The Tattooed Man

FRANK DANIELS
IN CHAS. DILLINGHAM'S
PRODUCTION

A COMIC OPERA

BOOK BY
HARRY B. SMITH
AND
A. N. C. FOWLER

LYRICS BY
HARRY B. SMITH

卐

MUSIC BY
VICTOR HERBERT

M. WITMARK & SONS
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A Comic Opera

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CHARLES DILLINGHAM

Presents

Frank Daniels

in

THE TATTOOED MAN.

A Comic Opera, in Two Acts.

Produced under the stage direction of JULIAN MITCHELL.

Book by
HARRY B. SMITH and A. N. C. FOWLER.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Omar Khayyam, Jr., astrologer, poet and sworn foe to temperance,		Frank Daniels
Abdallah, an Arab chief		Wm. P. Carleton
Algy Cuffs, a matinee idol		Harry Clarke
Hashish, janitor of the Shah's Harem		Nace Bonville
Muley, inspector of the mint		George O'Donnell
Ali, court nuisance		Gilbert Clayton
Yussuf, bad news specialist		Charles Drew
The Shah, who travels for his health until very late in the evening,		Herbert Waterous
A Muezzin, who calls the people to prayer, but they don't come		Harold Russell
Leila, beloved by Omar, but nothing doing		Sallie Fisher
Alma, daughter of Omar		Gertie Carlisle
Fatima, a wall flower		May Yokes
Miss Vandergilt, of New York	Imported American Bridesmaids.	Maida Athens
Miss Penn, of Philadelphia		Jessie Richmond
Miss Lakeside, of Chicago		Almeda Potter
Miss Beacon, of Boston		Lottie Vernon
Miss Bridge, of Brooklyn		Gertrude Doremus
Miss Frisk, of 'Frisco		Josephine Karlin
Miss Vine, of St. Louis		Jane Rogers
Miss Charles, of Baltimore		Leila Benton
Miss Mint, of Washington		Gene Cole
Star of Evening	Being translations of the Oriental names of Omar's four wards.	Reina Swift
Blush of Dawn		Mabel Croft
Rose of Summer		Daisy De Vere
Bird of Paradise		May Field
Mutti	Omar's nephews, educated in American colleges.	Maida Athens
Ahmed		Edna Birch
Selim		Bessie Holbrook
Hassan		Claudia Cark
Canem		Jessie Carr

Snake Charmers and Dancing Girls.

ACT I.—Courtyard of the Regent's Palace.

ACT II.—The Rose Garden of the Shah.

Time—Present. Place—Persia.

Musical Director . . . . . Mr. Arthur Weld

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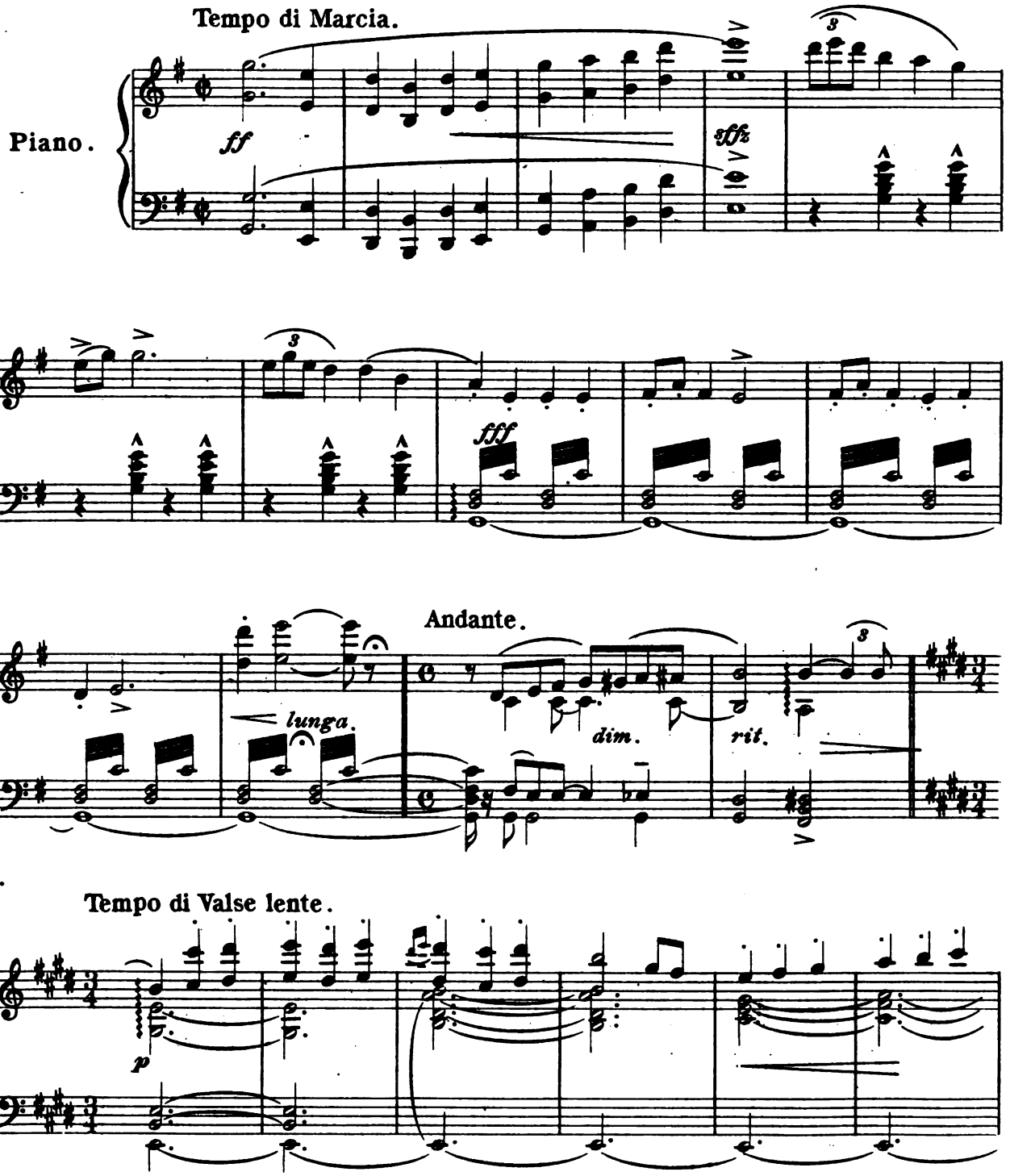
The Tattooed Man.

Prelude.

VICTOR HERBERT.



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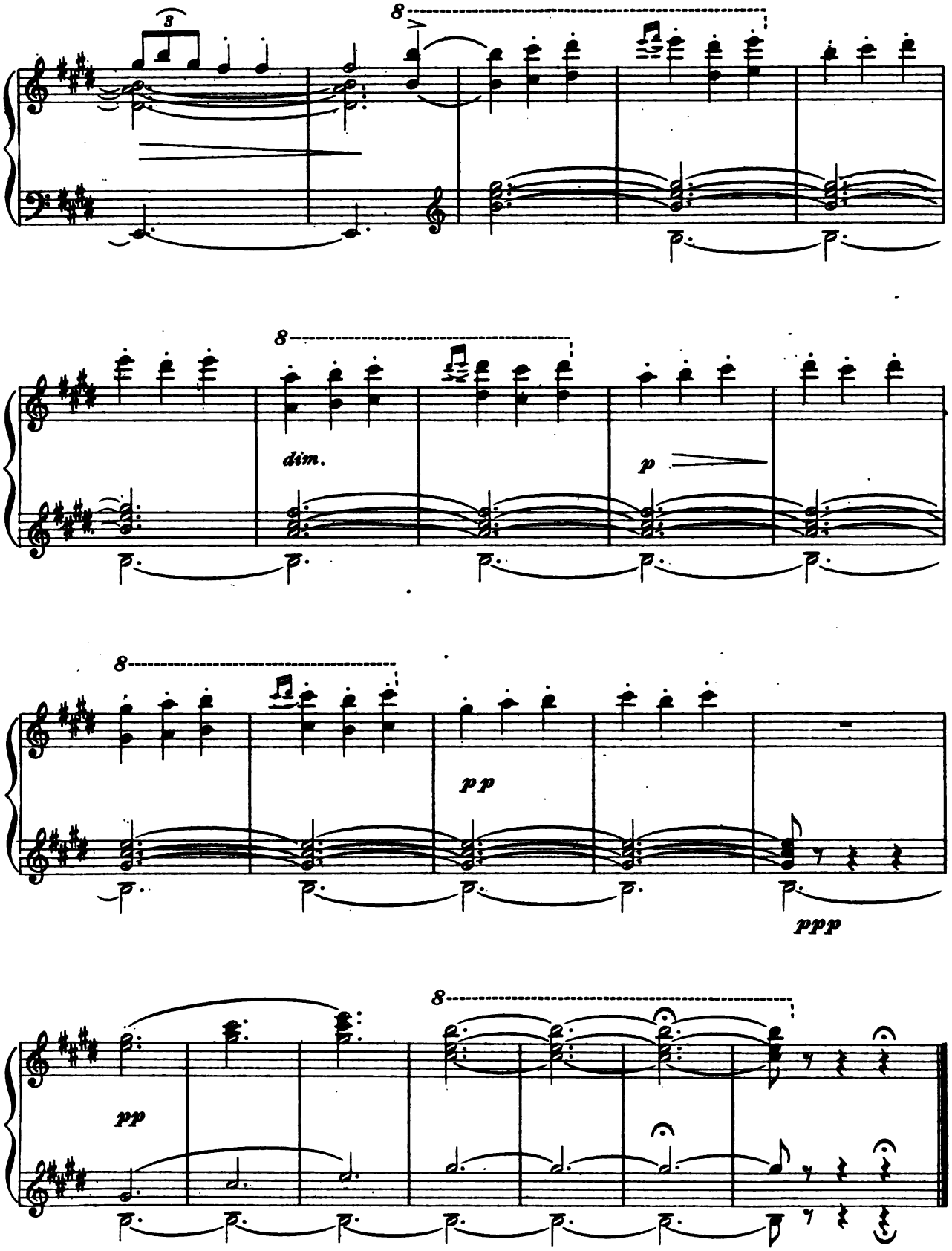
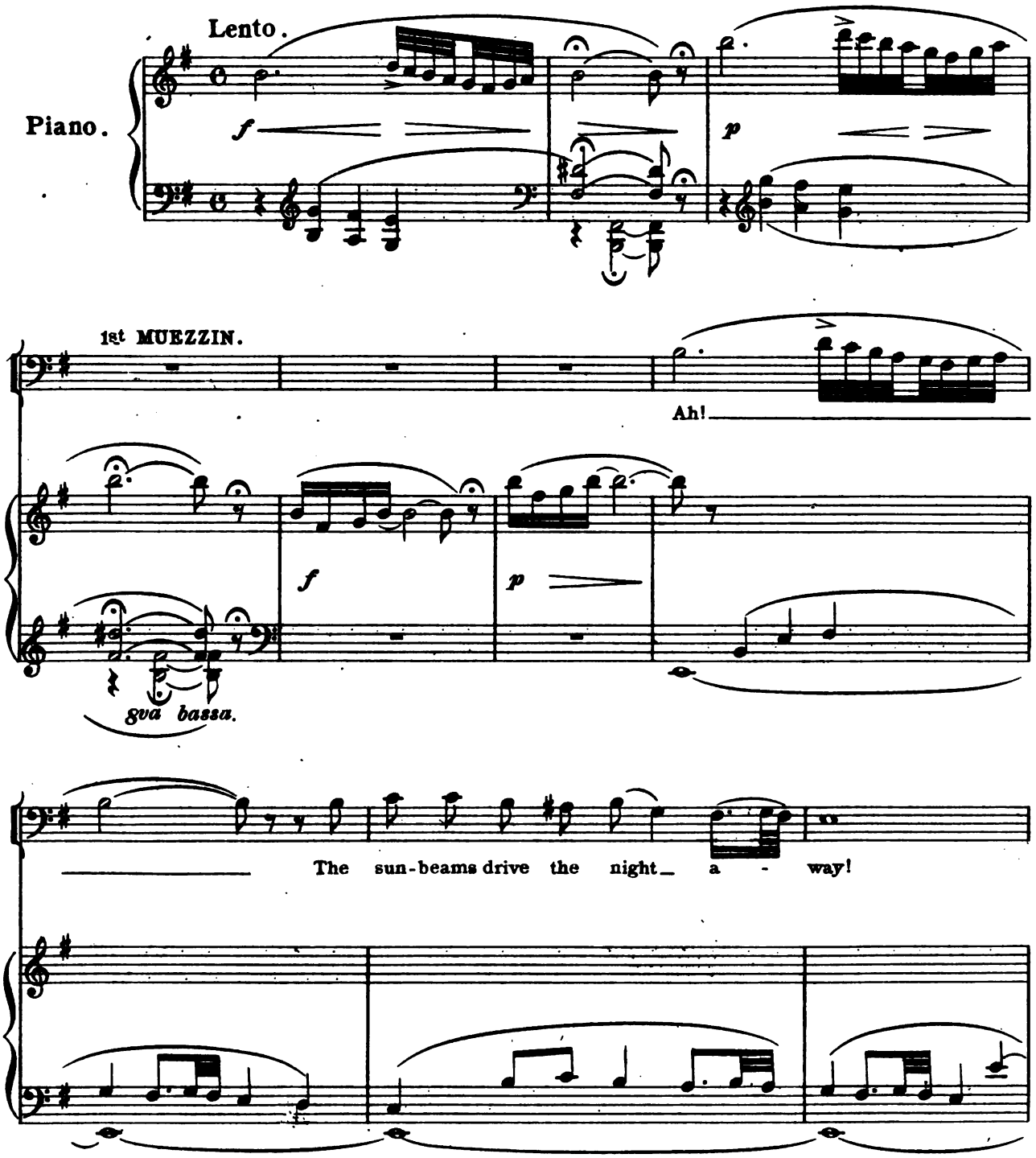

3
8
8
dim.
p
8
pp
ppp
8
pp

ACT I.

No. 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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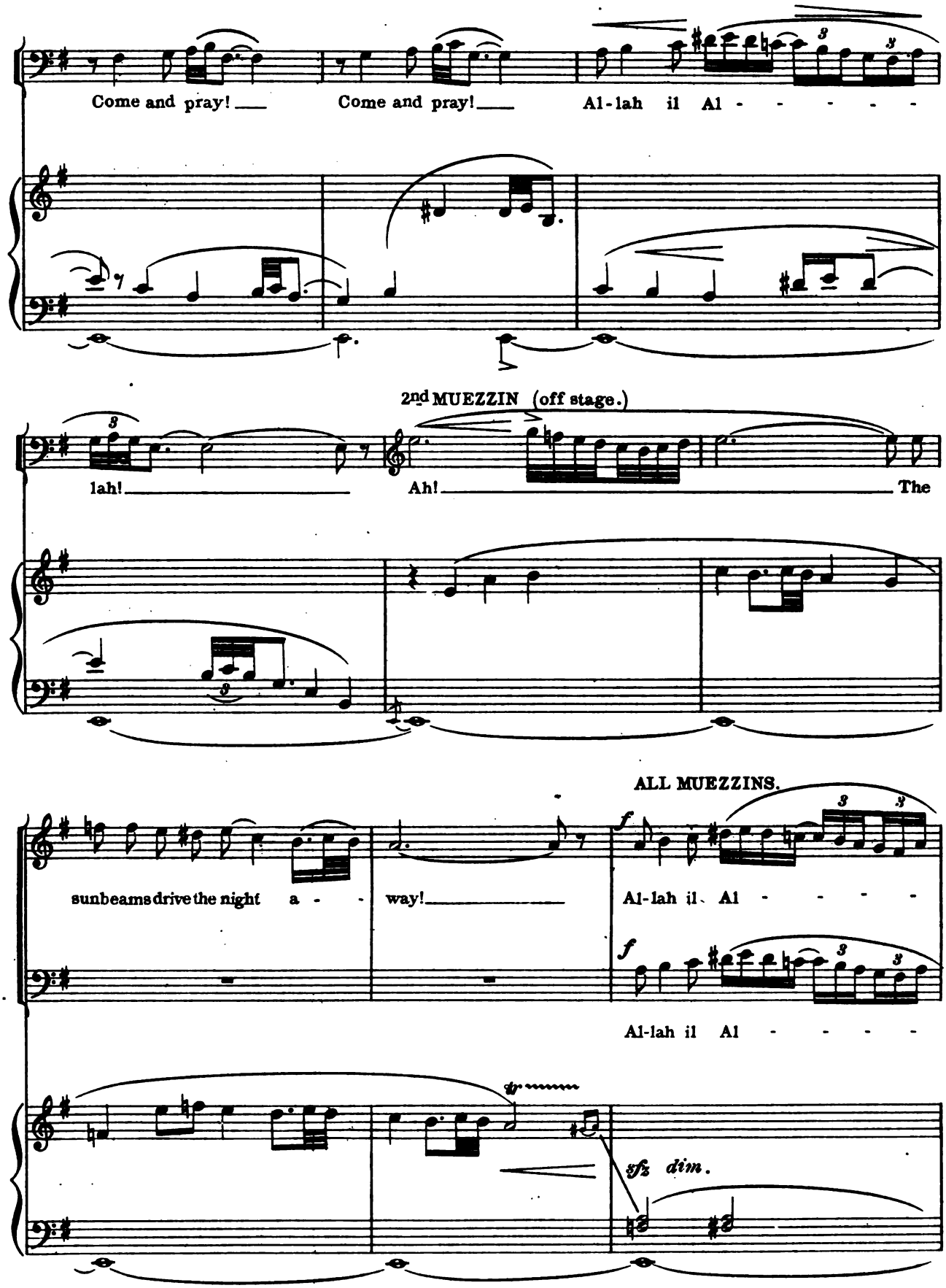
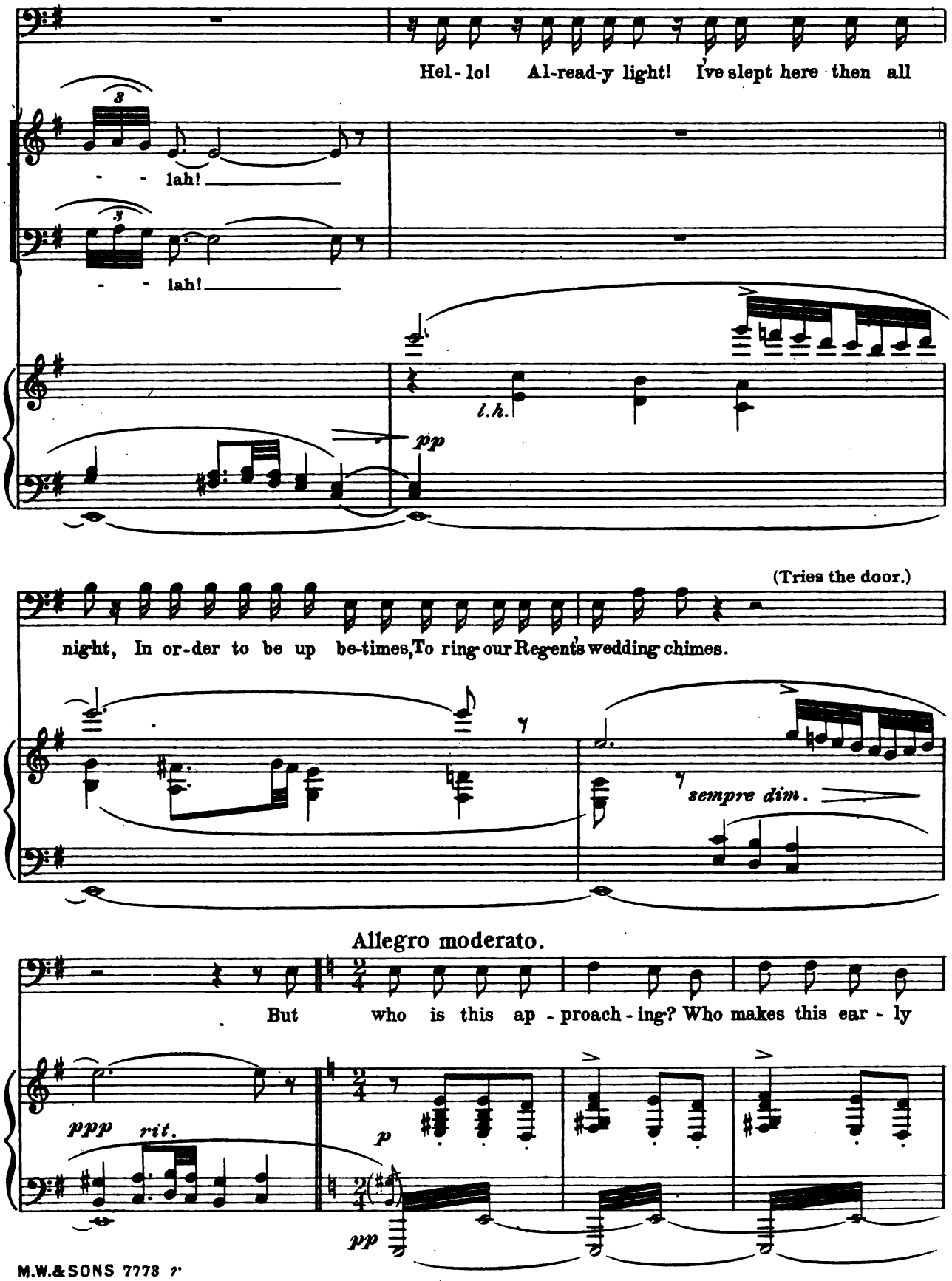
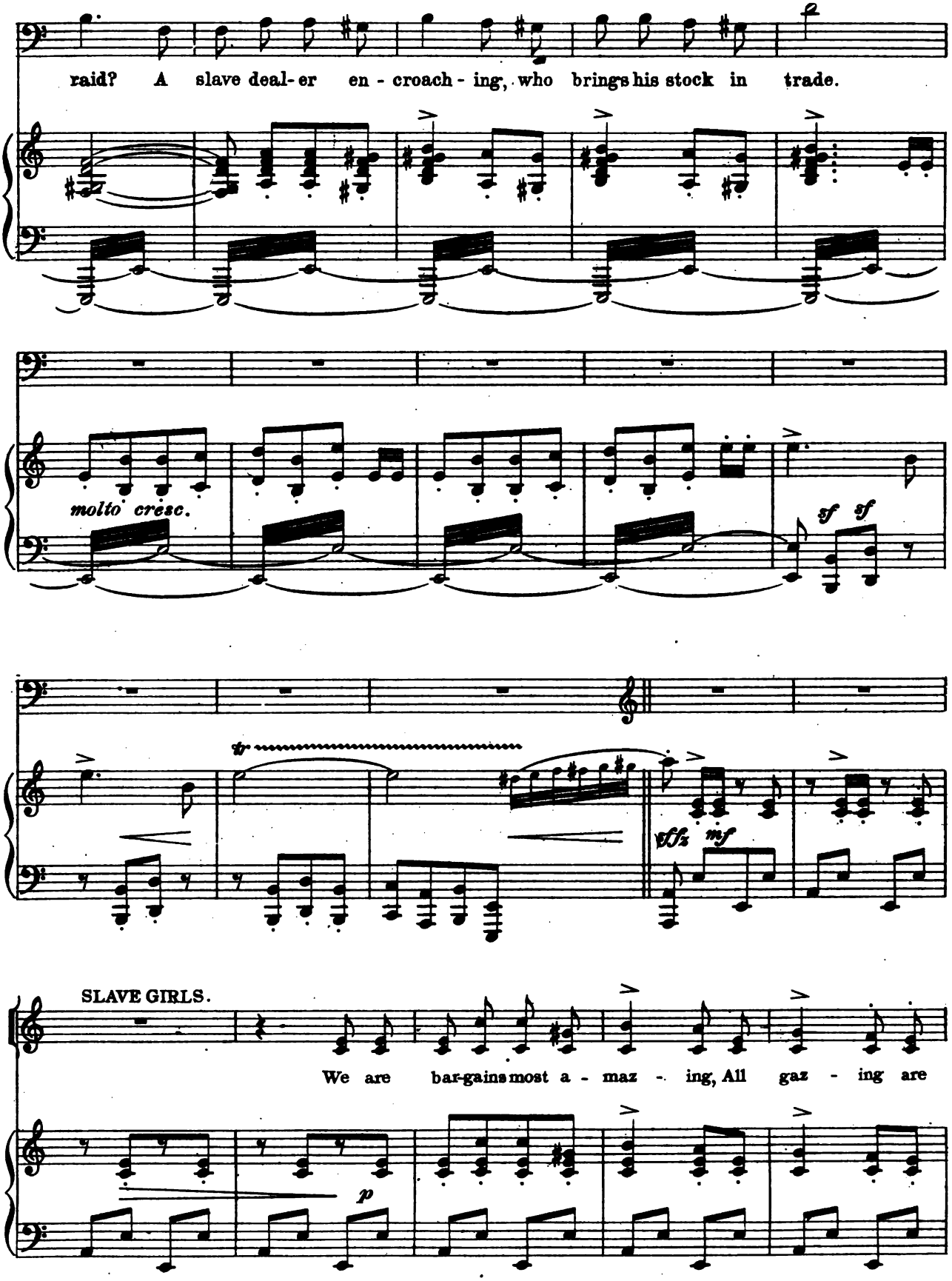
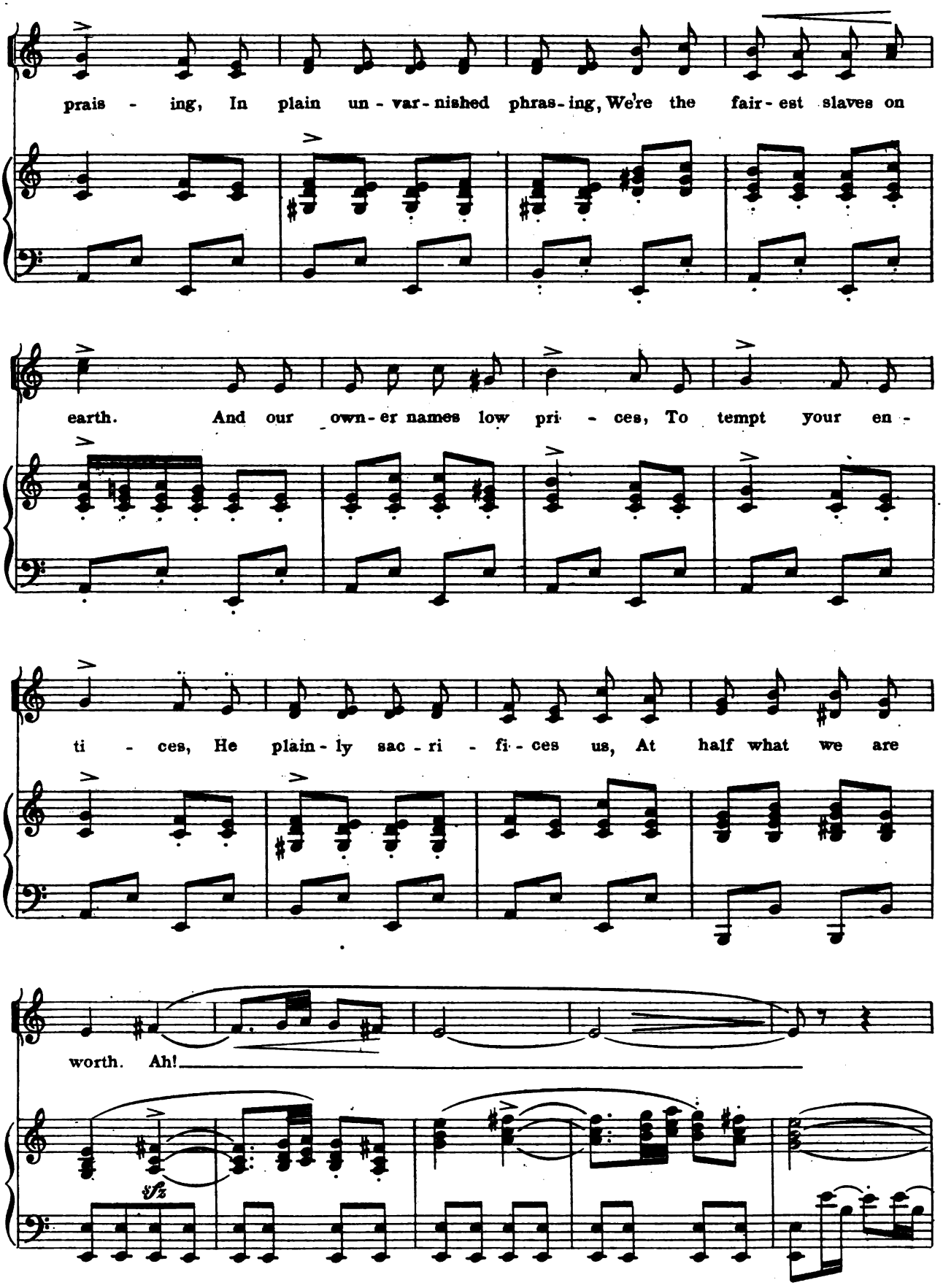
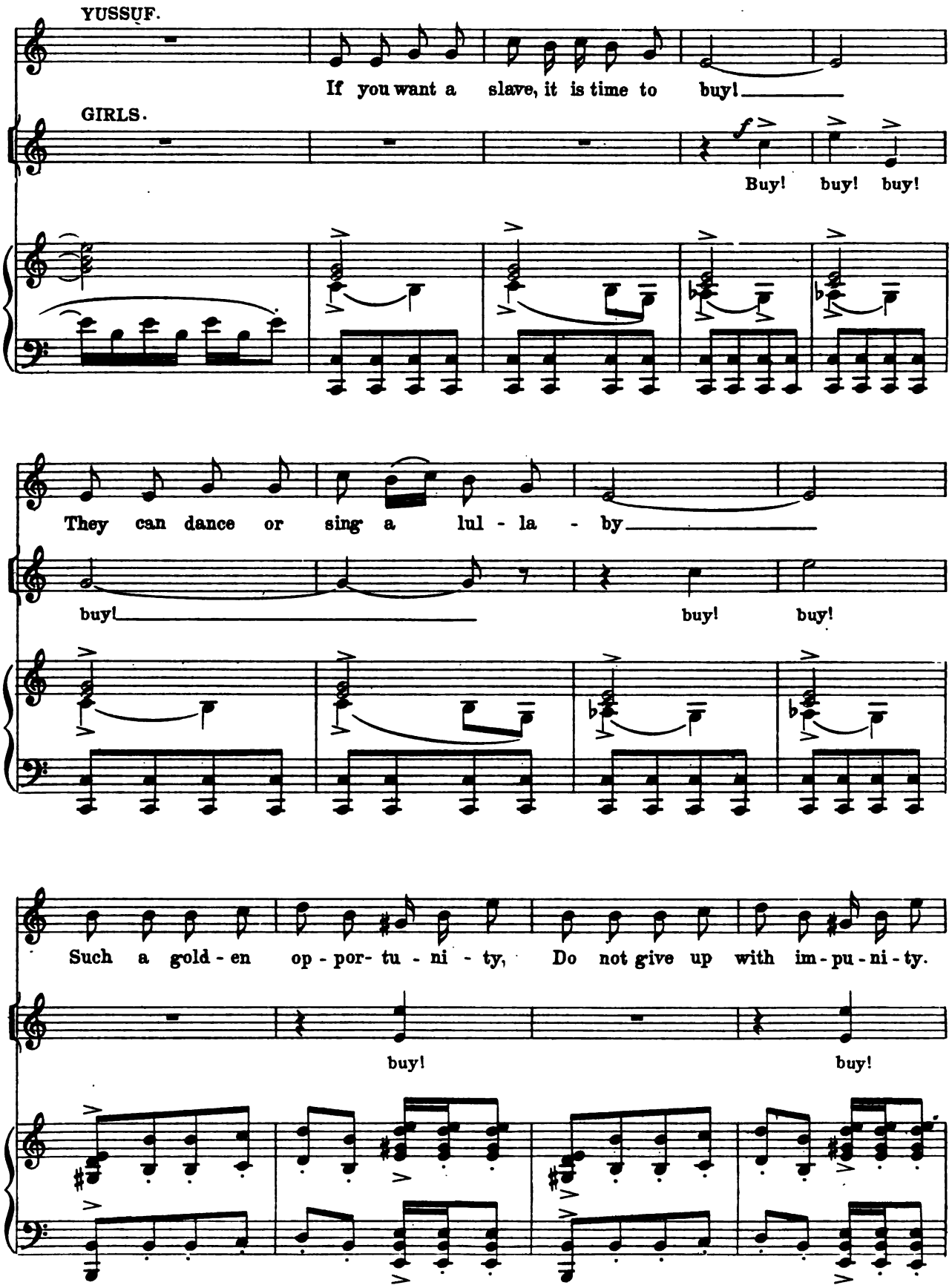

Come and pray! Come and pray! Al-lah il Al - - - - - -
2nd MUEZZIN (off stage.)
lah! Ah! The
ALL MUEZZINS.
sunbeams drive the night a - - way! Al-lah il Al - - - -
Al-lah il Al - - - -
sfz dim.

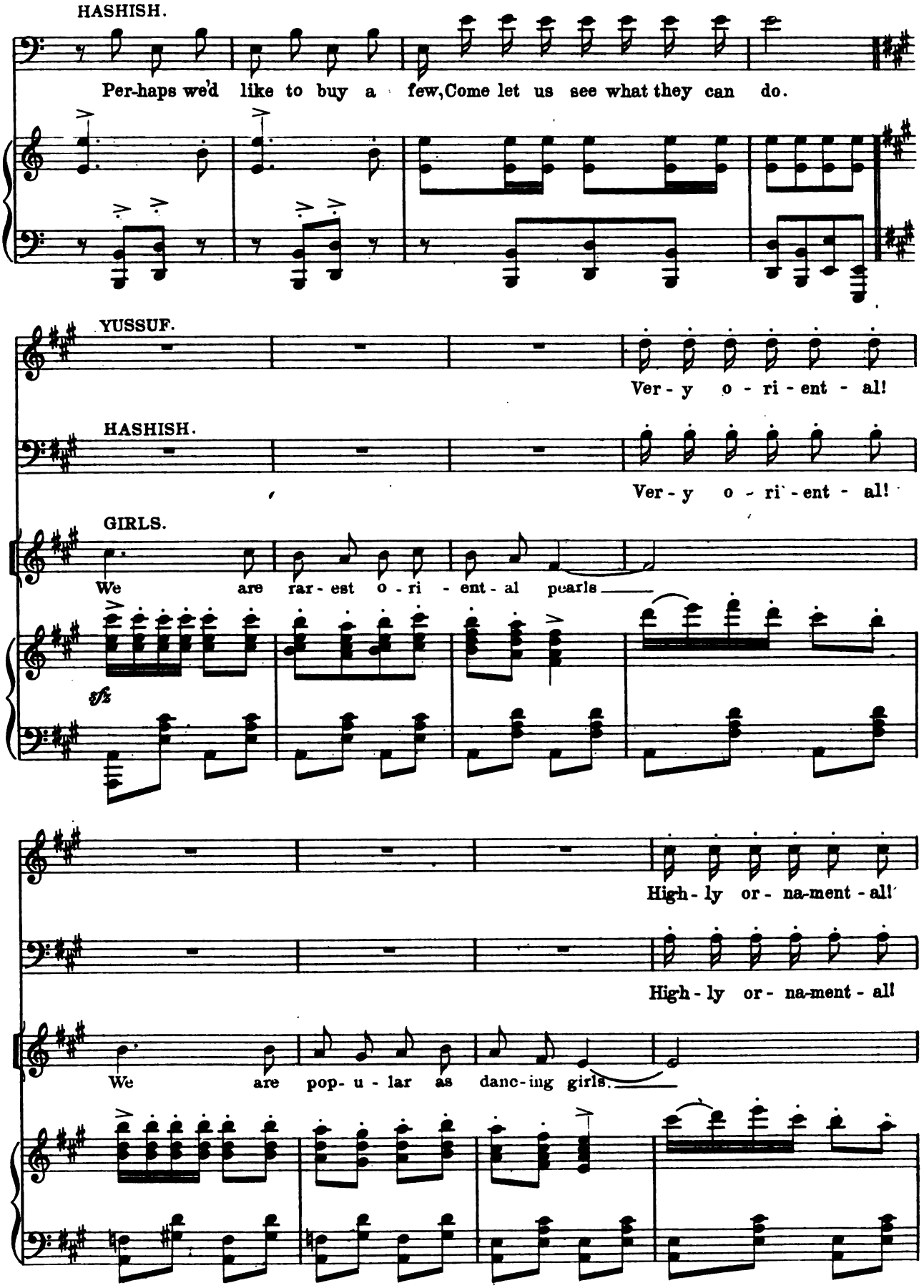
HASHISH. (awakening)

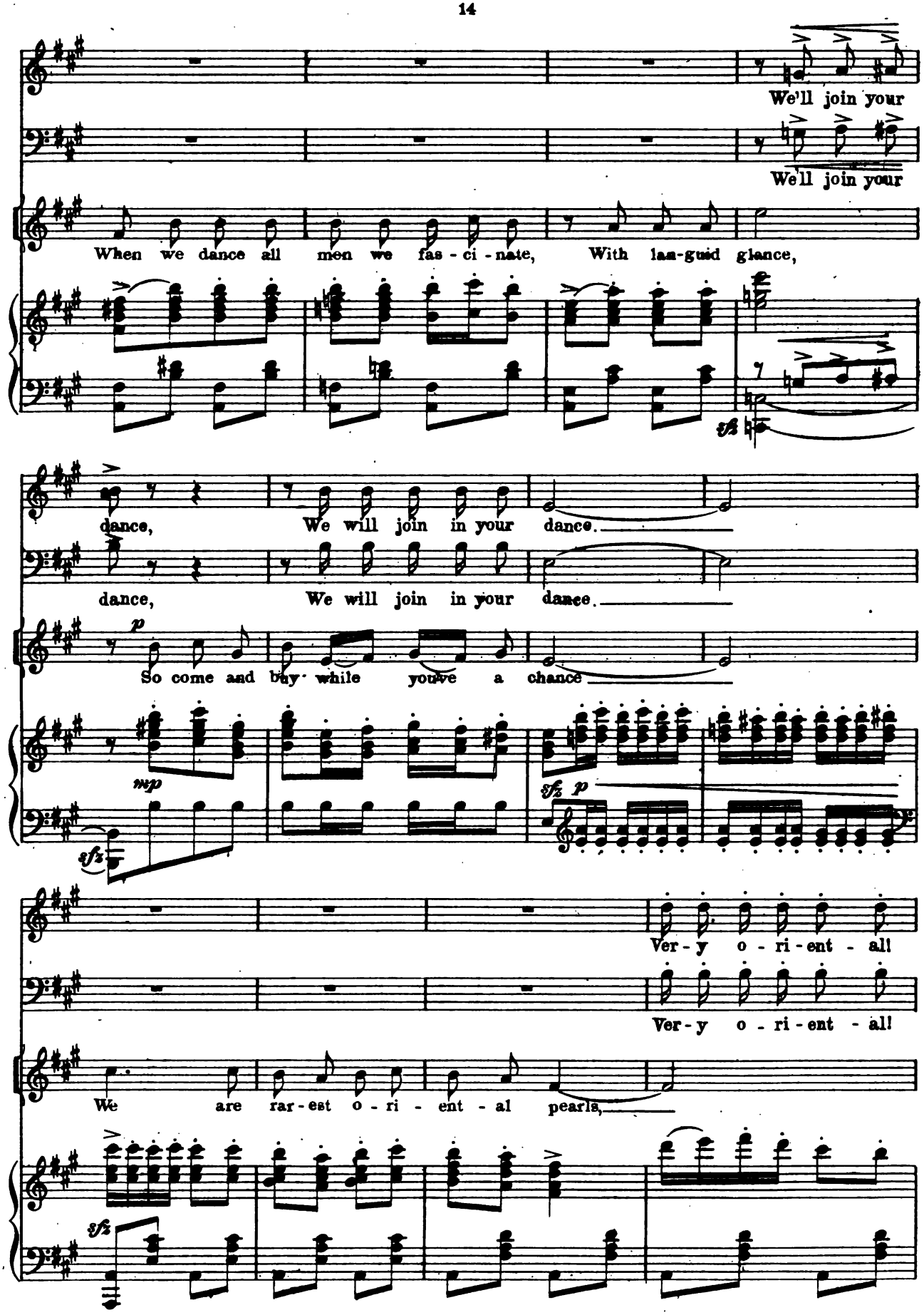


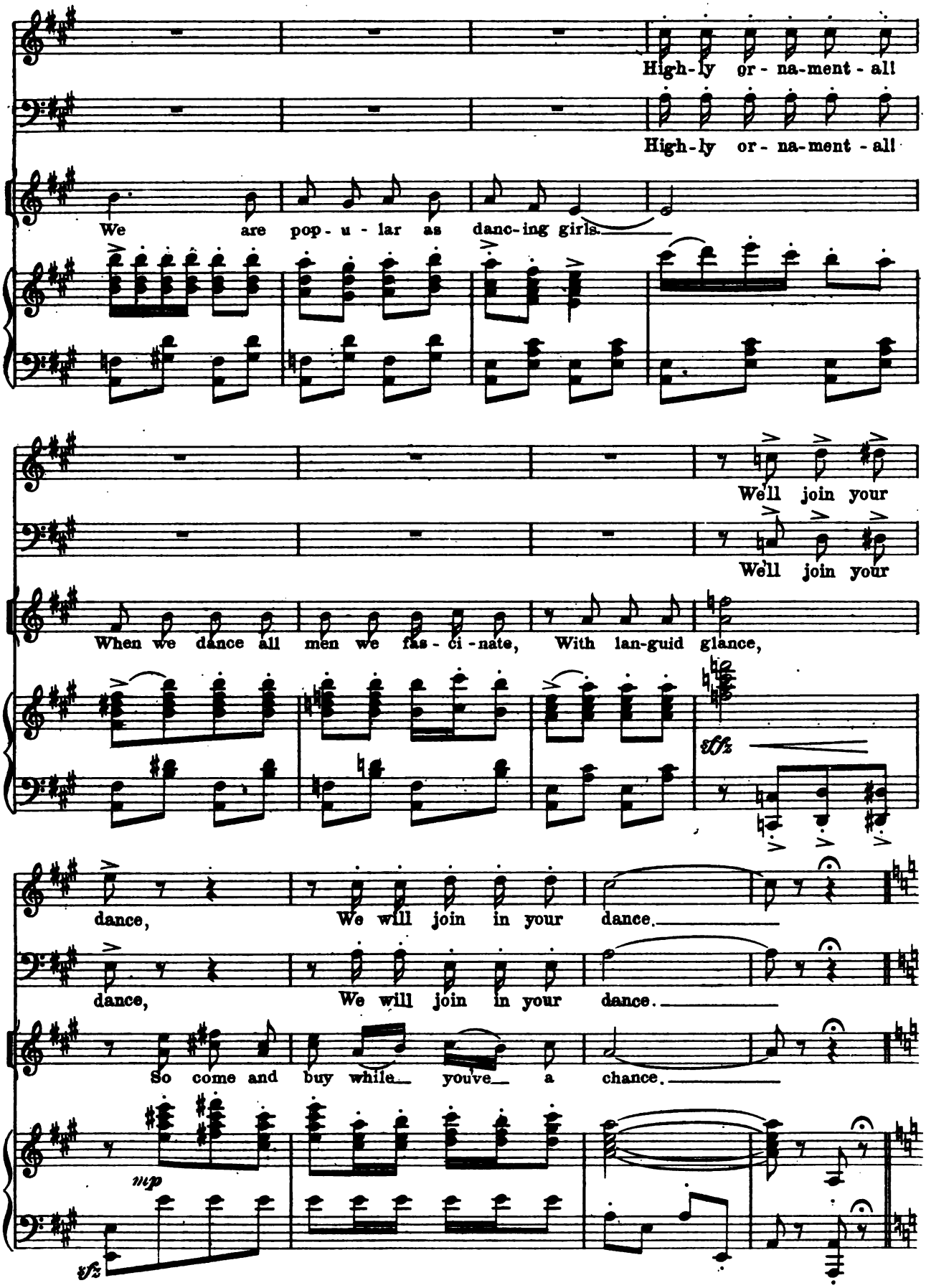

raid? A slave deal-er en - croach - ing, who brings his stock in trade.
molto cresc.
sf sf
tr
ffz mf
SLAVE GIRLS.
We are bar-gains most a - maz - ing, All gaz - ing are
p

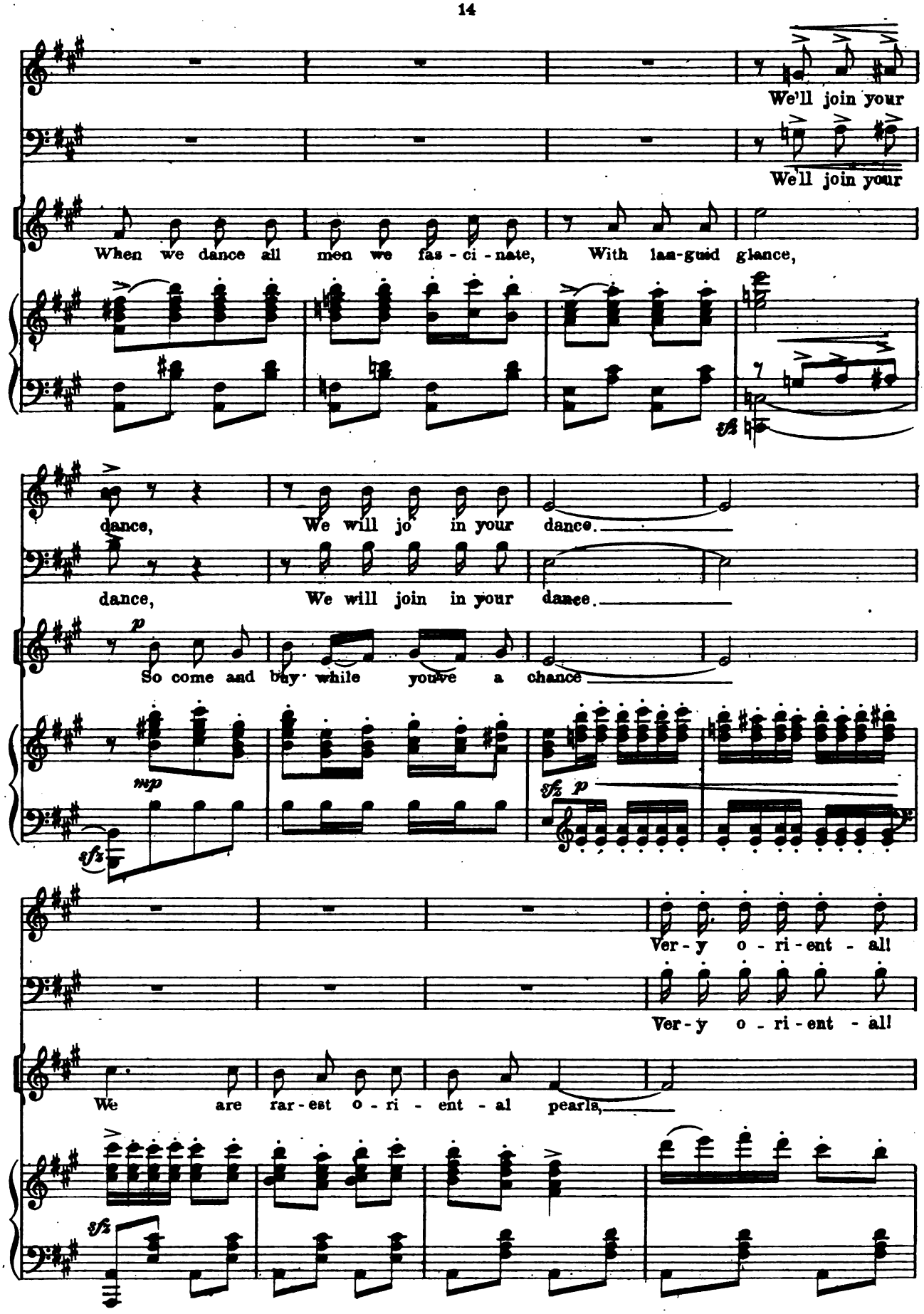

prais - ing, In plain un - var - nished phras - ing, We're the fair - est slaves on
earth. And our own - er names low pri - ces, To tempt your en -
ti - ces, He plain - ly sac - ri - fi - ces us, At half what we are
worth. Ah!
sfz

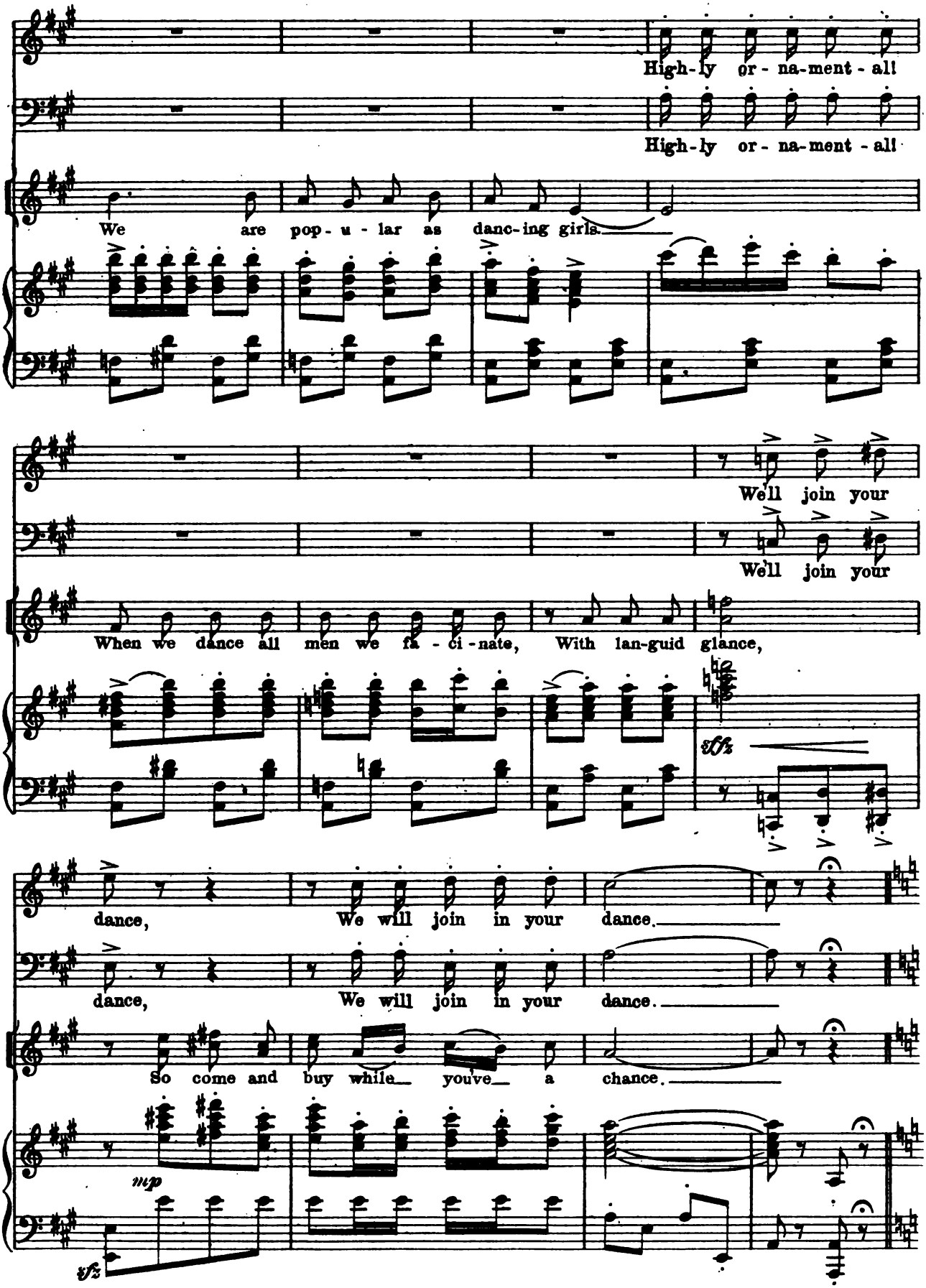

YUSSUF.
If you want a slave, it is time to buy!
GIRLS.
Buy! buy! buy!
They can dance or sing a lul - la - by
buy!
buy! buy!
Such a gold - en op - por- tu - ni - ty, Do not give up with im - pu - ni - ty.
buy!
buy!

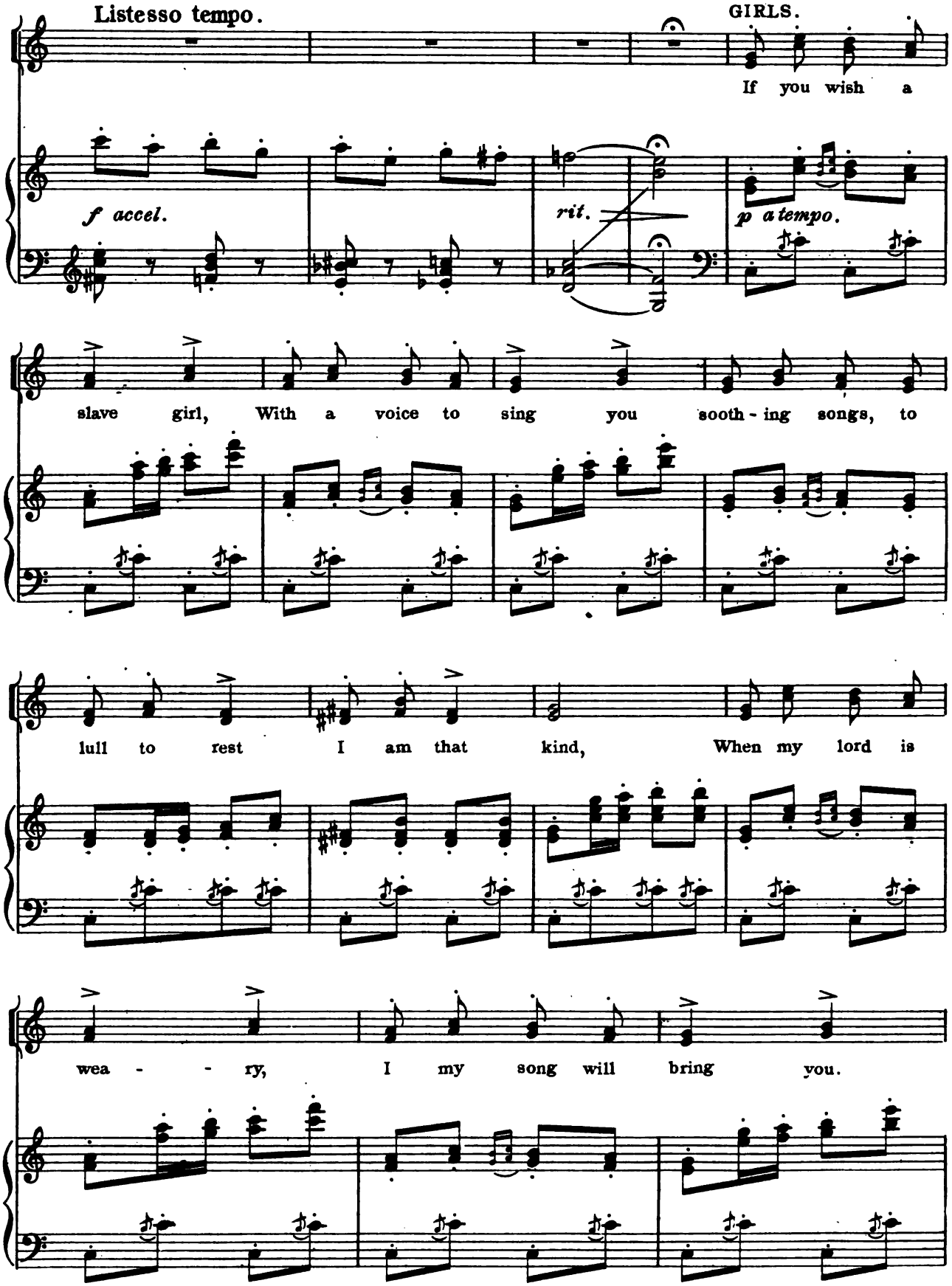

HASHISH.
Per-haps we'd like to buy a few, Come let us see what they can do.
YUSSUF.
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al!
HASHISH.
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al!
GIRLS.
We are rar - est o - ri - ent - al pearls
High - ly or - na-ment - al!
High - ly or - na-ment - al!
We are pop- u - lar as danc - ing girls.

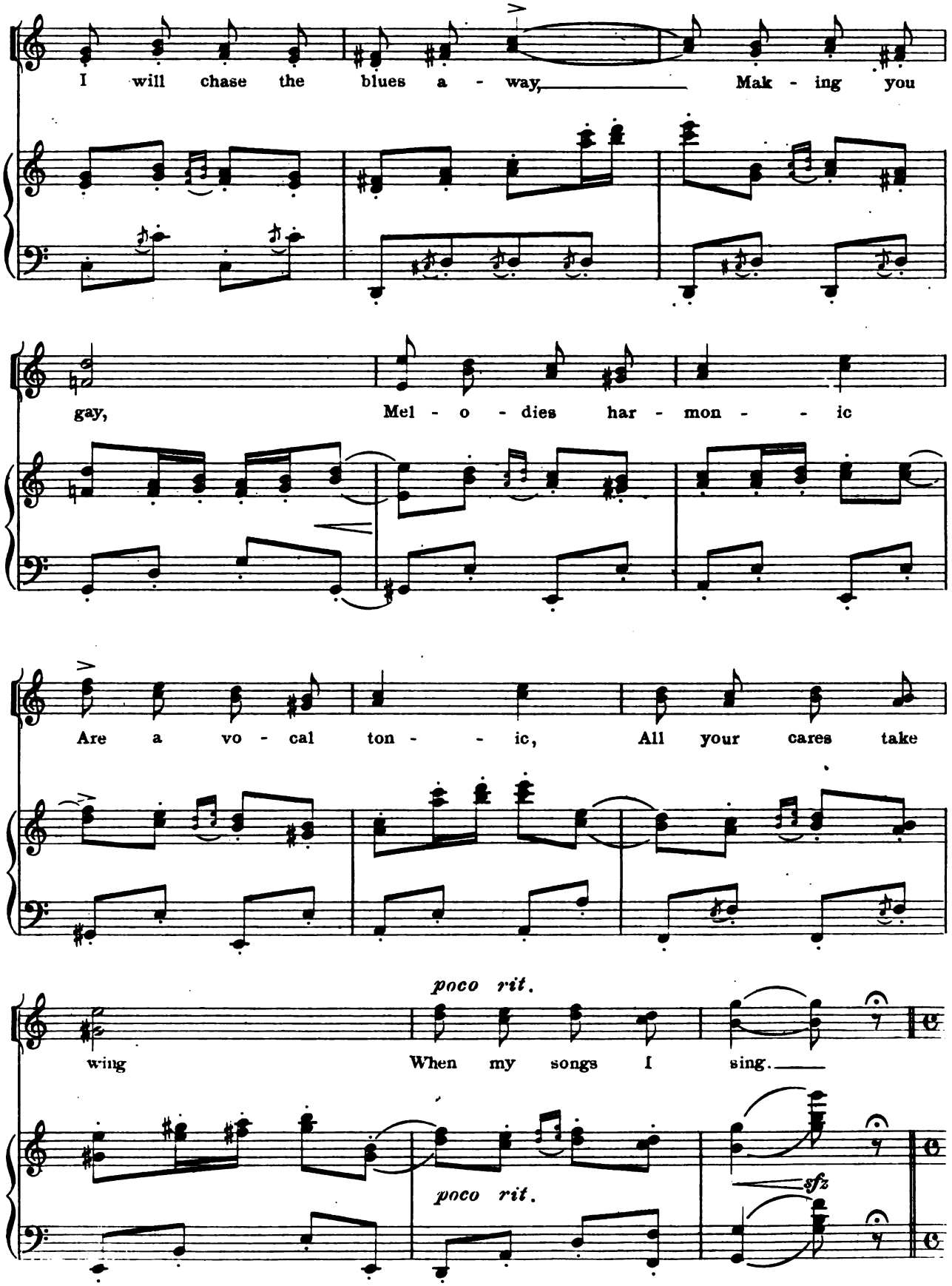

We'll join your
We'll join your
When we dance all men we fas - ci - nate, With laa-guid glance,
dance, We will join in your dance.
dance, We will join in your dance.
So come and buy while youve a chance
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al
We are rar - est o - ri - ent - al pearls,


High-ly or-na-ment-all
High-ly or-na-ment-all
We are pop-u-lar as danc-ing girls.
We'll join your
We'll join your
When we dance all men we fas-ci-nate, With lan-guid glance,
sfz
dance, We will join in your dance.
dance, We will join in your dance.
So come and buy while you've a chance.
mp
sfz


We'll join your
We'll join your
When we dance all men we fas - ci - nate, With laa-guid glance,
dance, We will jo in your dance.
dance, We will join in your dance.
So come and buy while you've a chance
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al
Ver - y o - ri - ent - al
We are rar - est o - ri - ent - al pearls,

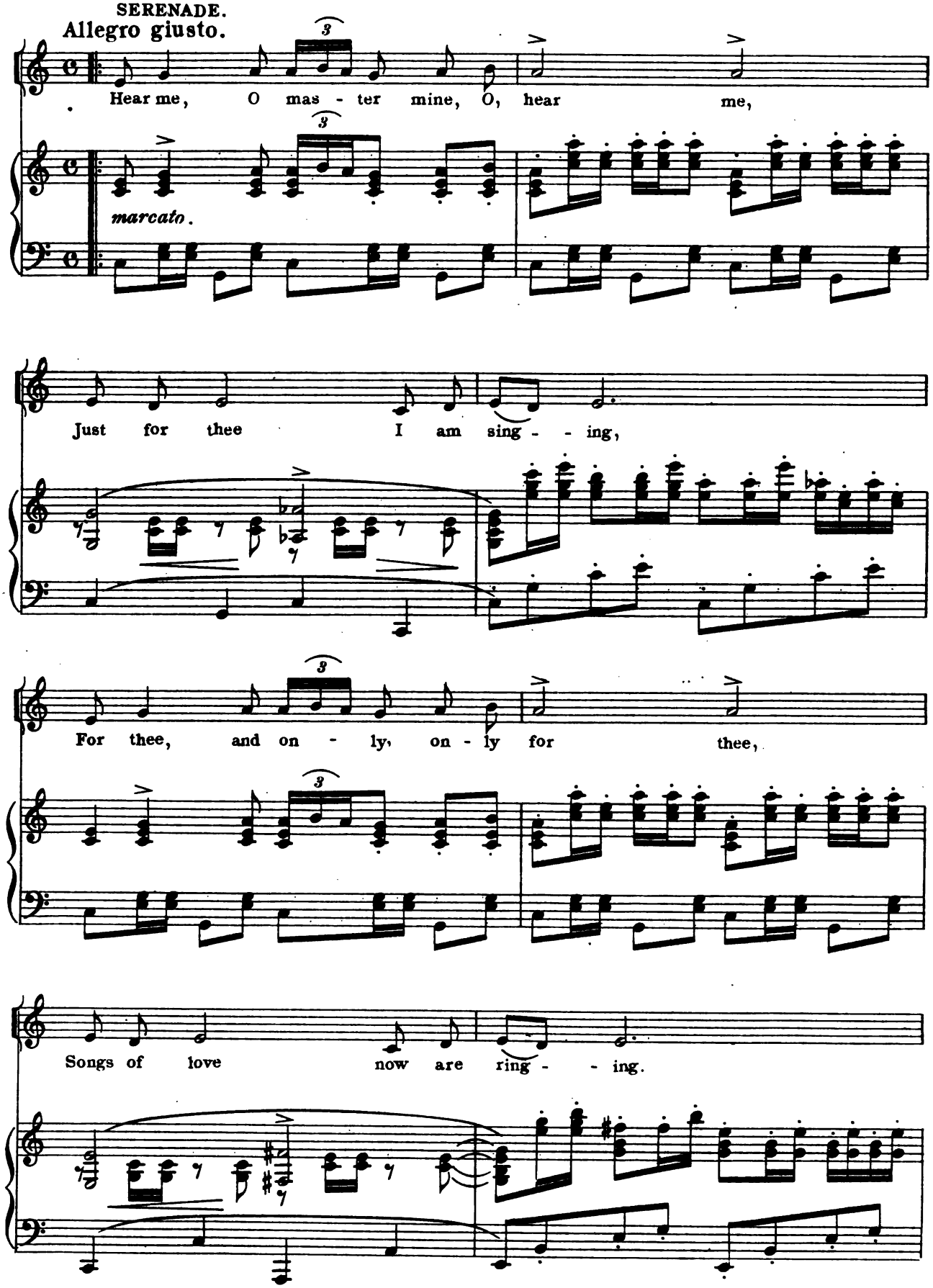

High-ly or-na-ment-all
High-ly or-na-ment-all
We are pop-u-lar as danc-ing girls.
We'll join your
We'll join your
When we dance all men we fa-ci-nate, With lan-guid glance,
dance, We will join in your dance.
dance, We will join in your dance.
So come and buy while youve a chance.
mp
sfz

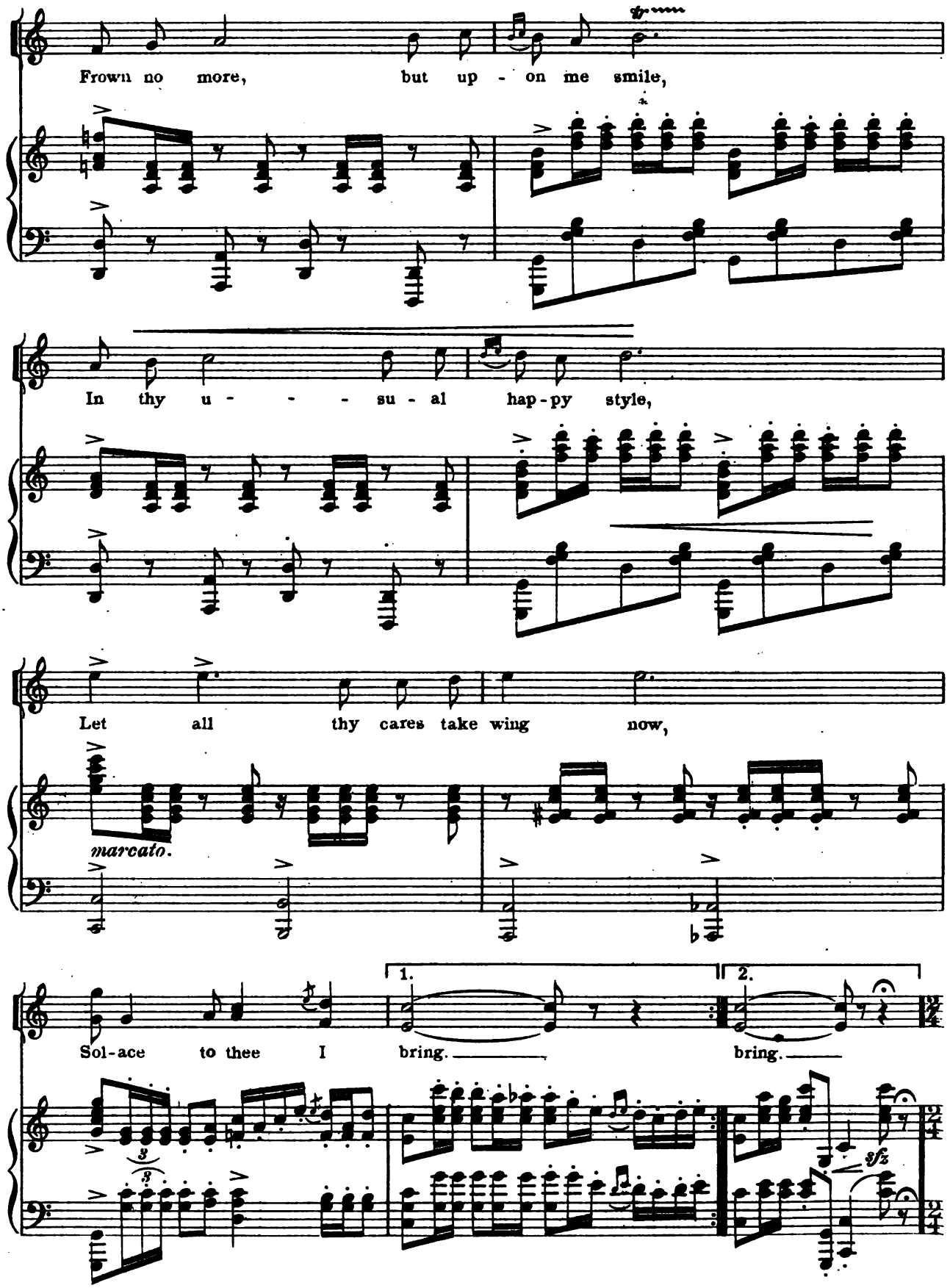

Listesso tempo.
GIRLS.
If you wish a
f accel.
rit.
p a tempo.
slave girl, With a voice to sing you sooth - ing songs, to
lull to rest I am that kind, When my lord is
wea - - ry, I my song will bring you.

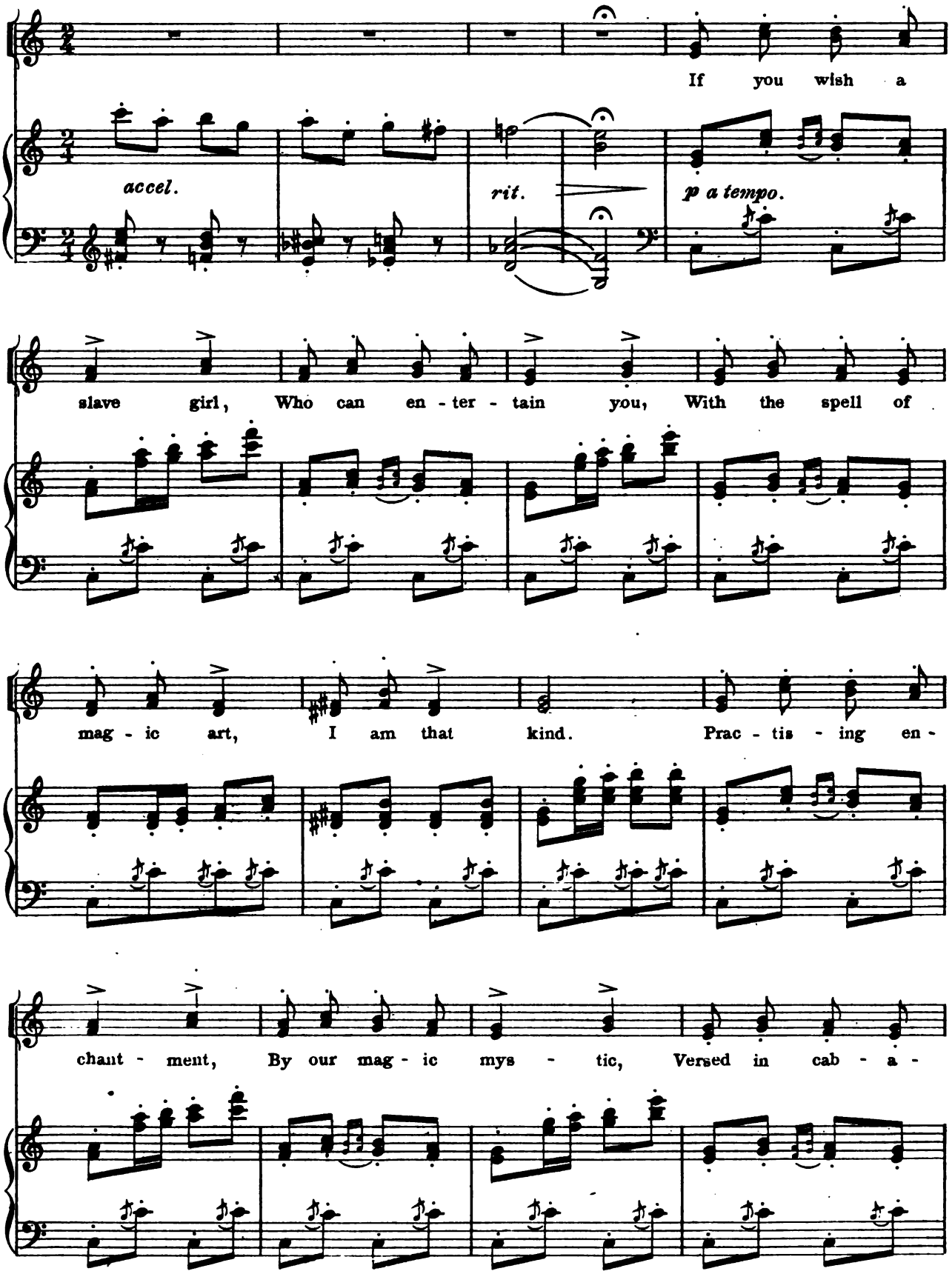

I will chase the blues a - way, Mak - ing you
gay, Mel - o - dies har - mon - - ic
Are a vo - cal ton - - ic, All your cares take
poco rit.
wing When my songs I sing.
poco rit.
sfz

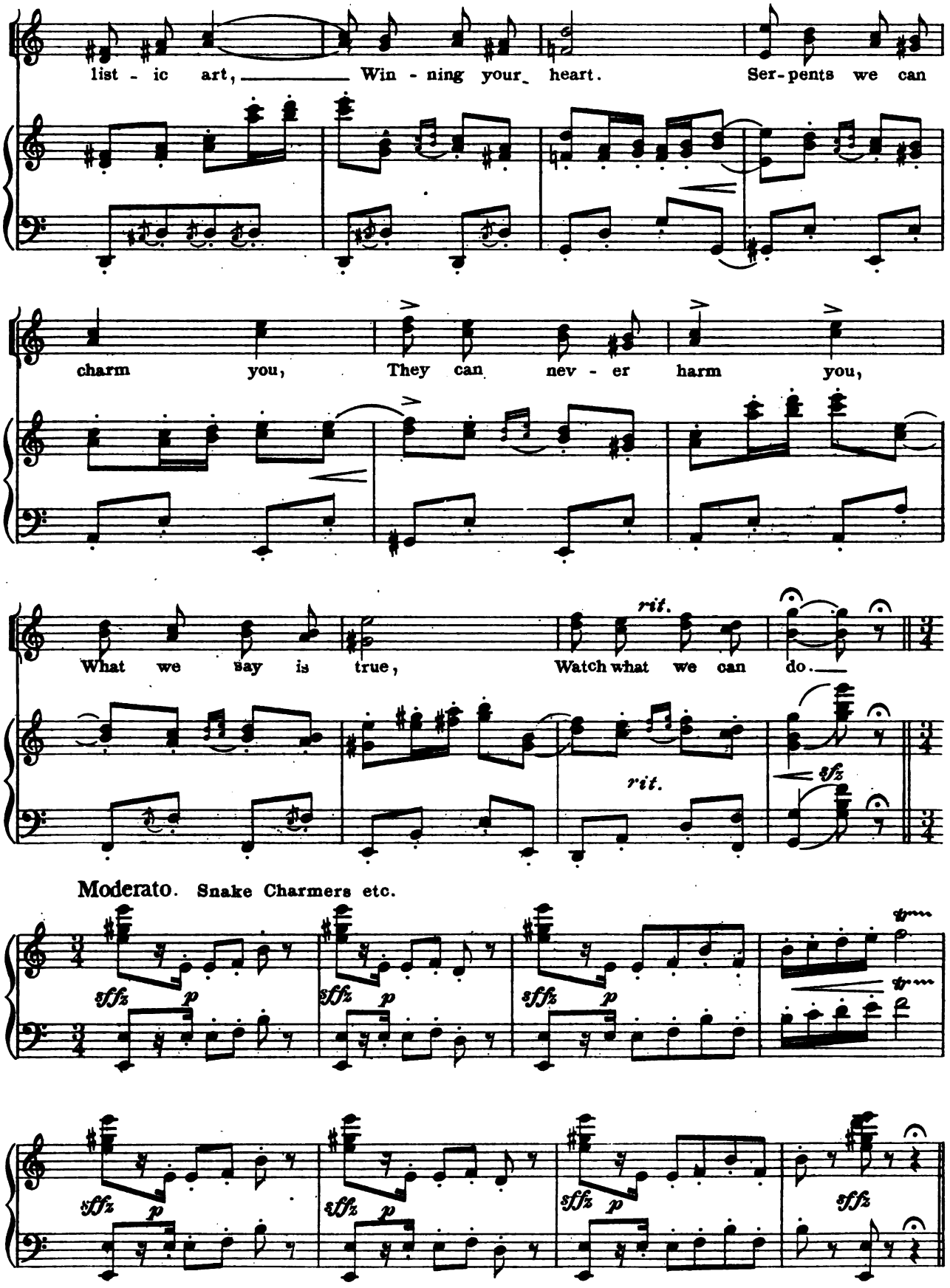
SERENADE.

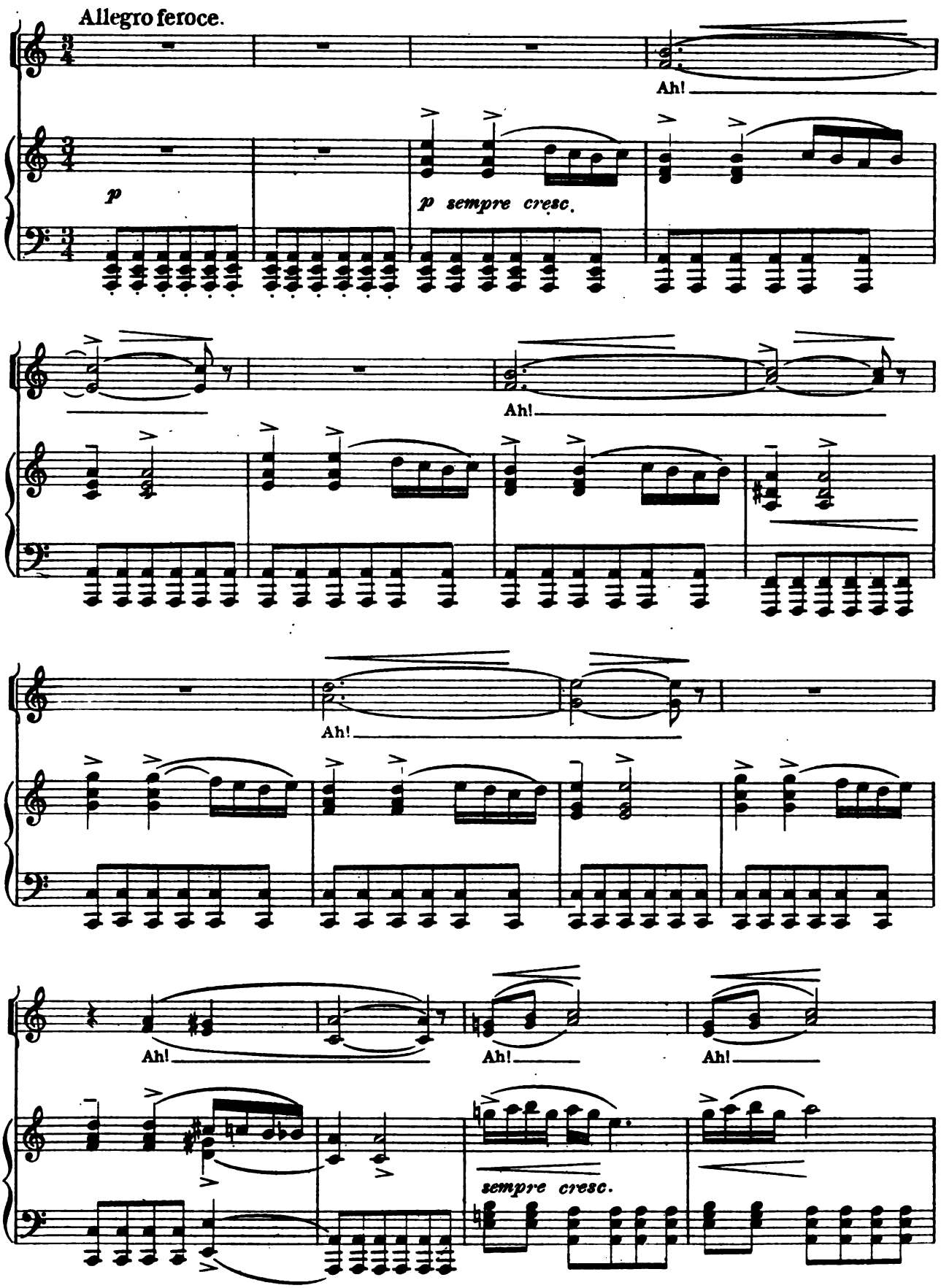
Allegro giusto.

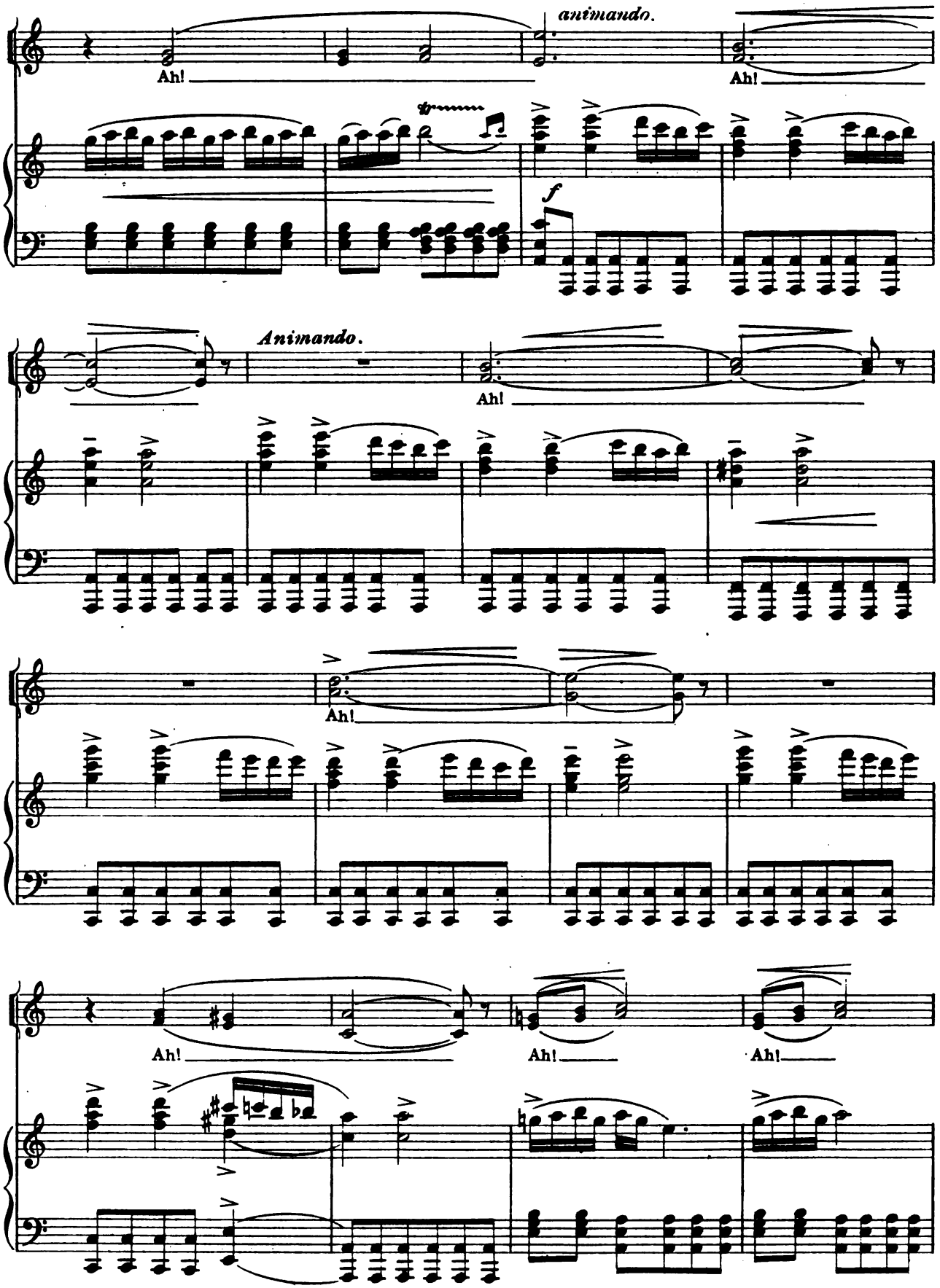


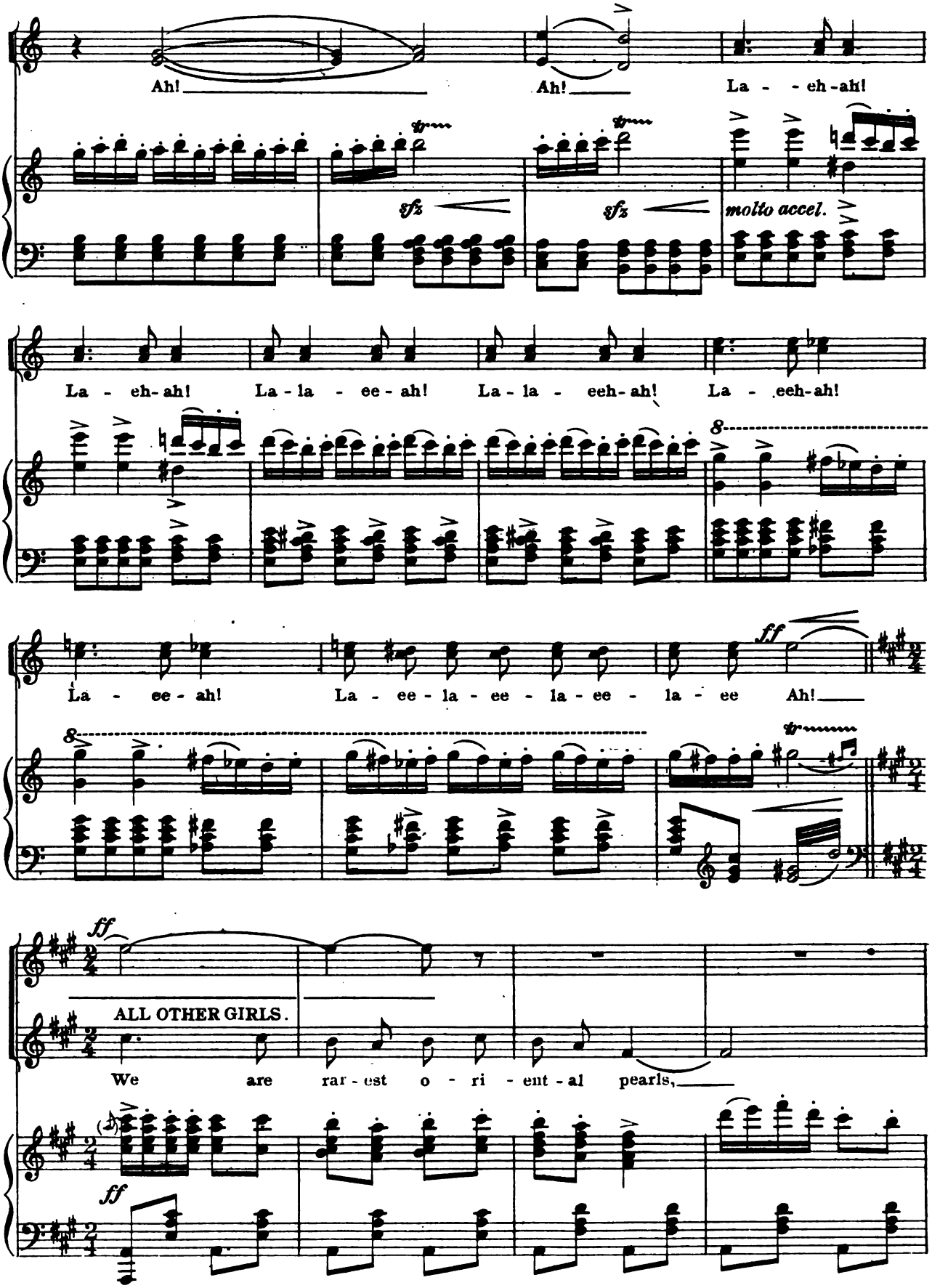

Frown no more, but up - on me smile,
In thy u - - - su - al hap - py style,
Let all thy cares take wing now,
marcato.
1.
2.
Sol - ace to thee I bring. bring.
sfz

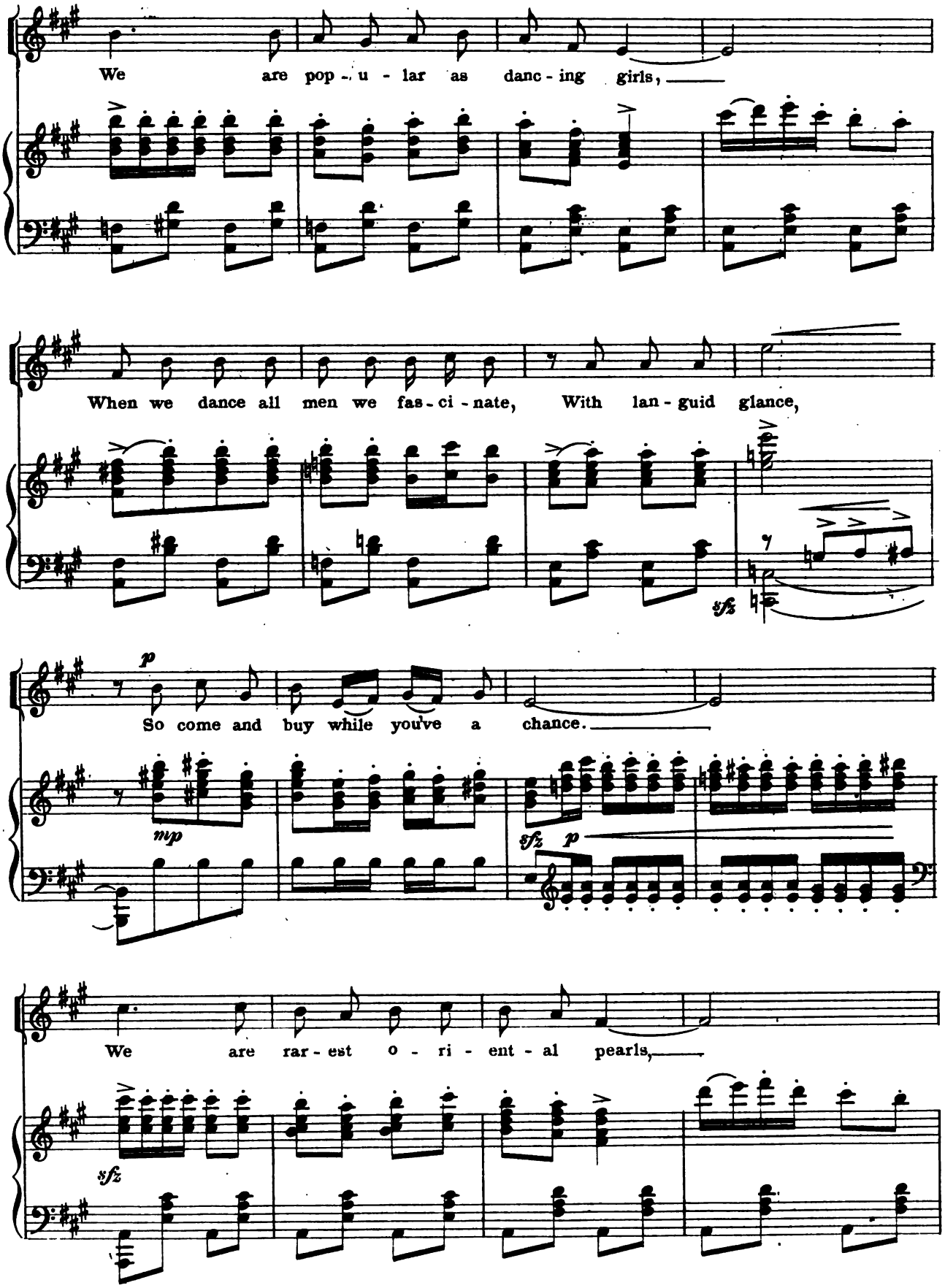

If you wish a
accel.
rit.
p a tempo.
slave girl, Who can en - ter - tain you, With the spell of
mag - ic art, I am that kind. Prac - tis - ing en -
chant - ment, By our mag - ic mys - tic, Versed in cab - a -

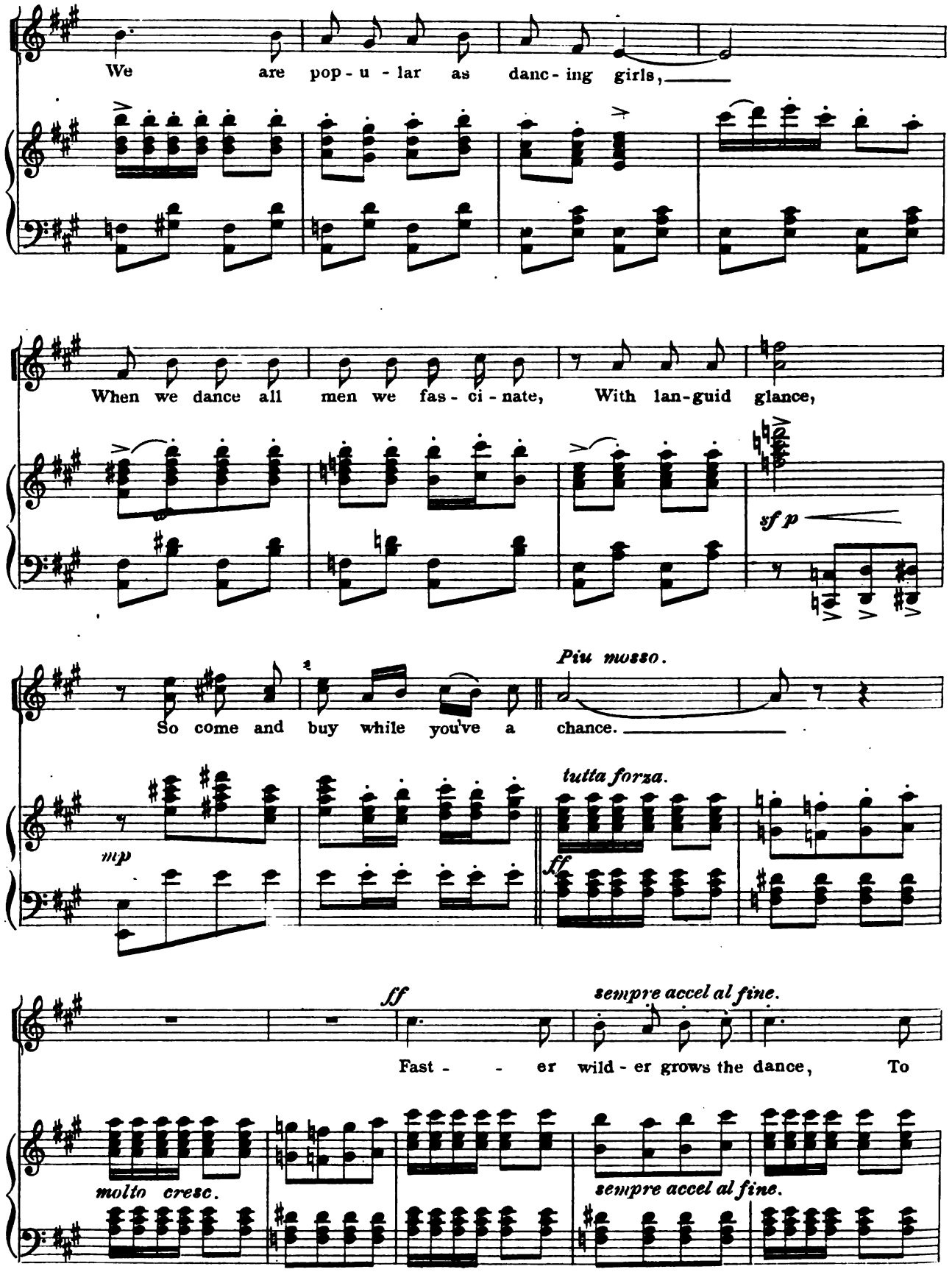

list - ic art, Win - ning your heart. Ser-pents we can
charm you, They can nev - er harm you,
What we say is true, Watch what we can do.
rit.
rit.
sfz
Moderato. Snake Charmers etc.
sffz p
sffz p
sffz p
sffz p
sffz p
sffz p
sffz p
sffz

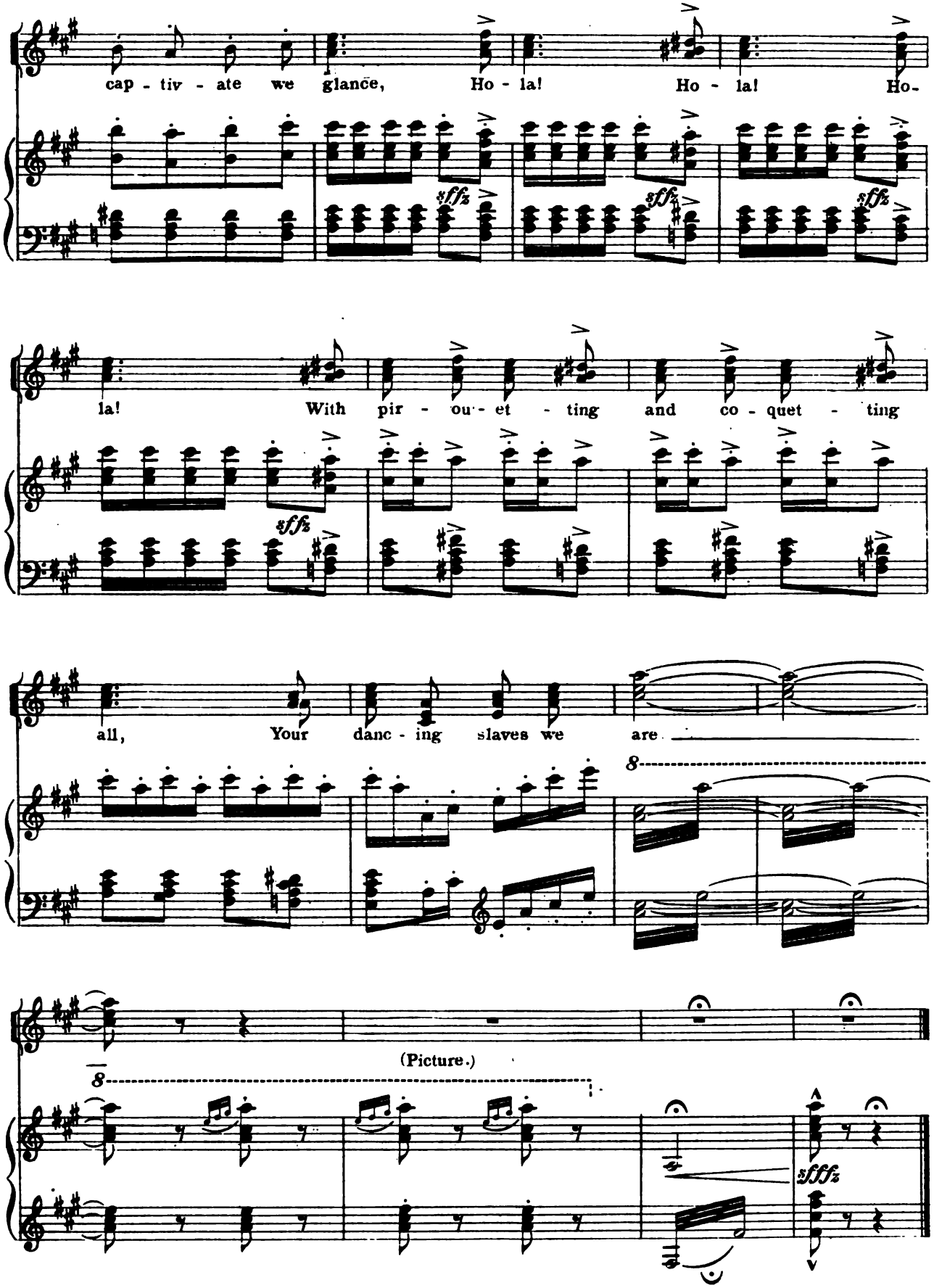

Allegro feroce.
Ah!
p
p sempre cresc.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
sempre cresc.


animando.
Ah!
Ah!
f
Animando.
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!


Ah! Ah! La - - eh - ah!
sfz sfz molto accel.
La - eh - ah! La - la - ee - ah! La - la - eeh - ah! La - eeh - ah!
8
La - ee - ah! La - ee - la - ee - la - ee - la - ee Ah!
8
ff
ff
ALL OTHER GIRLS.
We are rar - est o - ri - ent - al pearls,
ff


We are pop - u - lar as danc - ing girls,
When we dance all men we fas - ci - nate, With lan - guid glance,
sfz
p
So come and buy while you've a chance.
mp
sfz p
We are rar - est o - ri - ent - al pearls,
sfz


We are pop - u - lar as danc - ing girls,
When we dance all men we fas - ci - nate, With lan-guid glance,
sf p
Piu mosso.
So come and buy while you've a chance.
mp
tutta forza.
ff
ff
sempre accel al fine.
Fast - - er wild - er grows the dance, To
molto cresc.
sempre accel al fine.


cap - tiv - ate we glance, Ho - la! Ho - la! Ho-
la! With pir - ou - et - ting and co - quet - ting
all, Your danc - ing slaves we are
8
(Picture.)
8
sfffz

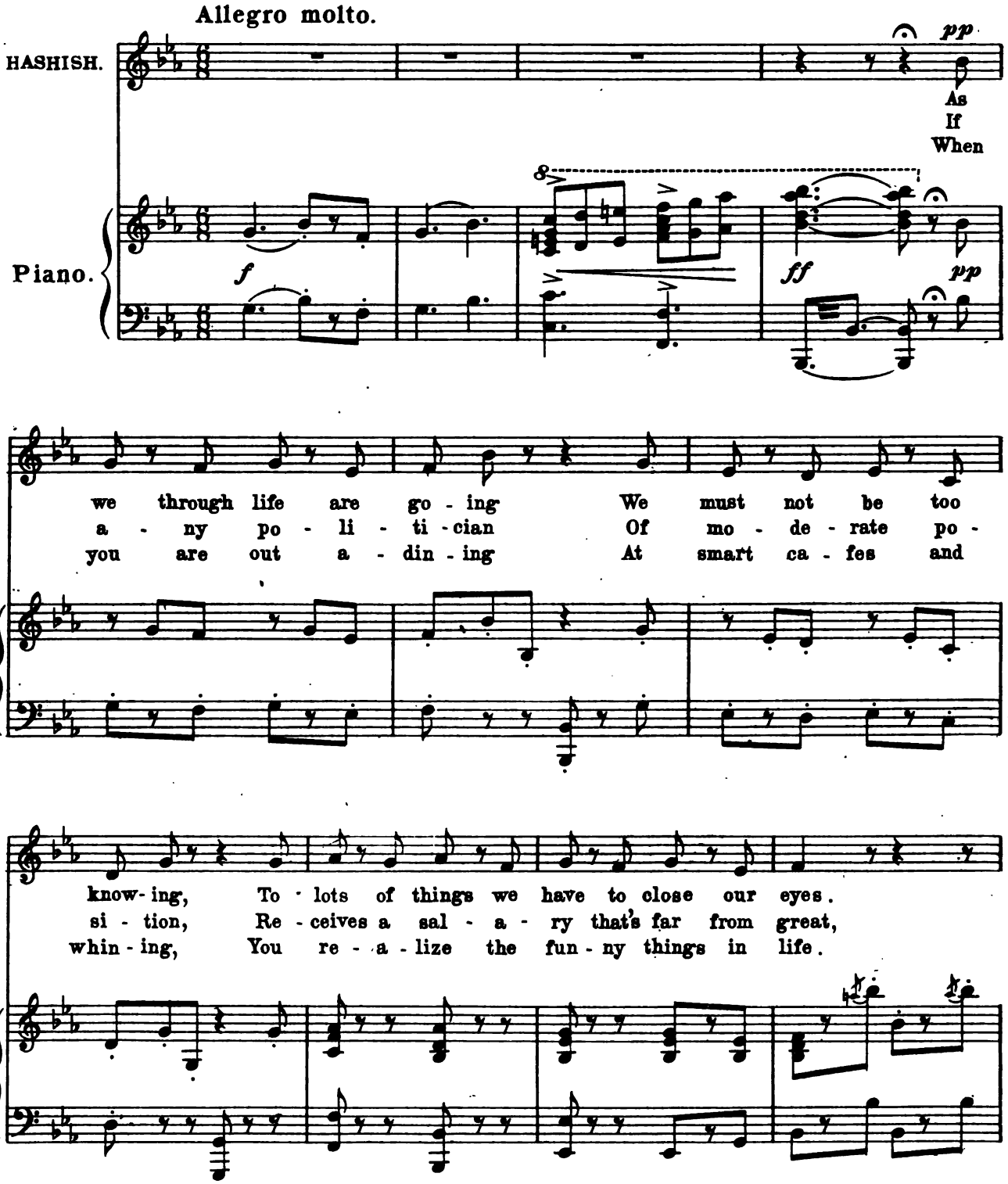
No 2. Things We Are Not Supposed To Know.

3619

Quartette.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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MULEY.

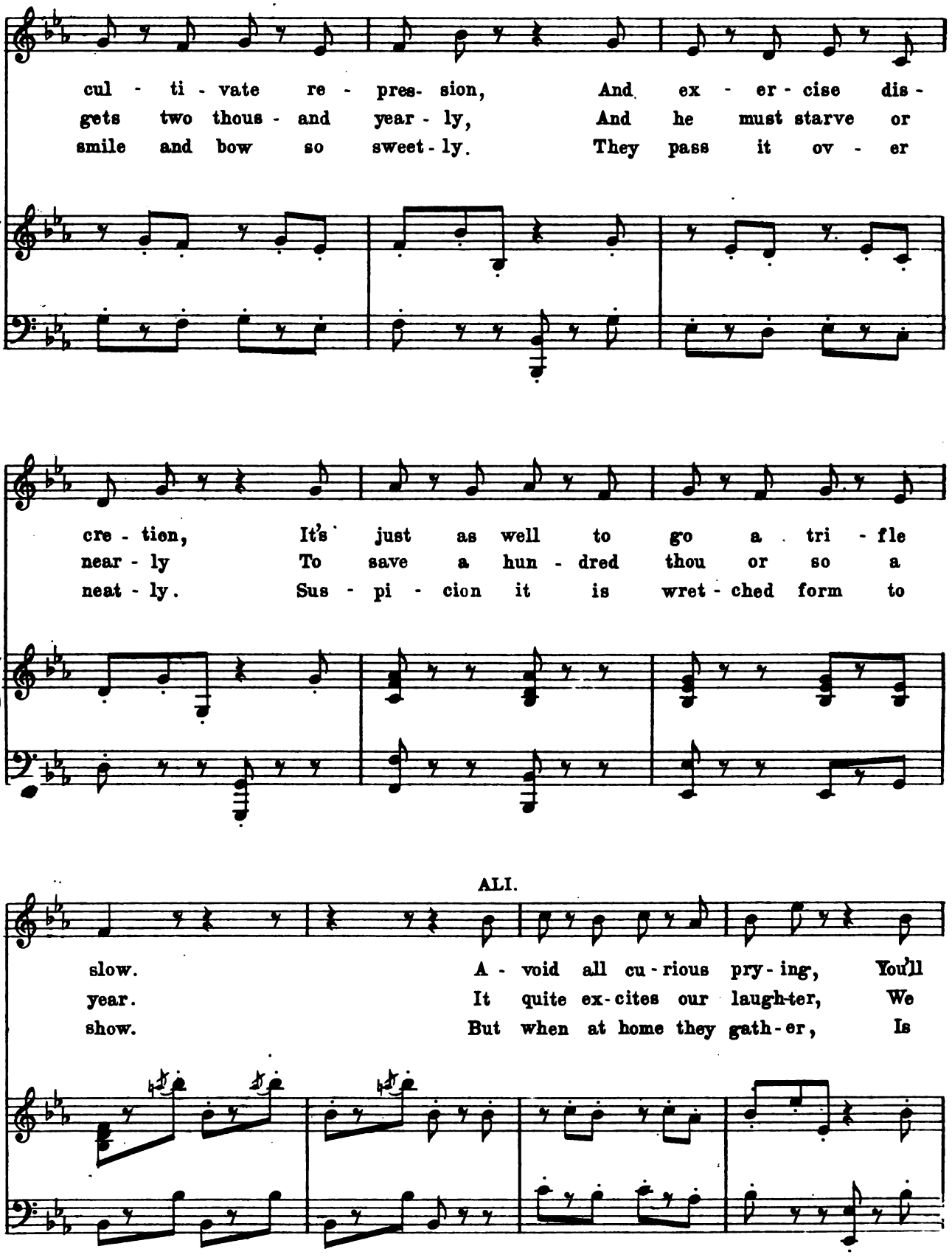
Don't take to see - ing dou - ble, And
He's nev - er known to stag - na te, Is
You see a girl quite club - by With

nev - er look for trou - ble; 'Tis ver - y of - ten
in with ev' - ry mag - nate, We find him buy - ing
some - one - el - se's hub - by, And some - one - else is

YUSSUF.

fol - ly to be wise. Just
ci - ty real es - tate. He
there with hub - by's wife. All

ff *pp*


cul - ti - vate re - pres- sion, And ex - er - cise dis -
gets two thous - and year - ly, And he must starve or
smile and bow so sweet - ly. They pass it ov - er
cre - tion, It's just as well to go a tri - fle
near - ly To save a hun - dred thou or so a
neat - ly. Sus - pi - cion it is wret - ched form to
ALI.
slow. A - void all cu - rious pry - ing, You'll
year. It quite ex - cites our laugh-ter, We
show. But when at home they gath - er, Is

learn with - out half try - ing A lot of things you're
know he is a graf - ter , But that's a thing we're
there a storm? well rath - er , But that's a thing we're

rit.

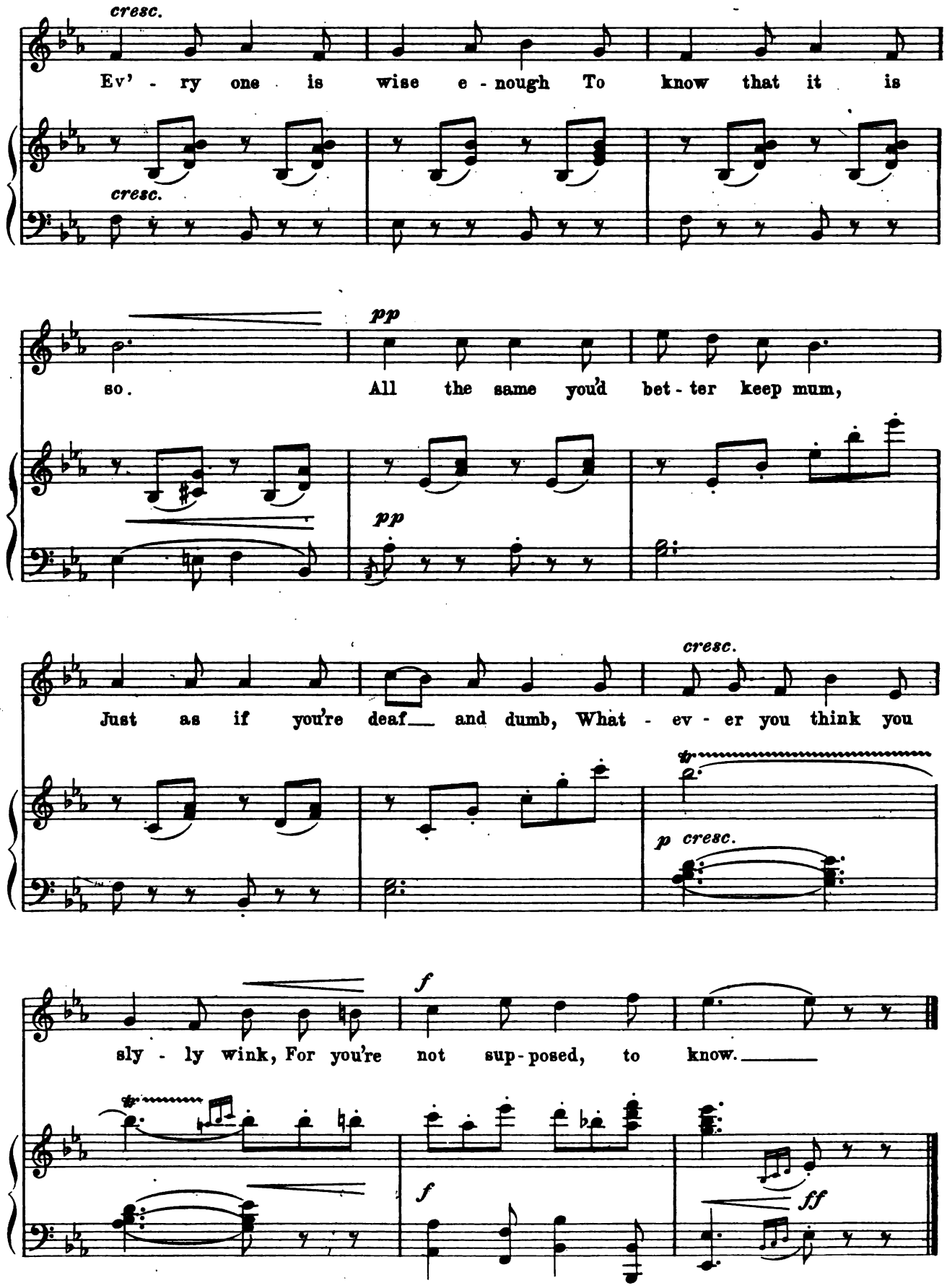
not sup - posed to know.
not sup - posed to know.
not sup - posed to know.

rit.

ALL.

You know and I know, He knows and she knows

a tempo.

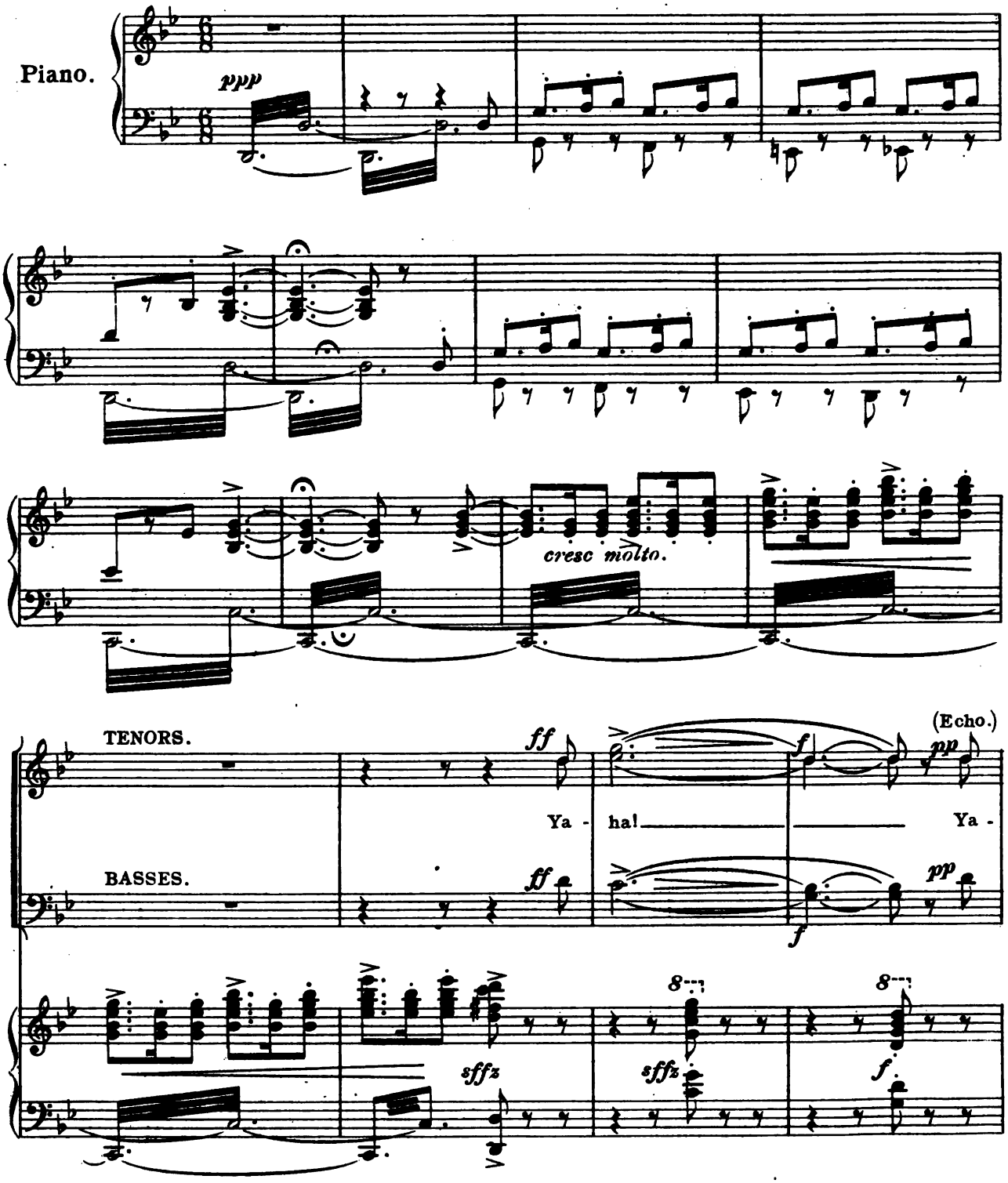

cresc.
Ev' - ry one is wise e - nough To know that it is
cresc.
pp
so. All the same you'd bet - ter keep mum,
pp
cresc.
Just as if you're deaf and dumb, What - ev - er you think you
p cresc.
f
sly - ly wink, For you're not sup - posed, to know.
f
ff

Entrance of Arabs.

No. 3.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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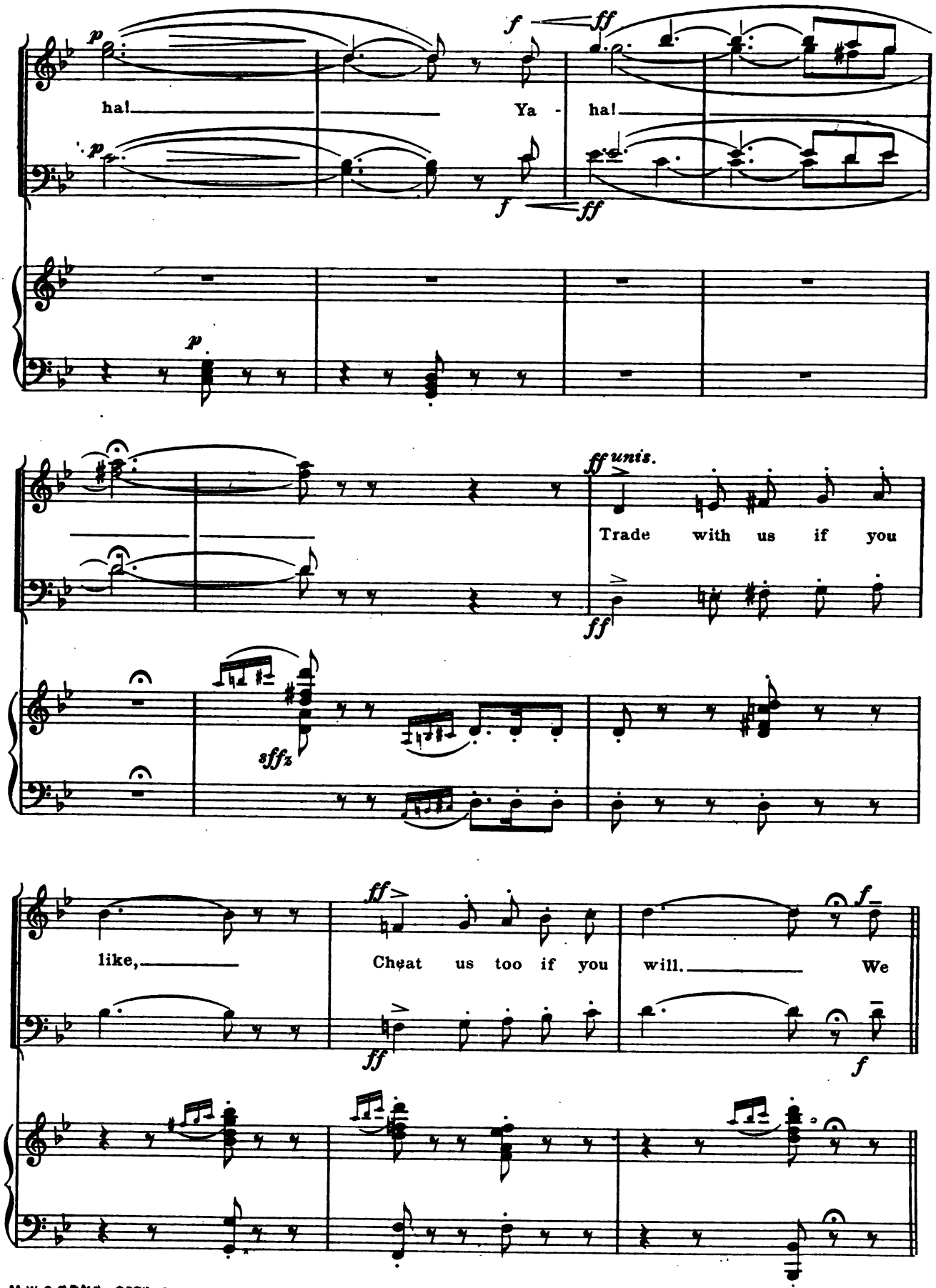
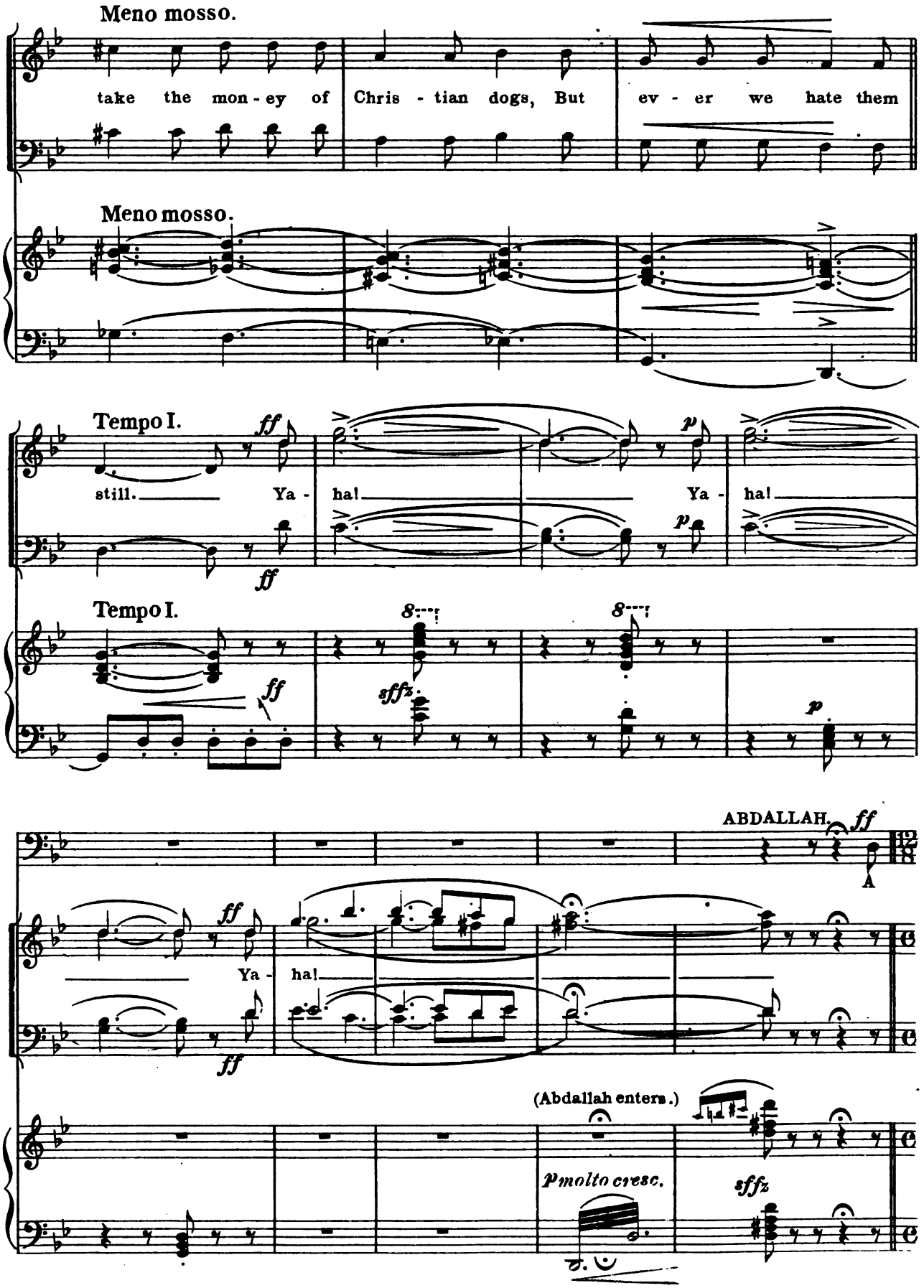
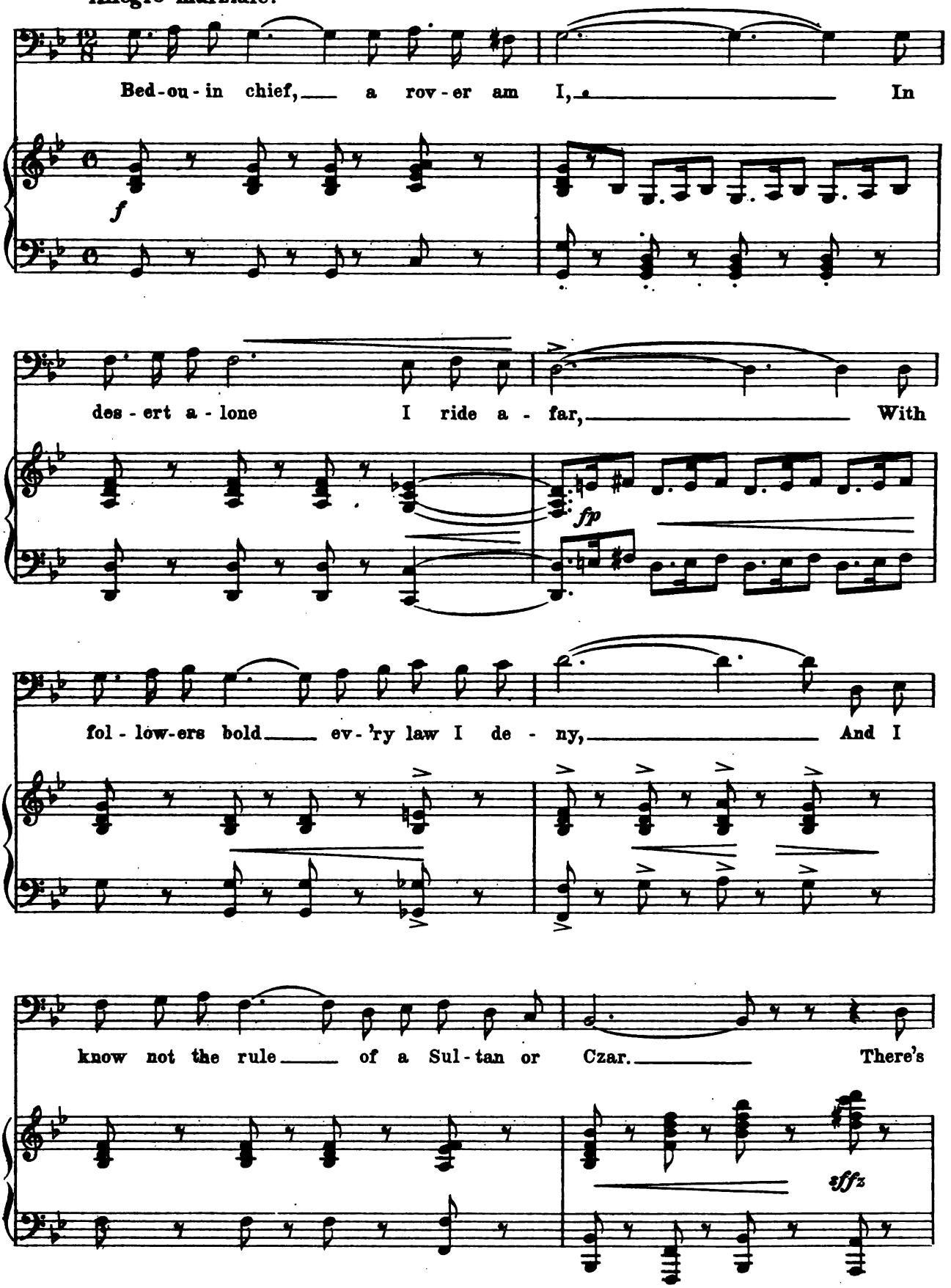
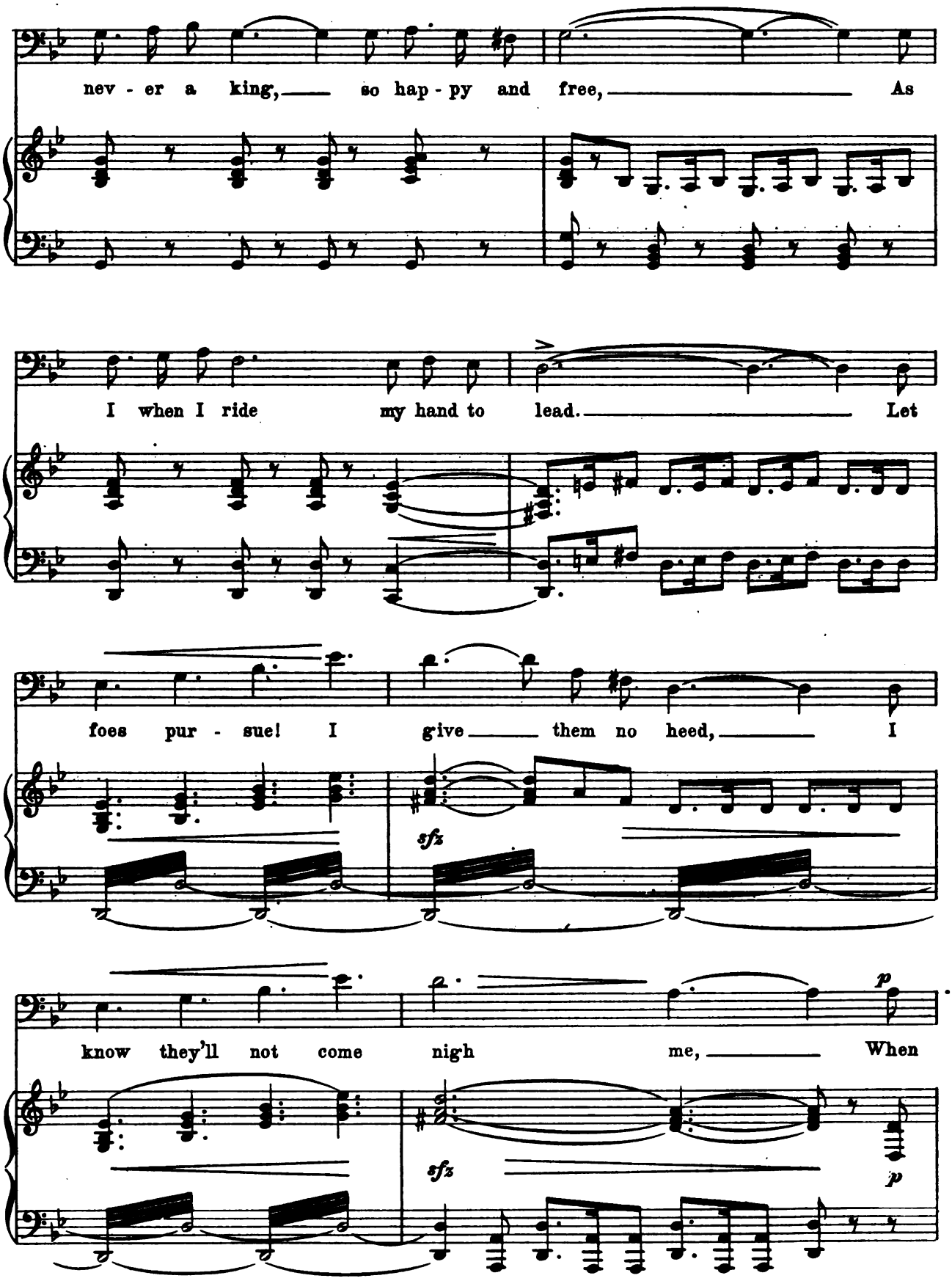
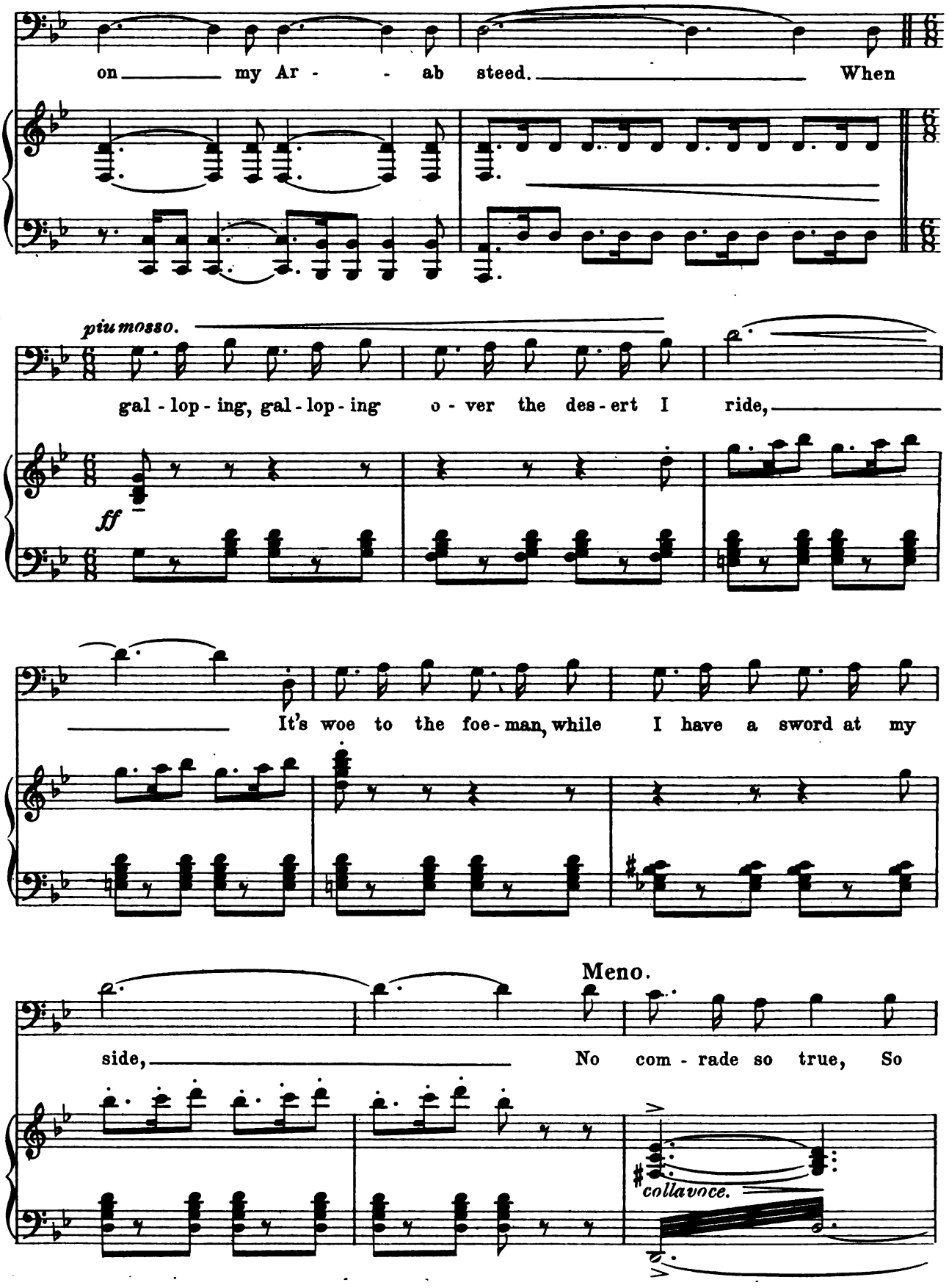

p
ha!
Ya -
ha!
f
ff
p
f
ff
p
ff unis.
Trade with us if you
ff
sffz
ff
like,
Cheat us too if you
will.
We
ff
f
f

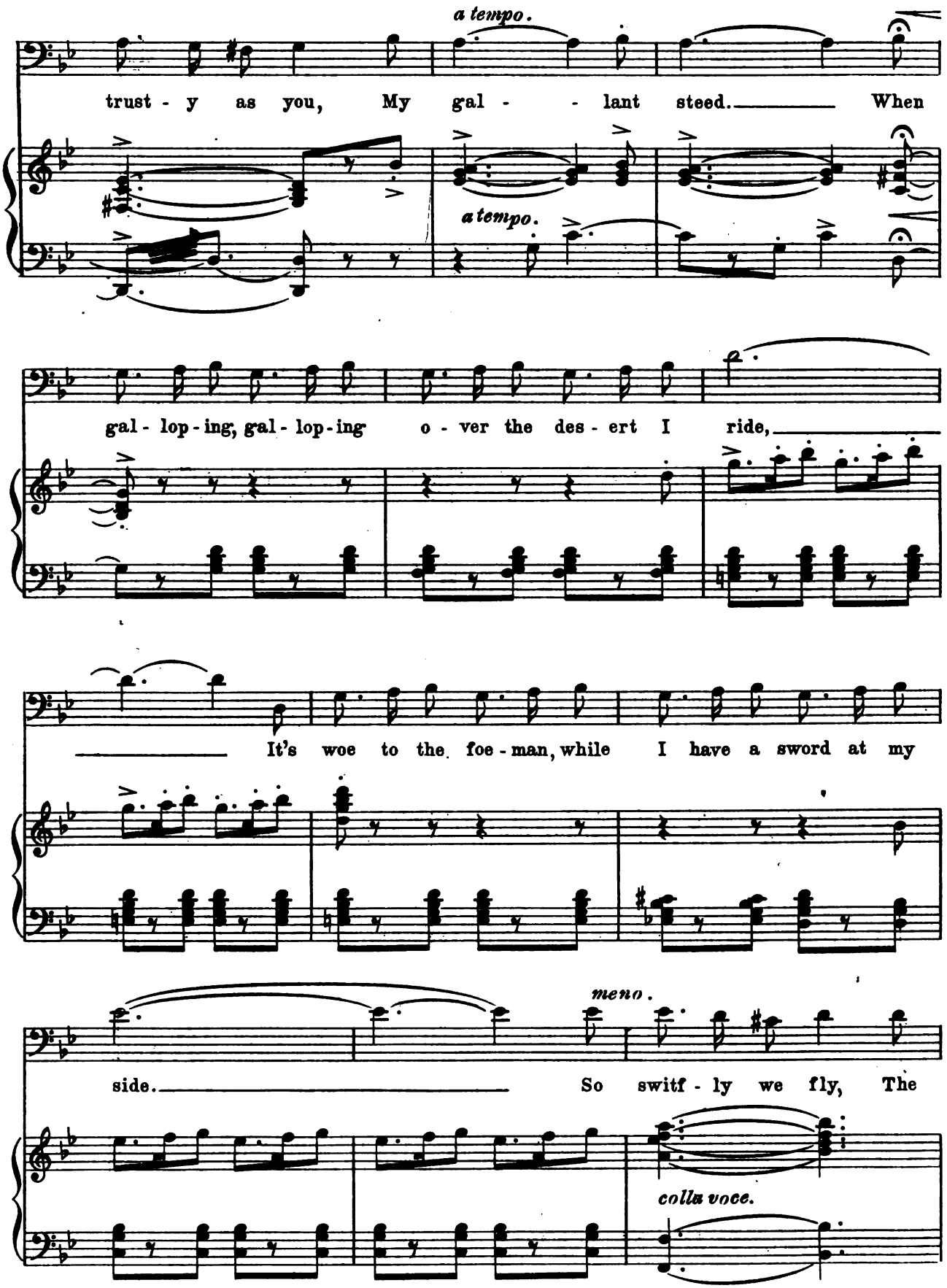

Meno mosso.
take the mon - ey of Chris - tian dogs, But ev - er we hate them
Meno mosso.
Tempo I.
ff
still. Ya - ha! Ya - ha!
p
Tempo I.
ff
sffz
p
ABDALLAH.
ff
A
Ya - ha!
(Abdallah enters.)
p molto cresc.
sffz

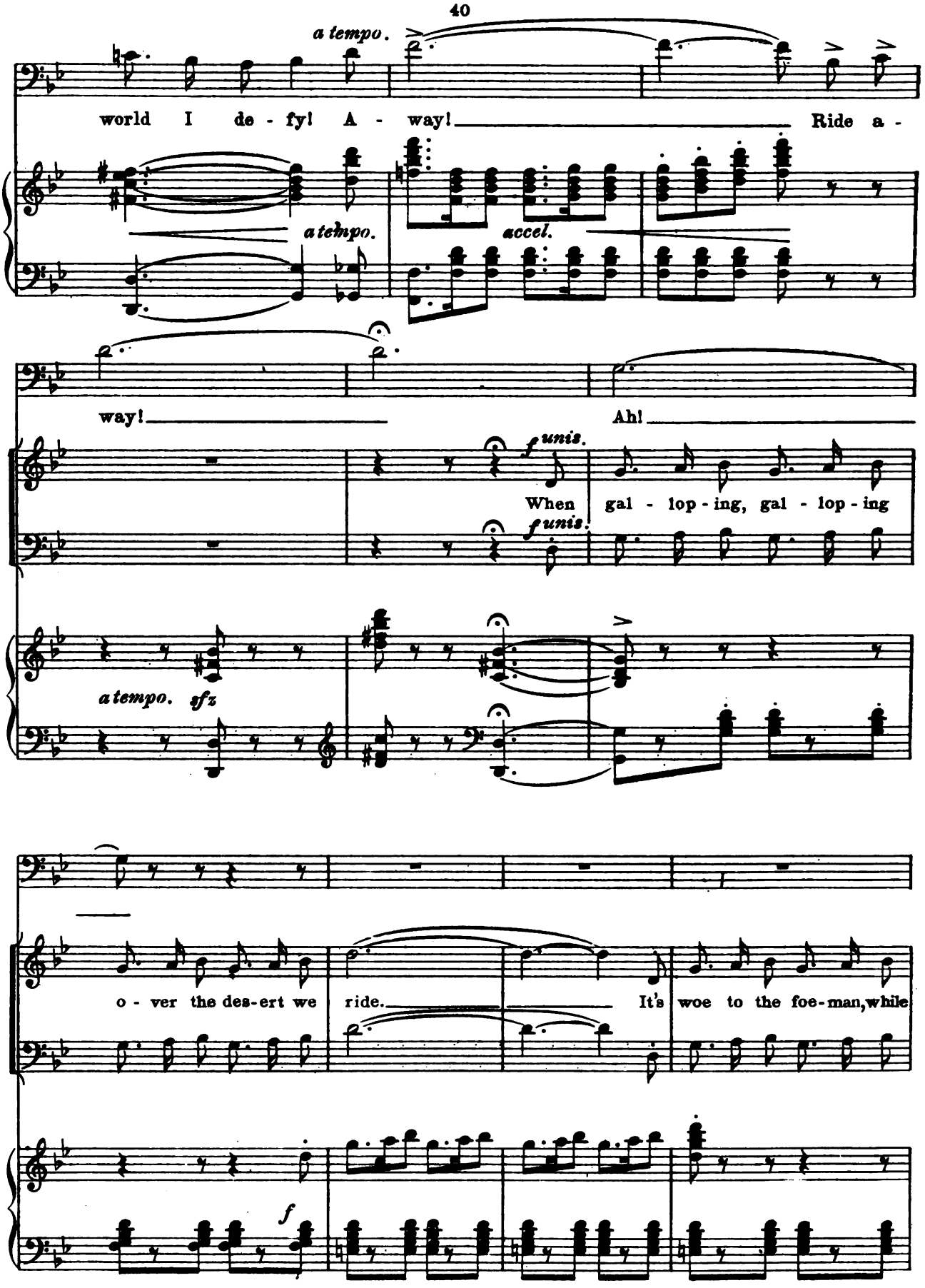
Allegro marziale.

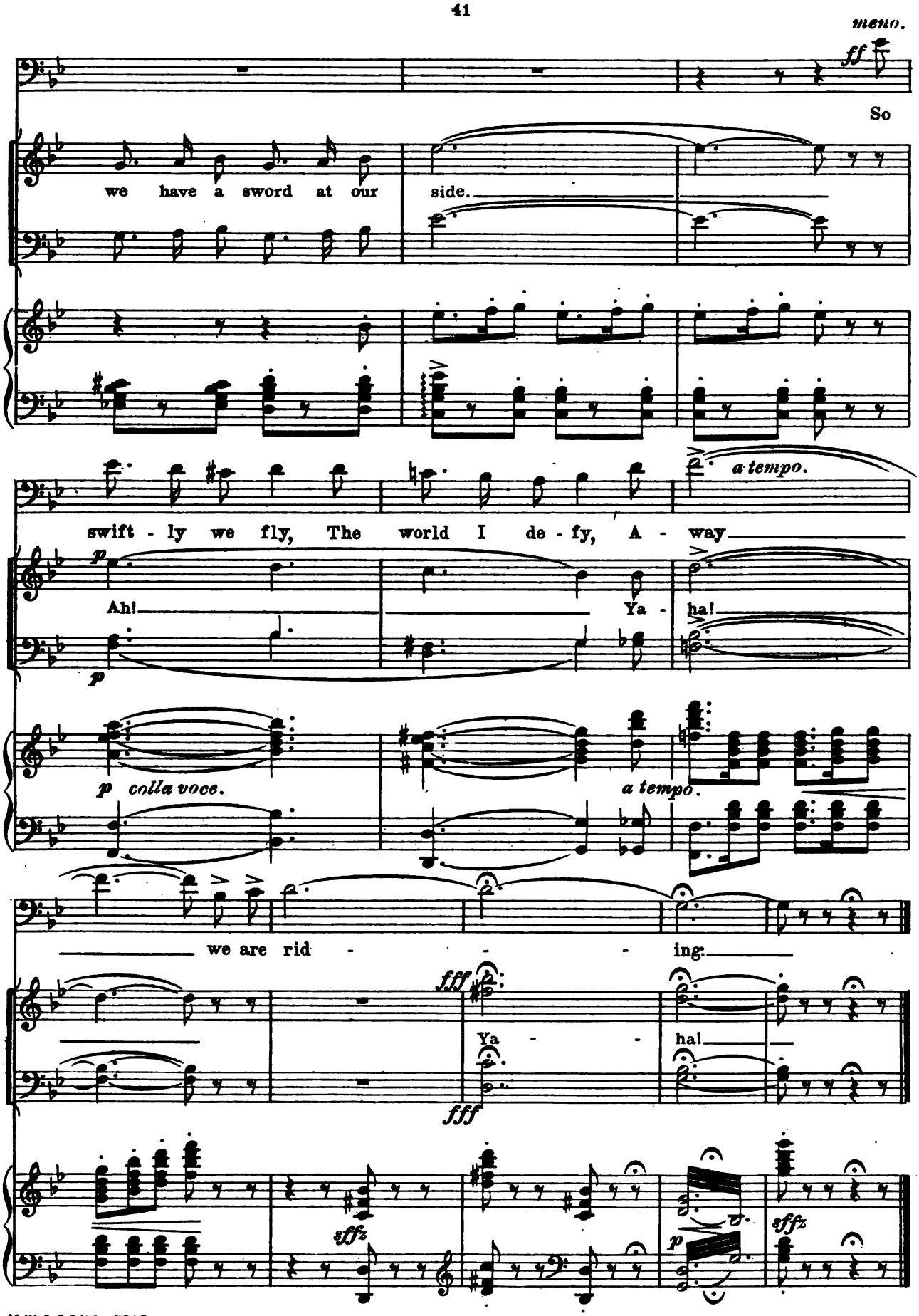



nev - er a king, so hap - py and free, As
I when I ride my hand to lead. Let
foes pur - sue! I give them no heed, I
sfz
know they'll not come nigh me, When
sfz
p
p


on my Ar - - ab steed. When
più mosso.
gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing o - ver the des - ert I ride,
ff
It's woe to the foe - man, while I have a sword at my
Meno.
side, No com - rade so true, So
collavoce.


a tempo.
trust - y as you, My gal - - lant steed. When
a tempo.
gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing o - ver the des - ert I ride,
It's woe to the foe - man, while I have a sword at my
meno.
side. So switf - ly we fly, The
colla voce.


a tempo.
world I de - fy! A - way! Ride a -
a tempo.
accel.
way! Ah!
f unis.
When gal - lop - ing, gal - lop - ing
f unis.
a tempo. sfz
o - ver the des - ert we ride. It's woe to the foe - man, while
f


meno.
ff
So
we have a sword at our side.
a tempo.
swift - ly we fly, The world I de - fy, A - way
p
Ah!
Ya - ha!
p colla voce.
a tempo.
we are rid - - - ing.
fff
Ya - - ha!
fff
sffz
sffz
p
sffz

No. 4. Entrance of Omar.

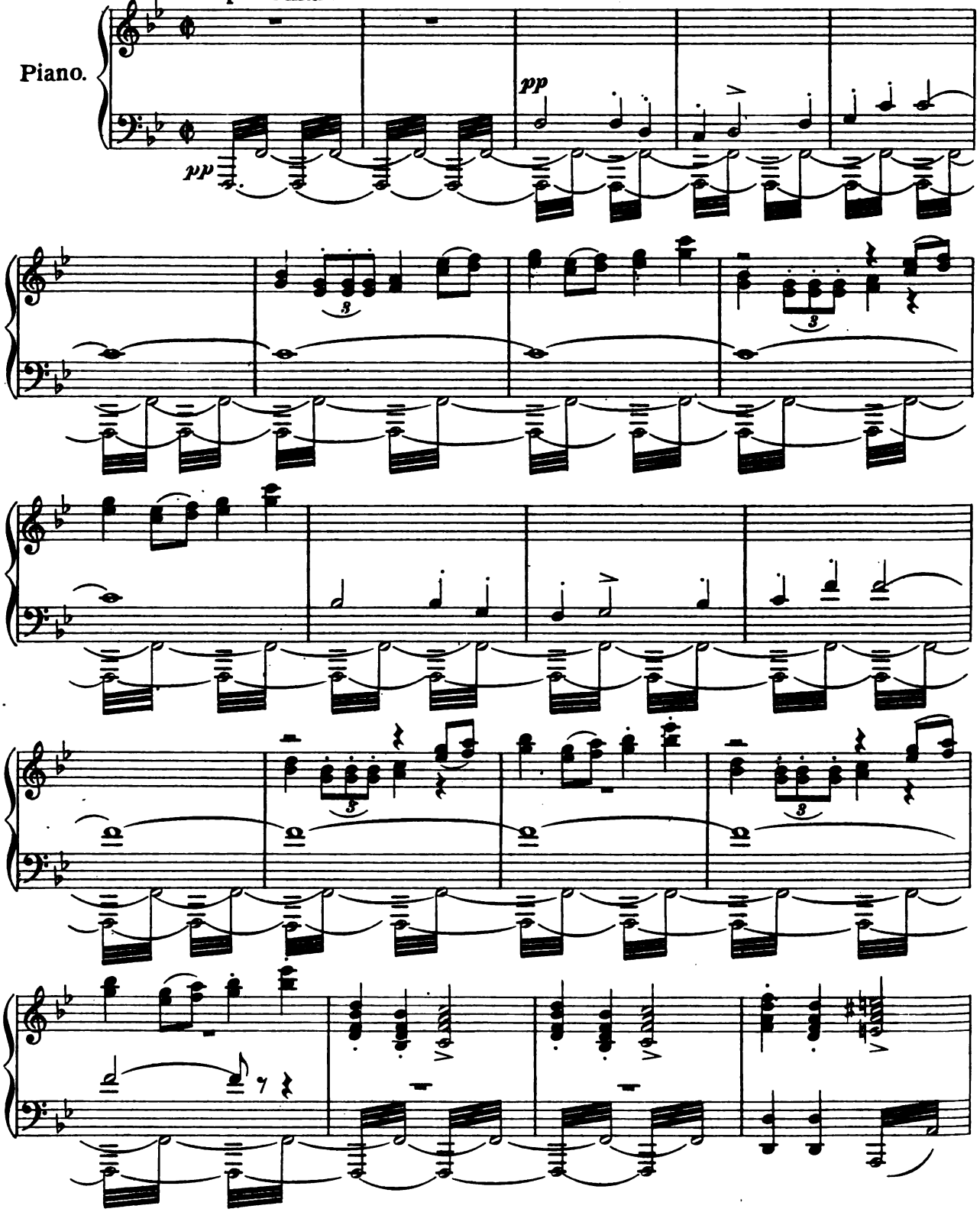
ORIENTAL MARCH.
Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.



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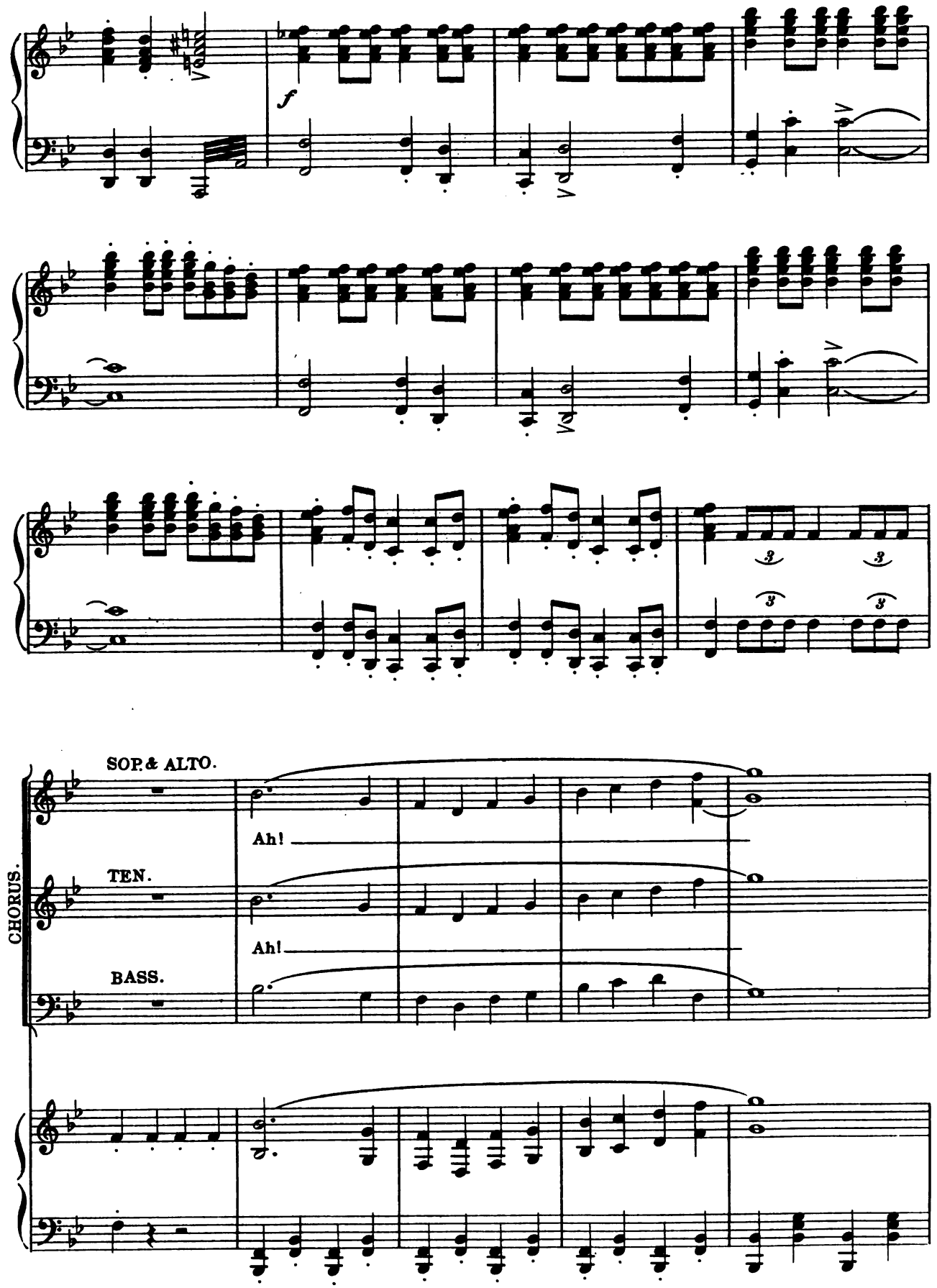
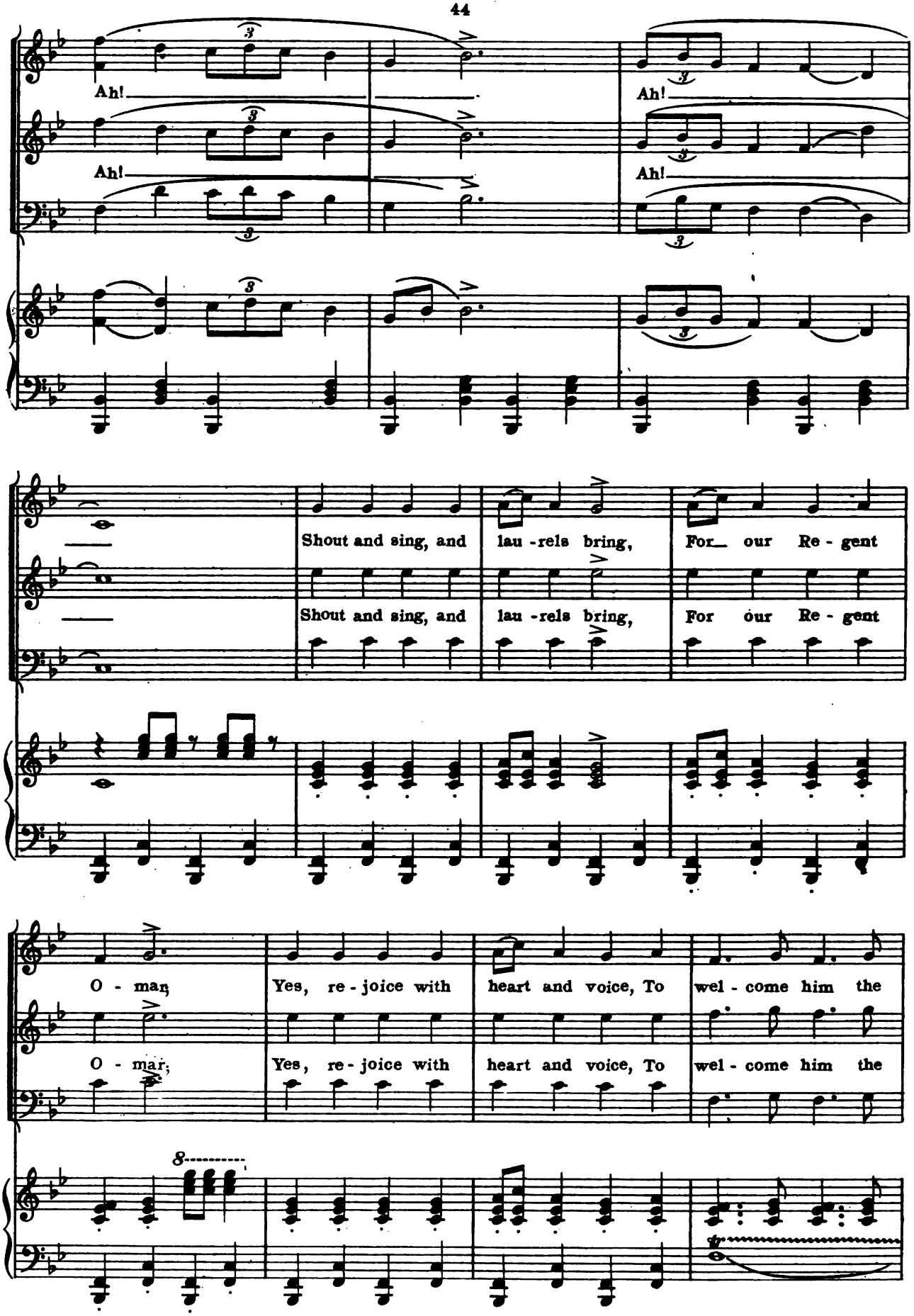
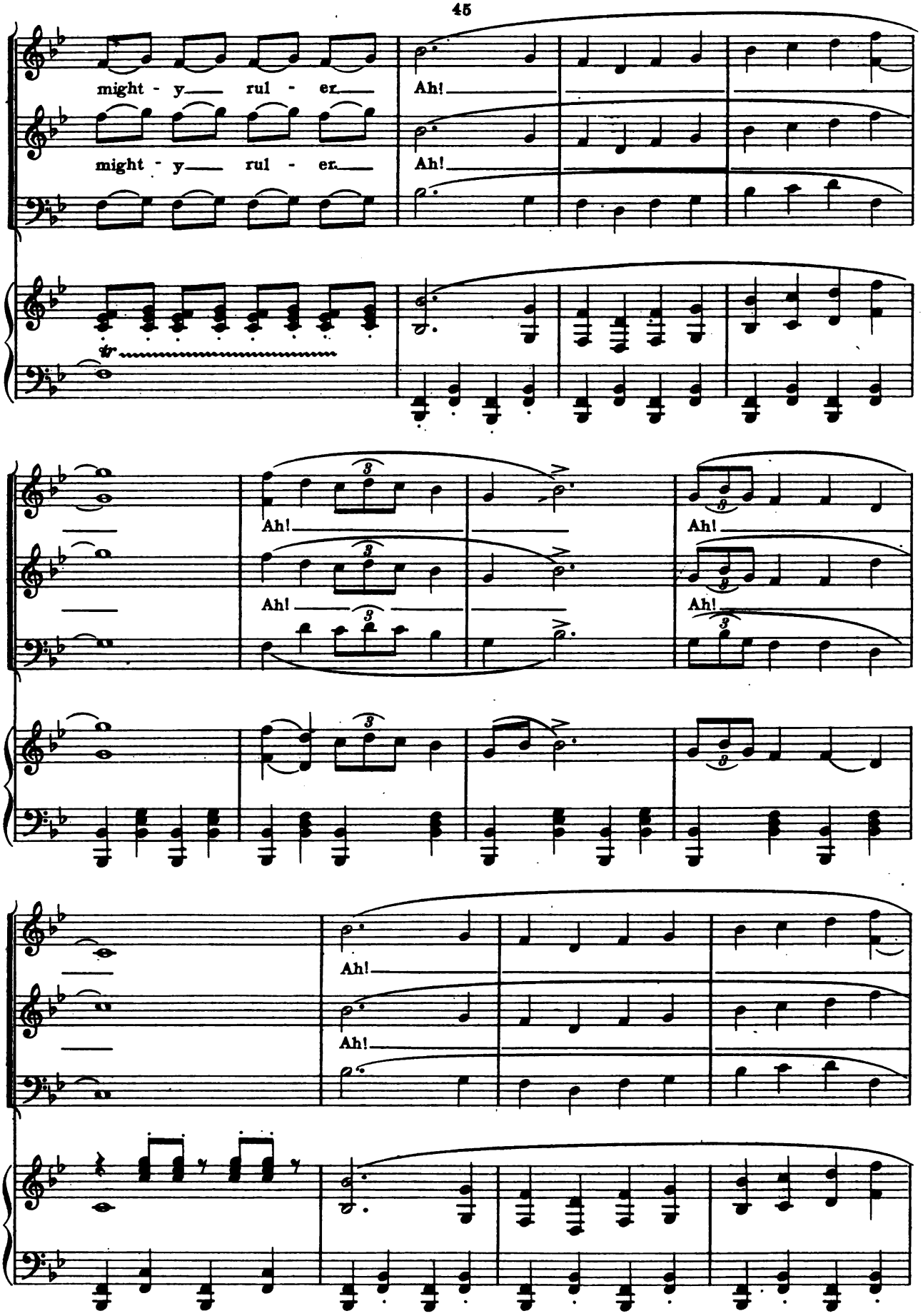
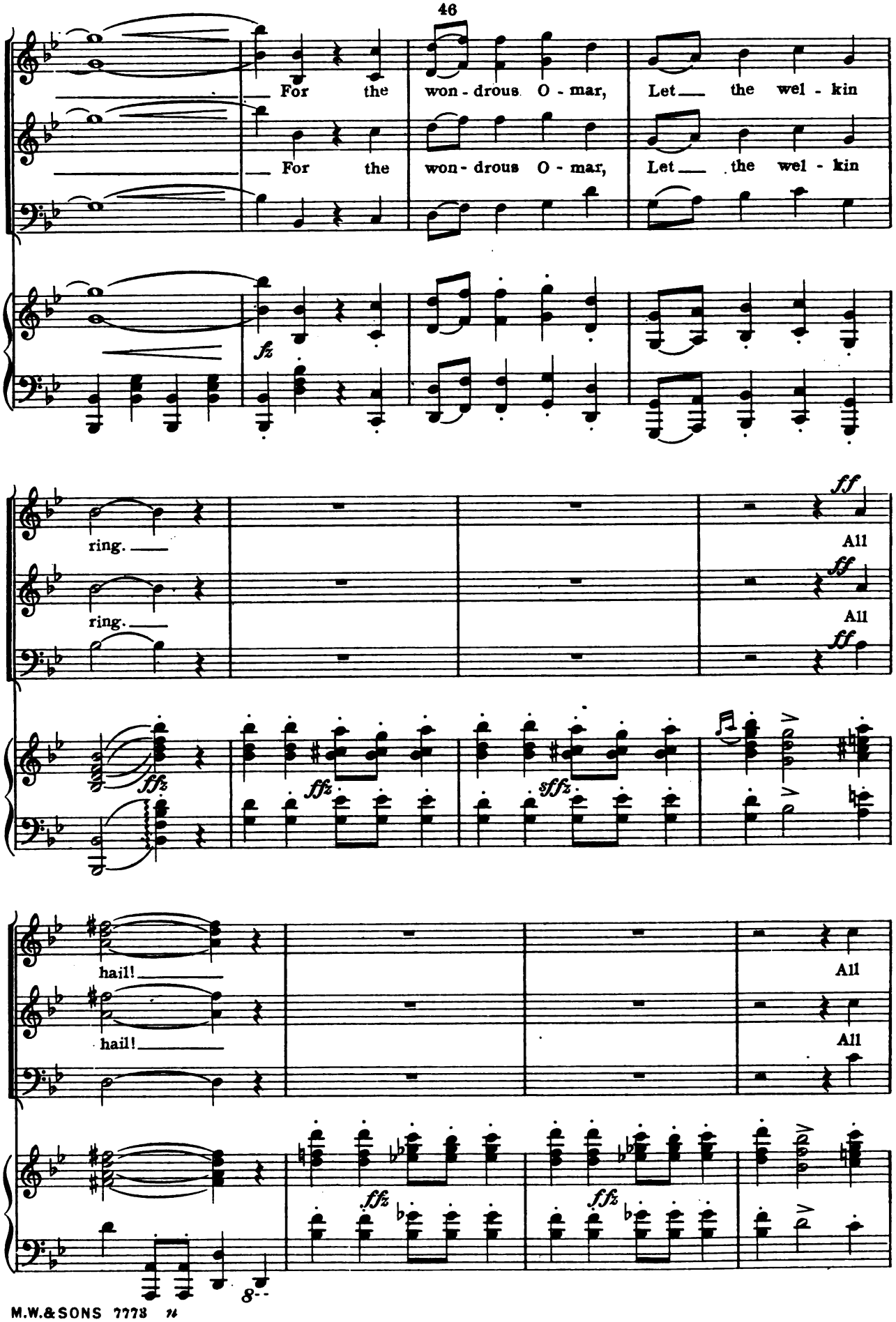
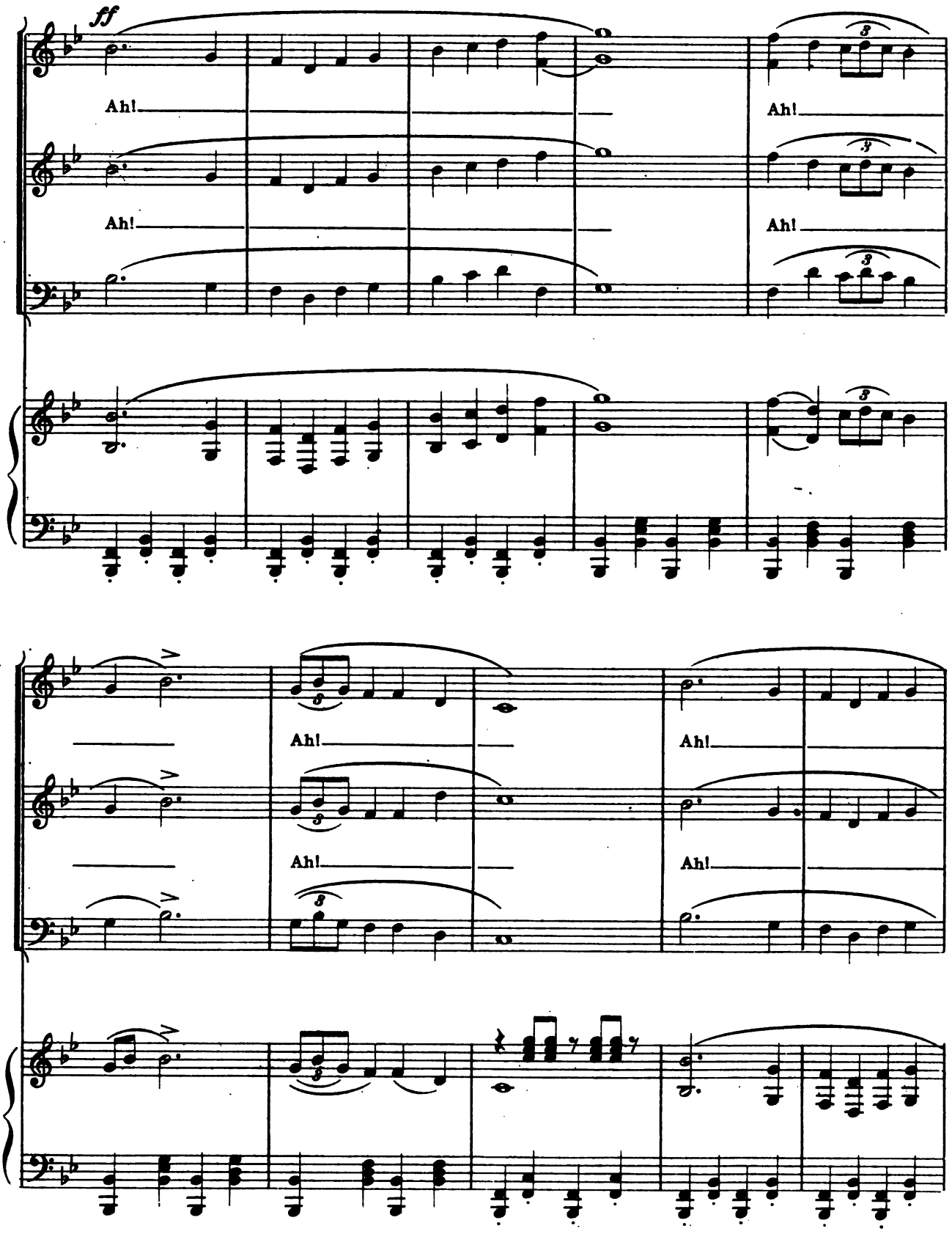
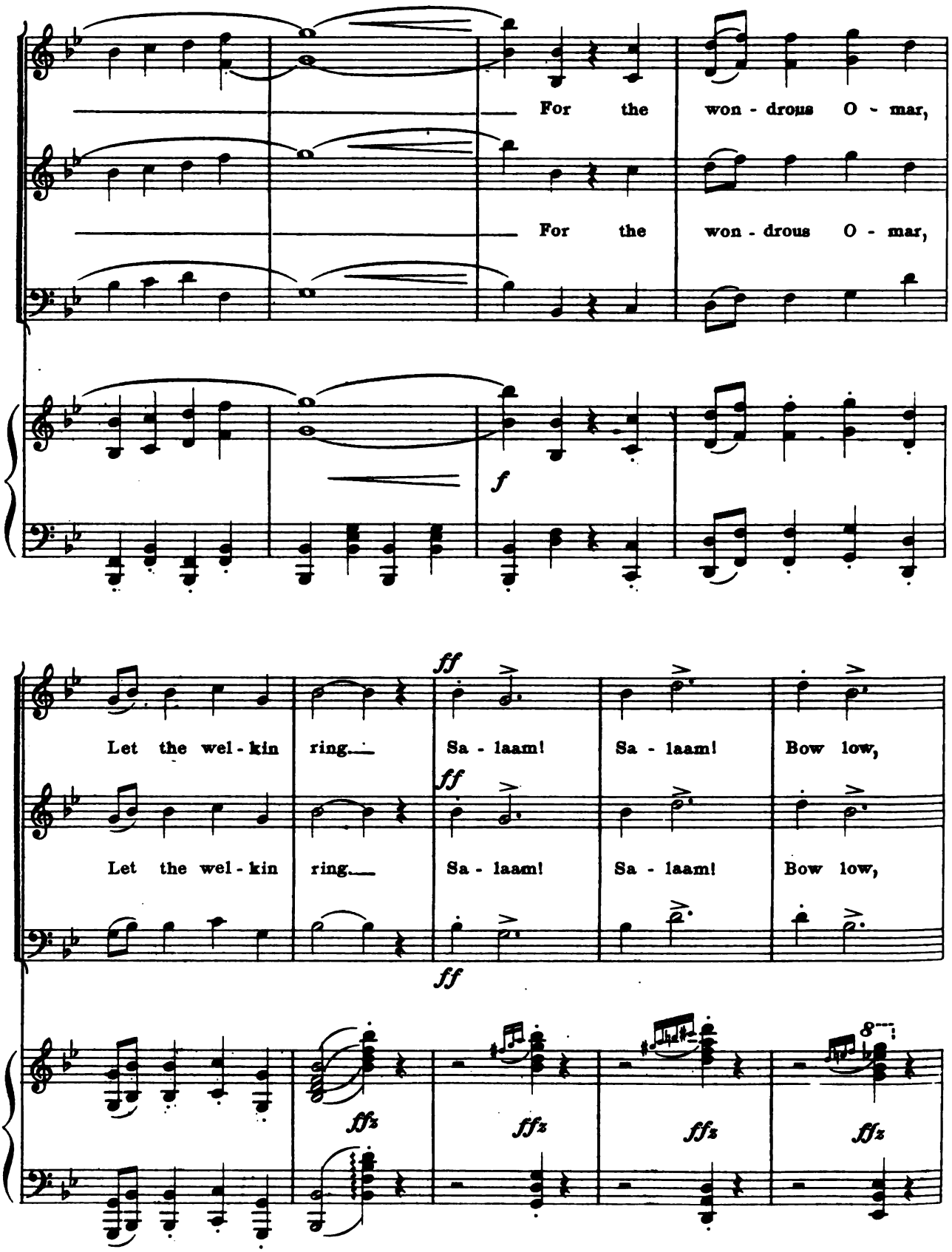

f
SOP. & ALTO.
Ah!
TEN.
Ah!
BASS.
CHORUS.

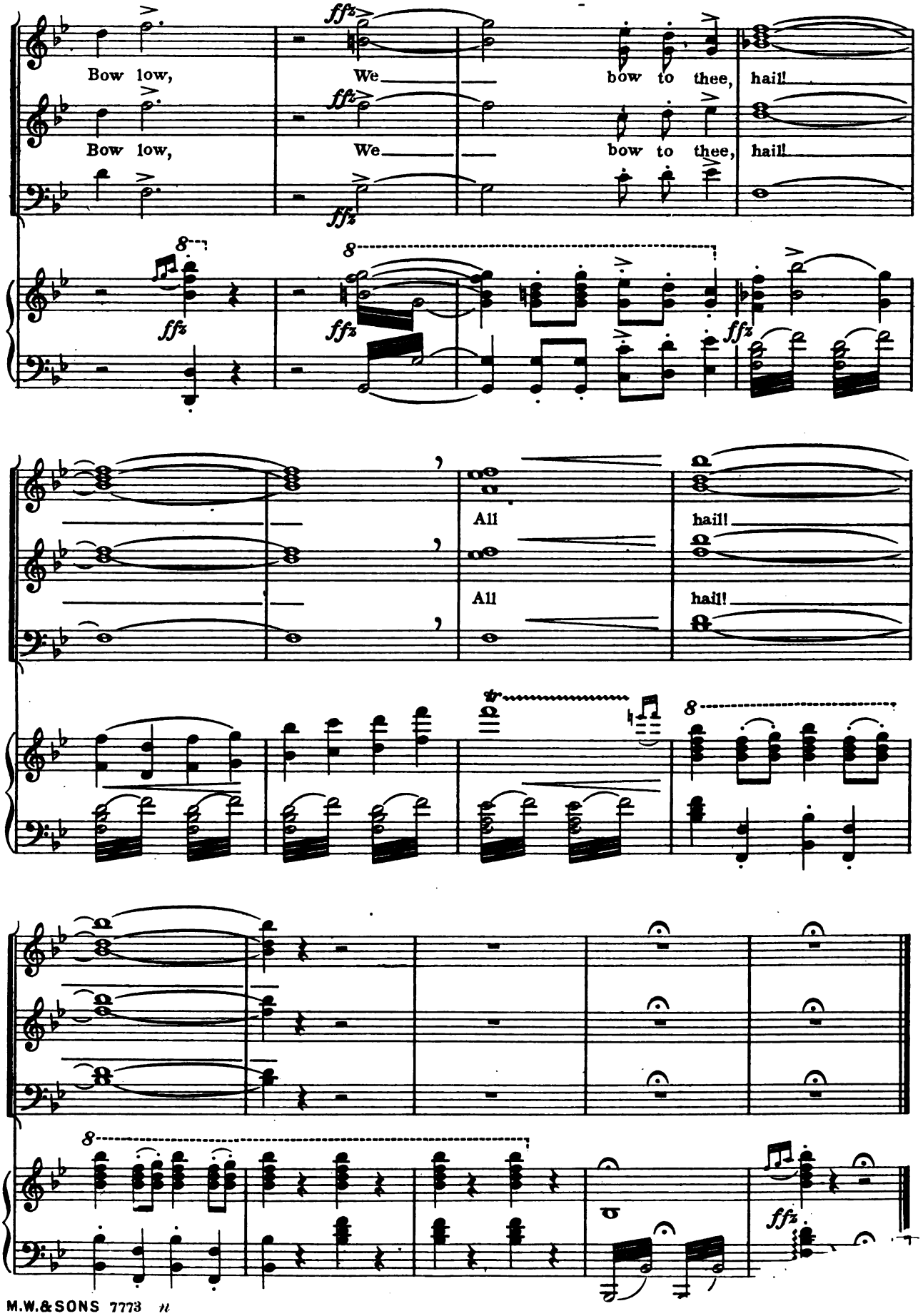

Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Shout and sing, and lau - rels bring, For our Re - gent
Shout and sing, and lau - rels bring, For our Re - gent
O - mar,
Yes, re - joice with heart and voice, To wel - come him the
O - mar,
Yes, re - joice with heart and voice, To wel - come him the


might - y rul - er
Ah!
might - y rul - er
Ah!
tr
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!


For the won - drous O - mar, Let the wel - kin
For the won - drous O - mar, Let the wel - kin
fz
ring.
ring.
ff
All
ff
All
ff
fffz
fffz
sfffz
hail!
hail!
All
All
fffz
fffz
8


ff
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!


For the won - drous O - mar,
For the won - drous O - mar,
f
Let the wel - kin ring.
Sa - laam!
Sa - laam!
Bow low,
Let the wel - kin ring.
Sa - laam!
Sa - laam!
Bow low,
ff
ffz

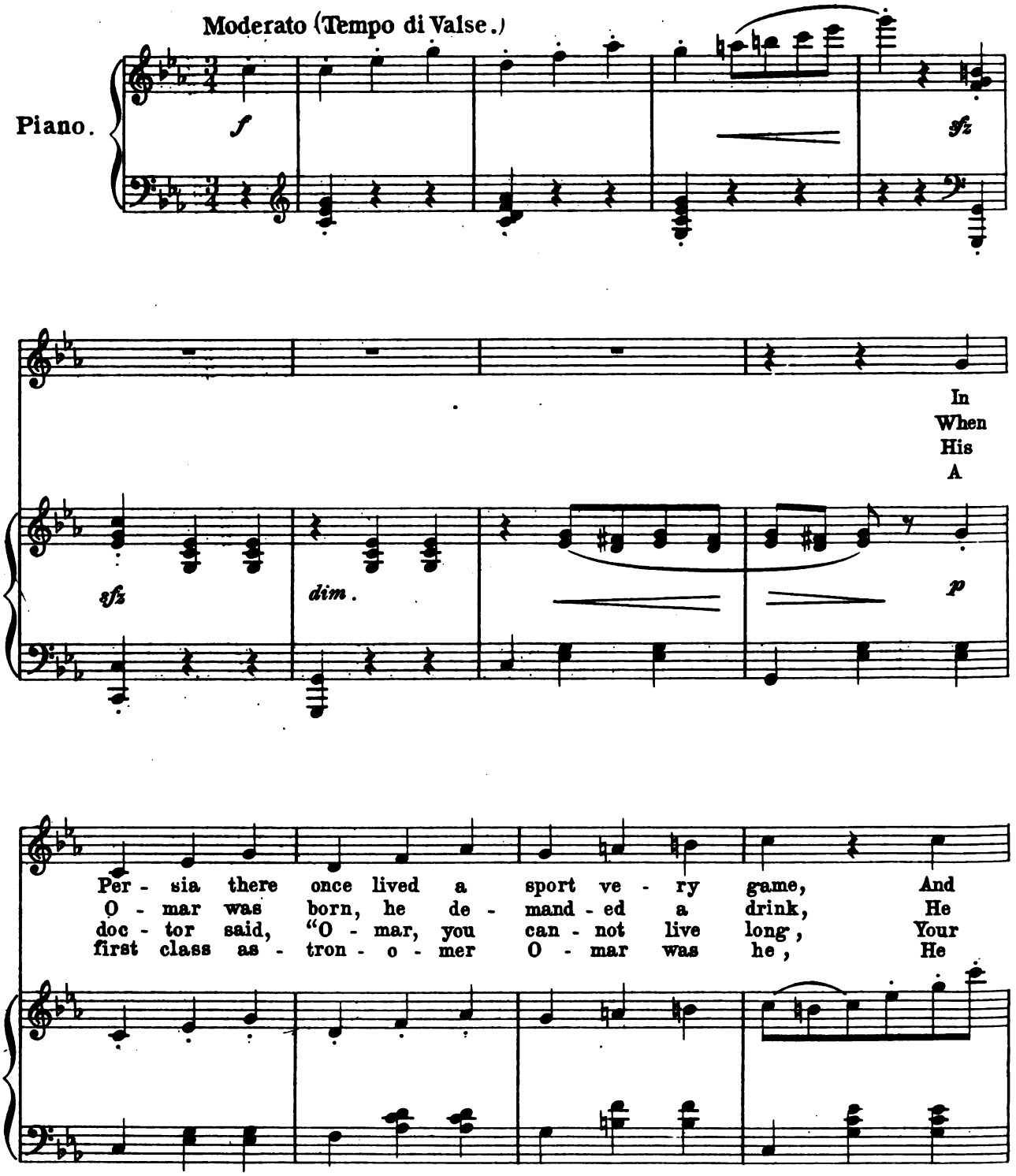

Bow low,
We
bow to thee,
hail!
Bow low,
We
bow to thee,
hail!
All
hail!
All
hail!

No 5.
3641

Omar Khayyam.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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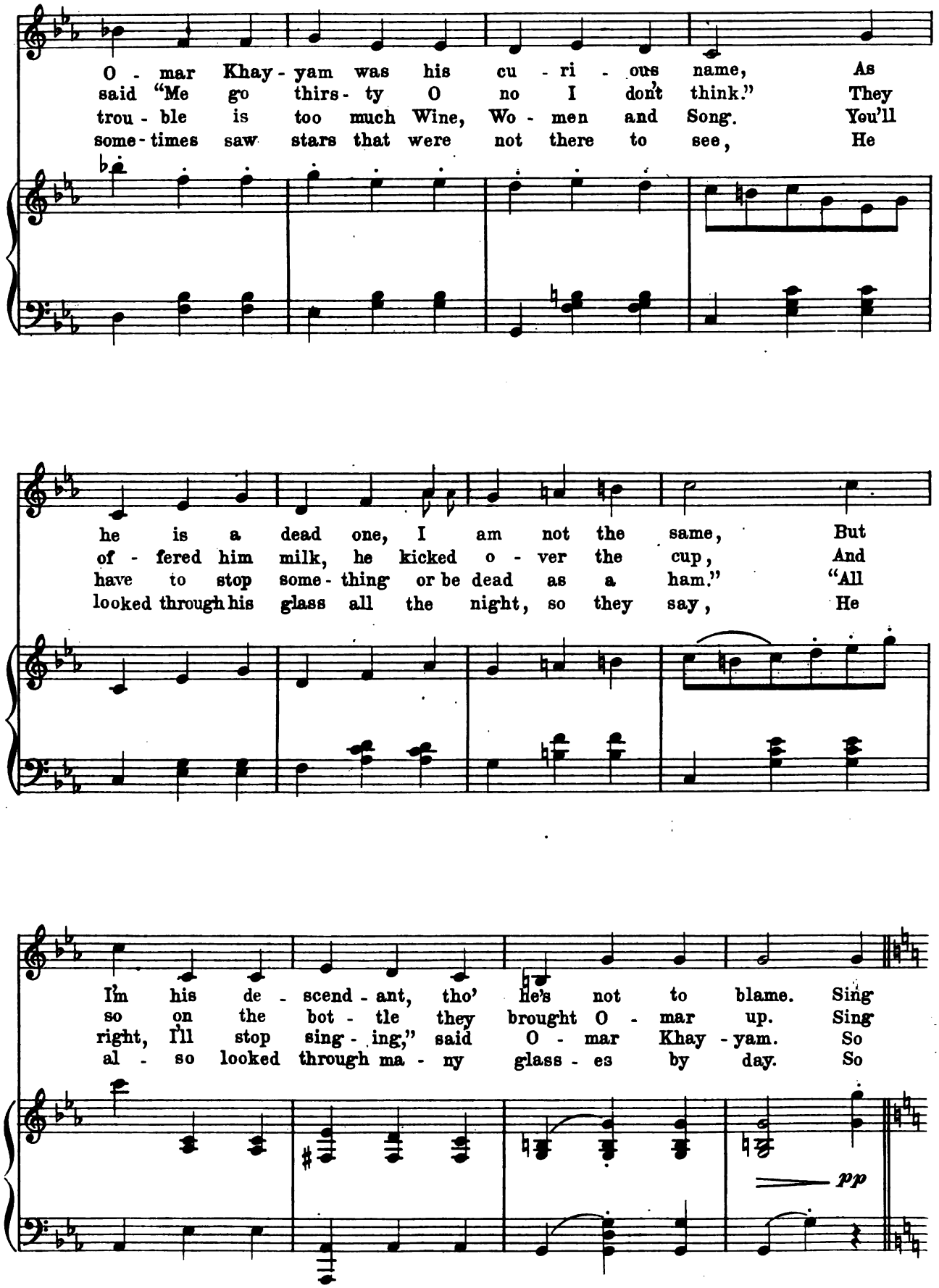
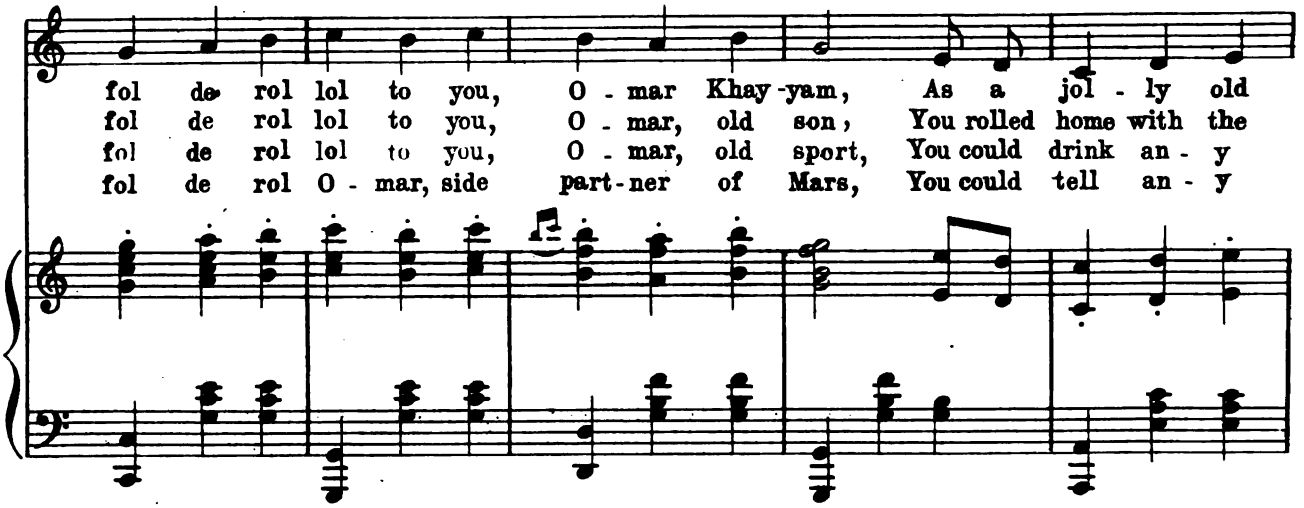
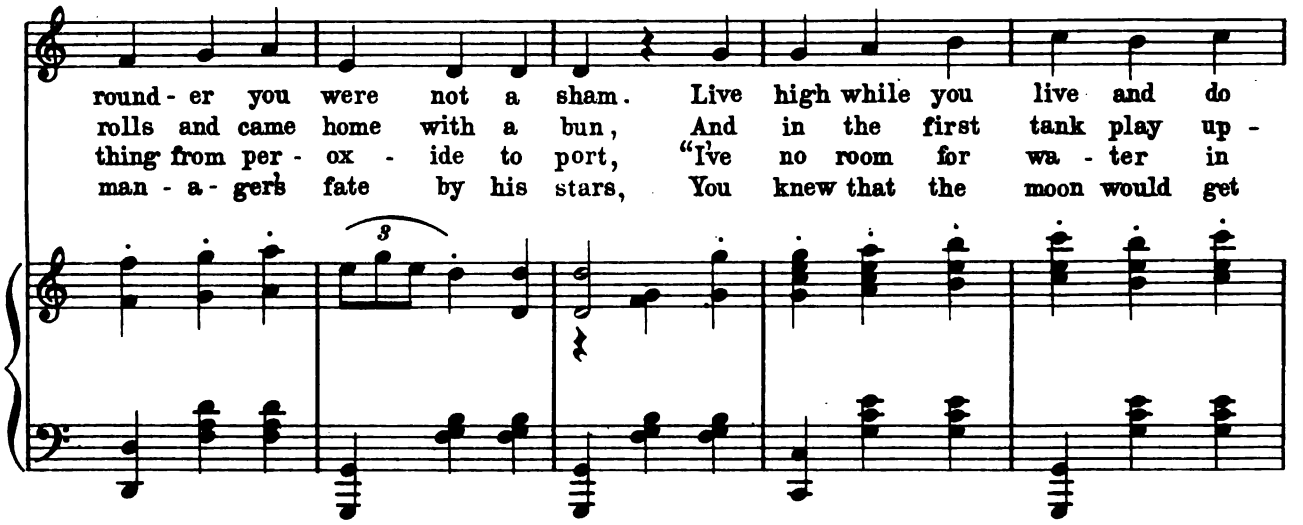
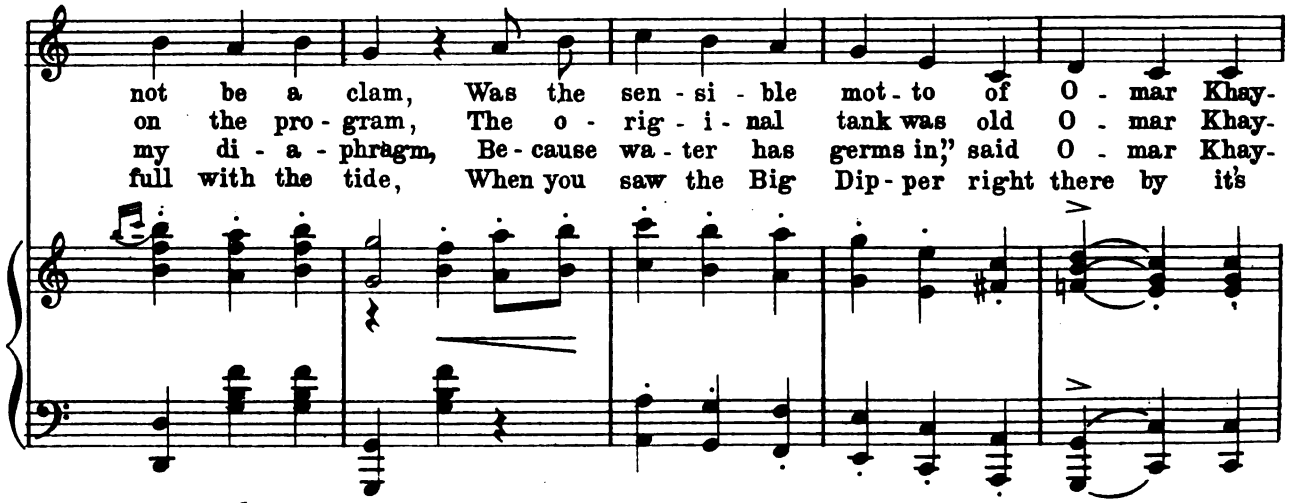
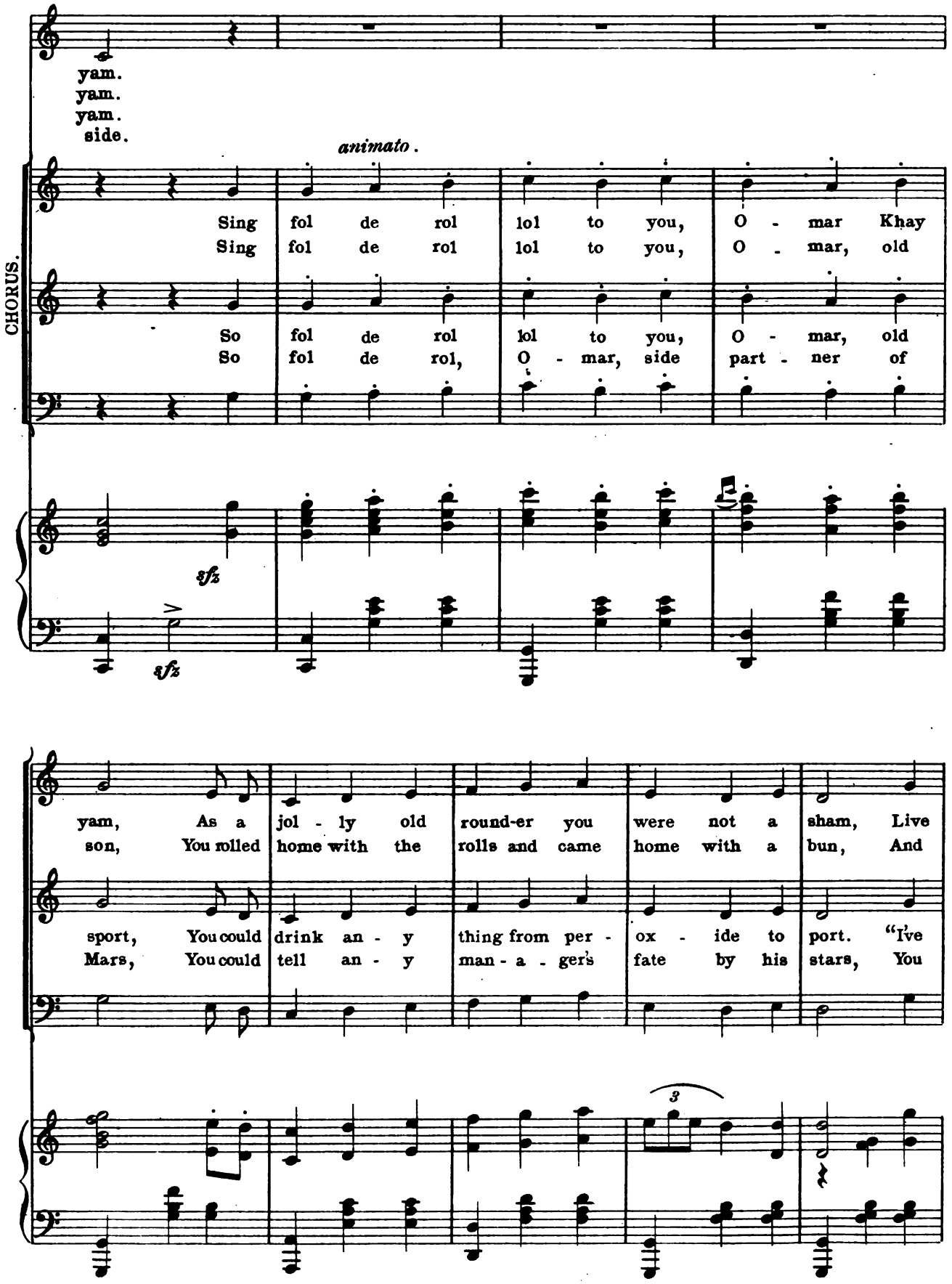
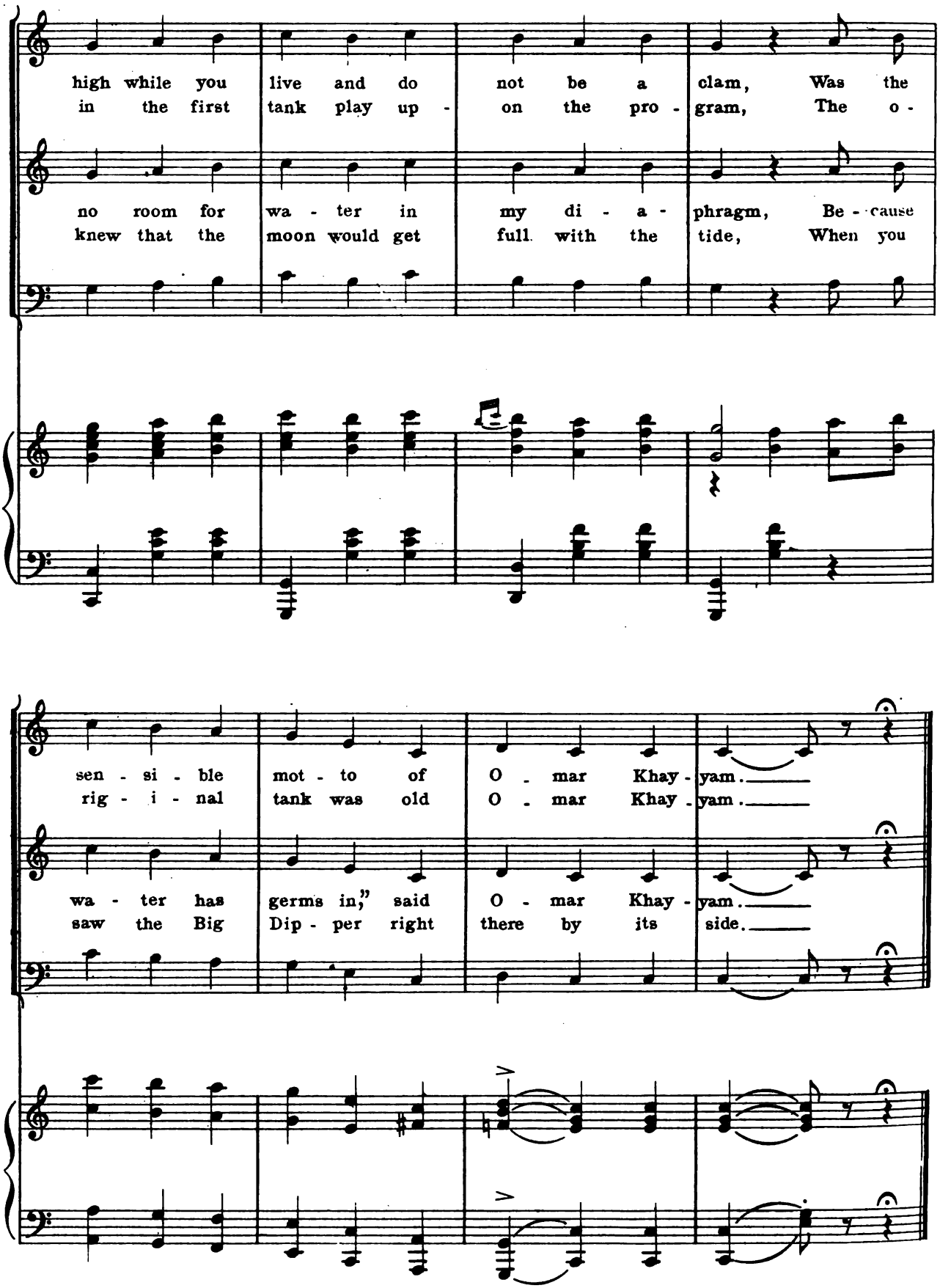

O - mar Khay - yam was his cu - ri - ous name, As
said "Me go thirs - ty O no I don't think." They
trou - ble is too much Wine, Wo - men and Song. You'll
some - times saw stars that were not there to see, He
he is a dead one, I am not the same, But
of - fered him milk, he kicked o - ver the cup, And
have to stop some - thing or be dead as a ham." "All
looked through his glass all the night, so they say, He
I'm his de - scend - ant, tho' he's not to blame. Sing
so on the bot - tle they brought O - mar up. Sing
right, I'll stop sing - ing," said O - mar Khay - yam. So
al - so looked through ma - ny glass - es by day. So
pp


fol de rol lol to you, O - mar Khay-yam, As a jol - ly old
fol de rol lol to you, O - mar, old son, You rolled home with the
fol de rol lol to you, O - mar, old sport, You could drink an - y
fol de rol O - mar, side part-ner of Mars, You could tell an - y


round - er you were not a sham. Live high while you live and do
rolls and came home with a bun, And in the first tank play up -
thing from per - ox - ide to port, "I've no room for wa - ter in
man - a - ger's fate by his stars, You knew that the moon would get
3


not be a clam, Was the sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay-
on the pro - gram, The o - rig - i - nal tank was old O - mar Khay-
my di - a - phragm, Be - cause wa - ter has germs in," said O - mar Khay-
full with the tide, When you saw the Big Dip - per right there by it's


yam.
yam.
yam.
side.
animato.
CHORUS.
Sing fol de rol lol to you, O - mar Khay
Sing fol de rol lol to you, O - mar, old
So fol de rol lol to you, O - mar, old
So fol de rol, O - mar, side part - ner of
sfz
sfz
yam, As a jol - ly old round-er you were not a sham, Live
son, You rolled home with the rolls and came home with a bun, And
sport, You could drink an - y thing from per - ox - ide to port. "I've
Mars, You could tell an - y man - a - ger's fate by his stars, You
3

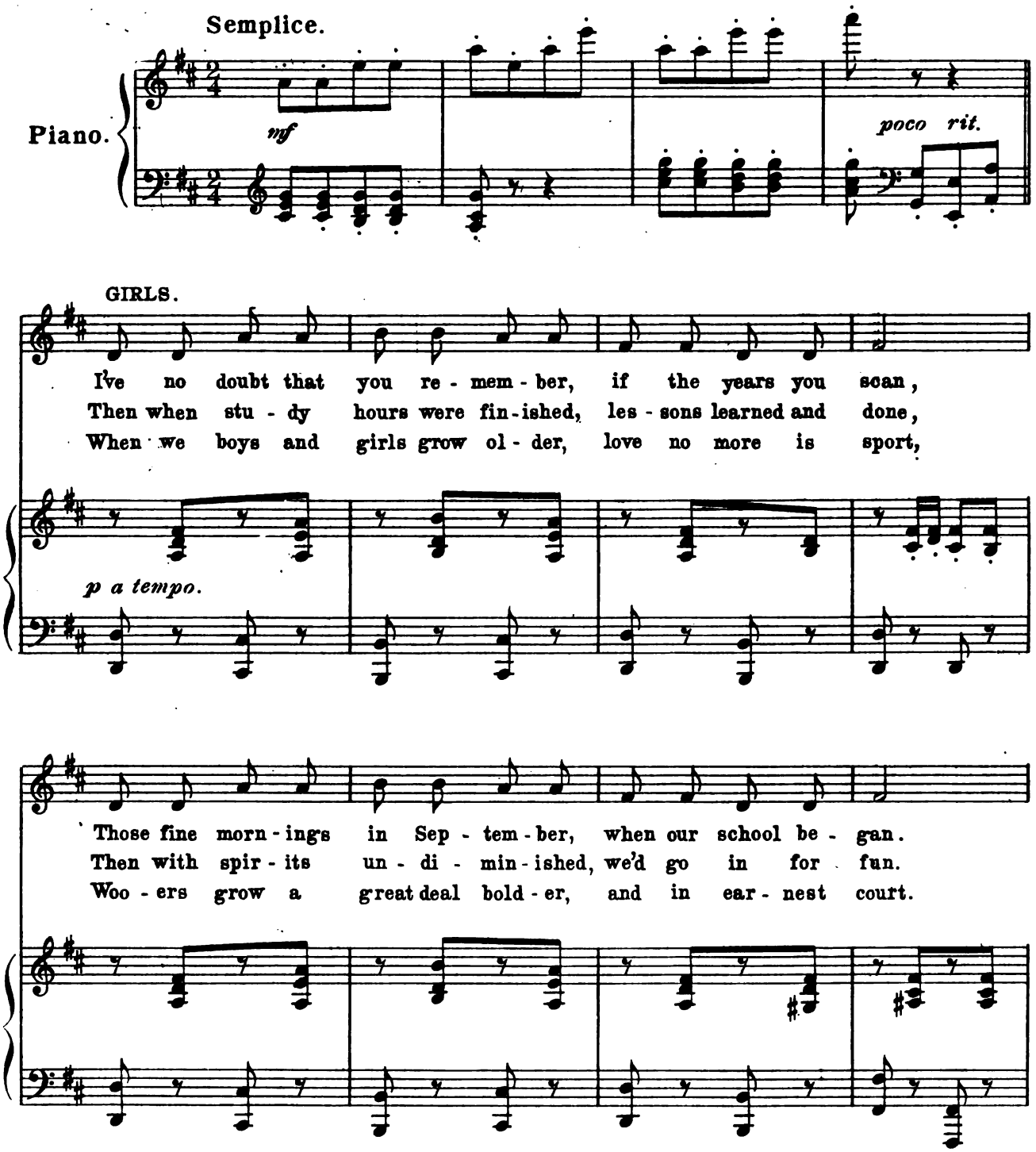

high while you live and do not be a clam, Was the
in the first tank play up - on the pro - gram, The o -
no room for wa - ter in my di - a - phragm, Be - cause
knew that the moon would get full with the tide, When you
sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay - yam.
rig - i - nal tank was old O - mar Khay - yam.
wa - ter has germs in," said O - mar Khay - yam.
saw the Big Dip - per right there by its side.

No 6. Boys Will Be Boys And Girls Will Be Girls.

3620

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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BOYS.

Ev'- ry morn at nine you met me as young lov - ers do,
Can - dy pull or dan - cing par - ty, spel - ling match or fair,
In the same old path - way tread - ing, led by Cu - pid's arts,

rit. rit.

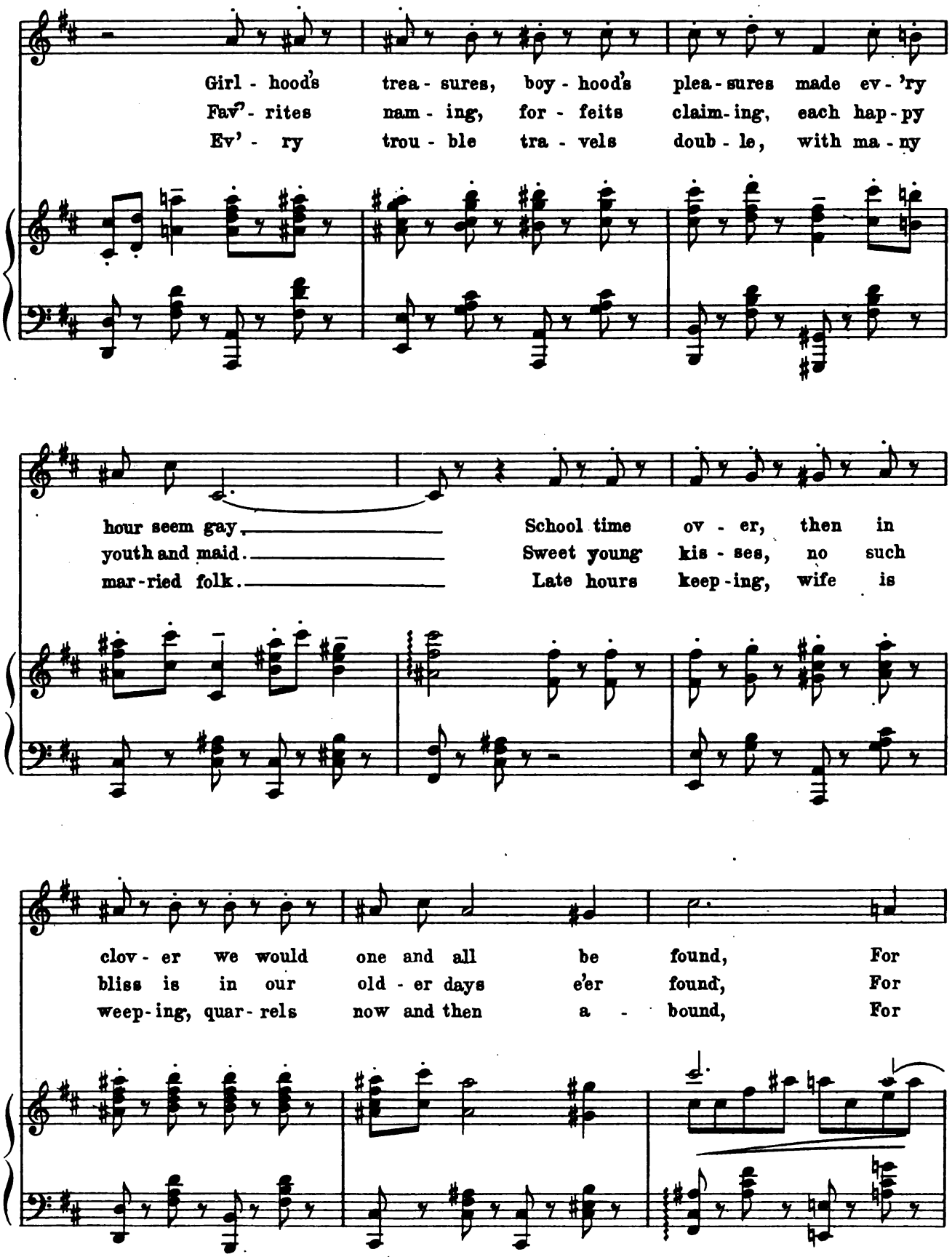
And I'd say "Now you must let me take your books for you". In our
With our ap - pe - tites so hear - ty we would be right there. At those
Soon the bells ring for a wed - ding, hap - py those sweet - hearts! When we're

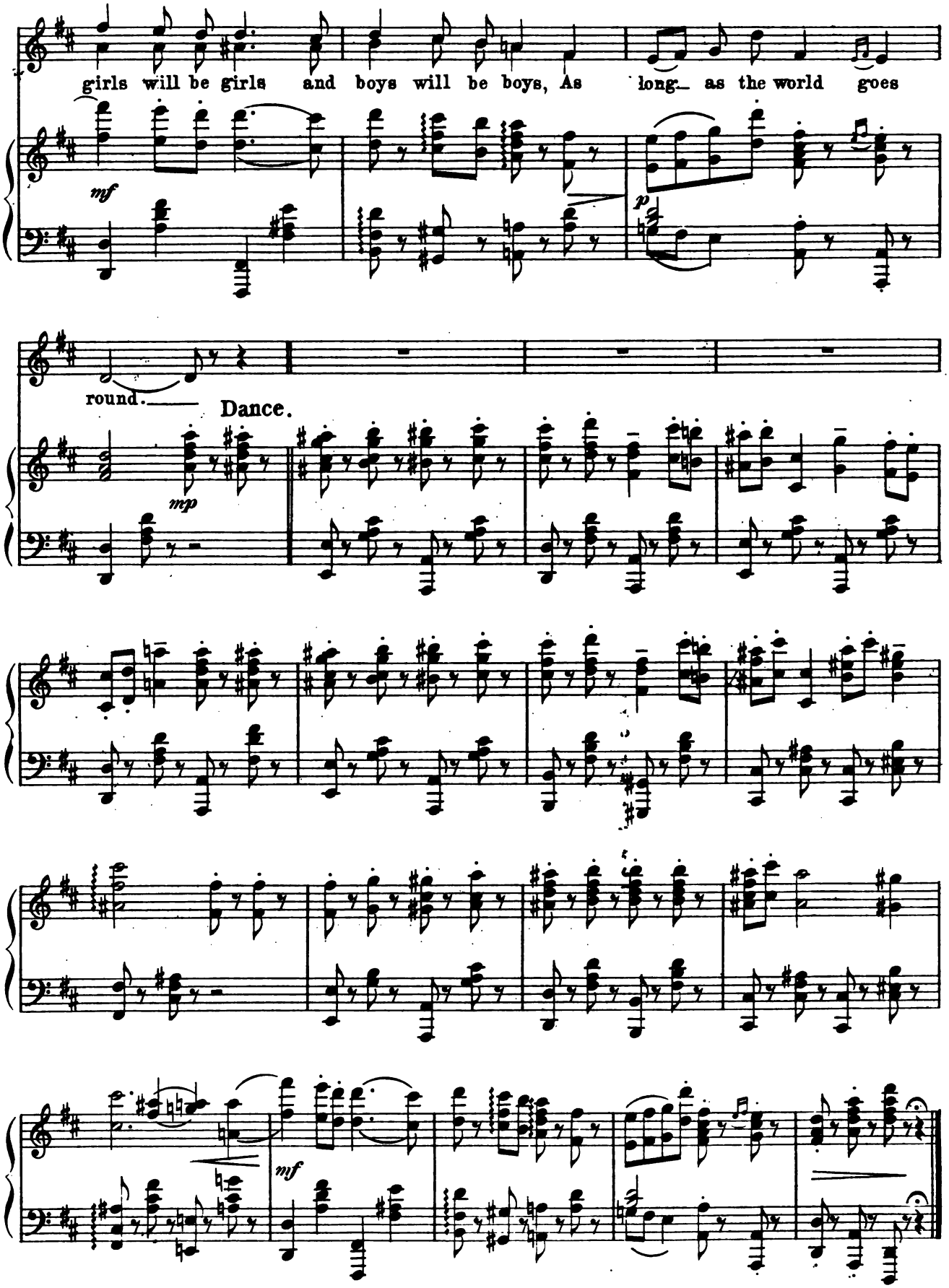
rit. rit.

Tempo di Gavotte.

School days, Gol - den rule days, life was a hol - i - day,
par - ties, chil - dren's par - ties, those kiss - ing games we played,
mar - ried, safe - ly mar - ried, life is no - more a joke,

p


Girl - hood's trea - sures, boy - hood's plea - sures made ev - 'ry
Fav'- rites nam - ing, for - feits claim - ing, each hap - py
Ev' - ry trou - ble tra - vels doub - le, with ma - ny
hour seem gay. School time ov - er, then in
youth and maid. Sweet young kis - ses, no such
mar - ried folk. Late hours keep - ing, wife is
clov - er we would one and all be found, For
bliss is in our old - er days e'er found, For
weep - ing, quar - rels now and then a - bound, For


girls will be girls and boys will be boys, As long as the world goes
mf
p
round.
Dance.
mp
mf

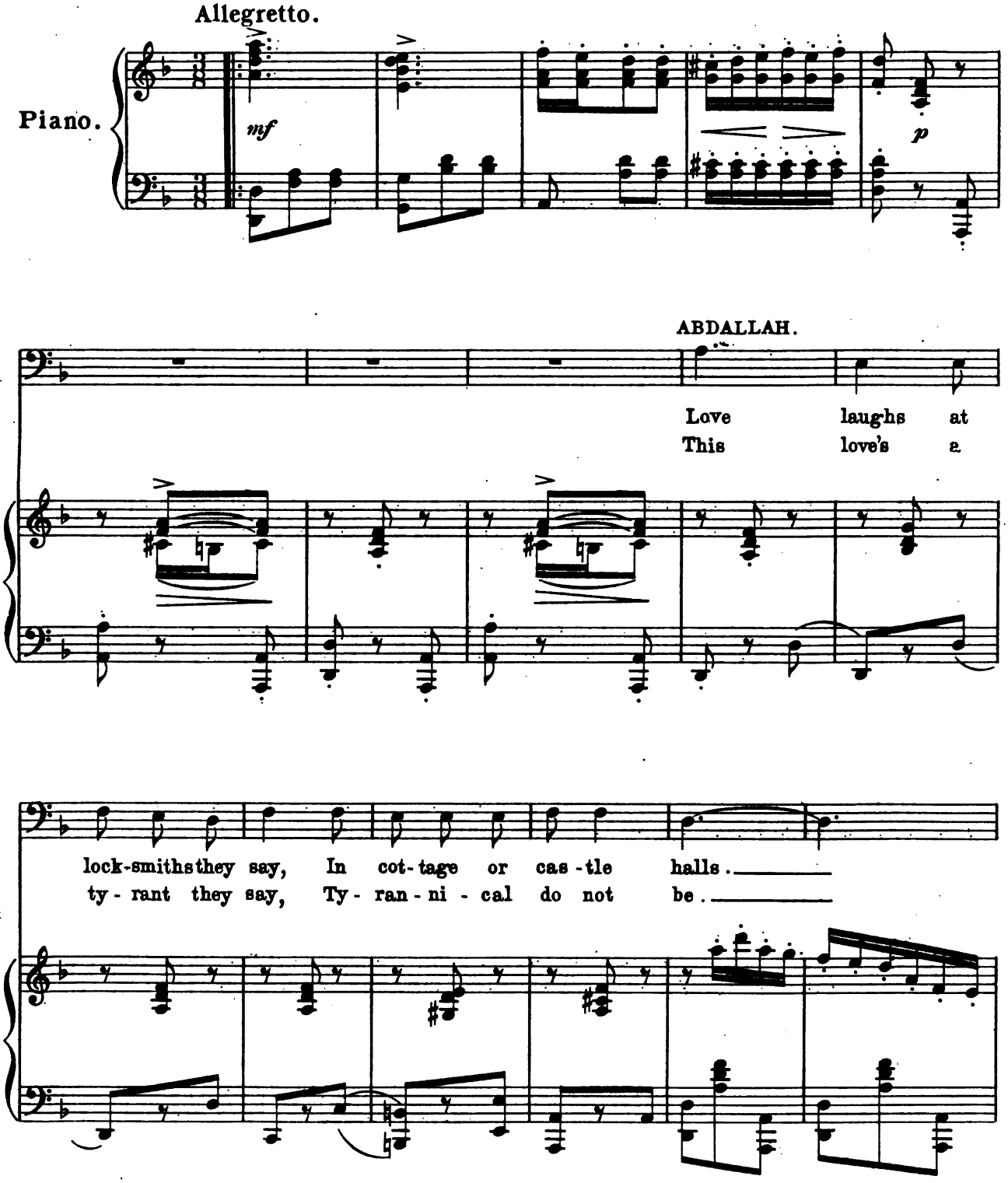
No 7.
3632

Hear My Song Of Love.

SERENADE.
Abdallah and Girls.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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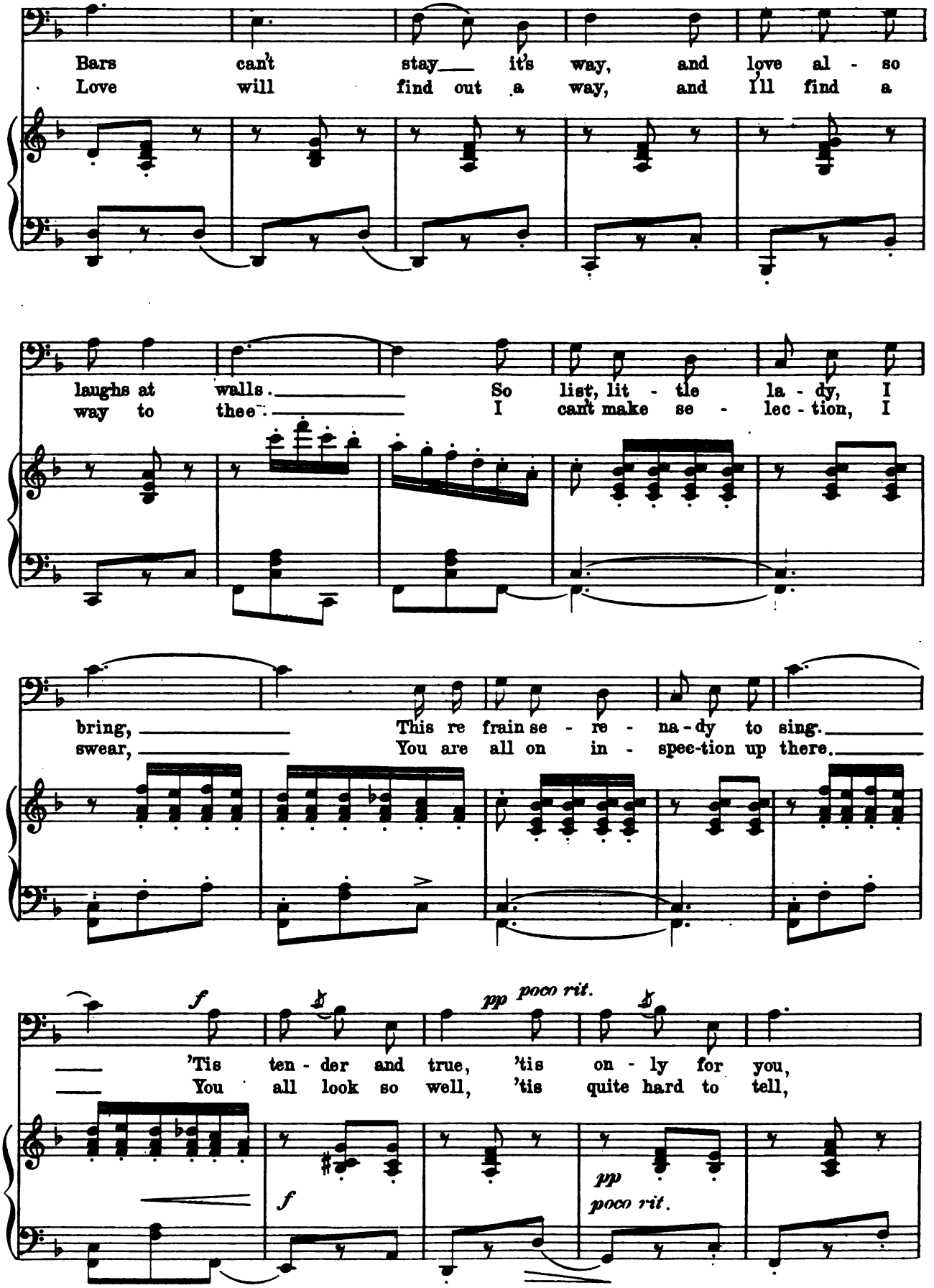
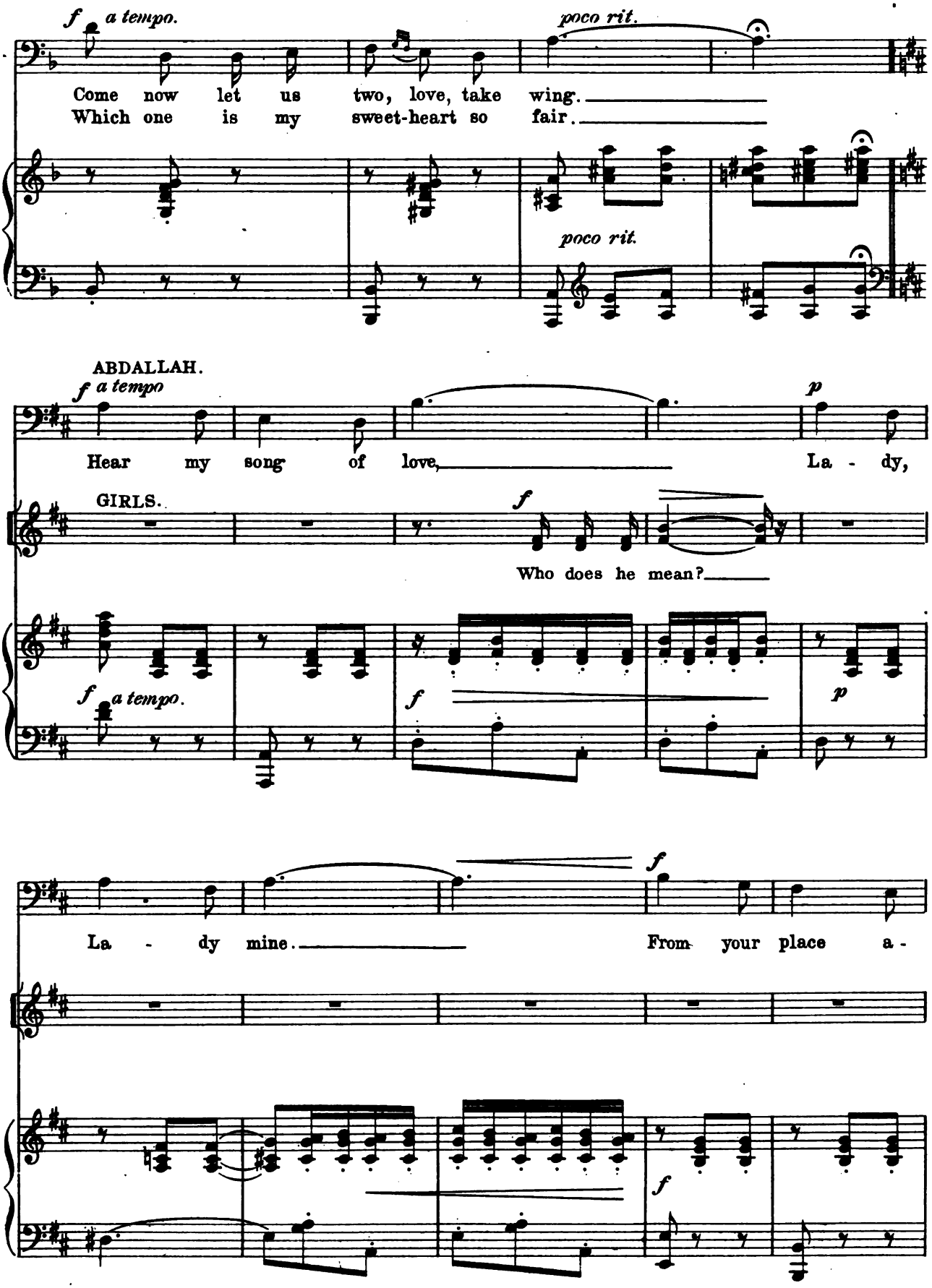
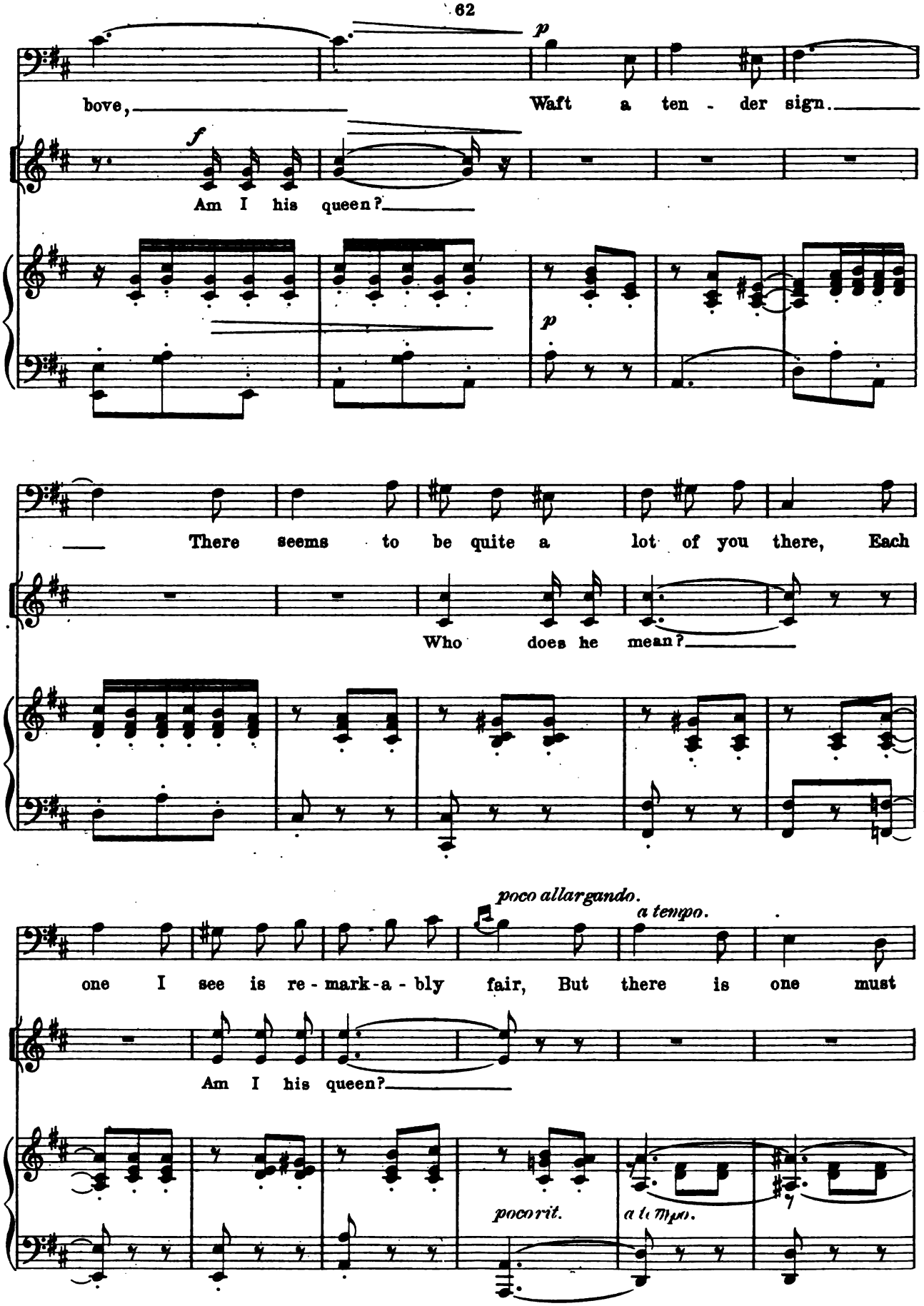
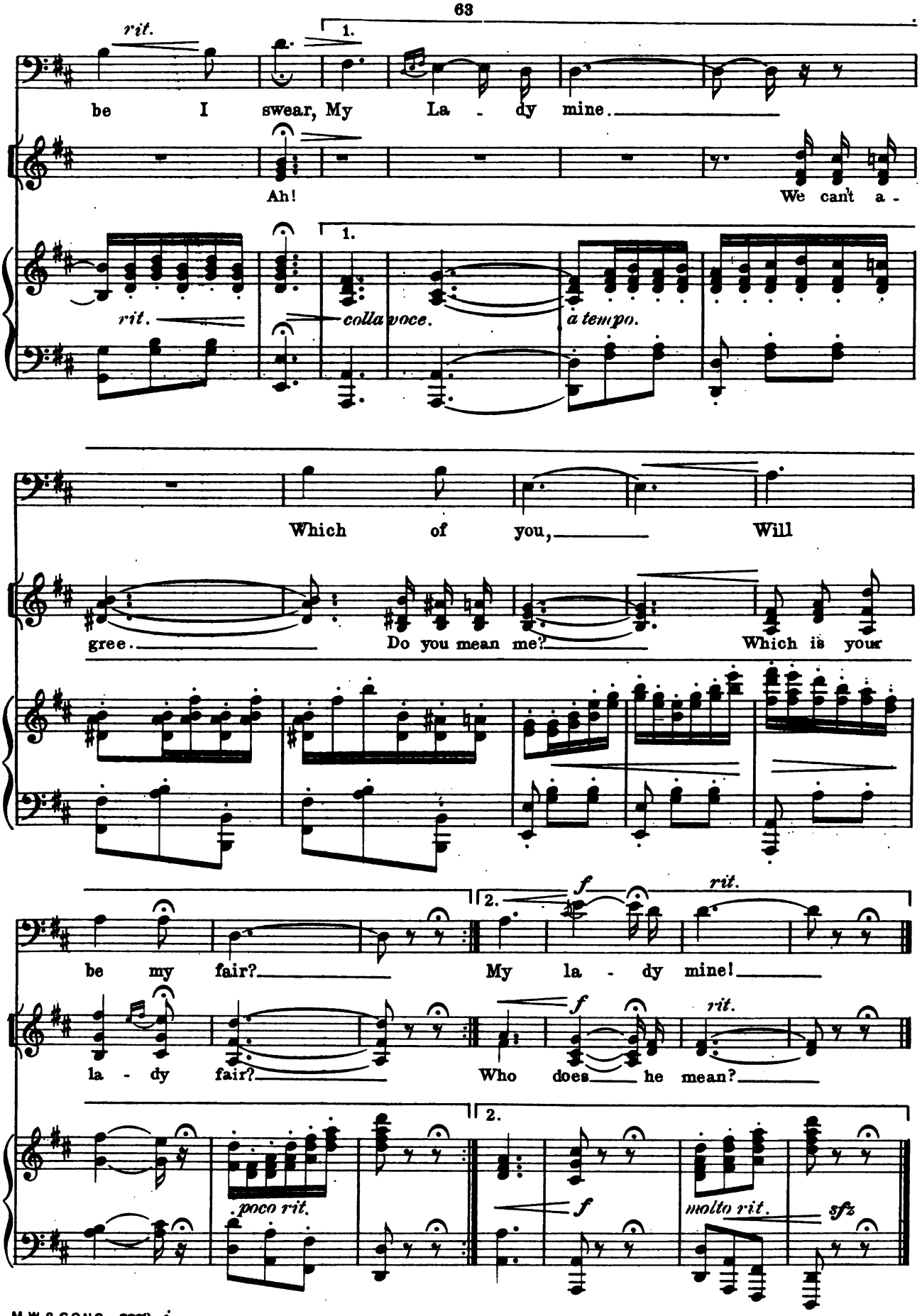

Bars can't stay it's way, and love al - so
Love will find out a way, and I'll find a
laughs at walls. So list, lit - tle la - dy, I
way to thee. I can't make se - lec - tion, I
bring, This re frain se - re - na - dy to sing.
swear, You are all on in - spec-tion up there.
f
pp poco rit.
'Tis ten - der and true, 'tis on - ly for you,
You all look so well, 'tis quite hard to tell,
f
pp
poco rit.


f a tempo.
poco rit.
Come now let us two, love, take wing.
Which one is my sweet-heart so fair.
poco rit.
ABDALLAH.
f a tempo
p
Hear my song of love, La - dy,
GIRLS.
f
Who does he mean?
f a tempo.
f
p
f
La - dy mine. From your place a -
f


bove,
Waft a ten - der sign.
Am I his queen?
There seems to be quite a lot of you there, Each
Who does he mean?
one I see is re - mark-a - bly fair, But there is one must
poco allargando.
a tempo.
Am I his queen?
poco rit.
a tempo.


rit.
1.
be I swear, My La - dy mine.
Ah!
We can't a -
rit.
colla voce.
a tempo.
Which of you, Will
gree. Do you mean me? Which is your
be my fair? My la - dy mine!
la - dy fair? Who does he mean?
f
rit.
2.
poco rit.
molto rit.
sfz

3642

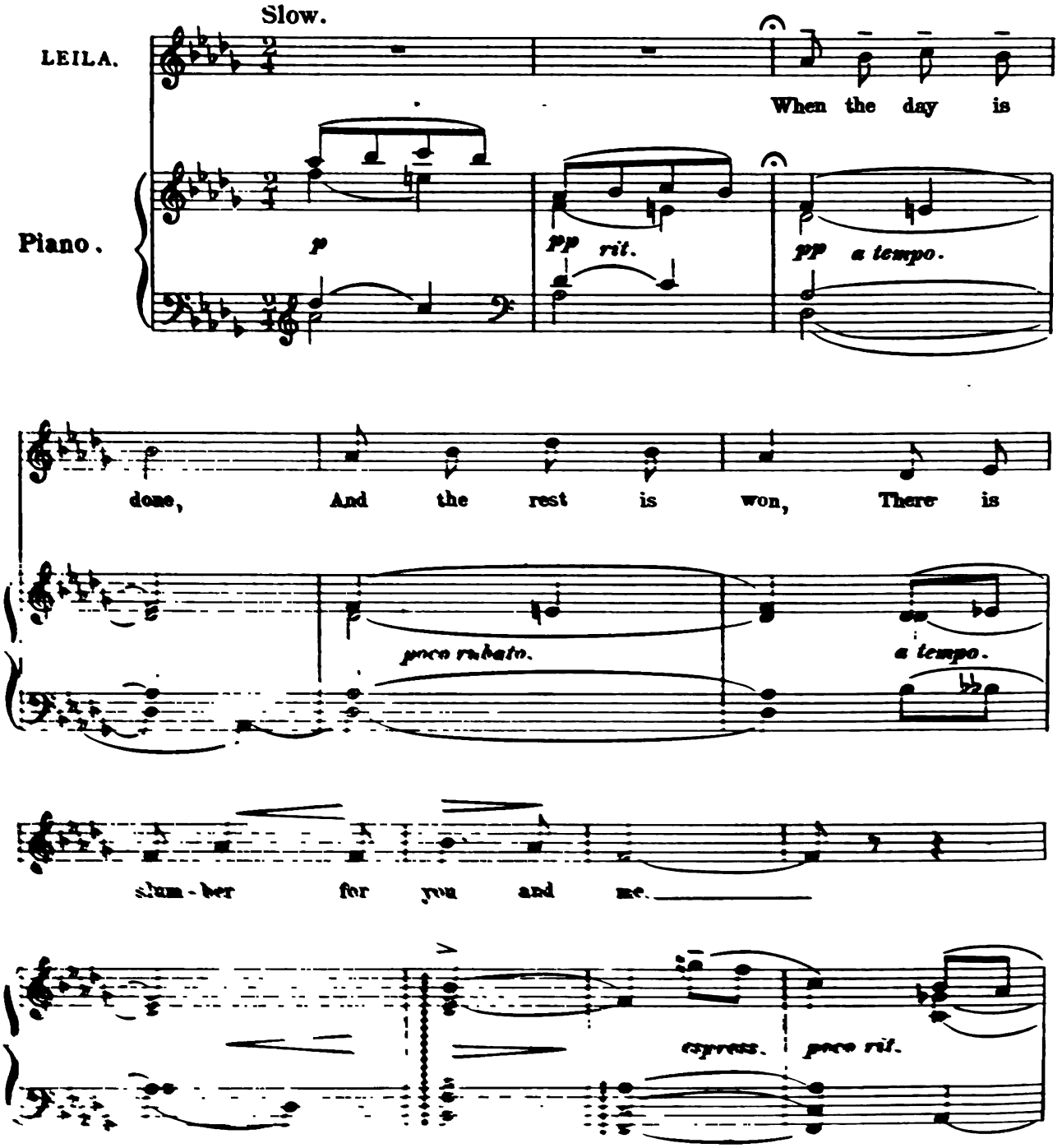
The Land of Dreams.

Nº 8.

Leila.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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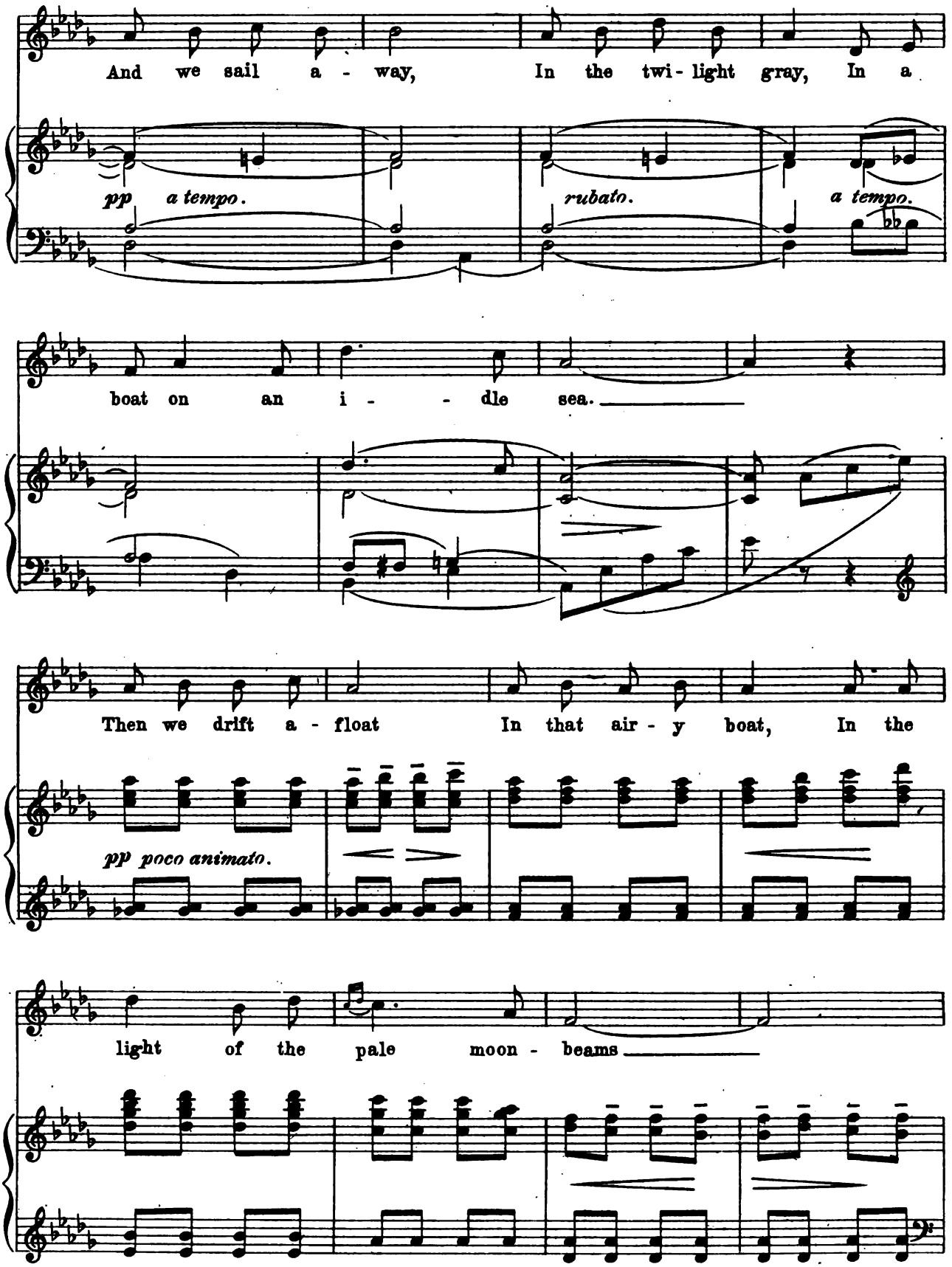
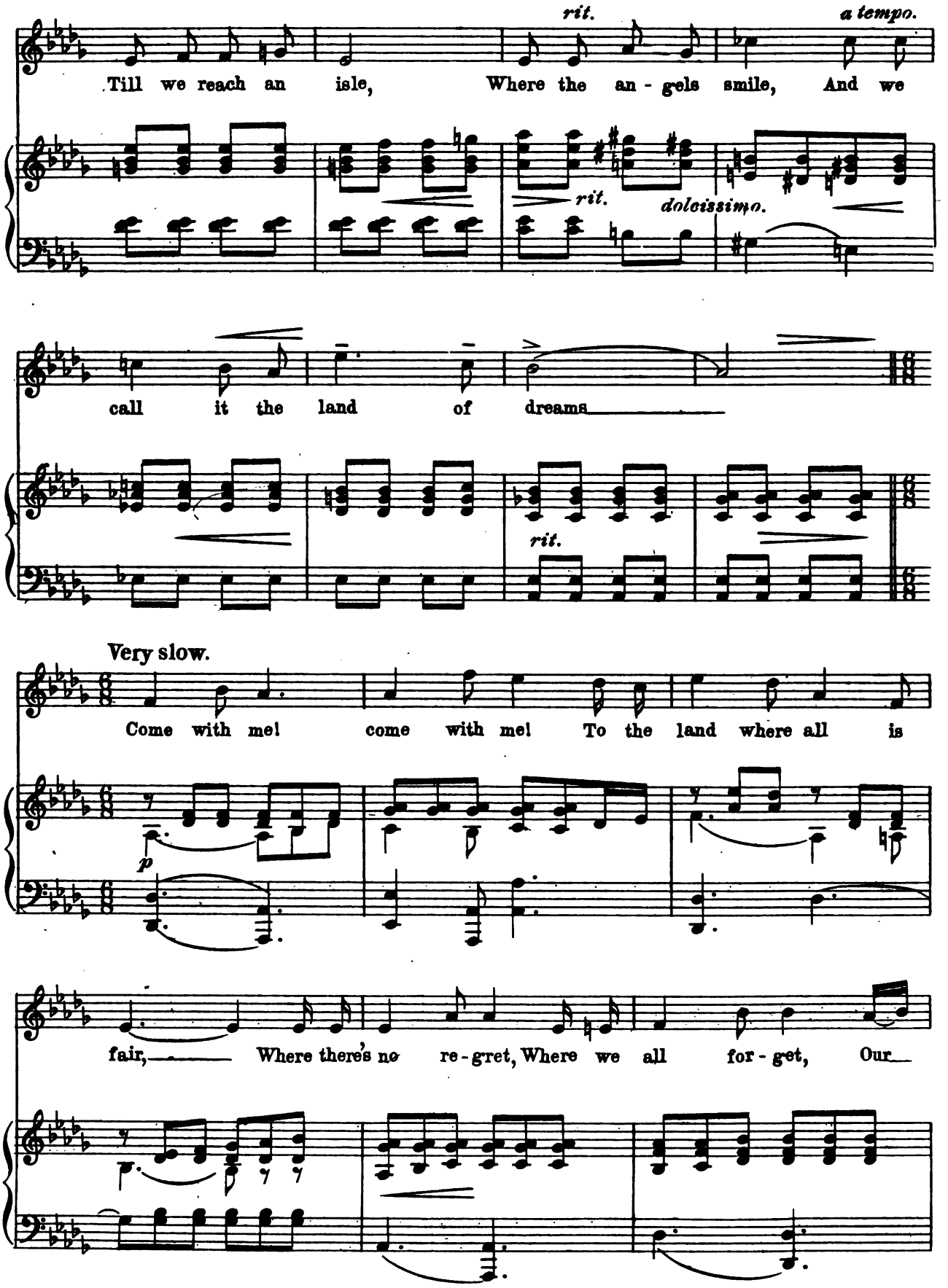
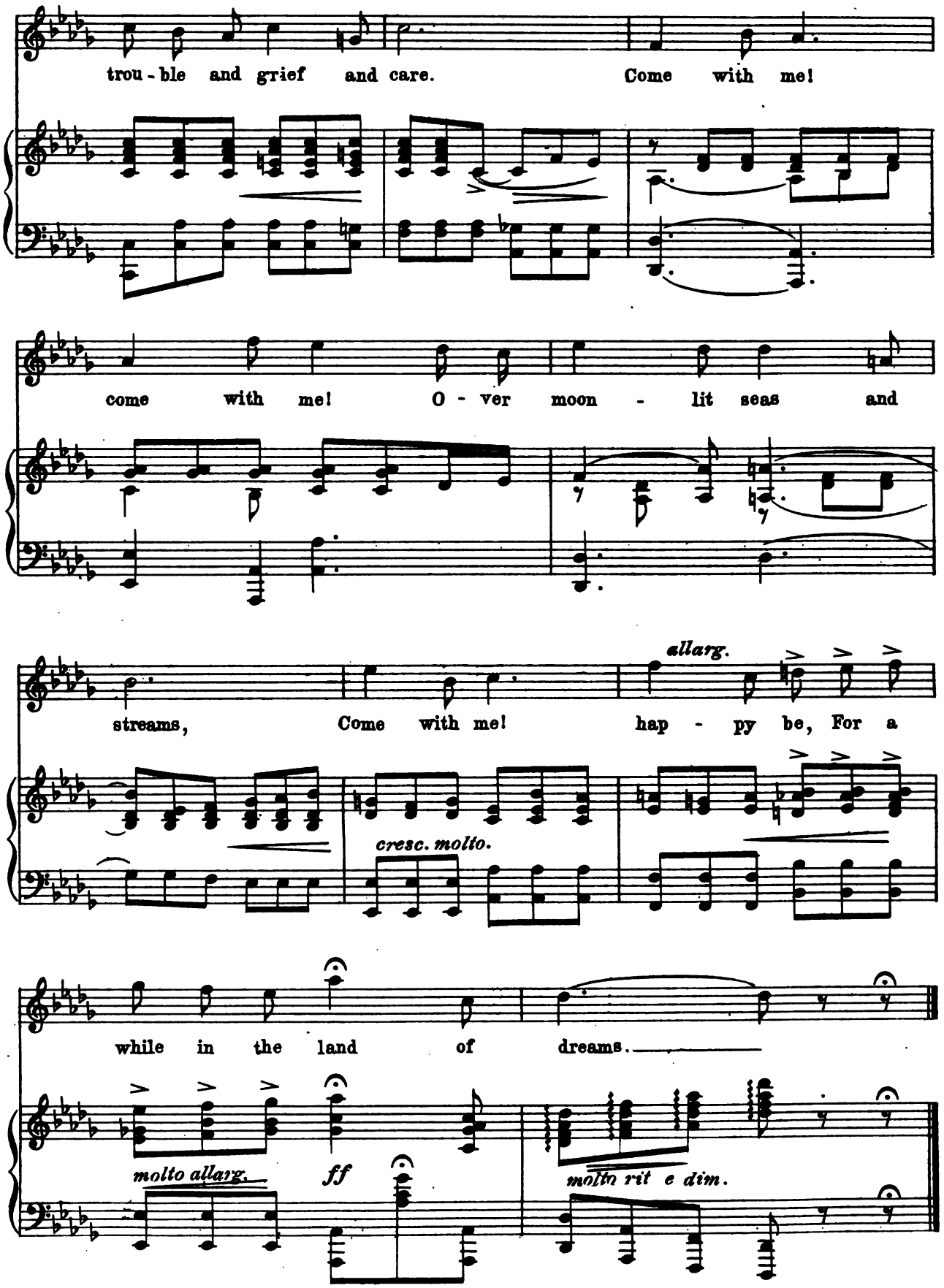

And we sail a - way, In the twi - light gray, In a
pp a tempo.
rubato.
a tempo.
boat on an i - - dle sea.
Then we drift a - float In that air - y boat, In the
pp poco animato.
light of the pale moon - beams


rit.
a tempo.
Till we reach an isle, Where the an - gels smile, And we
rit.
dolcissimo.
call it the land of dreams
rit.
Very slow.
Come with me! come with me! To the land where all is
p
fair, Where there's no re - gret, Where we all for - get, Our

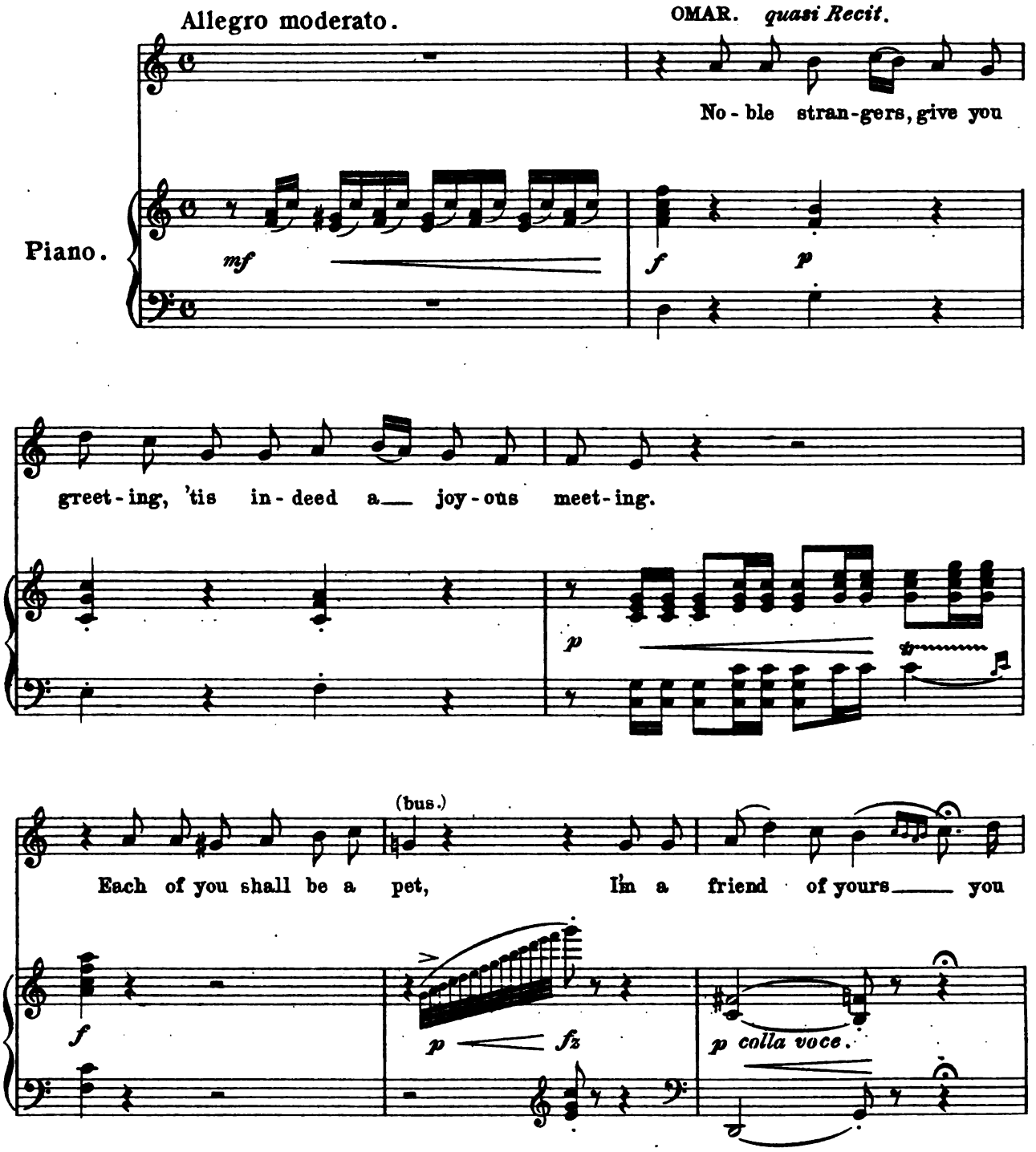

trou - ble and grief and care.
Come with me!
come with me! O - ver moon - lit seas and
allarg.
streams, Come with me! hap - py be, For a
cresc. molto.
while in the land of dreams.
molto allarg.
ff
molto rit e dim.

Finale I.

No 9.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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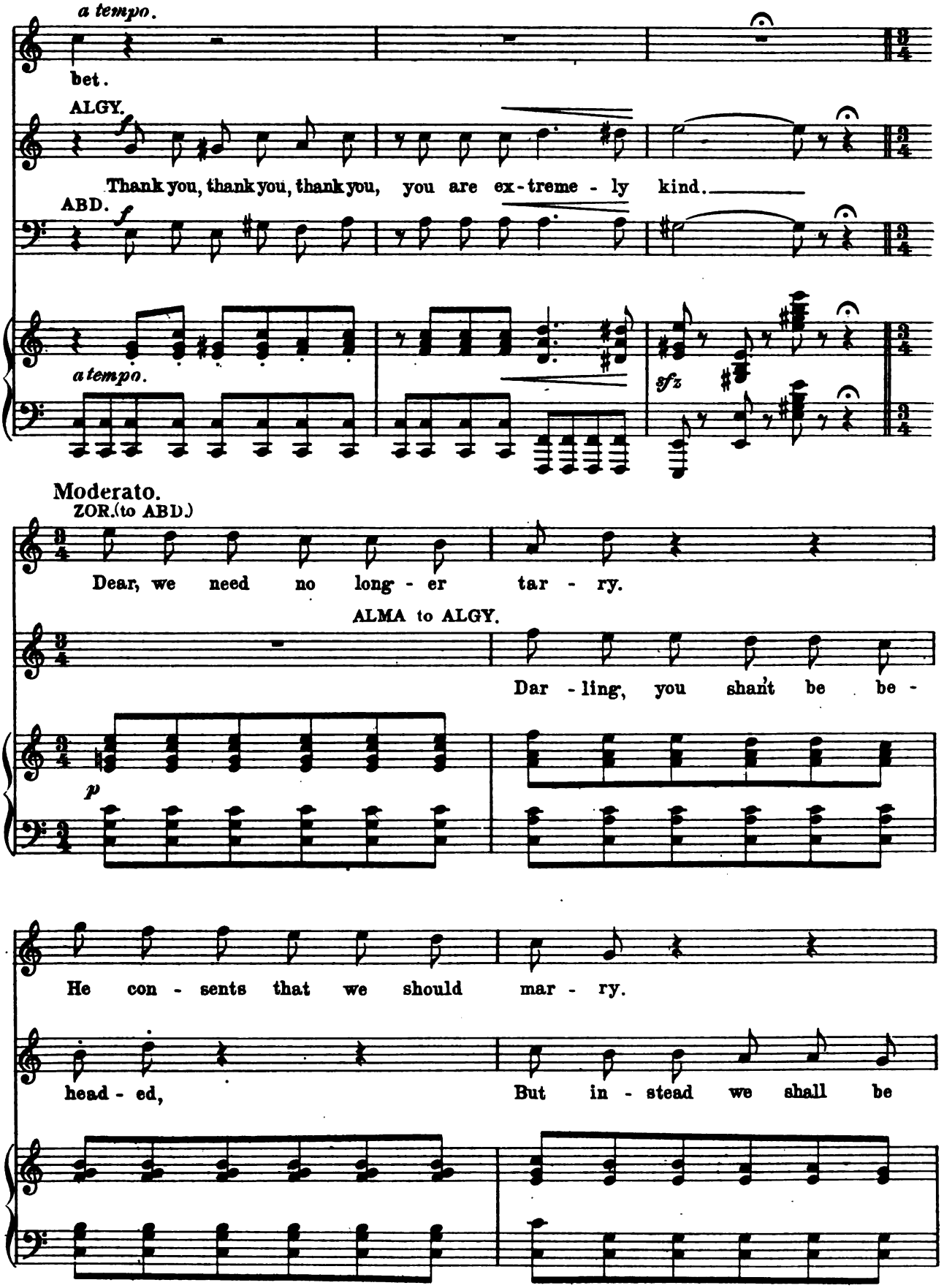
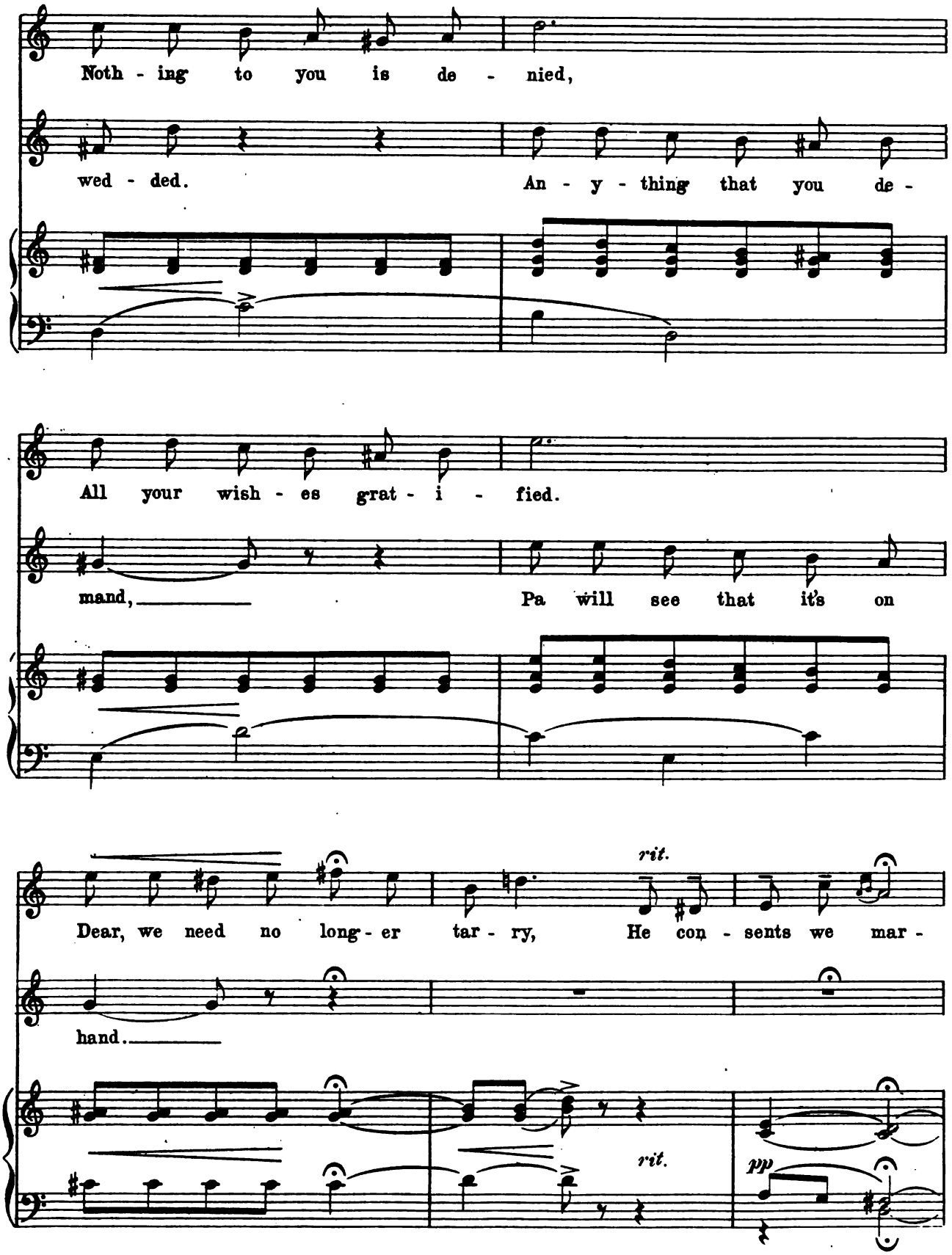
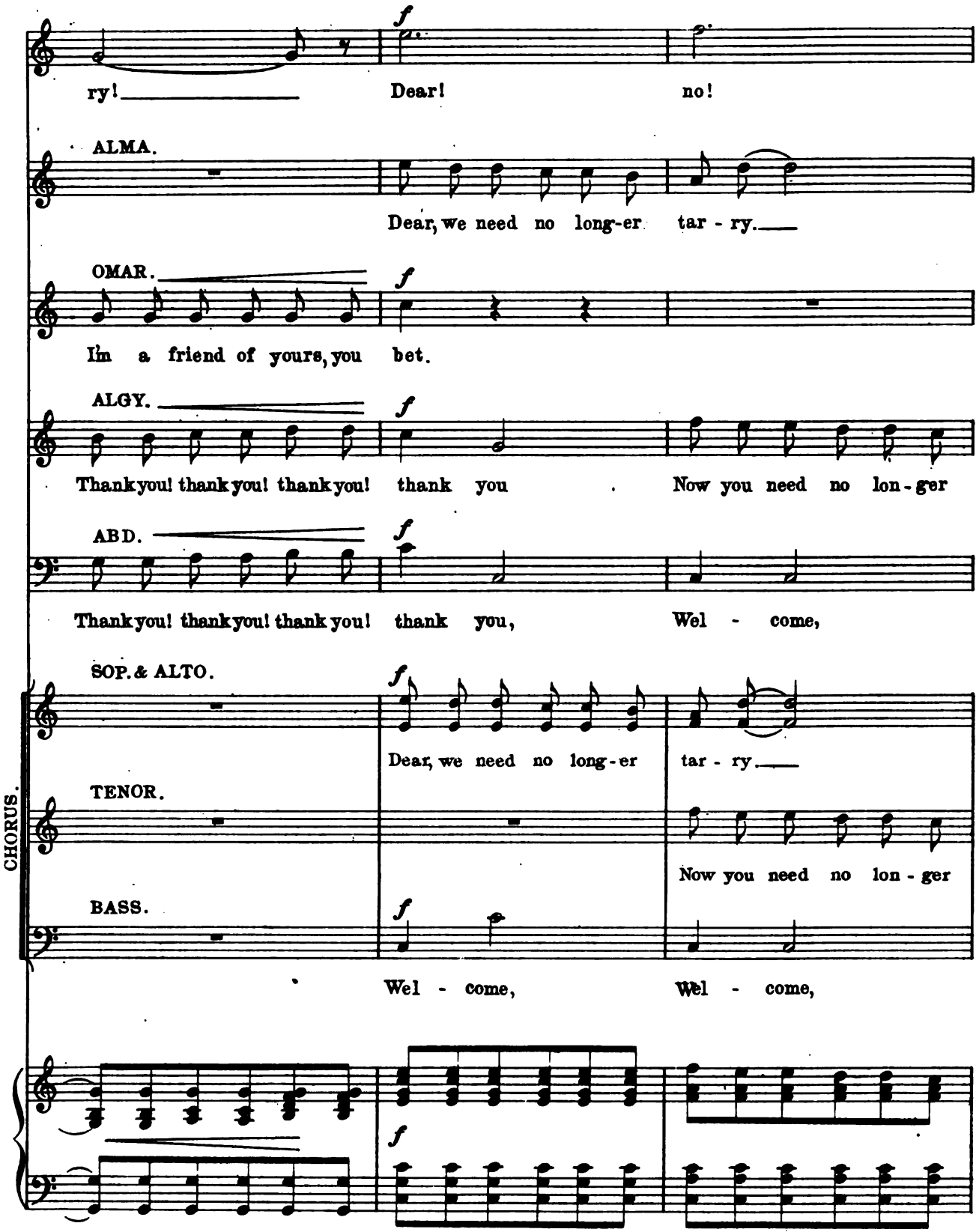
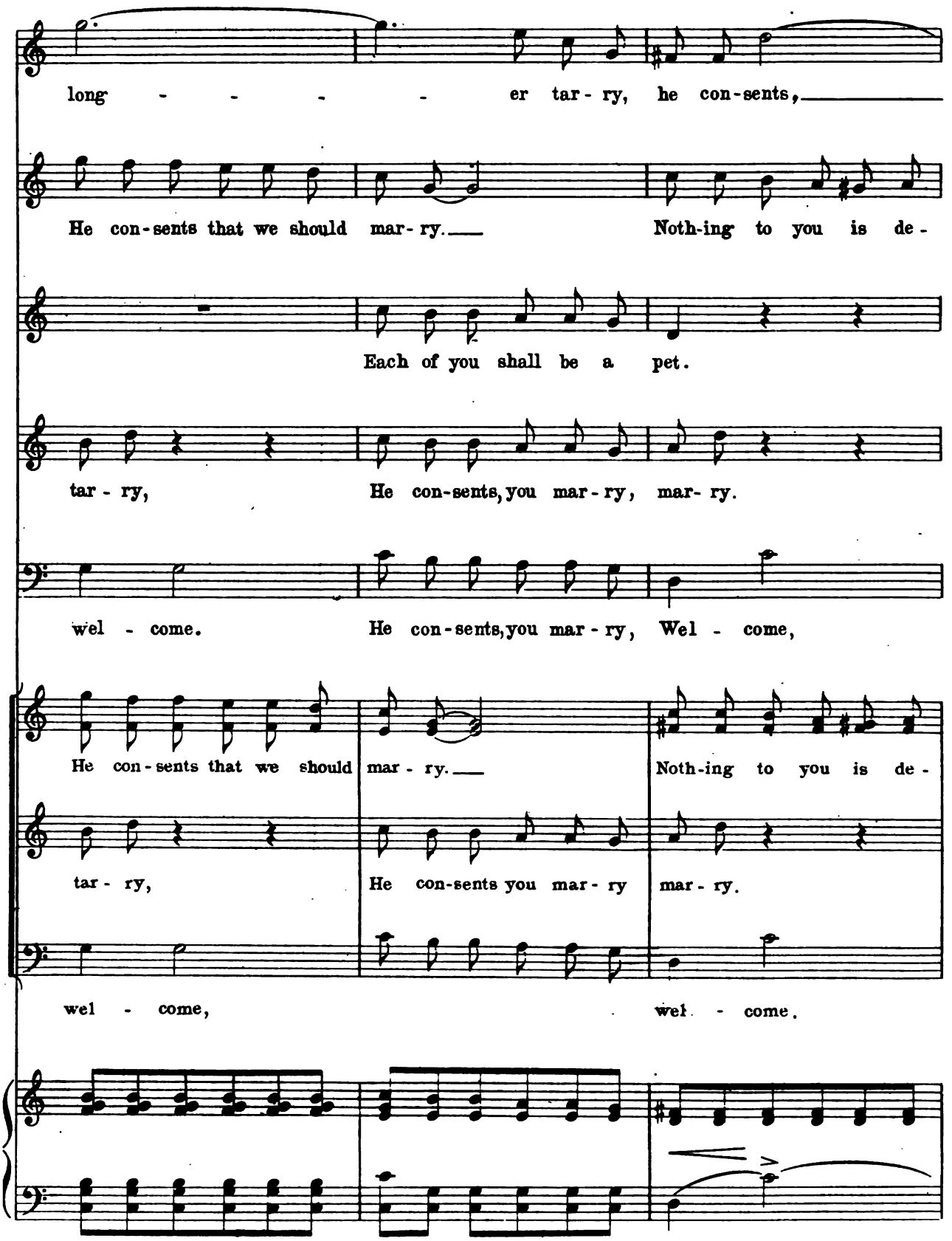
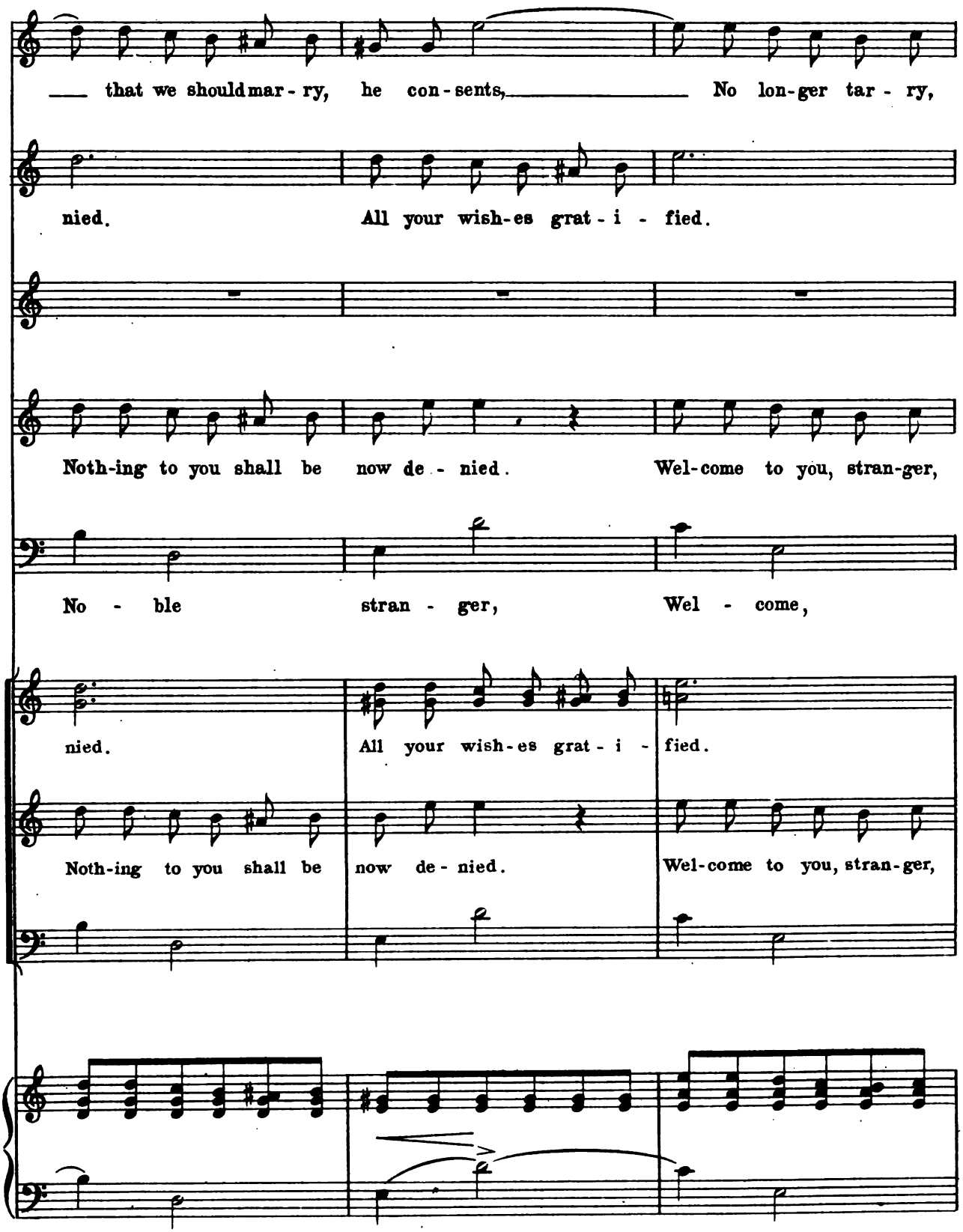
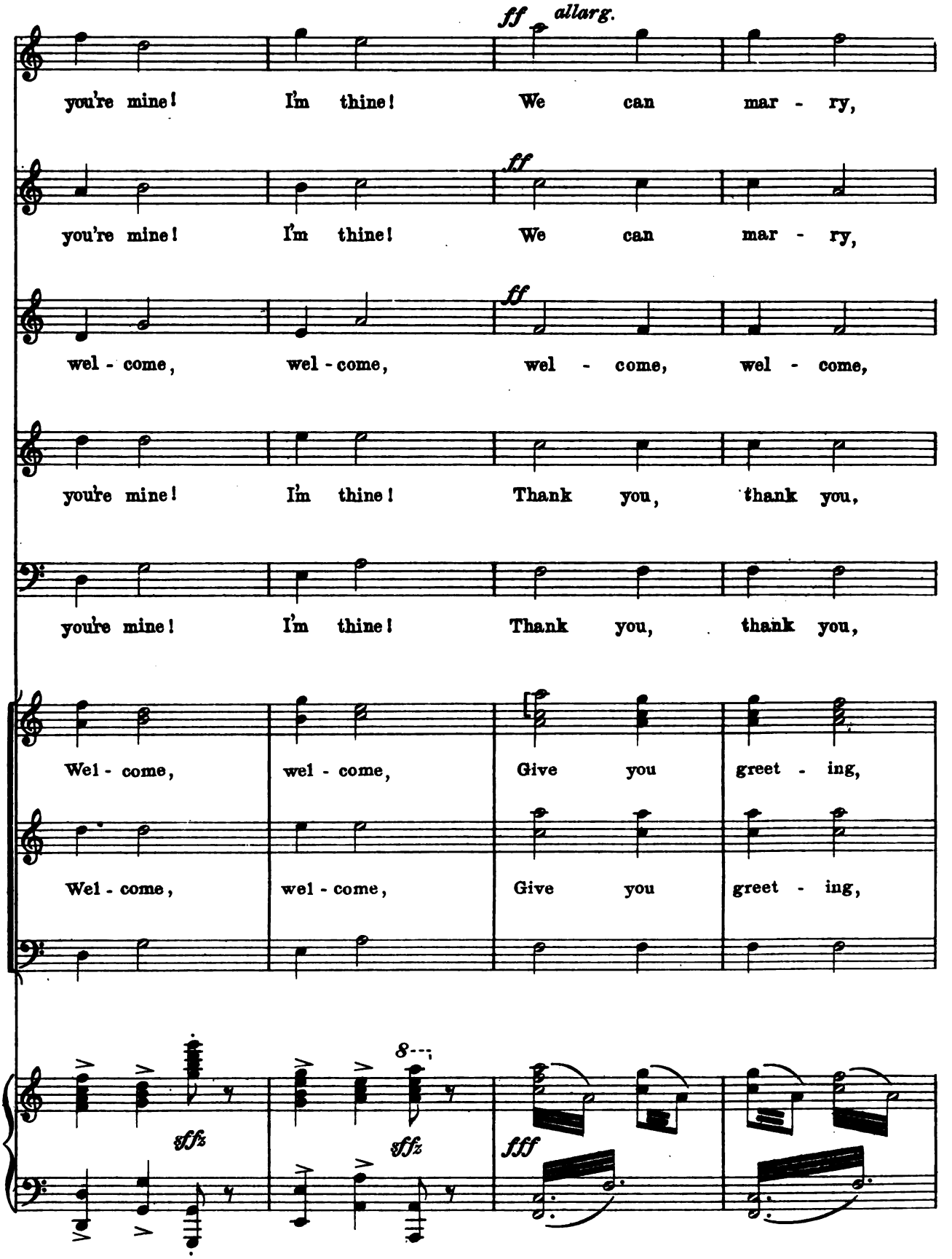

a tempo.
bet.
ALGY.
Thank you, thank you, thank you, you are ex-treme - ly kind.
ABD.
a tempo.
sfz
Moderato.
ZOR.(to ABD.)
Dear, we need no long - er tar - ry.
ALMA to ALGY.
Dar - ling, you shan't be be -
He con - sents that we should mar - ry.
head - ed,
But in - stead we shall be

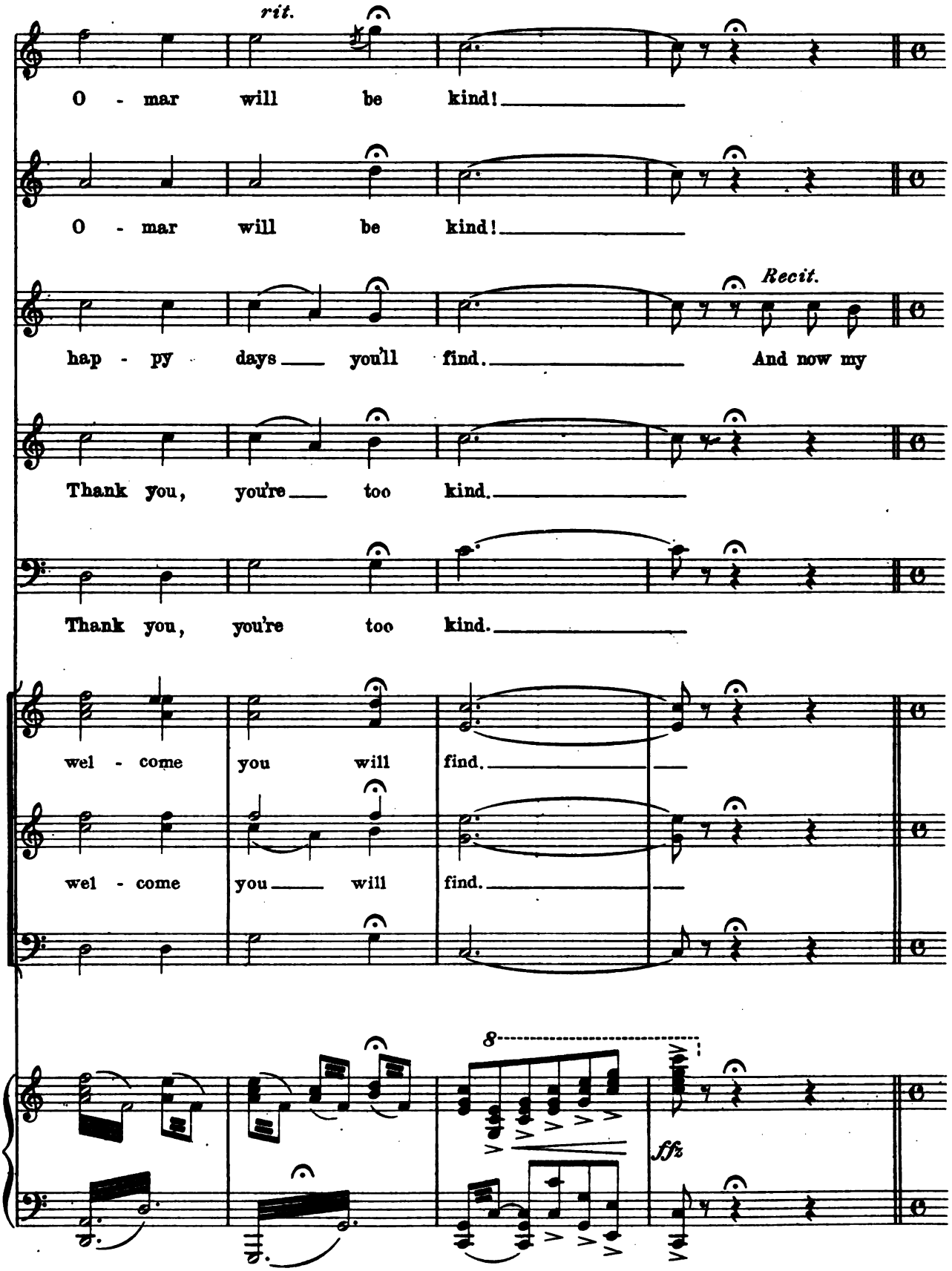

Noth - ing to you is de - nied,
wed - ded. An - y - thing that you de -
All your wish - es grat - i - fied.
mand, Pa will see that it's on
rit.
Dear, we need no long - er tar - ry, He con - sents we mar -
hand.
rit.
pp

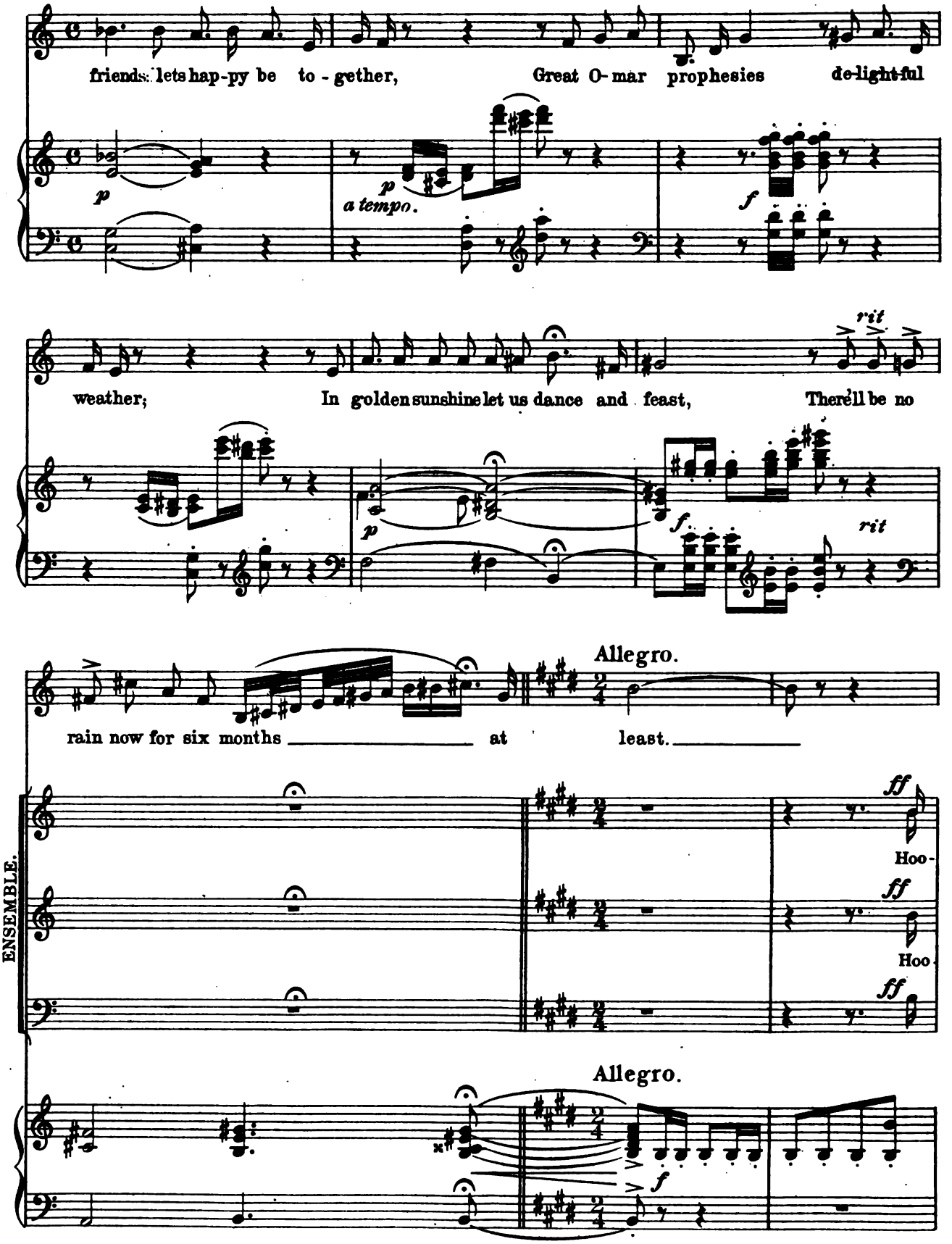

ry! Dear! no!
ALMA.
Dear, we need no long-er tar - ry.
OMAR.
I'm a friend of yours, you bet.
ALGY.
Thank you! thank you! thank you! thank you Now you need no lon-ger
ABD.
Thank you! thank you! thank you! thank you, Wel - come,
CHORUS.
SOP. & ALTO.
Dear, we need no long-er tar - ry.
TENOR.
Now you need no lon-ger
BASS.
Wel - come, Wel - come,

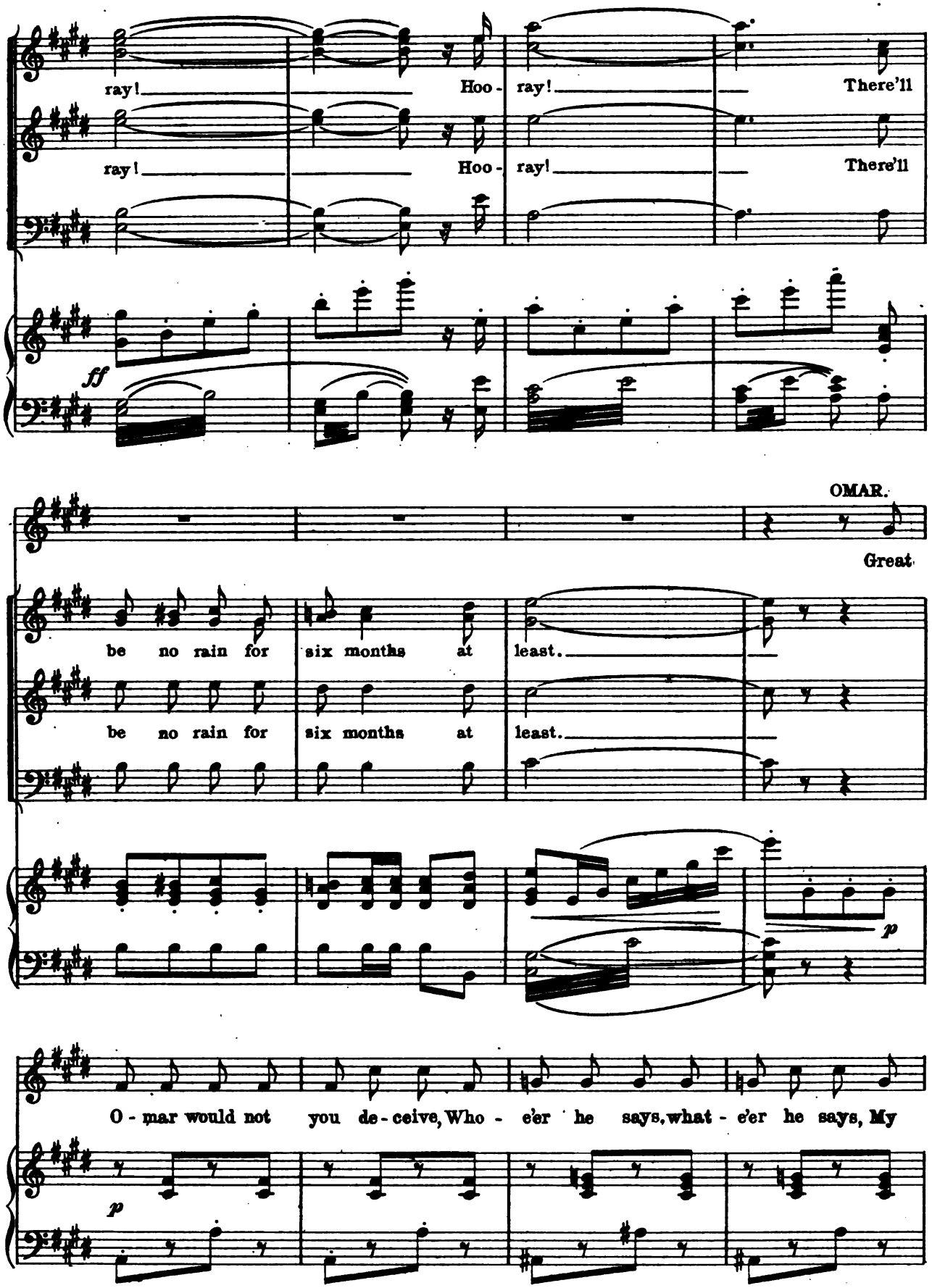

long - - - - er tar - ry, he con-sents,
He con-sents that we should mar - ry. Noth-ing to you is de -
Each of you shall be a pet.
tar - ry, He con-sents, you mar - ry, mar - ry.
wel - come. He con-sents, you mar - ry, Wel - come,
He con-sents that we should mar - ry. Noth-ing to you is de -
tar - ry, He con-sents you mar - ry mar - ry.
wel - come, wel - come.

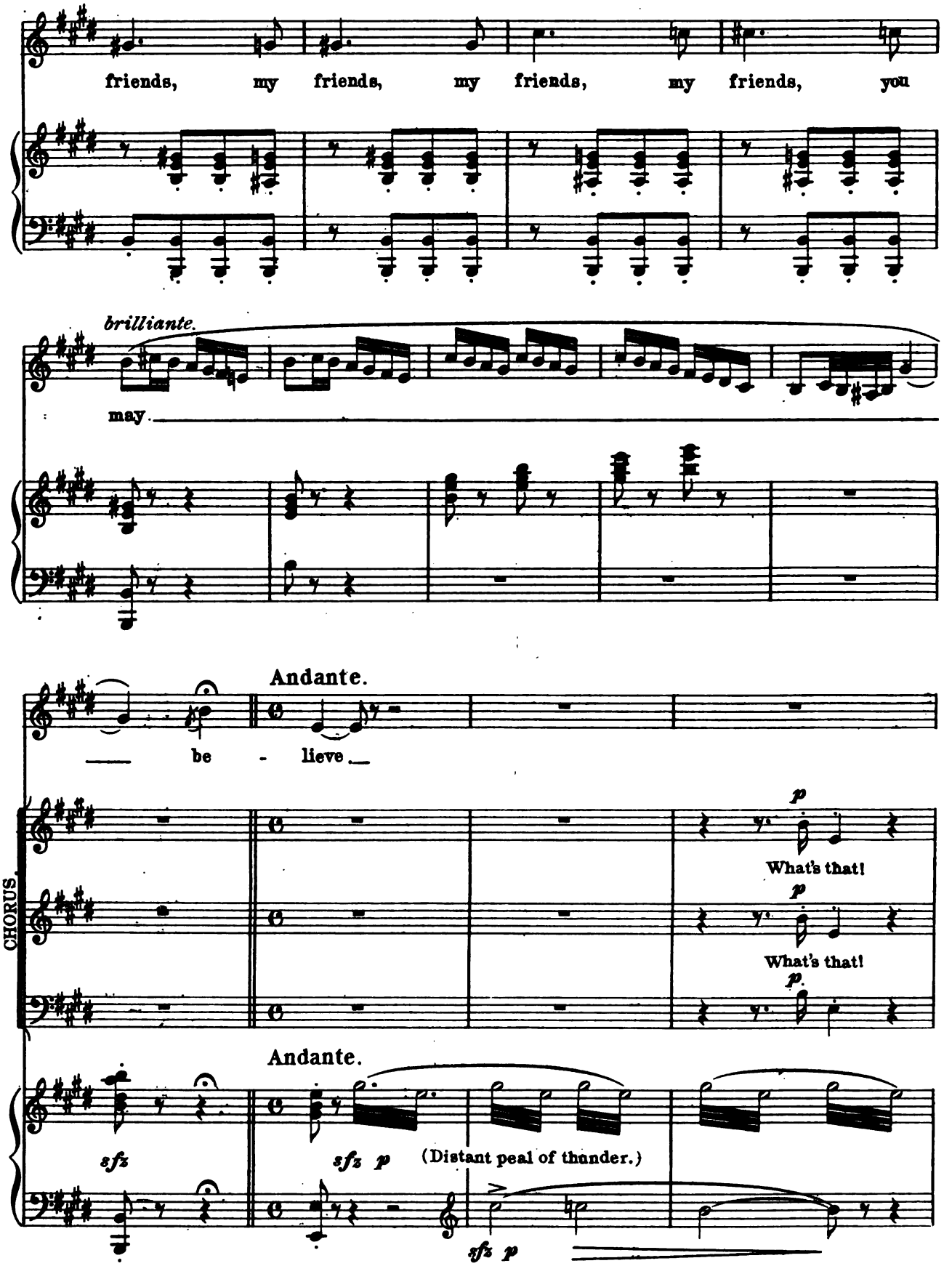

that we should mar - ry, he con - sents, No lon-ger tar - ry,
nied. All your wish-es grat - i - fied.
Noth-ing to you shall be now de - nied. Wel-come to you, stran-ger,
No - ble stran - ger, Wel - come,
nied. All your wish-es grat - i - fied.
Noth-ing to you shall be now de - nied. Wel-come to you, stran-ger,

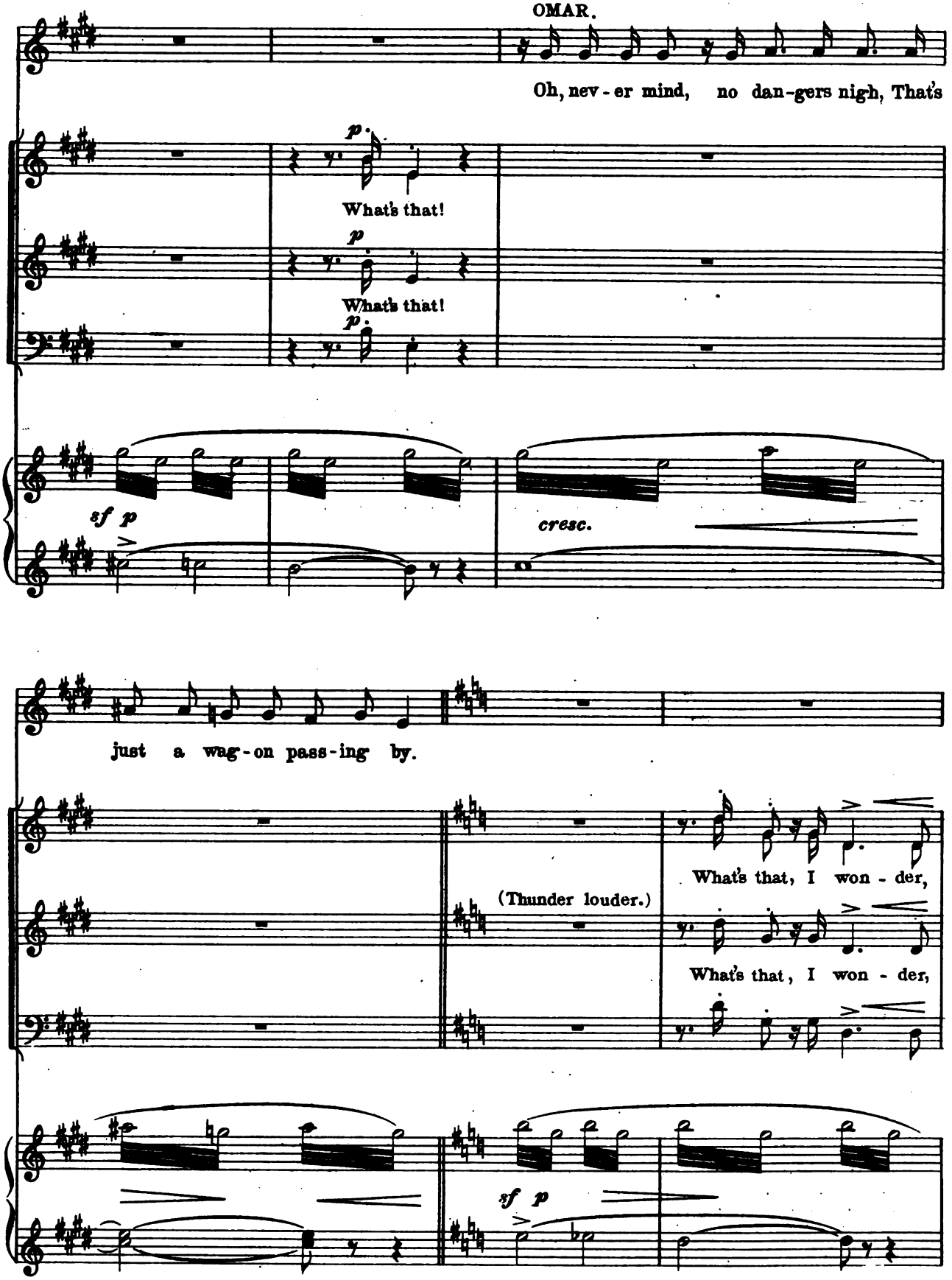

ff allarg.
you're mine! I'm thine! We can mar - ry,
ff
you're mine! I'm thine! We can mar - ry,
ff
wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, wel - come,
you're mine! I'm thine! Thank you, thank you,
you're mine! I'm thine! Thank you, thank you,
Wel - come, wel - come, Give you greet - ing,
Wel - come, wel - come, Give you greet - ing,
8
sffz
sffz
fff

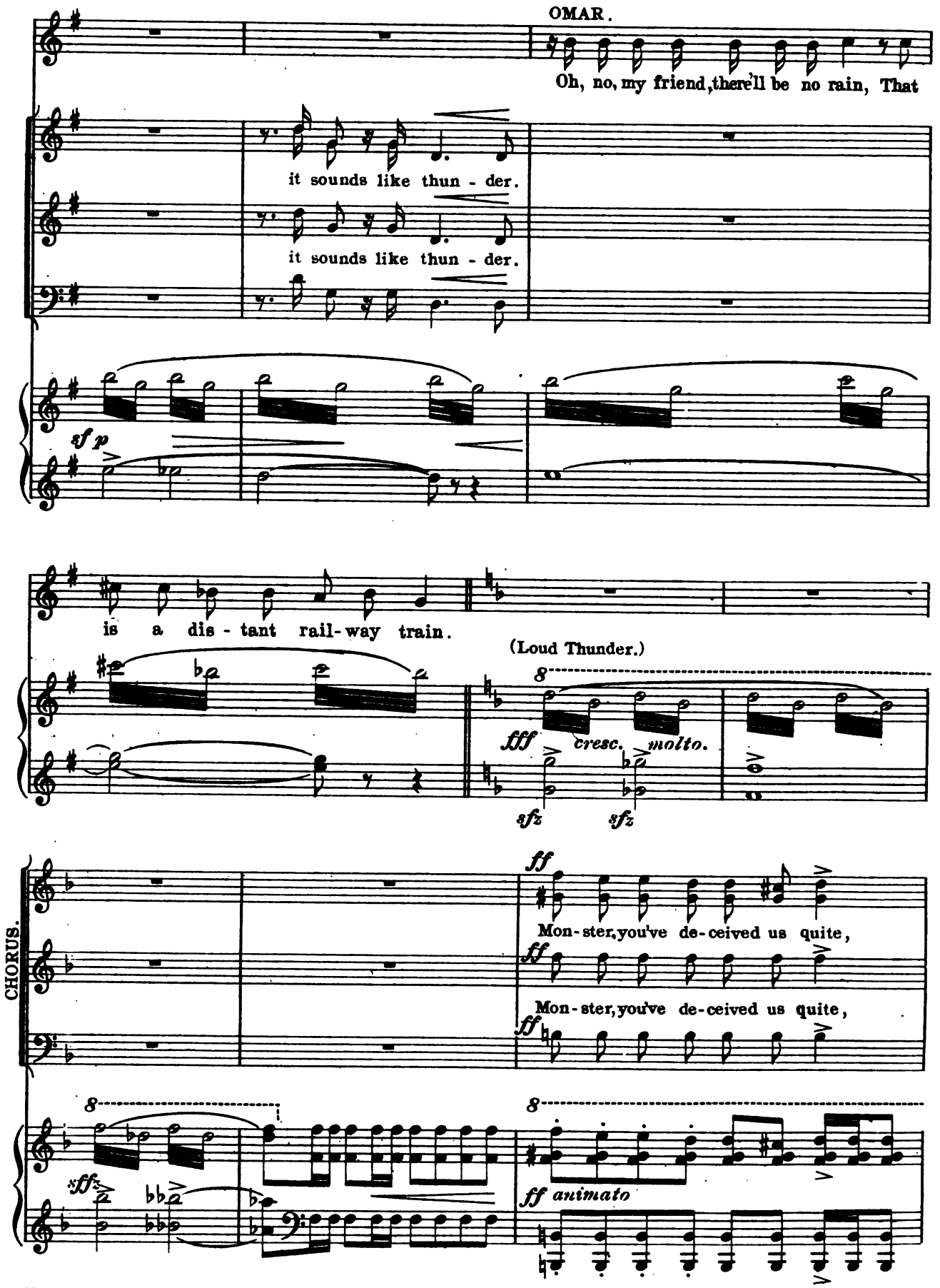

rit.
O - mar will be kind!
O - mar will be kind!
Recit.
hap - py days you'll find. And now my
Thank you, you're too kind.
Thank you, you're too kind.
wel - come you will find.
wel - come you will find.
8
ff


friends: lets hap-py be to - gether,
Great O- mar prophesies de-light-ful
p
p
a tempo.
f
weather;
In golden sunshine let us dance and feast,
There'll be no
rit
p
f
rit
Allegro.
rain now for six months
at
least.
ENSEMBLE.
ff
Hoo-
ff
Hoo
ff
Allegro.
f


ray! Hoo - ray! There'll
ray! Hoo - ray! There'll
ff
OMAR.
Great
be no rain for six months at least.
be no rain for six months at least.
p
O - mar would not you de - ceive, Who - e'er he says, what - e'er he says, My
p


friends, my friends, my friends, my friends, you
brilliante.
may.
Andante.
be - lieve
CHORUS.
p
What's that!
p
What's that!
p.
Andante.
sfz
sfz p
(Distant peal of thunder.)
sfz p


OMAR.
Oh, nev - er mind, no dan-gers nigh, That's
What's that!
What's that!
sf p
cresc.
just a wag-on pass-ing by.
(Thunder louder.)
What's that, I won - der,
What's that, I won - der,
sf p


OMAR.
Oh, no, my friend, there'll be no rain, That
it sounds like thun - der.
it sounds like thun - der.
sf p
is a dis - tant rail-way train.
(Loud Thunder.)
fff cresc. molto.
sfz
sfz
CHORUS.
ff
Mon-ster, you've de-ceived us quite,
ff
Mon-ster, you've de-ceived us quite,
ff
sff
ff animato

OMAR. *(Spoken)* O, don't mind a little shower it will make you grow.

ff

Mon-ster you've de-ceived us quite.

ff

Mon-ster you've de-ceived us quite.

ff

8

sfz *sffz*

Allegro. (It begins to rain.)

8

fz *tr*

8

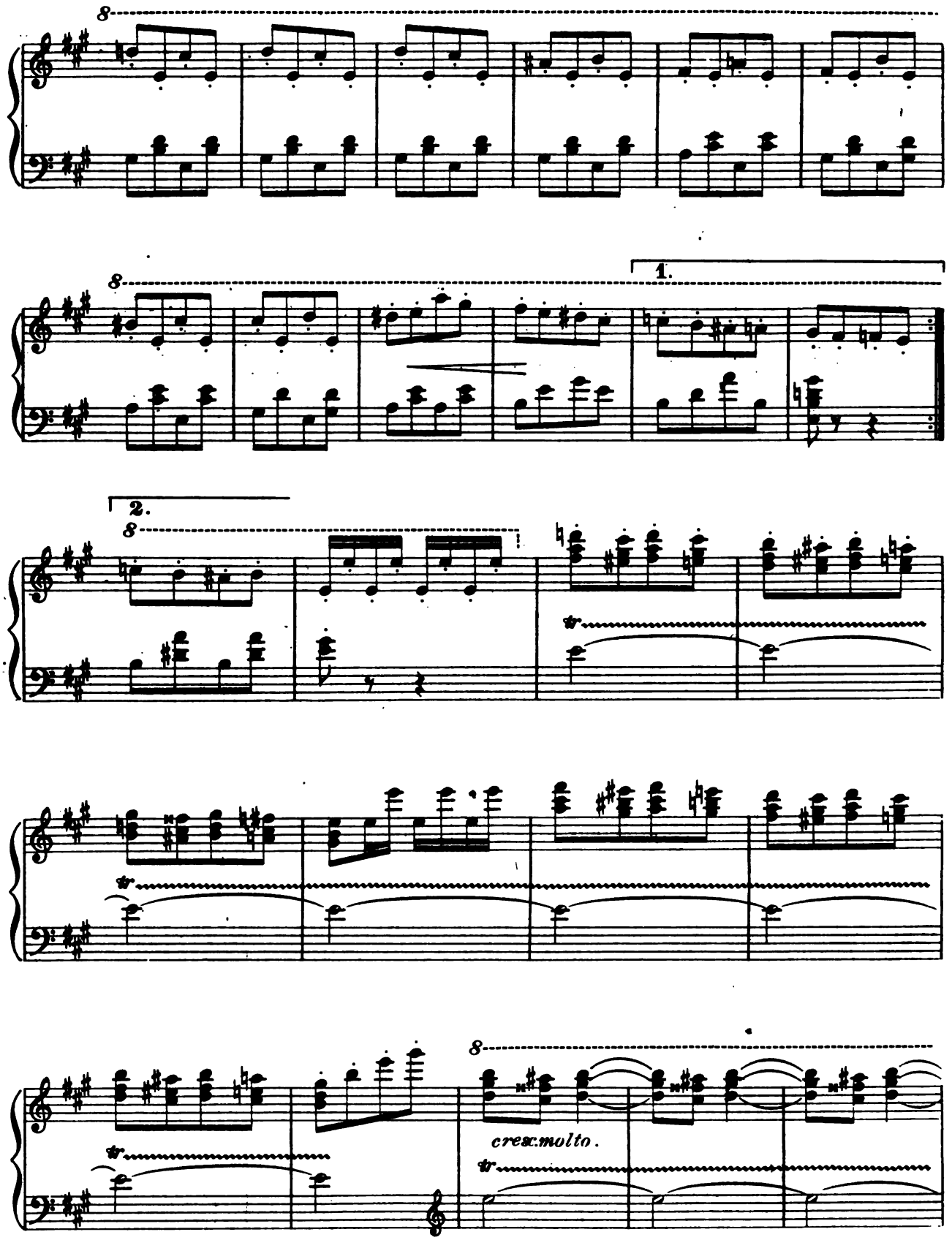
tr *sfz*

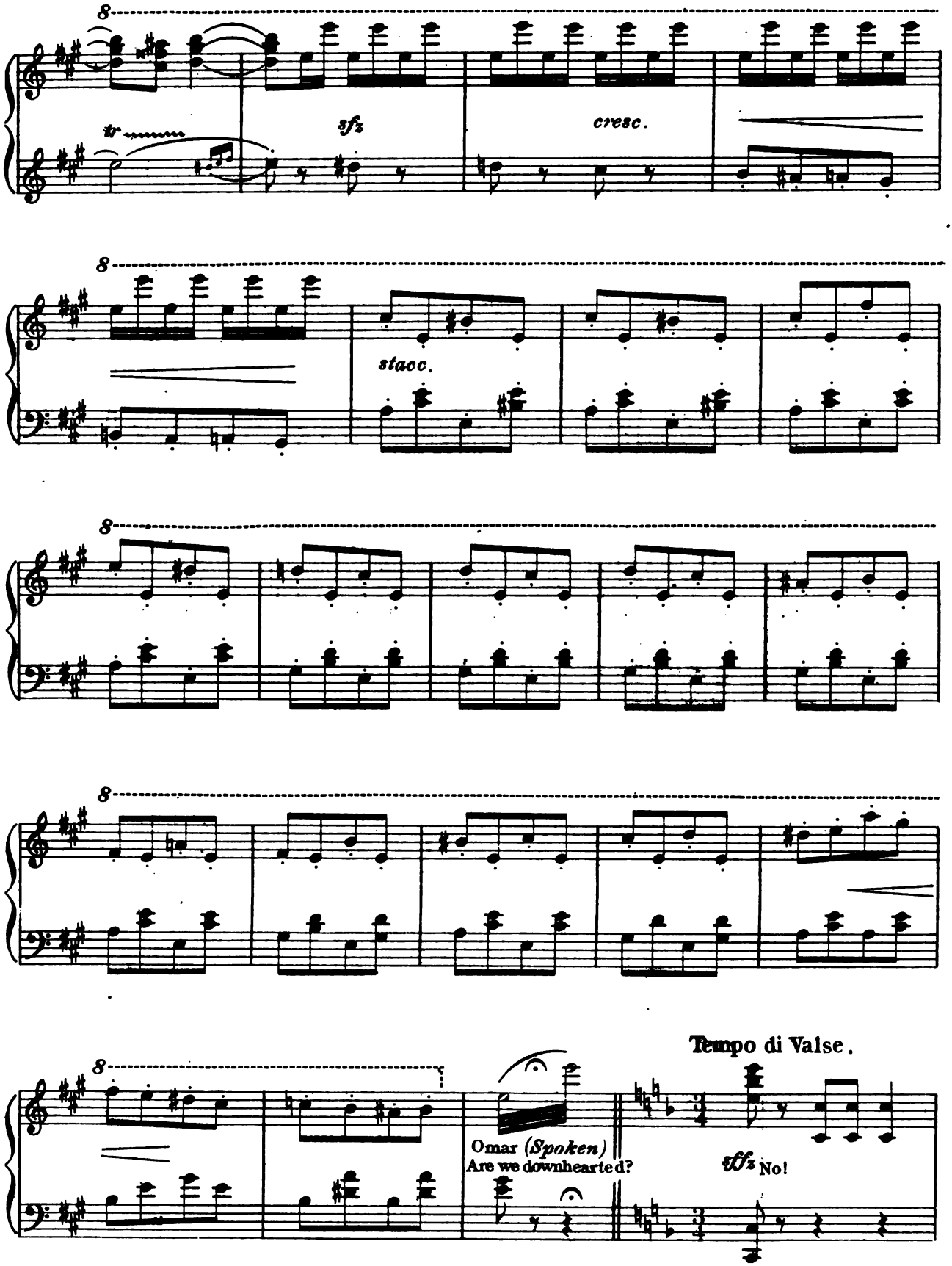
8

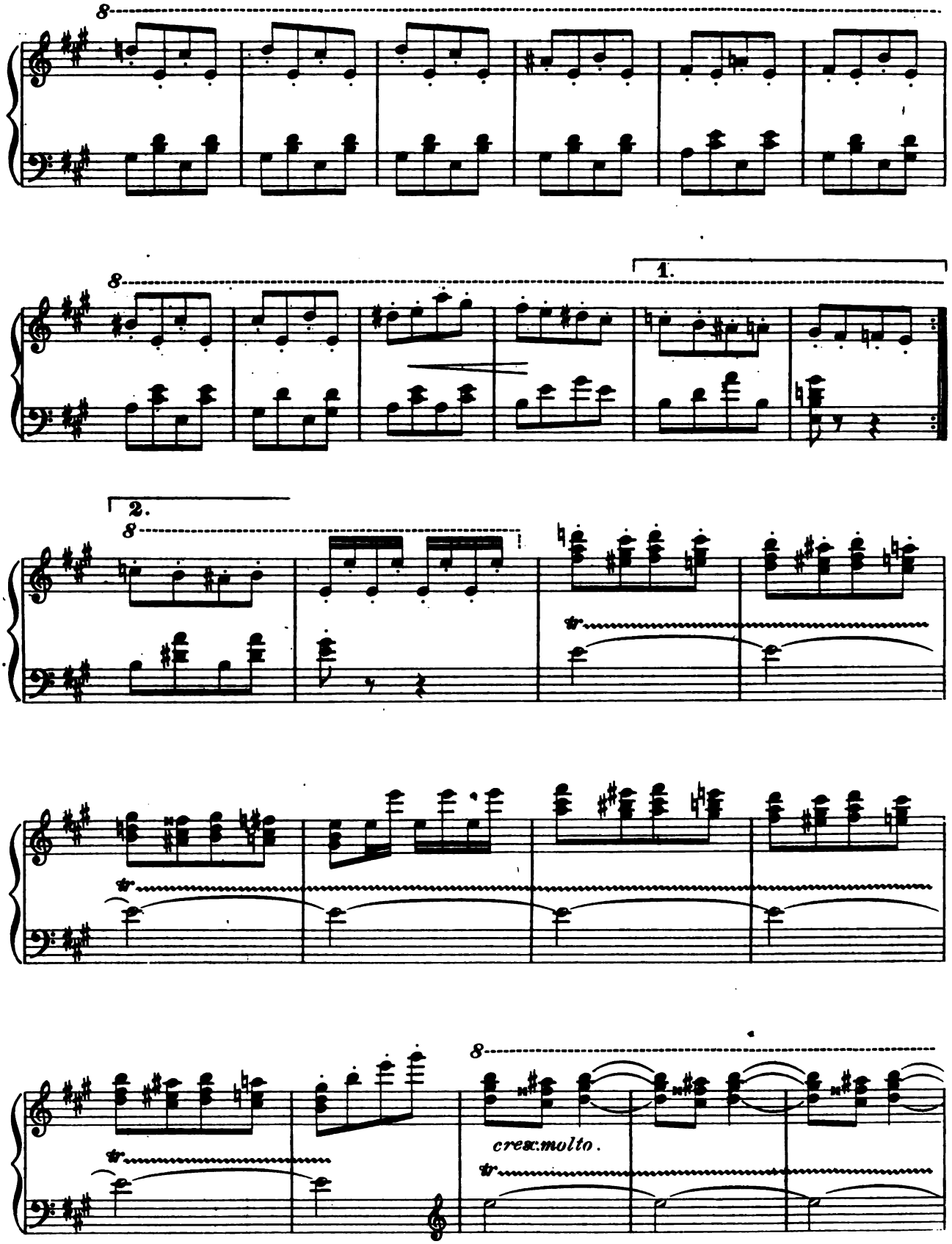
sfz *dim.*

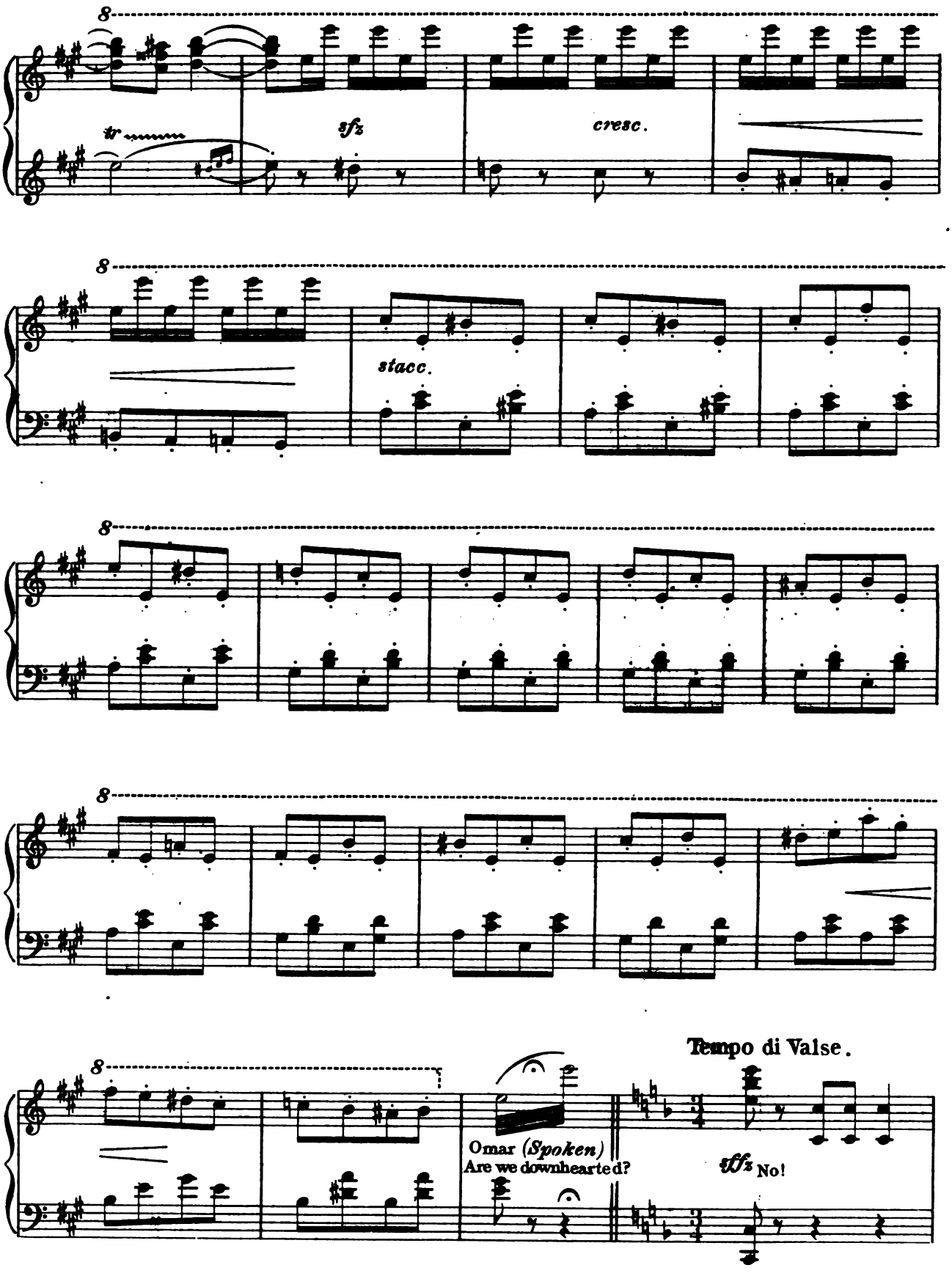
8

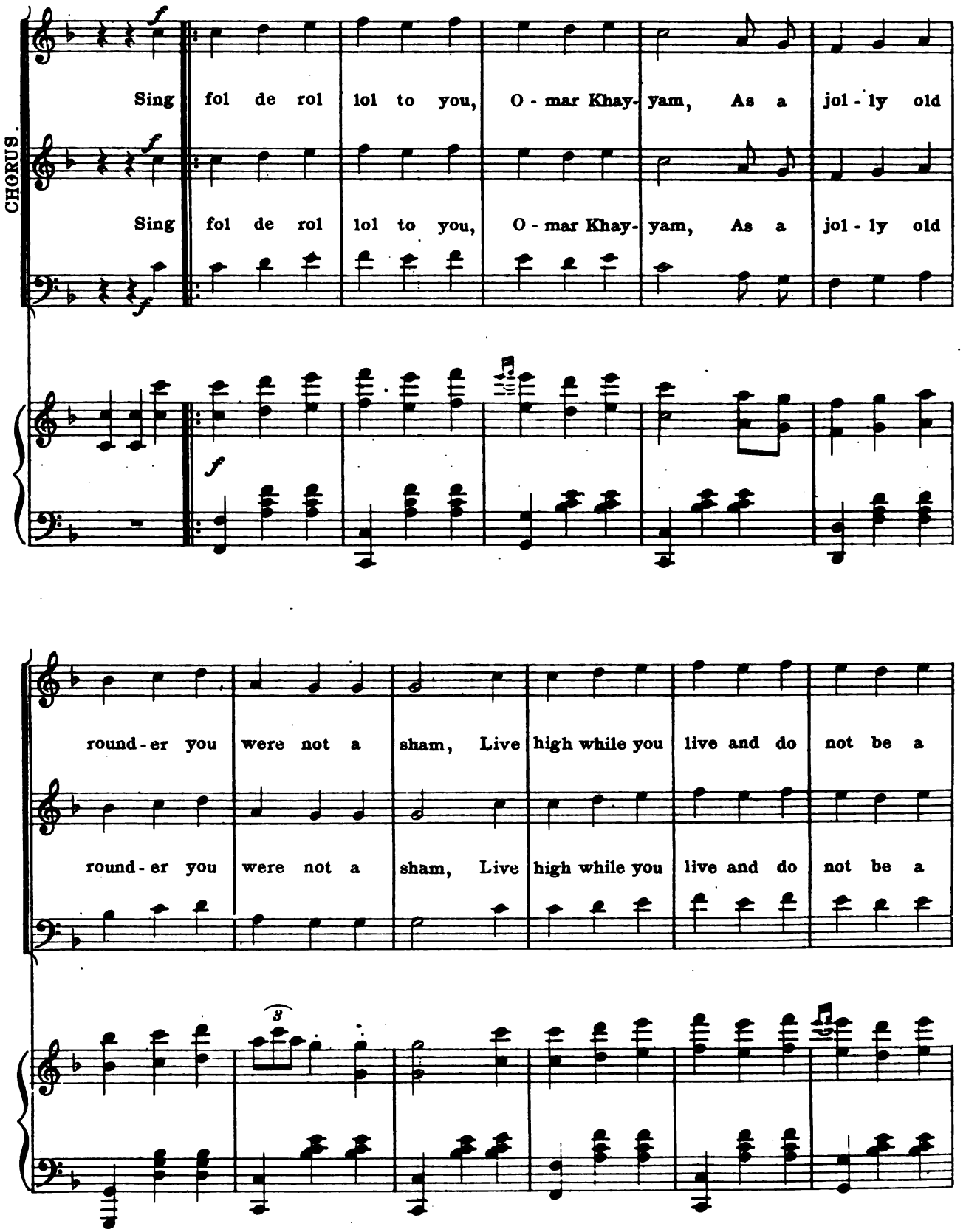
stacc.

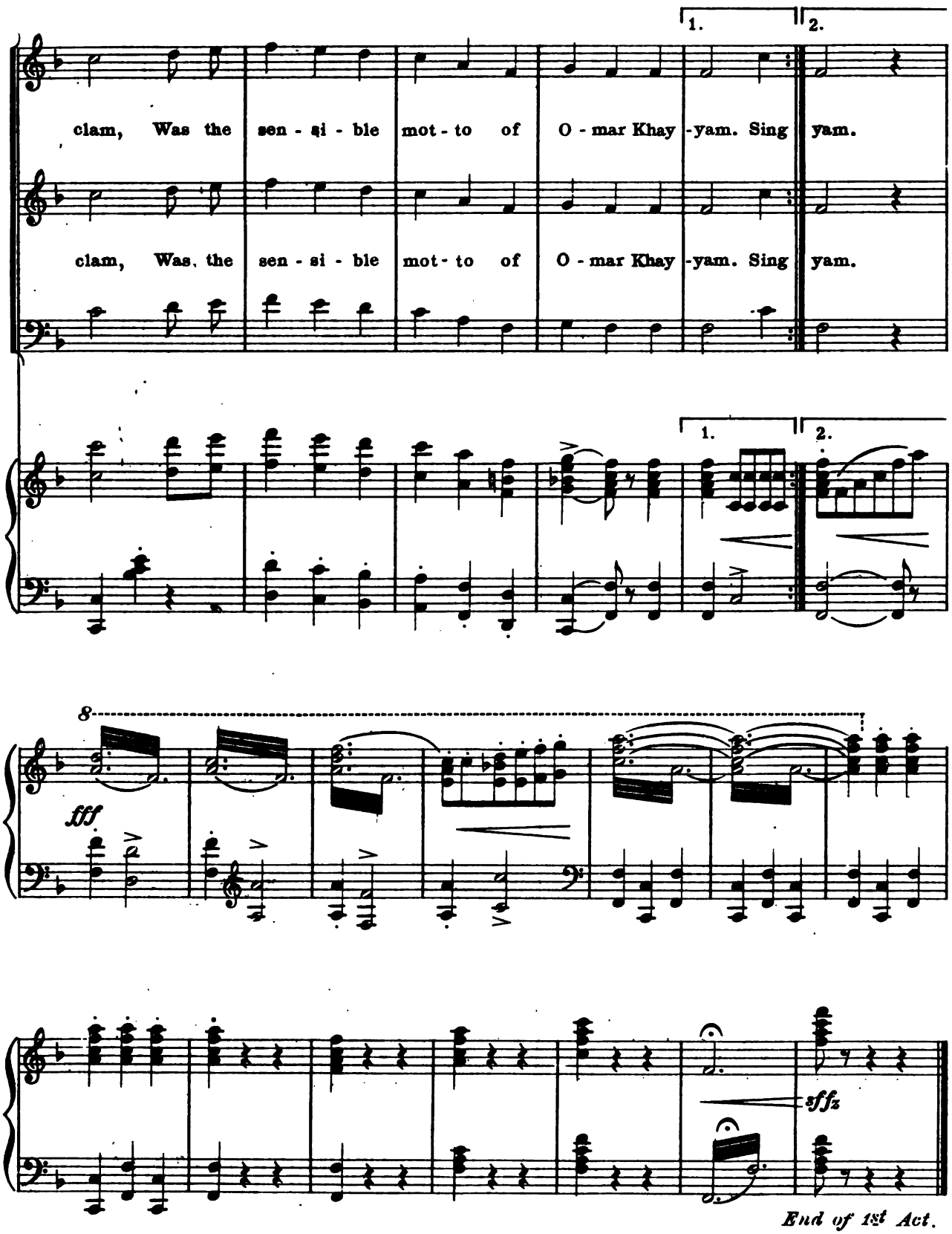

8
1.
2.
cresc.molto.


8
tr
sfz
cresc.
8
stacc.
8
8
8
Tempo di Valse.
Omar (Spoken)
Are we downhearted?
sfz No!


8
1.
2.
cresc.molto.


8
tr
sfz
cresc.
8
stacc.
8
8
8
Tempo di Valse.
Omar (Spoken)
Are we downhearted?
tffz No!

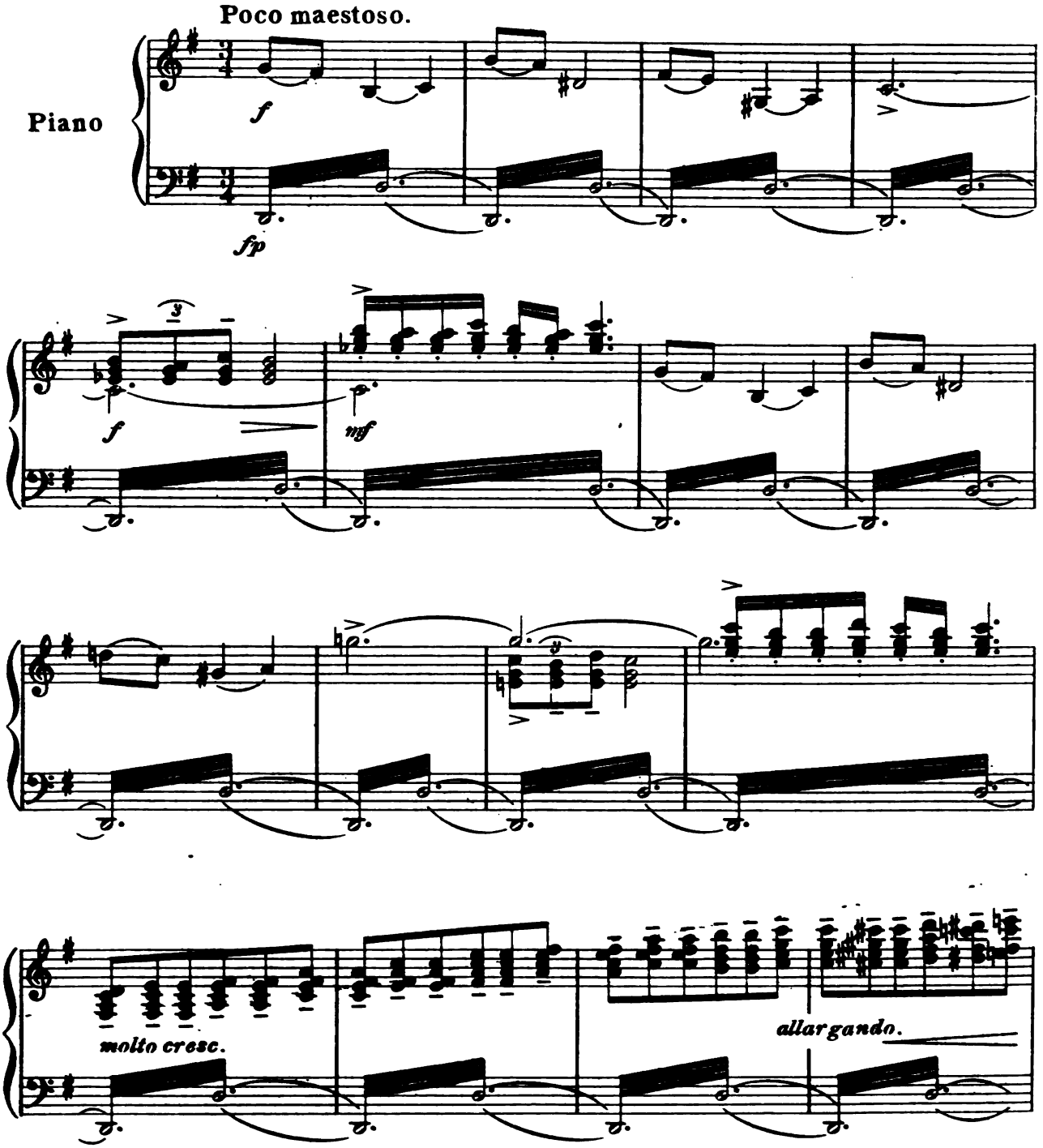

CHORUS.
Sing fol de rol lol to you, O - mar Khay- yam, As a jol - ly old
Sing fol de rol lol to you, O - mar Khay- yam, As a jol - ly old
round - er you were not a sham, Live high while you live and do not be a
round - er you were not a sham, Live high while you live and do not be a


1.
2.
clam, Was the sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay -yam. Sing yam.
clam, Was the sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay -yam. Sing yam.
1.
2.
8
fff
sffz
End of 1st Act.

No. 10. Opening.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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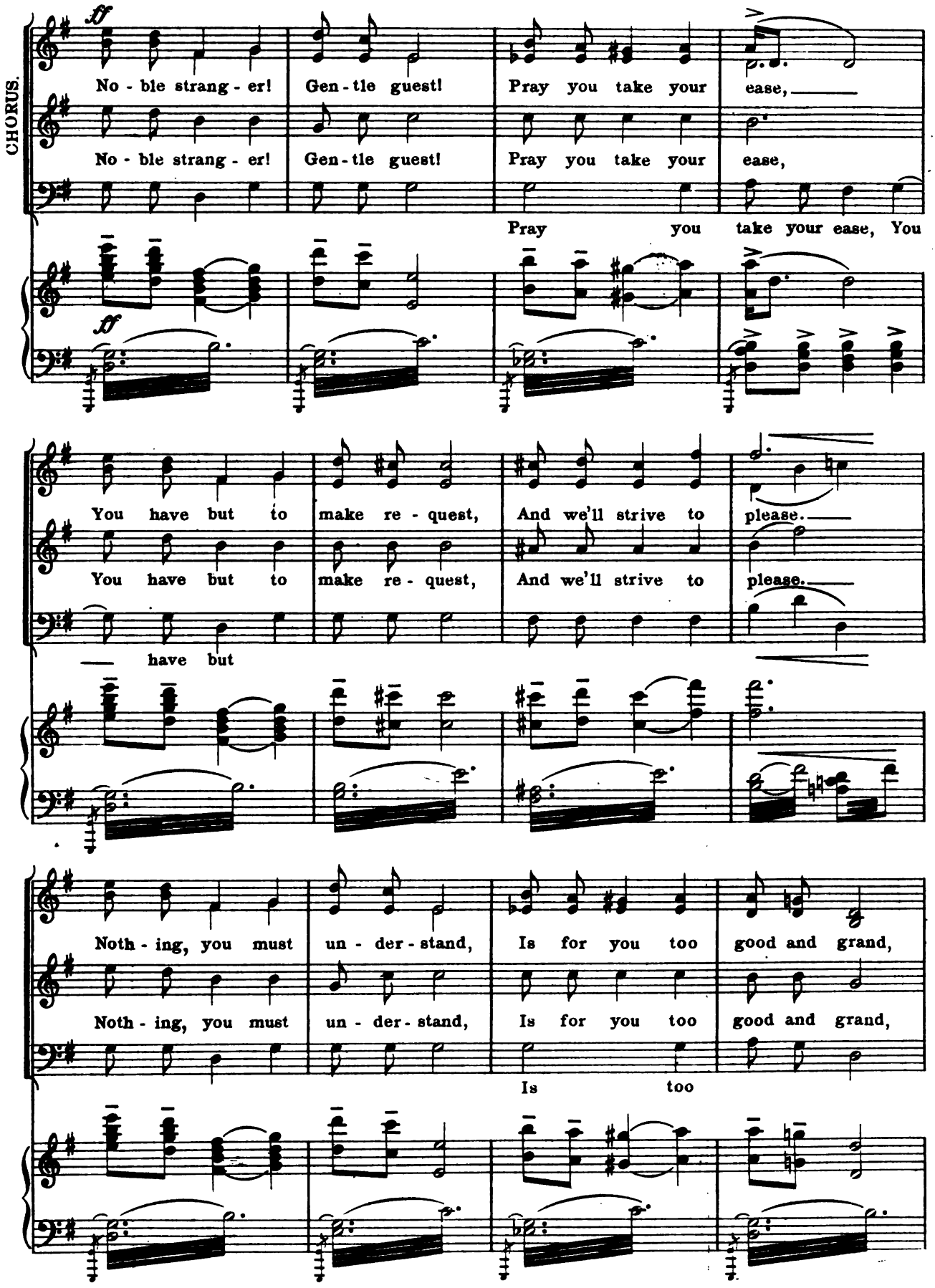
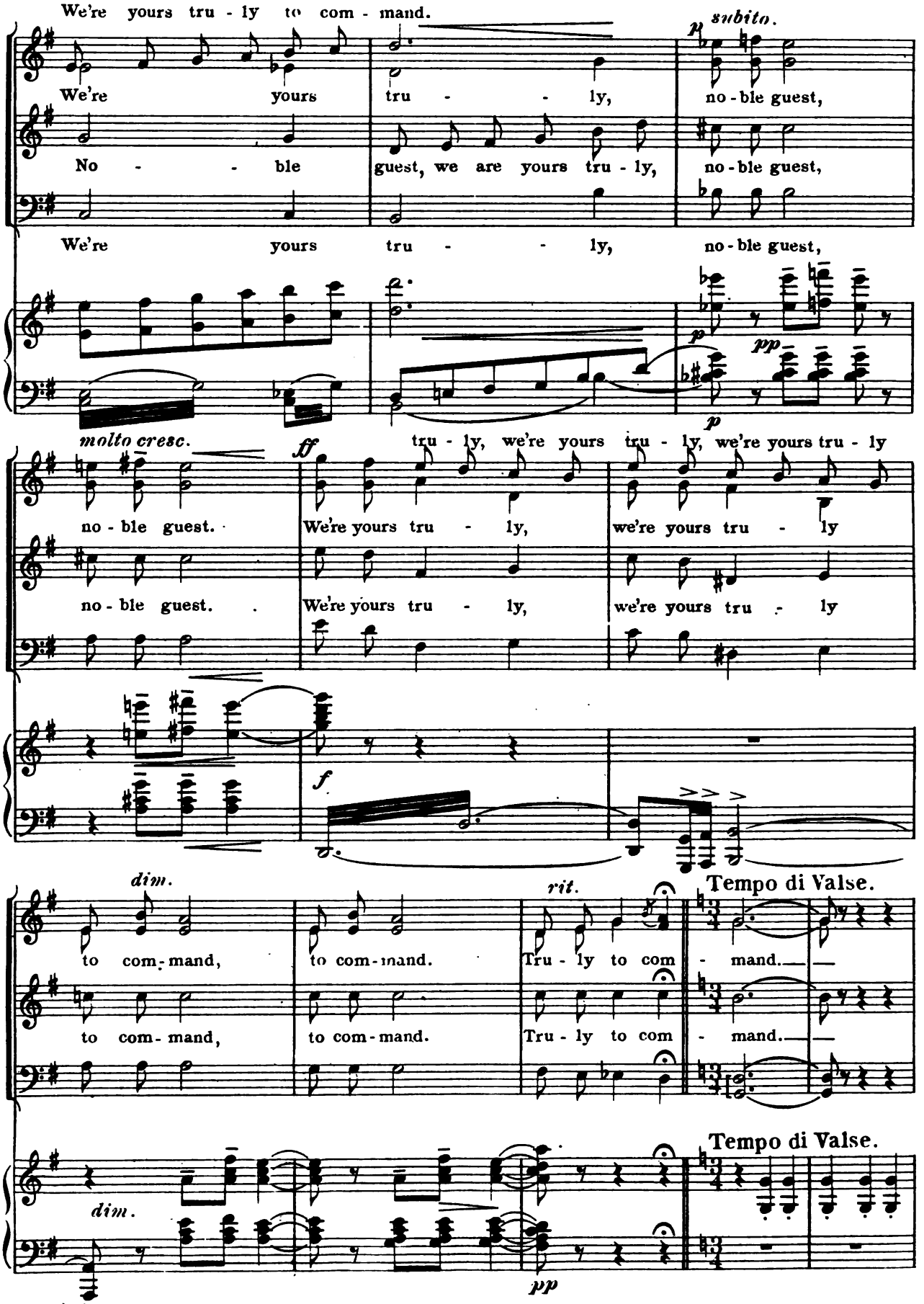
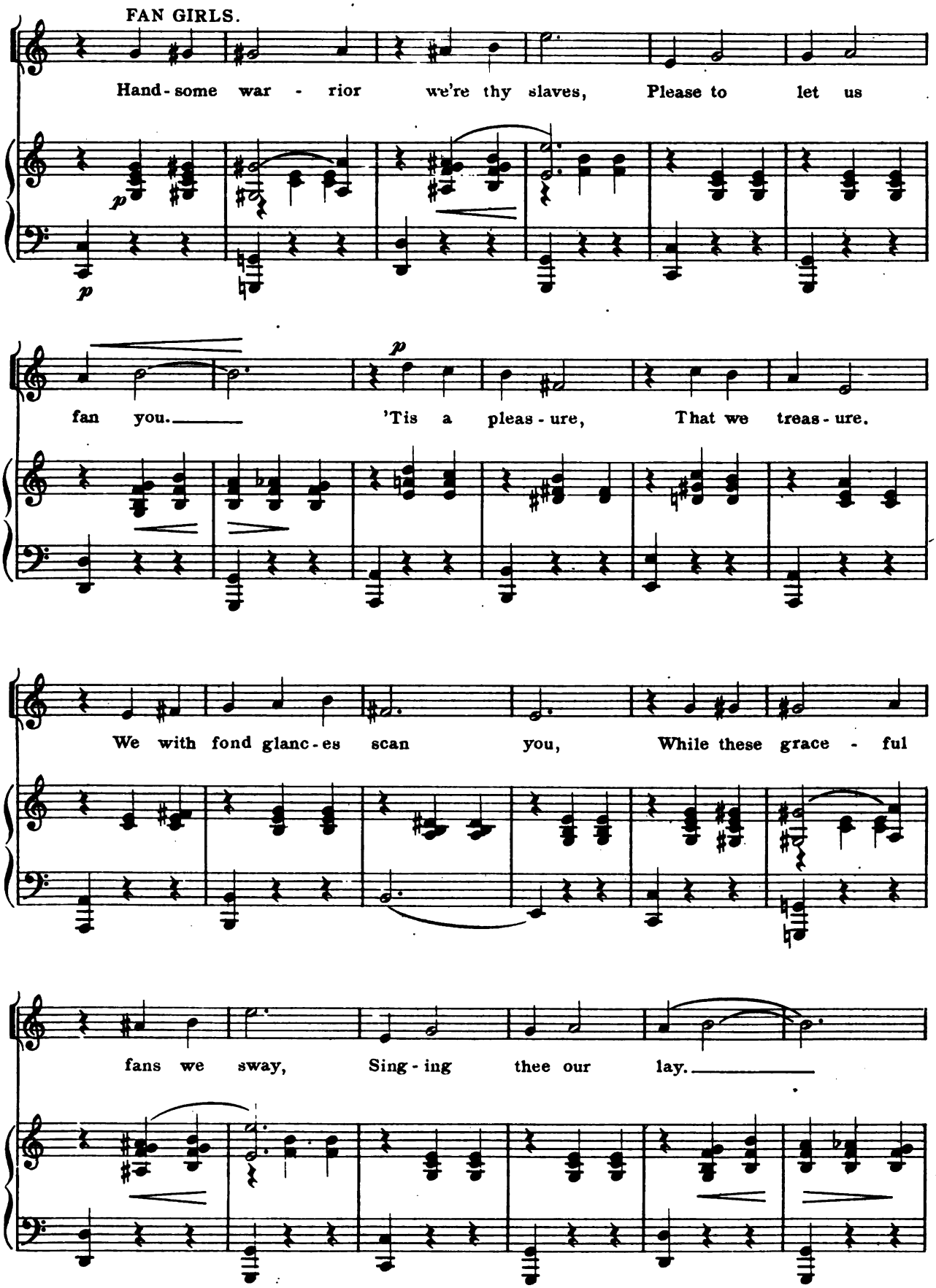
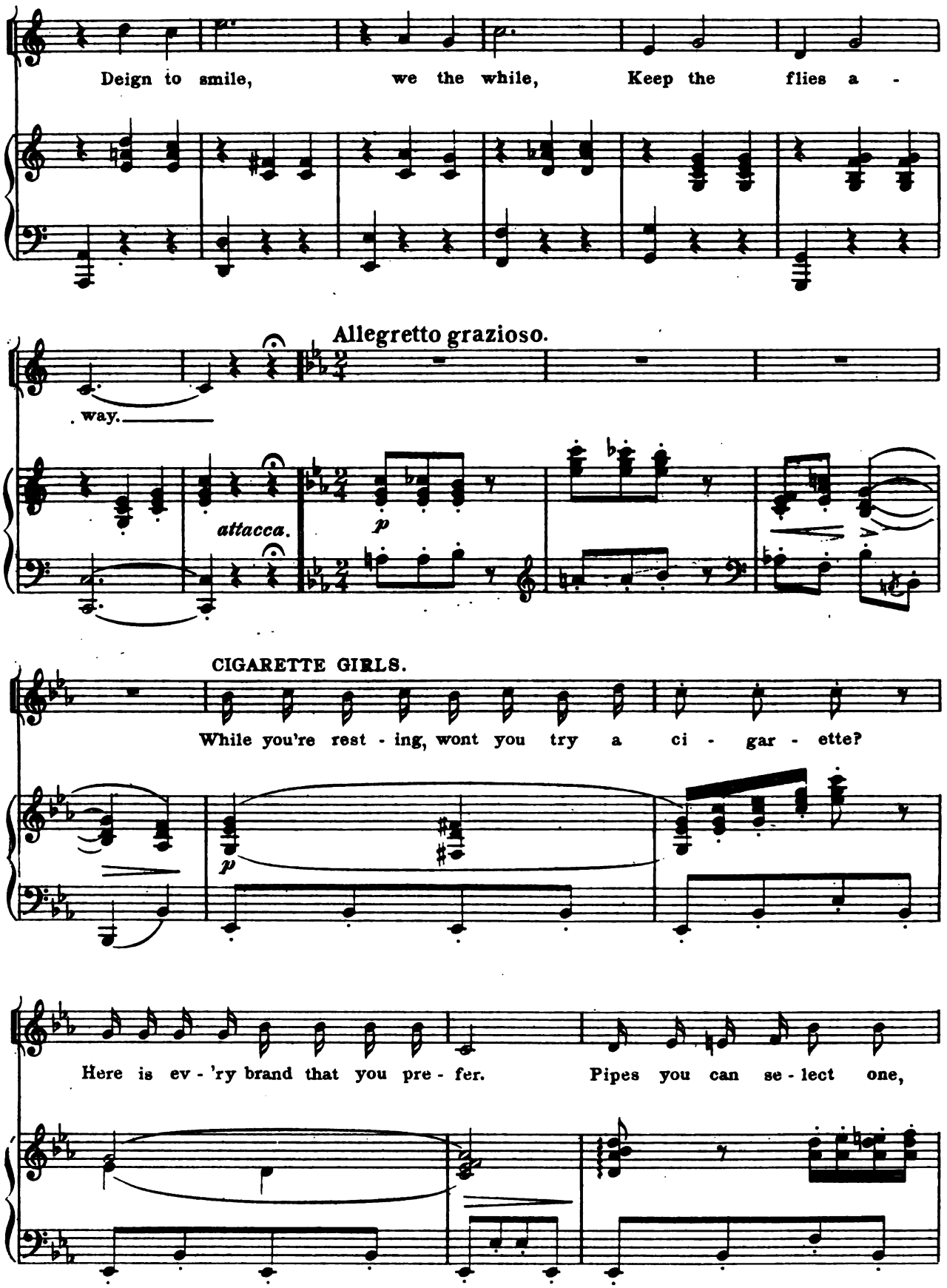
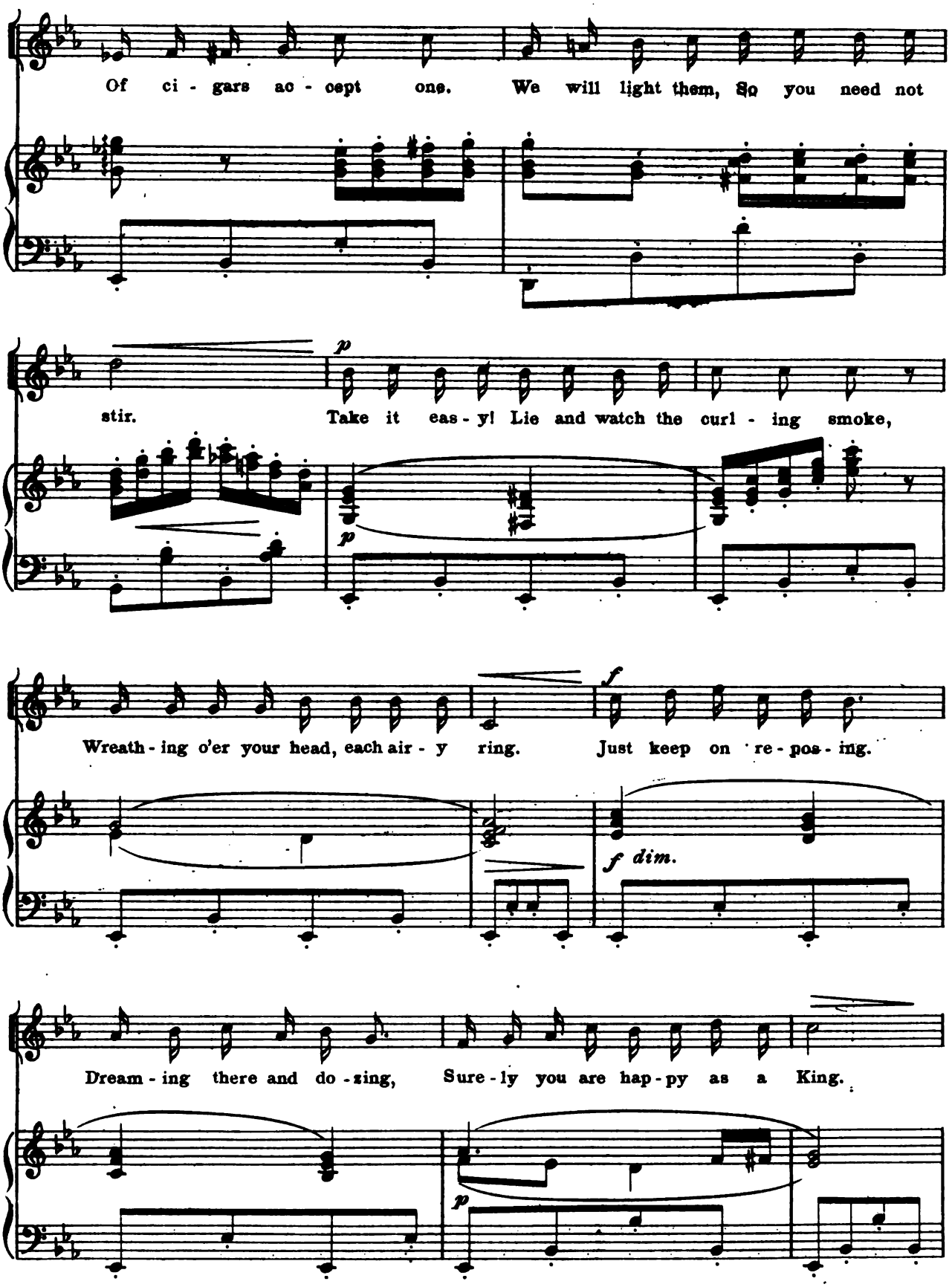
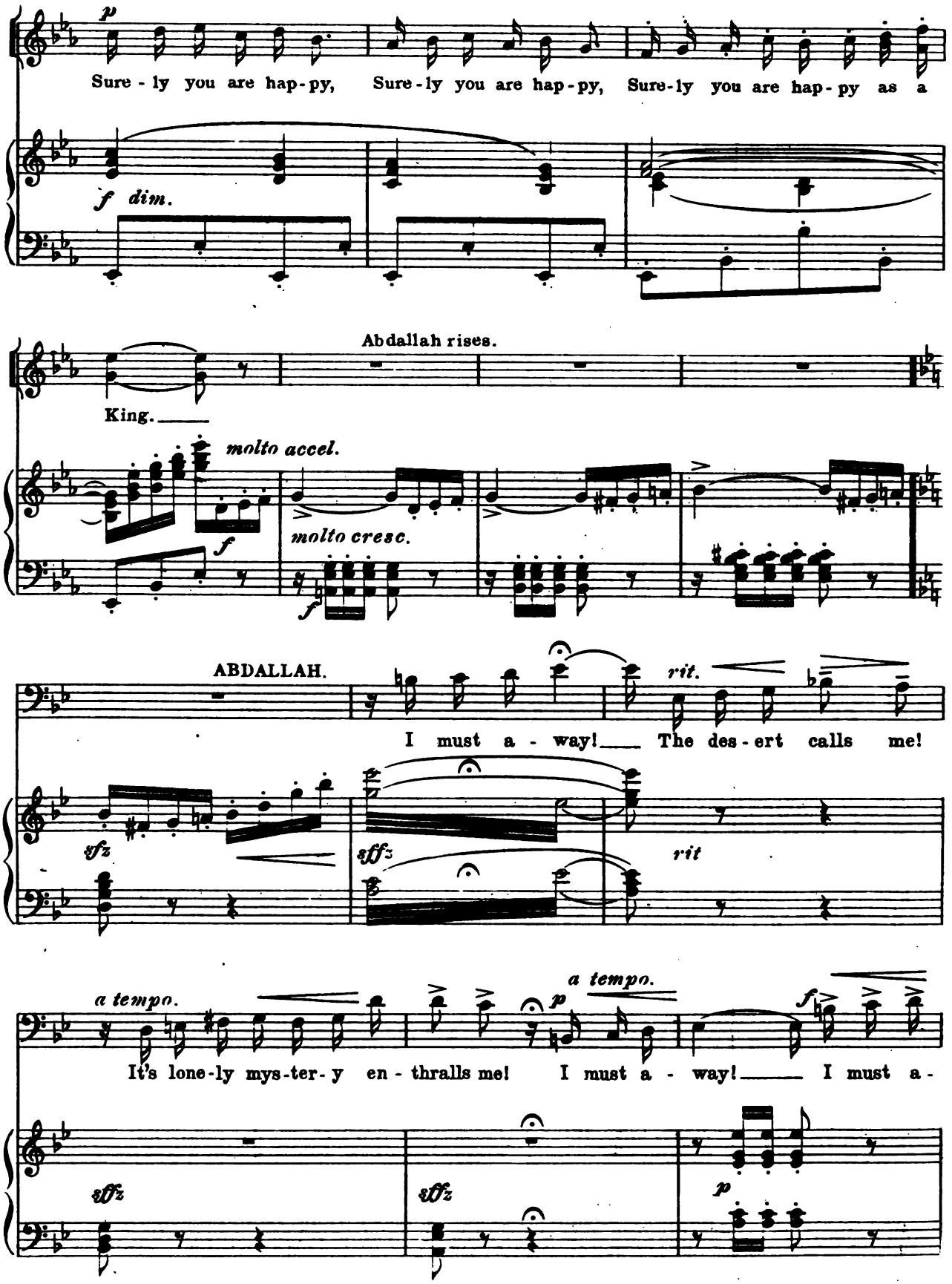

CHORUS.
ff
No - ble strang - er! Gen - tle guest! Pray you take your ease,
No - ble strang - er! Gen - tle guest! Pray you take your ease,
Pray you take your ease, You
ff
You have but to make re - quest, And we'll strive to please.
You have but to make re - quest, And we'll strive to please.
have but
Noth - ing, you must un - der - stand, Is for you too good and grand,
Noth - ing, you must un - der - stand, Is for you too good and grand,
Is too

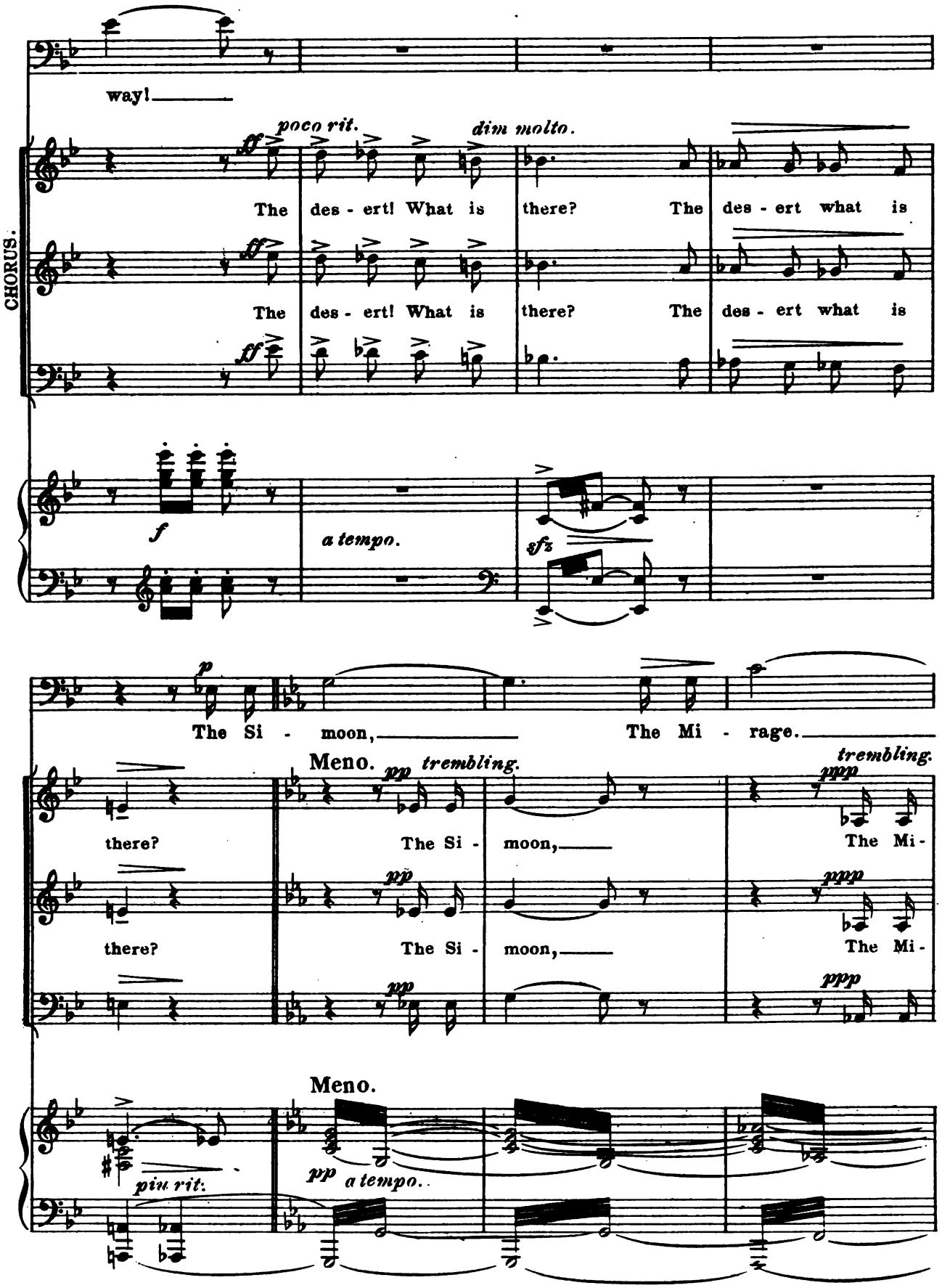

We're yours tru - ly to com - mand.
We're yours tru - - ly, no - ble guest,
No - - ble guest, we are yours tru - ly, no - ble guest,
We're yours tru - - ly, no - ble guest,
subito.
molto cresc.
tru - ly, we're yours tru - ly, we're yours tru - ly
no - ble guest.
We're yours tru - ly, we're yours tru - ly
no - ble guest.
We're yours tru - ly, we're yours tru - ly
dim.
to com - mand,
to com - mand.
rit.
Tru - ly to com - mand.
Tempo di Valse.
to com - mand,
to com - mand.
Tru - ly to com - mand.
Tempo di Valse.
dim.

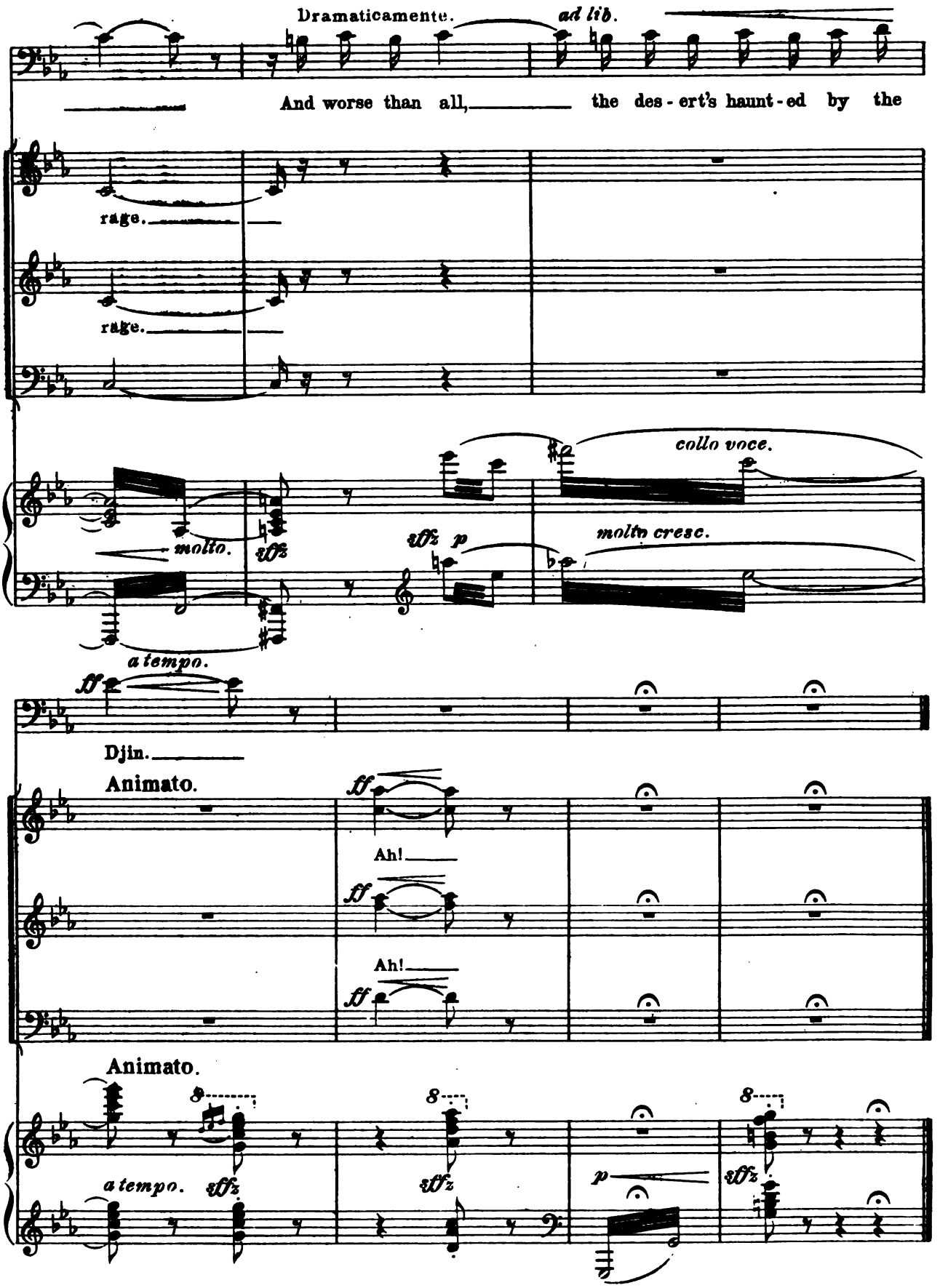

FAN GIRLS.
Hand-some war - rior we're thy slaves, Please to let us
fan you. 'Tis a pleas-ure, That we treas-ure.
We with fond glanc-es scan you, While these grace - ful
fans we sway, Sing-ing thee our lay.


Deign to smile, we the while, Keep the flies a -
Allegretto grazioso.
way.
attacca.
p
CIGARETTE GIRLS.
While you're rest - ing, wont you try a ci - gar - ette?
p
Here is ev - 'ry brand that you pre - fer. Pipes you can se - lect one,


Of ci - gars ac - cept one. We will light them, So you need not
p
stir. Take it eas - y! Lie and watch the curl - ing smoke,
p
f
Wreath - ing o'er your head, each air - y ring. Just keep on re - pos - ing.
f dim.
Dream - ing there and do - zing, Sure - ly you are hap - py as a King.
p


p
Sure - ly you are hap - py, Sure - ly you are hap - py, Sure - ly you are hap - py as a
f dim.
Abdallah rises.
King.
molto accel.
f
molto cresc.
f
ABDALLAH.
rit.
I must a - way! The des - ert calls me!
sfz
sffz
rit
a tempo.
a tempo.
p
f
It's lone - ly mys - ter - y en - thralls me! I must a - way! I must a -
sffz
sffz
p


way!
poco rit.
dim molto.
CHORUS.
The des - ert! What is there? The des - ert what is
The des - ert! What is there? The des - ert what is
f
a tempo.
sfz
The Si - moon, The Mi - rage.
Meno.
pp trembling.
there? The Si - moon, The Mi -
there? The Si - moon, The Mi -
ppp trembling.
Meno.
piu rit.
pp a tempo.


Dramaticamente.
ad lib.
And worse than all, the des - ert's haunt - ed by the
rage.
rage.
molto.
sffz
sffz p
molto cresc.
collo voce.
a tempo.
ff
Djin.
Animato.
ff
Ah!
ff
Ah!
ff
Animato.
8
8
8
a tempo.
sffz
sffz
p
sffz

3648

Legend Of The Djin.

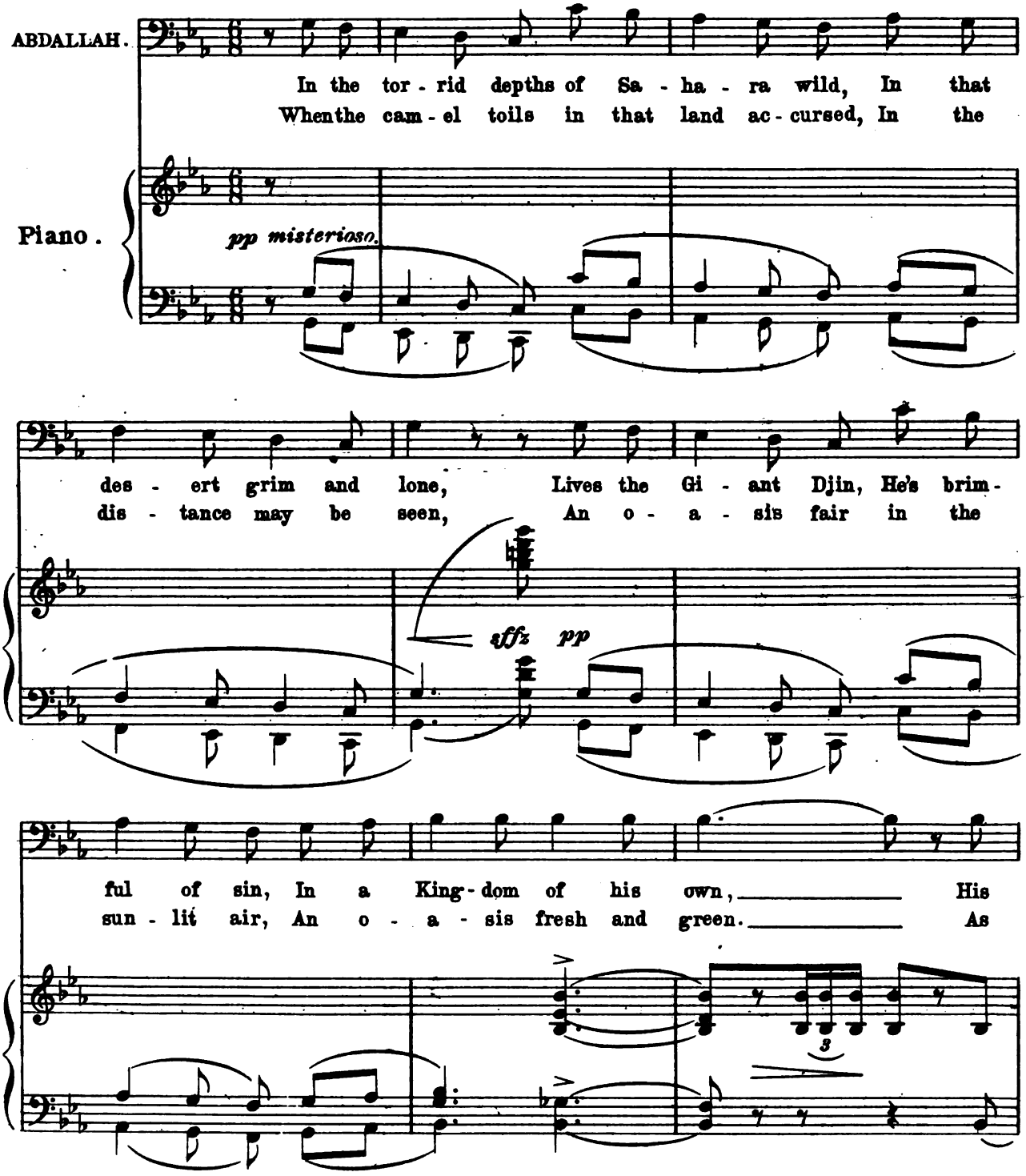
No. 11.

Abdallah and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro misterioso.



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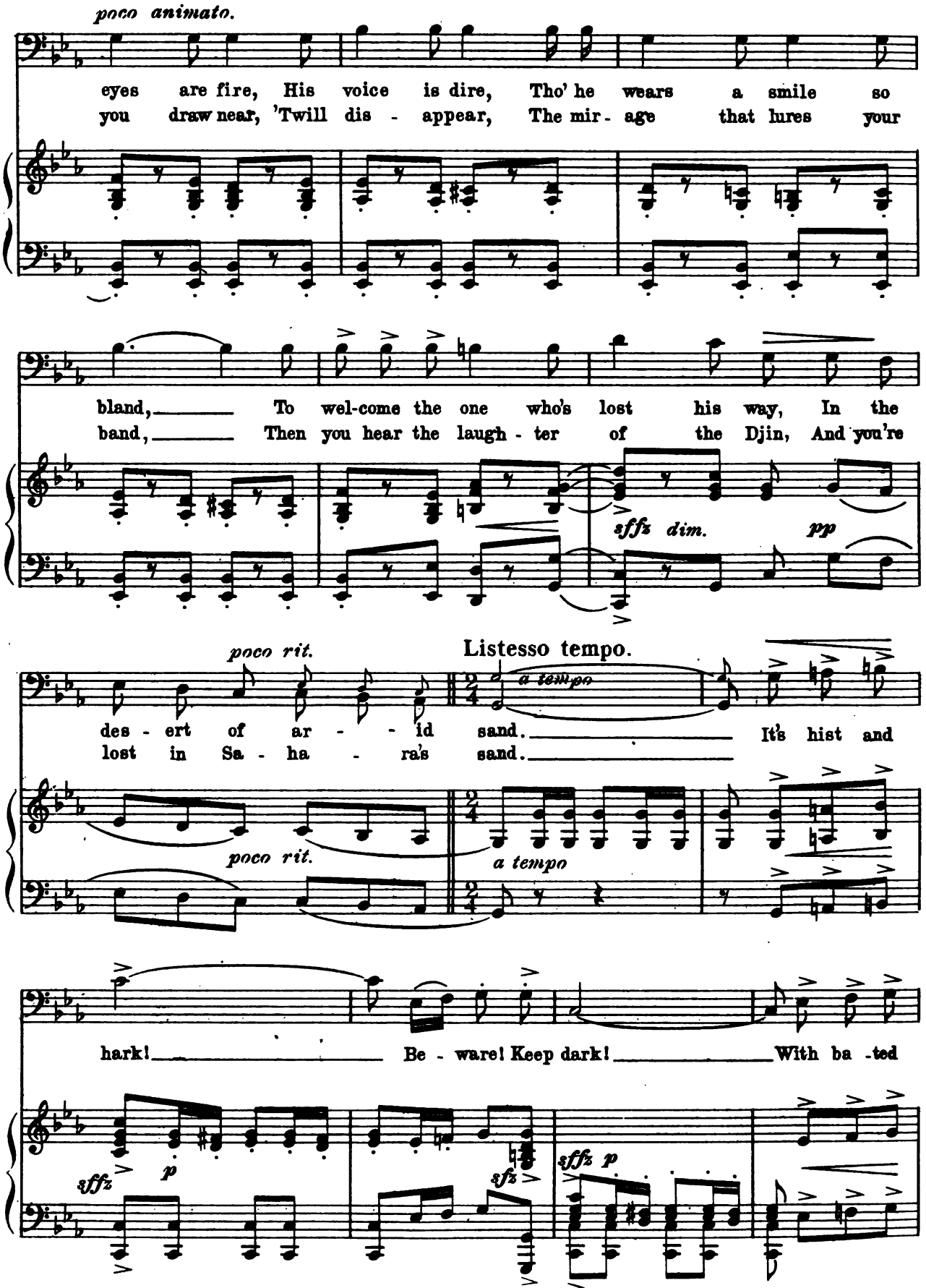
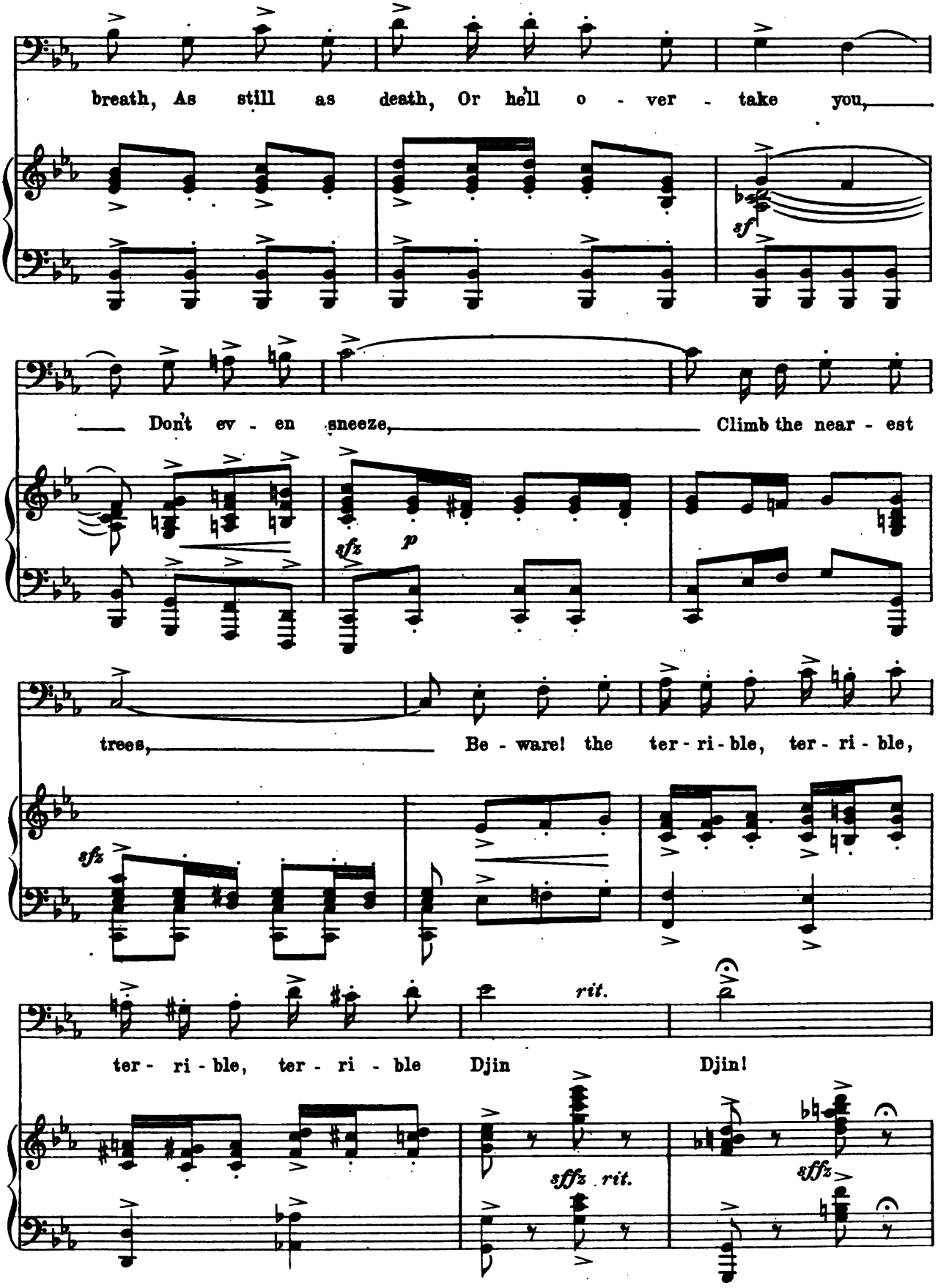
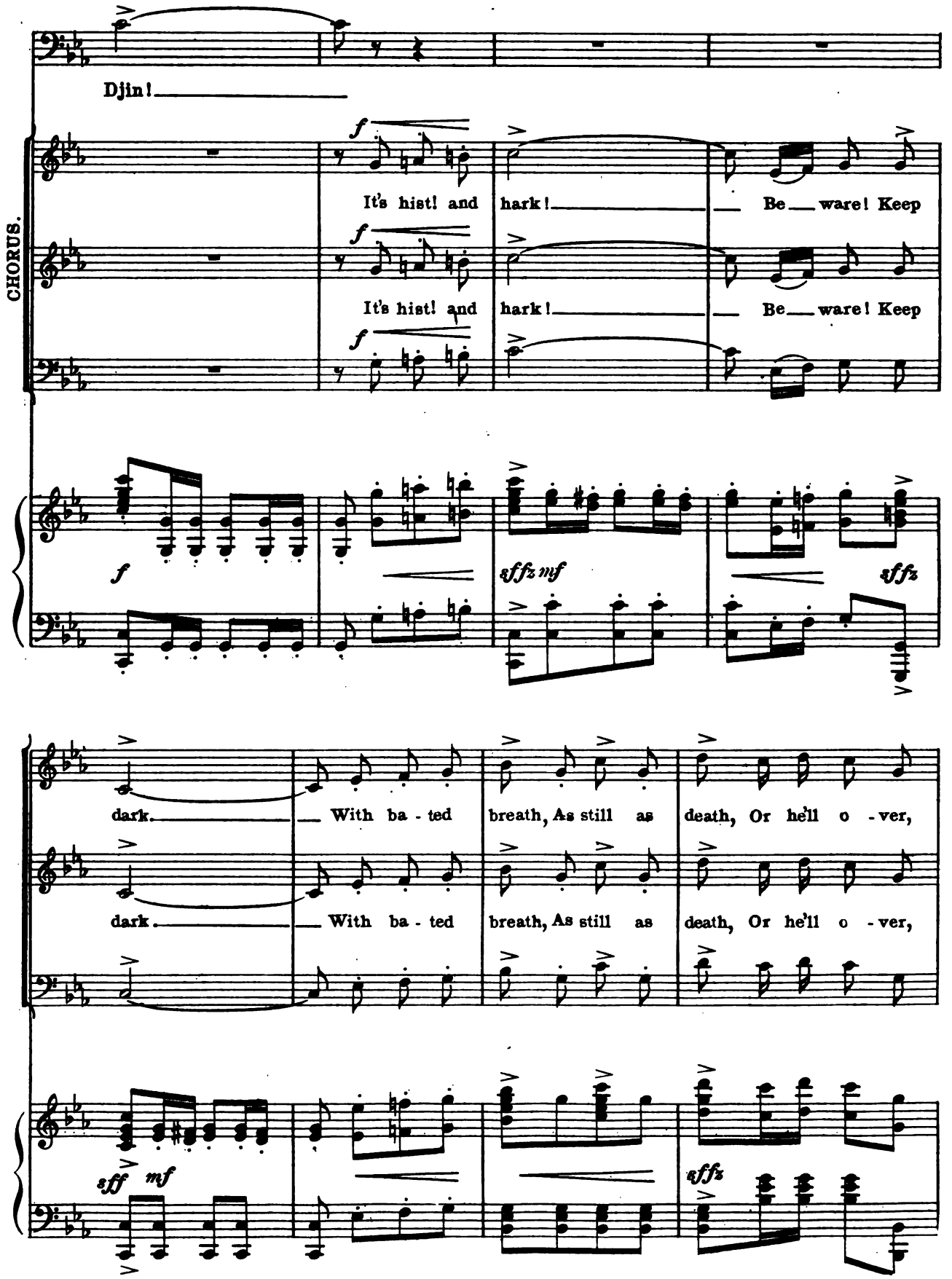
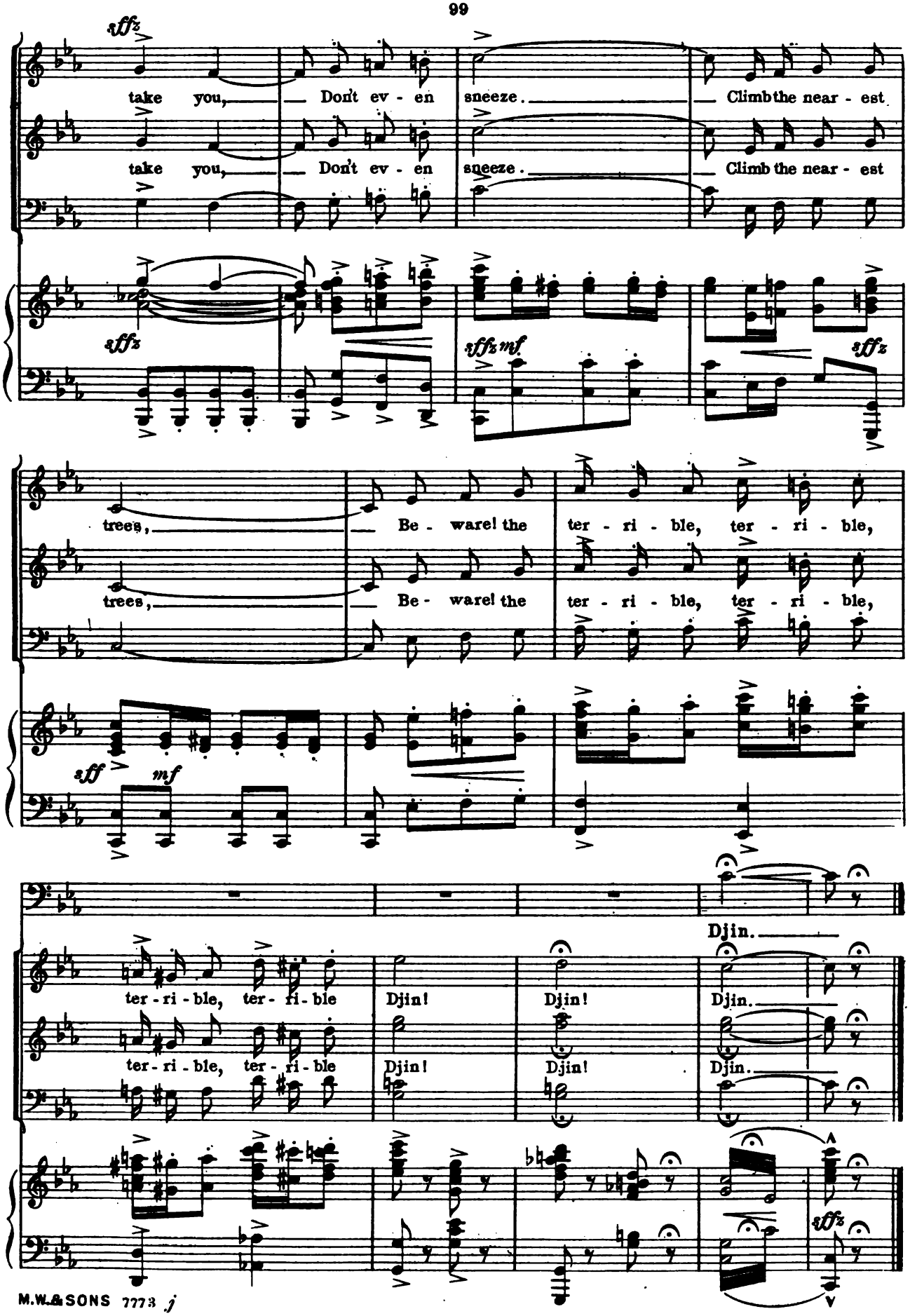

poco animato.
eyes are fire, His voice is dire, Tho' he wears a smile so
you draw near, 'Twill dis - appear, The mir - age that lures your
bland, To wel-come the one who's lost his way, In the
band, Then you hear the laugh - ter of the Djin, And you're
sffz dim.
pp
poco rit.
Listesso tempo.
a tempo
des - ert of ar - - id sand. It's hist and
lost in Sa - ha - ra's sand.
poco rit.
a tempo
hark! Be - ware! Keep dark! With ba - ted
sffz
p
sfz
sffz p


breath, As still as death, Or he'll o - ver - take you,
sf
Don't ev - en sneeze, Climb the near - est
sfz
p
trees, Be - ware! the ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble,
sfz
ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble Djin Djin!
rit.
sffz rit.
sffz


Djin!
CHORUS.
It's hist! and hark! Be ware! Keep
It's hist! and hark! Be ware! Keep
dark. With ba - ted breath, As still as death, Or he'll o - ver,
dark. With ba - ted breath, As still as death, Or he'll o - ver,


take you, Don't ev - en sneeze. Climb the near - est
take you, Don't ev - en sneeze. Climb the near - est
trees, Be - ware! the ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble,
trees, Be - ware! the ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble,
Djin.
ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble Djin! Djin! Djin.
ter - ri - ble, ter - ri - ble Djin! Djin! Djin.

3649

The Floral Wedding.

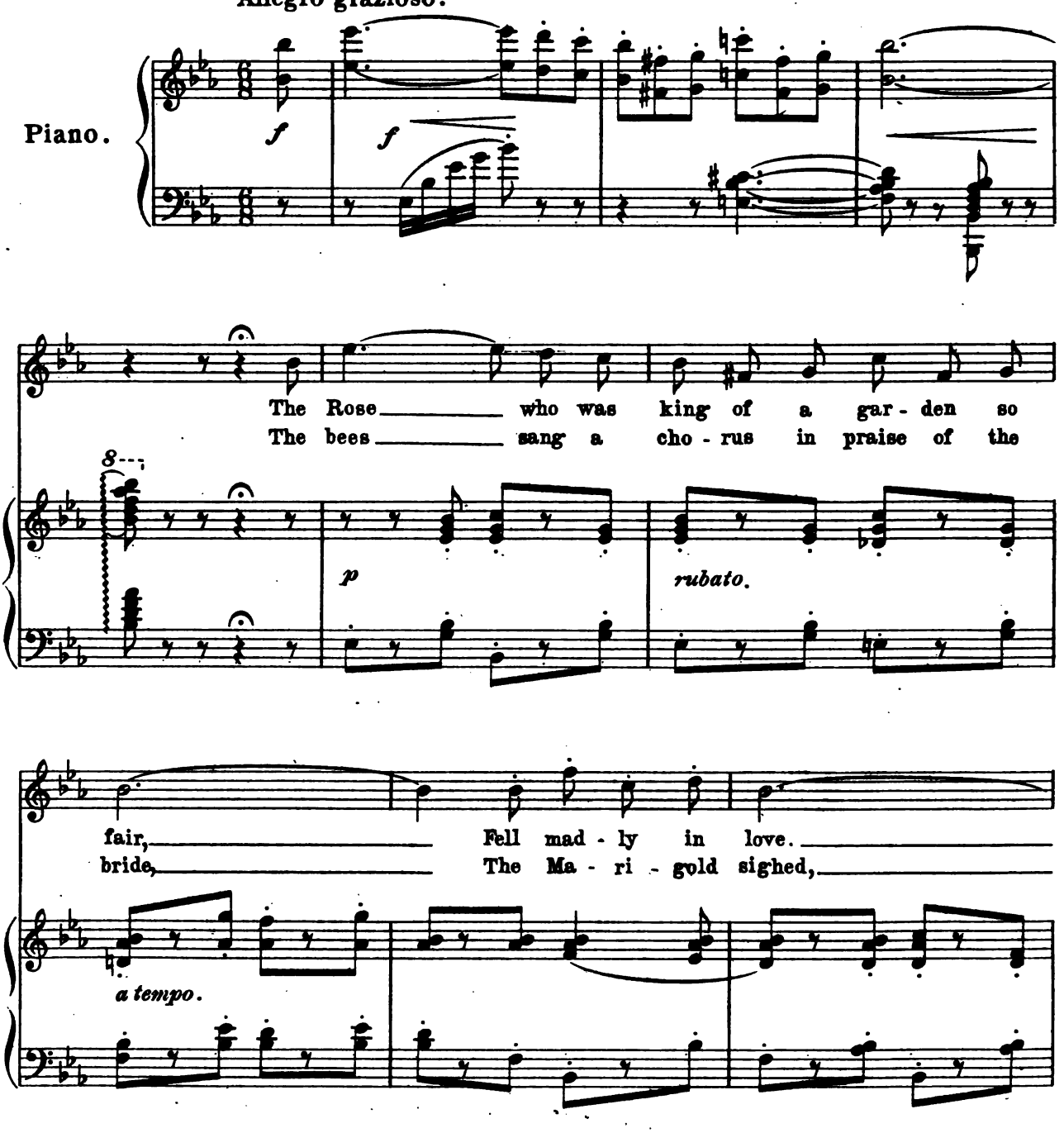
No. 12.

Leila and Chorus.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Allegro grazioso.



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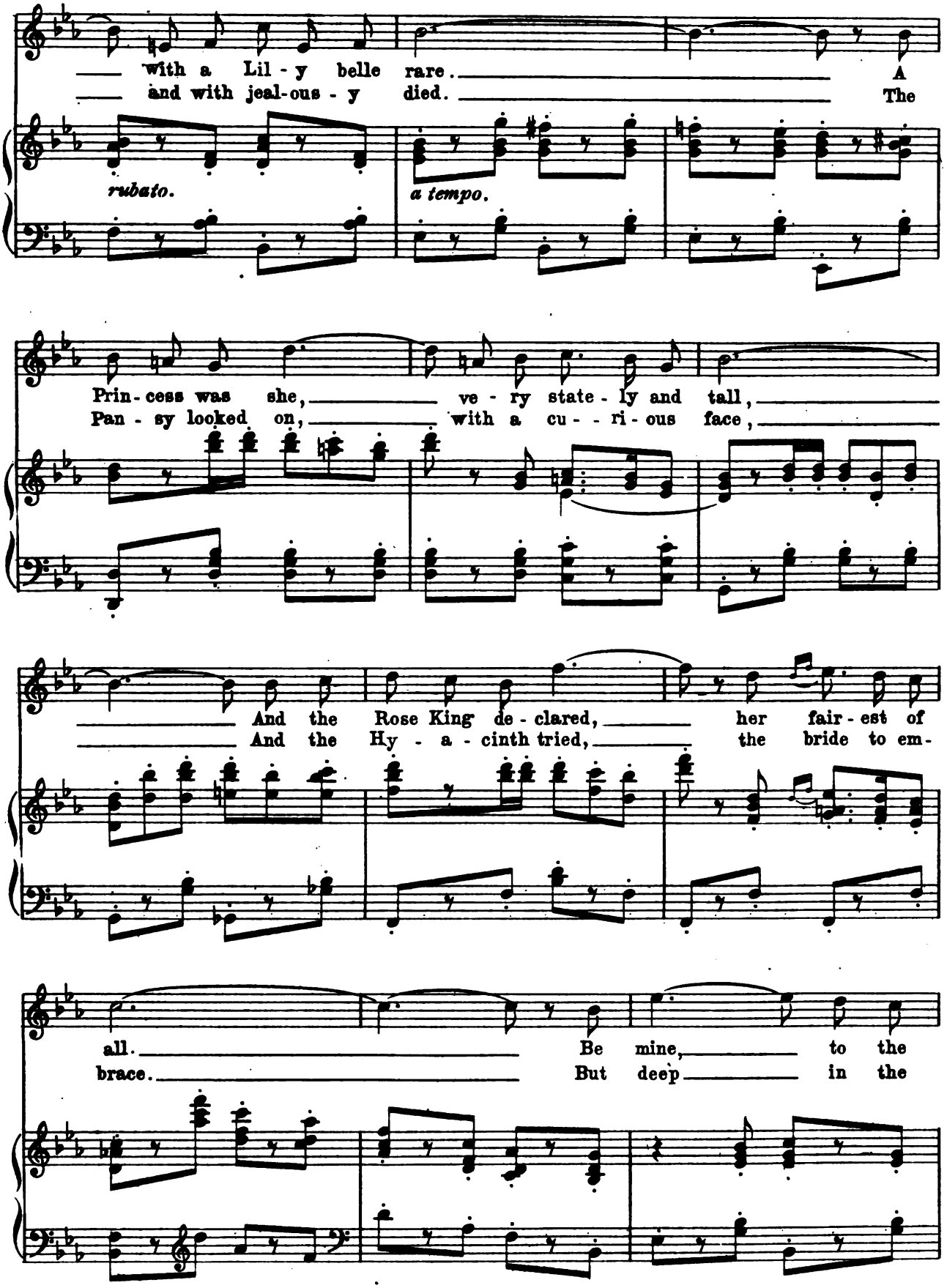
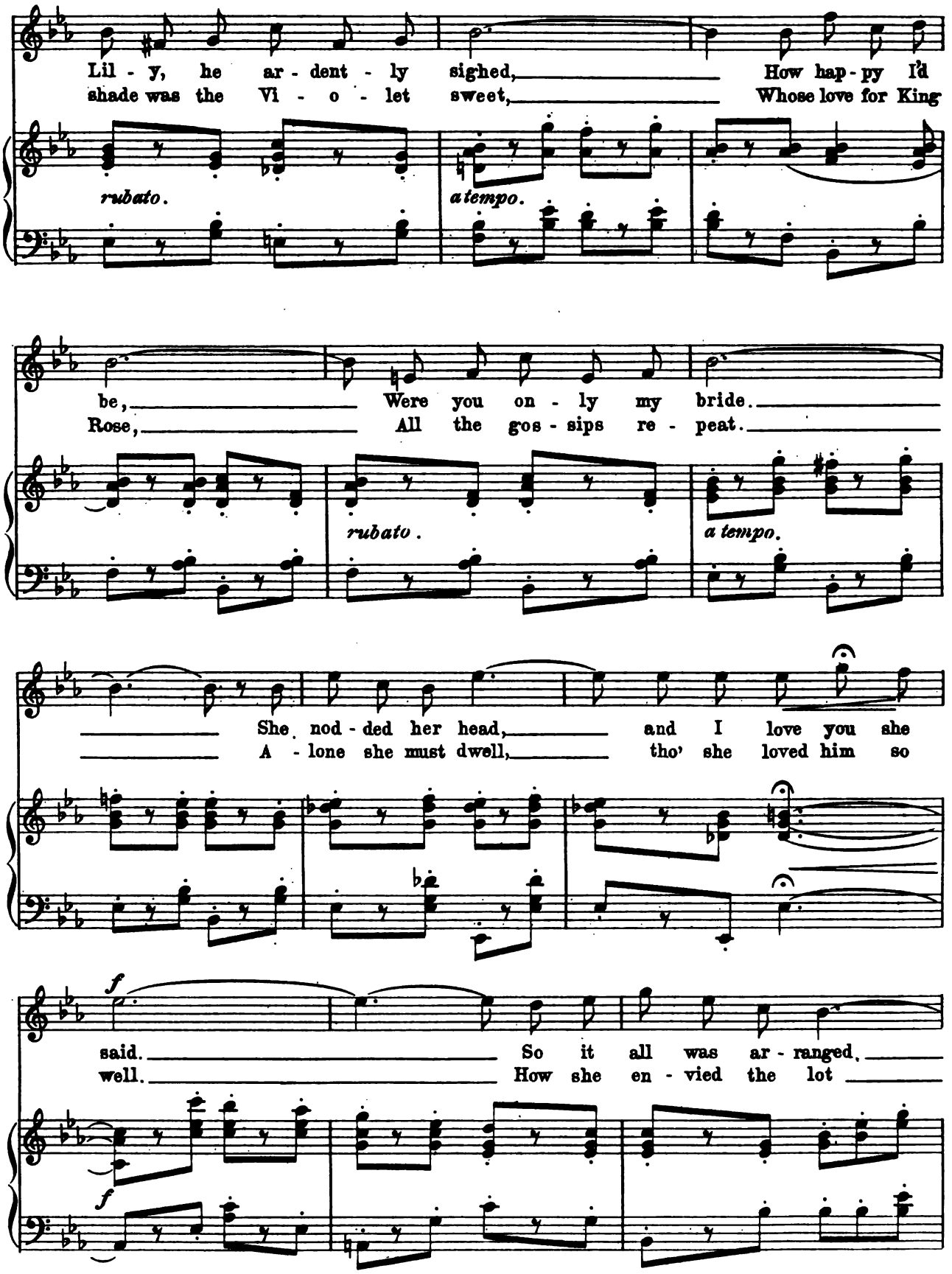
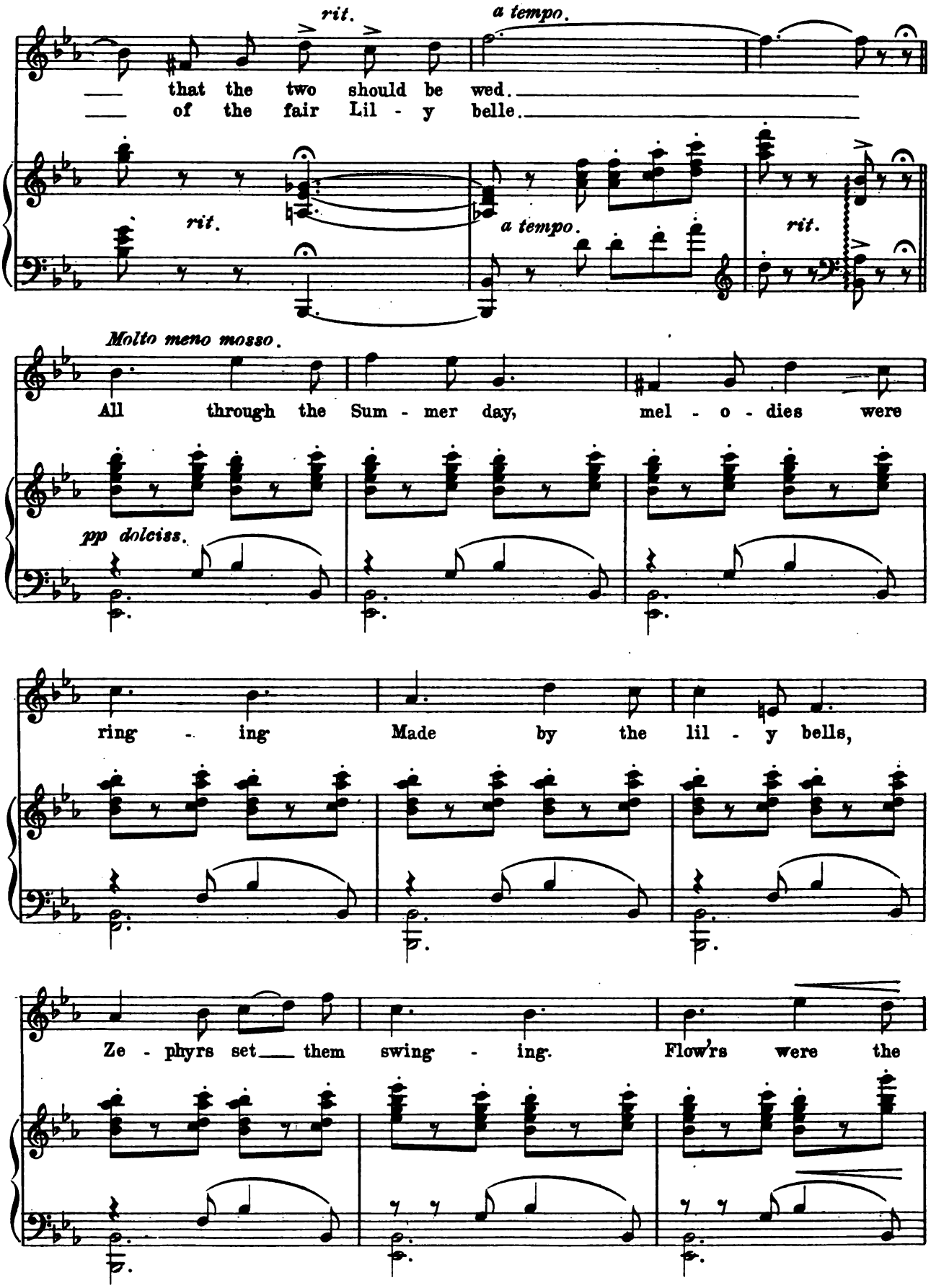
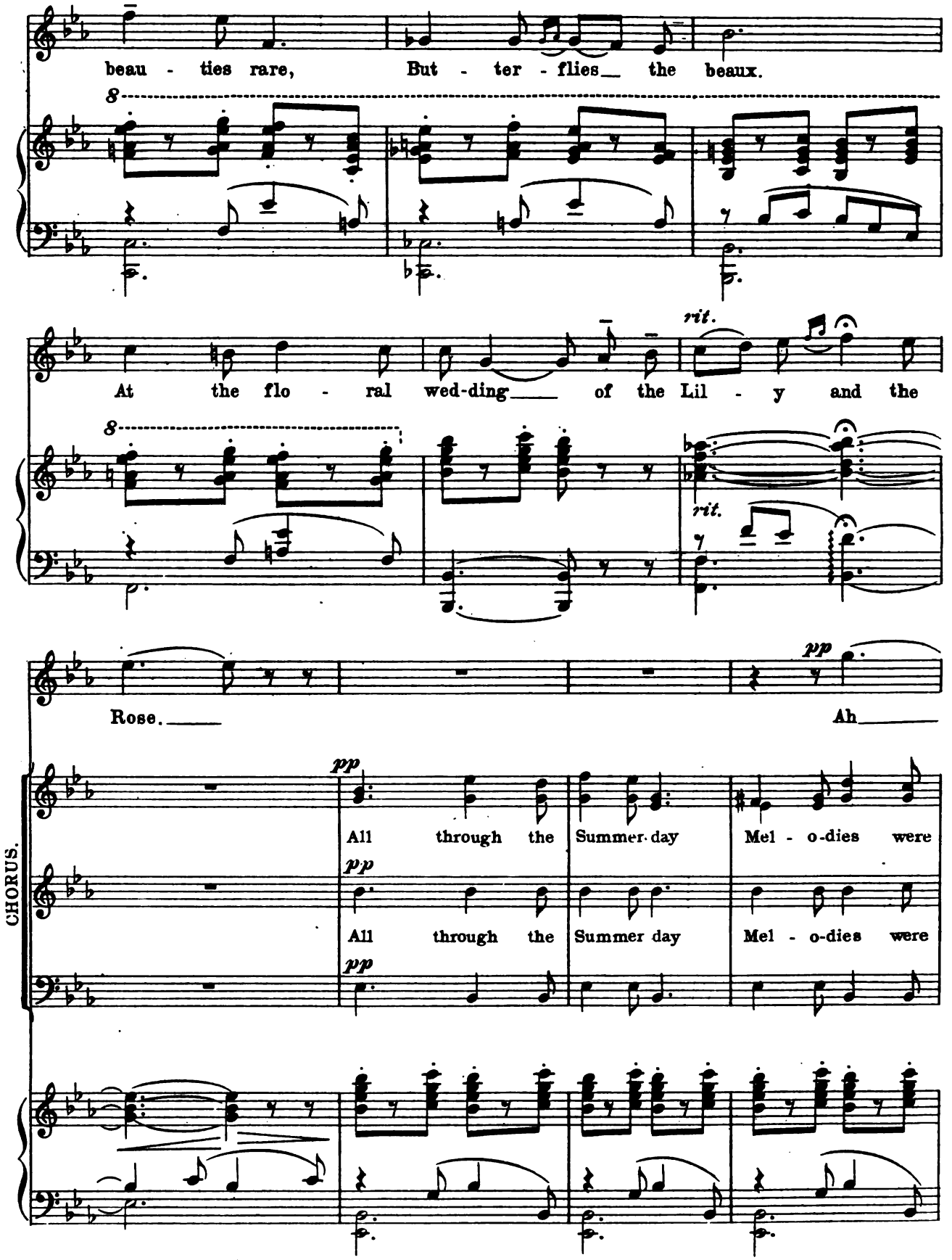
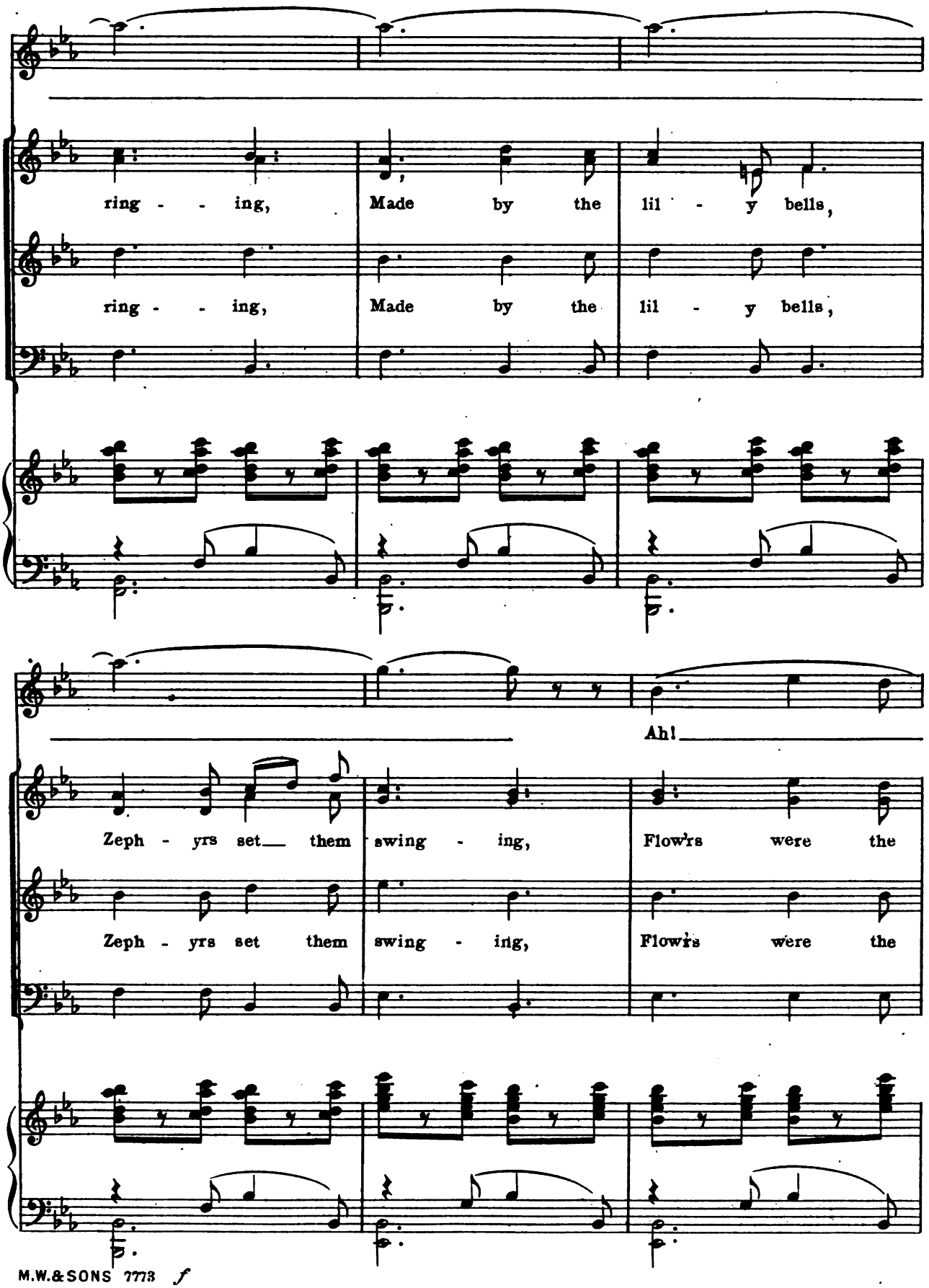

With a Lil - y belle rare. A
and with jeal-ous - y died. The
rubato.
a tempo.
Prin - cess was she, ve - ry state - ly and tall,
Pan - sy looked on, with a cu - - ri - ous face,
And the Rose King de - clared, her fair - est of
And the Hy - a - cinth tried, the bride to em -
all. Be mine, to the
brace. But deep in the
M.W.&SONS 7778 f

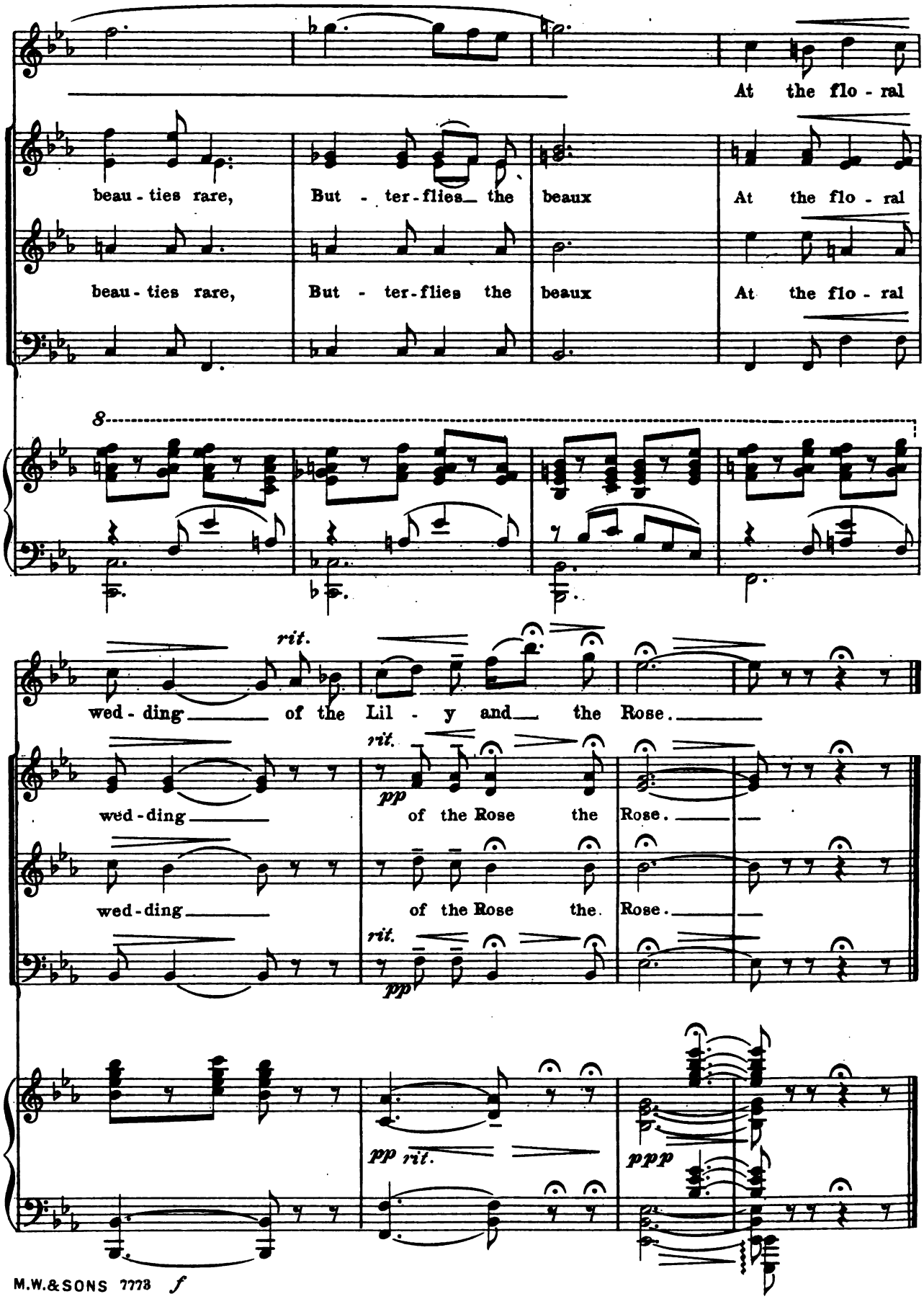

Lil - y, he ar - dent - ly sighed, How hap - py I'd
shade was the Vi - o - let sweet, Whose love for King
rubato.
a tempo.
be, Were you on - ly my bride.
Rose, All the gos - sips re - peat.
rubato.
a tempo.
She nod - ded her head, and I love you she
A - lone she must dwell, tho' she loved him so
f
said. So it all was ar - ranged.
well. How she en - vied the lot
f


rit.
a tempo.
that the two should be wed.
of the fair Lil - y belle.
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
Molto meno mosso.
All through the Sum - mer day, mel - o - dies were
pp dolciss.
ring - ing Made by the lil - y bells,
Ze - phyrs set them swing - ing. Flow'rs were the

 f


beau - ties rare, But - ter - flies the beaux.
At the flo - ral wed-ding of the Lil - y and the
rit.
rit.
Rose.
Ah
pp
CHORUS.
All through the Summer day Mel - o-dies were
All through the Summer day Mel - o-dies were


ring - - ing, Made by the lil - y bells,
ring - - ing, Made by the lil - y bells,
Ah!
Zeph - yrs set them swing - ing, Flow'rs were the
Zeph - yrs set them swing - ing, Flow'rs were the
M.W.&SONS 7773
f


At the flo - ral
beau - ties rare, But - ter - flies the beaux At the flo - ral
beau - ties rare, But - ter - flies the beaux At the flo - ral
8
rit.
wed - ding of the Lil - y and the Rose.
rit.
pp
wed - ding of the Rose the Rose.
wed - ding of the Rose the Rose.
rit.
pp
pp rit.
ppp
M.W.&SONS 7773
f

3633

Watch The Professor.

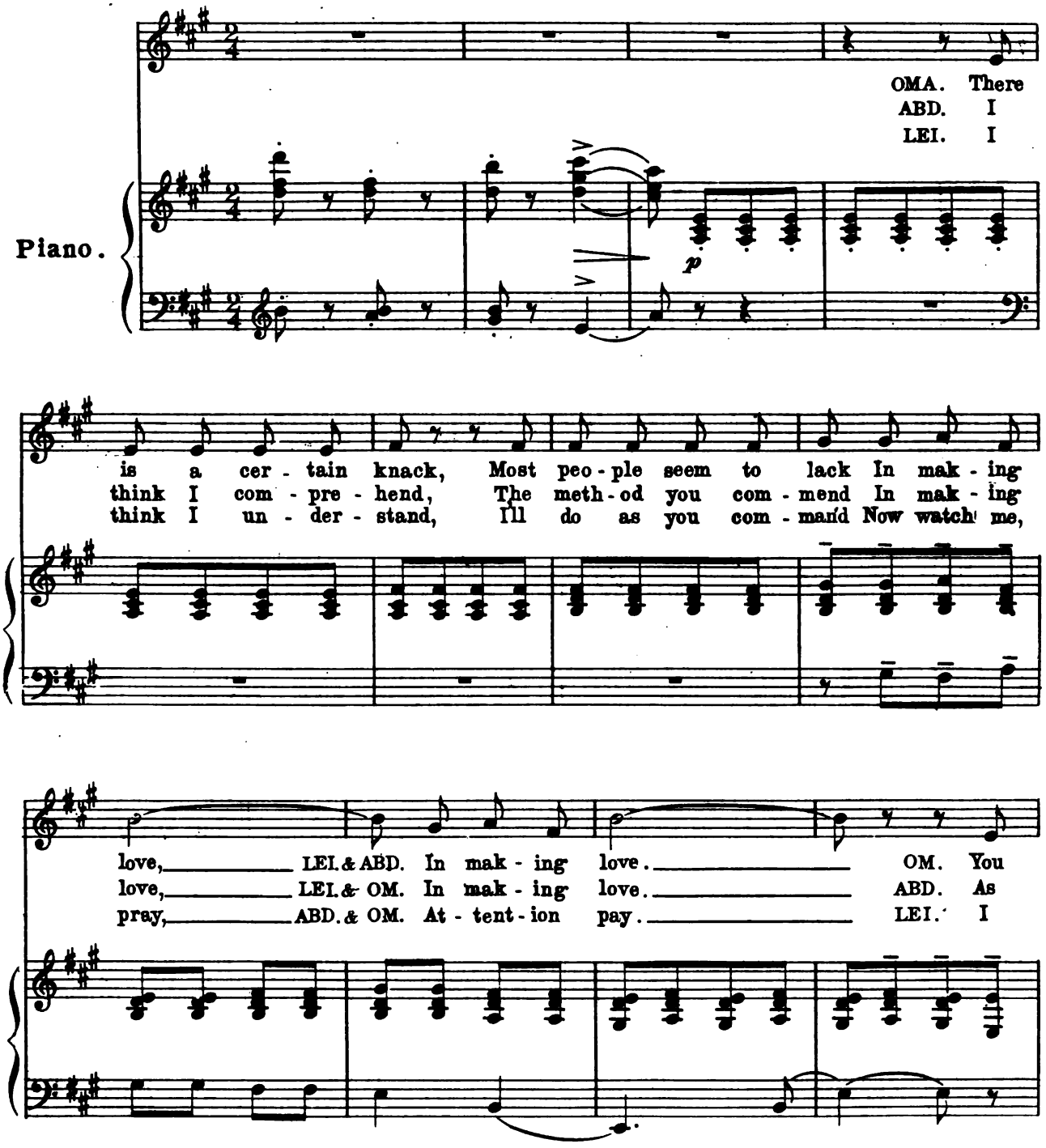
Trio.

No 13.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Tempo giusto.



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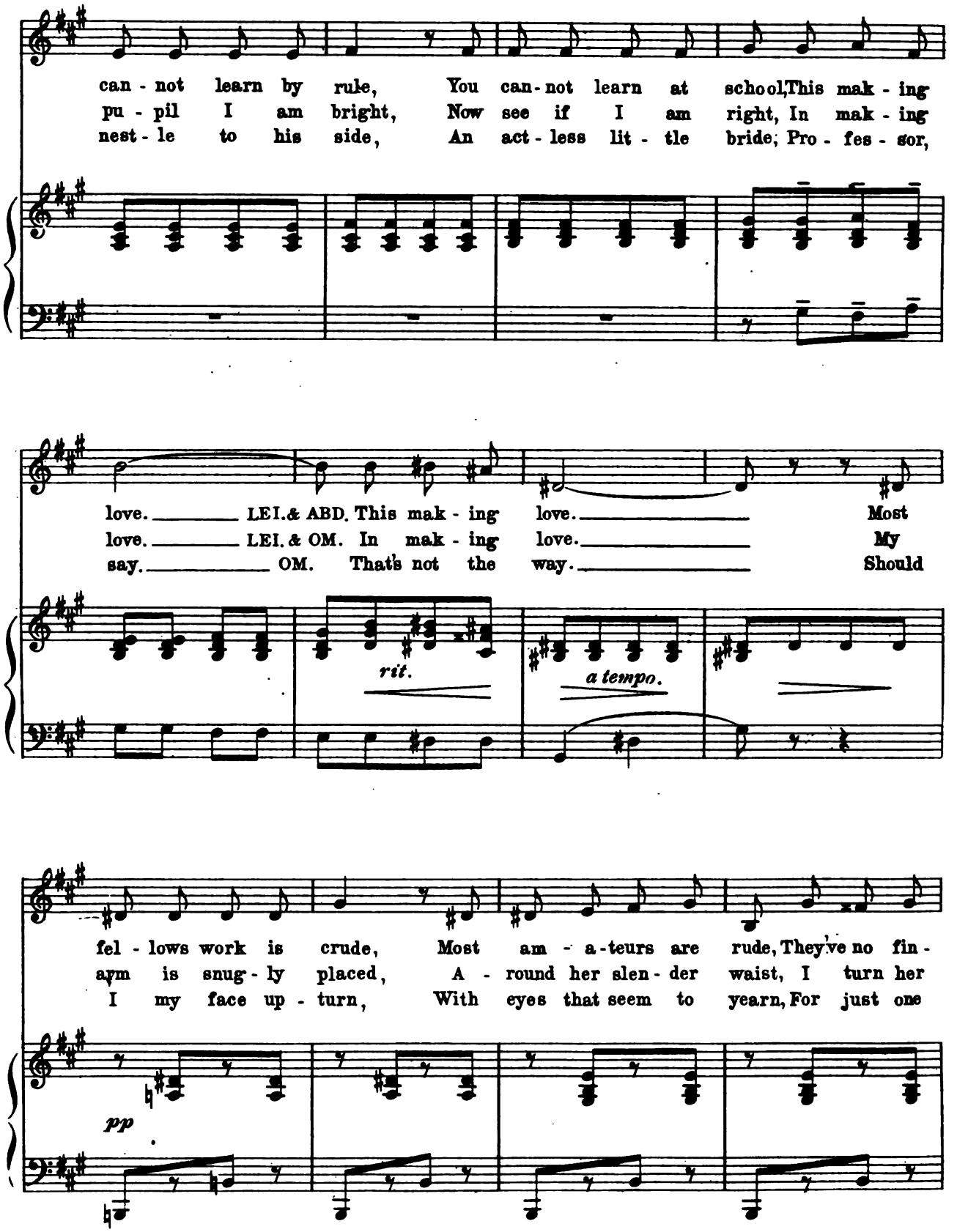
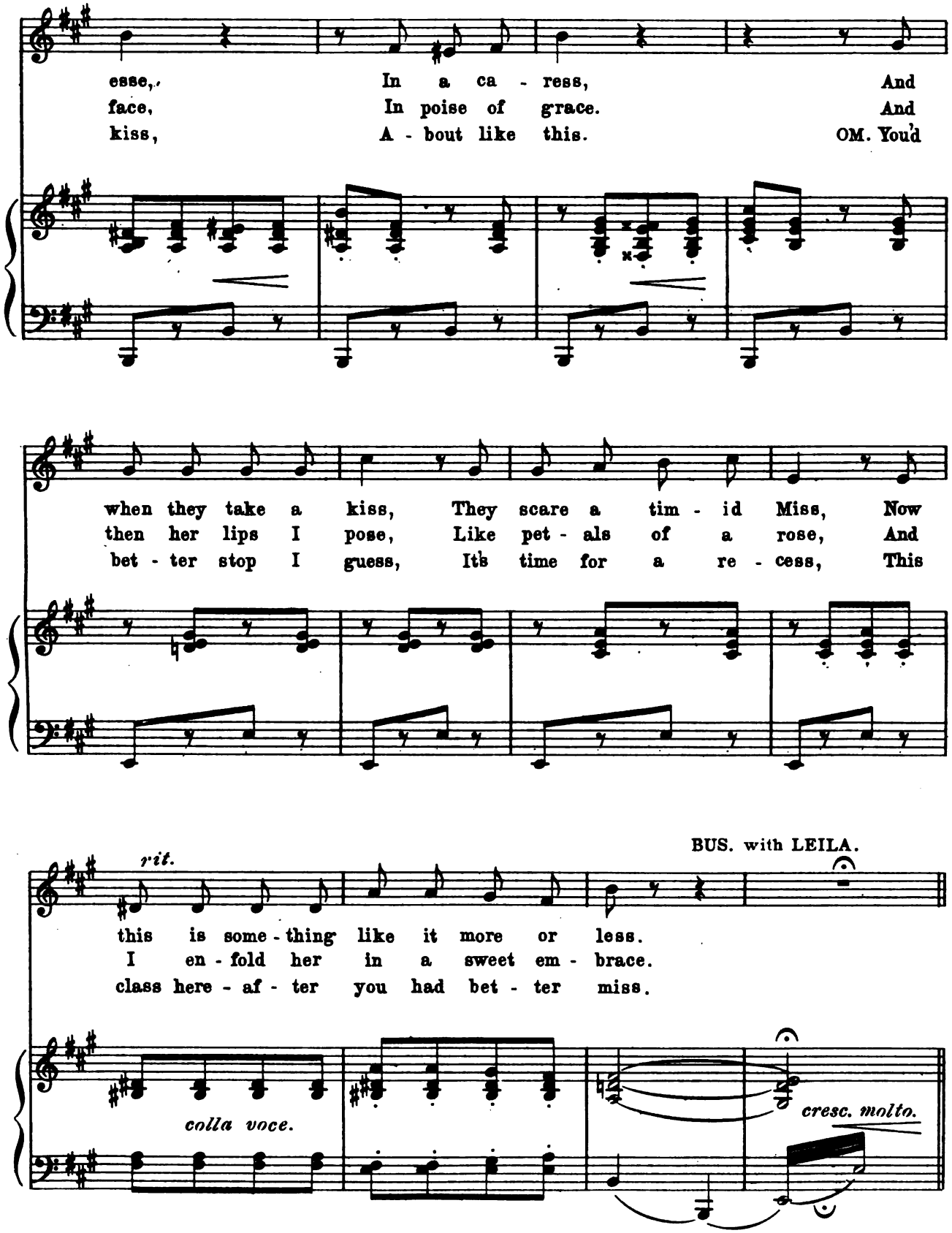
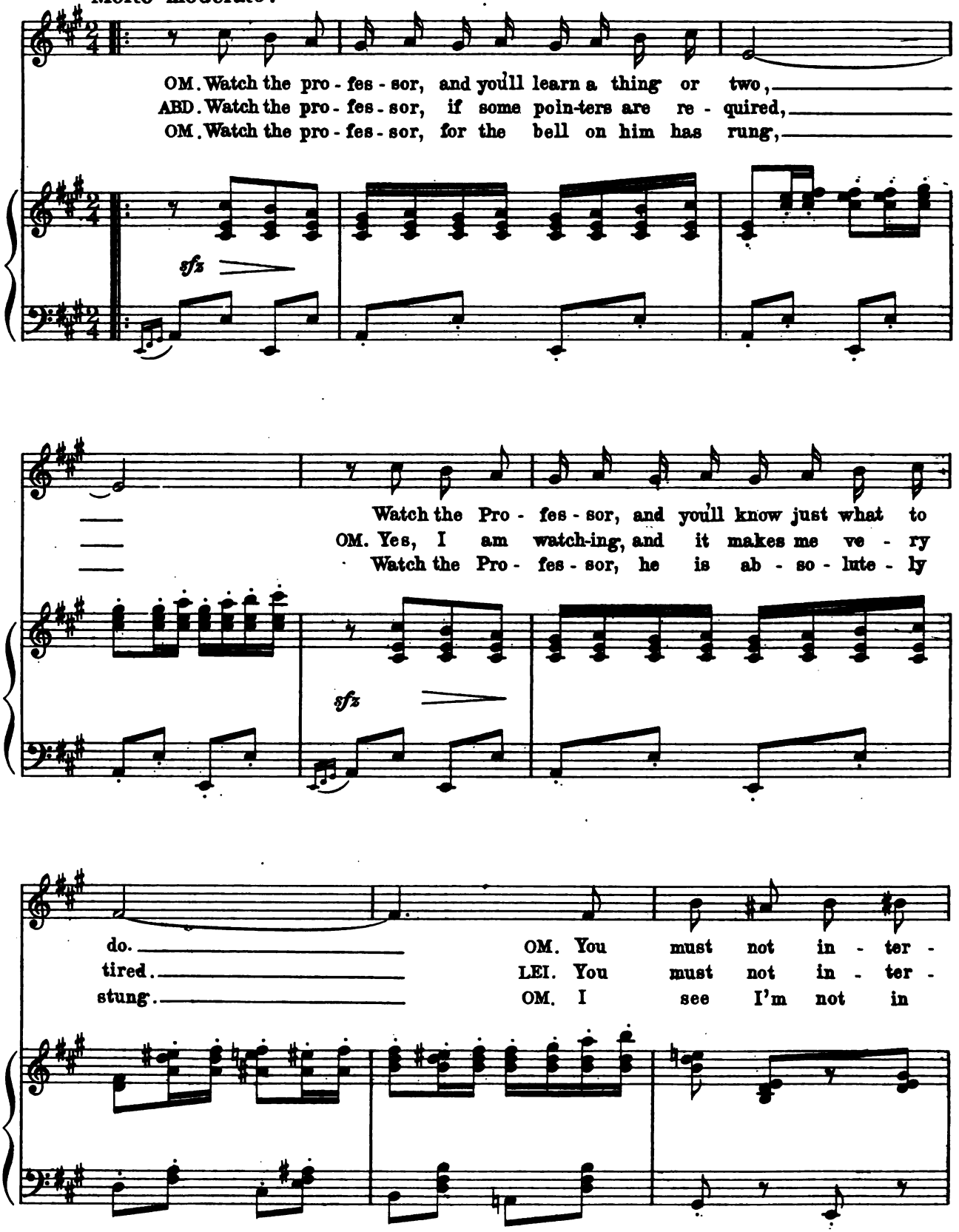
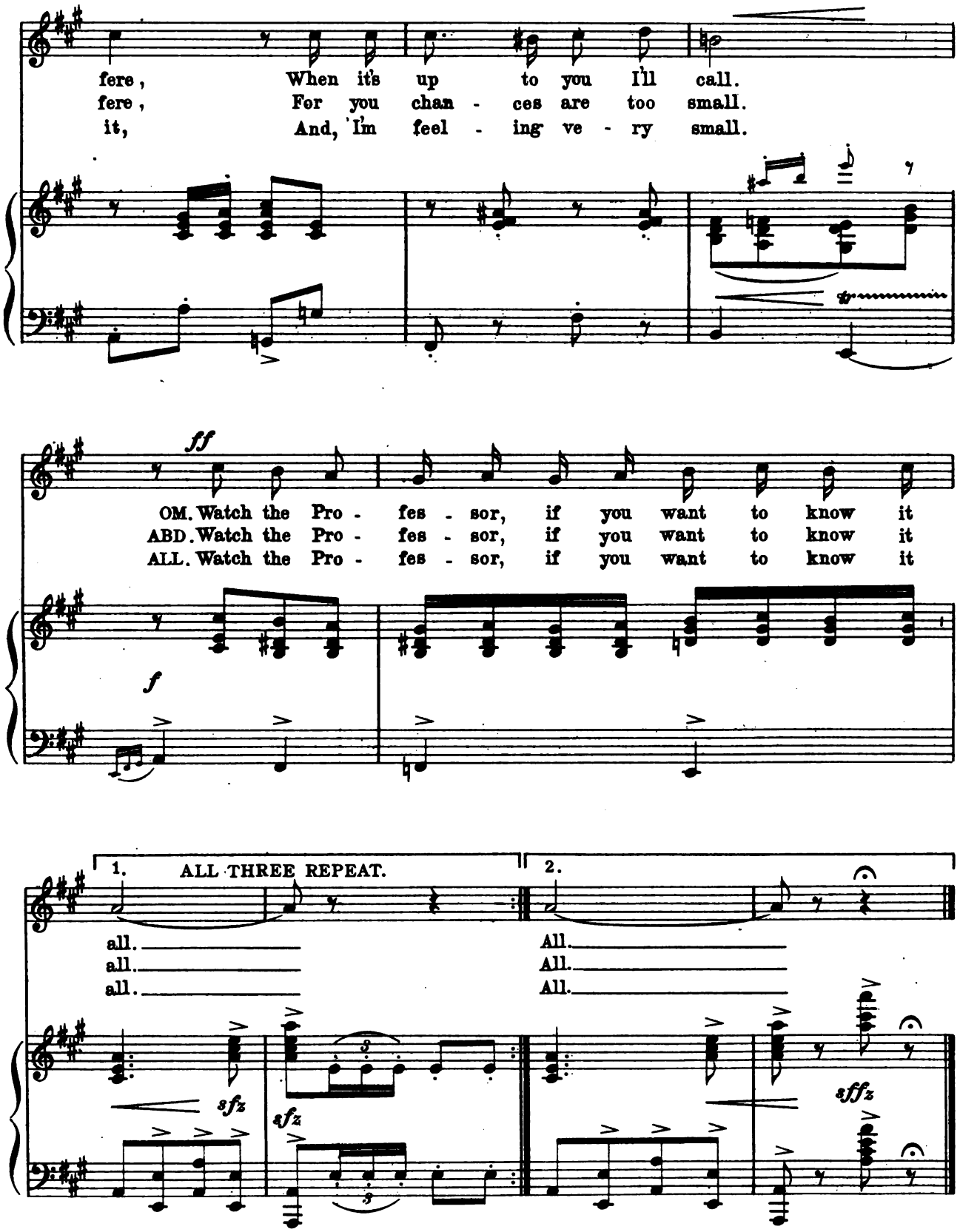

can - not learn by rule, You can-not learn at school, This mak - ing
pu - pil I am bright, Now see if I am right, In mak - ing
nest - le to his side, An act - less lit - tle bride; Pro - fes - sor,
love. LEI. & ABD. This mak - ing love. Most
love. LEI. & OM. In mak - ing love. My
say. OM. That's not the way. Should
rit.
a tempo.
fel - lows work is crude, Most am - a - teurs are rude, They've no fin -
arm is snug - ly placed, A - round her slen - der waist, I turn her
I my face up - turn, With eyes that seem to yearn, For just one
pp


esse, In a ca - ress, And
face, In poise of grace. And
kiss, A - bout like this. OM. You'd
when they take a kiss, They scare a tim - id Miss, Now
then her lips I pose, Like pet - als of a rose, And
bet - ter stop I guess, It's time for a re - cess, This
BUS. with LEILA.
rit.
this is some - thing like it more or less.
I en - fold her in a sweet em - brace.
class here - af - ter you had bet - ter miss.
colla voce.
cresc. molto.

Molto moderato.



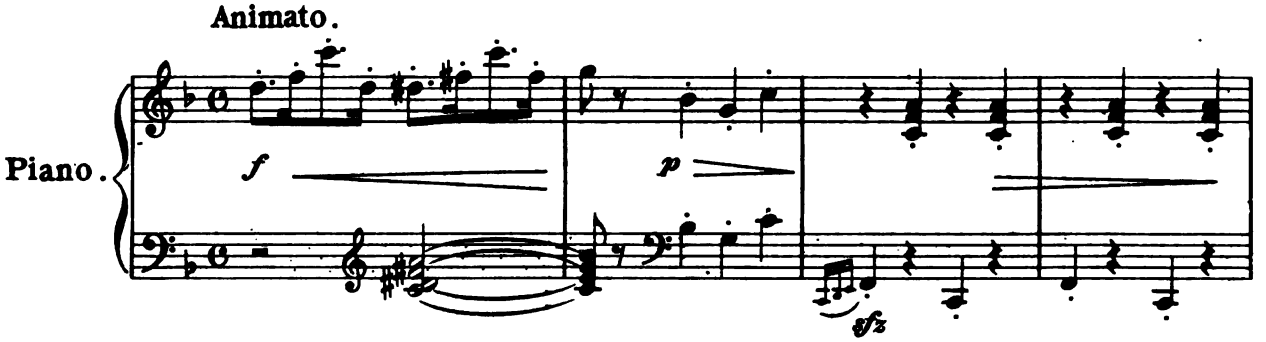

fere, When it's up to you I'll call.
fere, For you chan - ces are too small.
it, And, I'm feel - ing ve - ry small.
ff
OM. Watch the Pro - fes - sor, if you want to know it
ABD. Watch the Pro - fes - sor, if you want to know it
ALL. Watch the Pro - fes - sor, if you want to know it
f
1. ALL THREE REPEAT.
2.
all.
all.
all.
All.
All.
All.
sfz
sfz
sfffz

Nº 14.
3631

Take Things Easy.
QUARTET.

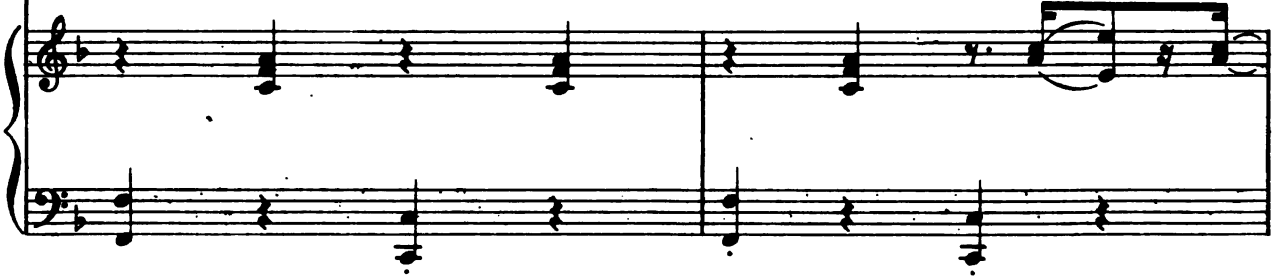
Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



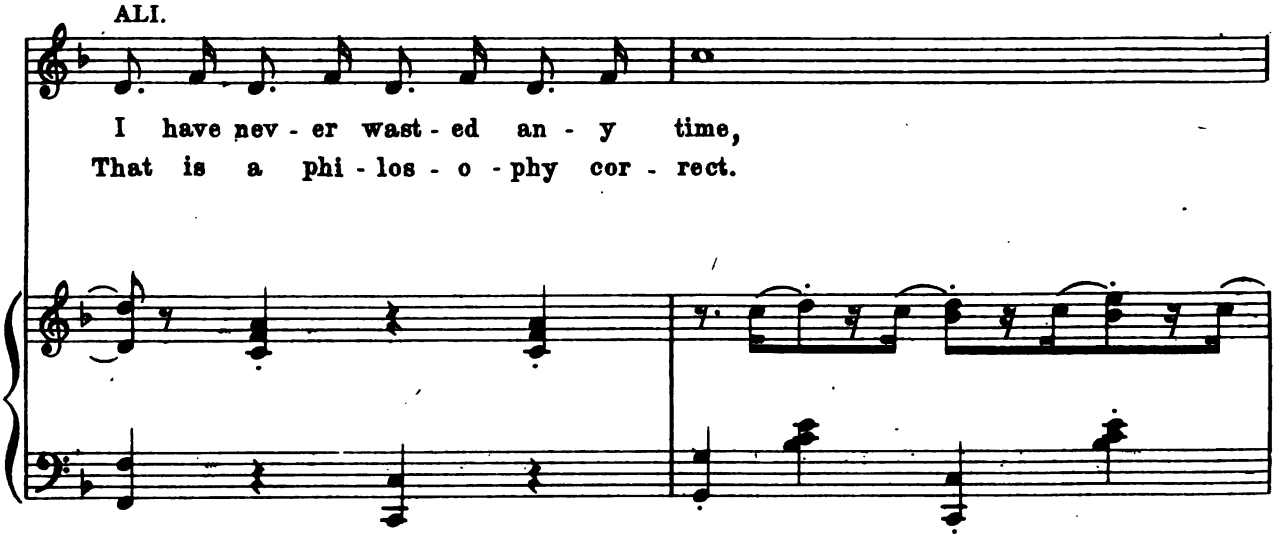
HASHISH.

Work has al - ways seemed an aw - ful waste of time to me.
Ev' - ry day was made for rest; The nights were made for sleep.



ALI.

I have nev - er wast - ed an - y time,
That is a phi - los - o - phy cor - rect.



M.W.&SONS 7773 l

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YUSSUF.

Oth - er peo - ple like to work, I al-ways let 'em be;
And the world owes ev' - ry one a liv - ing ve - ry cheap;

MULEY.

Tak - ing oth - er peo - ple's job is crime.
On - ly it's a trou - ble to col - lect.

HASHISH.

I am a phi - los - o - pher whose wis - dom is immense,
Time is on - ly made for slaves, And work is for the mob,

ALI.

And of toil I do not see the good;
Ev' - ry day's to me a hol - i - day;

Nº 14.

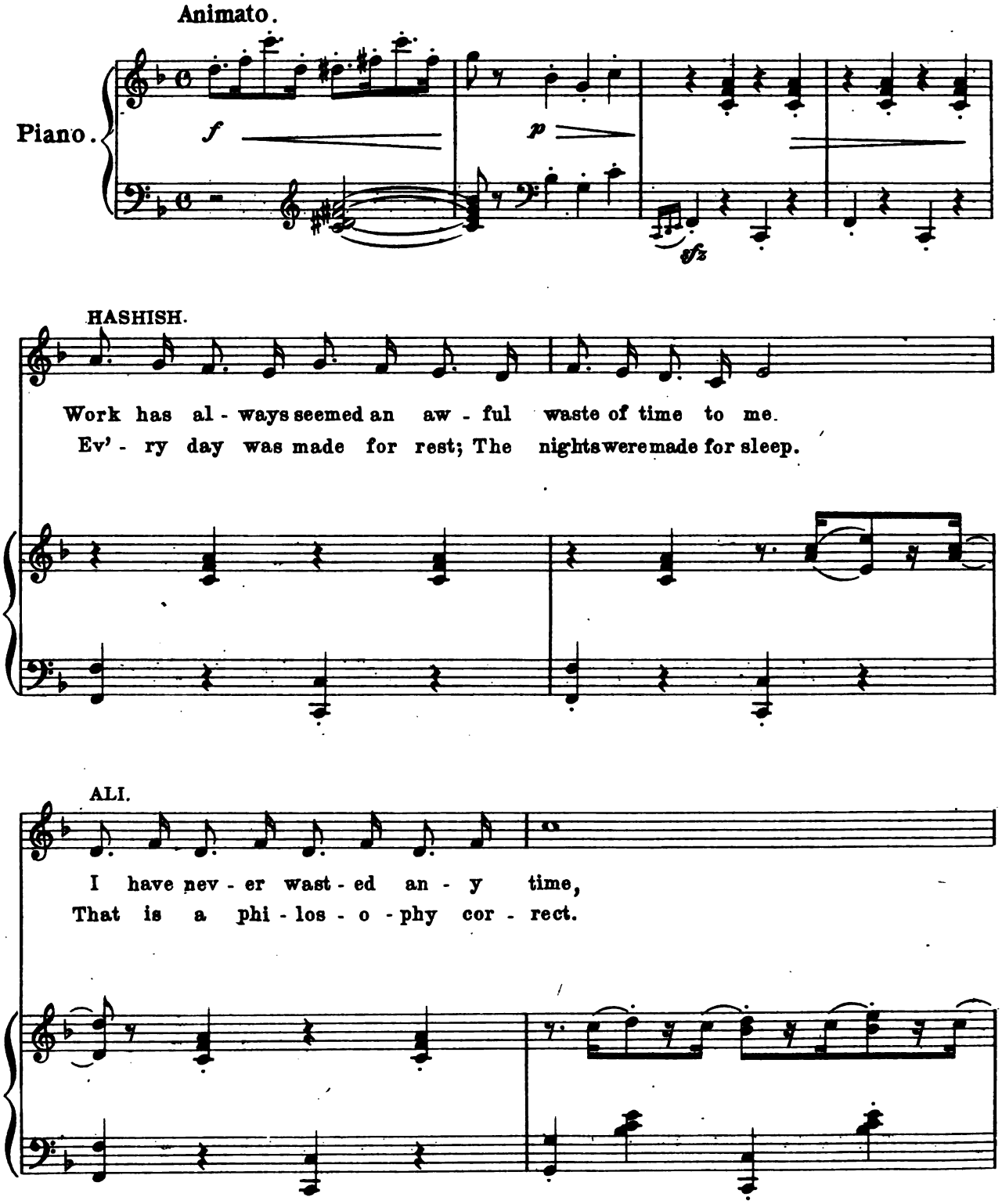
3631

Take Things Easy.

QUARTET.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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YUSSUF.

Oth - er peo - ple like to work, I al - ways let 'em be;
And the world owes ev' - ry one a liv - ing ve - ry cheap;

MULEY.

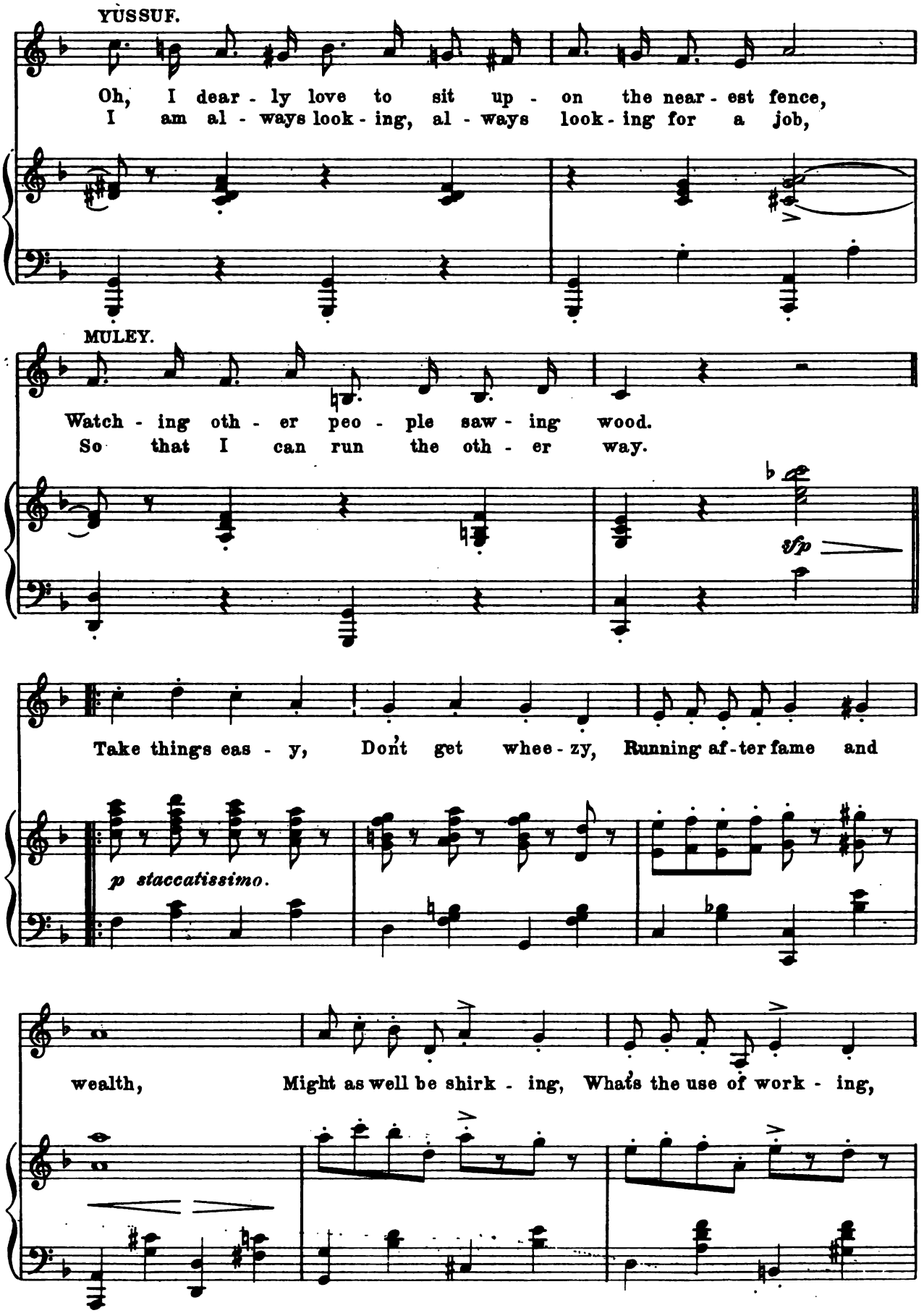
Tak - ing oth - er peo - ple's job is crime.
On - ly it's a trou - ble to col - lect.

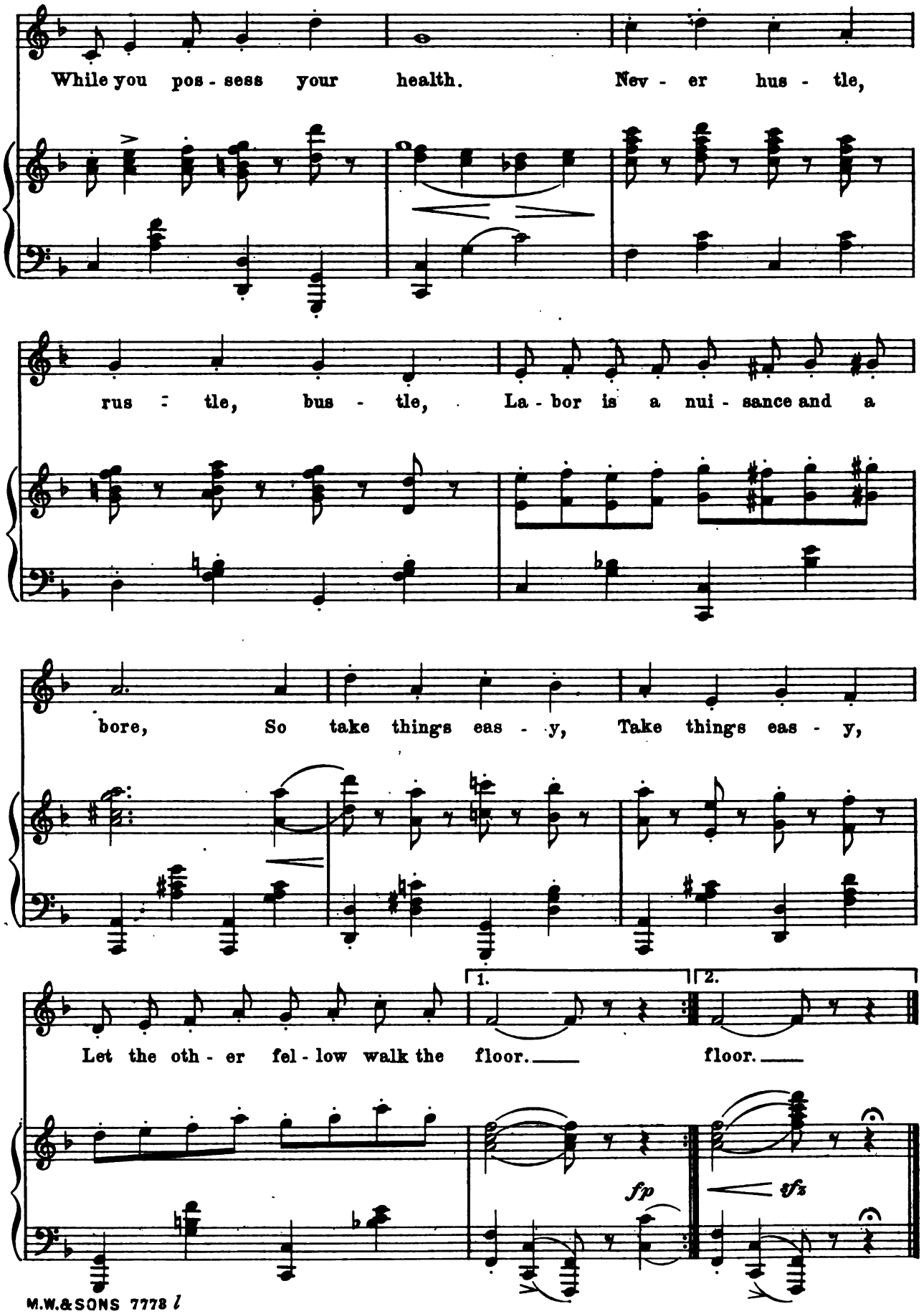
HASHISH.

I am a phi - los - o - pher whose wis - dom is immense,
Time is on - ly made for slaves, And work is for the mob,

ALI.

And of toil I do not see the good;
Ev' - ry day's to me a hol - i - day;


YUSSUF.
Oh, I dear - ly love to sit up - on the near - est fence,
I am al - ways look - ing, al - ways look - ing for a job,
MULEY.
Watch - ing oth - er peo - ple saw - ing wood.
So that I can run the oth - er way.
sfp
Take things eas - y, Don't get whee - zy, Running af - ter fame and
p staccatissimo.
wealth, Might as well be shirk - ing, What's the use of work - ing,


While you pos - sess your health. Nev - er hus - tle,
rus - tle, bus - tle, La - bor is a nui - sance and a
bore, So take things eas - y, Take things eas - y,
1.
2.
Let the oth - er fel - low walk the floor. floor.
fp
fz

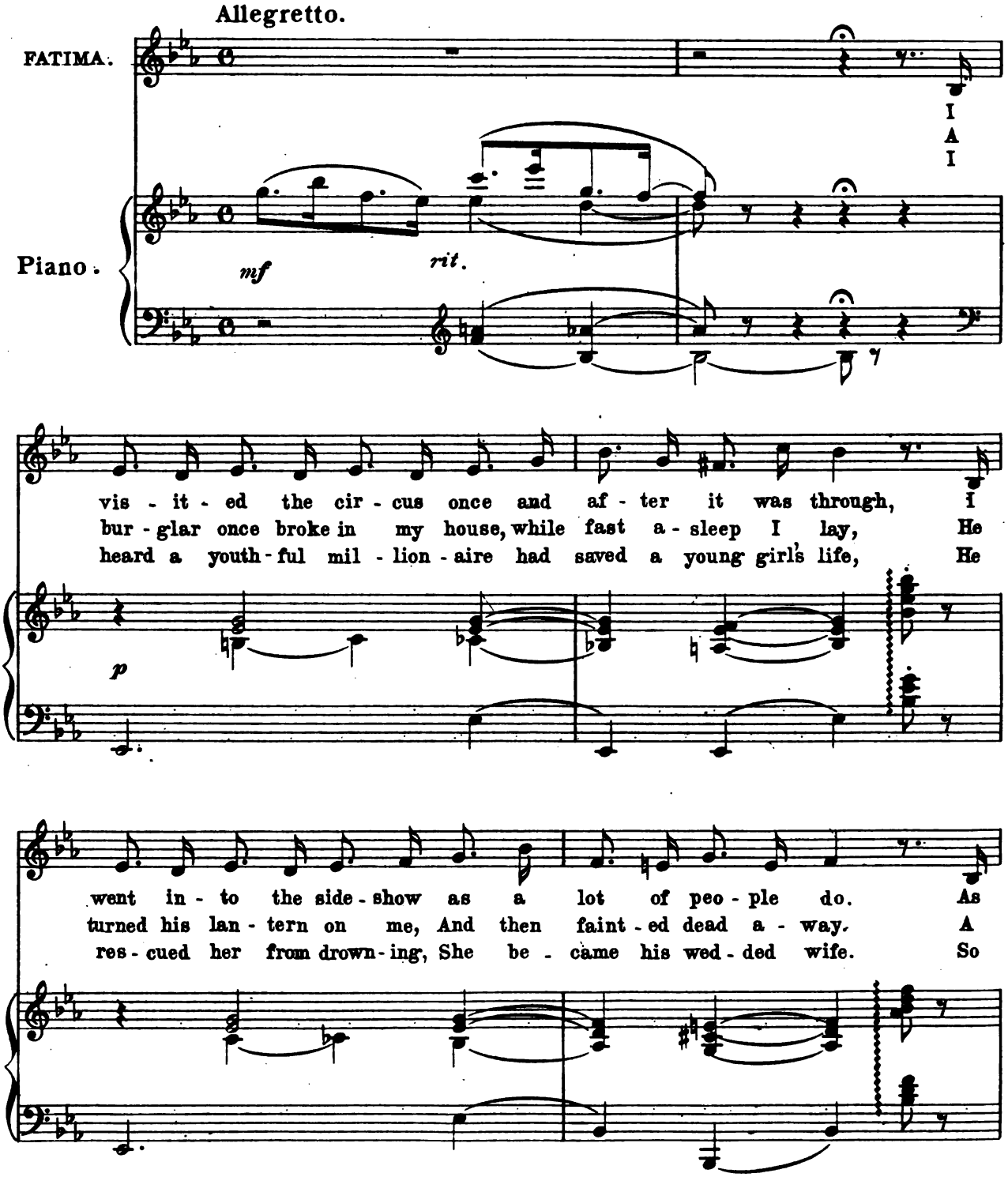
3634

Nobody Loves Me.

No 15.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



M.W.&SONS 7773 *k*

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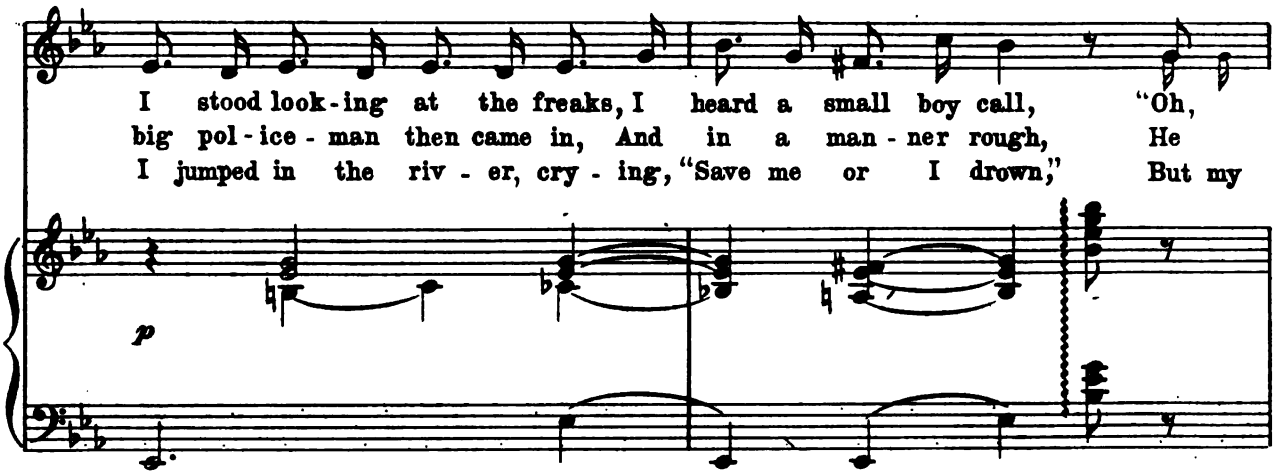
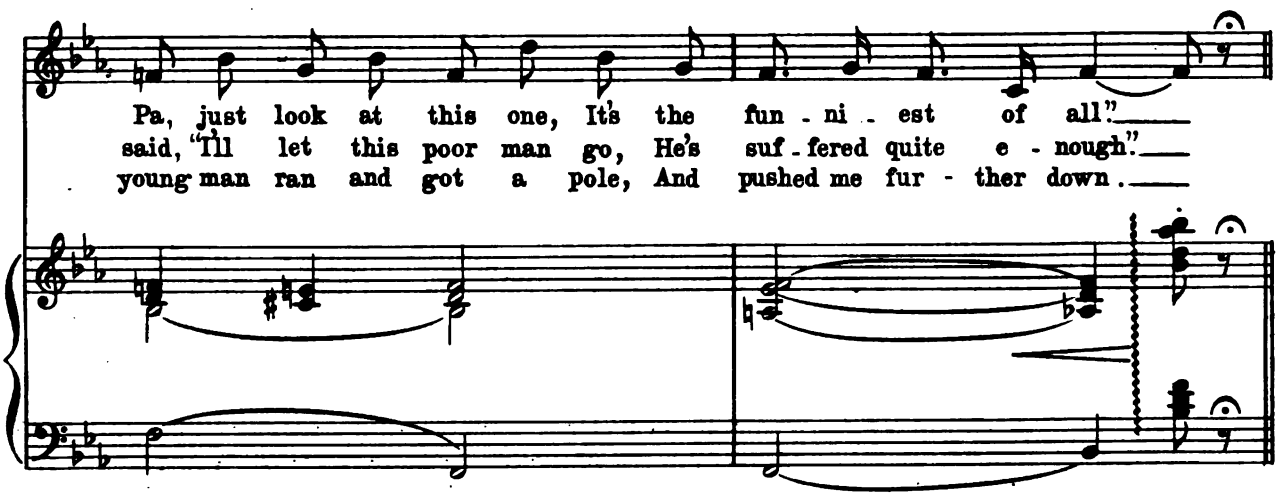
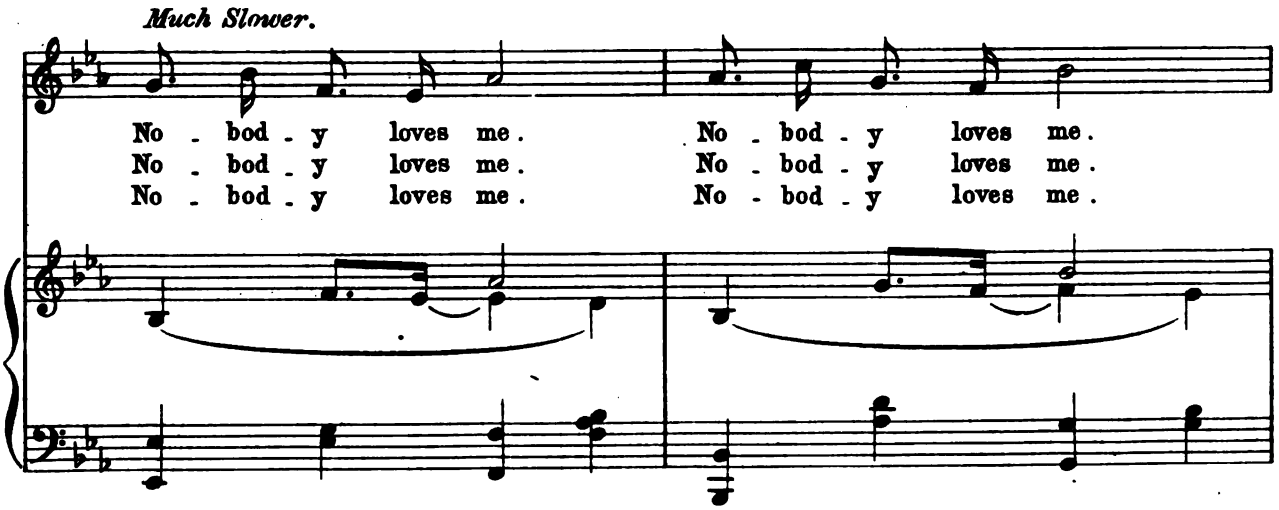
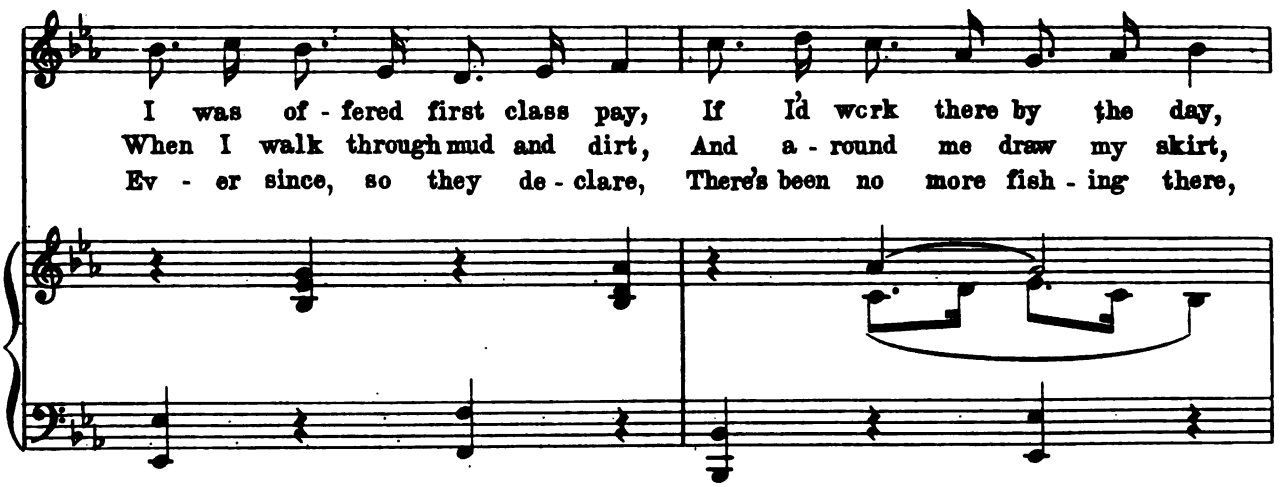
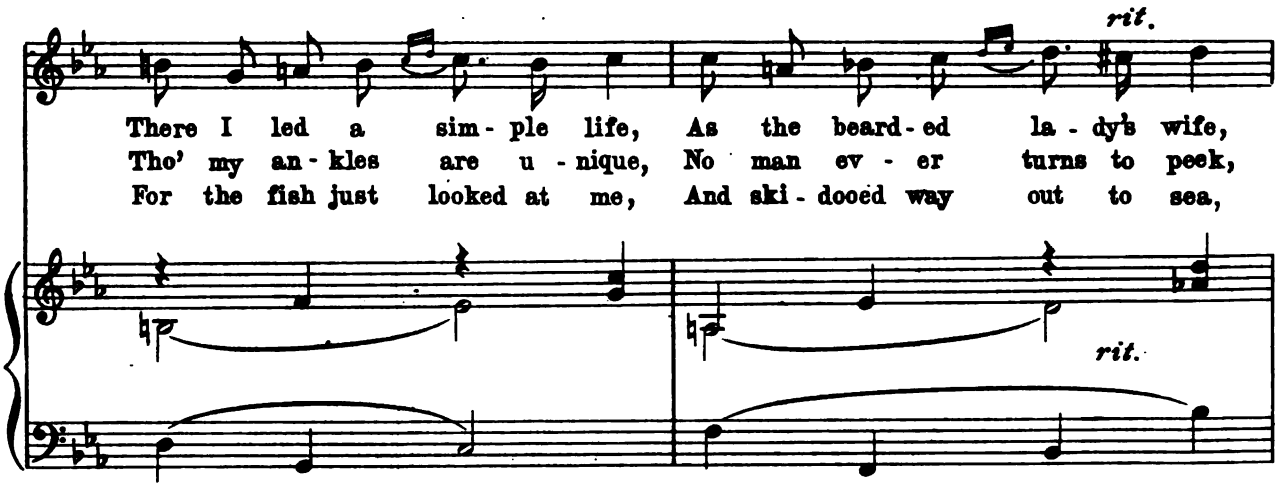
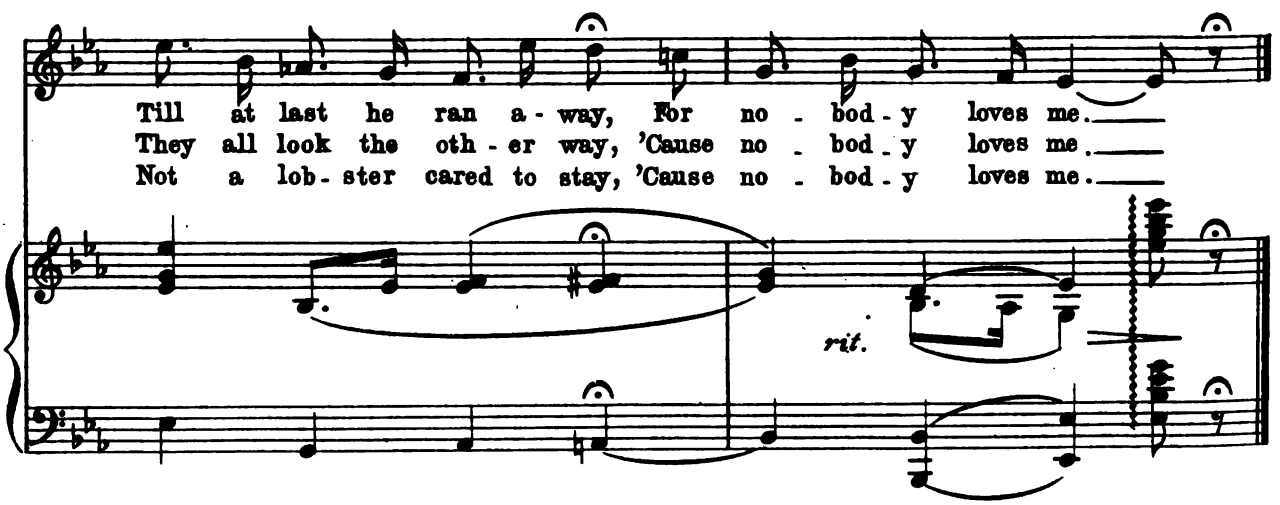

I stood look-ing at the freaks, I heard a small boy call, "Oh,
big pol-ice-man then came in, And in a man-ner rough, He
I jumped in the riv-er, cry-ing, "Save me or I drown," But my
p


Pa, just look at this one, It's the fun-ni-est of all."
said, "I'll let this poor man go, He's suf-fered quite e-nough."
young man ran and got a pole, And pushed me fur-ther down.


Much Slower.
No-bod-y loves me. No-bod-y loves me.
No-bod-y loves me. No-bod-y loves me.
No-bod-y loves me. No-bod-y loves me.


I was of - fered first class pay, If I'd work there by the day,
When I walk through mud and dirt, And a - round me draw my skirt,
Ev - er since, so they de - clare, There's been no more fish - ing there,


rit.
There I led a sim - ple life, As the beard - ed la - dy's wife,
Tho' my an - kles are u - nique, No man ev - er turns to peek,
For the fish just looked at me, And ski - dooed way out to sea,
rit.


Till at last he ran a - way, For no - bod - y loves me.
They all look the oth - er way, 'Cause no - bod - y loves me.
Not a lob - ster cared to stay, 'Cause no - bod - y loves me.
rit.

There's Just One Girl I'd Like To Marry.

DUET.

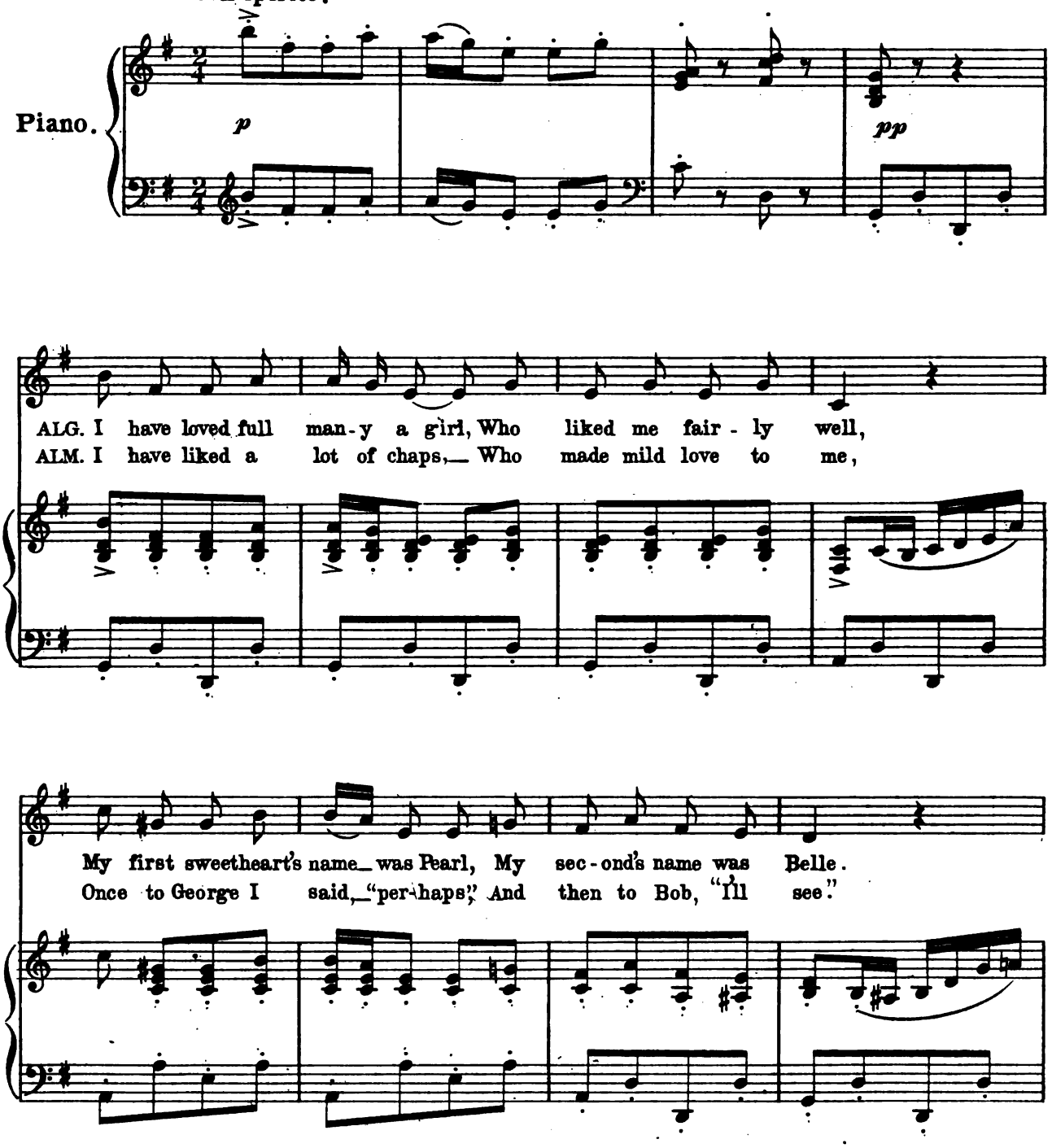
3630

No 16.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.

Con spirito.



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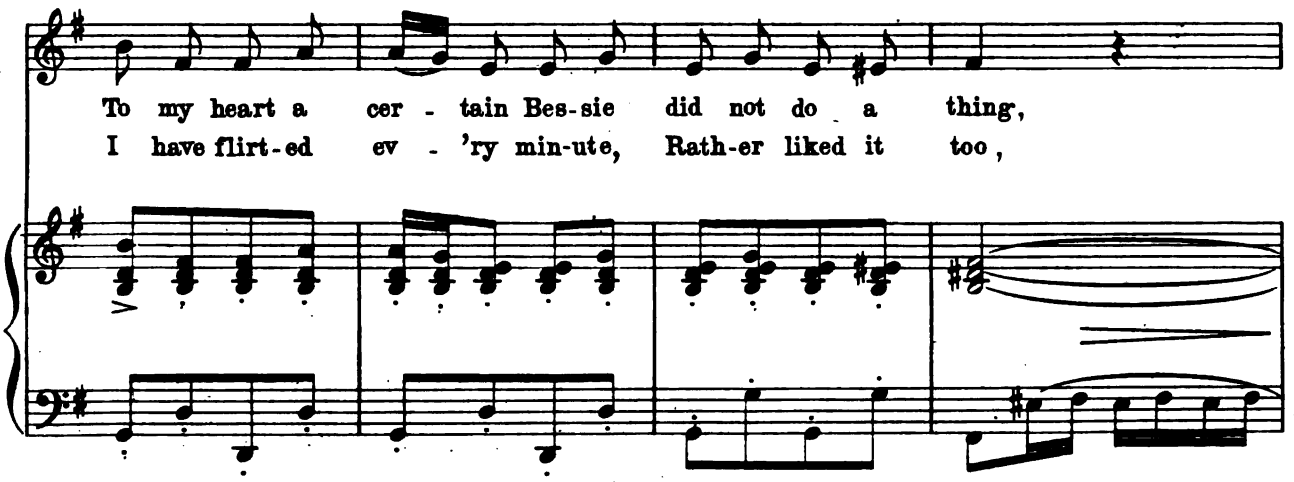
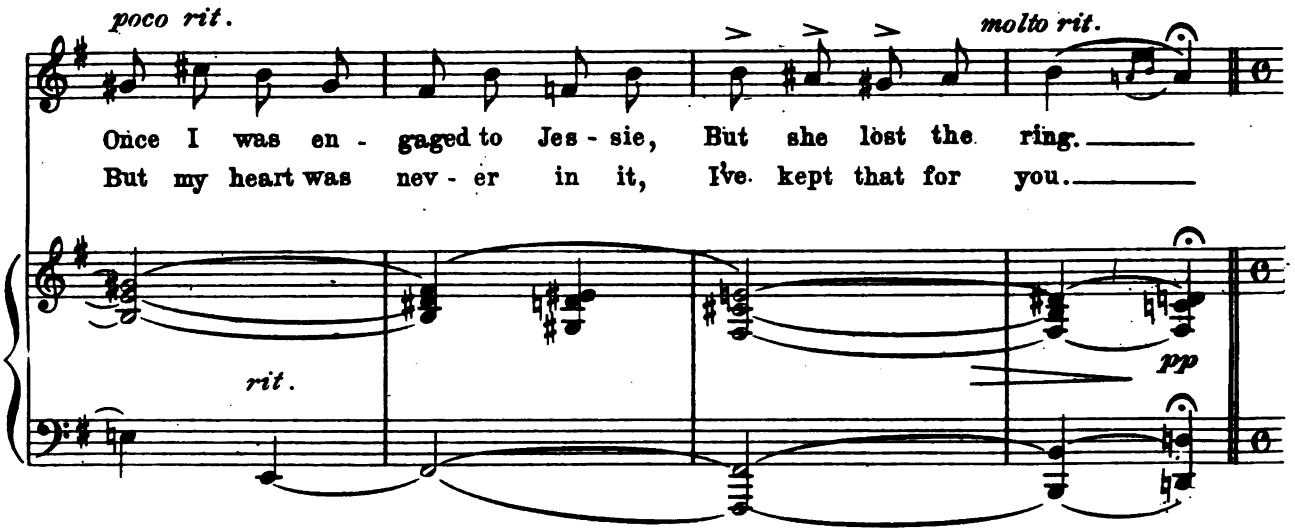
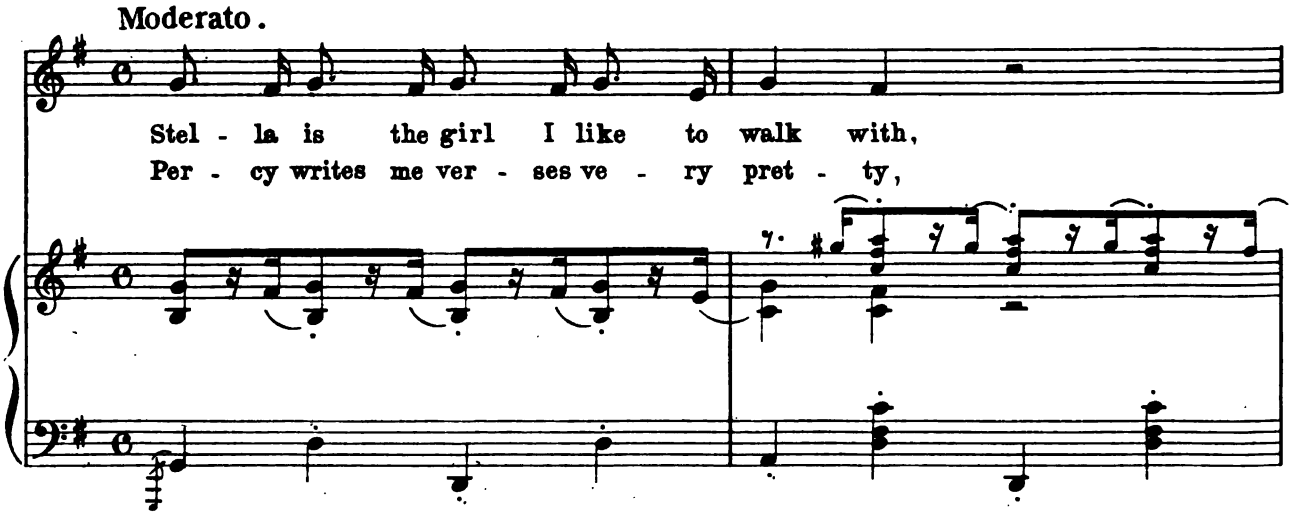
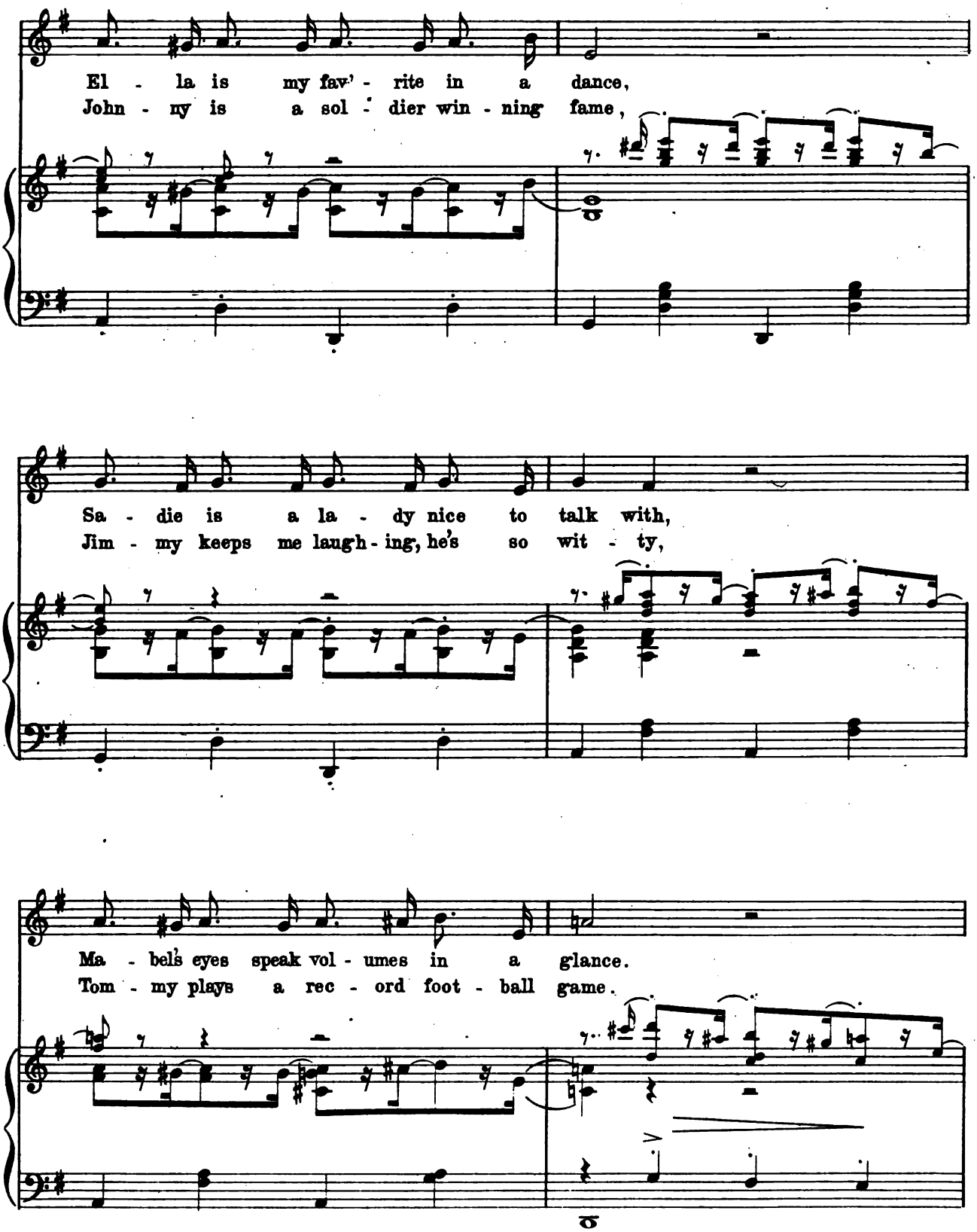
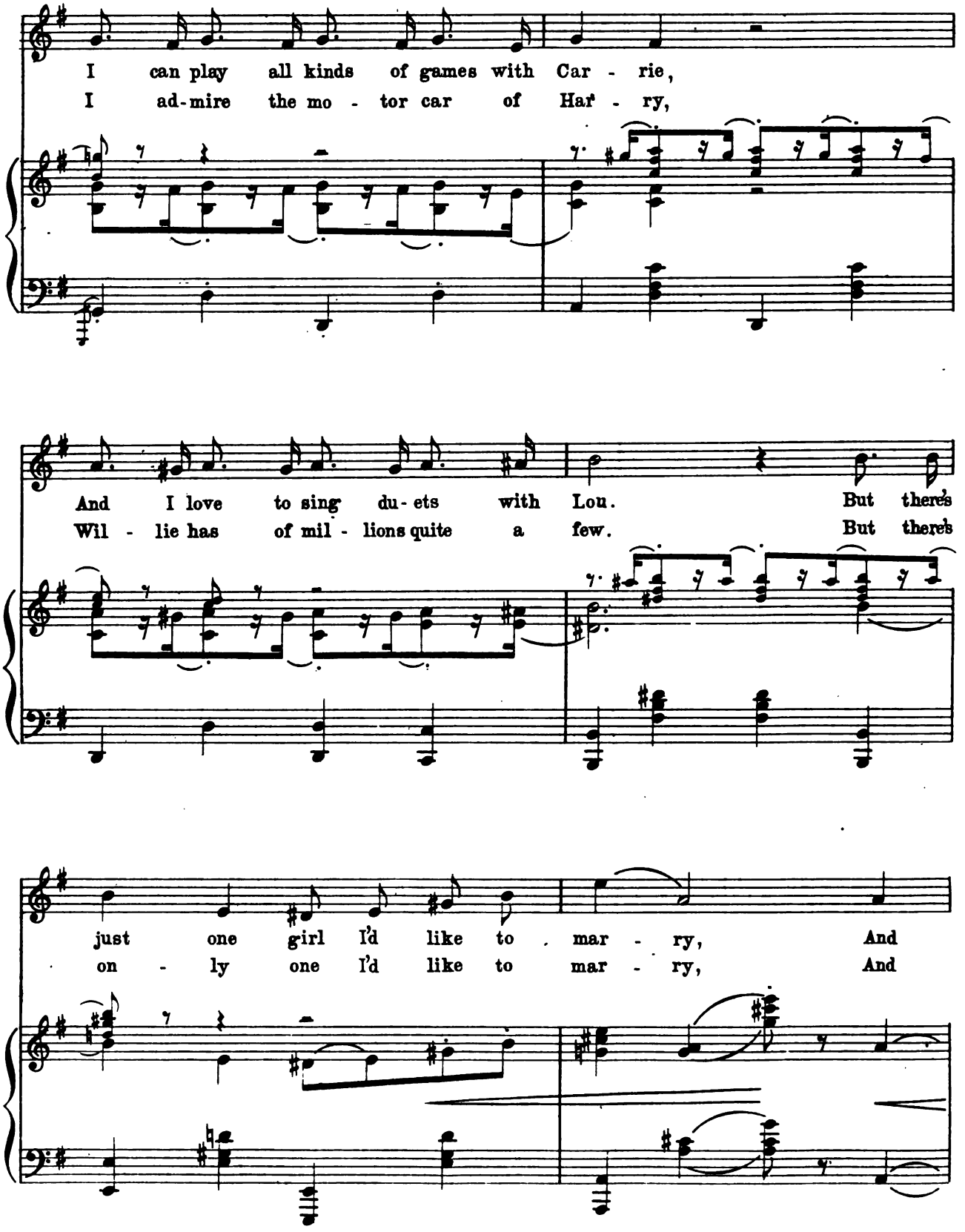
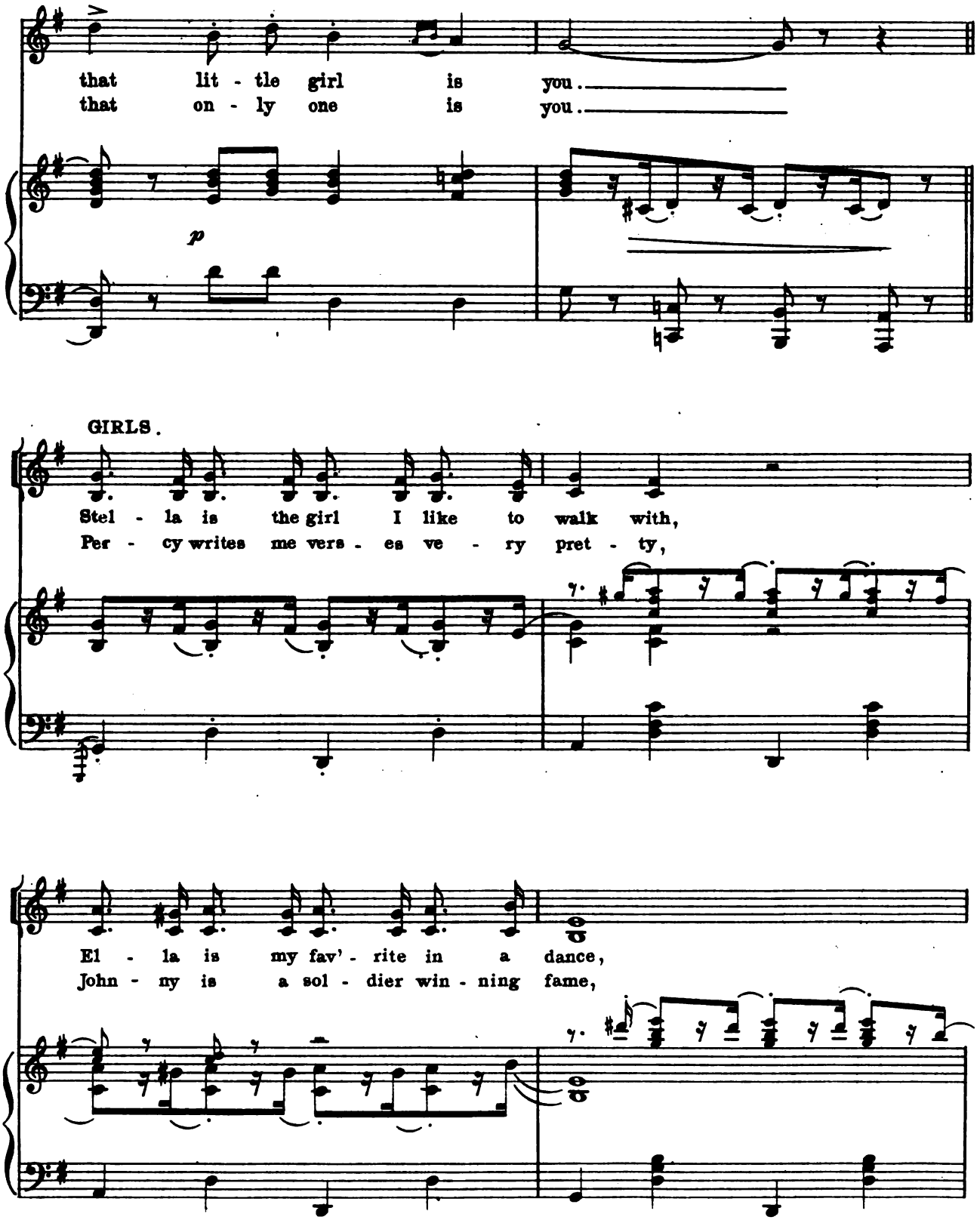

To my heart a cer - tain Bes-sie did not do a thing,
I have flirt-ed ev - 'ry min-ute, Rath-er liked it too,

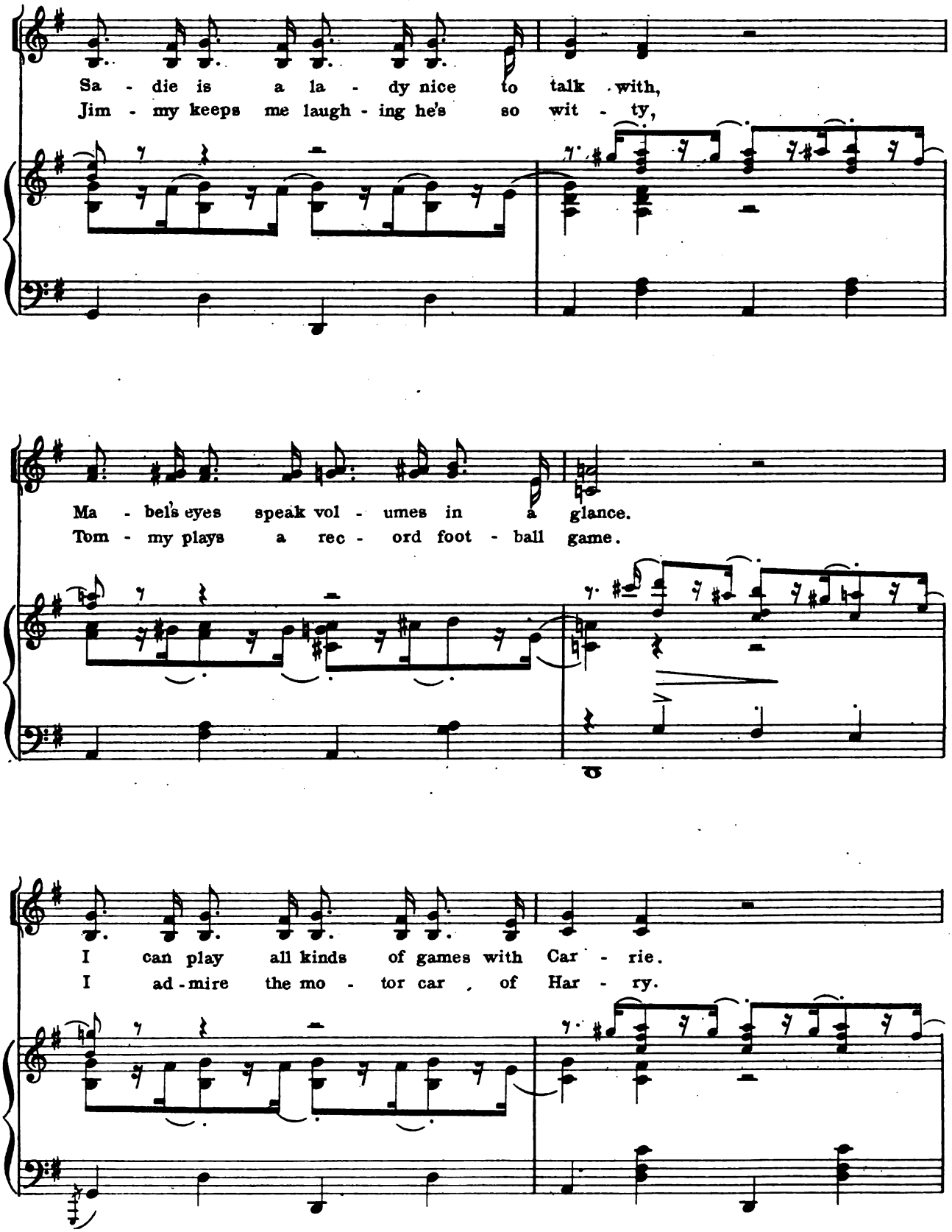

poco rit.
molto rit.
Once I was en - gaged to Jes - sie, But she lost the ring.
But my heart was nev - er in it, I've kept that for you.
rit.
pp

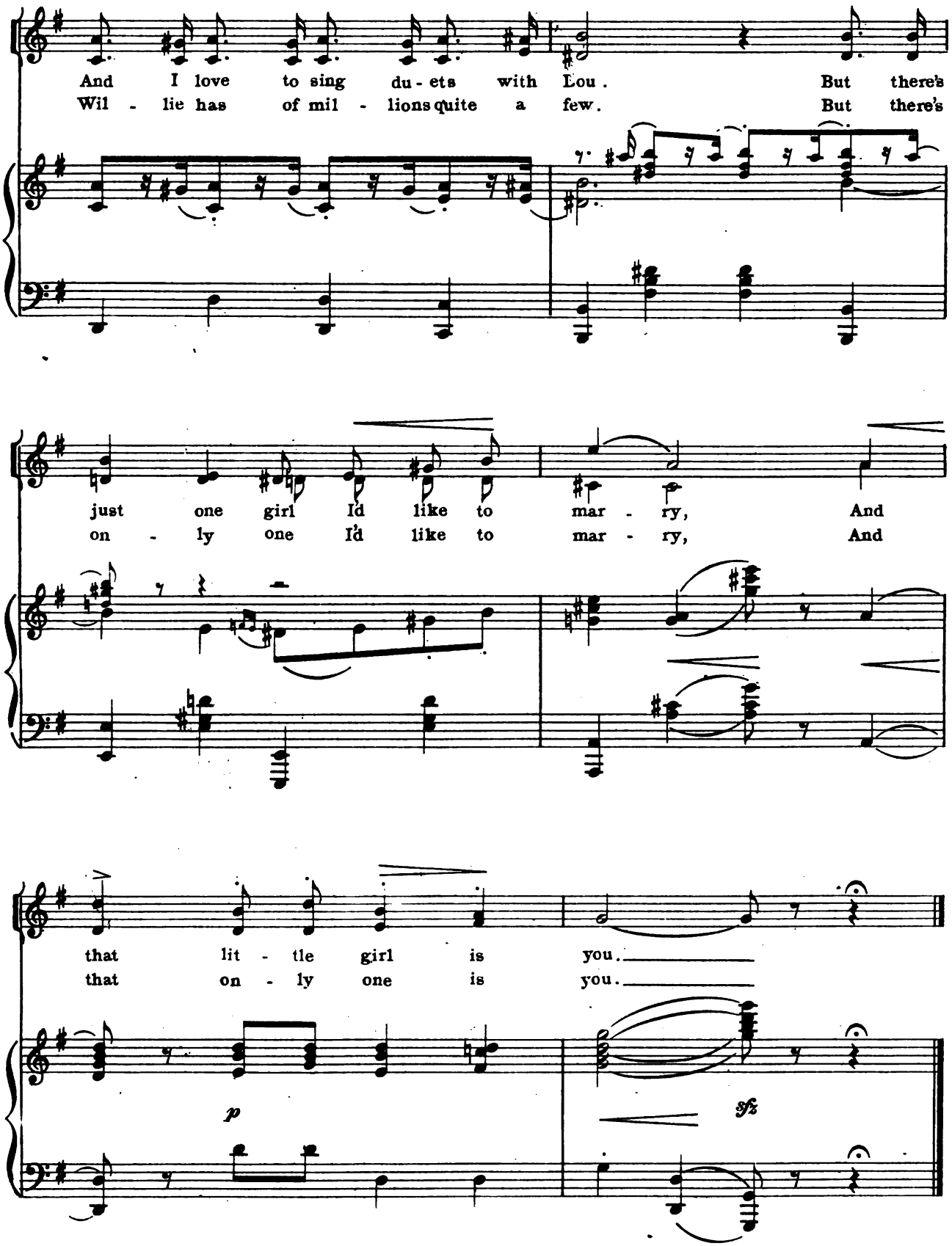

Moderato.
Stel - la is the girl I like to walk with,
Per - cy writes me ver - ses ve - ry pret - ty,


El - la is my fav' - rite in a dance,
John - ny is a sol - dier win - ning fame,
Sa - die is a la - dy nice to talk with,
Jim - my keeps me laugh - ing, he's so wit - ty,
Ma - bel's eyes speak vol - umes in a glance.
Tom - my plays a rec - ord foot - ball game.


I can play all kinds of games with Car - rie,
I ad-mire the mo - tor car of Har - ry,
And I love to sing du-ets with Lou. But there's
Wil - lie has of mil - lions quite a few. But there's
just one girl I'd like to mar - ry, And
on - ly one I'd like to mar - ry, And


that lit - tle girl is you.
that on - ly one is you.
p
GIRLS.
Stel - la is the girl I like to walk with,
Per - cy writes me vers - es ve - ry pret - ty,
El - la is my fav' - rite in a dance,
John - ny is a sol - dier win - ning fame,


Sa - die is a la - dy nice to talk with,
Jim - my keeps me laugh - ing he's so wit - ty,
Ma - bel's eyes speak vol - umes in a glance.
Tom - my plays a rec - ord foot - ball game.
I can play all kinds of games with Car - rie.
I ad - mire the mo - tor car of Har - ry.

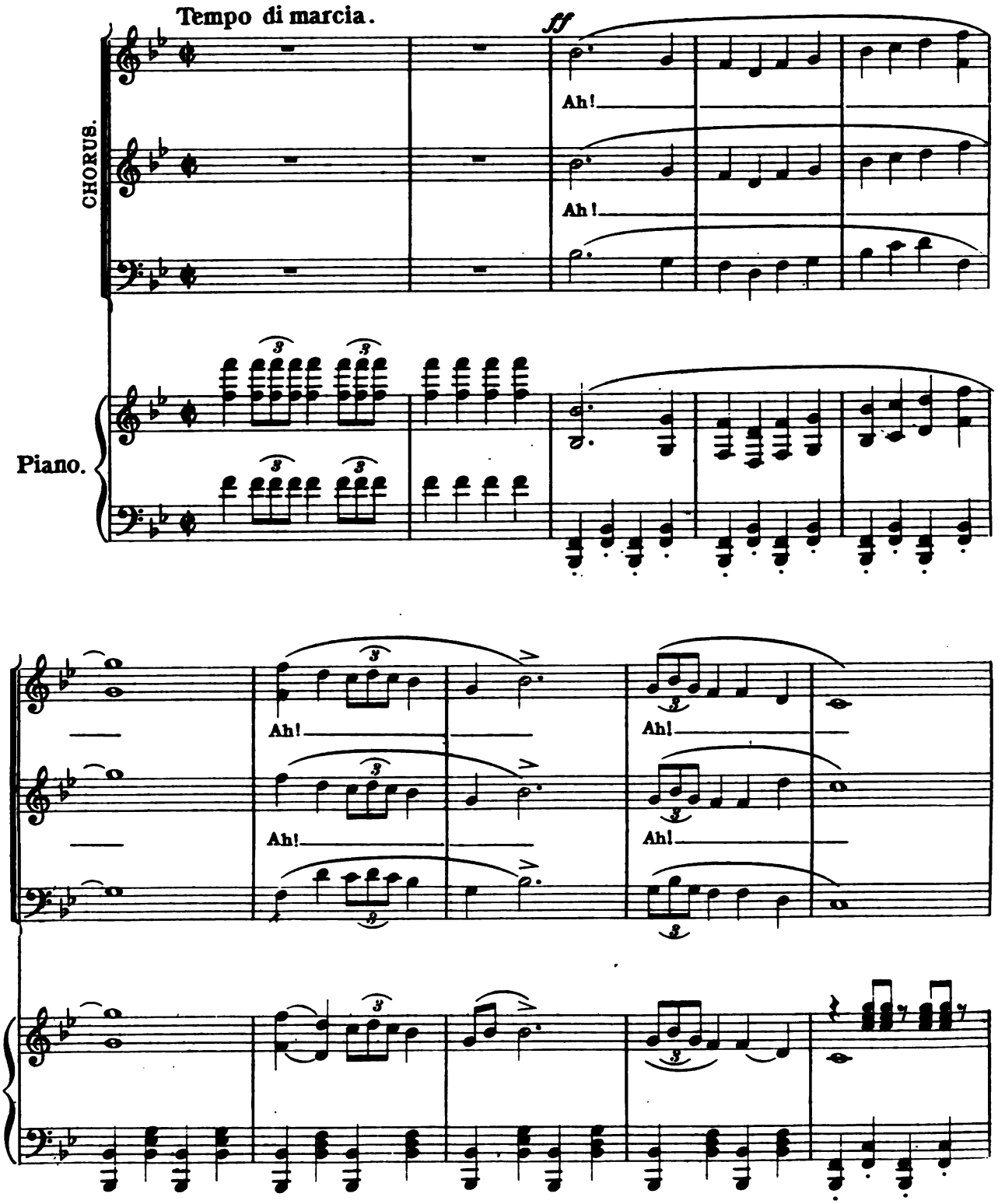

And I love to sing du - ets with Lou. But there's
Wil - lie has of mil - lions quite a few. But there's
just one girl Id like to mar - ry, And
on - ly one Id like to mar - ry, And
that lit - tle girl is you.
that on - ly one is you.
p
sfz

Entrance Of Shah.

No. 17.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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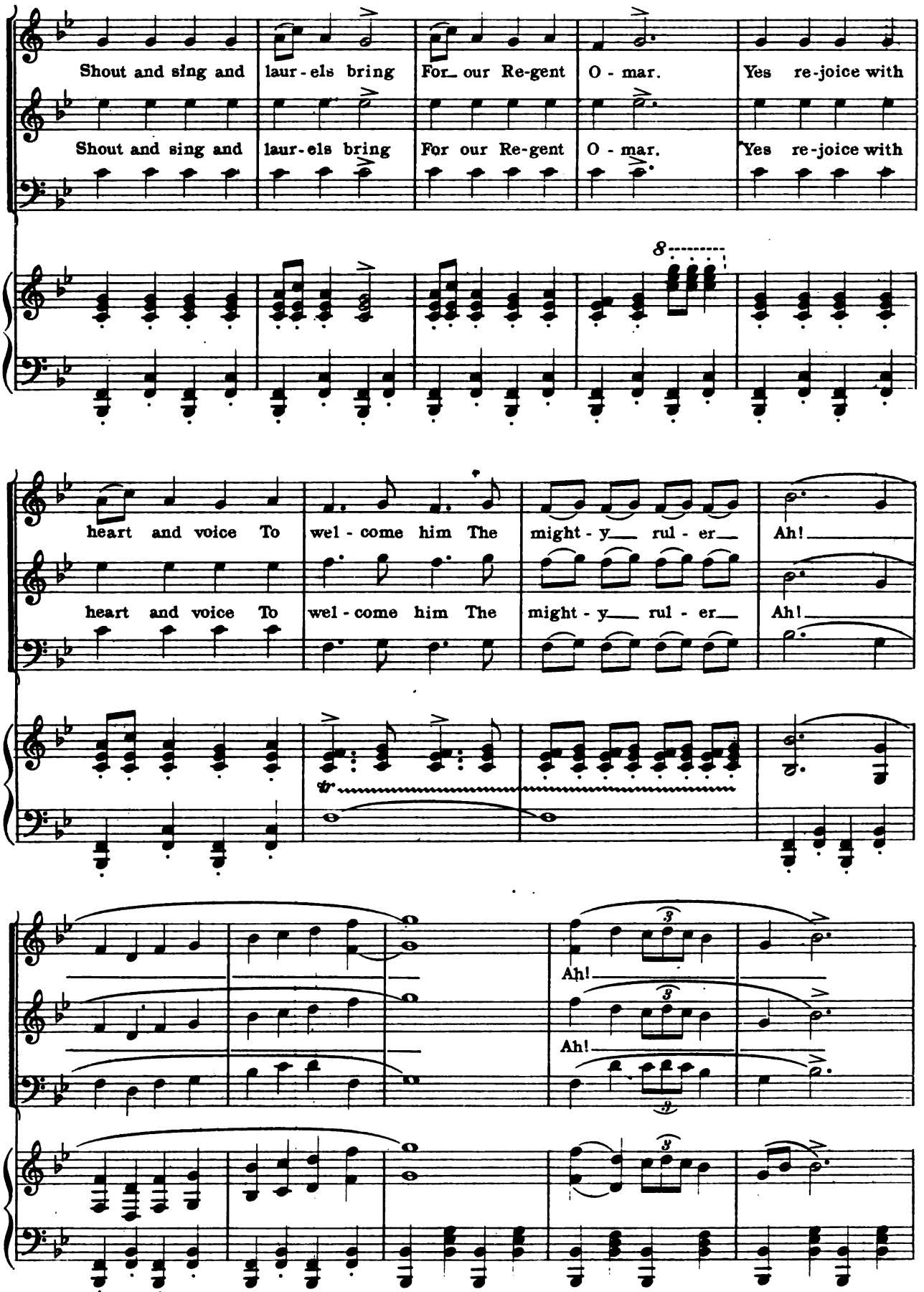
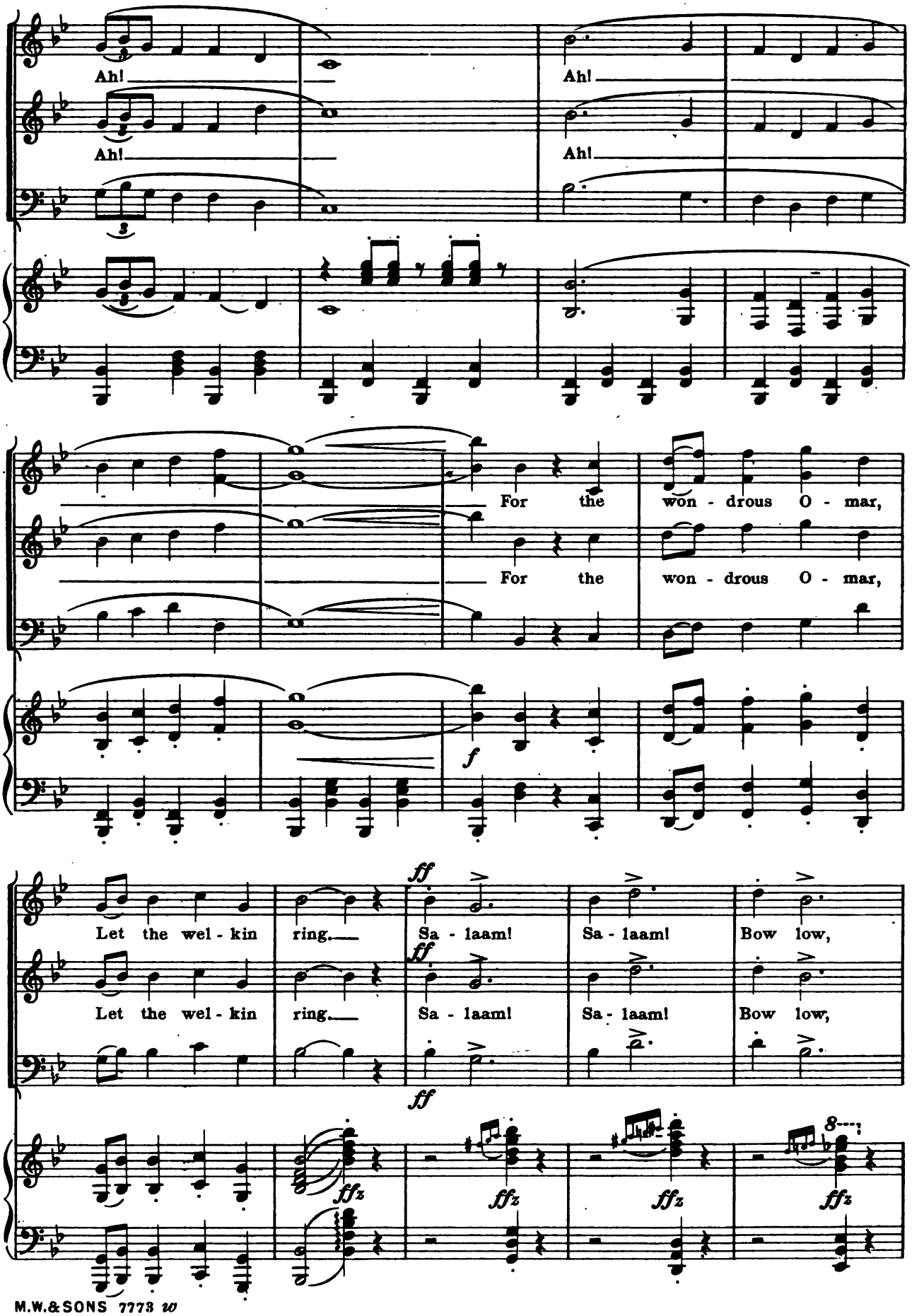
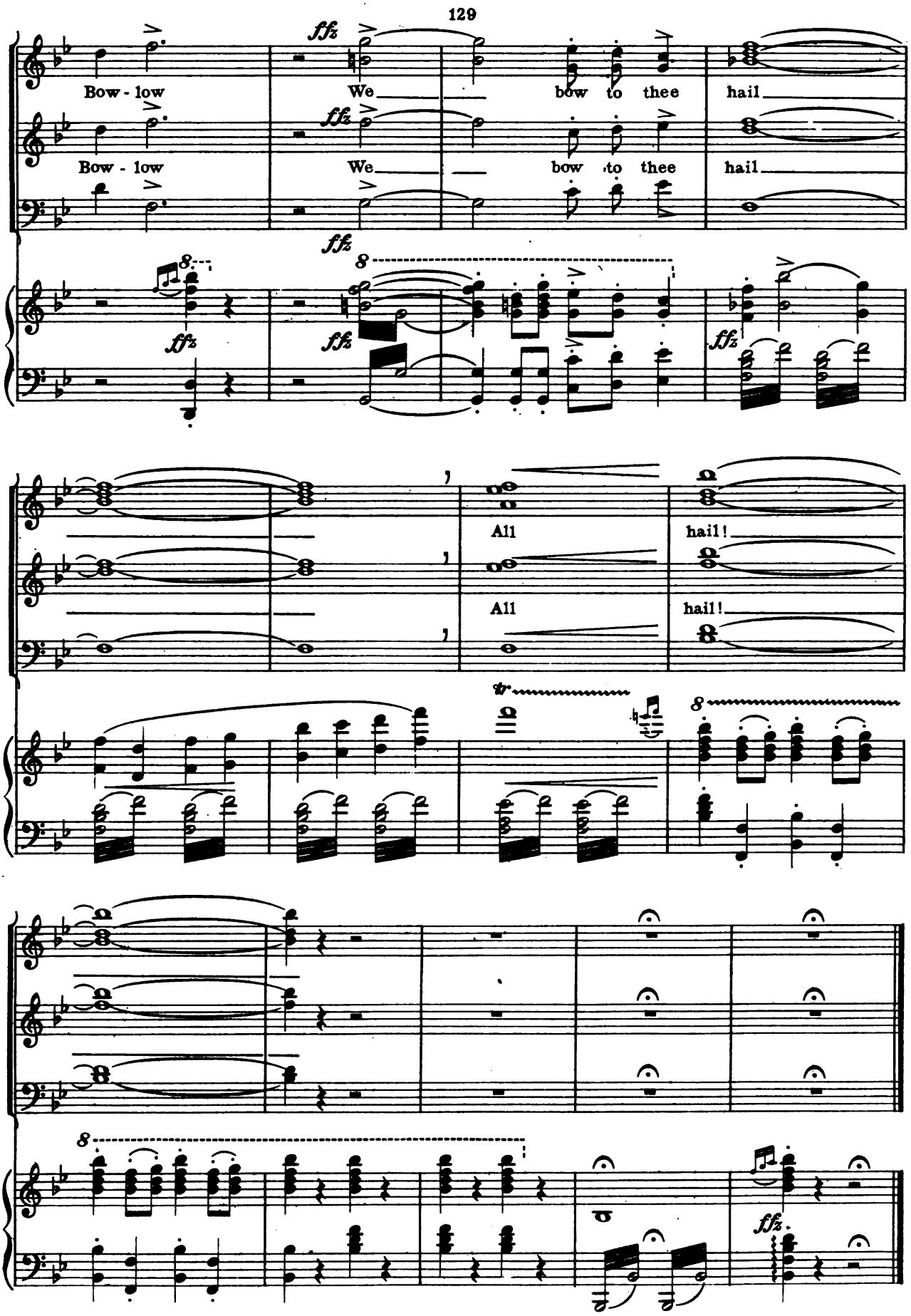

Shout and sing and laur-els bring For our Re-gent O-mar. Yes re-joice with
Shout and sing and laur-els bring For our Re-gent O-mar. Yes re-joice with
heart and voice To wel-come him The might-y rul-er Ah!
heart and voice To wel-come him The might-y rul-er Ah!
Ah!
Ah!


Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
For the won - drous O - mar,
For the won - drous O - mar,
f
Let the wel - kin ring.
Sa - laam!
Sa - laam!
Bow low,
Let the wel - kin ring.
Sa - laam!
Sa - laam!
Bow low,
ff
ff
ffz
ffz
ffz
ffz

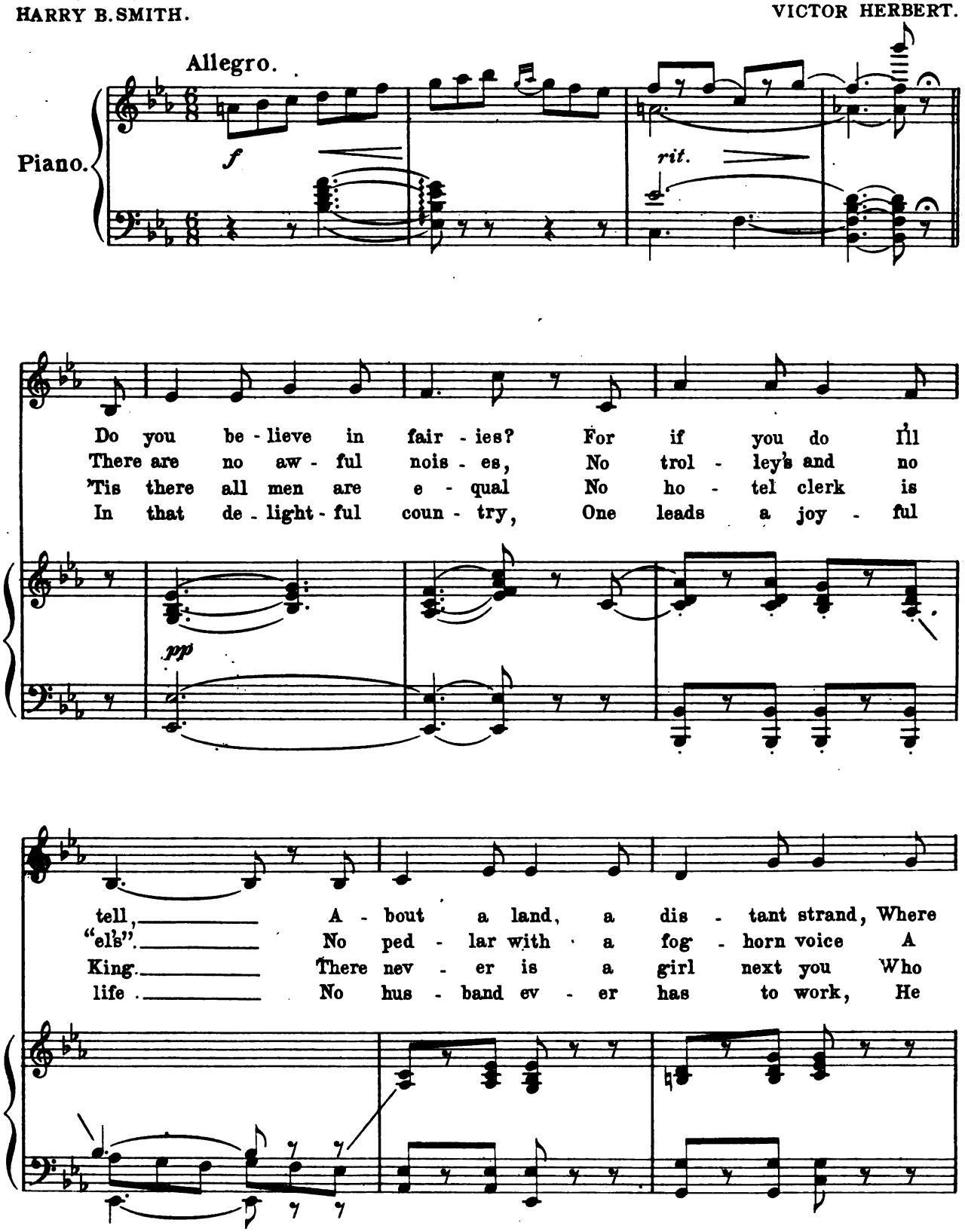

Bow - low
We
bow to thee
hail
Bow - low
We
bow to thee
hail
All
hail!
All
hail!

The Never, Never Land.

No. 18.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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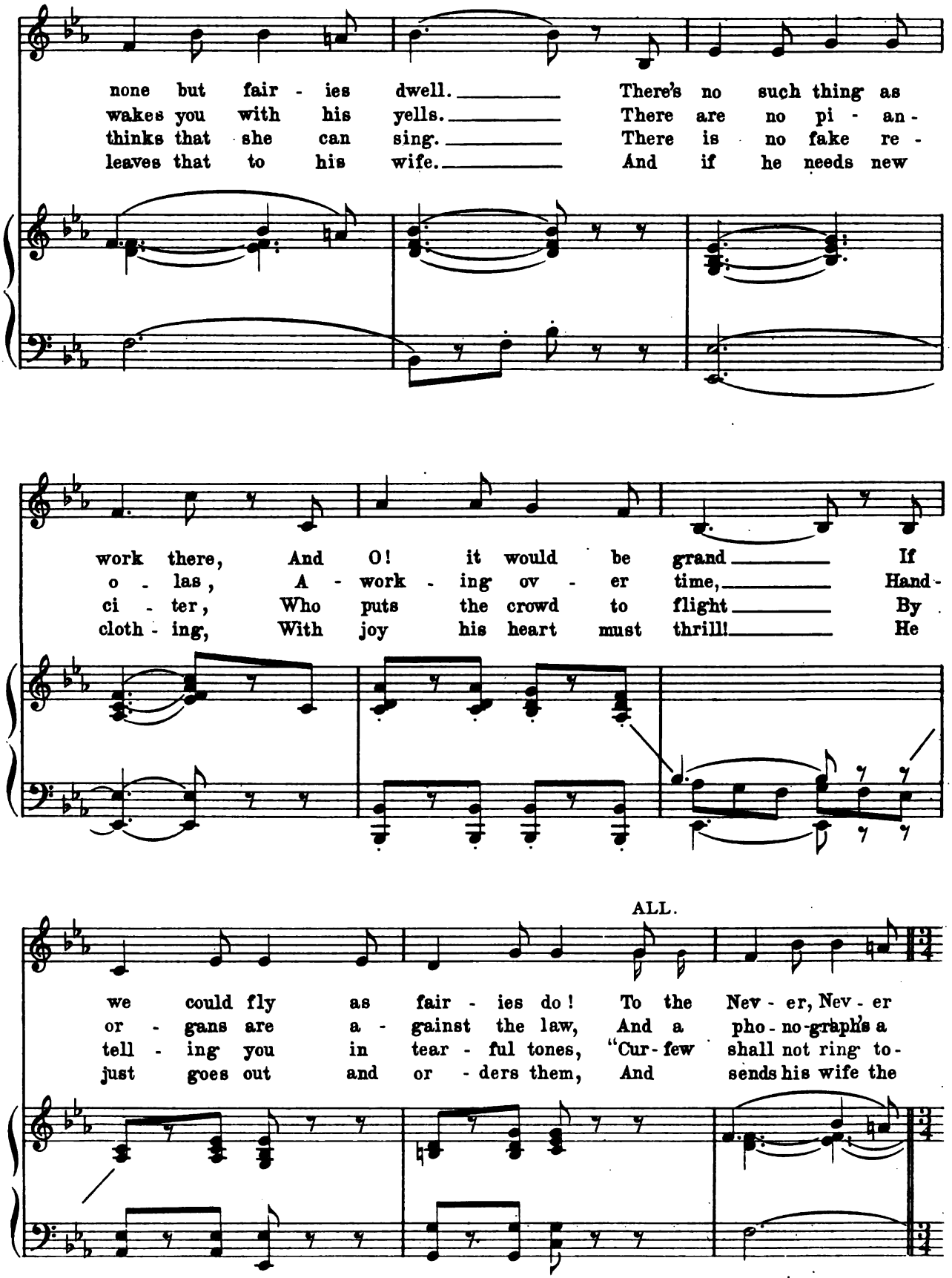
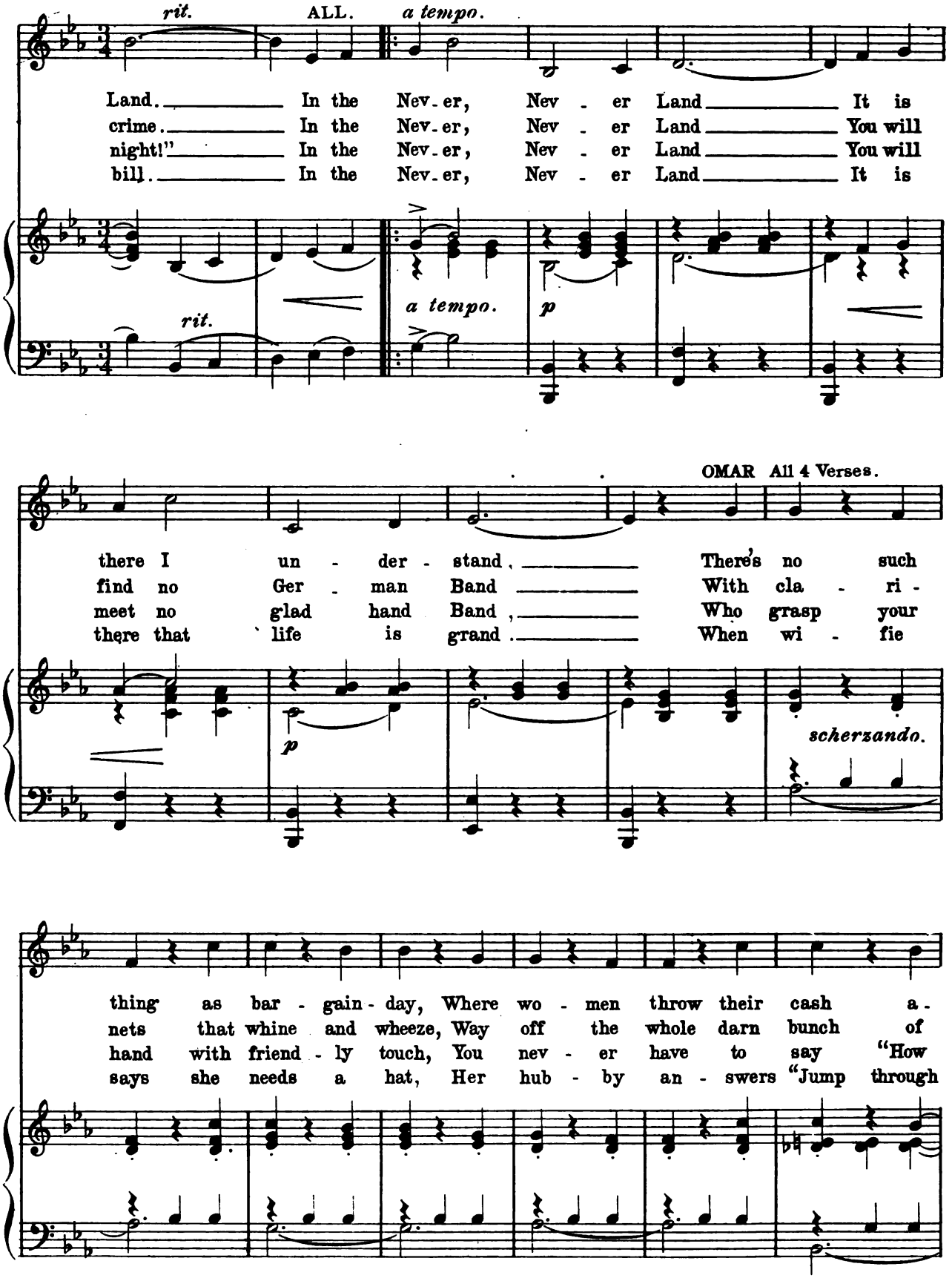
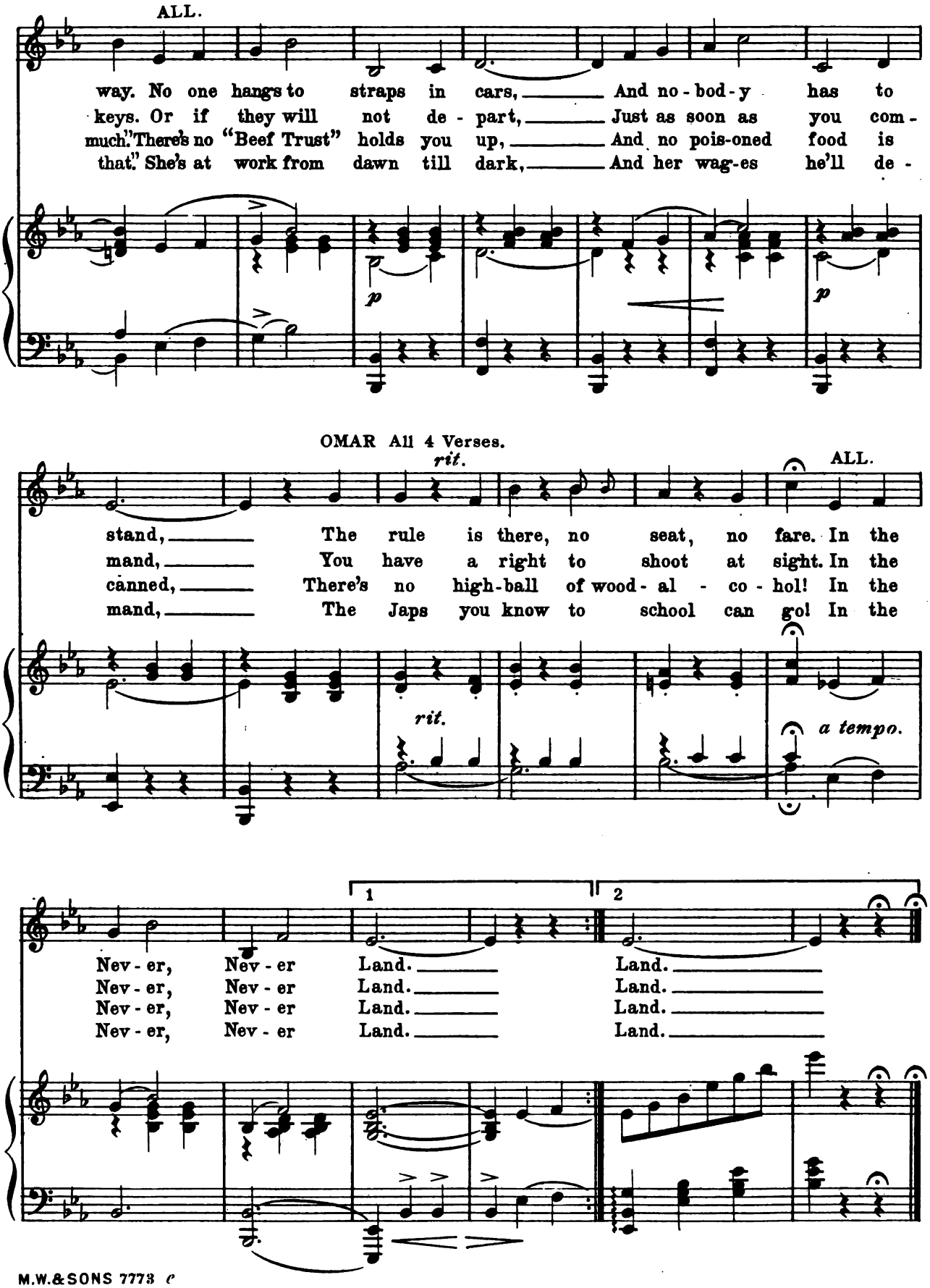

none but fair - ies dwell. There's no such thing as
wakes you with his yells. There are no pi - an -
thinks that she can sing. There is no fake re -
leaves that to his wife. And if he needs new
work there, And O! it would be grand If
o - las, A - work - ing ov - er time, Hand -
ci - ter, Who puts the crowd to flight By
cloth - ing, With joy his heart must thrill! He
ALL.
we could fly as fair - ies do! To the Nev - er, Nev - er
or - gans are a - gainst the law, And a pho - no-graph's a
tell - ing you in tear - ful tones, "Cur - few shall not ring to -
just goes out and or - ders them, And sends his wife the

Tempo di Valse.



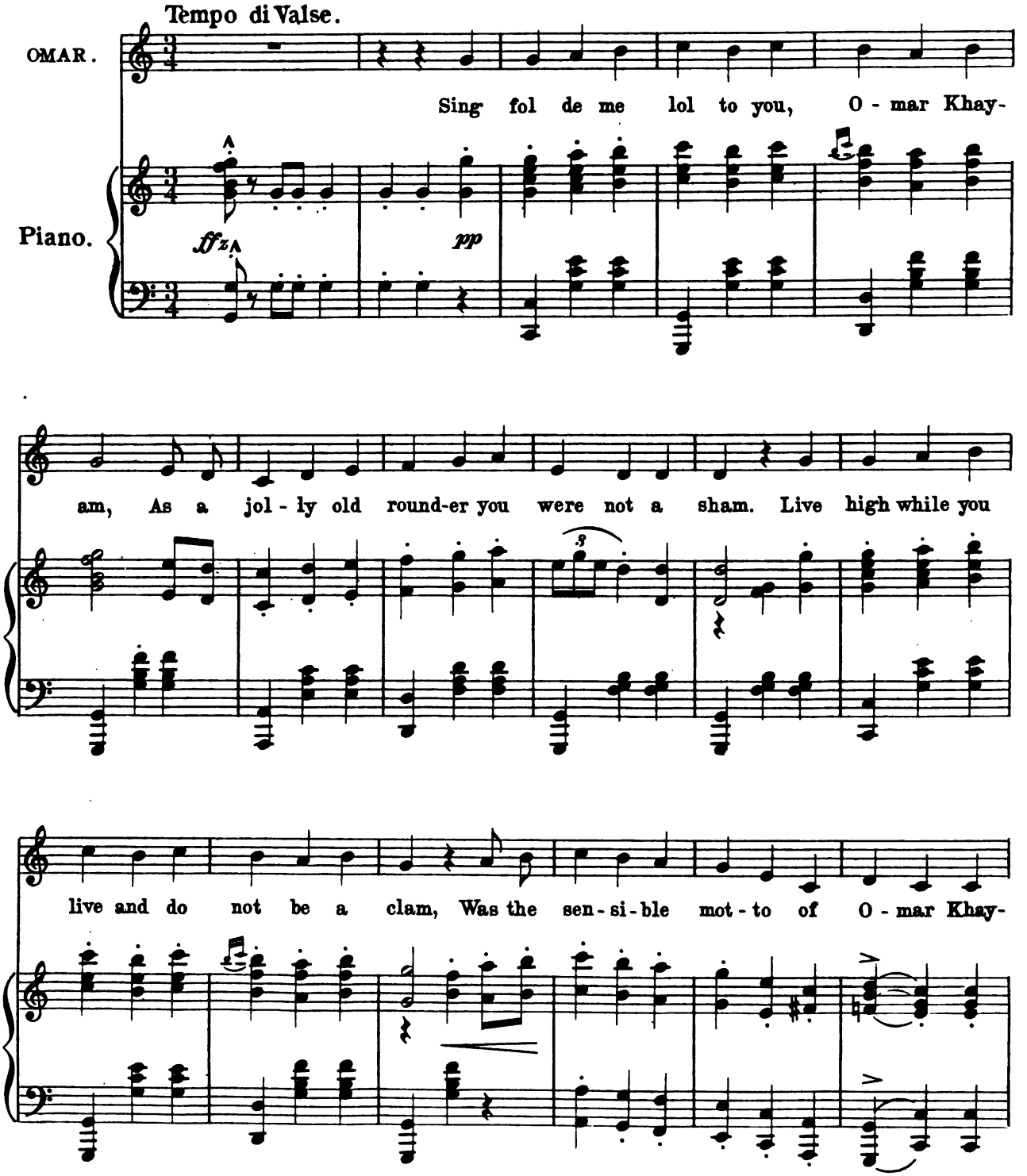

ALL.
way. No one hangs to straps in cars, And no-bod-y has to
keys. Or if they will not de - part, Just as soon as you com -
much." There's no "Beef Trust" holds you up, And no pois-oned food is
that." She's at work from dawn till dark, And her wag-es he'll de -
p
p
OMAR All 4 Verses.
rit.
ALL.
stand, The rule is there, no seat, no fare. In the
mand, You have a right to shoot at sight. In the
canned, There's no high-ball of wood - al - co - hol! In the
mand, The Japs you know to school can go! In the
rit.
a tempo.
1
2
Nev - er, Nev - er Land. Land.
Nev - er, Nev - er Land. Land.
Nev - er, Nev - er Land. Land.
Nev - er, Nev - er Land. Land.

Finale II.

No. 19.

Lyric by
HARRY B. SMITH.

Music by
VICTOR HERBERT.



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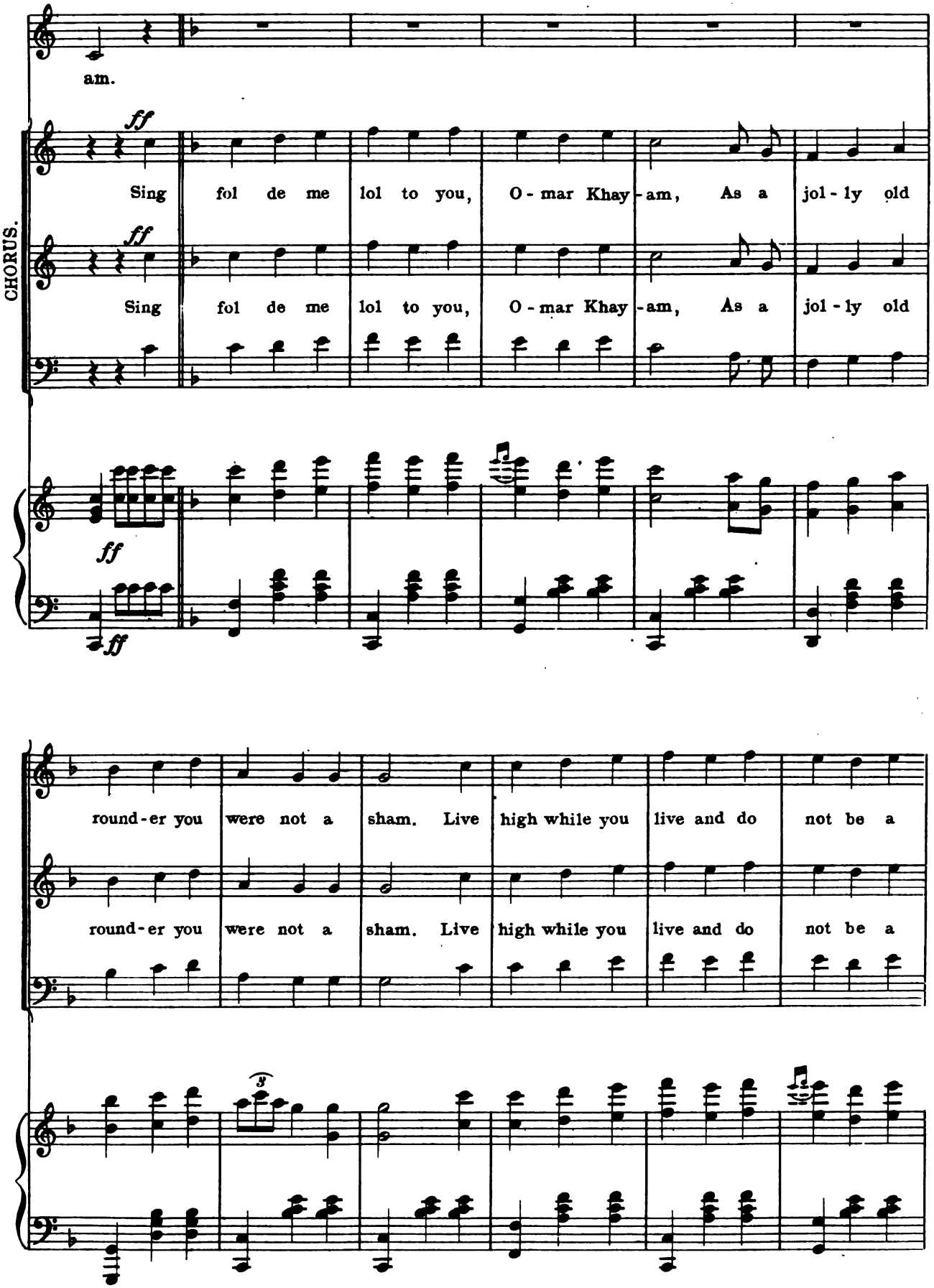
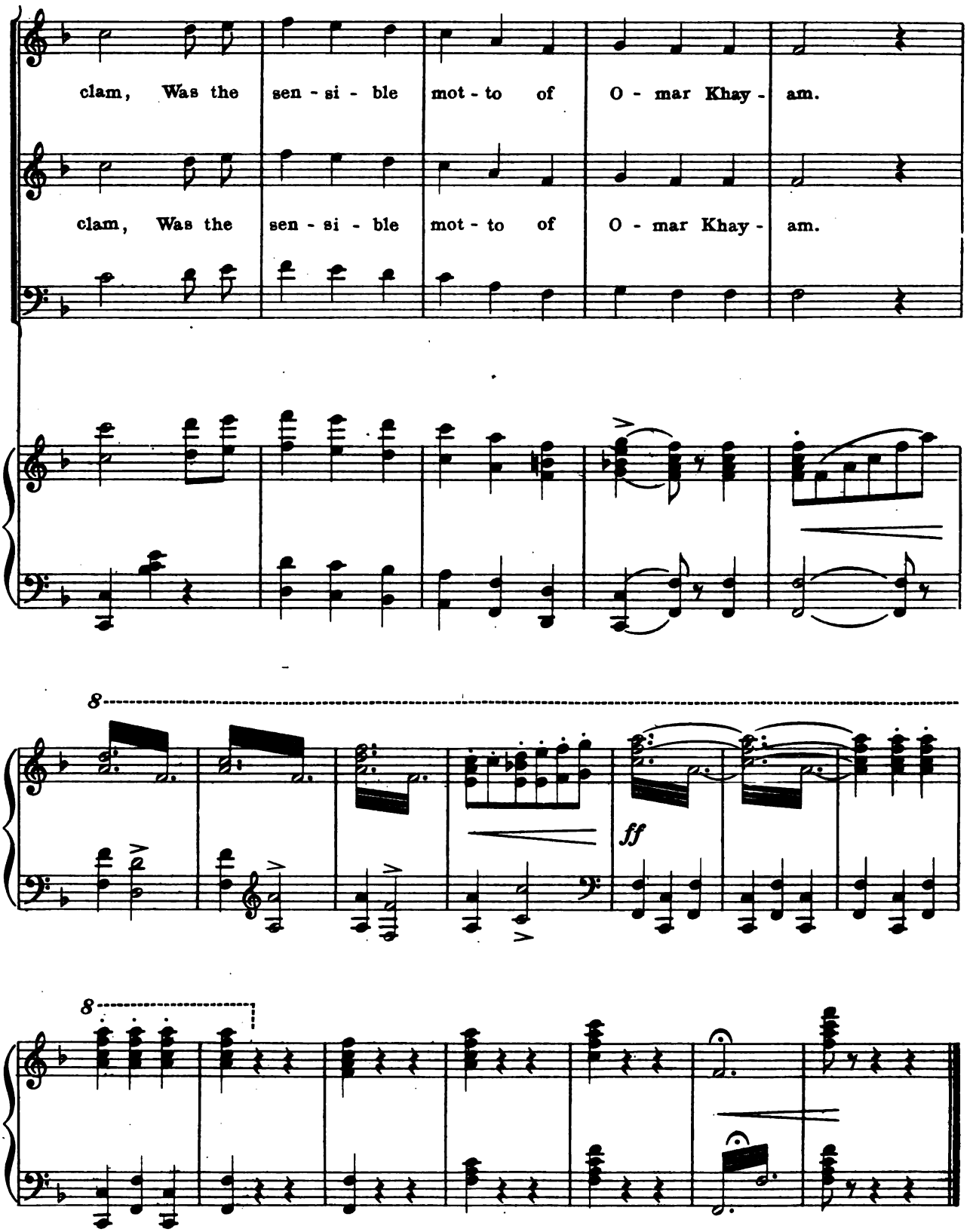

am.
CHORUS.
ff
Sing fol de me lol to you, O - mar Khay - am, As a jol - ly old
Sing fol de me lol to you, O - mar Khay - am, As a jol - ly old
round - er you were not a sham. Live high while you live and do not be a
round - er you were not a sham. Live high while you live and do not be a


clam, Was the sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay - am.
clam, Was the sen - si - ble mot - to of O - mar Khay - am.
8
ff
8