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GYPSY LOVE

A Romantic Comic Opera

In Three Acts

Book by

HARRY B. SMITH

Lyrics by

HARRY B. and ROBERT B. SMITH

From the German by

A.M. WILLNER and ROBERT BODANZKY

Music by

FRANZ LEHAR

Vocal Score $ 2.00

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A. H. Woods Presents

Marguerita Sylva

in a Romantic Opera in Three Acts, entitled

GYPSY LOVE

Produced under the stage direction of George Marion

Director of Music, Louis F. Gottschalk

Caste.

Zorika	Miss Marguerite Sylva.
Niklas, *(her father)*	Mr. Harry Mc Donough.
Jozsi, *(a Gypsy musician)*	Mr. Arthur Albro.
Fedor, *(Zorika's betrothed)*	Mr. Carl Haydn.
Ilma, *(a young widow)*	Miss Frances Demarest.
Mikel, *(proprietor of Café Orientale, Buda Pesth)*	Mr. George L. Bickel.
Lilia, *(niece of Niklas, a school girl, ambitious to marry)*	Miss Dorothy Webb.
Kaspar, *(a bashful youth, son of the burgomaster)*	Mr. Robert G. Pitkin.
Moschu, *(a tonsorial artist and beauty doctor)*	Mr. Albert Hart.
Sacha, *(Zorika's old nurse)*	Miss Lucie Mitchell.
Magda, *(a maid servant)*	Miss Josephine Harmon.
Dimitri, *(a waiter at Café Orientale)*	Mr. Anton Hanschmann.
Fancha, *(a maid)*	Miss Kittie Saville.
Henry	Master Robert Smith.
Etta	Miss Oralla Mars.

Synopsis of Scenery.

Act I. Park of the Chateau Niklas, Roumania.

Act II. Palm Garden, Café Orientale, Buda Pesth.

Act III. Same as Act I.

GYPSY LOVE

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GYPSY LOVE

Act I.

Introduction and Entrance Solo.

(Zorika.)

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

Molto Allegro

PIANO.

f

p

cres - *cen* - - *do*

CURTAIN

8

ff

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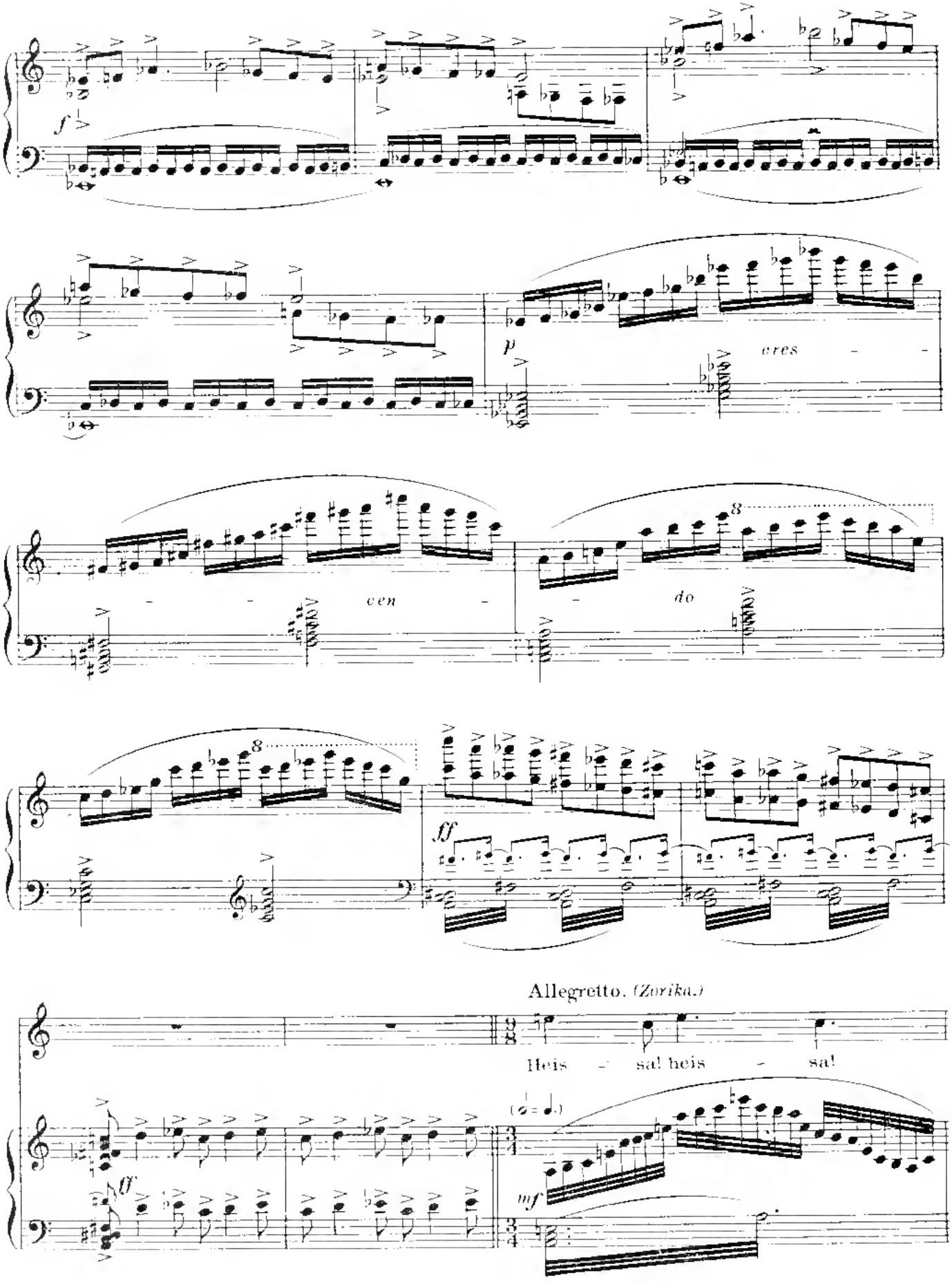
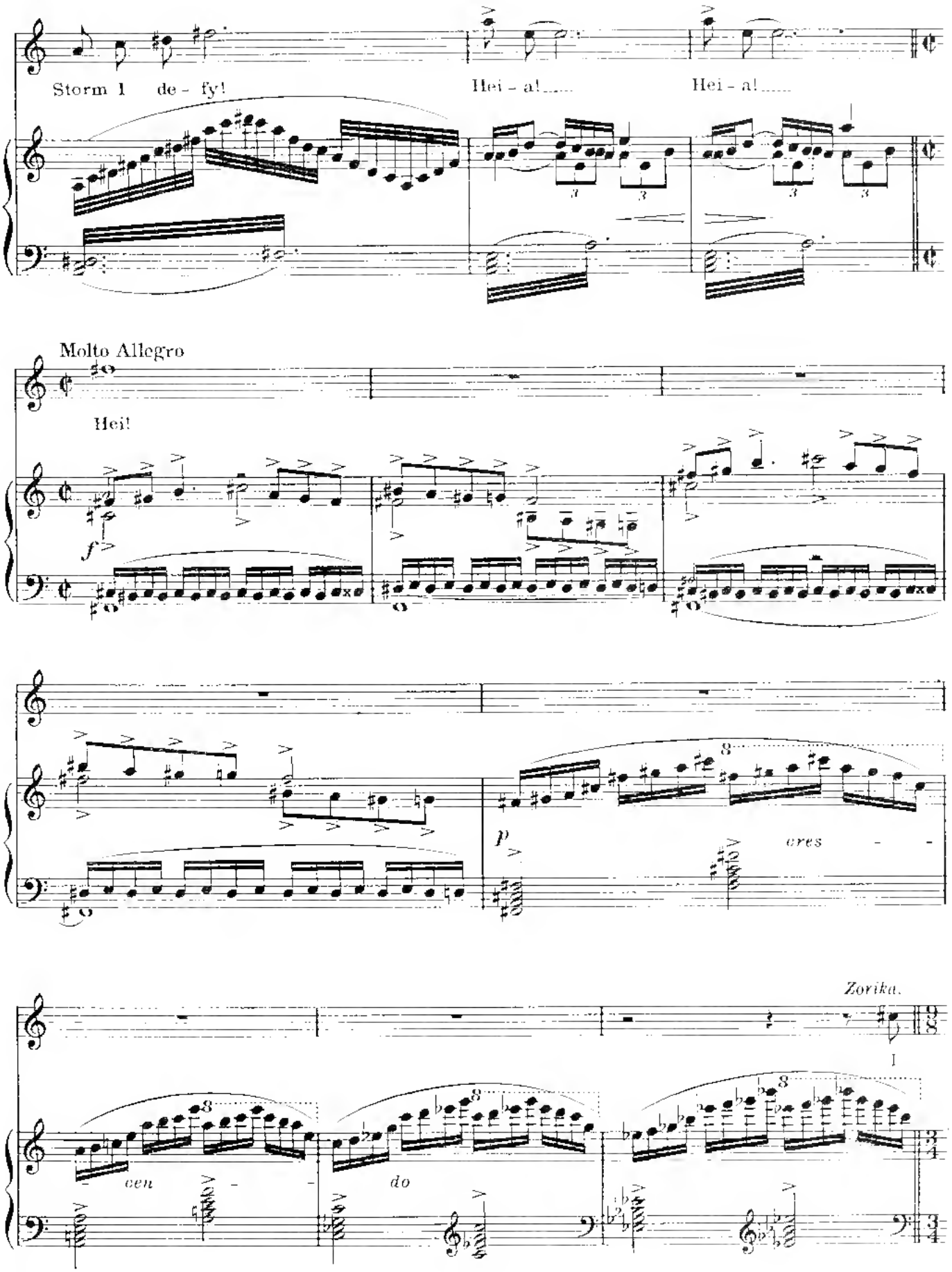
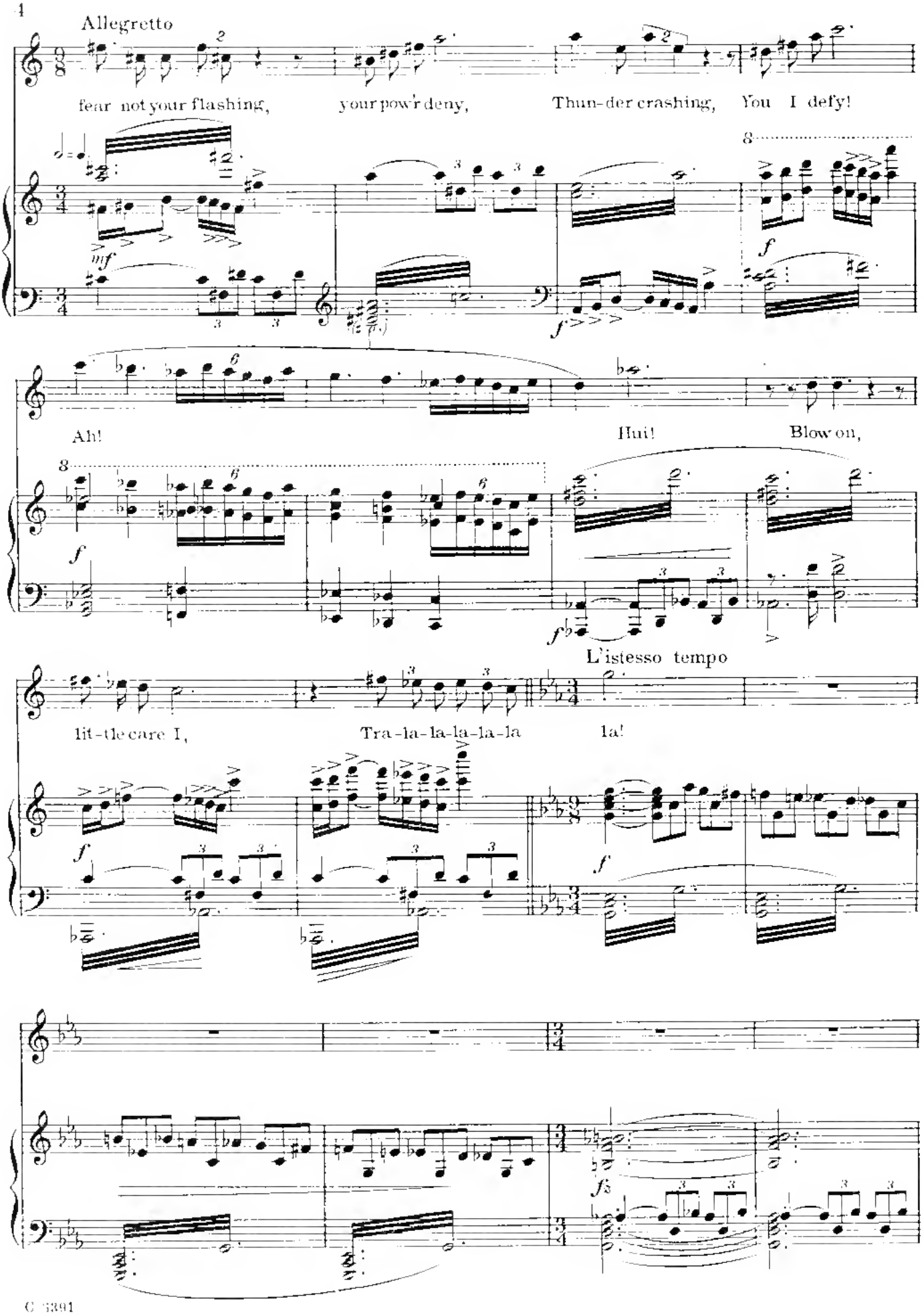
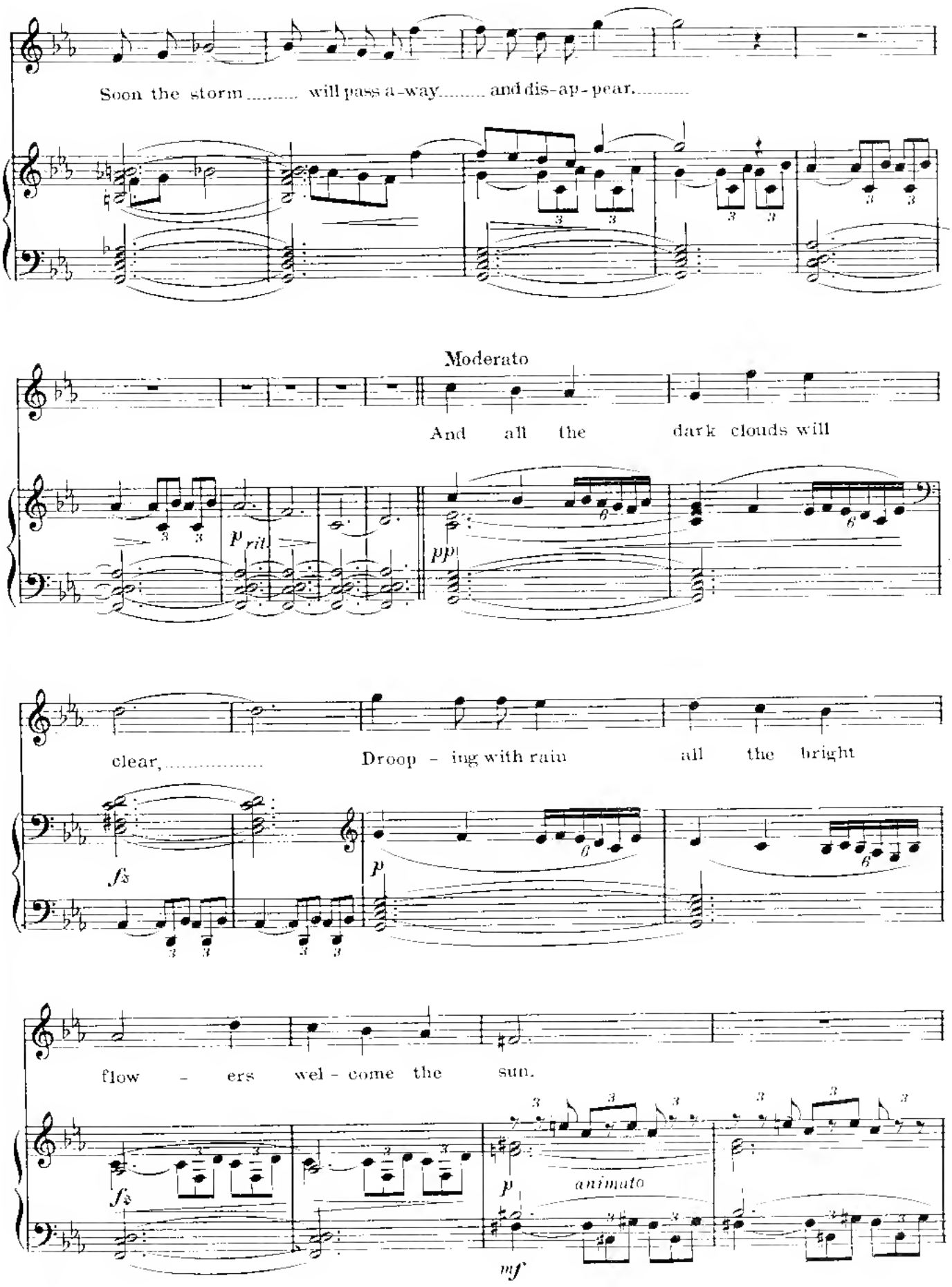
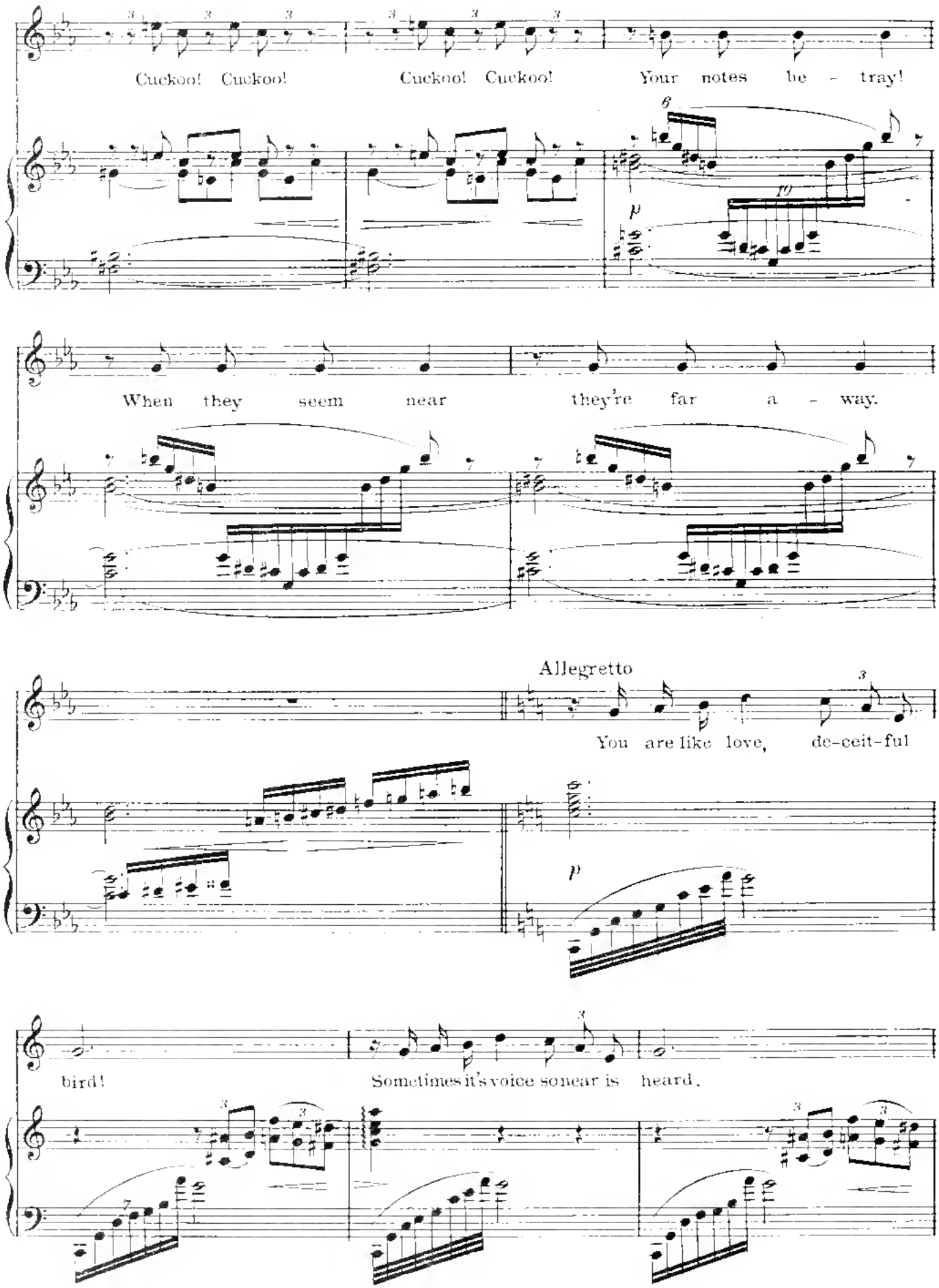
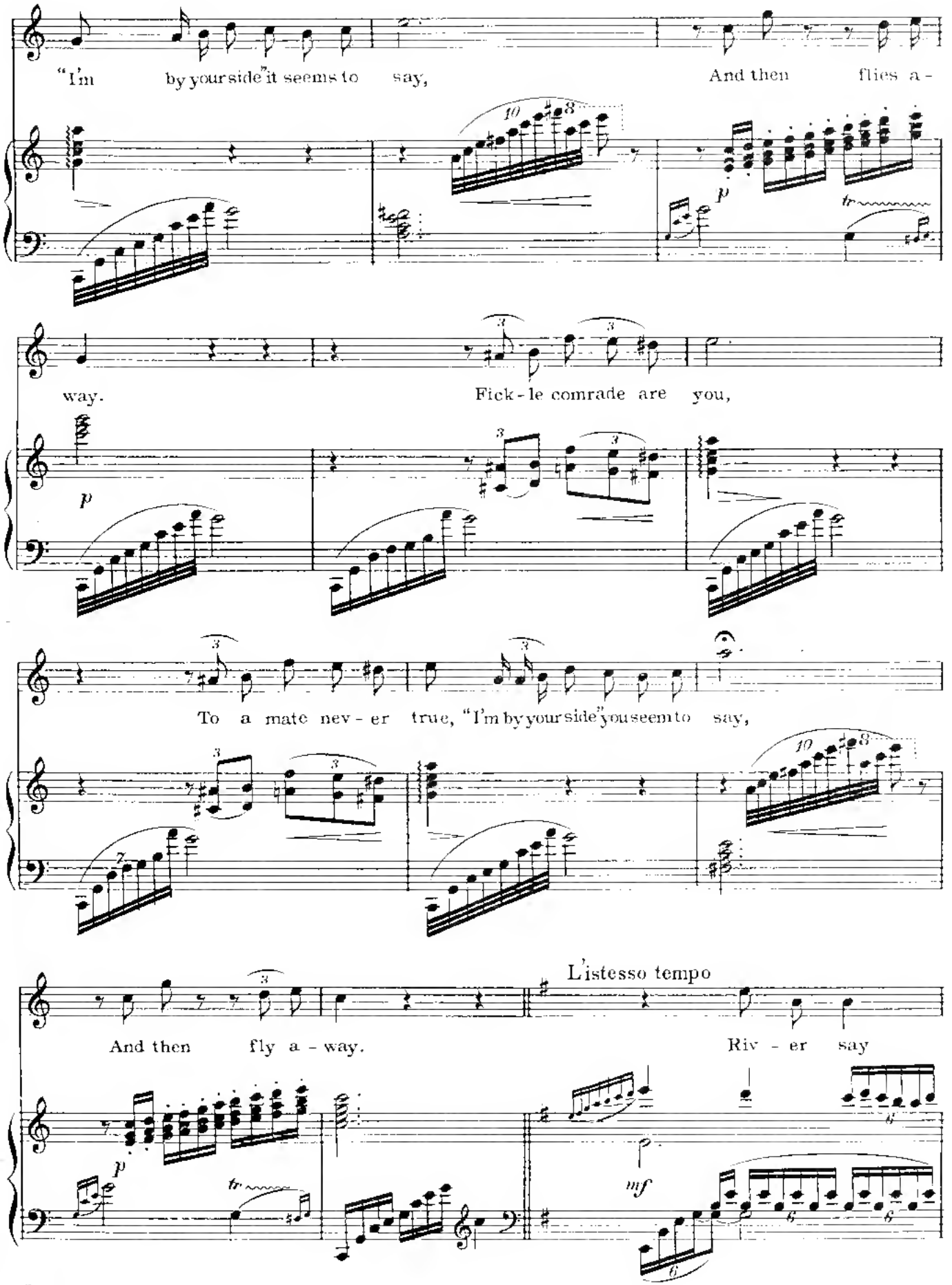

f
p
cres
cen
do
8
8
ff
Allegretto. (Zorika.)
Heis - sa! heis - sa!
(𝅗𝅥 = 𝅗𝅥.)
ff
mf

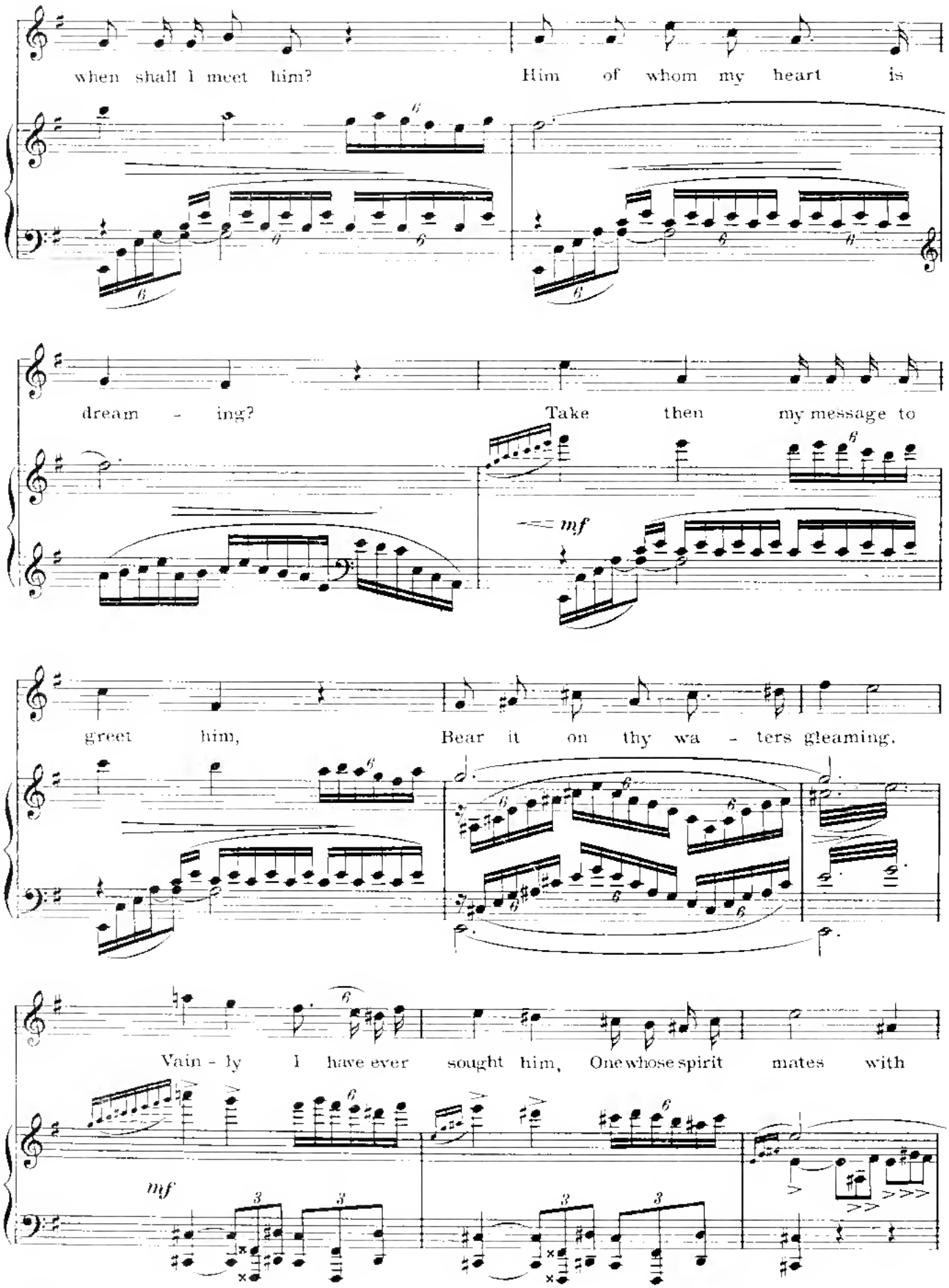

Storm I de - fy!
Hei - a!
Hei - a!
Molto Allegro
Hei!
f
p
cres
Zorika.
I
cen
do

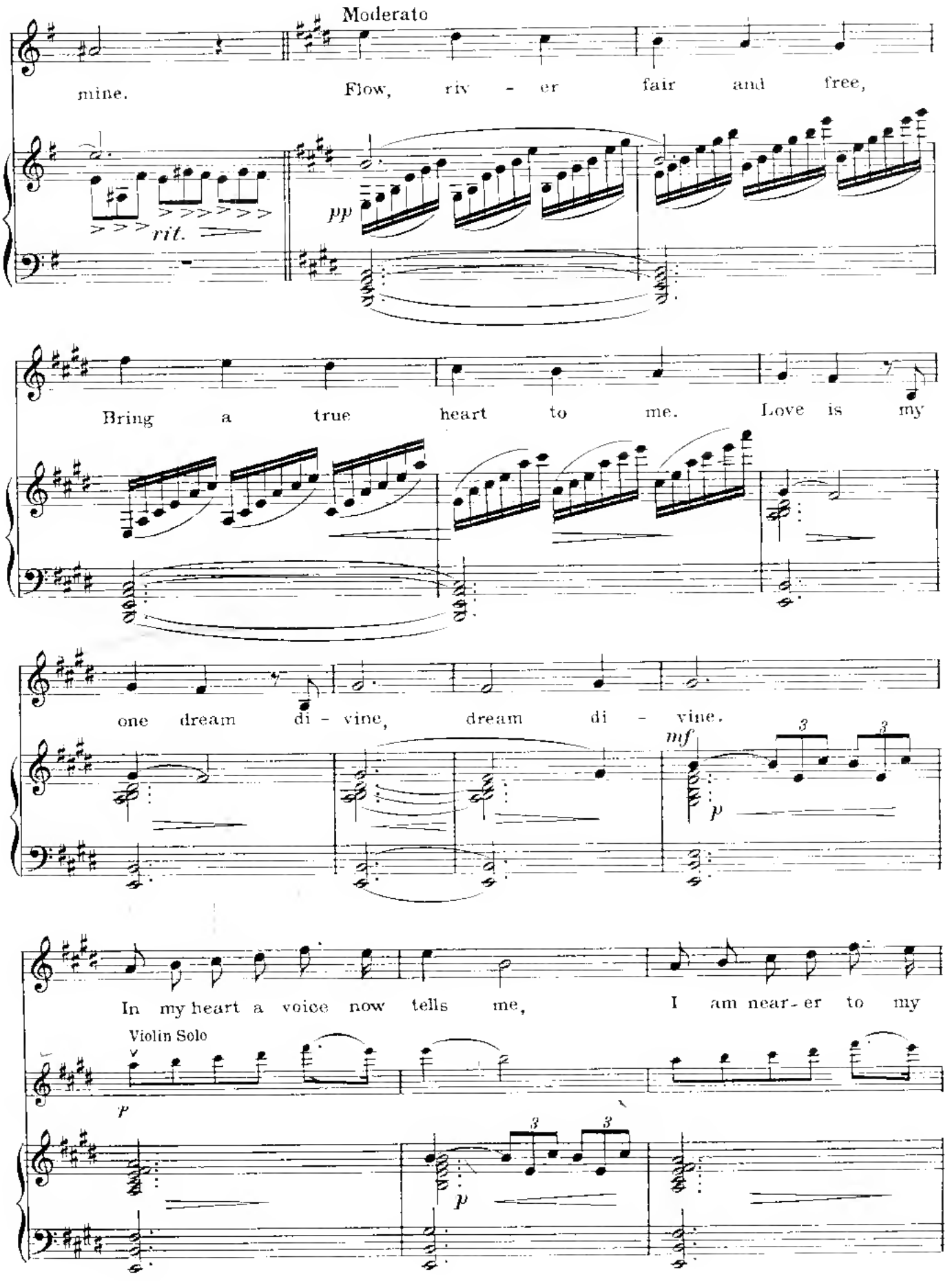

Allegretto
fear not your flashing, your pow'r deny, Thun-der crashing, You I defy!
Ah! Hui! Blow on,
lit-tle care I, Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la la!
L'istesso tempo

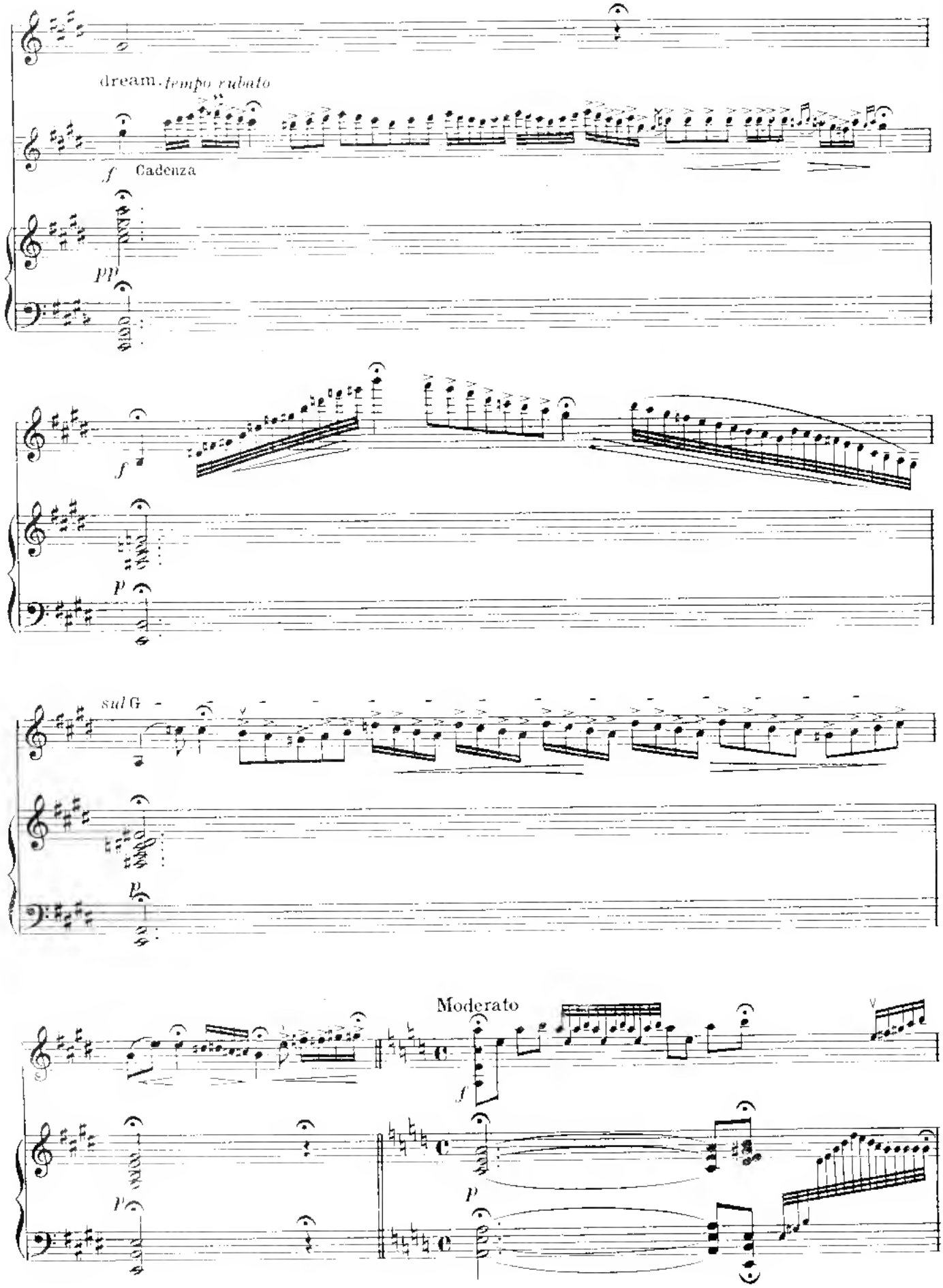

Soon the storm ..... will pass a-way..... and dis-ap-pear.....
Moderato
And all the dark clouds will
p rit.
pp
clear,..... Droop - ing with rain all the bright
fz
p
flow - ers wel - come the sun.
fz
p
animato
mf

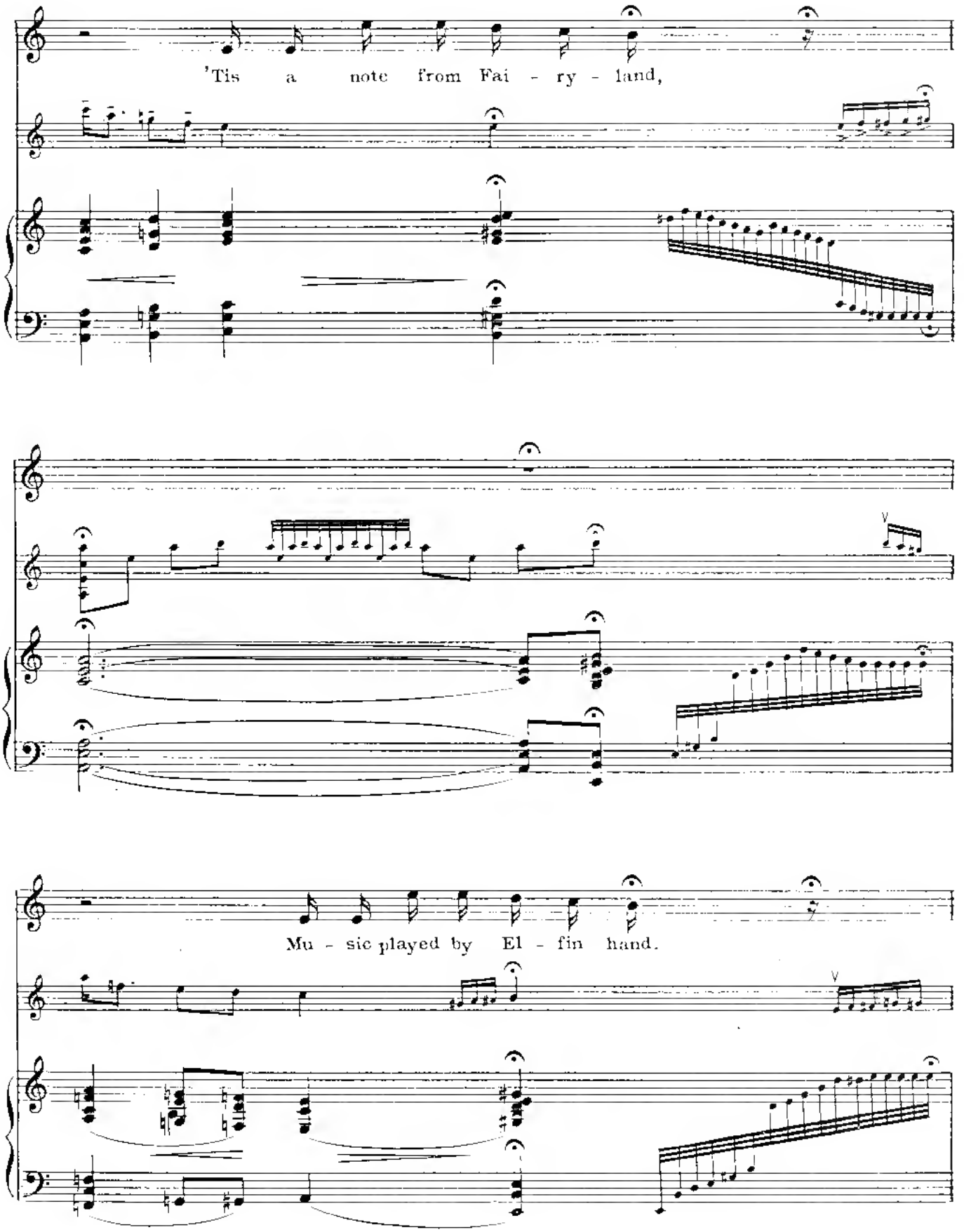

Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Your notes be - tray!
When they seem near they're far a - way.
Allegretto
You are like love, de-ceit-ful
bird! Sometimes it's voice so near is heard.

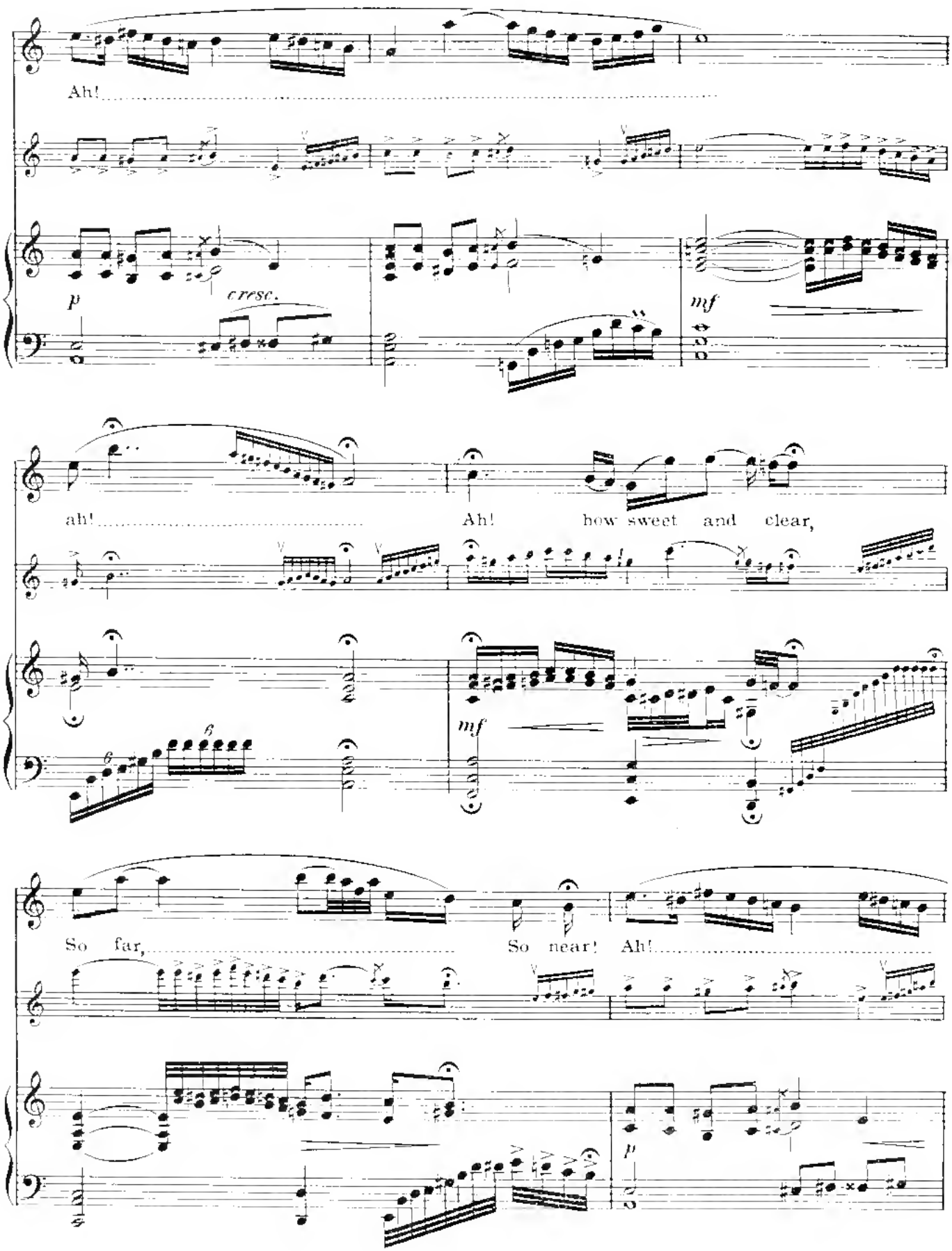

"I'm by your side" it seems to say,
And then flies a -
way.
Fick - le comrade are you,
To a mate nev - er true, "I'm by your side" you seem to say,
And then fly a - way.
L'istesso tempo
Riv - er say

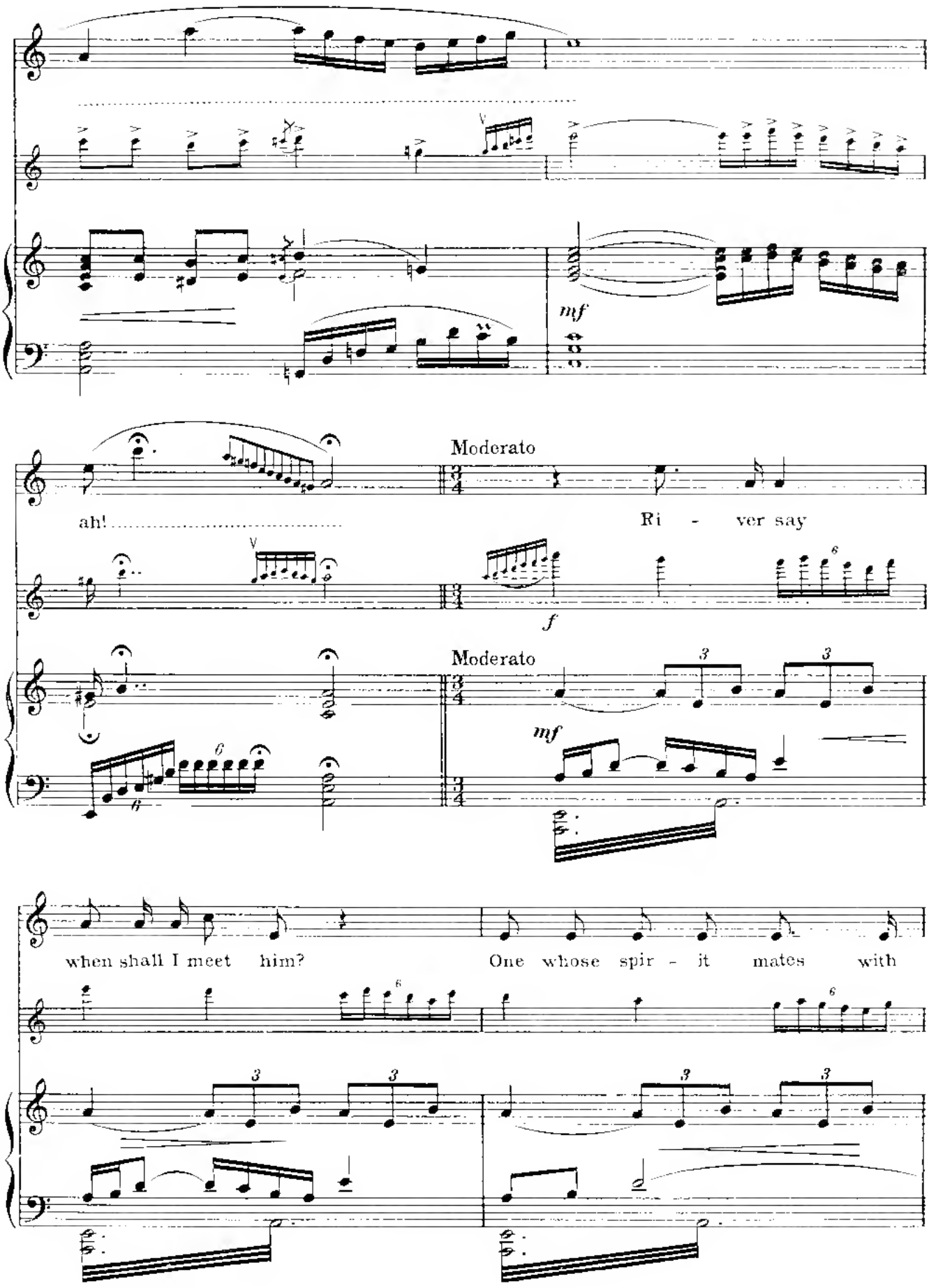

when shall I meet him? Him of whom my heart is
dream - ing? Take then my message to
mf
greet him, Bear it on thy wa - ters gleaming.
Vain - ly I have ever sought him, One whose spirit mates with
mf

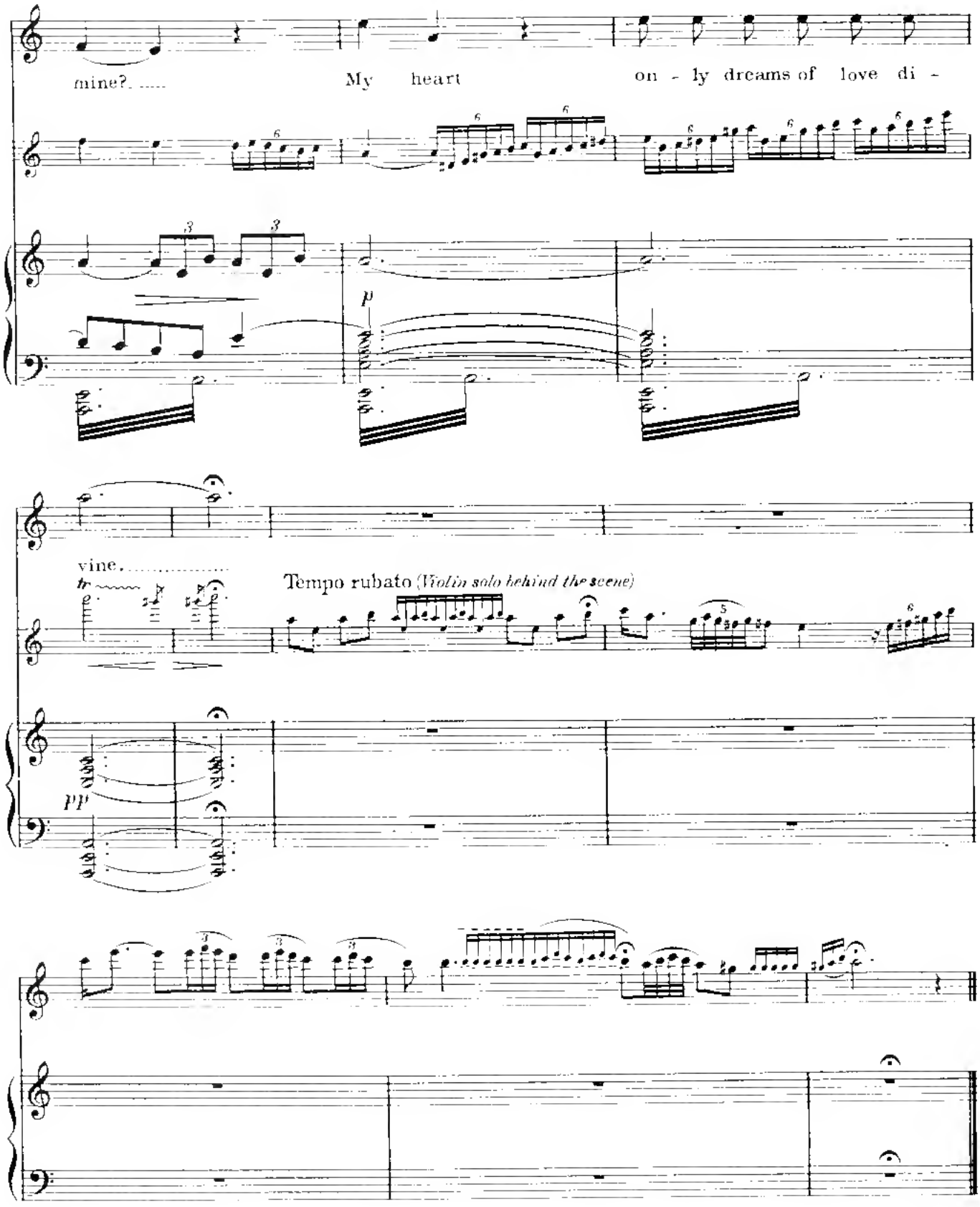

Moderato
mine.
Flow, riv - er fair and free,
rit.
pp
Bring a true heart to me. Love is my
one dream di - vine, dream di - vine.
mf
p
In my heart a voice now tells me, I am near-er to my
Violin Solo
p
p


dream. tempo rubato
f Cadenza
pp
f
p
sul G
p
Moderato
f
p
p


'Tis a note from Fai - ry - land,
Mu - sic played by El - fin hand.


Ah!
p
cresc.
mf
ah!
Ah! how sweet and clear,
mf
So far,
So near! Ah!
p


mf
Moderato
ah!
Ri - ver say
f
Moderato
mf
when shall I meet him?
One whose spir - it mates with

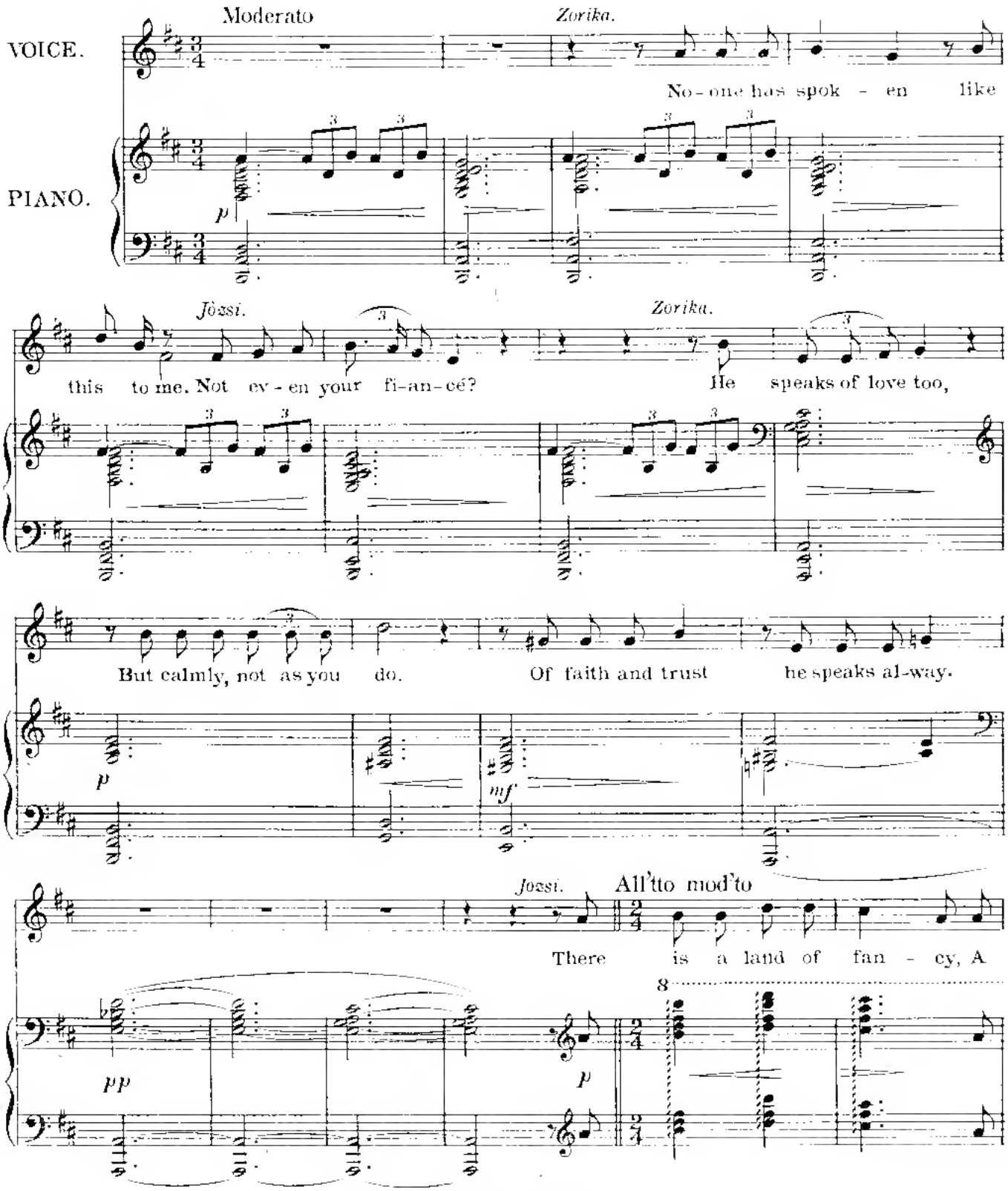

mine? ..... My heart on - ly dreams of love di -
p
vine. .....
tr
Tempo rubato (Violin solo behind the scene)
pp

THERE IS A LAND OF FANCY.

DUET — Zorika and Jozsi.

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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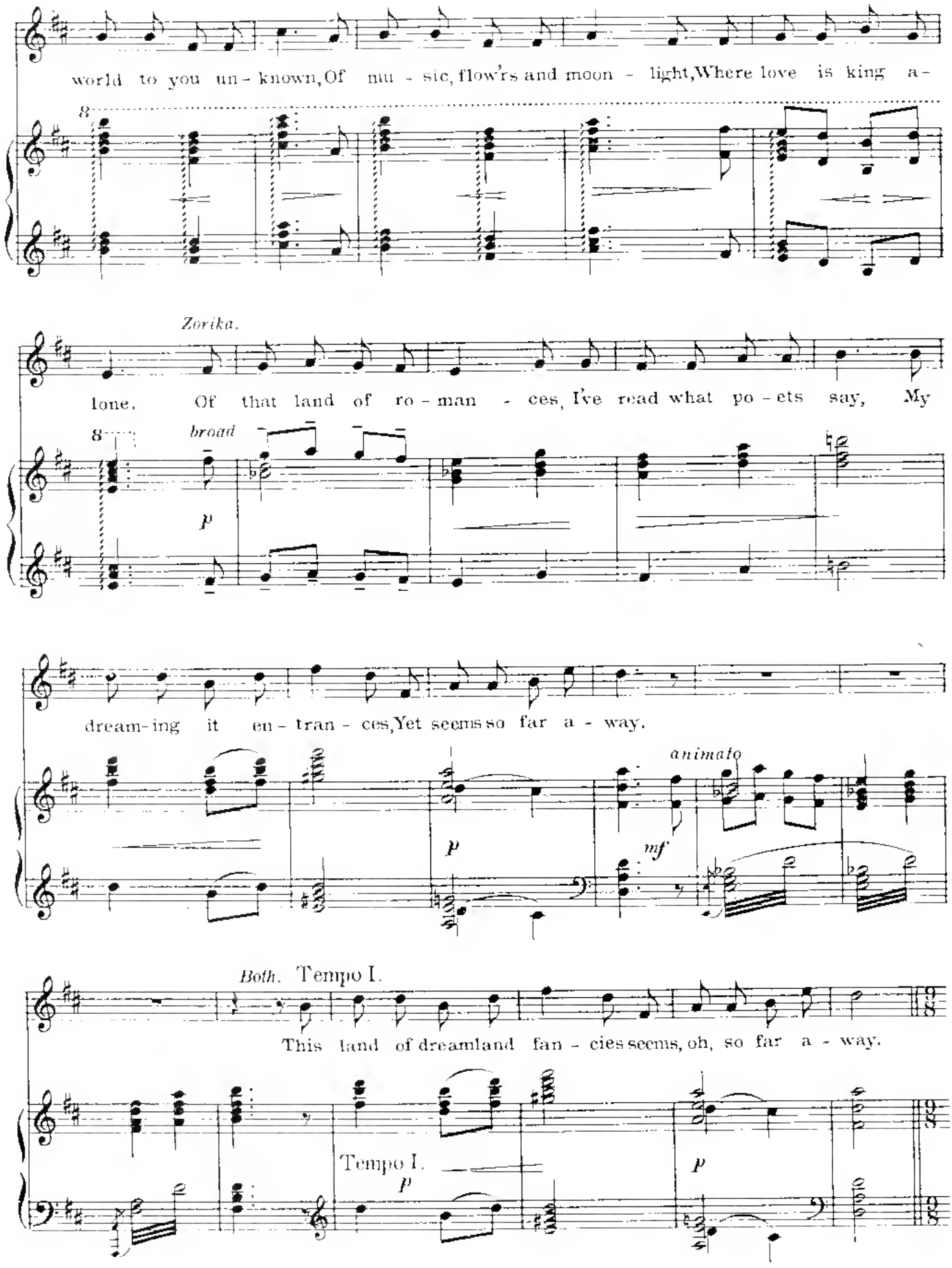
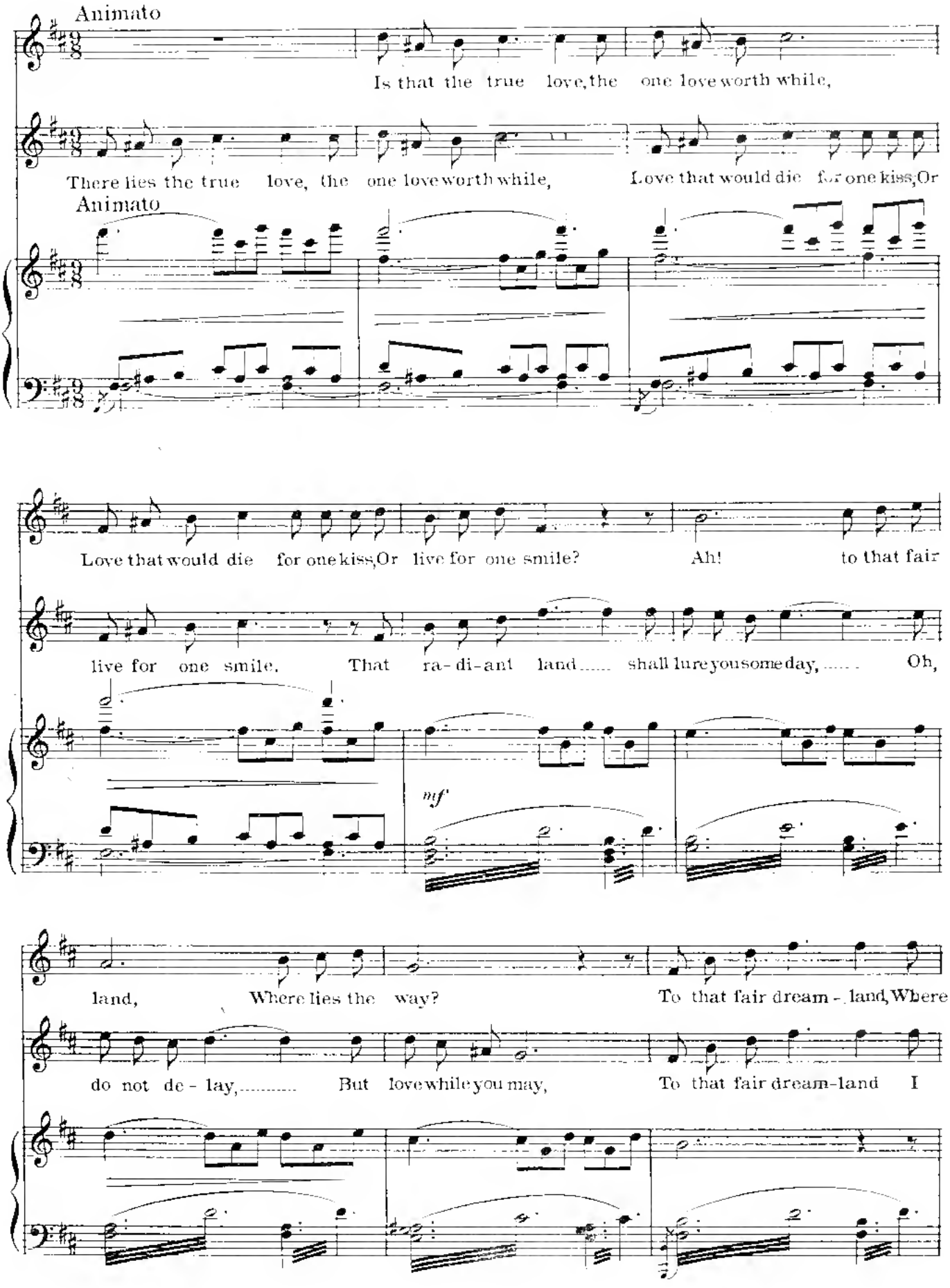
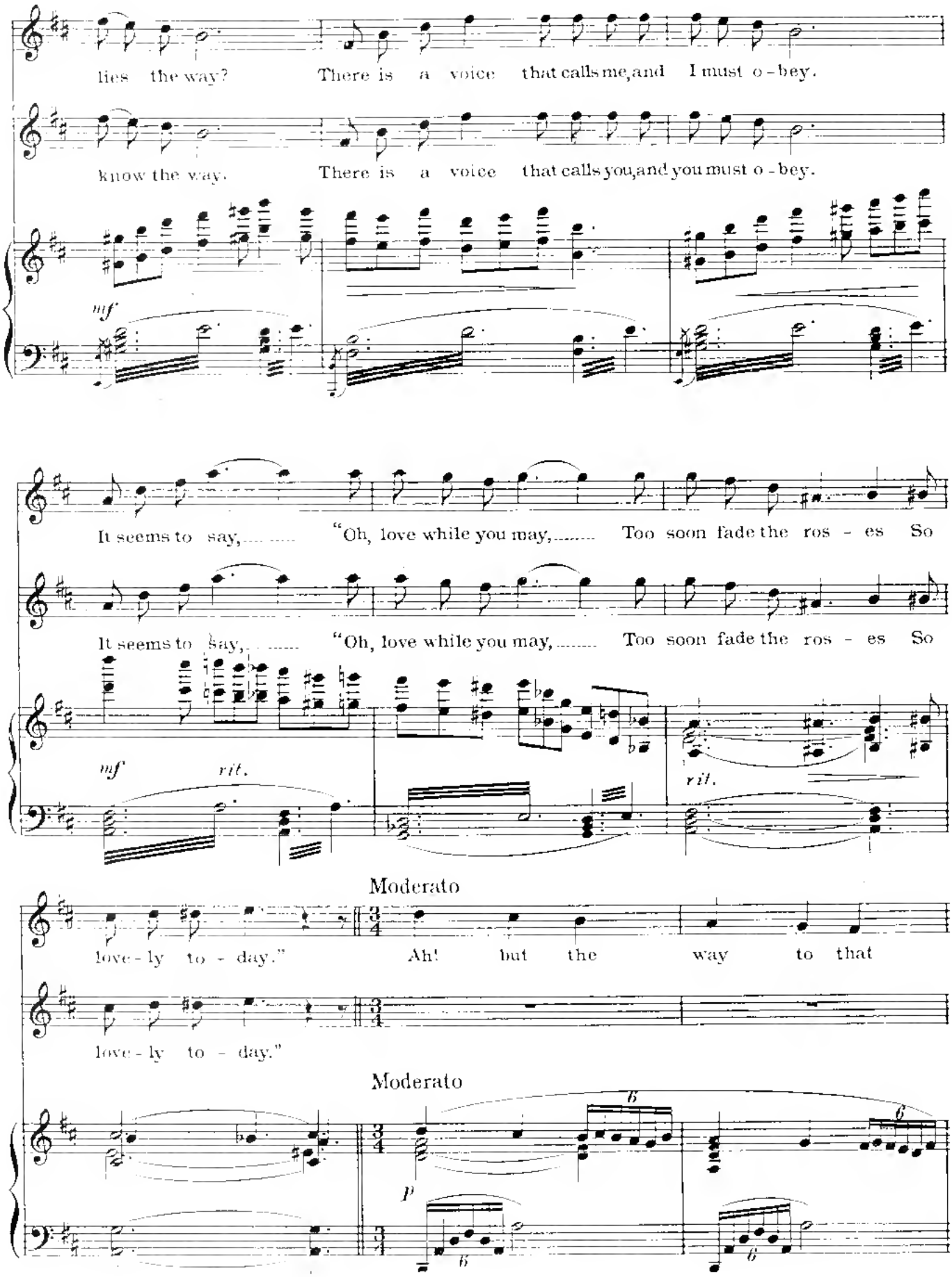
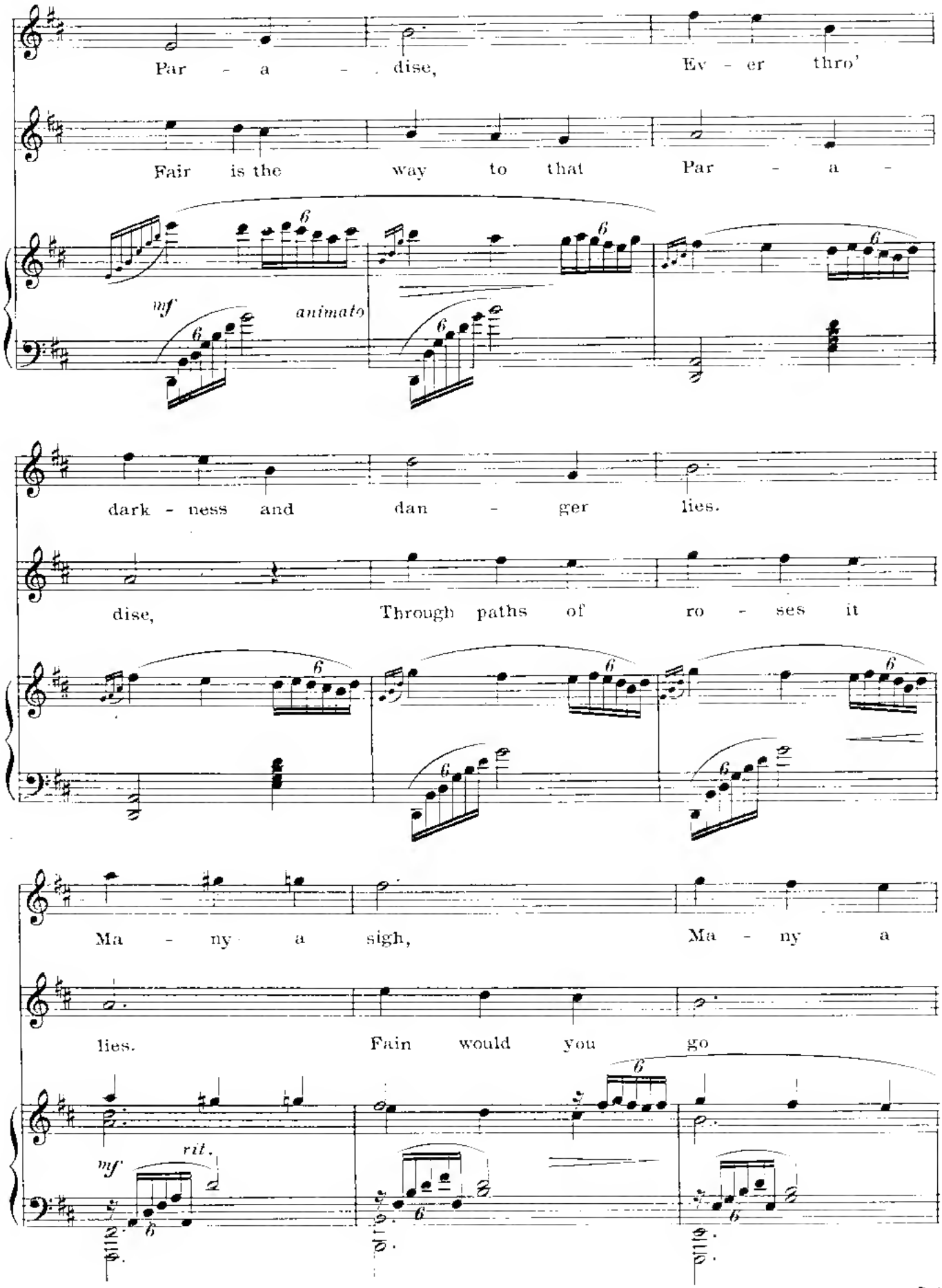
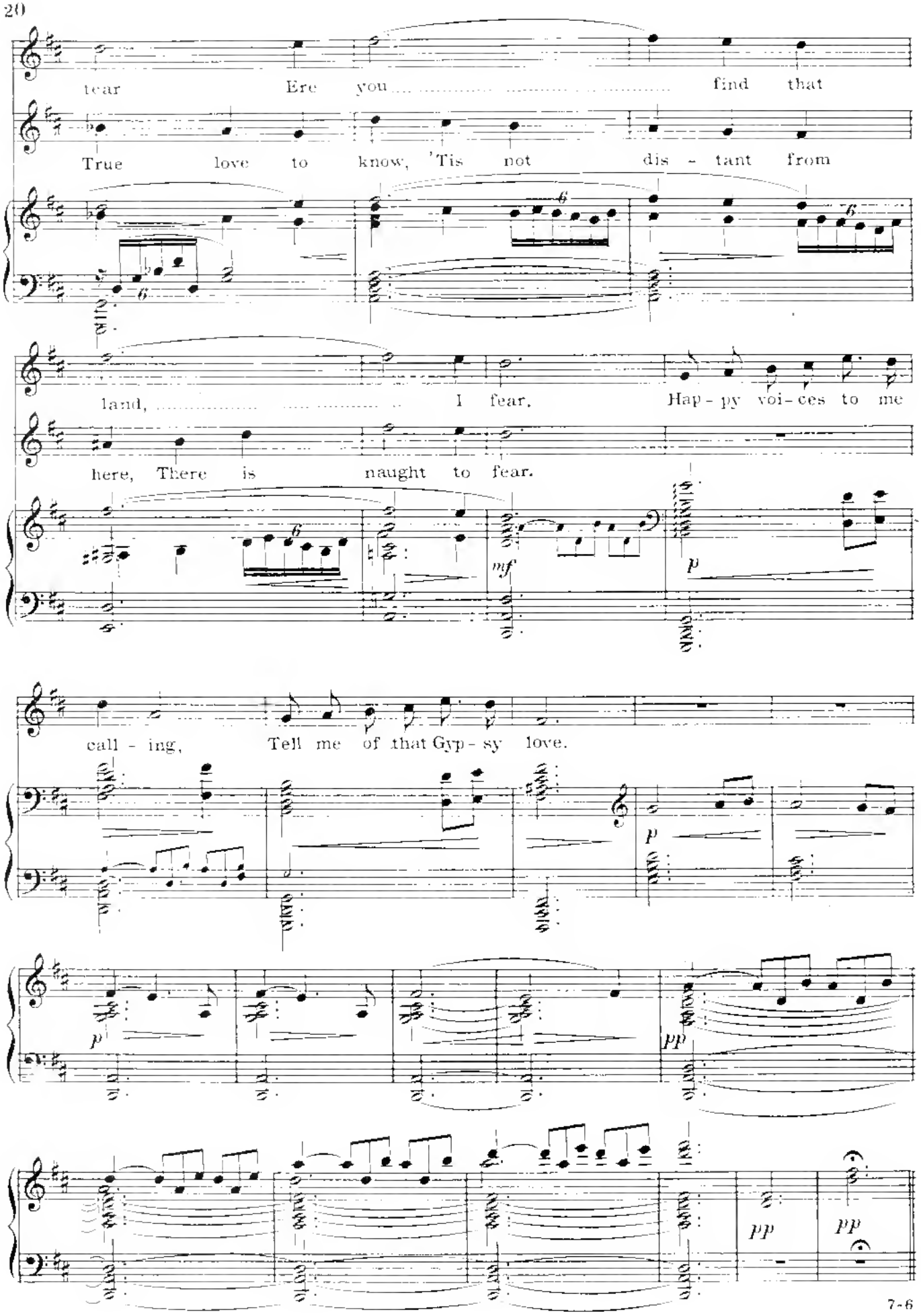

world to you un - known, Of mu - sic, flow'rs and moon - light, Where love is king a -
Zorika.
lone. Of that land of ro - man - ces, I've read what po - ets say, My
broad
p
dream-ing it en - tran - ces, Yet seems so far a - way.
animato
p
mf
Both. Tempo I.
This land of dreamland fan - cies seems, oh, so far a - way.
Tempo I.
p
p


Animato
Is that the true love, the one love worth while,
There lies the true love, the one love worth while,
Love that would die for one kiss; Or
Animato
Love that would die for one kiss; Or live for one smile?
Ah! to that fair
live for one smile.
That ra-di-ant land
shall lure you some day,
Oh,
mf
land,
Where lies the way?
To that fair dream-land, Where
do not de-lay,
But love while you may,
To that fair dream-land I


lies the way? There is a voice that calls me, and I must o - bey.
know the way. There is a voice that calls you, and you must o - bey.
mf
It seems to say, "Oh, love while you may, Too soon fade the ros - es So
It seems to say, "Oh, love while you may, Too soon fade the ros - es So
mf
rit.
rit.
Moderato
love - ly to - day." Ah! but the way to that
love - ly to - day."
Moderato
p

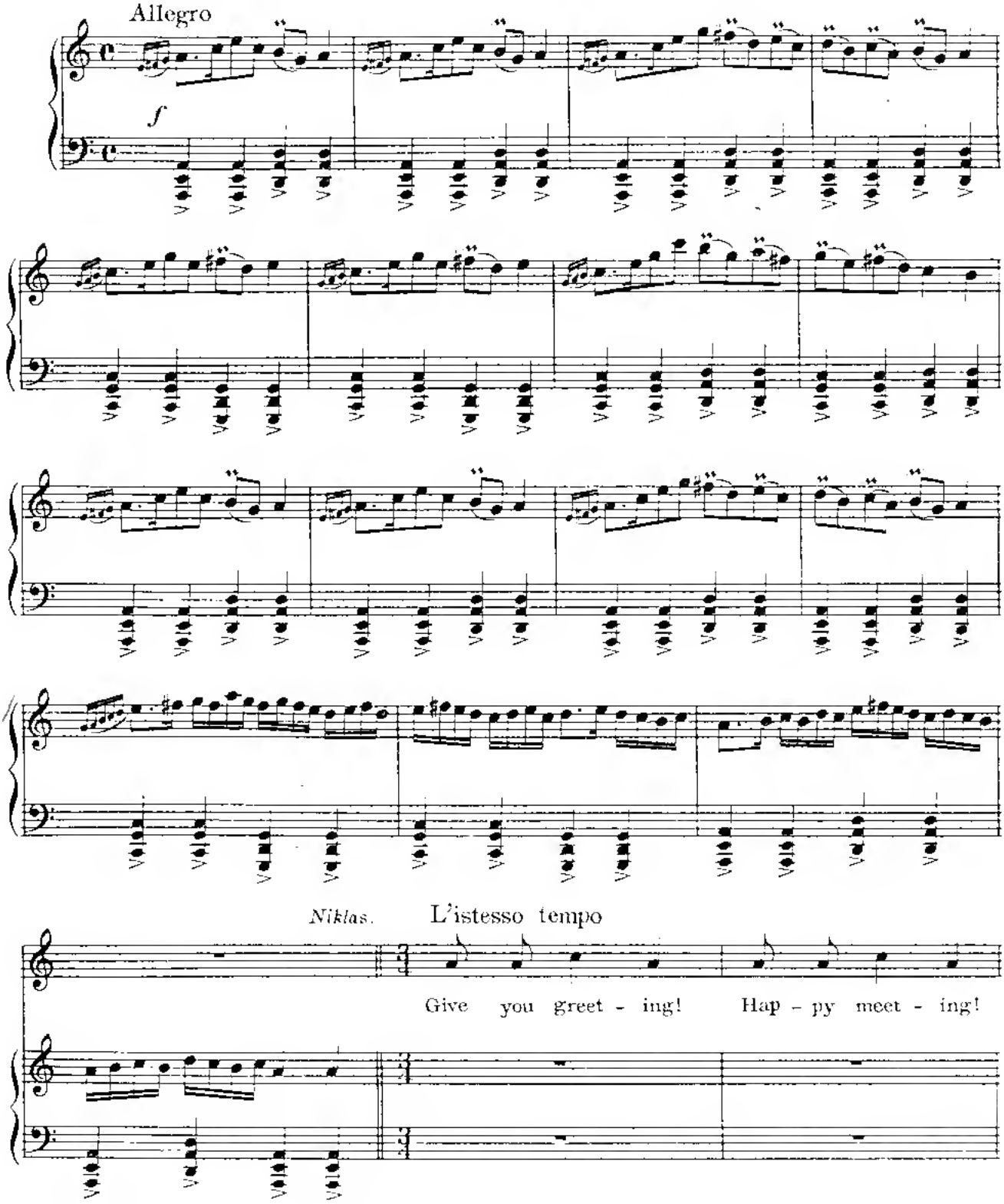

Par - a - dise, Ev - er thro'
Fair is the way to that Par - a -
mf
animato
dark - ness and dan - ger lies.
dise, Through paths of ro - ses it
Ma - ny a sigh, Ma - ny a
lies. Fain would you go
mf
rit.

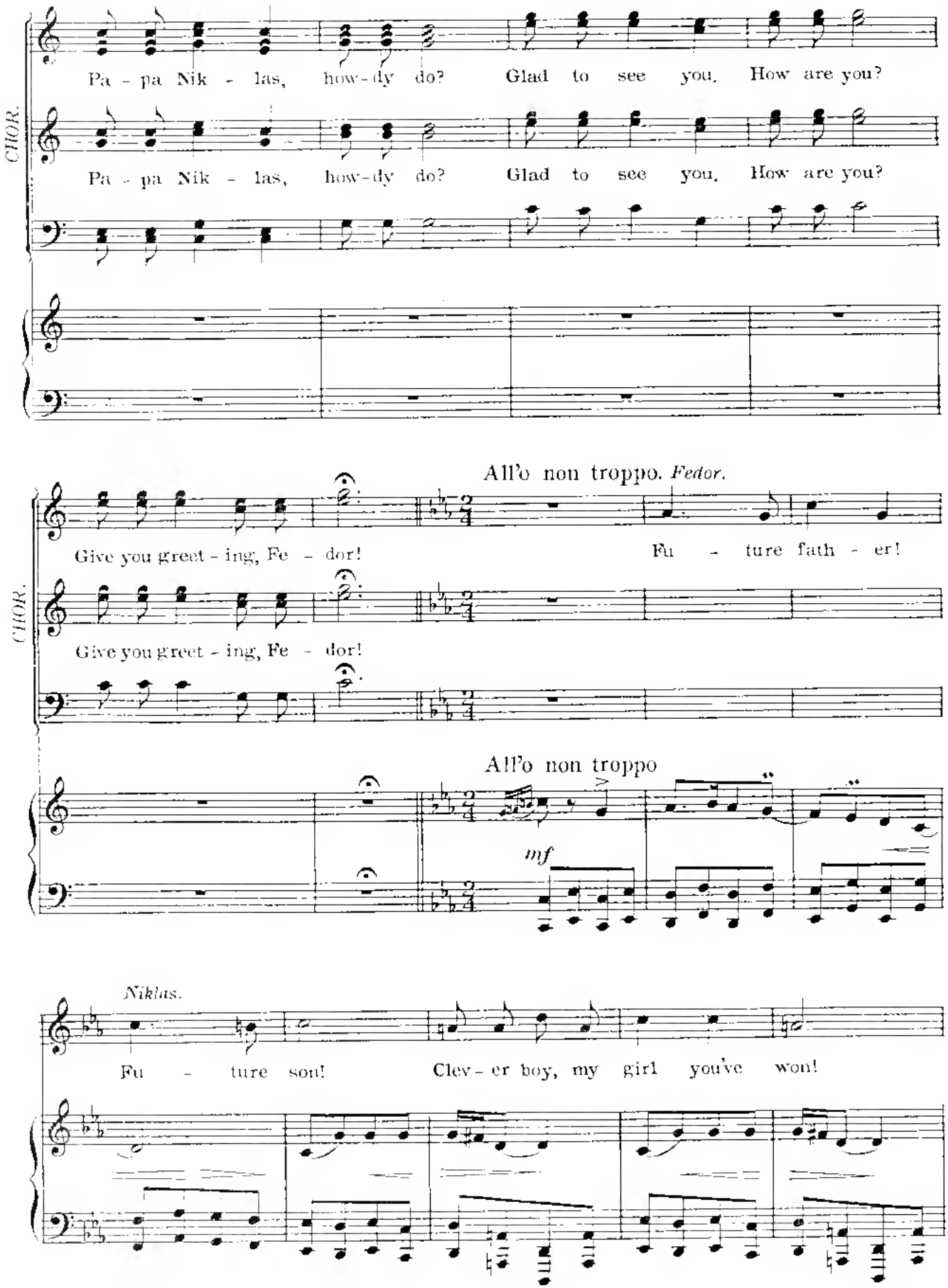

tear Ere you find that
True love to know, 'Tis not dis - tant from
land, I fear. Hap - py voi - ces to me
here, There is naught to fear.
mf
p
call - ing, Tell me of that Gyp - sy love.
p
p
pp
pp
pp

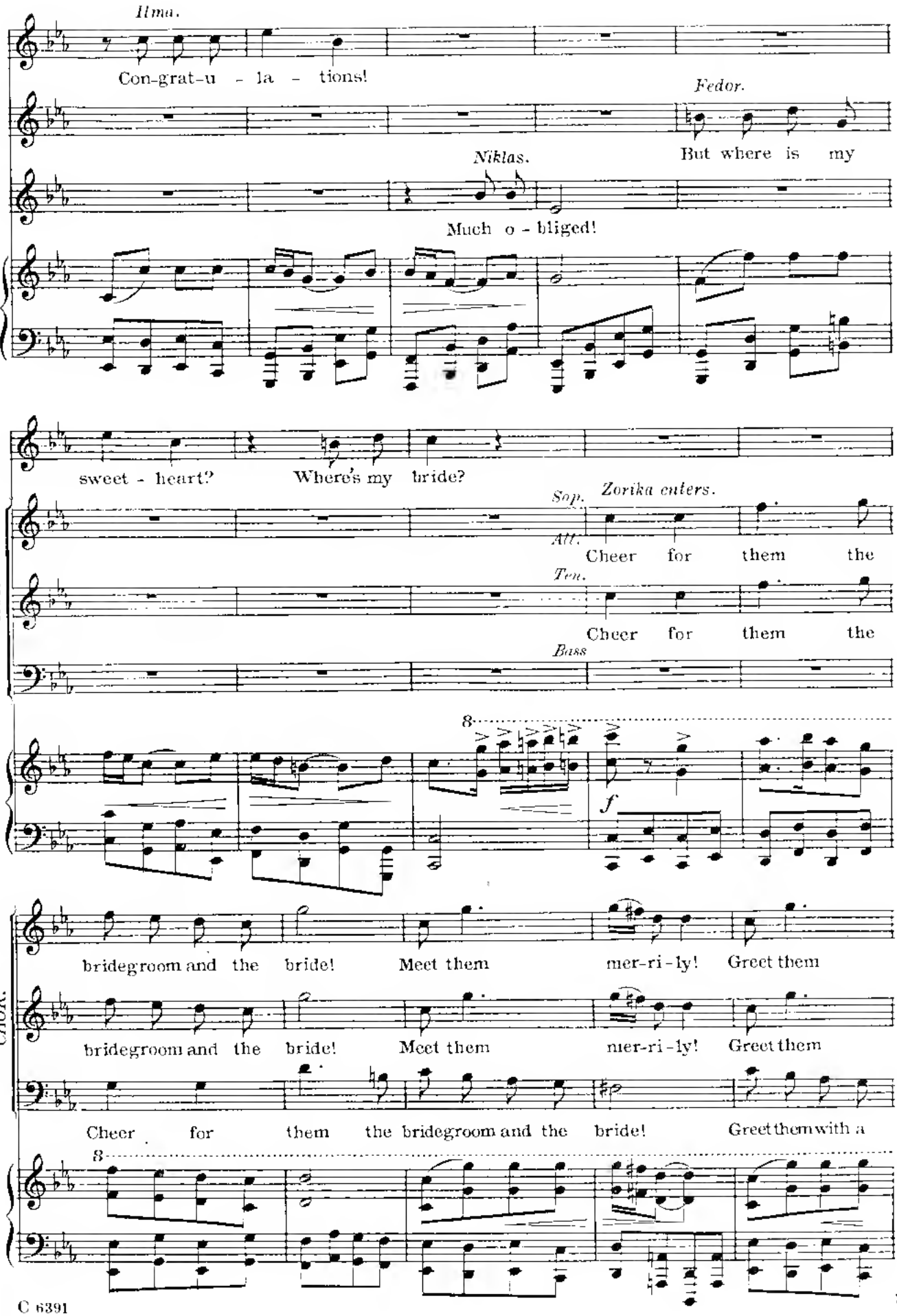
ENSEMBLE.

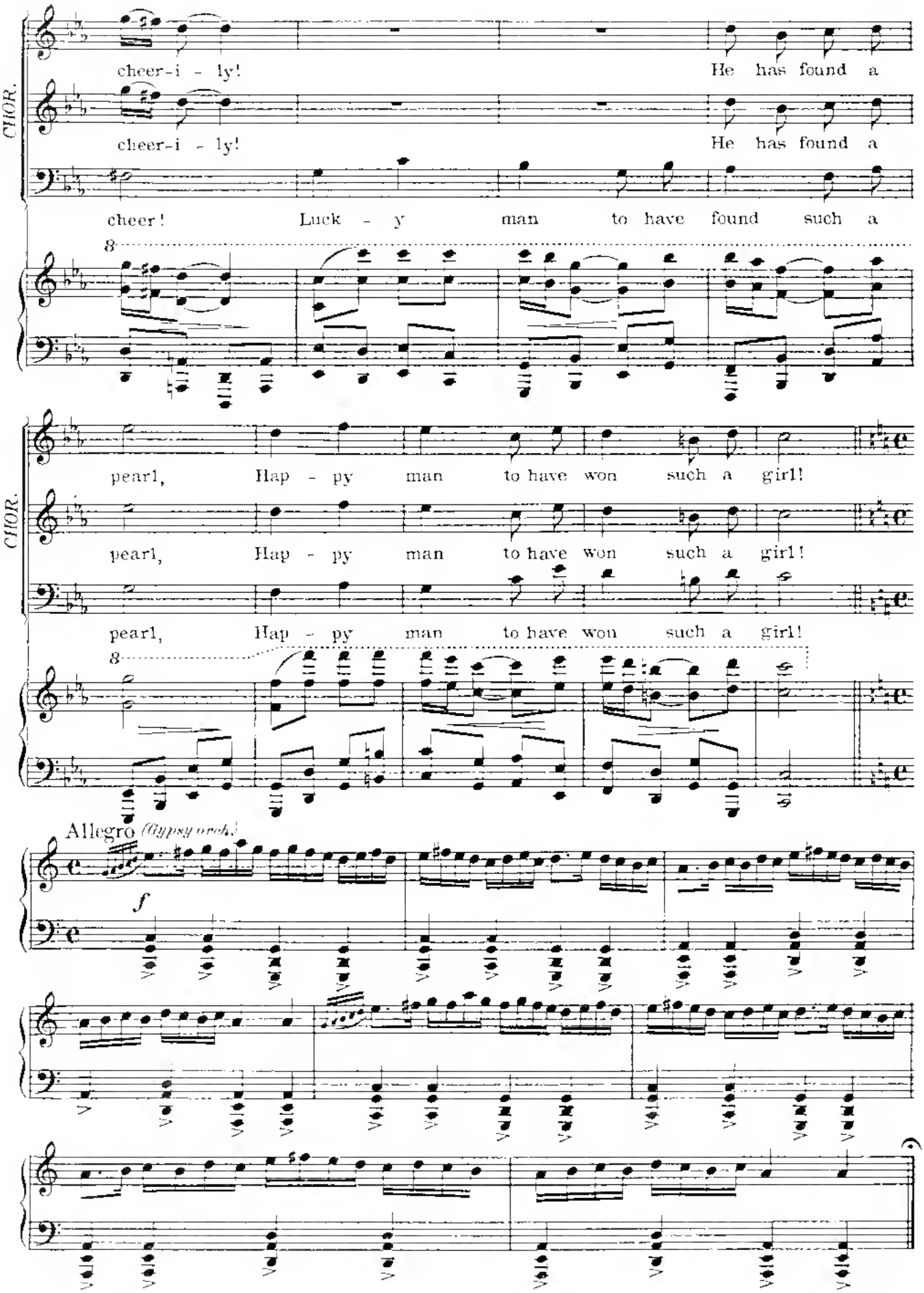
Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.




CHOR.
Pa - pa Nik - las, how-dy do? Glad to see you. How are you?
Pa - pa Nik - las, how-dy do? Glad to see you. How are you?
All'o non troppo. Fedor.
Give you greet - ing, Fe - dor! Fu - ture fath - er!
Give you greet - ing, Fe - dor!
All'o non troppo
mf
Niklas.
Fu - ture son! Clev - er boy, my girl you've won!


Ilma.
Con-grat-u - la - tions!
Fedor.
But where is my
Niklas.
Much o - bliged!
sweet - heart?
Where's my bride?
Sop.
Zorika enters.
Alt.
Cheer for them the
Ten.
Cheer for them the
Bass
CHOR.
8
f
bridegroom and the bride!
Meet them
mer-ri-ly!
Greet them
CHOR.
bridegroom and the bride!
Meet them
mer-ri-ly!
Greet them
Cheer for them the bridegroom and the bride!
Greet them with a
8

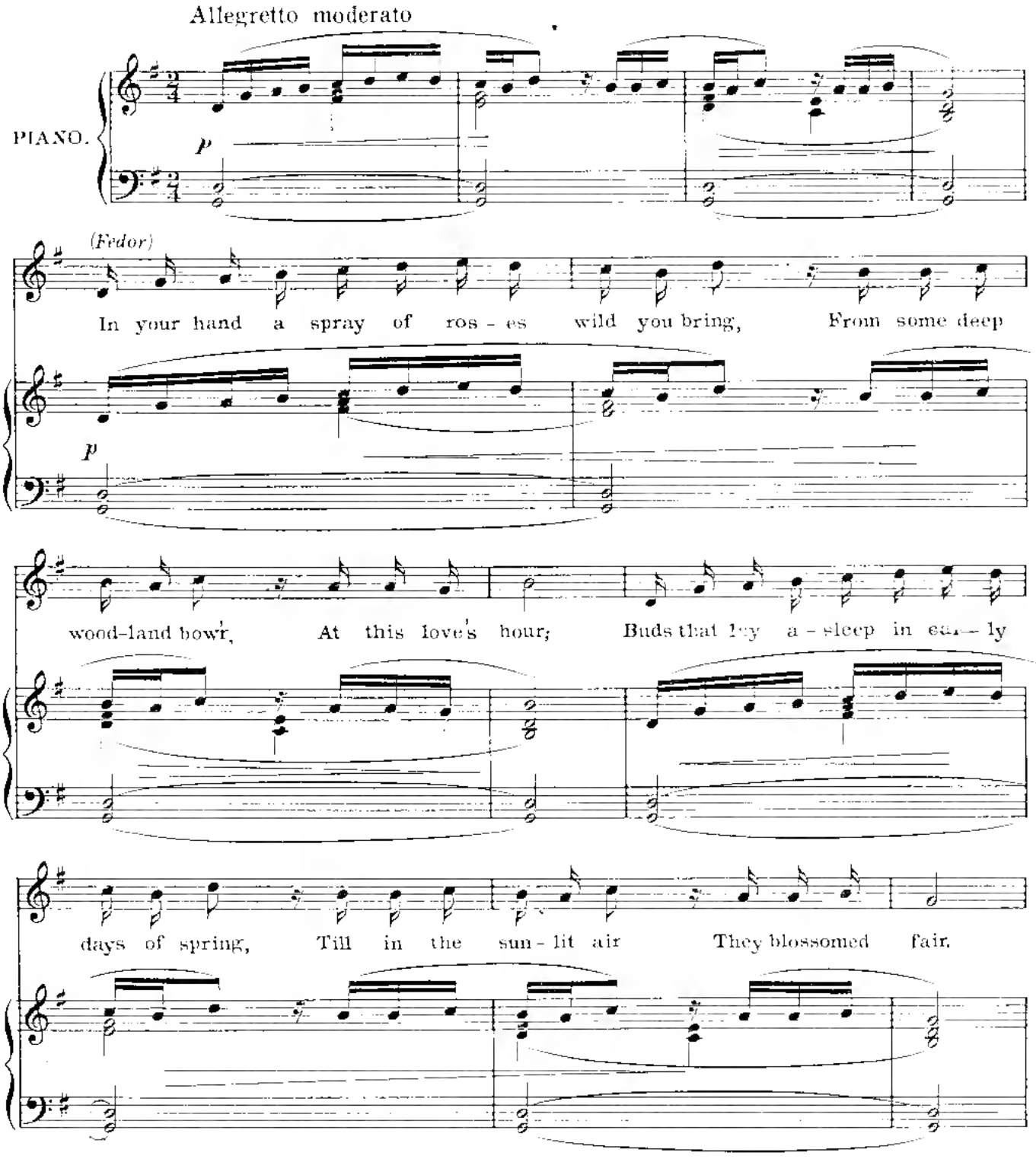

CHOR.
cheer-i - ly!
He has found a
cheer-i - ly!
He has found a
cheer!
Luck - y man to have found such a
8
CHOR.
pearl, Hap - py man to have won such a girl!
pearl, Hap - py man to have won such a girl!
pearl, Hap - py man to have won such a girl!
8
Allegro (Gypsy orch.)
f

LOVE IS LIKE THE ROSE.

DUET – Fedor, Zorika, and CHORUS.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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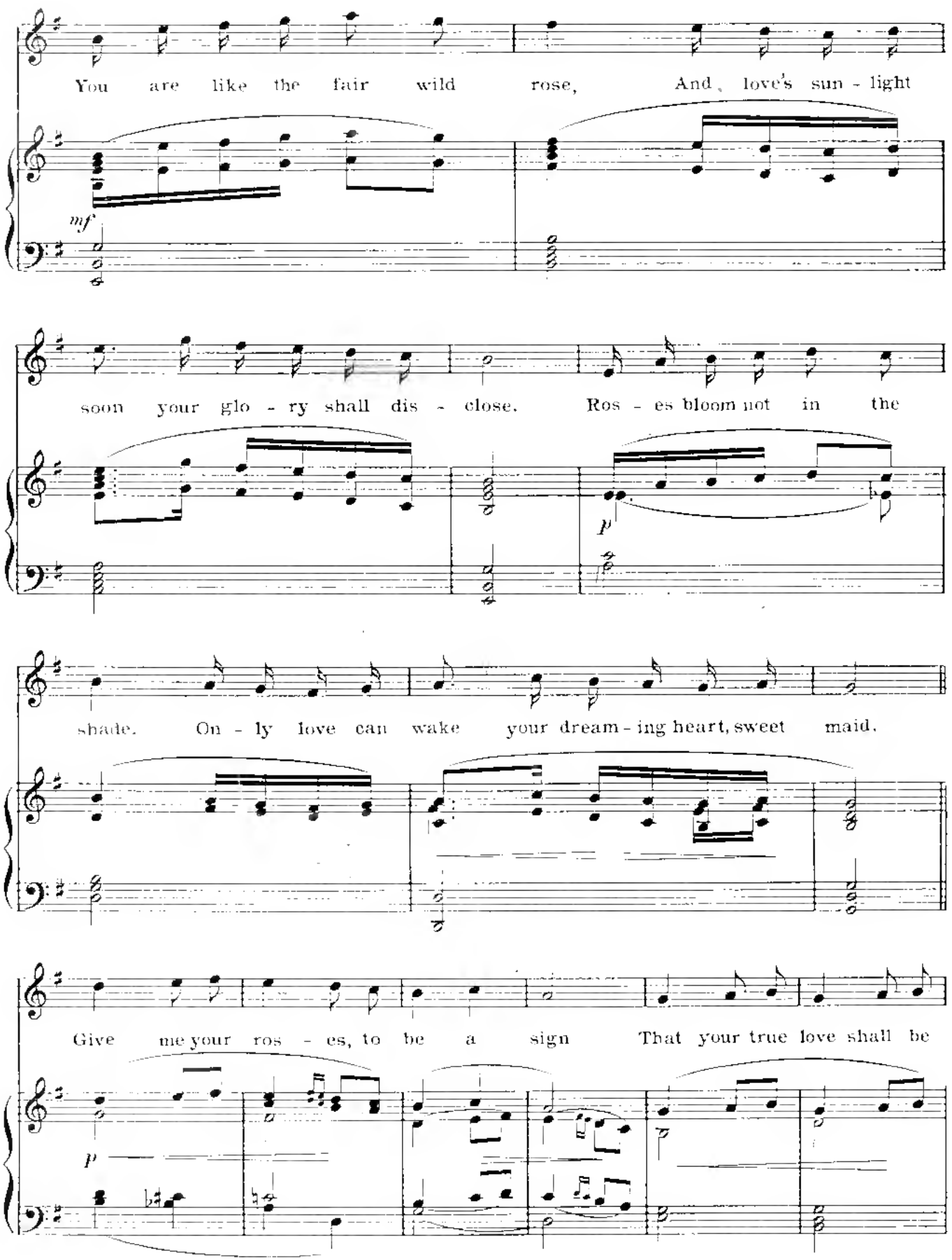
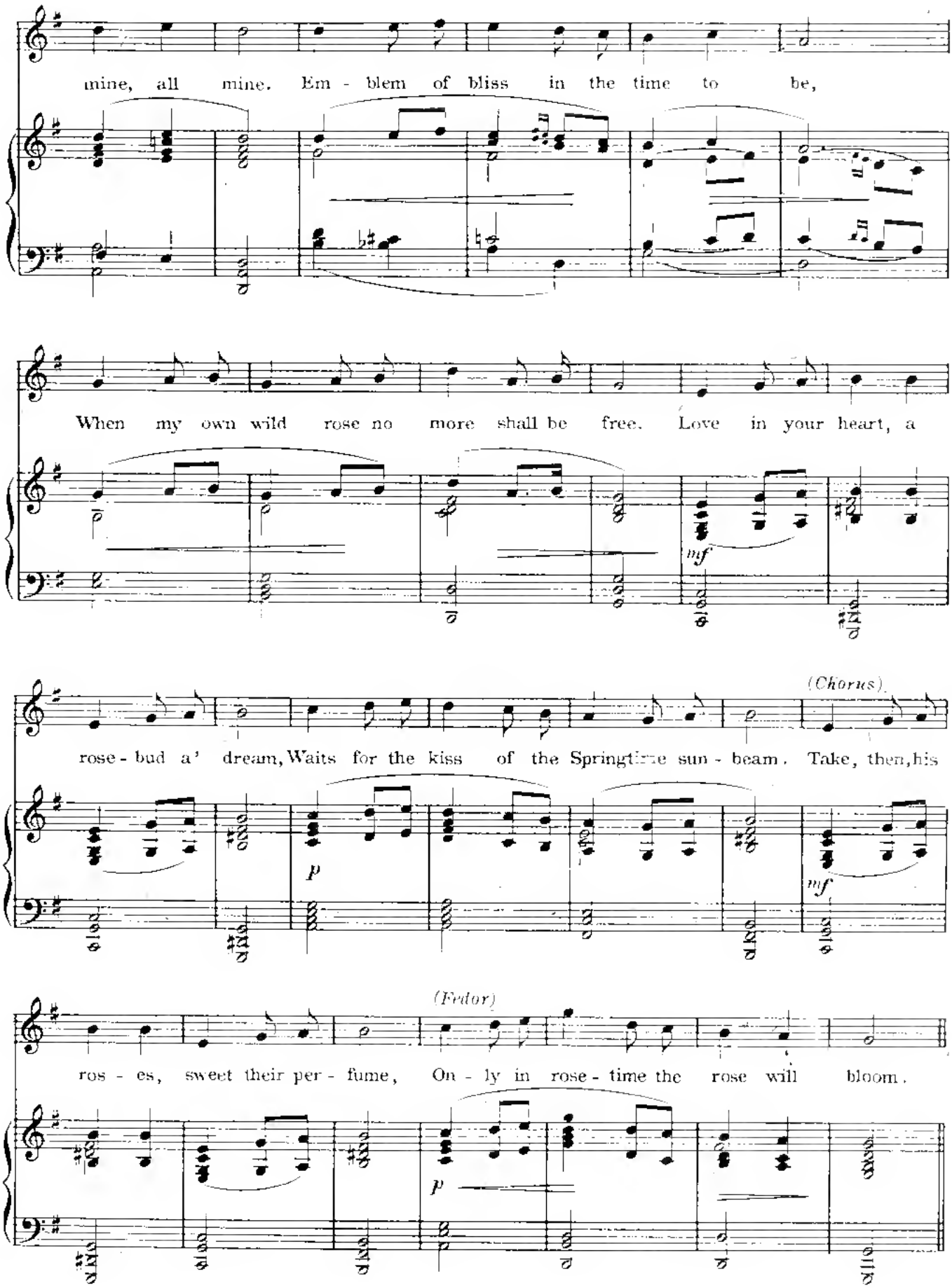
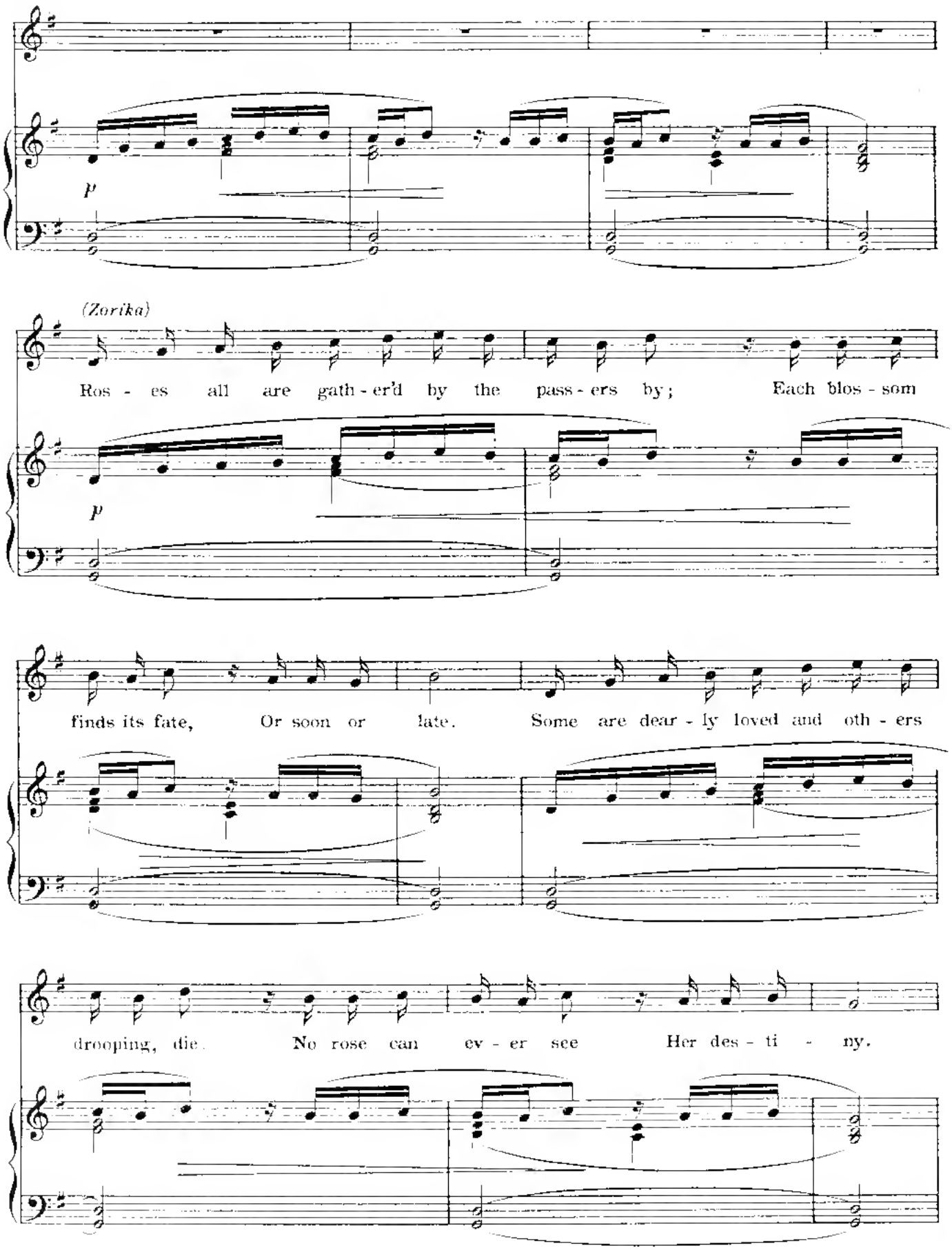
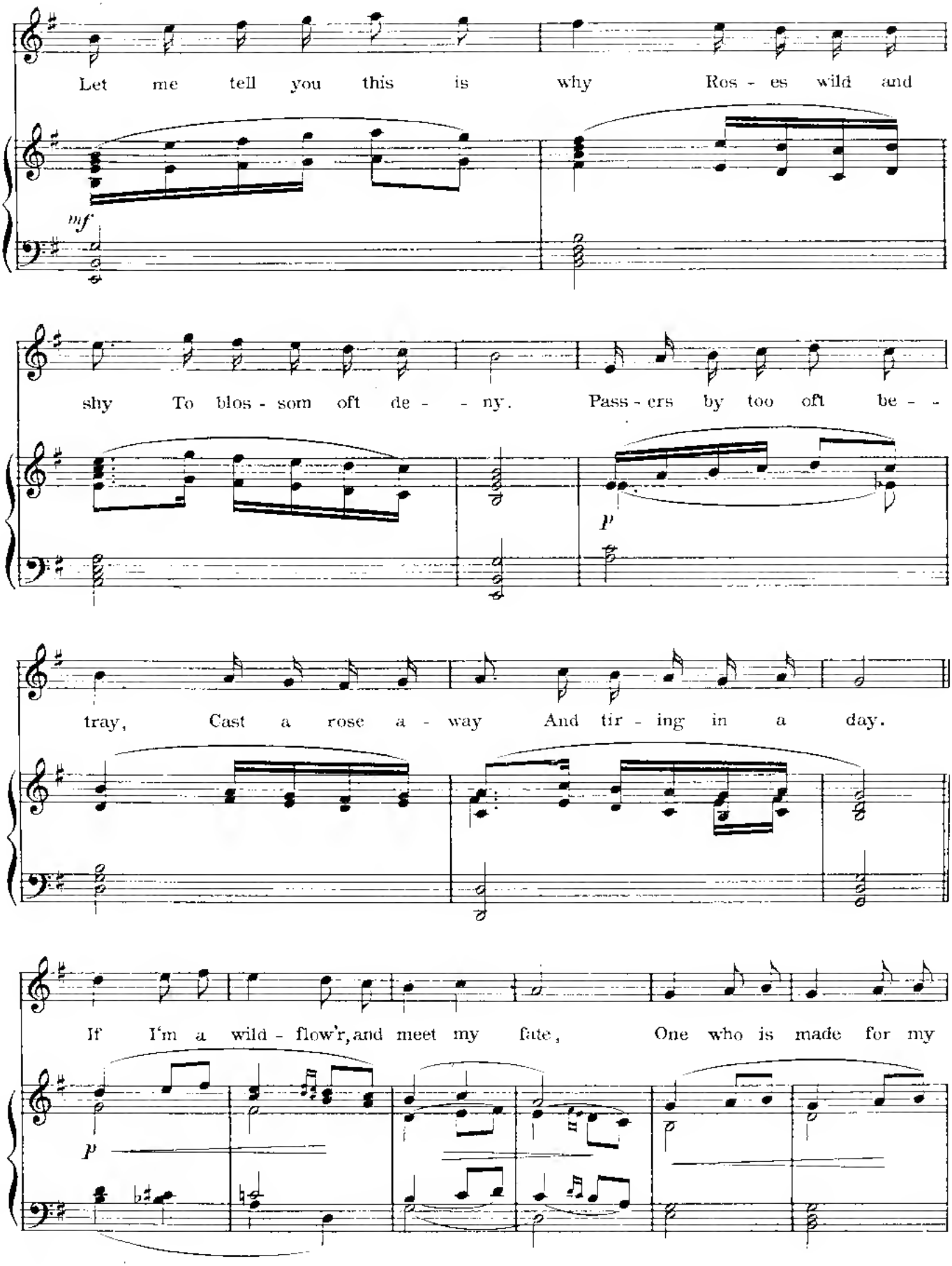
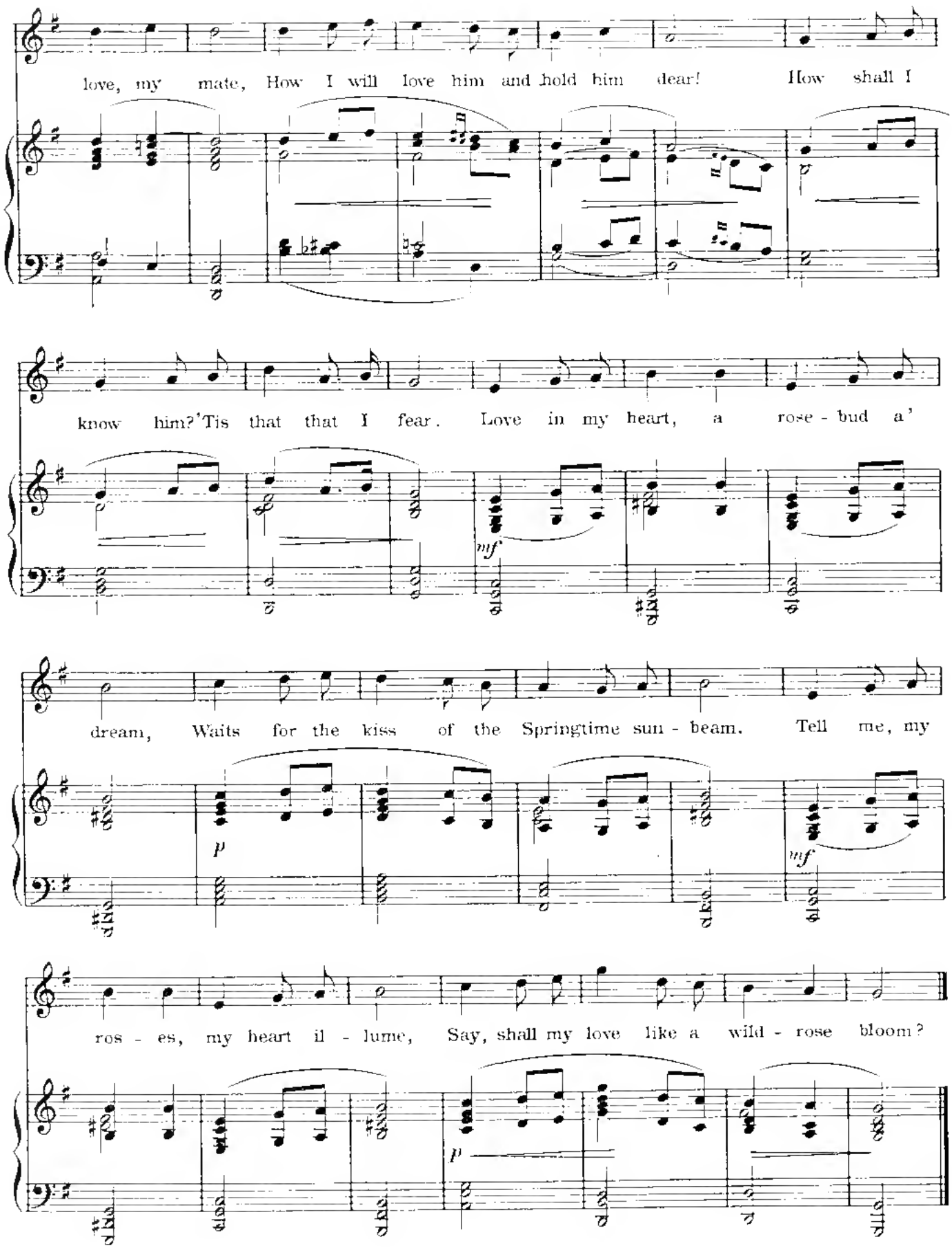
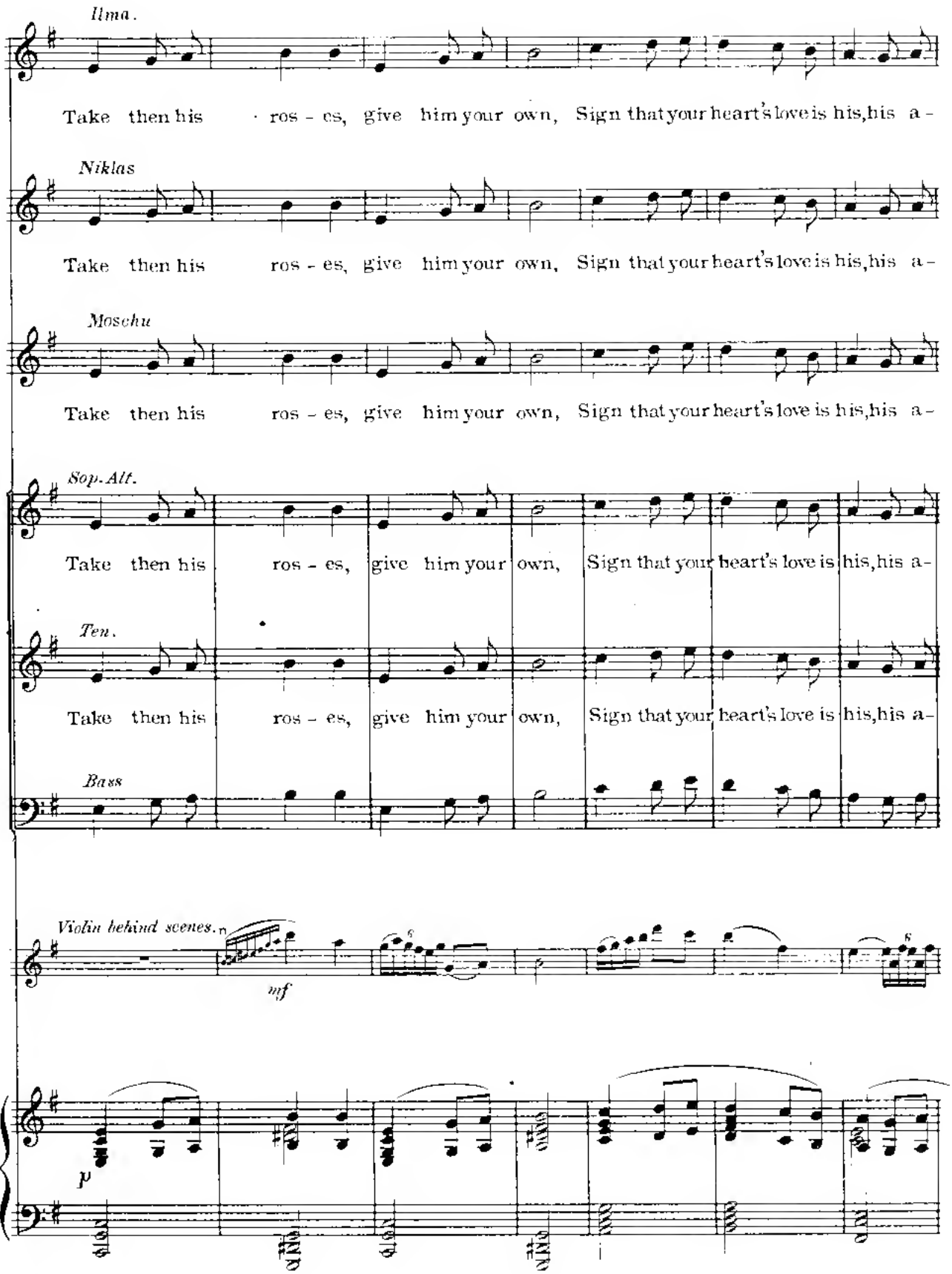

You are like the fair wild rose, And love's sun - light
mf
soon your glo - ry shall dis - close. Ros - es bloom not in the
p
shade. On - ly love can wake your dream - ing heart, sweet maid.
Give me your ros - es, to be a sign That your true love shall be
p

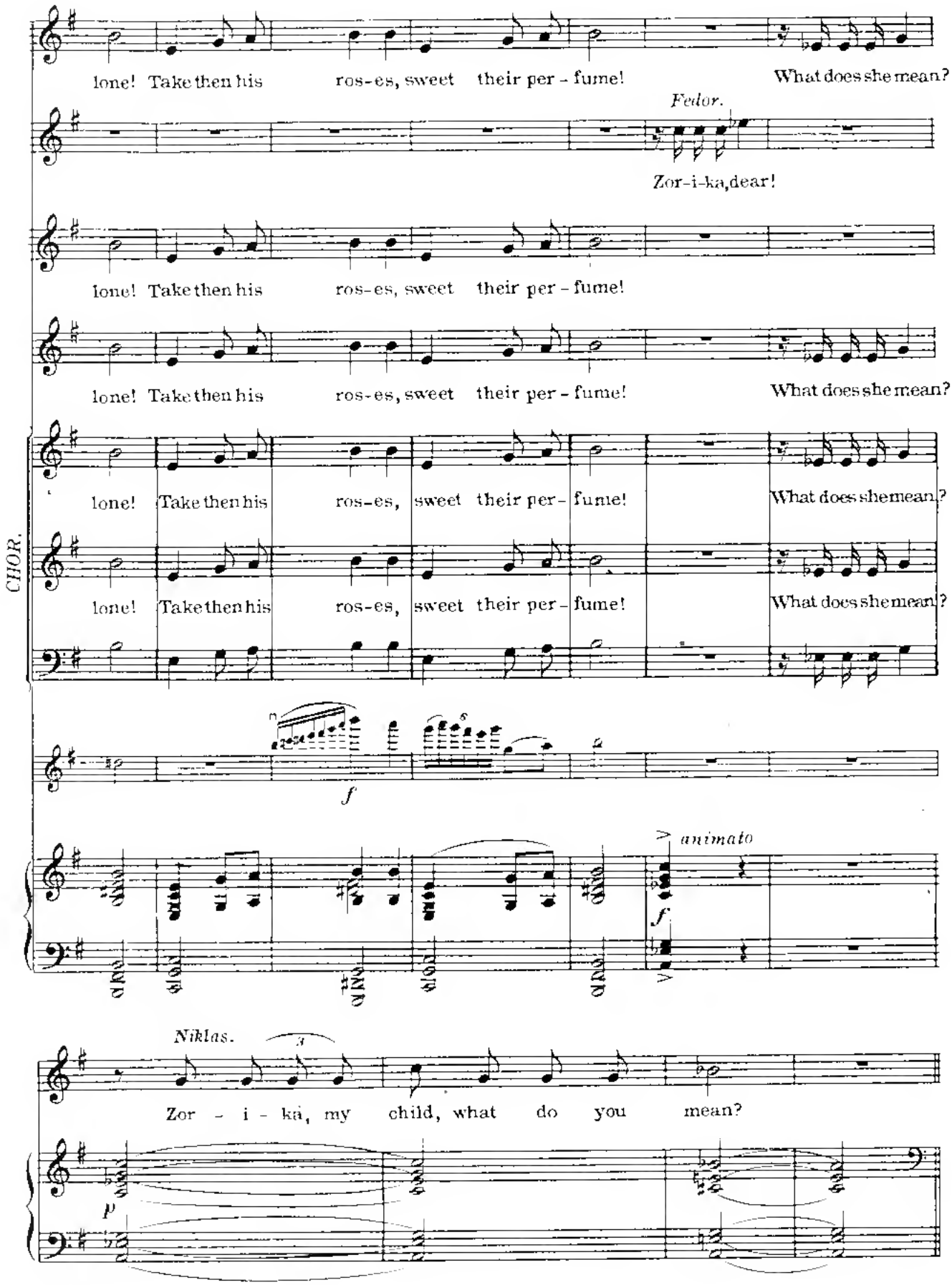

mine, all mine. Em - blem of bliss in the time to be,
When my own wild rose no more shall be free. Love in your heart, a
mf
(Chorus)
rose - bud a' dream, Waits for the kiss of the Springtime sun - beam. Take, then, his
p
mf
(Fedor)
ros - es, sweet their per - fume, On - ly in rose - time the rose will bloom.
p

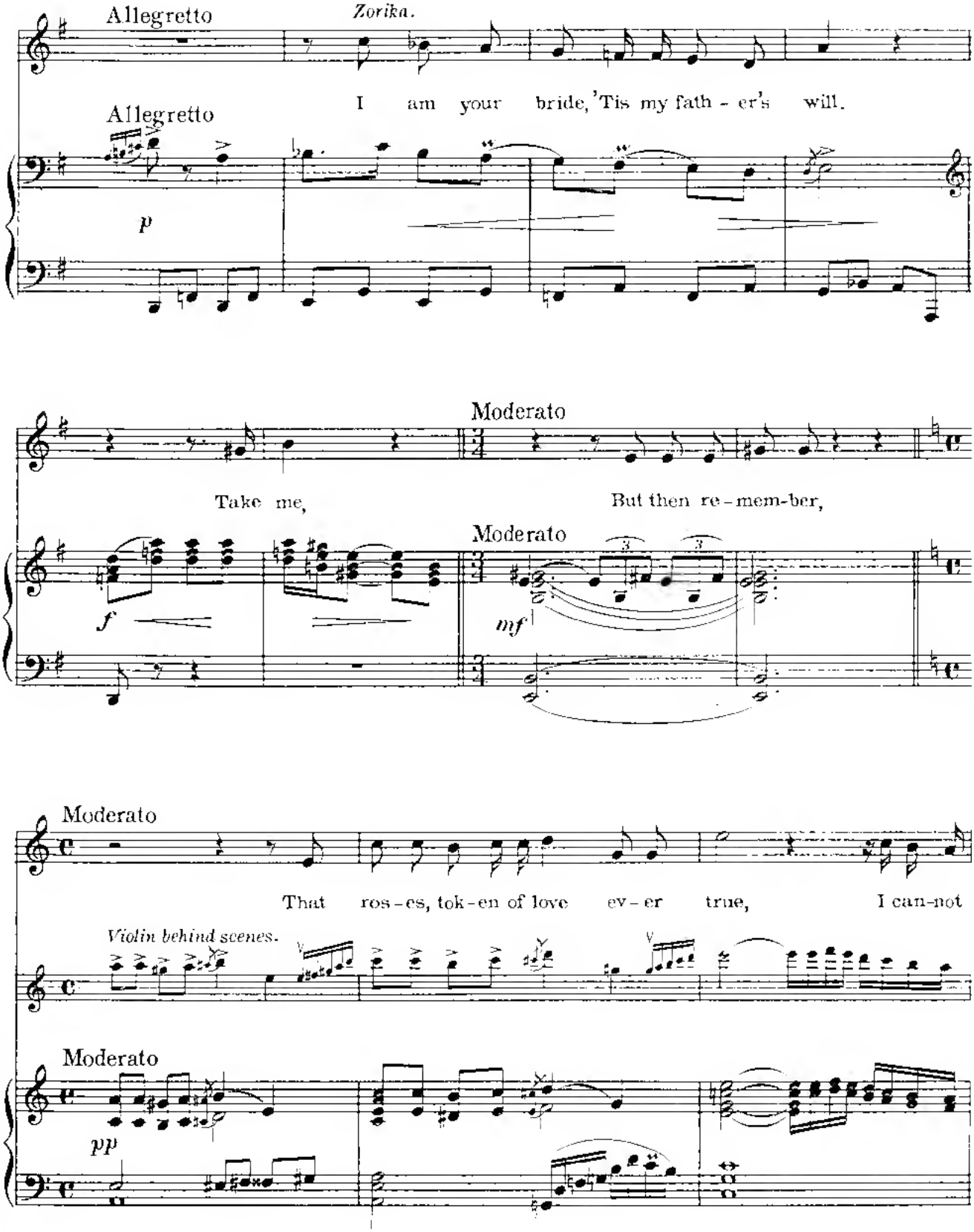

p
(Zorika)
Ros - es all are gath - er'd by the pass - ers by; Each blos - som
p
finds its fate, Or soon or late. Some are dear - ly loved and oth - ers
drooping, die. No rose can ev - er see Her des - ti - ny.

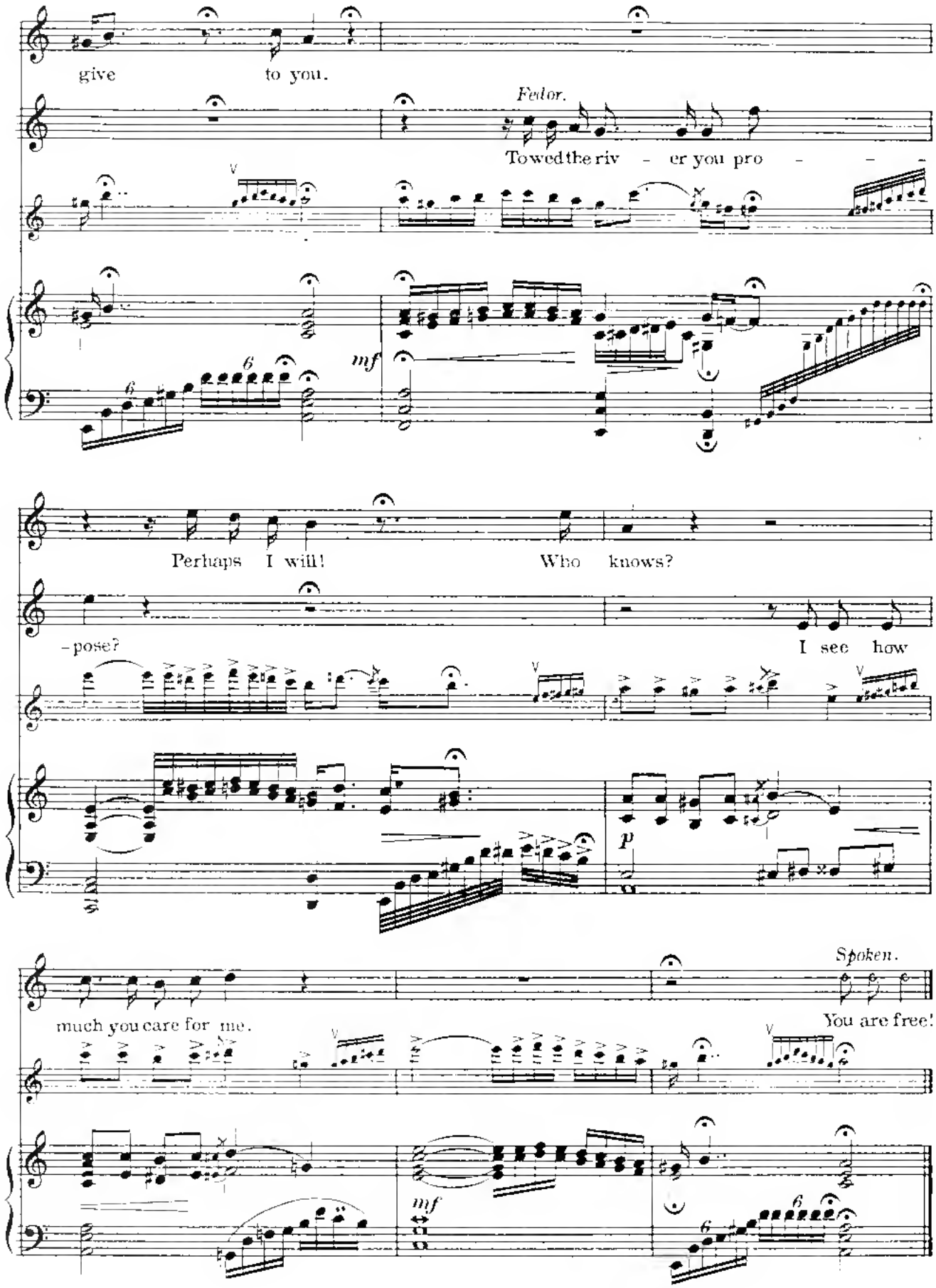

Let me tell you this is why Ros - es wild and
mf
shy To blos - som oft de - - ny. Pass - ers by too oft be - -
p
tray, Cast a rose a - way And tir - ing in a day.
If I'm a wild - flow'r, and meet my fate, One who is made for my
p


love, my mate, How I will love him and hold him dear! How shall I
know him? 'Tis that that I fear. Love in my heart, a rose - bud a'
mf
dream, Waits for the kiss of the Springtime sun - beam. Tell me, my
p
mf
ros - es, my heart il - lume, Say, shall my love like a wild - rose bloom?
p


Ilma.
Take then his ros - es, give him your own, Sign that your heart's love is his, his a -
Niklas
Take then his ros - es, give him your own, Sign that your heart's love is his, his a -
Moschu
Take then his ros - es, give him your own, Sign that your heart's love is his, his a -
Sop. Alt.
Take then his ros - es, give him your own, Sign that your heart's love is his, his a -
Ten.
Take then his ros - es, give him your own, Sign that your heart's love is his, his a -
Bass
CHORUS
Violin behind scenes.
mf
p


lone! Take then his ros-es, sweet their per-fume! What does she mean?
Fedor.
Zor-i-ka, dear!
lone! Take then his ros-es, sweet their per-fume!
lone! Take then his ros-es, sweet their per-fume! What does she mean?
CHOR.
lone! Take then his ros-es, sweet their per-fume! What does she mean?
lone! Take then his ros-es, sweet their per-fume! What does she mean?
f
animato
f
Niklas.
Zor - i - ka, my child, what do you mean?
p


Allegretto
Zorika.
I am your bride, 'Tis my fath - er's will.
Allegretto
p
Moderato
Take me,
But then re-mem-ber,
Moderato
f
mf
Moderato
That ros-es, tok-en of love ev-er true, I can-not
Violin behind scenes.
Moderato
pp

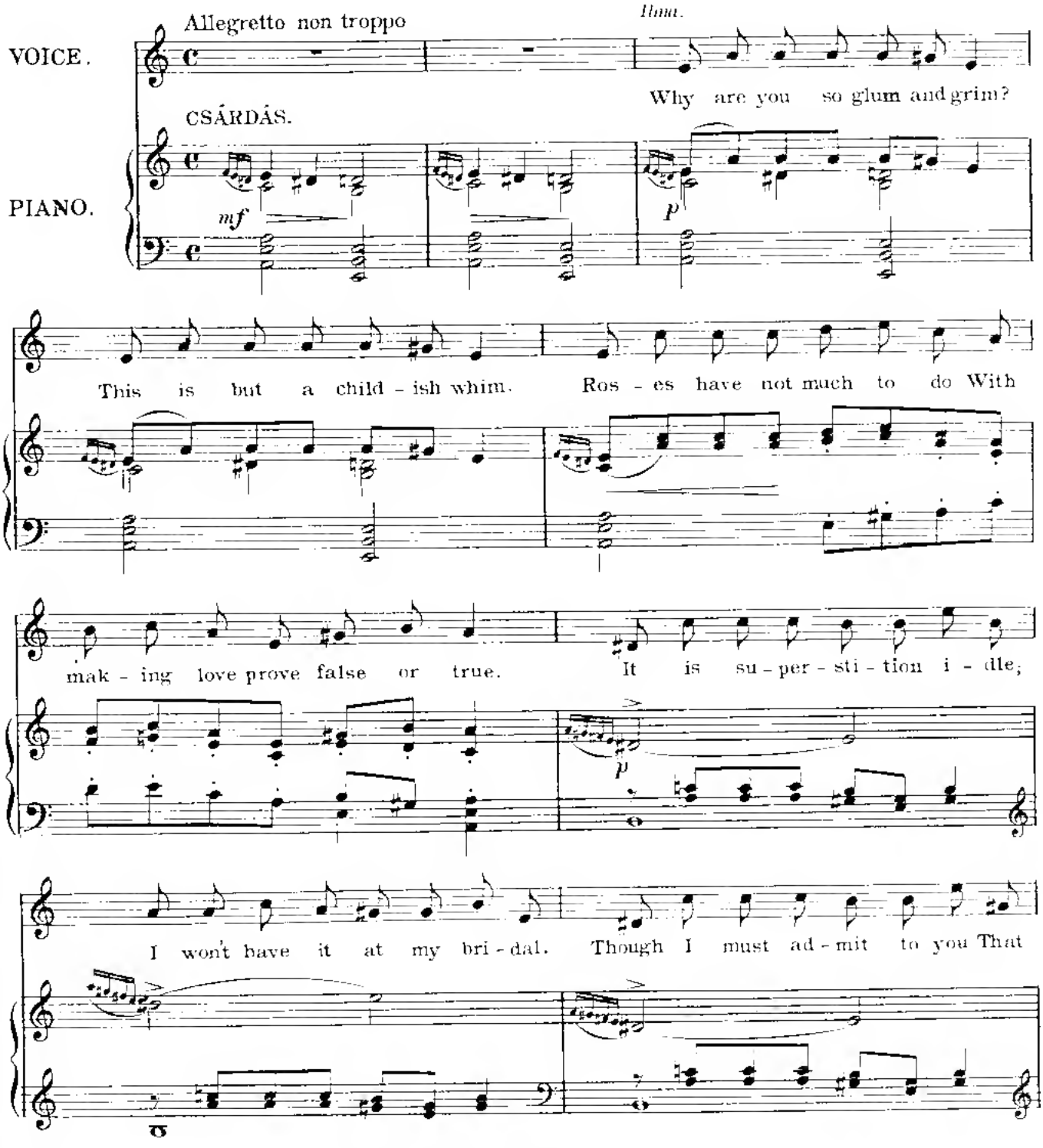

give to you.
Fedor.
To wed the riv - er you pro - - -
mf
Perhaps I will! Who knows?
-pose?
I see how
p
much you care for me.
Spoken.
You are free!
mf

LOVE'S SORCERY.

SONG — Ilma and Chorus.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROB'T. B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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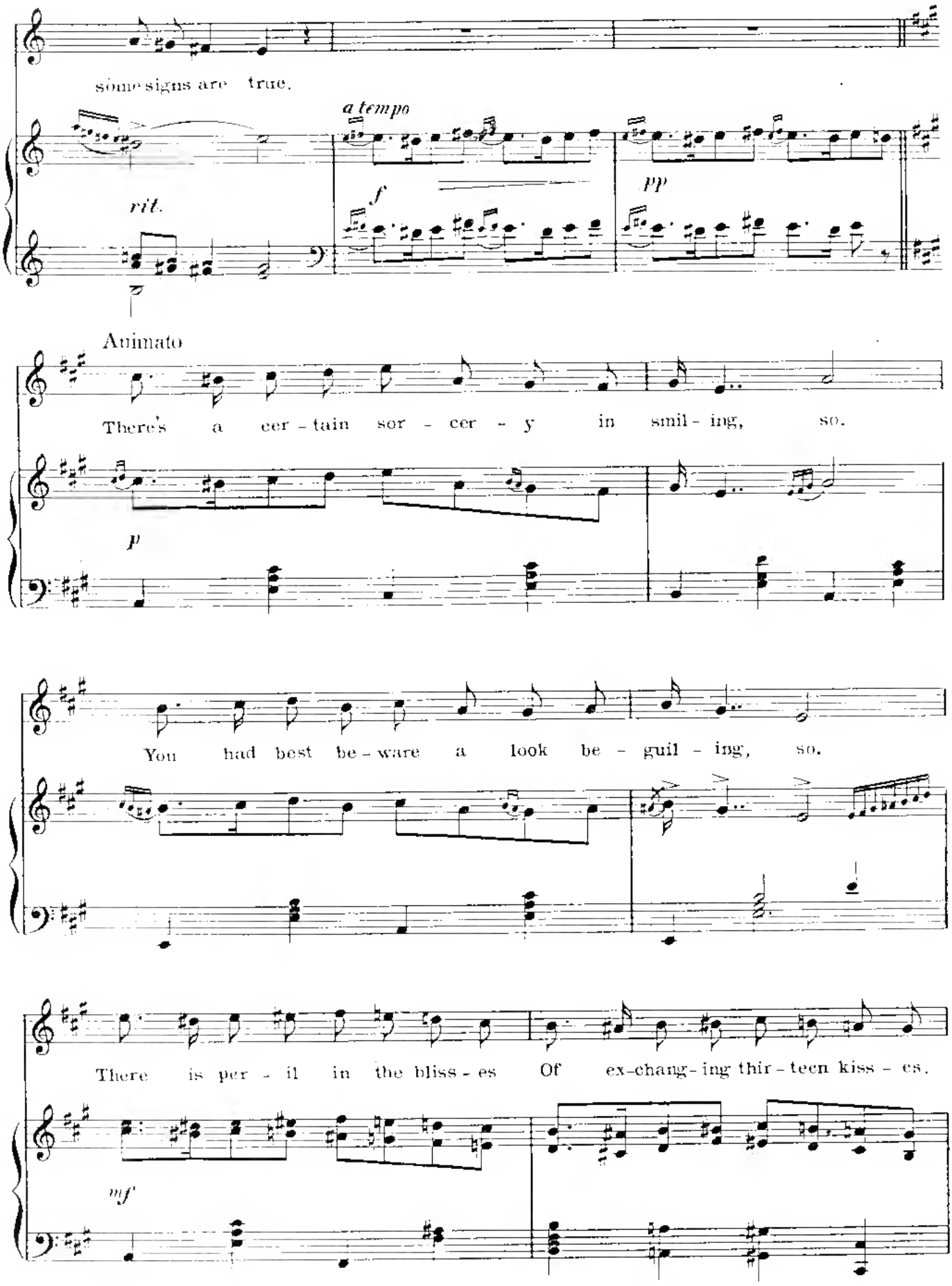
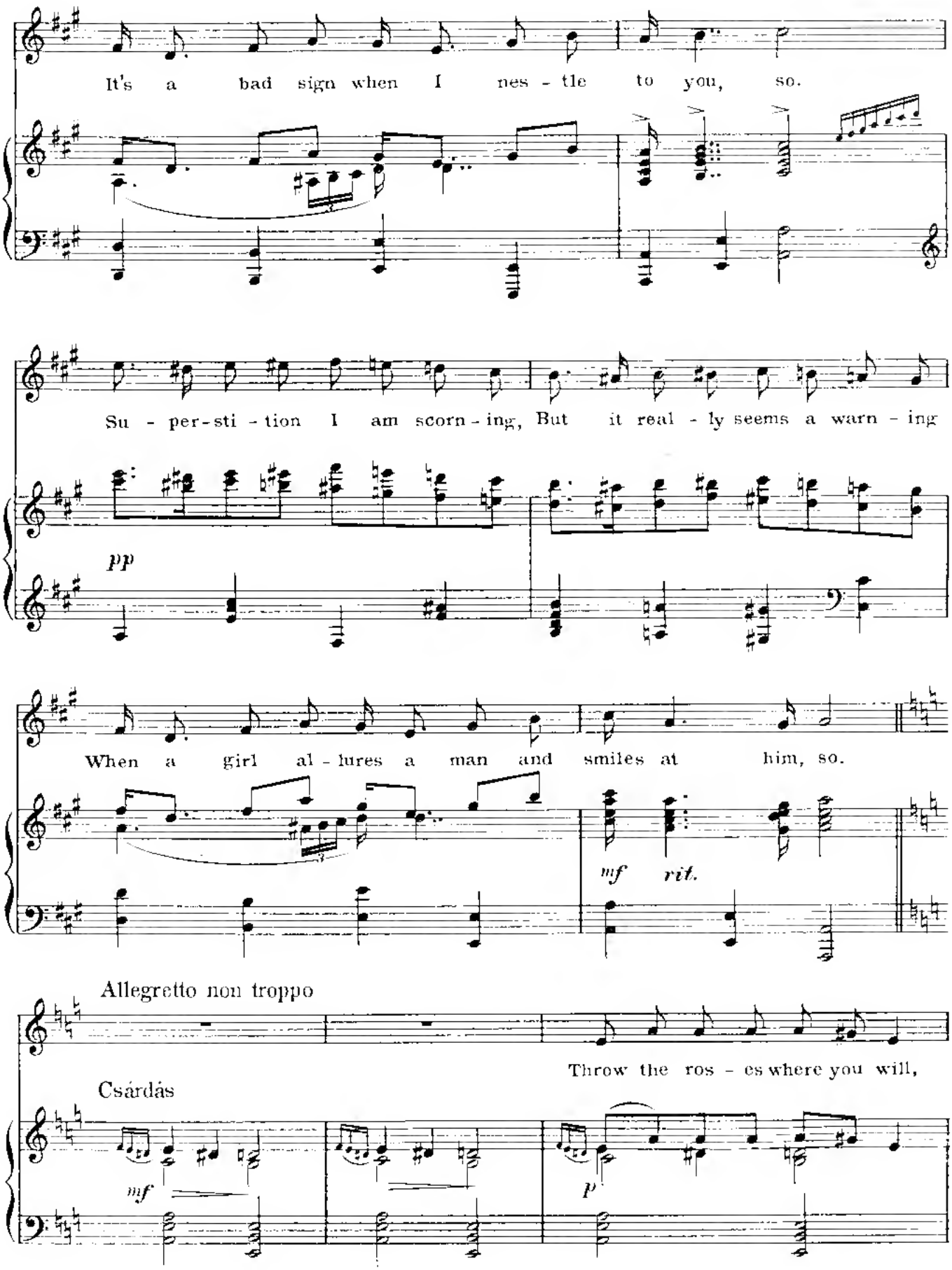
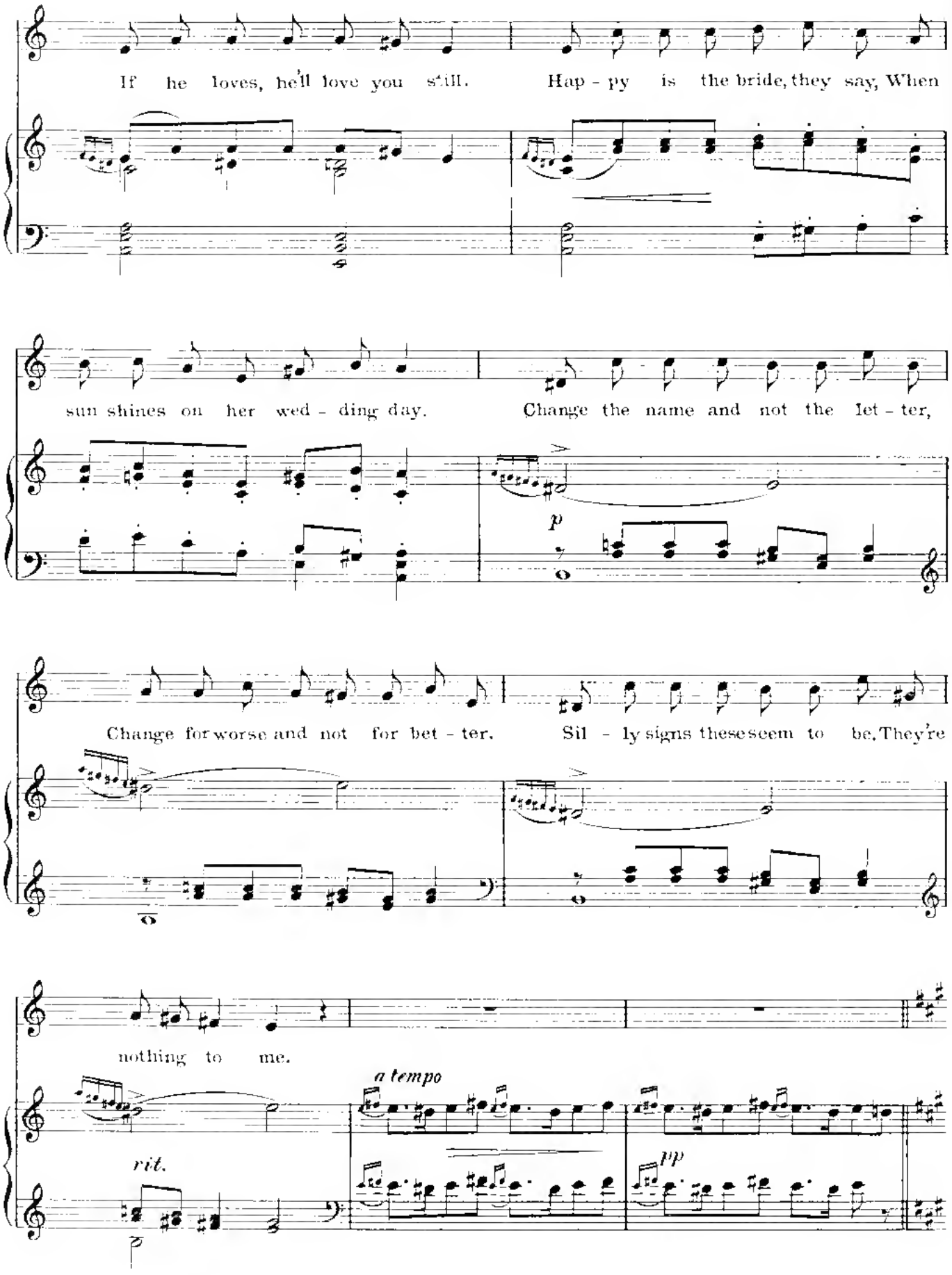
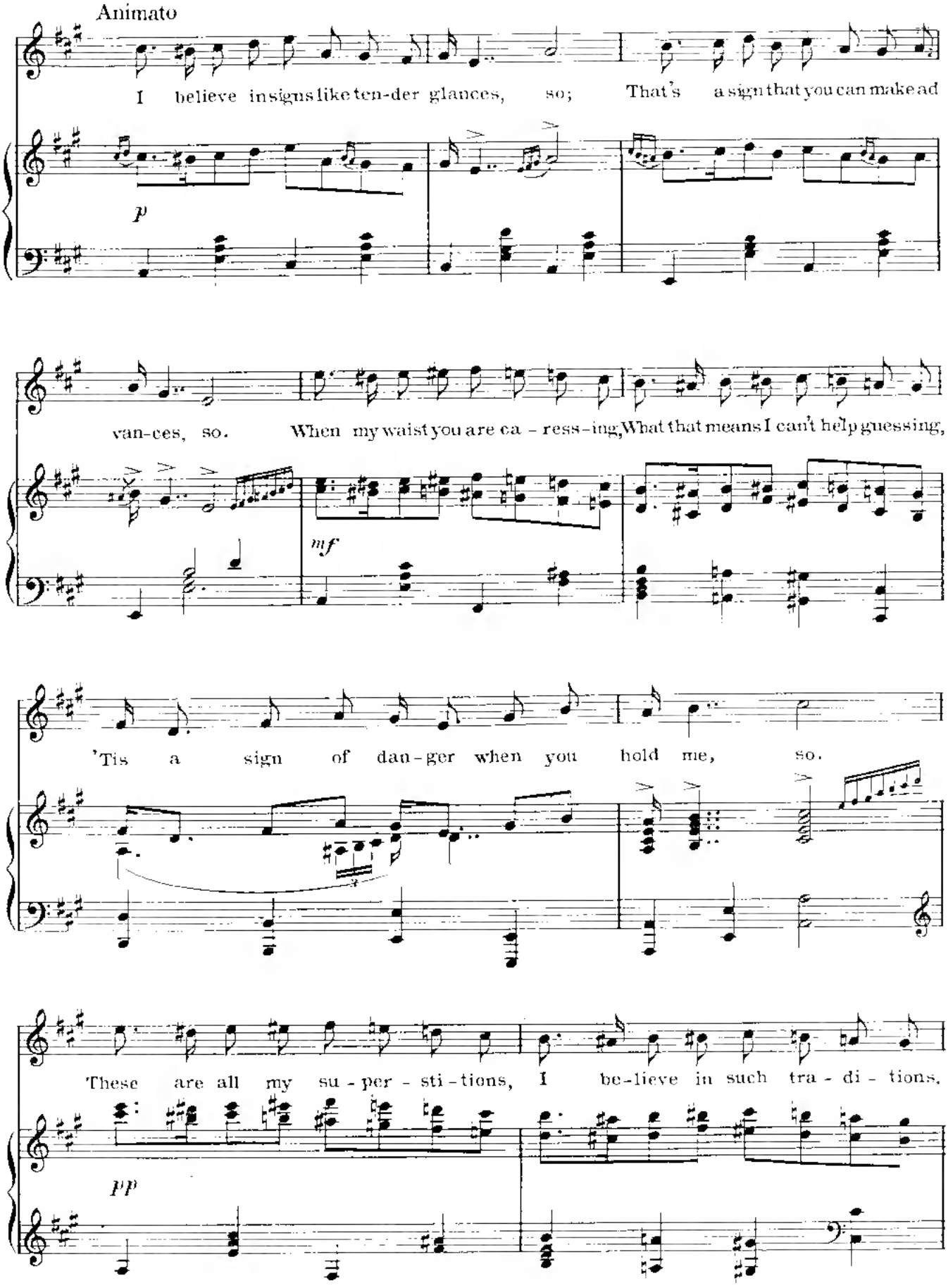
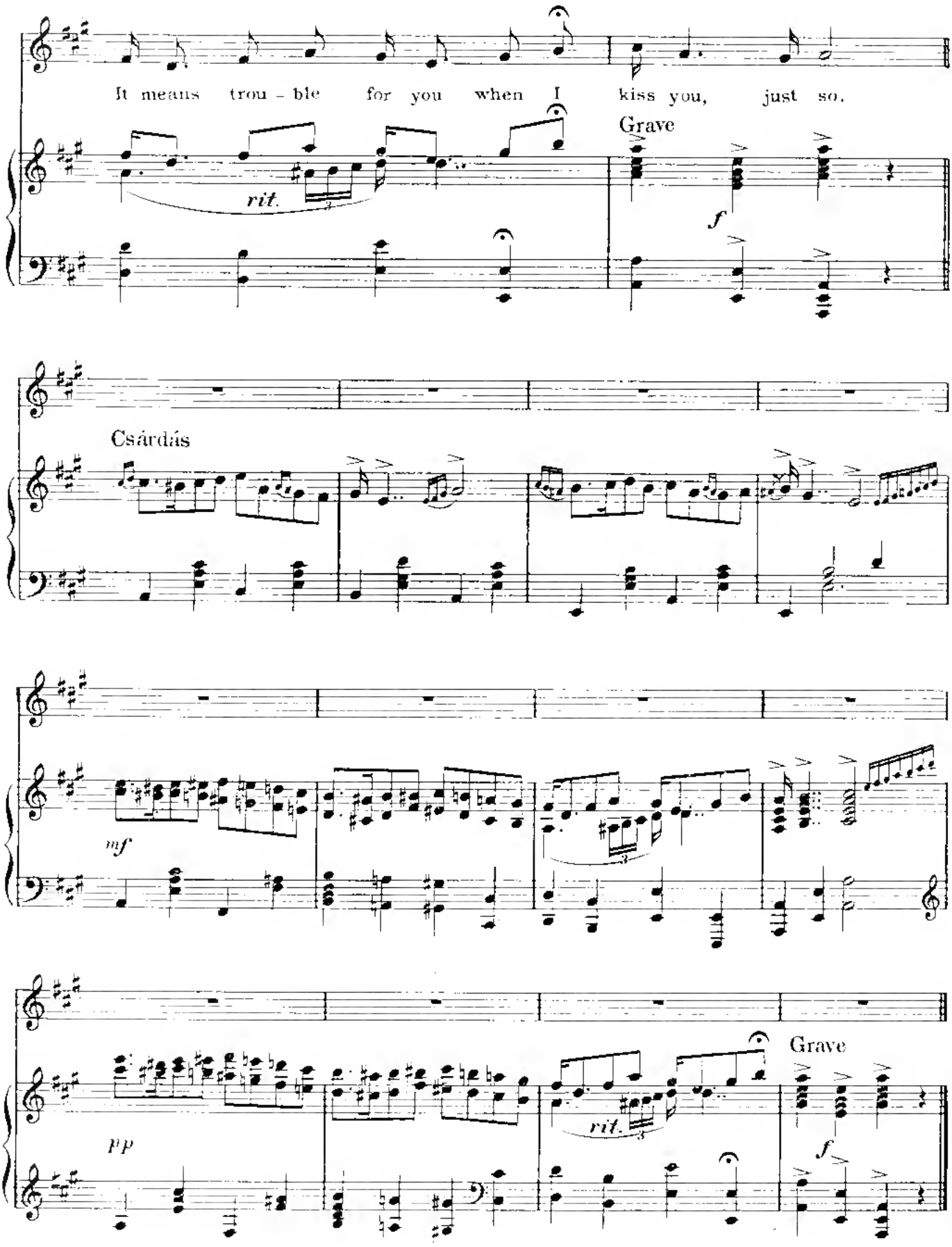
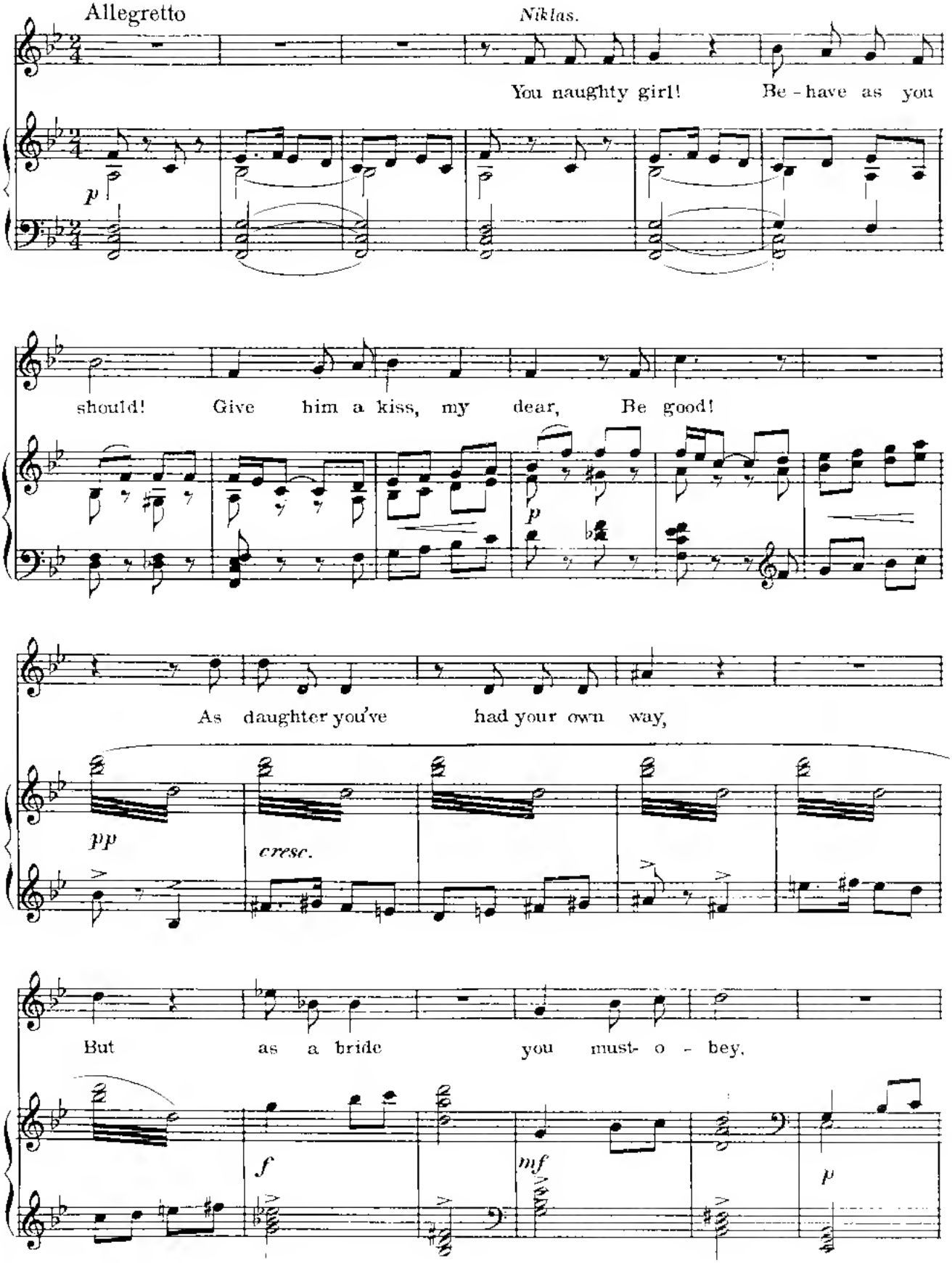

some signs are true.
a tempo
rit.
f
pp
Animato
There's a cer - tain sor - cer - y in smil - ing, so.
p
You had best be - ware a look be - guil - ing, so.
There is per - il in the bliss - es Of ex-chang - ing thir - teen kiss - es.
mf

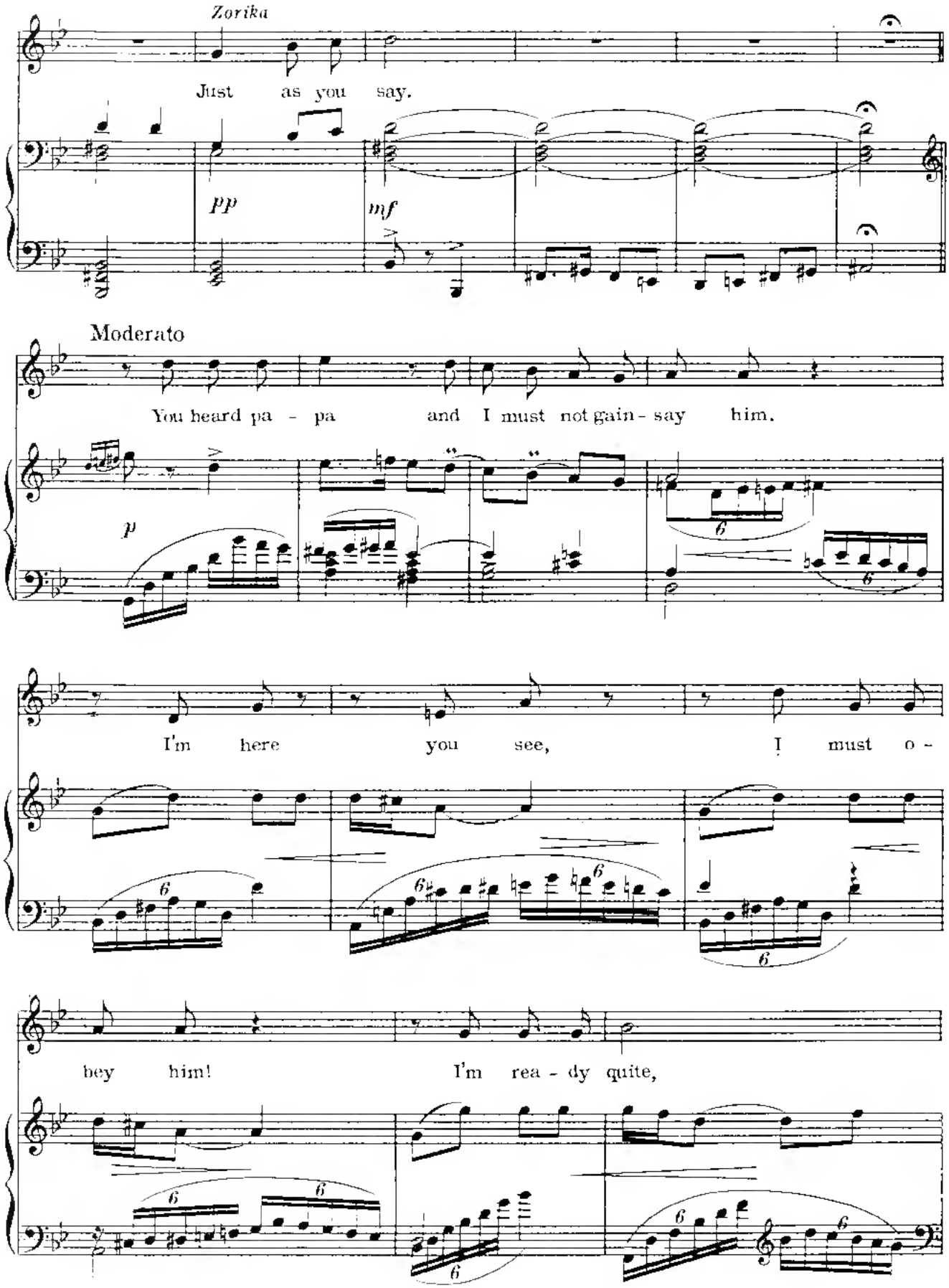

It's a bad sign when I nes - tle to you, so.
Su - per-sti - tion I am scorn - ing, But it real - ly seems a warn - ing
pp
When a girl al - lures a man and smiles at him, so.
mf rit.
Allegretto non troppo
Throw the ros - es where you will,
Csárdás
mf
p

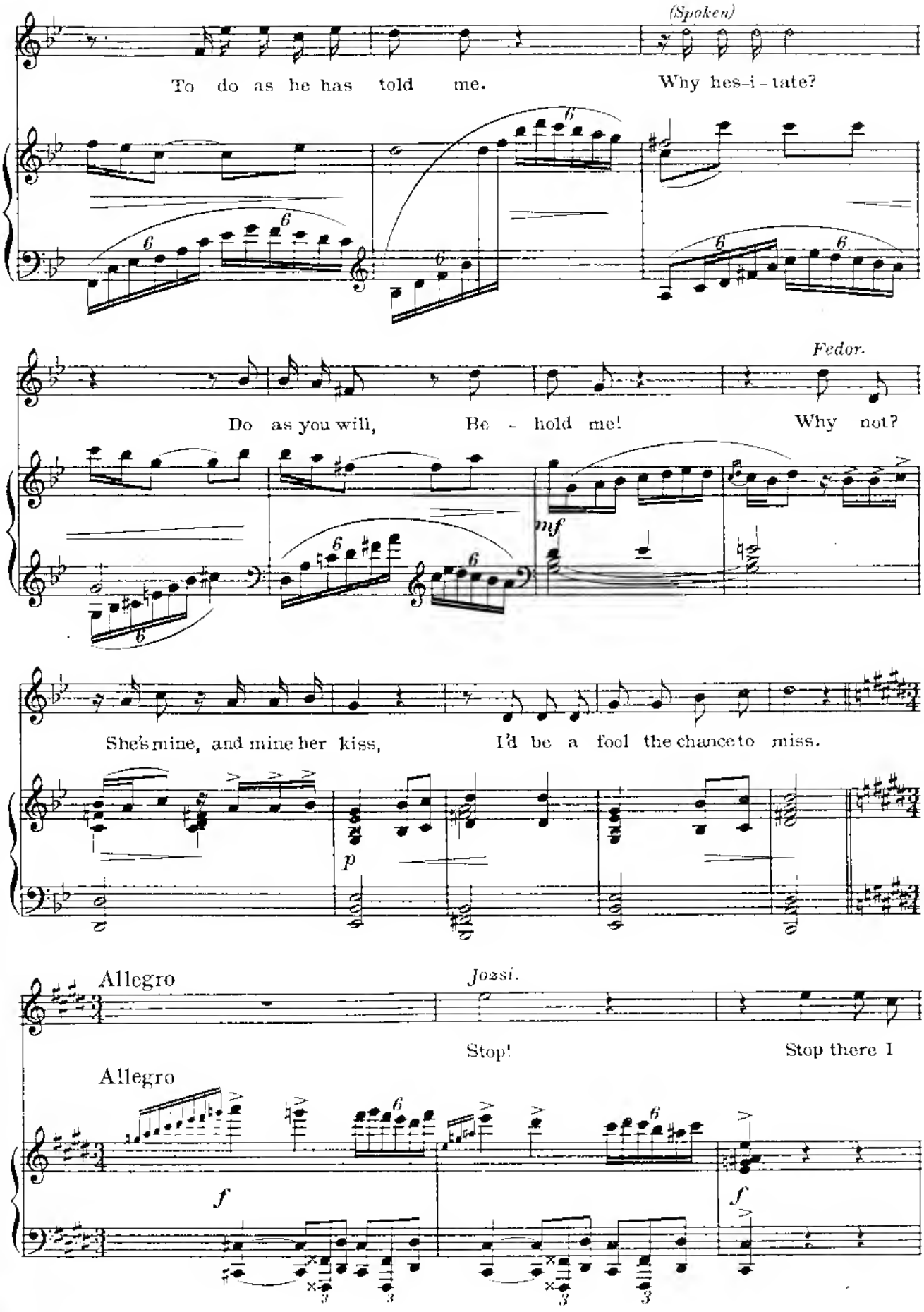

If he loves, he'll love you still.
Hap - py is the bride, they say, When
sun shines on her wed - ding day.
Change the name and not the let - ter,
p
Change for worse and not for bet - ter.
Sil - ly signs these seem to be. They're
nothing to me.
a tempo
rit.
pp

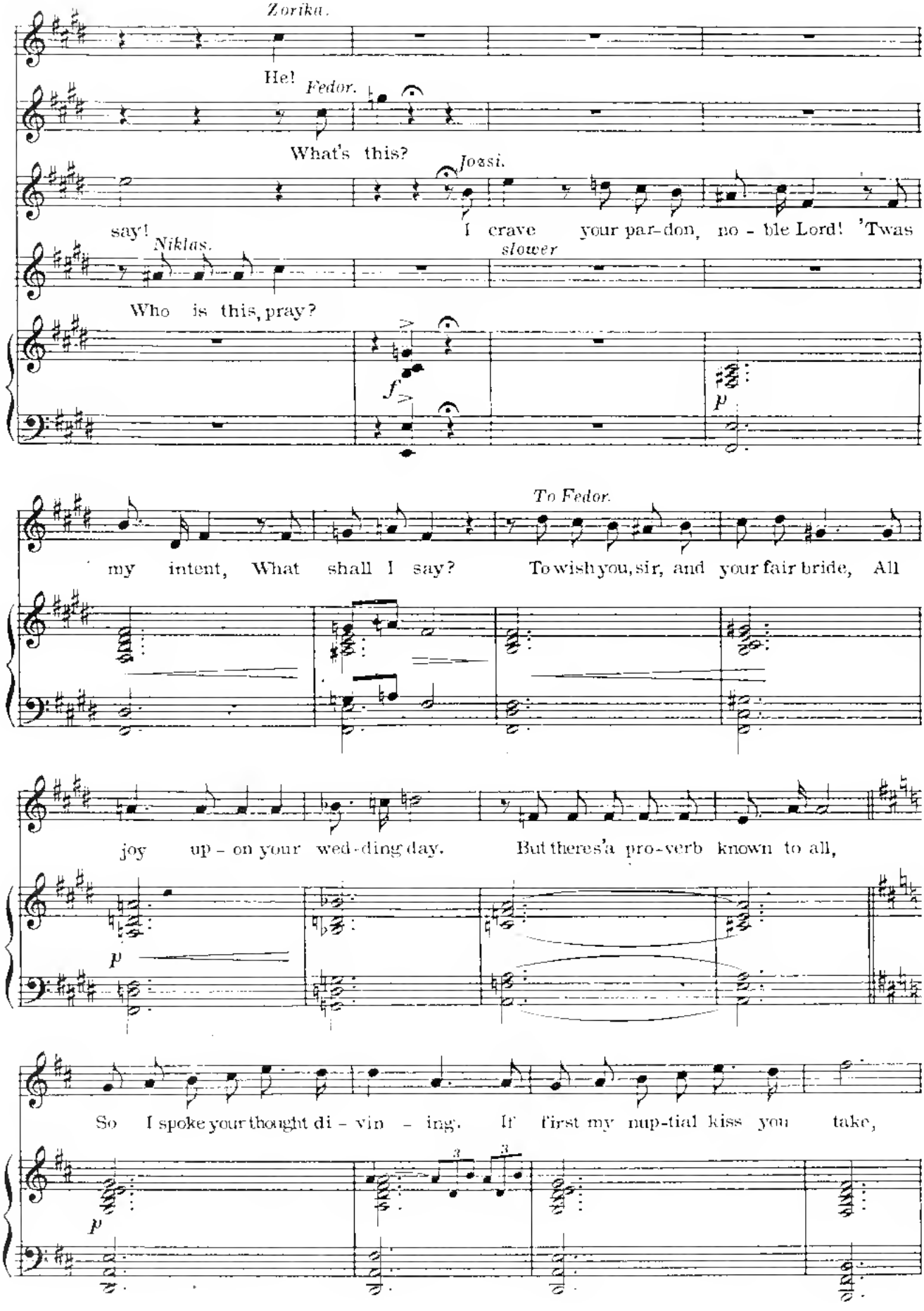

Animato
I believe in signs like ten-der glances, so; That's a sign that you can make ad
p
van-ces, so. When my waist you are ca - ress-ing, What that means I can't help guessing,
mf
'Tis a sign of dan-ger when you hold me, so.
These are all my su - per - sti - tions, I be-lieve in such tra - di - tions.
pp

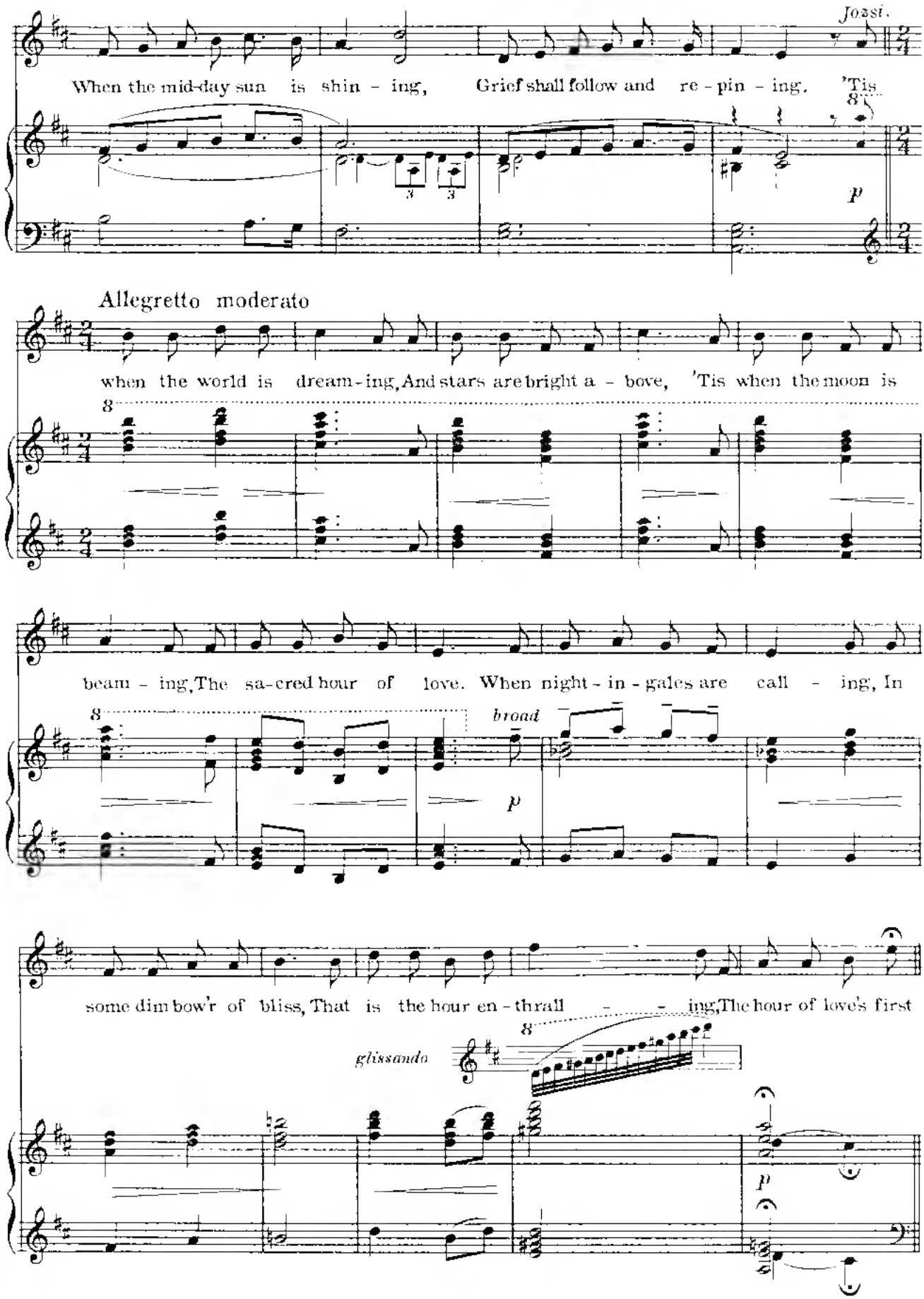

It means trou - ble for you when I kiss you, just so.
rit.
Grave
f
Csárdás
mf
pp
rit.
Grave
f


Allegretto
Niklas.
You naughty girl! Be - have as you
p
should! Give him a kiss, my dear, Be good!
p
As daughter you've had your own way,
pp
cresc.
But as a bride you must- o - bey.
f
mf
p


Zorika
Just as you say.
pp
mf
Moderato
You heard pa - pa and I must not gain - say him.
p
I'm here you see, I must o -
bey him! I'm rea - dy quite,

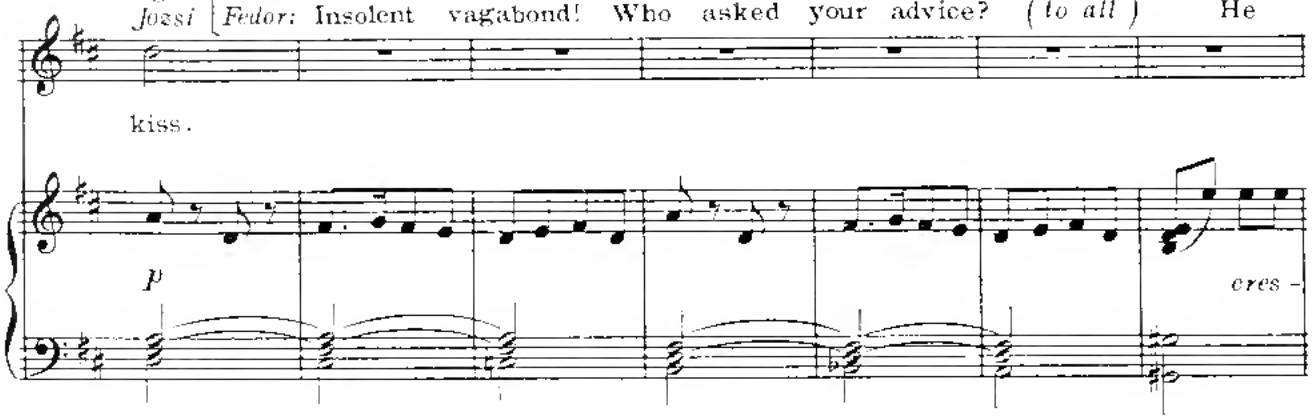

(Spoken)
To do as he has told me.
Why hes-i-tate?
Fedor.
Do as you will,
Be - hold me!
Why not?
mf
She's mine, and mine her kiss,
I'd be a fool the chance to miss.
p
Allegro
Jozsi.
Stop!
Stop there I
Allegro
f
f


Zorika.
He!
Fedor.
What's this?
Joasi.
say!
I crave your par-don, no - ble Lord! 'Twas
Niklas.
slower
Who is this, pray?
f
p
To Fedor.
my intent, What shall I say? To wish you, sir, and your fair bride, All
joy up - on your wed - ding day. But there's a pro-verb known to all,
p
So I spoke your thought di - vin - ing. If first my nup-tial kiss you take,
p

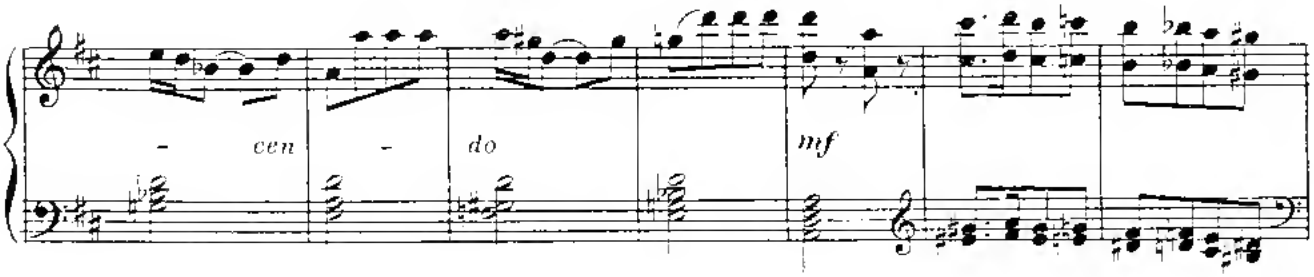

Jossi.
When the mid-day sun is shin - ing, Grief shall follow and re - pin - ing. 'Tis
8
p
Allegretto moderato
when the world is dream - ing, And stars are bright a - bove, 'Tis when the moon is
8
beam - ing, The sa - cred hour of love. When night - in - gales are call - ing, In
8
broad
p
some dim bow'r of bliss, That is the hour en - thrall - ing, The hour of love's first
glissando
8
p

Allegro *Jozsi: (spoken)* Remember, Fedor, my warning.

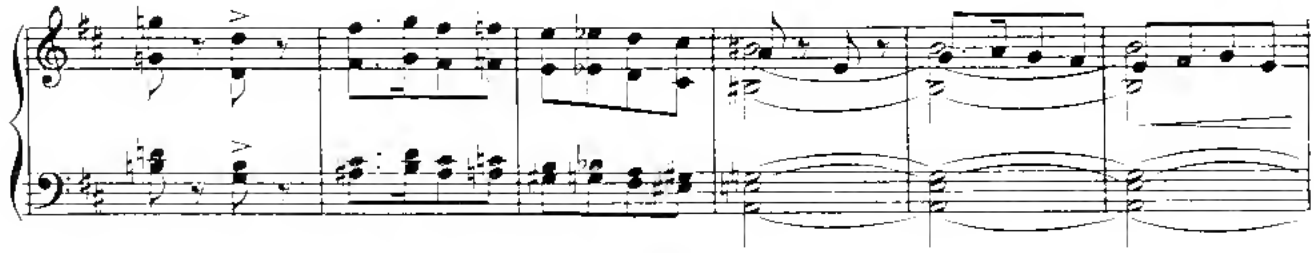
Jozsi *Fedor:* Insolent vagabond! Who asked your advice? *(to all)* He



remembers that I had him driven from my house.

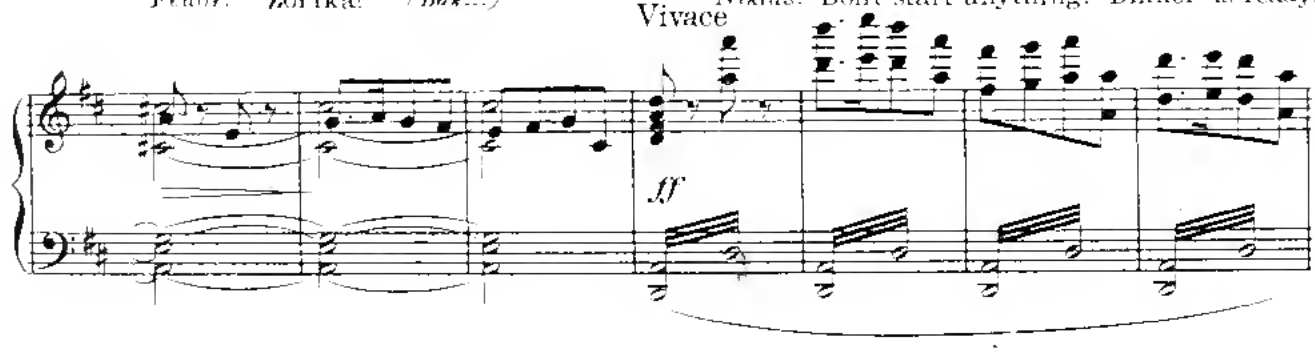


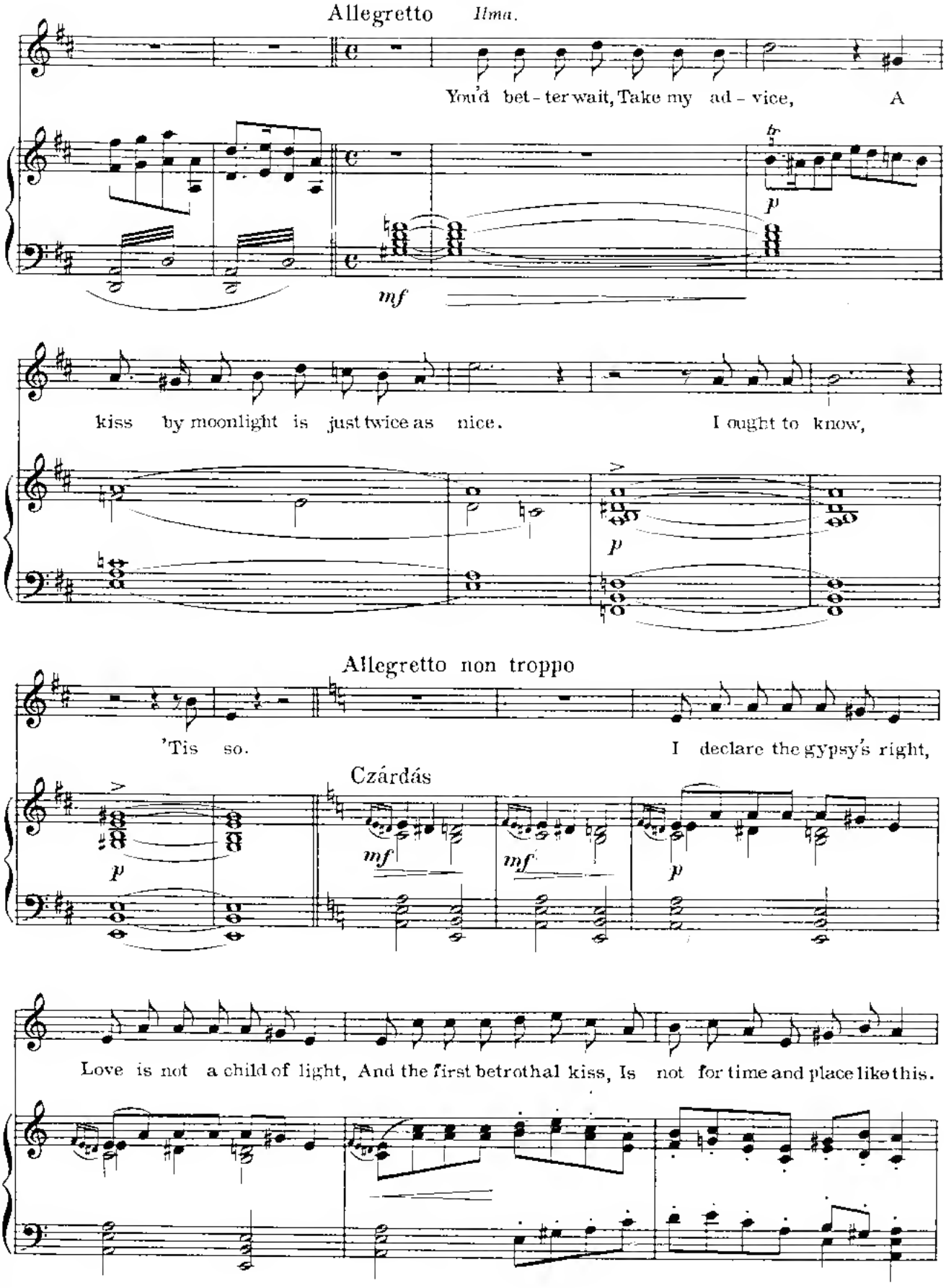
Jozsi: From *our* house, *brother!* *Zorika:* I shall have my first kiss by moonlight.

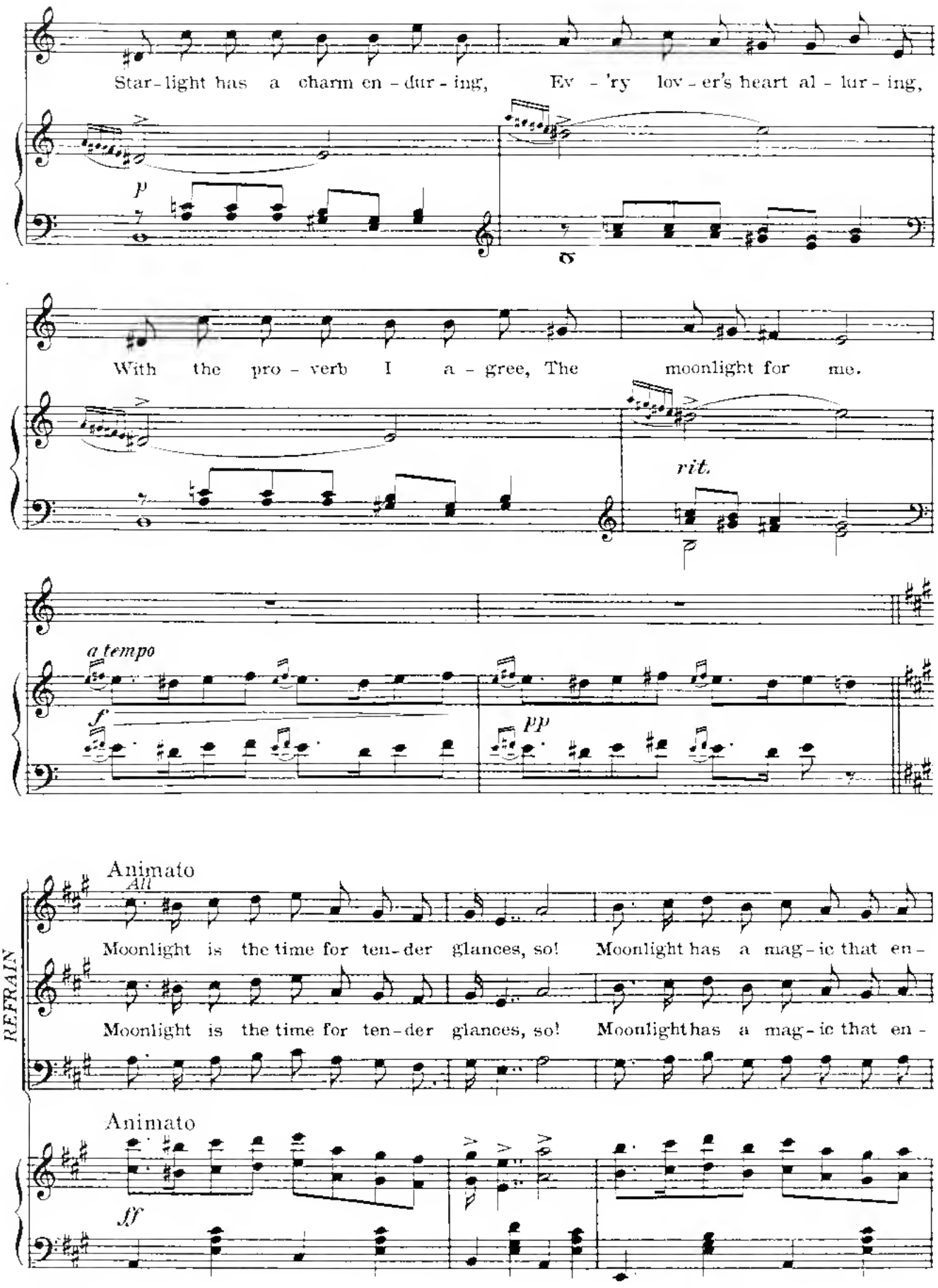


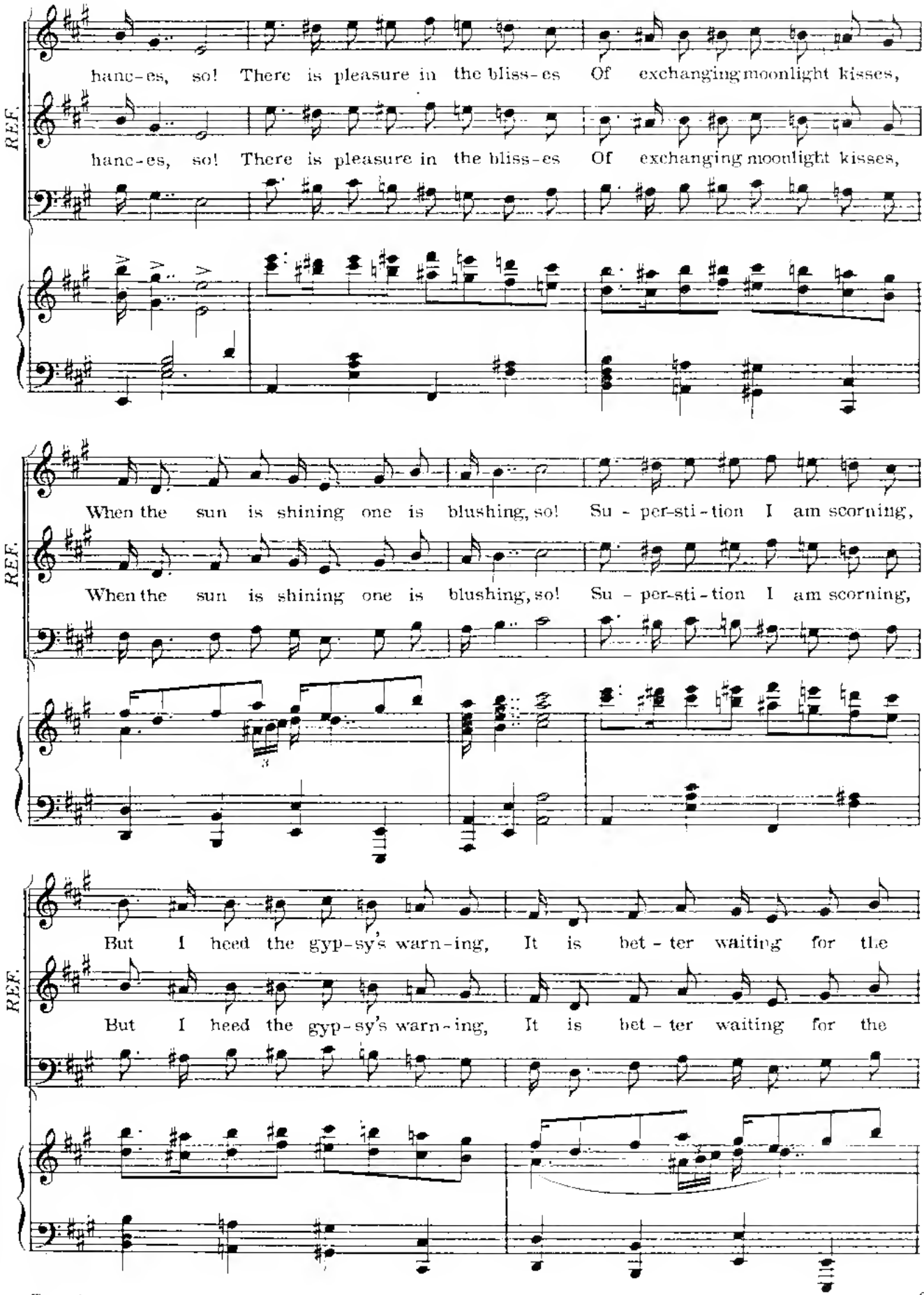
Fedor: Zorika! *(Bus...)* *Niklas:* Don't start anything! Dinner is ready!

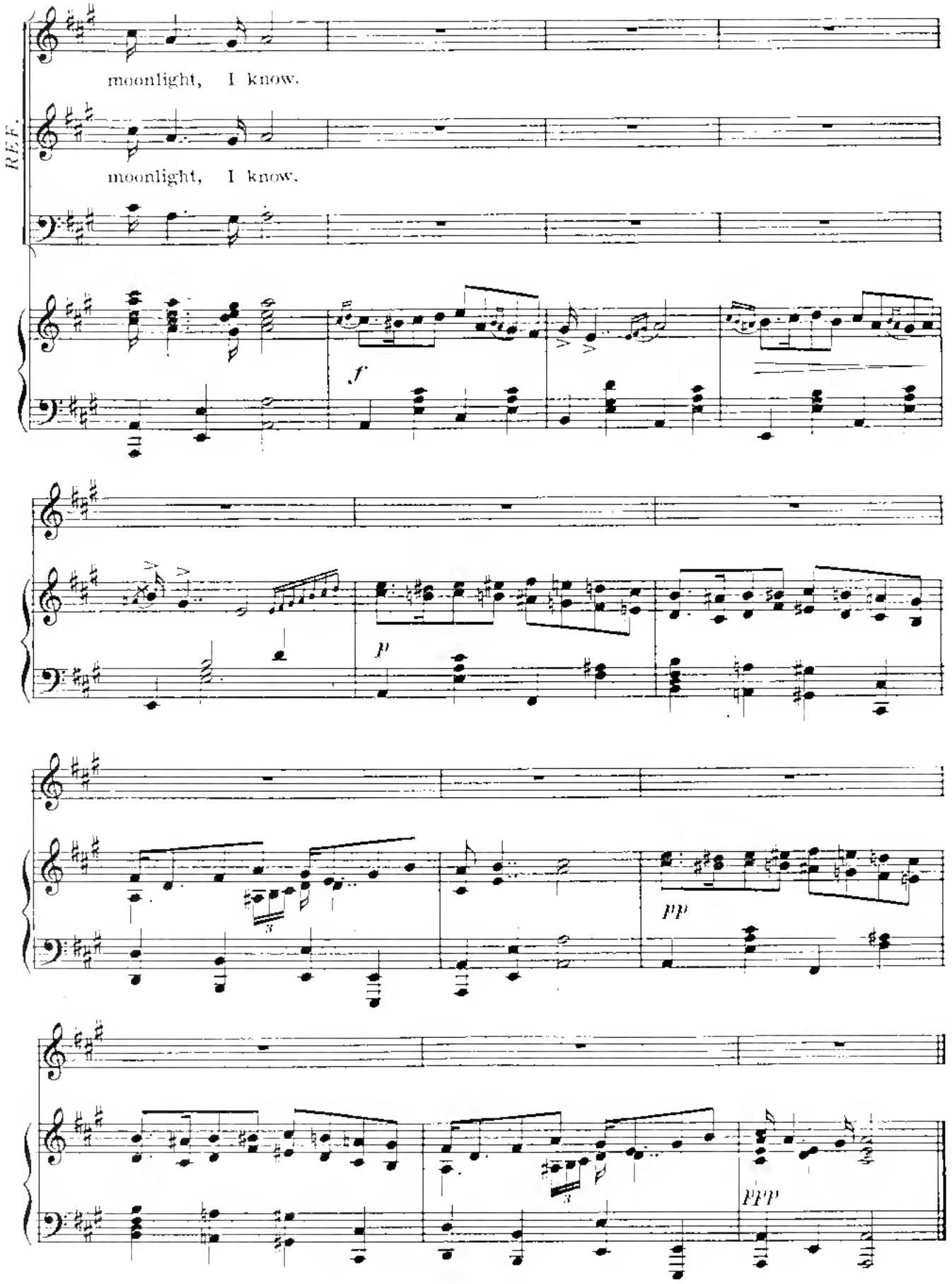
Vivace




Allegretto
Ilma.
You'd bet - ter wait, Take my ad - vice, A
kiss by moonlight is just twice as nice. I ought to know,
Allegretto non troppo
'Tis so. I declare the gypsy's right,
Czárdás
Love is not a child of light, And the first betrothal kiss, Is not for time and place like this.


Star-light has a charm en-dur-ing, Ev-'ry lov-er's heart al-lur-ing,
p
With the pro-verb I a-gree, The moonlight for me.
rit.
a tempo
f
pp
Animato
All
REFRAIN
Moonlight is the time for ten-der glances, so! Moonlight has a mag-ic that en-
Moonlight is the time for ten-der glances, so! Moonlight has a mag-ic that en-
Animato
ff


REF.
hanc-es, so! There is pleasure in the bliss-es Of exchanging moonlight kisses,
hanc-es, so! There is pleasure in the bliss-es Of exchanging moonlight kisses,
When the sun is shining one is blushing, so! Su - per-sti-tion I am scorning,
When the sun is shining one is blushing, so! Su - per-sti-tion I am scorning,
But I heed the gyp-sy's warn-ing, It is bet - ter waiting for the
But I heed the gyp-sy's warn-ing, It is bet - ter waiting for the


moonlight, I know.
REF.
moonlight, I know.
f
p
pp
ppp

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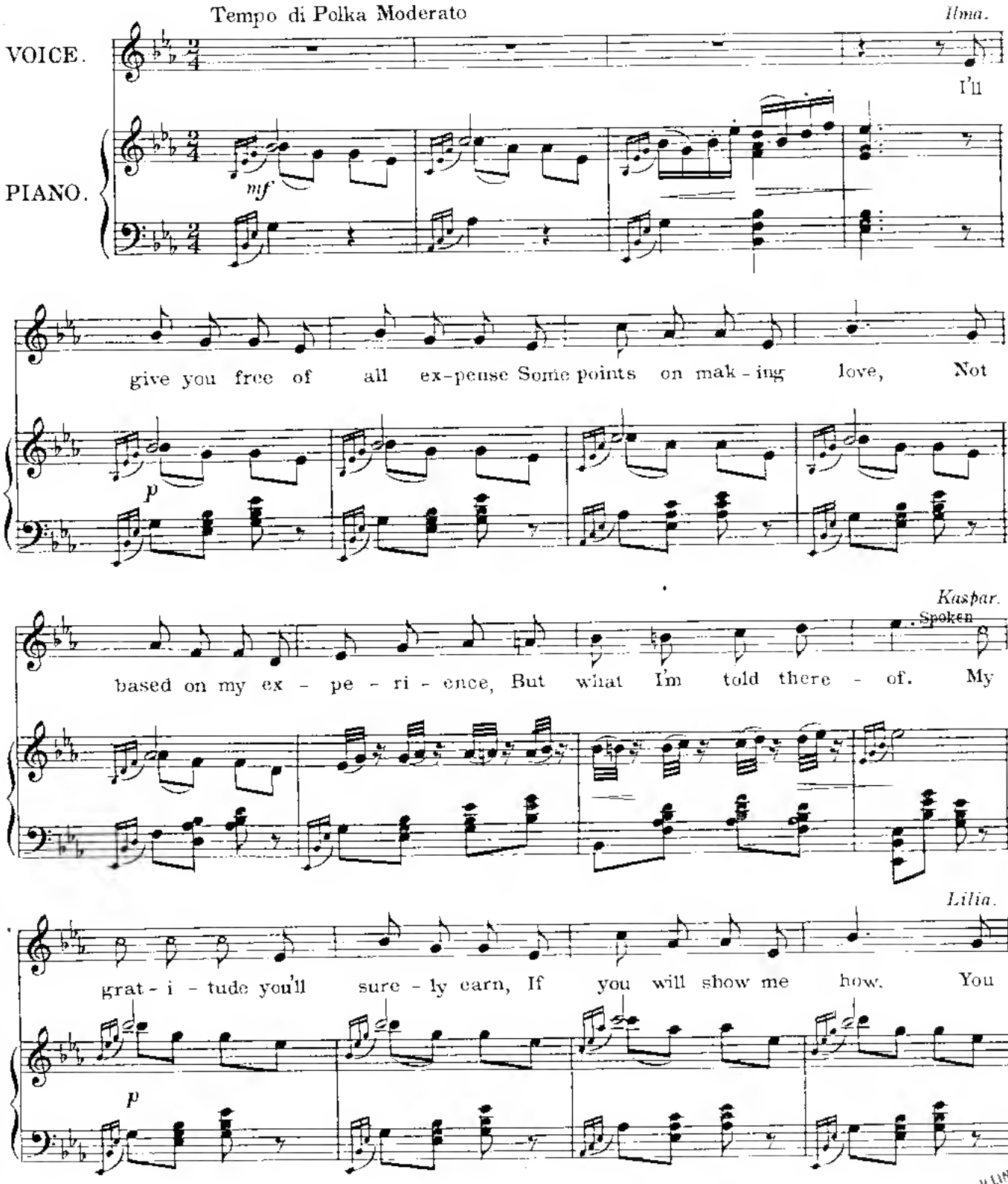
LESSONS IN LOVE.

TRIO — Ilma, Lilia and Kaspar.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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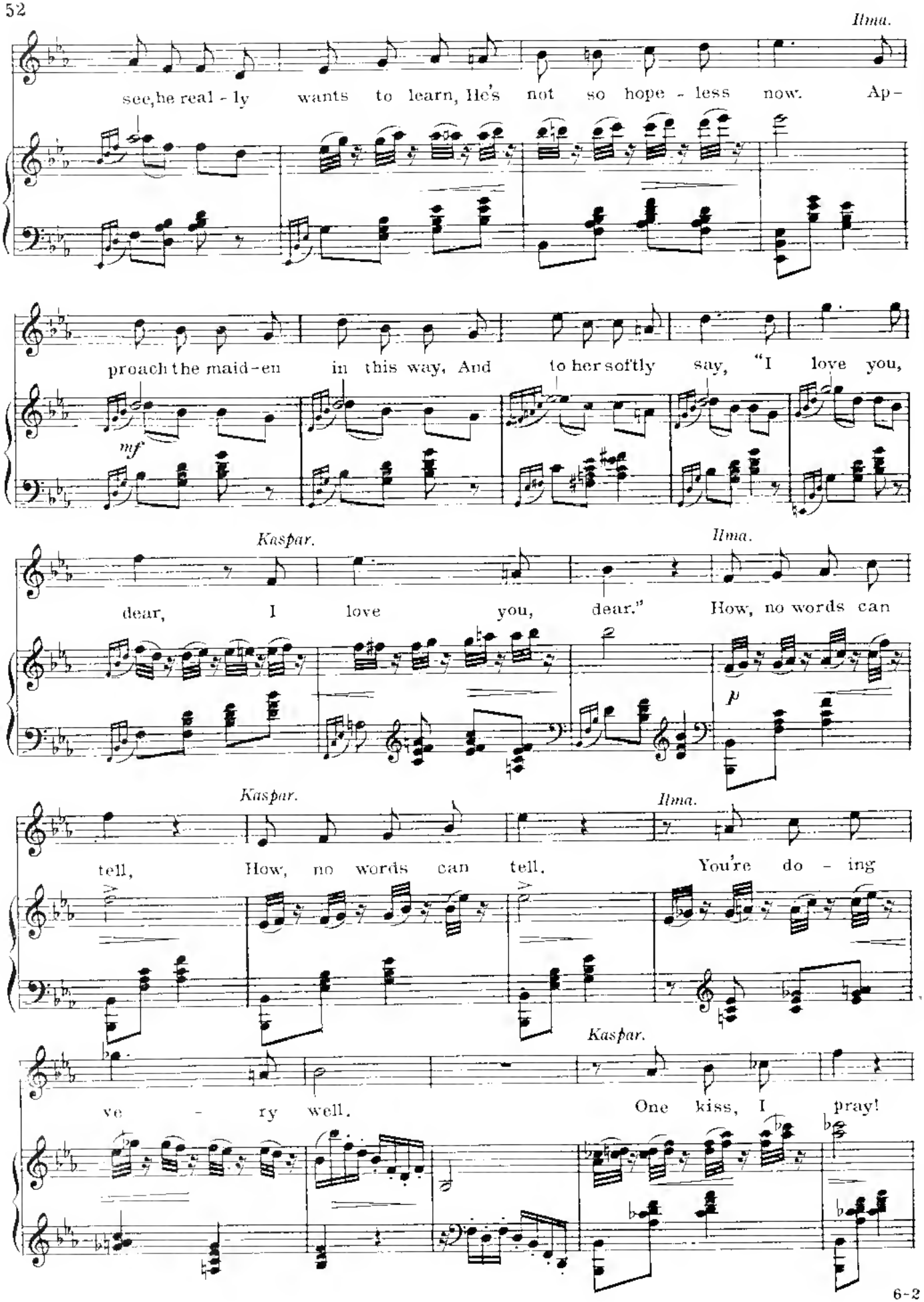
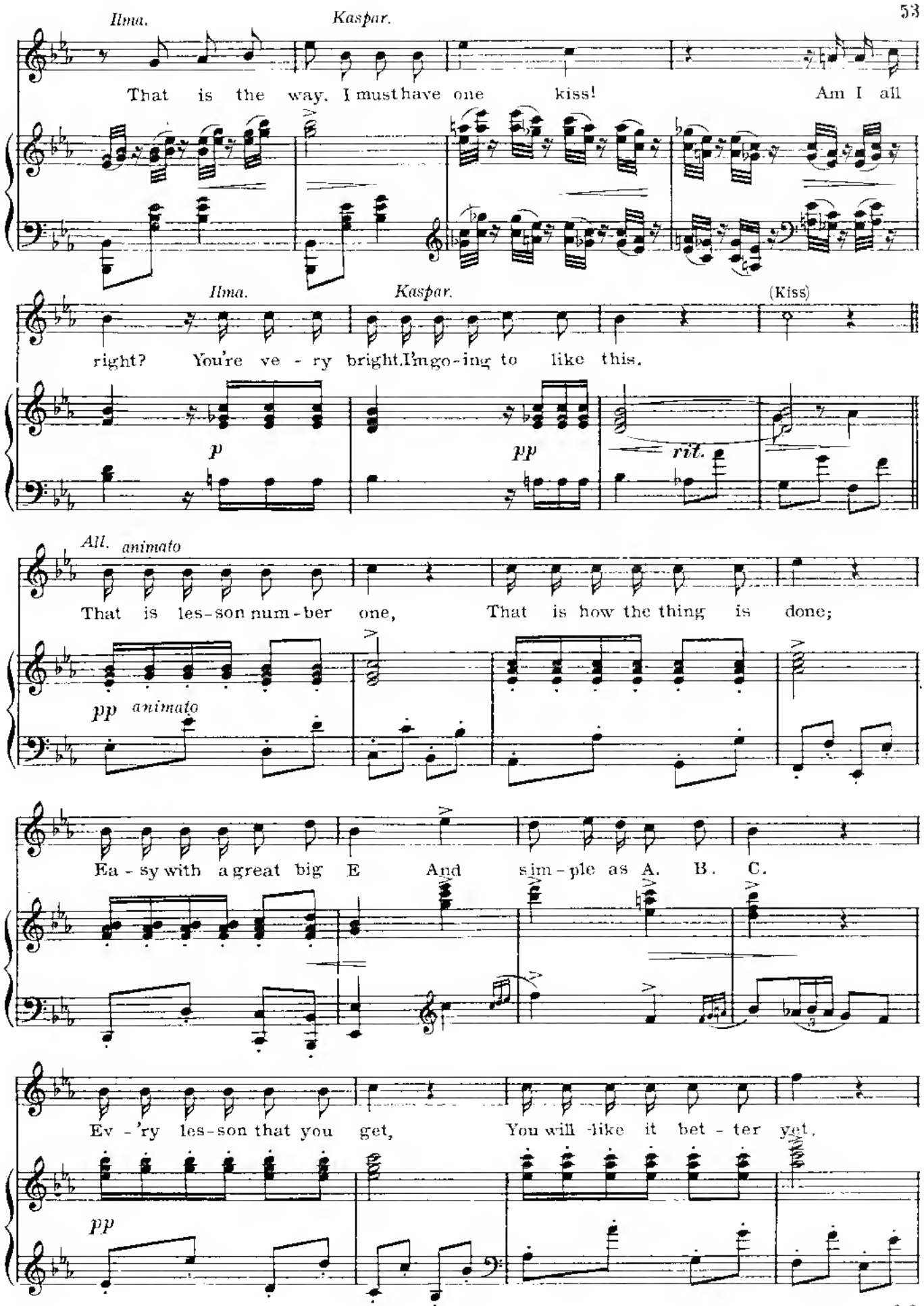
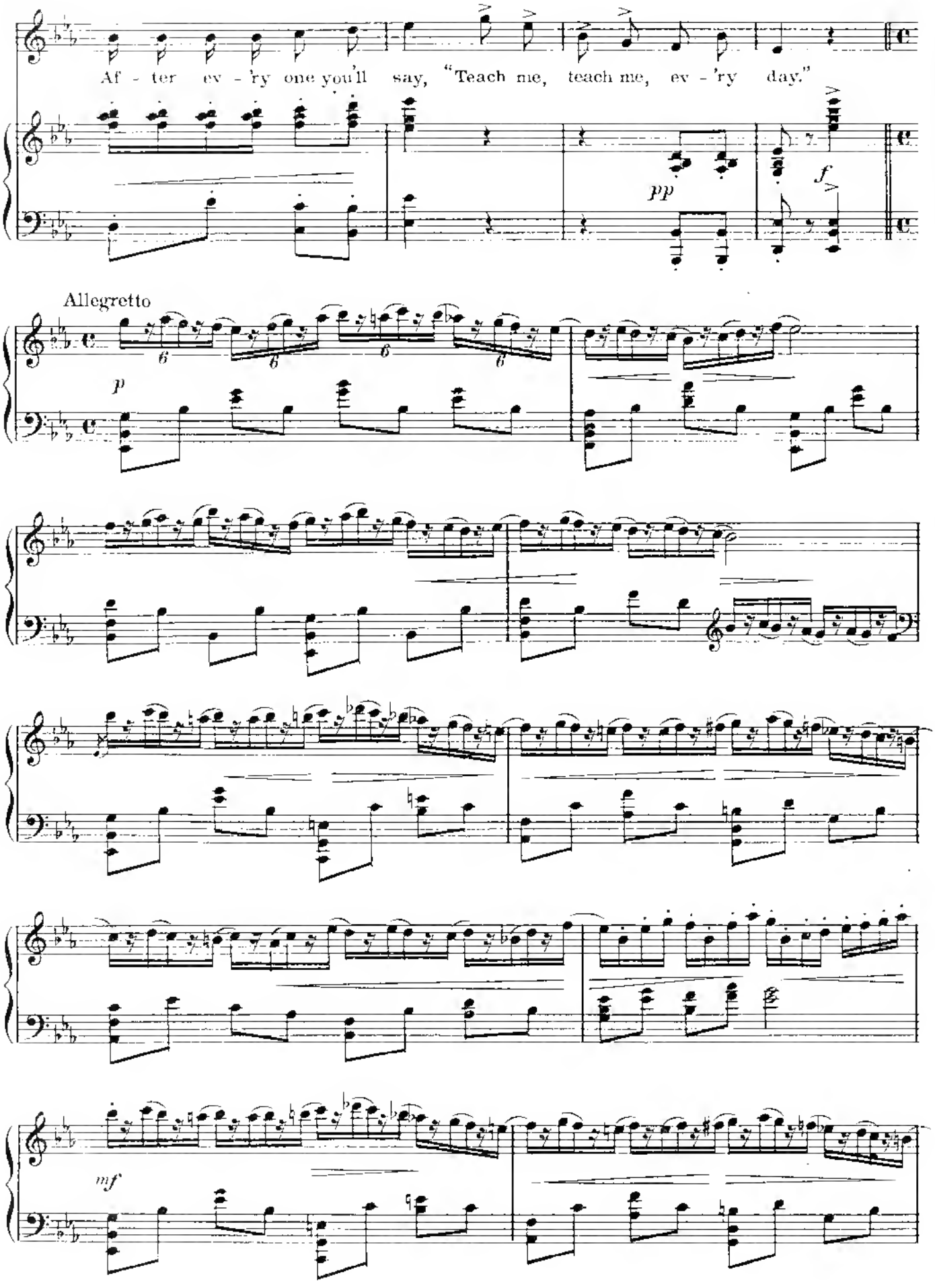
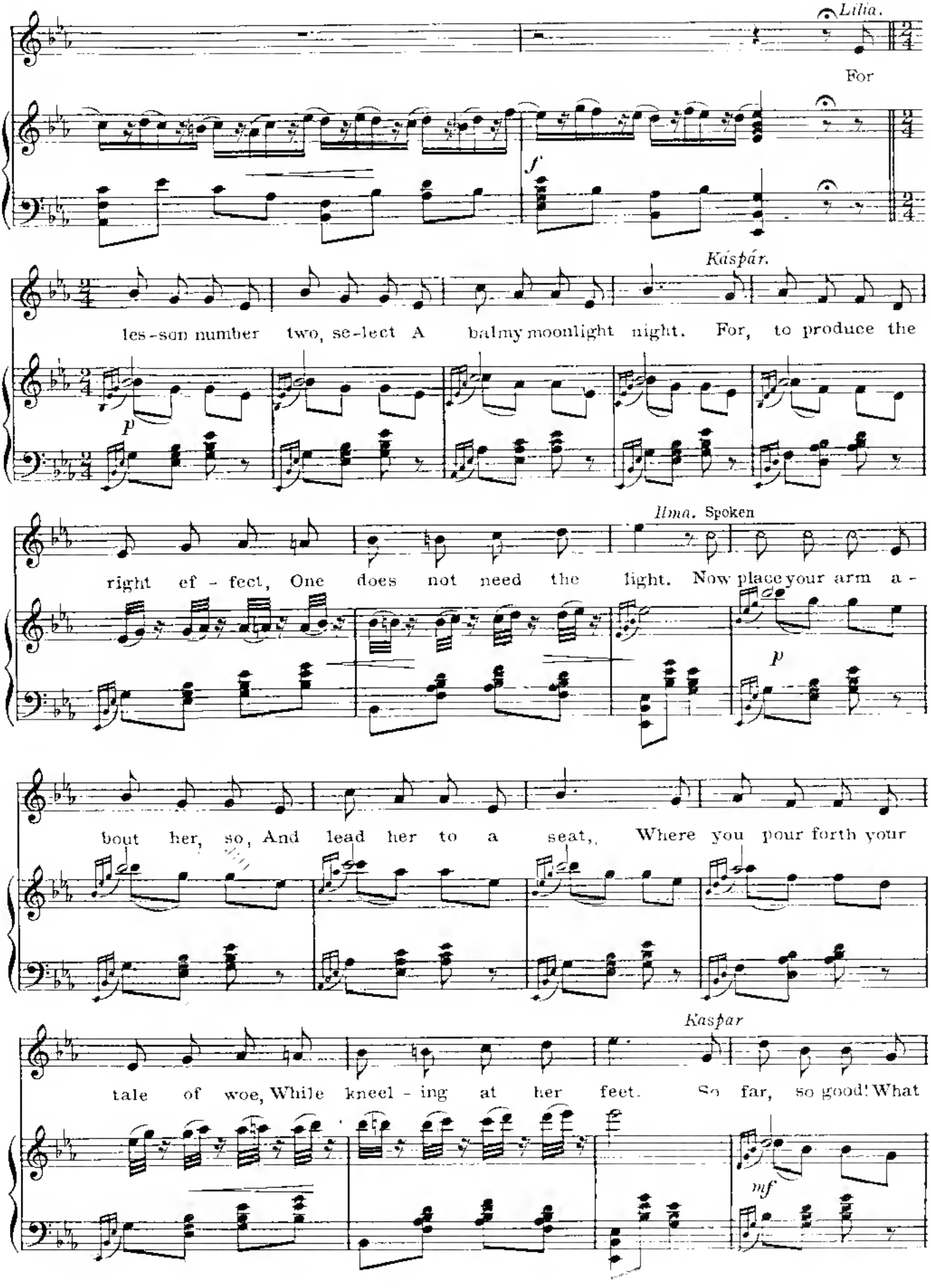
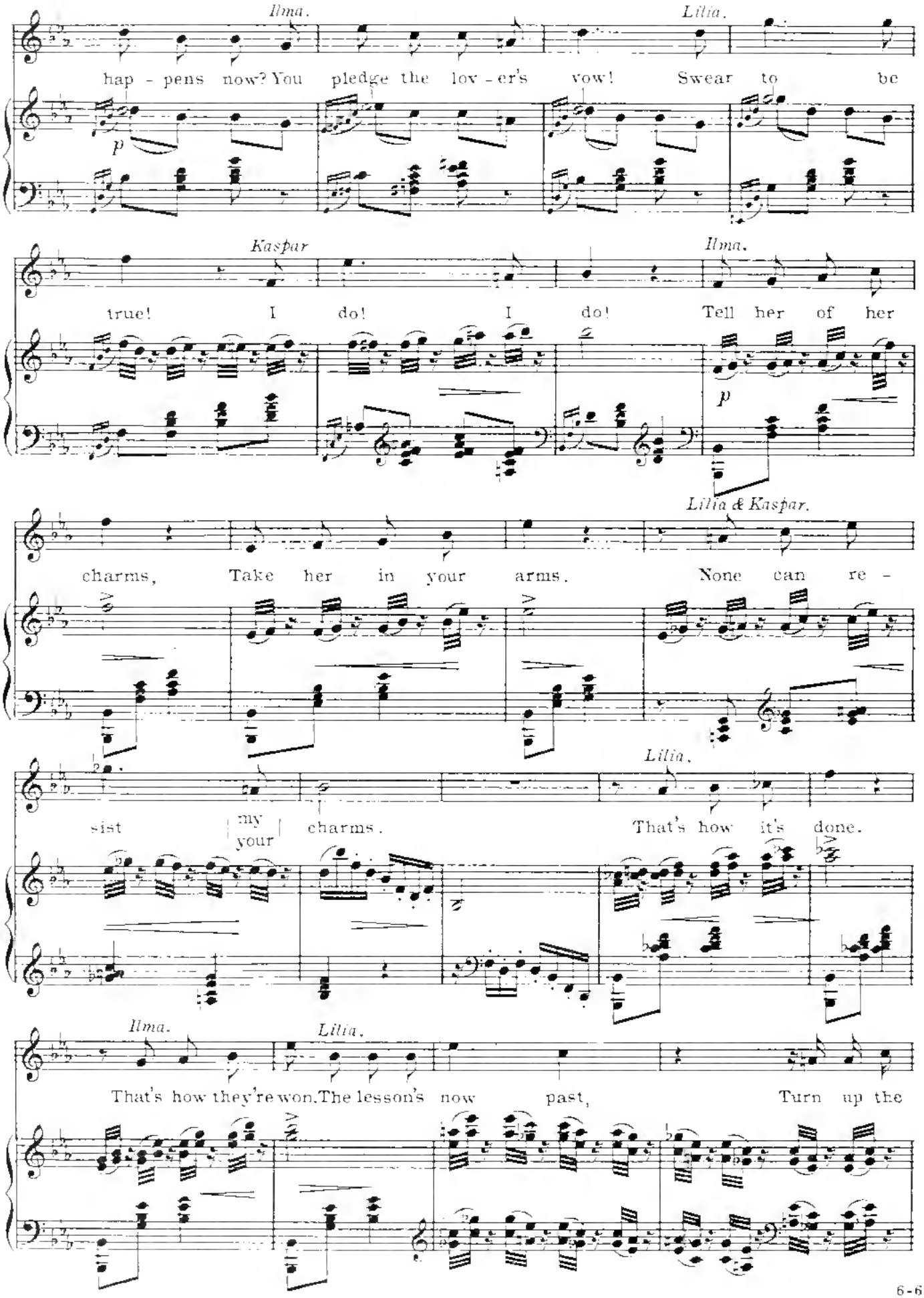
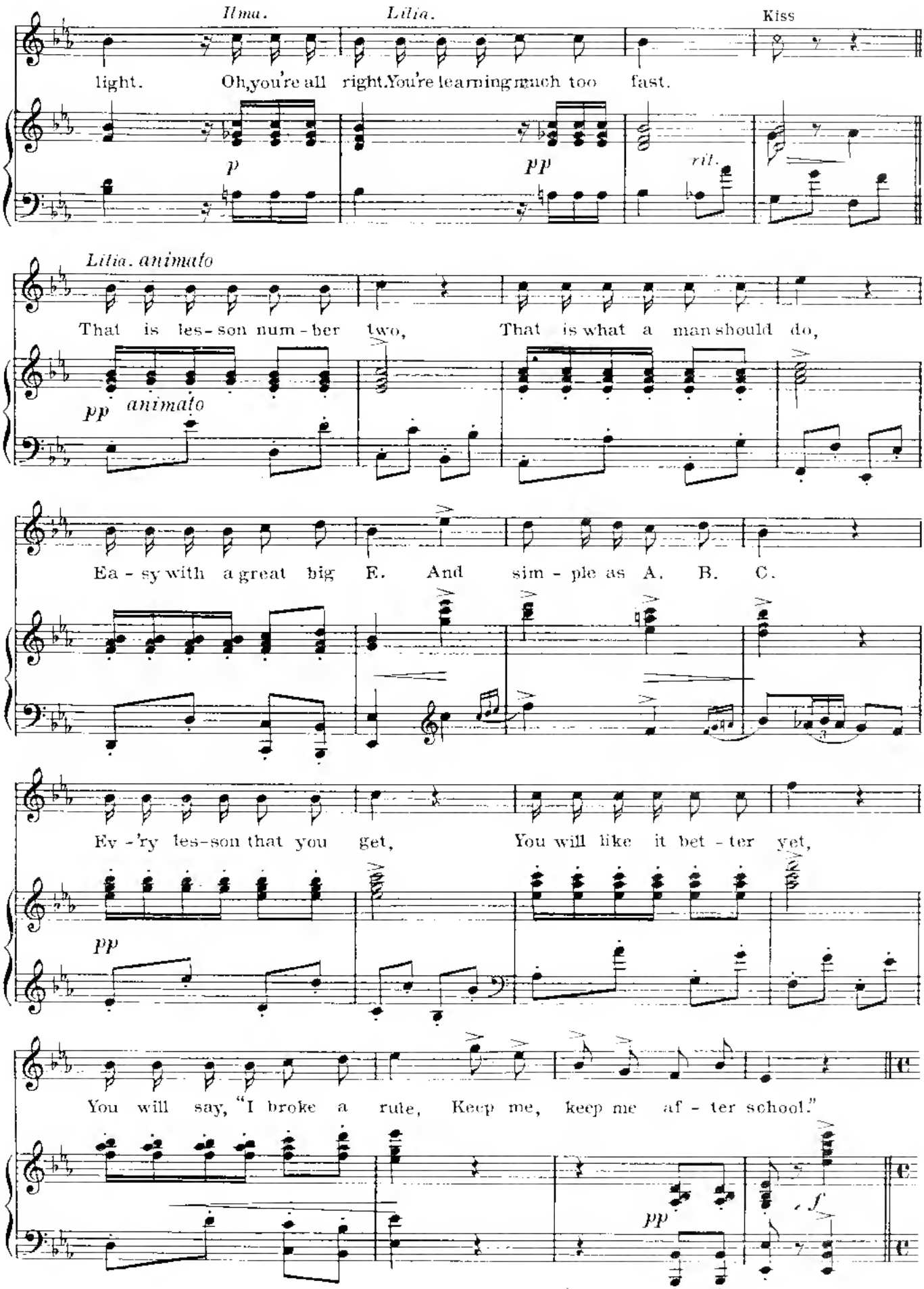

Ilma.
see, he real - ly wants to learn, He's not so hope - less now. Ap -
proach the maid - en in this way, And to her softly say, "I love you,
mf
Kaspar.
Ilma.
dear, I love you, dear." How, no words can
p
Kaspar.
Ilma.
tell, How, no words can tell. You're do - ing
Kaspar.
ve - ry well. One kiss, I pray!

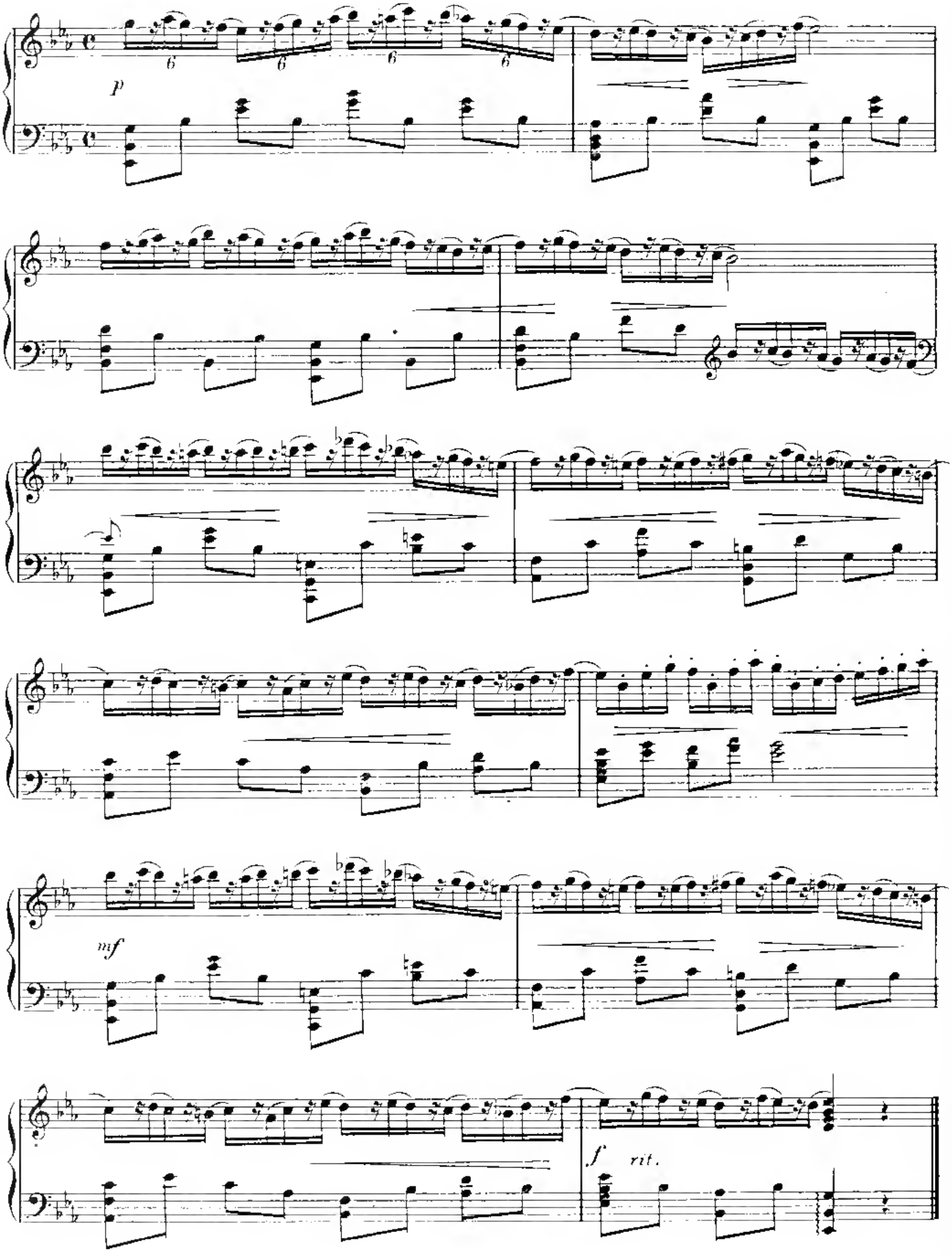

Ilma.
Kaspar.
That is the way. I must have one kiss! Am I all
Ilma.
Kaspar.
(Kiss)
right? You're ve - ry bright. I'm go-ing to like this.
p
pp
rit.
All. animato
That is les-son num-ber one, That is how the thing is done;
pp animato
Ea - sy with a great big E And sim - ple as A. B. C.
Ev - 'ry les-son that you get, You will like it bet - ter yet.
pp


Af - ter ev - 'ry one you'll say, "Teach me, teach me, ev - 'ry day."
pp
f
Allegretto
p
mf


Lilia.
For
f
Káspár.
les-son number two, se-lect A balmy moonlight night. For, to produce the
p
Ilma. Spoken
right ef - fect, One does not need the light. Now place your arm a -
p
bout her, so, And lead her to a seat, Where you pour forth your
Kaspar
tale of woe, While kneel - ing at her feet. So far, so good! What
mf


Ilma.
Lilia.
hap - pens now? You pledge the lov - er's vow! Swear to be
p
Kaspar
Ilma.
true! I do! I do! Tell her of her
p
Lilia & Kaspar.
charms, Take her in your arms. None can re -
Lilia.
sist my charms. That's how it's done.
your
Ilma.
Lilia.
That's how they're won. The lesson's now past, Turn up the

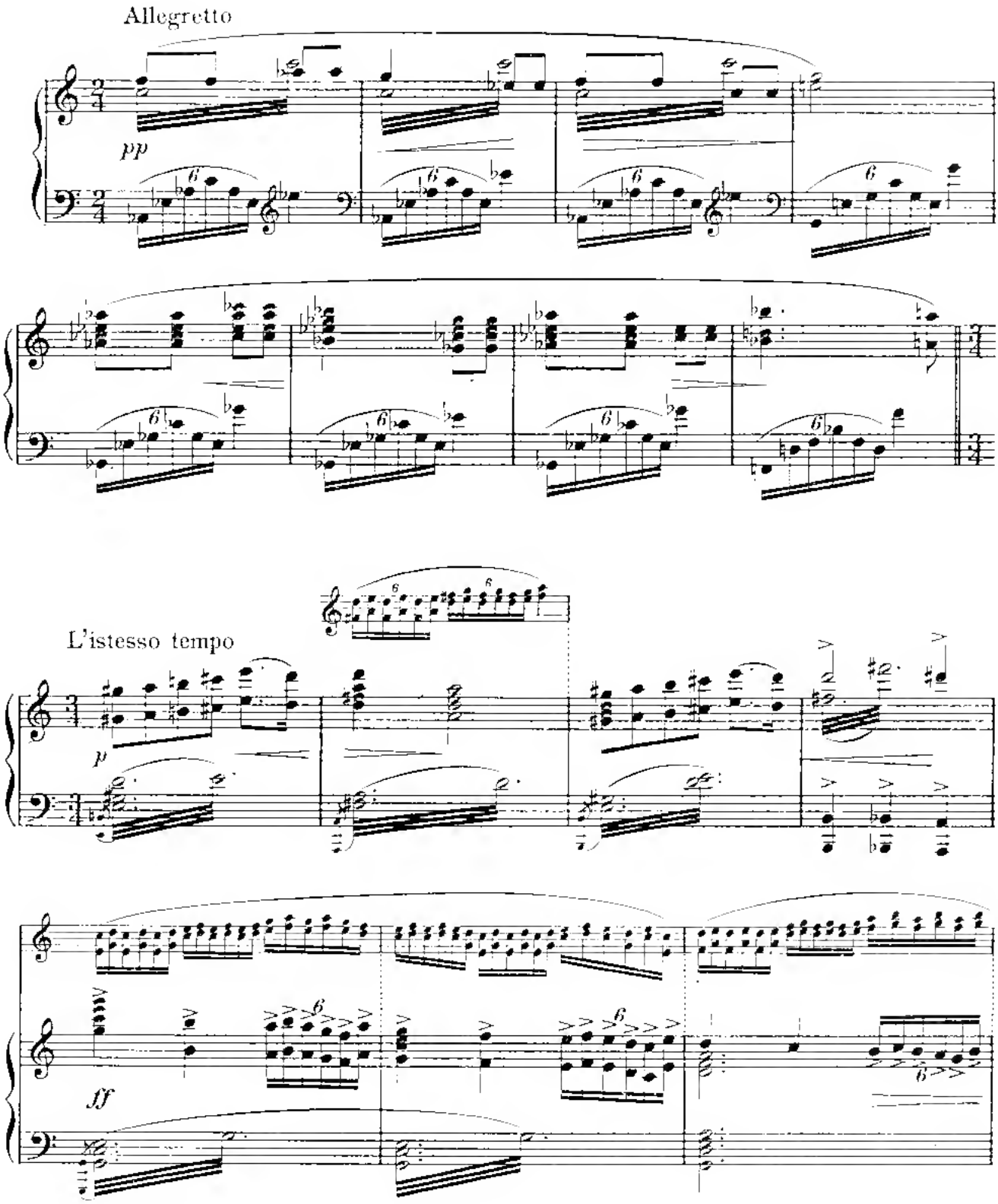

Ilma.
Lilia.
Kiss
light. Oh, you're all right. You're learning much too fast.
p
pp
rit.
Lilia. animato
That is les-son num-ber two, That is what a man should do,
pp animato
Ea-sy with a great big E. And sim-ple as A. B. C.
Ev-'ry les-son that you get, You will like it bet-ter yet,
pp
You will say, "I broke a rule, Keep me, keep me af-ter school."
pp
f

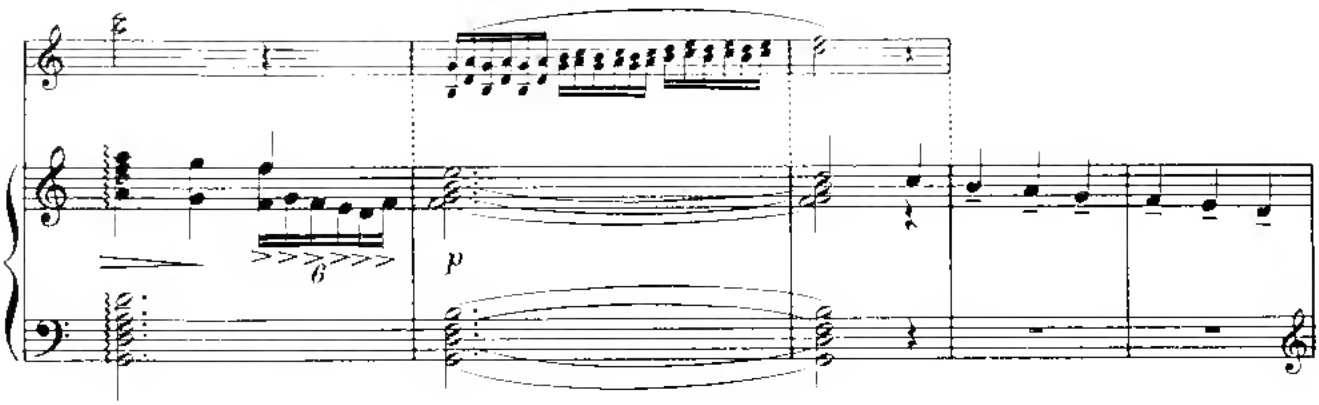

p
mf
f
rit.

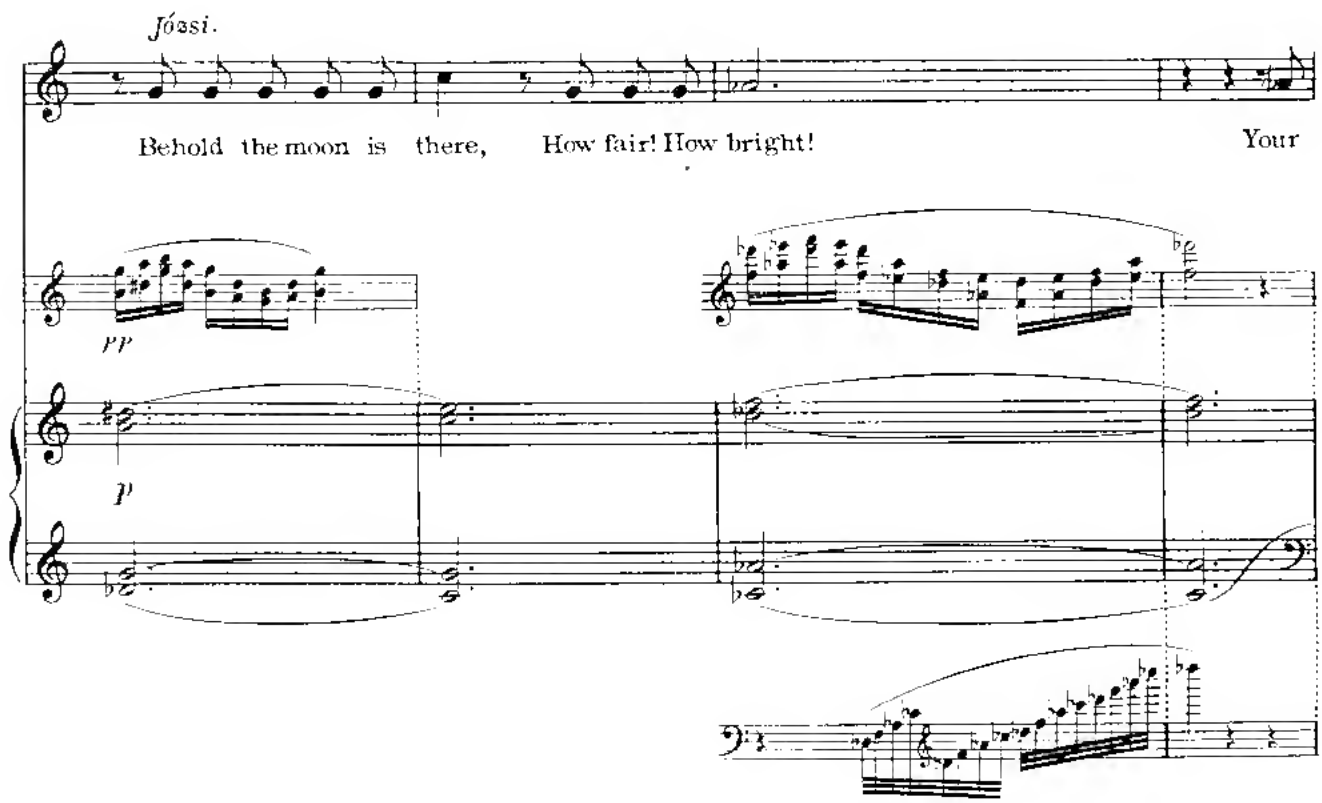
FINALE ACT 1.

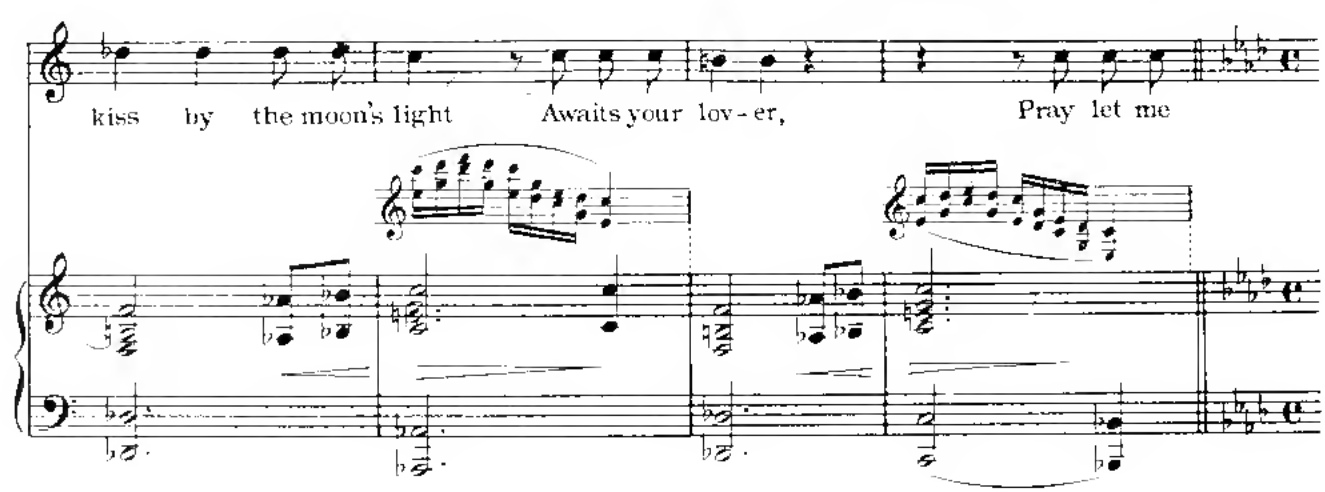
Words by
HARRY B. and ROB'T. B. SMITH.

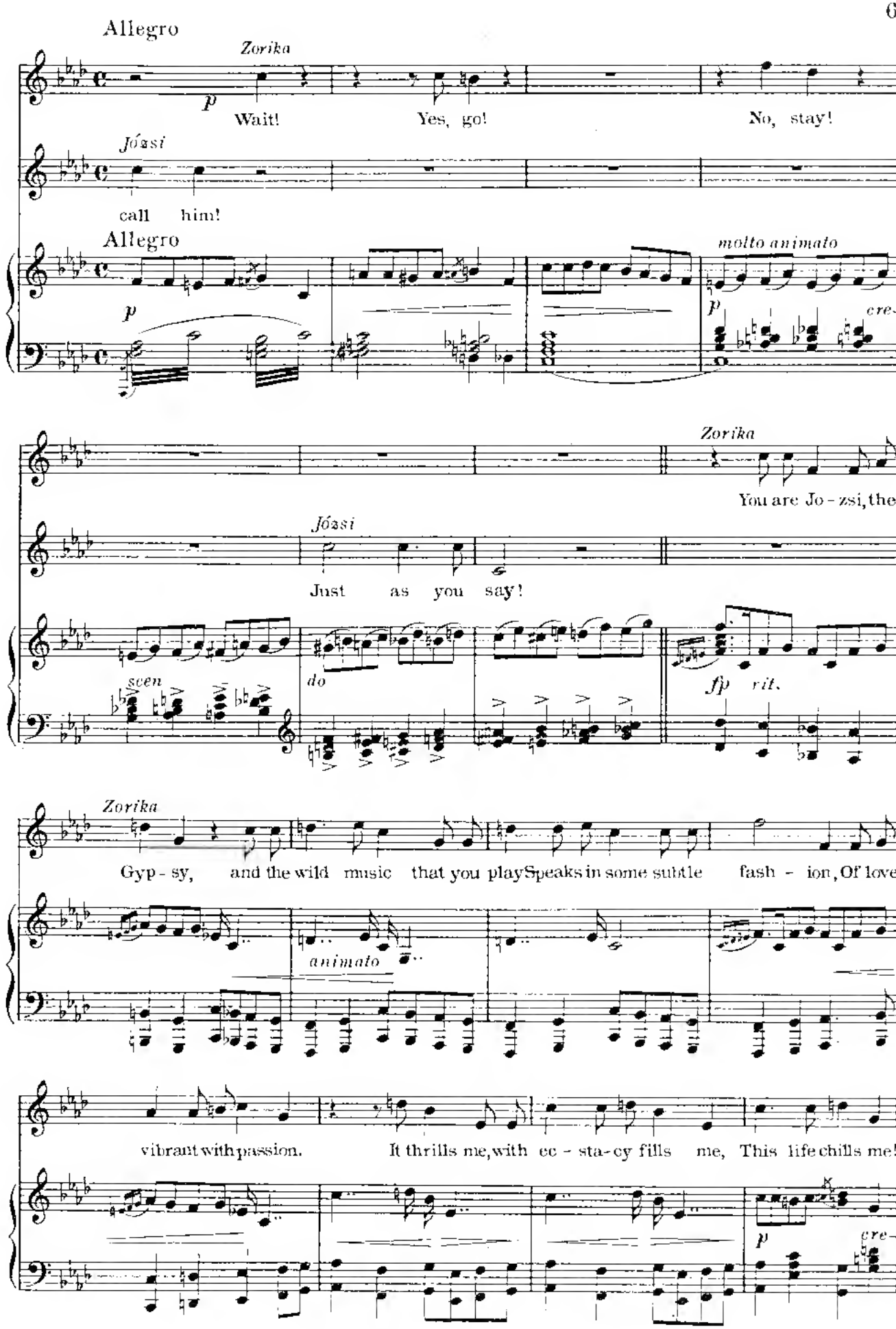
Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

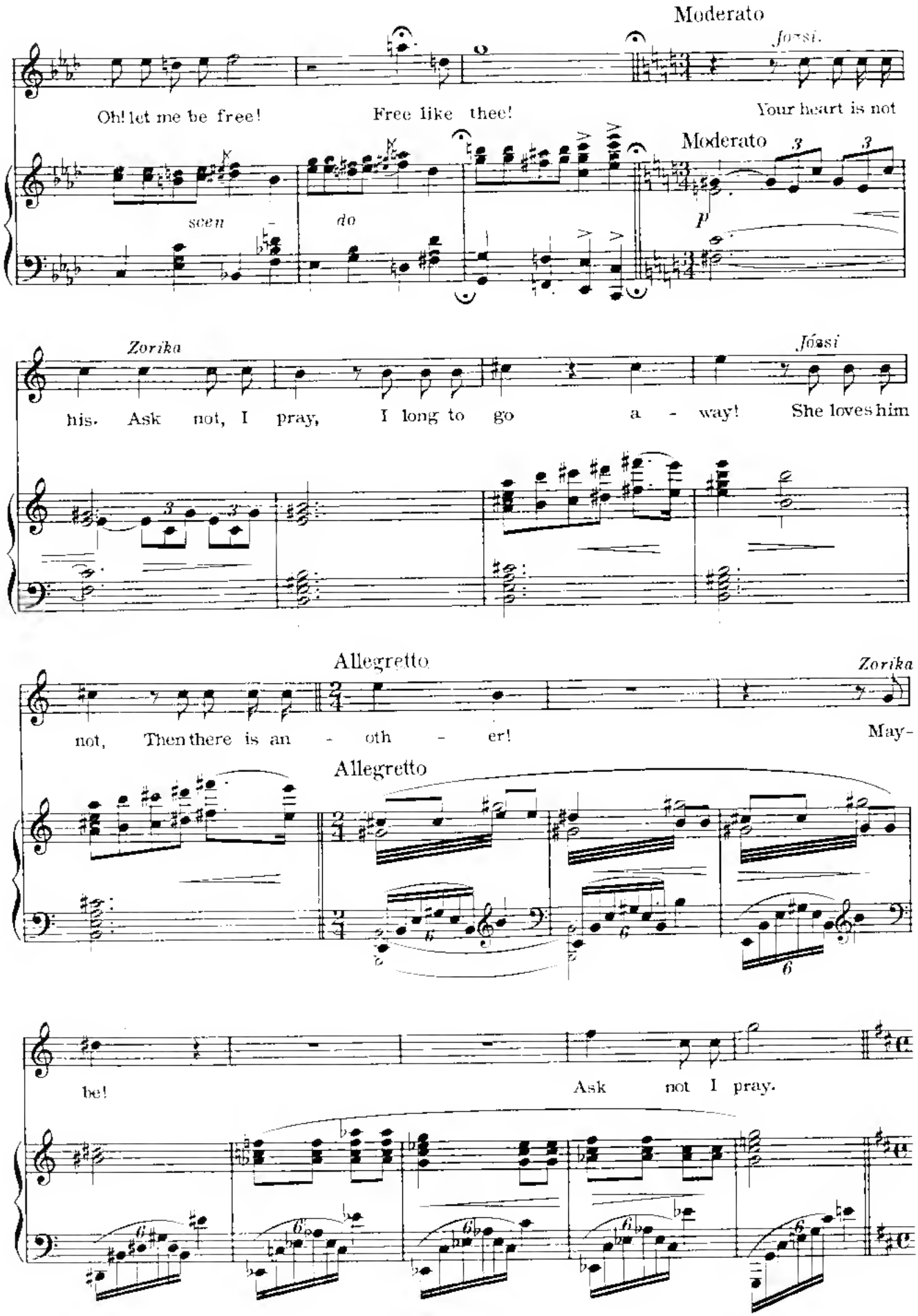


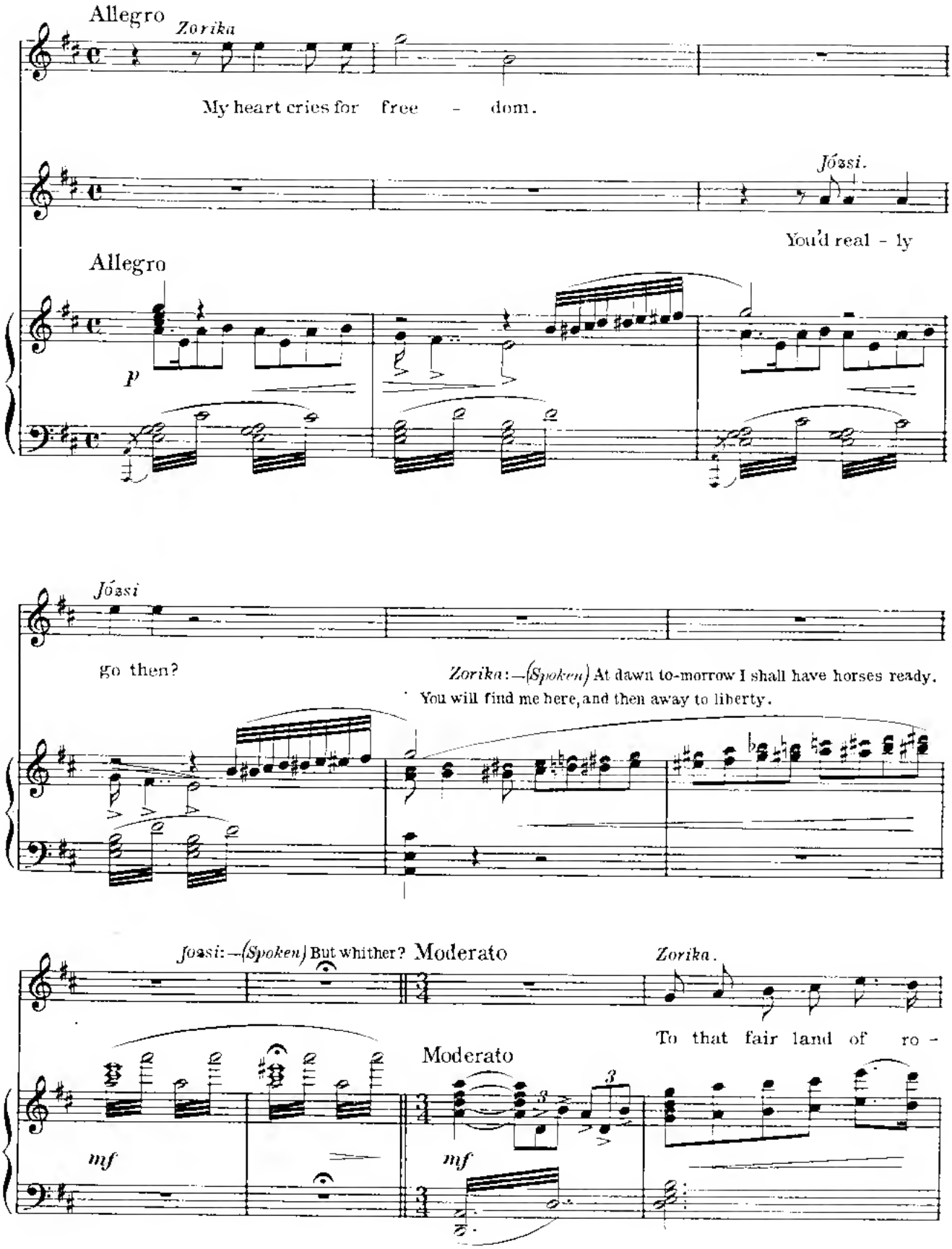

p

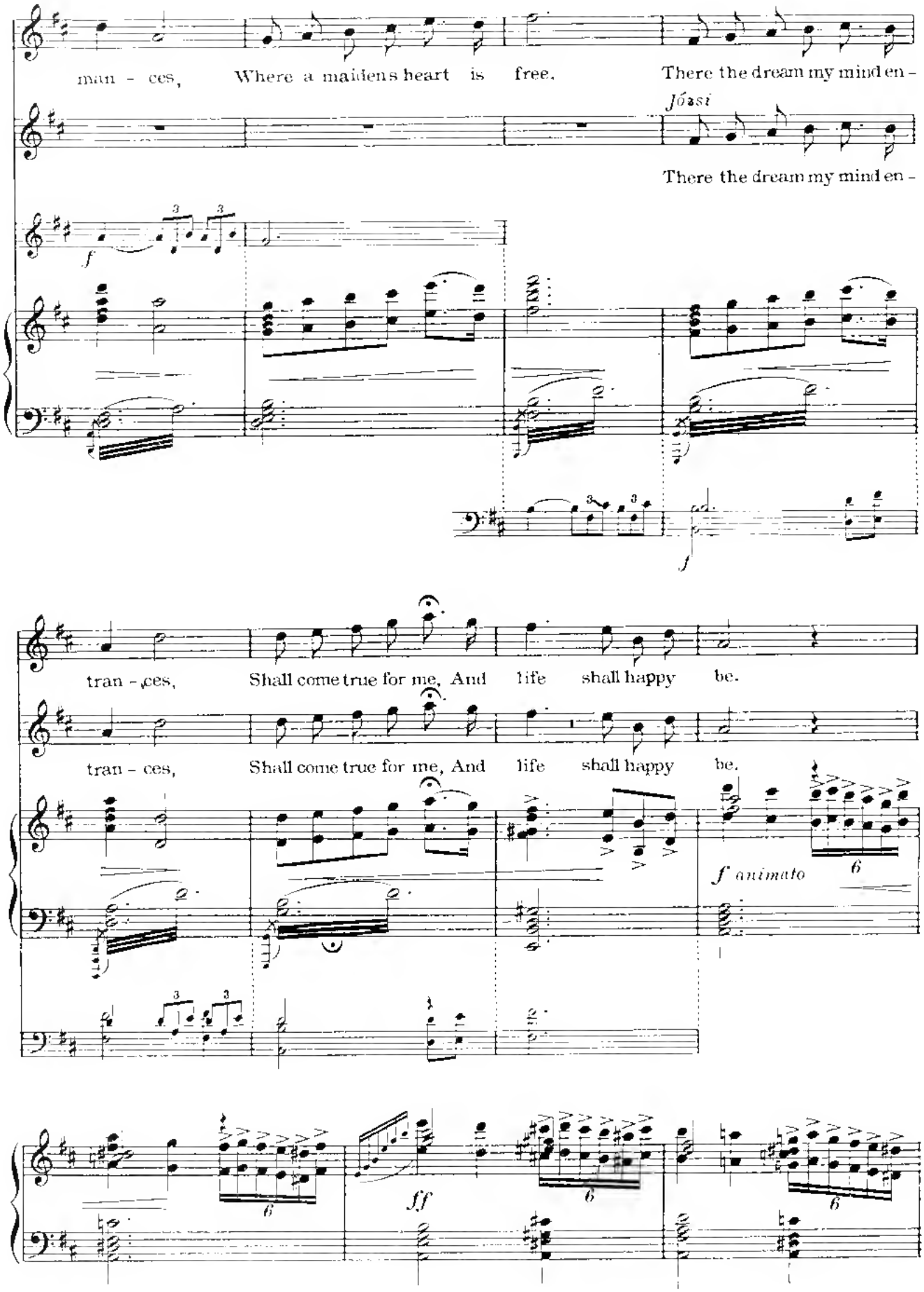

Jóasi.
Behold the moon is there, How fair! How bright! Your
pp
p

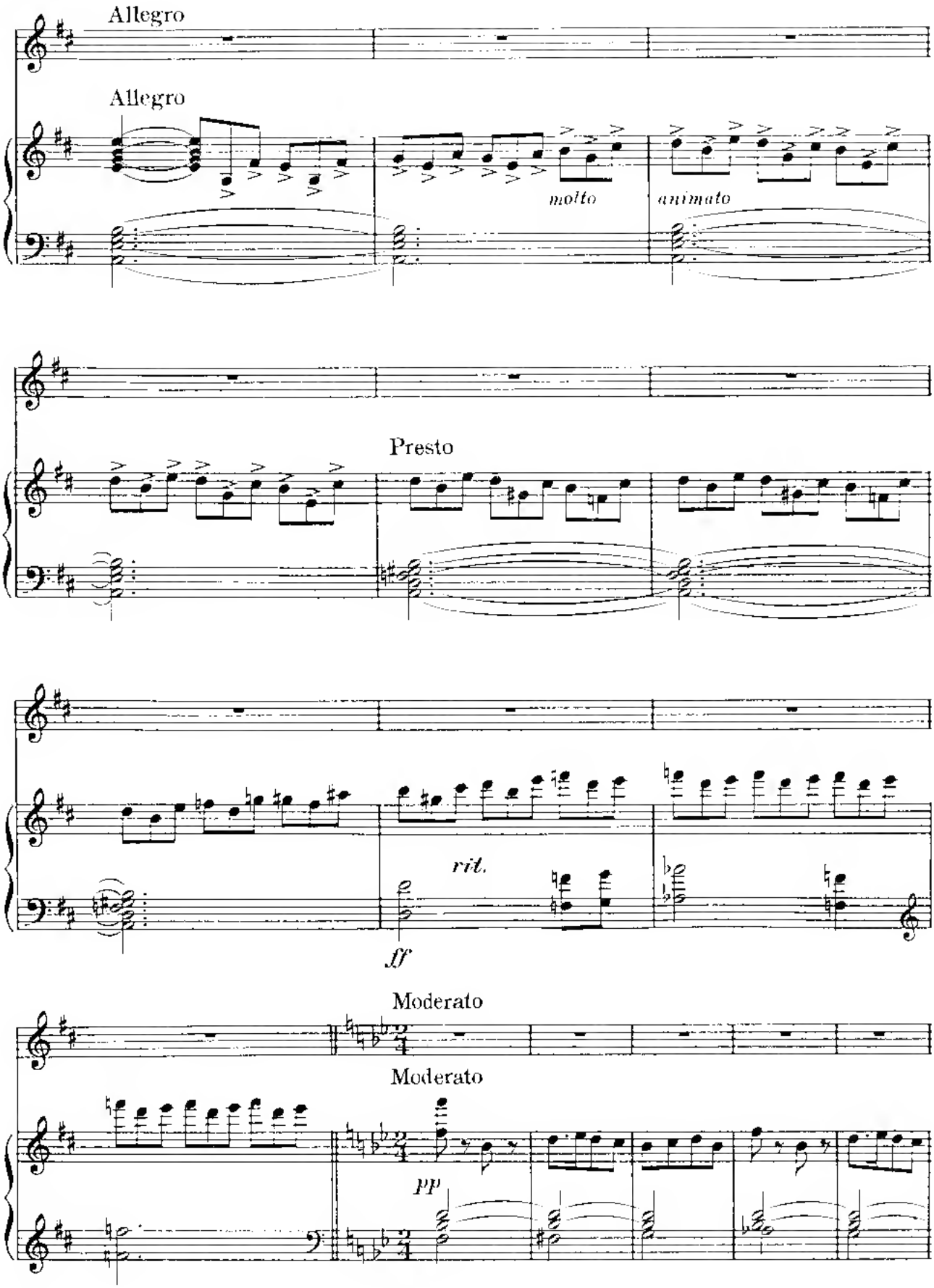

kiss by the moon's light Awaits your lov-er, Pray let me

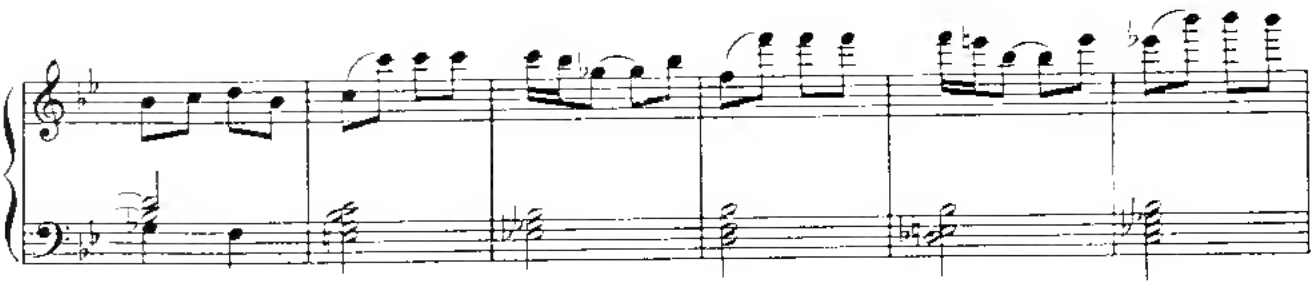

Allegro
Zorika
p
Wait!
Yes, go!
No, stay!
Jósasi
call him!
Allegro
molto animato
p
cre-
Zorika
You are Jo - zsi, the
Jósasi
Just as you say!
scen
do
fp
rit.
Zorika
Gyp - sy, and the wild music that you playSpeaks in some subtle fash - ion, Of love
animato
vibrant with passion.
It thrills me, with ec - sta - cy fills me, This life chills me!
p
cre-

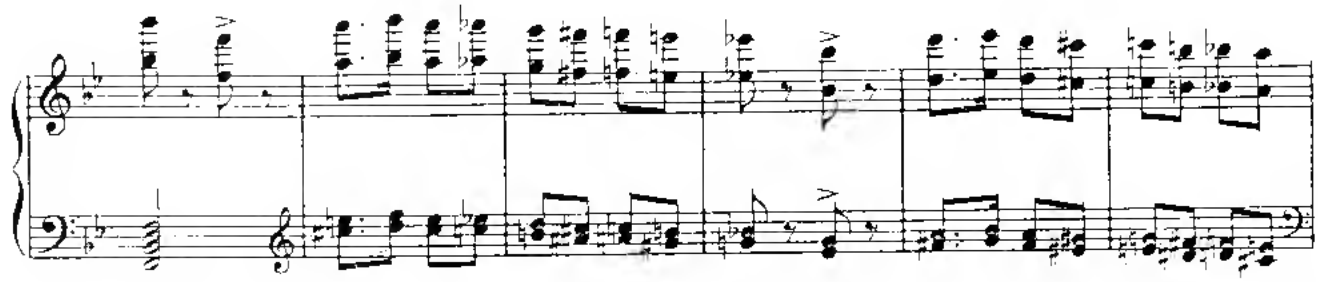

Moderato
Jósi.
Oh! let me be free!
Free like thee!
Your heart is not
Moderato
scen - do
p
Zorika
Jósi
his. Ask not, I pray, I long to go a - way! She loves him
Allegretto
Zorika
not, Then there is an - oth - er!
May-
Allegretto
be!
Ask not I pray.


Allegro
Zorika
My heart cries for free - dom.
Jósi.
You'd real - ly
Allegro
p
Jósi
go then?
Zorika:—(Spoken) At dawn to-morrow I shall have horses ready.
You will find me here, and then away to liberty.
Josi:—(Spoken) But whither? Moderato
Zorika.
To that fair land of ro -
Moderato
mf
mf

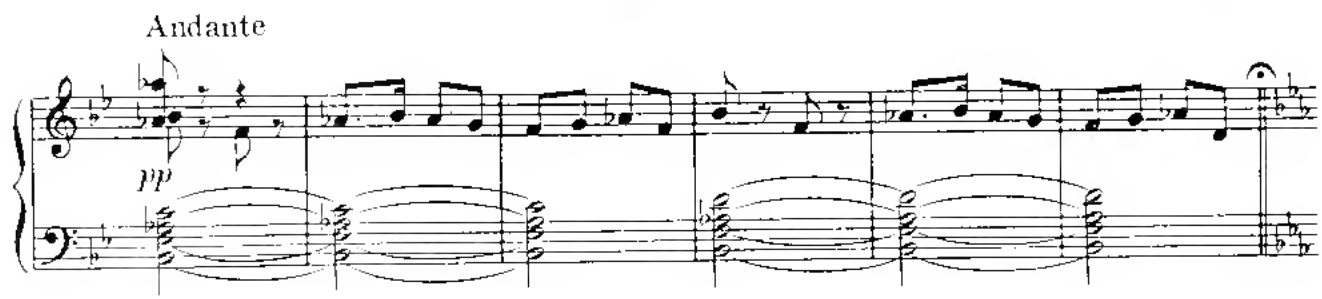

man - ces, Where a maidens heart is free. There the dream my mind en -
Jósasi
There the dream my mind en -
f
f
tran - ces, Shall come true for me, And life shall happy be.
tran - ces, Shall come true for me, And life shall happy be.
f animato
ff


Allegro
Allegro
molto
animato
Presto
rit.
ff
Moderato
Moderato
pp

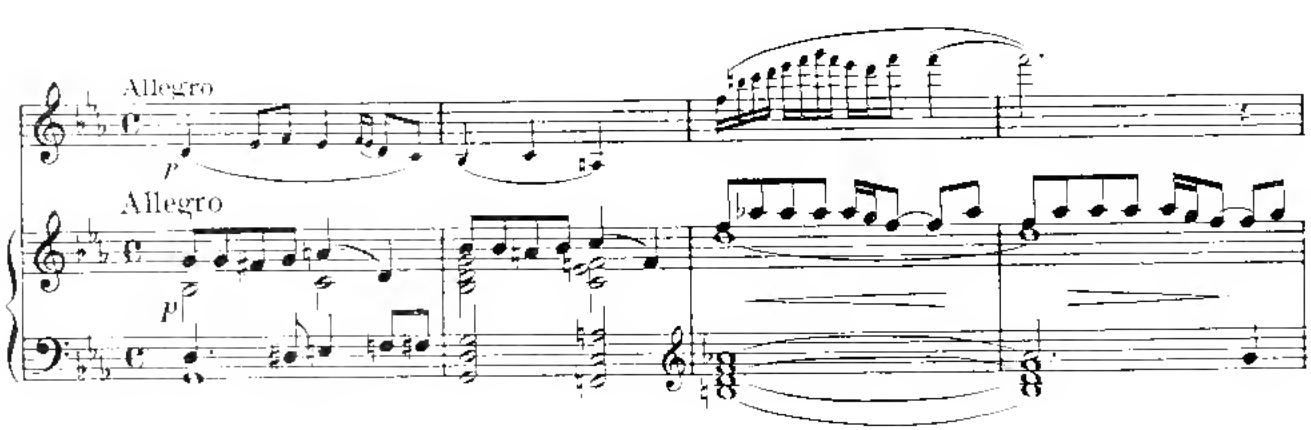


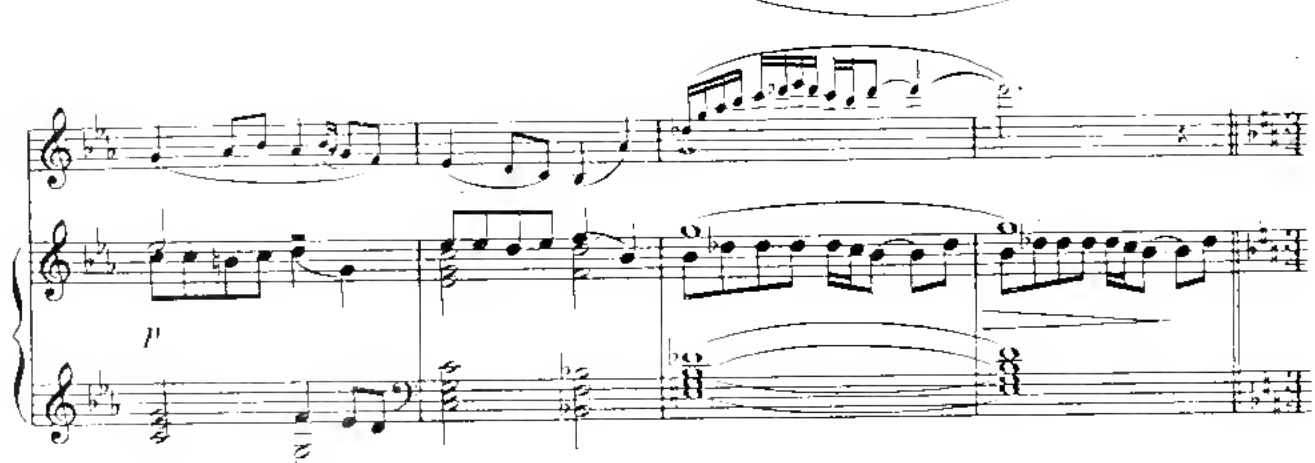


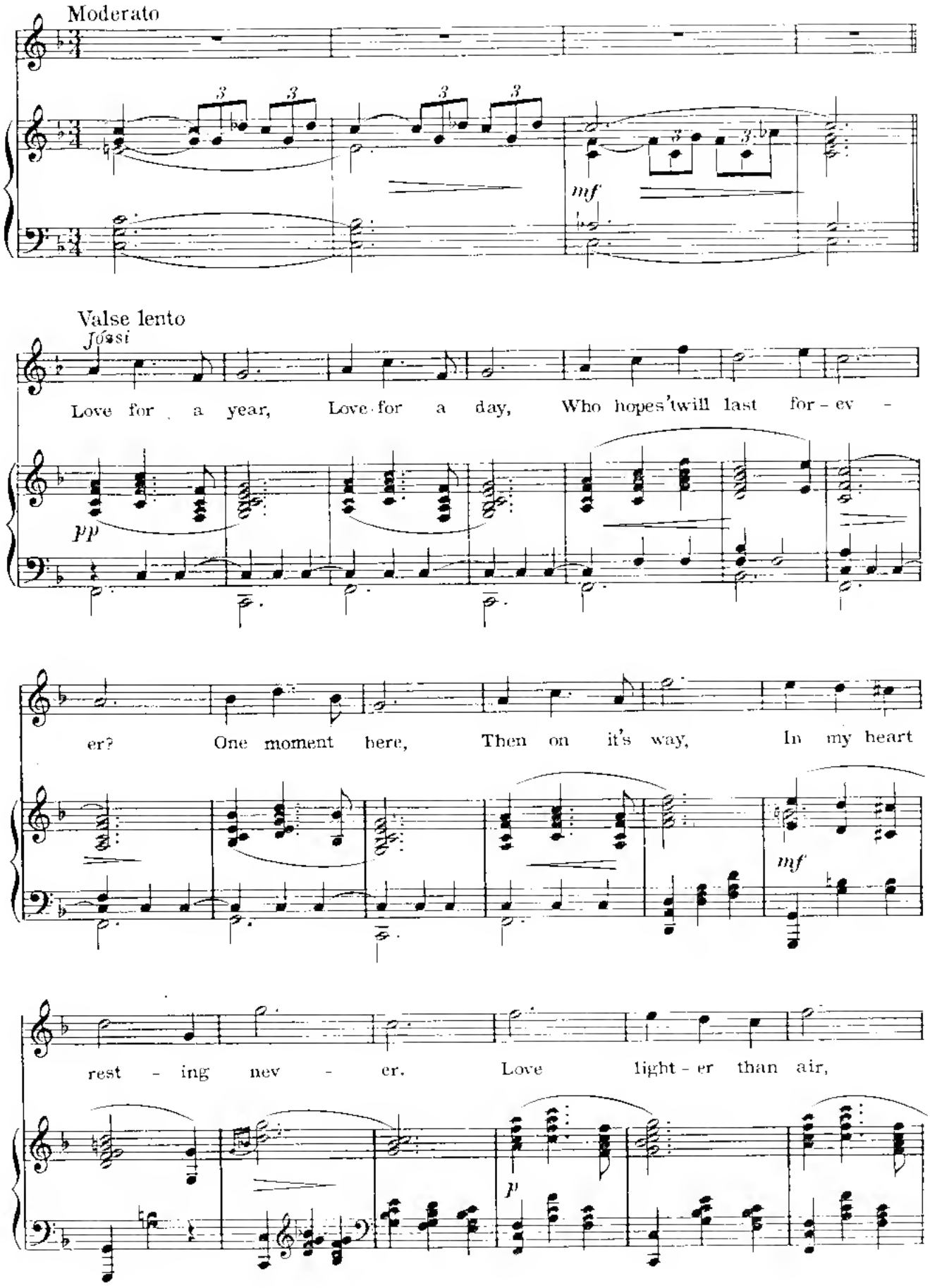
Andante

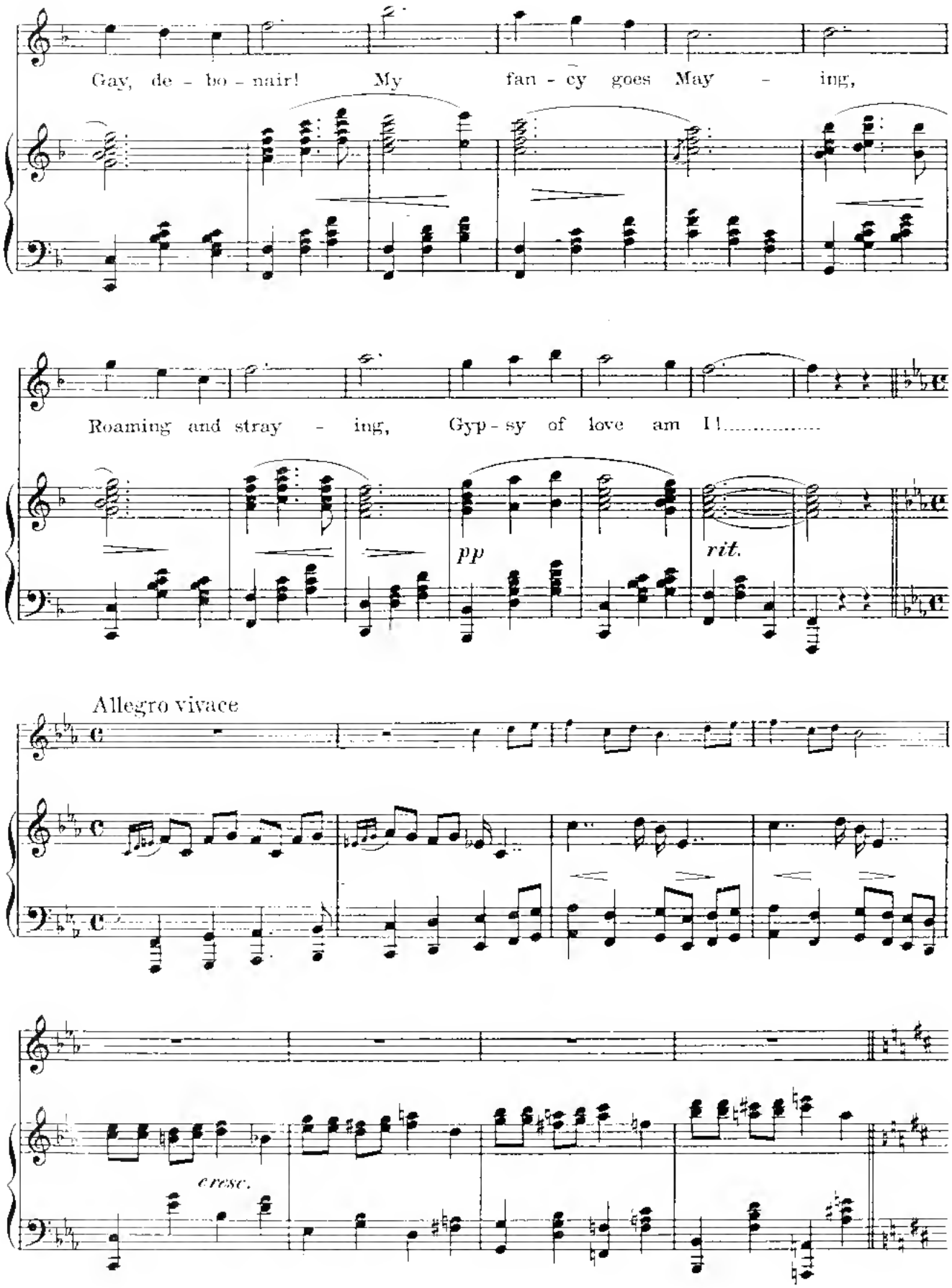


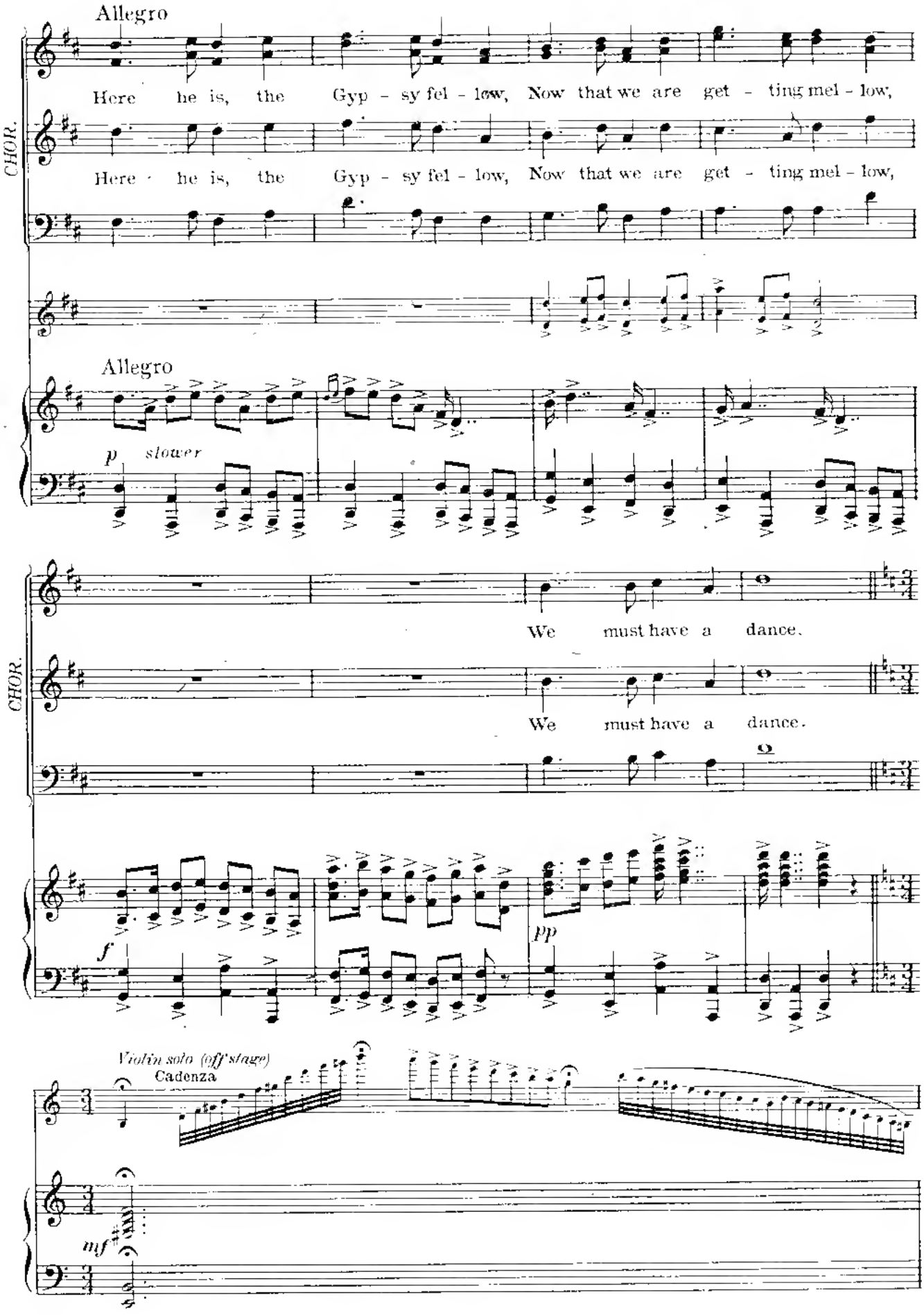
Allegro

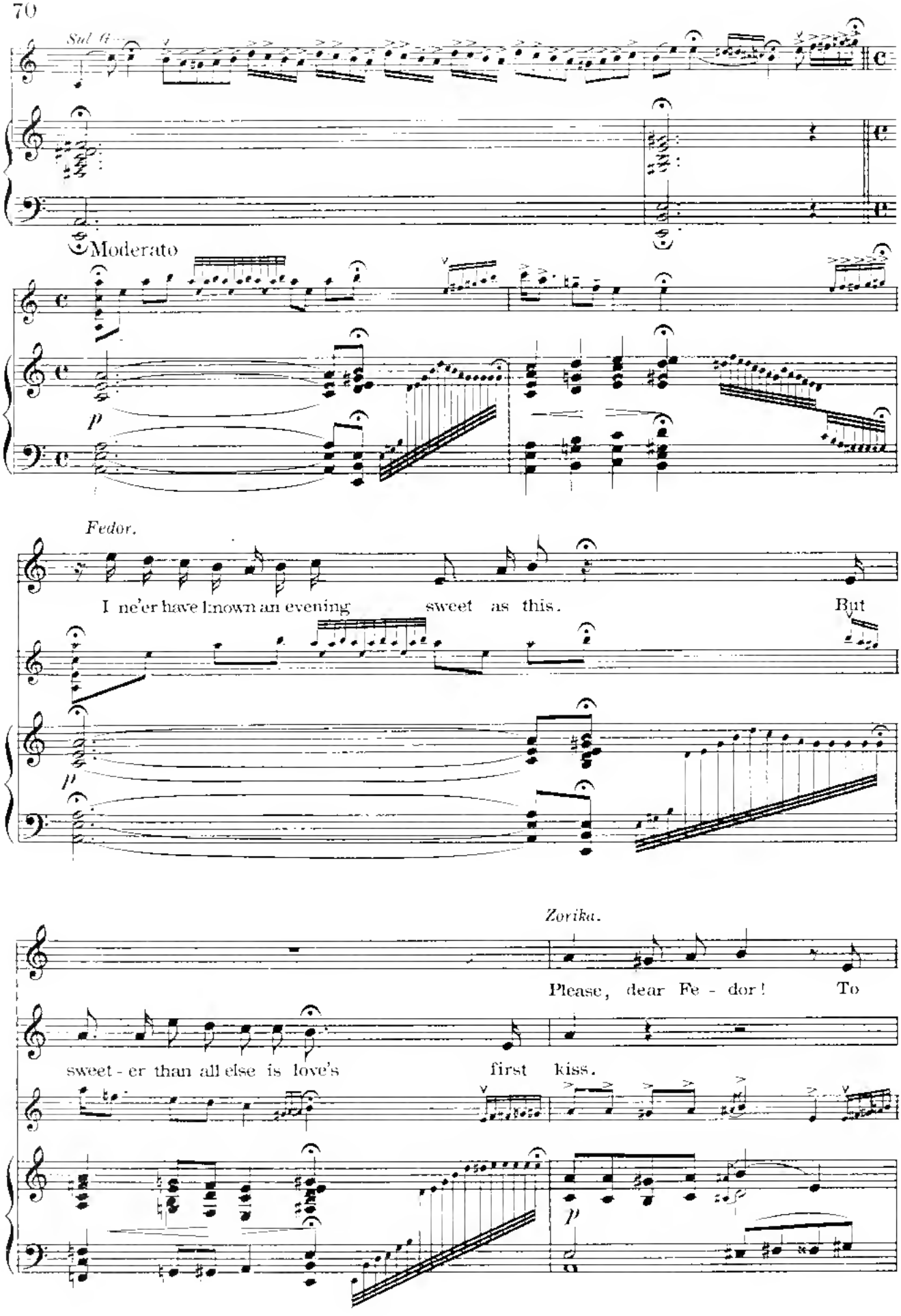


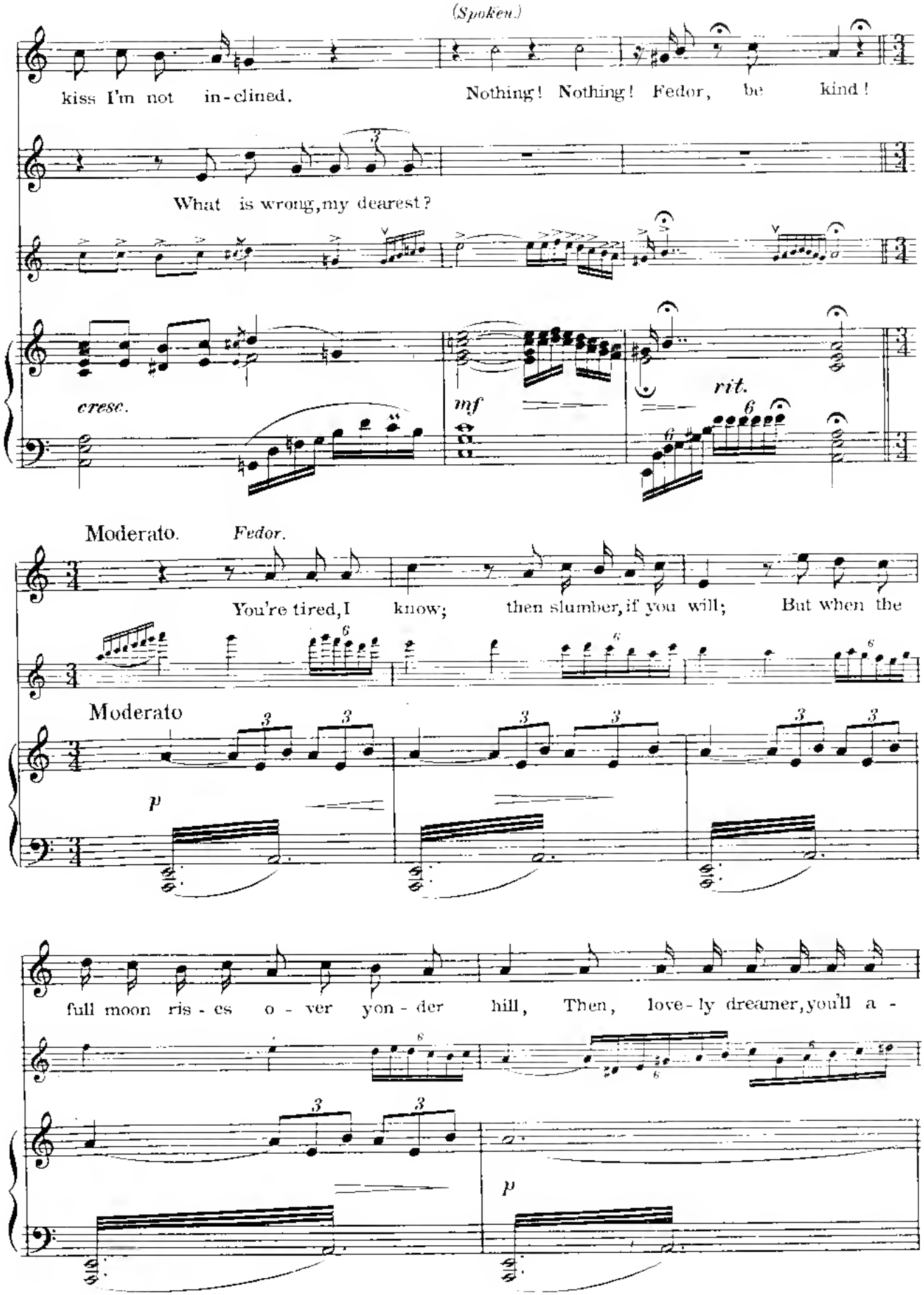


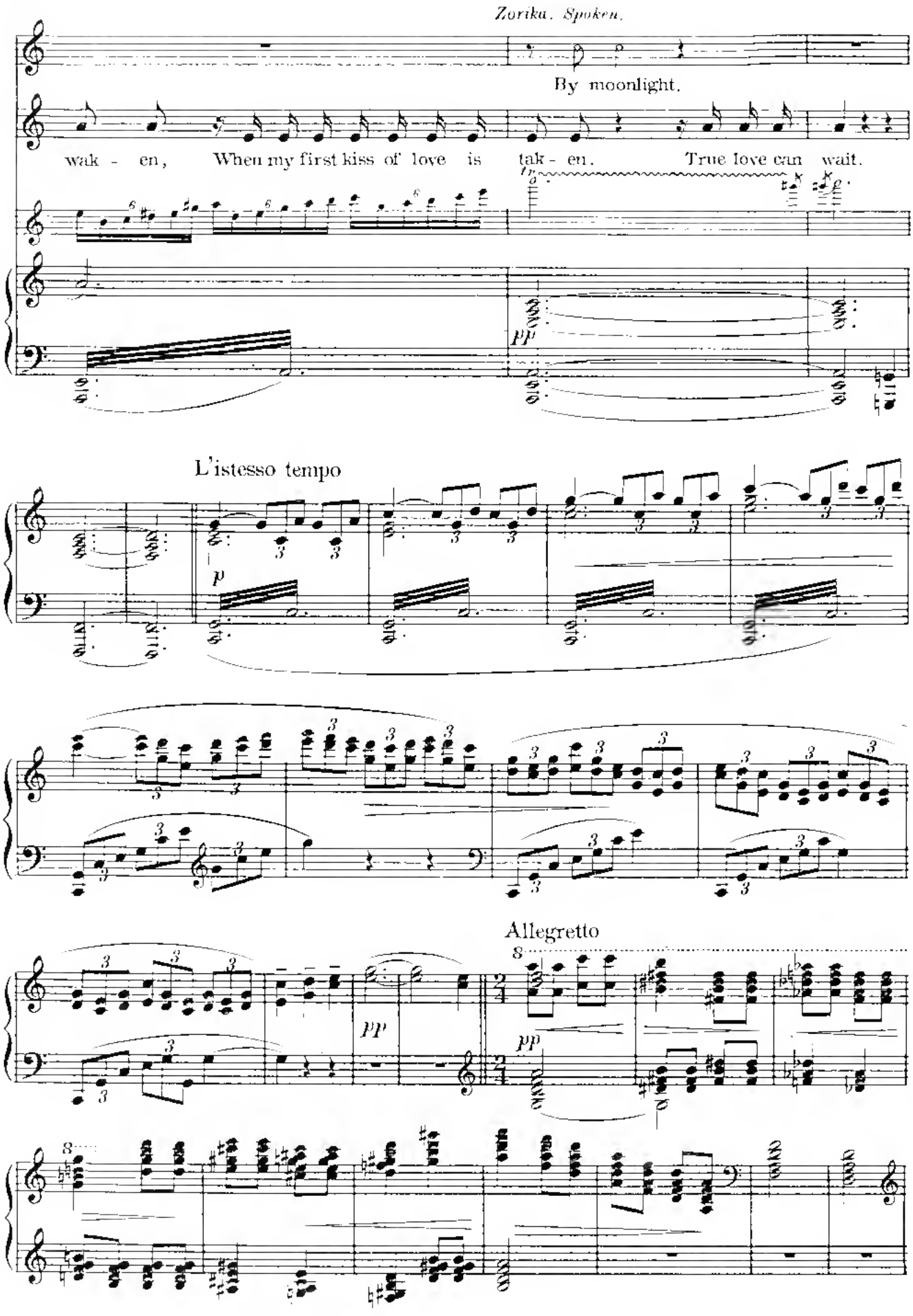

Moderato
mf
Valse lento
Jóssi
Love for a year, Love for a day, Who hopes 'twill last for - ev -
pp
er? One moment here, Then on it's way, In my heart
mf
rest - ing nev - er. Love light - er than air,
p

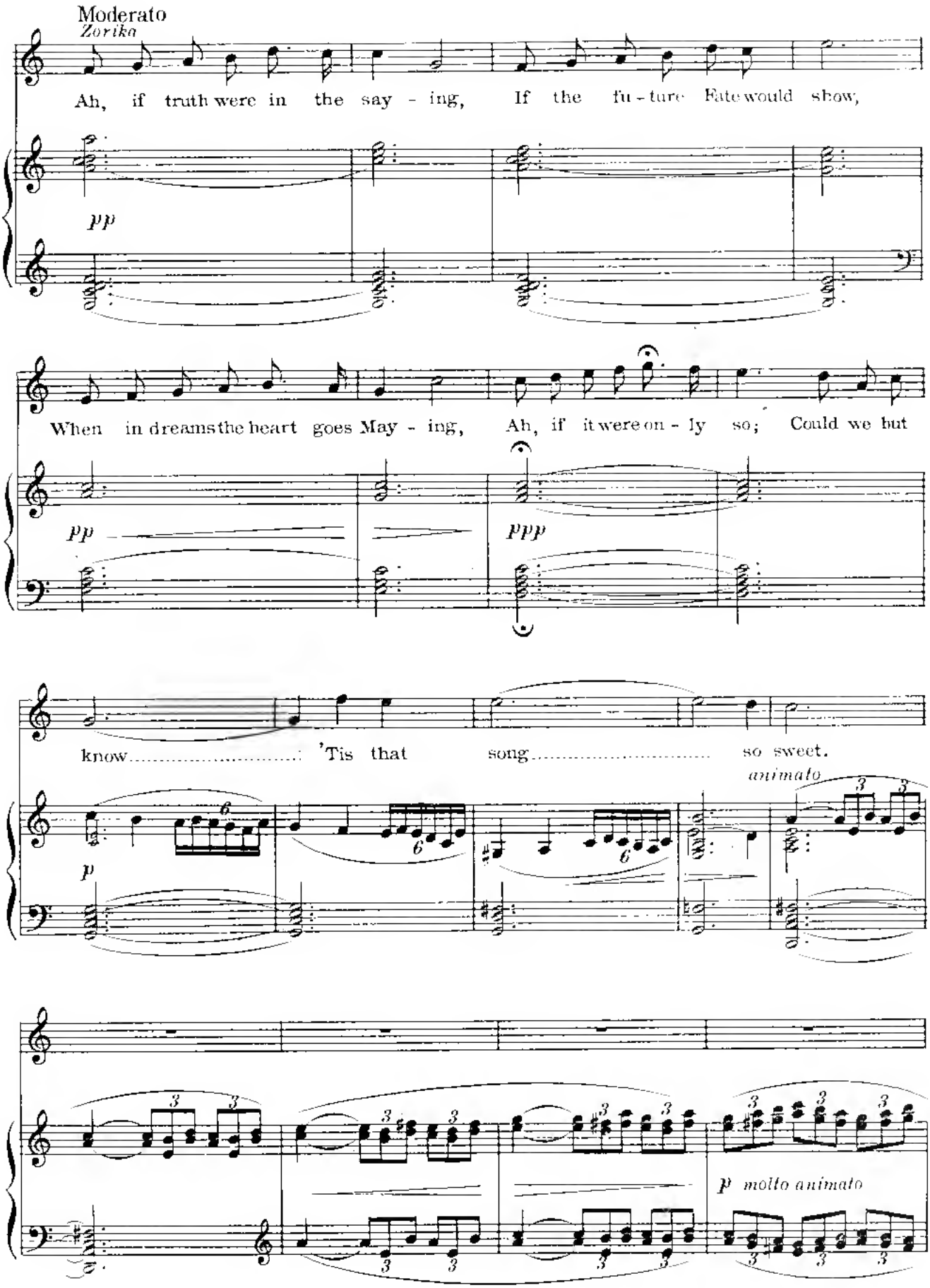

Gay, de - bo - nair! My fan - cy goes May - ing,
Roaming and stray - ing, Gyp - sy of love am I!
pp
rit.
Allegro vivace
cresc.

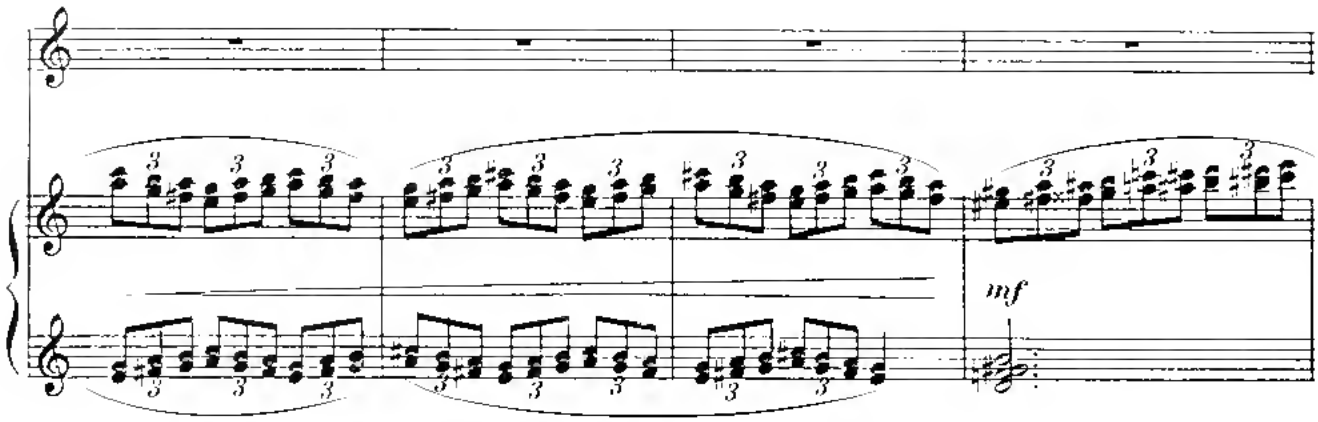

Allegro
Here he is, the Gyp - sy fel - low, Now that we are get - ting mel - low,
CHOR.
Here he is, the Gyp - sy fel - low, Now that we are get - ting mel - low,
Allegro
p slower
We must have a dance.
CHOR.
We must have a dance.
f
pp
Violin solo (off stage)
Cadenza
mf

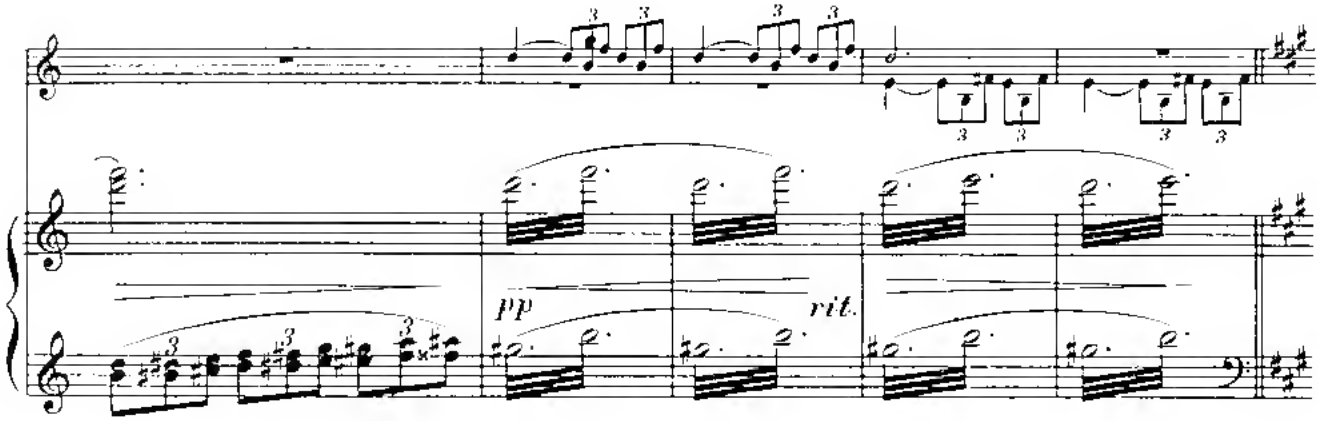

Sul G
Moderato
p
Fedor.
I ne'er have known an evening sweet as this. But
p
Zorika.
Please, dear Fe - dor! To
sweet - er than all else is love's first kiss.
p


(Spoken.)
kiss I'm not in-clined.
Nothing! Nothing! Fedor, be kind!
What is wrong, my dearest?
cresc.
mf
rit.
Moderato.
Fedor.
You're tired, I know; then slumber, if you will; But when the
Moderato
p
full moon ris-es o-ver yon-der hill, Then, love-ly dreamer, you'll a-
p

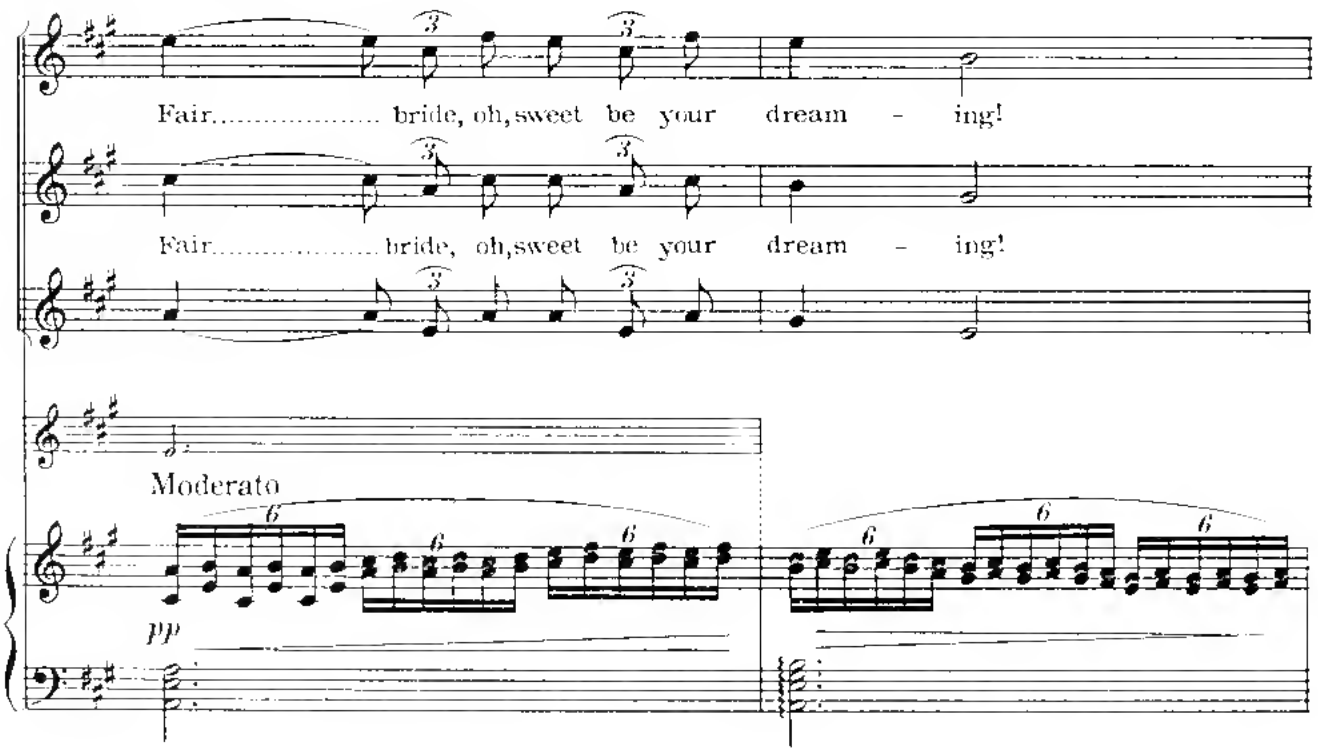

Zorika. Spoken.
By moonlight.
wak - en, When my first kiss of love is tak - en. True love can wait.
pp
L'istesso tempo
p
Allegretto
pp
pp

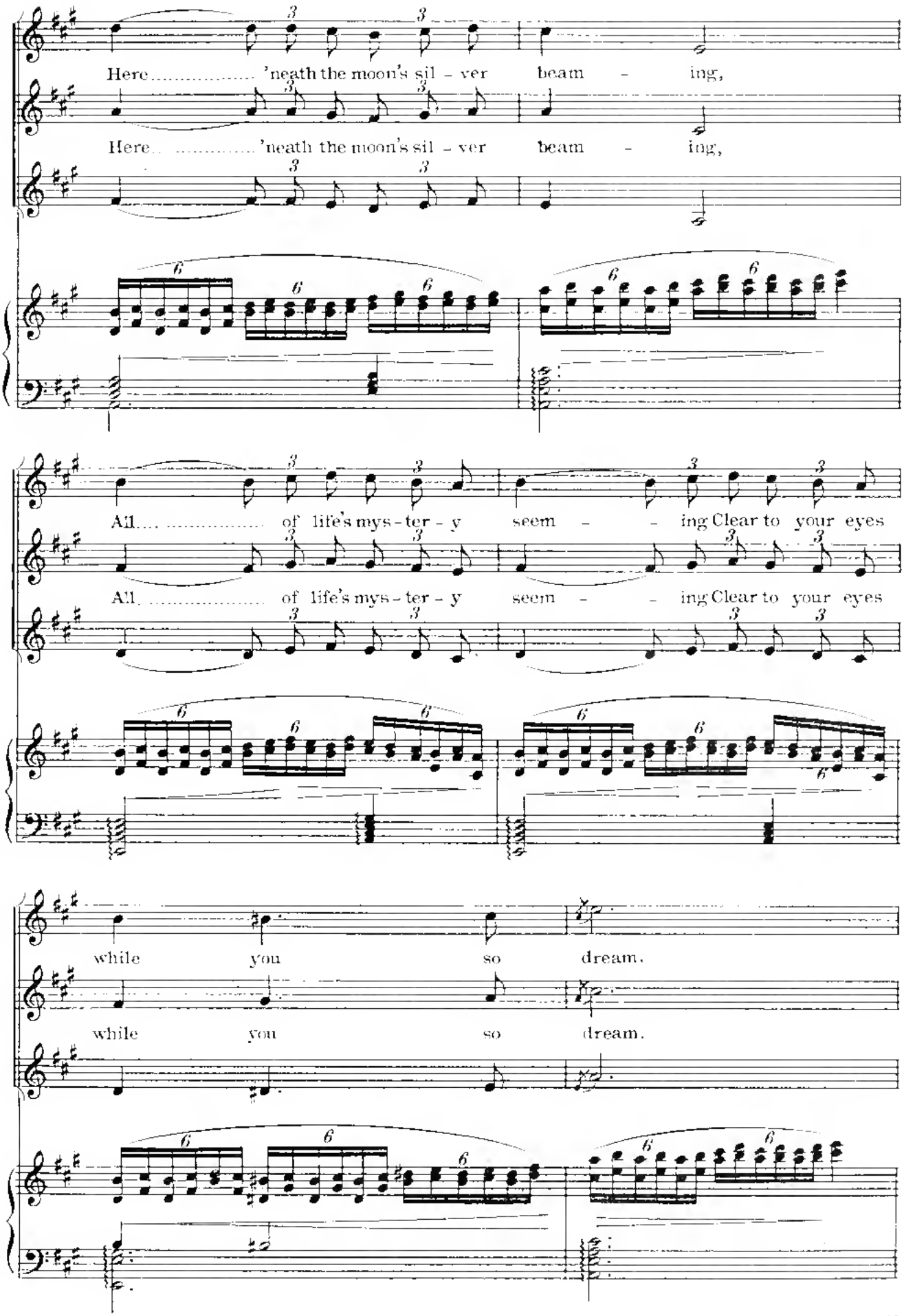

Moderato
Zorika
Ah, if truth were in the say - ing, If the fu - ture Fate would show,
pp
When in dreams the heart goes May - ing, Ah, if it were on - ly so; Could we but
pp
ppp
know 'Tis that song so sweet.
animato
p
p molto animato

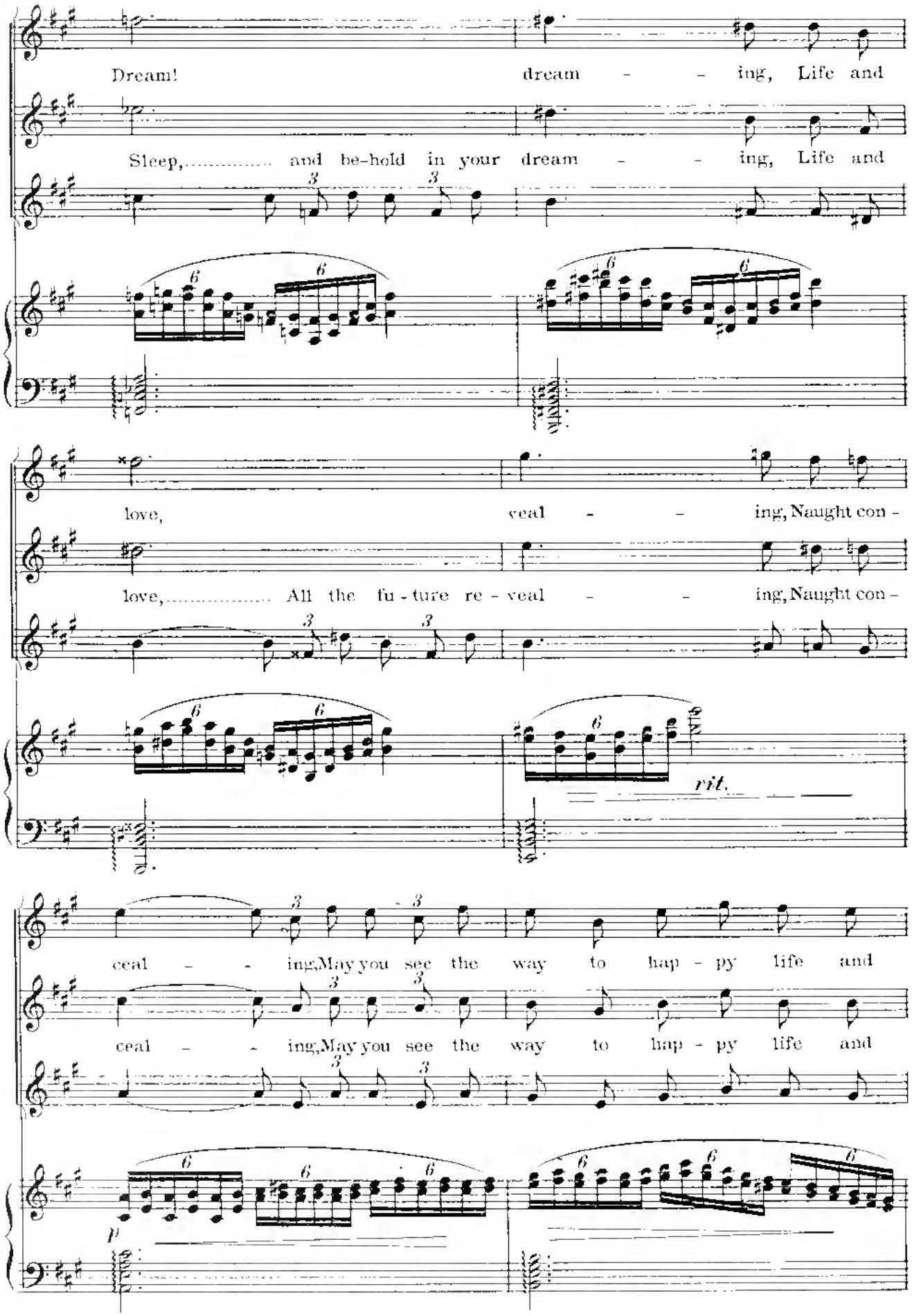

mf

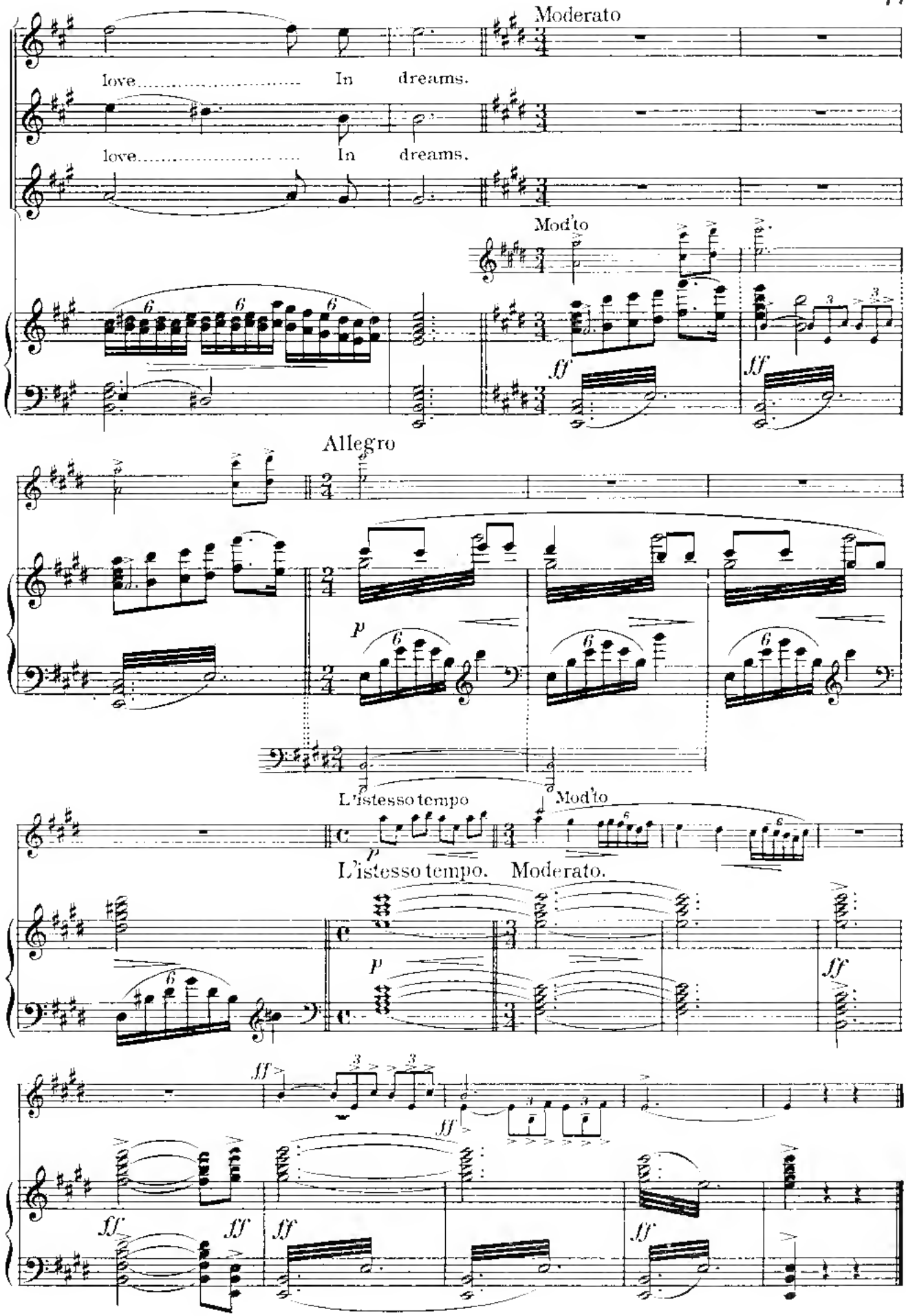

pp
rit.

Moderato


Fair..... bride, oh, sweet be your dream - ing!
Fair..... bride, oh, sweet be your dream - ing!
Moderato
pp


Here 'neath the moon's sil - ver beam - ing,
Here 'neath the moon's sil - ver beam - ing,
All of life's mys - ter - y seem - - ing Clear to your eyes
All of life's mys - ter - y seem - - ing Clear to your eyes
while you so dream.
while you so dream.


Dream! dream - - ing, Life and
Sleep, and be-hold in your dream - - ing, Life and
love, veal - - ing, Naught con -
love, All the fu - ture re - veal - - ing, Naught con -
rit.
ceal - - ing, May you see the way to hap - py life and
ceal - - ing, May you see the way to hap - py life and
p

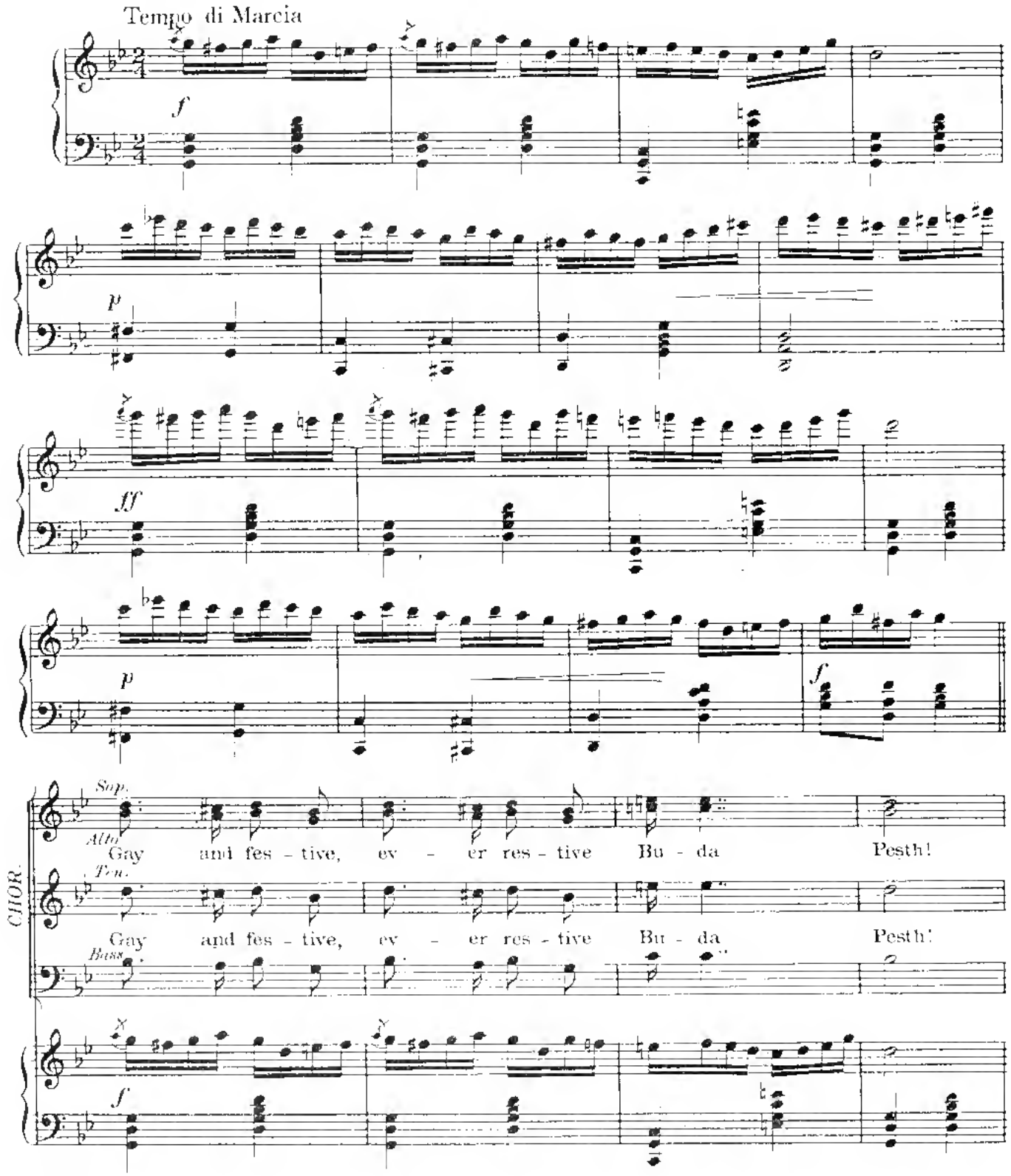

Moderato
love In dreams.
love In dreams.
Mod'to
ff
ff
Allegro
p
L'istesso tempo
Mod'to
p
L'istesso tempo. Moderato.
p
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff
ff

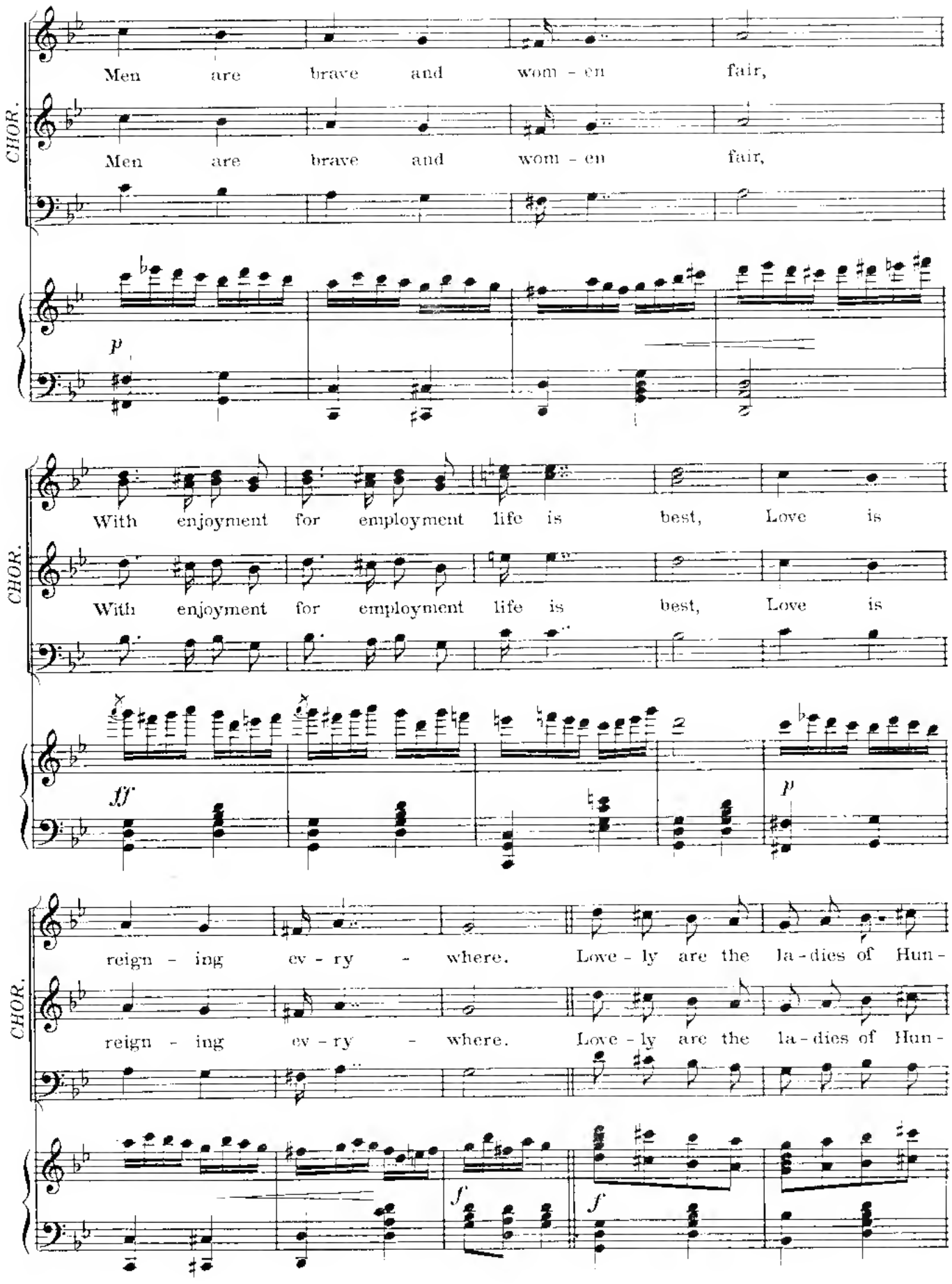
OPENING CHORUS, ACT II.

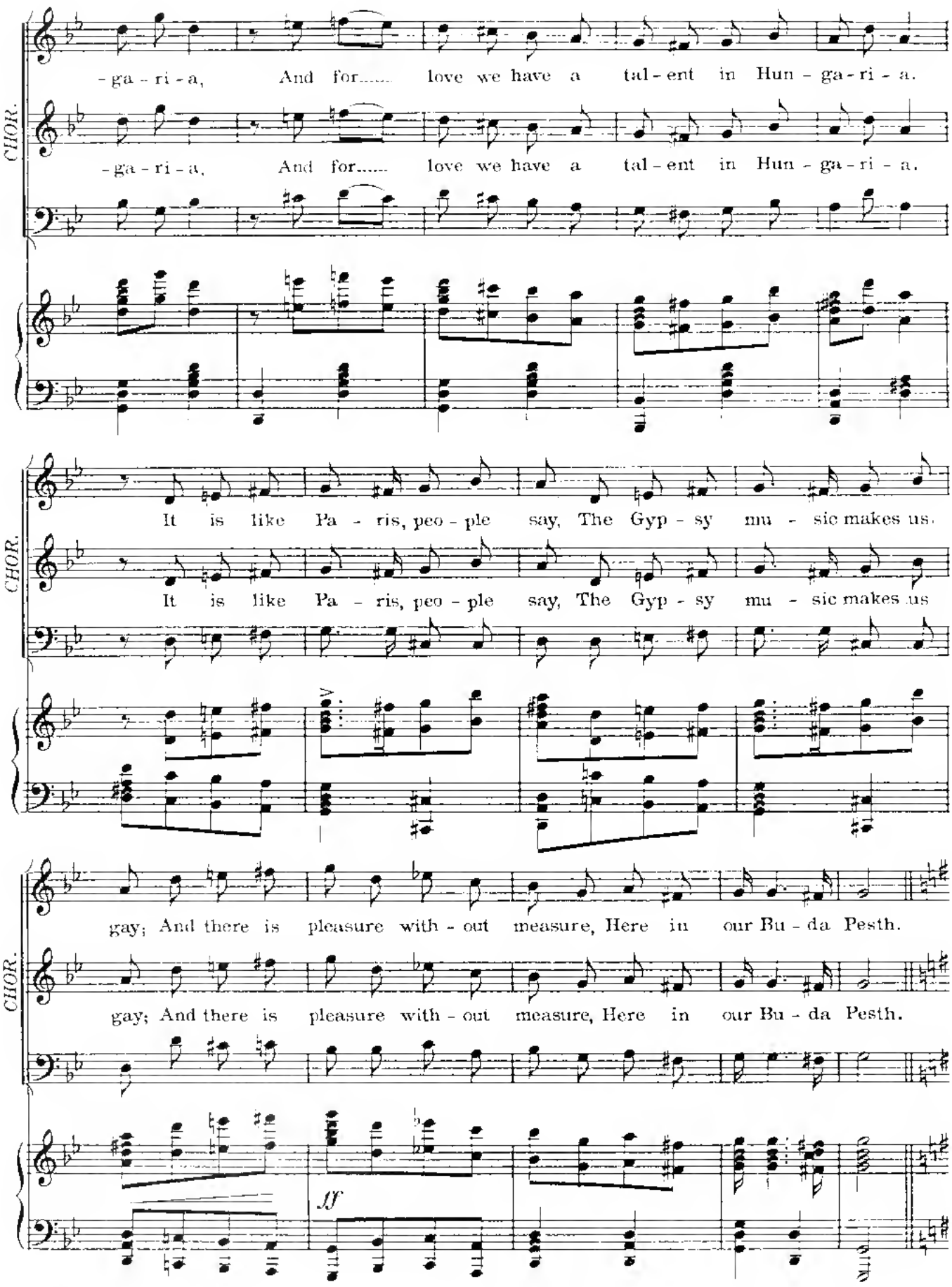
Mikel and Chorus.

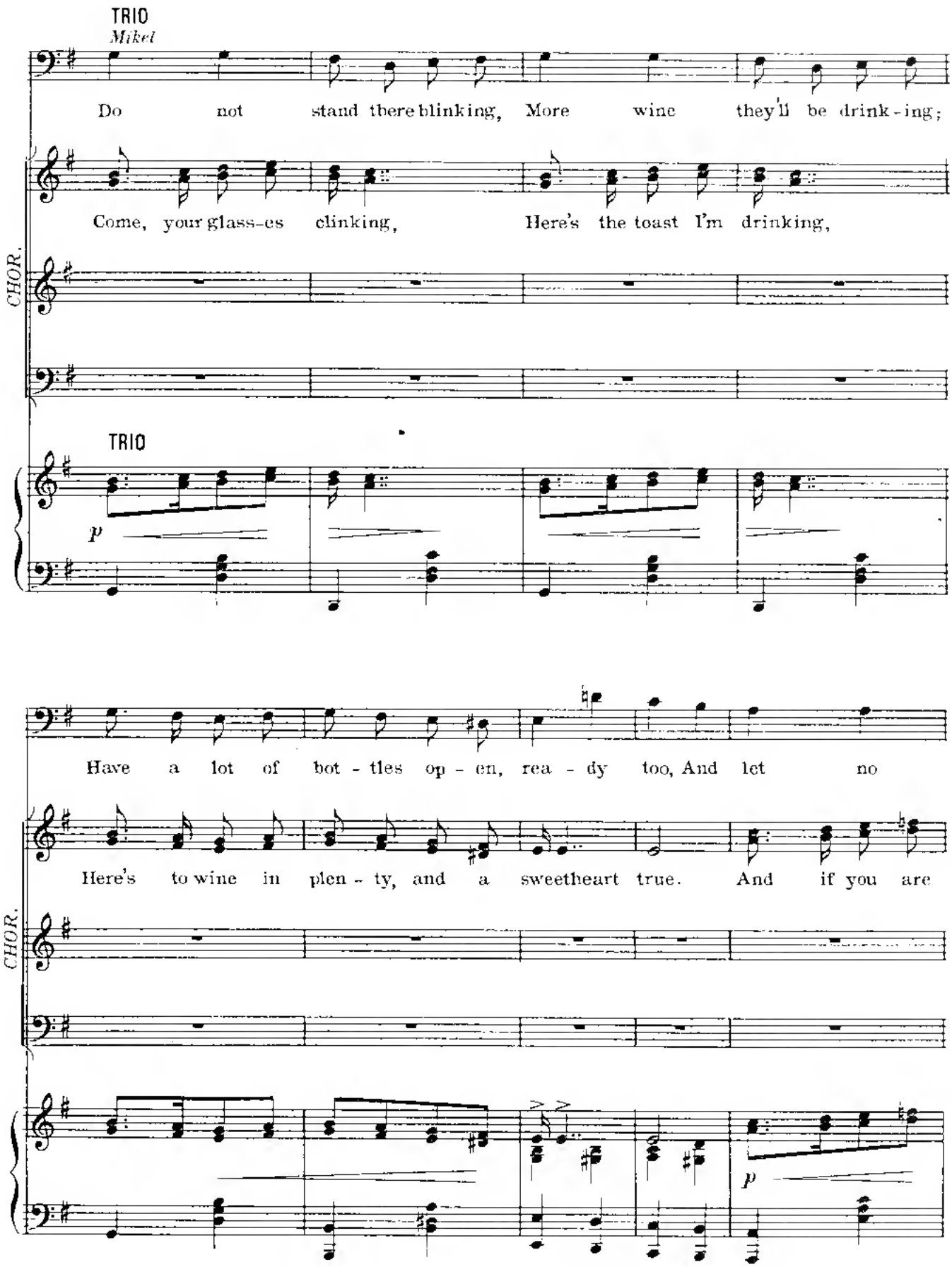
Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

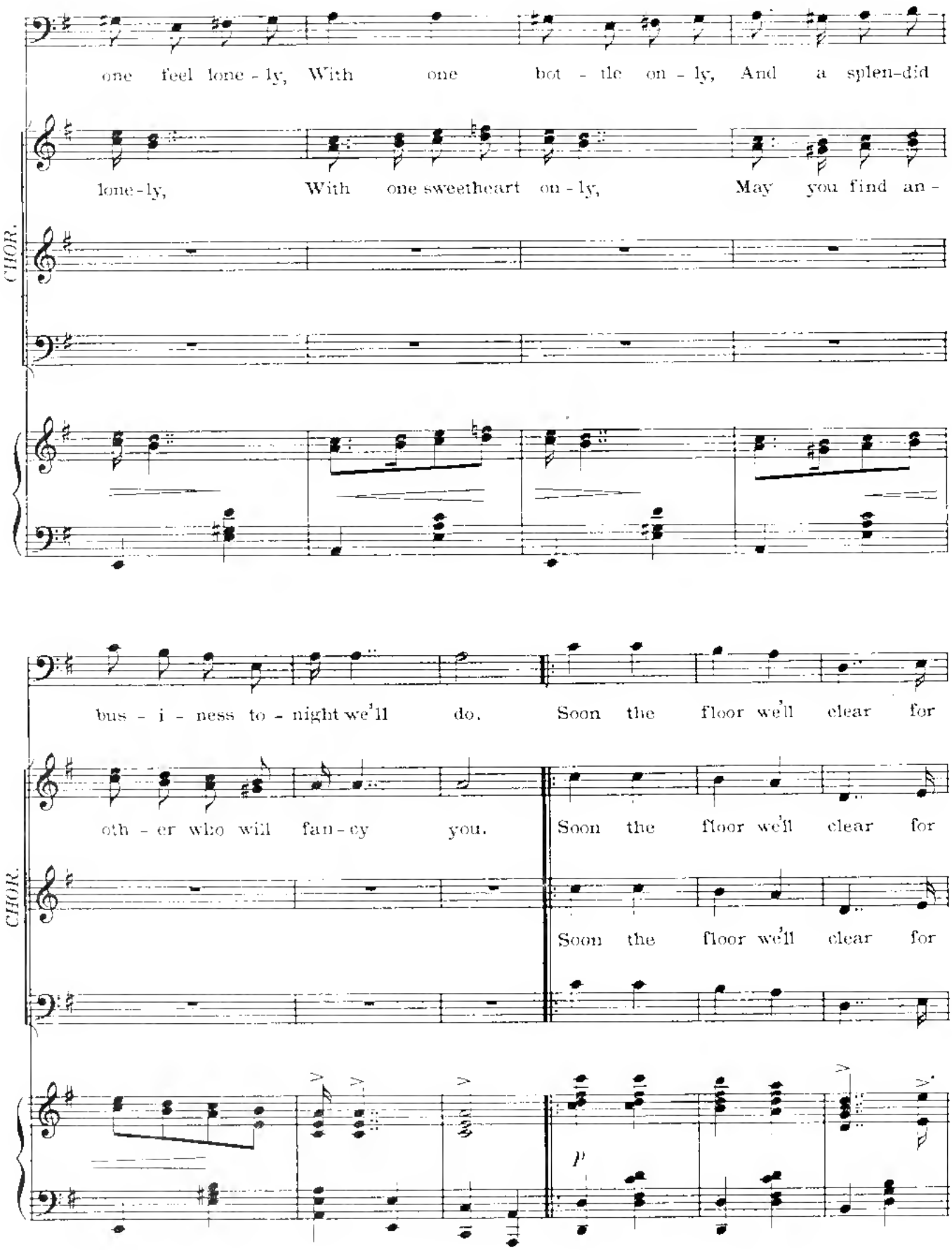
Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

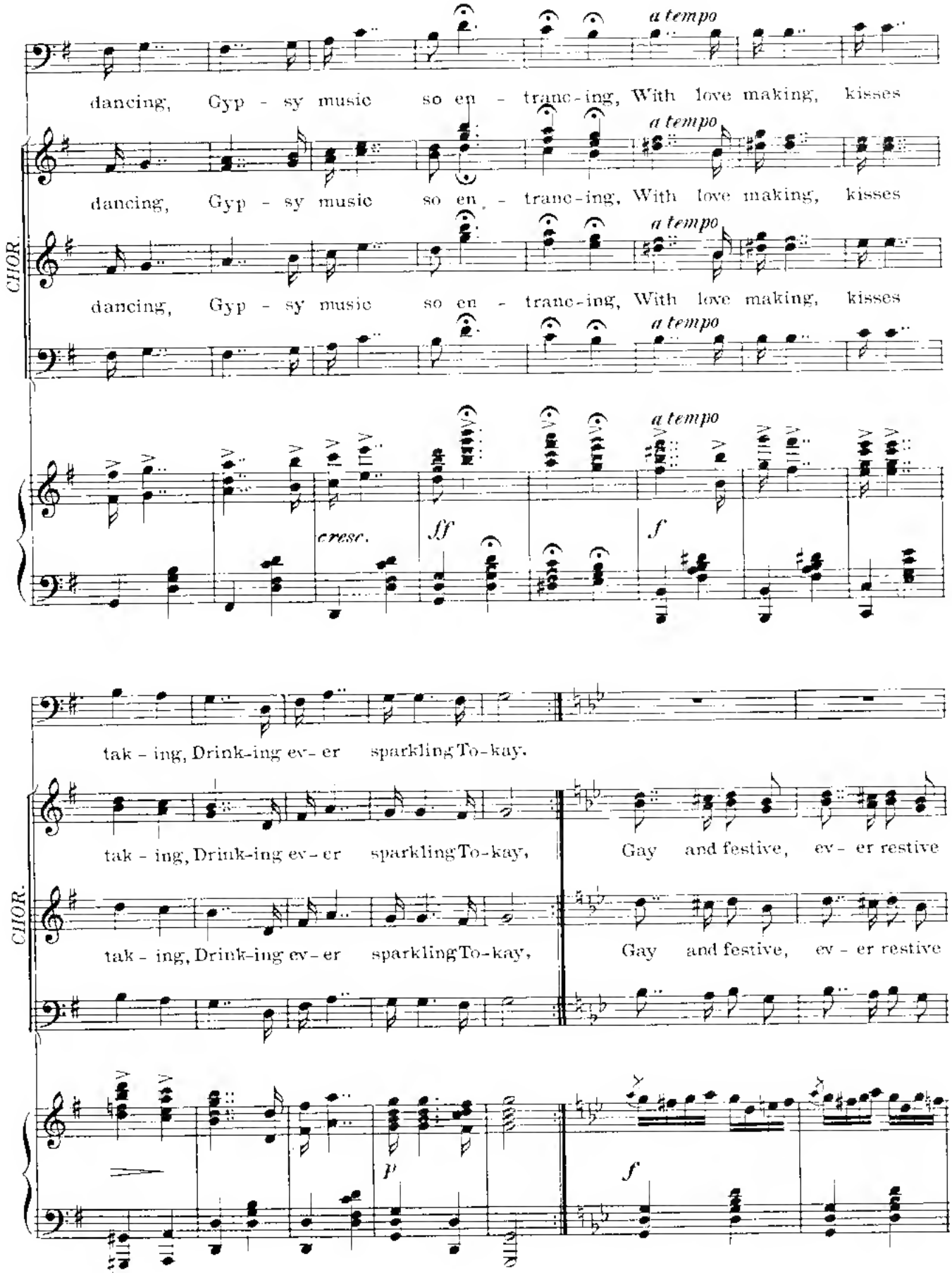


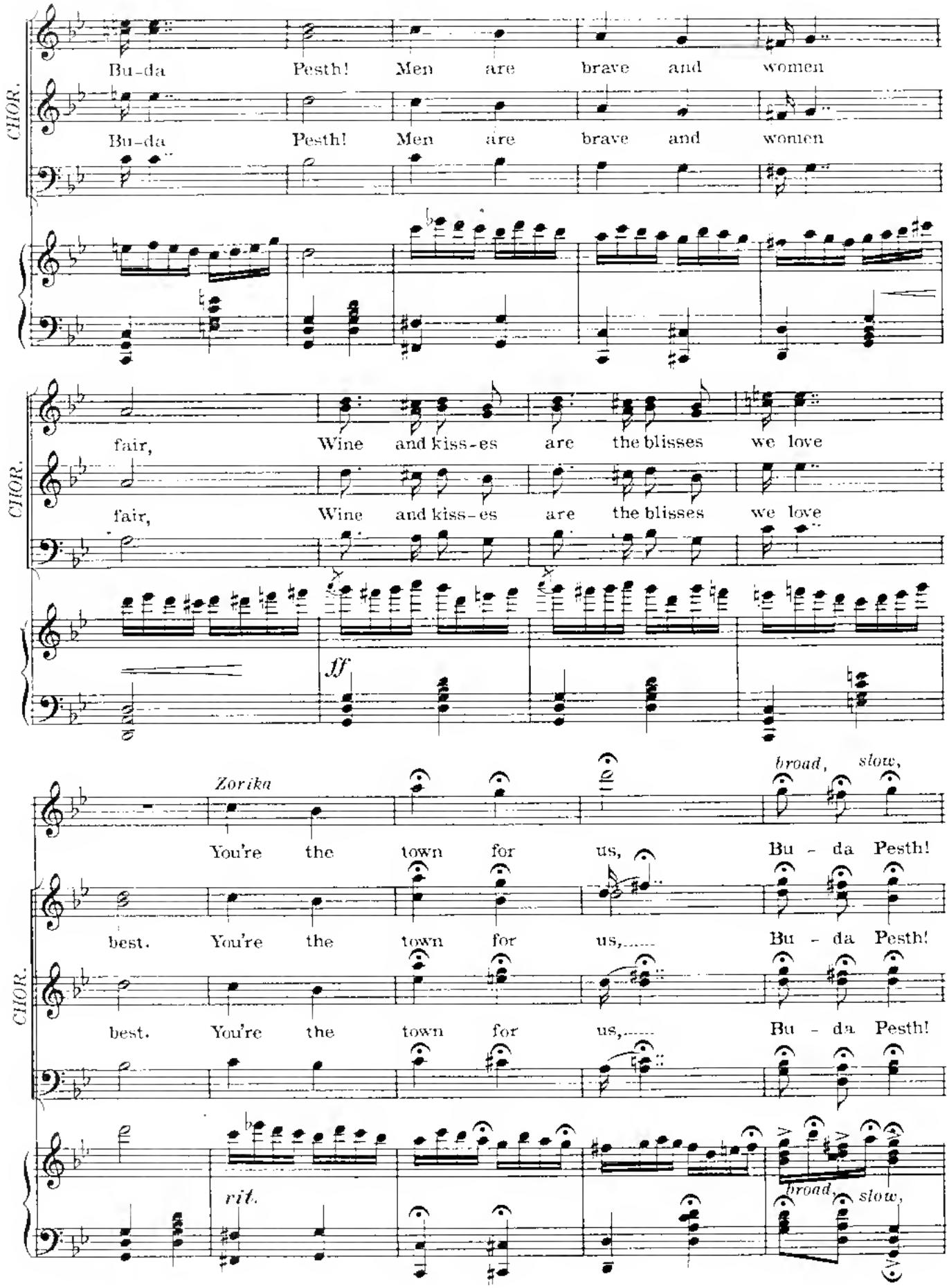

CHOR.
Men are brave and wom - en fair,
Men are brave and wom - en fair,
p
With enjoyment for employment life is best, Love is
With enjoyment for employment life is best, Love is
ff
p
reign - ing ev - ry - where. Love - ly are the la - dies of Hun -
reign - ing ev - ry - where. Love - ly are the la - dies of Hun -
f
f

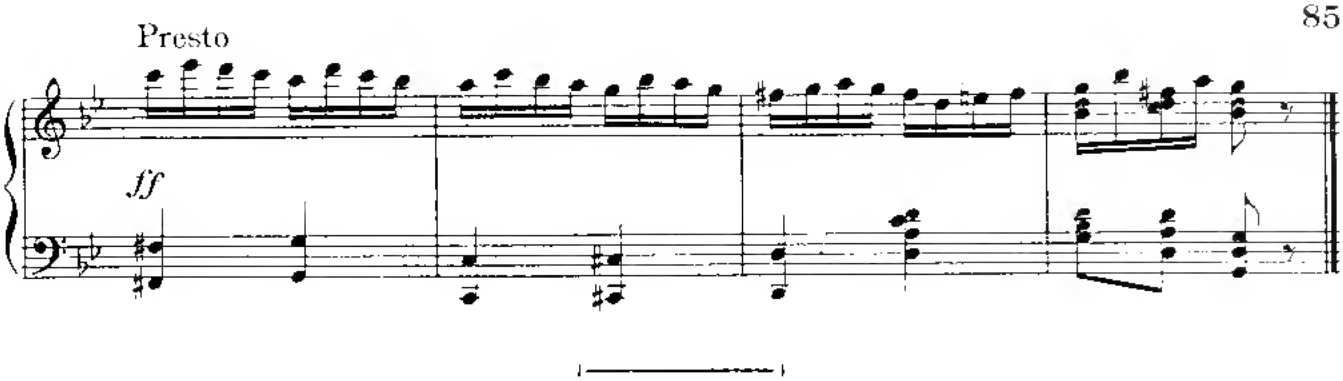

CHOR.
-ga - ri - a, And for..... love we have a tal - ent in Hun - ga - ri - a.
-ga - ri - a, And for..... love we have a tal - ent in Hun - ga - ri - a.
CHOR.
It is like Pa - ris, peo - ple say, The Gyp - sy mu - sic makes us
It is like Pa - ris, peo - ple say, The Gyp - sy mu - sic makes us
CHOR.
gay; And there is pleasure with - out measure, Here in our Bu - da Pesth.
gay; And there is pleasure with - out measure, Here in our Bu - da Pesth.
ff


TRIO
Mikel
Do not stand there blinking, More wine they'll be drink-ing;
Come, your glass-es clinking, Here's the toast I'm drinking,
CHOR.
TRIO
p
Have a lot of bot-tles op-en, rea-dy too, And let no
Here's to wine in plen-ty, and a sweetheart true. And if you are
CHOR.
p


one feel lone - ly, With one bot - tle on - ly, And a splen-did
lone-ly, With one sweetheart on - ly, May you find an -
CHOR.
bus - i - ness to - night we'll do. Soon the floor we'll clear for
oth - er who will fan - cy you. Soon the floor we'll clear for
CHOR.
Soon the floor we'll clear for
p

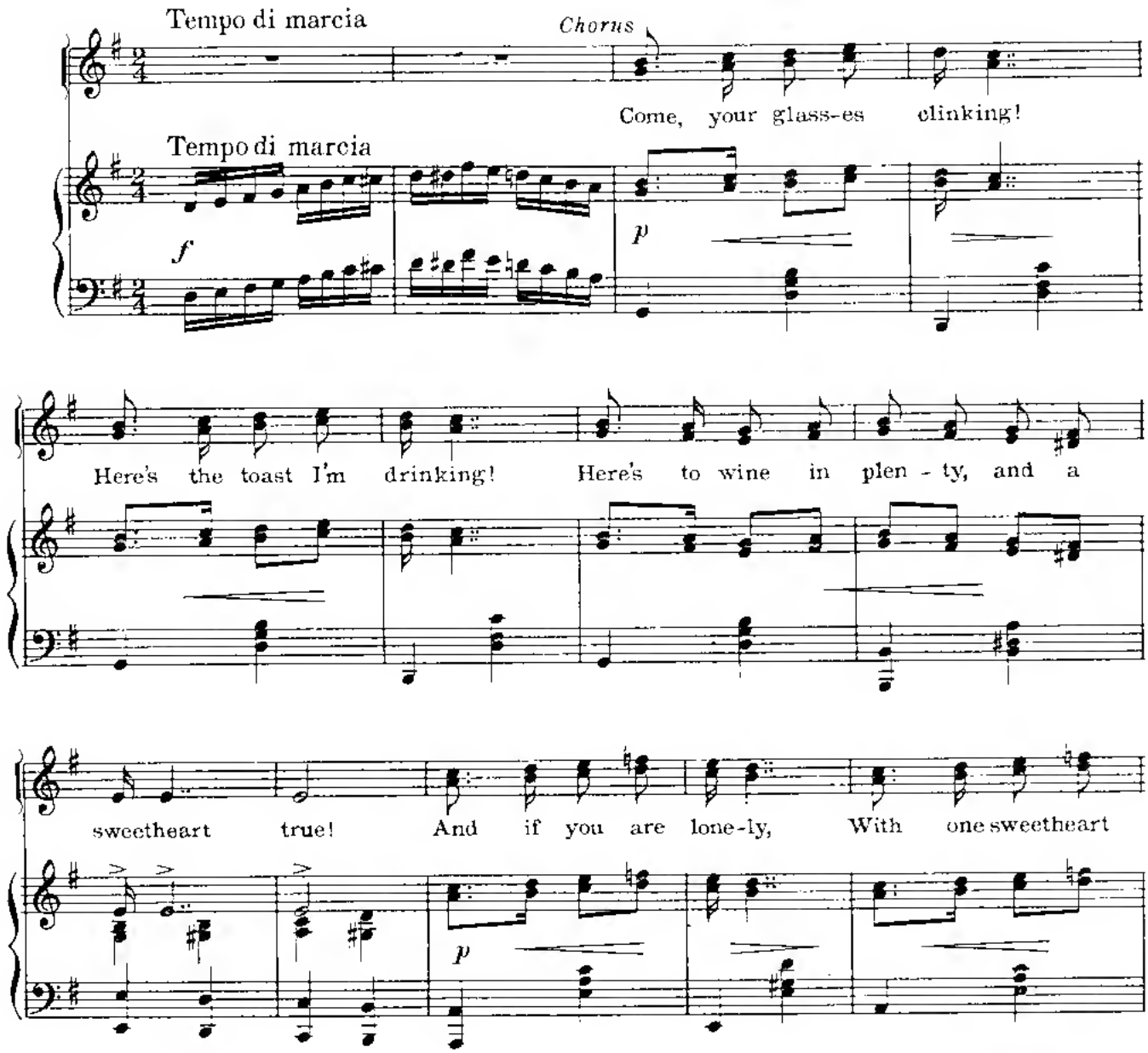

a tempo
dancing, Gyp - sy music so en - trane-ing, With love making, kisses
a tempo
dancing, Gyp - sy music so en - trane-ing, With love making, kisses
CHOR.
a tempo
dancing, Gyp - sy music so en - trane-ing, With love making, kisses
a tempo
a tempo
cresc.
ff
f
tak - ing, Drink-ing ev- er sparkling To-kay.
tak - ing, Drink-ing ev- er sparkling To-kay,
Gay and festive, ev- er restive
CHOR.
tak - ing, Drink-ing ev- er sparkling To-kay,
Gay and festive, ev - er restive
p
f

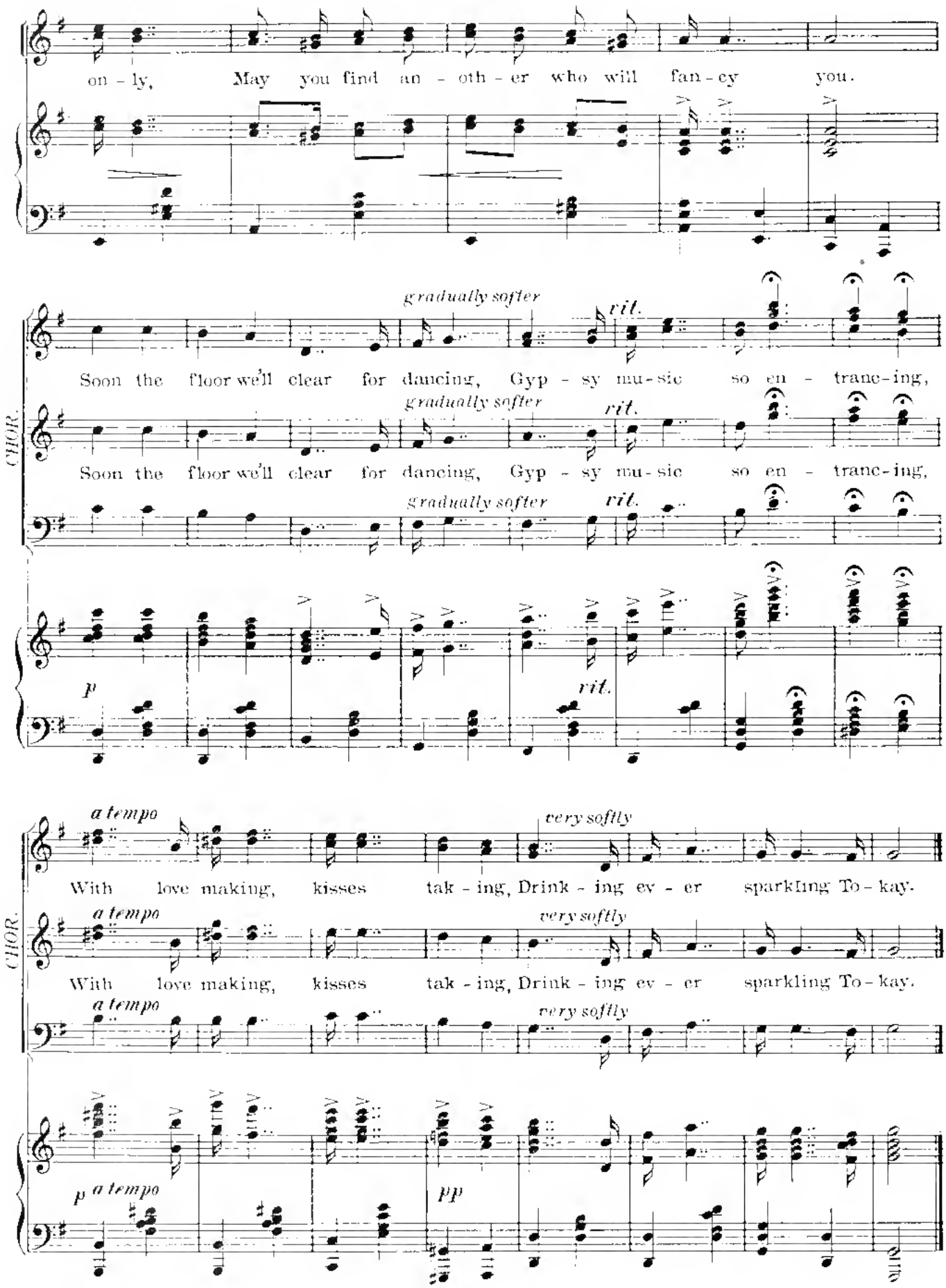

CHOR.
Bu-da Pesth! Men are brave and women
Bu-da Pesth! Men are brave and women
fair, Wine and kiss-es are the blisses we love
fair, Wine and kiss-es are the blisses we love
ff
Zorika
broad, slow,
You're the town for us, Bu - da Pesth!
best. You're the town for us, Bu - da Pesth!
best. You're the town for us, Bu - da Pesth!
rit.
broad, slow,


Presto
ff

EXIT.

(Chorus.)


Tempo di marcia
Chorus
Come, your glass-es clinking!
Tempo di marcia
f
p
Here's the toast I'm drinking! Here's to wine in plen - ty, and a
sweetheart true! And if you are lone-ly, With one sweetheart
p

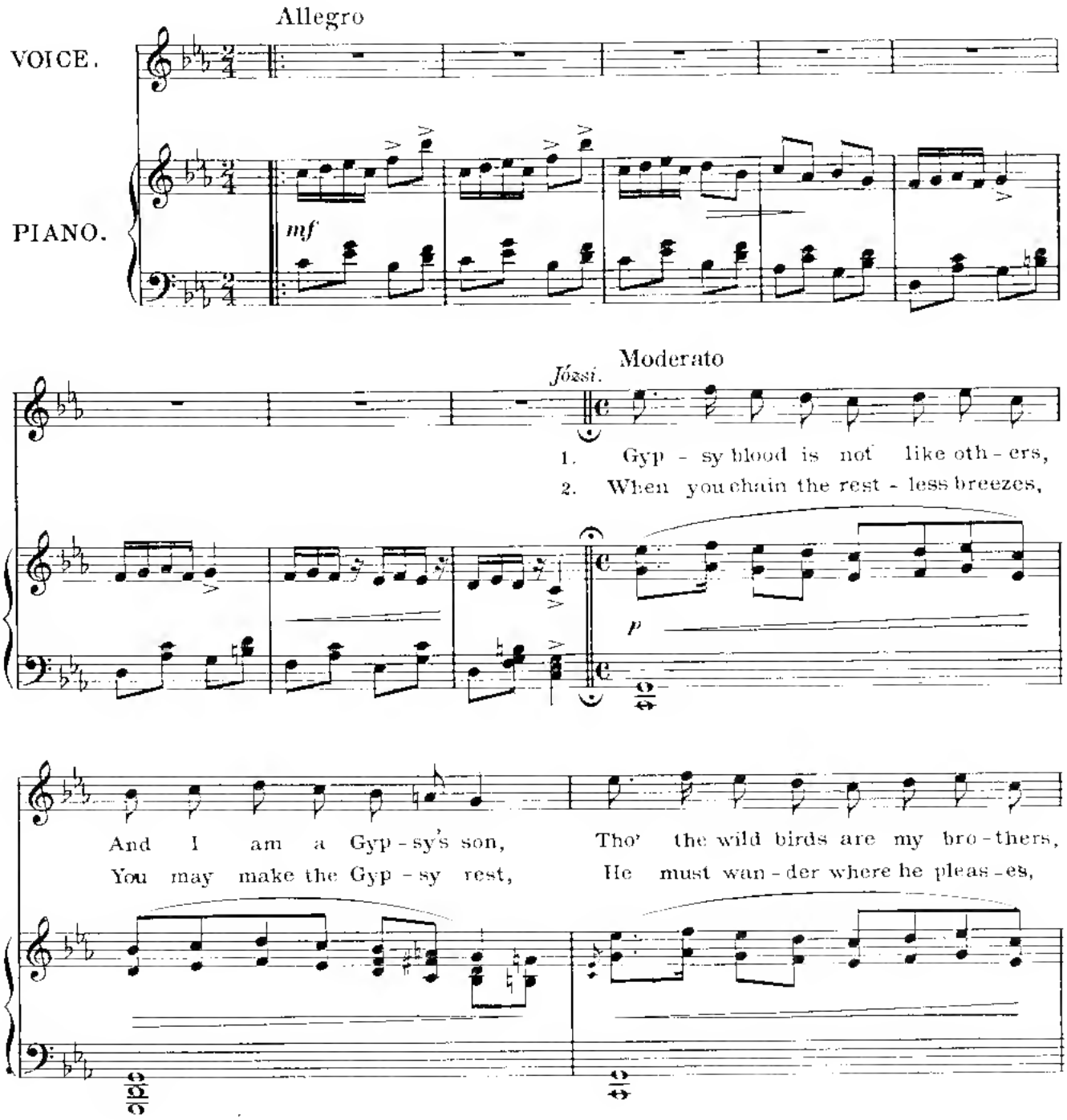

on - ly, May you find an - oth - er who will fan - cy you.
gradually softer
rit.
Soon the floor we'll clear for dancing, Gyp - sy mu - sic so en - trane - ing,
CHOR.
gradually softer
rit.
Soon the floor we'll clear for dancing, Gyp - sy mu - sic so en - trane - ing,
gradually softer
rit.
p
rit.
a tempo
very softly
With love making, kisses tak - ing, Drink - ing ev - er sparkling To - kay.
CHOR.
a tempo
very softly
With love making, kisses tak - ing, Drink - ing ev - er sparkling To - kay.
a tempo
very softly
p a tempo
pp

GYPSY LOVE.

(SONG — Józsi)

Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.



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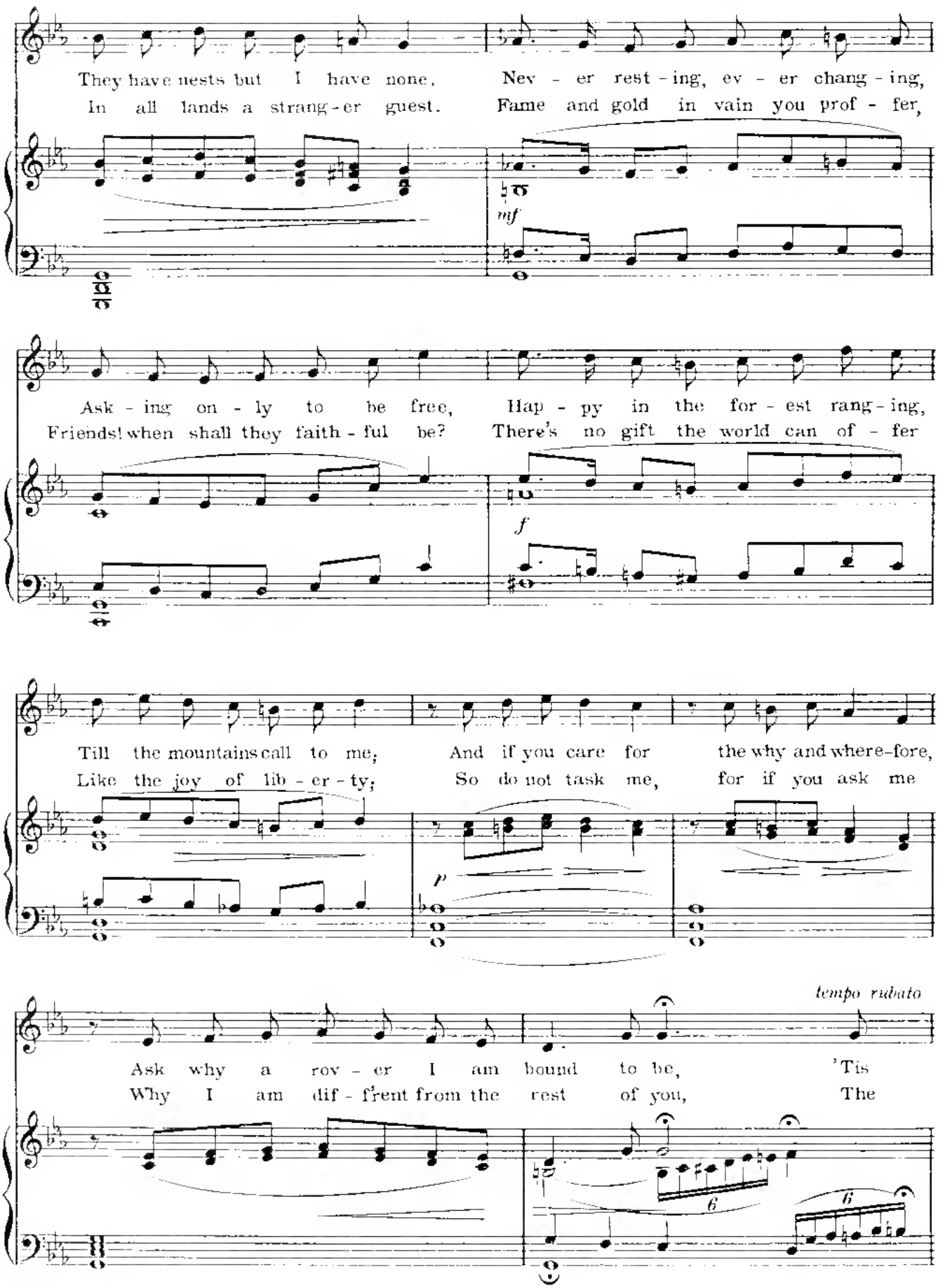
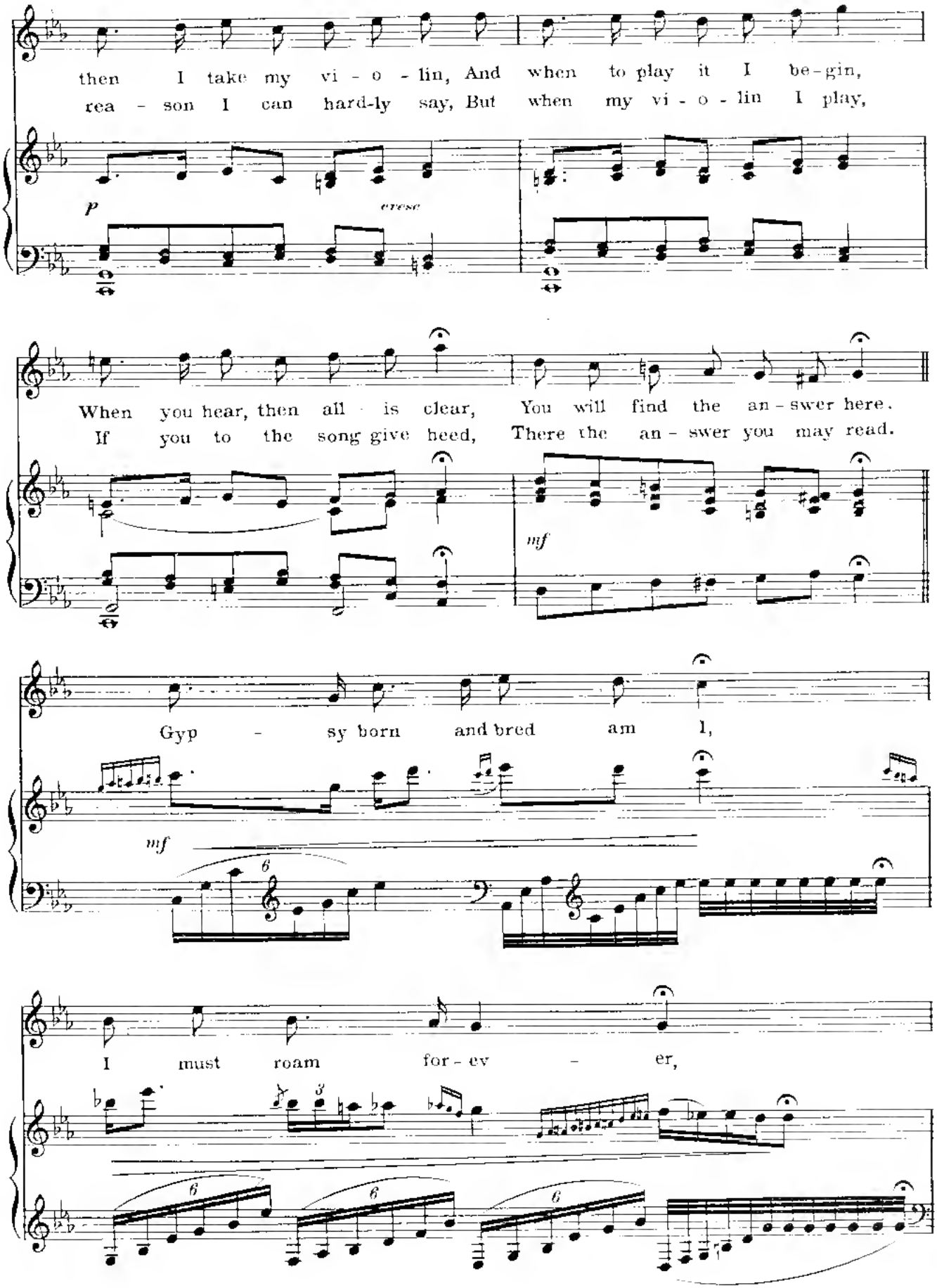
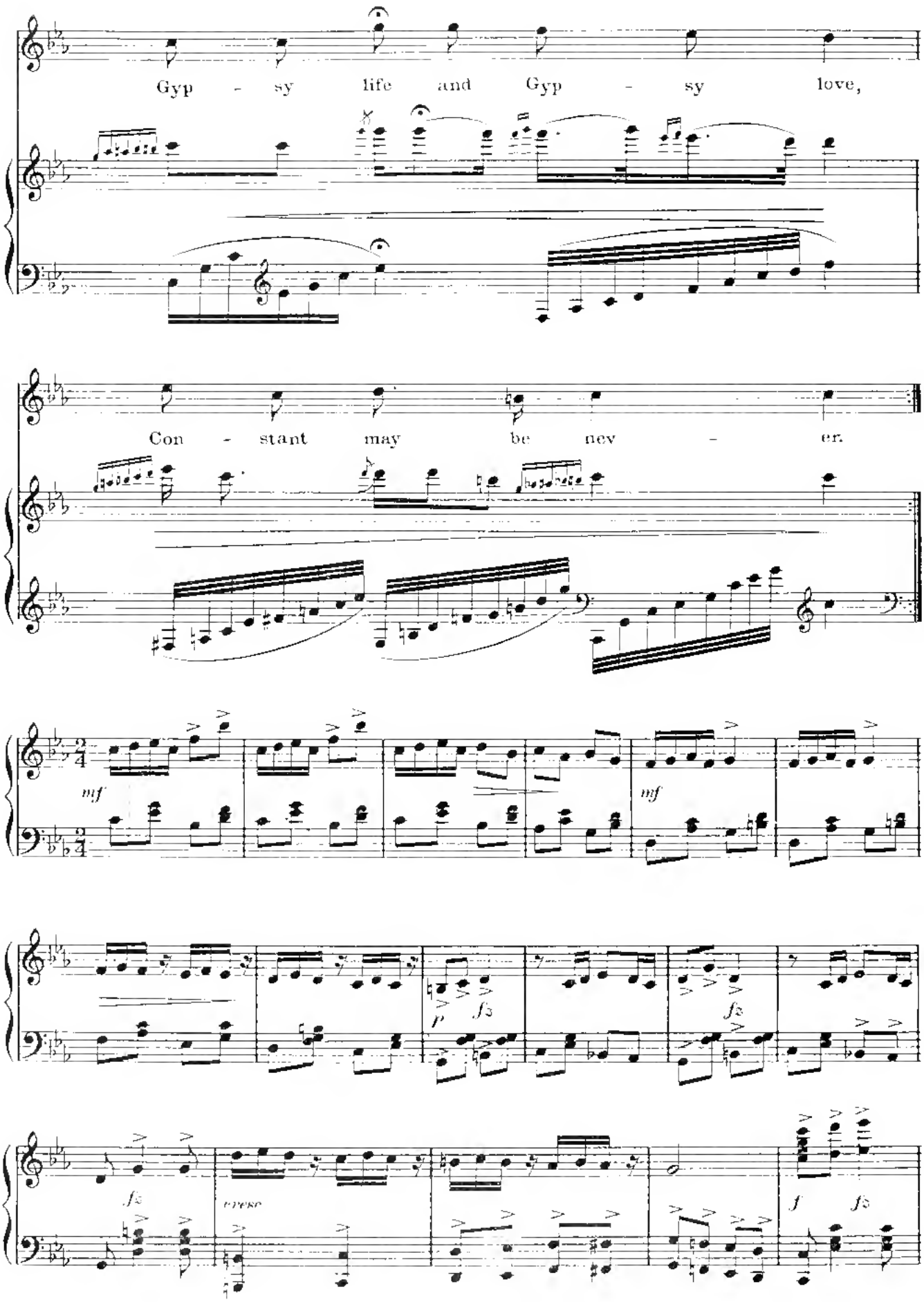
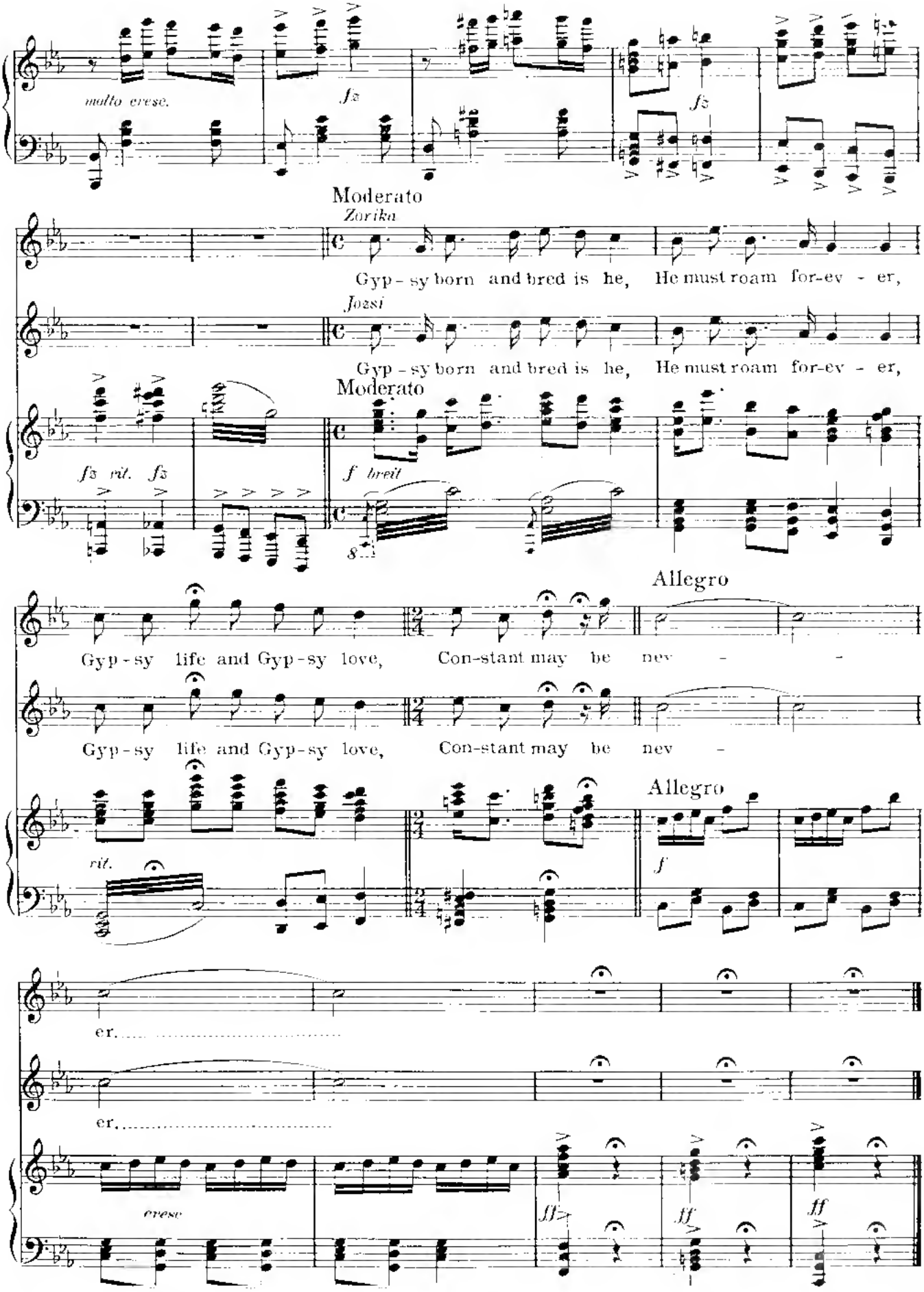

They have nests but I have none.
In all lands a strang-er guest.
Nev - er rest-ing, ev - er chang - ing,
Fame and gold in vain you prof - fer,
mf
Ask - ing on - ly to be free,
Friends! when shall they faith - ful be?
Hap - py in the for - est rang - ing,
There's no gift the world can of - fer
f
Till the mountains call to me;
Like the joy of lib - er - ty;
And if you care for the why and where-fore,
So do not task me, for if you ask me
p
tempo rubato
Ask why a rov - er I am bound to be,
Why I am dif - f'rent from the rest of you,
'Tis
The
6
6


then I take my vi - o - lin, And when to play it I be-gin,
rea - son I can hard-ly say, But when my vi - o - lin I play,
P
cresc
When you hear, then all is clear, You will find the an-swer here.
If you to the song give heed, There the an-swer you may read.
mf
Gyp - sy born and bred am I,
mf
I must roam for-ev - er,


Gyp - sy life and Gyp - sy love,
Con - stant may be nev - er.
mf
mf
p
fz
fz
fz
cresc
f
fz

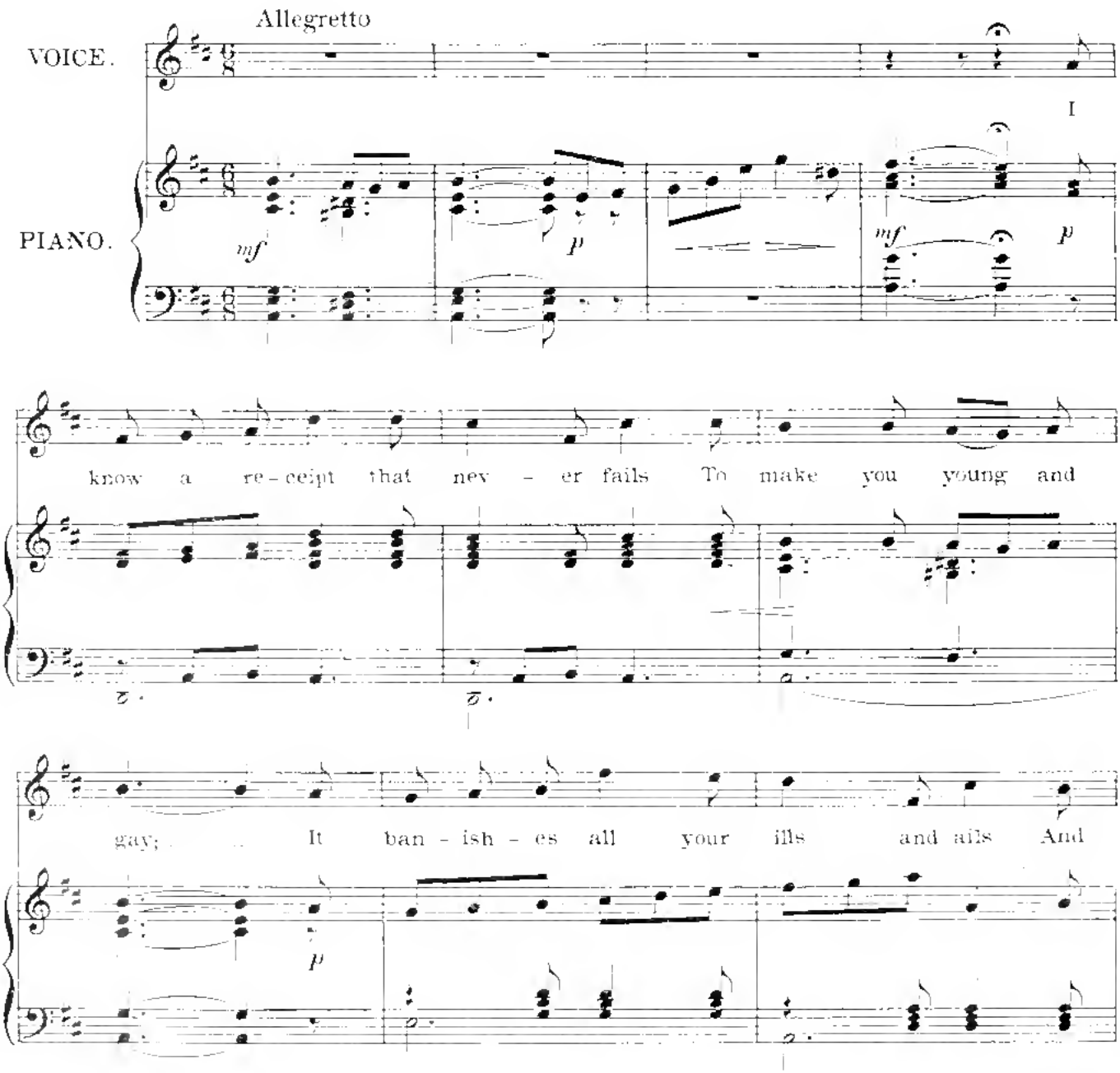

molto cresc.
fz
fz
Moderato
Zorika
Gyp - sy born and bred is he, He must roam for-ev - er,
Jozsi
Gyp - sy born and bred is he, He must roam for-ev - er,
Moderato
fz rit. fz
f breit
Allegro
Gyp - sy life and Gyp - sy love, Con-stant may be nev - -
Gyp - sy life and Gyp - sy love, Con-stant may be nev -
Allegro
rit.
f
er.
er.
cresc
fff
fff
fff

THE MELODY OF LOVE.

SONG–Zorika.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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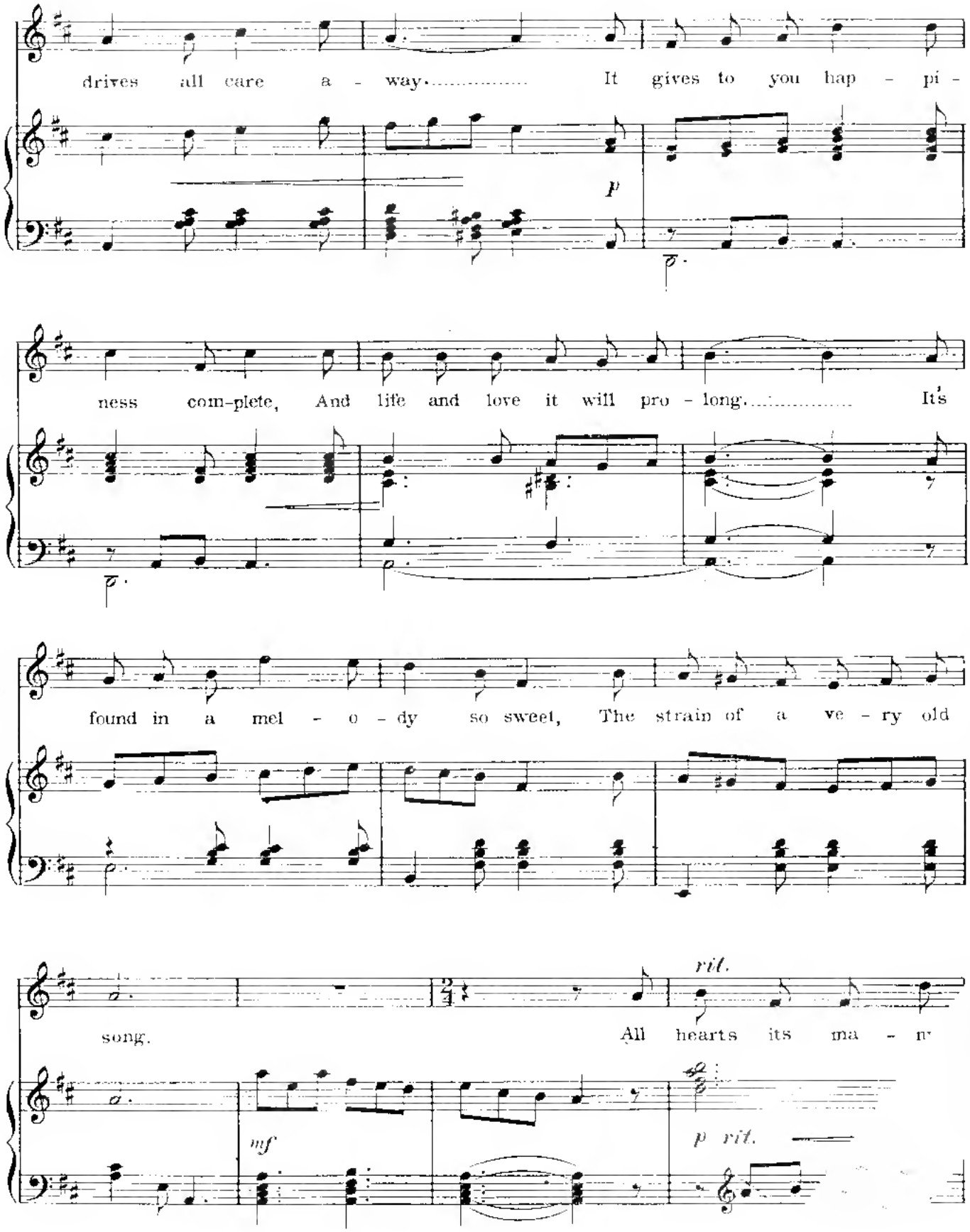
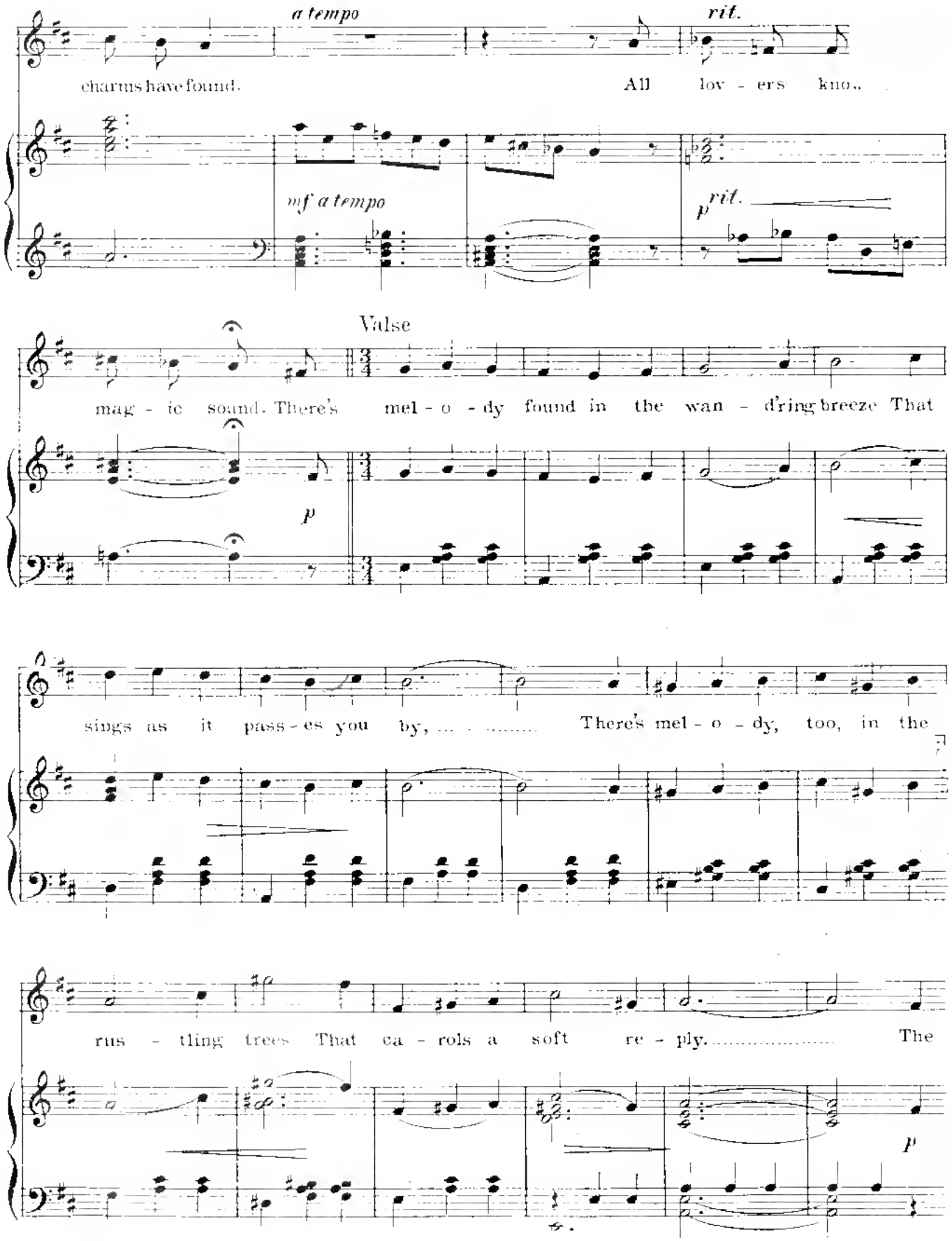
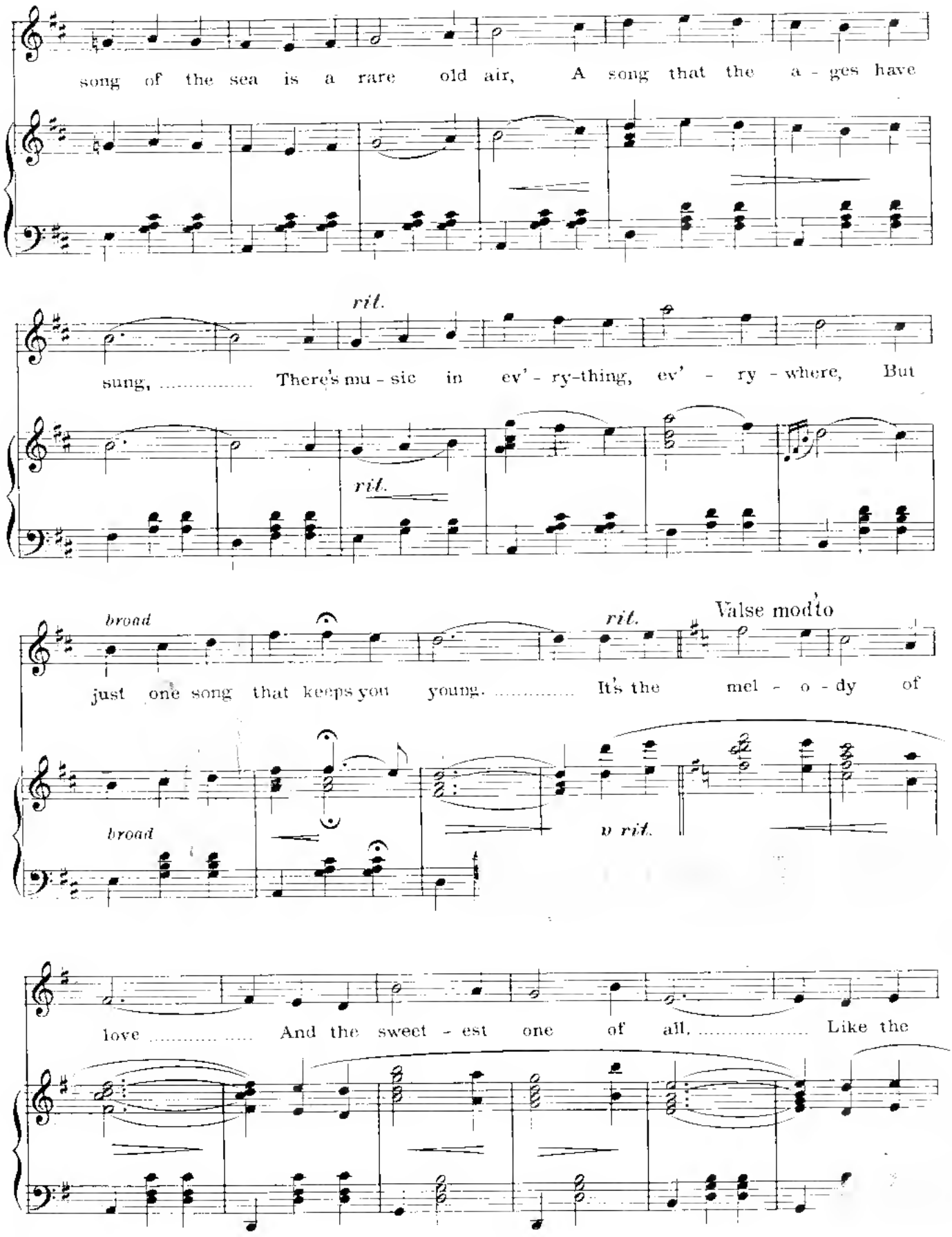
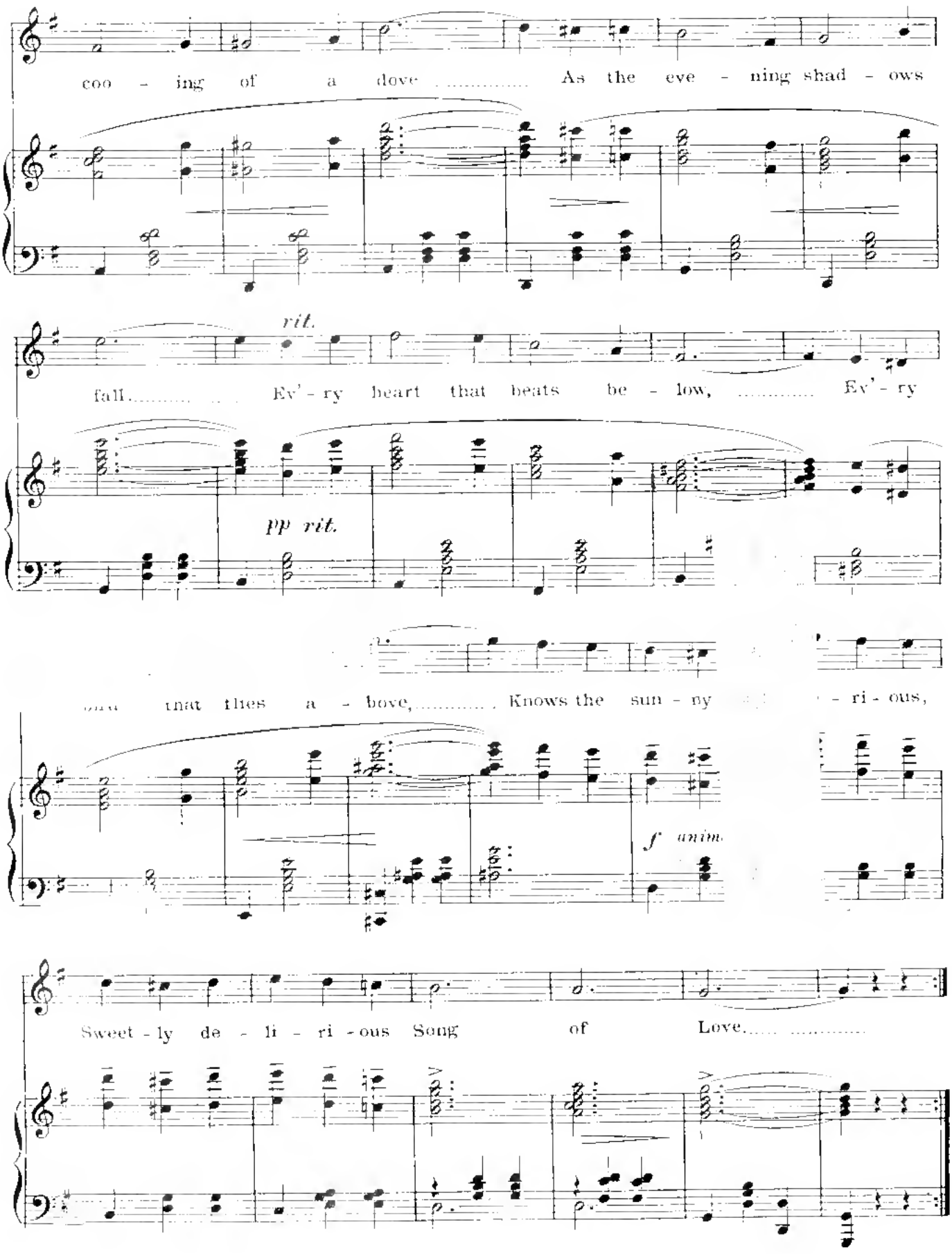
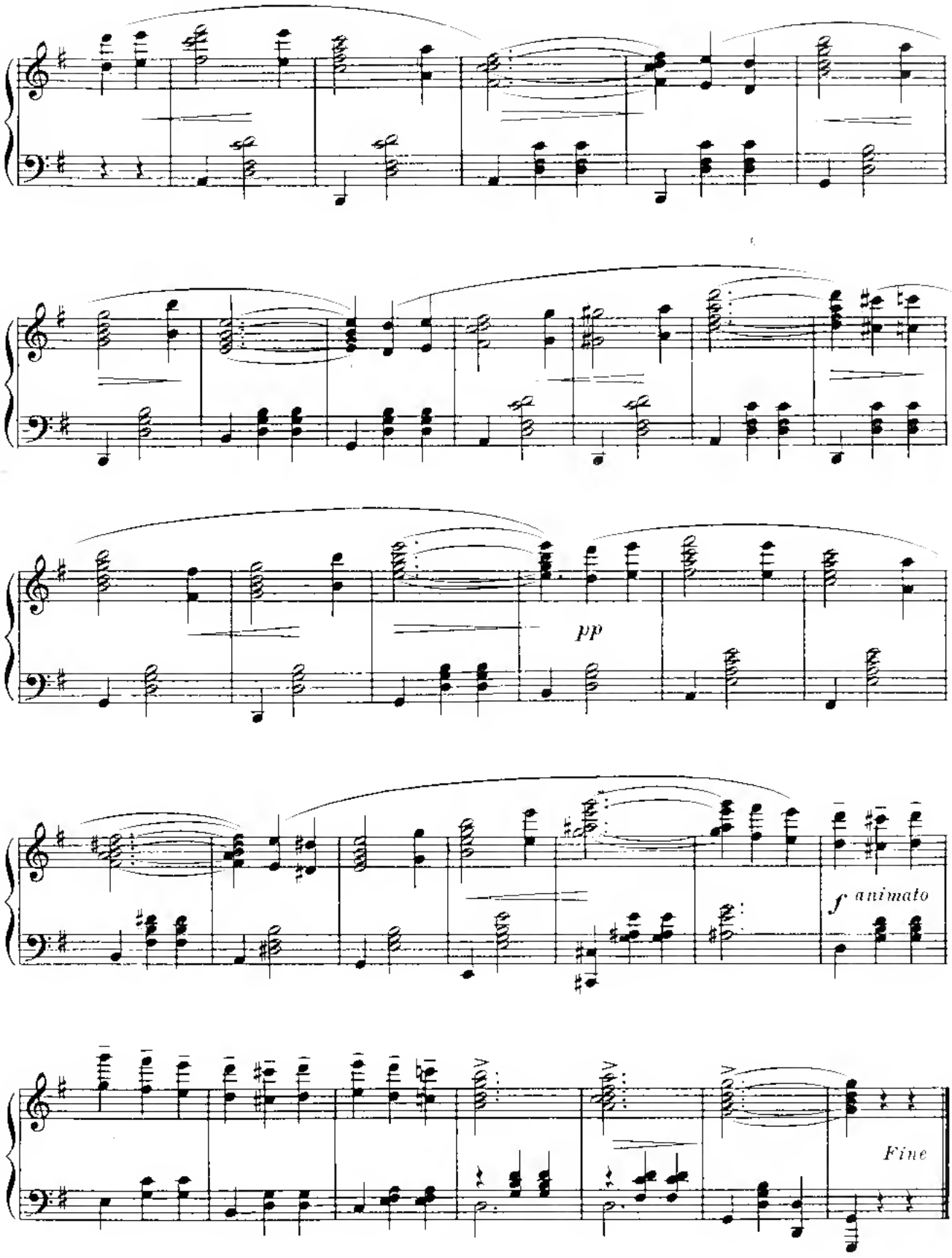

drives all care a - way. It gives to you hap - pi -
p
ness com-plete, And life and love it will pro - long. It's
found in a mel - o - dy so sweet, The strain of a ve - ry old
ril.
song. All hearts its ma - n
mf
p ril.


a tempo
rit.
charms have found.
All lov - ers kno..
mf a tempo
p rit.
Valse
mag - ic sound. There's mel - o - dy found in the wan - d'ring breeze That
p
sings as it pass - es you by, ... There's mel - o - dy, too, in the
rus - tling trees That ca - rols a soft re - ply..... The
p


song of the sea is a rare old air, A song that the a - ges have
rit.
sung, ... There's mu - sic in ev' - ry-thing, ev' - ry - where, But
rit.
broad
rit.
Valse mod'to
just one song that keeps you young. ..... It's the mel - o - dy of
broad
v rit.
love ..... And the sweet - est one of all, ... Like the


coo - ing of a dove ..... As the eve - ning shad - ows
rit.
fall..... Ev' - ry heart that beats be - low, ... Ev' - ry
pp rit.
that flies a - bove,..... Knows the sun - ny - ri - ous,
f anim
Sweet - ly de - li - ri - ous Song of Love.....

DANCE. Valse moderato

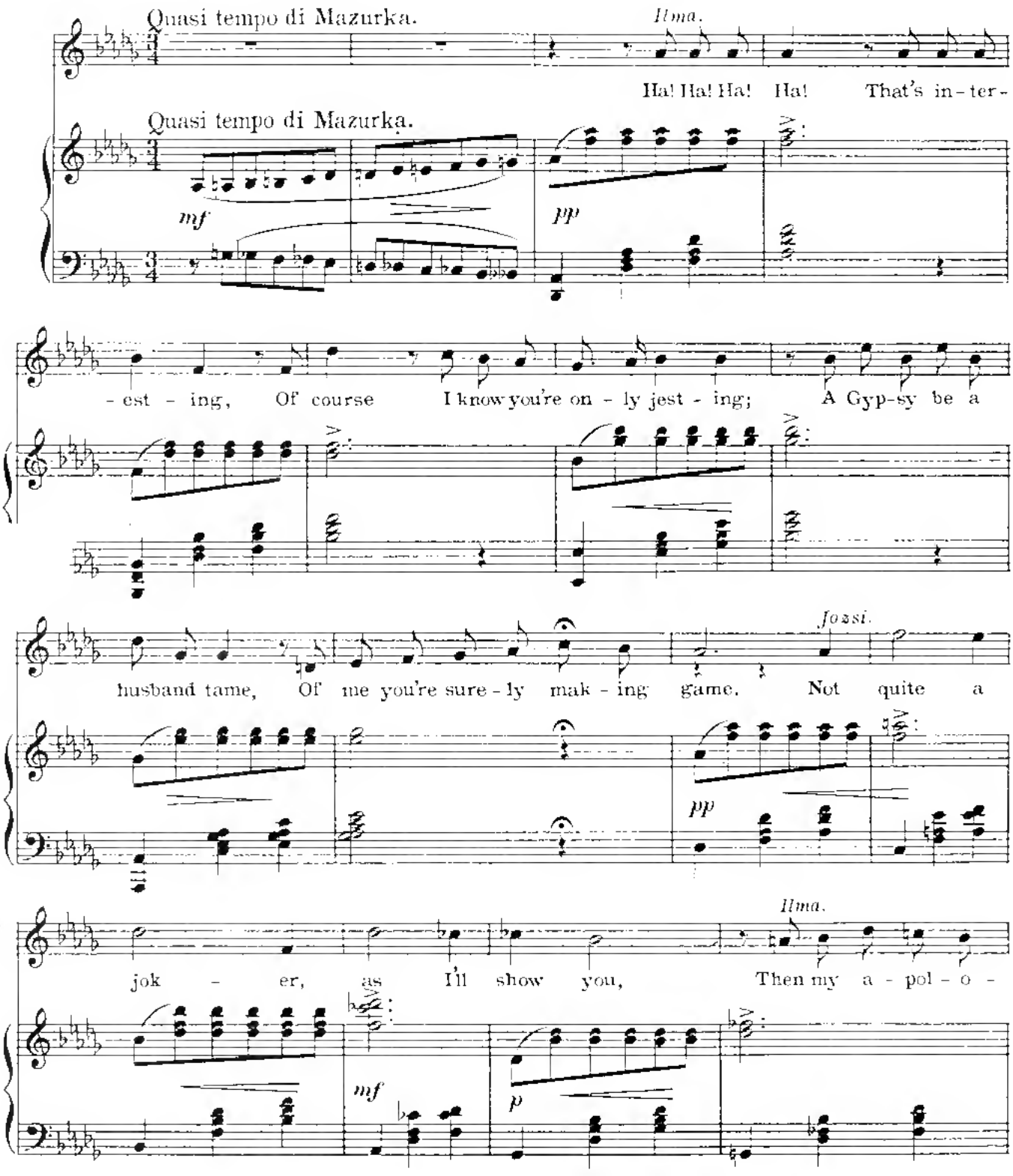


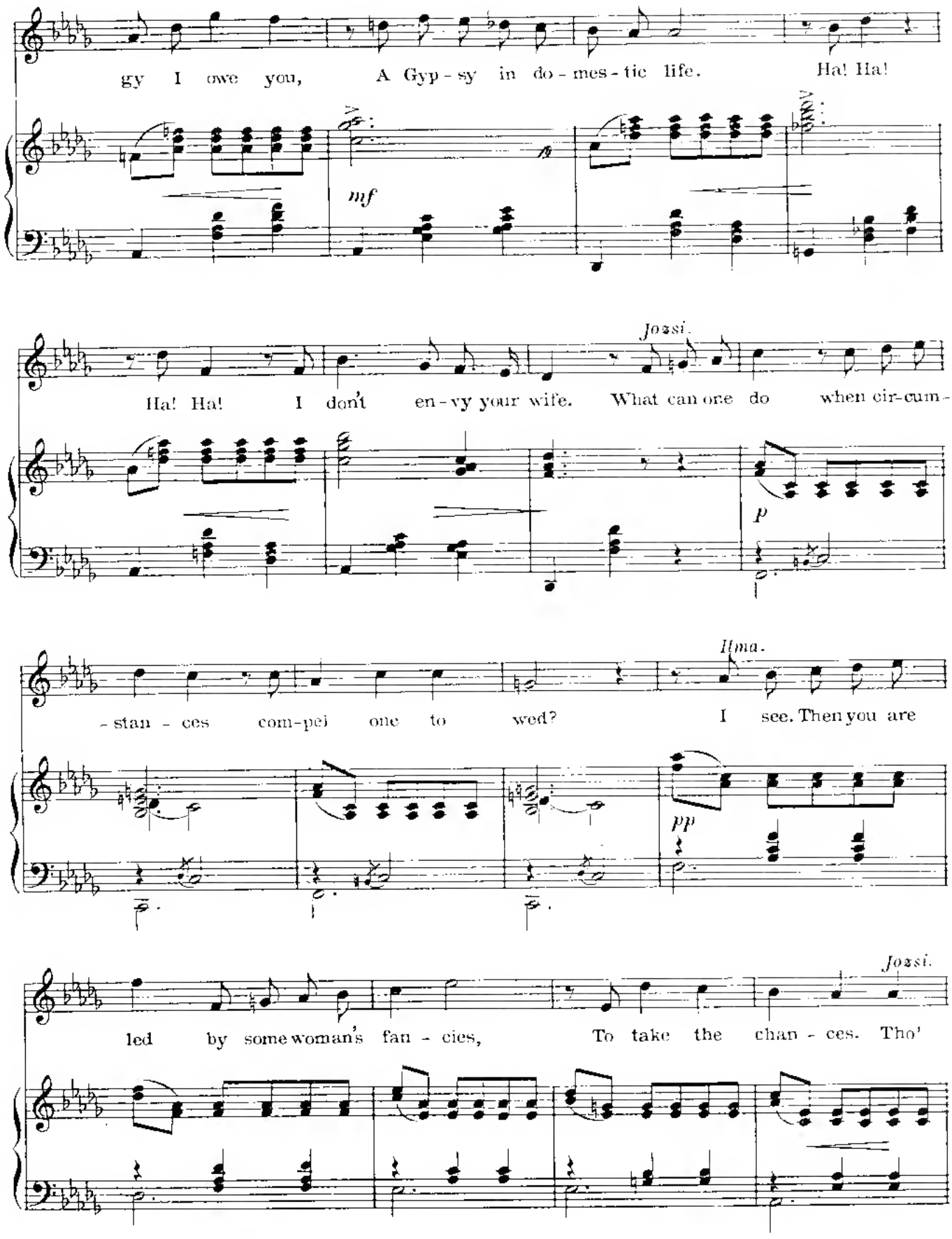
DUETT.

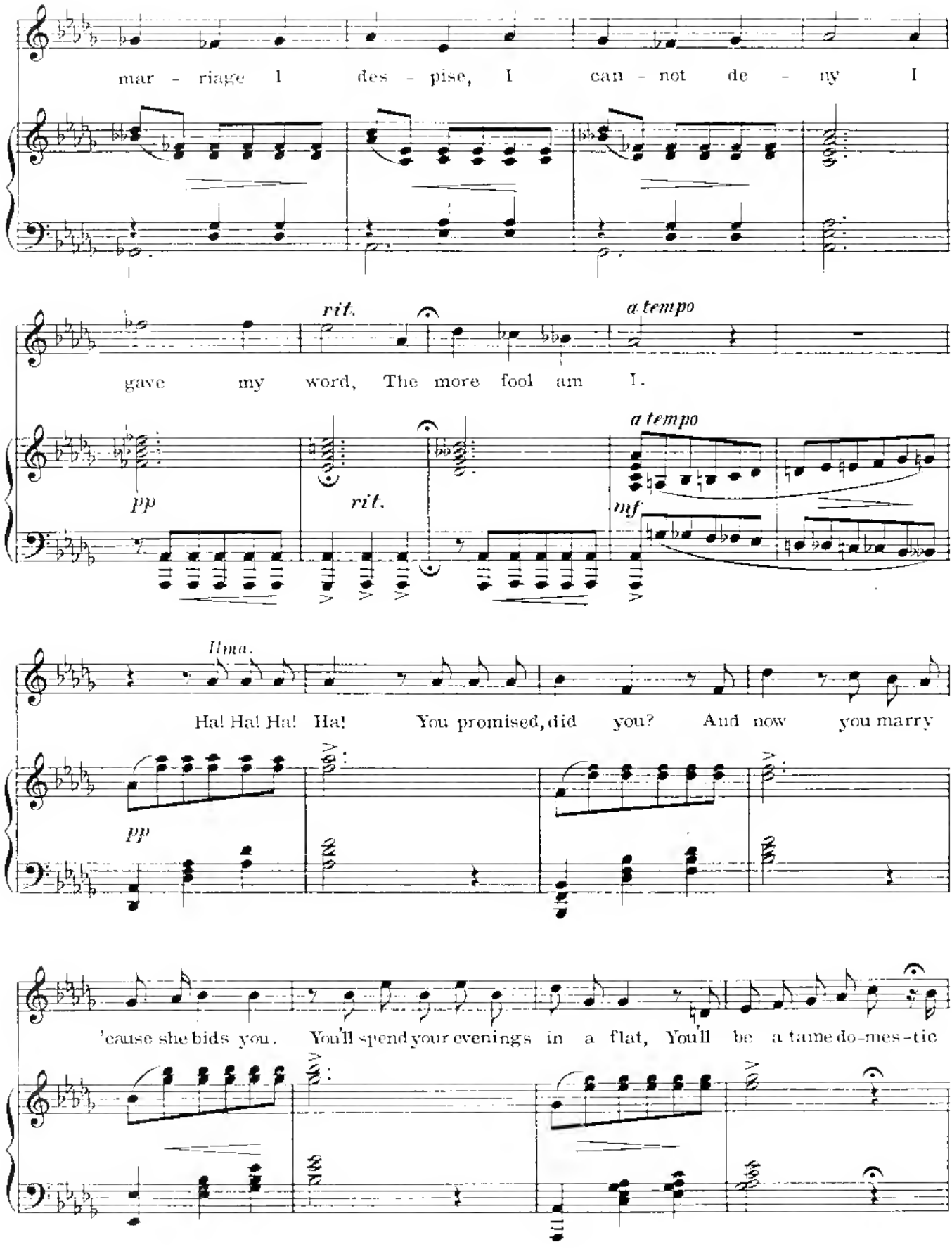
(Ilma, Jozsi.)

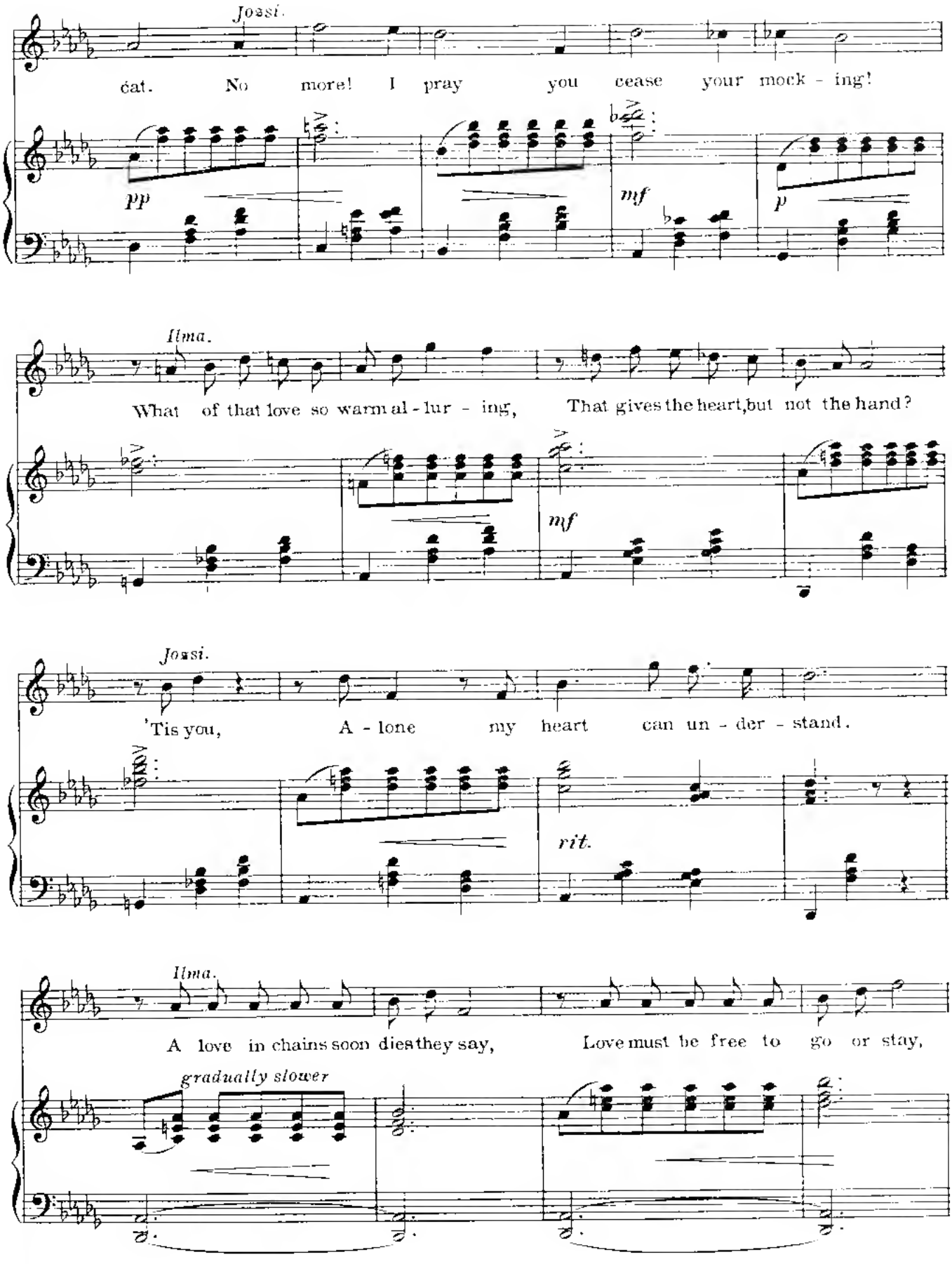
Words by
HARRY B. & ROBT. B. SMITH.

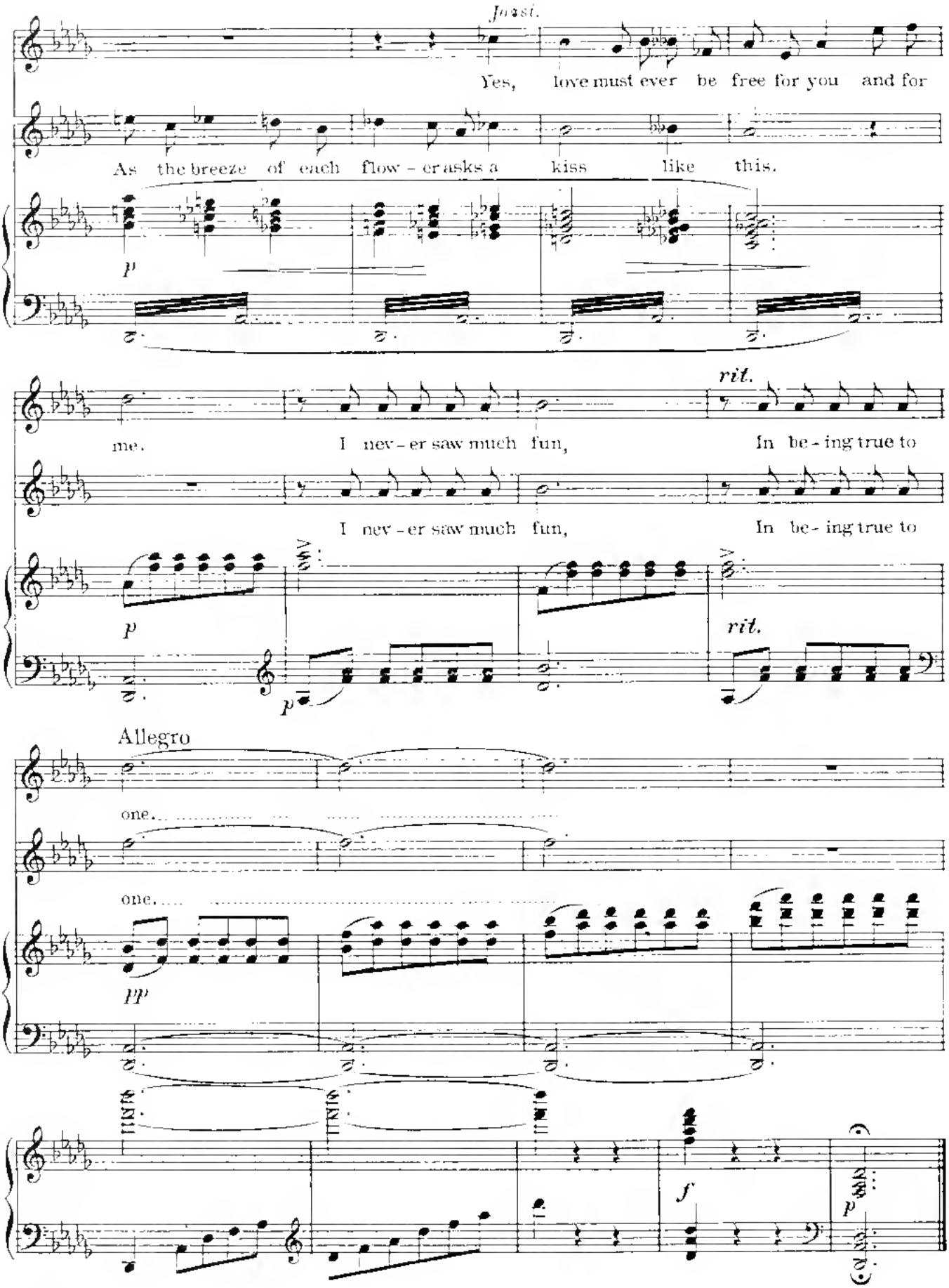
Music by
FRANZ LEHAR




gy I owe you, A Gyp - sy in do - mes - tic life. Ha! Ha!
mf
Jozsi.
Ha! Ha! I don't en - vy your wife. What can one do when cir-cum -
p
Ilma.
- stan - ces com-pel one to wed? I see. Then you are
pp
Jozsi.
led by some woman's fan - cies, To take the chan - ces. Tho'


mar - riage I des - pise, I can - not de - ny I
rit.
a tempo
gave my word, The more fool am I.
pp
rit.
a tempo
mf
Ilma.
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! You promised, did you? And now you marry
pp
'cause she bids you. You'll spend your evenings in a flat, You'll be a tame do-mes-tic


Joasi.
cat. No more! I pray you cease your mock - ing!
pp
mf
p
Ilma.
What of that love so warm al - lur - ing, That gives the heart, but not the hand?
mf
Joasi.
'Tis you, A - lone my heart can un - der - stand.
rit.
Ilma.
A love in chains soon dies they say, Love must be free to go or stay,
gradually slower


Josi.
Yes, love must ever be free for you and for
As the breeze of each flow - er asks a kiss like this.
p
me. I nev - er saw much fun, In be - ing true to
rit.
I nev - er saw much fun, In be - ing true to
p
p
rit.
Allegro
one.
one.
pp
f
p

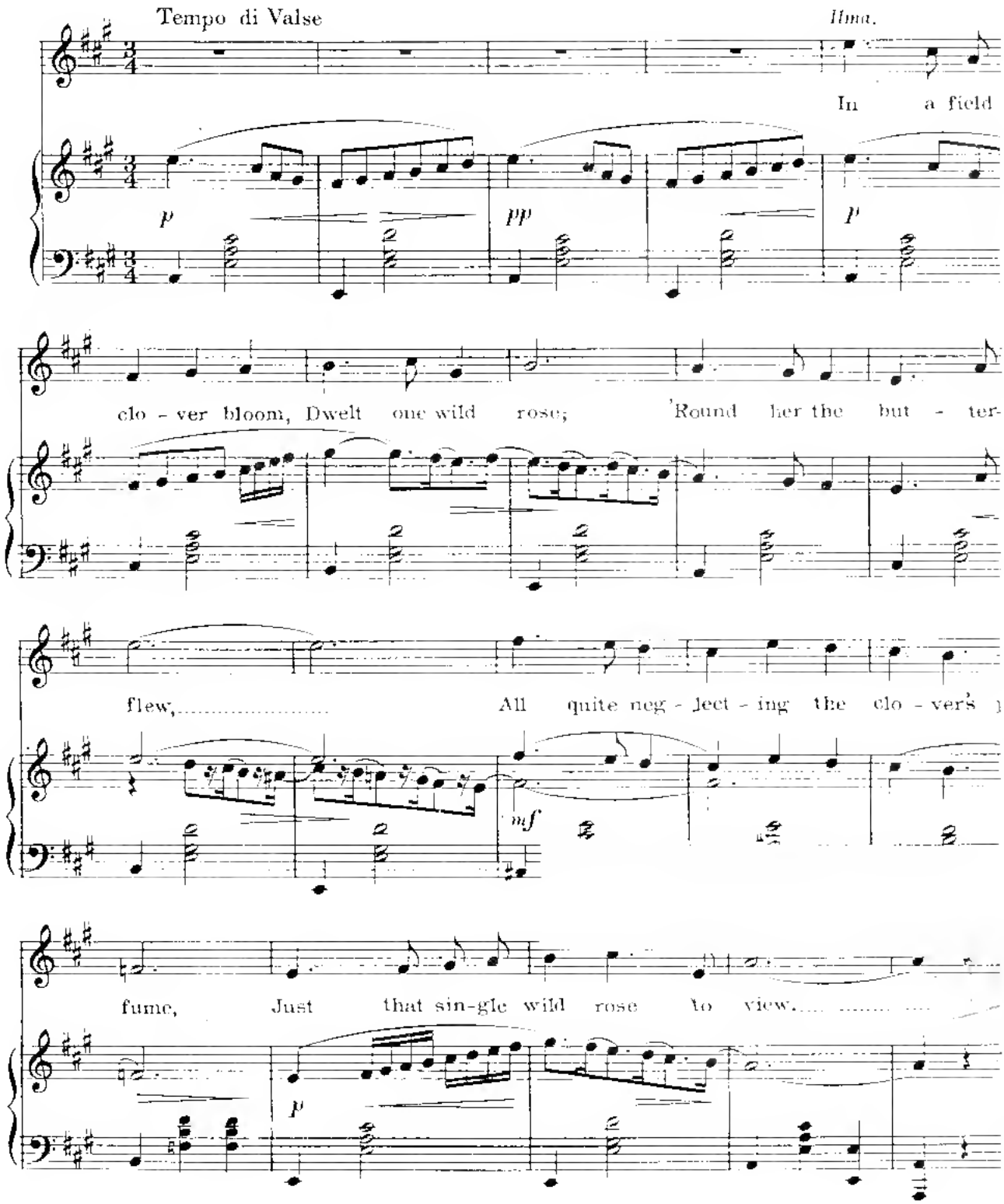
WHEN I'M WALTZING WITH YOU.

DUET.

Ilma, Fedor and Chorus.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROB T. B. SMITH.

Music by
FRANZ LE



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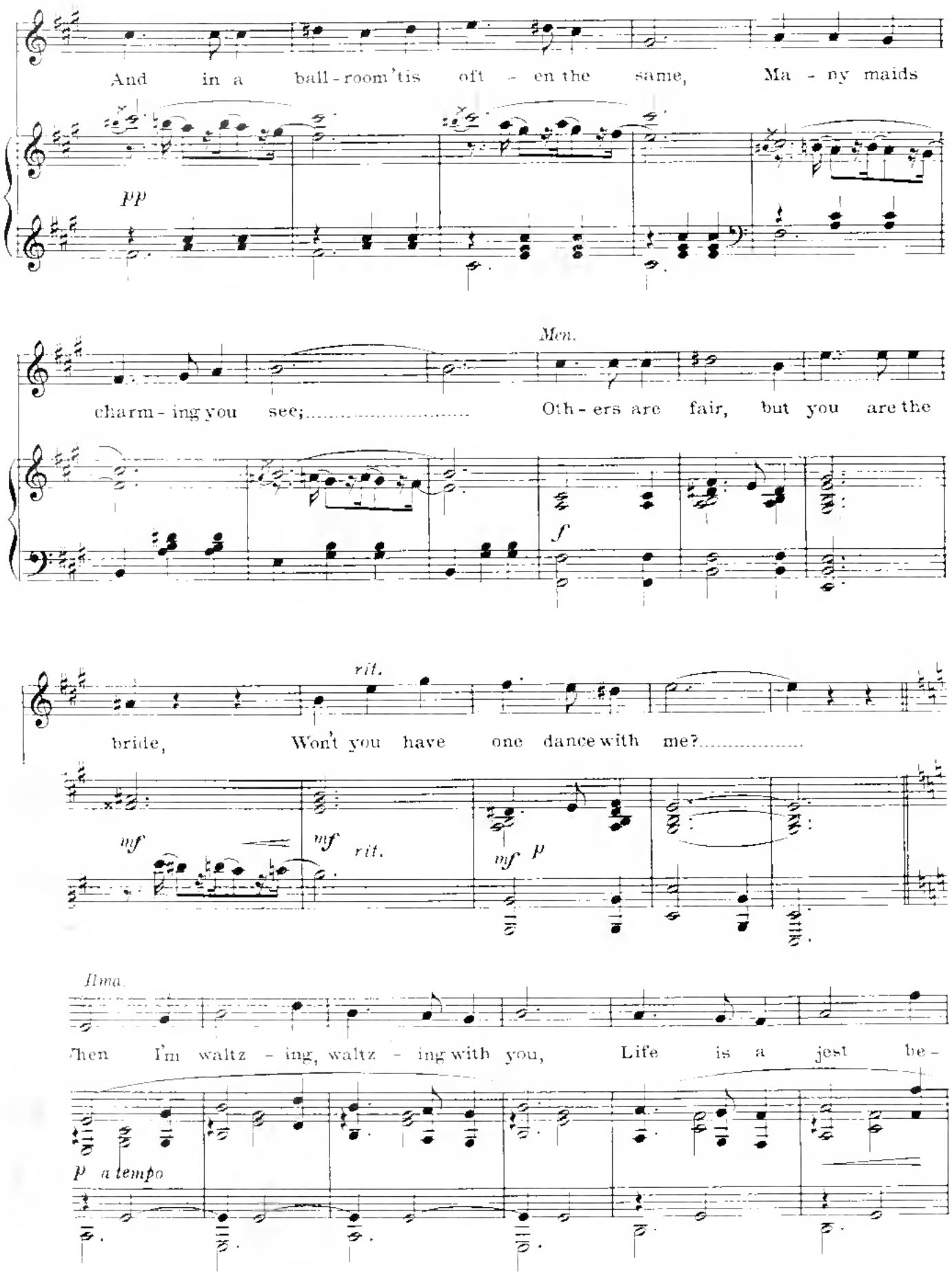
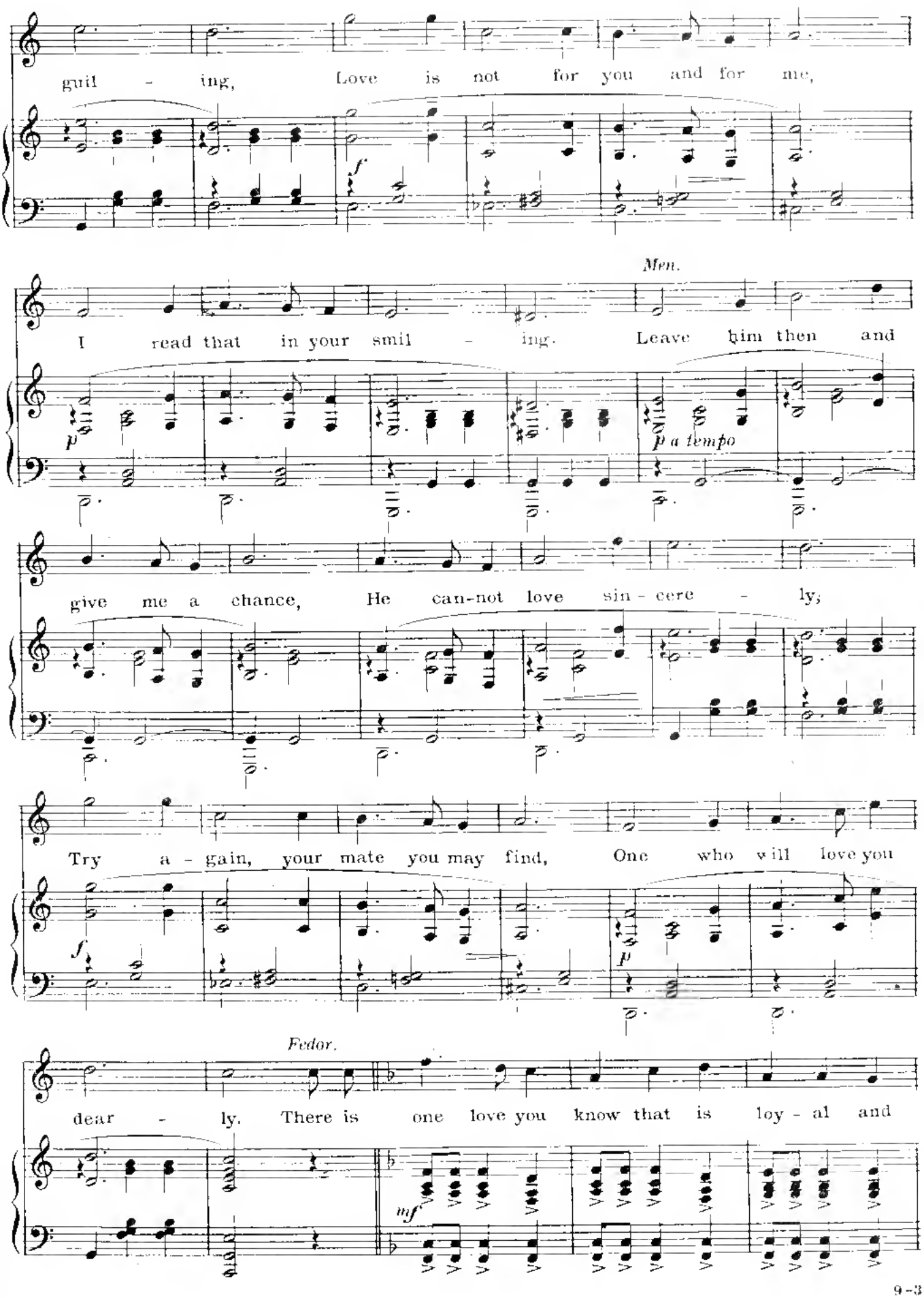
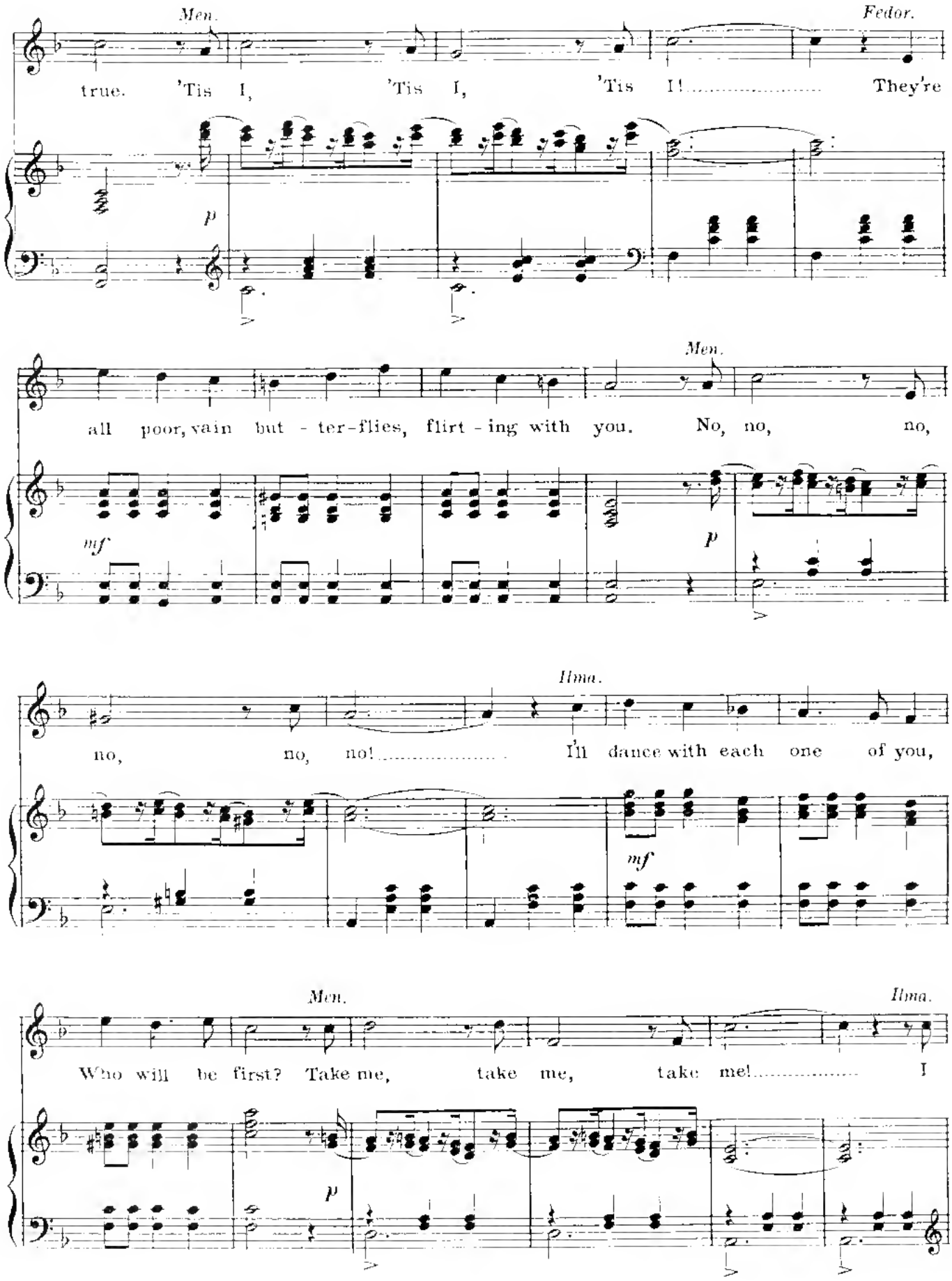
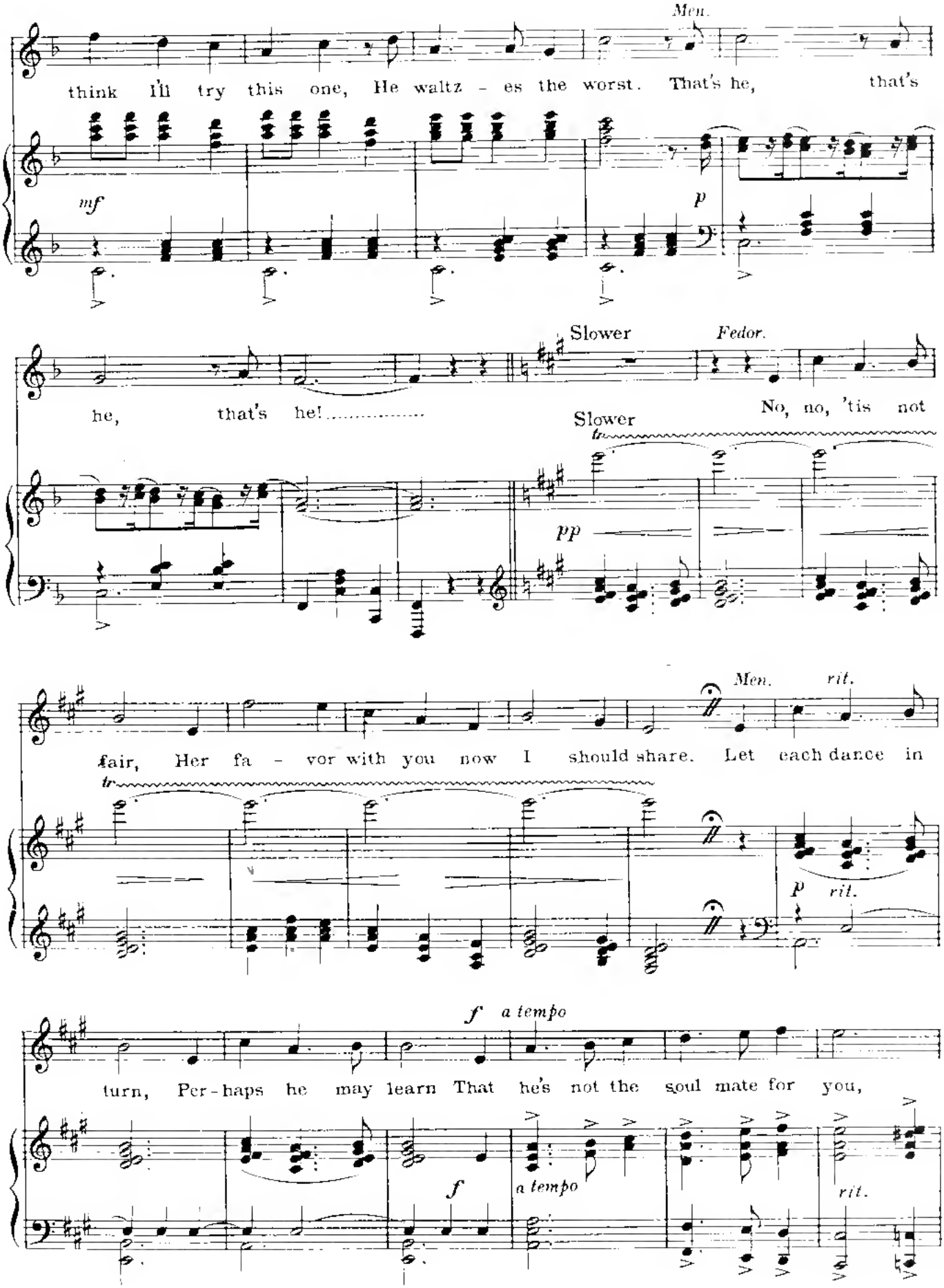
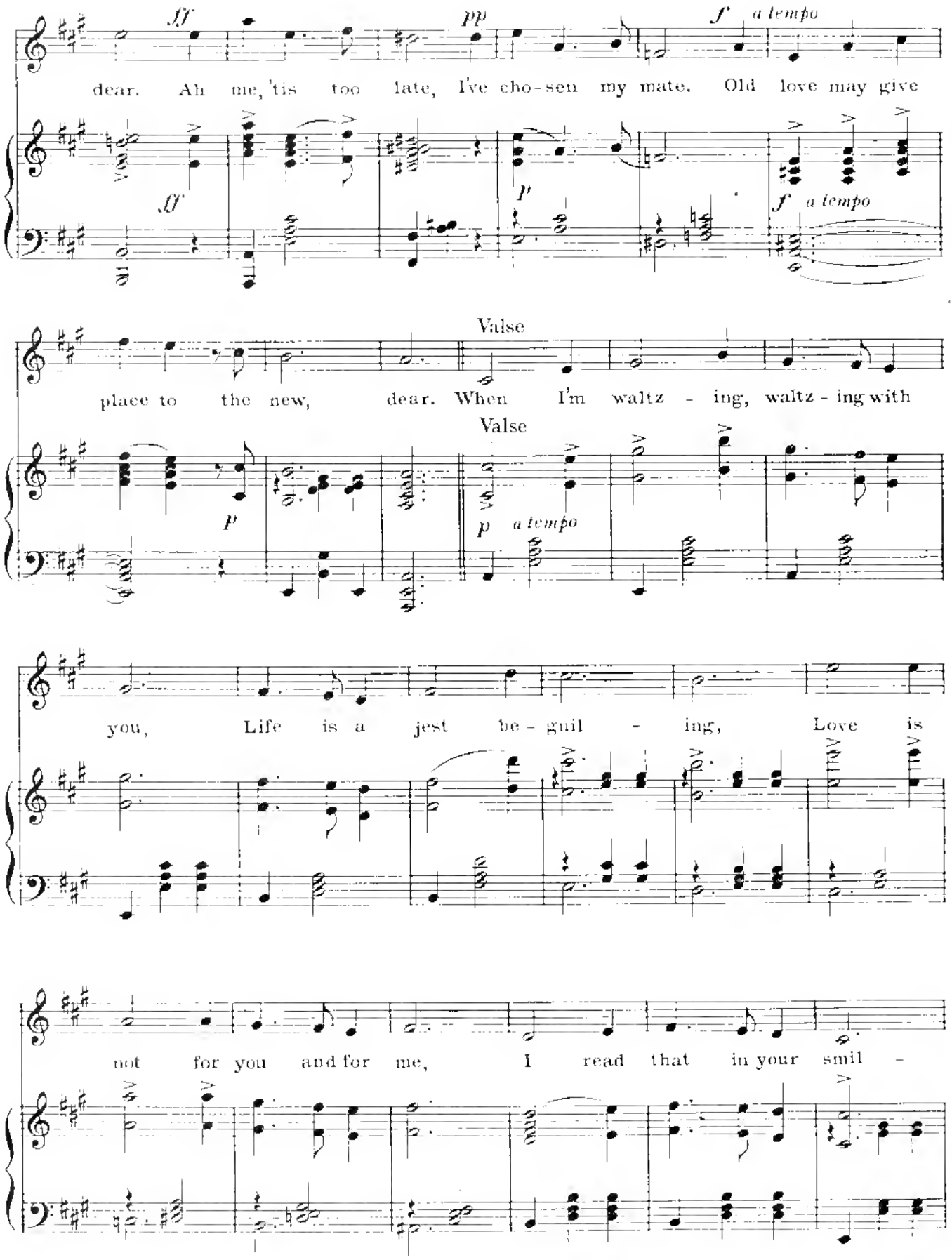
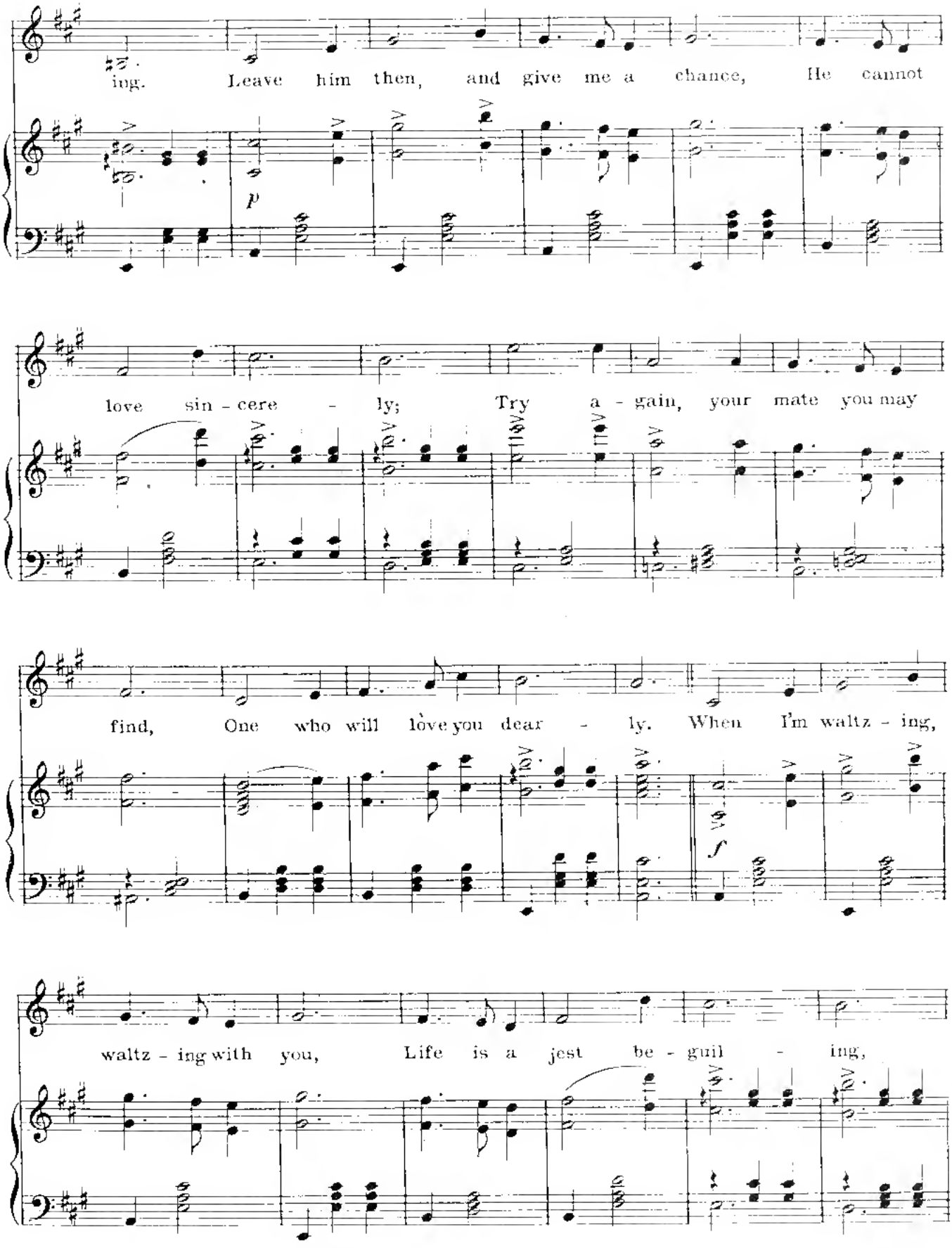

And in a ball-room 'tis oft - en the same, Ma - ny maids
pp
Men.
charm-ing you see; Oth-ers are fair, but you are the
f
rit.
bride, Won't you have one dance with me?
mf
mf
rit.
mf
p
Ilma.
Then I'm waltz - ing, waltz - ing with you, Life is a jest be -
p a tempo

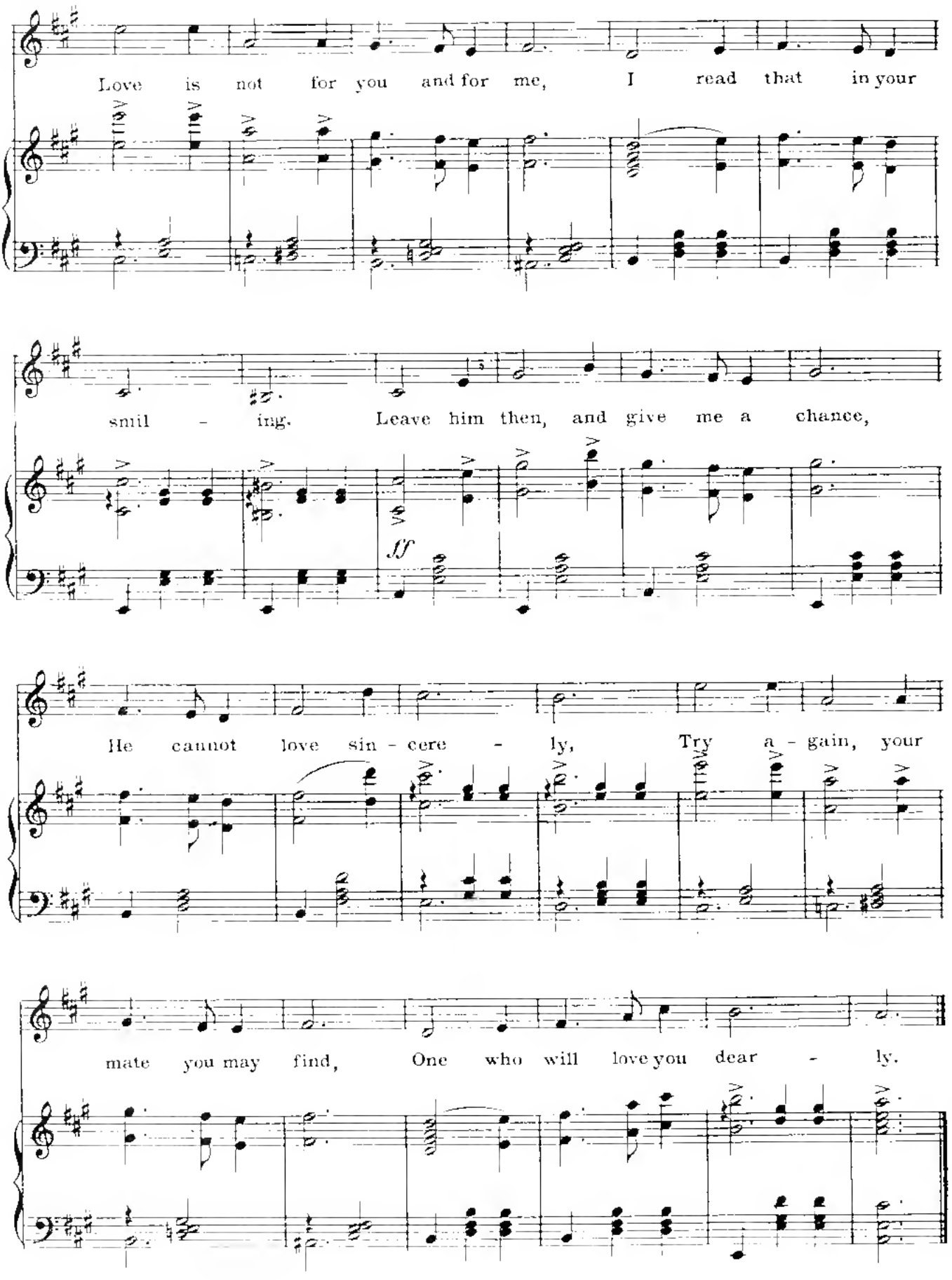

guil - ing, Love is not for you and for me,
f
Men.
I read that in your smil - ing. Leave him then and
p
p a tempo
give me a chance, He can-not love sin - cere - ly;
Try a - gain, your mate you may find, One who will love you
f
p
Fedor.
dear - ly. There is one love you know that is loy - al and
mf


Men.
Fedor.
true. 'Tis I, 'Tis I, 'Tis I! They're
p
Men.
all poor, vain but - ter-flies, flirt - ing with you. No, no, no,
mf
p
Ilma.
no, no, no! I'll dance with each one of you,
mf
Men.
Ilma.
Who will be first? Take me, take me, take me! I
p


Men.
think I'll try this one, He waltz - es the worst. That's he, that's
mf
p
Slower
Fedor.
he, that's he!.....
No, no, 'tis not
Slower
tr
pp
Men.
rit.
fair, Her fa - vor with you now I should share. Let each dance in
tr
p
rit.
f a tempo
turn, Per-haps he may learn That he's not the soul mate for you,
f
a tempo
rit.


ff
pp
f a tempo
dear. Ah me, 'tis too late, I've cho-sen my mate. Old love may give
ff
p
f a tempo
Valse
place to the new, dear. When I'm waltz - ing, waltz - ing with
Valse
p
p a tempo
you, Life is a jest be - guil - ing, Love is
not for you and for me, I read that in your smil -


ing. Leave him then, and give me a chance, He cannot
p
love sin - cere - ly; Try a - gain, your mate you may
find, One who will love you dear - ly. When I'm waltz - ing,
f
waltz - ing with you, Life is a jest be - guil - ing,


Love is not for you and for me, I read that in your
smil - ing. Leave him then, and give me a chance,
ff
He cannot love sin - cere - ly, Try a - gain, your
mate you may find, One who will love you dear - ly.

BABY DUET.

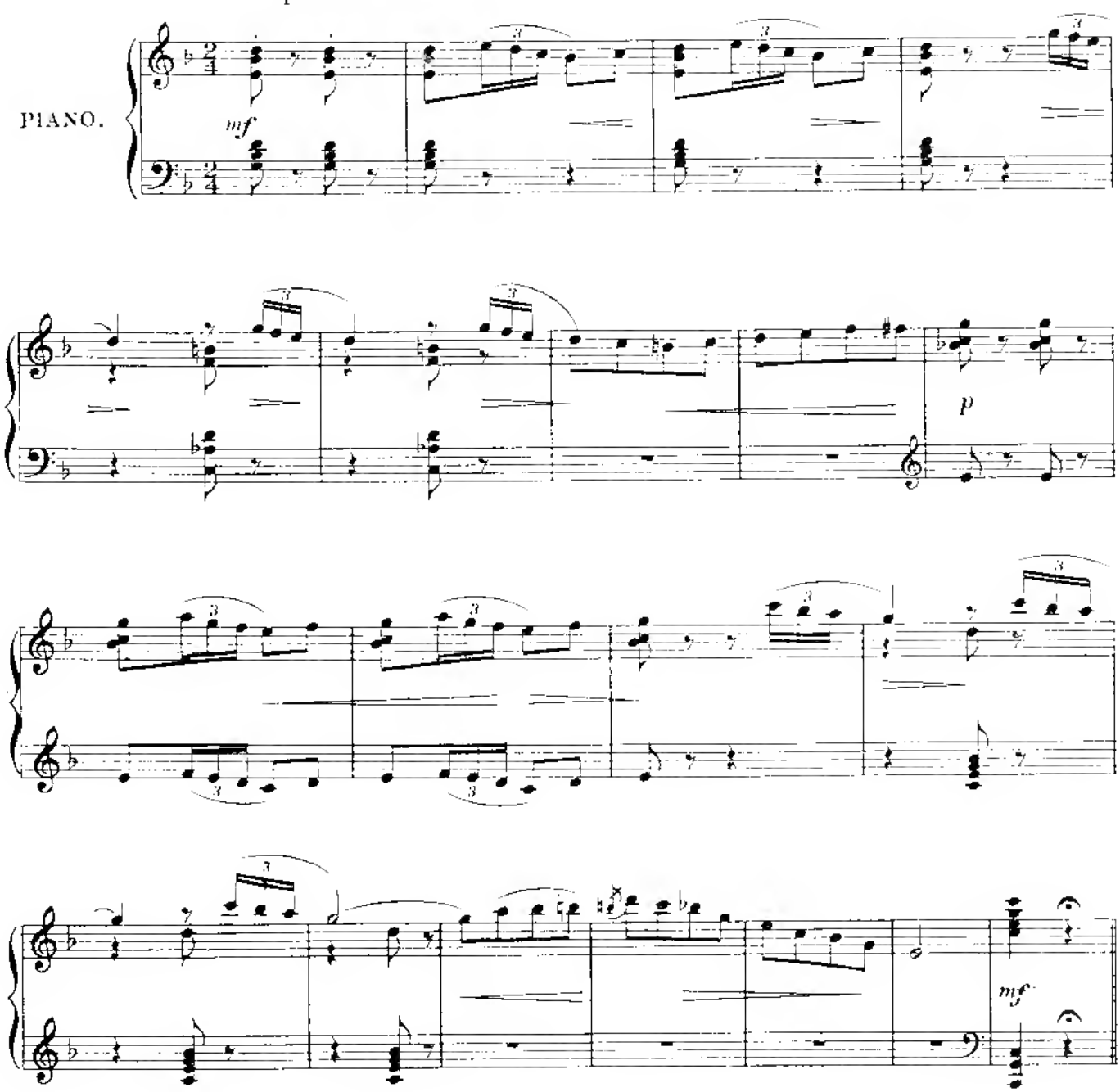
DUET — Lília and Káspár.

Words by
HARRY B.SMITH & ROBERT B.SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR

Tempo di Polka

PIANO.



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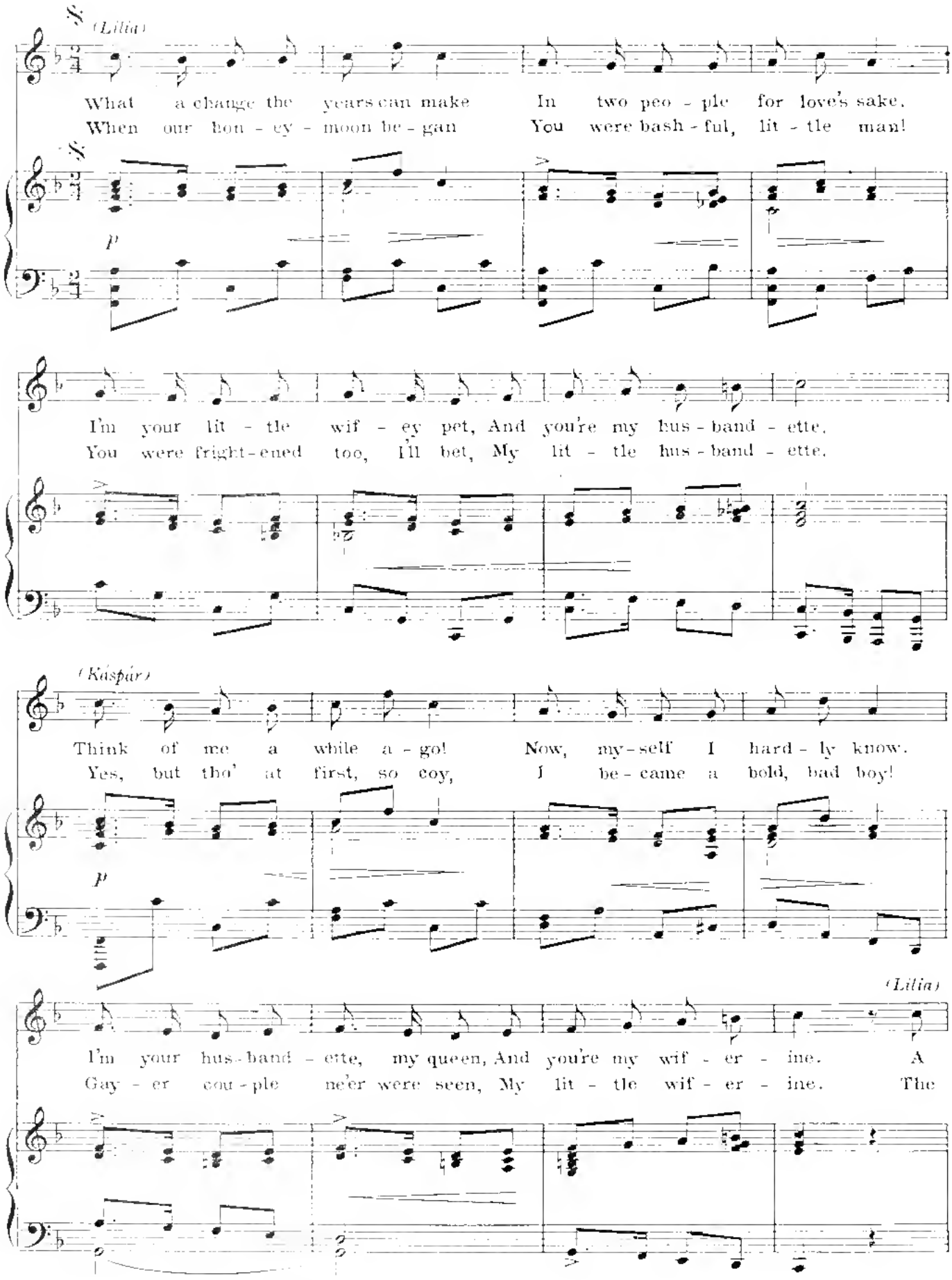
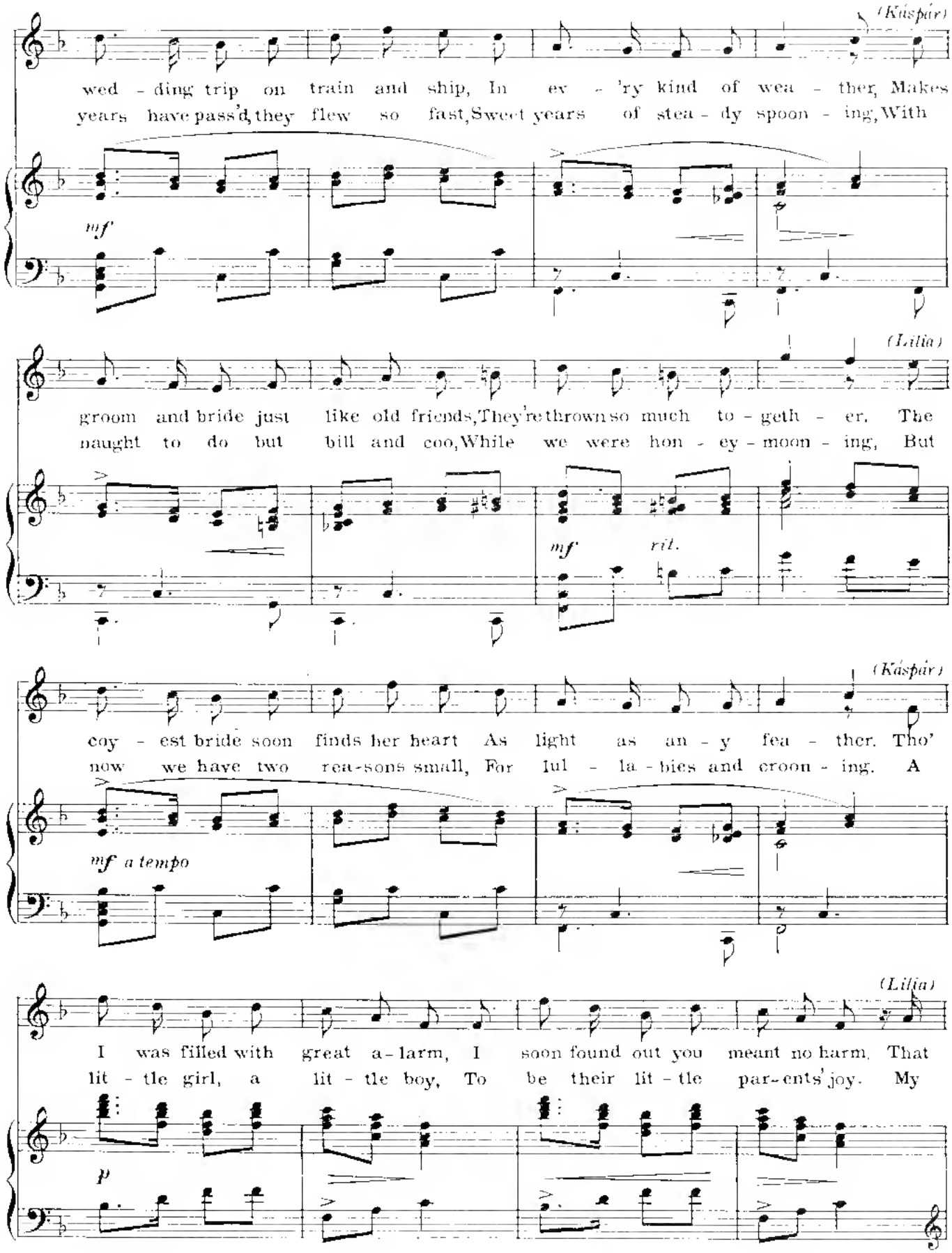
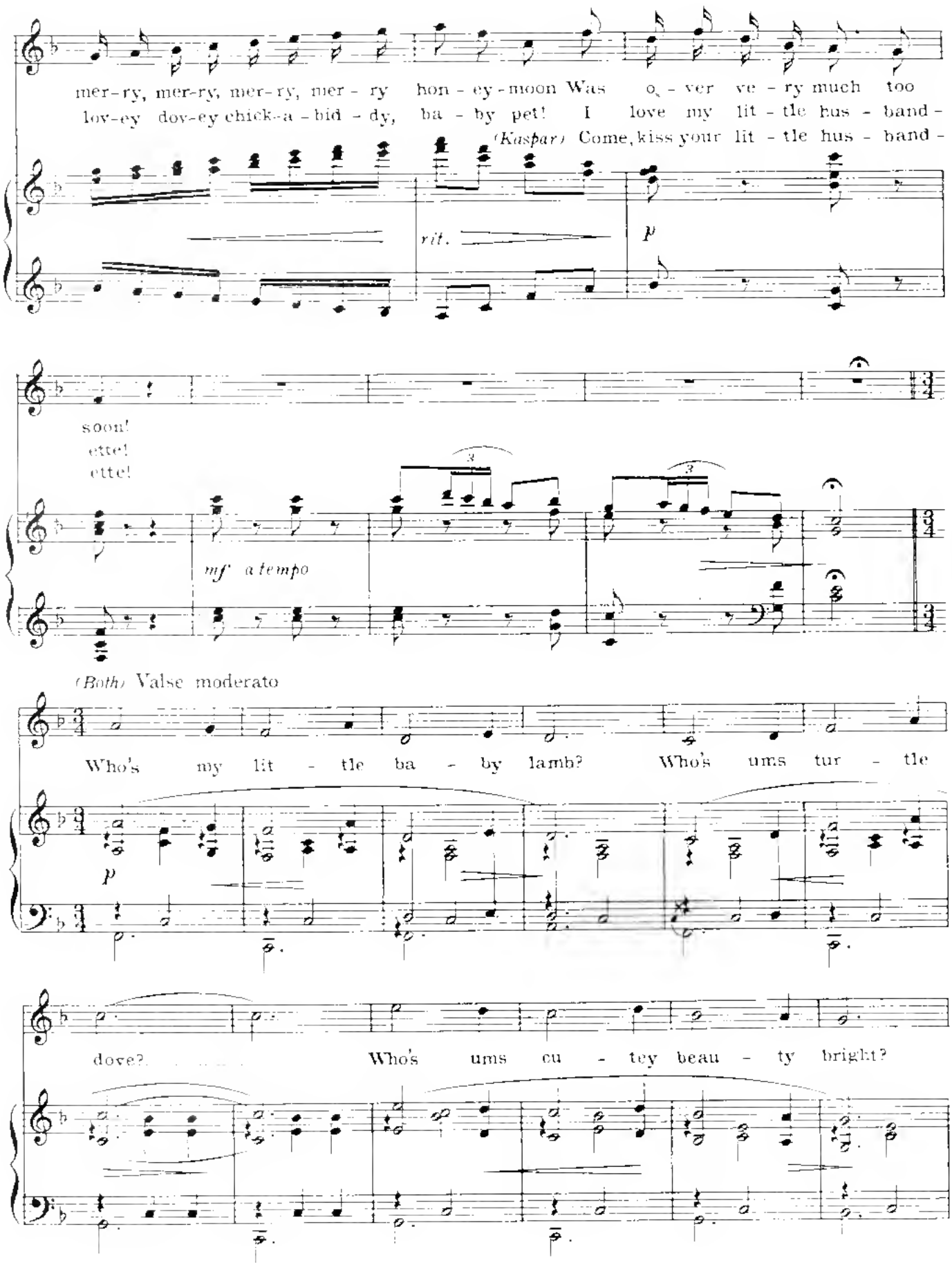
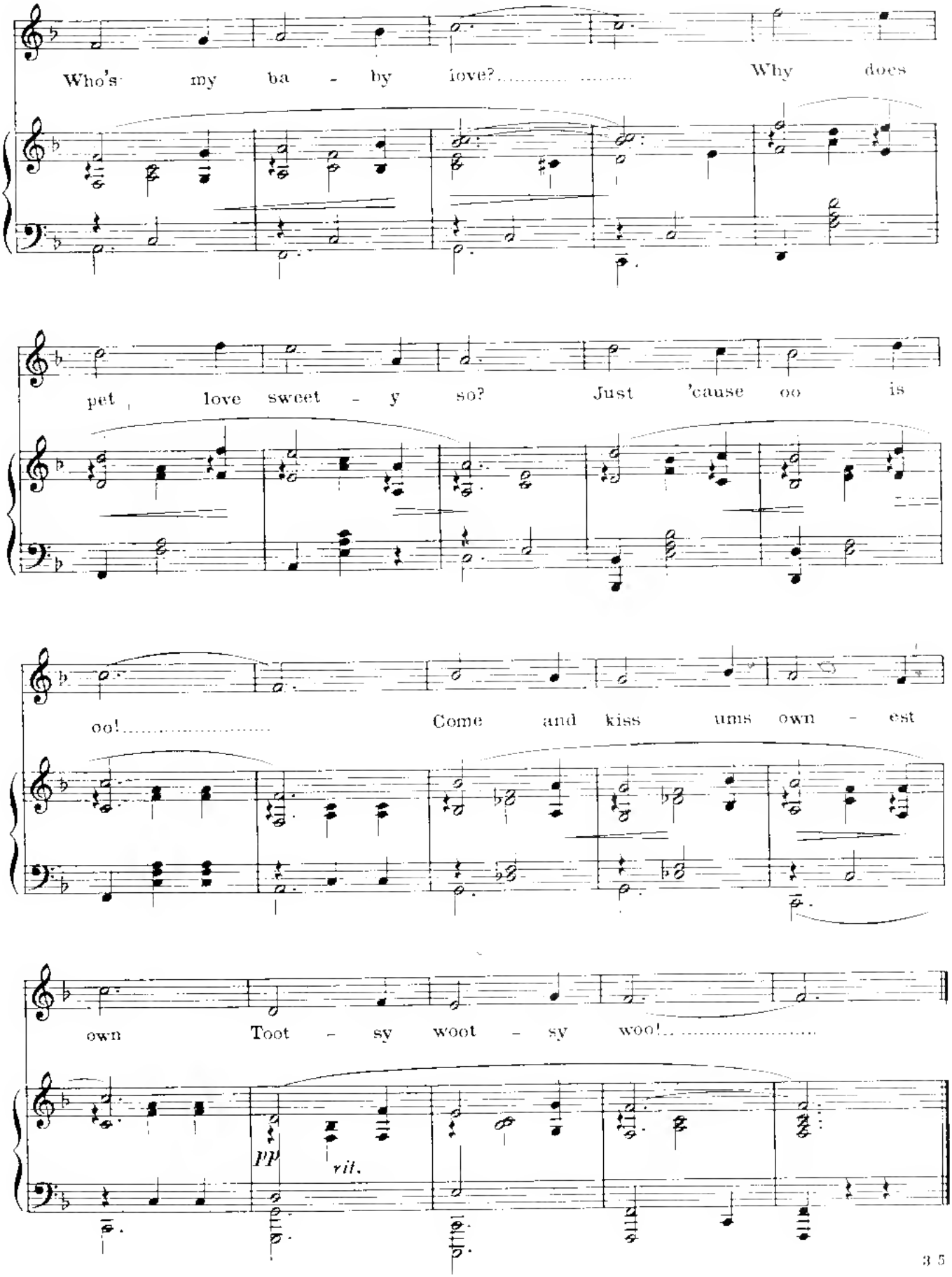

(Lilia)
What a change the years can make In two peo - ple for love's sake.
When our hon - ey - moon be - gan You were bash - ful, lit - tle man!
p
I'm your lit - tle wif - ey pet, And you're my hus - band - ette.
You were fright - ened too, I'll bet, My lit - tle hus - band - ette.
(Káspár)
Think of me a while a - go! Now, my - self I hard - ly know.
Yes, but tho' at first, so coy, I be - came a bold, bad boy!
p
(Lilia)
I'm your hus - band - ette, my queen, And you're my wif - er - ine. A
Gay - er cou - ple ne'er were seen, My lit - tle wif - er - ine. The


(Kàspár)
wed - ding trip on train and ship, In ev - 'ry kind of wea - ther, Makes
years have pass'd, they flew so fast, Sweet years of stea - dy spoon - ing, With
mf
(Lilla)
groom and bride just like old friends, They're thrown so much to - geth - er. The
naught to do but bill and coo, While we were hon - ey - moon - ing, But
mf
rit.
(Kàspár)
coy - est bride soon finds her heart As light as an - y fea - ther. Tho'
now we have two rea-sons small, For lul - la - bies and croon - ing. A
mf a tempo
(Lilla)
I was filled with great a - larm, I soon found out you meant no harm. That
lit - tle girl, a lit - tle boy, To be their lit - tle par-ents' joy. My
p


mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry, mer - ry hon - ey - moon Was o, - ver ve - ry much too
lov-ey dov-ey chick-a - bid - dy, ba - by pet! I love my lit - tle hus - band -
(Kaspar) Come, kiss your lit - tle hus - band -
rit.
p
soon!
ette!
ette!
mf a tempo
(Both) Valse moderato
Who's my lit - tle ba - by lamb? Who's ums tur - tle
p
dove? Who's ums cu - tey beau - ty bright?

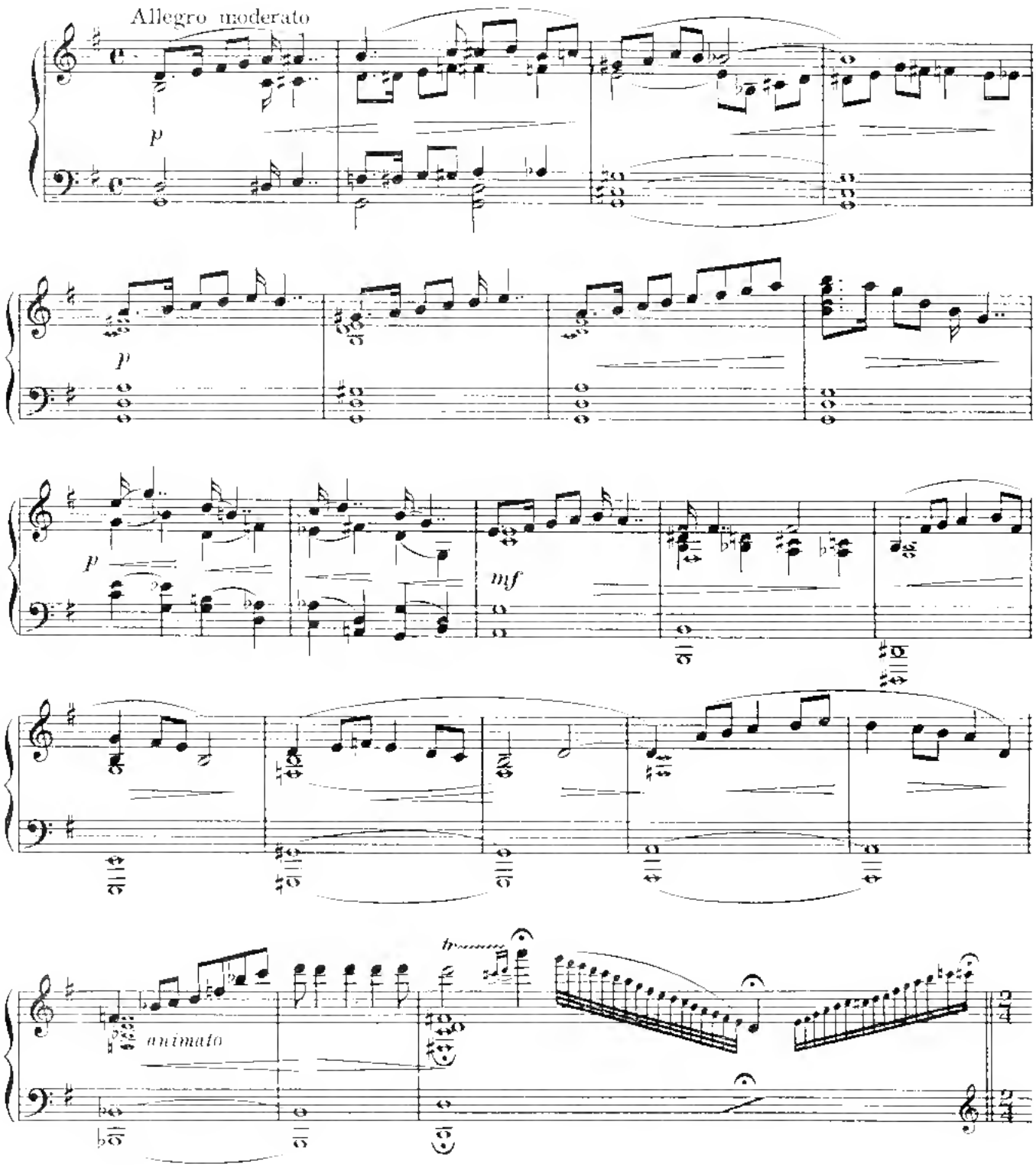

Who's my ba - by love?..... Why does
pet love sweet - y so? Just 'cause oo is
oo!..... Come and kiss ums own - est
own Toot - sy woot - sy woo!.....
pp
rit.

DUET

Zorika and Fedor

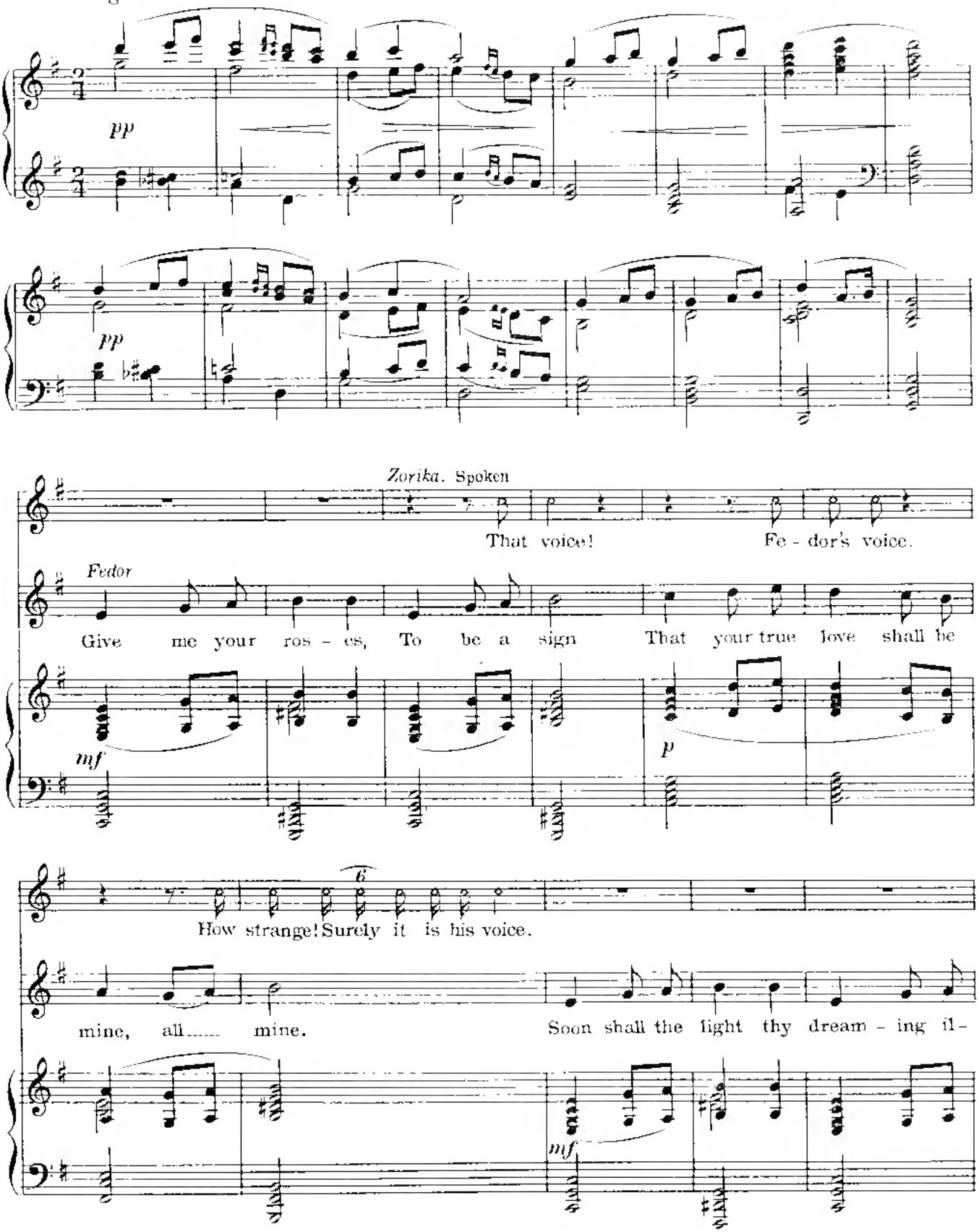
Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T B. SMITH.

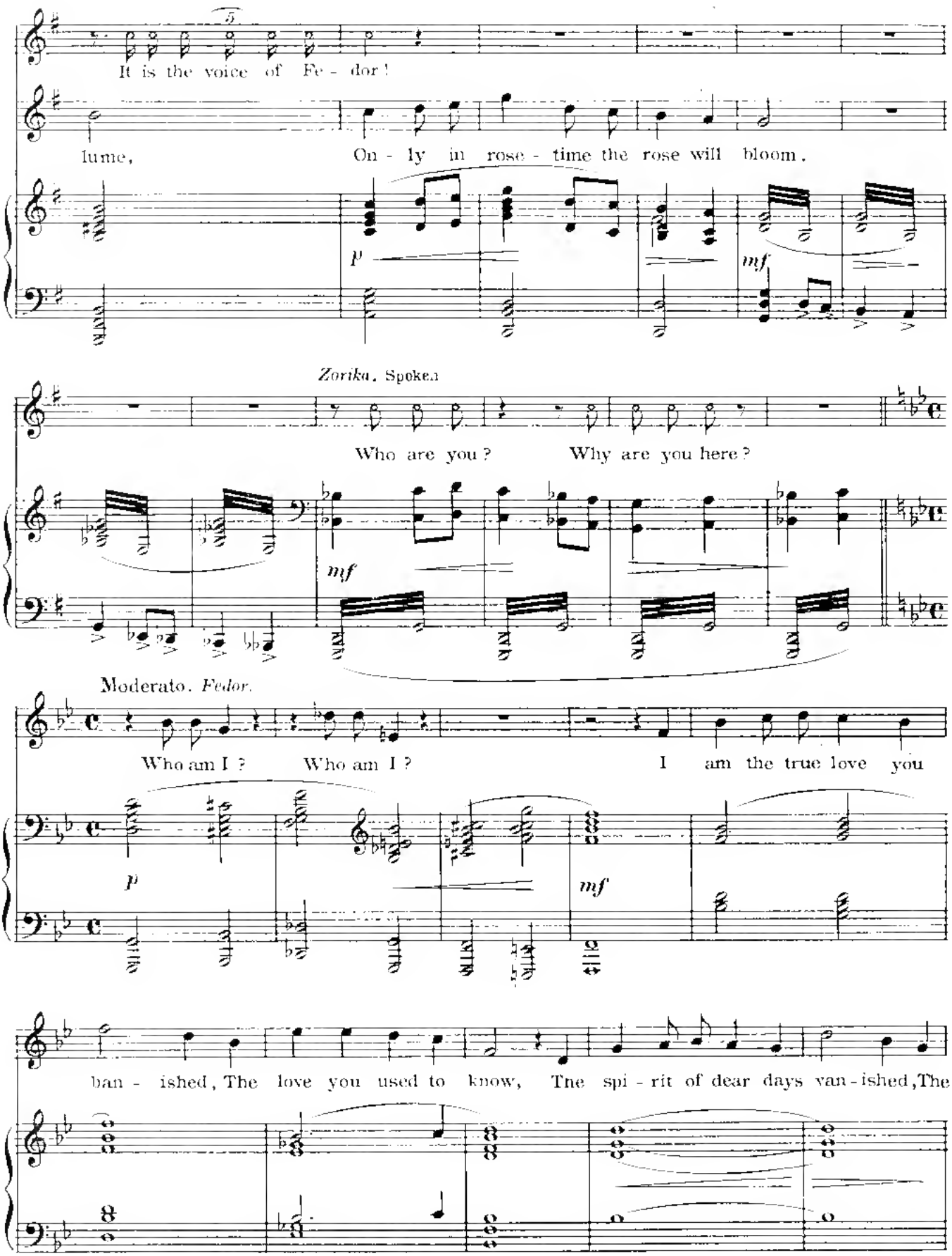
Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

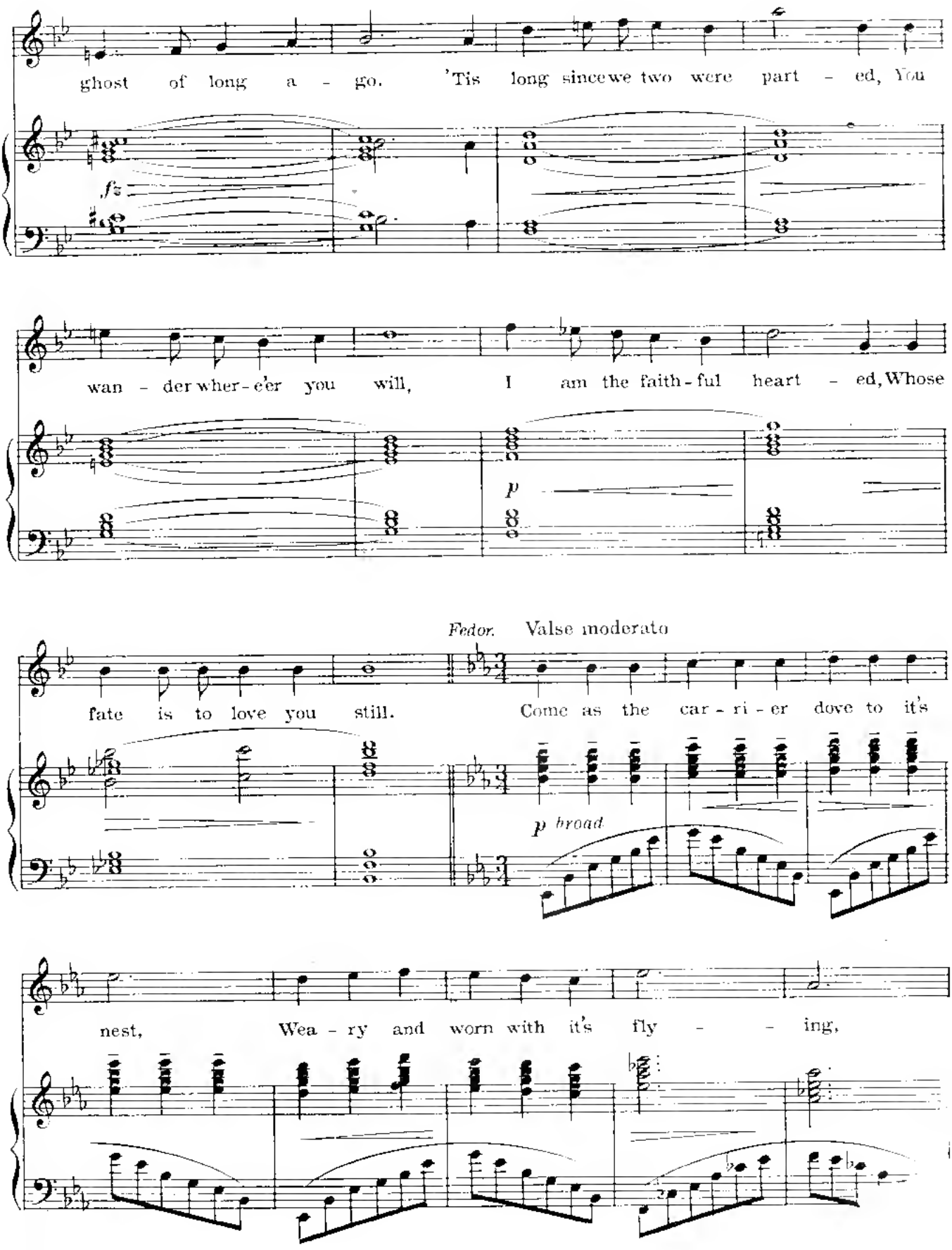


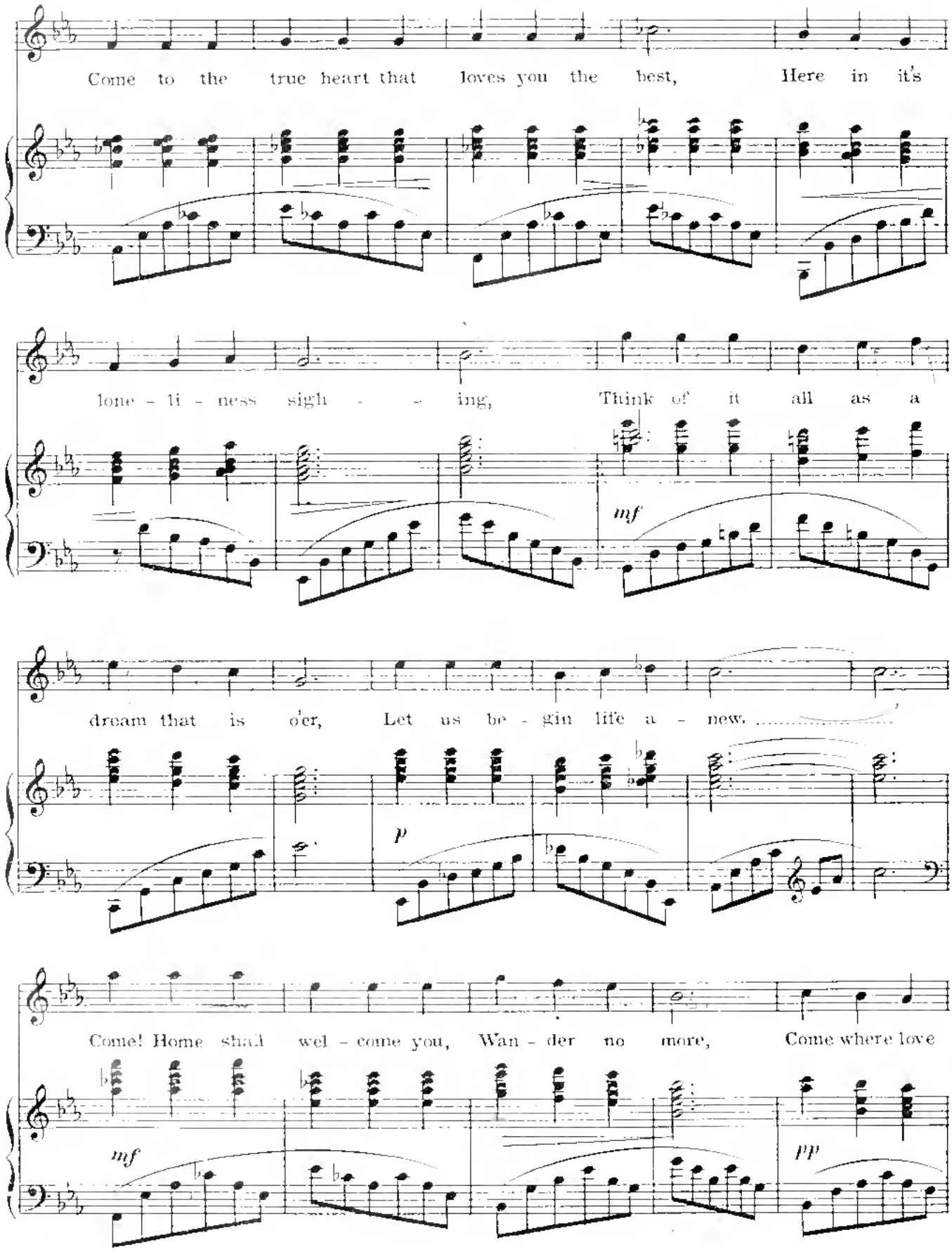
Zorika (Spoken) Fedor's song when he brought me roses, etc. (Book p. 24 Act II.)

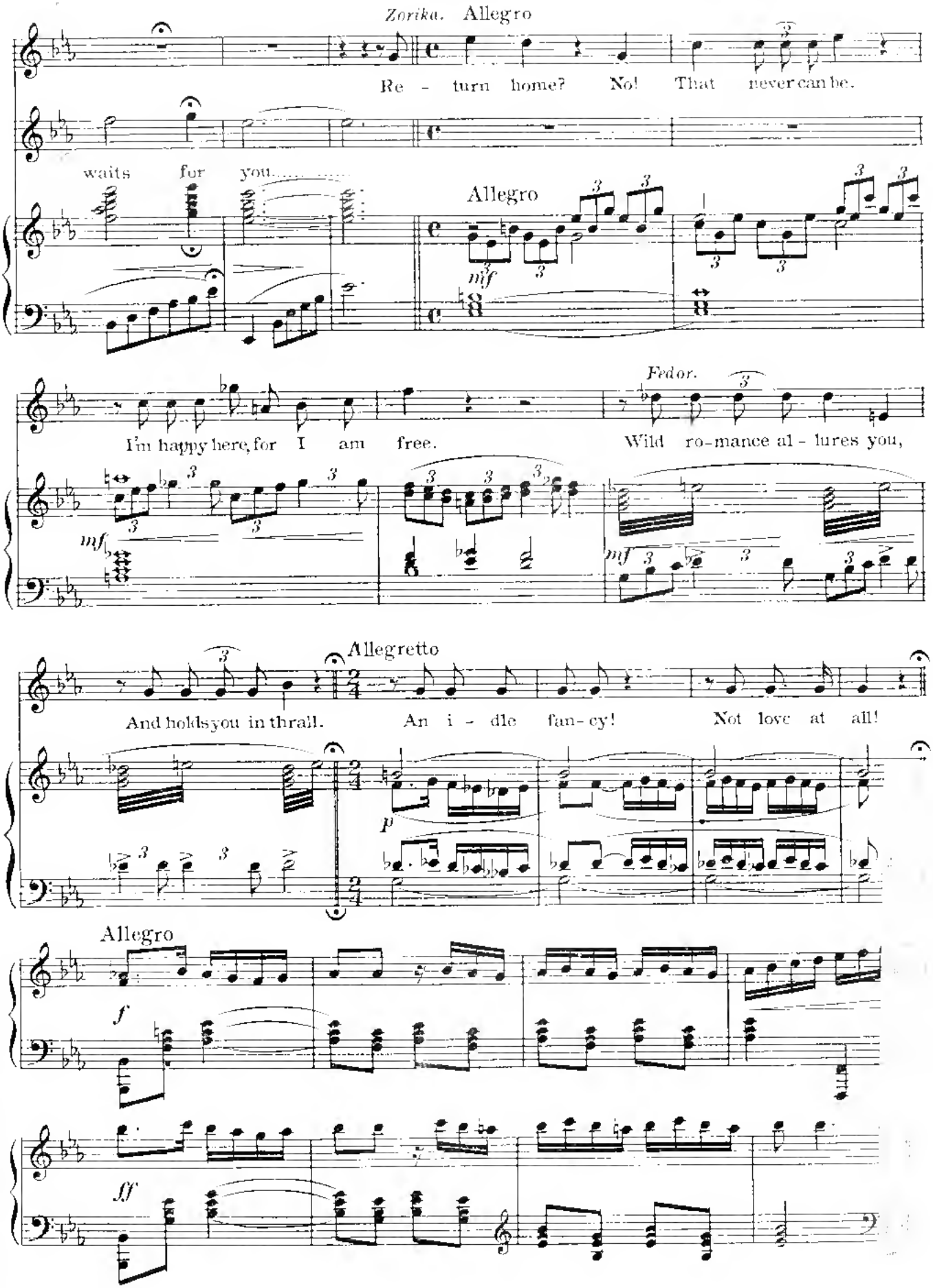
Allegretto moderato

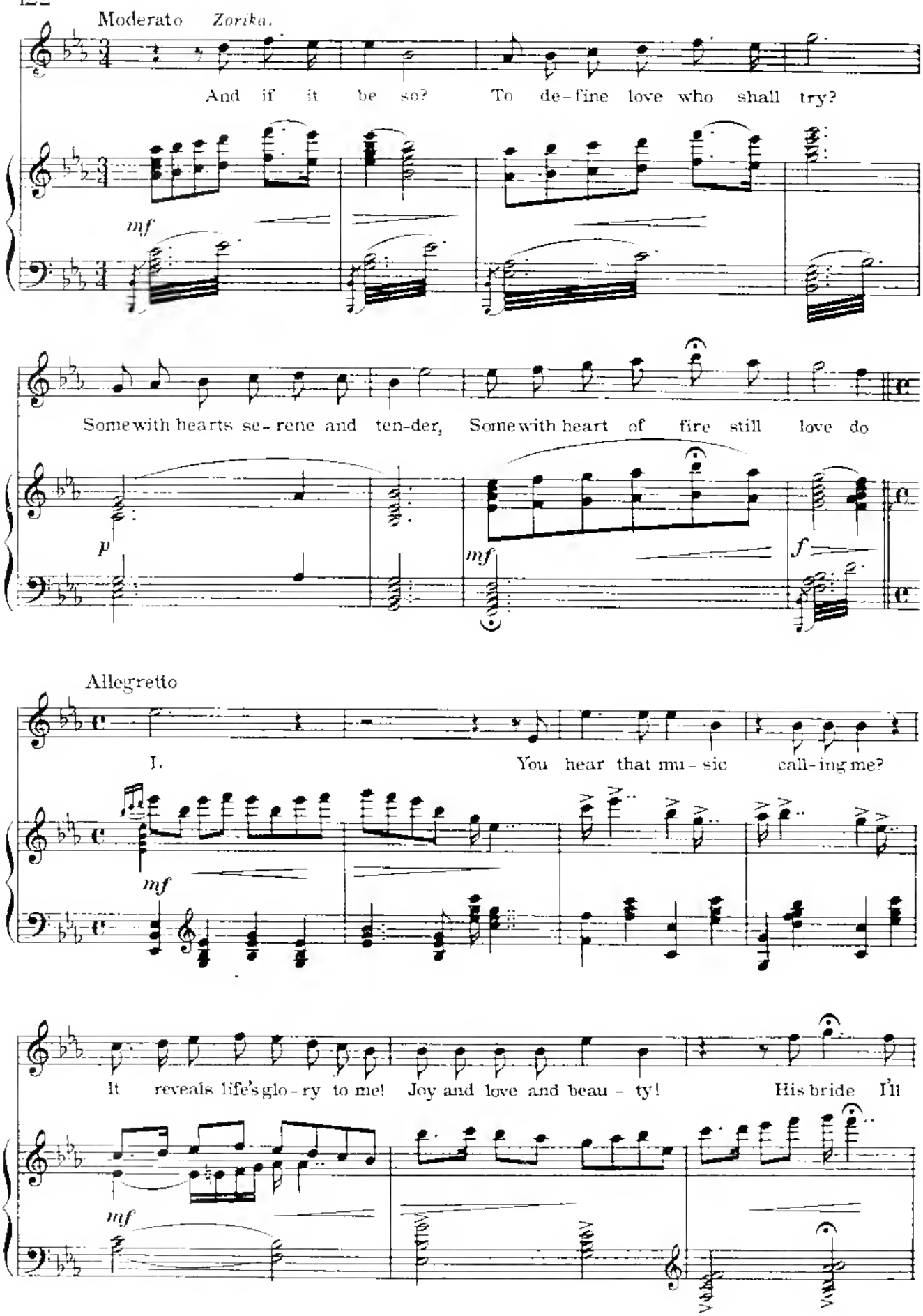


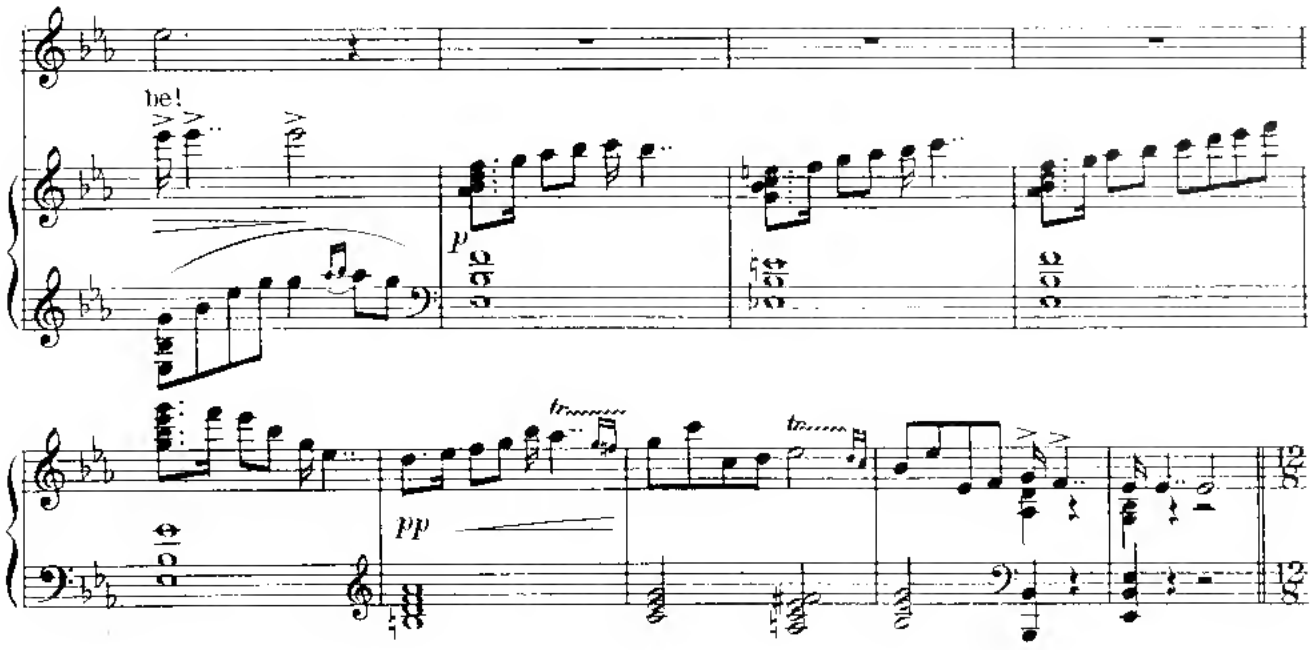

It is the voice of Fe - dor!
lume,
On - ly in rose - time the rose will bloom.
p
mf
Zorika. Spoken
Who are you? Why are you here?
mf
Moderato. Fedor.
Who am I? Who am I? I am the true love you
p
mf
ban - ished, The love you used to know, The spi - rit of dear days van - ished, The


ghost of long a - go. 'Tis long since we two were part - ed, You
fs
wan - der wher - e'er you will, I am the faith - ful heart - ed, Whose
p
Fedor. Valse moderato
fate is to love you still. Come as the car - ri - er dove to it's
p broad
nest, Wea - ry and worn with it's fly - - ing,


Come to the true heart that loves you the best, Here in it's
lone - li - ness sigh - - ing, Think of it all as a
mf
dream that is o'er, Let us be - gin life a - new.
p
Come! Home shall wel - come you, Wan - der no more, Come where love
mf
pp


Zorika. Allegro
Re - turn home? No! That never can be.
waits for you.
Allegro
mf
Fedor.
I'm happy here, for I am free.
Wild ro-mance al - lures you,
mf
Allegretto
And holds you in thrall.
An i - dle fan-cy!
Not love at all!
p
Allegro
f
ff


Moderato
Zorika.
And if it be so? To de-fine love who shall try?
mf
Some with hearts se-rene and ten-der, Some with heart of fire still love do
p
mf
f
Allegretto
I. You hear that mu-sic call-ing me?
mf
It reveals life's glo-ry to me! Joy and love and beau-ty! His bride I'll
mf



Fedor. (off stage)

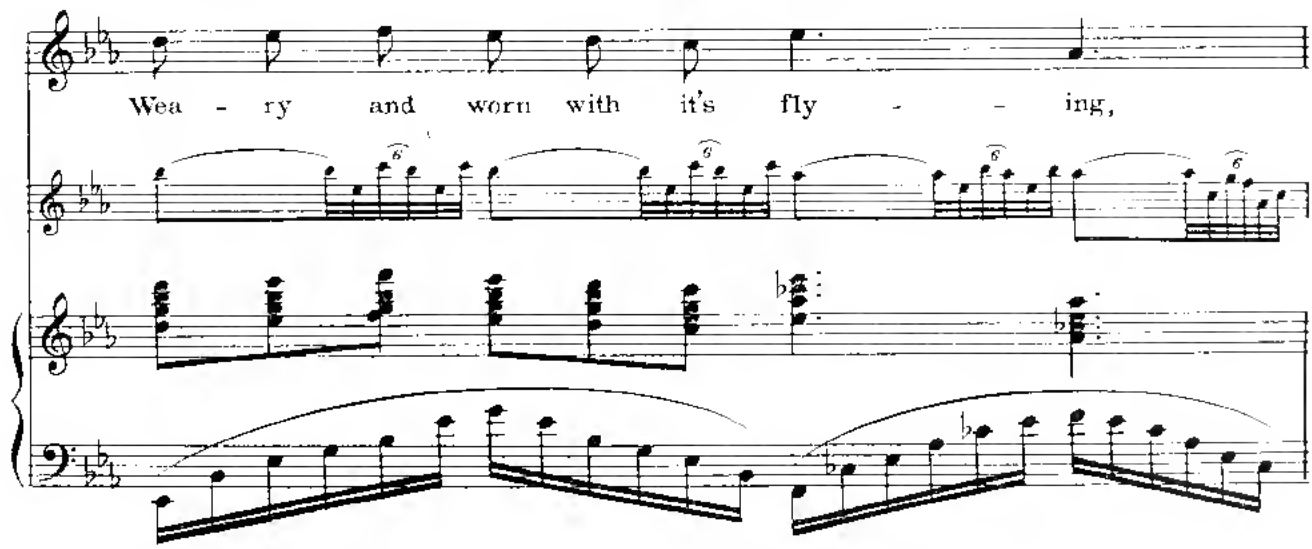
Andante

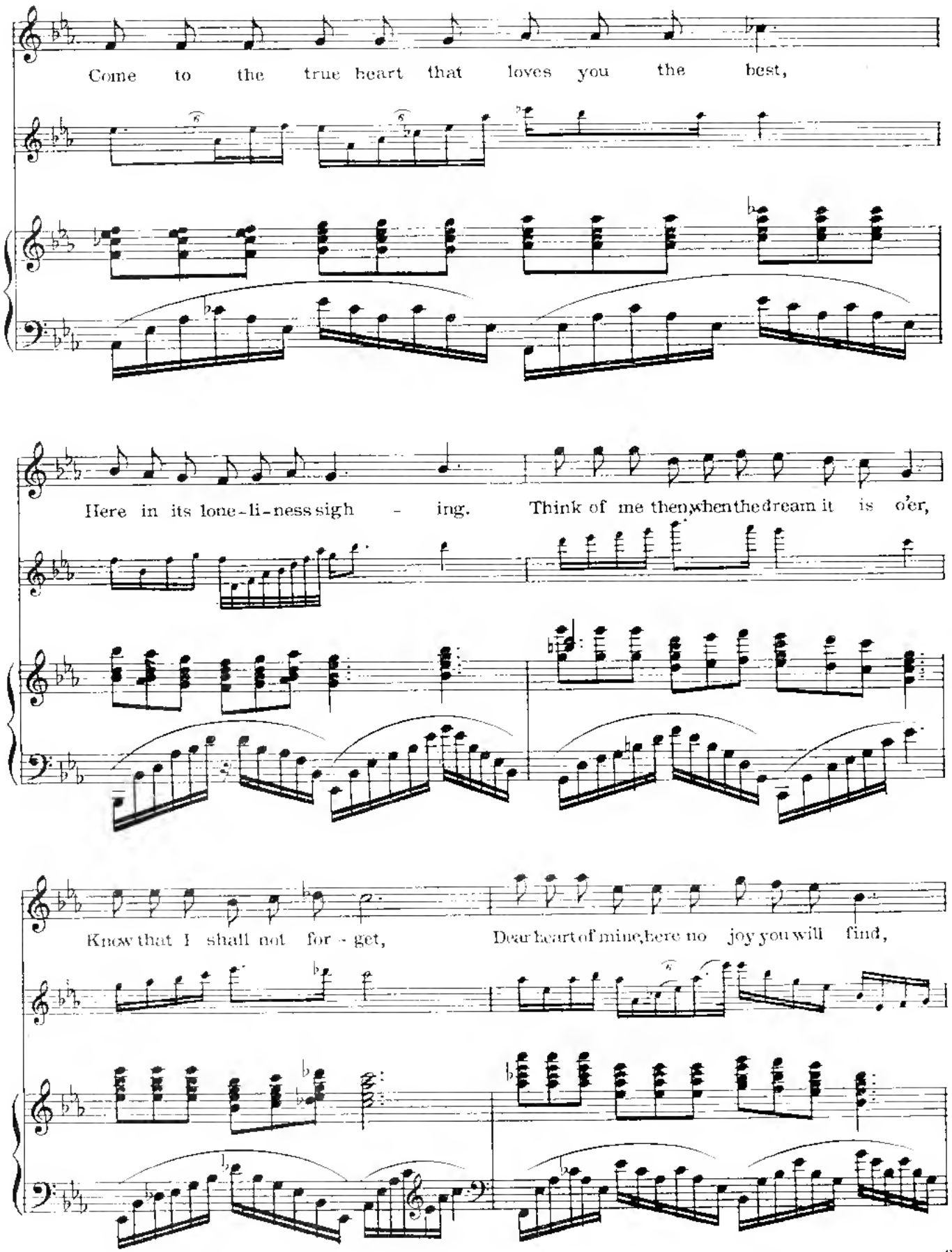
Come as the car - ri - er dove to it's nest,

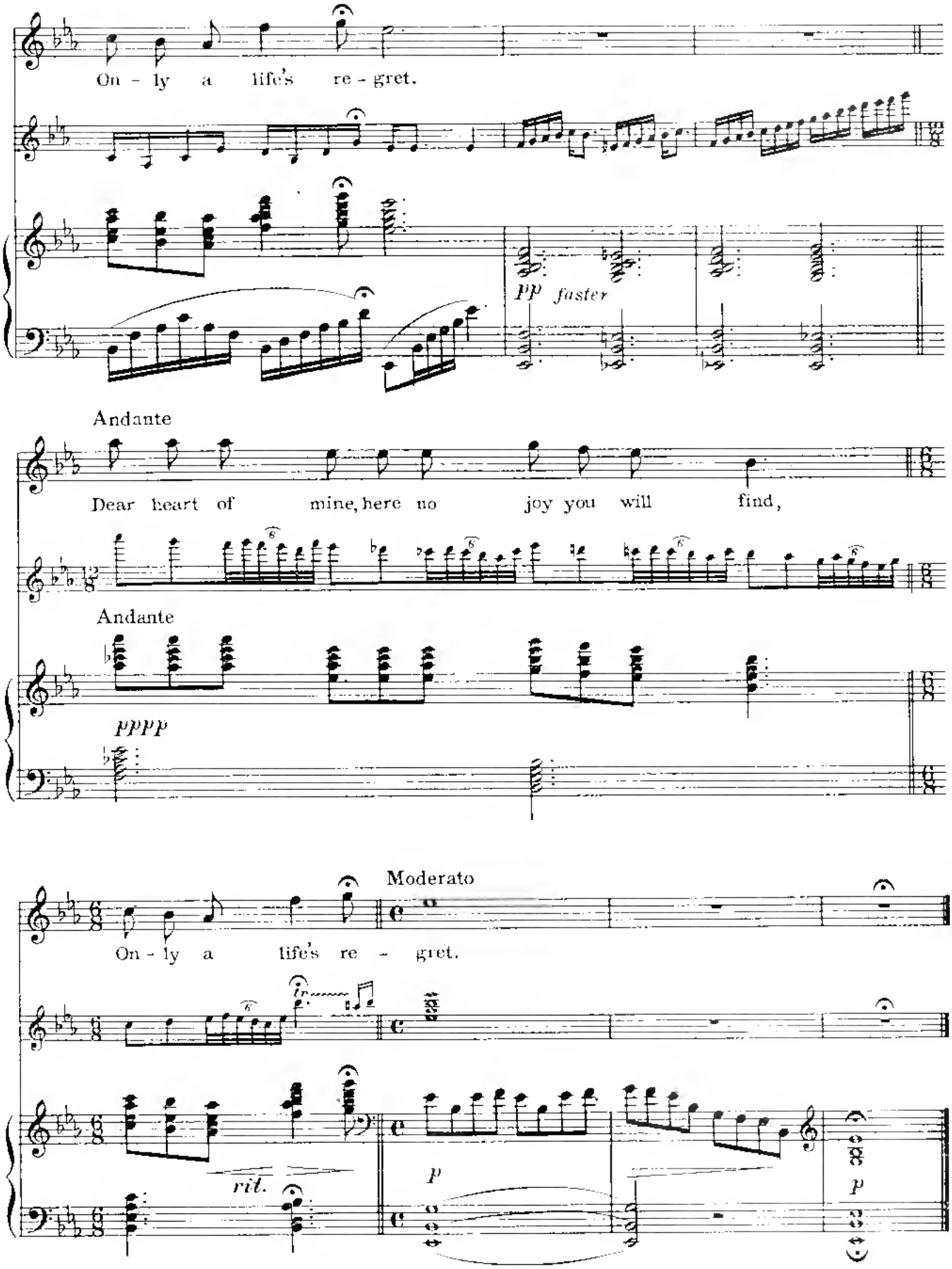
Violin behind scenes.

Andante

ppp



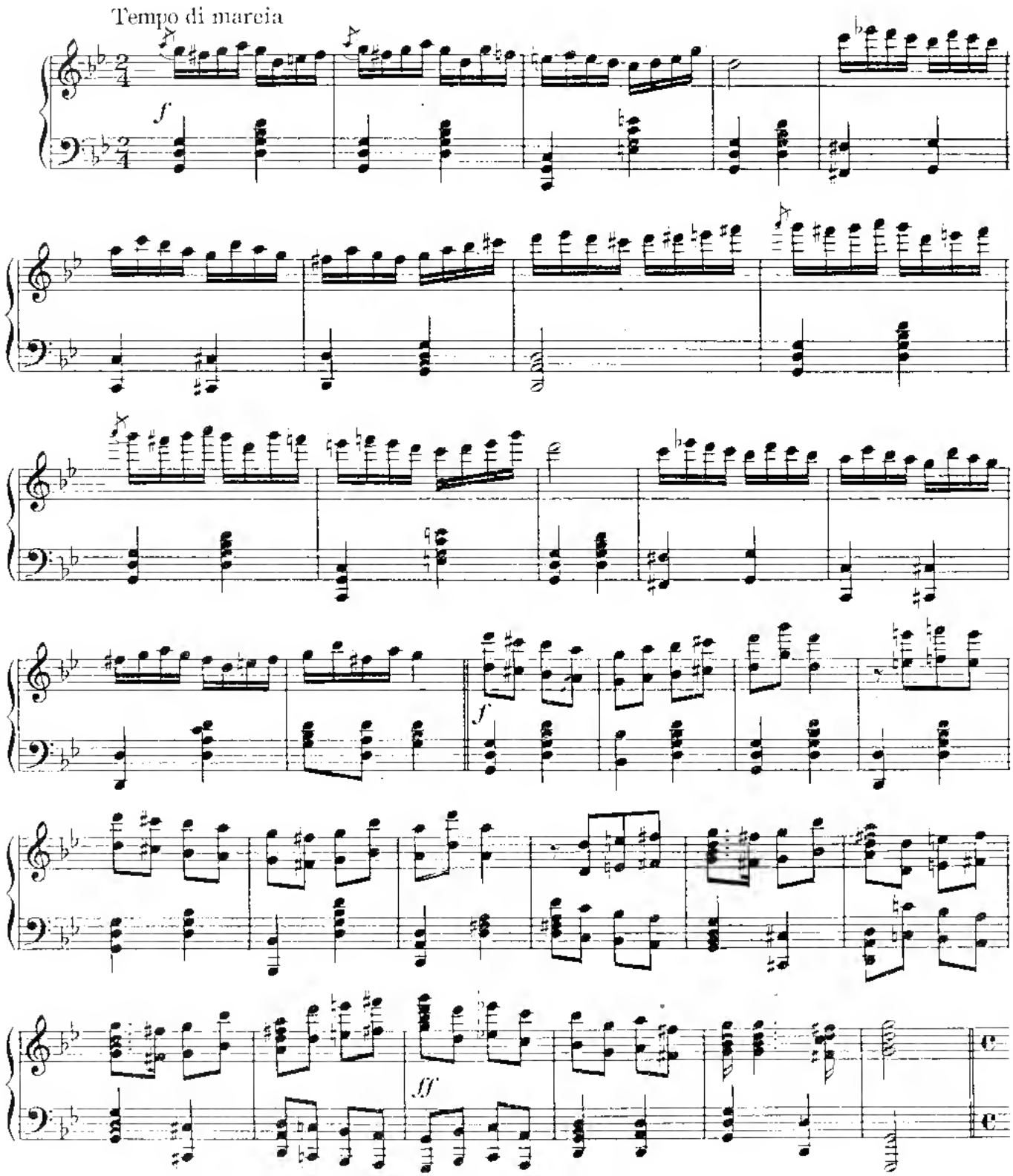

Come to the true heart that loves you the best,
Here in its lone-li-ness sigh - ing. Think of me then, when the dream it is o'er,
Know that I shall not for - get, Dear heart of mine, here no joy you will find,

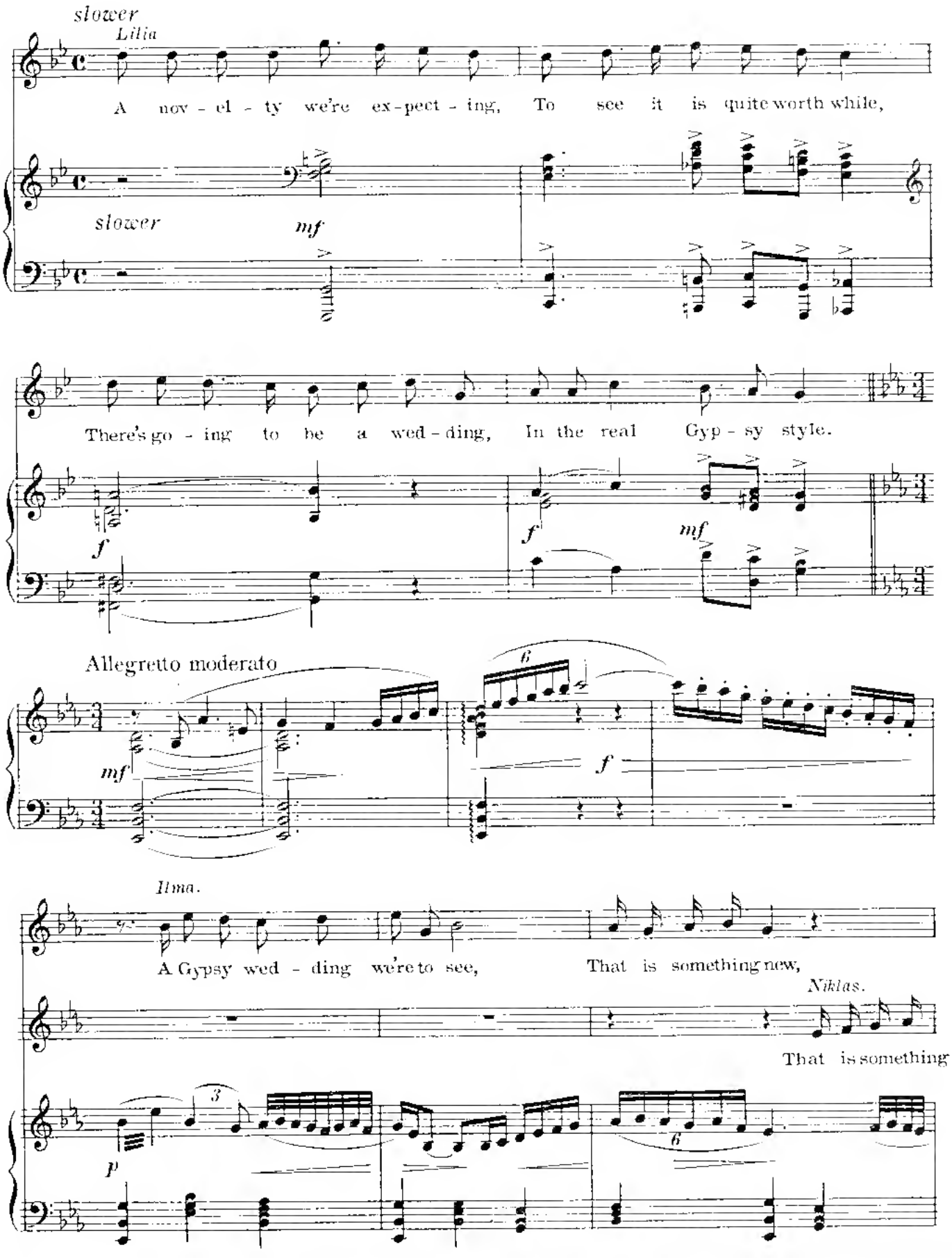

On - ly a life's re - gret.
pp faster
Andante
Dear heart of mine, here no joy you will find,
Andante
pppp
Moderato
On - ly a life's re - gret.
rit.
p
p

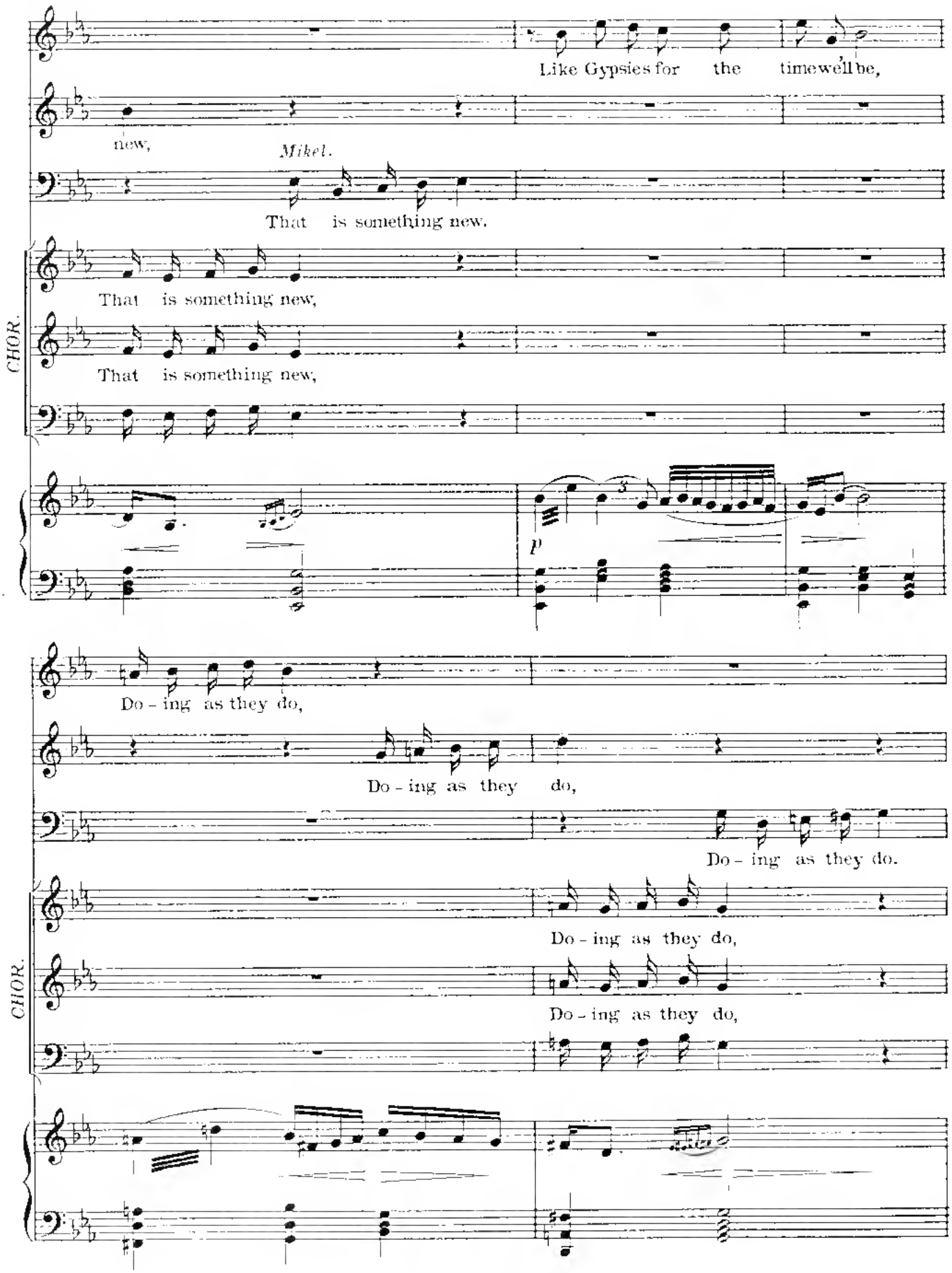
FINALE.

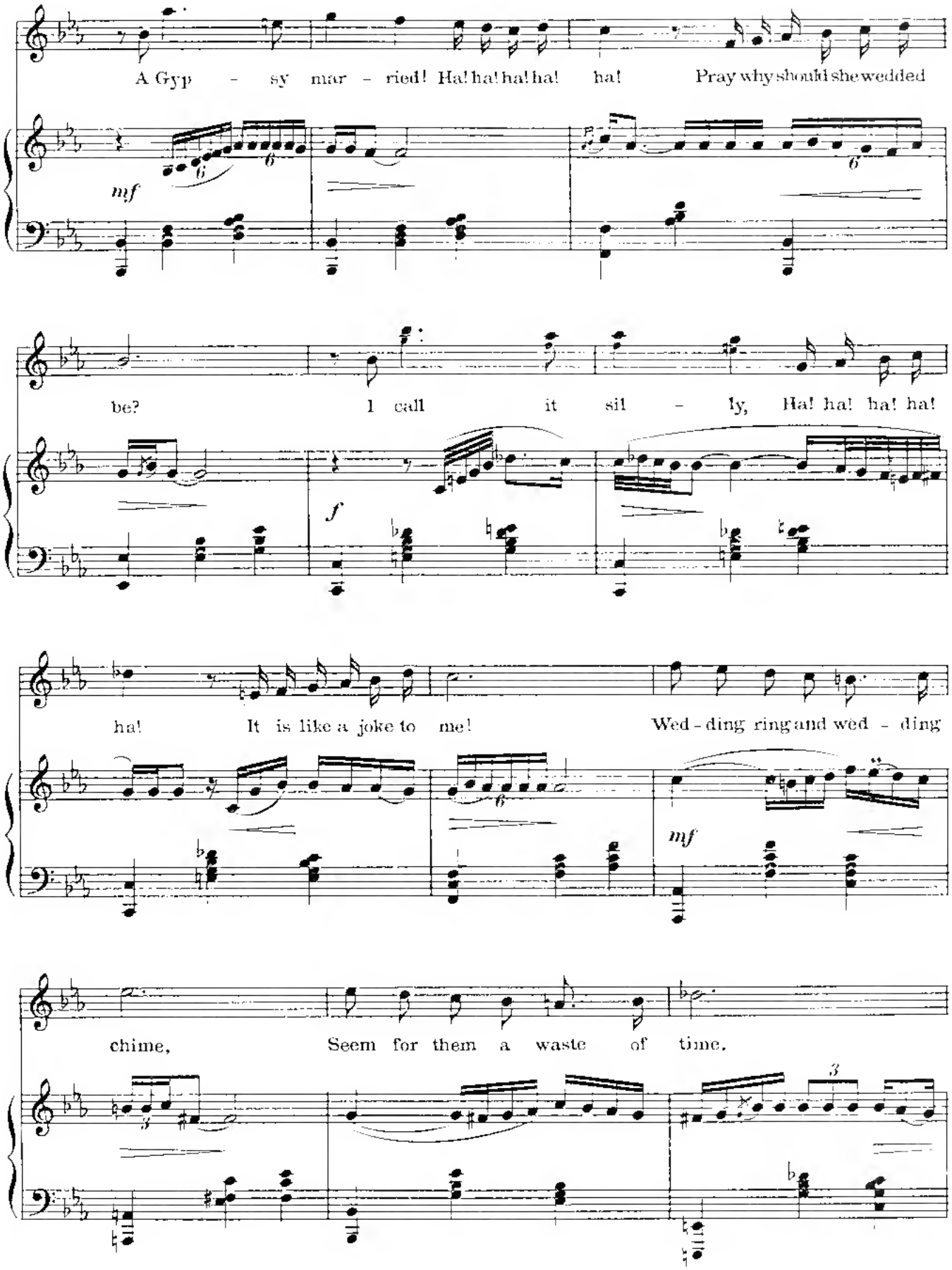
Words by
HARRY B. & ROB'T B. SMITH.

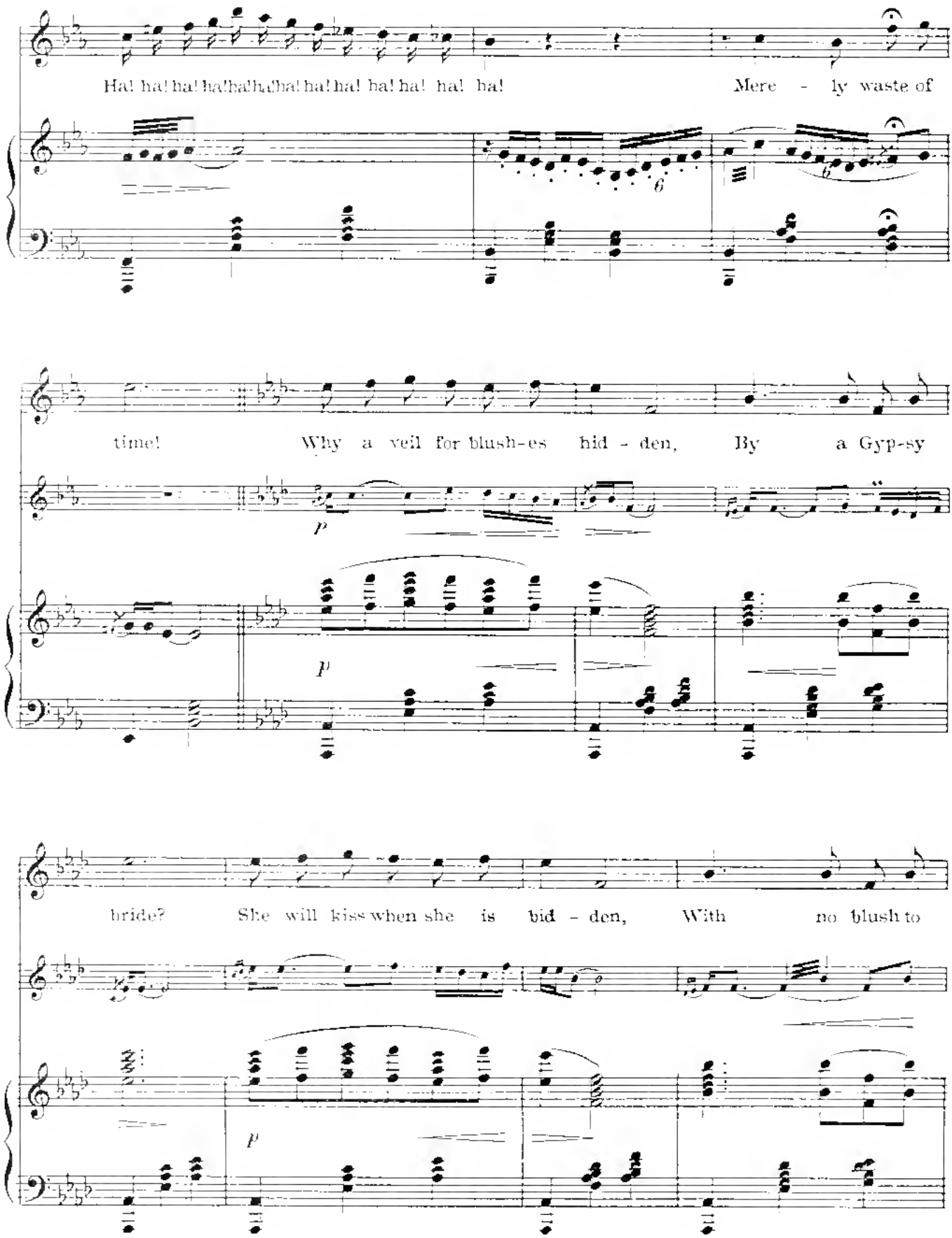
Music by
FRANZ LEHAR.

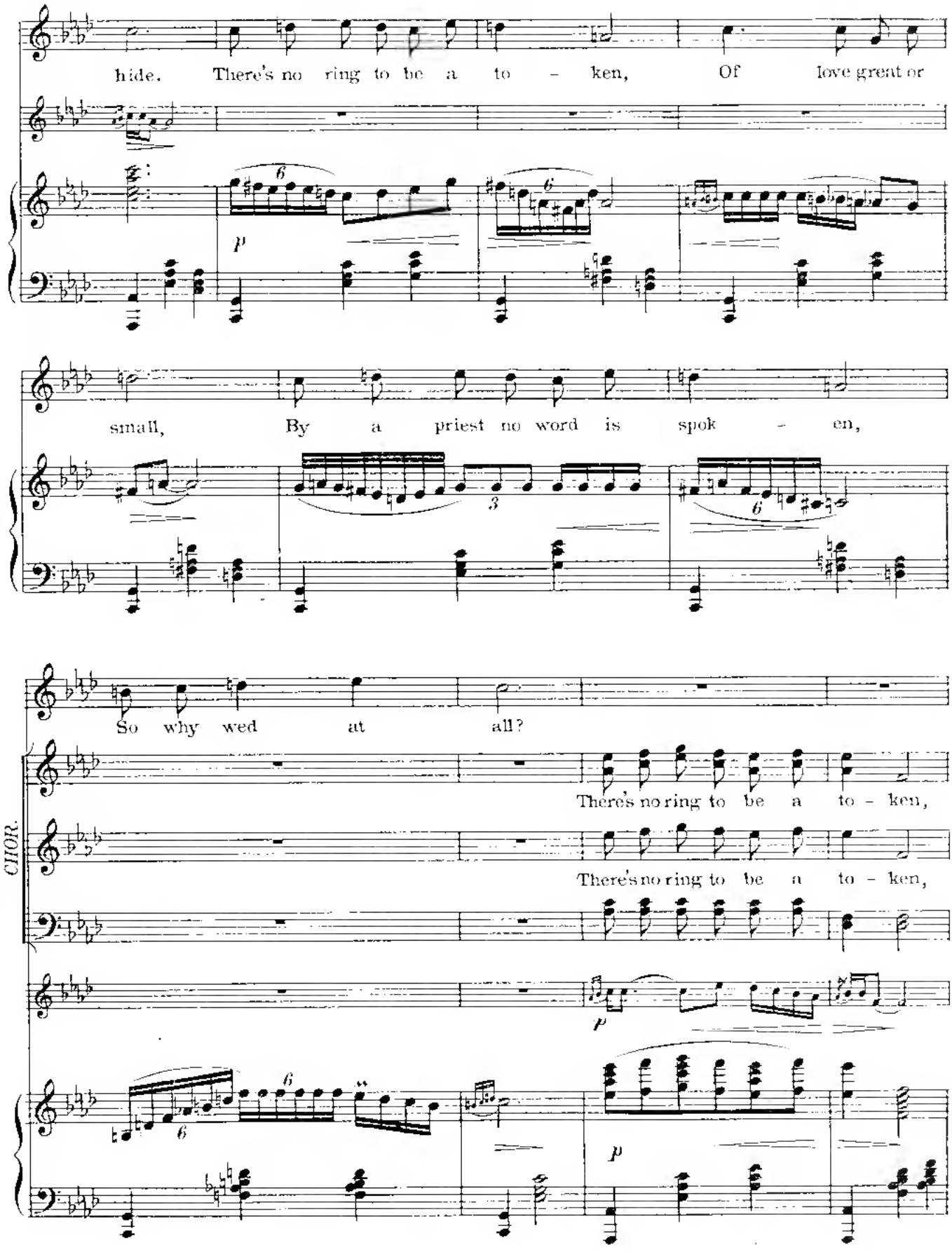


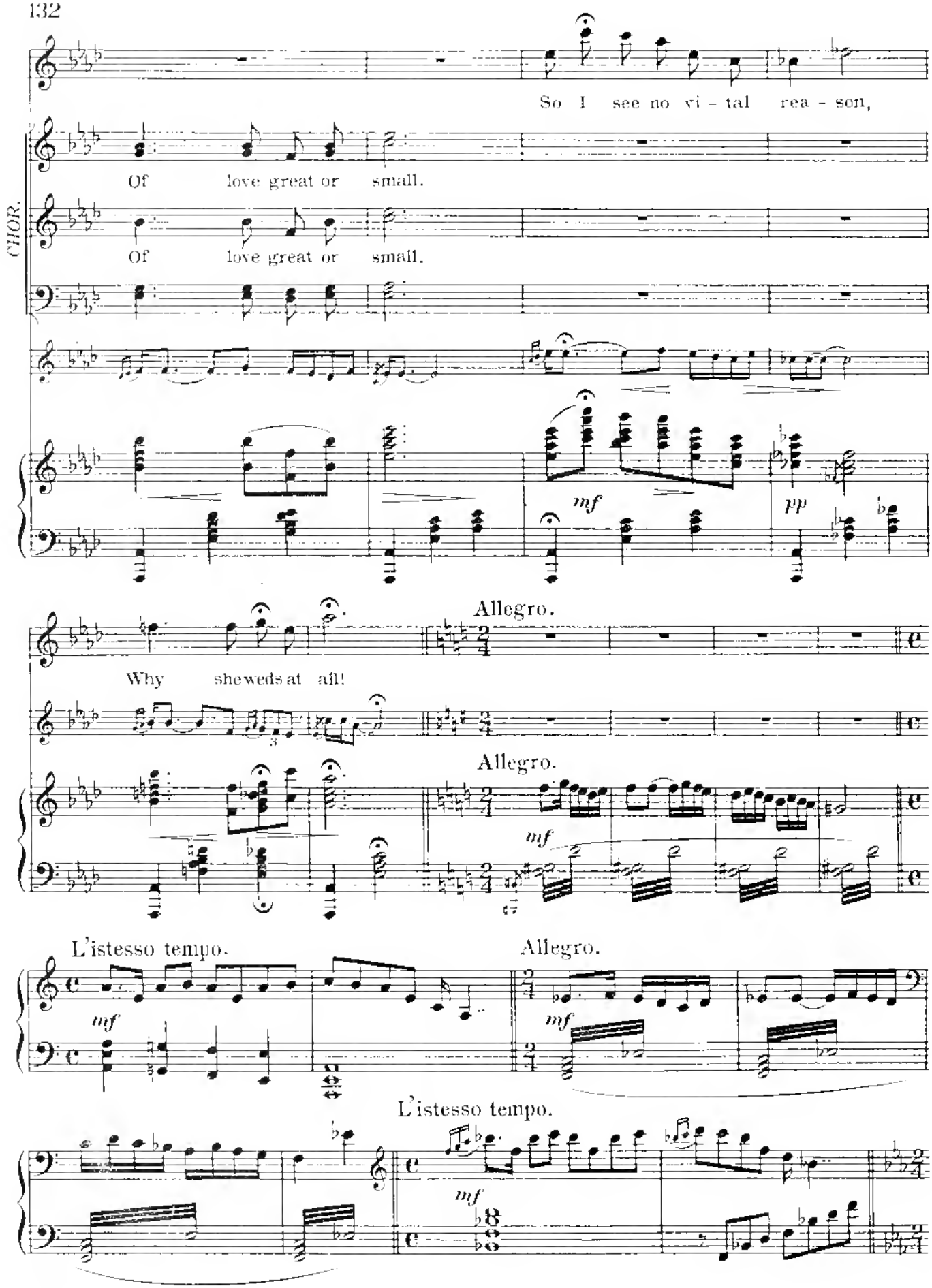

slower
Lilia.
A nov - el - ty we're ex - pect - ing, To see it is quite worth while,
slower
mf
There's go - ing to be a wed - ding, In the real Gyp - sy style.
f
f
mf
Allegretto moderato
mf
6
f
Ilma.
A Gypsy wed - ding we're to see, That is something new,
Niklas.
That is something
3
6
p

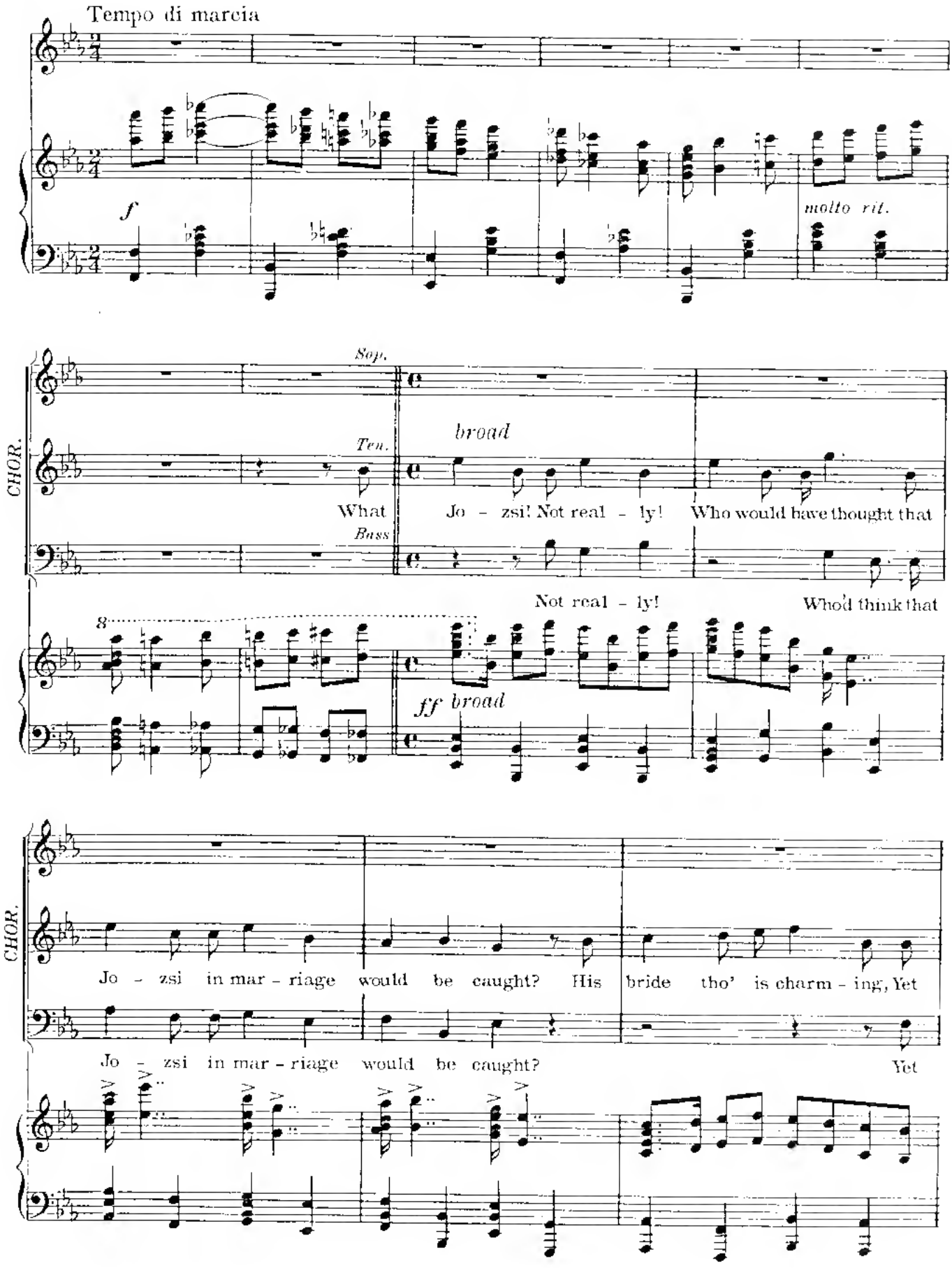

Like Gypsies for the time we'll be,
new,
Mikel.
That is something new.
CHOR.
That is something new,
That is something new,
p
Do - ing as they do,
Do - ing as they do,
Do - ing as they do.
CHOR.
Do - ing as they do,
Do - ing as they do,

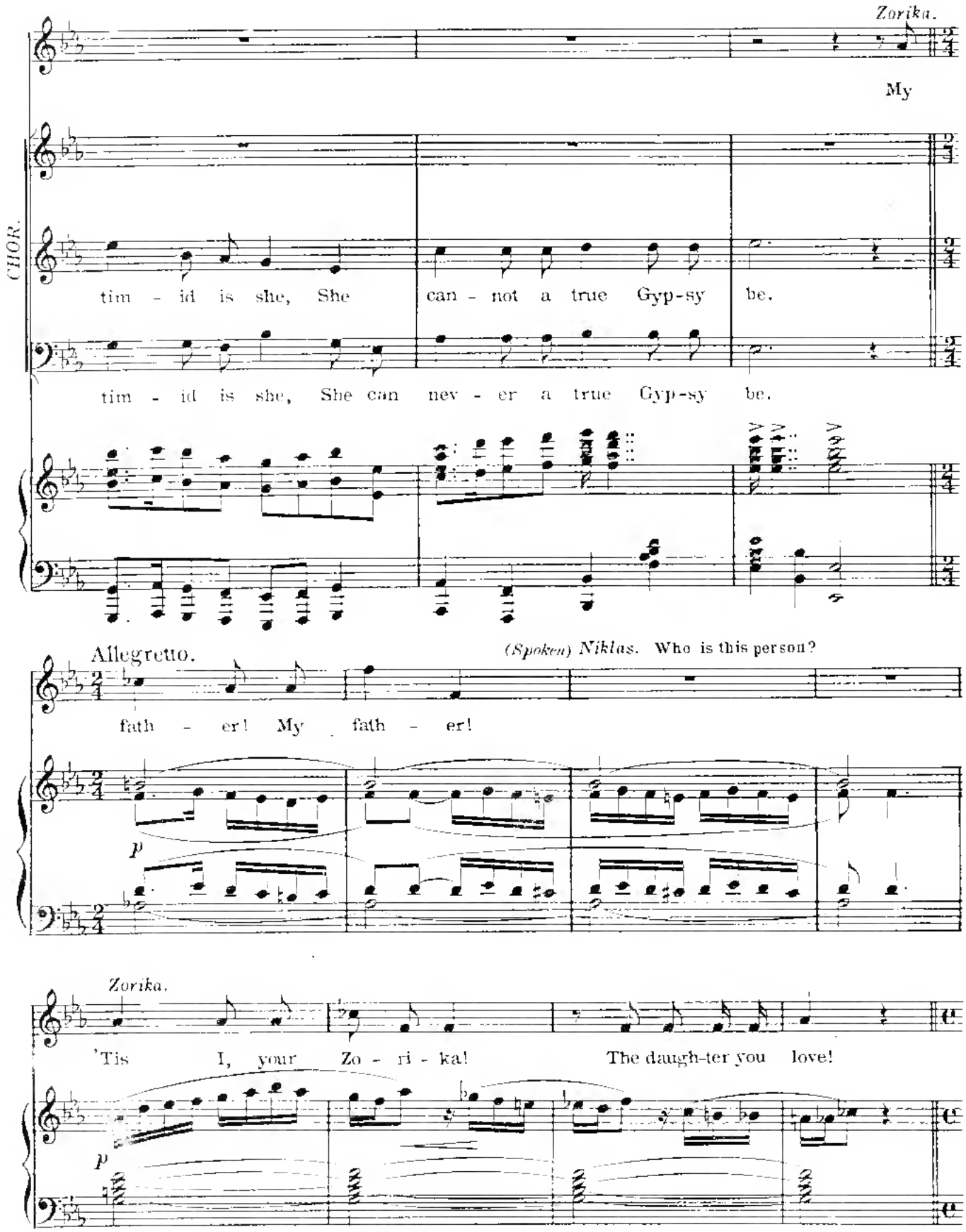

A Gyp - sy mar - ried! Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Pray why should she wedded
mf
be? I call it sil - ly, Ha! ha! ha! ha!
f
ha! It is like a joke to me! Wed - ding ring and wed - ding
mf
chime, Seem for them a waste of time.


Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! Mere - ly waste of
time! Why a veil for blush-es bid - den, By a Gyp-sy
bride? She will kiss when she is bid - den, With no blush to


hide. There's no ring to be a to - ken, Of love great or
small, By a priest no word is spok - en,
So why wed at all?
CHOR.
There's no ring to be a to - ken,
There's no ring to be a to - ken,

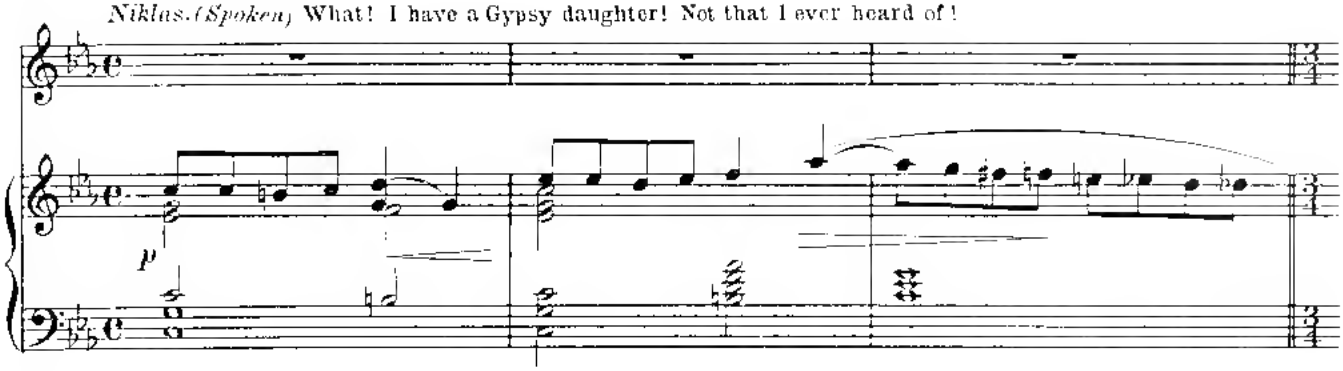

So I see no vi - tal rea - son,
Of love great or small.
CHOR.
Of love great or small.
mf
pp
Allegro.
Why shewedsat all!
Allegro.
mf
L'istesso tempo.
Allegro.
mf
mf
L'istesso tempo.
mf


Tempo di marcia
f
molto rit.
CHOR.
Sop.
Ten.
Bass
broad
What
Jo - zsi! Not real - ly!
Who would have thought that
Not real - ly!
Whod think that
8
ff broad
CHOR.
Jo - zsi in mar - riage would be caught? His bride tho' is charm - ing, Yet
Jo - zsi in mar - riage would be caught?
Yet


Zorika.
My
CHOR.
tim - id is she, She can - not a true Gyp-sy be.
tim - id is she, She can nev - er a true Gyp-sy be.
Allegretto.
(Spoken) Niklas. Who is this person?
fath - er! My fath - er!
p
Zorika.
'Tis I, your Zo - ri - ka! The daugh-ter you love!
p

Allegretto.

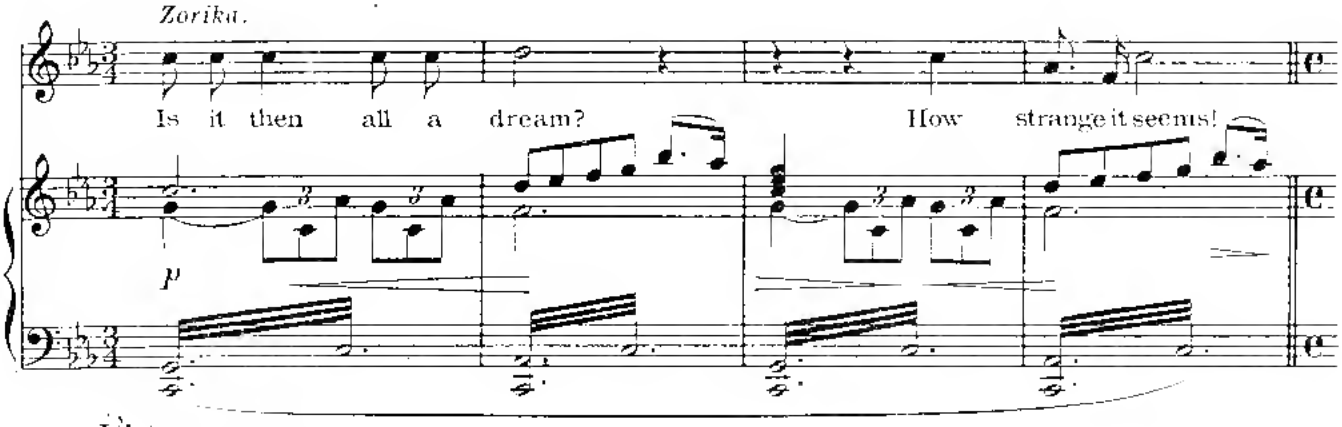
Niklas.(Spoken) What! I have a Gypsy daughter! Not that I ever heard of!



Moderato.

Zorika.

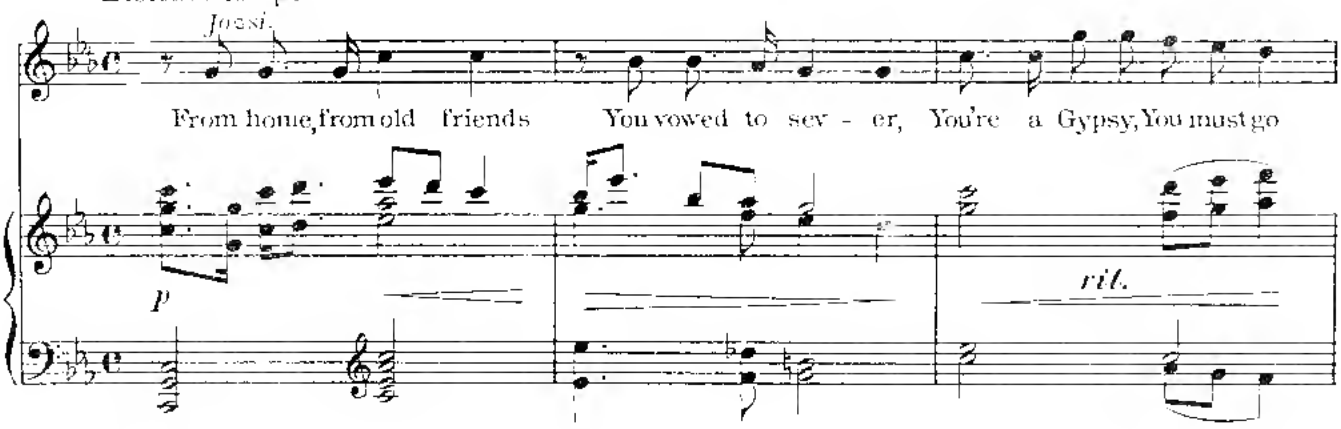
Is it then all a dream? How strange it seems!



L'istesso tempo.

Joasi.

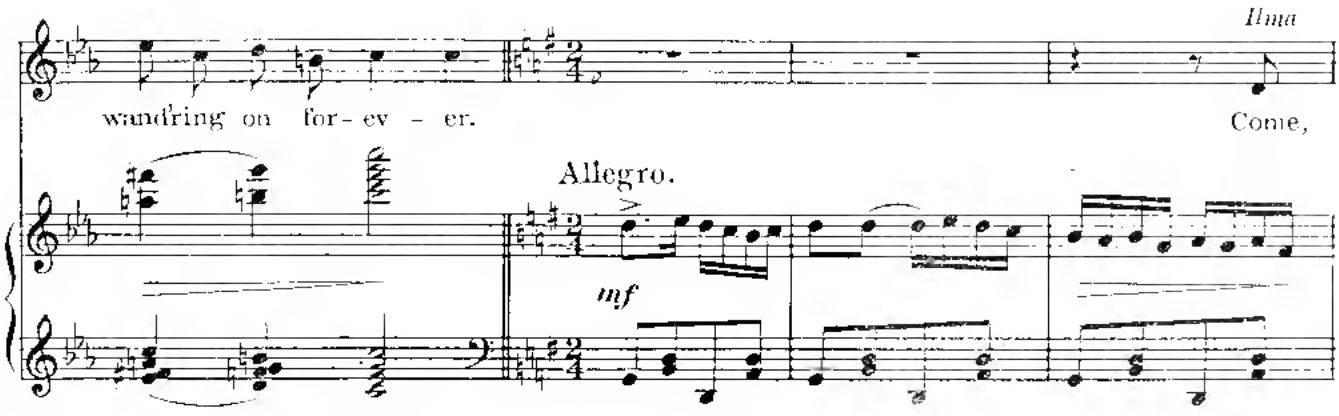
From home, from old friends You vowed to sev - er, You're a Gypsy, You must go

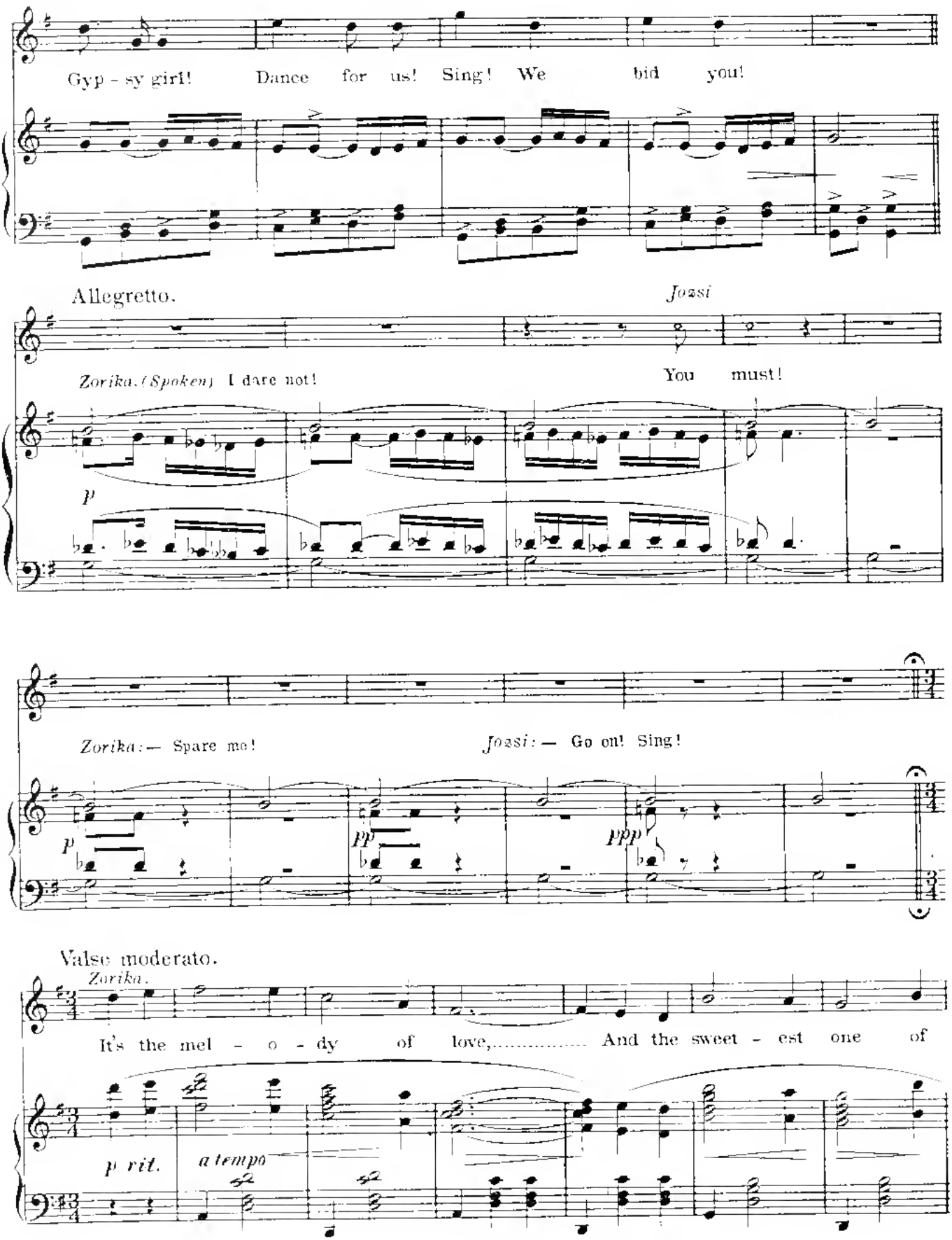


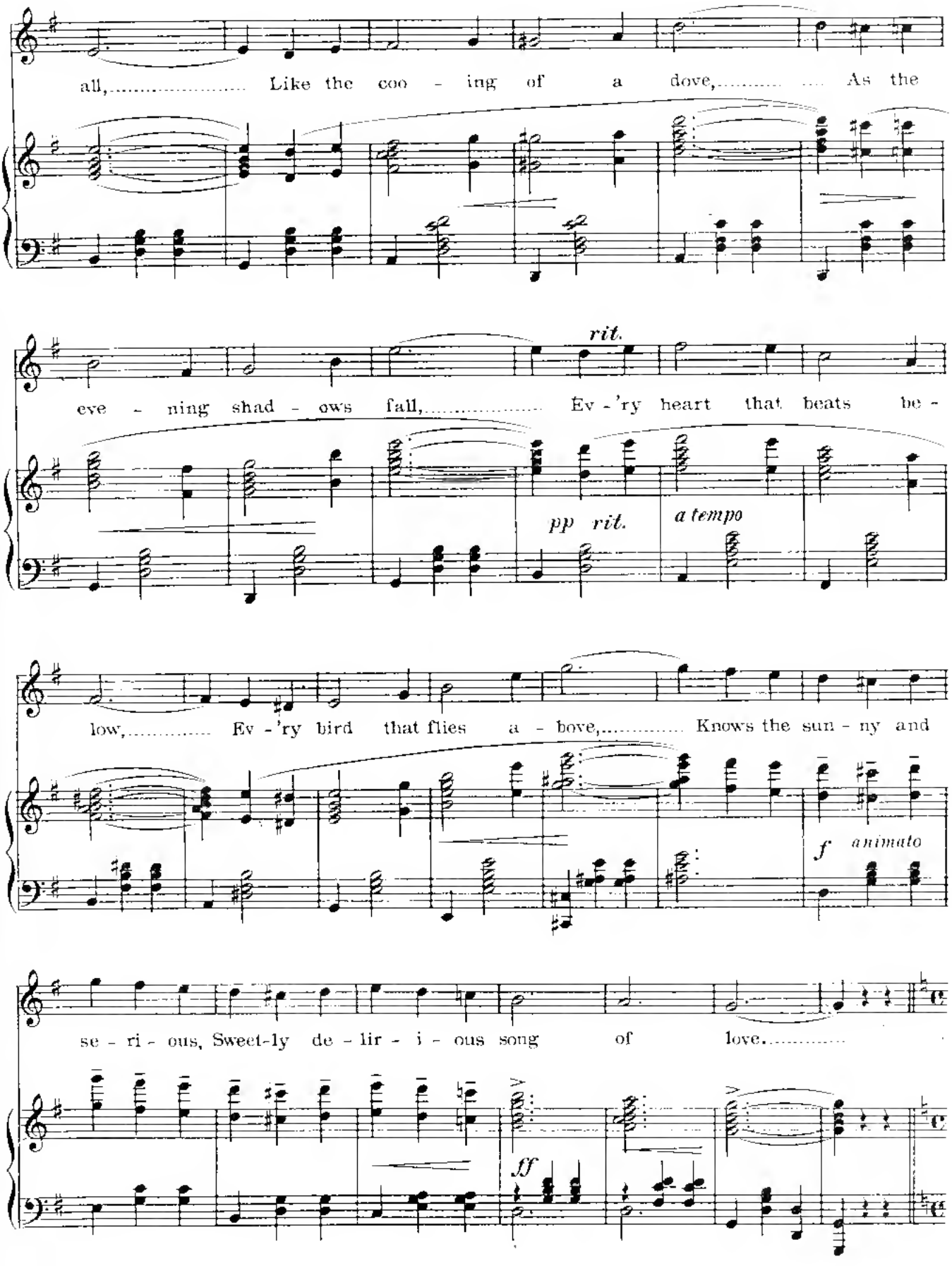
Ilma

wand'ring on for - ev - er. Come,

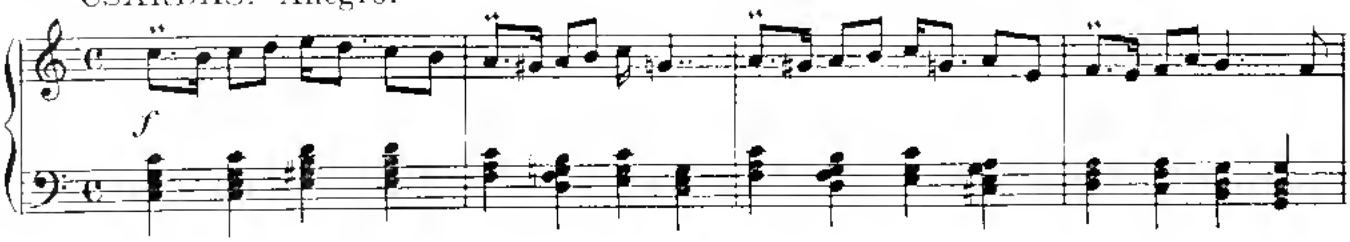
Allegro.

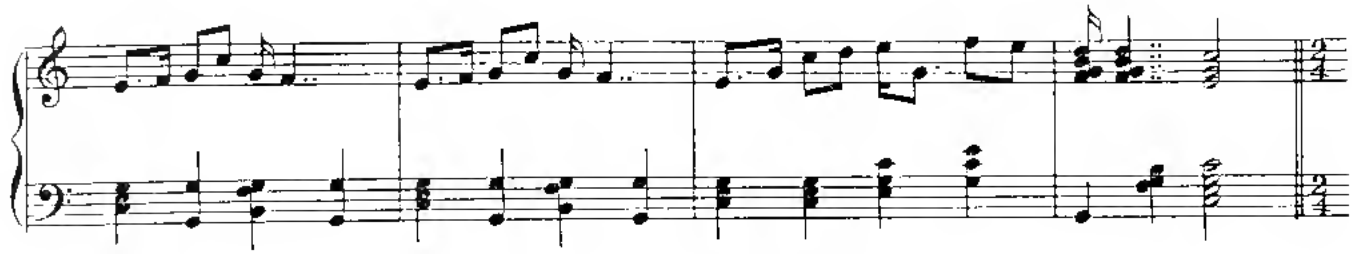



Gyp - sy girl! Dance for us! Sing! We bid you!
Allegretto.
Jozsi
Zorika. (Spoken) I dare not!
You must!
p
Zorika: — Spare me!
Jozsi: — Go on! Sing!
p
pp
ppp
Valse moderato.
Zorika.
It's the mel - o - dy of love,..... And the sweet - est one of
p rit.
a tempo

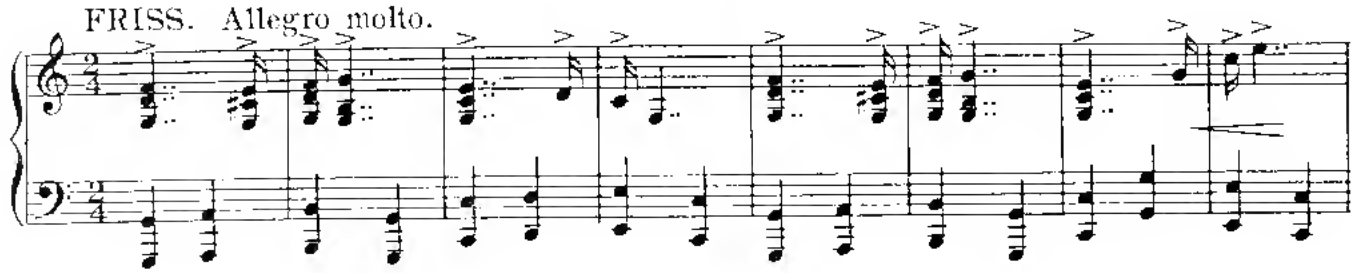

all, Like the coo - ing of a dove, As the
rit.
eve - ning shad - ows fall, Ev - 'ry heart that beats be -
pp rit.
a tempo
low, Ev - 'ry bird that flies a - bove, Knows the sun - ny and
f animato
se - ri - ous, Sweet-ly de - lir - i - ous song of love.
ff

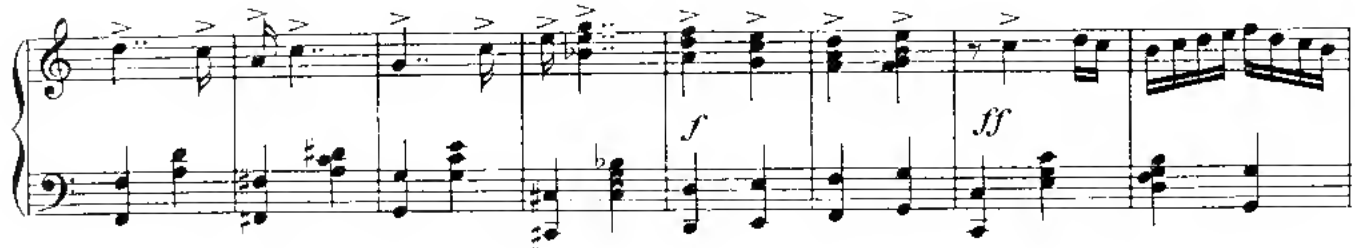
CSARDAS. Allegro.

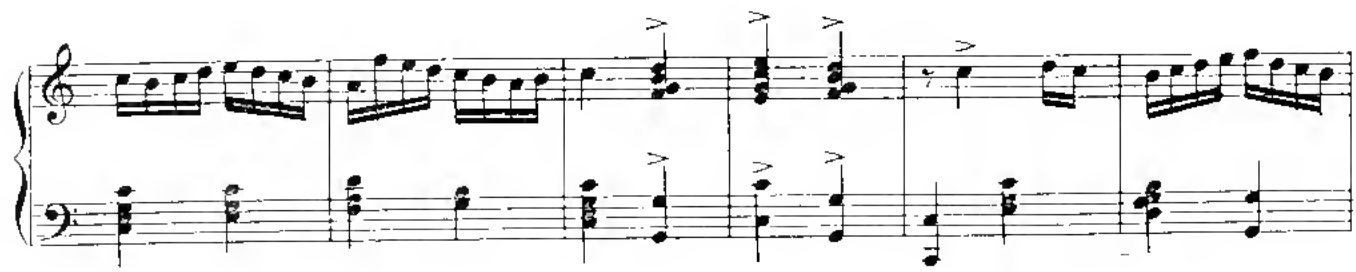


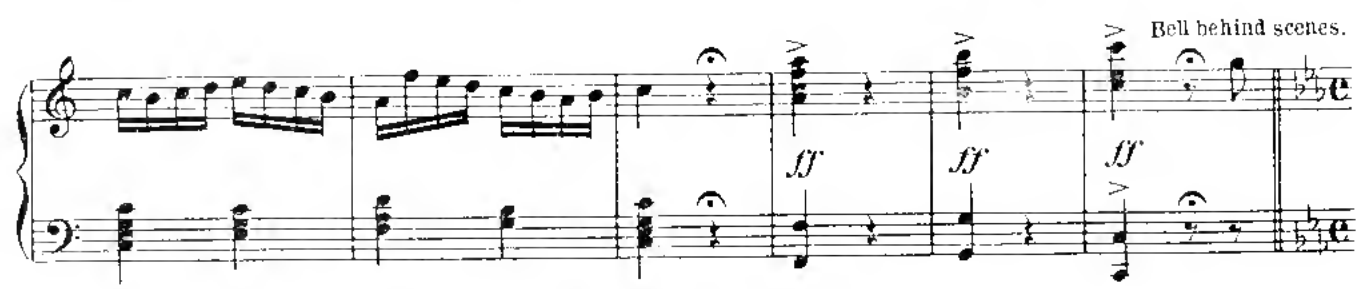


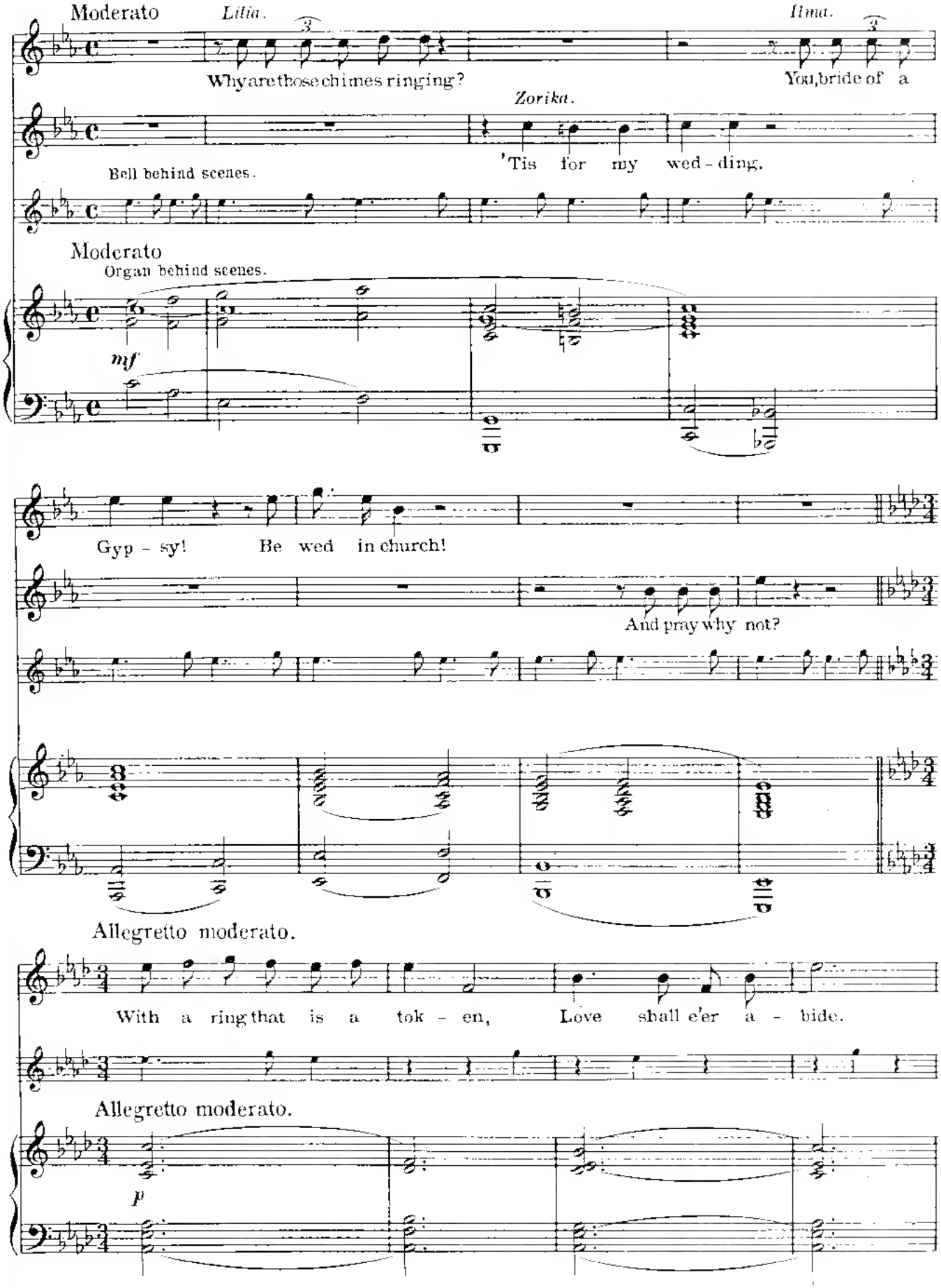
FRISS. Allegro molto.

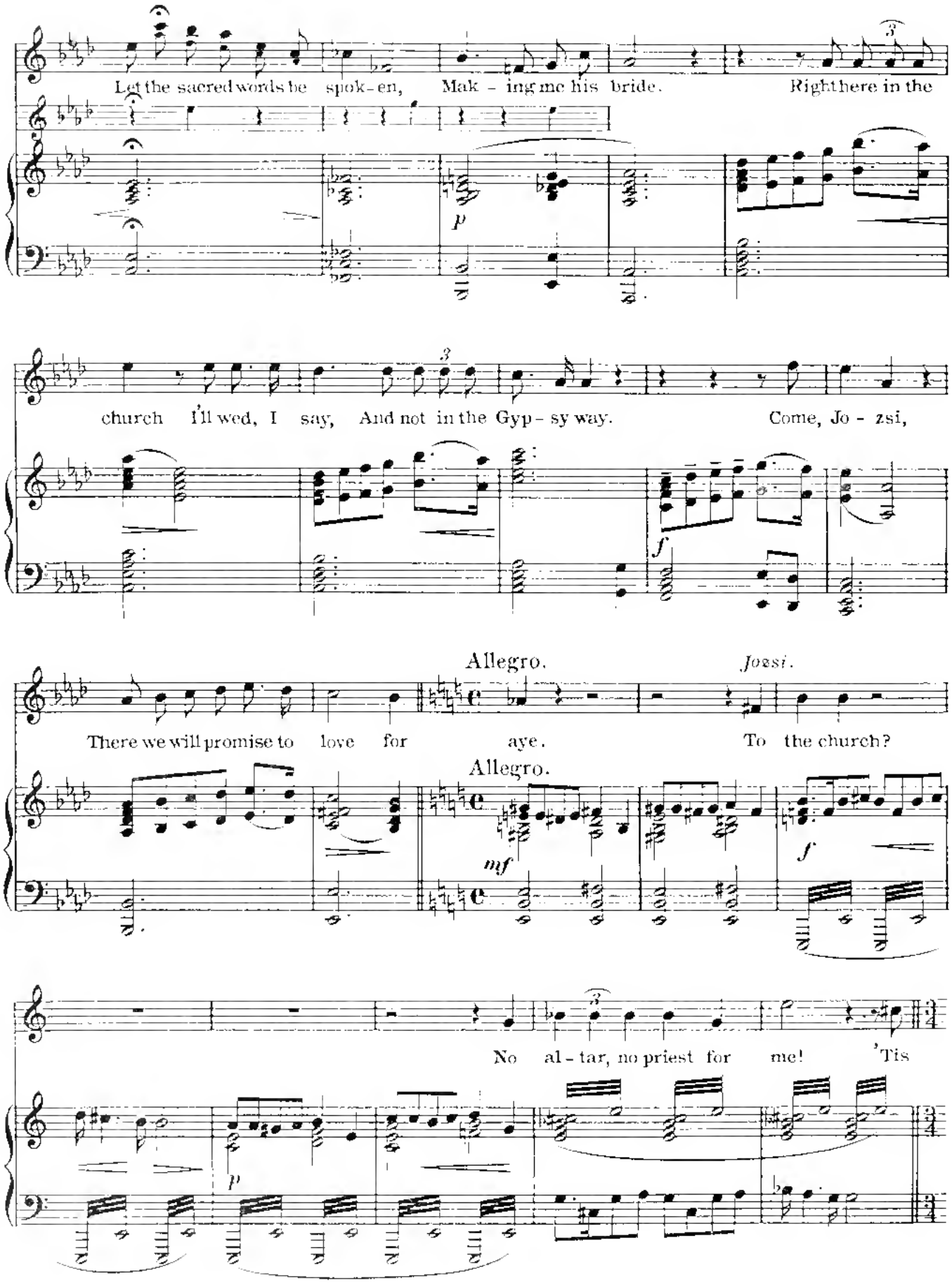


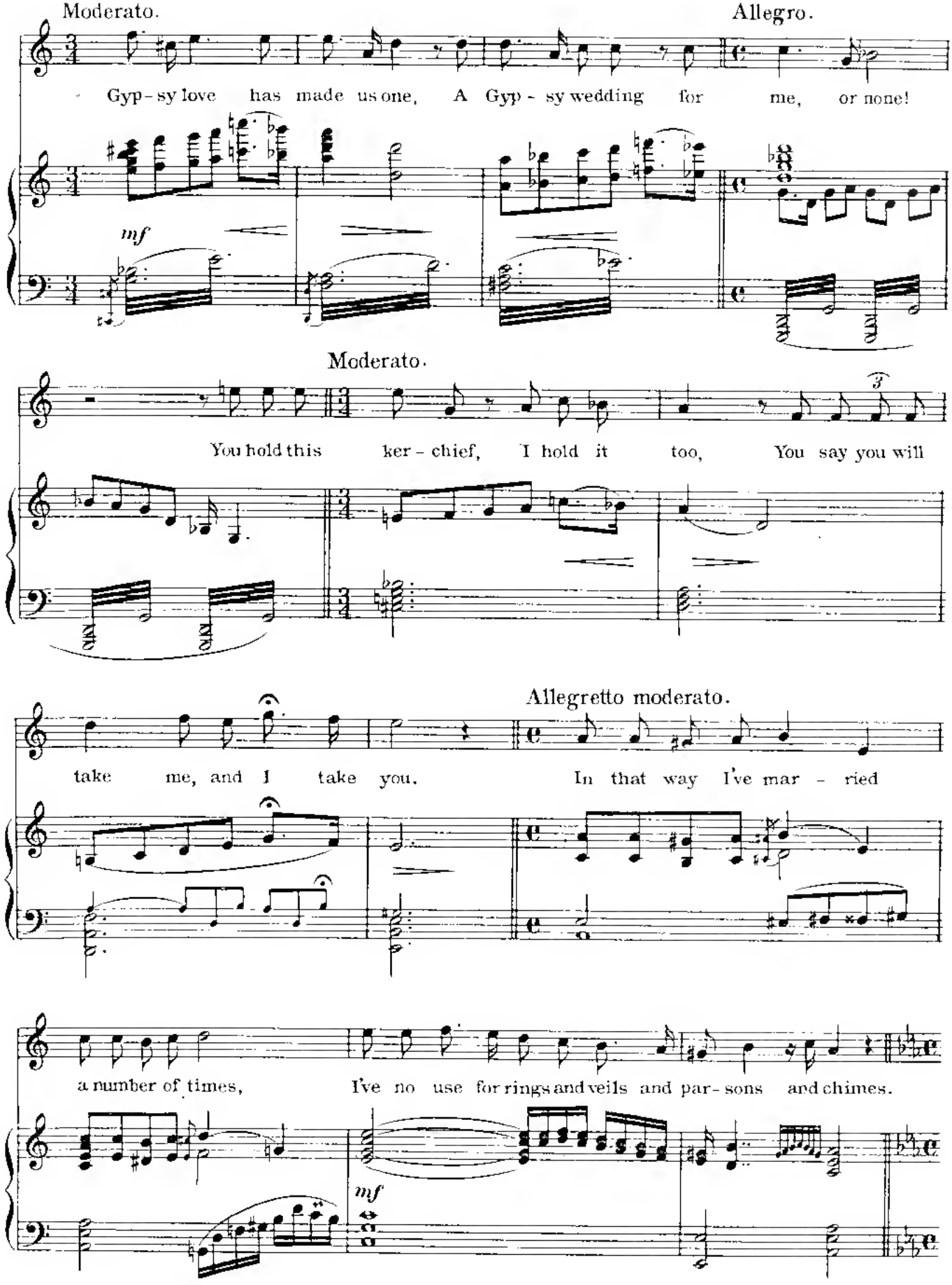


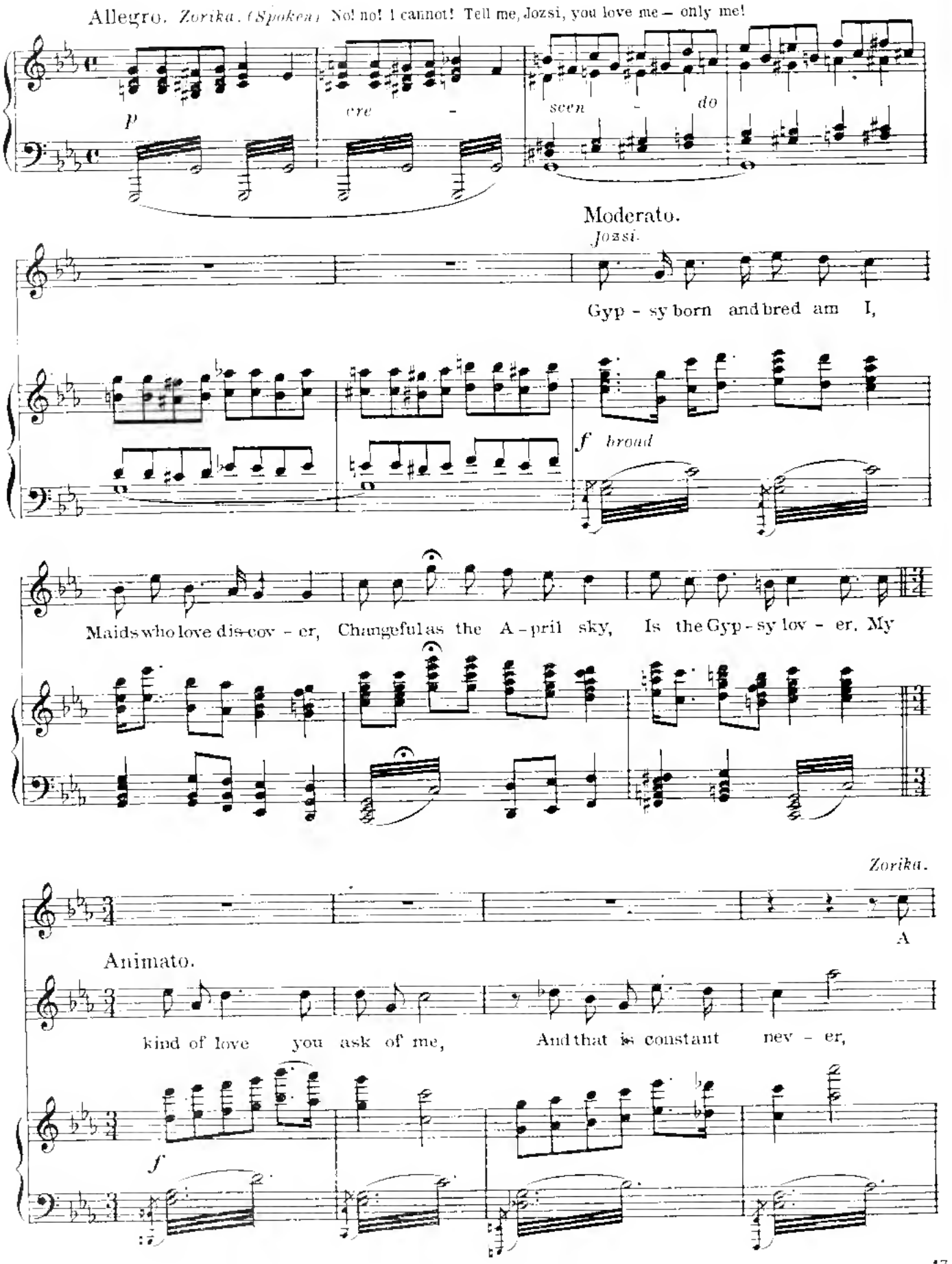


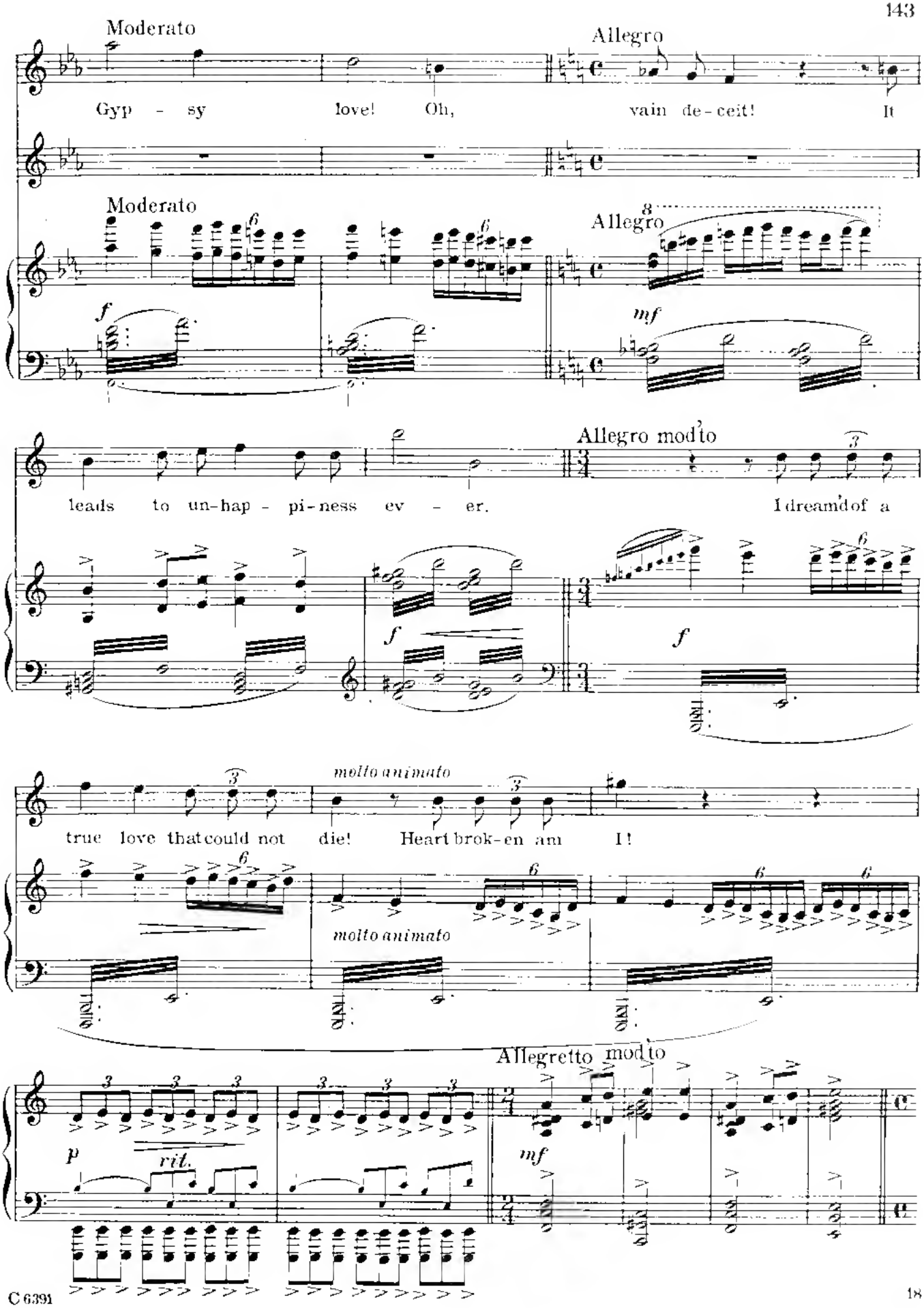


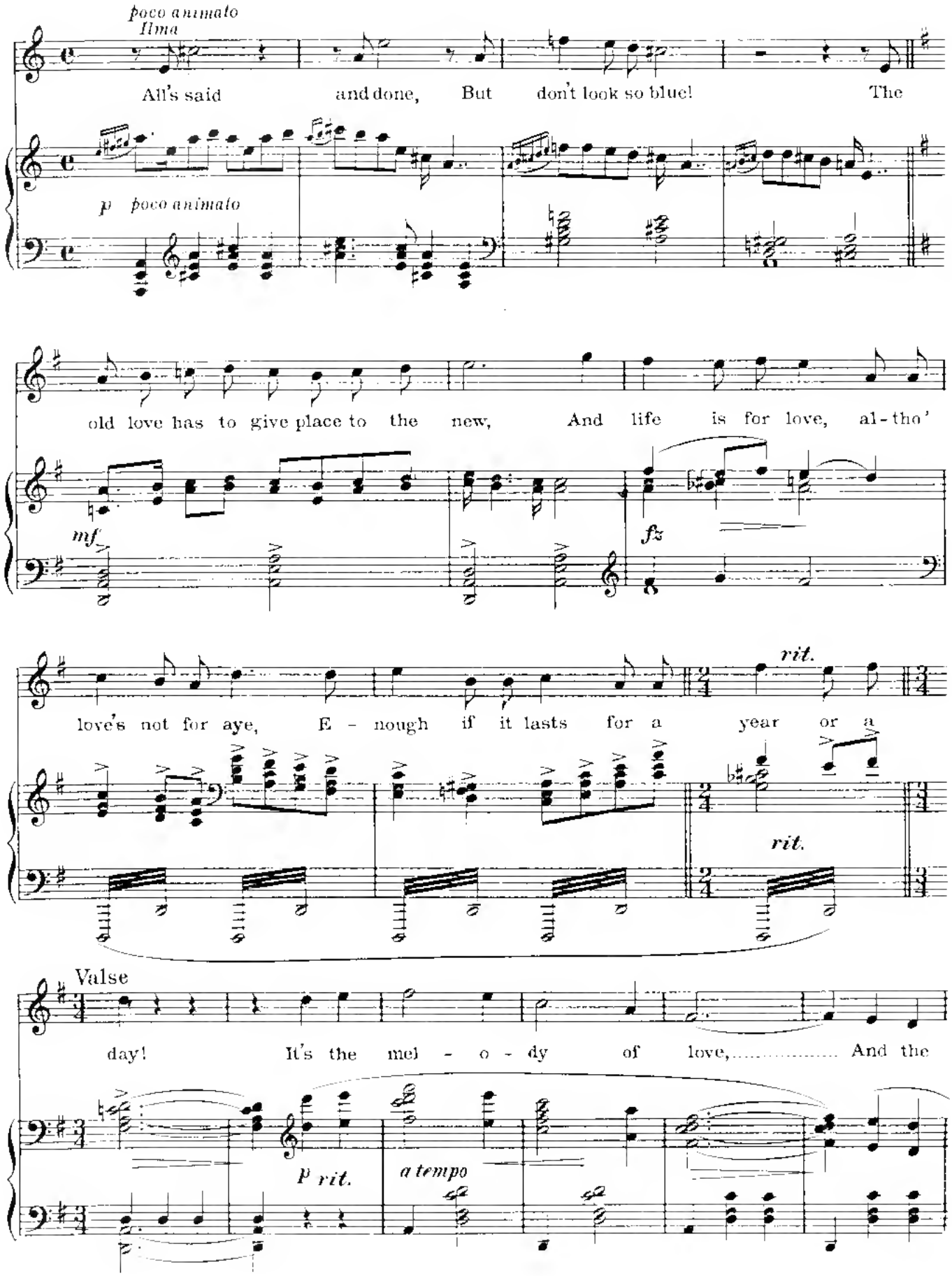

Moderato
Lilia.
Why are those chimes ringing?
Ilma.
You, bride of a
Zorika.
'Tis for my wed - ding.
Bell behind scenes.
Moderato
Organ behind scenes.
mf
Gyp - sy! Be wed in church!
And pray why not?
Allegretto moderato.
With a ring that is a tok - en, Love shall e'er a - bide.
Allegretto moderato.
p

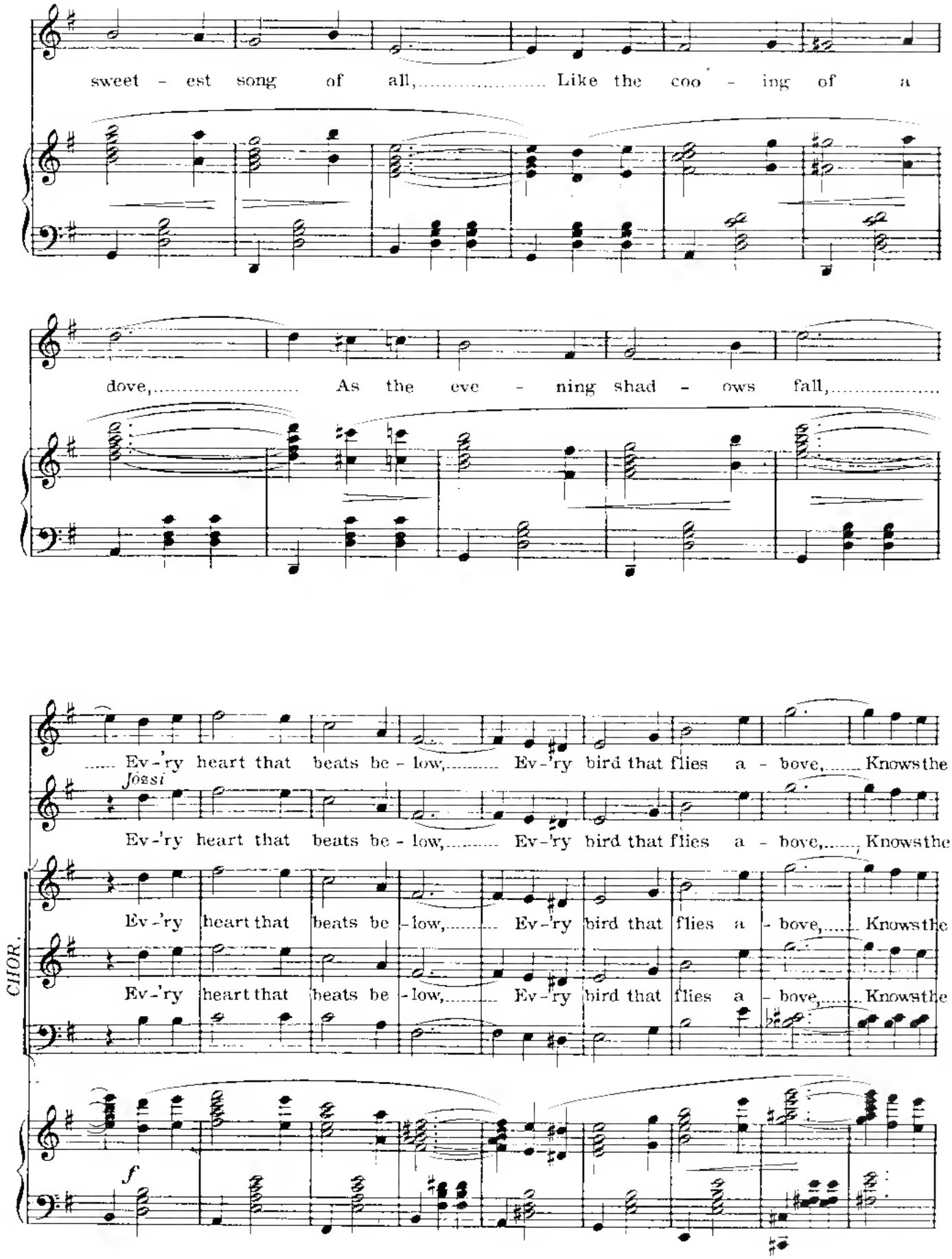

Let the sacred words be spok-en, Mak - ing me his bride. Right there in the
church I'll wed, I say, And not in the Gyp - sy way. Come, Jo - zsi,
Allegro.
Jozsi.
There we will promise to love for aye. To the church?
Allegro.
No al - tar, no priest for me! 'Tis

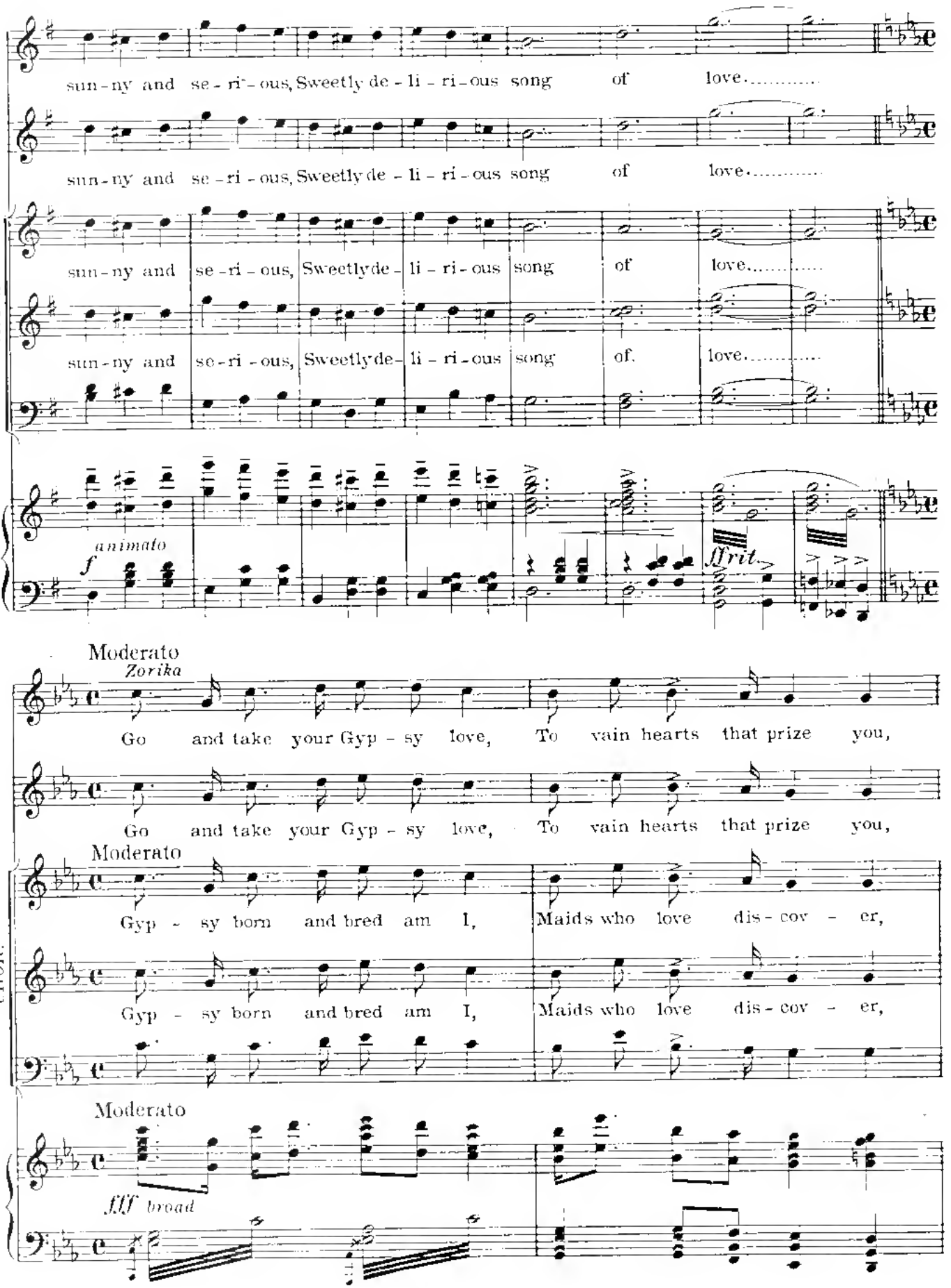

Moderato.
Allegro.
Gyp - sy love has made us one, A Gyp - sy wedding for me, or none!
mf
Moderato.
You hold this ker - chief, I hold it too, You say you will
Allegretto moderato.
take me, and I take you. In that way I've mar - ried
a number of times, I've no use for rings and veils and par - sons and chimes.
mf

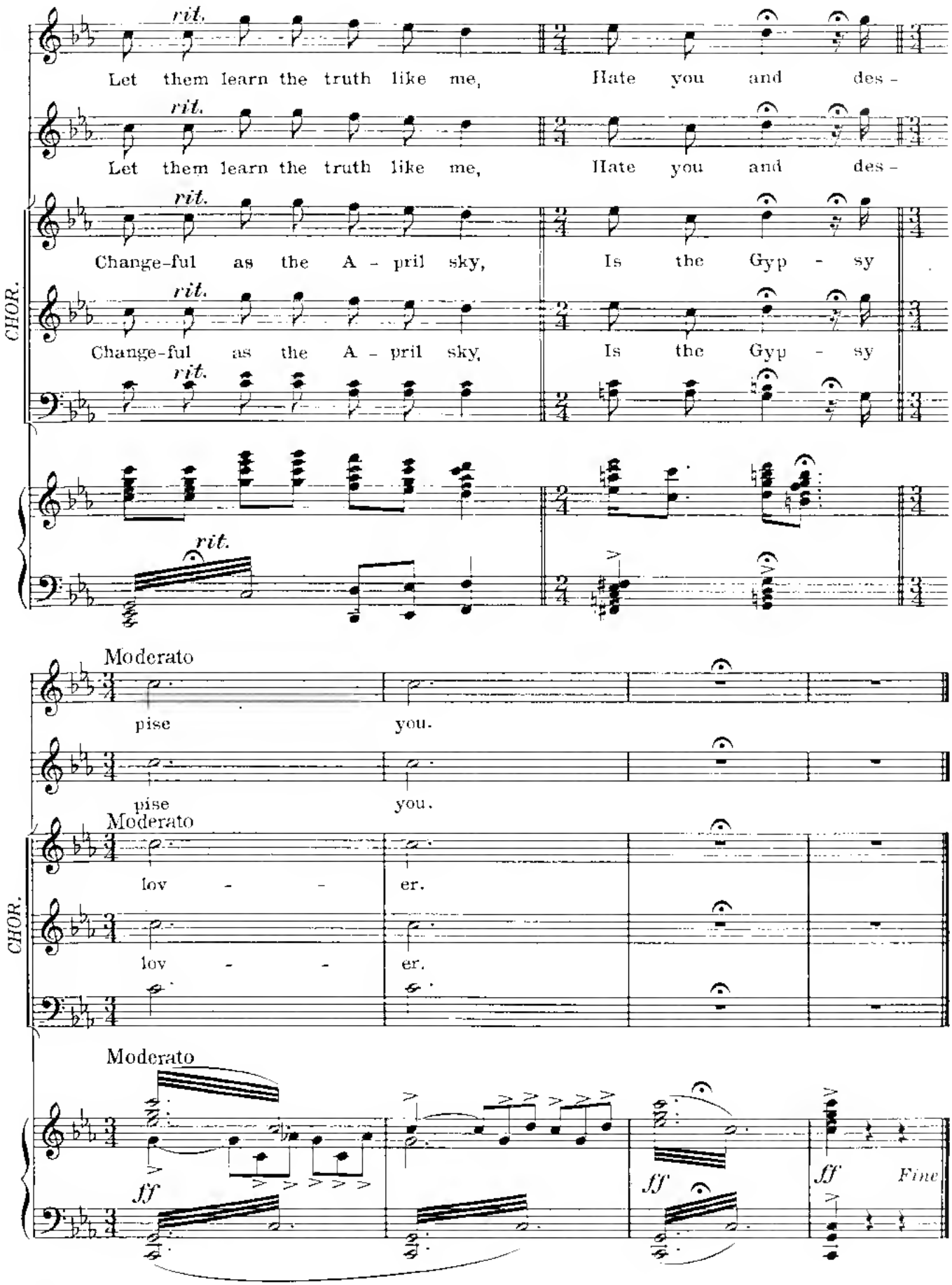

Allegro. Zorika. (Spoken) No! no! I cannot! Tell me, Jozsi, you love me — only me!
p
cre -
seen - do
Moderato.
Jozsi.
Gyp - sy born and bred am I,
f broad
Maids who love dis-cov - er, Changeful as the A - pril sky, Is the Gyp - sy lov - er. My
Zorika.
A
Animato.
kind of love you ask of me, And that is constant nev - er,
f


Moderato
Allegro
Gyp - sy love! Oh, vain de-ceit! It
Moderato
Allegro
f
mf
Allegro mod'to
leads to un-hap - pi-ness ev - er. I dream'd of a
f
f
molto animato
true love that could not die! Heart brok-en am I!
molto animato
Allegretto mod'to
p
rit.
mf


poco animato
Ilma
All's said and done, But don't look so blue! The
p poco animato
old love has to give place to the new, And life is for love, al-tho'
mf
fz
love's not for aye, E - nough if it lasts for a year or a
rit.
rit.
Valse
day! It's the mel - o - dy of love, And the
p rit.
a tempo


sweet - est song of all, Like the coo - ing of a
dove, As the eve - ning shad - ows fall,
Ev-'ry heart that beats be - low, Ev-'ry bird that flies a - bove, Knows the
Jósi
Ev-'ry heart that beats be - low, Ev-'ry bird that flies a - bove, Knows the
CHOR.
Ev-'ry heart that beats be - low, Ev-'ry bird that flies a - bove, Knows the
Ev-'ry heart that beats be - low, Ev-'ry bird that flies a - bove, Knows the
f


sun-ny and se-ri-ous, Sweetly de-li-ri-ous song of love.....
sun-ny and se-ri-ous, Sweetly de-li-ri-ous song of love.....
CHOR.
sun-ny and se-ri-ous, Sweetly de-li-ri-ous song of love.....
sun-ny and se-ri-ous, Sweetly de-li-ri-ous song of love.....
animato
f
ffrit.
Moderato
Zorika
Go and take your Gyp-sy love, To vain hearts that prize you,
Go and take your Gyp-sy love, To vain hearts that prize you,
Moderato
Gyp-sy born and bred am I, Maids who love dis-cov-er,
CHOR.
Gyp-sy born and bred am I, Maids who love dis-cov-er,
Moderato
fff broad

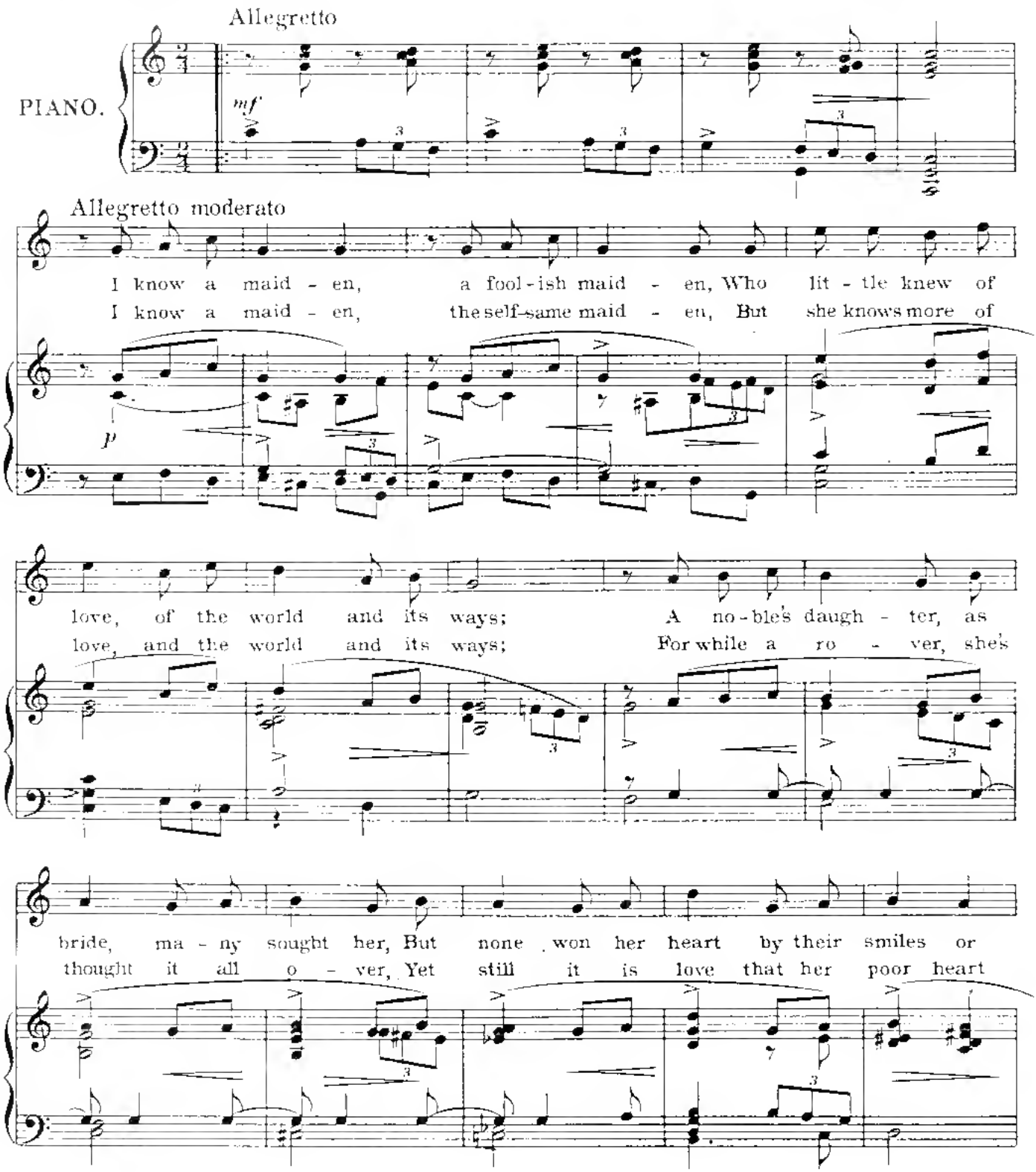

rit.
Let them learn the truth like me, Hate you and des -
Let them learn the truth like me, Hate you and des -
CHOR.
Change-ful as the A - pril sky, Is the Gyp - sy
Change-ful as the A - pril sky, Is the Gyp - sy
rit.
Moderato
pise you.
pise you.
Moderato
lov - - er.
lov - - er.
CHOR.
Moderato
fff
fff
fff
Fine

I WILL GIVE YOU ALL FOR LOVE.

SONG – Zorika.

Words by
HARRY B. SMITH & ROBERT B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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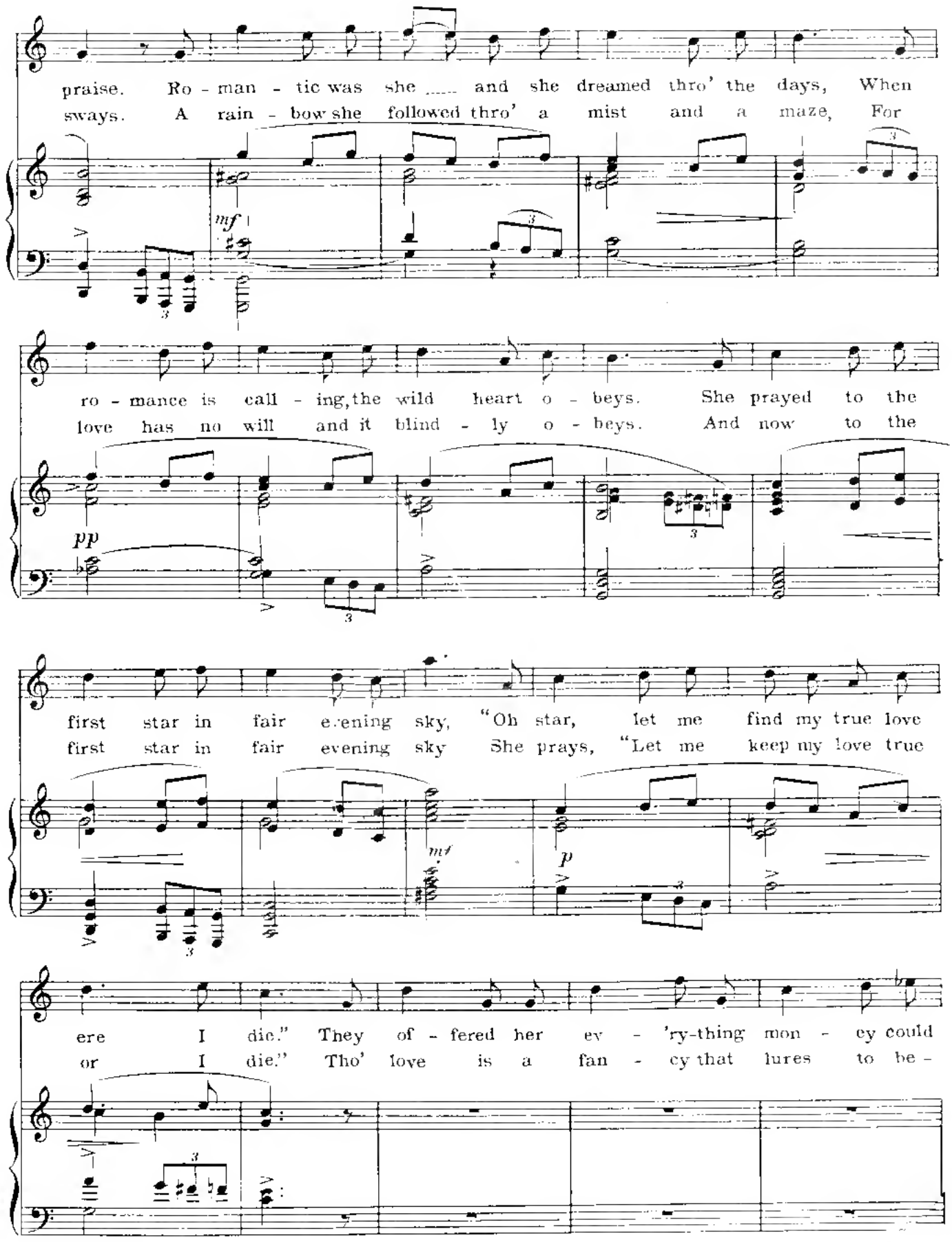
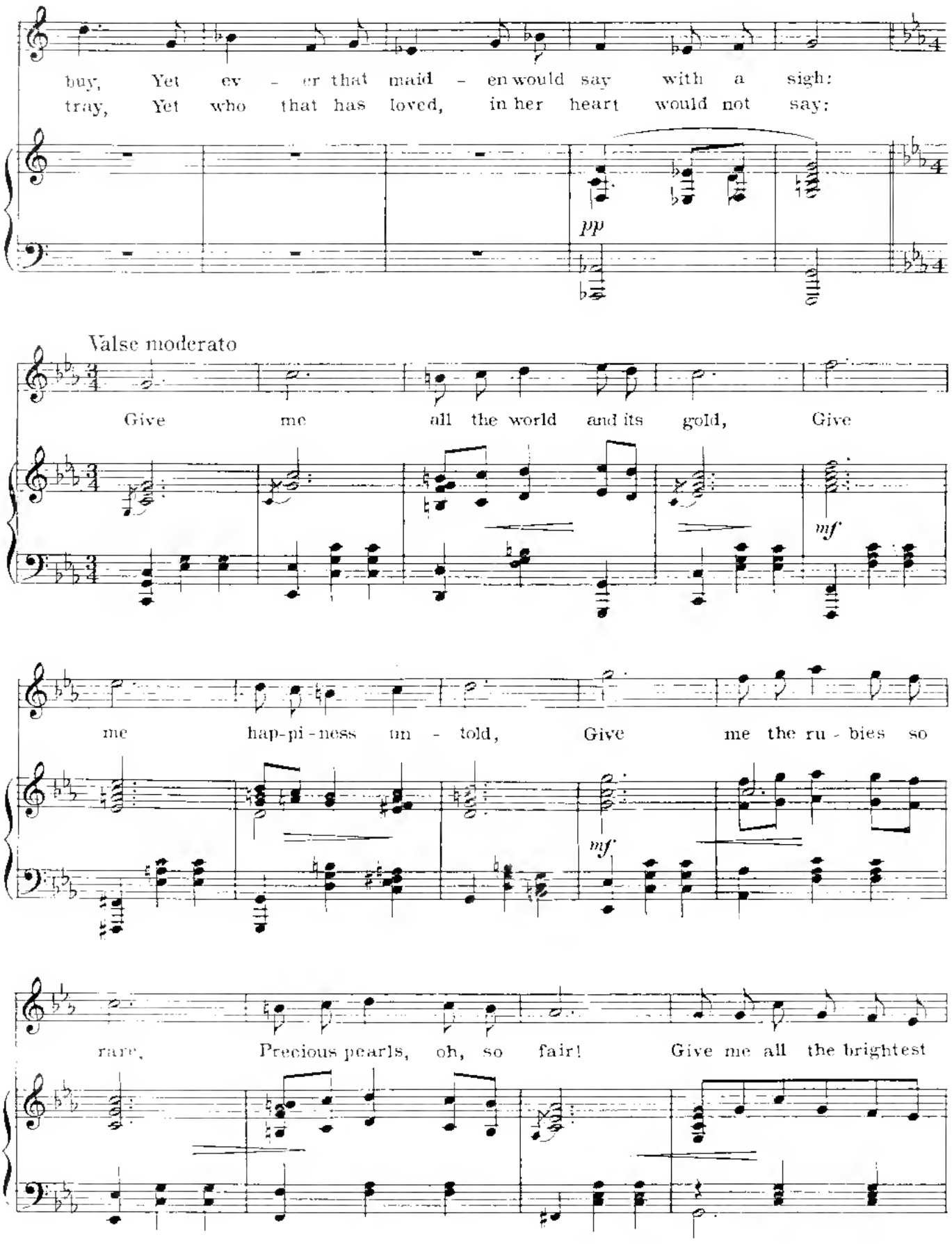
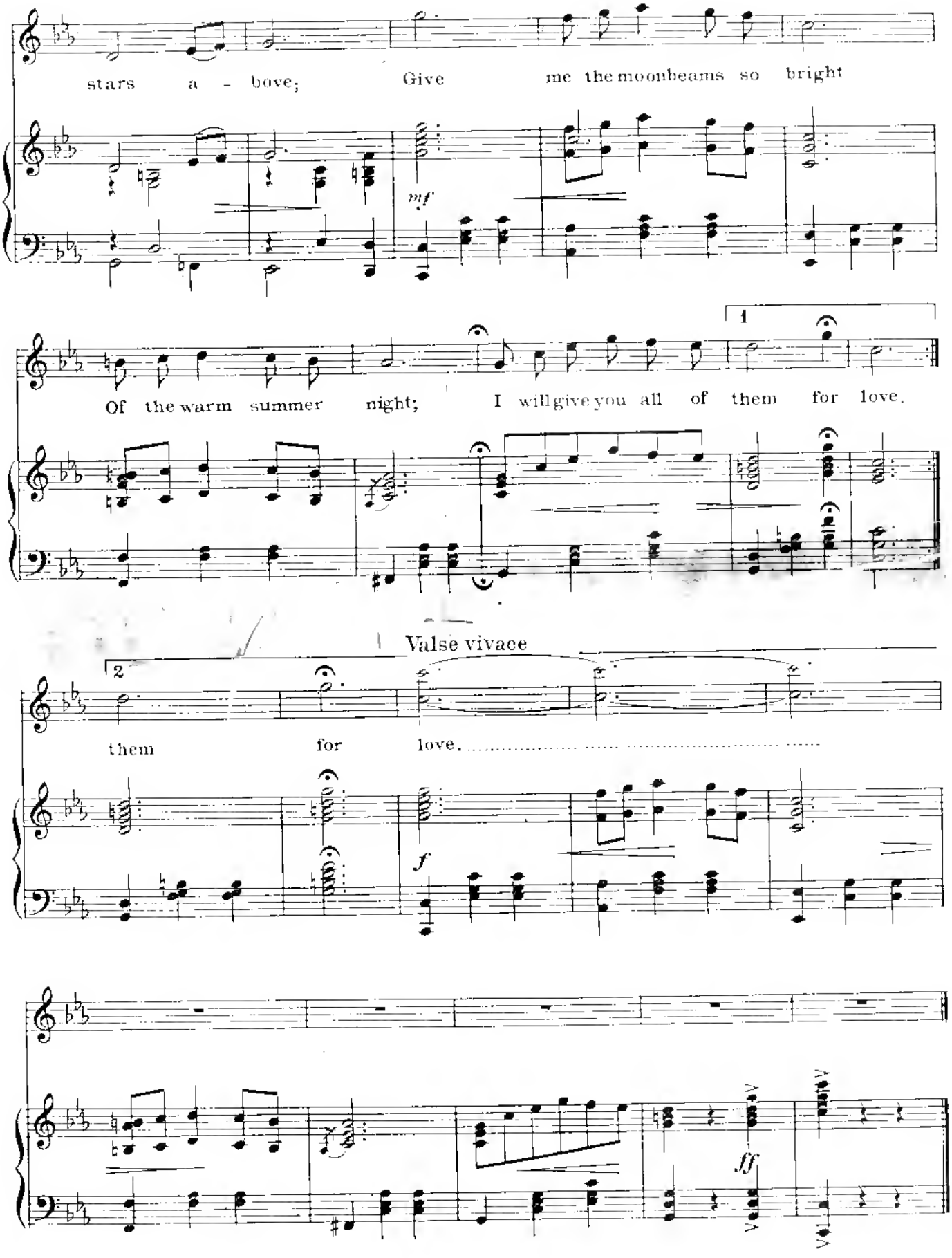

praise. Ro - man - tic was she ..... and she dreamed thro' the days, When
sways. A rain - bow she followed thro' a mist and a maze, For
mf
ro - mance is call - ing, the wild heart o - beys. She prayed to the
love has no will and it blind - ly o - beys. And now to the
pp
first star in fair e.ening sky, "Oh star, let me find my true love
first star in fair evening sky She prays, "Let me keep my love true
mf
p
ere I die." They of - fered her ev - 'ry-thing mon - ey could
or I die." Tho' love is a fan - cy that lures to be -


buy, Yet ev - er that maid - en would say with a sigh:
tray, Yet who that has loved, in her heart would not say:
pp
Valse moderato
Give me all the world and its gold, Give
mf
me hap-pi-ness un - told, Give me the ru - bies so
mf
rare, Precious pearls, oh, so fair! Give me all the brightest


stars a - bove; Give me the moonbeams so bright
mf
1
Of the warm summer night; I will give you all of them for love.
Valse vivace
2
them for love.
f
ff

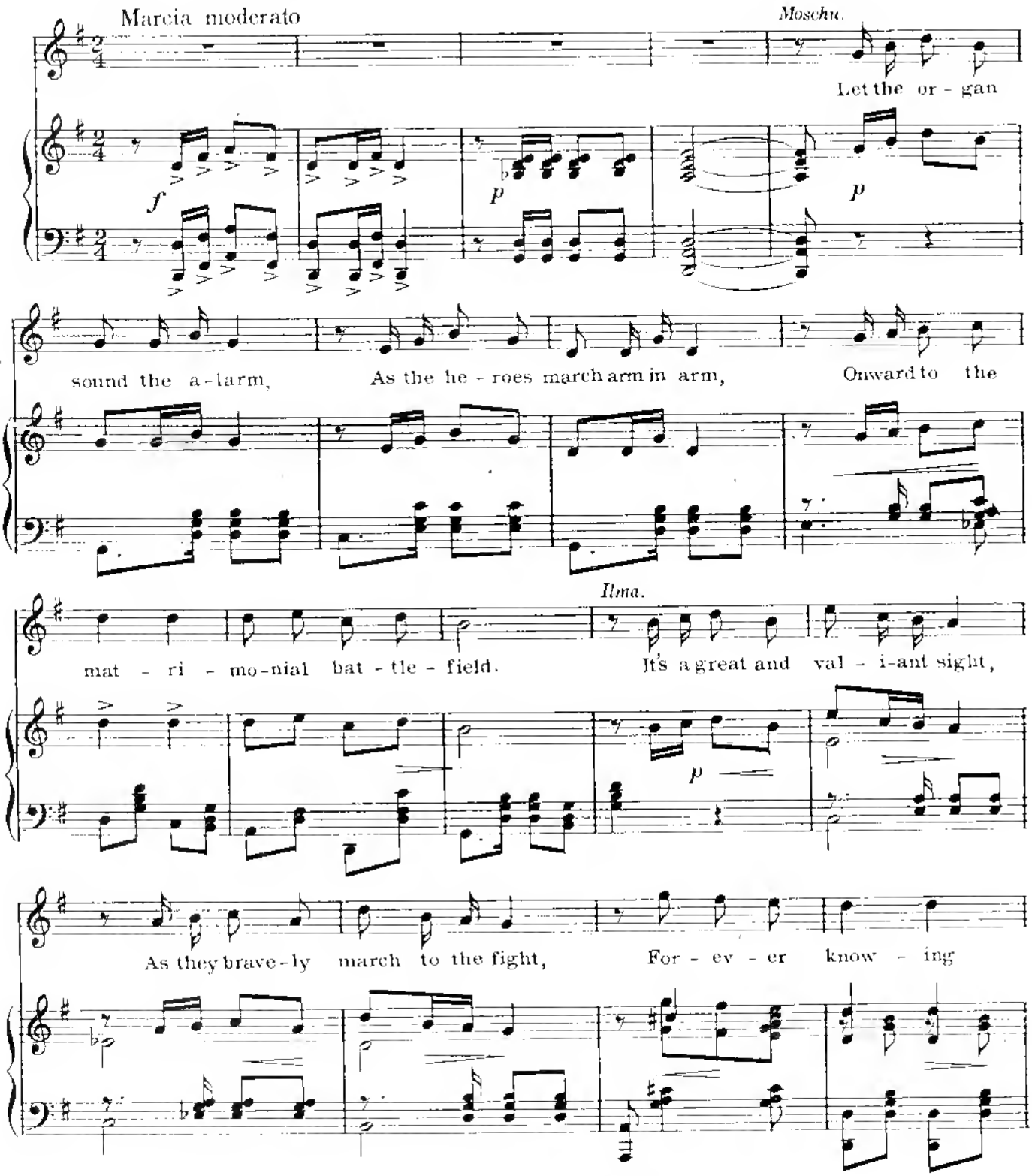
MATRIMONY

(QUINTET)

Ilma, Lilia, Kaspár, Niklas and Moschu.

Words by
HARRY B. and ROBT. B. SMITH

Music by
FRANZ LEHAR



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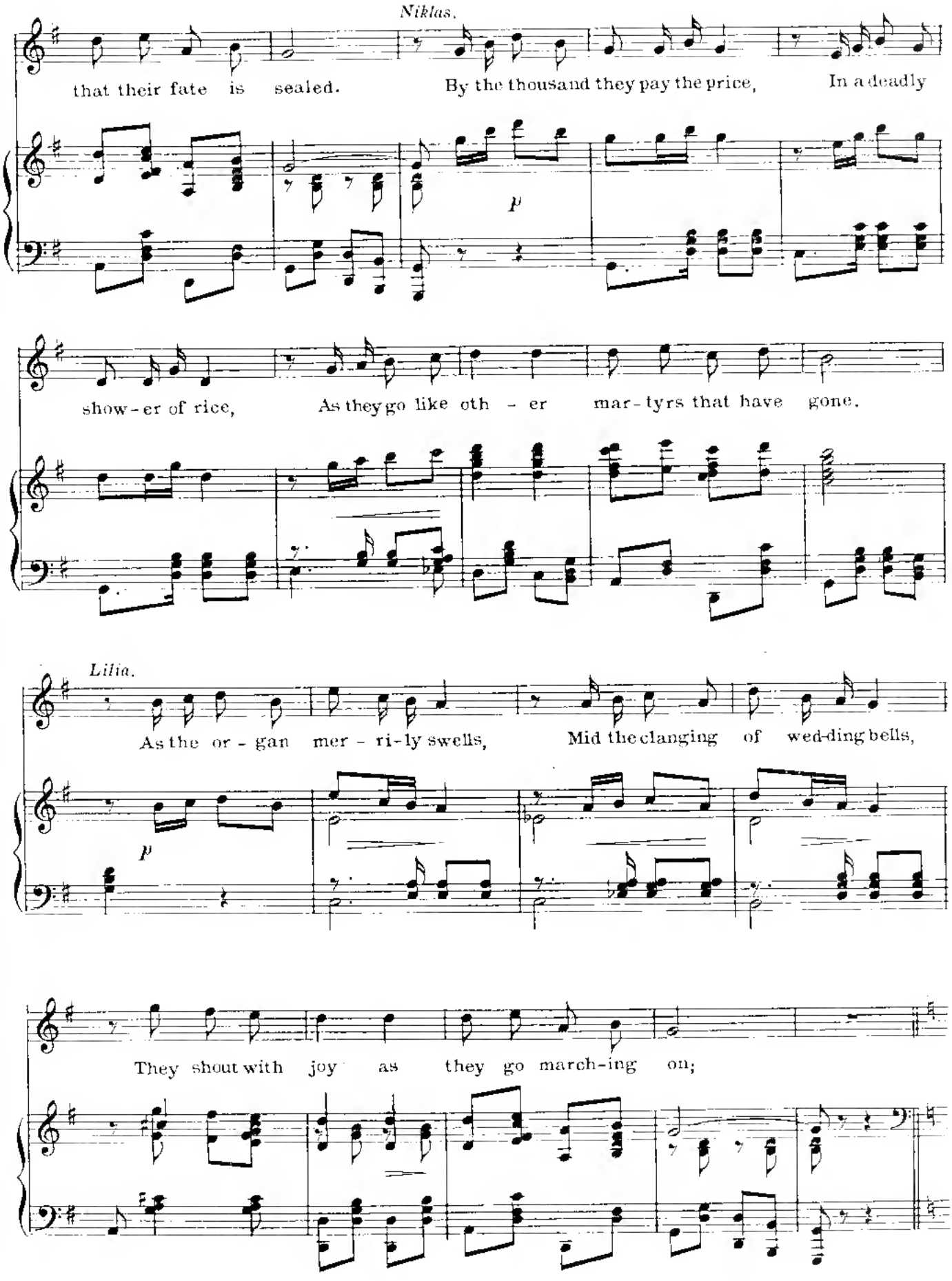
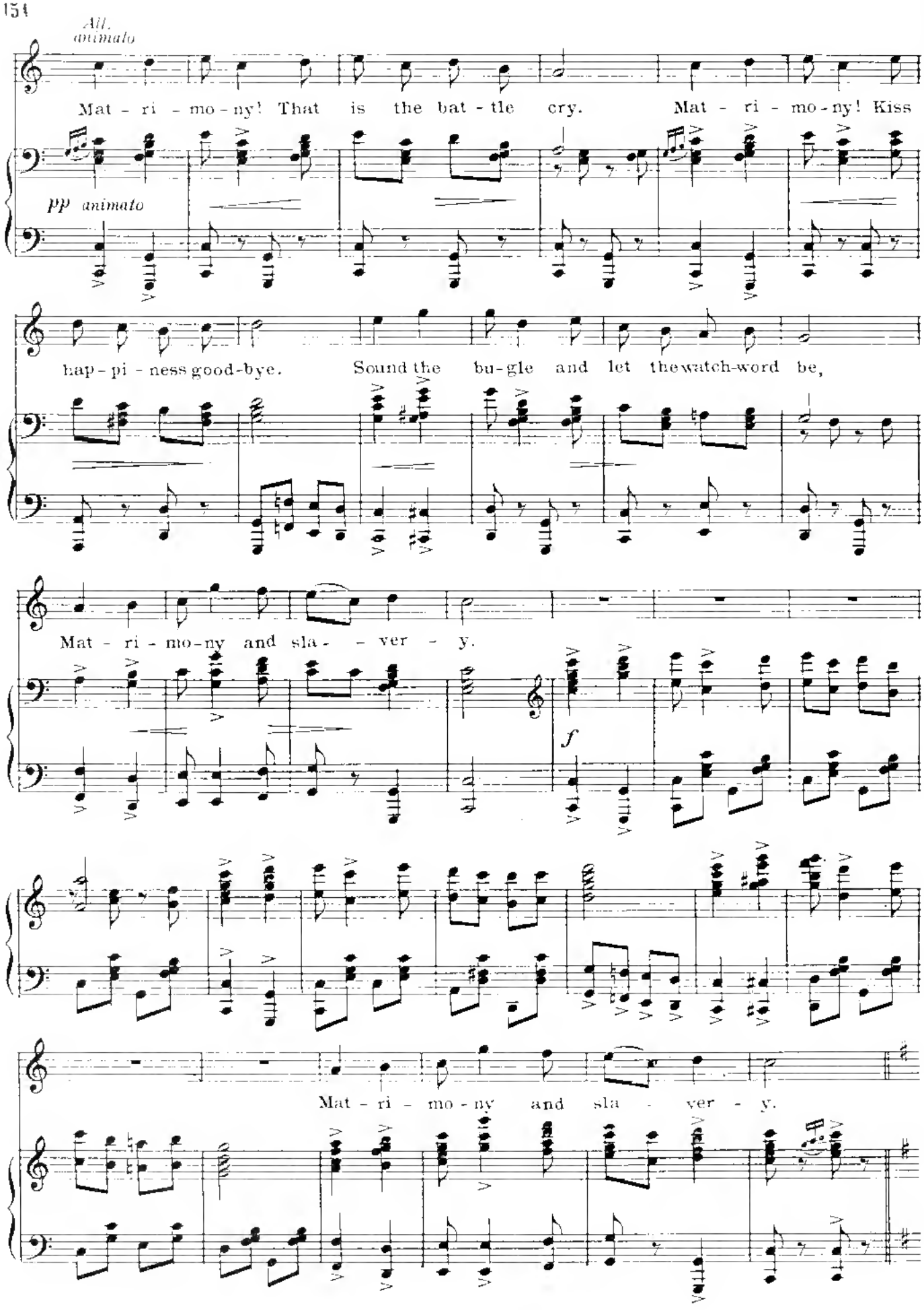
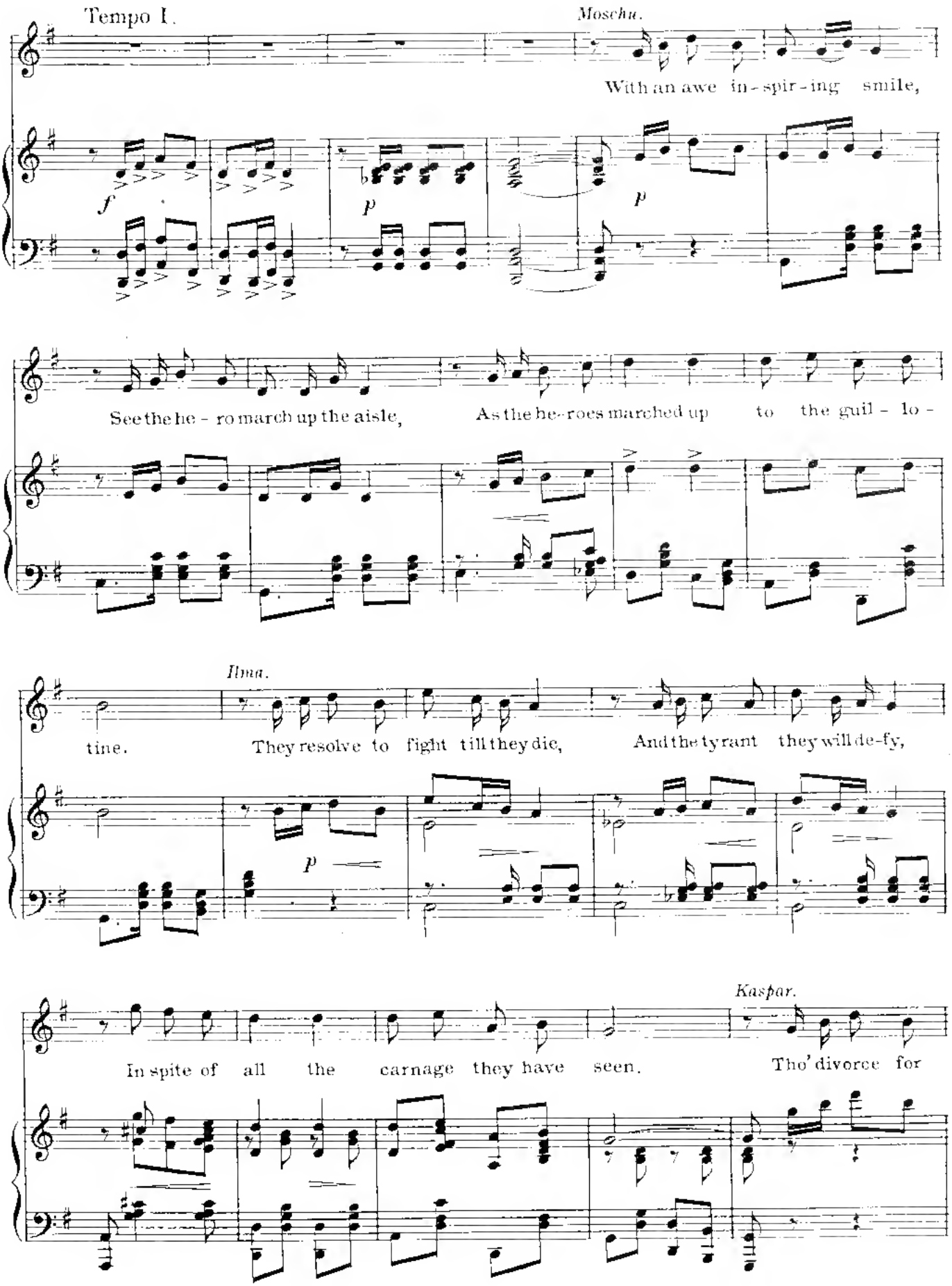
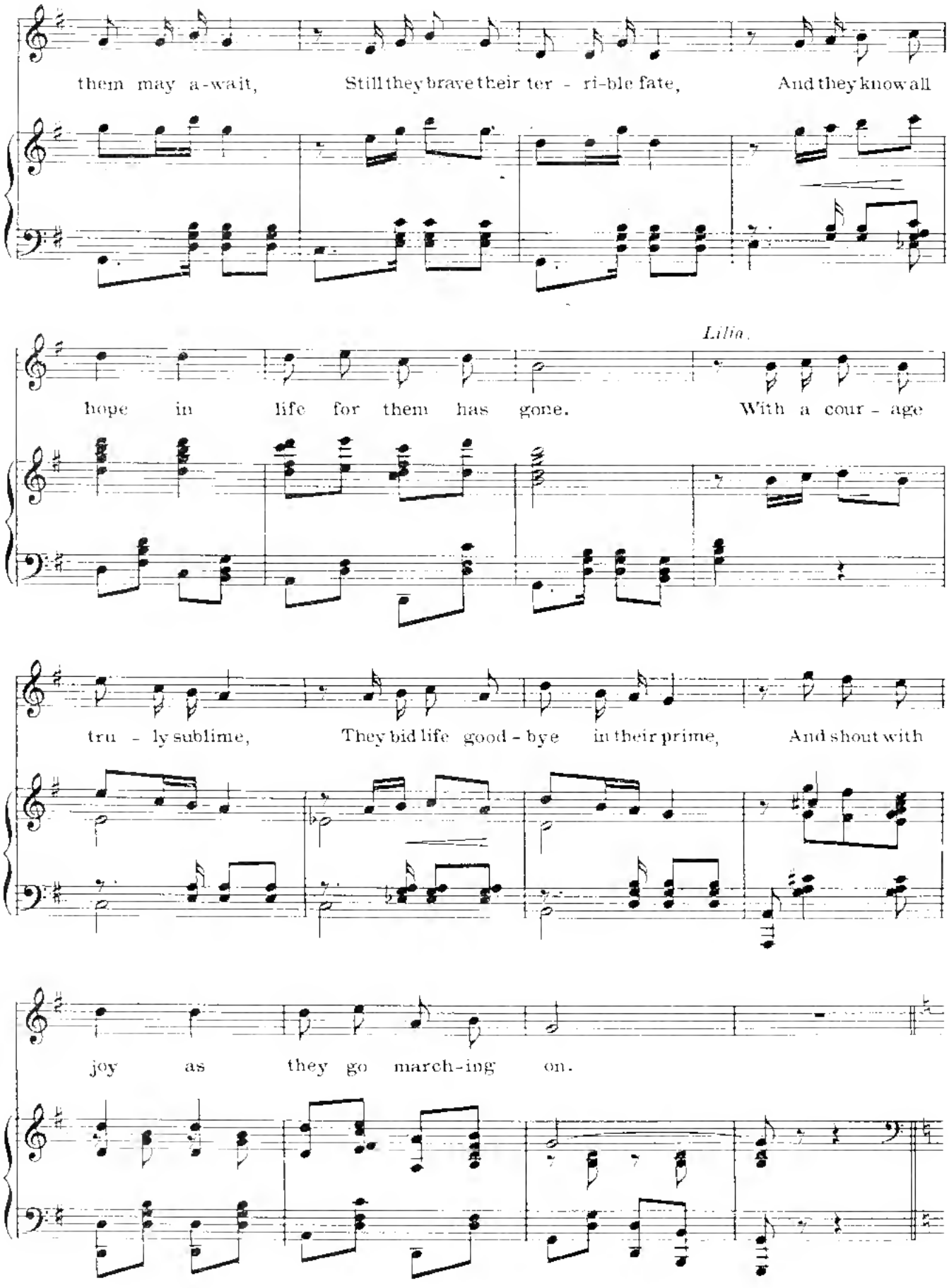
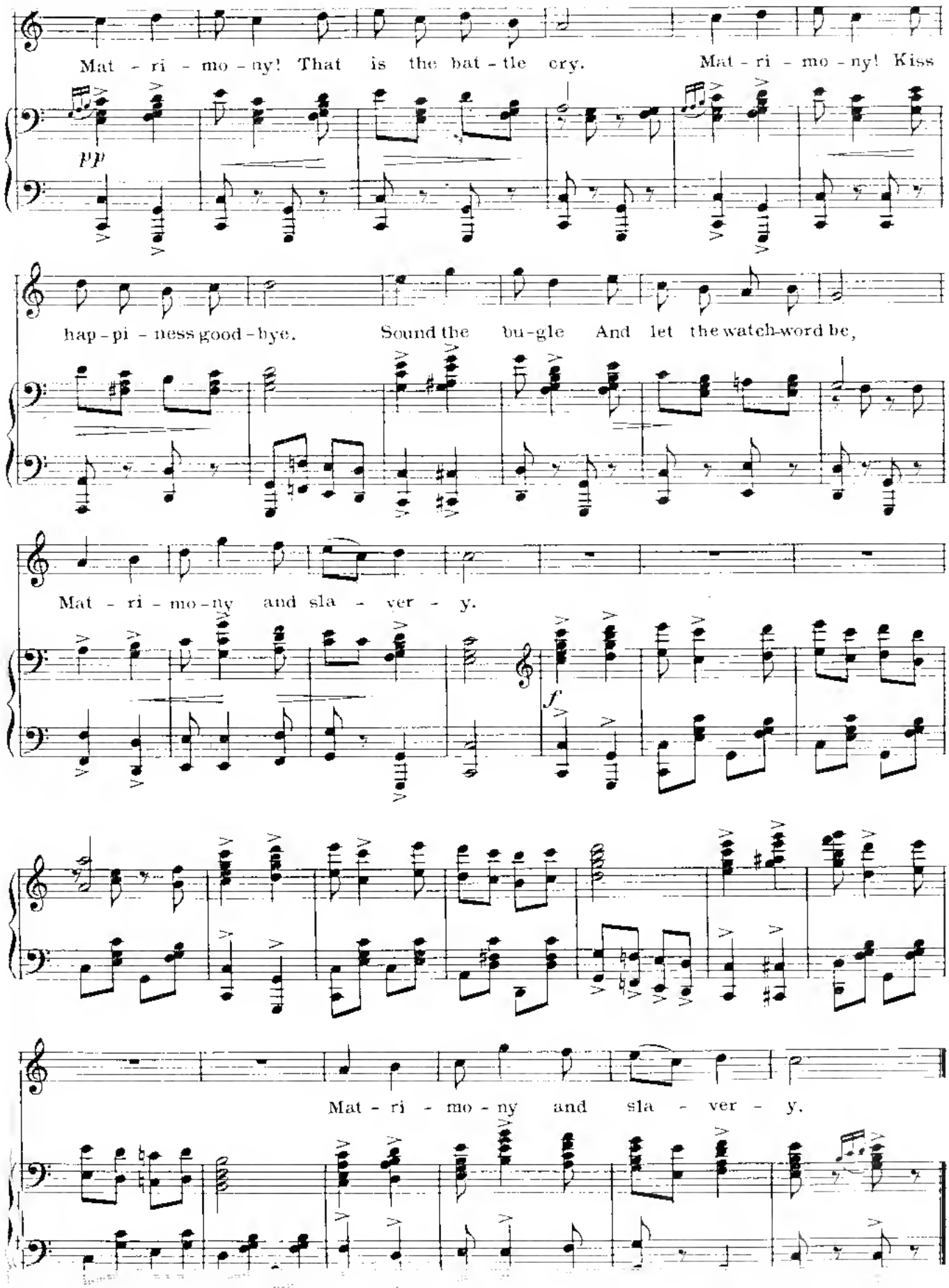

Niklas.
that their fate is sealed. By the thousand they pay the price, In a deadly
p
show-er of rice, As they go like oth - er mar-tyrs that have gone.
Lilia.
As the or - gan mer - ri-ly swells, Mid the clanging of wed-ding bells,
p
They shout with joy as they go march-ing on;


All. animato
Mat - ri - mo - ny! That is the bat - tle cry. Mat - ri - mo - ny! Kiss
pp animato
hap - pi - ness good-bye. Sound the bu-gle and let the watch-word be,
Mat - ri - mo-ny and sla - - ver - y.
f
Mat - ri - mo - ny and sla - ver - y.


Tempo I.
Moschu.
With an awe in-spir-ing smile,
f
p
p
See the he - ro march up the aisle,
As the he-roes marched up to the guil - lo -
Ilma.
tine.
They resolve to fight till they die,
And the ty-rant they will de-fy,
p
Kaspar.
In spite of all the carnage they have seen.
Tho' divorce for


them may a-wait, Still they brave their ter - ri-ble fate, And they know all
Lilia.
hope in life for them has gone. With a cour - age
tru - ly sublime, They bid life good - bye in their prime, And shout with
joy as they go march-ing on.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