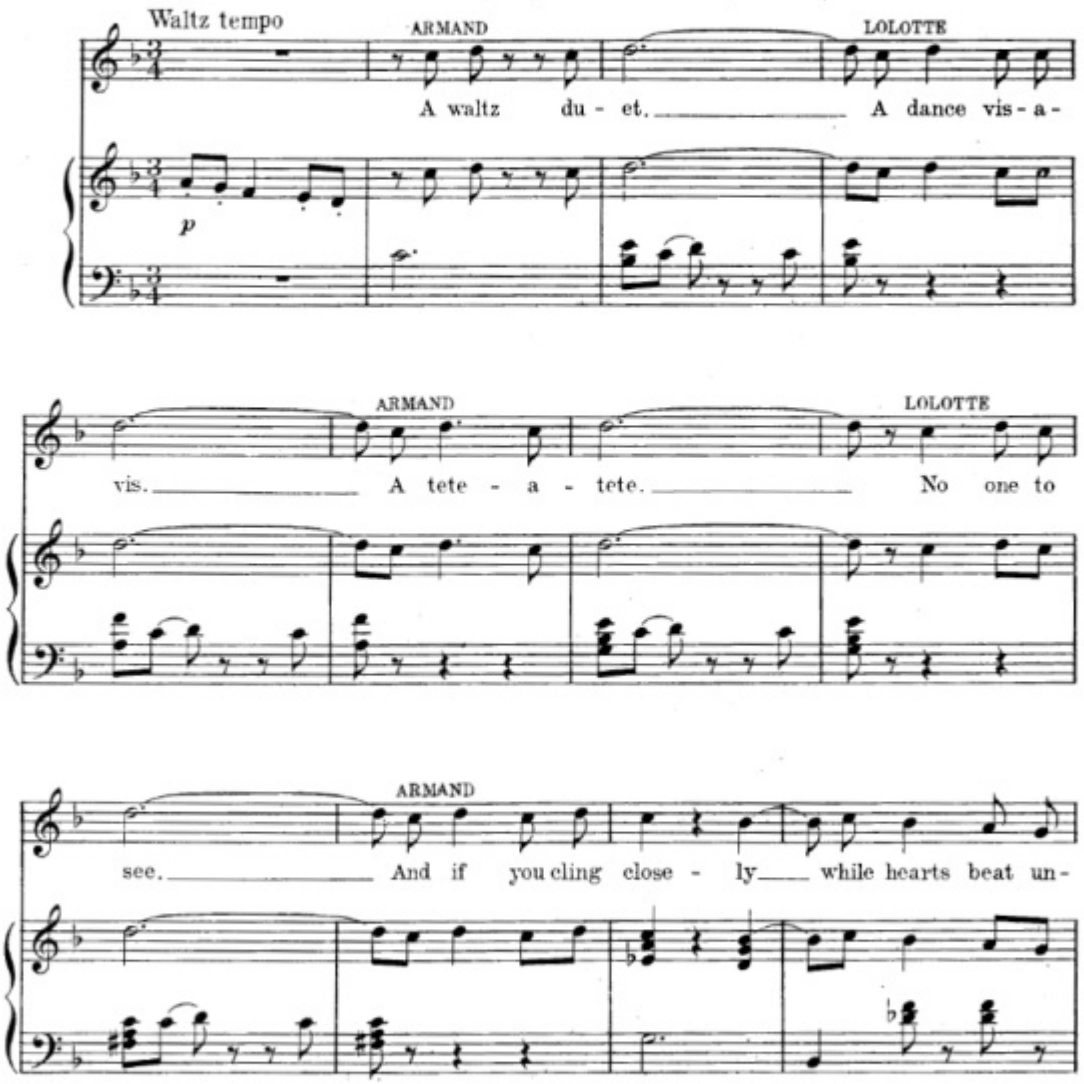
"Music Caressing of Violins"

(A Waltz Caprice)

Lolotte, Armand

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
LEO FALL



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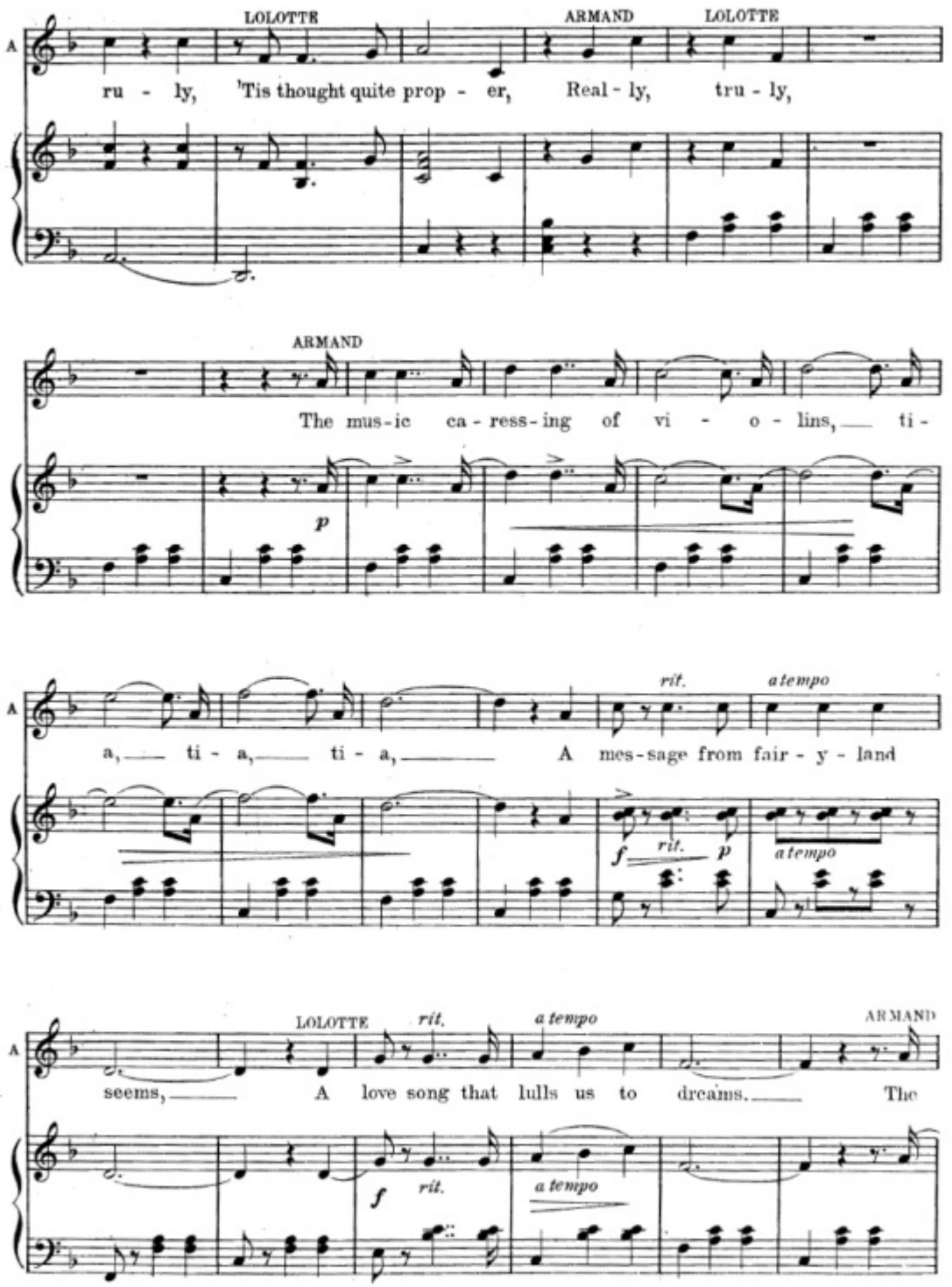
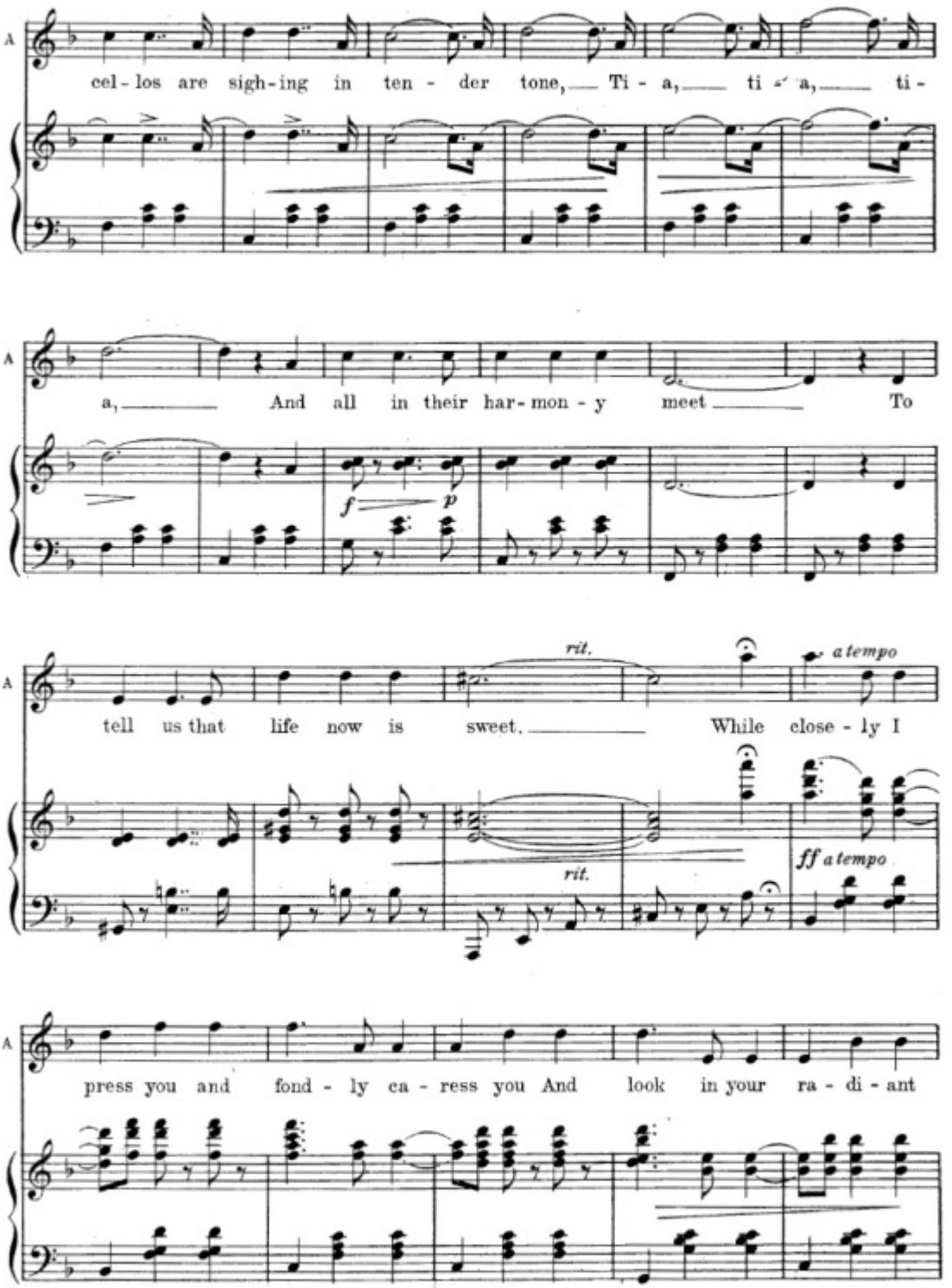
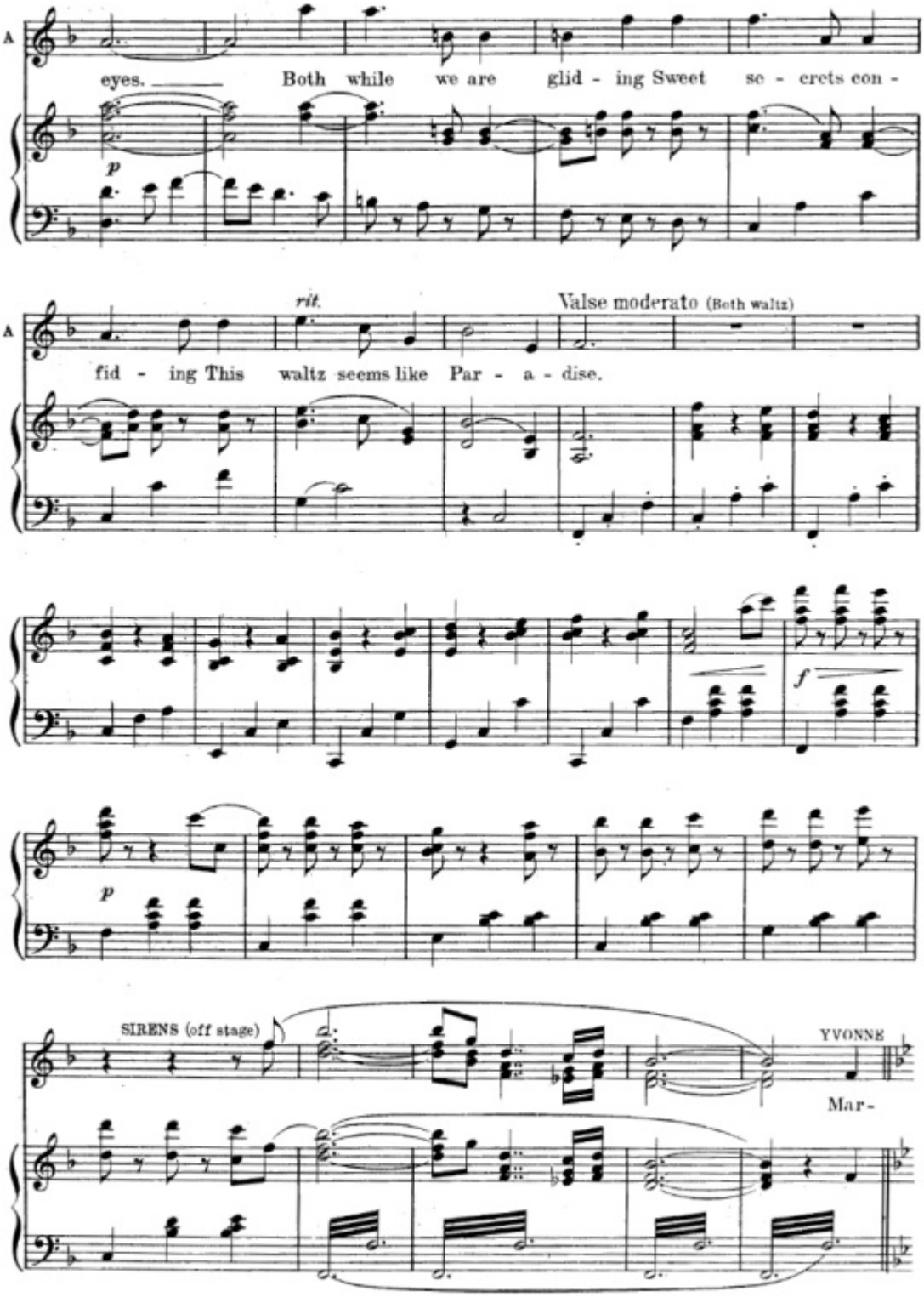
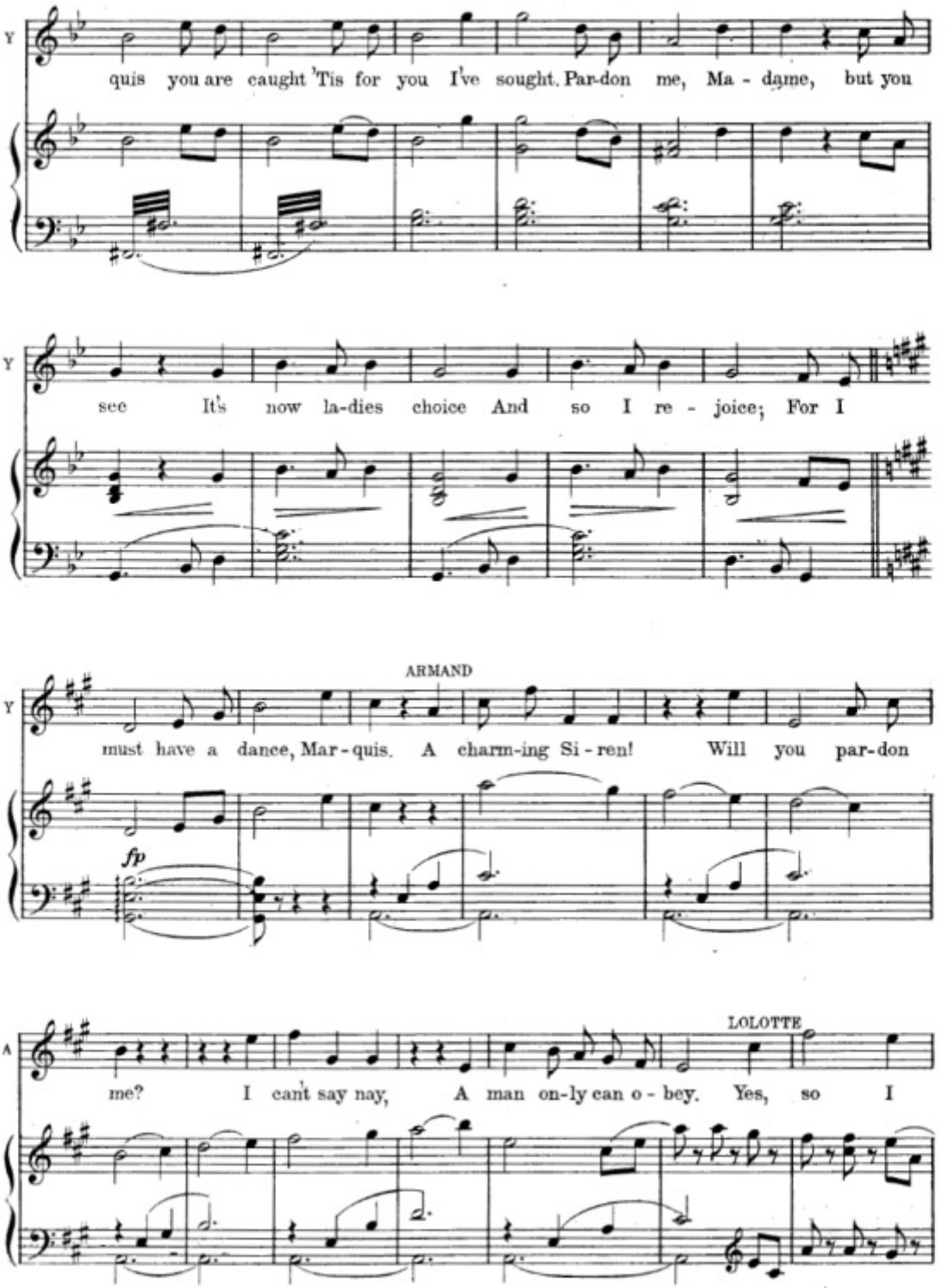
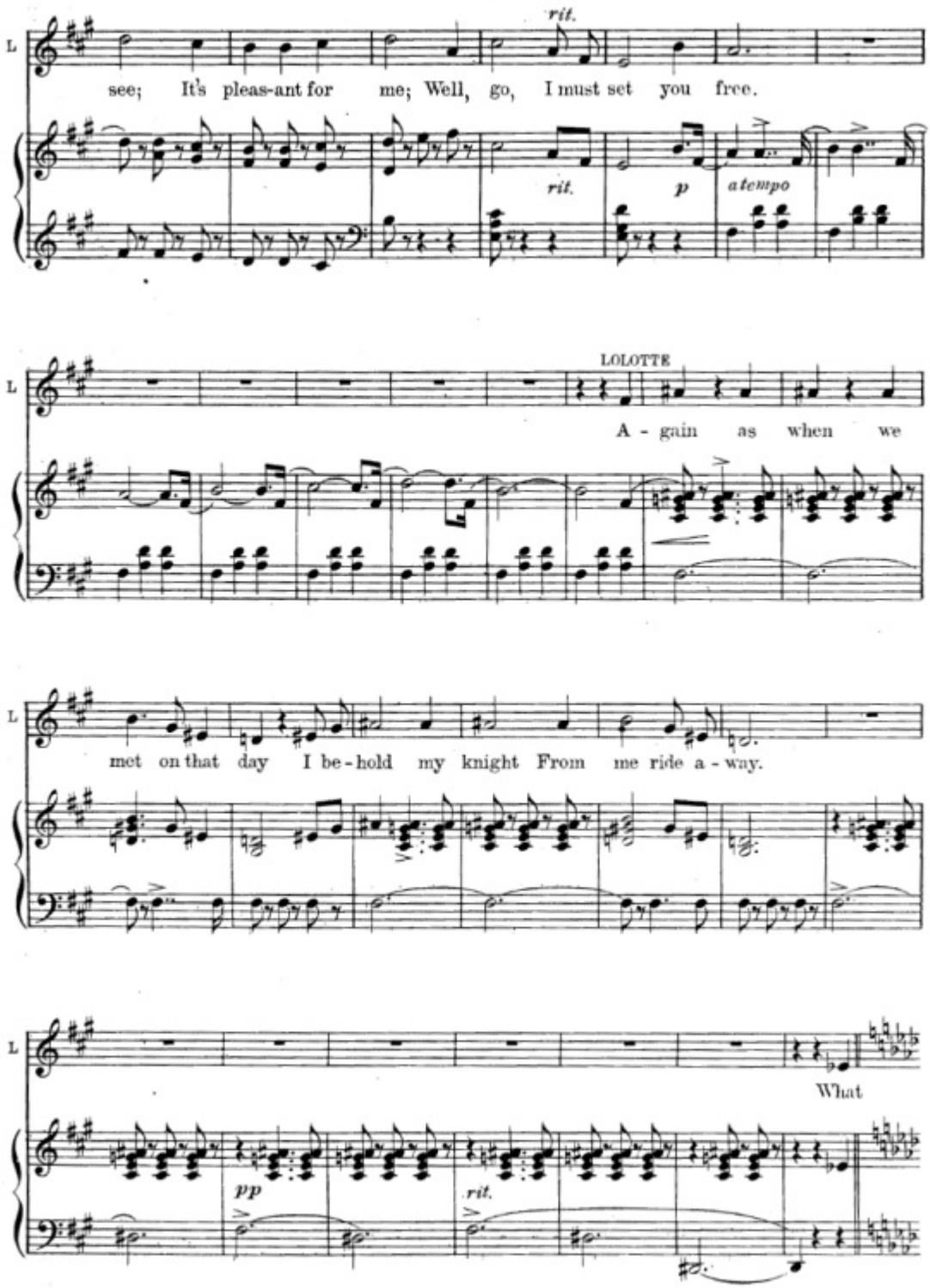
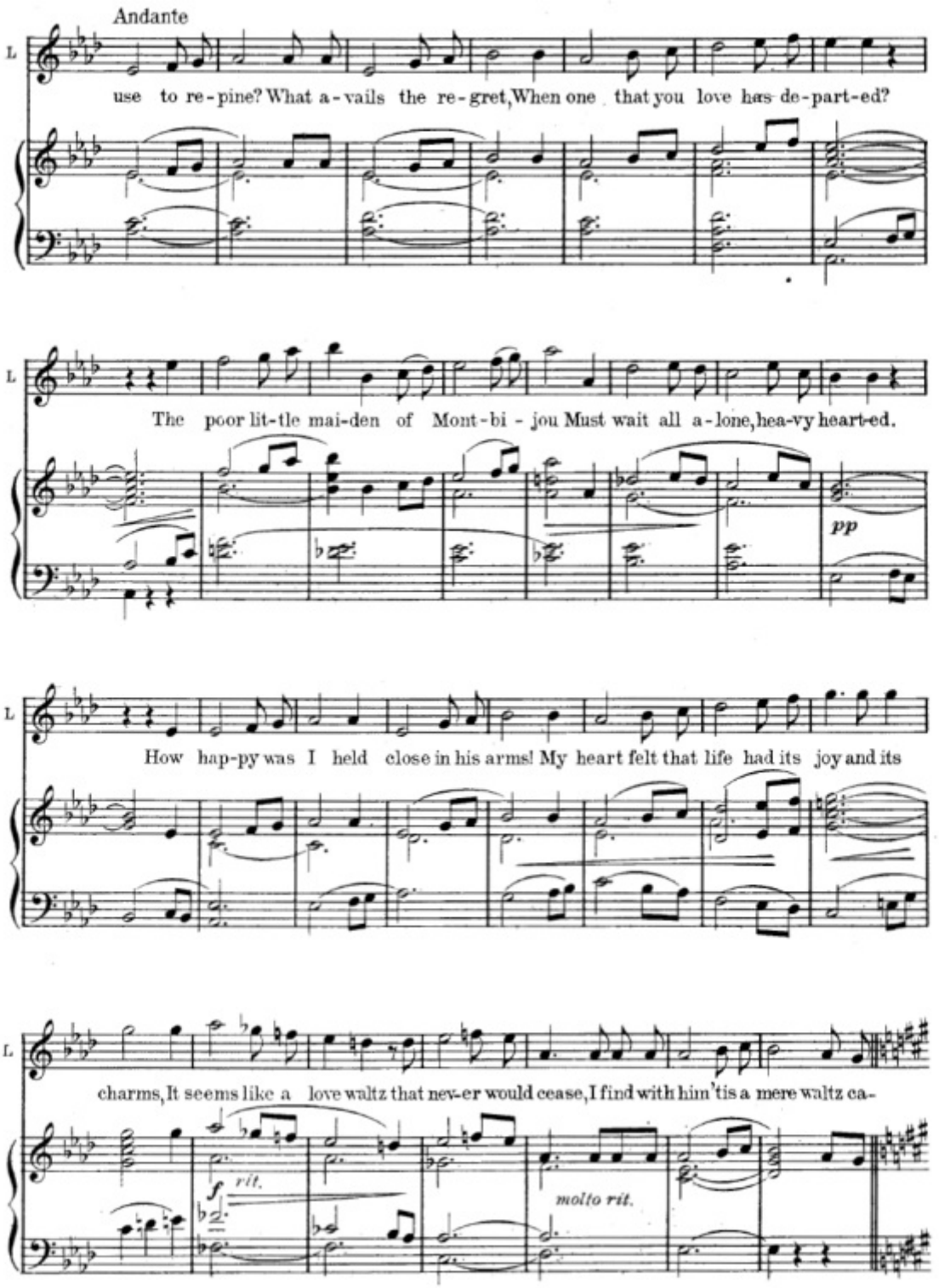

LOLOTTE
ARMAND
LOLOTTE
ru - ly, 'Tis thought quite prop - er, Real - ly, tru - ly,
ARMAND
The mus-ic ca-ress-ing of vi - o - lins, ti -
p
a, ti - a, ti - a, A mes-sage from fair - y - land
rit.
a tempo
f
rit.
p
a tempo
LOLOTTE
rit.
a tempo
ARMAND
seems, A love song that lulls us to dreams. The
f
rit.
a tempo

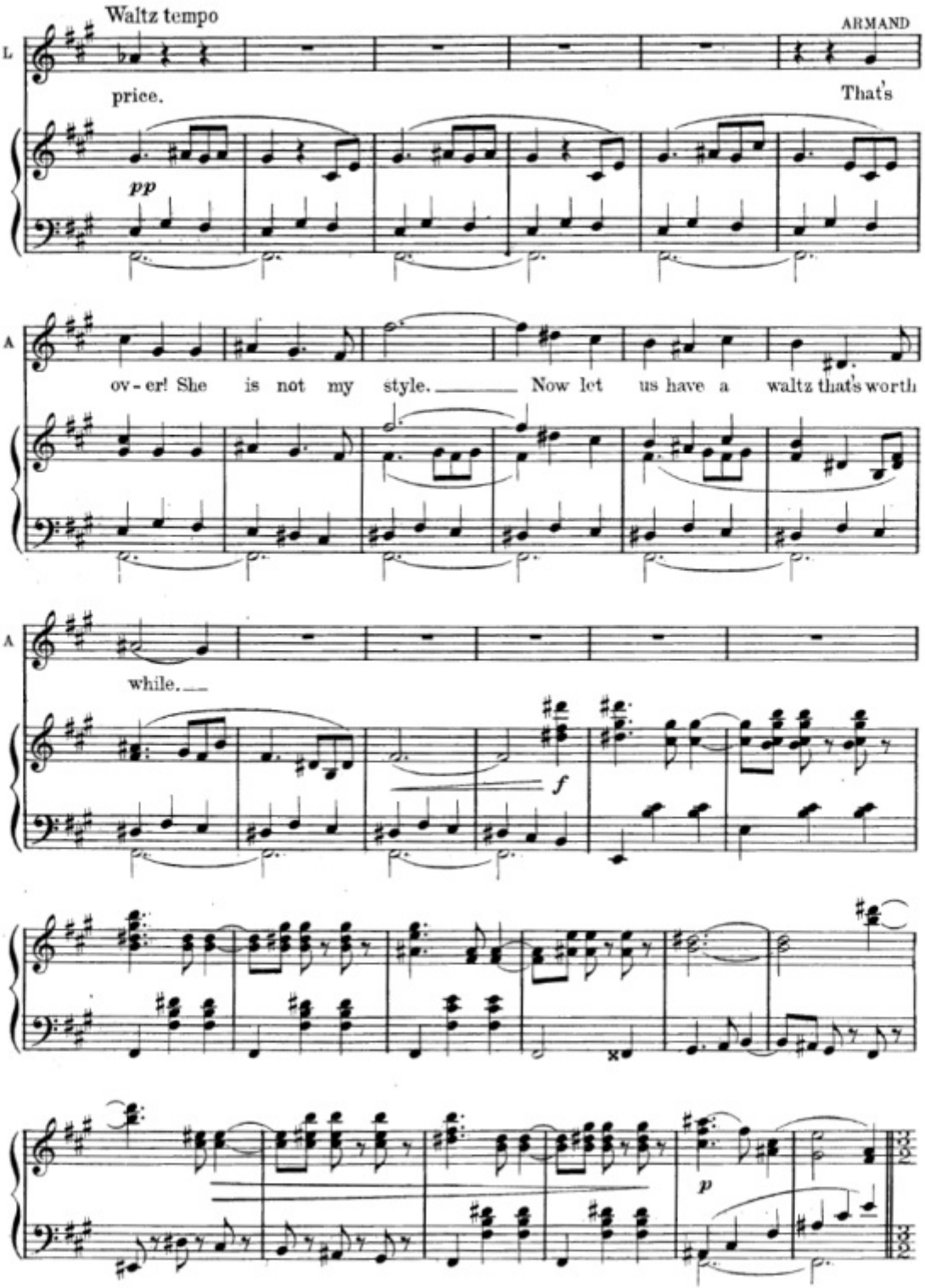

A
cel - los are sigh - ing in ten - der tone, Ti - a, ti - a, ti -
A
a, And all in their har - mon - y meet To
f p
A
tell us that life now is sweet, While close - ly I
rit.
a tempo
rit.
ff a tempo
A
press you and fond - ly ca - ress you And look in your ra - di - ant

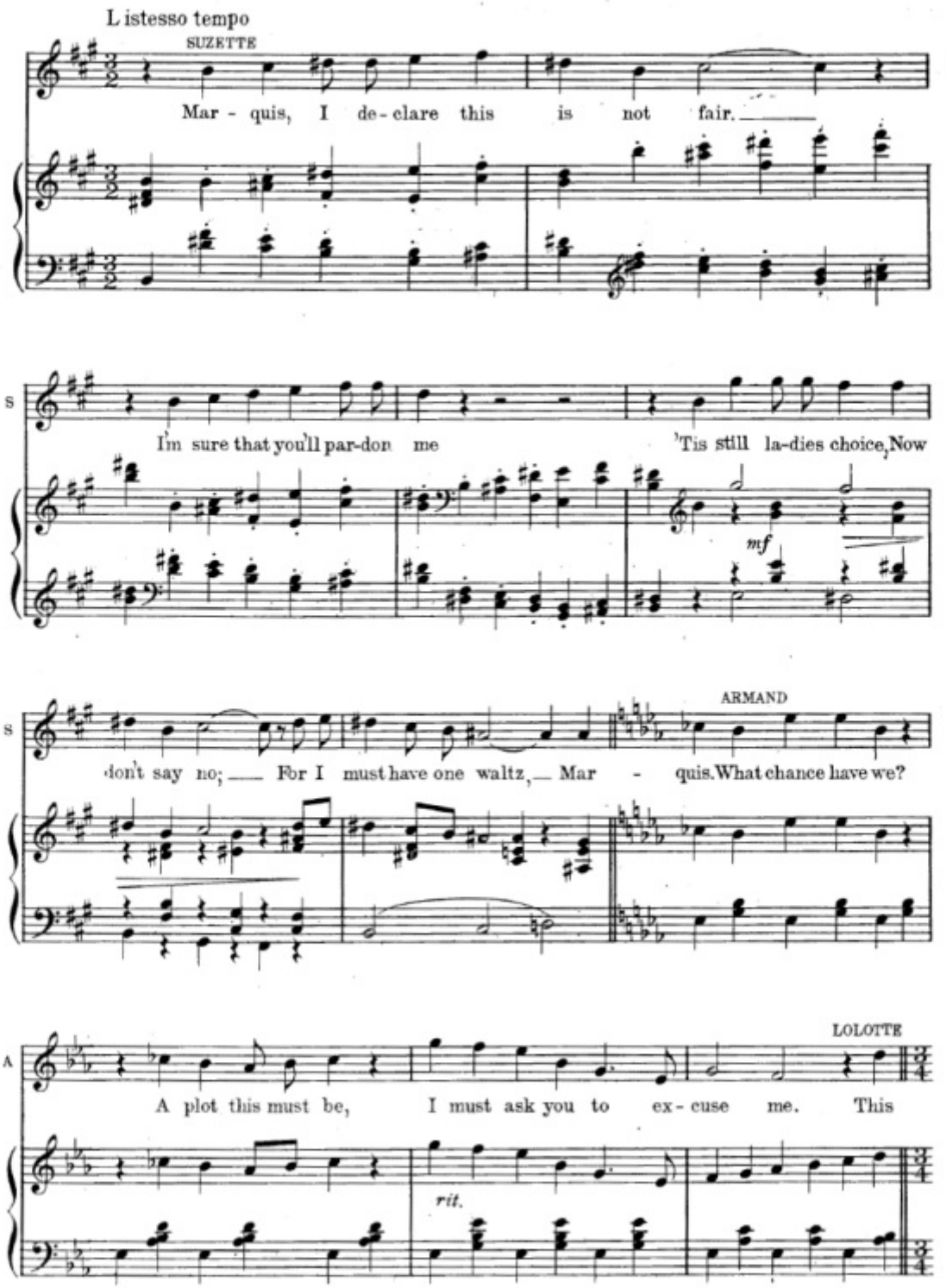

A
eyes. Both while we are glid - ing Sweet se - crets con -
p
rit.
Valse moderato (Both waltz)
A
fid - ing This waltz seems like Par - a - dise.
f
p
SIRENS (off stage)
YVONNE
Mar -

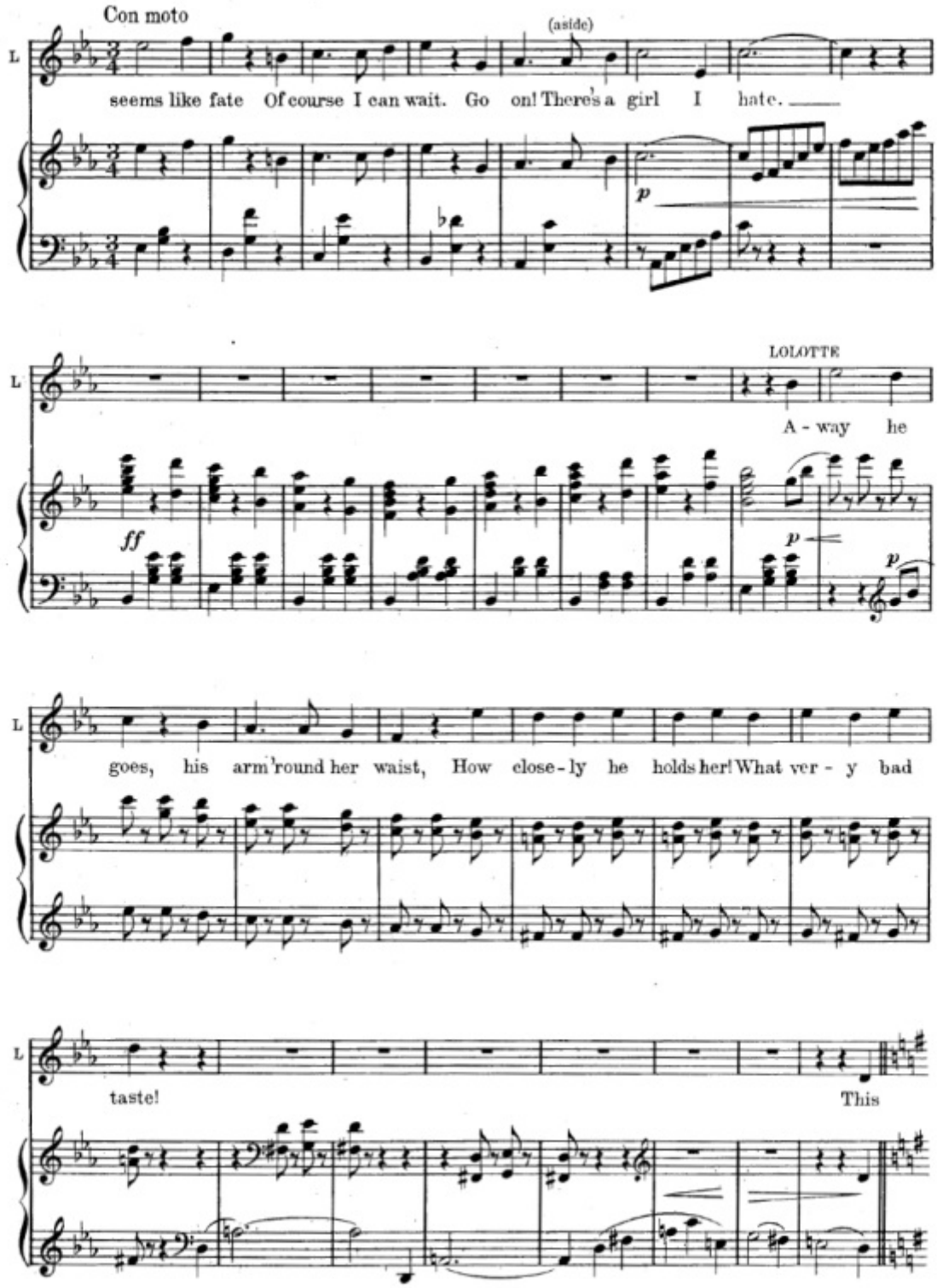

Y
quis you are caught 'Tis for you I've sought. Par-don me, Ma - dame, but you
Y
see It's now la-dies choice And so I re - joice; For I
ARMAND
Y
must have a dance, Mar - quis. A charm-ing Si - ren! Will you par-don
fp
LOLOTTE
A
me? I can't say nay, A man on-ly can o - bey. Yes, so I

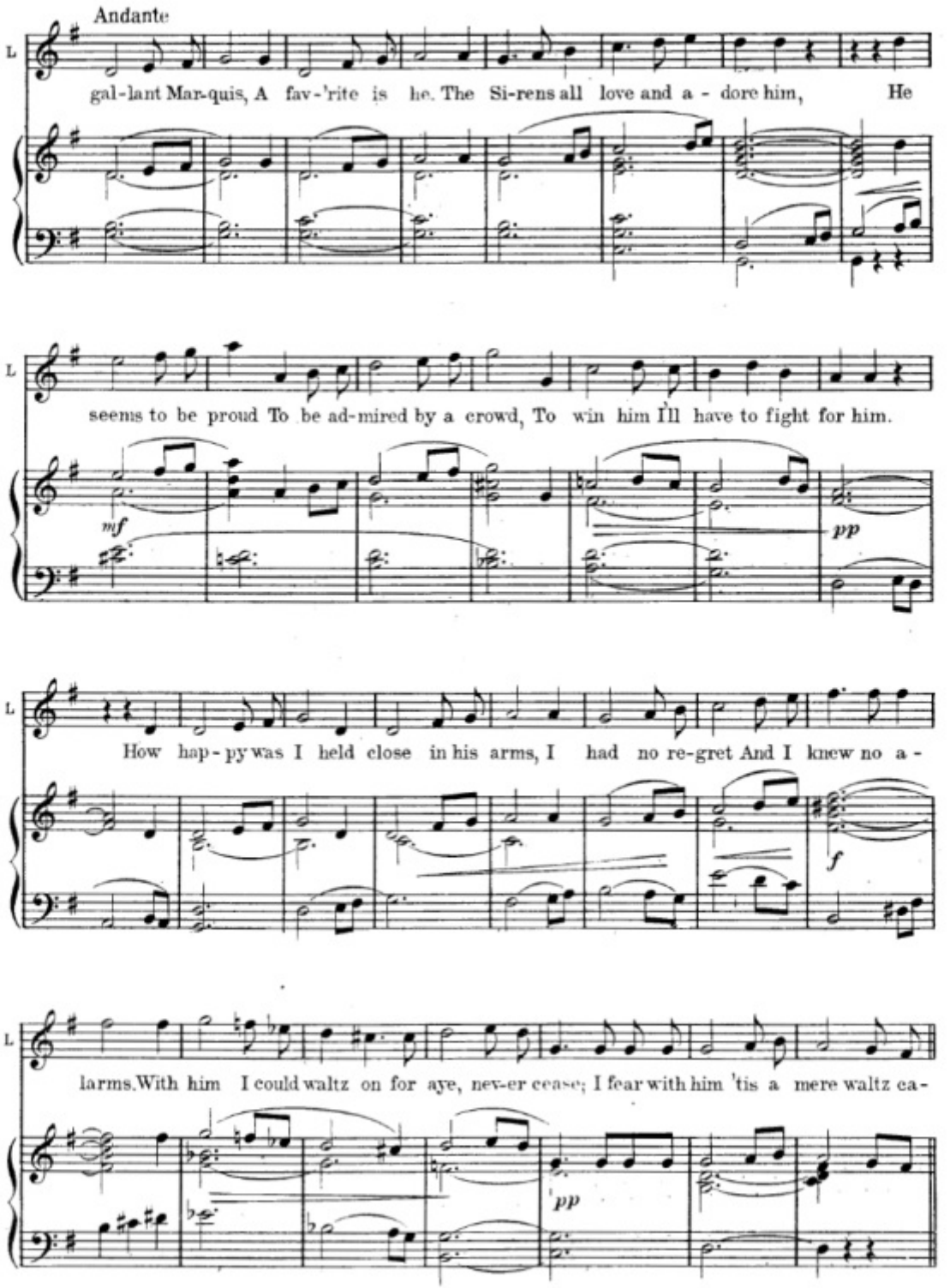

L
rit.
see; It's pleas-ant for me; Well, go, I must set you free.
rit.
p
a tempo
LOLOTTE
A - gain as when we
met on that day I be - hold my knight From me ride a - way.
What
pp
rit.

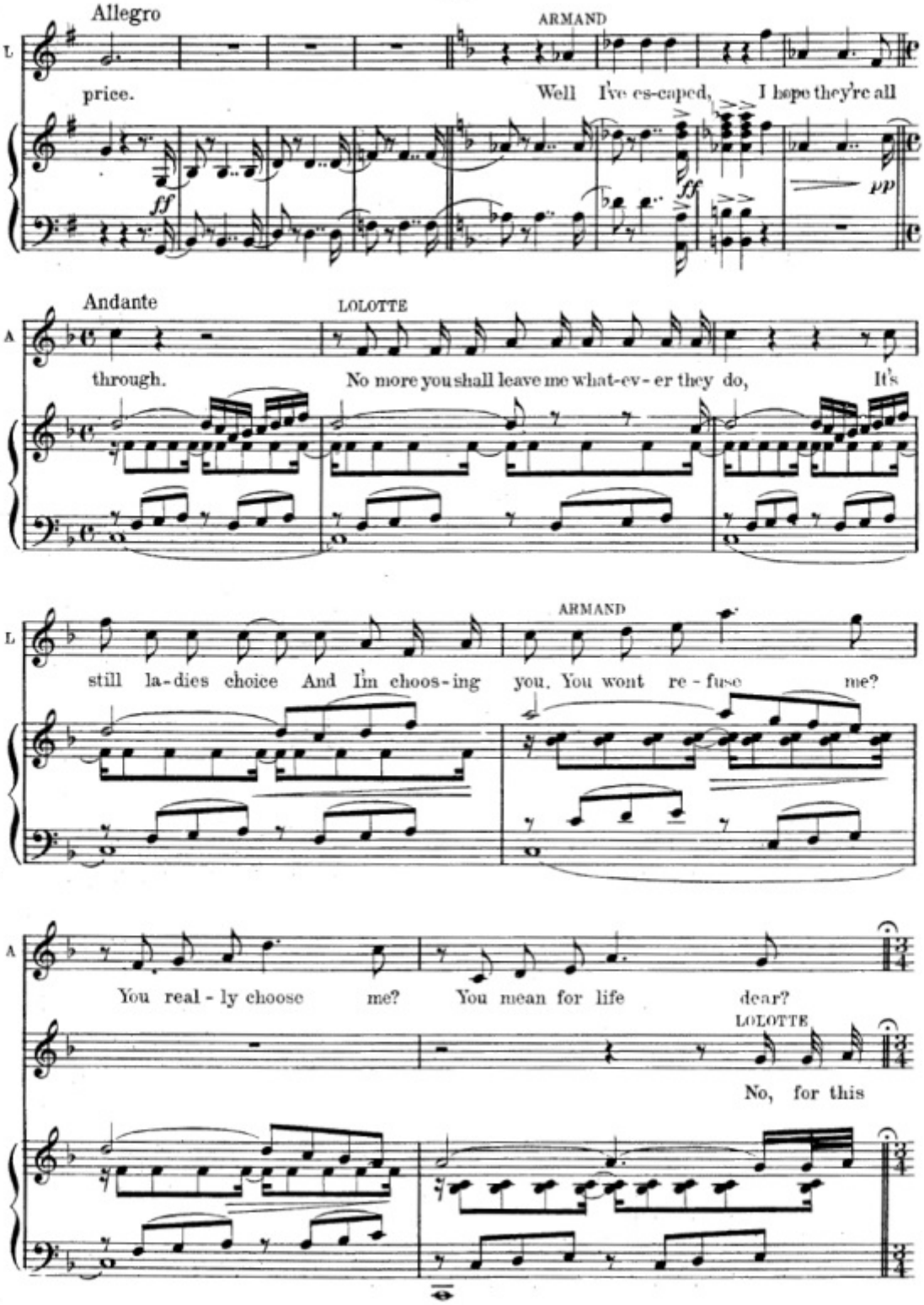

Andante
L
use to re-pine? What a-vails the re-gret, When one that you love has de-part-ed?
L
The poor lit-tle mai-den of Mont-bi-jou Must wait all a-lone, hea-vy heart-ed.
pp
L
How hap-py was I held close in his arms! My heart felt that life had its joy and its
L
charms, It seems like a love waltz that nev-er would cease, I find with him 'tis a mere waltz ca-
f
rit.
molto rit.

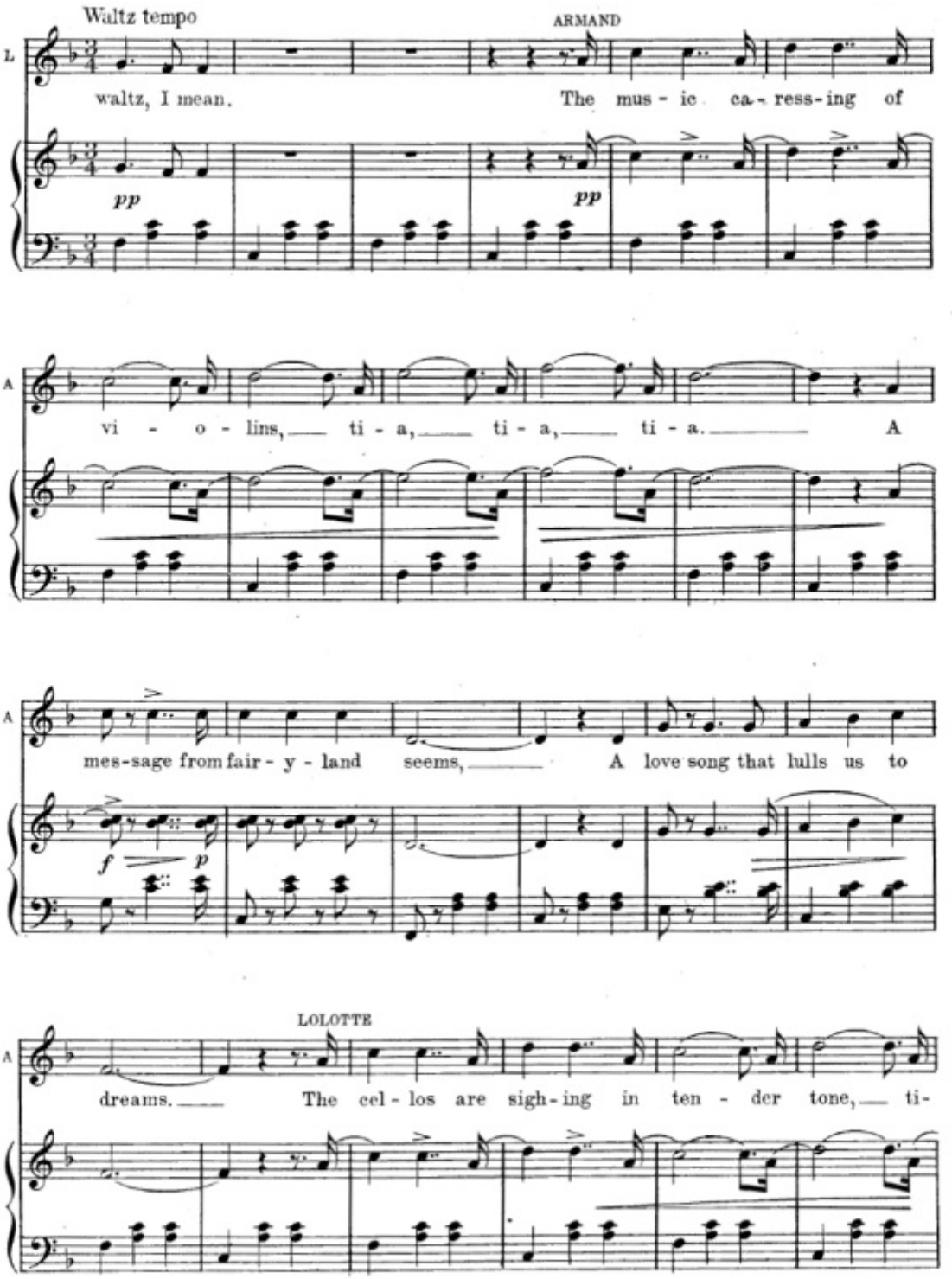

Waltz tempo
ARMAND
L
price.
That's
pp
A
ov - er! She is not my style. Now let us have a waltz that's worth
A
while.
f
p

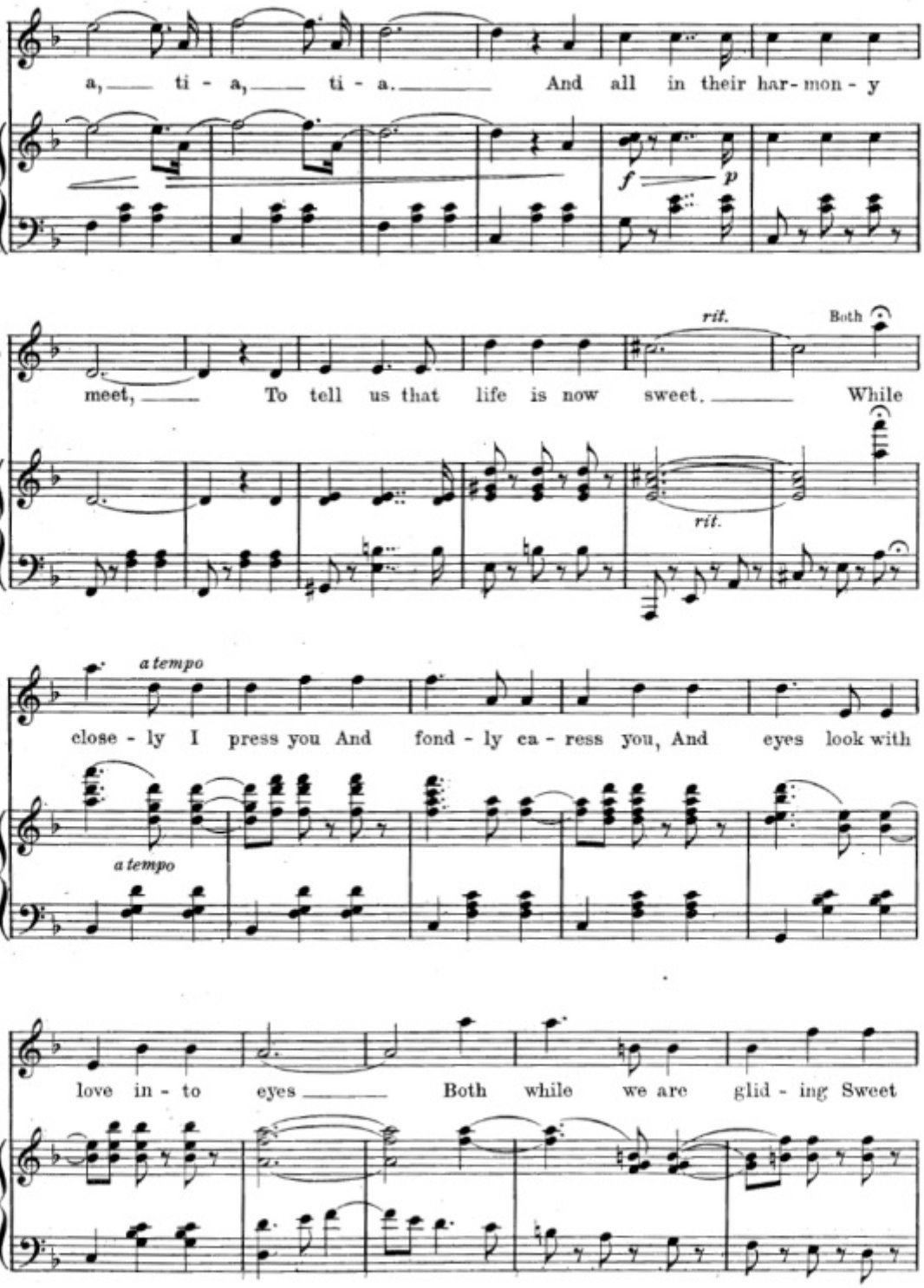

L istesso tempo
SUZETTE
Mar - quis, I de - clare this is not fair.
S
I'm sure that you'll par-don me
'Tis still la-dies choice, Now
mf
S
don't say no; For I must have one waltz, Mar - quis. What chance have we?
ARMAND
A
A plot this must be, I must ask you to ex - cuse me. This
LOLOTTE
rit.

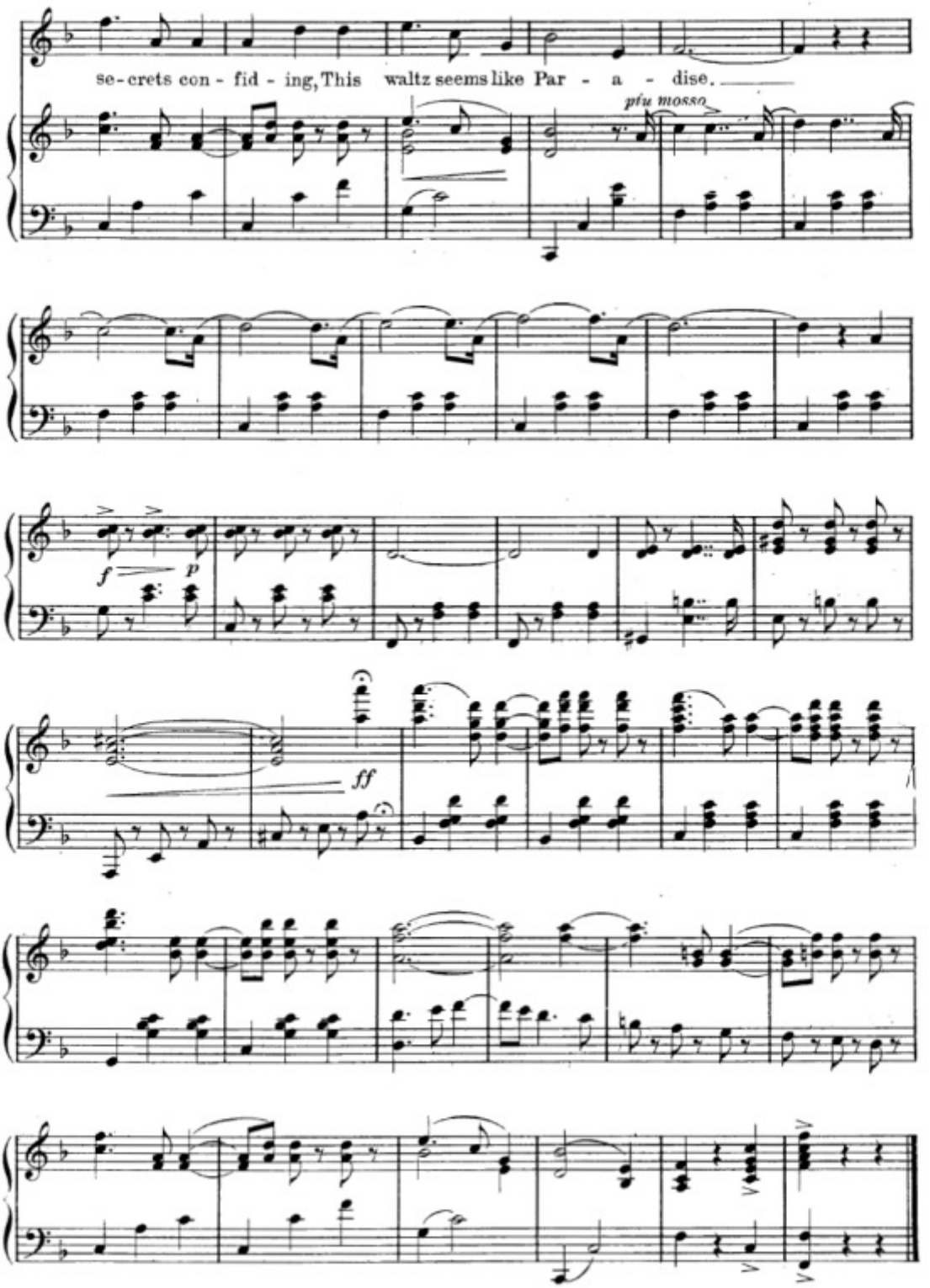

Con moto
(aside)
L
seems like fate Of course I can wait. Go on! There's a girl I hate.
p
LOLOTTE
A - way he
ff
p
p
goes, his arm 'round her waist, How close - ly he holds her! What ver - y bad
taste!
This


Andante
L
gal-lant Mar-quis, A fav-'rite is he. The Si-rens all love and a - dore him, He
L
seems to be proud To be ad-mired by a crowd, To win him I'll have to fight for him.
mf
pp
L
How hap-py was I held close in his arms, I had no re-gret And I knew no a -
f
L
larms. With him I could waltz on for aye, nev-er cease; I fear with him 'tis a mere waltz ca-
pp


Allegro
ARMAND
L
price.
Well I've es-caped, I hope they're all
ff
ff
pp
Andante
LOLOTTE
A
through.
No more you shall leave me what-ev-er they do, It's
ARMAND
L
still la-dies choice And I'm choos-ing you. You wont re-fuse me?
A
You real-ly choose me? You mean for life dear?
LOLOTTE
No, for this


Waltz tempo
ARMAND
L
waltz, I mean.
The mus - ic ca - ress - ing of
pp
pp
A
vi - o - lins, ti - a, ti - a, ti - a. A
A
mes-sage from fair - y - land seems, A love song that lulls us to
f
p
LOLOTTE
A
dreams. The cel - los are sigh - ing in ten - der tone, ti-


L
a, ti - a, ti - a. And all in their har- mon - y
f p
L
rit.
Both
meet, To tell us that life is now sweet. While
rit.
a tempo
close - ly I press you And fond - ly ca - ress you, And eyes look with
a tempo
love in - to eyes Both while we are glid - ing Sweet


se-crets con-fid-ing, This waltz seems like Par-a-dise.
più mosso
f
p
ff

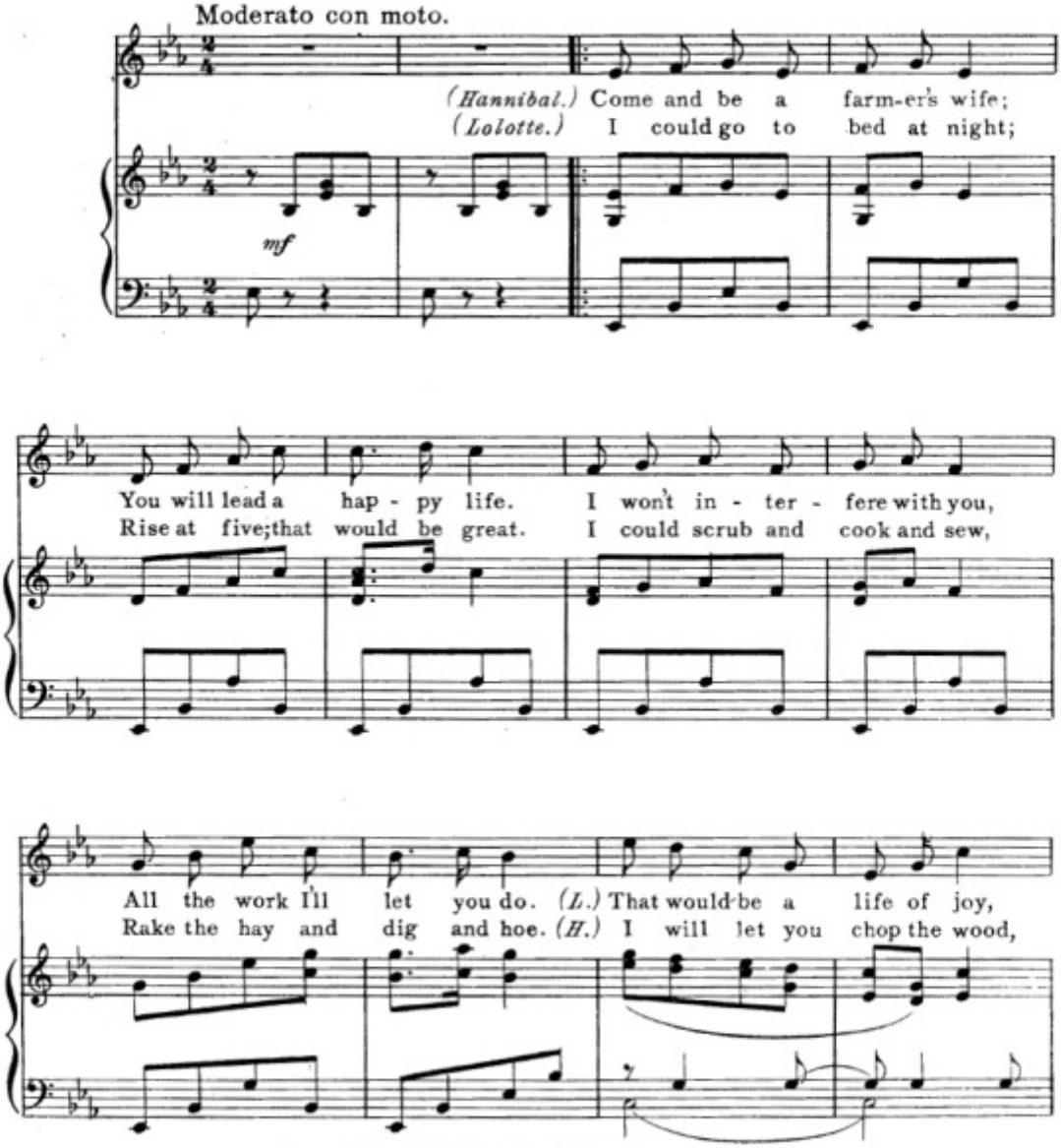
Nº 9.

Farming Life - Country Life.

(LOLOTTE and HANNIBAL.)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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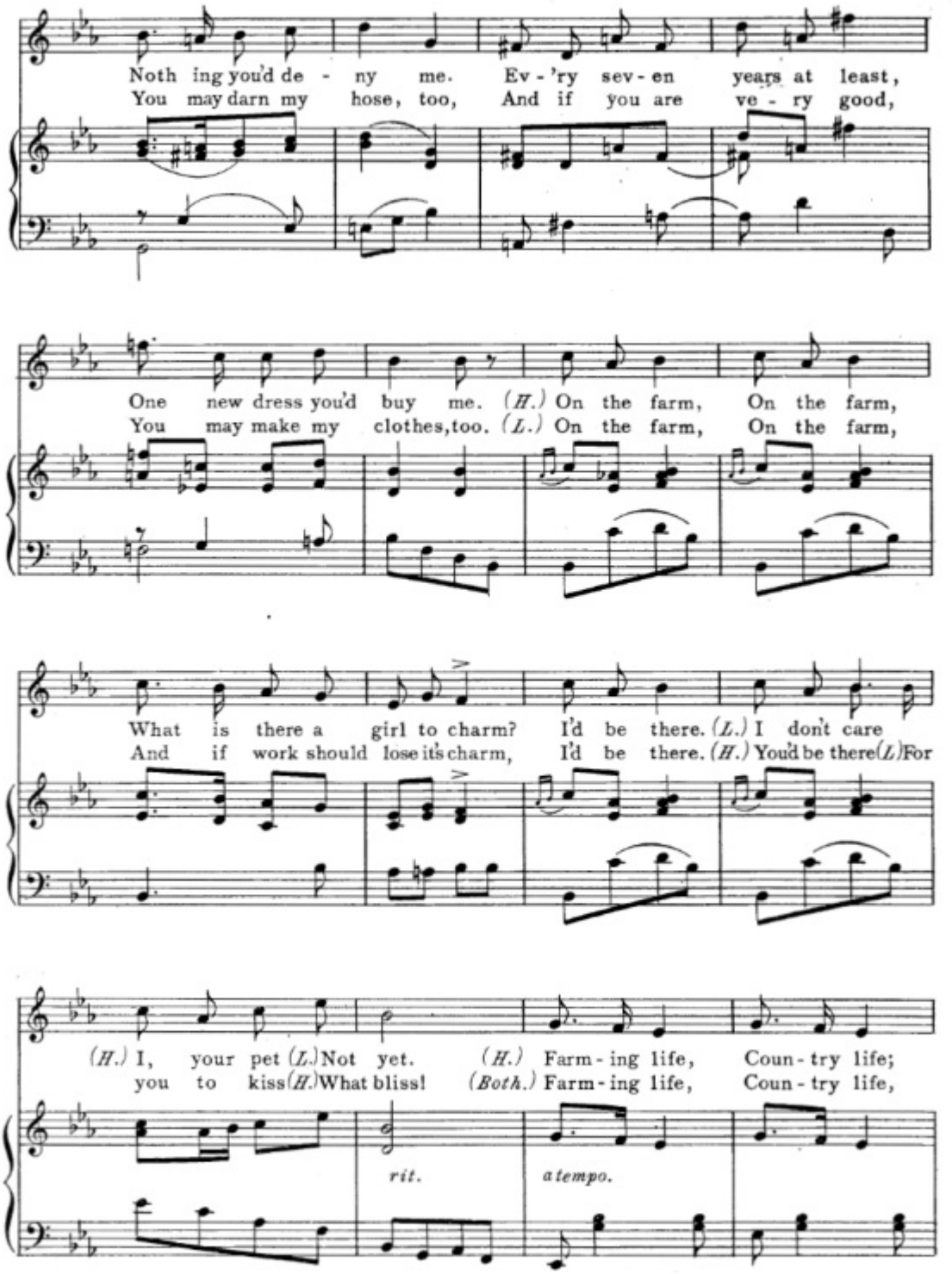
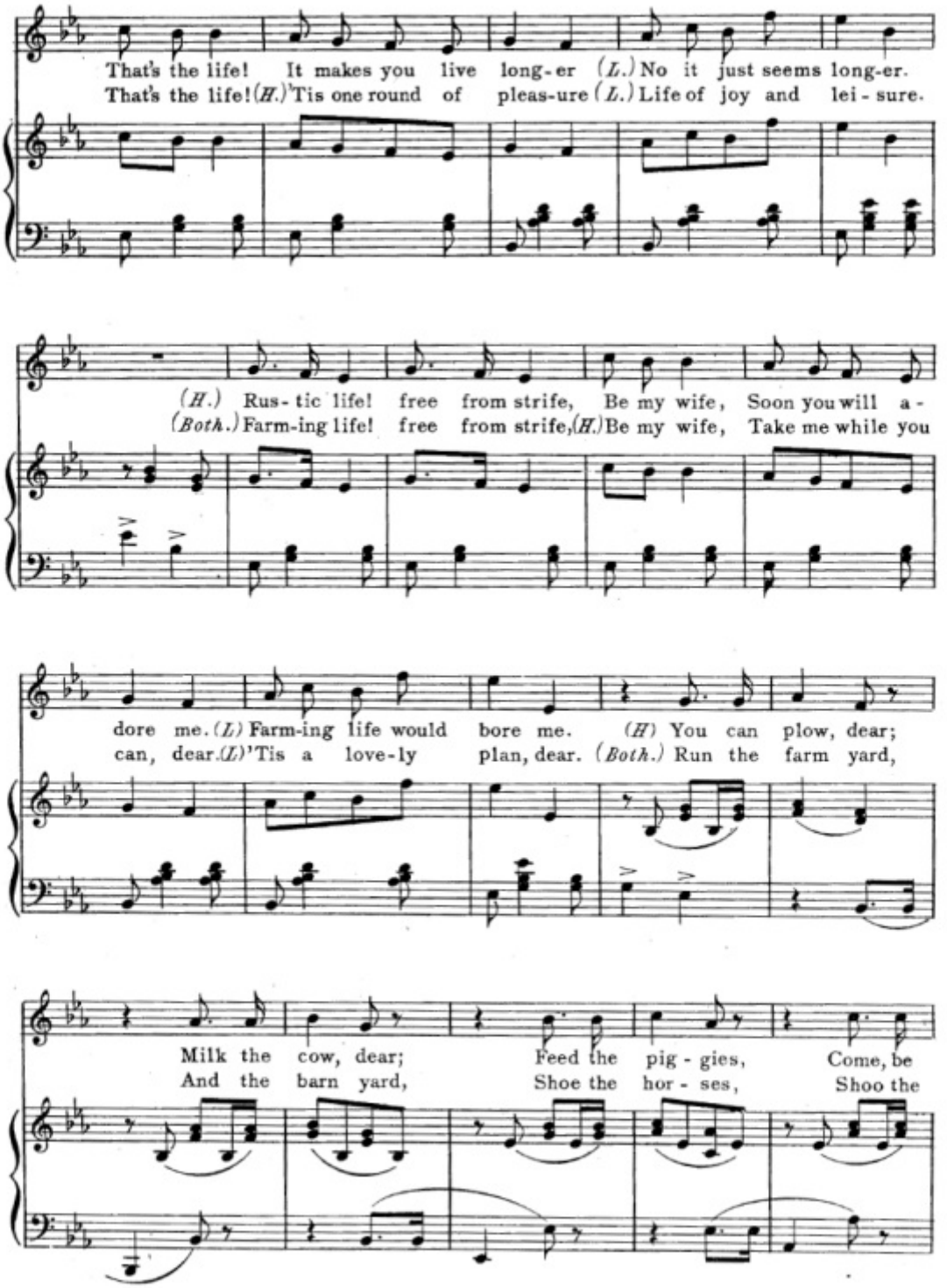
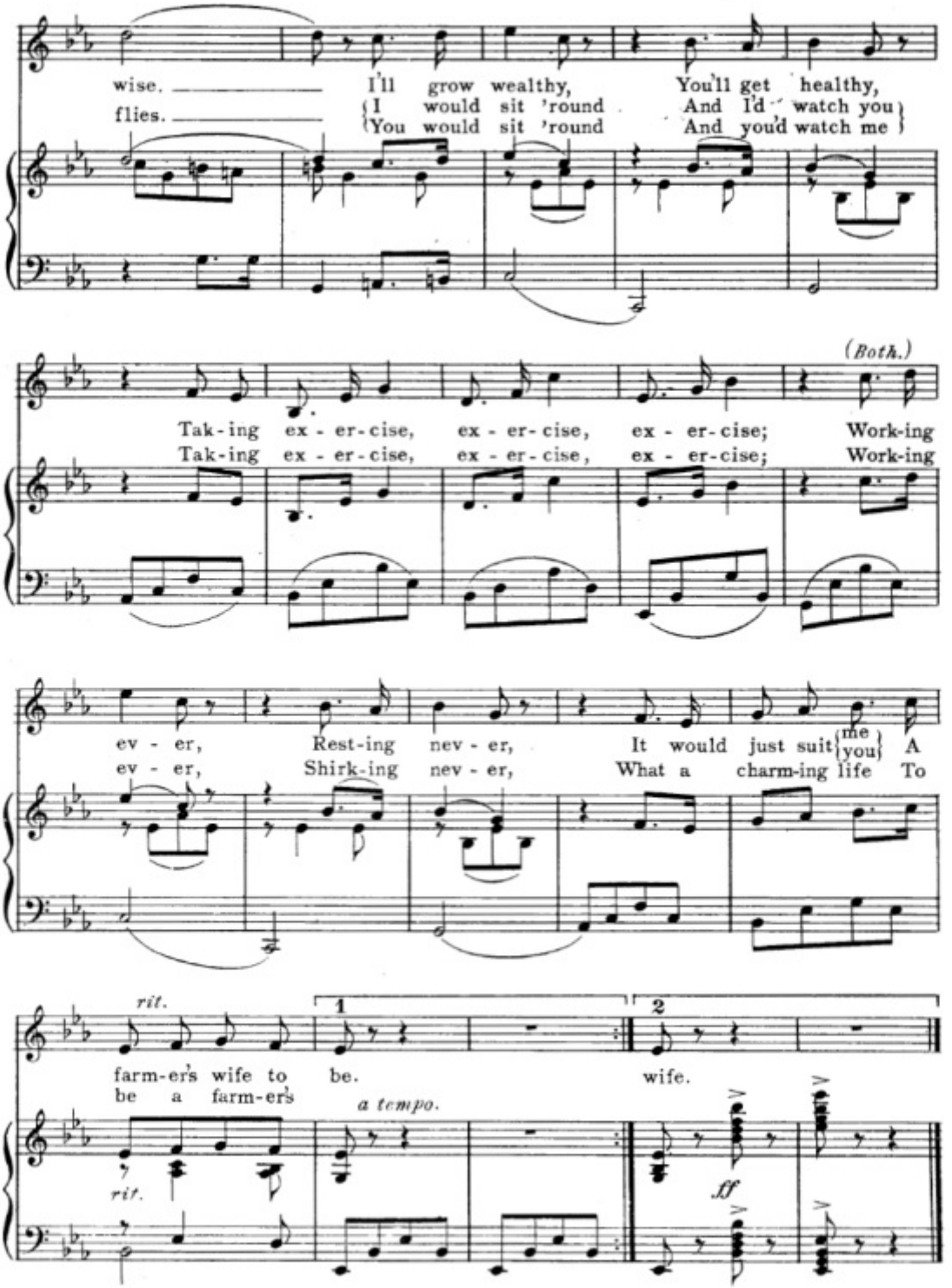

Noth ing you'd de - ny me. Ev - 'ry sev - en years at least,
You may darn my hose, too, And if you are ve - ry good,
One new dress you'd buy me. (H.) On the farm, On the farm,
You may make my clothes, too. (L.) On the farm, On the farm,
What is there a girl to charm? I'd be there. (L.) I don't care
And if work should lose its charm, I'd be there. (H.) You'd be there (L.) For
(H.) I, your pet (L.) Not yet. (H.) Farm - ing life, Coun - try life;
you to kiss (H.) What bliss! (Both.) Farm - ing life, Coun - try life,
rit.
a tempo.


That's the life! It makes you live long-er (L.) No it just seems long-er.
That's the life! (H.) 'Tis one round of pleas-ure (L.) Life of joy and lei-sure.
(H.) Rus-tic life! free from strife, Be my wife, Soon you will a-
(Both.) Farm-ing life! free from strife, (H.) Be my wife, Take me while you
dore me. (L.) Farm-ing life would bore me. (H.) You can plow, dear;
can, dear. (L.) 'Tis a love-ly plan, dear. (Both.) Run the farm yard,
Milk the cow, dear; Feed the pig-gies, Come, be
And the barn yard, Shoe the hor-ses, Shoo the


wise. I'll grow wealthy, You'll get healthy,
flies. {I would sit 'round And I'd watch you}
{You would sit 'round And you'd watch me}
(Both.)
Tak-ing ex-er-cise, ex-er-cise, ex-er-cise; Work-ing
Tak-ing ex-er-cise, ex-er-cise, ex-er-cise; Work-ing
ev-er, Rest-ing nev-er, It would just suit {me / you} A
ev-er, Shirk-ing nev-er, What a charm-ing life To
rit.
1
2
farm-er's wife to be.
be a farm-er's wife.
a tempo.
rit.
ff

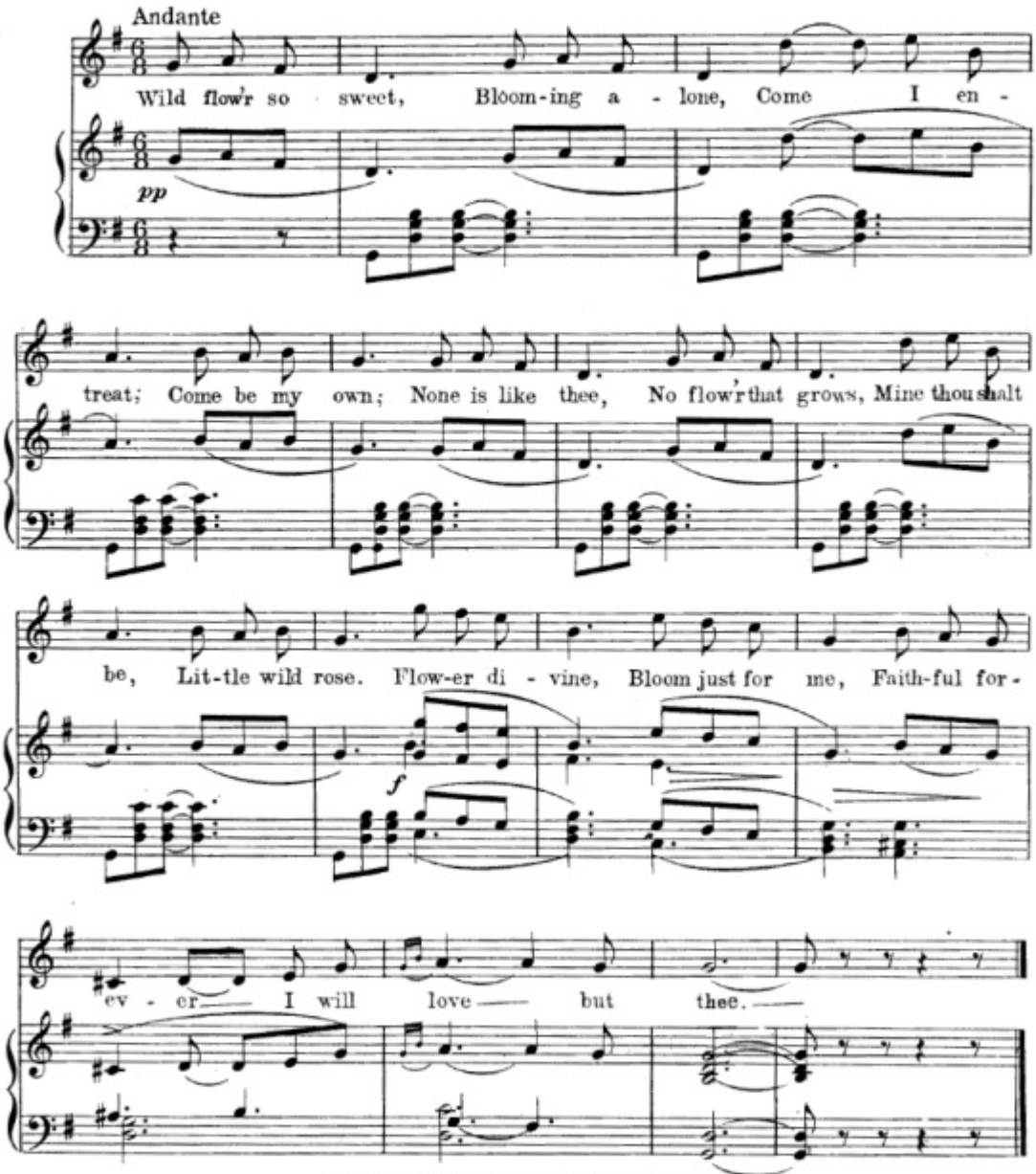
Nº 9½ Poem.

Wild-flower Sweet

(Armand, Lolotte)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
LEO FALL



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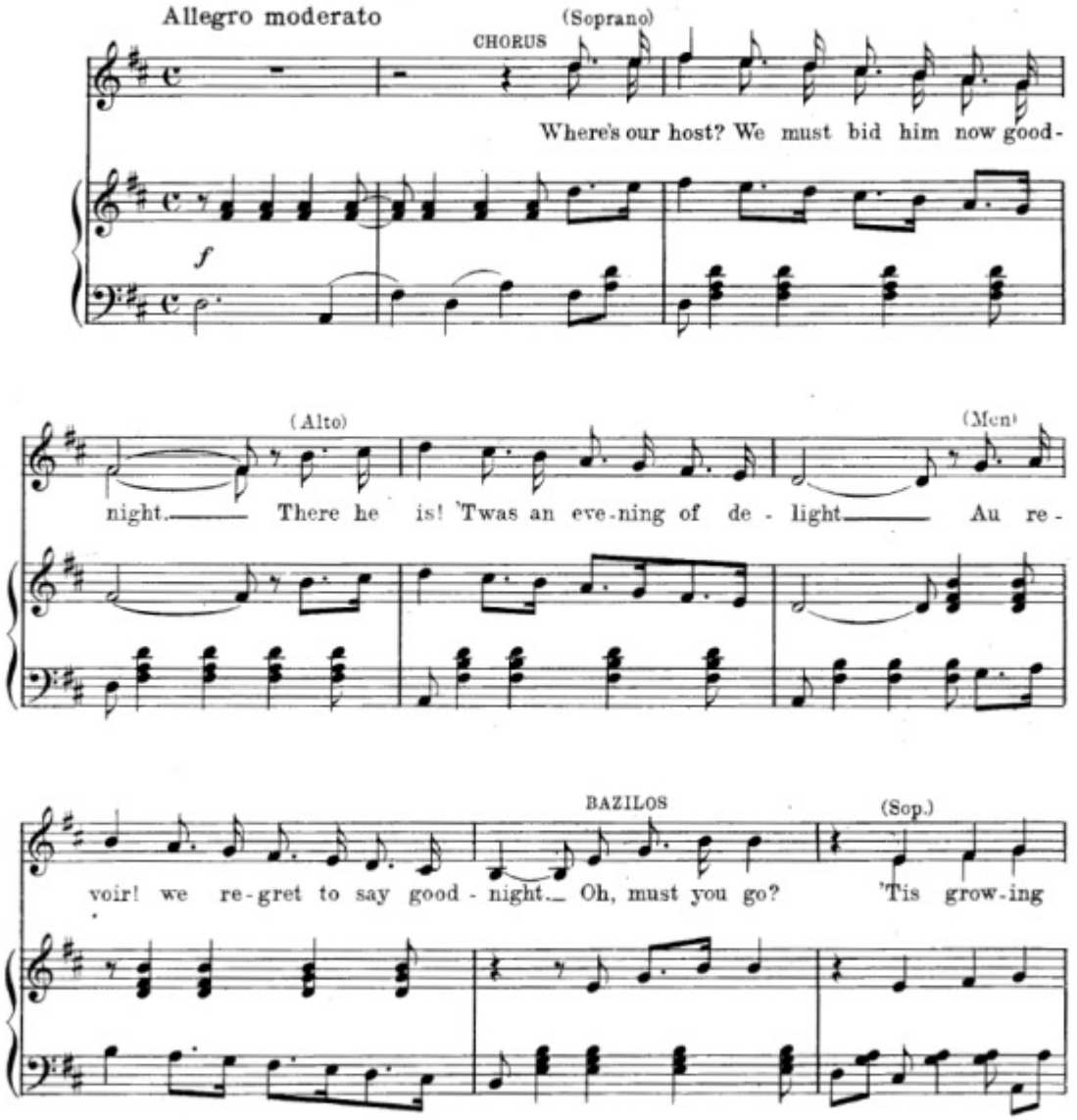
Nº 10. Finale II.

Lolotte, Clarisse, Armand, Malipotte, Bazilos and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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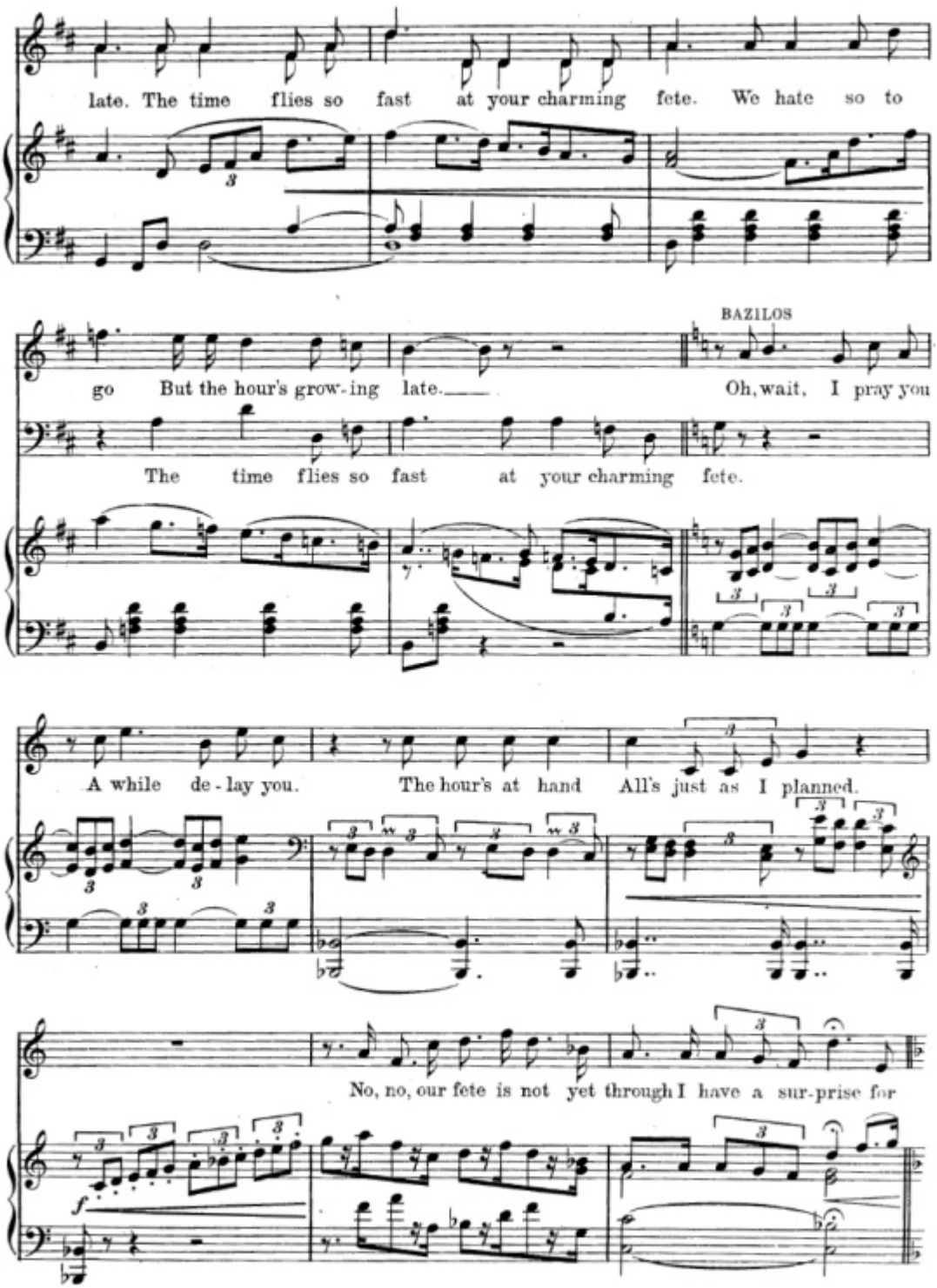
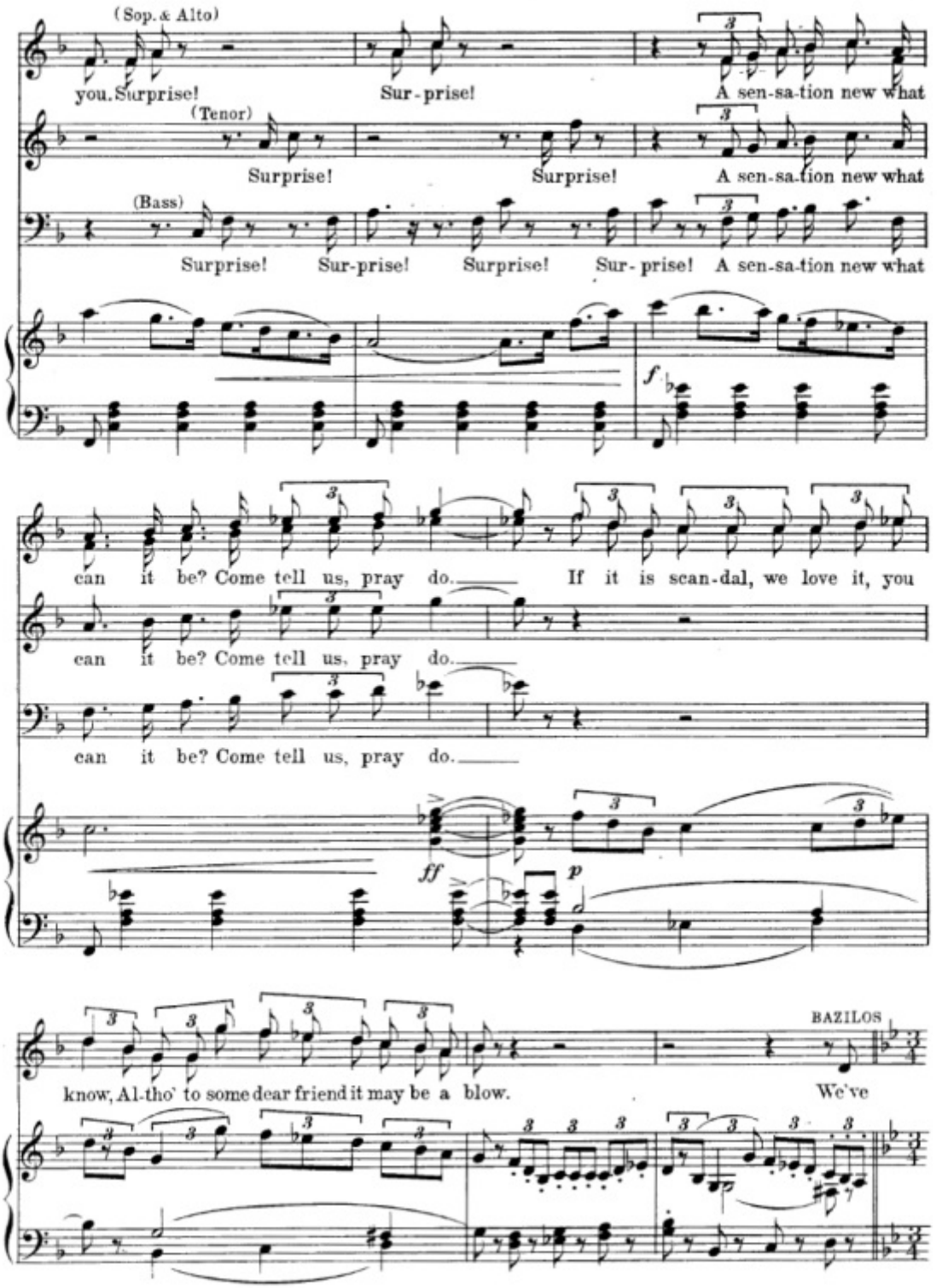
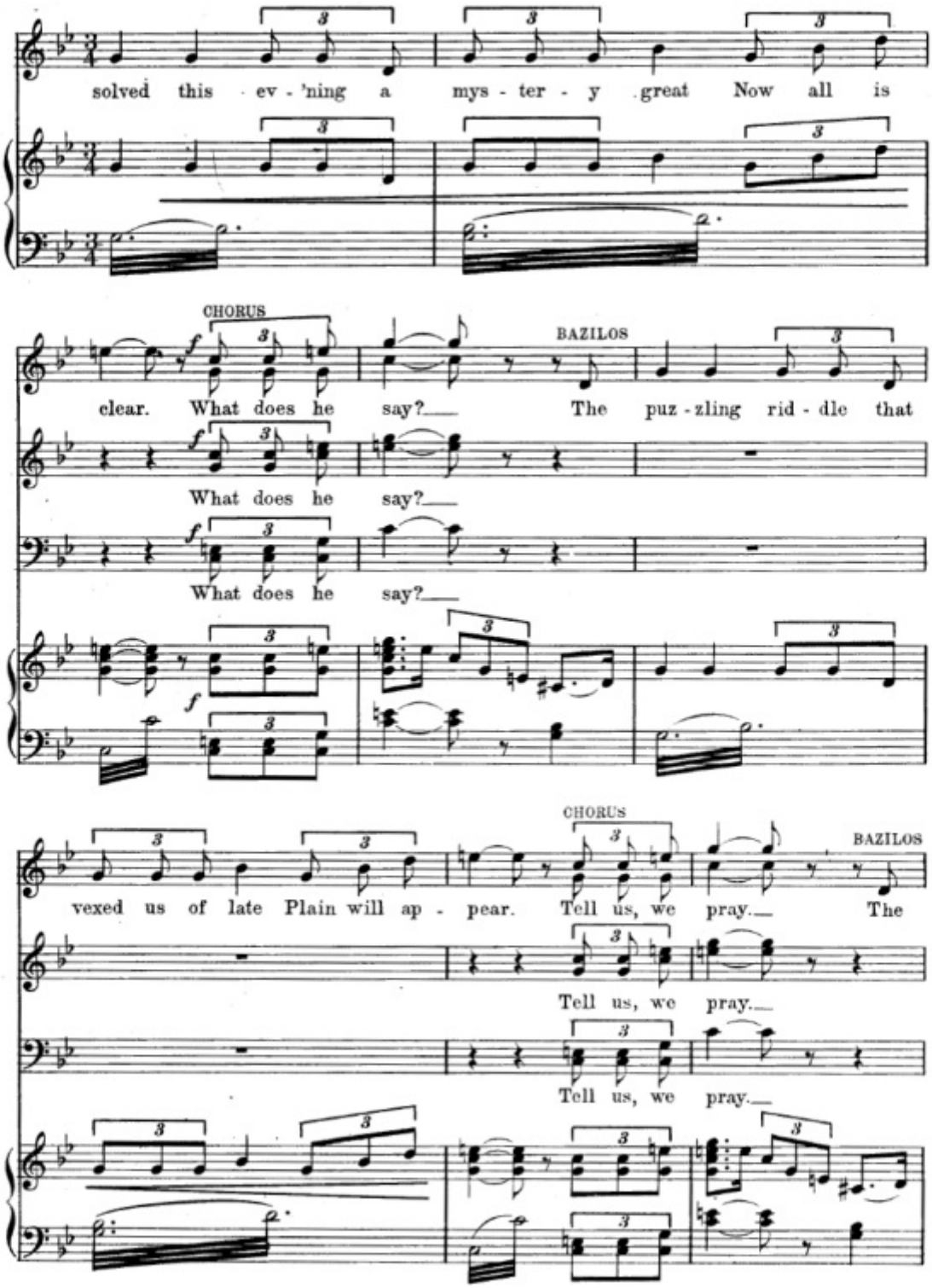
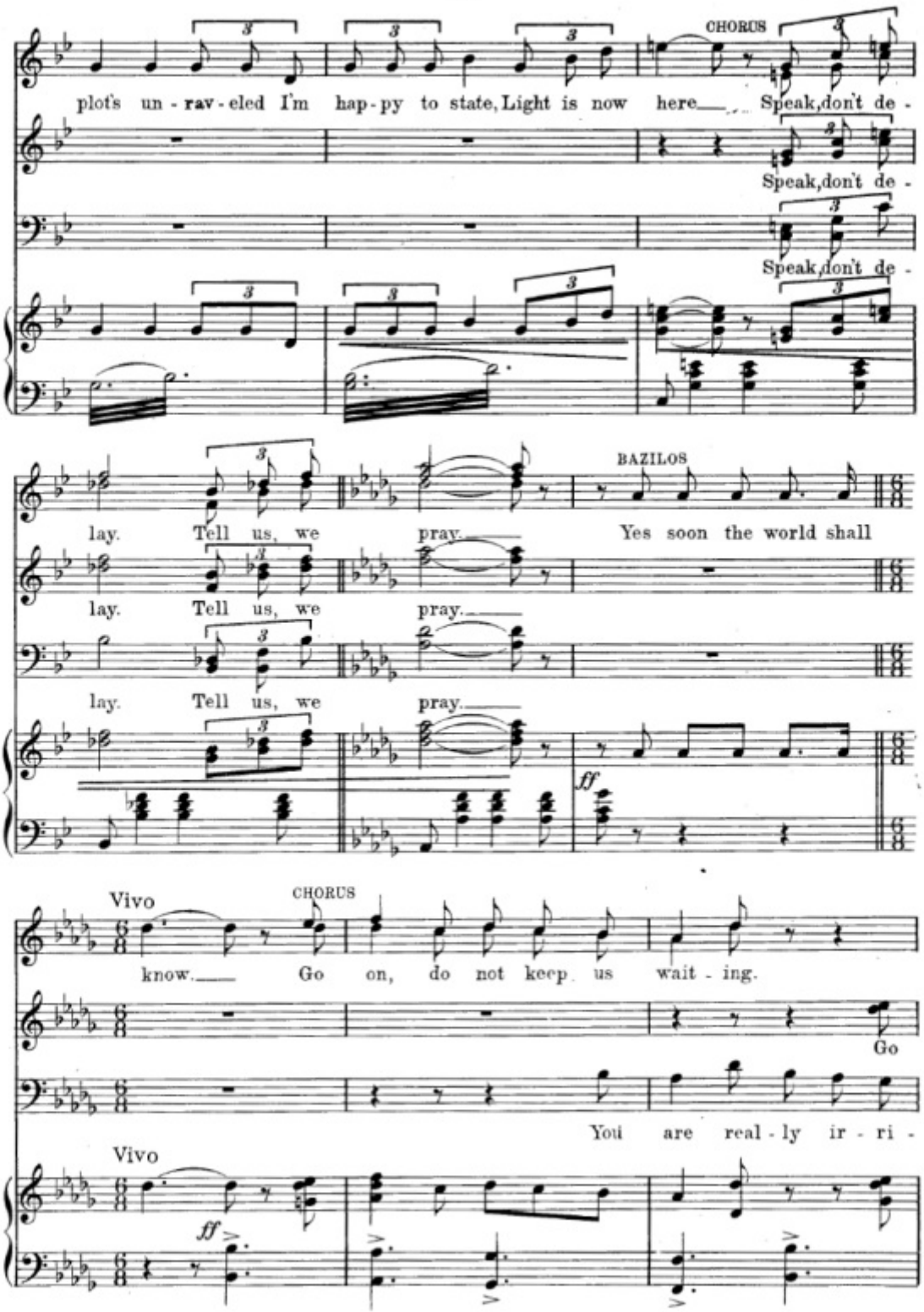
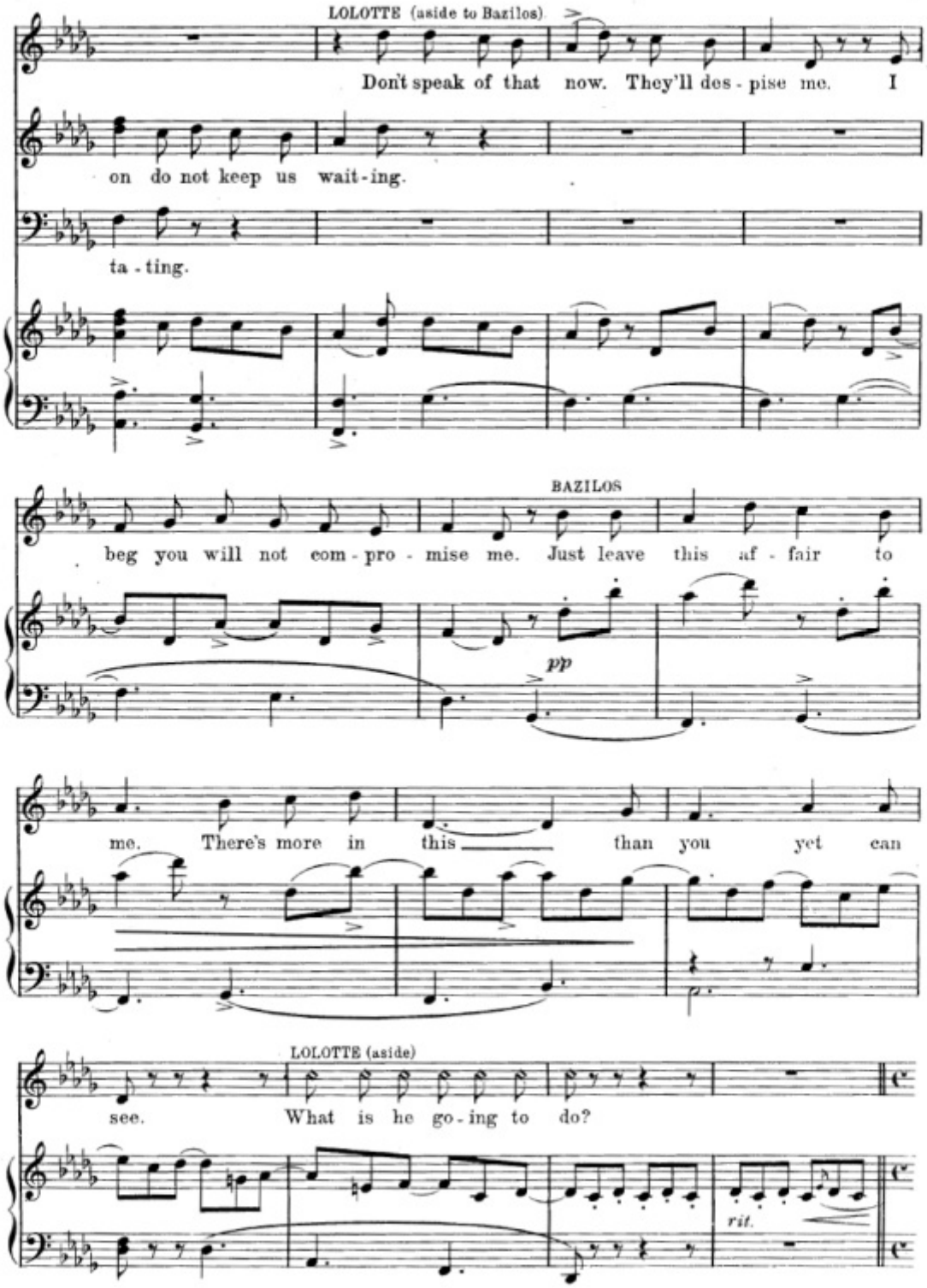
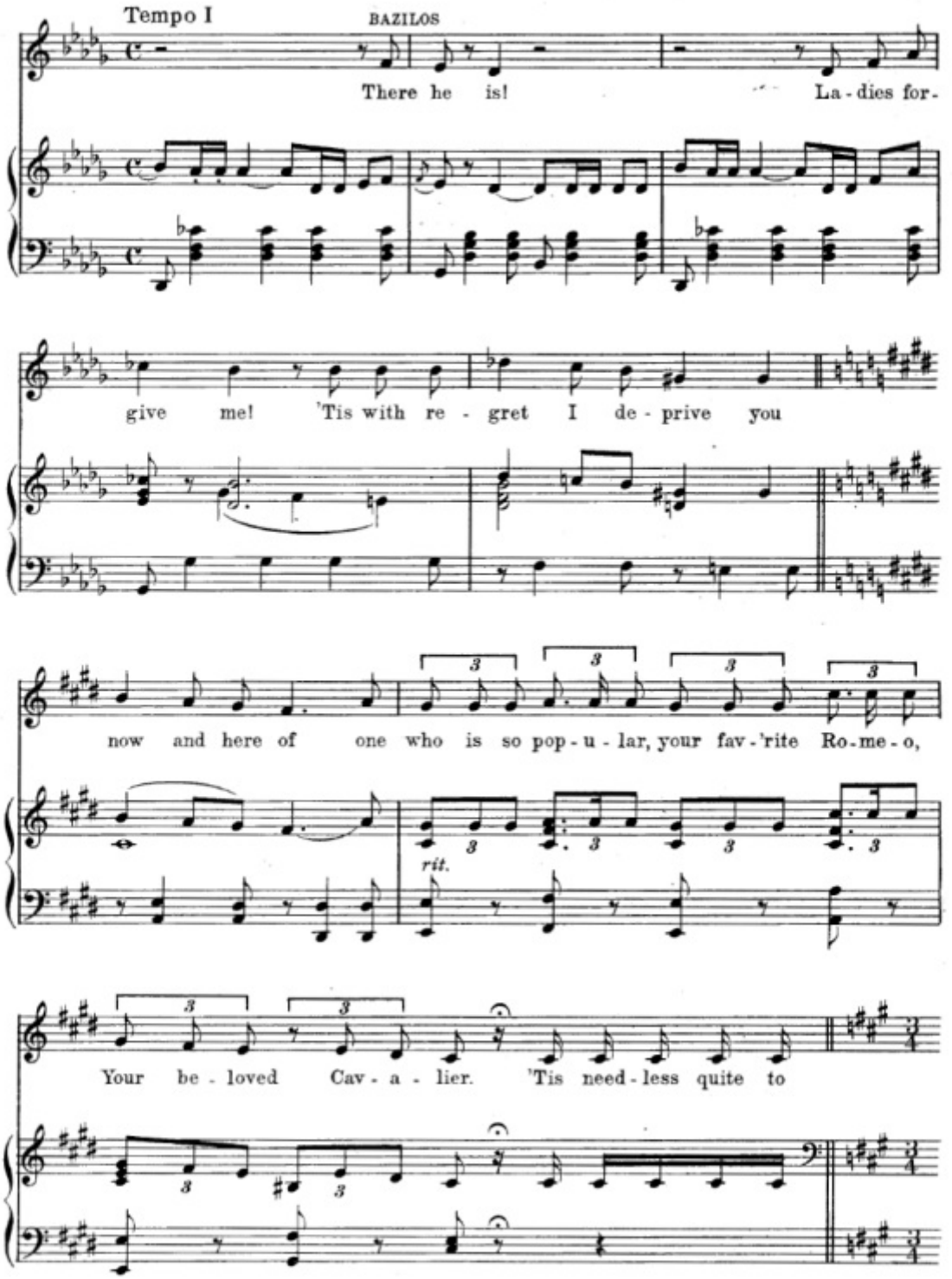

late. The time flies so fast at your charming fete. We hate so to
go But the hour's grow-ing late.
BAZILOS
Oh, wait, I pray you
The time flies so fast at your charming fete.
A while de-lay you. The hour's at hand All's just as I planned.
No, no, our fete is not yet through I have a sur-prise for
f

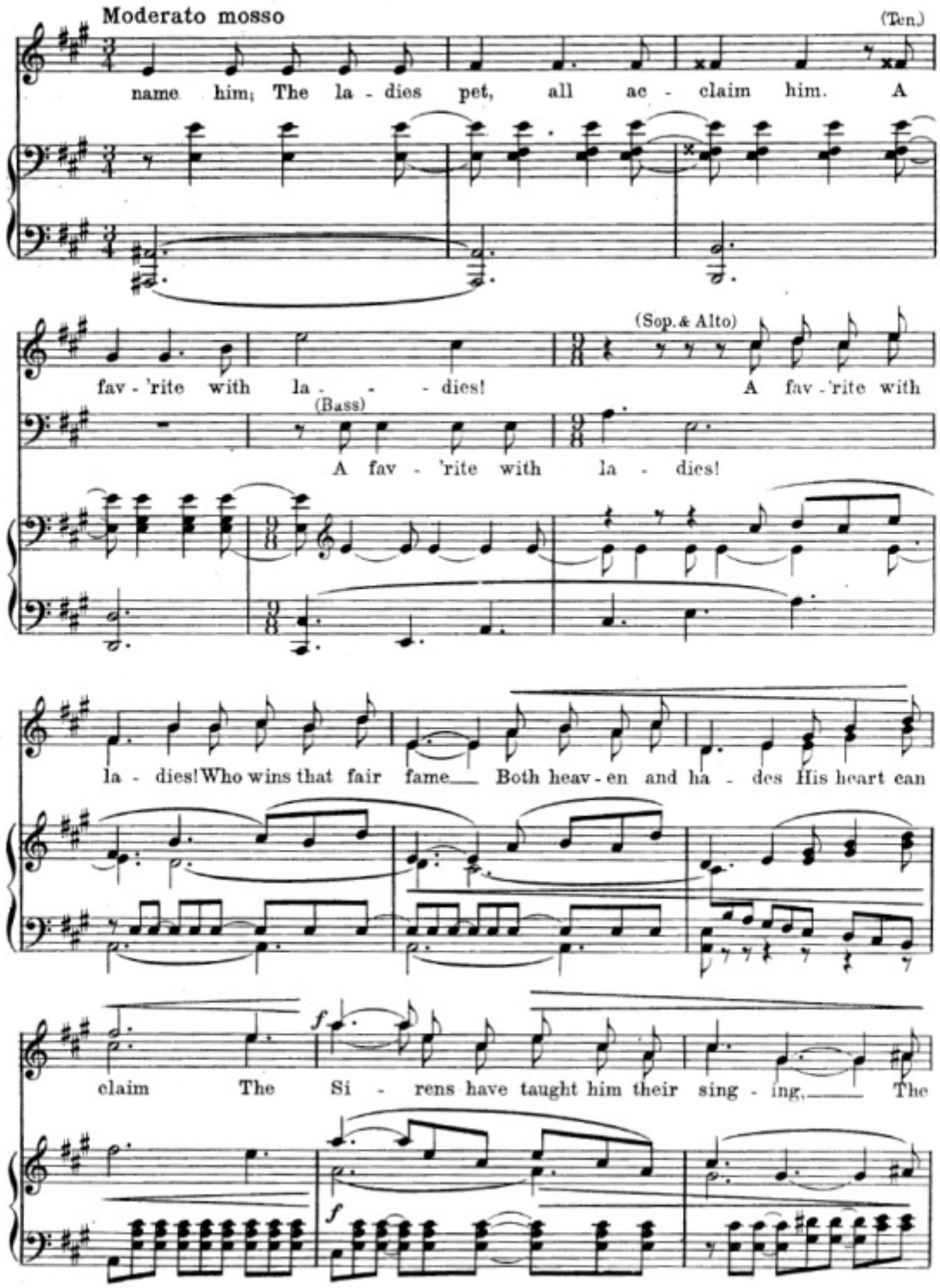

(Sop. & Alto)
you. Surprise!
Sur-prise!
A sen-sa-tion new what
(Tenor)
Surprise!
Surprise!
A sen-sa-tion new what
(Bass)
Surprise!
Sur-prise!
Surprise!
Sur-prise!
A sen-sa-tion new what
f
can it be? Come tell us, pray do.
If it is scan-dal, we love it, you
can it be? Come tell us, pray do.
can it be? Come tell us, pray do.
ff
p
know, Al-tho' to some dear friend it may be a blow.
BAZILOS
We've

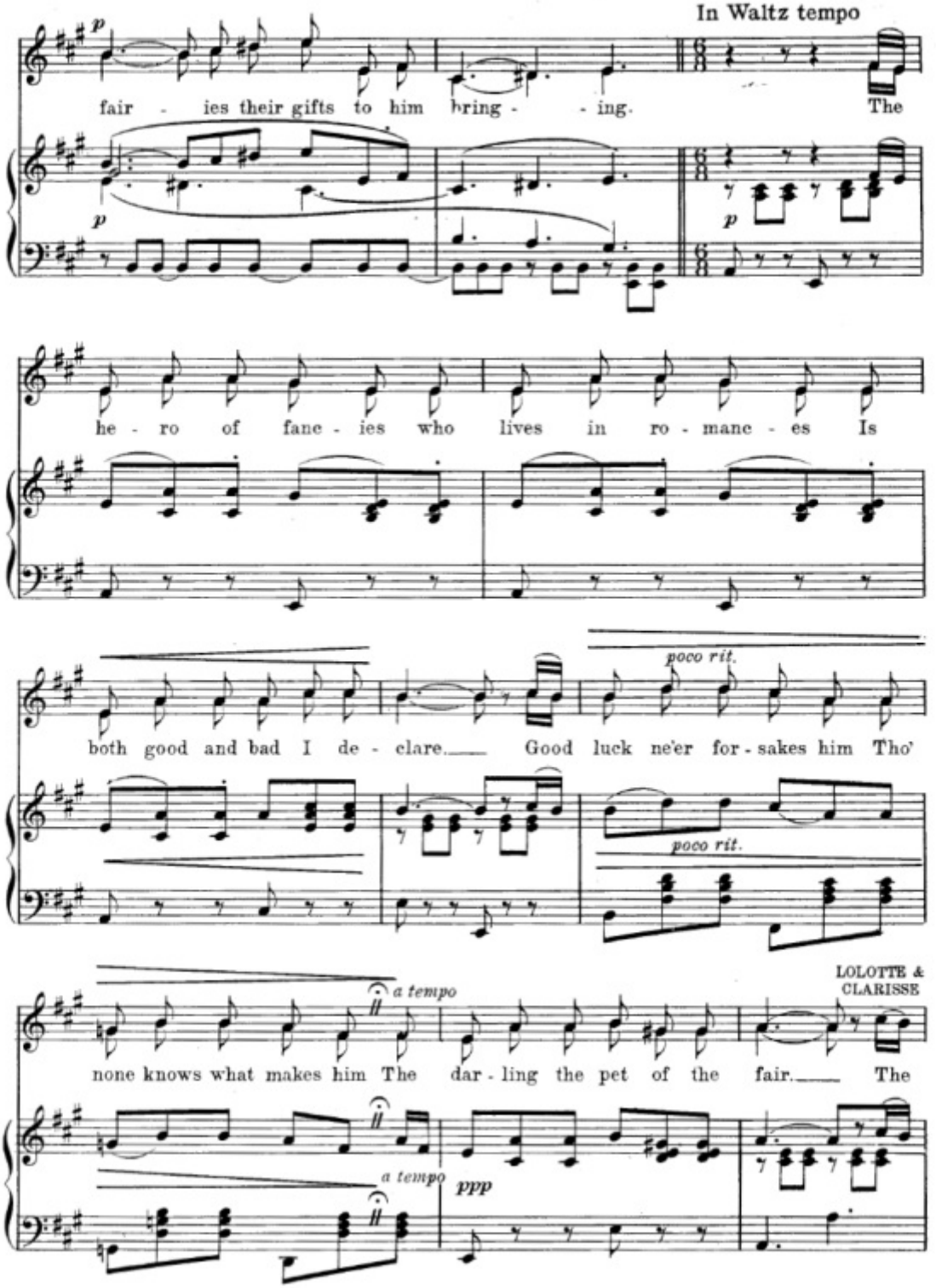

solved this ev - 'ning a mys - ter - y great Now all is
CHORUS
BAZILOS
clear. What does he say? The puz - zling rid - dle that
What does he say?
What does he say?
CHORUS
BAZILOS
vexed us of late Plain will ap - pear. Tell us, we pray. The
Tell us, we pray.
Tell us, we pray.

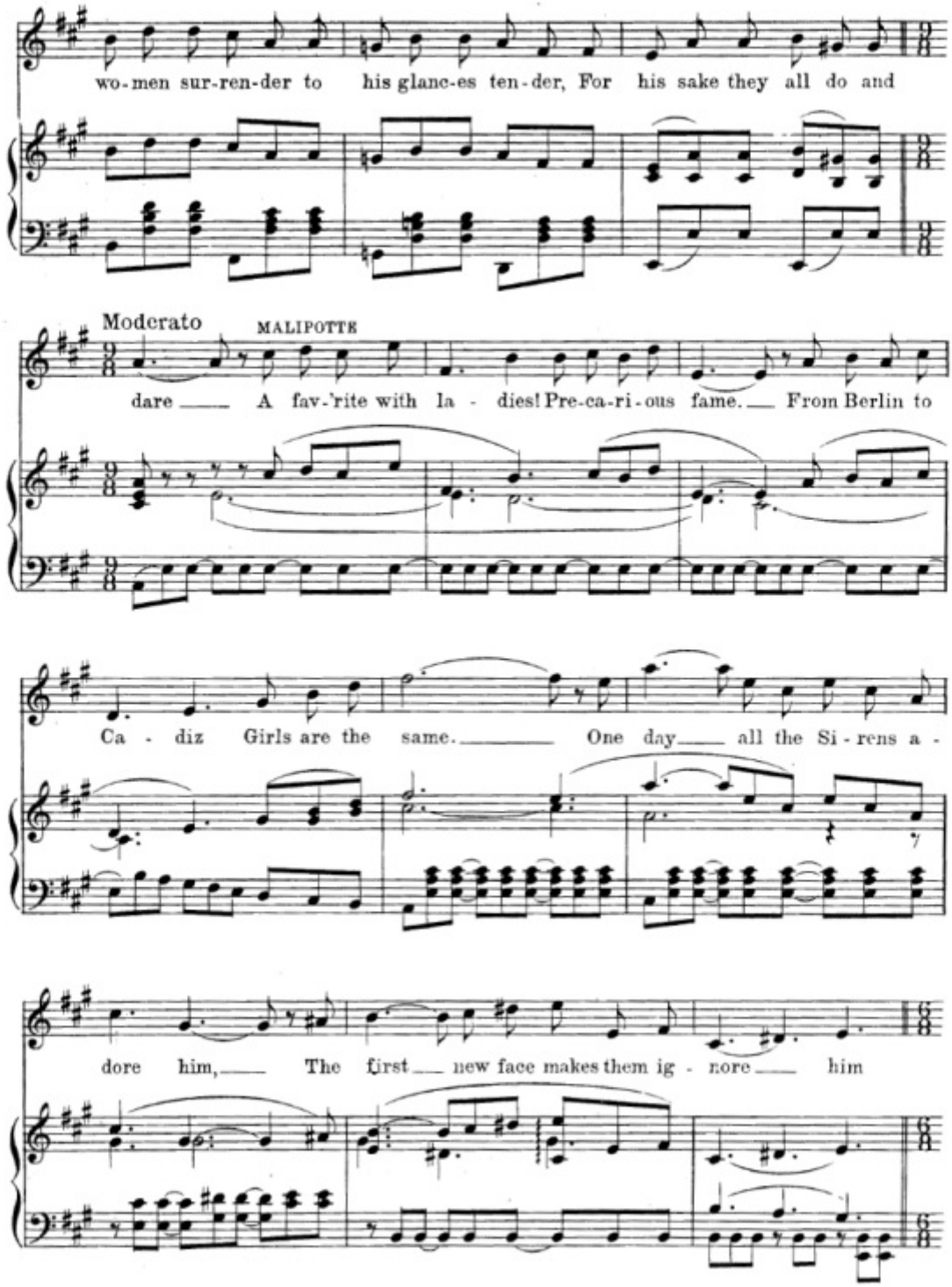

CHORUS
plot's un - rav - eled I'm hap - py to state, Light is now here. Speak, don't de -
Speak, don't de -
Speak, don't de -
BAZILOS
lay. Tell us, we pray. Yes soon the world shall
lay. Tell us, we pray.
lay. Tell us, we pray.
ff
Vivo
CHORUS
know. Go on, do not keep us wait - ing.
Go
You are real - ly ir - ri -
Vivo
ff

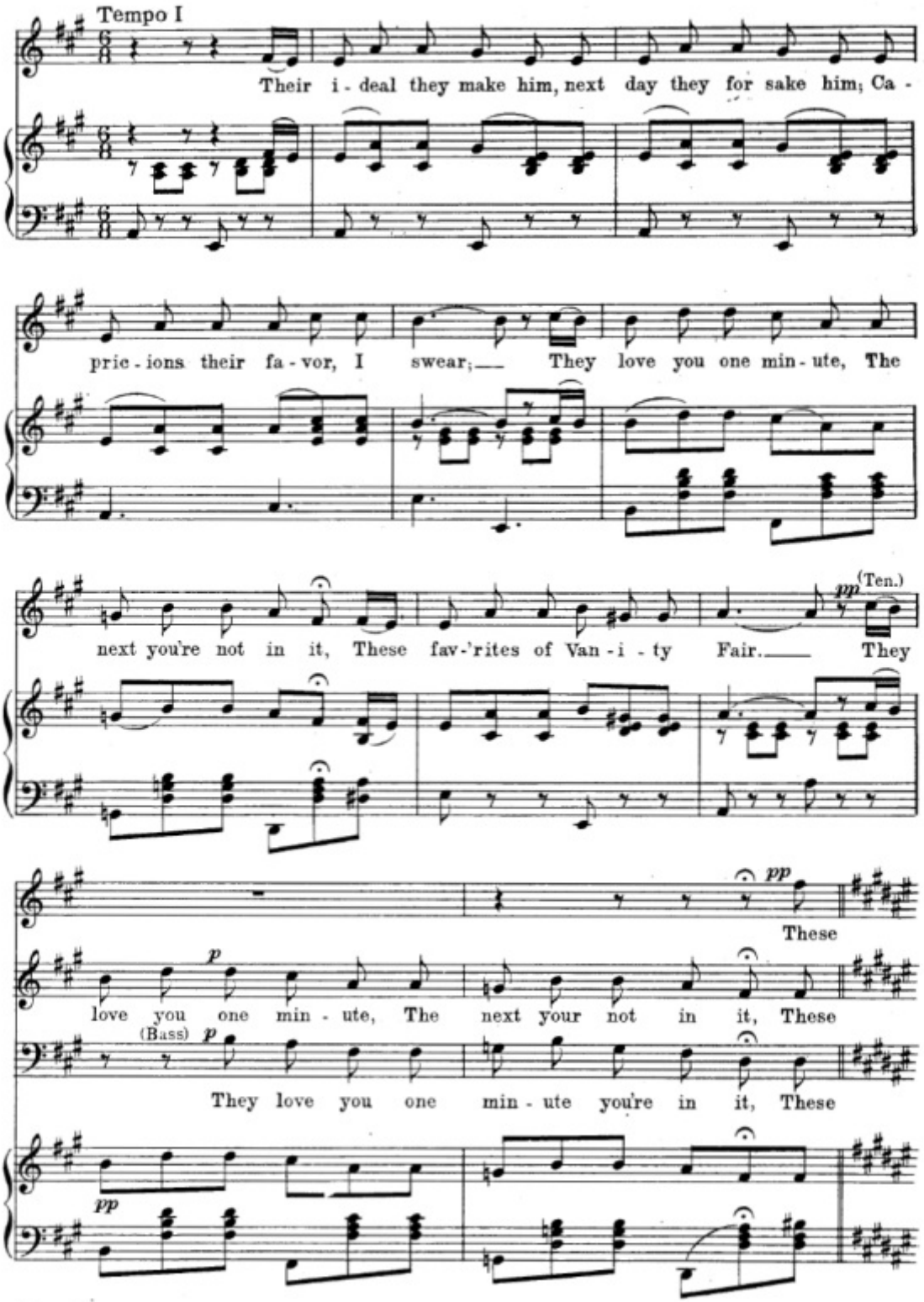

LOLOTTE (aside to Bazilos)
Don't speak of that now. They'll des - pise me. I
on do not keep us wait - ing.
ta - ting.
BAZILOS
beg you will not com - pro - mise me. Just leave this af - fair to
pp
me. There's more in this than you yet can
LOLOTTE (aside)
see. What is he go - ing to do?
rit.

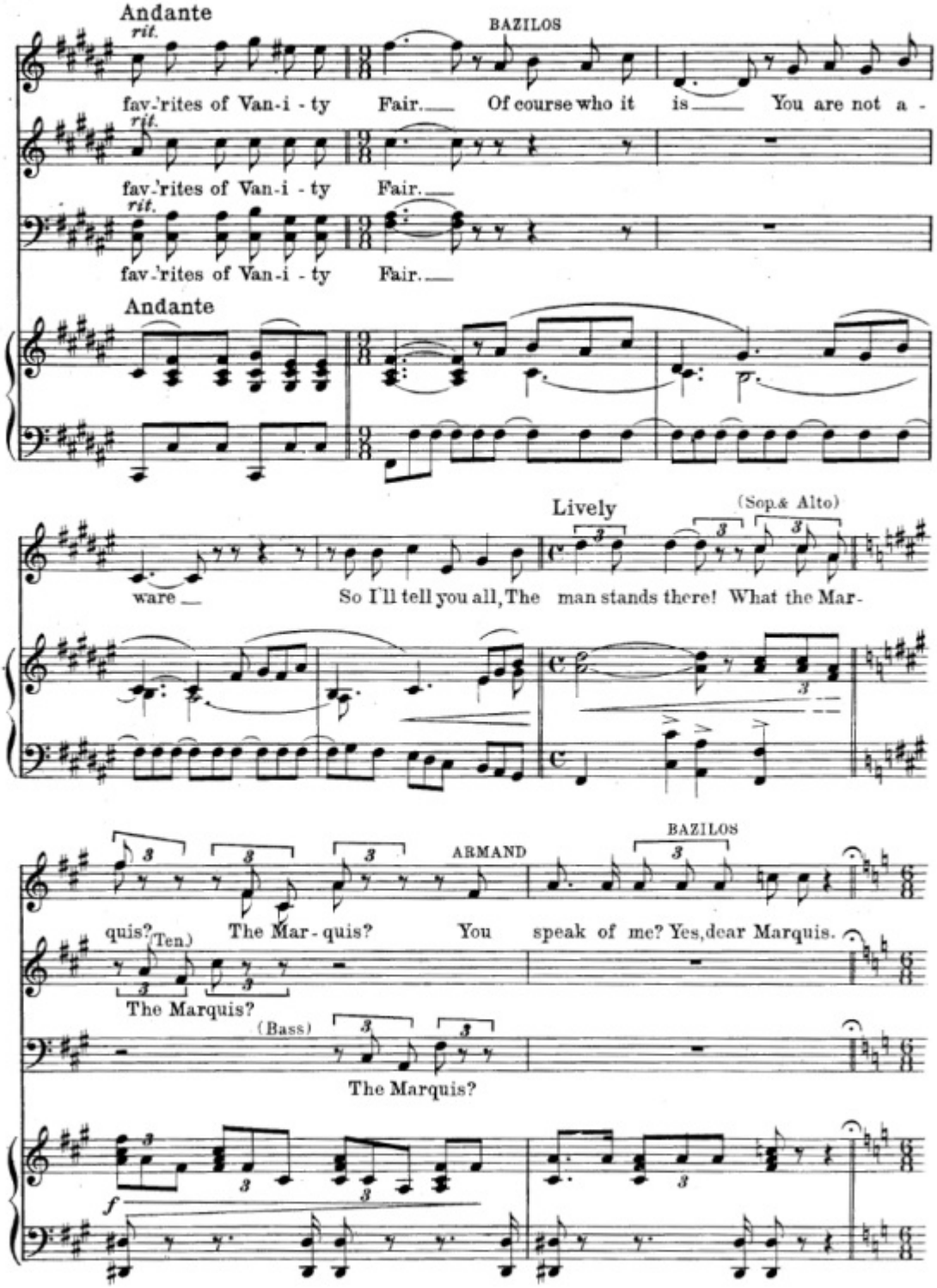

Tempo I
BAZILOS
There he is!
La - dies for-
give me! 'Tis with re - gret I de - prive you
now and here of one who is so pop - u - lar, your fav - 'rite Ro - me - o,
rit.
Your be - loved Cav - a - lier. 'Tis need - less quite to

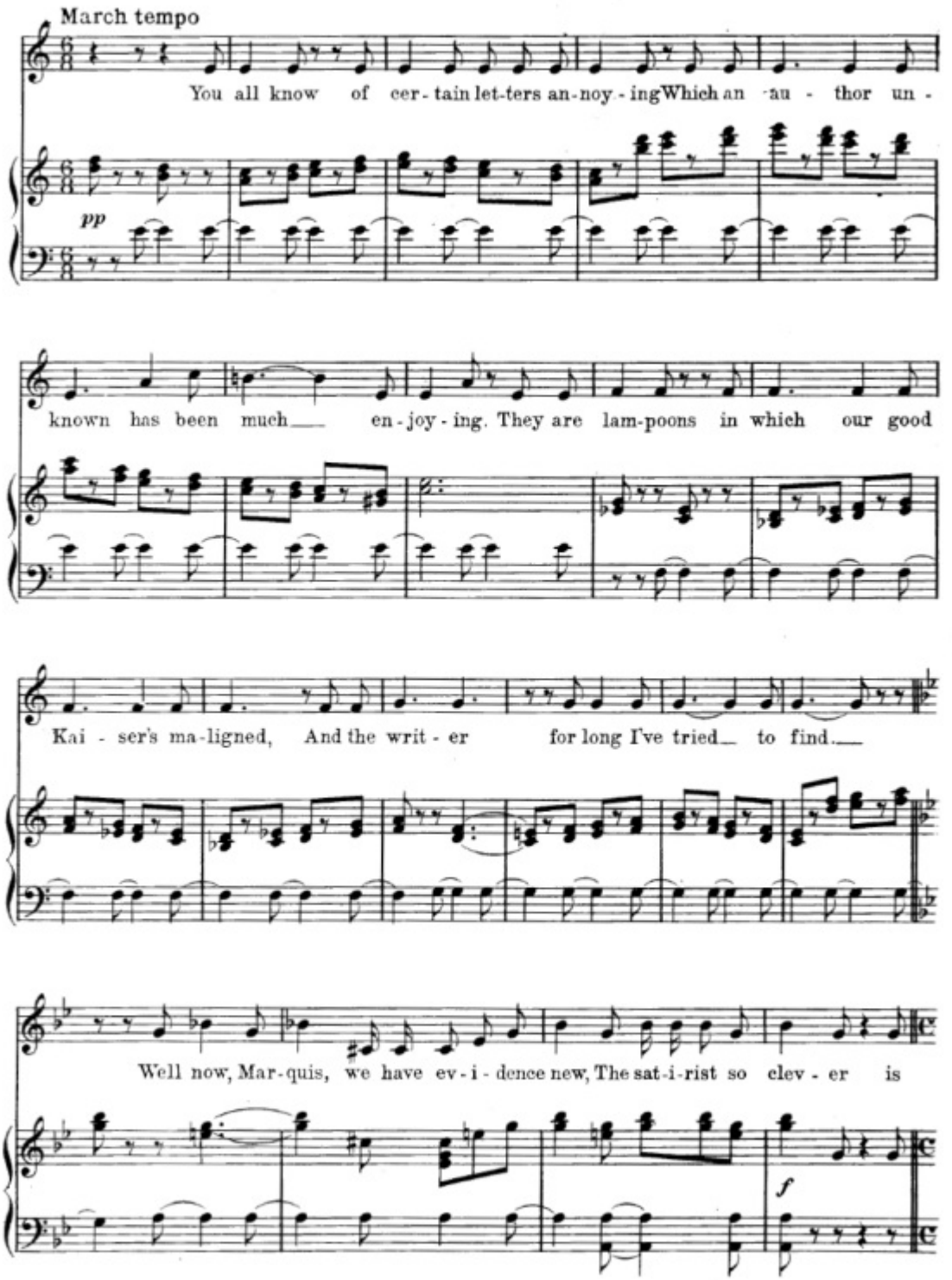

Moderato mosso
(Ten.)
name him; The la - dies pet, all ac - claim him. A
fav - 'rite with la - - - dies!
(Sop. & Alto)
A fav - 'rite with
(Bass)
A fav - 'rite with la - dies!
la - dies! Who wins that fair fame Both heav - en and ha - des His heart can
claim The Si - rens have taught him their sing - ing, The
f
f

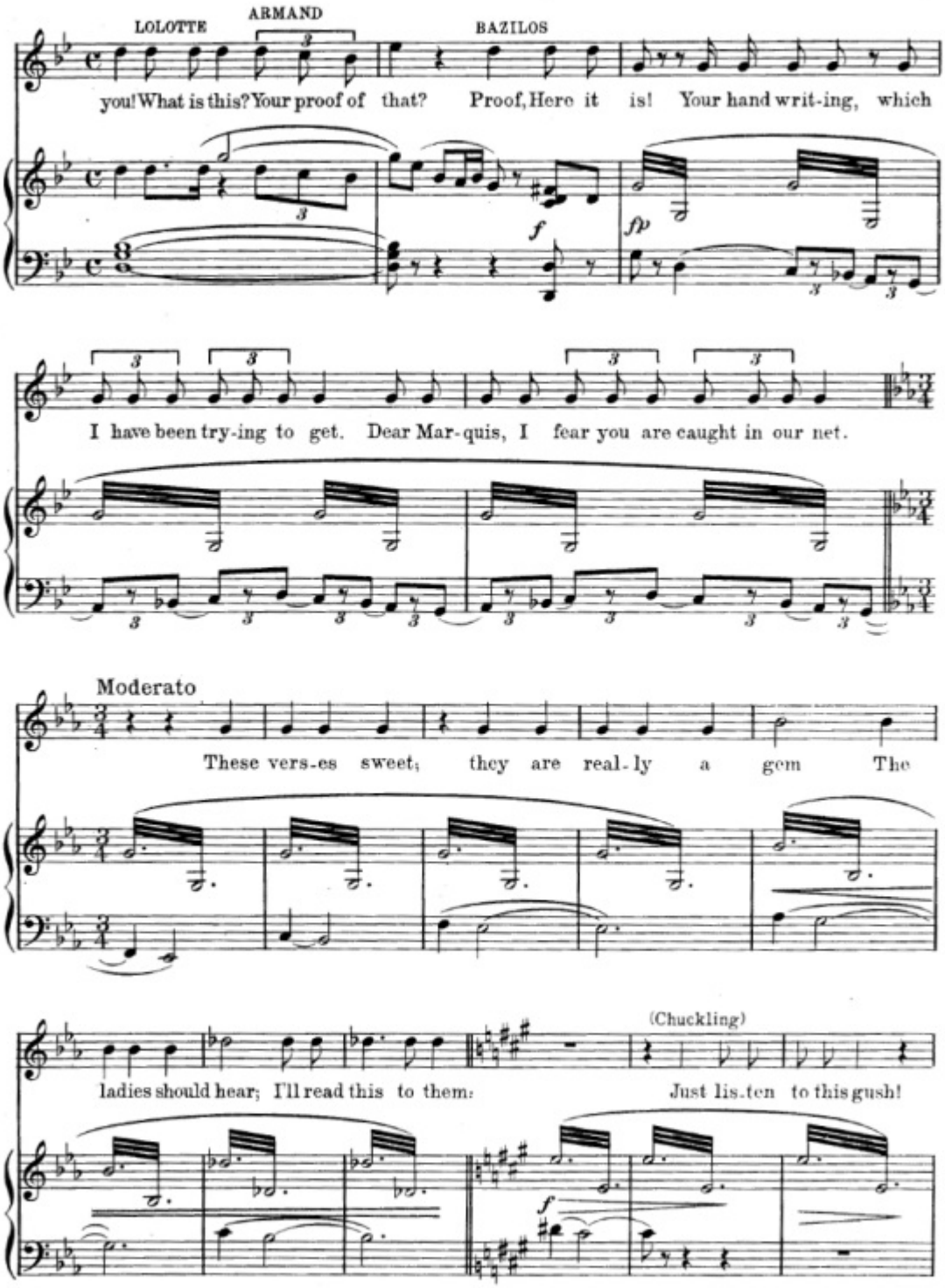

In Waltz tempo
p
fair - ies their gifts to him bring - - ing. The
p
p
he - ro of fane - ies who lives in ro - manc - es Is
both good and bad I de - clare. Good luck ne'er for - sakes him Tho'
poco rit.
poco rit.
LOLOTTE & CLARISSE
a tempo
none knows what makes him The dar - ling the pet of the fair. The
a tempo
ppp

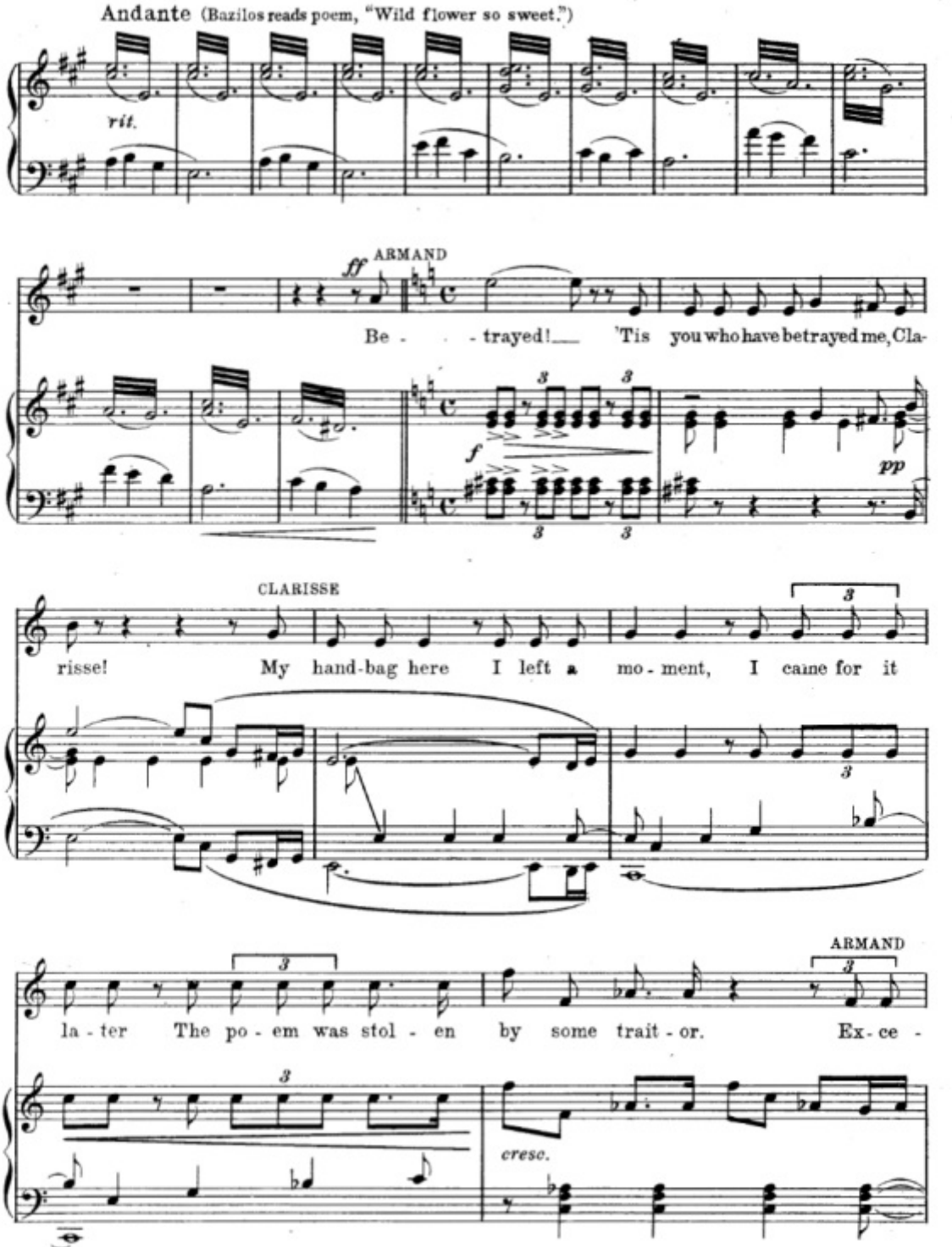

wo-men sur-ren-der to his glanc-es ten-der, For his sake they all do and
Moderato
MALIPOTTE
dare A fav-'rite with la - dies! Pre-ca-ri-ous fame. From Berlin to
Ca - diz Girls are the same. One day all the Si-rens a -
dore him, The first new face makes them ig - nore him

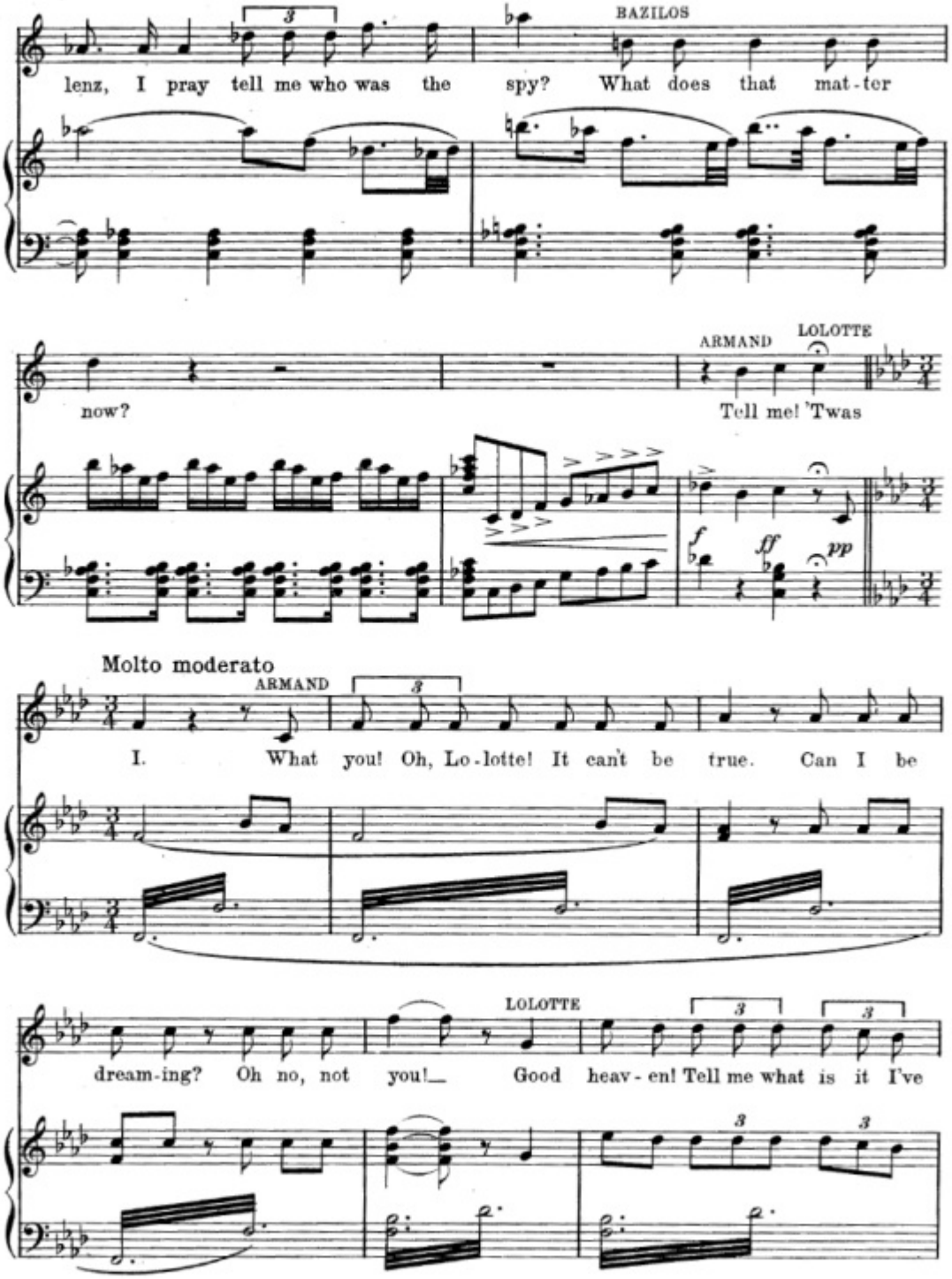

Tempo I
Their i - deal they make him, next day they for sake him; Ca -
pric - ions their fa - vor, I swear; They love you one min - ute, The
next you're not in it, These fav-'rites of Van - i - ty Fair. They
(Ten.)
pp
These
love you one min - ute, The next your not in it, These
(Bass)
They love you one min - ute you're in it, These

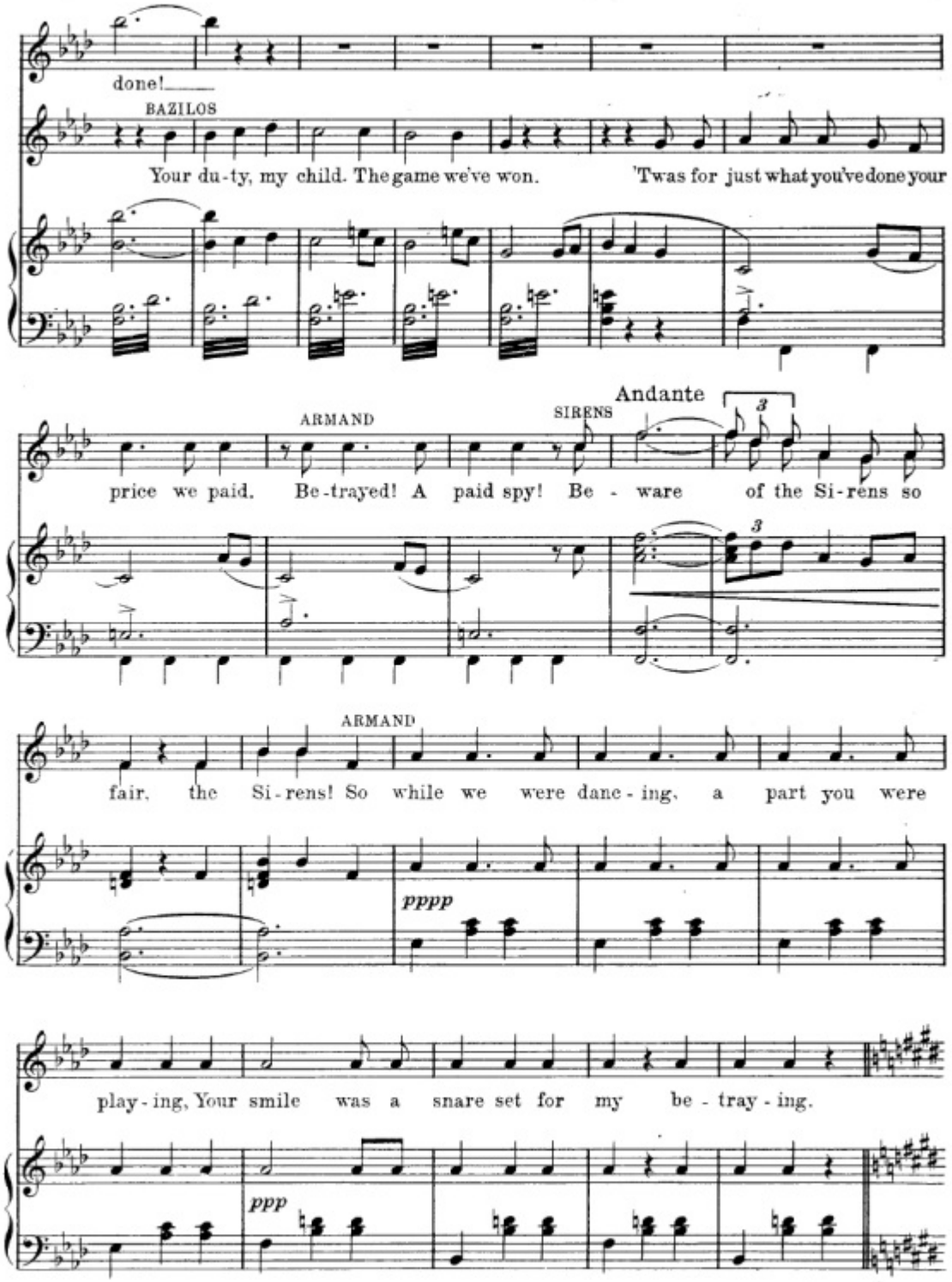

Andante
rit.
BAZILOS
fav-'rites of Van-i - ty Fair. Of course who it is You are not a -
fav-'rites of Van-i - ty Fair.
fav-'rites of Van-i - ty Fair.
Andante
Lively
(Sop.& Alto)
ware So I'll tell you all, The man stands there! What the Mar-
ARMAND
BAZILOS
quis? The Mar - quis? You speak of me? Yes, dear Marquis.
(Ten.)
The Marquis?
(Bass)
The Marquis?
f

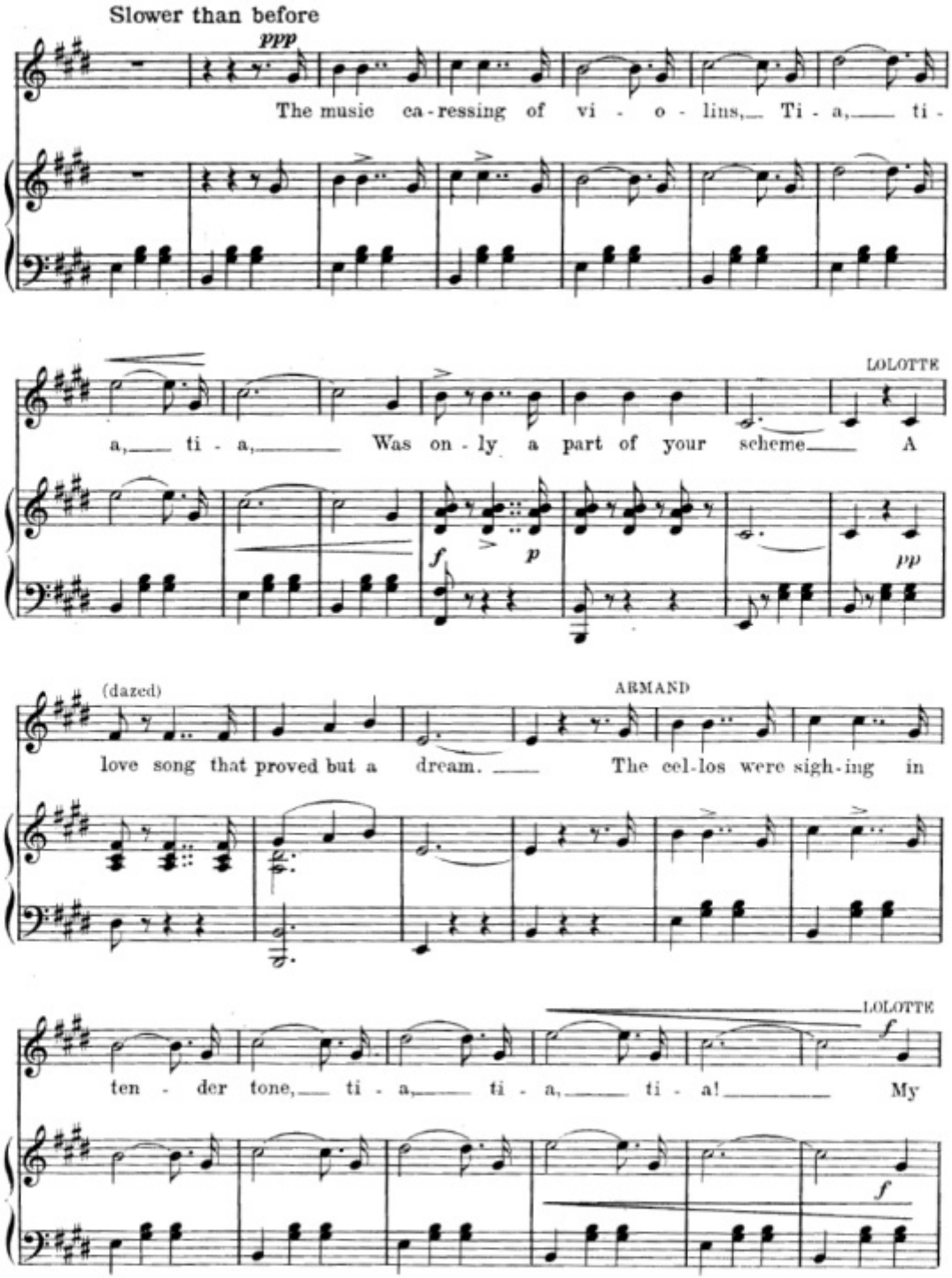

March tempo
You all know of cer - tain let-ters an-noy - ingWhich an -au - thor un -
pp
known has been much en - joy - ing. They are lam-poons in which our good
Kai - ser's ma-ligned, And the writ - er for long I've tried to find.
Well now, Mar-quis, we have ev - i - dence new, The sat-i-rist so clev - er is
f

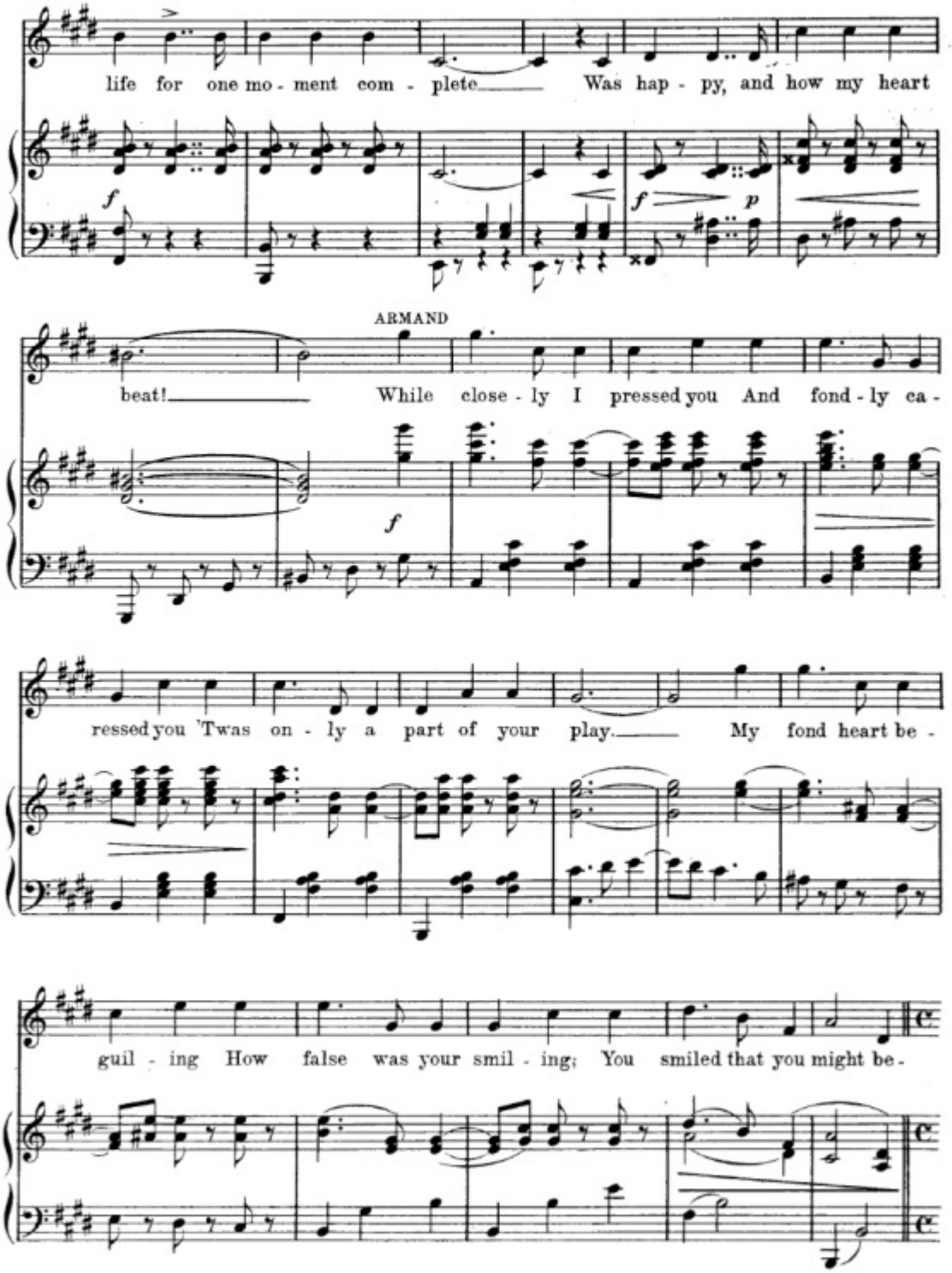

LOLOTTE
ARMAND
BAZILOS
you! What is this? Your proof of that? Proof, Here it is! Your hand writ-ing, which
I have been try-ing to get. Dear Mar-quis, I fear you are caught in our net.
Moderato
These vers-es sweet; they are real-ly a gem The
(Chuckling)
ladies should hear; I'll read this to them: Just lis-ten to this gush!

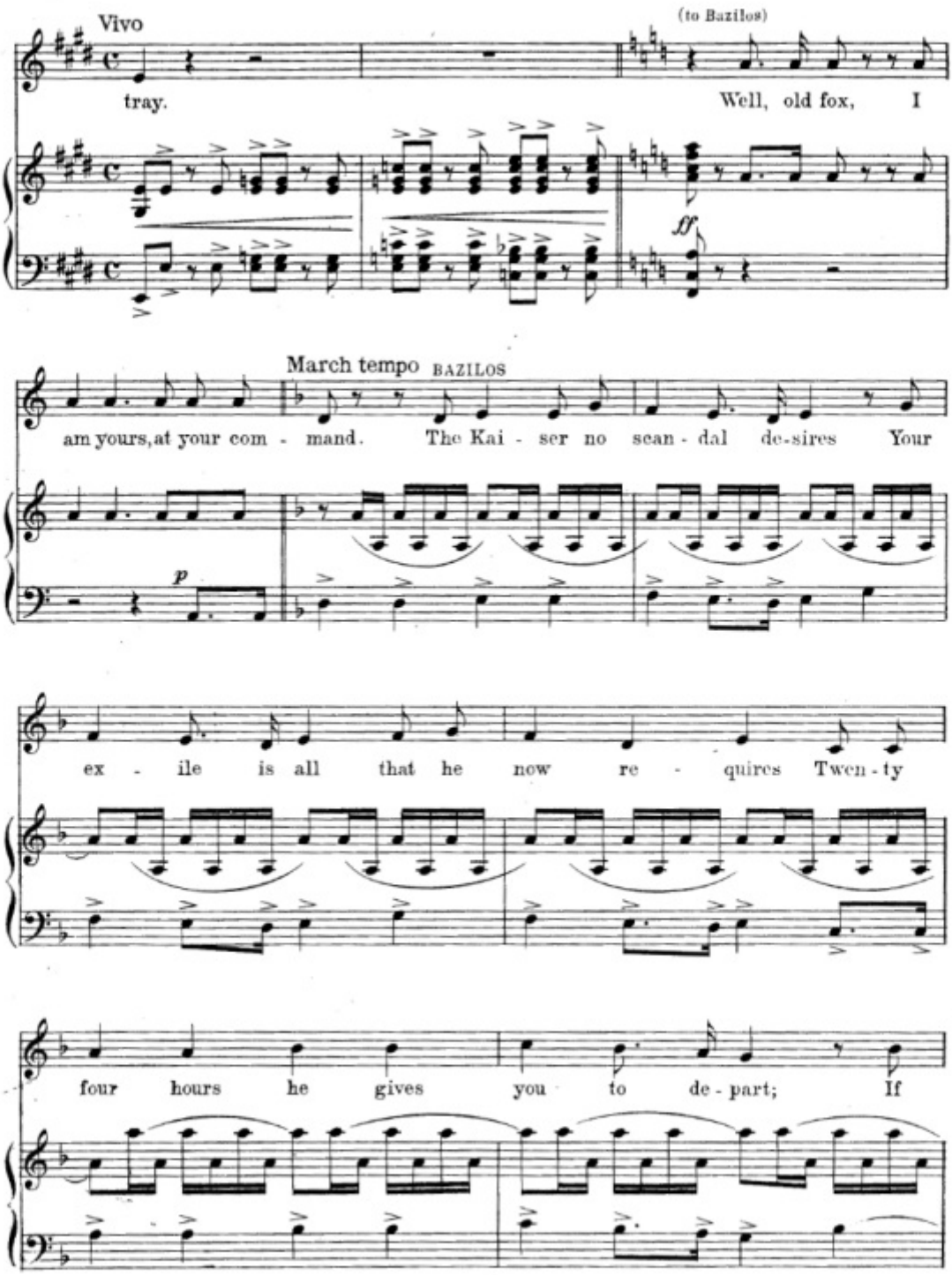

Andante (Bazilos reads poem, "Wild flower so sweet.")
rit.
ff
ARMAND
Be - - trayed! 'Tis you who have betrayed me, Cla-
f
pp
CLARISSE
risse! My hand-bag here I left a mo - ment, I came for it
ARMAND
la - ter The po - em was stol - en by some trait - or. Ex - ce -
cresc.

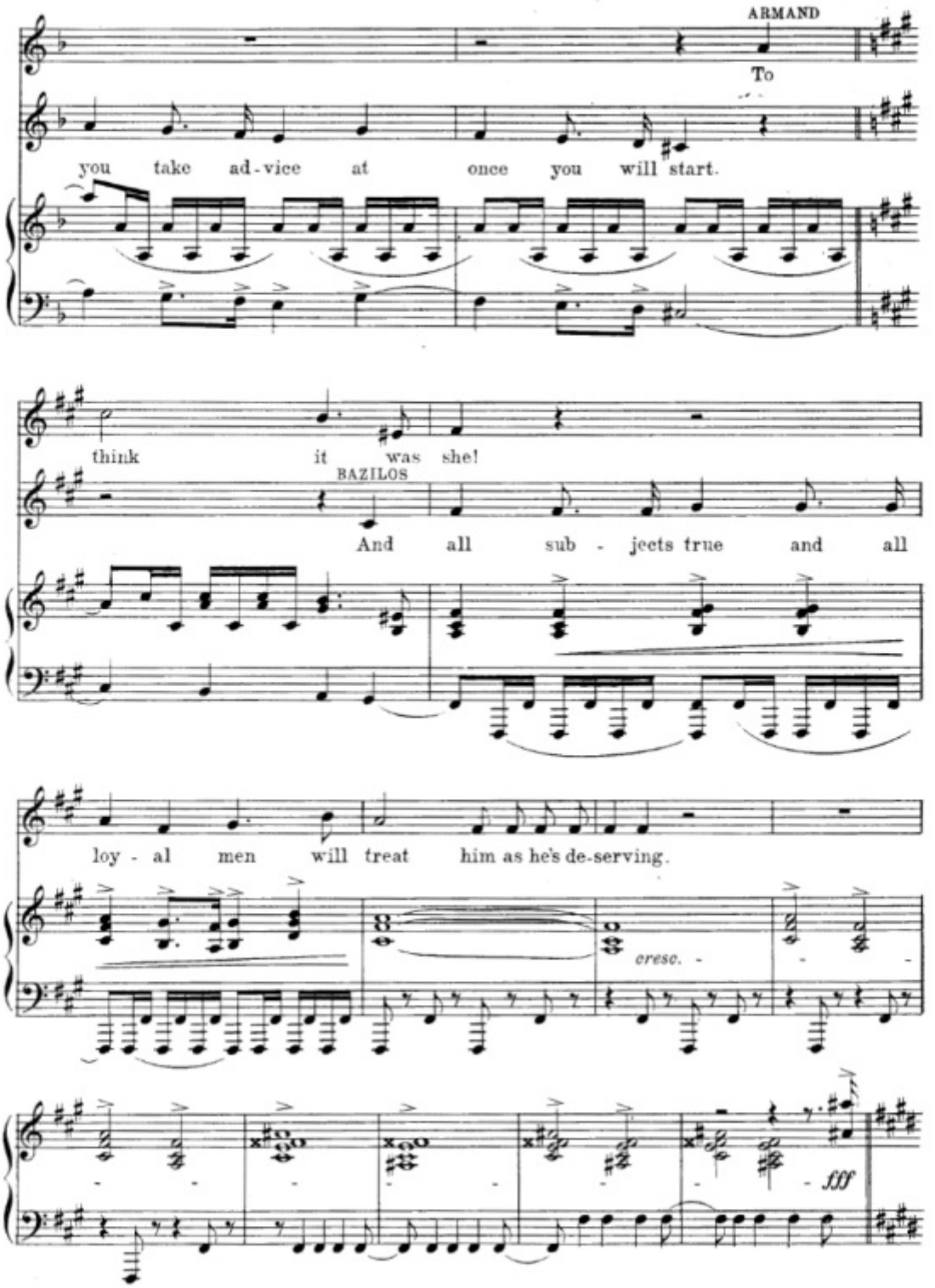

BAZILOS
lenz, I pray tell me who was the spy? What does that mat-ter
ARMAND
LOLOTTE
now?
Tell me! 'Twas
f
ff
pp
Molto moderato
ARMAND
I. What you! Oh, Lo-lotte! It can't be true. Can I be
LOLOTTE
dream-ing? Oh no, not you! Good heav-en! Tell me what is it I've

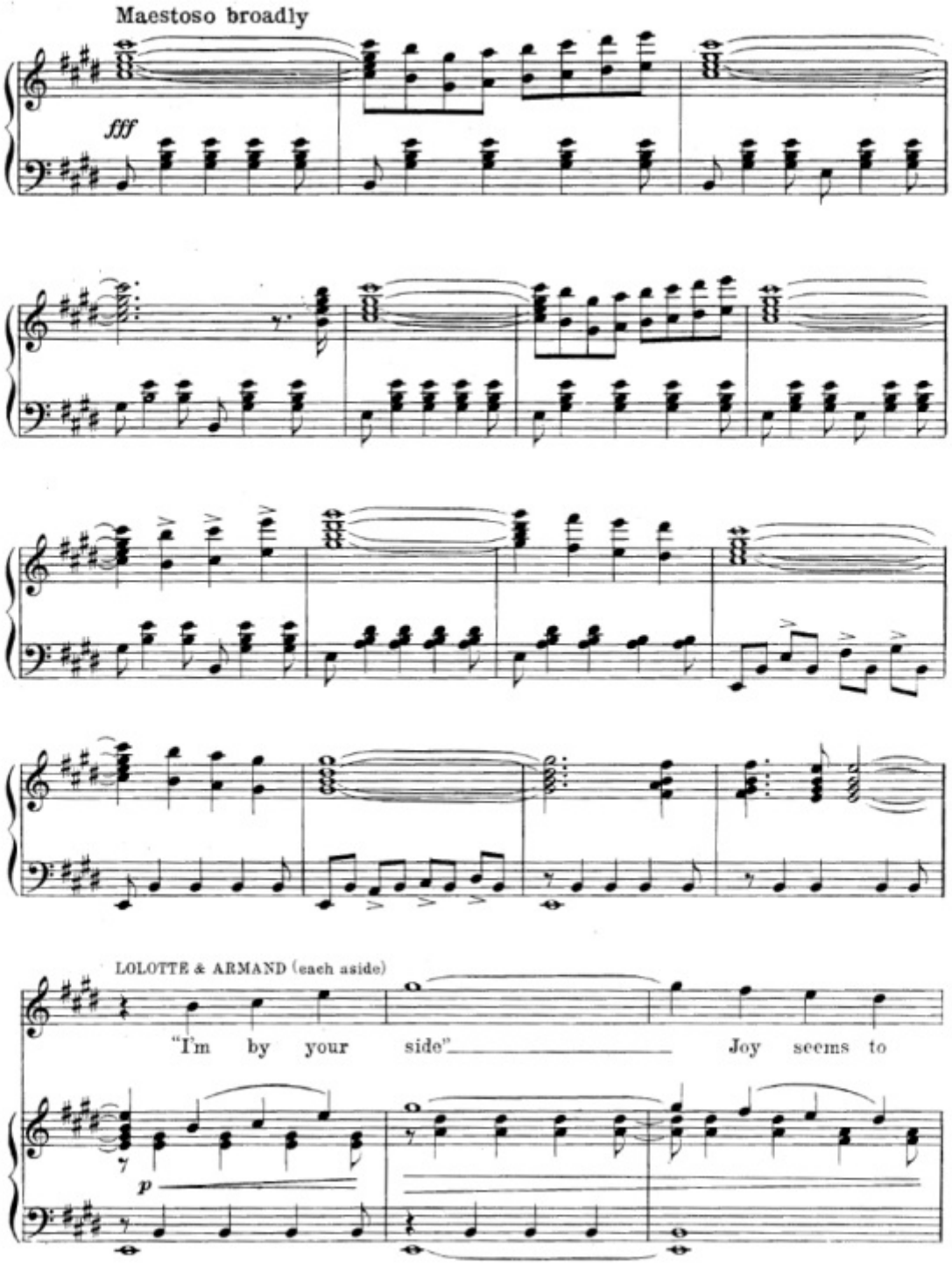

done!
BAZILOS
Your du-ty, my child. The game we've won. 'Twas for just what you've done your
Andante
ARMAND
SIRENS
price we paid. Be-trayed! A paid spy! Be - ware of the Si-rens so
ARMAND
fair, the Si-rens! So while we were danc-ing, a part you were
pppp
play-ing, Your smile was a snare set for my be-tray-ing.
ppp

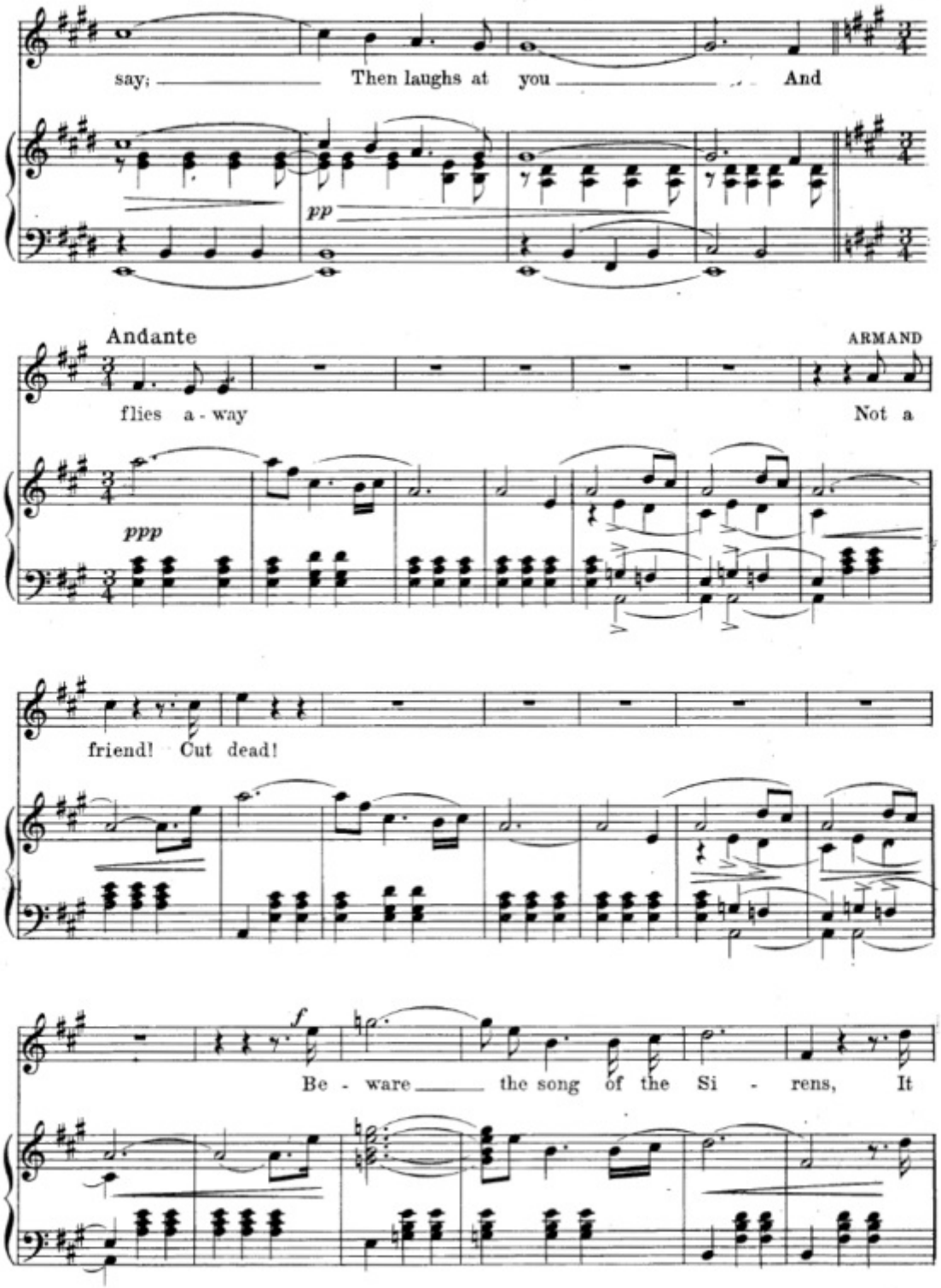

Slower than before
ppp
The music ca-ressing of vi - o - lins, Ti - a, ti -
LOLOTTE
a, ti - a, Was on - ly a part of your scheme A
f
p
pp
(dazed)
ARMAND
love song that proved but a dream. The cel-los were sigh-ing in
LOLOTTE
f
ten - der tone, ti - a, ti - a, ti - a! My
f

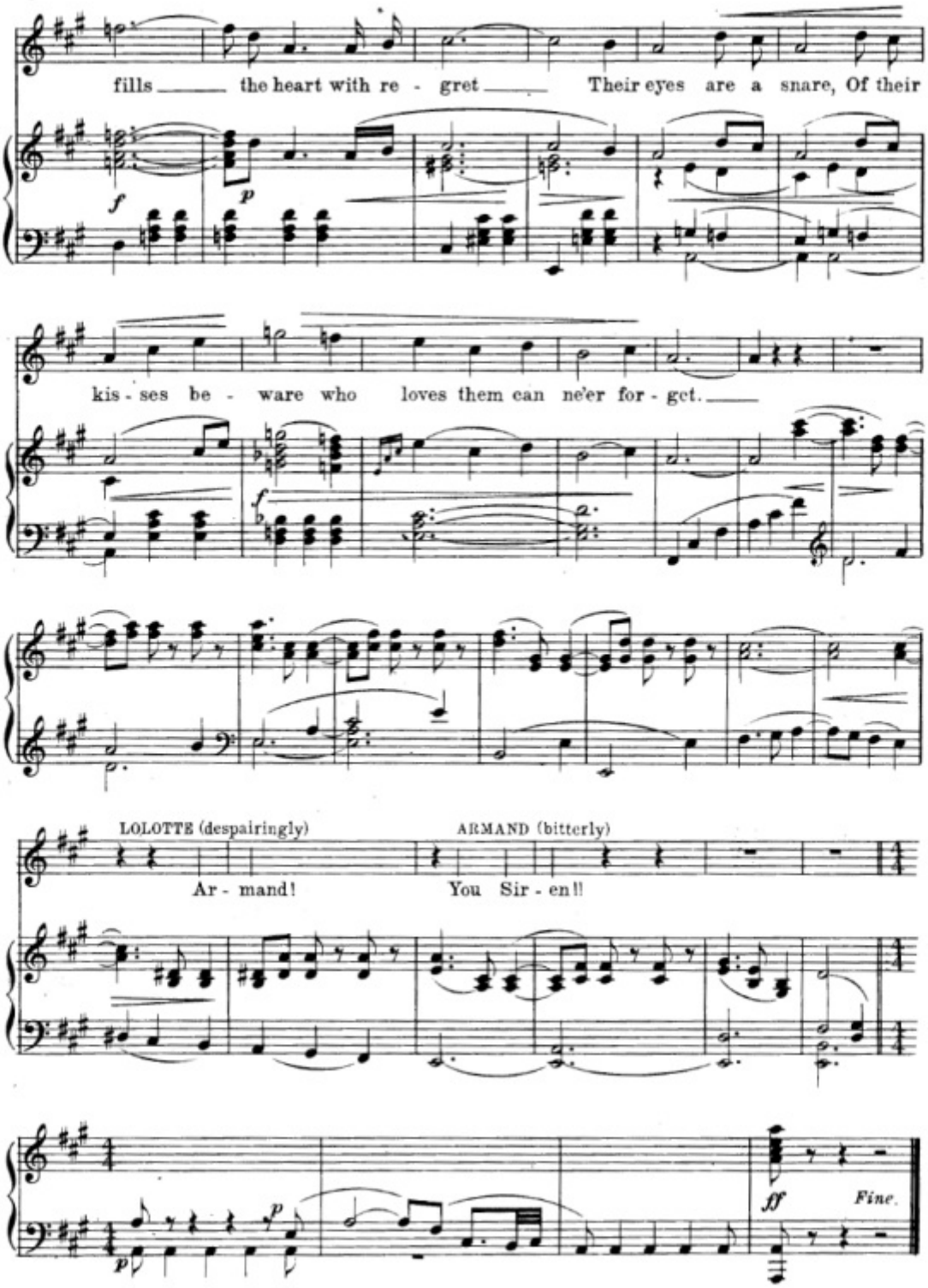

life for one mo - ment com - plete Was hap - py, and how my heart
ARMAND
beat! While close - ly I pressed you And fond - ly ca -
ressed you 'Twas on - ly a part of your play. My fond heart be -
guil - ing How false was your smil - ing; You smiled that you might be -


Vivo
tray.
(to Bazilos)
Well, old fox, I
ff
March tempo BAZILOS
am yours, at your com - mand. The Kai - ser no scan - dal de-sires Your
p
ex - ile is all that he now re - quires Twen - ty
four hours he gives you to de - part; If


ARMAND
To
you take ad-vice at once you will start.
think it was she!
BAZILOS
And all sub - jects true and all
loy - al men will treat him as he's de-serving.
cresc.
fff

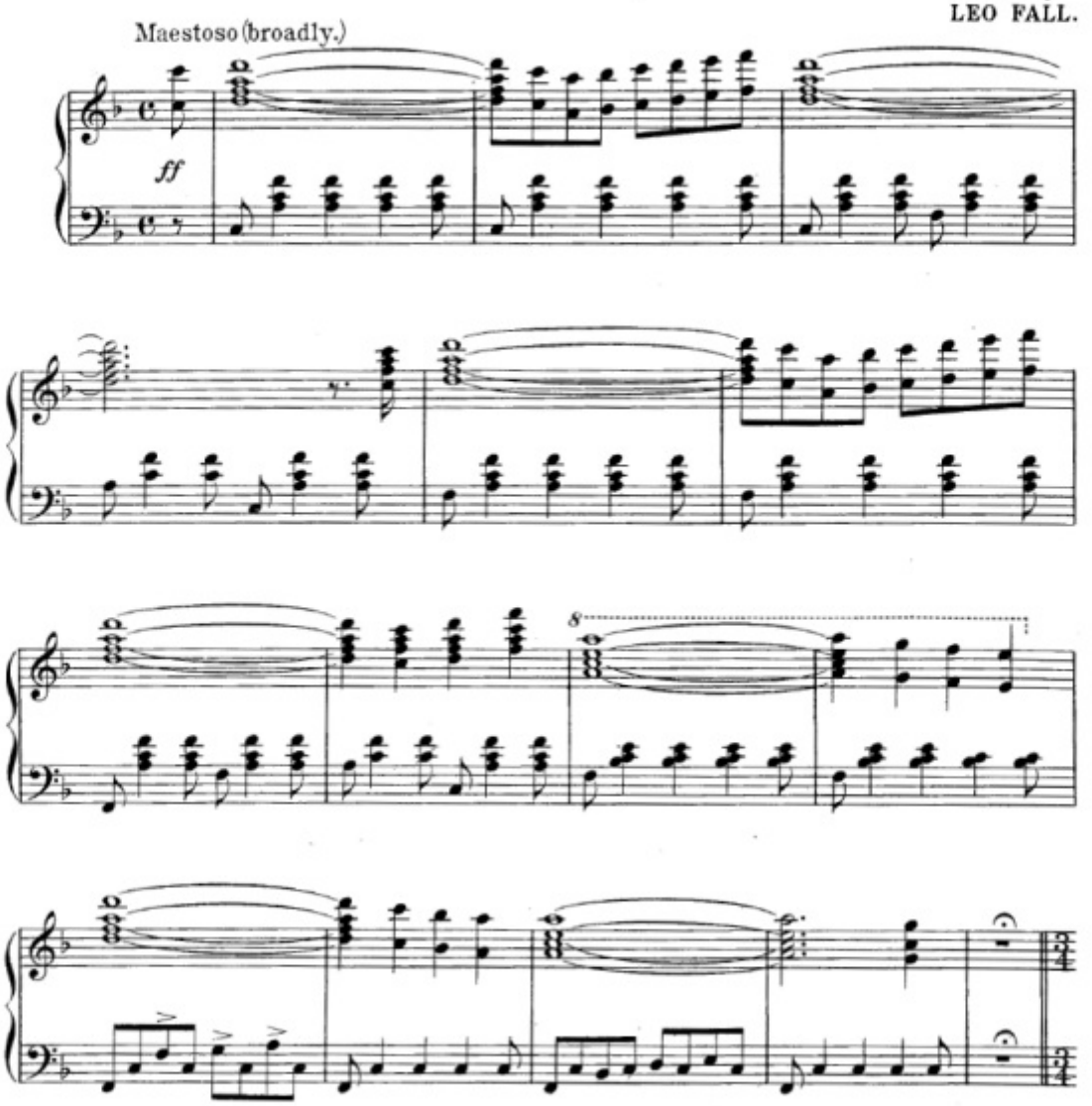

Maestoso broadly
fff
LOLOTTE & ARMAND (each aside)
"I'm by your side"
Joy seems to
p


say; Then laughs at you And
pp
Andante
ARMAND
flies a - way
Not a
ppp
friend! Cut dead!
f
Be - ware the song of the Si - rens, It


fills the heart with re - gret Their eyes are a snare, Of their
kis - ses be - ware who loves them can ne'er for - get.
LOLOTTE (despairingly)
Ar - mand!
ARMAND (bitterly)
You Sir - en!!
Fine.

Nº 11. Entre Acte.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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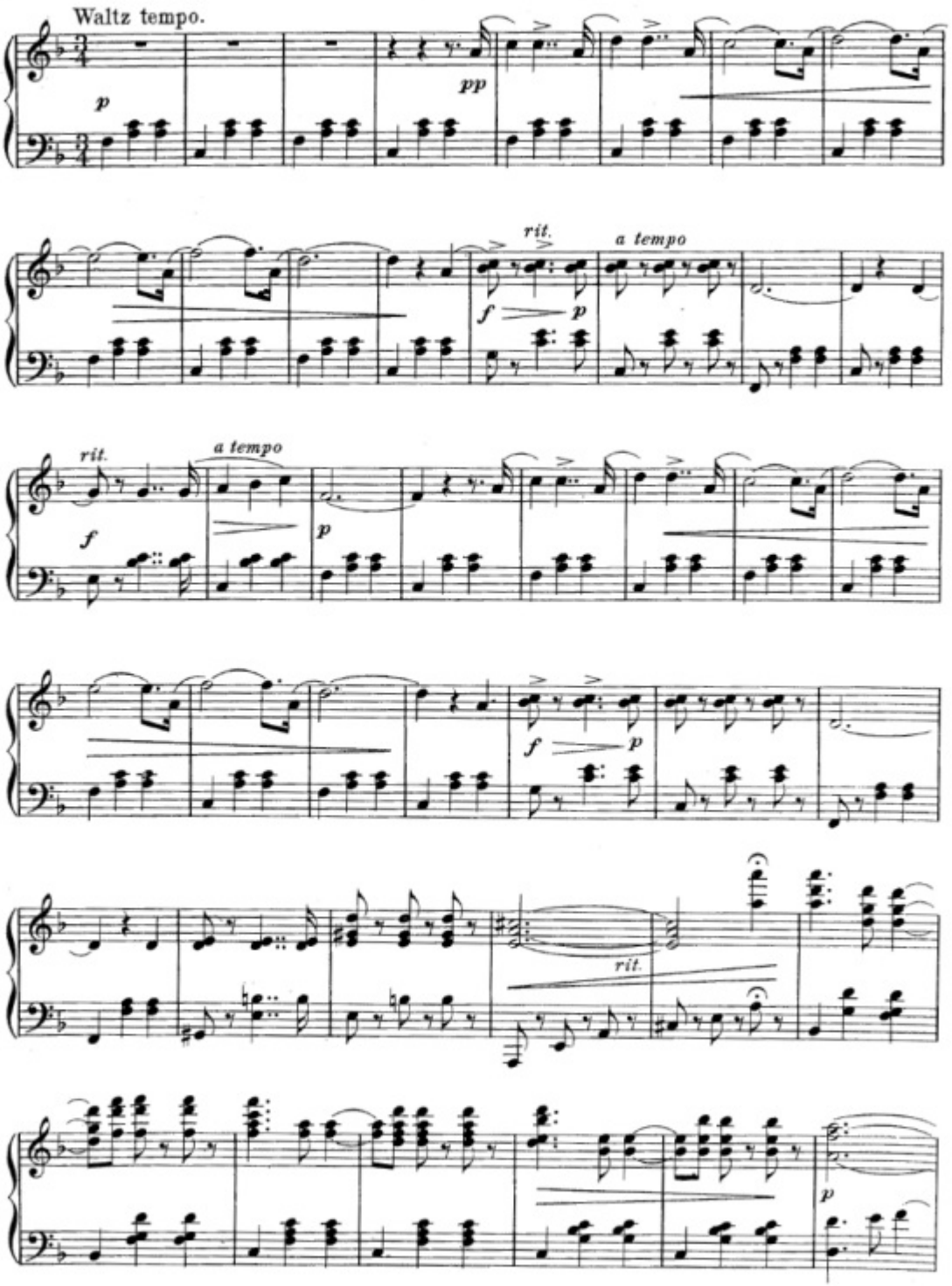
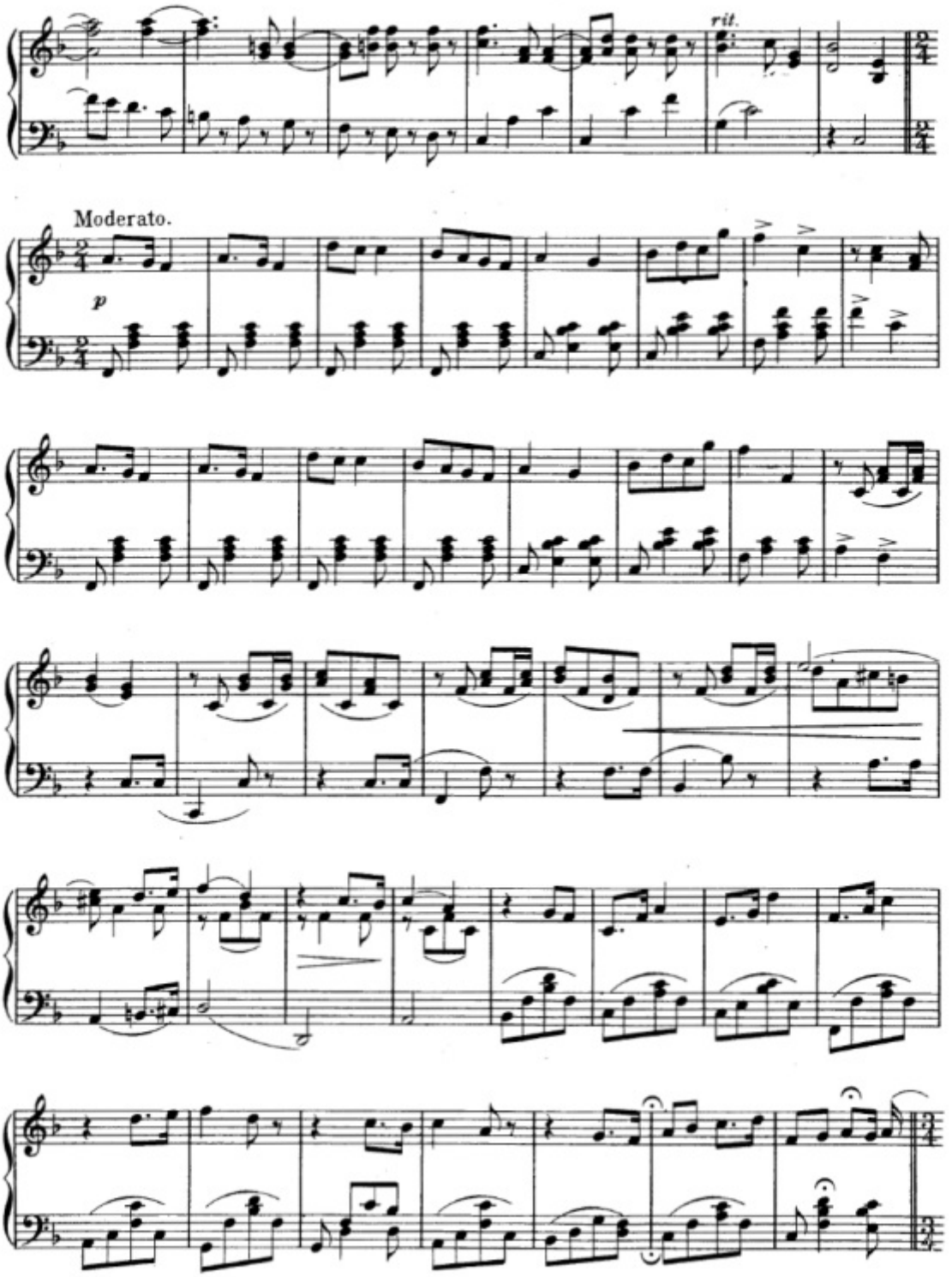
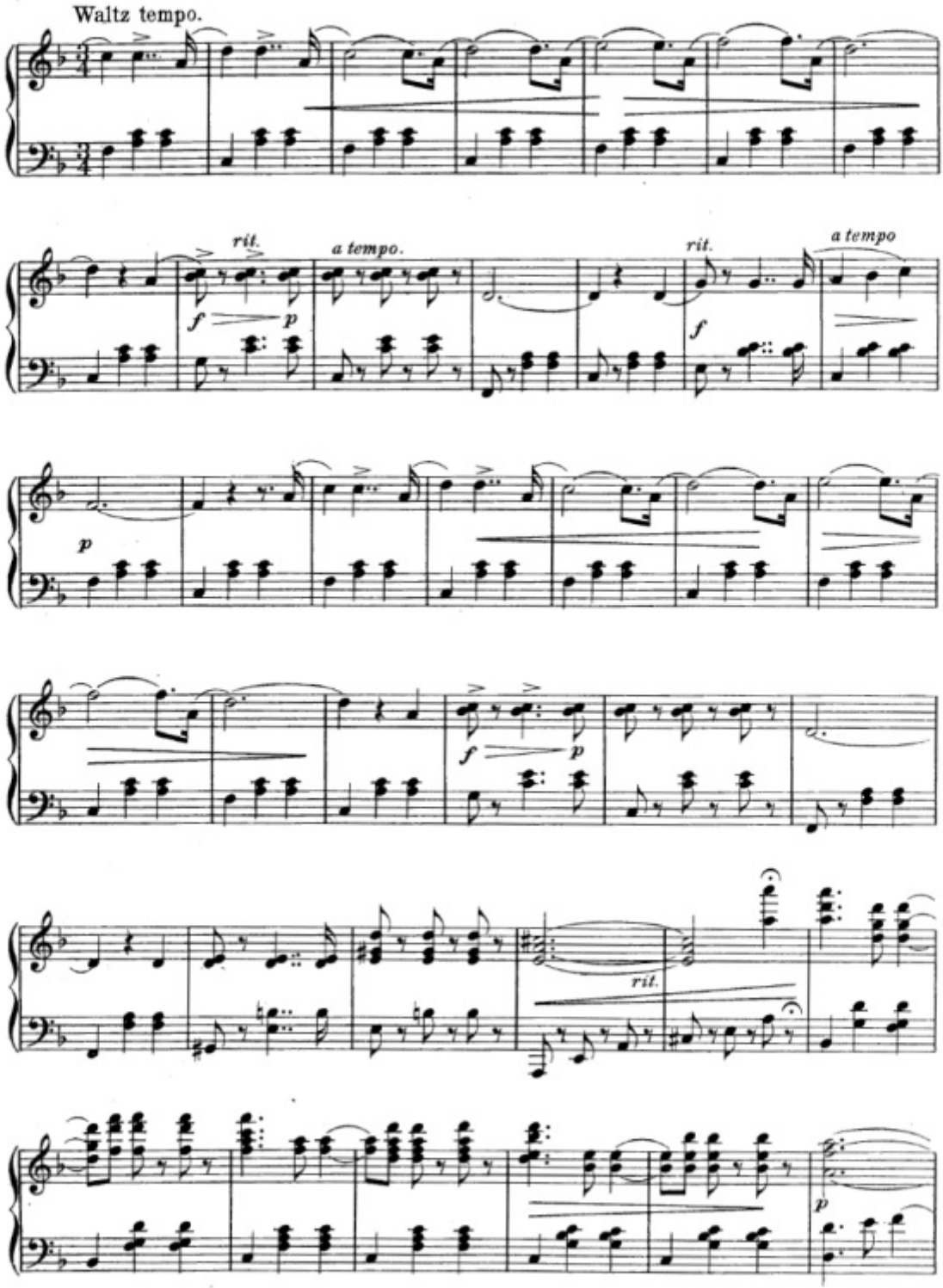
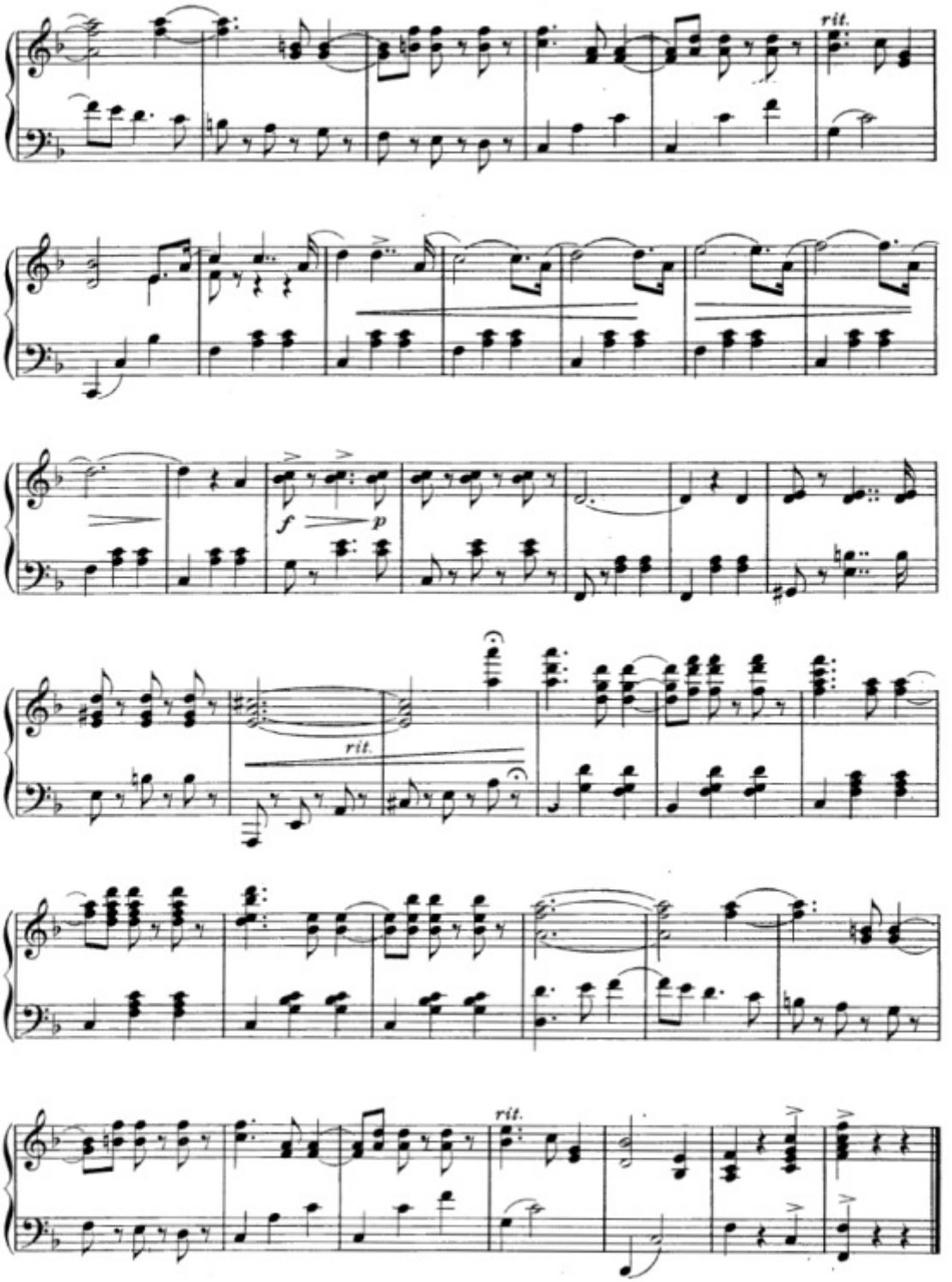

Waltz tempo.
p
pp
rit.
a tempo
f
p
rit.
a tempo
f
p
f
p
rit.
p


rit.
Moderato.
p


Waltz tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo
f
p
f
p
f
p
rit.
p


rit.
f
p
rit.
rit.

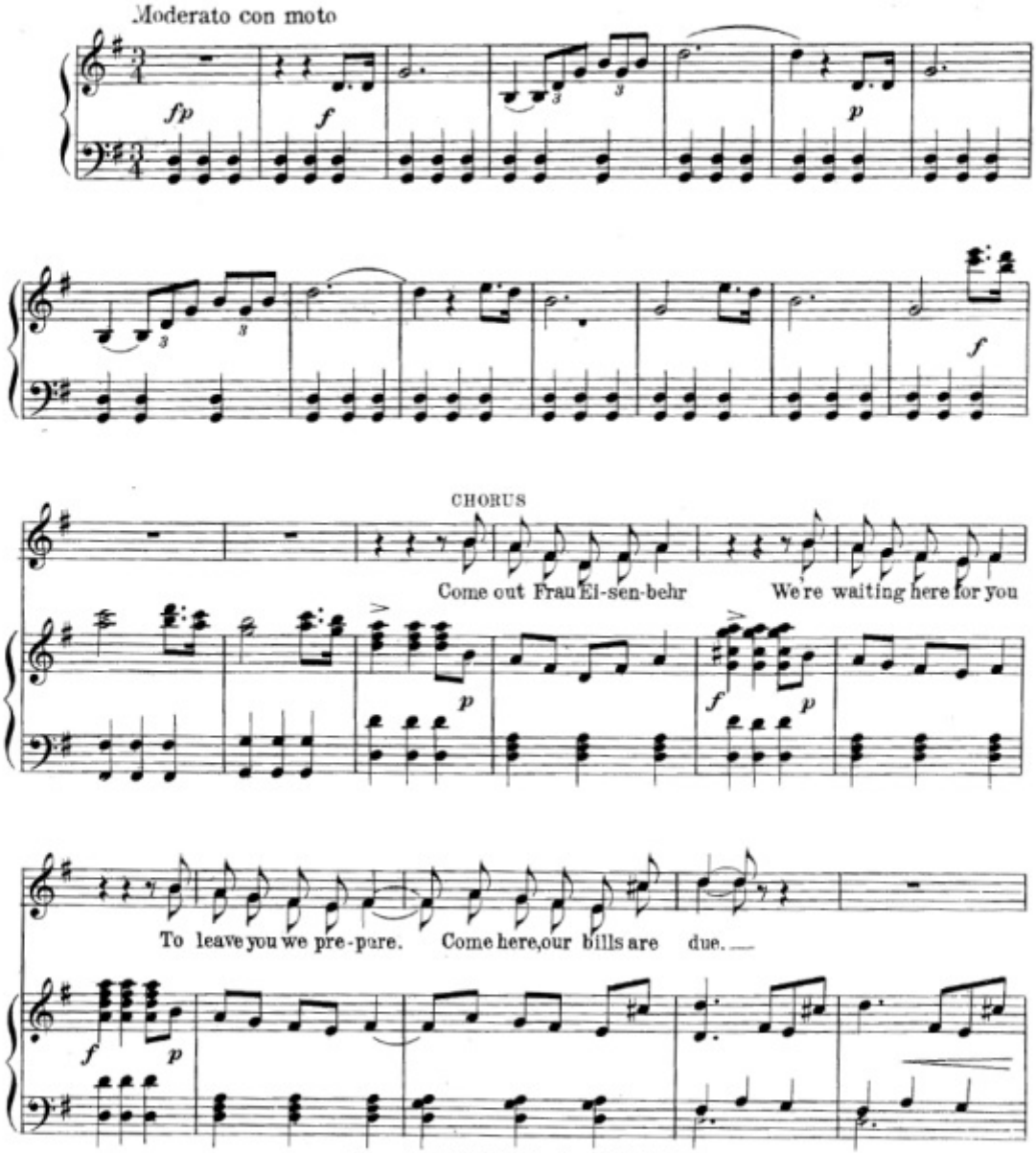
Nº 12. Grenadier Song.

Love Makes The World Go 'Round

(Frau Eisenbehr.)

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH

Music by
LEO FALL



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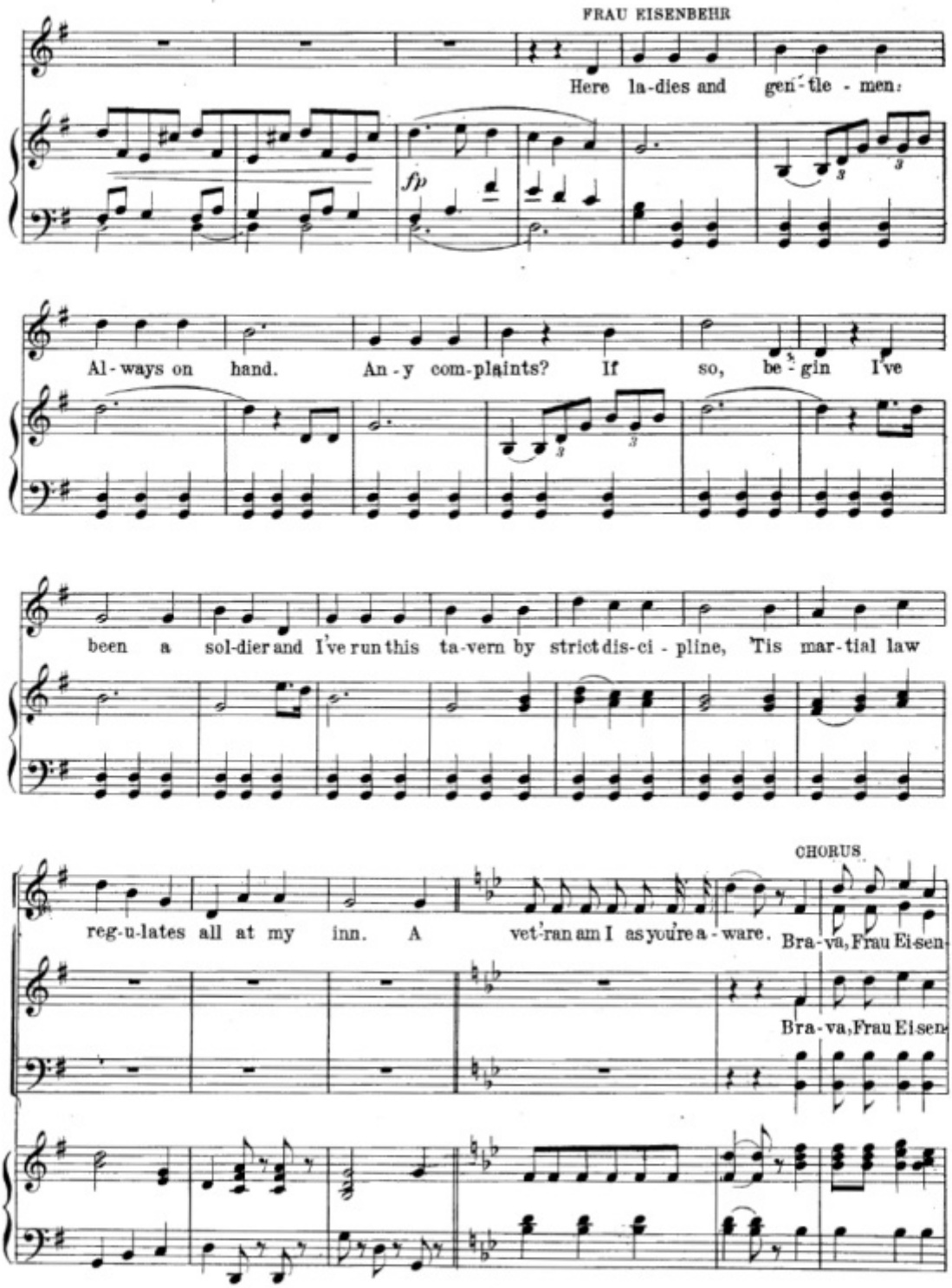
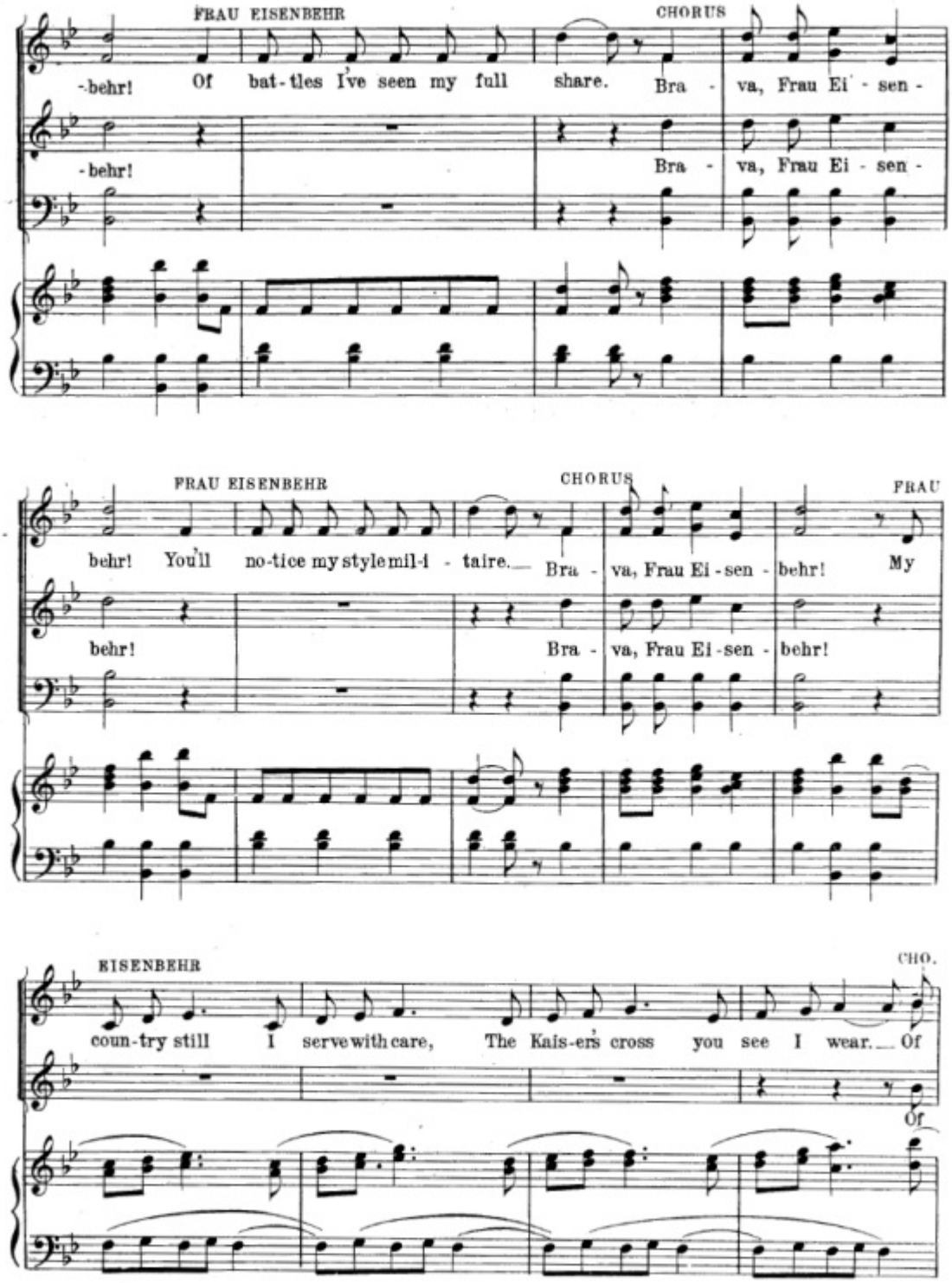
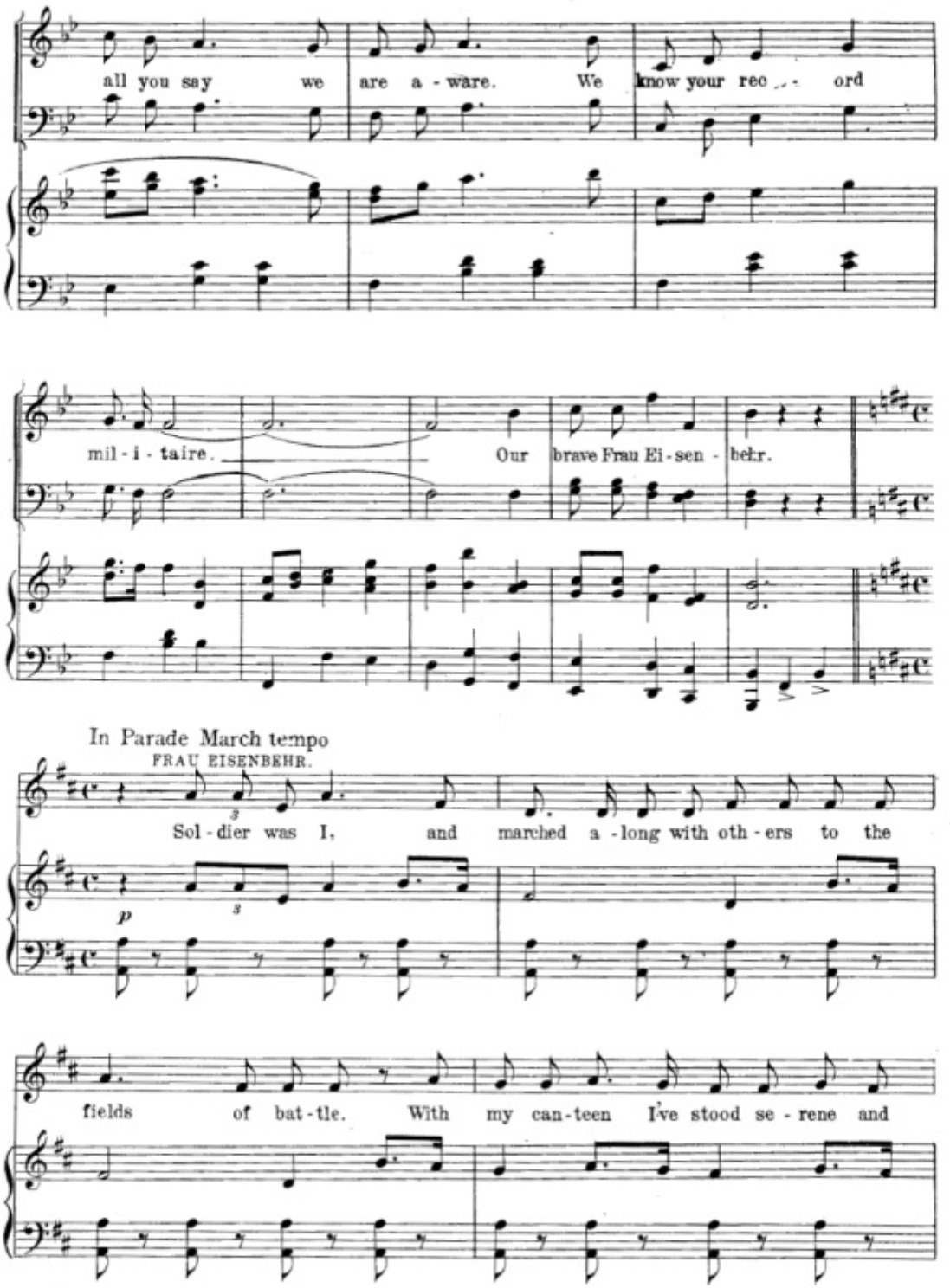
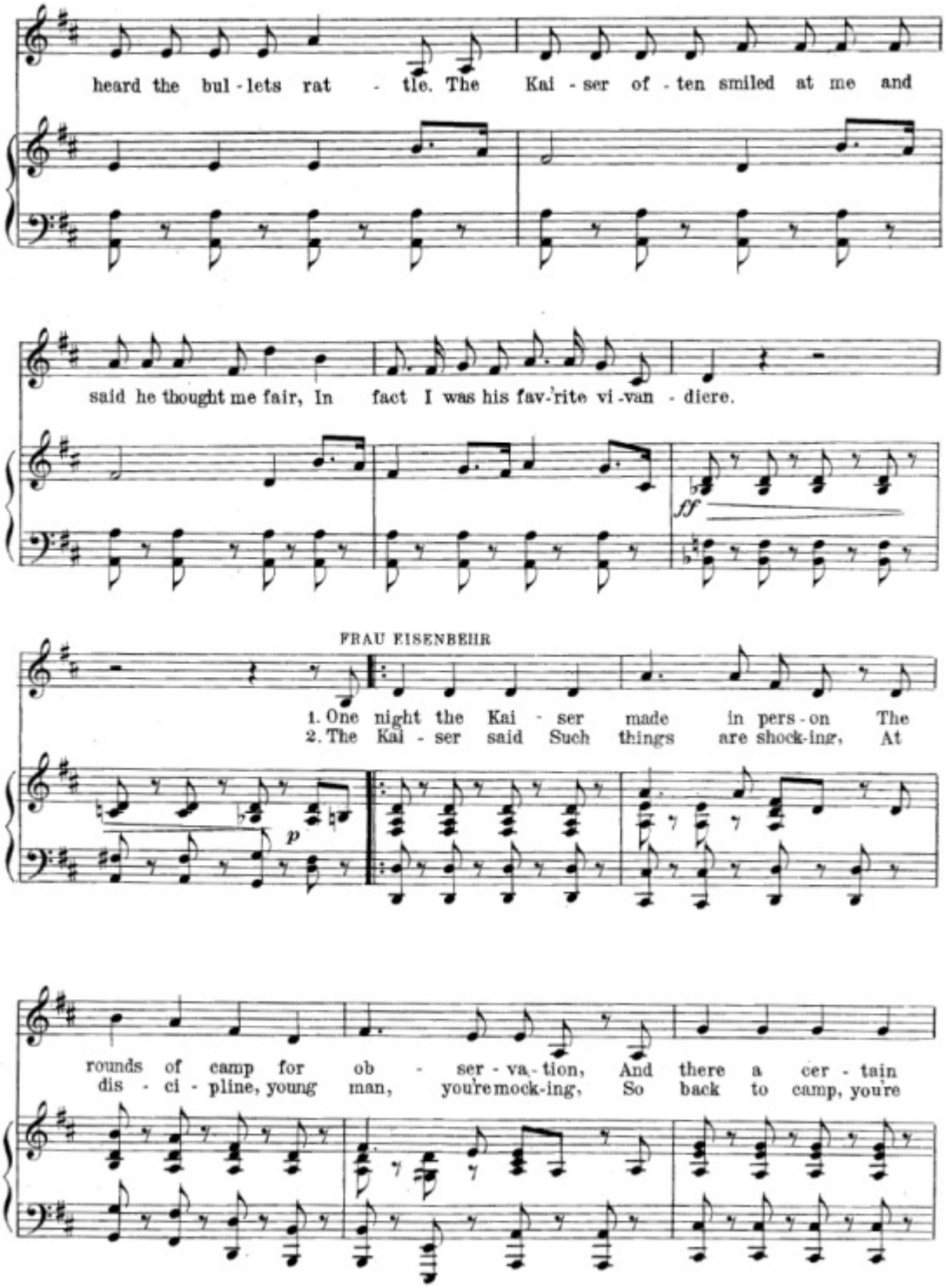
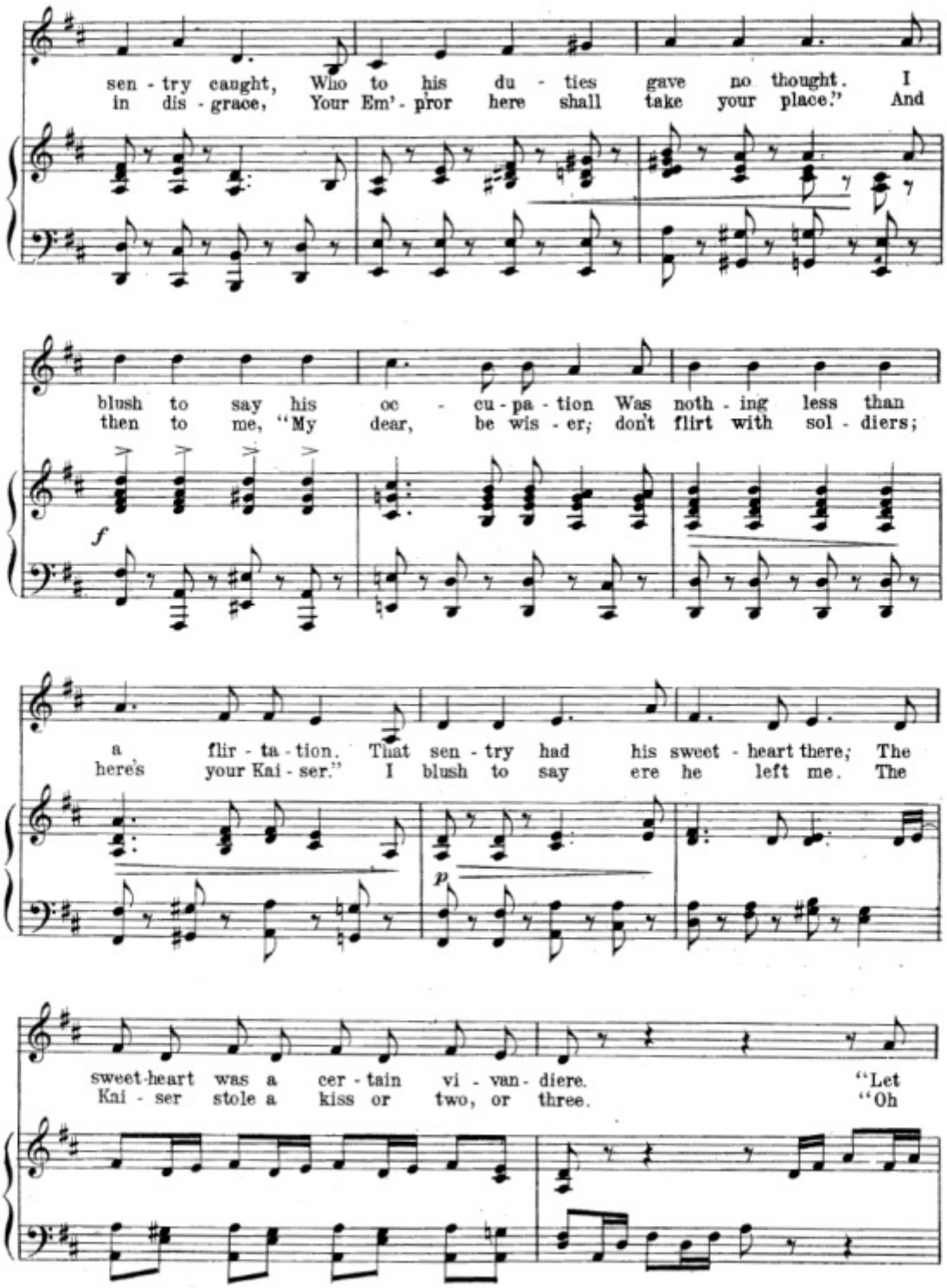
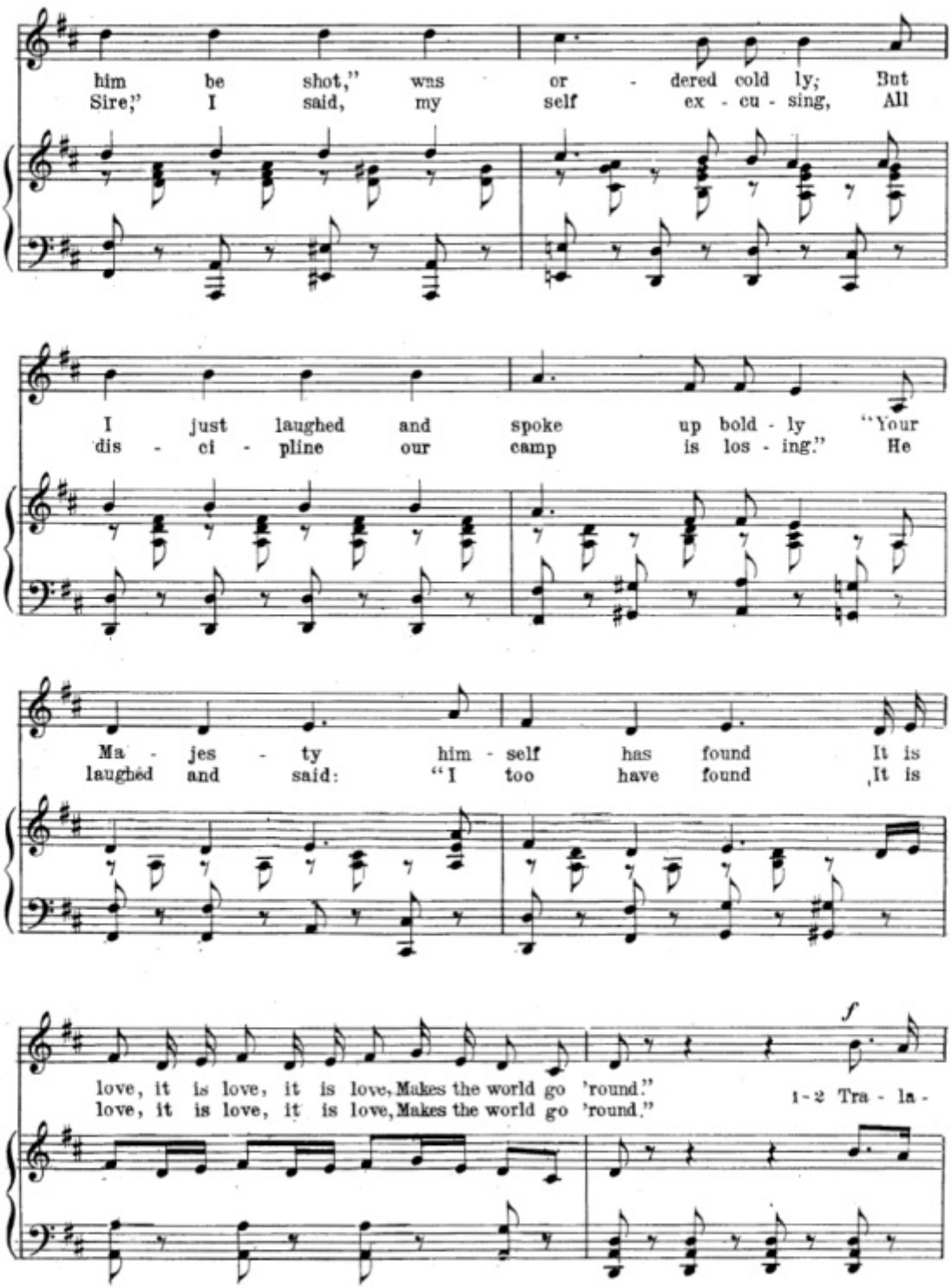

FRAU EISENBEHR
Here la-dies and gen-tle-men:
fp
Al-ways on hand. An-y com-plaints? If so, be-gin I've
been a sol-dier and I've run this ta-vern by strict dis-ci-pline, 'Tis mar-tial law
CHORUS
reg-u-lates all at my inn. A vet'ran am I as you're a-ware. Bra-va, Frau Ei-sen-
Bra-va, Frau Ei-sen-

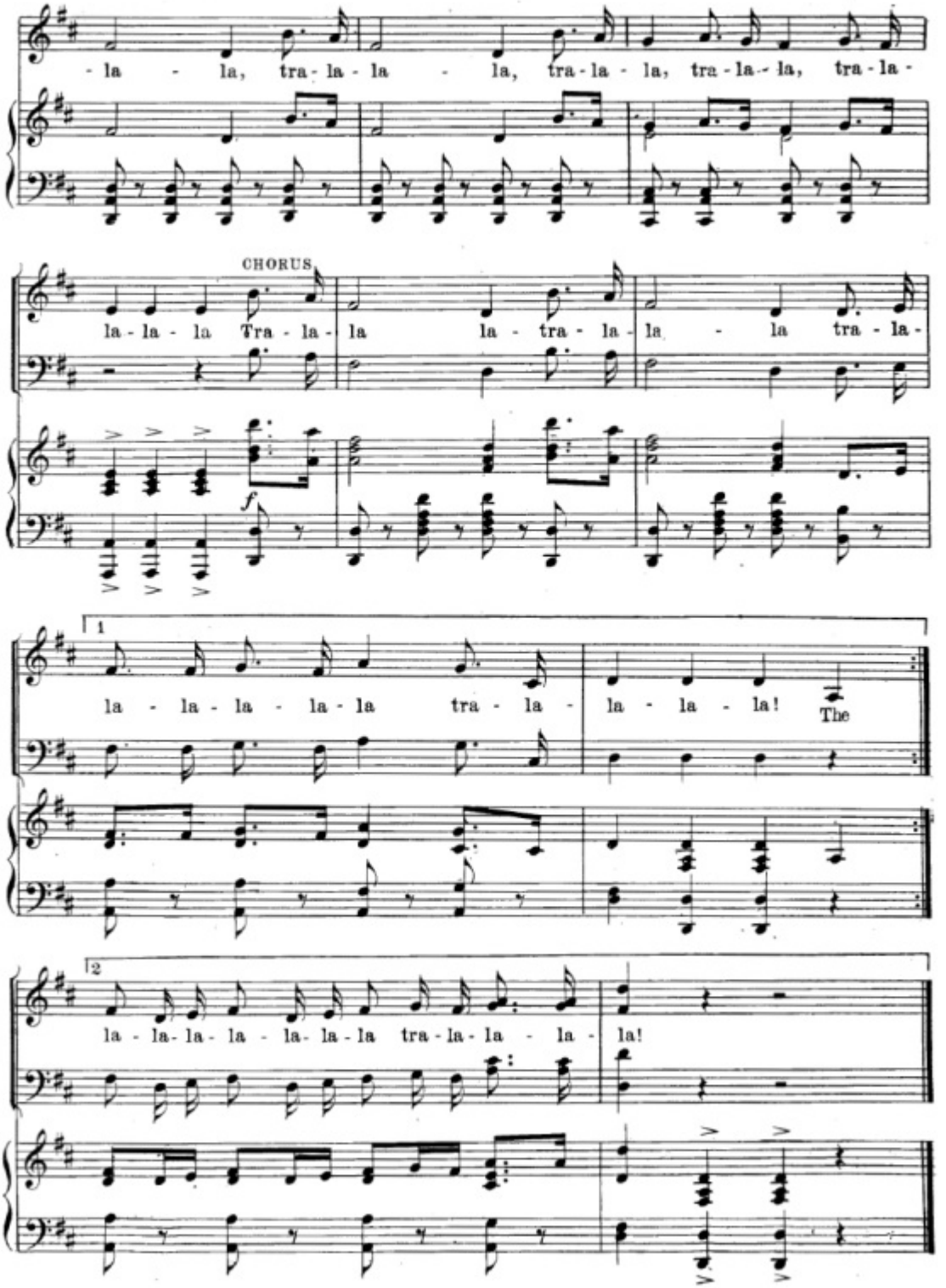

FRAU EISENBEHR
CHORUS
-behr! Of bat-tles I've seen my full share. Bra - va, Frau Ei - sen -
-behr! Bra - va, Frau Ei - sen -
FRAU EISENBEHR
CHORUS
FRAU
behr! You'll no-tice my style mil-i - taire. Bra - va, Frau Ei-sen - behr! My
behr! Bra - va, Frau Ei-sen - behr!
EISENBEHR
CHO.
coun-try still I serve with care, The Kais-er's cross you see I wear. Of
Of


all you say we are a - ware. We know your rec - ord
mil - i - taire. Our brave Frau Ei - sen - behr.
In Parade March tempo
FRAU EISENBEHR.
Sol - dier was I, and marched a - long with oth - ers to the
fields of bat - tle. With my can - teen I've stood se - rene and


heard the bul - lets rat - tle. The Kai - ser of - ten smiled at me and
said he thought me fair, In fact I was his fav-'rite vi-van - diere.
ff
FRAU EISENBEHR
1. One night the Kai - ser made in pers - on The
2. The Kai - ser said Such things are shock-ing, At
p
rounds of camp for ob - ser - va - tion, And there a cer - tain
dis - ci - pline, young man, you're mock-ing, So back to camp, you're


sen - try caught, Who to his du - ties gave no thought. I
in dis - grace, Your Em' - pror here shall take your place." And
blush to say his oc - cu - pa - tion Was noth - ing less than
then to me, "My dear, be wis - er; don't flirt with sol - diers;
f
a flir - ta - tion. That sen - try had his sweet - heart there; The
here's your Kai - ser." I blush to say ere he left me. The
p
sweet-heart was a cer - tain vi - van - diere. "Let
Kai - ser stole a kiss or two, or three. "Oh

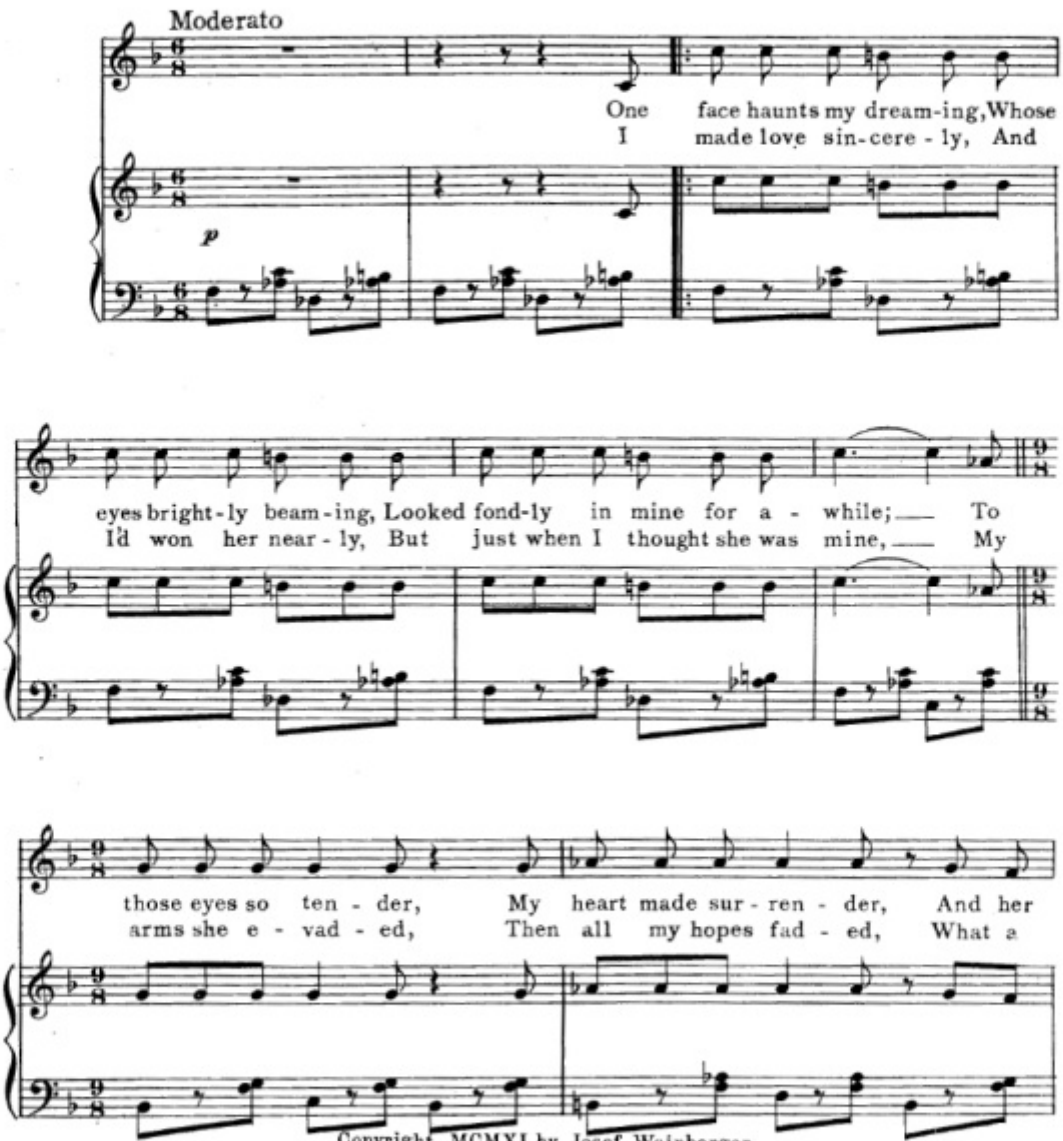

him be shot," was or - dered cold ly; But
Sire," I said, my self ex - cu - sing, All
I just laughed and spoke up bold - ly "Your
dis - ci - pline our camp is los - ing." He
Ma - jes - ty him - self has found It is
laughed and said: "I too have found It is
f
love, it is love, it is love, Makes the world go 'round."
love, it is love, it is love, Makes the world go 'round."
1-2 Tra - la -


- la - la, tra - la - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la - la, tra - la -
CHORUS
la - la - la Tra - la - la la - tra - la - la - la tra - la -
f
1
la - la - la - la - la tra - la - la - la - la! The
2
la - la - la - la - la - la - la tra - la - la - la - la!

Hm! She is the one Girl.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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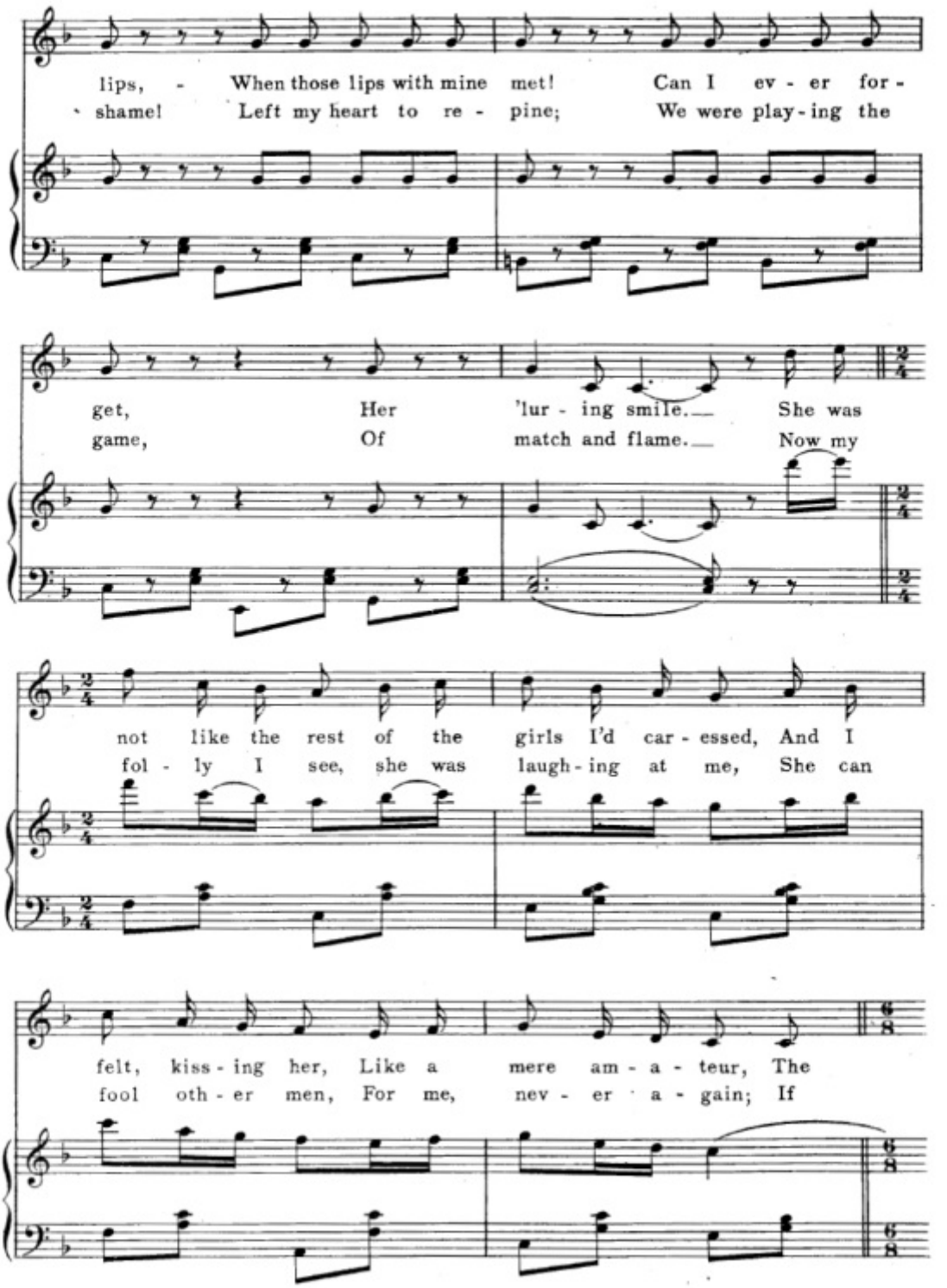
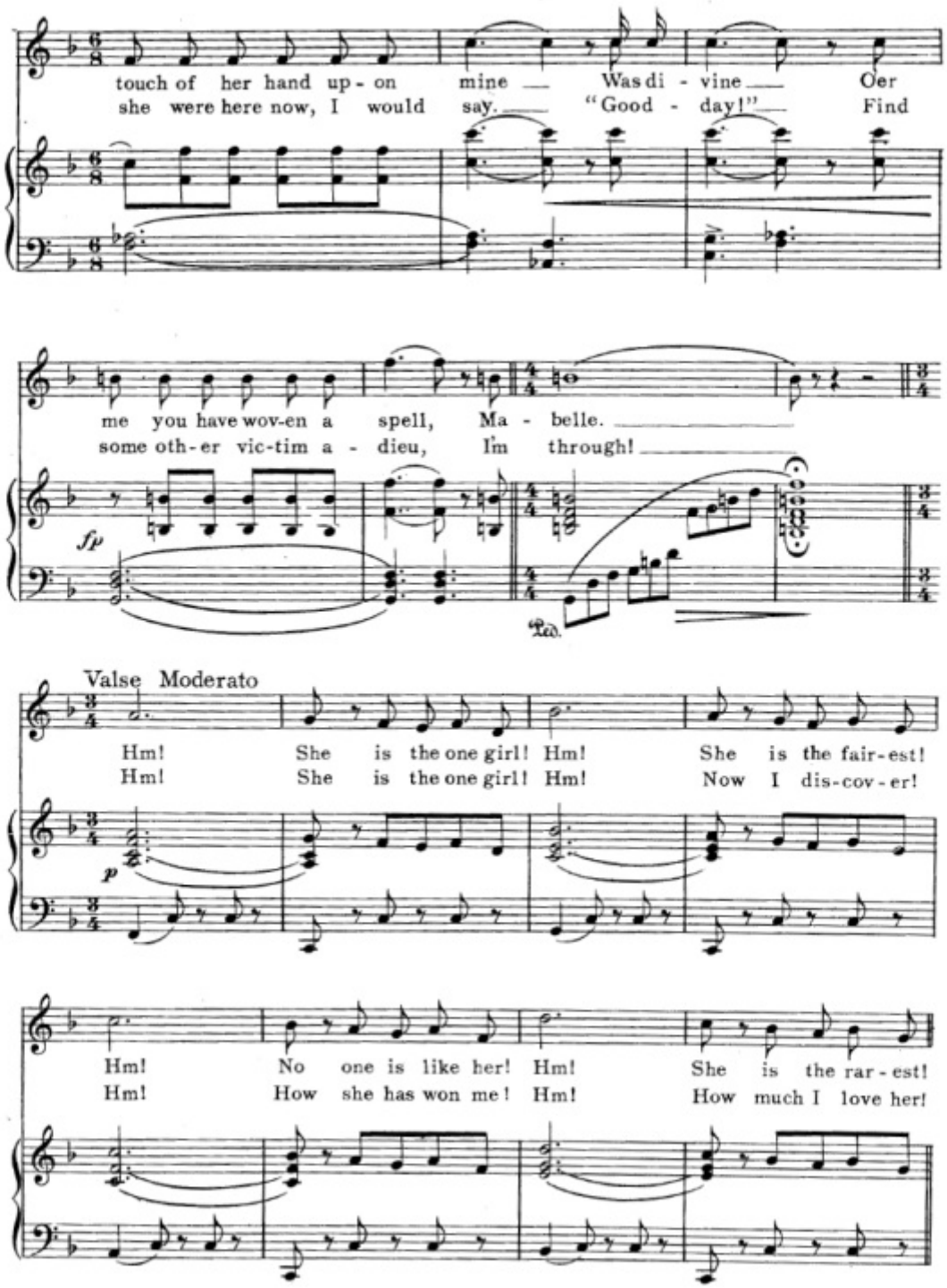
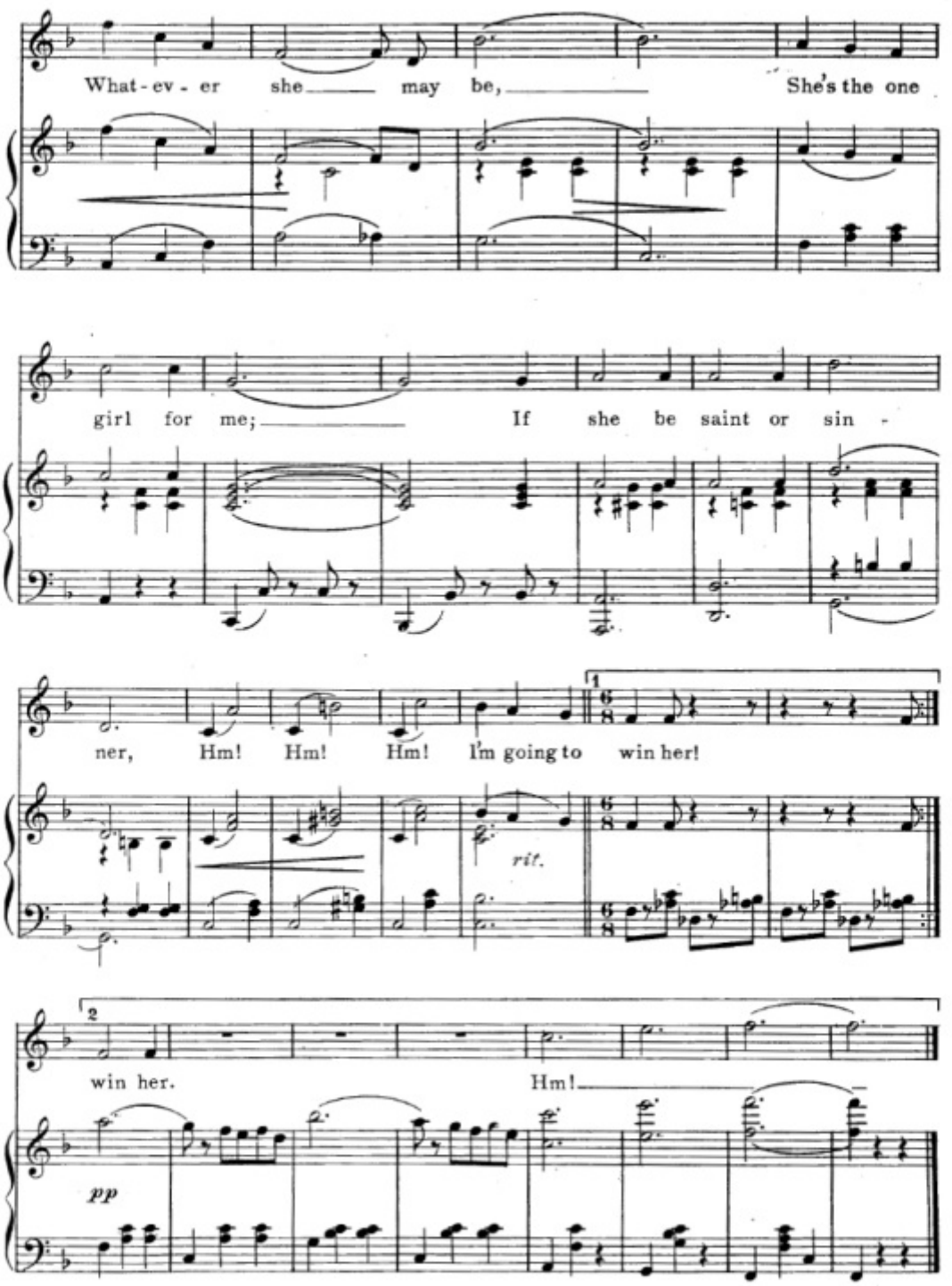

lips, - When those lips with mine met! Can I ev - er for -
shame! Left my heart to re - pine; We were play - ing the
get, Her 'lur - ing smile. She was
game, Of match and flame. Now my
not like the rest of the girls I'd car - essed, And I
fol - ly I see, she was laugh - ing at me, She can
felt, kiss - ing her, Like a mere am - a - teur, The
fool oth - er men, For me, nev - er a - gain; If


touch of her hand up - on mine Was di - vine Oer
she were here now, I would say. "Good - day!" Find
me you have wov-en a spell, Ma - belle.
some oth-er vic-tim a - dieu, I'm through!
fp
Ped.
Valse Moderato
Hm! She is the one girl! Hm! She is the fair-est!
Hm! She is the one girl! Hm! Now I dis-cov-er!
p
Hm! No one is like her! Hm! She is the rar-est!
Hm! How she has won me! Hm! How much I love her!

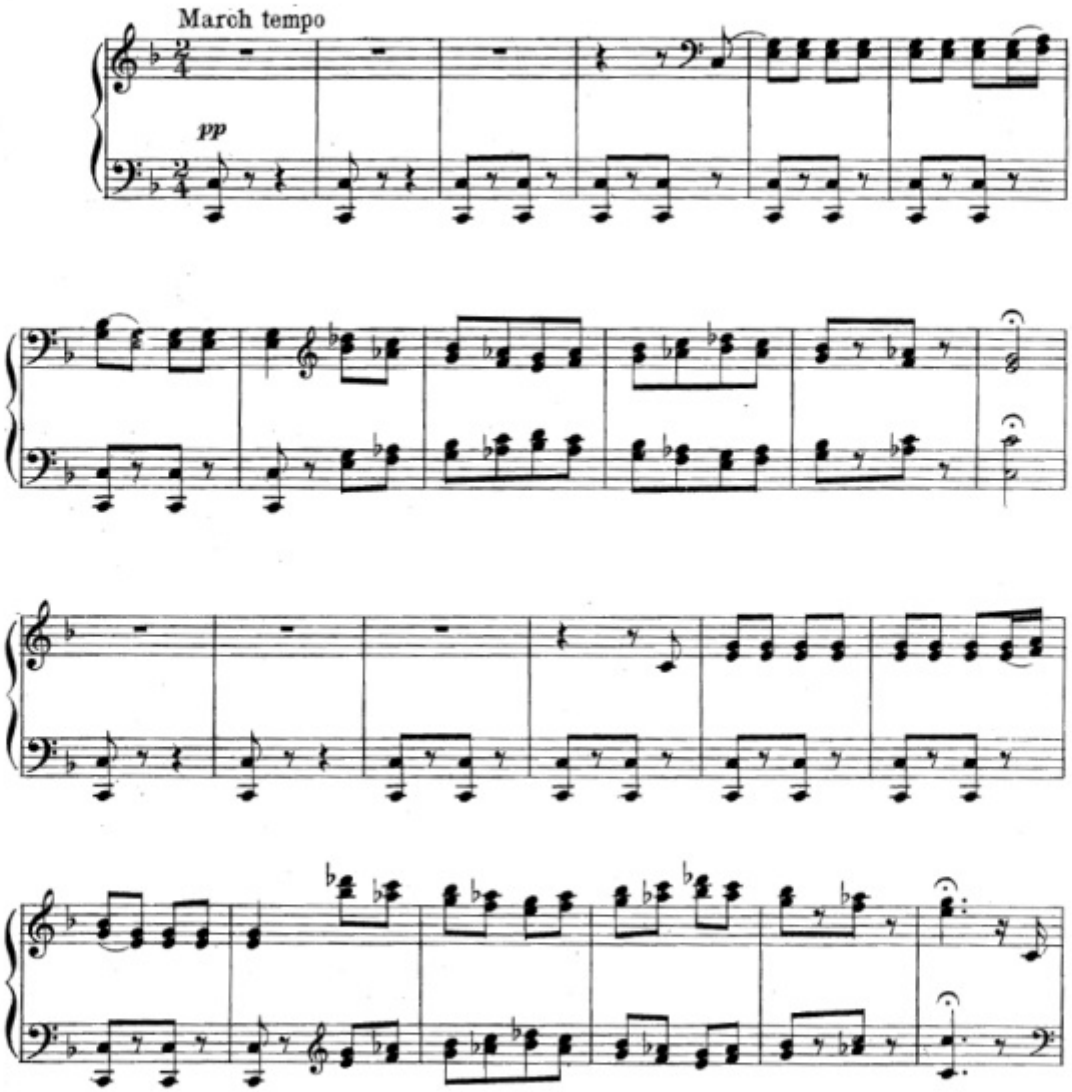

What-ev-er she may be, She's the one
girl for me; If she be saint or sin-
ner, Hm! Hm! Hm! I'm going to win her!
rit.
win her. Hm!
pp

Nº 14. Finaletto.

Lolotte, Frau Eisenbehr, Hannibal.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
LEO FALL.



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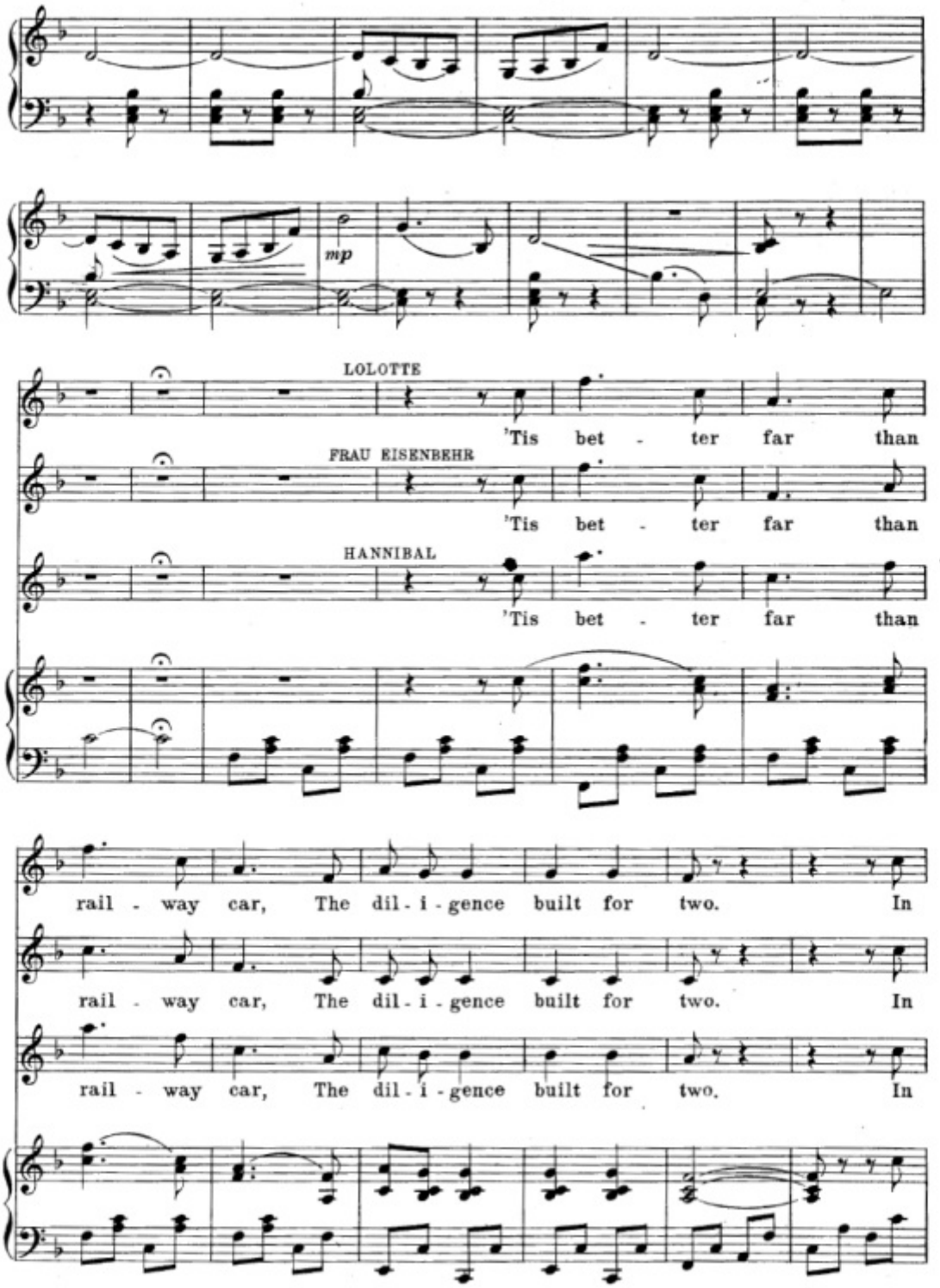
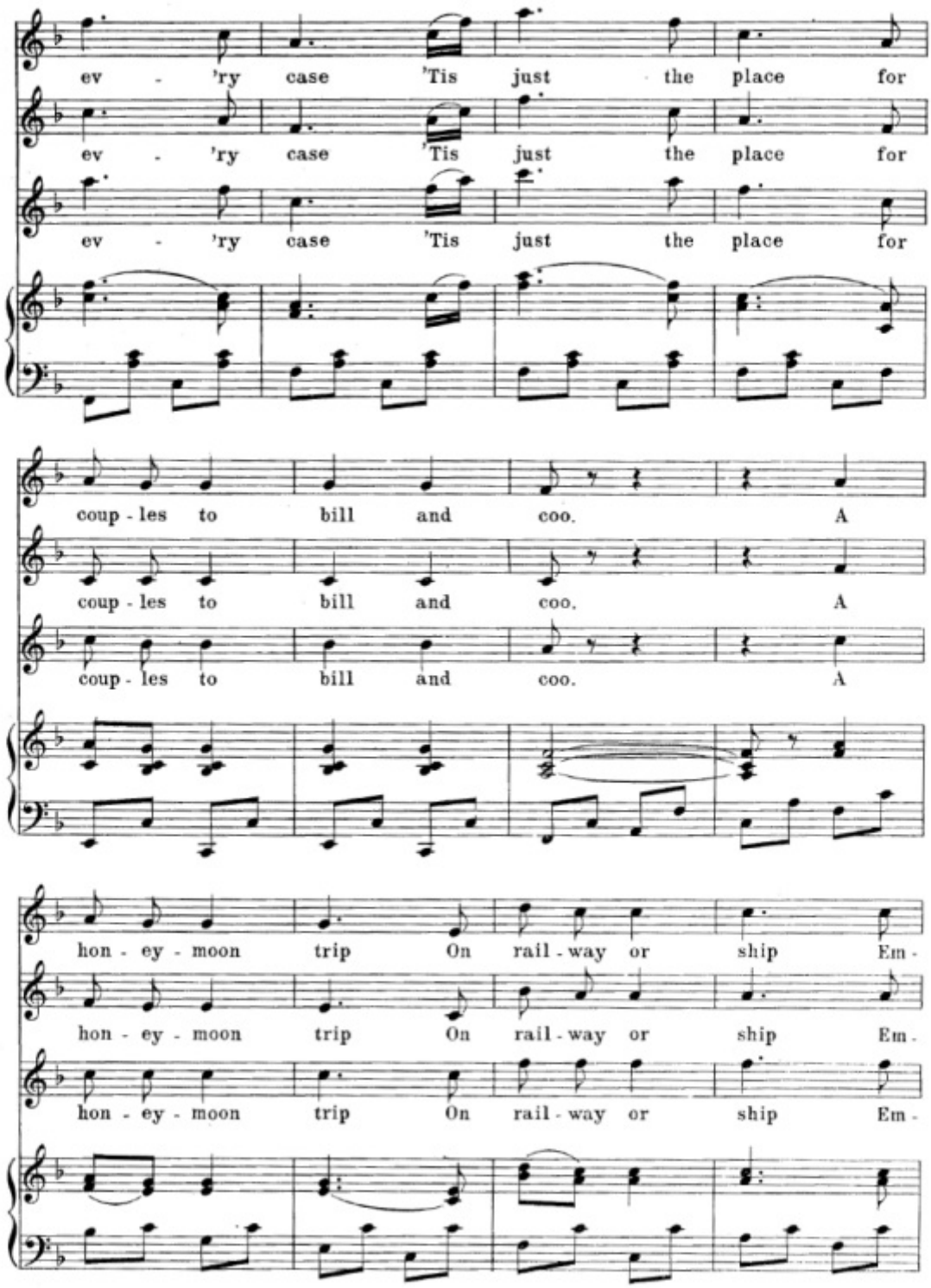
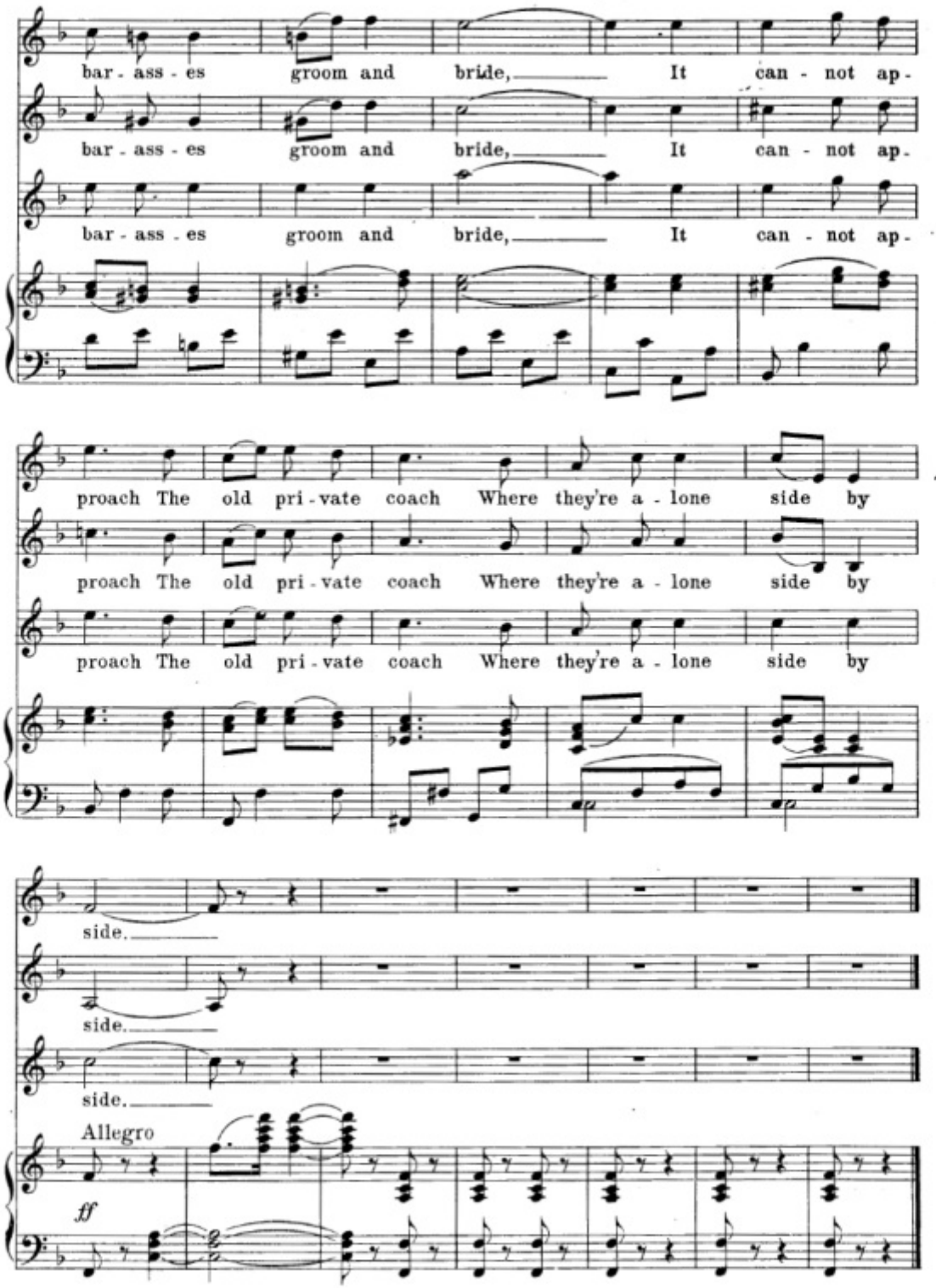

mp
LOLOTTE
'Tis bet - ter far than
FRAU EISENBEHR
'Tis bet - ter far than
HANNIBAL
'Tis bet - ter far than
rail - way car, The dil - i - gence built for two. In
rail - way car, The dil - i - gence built for two. In
rail - way car, The dil - i - gence built for two. In


ev - 'ry case 'Tis just the place for
ev - 'ry case 'Tis just the place for
ev - 'ry case 'Tis just the place for
coup - les to bill and coo. A
coup - les to bill and coo. A
coup - les to bill and coo. A
hon - ey - moon trip On rail - way or ship Em -
hon - ey - moon trip On rail - way or ship Em.
hon - ey - moon trip On rail - way or ship Em -


bar - ass - es groom and bride, It can - not ap-
bar - ass - es groom and bride, It can - not ap.
bar - ass - es groom and bride, It can - not ap-
proach The old pri - vate coach Where they're a - lone side by
proach The old pri - vate coach Where they're a - lone side by
proach The old pri - vate coach Where they're a - lone side by
side.
side.
side.
Allegro
ff