HENRY W. SAVAGE'S

NEW OPERETTE

SÁRI

(DER ZIGEUNERPRIMAS)

BOOK BY

JULIUS WILHELM

&

FRITZ GRÜNBAUM

ENGLISH ADAPTATION BY

C. C. S. CUSHING

&

E. P. HEATH

MUSIC BY

EMMERICH KÁLMÁN

Published by JOS. W. STERN & CO.

JOSEF WEINBERGER - LEIPZIG

SÁRI

(Der Zigeunerprimas)

OPERETTE IN TWO ACTS

VICTORIOUS EVER IS YOUTH

By Julius Wilhelm and Max Grünbaum

English Adaptation by

C. C. S. CUSHING and E. P. HEATH

Music by

E. KÁLMÁN

PRICE, $2.00 Net

8/6

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

AS PRODUCED by HENRY W. SAVAGE AT THE

LIBERTY THEATRE, NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1914.

PALI RACZ, (The Gypsy Leader).....Van Rensselaer Wheeler

LACZI RACZ.... } His Children { .....J. Humbird Duffey

SARI RACZ..... } His Children { .....Mizzi Hajos

KLARI RACZ.. } His Children { .....Eva Ball

JOSKA FEKETE, (his friend) .....Karl Stall

JULISKA FEKETE (his daughter). .....Blanche Duffield

GASTON, (Count Irini).....Charles Meakins

CADEAUX, (his shadow).....Harry Davenport

COUNT ESTRAGON, (H. R. H. King of Massilia).....Wilmuth Merkyl

COUNT MUSTARI (his Master of Ceremonies).....Eugene Roder

PIERRE.....Harry Crapo

Other Children of Racz, Villagers, Guests of Count Irini,
Gypsy Musicians, Postman, Peasant Women, Buds, Guests, etc. etc.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Courtyard of Pali Racz's home, Lorinczfalva, Hungary.

ACT II. Paris home of Count Irini.

Staged by GEORGE MARION

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9.	Finale		

SÁRI.

(ZIGEUNERPRIMAS.)

OPERETTE IN 2 ACTS

From the German

By JULIUS WILHELM and FRITZ GRÜNBAUM

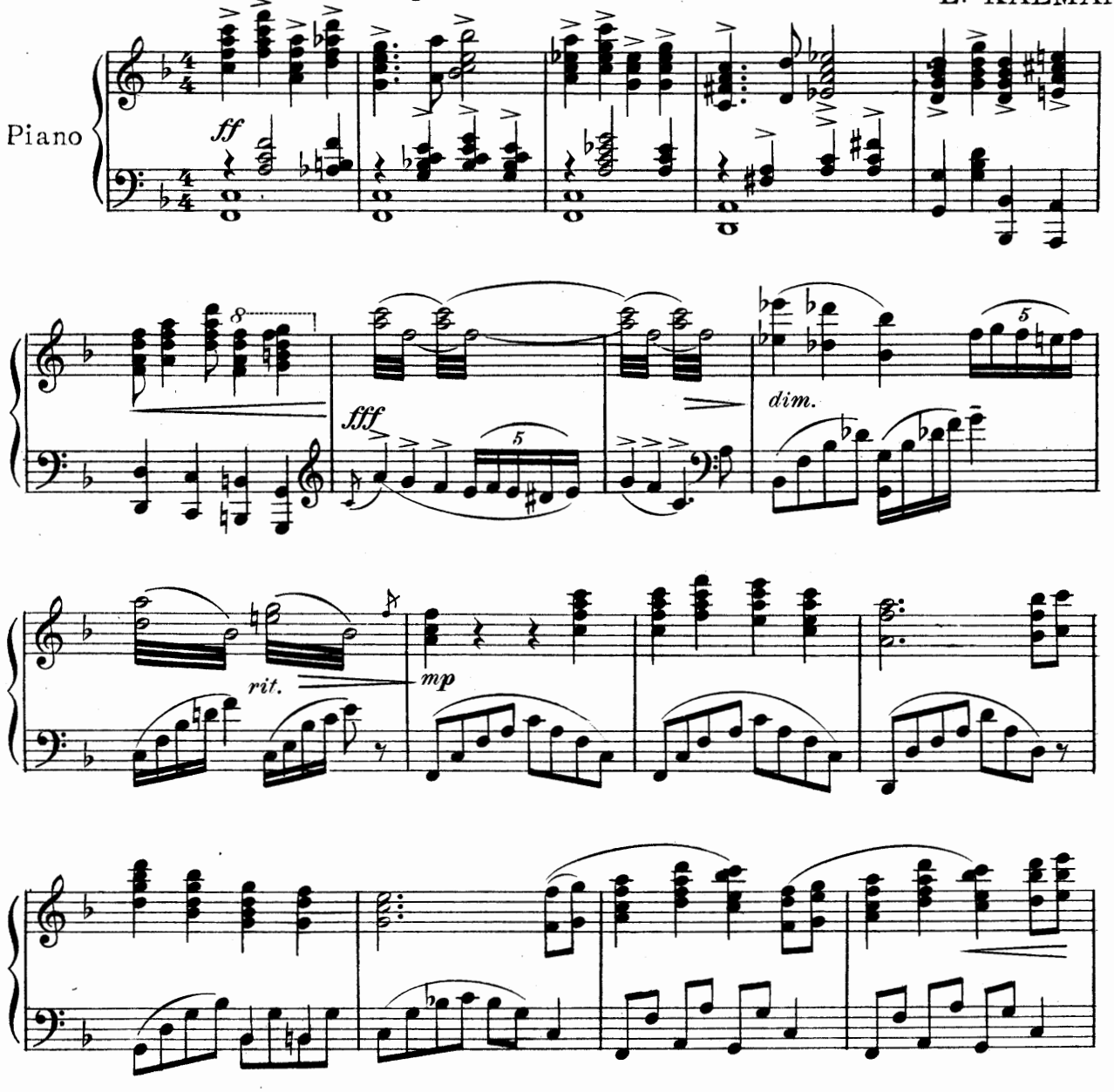
English Adaptation

By C. C. S. CUSHING and E. P. HEATH.

Overture

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN.

Maestoso con Pompa.



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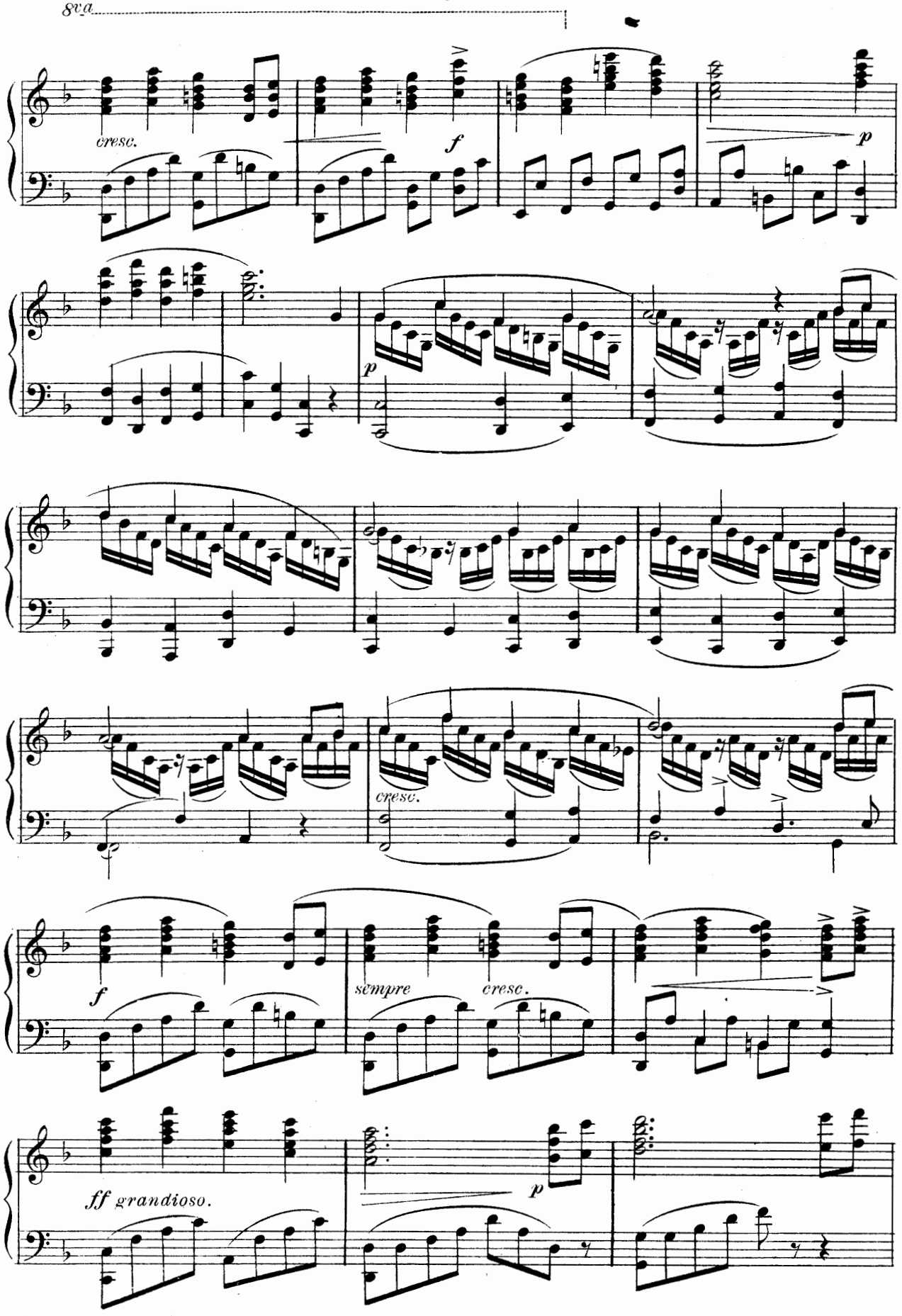

8va
cresc.
f
p
p
cresc.
f
sempre
cresc.
ff grandioso.
p

8va

ff

stringendo

rit.

molto rit.

Allegretto.

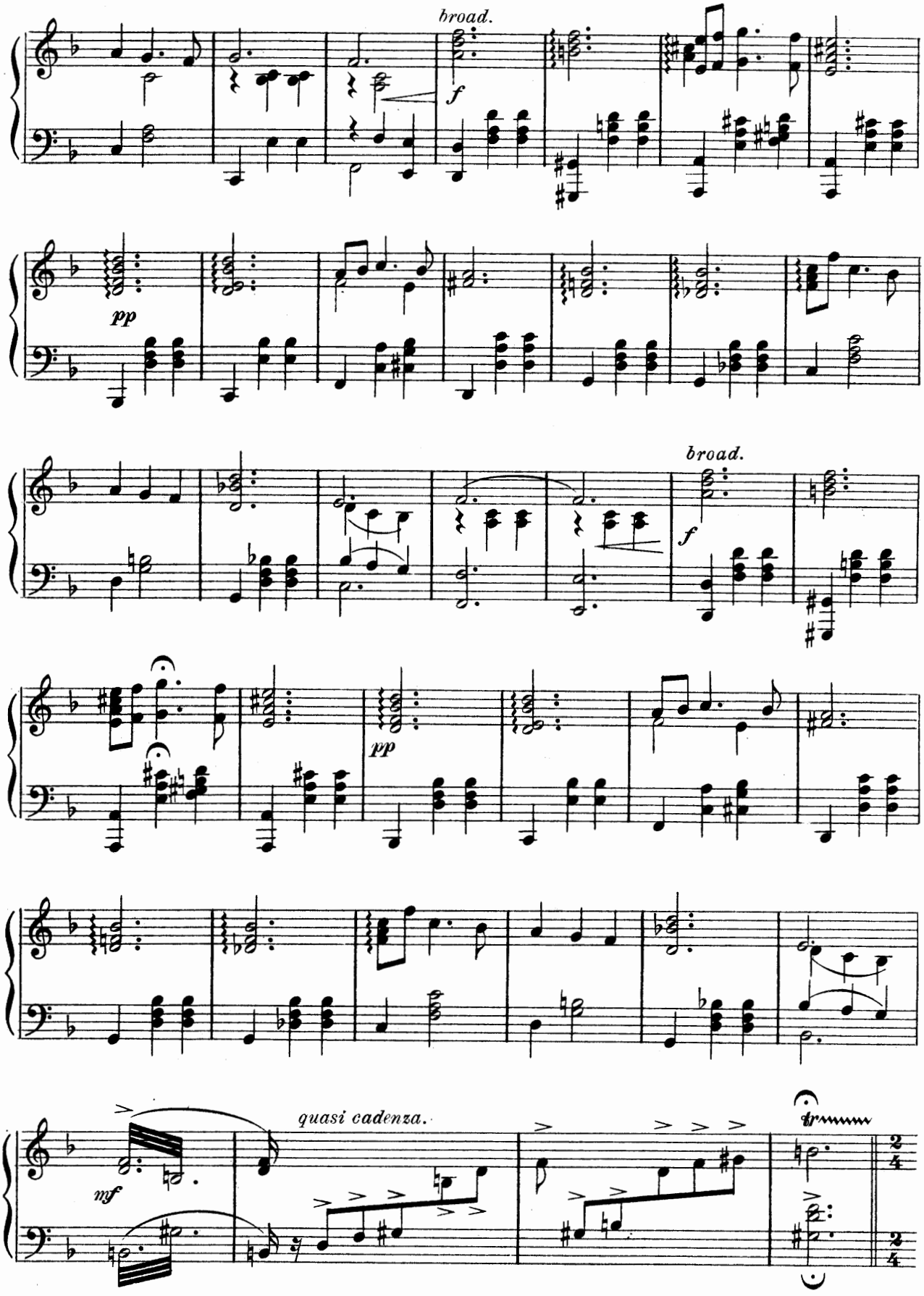
p

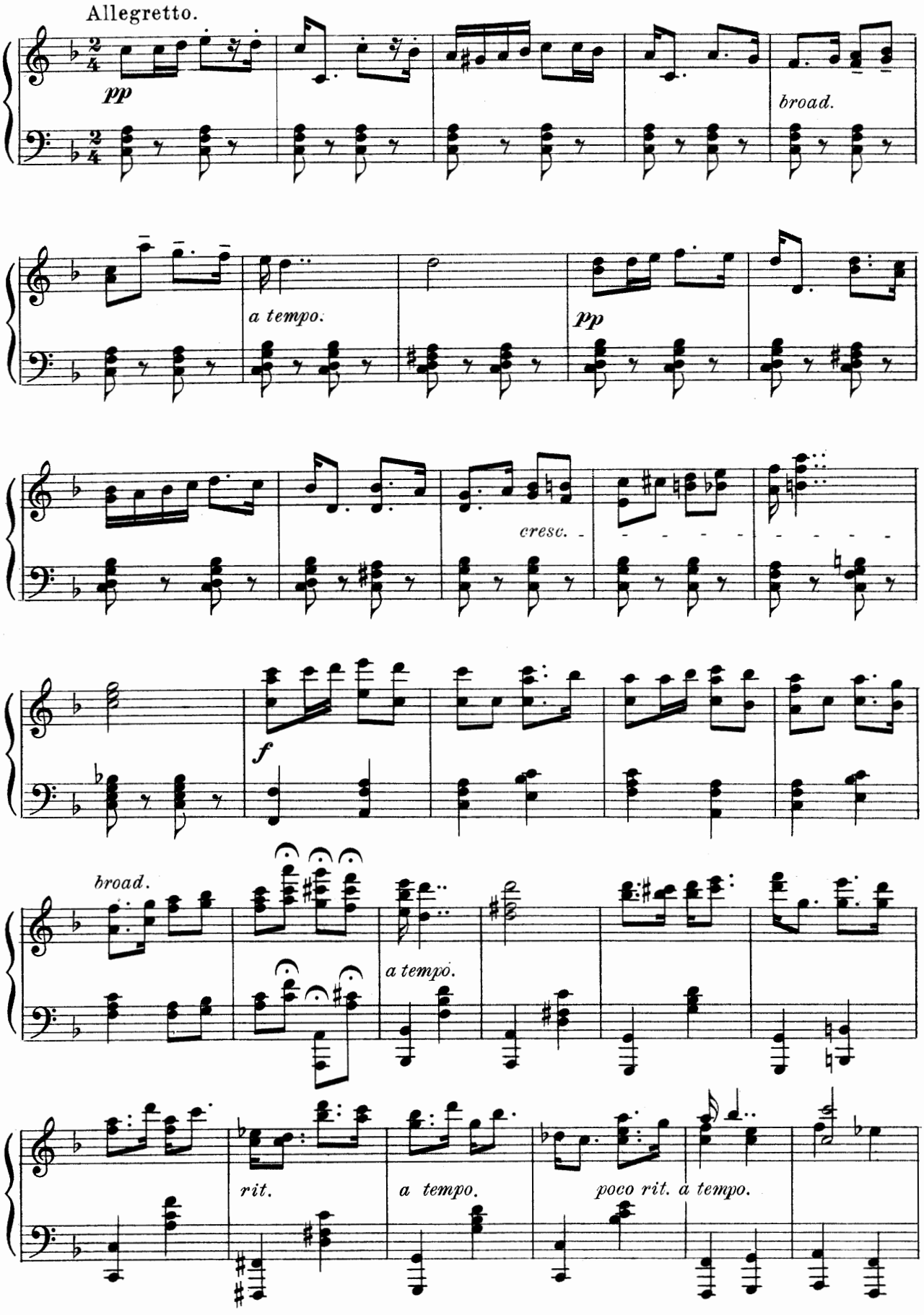
tr

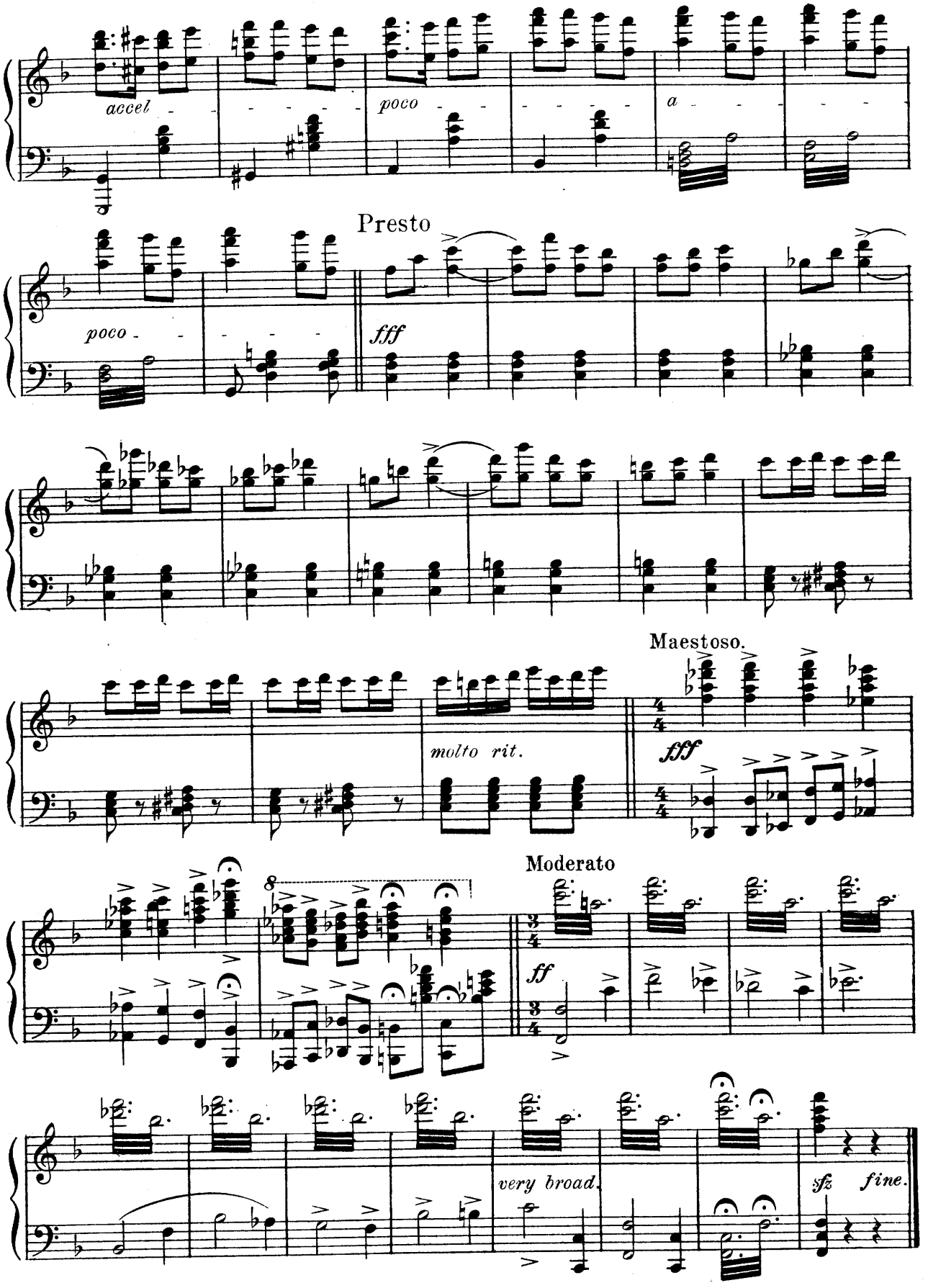
tr

Tempo di Valse lento

p


broad.
f
pp
broad.
f
pp
quasi cadenza.
mf
tr


Allegretto.
pp
broad.
a tempo.
pp
cresc.
f
broad.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
poco rit.
a tempo.


accel
poco
a
Presto
poco
fff
molto rit.
Maestoso.
fff
Moderato
8
ff
very broad.
sfz
fine.

ACT I.

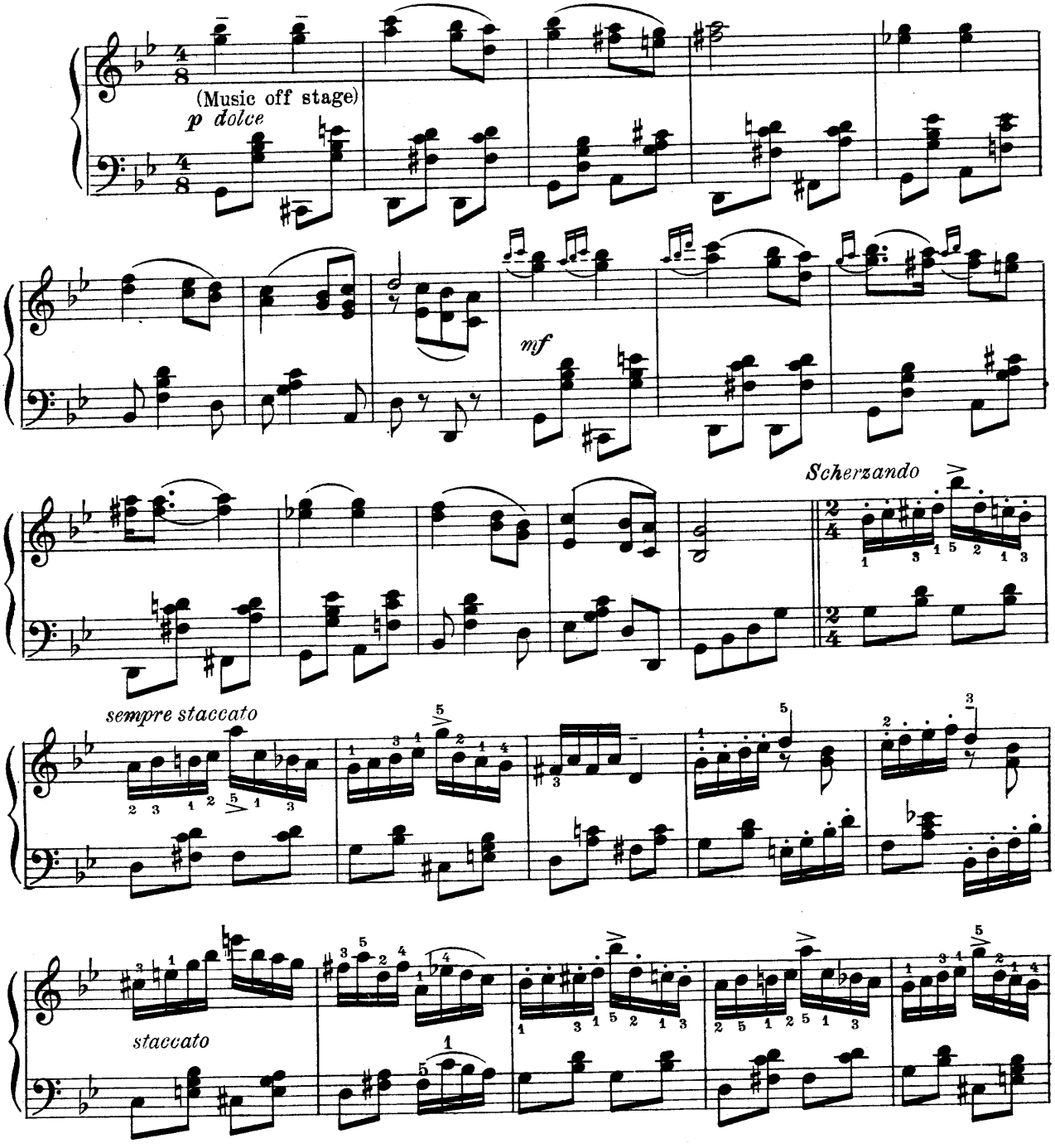
INTRODUCTION AND CHORUS

Stop It, Stop It!

Lyric by
C.C.S.CUSHING
& E.P.HEATH.

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN

Andante



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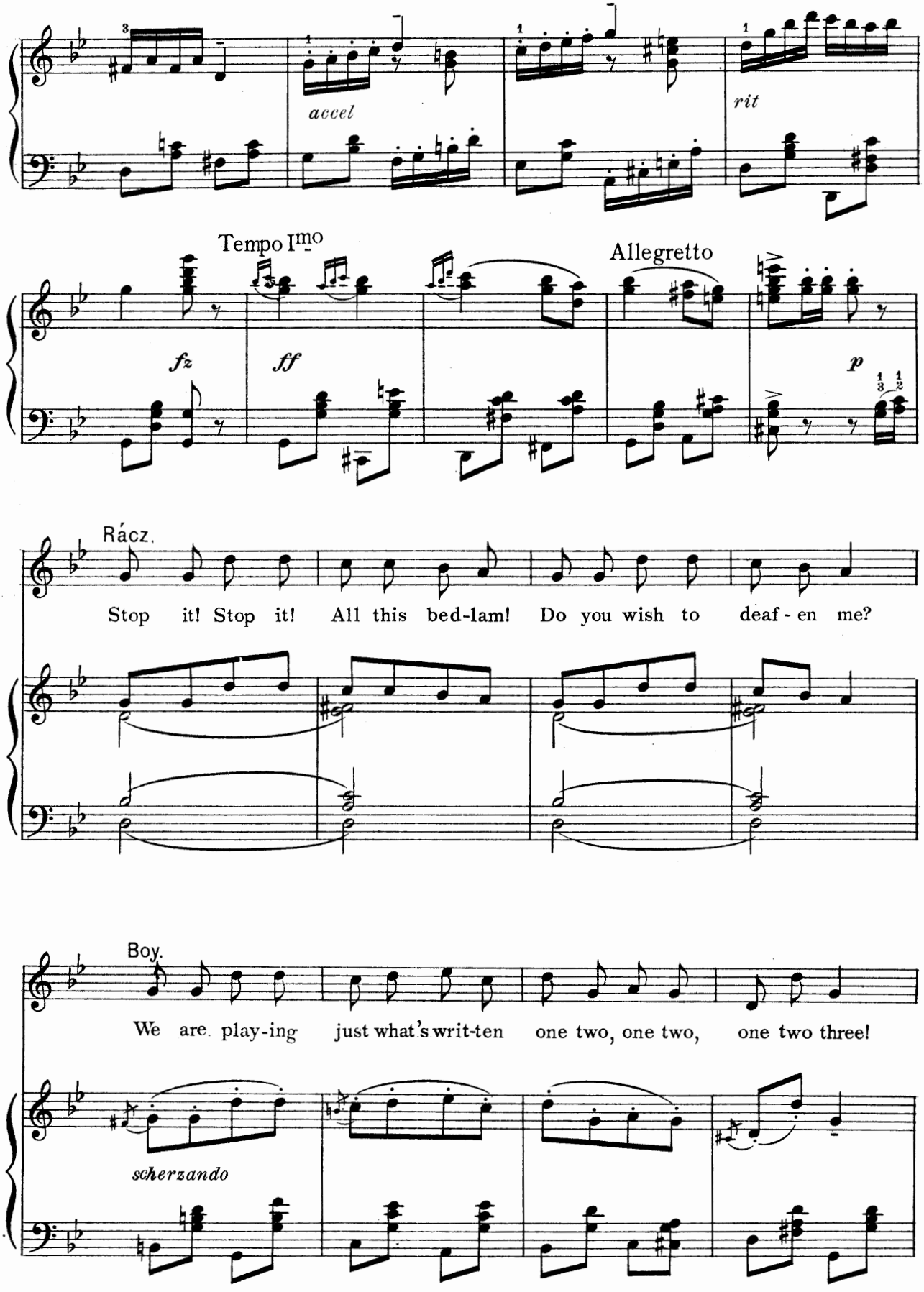
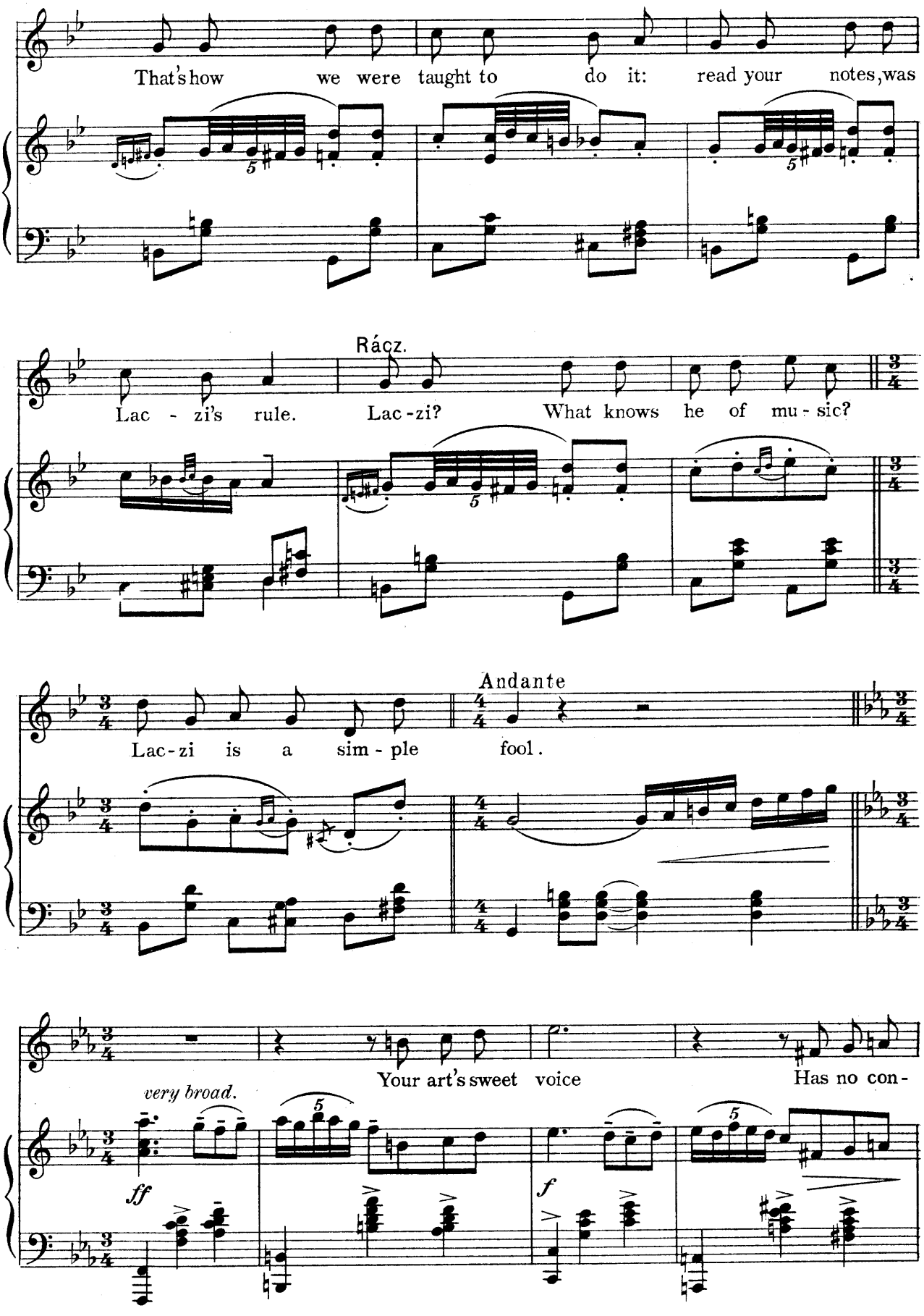
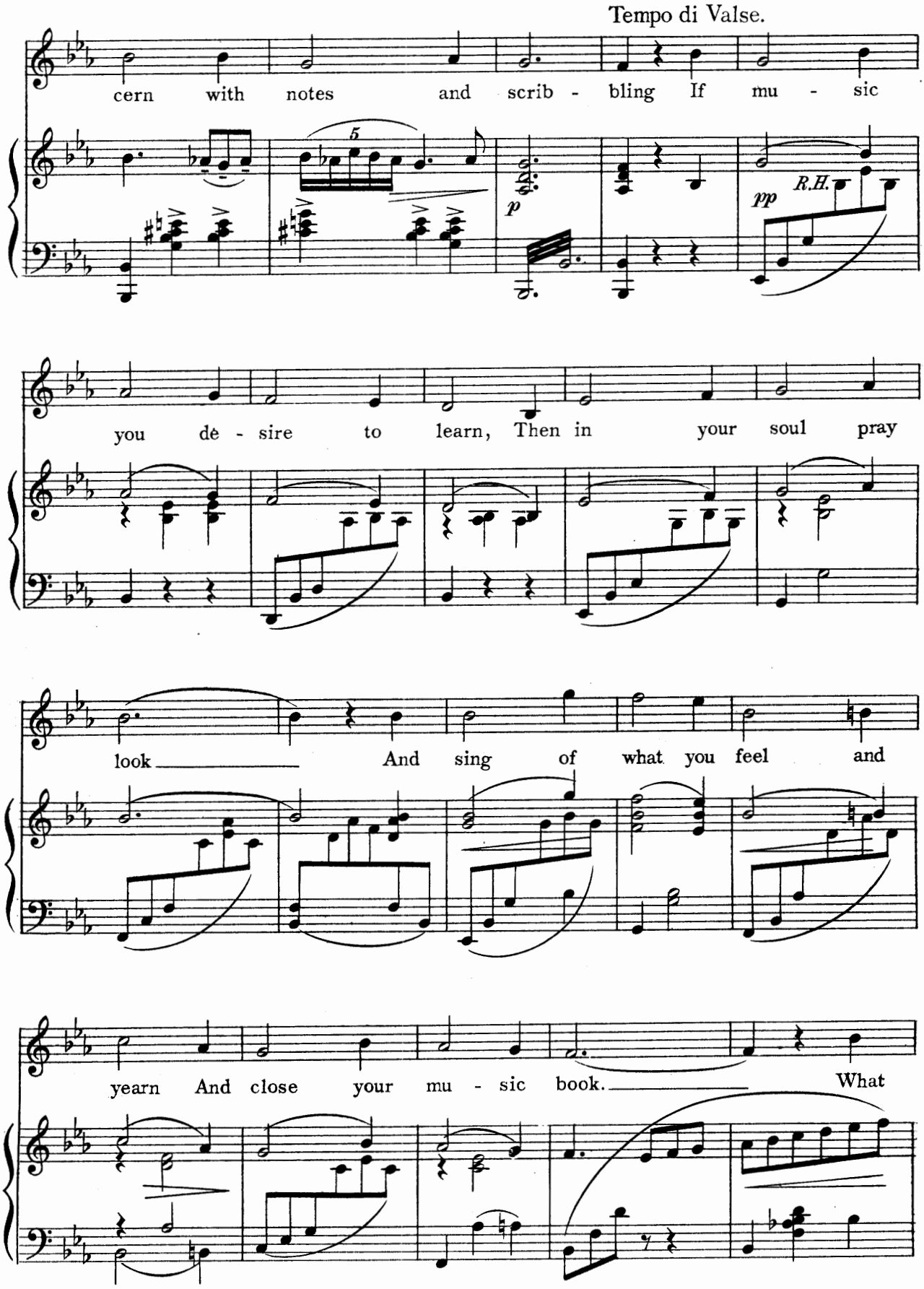
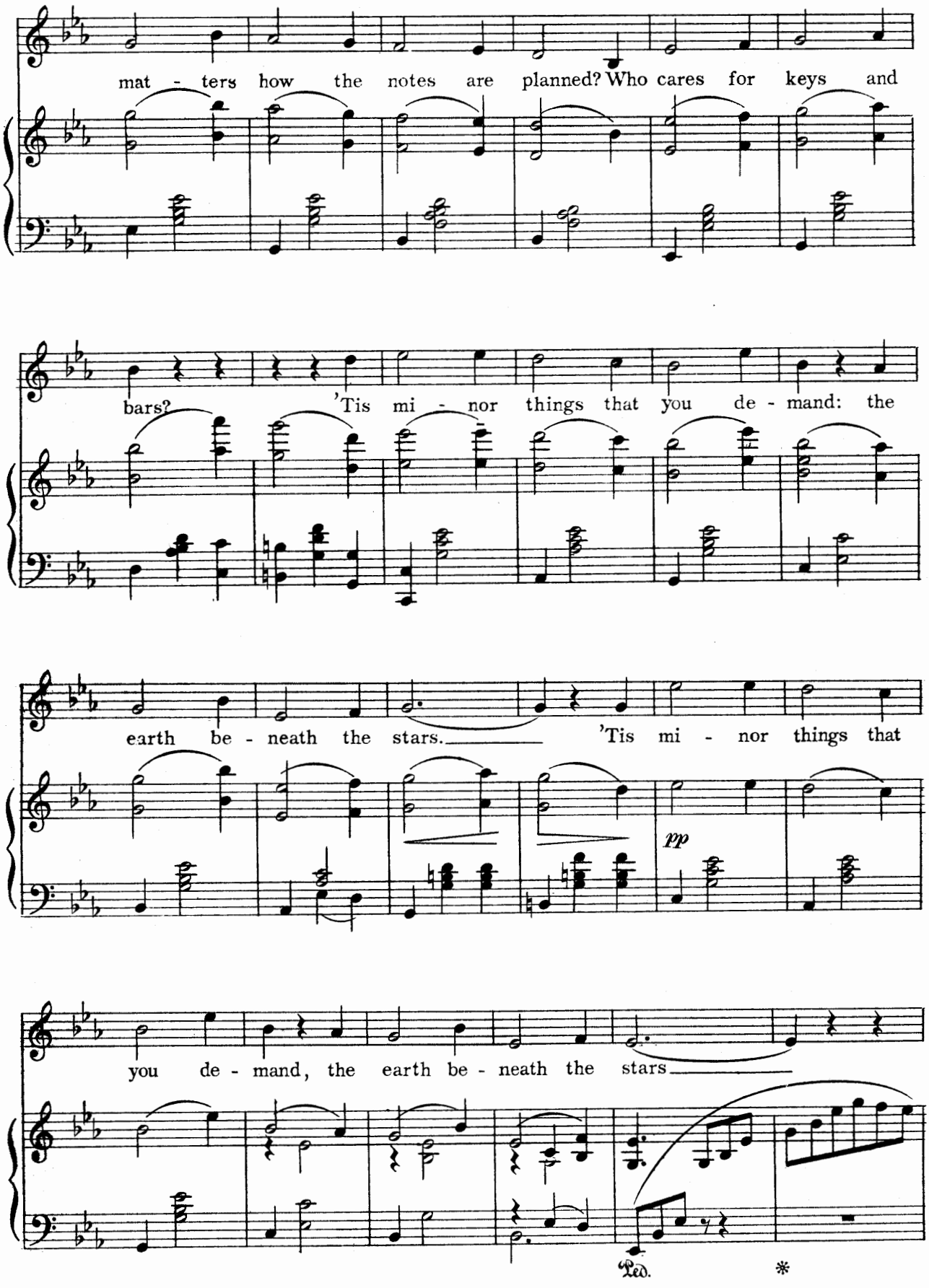
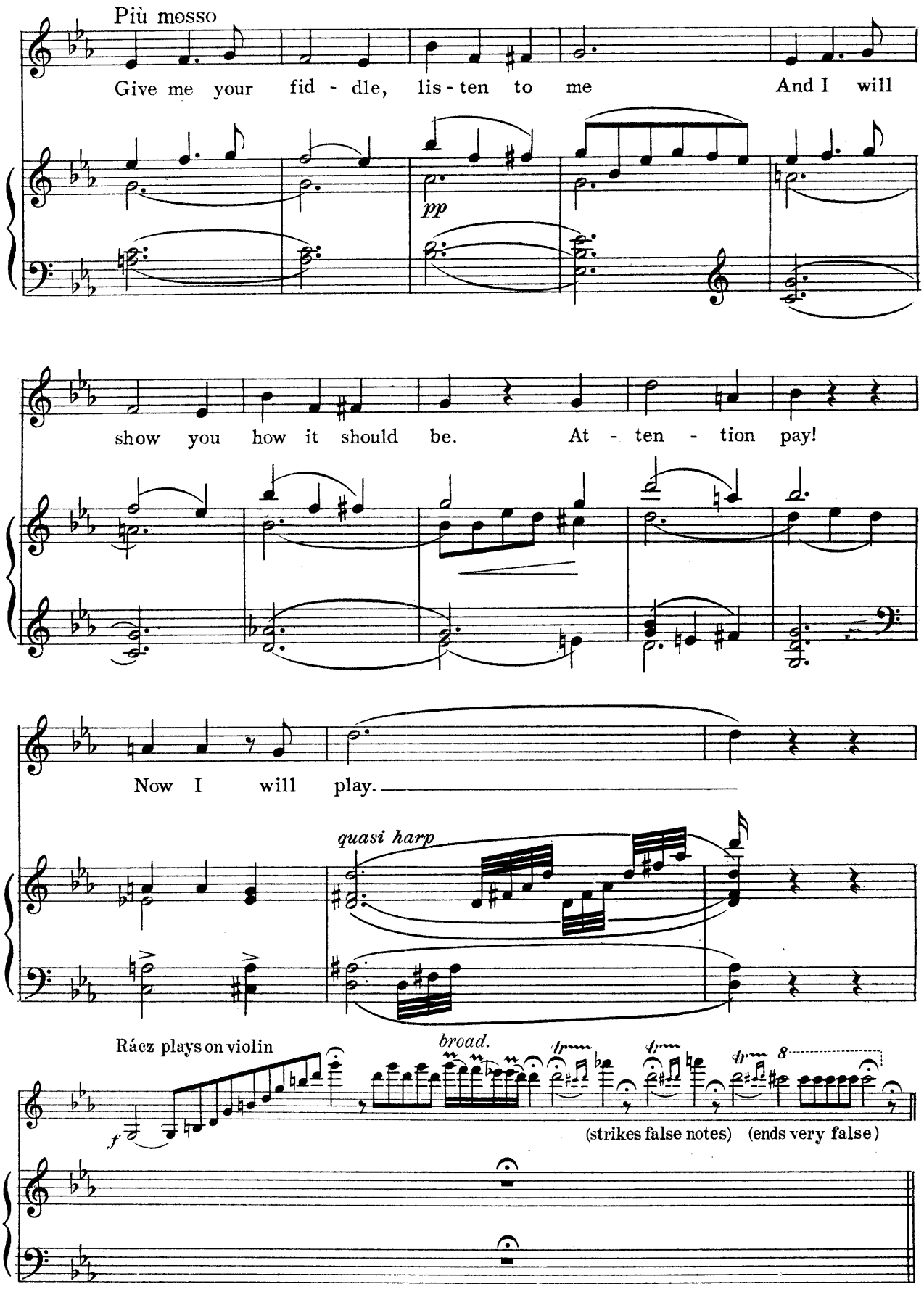
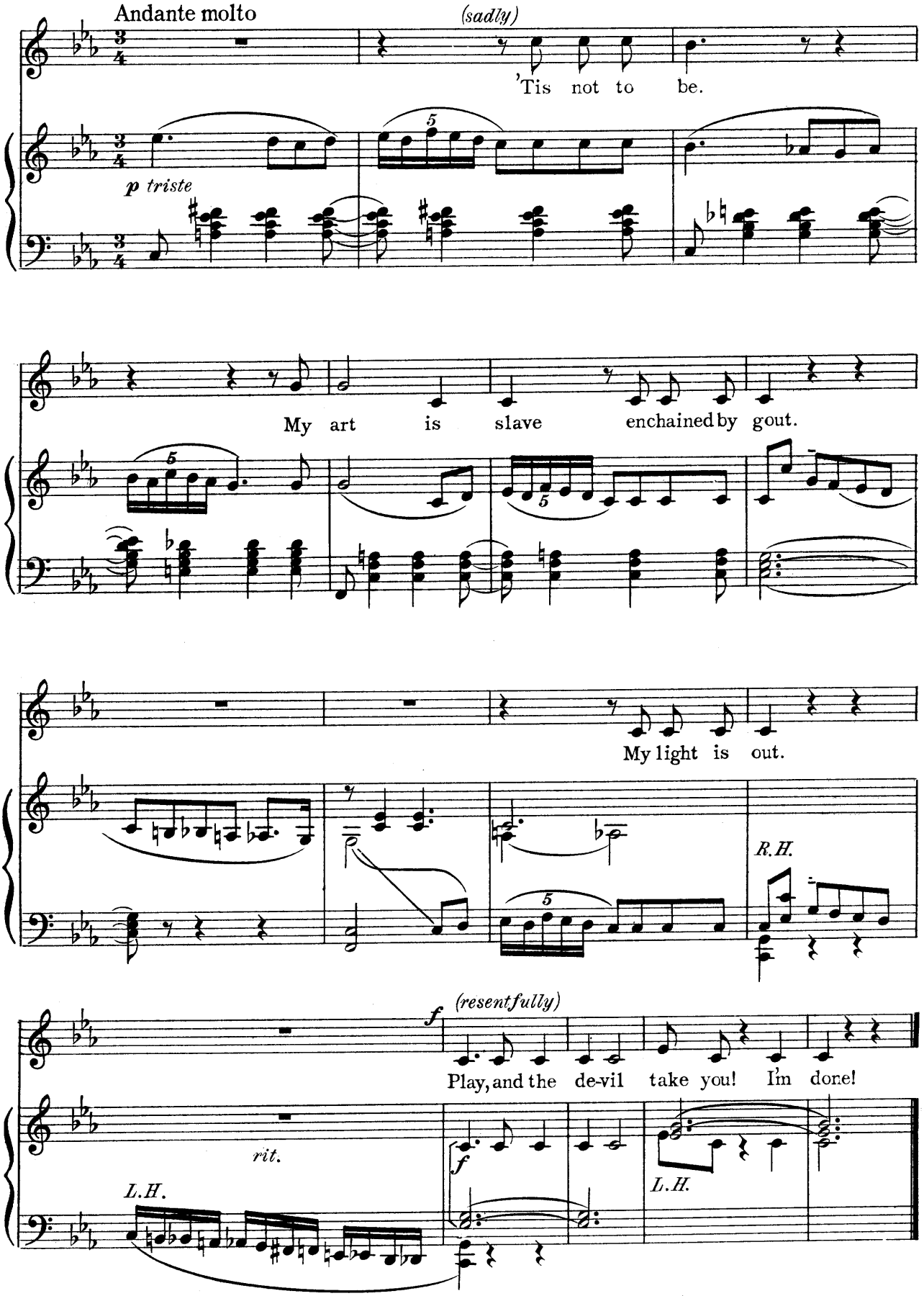

accel
rit
Tempo Imo
Allegretto
fz
ff
p
Rácz.
Stop it! Stop it! All this bed-lam! Do you wish to deaf-en me?
Boy.
We are play-ing just what's writ-ten one two, one two, one two three!
scherzando


That's how we were taught to do it: read your notes, was
Rácz.
Lac - zi's rule. Lac-zi? What knows he of mu - sic?
Andante
Lac-zi is a sim - ple fool.
very broad.
ff
Your art's sweet voice
Has no con-
f


Tempo di Valse.
cern with notes and scrib - bling If mu - sic
p
pp
R.H.
you dè - sire to learn, Then in your soul pray
look And sing of what you feel and
yearn And close your mu - sic book. What


mat - ters how the notes are planned? Who cares for keys and
bars? 'Tis mi - nor things that you de - mand: the
earth be - neath the stars. 'Tis mi - nor things that
pp
you de - mand, the earth be - neath the stars
Ped.
*

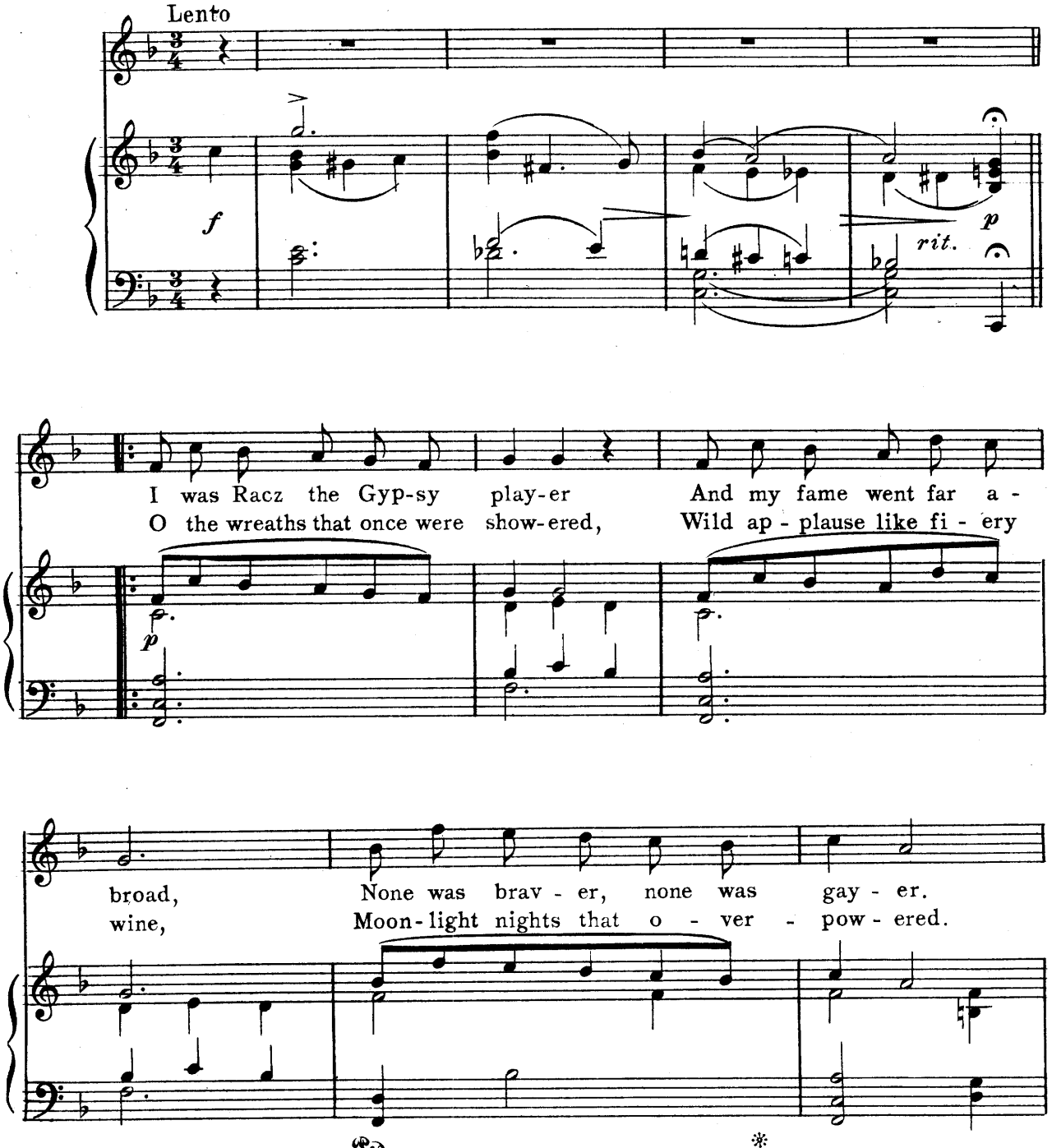

Più mosso
Give me your fid - dle, lis - ten to me And I will
pp
show you how it should be. At - ten - tion pay!
Now I will play.
quasi harp
Rácz plays on violin
broad.
f
(strikes false notes) (ends very false)


Andante molto
(sadly)
'Tis not to be.
p triste
My art is slave enchained by gout.
My light is out.
R.H.
f
(resentfully)
Play, and the de-vil take you! I'm done!
rit.
f
L.H.
L.H.

Time, Oh Time.

Lyric by
C.C.S. CUSHING
& E.P. HEATH.

Music by
E. KALMAN.



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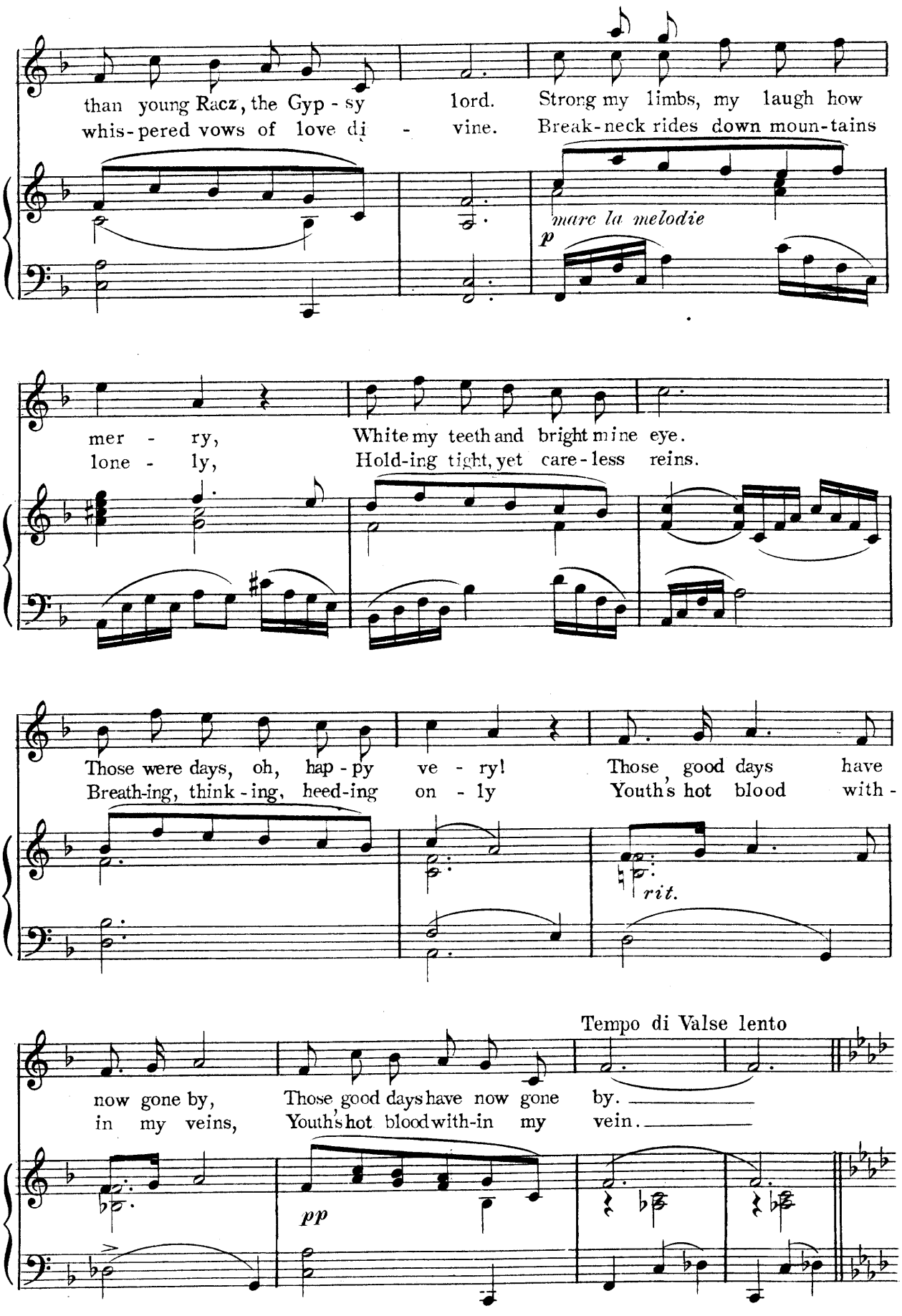
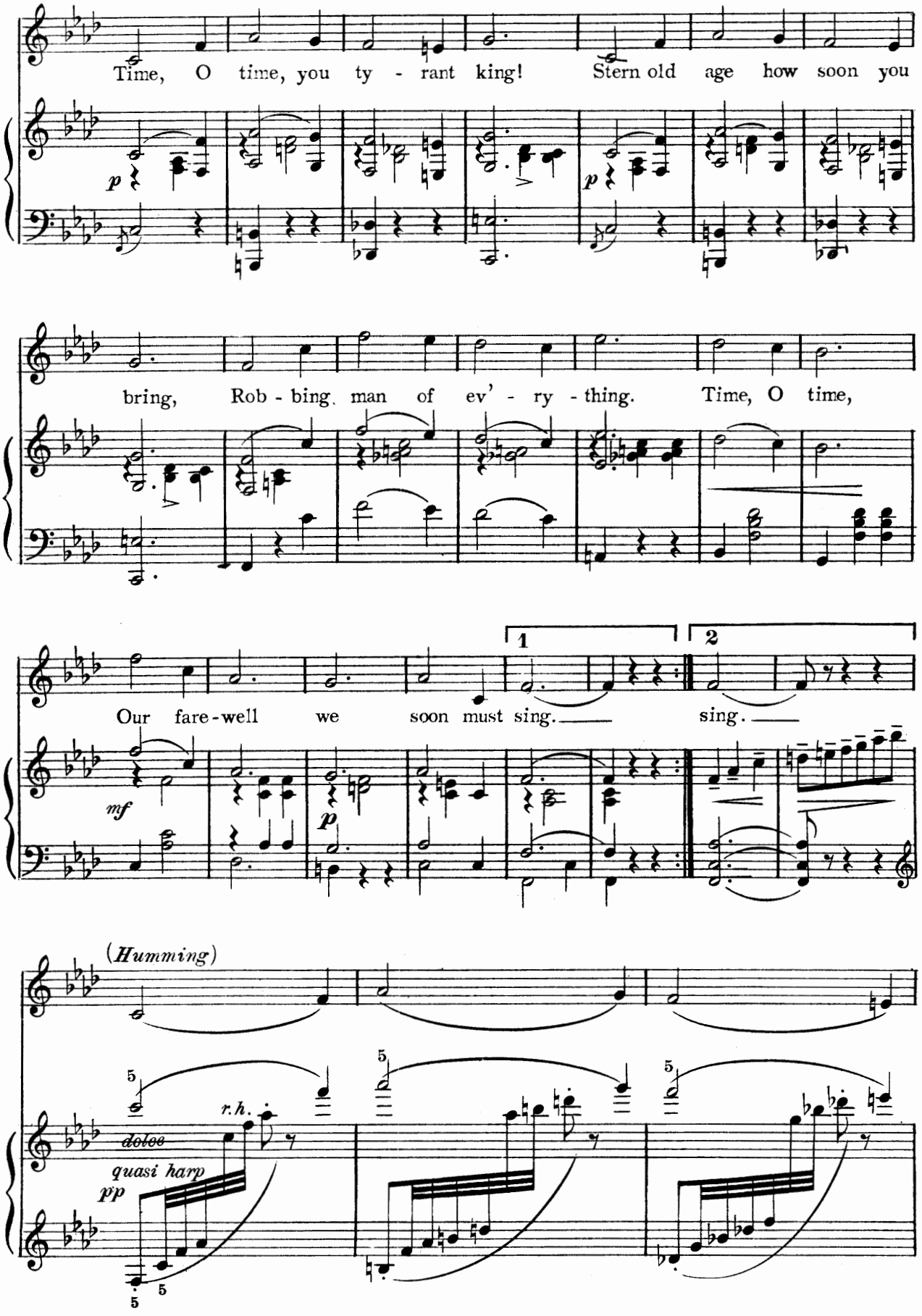
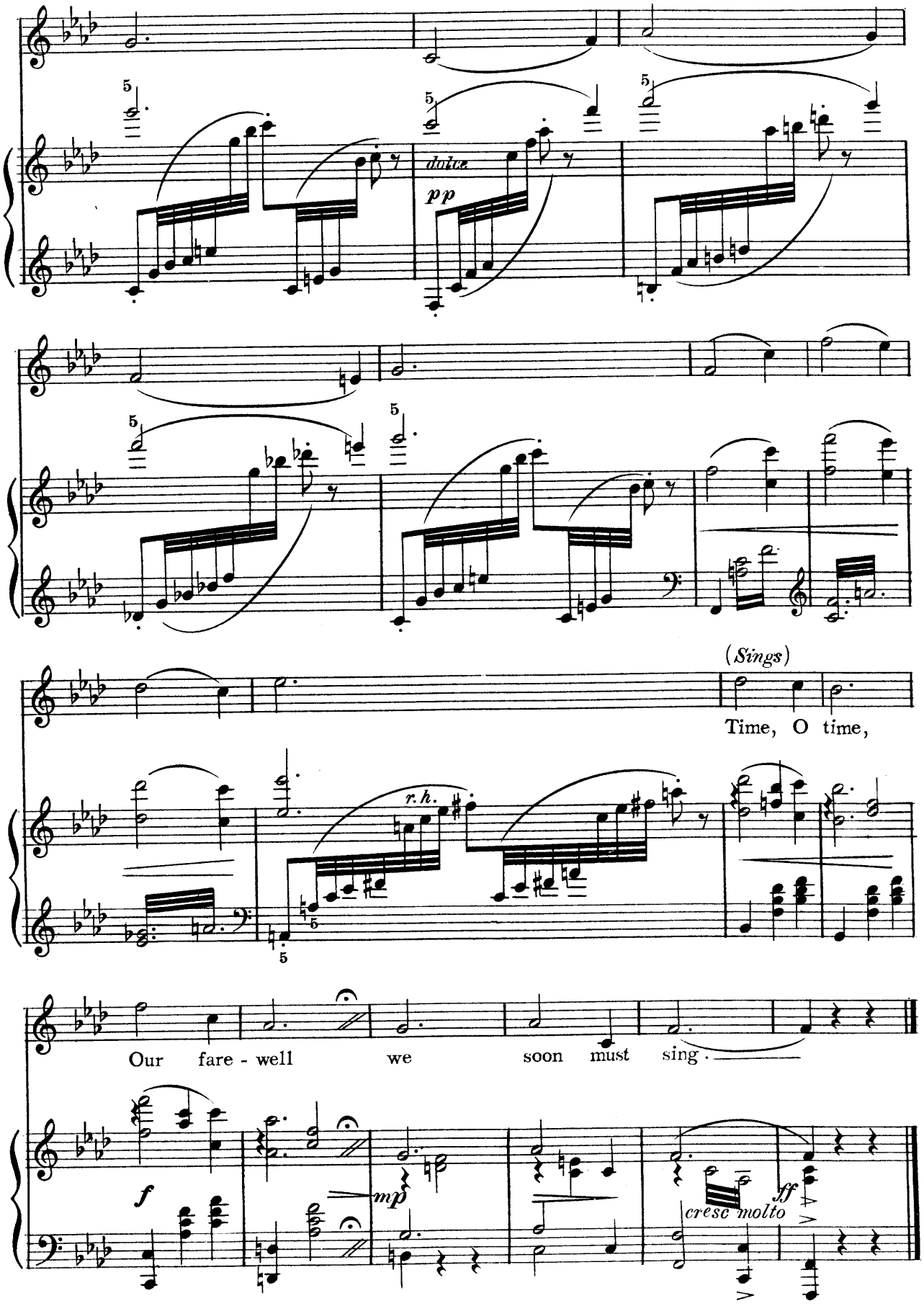

than young Racz, the Gyp - sy lord. Strong my limbs, my laugh how
whis-pered vows of love di - vine. Break-neck rides down moun-tains
marc la melodie
p
mer - ry, White my teeth and bright mine eye.
lone - ly, Hold-ing tight, yet care-less reins.
Those were days, oh, hap - py ve - ry! Those good days have
Breath-ing, think - ing, heed-ing on - ly Youth's hot blood with -
rit.
Tempo di Valse lento
now gone by, Those good days have now gone by.
in my veins, Youth's hot blood with-in my vein.
pp


Time, O time, you ty - rant king! Stern old age how soon you
p
p
bring, Rob - bing man of ev' - ry - thing. Time, O time,
1
2
Our fare - well we soon must sing. sing.
mf
p
(Humming)
r.h.
dolce
quasi harp
pp

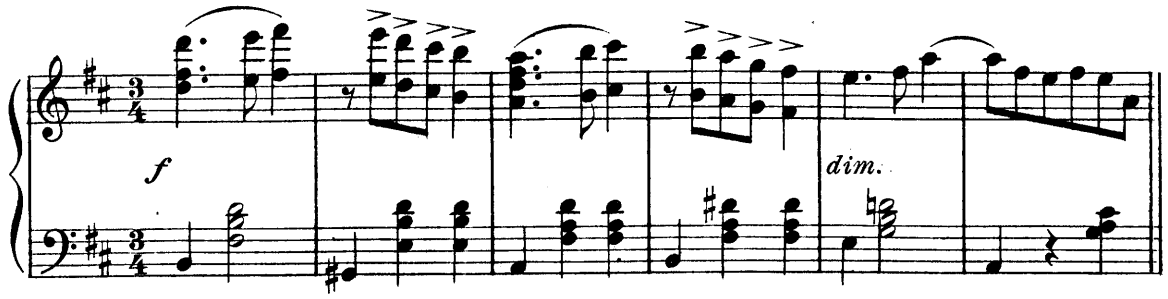

dulce
pp
(Sings)
Time, O time,
r.h.
Our fare - well we soon must sing.
f
mp
cresc molto
ff

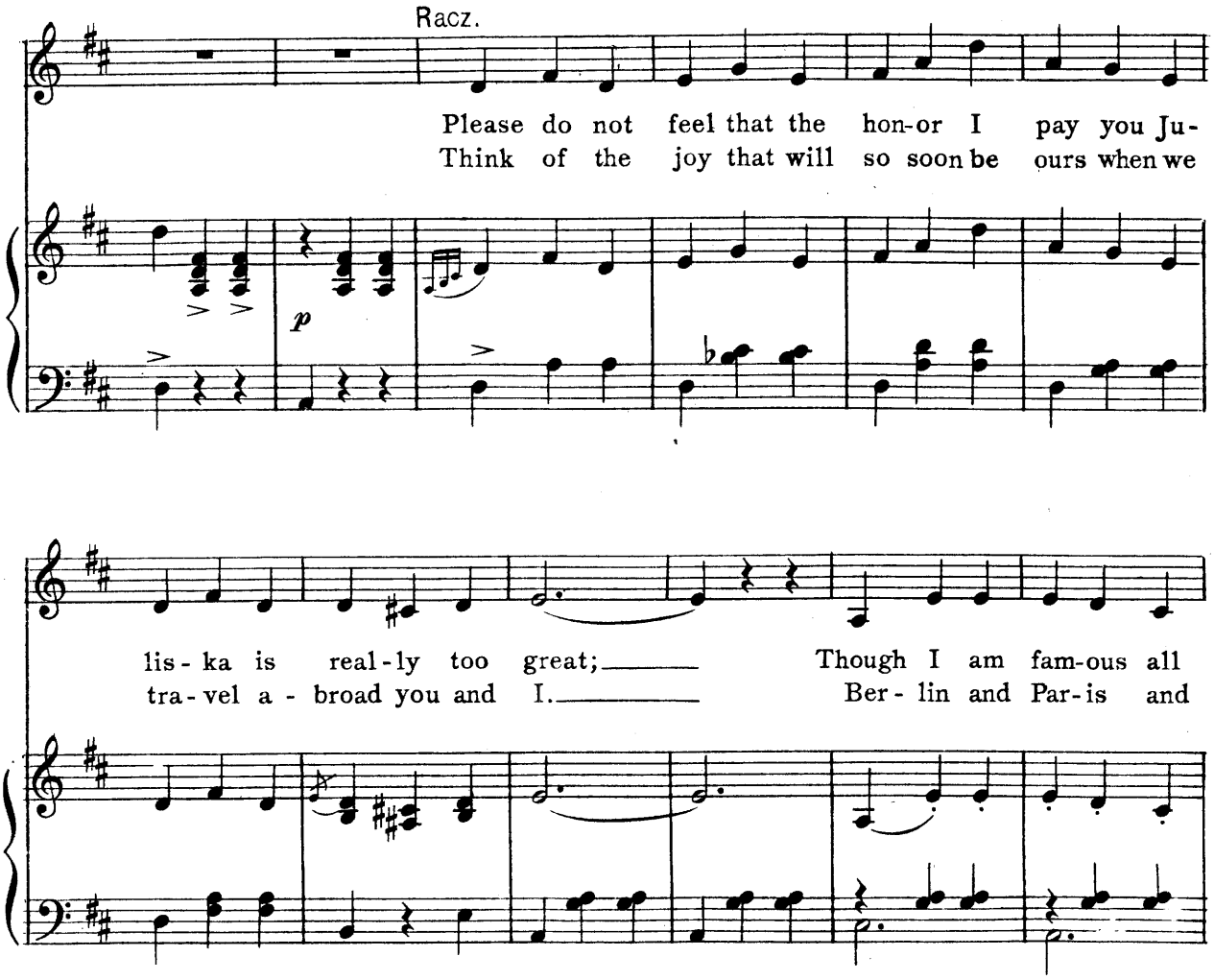
Marry Me.

(Racz & Juliska.)

Lyric by
C.C.S. CUSHING
& E.P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.





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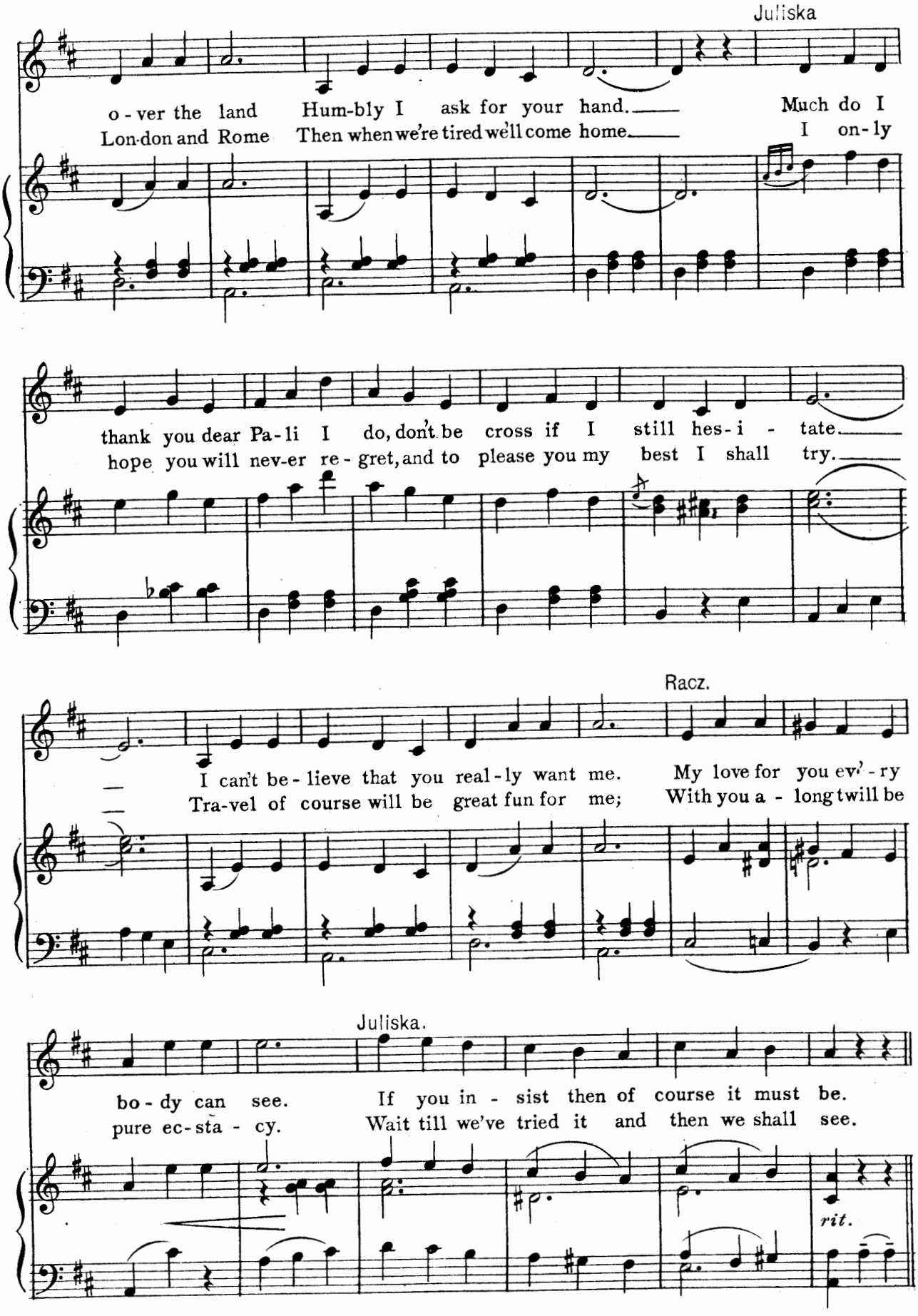
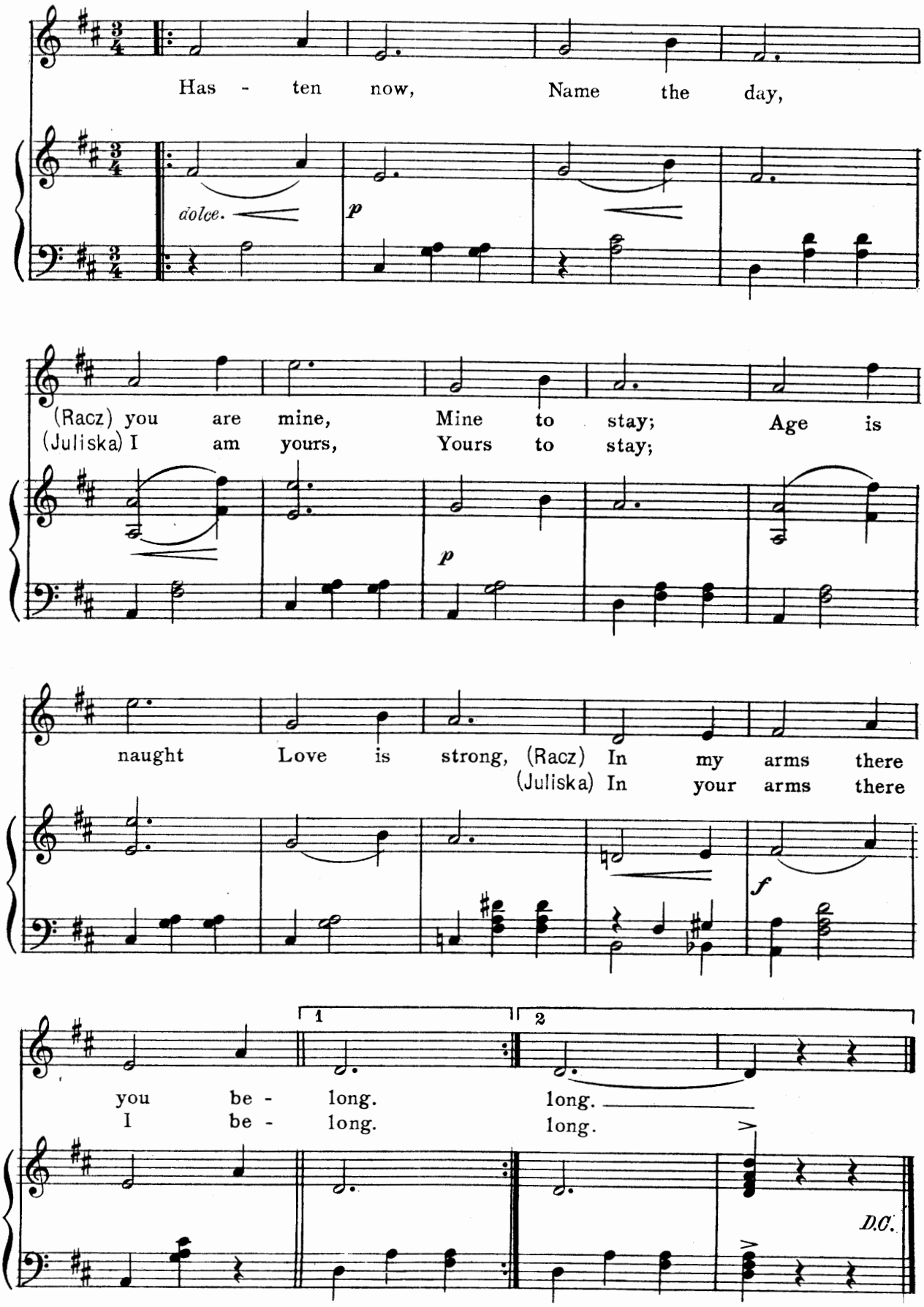
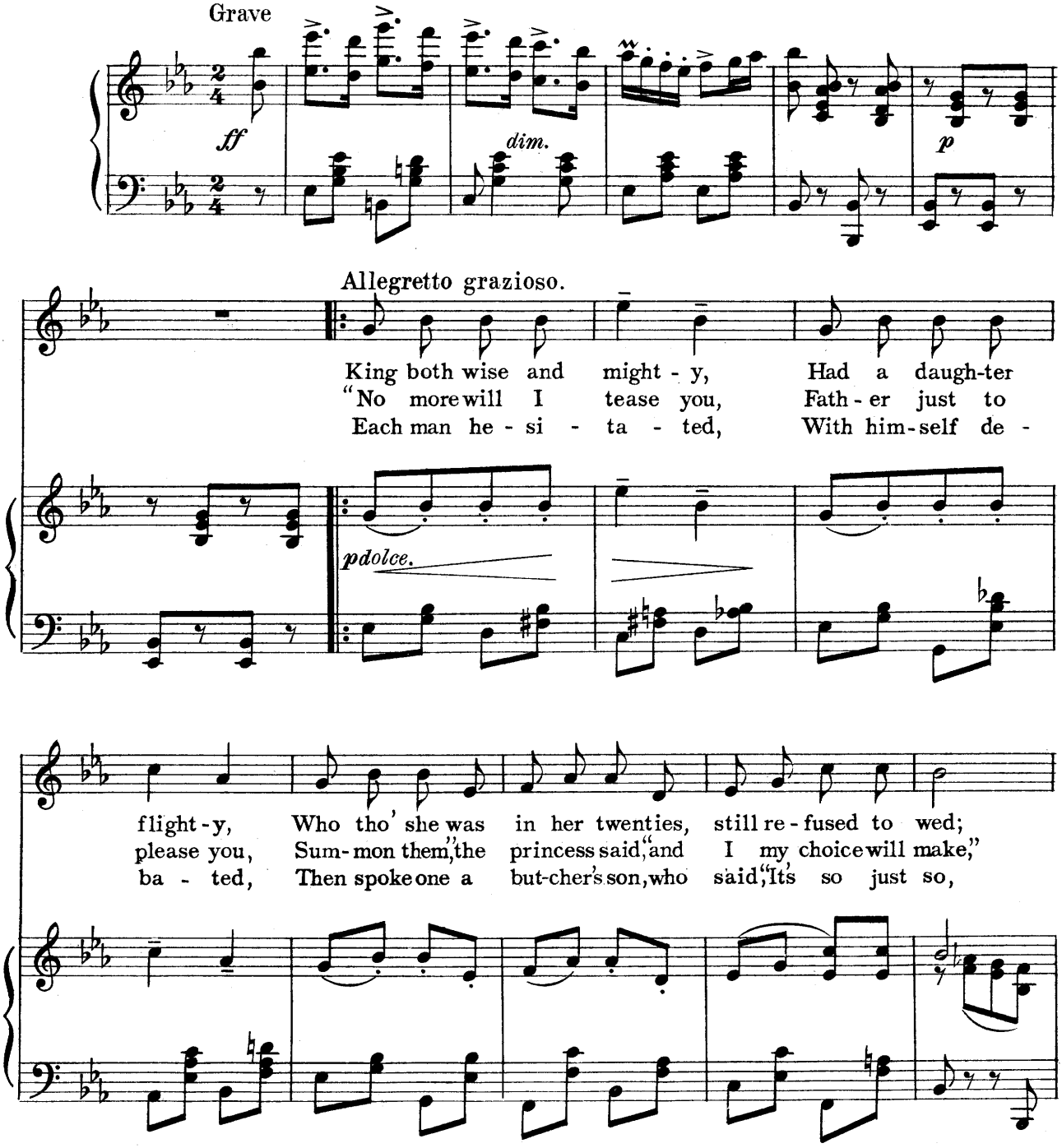

Juliska
o - ver the land Hum-bly I ask for your hand. Much do I
Lon-don and Rome Then when we're tired we'll come home. I on - ly
thank you dear Pa-li I do, don't be cross if I still hes-i - tate.
hope you will nev-er re - gret, and to please you my best I shall try.
Racz.
I can't be - lieve that you real - ly want me. My love for you ev'-ry
Tra-vel of course will be great fun for me; With you a - long twill be
Juliska.
bo - dy can see. If you in - sist then of course it must be.
pure ec-sta - cy. Wait till we've tried it and then we shall see.
rit.


Has - ten now, Name the day,
dolce.
p
(Racz) you are mine, Mine to stay; Age is
(Juliska) I am yours, Yours to stay;
p
naught Love is strong, (Racz) In my arms there
(Juliska) In your arms there
f
1
2
you be - long. long.
I be - long. long.
D.C.

Pick A Husband

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN



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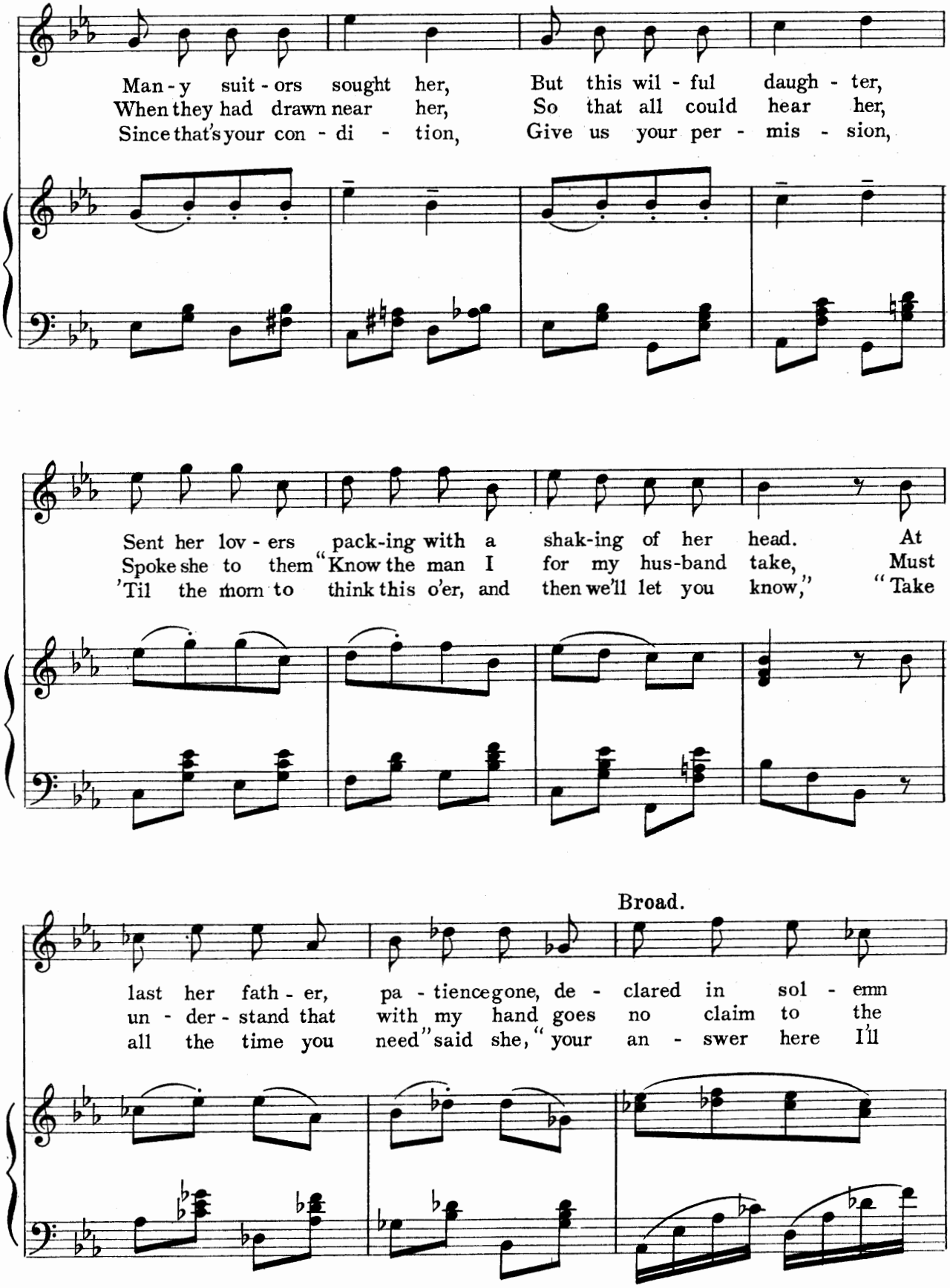
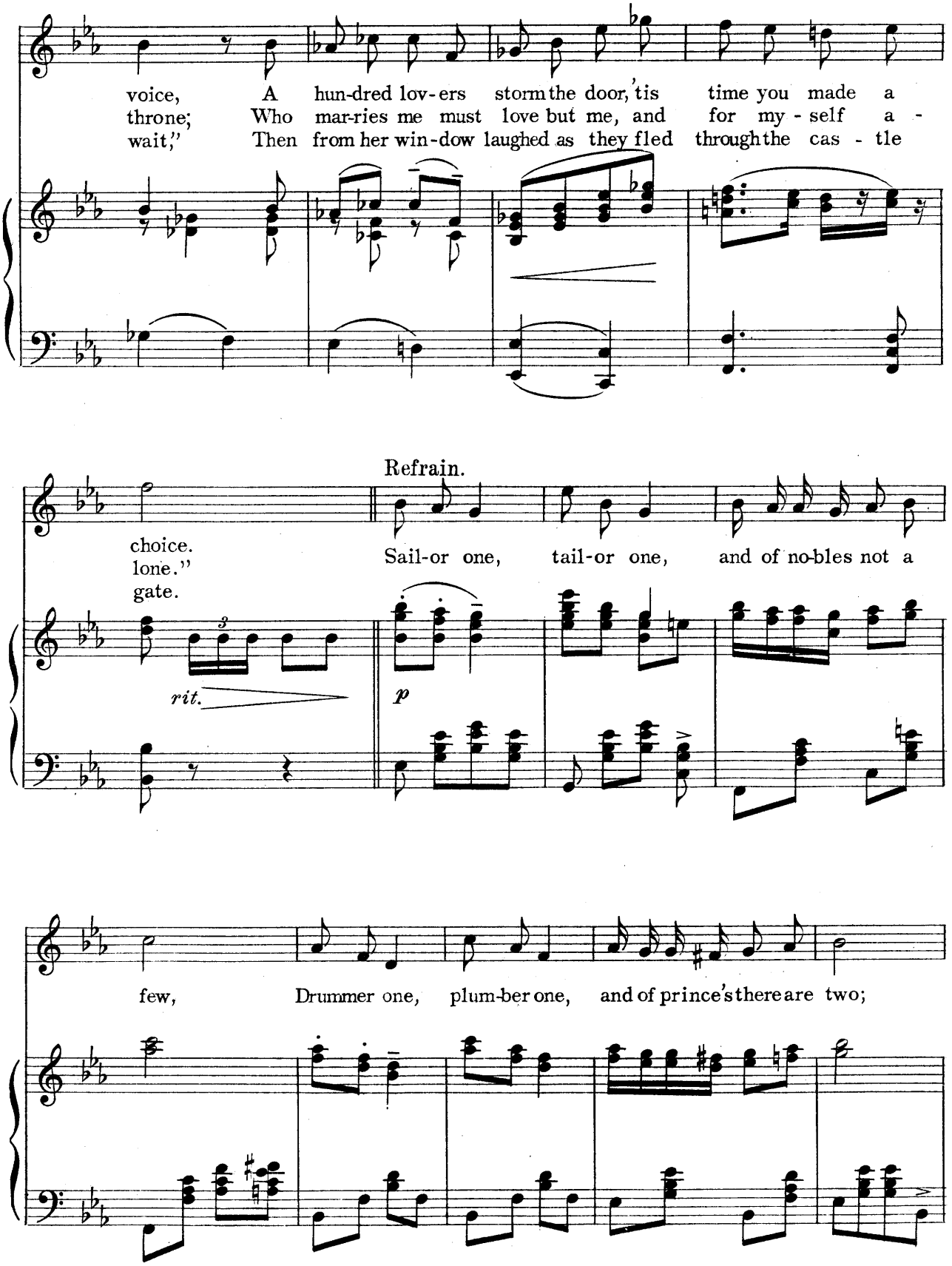
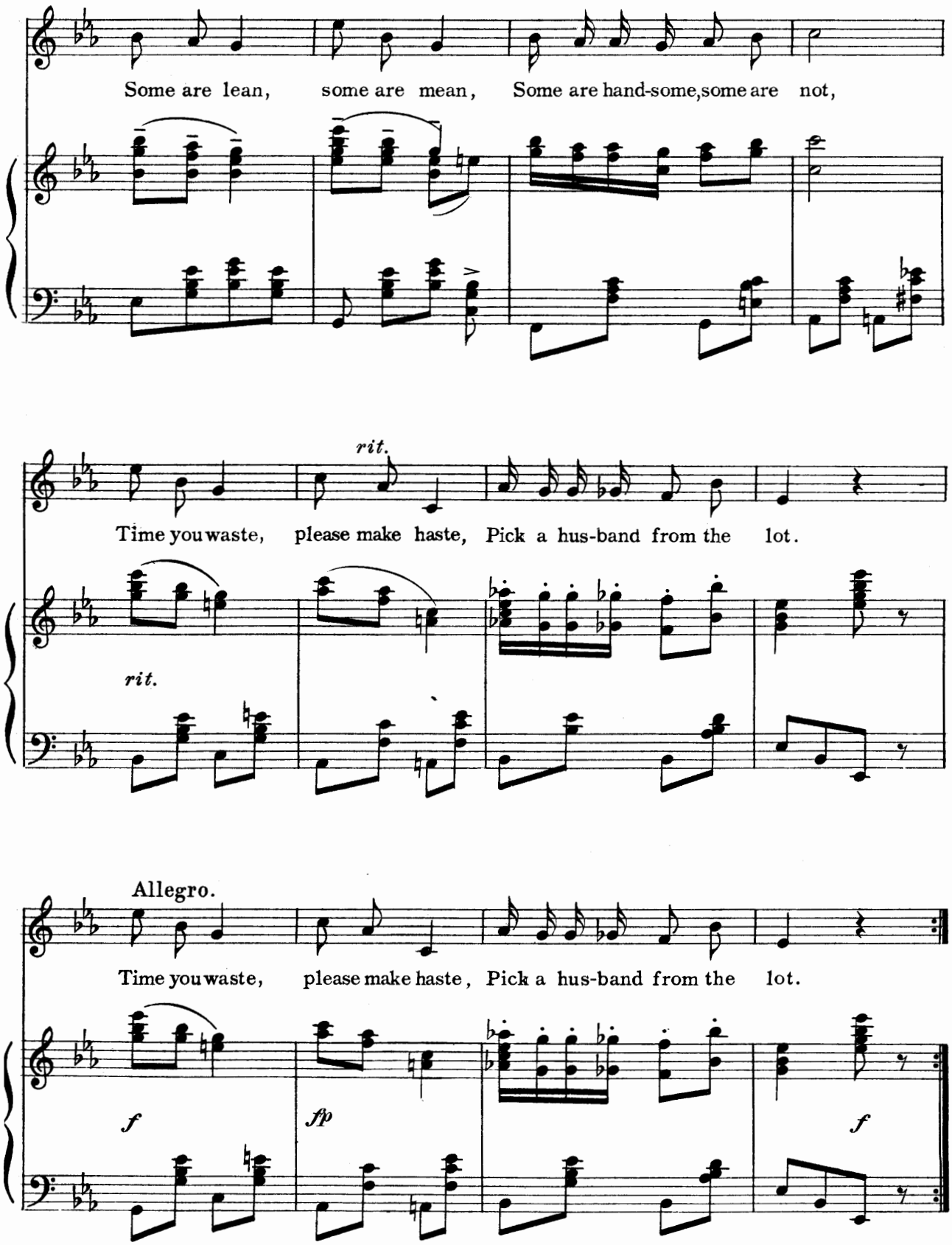

Man - y suit - ors sought her, But this wil - ful daugh - ter,
When they had drawn near her, So that all could hear her,
Since that's your con - di - tion, Give us your per - mis - sion,
Sent her lov - ers pack-ing with a shak-ing of her head. At
Spoke she to them "Know the man I for my hus-band take, Must
'Til the morn to think this o'er, and then we'll let you know," "Take
Broad.
last her fath - er, pa - tience gone, de - clared in sol - emn
un - der - stand that with my hand goes no claim to the
all the time you need" said she, "your an - swer here I'll


voice, A hun-dred lov-ers storm the door, 'tis time you made a
throne; Who mar-ries me must love but me, and for my - self a -
wait," Then from her win-dow laughed as they fled through the cas - tle
Refrain.
choice.
lone."
gate.
Sail-or one, tail-or one, and of no-bles not a
rit.
p
few, Drummer one, plum-ber one, and of prince's there are two;

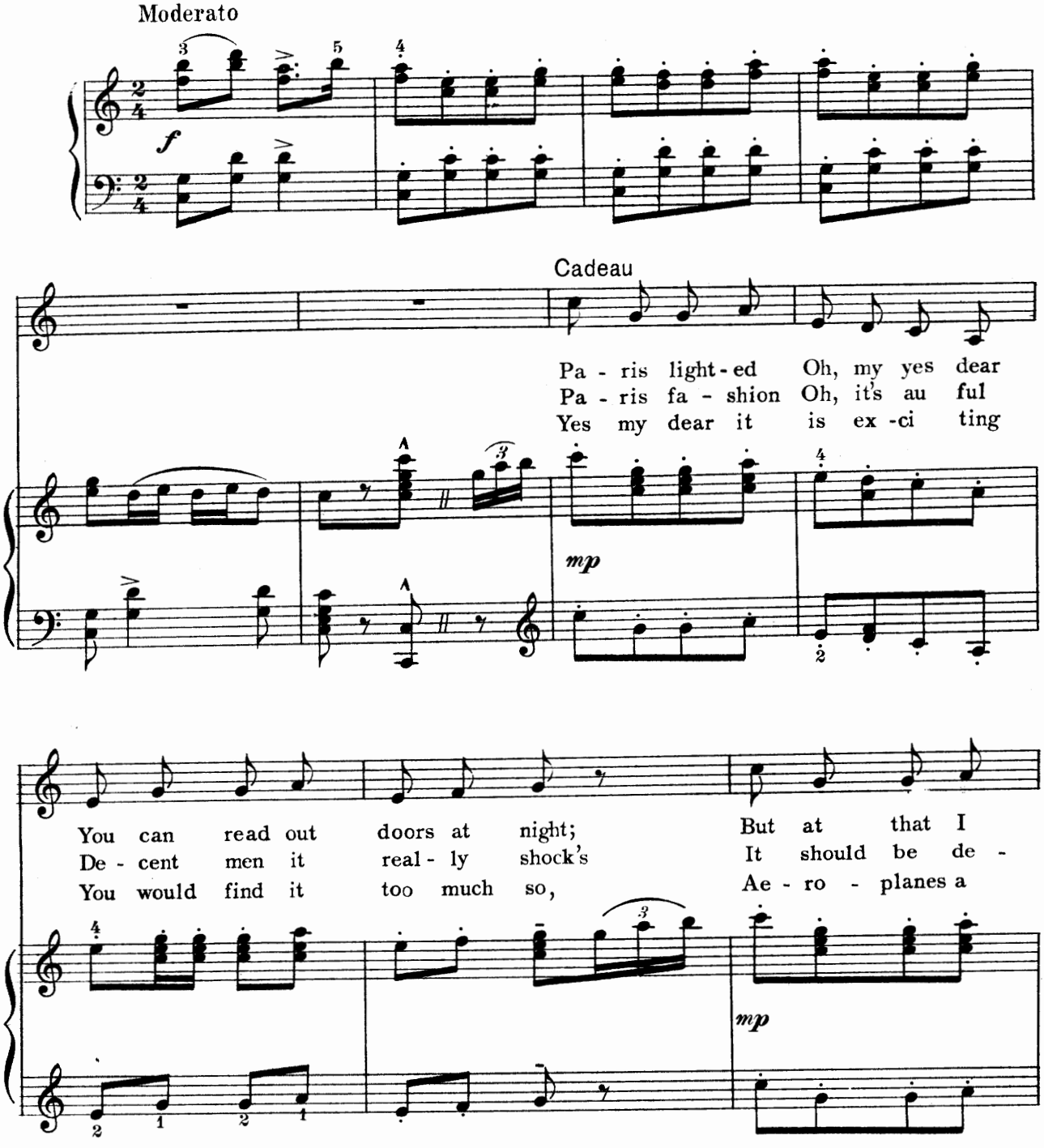

Some are lean, some are mean, Some are hand-some, some are not,
rit.
Time you waste, please make haste, Pick a hus-band from the lot.
rit.
Allegro.
Time you waste, please make haste, Pick a hus-band from the lot.
f
fp
f

Paris.

CADEAU and CHORUS

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN



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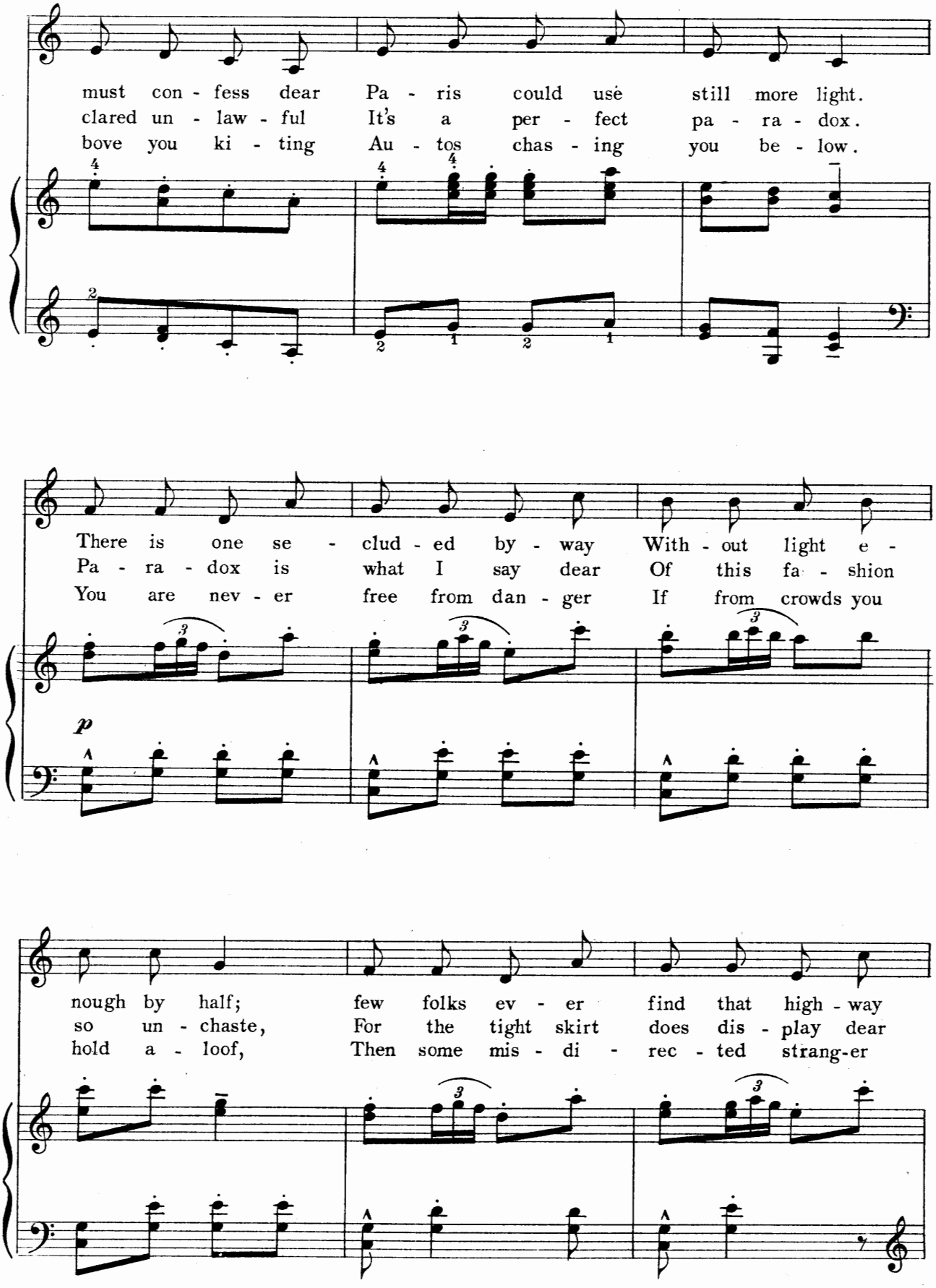
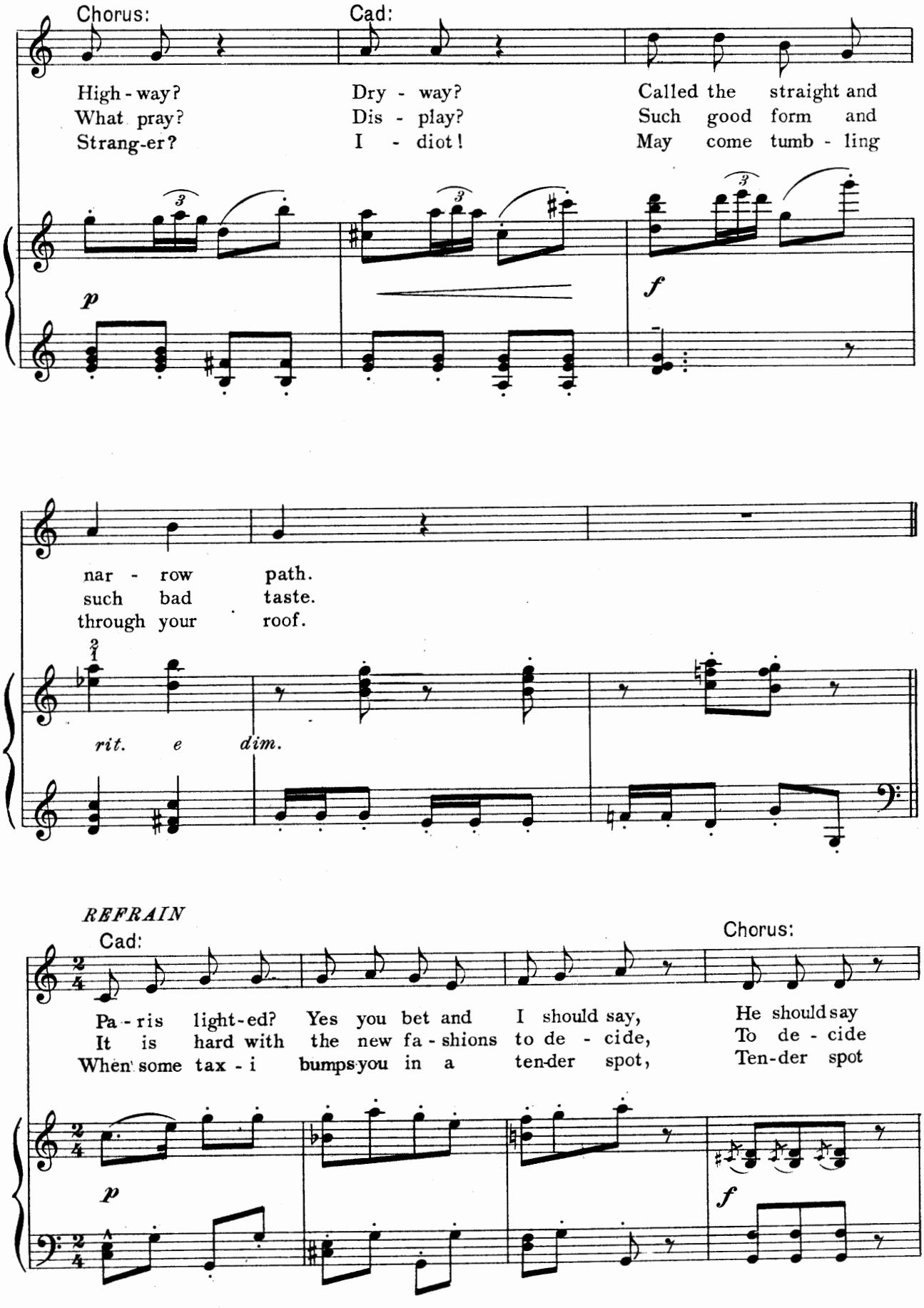
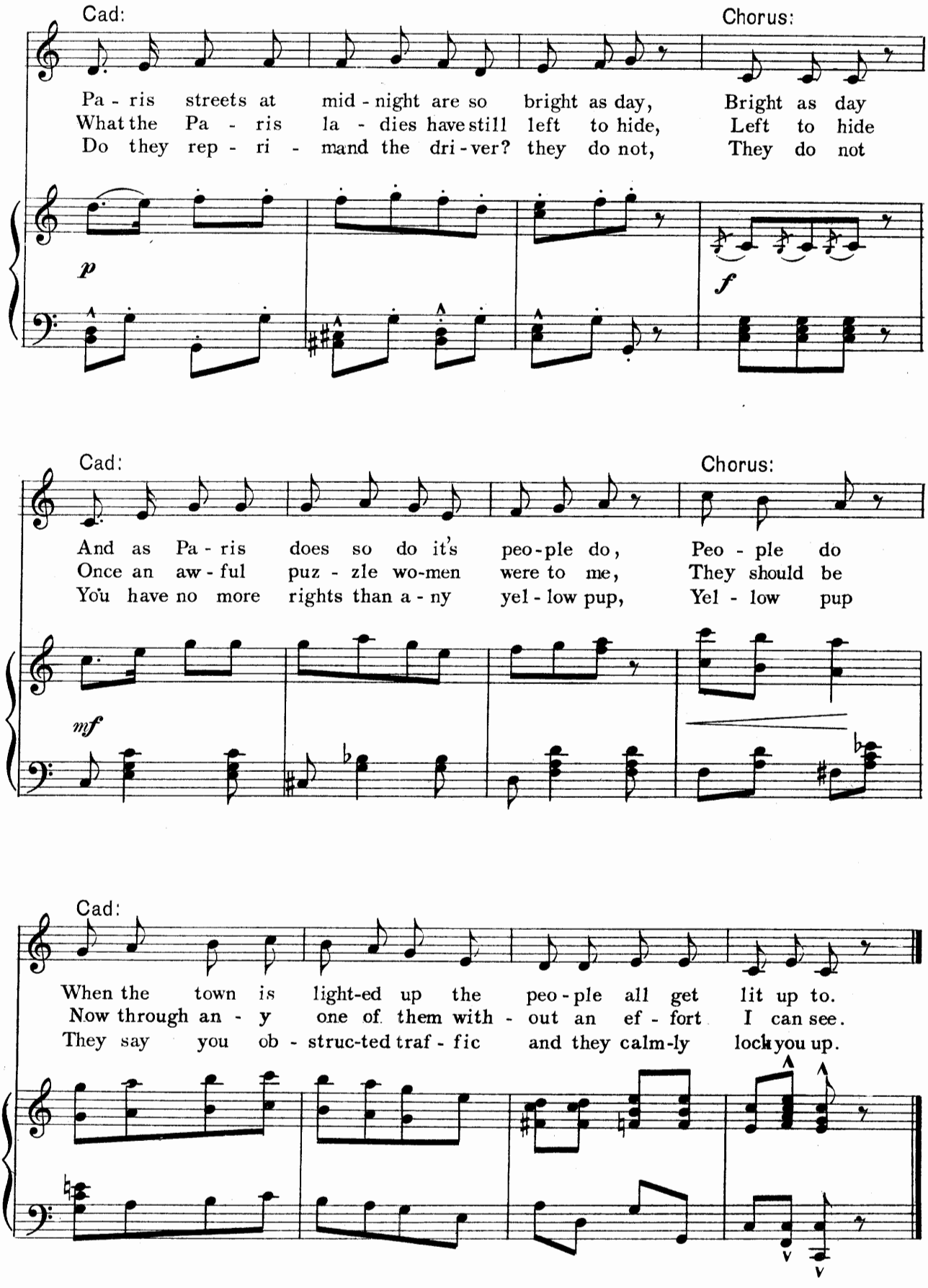

must con - fess dear Pa - ris could usè still more light.
clared un - law - ful It's a per - fect pa - ra - dox.
bove you ki - ting Au - tos chas - ing you be - low.
There is one se - clud - ed by - way With - out light e -
Pa - ra - dox is what I say dear Of this fa - shion
You are nev - er free from dan - ger If from crowds you
p
nough by half; few folks ev - er find that high - way
so un - chaste, For the tight skirt does dis - play dear
hold a - loof, Then some mis - di - rec - ted strang-er


Chorus:
Cad:
High - way?
What pray?
Strang-er?
Dry - way?
Dis - play?
I - diot!
Called the straight and
Such good form and
May come tumb - ling
p
f
nar - row path.
such bad taste.
through your roof.
rit. e dim.
REFRAIN
Cad:
Chorus:
Pa - ris light-ed? Yes you bet and I should say,
It is hard with the new fa - shions to de - cide,
When some tax - i bumps you in a ten-der spot,
He should say
To de - cide
Ten-der spot
p
f

79562


Cad:
Chorus:
Pa - ris streets at mid - night are so bright as day, Bright as day
What the Pa - ris la - dies have still left to hide, Left to hide
Do they rep - ri - mand the dri - ver? they do not, They do not
p
f
Cad:
Chorus:
And as Pa - ris does so do it's peo - ple do, Peo - ple do
Once an aw - ful puz - zle wo - men were to me, They should be
You have no more rights than a - ny yel - low pup, Yel - low pup
mf
Cad:
When the town is light-ed up the peo - ple all get lit up to.
Now through an - y one of them with - out an ef - fort I can see.
They say you ob - struc-ted traf - fic and they calm-ly lock you up.

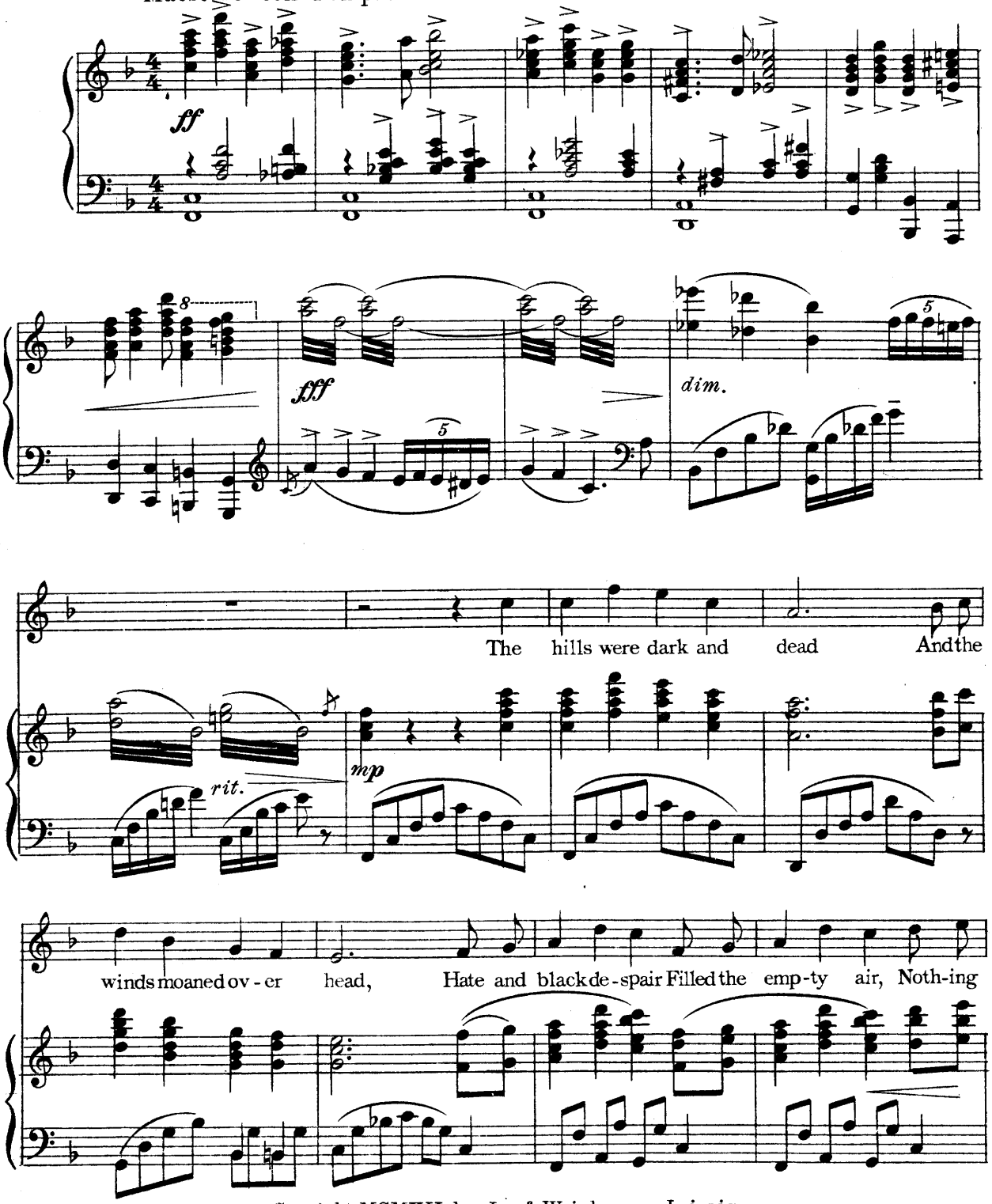
Love Has Wings.

(Laczi)

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.

Maestoso con Pompa.



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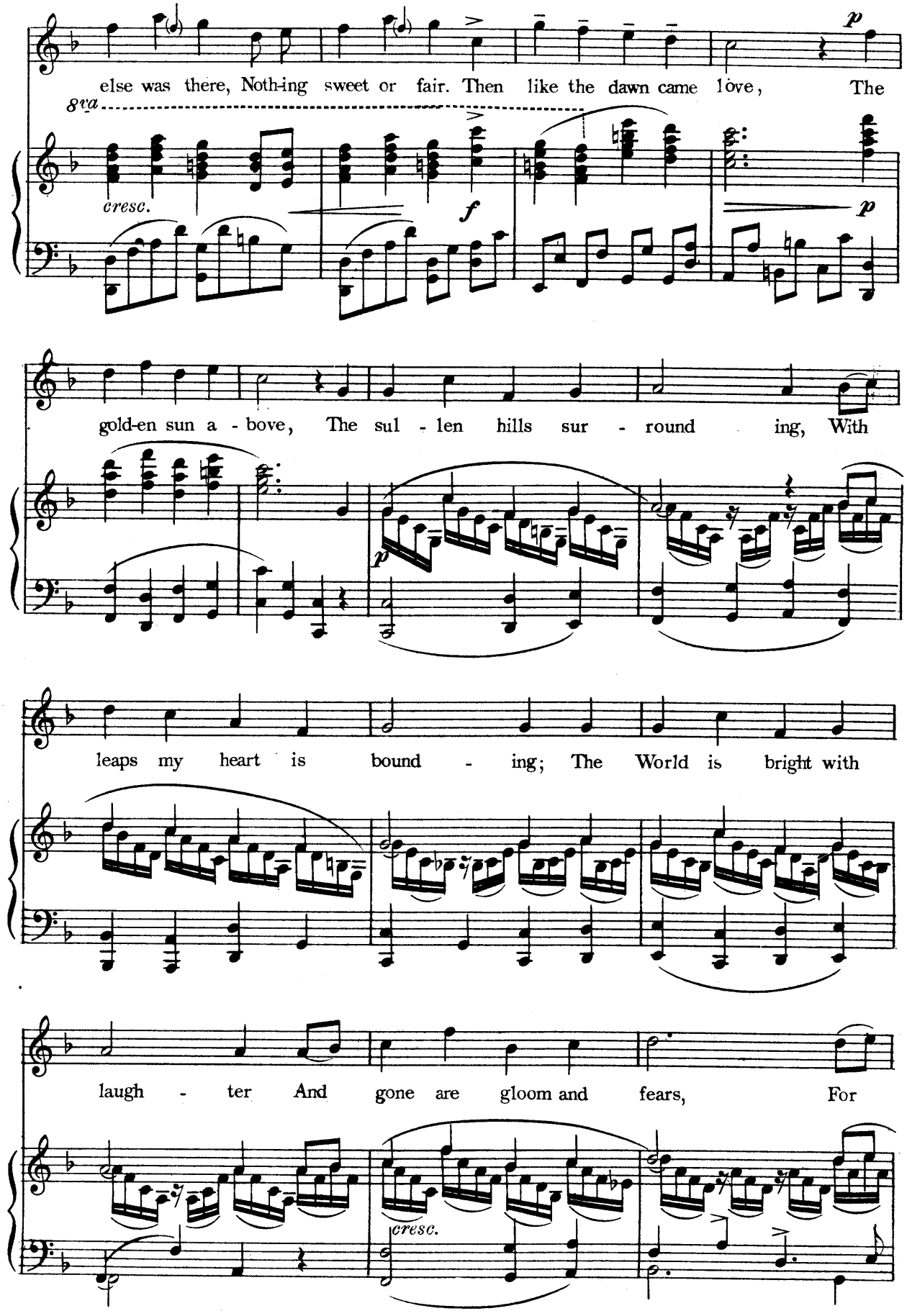
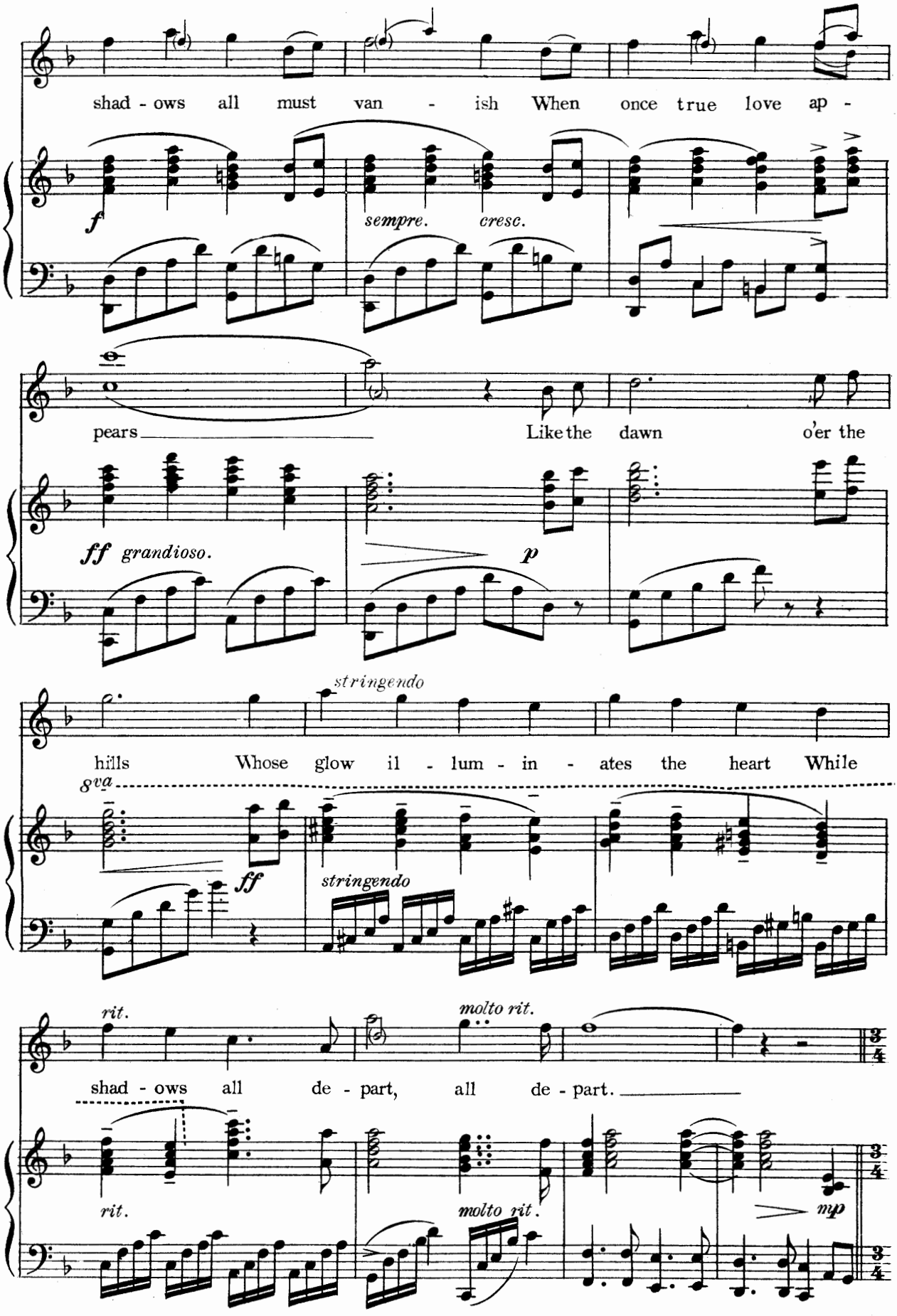
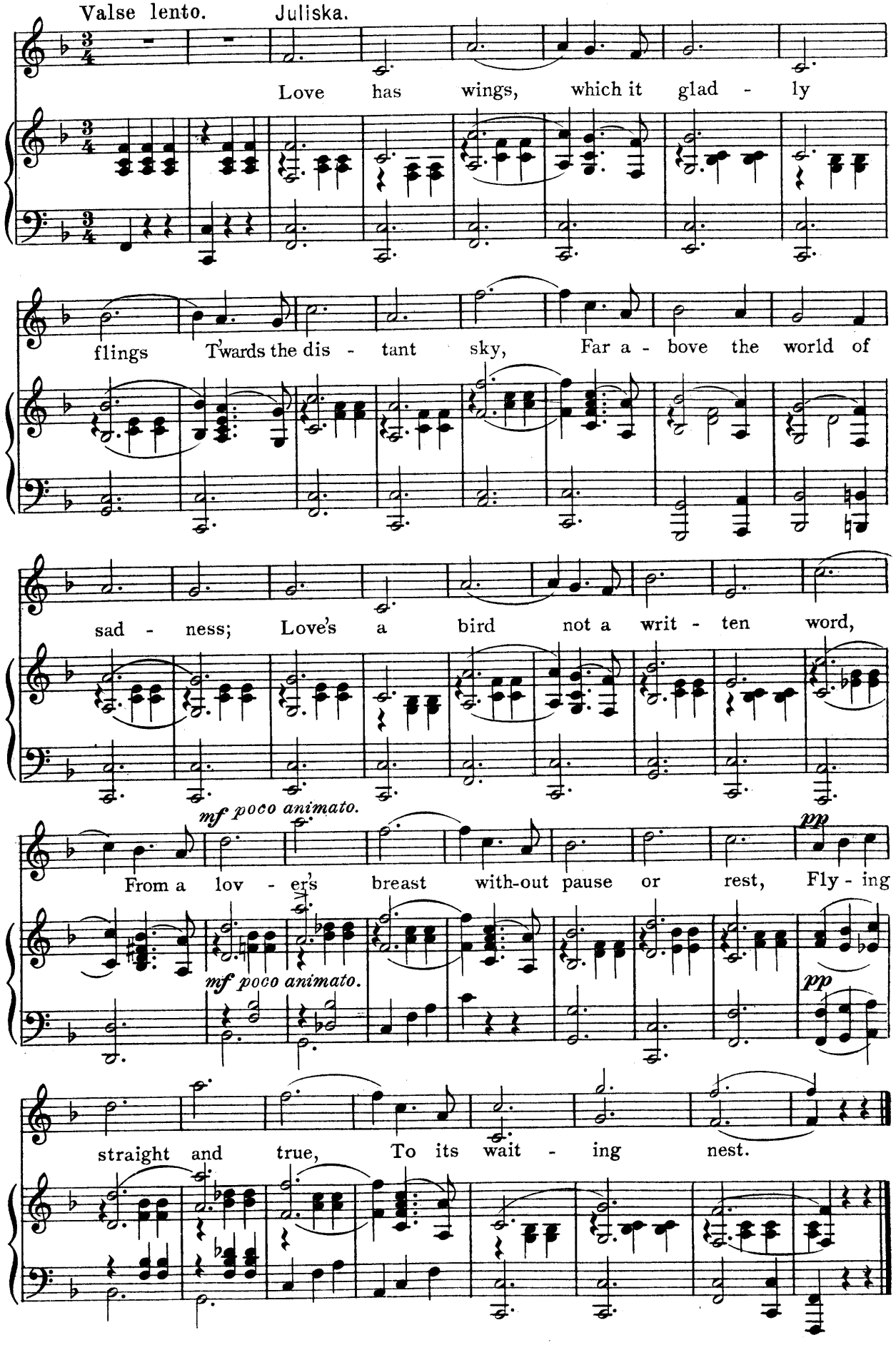

else was there, Noth-ing sweet or fair. Then like the dawn came love, The
8va
cresc.
f
p
gold-en sun a - bove, The sul - len hills sur - round ing, With
leaps my heart is bound - ing; The World is bright with
laugh - ter And gone are gloom and fears, For
cresc.


shad - ows all must van - ish When once true love ap -
f
sempre. cresc.
pears Like the dawn o'er the
ff grandioso.
p
stringendo
hills Whose glow il - lum - in - ates the heart While
8va
ff
stringendo
rit.
molto rit.
shad - ows all de - part, all de - part.
rit.
molto rit.
mp

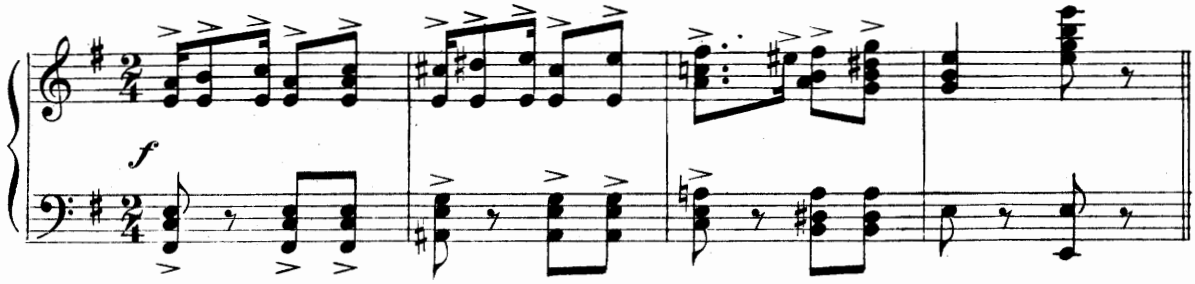

Valse lento.
Juliska.
Love has wings, which it glad - ly
flings T'wards the dis - tant sky, Far a - bove the world of
sad - ness; Love's a bird not a writ - ten word,
mf poco animato.
From a lov - er's breast with-out pause or rest, Fly - ing
pp
straight and true, To its wait - ing nest.

Ha-za-zaa

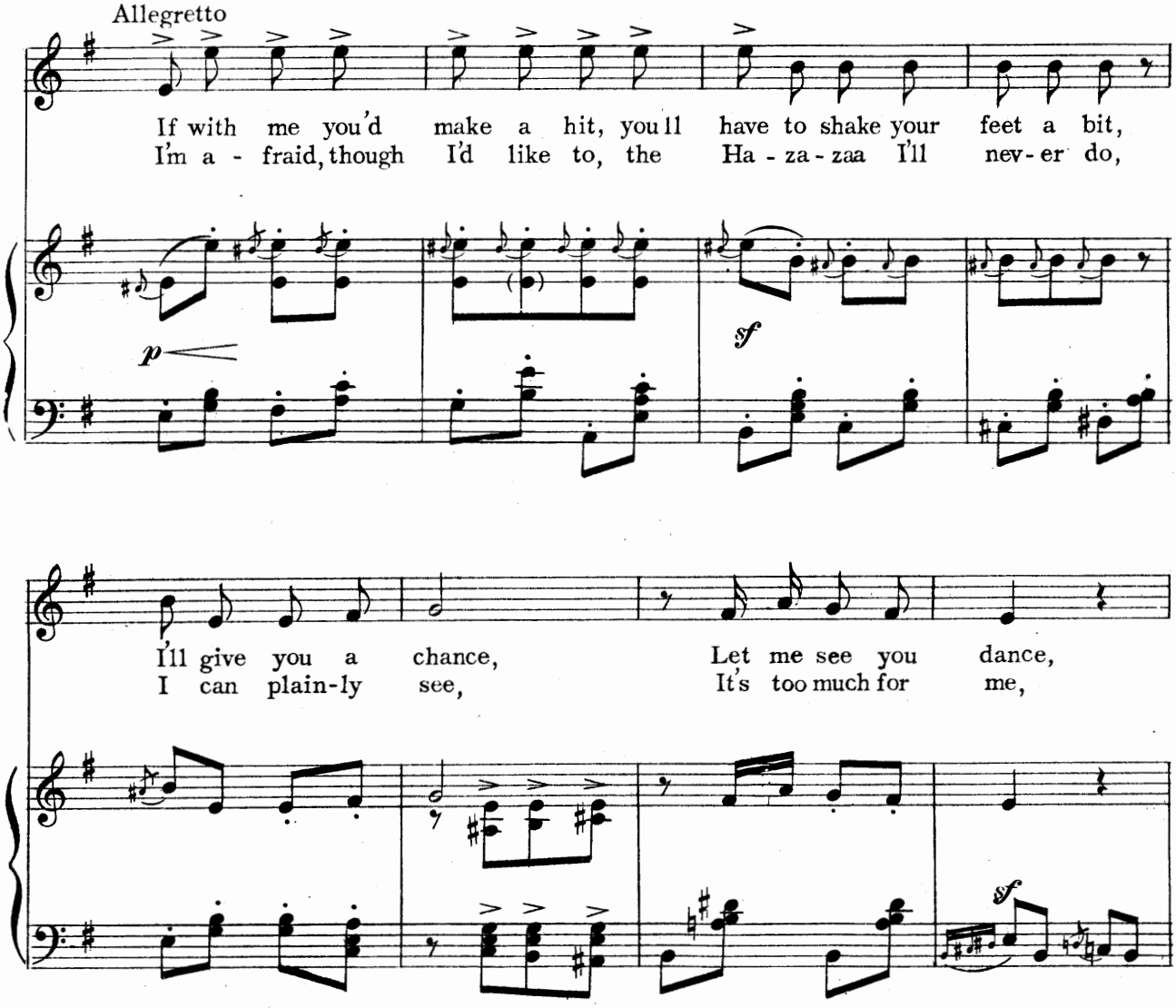
Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by,
EMMERICH KALMÁN

Moderato



Allegretto



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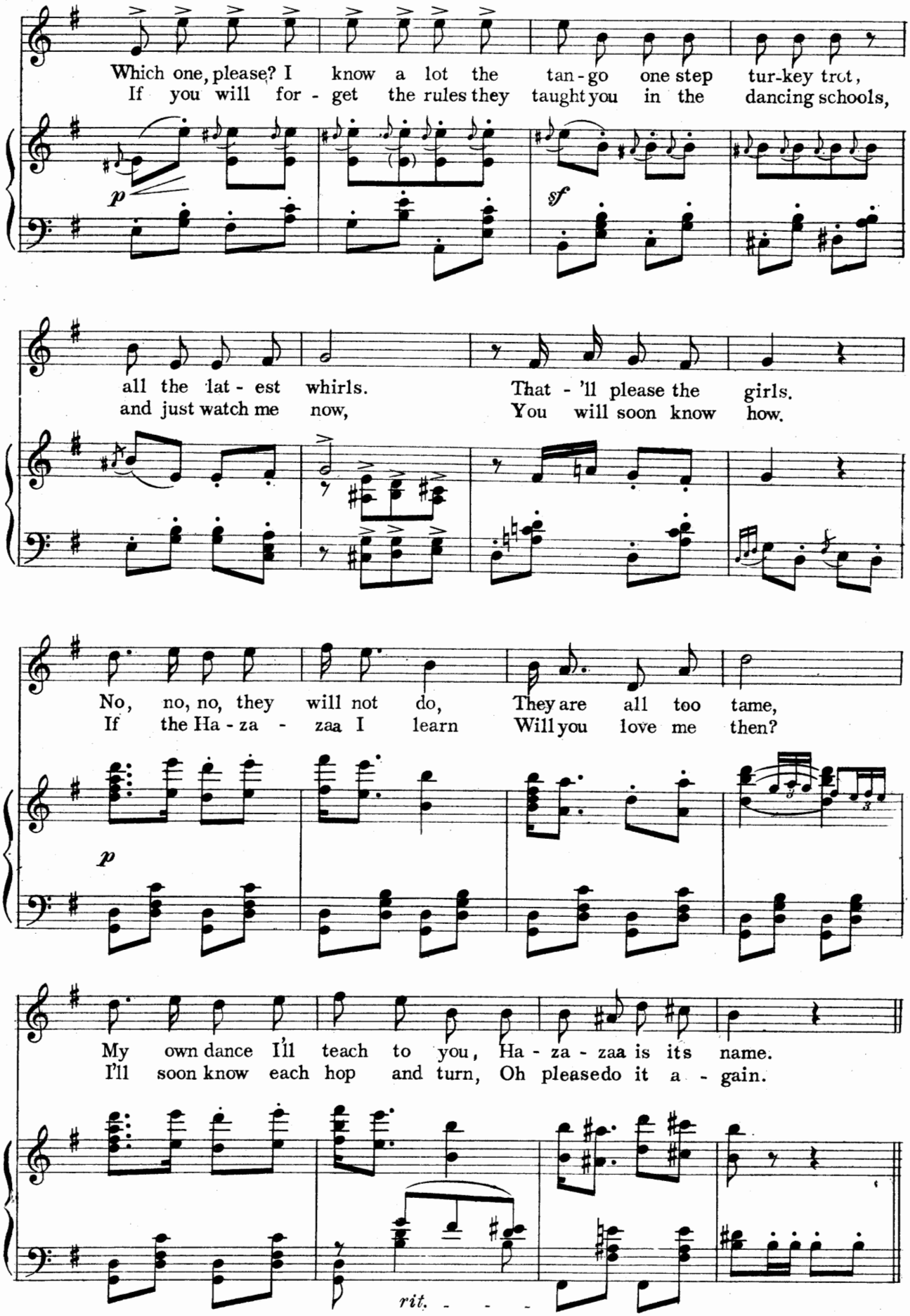
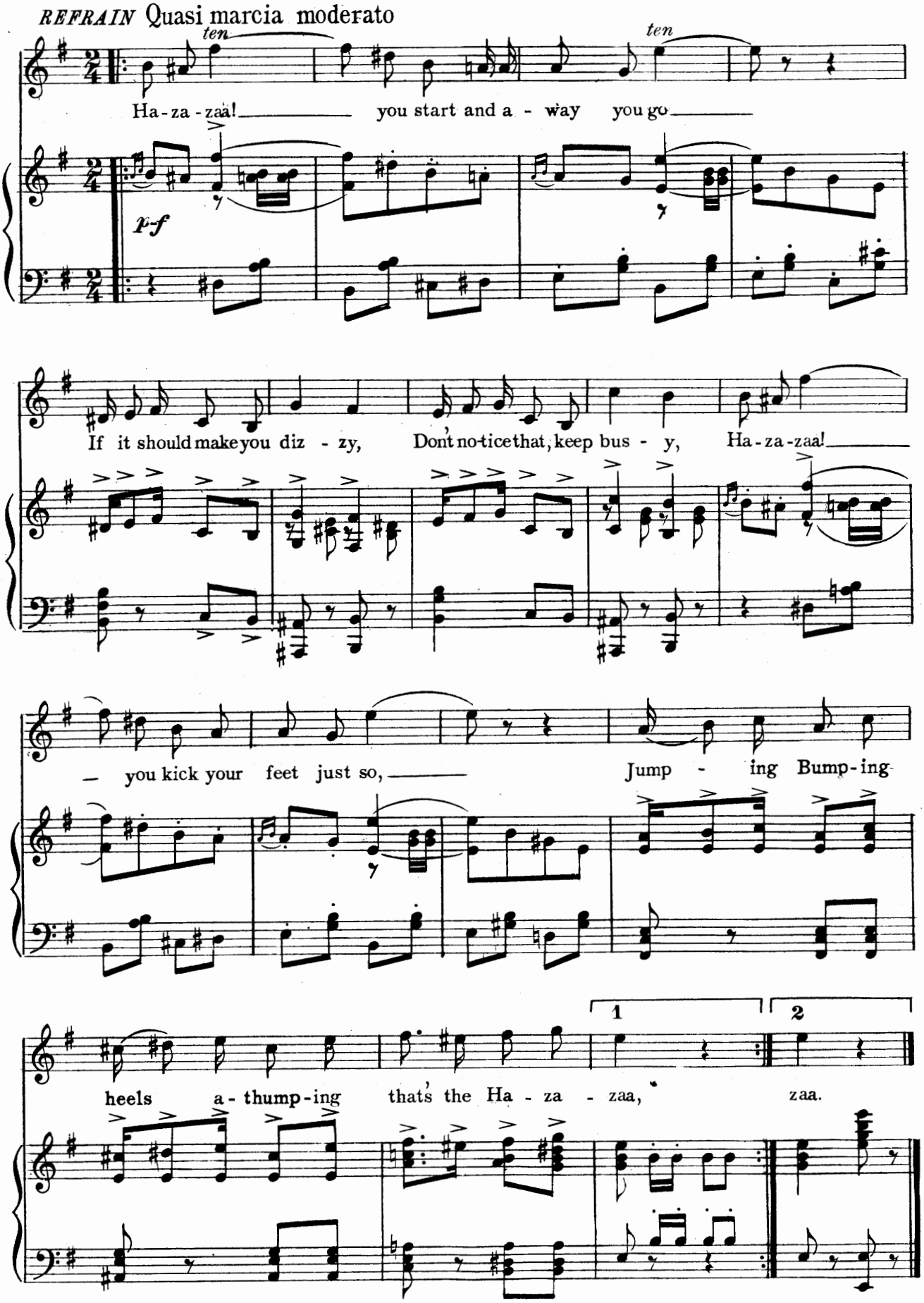

Which one, please? I know a lot the tan-go one step tur-key trot,
If you will for-get the rules they taught you in the dancing schools,
p
sf
all the lat-est whirls. That-'ll please the girls.
and just watch me now, You will soon know how.
No, no, no, they will not do, They are all too tame,
If the Ha-za-zaa I learn Will you love me then?
p
My own dance I'll teach to you, Ha-za-zaa is its name.
I'll soon know each hop and turn, Oh pleasedo it a-gain.
rit.

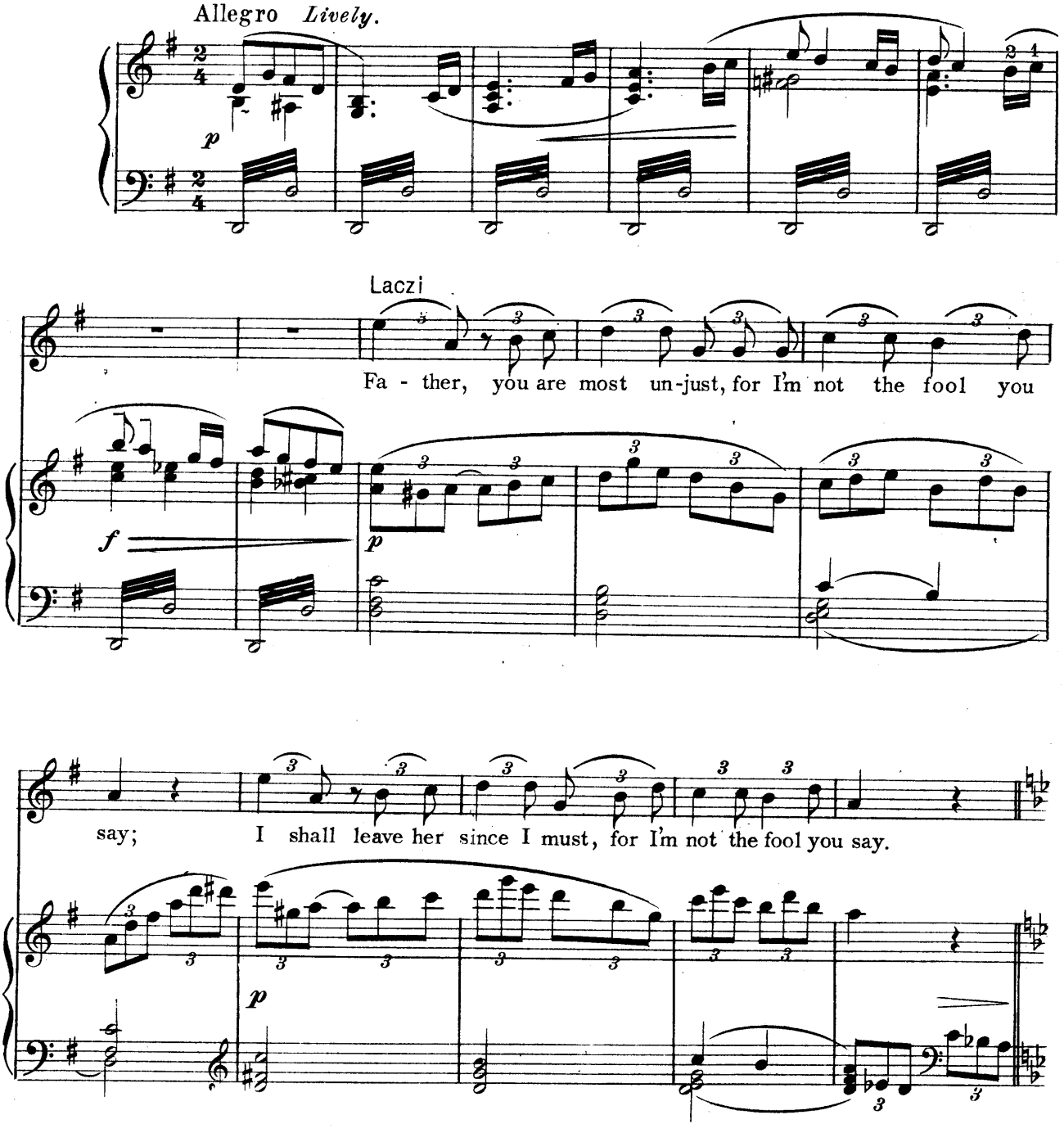

REFRAIN Quasi marcia moderato
ten
ten
Ha-za-zaa! you start and a-way you go
p-f
If it should make you diz-zy, Don't no-tice that, keep bus-y, Ha-za-zaa!
you kick your feet just so, Jump-ing Bump-ing
1
2
heels a-thump-ing that's the Ha-za-zaa, zaa.

Finale Act I.

ENSEMBLE.

Lyrics by
C.C.S. CUSHING.
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
E. KÀLMÀN.



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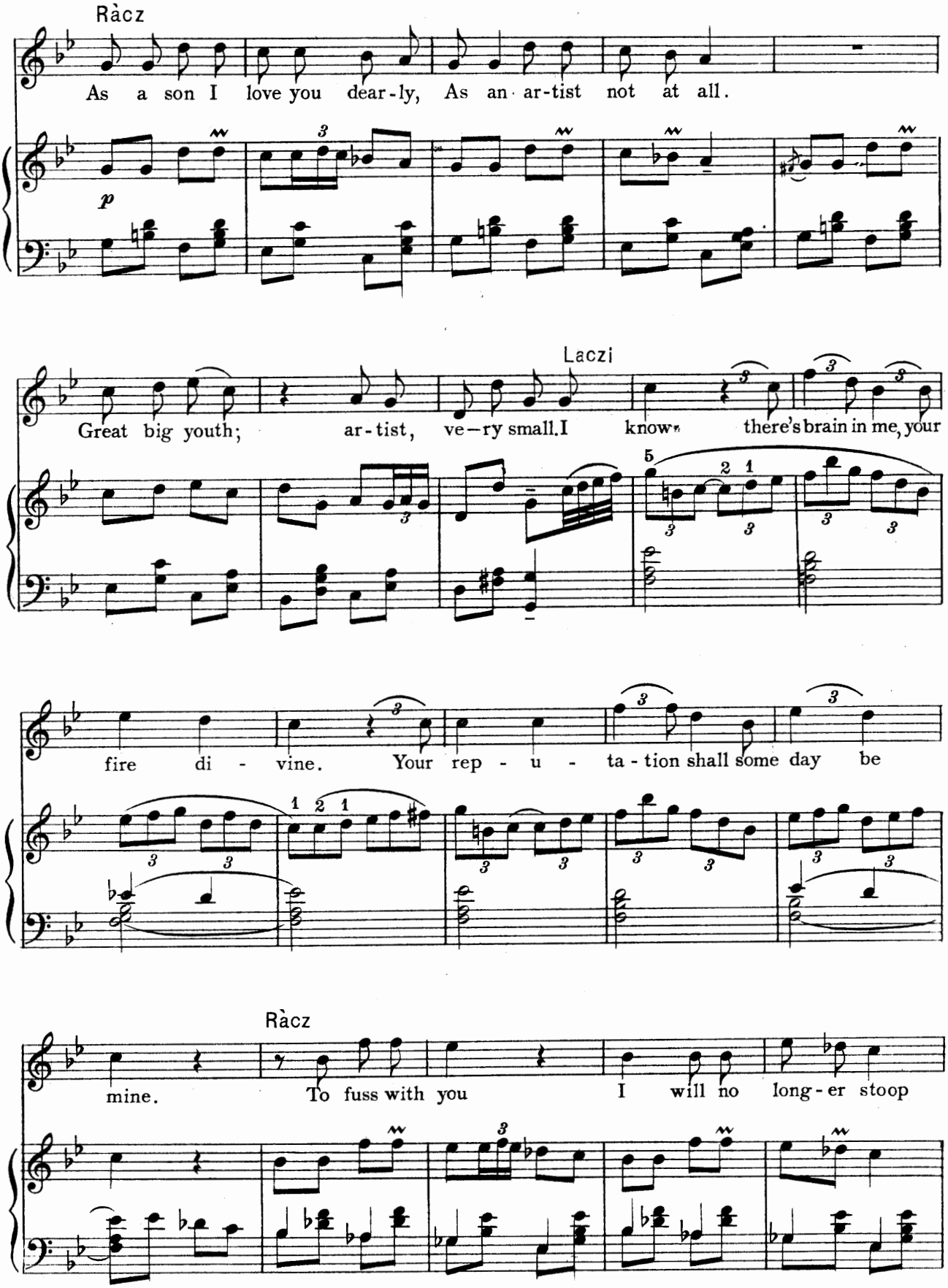
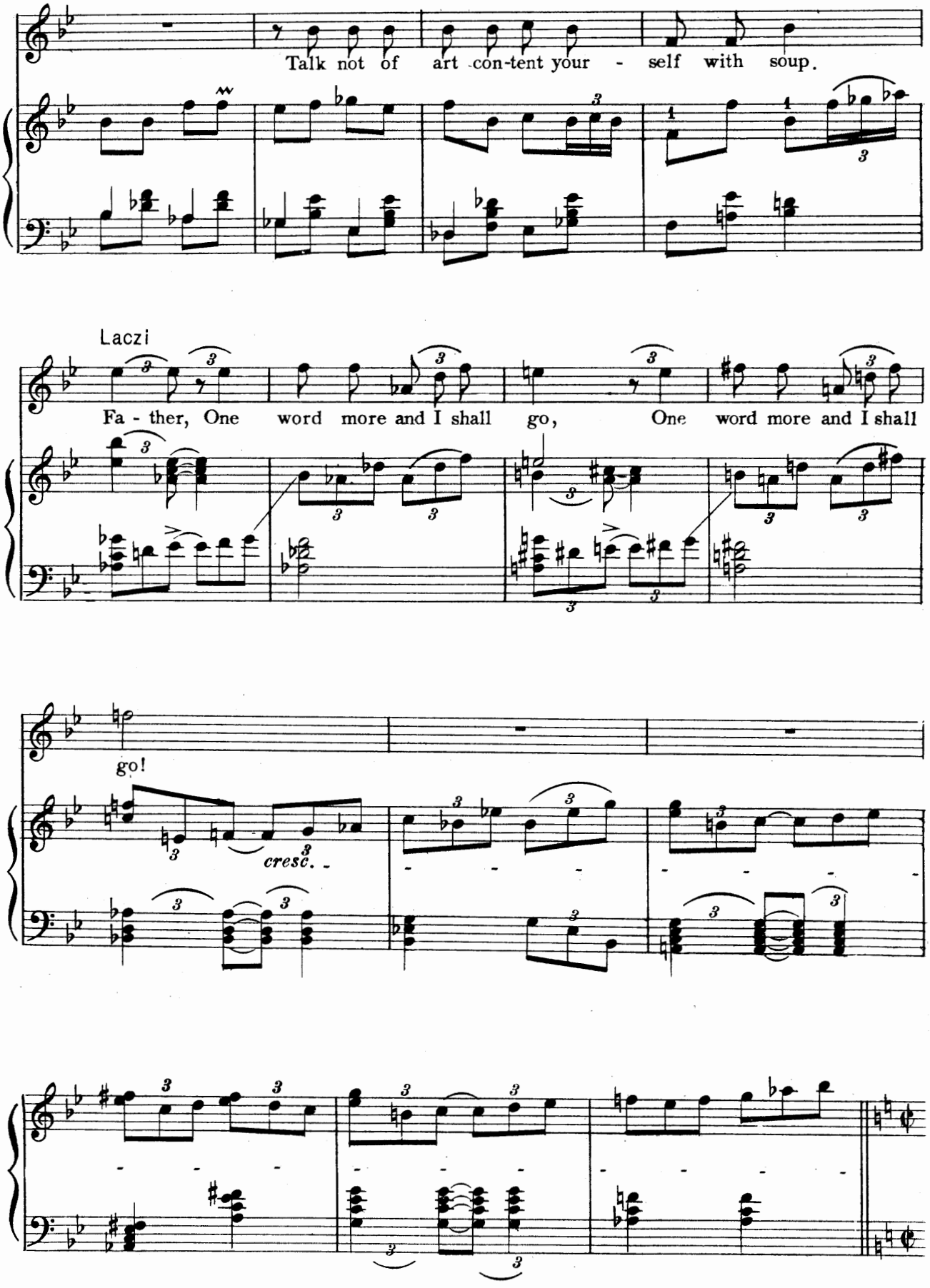
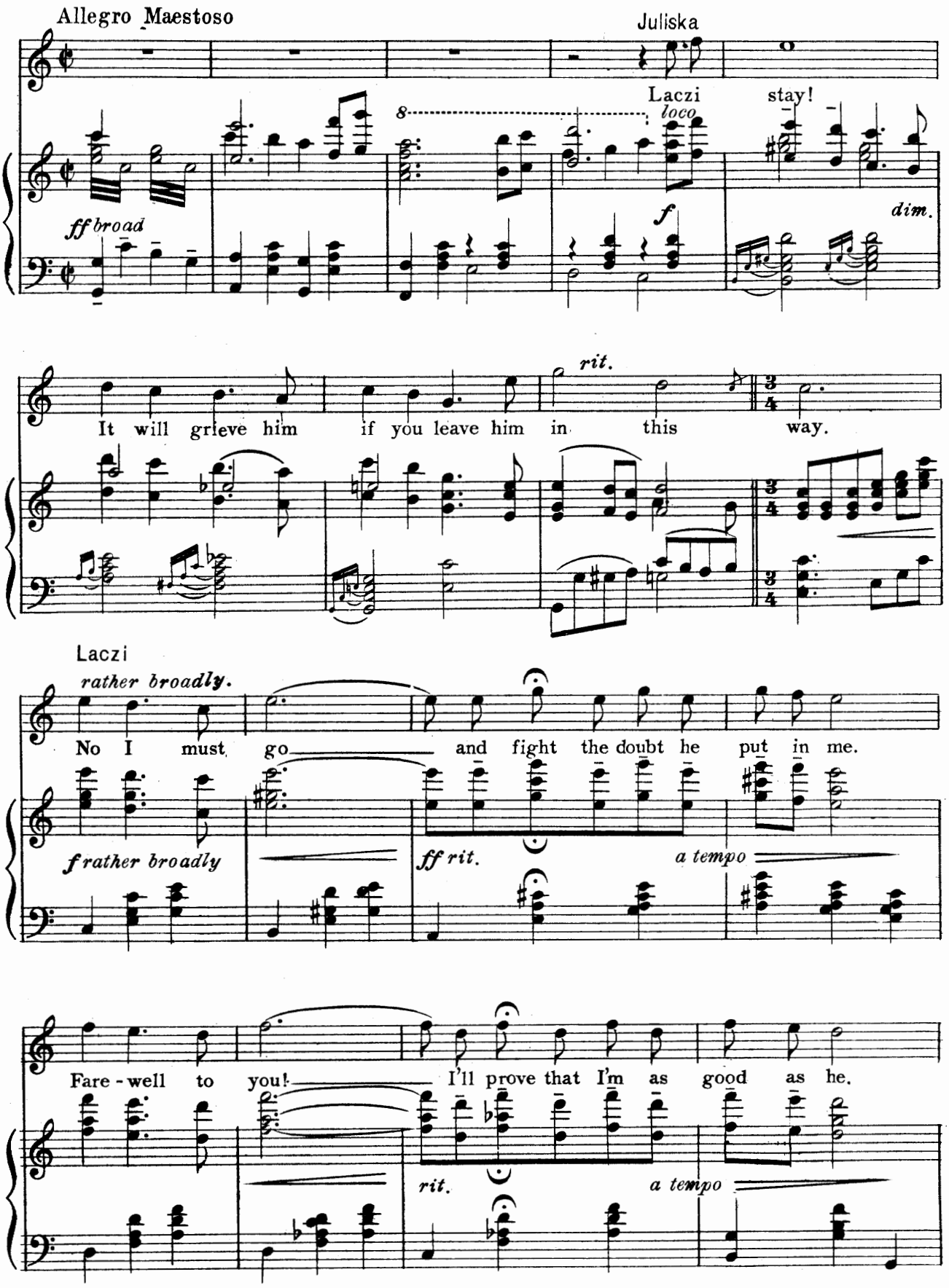
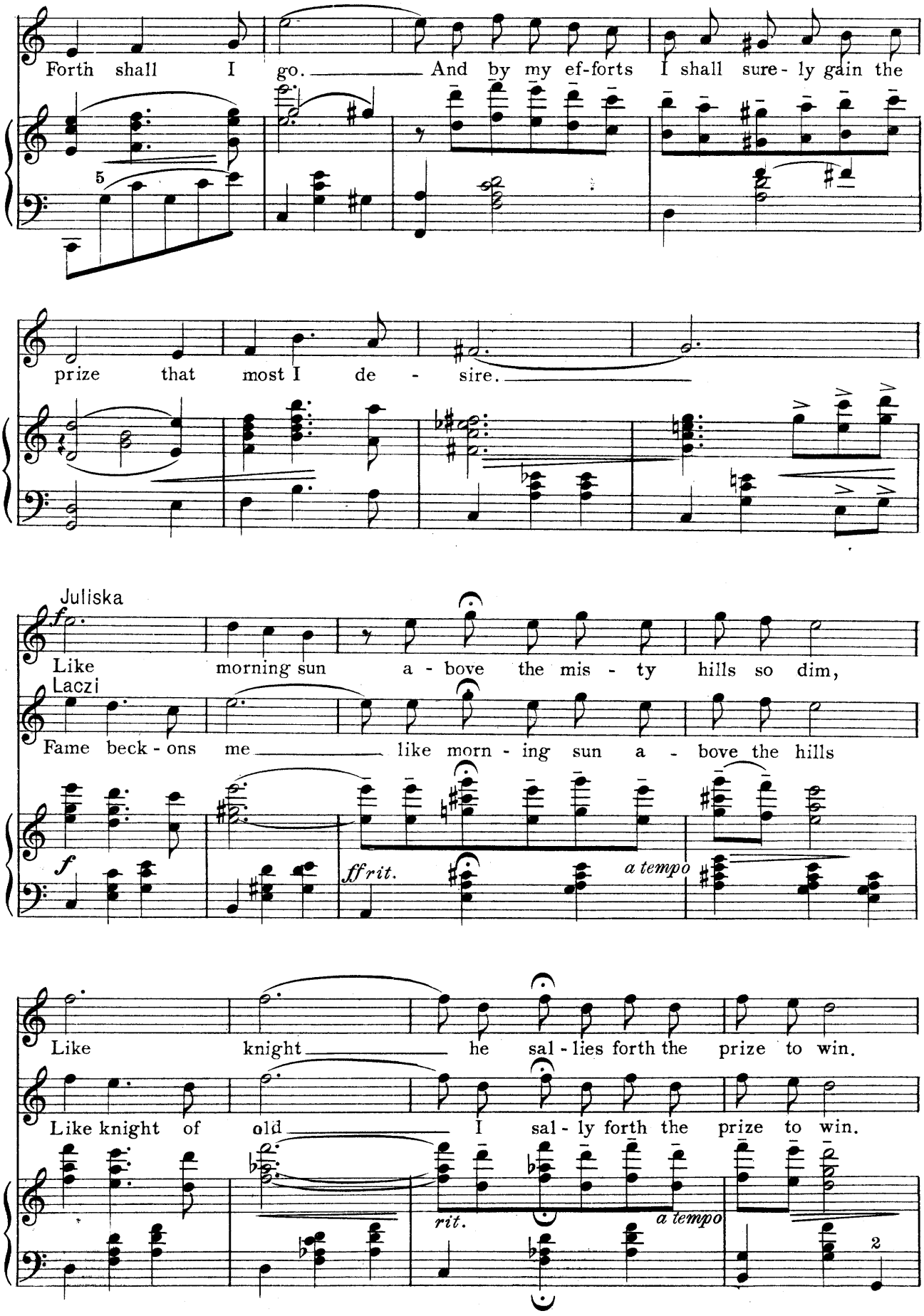
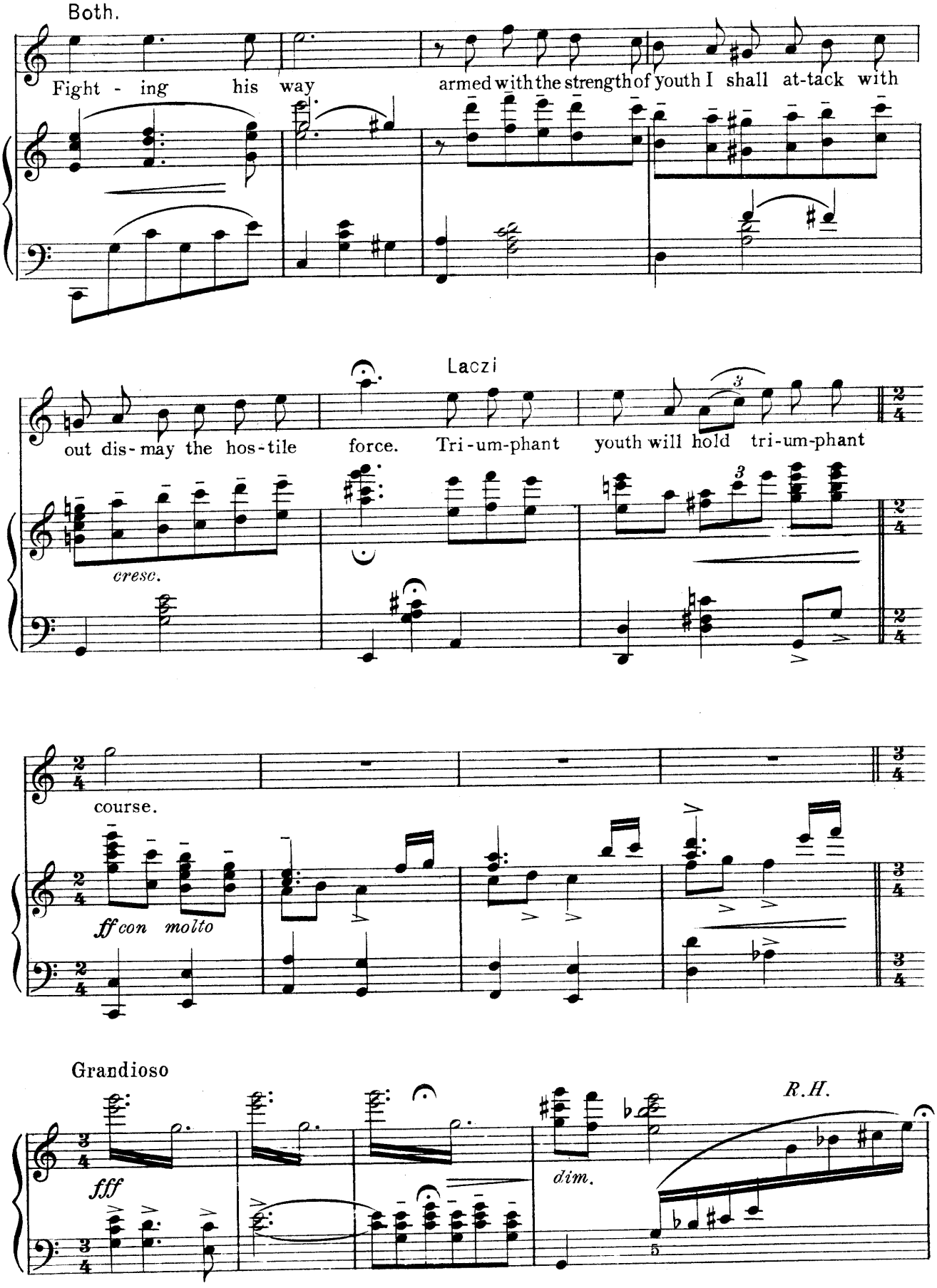
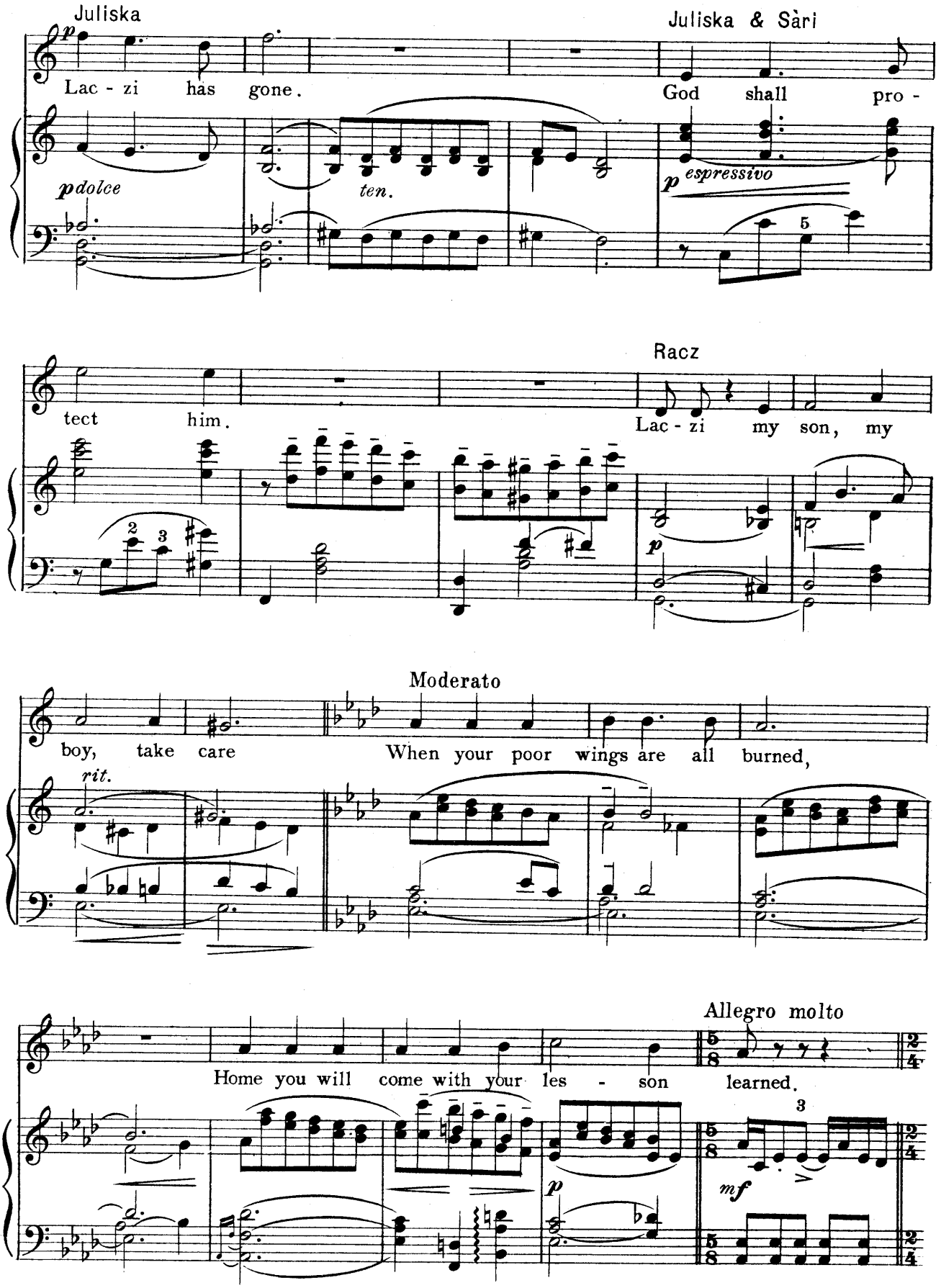

Ràcz
As a son I love you dear-ly, As an ar-tist not at all.
p
Laczi
Great big youth; ar-tist, ve—ry small. I know there's brain in me, your
fire di - vine. Your rep - u - ta - tion shall some day be
Ràcz
mine. To fuss with you I will no long-er stoop

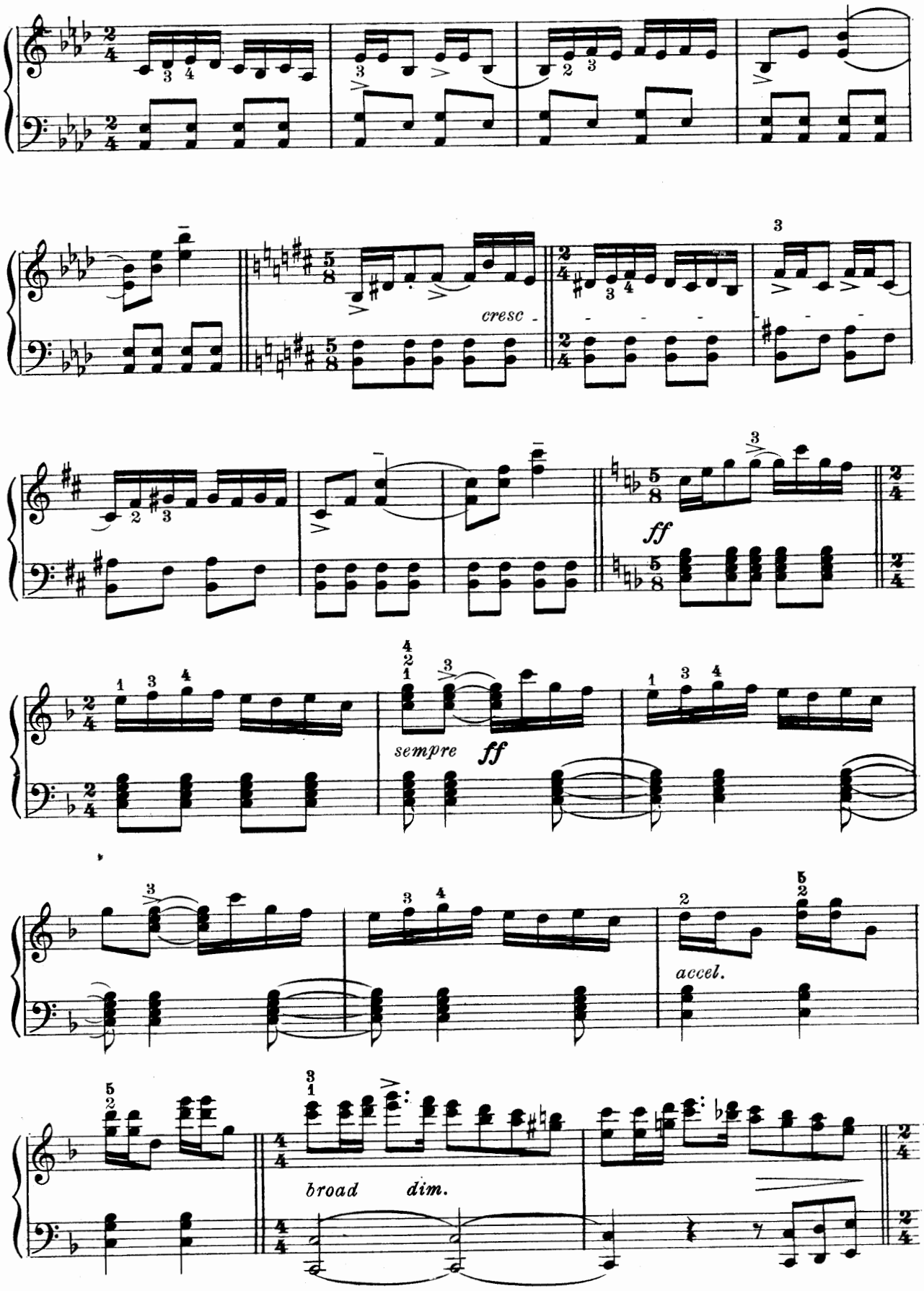

Talk not of art con-tent your - self with soup.
Laczi
Fa - ther, One word more and I shall go, One word more and I shall
go!
cresc.

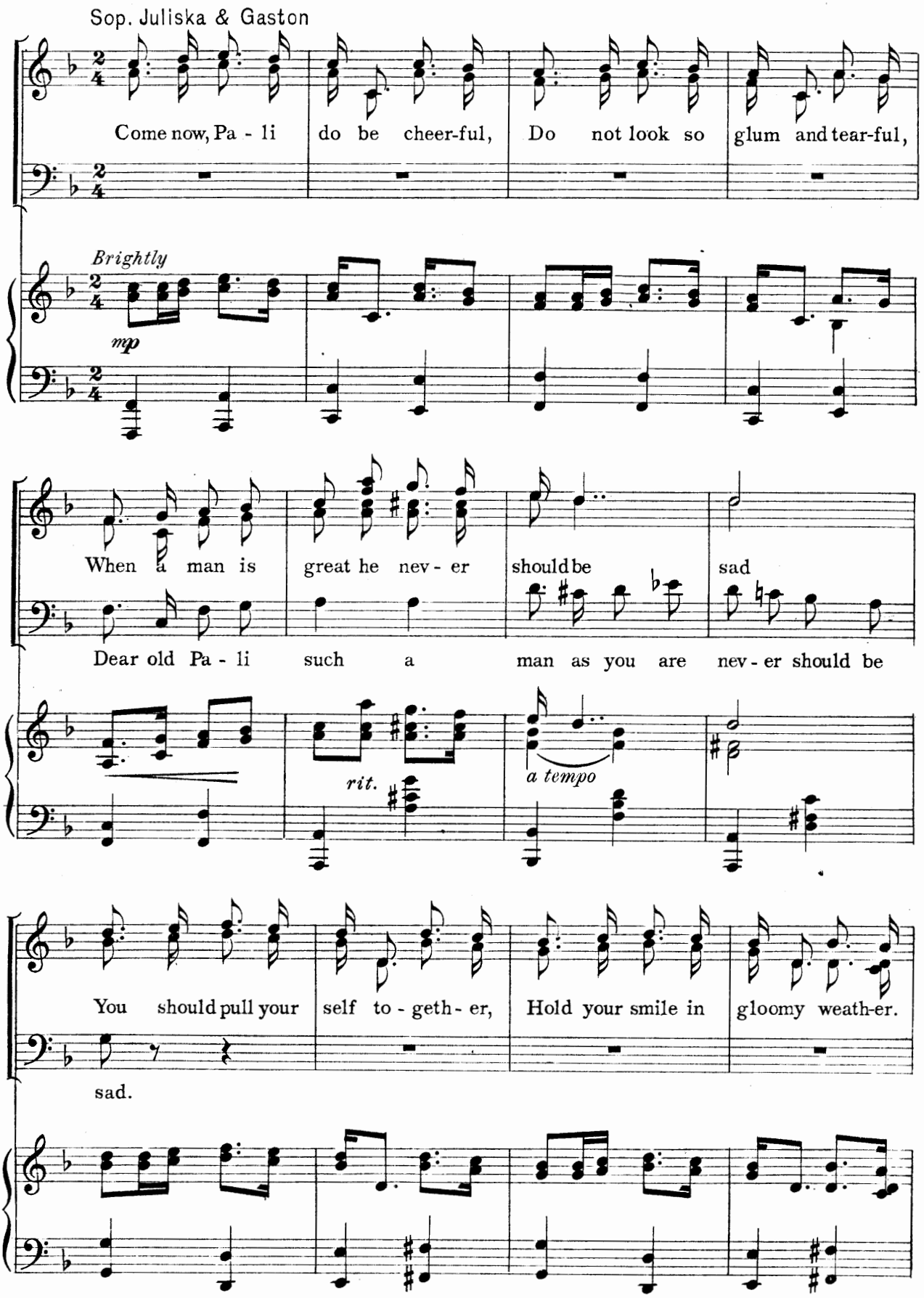

Allegro Maestoso
Juliska
Laczi stay!
loco
ff broad
f
dim.
rit.
It will grieve him if you leave him in this way.
Laczi
rather broadly.
No I must go and fight the doubt he put in me.
f rather broadly
ff rit.
a tempo
Fare-well to you! I'll prove that I'm as good as he.
rit.
a tempo

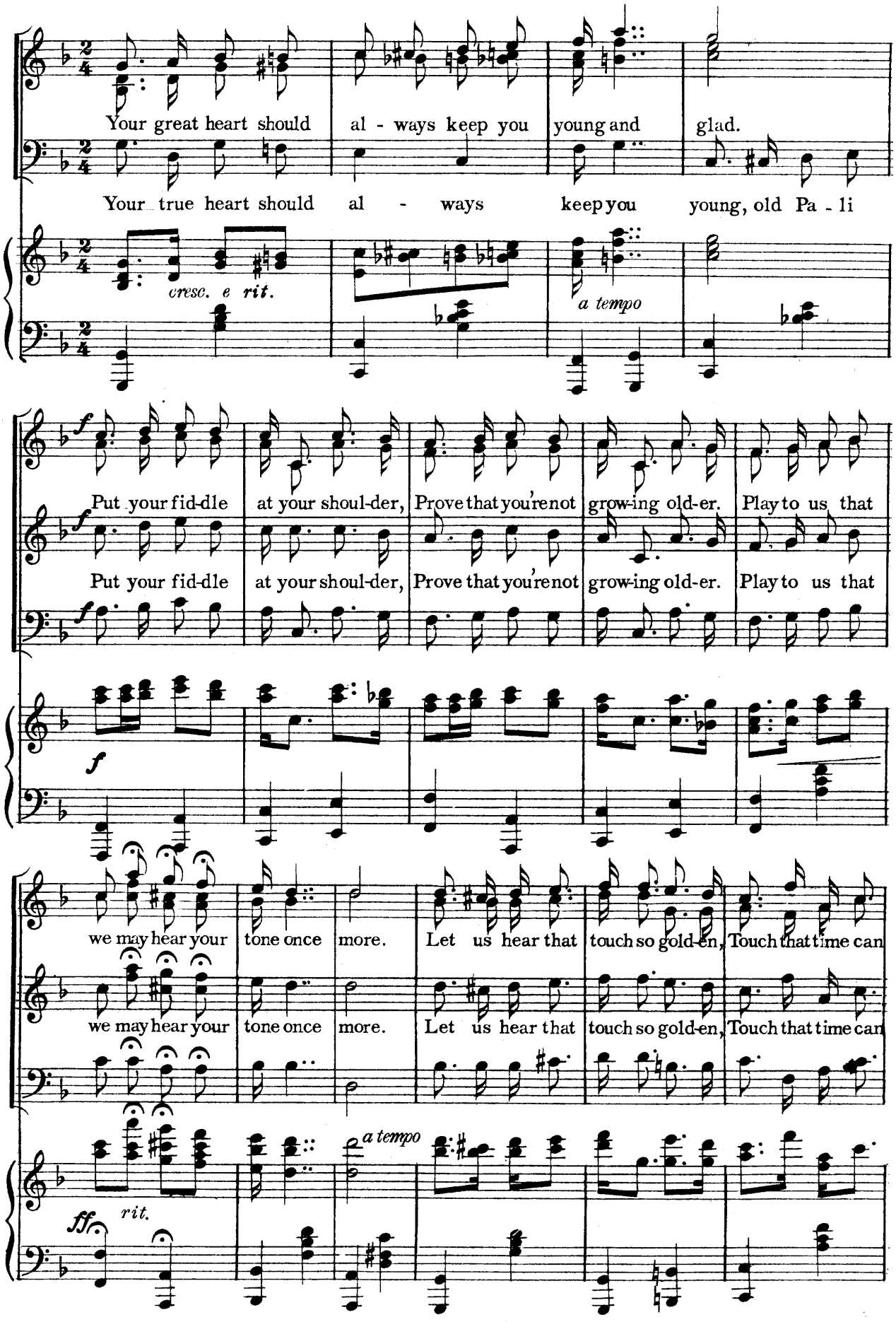

Forth shall I go. And by my ef-forts I shall sure- ly gain the
prize that most I de - sire.
Juliska
Like morning sun a - bove the mis - ty hills so dim,
Laczi
Fame beck - ons me like morn - ing sun a - bove the hills
Like knight he sal - lies forth the prize to win.
Like knight of old I sal - ly forth the prize to win.

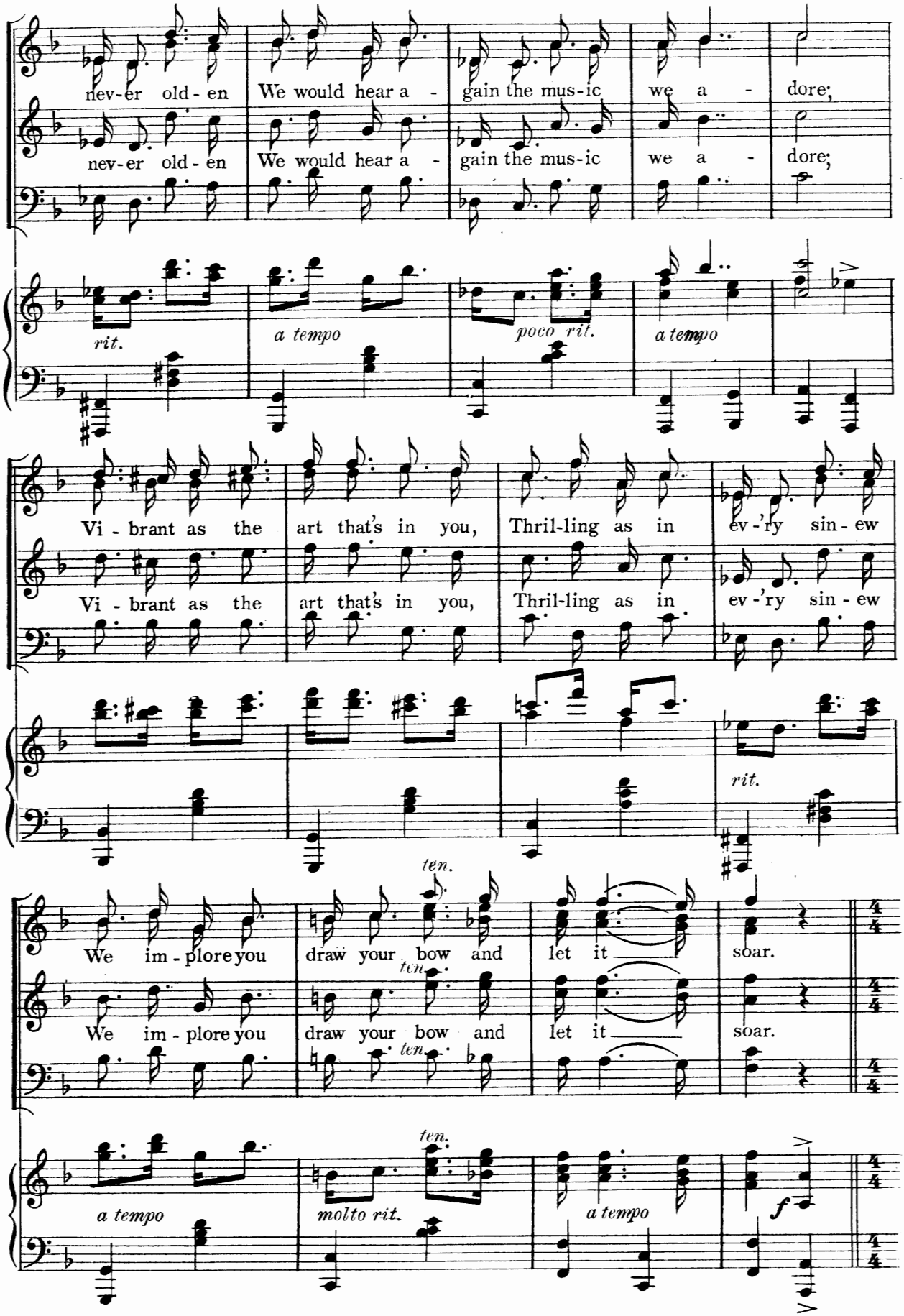

Both.
Fight - ing his way
armed with the strength of youth I shall at-tack with
Laczi
out dis-may the hos-tile force. Tri-um-phant youth will hold tri-um-phant
cresc.
course.
ff con molto
Grandioso
fff
dim.
R.H.

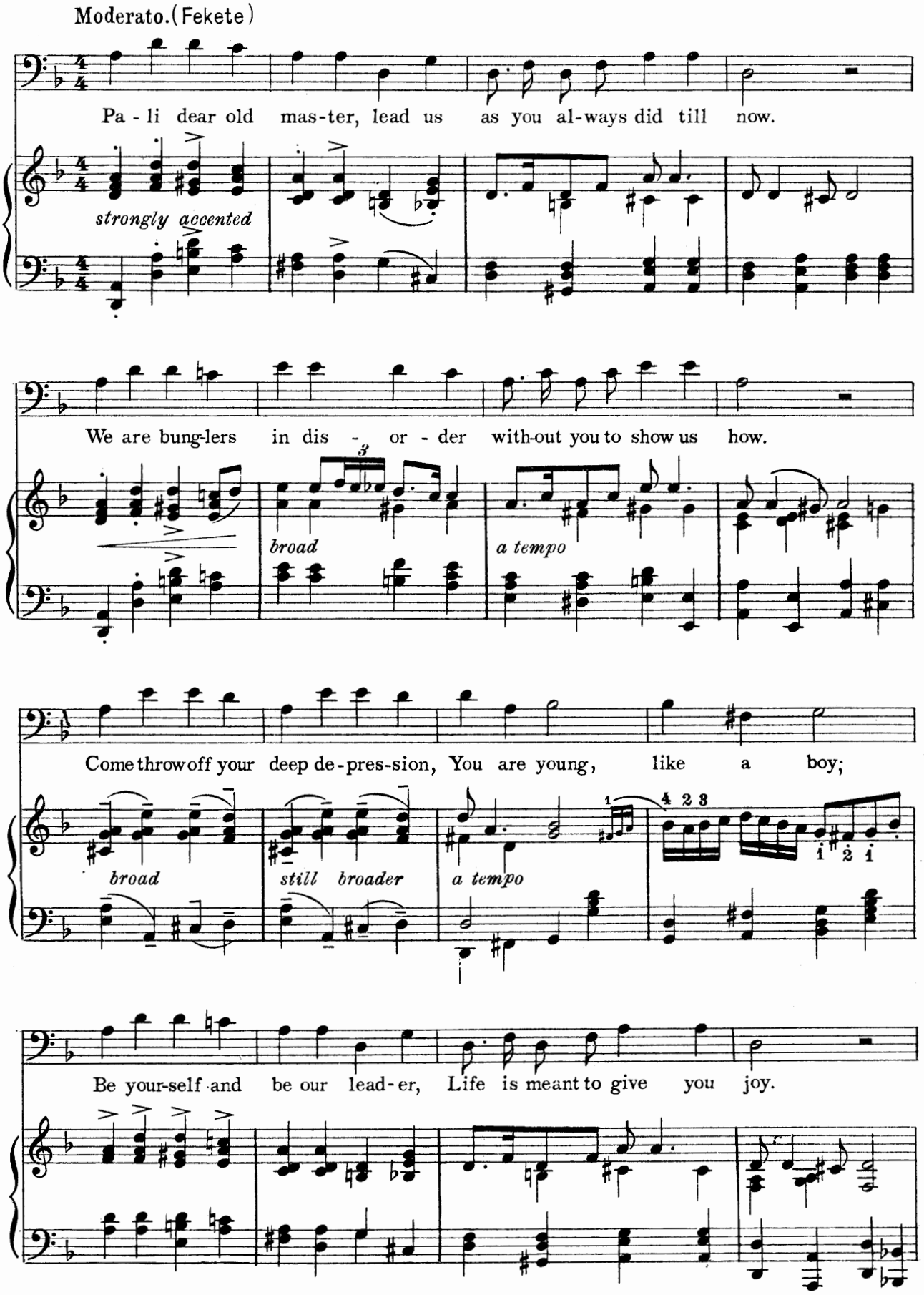

Juliska
Lac - zi has gone.
pdolce
ten.
Juliska & Sàri
God shall pro -
espressivo
Racz
tect him.
Lac - zi my son, my
boy, take care
Moderato
When your poor wings are all burned,
rit.
Allegro molto
Home you will come with your les - son learned.
mf

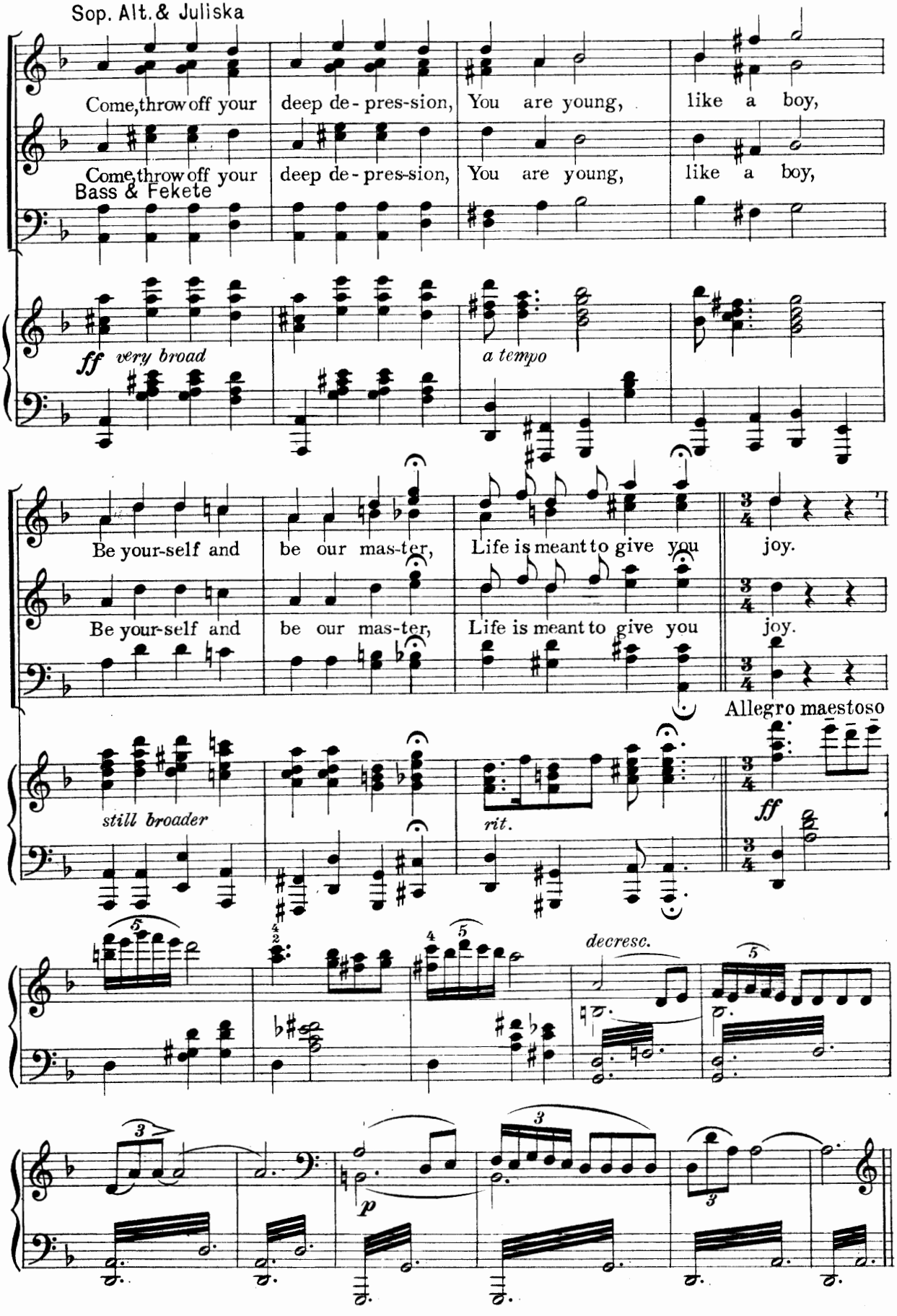

cresc.
ff
sempre ff
accel.
broad
dim.

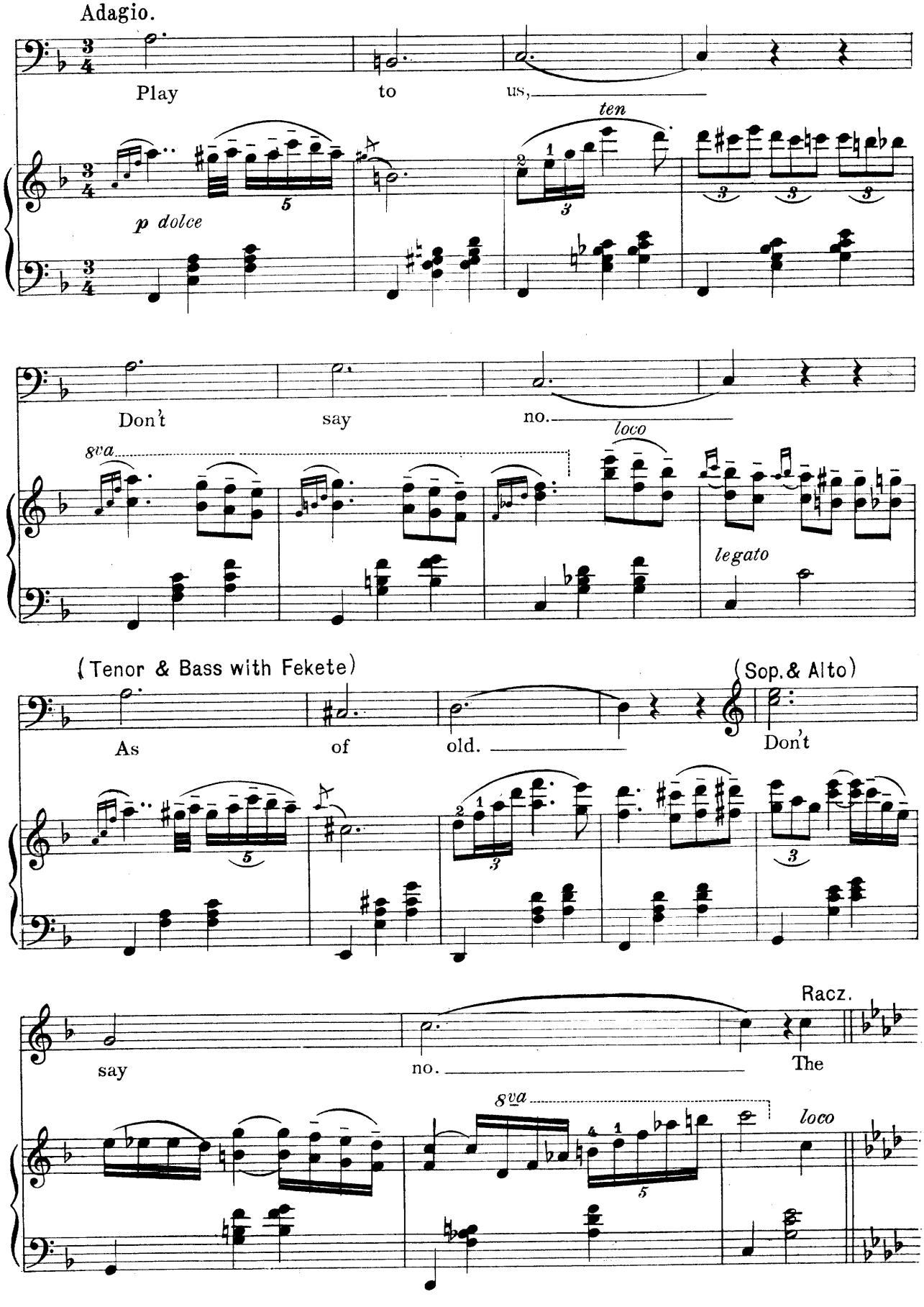

Sop. Juliska & Gaston
Come now, Pa - li do be cheer-ful, Do not look so glum and tear-ful,
Brightly
mp
When a man is great he nev - er should be sad
Dear old Pa - li such a man as you are nev - er should be
rit.
a tempo
You should pull your self to - geth - er, Hold your smile in gloomy weath-er.
sad.

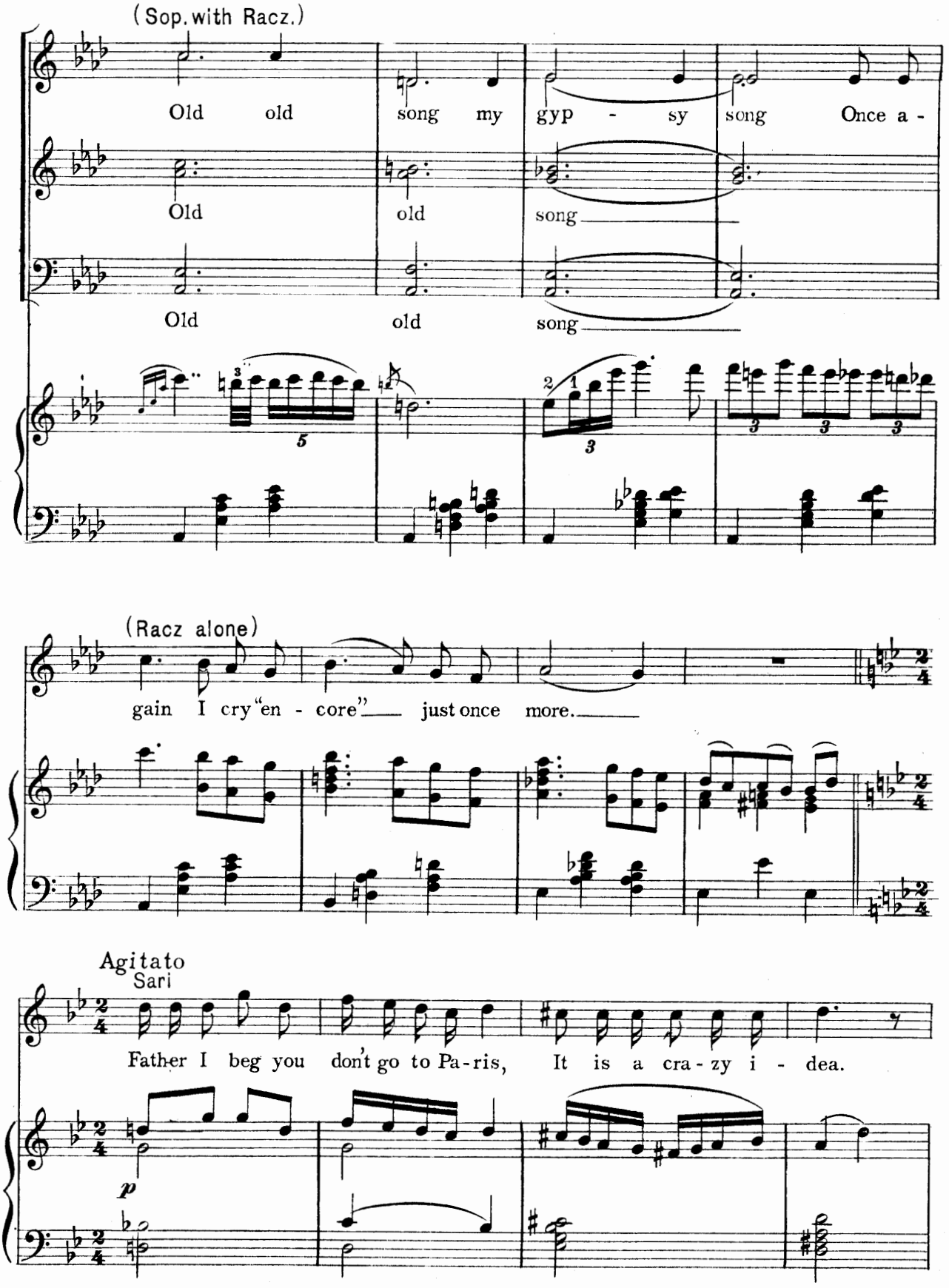

Your great heart should al - ways keep you young and glad.
Your true heart should al - ways keep you young, old Pa - li
cresc. e rit.
a tempo
Put your fid-dle at your shoul-der, Prove that you're not grow-ing old-er. Play to us that
Put your fid-dle at your shoul-der, Prove that you're not grow-ing old-er. Play to us that
we may hear your tone once more. Let us hear that touch so gold-en, Touch that time can
we may hear your tone once more. Let us hear that touch so gold-en, Touch that time can
a tempo
rit.

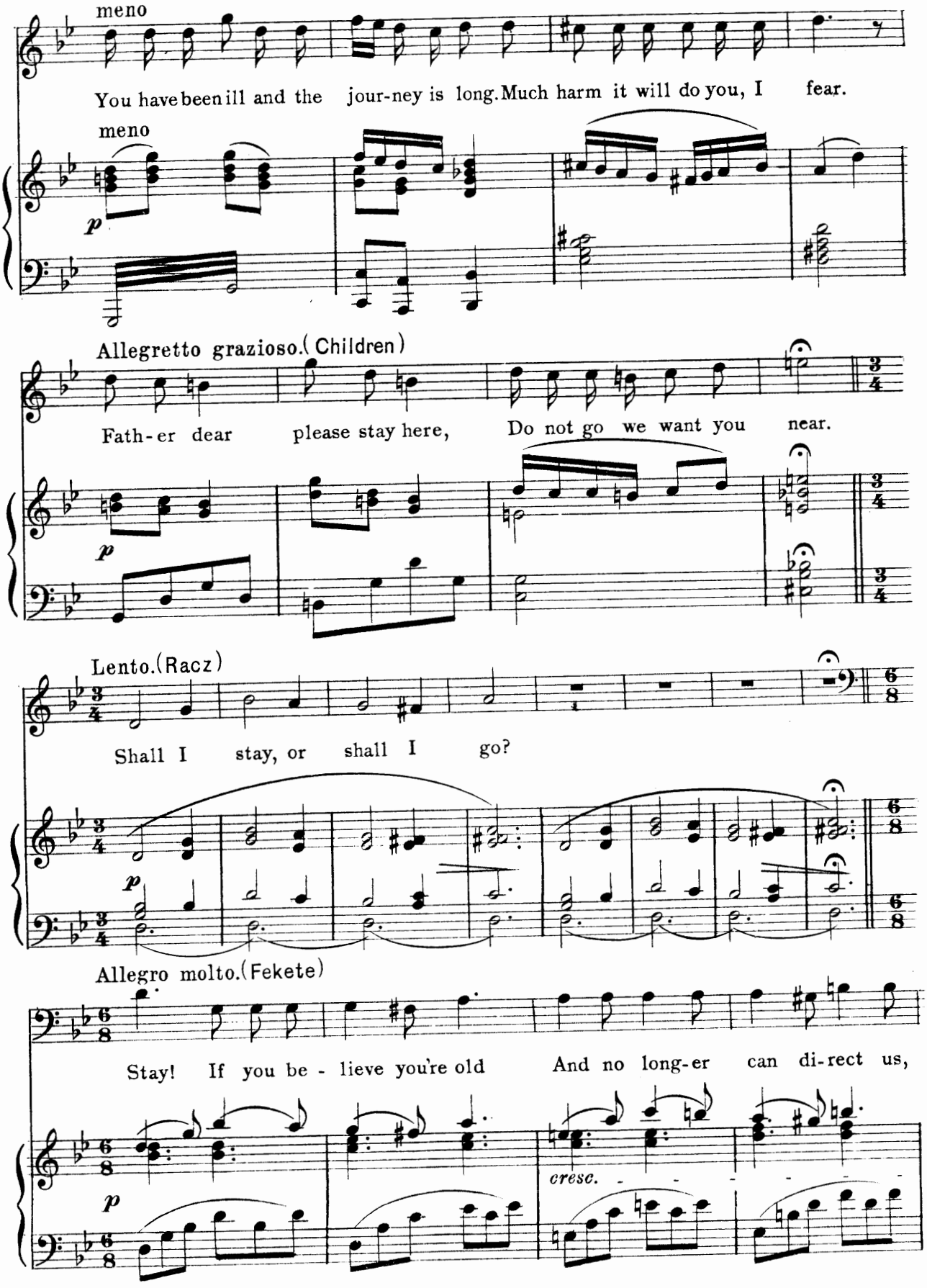

nev-er old-en We would hear a - gain the mus-ic we a - dore;
nev-er old-en We would hear a - gain the mus-ic we a - dore;
rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
a tempo
Vi - brant as the art that's in you, Thril-ling as in ev-'ry sin-ew
Vi - brant as the art that's in you, Thril-ling as in ev-'ry sin-ew
rit.
ten.
We im-plore you draw your bow and let it soar.
ten.
We im-plore you draw your bow and let it soar.
ten.
a tempo
molto rit.
ten.
a tempo
f

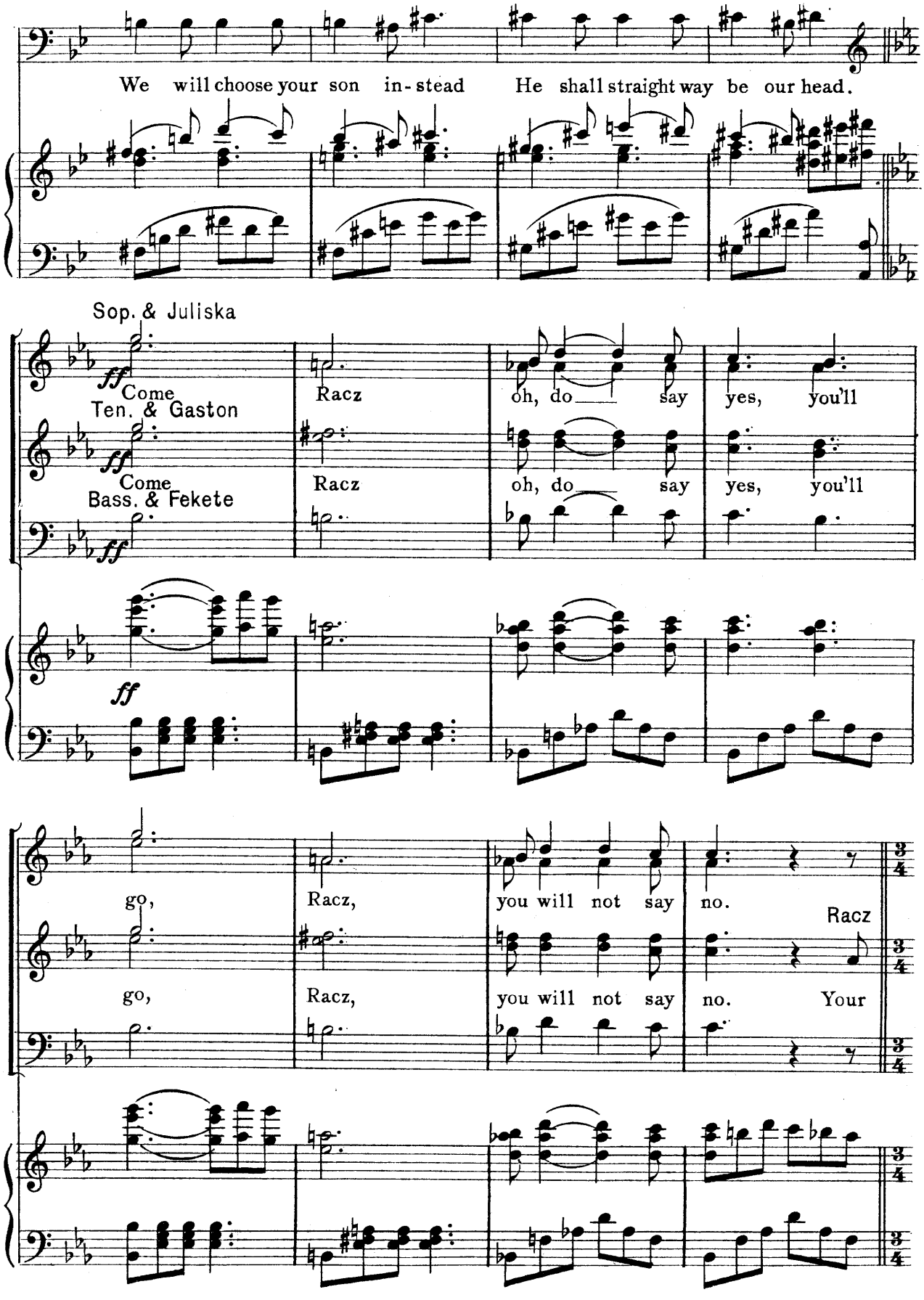

Moderato.(Fekete)
Pa - li dear old mas-ter, lead us as you al-ways did till now.
strongly accented
We are bung-lers in dis - or - der with-out you to show us how.
broad
a tempo
Come throw off your deep de-pres-sion, You are young, like a boy;
broad
still broader
a tempo
Be your-self and be our lead-er, Life is meant to give you joy.

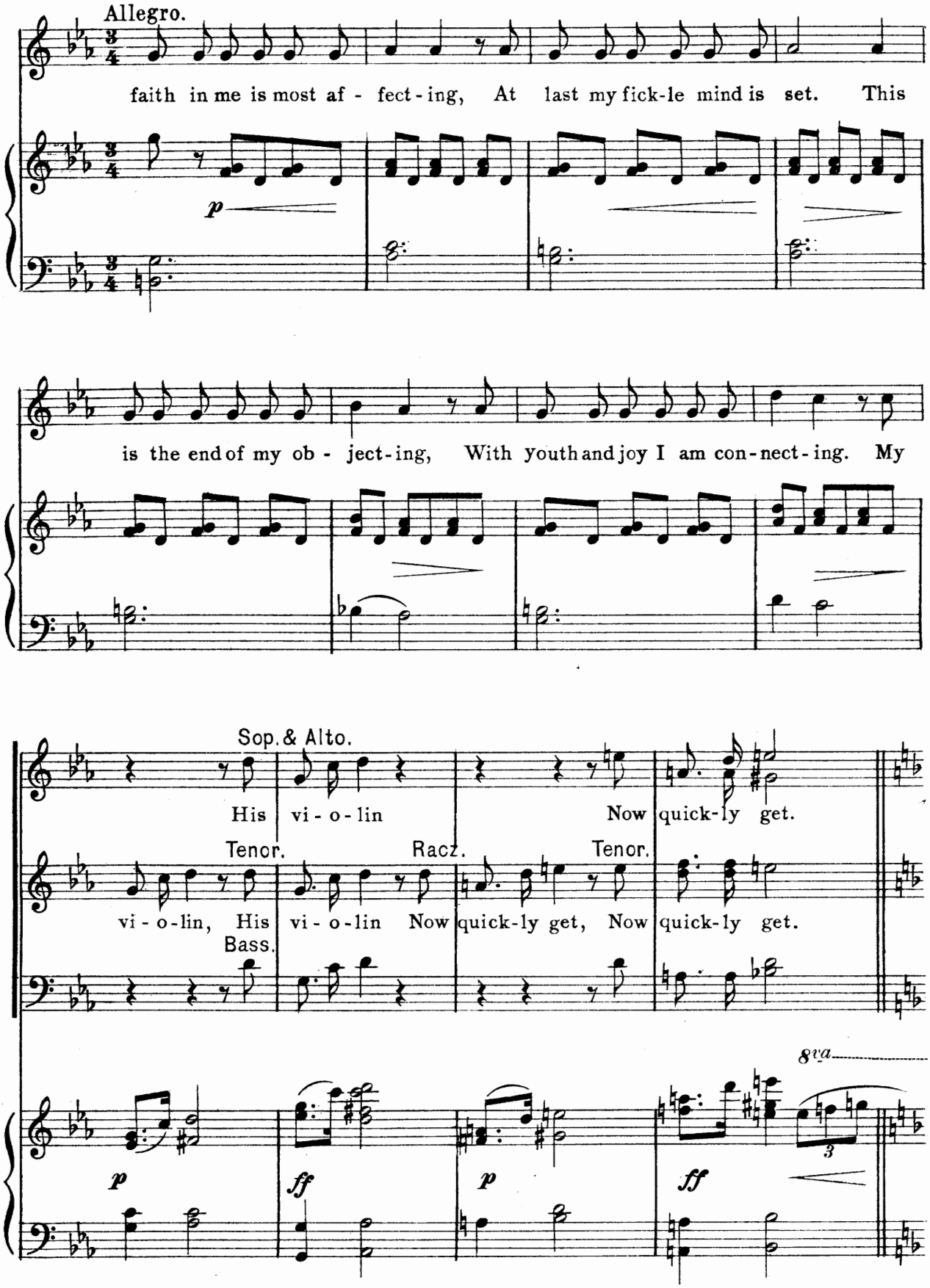

Sop. Alt. & Juliska
Come, throw off your deep de-pres-sion, You are young, like a boy,
Come, throw off your deep de-pres-sion, You are young, like a boy,
Bass & Fekete
ff very broad
a tempo
Be your-self and be our mas-ter, Life is meant to give you joy.
Be your-self and be our mas-ter, Life is meant to give you joy.
Allegro maestoso
still broader
rit.
ff
decresc.
p

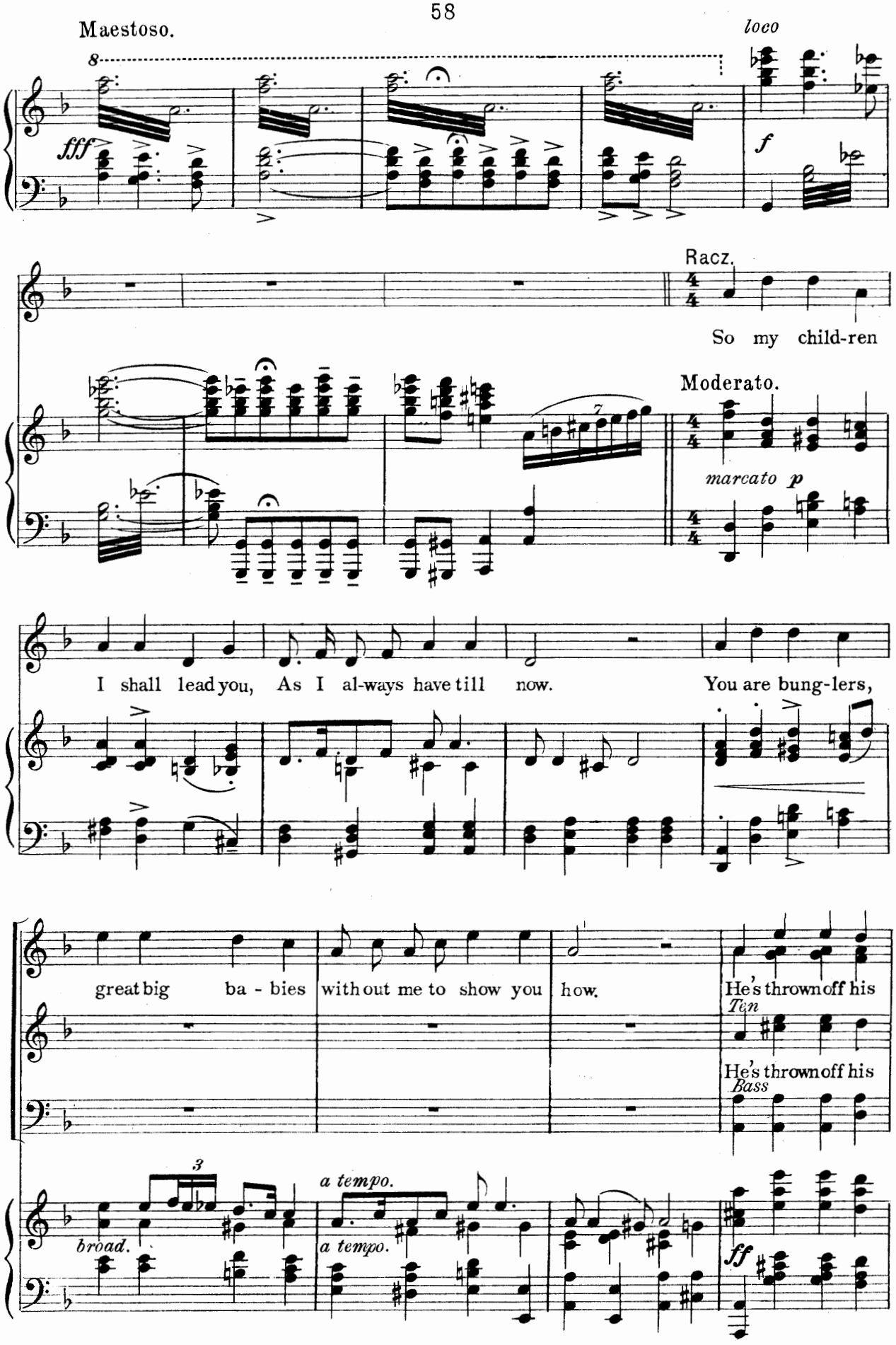

Adagio.
Play to us,
ten
p dolce
Don't say no.
8va
loco
legato
(Tenor & Bass with Fekete)
As of old.
(Sop. & Alto)
Don't
say no.
Racz.
The
8va
loco

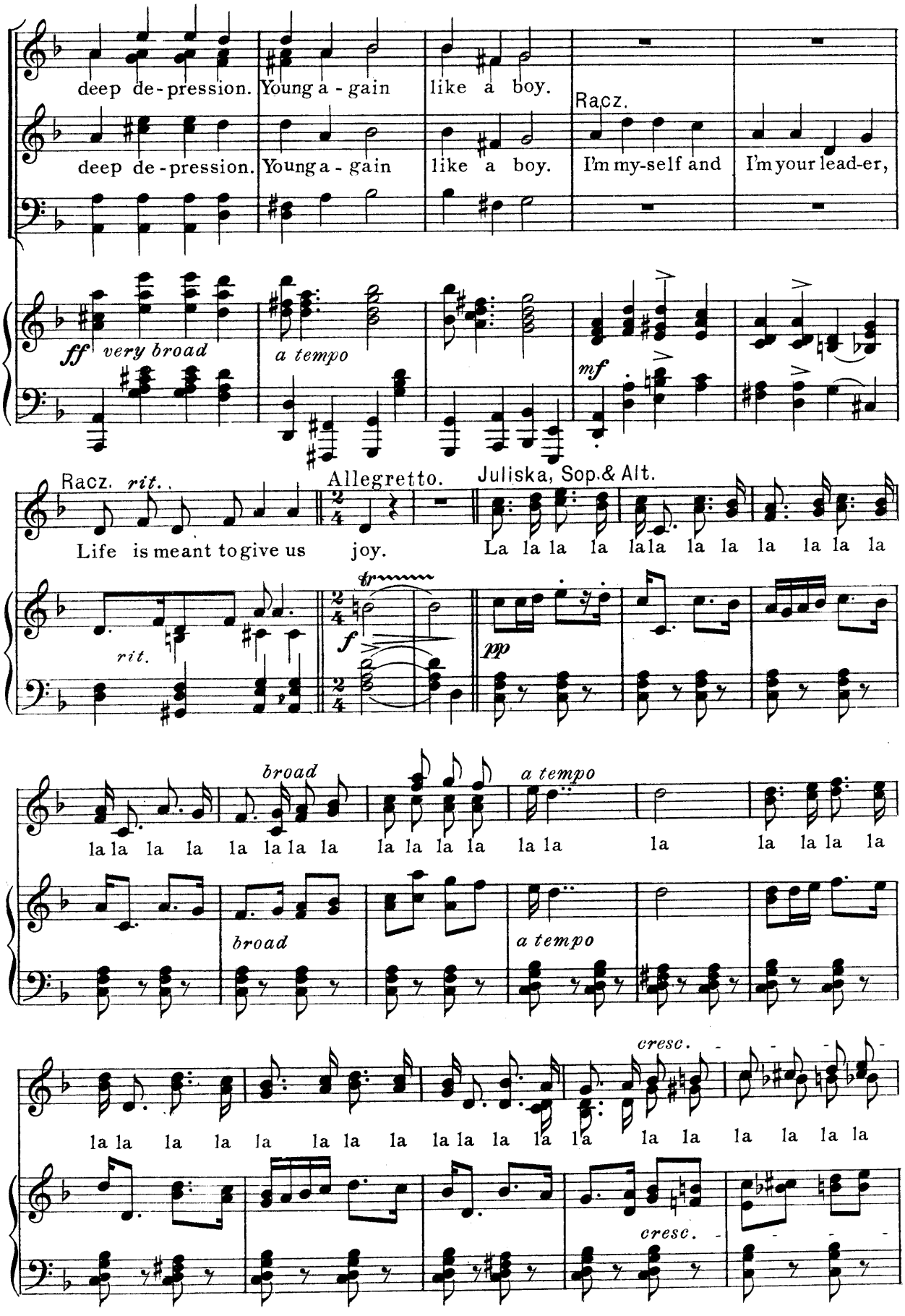

(Sop. with Racz.)
Old old song my gyp - sy song Once a -
Old old song
Old old song
(Racz alone)
gain I cry "en - core" just once more.
Agitato
Sari
Father I beg you don't go to Pa-ris, It is a cra-zy i - dea.
p

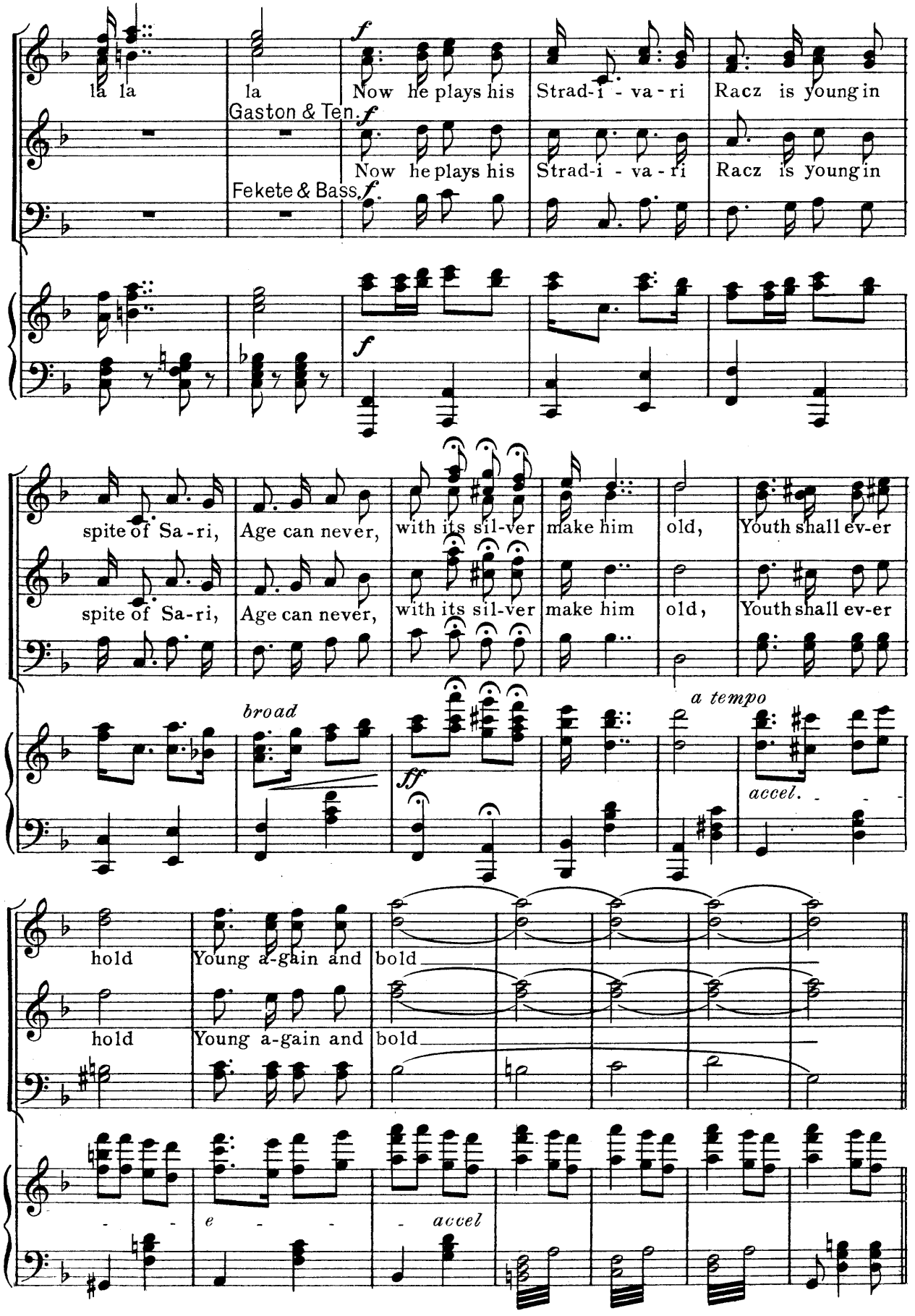

meno
You have been ill and the jour-ney is long. Much harm it will do you, I fear.
meno
p
Allegretto grazioso. (Children)
Fath-er dear please stay here, Do not go we want you near.
p
Lento. (Racz)
Shall I stay, or shall I go?
p
Allegro molto. (Fekete)
Stay! If you be - lieve you're old And no long-er can di-rect us,
p
cresc.

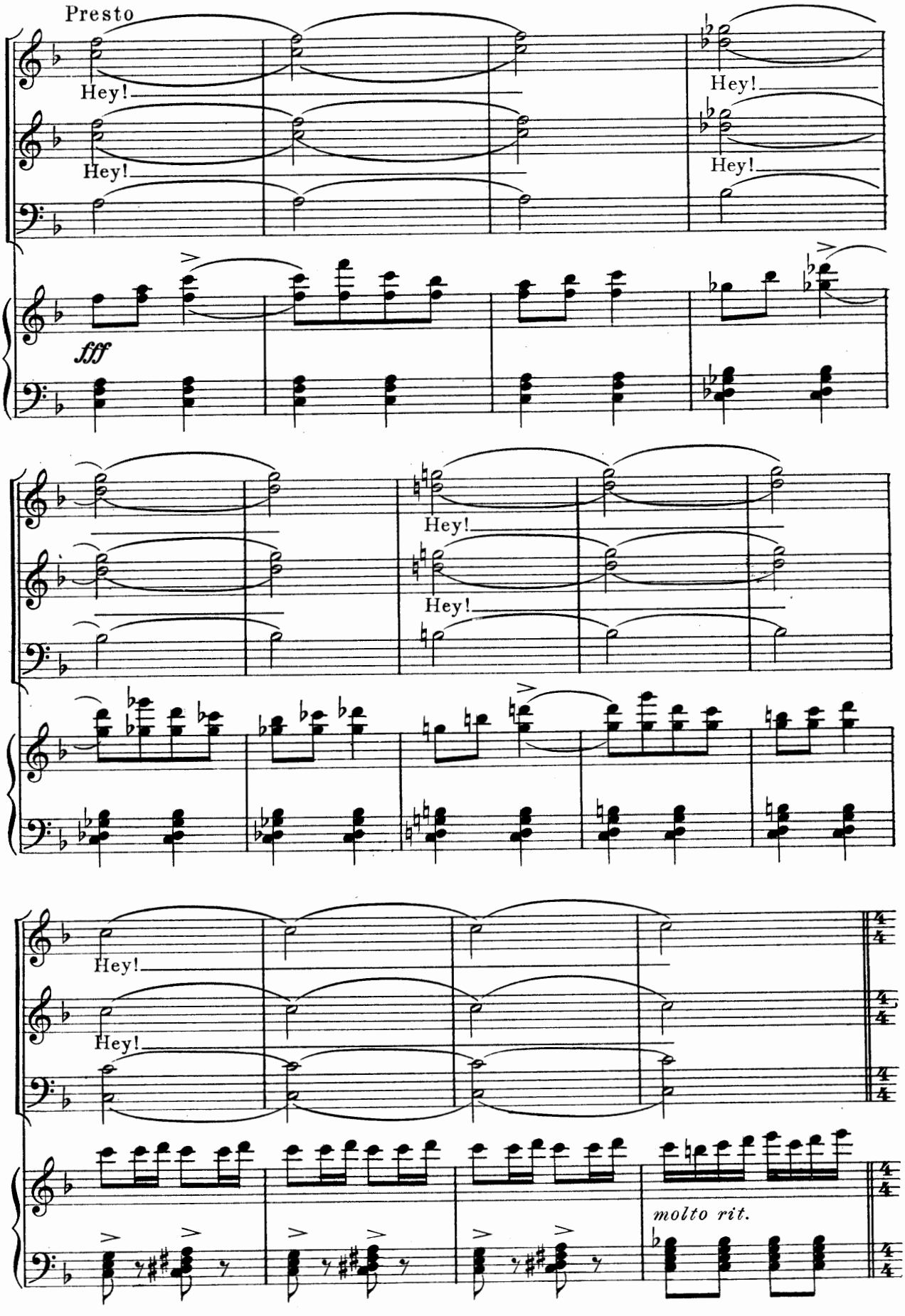

We will choose your son in-stead He shall straight way be our head.
Sop. & Juliska
ff
Come
Racz
oh, do say yes, you'll
Ten. & Gaston
ff
Come
Racz
oh, do say yes, you'll
Bass. & Fekete
ff
ff
go,
Racz,
you will not say no.
Racz
go,
Racz,
you will not say no.
Your

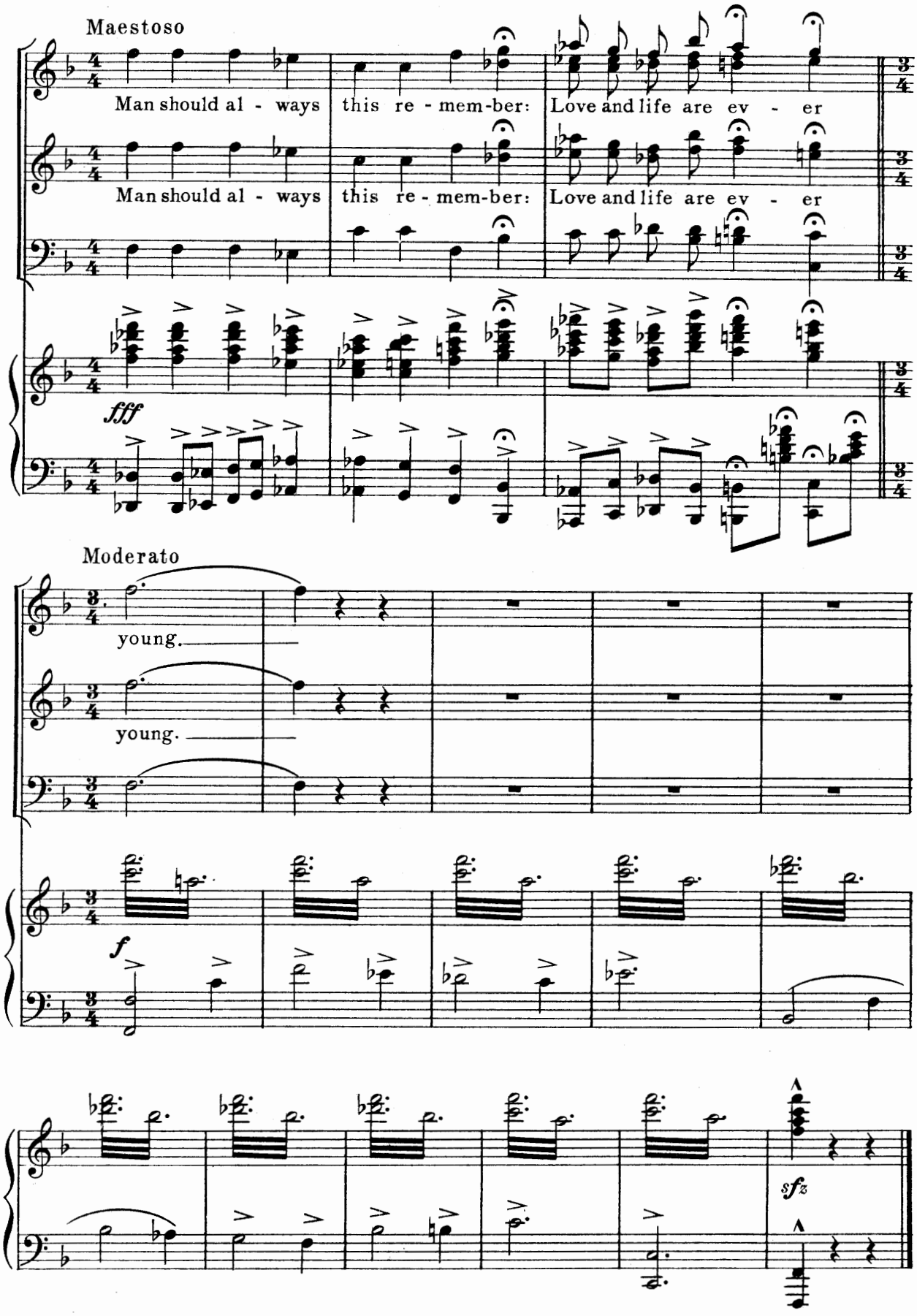

Allegro.
faith in me is most af - fect - ing, At last my fick-le mind is set. This
p
is the end of my ob - ject - ing, With youth and joy I am con - nect - ing. My
Sop. & Alto.
His vi - o - lin Now quick-ly get.
Tenor.
Racz.
Tenor.
vi - o - lin, His vi - o - lin Now quick-ly get, Now quick-ly get.
Bass.
8va
p
ff
p
ff
3


Maestoso.
loco
fff
f
Racz.
So my child-ren
Moderato.
marcato p
I shall lead you, As I al-ways have till now. You are bung-lers,
great big ba - bies with out me to show you how.
He's thrown off his
Ten
He's thrown off his
Bass
broad.
a tempo.
a tempo.
ff


deep de-pression. Young a-gain like a boy.
deep de-pression. Young a-gain like a boy.
Racz.
I'm my-self and I'm your lead-er,
ff very broad
a tempo
mf
Racz. rit.
Life is meant to give us joy.
Allegretto.
Juliska, Sop. & Alt.
La la la la la la la la la la la la
rit.
f
pp
broad
a tempo
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
broad
a tempo
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la
cresc.
cresc.


la la
la
Now he plays his
Strad-i - va - ri
Racz is young in
Gaston & Ten.
Now he plays his
Strad-i - va - ri
Racz is young in
Fekete & Bass.
spite of Sa-ri,
Age can never,
with its sil-ver
make him
old,
Youth shall ev-er
spite of Sa-ri,
Age can never,
with its sil-ver
make him
old,
Youth shall ev-er
broad
a tempo
accel.
hold
Young a-gain and
bold
hold
Young a-gain and
bold
e
accel

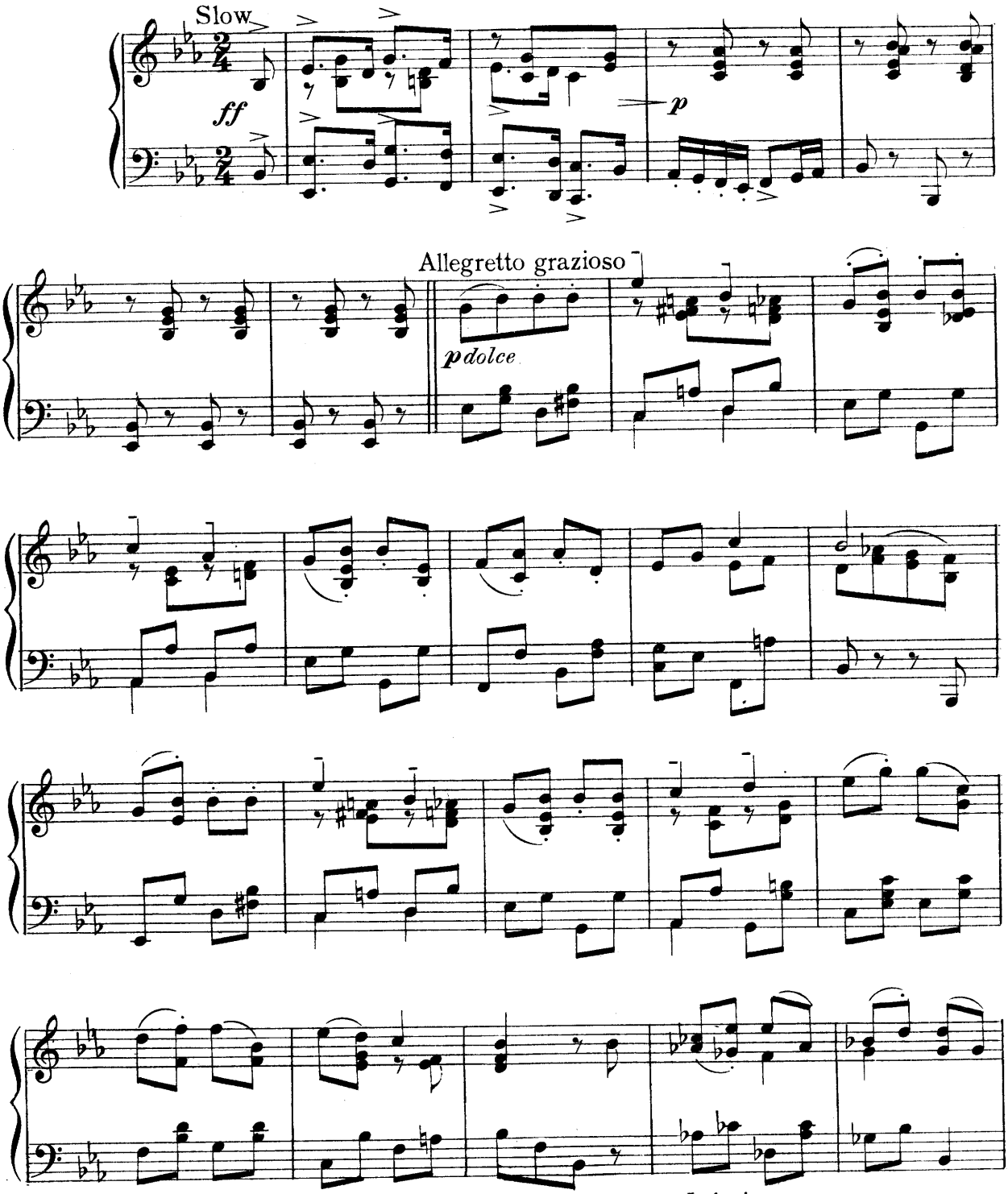

Presto
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
fff
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
Hey!
molto rit.


Maestoso
Man should al - ways this re - mem-ber: Love and life are ev - er
Man should al - ways this re - mem-ber: Love and life are ev - er
fff
Moderato
young.
young.
f
sfz

ACT II.

Entr' Act.

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN



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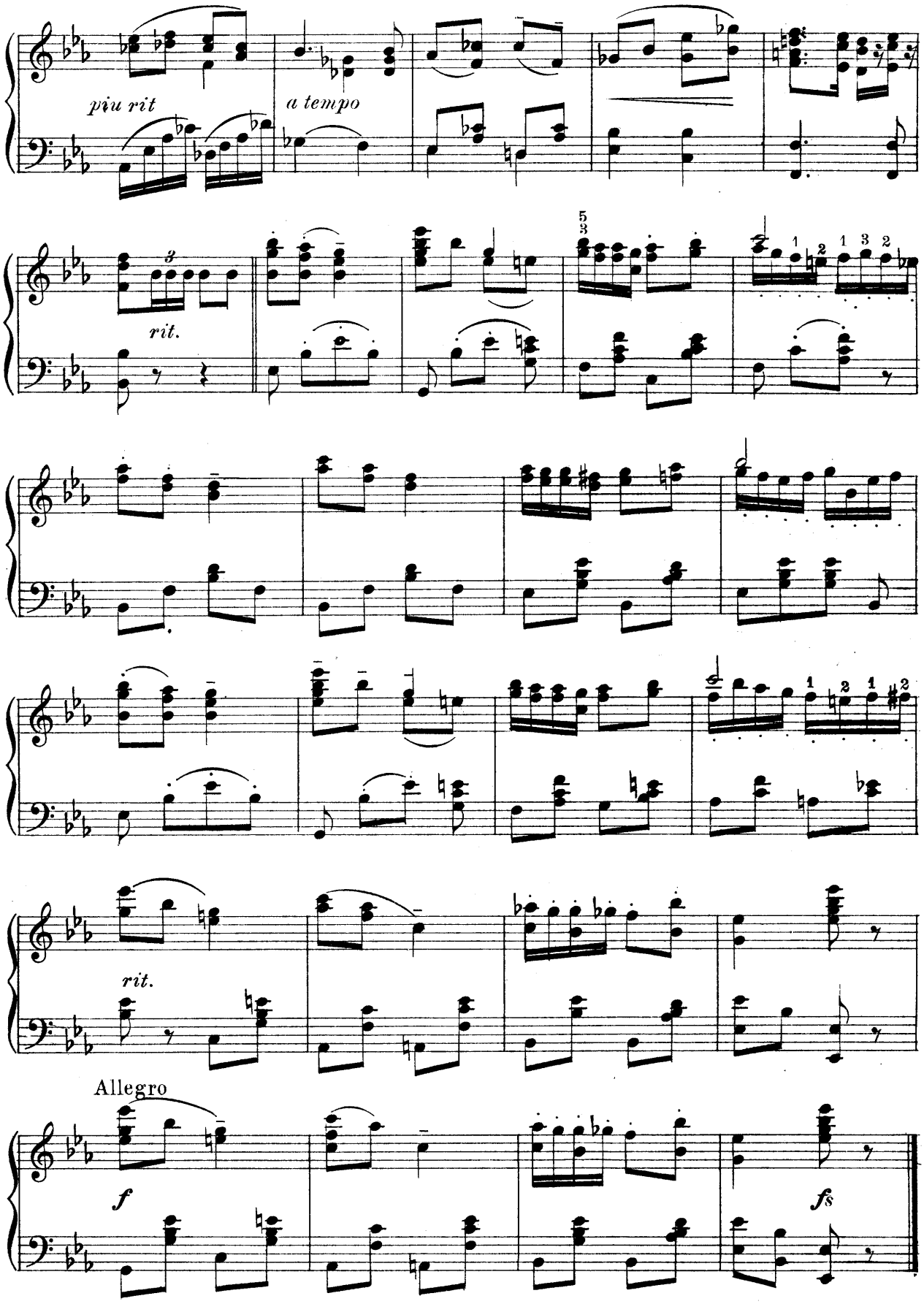

piu rit
a tempo
rit.
rit.
Allegro
f
fs

ACT II.

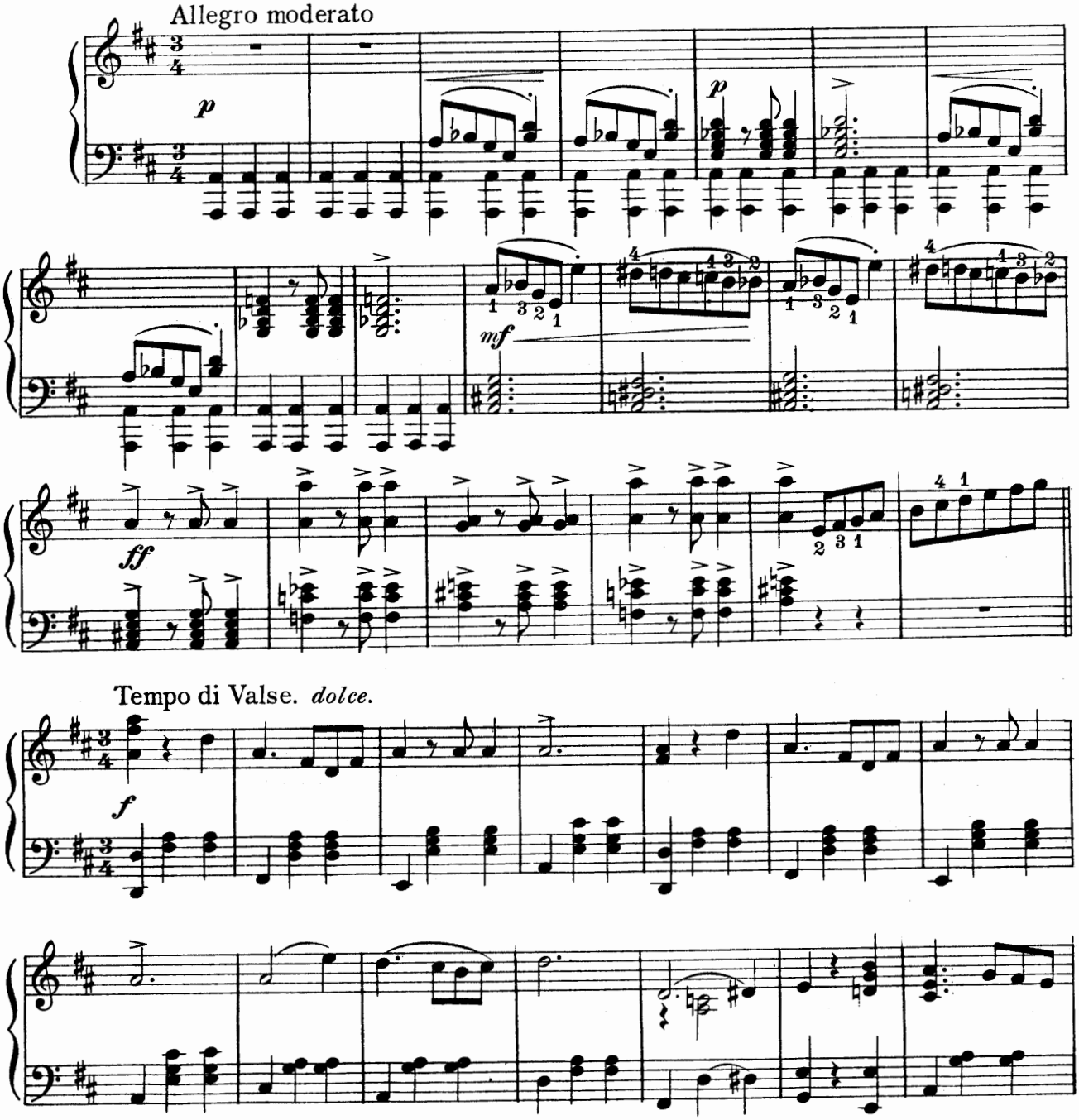
DANCE AND OPENING CHORUS

With Lowered Heads

(Estragon and Chorus.)

Lyric by
C.C.S. CUSHING
&E.P. HEATH

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN



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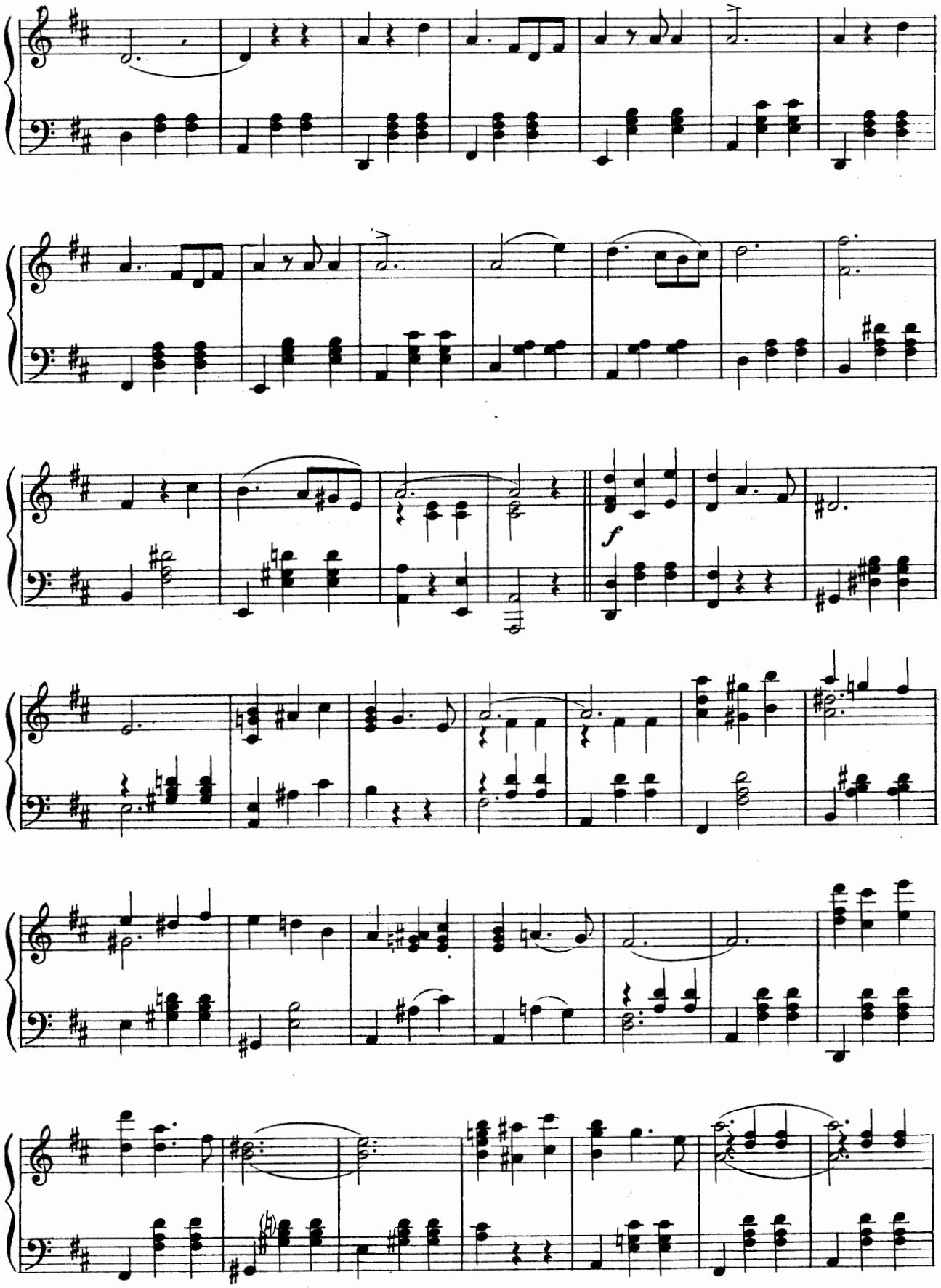
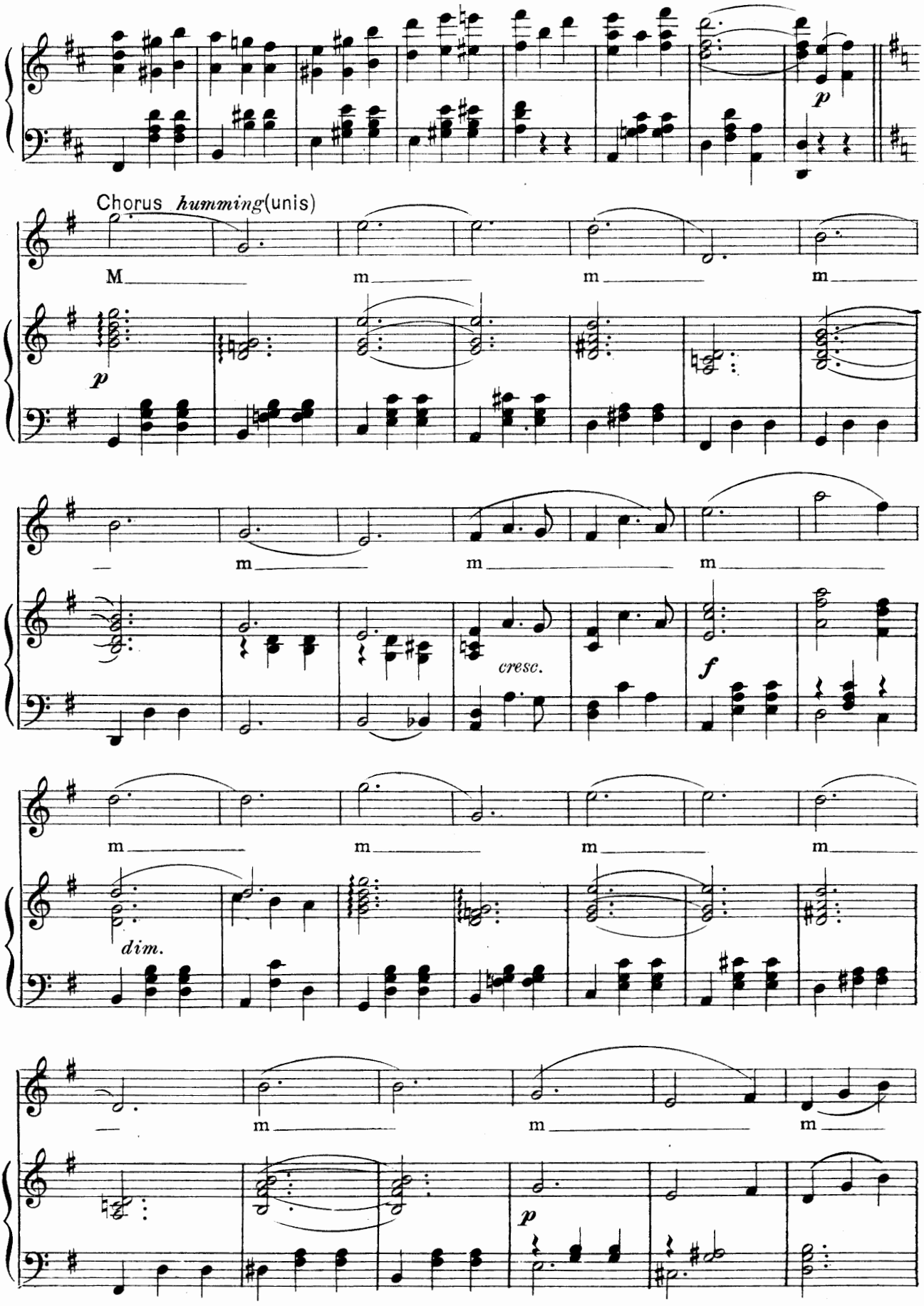
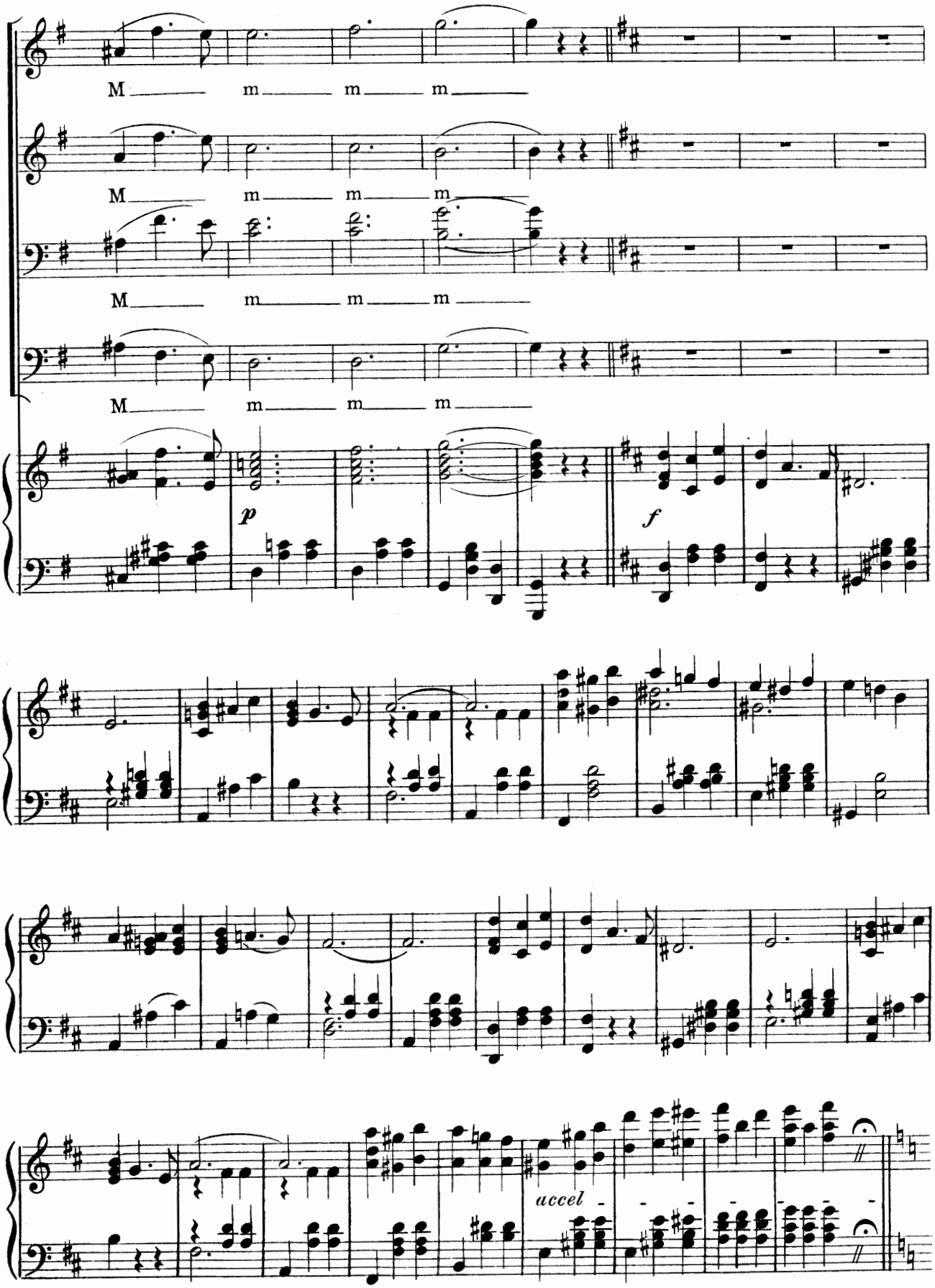
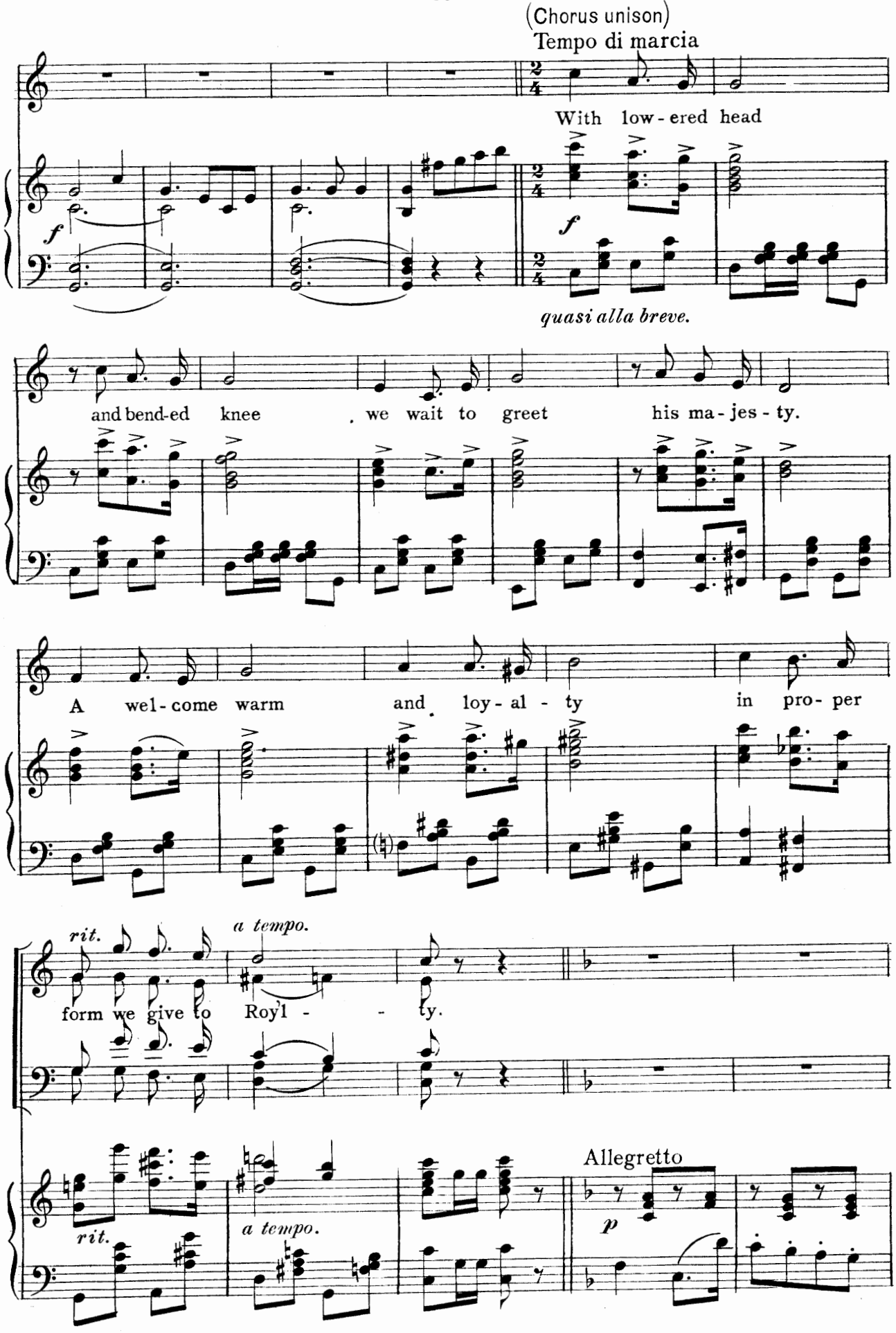
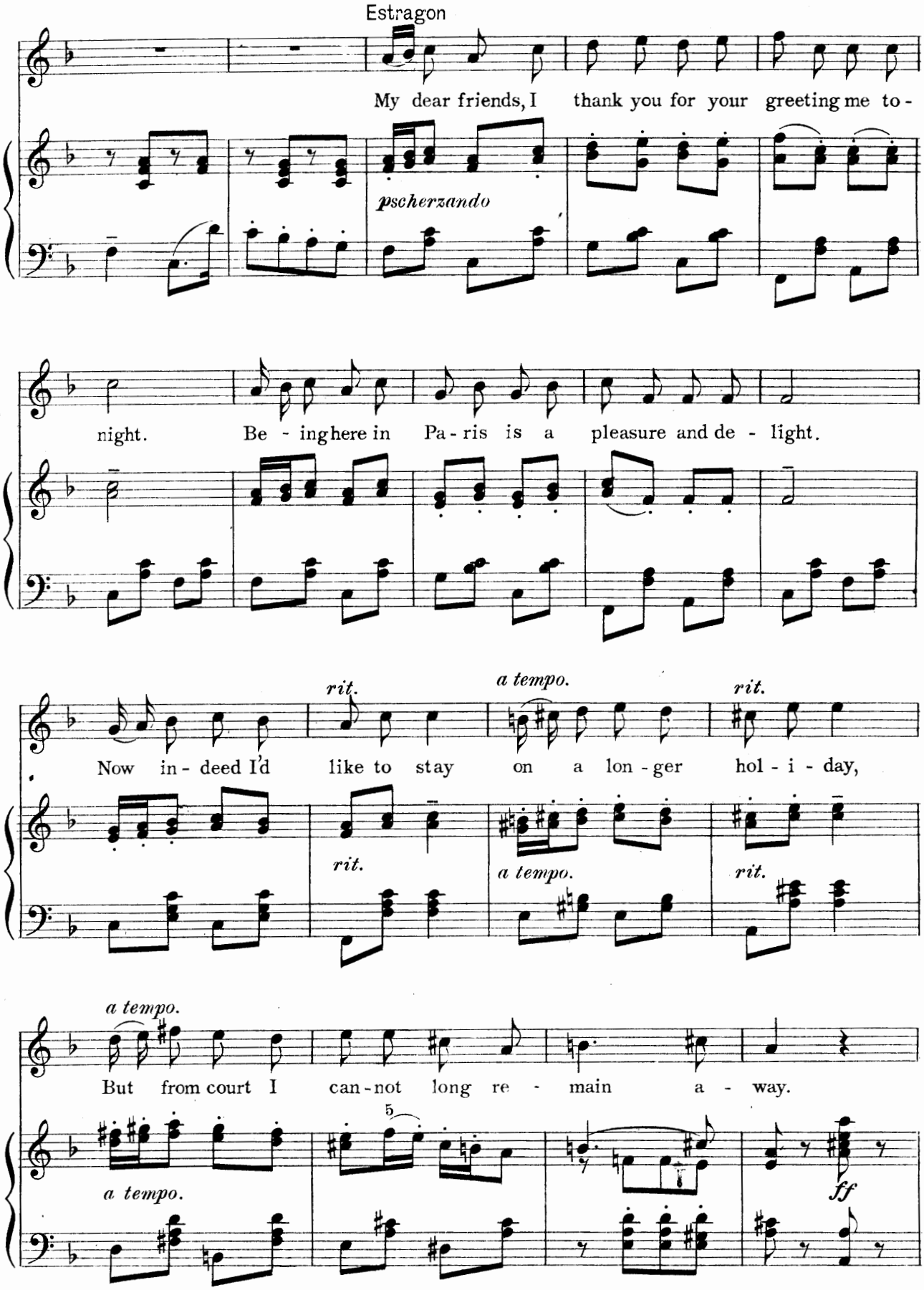
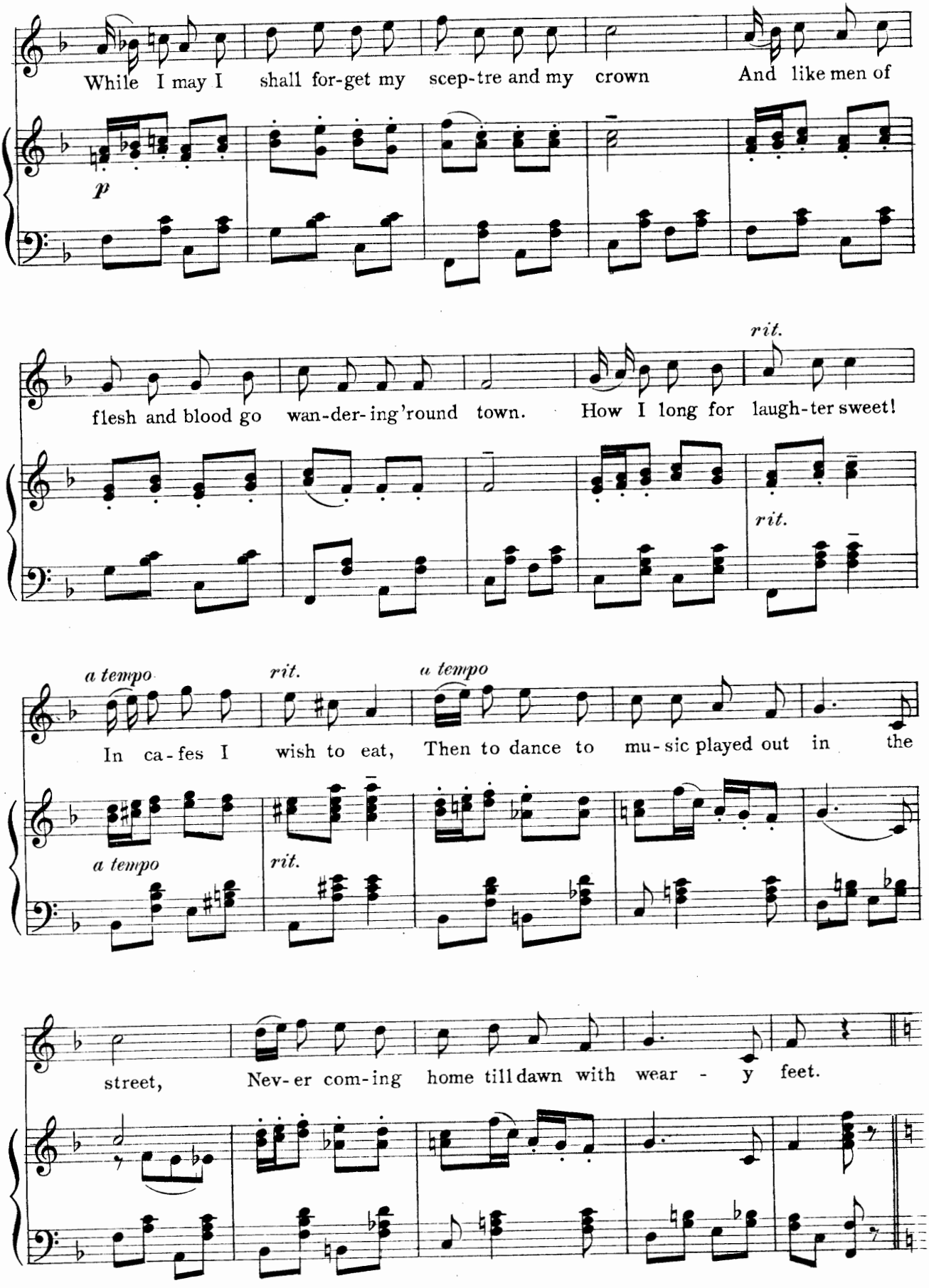

f

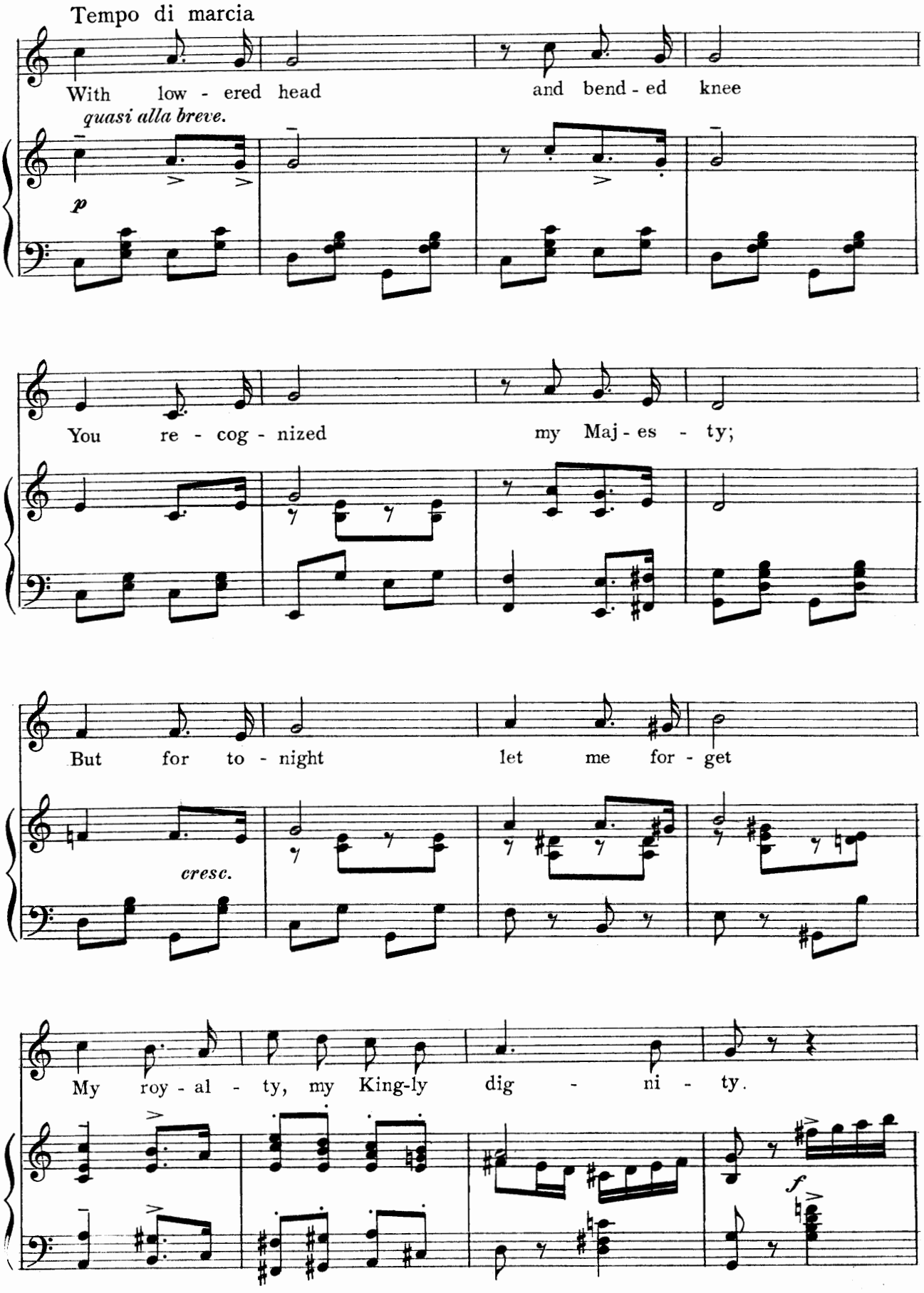

Chorus *humming*(unis)
M
m
m
m
p
p
cresc.
f
dim.
p

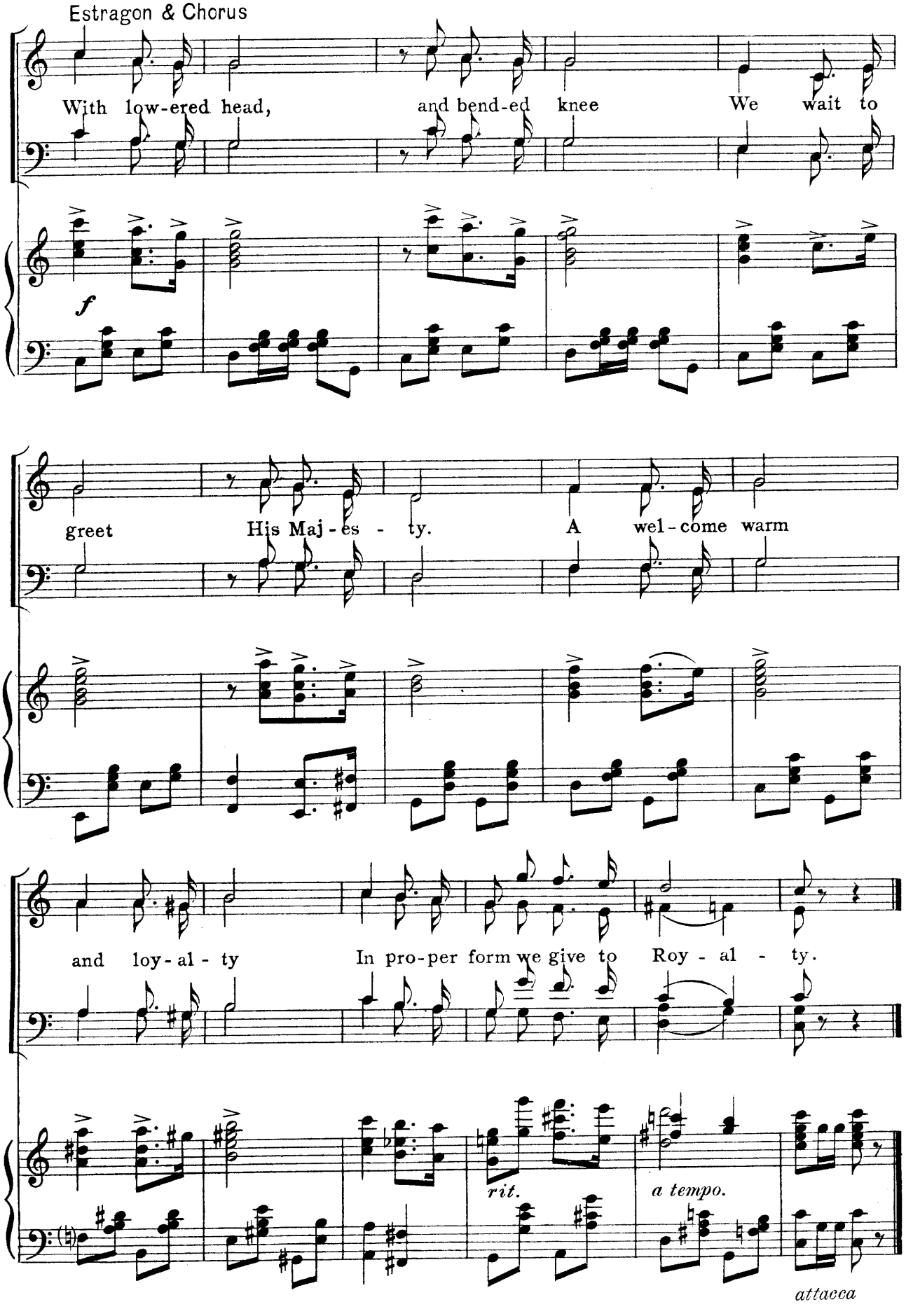

M m m m
M m m m
M m m m
M m m m
p
f
accel


(Chorus unison)
Tempo di marcia
With low-ered head
quasi alla breve.
and bend-ed knee we wait to greet his ma-jes-ty.
A wel-come warm and loy-al-ty in pro-per
rit.
a tempo.
form we give to Roy'l - ty.
Allegretto
rit.
a tempo.


Estragon
My dear friends, I thank you for your greeting me to-
pscherzando
night. Be - ing here in Pa - ris is a pleasure and de - light.
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
Now in - deed I'd like to stay on a lon - ger hol - i - day,
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
But from court I can - not long re - main a - way.
5
a tempo.
ff


While I may I shall for-get my scep-tre and my crown And like men of
p
flesh and blood go wan-der-ing'round town. How I long for laugh-ter sweet!
rit.
rit.
a tempo
rit.
a tempo
In ca-fes I wish to eat, Then to dance to mu-sic played out in the
a tempo
rit.
street, Nev-er com-ing home till dawn with wear - y feet.

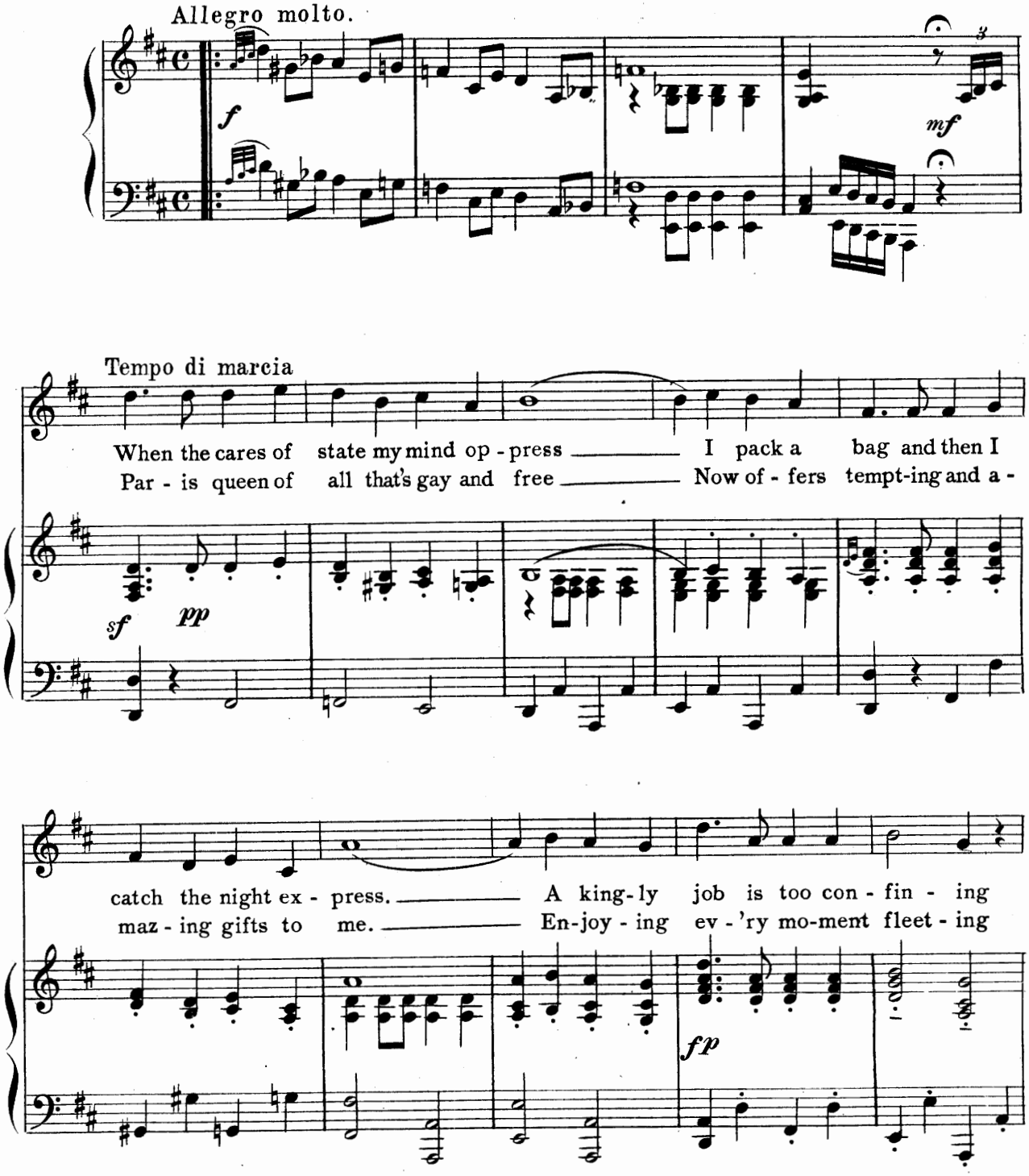

Tempo di marcia
With low - ered head and bend - ed knee
quasi alla breve.
p
You re - cog - nized my Maj - es - ty;
But for to - night let me for - get
cresc.
My roy - al - ty, my King-ly dig - ni - ty.
f


Estragon & Chorus
With low-ered head, and bend-ed knee We wait to
f
greet His Maj-es - ty. A wel-come warm
and loy-al - ty In pro-per form we give to Roy - al - ty.
rit.
a tempo.
attacca

Follow Me

Lyric by
C.C.S. CUSHING
& E.P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.



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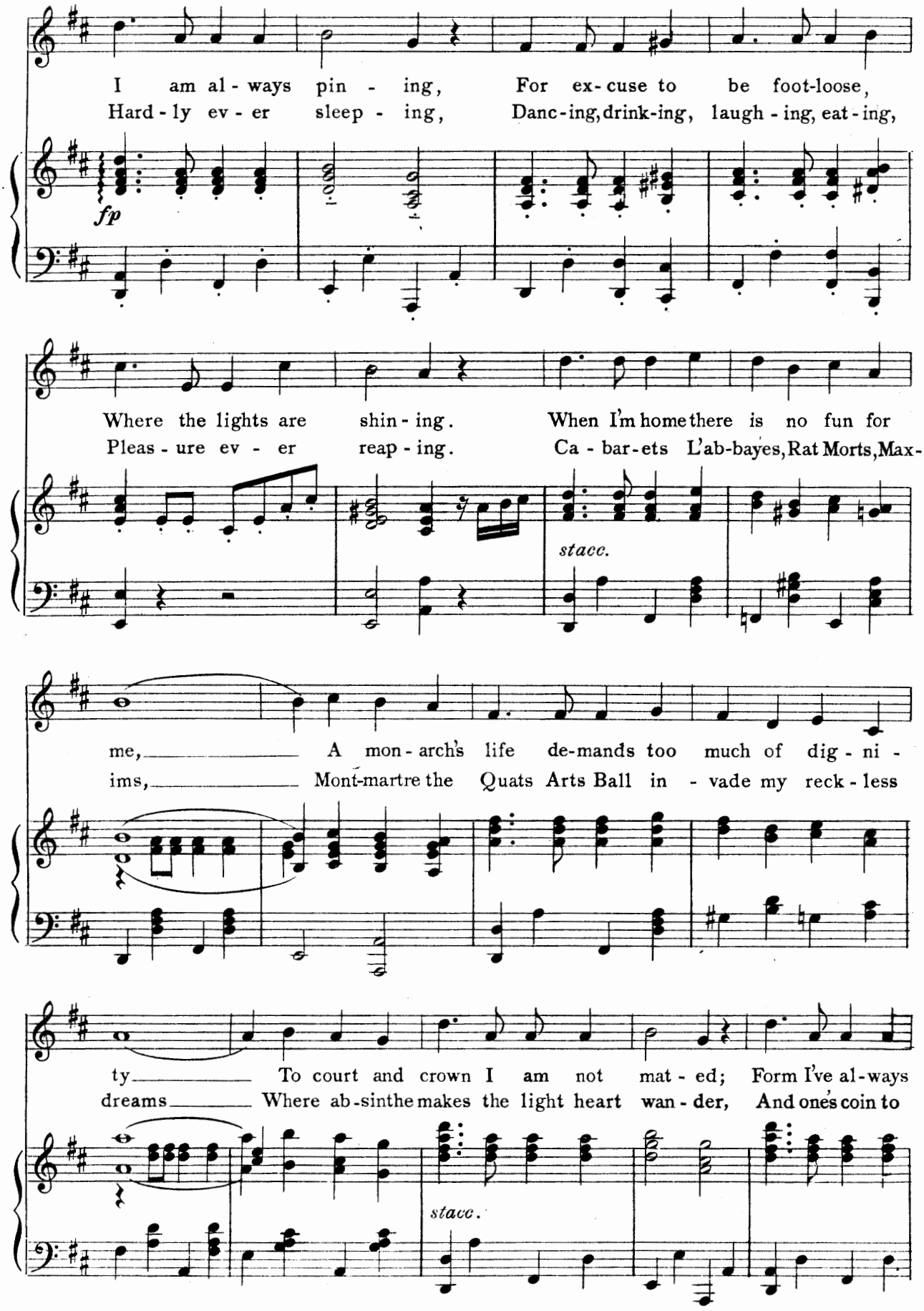
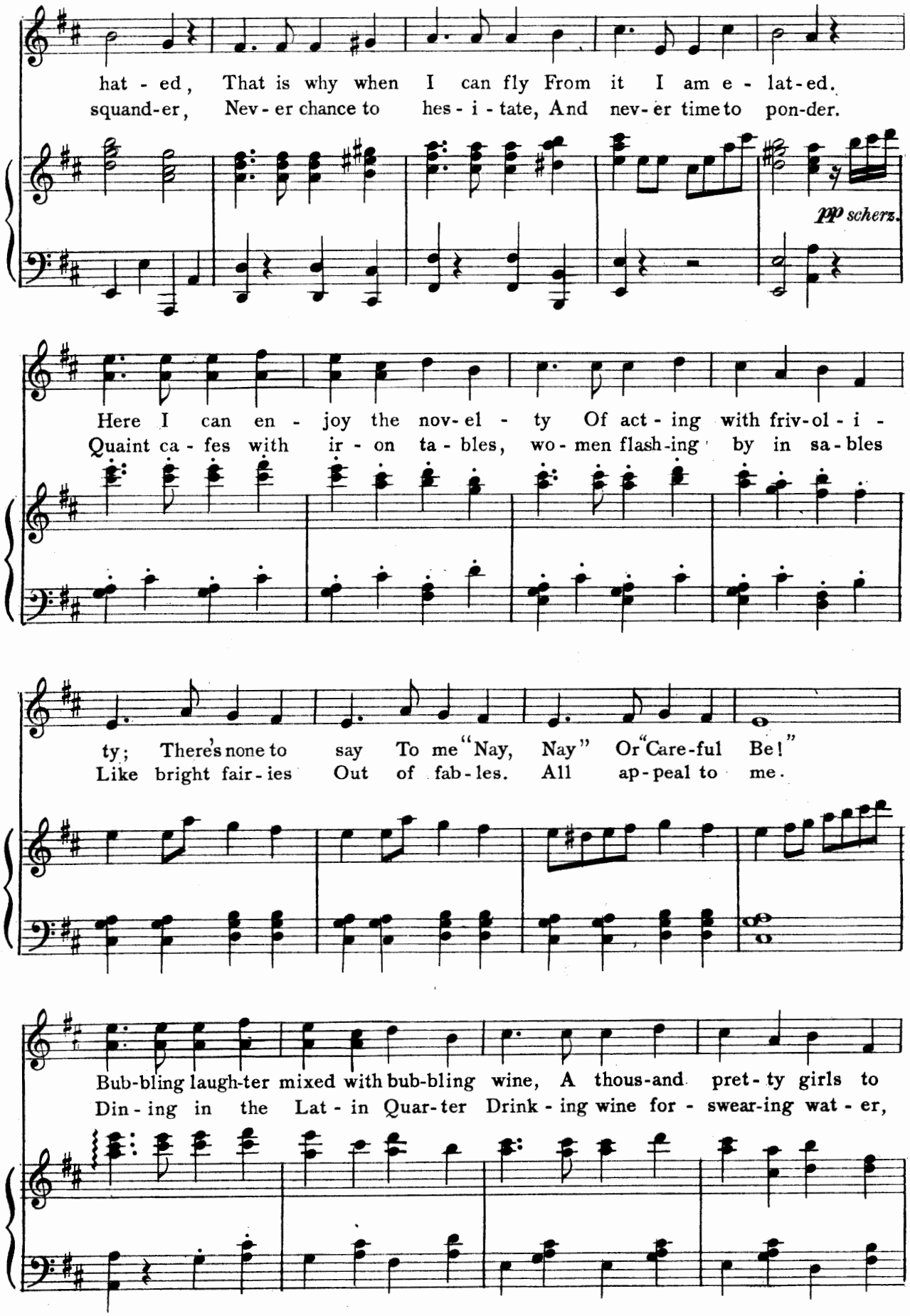
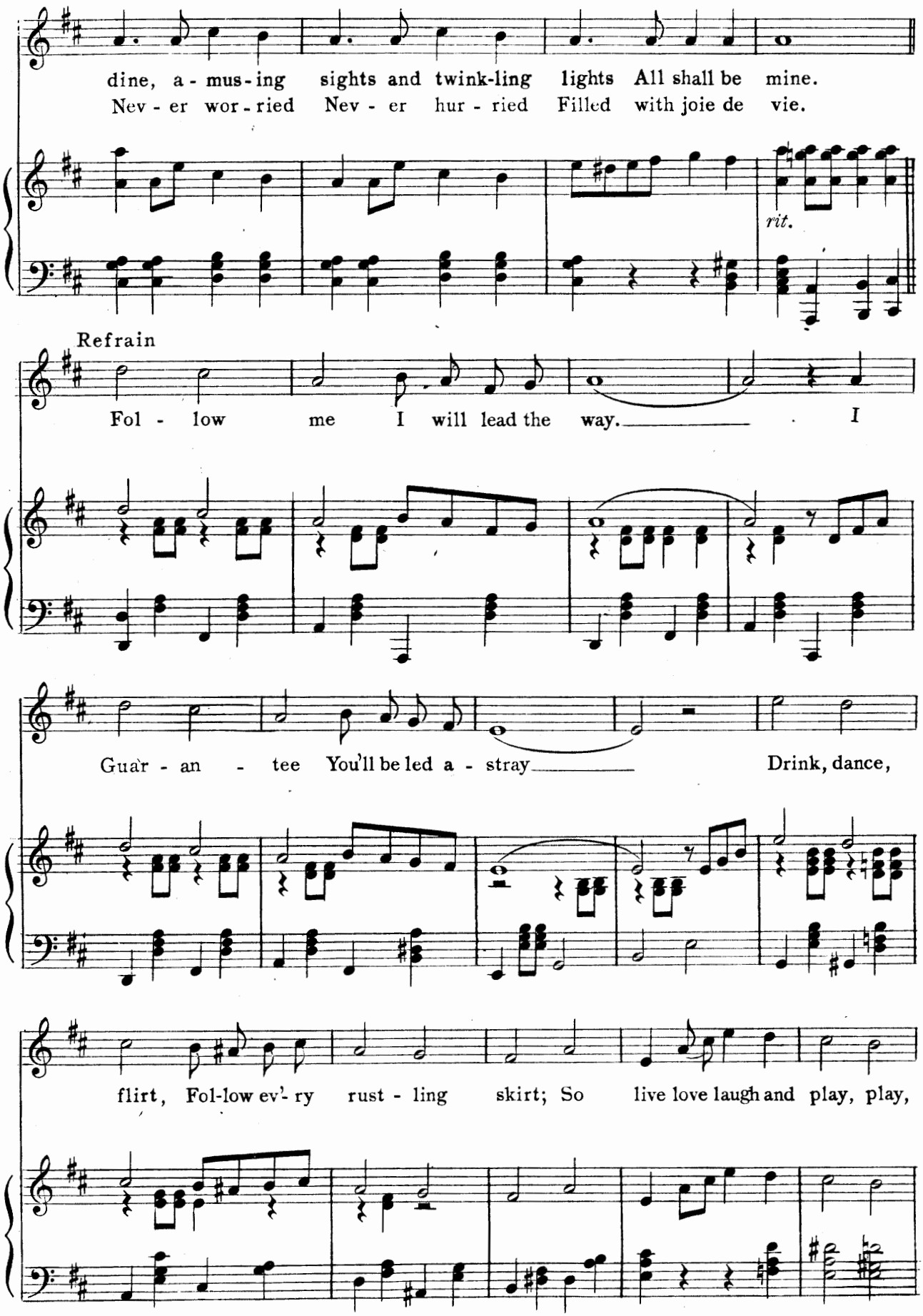
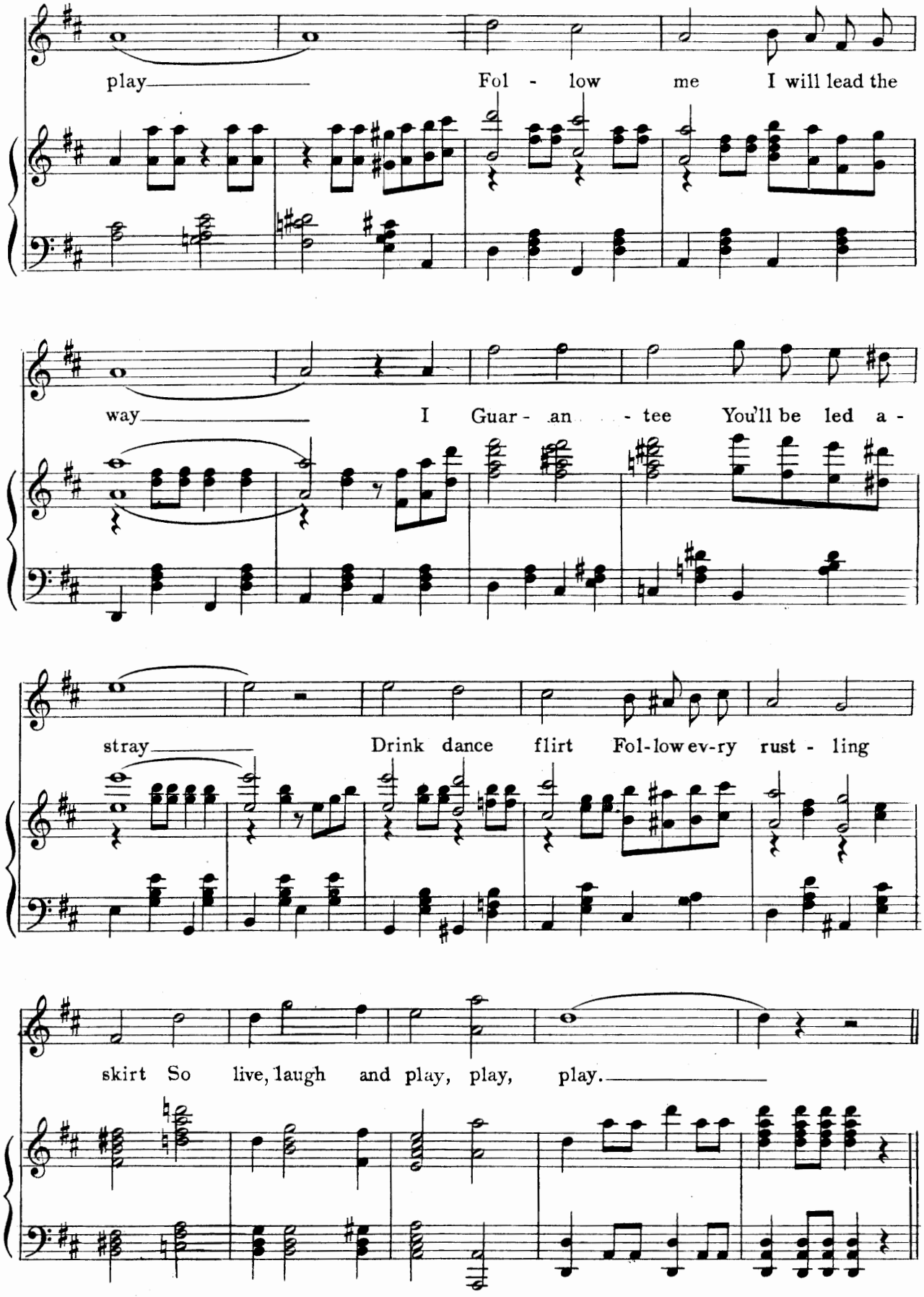

I am al - ways pin - ing, For ex - cuse to be foot-loose,
Hard - ly ev - er sleep - ing, Danc - ing, drink - ing, laugh - ing, eat - ing,
fp
Where the lights are shin - ing. When I'm home there is no fun for
Pleas - ure ev - er reap - ing. Ca - bar - ets L'ab-bayes, Rat Morts, Max -
stacc.
me, A mon - arch's life de - mands too much of dig - ni -
ims, Mont-martre the Quats Arts Ball in - vade my reck - less
ty To court and crown I am not mat - ed; Form I've al - ways
dreams Where ab - sinthe makes the light heart wan - der, And one's coin to
stacc.


hat - ed, That is why when I can fly From it I am e - lat-ed.
squand-er, Nev - er chance to hes - i - tate, And nev-er time to pon-der.
pp scherz.
Here I can en - joy the nov-el - ty Of act - ing with friv-ol - i -
Quaint ca - fes with ir - on ta - bles, wo - men flash-ing by in sa - bles
ty; There's none to say To me "Nay, Nay" Or "Care-ful Be!"
Like bright fair - ies Out of fab - les. All ap - peal to me.
Bub-bling laugh-ter mixed with bub-bling wine, A thous-and pret - ty girls to
Din - ing in the Lat - in Quar-ter Drink - ing wine for - swear-ing wat - er,


dine, a - mus - ing sights and twink-ling lights All shall be mine.
Nev - er wor - ried Nev - er hur - ried Filled with joie de vie.
rit.
Refrain
Fol - low me I will lead the way. I
Guar - an - tee You'll be led a - stray Drink, dance,
flirt, Fol-low ev'- ry rust - ling skirt; So live love laugh and play, play,


play
Fol - low me I will lead the
way
I Guar - an - tee You'll be led a -
stray
Drink dance flirt Fol-low ev-ry rust - ling
skirt So live, laugh and play, play, play.

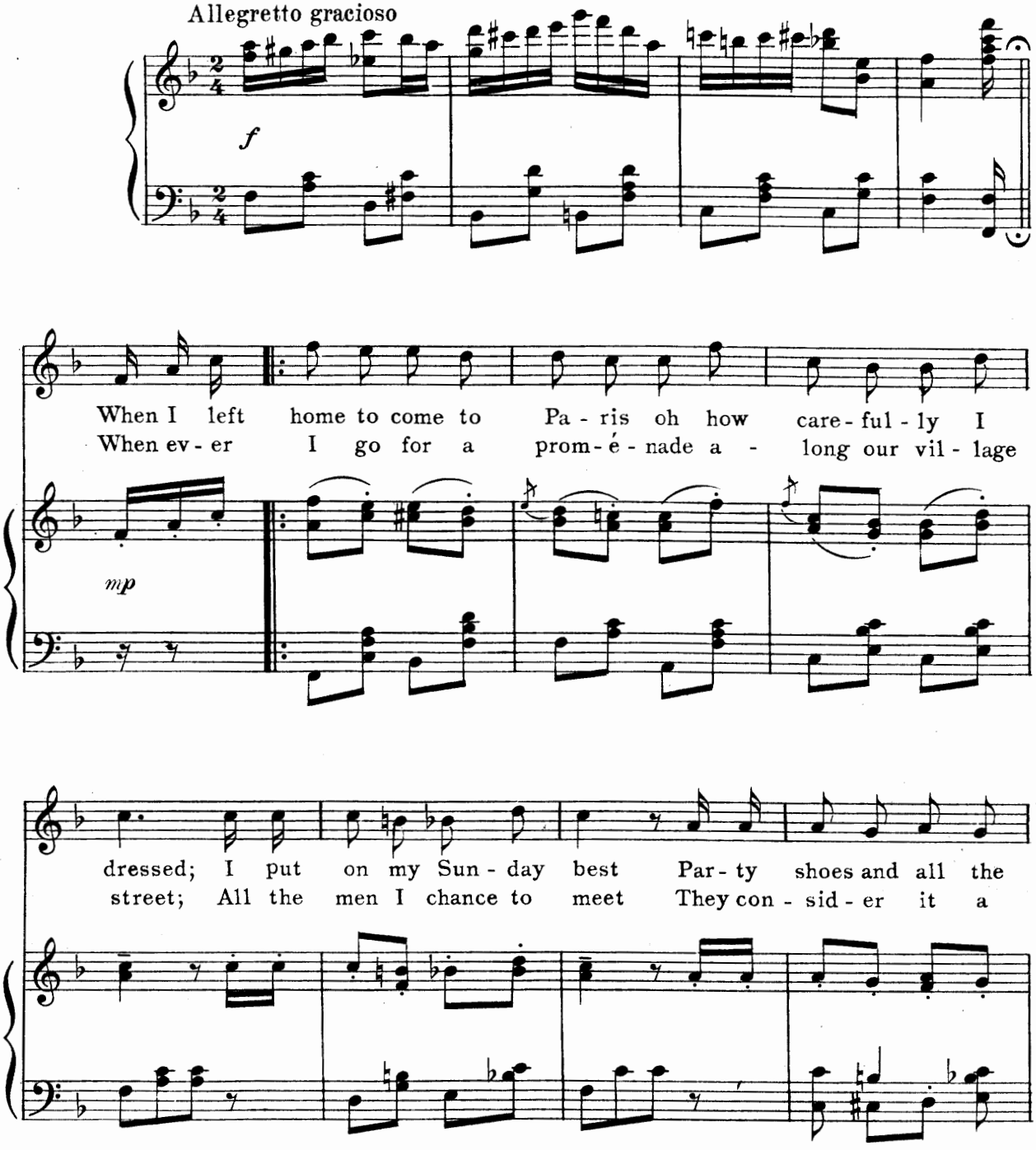
Simple Little Village Maid.

(Sari.)

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN.

Allegretto gracioso



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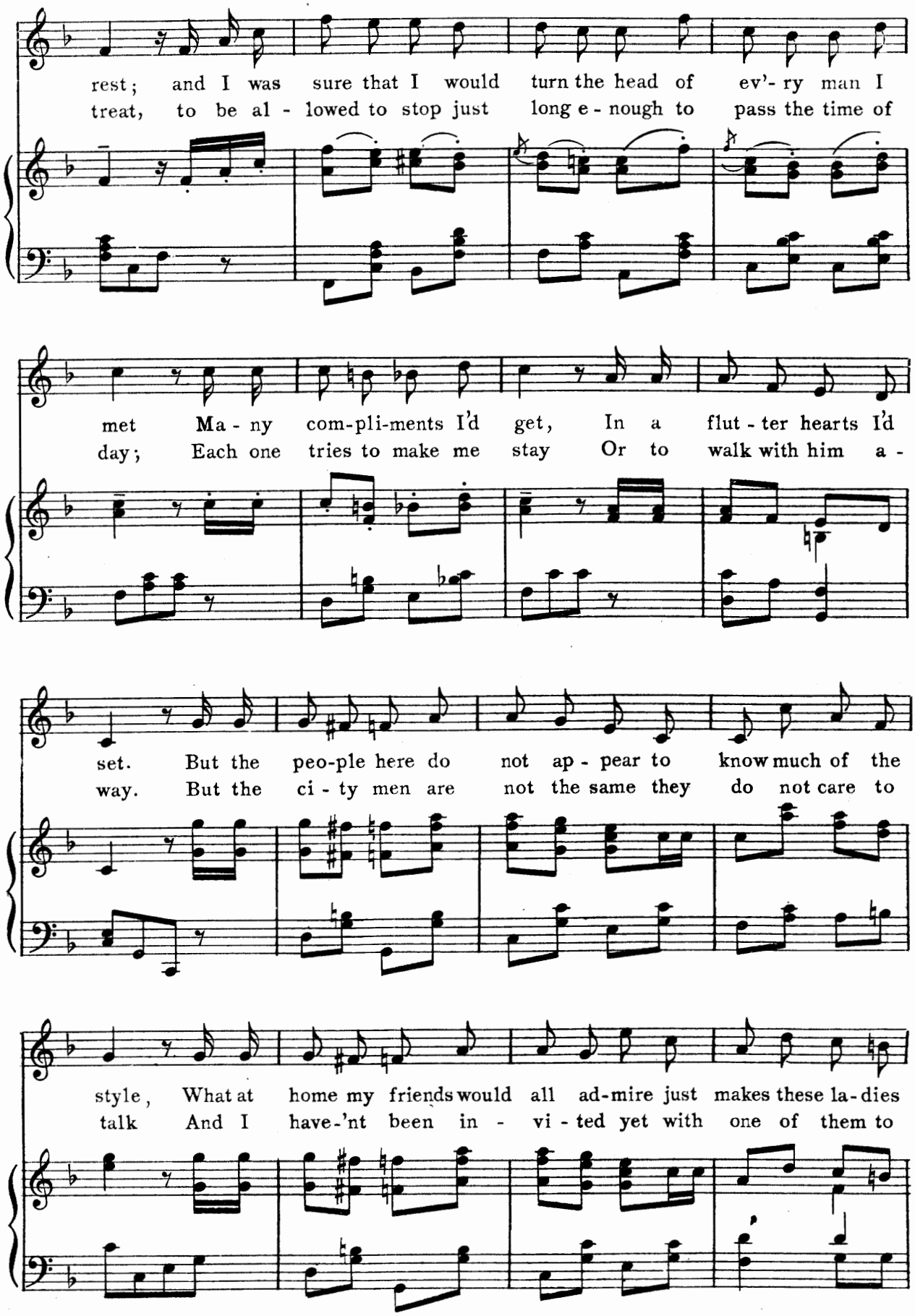
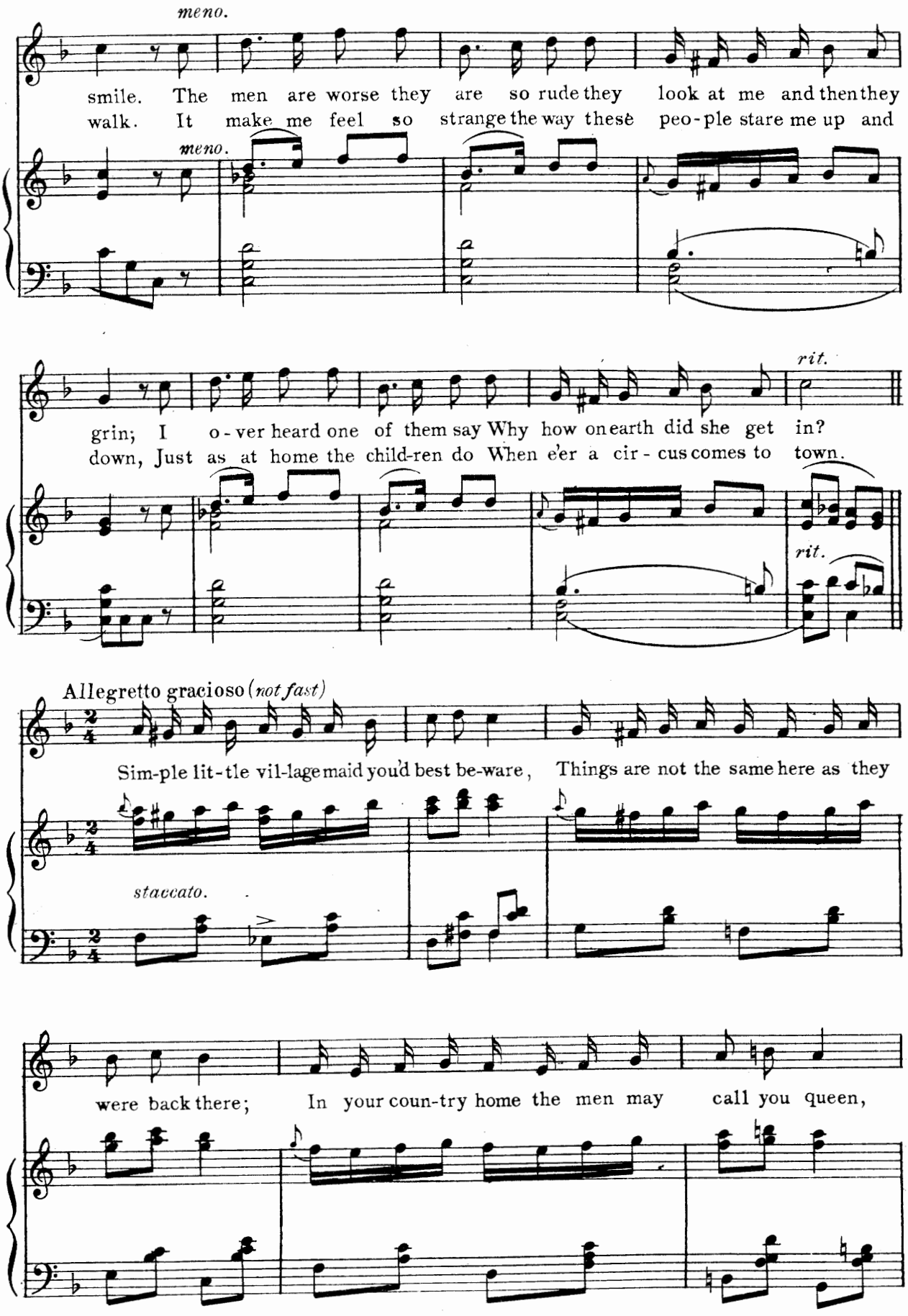
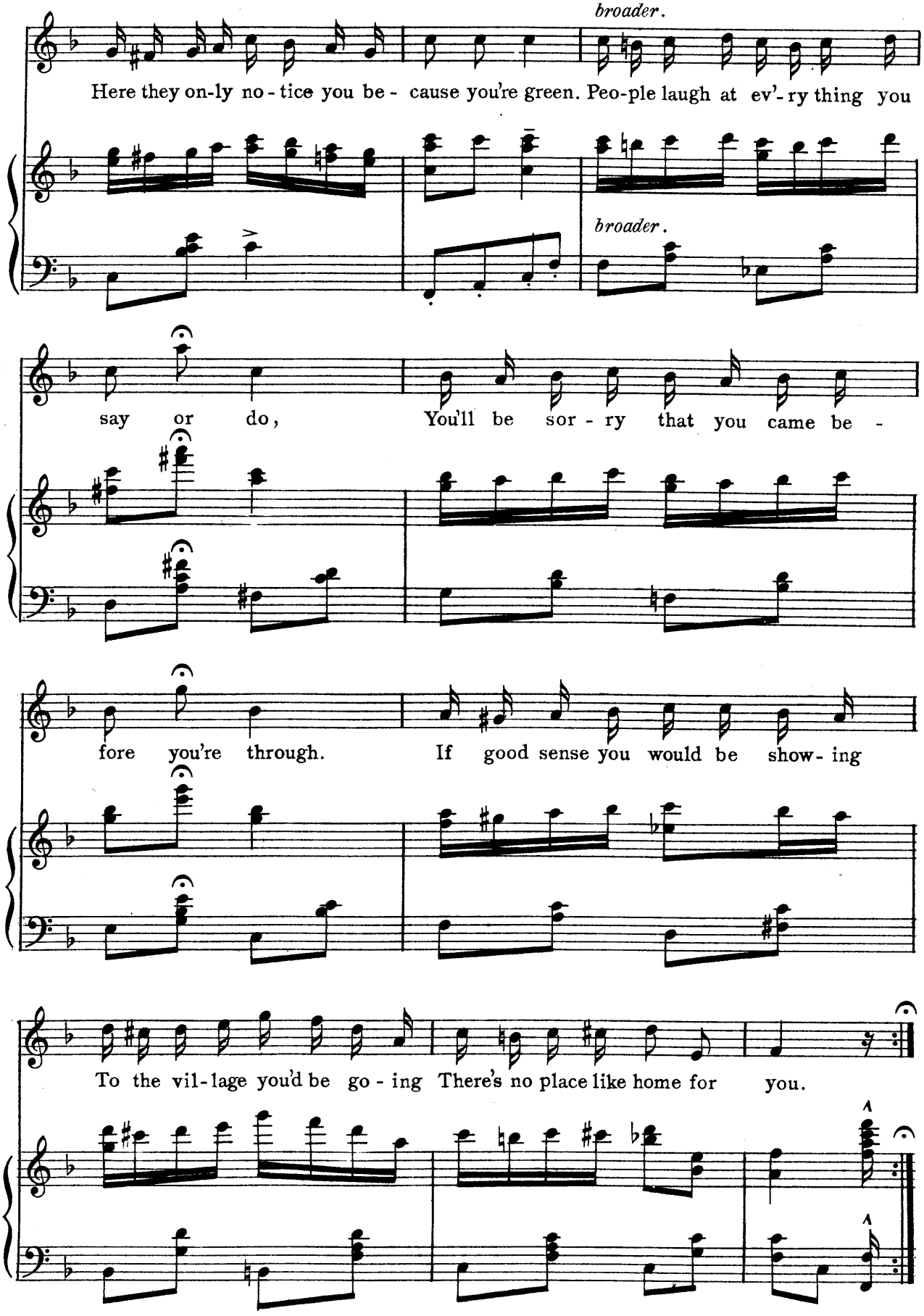

rest; and I was sure that I would turn the head of ev'- ry man I
treat, to be al - lowed to stop just long e - nough to pass the time of
met Ma - ny com-pli-ments I'd get, In a flut - ter hearts I'd
day; Each one tries to make me stay Or to walk with him a -
set. But the peo-ple here do not ap - pear to know much of the
way. But the ci - ty men are not the same they do not care to
style, What at home my friends would all ad-mire just makes these la-dies
talk And I have-'nt been in - vi - ted yet with one of them to

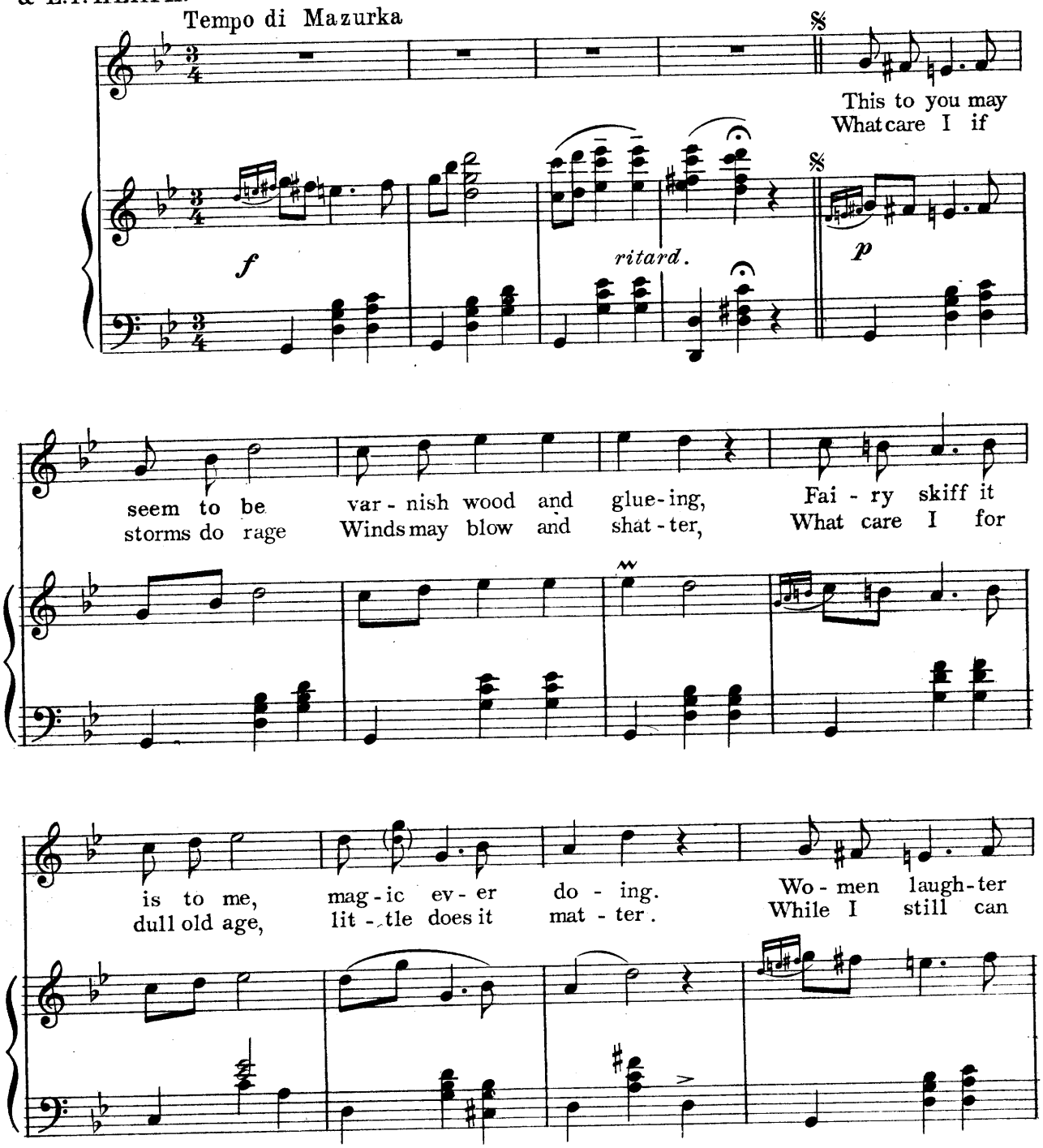

meno.
smile. The men are worse they are so rude they look at me and then they
walk. It make me feel so strange the way these peo-ple stare me up and
meno.
rit.
grin; I o-ver heard one of them say Why how on earth did she get in?
down, Just as at home the child-ren do When e'er a cir-cus comes to town.
rit.
Allegretto gracioso (not fast)
Sim-ple lit-tle vil-lage maid you'd best be-ware, Things are not the same here as they
staccato.
were back there; In your coun-try home the men may call you queen,


broader.
Here they on-ly no - tice you be - cause you're green. Peo-ple laugh at ev'- ry thing you
broader.
say or do, You'll be sor - ry that you came be -
fore you're through. If good sense you would be show- ing
To the vil- lage you'd be go - ing There's no place like home for you.

My Faithful Stradivari

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KALMAN.



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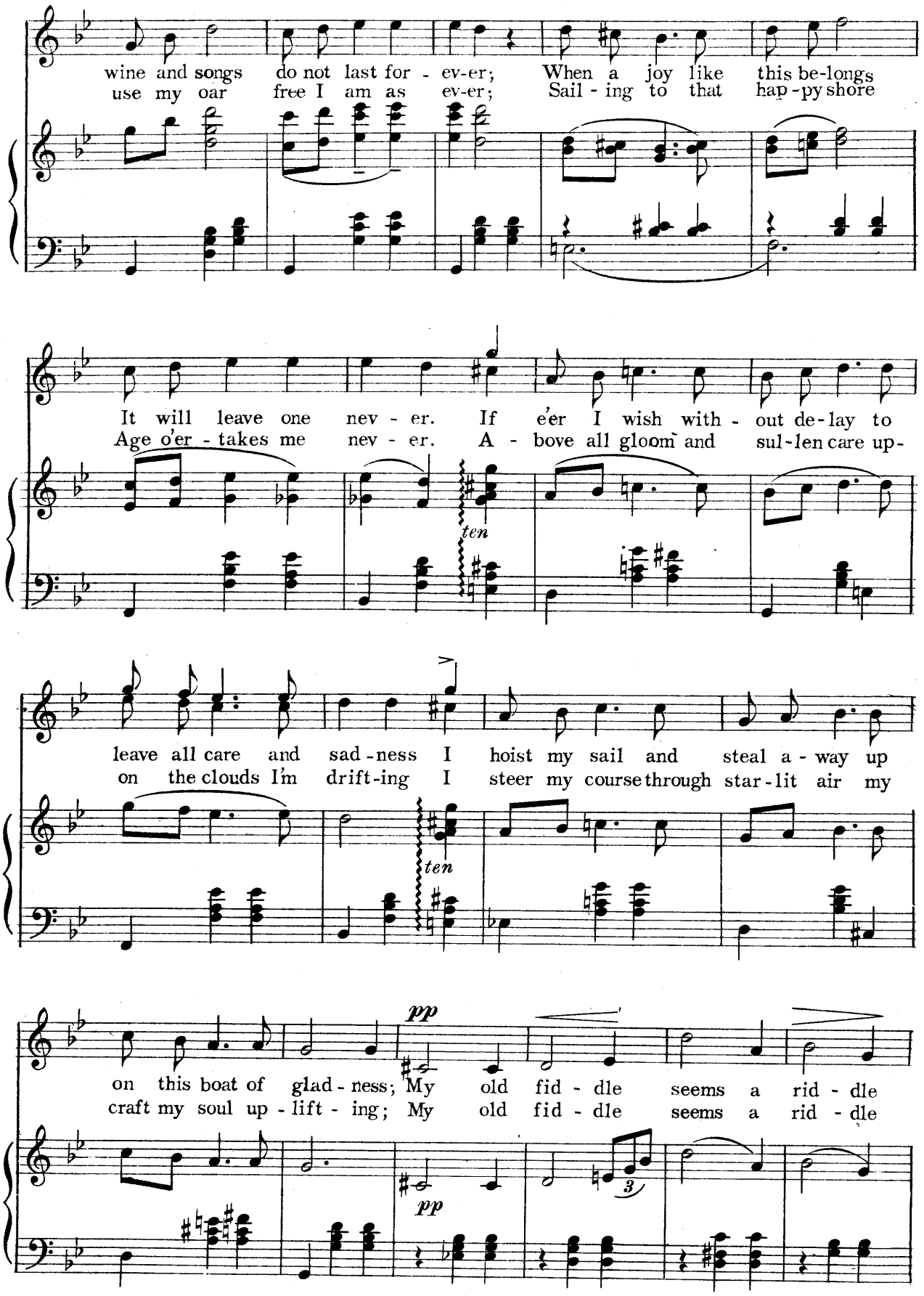
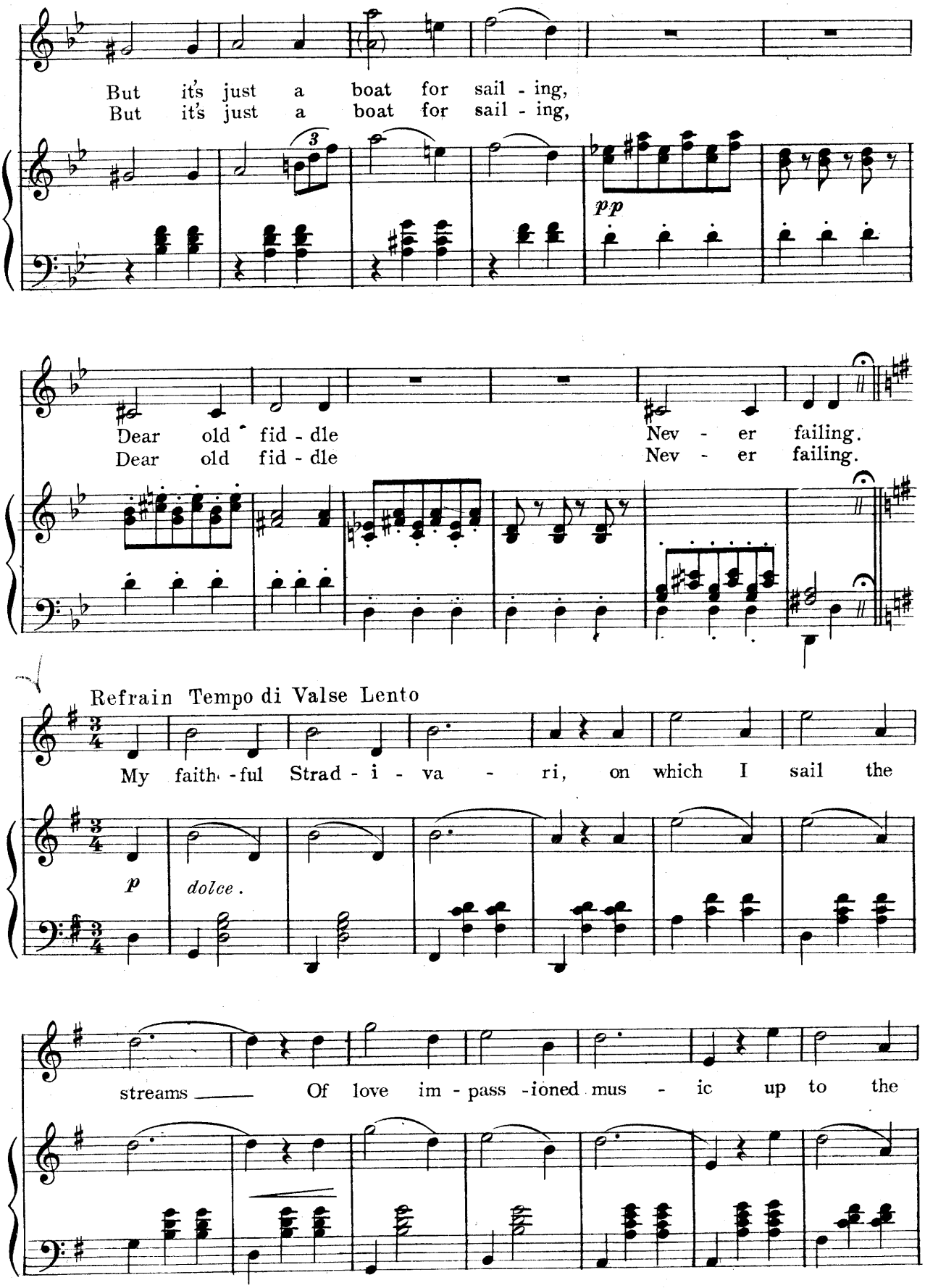
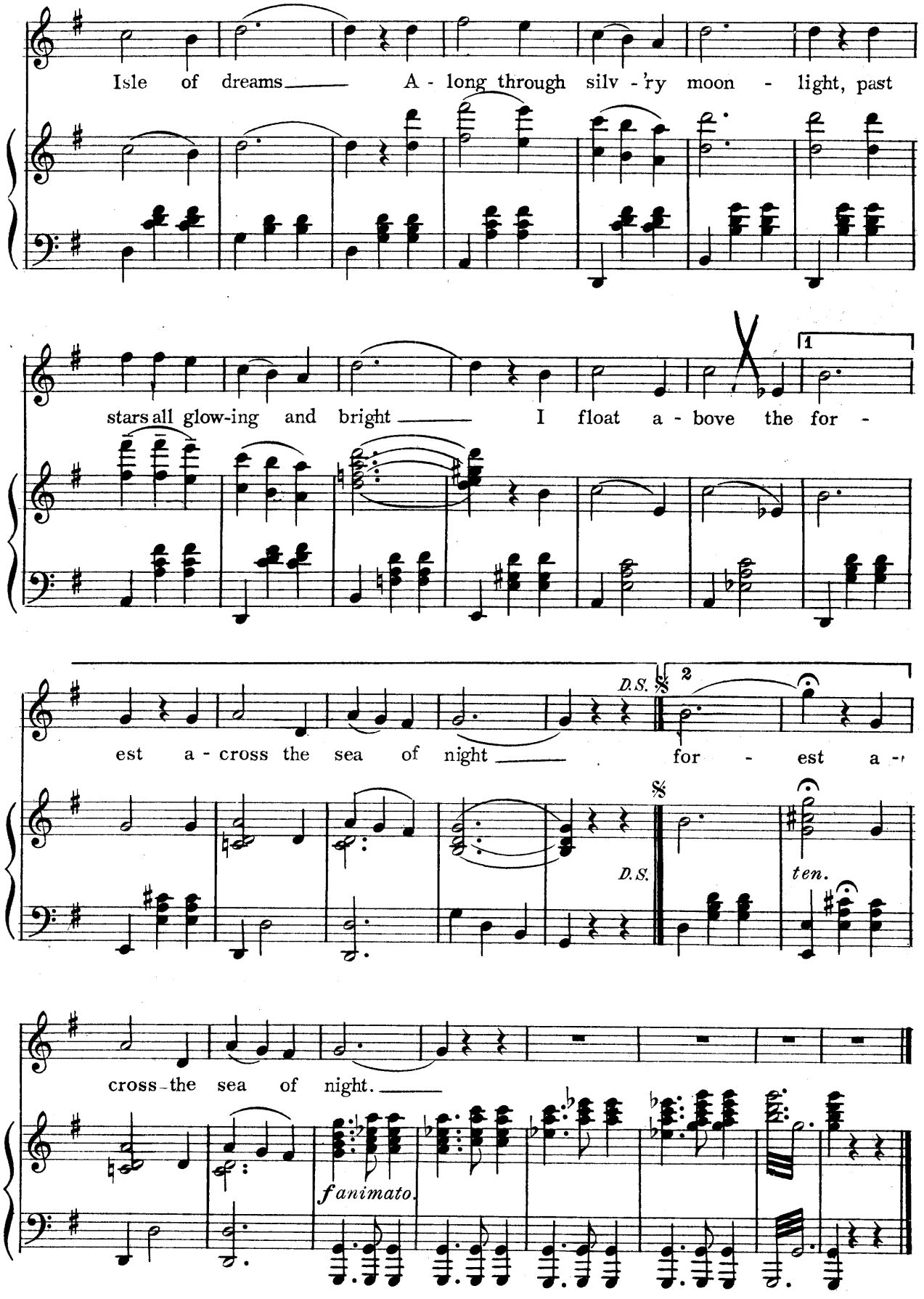

wine and songs do not last for - ev-er; When a joy like this be-longs
use my oar free I am as ev-er; Sail - ing to that hap - py shore
It will leave one nev - er. If e'er I wish with - out de-lay to
Age o'er - takes me nev - er. A - bove all gloom and sul-len care up-
ten
leave all care and sad - ness I hoist my sail and steal a - way up
on the clouds I'm drift-ing I steer my course through star-lit air my
ten
pp
on this boat of glad - ness; My old fid - dle seems a rid - dle
craft my soul up - lift - ing; My old fid - dle seems a rid - dle
pp
3


But it's just a boat for sail - ing,
But it's just a boat for sail - ing,
3
pp
Dear old fid - dle
Dear old fid - dle
Nev - er failing.
Nev - er failing.
Refrain Tempo di Valse Lento
My faith - ful Strad - i - va - ri, on which I sail the
p
dolce.
streams ___ Of love im - pass - ioned mus - ic up to the

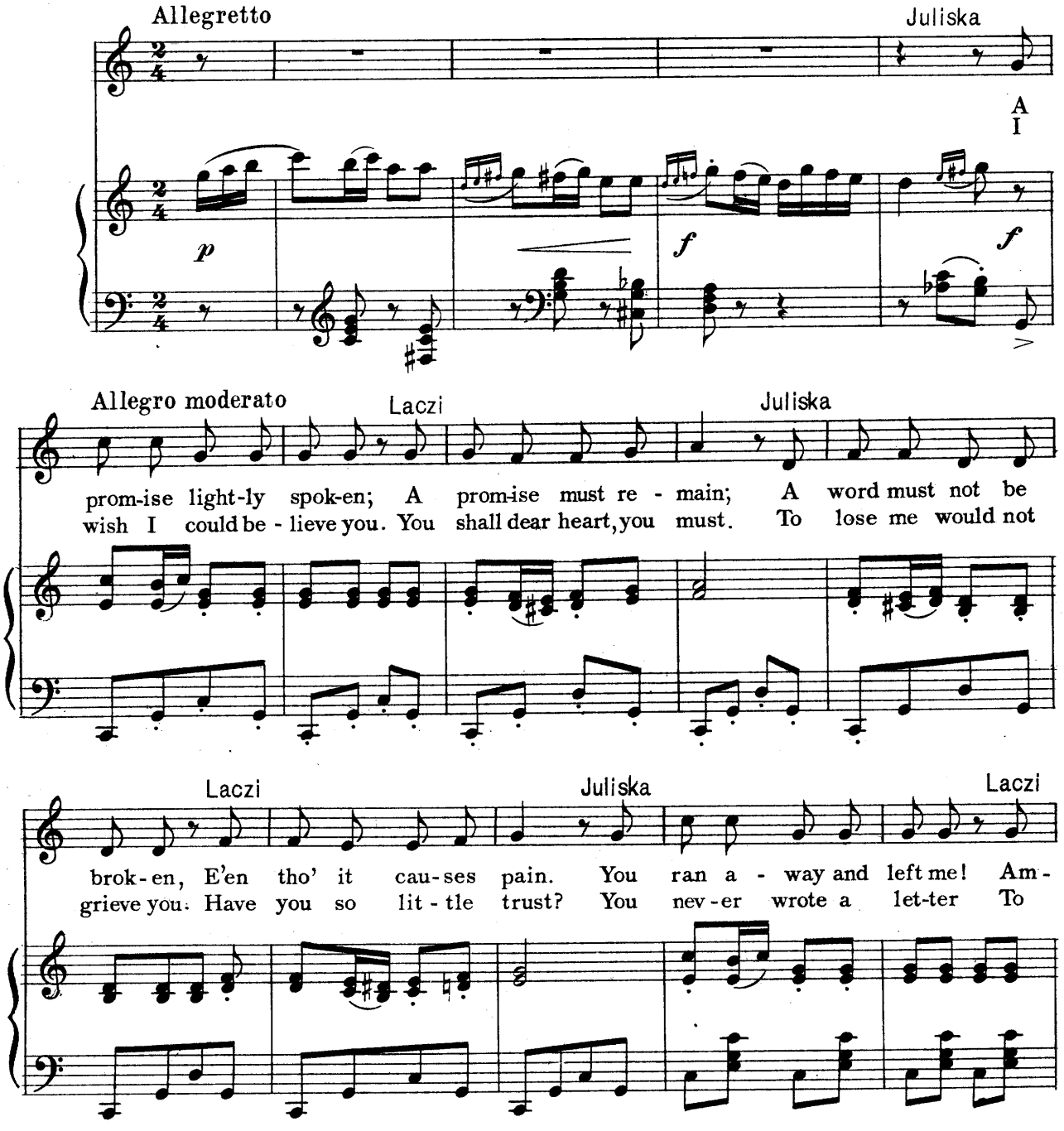

Isle of dreams A - long through silv - 'ry moon - light, past
stars all glow-ing and bright I float a - bove the for -
1
est a - cross the sea of night for - est a -
D.S.
2
D.S.
ten.
cross - the sea of night.
f animato.

Softly Thro' The Summer Night

(Juliska & Laczi.)

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÀLMÀN.



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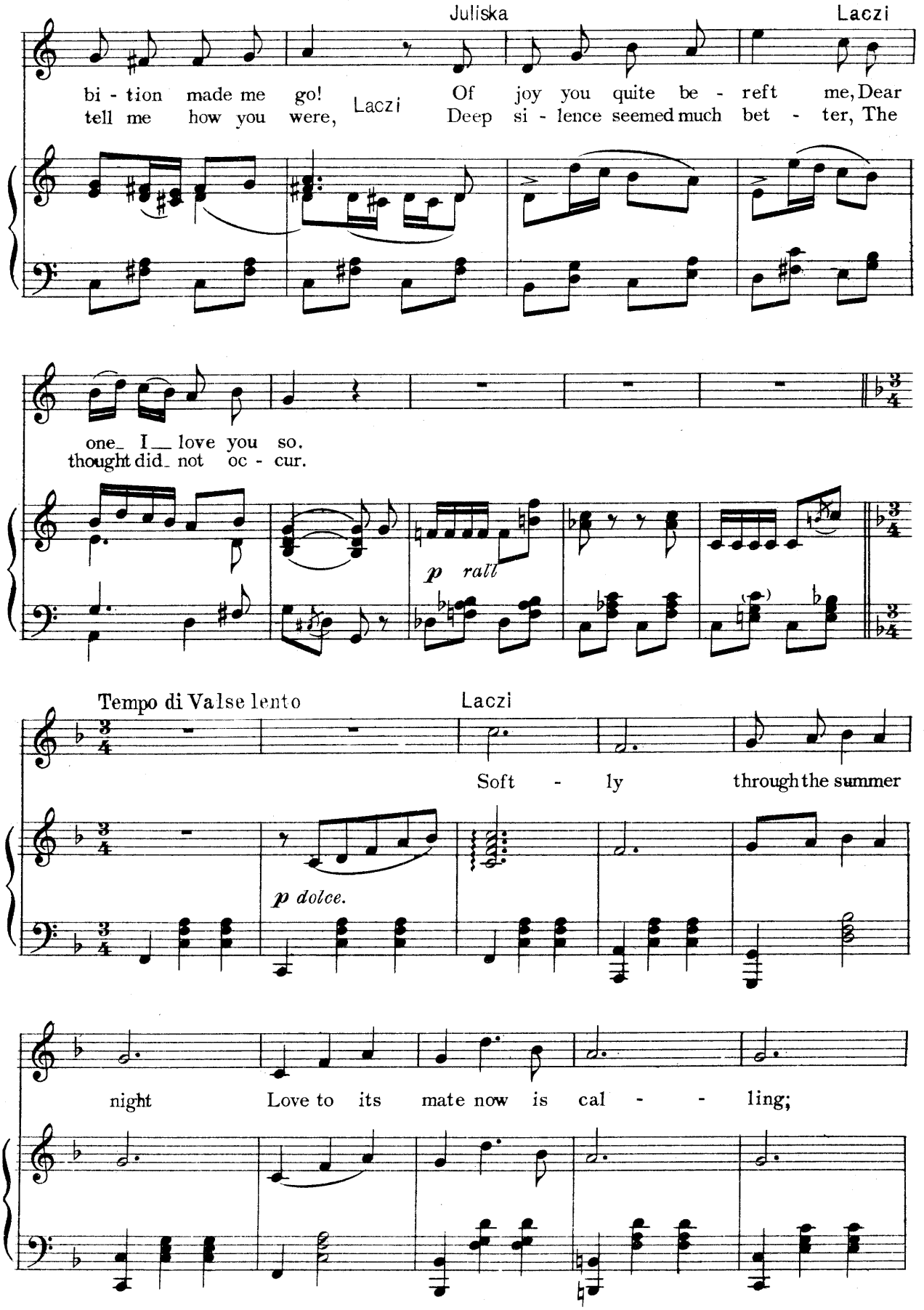
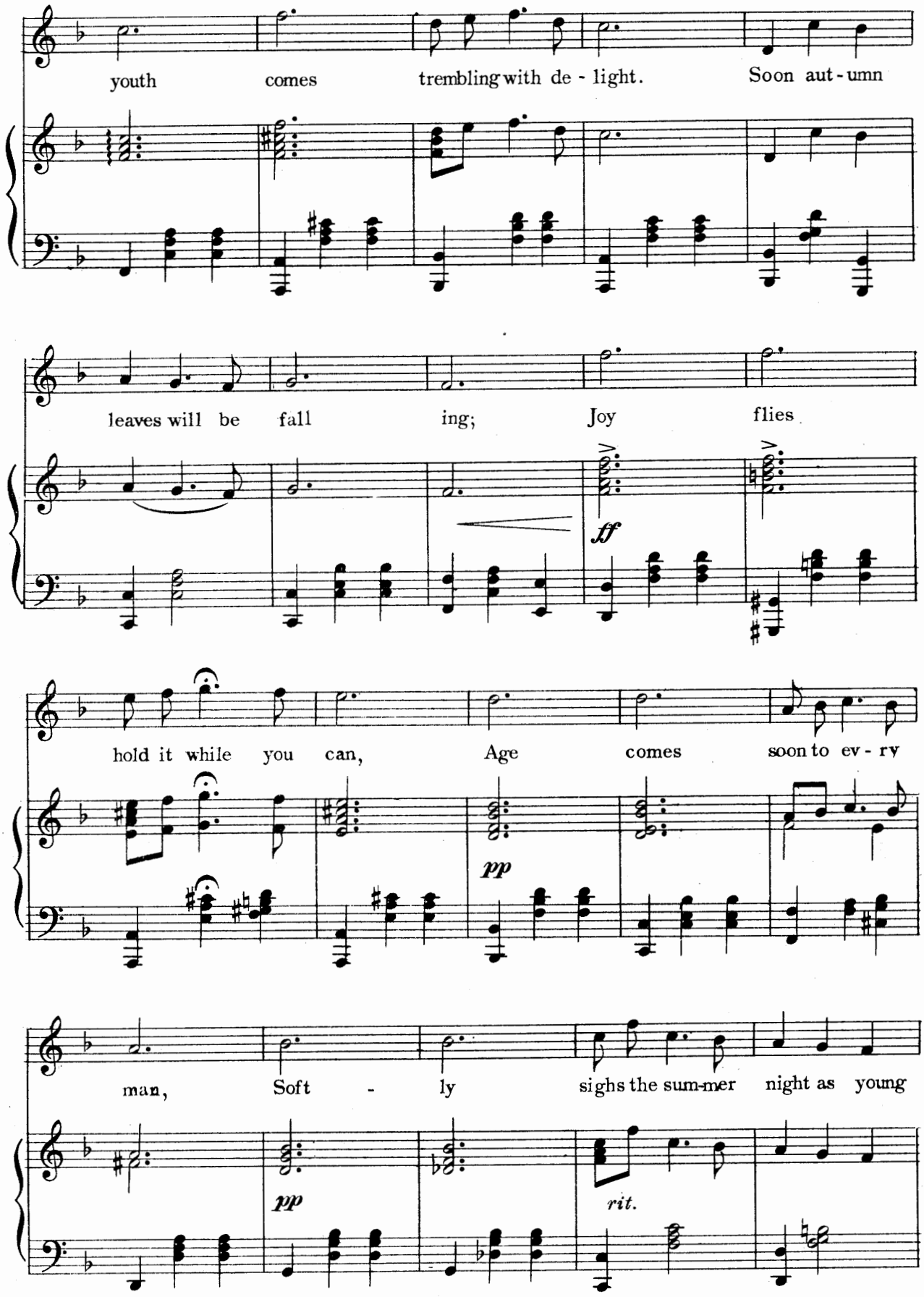
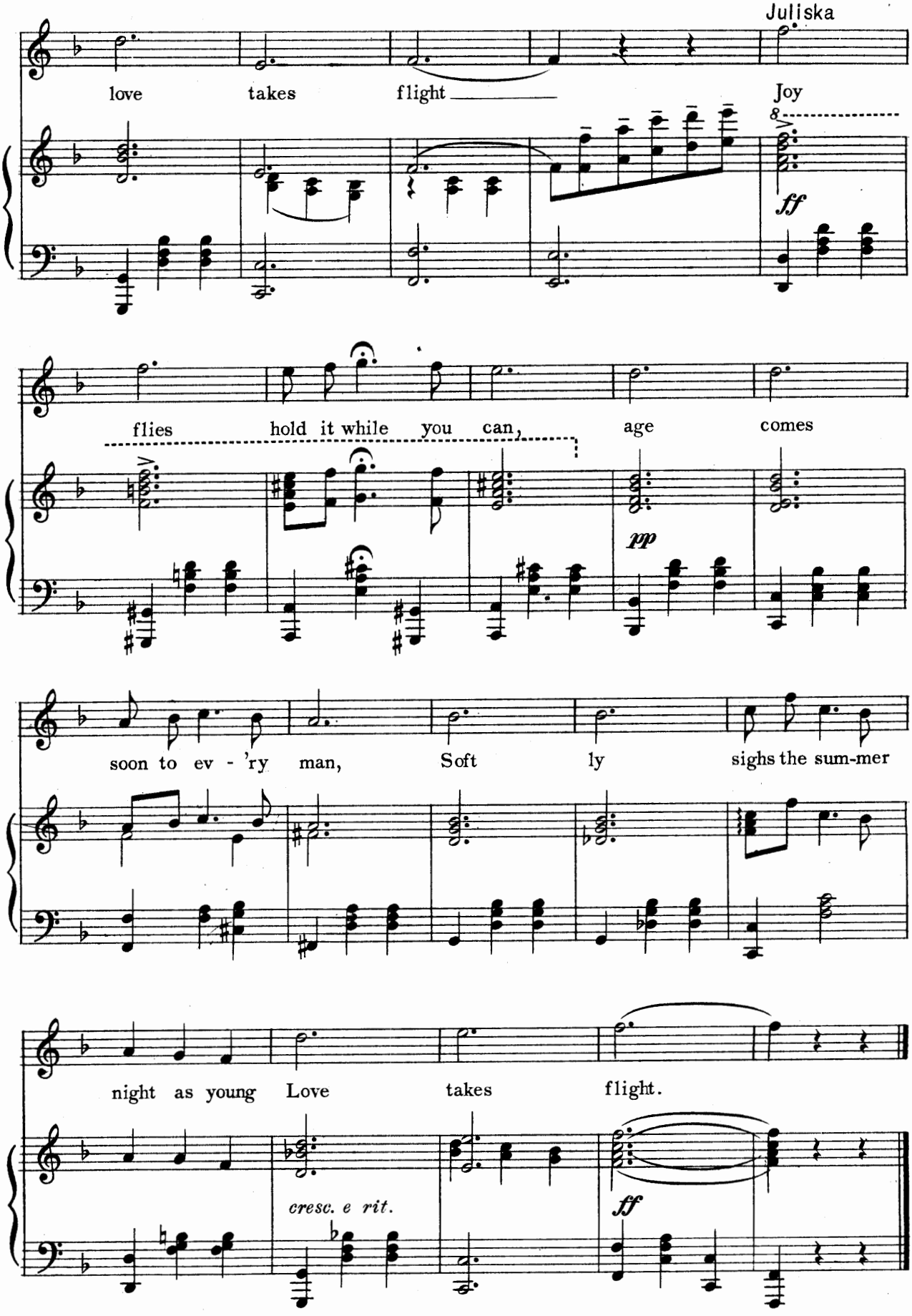

Juliska
Laczi
bi - tion made me go!
tell me how you were,
Laczi
Of joy you quite be - reft me, Dear
Deep si - lence seemed much bet - ter, The
one_ I__ love you so.
thought did_ not oc - cur.
p rall
Tempo di Valse lento
Laczi
Soft - ly through the summer
p dolce.
night
Love to its mate now is cal - - ling;


youth comes trembling with de - light. Soon aut - umn
leaves will be fall ing; Joy flies
ff
hold it while you can, Age comes soon to ev - ry
pp
man, Soft - ly sighs the sum-mer night as young
pp
rit.

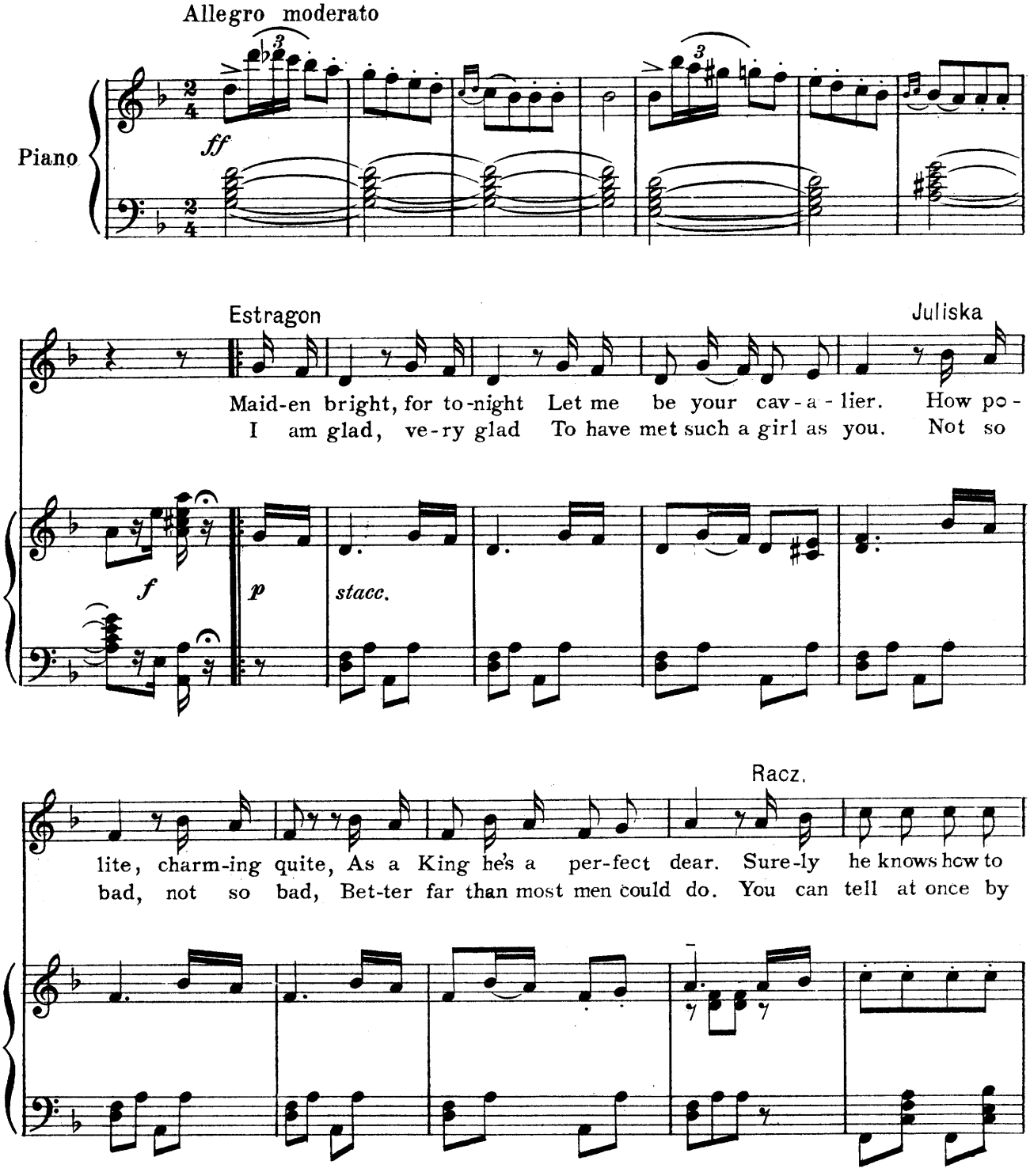

Juliska
love takes flight
Joy
ff
flies hold it while you can,
age comes
pp
soon to ev - 'ry man,
Soft ly
sighs the sum-mer
night as young Love takes flight.
cresc. e rit.
ff

Long Live The King!

Racz, Sàri, Juliska, Estragon.

Lyric by
C.C.S.CUSHING
& E.P. HEATH.

Music by
E. KALMAN.



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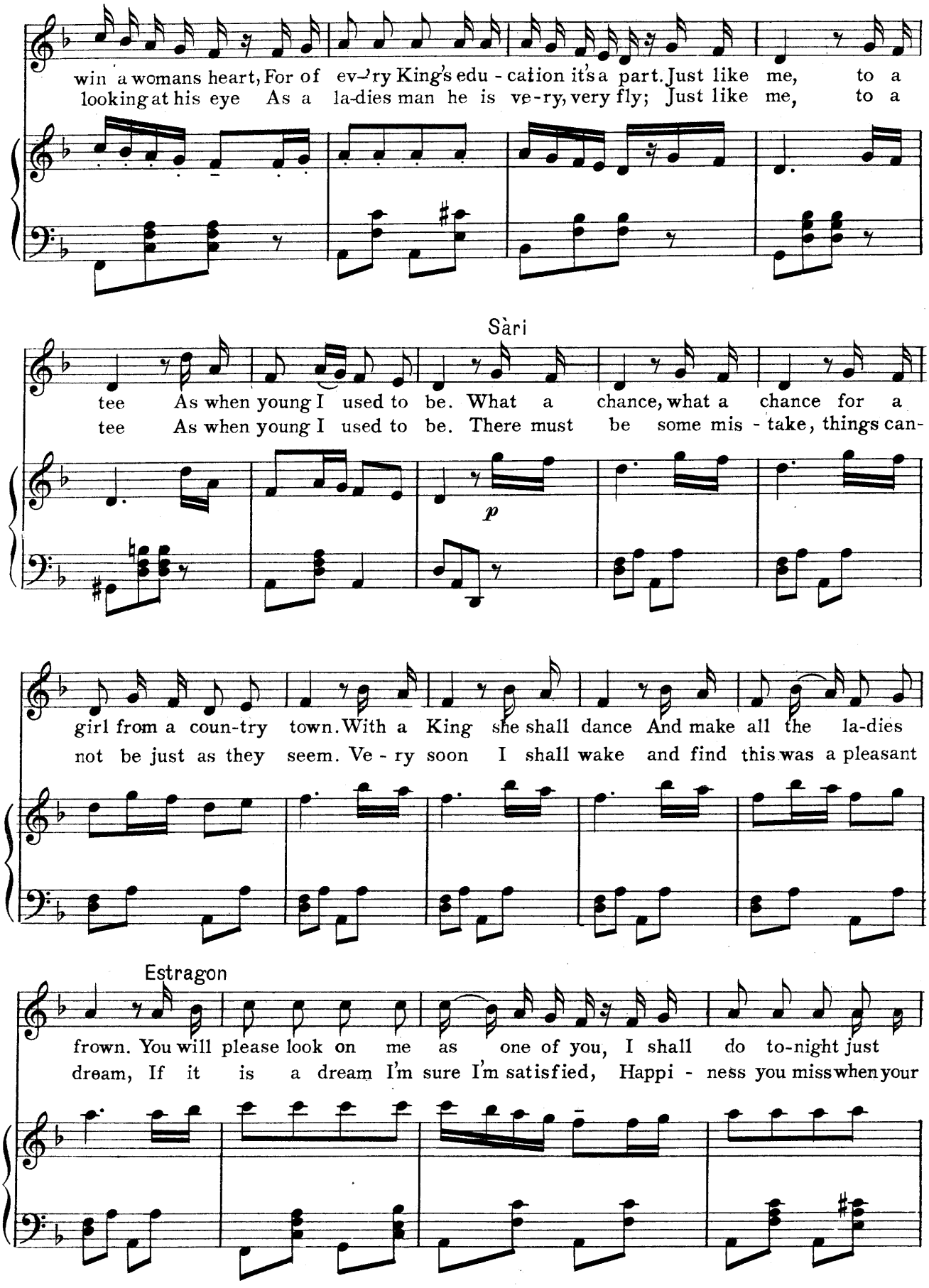
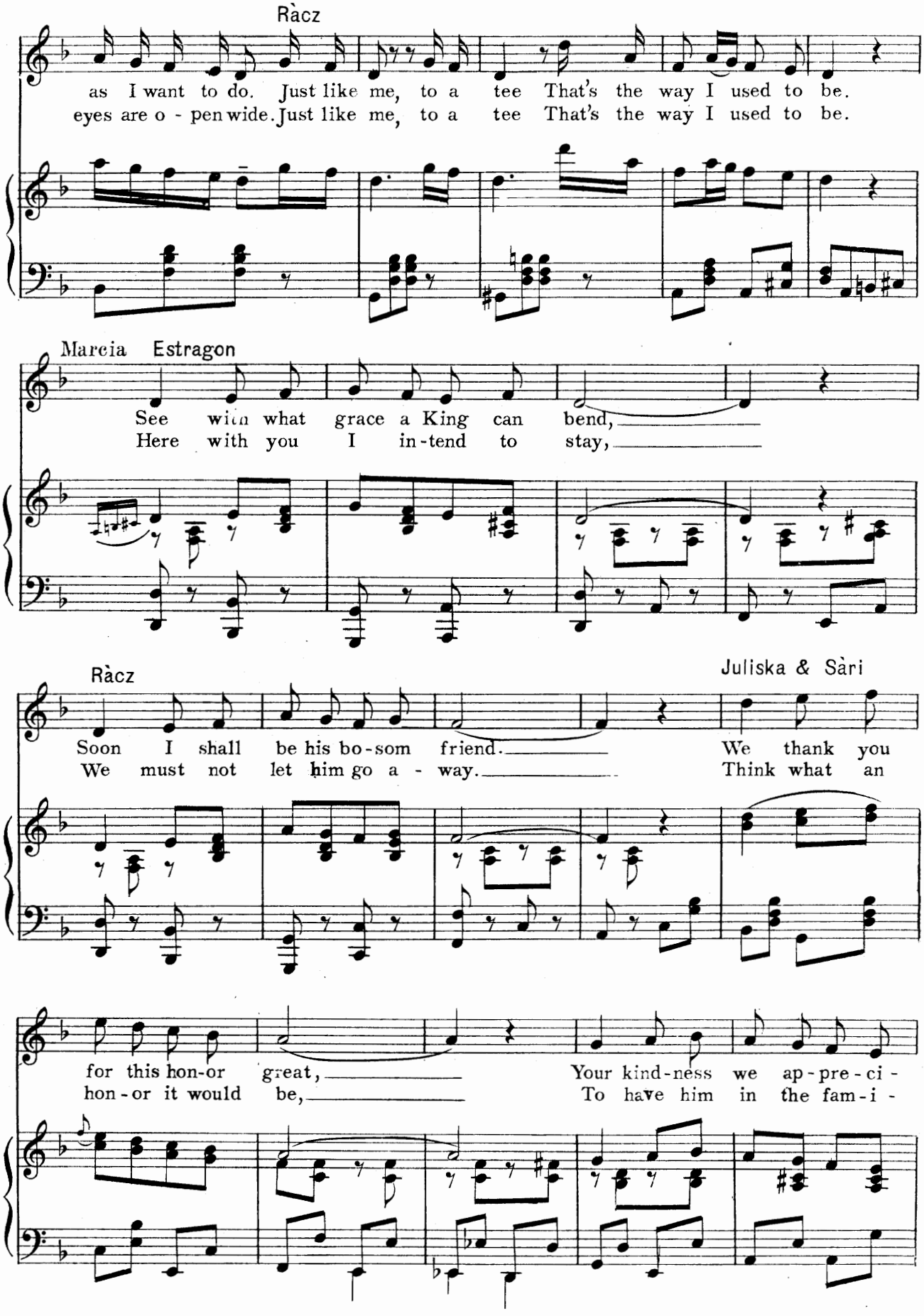
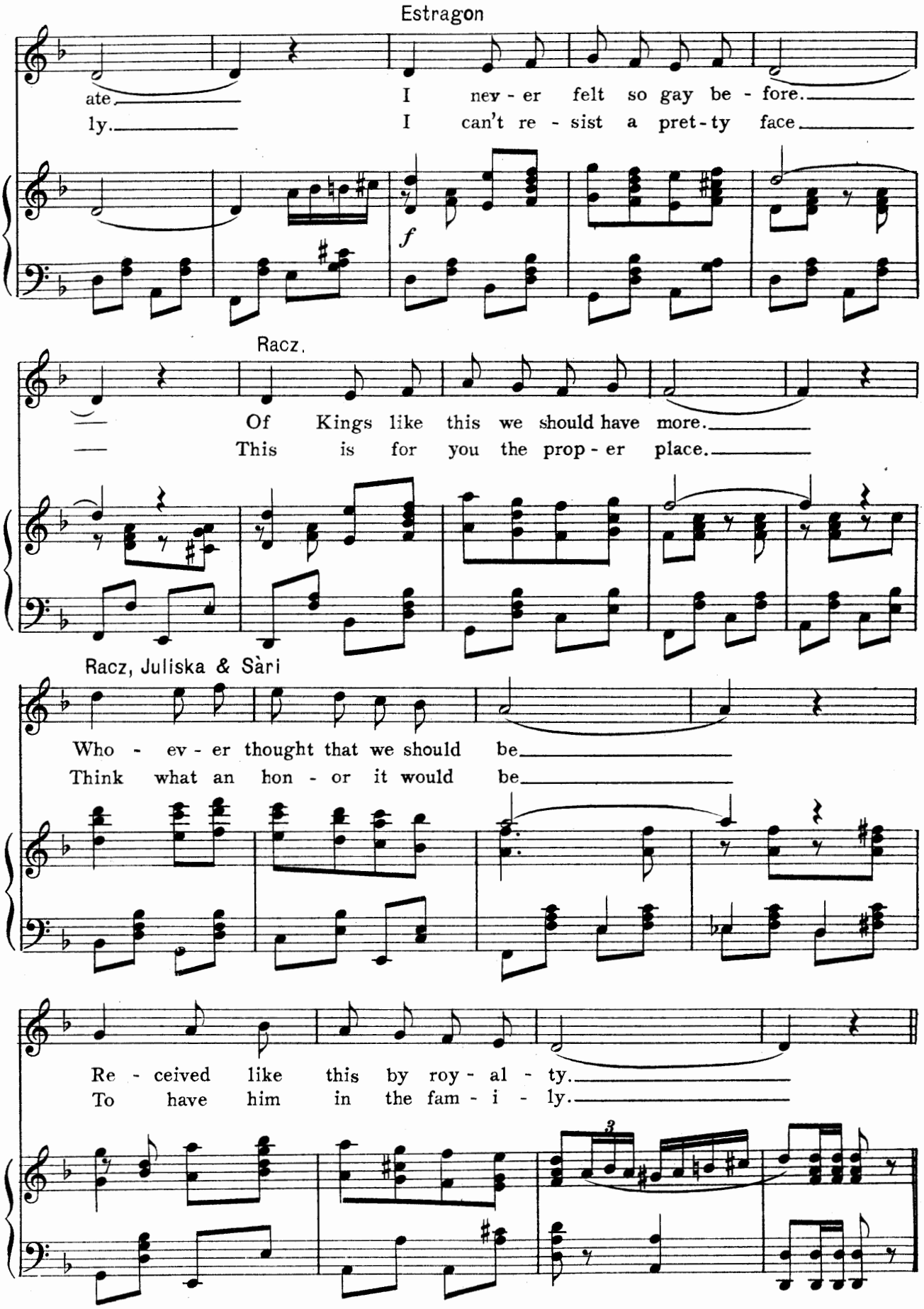
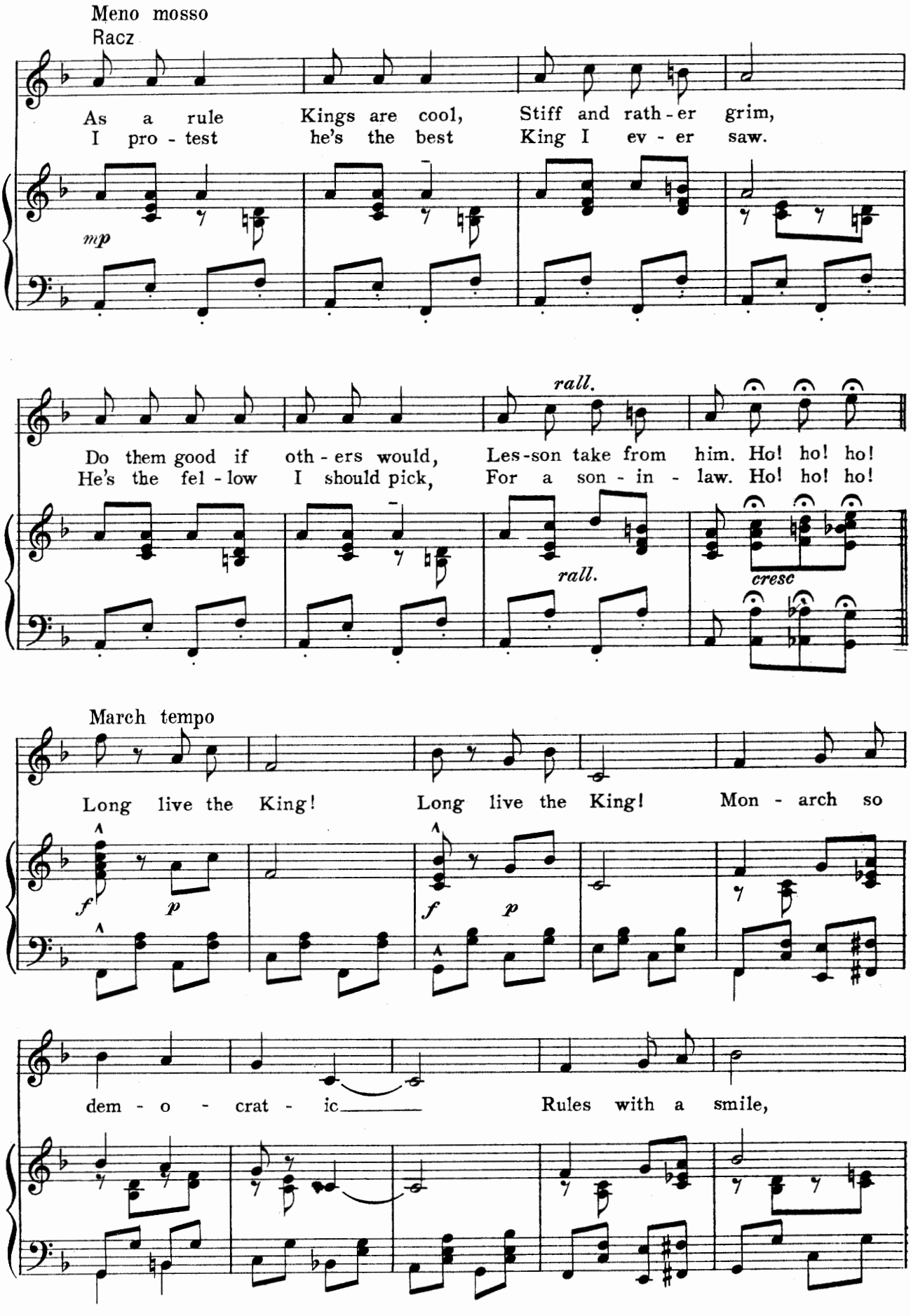
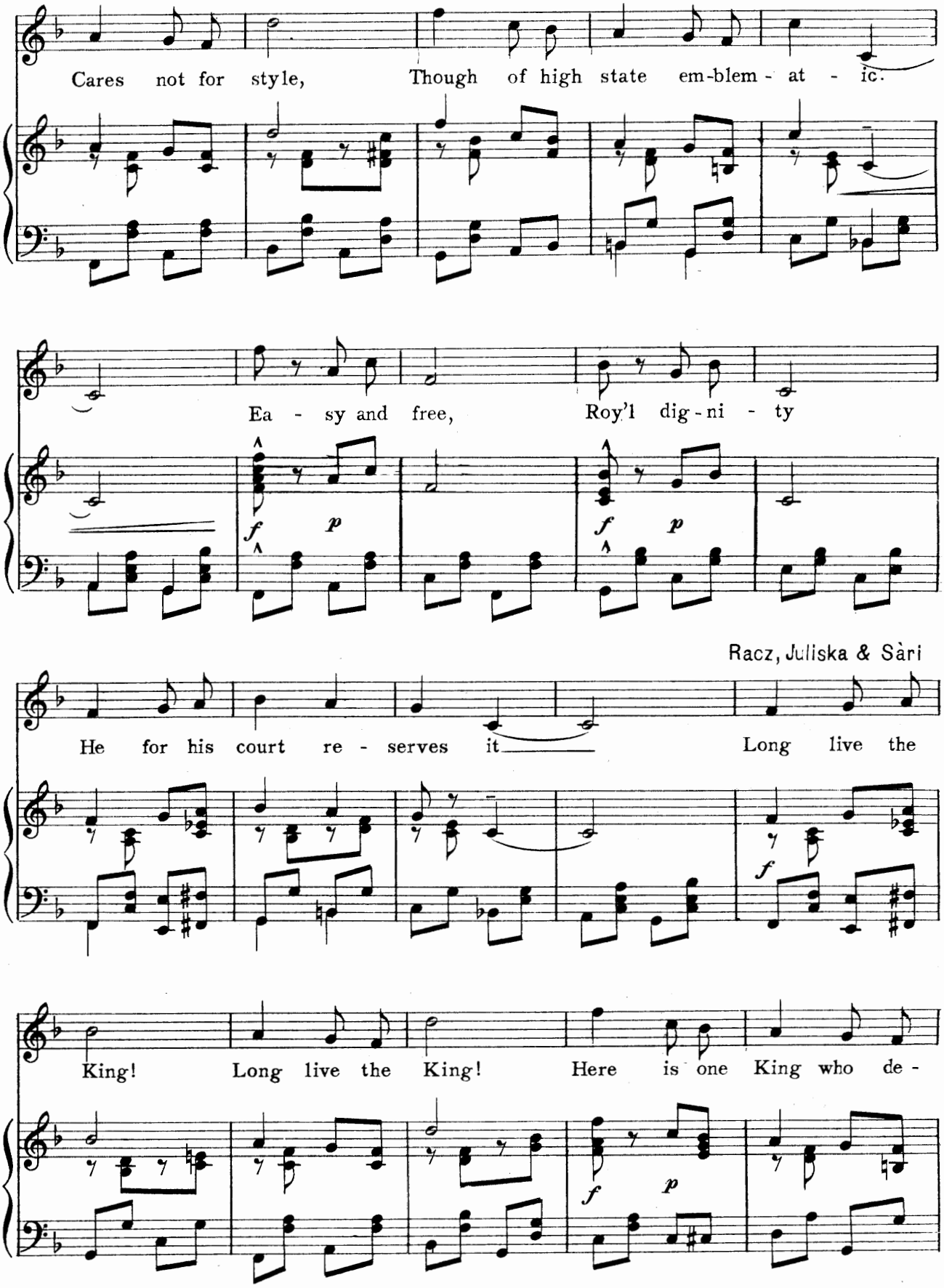
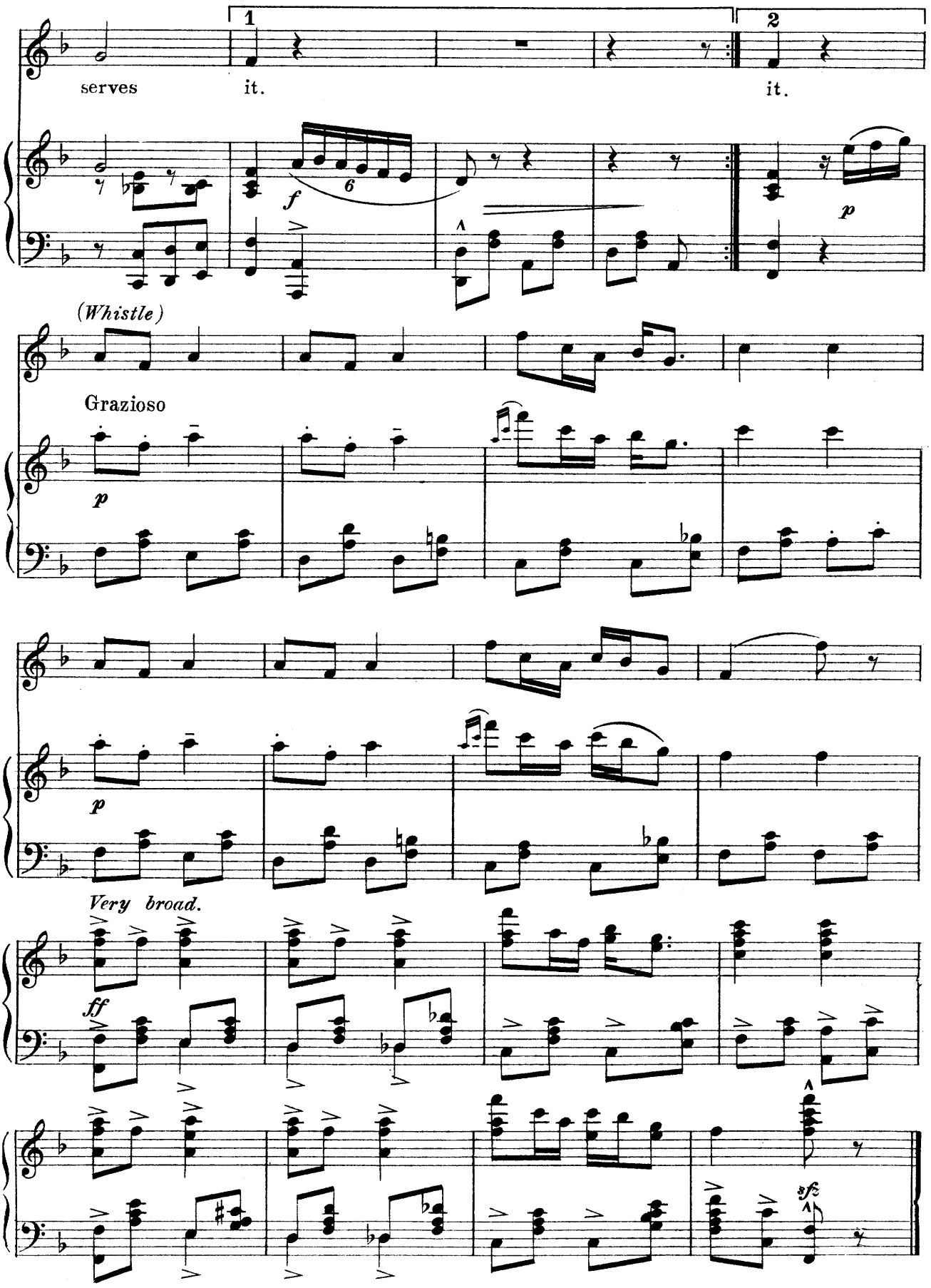

win a womans heart, For of ev-ry King's edu - cation it's a part. Just like me, to a
looking at his eye As a la-dies man he is ve-ry, very fly; Just like me, to a
Sàri
tee As when young I used to be. What a chance, what a chance for a
tee As when young I used to be. There must be some mis - take, things can-
p
girl from a coun-try town. With a King she shall dance And make all the la-dies
not be just as they seem. Ve - ry soon I shall wake and find this was a pleasant
Estragon
frown. You will please look on me as one of you, I shall do to-night just
dream, If it is a dream I'm sure I'm satisfied, Happi - ness you miss when your


Ràcz
as I want to do. Just like me, to a tee That's the way I used to be.
eyes are o - pen wide. Just like me, to a tee That's the way I used to be.
Marcia Estragon
See with what grace a King can bend,
Here with you I in-tend to stay,
Ràcz
Juliska & Sàri
Soon I shall be his bo-som friend.
We must not let him go a - way.
We thank you
Think what an
for this hon-or great,
hon-or it would be,
Your kind-ness we ap-pre-ci -
To have him in the fam-i -


Estragon
ate.
I nev - er felt so gay be - fore.
ly.
I can't re - sist a pret - ty face.
f
Racz.
Of Kings like this we should have more.
This is for you the prop - er place.
Racz, Juliska & Sàri
Who - ev - er thought that we should be
Think what an hon - or it would be
Re - ceived like this by roy - al - ty.
To have him in the fam - i - ly.
3


Meno mosso
Racz
As a rule Kings are cool, Stiff and rath-er grim,
I pro-test he's the best King I ev-er saw.
mp
rall.
Do them good if oth-ers would, Les-son take from him. Ho! ho! ho!
He's the fel-low I should pick, For a son-in-law. Ho! ho! ho!
rall.
cresc
March tempo
Long live the King! Long live the King! Mon-arch so
f p f p
dem-o-crat-ic Rules with a smile,


Cares not for style, Though of high state em-blem - at - ic.
Ea - sy and free, Roy'l dig-ni - ty
Racz, Juliska & Sàri
He for his court re - serves it Long live the
King! Long live the King! Here is one King who de -

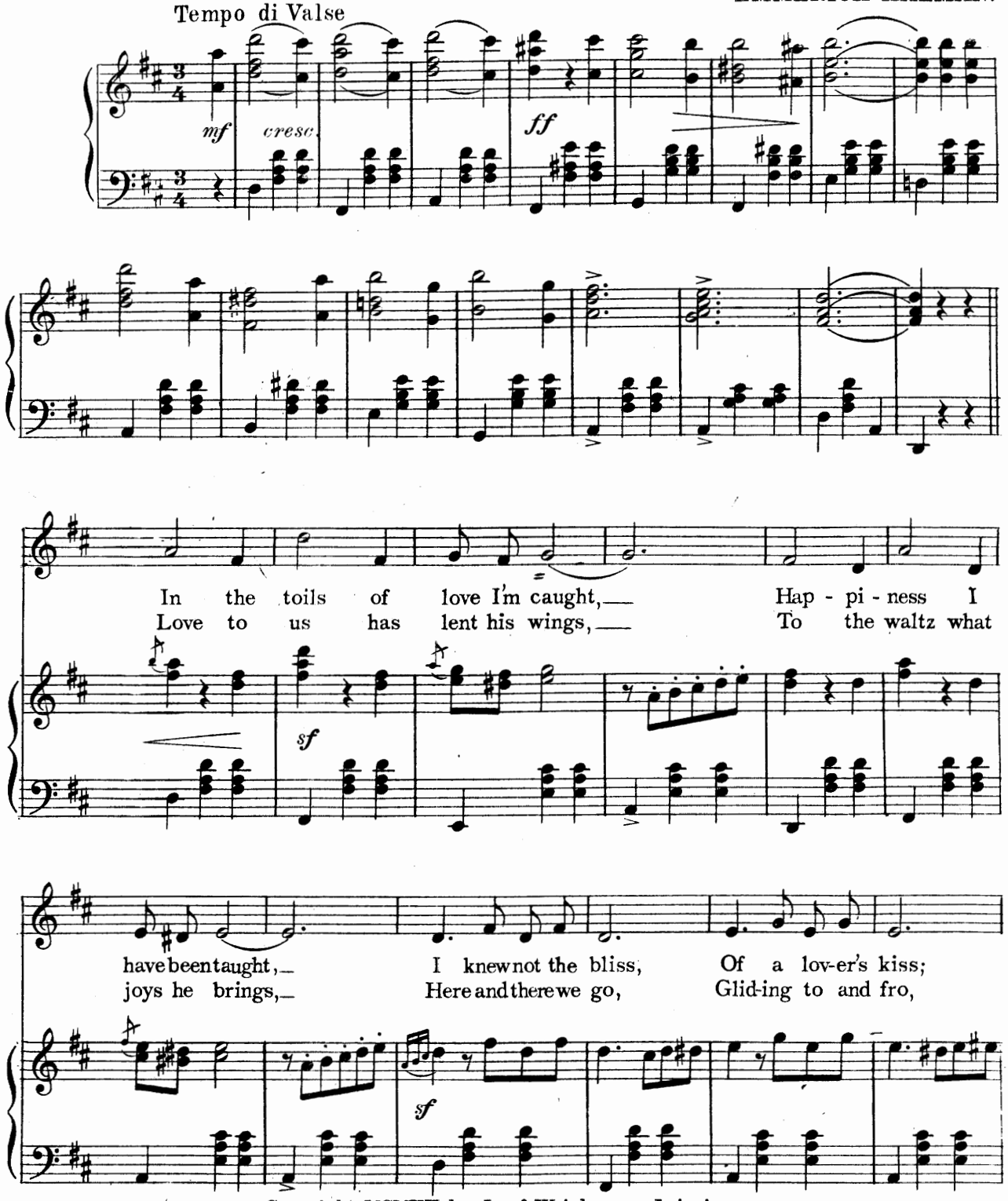

1
2
serves
it.
it.
f
6
p
(Whistle)
Grazioso
p
p
Very broad.
ff
sfz

Love's Own Sweet Song

Lyric by
C. C. S. CUSHING
& E. P. HEATH.

Music by
EMMERICH KÁLMÁN.

Tempo di Valse



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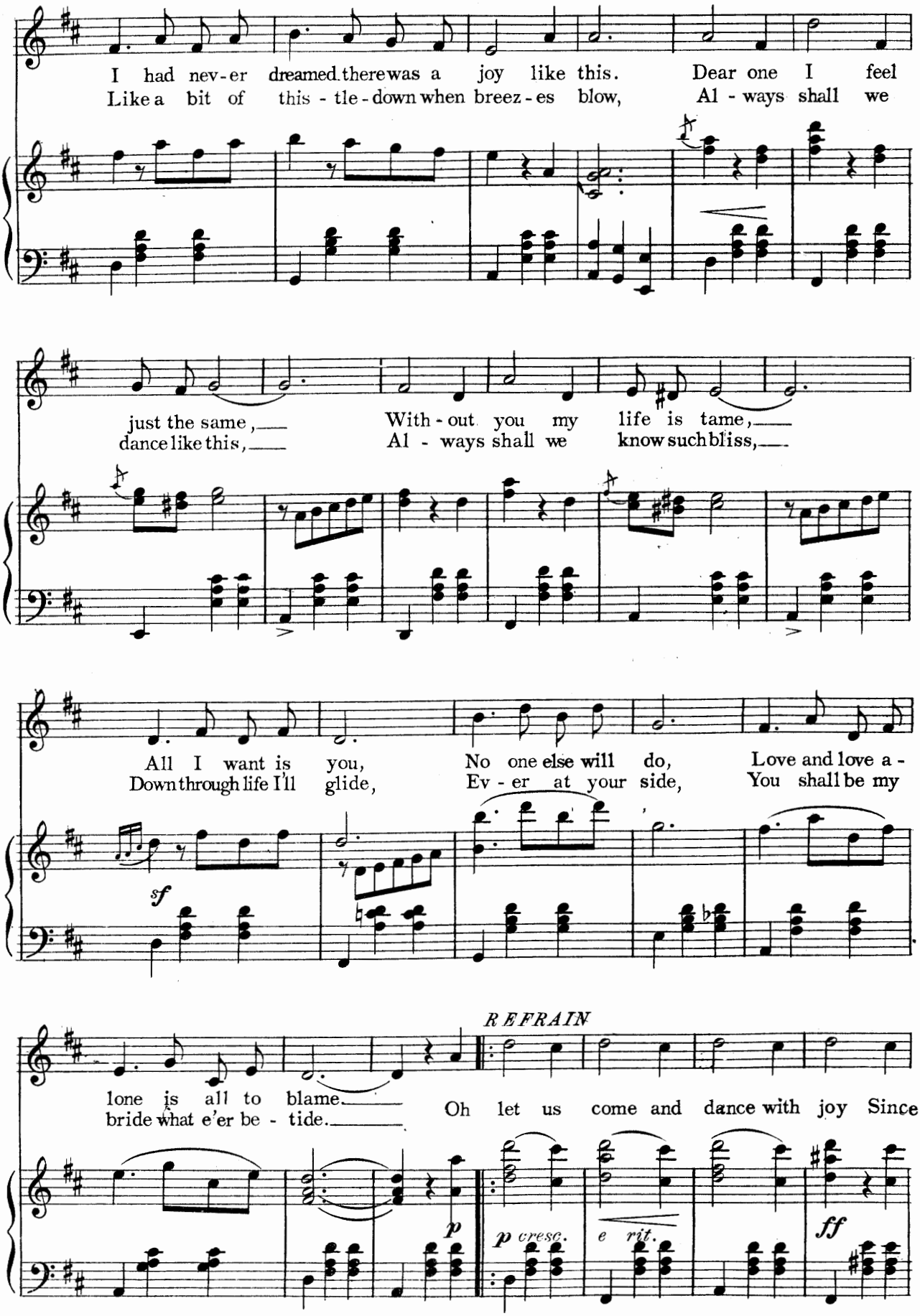
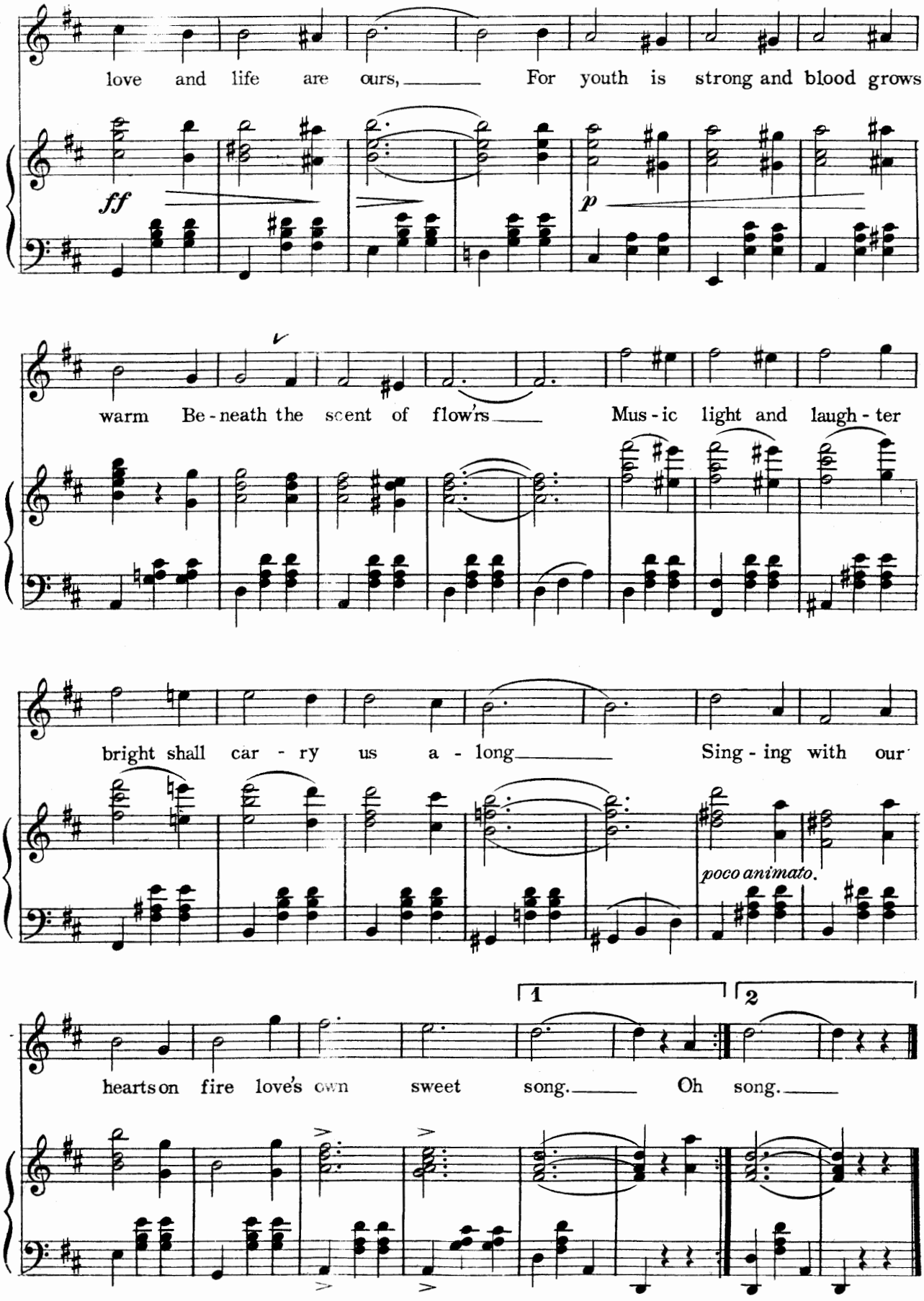

I had nev-er dreamed there was a joy like this. Dear one I feel
Like a bit of this - tle - down when breez - es blow, Al - ways shall we
just the same, With - out you my life is tame,
dance like this, Al - ways shall we know such bliss,
All I want is you, No one else will do, Love and love a -
Down through life I'll glide, Ev - er at your side, You shall be my
sf
REFRAIN
lone is all to blame. Oh let us come and dance with joy Since
bride what e'er be - tide.
p
p cresc.
e rit.
ff


love and life are ours, For youth is strong and blood grows
ff
p
warm Be-neath the scent of flow'rs Mus-ic light and laugh-ter
bright shall car-ry us a-long Sing-ing with our
poco animato.
1
2
hearts on fire love's own sweet song. Oh song.

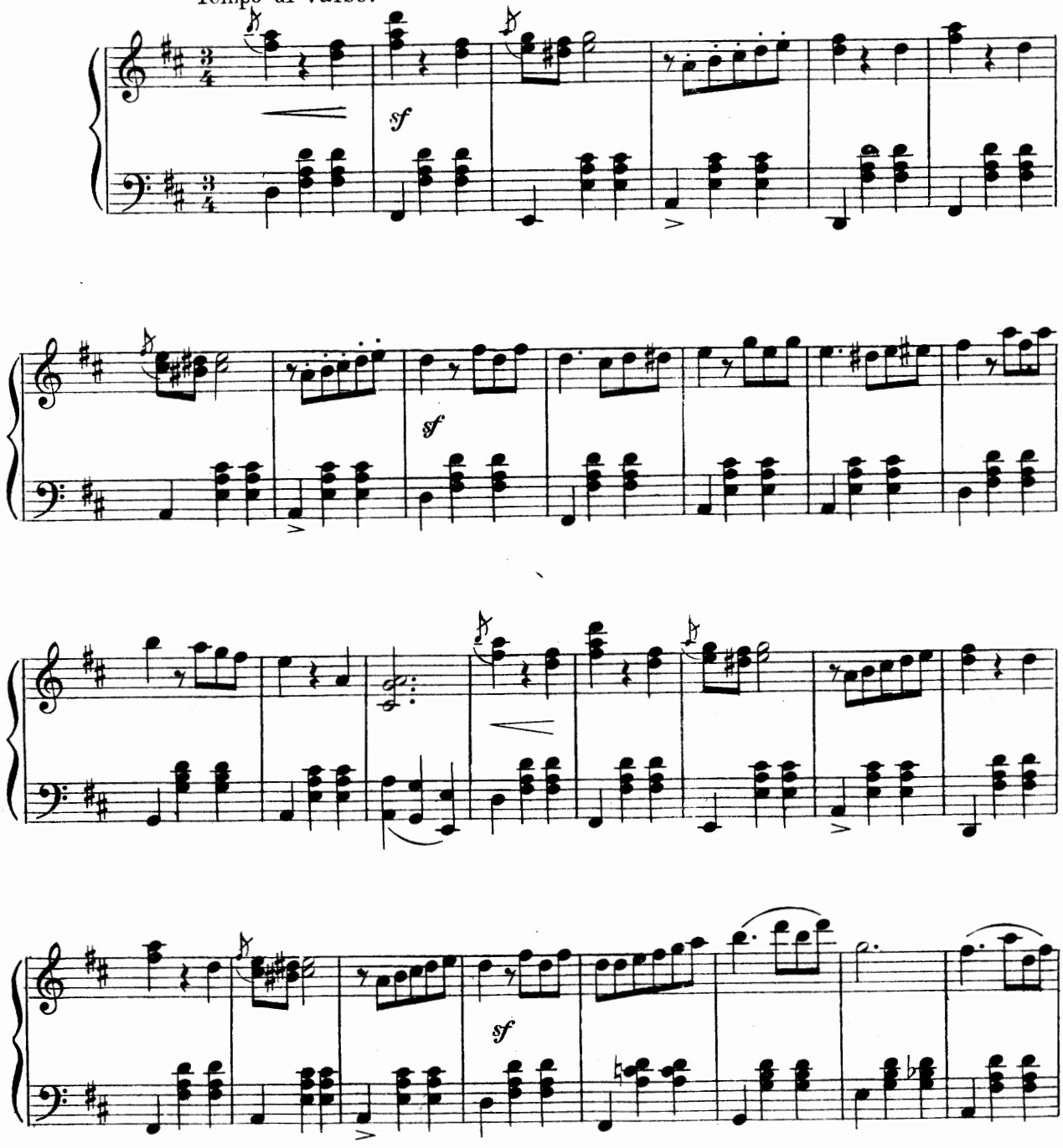
Finale Act II.

ENSEMBLE

Lyric by
C.C.S. CUSHING
& E.P HEATH

Music by
E. KÁLMÁN.

Tempo di Valse.



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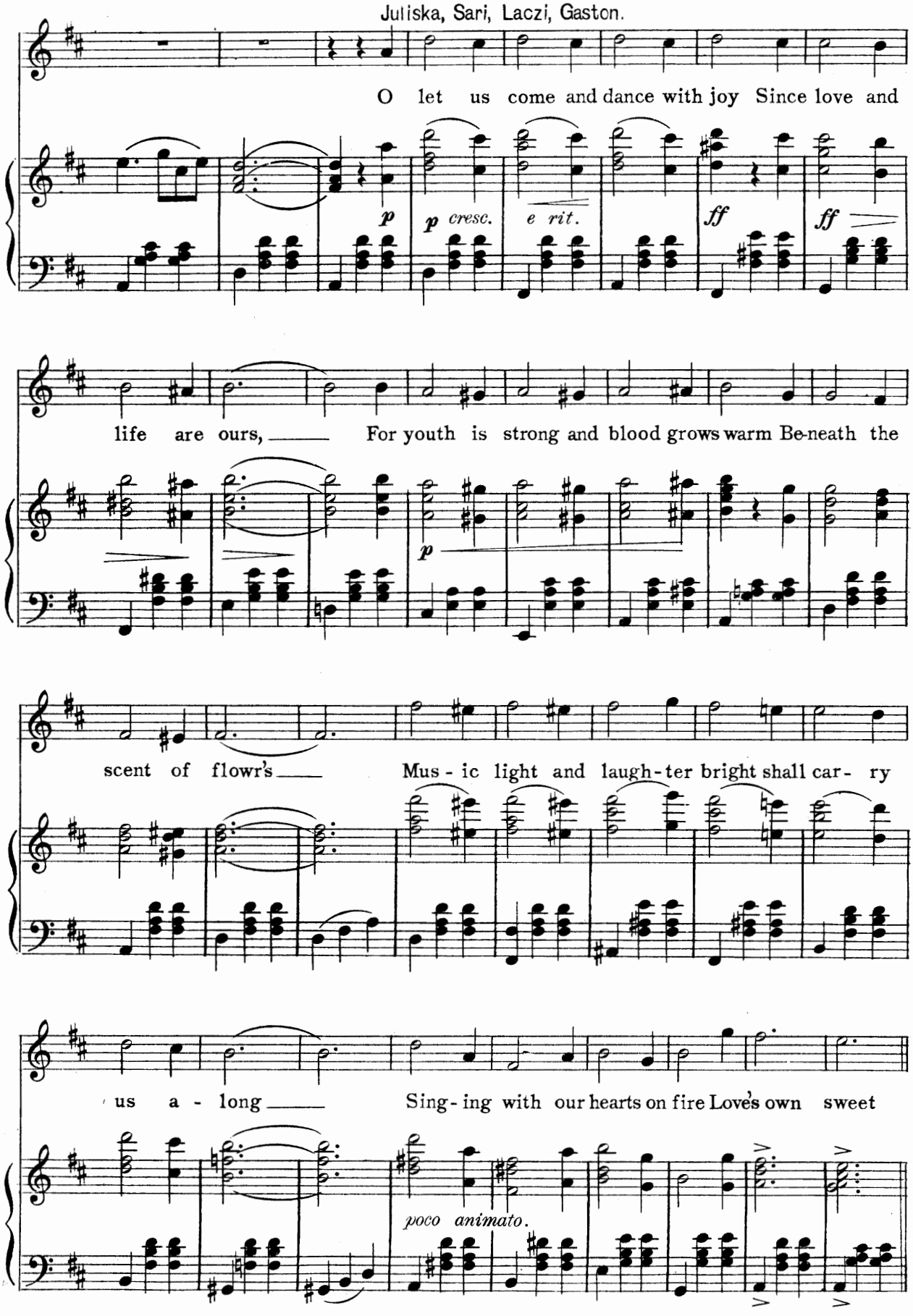
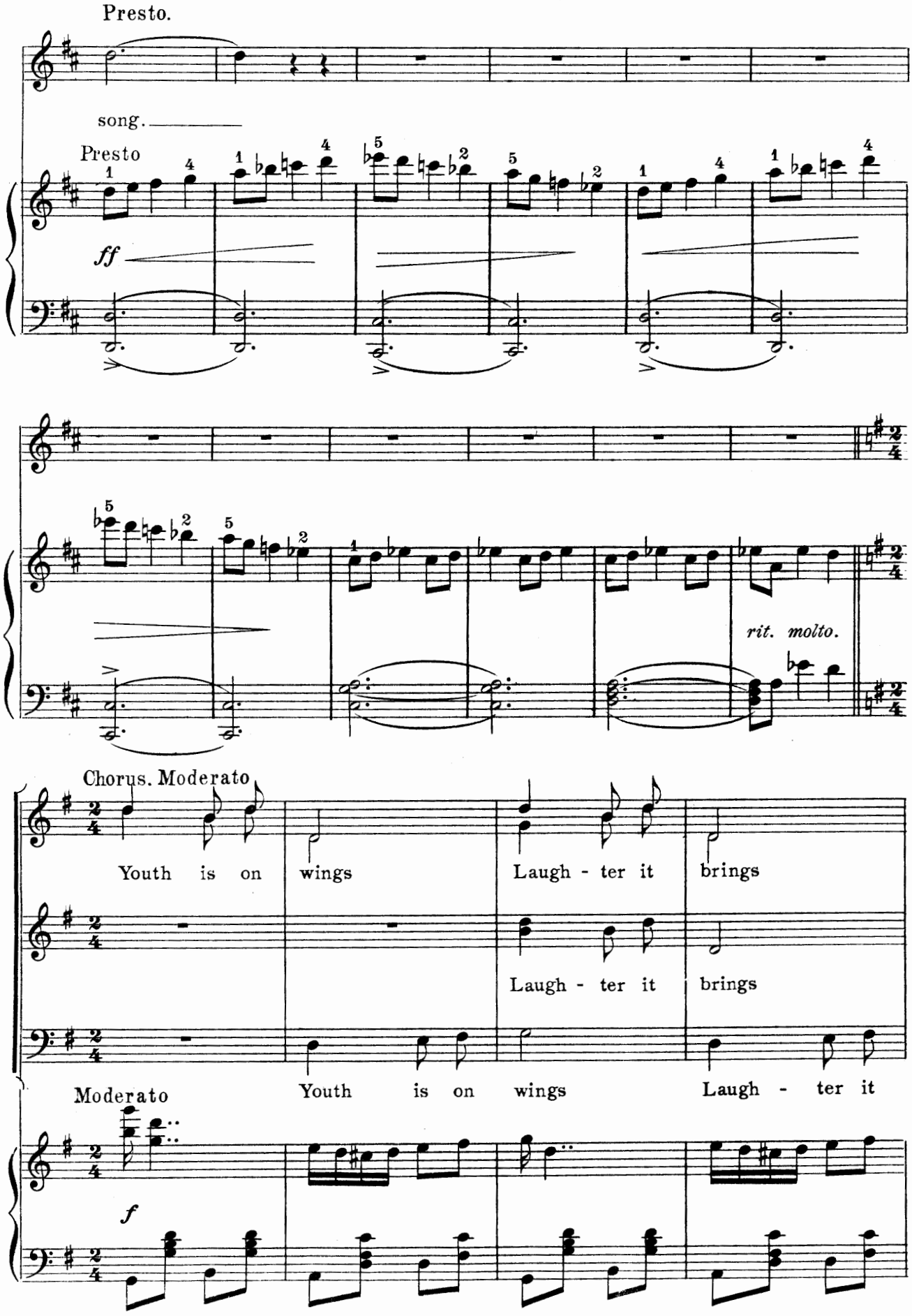
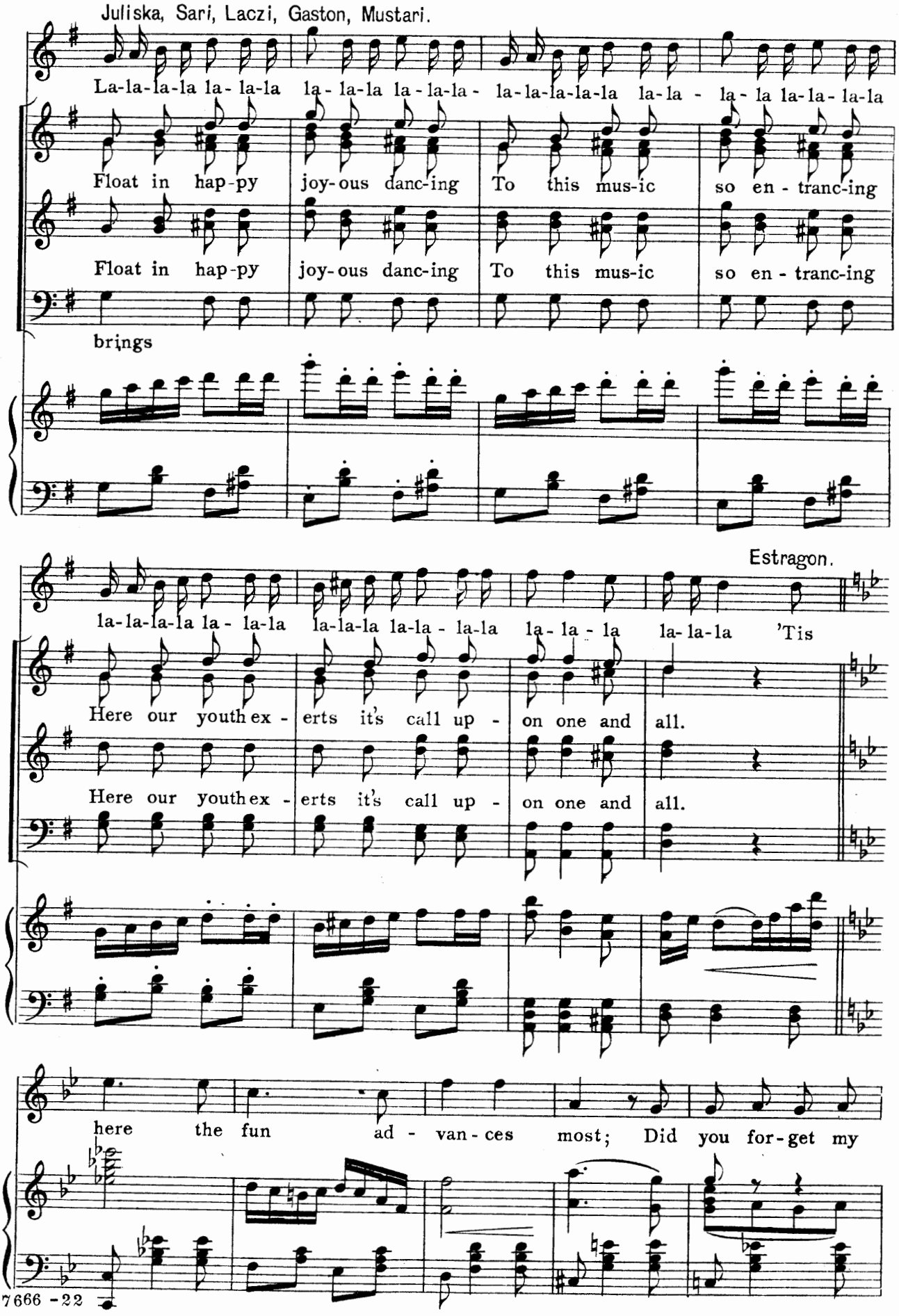
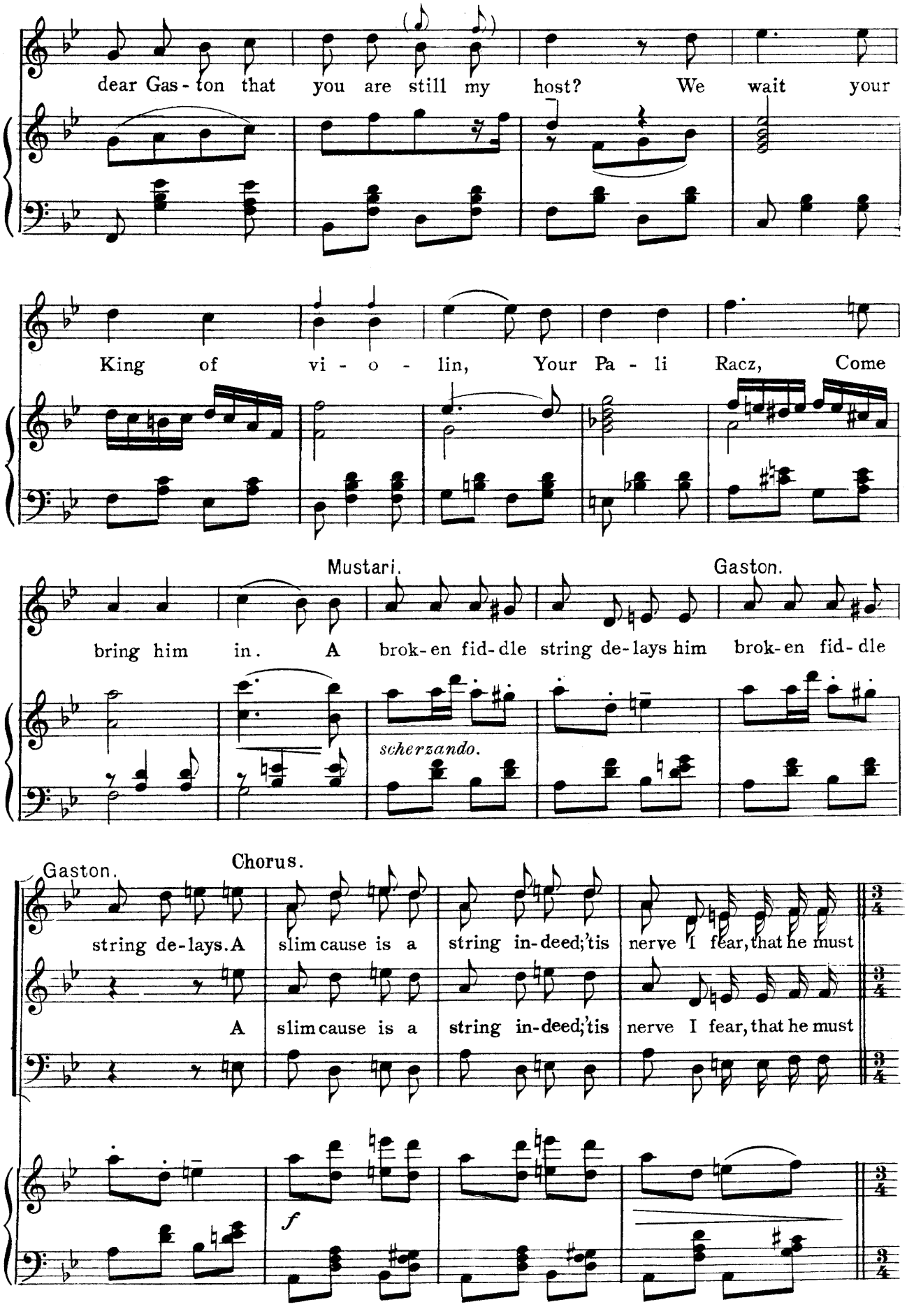
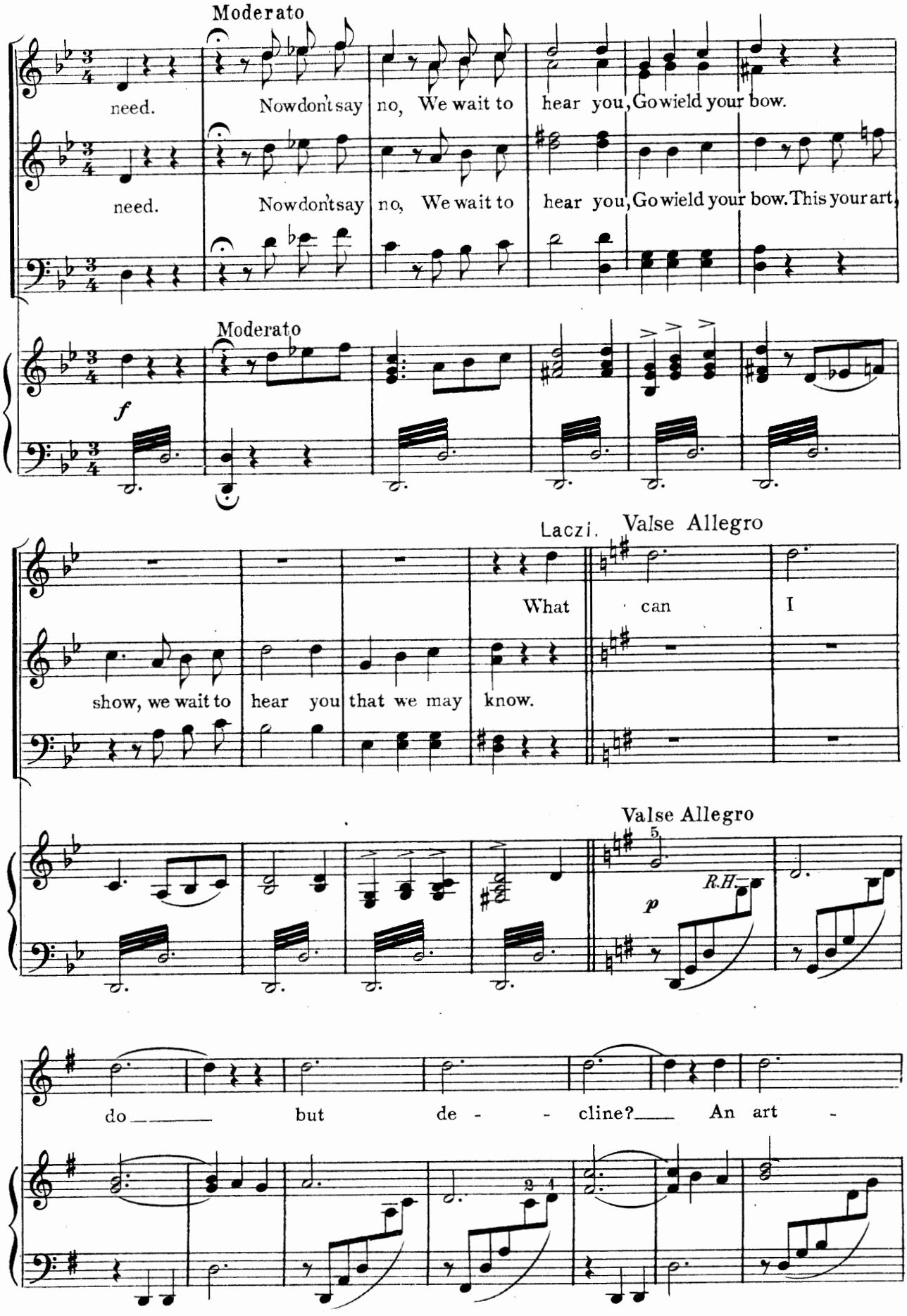
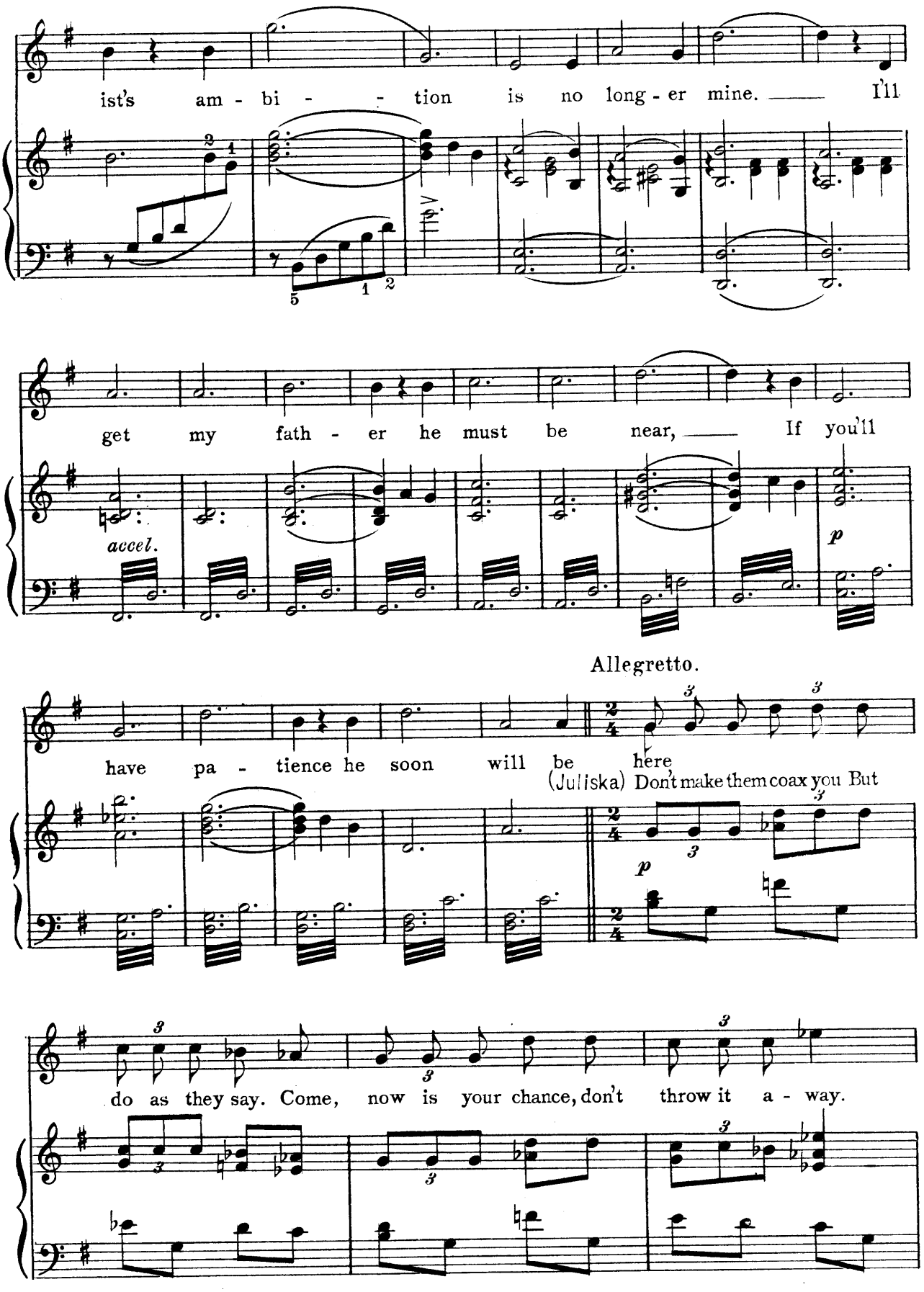

Juliska, Sari, Laczi, Gaston.
O let us come and dance with joy Since love and
p
p cresc.
e rit.
ff
ff
life are ours, For youth is strong and blood grows warm Be-neath the
p
scent of flowr's Mus - ic light and laugh - ter bright shall car - ry
us a - long Sing - ing with our hearts on fire Love's own sweet
poco animato.

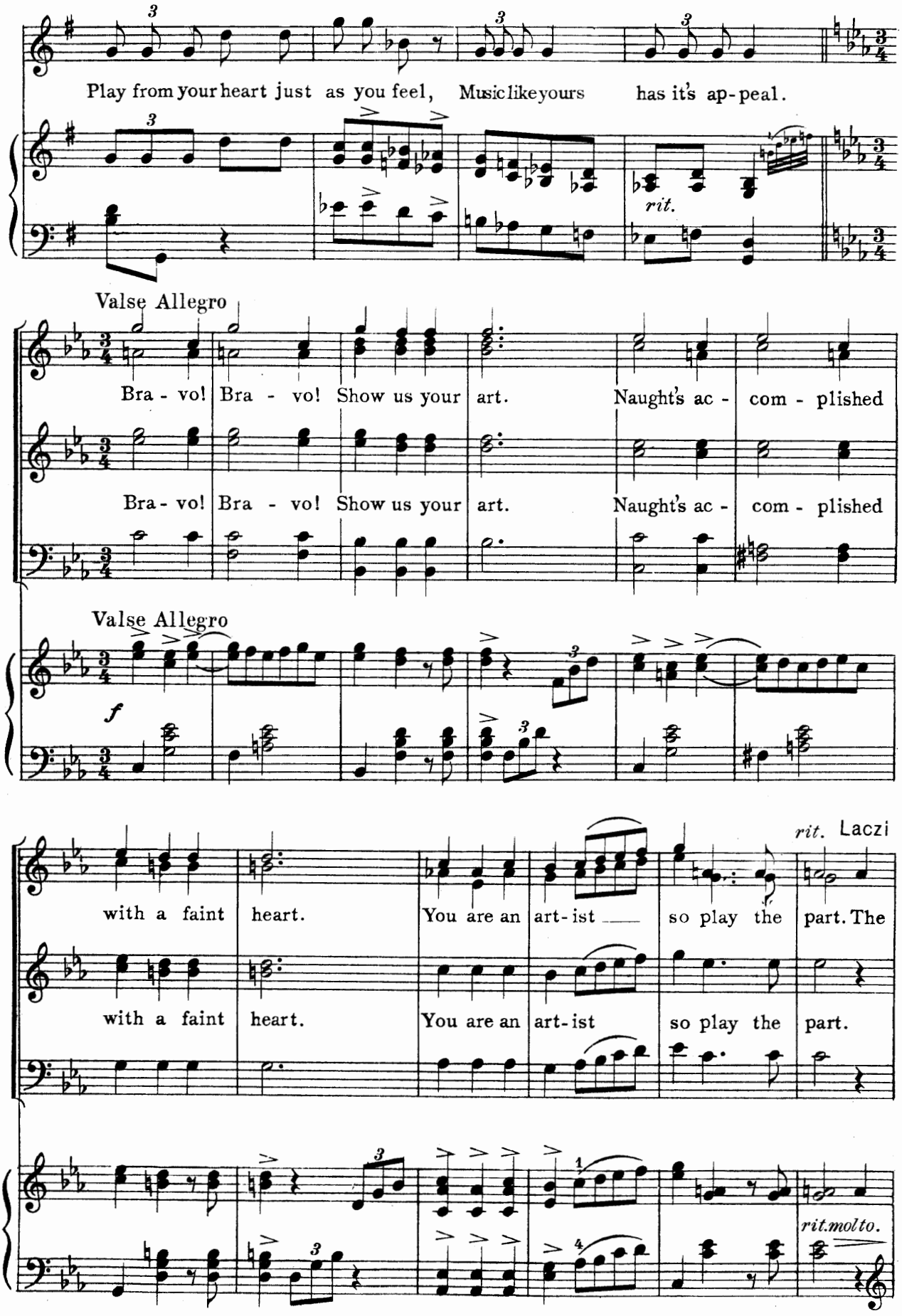

Presto.
song.
Presto
ff
rit. molto.
Chorus. Moderato
Youth is on wings
Laugh - ter it brings
Laugh - ter it brings
Moderato
Youth is on wings
Laugh - ter it
f

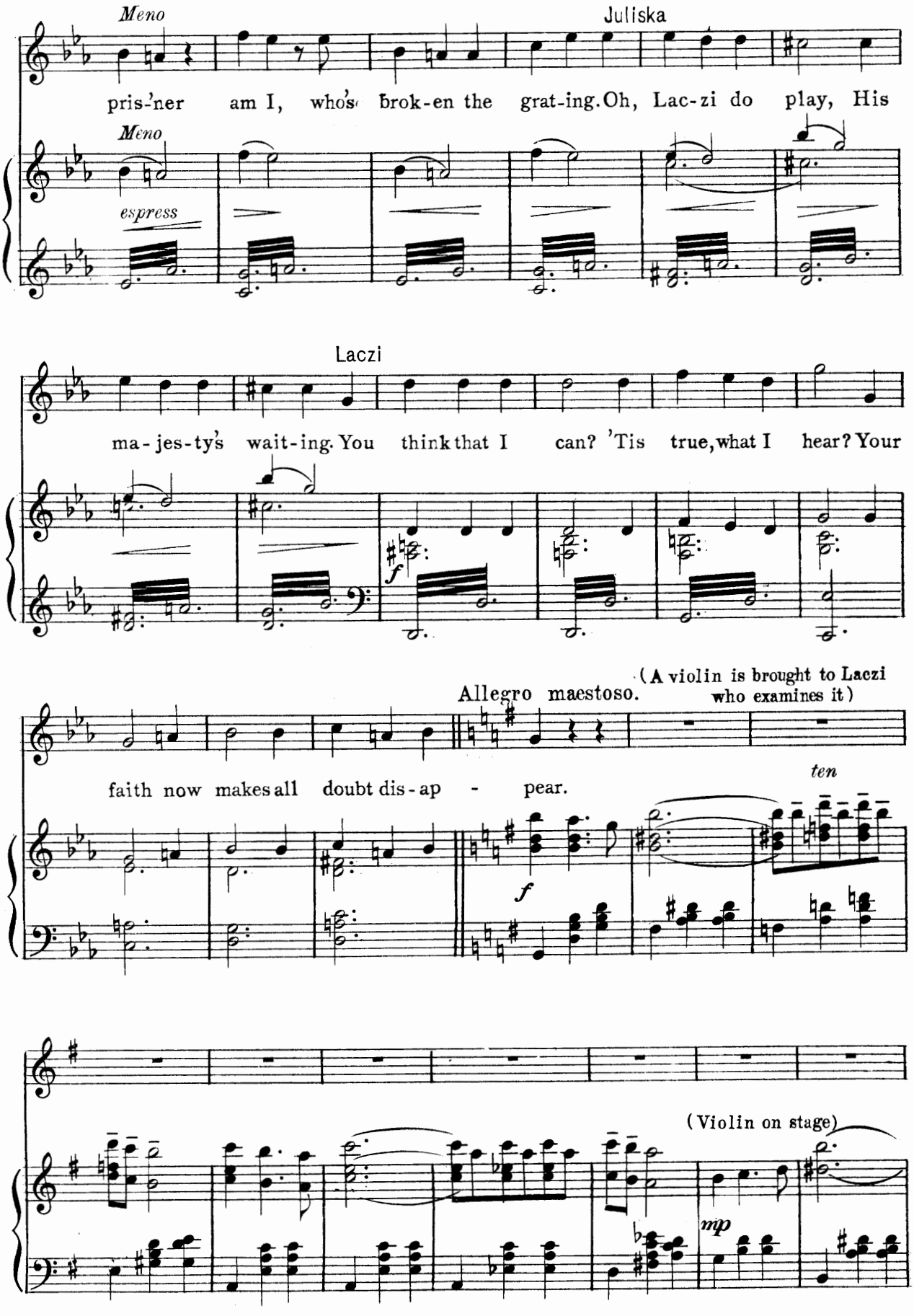

Juliska, Sari, Laczi, Gaston, Mustari.
La-la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la- la-la-la-la-la la-la - la-la la-la-la-la
Float in hap-py joy-ous danc-ing To this mus-ic so en - tranc-ing
Float in hap-py joy-ous danc-ing To this mus-ic so en - tranc-ing
brings
Estragon.
la-la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la la-la-la 'Tis
Here our youth ex - erts it's call up - on one and all.
Here our youth ex - erts it's call up - on one and all.
here the fun ad - van-ces most; Did you for-get my

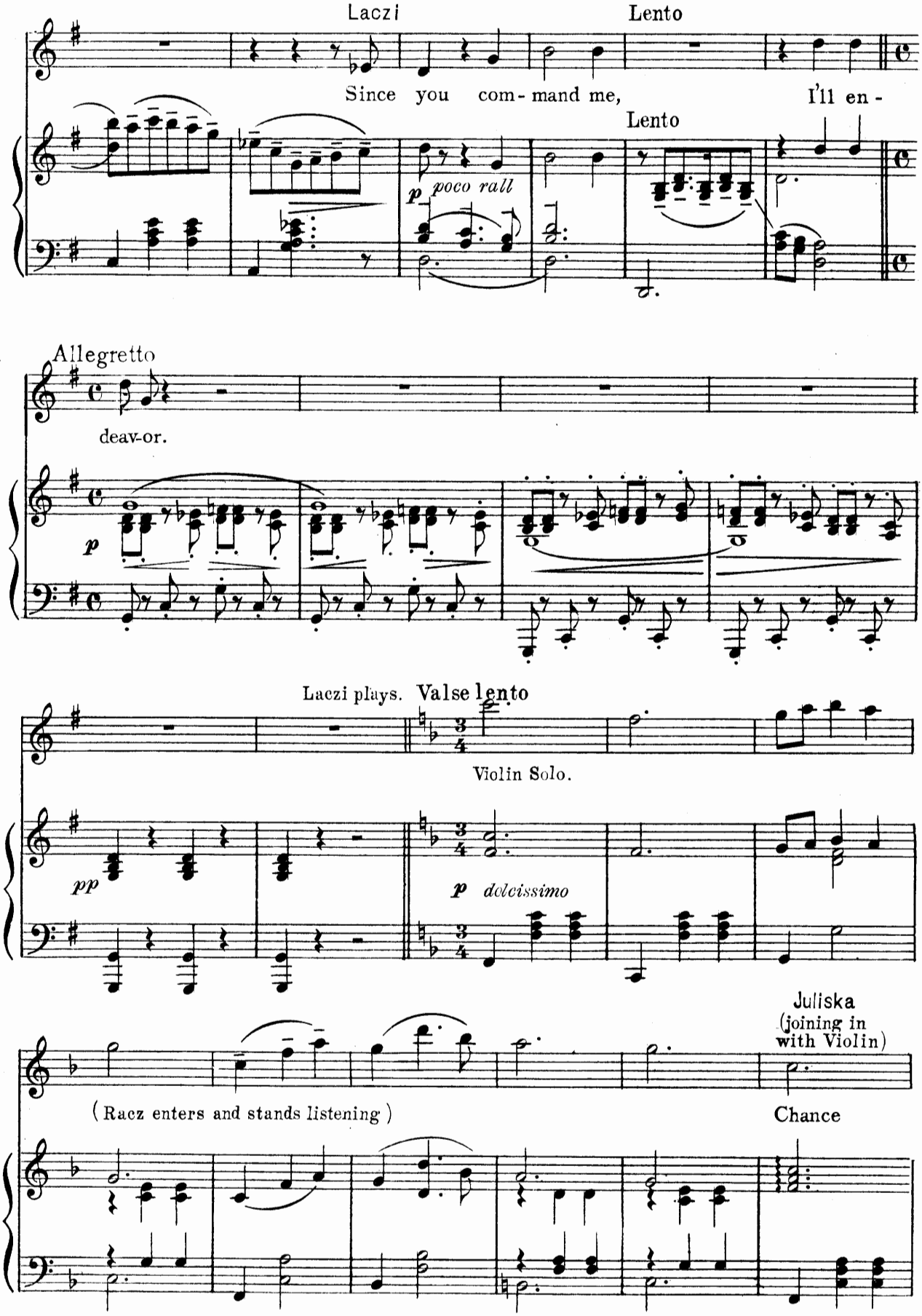

dear Gas - ton that you are still my host? We wait your
King of vi - o - lin, Your Pa - li Racz, Come
Mustari.
Gaston.
bring him in. A brok-en fid-dle string de-lays him brok-en fid-dle
scherzando.
Gaston.
Chorus.
string de-lays. A slim cause is a string in-deed; 'tis nerve I fear, that he must
A slim cause is a string in-deed; 'tis nerve I fear, that he must
f

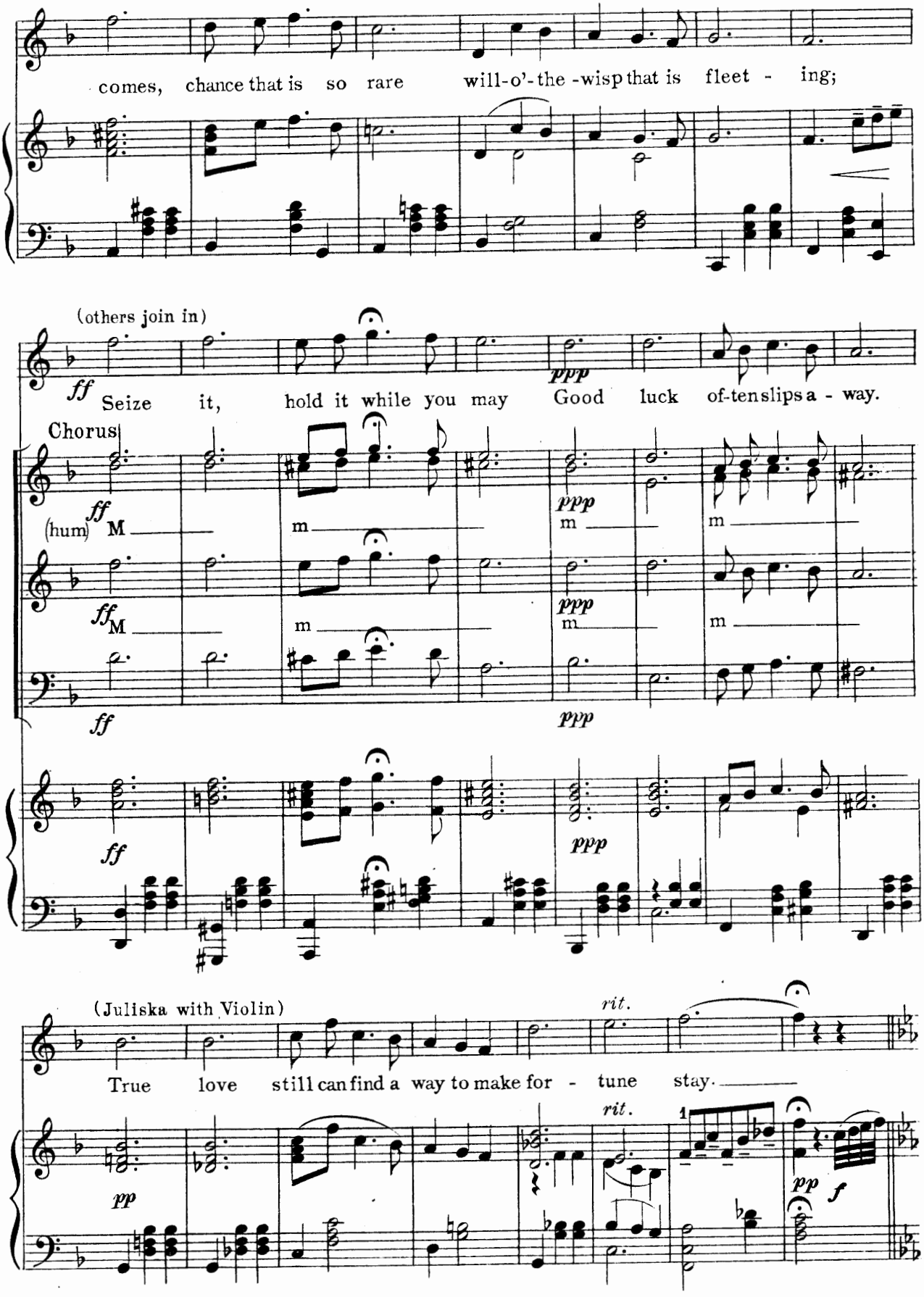

Moderato
need.
Nowdon't say no, We wait to hear you, Go wield your bow.
need.
Nowdon't say no, We wait to hear you, Go wield your bow. This your art,
Moderato
f
Laczi.
Valse Allegro
What can I
show, we wait to hear you that we may know.
Valse Allegro
p
R.H.
do but de - cline? An art -

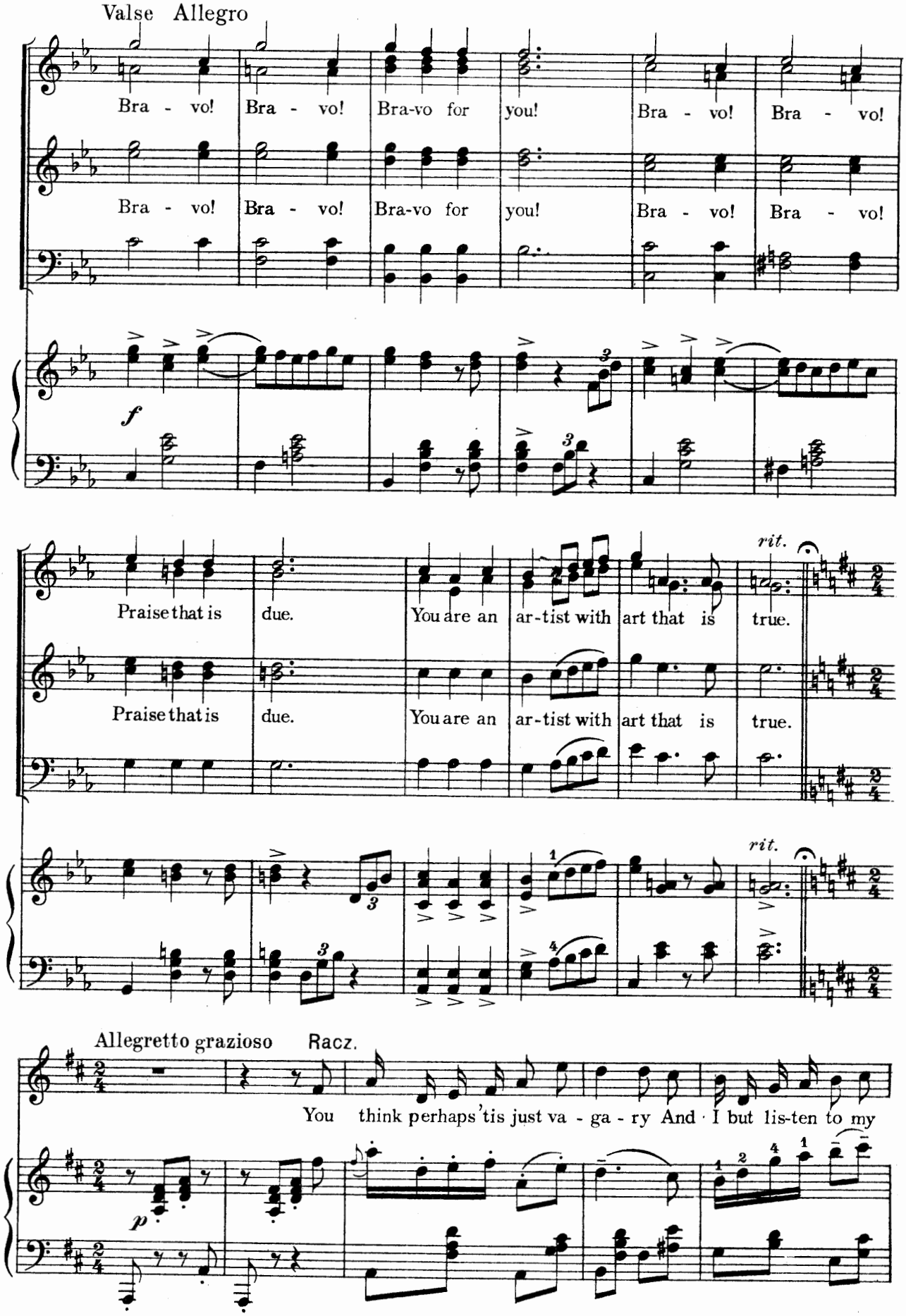

ist's am - bi - - tion is no long - er mine. I'll
get my fath - er he must be near, If you'll
accel.
p
Allegretto.
have pa - tience he soon will be here
(Juliska) Don't make them coax you But
p
do as they say. Come, now is your chance, don't throw it a - way.

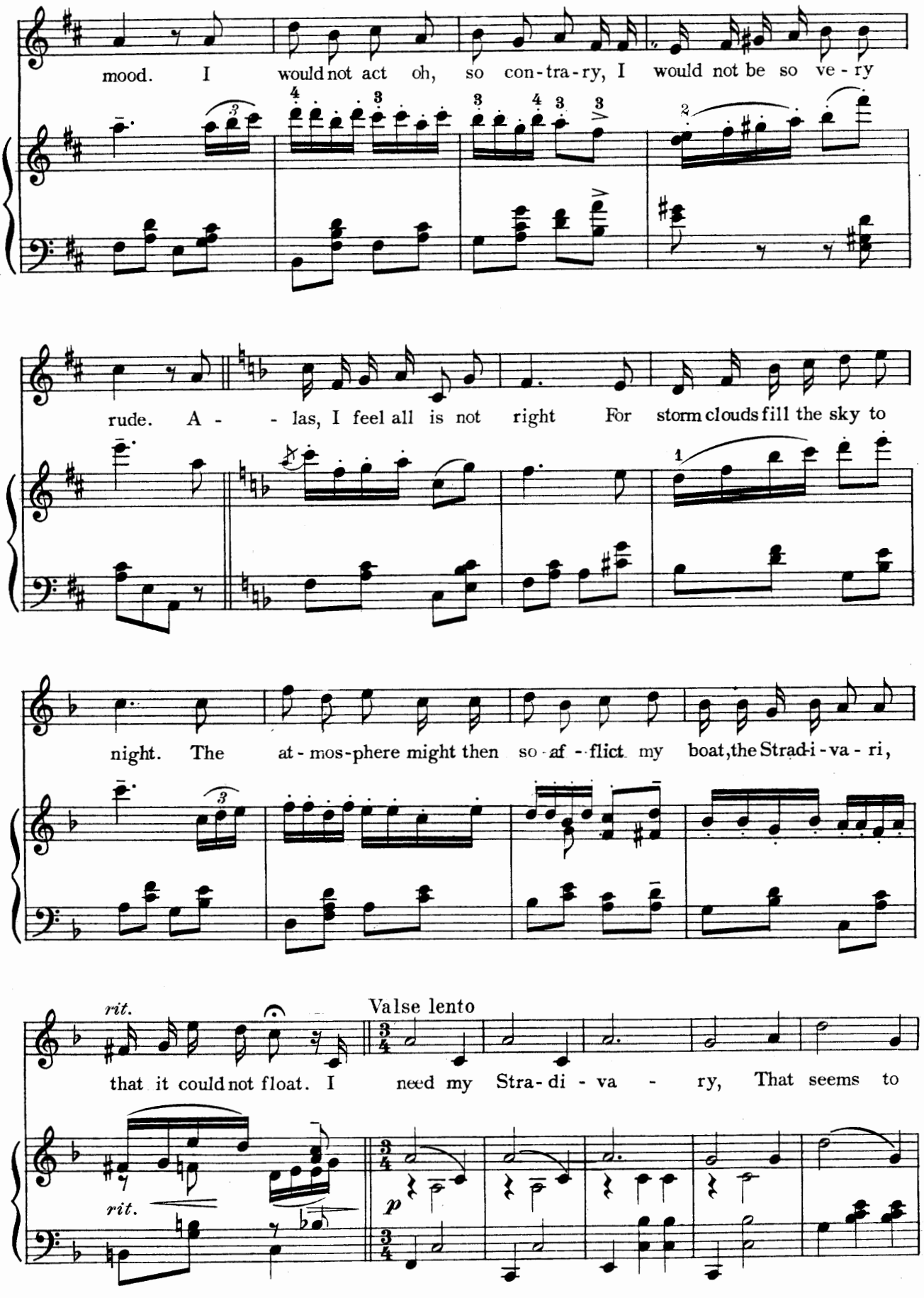

Play from your heart just as you feel, Music like yours has it's ap-peal.
rit.
Valse Allegro
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Show us your art. Naught's ac - com - plished
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Show us your art. Naught's ac - com - plished
Valse Allegro
f
with a faint heart. You are an art-ist so play the part. The
rit. Laczi
with a faint heart. You are an art-ist so play the part.
rit.molto.

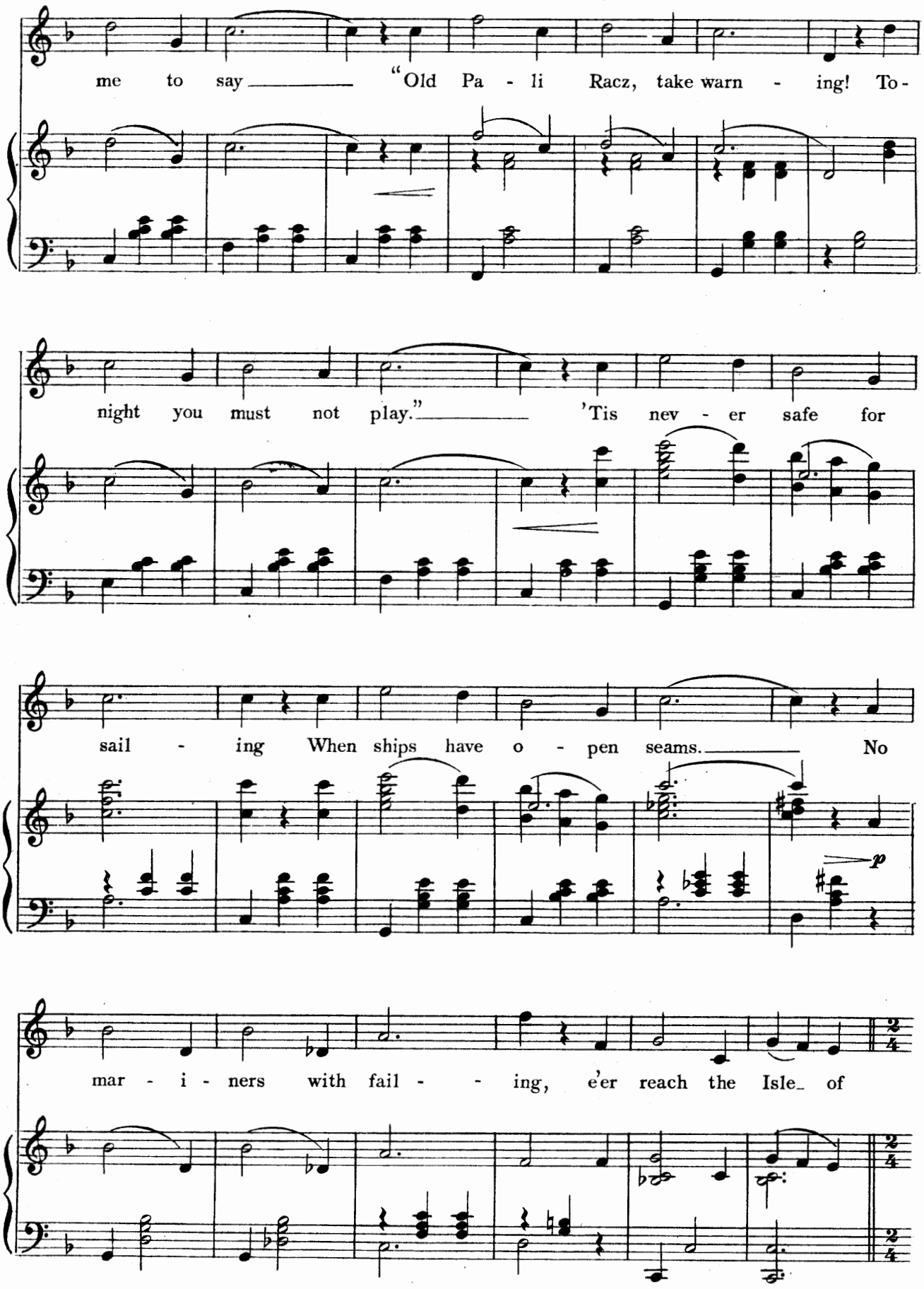

Meno
Juliska
pris-'ner am I, who's brok-en the grat-ing. Oh, Lac-zi do play, His
Meno
espress
Laczi
ma-jes-ty's wait-ing. You think that I can? 'Tis true, what I hear? Your
f
(A violin is brought to Laczi who examines it)
Allegro maestoso.
faith now makes all doubt dis-ap - pear.
ten
f
(Violin on stage)
mp

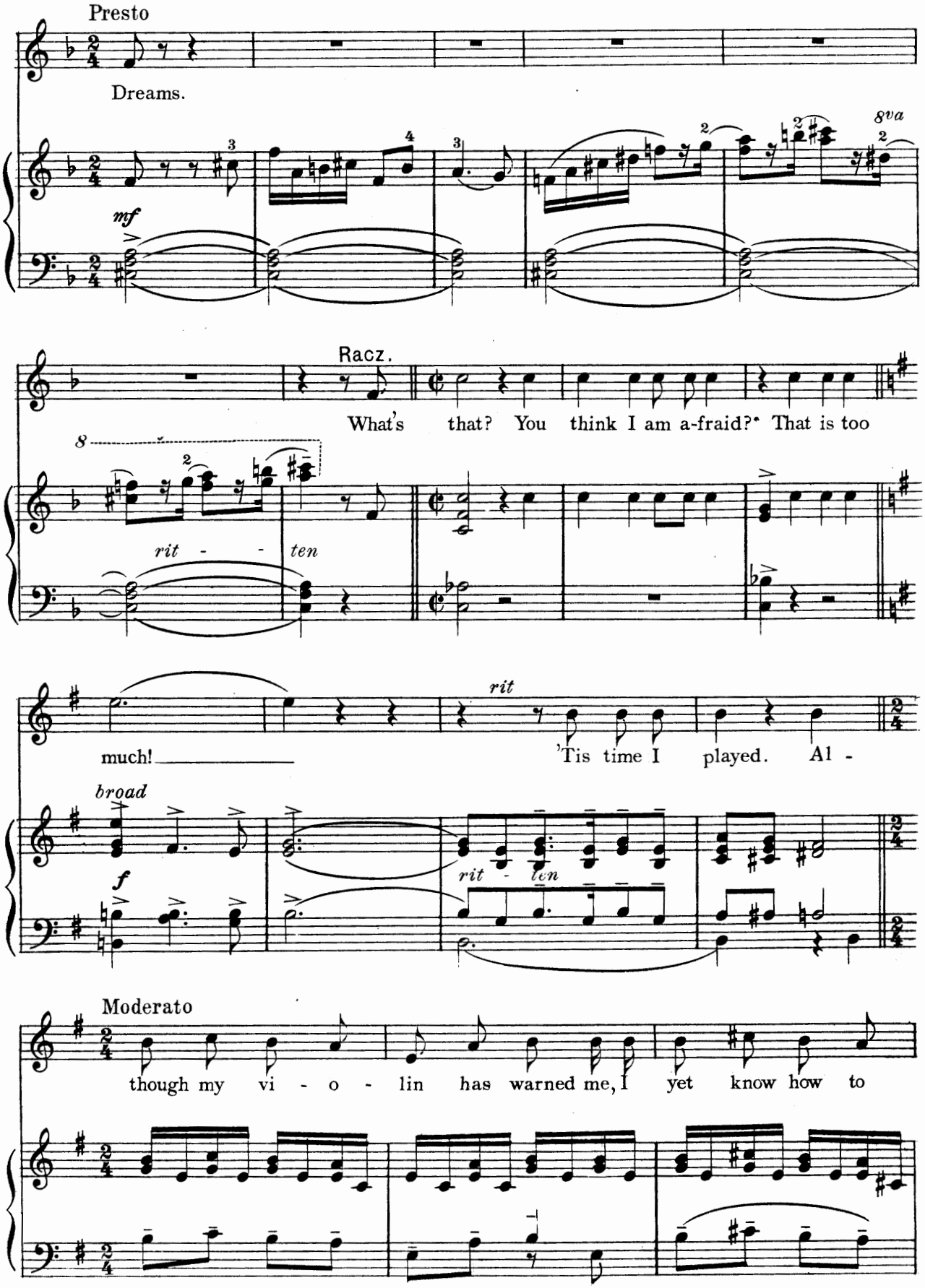

Laczi
Lento
Since you com- mand me,
I'll en -
Lento
p poco rall
Allegretto
deav-or.
p
Laczi plays. Valse lento
Violin Solo.
pp
p dolcissimo
Juliska
(joining in
with Violin)
(Racz enters and stands listening)
Chance

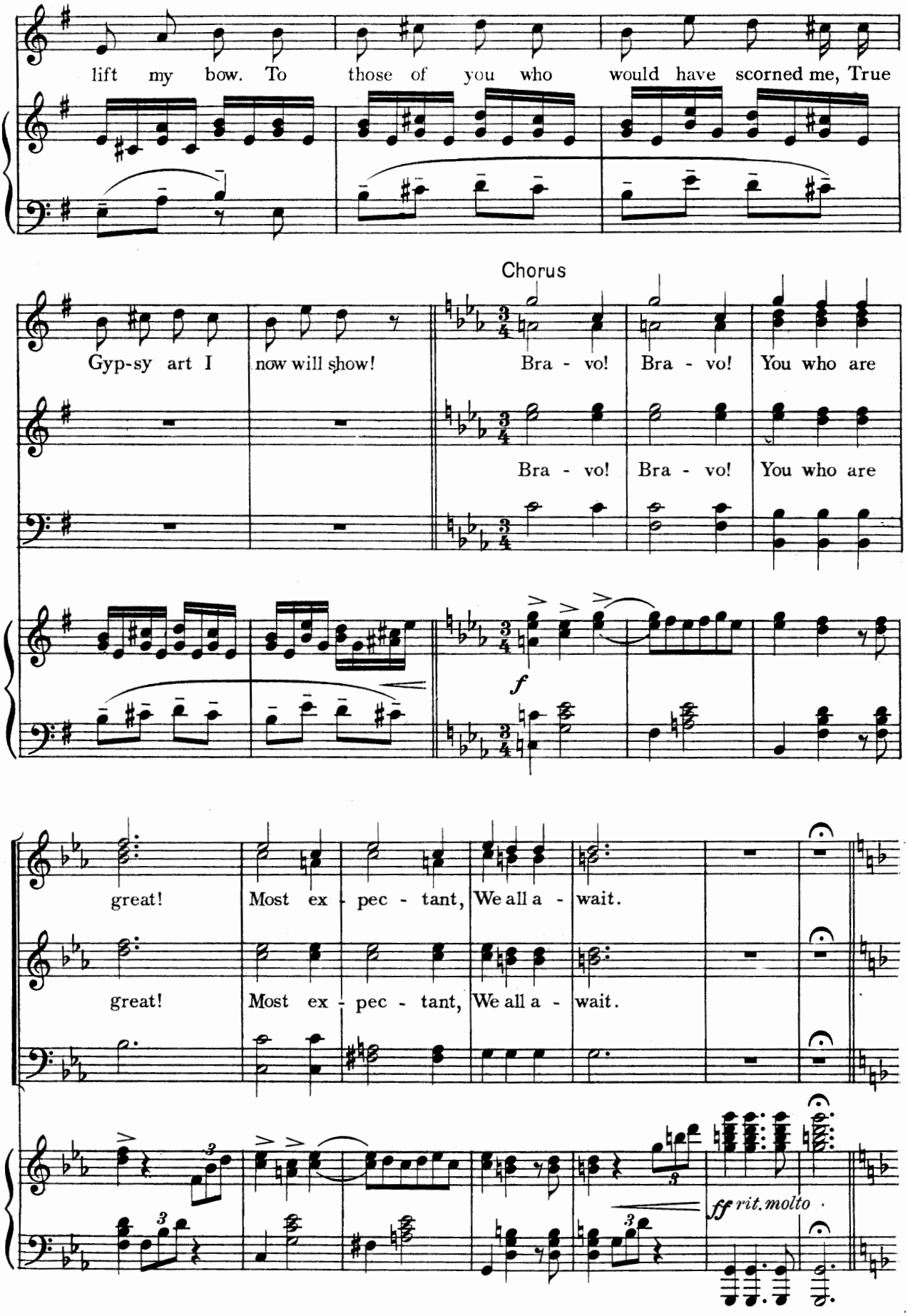

comes, chance that is so rare will-o'-the-wisp that is fleet - ing;
(others join in)
ff
Seize it, hold it while you may Good luck of-ten slips a - way.
ppp
Chorus
(hum)
M
m
(Juliska with Violin)
True love still can find a way to make for - tune stay.
rit.
pp
f
1


Valse Allegro
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bra-vo for you! Bra - vo! Bra - vo!
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! Bra-vo for you! Bra - vo! Bra - vo!
f
Praise that is due. You are an ar-tist with art that is true.
rit.
Praise that is due. You are an ar-tist with art that is true.
rit.
Allegretto grazioso Racz.
You think perhaps 'tis just va - ga - ry And I but lis-ten to my
p

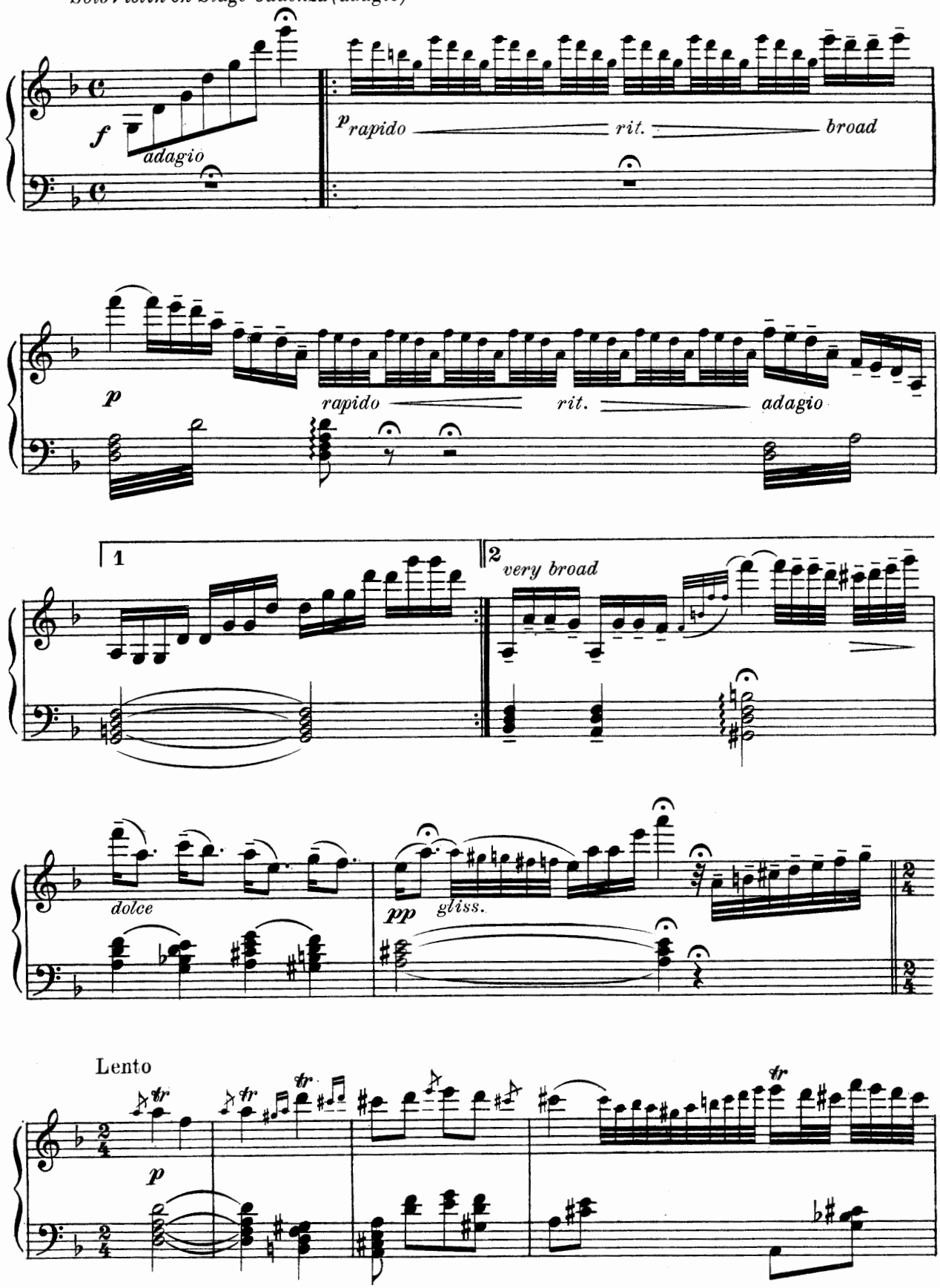

mood. I would not act oh, so con-tra-ry, I would not be so ve-ry
rude. A - - las, I feel all is not right For storm clouds fill the sky to
night. The at-mos-phere might then so-af--flict my boat, the Strad-i-va-ri,
rit.
that it could not float. I need my Stra-di-va - ry, That seems to
Valse lento
rit.
p

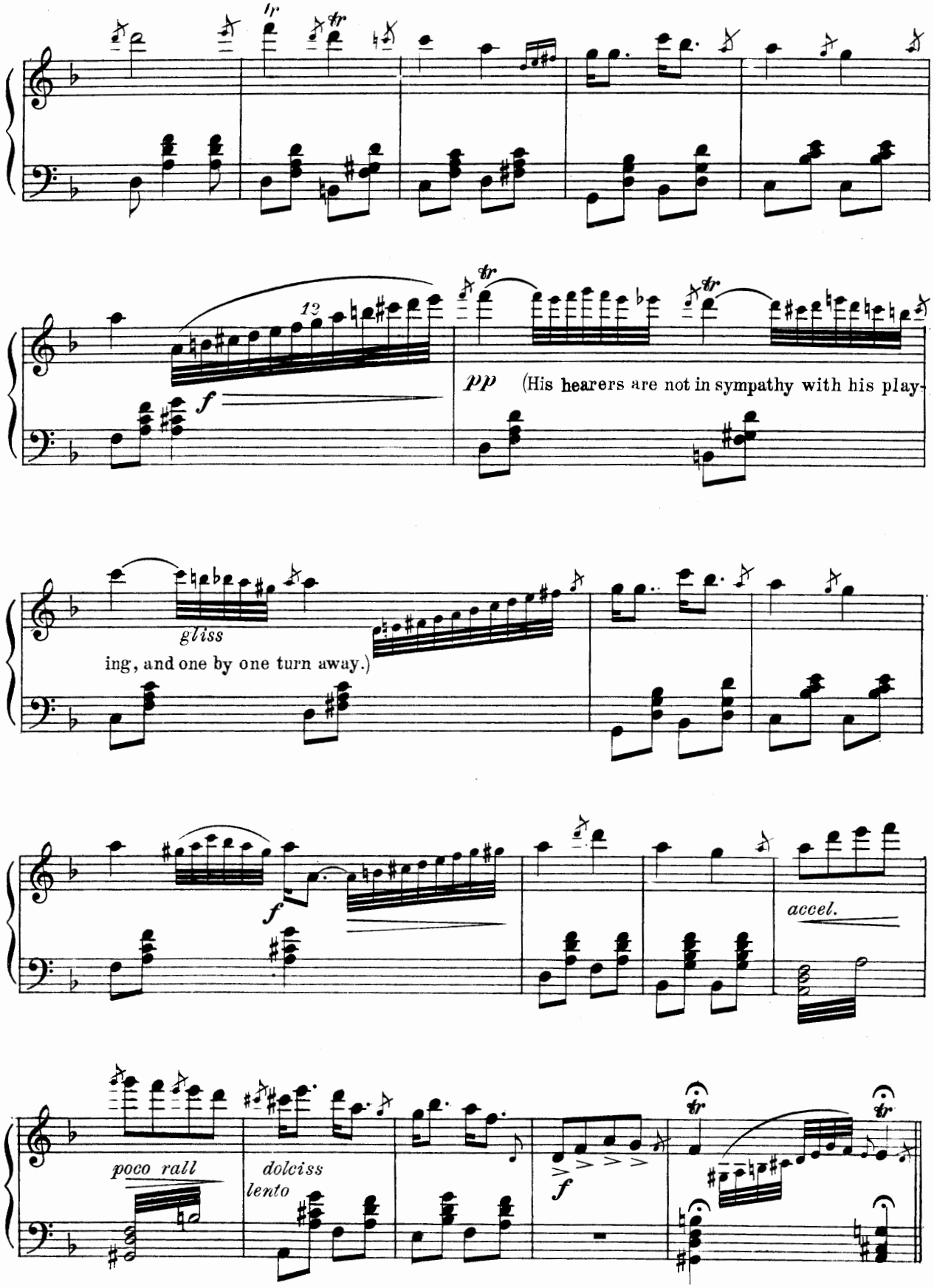

me to say "Old Pa - li Racz, take warn - ing! To-
night you must not play." 'Tis nev - er safe for
sail - ing When ships have o - pen seams. No
p
mar - i - ners with fail - - ing, e'er reach the Isle of

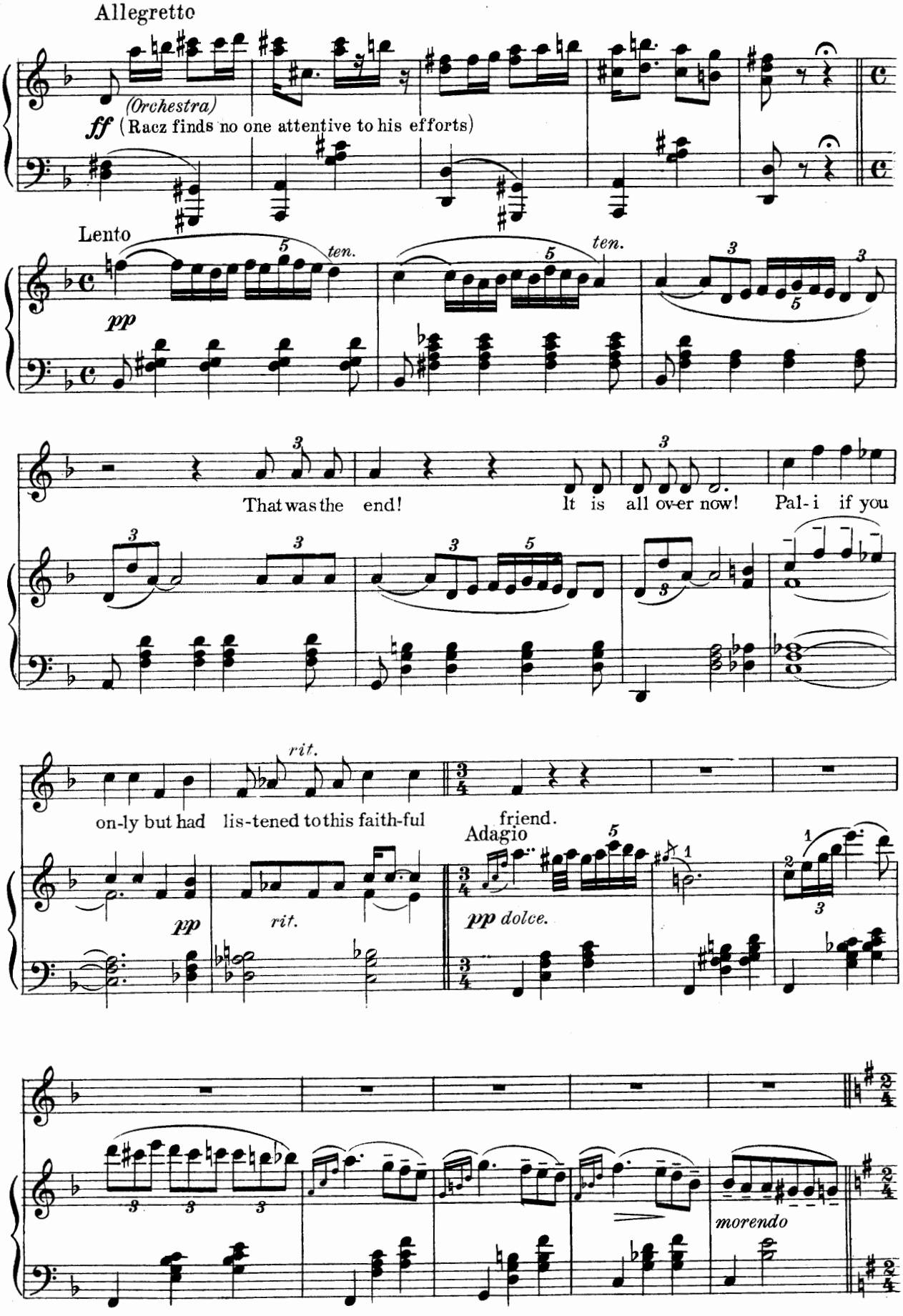

Presto
Dreams.
mf
8va
Racz.
What's that? You think I am a-fraid?* That is too
rit - - ten
much!
rit
'Tis time I played. Al -
broad
f
rit - ten
Moderato
though my vi - o - lin has warned me, I yet know how to

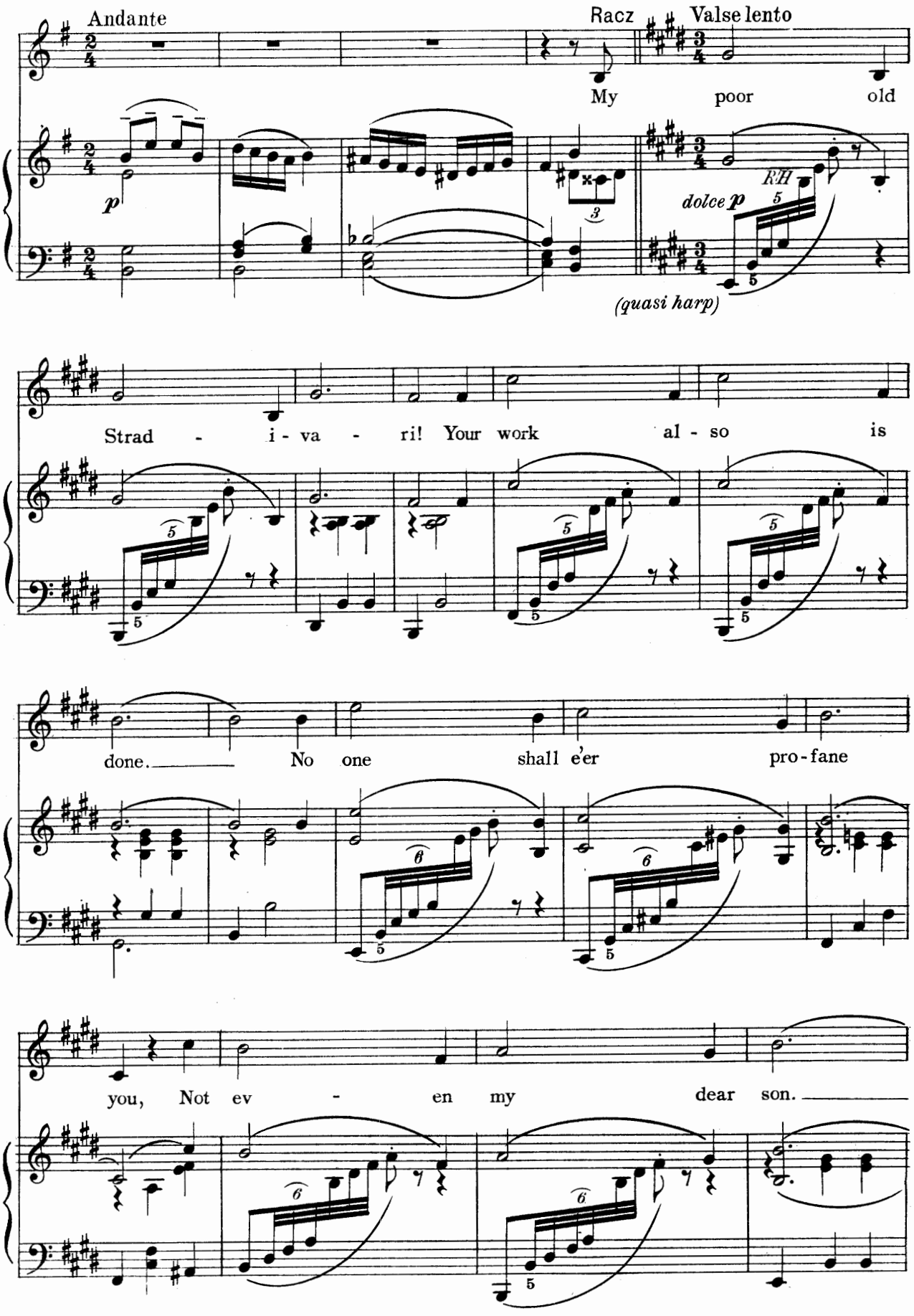

lift my bow. To those of you who would have scorned me, True
Chorus
Gyp-sy art I now will show!
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! You who are
Bra - vo! Bra - vo! You who are
f
great! Most ex - pec - tant, We all a - wait.
great! Most ex - pec - tant, We all a - wait.
ff rit. molto

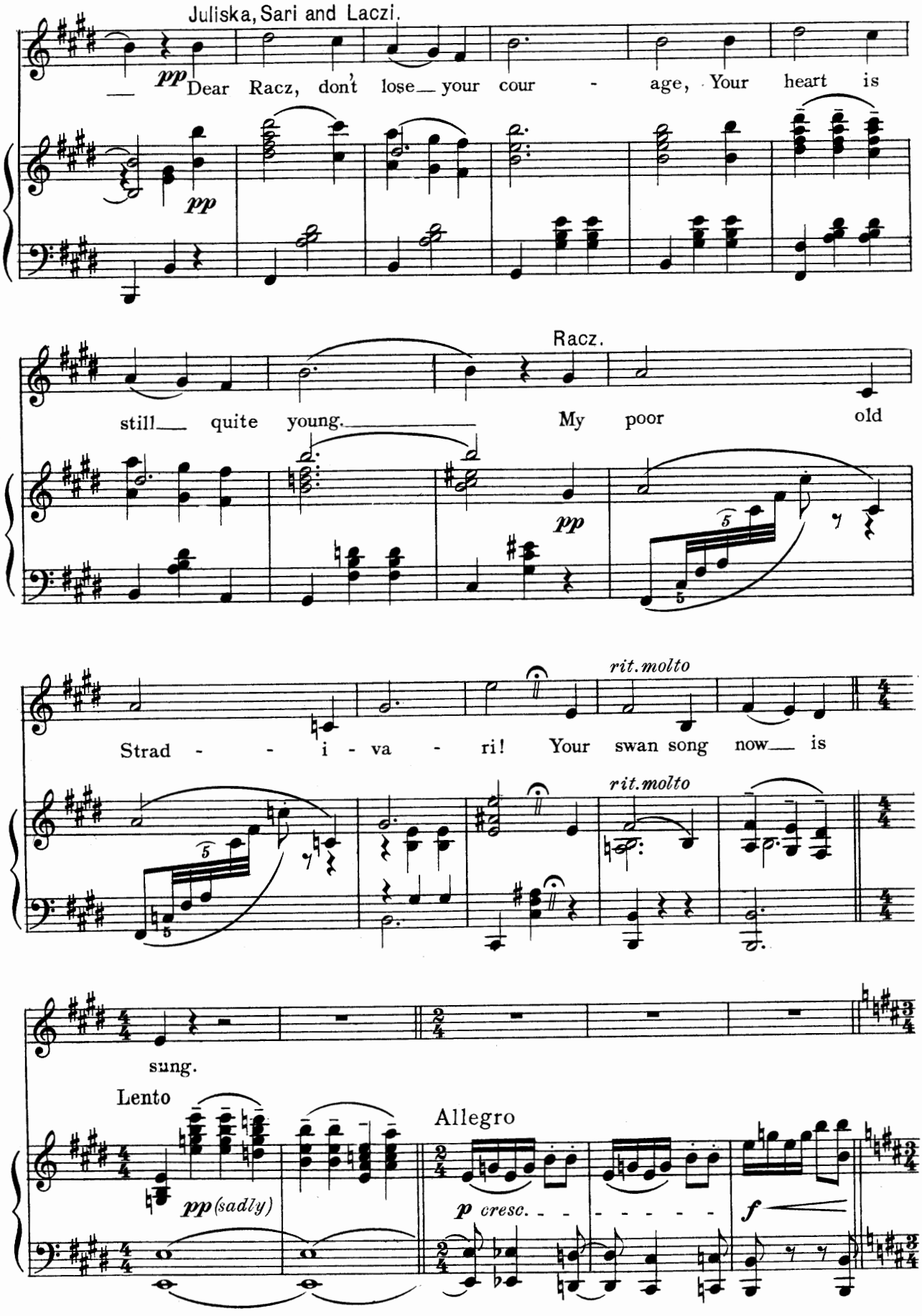
Solo Violin on Stage Cadenza (adagio)

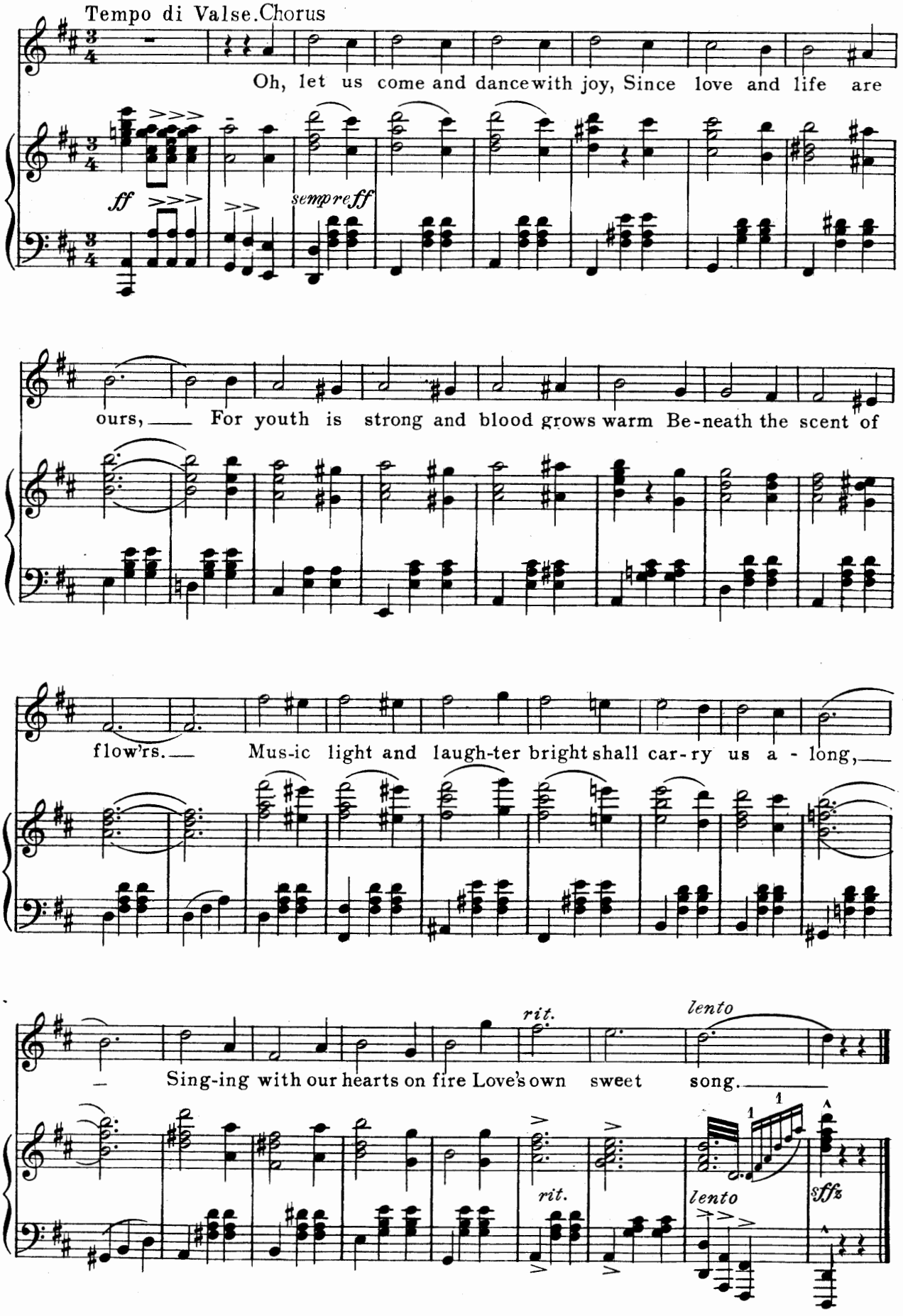



tr
tr
12
f
tr
tr
pp
(His hearers are not in sympathy with his play-
gliss
ing, and one by one turn away.)
f
accel.
poco rall
dolciss
lento
f
tr
tr


Allegretto
(Orchestra)
ff (Racz finds no one attentive to his efforts)
Lento
ten.
ten.
pp
That was the end!
It is all over now!
Pal-i if you
rit.
on-ly but had lis-tened to this faith-ful friend.
pp
rit.
Adagio
pp dolce.
morendo


Andante
Racz
Valse lento
My poor old
p
dolce p
RH
(quasi harp)
Strad - i - va - ri! Your work al - so is
done. No one shall e'er pro-fane
you, Not ev - en my dear son.


Juliska, Sari and Laczi.
pp
Dear Racz, don't lose your cour - age, Your heart is
pp
Racz.
still quite young. My poor old
pp
rit.molto
Strad - - i - va - ri! Your swan song now is
rit.molto
sung.
Lento
pp (sadly)
Allegro
p cresc.
f


Tempo di Valse.Chorus
Oh, let us come and dance with joy, Since love and life are
ff
sempre ff
ours, For youth is strong and blood grows warm Be-neath the scent of
flow'rs. Mus-ic light and laugh-ter bright shall car-ry us a - long,
rit.
lento
Sing-ing with our hearts on fire Love's own sweet song.
rit.
lento
sffz