250256

MELODIES FROM

Die Lustige Wittwe

The Merry Widow

MUSIC BY FRANZ LEHAR

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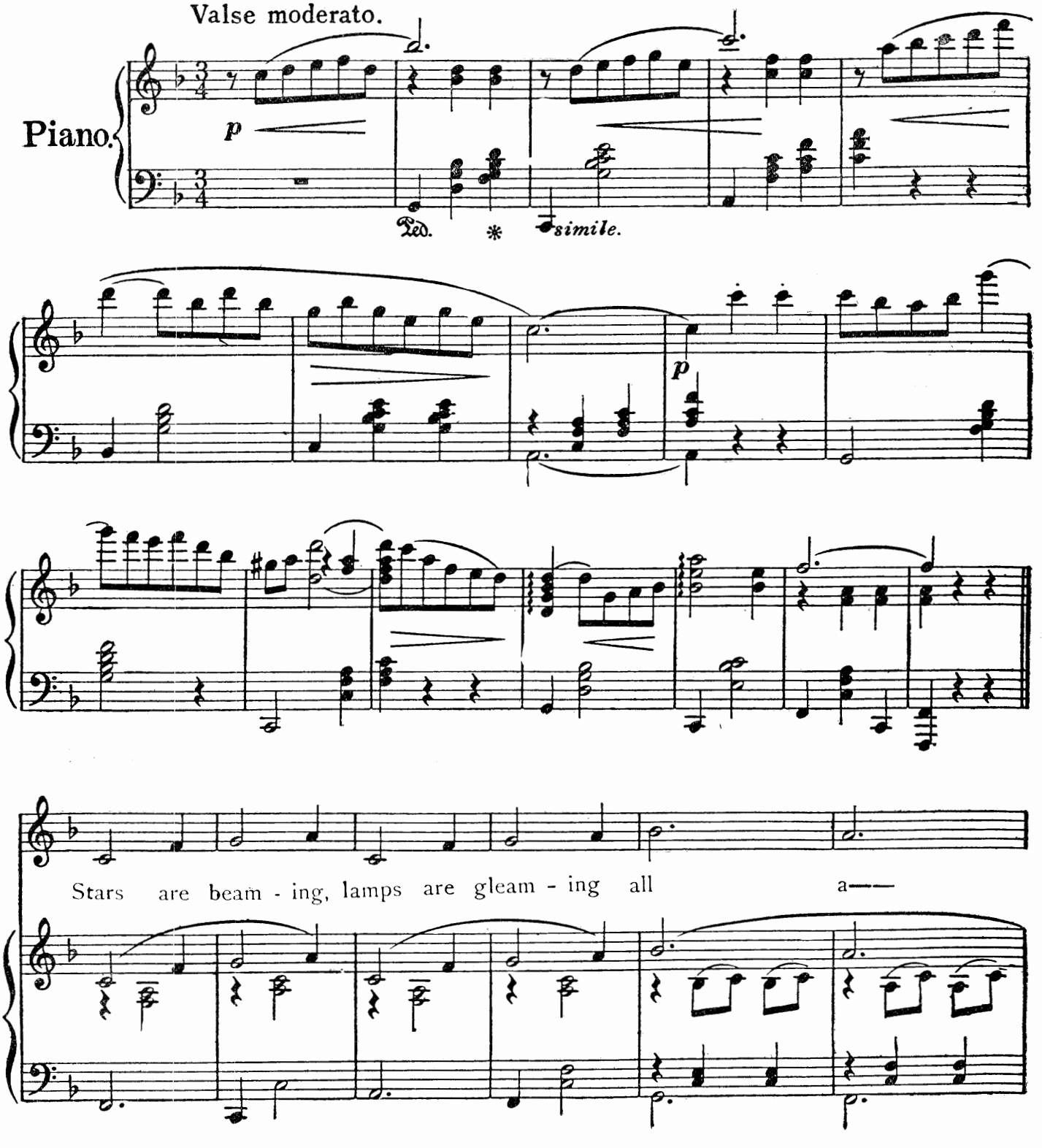
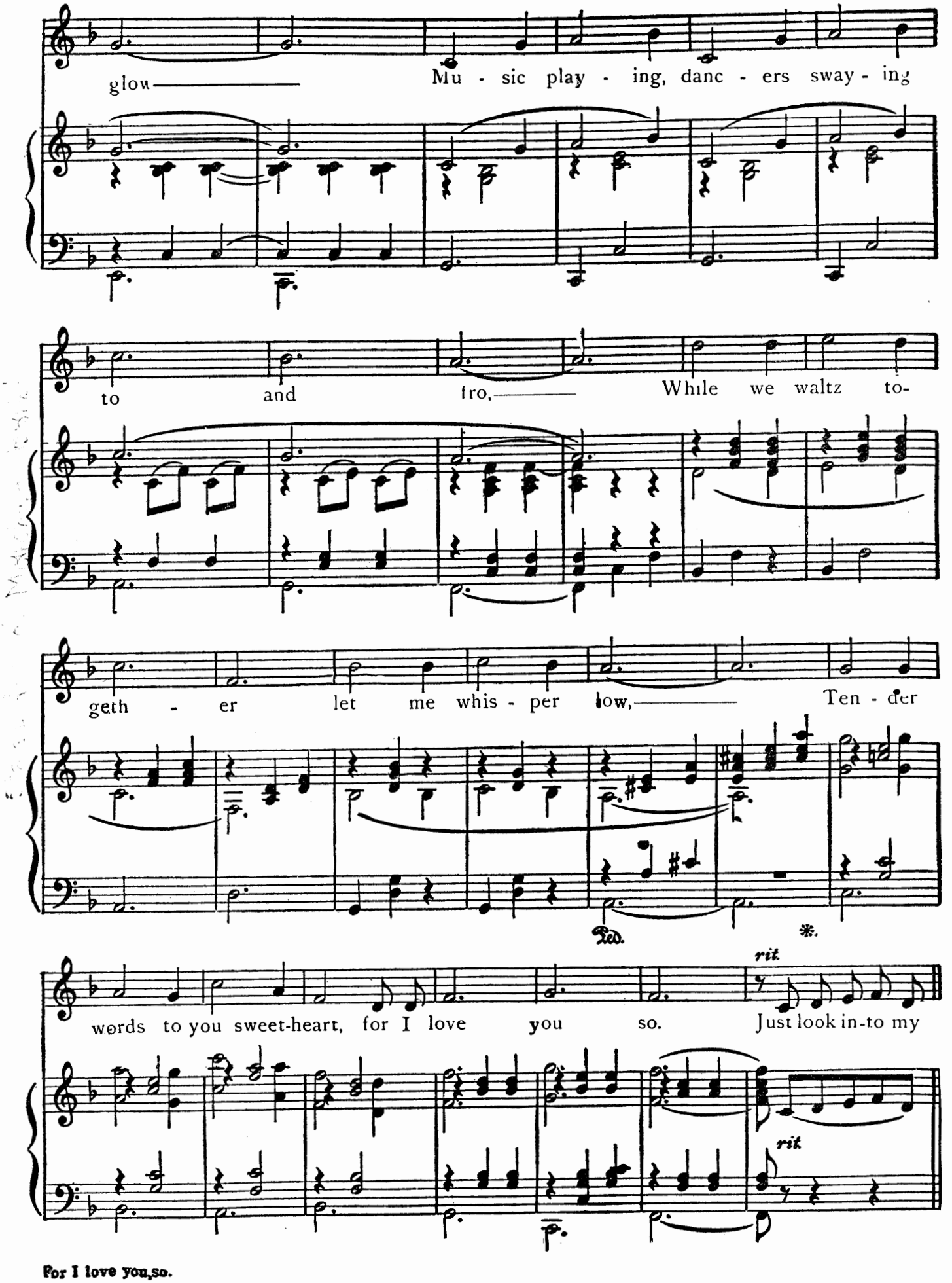
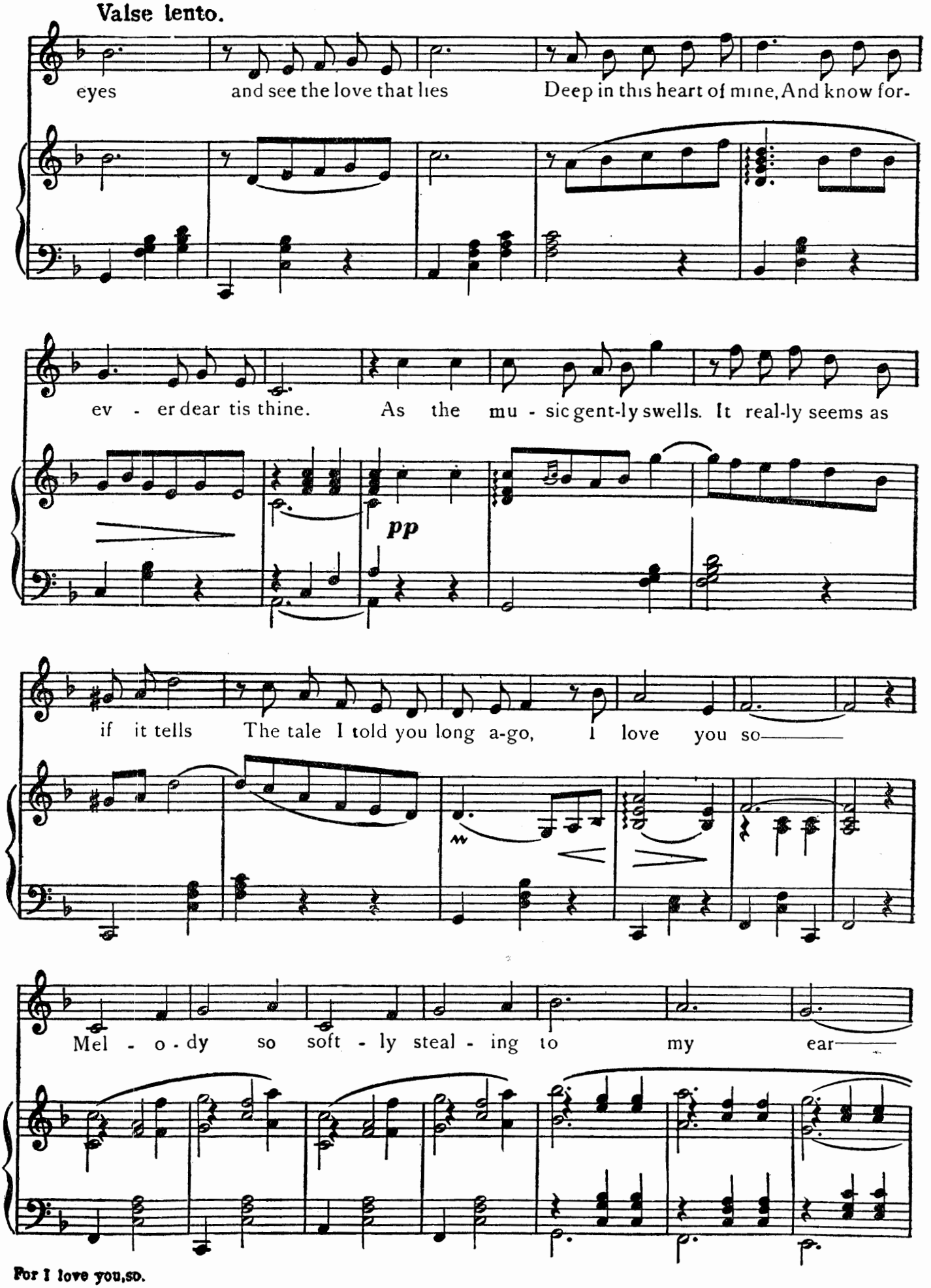
For I Love You, So.

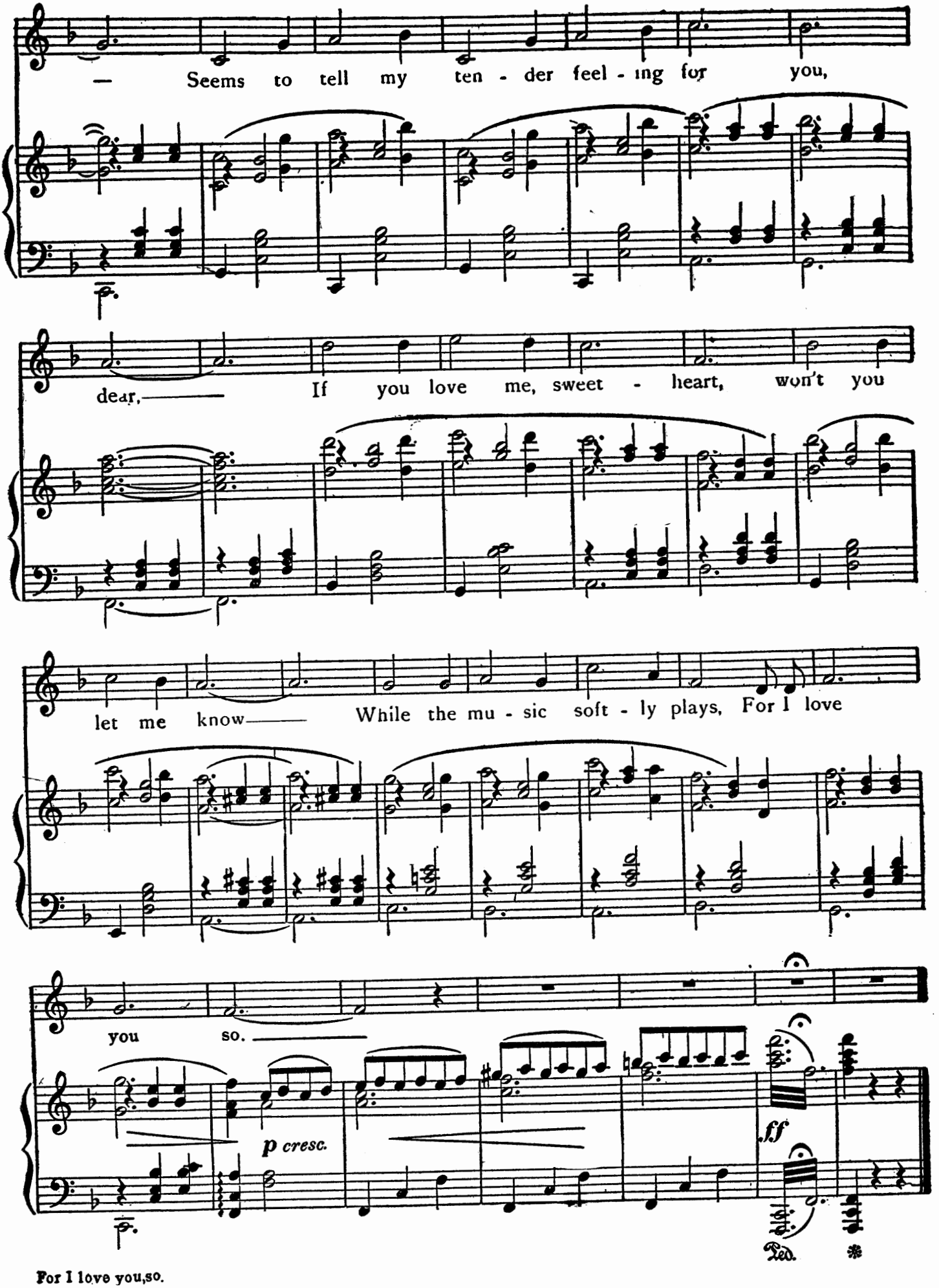
by Franz Lehar.





For I love you,so.

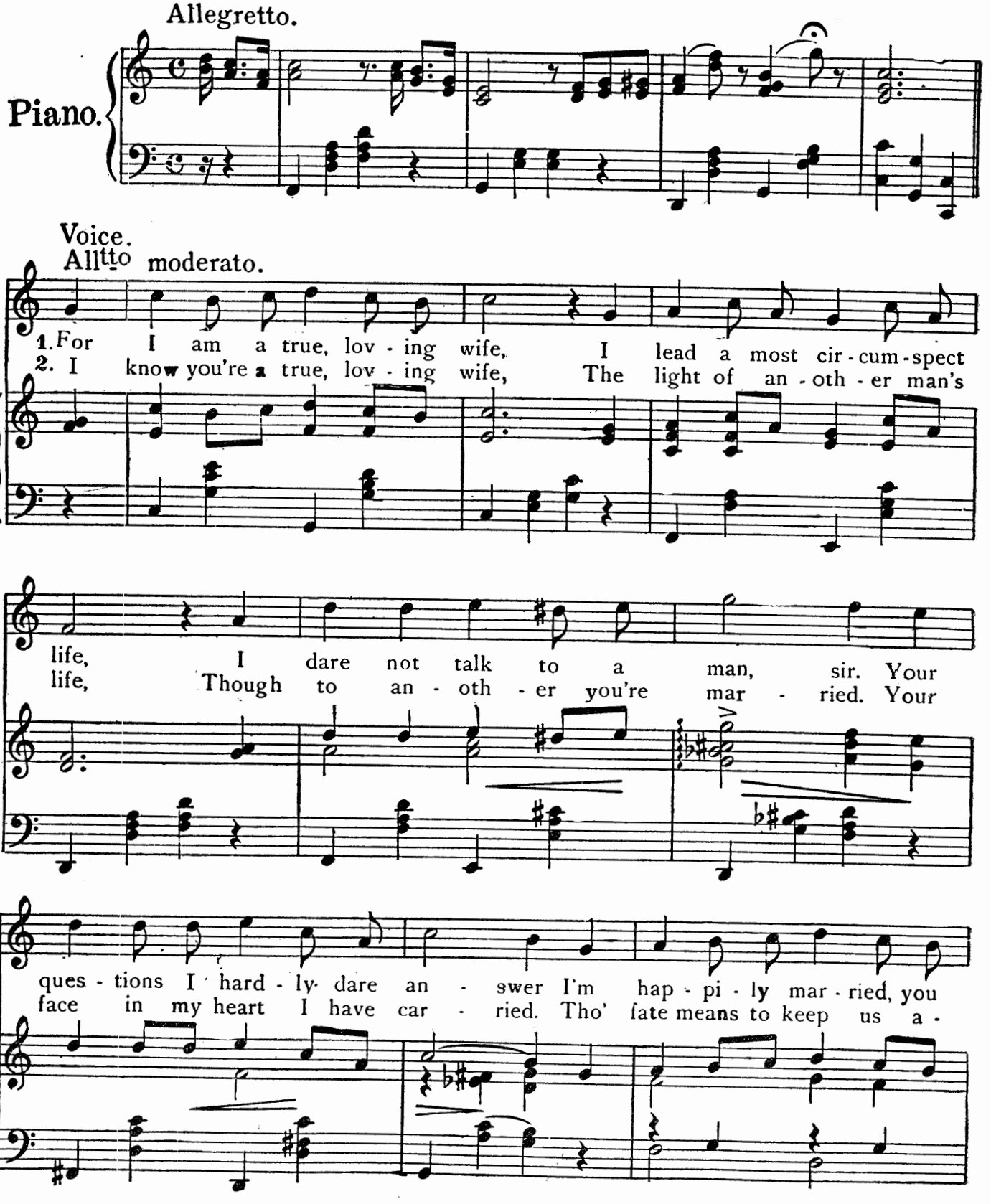

Valse lento.
eyes and see the love that lies Deep in this heart of mine, And know for-
ev - er dear tis thine. As the mu - sic gent-ly swells. It real-ly seems as
pp
if it tells The tale I told you long a-go, I love you so———
Mel - o - dy so soft - ly steal - ing to my ear———

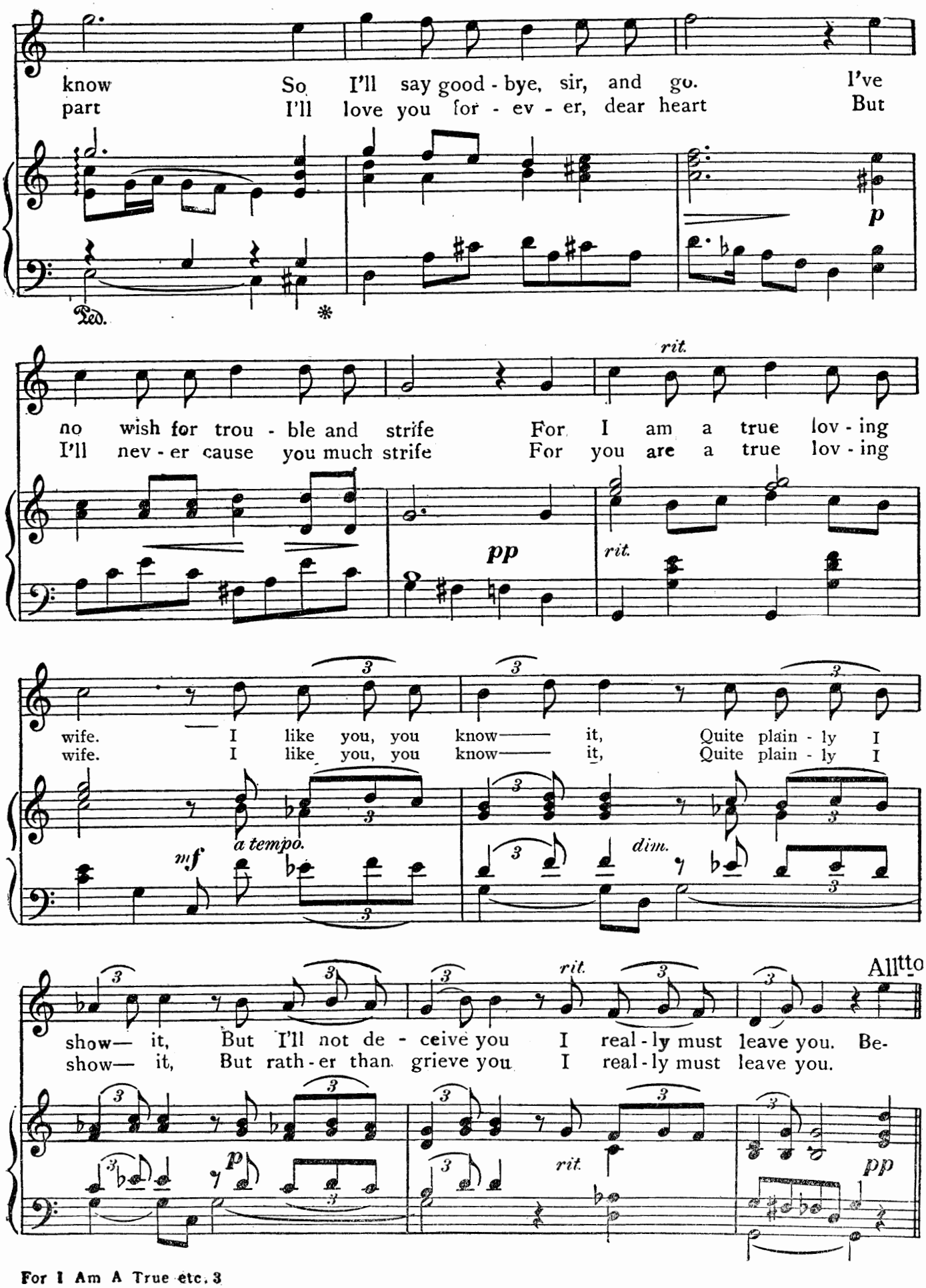


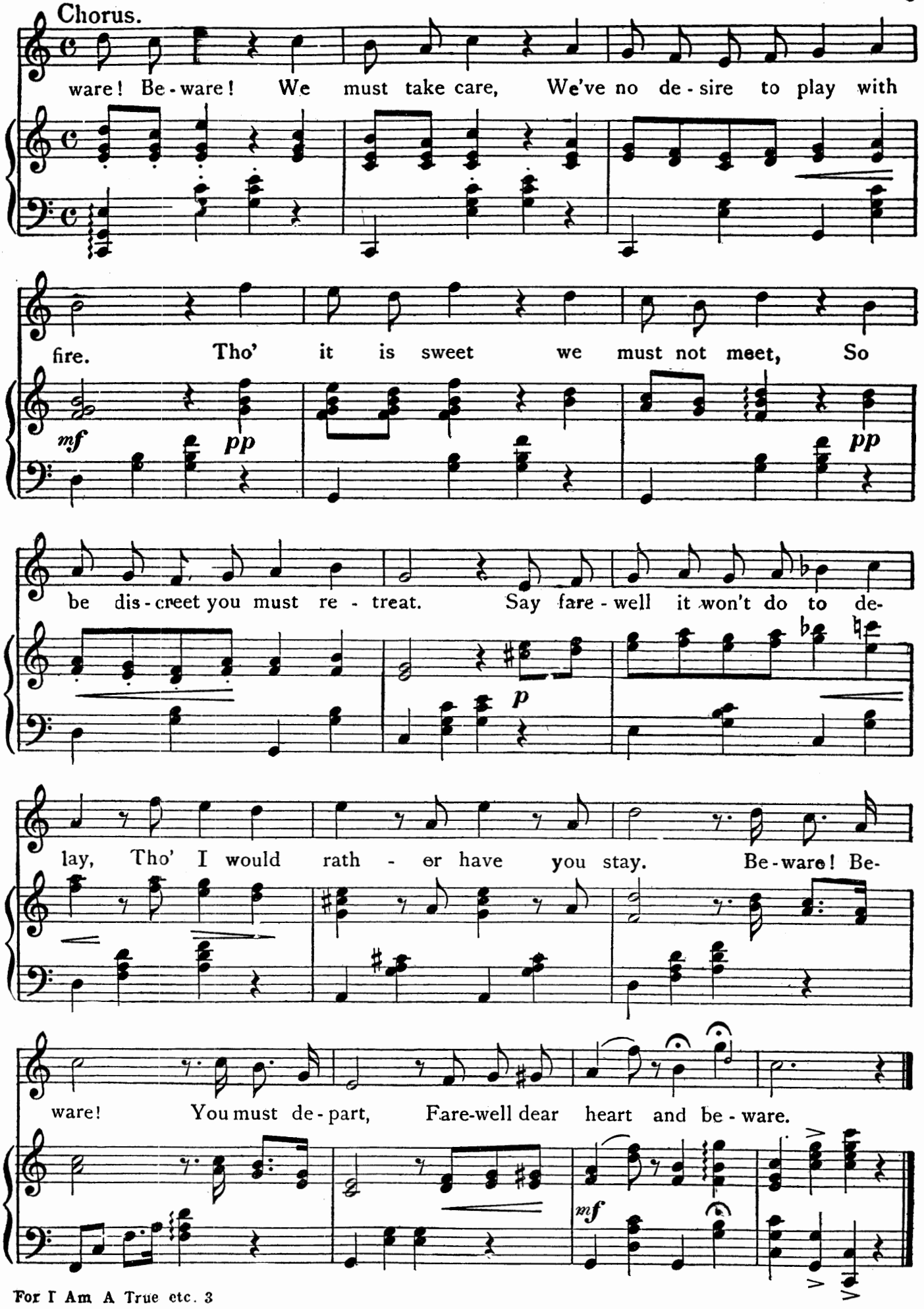
For I love you,so.

For I Am A True Loving Wife.

On Melodies
by FRANZ LEHAR

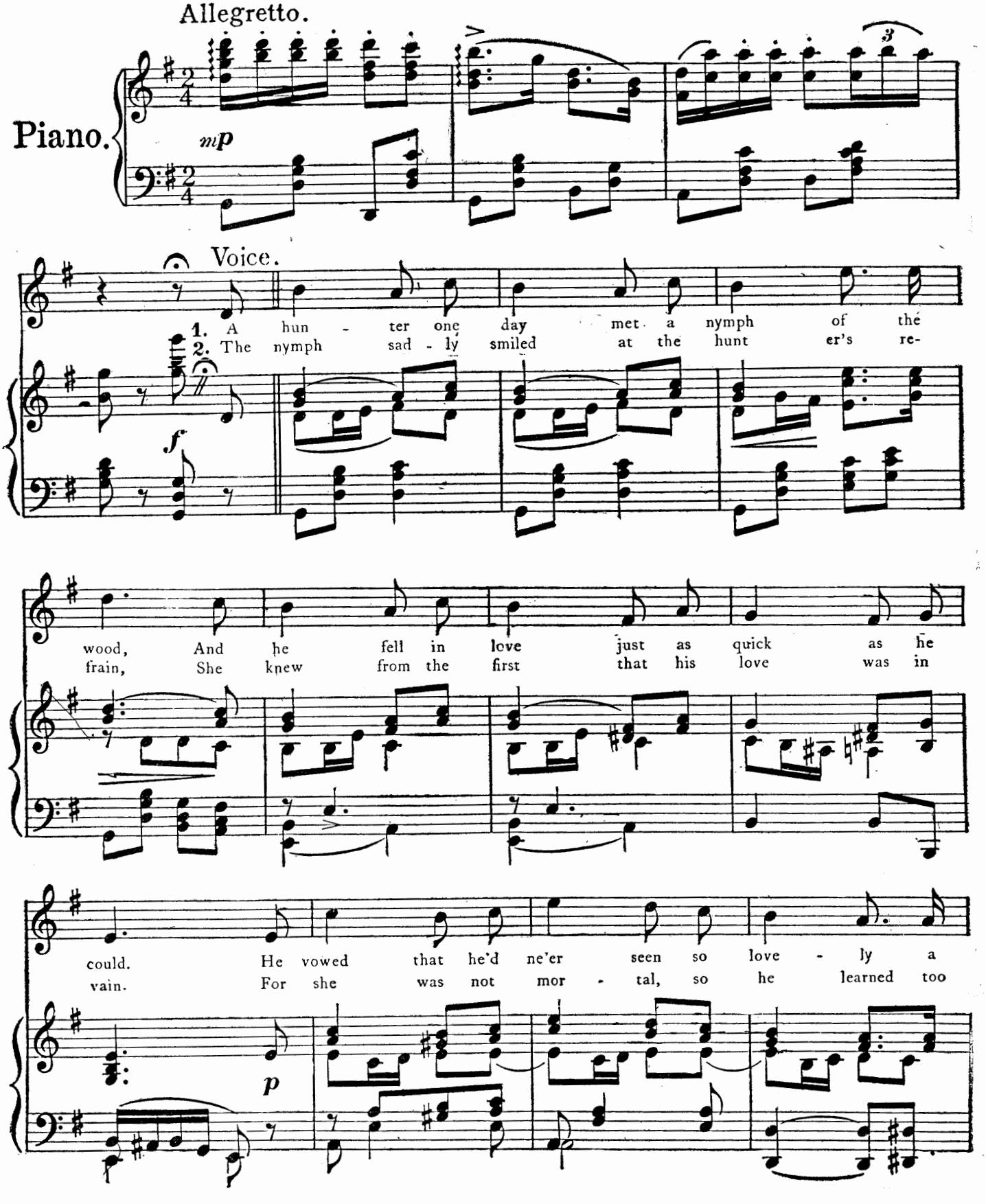


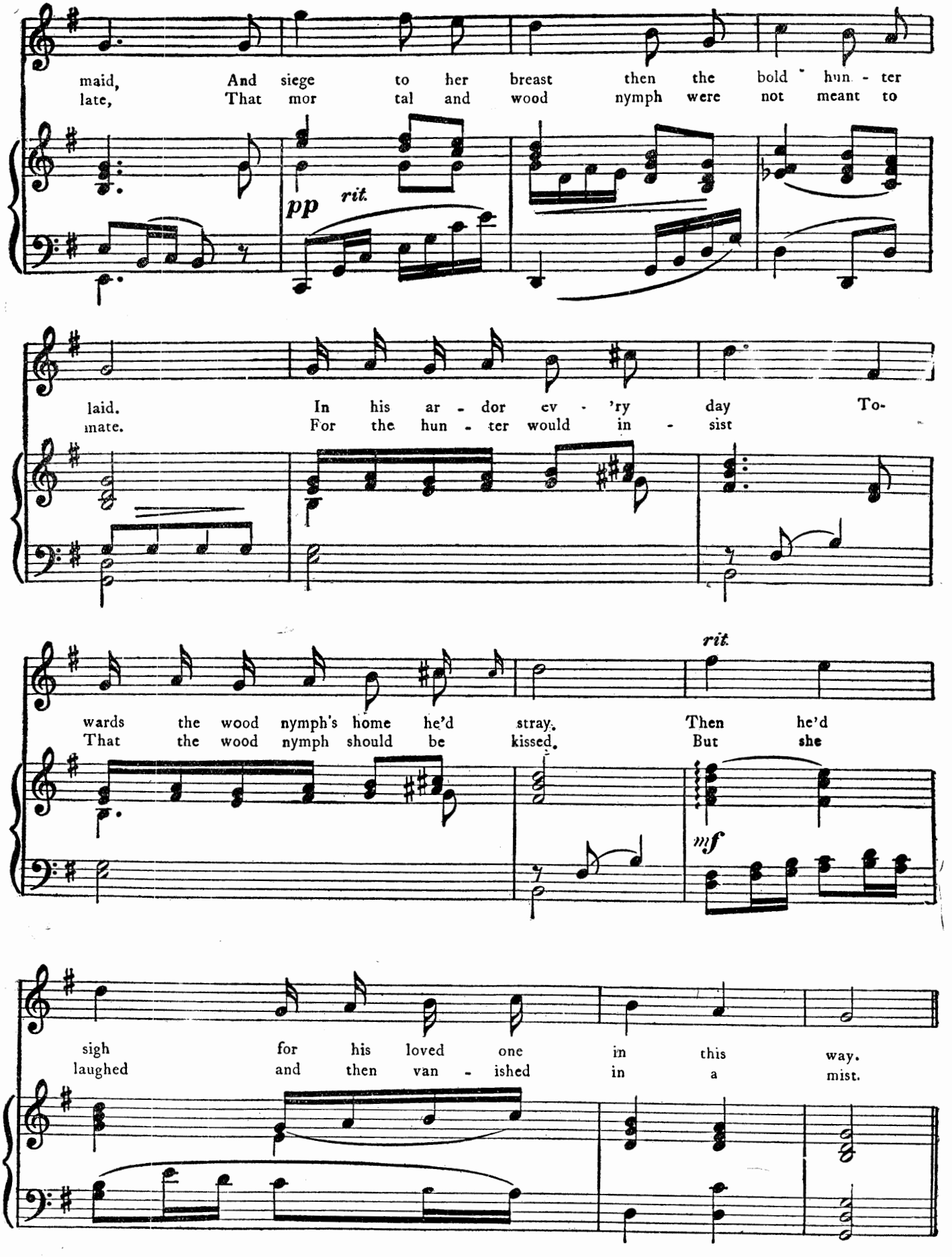

know So I'll say good - bye, sir, and go. I've
part I'll love you for - ev - er, dear heart But
Ped.
*
p
rit.
no wish for trou - ble and strife For I am a true lov - ing
I'll nev - er cause you much strife For you are a true lov - ing
pp
rit.
wife. I like you, you know—— it, Quite plain - ly I
wife. I like you, you know—— it, Quite plain - ly I
a tempo.
mf
dim.
rit.
All^tto
show— it, But I'll not de - ceive you I real - ly must leave you. Be-
show— it, But rath - er than grieve you I real - ly must leave you.
p
rit.
pp

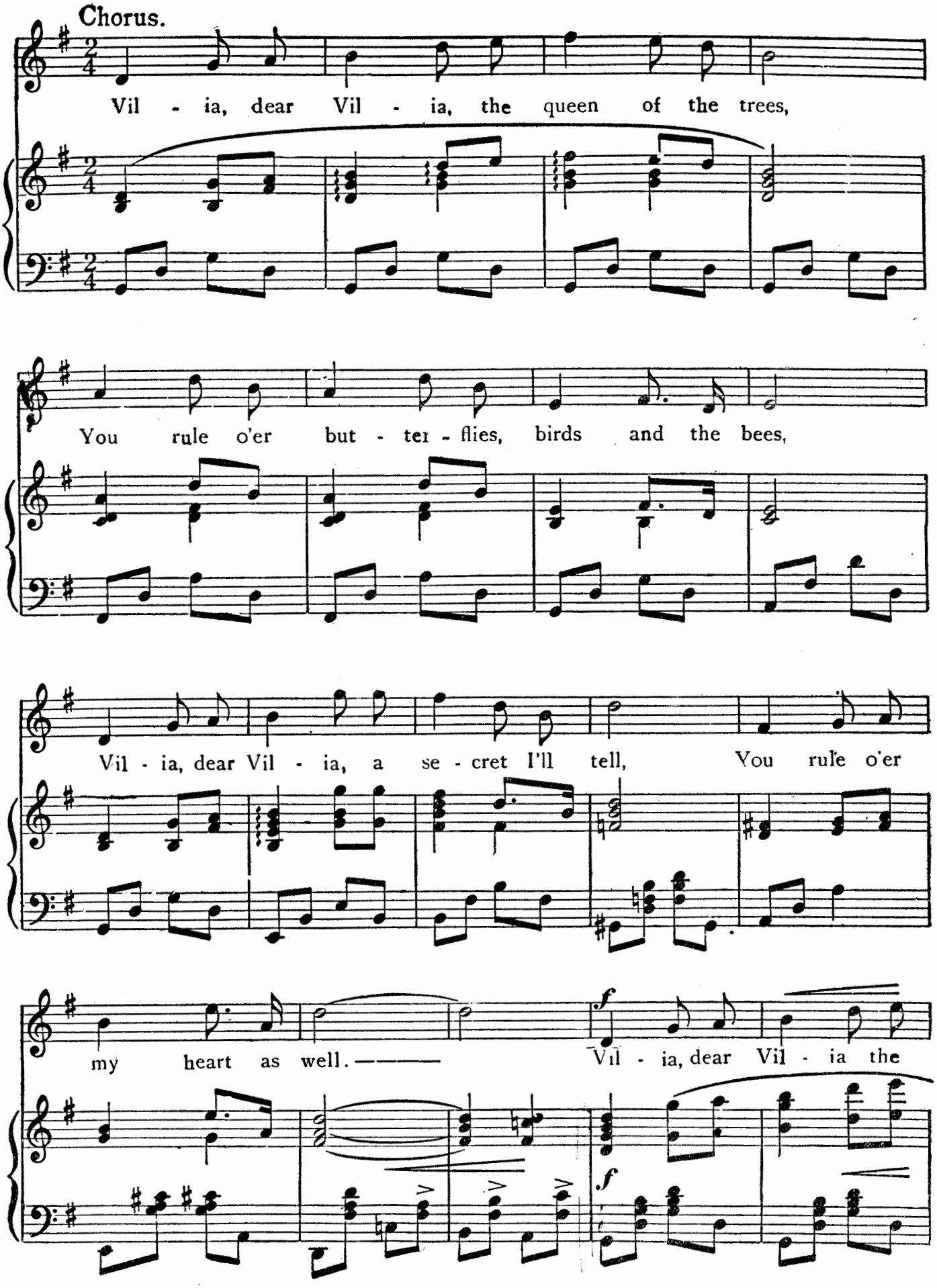

Chorus.
ware! Be-ware! We must take care, We've no de-sire to play with
fire. Tho' it is sweet we must not meet, So
mf
pp
pp
be dis-creet you must re-treat. Say fare-well it won't do to de-
p
lay, Tho' I would rath-er have you stay. Be-ware! Be-
ware! You must de-part, Fare-well dear heart and be-ware.
mf

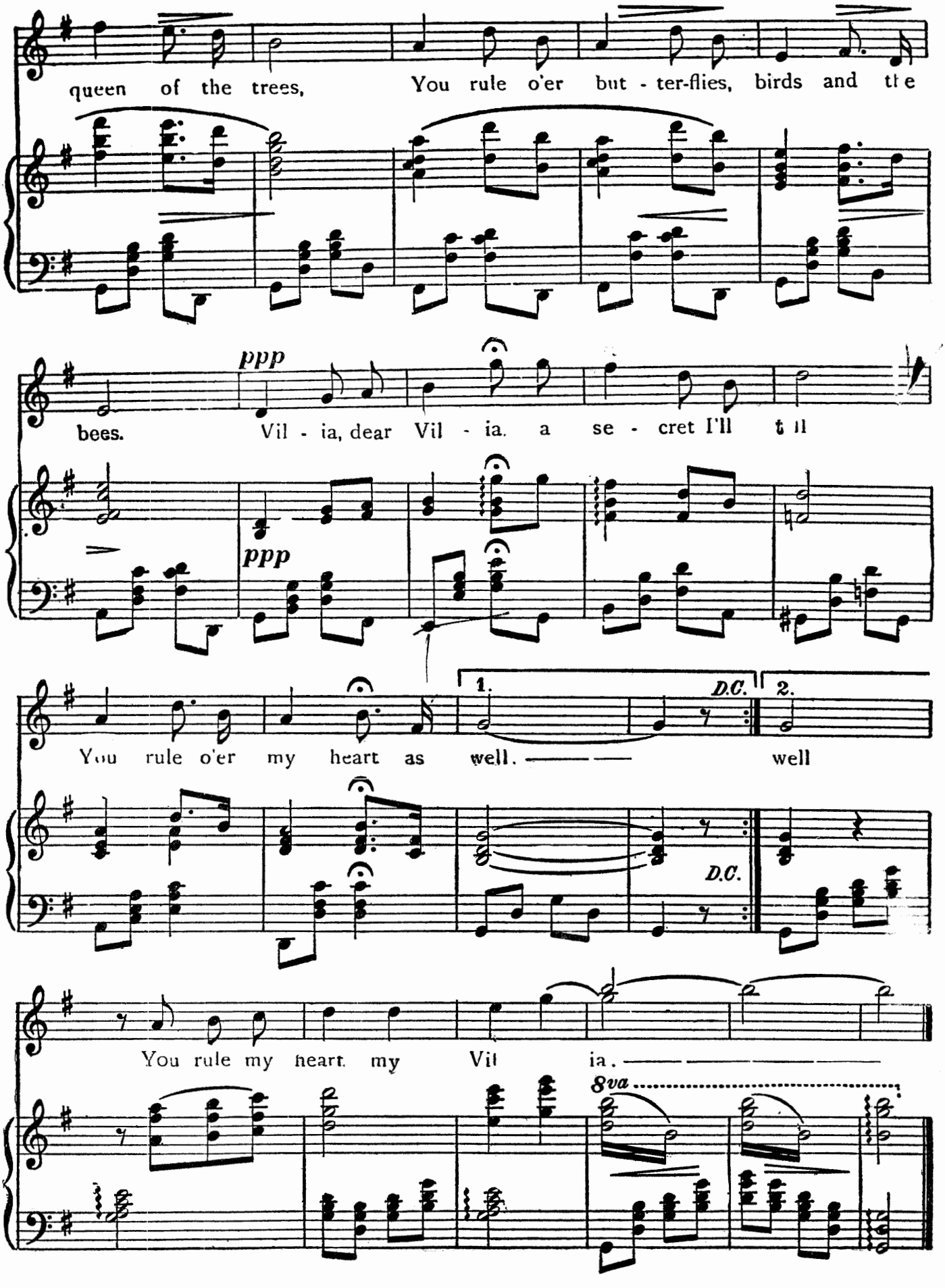
My Vilia.

by Franz Lehar.



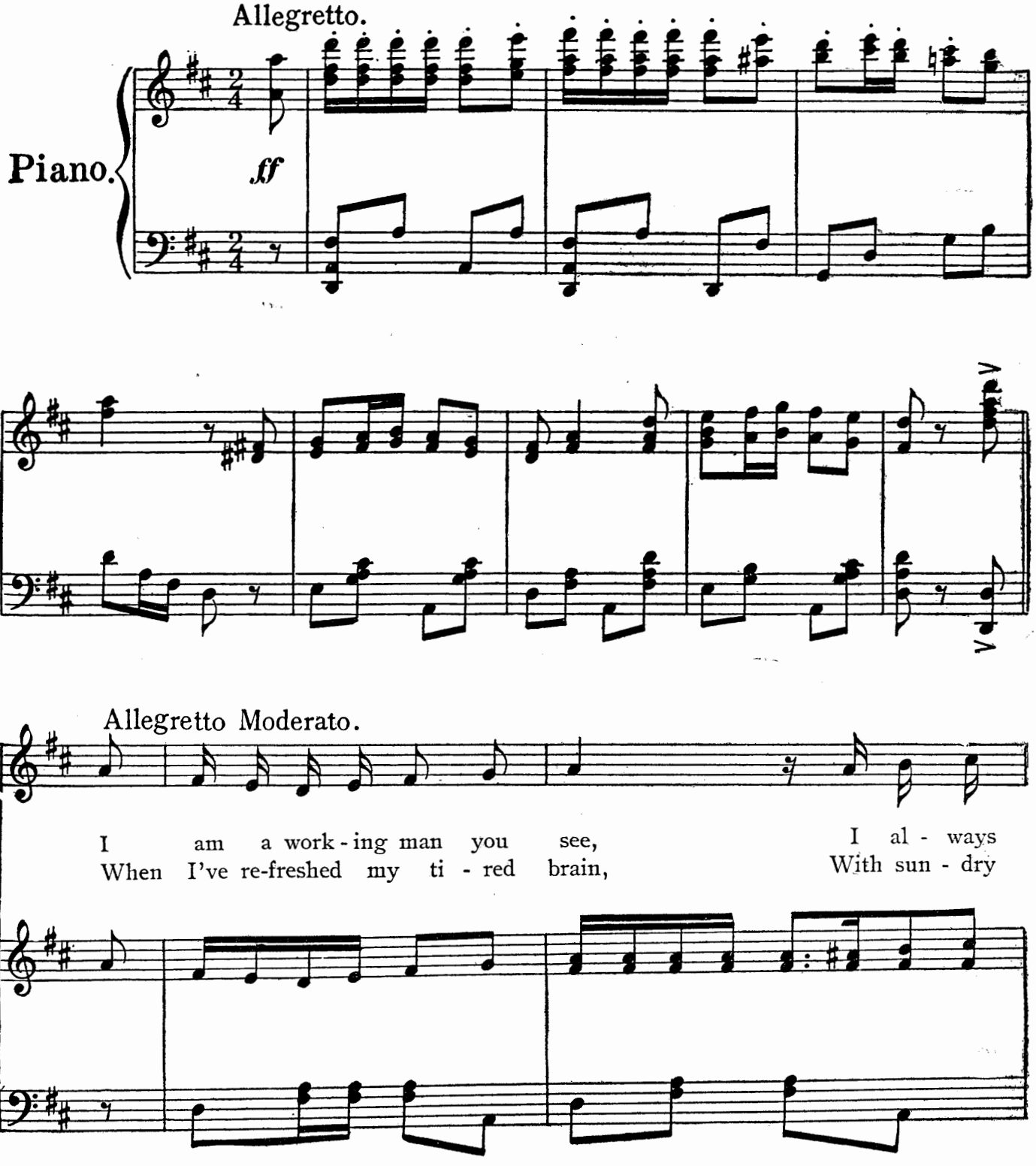

maid, And siege to her breast then the bold hun - ter
late, That mor tal and wood nymph were not meant to
pp rit.
laid. In his ar - dor ev - 'ry day To-
mate. For the hun - ter would in - sist
wards the wood nymph's home he'd stray. Then he'd
That the wood nymph should be kissed. But she
rit.
mf
sigh for his loved one in this way.
laughed and then van - ished in a mist.

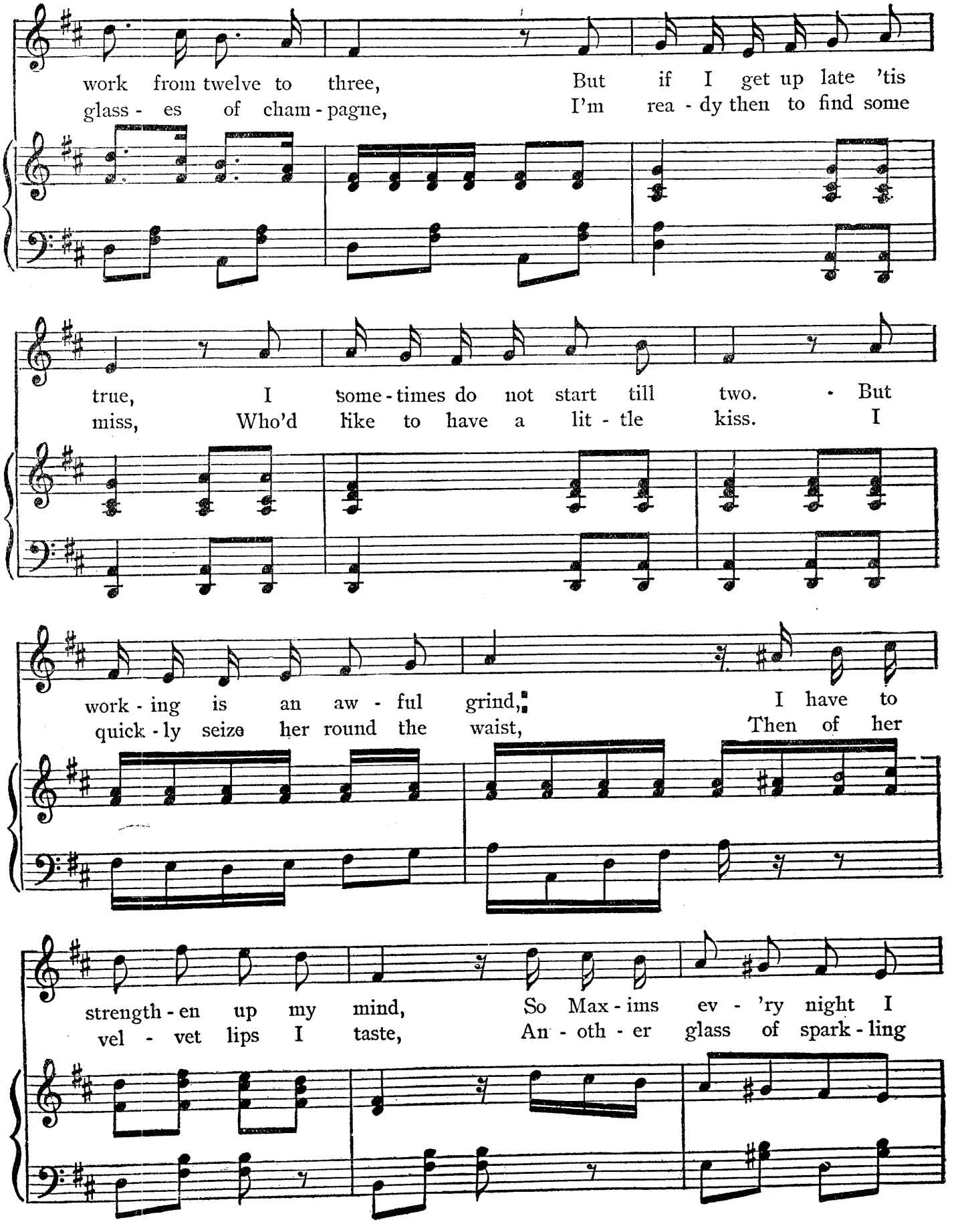

Chorus.
Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, the queen of the trees,
You rule o'er but - ter - flies, birds and the bees,
Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia, a se - cret I'll tell, You rule o'er
my heart as well. ——— Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia the
f
f

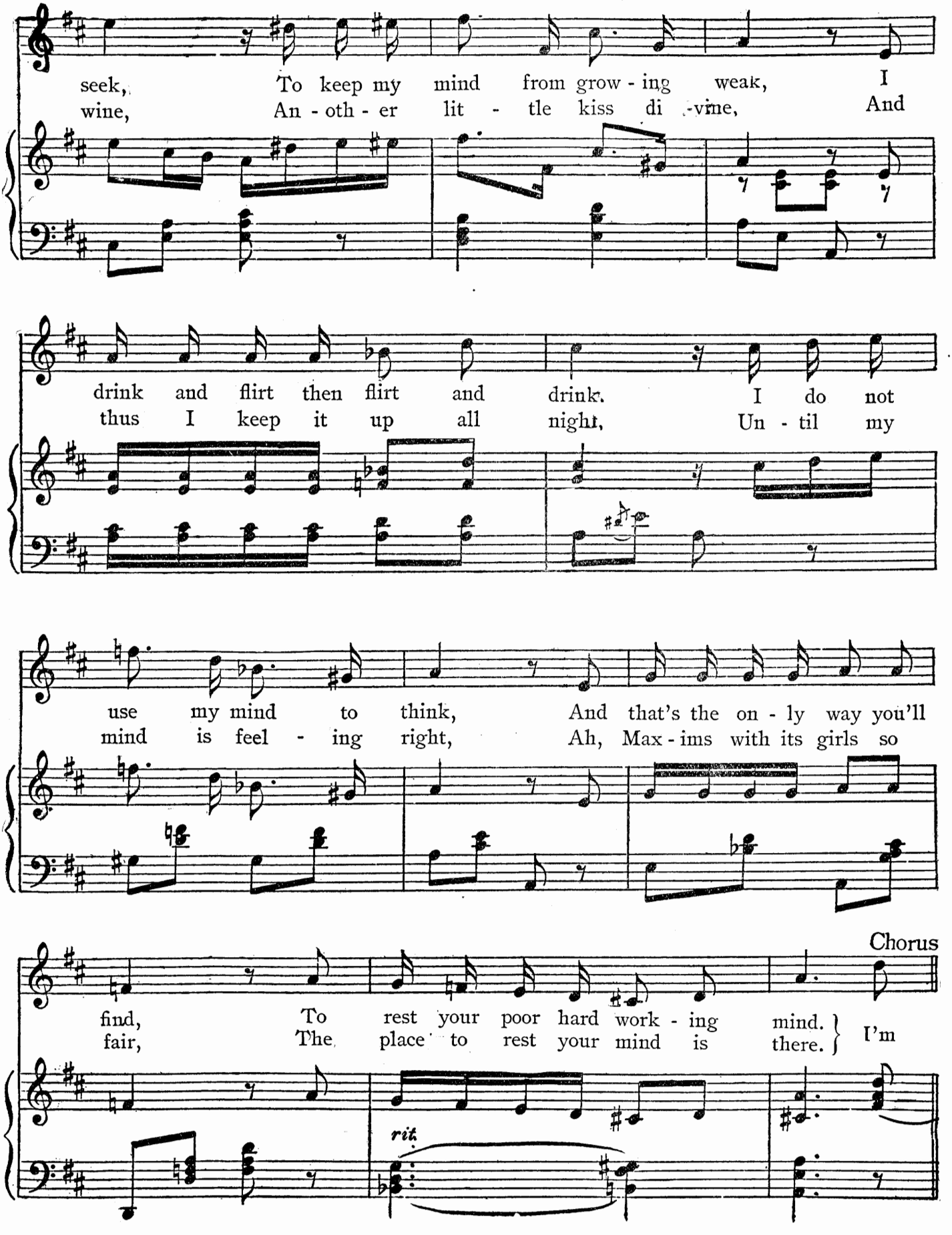

queen of the trees, You rule o'er but - ter-flies, birds and the
ppp
bees. Vil - ia, dear Vil - ia. a se - cret I'll tell
ppp
1.
D.C.
2.
You rule o'er my heart as well. —— well
D.C.
You rule my heart my Vil ia. ——
8va

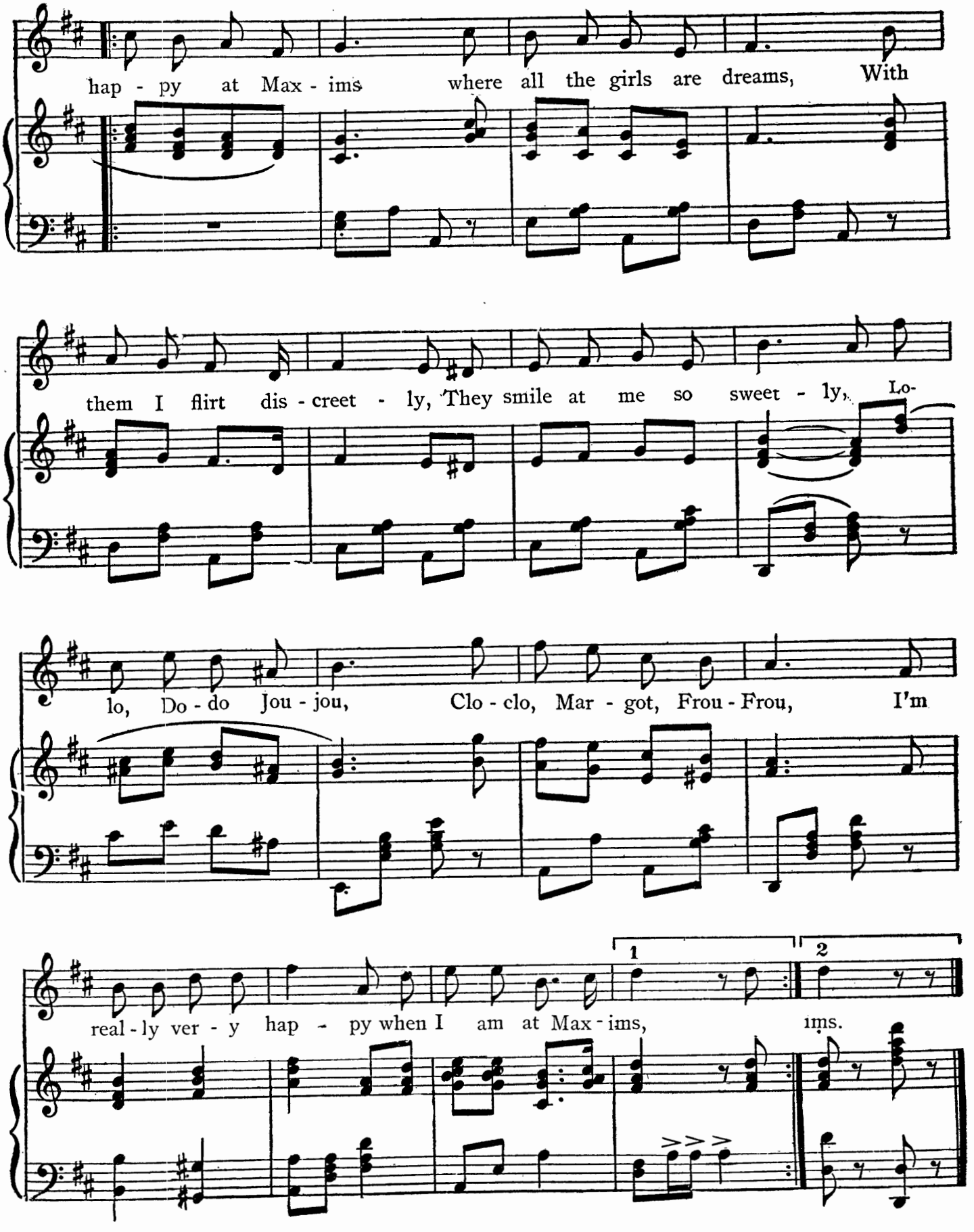
I'm happy at "Maxims."

by Franz Lehar.



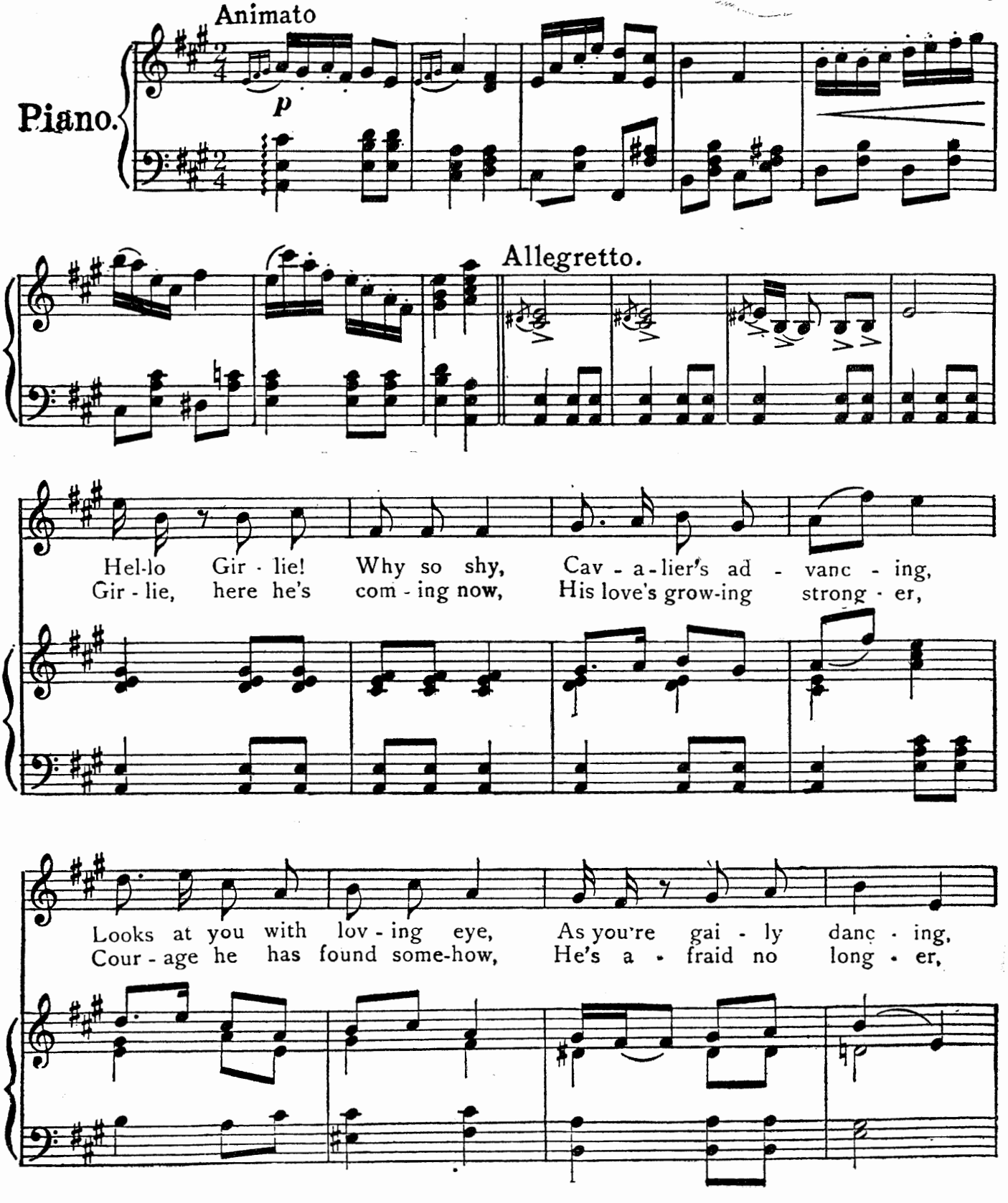

work from twelve to three, But if I get up late 'tis
glass - es of cham - pagne, I'm rea - dy then to find some
true, I some - times do not start till two. But
miss, Who'd like to have a lit - tle kiss. I
work - ing is an aw - ful grind, I have to
quick - ly seize her round the waist, Then of her
strength - en up my mind, So Max - ims ev - 'ry night I
vel - vet lips I taste, An - oth - er glass of spark - ling

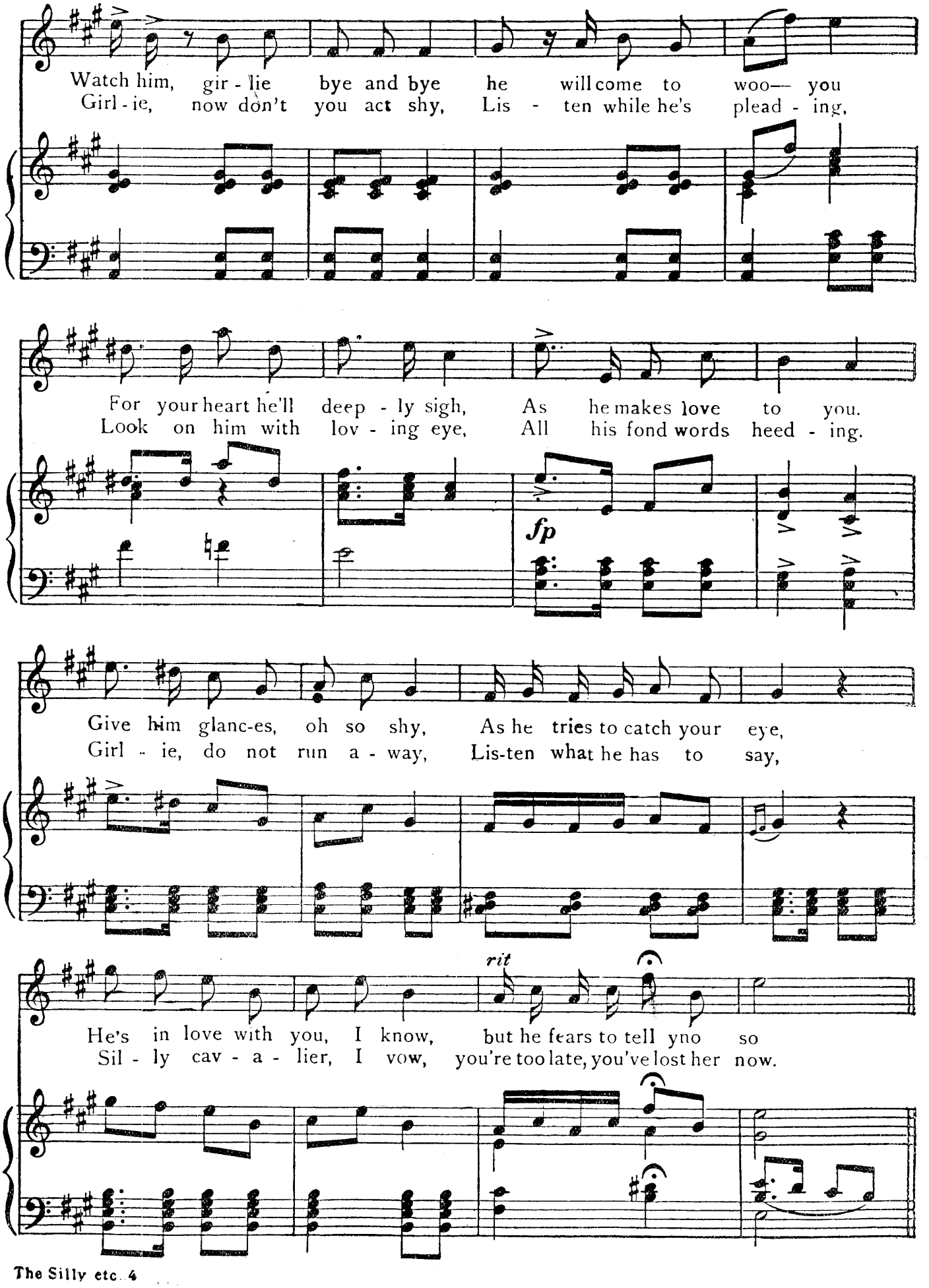

seek, To keep my mind from grow - ing weak, I
wine, An - oth - er lit - tle kiss di - vine, And
drink and flirt then flirt and drink. I do not
thus I keep it up all night, Un - til my
use my mind to think, And that's the on - ly way you'll
mind is feel - ing right, Ah, Max - ims with its girls so
Chorus
find, To rest your poor hard work - ing mind.
fair, The place to rest your mind is there.
I'm
rit.

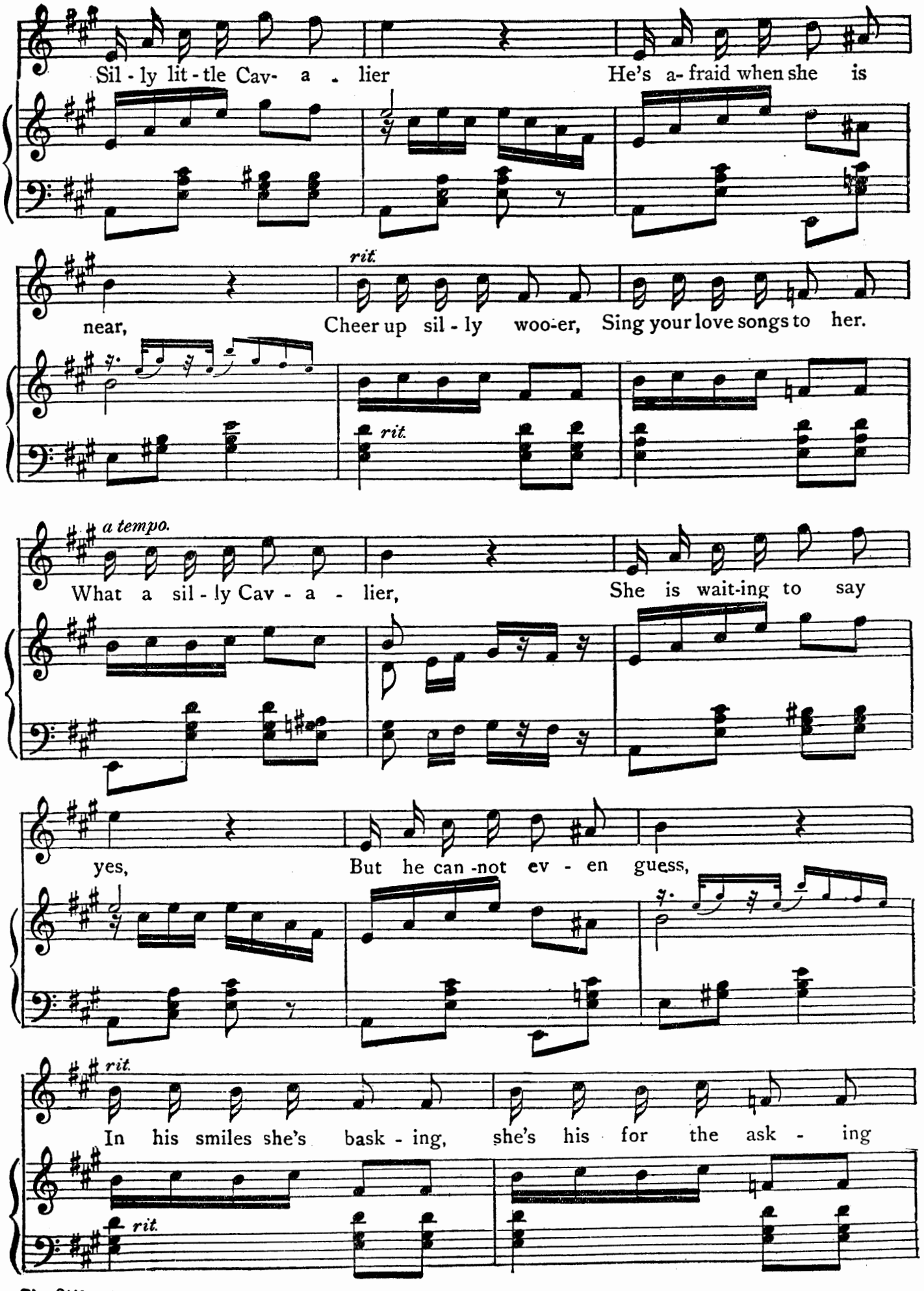

hap - py at Max - ims where all the girls are dreams, With
them I flirt dis - creet - ly, They smile at me so sweet - ly, Lo-
lo, Do - do Jou - jou, Clo - clo, Mar - got, Frou - Frou, I'm
real - ly ver - y hap - py when I am at Max - ims, ims.
1
2

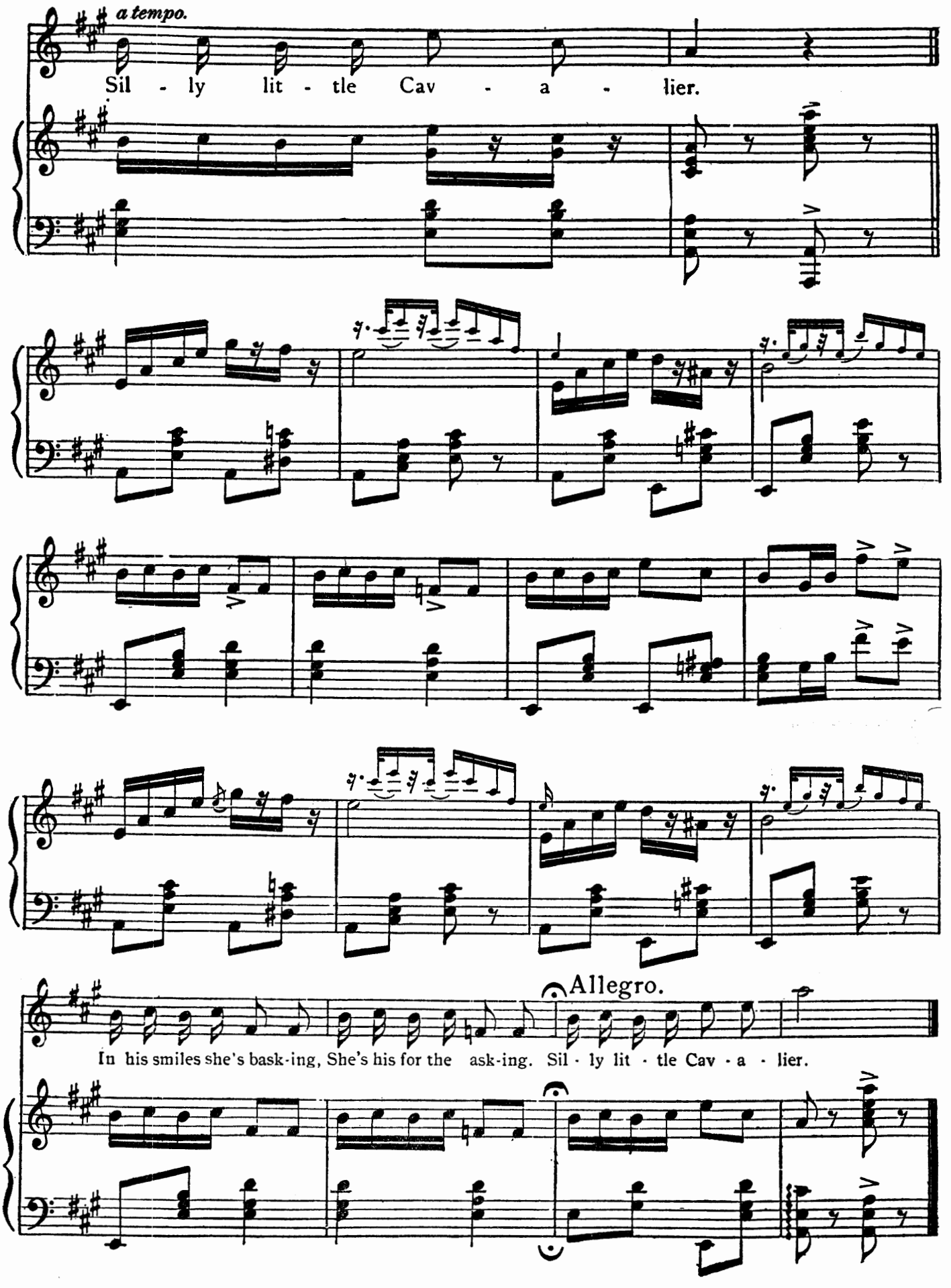
The Silly Cavalier.

Music by
Franz Lehar.



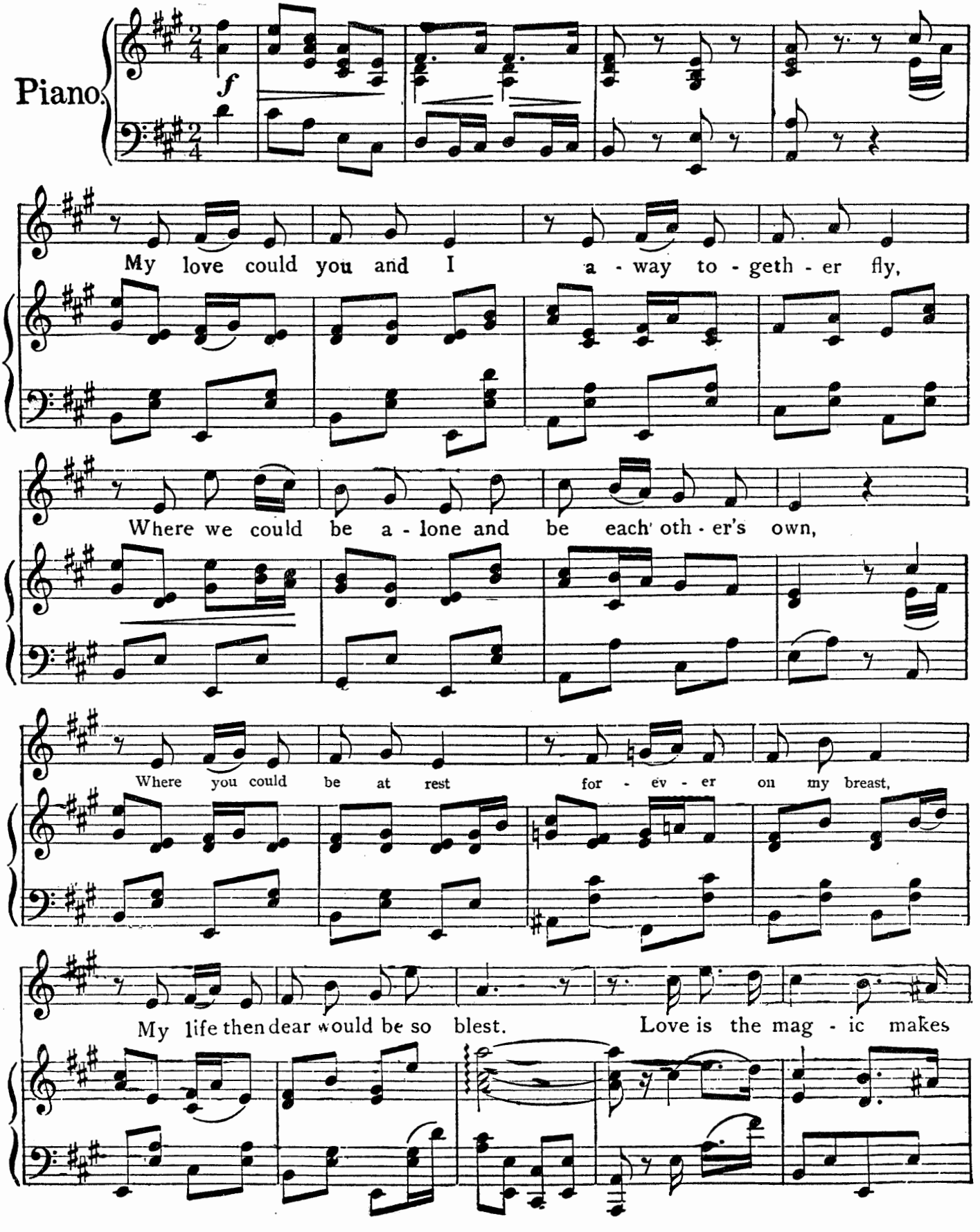

Watch him, gir - lie bye and bye he will come to woo— you
Girl - ie, now don't you act shy, Lis - ten while he's plead - ing,
For your heart he'll deep - ly sigh, As he makes love to you.
Look on him with lov - ing eye, All his fond words heed - ing.
fp
Give him glanc-es, oh so shy, As he tries to catch your eye,
Girl - ie, do not run a - way, Lis-ten what he has to say,
rit
He's in love with you, I know, but he fears to tell yno so
Sil - ly cav - a - lier, I vow, you're too late, you've lost her now.

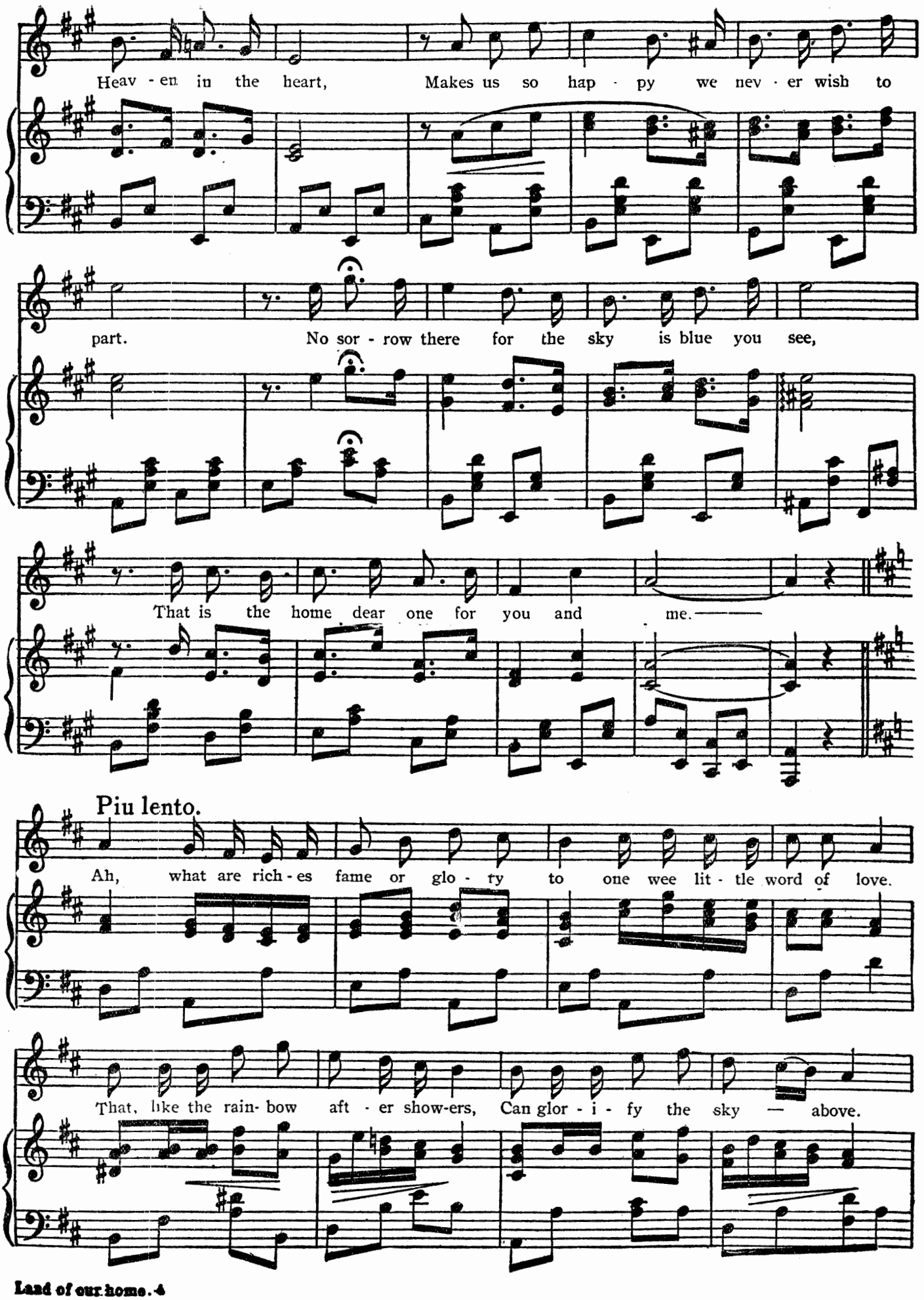

Sil - ly lit - tle Cav- a - lier
He's a- fraid when she is
near,
rit.
Cheer up sil - ly woo-er, Sing your love songs to her.
rit.
a tempo.
What a sil - ly Cav - a - lier,
She is wait-ing to say
yes,
But he can -not ev - en guess,
rit.
In his smiles she's bask - ing, she's his for the ask - ing
rit.

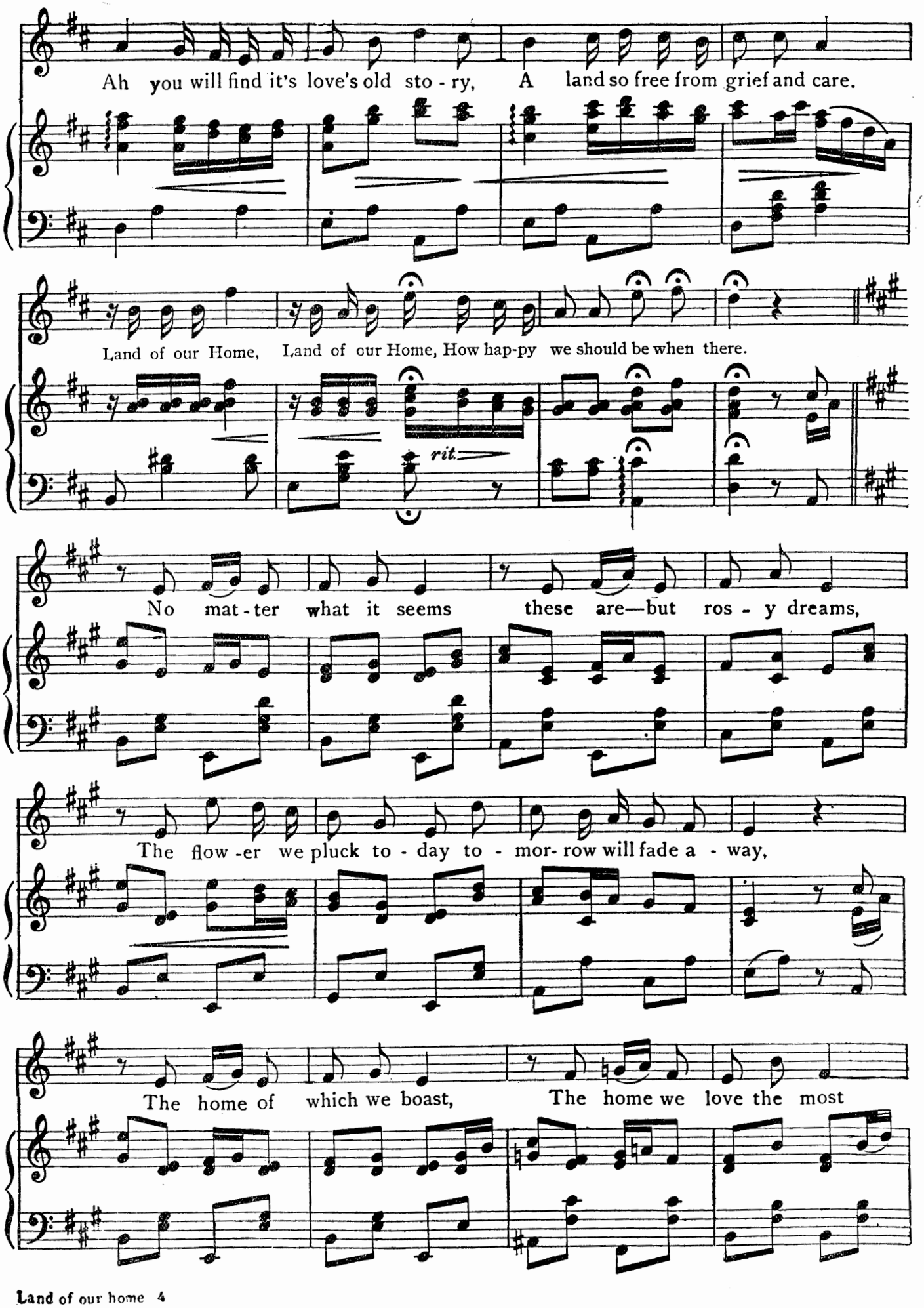

a tempo.
Sil - ly lit - tle Cav - a - lier.
Allegro.
In his smiles she's bask-ing, She's his for the ask-ing. Sil - ly lit - tle Cav - a - lier.

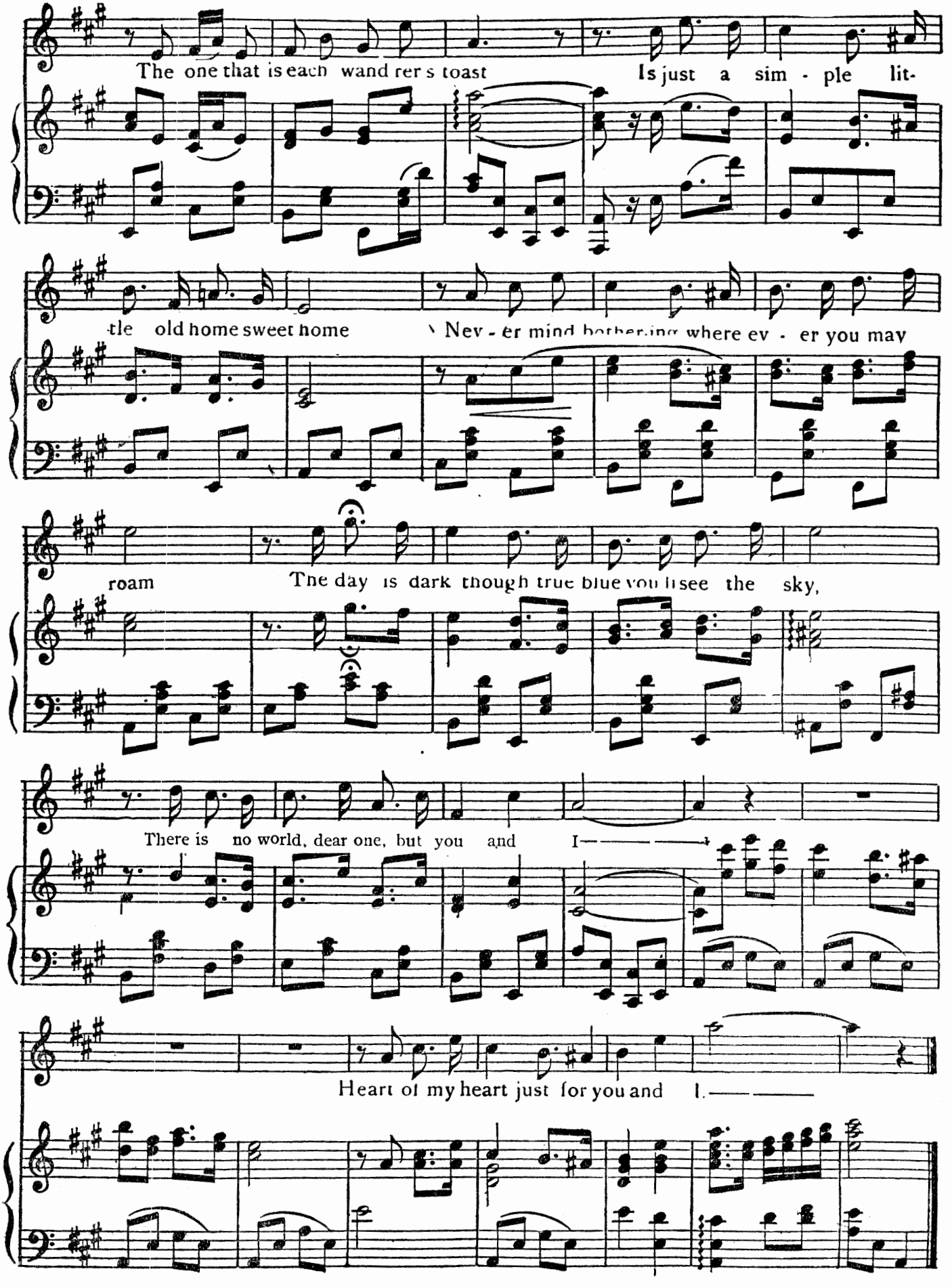
Land Of Our Home.

On Melodies
by FRANZ LEHAR.




Heav - en in the heart, Makes us so hap - py we nev - er wish to
part. No sor - row there for the sky is blue you see,
That is the home dear one for you and me.
Piu lento.
Ah, what are rich - es fame or glo - ry to one wee lit - tle word of love.
That, like the rain- bow aft - er show-ers, Can glor - i - fy the sky — above.


Ah you will find it's love's old sto - ry, A land so free from grief and care.
Land of our Home, Land of our Home, How hap-py we should be when there.
rit.
No mat - ter what it seems these are—but ros - y dreams,
The flow - er we pluck to - day to - mor- row will fade a - way,
The home of which we boast, The home we love the most


The one that is each wand rer s toast
Is just a sim - ple lit-
-tle old home sweet home
Nev - er mind bothering where ev - er you may
roam
The day is dark though true blue you'll see the sky,
There is no world, dear one, but you and I
Heart of my heart just for you and I.

The Lovely Women.

On Melodies
by FRANZ LEHAR.

Tempo di marcia.

Piano.

f

Voice.

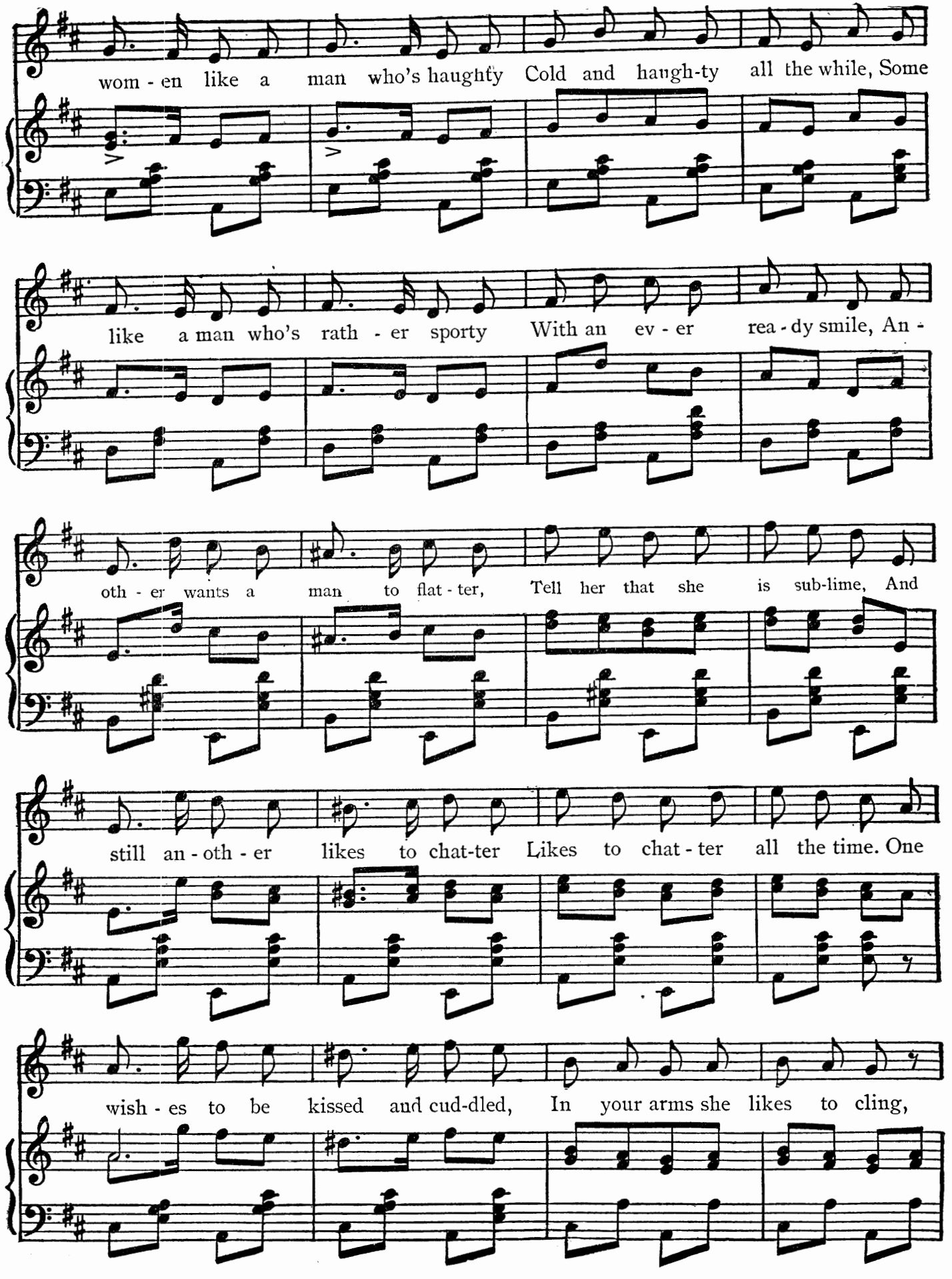
Oh a love - ly wom-an's charm-ing, We all know that is a fact, But there's

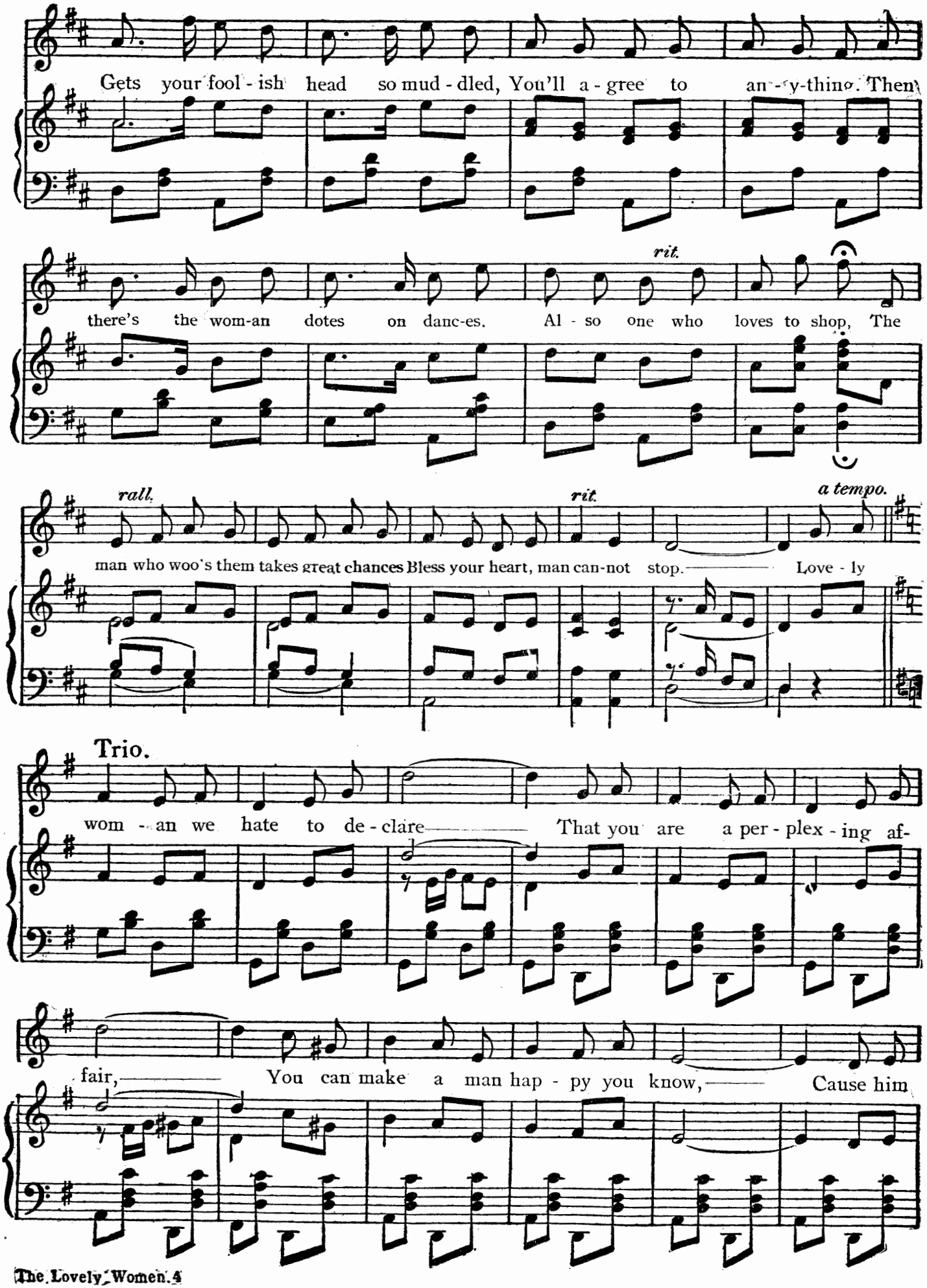
some - thing quite a - larm - ing, In the way some of them act. Love - ly

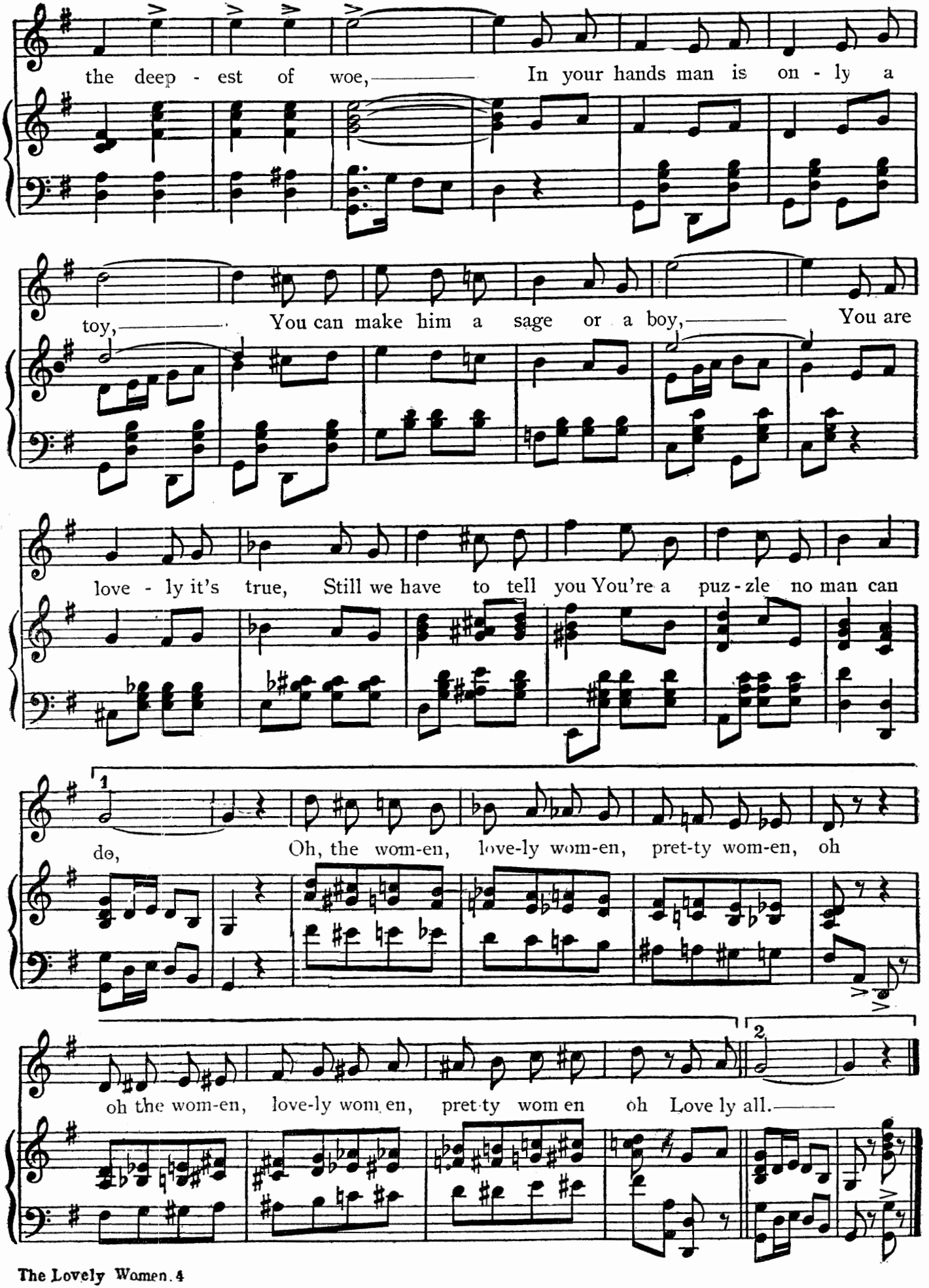
wom-an, Love - ly wom-an, You're as fic-kle as can be, And the

f

man who tries to woo you must be care - ful— for you see, Some

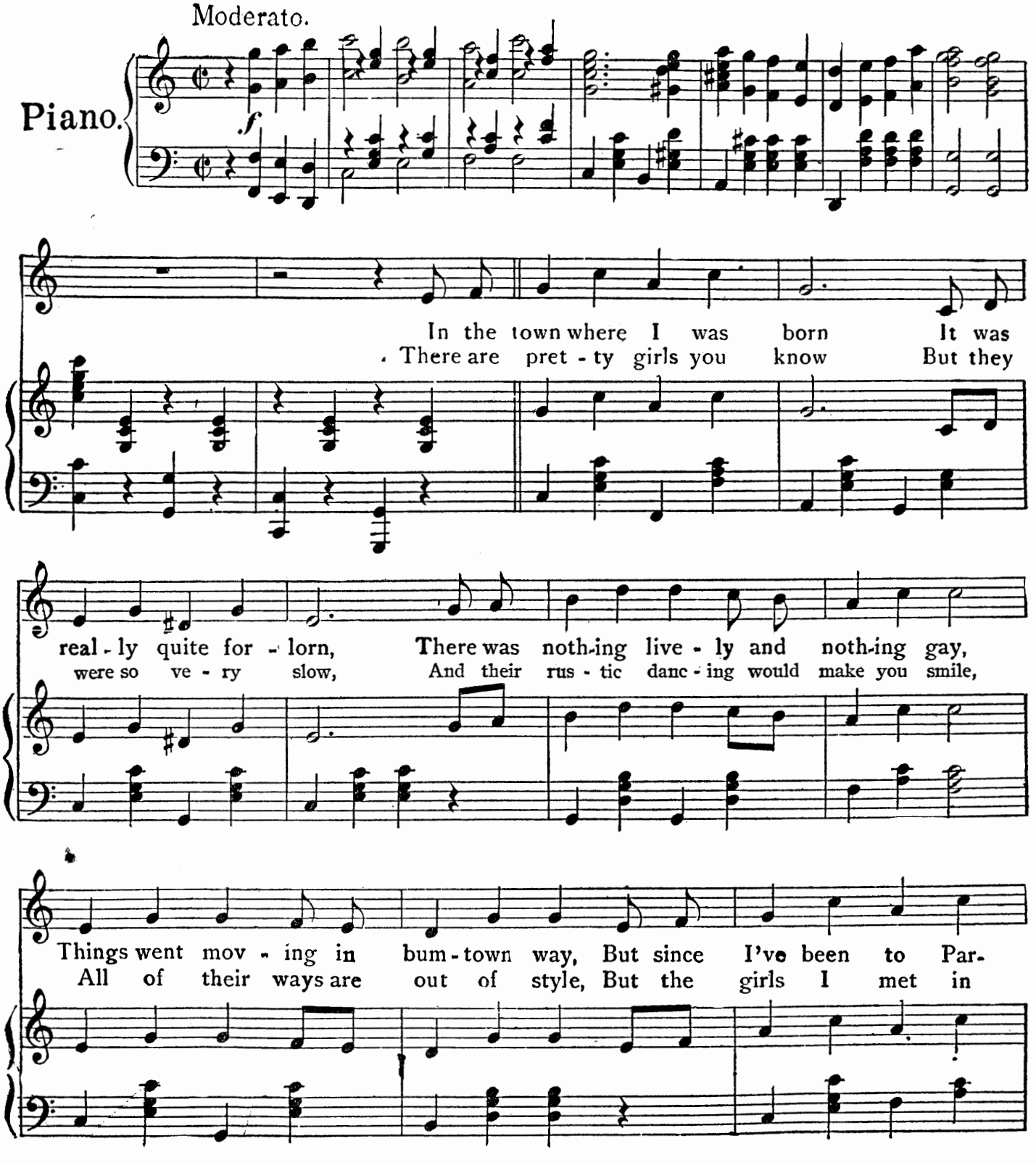

wom - en like a man who's haughty Cold and haugh-ty all the while, Some
like a man who's rath - er sporty With an ev - er rea - dy smile, An -
oth - er wants a man to flat - ter, Tell her that she is sub-lime, And
still an - oth - er likes to chat-ter Likes to chat - ter all the time. One
wish - es to be kissed and cud-dled, In your arms she likes to cling,

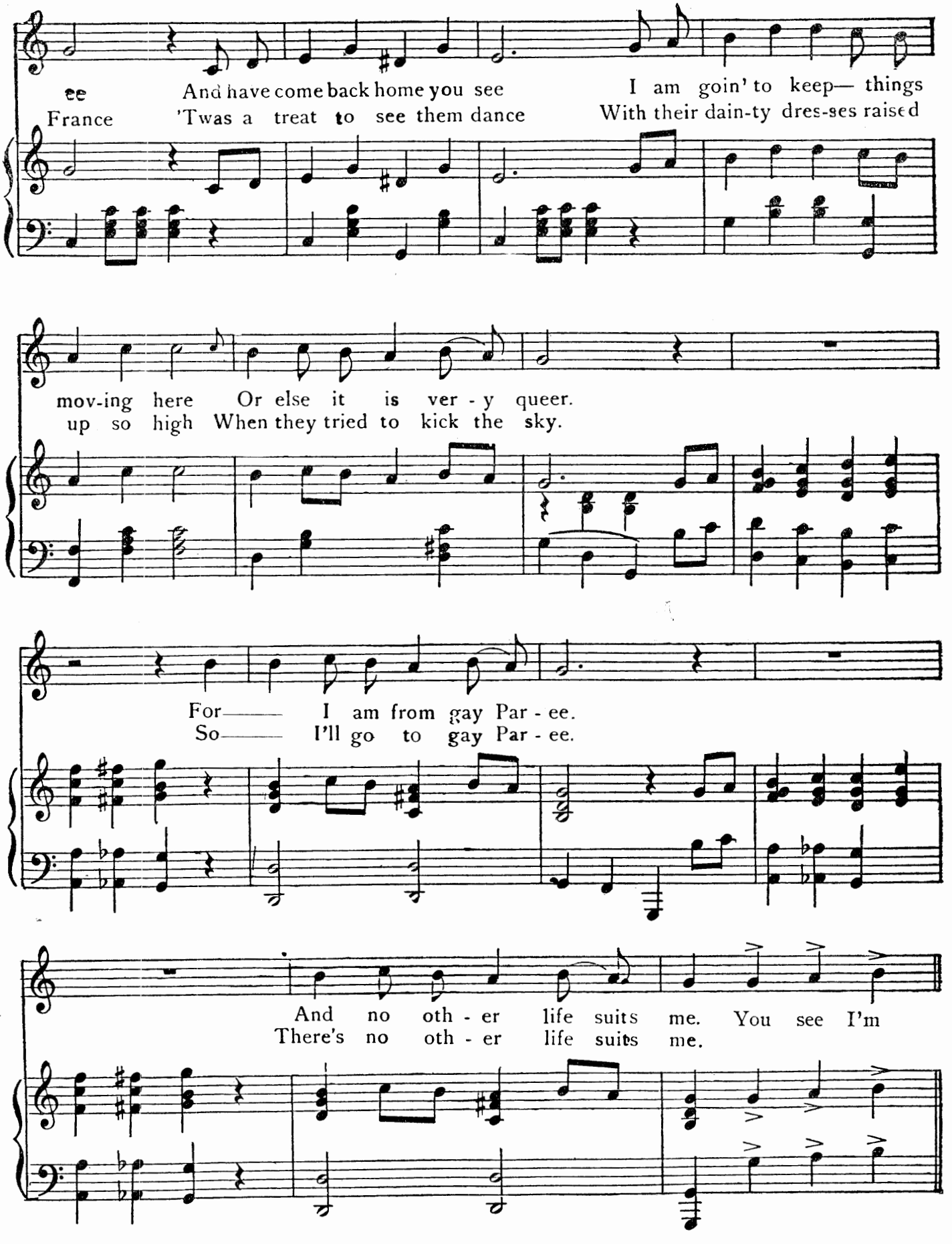

Gets your fool - ish head so mud - dled, You'll a - gree to an - y-thing. Then
there's the wom-an dotes on danc-es. Al - so one who loves to shop, The
rall.
rit.
rit.
a tempo.
man who woo's them takes great chances Bless your heart, man can-not stop. Love - ly
Trio.
wom - an we hate to de - clare That you are a per - plex - ing af-
fair, You can make a man hap - py you know, Cause him

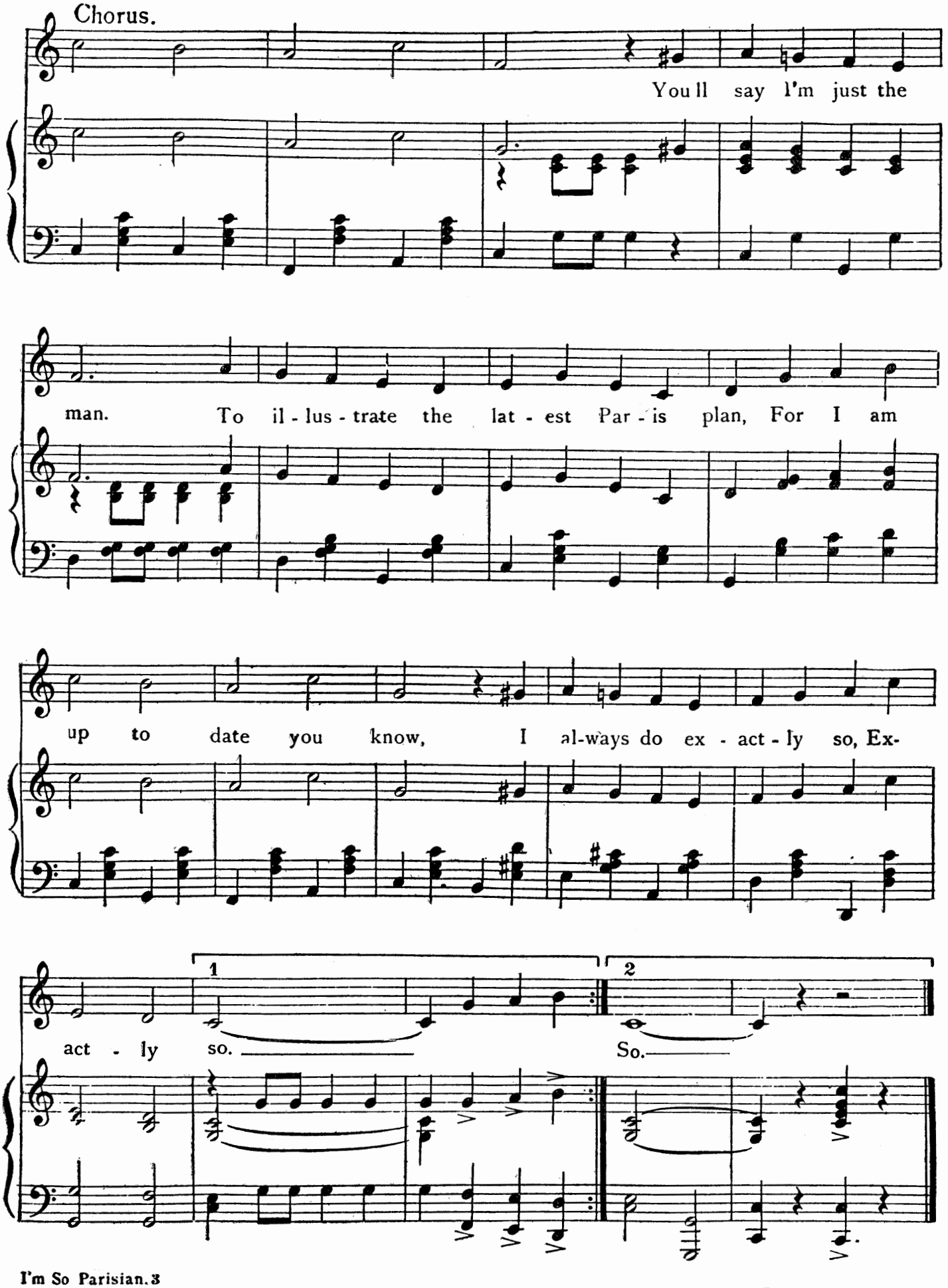

the deep - est of woe, In your hands man is on - ly a
toy, You can make him a sage or a boy, You are
love - ly it's true, Still we have to tell you You're a puz - zle no man can
1
do, Oh, the wom-en, love-ly wom-en, pret-ty wom-en, oh
2
oh the wom-en, love-ly wom en, pret-ty wom en oh Love ly all.

I'm So Parisian.

On Melodies.
by FRANZ LEHAR.




ee And have come back home you see I am goin' to keep— things
France 'Twas a treat to see them dance With their dain-ty dres-ses raised
mov-ing here Or else it is ver - y queer.
up so high When they tried to kick the sky.
For—— I am from gay Par - ee.
So—— I'll go to gay Par - ee.
And no oth - er life suits me. You see I'm
There's no oth - er life suits me.

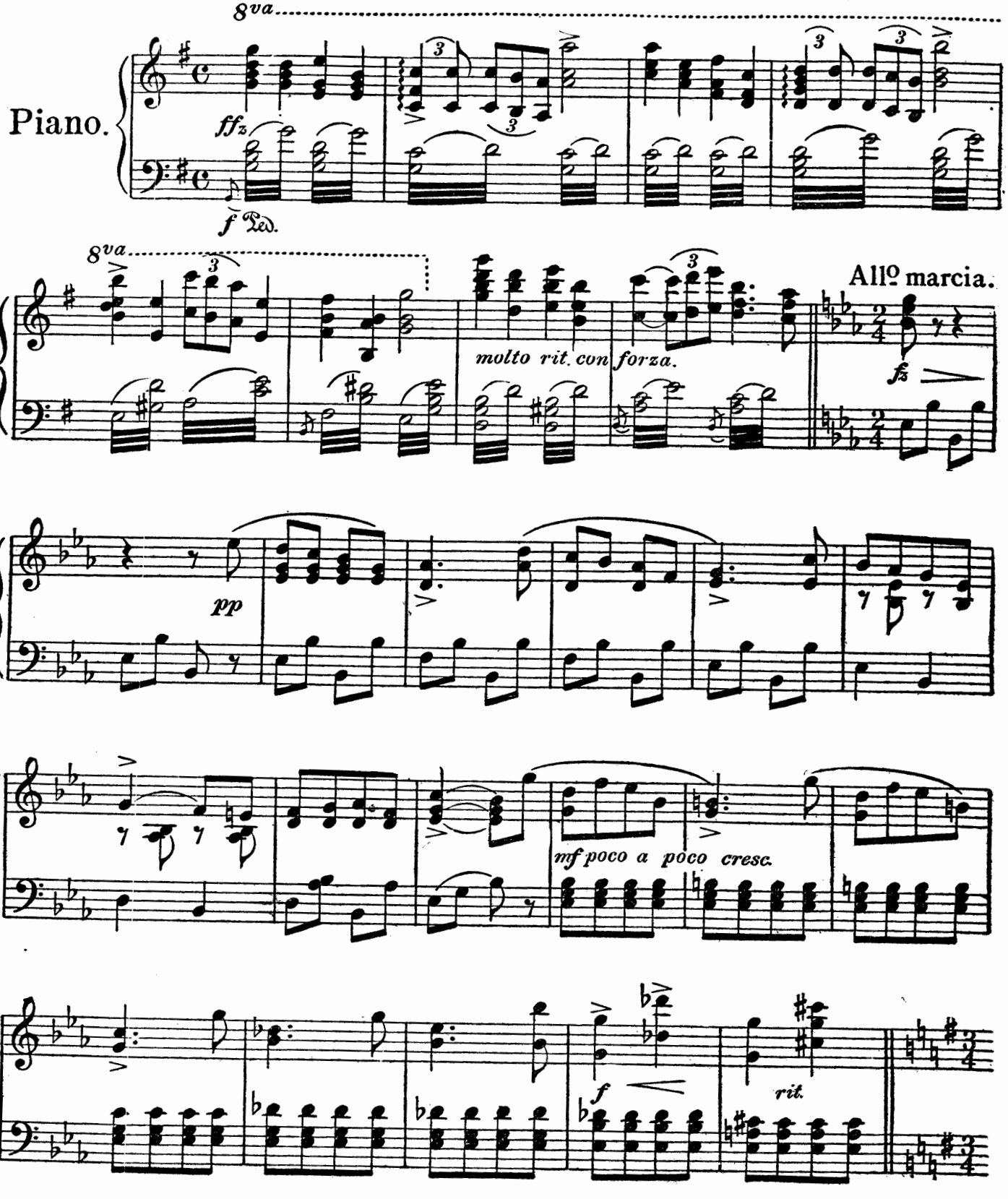

Chorus.
You ll say I'm just the
man. To il - lus - trate the lat - est Par - is plan, For I am
up to date you know, I al-ways do ex - act - ly so, Ex-
act - ly so.
So.

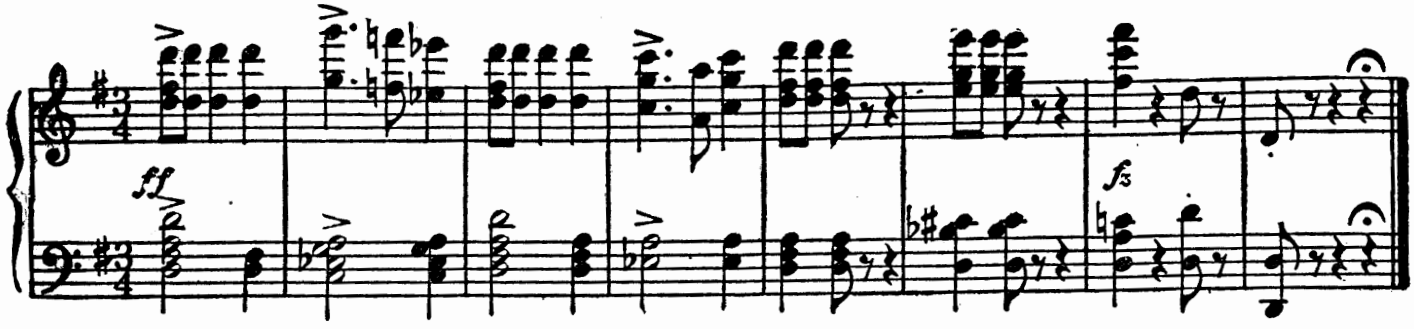
250256

Die Lustige Wittwe.

(Merry Widow.)

from Melodies
of the Operette
by Franz Lehar.

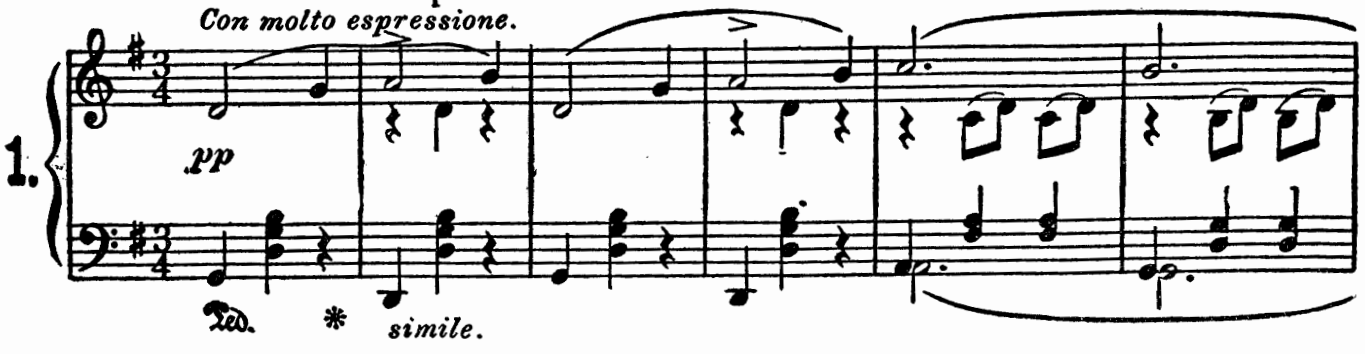


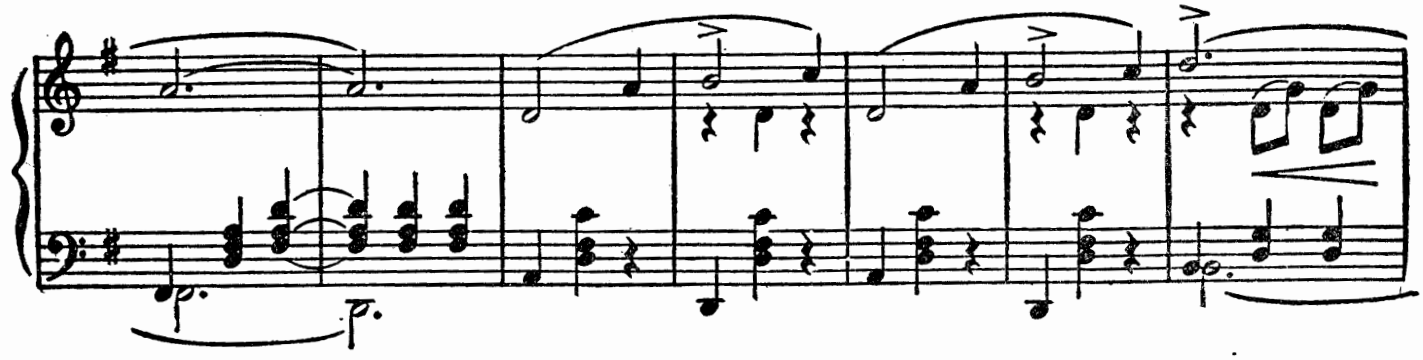


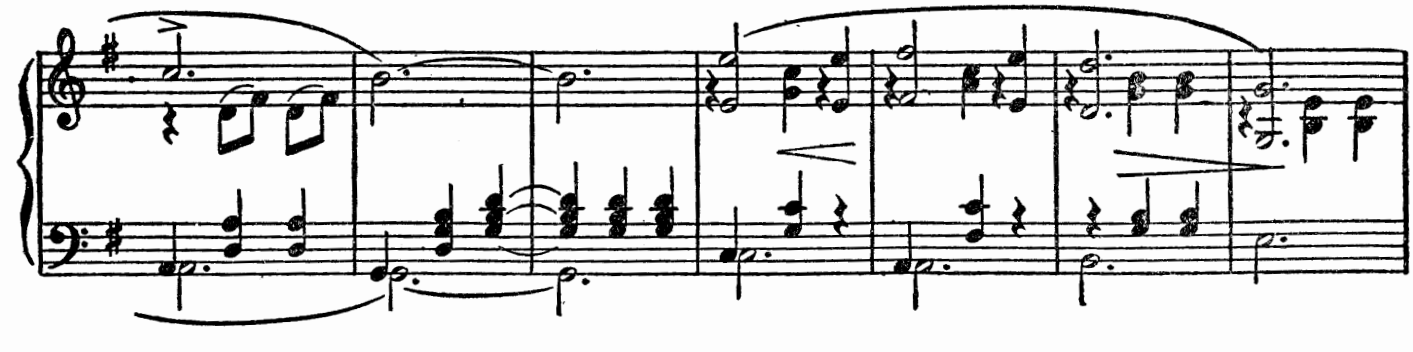
Slow Waltz Tempo.

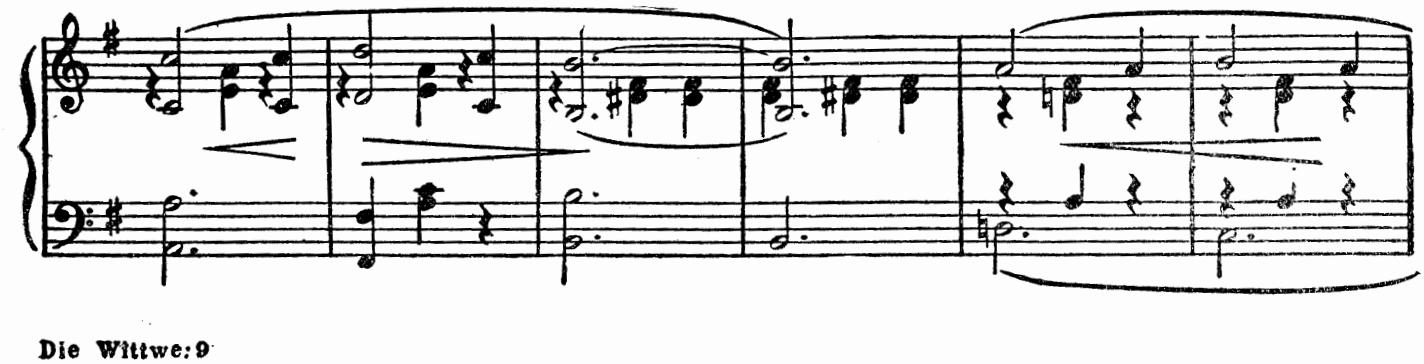
Con molto espressione.

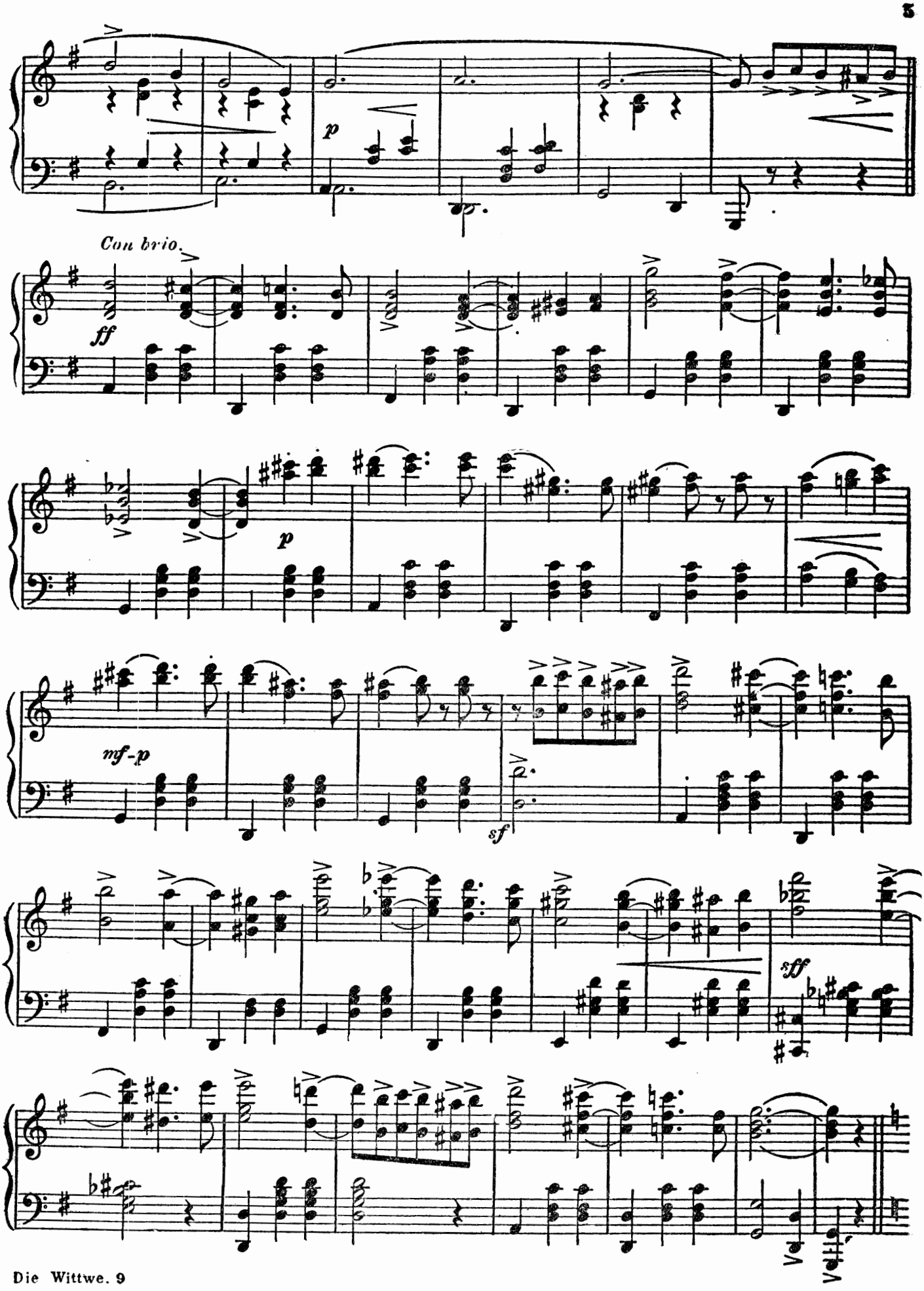
1.



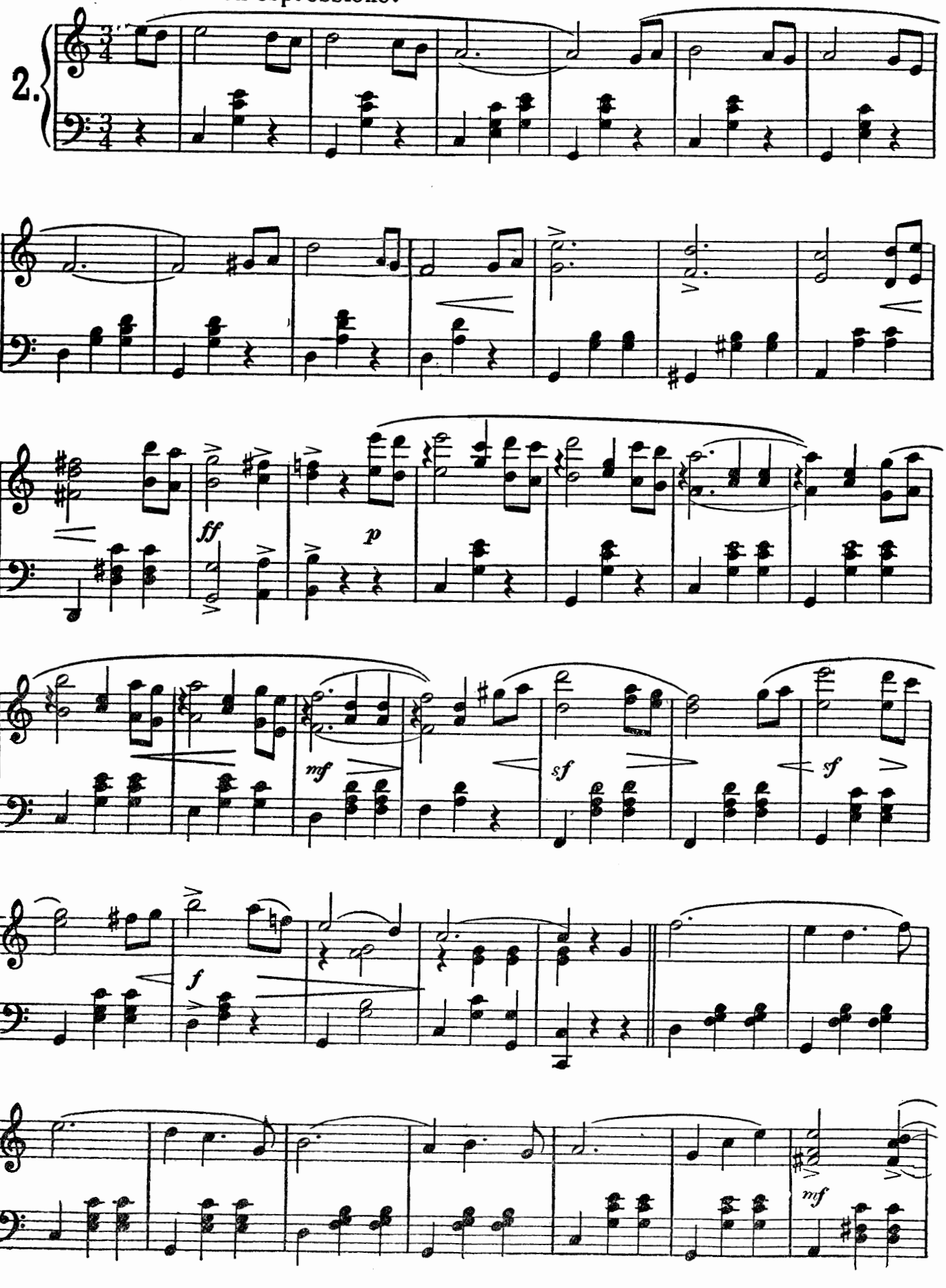


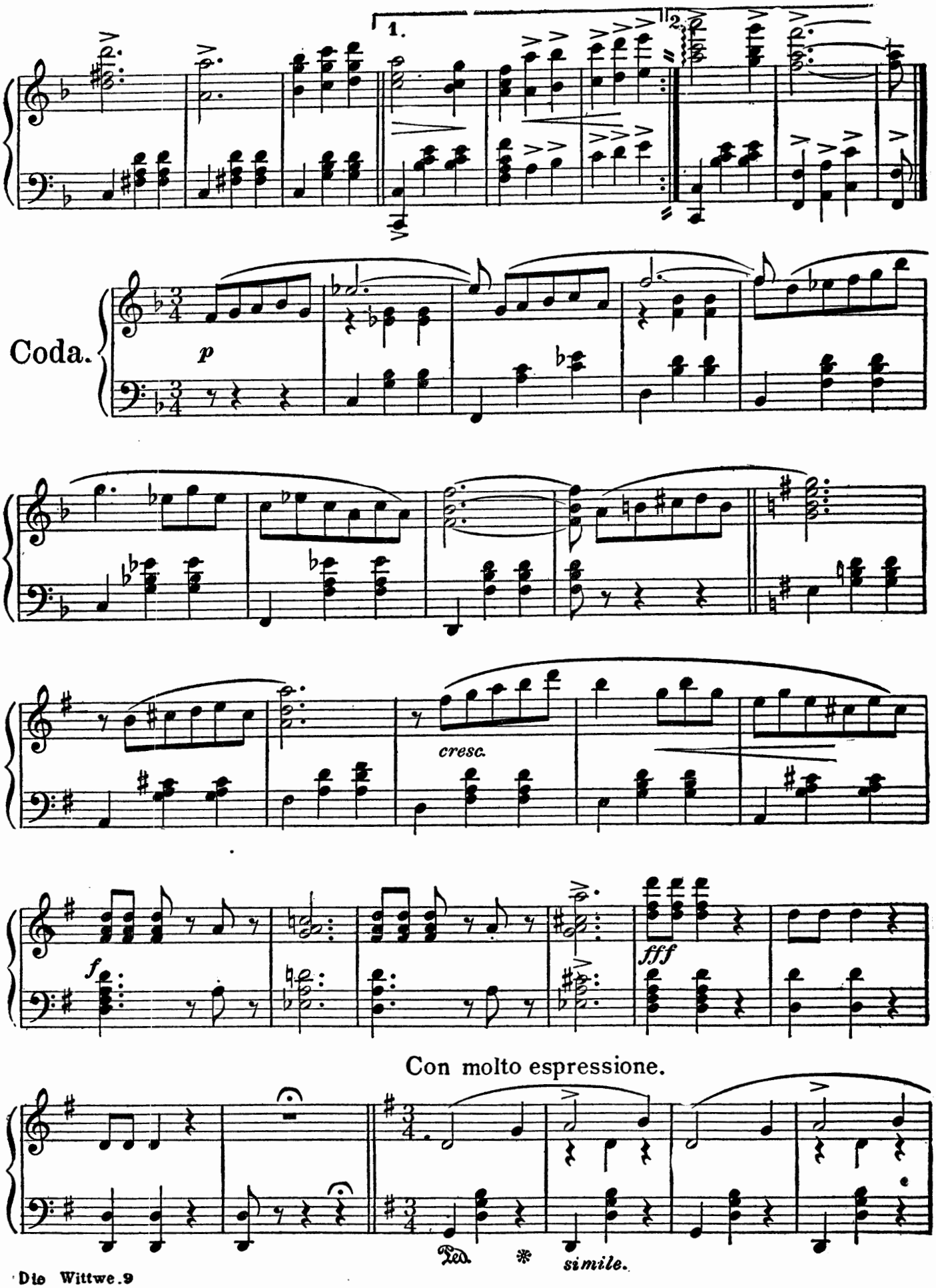


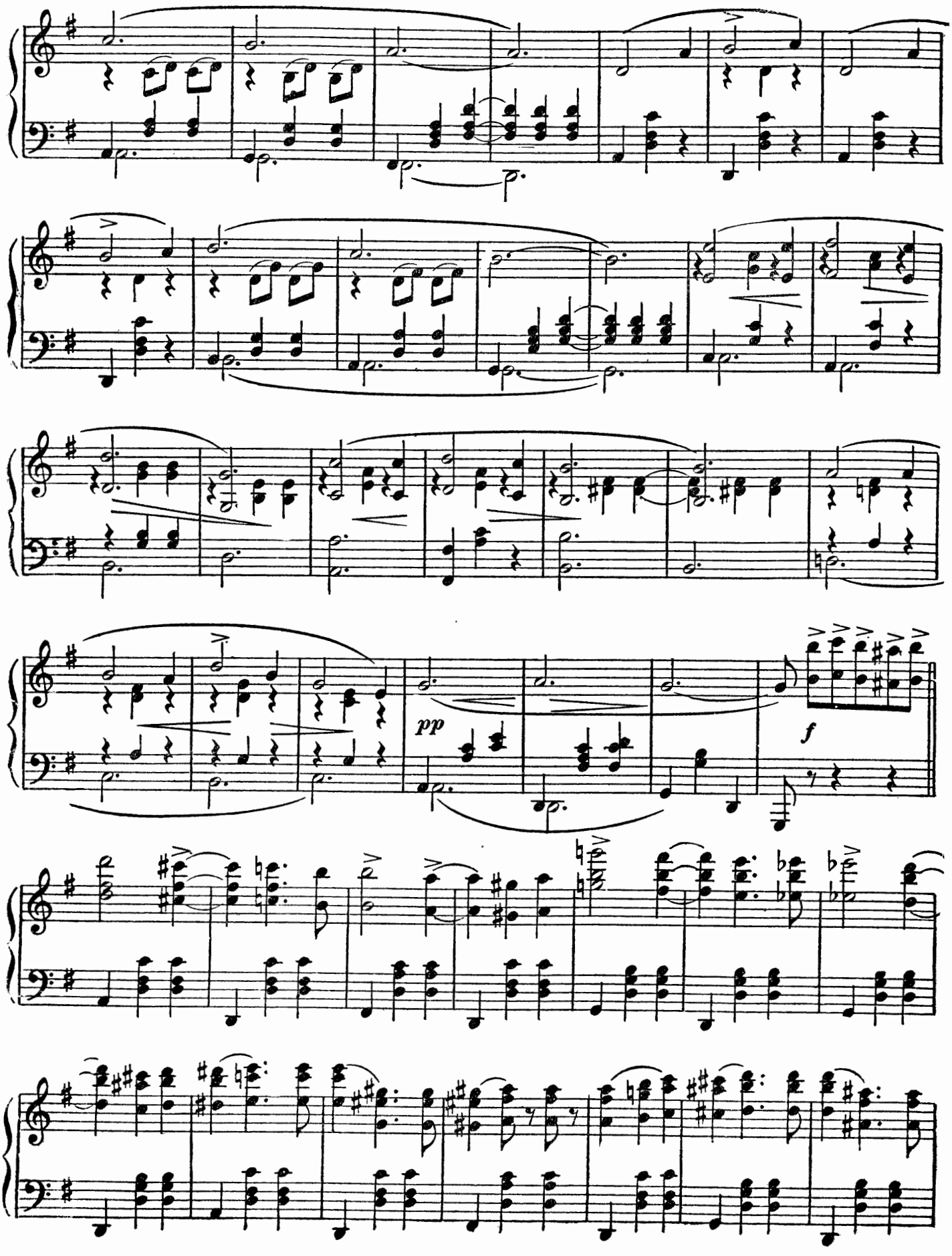


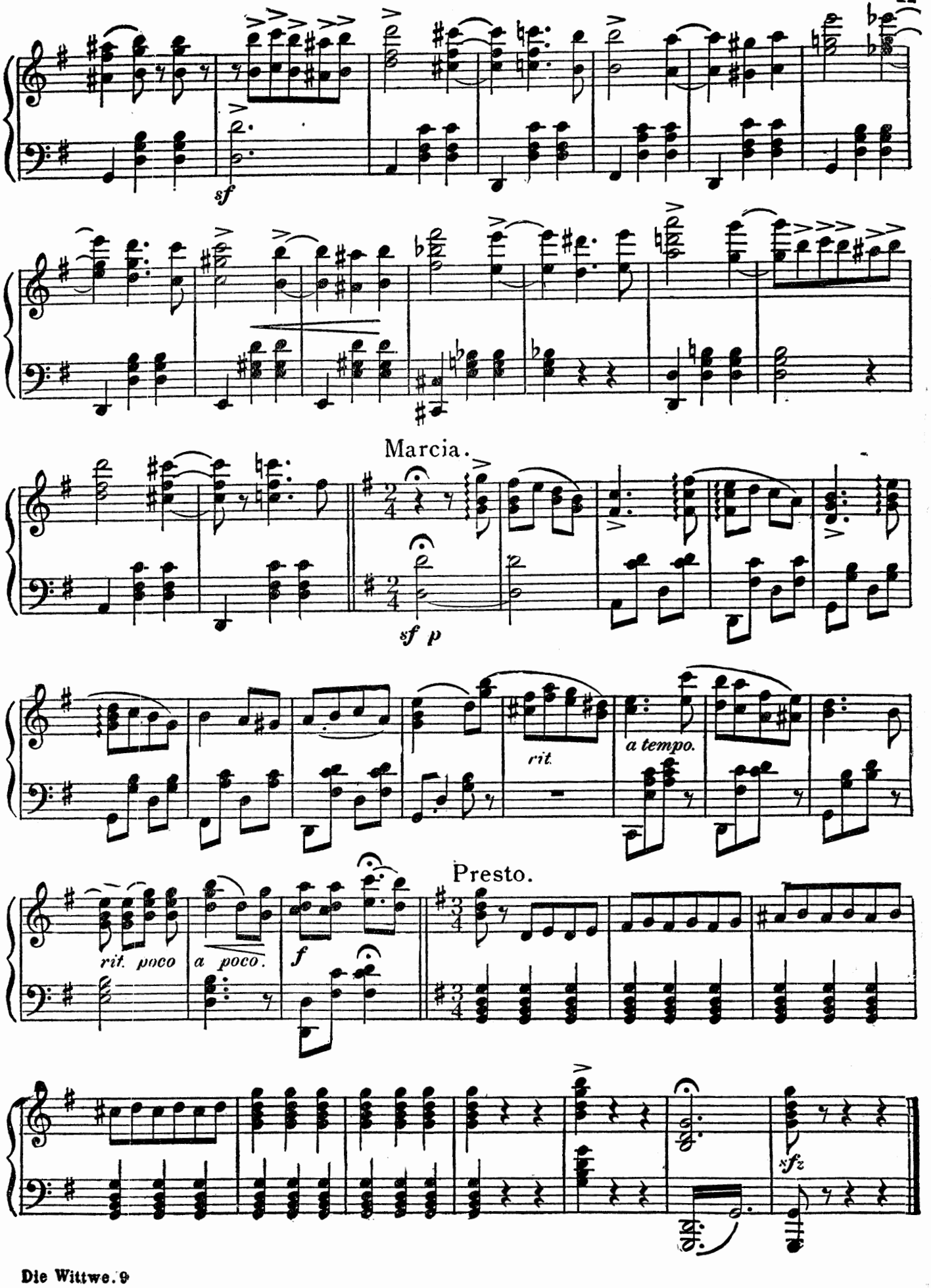

p
Con brio.
ff
p
mf-p
sf
sff

Grazioso con espressione.




1.
2.
Coda.
p
cresc.
f
fff
Con molto espressione.
Ped.
simile.


pp
f


sf
Marcia.
sf p
rit.
a tempo.
rit. poco
a poco.
f
Presto.
sfz